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28th January 1927.



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One Penny.

# THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

## Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town.

**T**WAS within a mile of Edinboro' town,  
In the rosy time of the year,  
Sweet flowers did bloom, and the grass was down,  
And each shepherd woo'd his dear—  
Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,  
Kiss'd his Jenny making hay,  
The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd, no, no, it will not do;  
I cannot, cannot, ma' not, ma' not, wo' not buckle to.  
Jockey was a wag, who never would wed!  
Tho' long he had follow'd the lass;  
Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,  
And merrily turn'd up the grass.  
Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily,      The lassie blush'd, &c.  
But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,  
Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,  
She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,  
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.  
Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily,  
No more at church she frowning cry'd,      No, No, &c.

## Katty Flannigan.

**A**T the dead of the night, by whiskey inspir'd,  
And pretty Katty Flannigan my senses had fir'd,  
I tapp'd at her window, and thus she began,  
O! what the devil are you at, begone you naughty man.  
I gave her a look, oh! as fly as a thief,  
Or when hungry I'd view a fine sirloin of beef;  
Tho' my heart is red hot, said I, yet cold is my skin,  
So pretty Mrs. Flannigan, ah! won't you let me in.  
She open'd the door, I sat down by the fire,  
And soon was reliev'd from the wet, cold, and mire;  
I pleas'd her so mightily, that e'er it was day,  
I stole poor Katty's tender heart, and then I tripp'd away.

## Flow'r of the Forest.

**S**EVERE the pangs of slighted love,  
Each bill and ale my plaint shall ring;  
And as the woodland wilds I rove,  
Sweet Philomel shall hear me sing,  
Flow'r of the forest is my dear,  
Sweet as the violet of the vale,  
Her vows of love as sweet to hear,  
Yet transient as the passing gale.  
Beneath a willow o'er the brook,  
I silent sit with folded arms,  
And on the heedless stream I look,  
While Heav'n reminds me of her charms,  
Flow'r of the forest, &c.

## The Medley of Rogues.

**T**HRO' all the employments of life,  
Each neighbour abuses his brother;  
Rogue and Whore they call husband and wife—  
Each profession beguiles one another:  
The Priest calls the Lawyer a cheat—  
The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine;  
And the Statesman because he's so great,  
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

Beggar's Opera

## Banks of Banna.

**S**HEPHERDS, I have lost my Love,  
Have you seen my Anna?  
Pride of ev'ry shady grove;  
On the banks of Banna.  
I for her my home forsook,  
Near yon misty mountain;  
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,  
Green-wood, shade, and fountain.  
Never shall I see them more,  
Till with her returning;  
Ev'ry joy of life is o'er,  
Mirth is chang'd to mourning.  
Whither is my charmer flown!  
Shepherds, must we sever!  
Woe is me! I fear she's gone,  
Alas! from me for ever.

## Parody on the Banks of Banna.

**S**HEPHERDS, I have lost my wait,  
Have you seen my body?  
Sacrific'd to modern taste,  
I'm quite a hoddie doddy.  
Never shall I see it more,  
Till common sense returning;  
My body to my legs restore,  
Then I shall cease from mourning.  
For fashion I that part forsook,  
Where fages place the belly,  
'Tis lost, and I have not a nook  
For cheese-cakes, tarts, or jellies.

Never shall I, &c.

## Bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

**T**HE tuneful lavrocks cheer the grove,  
And sweetly smells the summer green;  
Now o'er the mead I love to rove,  
Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Whene'er we sit beneath the broom,  
Or wander o'er the lea,  
He's always wooing, wooing, wooing,  
Always wooing me.

He's fresh and gay as flow'rs in May,  
The blithest lad that's on the green,  
How sweet the time will pass away,  
Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Whene'er we sit, &c.

Wi' joy I leave my father's cot,  
Wi' ilka sport of glen or green,  
Well pleas'd to share the humble lot,  
Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Whene'er we sit, &c.

## The Advice.

**O** NEVER be one of those sad silly fellows,  
Who always are snappish, suspicious and jealous,  
Who live but to doubt,  
To pine and to pout,  
To take one to task,  
Examine and ask,

An hundred cross questions to find something out.

O never be, &c.



## Smalilou.

**T**HERE was an Irish lad,  
Who lov'd a cloister'd nun;  
And it made him very sad,  
For what was to be done;

He thought it was a big shame, a most confounded sin,  
That she could not get out at all, or he could not get in;  
Yet he went ev'ry day, he could do nothing more;  
Yet he went ev'ry day unto the convent door,  
And he sung sweetly Smalilou, Smalilou,  
And he sung sweetly Smalilou, Gramachree and Paddy Whack.

To catch a glimpse of her,  
He play'd a thousand tricks;  
The bolts he try'd to stir,  
And the wall he gave some kicks;

He stamp'd, and rav'd, and sigh'd, and pray'd, and many times  
he swore,  
The Devil burn the iron bolts, the Devil take the door.  
Yet he went ev'ry day, and he made it a rule;  
Yet he went ev'ry day, and look'd so like a fool,

'Tho' he sung sweetly Smalilou, &c.

One morn she left her bed,  
Because she could not sleep,  
And to the window sped,  
To take a little peep;

And what did she do then? I am sure you'll think it right;  
She bade the honest lad good day, she bade the nuns good night;  
Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,  
Then jump'd into his arms, and so they ran away.

And they sung sweetly Smalilou, &c.

## Henry's Cottage Maid.

**A**H! where can fly my soul's true love?  
Sad I wander this lone grove;  
Sighs and tears for him I shed,  
Henry is from Laura fled:  
Thy love to me thou didst impart,  
Thy love soon won my virgin heart;  
But dearest Henry, thou'lt betray'd  
Thy love with thy dear Cottage Maid.

Thru' the vale my grief appears,  
Sighing sad with pearly tears;  
O! thy image is my theme,  
As I wander on the green;  
See, from my cheeks, the colour flies,  
And Love's fond hope within me dies;  
For ah! dear Henry, thou'lt betray'd  
Thy love with thy dear Cottage Maid.

## Hush, ev'ry Breeze.

**H**USH, ev'ry breeze, let nothing move,  
My Delia sings, and sings of love;  
Around the winning Graces wait,  
And calm contentment guards the seat.  
In the sweet shade, my Delia, stay,  
You'll scorch those charms, more sweet than May;  
The Sun now rages in his noon,  
'Tis pity sure to part so soon.

O hear me, Delia, hear me now,  
Incline propitious to my vow;  
So may thy charms no changes prove,  
But bloom for ever like my love.

## Young I am, &amp;c.

**Y**OUNG I am, and sore afraid:  
Wou'd you hurt a harmless maid?  
Lead an innocent astray?  
Tempt me not, kind sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe;  
And thou'd you my faith deceive,  
Ruin first, and then forsake,  
Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

*Love in a Village.*

## The way-worn Traveller.

**F**AIN'T and warily the way-worn traveller  
Plods uncheerily, afraid to stop;  
Wand'ring drearily, the sad unraveller  
Of the mazes tow'rd the mountain top.  
Doubting and fearing, while his course he is steering—  
Cottages appearing, as he is nigh to drop;  
Oh! how briskly, then, the way-worn traveller  
Climbs the mazes tow'rd the mountain top.

Tho' so melancholy the day has past by,  
'Twould be a folly to think of it more;  
Now, blithe and jolly, he the can holds fast by,  
As he is sitting by the goat-herd's door.  
Eating and quaffing, at past labours laughing—  
Better far by half in spirits than before;  
Oh! how merry, then, the way-worn traveller  
Seems, while sitting at the goat-herd's door.

## I lov'd when I lik'd.

**H**OW happy am I, The fair sex can defy,  
And can ev'ry day say, my heart is my own,  
For I never saw yet,  
That beauty or wit,  
But I lov'd if I pleas'd, or could let it alone.

I thought that my flame  
Wou'd still be the same  
For beautiful Celia, while Celia was true;  
But Love was so blind  
When Celia was kind,  
I chang'd her for Mopsy, for Mopsy was new.

## The Bud of the Rose.

**H**ER mouth, with a smile, devoid of all guile,  
Half open to view, is the bud of the rose,  
Is the bud of the rose, in the morning that blows,  
Impearl'd with the dew, impearl'd with the dew;  
Is the bud of the rose, impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath, than the flower-scented heath,  
Than the flower-scented heath, at the dawning of day;  
The hawthorn in bloom, the lily's perfume,  
The lily's perfume, or the blossoms of May.

Her mouth with a smile, &c.

*Refina.*

## Youth's the Season made for Joy.

**Y**OUTH's the season made for joys,  
Love is then our duty,  
She alone who that employs,  
Well deserves her beauty.  
Let's be gay,  
While we may,  
Beauty's a flow'r despis'd in decay.

Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,  
Our's is not to-morrow;  
Love with youth flies swift away,  
Age is nought but sorrow;  
Dance and sing,  
Time's on the wing  
Life never knows a return of spring.

Let us drink, &c.

*Beggar's Opera.*

## Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.

**J**OLLY mortals, fill your glasses,  
Noble deeds are done by wine;  
Scorn the nymph and all her graces.  
Who'd for love or beauty pine?

Look within the bowl that's flowing,  
And a thousand charms you'll find,  
More than in Phillis when just going  
In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,  
Drank about at council board;  
He subdu'd the world by drinking  
More than by his conqu'ring sword.



## Somehow my Spindle I mislaid.

SOMEHOW my spindle I mislaid,  
And lost it underneath the grafs,  
Damon, advancing, bow'd his head,  
And said, " what seek you, pretty las?"

A little love, but urg'd with care,  
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak  
That I my spindle lost just now;  
His knife then, kindly, Damon took,  
And from the tree he cut a bough.

A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,  
While me he tenderly beheld;  
He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,  
For ah! my heart did fondly yield.

A little love, &c.

*Deserter.*

## How happy were my Days, &amp;c.

HOW happy were my days till now!  
I ne'er did sorrow feel;  
With joy I rose to milk my cow,  
Or turn my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,  
Like any bird I sing,  
Till he pretended love, and I  
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O! the fool! the silly, silly fool,  
Who trusts what man may say!  
I wish I was a maid again,  
And in my own country.

*Love in a Village.*

## The Meadows look cheerful.

THE meadows look cheerful, the birds sweetly sing,  
So gaily they carol the praises of spring;  
Tho' Nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn,  
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lassies of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,  
Nor lure my dear Patrick, from Norah's fond arms;  
Tho' fattins, and ribbons, and laces are fine,  
They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

*Poor Soldier.*

## Care, thou Canker, &amp;c.

CARE, thou canker of our joys,  
Now thy tyrant reign is o'er,  
Fill the myrtle bowl, my boys,  
Join in bacchanalian roar.

Seize the villain, plunge him in,  
See the hated miscreant dies,  
Mirth, and all thy train come in,  
Shut out Sorrow's tears and sighs.

O'er the merry midnight bowls,  
Gods how happy shall we be!  
Day was made for thinking souls,  
Night, my boys, for you and me.

## Bibo's Retreat.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from this world to retreat,  
As full of Champaign as an egg's full of meat,  
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,  
He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead,—  
" Trim the boat, and sit quiet!" stern Charon reply'd;  
" You may have forgot—you were drunk when you dy'd."

## Lira, liralà.

LITTLE thinks the town's-man's wife,  
Whilst at home the tarries,  
What must be the lass's life,  
Who a soldier marries:  
Now with weary marching spent,  
Dancing now before the tent,  
Lira, lira, la, lira, lira, la,  
With her jolly soldier.

In the camp at night she lies,  
Wind and weather scorning,  
Only griev'd her love must rise,  
And quit her in the morning:  
But the doubtful skirmish done,  
Blythe she sings at set of sun,

Lira, lira, la, &c.

Should the captain of her dear,  
Use his kind endeavour,  
Whispering nonsense in her ear,  
Two fond hearts to sever;  
At his passion she will scoff,  
Laughing thus she'll put him off,

Lira, lira, la, &c.

## I lock'd up all my Treasure.

I LOCK'D up all my treasure,  
And journey'd many a mile;  
And by my grief did measure,  
The passing time the while.

And by my grief, &c.

My business done and over,  
I hast'ned back again,  
Like an expecting lover,  
To view it once again.

Like an expecting, &c.

But this delight was stifted,  
As it began to dawn—  
I found the Casket rifled,  
And all my treasure gone.

I found the Casket, &c.

*The Quaker.*

## When William at Eve, &amp;c.

WHEN William at eve meets me down at the stile,  
How sweet is the nightingale's song;  
Of the day I forget all the labour and toil,  
While the moon plays yon branches among.

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

*Refina.*

## Cupid, God of soft Persuasion.

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,  
Take the helpless lover's part:  
Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion  
To reward a faithful heart.

Cupid, god, &c.

Justly those we tyrants call,  
Who the body would enthrall!  
Tyrants of more cruel kind,  
Those who would enslave the mind.

Cupid, god, &c.

What is grandeur? foe to rest;  
Childish mummery at best.  
Happy I in humble state!  
Catch, ye fools, the glittering bait.

Cupid, god, &c.

## To ease my Heart, &amp;c.

TO ease my heart I own'd my flame,  
And much I fear I was to blame,  
For tho' love's force we're doom'd to feel,  
The heart its weakness should conceal.

The blush that speaks the soften'd mind,  
The sigh that notes the wish behind;  
The tear which down the cheek will steal,  
With cautious art we should conceal.

And yet if honour guides the youth,  
And welcome love is led by truth,  
With joy at Hymen's porch we kneel,  
Nor strive our weakness to conceal.

## How sweet in the Woodlands.

HOW sweet in the woodlands,  
With fleet hound and horn,  
To awake the sweet echo,  
And taste the fresh morn !  
But hard is the chase  
My fond heart must pursue,  
Since Daphne, dear Daphne,  
Is lost to my view.

Afflict me, chaste Dian,  
The nymph to regain,  
More wild than the roebuck,  
And wing'd with disdain,  
In pity o'ertake her,  
Who wounds as she flies,  
Though Daphne pursues,  
'Tis Myrtillo that dies.

## The Birks of Indermay.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;  
And while they warble on each spray,  
Love tunes the universal lay :  
Let us, Amanda, timely wife,  
Like them employ the hour that flies ;  
And in soft raptures pass the day,  
Amidst the Birks of Indermay.

Soon wears the summer of the year,  
And age like winter will appear ;  
Like this thy lovely bloom will fade.  
As that doth strip the verdant shade :  
Our taste, our pleasure then is o'er,  
The feather'd songsters charm no more,  
And as they droop, so we decay :  
Adieu, ye Birks of Indermay.

## Ask if yon Damask Rose be sweet.

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

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

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

## A Dawn of Hope.

DAWN of hope my soul revives,  
And banishes despair :  
If my dearest Damon lives,  
Make him, ye Gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,  
My tender grief remove ;  
Oh ! send some cheering ray of light,  
And guide me to my love.

Thus in a secret, friendly shade,  
The pensive Sylvia mourn'd,  
While courteous Echo lent her aid,  
And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well-known face  
Each rising fear disarms,  
He eager springs to her embrace,  
She sinks into his arms.

## How oft, Louisa.

HOW oft Louisa, hast thou said,  
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)  
Thou would'st not lose Antonio's love  
To reign the partner of a throne,  
And by those lips that spoke so kind,  
And by that hand I prest to mine  
To gain a subject nation's love,  
I swear I would not part with thine.

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,  
Who owe what kingdoms cannot buy ?  
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,  
And serving thee a monarch I.  
Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss,  
And rich in love's exhaustless mine,  
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,  
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

Duenna.

## Homeward Bound.

LOSE ev'ry sail to the breeze,  
The course of my vessel improve ;  
I've done with the toils of the seas,  
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,  
My griefs I fling all to the wind ;  
'Tis a pleasing return for my care,  
My mistress is constant and kind.

My falls are all fill'd to my dear,  
What tropic-bird swifter can move ?  
Who, cruel ! shall hold his career,  
That returns to the nest of his love.

Hoist ev'ry sail to the breeze,  
Come, ship-mates, and join in the song ;  
Let's drink, while the ship cuts the seas,  
To the gale that may drive her along.

## A Rose Tree in full bearing.

A ROSE-TREE in full bearing,  
Had sweet flowers fair to see ;  
One rose beyond comparing,  
For beauty attracted me ;  
Tho' eager once to win it,  
Lovely, blooming, fresh, and gay,  
I find a canker in it,  
And now throw it far away.

How fine this morning early,  
The sun shining clear and bright ;  
So late I lov'd you dearly,  
Tho' lost now each fond delight :  
The clouds seem big with showers,  
Sunny beams no more are seen—  
Farewell, ye happy hours,  
Your fallshood has chang'd the scene.

Poor Soldier.

## The Dusky Night.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,  
And ushers in the morn ;  
The hounds all join in jovial cry,  
The huntsman winds his horn.

And a hunting we will go, &amp;c.

The wife around her husband throws  
Her arms to make him stay ;  
My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows !  
You cannot hunt to-day.

Yet a hunting we will go, &amp;c.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,  
Their steeds they soundly twitch ;  
Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,  
And some thrown in the ditch.

Yet a hunting we will go, &amp;c.

At last from strength to faintness worn,  
Poor Reynard ceases flight ;  
Then, weary homeward we return,  
And drink away the night.

And a drinking we will go, &amp;c.



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## THE WEDDING DAY.

WHAT virgin, or shepherd, of valley or grove,  
Will envy my innocent lays;  
The song of the heart, and the offspring of love,  
When sung in my Corydon's praise;  
O'er brook and o'er brake, as he hies to the bower,  
How lightsome my shepherd can trip;  
And sure, when of love he describes the soft power,  
The honey dew drops from his lip.

How sweet is the primrose, the violet how sweet,  
And sweet is the eglantine breeze;  
But Corydon's kiss, when by moon-light we meet,  
To me is far sweeter than these;  
I blush at his raptures, I hear all his vows,  
I sigh when I offer to speak:  
And, oh! what delight my fond bosom o'erflows,  
When I feel the soft touch of his cheek.

Responsive and shrill be the notes on each spray—  
Let the pipe thro' the village resound;  
Be smiles on each face, oh, ye shepherds to-day,  
And ring the bells merrily round:  
Your favours prepare, my companions, with speed,  
Assist me my bluthes to hide;  
A twelvemonth ago, on this day, I agreed,  
To be my love Corydon's bride.

## O LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

O LOGIE, of Buchan! O Logie, the laird!  
They ha'e taen away Jamie, that delv'd in the yard,  
Wha play'd on the pipe, and the viol fae sma';  
They ha'e taen away Jamie, the flower o' them a'.

*He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa,  
He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa,  
For the summer is coming, cold winter's awa,  
And I'll come and see thee, in spite o' them a'.*

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,  
A house, and a hadden, and filler forby;  
But I'd tak mine ain lad wi' his sta' in his hand,  
Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land.

*He said, think na lang, lassie, &c.*

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,  
They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor;  
Tho' I loe them as weel as a daughter should do,  
They are no half sea dear to me, Jamie, as you.

*He said, think na lang lassie, &c.*

I sit at my creepie, and spin at my wheel,  
And think on the laddie that loed me fae weel;  
He had but a sixpence, he brak it in twa,  
And he gied me the ha'f o't when he gaed away.

*Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa,  
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa,  
The summer is coming, cold winter's away,  
And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.*

## VOURNEEN DHEELISH.

O! The moment was sad, when my love and I  
parted— *Vourneen dheelish Elleen ogue;*  
As I kiss'd off her tears I was quite broken hearted,  
*Vourneen dheelish Elleen ogue:*  
Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoulder—  
Damp was her hand, and no marble was colder;  
I thought, in my heart, that I ne'er more should  
behold her— *Vourneen dheelish Elleen ogue.*

When the word of command put our troops all in  
motion— *Vourneen dheelish Elleen ogue.*  
I clasp'd on my knapsack, to cross the wide ocean:  
*Vourneen dheelish Elleen ogue.*  
Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder—  
Pleas'd with their voyage, impatient for plunder—  
Whilst my poor heart, with grief, was almost torn  
afunder— *Vourneen dheelish Elleen ogue.*

I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,  
*Vourneen dheelish Elleen ogue.*  
My pay, and my booty, I hoarded for you, love—  
*Vourneen dheelish Elleen ogue.*  
Peace was proclaim'd—I escap'd from the slaughter  
Landed at home, my sweet girl I fought her—  
But sorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought  
her— *Vourneen dheelish Elleen ogue.*

## LASH'D TO THE HELM.

IN storms, when clouds obscure the sky,  
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly—  
In midst of all these dire alarms,  
I think, my Sally, on thy charms,—

*The troubled main,  
The wind and rain,  
My ardent passion prove;  
Lash'd to the helm,  
Should seas o'erwhelm,  
I'd think on thee, my love.*

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,  
And art is vain the ship to guide—  
In various shapes when Death appears,  
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers.  
*The troubled main, &c.*

But should the gracious pow'rs prove kind—  
Dispel the gloom, and still the wind—  
And waft me to thy arms once more,  
Safe to my long lost native shore—

*No more the main,  
I'd tempt again,  
But tender joys improve;  
Then I, with thee,  
Would happy be,  
And think of nought but love.*

## STERNE'S MARIA.

'TWAS near a thicket's calm retreat,  
 Beneath a poplar tree,  
 Maria chose her wretched seat,  
 To mourn her sorrows free.  
 Her lovely form was sweet to view,  
 As dawn at op'ning day—  
 But, ah! she mourned her love not true,  
 And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,  
 In murmur smooth along;  
 Her pipe, which once she tun'd so sweet,  
 Had now forgot its song:  
 No more to charm the vale she tries,  
 For grief had fill'd her breast—  
 Fled are the joys she us'd to prize,  
 For love had rob'd her rest.

Poor hapless maid! who can behold  
 Thy sorrows, so severe—  
 Or hear thy love-lorn story told,  
 Without a falling tear?  
 Maria, luckless maid! adieu!  
 Thy sorrows soon must cease!  
 Sure Heav'n will take a maid so true,  
 To everlasting peace!

*Moulds.*

## NAN OF HAMPTON GREEN.

WITH care I search'd the village round,  
 And many hamlets try'd;  
 At length a fair I happily found,  
 Devoid of art and pride:

In neat-built cot,  
 It is her lot,  
 A rustic life to lead;  
 With tender care  
 Her lambskins rear,  
 And watch her ewes to feed.  
 Where Thames in silver current flows,  
 To beautify the scene,  
 There blooms this fair, a blushing rose,  
 Sweet Nan, of Hampton-green.

Her eyes bespeak a soul for love—  
 Her manner form'd to please;  
 In mildness equal to the dove,  
 With innocence and ease.  
 To paint her face,  
 Her form and grace.  
 All words are weak and vain—  
 Enough to tell  
 She does excell  
 The daughter of the main.

*Where Thames, &c.*

When first this charmer I survey'd,  
 With doubt my mind was fraught—  
 Fancy the beauteous maid pourtray'd  
 A goddess to my thought:  
 In am'rous bliis  
 I seiz'd a kiss,  
 Which banish'd all alarms;  
 Then joyful found  
 My wishes crown'd—  
 A mortal in my arms.

*Where Thames, &c.*

## LULLABY.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,  
 Seamen fear no danger nigh;  
 Wind and waves, in gentle motion,  
 Sooth them with their Lullaby.  
 Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby,—  
 Sooth them with their Lullaby.

Tho' the wind tempestuous blowing,  
 Still no danger they descry—  
 The guiltless heart its boon bestowing,  
 Sooths them with its Lullaby.

*Lullaby, &c.*

## THE DUTCH FISHMONGER.

OF all who strive to live and thrive,  
 By cunning to o'er-reach mans—  
 Whether trade be dead, or trade be alive,  
 The best of all trades is a Dutchman's.  
 With some 'tis fish what they can get,  
 But all is fish in the Dutchman's net:  
 Met a hic van landerick, dobes's landerick,  
 Snick snack landerick, O licho.

We trade met the Yankee, and deal met the Scot;  
 We cheat all the Taen and the Tonder;  
 We cheat de jew—and better as dat,  
 We cheat aw ain and onder:  
 And at Amsterdam, if he comes dere,  
 Will cheat dex Duyvil—and all that's all fair:  
 Met a hic, &c.

Myn-heer can trink—when trink by chance,  
 Myn-heer by chance can caper;  
 But Ick will not let him's vrow go dance,  
 'Till somebody pay de piper:  
 And if ein koopman hols min hand,  
 A breaks myn pipe, Ick can niet vorstond:  
 Met a hic, &c.

De strange mans comes vor the fish dat is nice,  
 And he looks sharp as donder,  
 Ick praise myn goods, and tak myn price—  
 And sell him a stinking vlonder:  
 He call me tief—but Ick cry yaw, yaw,  
 And keeps myn hand on de gelt—come fa:  
 Met a hic, &c.

## CORN RIGGS.

MY Patie is a lover gay,  
 His mind is never muddy, O;  
 His breath is sweeter than new hay—  
 His face is fair and ruddy, O.  
 His shape is handsome, middle size—  
 He's stately in his walking, O;  
 The shining of his een surprize—  
 'Tis heav'n to hear him talking, O.

Last night I met him on a bawk,  
 Where yellow corn was growing, O;  
 There many a kindly word he spoke,  
 That set my heart a glowing, O.  
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he would be mine—  
 And loo'd me best of ony, O;  
 Which gars me like to sing finfyne,  
 O, Corn Riggs are bonny, O.

Let maidens o' a silly mind  
 Refuse what maist their wanting, O—  
 Since we for yielding were design'd,  
 We chaffly should be granting, O:  
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate—  
 And fyne my cockernony, O;  
 He's free to touzel ear' or late,  
 Where Corn Riggs are bonny, O.

## BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER'S WIND.

BLOW, 'blow, thou winter's wind—  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude.

Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,

Altho' thy breath be rude.

Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly,  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;  
 Then, heigh, ho! the holly—  
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky—  
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,  
 As benefits forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp,  
 As friends remember'd not.

*Heigh, ho! &c.*



## NONE CAN LOVE LIKE AN IRISHMAN.

THE turban'd Turk, who scorns the world,  
 May strut about, with his whiskers curl'd—  
 Keep a hundred wives under lock and key,  
 For no body else but himself to see :  
 Yet long may he pray with his Alcoran,  
 Before he can love like an Irishman.  
 Before he can love like an Irishman—  
 Like an Irishman ;  
 Before he can love like and Irishman.

The gay Monsieur, a slave no more—  
 The solemn Don, the soft Signior ;  
 The Dutch Mynheer, so full of pride—  
 The Russian, Prussian, Swede, beside ;  
 They all may do whate'er they can—  
 But they'll never love like an Irishman.  
*Like an Irishman, &c.*

The London folks themselves beguile,  
 And think they please in a capital stile ;  
 Yet let them ask, as they cross the street,  
 Of any young virgin they happen to meet ;  
 And I'm sure she'll say, from behind her fan—  
 " O ! there's none can love like an Irishman !"  
*Like an Irishman, &c.*

## FROM NIGHT 'TILL MORN.

FROM night 'till morn I take my glass,  
 In hopes to forget my Chloe ;  
 From night, &c.  
 But as I take the pleasing draught,  
 She's ne'er the less before me :  
 Ah ! no, no—wine cannot cure  
 The pain I endure for my Chloe.

To wine I flew, to ease the pain  
 Her beauteous charms created ;  
 To wine, &c.  
 But wine more firmly bound the chain,  
 And love would not be cheated.  
*Ah ! no, no, &c.*

## THE STREAMLET THAT FLOW'D.

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot,  
 All the charms of my Emily knew ;  
 How oft has its course been forgot,  
 While it paus'd her dear image to woo !  
 Believe me, the fond silver tide  
 Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize ;  
 For, silently swelling with pride,  
 It reflected her back to the skies

## MA CHERE AMIE.

MA chere amie, my charming fair,  
 Whose smiles can banish ev'ry care ;  
 In kind compassion smile on me,  
 Whose only care is love of thee. *Ma chere, &c.*

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,  
 My bosom caught the tender flame :  
 May friendship in thy bosom be  
 Converted into love for me. *Ma chere, &c.*

Together rear'd, together grown—  
 O let us now unite in one :  
 Let pity soften thy decree—  
 I droop, dear maid—I die for thee. *Ma chere, &c.*

## SWEET BIRD.

STILL let thy plaintive numbers flow,  
 Sweet bird of solitude and night ;  
 And I will join the song of woe,  
 Until the morn's returning light.  
 With thee I shun the world's relief—  
 Woo sorrow only to my breast !  
 And press, for luxury of grief,  
 The thorn that will not let it rest !

## JANE OF GRISIPOLY—Air, 'Moggy Lawther.'

O HAD I Allan Ramfay's art,  
 To sing my passion tender,  
 In ev'ry line she'd read my heart,  
 Such soothing strains I'd send her :  
 Nor his, nor gentle Rizzio's aid,  
 To shew, is all a folly,  
 How much I love the charming maid,  
 Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

She makes me know what all desire,  
 So lovely are her glances—  
 Her modest air then cheeks my fire,  
 And damps my bold advances :  
 Tho' sprightly as the bounding fawn,  
 Yet by her conquer'd wholly—  
 For modest as the blushing dawn  
 Is Jane of Grisipoly.

My senses she's bewilder'd quite—  
 I seem an am'rous ninny :  
 A letter to a friend I write—  
 For Sandy I sign Jenny !  
 Last Sunday, when from church I came,  
 With looks demure and holy,  
 I sigh'd, when ask'd the text to name,  
 " Sweet Jane of Grisipoly !"

My Jenny is no fortune great,  
 And I am poor and lowly—  
 A fig for pow'r and grand estate,  
 Her person I love solely :  
 From ev'ry fordid, selfish view,  
 So free my heart is wholly ;  
 And she is kind as I am true—  
 Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

## THE TRIUMPH OF VENUS.

THO' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,  
 And Folly in thought-drowning revels delight,  
 Such worship, alas ! hath no charms for my soul,  
 When softer devotions the senses invite.  
 To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,  
 His potions oblivious a balm may bestow ;  
 But to fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,  
 The death of reflection's the birth of all woe.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,  
 With riot would bid the sweet vision begone ?  
 For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine  
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.  
 The tender excess that enamours the heart  
 To few is imparted—to millions deny'd :  
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart ;  
 And fools jest at that, for which sages have dy'd.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom,  
 And well can I speak of its joy and its strife :  
 The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom—  
 But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.  
 Come, then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight  
 Those magic illusions that ravish the soul—  
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,  
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.

## WHEN BIDDEN TO THE WAKE OR FAIR.

WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,  
 The joy of each true hearted swain,  
 When Phoebe promis'd to be there,  
 I loiter'd last of all the train.  
 If chanc'd some fairing caught her eye,  
 The ribbon gay, or silken glove,  
 With eager haste I ran to buy—  
 For what is gold compar'd to love ?

My posey on her bosom plac'd—  
 Could Henry sweeter scents exhale ?  
 Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,  
 And flutter'd in the wanton gale.  
 With scorn she hears me now complain—  
 Nor can those rustic presents move ;  
 Her heart prefers a richer swain—  
 For gold, alas ! has banish'd love !

## THE TWINS OF LATONA.

**T**HE Twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,  
 Arise to partake of the chace;  
 And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,  
 And a smile to the smile on her face.  
 The sport I delight in—the bright queen of love  
 With myrtles my brow shall adorn;  
 While Pan breaks his chaunter, and sculks thro'  
 the grove,  
 Excell'd by the sound of the horn.

*The hounds are uncoupled—how sweet is their cry!  
 Yet far sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply—  
 Sweet Echo!—sweet Echo, reply!  
 Hark, forward! my honies—the game is in view;  
 But love is the game I would wish to pursue—  
 I would wish to pursue—  
 I would wish to pursue.*

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,  
 His sentence he hears in the gale;  
 He flies—till, entangl'd in fear and in doubt,  
 His courage and constancy fail:  
 Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray—  
 (Despair taking place of his fear)  
 With antlers erected, a while stands at bay—  
 Then surrenders his life with a tear!

*The hounds are uncoupled, &c.*

## BUSY FLY.

**B**USY, curious, thirstily fly,  
 Drink with me, and drink as I;  
 Freely welcome to my cup—  
 Could thou sip, and sip it up.  
 Make the most of life you may—  
 Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine—  
 Hast'ning quick to their decline:  
 Thine's a summer—mine no more,  
 Though repeated to three score;  
 Three-score summers, when they're gone,  
 Will appear as short as one.

## WHEN ISICLES HANG UPON THE WALL

**W**HEN isicles hang upon the wall,  
 And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;  
 When blood be nipt, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl—  
*Tu-whit, tu-wha—a scurvy note!  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

When sharp and loud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw—  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw;  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl—  
*Tu-whit, tu-whu, &c.*

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

**W**HEN Orpheus went down to the regions be-  
 low,  
 Which men are forbidden to see,  
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,  
 To set his Eurydice free.  
 All hell was astonish'd a person so wise,  
 Should rashly endanger his life,  
 And venture so far—but how vast their surprise,  
 When they heard that he came for his wife!  
 To find out a punishment due to his fault,  
 Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;  
 But hell had not torments sufficient he thought—  
 So—he gave him his wife back again!  
 But pity succeeding, found place in his heart,  
 And (pleas'd with his playing so well)  
 He took her again, in reward of his art—  
 Such power had music in hell!

## THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

**F**OR England when, with fav'ring gale,  
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd—  
 And scudding under easy sail,  
 The high blue western land appear'd:  
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,  
 And to the pilot chearly sung—  
 By the deep—nine!  
 By the deep—nine!  
 To heave the lead, &c.

And bearing up to gain the port,  
 Some well-known object kept in view—  
 An abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,  
 Or beacon to the vessel true;  
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,  
 And to the pilot chearly sung—  
 By the mark—seven!

And as the much-lov'd shore we near,  
 With rapture we behold the roof  
 Where dwelt a friend, or partner dear,  
 Of faith and love a matchless proof:  
 The lead once more the seaman flung,  
 And to the watchful pilot sung—  
 Quarter—less—five!

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh;  
 We take in sail—she feels the tide:  
 "Stand clear the cable" is the cry—  
 "The anchor's gone, we safely ride."  
 The watch is set, and thro' the night,  
 We hear the seaman, with delight,  
 Proclaim—"all's well!"

## DONALD, OF DUNDEE.

**Y**OUNG Donald is the blithest lad  
 That e'er made love to me;  
 When'er he's by my heart is glad,  
 He seems so gay and free:  
 Then on his pipe he plays so sweet,  
 And in his plaid he looks so neat,  
 It cheers my soul at eve to meet  
 Young Donald of Dundee.

When'er I gang to yonder grove,  
 Young Sandy follows me;  
 And fain he wants to be my love—  
 But, ah! it canno' be:  
 Tho' mither frets both soon and late,  
 For me to wed this youth I hate,  
 There's none need hope to gain young Kate,  
 But Donald of Dundee.

When last we rang'd the banks of Tay,  
 The ring he shew'd to me;  
 And bade me name the bridal day—  
 Then happy would he be;  
 Liken the youth will aye prove kind;  
 Na mair my mither will I mind—  
 Mefs John to me shall quickly bind,  
 Young Donald of Dundee.

## THE ALL OF LIFE IS LOVE.

**W**HEN first this humble roof I knew,  
 With various cares I strove,  
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,  
 My all of life was love.  
 By mutual toil our board was dress'd,  
 The spring our drink bestow'd;  
 But when her lip the brim had press'd,  
 The cup with nectar flow'd.  
 Content and peace, the dwelling shar'd,  
 No other guest came nigh,  
 In them was giv'n (tho' gold was spar'd)  
 What gold could never buy.  
 No value has a splendid lot,  
 But has the means to prove,  
 That from the castle to the cot,  
 The All of Life is Love.



# [Numb. 3]

## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

### Green grow the Rashies—O.

**T**HERE's nought but care on ev'ry hand,  
In ev'ry hour that passes—O,  
What signifies the life of man,  
If 'twere not for the lasses—O.

Green grow the rashies—O,  
Green grow the rashies—O,  
The blytheft hours I ever spent,  
Were spent among the lasses—O.

The worldly wife will riches prize,  
And riches still may fly them—O,  
And if at last they grasp them fast,  
Their hearts cannot enjoy them—O. *Chorus.*

Give me a happy hour at e'en,  
My arms about my deary—O,  
And wardly cares and wardly men,  
May all gang tapley tiney—O. *Chorus.*

All ye so wise that sneer at this,  
Ye're nought but senseless asses—O.  
The wisest man the world e'er saw,  
He dearly lov'd the lasses—O. *Chorus.*

Auld nature swears the lovely dears,  
Her noblest work she classes—O,  
Her 'prentic'd hand she try'd on man,  
And then she made the lasses—O. *Chorus.*  
*Burns.*

### Poor Tom Bowling.

**H**ERE, a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,  
The darling of our crew;  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
For Death has broach'd him too:  
His form was of the manliest beauty—  
His heart was kind and soft;  
Faithful below he did his duty,  
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed;  
His virtues were so rare,  
His friends were many, and true hearted—  
His Poll was kind and fair;  
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,  
Ah! many's the time and oft;  
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy—  
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
When HE who all commands  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word—to pipe, all hands!  
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,  
In vain poor Tom has doff'd;  
For tho' his body's under hatches,  
His soul is gone aloft. *Dibdin.*

### The Tar for all Weathers.

**I** SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy;  
My jib! how it smack'd thro' the breeze!  
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy,  
As ever sail'd thro' the salt seas:  
Then adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,  
Our girls, and our dear native shore;  
For if some hard rock we should split on,  
We shall never see them any more:

But sailors were born for all weathers,  
Great guns let it blow high, blow low;  
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,  
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the Gut of Gibraltar,  
I verily thought she'd have funk;  
For the wind then began to so alter,  
She yaw'd just as tho' she'd been drunk:  
The squall tore the main-sail to shivers—  
Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatwain cries;  
Brace the fore-sail athwart—see, she quivers,  
As thro' the rough tempest she flies.  
*But sailors, &c.*

The storm came on thicker and faster,  
As black just as pitch was the sky;  
When truly a doleful disaster  
Befell three poor sailors and I:  
Ben Bluntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handfail,  
By a blast that came furious and hard,  
Thus while we were furling the main-sail,  
Were ev'ry soul swept from the yard:  
*But sailors, &c.*

Poor Ben, Sam and Dick, cry'd *pecavi*,—  
As for I, at the risk of my neck,  
While they funk down in peace to Old Davy,  
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck;  
Well, what would you have? we were stranded—  
And out of a fine jolly crew,  
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed,  
But I, and (I think) twenty-two!  
*But sailors, &c.*

After thus we at sea had miscarry'd,  
Another guess way sat the wind;  
For to England I came and got marry'd  
To a lass that was comely and kind:  
But whether for joy or vexation,  
We know not for what we are born;  
Perhaps I may find a kind station—  
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.  
*Sailors, &c.*

*Dibdin.*

## While the Lads of the Village.

**W**HILE the lads of the village shall merrily, ah!  
Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,  
And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!  
Thou and I will be first in the throng.

Just then when the swain who last year won the  
dow'r,  
With his mate shall the sports have begun,  
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each  
bow'r,  
And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.

*While the lads, &c.*

Those joys that are harmless, what mortal can  
blame?

'Tis my maxim that youth should be free;  
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the  
same,

Believe me thou shalt presently see.

*Quaker. While the lads, &c.*

## Let's be jovial.

**L**ET's be jovial, fill our glasses,  
Madness 'tis for us to think  
How the world's rul'd by asses,  
And the wife are sway'd by chink. *Fa, la, ra.*

Then never let vain cares oppress us,  
Riches are to them a snare;  
We'er ev'ry one as rich as Cræsus,  
While our bottle drowns our care. *Fa, la, ra.*

Wine will make us red as roses,  
And our sorrows quite forget;  
Come, let's fuddle all our noses,  
Drink ourselves quite out of debt. *Fa, la, ra.*

When grim Death is looking for us,  
We are toying at our bowls,  
Bacchus joining in the chorus,  
Death, be gone, here's none but souls. *Fa, la, ra.*

Godlike Bacchus thus commanding,  
Trembling Death away shall fly;  
Ever after understanding  
Drinking souls can never die. *Fa, la, ra.*

## In sultry Climes.

**I**N sultry climes long doom'd to roam,  
My Edward dares the raging sea,  
And leaves, with troubled heart, a home,  
Solac'd by tenderness and me—  
Tho' torn by ruthless fate away,  
Yet still within my throbbing breast,  
He lives unrivall'd all the day,  
Nor quits my pillow when I rest.

Be thou, fond youth, as constant too,  
And in a tender bosom wear  
The image that will prove thee true,  
And mindful of Olivia's care:  
The absence then we both deplore,  
Our present sorrow shall requite;  
Nor you can never doubt me more,  
Nor I mistrust the love you plight.

## Now Phœbus sinketh in the West.

**N**OW Phœbus sinketh in the west,  
Welcome song, and welcome jest;  
Midnight shouts and revelry,  
Tipfy dance and jollity:  
Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
Dropping odours, dropping wine,  
Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
Dropping odours, dropping wine.

Rigour now is gone to bed,  
And Advice with scrup'ulous head;  
Strict Age, and four Severity,  
With their grave saws in slumbers lie.

*With their, &c.*

## Black Ey'd Susan.

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

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

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,  
And drops at once into her nest.  
The noblest captain in the British fleet  
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

"O, Susan, Susan, lovely dear,

"My vows shall ever true remain;

"Let me kiss off that falling tear—

"We only part to meet again.

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

"Believe not what the landmen say,

"Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;

"They'll tell thee, sailors when away

"At ev'ry port a mistress find:

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

"For thou art present wherefoe'er I go:

"If to fair India's coast ye sail,

"Thy eyes are seen in diamond's bright;

"Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale—

"Thy skin is ivory so white:

"Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view—

"Brings to my mind some charm of lovely Sue.

"Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,

"Let not my pretty Susan mourn;

"Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harms

"William shall to his dear return:

"Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,

"Left precious trars should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word—

The sails their swelling bosom spread;

No longer must she stay on board:

They kiss'd—he sigh'd—he hung his head.

Her leaping boat unwilling rows to land;

"Adieu!" she cry'd—and wav'd her lily hand.

*Gay.*

## Oh! how shall I.

**O**H! how shall I in language weak,  
My ardent passion tell;  
Or form my faltering tongue to speak  
That cruel word farewell!

Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,  
My thoughts can never stray;  
Go where I will, my constant heart  
Must with my charmer stay.

## The Desert of Wildness.

**'T**IS in vain for succour calling—  
Hope no more my bosom cheers!  
Cruel fate that bliss appalling,  
With her scroll of joyless years.

Come, despair and distraction confound me!  
Add still to my life's wretched load;  
And while your mix'd horrors surround me,  
This Desert of Wildness shall be my abode!



## The Ploughman.

**I** That once was a Ploughman a sailor am now :  
No lark, that aloft in the sky,  
Ever flutter'd his wings to give speed to the plough;  
Was so gay and so careless as I :

But my friend was a carfendo aboard a king's ship;  
And he ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip ;  
And he talk'd of such things  
As if sailors were were kings ;  
And so teasing did keep,  
And so teasing did keep,

Till I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep  
No longer the horn  
Call'd me up in the morn—  
No longer the horn  
Call'd me up in the morn ;

I trusted to the carfendo and the inconstant wind,  
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a ship,  
When in danger there's no door to creep out ;  
I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bombo and flip,  
But I did not like rocking about :

Bye and bye came a hurricane—I did not like that;  
Next a battle, that many a sailor lay'd flat :

Ah! cry'd I, who would roam,  
That, like me, had a home!  
Where I'd sow and I'd reap—  
Where I'd sow and I'd reap ;

Ere I left my poor plough to go plough in the deep ;

When so sweetly the horn  
Call'd me up in the morn—  
When so sweetly the horn  
Call'd me up in the morn ;

Ere I trusted to the carfendo and the inconstant wind,  
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin—

Nor did I make any long stay,  
Ere I found out my friend, who lax'd for my kin—  
" Father's dead, and your wife ran away : "

Ah! who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame—  
Wives losing their husbands, oft lose their good name :

Ah! why did I roam?  
When, so happy at home,  
I could sow and could reap—  
I could sow and could reap—

Ere I left my poor plough to go plough in the deep ;

When so sweetly the horn  
Call'd me up in the morn ;  
When so sweetly the horn  
Call'd me up in the morn ;

Curse light upon the carfendo and the inconstant wind,

That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the case, said this very same friend,  
And you ben't no more minded to roam,

Gif's a shake of the fist—all your care's at an end,  
Dad's alive, and your wife's safe at home :

Stark staring with joy, I leapt out of my skin—  
Buss'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin :

Now, cry'd I, let them roam,  
Who want a good home :  
I am well—so I'll keep ;  
I am well—so I'll keep ;

Nor again leave my plough to go plough in the deep :

Once more shall the horn  
Call me up in the morn—  
Once more shall the horn  
Call me up in the morn ;

Nor shall any damn'd carfendo, nor the inconstant wind,

Ere tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

*Diddin.*

## Women, War, and Wine.

**B**ATTLE first my soul employs,  
Next comes love with all its toys,  
And liquor crowns my daily joys.  
Next comes love with all its toys.

Give me, then, ye powers divine,  
Give me women, war, and wine,  
Give me women, charming women,  
Give me women, war, and wine.

Battle makes me madly vain,  
Love pops in and cools the flame,  
But liquor makes me mad again,  
Love pops in and cools the flame.

*Give me, then, &c.*

Let me fight and never fly,  
Let me love and never sigh,  
Let me drink until I die,  
Let me love until I die.

*Give me, then, &c.*

## Nanny—O.

**W**HILE some for pleasure pawn their health,  
'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,  
I'll save myself, and without stealth,  
Kiss and caress my Nanny—O.

She bids more fair t'engage a Jove  
Then Leda did or Danaë—O :  
Were I to paint the queen of love  
None else should fit but Nanny—

How joyfully my spirits rise,  
When dancing she moves finely—O,  
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,  
Which sparkle so divinely O.

Attend my vow, ye Gods, while I  
Breathe in the blest Britannia,  
None's happiness I shall envy,  
As long's ye grant me Nanny—O.

## CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,  
My lovely charming Nanny—O.  
I care not tho' the world should know  
How dearly I love Nanny—O.

## When I was a young one.

**W**HEN I was a young one, what girl was like me!

So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee?  
I rattled, I-rambled, I laugh'd, and when e'er  
A fiddle was heard—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ;  
'Twas this, sir, and that sir, but scarce ever nay ;  
And Sundays, dress'd out in my silk and my lace,  
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man !  
Well, rest him—we all are as good as we can !  
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,  
And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me ; but, let me alone,  
Egad! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own :  
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is un-  
tow'rd,

Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe ;  
I'm not what I was twenty summers ago :  
This Time's a sore foe ; there's no shunning his  
dart ;

However I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum chance ;  
I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance ;  
And, books of devotion laid by on the shelf,  
I teach that to others I once did myself.

## The Piper.

A PIPER on the meadows straying,  
Met a simple maid a maying;  
Straight he won her heart by playing,  
Fal de ral de ral de ral la la la.  
Wedded, soon each note grew teasing,  
Fal de ral de ral de ral la la la.  
His pipe had lost the pow'r of pleasing.  
Fal de ral de, &c.  
Wedlock's laws are hard and gripping—  
Women fretful arts are ripe in:  
'Twas his wife that spoil'd his piping,  
Fal de ral de, &c.  
Her shrill notes mar'd ev'ry sonnet,  
Fal de ral de, &c.  
And crush'd his pipe, depend upon it,  
Fal de ral de, &c.  
Silly wives too late discover  
When the honey moon is over—  
Hush grows ev'ry piping lover,  
Fal de ral de, &c.  
"Zounds, why tease morn, noon, and night now?  
Fal de ral de, &c.  
"Your pipe, my dear, is out of tune now!"  
Fal de ral de, &c.

## The happy Fellow.

WITH my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the  
other,  
I'll drink to my neighbour and friend;  
My cares in a whiff of tobacco I'll smother,  
Since life I know shortly must end:  
While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug  
With good ale, I will make myself mellow;  
In my old wicker chair I will seat myself snug,  
Like a jolly and true hearted fellow.  
I ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation,  
I've enough of my own for to mind;  
For the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,  
To death we must all be consign'd:  
Then I laugh, drink and smoke, and leave nothing  
to pay,  
But drop, like a pear that is mellow:  
And when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to say,  
He's gone—what a hearty good fellow!

## Sweet Poll of Plymouth.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear:  
When forc'd from her to go,  
Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear;  
My heart was fraught with woe.  
Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,  
The land we left behind;  
My tears then swell'd the briny flood,  
My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep; and now 'between  
Us lay the ocean wide:  
For five long years I had not seen  
My sweet, my bonny bride.  
That time I sail'd the world around,  
All for my true love's sake;  
But press'd as we were homeward bound—  
I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain,  
To let me go on shore;  
I long'd to see my Poll again,  
But saw my Poll no more.  
"And have they torn my love away?  
"And is he gone?" she cry'd:  
My Polly, sweetest flow'r of May—  
She languish'd—droop'd—and dy'd.

## Come, come my jolly Lads.

Sung in the Pantomime of 'Robinson Crusoe.'

COME, come my jolly lads  
The wind's abaft,  
Brisk gales our sails shall crowd;  
Bome buffle, buffle, buffle, boys,  
Haul the boat;  
The boatswain pipes aloud:  
The ship's unmoor'd,  
All hands on board;  
The rising gale  
Fills ev'ry sail;  
The ship's well man'd and stor'd.  
Then fling the flowing bowl—  
Fond hopes arise—  
The girls we prize  
Shall bless each jovial soul:  
The can, boys, bring—  
We'll drink and sing,  
While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast  
We're bound to steer,  
We'll still our rights maintain;  
Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,  
Soon we'll see  
Old England once again:  
From shore to shore,  
While cannons roar,  
Our tars shall shew  
The haughty foe,  
Britannia rules the main.

*Then fling the flowing bowl, &c.*

## Whilst with Village Maids.

WHILST with village maids I stray,  
Sweetly wears the joyous day,  
Whilst with village maids I stray,  
Sweetly wears the joyous day,  
Chearful glows my artless breast,  
Mild content the constant guest;  
Chearful glows my artless breast,  
Mild content the constant guest;  
Sweetly, sweetly wears the joyous day,  
Whilst with village maids I stray.  
*Refina. Sweetly, sweetly, &c.*

## Ah! seek to know.

AH! seek to know what place detains  
The object of my care,  
If yet his breast unchang'd remain,  
- And I his object share.  
Tell me if e'er he gently sighs,  
At mention of my name—  
If e'er his tender passions rise;  
His lips the truth proclaim.

## Donald.

WHEN first you courted me,  
I own I fondly favour'd you;  
Apparent worth and high renown,  
Made me believe you true, Donald:  
Each virtue then seem'd to adorn  
The man esteem'd by me;  
But now the mask is thrown off,  
I scorn to waste one thought on thee, Donald.  
O then for ever haste away!  
Away from love and me!  
Go seek a heart that's like your own,  
And come no more to me, Donald:  
For I'll reserve myself alone,  
For one that's more like me;  
If such a one I cannot find,  
I fly from love and thee, Donald.



# [Numb. 4]

## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, worth preserving, in the English Language; forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

### When the fancy-stirring Bowl.

**W**HEN the fancy-stirring bowl  
Wakes its world of pleasure,  
Glowing visions gild my soul,  
And life's an endless treasure:  
Mem'ry decks my wasted heart  
Fresh with gay desires;  
Rays divine my senses dart,  
And kindling hope inspires.

*Then who'd be grave,  
When wine can save  
The heaviest soul from sinking;  
And magic grapes  
Give angel shapes  
To ev'ry girl we're drinking.*

Here sweet benignity and love  
Shed their influence round me;  
Gather'd ills of life remove,  
And leave me as they found me;  
Tho' my head may swim, yet true  
Still to Nature's feeling,  
Peace and beauty swim there too,  
And rock me as I'm reeling.

*Then who'd be grave, &c.*

On youths soft pillow, tender truth  
Her pensive lesson taught me;  
Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,  
And wisdom wak'd and caught me;  
A bargain, then, with love I knock'd,  
To hold the pleasant gipsy;  
When wise, to keep my bosom lock'd—  
But turn the key when tipsey.

*Then who'd be grave, &c.*

When time assuag'd my heated heart,  
The grey-beard, blind and simple,  
Forgot to cool one little part,  
Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple:  
That part's enough of beauty's type,  
To warm an honest fellow;  
And though it touch me not when ripe,  
It melts me still when mellow.

*Then who'd be grave, &c.*

Life's a voyage we all declare,  
With scarce a port to hide in;  
It may be so to pride or care—  
That's not a sea to ride in:  
Here floats my soul, till fancy's eye  
Her realms of bliss discover—  
Bright worlds that fair in prospect lie  
To him that's half-seas over.

*Then who'd be grave, &c.*

Capt. Morris.

### Anacreon.

**T**O Anacreon in heaven, where he sat in full glee,  
A few sons of harmony sent a petition,  
That he their inspirer and patron would be—  
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Gre-  
Voice, fiddle, and flute, [cian:  
No longer be mute—  
I'll lend you my name, and inspire ye to boot;  
And, besides, I'll instruct you, like me, to entwine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news thro' Olympus immediately flew,  
When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs,  
If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,  
The devil a goddess will stay above stairs:  
Hark—already they cry,  
In transport of joy,

“Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly;  
“And there with good fellows we'll learn to entwine  
“The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”

The yellow-hair'd god and his nine fussy maids  
From Hellicon's banks will incontinent flee;  
Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,  
And the biforked hill a mere desert will be.

My thunder, no fear on't,  
Shall soon do its errand,  
And d—n me, I'll swinge the ring-leaders I warrant;  
I'll trim the young dogs for daring to twine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Apollo rose up—and said prythee ne'er quarrell,  
Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below:  
Your thunder is useless. Then shewing his laurel,  
Cried *sic vitabile fulmen*, you know!

Then over each head  
The laurel I'll spread— [dread:  
So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall  
Whilst snug in their club-room they jovially twine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,  
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join:  
The full tide of harmony still shall be his—  
But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall  
Then Jove be not jealous [be mine.  
Of these hearty fellows,

Cry'd Jove—“we relent, since the truth you now  
tell us;  
And swear by old Styx, that they long shall entwine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand—  
Preserve unanimity, friendship and love:  
'Tis yours to support what's so happily plan'd;  
You've the sanction of gods and the fiat of Jove.  
While thus we agree,  
Our toast let it be—

“May our club flourish happy, united and free;”  
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

R. Tomlinson, Esq.

## Bachelor's Hall.

**T**O Bachelor's Hall we good fellows invite,  
To partake of the chace that makes up our  
delight :

We have spirits like fire, and of health such a flock,  
That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock.  
Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a  
grace,

That Diana had dubb'd some new gods of the chace.

*Hark away ! hark away !—all Nature looks gay ;  
And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.*

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,  
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back ;  
Tom Trig rode a bay full of mettle and bone ;  
And gayly Bob Buxem rode proud on a roan ;  
But the horse of all horses, that rival'd the day,  
Was the Squire's Neck-or-nothing, and that was a  
grey.

*Hark away ! hark away ! while our spirits are gay,  
Let's drink to the joys of the next coming day.*

Then for hounds—there was Nimble, so well that  
climbs rocks ;

And Cock-nose, a good one at scenting a fox ;  
Little Plunge, like a mole, who will ferret and  
and search ;

And beetle-brow'd Hawk's eye, so dead at a lurch ;  
Young Sly-locks, that scents the strong breeze from  
the south,

And musical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.  
*Hark away, &c.*

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,  
'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud ;  
And for hounds, our opinions with thousands we'll  
back,

That all Ireland throughout can't produce such a  
pack.

Thus having describ'd our dogs, horses and crew,  
Away we set off, for the fox is in view.

*Hark away, &c.*

Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horns found  
a call,

And now you'r all welcome to Bachelor's-Hall ;  
The sav'ry sirloin grateful smokes on the board,  
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard.  
Come on, then, do honour to this jovial place,  
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the  
chafe.

*Hark away, &c.*

*Dibdin.*

## The Banks of Tweed.

**A**LL on the pleasant Banks of Tweed,  
Young Jockey won my heart,  
He tun'd so sweet his oaten reed,  
None sung with half such art.

His skilful tale

Did soon prevail

To make me fondly love him,

But now he hies,

Nor heeds my cries—

I wish I ne'er had seen him.

When first we met, the bonny swain

Of nought but love could say,

" Oh ! give " he cry'd, " that heart again

" Which you have stole away ;

" Or else incline

" To give me thine

" And I'll together join them ;

" My faithful heart,

" Will never part,"

Ah ! why did I believe him ?

Then all ye maidens fly the swain,

His wily stories shun,

Else you, like me, may soon complain,

Like me will be undone.

But peace, my breast,

Nor break my rest,

I'll try quite to forget him,

For I may see

As good as he—

And wish I ne'er had seen him.

## Poor Jack.

**G**O patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,  
'Bout danger and fear, and the like ;  
A tight water boat and good sea room give me,  
And it en't to a little I'll strike : [should smite,  
Tho' the tempest top-gallant-mast smack-smooth  
And shiver each splinter of wood, [thing tight,  
Clear the wreck, flow the yards, and bowle every  
And under reef'd forefail we'll scud.  
Avast ! nor don't thing me a milk-fop so soft,  
To be taken for trifles a-back ;  
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day,  
'Bout souls—heaven—mercy—and such ;  
And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and belay !  
Why, 'twas just all as one as high Dutch !  
But he said, how a sparrow can't be under d'ye see,  
Without orders that come down below ;  
And many such things—which prov'd clearly to me  
That Providence takes us in tow :  
For, says he, do ye mind me, let storms e'er so oft  
Take the top lifts of sailors aback,  
There's a sweet little cherub sits perch'd up aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll (for you see she would cry,  
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea)  
What argues sniv'ling, and piping your eye ?  
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be :  
Don't you see the world's wide, and there's room  
for us all—

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ;  
And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,  
Why, you never will hear of me more.  
What, then ? all's a hazard—come, don't be so soft,  
Perhaps I may laughing come back ;  
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,  
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be, ev'ry inch,  
All as one as a piece of the ship—  
With her brave the world without off'ring to flinch  
From the moment the anchor's a rip.  
As to me, in all weathers, all times, tides and ends,  
Nought's a trouble, from duty that springs ;  
My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's—  
And as for my life—'tis my king's !  
E'en when my time's come, ne'er believe me so soft,  
As with grief to be taken a-back :—  
That same little cherub that sits up aloft  
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

*Dibdin.*

## He that will not merry, merry be.

**H**E that will not merry, merry be,  
With a gen'rous bowl and a toast,  
May he in bridewell be shut up,  
And fast bound to a post :  
*Let him be merry, merry there,  
And we'll be merry here ;  
For who can know where we shall go,  
To be merry another year ?*

He that will not merry, merry be,  
And take his glass in course,  
May he be 'blig'd to drink small-beer,  
Ne'er a penny in his purse.  
*Let him be merry, &c.*

He that will not merry, merry be,  
With a comp'ny of jolly-boys,  
May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,  
To confound him with her noise.  
*Let him be merry, &c.*

He that will not merry, merry be,  
With his mistress in his bed,  
Let him be lay'd in yon church-yard,  
And I put in his stead.  
*Let him be merry, &c.*



## The Mulberry Tree.

**B**EHOLD this fair goblet—'twas carv'd from  
the tree,  
Which, oh! my sweet Shakespear, was planted by  
thee:  
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine;  
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

*All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree:*

*Bend to thee,*

*Bless'd Mulberry!*

*Matchless was he*

*Who planted thee—*

*And thou, like him, immortal shall be.*

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,  
Who spread round your branches, whose heads  
sweep the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here  
To root out the natives, at prices so dear.

*All shall yield, &c.*

The oak is held royal—is Britain's great boast—  
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast:  
Of the fir we make ships; there are thousands that  
fight—

But one, only one, like our Shakespear can write.

*All shall yield, &c.*

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs—  
Pomona in fruit trees—and Flora in flow'rs;  
The garden of Shakespear all fancies will suit,  
With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of  
fruit.

*All shall yield, &c.*

With learning and knowledge the well letter'd  
birch

Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church;  
But law and the gospel in Shakespear we find—  
He gives the best physic for body and mind.

*All shall yield, &c.*

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;  
From him and his merits this takes its degree:  
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine—  
The tree of our Shakespear is still more divine.

*All shall yield, &c.*

As the genius of Shakespear outshines the bright  
day,

More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;  
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,  
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.

*All shall yield, &c.*

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree—  
From folly and fashion a charm let it be.  
Let's fill to the Planter the cup to the brim—  
To honour your country, do honour to him.

*All shall yield, &c.*

## Let Fame sound her Trumpet.

**L**ET Fame sound her trumpet, and cry to the  
war;

Let glory, let glory re-echo the strain:  
The full tide of honour may flow from the scar,  
And heroes may smile, may smile at their pain;  
The treasures of autumn let Bacchus display,  
And stagger about with his bowl;  
On Science let Sol beam the lustre of day,  
And Wisdom give life to the soul.

Let India unfold her rich gems to my view,  
Each virtue, each virtue, each joy to improve;  
But, give me the friend that I know to be true  
And the fair that I tenderly, tenderly love.  
What's glory but pride? a vain bubble is fame,  
And riot's the pleasure of wine:  
What's riches but trouble? and title's a name,  
But Friendship and Love are divine.

## The Stay Maker.

**G**AD-a-mercy—devil's in me—

All the damsels wish to win me;  
All the damsels, all the damsels wish to win me;  
Like a may-pole round me cluster,  
Hanging garland, fusts and fluster,  
Lilting, cap'ring, grinning, smirking,  
Pouting, bobbing, winking, jerking,  
Cocking bills up, chins up perking;

Kates and Letties,

Polls and Lettys—

All were doating, gentle creatures,  
On these features.

To their aprons all would pin me.

Gad-a-mercy—devil's in me—

All the ladies wish to win me.

*Pretty damsels—ugly damsels—black hair'd damsels—  
—red hair'd damsels—six foot damsels—three foot  
damsels—pale fac'd damsels—plump fac'd damsels—  
small-leg'd damsels—thick leg'd damsels—dainty dam-  
sels—dowdy damsels—pretty, ugly, black hair'd, six-  
foot, three foot, pale-fac'd, plump fac'd, small leg'd,  
thick-leg'd dowdy, dainty—all run, all run, after me,  
sir:*

*For when pretty fellows we,*

*Pretty maids are frank and free;*

*Are frank and free.*

Gad-a-mercy—devil's in me

All the ladies wish to win me;

All the ladies, all the ladies wish to win me;

For their stays taking measure—

Taking measure, oh! the pleasure;

Taking measure, taking measure,

Oh! the pleasure.

Oh! such tempting looks they give me,

Wishing of my heart to nim me—

Pat and cry—"you devil, Jemmy."

*Pretty ladies—ugly ladies, &c.*

## A Sailor's Life at Sea.

**W**HEN the anchor's weigh'd, and the ship's  
unmoor'd,

And landmen lag behind, sir;

The sailor joyful skips aboard,

And, swearing, prays for a wind, sir:

*Towing here—yeoing there—*

*Steadily readily, cheerily, merrily;*

*Still from care and thinking free—*

*Is a sailor's life at sea.*

When we sail with a fresh'ning breeze,

And landmen all grow sick, sir,

The sailor lolls with his mind at ease,

And the song and the can go quick, sir:

*Laughing here—quaffing there—steadily, &c.*

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,

And sings to landmen dreary,

The sailor fearless goes to sleep,

Or takes his watch most cheery:

*Boozing here—snoozing there—steadily, &c.*

When the sky grows black, and the wind blows  
hard,

And landmen sculk below, sir,

Jack mounts up to the topfail yard,

And turns his quid as he goes, sir:

*Hawling here—bawling there, &c.*

When the foaming waves run mountains high,

And landmen cry, "all's gone," sir,

And the sailor hangs 'twixt tea and sky,

And jokes with Davy Jones, sir;

*Dashing here—clashing there—steadily, &c.*

When the ship (d'ye see) becomes a wreck,

And landmen hoist the boat, sir,

The sailor scorns to quit the deck,

While a single plank's a-float, sir:

*Swearing here—tearing there—steadily, &c.*

## Bright Phœbus.

**B**RIGHT Phœbus has mounted her chariot of  
day,  
And the horns and the hounds call each sportsman  
away,  
Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now  
they bound,  
While health, rosy health, is in exercise found.

*Hark away, hark away, hark away is the word to the  
sound of the horn.  
And echo, blithe echo—whilst echo, blith echo makes  
jovial the morn.*

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,  
While puffs flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue;  
Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,  
While the loud op'ning pack pursue her amain.

*Hark away, &c.*

At length puffs is caught, and lies panting for breath,  
And the shout of the huntsman's the signal of death;  
No joys can delight like the sports of the field,  
To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield.

*Hark away, &c.*

## When on Board our trim Vessel.

**W**HEN on board our trim vessel we joyously  
sail'd,

While the glass circled round with full glee,  
King and country to give, my old friend never fail'd  
And the toast was soon to'st off by me :

Billows might dash,  
Lightnings might flash,

'Twas the fame to us both when at sea.

If a too pow'rful foe in our track did but pass,  
We resolv'd both to live and die free:  
Quick we number'd her guns and for each took a  
glass,

Then a broadside we gave her with three :

Cannons might roar,

Echo'd from shore,

'Twas the fame to us both when at sea.

## O dear, what can the matter be.

**O**H! dear, what can the matter be?

Oh! what can the matter be?

Dear! what can the matter be?

Johnny's so long at the fair:

He promis'd he'd buy me a fairing should please me,  
And then for a kiss, oh! he vow'd he would tease  
me;

He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of new ribbons,  
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

*Oh! dear, what can the matter be?*

He promis'd he'd bring me a basket of posies,

A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,

A little straw-hat, to set off the new ribbons

That tie up my bonny brown hair.

*Oh! dear, what can the matter be?*

He promis'd he'd buy me a pair of new stockings,

A pair of new garters should cost him but two-  
pence,

A little straw hat, to set off the new ribbons,

That tie up my bonny brown hair.

*Oh! dear, what can the matter be?*

## The Greenwich Pensioner.

**T**WAS in the good ship Rover  
I sail'd the world around,  
And for three years and over  
I ne'er touch'd British ground:  
At length in England landed,  
I left the roaring main;  
Found all relation's stranded,  
And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,  
Right fore and aft we bore,  
And when we made Cape Ortugal,  
A gale blew off the shore:  
She lay, so it did shock her,  
A log upon the main,  
'Till sav'd from Davy's locker,  
We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,  
'Upon a squally night—  
Thunder and lightning hailing  
The horrors of the fight;  
My precious limb was lopp'd off—  
I, when they eas'd my pain,  
Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,  
And went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled  
To bring up in life's rere,  
Altho' I'm quite disabled,  
And lie in Greenwich tier:  
The king, God bless his royalty,  
Who sav'd me from the main,  
I'll praise with love and loyalty,  
But ne'er to sea again.

*Dibdin.*

## The jolly gay Pedlar.

**I** AM a jolly gay pedlar,  
Come here to sell my ware;  
Yet tho' in all things I'm a medler,  
I meddle the most with the fair:  
When I shew my ribbons to misses,  
Tho' copper and silver I gain;  
Yet better I'm pleas'd with the blisses,  
That I cannot now well explain.

*I am a jolly gay Pedlar, &c.*

Fools say that this life is but sorrow,  
And seem disinclin'd to be gay;  
But why should we think of to-morrow,  
When we may be happy to-day:  
I rovd round the world for my pleasure,  
Resolv'd to take nothing amiss;  
And think my existence a treasure,  
When blest with the cup and the kiss.

*I am a jolly gay Pedlar, &c.*

They surely are thick-headed asses,  
Who think that youth's gone in a crack,  
Yet will not enjoy, as it passes,  
The season that never comes back;  
Let time jog on slower, or quicker,  
Or whether we'er silly or wise;  
We shall not be the worse for good liquor,  
Or the smiles of a girl with black eyes.

*I am a jolly gay Pedlar, &c.*

## The Bumper Toast.

**H**ERE's a health to all good lasses—  
Pledge it;

Merrily fill your glasses,

Let a bumper toast go round.

Here's a round—

May they merrily fill our glasses.

*Let a bumper toast go round, &c.*

All good, live—for in them true joys are found—  
May they live a life of pleasure,

Without mixture, without measure;

For in them true joys are found, &c.

*Let a bumper toast go round, &c.*



## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, worth preserving, in the English Language; forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

### Old Towler.

**B**RIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,  
And spangles deck the thorn;  
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,  
The lark springs from the corn;  
Dogs, huntsmen, round the windows throng  
Fleet Towler leads the cry,  
Arise! the burden of their song,  
This day a flag must die.

With a hey, ho chivy,  
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,  
With a hey, ho chivy,  
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy.  
Arise, &c.

The cordial takes its merry round,  
The laugh and joke prevail,  
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,  
The dogs snuff up the gale:  
The upland winds they sweep along,  
O'er fields, thro' brakes they fly;  
The game is rous'd, too true the song,  
This day a flag must die.

With a hey, ho, &c.

Poor flag! the dogs thy haunches gore,  
The tears run down thy face;  
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,  
His joys were in the chase.  
Alike the sportsmen of the town,  
The virgin game in view,  
Are full content to run them down,  
Then they in turn pursue.

With their hey, ho, &c.

### Sweet Lilies of the Valley.

**O**'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales,  
O'er seas and distant shores;  
With merry song and jocund tales,  
I've pass'd some pleasant hours.  
Tho' wand'ring thus I ne'er could find  
A girl like blithesome Sally,  
Who picks and culls and cries aloud,  
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,  
From nesting of each tree,  
I chose a soldier's life to wed,  
So social, gay and free.  
Yet tho' the lasses love as well,  
And often try to rally,  
None pleases me like her who cries  
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

I'm now return'd of late discharg'd,  
To use my native toil,  
From fighting in my country's cause,  
To plough my country's soil:  
I care not which, with either pleas'd,  
So I possess my Sally,  
That little merry nymph that cries  
"Sweet lilies of the valley."

### I sigh while I tug at the Oar.

**O**H! think on my fate, once I freedom enjoy'd,  
Was as happy as happy could be;  
But pleasure is fled, even hope is destroy'd,  
A captive, alas! on the sea:  
I was ta'en by the foe—'twas the fiat of fate,  
To tear me from her I adore!  
When thought brings to mind my once happy state,  
I sigh—while I tug at the oar.

Hard—hard is my fare! oh, how galling my chain!  
My life's steer'd by misery's chart;  
And though 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,  
Tears gush forth to ease my full heart:  
I disdain e'en to shrink, tho' I feel the sharp lash,  
Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore!  
While around me the unfeeling billows will dash,  
I sigh—and still tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives! I had pleasure in tow,  
The port where she dwelt we'd in view;  
But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'er clouded with  
woe,  
And, dear Anne, I was hurried from you:  
Our shallop was boarded, and I borne away,  
To behold my dear Anna no more:  
But despair wasts my spirits, my form feel decay,  
He sigh'd—and expir'd at the oar.

### Spanking Jack.

**S**PANKING Jack was so comely, so brisk, and  
so jolly,  
Tho' winds blew great guns still he'd whistle and  
sing;  
Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,  
And, if honour gave greatness, was great as a king.  
One night as we drove with two reefs in our fore-  
sail,  
The scud came on low'ring from off a lee shore,  
Jack went up aloft, to hand the top-main-sail,  
A spray wash'd him off and we ne'er saw him more.

*But grieving's a folly, so let us be jolly,  
If we've troubles at sea, boys, we've pleasures  
on shore.*

Whistling Tom still of mischief and fun in the  
middle,  
Thro' life in all weathers at random would jog,  
He'd laugh, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,  
And swig, with an air, his allowance of grog:  
Long side of a Don in the Terrible Frigate,  
As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the shore,  
In and out whistling Tom did so caper and jig it,  
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him  
more.

*But grieving's a folly, &c.*

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,  
 He was brave, open-hearted, good-natur'd and free,  
 And if ever one tar was more true than another,  
 To his friend and his duty that sailor was he:  
 One day with the David, to heave the cadge-anchor,  
 Ben went in a boat on a bold craggy shore,  
 He over-board tripp'd, when a shark or a spanker  
 Soon nipp'd him in two, and we ne'er saw him more.  
*But grieving's a folly, &c.*

Come then jolly messmates let's not be down-hearted  
 Because that mayhap we now take our last sup,  
 Life's cable must one day or other be parted,  
 And death in fast moorings must bring us all up;  
 But 'tis always the case, and you'll scarce find a brother,

Sound as pitch, honest-hearted and true to the core,  
 But by battle or sea, or some dan'd thing or other,  
 They're popp'd off the hooks and we ne'er see them more.

*Dibdin.*

*But grieving's a folly, &c.*

### The Wanton God.

THE wanton God, who pierces hearts,  
 Dips in gall his pointed darts;  
 But the nymph disdains to pine,  
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine;  
 Rosy wine, rosy wine,  
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine!

Farewell lovers when they're cloy'd,  
 If I'm scorn'd because enjoy'd,  
 Sure the squeamish fops are free  
 To rid me of dull company;  
 Sure they're free, sure they're free,  
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please;  
 I love them much, but more my ease;  
 No jealous fears my love molest,  
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest;  
 Break my rest, break my rest,  
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,  
 Who to give me joy disdain?  
 All I hope of mortal man  
 Is to love me while he can;  
 While he can, while he can,  
 Is to love me while he can.

*Milton.*

### Jolly Dick the Lamp-lighter.

I'M jolly Dick the lamp-lighter,  
 They say the sun's my dad,  
 And truly I believe it, sir,  
 For I'm a pretty lad:  
 Father and I the world delight,  
 And make it look so gay,  
 The difference is I lights by night,  
 And father lights by day.  
 But father's not the likes of I,  
 For knowing life and fun;  
 For I strange tricks and fancies spy,  
 Folks never shew the sun:  
 Rogues, owls and bats can't bear the light,  
 I've heard your wife ones say,  
 And so, d'ye mind, I sees at night  
 Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,  
 As quite a useless talk,  
 And many a face, and many a heart  
 Will then pull off the mask;  
 Each formal prude, and holy wight,  
 Will throw disguise away,  
 And sin it openly at night,  
 Who fainted all the day.

His darling hoard the miser views,  
 Misses from friends decamp,  
 And many a statesman mischief brews  
 To his country o'er his lamp;  
 So father, and I, d'ye take me right,  
 Are just on the same lay,  
 I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,  
 And he false saints by day.

### Blow high, blow low.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear  
 The main-mast by the board,  
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
 And love well stored,  
 Shall brave all dangers, scorn all fear,  
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,  
 In hopes on shore to be once more  
 Safe moor'd with thee.  
 Aloft while mountains high we go,  
 The whistling winds that scud along,  
 And the surge roaring from below,  
 Shall my signal be to think on thee,  
 And this shall be my song

*Blow high, blow low, &c.*

And on that night when all the crew  
 The mem'ry of their former lives,  
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,  
 And drink their sweet-hearts and their wives,  
 I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee,  
 And as the ship rolls thro' the sea,  
 The burden of my song shall be,

*Blow high, blow low, &c.*

### Down the rugged Mountain's Steep.

DOWN the rugged mountain's steep,  
 Hark! the plunging waters leap,  
 Rushing with resistless force,  
 To the Derwent's gentler course,  
 Soon its fury will subside,  
 Then we'll trust the safer tide.

Danger now awaits the wave,  
 Which the rash alone would brave:  
 Hark! the plunging waters leap  
 Down the rugged mountain's steep:  
 Soon its fury will subside,  
 Then we'll trust the safer tide.

### I can't for my Life.

*Sung in the "Deserter."*

I Can't for my life guess the cause of this fuss,  
 Why there's pipers & fiddlers; while Robin & Harry  
 And Clodpole and Roger, and ten more of us  
 Have pull'd as much fruit as we're able to carry.

MARGARET.

Why numscull, that's nothing; her ladyship's wine  
 All over the village runs just like a fountain;  
 And I heard the folks say, ev'ry dish when they dine  
 Will be swimming in claret, madeira & mountain

JENNY.

Then for poultry, and such like—good lord, what  
 a store!  
 I saw Goodman Gander fix baskets full cramming  
 Then such comfits and jellies! why one such feast  
 more

Would certainly breed in the village a famine.

CHORUS

What the meaning can be  
 We shall presently see,  
 For yonder's old Ruffet, who certainly knows;  
 But be what it will,  
 Our wish shall be still,  
 Joy and health to the Dutchess wherever she goes!

*Dibdin.*



## The Flower Girl.

IN poverty's garb tho' tis true I'm array'd,  
Yet jocund with me pass the hours;  
Contentment is mine, tho' a poor rustic maid,  
I cheerfull cry—who'll buy sweet flow'rs?  
These roses shall give girls a warning,  
That those beauties, those dimples they prize,  
Which they take so much pains in adorning,  
Soon, like the rose, withers, and dies:  
Then ye on whom fortune her affluence pours,  
Come purchase, I pray ye, a wreath of sweet flow'rs.

When spring doth the face of all nature inspire,  
And gladdens the earth with its show'rs;  
When cold hoary frosts from the meadows retire,  
Then I cheerfull cry who'll buy sweet flow'rs:  
Then, ladies, I pray take a warning,  
'Tis not beauty alone you should prize;  
For, tho' fresh and blooming this morning,  
Alas! on the morrow it withers and dies:  
Then ye on whom fortune her affluence pours,  
Come purchase, I pray ye, a wreath of sweet flow'rs.

## Sweet Lavender.

HOW happy was of late each morn,  
I wak'd from soft repose,  
And careless trip the verdant lawn  
Where fresh the hawthorn blows,  
Will love that caus'd the tear to smart,  
And stole contentment's sweet,  
Now's left me with an aching heart,  
To cry thro' London streets,  
Four bunches a penny sweet lavender, four  
bunches a penny,  
Four bunches a penny sweet lavender, four  
bunches a penny.

That tho' my cot was humbly poor,  
Calm peace her blessings lent;  
And smil'd upon my threshold door,  
With innocent content;  
Will William came, the pride of swains,  
And stole away its sweets;  
Which made me leave my native plains,  
To cry thro' London streets

*Four bunches a penny, &c.*

But glory fill'd his manly breast,  
He fled to wars alarms;  
And left me with a heart oppress'd,  
Disrob'd of love's soft charms:  
To follow him in humble guise,  
I bade adieu to sweets  
And village sports, with streaming eyes,  
To cry thro' London streets.

*Four bunches a penny, &c.*

When lovely maidens come and buy,  
They'll scatter sweet perfume;  
And nought with nature's store can vie,  
Or shed so soft a bloom;  
I shall my grateful bosom blest  
The hand that bounty greets,  
And aids poor Sue with fond redress,  
That cries thro' London streets

*Four bunches a penny, &c.*

## The Nymph who in my bosom reigns.

THE nymph who in my bosom reigns,  
With such full force my heart enchains;  
Nothing ever can impair  
The empire she possesses there.  
She digs for stones of radiant ray,  
Is baser matter in his way;  
The worthless load he may contemn,  
Prizes still and sucks the gem.

## The Traveller benighted.

THE traveller benighted,  
And led thro' weary ways,  
The lamp of day new lighted,  
With joy the dawn surveys.  
The rising prospects viewing,  
Each look is forward cast;  
He smiles, his course pursuing,  
Nor thinks of what is past. *Love in a Village.*

## The Trim-built Wherry.

THEN farewell my trim-built wherry,  
Oars, and coat, and badge farewell;  
Never more at Chelsea ferry,  
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,  
In the battle's heat I go;  
Where expos'd to ev'ry danger,  
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then may-hap when homeward steering,  
With the news my mess-mates come,  
Even you my story hearing,  
With a sigh may cry—poor Tom!

*The Waterman.*

## How stands the Glas around.

HOW stands the glas around,  
For shawie, you take no care, my boys,  
How stands the glas around,  
Let mirth and wine abound;  
The trumpets found,  
The colours they are flying, boys,  
To fight, kill or wound;  
May we still be found,  
Content with our hard fate, my boys,  
On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,  
Should we be melancholy, boys,  
Why, soldiers, why,  
Whose business 'tis to die:  
What!—fighting, fie!  
Hang fear, drink on, be jolly, boys;  
'Tis he, you, or I!  
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,  
We're always bound to follow, boys,  
And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,  
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys;  
'Tis but in vain  
For soldiers to complain  
Should next campaign  
Send us to him who made us, boys.  
We're free from pain;  
But if we remain,  
A bottle and kind landlady  
Cure all again.

*Gen Wolfe.*

## Had I Heart for falsehood fram'd.

*Air,—Molly Afore.*

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,  
I ne'er could injure you:  
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,  
Your charms would make me true.  
To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
No stranger offer wrong:  
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest  
Another with your heart,  
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
And act a brother's part:  
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,  
Nor fear to suffer wrong;  
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
And brothers in the young.

*Shuridan.*

## The Death of Allen.

THE bells they rang all in the morn,  
And Allen he rose full soon,  
Sad tidings were heard for Allen to hear,  
That Mary would wed e'er noon.

Then Allen he call'd on Thomas's name,  
And Thomas came at his call,  
"Make ready a coffin and winding shroud,  
"For Mary shall see me fall."

"When last we parted with brimful eye,  
"Right-loving she made a vow;  
"But Richard has twice as many sheep,  
"And Mary forgets me now."

"Then bear me to the green-grafs bank,  
"Where we did kiss and play,  
"And tell her, the rain, that made it so green,  
"Has wash'd my kisses away."

The bridegroom led the bride so fair,  
The priest he came anon;  
But Thomas he brought his dear friend's corse,  
Before the wedding was done.

He laid him on the green-grafs bank,  
Where they did kiss and play,  
And told her, the rain, that made it so green,  
Had wash'd his kisses away.

When she beheld poor Allen's dead corse,  
Her maiden blush was lost,  
She faded, as tho' on April morn  
A primrose nipt by a frost.

Then all beneath one fatal stone  
Together they buried were.  
False maidens, who break your plighted vow,  
Take heed ye come not there!

## The Distress of Marian.

ONE April ev'ning, when the sun  
Had journey'd down the sky,  
Sad Marian, with looks of woe,  
Walk'd forth full heavily.

Tears trickled down her faded cheek,  
Soft sighs her bosom heav'd;  
Soft sighs reveal'd her inward woe;  
Alas! she'd been deceiv'd.

"Oh! what a wretch am I become,  
"A luckless lass," said she,  
"The cowslip, and the violet blue,  
"Have now no charms for me."

"The golden sun that daily shines,  
"And glitt'ring decks the sky,  
"Brings no relief to my distress,  
"Or pleasure to my eye."

"This little river, when I dress'd,  
"Has serv'd me for a glass;  
"But now it only shews how love  
"Has ruin'd this poor face."

"What charms could happy Lucy boast,  
"To fix the wav'ring mind?  
"What charms in Lucy more than me,  
"Ungrateful, couldst thou find."

"Hast thou forgot the tender vows  
"Which at my feet were made?  
"Yet I'll not spend my dying hour  
"Thy falsehood to upbraid."

"But what remaining breath I have  
"Shall intercede with heav'n;  
"That all those broken vows to me,  
"At last may be forgiv'n."

"Yet one poor boon, before I die,  
"I would of thee require;  
"And do not thou refuse to grant  
"A wretch's last desire!"

"When you with Lucy shall affix  
"The happy marriage day,  
"Oh! do not o'er my green grafs-grave  
"Inhuman take thy way."

## The Spanish Lady's Love.

WILL you hear of a Spanish lady,  
How she woo'd an English man?  
Garments gay as rich as may be  
Deck'd with jewels she had on.

As his prisoner there he kept her,  
In his hands her life did lie;  
Cupid's bands did tie them faster  
By the liking of an eye.

But at last there came commandment  
For to set the ladies free,  
With their jewels still adorned,  
None to do them injury.

"Gallant captain shew some pity  
"To a lady in distress;  
"Leave me not within this city,  
"For to die in heaviness."

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,  
"Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?  
"Thy fair words make me suspect thee:  
"Serpents lurk where flowers grow."

"Blessed be the time and season,  
"That you came on Spanish ground;  
"If you may our foes be termed,  
"Gentle foes we have you found."

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;  
"Rest you still, and weep no more;  
"Of fair lovers there are plenty,  
"Spain doth yield you wondrous store."

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard,  
"Thou alone enjoy'st my heart;  
"I am lovely, young and tender,  
"Love is likewise my desert."

"It would be a shame, fair lady,  
"For to bear a woman hence;  
"English soldiers never carry  
"Any such without offence."

"I have neither gold nor silver  
"To maintain thee in this case,  
"And to travel is great charges,  
"As you know in ev'ry place."

"On the seas are many dangers,  
"Many storms do there arise,  
"Which will be to ladies dreadful,  
"And force tears from war'y eyes."

"Courteous lady, leave this fancy,  
"Here comes all that breeds the strife;  
"I, in England, have already  
"A sweet woman to my wife."

"O, how happy is that woman  
"That enjoys so true a friend!  
"Many happy days God send her;  
"Of my suit I make an end."

"Commend me to thy lovely lady,  
"Bear to her this chain of gold:  
"And these bracelets for a token:  
"Grieving that I was so bold."

"I will spend my days in prayer,  
"Love and all his laws defy;  
"In a nun'y will I shroud me,  
"Far from any company."

"Thus farewell, most gallant captain!  
"Farewell to my heart's content!  
"Count not Spanish ladies wanton,  
"Though to thee my love was bent."



# [Numb. 6]

## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLER.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

### The Mid Watch.

WHEN 'tis night and the mid-watch is come,  
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,  
Then sailors think of their far distant home,  
And of those friends they may ne'er see again;  
But when the fight's begun,  
Each serving at his gun,  
Should any thought of them come o'er our mind,  
We think that should the day be won,  
How 'twill cheer  
Their hearts to hear,  
That their old companion he was one.  
Or my lad, if you a mistress kind  
Have left on shore some pretty girl and true,  
Who many a night doth listen to the wind;  
And sighs to think how it may fare with you:  
O when the fight's begun,  
Each serving at his gun,  
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,  
Think only should the day be won,  
How 'twill cheer  
Her heart to hear,  
That her own true sailor he was one.

### William of the Ferry.

OFT' as on Thames's banks I stray,  
Where nymphs and swains appear,  
From all their sports I turn away,  
If William be not there:  
The nymphs all laugh,  
The swains all quaff  
Their cider, ale, and perry,  
They nod and wink,  
While health they drink,  
To William of the ferry.  
When on the stream the youths attend  
Their manly skill to shew,  
With rival force the oar they bend,  
And o'er the surface row:  
But none, I'm sure,  
E'er ply the oar,  
Or steer so well the wherry,  
As he who won  
The prize alone,  
Young William of the ferry.  
Such bliss to me his smiles impart,  
Whene'er he talks of love,  
That now I find my yielding heart  
Does all his hopes approve:  
So Hymen's bands  
Shall join our hands:  
Then I'll be blithe and merry,  
And sing thro' life,  
The happy wife  
To William of the ferry.

### When scarce a Handspike high.

WHEN scarce a handspike high,  
Death with old dad made free;  
So what does I do, but I  
Pikes me off to sea:  
Says I to sweetheart Poll,  
If ever I come back,  
We'll laugh and sing tol lol de rol,  
If not, remember Jack.

I'd fortune smooth and rough,  
The wind would chop and veer:  
'Till hard knocks I'd nap'd enough,  
On board a privateer:  
Propt with a wooden peg,  
Poll I thought would bid me pack,  
So was forc'd d'ye see, to beg,  
And 'twas, pray remember Jack.

I ax't, as folks hove by,  
And shew'd my wooden pin;  
Young girls wou'd sometimes sigh,  
And gaping lubbers grin:  
In vain I'd often bawl,  
My hopes were ta'en a-back,  
And my share of coppers small,  
So pray remember Jack.

One day, my lockers bare,  
And togs all tatter'd grown,  
I twigg'd a pinnace fair,  
Well rigg'd, a bearing down:  
'Twas Poll—the look'd so spruce,  
What, thus, said she, come back!  
My tongue forgot its use,  
And, pray remember Jack.

What matters much to prate,  
She'd shiners fav'd a few;  
Soon I became her mate,  
Wa'n't Poll a sweetheart true?  
Then a friend I'd serv'd before,  
From a long voyage trips back,  
Shar'd with I his gold galore,  
For he well remember'd Jack.

So what tho' I lost my leg,  
It seem'd my fortune to mend,  
And was forc'd, d'ye see, to beg,  
I gain'd a wife and friend:  
Here's the King, Old England, Poll,  
My shipmate just come back:  
Then laugh and sing tol lol de rol,  
And pray remember Jack.

## Beauty blooms on every Thorn.

**B**EAUTY blooms on every thorn,  
Lovely shew the fields to view,  
Fair the blush of rising morn,  
Fairer you.

Sweet the flow'rs in rich array,  
Pearled o'er with morning dew,  
Sweet the breath of infant May,  
Sweeter you.

Mild the breeze that fans the grove,  
Mild the feather'd nation too,  
Mild the voice of happy love,  
Milder you.

## Sally in our Alley.

*By Mr. Henry Carey.*

**O**F all the girls that are so smart,  
There's none like pretty Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley:  
There's ne'er a lady in the land,  
Thar's half so sweet as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,  
And thro' the streets does cry 'em;  
Her mother she sells laces long,  
To such as choose to buy 'em;  
But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget  
So sweet a girl as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,  
I love her so sincerely;  
My master comes like any Turk,  
And bangs me most severely;  
But let him bang his belly full,  
I'll bear it all for Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,  
I dearly love but one day;  
And that's the day that comes betwixt,  
A Saturday and Monday;  
For then I'm dress'd all in my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,  
And often am I blamed;  
Because I leave him in the lurch,  
Soon as the text is named;  
I leave the church in sermon time,  
And flink away to Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,  
Oh! then I shall have money?  
I'll hoard it up and box it all,  
And give it to my honey;  
I wish it were ten thousand pounds,  
I'd give it all to Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all,  
Make game of me and Sally;  
And, but for her, I'd better be  
A slave and row a galley;  
But when my sev'n long years are out,  
Oh! then I'll marry Sally;  
Oh! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,  
But not in our alley.

## The Swelling Canvafs.

**T**HE swelling canvafs caught the breeze,  
The ship flew thro' the sea,  
But nought, Louisa, could avail,  
To take my thoughts from thee:  
Ah! no—from love, my charming maid,  
I'd every pain endure;  
And you alone the wound have made,  
That you alone can cure.  
When loud contending billows sweep,  
And silver'd waves arise,  
The ship now plunges in the deep,  
And now assails the skies:  
But greater are the storms by far  
That in my bosom roll,  
Love's ev'ry conflict struggles there,  
And agitates my soul.  
Thy form, my mind, my passion holds,  
No one e'er lov'd more true;  
Tho' parted distant as the poles,  
My heart is still with you;  
In pity then return my love,  
Nor from my wishes fly,  
For if you smile 'twill heaven prove,  
But if you frown I die.

## The Cottager's Daughter.

**A**H! tell me ye swains have you seen my Pastora,  
O say have you met the sweet maid in your way,  
Transcendant as Venus, and blithe as Aurora,  
From Neptune's bed rising to hail the new day,  
Forlorn do I wander, and long time have sought her,  
The fairest, the rarest, for ever my theme:  
A goddess in form, tho' a cottager's daughter,  
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.  
*Of Aln's winding stream, &c.*

Tho' lordlings so gay and young squires have sought her,  
To link her fair hand in the conjugal chain,  
Devoid of ambition, the cottager's daughter,  
Convinc'd them that flattery and offers were vain:  
When first I beheld her, I fondly besought her,  
My heart did her homage, and love was my theme,  
She vow'd to be mine, the sweet cottager's daughter,  
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.  
Then why thus alone does she leave me to languish,  
Pastora to splendour cou'd ne'er yield her hand,  
Ah! no, she returns to remove my fond anguish,  
O'er her heart love and truth still retain their command.

The wealth of Golconda cou'd never have bought her,  
For love, truth and constancy still is her theme;  
Then give me, kind Hymen, the cottager's daughter,  
That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

## The Woodman.

**S**TAY, trav'ller, tarry here to-night,  
The rain yet beats, the wind is loud,  
The moon has too withdrawn her light,  
And gone to sleep behind a cloud.

'Tis seven long miles across the moor,  
And should you chance to go astray,  
You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door,  
Nor foul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, our meal prepare,  
This stranger shall partake our best;  
A cake and rather be his fare,  
With ale that makes the weary blest.

Approach the hearth, there take a place,  
And 'till the hour of rest draws nigh,  
Of Robin Hood and Chevy Chase  
We'll sing,—then to our pallets hie.



Then say my sweet Girl.

**D**EAR Nancy I've sail'd the world all around,  
And seven long years been a rover;  
To make for my charmer each shilling a pound;  
But now my hard perils are over.  
I've sav'd from my toils many hundreds in gold,  
The comforts of life to beget;  
Have borne in each climate the heat and the cold;  
And all for my pretty Brunette;

*Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me,*

*Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me,*

*Then say, &c.*

Tho' others may boast of more riches than mine,  
And rare my attractions e'en fewer;  
At their jeers and ill nature I'll scorn to repine,  
Can they boast of a heart that is truer?  
Or, will they for thee plough the hazardous main,  
Brave the seasons both stormy and wet,  
If not, why I'll do it again and again,  
And all for my pretty Brunette;

*Then say, my sweet girl, &c.*

When order'd afar in pursuit of the foe,  
I sigh'd at the bodings of fancy,  
Which fain would persuade me I might be laid low,  
And ah! never more see my Nancy;  
But hope like an angel soon banish'd the thought,  
And bade me such notions forget:  
I took the advice and undauntedly fought,  
And all for my pretty Brunette;

*Then say, my sweet girl, &c.*

The Rake at large.

**L**OOKE, dear Ma'am, I'm quite the thing,  
Natibus hey! tippity ho,  
In my shoe I wear a string;  
Tied in a black bow, so:  
Cards and dice, I've monstrous luck,  
I'm no drake yet keep a duck,  
Tho' not married, yet I'm a buck,  
Lantherum swath, kee-vi.

I've a purse well stock'd with brags,  
Chinkety hey! tinkity ho!  
I've good eyes but cock my glafs,  
Stare about, squintom ho!  
In two boots I boldly walk,  
Pistol, sword, I never balk,  
Meet my man and bravely talk,  
Pippity pop, coupee.

Sometimes I mount a smart cockade,  
Puppydum hey, struttledum ho!  
From High Park to the parade,  
Cock my carey kee:  
As I pass a centry box,  
Soldiers rest their bright firelocks,  
Each about his musker knocks  
Rattledum flap, to me.

In the Mall, Ma'am gives her card,  
Cashedy me, kissady she!  
Sit before the stable yard,  
Leg-orum lounge a row;  
Pretty things I softly say  
When I'm ask'd our chairs to pay,  
Yes, says I, and walk away,  
Pennybus tartun, ho!

At Boulogne I liv'd a week,  
Ericsfee hey! trick a fee ho!  
There fine French I learn'd to squeak,  
Grinnibus skiptum, ho!  
Slap French clack about, hateur,  
*Navette, chef d'œuvre, bon d'onneur,*  
*En bon point, quel tout mon cœur,*  
Fiddledee toll, hee hee!

Rotten-row my Sunday ride,  
Trottledum hey, tumble off, ho!  
Pony, eighteen-pence a side,  
Windgall, glanderum ho!  
Cricketer, I fam'd Lumpey nick,  
Daddles, smouch Mendoza lick,  
Up to, ah! I'm just the kick,  
Alamande cap'rum toe.

*O'Keefe*

Were I laid on Greenland's Coast.

**W**ERE I laid on Greenland's coast,  
And in my arms embrac'd my las;  
Warm amidst eternal frost,  
Too soon the half year's night would pass.  
Were I fold on Indian soil,  
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,  
I could mock the sultry toil,  
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

*And I would love you all the day,  
Ev'ry night we'd kiss and play,  
If with me you'd fondly stray,  
Over the hills and far away.*

*Beggar's Opera.*

Somebody.

**W**ERE I obliged to beg my bread,  
And had no place to lay my head,  
I'd creep where yonder herds are fed,  
And steal a look at Somebody;  
My own dear Somebody,  
My constant Somebody,  
I'd creep where yonder herds are fed,  
And steal a look at Somebody.

Oh! had I eagle's wings to fly,  
And take my flight across the sky,  
I'd feast my longing tearful eye,  
And steal a look at Somebody.  
I'd feast my longing tearful eye,  
And steal a look at Somebody.

When I'm laid low, and am at rest,  
And may be number'd with the blest,  
Oh! may the artless feeling breast,  
Throb with regard for Somebody.  
Ah! will you drop one pitying tear,  
And sigh for the lost Somebody.

But should I ever live to see  
That form so much ador'd by me,  
Then thou'lt reward my constancy.  
I'll be blest with Somebody.  
Then shall my tears be dry'd by thee,  
And I'll be blest with Somebody.

I like the Fox shall grieve.

**I** LIKE the fox shall grieve,  
Whose mate has left her side;  
Whom hounds, from morn to eve,  
Chace o'er the country wide.  
Where can my lover hide?  
Where cheat the weary pack?  
If love be not his guide,  
He never will come back.

*Beggar's Opera.*

My Love to War is going.

**M**Y love to war is going,  
And I am left to mourn;  
For him my tears are flowing,  
Ah! when will he return?

O war, thou source of sorrow,  
By thee what thousands mourn,  
Perhaps before to-morrow,  
He'll fill the fatal urn.

*R. Twiss.*

## Julia.

TO the graves, where sleep the dead,  
 Hapless Julia took her way;  
 Sighs to heave and tears to shed,  
 O'er the spot where Damon lay.  
 Many a blooming flow'r she bore,  
 O'er the green grafs turf to throw;  
 And while fast her tears did pour,  
 Thus she sang to sooth her woe:  
 "Soft and safe tho' lowly grave,  
 "Fast o'er thee my tears shall flow;  
 "Only hope the hapless have,  
 "Only refuge left for woe.  
 "Constant love and grief sincere,  
 "Shall thy hallow'd turf pervade;  
 "And many a heartfelt sigh and tear,  
 "Hapless youth, shall sooth thy shade.  
 "Lighted by the moon's pale shine,  
 "See me, to thy mem'ry true,  
 "Lowly bending at thy shrine,  
 "Many a votive flow'r to strew.  
 "But how little do these flow'rs  
 "Prove my love and constancy!  
 "Yet a few sad fleeting hours,  
 "And, dear youth, I'll follow thee.  
 "Rose replete with scent and hue,  
 "Sweetest flow'r that nature blows,  
 "Damon flourish'd once like you;  
 "Now o'er him the green grafs grows.  
 "Rose, go deck his hallow'd grave,  
 "Lily, o'er the green turf twine;  
 "Honour meet that turf should have,  
 "Beauty's bed and virtue's shrine.  
 "Primrose pale, and violet blue,  
 "Jess'min sweet, and eglantine,  
 "Nightly here thy sweets I strew,  
 "Proud to deck my true-love's shrine.  
 "Like you, my Damon bloom'd a day,  
 "He did die, and so must you—  
 "But such charms can you display,  
 "Half so virtuous, half so true?  
 "No, sweet flow'rets, no such charms,  
 "No such virtues can you boast;  
 "Yet he's torn from my fond arms,  
 "Yet my faithful love is crost.  
 "But a radiant morn shall rise,  
 "(Loit'ring moments, faster flow)  
 "When with him I'll tread the skies,  
 "Smile at death, and laugh at woe."  
 Thus she sung, and strew'd the flow'r,  
 Beat her breast, and wept, and sigh'd;  
 And, when roll'd the midnight hour,  
 On the green turf grave she dy'd.  
 Many a nightingale forlorn  
 Sung her knell, while breezes sigh'd;  
 Haughty grandeur heard with scorn  
 How so poor a maiden dy'd.

## The Dowy Den.

O See you not yon bonny steed,  
 That eats beneath the tree?  
 O tarry not, my little boy,  
 But bring him fast to me.  
 The boy ran nimbly to the place,  
 Where fed the milk-white steed,  
 And brought him to the lady fair,  
 Who mounted him with speed.  
 The whip she ply'd—the courser flew,  
 The dust in clouds did rise,  
 And soon she spy'd the \*dowy den  
 Where her true lover lies.

\* Dowy signifies dismal.

But now the panting steed she stop'd,  
 And on the ground she sprung,  
 Then hied her to the fatal place,  
 With trees and bushes hung.  
 A dreary place, I ween, it was,  
 And mournful to behold;  
 Above—the winds did doleful blow;  
 Below—dark waters roll'd.  
 All cold and pale the youth was laid  
 Fast by the rueful flood;  
 A breathless corse, outstretch'd he lay,  
 And all besmear'd with blood.  
 "O sight of woe!" she cry'd, and ran  
 To where her lover lay;  
 Then, like an aspin, quiv'ring stood,  
 And gaz'd on the cold clay.  
 That breast where oft thou, love-sick maid!  
 Hast laid thy languid head,  
 Doth now present the ghastly wound  
 Made by the deathful blade.  
 Those yellow locks, that oft with joy  
 Thy lily hand hath bound,  
 Toss'd by the wind, now loosely flow  
 Neglected on the ground.  
 How cold and wan at noon that cheek,  
 Where glow'd at morn the rose!  
 Those beauteous eyes the sleep of death  
 Doth now for ever close.  
 In silent anguish fix'd she stood,  
 And o'er the body hung.  
 Then swooping, grasp'd and kiss'd the hand,  
 And sighing, thus begun:  
 Nor wealth nor grandeur pow'r could have  
 My faithful heart to shake;  
 For thee it beat, O much lov'd boy!  
 For thee it now doth break.  
 Why did thy wrathful rival think  
 His sword could us disjoin?  
 Did he not know that love had made  
 My life but one with thine?  
 Then haughty baron, know it now,  
 Nor hope I'll be thy bride;  
 With this dear youth I joy to die,  
 Contemn thy pomp and pride.  
 And thou, my father, come and see  
 How low thy daughter lies;  
 From crossing virtuous love, behold  
 What dire misfortunes rise.  
 O hapless youth—But ah! no more  
 Her fault'ring tongue could say;  
 Then softly sunk upon his breast,  
 And breath'd her soul away.

## Under the Greenwood Tree.

UNDER the greenwood tree,  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune his merry note  
 Unto the sweet birds throat,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy,  
 But winter and rough weather.  
 Who doth ambition shun,  
 And loves to live i' the sun,  
 Seeking the food he eats,  
 And pleas'd with what he gets.  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy,  
 But winter and rough weather.

Shakespeare.



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Drink to me only, &c.

**D**RINK to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
And I'll look not for wine:  
The thirst that from my soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much hon'ring thee,  
As giving it in hope that there  
It would not wither'd be:  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent it back to me;  
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

When Gen'rous Wine.

**W**HEN gen'rous wine expands the soul,  
How pleasure hovers round the bowl:  
Avaunt, avaunt ye cares of fancy's crew,  
And give the guilty wretch his due, &c.  
*Avaunt ye cares of fancy's crew,  
And give the guilty wretch his due,  
And give the guilty wretch, &c.*

But let the juice of sparkling wine,  
My grosser sense to love refine,  
As Jove his nectar drinks above,  
I'll quaff whole goblets full of love,  
*I'll quaff whole goblets, &c.*

Then why should I at life repine?  
Bring me Venus, bring me wine,  
Fill the ever flowing bowl,  
In circles gay and pleasures roll,  
*In circles gay, &c.*

Ever open, ever free,  
Hail thou friend to jollity,  
My brows with Bacchus' chaplets crown'd,  
I live to love, my cares are drown'd,  
*I live to love, &c.*

Sleep on.

**S**LEEP on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,  
May peace possess thy breast;  
Yet dost thou dream thy true-love's here,  
Depriv'd of peace and rest.

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,  
Those joys are none to me:  
Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermot wakes  
To none but love and thee.

Ye Sportsmen draw near.

**Y**E sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too  
Who delight in the joys of the field,  
Mankind tho' they blame, are all eager as you,  
And no one the contest will yield:  
His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,  
A hunting continually go;  
All ranks and degrees are engaged in the chase,  
With, hark forward! huzza! tally ho!

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,  
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;  
The husband gets up at the found of the horn,  
And rides to the commons full speed;  
The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game,  
The poet too often lies low;  
Who mounted on Pegasus flies after fame,  
With, hark forward! huzza! tally ho!

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep  
Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown;  
How oft do they decency's bounds overleap,  
And the fences of virtue break down?  
Thus public, or private, for pension or place,  
For amusement, for passion, for show,  
All ranks and degrees are engaged in the chase,  
With, hark forward! huzza! tally ho!

In Airy Dreams.

**I**n airy dreams soft fancy flies  
My absent love to see,  
And with the early dawn I rise,  
Dear youth, to think on thee.

How swiftly flew the rosy hours,  
When love and hope were new;  
Sweet was the time as opening flowers,  
But ah!—as transient too.

The moments now move slowly on,  
Until thy wish'd return,  
To count them off as all alone  
In pensive shades I mourn;

Return, return, my love, and charm  
Each am'rous care to rest,  
Thy smiles can every doubt disarm,  
And sooth my soul to rest.

The Soldier Tir'd.

**T**HE soldier, tir'd of war's alarms,  
Forfeats the clang of hostile arms,  
And scorns the spear and shield;  
But if the brazen trumpet sound,  
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,  
And dares again the field.

## The flowing Can.

A SAILOR's life's a life of woe,  
 He works now late now early,  
 Now up, now down, now to and fro,  
 What then? he takes it cheerly;  
 Blest'd with a smiling can of grog,  
 If duty call,  
 Stand, rise, or fall,  
 To fate's last verge he'll jogg;  
 The cadge to weigh,  
 The sheets belay,  
 He does it with a wiff;  
 To heave the lead,  
 Or to cat-head  
 The pond'rous anchor fiff;  
 For while the grog goes round,  
 All sense of danger's drown'd,  
 We despise it to a man:  
 We sing a little, and laugh a little,  
 And work a little, and swear a little,  
 And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,  
 We sing a little, and laugh a little,  
 And work a little, and swear a little,  
 And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,  
 And swig the the flowing can.

If howling winds and roaring seas  
 Give proof of coming danger,  
 We view the storm, our hearts at ease,  
 For Jack's to fear a stranger.  
 Blest'd with the smiling grog we fly,  
 Where now below,  
 We headlong go,  
 Now rise on mountains high;  
 Spite of the gale  
 We hand the sail,  
 Or take the needful reef;  
 Or man the deck,  
 To clear some wreck,  
 To give the ship relief;  
 Though perils threaten 'round,  
 All sense of danger's drown'd,  
 We despise it to a man.

*We sing a little, &c.*

But yet think not our case is hard,  
 Though storms at sea do treat us;  
 For coming home (a sweet reward!)  
 With smiles our sweet-hearts greet us.  
 Now to the friendly grog we quaff,  
 Our am'rous toast,  
 Her we love most,  
 And gaily sing and laugh;  
 The sails we furl,  
 Then for each girl,  
 The petticoat display:  
 The deck we clear,  
 Then three times cheer,  
 As we their charms survey;  
 And then the grog goes round,  
 All sense of danger's drown'd,  
 We despise it to a man.

*We sing a little, &c.*

## Celebrated Fairy Song.

LITTLE fairy, succour lend,  
 You e'er now have been a friend,  
 When you're sipping like a bee,  
 I think, I pray you, think on me;  
 You for aid I call upon,  
 Spouse of Mab, sweet Oberon!

*You for aid, &c.*

Hear me call and cure love's smart,  
 Sooth the torment of my heart;  
 Cool my bosom's amorous fire,  
 Or extinguish all desire:  
 Peace and joy with Damon's gone,  
 Come then, gentle Oberon!

*Peace and joy, &c.*

So may acorns full of dew,  
 Every night be set for you;  
 So may the glow-worm lift its head,  
 To light where e'er you wish to tread;  
 By your art were Damon won,  
 What your praise, sweet Oberon!

*By your art, &c.*

## The Western Sky.

THE western sky was purpled o'er  
 With ev'ry pleasing ray,  
 And, flocks reviving, felt no more  
 The sultry heat of day:  
 When from an hazel's artless bow'r,  
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue,  
 He blest the scene, he blest the bow'r,  
 While Nancy's praise he sung.  
 Let fops with sickle falsehood range  
 The paths of wanton love,  
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change,  
 And sadden every grove:  
 But endless blessings crown the day,  
 I saw fair Ethani's dale,  
 And ev'ry blessing finds its way  
 To Nancy of the Vale.  
 Struck with her charms and gentle truth,  
 I clasp'd the constant fair,  
 To her alone I gave my youth,  
 And vow my future care:  
 And when this vow shall faithless prove,  
 Or I those charms forego,  
 The stream that saw our tender love,  
 That stream shall cease to flow.

## Mary's Dream.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill  
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
 And from the eastern summit shed  
 Her silver light on tow'r and tree;  
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;  
 Then soft and low a voice was heard  
 Say, "Mary weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd  
 Her head, to ask who there might be,  
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
 With pallid cheek and hollow eye;  
 "O Mary dear, cold is my clay,  
 It lies beneath the stormy sea:  
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death;  
 So, Mary weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days  
 We toss'd upon the raging main,  
 And long we strove our bark to save—  
 But all our striving was in vain.  
 E'en then when horror chill'd my blood,  
 My heart was fill'd with love of thee:  
 The storm is past, and I'm at rest—  
 So, Mary weep no more for me.

O maiden dear, thyself prepare;  
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
 Where love is free from doubt and care,  
 And thou and I shall part no more."  
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled;  
 No more of Sandy could she see;  
 But soft the passing spirit laid,  
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

## The late Repentance.

COULD grief recall the moments past,  
 Or weeping soothe the breast of pain,  
 These fruitless tears that flow so fast  
 Would soon my innocence regain.  
 But sooner shall the pride of spring,  
 December's genid brow adorn,  
 Or youth that flies on silent wing  
 To warm the break of age return.

*Trac.*



## The Chimney Sweeper.

**T**HOU' late and early I do pad,  
 A bawling sweep-foot-ho!  
 Yet still am I as blithe a lad,  
 As e'er you'd wish to know:  
 And when the ladies fine I hear  
 Cry "take care of the sweep!"  
 "Ladies" say I "you need not fear,"  
 But I'm for them too deep:  
 For I gives 'em a smut  
 Of my bag full of foot,  
 They cry "curse you, mind how you go,"  
 "Dear me, ma'am," says I,  
 "I was just brushing by,"  
 And I'm off with my sweep-foot-ho!  
 And when disguis'd I meet the devil,  
 I love to have some fun;  
 A lawyer I mean—the greatest evil  
 That thrives beneath the sun:  
 For sure we both, beyond all doubt,  
 Are to the devil a-kin:  
 The difference is, I'm black without,  
 The lawyer's black within—  
 I gives him a smut  
 Of my bag full of foot,  
 He cries "damme, mind how you go!"  
 "Sir" says I "pray,  
 "Do keep out of the way,"  
 And I'm off with my sweep-foot-ho!  
 Your flashy folks drest fine and gay,  
 As thro' the streets I go,  
 All in an instant clear the way,  
 At sound of sweep-foot ho:  
 And thus I gammons all the folks,  
 I care not great or small,  
 I laughs, I sings, I cracks my jokes,  
 And something says to all;  
 For I gives 'em a smut  
 Of my bag full of foot,  
 They cry "prithee mind how you go,"  
 "O dear, sir," says I,  
 "I was just brushing by,"  
 And I'm off with my sweep-foot-ho!

## Death or Liberty.

**W**HILST happy in my native land,  
 I boast my country's charter;  
 I'll never basely lend my hand  
 Her liberties to barter:  
 The noble mind is not at all  
 By poverty degraded;  
 'Tis guilt alone can make us fall;  
 And well I am persuaded,  
 Each free-born Briton's song shall be,  
 Give me death or liberty!  
 Give me death, &c.  
 Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,  
 And few the gifts she sends us:  
 The lordly hireling often wants  
 That freedom which defends us:  
 By law secur'd from lawless strife,  
 Our house is our castellum:  
 Thus blest'd with all that's dear in life,  
 For lucre shall we sell them?  
 No, ev'ry Briton's song shall be,  
 Give me death or liberty!  
 Give me death, &c.

The Triumph of Ceres,  
OR HARVEST HOME.

**W**HAT cheerful sounds salute our ears,  
 And echo o'er the lawn!  
 Behold! the loaded car appears,  
 In joyful triumph drawn;  
 The nymphs and swains, a jovial band,  
 Still shouting as they come,  
 With rustic instruments in hand,  
 Proclaim the harvest-home.

The golden sheaves, pil'd up on high,  
 Within the barn are stor'd;  
 The careful hind, with secret joy  
 Exulting, views his hoard.  
 His labours past, he counts his gains;  
 And, freed from anxious care,  
 His calks are broach'd; the sun-burnt swains  
 His rural plenty share.

In dance and song the night is spent;  
 All ply the spicy bowl:  
 And jests and harmless merriment  
 Expand the artless soul.  
 Young Colin whispers Rosalind,  
 Who still reap'd by his side;  
 And plights his troth, if she prove kind,  
 To take her for his bride.

For joys like these, through circling years,  
 Their toilsome task they tend:  
 The hind successive labour bears,  
 In prospect of the end:  
 In spring, or winter, sows his seed,  
 Manures or tills the soil;  
 In summer various cares succeed;  
 But harvest crowns his toil.

## Thomas and Sally.

**F**AIR Sally lov'd a bonny seaman,  
 With tears she sent 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, as she turn'd her spinning-wheel,  
 Sung of her bonny sailor.

The wind grew loud, and she grew paler  
 To see the weathercock turn round,  
 When, lo! she spied her bonny sailor  
 Come singing o'er the fallow ground;  
 With nimble haste he leap'd the stile,  
 Fair Sally met him with a smile,  
 And hugg'd her bonny sailor.

Fast round the waist he took his Sally,  
 But first around his mouth wip'd he:  
 Like home-bred spark he could not dally,  
 But press'd and kiss'd her with a glee;  
 "Through winds and waves and dashing rain,  
 Said he, thy Tom's return'd again  
 To bring a heart for Sally."

"Welcome! cried she, my constant Thomas,  
 Though out of sight, ne'er out of mind;  
 Though seas our hearts have parted from us,  
 Yet still my thoughts were left behind:  
 So much my thoughts took Tommy's part,  
 That time nor absence from my heart  
 Could drive my constant Thomas."

"This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,  
 Which still I've kept for her dear sake,  
 A thousand times in amorous folly  
 Her name has carv'd upon the deck:  
 Again this happy pledge returns,  
 To shew how truly Thomas burns,  
 How truly burns for Sally."

"This thimble, thou didst give to Sally,  
 Whene'er I see I think on you;  
 Then why should Tom stand shilly-shally,  
 When yonder steeple is in view?  
 Tom, never to occasion blind,  
 Now took her in the coming mind,  
 And went to church with Sally.

## The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,  
And he was a squire's son;  
He lov'd a bailiff's daughter dear,  
That liv'd in Islington.

She was coy, and she would not believe  
That he did love her so,  
No nor at any time she would  
Any count'nance to him show.

But when his friends did understand  
His fond and foolish mind,  
They sent him up to fair London,  
And apprentice for to bind.

Away he had been seven long years,  
Nor could he his love e'er see;  
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake,  
When she little thought of me."

All the maids of Islington,  
Went forth to sport and play,  
All but the bailiff's daughter dear,  
She secretly stole away.

She put off her gown of grey,  
And put on her poorest attire,  
She's up to fair London gone,  
Her true love to require.

As she went along the road,  
The weather being hot and dry,  
There was she aware of her true love,  
At length came riding by.

She stepp'd to him as red as a rose,  
Catching hold of his bridle-ring:  
"Pray you, kind sir, give me one penny,  
To ease my weary limb,"

"I prithee sweet-heart, can'st thou tell me,  
Where that thou wast born?"  
At Islington, kind sir, said she,  
Where I have had many a scorn.

"I prithee, sweet-heart, can'st thou tell me,  
Whether thou dost know  
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."  
"She's dead, sir, long ago."

"Then will I sell my goodly steed,  
My fiddle and my bow;  
I will into some far country,  
Where no man doth me know."

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,  
She's alive, she is not dead;  
Here she standeth by thy side,  
And is ready to be thy bride."

"O farewell grief, and welcome joy,  
Ten thousand times and more;  
For now I have seen mine own true love,  
That I thought I should have seen no more!"

## Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor.

LORD Thomas he was a bold forester,  
And a chaser of the king's deer;  
Fair Eleanor was a fine woman,  
And Lord Thomas he lov'd her dear.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother he said,  
And riddle us both as one;  
Whether I shall marry with fair Eleanor,  
And let the brown girl alone?

The brown girl she has got houses and lands,  
Fair Eleanor she has got none,  
Therefore I charge thee, on my blessing,  
To bring me the brown girl home.

And as it befell on a high holiday,  
As many did more beside,  
Lord Thomas he went to fair Eleanor,  
That should have been his bride.

But when he came to fair Eleanor's bower,  
He knocked there at the ring,  
But who was so ready as fair Eleanor  
To let lord Thomas come in.

What news, what news, lord Thomas? she said,  
What news hast thou brought unto me?  
I am come to bid thee to my wedding,  
And that is bad news for thee.

O God forbid, lord Thomas, she said,  
That such a thing should be done;  
I thought to have been thy bride my own self,  
And you to have been the bridegroom.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, she said,  
And riddle it all in one:  
Whether I shall go to lord Thomas's wedding,  
Or whether I shall tarry at home?

There's many that are your friends, daughter,  
And many that are your foe,  
Therefore I charge you, on my blessing,  
To lord Thomas's wedding don't go.

There's many that are my friends, mother,  
If a thousand more were my foe,  
Betide my life, or betide my death,  
To lord Thomas's wedding I'll go.

She clothed herself in gallant attire,  
And her merry men all in green,  
And as they rid through every town,  
They took her to have been a queen.

But when she came to lord Thomas's gate,  
She knocked there at the ring,  
But who was so ready as lord Thomas,  
To let fair Eleanor in.

Is this your bride? fair Ellen she said,  
Methinks she looks wonderous brown;  
You might have had as fair a woman,  
As ever trod on the ground.

Despise her not, fair Ellen, he said,  
Despise her not unto me;  
For better I love thy little finger,  
Than all her whole body.

This brown bride had a little penknife,  
That was both long and sharp,  
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,  
She prick'd fair Eleanor to the heart.

Oh! Christ now save thee, Lord Thomas, he said,  
Methinks thou look'st wonderous wan;  
Thou wast us'd for to look with as fresh a colour,  
As ever the sun shin'd on.

Oh! art thou blind, Lord Thomas? she said,  
Or can'st thou not very well see?  
Oh! dost thou not see my own heart's blood,  
Runs trickling down my knee?

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,  
As he walk'd about the hall,  
He cut off his bride's head from her shoulders,  
And he threw it against the wall.

He set the hilt against the ground,  
And the point against his heart;  
There was never three lovers that ever met  
That sooner than they did depart.



THE

## CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

## SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language; forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

## The wandering Lamb.

**A**N anxious mother searched in vain,  
To find her darling, infant lamb,  
Which playful stray'd from off the plain,  
So lost its way, so lost its dam:  
The bleating mother's rending cries,  
Soon reach'd the passing traveller's ear,  
Each bleating sound was fill'd with sighs,  
Affection dropt sweet nature's tear.

Hard, cruel fate! most sad to tell,  
The snow fell fast, the cold severe,  
When, near a dismal, dreary dell,  
The little wand'rer perish'd there!  
There, on a bank of feather'd snow,  
The hapless victim sunk to rest;  
Death kindly gave a gentle blow,  
And fill'd with care the mother's breast.

## The Convent Bell.

**W**HEN waken'd by the Convent Bell,  
At midnight's dark and dreary hour,  
I rose my mournful beads to tell,  
And think of life and love no more,  
In vain I wept, I blush to own,  
I dropt a tear for him alone.

At sober eve, or twilight grey,  
The swelling organ's awful sound,  
Wou'd warn the vestals when to pray,  
While holy tears bedew'd the ground;  
In vain I wept, I blush to own,  
I dropt a tear for him alone.

## As Amoret and Phillis sat.

**A**S Amoret and Phillis sat  
One evening on the plain,  
And saw the charming Strephon wait,  
To tell the nymph his pain;  
The threatening danger to remove,  
He whisper'd in her ear,  
Ah! Phillis, if you would not love  
The shepherd, do not hear.

None ever had so strange an art,  
His passion to convey  
Into a list'ning virgin's heart,  
And steal her soul away!  
Fly, fly, betimes, for fear you give  
Occasion for your fate.  
In vain, said she, in vain I strive,  
Alas! 'tis now too late.

## What a charming thing's a Battle.

**W**HAT a charming thing's a battle,  
Trumpets sounding, drums a beating;  
Crack, crack, crack, the cannons rattle,  
Every heart with joy elating.  
With what pleasure are we spying,  
From the front, and from the rear,  
Round us in the smoaky air,  
Heads and limbs and bullets flying!  
Then the groans of soldiers dying;  
Just like sparrows as it were,

-At each pop,  
Hundreds drop,  
While the muskets, prittle, prattle:  
Kill'd and wounded,  
Lie confounded,

What a charming thing's a battle!  
But the pleasant joke of all,  
Is when to close attack we fall;  
Like mad bulls each other butting,  
Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;  
Horse and foot,

All go to't,  
Kill's, the word, both men and cattle:  
Then to plunder,  
Blood and thunder,

What a charming thing's a battle!

## On Tay's sweet Banks.

**O**N Tay's sweet banks the lint-white fings so  
cheerily,  
Sweetly blooms the violet and gowan in the grove,  
The lambs on the meads they sport and play so  
merrily,  
And each shepherd here, at e'en, is fain to meet his love:  
'Twas here my Sandy first I knew,  
'Twas here into his arms I flew,  
The youth was comely, kind and true,  
Ah me! one luckless day,  
The press-gang forc'd my love to go,  
To fight against my country's foe,  
And left me here quite sunk in woe,  
For Sandy far away.

On Tay's sweet banks they tore my laddie from me,  
O fair did I weep when Sandy cry'd adieu;  
In vain the shepherds try to heap their favors on me,  
In vain the lasses seek sweet flow'rs to bask my  
bonnie brow,  
But should the youth return again,  
'T would ease my aching heart frae pain,  
Then pleas'd I'd listen to his strain  
At the live long day:  
My blessing aye attend my love,  
Make him your care ye pow'rs above,  
For well I ken he'll constant prove,  
My Sandy far away.

## Soft Flowing Avon.

**T**HOU soft flowing Avon, by whose silver stream,  
Of things more than mortal thy *Shakespeare*  
would dream,  
The fairies by moon-light dance round his green bed,  
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

The love fricken maiden, and the fighting swain,  
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain,  
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall e'er dread,  
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their  
truth,  
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth.  
For the raptures of fancy, here poets shall tread,  
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Flow on silver Avon, in song ever flow;  
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow,  
Flow on, ever flow, like his fame may you spread,  
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

## For we shall both grow older.

**T**HEY tell me I'm too young to wed,  
But sure 'tis all a fancy;  
A smiling girl runs in my head,  
'Tis pretty little Nancy:  
My mother says it must not be,  
Tho' this I've often told her,  
That Nancy is as young as me,  
And we shall both grow older.

Her eyes are blue, with flaxen hair,  
Her smile just hit my fancy;  
No girl so mild, so soft, so fair,  
As pretty little Nancy:  
Then why not wed as well as love?  
And so I've often told her,  
If now too young, we shall improve,  
For we shall both grow older.

When year on year rolls o'er her head,  
She still will please my fancy,  
As when to church I fondly led  
My pretty little Nancy:  
Then let us wed as love invites,  
For this I've often told her,  
'Tis love alone can give delights,  
When we are both grown older.

## Mad Tom.

**I**'M old mad Tom, behold me,  
My wits are quite unframed;  
I'm mad I'm sure, and past all cure,  
And in hopes of being proclaimed.

I'll mount the frosty mountains,  
And then I'll still the weather;  
I'll pluck 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 gypsies;  
And I'll play at bowls with sun and moon,  
And win them with eclipses.

I 'prentice was to Vulcan,  
And serv'd my master faithful,  
In making tools for jovial fools;  
But, ye gods! ye prov'd ungrateful.

The stars pluck'd from their orbs too,  
And put them in my budget;  
And if I am not a roaring boy,  
Then let all the nations judge it.

## When thou are absent, &amp;c.

**W**HEN, thou are absent, charming maid,  
In vain the sky-larks sing;  
Or woodbines weave the vernal shade,  
Or Flora paints the spring:  
But when you range the daisy'd field,  
Or in the garden rove,  
Increas'd perfume the blossoms yield,  
And seem to court your love.

Sharp are the pangs of wan despair,  
By which my breast is torn,  
While robb'd of thee, my lovely fair,  
More sweet than May-day morn:  
Then haste, dear tenant of my heart,  
Nor let my soul repine;  
O fly to heal thy lover's smart,  
Dear charming valentine.

## The Jew Pedlar.

**I** AM a Jew of Duke's-Place fame;  
Old cloaths and skins I deals in;  
To cheat the christians is my aim,  
For cheating is not stealing:  
Thro' ev'ry street about the town,  
My voice is known full well,  
For I each day walk up and down,  
And cry—old cloths to sell.

*Ha'loo, Smouch—Who calls?—What will you give  
for these new futtin breeches, and two handsome  
coats? Let's look: why all the wool's off, and I  
can see you sto'e them, so I shall tell your maker,  
unless you let me have them cheap. Well, what  
will you give for them, you rascal? No, not a  
rascal; I will give you five shillings for them.*

'Tis thus I trick each roguish wag,  
For it is right you know,  
To make a penny of a rag,  
By crying—clo sell, clo.

I buys the money counterfeit,  
Gives two-pence for a shilling,  
Quicksilver soon makes twelve of it,  
Just rubb'd around the milling.

At night when all bad faces pass,  
No diff'rence you can tell,  
I then gets rid of all my brags,  
And cries—old cloaths to sell:

*Any bad shilling, hare-skins, rabbit-skins, any phials  
or broken flint glass—a nice second-hand cloak,  
ma'am, very cheap only fifteen shillings. O, 'tis  
too much, I will only give six shillings. Well, take  
it then, ma'am.*

I always asks a good high price,  
Tho' I abate, or fo,  
I gets my cent. per cent. so nice,  
By crying—clo sell, clo.

## Little Bingo.

**T**HE farmer's dog leapt over the stile,  
His name was little Bingo.  
The farmer's dog leapt over the stile,  
His name was little Bingo.  
B with an I—I with an N,  
N with a G—G with an O;  
His name was little Bingo!  
B—I—N—G—O!  
His name was little Bingo.

The farmer lov'd a cup of good ale,  
He call'd it rare good fingo.  
The farmer lov'd, &c.

*S—I with an I, &c.*  
And is not this a sweet little song,  
I think it is—by jingo.  
And is not this, &c. *J with I, &c.*



## May is the Mother of Love.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,  
Attends to the villager's vows,  
The birds fondly bill on the spray,  
And the poplars embrace with their boughs:  
On Ida bright Venus may reign,  
Ador'd for her beauty above;  
We shepherds that dwell on the plain,  
Hail May, as the mother of love.

From the west as it wantonly blows  
Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;  
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,  
And willows and woodbines entwine!  
The pinks by the rivulet's side,  
That border the vernal alcove,  
Bend downwards and kiss the soft tide,  
For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,  
He flutters in bridal array;  
If the larks and the linnets now sing,  
Their music is taught them by May;  
The stock dove, recluse with her mate,  
Conceals her fond blifs in the grove,  
And murmuring seems to repeat,  
That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,  
Ye virgins, be sportive and gay;  
Get your pipes, O! ye shepherds, in tune,  
For music must welcome the May:  
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,  
And all his keen anguish remove,  
Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find,  
That May is the mother of love.

## Auld Robin Grey.

YOUNG Jamie loo'd me weel, and ask'd me for  
his bride,  
But saving a crown, he had nothing else beside,  
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea,  
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.  
He had nae been gane a year and a day,  
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was  
stole away:  
My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,  
And auld Robin Grey came a courting to me.

My faither could nae wark, and my mither could  
nae spin,  
I toiled day and night, but their bread I could nae  
win,  
Auld Robin fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in his eye,  
Said, Jenny for their sake, O pray marry me:  
My heart it said nae, and I look'd for Jamie back,  
But the wind it blew hard, and his ship it was wreck,  
His ship was a wreck; why did nae Jeany dee,  
And why was she spar'd to cry wae is me.

My father urg'd me fair, but my mither did nae  
speak,  
But the look'd in my face till my heart was like to  
break,  
Sa they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at the  
sea,  
And auld Robin Grey was a gude man to me:  
I had nae been a wife, but weeks only four,  
When sitting so mournfully at my ain door,  
I saw my Jamie's wrath, I could nae think it he,  
"Till he said "love I'm comed hame to marry thee"

Sair, sair did we greet, and much le did we fay,  
We took but ane kiss, and we tore ourselves away,  
I wish I were dead, but I am nae like to dee,  
O why was I born to fay wa'es me?  
I gang lik a ghast, and I canna like to spin,  
I dare nae think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin,  
But I'll do my best, a gude wife to be,  
For auld Robin Grey is very kind to me.

## Hot Mutton Pies.

O Lord what a place is a camp!  
What wonderful doings are here!  
How the people are all on the scamp:  
Now to me it looks devilish queer;  
There's ladies a swigging of gin,  
And crop'd macaronies likewise;  
There's I with my who'll up and win?  
Come here with your hot mutton pies.

*Tol, lol, de, rol, lol, &c.*

There's horses, and asses, and chaife,  
And waggons, and carts out of number;  
Here's racketing nights and by days,  
And inns full of dead and live lumber;  
Now there is a beau in a gig,  
And there is a lady in clover;  
And there lies an alderman's wig,  
With Billy the tailor done over.

*Tol, lol, &c.*

There's galloping this way and that,  
With—madam stand out of the way—  
There's—fie, fir, what would you be at!—  
Come, none of your impudence pray—  
There's halt, to the right about face,  
There's laughing, and screaming and cries,  
There's milliners, men out of place—  
And I with my hot mutton pies.

*Tol, lol, &c.*

There's the heath, all the world like a fair,  
There's butlers, sutlers, and cooks,  
There's popping away in the air,  
And captains with terrible looks;  
There's—how d ye do?—pretty well,  
Oh! the dust has half blinded my eyes,  
There's what have you now got to sell?  
Why, here is my hot mutton pies.

*Tol, lol, &c.*

\*There's horse-jockies, tailors and quacks,  
There's parsons, and lawyers, and thieves,  
There's pedlars with shops on their backs,  
And misses with nice pucker'd sleeves;  
There's ladies with Plunket-street smocks,  
And they painted up to the eyes,  
There's quiz capes and modern docks,  
And there's—me with my hot mutton pies.

*Tol, lol, &c.*

\* This Verse is the Production of a Gentleman, to whose useful Hints for this Publication the Publisher is much indebted.

## My Friend and Pitcher.

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,  
Will still desire to grow richer;  
Give me but these, I ask no more,  
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher.

*My friend so rare, my girl so fair,  
With such what mortal can be richer,  
Give me but these, a fig for care,  
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.*

From morning sun I'd never grieve  
To toil, a hedger or a ditcher,  
If that when I come home at eve,  
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.

*My friend so rare, &c.*

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,  
I know not what 'tis can bewitch her;  
With all my heart, can I be poor,  
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher?

*My friend so rare, &c.*

## Fair Margaret and Sweet William.

AS it fell out upon a day,  
Two lovers they sat on a hill;  
They sat together a long summer day,  
And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margaret,  
And you see none by me;  
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock  
A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,  
A combing of her hair;  
There she espied sweet William and his bride,  
As they a were riding near.

Down she laid her ivory comb,  
And up she bound her hair;  
She went away first from the bower,  
But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,  
And all was fast asleep,  
Then came the spirit of fair Margaret,  
And stood at William's bed feet.

God give you joy, you true lovers,  
In bride-bed fast asleep;  
Lo! I am going to my grass-green grave,  
And I am in my winding sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,  
And all men wak'd from sleep,  
Sweet William to his lady said,  
My dear, I've cause to weep.

I dream'd a dream, my dear lady,  
Such dreams are never good:  
I dream'd my bower was full of red swine,  
And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honour'd sir,  
They never do prove good;  
To dream thy bower was full of swine,  
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three;  
Saying, "I'll away to fair Margaret's bower,  
By the leave of my lady."

And when he came to fair Margaret's bower,  
He knocked at the ring;  
So ready were her seven brethren  
To let sweet William in.

Then he turn'd up the covering sheet—  
"Pray let me see the dead;  
"Methinks she looks both pale and wan,  
"She has lost her cherry red.

"I'll do more for thee, Margaret,  
"Than any of thy kin;  
"For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,  
"Though a smile I cannot win."

With that bespoke the seven brethren,  
Making most piteous moan,  
"You may go kiss your jolly brown dame,  
"And let our sister alone."

"If I do kiss my jolly brown dame,  
"I do but what is right;  
"For I made no vow to your sister dear,  
"By day, nor yet by night.

"Pray tell me then, how much you'll deal,  
"Of white bread and your wine:  
"So much as is dealt at her funeral to-day,  
"To-morrow shall be dealt at mine."

Fair Margaret died to-day, to day,  
Sweet William he died the morrow;  
Fair Margaret died for pure true love,  
Sweet William he died for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,  
And William in the higher;  
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,  
And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church-top,  
Till they could grow no higher;  
And there they grew in a true-lover's-knot,  
Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,  
As you this truth shall hear,  
And by misfortune cut them down,  
Or they had now been there.

## Old Tom of Bedlam.

FORTH from my dark and dismal cell,  
And from the deep abyss of hell,  
Mad Tom is come to view the world again,  
And see if he can cure his distemper'd brain.

Fears and cares oppress my soul:  
Hark, how the angry furies howl!  
Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,  
To see poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad.

Through the world I wander night and day  
To seek my straggling senses,  
In an angry mood I met old Time,  
With his pentateuch of senses:

When me he spied,  
Away he hied,  
For time will stay for no man:  
In vain with cries  
I rend the skies,  
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lie:  
Help, oh help! or else I die!

Hark! I hear Apollo's teame,  
The carman 'gins to whistle;  
Chaste Diana bends her bow,  
The bear begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,  
To knock off my troublesome shackles;  
Bid Charles make ready his Waine  
To fetch me my senses again.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark;  
Mars met with Venus in the dark;  
Limping Vulcan heat an iron bar,  
And furiously made at the god of war:

Mars with his weapon laid about,  
But Vulcan's temples had the gout,  
For his broad horns hang so much in his light,  
He could not see to aim his blows aright:

Mercury the nimble post of heaven,  
Stood still to see the quarrell;  
Gorrel-bellied Bacchus, giant-like,  
Bestrid a strong-beer barrel.

To me he drank,  
I did him thank,  
But I could get no cyder;  
He drank whole butts  
Till he burst his guts,  
But mine were ne'er the wider.

Poor Tom is very dry:  
A little drink for charity!

Hark, I hear Acteon's horn!  
The huntsman whoop and hallow:  
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,  
All in the chase to follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret,  
Eats powder'd beef, turnip, and carrot,  
But a cup of old Malaga sack  
Will fire the bush at his back.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c. To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Muleteers.

**Y**E high born Spanish noblemen,  
Ye dons and cavaliers;  
Ah! little do you think upon  
The lowly muleteers;  
To earn an honest livelihood,  
What toils, what care we know;  
Small our gain, great our pain,  
O'er the hill, o'er the plain,  
Parch'd with heat, drench'd with rain;  
Still the muleteers must go.  
When darkness overtakes us,  
Our mules to droop begin;  
Fatigu'd and spent, what joy we feel,  
To reach the wish'd-for inn.  
We drain the wine cag jollily,  
We tofs it to and fro,  
While to sleep, as we creep,  
Maritornes may weep,  
That when day-light does peep,  
Then the muleteers must go.

The Caledonian Laddy O.

**B**LITHE Sandy is a bonny boy,  
And always is a wooing,  
Nor is he e'er too bold or coy,  
Altho' he is so looing.  
Last night he press'd me to his breast,  
And vow'd he'd ask my daddy O,  
O dear! to wed me he confess'd,  
The Caledonian Laddy O.  
The maidens try both far and near,  
To gain young Sandy over;  
But all their arts I dinna fear,  
He winna prove a rover!  
For sure he told me frank and free,  
Unknown to mam or daddy O;  
He'd marry none, ah none but me,  
The Caledonian Laddy O.  
The other day from Dundee Fair,  
He brought me home a bonnet,  
A cap and ribbons for my hair,  
But mark what soon came on it;  
As late from kirk we some-how flood,  
In spite of mam or daddy O,  
He marry'd me, do all I cou'd,  
The Caledonian Laddy O.

Arise-sweet Messenger.

**A**RISE sweet messenger of morn,  
With thy mild beams our skies adorn;  
For long-as shepherds pipe and play,  
This, this shall be a holiday.  
See! morn appears; a rosy hue  
Steals soft o'er yonder orient blue;  
Soon let us meet in trim array,  
And frolic out this holiday.

A Sup of Good Whiskey.

**A**SUP of good whiskey will make you glad,  
Toomuch of the creature will make you mad,  
If you take it in reason 'twill make you wise,  
If you drink to excess 'twill close up your eyes.  
Ye father and mother,  
And sister and brother,  
They all take a sup in their turn.  
Some preachers will tell you to drink is bad,  
I think so too—if there's none to be had;  
The swadler will bid you drink none at all,  
But while I can get it a fig for them all;  
Both laymen and brother,  
In spite of this pother,  
Will all take a sup in their turn.  
Some doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health,  
And justice will say 'twill reduce your wealth,  
Physicians and lawyers will all agree,  
When your money's all gone they can get no fee.  
Yet furgeon and doctor,  
And lawyer and proctor,  
Will all take a sup in their turn.  
If a foldier is drunk seen on duty found,  
He soon to the three-legg'd horse is bound;  
In the face of the regiment obliged to strip,  
A naggin will soften the drummer's whip.  
For serjeant and drummer,  
And likewise his honor,  
Will all take a sup in their turn.  
The Turks who arrived from the Porte sublime,  
They told us that drinking was held a great crime;  
Yet after their dinner away they flunk,  
And tippled their wine, 'till they got quite drunk,  
The Sultan and Crommet,  
And even Mahomet,  
They all take a sup in their turn.  
The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,  
By yea and by nay, 'tis a fault in the vein,  
Yet some of the broadbrims will get to the stuff,  
And tipples away 'till they've tippled enough.  
For stiff rump and steady,  
And Solomon's lady,  
Would all take a sup in their turn.  
The Germans will say, they can drink the most,  
The French and Italians will also boast;  
Hibernia's the country, for all their noise,  
For generous drinking and hearty boys,  
There each jovial fellow,  
Will drink 'till he's mellow,  
And take off his glass in his turn.

How happy could I be, &c.

**H**OW happy could I be with either,  
Were t'other dear charmer away;  
But while you thus teize me together,  
To neither a word will I say;  
But tol de rol, &c.

## Go, Rose.

GO, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;  
How happy should I prove,  
Might I supply that envy'd place  
With never-fading love!  
There, phoenix like, beneath her eye,  
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die;  
Involv'd in, &c.

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find  
More fragrant roses there,  
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd  
With envy and despair;  
One common fate we both must prove;  
You die with envy, I with love.  
You die, &c.

Gay.

## When I awake, &amp;c.

WHEN I awake, with painful brow,  
Ere the cock begins to crow;  
Tossing, tumbling in my bed,  
Aching heart, and aching head;  
Pond'ring over human ills,  
Cruel bailiffs, tailors' bills;  
Flush and Pam thrown up at Loo;  
When these sorrows strike my view,  
I cry——

And, to stop the gushing tear,  
Wipe it with the pillow-bier.

But when sportive ev'ning comes,  
Routs, ridottos, balls, and drums;  
Casinos here, Festinos there,  
Mirth and pastime ev'ry where;  
Seated by a sprightly lass,  
Smiling with the smiling glass;  
When these pleasures are my lot,  
Tailors, bailiffs, all forgot,

I laugh——  
Careless, then, what may befall,  
Thus I shake my sides at all.

Then, again, when I peruse  
O'er my tea, the morning news;  
Disfmal tales of plunder'd houses,  
Wanton wives, and cuckold spouses;  
When I read of money lent,  
At sixteen and a half per cent.

I cry——  
But if, ere the muffle's gone,  
Simp'ring enters honest John;  
"Sir, Miss Lucy's at the door,  
"Waiting in a chaise and four;"  
Instant vanish all my cares,  
Swift I scamper down the stairs,  
And laugh——

So may this indulgent throng,  
Who now, smiling, grace my song,  
Never more cry, Oh! oh! oh!  
But join with me in, Ha! ha! ha!

## Let Gay Ones and Great.

LET gay ones, and great,  
Make the most of their fate,  
From pleasure to pleasure they run;  
Well, who cares a jot?  
I envy them not,  
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,  
To the fields I repair,  
With spirits unclouded and light;  
The blisses I find,  
No flings leave behind,  
But health and diversion unite.

Love in a Vil.

## If you at an Office solicit.

IF you at an office solicit your due,  
And would not have matters neglected,  
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,  
To do what his duty directed;

Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,  
She, too, has this palpable failing,  
The perquisite softens her into consent;  
That reason with all is prevailing. Beg. Op.

## To thee, O gentle Sleep.

TO thee, O gentle sleep, alone,  
Is owing all our peace;  
By thee our joys are heighten'd shewn,  
By thee our sorrows cease.

The nymph, whose hand by fraud or force  
Some tyrant has possess'd,  
By thee obtaining a divorce,  
In her own choice is bless'd.

Oh! stay, Arpasia bids thee stay;  
The sadly weeping fair  
Conjures thee not to lose, in day,  
The object of her care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought;  
That motion chas'd her sleep:  
Thus by ourselves are oft'nest wrought  
The griefs for which we weep.

## The state of a Lover.

HOW happy a lover's life passes,  
When beauty returns sigh for sigh!  
He looks upon all men as asses,  
Who have not some girl in their eye.

With heart full as light as a feather,  
He trips to the terras or parks,  
Where swains croud impatient together,  
And maidens look out for their sparks.

What sweet palpitation arises,  
When Chloe appears full in view!  
Her smiles at more value he prizes,  
Than misers the mines of Peru.

Tho' swift-winged time, as they're walking,  
Soon parts them, alas! by his flight;  
By reflection he still hears her talking,  
And absent he keeps her in sight.

Whenever abroad he regales him,  
And Bacchus calls out for his lass;  
His love for his Chloe ne'er fails him,  
Her name gives a zest to his glass.

No other amusement he prizes,  
Than those that from Chloe arise;  
She's first in his thoughts when he rises,  
And last when he closes his eyes.

Then let not ambition distress us,  
Or fortune's fantastical chace;  
Love only with Chloe can bless us,  
And give all we want to embrace.

## In Love should there meet, &amp;c.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,  
Untutor'd by fashion or art,  
Whose wishes are warm and sincere,  
Whose words are th' excess of the heart.

If aught of substantial delight,  
On this side the stars can be found;  
'Tis, sure, when that couple unite,  
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd. Love in a Vil.



## The Wine Vault.

**C**ONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be;  
For what can this world more afford,  
Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,  
And a cellar that's plentifully stor'd?

See! my vault door is open, descend ev'ry guest,  
Tap that cask, for the wine we will try;  
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to your taste,  
And as bright as her cheeks to your eye.

In a piece of slit-hoop I my candle have stuck,  
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;  
The foot of my glass I have purposely broke,  
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

Sound that pipe—'tis in tune, and the binns are well  
fill'd,

View that heap of Champagne in the rere;  
Those bottles are Burgundy, see how they're pi'd,  
Like artillery, tier over tier

My cellar's my camp, and my foldiers my flasks,  
All gloriously rang'd in review;  
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks  
As kingdoms I've got to subdue.

'Tis my will, when I die, not a tear shall be shed,  
No *hic jacet* be grav'd on my stone;  
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,  
And say, that my drinking is done.

G. A. Stevens.

## The Fan.

**F**OR various purpose serves the fan;  
As thus—a decent blind,  
Between the sticks to peep at man,  
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,  
Pecentment's in the snap;  
A flirt expresses strong disdain,  
Consent a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,  
All modes of female art;  
And to advantage sweetly shews  
The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd  
By love's capricious boy,  
Who knows how lightly all mankind  
Are govern'd by a toy.

## Where shall Celia fly, &amp;c.

**W**HERE shall Celia fly for shelter?  
In what secret grove or cave?  
Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,  
From the young, the gay, the brave.  
Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,  
Still the longs, and still she burns:  
Cupid shoots like Hymen's archer,  
Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, youth, good-sense and beauty,  
(If discretion guide us not)  
Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,  
Sometimes are the booby's lot;  
Now they're purchas'd by the trader,  
Now commanded by the peer;  
Now some subtle, mean invader,  
Wins the heart, or gains the ear.

O discretion! thou'rt a jewel,  
Or our grand-mamas mistake,  
Sprinting flame by bating fewel,  
Always careful and awake.  
Would you keep your pearls from tramlers,  
Weigh the licence, weigh the banus;  
Mark my song upon your samplers,  
Wear it on your knots and fans.

## Blithe Jockey.

**B**LITHE Jockey, young and gay,  
Is all my heart's delight;  
He's all my talk by day,  
And all my dreams by night.  
If from the lad I be,  
'Tis winter then with me;  
But when he tarries here,  
'Tis summer all the year.

When I and Jockey met  
First on the flow'ry dale,  
Right sweetly me he tret,  
And love was all his tale.  
You are the lass, says he,  
That staw my heart frae me;  
O ease me of my pain,  
And never shew disdain.

I'm glad when Jockey comes,  
Sad when he gangs away;  
'Tis night when Jockey glooms,  
But when he smiles 'tis day.

His suit I ill deny'd,  
He kiss'd and I comply'd;  
Sae Jockey promis'd me,  
That he would faithful be.

Well can my Jockey kyth  
His love and courtesie;  
He made my heart quite blithe,  
When he first ipoke to me.

When our eyes meet I pant,  
I colour, sigh, and faint;  
What la's that would be kind,  
Can better speak her mind?

## Say, little foolish, fluttering thing.

**S**AY, little foolish, fluttering thing,  
Whither, ah! whither would you wing  
Your airy flight?  
Stay here and sing,  
Your mistress to delight.

No, no; no,  
Sweet Robin, you shall not go!  
Where, little wanton, could you be,  
Half so happy as with me?

Padlock.

## The Waterman.

**A**ND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,  
Who at Black-Friars Bridge us'd for to ply?  
He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,  
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye:  
He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,  
The maidens all flock'd to his boat so readily;  
And they ey'd the young rogue with so charming an  
air,

That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,  
'Twas clean'd out so nice and so painted withal!  
He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies  
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.  
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,  
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering;  
For loving, or liking, he little did care,  
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen;  
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,  
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,  
That she snail'd, and so straightway in love he did  
fall.

And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,  
He'd wed her to-night, before it was morrow:  
Then how should this waterman ever know care,  
When he's marry'd, and never in want of a fare.

## King Zayde and Zelindaxa.

FROM THE SPANISH.

*From among other romances of the most famous feasts and tournaments of the Moors, the following one has been selected, the original of which must have been very ancient, as it relates the catastrophe of a Moorish knight in the court of one of the kings of Toledo, which city was re-conquered by the Christians in the year 1085.*

**I**N troops of eight, and troops of ten,  
The Alitarian race,  
With many a Saracinian chief,  
Toledo's circus grace :

To throw the cane, and prove their strength,  
With the Azarques bold,  
With Adalife's comely men,  
The tournament to hold.

These royal sports the king proclaims  
For peace then lately made  
Between Granada's prince Atarfe  
And Belchite's king Zayde.

But fame reports, the Monarch's love  
For a fair Moorish dame  
Was the true cause of all these feasts:—  
Zelindaxa her name.

First to the field, on fiery steeds,  
The Saracini flew—  
Their cloaks and jackets richly shone  
Of green and orange hue.

Sharp scymeters, emboss'd with gold,  
Each shining target shows ;  
And letters which defiance bore  
Against their country's foes.

Swiftly the Alitares next  
Enter the list'd field ;  
A goodly fight their scarlet coats  
With snow-white flow'rets yield.

Their targets, for device the sky,  
By Atlas propt, did show,  
And a motto fair, which said,  
“ Until fatigued I grow.”

Next Dalife's gallant knights  
O'er the field stately ride,  
With coats of red and yellow clad,  
A veil \* to each arm tied.

A double knot was their device,  
By a wild man undone,  
On whose enormous club was writ,  
“ This through our valour won.”

The last, but bravest troop, the Moor  
Azarque most portly leads :  
Their vests were purple mixt with blue,  
And plumes adorn their heads.

On their green shields, ¶ with azure ground,  
Two joined hands are seen,  
And the letters there inscribed,  
“ Surrounded by the green.”

The furious king this emblem read,  
And, jealous, could not bear  
That Zelindaxa's heart with him  
Another man should share.

To Selim, his Alcayde, he said,  
“ This Sun, which shines so bright,  
“ And dares, in my despite, to blaze,  
“ Shall quenched be this night.”

\* Almayzal is the Arabic name of a striped silken veil, or head-dress, worn by the Moorish women. It was the usual favour, in the days of knight-errantry, for the ladies to give them to their knights, who tied them as a signal on their arms, as being the most conspicuous place.

¶ Green was the peculiar colour affected by Mahomet, his descendants, and the princes of the Mahometan faith : this device shews, that Zelindaxa was of royal blood.

With matchless art, resifless force,  
Azarque now throws his cane,  
§ And as his courser measures back  
With speed the dusty plain,

The 'dmiring croud tumultuous shout,  
“ Alba thee save !” they cry :  
The ladies, from the royal seats,  
Applaud him passing by.

Transported Zelindaxa throws  
† Perfumes upon her knight.  
The king, with bitter grief and rage,  
At this heart-breaking fight,

Calls to the cavaliers to cast  
Their slender canes away,  
And the presumptuous Azarque  
To seize without delay.

Two of the four quadrills, with haste,  
Take lances in their hands ;  
For who shall venture to resist  
An angry king's commands ?

The other two would fain have fought,  
Their utmost aid to lend ;  
But Azarque cries, “ In vain you try  
“ To save your wretched friend.

“ Put down your lances ; let them come  
“ And strike the deadly blow ;  
“ That I, a lover true, expire,  
“ This fatal day shall show.”

Azarque, at length, o'ercome and seiz'd,  
With grief the people see,  
And take up arms to give him help,  
So well below'd was he,

From her balcony Zelindaxa  
Exclaims, with all her might,  
“ Save him, ye moors, O save him now,  
Preserve my faithful knight.”

Then headlong down she strives to throw  
Herself in fell despair ;  
Her mother holds her in her arms,  
And soothes her frantic care.

“ Dost thou not see, my daughter dear,  
“ That nothing can withstand  
“ What a stern, royal lover's rage  
“ Shall cruelly command ?”

A message from the monarch came,  
Enjoining her to choose  
In some relation's secret house,  
Her liberty to lose.

Fair Zelindaxa to the king  
Made straightway this reply :  
“ The memory of Azarque shall be  
“ My prison till I die.

“ And thou shalt see that I will dare  
“ Resist with constancy,  
“ Whate'er a savage, bloody king,  
“ May impiously decree.”

§ The chief art in the Juego de Canas is, to ride full-speed, throw the cane at a certain mark, and then suddenly turn the horse back with equal swiftness. It was surely invented to train their horses to the Arabian manner of riding up to their enemy, and, after casting javelins, retreating with expedition before the adversary could return their stroke. This custom, as old as the Parthian empire in the east, is, to this day, practised in Arabia.

His present Catholic majesty revived this sport, on the marriage of the prince of Asturias, at Madrid, where the quadrilles were composed of the noblest youth in the kingdom, headed each by a prince of the blood.

† The Spanish ladies have retained from the Moors their gallant way of throwing rose-water, perfumes, flowers, &c. on their lovers and favourites, as they pass under their balconies during the carnival : a liberty allowed at no other season. Many a lady waits the return of the carnival, to make this tacit declaration of her sentiments.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language; worth preserving—forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Blush of Aurora.

THE blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,  
And dew-drops bespangle the sweet-scented thorn;  
Then found, brother sportsman, found, found the  
gay horn,

Till Phœbus awakens the day,  
And see, now he rises in splendor how bright!  
IO Pæan for Phœbus, the god of delight;  
All glorious in beauty, now banish the night,  
Then mount, boys to horse, and away.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chase?  
Health, bloom and contentment appear in each face,  
And in our swift couriers what beauty and grace,  
While we the fleet stag do pursue?

At the deep and harmonious cry of the hounds,  
Struck by terror, he bursts from the forest's wide  
bounds,  
And tho' like the lightning he darts o'er the grounds  
Yet still boys we have him in view.

When chace'd till quite spent, he his life does resign,  
Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,  
And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,

That hunter so mighty of fame;  
Our glasses then charge to our country and king;  
Love and beauty we'll charge to, and jovially sing,  
Wishing health and success till we make the house  
ring.

To all sportsmen and sons of the game!

O say simple Maid.

INCLE.

O SAY, simple maid, have you form'd any  
notion,  
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?  
When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they remind  
you,

To fight with regret for the grot left behind you?

YARICO.

Ah! no, I could follow, and sail the world over,  
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover!  
The winds which blow round us, your arms for my  
pillow,  
Will lull us to sleep, while we're rock'd by each  
billow.

INCLE.

Then say, lovely lass, what if haply espying  
A rich gallant vessel with gay colours flying?

YARICO.

I'll journey with thee, love, to where the land  
narrows,  
And sling all my cares at my back with my arrows.

BOTH.

O say then, my true love, we never will funder,  
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big  
thunder;  
Whilst constant, we'll laugh at all changes of  
weather,  
And journey all over the world both together.

You know I'm your Priest.

YOU know I'm your priest and your conscience  
is mine,

But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign,  
So leave off your rakeing and marry a wife,  
And then, my dear Darby, you're settl'd for life.  
Sing Ballynamono Oro,  
A good merry wedding for me.

The bans being publish'd, to chapel we go,  
The bride and the bridegroom in coats white as  
snow,

So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,  
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book,  
Sing Ballynamono, &c.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,  
He blushes at love, and she whispers obey,  
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,  
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.

Sing Ballynamono, &c.  
That snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours with joy to the bridegroom and  
bride,

The pipers before us march on side by side;  
A plentiful dinner gives joy to each face;  
The piper plays up, myself I say grace.  
Sing Ballynamono, &c.  
A good wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the stocking is  
thrown;

The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone;  
'Tis then, my dear boy, I believe you at home,  
And hie for a christ'ning in nine months to come,  
Sing Ballynamono, &c.  
A good merry christ'ning for me.

On Green Sedgy Banks.

ON the green sedgy banks of the sweet winding  
Tay,

As blithe as the woodlark that carols in May,  
I pass'd the gay moments with joy and delight,  
For peace cheer'd the morn, and content crown'd  
the night;

Till love taught young hope my youth to deceive,  
What we wish to be true—love bids us believe.

Whenever I wander, thro' hill, dale or grove,  
Young Sandy would follow with soft tales of love;  
Enraptur'd he press'd me, then vow'd with a sigh,  
If Jenny was cruel—alas! he must die;  
A youth so engaging, with ease might deceive—  
What we wish to be true—love bids us believe.

He stole my fond heart, then he left me to mourn,  
For peace and content, that ne'er can return;  
From the clown to the beau the sex are all art,  
They complain of the wound, but we feel the smart:  
We join in the fraud, and ourselves we deceive—  
What we wish to be true—love bids us believe:

## The origin of English Liberty.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at an ambrosial feast  
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing:  
 Merry Momus among them was sat as a guest,  
 (Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing:)  
 On each in the fynod the humourist droll'd,  
 So none could his jokes disapprove;  
 He sung, repartee'd, and some smart stories told,  
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

"Sire! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,  
 "Grows grievously tir'd of late;  
 "He says that mankind are much worse than before,  
 "So he begs to be cas'd of their weight."  
 Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,  
 From his shoulders commanded the ball;  
 Gave his daughter, Attraction, the charge of the  
 world,  
 And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe  
 round,  
 To see what each climate was worth;  
 Like a diamond, the whole with an atmosphere  
 bound,  
 And she variously planted the earth:  
 With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd;  
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;  
 What suited each clime, on each clime she bestow'd,  
 And freedom, she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,  
 As guardians to cherish the root;  
 The blossoms of liberty 'gan then to smile,  
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit.  
 Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,  
 O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n!  
 "We will, while we've breath; nay, we'll grasp it  
 in death,  
 "Then return it untainted to Heav'n!"

G. A. Stevens.

## The Comparison

PARTING to death we will compare;  
 For, sure, to those who love sincere,  
 So dreadful is the pain,  
 Such doubts, such horrors, rend the mind!  
 But, oh! when adverse fate grows kind,  
 How sweet to meet again!

To those tri'd hearts, and those alone,  
 Who have the pangs of absence known,  
 The blissful change is given;  
 And who—oh! who would not endure  
 The pangs of death, if they were sure  
 To reap the joys of heaven?

## Now or never.

TO make the most of fleeting time,  
 Shou'd be our great endeavour;  
 For love we both are in our prime,  
 The time is now or never.

A thousand charms around you play;  
 No girl more bright or clever;  
 Then let us both agree to-day,  
 To-morrow will be never.

I ne'er shall be a better man,  
 I burn with love's high fever;  
 Pray now be kind, I know you can,  
 You must not answer, never.

Whilst you, thus, Chloe, turn aside,  
 You frustrate my endeavour;  
 That face will fade, come down that pride,  
 Your time is now or never.

Ere for yourself or me too late;  
 Say now, you're mine for ever;  
 I may be snatch'd by care or fate,  
 My time is now or never.

## Push about the brisk Bowl.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the  
 heart,  
 While thus we sit round on the grass:  
 The lover, who talks of his suff'rings and smart,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,  
 Deserves to be, &c.

The wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,  
 And wishes to add to the mass,  
 Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,  
 Deserves to be, &c.

The beau, who so smart, with his well-powder'd  
 hair,  
 An angel beholds in his glass.  
 And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,  
 Of Croesus the wealth to surpass;  
 And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home  
 Claps the horns of an ox on the ass, the ass,  
 Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,  
 With forehead well cover'd with brags,  
 Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee,  
 There you, my good friend, are the ass, the ass,  
 There you, &c.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,  
 Shall last be produc'd in this class;  
 The sick man awhile may confide in his skill,  
 But death proves the doctor an ass, an ass;  
 But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,  
 By turns take our bottle and lass;  
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd, &c.

## O what joy does Conquest yield.

O WHAT joy does conquest yield,  
 When returning from the field;  
 Shining in his glitt'ring arms,  
 How the god-like warrior charms!  
 Laurel-wreaths his head furrrounding,  
 Banners waving in the wind;  
 Fame her golden trumpet founding,  
 Ev'ry voice in concert join'd. *Congreve.*

## Were I a Shepherd's Maid.

WERE I shepherd's maid, to keep  
 On yonder plains a flock of sheep;  
 Well pleas'd I'd watch, the live-long day,  
 My ewes at feed, my lambs at play:  
 Or, would some bird that pity brings,  
 But for a moment lend it's wings;  
 My parents they might rave and scold,  
 My guardian strive my will to hold;  
 Their words are harsh, his walls are high,  
 But, spite of all, away I'd fly. *Padlock.*

## O greedy Midas.

O Greedy Midas, I've been told,  
 That what you touch you turn to gold;  
 Oh! had I but a power like thine,  
 I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine.

Each purling stream should feel my force,  
 Each fish my fatal pow'r should mourn,  
 And wond'ring at the mighty change,  
 Should in their native regions burn.

Nor should there any dare approach  
 Unto my mantling, sparkling vine,  
 But first should pay their rights to me,  
 And file me only god of wine.



## Corydon and Phillis.

**H**ER sheep had in clusters crept close to a grove,  
To hide from the heat of the day;  
And Phillis herself in a woodbine alcove,  
Among the fresh violets lay:  
A lambkin, it seems, had been stole from it's dam,  
('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot)  
That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,  
Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin he peeps,  
He saw the fair nymph with surprize;  
"Ye gods, if so killing, he cry'd, while she sleeps,  
I'm lost if she opens her eyes;  
To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,  
I'll homeward my lambkin to trace.  
But in vain honest Corydon st. ove to depart,  
For love held him fast to the place.

Cease, cease, pretty birds, what a chirping you keep,  
I think you too loud on the spray;  
Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep,  
You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day.  
How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!  
Her cheeks he mistakes for the rose;  
I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid  
My boldness would break her repose."

Then Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,  
"Kind shepherd" said she, "you mistake;  
I laid myself down here to rest me awhile,  
But trust me I was not asleep."  
The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,  
He plac'd himself down by her side;  
And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,  
But yesterday made her his bride. *Cunningham.*

## The Nod, Wink and Smile.

**L**ET fusty old grey-beards of apathy boast,  
And Venus and Bacchus revile;  
In spite of their books, they are slaves to some toast,  
The dupes of a nod, wink, or smile.

Some snug sober citizens here may repair,  
Without an idea of guile;  
But what with the music, and what with the fair,  
They follow the nod, wink, and smile.

Let men boast of titles, of honours, renown;  
The females of this happy isle  
Can vanquish the victors, nay kill with a frown,  
Or save, by a nod, wink, or smile.

These gardens of pleasure the beauties approve,  
Who the dullest of moments beguile;  
Here Cupid unfurls the white standard of love,  
And commands with a nod, wink, or smile.

## In infancy our Hopes and Fears.

**I**N infancy our hopes and fears  
Were to each other known;  
And friendship in our riper years,  
Has twin'd our hearts in one;  
Oh! clear him, then, from this offence;  
Thy love, thy duty prove;  
Restore him with that innocence  
Which first inspir'd my love.

## To heal the Smart a Bee had made.

**T**O heal the smart a bee had made  
Upon my Chloe's face,  
Honey upon her cheek she laid,  
And bade me kiss the place.  
Pleas'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.

## Not on Beauty's transient Pleasure.

**N**OT on beauty's transient pleasures,  
Which no real joys impart;  
Nor on heaps of sordid treasures,  
Did I fix my youthful heart.  
'Twas not Chloe's perfect feature  
Did the fickle wand'rer bind;  
Not her form, the boast of nature,  
'Twas alone her spotless mind.

*Not on beauty's, &c.*

Take, ye swains, the real blessing,  
That will joys for life insure;  
The virtuous mind alone possessing,  
Will your lasting bliss secure.

*Not on beauty's, &c.*

## Poor Mungo.

**D**EAR heart! what a terrible life am I led?  
A dog has a better, that's shelter'd and fed;  
Night and day 'tis the same,  
My pain is dere game;  
Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,  
Poor black must run;  
Mungo here, Mungo dere,  
Mungo every where.  
Above, or below,  
Sirrah, come, sirrah, go;  
Do so, and do so.  
Oh! Oh!  
Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

*Padlock.*

## Thy fatal Shafts, &amp;c.

**T**HY fatal shafts unerring move;  
I bow before thine altar, love!  
I feel thy soft, resistless flame,  
Glide swift thro' all my vital frame.

For while I gaze my bosom glows,  
My blood, in tides impetuous flows;  
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,  
And floods of transports whelm my soul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts, in vain,  
In soothing murmurs to complain;  
My tongue some secret magic ties,  
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,  
And ever drop the silent tear;  
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,  
Unfriended live, unpity'd die!

*Dr. Smollet.*

## The Sons of Neptune.

**W**HAT cheer, brother tars! our toils are all o'er,  
The high foaming billows disturb us no more;  
Rude Boreas now ruffles the ocean in vain,  
We are clear of the danger attending the main,  
Now each honest heart take his bottle and lass,  
For life is a moment that quickly will pass.

Since life's but a moment, how senseless are they  
Who loiter and trifle that short space away?  
We will, my brave boys, our time nobly employ,  
For in women and wine are the charms that ne'er cloy,  
Our hours, then, in freedom and pleasure we'll pass,  
And our cares will be lost betwixt love and our glass

Can the politic statesman, tho' ever so great,  
Be free from the cares and the turmoils of state?  
Or can they, like seamen, enjoy while they live,  
The pleasures that honour and honesty give?  
'Tis out of their sphere, conscience will interlope,  
But liquor and love are our anchor and hope.

## Earl Walter.

*The exquisite and simple Features of this Tale affords a perfect Model of the ancient English Ballad.—We will not attempt to lessen its Merit by our feeble Praise—its numerous affecting Beauties must prove its best Recommendation.*

**E**ARL Walter stroked his milk-white steed,  
His heart with courage beat;  
When lo! a damsel—matchless fair!  
Fell prostrate at his feet.

“Behold” she cried, “a ruin’d maid,  
The victim of thy love,  
And let thy Ellen’s once-prais’d form,  
Thy tender pity move.

“The dreadful time draws on apace,  
That must reveal my shame,  
And can earl Walter then consent  
To murder Ellen’s fame?

“Ah! wretched infant, doom’d to woe,  
Before thy natal hour,  
Disgrace must be thy portion here,  
Wrong’d Ellen’s only dower.”

The gallant youth was inly mov’d,  
But coldly thus repli’d,

“The cure that love perhaps disclaims,  
My justice shall provide.

“From north to south extended wide,  
With fields and pastures fair,  
Those plains to thee I freely give;  
Bestow them on thy heir.”

“By me,” she cri’d, “more highly priz’d,  
One kiss of that dear mouth,  
Than all thy rich and fertile plains,  
Extending north and south.

“One glance of those deluding eyes  
More rapture can bestow,  
Than should our monarch quit his throne,  
And that to me forego.”

“No more,” fair Ellen, “cries the earl,  
I can no longer stay;  
For northward must I bend my course,  
There lies my destin’d way.”

“With thee, earl Walter, let me go,  
Thy handmaid will I be;  
All perils I with joy can brave,  
That much lov’d face to see.”

“Rash Ellen! dost thou know the terms,  
On which alone thou goest?  
To drop each soft alluring grace,  
Thy sex’s pride and boast,

“Those auburn locks to cut away,  
To cast thy woman’s weed;  
All day to follow as my page,  
All night to tend my steed.”

Her auburn locks she cut away,  
She cast her woman’s weed—  
All day she follow’d as his page,  
Each night she fed his steed.

At length a rapid stream they find;  
Which when Earl Walter view’d,  
“Thou canst not, Ellen, follow here”—  
He spoke, and pass’d the flood.

But love, than danger stronger far,  
Her timid heart upbore;  
She rush’d at once amid the waves,  
And reach’d the farther shore.

But still the earl his purpose kept,  
No pity he confess’d,  
Tho’ strong fatigue and anxious care  
The damsel fore oppress’d.

“Thy languid eyelids, Ellen, raise,  
And view yon princely bow’r;  
There pleasure holds his revel reign,  
And marks each passing hour.

“There dwells a maid more fair than morn,  
Than summer suns more bright;  
That maiden is my plighted love,  
My joy and sole delight.”

Sad Ellen mildly answer’d thus—  
“May every bliss beude,  
And still encresing rapture wait  
Earl Walter and his bride!”

The princely bower they enter soon,  
And hail the glittering train;  
Earl Walter courts each lovely nymph,  
Nor heeds his Ellen’s pain.

His sister with superior grace  
Shone far above the rest,  
Who, when the Ellen’s form survey’d,  
Her wonder thus express’d:

“Ah! whence, my brother, is thy page  
How heavenly fair his face!  
What pity that his size uncouth  
Such beauty should disgrace.

“But let the boy on me attend,  
In my apartment wait;  
My care shall sooth his gentle mind,  
And mend his present state.”

“Too great for him that honor were,  
A youth of low degree,  
Enough distinguish’d as my page,  
On foot to follow me.”

Now midnight, closing every eye,  
Left Ellen free to weep,  
But with the morn the Earl awoke,  
And broke the bands of sleep.

“Awake! awake! thou slothful page,  
’Tis dawn of breaking day—  
Bring forth in haste my milk-white steed,  
I must from hence away.”

But ere her lord could be obey’d,  
Uncall’d Lucina came,  
And to sad Ellen’s other woes,  
She adds a mother’s name.

Now burst their way the heart-felt groans,  
Now falls the trickling tear,  
’Till thro’ the high resounding dome,  
They reach earl Walter’s ear.

With eager steps he sought the place,  
Then made a fearful pause,  
While broken accents breath’d in sighs,  
Reveal the fatal cause.

“Lie still, thou pledge of hapless love,  
Lie still, my infant dear;  
I would thy father were a king,  
Thy mother on a bier!”

Enough had now the lover heard,  
He clasps her in his arms,  
“Look up my mistrefs, friend, and wife,  
Revive thy drooping charms.”

“Thy trial now is fairly past,  
Thou first of woman kind:  
Thy form, tho’ cast in beauty’s mould,  
Enshrines a hero’s mind.”

“And dost thou know at length my heart?  
Then have I well been tri’d;  
I only liv’d to prove my faith:”—  
She grasp’d his hand, and died



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While up the Shrouds.

**W**HILE up the shrouds the failor goes,  
Or ventures on the yard,  
The landman, who no better knows,  
Believes his lor is hard,  
Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,  
Casts anchor, heaves the log,  
Trims all the fails, belays the sheets  
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell,  
The vessel rudely bear,  
Now sinking in a hollow dell,  
Now quiv'ring in the air, *Bold Jack, &c.*

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,  
You ne'er hear him repine,  
Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,  
Or burning near the line, *Bold Jack, &c.*

If to engage they give the word,  
To quarters all repair,  
While splinter'd masts go by the board,  
And shot sing thro' the air, *Bold Jack, &c.*  
*Dibdin.*

The flowing Bowl.

**W**HEN once the Gods, like us below,  
To keep it up design,  
Their goblets with fresh nectar flow;  
Which makes them more divine;  
Since drinking deifies the foul,  
Let's push about the flowing bowl, &c.

The glitt'ring star and ribbon blue,  
That decks the courtier's breast,  
May hide a heart of blackest hue,  
Tho' by his king caref's'd;  
Let him in pride and splendor roll,  
We'er happier o'er a flowing bowl, &c.

For liberty let patriots rave,  
And damn the courtly crew,  
Because like them they want to have,  
The loaves and fishes too;  
I care not who divides the cole,  
So I can share a flowing bowl, &c.

Let Kenyon lord chief justice be,  
Addington speaker still,  
At home let Spencer rule the sea,  
And Pitt the treasury fill;  
No place I want, throughout the whole,  
But one,—that's near a flowing bowl, &c.

The son wants square-toes at old Nick,  
And miss is mad to wed,  
The doctor wants us to be sick,  
The undertaker, dead;  
All have their wants from pole to pole,  
I want an ever flowing bowl, &c.

Bonny Bet.

**N**O more I'll court the town-bred fair,  
Who shines in artificial beauty,  
For native charms, without compare,  
Claim all my love, respect, and duty.

CHORUS.  
O my bonny, bonny Bet, sweet blossom,  
Was I a king so proud to wear thee,  
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,  
To grace thy faithful lover's bosom,  
O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Yet, ask me where those beauties lie,  
I cannot say in smile or dimple,  
In blooming cheeks or radiant eye,  
'Tis happy nature wild and simple.  
*O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.*

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,  
And sigh in numbers trite and common,  
Ye gods! one darling with be mine,  
And all I ask is lovely woman.  
*O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.*

Come dearest girl, the rosy bowl,  
Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing,  
My heaven art thou, so take my soul,  
With raptures every sense entrancing.  
*O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.*

How oft thro' this responsive Grove.

**H**OW oft thro' this responsive grove,  
Has softest echo told my tale!  
When e'er she caught my notes of love,  
She bore them gently down the vale.

The scene renew'd, my wakeful breast  
Now joyful beats to love's alarms;  
Ye powers who pity the distressed,  
Transport me to Narcissa's arms.

Though Leixlip is proud.

**T**HO' Leixlip is proud of its close shady  
bowers,  
Its clear falling waters and murmuring cascades,  
Its groves of fine myrtles, its beds of sweet flowers,  
Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids;  
As each his own village must still make the most of,  
In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong:  
Dear Carton! containing what kingdoms may boast of!  
'Tis Norah! dear Norah! the theme of my song.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots on,  
Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare;  
Or dance at a ball with their Sunday's new suits on,  
Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice  
powder'd hair:  
Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,  
For gold and for acres he never shall long;  
One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,  
From Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my song.

## Poll and my Partner Joe.

I WAS, d'ye see, a waterman,  
 As tight and spruce as any,  
 'Twixt Richmond town  
 And Horsly down,  
 I earn'd an honest penny;  
 None could of fortune's favours brag  
 More than could lucky I,  
 My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,  
 My grunter in the sty.  
 With wherry tight  
 And bosom light  
 I cheerfully did row,  
 And, to complete this princely life,  
 Sure never man had friend and wife  
 Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like these awhile,  
 Folks far and near carefs'd me,  
 'Till, woe is me,  
 So lubberly  
 The prefs-gang came and prefs'd me:  
 How could I all these pleasures leave?  
 How with my wherry part?  
 I never so took on to grieve,  
 It wrung my very heart.  
 But when on board  
 They gave the word  
 To foreign parts to go,  
 I rued the moment I was born,  
 That ever I should thus be torn  
 From my Poll and my partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully,  
 While on the billows rolling,  
 And night and day  
 Could find my way  
 Blindfold to the main-top bowling.  
 Thus all the dangers of the main,  
 Quickfands, and gales of wind,  
 I brav'd, in hopes to taste again  
 The joys I left behind:  
 In climes afar,  
 The hottest war,  
 Pour'd broadsides on the foe,  
 In hopes these perils to relate,  
 As by my side attentive sat,  
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his majesty  
 To give peace to the nation,  
 And honest hearts,  
 From foreign parts,  
 Came home for consolation:  
 Like light'ning—for I felt new life,  
 Now safe from all alarms—  
 I rush'd, and found my friend and wife—  
 Lock'd in each other's arms!  
 Yet fancy not  
 I bore my lot  
 Tame, like a lubber,—no,  
 For seeing I was finely trick'd,  
 Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd  
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

## The Circling Glass.

BY the gaily circling glass  
 We can see how minutes pass,—  
 By the hollow flask we're told  
 How the waining night grows old.  
 Soon, too soon, the busy day  
 Drives us from our sports away:  
 What have we with day to do?  
 Sons of care—'twas made for you.  
 Come then fill the cheerful glass,  
 Truth is only found in wine:  
 Tales of love are all a farce,  
 But true friendship is divine.

Dibdin.

Milton.

## With tuneful Pipe.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,  
 Young Willy won my heart,  
 A blither swain you cou'd na see,  
 All beauty without art.  
 Willy is rare, and Willy is fair,  
 And Willy is wond'rous bonny;  
 And Willy says he'll marry me  
 Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

O came you by yon water-side,  
 Pull'd you the rose or lily,  
 Or came you by yon meadow green,  
 Or saw you my sweet Willy.  
*Willy is rare, and Willy is fair, &c.*

Syne now the trees are in their bloom,  
 And flow'rs spread o'er ilka field,  
 I'll meet my lad among the broom,  
 And lead him to my summer's shield.  
*Willy is rare, and Willy is fair, &c.*

## The Cobbler of Castlebury.

TWAS in a village near Castlebury,  
 A cobbler and his wife did dwell,  
 And for a time no two so merry,  
 Their happiness no tongue can tell;  
 But to this couple, the neighbours tell us,  
 Something did happen that caus'd much strife,  
 For going to a neigh bring ale-house,  
 The man got drunk and beat his wife.

But though he treated her so vilely,  
 What did this wife, good creature do?  
 Kept snug, and found a method sly,  
 To wring his heart quite through and through;  
 For Dick, the tapster, and his mailer,  
 By the report that then was rife,  
 Were both in hopes by this disaster,  
 To gain the cobbler's pretty wife.

While things went on to rack and ruin,  
 And all their furniture was sold,  
 She seem'd to approve what each was doing,  
 And got from each a purse of gold.  
 So when the cobbler's cares were over,  
 He swore to lead an alter'd life,  
 To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,  
 And love no other but his wife.

## Artful Chloe.

AS once on Chloe's knee, in chat,  
 The little playful Cupid sat;  
 His arrows tipp'd with smiles he found,  
 And shot the random shafts around.  
 Young Strephon smil'd the God to see;  
 And cry'd, blind archer shoot at me;  
 Full oft the wanton, touch'd with pride,  
 Took aim, but Strephon step'd aside.

Designing Chloe cry'd, forbear;  
 And vow'd their contest now unfair,  
 As Cupid's blind, young swain, said she,  
 Unjust it is that you should see.

The daring shepherd straight reply'd,  
 And blindfold now the god defy'd;  
 While Chloe level'd right his dart,  
 And struck out-witted Strephon's heart.

## Lotharia.

VAINLY now you strive to charm me,  
 All ye sweets of blooming May;  
 How should empty sunshine warm me,  
 While Lotharia keeps away?  
 Go, ye warbling birds, go, leave me;  
 Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky;  
 Sweeter notes her voice can give me,  
 Softer sunshine fills her eye.



## The Moment Aurora.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,  
I put on my clothes and I call'd to my groom;  
And, my head heavy still, from the fumes of last night,  
Took a bumper of brandy to set all things right;  
And now we're well fuddled, fleet Dapple and Grey,  
Who seem'd longing to hear the glad found—hark away.

*Hark away, &c.*

Will Whistle by this had uncoupl'd the hounds,  
Whose ecstasy nothing could keep within bounds;  
First forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then Snare,  
Three better staunch harriers ne'er started a hare,  
Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Staunch, and then Tray,  
All ready to open at—hark, hark away.

*Hark away, &c.*

'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,  
And we all gallop'd off to the found of the horn;  
Jack Gater, Bill Eabler, and Dick at the gun,  
And by this time the merry Tom Fairplay made one  
Who, while we were jogging on blithsome and gay,  
Sung a song, and the chorus was—hark, hark away.

*Hark away, &c.*

And now Jemmy Lurcher, had every bush beat,  
And no signs of madam, nor trace of her feet;  
Nay, we just had begun our sad fortunes to curse,  
When all of a sudden out starts Mrs. Puss;  
Men, horses and dogs, all the glad-call obey,  
And echo was heard to cry—hark, hark away.

*Hark away, &c.*

The chase was a fine one, she took o'er the plain,  
Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled again;  
Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,  
Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death;  
Then in triumph for you I the hare did display,  
And cry'd to the horns, my boys—hark, hark away.

*Hark away, &c.*

## How blest the Maid.

HOW blest the maid whose bosom  
No headstrong passion knows,  
Her days in joy she passes,  
Her nights in calm repose;  
Where e'er her fancy leads her,  
No pain, no fear invades her,  
But pleasure without measure,  
From ev'ry object flows.

No pain, no fear, where e'er she goes,  
How blest the maid whose bosom  
No headstrong passion knows,  
Her days in joy she passes,  
Her night in calm repose;  
Where e'er her fancy leads,  
No pains no fear invades,  
No fear invades, no fear invades.

*Bickerstaff.*

## Take, Oh! take those Lips away.

TAKE, Oh! take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn.  
Put my kisses give again,  
Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain.

Hide, Oh! hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears;  
On whose tops the pinks that grow,  
Are like those that April wears.  
But from my tender bleeding heart,  
Withdraw the arrow, ease the smart;  
Offend no more great angry Jove,  
But pity, since you cannot love!

*Shunk's Jr.*

## The Tobacco Box.

THOMAS.  
THO' the fate of battle on to-morrow wait,  
Let's not lose our prattle now my charming Kate,  
Till the hour of glory love should now take place,  
Nor damp the joys before you with a future case.

KATE.  
Oh my Thomas still be constant, still be true,  
Be but to your Kate, as Kate is still to you  
Glory will attend you still, will make us blest,  
With my firmest love my dear you're still possess.

THOMAS.  
No new beauties tasted, I'm their arts above,  
Three campaigns are wasted, but not so my love,  
Anxious still about thee, thou art all I prize,  
Never Kate, without thee, will I bung these eyes.

KATE.  
Constant to my Thomas I will still remain,  
Nor think I will leave thy side the whole campaign,  
But I'll cherish thee and strive to make thee bold,  
May'st thou share the vict'ry, may'st thou share the gold.

THOMAS.  
If by some bold action I the halbert bear,  
Think what satisfaction when my rank you share,  
Drest like any lady fair from top to toe,  
Fine lac'd caps and ruffles then will be your due.

KATE.  
If a serjeant's lady I should chance to prove,  
Linen shall be ready always for my love;  
Never more will Kate the captain's laundress be,  
I'm too pretty, Thomas love, for all but thee.

THOMAS.  
Here, Kate, take my 'bacco box, a soldier's all,  
If by Frenchmen's blows your Tom is doom'd to fall  
When my life is ended, thou may'st boast and prove,  
Thoud'st my first, my last, my only pledge of love.

KATE.  
Here take back thy 'bacco box, thou'rt all to me,  
Nor think but I will be near thee, Love! to see,  
In the hour of danger let me always share,  
I'll be kept no stranger to my soldier's fare.

THOMAS.  
Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling tear,  
Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear;  
But may heav'n befriend us; hark! the drums command,  
Now I will attend you. Love, I kiss your hand.

KATE.  
I can't stop these tears, though crying I disdain,  
But must own 'tis trying hard the point to gain;  
May good heav'n defend thee, conquest on thee wait,  
One kiss more, and then I give thee up to fate.

Both repeat the last } Conquest on me wait,  
verse, only Thomas says } And yield myself to fate.

## When Molly smiles.

WHEN Molly smiles beneath her cow,  
I feel my heart I can't tell how;  
When Molly is on Sunday drest,  
On Sunday 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 raise a spell,  
A good fat goose shall thank you well.

## William and Margaret.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,  
And all were fast asleep,  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud,  
And clay-cold was her lily hand  
That held her fable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown,  
Such is the robe that kings must wear  
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r  
That sips the silver dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker worm,  
Consum'd her early prime;  
The rose grew pale and left her cheek,  
She died before her time.

"Awake, she cried, thy true-love calls,  
Come from her midnight grave;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid  
Thy love refused to save.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour  
When injured ghosts complain;  
And silent graves give up their dead  
To haunt the faithless swain

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath;  
And give me back my maiden vow,  
And give me back my troth.

"How could you say my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsake?  
How could you win my virgin heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break?

"How could you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep?  
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my lips were sweet,  
And made the scarlet pale?  
And why did I, young wileful maid,  
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair,  
Those lips no longer red;  
Dark are mine eyes now closed in death,  
And ev'ry charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is,  
This winding sheet I wear,  
And cold and weary laists our night  
'Till the next morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence,  
A long and last adieu!  
Come see, false man, how low she lies  
Who died for love of you."

The birds sung out, the morning smil'd  
And rais'd its glist'ring head;  
Pale William shook in every limb,  
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place  
Where Marg'ret's body lay,  
And stretch'd him on the green grafs turf  
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,  
And thrice he wept full sore;  
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,

## Matilda.

OUTRAGEOUS did the loud wind blow,  
Across the founding main!  
The vessel tossing to and fro,  
Could scarce the storm sustain.

Matilda to her fearful breast  
Held close her infant dear;  
His presence all her fears encreas'd,  
And wak'd the tender tear.

Now nearer to the grateful shore,  
The shatter'd vessel drew:  
The daring waves now cease to roar,  
Now shout th' exulting crew.

Matilda with a mother's joy,  
Gave thanks to heaven's pow'r:  
How fervent the embrac'd her boy!  
How blest the saving hour!

Oh much deceiv'd and hapless fair!  
Thou' ceas'd the waves to roar,  
Thou from that fatal moment ne'er  
Didst taste of pleasure more.

For stepping forth from off the deck,  
To reach the welcome ground;  
The babe unclasping from her neck,  
Plung'd in the gulph profound.

Amazement-chain'd! her haggard eye  
Gave not a tear to flow;  
Her bosom heav'd no conscious sigh;  
She stood a sculptur'd wee.

To snatch the child from instant death,  
Some brav'd the threaten'ing main;  
And to recal his fleeting breath,  
Try'd ev'ry art in vain.

But when the corse first met her view,  
Stretch'd on the pebbly strand:  
Awak'ning from her trance she flew,  
And pierc'd th' opposing band,

With tresses discompos'd and rude,  
Fell prostrate on the ground;  
To th' infant's lips her lips she glued,  
And sorrow burst its bound.

Uprising now with frantic air,  
To the wide-circling crowd,  
Who, pity struck, partook her care,  
She thus discours'd aloud:

"Heard ye the helpless infant weep!

"Saw ye the mother bold!

"How as she flung him in the deep,  
"The billows o'er him roll'd.

"May beak'd remorse her bosom tear,  
"Despair her mind up-plough!

"Its angry arm let justice rear,  
"To dash her impious brow.

"But soft, awhile—see there he lies,  
"Embalin'd in infant sleep:

"Why fall the dew-drops from your eyes,  
"What cause is here to weep?

"Yes, yes! his little life is fled,

"His heaveless breast is cold;

"What tears will not thy mother shed,  
"When thy sad tale is told!

"Ah me! that cheek of livid hue,  
"If much I do not err!

"Those lips where late the roses blew,  
"All, all, my son declare.

"Strange horrors chill my ev'ry vein,  
"A voice confus'd and wild,  
"Whispers to this distracted brain,  
"Matilda flew her child!"

She added not—but sunk oppress'd—  
Death on her eye-lids stole:  
While from her much afflicted breast,



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY;  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language; forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Shout is gone forth.

THE shout is gone forth, hark the deep finging  
hound,  
See the sport-loving high-mettled steed Turns the  
ground,  
View him bend his proud neck as he hears the loud  
horn,  
And snort the sharp air of the frost breathing morn.  
In an instant all nature is rous'd from her trance,  
And the hills seem to fly and the trees seem to dance,  
These woodlands approach, and those forests retire;  
With frantic delight ev'ry bosom's on fire.

On a brow the wrapt peasant can trace the wild train,  
Pour down the slop'd mountain and cover the plain;  
Up the steep, in the stream, or amidst the scar'd  
flocks,

Who now regards perils, or rivers, or rocks?  
We plunge in the lake, o'er the precipice fly,  
With the game in full view and the pack in full cry;  
What sportman lacks courage, what courser lack  
breath?

Or, who feels fatigue when we're in at the death?  
Nor here ends the pleasure, nor here ends the chase,  
Ev'ry double we note, ev'ry danger retrace,  
Recount in returning each peril we dar'd,  
And point to each spot where the glory was shar'd.  
We view the vast fragment, the whirlpool profound,  
And glow with remembrance of acts so renown'd,  
Then to Bacchus and Venus our prowess rehearse,  
And deck ev'ry deed in the magic of verse.

A Soldier's Life.

THIS, this my lad's a soldier's life,  
He marches to the sprightly fife,  
And in each town to some new wife  
Swears he'll be ever true;  
He's here, he's there, where is he not?  
Variety's his envy'd lot;  
He eats, drinks, sleeps, and pays no shot,  
And follows the loud tattoo.

Call'd out to face his country's foes,  
The tears of fond, domestic woes  
He kisses off, and boldly goes  
To earn of fame his due.  
Religion, liberty, and laws,  
Both his are, and his country's cause,  
For these thro' danger, without pause,  
He follows the loud tattoo.

And if at last in honour's wars,  
He earns his share of danger's scars,—  
Still he feels bold, and thanks his stars  
He's no worse fate to rue.  
At Chelsea, free from toil and pain,  
He wields his crutch, points out the slain,  
And, in fond fancy, once again  
Follows the loud tattoo.

Tally Ho.

WITH hounds and horn, each rosy morn,  
Let Bucks a hunting go;  
While all my fancy dwells with Nancy,  
And her sweet Tally Ho:

Were she my wife, how sweet the life,  
In station high or low;  
'Midst wars alarms, her music charms,  
So sweet her Tally Ho.

Each heath or warren, tho' e'er so barren,  
With her 'twould fruitful grow;  
Make vi'lets spring, all verdure bring,  
When she sings Tally Ho.

How happy the Soldier.

HOW happy's the soldier who lives on his pay,  
And spends half-a-crown out of six-pence a-day;  
Yet fears neither justices, warrants, nor bums,  
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drum.  
*With a row-de-dow, &c.*

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,  
His king finds him quarters, and money and clothes;  
He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,  
And rattles away with the roll of the drum.

*With a row-de-dow, &c.*

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight,  
It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight;  
No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,  
But packs up her tatters and follows the drum.  
*O'Keefe. With a row-de-dow, &c.*

The Mind of a Woman.

THE mind of a woman can never be known,  
You never can guess it aright:  
I'll tell you the reason, she knows not her own,  
She changes so often e're night.

'Twould puzzle Apollo her whimsies to follow,  
His oracle would be a jest;  
She'll frown when she's kind,  
She'll change with the wind;  
And often abuses the man that she chooses,  
And him she refuses likes best

To keep them in temper I'll tell you the way,  
I'd have you give ear to my plan;  
Be merry and cheerful, good-humour'd, and gay,  
And kiss them as oft as you can:  
For while you do these, the ladies you'll please,  
Their affections you're certain to gain;  
Then be of their mind,  
And quickly you'll find,  
'Tis better than wrangling, contending, and jangling,  
For they'll love you, and kiss you again.

## Come, rouse Brother Sportsmen.

**C**OME, rouse brother sportsmen, the hunters all cry  
We've got a strong scent, and a favoring sky.  
The horn's sprightly notes and the lark's early song,  
Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long.

Bright Phoebus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,  
Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chase;  
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,  
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray

Sweet Molly may teize you, perhaps, to lie down;  
And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown:  
But tell her, that love must to hunting give place;  
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chase.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,  
At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly;  
They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they roll;  
We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the king;  
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;  
To George, peace and glory may heaven dispense,  
And fox-hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

## I sigh for her all the Day long.

**W**HILE autumn weighs down the late year,  
And harvest is thick on the ground;  
The grapes in thick clusters appear,  
The village with plenty is crown'd.

I tell to the lone woods my grief,  
For Laura so fair fled away;  
Nor music can yield me relief,  
I sigh for her all the long day.

I rovd e'er the once happy plain,  
The woodlands and vales in despair;  
The nightingale echo'd my strain,  
But Laura, alas! was not there.

I turn'd from the dew-weeping grove,  
I saw her resplendent in charms:  
'Twas she, or the goddess of love;  
'Twas Laura return'd to my arms!

No longer my fair-one will stray,  
Tho' winter approaches I see,  
I bask on the bosom of May,  
'Twill always be summer with me.

## Mary Scott.

**H**APPY the love that meets return,  
When in soft flames souls equal burn;  
But words are wanting to discover  
The torments of a hopeless lover.  
Ye registers of heav'n relate,  
If looking o'er the rolls of fate  
Did ye there see me mark'd to marrow,  
Mary Scott the flow'r of Yarrow?

Ah, no! her form's too heav'nly fair—  
Her love the gods above must share,  
While mortals with despair implore her  
And at a distance due, adore her—  
O, lovely maid! my doubts beguile,  
Return and bless me with a smile;  
Alas! if not, you soon bebar a  
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

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

Allen Ramsey.

## The Maid that tends the Goats.

**U**P among yon cliffy rocks,  
Sweetly rings the rising echo,  
To the maid that tends the goats  
Lilting o'er her native notes.  
Hark, she sings, "young Sandy's kind,  
"An' he's promis'd ay to lo'e me,  
"Here's a brooch I ne'er shall tine,  
"Till he's fairly marri'd to me;  
"Drive away, ye droney time,  
"An' bring about our bridal day.

"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,  
"Af'ten does he blaw the whistle,  
"In a strain sae fastly sweet,  
"Lam'mies list'n'ing dare nae bleat;  
"He's as fleet's the mountain roe,  
"Hardy as the Highland heather,  
"Wading thro' the winter snow,  
"Keeping ay his flock together:  
"But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,  
"He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

"Prawly he can dance and sing  
"Canty glee, or Highland cronach;  
"Nane can ever match his fling  
"At a reel, or round a ring;  
"Wighly can he wield a rung,  
"In a brawl he's ay the bangster,  
"A' his praise can ne'er be sung,  
"P'y the longest winded sangster  
"Sangs that sings o' Sandy,  
"Come short, tho' they were e'er sae lang.

## The jolly Fisherman.

**I** AM a jolly fisherman,  
I catch what I can get,  
Still going on my better's plan  
All's fish that comes to net:  
Fish, just like men, I've often caught,  
Crabs, gudgeons, poor John, codfish,  
And many a time to market brought,  
A devilish sight of odd fish.  
Thus all are fishermen through life,  
With weary pains and labour,  
This baits with gold, that with a wife,  
And all to catch his neighbour:  
Then praise the jolly fisherman,  
Who takes what he can get,  
Still going on his better's plan,  
All's fish that comes to net.

The pike, to catch the little fry,  
Extends his greedy jaw,  
For all the world, as you and I,  
Have seen your man of law:  
He who to laziness devotes  
His time is sure a numb fish;  
And members who give silent votes  
May fairly be called dumb fish,  
False friends to eels we may compare,  
The roach resembles true ones;  
Like gold-fish we find old ones rare,  
Plenty as herrings new ones.

Then praise, &c.

Like fish then mortals are a trade,  
And trap'd, and sold, and bought,  
The old wife and the tender maid,  
Are both with tickling caught;  
Indeed the fair are caught, 'tis said,  
If you but throw the line in,  
With maggots, flies, or something red,  
Or any thing that's shining:  
With small fish you must lie in wait  
For those of high condition,  
But 'tis alone a golden bait  
Can catch a learn'd physician.

Then praise, &c.



## The Hounds are all out.

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does peep,  
 Why, how now, you sluggardly sot!  
 How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,  
 While we all on horseback are got,  
*My brave boys? &c.*

I cannot get up, for my over-night's cup  
 So terribly lies in my head;  
 Besides, my wife cries, my dear do not rise,  
 But cuddle me longer in bed,  
*My dear boy, &c.*

Come, on with your boots, and saddle your mare,  
 Nor tire us with longer delay;  
 The cry of the hounds, and the sight of the hare,  
 Will chase all dull vapours away,  
*My brave boys, &c.*

## I'd rather be excus'd.

RETURNING from the fair one eve,  
 Across yon verdant plain,  
 Young Harry said he'd see me home;  
 A tight, a comely swain.

He begg'd I would a fairing take,  
 And would not be refus'd;  
 Then ask'd a kiss, I blush'd and cry'd,  
 I'd rather be excus'd.

You're coy, said he, my pretty maid,  
 I mean no harm I swear;  
 Long time I have in secret sigh'd  
 For you, my charming fair:

But if my tenderness offend,  
 And if my love's refus'd,  
 I'll leave you—what, alone? cry'd I,  
 I'd rather be excus'd.

He press'd my hand, and on we walk'd,  
 He warmly urg'd his suit;  
 But still to all he said I was  
 Most obstinately mute;

At length, got home, he angry cry'd,  
 My fondness is abus'd;  
 Then die a maid—indeed, said I,  
 I'd rather be excus'd.

## Billy O'Rourke.

SOME run after the buck and doe,  
 Some a fox will set galloping,  
 Some will chase a poor puffy fo,  
 Chevy, their horses sides walloping.  
 Gentlemen guzzle up claret wine,  
 Ale in my throat will run ripple down,  
 Ladies tea-talk like a parrot fine,  
 O! my goat's milk is the tipples down,  
 Step out best leg and cry come body,  
 When I look smart give me joy for it;  
 Genteels shall find that I'm somebody,  
 Billy O'Rourke is the boy for it.

My goat is fond of stepping high,  
 Dance he shall at the Hay-market,  
 My kid sings so top tipping, why,  
 Not ma, ma, as they lark it.  
 Ditches a good nag brings us over,  
 Dogs thro' all troubles will follow man;  
 If long-beards make a philosopher,  
 Then is my goat a wife Solomon.

*Step out best leg, &c.*

Ruffles shall over my knuckles dab,  
 Blue silk waistcoat I'll dress in too,  
 Sullivan's white powder'd wig I'll nab,  
 And take a compliment lesson too:  
 Step out best leg, and cry come body,  
 When I look smart, give me joy for it;  
 Genteels shall find that I'm somebody,  
 Billy O'Rourke is the boy for it.

*Step out best leg, &c.*

## The neglected Tar.

I SING the British seaman's praise,  
 A theme renown'd in story,  
 It well deserves more polish'd lays;  
 Oh! 'tis your boast and glory.  
 When mad-brain'd war spreads death around,  
 By them you are protected;  
 But when in peace the nation's found,  
 These bulwarks are neglected.  
 Then, O! protect the hardy tar,  
 Be mindful of his merit;  
 And when again your plung'd in war,  
 He'll shew his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,  
 Far on the trackless ocean;  
 When lightnings dart, when thunders roll,  
 And all is wild commotion:  
 When o'er the bark the white-topp'd waves,  
 With boist'rous sweep are rolling,  
 Yet coolly still, the whole he braves,  
 Untan'd amidst the howling.

*Then O! protect, &c.*

When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoke,  
 He feels a glowing pleasure;  
 He loads his gun, he cracks his joke,  
 Elated beyond measure.  
 Though fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck  
 Should lifeless trunks appear;  
 Or should the vessel float a wreck,  
 The sailor knows no fear.

*Then, O! protect, &c.*

When long becalm'd, on southern brine,  
 Where scorching beams assail him;  
 When all the canvass hangs supine,  
 And food and water fail him;  
 Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,  
 Where plenty still is reigning;  
 They call the watch, his rapture's o'er,  
 He sighs, but scorns complaining.

*Then, O! protect, &c.*

Or burning on that noxious coast,  
 Where death so oft befriends him;  
 Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,  
 True courage still attends him:  
 No clime can this eradicate,  
 He glories in annoyance;  
 He fearless braves the storms of fate,  
 And bids grim death defiance.

*Then, O! protect, &c.*

Why should the man who knows no fear,  
 In peace be then neglected?  
 Behold him move along the pier,  
 Pale, meagre, and dejected!  
 Behold him begging for employ!  
 Behold him disregarded!  
 Then, view the anguish in his eye,  
 And say, are tars rewarded?

*Then, O! protect, &c.*

To them your dearest rights you owe,  
 In peace then would you starve them?  
 What say ye, Britain's sons!—Oh! no,  
 Protect them, and preserve them.  
 Shield them from poverty and pain,  
 'Tis policy to do it;  
 Or, when grim war shall come again,  
 Oh, Britons, ye may rue it!

*Then, O! protect, &c.*

## The Charger.

AS burns the charger, when he hears  
 The trumpet's martial sound,  
 Eager to scour the field he rears,  
 And spurns th' indented ground:  
 He snuff's the air, erects his flowing mane,  
 He scents the big war, and sweeps along the plain.  
 Impatient thus my ardent soul,  
 Bounds forth on wings of wind,  
 And spurns the moments as they roll  
 With lagging pace behind.

## The Maid of Aghavore.

BY THE REV. MR. BALL.

*With the last unsuccessful action, near Rathmines, perished the hopes of Charles in Ireland. This event was shortly followed by the arrival of Cromwell, during whose lieutenantancy the tragical event, recorded in the following ballad, is supposed to have happened.*

ONCE I was a lively lad,  
As the springing season glad  
Ere beheld in its domain,  
Or fair Summer in her train,  
Or rich Autumn in his year;  
Sing I could, as Mavis clear;  
Ere, alas, the grief to tell!  
Into chains of love I fell!

But now silent I must be:  
Pity me, swains, pity me!  
Pity me, since she's no more,  
Beauteous maid of Aghavore!

Then I knew not this world's state,  
Nor regarded turns of fate,  
How rebellious Erin rose,  
Treating Albion's sons as foes;  
Or how sons of Albion led  
O'er the plains dismay and dread,  
Bidding terror to prevail  
All around the English pale;

*But now silent &c.*

Ere to pow'r dark Cromwell grew,  
Only peaceful days I knew;  
Then it was my constant care  
Ev'ry rural toil to share;  
To the pow'r's that guard the plough  
Then alone I paid my vow;  
Love as then I had not prov'd,  
Or the rapture to be lov'd;

*But now silent &c.*

O what changes shepherds feel!  
I was doom'd to carry steel.  
O what troubles had I mis'd,  
Among rebels, royalist,  
If I could my peace have priz'd,  
And, as others, temporiz'd!  
But as yet no pains I try'd;  
Yet I had not seen a bride;

*Now all silent &c.*

To our valley soon there came,  
As it chanc'd, a beauteous dame,  
Looks she had, that far outv'd  
All our fragrant valley's pride:  
Then, so gentle was her soul,  
As if hearts she ne'er had stole!  
Sprung from a Cromwellian chief—  
But let Sorrow's song be brief!

*Now all silent &c.*

O how happy had I been,  
Had I such a bride ne'er seen!  
All so beauteous, as I ne'er  
Can find matter to compare!  
Curls she had, out-shining jet!  
In her eyes the fun was set!  
For her shape, it was a pine,  
Wreath'd with fragrant eglantine!

*But now silent &c.*

When I saw the fair, I burn'd,  
She my passion soon return'd;  
But when he, her father proud,  
Heard her faith to aliens vow'd,  
Rising in his anger fierce,  
Soon he did her bosom pierce  
With that rude unrighteous sword  
Wherewith loyal breasts he gor'd.

*Now all mournful, &c.*

Woods, that wave on mountain-tops,  
O'er whose moss the titmouse hops,  
Tell my tale to rustling gales!  
Fountains, weep it through the vales!  
And, with her own sorrow faint,  
Let sad Echo join my plaint!  
Since I've lost the brightest fair  
E'er that breath'd our valley's air.

*Now all mournful, &c.*

## The Field of Battle.

BY MR. PENROSE.

FAINTLY bray'd the battle's roar  
Distant down the hollow wind;  
Panting terror fled before,  
Wounds and death were left behind.

The War-fiend curs'd the funken day,  
That chee'd his fierce pursuit too soon:  
While, scarcely lighting to the prey,  
Low hung, and lour'd the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,  
Was now with various carnage spread;  
And floated with a crimson tide,  
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,  
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,  
With frantic step Maria flew,  
Maria, Sorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein  
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame;  
With Edgar o'er the wintry main  
She, lovely, faithful, wanderer, came.

For well she thought, a friend so dear  
In darkest hours might joy impart;  
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,  
Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.

Tho' look'd for long---in chill affright,  
(The torrent bursting from her eye)  
She heard the signal for the fight---  
While her soul trembled in a sigh---

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,  
Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay;  
His manly heart the charm contest---  
Then broke the charm---and rush'd away,

Too soon in few---but deadly words,  
Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,  
That in the foremost strife of swords  
The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She prest to hear---she caught the tale---  
At ev'ry sound her blood congeal'd---  
With terror bold---with terror pale,  
She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze  
She went---with courage not her own---  
On many a corpse the cast her gaze---  
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press  
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;—  
Of comfort glad, the drear caress  
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled---  
When late pale Edgar's form she found,  
Half-bury'd with the hostile dead,  
And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew---she sunk---the night-bird scream'd,  
The moon withdrew her troubled light,  
And left the fair,---tho' fall'n she seem'd---  
To worse than death---and deepest night.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language; worth preserving—forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index:

I can't for I'm in haste.

**A**CROSS the fields the other morn,  
I tripp'd so blithe and gay,  
The squire himself, with dog and gun,  
Perchance came by that way:  
"Whither so fast, sweet maid!" he cry'd,  
And caught me round the waift;  
"Pray, stop a while"—"dear sir, (said I)  
"I can't, for I'm in haste."

"You must not go as yet, (cry'd he)  
"For I have much to say;  
"Come, sit you down, and let us chat  
"Upon this new mown hay:  
"I've lov'd you long, and oft have wish'd  
"Those ruby lips to taste;  
"I'll have a kiss!"—"well then (said I)  
"Be quick, for I'm in haste."

Just as I spoke, I saw young Hodge  
Come thro' a neighb'ring gate;  
He caught my hand, and cry'd "dear girl,  
"I fear I've made you wait;  
"But here's the ring, come, let's to church,  
"I he joys of love to taste."  
I left the squire, and laughing, cry'd,  
"You see, sir, I'm in haste."

### Corporal Casey.

**W**HEN I was at home, I was merry and frisky,  
My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold whiskey;  
My uncle was rich, but would never be easy,  
Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.

Och!—rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,  
Rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,  
My dear little Sheelah I thought would run crazy,  
Oh! when I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Casey.

I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking  
On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;  
But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,  
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.

Rub a dub, &c.

The Devil go with him, I ne'er could be easy,  
He stuck in my skirts so—Old Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly  
That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely,  
And who should the first be that dropt, why an't  
please you,

It was my good friend—honest Corporal Casey,  
Rub a dub, &c.

Thinks I, you are quiet, and I shall be easy,  
So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

When Sleep has clos'd.

**W**HEN Sleep has clos'd the Trav'ler's eyes,  
By long fatigue oppress'd,  
While slumb'ring soft, serene he lies,  
And sinks in downy rest;  
By the glimpses of the moon,  
Springs the Arab on his prey;  
Or beneath the scorching noon,  
Bears the loaded wealth away.

But tho' in hours of sweet repose  
His spoils the rover seeks,  
Yet oft, concern for human woes  
Impearls his glowing cheeks:  
When the captive fair one pleads,  
Beauty, born to be ador'd,  
While resistance round him bleeds,  
Beauty triumphs o'er his sword.

*Opera of Mahmoud.*

### The Tresses of Morning.

**T**HE tresses of morning so fair,  
Poor shepherds with rapture behold;  
But brighter the tresses we wear,  
That sparkle with diamonds and gold.

Tears still are the gems of the morn,  
Which blossoms unfolding display,  
But gold with more charms can adorn,  
And with smiles ever graces the day.

They sing of the bright beaming sun,  
Whose radiance gilds o'er the dawn;  
His course with the evening is run,  
His splendors in night are withdrawn:

To one half of earth if he shine,  
The other in darkness is found,  
While splendors, deriv'd from the mine,  
At once light the world all round.

*ibid.*

### Fond Echo.

**F**OND Echo, forbear thy light strain,  
And heedfully hear a lost 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.

## Kate of Aberdeen.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam  
Steals softly through the night,  
To wanton with the winding stream,  
And kifs reflected light;  
To courts be gone, heart-soothing sleep,  
Where you've so seldom been,  
While I May's wakeful vigil keep  
With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,  
In primrose chaplets gay,  
Till morn unbars her golden gate,  
And gives the promis'd May;  
The nymphs and swains shall all declare  
The promis'd May, when seen,  
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,  
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,  
And rouse yon nodding grove,  
Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,  
And hail the maid I love:  
At her approach the lark mistakes,  
And quits the new dress'd green:  
Fond bird, 'tis not the morning breaks,  
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,  
Where elves disportive play,  
The festal dance young shepherds lead,  
Or sing their love-tun'd lay.  
Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,  
And claims a virgin queen;  
The nymphs and swains exulting cry,  
"Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

Cunningham.

## Sound Argument.

WE bipeds made up of frail clay  
Alas! are the children of sorrow,  
And though brisk and merry to day,  
We all may be wretched to-morrow:  
For sunshine's succeeded by rain,  
Then fearful of life's stormy weather,  
Left pleasure should only bring pain,  
Let us all be unhappy together.

## CHORUS.

Let us all be unhappy together  
Let us all be unhappy together  
For sunshine's succeeded by rain,  
Then fearful of life's stormy weather,  
Left pleasure should only bring pain,  
Let us all be unhappy together

I grant the best blessing we know  
Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure  
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe  
Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure.  
Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,  
Thus riches and health are a bubble  
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,  
Nor any thing pleasing but trouble,

Nor any thing, &amp;c.

If a mortal would point out that life  
That on earth could be nearest to heaven.  
Let him, thanking his stars, chuse a wife  
To whom truth and honour are given.  
But honour and truth are so rare,  
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle  
That, with all my respect to the fair,  
I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

I'd advise him, &amp;c.

It appears from these premises plain  
That wisdom is nothing but folly,  
That pleasure's a term that means pain  
And that joy is your true melancholy:  
That all those who laugh ought to cry,  
That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving  
And that since we must all of us die,  
We should taste no enjoyment while living.

We should taste, &amp;c.

Dildin.

## The Waggoner.

WHEN I comes to town with a load of hay,  
Mean and lowly tho' I seem,  
I knows pretty well how they figures away,  
While I whistles and drives my team;  
Your natty sparks and flashy dames,  
How I do loveto queer,  
I runs my rigs,  
And patters and gigs, [near;  
And plays a hundred comical gamesto all that I comes  
Then in a pet,  
To hear them fret,  
A mobbing away they go:  
The scoundrel deserves to be horfewhipt!  
Who me, ma'am?  
Wo, Ball, wo!  
So to mind them I ne'er seem,  
But whistles and drives my team.

So I seems thinking of nothing at all,  
And driving as fast as I can;  
I pins a queer codger against the wall,  
Half a monkey and half a man:  
The mob come round him to put up his blood,  
While he's trembling from top to toe;  
My whip it goes spank;  
I tips Ball on the flank;  
Ball plunges and paints him over with mud,  
Queers his stockings and spoils the beau.  
Then the sweet pretty dear,  
Ah! could you but hear;  
"Odd curse you, I make you know, you infernal  
Lord be so goodly fide, I would not hurt your  
Spin he thanks for all the world."

Wo, Ball, wo!  
So to mind them I ne'er seem,  
But whistles and drives my team.

And so I gets the finest fun  
And frisk that ever you saw,  
Of all I meets I can queer ev'ry one,  
But your gemmen of the law;  
Tho' they can scarcely put me down!  
Says I, to their courts when I'm led,  
Where their tails of a pig  
They hide with a wig;  
How many ways in London town  
They dresses a calf's head?  
Then ev'ry dunce  
To hear open at once,  
Like mill-clacks their clappers go;  
Oh! that's the fellow I saw grinning thro' the horle  
collar in the country."  
"I fancy you're the fellow I saw grinning thro' the  
pillory in London."  
Wo, Ball, wo!  
So to mind them I ne'er seem,  
But whistles and drives my team.

## The Vision of Sorrow.

THOU, whose form, amid the deepest gloom,  
That shrouds the fearful solitude of night,  
Beams, in wan visions, on my pensive sight,  
Awak'd, from the cold slumbers of the tomb,  
Fair spirit, say, if with their wonted pow'r,  
Thy pure affections glow beyond the grave,  
Dost thou a melancholy joy receive,  
When mem'ry gives to thee my lonely hour?  
Dost thou look down, with pity, on thy love,  
My guardian still, as when my partner dear,  
Thy charming counsels sooth'd my willing ear,  
And rais'd my soul, the busy world above.  
Ah!—no—fast buri'd in eternal sleep,  
The dead behold not when the living weep.

Terac



## Willy was a wanton Wag.

**W**ILLY was a wanton Wag,  
The blytheft lad that e'er I saw,  
At bridals still he bore the brag,  
And carry'd aw the geer awa';  
His doublet was of Zealand flag,  
And wow! but Willy he was braw;  
And at his shoulder 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 durst 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 kiss'd,  
He kiss'd the lasses hale fale a';  
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,  
When by the hand he led them a';  
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,  
By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,  
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?  
When he danc'd with the lasses 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 now do nae mair.

Then rest you Willy, I'll gae out,  
And for a wee fill up the ring;  
But, shame light on his fouple snout,  
He wanted Willy's wanton fling:  
Then straight he to the bride did fare,  
Says, we'll's me on your bonny face;  
With bobbing Willy's shanks are fair,  
And I am come to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, 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 we't he learns us a' to flee,  
And foremost ay bears up the ring;  
We will find nae sic dancing here,  
If we want Willy's wanton fling.

## I beg'd to be lov'd, not ador'd.

**W**HEN courted by Strephon, what pains then  
he took,  
Each day on my charms to refine;  
So much of an angel he saw in my look,  
That he swore I was something divine.

Like Venus in beauty, like Juno in gait,  
Like Pallas most wonderful wife;  
And thus of three deities fairly in prate,  
He purloin'd, (to please me,) the skies.

But when I was marry'd, more trouble he found,  
To make me a woman again;  
My notions celestial so much did abound,  
That a goddess I still would remain.

But finding that his adoration would cease,  
My senses at last were restor'd;  
From sublimity gently descending to peace,  
I begg'd to be lov'd, not ador'd.

Be cautious, ye youths, with the nymph that you  
prize,  
Nor too much her beauty commend:  
When once you have rais'd the fair maid to the skies,  
To the earth she'll not easily descend.

## The High Mettled Racer.

**S**EE the course thron'd with gazers, the sports  
are begun,  
The confusion but hear! "I'll bet you, sir—done;  
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,  
Lords, hawkers, and jockies, assail the tir'd ear,  
While, with neck like a rain-bow, erecting his crest;  
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching  
his breast,  
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,  
The high mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch  
rush,

Hounds, horses and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;  
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,  
And by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way:  
While, alike born for sports of the field or the course,  
Always sure to come through, a staunch and fleet  
horse;

When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,  
The high mettled racer is in at his death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,  
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some  
blood;

While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,  
Tell his dam won this sweepstake, his sire gain'd  
that race;

And what matches he won to the ostler count o'er  
As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house  
door,

While the harness sore galls, and the spur his sides  
goad,

The high mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,  
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;  
Blind, old, lean and feeble, he tugs round a mill,  
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands  
still:

And now cold and lifeless expos'd to the view,  
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,  
While a pitying crowd his sad relics furrounds,  
The high mettled racer is food for the hounds.

*Dibdin.*

## Love in low Life.

**Y**OUNG Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so fair,  
The lass she was lovely, the swain debonair:  
They hugg'd, and they cuddl'd, and talk'd with  
their eyes,

And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise.

A fortnight was spent, ere dear Moggy came too;  
(For maidens a decency keep when they woo)  
At length she consented, and made him a vow:  
And Jockey he gave for her jointure his cow.

They pannel'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair;  
Still kissing and fondling until they came there,  
They call'd on the parson, and by him were wed,  
And Moggy she took her dear Jockey to bed.

They staid there a week, as the neighbours all say  
And none were so happy and gamefome as they:  
Then home they return'd, but return'd most un-  
kind,

For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.

Surpris'd at this treatment, she cry'd Gaffer Jock,  
Pray what is the reason that Moggy you mock?  
Quoth he, goose, come on, why you now are my  
bride;

And when volk are wed, they set fooling aside.

He took home his Moggy, good conduct to learn,  
Who brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the old  
barn;

They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,  
And now live as man and wife usually do.

## Jemmy Dawson.

BY WM. SHENSTONE, ESQ.

*Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these beautiful stanzas, was one of the eight officers, belonging to the Manchester regiment of volunteers in the service of the Young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-Common in the year 1746. And this Ballad, written about the time, was founded on a remarkable circumstance which actually happened at his execution. Just before his death, he wrote a song on his own misfortunes, which is supposed to be still extant, though the Publisher, after much enquiry, never had the happiness to meet with it;—and would think himself much obliged by being furnished with a copy of it.*

COME listen to my mournful tale,  
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear,  
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,  
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,  
Do thou a pensive ear incline;  
For thou canst weep at every woe,  
And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,  
A brighter never trod the plain;  
And well 'he lov'd one charming maid,  
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,  
Of gentle blood the damsel came,  
And faultless was her beauteous form,  
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,  
That led the favour'd youth astray;  
The day the rebel clans appear'd:  
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,  
And in the fatal dress was found;  
And now he must that death endure,  
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,  
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear?  
For never yet did Alpine snows  
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With fault'ring voice she weeping said,  
"Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart;  
Think not thy death shall end our loves,  
For thou and I will never part."

"Yet might sweet mercy find a place,  
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,  
O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee  
My orisons should never close."

"The gracious prince that gives him life  
Would crown a never-dying flame,  
And every tender babe I bore  
Should learn to list the giver's name."

"But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragg'd  
To yonder ignominious tree,  
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend  
To share thy bitter fate with thee."

O then her mourning coach was call'd,  
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;  
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,  
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She followed him, prepar'd to view  
The terrible behests of law:  
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes  
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,  
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;  
And stifed was that tuneful breath,  
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,  
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;  
And mangled was that beauteous breast,  
On which her love-sick head repos'd;  
And ravis'd was that constant heart,  
She did to every heart prefer;  
For tho' it could its king forget,  
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

And those unrelenting flames  
She bore this constant heart to see;  
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,  
"Now, now" she cried, "I follow thee,"  
"My death, my death alone can show  
The pure and lasting love I bore:  
Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,  
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,  
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;  
The maid drew back her languid head,  
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,  
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;  
For seldom shall she hear a tale  
So sad, so tender, and so true.

## Damon and Sylvia.

FROM forth the church, all-blithsome, gay,  
The youthful Damon came,  
Handing his bride in trim array,  
A fair and wealthy dame;  
Whilst poor forsaken Sylvia stood,  
Her lily'd cheek devoid of blood.

"Oh, Damon, Damon, perjur'd youth,  
But for a moment stay,  
Are all your vows and boasted truth  
Like gossamer blown away?  
Give, give me back my heart again;  
You cannot—for 'tis broke in twain."

"Did not you swear for me alone,  
Each vow to heav'n did rise?  
Did you not swear a monarch's throne  
Without me, you'd despise?  
I, wileless, thought you true as dove,  
And by my own weigh'd Damon's love."

"But wealth, that bane of constancy,  
Lur'd Damon's heart away,  
On swallow-wings false riches fly—  
True love can ne'er decay:  
Had I the world to give—you know,  
That world on Damon I'd bestow."  
"Was there a pain touch'd Damon's breast,  
But Sylvia doubly knew?  
Was there a joy to make me blest,  
But took its rise from you?  
Was there a wish—(Why heaves this sigh?)—  
Of Damon's that I could deny?"

"Behold the face you once so prais'd,  
With grief how pale, how wan!  
Those eyes, on which you oft have gaz'd,  
How dim, how woe-begone!  
Cou'd you my inmost bosom bare,  
You'd Damon see—and black despair."

"But hold—I came not to upbraid,  
I hither came to die;  
Beneath the turf when Sylvia's laid,  
Give but one tender sigh;  
'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I want,  
Happy if this small boon you grant,"  
She said; and straight a dagger aim'd,  
It quaff'd her bosom's gore;  
That bosom which, with love inflam'd,  
Despair had pierc'd before;  
Inconstant Damon felt the blow,  
And all his future days were woe.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

Patrick's Day.

YE lads and ye lasses so buxom and clever,  
Who come from Hibernia of famous renown,  
Put on your best bibs and be coming together,  
So neatly yourselves all adorning.  
The music shall be sweetly playing,  
Each shall be dancing and skipping around:  
Green shamrocks shall shine, fir,  
To make us all fine, fir;  
Salt fish and potatoes  
Shall smoak, my dear creatures,  
And nothing be wanting that there can be found;  
Full bumpers of whiskey,  
Will make us all frisky  
On Patrick's day in the morning.

St. Patrick he was of vast estimation,  
And liv'd a great while, fir, before he was dead;  
He frighted the bug-a-boos out of the nation,  
So none of your sneering and scoffing;  
For many things he did most truly,  
All as clever as clever could be;  
He banish'd the bugs, fir,  
From blankets and rugs, fir,  
Ah! hub a boo, boo, fir,  
What more could he do, fir?  
Whatever he said, fir, the blind could not see:  
With heart like shillilah,  
Then let us be gaily  
On Patrick's day in the morning.

There's Phelim O'Fagan and ruddy-fac'd Paddy,  
With many tall fellows to keep up the wake;  
Miss Blarney will dance with her mammy and daddy  
And play till the evening's returning:  
With mirth and music, dance and caper,  
We flap the wet brogue to each frolicksome she,  
While each pretty miss, fir,  
We'll smuggle and kiss, fir,  
And pull 'em and haul 'em,  
And tenderly maul 'em,  
Arrah, who in the world are so merry as we?  
All this to begin, fir,  
We think it no sin, fir,  
On Patrick's day in the morning.

In this Shady Bleft Retreat.

IN this shady bleft retreat  
I've been wishing for my dear;  
Hark! I hear his welcome feet  
Tell the lovely charmer's near.  
'Tis the sweet bewitching swain,  
True to love's appointed hour;  
Joy and peace now smiles again:  
Love! I own thy mighty power.

Could you to Battle march away.

*Madelon.* COULD you to battle march away,  
And leave me here complaining?  
I'm fure 'twould break my heart to stay,  
When you were gone campaigning.  
Ah! non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon  
Will never quit her rover,  
Ah! non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon  
Would go with you all the world over.

*Soldier.* Cheer, cheer my love, you shall not grieve,  
A soldier true you'll find me;  
I could not have the heart to leave  
My little girl behind me.  
Ah! non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon  
Shall never quit her rover;  
Ah! non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon  
Shall go with me all the world over.

*Madelon*—And can you to the battle go,  
'To womens' fears a stranger?  
No fears my breast shall ever know,  
But when my love's in danger.  
Ah! non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon  
Will never quit her rover:  
Ah! non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon  
Will go with you all the world over.

*Duet.* Then let the world jog as it will,  
Let hollow friends forsake us;  
We both shall be as happy still  
As love and war can make us.  
*Ah! non, &c.*

Ton, ton sounds the Horn.

WHEN over the mountain's brow peeps the  
young morn,  
The pack the dew dashing, ton, ton sounds the horn.  
The fox fear'd from kennel where cunning he lay,  
Brushes off to the tally ho, we burst away.

Up hill and down valley we rattle along,  
No dog is at fault, for the scent it lies strong,  
No hedge or ditch stop us, we circle the woods,  
High over the swinging bar, dash thro' the floods.

The view hollow given the wild welkin rings,  
Hark, hark they re-echo, 'tis music for kings:  
Men, horses and hounds, in loud harmony share;  
The chorus of nature can nature forbear.

When down he went dodging a double he tries,  
O'er banks and hedge brushing to cover he flies,  
What man can be tame or be tempted to stay,  
Or think upon safety, who hears hark away.

## Little Ben.

**R**ESPLENDENT gleam'd the ample moon,  
 Reflected on the glitt'ring Lee,  
 The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,  
 And scarce a ripple shook the sea.  
 'Midst sailors, left to nature's care,  
 Of education oft deny'd  
 Yet still with sence, a bounteous share,  
 By observation well supply'd,  
 While they in bold, untutty'd guise  
 Unloos'd each honest tongue,  
 Drawing from wildom comfort's drop,  
 In truth and fair reflections wise,  
 Right cheerfully sung,  
 Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main top.

Why should the hardy tar complain?  
 'Tis certain true he weathers more  
 From danger on the roaring main,  
 Than lazy lubbers do ashore.  
 Ne'er let the noble mind despair,  
 Tho' roaring seas run mountains high.  
 All things are built with equal care,  
 First-rate or wherry, man or ty,  
 If there's a pow'r that never errs,  
 And certainly 'tis so,  
 For honest hearts what comforts drop;  
 As well as kings and emperors,  
 Why not take in tow  
 Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main-top?

What tho' to distant climes to roam,  
 Far from my darling Nancy's charms,  
 The sweeter is my welcome home,  
 To blustful moorings in her arms.  
 Perhaps the on that sober moon  
 A lover's observation takes,  
 And longs that little Ben may soon  
 Relieve that heart, which sorely aches.  
 Ne'er fear, that power that never errs,  
 That guards all things below,  
 For honest hearts what comforts drop;  
 As well as kings and emperors,  
 Will surely take in tow  
 Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main top.

## Let's seek the Bower.

**L**ET's seek the bower of Robinhood,  
 This is his bridal day,  
 And cheartully in blythe Sherwood  
 Bridemaids and bridesmen play.  
 Then follow, follow, me, my bonny bonny lads,  
 And we'll the pastime see;  
 For the minstrels sing,  
 And the sweet bells ring,  
 And they feast right merrily, merrily;  
 And they feast right merrily, merrily.

The humming beer flows round in pails,  
 With mead that's stout and old,  
 And am'rous virgins tell love-tales,  
 To thaw the heart that's cold.  
 Then follow me, my bonny lads,  
 And we'll the pastimes see;  
 For the minstrels sing,  
 And the sweet bells ring,

*And they feast, &c.*

There dancing sprightly on the green,  
 Each lightfoot lad and lass;  
 Sly stealing kisses when unteem,  
 And jingling gla's with gla's.  
 Then follow me, my bonny lads,  
 And we'll the pastimes see;  
 For the minstrels sing,  
 And the sweet bells ring,

*And they feast, &c.*

## The rosy dimpled God.

**T**HE rosy dimpled god we'll crown;  
 This sparkling, cheerful, flowing gla's  
 Each anxious thought of care shall drown,  
 No rapture can my joy surpass.  
*We'll drive our sorrow far away,  
 Since life is but a holiday.*  
 No faction shall disturb my peace,  
 Nor Fortune, tho' she smiles too late;  
 Let those whose labours ne'er shall cease,  
 Still combat with the hand of fate.  
*In spite of fate we will be gay,  
 Since life is but a holiday.*

How well that smile becomes thy face,  
 (The source from which thy muse doth spring)  
 Whilst friendship brightens ev'ry grace  
 And makes my cheerful heart to sing.  
*Let mirth and friendship ne'er decay,  
 Since life is but a holiday.*

Then let thy toast my bumper crown,  
 Or sentiment my muse inspire;  
 Tho' fate and fortune still may frown,  
 Thy smile shall wake my sleeping lyre.  
*No rancour shall our minds display,  
 To vex the jovial holiday.*

## The African.

**W**HILE over the tremulous sea,  
 The moon spread her mantle of light.  
 And the gale gentle dying away,  
 Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.  
 On the forecattle Maratan stood,  
 And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale:  
 His tears fell unseen in the flood,  
 His sighs pass'd unheard on the gale.  
 "Ah, wretch! in wild anguish," he cry'd,  
 "From country and liberty torn!  
 Ah, Maratan, would thou hadst died,  
 E'er over the waves thou wert borne."  
 "Through the groves of Angola I stray'd,  
 Love and hope made my bosom their home;  
 There I talk'd with my favourite maid,  
 Nor dreamt of the sorrow to come."  
 "From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,  
 My cries echo'd loud through the air  
 There was fury and wrath on his tongue,  
 He was deaf to the voice of despair."  
 "Accurs'd be the merciless hand,  
 That his love could from Maratan tear;  
 And blasted this impotent hand,  
 That was sever'd from all I held dear."  
 "Flow ye tears—down my cheeks ever flow—  
 Still let sleep from my eyelids depart,  
 And still may the arrows of woe  
 Drink deep of the stream of my heart."  
 "But hark! o'er the silence of night  
 My Adila's accents I hear,  
 And mournful, beneath the wan light,  
 I see her lov'd image appear."  
 "Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,  
 As the mist that hangs light on the wave  
 And fondly her lover she chides,  
 Who lingers so long from his grave."  
 "Oh, Maratan! haste thee, she cries,  
 Here the reign of oppression is o'er;  
 The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,  
 And Adila sorrows no more."  
 "Now sinking amidst the dim ray,  
 Her form seems to fade on my view;  
 O! stay thee—my Adila, stay!—  
 She beckons, and I must pursue."  
 "To-morrow the white man in vain,  
 Shall proudly account me his slave;  
 My shackles I plunge in the main,  
 And rush to the realms of the brave."



## Tulloghgorum.

COME gie's a fang, the lady cried,  
An' lay your disputes a' aside,  
What signifies for folk t' chide,  
For what's been done before them.

Blythe an' merry we's be a'  
Blythe an' merry,  
Blythe an' merry,  
Blythe an' merry we's be a'  
To form a chearfu' chorum;  
Blythe an' merry we's be a'  
As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
An' dance till we be like to fa',  
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,  
It gars us a' in ane unite,  
An' ony fumph that keeps up spite,  
In conscience I abhor him.

Let whig and tory a' agree,  
Whig an' tory,  
Whig an' tory,  
Let whig an' tory a' agree,  
To quit their whipmagorum;  
Let whig an' tory a' agree,  
To spend this night in mirth an' glee,  
An' chearfu' sing along wi' me,  
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

There need na be sae great a-phraze  
Bout dringling dull Italian lays,  
I wad na gie our ain strathspeys  
For half a hundred score o' them.

They're douff and doway at the best,  
Douff an' doway,  
Douff an' doway,  
They're douff an' doway at the best,  
Wi' a' their variorum;  
They're douff an' doway at the best,  
Their allegro's an' a' the rest,  
They canna' please an' highland taste,  
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themfells distrefs,  
Wi' fear o' want an' double cefs,  
An' silly fauls themfells oppreis  
Wi' keeping up decorum;

Shall we fae four an' fulky fit,  
Sour an' fulky,  
Sour an' fulky,  
Shall we fae four an' fulky fit,  
Like auld philosophorum?  
Shall we fae four an' fulky fit,  
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
An' dare na rise t' shake a fit,  
T' the reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend  
Each honest hearted open friend,  
An' calm an' quiet be his end,  
Be a' that's good before him.

May peace an' plenty be his lot,  
Peace an' plenty,  
Peace an' plenty,  
May peace an' plenty be his lot,  
An' dainties a great store o' them,  
May peace an' plenty be his lot,  
Unfained by ony vicious plot,  
An' may he never want a groat,  
That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,  
That fain wad be oppression's tool,  
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
An' blackest fiends devour him;

May dole an' sorrow be his chance,  
Dole an' sorrow,  
Dole an' sorrow,  
May dole an' sorrow be his chance,  
An' honest fauls abhor him,  
May dole an' sorrow be his chance,  
An' a' the ills that come frae France,  
Whae'er he be, that winna dance  
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

## When I was a Younker.

WHEN I was a younker, and liv'd with my dad,  
The neighbours all thought me a smart little lad;  
My mammy she call'd me her white-headed boy;  
Because with the girls I liked to toy.  
There was Cits, Prifs, Letty and Betty and Doll,  
With Meg, Peg, Jenny and Winny and Moll;  
I flatter their chatter so sprightly and gay,  
I rumple 'em, tumble 'em;—that's my way.

One fine frosty morning a-going to school,  
Young Moggy I met, and she call'd me a fool.  
Her mouth was my primmer, a lesson I took.  
I swore it was pretty, and kiss'd the book.  
But school, fool, primmer, and trimmer and birch,  
And boys for the girls I've left in the lurch.

*I flatter &c.*

'Tis very well known I can dance a good jig;  
And at cudgel, from Robin I won a fat pig.  
I wrestle a fall, and a bar I can fling,  
And, when o'er the flaggon, can sweetly sing.  
But pig, lig, wicket, and cricket, and ball,  
I'd give up to wrestle with Moggy of all.

*I flatter, &c.*

## Cuckow, Cuckow.

WHEN dazies py'd, and vi'lets blue,  
And ladies smocks all silver white,  
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight;  
The cuckow then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he—  
Cuckow, cuckow, O! word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;  
The cuckow then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he—  
Cuckow, cuckow, O! word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear.

*Shakspeare.*

## The Watery Grave.

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,  
That tears from a stone might provoke;  
'Tis concerning a Tar you must know,  
As honest as e'er biscuit broke;  
His name was Ben Block, of all men  
The most gentle, most kind, the most brave,  
But harsh-treated by fortune, for Ben,  
In his prime found a watery grave.  
His truth, no one ever knew more,  
His heart was all kindness and love,  
Though on duty an eagle he'd soar,  
His nature had most of the dove.  
He loved a fair maiden named Kate.  
His father, to inter't a slave,  
Sent him far from his love, where hard fate  
Plung'd him deep in a watery grave,  
A curse on all slanderous tongues,  
A false friend his mild nature abused,  
And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,  
To poison Ben's pleasure accus'd,  
That she never had truly been kind,  
That false were the tokens she gave,  
That she scorned him and wished he might find  
In the Ocean, a watery grave.  
Too sure from this cankerous elf  
The venom accomplished its end,  
Ben, all truth and honor himself,  
Suspected no fraud in his friend,  
Aloft, while suspended in air,  
A loose to his sorrows he gave,  
"Take thy wish," he cried, "false, cruel fair."  
And plung'd in a watery grave.

## The Wandering Prince of Troy.

WHEN Troy town, for ten years wars,  
Withstood the Greeks in manful wise,  
Then did their foes encrease so fast,  
That to resist none could suffice:  
Waste lie those walls that were so good,  
And corn now grows where Troy town stood.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,  
When he for land long time had fought,  
At length, his navy, with great joy,  
To mighty Carthage walls was brought;  
Where Dido queen, with sumptuous feast,  
Dil entertain this wandering guest.

And, as in hall at meat they sat,  
The queen, desirous news to hear,  
"Of thy unhappy ten years wars,  
Declare to me, thou Trojan dear;  
The heavy hap, and chance so bad,  
Which thou, poor wand'ring prince, hast had."

And then, anon, this comely knight,  
With words demure, as he could well,  
Of his unhappy ten years wars  
So true a tale began to tell,  
With words so sweet, and sighs so deep,  
That oft he made them all to weep.

And then a thousand sighs he fetch'd,  
And every sigh brought tears amain;  
That where he fate the place was wet,  
As he had seen those wars again;  
So that the queen, with ruth therefore,  
Said, "worthy prince, enough, no more."

The darksome night apace grew on,  
And twinkling stars in skies were spread;  
And he his doleful tale had told,  
And every one was laid in bed;  
Where they full sweetly took their rest,  
Save only Dido's boiling breast.

This silly woman never slept,  
But in her chamber, all alone,  
As one unhappy, always wept,  
And to the walls she made her moan;  
That she should still desire in vain  
The thing that she could not obtain.

And thus in grief she spent the night,  
Till twinkling stars from sky were fled,  
And Phœbus, with his glittering beams,  
Through misty clouds appeared red;  
Then tidings came to her anon,  
That all the Trojan ships were gone.

And then the queen, with bloody knife,  
Did arm her heart as hard as stone,  
Yet, somewhat loath to lose her life,  
In woeful wise she made her moan;  
And, rolling on her careful bed,  
With sighs and sobs, these words she said:

"O wretched Dido queen!" quoth she,  
I see thy end approaching near;  
For he is gone away from thee,  
Whom thou did'st love, and held so dear  
Is he then gone, and pass'd by?  
O heart, prepare thyself to die."

Though reason would thou should'st forbear,  
And stay thy hand from bloody stroke;  
Yet fancy says thou should'st not fear,  
Who fetter'd thee in Cupid's yoke.  
Come Death, quoth she, resolve my smart:—  
And, with these words, she pierc'd her heart.

When Death had pierc'd the tender heart,  
Of Dido, Carthaginian queen;  
And bloody knife did end the smart,  
Which she sustain'd in woeful teen:  
Æneas being shipp'd and gone,  
Whose flattery caused all her moan;

Her funeral most costly made,  
And all things furnish'd mournfully;  
Her body fine in mold was laid,  
Where it consumed speedily:  
Her sister's tears her tomb bestrew'd;  
Her subjects grief their kindness shew'd.

Then was Æneas in an isle,  
In Grecia, where he liv'd long space,  
Whereas her sister, in short while,  
Writ to him, to his vile disgrace;  
In phrase of letters to her mind,  
She told him plain he was unkind.

"False-hearted wretch," quoth she "thou art;  
And cruelly thou hast betray'd  
Unto thy lure a gentle heart,  
Which unto thee such welcome made;  
My sister dear, and Carthage joy,  
Whose folly wrought her dire annoy."

"Yet, on her death-bed when she lay,  
She pray'd for thy prosperity,  
Beseeching Heaven, that ev'ry day  
Might breed thy great felicity;  
Thus, by thy means I lost a friend;  
Heav'n send thee such untimely end."

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,  
Perus'd had, and weigh'd them right,  
His lofty courage then did fall;—  
And straight appeared in his sight  
Queen Dido's ghost, both grim and pale;  
Which made this gallant foldier quail."

"Æneas," quoth this grisly ghost,  
"My whole delight while I did live,  
Thee of all men I loved most;  
My fancy and my will did give:  
For entertainment I thee gave,  
Unthankfully thou dig'st my grave."

"I therefore prepare thy fleeting soul  
To wander with me in the air;  
Where deadly grief shall make it howl,  
Because of me thou took'st no care:  
Delay no time, thy glass is run,  
Thy day is pass'd, thy death is come."

"O stay, a while, thou lovely sprite;  
Be not so hasty to convey  
My soul into eternal night,  
Where it shall ne'er behold bright day.  
O do not frown,—thy angry look  
Already hath my reason shook."

"But, woe to me! it is in vain,  
And bootless is my dismal cry;  
Time will not be recall'd again,  
Nor thou relent before I die:  
O let me live, to make amends  
Unto some of thy dearest friends."

"But, seeing thou obdurate art,  
And wilt no pity to me show,  
Because from thee I did depart,  
And left unpaid what I did owe,  
I must content myself to take  
What lot thou wilt with me partake."

And like one being in a trance,  
A multitude of ugly fiends  
About this woeful prince did dance:  
No help he had of any friends.  
His body then they took away,  
And no man knew his dying day.



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Good Morrow to your Night Cap.

DEAR Kathleen you, no doubt,  
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis,  
Dogs bark and cocks have crow'd out,  
You never dream how late 'tis.  
This morning gay, I post away,  
To have with you a bit of play,  
On two legs rid, along to bid—  
Good morrow to your night cap.

Last night a little bowfy  
With whiskey, ale, and cider,  
I ask'd young Betty Bloufy,  
To let me sit beside her.  
Her anger rose, and four as floes,  
The little gipsy cock'd her nose;  
Yet here I've rid, along to bid—  
Good morrow to your night cap.

*O'Keefe.*

The Waxen Doll.

WHEN first I slip'd my leading-strings,  
To please her little Poll,  
My mother bought me at the fair  
A pretty waxen doll;  
Such floe-black eyes and cherry cheeks  
The smiling dear possess'd,  
How could I kiss it oft enough,  
Or hug it to my breast?

No sooner I could prattle it,  
As forward misses do,  
Then how I long'd and sigh'd to hear  
My Dolly prattle do;  
I curl'd her hair in ringlets neat,  
And dress'd her very gay,  
And yet the sulky huffy not  
A syllable would say.

Provok'd that to my questions kind  
I could no answer get,  
I shook the little huffy well,  
And whip'd her in a pet;  
My mother cry'd, "Oh! fie upon't,  
"Pray let your doll alone,  
"If e'er you wish to have a pretty  
"Baby of your own."

My head on this I bridled up,  
And threw the play-thing by,  
Altho' my sister snub'd me for't,  
I knew the reason why:  
I fancy she would wish to keep  
The sweet-hearts all her own,  
But that she shan't, depend upon't,  
When I'm a woman grown.

Jack Ratlin.

JACK Ratlin was the ablest seaman,  
None like him could hand, reef, or steer;  
No dang'rous toil, but he'd encounter  
With skill, and in contempt of fear.  
In fight a lion—the battle ended,  
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;  
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,  
Yet did he figh—and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,  
Not none of these had Jack's regard;  
He, while his messmates were carousing,  
High sitting on the pending yard,  
Would think upon his fair one's beauties,  
Swear never from such charms to rove;  
That truly he'd adore them living,  
And, dying, figh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded  
Once more to view their native land,  
Amongst the rest brought Jack some tidings  
Would it had been his love's fair hand!  
Oh! Fate! her death defac'd the letter—  
Instant his pulse forgot to move!  
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,  
He heav'd a sigh!—and dy'd for love.

When the Rose is in Bud.

WHEN the rose is in bud, and blue violets blow,  
And the birds sing us love songs from every bough;  
When cowslips and daisies, and daffodils spread,  
Adorning, perfuming, the flowery mead;  
Our cleanly milk-pail  
Is fill'd with brown ale;  
Our table, our table's the grafs;  
There we sit and we sing,  
And we dance in a ring,  
And every lad has his lafs.

When without the plough the fat oxen do low,  
The lads and the lasses a sheep-sheering go;  
Our shepherd shears his jolly, jolly fleece,  
How much richer than that which they say was in  
Greece!

'Tis our cloth, and our food,  
And our politic blood;  
'Tis the seat which our nobles all sit on;  
'Tis a mine above ground,  
'Where our treasure's all found;  
'Tis the gold and the silver of Britain.

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## A Country to Marry in.

**O**H! what a country for people to marry in;  
 Love and its comforts they never miscarry in,  
 Mifs wants a husband and master a wife,  
 Parents consent, and they're happy for life;  
 If one bed won't do, they put up with two,  
 The good wife loves to roam, the good man stays  
 at home;  
 At night they retire from their merry-go-rounds,  
 He's got a few bottles, she's lost a few pounds.  
 If Hymen's fond bands such soft raptures bespeak,  
 Say who would live single a week?

Happy pair!

*Say who, &c.*

Fortune perhaps the dear couple may smile upon,  
 Field for the fair, to shew off their grand stile upon,  
 A coach and six horses, a service of plate,  
 A beau for soft service, a dozen for state,  
 Should pocket be-low, to traffic they go,  
 A great rout is declar'd, a rich Pharo' prepar'd,  
 The guests return lighter perhaps than they went,  
 The supper's discharg'd, and the host is content.  
 If wedlock such permanent joys can display,  
 Pray who would live single a day?

Charming scene!

*Pray who, &c.*

Lucky in these, they have other resources too,  
 Sweet separations, and tender divorces too,  
 If your wife in a friend too much confidence puts,  
 We thrust a filetto straight into his guts;  
 They only look big, by a counsellor's wig;  
 And the weapons they draw, to a limb of the law,  
 Both parties for damage good natur'dly sue,  
 And their wrongs are set right, by a nabob or jew,  
 If husbands such recompence have in their pow'r,  
 Then who would live single an hour?

Pleasant rogues!

*Then who, &c.*

## The Union of Bacchus and Venus.

**I**M a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godship adore,  
 And love at his shrine gay libations to pour,  
 And Venus, blest Venus, my bosom inspires;  
 For the lights in our souls the most sacred of fires:  
 Yet to neither, I swear sole allegiance to hold,  
 My bottle and lass, I by turns must enfold;  
 For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,  
 Is of Bacchus, gay God, and the Goddess of love:

When fill'd to the fair, the brisk bumper I hold,  
 Can the miser survey with such pleasure his gold?  
 The ambrosia of gods no such relish can boast,  
 If good port, fill your glass, and fair Kitty's the toast,  
 And the charms of your girl more angelic will be,  
 If her sofa's encircled with wreaths from his tree,  
*For the sweetest of unions, &c.*

All partial distinctions I hate from my soul,  
 O give me my fair one, and give me my bowl;  
 Bliss, reflected from either, will send to my heart  
 Ten thousand sweet joys which they can't have apart;  
 Go try it, ye smiling and gay looking throng,  
 And your heart shall in unison beat to my song,  
*That the sweetest of unions, &c.*

## My true love is gone to Sea.

**M**Y former time, how brisk and gay,  
 So blithe was I, as blithe could be;  
 But now I'm sad, ah! well-a-day,  
 For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue—I strive to shun,  
 Their wheedling arts are lost on me;  
 For I to death shall love but one,  
 And he, alas! is gone to sea.

As droop the flow'rs till light return,  
 As mourns the dove its absent she;  
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,  
 Till my true love returns from sea.

## Roslin Castle.

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

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

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

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,  
 With rapture calls, O come away;  
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine  
 Around that modest brow of thine:  
 O hither haste, and with thee bring  
 That beauty, blooming like the spring,  
 Those graces that divinely shine,  
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

## The Topails shiver in the Wind.

**T**HE top-sails shiver in the wind,  
 The ship she casts to sea,  
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,  
 Are, Mary, moor'd with thee;  
 For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,  
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're fail'd,  
 O doubt their artful tales;  
 No gallant failor ever fail'd,  
 If love breath'd constant gales;  
 Thou art the compass of my soul,  
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,  
 More fell than rocks and waves;  
 But such as grace the British fleet,  
 Are lovers and not slaves;  
 No foes our courage shall subdue,  
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares—but if you're kind,  
 We'll scorn the dashing main,  
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,  
 The power of France and Spain:  
 Now England's glory rests with you,  
 Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

## The Rose.

**N**O flower that blows is like this rose,  
 Or scatters such perfume;  
 Upon my breast, ah! gently rest,  
 And ever, ever bloom!

Dear pledge to prove a parent's love,  
 A pleasing gift thou art;  
 Come, sweetest flower, and from this hour  
 Live henceforth in my heart!



## The Tartan Plaid.

**B**Y moonlight on the green,  
Where lads and lasses stray,  
How sweet the blossom'd bean,  
How sweet the new-made hay?  
But not to me so sweet  
The blossom of the thorn,  
As when my lad I meet  
More fresh than May-day morn.  
Give me the lad so blithe and gay,  
Give me the tartan plaidie;  
For spite of all the world can say,  
I'll wed my Highland laddie.

His skin is white as snow,  
His een are bonny blue;  
Like rose-bud sweet his mou'  
When wet with morning dew.  
Young Will is rich and great,  
And fain wou'd ca' me his;  
But what is pride or state  
Without love's smiling bliss.

*Give me the lad, &c.*

When first he talk'd of love,  
He look'd so blithe and gay,  
His flame I did approve,  
And could nae say him nay.  
Then to the kirk I'll haste,  
There prove my love and truth;  
Reward a love so chaste,  
And wed the constant youth.

*Give me the lad, &c.*

## Rosina.

**E**RE bright Rosina met my eyes,  
How peaceful past the joyous day!  
In rural sports I gain'd the prize,  
Each virgin listen'd to my lay.

But now no more I touch the lyre,  
No more the rustic sports can please;  
I live the slave of fond desire,  
Lost to myself, to mirth, and ease.

The tree that, in a happier hour,  
Its boughs extended o'er the plain,  
When blasted by the lightning's pow'r,  
Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.

## The honest Sailor.

**T**HAT girl who fain would chuse a mate,  
In fondness ne'er to fail her;  
May thank her lucky stars, if Fate  
Should splice her to a sailor.

He braves the storm, the battle's heat,  
The yellow boys to nail her;  
Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat,  
Would seek her honest sailor.

If she be true, sure of his heart,  
She never need bewail her;  
For tho' a thousand leagues apart,  
Still constant is her sailor.

Tho' she be false, still he is kind,  
And comes with smiles to hail her;  
He trusting, as he trusts the wind,  
Still faithless to her sailor.

A butcher can procure her prog;  
Three threads to drink, a tailor:  
What's that to biscuit and to grog,  
Procur'd her by her sailor?

She who would such a mate refuse,  
The devil sure must ail her:  
Search round, and if you're wise, you'll chuse  
To wed an honest sailor.

## Molly Afore.

BY THE RT. HON. GEORGE OGLE.

**A**S down on Banna's banks I stray'd  
One ev'ning in May,  
The little birds with blitheest notes  
Made vocal ev'ry spray;  
They sung their little tales of love,  
They sung them o'er and o'er,  
Ah! gra ma chree, ma colleen oge,  
My Molly afore.

The daisies py'd, and all the sweets  
The dawn of Nature yields,  
The primrose pale and violet blue  
Lay scatter'd o'er the fields:  
Such fragrance in the bosom lies  
Of her whom I adore,

*Ah! gra ma chree, &c.*

I laid me down upon a bank  
Bewailing my sad fate,  
That doom'd me thus a slave to love  
And cruel Molly's hate;  
How can she break the honest heart  
That wears her in its core?

*Ah! gra ma chree, &c.*

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear,  
Ah! why did I believe?  
Yet who could think such tender vows  
Were meant but to deceive?  
That love was all I ask'd on earth,  
Nay, Heav'n could give no more,

*Ah! gra ma chree, &c.*

Oh! had I all the flocks that feed  
On yonder yellow hill,  
Or loo'd for me the num'rous herds  
That yon green pasture fill;  
With her I love I'd gladly share  
My kine and fleecy store,

*Ah! gra ma chree, &c.*

Two turtle doves above my head  
Sat courting on a bough,  
I envy'd them their happiness  
To see them bill and coo;  
Such fondness once for me was shewn,  
But now, alas! 'tis o'er,

*Ah! gra ma chree, &c.*

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,  
Thy loss I e'er shall mourn,  
Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,  
For thee 'twill fondly burn;  
Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee  
Its choicest blessings pour,

*Ah! gra ma chree, &c.*

## Lovely Woman.

**W**HEN lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds, too late, that men betray;  
What charm can sooth her melancholy?  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom is, to die!

*Goldsmith.*

## Stanzas on Man.

BY JOHN BRENNAN, ESQ.

**W**HEN foolish man consents to marry,  
And finds, too late, his wife's a shrew;  
When she her point in all must carry,  
'Tis hard to say what's best to do.

Alas! the breeches to recover,  
To 'scape her tongue and light'ning eye,  
And be as free as when her lover,  
His only method is--to fly.

## Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene.

*The following beautiful tale has never been published, before, in any collection of songs or ballads.—It is extracted from the celebrated romance of "the Monk" by G. M. Lewis, esq. M. B. P. The ease of the versification, the wild and forcible colouring with which it is wrought up, its numerous fine passages, and the high degree of interest which it excites in the breast of the reader, justify entitle it to a foremost rank among the best productions of this kind in the English language.*

A WARRIOR so bold and a virgin so bright,  
Convers'd as they sat on the green;  
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight:  
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,  
The maid's was the Fair Imogene.

"And, oh!" said the youth "since to-morrow I go  
"To fight in a far distant land,  
"Your tears for my absence soon leaving to flow,  
"Some other will court you, and you will bestow  
"On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh! hush these suspicions," fair Imogene said,  
"Offensive to love and to me!  
"For, if you be living, or if you be dead,  
"I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead  
"Shall husband of Imogene be.

"If ere I, by passion or wealth led aside,  
"Forget my Alonzo the Brave,  
"God grant, that to punish my falsehood and pride,  
"Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,  
"May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,  
"And bear me away to the grave!"

To Palestine hasten'd the hero so bold;  
His love, she lamented him fore:  
But scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when behold,  
A baron all cover'd with jewels and gold  
Arriv'd at Fair Imogene's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain  
Soon made her untrue to her vows:  
He dazzl'd her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain;  
He caught her affections so light and so vain,  
And carry'd her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest;  
The revelry now was begun:  
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast;  
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd,  
When the bell at the castle toll'd—"one!"

Then first with amazement Fair Imogene found  
That a stranger was plac'd by her side:  
His air was terrific; he utter'd no sound  
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,  
But earnestly gaz'd on the bride.

His vizor was clos'd, and gigantic his height;  
His armour was fable to view:  
And pleasure and laughter were hush'd at his sight;  
The dogs, as they ey'd him, drew back in a fright;  
The lights in the chamber burn'd blue!

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay;  
The guests sat in silence and fear,  
At length speak the bride, while she trembled "I pray  
Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you may lay,  
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent: the stranger complies,  
His vizor he slowly unclos'd:  
Oh! God! what a sight met fair Imogene's eyes!  
How faded her colour—aghast with surprise,  
When a skeleton's head was expos'd!

All present then utter'd a terrify'd shout;  
With horror all turn'd from the scene.  
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept  
out,  
Where his eyes once were, and his temples about,  
While the spectre address'd Imogene.

"Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he cry'd;  
"Remember Alonzo the brave!  
"God grants, that to punish thy falsehood and pride,  
"My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,  
"Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,  
"And bear thee away to the grave!"

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,  
Nor heeded the shrieks of his prey;  
Then sank with her swift through the wide-yawning  
ground:  
Nor ever again was fair Imogene found,  
Nor the spectre who bore her away.

Not long liv'd the Baron; and none since that time  
To inhabit the castle presume;  
For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,  
There Imogene suffers the pain of her crime,  
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her spright,  
When mortals in slumbers are bound,  
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,  
Appear in the hall with the Skeleton-Knight,  
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the  
grave,  
Dancing round them the spectres are seen:  
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave  
They howl—"To the health of Alonzo the Brave  
And his consort the Fair Imogene!"

## Fancy and Desire.

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

*Edward Vere, earl of Oxford, was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its "excellency and wit."*

COME hither shepherd swain;  
"Sir, what do you desire?  
I pray thee, shew to me thy name.  
"My name is fond Desire."

When wert thou born, Desire?  
"In pomp and prime of May."  
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?  
"By fond Conceit men say."

Tell me, who was thy nurse?  
"Fresh Youth in fugred joy."  
What was thy meat and daily food?  
"Sad sighs with great annoy."

What hast thou then to drink?  
"Unfavoury lovers tears."  
What cradle wert thou rocked in?  
"In hope devoid of fears."

What lull'd thee then asleep?  
"Sweet speech, which likes me best."  
Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?  
"In gentle hearts I rest."

What thing doth please thee most?  
"To gaze on beauty still."  
Whom dost thou think to be thy foe?  
"Disdain of my good will."

Doth company displease?  
"Yea, surely, many one."  
Where doth Desire delight to live?  
"He loves to live alone."

Doth either time or age  
Bring him unto decay?  
"No, no, Desire both lives and dies  
Ten thousand times a day."

Then, fond Desire farewell,  
Thou art no mate for me;  
I should be loth, methinks, to dwell  
With such a one as thee.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

Sandy o'er the Lee.

A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG.

I WINNA marry any mon  
But Sandy o'er the Lee,  
I winna marry any mon  
But Sandy o'er the Lee,  
I winna ha' the dominee,  
For geud he canna be,  
But I will ha' my Sandy lad,  
My Sandy o'er the Lee:  
For he's aye a kiffing, kiffing,  
Aye a' kiffing me,  
He's aye a' kiffing, kiffing,  
Aye a' kiffing me.

I winna ha' the minister,  
For a' his godly looks;  
Nor yet will I the lawyer ha'  
For a' his wily crooks;  
I winna ha' the ploughman lad,  
Nor yet will I the miller,  
But I will ha' my Sandy lad,  
Without one penny fil'ler:  
*For he's aye a' kiffing, &c.*

I winna ha' the foldier lad,  
For he gangs to the war;  
I winna ha' the sailior lad,  
Because he smells o' tar;  
I winna ha' the lord nor laird,  
For a' their mickle gear;  
But I will ha' my Sandy lad,  
My Sandy o'er the meir;  
*For he's aye a' kiffing, &c.*

O bonny Lafs.

O BONNY lafs will you lye in a barrack?  
And O bonny lafs will you lye in a barrack?  
And O bonny lafs will you lye in a barrack,  
And marry a foldier and carry his wallet?

Yes, I will go and think no more on it,  
I'll marry my Harry and carry his wallet;  
I'll neither ask leave of my minnie or daddie  
But off and away with my foldier laddie.

O bonny lafs will you go a campaigning?  
Will you suffer the hardships of battle and famine?  
When bleeding and fainting, O would you draw  
near me,  
And kindly support me, and tenderly chear me?

O yes I will go tho' these evils you mention,  
And twenty times more, if you had the intention  
Neither hunger, nor cold, nor danger alarm me  
While I have my foldier, my dearest, to charm me.

Come, rouze from your Trances.

COME, rouze from your trances,  
Sly morning advances,  
To catch sluggish mortals in bed;  
Let the horn's jocund note  
In the wind sweetly float,  
While the fox from the brake lifts his head;  
Now creeping,  
Now peeping,  
The fox from the brake lifts his head.  
Each away to his steed,  
Your goddesses shall lead,  
Come, follow, my worshippers, follow;  
For the chace all prepare,  
See, the hounds snuff the air,  
Hark! hark, to the huntsmen's sweet hollow!

Hark, Jowler, hark Rover,  
See, Reynard breaks cover,  
The hunters fly over the ground;  
Now they dart down the lane,  
Now they skim o'er the plain,  
And the hills, woods, and vallies resound;  
With dashing  
And splashing,  
The hills, woods, and vallies resound.  
Then away with full speed,  
Your goddesses shall lead,  
Come, follow, my worshippers, follow;  
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,  
If you stop you're too late;  
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hollow.

The Je ne Scai Quoi.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,  
And Celia has undone me;  
And yet, I'll swear, I can't tell how  
The pleasing pain stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,  
For there no graces revel;  
'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates  
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that  
There's nothing more than common;  
And all her sense is only chat,  
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give the 'larm,  
'Twas both, perhaps, or neither;  
In short, 'twas that provoking charm  
Of Celia all together.

W. Whitehead.

## Come, listen, ye Fair.

COME, listen, ye fair,  
 And the reason declare,  
 ('Tis a point much your answer behoving)  
 Why the words of a scold,  
 As we often are told,  
 Are so very pathetic and moving?  
 Why the reason's soon shewn;  
 Was there ever man known,  
 In his senses, would tarry to hear her?  
 Then there needs little proving  
 Her words must be moving,  
 Since none who can move will stay near her.  
*Heywood.*

## The Negro's Complaint.

FORC'D from home, and all its pleasures,  
 Afric's coast I left forlorn,  
 To increase a stranger's treasures,  
 O'er the raging billows borne,  
 Men from England bought and sold me,  
 Paid my price in paltry gold;  
 But tho' theirs they have enroll'd me,  
 Minds are never to be sold,  
 Still in thought as free as ever,  
 What are England's rights I ask,  
 Me from my delights to sever,  
 Me to torture, me to task.  
 Fleecy locks, and black complexion,  
 Cannot forfeit nature's claim:  
 Skins may differ, but affection  
 Dwells in black and white the same.  
 Why did all creating nature,  
 Make the plant for which we toil?  
 Sighs must fan it, tears must water,  
 Sweat of ours must dress the soil.  
 Think ye masters iron hearted;  
 Lolling at your jovial boards,  
 Think how many backs have smarted  
 For the sweets your cane affords.  
 Is there, as you sometimes tell us,  
 Is there one who reigns on high?  
 Has he bid you buy and sell us,  
 Speaking from his throne, the sky?  
 Ask him, if your knotted scourges,  
 Fetters, blood extorting screws,  
 Are the means which duty urges  
 Agents of his will to use?  
 Hark! he answers—wild tornadoes  
 Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;  
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,  
 Are the voice with which he speaks:  
 He, foreseeing what vexations  
 Afric's sons should undergo,  
 Fix'd their tyrant's habitations  
 Where his whirlwinds answer—No.  
 By our blood in Afric wasted.  
 Ere our necks received the chain,  
 By the mis'ries which we tasted  
 Crossing in your barks, the main;  
 By our suffering since you brought us  
 To the man degrading mart,  
 All sustain'd with patience, taught us  
 Only by a broken heart.  
 Deem our nation brutes no longer,  
 'Till some reason ye shall find  
 Worthier of regard, and stronger  
 Than the colour of our kind.  
 Slaves of gold! whose sordid dealings  
 Tarnish all your boasted pow'rs,  
 Prove that you have human feelings,  
 Ere you proudly question ours!

## Indian Death Song.

THE sun sets in night and the stars shun the day,  
 But glory remains when their lights fade away;  
 Begin ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,  
 For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;  
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:  
 Why so slow? do you wait 'till I shrink from my  
 pain?  
 No—the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood—where in ambush we lay,  
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation away;  
 Now the flame rises fast! you exult in my pain;  
 But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;  
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son:  
 Death comes like a friend—he relieves me from pain  
 And the sun of Alknomook has scorn'd to complain.  
*Mrs. Hunter.*

## From the Man whom I love.

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

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,  
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;  
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;  
 In courage a hind, in conceit a Galkoon.

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

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

## The bonny bold Soldier.

I'VE plenty of lovers that sue me in vain,  
 My heart is with Willy far over the plain,  
 For handsome and witty, and brave is the swain,  
 The bonny bold foldier young Willy's for me;  
 For handsome and witty and brave is the swain,  
 The bonny bold foldier young Willy's for me.  
 In the trumpet's shrill sound my foldier delights,  
 For honor, his king, and his country he fights,  
 He sigh—ts, sigh—ts,  
 For honor, his king, and his country he fights,  
 For honor, his king, and his country he fights.

I share with his dress in the heart of a beau,  
 The doctor my pulse feels and ne'er takes a fee,  
 The one is pedantic, the other all show;  
 The one is pedantic, &c.  
 The bonny bold foldier young Willy's for me,  
 The bonny bold foldier, &c.

*The trumpet's shrill sound, &c.*

The lawyer so crafty I fly from in fear,  
 The dangling poor poet I shun when I see,  
 Once more, O ye powers, restore me my dear,  
 Once more, O ye powers, &c.  
 The bonny bold foldier young Willy's for me,  
 The bonny bold foldier, &c.

*The trumpet's shrill sound, &c.*



Heigho! that I for Hunger should die!

**A** VOYAGE over seas had not enter'd my head,  
Had I known on which side to have butter'd  
my bread.

Heigho! sure I—for hunger must die!  
I've fail'd like a booby, come here in a squall,  
Where alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all!

Oho! I'm a terrible booby;  
Oh, what a lost mutton am I!

In London, what gay chop-house signs in the street!  
But only the sign here is of nothing to eat.

Heigho! that I—for hunger should die!  
My mutton's all lost, I'm a poor starving elf,  
And for all the world like a lost mutton myself.

Oho! I shall die a lost mutton!  
Oh, what a lost mutton am I!

For a neat slice of beef, I could roar like a bull,  
And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full.

Heigho! that I—for hunger should die!  
But grave without meat, I must here meet my grave,  
For my bacon, I fancy, I never shall save.

Oho! I shall ne'er save my bacon!  
I can't save my bacon, not I!

### The Village Steeple.

**T**HE village steeple tells  
Each deed of England's fame:  
In roundelay its rustic bells  
The hearty joy proclaim.—  
Ding—dong—bell  
The merry peal resounding  
Ding—dong—bell.

How oft the ancient tower  
Has rock'd with merry glee,  
And echo'd many a sprightly hour  
To shouts of victory.—  
Ding—dong—bell, &c.

The golden days of old  
Their frequent triumph knew;  
And as the tale was proudly told,  
The chimes exulted too.  
Ding—dong—bell, &c.

For many a conquest more  
The cheerful notes shall ring,  
And oft' the table's honest roar  
It's heartfelt concert bring.—  
Ding—dong—bell, &c.

### Britain's Wine.

Why swells my wavy burnish'd grain,  
When autumn pours her ray benign?  
When in my laughing goblet flows  
The foaming juice of Britain's wine?

From that, beneath my humble shed  
The stranger gets a welcome know;  
And as the humble board I spread  
The sinking heart with joy may glow.

### Young Virgins love Pleasure.

**Y**OUNG virgins love pleasure,  
As misers do treasure,  
And both alike study to heighten the measure;  
Their hearts they will rifle,  
For ev'ry new trifle,  
And when in their teens fall in love for a song.

But soon as they marry,  
And find things miscarry,  
Oh! how they sigh, that they were not more wary:  
Instead of soft wooing,  
They run to their ruin,  
And all their lives after drag sorrow along.

Well met, jolly Fellows.

**W**ELL met, jolly fellows, well met;  
By this bowl you're all welcome, I swear:  
See where on the table 'tis set,  
And design'd for the grave of our care.  
From this social convention,  
'Twill drive all contention,  
Save only who longest can drink;  
Then fill up your glasses,  
And drink to your lasses,  
The head-ach take him that shall shrink.

Do but look at this glass! here, boys, hand it around;  
Why, it sparkles like Phillis's eye;  
But 'tis better, by far, boys; for when her eyes wound  
This, balm to the wound will supply;  
Then a fig for all thinking;  
Fill, fill, and be drinking;  
Let us drown all our cares and our sorrow:  
Come, the toast, boys, the toast!  
There's no time to be lost,  
For our cares will return with to-morrow.

### Joy sparkles in the roving Eye.

**J**OY sparkles in the roving eye,  
That seeks for treasure o'er the deep,  
No billow then can beat too high,  
No restless gale too boldly sweep!  
But what lorn maid, alas! will boast,  
The spreading sail, or willing wind,  
That wafts her from her native coast  
To leave her fondest hopes behind!

### Wit, Women, and Wine.

**W**HEN Jove was resolv'd to create the round  
earth,  
He subpoena'd the virtues divine—  
Young Bacchus he sat Presidentum of mirth,  
And the toast was, "wit, women, and wine."  
The sentiment tickl'd the ear of each god—  
Apollo he wink'd at the Nine;  
And Venus gave Mars, too, a fly wanton nod,  
When she drank to, "wit, women, and wine."  
Old Jove shook his sides, and the cup put around,  
While Juno, for once, look'd divine;  
These blessings, says he, shall on earth now abound,  
And the toast is, "wit, women, and wine."  
These are joys, worthy gods, which to mortals are  
given,  
Says Momus, who will not repine?  
For what's worth our notice, pray tell me, in heav'n,  
If men have, "wit, women, and wine?"  
This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to seven,  
Such attraction no pow'r can decline;  
Old Jove, by yourself you will keep house in heav'n,  
For we'll follow "wit, women and wine."  
Thou'rt right, says old Jove, let us hence to the earth,  
Men and gods think variety fine;  
Who'd stay in the clouds, when good nature and  
mirth  
Are below with, "wit, women, and wine."

G. A. Stevens.

### Duet.

**T**IME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,  
Nor bent me with his iron hand:  
Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,  
E're autumn yet the fruit demand.  
Let me enjoy the cheerful day,  
'Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;  
Pleas'd, let me trifle life away,  
And sing of love e're I grow old.

## The Water King.

A DANISH BALLAD,

*From the celebrated Romance of "The Monk."*

WITH gentle murmur flow'd the tide,  
While by the fragrant flow'ry side  
The lovely maid, with carols gay,  
To Mary's church pursu'd her way.

The water-fiend's malignant eye  
Along the banks beheld her hie;  
Straight to his mother-witch he sped,  
And in suppliant accents said:

"Oh! mother! mother! now advise,  
"How I may yonder maid surprize:  
"Oh! mother! mother! now explain,  
"How I may yonder maid obtain."

The witch she gave him armour white;  
She form'd him like a gallant knight;  
Of water clear next made her hand  
A steed, whose housings were of sand.

The water-king then swift he went;  
To Mary's church his steps he bent:  
He bound his courser to the door,  
And pac'd the church-yard three times four.

His courser to the door bound he,  
And pac'd the church-yard four times three;  
Then hasten'd up the isle, where all  
The people flock'd, both great and small.

The priest said, as the knight drew near,  
"And wherefore comes the white chief here?"  
The lovely maid, she smil'd aside;  
"Oh! would I were the white chief's bride!"

He stepp'd o'er benches one and two;  
"Oh! lovely maid, I die for you!"  
He stepp'd o'er benches two and three;  
"Oh! lovely maiden, go with me!"

Then sweet she smil'd, the lovely maid;  
And while she gave her hand, she said,  
"Betide my joy, betide my woe,  
"O'er hill, o'er dale, with thee I go."

The priest their hands together joins:  
They dance while clear the moon-beam shines;  
And little thinks the maiden bright,  
Her partner is the water-spright.

Oh! had some spirit deign'd to sing,  
"Your partner is the water-king!"  
The maid had fear and hate confess'd,  
And curs'd the hand which then she press'd.

But nothing giving cause to think  
How near she stray'd to danger's brink,  
Still on she went, and hand in hand  
The lovers reach'd the yellow sand.

"Ascend this steed with me, my dear!  
"We needs must cross the streamlet here:  
"Ride boldly in; it is not deep;  
"The winds are hush'd, the billows sleep."

Thus spoke the water-king. The maid  
Her traitor bride-groom's wish obey'd:  
And soon she saw the courser lave  
Delighted with his parent wave.

"Stop! stop! my love! the water's blue  
"E'en now my shrinking foot bedew."  
"Oh! lay aside your fears, sweet heart!  
"We now have reach'd the deepest part."

"Stop! stop! my love! for now I see  
"The waters rise above my knee."  
"Oh! lay aside your fears, sweet heart!  
"We now have reach'd the deepest part."

"Stop! stop! for God's sake, stop! for, oh!  
"The waters o'er my bosom flow!"  
Scarce was the word pronounc'd, when knight  
And courser vanish'd from her sight.

She shrieks, but shrieks in vain; for high  
The wild winds rising, dull the cry;  
The fiend exults; the billows dash,  
And o'er the hapless victim wash.

Three times, while struggling with the stream,  
The lovely maid was heard to scream;  
But when the tempest's rage was o'er,  
The lovely maid was seen no more.

Warn'd by this tale, ye damsels fair,  
To whom you give your love beware!  
Believe not ev'ry handsome knight,  
And dance not with the water spright!

## The Princess Elizabeth.

*A ballad alluding to a story recorded of her when she was prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.*

WRITTEN BY SHENSTONE.

WILL you hear how once repining,  
Great Eliza captive lay?  
Each ambitious thought resigning,  
Foe to riches, pomp and sway?

While the nymphs and swains delighted  
Tript around in all their pride;  
Envy'ng joys by others flighted,  
Thus the royal maiden cry'd:

"Bred on plains, or born in vallies,  
"Who would bid those scenes adieu?  
"Stranger to the arts of malice,  
"Who would ever courts pursue?

"Malice never taught to treasure,  
"Censure never taught to bear:  
"Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;  
"Love is all the damsel's care.

"How can they of humble station  
"Vainly blame the pow'rs above?  
"Or accuse the dispensation  
"Which allows them all to love?

"Love like air is widely given;  
"Pow'r nor chance can these restrain;  
"Truest, noblest gifts of heaven!  
"Only purest on the plain!

"Peers can no such charms discover,  
"All in stars and garters drest,  
"As, on Sundays, does the lover  
"With his nosegay on his breast.

"Pinks and roses in profusion,  
"Seem to fade when Chloe's near;  
"Pops may use the same allusion;  
"But the shepherd is sincere.

"Hark to yonder milk-maid singing  
"Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;  
"Cowslips all around her springing,  
"Sweetly paint the golden vale;

"Never yet did courtly maiden  
"Move so sprightly, look so fair;  
"Never breast with jewels laden  
"Pour a song so void of care.

"Would indulgent heav'n had granted  
"Me some rural damsel's part!  
"All the empire I had wanted  
"Then had been my shepherd's heart.

"Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,  
"Free from fetters, might I rove;  
"Fearless taste the chrystal fountains;  
"Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

"Rustics had been more forgiving;  
"Partial to my virgin bloom:  
"None had envy'd me when living;  
"None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."



Price,

[Numb. 20]

One Penny,

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How oft' when cooling Zephyrs play.

HOW oft' when cooling zephyrs play,  
On Lodden's fertile fide,  
I with my love have pass'd the day,  
He ask'd me for his bride:  
O, the tongue, the babbling tongue,  
That did my heart betray—  
He press'd, I blush'd, he wept, I sigh'd,  
And look'd my heart away.

But men our easy love disdain,  
And real blessings miss,  
No longer pleas'd but while we feign,  
To check the offer'd kiss:  
O, the pang, the killing pang,  
When slighted maids complain:  
Should Edmund spurn his Jane and blifs,  
'Twould rend my heart in twain.

On by the Spur of Valour.

ON by the spur of valour goaded,  
Pistols prim'd and carbines loaded,  
Courage, strike, my hearts of steel;  
While each spark thro' the dark gloom of night,  
Lends a clear and cheering light,  
Who a fear, or doubt can feel?

Like serpents now thro' thickets creeping,  
Then on our prey like lions leaping;  
Calvette to the onset lead us,  
Let the weary trav'ler dread us;  
Struck with terror and amaze,  
While our swords with lightning blaze.

Thunder to our carbines roaring,  
Bursting clouds in torrents pouring;  
With the sanguine dagger's blade,  
Ours a free and roving trade;  
To the onset let's away,  
Valour calls and we obey.

Our Wives at Home.

OUR wives at home, your husband gone,  
To them leave care and thinking;  
While gaily we the hours pass on  
In laughing and in drinking.

The real joys of love are shar'd  
By those who are discreetest;  
And here's his health who first declar'd,  
Stol'n pleasures are the sweetest.

Smiling Nan.

WHAT should sailor's do on shore,  
Kiss the girls and tofs the cann,  
When the cannons cease to roar  
Sweet's the voice of smiling Nan.  
Bring me first a spacious bowl,  
Deeper than the plummet's found;  
Bring me next a gen'rous soul,  
That in loving knows no bound.  
Ever flowing let it be,  
While the waves good liquor prove;  
Then, my hearts, we'll keep to sea,  
Sailing with the girls we love.

Nancy be my true love's name,  
And to compliment my dear;  
Bonny ship secure thy fame,  
Thou the darling title bear.  
To guard and bless my native realm,  
Smiling thus old Neptune spoke;  
I place my William at the helm,  
Royal Will is heart of oak.  
Whether moor'd, or on a cruise,  
Sailors be at peace or war;  
Prize the linstock, brim the boose,  
Sing, long live a Royal Tar.

Little Sally.

COME buy poor Sally's wooden ware,  
Who all for money barter,  
My pins, my toys, my shoe-knots rare,  
My bodkins, lace, and garters:  
Full cheap my various goods I sell,  
Thro' village, street, and alley,  
In London where I'm known full well,  
They call me little Sally.

Now thus from town to town I stray,  
Light-hearted free from sorrow,  
And when I eat my meal to-day,  
I care not for to-morrow:  
So ne'er again I'll London see,  
But range each hill and valley,  
Come buy a trifle, sir, from me,  
And think of little Sally.

Ah! well-a-day, poor Anna.

**F**AIR Anna lov'd a rustic boy,  
And William was the shepherd's name:  
In him was center'd all her joy,  
For her he glow'd with equal flame:  
His cruel father knew he lov'd,  
And forc'd him o'er the seas away;  
Alone and sad poor Anna rov'd,  
And thus fung out—ah! well-a-day:  
Ah! well-a-day, well-a-day, well-a-day, ah! well-a-day,  
Sigh, fond heart, sigh, fond heart, sigh, fond heart,  
but do not break,  
Deep in love, deep in love, deep in love, but dare  
not speak.

A wealthy neighbour woo'd the maid,  
His gold the fordid mother won:  
The gentle Anna thus betray'd,  
Was forc'd to church and was undone;  
Returning back she met her love,  
“Ah! William, dear!” she fondly cry'd,  
“May you a happier fortune prove!”  
She press'd his hand—the sigh'd, and dy'd.  
Ah! well-a-day, well-a-day, well-a-day, ah! well-a-day,  
Gentle hearts, gentle hearts, gentle hearts too soon  
will break,  
Deep in love, deep in love, deep in love, but dare  
not speak.

#### The Arethusa.

**C**OME all ye jolly sailors bold,  
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mold,  
While English glory I unfold,  
Huzza to the Arethusa.  
She is a frigate tight and brave,  
As ever stem'd the dashing wave;  
Her men are staunch,  
To their fav'rite launch,  
And when the foes shall meet our fire,  
Sooner than strike we'll all expire,  
On board the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring fleet we sail'd out,  
The English channell to cruise about,  
When four French sail, in shew so stout,  
Bore down on the Arethusa.  
The fam'd Belle Poule straight a head did lie,  
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,  
Not a sheet, or a tack  
Or a brace did she slack,  
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd and thought it stuff,  
But they knew not the handfoul of men how tough,  
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,  
The stoutest they could find in France,  
We with two hundred did advance,  
On board of the Arethusa.  
Our captain hail'd the Frenchmen, “ho!”  
The Frenchmen then cry'd out, “hallo!”  
“Bear down, d'ye-see,  
“To our admiral's lee,”  
“No, no,” says the Frenchman “that can't be:”  
“Then I must lug you along with me,”  
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,  
We forc'd them back upon the strand,  
For we fought till not a stick would stand,  
Of the gallant Arethusa.  
And now we've driven the foe ashore,  
Never to fight with Britons more,  
Let each fill a glass,  
To his favorite lass,  
A health to our captain, and officers true,  
And all that belong to the jovial crew,  
On board of the Arethusa.

Mary Fair.

Set to the beautiful Irish Tune of Onagh.

**I**N early youth I first beheld  
The fair one I'm so bold to name,  
And since that time, I vow, 'tis true,  
My heart I never could regain;  
She charms me,  
Alarms me,  
The Loves and graces on her wait,  
Her bright eyes  
With surprize  
And pleasure every heart elate;  
For who with feelings soft possess'd,  
Can view her sweet enchanting air,  
But must with tender sighs confess,  
The dazzling charms of Mary Fair.

As once from angling home I came,  
And laid my fishing-tackle down;  
An envious hook that near her hung,  
By chance had fasten'd in her gown:  
Like one entranc'd  
I then advanc'd,  
The charming maid to disengage;  
When in my heart  
She fix'd a dart,  
Whose torture nothing can assuage:  
Then at Cupid's shrine I bow,  
For what on earth can I compare?  
Not all the gems the East can boast,  
With the splendid charms of Mary Fair.

So like old Ocean's king, when struck,  
The harpoon's in his vitals home  
Straight to the bottom of the deep  
In agonies he shuns his doom;  
The means he'll try,  
His pains to fly,  
The greater still his torments are;  
Till lost in breath,  
He finds in death  
That ease which is deny'd him here:  
His case with mine seems to combine,  
Of this I see I've much to fear;  
But while I live all praise I'll give  
To the matchless charms of Mary Fair.

Still let France and England boast,  
Their beauteous daughters fine and gay;  
Those fam'd belles are not my toast,  
Tho' blooming as the flow'rs in May:  
Their limbs neat  
They think a treat,  
Ierne's sons but seldom view;  
They shew them high  
When we are nigh,  
In vain they think such sights are new;  
What jealousy extreme must seize  
Them, when they have survey'd with care,  
The looks, the shape, the mein and gait  
Of the young Hibernian Mary Fair!

What raptures then must he express,  
On whom she places her regard?  
Who from her sweet enlivening smiles  
And heav'nly voice is not debarr'd:  
Transports great  
Must him await,  
If like me, her worth he owns;  
Of her possess'd,  
He will be bless'd,  
Nor value then dame Fortune's frowns;  
If destin'd to such joys I am,  
It e'er shall be my chieftest care,  
To bless the day when first I saw  
The charming, lovely, Mary Fair.



## Anna's Urn.

ENCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame,  
An angel's virtue lay,  
Too soon did heav'n assert its claim,  
And call its own away.

My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,  
Must never more return,  
What now shall fill these widow'd arms?  
Ah, me! my Anna's Urn.

Each rural scene my Anna lov'd,  
Around our peaceful cot,  
Contentment's beams for ever shone,  
So happy was her lot!  
But Anna's gone, and sweet content,  
Will never more return,  
You ne'er shall find it, flutt'ring heart,  
But in my Anna's Urn.

Pleasures which led each rural scene,  
Are now for ever flown,  
The sweets of each returning year,  
Are fled now Anna's gone!  
Thither her village friends shall haste,  
Around the spot to mourn!  
The fleecy charge shall cease to graze,  
And bleat round Anna's Urn.

Around its base to deck the spot,  
I'll rifle from my bower,  
The woodbine, jess'mine, myrtle, rose,  
And ev'ry fragrant flower.  
At eve, when Phœbus quits the plain,  
And at its first return,  
You'll find me watering with my tears,  
The shrubs round Anna's Urn.

## The valiant Tar.

SCARCELY had the blushing morning,  
Woo'd the waves with tender light,  
When, the azure plain adorning,  
A distant vessel rose in sight.

Aloft, the crowding sailors viewing,  
Her misty sails with straining eye:  
In fancy now the foe subduing,  
A prize! a prize! exulting cry.

The boatwain's whistle loud and shrilling,  
Shames the tardy sleeping wind,  
We fire our guns, but all unwilling,  
She crowds her sails—we're left behind.

At length the breeze affords assistance,  
Right afore the wind's our course;  
We clear our decks—the threats resistance,  
And proudly boasts superior force.

Amid her thunder boldly steering,  
Our batter'd ship almost a wreck:  
With steady courage persevering,  
They board—they storm her gory deck.

Her wounded captain—life disdaining,  
Yet mourning o'er his gallant crew,  
Casts a last look on those remaining,  
Then strikes to save the valiant crew.

## Ye Gods! ye gave to me a Wife.

YE gods! ye gave to me a wife,  
Out of your grace and 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 your will, at any time,  
I'm ready to resign her. *The Devil to pay.*

## Money is your Friend.

OF friendship I have heard much talk,  
But you'll find in the end,  
That if distress'd at any rate,  
Then money is your friend.

*Yes money, &c.*

If you are sick, and like to die,  
And for the doctor fend,  
To him you must advance a fee;  
Then money is your friend.

*Yes, money, &c.*

If you should have a suit at law,  
On which you much depend,  
You must pay the lawyer for his brief;  
Then money is your friend

*Yes, money, &c.*

Then let me have but store of gold  
From ills it will defend,  
In ev'ry exigence of life;  
Dear money is your friend.

*Yes, money, &c.*

## The Token.

THE breeze was fresh, the ship in stays,  
Each breaker hush'd, the shore ahaze,  
When Jack no more on duty call'd,  
His true love's tokens overhau'd,  
The broken gold, the braided hair,  
The tender motto writ so fair,

Upon his 'bacco box he views,  
Upon his 'bacco box he views,  
Nancy the poet, love the muse,  
If you loves I, as I love you,  
No pair so happy as us two.

The storm that like a shapeless wreck,  
Had strew'd with rigging all the deck,  
The tars for sharks had given a feast,  
And left the ship a hulk, had ceas'd:  
When Jack, as with his messmates dear,  
He shar'd the grog their hearts to cheer,  
Took from his 'bacco box a quid,  
And spell'd for comfort, o'er the lid.

*If you loves I, &c.*

The battle that with horror grim,  
Had madly ravag'd life and limb,  
Had scupper's drench'd with human gore,  
And widow'd many a wife—was o'er:  
When Jack to his companions dear,  
First paid the tribute of a tear,  
Then as his 'bacco box he held,  
Restor'd his comfort as he spell'd,

*If you loves I, &c.*

The voyage had been long and hard,  
But, that had yielded full reward,  
That brought each sailor to his friend,  
Happy and rich—was at an end:  
When Jack his toils and perils o'er,  
Beheld his Nancy on the shore,  
He then the 'bacco box display'd  
And cry'd, and seiz'd the yielding maid,

*If you loves I, &c.*

## When I think on your Truth.

WHEN I think on your truth I can doubt you  
no more,  
I blame all the fears I gave way to before;  
I say to my heart, be at rest, and believe,  
Whom once she has chosen she never will leave.  
But ah! when I think on each ravishing grace,  
The beams, and the smiles of that heavenly face;  
I tremble again, and again apprehend  
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

## Alcanzor and Zaida.

A MOORISH TALE.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

BY PERCY.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,  
Softly fall the dews of night;  
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,  
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon pallace lives fair Zaida,  
Whom he loves with flame so pure;  
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,  
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,  
Oft he paces to and fro;  
Stopping now, now moving forwards,  
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him,  
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.—  
See, fond youth, to yonder window  
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre  
To the lost benighted swain,  
When all silvery bright she rises,  
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory  
To the fainting seaman's eyes,  
When some horrid storm suppressing,  
O'er the waves his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely  
To her longing lover's sight  
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden  
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,  
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:  
"Alla § keep thee, lovely lady!  
"Tell me, am I doom'd to die?"

"Is it true, the dreadful story,  
"Which thy damsel tells my page,  
"That seduc'd by fordid riches,  
"Thou wilt sell thy youth to age?"

"An old lord from Antiquera  
"Thy stern father brings along;  
"But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,  
"Thus consent my love to wrong?"

"If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,  
"Nor thus trifle with my woes:  
"Hide not then from me the secret,  
"Which the world so clearly knows."

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,  
While the pearly tears descend:  
"Ah! my my lord, too true the story!  
"Here our tender loves must end.

"Our fond friendship is discover'd,  
"Well are known our mutual vows;  
"All my friends are full of fury,  
"Storms of passion shake the house.

"Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;  
"My stern father breaks my heart;  
"Alla knows how dear it costs me,  
"Generous youth, from thee to part.

"Ancient wounds of hostile fury  
"Long have rent our house and thine;  
"Why then did thy shining merit  
"Win this tender heart of mine?"

§ Alla is the Mahometan Name of God.

"Well thou know'st how dear I love thee,  
"Spite of all their hateful pride,  
"Tho' I fear'd my haughty father  
"Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

"Well thou know'st what cruel chidings,  
"Oft I've from my mother borne,  
"What I've suffer'd here to meet thee  
"Still at eve and early morn.

"I no longer may resist them;  
"All, to force my hand combine;  
"And to-morrow to thy rival  
"This weak frame I must resign.

"Yet think not thy faithful Zaida  
"Can survive so great a wrong;  
"Well my breaking heart assures me  
"That my woes will not be long.

"Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!  
"Farewel too my life with thee!  
"Take this scarfe, a parting token;  
"When thou wear'st it, think on me.

"Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden  
"Shall reward thy generous truth;]  
"Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida  
"Dy'd for thee in prime of youth."

—To him all amaz'd, confounded,  
Thus she did her woes impart:  
Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd "O Zaida!  
"Do not, do not break my heart.

"Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?  
"Canst thou hold my love so small?  
"No! a thousand times I'll perish!—  
"My curst rival too shall fall.

"Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?  
"O break forth, and fly to me!  
"This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,  
"These fond arms shall shelter thee."—

"Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,  
"Spies surround me, bars secure:  
"Scarce I steal this last dear moment,  
"While my damsel keeps the door.

"Hark! I hear my father storming!  
"Hark! I hear my mother chide!  
"I must go: farewell for ever!  
"Gracious Alla be thy guide!"

## The mad Maid's Song.

GOOD-morrow to the day so fair,  
Good-morrow, sir, to you;  
Good-morrow to my own torn hair,  
Bedabb'd with the dew.

Good-morrow to this primrose too;  
Good-morrow to each maid,  
That will with flow'rs the tomb bestrew  
Where my love is laid.

I'll seek him there! I know, ere this,  
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;  
But I will go, or send a kiss  
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray, hurt him not; though he be dead,  
He knows well who do love him;  
And who with green turfs rear his head,  
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender—pray, take heed—  
With bands of cowslips bind him;  
And bring him home—but 'tis decreed  
That I shall never find him.



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Ballinamona Ora.

WHEREVER I'm going and all the day long,  
At home and abroad, or alone in a throng,  
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,  
That your name when I'm silent runs still in my song,  
Sing Balinamona Ora,  
Balinamona Ora,  
A kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose,  
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes,  
So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,  
By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my cloaths.  
Sing Balinamona ora, &c.  
Your pretty black eyes for me.

In my conscience I fear I shall die in the grave,  
Unless you comply and poor I helim will have,  
And grant the petition your lover does crave,  
Who never was free till you made him your slave.  
Sing Balinamona ora, &c.  
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,  
With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and I'll stride.  
In a coach and six horses my honey I'll ride  
On a pillion before you, close by your left side.  
Sing Balinamona ora, &c.  
Your lily white fist for me.

In the dead of the Night.

IN the dead of the night, when with labour oppress'd,  
All mortals enjoy'd the calm blessings of ease,  
Cupid knock'd at my window disturbing my rest.  
"Who's there?" I demanded, "begone if you please"  
He answer'd so meekly, so modest and mild,  
"Dear ma'am it is I, an unfortunate child;  
'Tis a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin,  
And I have lost my way, ma'am, so pray let me in"

No sooner from cold and from wet he got ease,  
Than taking his bow, he said "ma'am, if you please,  
"If you please, ma'am" said he, "from experience  
I know,  
"The rain has not damaged the strings of my bow."

Away tripp'd the urchin, as brisk as a bee,  
And laughing, "I wish you much joy, ma'am" said  
he,

"My bow is not damaged, nor yet is my dart,  
But you will have trouble in bearing the smart."

The Sailor Boy.

POLL! dang it how d'ye do?  
Nan, won't you g'us a buff?  
Why, what's to do with you?  
Why here's a pretty fuff!  
Why, what's to do with you?  
Why here's a pretty fuff!  
Say, shan't we kiss and toy?  
I goes to sea no more;  
Oh! I'm the failor boy  
For capering ashore,  
Oh! I'm the failor boy,  
For capering ashore.

Father he 'prentic'd me  
All to a coasting ship,  
I b'ing resolv'd d'ye see  
To give 'em all the slip,  
I got to Yarmouth fair,  
Where I had been before,  
So father found me there,  
A capering ashore. Oh! I'm the failor boy, &c.

Next out to India,  
I went a Guinea pig,  
We got to Table Bay,  
But mind a pretty rig,  
The ship driving out to sea,  
Left me and many more,  
Among the Hottenpots,  
A capering ashore. Oh! I'm the failor boy, &c.

I love a bit of hop,  
Life's ne'er the worfer for't,  
If in my wake should drop,  
A fiddle, "that's your fort,"  
Thrice tumble up a hoy  
Once get the labour o'er,  
Then see the failor boy,  
A capering ashore. Oh! I'm the failor boy, &c.

Water, parted from the Sea.

WATER, parted from the sea,  
May increase the river's tide,  
To the bubbling fount may flee,  
Or thro' fertile vallies glide:  
Though, in search of lost repose,  
Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,  
Still it murmurs as it flows,  
Panting for it's native home. Artaxerxes.

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## Date Obolum Belifario!

O H! Fortune, how strangely thy gifts are awarded,  
How much to thy shame, thy caprice is recorded!  
As the wife, great and good of thy frowns seldom  
'scape any,  
Witness brave Belifarius, who begg'd for an half-  
penny!

Date obolum, date obolum,  
Date obolum, Belifario.

He whose fame from his valour and vict'ries arose,  
fir,  
Of his country the shield, and the scourge of her  
foes, fir,  
By his poor faithful dog, blind and aged was led, fir,  
With one foot in the grave, thus to beg for his  
bread, fir.

Date obolum, &c.

When a young Roman knight in the street passing  
by, fir,  
The vet'ran survey'd, with a heart rending sigh, fir,  
And a purse in his helmet he drop'd with a tear, fir,  
While the soldier's sad tale thus attracted his ear,  
fir.

Date obolum, &c.

"I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for  
Rome, fir,  
"I have crown'd her with laurels which for ages  
will bloom, fir,  
"I've enrich'd her with wealth, swell'd her pride  
and her power, fir,  
"I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my dow'r,  
fir.

Date obolum, &c.

"Yet blood I ne'er wantonly wasted at random;  
"Losing thousands their lives with a nil desperan-  
dum;  
"By each conquest I gain'd I made friend and foe  
know,  
"That my soul's only aim was *pro publico bono*.

Date obolum, &c.

"I no colonies lost by attempt to enslave them,  
"I of Romans free rights never strove to bereave  
them;  
"Nor bow down their necks to the yoke for my  
pleasure,  
"Nor the empire dismember'd, nor squander'd its  
treasure.

Date obolum, &c.

"Nor yet for my friends, for my kindred, or self, fir,  
"Has my glory been stain'd by the base view of  
pelf, fir,  
"For such sordid designs I've so far from been serv-  
ing,  
"Old and blind I've no choice but of begging or  
—starving.

Date obolum, &c.

"Now if soldier, or statesman, of what age or  
nation,  
"He hereafter may be, should hear this relation;  
"And of eye-sight bereft, should like me grope his  
way, fir,  
"The bright sun-beams of virtue will turn night  
to day, fir.

Date obolum, &c.

"So I to distress and to darkness inur'd, fir,  
"In this vile crust of clay when no longer immur'd,  
fir,  
"At death's welcome stroke my bright course shall  
begin, fir,  
"And enjoy endless days from the sun shine within,  
fir.

Date obolum, &c.

## Time.

CAPRICIOUS foe to human joy,  
Still varying with the fleeting day;  
With thee the purest raptures cloy,  
The fairest prospects fade away;  
Nor worth, nor pow'r, thy wings can bind,  
All earthly pleasures fly with thee:  
Inconstant as the waving wind,  
That plays upon the summer sea.

I court thee not, ungentle guest,  
For I have e'er been doom'd to find,  
Life's gayest hour but idly dress'd,  
With sweets that pall the sick'ning mind.  
When smiling Hope with placid mien,  
Around my couch did fondly play,  
Full oft thy airy form I've seen,  
On downy pinions glide away.

If such thy gifts, O, Time! for thee  
My fated heart shall ne'er repine,  
I bow content to Fate's decree,  
And with thy thorns thy roses twine.  
Yet, e'er thy fickle reign shall end,  
The balmy sweets of friendship's hour,  
I'll with my cup of sorrow blend,  
And smile regardless of thy pow'r.

## One Summer Eve.

O NE summer eve, as Nancy fair,  
Sat spinning in the shade,  
While soaring sky-larks shook the air  
In warbling o'er her head;  
In tender coos the pigeons woo'd,  
(Love's impulse all must feel)  
She sung, but still her work pursu'd,  
And turn'd her spinning wheel.

While thus I work with rock and reel,  
So life by time is spun;  
And as runs round my spinning wheel,  
The world turns up and down.  
Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,  
While I no changes feel,  
But get my bread by sweat of brow,  
And turn my spinning wheel.

From me let man and woman too  
This home-spun lesson learn,  
Not mind what other people do,  
But eat the bread they earn:  
If none were fed, were that to be,  
But what deserv'd a meal,  
Some ladies, then, as well as me,  
Must turn their spinning wheel.

The rural coast, with sweetest tone,  
Thus sung her witless strain,  
When o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,  
And brought home Nancy's swain:  
"Come" cries the dame "Nance, here's thy spouse:  
Away throw rock and reel,"  
Blythe Nancy, with the bonny news,  
O'erset her spinning wheel.

## With early Horn.

WITH early horn salute the morn  
That gilds this charming place;  
With cheerful cries bid echo rise,  
And join the jovial chase.  
The vocal hills around,  
The waving woods,  
The chrystal floods,  
All, all return th' enlivening sound.



## My Temples with Clusters.

**M**Y temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,  
And barter all joys for a goblet of wine,  
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,  
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why thus resolve to relinquish the fair?  
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;  
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,  
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis woman whose charms can each rapture impart,  
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart;  
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)  
Grows a convert to love and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up his head,  
And Poverty listens well pleas'd from his shed;  
While Age, in an ecstasy, hobbling along,  
Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,  
The largest and deepest that stands on the board;  
I'll fill up a brimmer and drink to the fair;  
'Tis the toast of a lover, and pledge it who dare

*Mr. W. Wotz.*

## When I drain the rosy Bowl.

**W**HEN I drain the rosy bowl,  
Joy exhilarates my soul;  
To the Nine I raise my song,  
Ever fair, and ever young.  
When full cups my cares dispel,  
Sober counsel then farewell;  
Let the winds, that murmur, sweep  
All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,  
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,  
Leads me to delightful bow'rs,  
Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs,  
While I quaff the sparkling wine,  
And my locks with roses twine,  
Then I praise life's rural scene,  
Sweet, sequester'd and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound,  
Richest fragrance flowing round,  
And some lovely nymph detain,  
Venus then inspires the strain;  
When from goblets deep and wide,  
I exhaust the gen'rous tide,  
All my soul unbends—I play,  
Gamesome with the young and gay.

## Believe my Sighs.

**B**ELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,  
Believe the heart you've won;  
Believe my vows to you sincere,  
Or, Peggy, I'm undone:  
You say I'm fickle, apt to change  
At every face that's new;  
Of all the girls I ever saw,  
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

My heart was once a flake of ice,  
'Till thaw'd by your bright eyes;  
Then warm'd it kindled, in a trice,  
A flame that never dies:  
Then take and try me, and you'll find  
A heart that's kind and true;  
Of all the girls I ever saw,  
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

## Hey Down Derry.

**T**HRO' France, thro' all the German regions,  
I've rang'd rare objects to discover;  
Seen pretty women in such legions,  
I thought myself return'd to Dover:  
Brisk music made me gay,  
And lively all the way,  
For no tune's dull that once was merry,  
With him that loves the hey down derry.

The Spanish Belle I've serenaded,  
And many a night with the sweet guitar,  
Beneath the lettuce grate paraded,  
Now tinkle, tinkle, then gara lara:  
'Twas music made me gay,  
And lively all the way:

For no tune's dull that once was merry,  
To him that love's the hey down derry.

The Fair of Italy to capture,  
A different style the men invent-o:  
To her the canzonet gives rapture,  
Nel cor piu non mi sento;  
Such music has its day,  
But is not in my way;

Yet no tune's dull that once was merry,  
With him that loves the hey down derry.

Round would the girls of Russia chatter,  
And view me o'er with looks of pleasure;  
Their cymbals founded clitter clatter,  
And they tript in the sprightly measure;  
Such music has its day,  
But is not in my way;

Yet no tunes dull that once was merry,  
To him that loves the hey down derry.

Round would the girls of Russia chatter,  
Hey! only eye him, what a wonder!  
The cimbals founded clitter clatter,  
And the big drum rumbled thunder;  
Such music has its day,  
But is not in my way;

Yet no tune's dull that once was merry,  
To him that loves the hey down derry.

## Love is the cause of Mourning.

**B**Y a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,  
"Be so kind, O ye nymphs," I oft-times heard her say,  
"Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,  
"And that love is the cause of my mourning.  
"False shepherds that tell me of beauty and charms;  
"You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms;  
"Yet bring me this Strephon, let me dye in his arms,  
"Oh! Strephon the cause of my mourning.  
"But first," said she "let me go  
"Down to the shades below,  
"E'er ye let Strephon know  
"That I have lov'd him so;  
"Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show  
"That love was the cause of my mourning."

Her eyes were scarce clos'd when Strephon came by,  
He thought she'd been sleeping and softly drew nigh;  
But finding her breathless, "oh heavens!" did he cry,

"Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.  
"Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs use your art"  
They sighing, reply'd "'twas yourself shot the dart  
"That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart  
"And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning."

"Ah then is Chloris dead,  
"Wounded by me?" he said,  
"I'll follow thee, chaste maid,  
"Down to the silent shade."  
Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,  
Expir'd poor Strephon with mourning.

## Bryan and Pereene.

BY GRAINGER.

A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD.

*Founded on a real fact that happened in the Island of  
St. Christopher's.*

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,  
The ship was safely moor'd,  
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,  
And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,  
His heart long held in thrall,  
And whose his impatience blames,  
I wot ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, a month and day,  
He dwelt on English land,  
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,  
Tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,  
Right blythsome roll'd his een,  
Sweet was his voice when'er he sung,  
He scant had twenty teen.

But who the countless charms can draw,  
That grac'd his mistress true?  
Such charms the old world seldom saw,  
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair play'd round her neck,  
Like tendrils of the vine;  
Her cheek red dewy rose-buds deck,  
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,  
She cast her weeds away,  
And to the palmy shore she hi'd,  
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,  
She there impatient stood;  
The crew with wonder saw the lad  
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,  
Which he at parting gave;  
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,  
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all  
Rejoicing crowd the strand;  
For now her lover swam in call,  
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she hattle,  
To clasp her lovely swain;  
When, ah! a shark bit through his waist:  
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,  
Screaming with purple gore,  
And soon it found a living grave,  
And ah! was seen no more.

"Now haste, now haste ye maids, I pray,  
"Fetch water from the spring:"  
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,  
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each may-morn around her tomb,  
Ye fair, fresh flowrets strew;  
So may your lovers 'scape his doom,  
Her hapless fate 'scape you!

## Colin and Nancy.

FOR daring feats of rustic sport,  
And carolling his am'rous strains,  
In Aram's vale was Colin fam'd  
The blytheft shepherd of the plains.

Full oft' has Lunc restrain'd his rage,  
And slowly roll'd his flood along,  
As list'ning to the tuneful swain,  
To catch the cadence of his song.

Ah, ruthless stream of semblance false!  
Thy waters murmur'd to betray.  
Hyenas thus, by nature fell,  
Seem plaintive to allure their prey.

What time the flocks were safely penn'd,  
And mild the day's last lustre grew,  
To join the playful village youth,  
Across the plain young Colin flew.

Thrice from a wych-elm's wither'd bough  
A raven gave a boding croak;  
And thrice in answer, screech'd an owl,  
From the deep hollow of an oak.

Yet all in vain! the ill-omen'd youth  
On the cliff's summit naked stood,  
The swains attention proudly claim'd,  
Then headlong plung'd into the flood.

Weep every Naiad of the stream!  
Dath'd on a rock, he groaning dy'd,  
And with a luckless lover's blood  
Polluted is your silver tide!

The villagers soon heard the tale,  
Fast to the river's side they fled—  
"Alas! alas, the day" they cry'd,  
And many a piteous tear they shed.

Young Nancy, Doran's daughter fair,  
Whose bloom the blush of morn outvies;  
Whose song excels the linnet's lay,  
She swiftest flew with weeping eyes

When her pale lover she beheld!—  
Herself as pale!—in deep despair,  
And silent woe, her hands she wrung,  
And wildly rent her lovely hair.

"And must we thus" she, frantic said,  
"Thus must we solemnize our vows!"  
"Yet shall not death my hopes bereave,  
"For, ev'n in death, I thee espouse!"

Then on his clay-cold corse she fell,  
And clasp'd it to her breaking heart,  
And dying, sigh'd, "I now am thine!"  
"My Colin! never more to part!"

Like two young roses on a stem,  
Lopt by the pruner's hook away,  
Ere half their lustre was disclos'd,  
In with'ring bloom the lovers lay.

One grave receiv'd them; where is found  
The primrose and the violet pale:  
And long their hapless fate was wept  
By ev'ry eye in Aram's vale.



THE

## CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

### SIREN MEDLEY.

Saturday Night will come again.

**T**IS said of vent'rous sailors, when we leave the shore,

Our friends should mourn,

Left we return,

To blest their fight no more;

But this is all a notion

Bold Jack can't understand.

Some die upon the ocean,

And some upon the land.

Then since 'tis clear,

Howe'er we steer,

No man's life's under his command.

Let tempests howl,

And billows roll,

And danger prefs;

Of those, in spight, there are some joys

Us jolly tars to blefs,

For Saturday night will come, my boys,

To drink to Poll and Befs.

One seaman hands the fail, another heaves the log,

The purser swops

Our pay for flops,

The landlord sells us grog.

Then each man to his station,

To keep life's ship in trim,

What argues noration?

The rest is all a whim.

Cheerly my hearts,

Then play your parts,

Boldly resolve to sink or swim?

The mighty furge

May ruin urge,

And danger prefs;

*Of those, in spight, &c.*

For all the world's just like the ropes about the ship,

Each man's rigg'd out,

A vessel stout,

To take for life a trip.

The shrouds, and stays, and braces,

Are joys, and hopes, and fears,

The hawlyards, sheets, and traces,

Still, as each passion veers,

And whim prevails,

Direct the sails,

As on the sea of life he steers.

Then let the storm;

Heav'n's face deform,

And danger prefs;

*Of those in spight, &c.*

There's Something in Kissing.

**T**HERE's a something in kissing—  
I cannot tell why,

Makes my heart in a tumult

Jump more than breast high;

For nine times in ten,

So teasing

And pleasing,

We find those rude creatures,

The dear kissing men,

That we wish it repeated again, and again.

Though a kiss stops my breath,

Oh! how little care I,

Since a woman at some time

Or other must die!

For nine times in ten,

So teasing,

And pleasing,

We find those dear creatures,

The dear kissing men,

That we wish it repeated again, and again.

At Dawn I rose.

**A**T dawn I rose with jocund glee,

For joyful was the day,

That could this blessing give to me,

Now joy is fled away.

Jenny.

Nor flocks, nor herds, nor stores of gold,

Nor house, nor home have I;

If beauty must be bought and sold,

Alas! I cannot buy.

Jenny.

Yet I am rich if thou art kind,

So priz'd a smile from thee;

True love alone our hearts can bind,

Thou'rt all the world to me.

Jenny.

Sweet gentle maid, tho' patient, meek,

My lilly drops a tear;

Ah! raise thy drooping head, and seek,

Soft peace and comfort here.

Jenny.

The jealous Lover.

**T**HE jealous lover's pangs are poignant,  
When suspicion haunts his breast;

Not one gleam of hope benignant,

Lulls his soul, when robb'd of rest.

To ev'ry joy his heart's a stranger,

When his rival he descries;

Fill'd with rage he meets the danger,

Torn with horror, fires, and dies.

## The Stage of Human Life.

OUR immortal Shakespear's page,  
Tells us all the world's a stage,  
And that men with all their airs,  
Are nothing more than play'rs,  
Each using skill and art,  
In his turn to play his part,  
All to fill up this farcical scene, O :

Enter here,  
Exit there,  
Stand in view,  
Mind your cue,

Heigh down, ho down,  
Derry, derry, down,  
All to fill up this farcical scene, O.

First the Infant in the lap,  
Muling, puling with his pap,  
Like the chicken that we trufs,  
Is fwaddl'd by his nurse,  
Who to please the puppet tries,  
As he giggles and he cries,

All to fill up this farcical scene, O :

Hufhaby,  
Wipe an eye,  
Kiffee pretty,  
Suckee titty,

*Heigh down, ho down, &c.*

Then the pretty babe of grace,  
With his shining morning face,  
And his fatchel on his back,  
To school, alas! must pack;  
But like a snail he creeps,  
And for bloody Monday weeps,  
All to fill up this farcical scene, O!

Book mislaid,  
Truant play'd,  
Rod in pickle,  
Bum to tickle,

*Heigh down, ho down, &c.*

Then the Lover next appears,  
Sous'd over head and ears,  
Like the lobster on the fire,  
Sighing, ready to expire;  
And a deep hole in his heart,  
You may thro' it drive a cart,  
All to fill up this farcical scene, O!

Beauty spurns him,  
Passion burns him;  
Like a wizard,  
Guts and gizzard,

*Heigh down, ho down, &c.*

Then the Soldier ripe for plunder,  
Breathing slaughter, blood and thunder;  
Lord! at what a rate he runs,  
About drums, and fwords, and guns;  
And talks of streaming veins,  
Shatter'd limbs and scatter'd brains,  
All to fill up this farcical scene, O!

What does he thrash'd,  
And cut and slash'd,  
And here he pop'd 'em,  
There he drop'd 'em;

*Heigh down, ho down, &c.*

Then the Justice in his chair,  
With his broad and vacant stare;  
His wig of formal cut,  
And belly like a butt,  
Well lin'd with turtle hash,  
Callipee and callipash,

All to fill up this farcical scene, O!

Bawd and trull,  
Pimp and cull,  
At his nod  
Go to quod;

*Heigh down, ho down, &c.*

Then the slipper'd Pantaloon,  
In life's dull afternoon,  
Shrunk shank in youthful hose,  
And spectacles on nose;  
His voice, once big and round,  
Now whistling in the sound,  
All to fill up this farcical scene, O!

Vigour spent,  
Body bent;  
Shaking noddle,  
Widdle, waddle;

*Heigh down, ho down, &c.*

Then, at last, to end the play,  
Second childhood leads the way;  
When, like sheep that take the rot,  
All our senses go to pot;  
And then death among'ft us swoops,  
And so down the curtain drops,  
All to fill up this farcical scene, O!

Then the coffin  
We move off in;  
While the bell  
Rings the knell,  
Of high and low down,  
Into the cold ground,

All to fill up this farcical scene, O!

## Down the Burn.

DOWN the burn, and thro' the mead,  
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,  
Johnny liting tun'd his reed,  
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou."

Dear she lov'd the well-known song,  
While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,  
Sung her praise the whole day long,

*Down the burn, &c.*

Costly claithes she had but few,  
Of rings and jewels nae great store,  
Her face was fair, her love was true,  
And Johnny wisely wish'd no more;  
Love's the pearl, the shepherd's prize,  
O'er the mountain, near the fountain,  
Love delights the shepherd's eyes.

*Down the burn, &c.*

Gold and title gives not health,  
And Johnny could nae these impart;  
Youthful Mary's greatest wealth,  
Was her faithful Johnny's heart;  
Sweet the joys the lovers find!

Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure  
Where the heart is always kind.

*Down the burn, &c.*

## Diana.

WHEN chearful day began to dawn,  
While Cupid still his pillow prefs'd;  
Diana rous'd by hounds and horn,  
Her gentle virgins thus address'd:

Hark away, hark away to the merry ton'd horn,  
While the hounds chearful cry awakens the morn,  
Diana, herself rules the sports of the day,  
And joins in the chorus of hark, hark away.

With cautious steps avoid the bow'r,  
Where wily Cupid sleeping lies,  
Fond nymphs you'll rue the fatal hour,  
Should love your spotless train surprize.

Love will promise and deceive,  
Leading youthful hearts astray,  
But the joys our pastimes yield,  
Are jocund, innocent, and gay.



## The Chelsea Pensioner.

WHEN first I was enlisted,  
I was both young and gay,  
Each lass I met, I kiss'd her,  
And tipp'd time away;  
I learn'd my exercise, fir,  
And then was sent to fight,  
I'm now a little wifer,  
Tho' in this hapless plight.

I went into the battle,  
Where thund'ring cannons roar;  
Oh! such a horrid rattle,  
I never heard before;  
One bullet took a peeper,  
Thank God that one was left;  
And yet I do not weep, fir,  
Tho' of one leg bereft.

At Chelsea now the pension  
Gives comfort to my life;  
And round the quart I mention  
My former deadly strife;  
Brown Bess I often shoulder,  
Forget my former pain,  
And fight, to each beholder,  
My battle o'er again.

I spend my money freely,  
With pleasure drink and sing;  
Whatever fate may deal me,  
God blefs the Queen and King;  
If foes again assail, then  
To garrison I'll go,  
Brown Bess will never fail, when  
Attacking of the foe.

## Constant Kate.

OUR crew the pond'rous anchor hove,  
The swelling canvas caught the breeze,  
And many a sailor left his love,  
And murmur'd curses on the seas:  
Hopeless, and heedless of my fate,  
Nor glad, nor griev'd, I view'd the main,  
Nor heav'd one sigh, nor cast t'wards shore,  
One ling'ring look as off we wore;  
Tho' all before me seem'd forlorn,  
Behind I'd nothing left to mourn,  
Kate once made fortune frown in vain,  
But death has stolen my constant Kate.

When on the midnight watch I stood,  
The thoughts of her the hours beguil'd,  
Then o'er my sorrows would I brood,  
And griev'd that fortune ever smil'd;  
And when the tempest big with fate,  
With horror fill'd the crowded deck,  
In silence, careless, undismay'd  
The boatswain's summons I obey'd;  
Tho' all before me seem'd forlorn,  
Behind I'd nothing left to mourn,  
Kate once made fortune frown in vain,  
But death has stolen my constant Kate.

But when the furious fight began,  
And honour call'd me to my post,  
The patriot govern'd all the men,  
And Kate no more my thoughts engross'd;  
But when with victory elate,  
All push'd the can, and roll'd the glee,  
Again would Kate my mind employ,  
I could not join the general joy;  
For all before me seem'd forlorn,  
Behind I'd nothing left to mourn,  
No more has pleasure charms for me,  
Since death has stolen my constant Kate.

## The wandering Sailor.

THE wandering sailor ploughs the main,  
A competence in life to gain,  
Undaunted braves the stormy seas,  
To find, at last, content and ease:  
In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,  
To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,  
And thunders shake from pole to pole;  
Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,  
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home:  
In hopes when toil and danger's o'er  
To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl, the jovial crew,  
The early scenes of life renew;  
Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,  
This is the universal toast—  
May we, when toil and danger's o'er,  
Cast anchor on our native shore.

## I fail'd in the good Ship the Kitty.

I SAIL'D in the good ship the Kitty,  
With a stiff blowing gale and rough sea,  
Left Polly, the lads call so pretty,  
Safe here at an anchor, yo yea,  
Yo yea, yo yea,  
Left Polly, the lads call so pretty,  
Safe here at an anchor, yo yea.

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,  
And cry'd "now be constant to me;"  
I told her not to be down-hearted,  
So up went the anchor, yo yea,

*Yo yea, &c.*

When the wind whistl'd larboard and starboard,  
And the storm came on weather and lee,  
The hope I with her should be harbour'd,  
Was my cable and anchor, yo yea,

*Yo yea, &c.*

And yet, my boys, would you believe me,  
I return'd with no rhino from sea;  
My Polly would never receive me,  
So again I weigh'd anchor, yo yea,

*Yo yea, &c.*

## No Topfails.

NO topfails shiver in the wind,  
Our ship's safe moor'd in port;  
In Mary's arms my heart's reclin'd,  
No more of waves the sport:  
And now to her return'd from far,  
Alone she prov'd my leading star.

Tho' landmen flatter'd when I sail'd,  
And artful tales renew'd;  
They never o'er my love prevail'd  
My Mary still I view'd:  
Thro' trying gales, and bloody war,  
She still has prov'd my leading star.

Tho' Sirens strove to win my heart,  
(From port to port the same)  
My thoughts from Mary never part,  
But dwell upon her name:  
No founts have charms but her dear voice,  
Her constant sailor's lovely choice.

But now return'd and Mary kind,  
To care we'll bid adieu!  
And thou, my dear, shalt steer my mind,  
All's joy, when blest'd with you!  
Dear idol of thy sailor's heart  
Let wedlock join us ne'er to part.

## Fair Nancy pin'd in Sorrow.

FAIR Nancy pin'd in sorrow,  
Her languid cheek grew pale,  
She was the sweetest maiden  
That bloom'd on Cheviot dale;  
It was not wealth she wish'd for,  
Since she was fortune's care:  
No envy rack'd her bosom,  
For she was kind as fair.

Yet still she pin'd in sorrow,  
In vain was all relief;  
In vain each fond endeavour,  
To trace the source of grief:  
She found a secret pleasure,  
To check the glancing eye,  
To feel without complaining,  
To love without a sigh.

Oft' would she smile, as seeming  
The big-swoln tear to shroud,  
Smile as the May-day sun-beam,  
That glitters thro' a cloud:  
But, worn with months in anguish,  
Her pulse throbb'd weak and slow,  
Her smiles forgot to mantle,  
And e'en her tears to flow.

But once, when all was silent,  
And darkness sooth'd despair,  
She breath'd these mournful accents,  
Adown the midnight air:  
"Ah! Edmund, shall your Nancy  
Sink hopeless in the grave;  
No lover's heart to pity?  
No lover's hand to save?"

"And are you lost to feeling,  
Unconscious of my fate?  
You will esteem—ah! torture,  
That's colder e'en than hate:  
Fain would my spirit linger  
To bid one fond adieu:  
Ah! no, 'twould rend your bosom,  
To think I die for you."

Her watchful sister listen'd,  
And caught the secret tale;  
And flew in haste to Edmund,  
Quite over Cheviot dale;  
She blush'd, yet thought 'twas pity  
Such love should be conceal'd;  
She wept, and ev'ry accent,  
And ev'ry sigh, reveal'd.

Slow are the lightning's flashes,  
Which from the tempest dart,  
To the new blaze of passion  
That burst upon his heart:  
"For me" he cry'd, "for Edmund,  
For me, O hapless maid?  
O let me fly to save her,  
Or in one grave be laid."

He came—her cheek averted,  
For whiteness mock'd the snow;  
He started, nor could greet her,  
His whole frame trembled so:  
She turn'd, and shrunk with terror,  
As from his glance she stole;  
And such a look she gave him,  
That harrow'd up the soul.

But stretch'd her hand, so clay cold,  
As if to say, forgive:  
Since you are kind and tender,  
I now could wish to live:  
Then rising from her pillow,  
With anxious fondness cry'd,  
"And do you love your Nancy?  
Indeed!"—She smil'd and dy'd.

## Barbara Allen.

IN Scarlet-town where I was born,  
There was a fair maid dwelling,  
Made every youth cry, well-away!  
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,  
When green buds they were swelling,  
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,  
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,  
To the town where she was dwelling;  
"You must come to my master dear,  
If your name be Barbara Allen;

"For death is printed on his face,  
And o'er his heart is stealing;  
Then haste away to comfort him,  
O lovely Barbara Allen."

"Though death be printed on his face,  
And o'er his heart is stealing,  
Yet little better shall he be  
For bonny Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly, she came up,  
And slowly she came nigh him;  
And all she said, when there she came,  
"Young man, I think you're dying."

He turn'd his face unto her frown,  
With deadly sorrow sighing;  
"O lovely maid come pity me,  
I'm on my death-bed lying."

"If on your death-bed you do lye,  
What needs the tale you're telling;  
I cannot keep you from your death;  
Farewell," said Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,  
As deadly pangs he fell in;  
"Adieu! adieu! unto you all,  
Adieu to Barbara Allen."

As she was walking o'er the fields,  
She heard the bells a knelling;  
And ev'ry stroke did seem to say—  
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turn'd her body round about,  
And spy'd his corpse a coming;  
"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,  
"That I may look upon him."

With scornful eye she looked down,  
Her cheek with laughter swelling;  
Whilst all her friends cry'd out amain,  
"Unworthy Barbara Allen."

When he was dead, and laid in grave,  
Her heart was struck with sorrow;  
"O, mother, mother, make my bed,  
For I shall die to-morrow."

"Hard-hearted creature, him to sligh,  
Who loved me so dearly;  
"O that I was more kind to him,  
When he was alive and near me!"

She, on her death-bed as she lay,  
Begg'd to be bury'd by him;  
And fore-repent'd of the day  
That she did er'e deny him.

"Farewell" she said "ye virgins all,  
And shun the fault I fell in;  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barbara Allen."



THE

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OR

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## Murphy Delany.

**I**T was Murphy Delany so funny and frisky,  
Popp'd into a shebeen shop to get his skin full,  
And reel'd out again pretty well lin'd with whiskey,  
So fresh as a shamrock, as blind as a buli.

But a trifling accident happen'd our rover,  
Who took the quay side for the floor of his shed,  
And the keel of a coal barge he just tumbled over,  
And thought all the time he was going to bed.  
*And sing fillaloo, bubbaboo, whack! botheration,*  
*Ev'ry man in his humour as Kate kiss'd the pig.*

Some folks passing by drew him out of the river,  
And got a horse doctor his sickness to mend,  
Who swore that poor Pat was no longer a liver,  
But dead as the Devil, and there was an end.  
So they sent for the coroner's jury to try him,  
But Pat not half liking the comical strife,  
Tell to twisting and turning, the while they sat by him  
And came, when he found it convenient, to life.

*And sing fillaloo, &c.*

Says Pat to the jury "your worships an't please you,  
"I don't think I'm dead, so what is it you'd do?"  
"Not dead" said the foreman "you spalpeen be easy  
"Do you think don't the doctor know better than  
you."

So then they went on in the business some further,  
Exam'n'd the doctor about his belief,  
Then brought poor Delany in guilty of "murder"  
And swore that they'd hang him in spite of his  
teeth.

*And sing fillaloo, &c.*

But Paddy clinch'd hold of a clumsy shilaly,  
And laid on the doctor, who stiff as a post,  
Still swore that it couldn't be Murphy Delany,  
But was something alive, and so must be his ghost.  
The jury began then with fear to survey him,  
While he like a devil about him did lay,  
So they sent out of hand for the clergy to lay him,  
But Pat laid the clergy, and then ran away.

*And sing fillaloo, &c.*

## If the Heart of a Man is depress'd.

**I**F the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,  
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;  
Like the notes of a fiddle, the sweetly, sweetly,  
Raises his spirits, and charms his ears;  
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,  
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those,

Prefs her,  
Carefs her,  
With blisses,  
Her Kisses,

Dissolve us in pleasure, and soft repose.

*Gay.*

## Ground Ivy.

**N**EAR yonder hamlet, in the vale,  
In peace my father's bones are laid,  
Ah! listen to my artless tale,  
For I am poor and need your aid,  
Misfortune's lorn and helpless child,  
I early to yon meadows fly,  
And there I gather bowpots wild,  
And thro' the streets of London cry,  
Ground Ivy, ground ivy;  
Come buy my ground ivy,  
Ground ivy, ground ivy,  
Come buy my ground ivy.

On yonder bank sweet flowers grew,  
There cowslips and primroses sprerd;  
These now I cull with violets blue,  
And bowpots sell to buy me bread;  
My daisies and primroses gay,  
I tempt each passenger to buy;  
And oft' when weary on my way,  
I mourn my fate, and weeping cry,  
*Ground ivy, &c.*

Tho' friends and parents all are dead,  
Yet he who gives the nestlings food,  
Will feed my wants, will give me bread,  
And keep me in the path of good:  
Tho' some with art my beauty praise,  
And strive my innocence to buy;  
I'll keep me still in virtue's ways,  
And still to ev'ry call reply,  
*Ground Ivy, &c.*

## Come, jolly Bacchus.

**C**OME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,  
Crown this night with pleasure;  
Let none at cares of life repine,  
To destroy our pleasure;  
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,  
That ev'ry true and loyal soul  
May drink and sing, without controul,  
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be  
Guardian to our pleasure,  
That, under thy protection, we  
May enjoy new pleasure:  
And as the hours glide away,  
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,  
And sing thy praises, that we may  
Live and die with pleasure.

## Good Queen Bess.

TO my muse give attention,  
And deem it not a mystery,  
If we jumble together music,  
Poetry and history,  
The times to display  
In the reign of Queen Bess, fir,  
Whose name and whose memory  
Posterity may bless, fir.

*O the golden days of good Queen Bess.  
Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess.*

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears  
Of Dons and Armadas,  
With their gun-powder puffs,  
And their blustering bravadoes;  
For we know how to manage  
The musket and the bow, fir,  
And could bring down a Spaniard  
Just as easy as a crow, fir.

*O the golden days, &c.*

Then our streets were unpav'd,  
And our houses were thatch'd, fir,  
Our windows were lattic'd,  
Our doors only latch'd, fir;  
Yet so few were the folks  
That would plunder, or rob, fir,  
That the hangman was starving  
For want of a job, fir.

*O the golden days, &c.*

Then our ladies with large ruffs  
Tid round about their neck fast,  
Would gobble up a pound  
Of beef-stakes for their breakfast;  
While a close quilted coif  
Their noddles just did fit, fir,  
And they truss'd up as tight  
As a rabbit for the spit, fir.

*O the golden days, &c.*

Then jerkins, and doublets,  
And yellow worsted hose, fir,  
With a pair of large whiskers,  
Was the dress of our beaus, fir;  
Strong beer they prefer'd  
To claret or to hock, fir,  
And no poultry they priz'd  
Like the wing of an ox, fir.

*O the golden days, &c.*

Good neighbourhood was then  
As plenty too as beef, fir,  
And the poor from the rich  
Never wanted relief, fir,  
While merry went the mill-clack,  
The shuttle and the plough, fir,  
And honest men could live by  
The sweat of their brow, fir.

*O the golden days, &c.*

Then the folks every Sunday  
Went twice at least to church, fir,  
And never left the parson  
Or the sermon in the lurch, fir,  
For they judg'd that the sabbath was  
For people to do good in,  
And they thought it sabbath-breaking  
If they din'd without a pudding.

*O the golden days, &c.*

Then our great men were good,  
And our good men were great, fir,  
And the props of the nation  
Were the pillars of the state, fir;  
For the sov'reign and the subject  
One interest supported,  
And our powerful alliance  
By all powers then was courted.

*O the golden days, &c.*

Thus renown'd as they liv'd  
All the days of their lives, fir,  
Bright examples of glory  
To those who survive, fir;  
May we their descendants  
Pursue the same ways, fir,  
That King George, like Queen Bess,  
May have his golden days, fir,  
*And may a longer reign of glory and success,  
Make his name eclipse the fame of good Queen Bess.*

COLLINS.

## Lochaber.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jeany,  
Where heartsome with thee I ha' mony a day been;  
To Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
May be to return to Lochaber no more.  
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
And not for the dangers attending on war;  
Tho' borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;  
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
That's naething to leaving my love on the shore.  
To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd;  
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;  
And honour and love's the reward of the brave,  
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,  
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
And without thy favour I'd better not be  
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,  
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame.  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

## Tell me, Lasses.

TELL me, lasses, have you seen,  
Lately wand'ring o'er the green,  
Beauty's son, a little boy,  
Full of frolic, mirth and joy?  
If you know his shelter say,  
He's from Venus gone astray; —  
Tell me, lasses, have you seen  
Such a one trip o'er the green?

By his marks the god you'll know;  
O'er his shoulder hangs a bow,  
And a quiver fraught with darts,  
Poison sure to human hearts;  
Tho' he's naked, little, blind,  
He can triumph o'er the mind.

*Tell me, lasses, &c.*

Subtle as the lightning's wound  
Is his piercing arrow found,  
While the bosom'd heart it pains,  
No external mark remains;  
Reason's shield itself is broke  
By the unsuspected stroke.

*Tell me, lasses, &c.*

Oft the urchin's seen to lie  
Basking in the sunny eye,  
Or his destin'd prey he seeks  
On the maiden's rosy cheeks:  
Snowy breasts, or curling hair,  
Oft conceal his pleasing snare.

*Tell me, lasses, &c.*

She that the recess reveals  
Where the god himself conceals,  
Shall a kiss receive this night  
From him who is her heart's delight;  
To Venus let her bring the boy,  
She shall taste love's sweetest joy.

*Tell me, lasses, &c.*



## As now my Bloom.

AS now my bloom comes on apace,  
The swains begin to teize me,  
But two, who claim the foremost place,  
Try different ways to please me;  
To judge aright, and choose the best,  
Is not so soon decided,  
When both their merits are express'd,  
I may be less divided.

Palæmon's flocks unnumber'd stray,  
He's rich beyond all measure,  
Wou'd I but smile, look kind and gay,  
He'd give me all his treasure;  
But then our years so disagree,  
So much as I remember,  
It is but May I'm sure with me,  
With him it is December.

Can I, who scarcely am in bloom,  
Let frost and snow be suing,  
I would spoil each rip'ning joy to come,  
Bring ev'ry charm to ruin.  
For dress and shew to touch my pride,  
My little heart is panting,  
But then there's something else beside,  
I soon should find was wanting.

Then, Colin, thou my choice shalt gain,  
For thou wilt ne'er deceive me,  
And grey-hair'd wealth shall plead in vain,  
For thou hast more to give me:  
My fancy paints thee full of charms,  
Thy looks so young and tender:  
Love beats his new and fond alarms,  
To thee I now surrender.

## Colin stole my Heart away.

THE fields were green, the hills were gay,  
And birds were singing on each spray,  
When Colin met me in a grove,  
And told me tender tales of love:  
Was ever swain so blithe as he,  
So kind, so faithful, and so free;  
In spite of all my friends could say,  
Young Colin stole my heart away.

When'er he trips the meads along,  
He sweetly joins the woodlark's song;  
And when he dances on the green,  
There's none so blithe as Colin seen:  
If he's but by I nothing fear,  
For I alone am all his care;  
Then spite of all my friends can say,  
He's stole my tender heart away.

My mother chides when'er I roam,  
And seems surpris'd I quit my home;  
But she'd not wonder that I rove,  
Did she but feel how much I love:  
Full well I know the gen'rous swain  
Will never give my bosom pain;  
Then spite of all my friends can say,  
He's stole my tender heart away.

## Well, be a good Girl.

BY some I am told,  
That I'm wrinkl'd and old,  
But I will not believe what they say,  
I feel my blood mounting,  
Like streams in a fountain,  
That merrily sparkle and play.  
For love I have will,  
And ability still;  
Oddsbobs I can scarcely refrain,  
My diamond, my pearl,  
Well, be a good girl,  
Untill I come to you again.

## As you mean to set Sail.

AS you mean to set sail  
For the land of delight,  
And in wedlock's soft hammock  
To swing every night;  
If you hope that your voyage  
Successful should prove,  
Fill your sails with affection,  
Your cabin with love. *Fill your sails, &c.*

Let your heart like the main-mast  
Be ever upright,  
And the union you boast,  
Like your tackle be tight;  
Of the shoals of indiff'rence  
Be sure you keep clear,  
And the quick-sands of jealousy  
Never come near.

*And the quick-sands, &c.*

If husbands e'er hope to  
Live peaceable lives,  
They must reckon themselves,  
Give the helm to their wives;  
For the ev'ner we go, boys,  
The better we sail,  
And on ship-board the head  
Is still rul'd by the tail.

*And on ship-board, &c.*

Then list to your pilot,  
My boys, and be wise,  
If my precepts you scorn,  
And my maxims despise;  
A brace of proud antlers  
Your brows may adorn,  
And a hundred to one  
But you'll double Cape Horn.

*And a hundred, &c.*

## The echoing Horn.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,  
To horse, my brave boys, and away;  
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds  
Upbraids our too tedious delay.  
What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox,  
O'er hill, dale and valley he flies;  
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza!  
The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,  
Like bacchanals shouting and gay,  
How sweet with a bottle and lads to refresh,  
And lose the fatigues of the day:  
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,  
Dull wisdom, all happiness forsake:  
Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

## Gentle Maid.

GENTLE maid, ah! why suspect me?  
Let me serve thee, then reject me,  
Gentle maid, &c.  
Canst thou trust and I deceive thee,  
Art thou sad and shall I grieve thee.  
Canst thou, &c.

## OLD BALLAD.

## The Lady and the Palmer.

THE view of manors stretch'd afar  
"Will not sooth sorrow's pow'r:"  
So sang a lady, rich and fair,  
As she sat in her bow'r.  
"Tho' foul befall me for my meed,  
"And foul be thought the word;  
"Would heav'n me speed, alive or dead,  
"To see my absent lord!"

'Twas 'bout the time of curfeu bell,  
 When, all in black array,  
 With crofs to pray, and beads to tell;  
 A Palmer came that way.  
 "Go, page, and call thy lady fair;"  
 Aloud he did command;  
 "Tell her a Palmer's waiting here,  
 "Come from the holy land."

The Palmer saw the foot-page run,  
 (As he ran at the ring)  
 The Palmer look'd till the bow'r he won,  
 And heard the lady sing:  
 "Tho' foul befall me for my meed,  
 "And foul be thought the word,  
 "Would heav'n me speed! alive or dead,  
 "To see my absent lord!

"Now welcome, holy Palmer, tell  
 "Thy tidings unto me."  
 "Oh, lady, 'tis not many a day,  
 "Since I thy lord did see."  
 "Oh, when will he have done with the wars?  
 "Sweet Palmer tell to me."  
 "Oh, lady, he's now done with the wars,  
 "In truth I tell to thee."

"Alas! what wounds hath he got i'th' field?  
 "Dear Palmer, tell to me."  
 "Oh, he has had wounds, but now they are heal'd,  
 "In truth I tell to thee."  
 "But is there no token he hath sent,  
 "No token of love to me?"  
 "No relique o' the rood, or pearl orient,  
 "Or gaud of the east country?"

"Oh, I've no relique, or eastern gaud,  
 "Fair lady, to bring to thee;  
 "But I come to tell, that thy hapless lord  
 "Is dying in the east country."  
 O then the lady's groans and cries,  
 Re-echoed piteously;  
 The tears that fell from her brilliant eyes  
 Ran like the fountain free.

"Oh, Palmer, ill befall to thee,  
 "For what thou tellest me!  
 "But now will I wend to the east country,  
 "My dying lord to see."  
 "And tho' foul befall me for my meed,  
 "And foul be thought the word,  
 "Good heav'n me speed! for alive or dead,  
 "I'll see my dearest lord.

"And now, my foot-page, run, I pray,  
 "On thy lady's last boon;  
 "Get a pilgrim's gown of black or grey,  
 "With scrip and sandal shoon:  
 "And take these filken gaudes with thee,  
 "And take the kirtle o' green;  
 "For 'tis not befitting of widows like me,  
 "In such garb to be seen.

"And cut these wanton locks, I pray,  
 "And take my gold rings three;  
 "For in pilgrim's garb I'll take my way,  
 "To my lord in the east country.  
 "And now tho' foul befall my meed,  
 "And foul be thought the word,  
 "Good heav'n me speed! for, alive or dead,  
 "I'll see my dearest lord."

Then up arose the Palmer man,  
 Amaz'd such love to see;  
 For the lady already some paces had ran,  
 In her way to the east country.  
 "Stay, lady, for from the holy land,  
 "Thy lord's last words I bring;  
 "And, lo!, to my care, from off his hand,  
 "He pledg'd thy golden ring."

The lady sprang, and seiz'd the ring,  
 And a show'r of tears she shed;  
 "Now I know by this pledge, that thou dost bring,  
 "That my dear lord is dead.  
 "Yet still, tho' foul befall my meed,  
 "And foul be thought my word,  
 "Would heav'n me speed! tho' he be dead,  
 "I'd see my dear-lov'd lord."

"Oh, weep not, lady, weep not so,  
 "Nor 'gainst thy sad fate strive;  
 "For shouldst thou see him, thou well dost know,  
 "Thou could'st not make him live.  
 "But calm thy mind, oh, lady fair!  
 "But calm thy mind, I pray;  
 "Nor let the curfed fiend, despair,  
 "Thus, 'whelm thee with dismay."

"Oh, cruel Palmer! say not so,  
 "Nor think to comfort me;  
 "And tho' it would but increase my woe,  
 "My dead lord I would see."  
 "Alas! alas! thou lady fair!—  
 "But if it so must be,  
 "I can by learn'd lore declare,  
 "How thou thy lord may'st see."

"Oh, say'st thou so, thou Palmer dear?  
 "Thou shalt have gold and see;  
 "Then tell me, Palmer, tell me where  
 "My dear lord I may see?"  
 Then quick that wily Palmer led  
 The lady to a bow'r,  
 And in a book full long he read,  
 While fast her tears did pour.

"I know well by this dismal book,  
 "That he'll appear this night;  
 "But white and ghastly he will look,  
 "And will thee much affright."  
 "Oh, I care not," the lady said;  
 "Tho' foul be thought the word,  
 "Would heav'n me speed! tho' he be dead,  
 "I'd see my dearest lord."

"On yon kirk green, at dark midnight,  
 "Thy dead lord will appear:  
 "Far off you'll see his hapless sprite—  
 "But lady go not near.  
 "So now go chaunt full many a prayer  
 "Devout upon thy knee;  
 "To the kirk-green at night repair,  
 "Thy dead lord for to see."

Now rose the moon with solemn pride,  
 Sweet night's enchanting queen,  
 And o'er the lonely kirk-yard wide  
 Was shed her silver sheen;  
 And then came forth the lady fair,  
 And to the kirk-green went—  
 Cold blew the blast—and her sweet hair,  
 Was all with dew besprent.

And now the hours had gone their rounds,  
 And dreary was the green,  
 And nought was heard save the lone sound  
 Of blasts that blew so keen.  
 Yet still she sigh'd, "tho' foul my meed,  
 "And foul be thought the word,  
 "Would heav'n me speed! tho' he be dead,  
 "I'd see my dear lov'd lord."

Scarce had she spoke, when from the east  
 A ghosly form did glide—  
 She started wild—the smote her breast—  
 And on the kirk-green dy'd.  
 The Palmer threw aside the sheet,  
 And frantic rav'd and cry'd;  
 Then curs'd his av'rice indiscreet,  
 And by the lady dy'd.—



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The Wicklow Sand Man.

YE children of pity, ye great folks and small,  
With sympathy hear age and poverty's call;  
Of all comforts bereft, not a friend in the land,  
I linger out life, crying—fine Wicklow sand.

Ah! stretch out your hand, at pity's command,  
To th' old man who thro' Dublin cries fine  
Wicklow sand,

Ah! stretch out your hand, at pity's command,  
To th' old man who thro' Dublin cries fine  
Wicklow sand,

Fine Wicklow sand—fine Wicklow sand,

Ah! stretch out your hand, at pity's command,  
To th' old man who thro' Dublin cries fine  
Wicklow Sand.

From my wants and my sorrows withdraw not your  
eye,

As feebly, in tatters, I slowly pass by;  
I've no hope of relief, save from charity's hand,  
Whilst bending with age I cry fine Wicklow sand.  
*Ah! stretch forth, &c.*

Life's lamp it is likely can't much longer burn,  
When extinguish'd, thank Heav'n, no more shall I  
mourn,

Kind death can alike all the sorrows disband,  
Of the monarch, or him who cries fine Wicklow sand  
*Ah! stretch forth, &c.*

Lafs of Richmond Hill.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lafs  
More bright than May-day morn,  
Whose charms all other maids surpass;  
A rose without a thorn.

This lafs so neat, with smiles so sweet,  
Has won my right good will:  
I'd crowns resign, to call her mine,  
The lafs of Richmond-Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,  
And wanton thro' the grove;  
O whisper to my charming fair,  
I die for her, and love.

*This lafs so neat, &c.*

How happy must that shepherd be,  
Who calls this nymph his own;  
Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me;  
Mine's fix'd on her alone.

*This lafs so neat, &c.*

Dear Chloe come give me sweet Kisses.

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,  
For sweeter no girl ever gave;  
But why in the midst of my blisses,  
Do you ask me how many I'd have?  
I'm not to be flinted in pleasure,  
Then pr'ythee, dear Chloe, be kind,  
For since I love thee out of measure,  
To numbers I'll not be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,  
Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields;  
Count the flocks that on Tempe are fraying,  
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields;  
Count how many stars are in heaven,  
Go number the sands on the shore;  
And when so many kisses you've given,  
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,  
A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;  
In my arms I would ever enfold thee,  
And circle thee round like a vine.  
What joy can be greater than this is?  
My life on thy lips shall be spent:  
But the wretch who can number his kisses,  
Will always with few be content.

I could never Lustre see.

I COULD never lustre see  
In eyes that would not look on me;  
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,  
But where my own did hope to sip.

Has the maid who seeks my heart,  
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art;  
I will own the colour true,  
When yielding blushes add their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure,  
I must press it, to be sure;  
Nor can I be certain then,  
'Till it grateful press again.

Must I with attentive eye  
Watch her heaving bosom sigh;  
I will do so—when I see  
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

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## Aileen a Roon.

*The following very elegant paraphrase on the celebrated song of Aileen a Roon, by the late Rt. Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and first Secretary of State, is now published, for the first time, from the original manuscript.*

OH! welcome, my Aileen; the moment is blest  
That brings thee to soothe ev'ry care of my breast;  
These eyes that behold thee,  
These arms that enfold thee;  
This faithful heart beating,  
In joy of our meeting,  
Welcome, a thousand times, Aileen a Roon.

My faithful companion\* who walk'd by my side,  
Flew away like the wind when my Aileen he spy'd;  
With music he greets thee,  
In raptures he meets thee,  
Now to thy side clinging;  
Now up thy lap springing,  
He welcomes, a thousand ways, Aileen a Roon.

My flocks gaze and bleat as my Aileen draws nigh,  
And my little stream flows more melodiously by;  
At her feet the flow'rs springing,  
The birds round her singing;  
In her presence delighting,  
All nature uniting,  
Proclaims a glad welcome to Aileen a Roon.

Thy presence my garden rejoices to hail,  
And gives thee her welcome perfum'd in the gale,  
Amid' thy charms straying,  
Fond zephyrs are playing,  
Now on thy cheek lying,  
Soft breathing and sighing,  
With whispers they welcome thee, Aileen a Roon.

The blossoms are clust'ring, more verdant the grove,  
And my fields smile with gladness to welcome my love,  
To thee all is owing,  
In thee pleasure showing;  
All objects appearing  
More soft and endearing,  
What wonder we welcome thee, Aileen a Roon.

In their gayest apparel the shepherds appear,  
And are thronging to see and to welcome thee here;  
Thy dear name resounding,  
From hill to hill bounding;  
Fond echo conveying,  
And joyfully saying  
Welcome, a thousand times, Aileen a Roon.

If to welcome thee all things in nature unite,  
In what strains shall thy Donald express his delight?  
At sight of his treasure,  
Transported with pleasure;  
Thus gazing and pressing  
To his bosom his blessing—  
He has scarce breath to welcome thee, Aileen a Roon

\* A favourite Spaniel.

## Still in Hopes.

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

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

*Love in a Vil.*

## What wakes this new Pain.

WHAT wakes this new pain in my breast,  
This sense that lay dormant before?  
Lie still, busy flut'rer, and rest;  
The peace of my bosom restore.  
Why trickles in silence the tear?  
This sighing, ah! what does it mean?  
This mixture of hope and of fear,  
Where, once, all was mild and serene.  
Some pleasingly anxious alarm  
Now warms, and then freezes my heart;  
Some soft, irresistible charm,  
By turns gives me pleasure and smart.

## Ye fair married Dames.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore  
That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more,  
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,  
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught  
The bloom of your cheek and the glance of your eye,  
Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh;  
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,  
And passion will die as your beauties decay.  
Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar  
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar;  
Now tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,  
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much.  
The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,  
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command,  
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,  
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will  
Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,  
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your  
mind;  
'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,  
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

*Garrick.*

## The happy Miller.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,  
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less,  
On his mill and himself he depends for support,  
Which is better than servilely cringing at court,  
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty and powder'd does go,  
The more he is powder'd the more like a beau;  
A clown in his dress may be honest far  
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

*Than a courtier, &c.*

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen  
The hands of his betters are not very clean;  
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;  
Gold in handling may stick to the fingers like meal.

*Gold in handling, &c.*

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,  
He cribs, without scruple, from other mens' sacks;  
In this a right noble example he brags,  
Who borrows as freely from other mens' bags.

*Who borrows, &c.*

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,  
In this too he'd mimic the tools of the state,  
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,  
And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

*And all his concerns, &c.*

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,  
And down when he's weary contented does lie;  
Then raises up cheerful to work and to sing.  
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?  
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

*R. Dodgley.*



## My Lodging is on the cold Ground.

MY lodging is on the cold ground,  
 And very hard is my fare;  
 But that which troubles me most is  
 The unkindness of my dear.  
 Yet still I must cry, oh turn love,  
 And I pray thee love turn to me,  
 For thou art the man that I sigh for,  
 And alack what remedy.  
 I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,  
 And I'll marry thee with a rush ring;  
 My frozen hopes shall thaw then,  
 And merrily we will sing:  
 Oh turn to me, my dear love,  
 And I pray thee love turn to me,  
 For thou art the man that alone can't  
 Procure my liberty.  
 But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,  
 And be deaf to my pitiful moan,  
 Then I must endure the smart still;  
 And tumble in straw all alone;  
 Yet still I cry, oh, turn my love,  
 And I pray thee love turn to me,  
 For thou art the man that alone art  
 The cause of my misery.

## For Lack of Gold.\*

FOR lack of gold she left me, oh,  
 And of all that's dear bereft me;  
 She me forsook, for a great duke,  
 And to endless care has left me, oh.  
 A star and garter has more art  
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart;  
 For empty trifles we must part,  
 And for glitt'ring show she left me, oh.  
 No cruel fair shall ever move  
 My injur'd heart again to love;  
 Through distant climates I must rove,  
 Since Jenny, she has left me, oh;  
 Ye pow'rs above, I to your care  
 Commit my lovely, charming fair;  
 Your choicest blessings with her share,  
 Tho' she's for ever left me, oh.

\* Written by the late Dr. Aulín, of Edinburgh, upon a lady's marriage with one of the dukes of Scotland, after she had given him much encouragement in his addresses to her.

## The Bee.

A BUSY humble bee am I,  
 That range the garden sunny;  
 From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,  
 And every flow'r's my honey.  
 Bright Chloe, with her golden hair,  
 Awhile my rich jonquil is,  
 Till, cloy'd with sipping nectar there,  
 I shift to rosy Phillis. *I shift, &c.*  
 But Phillis's sweet op'ning breast,  
 Remains not long my station;  
 For Kitty must be now address'd,  
 My spicy breath'd carnation.  
 Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,  
 No flow'r can bind a rover;  
 And all in turns my love receive  
 The gay wide garden over. *The gay, &c.*  
 Variety, that knows no bound,  
 My roving fancy edges,  
 And oft with Flora I am found,  
 In dalliance under hedges:  
 For as I am an arrant bee,  
 Who range each bank that's funny,  
 Both fields and gardens are my fee,  
 And ev'ry flow'r's my honey. *And ev'ry, &c.*

## The Lads of Bedlam.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the  
 spring,  
 I heard a maid in bedlam, who mournfully did sing,  
 Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly  
 thus sung she;  
 I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea,  
 And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love a-  
 way,  
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've  
 ruin'd me;  
 And I love my love, because I know my love loves  
 me.

O should it please the pitying powers, to call me to  
 the sky,  
 I'd claim a guardian angel's care, around my love to  
 fly;  
 To guard him from all dangers, how happy should  
 I be,  
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous  
 fine,  
 With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine.  
 And I'll present it to my love, when he returns from  
 sea,  
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast,  
 Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest,  
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should  
 be,  
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky,  
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes, where I my love  
 might spy;  
 But ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall  
 see,  
 Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

## Blue Ey'd Nan.

WHEN the rough North forgets to howl,  
 And ocean's billows cease to roll;  
 When Lybian sands are bound in frost,  
 And cold to Nova-Zembla's lost;  
 When heav'nly bodies cease to move,  
 My blue ey'd Ann I'll cease to love.

No more shall flow'rs the meads adorn,  
 Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn;  
 Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring;  
 Nor parching heats the dog-star bring,  
 Nor laughing lilies paint the grove;  
 When blue ey'd Ann I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found;  
 Nor pleasures dance their frolic round;  
 Nor love's light god inhabit earth;  
 Nor beauty give the passion birth;  
 Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,  
 When blue ey'd Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,  
 Inconstancy forgets to range;  
 When lavish May no more shall bloom;  
 Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;  
 When nature from her sphere shall start,  
 I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

## Dorothy.

NOW many a long and wakeful night,  
And many a painful day,  
Sad Dorothy, consuming fast,  
In hopeless illness lay.

Each morn prepar'd to die e're night,  
Each night before the morn,  
At length she saw the fatal day  
The Wicklow hills adorn.

The feather'd songsters made the woods  
With melody resound:  
The earth rejoicing look'd abroad,  
With heav'n's effulgence crown'd.

Before her chamber, glitt'ring, roll'd  
The lifsey's silv'ry tide;  
The fields were green; the blossom'd groves  
Put forth their sylvan pride.

Full on the cheerless bed of death  
The genial lustre play'd;  
Yet not the morning's golden light  
Could glad the dismal shade.

For spring to her no joy could give,  
Nor summer ease her pain,  
Nor autumn e'er renew her strength,  
Or smiling health again.

Though all around was light and life,  
The glory of the year,  
To her, the winter of the grave  
She saw approaching near.

Dark, dark and dismal was the wild  
Tremendous steep display'd;  
She backward cast a tearful look,  
Then wrung her hands and said—

"Thou sun, whose beams, once more, I view,  
"But ne'er shall view again,  
"Thou busy, faithless world, farewell!  
"No more to give me pain!

"Thou dearest Partner of my heart!  
"O sit by me awhile,  
"For ev'n the bitterness of death,  
"Thy presence can beguile!

"I feel my strength decaying fast;  
"My final hour is near:  
"And cruel, cruel is the stroke  
"That parts me from my dear!

"Thus in the prime of youth and love,  
"To be compell'd to part!  
"In spite of all my fortitude,  
"It wrings my very heart.

"Yet all the tears that I could shed,  
"Have not the pow'r to save;  
"Nor can the pangs of kindred woe  
"Redeem me from the grave.

"Already, mingling with the dust,  
"Thy voice I scarcely hear;  
"That voice that wont to glad my soul  
"With extacies so dear!

"How chill and weary are my limbs,  
"And feeble is my frame;  
"Expiring fast within my breast,  
"I feel the vital flame.

"I scarcely breathe—my words are lost  
"In painful hollow sighs;  
"And dim appears thy weeping form,  
"Before my darksome eyes.

"O, bring my beauteous baby, love!  
"O bring my babe to me!  
"While I his angel face of joy  
"Have yet the pow'r to see.

"Alas! that angel-face no more  
"With blooming freshness glows;  
"Upon his cheek the lily pale,  
"Has triumph'd o'er the rose.

"Of all the pledges of my love—  
"And babies I've had three—  
"Of all the wishes of my soul,  
"This babe is dear to me.

"I prided in a mother's throes,  
"When I beheld his face,  
"Where now the clay-cold hand of death  
"Has wither'd ev'ry grace.

"I hop'd to rear my lovely boy,  
"But Heav'n that hope deny'd!  
"I hop'd to see him flourish fair,  
"His father's honest pride!

"I saw his early dawn of sense,  
"With fairest promise bright;  
"And hop'd a thousand tender dreams,  
"That fill'd me with delight.

"Though on the dreary verge of life,  
"My beauty faded lies;  
"Though clouded are the sunny stars  
"That sparkl'd in his eyes:

"Though, like a fainted shade, he seems  
"In air to melt away;  
"Since he must lose a mother's care,  
"I pride in his decay.

"How can a widow'd father e'er  
"His tender babe protect,  
"From an unfeeling stranger's hand,  
"Or nurse's cold neglect?

"The happiest of her sex is she,  
"Who, in this hour, resign'd,  
"Has not the misery to leave  
"Her little ones behind.

"Farewell!—a long—and last farewell!—  
"My love, be not dismay'd,  
"But, in my grave, upon my breast,  
"Let my sweet boy be laid.

"For dear my Willy loves the breast  
"That nourish'd him with life:  
"And think—but not with fruitless grief,  
"On her who was your wife."

She ceas'd—sweet William rais'd his head,  
And look'd on her awhile;  
But soon his angel spirit fled,  
In an expiring smile.

He sunk within his father's arms;  
Who caught his latest breath;  
And mourn'd the ruin of his hopes,  
Yet beautiful in death.

His mother kiss'd his lifeless lips:  
His suff'ring father gave  
The precious darling of his soul  
With sorrow to the grave.

His fainted partner follow'd soon:  
Lock'd in her cold embrace,  
Upon that breast where virtue glow'd  
Sweet William sleeps in peace.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language; forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

To the Greenwood gang wi' me.

TO speer my love with glances fair,  
The woodland laddie came,  
He vow'd he would be aw sincere,  
And thus he spoke his flame:  
The morn is blithe, May blooming fair,  
As fair as fair can be,  
To the greenwood gang, my lassie dear,  
To the greenwood gang wi' me.

*Gang wi' me, &c.*

The lad I love is sa oppress'd,  
I could na say him nay,  
He kiss'd my lips, my hand he press'd,  
As tripping o'er the bray:  
Dear lad I cry'd, sa trig and fair,  
As fair as fair can be,  
To the greenwood gang, my laddie dear,  
To the greenwood gang wi' me.

*Gang wi' me, &c.*

The bridal day is come to pass,  
Sic joy was never seen,  
And now I'm call'd the woodland lass,  
The woodland laddie's queen:  
I bless the morn so blithe and fair,  
I speak my mind sa free,  
To the greenwood gang, my laddie dear,  
To the greenwood gang wi' me.

*Gang wi' me, &c.*

Women and Wine.

WITH women and wine, I defy ev'ry care,  
For life without these is a bubble of air;  
With one and the other, in pleasure I roll,  
And a full flow of spirits enlivens my soul.

Let grave, sober mortals my maxims condemn,  
I never shall alter my conduct for them:  
I care not how much they my maxims decline;  
Let them have their humour and I will have mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,  
'Tis the spring-tide of life, 'tis the fuel of love;  
And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,  
As when Mars bound his head with a branch from the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half divine,  
First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with wine;

Then giving and taking in mutual return,  
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,  
My bumper I'll quit to be blest with my love;  
For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,  
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

*G. A. Stevens.*

Sweet Passion of Love.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you that have warm'd,  
You've waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd  
In vain against merit and Cymon I strove.  
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,  
From youth that is frost-nipt no rapture can flow;  
Elysium to him but a desert will prove.  
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

The spring should be warm, the season be gay,  
The birds and the flow'rets make blithsome sweet  
May,  
Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove.  
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

*Garrick.*

The merry Sailor.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,  
Who roams o'er the watery main;  
No treasure he ever amasses,  
But cheerfully spends all his gain:  
We're strangers to party and faction,  
To honour and honesty true,  
And would not commit a base action,  
For power or profit in view.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
Or any such glittering toys?  
A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches  
Goes thorough the world my boys.

The world is a beautiful garden  
Enrich'd with the blessings of life;  
The toiler with plenty rewarding,  
Which plenty too often breeds strife.  
When terrible tempests assail us,  
And mountainous billows affright;  
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,  
But skilful industry steers right.

*Then why should we, &c.*

The courtier's more subject to dangers,  
Who rules at the helm of the state,  
Than we, who to politics strangers,  
Escape the snares laid for the great.  
The various blessings of nature  
In various nations we try;  
No mortals than us can be greater,  
Who merrily live till we die.

*Then why should we, &c.*

## Paddy Bull's Expedition.

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's  
sweet town,  
And for England's ownself through the seas I did  
plough;

For four long days I was tofs'd up and down,  
Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow;  
While afraid of the deck in the ocean to slip, fir,  
I clung like a cat a fast hold for to keep, fir,  
Round about the big post that grows out of the ship,

fir,  
O, I never thought more to sing langolee.

I standing stock still, all the while I was moving  
Till Ireland's dear coast I saw clear of sight,  
Myself the next day, a true Irishman proving,  
When leaving the ship on the shore for to light,  
As the board they put out was too narrow for quar-

ter,  
The first step I took I was in such a totter,  
That I jump'd upon land, to my neck up in water,

O that was no time to sing langolee.

But as sharp cold and hunger I never knew more,  
And my stomach and bowels did grumble and growl,  
I thought the best way to get each in good humour,  
Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by my soul;  
So I went to a house where roast meat they provide

fir,  
With a whirligig, which up the chimney I spy'd, fir,  
And which grinds all their smoke into powder be-

sides, fir,  
'Tis as true as I'm now singing langolee.

Then I went to the landlord of all the stage coaches  
That set sail for London each night in the week,  
To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches,  
As a birth aboard one I was come for to seek;  
But as for the inside I'd no cash in my casket,  
Says I, with your leave, I make bold for to ask it,  
When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes  
the basket?

For there I can ride and sing langolee.

When making his mouth up—"the basket" says  
he, fir,

"Goes after the coach full an hour or two,"

Very well, fir, says I, that's the thing then for me,  
fir,

But the devil a word that he told me was true;  
For th' one went before, and the other behind, fir,  
They set off cheek by jole at the very same time, fir,  
So the same day, at night, I set out by moon-shine,  
fir,

All alone by myself singing langolee.

O long life to the moon, for a brave noble creature,  
That serves us with lamp-light each night in the  
dark!

While the sun only shines in the day, which by  
nature,

Wants no light at all—as you all may remark;

But as for the moon, by my soul I'll be bound, fir,  
It would save the whole nation a great many  
pounds, fir,

To subscribe for to light him up all the year round,  
fir,

Or I'll never sing more about langolee.

*Collins.*

## By Shady Woods.

BY shady woods, and purling streams,  
I pass my hours in pleasing dreams,  
And would not for the world be brought  
To change my false delightful thought;  
For who, alas! can happy be,  
That does the truth of all things see.

## The Dogs and the Gun.

EVERY mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,  
Some to Daly's for play, some to Latkin's for news;  
To Munden's droll phiz others thunder applause,  
And some triflers delight to hear Billington's noise:  
But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun,  
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finish'd his summer's career,  
And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care,  
When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harvest home,  
And their labours being o'er are at leisure to roam;  
From the noise of the town and its follies I'll run,  
And range o'er the fields with my dogs and my gun.

When my pointers around me all steadily stand,  
And none dares to stir but the dog I command,  
When the covey he springs, and I bring down my  
bird,

I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford:  
No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,  
Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thin'd, to the woods I repair,  
And I brush thro' the thickets devoid of all fear;  
There I exercise freely my levelling skill,  
And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often fill:  
For death, when I find them, they seldom can shun,  
My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command;  
Some rage at a distance, and some hunt at hand;  
If a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they spring,  
With heart-cheering notes how they make the woods  
ring!

Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run;  
My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the sport of the day,  
And spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils lay;  
Then I think of my friends, and to each give a part,  
For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart.  
Thus the vices of town, and its follies I shun,  
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

## Bright dawns the Day.

BRIGHT dawns the day with rosy face,  
That calls the hunters to the chase.

With musical horn,

Salute the gay morn,

These jolly companions to cheer;

With enlivening sounds,

Encourage the hounds,

To rival the speed of the deer.

If you find out his lair,

To the woodlands repair,

Hark! hark! he's unharbour'd, they cry;

Then fleet o'er the plain,

We gallop again,

All, all is a triumph of joy.

O'er heaths, hills, and woods,

Thro' forests and floods,

The stag flies as swift as the wind;

The welkin resounds

With the cry of the hounds,

Who chant in a concert behind.

Adieu to all care,

Pale grief and despair,

We ride in oblivion of fear;

Vexation and pain

We leave to the train,

Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo! the stag stands at bay,

The pack's at a stay,

They eagerly seize on their prize:

The welkin resounds

With the chorus of hounds,

Shrill horn with his knell, and he dies.



## Shannon's Flow'ry Banks.

IN summer when the leaves were green  
 And blossoms deck'd each tree,  
 Young Teddy then declar'd his love,  
 His artless love to me.  
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat,  
 And there he told his tale,  
 Oh! Patty, fairest of thy sex,  
 "O let fond love prevail."  
 Ah! well-a-day, you see me pine  
 "In sorrow and despair,"  
 Yet heed me not, then let me die,  
 "And end my grief and care"—  
 Ah! no, dear youth, I softly said,  
 Such love demands my thanks,  
 And here I vow eternal truth,  
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks;  
 And here we vow'd eternal truth,  
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks,  
 And then we gather'd sweetest flow'rs,  
 And play'd such artless pranks;  
 But woe is me! the press-gang came  
 And forc'd my love away,  
 Just when we nam'd next morning fair  
 To be our wedding day.  
 "My love," he cry'd, "they force me hence,  
 "But still my heart is thine;—  
 "All peace be your's, my gentle Pat,  
 "While war and toil is mine;  
 "With riches I'll return to thee,"—  
 I sobb'd out words of thanks;—  
 And then he vow'd eternal truth,  
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks.  
 And then he vow'd eternal truth,  
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks,  
 And then I saw him sail away  
 And join the hostile ranks;  
 From morn to eve, for twelve dull months,  
 His absence sad I mourn'd;  
 The peace was made, the ship came back,  
 But Teddy ne'er return'd!  
 His beauteous face, his manly form,  
 Has won a nobler fair;  
 Teddy is false; and I forlorn,  
 Must die in sad despair.  
 Ye gentle maidens, see me laid,  
 While you stand round in ranks,  
 And plant a willow o'er my head,  
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

## Angelic Fair.

ANGELIC fair, beneath yon pine,  
 On grassy verdure let's recline,  
 And like the morn be gay,  
 And like the morn be gay.  
 See how Aurora smiles on spring,  
 See how the larks arise and sing,  
 To hail the infant day,  
 To hail the infant day.  
 Music shall wake the morn, the day  
 Shall roll unheeded as we play,  
 In wiles impell'd by love,  
 In wiles impell'd by love.  
 When weary we will deign to rest  
 Alternate on each other's breast,  
 While Cupid guards the grove,  
 While Cupid guards the grove.  
 What prince can boast more happiness  
 Than I, possessing thee, possess,  
 All care is banish'd hence,  
 All care is banish'd hence.  
 Say, mortals, who our deeds despise,  
 In what superior pleasure lies,  
 Than love and innocence?  
 Than love and innocence?

## Banks of the Dee.

IT was summer; so softly the breezes were blowing  
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from a tree,  
 At the foot of a rock, when the river was flowing,  
 I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.  
 Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,  
 Thy banks purest streams shall be dear to me ever,  
 When first I gain'd the attention and favour  
 Of Jemmy, the glory and pride of the Dee.  
 But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourn-  
 ing,  
 To quell the proud rebels, so valiant is he;  
 And yet there's no hope of his speedy returning,  
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.  
 He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring  
 billows,  
 The sweetest, and kindest of all his gay fellows,  
 And has left me to mourn amongst these green wil-  
 lows,  
 The lonesomest maid on the banks of the Dee.  
 But time, and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore  
 him,  
 Blest peace may restore the dear shepherd to me,  
 And when he comes home, with such care I'll watch  
 o'er him,  
 He ne'er shall again quit the banks of the Dee.  
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,  
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,  
 Whilst I with my Jemmy am carelessly straying,  
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

## The Sea-worn Tar.

THE sea-worn tar, who in the war,  
 No danger e'er cou'd move,  
 True to his gun, all hazards run,  
 Yet thought upon his love;  
 But home again forgets his pain,  
 And seeks his faithful lass;  
 Lock'd in her arms, enjoys her charms,  
 And fills the sparkling glass.  
 The ship safe moor'd, with gold well stor'd,  
 All dangers now are o'er,  
 His timbers tight, his rigging light,  
 He scuds along the shore,  
 To seek the place where ev'ry grace  
 Adorns his charming lass;  
 Then in her arms, enjoys her charms,  
 And fills the sparkling glass.  
 In war renown'd with honour crown'd,  
 He laughs and sings away:  
 Of fore and aft, above, abaft,  
 He talks from night to day;  
 Of red hot balls, and batter'd walls,  
 To entertain his lass;  
 Lock'd in her arms, enjoys her charms,  
 And fills the sparkling glass.

## How pleas'd within my native Bow'rs.

HOW pleas'd within my native bow'rs,  
 Ere while I pass'd the day;  
 Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs,  
 Were ever flow'rs so gay?  
 How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,  
 And all the landscape round;  
 The rivers gliding down the dale,  
 The hill with beeches crown'd!  
 But now, when urg'd by tender woes,  
 I speed to meet my dear;  
 That hill and stream my zeal oppose,  
 And stop my fond career.  
 No more, since Daphné was my theme,  
 Their wonted charms I see;  
 That verdant hill, and silver stream,  
 Divide my love and me.

## Love and Grief,

OR THE DEATH OF THE SUTHERLANDS.

*The following ballad is founded on fact, and contains the very affecting story of William Earl of Sutherland, and his Countess; who having lost an only Son, they endeavour'd to dispel their grief by a journey to Bath. They had been there only a few weeks, when the Earl was taken ill of a violent fever, during which time the Countess devoted herself so entirely to the care of her Lord, that she attended him for twenty-one days and nights without ever leaving him or going to bed; and the apprehension of his danger so affected her spirits and appetite, that her stomach refused all sustenance, and she died perfectly worn out with fatigue and watching, the beginning of July 1766, and his Lordship a few days after.—This most amiable pair were an honour to nobility; their conjugal love was even proverbial.—It appeared, from the inscriptions on their coffins, that the Earl was only 31, the Countess 26.*

FROM Caledonia's distant bounds,  
Beyond the Murray firth,  
Where Scottish men, with warlike sounds,  
Join dance, and song, and mirth.

There came the lord of Sutherland,  
A youth tall, fair, and free;  
His race was aye a gallant-band,  
A gallant youth was he.

He lov'd his king, his country lov'd;  
A trusty blade he bore  
To smite their foes; by fear unmov'd;  
Their foes him dreaded fore.

Yet gentle was he, too, and kind,  
As kindest friend might be;  
For still in bravest souls, we find,  
Dwells sweet humanity.

A youth so brave, a youth so mild,  
What lady would not love?  
Where'er he came, where'er he smil'd,  
In vain the fair ones strove,

To quench the soft, but dang'rous flame  
That in their bosoms glow'd;  
The kindling blush that went and came,  
The secret flame still show'd.

Amid the rest a lovely maid,  
Maria hight was seen;  
Lovely her looks, her manners staid,  
But most her mind, I ween,

Did take who saw, meek was that mind  
As meekest infant's smiles;  
And wise as age, nor yet inclin'd  
To cunning that beguiles.

Nor art nor cunning needed she,  
Her soul was fill'd with grace;  
Sincerely good, and nobly free,  
Her soul beam'd in her face.

In destin'd hour young Sutherland  
Beheld the beauteous maid;  
Her beauty, could his youth withstand,  
Such beauty so array'd?

Ah, no! her charms, by virtue dress'd,  
Did seize the hero's heart;  
He lov'd, he courted, he was blest—  
Death only could them part:—

Nor that long time!—List to my tale,  
A tale of love and woe;  
If pity in your breast prevail,  
List, and a tear bestow.

\*Midst all that worth and wealth combin'd,  
Which friends and fame confer,  
Of pleasure on the feeling mind,  
Did live this happy pair.

Their happiness to crown, kind Heav'n  
Two pretty babes did lend;  
Lent was the blessing, not so giv'n,  
But for it Heav'n might send.

And send Heav'n did, ere long, for part,  
The eldest was recall'd;  
Both parents sorely ru'd the smart;  
The smart them both appall'd.

Now first appall'd, our warrior brave  
Sunk down in deep dismay;  
And oft he view'd his darling's grave,  
His darling torn away.

Till heavy thoughts revolv'd too oft,  
Oppress'd the springs of life;  
His strength decay'd, his soul was lost,  
—It bow'd beneath the strife.

His friends, to flee the scene of grief,  
Their prudent counsel gave;  
(From objects new we meet relief)  
All sought the youth to save.

Bath's balmy waters gently stream'd,  
Their genial aid to give;  
Each joy-inspiring maid seem'd  
To bid the warrior live;

Nathless the lurking sickness gains  
Fast on his weaken'd frame;  
Till grown more bold, increasing pains  
Reveal'd the fever's flame.

Full thirty days and thirty nights  
Maria tends his bed,  
To her what are the world's delights,  
While there her lord is laid?

To lull his anguish, calm his mind,  
And hand the healing dose,  
Was all her care: for this she pin'd;  
For this she lost repose.

At length her pious care prevail'd  
To quell the fierce disease—  
Might he but live, whate'er else fail'd,  
She reck'd not; pain would please.—

“Ah! me! what tidings do I hear?  
“She sickens, faints, and dies;  
“Outworn with watching, grief, and fear,  
“She falls a sacrifice.”

Hush! hide the woeful chance, look gay,  
And closest silence keep;  
Or smiling, spite of sorrow, say,  
“The lady is asleep.”

Say so next day, try ev'ry art—  
But ev'ry art is vain:  
Prolong'd suspense, the wishing heart  
Refuseth to sustain.

“Where is Maria dear,” he cries,  
“My charmer, where is she,  
“Whose looks were wont to cheer my eyes?  
“Why doth she fly from me?”

“Go bring her; say, poor Sutherland,  
“Bereav'd of her, must die:  
“Make haste—why do you speechless stand?  
“What means that sudden sigh?”

“Alas! alas! Maria's gone;  
“I will not here abide;  
“We cannot part; we still are one”—  
He said—then groan'd, and died.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

How imperfect is Expression.

**H**OW imperfect is expression;  
Some emotions to impart,  
When we mean a soft confession,  
And yet seek to hide the heart.  
When our bosoms, all complying,  
With delicious tumults swell,  
And what broken, fault'ring, dying,  
Language would, but cannot tell.  
Deep confusion's rosy terror,  
Quite expressive paints my cheek,  
Ask no more—behold your error,  
Blushes eloquently speak:  
What tho' silent is my anguish,  
Or breath'd only to the air;  
Mark my eyes, and as they languish,  
Read what your's have written there.  
O, that you could once conceive me,  
Once my soul's strong feelings view;  
Love has nought more fond, believe me,  
Friendship nothing half so true.  
From you, I am wild, despairing,  
With you, speechless as I touch,  
This is all that bears declaring,  
And perhaps, declares too much.

My Name's honest Harry, O.

**M**Y name's honest Harry, O,  
Mary I will marry, O,  
In spite of Nell  
Or Isabel,  
I'll follow my own vagary, O;  
With my rigdum, jigdum, airy, O,  
I love little Mary, O,  
In spite of Nell  
Or Isabel,  
I'll follow my own vagary, O.  
Straight she is, and bonny, O,  
Sweet as sugar-candy, O,  
Fresh and gay  
As flow'rs in May,  
And I'm her Jack-a-dandy, O.  
*With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.*  
Soon to the church I'll bring her, O,  
Where we'll wed together, O,  
And that done,  
Then we'll have fun,  
In spite of wind or weather, O.  
*With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.*

The obstinate Daughter.

**I**F a daughter you have,  
She's the plague of your life,  
No peace you shall know,  
Tho' you've bury'd your wife!  
At twenty she mocks  
At the duty you taught her,  
Oh! what a plague is an obstinate daughter.  
Sighing and whining!  
Dying and pining!  
Oh! what a plague is an obstinate daughter.  
When scarce in their teens,  
They have wit to perplex us,  
With letters and lovers  
For ever they vex us,  
While each still rejects  
The fair suitor you've brought her,  
Oh! what a plague is an obstinate daughter.  
Wrangling and jangling!  
Flouting and pouting!  
Oh! what a plague is an obstinate daughter.

The Irish Giant.

**T**HE Irish giant you shall find,  
Tho' dwarf in form, of ample mind,  
And ever to your wish inclin'd,  
With a fee, faw, fum.  
Tho' not a friend to mean intrigue,  
With truth and honour do but league,  
I'll ever stick by honest Teague,  
With a fee, faw, fum.  
Then wave your sword, t'wards Highgate steer,  
And let the English nothing fear,  
Tho' you come an Irish volunteer,  
With a fee, faw, fum.  
In London sport and beauty reign,  
There Cupid holds a warm campaign,  
And Teague shall join to fill the train,  
With a fee, faw, fum.  
There quacks and showmen boast their art,  
There fops assail the fair-one's heart,  
But Teague shall better play his part,  
With a fee, faw, fum.  
Then wave your sword, t'wards Highgate steer,  
And let the English nothing fear,  
Tho' you come an Irish volunteer,  
With a fee, faw, fum.

## The Amazon.

**S**WAINS I scorn, who nice and fair,  
Shiver at the morning air :  
Rough and hardy, bold and free,  
Be the man that's made for me.

Slaves to fashion, slaves to dress,  
Fops themselves alone care ;  
Let them without rival be,  
They are not the men for me.

He whose nervous arm can dart  
The jav'ling to the tyger's heart,  
From all sense of danger free,  
He's the man that's made for me.

While his speed out-strips the wind,  
Loofely wave his locks behind :  
From fantastic fopp'ry free,  
He's the man that's made for me.

No simp'ring smile, nor dimpled cheek  
Spoils his manly sun-burnt cheek ;  
By weather let him painted be,  
He's the man that's made for me.

If false he proves, my jav'lin can  
Revenge the perjury of man ;  
And soon another brave as he  
Shall be found the man for me.

## Like my dear Swain.

**L**IKE my dear swain no youth you'd see  
So blithe, so gay, so full of glee,  
In all our village who but he,  
Could foot it up so featly.  
His lute to hear, from far and near,  
Each female came, both girl and dame,  
And all the boon, for ev'ry tune,  
To kiss them round so sweetly.

While round him, in the jocund ring  
I've nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing,  
Of May the youth was chosen king,  
He caught our ears so neatly ;  
Such music rare, in his guitar,  
But touch his flute, the crowd was mute,  
His only boon for ev'ry tune,  
To kiss them round so sweetly.

*Castle of Andalusia.*

## My bonny Sailor.

**M**Y bonny sailer won my mind,  
My heart is now with him at sea ;  
I hope the summer's western breeze  
Will bring him safely back to me.  
I wish to hear what glorious toils,  
What dangers he has undergone,  
What forts he's storm'd, how great the spoils  
From France or Spain my sailer's won.

A thousand terrors chill'd my breast,  
When fancy brought the foe in view,  
And day and night I've had no rest,  
Left ev'ry gale a tempest blew.  
Bring, gentle gales, my sailer home,  
His ship at anchor may I see ;  
Three years are sure enough to roam,  
Too long for one who loves like me.

His face by sultry climes is wan,  
His eyes by watching shine less bright ;  
But still I'll own my charming man,  
And run to meet him when in fight.  
His honest heart is what I prize,  
No weather can make that look old ;  
Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,  
I'll love my jolly sailer bold.

## Woman.

**A**SK me not, how calmly I,  
All the cares of life defy ;  
How I baffle human woes ;  
Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live, and laugh as I ;  
You like me, may cares defy ;  
All the pangs the heart endures,  
Woman, woman, woman cures.

Ask me not of empty toys,  
Feats of arms, and drunken joys ;  
I have pleasure more divine,  
Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Raptures more than folly knows,  
More than Fortune can bestow ;  
Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields,  
Woman, woman, woman yields.

Tell me not of woman's arts,  
Broken vows and faithless hearts,  
Tell the wretch, who pines and grieves,  
Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,  
More than folly can bestow ;  
Wealth of worlds, and crowns of kings,  
Woman, woman, woman brings.

## The Answer.

**A**SK thou filly doating Man,  
Whence our ruin first began ;  
How our grief, and deadly woe,  
Did from woman, woman flow.

We might live, and happy be,  
Cou'd we shun this enemy ;  
All the pangs the heart e'er knew,  
From vain woman, woman grew.

Ask what calm felicity,  
Man was destin'd to supply ;  
Nought could his repose invade,  
Till false woman she was made.

Soon as she receiv'd her breath,  
Man was subject unto death ;  
Other evils, to their shame,  
From deceitful woman came.

Ask what ill befell old Troy,  
Which false Hellen did destroy,  
Or the tender bridegrooms, who  
Woman woman, woman slew.

How the brave Mark Anthony  
Lost the world by faithless she,  
Ruin'd states, lost crowns and kings,  
From vain woman, woman springs.

## Wanton Cupid.

**W**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 silent grove,  
And leave Alexis here alone,  
To tell a thousand tales of love.

How I'm charm'd with ev'ry feature  
That adorns her lovely face !  
How she's ev'ry thing that nature  
Can e'er give with ev'ry grace.  
If she listens to my story,  
And for me hath equal love ;  
I'll not envy human glory,  
But be blest as those above.



## The Seven Ages of Woman.

"AIR—*All among the Leaves so green, O.*"

SINCE we find upon life's stage,  
Women now of ev'ry age,  
Who like men their parts must do,  
Busy actresses all through!  
And who frequently display  
Seven ages well as they,  
Which seven ages we know—  
With your leave,  
Let us give,  
An abstract  
Of each act,  
So strange, so strange,  
Ev'ry, ev'ry change,  
You'll laugh at each comical scene, O.

First a puppet miss appears,  
Ever ready with her tears;  
While the gossips pouring in,  
Mark the dimple and the chin,  
How the pretty features strike.  
Father, mother, they're so like,  
Liker never yet has been, O.  
This one shews  
Mother's nose,  
That one spies  
Mother's eyes,  
All kifs, all kifs  
Pretty, pretty miss,  
So finish this farcical scene, O.

Now a few years after this,  
In a boarding-school is miss,  
Quite accomplish'd, how she grows,  
Holds her head up, turns out toes;  
Able too in French to chat,  
Plays and dances, and all that,  
A little Cyprian queen, O!  
Courtsey makes  
For some cakes,  
Gives them all  
To her doll;  
Oh how, oh how  
Simple, simple now,  
They call this an innocent scene, O.

Miss now sees a handsome lass  
In her tell-tale looking-glass,  
And begins a swain to choose,  
Then to read fine billet-doux;  
Novels bid her always hope,  
Live on love, and then elope,  
So its hey for Gretna-Green, O!  
Off they skip,  
Crack goes whip,  
Dad alarm'd,  
Miss quite charm'd!  
Oh how, oh how  
Busy, busy now,  
Sure the third is a bustling scene, O.

Madam now is fix'd for life,  
And becomes a modern wife;  
Hoping sins may be forgiv'n,  
Fain would send her spouse to heav'n;  
He, poor man, now goes on thorns,  
Thumps his head to keep down horns,  
And coughs loud to choak chagrin, O!  
Falling out,  
What a rout!  
Kissing then,  
Friends again!  
Oh how, oh how  
Fickle, fickle now,  
Sure the fourth is a pantomime scene, O.

Now what hopes and fears abound,  
All is silence most profound;  
News is brought—then hence despair!  
We have got a son and heir!  
Quite elate the husband's grown,  
Being sure he's all his own—  
The truth of that doth she know;  
All folks met,  
What a set,  
Wishing joy,  
Christen boy;  
See here, see here,  
Mother's, mother's dear,  
Sure the fifth is a pretty sweet scene, O.

Beauty like the rose must fade,  
Madam finds her charms decay'd;  
Greylocks fain she'd lay aside,  
And with paint her wrinkles hide;  
But in vain her art she tries,  
Paint and patches won't disguise,  
And this oft brings on the spleen, O;  
How she groans—  
Pains in bones—  
Full of cares—  
Says her prayers—  
Dear me! dear me!  
Must it, must it be?  
Sure the sixth is a tragical scene, O.

The last act doth now appear,  
The catastrophe draws near;  
Death stalks in, who visits all,  
Then for stage tricks—start and fall!  
Doctors sage exert their skill,  
To prevent the threat'ning ill,  
And their heroine to screen, O.  
Vanish hopes,  
Trap-door opes!  
Down she pops,  
Curtain drops!  
Good-bye, good-bye,  
There, oh there, you lie,  
And its exit poor lady this scene, O.

## The thrifty Wife.

I AM a cheerful fellow, altho' a married man,  
And in this age of folly pursue a saving plan.  
Though wives are thought expensive, yet who can  
live alone?  
Then since they are *dear* creatures, 'tis best to have  
but one.  
My choice discovers early my prudence and my taste;  
I've a very little wife with a very little waist.  
Marriage is a draught we take for better or for  
worse,  
And wife he is who can prevent the draft upon his  
purse.  
But evils ere much lessen'd when wives are well in-  
clined;  
For, if they come across us, they shape them to our  
mind.  
When matters are well manag'd, no need to be fira-  
lac'd;  
You may with little danger increase the little waist.  
Though spousy's so discreet, still each fashion she'll  
display;  
Her bosom (heaven bless her!) is as open as the  
day;  
Her garment (may I venture a simile to beg)  
Hangs loosely from her shoulder, like a gown upon  
a peg;  
Yet, fearful of expenses, she shortens them, though  
small,  
And, if she goes on short'ning, there'll be no waist  
at all!

## The Death of Morven:

WHERE craggy cliffs o'erhang the main,  
 Unhappy Morven stood;  
 (Fore-doom'd to love a maid in vain,  
 And wildly view'd the flood.  
 With broken heart his reason lost,  
 Twelve moons the youth had mourn'd;  
 Her fordid *Sire* his hopes had crost,  
 Fair Ann his love return'd.  
 To move *his* heart the youth had tried,  
 In vain he sought to move:  
 In vain the trembling maiden sigh'd,  
 And weeping own'd her love.  
 With large domains by fortune blest,  
 Elate in wealthy pride;  
 The *Sire*, with fierce unfeeling breast,  
 In threats their suit denied.  
 "And if, fond girl, you dare to wed,  
 "Or more that beggar view;  
 "My curse shall blatt thy guilty head."—  
 The trembling maid withdrew.  
 Now, close confin'd from Morven's sight,  
 No friend to sooth her woe:  
 Amidst the lonely gloom of night,  
 Her tears in silence flow.  
 Alarming dreams disturb her mind,  
 With sad portending fears:  
 She hears—or thinks in every wind,  
 His dying groan she hears.  
 She fancies oft his tuneful reed  
 Laments in plaintive strains;  
 Now gash'd with wounds she sees him bleed,  
 Along the dreary plains.  
 Ah! hapless maid, thy soul no more,  
 His fond regard shall please!  
 Alone on Wicklow's rocky shore,  
 The youth despairing strays.  
 While o'er the wave in tears he hung,  
 Fate louring in his eye:  
 This frantic dirge he sadly sung,  
 With many a heavy sigh:  
 "I'll seek my shroud and winding-sheet,  
 "Beneath the wintry wave;  
 "And deep beneath my Anna's feet,  
 "I'll dig my peaceful grave.  
 "Amidst the dreary midnight storms,  
 "My shade shall dimly glide;  
 "With bleeding heart, a mournful form,  
 "To claim my lovely bride.  
 "The grave shall be my bridal bed,  
 "Wan spectres dancing round;  
 "All who like me in love have bled!  
 "All who like me have drown'd!"  
 He ceas'd, and plung'd adown the steep,  
 The murmur'ing waves divide;  
 And thrice emerging from the deep,  
 Adieu, fair Ann! he cried.  
 His corse the waves cast on the strand,  
 The throng around him fate;  
 The shepherds sighing prest his hand,  
 The maidens wept his fate.  
 Yon aged oak preserves his name,  
 Beneath its shade he lies:  
 And oft at eve, a glimm'ring flame  
 Is seen from thence to rise.  
 And pilgrims tell, they trembling hear  
 A sad desponding sound,  
 That night of each revolving year,  
 On which the youth was drown'd.

Irac.

## Margaret and Willy.

AN OLD SCOTCH BALLAD.

THERE came a ghost to Marg'ret's door,  
 With many a grievous groan,  
 And ay he twirled at the pin,  
 But answer made she none.  
 "Is that my father Philip?  
 "Or is't my brother John?  
 "Or is't my true love Willy,  
 "From Scotland new come home?"  
 "'Tis not thy father Philip,  
 "Nor yet thy brother John;  
 "But 'tis thy true love Willy,  
 "From Scotland new come home.  
 "O sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!  
 "I pray thee speak to me;  
 "Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,  
 "As I gave it to thee."  
 "Thy faith and troth thou's never get,  
 "Nor yet will I thee lend,  
 "Till that thou come within my bow'r,  
 "And kifs my cheek and chin."  
 "If I should come within thy bow'r,  
 "I am no earthly man;  
 "And shou'd I kifs thy rosy lips,  
 "Thy days will not be lang.  
 "O sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!  
 "I pray thee speak to me;  
 "Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,  
 "As I gave it to thee."  
 "Thy faith and troth thou's never get,  
 "Nor yet will I thee lend.  
 "Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,  
 "And wed me with a ring."  
 "My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,  
 "A far beyond the sea;  
 "And it is but my spirit, Marg'ret,  
 "That's now speaking to thee."  
 She stretch'd out her lily-white hand,  
 And for to do her best,  
 "Hae there's your faith and troth, Willy,  
 "God send your soul good rest."  
 Now she has kilted her robes of green  
 A piece below her knee,  
 And aw the live-lang winter night  
 The dead corpse follow'd she.  
 "Is there room at your head, Willy?  
 "Or any room at your feet?  
 "Or any room at your side, Willy,  
 "Wherein that I may creep?"  
 "There's no room at my head, Marg'ret;  
 "There's no room at my feet;  
 "There's no room at my side, Marg'ret.  
 "My coffin's made so meet."  
 Then up and crew the red, red cock,  
 And up then crew the grey;  
 "'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,  
 "That you were going away."  
 No more the ghost to Marg'ret said,  
 But, with a grievous groan,  
 He vanish'd in a cloud of mist,  
 And left her all alone.  
 "O stay, my only true love, stay,"  
 The constant Marg'ret cry'd;  
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,  
 Stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language; worth preserving—forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

Saturday Night at Sea.

**T**WAS Saturday night, the twink'ling fiars  
Shone on the rippling sea,  
No duty call'd the jovial tars,  
The helm was lash'd a-lee:  
The ample can adorn'd the board,  
Prepar'd to see it out,  
Each gave the lads that he ador'd;  
And push'd the grog about.

Cry'd honest Tom, "my Peg I'll toast,  
"A frigate neat and trim,  
"All jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast:  
"I'd venture life and limb,  
"Sail sev'n long years, and ne'er see land,  
"With dauntless heart and stout,  
"So stout a vessel to command;  
"Then push the grog about."

"I'll give" cry'd little Jack "my Poll,  
"Sailing in comely state,  
"Top ga'n't fails set, she is so tall,  
"She looks like a first-rate:  
"Ah! would she take her Jack in tow,  
"A voyage for life throughout,  
"No better birth I'd wish to know;  
"Then push the grog about."

"I'll give" cry'd I, "my charming Nan,  
"Trim, handsome, neat, and tight,  
"What joy so fine a ship to man?  
"She is my heart's delight:  
"So well she bears the storms of life,  
"I'd sail the world throughout,  
"Brave ev'ry toil for such a wife;  
"Then push the grog about."

Thus to describe Poll, Peg, or Nan,  
Each his best manner tried;  
Till, summon'd by the empty can,  
They to their hammocks hied:  
Yet still they did their vigils keep,  
Though the huge can was out,  
For, in soft visions gentle sleep,  
Still push'd the grog about.

The hardy Sailor.

**T**HE hardy sailor braves the ocean,  
Fearless of the roaring wind,  
Yet his heart, with soft emotion,  
Throbs to leave his love behind.

To dread of foreign foes a stranger,  
Tho' the youth can dauntless roam,  
Alarming fears paint every danger  
In a rival left at home.

The Green Willow.

*An admired Song, sung by Signora Storace, in the  
"Iron Chest," written by Colman, jun.*

**D**OWN by the river there grows a green willow,  
Sing all for my true love! my true love, O!  
I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow,  
And all for my true love, my true love, O!  
When bleak blows the wind, and tempests are beating,  
I'll count all the clouds, as I mark them retreating,  
For true lovers' joys, well-a-day! are as fleeting,  
Sing, O for my true love, &c.

Maids come, in pity, when I am departed;  
Sing all for my true love! &c.  
When dead, on the bank, I am found broken hearted,  
And all for my true love, &c.  
Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing,  
Close to the stream, where my tears once were flowing,  
And over my corse keep the green willow growing,  
'Tis all for my true love, &c.

With the Sun I rise at Morn.

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

Lovely Mira joins the strain,  
Calls the wand'rer to its mate;  
Her sweet voice can soothe each pain,  
And make the troubled heart elate:  
Ever cheerful, ever gay,  
While the merry pipe I play.

When from winter's rugged arms  
Zephyrs fleeting leave the grove,  
Mira cheers me with her charms,  
For her song is tun'd to love:  
Ever happy, ever gay,  
On the merry pipe I play.

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

## Adieu to the Village Delights.

**A** DIEU to the village delights,  
Which lately my fancy enjoy'd;  
No longer the country invites,  
To me all its pleasures are void:  
Adieu, thou sweet health-breathing hill!  
Thou canst not my comfort restore;  
For ever adieu my dear vill,  
My Lucy alas! is no more.

She, she was the cure of my pain,  
My blessing, my honor, my pride;  
She ne'er gave me cause to complain,  
'Till that fatal day when she died:  
Her eyes, that so beautiful shone,  
Are closed for ever in sleep;  
And mine, since my Lucy is gone,  
Have nothing to do but to weep.

Could my tears the bright angel restore,  
Like a fountain, they never should cease;  
But Lucy, alas! is no more,  
And I am a stranger to peace:  
Let me copy, with fervor devout,  
The virtues that glow'd in her heart;  
Then soon, when life's sand is run out,  
We shall meet again, never to part.

## Deborah and Jonathan.

**J**ONATHAN a wooing went,  
He was such a bonny man!  
And matrimony was the bent  
Of little, jolly Jonathan;  
Deborah, the damsel's name,  
Buxom was and frisky-o!  
And sure as ever Sunday came,  
He drove her in his whisky-o:  
Oh the whisky!  
Fine and frisky!  
What a happy maid and man,  
Deborah and Jonathan!

Jonathan, a squabby elf,  
Very short though strong enough,  
Found his wooing, like himself,  
Not half a quarter long enough:  
Cries he—'twill be a lucky hit,  
With wealthy Deb. to tether-o!  
So dug for Deb. the marriage pit,  
And in they fell together-o!  
O the tumble,  
Jolt and jumble,  
What a frisky wife and man,  
Deborah and Jonathan.

Deborah had money got,  
Jonathan diminish'd it:  
Drank about, nor left his pot,  
'Till fifty times he finish'd it;  
When tipsy he, then Deb. will pout—  
When sober, scratch and quarrel-o!  
He bangs the door, damns, flounces out,  
And foaks again his barrel-o!  
O the croaking,  
Scratching, soaking—  
What a happy wife and man,  
Deborah and Jonathan.

## Come sing round my favourite Tree.

**C**OME sing round my favourite tree,  
Ye songsters that visit the grove;  
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me:  
And the bark is a record of love.  
Reclin'd on the turf by my side,  
He tenderly pleaded his cause;  
I only with blushes reply'd,  
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

## Fal de ral tit.

**T**WAS I learn'd a pretty song in France,  
And I brought in o'er the sea by chance,  
And when in Wapping I did dance,  
Oh! the like was never seen:  
For I made the music loud to play,  
All for to pass the dull hours away,  
And when I'd nothing left for to say,  
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

As I was walking down Thames-street,  
A ship-mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,  
And I was resolv'd him for to treat,  
With a can of grog gillio!  
A can of grog they brought us straight,  
All for to pleasure my ship-mate,  
And satisfaction gave him straight,  
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The maccaronies next came in,  
All dress'd so neat, and look'd so trim,  
Thinking to strike me dumb:  
Some was short, and some was tall,  
But 'tis very well known I bang'd them all,  
For I dous'd their heads against the wall,  
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The landlord then aloud did say,  
As how he wish'd I'd go away,  
And if I attempted for to stay,  
As how he'd take the law:  
"O, d—m me" says I "you may do your worst,  
"For I have scarcely quench'd my thirst",  
All this I said, and nothing worse,  
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

It's when I've cross'd the raging main,  
And be come back to old England again,  
Of grog I'll drink galore:  
With a pretty girl to sit by my side,  
And for her costly robes I'll provide,  
So that she shall be satisfy'd,  
Then I'll sing fal de ral tit, &c.

## The Rosy Fair.

**A**RISE, my rosy nymph of May,  
And with your Colin early stray,  
To taste the new-morn air,  
The lark his tuneful notes hath rung,  
To hail you with a bridal song;  
Then rise my Rosy Fair.

Twelve moons are past this May-day morn,  
Since you, beneath the white blown thorn,  
Avow'd to me, I swear,  
That this same hour you'd kindly yield;  
By ev'ry flow'r that deck the field,  
You vow'd my Rosy Fair.

No longer then such bliss deny,  
But with your Colin's suit comply,  
That he may ever wear  
That gentle, kind, and wish'd-for chain,  
Which is to bind your Colin swain,  
My charming Rosy Fair.

The nymph she hasten'd to her love,  
With joy he led her to the grove,  
And fragrant was the air;  
The linnets tuneful perch'd the spray,  
And warbled forth their dulcet lay,  
To hail the Rosy Fair.

Then soon they join'd the rural train,  
In sportive dance they tripp'd the plain,  
To Hymen's temple, where  
The golden chain, connubial band,  
To Colin bound the lily hand  
Of his sweet Rosy Fair.



## Come let us Dance and Sing.

THE FAVOURITE FINALE IN INKLE AND YARICO.

INKLE.

COME let us dance and sing,  
While all Barbadoes bells shall ring,  
Love scrapes the fiddle string,  
And Venus plays the lute.  
Hymen gay,  
Foots away,  
Happy at our wedding day,  
Cocks his chin  
And figures in  
To tabor, fife and flute.

*Come let us, &c.*

NARCISSA.

Since thus each anxious care,  
Is vanish'd into empty air;  
Ah, how can I forbear  
To join the jocund dance?  
To and fro,  
Couples go,  
On the light fantastick toe;  
While with glee,  
Merrily,  
The rosy hours advance.

*Come let us, &c.*

TRUDGE.

'Sbobs now I'm fix'd for life,  
My fortune's fair, tho' black's my wife;  
Who fears domestic strife,  
Who cares now a founce?  
Merry cheer,  
My dinky dear,  
Shall find with her factotum here,  
Night and day,  
I'll frisk and play,  
About the house with Wows.

*Come let us, &c.*

YARICO.

When first the swelling sea,  
Hither brought my love to me;  
What then my fate would be,  
Little did I think:

Doom'd to know,  
Care and woe,  
Happy still is Varico;  
Since her love  
Will constant prove,  
And nobly scorns to shrink,

*Come let us, &c.*

PATTY.

Let Patty say a word,  
A chamber-maid may sure be heard;  
Sure men are grown absurd,  
Thus taking black for white,  
To hug and kiss  
A dinky miss,  
Will hardly suit an age like this,  
Unless here  
Some friends appear,  
Who like this wedding night.

*Come let us, &c.*

## The Sea Fight.—A Catch.

BOATSWAIN! pipe up, all hands, hoy!  
Turn out, ev'ry man and boy!  
Make fail, give chase,  
Then splice main brace!  
A gallant ship! my boys, she's French!  
In grog and flip here's to each wench.  
Loof, boys, higher;  
Stand by—fire!  
She strikes! she strikes! our's is the day.  
A glorious prize—belay, belay!

*Capt. Thompson.*

## Plato's Advice.\*

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,  
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great?  
Why look with insolent disdain  
On those undeck'd with wealth or state?  
Can costly robes, or beds of down,  
Or splendid gems that deck the fair;  
Can all the glories of a crown,  
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,  
The humble, and the haughty die;  
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,  
In dust, without distinction, lie.  
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,  
Who once the greatest titles bore;  
The wealth and glory they possess'd;  
And all their honours, are no more.

So glides the meteor thro' the sky,  
And spreads along a gilded train;  
But, when its short-liv'd beauties die,  
Dissolves to common air again.  
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls;—  
Let friendship reign while here we stay;  
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls:—  
When Jove us calls we must obey.

\* An alteration of a Poem, written by the Rev. Mr. Mathew  
(Husband to the celebrated Letitia) Pilkington—beginning,

*"Why Lycidas, should man be vain?"*

## A Soldier for me.

A SOLDIER, a soldier, a soldier for me,  
His arms are so bright,  
And he looks so upright,  
So gallant and gay,  
When he trips it away,  
Who is so nice and well powder'd as he?  
Sing rub a dub, rub a dub, rub a dub, a dub a dub  
dub a dub,  
Thunder and plunder,  
A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me.

Each morn when we see him upon the parade,  
He cuts such a flash,  
With his gorget and fash,  
And makes such ado,  
With his gaiters and queue,  
Sleeping or waking, who need be afraid,  
*Sing rub a dub, &c.*

Or else when he's mounted so trim and so tall,  
With broad sword in hand,  
The whole town command,  
Such capers, such prances,  
Such ogling, such glances,  
Our hearts gallop off, and are left at Whitehall.  
Sing taran, tantaran, tantaran, tantaran, tantaran,  
taran,  
Trumpet and thump it,  
A soldier, a soldier, a soldier for me.

## The thund'ring Drums.

THE thund'ring drums did beat to battle,  
And murmur'ing cannons, too, did rattle:  
The enemy fiercely assail'd,  
And death with it's horrors prevail'd.  
Heavy moans,  
Dying groans,  
Could be heard 'midst the loudest alarms!  
I fought for your sake,  
Made the enemy quake,  
And with conquest return to your arms.

**Lautrecio and Isaura;**

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF FLORIAN,

By Mr. HOOLE.

**I**N fam'd Thoulouse a virgin dwelt,  
Isaura was the fair-one's name,  
Whose charms the young Lautrecio felt,  
And she return'd his constant flame;

But deaf to pray'rs, their parents stern  
The ties of mutual love oppose:  
Ah! thus must hearts unpitied burn,  
And love but spring to nourish woes?

Alphonso, fair Isaura's fire,  
For her another spouse decrees;  
But true to love's first blameless fire,  
She falls and clasps her parents' knees.

"Still, still thy angry threats pursue,  
"Till both with life and grief I part:  
"To thee a daughter's life is due—  
"But ah! Lautrecio claims my heart."

Her aged fire, whose ruthless mind  
Not love but vengeful passion sway'd,  
With galling chains the maid confin'd,  
And to a dungeon's gloom convey'd.

Lautrecio, menac'd by his rage,  
Before her prison breathes his groans:  
So, near his partner's wiry cage,  
The feather'd songster gently moans.

It chanc'd, one night Isaura fair  
Her lover's plaintive sorrow hears:  
Swift to the grate she flies, and there  
Bespeaks him thus with streaming tears:

"My heart's dear choice! assuage thy pains,  
"Still for my truth dismiss thy care:  
"And know I lightly feel these chains,  
"Since 'tis for thee these chains I wear.

"Submit me now to fortune's rage,  
"And thou to Philip's court remove;  
"There let thy val'rous deeds engage  
"The prince to aid our faithful love.

"But ere thou goest, my hand bestows  
"This only pledge my truth to bind:  
"Memorial sweet! the fairest rose,  
"The hyacinth and violet join'd.

"The wild rose is the flow'r I prize,  
"My favourite hue the violet shews;  
"And well the hyacinth supplies  
"An emblem of my bosom's woes.

"These flow'rs, to which my lips I seal,  
"Shall moisten'd with my tears remain,  
"And these for ever shall reveal  
"Our loves, alas! exchang'd in vain."

She said, and through the grated frame  
The token to her lover threw,  
When sudden lo! Alphonso came,  
And snatch'd her trembling from his view.

To France Lautrecio speeds his way,  
But meditates a swift return;  
While conscious shades his grief betray,  
As echoes round Isaura mourn.

Full soon he hears that wasting war  
On every side for valour calls,  
That England's hero (fam'd afar)  
Had close besieg'd his native walls.

Lautrecio now returns in haste,  
And soon his feet the fortress gain;  
He sees the brave Thoulousans chac'd  
In heaps before the hostile train.

One warrior sole, with noble fire  
Resists, nor shrinks from death dismay'd,  
'Twas fair Isaura's ancient fire;  
Lautrecio flies to yield him aid.

He whirls his sword, he shouts, he saves—  
Himself the warrior's bulwark stands;  
Though wounded fore, the foe he braves,  
And scatters Edward's routed bands.

But death, alas! his wound pursues,  
In honour's field Lautrecio lies;  
Alphonso, turning thence, he views,  
And calls him thus with feeble cries:

"Relentless fire of her I love,  
"In me thy pride a son disdain'd;  
"And thus reveng'd, I joy to prove  
"That fate which has thy safety gain'd.

"Yet grant at least the pray'r I make;  
"Isaura's future griefs dispel—  
"O! tell her, that I bade thee take  
"And bear to her my last farewell!

"Give her these flow'rs, bedew'd with gore,  
"Dear pledges of Lautrecio's bliss;  
"But let my dying lips once more  
"Imprint on these an ardent kiss."

Such words he spoke and breath'd his last;  
Alphonso mourn'd his heavy fate;  
The flow'rs he took, and sighing pass'd  
The dreadful tidings to relate.

A few short days suffic'd to waste  
The sad Isaura's fleeting breath;  
But first with trembling hand she trac'd  
This mournful testament in death:

On every year the maid decreed,  
In mem'ry of her former woes,  
Each flow'r should prove the poet's meed  
Whose rival strain most sweetly flows.

Her little wealth she left to frame  
The mystick flow'rs in shining gold;  
And still, obedient of the dame,  
Her country's sons this custom hold.

**The Earl of Murray.**

*In December 1591, Francis Stewart earl of Bothwell made an attempt to seize on the person of James VI. but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king gave a commission to George Gordon earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's, in the night of Feb. 1592, beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself.*

*The present lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half-expiring said, "You have split a better face than your own." Upon this Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, "You shall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.*

**Y**E Hielands and ye Lawlands  
O whar-hae ye been?  
They have slain the earl of Murray  
And laid him on the green!

Now wae be to you Huntley!  
O wharfore did ye fae?  
I bad you bring him wi you;  
But forbad you him to slay.

He was a bra galant,  
And he rid at the ring;  
The bonnie earl of Murray  
He might ha been a king.

He was a bra galant,  
And he playd at the ba;  
The bonnie earl of Murray  
Was the flower among them a.

He was a bra galant,  
And he playd at the gluve;  
The bonnie earl of Murray  
He was the queen's luv.

O lang will his lady  
Look ower the castle downe,  
Ere she see the earl of Murray  
Cum sounding through the town!



Price,

[Numb. 29]

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The Request.

TELL me, babbling Echo, why  
You return me sigh for sigh?  
When I of slighted love complain,  
You delight to mock my pain.  
Bold intruder, night and day,  
Busy tell-tale hence away!  
Me and my cares in silence leave.  
Come not near me whilst I grieve.  
But if my swain, with all his charms,  
Returns to bless my longing arms,  
I'll call thee from thy dark retreat,  
The joyful tidings to repeat.  
Repeat, repeat, repeat thy strain:  
Tell it o'er and o'er again.  
From morn to night prolong the tale:  
Let it ring from vale to vale.

I am not Twenty.

AS thro' the grove, the other day,  
I gang'd so blithe and bonny,  
Who should I meet upon the way,  
But my true lover, Jonny:  
With eager haste  
He clasp'd my waist,  
And gave me kisses plenty;  
Tho' I deny'd,  
And thus reply'd,  
“ Dear lad, I am not twenty.”  
“ What's that to me” the shepherd cry'd,  
“ You're old enough to marry;  
“ Then come, sweet girl, and be my bride,  
“ No longer let us tarry:  
“ But let's be gone,  
“ O'er yonder lawn,  
“ Where lads and lasses plenty,  
“ Are fill'd with joy,  
“ And kifs and toy,  
“ Altho' they are not twenty.”  
I listen'd to his soothing tale,  
And gang'd wi' him so rarely,  
With song and pipe he did prevail,  
He won my wishes fairly:  
Oh! he's the lad  
That makes me glad,  
With kisses sweet in plenty;  
So I declare,  
By all that's fair,  
I'll wed, tho' not quite twenty.

The Girl of my Heart.

SUNG IN THE WOODMAN.

IN the world's crooked path where I've been,  
There to share of life's gloom my poor part,  
The bright sun-shine that soften'd the scene,  
Was, a smile from the girl of my heart.  
Not a swain, when the lark quits her nest,  
But to labour with glee will depart,  
If at eve he expects to be blest,  
With, a smile from the girl of his heart.  
Come then, crosses and cares, as they may,  
Let my mind still this maxim impart,  
That the comfort of man's fleeting day,  
Is, a smile from the girl of his heart.

Bates Dudley.

Zephyr and the Rose.

WHEN zephyr, who sighs for the lover's soft bliss  
Salutes by surprise the coy rose;  
Averting her head she declines his fond kifs,  
Her beautiful lips strives to close:  
Though all mildness the youth of such fragrance  
Possess'd,  
Transported he feeds on her breath;  
Nor, thoughtless, reflects, while he feels himself blest  
To her who thus blesses 'tis death.

Nor, thoughtless, &c.

Now closer he presses! unable to speak,  
What must the dear innocent feel?  
Alarm him, ye dew-drops, that roll down each cheek,  
Her anguish entreat him to heal:  
Ah! bid him beware, lest a moment of joy,  
Of joy, spite of honor obtain'd,  
The peace of two minds in a moment destroy,  
That peace which can ne'er be regain'd.

The peace, &c.

The rogue hears sage prudence, not seeming to hear,  
And feels, tho' not seeming to feel!  
His lips check the course of each delicate tear,  
Then labour her anguish to heal:  
The breath just exhausted by one stolen kifs,  
A thousand chaste kisses restore;  
And crimson'd with blushes, her beauty and bliss  
Grow perfect and lessen no more.

And crimson'd, &c.

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Where complete Sets, or single Numbers, may be had.

## "Twas near a Purling River Side.

**T**WAS near a purling river side,  
 Where bending willows kiss the tide;  
 Young Chloe sat, with head reclin'd,  
 On flow'ry bank, oppress'd in mind.

Her bosom heav'd with throbbing sighs,  
 The tears ran-trickling from her eyes;  
 Her face reflected with despair,  
 And ev'ry groan re-echo'd care.

Till grief at last gave such a stroke,  
 Her eye-lids clos'd, her heart-strings broke.  
 Yet, ere she dy'd, in solemn tone  
 She spoke these words without a groan:

"Farewell, ye meads—farewell, ye bow'rs;  
 "Translucid streams, and fragrant flow'rs:  
 "Colin, and earthly joys, adieu;  
 "No longer I can stay with you.

## This Day is our own.

**P**RAY don't sleep or think,  
 But give us some drink,  
 For faith I'm most plausibly dry;  
 Wine cheers up the soul,  
 Then fill up the bowl,  
 For ere long, you all know we must die.

Yesterday's gone,  
 This day is our own,  
 To-morrow we never may see;  
 Thought causes us smart,  
 And eats up the heart;  
 Then let us be jovial and free.

The world is a cheat,  
 With a face counterfeited,  
 And freedom and mirth discommends;  
 But here we will quaff,  
 Speak our thoughts, sing, and laugh;  
 For all here are masons and friends.

## Friendship and Wine.

**L**ET the grave, and the gay,  
 Enjoy life how they may,  
 My pleasures their pleasures surpass;  
 Go the world well or ill,  
 'Tis the same with me still,  
 If I have but my friend and my glass.

The lover may sigh,  
 The courtier may lie,  
 And Croesus his treasure amass;  
 All the joys are but vain,  
 That are blended with pain;  
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

New life wine inspires,  
 And creates new desires,  
 And oft wins the lover his lass,  
 Or his courage prepares  
 To disdain the nymph's airs;  
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

The earth sucks the rain,  
 The sun draws the main,  
 With the earth we are all in a class;  
 Then enliven the clay,  
 Let us live while we may,  
 And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

'Tis friendship and wine  
 Only, life can refine:  
 We care not whate'er comes to pass  
 With courtiers, or great men,  
 There's none of us statesmen;  
 Come, here's to our friend and our glass.

## The Night was still.

**T**HE night was still, the air serene,  
 Fann'd by a southern breeze;  
 The glimm'ring moon might just be seen,  
 Reflecting thro' 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 sought this shade,  
 By sorrow sore oppress'd;  
 Close by a fountain's margin laid,  
 His pain he thus express'd:—

"Ah, wretched youth! why didst thou love,  
 "Or hope to meet success;  
 "Or think the fair would constant prove,  
 "Thy blooming hopes to bless?

"Find me the rose on barren sands;  
 "The lily 'midst the rocks;  
 "The grape in wild deserted lands;  
 "A wolf to guard the flock.

"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' despair,  
 "Because not wealthy, dies."

## The Rose-Bud.

**S**WEET bud! to Laura's bosom go,  
 And live beneath her eye;  
 There, in the sun of beauty blow,  
 Or taste of heav'n and die.

Sweet earnest of the blooming year!—  
 Whose dawning beauties speak  
 The budding blush of summer near,  
 The summer on her cheek!

Best emblem of the nymph I love,  
 Resembling beauty's morn,  
 To Laura's bosom haste, and prove  
 One rose without a thorn.

## The Linnet.

**A**S passing by a shady grove,  
 I heard a linnet sing,  
 Whose sweetly plaintive voice of love  
 Proclaims the cheerful spring.

His pretty accents seem'd to flow  
 As if he knew no pain;  
 His downy throat he tun'd so sweet,  
 It echo'd o'er the plain.

Ah! happy warbler, I reply'd,  
 Contented thus to be;  
 'Tis only harmony and love  
 Can be compar'd to thee.

Thus perch'd upon the spray, you stand  
 The monarch of the shade;  
 And even sip ambrosial sweets,  
 That flow from ev'ry glade.

Did man possess but half thy bliss,  
 How joyful might he be!  
 But man was never form'd for this,  
 'I is only joy for thee.

Then farewell, pretty bird, I said,  
 Pursue thy plaintive tale,  
 And let thy tuneful accents spread  
 All o'er the fragrant vale.



## Songs of Shepherds.

SONGS of shepherds in rustical roundelays,  
Form'd on fancy, and whistled on reeds,  
Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,  
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds:  
Sottish Silenus, to Phœbus the genius,  
Was sent by dame Venus, a song to prepare,  
In phrase nicely coin'd, and verse quite refin'd,  
How the States Divine hunted the hare.

Stars, quite tired with pastimes Olympical,  
Stars and planets, that beautiful shone,  
Could no longer endure that men only should  
Revel in pleasures, and they but look on;  
Round about horned Lucina they swarm'd,  
And quickly inform'd her how minded they were;  
Each god and goddess, to take human bodies,  
As lords and ladies, to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,  
And pale Proserpine sat down in her place,  
To guide the welkin, and govern the ocean,  
While Dian conducted her nephews in chace.  
By her example, their father to trample,  
The earth old and ample, they soon leave the air:  
Neptune the water, and wine Liber pater,  
And Mars the slaughter, to follow the hare.

Young god, Cupid, was mounted on Pegasus,  
Borrow'd o' the Muses, with kisses and prayers;  
Stern Alcides, upon cloudy Caucasus,  
Mounted a Centaur, that proudly him bears.  
The postillion of the sky, nimble-heel'd Mercury,  
Made his swift courser fly fleet as the air;  
While tuneful Apollo the pafstime did follow,  
To whoop and to hollow, boys, after the hare.

Drowned Narcissus, from his metamorphosis,  
Rous'd by Echo, new manhood did take;  
Snoring Somnus upstart from Cim'ries,  
Before, for a thousand years he didn't awake;  
There was lame club-footed Mulciber booted,  
And Pan too promoted on Corydon's mare;  
Eolus flouted; and with mirth Momus shouted,  
While wife Pallas pouted, yet follow'd the hare.

Grave Hymen ushers the Lady Aftrea,  
The humour took hold of Latona the cold,  
Ceres the brown too with bright Cytherea,  
And Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold,  
Shame-fac'd Aurora, with witty Pandora,  
And Maya with Flora did company bear;  
But Juno was flated too high to be mated,  
Altho,' sir, she hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls of Olympical nectar,  
The Troy-born boy now presents on his knee;  
Jove to Phœbus carouses in nectar,  
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me;  
Wherewith infused, I piped and mused,  
In language unused, their sports to declare,  
Till the vast house of Jove, like the bright spheres  
did move,  
Health to all those who love hunting the hare.

## Bacchus, Jove's delightful Boy.

BACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,  
Gen'rous god of wine and joy,  
Still exhilarates my soul  
With the raptures of the bowl.

Then with feather'd feet I bound,  
Dancing in a festive round;  
Then I feel in sparkling wine,  
Transports delicate, divine.

Then the sprightly music warms;  
Song delights, and beauty charms!  
Debonair, and light, and gay,  
Thus I dance the hours away.

## Lingo's Wedding.

AIR—"Push about the Forum."

ONCE more, good friends, Lingo appears,  
His heart with joy elate, fir,  
In spite of all rude Cudden's sneers,  
I ne'er repine at fate, fir;  
For Cowslip is my wedded wife,  
I am a happy *homus*,  
And live a *multious bonus* life,  
In *Domino Felix's domus*!

We tripp'd to church, so blithe and gay,  
Our hearts were void of care, fir,  
Farmer Stump he led the way,  
And Cudden too, was there, fir,  
Cowslip she was drest so neat,  
White mittens on her *manus*,  
The *bella mulier* look'd so sweet  
And lovely as a *canus*.

The ceremony soon was o'er,  
And then *magnus* and small, fir,  
With joy and glee straight did repair,  
To *Domine Felix's* hall, fir,  
A *bonus* dinner was prepar'd,  
Which soon was set before e'm;  
The rustic swains ne'er better far'd,  
And I sung *rorum corum*.

Farmer Stump cry'd out "encore,"  
(Clasping his jug of stingo)  
"Such singing ne'er was heard before;  
"Bravissimo! good Lingo!"  
Then, by desire, I sung, "how, bow;"  
The farmer rose to speak, fir,  
And in a passion said, as how  
He wasn't fond of Greek, fir.

Each *domus* in my praise did ring,  
We all were somewhat mellow;  
I ask'd my Cowslip for to sing,  
She gave "the charming fellow.  
A latin epitaph I sung,  
Expressive of my joys, fir,  
With acclamations the hall rung,  
In giving me applause, fir.

The ev'ning now was far advanc'd,  
We bid the swains good night, fir,  
Away they all together danc'd,  
Each heart beat with delight, fir.  
If you acquit me with applause,  
'Twill cheer me with my stingo;  
I hope you all will back my cause,  
And wish success to Lingo.

## The Precious Goblet.

SEE! the jolly god appears!  
In his hand the bowl he rears!  
Quaffing, let me drown my care,  
And all thy noble spirit share.  
Precious goblet! cup divine!  
Let me quaff thy roly wine.

Let my hoary honours grow,  
Wrinkles trespass on my brow,  
Let them come, prepar'd I stand,  
And grasp my goblet in my hand.

*Precious goblet, &c*

Cupid, in my youthful hour,  
Led me captive of his pow'r;  
Now, with branches from the vine,  
I guard me from his dart divine.

*Precious goblet, &c.*

Bacchus! jolly god, appear!  
None but choicest friends are here;  
Pierce thy oldest, deepest cask,  
And let us drain the frequent flask.

*Precious goblet, &c*

## Katherine.

IN ancient times in Britain's Isle,  
 Lord Henry well was known,  
 No knight in all his days more fam'd,  
 Nor more deserv'd renown;  
 His thoughts on honour always ran,  
 He never bow'd to love;  
 No lady in the land had charms  
 His frozen heart to move.

'Midst all the nymphs where Katherine went,  
 The fairest face she shows,  
 She was as bright as morning sun,  
 And sweet as any rose;  
 Altho' she was of low degree,  
 She daily conquests gain'd,  
 For scarce a youth who her beheld,  
 Escap'd her pow'rful chain.

But soon her eyes their lustre lost,  
 Her cheeks grew pale and wan,  
 For pining seiz'd her beauteous form,  
 And cares were all in vain:  
 This sickness was to all unknown,  
 Thus did the fair one waste,  
 Her time in sighs and floods of tears,  
 Or broken slumbers past.

Once in a dream she call'd aloud,  
 "O Henry, I'm undone;  
 "O cruel fate; O helpless maid,  
 "My love can ne'er be known.  
 "But 'tis the fate of womankind,  
 "The truth we must conceal,  
 "I'll die ten thousand deaths,  
 "E're I my love reveal."

A tender friend who watch'd the fair,  
 To Henry hy'd away;  
 "My lord" she cries "we've found the cause  
 "Of Katherine's quick decay;  
 "She in a dream the secret told,  
 "Till now no mortal knew:  
 "Alas! she now expiring lies,  
 "And dies for love of you.

The generous Henry's soul was struck,  
 His heart began to flame,  
 "O poor unhappy maid" he cried,  
 "Yet I am not to blame;  
 "O Katherine too, too modest nymph,  
 "Thy love I never knew,  
 "I'll ease thy pain"—as swift as wind;  
 To her bed-side he flew.

"Awake!" he cried, "thou lovely maid,  
 "Awake, awake my dear,  
 "If I had only guess'd thy love,  
 "Thou ne'er hadst dropt a tear.  
 "'Tis Henry calls, despair no more,  
 "Renew thy wonted charms,  
 "I'm come to call thee back from death,  
 "And take thee to my arms."

That word reviv'd the lifeless maid,  
 She rais'd her drooping head;  
 And smiling on her long lov'd youth,  
 She started from the bed;  
 Her arms about his neck she flung,  
 In extasie she cried:  
 "Will you be kind, will you indeed!  
 "Oh! love!" and then she died.

## Edward;

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

WRITTEN BY MR. HEYWOOD.

NOW lilies and roses were seen,  
 And fragrance perfumed the air;  
 Now the birds carol'd sweet on the green,  
 And their music delighted the ear:

Now the meadows with verdure bedight  
 Did their charms and their graces display;  
 Now the shepherds in concerts unite,  
 They sing, and all nature looks gay:

All save Edward, unhappy young swain,  
 So brisk and so blithsome before;  
 With him nature's smiles are in vain,  
 For Eliza, his love, is no more.

Full oft, where yon flow-gliding brook  
 Runs sweetly, smooth tinkling by,  
 The shepherd, reclin'd on his crook,  
 All sad and despairing wou'd lie.

And oft to yon sad, solemn grove,  
 Unweeting the swain wou'd repair,  
 To weep the sad fate of his love,  
 And utter the plaint of despair.

There, beneath the green canopy'd glade,  
 Wou'd he walk, and his sorrows bewail;  
 And still as he mourn'd the fair maid,  
 Fond echo wou'd mimic the tale.

"Will nothing my anguish remove?  
 "Ah, never these eyes will be dry!"  
 Ah, never! ah, never! remurmur'd the grove;  
 Ah, never! the brook wou'd reply.

When night had resum'd her sad sway,  
 And Phebe illumin'd the gloom;  
 To Eliza's green grave wou'd he stray,  
 And sit and lament on her tomb;

There, hopeless, his fate wou'd bewail,  
 And breathe out his plaint to the air;  
 Still filling each pause in his tale,  
 With a heart-rending sigh or a tear.

Then all the night long he has lain,  
 Unpity'd, unheard, and alone;  
 Delighting (alas, gentle swain!)  
 To drain his sad eyes on her stone,

But heav'n had mark'd the sad swain,  
 (Had mark'd him, and pity'd his woes)  
 And soon sent relief to his pain;  
 For death brought his bosom repose.

All on her green grave as he lay,  
 And with anguish oppress'd, his sad heart  
 To his sighs could no longer give way;  
 He felt the keen ease-giving dart.

His death sadden'd all the gay train,  
 So blithe and so joyous ere while;  
 No piping was heard on the plain,  
 No face was bedeck'd with a smile.

All pleasure was banish'd their looks,  
 And their dress was of mournfullest hue;  
 While the shepherds entwined their crooks  
 With garlands of rosem'ry and yew.

And still as the day of his doom  
 Comes round with the slow-rolling year,  
 The rustics repair to his tomb,  
 And embalm his remains with a tear.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Primrose Girl.

COME, buy of poor Kate, primroses I sell;  
Thro' London's fair city I'm known very well.  
Tho' my heart is quite funk, yet I constantly cry,  
Come, who'll buy primroses, who'll buy primroses,  
Who'll buy primroses, who'll buy, who'll buy.

My friends are all dead, I'm look'd on with scorn;  
Ah! better for me I had never been born:  
Tho' I'm poor I am honest, and oft heave the sigh,  
While crying primroses, who'll buy primroses, &c.

To virtue when thus with sorrow allied,  
The tear of compassion will not be denied;  
Then pity poor Kate, who plaintively cries,  
Come, who'll buy primroses, who'll buy, &c.

Coming thro' the Craigs o' Kyle.

COMING thro' the Craigs o' Kyle,  
Among the bonny blooming heather,  
There I met a bonny lassie,  
Keeping a' her ewes together.

O'er the moor among the heather,  
O'er the moor among the heather,

There I met a bonny lassie,  
Keeping a' her ewes together.

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame,  
In moor or dale, pray tell me whether,  
She says, "I tent the fleecy flocks  
That feed among the blooming heather."

O'er the moor, &c.

O'er the moor, &c.

She says, "I tent the fleecy flocks,  
That feed among the blooming heather."

We sat us down upon a bank,  
Sae warm and sunny was the weather,  
She left her flocks at large to rove  
Among the bonny blooming heather.

O'er the moor, &c.

O'er the moor, &c.

She left her flocks at large to rove,  
Among the bonny blooming heather.

She charm'd my heart and ay finsyne  
I can na think on any ither,  
By sea and sky she shall be mine,  
The bonny la's among the heather.

O'er the moor, &c.

O'er the moor, &c.

By sea and sky she shall be mine,  
The bonny la's among the heather.

Gin a Body meet a Body.

GIN a body meet a body, coming thro' the rye;  
Gin a body kifs a body need a body cry?  
Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane ha'e I,  
But a' the lads they loo me weel, and what the deuce  
care I?

Gin a body meet a body coming thro' the broom,  
Gin a body kifs a body need a body gloom?  
Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, ne'er a ane ha'e I,  
But a' the lads they loo we weel, and what the deuce  
care I?

The Unfortunate Beauty.

SAY, lovely maid, with downcast eye,  
And cheek with silent sorrow pale,  
What gives thy heart the length'ned sigh,  
That heaving tells a mournful tale?

Thy tears, that thus each other chafe,  
Bespeak a breast o'erwhelm'd with woe;  
Thy sighs a storm that wrecks my peace,  
Which souls like mine should never know.

Oh! tell me, does some favour'd youth,  
Too often blest, thy beauties slight,  
And leave those thrones of love and truth,  
That lip and bosom of delight?

What tho' to other nymphs he flies,  
And feigns the fond impassion'd tear;  
Breathes all the eloquence of sighs,  
That treach'rous won thy artless ear.

Let not those nymphs thy anguish move,  
For whom his heart may seem to pine;  
That heart can ne'er be blest with love.  
Whose guilt could force a pang from thine.

Peter Pindar.

Ariel's Song in the Tempest.

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I;  
In a cowslip's bed I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back do I fly  
After sun-set, merrily,

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Shakespeare.

## The Sheep-Shearers.

SUNG IN THE WINTER'S TALE.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we  
must shear;

In your holiday suits with your lasses appear;  
The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free;  
And who are so guiltless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught;  
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught;  
What we think in our hearts, you may read in our  
eyes?

For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,  
But we as the children of nature are bred—  
By her hand alone we are painted and drest;  
For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in the  
breast.

That giant, ambition, we never can dread,  
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;  
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,  
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal,  
Like the flocks that we feed, are the passions we feel;  
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,  
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

## Down the Burn, Davy, Love.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,  
And flow'rs were fair to see;

When Mary was complete fifteen,  
And love laugh'd in her e'e;  
Blithe Davy's looks her heart did move  
To speak her mind thus free;  
"Gang down the burn, Davy, love,  
"And I will follow thee."

Now Davy did each lad surpass  
That dwelt on this burn side;  
And Mary was a bonny lass,  
Just meet to be a bride:  
Her cheeks were rosy red, and white,  
Her eyes were azure blue,  
Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
Her lips like dropping dew.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,  
And nothing, sure, unmeet!

For, ganging home, I heard them say,  
They lik'd a walk so sweet:  
His cheek to her's he fondly laid;  
She cry'd, "sweet love be true;  
"And when a wife, as now a maid,  
"To death I'll follow you."

## When Peace here was reigning.

WHEN peace here was reigning,  
And love without waining,

Or care or complaining,  
Base passions disdaining;  
This, this was my way,  
With my pipe and my tabor  
I laugh'd down the day,  
Nor envy'd the joys of my neighbour.

New sad transformation  
Runs thro' the whole nation;  
Peace, love, recreation,  
All chang'd to vexation;  
This, this is my way,  
With my pipe and my tabor  
I laugh down the day,  
And pity the cares of my neighbour.

While all are designing,  
Their friends undermining,  
Reviling, repining,  
To mischief inclining;  
This, this is my way,  
With my pipe and my tabor,  
I laugh down the day,  
And pity the cares of my neighbour.

## The last time I came o'er the Muir.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,  
I left my love behind me;  
Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,  
When soft ideas mind me?  
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd  
The beaming day ensuing,  
I met betimes my lovely maid,  
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,  
Gazing and chafly sporting;  
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,  
Till night spread her black curtain.  
I pitied all beneath the skies,  
Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;  
In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,  
Where mortal steel may wound me;  
Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
Where dangers may surround me:  
Yet hopes again to see my love,  
To feast on glowing kisses,  
Shall make my cares at distance move,  
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place  
To let a rival enter:  
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,  
In her my love shall centre.  
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
Their waves the Alps to cover;  
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,  
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the muir,  
She shall a lover find me;  
And that my faith is firm and pure,  
Tho' I left her behind me:  
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain  
My heart to her fair bosom;  
There, while my being does remain,  
My love more fresh shall blossom.

## Etrick Banks.

ON Etrick banks, in a summer's night,  
At glowing when the sheep drave hame,  
I met my lass, braw and tight,  
Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane:  
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang  
My arms about her lily neck,  
And kiss'd and clap'd her there fou lang;  
My words they were na mony feck.

I said, my lass, will ye go  
To the highland hills, the Earse to learn;  
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe,  
When ye come to the brig of Earn.  
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,  
And herrings at the Broomy Law;  
Chear up your heart, my bonny lass,  
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,  
When winter, frosts, and snaw begin;  
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,  
At night when you sit down to spin,  
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring:  
And thus the weary night we'll end,  
Till the tender kyd the lamb-time bring  
Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,  
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,  
I'll meet my lads amang the broom,  
And lead you to my summer shield.  
Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,  
That make the kindly hearts their sport;  
We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,  
And gar the longest day seem short.



## The Birth of May.

WHEN rural lads and lasses gay,  
Proclaim'd the birth of rosy May,  
When round the may-pole, on the green,  
The rustic dancers all are seen;  
'Twas there young Jockey met my view,  
His like before I never knew;  
He pip'd so sweet, and danc'd so gay,  
Alas! he danc'd my heart away.

At eve, when cakes and ale went round,  
He plac'd him next me on the ground,  
With harmless mirth, and pleasing jest,  
He shone more bright than all the rest;  
He talk'd of love, and press'd my hand,  
Ah! who could such a youth withstand?  
Well pleas'd I heard what he could say;  
Alas! he stole my heart away.

He often heav'd a tender sigh,  
While rapture sparkled in his eye;  
So winning was his grace and air,  
He might the coldest heart ensnare:  
But when he ask'd me for his bride,  
I promis'd soon, and soon comply'd:  
What nymph on earth could say him nay?  
Alas! he stole my heart away.

## Amo, Amas.

AMO, amas,  
I love a lass,  
As a cedar tall and slender,  
Sweet cowslips grace  
Is her *nominative* case,  
And she's of the *feminine* gender.  
Rorum corum,  
Sunt divorum,  
Harum scarum divo:  
Tag, rag, merry derry, perriwig and hat-band,  
*Hic, hoc, horum, genitivo.*

Can I *decline*,  
A nymph devine?  
Her voice as a flute is *dulcis*,  
Her *oculus* bright,  
Her *manus* white,  
And soft, when I *tasto* her pulse is.  
*Rorum corum, &c.*

O how *bella*,  
My *puella*:  
I'll kiss her *secu'a seculorum*:  
If I've luck, sir,  
She's my *uxor*,  
*O dies benedictorum.*  
*O'Keefe.*  
*Rorum corum, &c.*

## Blest as th' immortal Gods is he.

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

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

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

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,  
My blood with gentle horror thrill'd,  
My feeble pulse forgot to play;  
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

## Sir James the Rofs.

## AN OLD BALLAD.

OF all the Scottish Northern chiefs,  
Of his high warlike name,  
The bravest was Sir James the Rofs,  
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir  
That crowns the mountain's brow,  
And waving o'er his shoulders broad,  
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of the brave clan Rofs,  
A firm undaunted band;  
Five hundred warriors drew the sword  
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood  
Against the English keen,  
Ere two-and-twenty op'ning springs  
This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,  
A maid of beauty rair,  
Even Marg'ret on the Scottish throne  
Was never half so fair,

Lang had he woo'd, lang she refus'd  
With seeming scorn and pride;  
Yet aft her eyes confess'd the love  
Her fearful words deny'd.

At last she blest'd his well-try'd faith,  
Allow'd his tender claim;  
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,  
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,  
Their passion disapprov'd,  
And bade her wed Sir John the Graham,  
And leave the youth she lov'd.

At night they met as they were wont,  
Deep in a shady wood,  
Where on the bank beside the burn,  
A blooming faugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood  
The crafty Donald lay,  
The brother of Sir John the Graham,  
To hear what they would say.

When thus the maid began:—"My fire  
"Your passion disapproves,  
"And bids me wed Sir John the Graham,  
"So here must end our loves!

"My father's will must be obey'd,  
"Nought boots me to withstand;  
"Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom  
"Shall blest thee with her hand.

"Matilda soon shall be forgot,  
"And from thy mind defac'd;  
"But may that happiness be thine  
"Which I can never taste".

"What do I hear? Is this thy vow?"  
Sir James the Rofs-reply'd,  
"And will Matilda wed the Graham,  
"Tho' sworn to be my bride?

"His sword shall sooner pierce my heart  
"Than reave me of thy charms!"  
Then clasp'd her to his beating breast,  
Fast lock'd within her arms.

"I speak to try thy love," she said,  
"I'll ne'er wed man but thee;  
"The grave shall be my bridal bed,  
"Ere Graham my husband be.

"Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,  
"In witness of my troth,  
"And every plague become my lot,  
"That day I break my oath."

They parted thus: the fun was set,  
Up haft'ly Donald flies,  
"And turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth,"  
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,  
And soon his sword he drew,  
For Donald's blade before his breast  
Had pierc'd his tartans through.

"This for my brother's flighted love,  
"His wrongs sit on my arm:"  
Three paces back the youth retir'd,  
And sav'd himself frae harm.

Returning swift his hand he rear'd  
Frae Donald's head above,  
And thro' the brains and crashing bones  
His sharp edg'd weapon drove.

He stag'ring reel'd, then tumbled down,  
A lump of breathless clay;  
"So fall my foes!" quoth valiant Rofs,  
And stately strode away.

Thro' the green wood he quickly hy'd,  
Unto lord Buchan's hall,  
And at Matilda's window stood,  
And thus began to call:

"Art thou asleep, Matilda dear!  
"Awake, my love, awake;  
"Thy luckless lover calls on thee,  
"A long farewell to take.

"For I have slain fierce Donald Graham,  
"His blood is on my sword;  
"And distant are my faithful men,  
"Nor can assist their lord.

"To Skye I'll now direct my way,  
"Where my two brothers bide,  
"And raise the valiant of the isles  
"To combat on my side."

"O, do not so!" the maid replies,  
"With me till morning stay,  
"For dark and dreary is the night,  
"And dangerous is the way:

"All night I'll watch you in the park;  
"My faithful page I'll send,  
"To run and raise the Rofs's clan,  
"Their master to defend."

Beneath a bush he laid him down,  
And wrapt him in his plaid;  
While trembling for her lover's fate,  
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,  
Till in a lowly glen  
He met the furious sir John Graham,  
With twenty of his men.

"Where go'st thou, little page?" he said  
"So late who did thee send?"  
"I go to raise the Rofs's clan,  
"Their master to defend;

"For he has slain fierce Donald Graham,  
"His blood is on his sword,  
"And far, far distant are his men,  
"That should assist their lord."

"And has he slain my brother dear?"  
The furious Graham replies;  
"Dishonour blast my name! but lie  
"By me, ere morning, dies.

"Tell me, where is sir James the Rofs?"  
"I will thee well reward;"  
"He sleeps within lord Buchan's park;  
"Matilda is his guard."

They spurr'd their steeds in furious mood,  
And scour'd along the lea;  
They reach'd lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs  
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate,  
To whom thus Graham did say;  
"Saw ye Sir James the Rofs, last night,  
"Or did he pass this way?"

"Last day at noon," Matilda said,  
"Sir James the Rofs pass'd by,  
"He furious prick'd his sweaty steed,  
"And onward fast did hy.

"By this he is at Edinburgh cross,  
"If horse and man hold good"—  
"Your page then ly'd, who said he was  
"Now sleeping in the wood."

She wrung her hands and tore her hair,  
"Brave Rofs! thou art betray'd,  
"And ruin'd by those very means  
"From whence I hop'd thine aid."

By this the valiant knight awak'd,  
The virgin's shriek he heard;  
And up he rose, and drew his sword,  
When the fierce band appear'd.

"Your sword last night my brother flew,  
"His blood yet dims its shine;  
"But ere the setting of the sun,  
"Your blood shall reek on mine."

"You word it well," the chief return'd,  
"But deeds approve the man,  
"Set by your men, and hand to hand  
"We'll try what valour can.

"Of boasting hides a coward's heart,  
"My weighty sword you fear,  
"Which shone in front of Flodden field,  
"When you kept in the rear."

With dauntless step he forward strode,  
And dar'd him to the fight;  
But Graham gave back, and fear'd his arm,  
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,  
Sunk down beneath his sword;  
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,  
And fought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely Graham came,  
And pierc'd him in the side,  
Out spouting came the purple tide,  
And all his tartans died.

But yet his sword quit not the grip,  
Nor dropt he to the ground;  
'Till thro' his en'my's heart, his steel  
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Graham like a tree with wind o'erthrown,  
Fell breathless on the clay,  
And down beside him sunk the Rofs,  
And faint and dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall,  
"O spare his life!" she cried,  
"Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,  
"Let her not be deny'd.

Her well known voice the hero heard,  
He rais'd his half-clos'd eyes,  
And fix'd them on the weeping maid,  
And weakly thus replies:

"In vain Matilda begs the life  
"By Death's arrest deny'd;  
"My race is run!—Adieu, my love!"  
Then clos'd his eyes and dy'd.

The sword, yet warm, from his left side  
With frantic hand she drew;  
"I come, Sir James the Rofs," she cried,  
"I come to follow you.

She lean'd the hilt against the ground,  
And bar'd her snowy breast,  
Then fell upon her lover's face,  
And sunk to endless rest.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language; forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Roundelay.

SUNG IN THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE.

IN my pleasant native plains,  
Wing'd with bliss each moment flew;  
Nature there inspir'd the strains,  
Simple as the joys I knew:  
Jocund morn and ev'ning gay,  
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

Fields and flocks and fragrant flow'rs,  
All that health and ease impart,  
Call'd for artless music's power,  
Faithful echoes to the heart.  
Happy hours for ever gay,  
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring,  
Wak'd the warblers of the grove,  
Who, sweet birds, have heard you sing,  
Would not join the song of love?  
Your sweet notes and chauntings gay  
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

Bonny Charley.

O DEAREY do I love to rove  
Among the fields of barley,  
'Twas there that Charley told his love,  
The blithe the winsome Charley;  
Then he so fud', and he so woo'd,  
And marriage was the parley,  
What could I do but buckle too,  
With bonny, bonny Charley.

O my bonny, bonny boy,  
My bonny, bonny Charley;  
O my bonny, bonny boy,  
My bonny, bonny Charley.

I ken the laïses rue the day  
I fought the field of barley;  
And strive to win from me away,  
The heart of winsome Charley;  
But, ah! how vain, they canna gain  
His love, by all their parley;  
And now they see he woos but me,  
My bonny, bonny Charley.

*O my bonny, &c.*

O ilka blessing on the laird  
That owns the fields of barley;  
And ken I him alone regard,  
For he is winsome Charley:  
The gentle youth, with purest truth,  
So woos me late and early:  
I can't withstand to give my hand  
To bonny, bonny Charley.

*O my bonny, &c.*

William and Caroline.

'T WAS at the break of day we spy'd  
The signal to unmoor,  
Which sleepless Caroline descri'd,  
Sweet maid, from Gosport shore:  
The fresh'ning gale at length arose,  
Her heart began to swell,  
Nor could cold fear the thought oppose,  
Of bidding me farewell.

In open boat, the mine of worth.  
Soon reach'd our vessel's side,  
Soon too she found her William's birth,  
But fought me not to chide:  
"Go" she exclaim'd "for Fame's a cause  
A female should approve;  
For, who that's true to honour's laws  
Is ever false to love.

"My heart is loyal, scorns to fear,  
Nor will it ever fail,  
Tho' war's unequal wild career  
Should William's life assail.  
Tho' death 'gainst thee exert his sway,  
Oh! trust me, but the dart  
That wounded thee will find its way  
To Caroline's true heart.  
Should conquest, in fair form array'd,  
Thy loyal efforts crown,  
In Gosport will be found a maid  
That lives for thee alone:  
May girls, with hearts so firm and true  
To love and glory's cause,  
Meet the reward they have in view,  
The meed of free applause."

Beneath this Green Willow.

BENEATH this green willow,  
My Phoebe's retreat,  
The soft turf her seat,  
My bosom her pillow,  
What transports I knew!  
How blest the hours flew!  
Ah! willow!  
Beneath this green willow.  
But long tempest-toft,  
Now Phoebe is lost  
On life's stormy billow,  
I sit all alone  
And make my sad moan,  
Ah! willow!  
Beneath this green willow.

## The Village Maiden.

WHEN first I saw the village maiden,  
Like Cymon, motionless I stood,  
'Twas Iphigenia's self appearing,  
So lovely, beautiful and good:  
Her cheeks outblush'd the rip'ning rose,  
Her smiles would banish mortal's woes,  
So sweet the village maiden.

Clarissa's eyes all eyes attracting,  
Her breath Arabian spices feign,  
For her, like ore, would a'rice wander,  
And venture all the prize to gain:  
I told my love with many fears,  
Which she return'd with speaking tears,  
Then sigh'd the village maiden.

She sigh'd because she had no riches,  
To make her lady-like and gay:  
Tho' virtue was her only portion;  
I dar'd to name the wedding day:  
The care of wealth let knaves endure,  
I shall be rich and-envied sure,  
To gain the village maiden.

## Vive la Bagatelle.

IN vain the grave and wife,  
The thoughtful and the sage,  
Would teach us to despise  
The joys that suit our age:  
Youth's the season to be gay,  
Then smile each beau and belle,  
To joy we'll give the day,  
Ah!—vive la Bagatelle.

The laughing hours invite  
To sport while young and gay,  
With love and soft delight  
Our minutes pass away;  
Old age and care they say  
O'ertake each beau and belle;  
Who'd meet such foes half way?  
Ah!—vive la Bagatelle.

## Je Pense a Vous.

JE pense a vous—where'er I stray,  
While sorrow marks my lonely way;  
The sports of spring unmov'd I view,  
Alone I sigh and think of you.

*Je pense a vous.*

Ah! why in absence do I mourn,  
Why vainly wish for your return;  
While transient pleasures you pursue,  
Alone I sigh and think of you.

*Je pense a vous.*

Come then to cheer our native plain,  
Return to bless our constant swain;  
With love reward a love so true.  
O think of him who thinks on you.

*Je pense a vous.*

## Patty Clover.

WHILE little on the village green,  
We play'd, I learn'd to love her:  
She seem'd to me some fairy queen,  
So light tripp'd Patty Clover.

With ev'ry simple childish art  
I try each day to move her;  
The cherry pluck'd, the bleeding heart,  
To give to Patty Clover.

The fairest flow'rs to deck her breast  
I chose—an infant lover:  
I stole the goldfinch from its nest,  
To give to Patty Clover.

## The Fox Chase.

AT the sound of the horn,  
We rise in the morn,  
And waken the woods as we thunder along;  
Yoix, yoix, tally-o,  
After Reynard we go,  
While echo on echo redoubles the song.  
Not the steeds of the sun,  
Our brave couriers outrun,  
O'er the mound, horse and hound, see us bound in  
full cry;  
Like Phoebus we rise,  
To the height of the skies,  
And, careless of danger, five bars we defy.  
*We waken the woods, &c.*

At eve, sir, we rush,  
And are close at his brush,  
Already he dies—see him panting for breath:  
Each feat and defeat,  
We renew and repeat,  
Regardless of life so we're in at the death.  
*We waken the woods, &c.*

With a bottle at night,  
We prolong the delight,  
Much Trim-bush we praise, and the deeds that were  
done:  
And yoix tally-o,  
The next morning we go,  
With Phoebus to end, as we mount with the sun.  
*We waken the woods, &c.*

## Lovely Anna.

WHEN lovely Anna first I view'd,  
Amid' the num'rous throng:  
Fearful my heart should be subdu'd,  
I thus address'd my song—  
Sweet Son of beauty now forbear  
Thy bow to bend in vain;  
Nor once enchain'd to all that's dear,  
My freedom I'll maintain.

With scornful look the youth reply'd:  
Can nought those charms inspire?  
To such the gods would be ally'd,  
Perfection all admire:  
He straight let fly an arrow keen,  
A chain wide was op'd;  
Soft pleasure flow'd, I view'd her mein,  
To gain her all I hop'd.

## Guardian Angels.

GUARDIAN angels, now protect me,  
Send, ah! send the youth I love;  
Deign, O Cupid, to direct me,  
Lead me through the myrtle grove.  
Bear my sighs, soft-floating air,  
Say I love him to despair,  
Tell him, 'tis for him I grieve,  
For him alone I wish to live.

'Mid secluded dells I wander,  
Silent as the shades of night;  
Near some bubbling rill's meander,  
Where he erst has blest my fight:  
There to weep the night away,  
There to waste in sighs the day.  
Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,  
And must I never see thee more?

Then recluse shall be my dwelling,  
Deep in some sequester'd vale;  
There with mournful cadence swelling,  
Oft repeat my love-sick tale:  
And the lark and Philomel  
Oft shall hear a virgin tell  
What the pain to bid adieu  
To joy, to happiness, and you.



## Lenora.

A GERMAN BALLAD.

*The following Ballad is in such estimation at present in London, that an Edition of it, adorned with elegant Engravings, is now selling at the enormous Price of One Guinea.—The Author, Godfrey Augustus Burger, receiver of the Land-tax at Wollmershausen, in Germany, and Author of the Wild Huntsman, and many other celebrated Pieces.*

FROM frightful dreams Lenora rose  
Before the dawn of day—  
“Has William broke his plighted vows?  
“Why this unkind delay?  
“King Frederick’s battles he had fought,  
“And in the field of Prague had fought,  
“And had not told his faithful bride  
“If good or ill did him betide.”  
No more the hostile pow’rs engage,  
Nor stain with blood the field;  
To peace is hush’d their mighty rage;  
Now rest the sword and shield.  
The warlike drum, the martial fife  
No more awake the direful strife,  
But now with peaceful laurels crown’d  
The hero beats the festive ground.  
Now ev’ry way and ev’ry street  
Teems with the mingl’d throng—  
Eager the coming host to greet  
All as they pass along.  
“Thank heaven!” cry’d many a happy bride:  
“Thank heaven!” each happy spouse reply’d.  
Lenora, hapless and forlorn,  
Was left alone to weep, to mourn.  
Urg’d by alternate hope and fear,  
She join’d the virgin train:  
She fought, she call’d her William dear;  
But fought or call’d in vain.  
And now in madness of despair  
Wildly she tears her raven hair,  
And flings herself upon the ground;  
Her plaints the rocks and woods resound.  
Her mother hastens to her aid—  
“Heaven guard us from alarms!  
“My dearest child, why thus dismay’d?”  
And lock’d her in her arms.  
“O mother! lost! for ever lost!  
“Farewell vain world and all ye boast!  
“Will heav’n itself no pity take?  
“On me, poor me, its vengeance wreak!  
“All gracious God! thy children save!  
“To him, Lenora bend!  
“With humble gratitude receive  
“Whatever he doth send.”  
“O mother! all my prayers are vain  
“Heav’n is unkind, I will complain:  
“The bitterest sorrows are my share,  
“What, what avails my slighted prayer?”  
“Who knows the Father, knows him bent  
“His children dear to aid:  
“The ever holy sacrament  
“Will calm the mind dismay’d.”  
“No, mother! to this aching heart  
“No sacrament can peace impart;  
“No sacrament can life restore  
“To him, ah me! who is no more.”  
“But what if William, faithless now,  
“In distant Ungerland,\*  
“Forgets to you his plighted vow  
“And eke his promis’d hand?

\*The Name of Hungary.

“Let him forget—perfidious man!  
“Shew who you are and what you can:  
“One day, may hap, himself may prove  
“The pangs that wait on injur’d love.”

“O mother! what can bring relief?  
“From me he’s ever torn!  
“Death, death alone, can end my grief!  
“O, had I ne’er been born!  
“Shine not to me, ye hated light—  
“Welcome ye dreary shades of night!  
“Will heav’n itself no pity take?  
“On me, poor me, its vengeance wreak.”

“All gracious heav’n in pity look  
“On my poor hapless child!  
“Her sins accord not in thy book!  
“Heal her disorder—wild!  
“O child! forget thine earthly love,  
“And think on God and bliss above:  
“Thy only portion he can be  
“Through ages of eternity.”

“O mother, what is bliss above?  
“Or what is hell below?  
“Without my all, my dearest love,  
“Not Heaven can bliss bestow.  
“Shine not to me, ye hated light!  
“Welcome ye dreary shades of night!  
“Will heav’n itself no pity take?  
“On me, poor me, its vengeance wreak.”

Thus mad’ning rage, and wild despair  
Boil’d in her throbbing veins.  
Of God’s all providential care,  
No reverence she maintains.  
She tears her hair, and beats her breast,  
Till weary sinks the sun to rest,  
Until the star-be-spangled sky  
Hangs out the silver lamps on high.

When sudden, hark!—trip! trap! trip! trap!  
It seem’d a horse’s tread.  
A rider lights,—rip! rap! rap! rap!  
In shining steel y’ clad.  
And hark! anon the gateway ring  
So soft and gently, kling! ling! ling!  
But when to open none appear’d,  
All through the grate these words were heard:

“Hola! hola! arise my love;  
“Asleep! or art thou waking?  
“To me still faithful dost thou prove!  
“Art grief or joy partaking?  
“Ah William! thou! so late by night?  
“Sleepless I wait the morning light!  
“Whence com’st thou—at so late an hour?  
“Ah! didst thou know what I endure.”

“Midnight’s the hour; I left but late  
“Bohemia’s distant land,  
“For you I come; I cannot wait;  
“Up! reach to me your hand.”  
“Ah! William, stay! ’tis cold; come in;  
“The hawthorn whistles to the wind!  
“Come, dearest, to my longing arms,  
“And guard me henceforth from alarms.”

“The thorn may whistle to the wind,  
“And bleak the night may blow,  
“I can’t, my dearest, can’t come in,  
“But with me you must go.  
“Haste! up! and set yourself behind,  
“Tho’ cold the night and bleak the wind;  
“A hundred miles we must be sped  
“Before we reach the bridal bed.”

Ah! distant

" Ah! distant far the bridal bed;  
 " This night a hundred miles!  
 " Hark!—ten,—eleven,—the night's far fled,  
 " Or me the hour beguiles."  
 " Come, dearest, come! the moon shines bright:  
 " We and the dead fly swift as light!  
 " This night I promise thee to wed,  
 " And bring thee to the bridal bed."

" Where is your chamber?" " Far from hence."  
 " And where your marriage bed?"  
 " Cold, dark, and lonesome! far from hence,  
 " Yet there we must be wed!"  
 " There's room for me?—For thee and me;  
 " Art ready? soon thyself shalt see;  
 " The marriage guests already wait,  
 " And open stands the narrow gate."

Now in her bride's apparel drest,  
 She mounted up behind,  
 And round her lover's faithful waist,  
 Her lily arms she twin'd.  
 And now they speed it—hop! hop! hop!  
 And now they fly at great gallop!  
 Hurra! the rider!—snort, the horse!  
 The sparkling causeway marks their course.

As on they pass on either hand,  
 Flies village; field, and hedge:  
 Swift they traverse the open land,  
 And cross the thund'ring bridge.  
 " Afraid, my love?—The moon shines bright;  
 " We and the dead fly swift as light!  
 " Afraid, my dearest, of the dead?"  
 " An, no!"—" but why?"—" Let rest the dead."

" But hark! methinks I hear a song:  
 " The ravens croaking fit,  
 " The bell, too, tingles—ding! ding! dong!"  
 " Dust to the dust commit!"  
 And now the train approach more near,  
 They bear a coffin on a bier;  
 And slowly as they move along,  
 Wailing they raise their plaintive song.

" Dust to dust you may commit  
 " After the midnight hour;  
 " My time will no delay admit;  
 " We haste to bridal bower.  
 " Come with me, Chorus, come along,  
 " Come, sing to me the bridal song;  
 " Come, holy priest, and say the pray'r,  
 " Ere we for bridal bed prepare."

Ding! dong! sing! song! down sinks the bier,  
 Obedient to his call;  
 And brattling after runs the choir,  
 The holy priest withal.  
 Still on they speed it—hop! hop! hop!  
 And now they fly at great gallop!  
 Hurra! the rider!—snort, the horse!  
 The sparkling causeway marks their course.

All as they pass, on left and right,  
 How flies hedge, tree, and mead!  
 How flies the village! swift as light!  
 So wond'rous fast they speed.  
 " Afraid, my love? The moon shines bright,  
 " We and the dead fly swift as light!  
 " Afraid, my dearest, of the dead?"  
 " Ah, no! my dear, let rest the dead!"

" See there! see there! an airy band  
 " Dance round the bloody wheel!\*"  
 " Half visible: aloof they stand,  
 " And now again they reel."  
 " Come, airy elves—come, haste! agree!  
 " Come quickly—come, and follow me!  
 " Come dance to me the wedding ring!  
 " The chorus follows on to sing."

Fast, fast they follow—hush! hush! hush!  
 The horse's heels behind,  
 Like rustling leaves on hazel bush,  
 When shook by winter's wind.  
 Still on they speed it—hop! hop! hop!  
 And now they fly at great gallop!  
 Hurra! the rider!—snort, the horse!  
 The sparkling causeway marks their course.

How flew all underneath the moon!  
 How woods and mountains flew!  
 Rocks, woods, and mountains—distant soon,  
 As they their course pursue.  
 " Afraid, my love?—The moon shines bright;  
 " We and the dead fly swift as light;  
 " Afraid, my dearest, of the dead?"  
 " Hush! hush! my love; let rest the dead."

" Ha! ha! here comes the morning air;  
 " I smell it in the wind;  
 " And yonder calls friend chanticler,  
 " Off! get thee from behind!  
 " Well sped our journey—love, well sped—  
 " See, ready stands the marriage bed—  
 " How swift we fly!—how vast the space!—  
 " Here is, my love, here is the place!"

And now an iron gate oppos'd;  
 Rap! rap! upon the ground—  
 Wide up it flew, the path disclos'd,  
 Sudden with cracking sound.  
 Breaking the folding doors up flew;  
 Onward o'er grass-grown graves they drew;  
 While glimmering in the moon's pale light,  
 The whit'ned grave-stones rise to fight.

But what new wonder now took place?  
 How horrible to tell!  
 The rider's habit, piece by piece,  
 In mould'ring tatters fell!  
 Death's ghastly form, no more conceal'd,  
 In all its terrors stood reveal'd;  
 A threat'ning scythe his right hand fill'd,  
 The fatal sand the other held.

Now wildly rears the snorting steed,  
 And strikes the op'ning ground:  
 His nostrils flash; he bounds with speed  
 Into the gulf profound.  
 The air is fill'd with dismal sounds;  
 With hollow groans the earth resounds;  
 Lenora pale and trembling stood;  
 Dire horror chill'd her freezing blood.

Pale shone the moon—the ghosts arise,  
 And dance their mazy round;  
 Yelling they raise their hideous cries;  
 The moss-grown vaults resound:—  
 " With patience bear thy lot severe;  
 " God's providence, all wise, reverent;  
 " Instant prepare, death is thy doom."  
 And down she sinks into the tomb.

\* On which Criminals are placed by the Highway.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

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The Gondolier.

SOON as the buiy day is o'er,  
And evening comes with pleasant shade,  
We gondoliers from shore to shore,  
Merrily ply our jovial trade.  
And while the moon shines on the stream,  
And as soft music breathes around,  
The feathering oar returns the gleam,  
And dips in concert to the sound.  
Down by some convent's mould'ring walls  
Of't we hear the enamour'd youth—  
Softly the watchful fair he calls,  
Who whispers vows of love and truth.  
*And while the moon, &c.*  
And oft' where the Rialto swells,  
With happier pairs we circle round,  
Whose secret sighs fond echo tells,  
Whose murmur'd vows she bids refund.  
*And while the moon, &c.*  
Then joys the youth, that love conceal'd,  
That fearful love must own its sighs;  
Then smiles the maid to hear reveal'd,  
How more than ever she complies.  
*And while the moon, &c.*

The Village Maid.

CHARMING village maid,  
If thou wilt be mine,  
In gold and pearls array'd,  
All my wealth is thine.  
If not enjoy'd with thee,  
E'en nature's beauties fade:  
Sweetest, do but love me—  
Charming village maid.  
Had I yon shepherd's care,  
Your lambs to feed and fold,  
The dog star's heat I'd bear,  
And winter's piercing cold;  
Weil pleas'd I'd toil for thee,  
At harrow, flail or spade:  
Sweetest, do but love me—  
Charming village maid.  
This morn at early dawn,  
I had a hedge-rose wild,  
Its sweets perfum'd the lawn,  
'Twas sportive nature's child,  
My lovely fair, for thee  
Transplanted from the glade.  
Sweetest, do but love me—  
Charming village maid.

Cease awhile, ye Winds, to blow.

CEASE awhile, ye winds, to blow,  
Cease ye roaring streams to flow;  
Hush'd be ev'ry other noise,  
I want to hear my lover's voice.  
*Cease, &c.*  
Here's the brook, the rock, the tree,  
Hark! a sound! I think 'tis he!  
'Tis not he, yet night comes on,  
Where's my lovely wand'rer gone.  
*Cease, &c.*  
Loud I'll speak to make him hear,  
'Tis I who calls my true love dear;  
The time is come, why this delay?  
Alas! my wand'rer's lost his way.  
*Cease, &c.*

Tho' late I was plump, round and jolly.

THO' late I was plump, round and jolly,  
I now am as thin as a rod;  
Oh! love is the cause of my folly,  
And soon I'll lie under the clod.  
*Dootherum, doodle-adgity, nagety, tragedy rum,  
Goosetrum, foodle idgity, fidgity, nidgity mun.*  
Dear Kathleen, then why did you flout me,  
A lad that's so faithful and warm;  
Oh! ev'ry thing's handsome about me,  
My cabin and snug little farm.  
*Dootherum, &c.*

What tho' I have scrap'd up no money,  
No duns at my chamber attend;  
On Sunday I ride on my poney,  
And still have a bit for a friend.  
*Dootherum, &c.*

The cock courts his hens all around me,  
The sparrow, the pidgeon, and dove;  
Oh! how all this courting confounds me,  
When I look and think of my love.  
*Dootherum, &c.*

The Kifs repaid.

CHLOE, by that borrow'd kifs,  
I, alas, am quite undone;  
'Twas so sweet, so fraught with blifs,  
Thousands will not pay that one.  
Left the debt should break your heart,  
Roguish Chloe smiling, cries,  
Come, a thousand then in part,  
For the present shall suffice.

## Omnia Vincit Amor.

AIR,—*"Catharine Ogie."*

AS I went forth to view the spring,  
Which Flora had adorned,  
In raiment fair; now ev'ry thing  
The rage of winter scorned:  
I cast mine eye, and did espy  
A youth who made great clamour,  
And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,  
Ah! omnia vincit amor.

Upon his breast he lay along,  
Hard by a murmur'ing river,  
And mournfully his doleful song,  
With sighs he did deliver.  
Ah! Jenny's face and comely grace,  
Her looks that shin'd like lammer,  
With burning rays have cut my days;  
For, omnia vincit amor.

Her glancy een like comets sheen,  
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 care  
Cry, omnia vincit amor.

Ye chrystal streams that swiftly glide,  
Be partners of my mourning!  
Ye fragrant fields, and meadows wide,  
Condemn her for her scorning:  
Let e'ery 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 virtues rare,  
Wh' of life now makes me tir'd.  
Thus said, his breath began to fail,  
He cou'd not speak, but stammer;  
He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,  
But, omnia vincit amor.

When I observ'd him near to death,  
I ran in haste to save him,  
But quickly he resign'd his breath;  
So deep the wound love gave him.  
Now for his sake, this vow I'll make,  
My tongue shall ay defame her:  
While on his hearse I'll write this verse,  
Ah! omnia vincit amor.

Straight I consider'd in my mind  
Upon the matter rightly,  
And found tho' Cupid he be blind,  
He proves in pith most mighty.  
For warlike Mars and thund'ring Jove,  
And Vulcan with his hammer,  
Did ever prove the slaves of love,  
For, omnia vincit amor.

Hence we may see 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.

## As Jamie gay, gang'd blithe his way.

AS Jamie gay, gang'd blithe his way,  
Along the banks of Tweed,  
A bonny lafs, as ever was,  
Came tripping o'er the mead:  
The hearty swain, untaught to feign,  
The buxom nymph survey'd:  
And full of glee, as lad could be,  
Bespeak the pretty maid.

"Dear lassie tell, why by thine fel  
"Thou hast'ly wand'rest here?"  
"My ewes" she cry'd "are straying wide;  
"Canst tell me, laddie, where?"  
"To town ise hie" he made reply,  
"Some muckle sport to see;  
"But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,  
"Ise seek the ewes with thee."

She gin her hand, nor made a stand,  
But lik'd the youth's intent;  
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,  
Right merrily they went:  
The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,  
And flowers bloom'd around;  
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,  
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,  
(The zenith of his pow'r)  
When to a shade, their steps they made,  
To pass the mid-day hour:  
The bonny lad raw'd in his plaid  
The lafs, who scorn'd to frown;  
She soon forgot the ewes she faught,  
And he to gang to town.

## As the Snow in Vallies lying.

AS the snow in vallies lying,  
Phœbus his warm beams applying,  
Soon dissolves and runs away;  
So the beauties, so the graces,  
Of the most bewitching faces,  
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,  
Is despis'd, and is upbraided  
By the slaves he once controul'd;  
So the nymph, if none could move her,  
Is condemn'd by ev'ry lover,  
When her charms are growing old.

Melancholy looks, and whining,  
Grieving, quarrelling and pining,  
Are th' effects your rigours move;  
Soft caresses, am'rous glances,  
Melting sighs, transporting trances;  
Are the blest effects of love.

Fair-ones, while your beauty's blooming;  
Use your time, lest age refusing  
What your youth profusely lends,  
You are robb'd of all your glories,  
And condemn'd to tell old stories,  
To your unbelieving friends.

## The honest Tar.

'TIS for landmen to prate,  
Such trifling I hate,  
To wheedle and cajole is their plan:  
For a licence let's haste,  
We have no time to waste;  
'Tis actions that best speak the man.

I'm a rough, honest tar,  
Just landed from far;  
My heart cannot change like the weather;  
As the needle 'tis true,  
And points only to you;  
Let the parson, then, splice us together.



## The Lad is pretty.

IN summer time when aw is gay,  
And looks wi' sic a grace,  
I gladly ken the lambkins play,  
As round the mead I trace:  
Then Jockey tunes his pipe wi' glee,  
And sings so blithe a ditty,  
I ane he's pleasing unto me,  
For troth the lad is pretty.

His face is ruddy as the morn,  
And gowden is his hair;  
Good nature does his mind adorn,  
And cauty is his air:  
I loo him weel I need must ane,  
He is fae blithe and witty;  
But yet I mun a tell him fane,  
Although he is fae pretty.

For when lads ken we lasses like,  
They'll try an artful tale,  
To gain their ends is awe belike,  
If once they can prevail:  
To leave us then is their delight,  
Without one grain of pity;  
Sae I mun keep my mind outright,  
Although the lad is pretty.

Na mickle he's of worldly gear,  
He did to me confess;  
If he is true I dinna care,  
Indeed if it were less:  
To kirk if he will gang wi' me,  
I then will shew him pity;  
And happy I with him shall be,  
For troth the lad is pretty.

## Harry is the Lad for me.

HARRY is a charming lad,  
Ne'er too modest or too bold;  
Sure the girls are for him mad,  
But his heart secure I hold:  
Let me wander where I will,  
Ever near he's sure to be;  
Tho' I chide I love him still;  
Harry is the lad for me.

If we chance to meet alone,  
How he sighs and how he speaks;  
Love pervades each magic tone,  
Guides his tongue and glows his cheeks:  
Ev'ry sense partakes of bliss,  
All is joy and extasy;  
Then he does so sweetly kiss;  
Harry is the lad for me.

Ere we parted yester eve,  
What d'ye think the creature said?  
Nought but this, if you'll believe,  
Would I, would I, would I, wed?  
No, said I, I won't indeed,  
"But you shall, indeed," says he;  
Well, it surely is decreed;  
Harry is the lad for me.

## My Plaint in no one Pity moves.

MY plaint in no one pity moves,  
Save Echo, who in plaints replies:  
Like me, depriv'd of him the loves,  
With sympathy she counts my sighs.

Pleas'd with the strain, the hapless maid,  
Repeats the unavailing moan:  
And while she lends her soothing aid,  
Laments my sorrows and her own.

## The charming Fellow.

AIR,—*"Corn Riggs are bonny."*

AH! what care I for mam or dad?  
Why let them scold and bellow;  
For while I live I'll love my lad,  
He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair day on yonder green,  
The youth, he danc'd so well, oh!  
So spruce a lad was never seen,  
As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,  
The lad was somewhat mellow,  
Says he "my dear, I'll see you home,"  
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,  
Says he "my sweetest Nell-o,  
"I'll kiss you here by this good light,"  
Ah! what a charming fellow.

"You rogue," says I, "you've stop'd my breath,  
Ye bells ring out my knell-o;  
Again I'd die so sweet a death,  
With such a charming fellow." *O'Keeffe.*

## The Sailor's Return.

THE busy crew their sails unbending,  
The ship in harbour safe arriv'd;  
Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,  
Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging—no one dare attack it,  
Tight fore and aft, above, below,  
Long-quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,  
And trowers like the driven snow.

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,  
He flew like light'ning to the fide;  
Scarce had they been a boat's length rowing,  
Before his Kitty he esp'y'd.

A flowing pendant gaily flutter'd  
From her neat made hat of straw;  
Red was her cheek when first she utter'd  
It was her sailor that she saw.

And now the gazing crew furround her,  
While, secure from all alarms,  
Swift as a ball from a nine pounder  
They dart into each others arms.

## Gallop! Dreary Dun.

MASTER I have, and I am his man,  
Gallop! dreary dun,  
A master I have, and I am his man,  
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,  
With his haily, gaily, gambo raily,  
Giggling, niggling, galloping, galloway,  
Draggle tail dreary dun.

I saddled his feed, so fine and so gay,  
Gallop! dreary dun,  
I mounted my mule, and we both rode away,  
*With our haily, gaily, &c.*

We canter'd along until it grew dark,  
Gallop! dreary dun.  
The nightingale sung instead of the lark,  
*With its haily, gaily, &c.*

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way,  
Gallop! dreary dun.  
'By the law,' says the friar 'you're both gone astray,  
*"With your haily, gaily," &c.*

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,  
Gallop! dreary dun,  
We wander alone like the babes in the wood,  
*With our haily, gaily, &c.*

My master is fighting, and I'll take a peep,  
Gallop! dreary dun.  
But now I think of it, I'd better go sleep,  
*With my haily, gaily, &c.*

## Lady Ann Bothwel's Lament.

BALOW, my boy, lye still and sleep,  
It grieves me fore to hear thee weep;

"If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,  
Thy mourning makes me heart full sad.

"Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,  
Thy father bred me great annoy.

"Balow, my boy; lye still and sleep,  
It grieves me fore to hear 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, &c.

"When he began to court my love,  
And with his sugar'd words to move,

"His tempting face and flatt'ring cheer,  
In time to me did not appear;

"But now I see that cruel he,  
Cares neither for his babe nor me.

"Balow, my boy, &c.

"Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,  
That ever kist a woman's mouth,

"Let never any after me  
Submit unto thy courte sy:

"For if they do, O! cruel thou  
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

"Balow, my boy, &c.

"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, &c.

"I wish I were a maid again,  
From young men's flatt'ry I'd refrain,

"For now unto my grief I find  
They all are perjured and unkind:

"Bewitching charms bred all my harms,  
Witness my babe lies in my arms.

"Balow, my boy, &c.

"I take my fate from bad to worse,  
That I must needs be now a nurse,

"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 bliss 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 heart;

"For, too soon trusting latest finds  
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

"Balow, my boy, &c.

"Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,  
When he the thrifflous son has play'd,

"Of vows 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 heav'n and hell,

"By some proud foe has struck 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 fair.

"No woman's yet so fiercely set,  
But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.

"Balow, my boy, &c.

"If linen lacks, for my love's sake,  
Then quickly to him would I make

"My sinock 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 warpt therein.

"Balow, my boy, &c.

"Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee!  
Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:

"Thy griefs are growing to a fum;  
God grant thee patience when they come;

"Born to sustain thy mother's shame:  
A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

"Balow, my boy, &c."

## The Cruel Knight.

THE knight stands in the stable door  
As he was bownd to ride;  
Whan out thair comes his fair lady,  
And him desires to bide.

"How can I bide, how dare I bide,

"How can I bide wi thee?

"Have I not kill'd thy ae brother?

"Thou hadst nae mair but he."

"If thou hast kill'd my ae brother,

"Alas and wae is me!

"But if I save thee from the paine,

"My luv's the mair to thee."

She has taen him to her secret bower,

Steik'd wi a filler-pin;

And she's up to the highest tower,

To watch that nane come in.

She had nae weil gane up the stair,

And entered in the tower,

When four and twenty armed knights

Came riding to the door.

"Now God you save, my fair lady,

"Declare to me, I pray,

"Did you not see a wounded knight

"Come riding by this way?

"Yes, bloody bloody was his sword,

"And bloody were his hands;

"But, if the steed he rides be good,

"He's past fair Scotland's strands."

Then she's gane to her darksome bower,

Her husband dear to meet;

He deem'd he heard his angry faes,

And wounded her fou deep.

"What harm my lord provokes thine ire,

"To wreak itself on me?

"Have I not sav'd thy life frae faes,

"And sav'd for sic a fee!"

"Now live, now live, my fair lady,

"O live but half an hour;

"There's neer a leech in all Scotland

"But shall be at thy bower."

"How can I live, how shall I live,

"How can I live for thee?

"While running fast o'er a the floor,

"My heart's blood thou may'st see!"



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The Silver Moon.

HOW sweet when the silver moon is blinking,  
Thro' meads to wander slow and mute,  
And of some absent lover thinking,  
Listen to the tender lute;  
Or at the jocund dawn of day,  
When feather'd choirs are singing, O!  
And sprightly sound the sportive lay,  
And village bells are ringing, O:  
To the merry, merry strain to dance and play,  
And over the greenward trip away.

While the love-lorn maid is fondly sighing,  
Let music soft her ears assail;  
In plaintive murmurs, breezes dying,  
Listen to the tender tale.

*Or at the jocund, &c.*

The Scold.

SOME women take delight in dress,  
And some in cards take pleasure;  
Whilst others place their happiness  
In heaping hoards of treasure:  
In private some delight to kiss,  
Their hidden charms unfolding,  
But all mistake their sov'reign bliss,  
'Tis here's no such joy as scolding.

The instant that I open my eyes,  
Adieu all day to silence,  
Before my neighbours they can rise,  
They hear my tongue a mile hence;  
When at the board I take my seat,  
'Tis one continued riot,  
I eat and scold, and scold and eat,  
My clack is never quiet.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,  
I ever am complaining;  
Too raw, too roast, too young, too old,  
Each guest at table paining:  
Let it be fowl, or flesh, or fish,  
Though of my own providing,  
I still find fault with ev'ry dish,  
Still ev'ry servant chiding.

But when to bed I go at night,  
I surely fall a weeping,  
For then I lose my great delight,  
How can I scold when sleeping?  
But this my pain doth mitigate,  
And soon disperses sorrow,  
Altho' to night it be too late,  
I'll pay it off to-morrow.

The Ballad Singers.

BE it known to all those whoso'er it regards,  
That we singers of ballads were always call'd bards;  
And from Ida to Grub-street the Muses who follow  
Are, each mother's son the true spawn of Apollo:  
Thus recording great men, or a flea, or a star,  
Or the spheres, or a jew's-harp, we're all on a par;  
Nor in this do I tell you a word of a lie,  
For Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Don't you know what the ancients were?—great  
things they talk'd,  
How they rode upon Pegasus—that is to say walk'd;  
That near kindred gods they drove Phœbus's chariot  
The English of which is—they liv'd in a garret:  
And thus they went forward, Diogenes quaff'd,  
Heraclitus cried, and Democritus laugh'd,  
Menander made multitudes both laugh and cry,  
But Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Thus did they strange whimsical notions pursue,  
Some argued on one leg, and some upon two:  
To which last my pretensions are not hypothetic,  
For 'tis certainly clear I'm a parapatetic:  
Lycurgus and Solon 'bout laws made a pother,  
Which went in at one ear, and then out at t'other,  
Old songs such as mine are will nobody buy?  
Come, Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Historic was Pliny, and Plato divine,  
Ovid wrote about love, and Anacreon wine:  
Great Cicero argued to ev'ry man's palate,  
And when he was out—'twas a hole in the ballad;  
Thus to great men of old, who have made such a  
rout,  
My claim to call cousin I've fairly made out;  
And if any hereafter my right should deny,  
Tell 'em Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

The Silver Rain.

THE silver rain, the pearly dew,  
The gale that sweeps along the mead,  
The soften'd rocks once sorrow knew,  
And marbles have found tears to shed;  
The sighing trees in ev'ry grove  
Have pity, if they have not love.  
Shall things inanimate be kind,  
And ev'ry soft sensation know;  
The weeping rain, the sighing wind,  
All, all but you some mercy show:  
Let pity, then, your bosom move,  
Have pity tho' you have not love.

## The Brown Jug.

*Imitated from the Latin of Hieronymus Amalricus,*  
BY THE REV. MR. FAWCER.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with mild ale,

(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)  
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul:  
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;  
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,  
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog days he sat at his ease,  
In a flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you please,  
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrows away,  
And with honest old flingo was soaking his clay,  
His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,  
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,  
And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,  
A potter found out in its covert so snug,  
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug;  
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild ale,  
Here's a health to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

## Sequel to the Brown Jug.

MY true hearted fellows, who smoke with such glee,

To beg your attention for once I'll make free;  
And sing of our pipes, while thus merry and snug,  
We lighten our care, as we lighten our jug:  
The jug, which from Toby its origin boasts,  
Old Toby, whose mem'ry enlivens our toast.

Toby's fame, like his size, spread so great by his ale,  
That for Agnes no room could be found in the tale;  
Honest Agnes, the social support of his life,  
Both for quaffing and size was well pair'd as his wife:  
Therefore singing her praise, we with joy will regale,  
Whilst our pipes and our jug give a zest to our ale.

The potter who shrewdly found Toby's remains,  
Thought to visit again there might answer his pains;  
Where in brief he found Agnes, whose death, as her life,

Made her qualified duly to lie as his wife:  
Her fair fame all the village incessantly quote,  
Whose vicar the following epitaph wrote.

"Agnes Fillpot, the wife of old Toby, renown'd,  
Who liv'd while on earth, now lies dead in this ground;

"Old care of her grieving for Toby to bilk,  
She soften'd her sorrows with brandy and milk;  
"Swoln quite silky she thriv'd, till her skin gave a crack,

"When death popping in, laid her here on her back"

At these lines our shrew'd potter a happy thought started,

That Toby and Agnes should never be parted;  
So he took of her clay, which was white as her milk  
And temper'd with brandy till softer than silk,  
And forming these pipes, he advis'd tly and snug,  
That we kiss her fair clay, and shake hands with his jug.

## The Toast.

THIS, this is the liquor of life,

I vow 'tis the best of all cures,  
For passion, or sickness, or strife—

So here is your health, sir, and your's.

Who leave such good liquor behind,

Are surely a parcel of boors;

But I am more gaily inclin'd—

So here is your health, sir, and your's.

Such fellows, by all that is good,

Deserve to be turn'd out of doors:—

But I am an honest lad,

So here is your health, sir, and your's.

## Jockey is a pretty Lad.

T'OTHER day, 'twas in the mead,  
Young Jockey came to me,  
Between us there it was agreed  
That I his bride should be;  
Sweetly me he did carefs,  
And said I was his bride;  
Pleas'd I was, yet must confess,  
I thought I should have died.

Jockey is a pretty lad,

There's none so blithe as he:

When he is near my heart is glad;

Oh! he's the lad for me.

Next day Jockey said to me,

"Dear Jenny shall we wed?"

Oh, dear, said I, I am afraid—

Poor youth, he hung his head:

And all his wish was to be wed,

He would not be denied,

Pleas'd I was I, yet must confess

I thought I should have died.

*Jockey is a pretty lad, &c.*

Yesterday to church we went,

And there we join'd our hands:

We neither shall, I hope, repent,

Tho' fast in Hymen's bands:

Had you seen us go to church,

He laughing while I cry'd:

Had he left me in the lurch,

I'm sure I should have died.

*Jockey was a pretty lad, &c.*

## The Coquet.

IN vain I seek the lonely grove,

Or melancholy shade:

Oppress'd, alas! with hopeless love,

For one deluding maid:

She heard my vows, I thought her kind,

So sweet she on me smil'd—

But she deceiv'd my artless mind,

And all my hopes beguil'd.

With Colin now she trips the plain,

Nor heeds my tender sighs;

Laughs at my love, my tears and pain,

And from my presence flies:

Fair queen of love, relieve my smart,

And make the maid relent,

Or strike with death my aching heart,

And I shall be content.

## The kind honest Heart of a Tar.

YET, though I've no fortune to offer,

I've something to put on a par;

Come then, and accept of my offer,

'Tis the kind honest heart of a tar.

Ne'er let such a trifle as this is,

Girls, be to your pleasure a bar,

You'll be rich, tho' 'tis only in kisses,

With the kind honest heart of a tar.

Besides, I am none of your minnies;

The next time I come from afar,

I'll give you a lap full of guineas,

With the kind honest heart of a tar.

Your lords with their fine baby faces,

That strut in a garter and star,

Have they, under their tambour and laces,

The kind honest heart of a tar.

I've this here to say, now, and mind it,

If love, that no hazard can mar,

You are seeking, you'll certainly find it

In the kind honest heart of a tar.



## The faint Denial.

**H**OW mistaken is the lover,  
Who on words builds hopes of bliss,  
And fondly thinks we love discover,  
If perchance we answer yes.  
Prompted often by discretion,  
Is the seeming kind expression,  
When the tongue the heart belying,  
Dares not venture on denying,  
But in spite of discontent,  
Gives the semblance of consent.

Ah! how vain is art's profession,  
Tho' the fault'ring tongue comply,  
What avails the cold confession,  
If th' averted eyes deny?  
Happier far th' experienc'd swain,  
Knows he triumphs must attain,  
When in vain successful trial,  
Language gives the faint denial;  
While the eyes betray the fiction,  
In delightful contradiction,  
And the cheeks with blushes glow,  
And the tongue still faults no.

*How mistaken, &c.*

## Simplicity.

**I**F thou whom love and fancy lead  
To wander near this woodland hill,  
If ever music sooth'd thy quill,  
Or pity wak'd thy gentle reed,  
Repose beneath my humble tree,  
If thou court simplicity.

Stranger, if thy lot has laid,  
In toilsome scenes of busy life,  
Full sorely may'st thou rue the strife  
Of weary passions ill repaid;  
In a garden live with me,  
If thou lov'st simplicity.

Flow'rs have sprung for many a year  
O'er the village maiden's grave,  
That, one memorial spring to save  
Before it from a sister's bier,  
And homeward walking wept o'er me  
The true tears of simplicity.

And soon, her cottage window near  
With care my slender stem she plac'd,  
And fondly thus her grief embrac'd;  
And cherish'd sad remembrance dear,  
For love sincere and friendship free,  
Are children of simplicity.

## At setting Day.

**A**T setting day and rising morn,  
With soul that still shall love thee,  
I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,  
With all that can improve thee:  
I'll visit oft the birken bush,  
Where first you kindly told me  
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,  
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts thou didst repair,  
By green-wood, shaw, or fountain;  
Or where the summer's day I'd share  
With you upon yon mountain:  
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,  
With thoughts unfeign'd and tender;  
By vows you're mine, my love is yours,  
My heart, which cannot wander.

## Mad Mary.

**H**ARD beats the rain; and bleak blows the wind,  
Cold is my heart, oppress'd by despair;  
Yet for each blast I've a sigh you shall find;  
And ev'ry drop I'll repay with a tear.

Henry has banish'd content from my breast,  
Pityless leaves me to wander alone:  
Ah! cruel shepherd, how can'st thou molest  
The peace of a maiden whose heart was thy own

Once on a time when love was unknown,  
Where was the damsel so happy as I?  
But Henry deceiv'd, and contentment is flown,  
Sighs fill my bosom and anguish my eye.

I had twist'd a garland and sent to my love,  
Fair were the flowers and dropping with dew;  
Mark well the issue, ye maids of the grove,  
Th' flow'rs still were fresh when the swain prov'd untrue.

Wreath'd round my brow appears the sad willow,  
One sprig of cypress I wear at my breast;  
Some friendly turf I will seek for my pillow,  
There lay my sorrows for ever to rest.

## Allen Brooke, of Wyndermere.

**S**AY, have you in the village seen  
A lovely youth of pensive mien,  
If such a one hath pass'd by,  
With melancholy in his eye;  
Where is he gone, ah! tell me where,  
'Tis Allen Brooke, of Wyndermere.

Last night he sighing took his leave,  
Which caus'd my tender heart to grieve;  
And many maids I know there be  
Who try to wean my love from me:  
But heaven knows my heart's sincere,  
To Allen Brooke, of Wyndermere.

My throbbing heart is full of woe,  
To think that he should leave me so;  
But if my love should anger'd be,  
And try to hide himself from me—  
Then death shall bear me on a bier,  
To Allen Brooke, of Wyndermere.

## Rural Happiness.

**W**HEN summer gay begins to shine,  
And fruits and flow'rs together twine,  
We, happy shepherds, tend our flocks,  
On vallies low, or steepy rocks;  
In distant folds our lasses stray,  
With looks that say, come, haste away.

When winter with her chilling hand,  
Spreads her black train around our land,  
We, happy shepherds; foes to strife,  
In humble cottage spend our life:  
When the blast blows and night prevails,  
We talk of love and ghostly tales.

## We be de merry Savoyard.

SUNG IN THE PICTURE OF PARIS.

**W**E be de merry Savoyard,  
Born on the alpy mountain head,  
But as we found the living hard,  
We come to de France to get de bread;  
De song, de dance be our reward,  
We be de merry Savoyard.

We be de merry Savoy child,  
By the want and de hunger led;  
Born in the alpy mountain wild,  
Come to de France to get de bread:  
De song, the dance be our reward,  
We be de merry Savoyard.

## Lady Isabella's Tragedy;

OR THE STEP-MOTHER'S CRUELTY.

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,  
And a hunting he would ride,  
Attended by a noble train  
Of gentry by his side.

And while he did in chace remain,  
To see both sport and play;  
His lady went as she did feign,  
Unto the church to pray.

This lord he had a daughter fair,  
Whose beauty shone so bright,  
She was belov'd, both far and near,  
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd,  
A creature fair was she;  
She was her father's only joy,  
As you shall after see:

Therefore her cruel step-mother  
Did envy her so much;  
That day by day she sought her life,  
Her malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the master-cook  
To take her life away;  
And, taking of her daughter's book,  
She thus to her did say:

"Go home, sweet daughter, I thee pray,  
"Go, hasten presently;  
"And tell unto the master-cook,  
"These words that I tell thee.

"And bid him dress to dinner straight,  
"That fair and milk-white doe;  
"That in the park doth shine so bright,  
"There's none so fair to show."

This lady fearing of no harm,  
Obey'd her mother's will:  
And presently she hasted home,  
Her pleasure to fulfill.

She straight into the kitchen went,  
Her message for to tell;  
And there she spied the master-cook,  
Who did with malice swell.

"Now, master-cook, it must be so,  
"Do that which I thee tell:  
"You needs must dress the milk-white doe,  
"Which you do know full well."

Then straight his cruel bloody hands  
He on the lady laid;  
Who, quivering and shaking stands,  
While thus to her he said:

"Thou art the doe, that I must dress;  
"See here, behold my knife;  
"For it is pointed presently  
"To rid thee of thy life.

O then, cried out the scullion-boy,  
As loud as loud might be:  
"O save her life, good master-cook,  
"And make your pies of me!

"For pity's sake do not destroy  
"My lady with your knife;  
"You know she is her father's joy,  
"For Christ's sake save her life."

"I will not save her life," he said,  
"Nor make my pies of thee;  
"Yet if thou dost this deed betray,  
"Thy butcher I will be."

Now when this lord he did come home  
For to sit down and eat;  
He called for his daughter dear,  
To come and carve his meat.

"Now sit you down," his lady said,  
"O sit you down to meat:  
"Into some nunnery she is gone;  
"Your daughter dear forget."

Then solemnly he made a vow,  
Before the company:  
That he would neither eat nor drink,  
Until he did her see.

O then bespoke the scullion-boy,  
With a loud voice so high:  
"If now you will your daughter see,  
"My lord, cut up that pie;

"Wherein her flesh is minced small,  
"And parched with the fire;  
"All caused by her step-mother,  
"Who did her death desire.

"And cursed be the master-cook,  
"O cursed may he be!  
"I proffer'd him my own heart's blood,  
"From death to set her free."

Then all in black this lord did mourn;  
And for his daughter's sake,  
He judg'd her cruel step-mother  
To be burnt at a stake.

Likewise he judg'd the master cook  
In boiling lead to stand;  
And made the simple scullion-boy  
The heir of all his land.

## The Gipsies.

THE gipsies came to our good lord's gate;  
And wow but they sang sweetly!  
Our lady came down the music to hear,  
They sang sae very completely.

And she came tripping down the stair,  
And a her maids before her;  
As soon as they saw her well-fared face,  
They coost the glamer our her.

"Gae take frae me this gay mantle,  
"And bring to me a plaidie;  
"For, if kith and kin and a had sworn,  
"I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,  
"And my good lord beside me;  
"This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,  
"Whatever shall betide me."

"Oh come to your bed," says Johnie Fa,  
"Oh come to your bed my dearie;  
"For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,  
"Your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

"I'll go to bed to my Johnie Fa,  
"I'll go to bed to my dearie;  
"For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,  
"My lord shall nae mair come near me."

And when our lord came hame at een  
And speird for his fair lady,  
The tane she cry'd, and the ither reply'd,  
She's awa wi the gypsie laddie.

"Gae saddle to me the black-black steed,  
"Gae saddle and mak him ready;  
"Before that I either eat or sleep,  
"I'll gae and seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen well-made men,  
Of courage stout and steady;  
And we were a put down but one,  
For a fair young wanton lady.



THE

## CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

## SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchaoalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

## At Evening when my Work is done.

**A**T evening, when my work is done,  
And the breeze at setting fun  
Scarcely breathes upon the tide,  
Then alone I love to glide,  
Unheard, unseen, my silent oar,  
Steals along the shaded shore:  
All is dark, and all is mute,  
Save the moon, and lover's lute:  
Tang, ting, tang, it seems to say,  
Lovers dread return of day.

Toward the abbey-wall I steer,  
There the coral hymn I hear;  
While the organ's lengthened note,  
Seems in distant woods to float:  
Returning then, my silent oar  
Steals along the shaded shore: *All is dark, &c.*

## New Roundelay.

**D**RIFTED snow no more is seen,  
Blust'ring Winter passes by;  
Merry Spring comes, clad in green,  
While wood-larks pour their melody:  
I hear him—hark!  
The merry lark,  
Calls us to the new-mown hay,  
Piping to our roundelay.

When the golden sun appears  
On the mountains furly brow,  
When his jolly beams he rears,  
Darting joy—behold them now:  
Then, then—Oh! hark,  
The merry lark,  
Calls us to the new-mown hay,  
Piping to our roundelay.

When the village boy to field,  
Tramps it with the buxom lass,  
Fain she would not seem to yield,  
Yet gets tumbled on the grafs:  
Then, then—Oh! hark,  
The merry lark,  
While they tumble in the hay,  
Pipes, alone, his roundelay.

What are honors, what's a court?  
Calm content is worth them all;  
Our honor lies in cudgel sport,  
Our brightest court a greenfword ball:  
But then—Oh! hark,  
The merry lark,  
Call us to the new-mown hay,  
Piping to our roundelay.

## The parting Kifs.

**O**NE kind kifs before we part,  
Drop a tear and then adieu;  
Tho' we sever, my fond heart  
'Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,  
Let me kifs that falling tear;  
Tho' my body must remove,  
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,  
Ev'ry wish shall pant for you;  
One kind kifs then e'er we part,  
Drop a tear and bid adieu.

## I can't tell what to think on't.

**B**RA Jockey calls me his delight,  
And vows he loo's me dearly,  
He says my ee'n like stars are bright,  
And woos me late and early:  
But when he beckons to the glen,  
As I stand on the brink on't,  
My heart it beats, and truly then,  
I can't tell what to think on't.

Then he is na a filly'loon,  
But bonny, gay and witty,  
Yet he may change as does the moon,  
And that would be a pity:  
For I must own I loo him well,  
If false I fure must sink on't:  
The truth, ye lassies, I must tell,  
I don't know what to think on't.

I met wi' Willy t'other day,  
Who look'd so snug and neatly,  
And soon began his pipe to play,  
Then tang to me most sweetly:  
Young Jockey chanced to pass by,  
And gloomy seem'd to blink on't:  
I ken he had a jealous eye,  
He knew not what to think on't.

Yet I'll na more torment the lad,  
If honour is his meaning,  
I'll soon consent to make him glad,  
And to his wish be leaning:  
To kirk if he should ask to go,  
I furely kind will blink on't:  
For then I certainly shall know,  
Right truly what to think on't.

## The Frolicks of Queen Mab ;

SUNG BY MR. COLLINS,

*In his celebrated Entertainment of the 'Brush.'*

WHEN fancy roves in a rambling dream,  
 With the poor and rich it is all the same,  
 When fancy roves in a rambling dream,  
 And we seem to sleep like tops, fir ;  
 Queen Mab she plays us a pleasant game,  
 Of the fairy tribe the imperial dame,  
 Queen Mab she plays us a pleasant game,  
 As into our pates she pops, fir :  
 For there she drives her gig, as Shakespear tells the  
 tale, fir,  
 With tricks and pranks, a thousand ways, our slum-  
 bers to regale, fir.

In size as small as an agate-stone,  
 Or the seed i' the soil when 'tis newly sown,  
 In size as small as an agate-stone,  
 On a miser's little finger ;  
 With a whip made out of a cricket's bone,  
 For she never drives like a lazy drone,  
 With a whip made out of a cricket's bone,  
 That her ponies may not linger :  
 In a chariot by a squirrel scodp'd, out of a nut  
 brown-shell, fir,  
 And a primrose pipp'd for a riding hood, or else a  
 cowslip's bell, fir.

And in this state she's night by night,  
 Like a little wicked wanton spright,  
 And in this state she night by night  
 Trots over lovers brains, fir ;  
 Who fancy, if the fleas but bite,  
 As they tumble and tofs in a piteous plight,  
 Who fancy, if the fleas but bite,  
 That Cupid gives the pain, fir :  
 And if by chance she takes a scamper o'er a courtier's  
 knee, fir,  
 In sleep he scrapes and bows as low as at my lord's  
 levee, fir.

Then driving over a lady's lips,  
 As a pismire over a mole-hill skips,  
 Then driving over a lady's lips,  
 She straight on kisses dreams, fir :  
 Or a lawyer's nose, if across she skips,  
 With his shifting, shuffling, quirks and quips,  
 Or a lawyer's nose, if across she trips,  
 In what a plight he seems, fir !  
 With snout upturn'd, like rooting swine, he snuffs  
 and snorts to boot, fir,  
 For, O ! what scent is so divine, as smelling out a  
 suit, fir.

Nay, the parson too, when he takes a nap,  
 As stranger things ev'ry day may hap,  
 Nay, the parson too, when he takes a nap,  
 After dinner, pipe and ale, fir ;  
 She will sometimes give a tickling tap,  
 On the rosy cheek of the rev'rend chap,  
 She will sometimes give a tickling tap,  
 With a little tythe pig's tail, fir ;  
 Then sleeves of lawn, the fairy spright, presents the  
 pulpit smiter,  
 And, lo ! his night-cap in a thrice is turn'd into a  
 mitre.

Then across the neck of a blade she trots,  
 Who hostile plans like Cæsar plots,  
 Then across the neck of a blade she trots,  
 Who dreams of war's alarms, fir ;  
 Of cutting Frenchmen and Spaniards throats,  
 Of red-hot balls, and of batt'ring boats,  
 Of cutting Frenchmen and Spaniards throats,  
 And quartering legs and arms, fir :  
 And when at last in both his ears, the drum she  
 sounds again, fir,  
 He starts, and wakes, and prays, and swears, and  
 then to sleep again, fir.

Thus asleep or awake, by night or day,  
 Howe'er we labour, or watch, or pray,  
 Thus asleep or awake, by night or day,  
 The ruling passion sways us :  
 And a Will-o'-the-wisp now leads the way,  
 By which like sheep we are lur'd astray,  
 And a Will-o'-the-wisp now leads the way,  
 Or a bugbear now dismays us :  
 Yet, though by turns we are highly pleas'd, or in a  
 piteous taking,  
 At least may all our pleasing dreams be realiz'd  
 when waking.

## Smiling Grog.

SMILING grog is the sailor's best hope, his sheet  
 anchor,  
 His compass, his cable, his log,  
 That gives him a heart which life's cares cannot  
 canker,

Tho' dangers around him  
 Unite to confound him,  
 He braves them and tips off his grog :  
 'Tis grog, only grog,  
 Is his rudder, his compass, his cable, his log ;  
 The sailor's sheet anchor is grog.

What though he to a friend, in trust,  
 His prize money convey,  
 Who to his bond of faith unjust,  
 Cheats him and runs away :  
 What's to be done ? he vents a curse  
 'Gainst all false hearts ashore,  
 Of the remainder clears his purse,  
 And then to sea for more.

*There smiling grog, &c.*

What though his girl, who often swore  
 To know no other charms,  
 He finds, when he returns ashore,  
 Clasp'd in a rival's arms :  
 What's to be done ? He vents a curse,  
 And seeks a kinder she,  
 Dances, gets groggy, clears his purse,  
 And goes again to sea.  
 To crosses born—still trusting there,  
 The waves less faithless than the fair ;  
 There into toils to rush again,  
 And stormy pearls brave—what then ?

*Smiling grog, &c.*

## The Soldier's Grave.

OF all sensations pity brings,  
 To proudly swell the ample heart,  
 From which the willing sorrow springs,  
 In others grief that bears a part :  
 Of all sad sympathy's delights,  
 The manly dignity of grief,  
 A joy in mourning that excites,  
 And gives the anxious mind relief :  
 Of these would you the feeling know,  
 Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,  
 That ever taught a heart to glow,  
 'Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot,  
 Let dangers come, he braves them all :  
 Valiant perhaps to be forgot,  
 Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall ;  
 Yet wrapt in conscious worth secure,  
 The world, that now forgets his toil,  
 He views from a retreat obscure,  
 And quits it with a willing smile :  
 Then trav'ler one kind drop bestow,  
 'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave ;  
 Nought ever taught the heart to glow,  
 Like the tear that bedews the soldier's grave.



## Mary of the Dale.

**T**WAS at the cool and fragrant hour,  
 When evening steals upon the sky,  
 When lovers seek the silent bow'r,  
 Young William taught the grove to sigh:  
 His heav'nly form and beauteous air,  
 Were like the flow'ry vale;  
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love  
 Of Mary of the dale.

When o'er the mountain peep'd the day,  
 Oppress'd with grief he'd often stray,  
 O'er rising hill and fertile lawn,  
 To sigh and weep his cares away:  
 Tho' he had charms to win each fair  
 That dwells within the vale,  
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love  
 Of Mary of the dale.

The merry dance, the cheerful song,  
 Could now no more a charm impart;  
 No more his hours glide smooth along,  
 For grief lay heavy at his heart:  
 His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,  
 Was like the primrose pale,  
 Sighing he dy'd, and all for love  
 Of Mary of the dale.

## The Fields were gay.

**T**HE fields were gay, and sweet the hay,  
 The gypsies sat upon the grass;  
 Both lad and lass by you were fed,  
 'Twas all to cheat your filly lads.

When'er we met, with kisses sweet,  
 The speeches soft you did impart;  
 The hawthorn bush should make you blush,  
 'Twas there you did betray my heart.

*Maid of the Mill.*

## Jack's Revenge.

**W**HEN last from the Straits we had fairly cast  
 anchor,

I went, bonny Kitty to hail,  
 With quintables stor'd, for our voyage was a spanker,  
 And bran-new was every sail.  
 But I knew well enough how, with words sweet as  
 honey,

They trick us poor tars of our gold,  
 And when the fly gypsies have finger'd the money,  
 The bag they give poor Jack to hold.

So I chas'd her, d'ye see, my lads, under false colours,  
 Swore my wishes were all at an end,  
 That I sported away all my good looking dollars,  
 And borrow'd my togs of a friend:  
 Oh! then had you seen her, no longer my honey,  
 'Twas varlet, audacious, and bold,  
 Begone from my sight, now you've spent all your  
 money,  
 For Kitty the bag you may hold.

With that I took out double handfuls of shiners,  
 And scornfully bid her good bye,  
 'Twould have done your heart good had you then  
 seen her fine airs,  
 How she'd leer, and she'd fob, and she'd sigh:  
 But I stood well the broadside—while jewel and  
 honey  
 She call'd me—I put up the gold,  
 And bearing away, as I sack'd all the money,  
 Left the bag for Ma'am Kitty to hold.

## What argues Pride and Ambition.

**W**HAT argues pride and ambition?  
 Soon or late Death must take us in tow:  
 Each bullet has got its commission,  
 And when our time's come we must go:

Then drink and sing, hang pain and sorrow,  
 The halter was made for the neck,  
 He that's now 'live and lusty—to-morrow  
 Perhaps may be stretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linstock, of Dover,  
 Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain,  
 Polly cry'd, but her grief was soon over,  
 And then she got married again.

*Then drink, &c.*

Jack Junk was ill us'd by Bet Crocker,  
 And so took to guzzling the stuff,  
 'Till he tumbld in old Davy's locker,  
 And there he got liquor enough.

*Then drink, &c.*

For our prize money then to the proctor,  
 Take of joy while 'tis going our freak;  
 For what argues calling the doctor,  
 When the anchor of life is apeak.

*Then drink, &c.*

## The Chace.

**W**HEN faintly gleams the doubtful day,  
 Ere yet the dew drops on the thorn  
 Borrow a lustre from the ray,  
 That tips with gold the dancing corn,  
 Health bids awake and homage pay,  
 To him who gave another morn:

And, well with strength his nerves to brace,  
 Urges the sportsman to the chace.

Do we pursue the timid hare,  
 As trembling o'er the lawn she bounds?  
 Still of her safety have we care,  
 While seeming death her steps furrounds,  
 We the defenceless creature spare,  
 And instant stop the well taught hounds.

For cruelty should ne'er disgrace  
 The well-earn'd pleasure of the chace.

Do we pursue the subtle fox,  
 Still let him brakes and rivers try,  
 Through marshes wade, or climb the rocks,  
 The deep mouth'd hounds shall following fly;  
 And while he ev'ry danger mocks,  
 Unpitied let the culprit die.

To quell his cruel artful race,  
 Is labour worthy of the chace.

Return'd with shaggy spoils well stor'd,  
 To our convivial joys at night,  
 We toast, and first our country's lord,  
 Anxious who most shall do him right;  
 The fair next crowns the social board;  
 Britons should love as well as fight.

For he who flights the tender race,  
 Is held unworthy of the chace.

## The Oak.

**T**HE sapling oak lost in the dell,  
 Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil,  
 And ev'ry infant shoot repel,  
 Droops hopeless o'er the 'xhausted foil:

At length the woodman clears around  
 Where e'er the noxious thickets spread;  
 And high from the reviving ground,  
 The forest's monarch lifts his head.

## The wanton Wife of Bath.

*Mr. Addison has pronounc'd this an excellent Ballad.  
See the Spectator, No. 247.*

**I**N Bath a wanton wife did dwell,  
As Chaucer he did write;  
Who did in pleasure spend her days,  
And many a fond delight.

Upon a time fore sick she was  
And at the length did die;  
And then her soul at heaven's gate,  
Did knock most mightily.

First Adam came unto the gate:  
"Who knocketh there?" quoth he.  
"I am the Wife of Bath," she said,  
"And fain would come to thee."

"Thou art a sinner," Adam said,  
"And here no place shalt have."  
"And so art thou, I trowe," quoth she,  
"Now go you doating knave."

"I will come in, in spight," she said,  
"Of all such churls as thee;  
"Thou wert the causer of our woe,  
"Our pain and misery:

"And first broke God's commandments,  
"In pleasure of thy wife."  
When Adam heard her, tell this tale,  
He ran away for life

Then down came Jacob at the gate,  
And bid her pack to hell,  
"Thou false deceiving knave," quoth she,  
"Thou'lt may'st be there as well."

"For thou deceiv'dst thy father dear,  
"And thine own brother, too."  
Away flunk Jacob presently,  
And made no more ado.

She knocks again with might and main,  
And Lot he chides her straight.  
"How now," quoth she, "thou drunken ass,  
"Who bade thee here to prate?

"With thy two daughters thou didst lye,  
"On them two bastards got."  
And thus most tauntingly she cast  
Against poor silly Lot.

"Who calleth there," quoth Judith then,  
With such shrill sounding notes:  
"This fine minx surely came not here,"  
Quoth she, "for cutting throats."

Good Lord, how Judith blush'd for shame,  
When she heard her say so!  
King David hearing of the fame,  
He to the gate would go.

Quoth David, "who knocks there so loud,  
"And maketh all this strife?"  
"You were more kind, good sir," she said,  
"Unto Uriah's wife."

"And when thy servant thou didst cause  
"In battle to be slain;  
"Thou caus'dst far more strife than I,  
"Who would come here so fain."

"The woman's mad," quoth Solomon,  
"That thus doth taunt a king."  
"Not half so mad as you," she said,  
"I trow, in many a thing."

"Thou hadst sev'n hundred wives at once,  
"For whom thou didst provide;  
"And yet, god wot, three hundred whores  
"Thou must maintain beside:

"And they made thee forsake thy God,  
"And worship flocks and stones;  
"Besides the charge they put thee to  
"In breeding of young bones."

"Hadst thou not been beside thy wits,  
"Thou wouldst not thus have ventur'd;  
"And therefore I do marvel much,  
"How thou this place hast enter'd."

"I never heard," quoth Jonas, then,  
"So vile a scold as this."  
"Thou whore-son run-away, quoe, she,  
"Thou didst more amiss."

"They say," quoth Thomas "womens' tongues  
"Of aspen-leaves are made."  
"Thou unbelieving wretch," quoth she,  
"All is not true that's said."

When Mary Magdalen heard her then,  
She came unto the gate.  
Quoth she, "good woman, you must think  
"Upon your former state."

"No sinner enters in this place"  
Quoth Mary Magd'len. "Then  
"Twere ill for you, fair mistress mine,  
"She answer'd her again:

"You for your honesty," quoth she,  
"Had once been ston'd to death;  
"Had not our Saviour Christ came by,  
"And written on the earth."

"It was not by your occupation,  
"You are become divine:  
"I hope my soul in Christ his passion,  
"Shall be as safe as thine."

Up rose the good apostle Paul,  
And to this wife he cry'd,  
"Except thou shake thy sins away,  
"Thou here shalt be denied."

"Remember Paul, what thou hast done,  
"All through a lewd desire:  
"How thou didst persecute God's church,  
"With wrath as hot as fire."

Then up starts Peter at the last,  
And to the gate he hies:  
"Fond fool," quoth he, "knock not so fast,  
"Thou weariest Christ with cries."

"Peter," said she, "content thyself,  
"For mercy may be won:  
"I never did deny my Christ,  
"As thou thyself hast done."

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,  
With heavenly angels bright,  
He came unto this sinful soul,  
Who trembled at his sight.

Of him for mercy she did crave.  
Quoth he, "thou hast refus'd  
"My proffer'd grace, and mercy both,  
"And much my name abus'd."

"Sore have I sinned, Lord," she said,  
"And spent my time in vain,  
"But bring me like a wand'ring sheep  
"Into thy flock again."

"O Lord, my God, I will amend  
"My former wicked vice:  
"The thief for one poor silly word,  
"Past into Paradise."

"My laws and my commandments,"  
Saith Christ, "were known to thee;  
"But of the same in any wife,  
"Not yet one word did ye."

"I grant the same, O Lord," quoth she:  
"Most lowly did I live:  
"But yet the loving father did  
"His prod'gal son forgive."

"So I forgive thy soul," he said,  
"Through thy repenting cry;  
"Come enter then into my joy,  
"I will not thee deny."



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

Sweet Love, I'll marry thee.

WHEN Donald first came wooing me,  
'Twas on Cromarty Green;  
The loon had long been loving me,  
Tho' I was but nineteen.  
He sung of that, and talk'd of this,  
And many things said he;  
At length he cry'd, and took a kiss,  
"Sweet love, I'll marry thee;  
"My bonny, blithsome, winsome lass,  
"Sweet love, I'll marry thee."

I told him plain; it munna be,  
For why I was too young;  
And was for tripping o'er the lea,  
In spite of all he sung:  
"Stop, lassie, stop awhile," he cry'd,  
And pull'd me on his knee;  
"I tell thee thou shalt be a bride,  
"Sweet love, I'll marry thee,  
*My bonny, &c.*

"I winna, canna, marry you,"  
Said I, "so let me go;"  
He kiss'd, he press'd, what could I do,  
While he kept teasing so;  
"And wilt thou e'er prove false," said I,  
"O try me, love," said he;  
"Why then," says I, "I think we'll wed,  
"Sweet love, I'll marry thee."  
*My bonny, &c.*

There's cauld Kale in Aberdeen.

THERE's cauld kale in Aberdeen,  
And castocks in Strabogie,  
Where ilka lad maun hae his lass,  
But I maun hae my cogie.  
For I maun hae my cogie, firs,  
I can nae want my cogie,  
I would na gi'e my three-girth cogg,  
For a' the queans in Bogie.

There's Johnny Smith has got a wife,  
Wha grudges him his cogie?  
But were she mine, upon my life,  
I'd duck her in a bogie.  
*For I maun hae, &c.*

No here's to ilka jovial fowl,  
Who'll drink wi' me a cogie;  
And may he never want a bowl,  
Who'll dance the reel o' Bogie.  
*For I maun hae, &c.*

Tack and Half-tack.

THE Yarmouth roads are right a-head,  
The crew with ardour burning,  
Jack sings out, as he heaves the lead,  
On tack and half-tack turning,  
By the dip—eleven!

Lash'd in the chains, the line he coils,  
Then round his head 'tis swinging,  
And thus to make the land he toils,  
In numbers quaintly singing,  
By the mark—seven!

And now, left we run bump ashore,  
He heaves the lead, and sings once more,  
Quarter less—four!

About ship, lads! tumble up there; can't you see?  
Stand by well, hark, hark, helm's alee!  
Here she comes; up tacks and sheets; haul mainsail,  
haul;  
Haul of all:

And as the long lost shore they view,  
Exulting shout the happy crew;  
Each singing as the sails he furls,  
Hey for the fiddlers and the girls!

The next tack we run out to sea,  
Old England scarce appearing;  
Again we tack; and Jack, with glee,  
Sings out, as land we're nearing,  
And a half—eleven!

And as they name some beauty near,  
To tars, of blifs the fummit;  
Jack joins the jest, the gibe, the jeer;  
And heaves the pond'rous plummet;  
By the mark—seven!

And now, while dang'rous breakers roar,  
Jack cries, "left we run bump ashore,  
"Quarter less—four!"

*About ship, &c.*

Thus tars at sea, like swabs at home,  
By tack and tack are bias'd:  
The furthest way about we roam,  
To bring us home the nighest:  
By the dip—eleven!

For one tack more, and 'fore the wind,  
Shall we, in a few glasses,  
Now make the land, both true and kind,  
To find our friends and lassies.  
By the mark—seven!

Then heave the lead, my lad, once more,  
Soon shall we gaily tread the shore:  
And a half—four!

*About ship, &c.*

## When Vapours o'er the Meadows die.

SUNG IN THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

**W**HEN vapours o'er the meadows die,  
And morning streaks the purple-sky,  
I wake to love with jocund glee,  
To think on him who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove,  
And Philomel laments her love,  
Each sigh I breathe my love reveals,  
And tells the pangs my bosom feels.

With secret pleasure I survey  
The frolic birds in am'rous play,  
While fondest cares my heart employ,  
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

## The bonny Scots-man.

**Y**E gales that gently wave the sea,  
And please the canny boat-man,  
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me  
My brave, my bonny Scot-man:  
In haly bands  
We join'd our hands,  
Yet may not this discover,  
While parents rate  
A large estate  
Before a faithful lover.

But I loor chuse in highland glens  
To herd the kid and goat-man,  
Ere I could for sic little ends  
Refuse my bonny Scot-man.  
Wae worth the man  
Wha first began  
The base ungen'rous fashion,  
Frae greedy views  
Love's art to use,  
While strangers to it's passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,  
Haste to thy longing lassie,  
Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,  
And in her bosom hawse thee.  
Love gies the word,  
Then haste on board,  
Fair winds and tenty boat-man,  
Waft o'er, waft o'er,  
Frae yonder shore,  
My blithe, my bonny Scot-man.

## The Spinning Wheel.

**T**O ease his heart, and own his flame,  
Blithe Jockey to young Jenny came;  
But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,  
She careless turn'd her spinning wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,  
And prais'd her fingers long and small:  
Unusual joy her heart did feel;  
But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Then round about her slender waist,  
He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd;  
To kiss her hand he down did kneel;  
But yet she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise;  
He blest'd her neck, her lips, and eyes;  
Her fondness she could scarce conceal;  
Yet still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,  
His wanton thoughts she quickly guess'd;  
Then push'd him from her rock and reel,  
And angry turn'd her spinning-wheel.

And last, when she began to chide,  
He swore he meant her for his bride;  
'Twas then her love she did reveal,  
And flung away her spinning-wheel.

## 'Twas up the Wind.

**'T**WAS up the wind, three leagues and more,  
We spy'd a lofty sail;  
"Set your top-gallant sails, my boys,  
"And closely hug the gale."  
Nine knots the nimble Milford ran;  
Thus, thus the master cry'd—  
"Haul up!" She rais'd the chase in view,  
And soon was side by side.

"Dowse your Dutch ensign! up St. George!  
"To quarters now, all hands!"  
With lighted match, beside his gun,  
Each British warrior stands.  
"Give fire!" our gallant captain cries;  
'Tis done—the cannons roar:  
"Stand clear, monseurs! digest these pills,  
"And then we'll fend you more."

"Your French jack shivers in the wind;  
"Its lilies all look pale:  
"Down it must come—it must come down;  
"For Britons will prevail.  
"Rak'd fore and aft, her shatter'd hull  
Lets in the briny flood;  
Her decks are carnag'd with the slain;  
Her scuppers stream with blood.

"Our chain-shot whistles in the wind;  
"Our grape descends like hail:  
"Huzza, my souls! three cheering shouts!  
"French hearts begin to fail.  
"And see, 'tis done—the strikes, she yields;  
"Down, haughty flag of France!  
"Now board her, boys! and on her staff,  
"The English cross advance.

"There let it ever fly, my hearts,  
"To awe these Gallic slaves;  
"So freely tofs the can about;  
"For Britons rule the waves."

*There let it ever fly, &c**Cumberland.*

## The Lass of Peaty's Mill.

**T**HE lass of Peaty's mill,  
So bonny, blithe, and gay,  
In spite of all my skill  
Hath stole my heart away.  
When tedding of the hay,  
Bare-headed on the green,  
Love 'midst her locks did play,  
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,  
Breasts rising in their dawn;  
To age it would give youth,  
To press 'em with his hand:  
Thro' all my spirits ran  
An extasy of bliss,  
When I such sweetness fan'd  
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,  
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,  
She did her sweets impart,  
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.  
Her looks they were so mild,  
Free from affected pride,  
She me to love beguil'd,  
I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth  
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,  
Insur'd long life and health,  
And pleasures at my will;  
I'd promise and fulfil,  
That none but bonny she,  
(The lass of Peaty's mill)  
Should share the same with me.



## Larry O'Shaughnessy's Tour thro' Dublin.

WRITTEN BY DR. J. S. DODD,

And sung by Mr. OWENSON, as an Epilogue to the  
 "New Rehearsel," a Comedy written by Dr. Dodd,  
 and performed at the Theatre-Royal, Crow-street,  
 May, 1777.

TUNE—"Balli na mona."

SINCE Larry O'Shaughnessy first came to town,  
 On foot, coach, and horse-back he walk'd up  
 and down;  
 To see what was sightly he ne'er grudg'd his crown,  
 And his observations in words he'll set down.  
 Balli na mona Ora,  
 Och! a fine sight for me.

TUNE—"Gee ho! Dobbin."

The first place I travell'd to was Stephen's-green,  
 Where fine folks parade it, to see and be seen,  
 There I saw such high-heads that the ladies do wear  
 Made of wool enough to stuff a saddle, I swear;  
 With plumes nodding,  
 Lappets bobbing,  
 Nodding and bobbing wherever they go.

TUNE—"Tit fal de ral."

Down Dame-street as I was walking,  
 There girls of ev'ry degree,  
 Some scolding, some swearing, some talking,  
 On every step did I see,  
 With their tit fal de ral.

TUNE—"Sheelana Guirah."

Next to the Four-Courts I went to behold, fir!  
 Lawyers contending for justice—and gold, fir!  
 Laying down law for plaintiff and defendant,  
 Och! both will be plaintiff ere they've made an end  
 on't.  
 Clever attornies to make black seem white;  
 Witnesses felling their consciences quite;  
 Juries impartial, and most upright judges,  
 Yet the court full of spleen, rancour and  
 grudges.

TUNE—"Murdoch O'Blaney."

Then to the Tholsel I went in a hurry,  
 Where I saw the grave aldermen and the lord  
 mayor;  
 In the Court of Conscience folks in a great flurry;  
 And in the Crown-Office men going to swear.  
 Whilst catch-poles and beadles,  
 With eyes sharp as needles,  
 Stood eager as grey-hounds to follow a hare;  
 Up stairs then I went to the place  
 Where the common-council-men sat,  
 Where they speech'd it with spirit and grace,  
 Tho' I could not tell what they'd be at.

TUNE—"Doctor Mack."

To St. Patrick's Church I went,  
 And heard the organs playing;  
 And when there, was fully bent  
 To keep my eyes from straying;  
 But such pretty girls I saw,  
 They spoil'd all my devotion;  
 For tho' I kept my tongue in awe,  
 They gave my heart a motion.

TUNE—"Moll Roe."

To a house I went next—like a blockhead,  
 Where they rattled the dice to and fro,  
 Till they rattled the cash from my pocket,  
 And made my poor purse lank and low.  
 Then with pigeons and sharpers furrounded,  
 While curses and oaths fill'd the room,  
 My ears with their din was confounded,  
 So I left them and went my way home.

TUNE—"Patrick's Day in the Morning."

The very next morning I went to the College,  
 And the students I saw with their caps and their  
 gowns;  
 Who're equally deep in learning and knowledge,  
 With the scholars of all other nations.  
 For there the arts and sciences flourish,  
 As well as in any place upon earth:  
 Tho' the lads sometimes rattle,  
 And sometimes give battle,  
 Yet when that is over,  
 They ever discover,  
 That honor and virtue in their hearts take birth,  
 For they are in truth, fir!  
 But fallies of youth, fir!  
 And after, they shine in their station.

TUNE—"Shaun-buoy."

The very same night I heard a strange sight,  
 An Uproar was sung by shrill voices,  
 But mon-a-mon-dyowl,  
 I swear by my soul,  
 My ears was ne'er made for such noises;  
 They said, 'twas Italian,  
 But I'm a rascallion  
 If compar'd to Irish it can be;  
 What's Fiva Parea  
 To sweet Gramachree,  
 Or Non Dubitare to Shaun-buoy?

TUNE—"Moreen-na Gibberlawn."

I to a Masquerade went,  
 Where folks in frightful shapes I saw,  
 My heart did thump and sides pant;  
 To see them skip like a jack daw:  
 Whilst friars, nuns, and devils,  
 Kings and blackmen made a rout;  
 And bright eyes spread strange evils,  
 As thro' the masks they popped out.

TUNE—"The Waterman."

At length to this Theatre chance it has brought me,  
 Where I so much beauty and candour now see,  
 And the Author of this night-piece has besought me,  
 To entreat you to favour his new Comedy.  
 "For indeed" said he "if you speak for me, Larry!  
 "I am pretty sure that it will not miscarry."  
 Then hear my petition, and let the play live,  
 And his and my thanks we'll unitedly give.

## The Braes of Yarrow.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonie, bonie bride,  
 And dry your eyes wi' anguish streaming;  
 For our approach, all eyes on Clyde  
 Are now wi' expectation beaming;  
 There we'll enjoy the merry day—  
 (But here your days are dimm'd wi' sorrow)  
 There pass in love the night away,  
 And think nae mair on gloomy Yarrow.

How can I busk a bonie, bonie bride,  
 Or how can I refrain frae weeping—  
 When he is tofs'd on ocean wide,  
 Who has my waeft heart in keeping!  
 Ah! lang, lang, maun I view, wi' pain,  
 The stream made bitter wi' my sorrow!  
 And, for his coming, lang in vain,  
 Look frae the flow'ry banks of Yarrow.

Yet leave me still a weeping maid,  
 By Yarrow's lonely waves to languish;  
 For, sooner than consent to wed,  
 The grave shall bury a' my anguish:  
 Thro' apprehension's shadows gloom  
 Dark o'er the night of deepning sorrow,  
 Yet, true to love, I'll press the tomb,  
 And him that won my heart on Yarrow.



## William and Fanny.

By J. Robertson.

**B**RIGHT was the morn, the landscape gay;  
Onward young William rode;  
Joyful the village to behold,  
His Fanny's lov'd abode.

Unlike his former self he came,  
In sure disguise array'd;  
With unlook'd joy, hoping to bless  
His dear, his constant maid.

In warblings sweet from every spray,  
The feather'd choir combine;  
While love and hope in William's breast,  
The happy concert join.

No magpye, no harsh raven's note,  
Sinister boding sound,  
But thro' the air, music and love,  
Blest omens! float around.

The village opening to his view,  
His fluttering pulse beat high,  
Whilst tears, from Joy's rich fountain drawn,  
Beam'd sparkling in his eye.

"Soon shall these eyes again, thank heaven,  
Her angel-form behold;

"Soon shall these wishing arms again,  
My lovely maid enfold,"

He said; when lo, in sable guise,  
From forth the church-yard way,  
A silent train with down-cast eyes,  
Death's banners wide display.

The slow-tongu'd bell, with solemn toll,  
A sad adieu exprest;  
On ev'ry face a genuine grief  
Full deeply was imprest.

Fierce as the eagle William dar'd,  
When pride its crest uprear'd;  
Yet melting, William, as the dove,  
Whene'er distress appear'd.

"To what kind soul are these sad rites,  
"With mournful reverence paid?"  
A grey-hair'd peasant rais'd his eyes,  
And, sighing, thus he said;

"If e'er you've known love's wondrous pow'r,

"The pitying tear prepare;

"Yon grave contains the sweetest flower  
"E'er nipt by cold despair.

"Not sportive lambkin on the down  
"More lively was than she;

"Not lambkin ever cropt the green,  
"From guileful thoughts more free.

"Not apple-blossoms in the spring,  
"Cou'd with her beauties vie;  
"More graceful than the doe her shape;  
"Sense sparkled in her eye.

"Soft tho' her bosom yet untouch'd  
"By love's all-pow'rful flame,  
"Till a young swain of peerless worth,  
"From yon blue Uplands came.

"The pride of swains sweet William was,  
"Thus shepherds all agree;  
"A youth so manly, gentle, brave,  
"I ne'er again shall see.

"Each nymph beheld him with delight,  
"Each swain with envious eyes;  
"Ev'n envy's self might stand excus'd,  
"When Fanny was the prize.

"They saw, they lov'd; so sweet a pair  
"Ne'er grac'd our wond'ring plain;  
"He seem'd by heav'n for her design'd;  
"She for her Upland swain.

"Their parents, friends, with glad accord  
"Did on their passion smile;  
"But fate with cruelty high rais'd  
"Their hopes—but to beguile.

"Ah, what is happiness!—a fly  
"With tinsel'd wings so gay:  
"Sure of the prize, we stretch our hands;  
"Tis gone; 'tis lost for aye.

"Heading the needy Highland clans,  
"Onward in threat'ning mood,  
"Giant Rebellion came—to drench  
"Our peaceful fields in blood.

"To save their country, Freedom's sons  
"With gen'rous ardour flew;  
"Never again, oh, may these eyes  
"Such scenes of horror view.

"Young William's lord, to whom both love  
"And gratitude were bound,  
"With William, foremost in his train,  
"In Freedom's ranks were found.

"Conquest with laurels William crowns,  
"His worth ev'n foes approve;  
"But ah!—tho' conquest crowns his arms,  
"Despair awaits his love.

"A 'quire, for large possessions fam'd,  
"Saw Fanny, and ador'd;  
"For charms like her's might captivate  
"The heart—ev'n of a lord.

"He saw, and vows of ardent love  
"Impatiently he prest;  
"Poor Fanny had no heart to give;  
"Twas lodg'd in William's breast.

"But curst av'rice, age's bane,  
"Had froze her father's mind;  
"She wept, she pray'd; nor pray'rs nor tears  
"Alas! could pity find.

"To feeling deaf, by riches lur'd,  
"He laid his strict command;  
"He dragg'd her to the church; he forc'd  
"Her cold, her heartless hand.

"Wealth! what is wealth, of peace depriv'd?  
"A glittering poisonous toy;  
"The night-shades jetty shining fruit  
"Allures but to destroy.

"Scarce seven days gone, since Fanny wore  
"The hated marriage-chain;  
"And but yest'een a broken heart  
"Freed Fanny from her pain.

"But, stranger, sure those looks of yours  
"Unusual feelings speak;  
"The bridle quits your trembling hands,  
"The blood forsakes your cheek."

Down dropt poor William, like a corse,  
Upon the green-sward laid;  
By pitying peasants known, he's straight  
To friendly roof convey'd.

Reviv'd, heart-rending sighs and groans,  
A fix'd despair confess;  
But Madness, sad relief!—arrives  
To lighten his distress.

When midnight came, from bed escap'd,  
To Fanny's grave he flew;  
There stretch'd,—he Fanny call'd—and soon  
To misery bade adieu.

Cold as the lovely fair within,  
Next morn was William found;  
Weeping, the village saw 'em laid  
In the same hallow'd ground.

There nymphs and shepherds often meet,  
To plight their vows so true,  
And from a sympathy of soul,  
Their grave with tears bedew.



Price,

[Numb. 36]

One Penny.

THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

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On the light sportive Wing.

SUNG IN THE FARCE OF "MY GRANDMOTHER."

ON the light sportive wing,  
At pleasure's call we fly:  
Hark! they dance, they play, they sing,  
In merry, merry revelry.  
Hark! the tabors lively beat,  
Hark! the flutes in numbers sweet,  
Fill the night  
With delight,  
At the masquerade,  
Beneath this mask what tender woes  
We softly hear reveal'd,  
Secure, that, while the bosom glows,  
Or blushes lie conceal'd.  
Let grave ones warn us as they may,  
Of ev'ry harmless joy afraid,  
While we're young and we're gay,  
Let us frolic and play,  
At the masquerade.  
Hither trips along a beau so smart—dear heart;  
Pretty lass, this way—soft, soft, stay here—my dear!  
'Tis a favour, sir, I must deny,—Oh fie!  
Can I trust myself alone with you?—adieu!  
Then amid the croud we mix again,  
And join the motley train.

*Let grave ones, &c.*

Ever happy, ever gay.

NOW to pant on Thetis' breast,  
Phœbus blushes down the west,  
And in rapture seems to say,  
Mortals end like me the day.  
Join ye merry rural throng,  
Mirth and music, dance and song;  
Ever happy, ever gay,  
Life is here a holiday.

Nature's freeborn subjects reign  
Blooming tenants of the plain.  
Sunny vale and shady grove  
Echo to the voice of love;  
While the changeful year supplies  
Pleasure to the heart and eyes:

*Ever happy, &c.*

Far from noise, from pomp or state,  
Joys and troubles of the great,  
Shelter'd by contentment's wings,  
Here the bird of rapture sings;  
While the god of soft delight  
Glads the noon and cheers the night.

*Ever happy, &c.*

The Lawland Lads.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine;  
But O they're vain and idly gaudy;  
How much unlike the graceful mein  
And manly looks of my Highland laddy!  
O my bonny, bonny Highland laddy,  
My handsome, smiling Highland laddy;  
May heav'n still guard, and love reward,  
The Lawland lads and her Highland laddy.  
If I were free at will to choofe  
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,  
I'd take young Donald without trews,  
With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

The bravest beau in Burrowstown,  
In a' his airs with art made ready,  
Compar'd to him is but a clown;  
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

O'er Benty Hill wi' him I'll run,  
And leave my Lawland kin and daddy:  
Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun  
He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

A painted room and filken bed,  
May please a Lawland laird and lady,  
But I can kiss, and be as glad,  
Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Few compliments between us pass:  
I ca' him my dear Highland laddy;  
And he ca's me his Lawland lass,  
Sine rows me in beneath his plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
Than that his love prove true and steady,  
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end  
While heav'n preserves my Highland laddy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

My Love she's but a Lassie yet.

MY love she's but a lassie yet,  
We'll let her stand a year or twa,  
She'll not be half sae faucy yet:  
I rue the day I fought her O,  
I rue the day I fought her O,  
Wha gets her need na say he's woo'd,  
But he may say he's bought her O.

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## The Royal Sailor.

**T**HE foes of old England (France, Holland and Spain)  
Made bold by indulgence, insulted the main;  
The flag of defiance together unfurl'd,  
And at England, old England, their vengeance they hurl'd:

When Neptune arose from his watery throne,  
In a coral-clad suit he most beautiful shone;  
He call'd for his Tritons, and bade them repair  
To the court of great George, for young William was there:

"He's royal, he's noble, he's chosen by me,  
"This Isle to protect and reign Prince of the sea.

O'erjoy'd at the message, the youth rear'd his head,  
"I'll fight like a prince" were the words that he said;

"The cause of my country I'll boldly espouse,  
"To the sea I am wedded, and give her my vows:  
"With Rodney, with Digby, with Rofs I will go,  
"And die, but I'll conquer each insolent foe;"  
The Tritons reported the words that he said,  
And Spain heard the plaudits by Neptune then paid:  
"He's royal, he's noble, and chosen by me,  
"Briton's Isle to protect, and reign prince of the sea."

The Dons they have felt the effects of his rage,  
No more with blood royal they'll dare to engage;  
For he stood on the deck with his naked drawn sword  
And by the bold Digby he passed the word:  
Humanity touch'd him, tho' not with base fear,  
When one noble ship was blown up in the air;  
His courage gave rapture to each jolly tar,  
Who look on Prince William their bulwark in war:  
He's royal, he noble, he's chosen to be  
The guard of this Isle, and the prince of the sea.

## Bring me Flow'rs.

**B**RING me flow'rs and bring me wine,  
Boy, attend thy master's call;  
Round my brows let myrtles twine,  
At my feet let roses fall:  
Breathe in softest notes the flute,  
Form the song and sound the lute,  
Let thy gentle accents flow,  
As the whispering zephyrs blow.

Sorrow would annoy my heart,  
But I hate its baneful sting;  
Joys shall chase the rapid dart,  
For I will laugh and I will sing:  
What avails the down-cast eye?  
What avails the tear, the sigh?  
Why should grief obstruct our way,  
When we live but for a day?

## Henry.

**M**Y heart from my bosom would fly,  
And wander, oh! wander afar,  
Reflection bedews my sad eye,  
For Henry is gone to the war.  
Oh! ye winds to my Henry bear  
One drop, let it fall on his breast;  
The tear, as a pearl he will wear,  
And I in remembrance be blest.

In vain smiles the glittering scene,  
In vain blooms the roseate flow'r:  
The sunshine of April's not seen,  
I have only to do with the show'r.

Oh! ye winds, &c.

Ye winds that have borne him away,  
Restore my dear youth to my arms;  
Restore me to sunshine and day—  
'Tis night 'till my Henry returns.

Oh! ye winds, &c.

## The Cottage in the Grove.

**N**OW wanton gales perfume the glade,  
Beneath the woodbine's fragrant shade  
Each shepherd breathes his love;  
From all that's fresh, from all that's fair,  
I've cull'd each sweet to deck with care,  
My cottage in the grove.

O come, Eliza, lovely maid,  
To share the sweets of rural shade,

O come, and be my love:  
Here music charms with magic sound,  
While love and pleasure reign around  
My cottage in the grove.

Here roses red and roses white,  
With rival sweets my fair invite,

These rural joys to prove:  
Here harmony delights to dwell,  
Content is found within my cell,  
My cottage in the grove.

## Selim's Complaint.

**N**IGHT o'er the world her curtain hung;  
The vale was silent; late so gay;  
The bird of eve melodious sung  
Her anthem at the finish'd day:  
When Selim, on a bank reclin'd,  
Beneath a spreading willow tree,  
Thus spoke the feelings of his mind—  
"Oh! Lucy, shed a tear for me."

"Yes, had I all that heav'n could give,  
"Were my possessions rich and great,  
"Then for my Lucy would I live,  
"Then at her feet a suppliant wait:  
"But since hard poverty's my lot,  
"No hope remains to wed with thee;  
"Thy beauties ne'er can grace my cot—  
"Oh! Lucy, shed a tear for me."

"Depriv'd of all that life could bless,  
"The torment, life, no more I crave;  
"The hour that offers happiness,  
"Is that which marks my hapless grave:  
"Be each fond wish enjoy'd of thine,  
"May heav'n protect and comfort thee!  
"The turf must press this head of mine—  
"Oh! Lucy, shed a tear for me."

## The Bowl.

**O**H! come thou rosy God of wine,  
Chase all sorrow from my heart;  
'Tis time enough sure to repine,  
When the bowl and I shall part;  
For whilst in that such charms I find,  
Care—I give thee to the wind:

When with hopeless love oppress'd,  
To thy shrine I oft repair;  
There is found both peace and rest,  
There I banish gloomy care:  
Around my temples then entwine  
The sweet enchanting heav'nly vine.

When duns and bailiffs teize my soul  
With odious debts and odious jail;  
Then I fondly clasp the bowl,  
And in the bottom look for bail;  
Nor look in vain—whilst there I find  
Jovial spirits—free and kind.

For when elated by their pow'r,  
No jail I fear, nor debts unpaid;  
Jovial passes ev'ry hour,  
'Till their magic spells are laid:  
'Tis then, alas!—freed from the snare,  
I lose my bowl—and find my care.



## The Sorrows of Werter.

WHEN Werter fair Charlotte beheld,  
As she danc'd with the nymphs on the green,  
He thought ev'ry maid she excell'd;  
And prais'd the soft grace of her mein.  
But all her accomplishments known,  
Gentle Werter began to adore;  
He sighs for a heart not her own,  
And the joys of poor Werter are o'er.

Tho' vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,  
As a friend gentle Werter was dear;  
Her smiles oft his sorrow assuag'd,  
While pity has dropt a soft tear.  
Urg'd by love, he grew bold, and she cry'd,  
"Werter, leave me, and see me no more;"  
He sigh'd—he obey'd—and he dy'd!  
Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

Ye nymphs, let not Cupid deceive,  
Under Pity's soft garb hide his dart:  
Werter's sorrows are laid in the grave,  
While pity still wrings Charlotte's heart.  
And oft o'er his grave has she cry'd,  
While with flow'rets she deck'd it all o'er,  
"He saw me—he lov'd—and he dy'd!"  
"Then the sorrows of Werter deplore."

## The Force of Love.

(SEQUEL TO THE SORROWS OF WERTER.)

WHEN first the fatal news arriv'd,  
That Werter was no more;  
Charlotte of reason was depriv'd—  
Fell senseless on the floor.  
When she reviv'd, her eyes she rais'd,  
And cry'd with wild despair;  
His faithful heart he ever prais'd,  
"For love and truth dwelt there."

He wretched Charlotte, at his tomb  
Oft paid the tribute due;  
Vept o'er his grave, and mourn'd his doom;  
And sigh'd for love so true.  
His loss she could not long survive,  
For life was at a stand.  
Her colour fled, her cheeks grew pale—  
She droop'd her lily hand.  
Then gently rais'd her eyes to heav'n,  
With feeble voice she cry'd,  
Blest youth, be all thy faults forgiv'n—  
She heav'd a sigh—and dy'd!  
Albeit he mourn'd his wife and friend,  
And shed the tender tear;  
The village wept their mournful end,  
And naught was left to cheer.

## Sons of Bacchus let's be gay.

SONS of Bacchus let's be gay,  
Nimble move the cheerful glass,  
Life is short, and glides away,  
Let it then in pleasure pass:  
Jocund now may hide his light,  
Silver Cinthia cease to shine,  
Bacchus' rays are far more bright,  
Sparkling from the generous wine,  
Sparkling from the generous wine.  
When the nymph is coy and cold,  
And puts on a scornful air,  
Bacchus makes the lover bold;  
Courage ever gains the fair.  
While the fool who wastes his time,  
Trifling o'er insipid tea,  
Ne'er can aim at things sublime,  
Till he freely drinks like me,  
Till he freely drinks like me.

## Sandy of the Green.

NOW spring her sweets disclodes,  
And flow'rets deck the grove;  
I'll make with sweetest roses,  
A garland for my love:  
The flow'rs that scent the air  
Are not so blooming seen,  
Are not so sweet and fair,  
As Sandy of the green.

Na lad can blink so blithe and gay;

Na lad that e'er was seen;

So sweetly on the pipe can play;

As Sandy of the green.

As o'er the burn a maying;

I lately bent my way,

I met young Sandy fraying,

Wi' lads and lasses gay;

I felt delight and pleasure,

To view his grace and mein;

Sure then my only treasure

Is Sandy of the green.

Na lad can blink, &amp;c.

My Sandy vows he will be mine,

The kirk shall make us one;

And other lasses he'll resign,

And live for me alone:

There's so much joy in store for me,

I envy not the queen:

While I am blest wi' love and thee,

Dear Sandy of the green.

Na lad can blink, &amp;c.

## Variety in One.

IN one thou would'st variety,  
Cry'd Dick, would'st thou on wedlock fix!

I rather should expect, cry'd I,

Variety in five or six:

But never was thy counsel light;

I'll do't, my friend!—so said—so done.

I'm noos'd for life, and Dick was right,

I find variety in one!

Her tongue has more variety

Than music's system can embrace;

She modulates through every key,

Squakes treble, and growls double-bass;

Divisions, runs, and thrills, and shakes,

Enough the noisy spheres to stun:

Thus, as harsh discord music makes,

I find variety in one.

Her dress boasts such variety,

Such forms, materials, fashions, hues;

Each animal must plunder'd be,

From Russian bears, to cockatoos:

Now 'tis a feather, now a zone;

Now she's a gipsy, now a nun;

To change, like the camelion prone—

En't this variety in one.

In wedlock's wide variety,

Thought, word and deed, we both concur;

If she's a thunder-storm to me,

So I'm an April day to her:

Devil and angel, black and white,

Thus as we Hymen's gantlet run,

And kiss and scold, and love and fight,

Each finds variety in one.

Then cherish love's variety,

In spite of every sneering elf;

We're Nature's children, and en't she

In change, variety itself?

Her clouds and storms are will'd by fate,

More bright to shew her radiant fun:

Hail then, blest wedlock! in whose state

Men find variety in one.

Diddim.



## The Spanish Virgin,

OR THE EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

*The Subject of this Ballad is taken from a Collection of Tragicall Stories, (published in 1642) entitled, "The Theatre of God's Judgment," by Dr. Beard and Dr. Taylor.—Every Stanza is accompanied with the following Distich, by way of Burden:*

*"Oh jealousy! thou art nurs'd in Hell:  
Depart from hence, and therein dwell."*

ALL tender hearts, that ach to hear  
Of those that suffer wrong;  
All you that never shed a tear,  
Give heed unto my song.

Fair Isabella's tragedy  
My tale doth far exceed:  
Alas! that so much cruelty  
In female hearts should breed!

In Spain a lady liv'd of late,  
Who was of high degree;  
Whose wayward temper did create  
Much woe and misery.

Strange jealousies to fill'd her head  
With many a vain surmise,  
She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed,  
And did her love despise.

A gentlewoman passing fair  
Did on this lady wait;  
With bravest dames she might compare;  
Her beauty was complete.

Her lady cast a jealous eye  
Upon this gentle maid;  
And taxt her with disloyalty;  
And did her oft upbraid.

In silence still this maiden meek  
Her bitter taunts would bear;  
While oft adown her lovely cheek  
Would steal the falling tear.

In vain in humble sort she strove  
Her fury to disarm;  
As well the meekness of the dove  
The bloody hawk might charm.

Her lord, of humour light and gay,  
And innocent the while,  
As oft as she came in his way,  
Would on the damsel smile;

And oft before his lady's face,  
As thinking her her friend,  
He would the maiden's modest grace  
And comeliness commend.

All which incens'd his lady so,  
She burnt with wrath extreme;  
At length the fire that long did glow,  
Burst forth into a flame;

For on a day it so befell,  
When he was gone from home,  
The lady all with rage did swell,  
And to the damsel come.

And charging her with great offence,  
And many a grievous fault;  
She bade her servants drag her thence,  
Into a dismal vault.

There lay beneath the common shore,  
A dungeon dark and deep:  
Where they were wont in days of yore,  
Offenders great to keep.

There never light of chearful day  
Dispers'd the hideous gloom;  
But dank and noisome vapours play  
Around the wretched room.

And adders, snakes, and toads therein,  
As afterwards was known,  
Long in this loathsome vault had bin,  
And were to monsters grown.

Into this foul and fearful place,  
The fair one, innocent,  
Was cast, before her lady's face;  
Her malice to content.

This maid no sooner enter'd is,  
But strait, alas! she hears  
The toads to croak, and snakes to hiss;  
Then grievously she fears.

Soon from their holes the vipers creep,  
And fiercely her assail:  
Which makes the damsel sorely weep,  
And her sad fate bewail.

With her fair hands she strives in vain  
Her body to defend:  
With shrieks, and cries she doth complain,  
But all is to no end.

A servant lifting near the door,  
Struck with her doleful noise,  
Strait ran, his lady to implore;  
But she'll not hear his voice.

With bleeding heart he goes again,  
To mark the maiden's groans;  
And plainly hears, within the den,  
How she herself bemoans.

Again he to his lady hies  
With all the haste he may:  
She into furious passion flies,  
And orders him away.

Still back again does he return  
To hear her tender cries;  
The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn;  
Which fill'd him with surprize.

In grief, and horror, and affright,  
He listens at the walls;  
But finding all was silent quite,  
He to his lady calls:

"Too sure, O lady, now quoth he,  
"Your cruelty hath sped;  
"Make haste, for shame, and come and see:  
"I fear the virgin's dead."

She starts to hear her sudden fate,  
And doth with torches run:  
But all her haste was now too late,  
For Death his worst had done.

The door being open'd, strait they found  
The virgin stretch'd along:  
Two dreadful snakes had wrapt her round,  
Which her to death had stung.

One round her legs, her thighs, her waist,  
Had twin'd his fatal wreath:  
The other close her neck embrac'd,  
And stop't her gentle breath.

The snakes being from her body thrust,  
Their bellies were so fill'd,  
That with excess of blood they burst,  
Thus with their prey were kill'd.

The wicked lady at this sight,  
With horror strait ran mad;  
So raving dy'd, as was most right,  
'Cause she no pity had.

Let me advise you, ladies all,  
Of jealousy beware:  
It causes many a one to fall,  
And is the Devil's snare.



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The Highland Laffie.

THE Tawland maids gang trig and fine,  
But aft they're four, and unco faucy,  
Sae proud, they never can be kind,  
Like my good humour'd Highland lassie.  
O, my bonny, bonny Highland lassie,  
My lovely smiling Highland lassie,  
May never care  
Make thee less fair,  
But bloom of youth still blefs my lassie.

Than ony lafs in Burrough's town,  
Wha make their cheeks with patches motie;  
I'd tak my Kaie wi' a gown,  
Bare footed in her little cotie.

*O my bonny, &c.*

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stenn,  
Wi' cockit gun, and ratches tenty,  
To drive the deer out of their den,  
To feast my lafs on dishes dainty.

*O my bonny, &c.*

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,  
'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,  
While I can wield my trusty sword,  
Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.

*O my bonny, &c.*

The mountains clad wi' purple bloom,  
And berries ripe invite my treasure;  
To range wi' me; let great fowk gloom,  
While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.

*O my bonny, &c.*

Yesterday.

SAY, ye studious grave and old,  
Tell me, all ye fair and gay,  
Tell me where I may behold  
The fleeting forms of yesterday.

Where's autumnal plenty sped,  
Winter, where's thy hoist'rous sway;  
Where's the vernal flow' ret fled,  
Summer, where's thy Yesterday,

Jocund sprites' of social joy,  
Round our smiling goblet play;  
Flit, ye pow'rs of rude annoy,  
Like the ghost of yesterday.

Brim the bowl, and pass it round,  
Lightly tune the sportive lay;  
Let the festal hour be crown'd,  
E'er 'tis lost, like yesterday.

Golden Skies.

THE night when spent in golden skies,  
If whiten'd cliffs the sailor spies,  
The sailor spies completely blest,  
The sight each tender thought inspires  
His love on shore, and fancy fires  
And fancy fires his faithful breast.  
The dancing waves salute his oar,  
He pulls and sings "my love's on shore,"  
He pulls and sings "my love's on shore."

He waves his hat, and cries "adieu,  
"Farewell good ship and loving crew,  
"Farewell good ship; for love I steer."  
And as around he turns his face,  
To view the happy well-known place,  
The happy place that holds his dear,  
The dancing waves salute his oar,

*He pulls and sings, &c.*

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

ROY's wife of Aldivalloch,  
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
Wat ye how she cheated me,  
As I came o'er the Braes of Balloch?  
*Roy's wife, &c.*

She vow'd, she swore she would be mine;  
She said she loo'd me best of ony,  
But ah, the fause, the fickle quean,  
She's ta'en the Carle and left her Jonnie.  
*Roy's wife, &c.*

Her hair sae fair, her een-sae clear,  
Her wee bit mou's sae sweet and bonny,  
To me she ever will be dear,  
Tho' she's for ever left her Jonnie.  
*Roy's wife, &c.*

But O, she was the canty quean,  
And weel could dance the Highland walloch;  
How happy I, had she been mine,  
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!  
*Roy's wife, &c.*

Why is Love so past defining.

WHY is love so past defining?  
"Tell me, reason," Chloe cry'd:  
Cupid, on his bow reclining,  
Heard the nymph, and thus reply'd:  
"Tis not reason can inform thee;  
"Learn from me"—and shot a dart!  
"Does not secret passion warm thee?"  
"Yes," she cry'd, "tis in my heart."



## The Big Belly'd Bottle.

**T**HE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,  
That I quit my poor Chloe and stick to my glass;  
But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own,  
And if you do't like them, why let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,  
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair;  
But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,  
That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own,  
But tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could frown;  
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,  
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime,  
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time;  
But in wine, from its age such a benefit flows,  
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have been  
cloy'd,  
And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;  
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,  
For the longer I drink the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove  
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love;  
But in drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,  
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,  
With nurses, and babies, and squalling and strife;  
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,  
And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our day when with love we engage,  
It brings on diseases and hastens old age;  
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,  
And keep out t'other leg when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,  
She had left me to get an estate or a lord;  
But my bumper (regarding nor title nor pelf)  
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain:  
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain;  
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy;  
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

## Fill your Glasses.

**F**ILL your glasses, toast your lasses,  
Now enlivening joys abound;  
Wine delights us, love unites us,  
Let the sparkling wine go round.

Strife and sorrow, both good morrow,  
With our liquor are ye drown'd!  
Banish thinking! spirits sinking!  
Let the sparkling wine go round.

Every fellow, doctors tell you,  
Fall like flowers to the ground;  
This 'twill nourish, make them flourish,  
Then long life to all around.

Room here! room here! sons of humour!  
I must give a toast I've found;  
Then be ready, true and steady,  
Let the sentiment go round.

May sincere ones, with their fair ones,  
And their wishes too, be crown'd;  
Pleasure giving, joy receiving,  
Laughing while the world goes round.

## Young Lubin.

**Y**OUNG Lubin was a shepherd boy,  
Fair Rosalie a rustic maid;  
They met, they lov'd,—each other's joy,  
Together o'er the hills they stray'd.

Their parents saw, and blest'd their love,  
Nor would their happiness delay;  
To-morrow's dawn their bliss should prove,  
To-morrow be their wedding day.

When as at eve, beside the brook,  
Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd,  
One luckless lamb the current took;  
'Twas Rosalie's—she started wild.

“Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite save;”  
Too fatally the youth obey'd:  
He ran, he plung'd into the wave,  
To give the little wand'rer aid.

But scarce he guides him to the shore,  
When, faint and sunk, poor Lubin dies:  
Ah! Rosalie, for evermore,  
In this cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank, oh! still be seen,  
Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid;  
And with sad wreaths of cypress green,  
For ever sooth thy Lubin's shade.

## Sequel to Young Lubin.

**O**N that lone bank where Lubin dy'd,  
Fair Rosalie, a wretched maid,  
Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,  
Faithful to her Lubin's shade.

“Oh! may some kind, some gentle wave,  
“Waft him to this mournful shore:  
“These tender hands should make his grave,  
“And deck his grave with flow'rs o'er.

“I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,  
“And pray for his eternal rest;  
“When time his form has worn away,  
“His dust I'd place within my breast.”

While thus she moan'd her Lubin lost,  
And Echo to her grief reply'd:  
Lo! at her feet his corpse was tost,  
She shriek'd, she clasp'd him, and she dy'd.

## Hark! the joy inspiring Horn.

**H**ARK! hark! the joy inspiring horn  
Salutes the rosy, rising morn,  
And echoes thro' the dale;  
With clam'rous peals the hills resound,  
The hounds quick-scented scow'r the ground,  
And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede  
The brisk high-mettl'd starting steed,  
The jovial pack pursue;  
Like lightning dashing o'er the plains,  
The distant hills with speed he gains,  
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,  
And to the copse for shelter makes,  
There pants awhile for breath;  
When now the noise alarms her ear,  
Her haunt's descried, her fate is near,  
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,  
The hounds their trembling victim seize,  
She faints, she falls, she dies:  
The distant couriers now come in,  
And join the loud triumphant din,  
Till echo rends the skies.



## Row, dow, dow.

**THO'** I am now a very little lad,  
 If fighting men cannot be had,  
 For want of better I may do,  
 To follow the boys with a rat tat too;  
 I may seem tender, yet I'm tough,  
 And tho' not too much of me, right good stuff:  
 Of this I'll boast—say more who can,  
 I never was aham'd to face my man.  
 I'm a chick-a-Biddy, fee,  
 Take me now, now, now,  
 A merry little he  
 For your row, dow, dow;  
 Brown Bess I knock about, oh there's my joy,  
 With my knapsack at my back like a roving boy.

In my tartan plaid a young foldier view,  
 My fillebeg and dirk, and bonnet blue,  
 Give the word and I'll march where you command,  
 Noble serjeant with a shilling then strike my hand;  
 My captain when he takes his glass,  
 May like to toy with a pretty lass,  
 For such a one I've a roguish eye,  
 He'll ne'er want a girl when I am by.  
*I'm a chick-a-Biddy, &c.*

Tho' a barber never yet had mow'd his chin,  
 With my great broad-sword I long to begin,  
 Cut, slash, ram, dam, oh! glorious fun,  
 For a gun, pip pop, change my little pop-gun:  
 The foes shall fly, like geese in flocks,  
 E'n Turks I'd drive like Turkey-cocks;  
 Wherever quarter'd I shall be,  
 Oh! sounds how I'll kiss my landlady.  
*I'm a chick-a-Biddy, &c.*

## Blow, Boreas, blow.

**BLOW**, Boreas, blow, and let the furly winds  
 Make the billows foam and roar;  
 Thou can't no terrors breed in valiant minds,  
 But spight of thee we'll live and find the shore.  
 Then cheer my hearts, and be not aw'd,  
 But keep the gun-room clear;  
 Tho' hell's broke loose, and dæmons roar abroad,  
 Whilst we have sea room here, boys, never fear.

Hey! how she toffes up, how far!  
 The mounting top-mast touch'd a star:  
 The meteors blaz'd, as thro' the clouds we came;  
 And, salamander like, we liv'd in flame.

But now we sink! now we go down  
 To the deepest shades below:  
 Alas! where are we now! who, who can tell?  
 Sure 'tis the deepest room in hell,  
 Or where the sea-gods dwell:  
 With them we'll live, we'll live and reign,  
 With them we'll laugh, and sing and drink amain;  
 But see! we mount! fee, fee, we rise again.

Tho' flashes of lightning, and tempests of rain,  
 Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the main;  
 Tho' the captain does swear instead of a pray'r,  
 And the sea is all fir'd by the dæmons of th' air,

We'll drink and defy  
 The mad spirits that fly  
 From the deep to the sky,  
 And sing whilst the thunder does bellow:  
 For Fate still will have  
 A kind chance for the brave,  
 And ne'er make his grave  
 Of a salt-water wave,  
 To drown, no never to drown a good fellow.

*R. Bradley.*

## The affectionate Soldier.

**TWAS** in the evening of a wint'ry day,  
 When safe returning from a long campaign,  
 Allen o'er toil'd and weary with the way,  
 Came home to see his Sally once again.

His batter'd arms he carelessly threw down,  
 And view'd his Sally with enraptur'd eyes;  
 But she receiv'd him with a modest frown—  
 She knew not Allen in his rough disguise.

His hair was knotted and his beard unshorn,  
 His tatter'd 'coutrements about him hung;  
 A tear of pleasure did his cheeks adorn,  
 And blessings fell in torrents from his tongue.

“Am I so alter'd by this cruel trade,  
 “That you your faithful Allen have forgot;  
 “Or has your heart to some other stray'd?  
 “Ah! why did I escape the murd'ring shot.”

When this he spake, her wonted colour fled,  
 She ran and sunk upon her Allen's breast;  
 All pale awhile, she look'd like one that's dead;  
 He kiss'd, she breath'd, and all her love confess'd.

“Yes, my delight, tho' alter'd as thou art,  
 “Reduc'd by honest courage to this strait;  
 “Thou art the golden treasure of my heart,  
 “My long lost husband, and my wish'd for mate.”

## O lovely Maid.

**O LOVELY** maid, bestow one smile  
 On him who sighs for thee;  
 And you shall find him constant prove,  
 When he returns from sea.

Remembrance of a kind adieu,  
 From you, my charming fair,  
 Shall weather me through every storm,  
 And keep me from despair.

And tho' the waves around me foam,  
 And death appears at hand;  
 The hope of seeing thee again,  
 Shall be to me as land.

And if I should be spar'd once more,  
 My destin'd port to make,  
 I'll there select whate'er is scarce,  
 And keep them for your sake.

And when my bark is laden deep,  
 And sails loos'd to the wind;  
 Then homeward bound my course I'll steer,  
 You, only you to find.

And if I find you then prove true,  
 My constant care shall be  
 To live and love but only you,  
 And bid adieu to sea.

*Mr. Couty.*

## BALLAD.

## The Lady's Fall.

**MARK** well my heavy doleful tale,  
 You loyal lovers all,  
 And heedfully bear in your breast,  
 A gallant lady's fall.  
 Long was she woo'd, e'er she was won,  
 To lead a wedded life,  
 But folly wrought her overthrow,  
 Before she was a wife.



Too soon alas! she gave consent  
And yielded to his will,  
Though he protested to be true,  
And faithful to her still.  
She felt her body alter'd quite,  
Her bright hue waxed pale,  
Her lovely cheeks chang'd colour white,  
Her strength began to fail.

So that with many a sorrowful sigh,  
This beauteous lady mild,  
With grieved heart, perceiv'd herself  
To have conceived with-child.  
She kept it from her parent's sight  
As close as close could be,  
And so put on her silken gown  
None might her swelling see.

Unto her lover secretly  
Her grief she did bewray,  
And walking with him hand in hand,  
These words to him did say:  
"Behold," quoth she, "a maid's distress,  
"By love brought to thy bow,  
"Behold I go with-child by thee,  
"But none thereof doth know.

"The little babe springs in my womb  
"To hear its father's voice,  
"Let it not be a bastard call'd,  
"Since I made thee my choice:  
"Come, come, my love, perform thy vow,  
"And wed me out of hand;  
"O leave me not in this extreme,  
"In grief always to stand.

"Think on thy former promises,  
"Thy oaths and vows each one;  
"Remember with what bitter tears  
"To me thou mad'st thy moan.  
"Convey me to some secret place,  
"And marry we with speed;  
"Or with thy rapier end my life,  
"Ere further shame proceed."

"Alack! my dearest love," quoth he,  
"My greatest joy on earth,  
"Which way can I convey thee hence,  
"Without a sudden death?  
"Thy friends are all of high degree,  
"And I of mean estate;  
"Full hard it is to get thee forth  
"Out of thy father's gate."

"Dread not thy life to save thy fame,  
"For if thou taken be,  
"Myself will step between the swords,  
"And take the harm on me:  
"So shall I scape dishonor quite;  
"And if I should be slain,  
"What could they say, but that true love  
"Had wrought a lady's bane.

"And fear not any other harm;  
"Myself will so advise,  
"That I will ride away with thee  
"Unknown to mortal eyes:  
"Disguised like some pretty page,  
"I'll meet thee in the dark,  
"And all alone I'll come to thee,  
"Hard by thy father's park."

"And there," quoth he, "I'll meet my dear,  
"If God so lend me life,  
"On this day month without all fail  
"I will make thee my wife."  
Then with a sweet and loving kiss,  
They parted presently,  
And at their parting, brinish tears  
Stood in each others eye.

At length the wished day was come,  
On which this beauteous maid,  
With longing eyes, and strange attire,  
For her true lover stay'd:  
When any person she espy'd  
Come riding o'er the plain,  
She hop'd it was her own true love:  
But all her hopes were vain.

Then did she weep and sore bewail  
Her most unhappy fate;  
Then did she speak these woeful words,  
As succourless she sate:

"O false, forsworn, and faithless man,  
"Disloyal in thy love,  
"Hast thou forgot thy promise past,  
"And wilt thou perjur'd prove?

"And hast thou now forsaken me  
"In this my great distress,  
"To end my days in open shame,  
"Which thou might'st well redress?  
"Woe worth the time I e'er believ'd  
"That flattering tongue of thine;  
"Would God that I had never seen  
"The tears of thy false een."

And thus with many sorrowful sighs,  
Homewards she went again;  
No rest came to her watery eyes,  
She felt such privy pain.  
In travail strong she fell that night,  
With many a bitter throw;  
What woeful pangs she then did feel,  
Doth each good woman know.

She called up her waiting maid,  
That lay at her bed's feet,  
Who, musing at her mistress' woe,  
Began full fast to weep.  
"Weep not," said she, "but shut the doors,  
"And windows round about,  
"Let none bewray my wretched state,  
"But keep all persons out."

"O mistress call thy mother dear,  
"Of women you have need,  
"And of some skilful midwife's help,  
"That better you may speed."  
"Call not my mother, for thy life,  
"Nor fetch no women here,  
"The midwife's help comes all too late,  
"My death I do not fear."

With that the babe sprang from her womb,  
No creature being nigh,  
And with one sigh, which broke her heart,  
This gallant dame did die.  
The lovely little infant young,  
The mother being dead,  
Resign'd its new received breath  
To him that had it made.

Next morning came her own true love,  
Affrighted at the news,  
And he for sorrow slew himself,  
Whom each one did accuse.  
The mother with her new-born babe,  
Were both laid in one grave,  
Their parents overcame with woe,  
No joy henceforth could have.

Take heed, ye dainty damsels all,  
Of flattering words beware,  
And of the honour of your name  
Have an especial care.  
Too true, alas! this story is,  
As many one can tell.  
By others harms learn to be wise,  
And you shall do full well.



THE

## CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

## SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

## O Love, what the deuce.

O LOVE, what the deuce do you want in my bosom,  
Get out of my sight and my heart let alone,  
For had I a score I should certainly lose 'em,  
As that I possess is no longer my own;  
What means all this thumping, this flutt'ring and beating,

O good master Cupid pray be easy now,  
I long ev'ry morn for the next village meeting,  
Tho' it adds to my pain, but I cannot tell how.  
Sing lira la, lira la, lira la, lira la, lira la, lira la,  
I can't for the life of me make out the reason,  
Why love is the only thing ne'er out of season.

Och! when on the green we were all of us dancing,  
'Twas there I first caught the effect of her eyes,  
Each moment she'd seize to be privately glancing  
Fond looks at a heart she had caught by surprise;  
She shot thro' and thro' like a loud clap of thunder,  
My heart a large hole in my bosom did burn,  
And fled to her arms, then pray where is the wonder,  
That her own, the dear creature, should send in return?  
*Sing lira la, &c.*

O Cupid you're surely of Irish extraction,  
Oh help your poor countryman now at a pinch,  
If you'll stand my friend in the heat of the action,  
May I ne'er see Kilkenny again if I flinch!  
I'm not one of those that are given to lying;  
I promise no more than I'm able to give,  
I hate all your nonsense, your kneeling and dying,  
But I'll love her as long as she chuses to live.  
*Sing lira la, &c.*

## Oscar's Ghost.

O! see that form that faintly gleams!  
'Tis Oscar come to cheer my dreams;—  
On wings of wind he flies away;  
O stay, my lovely Oscar, stay!  
Wake, Ossian! last of Fingal's line,  
And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;  
Awake the harp to doleful lays,  
And sooth my soul with Oscar's praise.  
The shell is ceas'd in Oscar's hall,  
Since gloomy Cairbar wrought his fall;  
The roe on Morven lightly bounds,  
Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

## London Ladies.

LONDON ladies walk the streets  
In gaudy silks and sattins,  
The country girl has no such sweets,  
She clacks along in pattens;  
But what care I? my russet gown  
Will bring me lovers plenty,  
I've fun enough, tho' out of town,  
And not yet turn'd of twenty.

When at Christmas in the hall,  
The men and maids are hopping,  
If by chance I hear 'em bawl,  
Amongst 'em quick I pop in.  
When all the men, Jem, John, and Joe,  
Cry, "what good luck has sent ye?"  
And kiss beneath the mistletoe,  
The girl not turn'd of twenty.

One winter's night, at blindman's buff,  
A game that's most bewitching,  
As Jack (and Jack was blind enough)  
Was poking round the kitchen,  
A spat I gave him on the back,  
Says I, "will that content you?"  
He snatch'd, and catch'd me—"ah," cries Jack,  
"My girl not turn'd of twenty!"

As in the dance I trip along,  
Like me no female skipper,  
No game can ever happen wrong,  
Hot cockles, hunt the slipper.  
Can ye, town ladies, tho' so fair,  
And coxcombs compliment ye,  
For joy and sport with me compare,  
The girl not turn'd of twenty?

## Jamie, come try me.

JAMIE, come try me,  
Jamie, come try me,  
If thou wouldst win my love  
Jamie come try me.  
If thou shouldst ask my love,  
Could I deny thee?  
If thou wouldst win my love,  
Jamie, come try me.

If thou shouldst kiss me, love,  
Who could espy thee?  
If thou wilt be my dove,  
Jamie, come try me.

*Jamie, come, &c.*

## One Bottle more.

ASSIST me ye lads, who have hearts void of guile,  
To sing in the praises of old Ireland's isle,  
Where true hospitality opens the door,  
And friendship detains us for one bottle more.  
One bottle more, arrah, one bottle more,  
And friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear;  
With our bulls, and our brogues, we are true and sincere,

For if but one bottle remain'd in our store,  
We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

At Candy's, in Greek-street, I'll sing of a set,  
Of six Irish blades who together had met.  
Four bottles a piece made us call for our score,  
And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loth to depart,  
For friendship had grapp'd each man by the heart;  
Where the least touch you know makes an Irishman roar,

And the whack of shillella brought six bottles more.

Slow Phœbus had shone thro' our window so bright,

Quite happy to view his best children of light,  
So we parted, with hearts neither sorry nor sore,  
Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.

## Second Thoughts are best.

YOUNG Colin was as blithe a lad,  
As ever trod the daisy'd plain,  
Each blooming virgin's heart was glad,  
Whene'er he tun'd his sylvan strain:  
"Ah! when," he cry'd, "will Kate comply,  
"And make her lover truly blest?"  
"You've promis'd long"—O, yes says I,  
'Tis true—but second thoughts are best.

Now Lubin was a flighty swain,  
Well form'd to win a maiden's mind,  
And all the lasses of the plain,  
Did vie to make the shepherd kind:  
But, vain of conquest, female pride  
Looks lightly on the prize posses'd;  
So, when he woo'd, I still reply'd,  
No, Lubin, second thoughts are best.

I found my vain coquetish art  
Eclips'd the hope of future joy;  
For, O! it stung me to the heart,  
To see him with my rivals toy:  
I therefore, blushing, smil'd consent,  
And yielding to his fond request,  
Well pleas'd, to church with Lubin went,  
Convinc'd that—second thoughts are best.

## Donald, the young Highland Lad.

I KEN that Will's a bonny youth,  
And often drives the lasses mad;  
But canna woo with muckle truth,  
Like Donald, the young Highland lad.

Then Donald is a foldier too,  
And looks sae braw in tartan plaid;  
O ne'er a laddy e'er can woo,  
Like Donald, the young Highland lad.

And e'er wi' sic a lover part,  
I'll gang to war—like Donald clad,  
And kill the man that aims a dart,  
At Donald, the young Highland lad.

I dinna care what fowks may say,  
I'll haste to kirk wi' spirit glad,  
Then o'er the grassy mountains stray,  
Wi' Donald, the young Highland lad.

## The Soldier's Joy.

WHEN dread Bellona sounds to arms,  
And fills the world with loud alarms,  
Pleas'd to the field the foldier hies,  
While terror flashes from his eyes;  
The foes in glittering ranks appear,  
The trumpets sound, the battle's near;  
Then glory does each mind employ,  
For glory is the foldier's joy.

But let the rage of battle cease,  
And the shrill trumpet sound for peace;  
Then tir'd, beneath the spreading shade  
The foldier and his arms are laid;  
No foe finds place within his mind,  
To all alike he now is kind;  
He is a friend where none annoy,  
For friendship is a foldier's joy.

When crown'd with laurels home, he comes,  
The trumpet mute, and mute the drums:  
When virgins touch the trembling lyre,  
And songs of tenderness inspire;  
When Venus leads her blooming train,  
And love and beauty grace the plain,  
No thoughts of war his mind employ,  
For beauty is a soldier's joy.

When Bacchus crowns the rosy bowl,  
And mirth makes happy every soul;  
The sportive tale, the song, the jest,  
Alternate vibrate in his breast;  
He joins with Bacchus, Momus too,  
The bowl or bottle to pursue;  
What can his happiness destroy,  
Since drinking is the foldier's joy?

## Medley of Lovers.

WHEN the men a courting came,  
Flat'ring with their prittle prattle,  
Of their fool'ries I made game,  
Rallied with my tittle tattle:

Cooing to me,  
Wooing to me,  
Teazing of me,  
Pleasing of me,  
Offering pelf,  
Each silly elf,

Came cooing, wooing, and bowing to me.

The divine, with looks demure,  
Talk'd of tythes and eating plenty;  
Shew'd the profits of his cure,  
And vow'd to treat me with each dainty.

*Cooing to me, &c.*

The learned serjeant of the law,  
Shew'd his parchments, briefs, and papers;  
In his deeds, I found a flaw,  
So dismiss'd him in the vapours.

*Cooing to me, &c.*

Physic now displays his wealth,  
With his nostrums—but the fact is,  
I resolv'd to keep my health,  
Nor die a martyr to his practice.

*Cooing to me, &c.*

But at last a swain bow'd low,  
Candid, handsome, tall and clever,  
Squeez'd my hand—I can't tell how,  
But he won my heart for ever.

Cooing to me,  
Wooing to me,  
Teazing of me,  
Pleasing of me,  
Offering pelf,  
Each silly elf;

I sent all other wooers from me.



Chevy Chase.

*The fine heroic song of Chevy Chase has ever been admired by competent judges. These genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined: and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years.*

GOD prosper long our noble king,  
 Our lives and safeties all;  
 A woeful hunting once there did  
 In Chevy Chase befall.  
 To drive the deer with hound and horn,  
 Earl Percy took his way;  
 The child may rue that is unborn  
 The hunting of that day.  
 The stout earl of Northumberland  
 A vow to God did make,  
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
 Three summers days to take;  
 The chieftest harts in Chevy Chase  
 To kill and bear away;  
 These tidings to earl Douglas came,  
 In Scotland, where he lay;  
 Who sent earl Percy present word,  
 He would prevent his sport:  
 The English earl, not fearing this,  
 Did to the woods resort,  
 With fifteen hundred bow men bold;  
 All chosen men of might,  
 Who knew full well in time of need,  
 To aim their shafts aright.  
 The gallant grey-hounds 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  
 To rouse them up again.  
 The bowmen muster'd on the hills,  
 Well able to endure;  
 Their back-sides all with special care,  
 That day were guarded sure.  
 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
 The nimble deer to take,  
 And with their cries the hills and dales  
 An echo shrill did make.  
 Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
 To view the slaughter'd deer:  
 Quoth he, earl Douglas promised  
 This day to meet me here;  
 But if I thought he would not come,  
 No longer would I stay;  
 With that a brave young gentleman  
 Thus to the earl did say:  
 "Lo! yonder doth earl Douglas come  
 " His men in armour bright,  
 " Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
 " All marching in our fight.  
 " All men of pleasant Tivdale,  
 " Fast by the river Tweed."  
 "Then cease your sport," earl Percy said,  
 "And take your bows with speed:  
 "And now with me, my countrymen,  
 "Your courage forth advance;  
 "For never was there champion yet  
 "In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,  
 "But if my hap it were,  
 "I durst encounter man for man,  
 "With 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.  
 "Show me," said he, "whose men you  
 "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 Percy, he;  
 Who said, "we list not to declare,  
 "Nor shew whose men we be:  
 "Yet we will spend our dearest blood,  
 "The chieftest harts to slay."  
 Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
 And thus in rage did say:  
 "E'er thus I will out-braved be,  
 "One of us two shall die:  
 "I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
 "Lord Percy, so am I.  
 "But trust me, Percy, pity 'twere,  
 "And great offence to kill  
 "Any of these, our harmless men,  
 "For they have done no ill;  
 "Let thou and I the battle try,  
 "And set our men aside."  
 "Accurst be he," lord Percy said,  
 "By whom it is denied."  
 Then stept a gallant squire forth,  
 Whitherington was his name,  
 Who said, I would not have it told  
 To Henry our king, for shame;  
 "That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
 "And I stood looking on:  
 "You be two earls," said Whitherington,  
 "And I a squire alone:  
 "I'll do the best that do I may,  
 "While I have strength 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 three-score 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 sent.  
 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 great grief to see,  
 And likewise for to hear,  
 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.  
 They fought until they both did sweat,  
 With swords of temper'd steel,  
 Until their blood, like drops of rain,  
 They, trickling down, did feel.

"Yield thee, lord Percy," Douglas said,  
 "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."

"No, Douglas," quoth earl Percy then,  
 "Thy proffer I do scorn;  
 "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 struck earl Douglas to the heart  
 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 Percy sees me fall."

Then leaving life, earl Percy took  
 The dead man by the hand,  
 And said, "earl Douglas, for thy life  
 "Would I had lost my land.

"O Christ! my very heart doth bleed  
 "With sorrow for thy sake;  
 "For sure, a more renowned knight  
 "Such mischance ne'er did take."

A knight among the Scots there was,  
 Which saw earl Douglas die,  
 And in his wrath did vow revenge  
 Upon the earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,  
 Who, with a spear most bright,  
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
 Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,  
 Without all dread or fear,  
 And through earl Percy's body then  
 He thrust his hateful spear;

With such vehement 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 die,  
 Whose courage none could stain;  
 An English archer then perceiv'd  
 The noble earl was slain:

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 the shaft he set,  
 The grey-goose wing that was thereon  
 In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day,  
 'Till setting of the sun;  
 For when they rung the evening bell,  
 The battle scarce was done.

With the earl Percy there was slain,  
 Sir John of Ogerton,  
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
 Sir James that bold baron.

And with Sir George and good Sir James,  
 Both knights of good account,  
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
 Whose prowess did surmount.

For Whitherington needs must I wail,  
 As one in doleful dumps;  
 For when his legs were smitten off,  
 He fought upon his stumps.

And with earl Douglas there was slain,  
 Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
 Sir Charles Currel, that from the field  
 One foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murrel, of Ratcliffe, too,  
 His sister's son was he;  
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,  
 Yet saved could not be.

And the lord Maxwell, in likewise  
 Did with earl Douglas die:  
 Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred English men,  
 Went home but fifty three:  
 The rest were slain in Chevy Chase  
 Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,  
 Their husbands to bewail;  
 They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,  
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,  
 They bore with them away;  
 They kiss'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 arrow slain.

"O heavy news," king James did say,  
 "Scotland can witness be,  
 "I have not any captain more  
 "Of such account as he."

Like tidings to king Henry came,  
 Within as short a space,  
 That Percy, of Northumberland,  
 Was slain in Chevy Chase.

"Now God be with him," said our king,  
 "Sith 'twill no better be,  
 "I trust I have within my realm  
 "Five hundred good as he."

"Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,  
 "But I will vengeance take,  
 "And be revenged on them all,  
 "For brave lord Percy's sake."

"This vow full well the king perform'd  
 After, on Humbledown;  
 In one day, fifty knights were slain,  
 With lords of high renown.

And of the rest, of small account  
 Did many hundreds die:  
 Thus ended the hunting of Chevy Chase,  
 Made by the earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless the land  
 In plenty, joy, and peace;  
 And grant, henceforth, that foul debate  
 Twixt noblemen may cease.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Knife Grinder.

**K**NIVES, penknives to grind, my good master;  
Sweet mistresses, scissors to grind;  
See, faster, and faster, and faster,  
Whurr, whurr, spins the wheel;  
Fitz, fitz, sparkles the steel;  
And I set them to your mind.

Maids, pretty maids, come to the grinder,  
Say, who to the girls can be kinder  
Than he, who can grind, and can sing?  
Your carving, and mincing, and chopping knives  
bring.

*See, faster, &c.*

Come, bring carpenters hatchets, for chipping;  
I set tailors' shears for nice snipping;  
Likewise, shoemakers heels, cutlers knives,  
As sharp and as keen as the tongues of their wives.

*See, faster, &c.*

Pretty Poll and honest Jack.

**W**HEN whistling winds are heard to blow,  
In tempests o'er the earth,  
The seaman's oft dash'd to and fro,  
Yet cheerly takes his birth;  
And as he fearless mounts the shrouds:  
Awhile the vessel swings;  
Tho' skies are mantled o'er with clouds,  
The gallant sailor sings;  
'Tis pretty Poll and honest Jack,  
My girl and friend on shore,  
Will hail me at returning back,  
So let the billows roar.

Now bending o'er the rocking yard,  
While seas in mountains rise,  
He takes a spell, however hard,  
And danger e'er defies:  
The storm once o'er, the gallant tar,  
Lets fancy freely roam,  
And though from many a friend afar,  
Thus sings of friends at home:

*'Tis pretty Poll, &c.*

On burning coasts, or frozen seas,  
Alike in each extreme,  
The gallant sailor's e'er at ease,  
And floats with fortune's stream:  
To love and friendship ever true,  
He steers life's course along;  
And wheresoever sailing to,  
Fond hope elates his song.

*'Tis pretty Poll, &c.*

We Soldiers Drink.

**W**E soldiers drink, we soldiers sing,  
We fight our foes, we love our king,  
Are ever brisk and jolly;  
We know no care in peace or war,  
We ask no wealth but fame and health,  
A knapsack and a Dolly.

When mirth invites, we seldom think,  
When honor calls, we never shrink,  
But scorning melancholy,  
Alert and gay, we march away,  
To foreign parts, with cheerful hearts—  
A knapsack and a Dolly.

If doom'd to fall, the good and brave  
Will dew with tears the soldier's grave;  
Thus sadness is a folly;  
His dauntless sword, fame will record;  
His comrade dear, will prize and cheer,  
His knapsack and his Dolly.

Then come, my noble heroes, come,  
With sprightly life, and echoing drum;  
With minds elate and jolly;  
Let's take the field, nor ever yield  
To fortune's frowns, till conquest crowns,  
Our knapsack and our Dolly.

Hark! the hollow Woods.

**H**ARK! the hollow woods resounding,  
Echo to the bugle horn;  
Swift the buck with vigour bounding  
Leaps the brake and clears the thorn.

Ev'ry art he now is trying,  
Shafts await his eager flight,  
High he leaps, the hounds full crying,  
Now he's vanished from our sight.

Hark, the leafy woods resounding,  
Echo to the bugle horn,  
Swift the buck with vigour bounding,  
Leaps the brake and clears the thorn.

Twanging bows with death pursuing,  
See, he rears, he turns his head,  
Bays the dogs, but nought from ruin,  
Nought can save, he falls, he's dead.

Sound the horn, huzza, in chorus,  
We are free from care, my boys,  
Rural pleasures lie before us,  
Health gives length and strength to joys.

## A New Hunting Song.

**H**ARK, hark to the sound of the sweet winding  
horn,  
It invites to the chase, and awakens the morn;  
*Hark, hark, &c.*

Diana leads forward o'er mountain and plain,  
While Echo enraptur'd, repeats the blithe strain.  
*Diana leads forward, &c.*

While Bacchus deprives us of reason and wealth,  
The sports of the field give both pleasure and health;  
Such innocent pastimes ensure us all joys,  
Where no baseness disturbs, no malice destroys.  
*Diana leads forward, &c.*

## Poor Nan of Wapping.

**A**TTE<sup>N</sup>D, ye thoughtless, young and gay,  
Nor scorn my tale of sorrow;  
The woes which others feel to-day,  
May be your own to-morrow:  
Then spare the fame of her I name,  
Seduc'd by false persuasion;  
Perhaps you might have done the same,  
Had you the same temptation.

Poor Nan of Wapping long was fam'd  
For sweetness and for beauty;  
Her parents love the justly claim'd,  
Her soul was fraught with duty:  
Her gentle mind to fraud was blind,  
By easy faith excited;  
She thought to find in all mankind  
The heart and tongue united.

'Twas hard her unsuspecting heart,  
A prey to guile should leave her;  
But ev'ry fraud and specious art  
Were practis'd to deceive her:  
With solemn oaths a perjur'd youth,  
To his embraces won her;  
And judging by her own, his truth,  
She lost her peace and honor.

For some short period she enjoy'd  
All luxury could render:  
No single check to curb her pride,  
She shone in guilty splendor:  
Surrounded by the vain and gay,  
No serious friend appearing,  
'Till conscience came in dread array,  
And claim'd an awful hearing!

'Twas then the helpless fair bewail'd  
The breach of moral duties;  
She saw her lover's heart assail'd,  
By more successful beauties:  
At length appal'd, he spoke her fate,  
And instant claim'd submission;  
Then left poor Nan to mourn, too late,  
Her hapless lost condition.

Thus spurn'd by him, whose faithless heart  
From virtue had seduc'd her;  
And who, to crown the villain's part,  
To begg'ry now reduc'd her.  
Her former friends their aid deny'd,  
To soothe her bosom's throbbing;  
E'en pity view'd with tearless eye,  
The woes of Nan of Wapping.

Her parents next she sought for aid,  
But they had long departed;  
For with their child their comforts fled—  
They dy'd, both broken hearted:  
Transfix'd she stood, bewail'd her birth,  
Her feeble arms extended;  
She heav'd a sigh, then sunk to th' earth,  
Where all her woes were ended.

## The Faithful Tar.

**T**HE sails unfurl'd, the ship unmoor'd,  
Her course to steer—all hands on board,  
Propitious ev'ry gale;  
Fair Betsey on the beach deplores  
Her sailor bound to distant shores,  
But nought her tears avail.

"O! cruel fate—ye pow'rs above,  
"Why thus bereft of him I love!  
"Who on the restless deep,  
"The boist'rous tide must ceaseless brave,  
"And meet, perchance, a wat'ry grave,  
"Whilst I but live to weep."

Twelve months elaps'd, when he return'd,  
Her constant heart with rapture burn'd,  
'Twas freed from ev'ry care:  
And Henry's love, his heart, his soul,  
Were true, as needle to the pole,  
When absent from his fair.

In wedded bliss they taste delight,  
No winds disturb, nor storms affright  
The lovely Betsey's breast.  
For now he makes a firm decree,  
No more to trust the raging sea—  
With her completely blest.

## Charming Sally.

**N**O nymph that trips the verdant plain,  
With Sally can compare;  
She wins the hearts of all the swains,  
And rivals all the fair.  
The beams of Sol delight and cheer,  
While summer seasons roll;  
But Sally's smiles can, all the year,  
Give pleasure to the soul.

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

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

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,  
From morn to eve their tale;  
Her beauty and unspotted fame,  
Make vocal ev'ry vale;  
The stream meandering thro' the mead,  
Her echo'd name conveys;  
And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,  
Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome lass or swain  
To mirthful wake resort,  
Nor ever May-morn on the plain  
Advance in rural sport;  
No more shall gush the purling rill,  
Nor music wake the grove,  
Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,  
When I forget to love.



## Tom Clueline.

THE wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave,  
Scarcely the vessel's sides could lave,  
When in the mizen-top, his stand,  
Tom Clueline taking, spied the land:  
Oh! what reward for all his toil!  
Once more he views his native soil;  
Once more he thanks indulgent fate,  
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the sighs of zephyr flow,  
Tender and plaintive as her woe,  
Serene was the attentive eve,  
That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve:  
"Oh! what avails" cried she "my pain,  
He's swallow'd in the greedy main;  
"Ah! never shall I welcome home,  
"With tender joy, my honest Tom."

Now high upon the faithful shroud,  
The land awhile that seem'd a cloud,  
While objects from the mist arise,  
A feast presents Tom's longing eyes:  
A ribbon near his heart which lay,  
Now see him on his hat display  
The given sign, to shew that fate  
Had brought him to his bonny Kate.

Near to a cliff whose heights command  
A prospect of the shelly strand,  
While Kitty fate and fortune blamed,  
Sudden with rapture she exclaimed—  
"But see, Oh! heaven, a ship in view,  
"My Tom appears among the crew;  
"The pledge he swore to bring safe home,  
"Streams on his hat—'tis honest Tom."

What now remains were easy told,  
Tom comes—his pockets lin'd with gold;  
Now rich enough no more to roam,  
To serve his king—he stays at home:  
Recounts each toil, and shews each fear,  
While Kitty and her constant tar  
With reverence teach, to bless their fates,  
Young honest Toms and bonny Kates.

## New Friend and Pitcher.

IN fortune's arms the rich are poor,  
Uneasy, striving still to hitch her;  
Give me but health, I ask no more,  
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.  
A friend so rare—a girl so fair,  
With such, what mortal can be richer?  
Give me but these, a fig for care,  
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

Let for tune's insects fly my door,  
And in her sun-shine sportive nitch her;  
May those be rich who think me poor,  
With my sweet girl, a friend and pitcher.  
*A friend so rare, &c.*

## The Heart which Love has wounded.

THE heart which love has wounded,  
By fear and death confounded,  
One only thought alarms;  
It mocks the raging ocean,  
The stormy wind's commotion,  
Or din of hostile arms.  
It's wonted cares are banish'd,  
It's early terrors vanish'd,  
It pants with fear unknown;  
Throbs with too fierce pulsation,  
To warm the dull vibration,  
That trembles with its own.

## Love and Despair.

NO more the festive train I'll join,  
Adieu, ye rural sports, adieu!  
For what, alas! have griefs like mine,  
With pastimes or delights to do?  
Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove;  
But I am all despair and love.

Ah, well-a-day! how chang'd am I!  
When late I seiz'd the rural reed,  
So soft my strains, the herds hard by,  
Stood gazing, and forgot to feed:  
But now my strains no longer move,  
They're discord all, despair and love.

Behold around my straggling sheep,  
The fairest once upon the lea;  
No swain to guide, no dog to keep,  
Unhorn they stray, nor mark'd by me:  
The shepherds mourn to see them rove,  
They ask the cause, I answer love.

Neglected love first taught my eyes  
With tears of anguish to o'erflow;  
'Tis that which fill'd my breast with sighs,  
And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe:  
Love has occasion'd all my smart,  
Dispers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

## Sympathy.

FOR tenderness fashion'd in life's early day,  
A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way,  
The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,  
And e'er words were my own, I spoke in a sigh.

The nightingale plunder'd the mate-widow'd dove,  
The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,  
To youth as it ripen'd gave sentiment new,  
The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion still rest in a glow—  
A warmth of more pain may this breast never know!  
Or, if too indulgent the blessing I claim,  
Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the flame

## The Shepherd's Wish

LET others praise the lofty maid,  
Or paint the titled fair;  
Give me, ye gods! the rural lass,  
Who tends her fleecy care;  
Whose auburn tresses sweetly flow  
Around her lovely waist;  
Whose cheeks, like blushing rose-buds glow,  
In some lone desert plac'd;  
Whose lips, untaught in falsehood's wiles,  
Disdain not to impart,  
With artless modesty and truth,  
The language of the heart;

Whose native plains her wishes bound;  
Whose flock is all her store:  
Give me, ye gods! a nymph like this—  
My soul desires no more.

## How sweet to Love.

HOW sweet a torment 'tis to love!  
And ah! how pleasant is the pain!  
I would not, if I could, remove,  
And now put off the am'rous chain.  
Tho' Chloris' eyes do give me laws,  
And me of liberty beguile,  
I, like a martyr, love my cause,  
And on my fair tormentor smile!

## The Fairies Farewell.

FAREWELL rewards and fairies!  
 Good housewives now may say;  
 For now foul sluts in dairies,  
 Do fare as well as they;  
 And though they sweep their hearths no less  
 Than maids were wont to do,  
 Yet who of late for cleanliness  
 Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament old abbies,  
 The fairies' last command;  
 They did but change priests' babies,  
 But some have chang'd your land:  
 And all your children stol'n from thence,  
 Are now grown Puritans,  
 Who live as changlings ever since,  
 For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both,  
 You merry were and glad,  
 So little care of sleep and sloth,  
 These pretty ladies had.  
 When Tom came home from labour,  
 Or Ciss to milking' rose,  
 Then merrily went their tabour,  
 And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays  
 Of theirs, which yet remain;  
 We footed in queen Mary's days  
 On many a grassy plain.  
 But since of late Elizabeth  
 And later James came in,  
 They never danc'd on any heath,  
 As when the time hath bin.

By which we note the fairies  
 Were of the old profession:  
 Their songs were *Ave-Maries*,  
 Their dances were procession.  
 But now, alas! they all are dead,  
 Or gone beyond the seas,  
 Or further for religion fled,  
 Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company  
 They never could endure:  
 And who so kept not secretly  
 Their mirth, was punish'd sure:  
 It was a just and christian deed  
 To pinch such black and blue:  
 O how the common-wealth doth need  
 Such justices, as you!

Now they have left our quarters;  
 A register they have,  
 Who can preserve their charters;  
 A man both wise and grave.  
 An hundred of their merry pranks  
 By one that I could name  
 Are kept in store, con twenty thanks  
 To William for the fame.

To William Churne, of Staffordshire  
 Give laud and praises due,  
 Who every meal can mend your cheer  
 With tales both old and true:  
 To William all give audience,  
 And pray you for his noddle:  
 For all the fairies' evidence  
 Were lost, if it were addle.

## Gentle River.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

BY DR PERCY.

GENTLE river, gentle river,  
 Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,  
 Many a brave and noble captain  
 Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,  
 All beside thy sands so bright,  
 Moorish chiefs and christian warriors  
 Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords and dukes, and noble princes  
 On thy fatal banks were slain:  
 Fatal banks, that gave to slaughter  
 All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo  
 Full of wounds and glory dy'd;  
 There the fearless Urdiales  
 Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra  
 Thro' the squadrons flow retires;  
 Proud Seville, his native city,  
 Proud Seville his worth admires.

Cloze behind, a renegado  
 Loudly shouts with taunting cry;  
 "Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,  
 "Doe'st thou from the battle fly?"

"Well I know thee, haughty christian,  
 "Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;  
 "Oft I've in the lists of glory  
 "Seen thee win the prize of proof.

"Well I know thy aged parents,  
 "Well thy blooming bride I know,  
 "Seven years I was thy captive,  
 "Seven years of pain and woe.

"May our prophet grant my wishes,  
 "Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine;  
 "Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow,  
 "Which I drank when I was thine."

Like a lion turns the warrior,  
 Back he sends an angry glare:  
 Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,  
 Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero full of fury  
 Sent a deep and mortal wound:  
 Instant sunk the Renegado,  
 Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,  
 Brave Saavedra stands at bay:  
 Wearied out, but never daunted,  
 Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo  
 Stout resists the Paynim bands;  
 From his slaughter'd steed dismounted,  
 Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,  
 Furious he repels their rage;  
 Loss of blood at length infeebles:  
 Who can war with thousands wage!

Where yon rock the plain o'er shadows,  
 Cloze beneath it's foot retir'd,  
 Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,  
 And without a groan expir'd.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

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## Brown Befs.

THEN farewell those days of glory,  
At my grief you well may guess;  
Oft have I declar'd my story,  
How I lov'd my poor Brown Befs.

Thirty-eight long years in clover,  
My fond arms she us'd to bless;  
Ten long years and more are over,  
Since I've hugg'd my poor Brown Befs.

Her skin, tho' not so soft and fair, as  
Some nice dames, I must confess,  
Yet as much good time and care, has  
Been employ'd on poor Brown Befs.

Faithful still to ev'ry duty,  
For parade whene'er I'd dress,  
Neat and clean, a polish'd beauty,  
Ever came my poor Brown Befs.

But, alas! those times are past, now  
Age and wounds my frame possess;  
Death I find approaching fast now,  
So farewell, my poor Brown Befs.

In one request, ah! don't oppose me,  
Ere the turf my corps shall press;  
Ere the coffin quite enclose me,  
By my side, place poor Brown Befs.

## The Seaman's Home.

O YOU, whose lives on land are pass'd,  
And keep from dang'rous seas aloof;  
Who careless listen to the blast,  
Or beating rains upon the roof;  
You little heed how seamen fare—  
Condemn'd the angry storm to bear.

Sometimes, while breakers vex the tide,  
He takes his station on the deck;  
And now lash'd o'er the vessel's side,  
He clears away the cumb'ring wreck;  
Yet, while the billows o'er him foam,  
The ocean is his only home.

Still fresher blows the midnight gale,  
"All hands, reef top-fails," are the cries;  
And, while the clouds the Heav'n's conceal,  
Aloft, to reef the sail, he flies!  
In storms so rending, doom'd to roam,  
The ocean is the seaman's home.

## You Shan't, Sir.

JOHNNY met me t'other day,  
Blithe young soldier Johnny;  
"Whither going," he did say,  
"Pretty lass, so bonny?"  
"Stop a while, and let us talk,"—  
"No," says I, "I can't, sir,"  
"Then," says he, "with you I'll walk—"  
"No," says I, "you shan't, sir."

Johnny dropp'd his hand with speed,  
And he kiss'd me sweetly;  
Yes, he truly did, indeed,  
Oh, he did it neatly:—  
Still he cry'd—"come, let us woo,"—  
"No," says I, "I can't, sir,"  
"Then," says he, "I'll gang with you"—  
"No," says I, "you shan't, sir,"

"Come, my dear, be kind," says he,  
"Soothe a lover's sorrow;  
And to church repair with me,  
"Bonny lass, to-morrow;  
"Say you will, and ease my woe"—  
"No," says I, "I can't, sir,"  
"Then," says he, "to war I'll go,"—  
"No," says I, "you shan't, sir."

## Within this Breast.

WITHIN this breast the record lies,  
Of all the vows, the vows he made,  
His lips, but more his tell-tale eyes,  
His inmost soul betray'd;  
How could I shun the pleasing pain,  
When all my doubts were flown?  
Besides, my blushes told the swain,  
My heart was not my own.

## The Recruiting Party.

WITH mingled sounds of drum and fife,  
We follow the recruiting life;  
And as we march through every fair,  
Make girls admire, and bumpkins stare.

With bumpers full we ply Sir Clown,  
Or else produce the well-tim'd crown;  
And lifting first the sturdy elves,  
We gain their sweet-hearts for ourselves.

Dibdin.

## Whiskey.

AIR—"One Bottle more."

RAISE your hearts and your voices, assist me to sing;  
While Whiskey's the word, let the elements ring!  
The foother of sorrow, the solace of care,  
Is Whiskey; for what can with Whiskey compare?

However distinguish'd, still Whiskey for me,  
Be it Native, Staulinky, Raw-chaw, or Sweet-pea.  
The Gob-warming syrup, the Liquor of Life,  
Or Creter, to comfort man, maiden or wife.

Adieu to French brandy, French treaties, and France,  
May their threaten'd invasion be a-la-distance,  
May they still wonder why when in fight we're so  
fir'd!

Nor taste of the *spirit* with which we're inspir'd.

Holland's gin, like its makers, of *taste* is devoid,  
Insipid as big-breech'd, mynheer Jan-van-Zloy'd.  
British beer makes me blithe, French liqueurs make  
me sick,

I'm devoted to Whiskey, to Whiskey I'll stick.

To ladies, to coxcombs, and creatures at court,  
I resign Calcavella, Madeira, and Port,  
O give me but Whiskey, contented I'll sing,  
*Hibernia for ever, and God save the King!*

Hail! Malt, thou great mother of whiskey and ale,  
Without thee, how dull, and how poor each regale;  
Have I nought in my house, save potatoes and salt,  
And a gob-warming draught, O! I'll ne'er be at fault

For punch and potatoes, what land can compare  
With Hibernia? or where find ye maidens more fair?  
What land where you've eating and sheeting so rare:  
How are you, Jack Bull, can yourself beat us there?

Then join me, convivia! Sir Bacchus resign,  
Your post of prime Prince over pipes of Port wine:  
Henceforth let the grape to the barley-corn bow;  
Here's success to the farmer and speed to the plough!

## Come, Volunteers, come.

COME, volunteers, come  
To the head of the drum,  
And all you can mutter along with you bring;  
Leave masters and mothers,  
And fathers and brothers;  
Nor think of a duty but that to your king.

Thou'rt active, young neighbour,  
Then throw off thy labour,  
And swop thy base-pillow for bed of renown;  
Dick, Harry, and Hugh,  
Won't you do so too?

Ten guineas I'll give you, d'y fee, and a crown.

Good linen, and cloaths,  
With hats, shoes, and hose,  
For a gentleman soldier fit every thing;  
To my quarters then come,  
Beer, brandy, and rum,  
Swig your bellies full, and sing God save the king.

## The happy Shepherds.

WHY should we sorrow, who never knew sin!  
Let smiles of content shew our rapture within:  
This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air!  
He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my care!

Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain!  
Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain:  
No more will I sorrow, no longer despair;  
He's sure sent from Heav'n to lighten my care!

## Castle Manor.

PARTNERS of my toils and pleasures,  
To this happy spot repair,  
See how justly Fortune measures  
Favours to the true and fair.  
With chorusses gay,  
Proclaim holiday,  
In praise of the lord of the manor;  
And happy the song  
If it trains old and young,  
In the lessons of Castle Manor.

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## SOPHIA.

When a mutual inclination,  
Once a glowing spark betrays,  
Try with tender emulation,  
Which shall first excite the blaze.  
I plighted my truth  
To a generous youth,  
I found him at Castle Manor;  
To one only be kind,  
And leave fashion behind,  
'Tis the lesson of Castle Manor.

## PEGGY.

Brisk and free, but true to duty,  
Sure I've play'd an honest part,  
Would you purchase love and beauty,  
Be the price a faithful heart.  
Should a knave full of gold,  
Think Peg's to be sold,  
Let him meet me at Castle Manor;  
A bed in the mire,  
To cool his desire,  
Is the lesson of Castle Manor.

## TRUEMORE.

Gallants learn from Truemore's story,  
To associate in the breast,  
Truth and honour, love and glory,  
And to fortune leave the rest.  
My ambition was fame,  
From beauty it came,  
From beauty at Castle Manor;  
'Tis an honour to arms,  
To be led by its charms,  
Like the soldier of Castle Manor.

## ANNETTE.

If I trip in my expression,  
Critics lend a patient ear,  
If coqueting be transgression,  
Sisterhood be not severe.  
To love while we live,  
And all faults to forgive,  
Is the lesson of Castle Manor;  
As friends to our cause  
Bestow your applause,  
And welcome to Castle Manor.

## The Lark's shrill Note.

THE lark's shrill note awakes the morn,  
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;  
The yellow harvest free from spoil,  
Rewards the happy farmer's toil;  
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,  
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.



## Lovely Nan.

SWEET is the ship that under sail  
 Spreads her white bosom to the gale;  
 Sweet, oh sweet's the flowing can;  
 Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar  
 That tugs us to our native shore,  
 When the Postswain pipes—the barge to man:  
 Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze;  
 But oh, much sweeter than all these,  
 Is Jack's delight—his lovely Nan!

The needle, faithful to the north,  
 To shew of constancy the worth,  
 A curious lesson teaches man,  
 The needle, time may rust, a squall  
 Capsize the binacle and all,  
 Let seamanship do all it can:—  
 My love, in worth, shall higher rise,  
 Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize  
 My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboas I was penn'd,  
 For serving of a worthless friend,  
 And ev'ry creature from me ran:  
 No ship performing quarantine,  
 Was ever so deserted seen:  
 None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man:  
 But though false friendship's sails we're furl'd,  
 Though cut adrift by all the world,  
 I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,  
 Love truth and merit to defend,  
 To moan their loss, who hazard ran;  
 I love to take an honest part,  
 Love beauty, and a spotless heart,  
 By manners love to shew the man:  
 To sail through life, by honour's breeze,  
 'Twas all along of loving these,  
 First made me dote on lovely Nan.

Dibdin.

## Edward and Emma.

*From Thompson's Celadon and Amelia.*

THE dreadful storm was over;  
 The moon led on the night;  
 And on each tree and tow'r,  
 Pour'd wide her silver light:  
 I saw a mourner stand,  
 With fix'd and weeping eye;  
 He press'd my trembling hand,  
 And heav'd a heartfelt sigh—

“Oh, stranger we lov'd true,—  
 “But all those days are o'er;  
 “The forked lightning flew;  
 “My true love is no more—  
 “To yon sequester'd glade,  
 “Ah! turn thy melting eye!  
 “See there; my lovely maid,  
 “My Emma, breathless lie!

“I lov'd my Emma dear,  
 “Nor did I plead in vain!  
 “She heard my vows sincere,  
 “And deign'd to love again—  
 “To-morrow she had nam'd,  
 “To ease me of my pain:  
 “Each soft delay I blam'd:  
 “Ah! wretched, wretched swain!

“Eternal powers above,  
 “Accept a lover true!  
 “Great God, that kill'dst my love,  
 “Oh! kill her Edwin too!”  
 No more, alas! he spoke:  
 No more he made his moan:  
 His tender heart was broke:  
 I heard his last sad groan—

## The Boy and the Mantle.

IN Carlisle dwelt king Arthur,  
 A prince of passing might;  
 And there maintain'd his table round,  
 Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas  
 With mirth and princely cheer,  
 When, lo! a strange and cunning boy  
 Before him did appear.

A kirtle, and a mantle  
 This boy had him upon,  
 With broaches, rings, owches  
 Full daintily bedone.

He had a farke of silk  
 About his middle meet;  
 And thus with seemly courtesy,  
 He did king Arthur greet:

“God speed thee, brave king Arthur,  
 “Thus feasting in thy bower,  
 “And Guenever, thy goodly queen,  
 “That fair and peerless flower.

“Ye gallant lords, and lordlings,  
 “I wish you all take heed,  
 “Left, what you deem a blooming rose,  
 “Should prove a canker'd weed.”

Then straitway from his bosom  
 A little wand he drew;  
 And with it eke a mantle  
 Of wondrous shape and hue.

“Now have thou here, king Arthur,  
 “Now have thou here of me,  
 “And give unto thy comely queen,  
 “All shapen as you see.

“No wife it shall become,  
 “That once has been to blame.”  
 Then every knight in Arthur's court  
 Sly glanced at his dame.

And first came lady Guenever,  
 The mantle she must try.  
 This dame, she was new fangled,  
 And of a roving eye.

When she had ta'en the mantle,  
 And all was with it clad,  
 From top to toe it shiver'd down,  
 As tho' with sheers besheared.

One while it was too long,  
 Another while too short,  
 And wrinkled on her shoulders  
 In most unseemly sort.

Now green, now red, it seemed,  
 Then all of fable hue.  
 “Besheared me,” quoth king Arthur,  
 “I think thou beest not true.”

Down she threw the mantle,  
 No longer would she stay;  
 But storming like a fury,  
 To her chamber flew away.

She curs'd the whore-son weaver,  
 That had the mantle wrought:  
 And doubly curs'd the froward imp,  
 Who thither had it brought.

“I had rather live in desarts  
 “Beneath the green-wood tree:  
 “Than here, base king, among thy groomns,  
 “The sport of them and thee.”

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady,  
 And bade her to come near:  
 “Yet dame, if thou be guilty,  
 “I pray thee now forbear.”

This lady, pertly giging,  
With forward step came on,  
And boldly to the little boy  
With fearless face is gone.

When she had ta'en the mantle,  
With purpose for to wear,  
It shrunk up to her shoulder,  
And left behind her bare.

Then every merry knight,  
That was in Arthur's court,  
Gib'd, and laugh'd, and flouted,  
To see that pleasant sport.

Down she threw the mantle,  
No longer bold or gay,  
But with a face all pale and wan,  
To her chamber flunk away.

Then forward came an old knight,  
A pattering o'er his creed;  
And proffer'd to the little boy  
Five nobles to his meed:

"And all the time of Christmas  
"Plum-porridge shall be thine;  
"If thou wilt let my lady fair  
"Within the mantle shine."

A faint this lady seemed,  
With step demure, and slow,  
And gravely to the mantle  
With mincing pace does go.

When she the same had taken,  
That was so fine and thin,  
It shrivell'd all about her,  
And shew'd her dainty skin.

Ah! little did her mincing,  
Or his long prayers' bestead;  
She had no more hung on her,  
Than a tassel and a thread.

Down she threw the mantle;  
With terror and dismay,  
And, with a face of scarlet,  
To her chamber hied away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,  
And bade her to come near:  
"Come, win this mantle, lady,  
"And do me credit here.

"Come, win this mantle, lady,  
"For now it shall be thine,  
"If thou hast never-done amiss,  
"Since first I made thee mine."

The lady gently blushing,  
With modest grace came on,  
And now to try the wond'rous charm,  
Courageously is gone.

When she had ta'en the mantle,  
And put it on her back,  
About the hem it seemed  
To wrinkle and to crack.

"Lye still," she cry'd, "O mantle!  
"And shame me not for nought,  
"I'll freely own whate'er amiss,  
"Or blameful, I have wrought.

"Once I kiss'd sir Cradock,  
"Beneath the green-wood tree:  
"Once I kiss'd sir Cradock's mouth,  
"Before he married me."

When thus she had her shriven,  
And her worst fault had told,  
The mantle soon became her,  
Right comely as it should.

Most rich and fair of colour,  
Like gold it glittering shone:  
And much the knights of Arthur's court  
Admir'd her, every one.

Then towards king Arthur's table  
The boy he turn'd his eye:  
Where stood a boar's head garnished  
With bayes, and rosemary.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head  
His little wand had drawn,  
Quoth he, "there's ne'er a cuckold's knife,  
"Can carve this head of brawn."

Then some their whittles rubbed  
On whetstone, and on hone:  
Some threw them under the table,  
And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife  
Of steel and iron made;  
And in an instant thro' the skull  
He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade,  
Full easily and fast:  
And ev'ry knight in Arthur's court  
A morsel had to taste.

The boy brought forth a horn,  
All golden was the rim:  
Said he, "no cuckold ever can  
"Set mouth unto the brim."

"No cuckold can this little horn  
"Lift fairly to his head:  
"But or on this, or that side,  
"He shall the liquor shed."

Some shed it on their shoulder,  
Some shed it on their thigh;  
And he that could not hit his mouth,  
Was sure to hit his eye.

Thus he that was a cuckold,  
Was known of every man:  
But Cradock lifted easily,  
And won the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn, and mantle  
Were this fair couple's meed:  
And all such constant lovers,  
God send them well to speed.

Then down in rage came Guenever,  
And thus did spiteful say,  
"Sir Cradock's wife most wrongfully  
"Hath borne the prize away.

"See yonder shameless woman,  
"That makes herself so clean;  
"Yet from her pillow taken  
"Thrice five gallants have been.

"Priests, clerks, and wedded men  
"Have her lewd pillow press'd:  
"Yet she the wond'rous prize forsooth  
"Must bear from all the rest."

Then bespeak the little boy,  
Who had the fame in hold:  
"Chastize thy wife, king Arthur,  
"Of speech she is too bold:

"Of speech she is too bold,  
"Of carriage all too free;  
"Sir king, she hath within thy hall  
"A cuckold made of thee.

"All frolic, light and wanton,  
"She hath her carriage borae:  
"And given thee for a kingly crown  
"To wear a cuckold's horn."



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The Jolly Toper.

I'M a hearty good fellow, a ruby nos'd sot,  
Who never yet thought of a treason or plot;  
A bottle that's mellow's the chief of my cares,  
And I guzzle each night, 'till I'm carried up stairs.

On the tombs of the brave ones, the wealthy, and  
wife,  
We are only informed, that "under he lies;"  
'Tis a hint that I like not, a trumpery tale,  
So I now drown the thoughts on't in flaggons of ale.

They may name me for, blockhead, or e'en what  
they will;  
But if wealth, nor if riches, nor wisdom, nor skill,  
Can their owners preserve from a church-yard, or  
priest,  
Why, I'll live as I like it—for method's a jest.

On the lesson of Nature it is that I think,  
For she taught me to love, and she taught me to  
drink;  
To my pleasures full power she taught me to give;  
And I'll stick to her maxims as long as I live.

I've money, good store on't, and spend it I must;  
Be roaring and merry, but honest and just,  
That, cold in my coffin, my landlord may say,  
He's gone, and he's welcome—there's nothing to pay.

Poor Orra think of Yanko dear.

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in "THE ISLANDERS."*

POOR Orra think of Yanko dear,  
Do he, be gone for ever;  
For he no dead, he still live here,  
And he from here go never:  
Like on a sand me mark him face,  
The wave come roll him over;  
De mark he go, but still de place  
'Tis easy to discover.

I see forenow de tree, de flow'r,  
He droop like Orra, surely;  
And den by'm bye dere come a show'r,  
He hold him head up purely:  
And so some time me think me die,  
My heart so sick, he grieve me;  
But in a lillie time me cry  
Good deal, and dat relieve me.

The God of Love.

HOW sweet the rosy blush of morn,  
How charming is the spring!  
When dew bespangle ev'ry thorn,  
And sky-larks sweetly sing:  
Come, then, Florella, let us haste,  
Each happy hour to prove;  
The fragrance of the morn to taste,  
And hail the god of love.

The lambs are sporting on the plain,  
The kids their gambols try:  
And ev'ry nymph, and ev'ry swain,  
With mirth old care defy:  
With chaplets crown'd they dance along,  
Each moment to improve;  
And raise the soft enchanting song,  
To pleasure and to love.

Ah! let not fear thy breast invade,  
That seat of downy peace;  
For all I wish, my charming maid,  
Thy joy is to increase:  
The pow'rs above my vows shall hear,  
Which time cannot remove;  
That I will constant be, my dear,  
To honour and to love.

When War's Alarms.

*Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in "THE CAMP."*

WHEN war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me,  
My poor heart with grief did sigh;  
Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on me,  
'Woke e'er yet the morn was nigh:  
No other could delight him;  
Ah! why did I e'er slight him;  
Coldly answ'ring his fond tale;  
Which drove him far, amid the rage of war,  
And left silly me, thus to bewail.  
But I no longer, tho' a maid forsaken,  
Thus will mourn like yonder dove,  
For e'er the lark to-morrow shall awaken,  
I will seek my absent love:  
The hostile country over  
I'll fly to seek my lover,  
Scorning every threat'ning fear;  
Nor distant shore,  
Nor cannon roar,  
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

## The old Woman of Seventy-two.

WHEN I was young, tho' now am old,  
The men were kind and true;  
But now they're grown so false and bold,  
What can a woman do?  
Now what can a woman do?  
For men are, truly,  
So unruly,  
I tremble at seventy-two?

When I was fair—tho' now so so,  
No hearts were giv'n to rove,  
Our pulses beat nor fast, nor slow,  
But all was faith and love;  
Now what can a woman do?  
For men are, truly,  
So unruly,  
I tremble at seventy-two.

## The Silver Ton'd Trumpet.

WHEN rous'd by the trumpet's loud clangor to arms,  
Reluctant I quitted Eliza's bright charms;  
Tho' honour commanded, yet love fill'd my mind;  
For how could I leave the dear creature behind?  
Yet the rage of the battle with courage I try'd,  
Surviv'd, while the heroes fell fast by my side;  
Love stood my protector in all the alarms,  
While the silver-ton'd trumpet still sounded to arms.

Now olive-rob'd peace kind advances again,  
And her blessings dispenses wide over the plain;  
Return'd to Eliza, we join'd in the throng,  
Where is heard the soft pipe, or the heart-lifting song;  
Each rural amusement with rapture we try,  
While the beams of contentment are form'd in the eye:

*Love stood my protector, &c.*

What mortal like me so transcendently blest,  
When clasp'd by the charmer with joy to her breast?  
The laurel of conquest I give to the wind—  
'Tis nought without true love and honor combin'd;  
But when thus united, how noble the name!  
What envy must wait on so happy a fame?

*Love stood my protector, &c.*

## Ever Welcome.

COME, ye party jangling swains,  
Leave your flocks, and quit the plains;  
Friends to country, friends to court,  
Nothing here shall spoil our sport.  
Ever welcome to our feast,  
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Little gaudy fluttering misses,  
Smiling hopes of future blisses;  
Laughing dames, and virgins gay,  
Sprightly widows, come away!

*Ever welcome, &c.*

All that rip'ning sun can bring,  
Beauteous summer, beauteous spring;  
In one varying scene we show,  
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.

*Ever welcome, &c.*

Comus jesting, music charming,  
Mirth inspiring, beauty warming;  
Rage and party malice flies,  
Peace returns and discord dies.

*Ever welcome, &c.*

## Gaffer Grey.

HO! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Grey,  
And why dost thou nose look so blue?  
" 'Tis the weather is cold,  
" And I'm very old,  
" And my doublet is not very new, well-a-day!"  
Then line thy worn doublet with ale, Gaffer Grey!  
And warm thy old heart with a glass;  
" Nay, but money I've none,  
" And my credit's all gone,  
" Then say how may that come to pass? well-a-day!"  
Hie away to the house on the brow, Gaffer Grey,  
And knock at the jolly priest's door,  
" He has often supplied me,  
" And never denied me,  
" But—I dare not go there any more, well-a-day!"

The lawyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Grey,  
For candour and justice rever'd;  
" He will fasten his locks,  
" And hint that the stocks  
" For vagrants and rogues are prepar'd, well-a-day!"  
The squire has fat beeves and brown ale, Gaffer Grey,  
And the season will open his store;  
" His fat beeves and his beer,  
" And his merry new year,  
" Are all for the honest, tho' poor, well-a-day!"  
The wicked and idle in youth, Gaffer Grey!  
Must expect to be poor when they're old;  
" Alas, the hard fate,  
" To feel when too late,  
" The truth I have ever been told, well-a-day!"

## Jockey of Aberdeen.

WITH tuneful pipe, and merry glee,  
Young Jockey won my heart;  
A bonnier lad you ne'er could see,  
All beauty without art.  
In Aberdeen there ne'er was seen,  
A lad so blithe and gay;  
His glancing eyn, and comely mein,  
Has stole my heart away.

Young Jemmy courts with artful song,  
But vain is a' his love;  
My Jockey blithe has lov'd me long,  
To him I'll constant prove.

*In Aberdeen, &c.*

No more shall I of sorrow know,  
Nor ever more complain,  
Nor fear my mammy's threats, I trow,  
Now Jockey is mine ain.

*In Aberdeen, &c.*

## Cease a while ye Winds to blow.

CEASE awhile ye winds to blow,  
Cease ye roaring streams to flow;  
Hush'd be every other noise,  
I want to hear my lover's voice.

*Cease, &c.*

Here's the brook, the rock, the tree,  
Hark! a sound! I think 'tis he!  
'Tis not he, yet night comes on,  
Where's my lovely wand'rer gone.

*Cease, &c.*

Loud I'll speak to make him hear,  
'Tis I who calls my true love dear;  
The time is come, why this delay?  
Alas! my wand'rer's lost his way.

*Cease, &c.*



We'll drink, and we'll never have done, Boys.

**W**E'LL drink, and we'll never have done, boys,  
Put the glass then around with the fun, boys.  
Let Apollo's example invite us,  
For he's drunk ev'ry night,  
That makes him so bright,  
That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a christian's diversion,  
Unknown both to Turk and to Persian,  
Let Mahometan fools  
Live by heathenish rules,  
And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee,  
While the brave Britons sing,  
And drink health to their king,  
And a fig for their Sultan and Sophy.

### The dying Thrush.

**A** DYING thrush young Edwy found,  
As flutt'ring in a field of snow;  
Its little wings with ice were bound,  
A while its heart forgot to glow:  
In eager haste he homeward ran,  
The quiv'ring charge to me resign'd—  
"Oh! save it, Celia, if you can,  
Protect it from the wintry wind."

My bosom prest the trembling thing,  
And bade its little pris'ner live;  
But, ah! that bosom felt a sting,  
The panting warbler ne'er could give:  
With sweet concern, young Edwy cry'd,  
"Can Celia save the dying thrush?"  
"Perhaps" I said—and fondly sigh'd,  
Which shame transported to a blush.

He cry'd, "my Celia, why that sigh?  
"And why that blush, the bird is free?"  
"But pity beams in Celia's eyes,  
"Ah! let it, fair one, beam on me:"  
My heart approv'd his pleasing claim,  
Tho' fain to hide the rebel strove;  
For pity bore a dearer name,  
"I was now converted into love."

### Young Phillis.

**Y**OUNG Phillis was the brightest lass,  
Ah! who so sprightly fair as she?  
None tripp'd so light the verdant grass;  
None caroll'd with so sweet a glee.  
But mark the dire reverse of fate,  
Each rural nymph and shepherd gay,  
Young Colin came, a youth complete,  
Like April smiling, fresh as May.  
His cheek diffus'd the peach's bloom,  
His lip the ripen'd strawb'ries glow;  
And when his rustic voice he'd tune,  
Like wood-lark's, liquid notes would flow.  
Now Phillis feels a lambent flame  
Encrease with every ardent gaze;  
She sighs, she breathes, young Colin's name,  
And fans her passion to a blaze.  
And now full heavy droops her head;  
How chang'd, how pale; ah, well-a-day,  
Now ev'ry youthful charm is fled,  
And like the spring all pass'd away.  
In tears she left the sportive plain,  
With grief she left the willow grove,  
Where friendly death soon eas'd her pain,  
And dying she confess'd her love.

### Edwin and Ella.

**S**EE, beneath yon bower of roses,  
Sweetly sleeps the heav'nly maid,  
'Tis my gentle love reposes,  
Softly tread the sacred shade.  
Mark the loves that play around her,  
Mark my Ella's graceful mien,  
See the wood-nymphs all around her,  
Hailing Ella, beauty's queen.  
Flutt'ring Cupids round defending,  
Soft expand their filken wings;  
From the zephyr's breath descending,  
Ev'ry sweet that round her springs.  
Swift obedient to thy duty,  
Fancy from thy airy throne,  
Whisper to the sleeping beauty,  
Edwin lives for her alone.

### The Lads of fair Wone.

#### A BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

**B**ESIDE the parson's bower of yew  
Why strays a troubled spright,  
That peaks and pines, and dimly shines  
Thro' curtains of the night?  
Why steals along the pond of toads  
A gliding fire so blue,  
That lights a spot where grows no grass,  
Where falls no rain nor dew?  
The parson's daughter once was good,  
And gentle as the dove,  
And young and fair, — and many came  
To win the damsel's love.  
High o'er the hamlet, from the hill,  
Beyond the winding stream,  
The windows of a stately house  
In sheen of evening gleam,  
There dwelt, in riot, rout, and roar,  
A lord so frank and free;  
That oft, with inward joy of heart,  
The maid beheld his glee.  
Whether he met the dawning day,  
In hunting trim so fine?  
Or tapers, sparkling from his hall,  
Beshone the midnight wine.  
He sent the maid his picture, girt  
With diamond, pearl, and gold;  
And filken-paper, sweet with musk,  
This gentle message told:  
"Let go thy sweethearts, one and all;  
Shalt thou be basely woo'd,  
That worthy art to gain the hearts  
Of youths of noble blood?  
The tale I would to thee bewray,  
In secret must be said:  
At midnight hour I'll seek thy bower;  
Fair lads, be not afraid.  
And when the am'rous nightingale  
Sings sweetly to his mate,  
I'll pipe my quail-call from the field:  
Be kind, nor make me wait."  
In cap and mantle clad he came,  
At night, with lonely tread;  
Unseen, and silent as a mist,  
And hush'd the dogs with bread.  
And when the am'rous nightingale  
Sung sweetly to his mate,  
She heard his quail-call in the field,  
And, ah! ne'er made him wait.  
The words he whisper'd were so soft,  
They won her ear and heart:  
How soon will she, who loves, believe!  
How deep a lover's art!

No lure, no soothing guise, he spar'd,  
To banish virtuous shame;  
He call'd on holy God above,  
As witness to his flame.

He clasp'd her to his breast, and swore  
To be for ever true:

"O yield thee to my wishful arms,  
Thy choice thou shalt not rue."

And while she strove, he drew her on,  
And led her to the bow'r  
So still, so dim—and round about  
Sweet smelt the beans in flow'r.

There beat her heart, and heav'd her breast  
And pleaded every sense;  
And there the glowing breath of lust  
Did blast her innocence.

But when the fragrant beans began  
Their fallow blooms to shed,  
Her sparkling eyes their lustre lost;  
Her cheek, its roses fled:

And when she saw the pods increase,  
The ruddi'r cherries stain,  
She felt her filken robe grow tight,  
Her waist new weight sustain.

And when the mowers went afield,  
The yellow corn to ted,  
She felt her burden stir within,  
And shook with tender dread.

And when the winds of autumn hift  
Along the stubble field;  
Then could the damsel's piteous plight  
No longer be conceal'd.

Her fire, a harsh and angry man,  
With furious voice revild:  
"Hence from my sight! I'll none of thee—  
I harbour not thy child."

And fast, amid her flutt'ring hair,  
With clenched fist he gripes,  
And seiz'd a leathern thong, and lash'd  
Her side with foundering stripes.

Her lily skin, so soft and white,  
He ribb'd with bloody whales;  
And thrust her out, tho' black the night,  
Tho' fleet and storm affails.

Up the harsh rock, on flinty paths,  
The damsel had to roam;  
On tott'ring feet she grop'd her way,  
And fought her lover's home.

"A mother thou hast made of me,  
Before thou mad'st a wife:  
For this, upon my tender breast,  
These livid stripes are rise:

Behold."—And then, with bitter sobs,  
She sank upon the floor—  
"Make good the evil thou hast wrought;  
My injur'd name restore."

"Poor soul; I'll have thee hous'd and nurs'd,  
Thy terrors I lament.  
Stay here; we'll have some further talk—  
The old one shall repent."

"I have no time to rest and wait;  
That saves not my good name:  
If thou with honest soul hast sworn,  
O leave me not to shame;

But at the holy altar be  
Our union sanctified;  
Before the people and the priest  
Receive me for thy bride."

"Unequal matches must not blot  
The honours of my line:  
Art thou of wealth or rank for me,  
To harbour thee as mine?"

What's fit and fair I'll do for thee;  
Shalt yet retain my love—  
Shalt wed my huntsman—and we'll then  
Our former transports prove."

"Thy wicked soul, hard hearted man,  
May pangs in hell await!  
Sure, if not suited for thy bride—  
I was not for thy mate.

Go, seek a spouse of nobler blood,  
Nor God's just judgments dread,—  
So shall, e're long, some base-born wretch  
Defile thy marriage-bed.—

Then, traitor, feel how wretched they  
In hopeless shame immerst;  
Then smite thy forehead on the wall,  
While horrid curses burst.

Roll thy dry eyes in wild despair—  
Unsooth'd thy grinning woe:  
Thro' thy pale temples fire the ball,  
And sink to fiends below."

Collected then, she started up,  
And, thro' the hissing fleet,  
Thro' thorn and bri'r, thro' flood and mire,  
She fled with bleeding feet.

"Where now," she cry'd, "my gracious God?  
What refuge have I left?"  
And reach'd the garden of her home,  
Of hope in man bereft.

On hand and foot she feebly crawl'd  
Beneath the bow'r unblest;  
Where with'ring leaves and gath'ring snow,  
Prepar'd her only rest.

There rend'ring pains and darting throes  
Affail'd her shudd'ring frame;  
And from her womb, a lovely boy  
With wail and weeping came.

Forth from her hair a silver pin  
With hasty hand she drew,  
And prest against its tender heart,  
And the sweet babe she flew.

Soon as the act of blood was done,  
Her soul its guilt abhor'd:  
"My Jesus! what has been my deed?  
Have mercy on me, Lord!"

With bloody nails, beside the pond,  
Its shallow grave she tore:  
"There rest in God; there shame and want  
Thou can'st not suffer more:

Me vengeance waits. My murder'd child,  
Thy wound shall bleed afresh,  
When ravens from the gallows tear  
Thy mother's mould'ring flesh."

Hard by the bow'r her gibbet stands:  
Her skull is still to show;  
It seems to eye the barren grave,  
Three spans in length below.

That is the spot where grows no grass;  
Where falls no rain nor dew:  
Whence steals along the pond of toads  
A hov'ring fire so blue.

And nightly, when the ravens come,  
Her ghost is seen to glide;  
Pursue and try to quench the flame,  
And pine the pool beside.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language; forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

'Twas neither Shape nor Feature.

Sung by Mr. Johnston in the Opera of "*The Flitch of Bacon*."

**N**O, 'twas neither shape nor feature,  
Made me own your sov'reign sway;  
Even these proudest gifts of Nature,  
Could have triumph'd but a day!  
Could have triumph'd but a day!

Beauty's graces, tho' inviting,  
Scarce the ravis'd sense will bind;  
But, with virtue, charms uniting  
Steal love's fetters o'er the mind.  
Steal love's fetters o'er the mind.

Sequel to "No, 'twas neither Shape nor Feature."

**Y**ES, 'twas friendship did unite us;  
'Twas that sacred bond of peace;  
Heav'n decreed should fill delight us,  
When love's passion did decrease.  
When love's passion did decrease.

Love delights, when youth is blooming;  
But when age has drawn the veil:  
Then 'tis friendship, power assuming  
Gives a charm can never fail.  
Gives a charm can never fail.

*Julia Weiray.*

Lovely Virgins.

**L**OVELY virgins, in your prime,  
Mark the silent flight of time;  
Fortune's gifts should she disclose,  
Quickly chuse what she bestows:  
Youth and beauty soon decay,  
Love and youth fly swift away.

Let not age thy bloom ensnare,  
You can find no pleasure there;  
Fleeting joys you'll seek in vain,  
Joys that ne'er return again;  
Transient joys you'll seek in vain,  
Joys that ne'er return again.

Ev'ry minute thus improve,  
Fleeting those of joy and love;  
Wifely think the young and gay,  
But the tenants of a day;  
Wifely think the young and gay,  
But the tenants of a day.

'Midst Silent Shades.

**M**IDST silent shades and purling streams,  
The god of love supinely dreams  
In rosy and fantastic chains,  
He leads deluded nymphs and swains;  
But if the trumpet's loud alarms,  
Excite to deeds of manly arms;  
As the tremendous sounds arise,  
The coward boy in terror flies;  
On filken wings he cuts the air,  
Scar'd at the thunder of the war.

Dear Mary, adieu.

**F**AREWELL to Old England, thy white cliffs  
adieu!

Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from you?  
Tho' oceans divide me as wide as the pole,  
No distance can change the true love of my soul!  
As well might my messmates determine to bale  
All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great pail,  
As divert my firm mind from its fond thought of  
you;

Farewell to Old England, dear Mary, adieu!

*Farewell, &c.*

Dear Mary, adieu! can that love go to wreck,  
Where ev'ry plank bears your sweet name on the  
deck?

Nay, many love knots on the tops I have made,  
While guileless my shipmates at chequers have  
play'd:

Their sports are no pastime, but sorrow to me,  
My mind is more happy in fighting to thee;  
More happy, by far, when I'm thinking of you;  
For the hope of return takes the sting from adieu!

*For the hope, &c.*

Yes, the hope of return's all the joy of a tar;  
'Tis his compass, his helm; 'tis his guide and his  
star;

'Tis impress'd on his bosom the moment he sails;  
It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales:  
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,  
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day;  
With rapture it makes his affections to burn,  
And changes adieu! into—welcome return.

*And changes, &c.*

## The Roast Beef of Old England.

## RECITATIVE.

**T**WAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,  
Where sad despair with famine ever dwells,  
A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandfire's cook,  
As home he steer'd his carcass, that way took:  
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir-loin,  
On whom he often wish'd, in vain, to dine:  
Good father Dominick by chance came by,  
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye,  
Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,  
His benediction on it he bestow'd;  
And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,  
He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd.

AIR—"A lovely Lads to a Friar came."

Oh rare roast beef! lov'd by mankind,  
If I was doom'd to have thee,  
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,  
And swimming in thy gravy,  
Not all thy country's force combin'd  
Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir-loin, oft times decreed  
The theme of English ballad;  
On thee ev'n kings have deign'd to feed,  
Unknown to Frenchmen's palates:  
Then how much doth thy taste exceed  
Soup-maigre, frogs, and fallad!

## RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd foldier, shirtless, pale and lean,  
Who such a sight before had never seen,  
Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,  
And gaz'd with wonder on the British food;  
His morning's melfs forsook the friendly bowl,  
And in small streams along the pavement stole.  
He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,  
And then, in plaintive tones, declar'd his grief.

AIR—"Foot's Minuet."

Ah, sacre Dieu, vat do I see yonder,  
Dat look so tempting red and vite;  
Begar, it is de roast beef from Londre;  
Oh! granta me von letel bite.  
But to my guts if you give no heeding,  
And cruel fate dis boon denies;  
In kind compassion unto my pleading,  
Return and let me feast my eyes.

## RECITATIVE.

His fellow guard, of true Hibernian clay,  
Whose brazen front his country did betray,  
From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,  
By honest means to gain his daily bread.  
Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,  
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd:

AIR—"Ellen-a-Roon."

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,  
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,  
So taking thy sight is,  
My joy, that so light is,  
To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.  
While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing.  
Ah, hard-hearted Louis,  
Why did I come to you?  
The gallows, more kind, would have kept me from  
starving.

## RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground, hard by, poor Sawney fate,  
Who fed his nose, and scratched his ruddy pate;  
But when old England's bulwark he espy'd,  
His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside;  
With lifted hand he bless'd his native place,  
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case:

AIR—"The Broom of Cowdenknows."

How hard, oh! Sawney is thy lot,  
Who was so blithe of late,  
To see such meat as can't be got,  
When hunger is so great!  
O the beef! the bonny, bonny beef,  
When roasted nice and brown;  
I wish I had a slice of thee,  
How sweet it would gang down!

Ah! Charley hadst thou not been seen,  
This ne'er had happ'd to me;  
I would the de'el had pick'd thine ey'n  
Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.

O the beef, &c.

## RECITATIVE.

But, see! my Muse, to England takes her flight,  
Where health and plenty socially unite;  
Where smiling Freedom guards great George's throne  
And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.  
Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,  
In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

AIR—"The Roast Beef of Old England."

As once on a time, a young frog pert and vain,  
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,  
He boasted the size he could quickly attain.  
O the roast beef of Old England,  
And O the Old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,  
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,  
Cry'd, "son to attempt it you're surely to blame."  
O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, and for glory a thirst,  
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,  
'Till swelling and straining too hard, made him burst.  
O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear,  
The Ox is Old England, the Frog is Monsieur;  
Who's puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.  
O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able  
To see the Sir-loin smoking hot on our table,  
The French may e'en burst, like the frog in the fable.  
O the roast beef, &c.

## The Bacchanalian.

**B**ACCHUS, jolly god of glasses,  
Having goblets, bumpers, bowls,  
By whom the night so joyous passes,  
With true Bacchanalian souls;  
Grant me all the ardent wishes,  
That true Bacchanals e'er crave,  
Whilst alive to drink like fishes,  
And when dead a winy grave.

Bind my brows with juicy bunches,  
In each hand ordain a flask,  
Free from dull insipid dunces,  
Let me only love my cask;  
From Cupid's secret pow'r defend me,  
Let no foppish arts be mine,  
With good fellows but defend me,  
And a cask of mellow wine.

With a belly like a barrel  
Bless me, and a ruby nose,  
Make me ne'er to swear or quarrel,  
But preserve myself from blows;  
Let me swim my days in sherry,  
Ever free from care or pain,  
And when dead, my carcass bury  
In a river of champagne.



## The bonny Lafs in yon Town.

**W**AT ye wha's in yon town,  
Ye see the e'ning fun upon ?  
The dearest maid's in yon town  
That e'ning fun is shining on.  
How haply down yon gay green faw,  
He wanders by yon spreading tree ;  
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,  
Ye catch the glances o' her ee ;  
How blest ye birds that near her sing,  
And welcome in the blooming year ;  
And doubly welcome be the spring,  
The season to my Jamie dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,  
Amang the broomy braes fae green ;  
But my delight in yon town,  
And rearest pleasure is my Jean :  
Without my fair not a' the charms,  
O' Paradise could yield me joy ;  
But gie me Jeanie in my arms,  
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky ;  
My cave wad be a lover's bow'r,  
Tho' raging winter rent the air ;  
And she a lovely little flow'r,  
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,  
The singing sun's gane down upon ;  
A fairer than's in yon town,  
His setting beam near shone upon.

## Toppers' Lessons.

**B**ACCHUS one day gaily striding  
On his never failing tun,  
Sneaking empty pots deriding,  
Thus address'd each toping son :

Praise the joys that never vary,  
And adore the liquid shrine ;  
All things noble, gay, and airy,  
Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.  
Ancient heroes, crown'd with glory,  
Owe their noble rise to me ;  
Poets write the flaming story,  
Fir'd by my divinity.

If my influence is wanting,  
Music's charms but slowly move ;  
Beauty too, in vain is panting,  
Till I fill the swains with love.

If you crave a lasting pleasure,  
Mortals this way bend your eyes ;  
From my ever flowing treasure,  
Charming scenes of bliss arise,  
Here's the soothing balmy blessing,  
Sole dispeller of your pain ;  
Gloomy souls from care releasing,  
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

## Ah sure a Pair.

**A**H sure a pair was never seen  
So justly form'd to meet by nature !  
The youth excelling so in mien,  
The maid in every graceful feature.  
O how happy are such lovers,  
When kindred beauties each discovers !  
For surely she was made for thee,  
And thou to blest this charming creature.  
So mild your looks, your children thence  
Will early learn the task of duty,  
The boys with all their father's sense,  
The girls with all their mother's beauty.

O how charming to inherit  
At once such graces and such merit !  
Thus while you live, may fortune give  
Each blessing equal to your merit !

Sheridan.

## Lazy Jonny.

**W**HY, my swain, so blithe and clever,  
Do you leave me all in sorrow ?  
Three whole days are gone for ever,  
Since you said you'd come to-morrow.  
If you lov'd but half as I do,  
You'd been here with looks so bonny,  
Love has flying wings, I well know,  
Not for ling'ring lazy Jonny.

What can he be now a doing ?  
Is he with the lasses maying ?  
He had better here be wooing,  
Than with others fondly playing.  
Tell me truly where he's roving,  
That I may no longer sorrow ;  
If he's weary grown of loving,  
Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee ?  
Let her be the happy creature ;  
I'll not plague myself to chide thee ;  
Nor dispute with her a feature.  
But I can no longer tarry,  
Nor will I kill myself with sorrow ;  
I may lose the time to marry,  
If I stay beyond to-morrow.

Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me,  
If I'm yours, away no longer,  
If you won't, some one will have me,  
I may cool, but not grow fonder.  
If your lovers, girls, forsake you,  
Whine not to despair and sorrow ;  
Blest another lad may make ye,  
Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

## O, I hae seen the Roses blaw.

**O** ! I hae seen the roses blaw,  
The heather-bloom, the broom and a',  
The lily spring as white as snaw,  
With a' their native splendor :  
Yet Mary's sweeter on the green,  
As fresh an' fair as Flora queen,  
Mair staitly than the branching bean,  
And like the ivy slender.  
In nature like a summer day,  
Transcendent as a sunny ray,  
Her shape and air is frank and gay,  
Wi' a' that's sweet an' tender.

While lavrocks sing their chearfu' lays,  
An' shepherds brush the dewy breas,  
To meet wi' Mary's bonny face,  
Amang the shades I wander.  
My captive breast, (by fancy led)  
Adores the sweet, the lovely maid,  
We ilka smile and charm array'd,  
To make a heart surrender.  
I love her mair than bees do flow'rs,  
Or birds the spreading leafy bow'rs ;  
Her presence yields me what the show'rs  
To hills and vallies render.

Cou'd I obtain my charmer's love,  
Mair stable than a rock I'd prove ;  
Wi' a' the meekness of a dove,  
To ilka pleasure hand her :  
If she wad like a shepherd lad,  
I'd change my cane for crook an' plaid,  
Upon the hill tune up the reed,  
An' wi' a' sang commend her.  
For her I'd live a life remote,  
Wi' her I'd love a rustic cott,  
There blest kind fortune for my lot,  
And ilka comfort lend her.

## Cupid's Revenge.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN UPON THE MARRIAGE  
OF KING HENRY VI.

**A** KING once reign'd beyond the seas,  
As we in ancient stories find,  
Whom no fair face could ever please ;  
He cared not for womankind :

He despis'd the sweetest beauty,  
And the greatest fortune too ;  
At length he married to a beggar ;  
See what Cupid's dart can do !

The blinded boy that shoots so trim,  
Did to his closet-window steal ;  
And drew a dart, and shot at him,  
And made him soon his pow'r to feel.

He that never cared for women,  
But did females ever hate,  
At length was smitten, wounded, swooned,  
For a beggar at his gate.

For mark what happen'd on a day ;  
As he look'd from his window high,  
He spy'd a beggar all in grey,  
With two more in her company :

She his fancy soon enflamed,  
And his heart was grieved sore ;  
What ! must I have her, court her, crave her ?  
I, that never lov'd before ?

This noble prince of high renown,  
Did to his chamber strait repair,  
And on his couch he laid him down,  
Oppress'd with love-sick grief and care.

Ne'er was a monarch so surpriz'd ;  
Here I lye her captive slave !  
But I'll to her, court her, woo her ;  
She must heal the wound she gave.

Then to his palace-gate he goes ;  
The beggars crave his charity ;  
A purse of gold to them he throws ;  
With thankful hearts away they hie.

But the king he call'd her to him,  
Tho' she was but poor and mean :  
His hand did hold her, while he told her,  
She should be his stately queen.

At this she blush'd scarlet red,  
And on this mighty king did gaze !  
Then strait again as pale as lead ;  
Alas, she was in such amaze !

Hand in hand they walk'd together ;  
And the king did kindly say,  
That he'd respect her : strait they deck'd her  
In most sumptuous rich array.

He did appoint the wedding-day ;  
And likewise then commanded strait  
The noble lords and ladies gay  
Upon his gracious queen to wait.

She appear'd a splendid beauty,  
All the court did her adore ;  
And in a marriage, with a carriage,  
As if she'd been a queen before.

Her fame thro' all the realms did ring,  
Altho' she came of parents poor :  
She, by her sov'reign lord and king,  
Did bear one son, and eke no more.

All the nobles were well pleased,  
And the ladies frank and free,  
For her behaviour always gave her  
Title to her dignity.

At length the king and queen were laid  
Together in a silent tomb ;  
Their royal son their sceptre sway'd,  
Who govern'd in his father's room.

Long in glory did he flourish,  
Wealth and honour to increase ;  
Still possessing such a blessing,  
That he liv'd and reign'd in peace.

## Gentle Herdsman.

**G**ENTLE herdsman, tell to me,  
Of courtesy I thee pray,  
Unto the town of Walsingham  
Which is the right and ready way.

" Unto the town of Walsingham  
" The way is hard for to be gone ;  
" And very crooked are those paths  
" For you to find out all alone."

Were the miles doubled thrice,  
And the way never so ill,  
'Twere not enough for mine offence ;  
It is so grievous and so ill.

" Thy years are young, thy face is fair,  
" Thy wits are weak, thy thoughts are green ;  
" Time hath not given thee leave, as yet,  
" For to commit to great a sin."

Yes, herdsman, yes, so wouldst thou say,  
If thou knewest so much as I,  
My wits, and thoughts, and all the rest,  
Have well deserved for to die.

I am not what I seem to be,  
My clothes and sex do differ far,  
I am a woman, woe is me !  
Born to grief and irksome care

For my belov'd, and well-belov'd,  
My wayward cruelty could kill :  
And though my tears will nought avail,  
Most dearly I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble knights,  
None ever more sincere could be ;  
Of comely mien and shape he was,  
And tenderly he loved me.

When thus I saw he lov'd me well,  
I grew so proud his pain to see,  
That I, who did not know myself,  
Thought scorn of such a youth as he.

And grew so coy and nice to please,  
As women's looks are often so,  
He might not kiss my hand forsooth,  
Unless I willed him so to do.

Thus being wearied with delays,  
To see I pitied not his grief,  
He got him to a secret place,  
And there he dyed without relief.

And for his sake these weeds I wear,  
And sacrifice my tender age :  
And every day I'll beg my bread,  
To undergo this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,  
And ever will do till I die ;  
And get me to some secret place,  
For so did he, and so will I.

Now, gentle herdsman, ask no more,  
But keep my secrets I thee pray ;  
Unto the town of Walsingham  
Show me the right and ready way.

" Now go thy ways, and God before !  
" For he must ever guide thee still :  
" Turn down that dale, the right hand path,  
" And so, fair Pilgrim, face thee well !"



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language; worth preserving—forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

*The publisher is happy at having it in his power to present the following lines, written by GRAY, which have not appear'd in any edition of that celebrated author's works.*

THYRSIS, when we parted, swore  
Ere the spring he would return,  
Ah! what means, yon violet flow'r,  
And the buds that deck the thorn?  
'Twas the lark that upward sprung,  
'Twas the nightingale that sung.

Idle notes! untimely green!  
Why this unavailing haste?  
Western gales and skies serene  
Speak not always winter past.  
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move;  
Spare the honour of my love.

#### Whither, my Love.

WHITHER, my love, ah! whither art thou gone?  
Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn?  
Say, by thy heart can falsehood e'er be known,  
Ah! no, I judge it by my own.

The heart he gave with so much care,  
Which treasure'd in my breast I wear;  
Still for its master beats alone,  
I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.

#### When Yanko, Dear.

WHEN Yanko, dear, fight far away,  
Some token kind me send;  
One branch of olive, for dat say,  
Me wish the battle end:

De poplar tremble while him go,  
Say of dy life take care;  
Me send no laurel, for me know  
Of dat he find him share.

De ivy say my heart be true,  
Me droop, say willow tree;  
De torn, he say, me sick for you,  
De fun flow'r tink of me:

'Till last me go weep wid de pine,  
For fear poor Yanko dead;  
He come, and I de myrtle twine,  
In chaplet for him head.

#### The Jew's Description.

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,  
But health and good humour, to make her his  
toast,  
If strait, I don't mind whether slender or fat,  
Or six feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

*We'll ne'er, &c.*

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care,  
If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair;  
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples shou'd see,  
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

*Let her, &c.*

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,  
And her eyes may be—faith any colour but green;  
For in eyes, tho' so various the lustre and hue,  
I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

*Only let, &c.*

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,  
And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;  
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,  
But I only desire—the mayn't have a beard.

*She mayn't, &c.*

*Sheridan.*

#### A Tar's Sympathy.

I'VE known what 'tis to face a foe,  
Where Death has laid his hundreds low,  
What 'tis fatigues to undergo,  
That might appall our nature;  
Yet never was a truth more clear,  
That man's in danger, least in fear,  
Whose heart can shed a generous tear,  
T'relieve a fellow creature.

I've seen stout hearts of whom one wave  
Has in a moment made a grave,  
Whose lives not all the world could save;  
These things affect our nature,  
But not so much as when the heart,  
Some ray of comfort to impart,  
Swells up a generous tear to start,  
T'relieve a fellow creature.

## Beauty's Votary.

**T**O beauty born, a willing slave,  
A merry happy man;  
I slight the nymph I cannot have,  
And doat on those I can.

This constant maxim still I hold,  
To baffle all despair;  
The froward ugly are and old,  
The kind are young and fair.

The women wou'd no more perplex,  
Were men resolv'd and free;  
Soft smiles become the charming sex,  
No pouting Mifs for me.

*This constant maxim, &c.*

In wedlock's bands if e'er I join,  
Good humour be my guide;  
Let dimple smiles and love be mine,  
I laugh at female pride.

*This constant maxim, &c.*

## To-day and To-morrow.

**L**ET those who would wish to hear reason,  
Attend to the lesson I give,  
Since To-day is for pleasure the season,  
O seize the dear moment and live;  
'Tis a maxim we all must remember,  
While the sun shines, be sure to make hay;  
Which reminds us from June to December,  
We ought to make much of To-day.

Away then with care and with sorrow,  
And all which may burden the mind;  
He who pleasure puts off till To-morrow,  
Loses that which he wishes to find.  
The present for mirth is the hour,  
The present the time to be gay:  
With haste let us take then the flower,  
Which can only be gather'd To-day.

Our condition as quickly may vary,  
As the wind, or the tide, or the moon,  
Our schemes and our projects miscarry,  
Nay e'en Death may o'ertake us as soon.  
Then since, life is no more than a bubble,  
Enjoy all its gifts whilst you may;  
To-morrow may enter with trouble,  
Then at least be secure of To-day.

## The Tobacco Pipe.

**P**RETTY tube of mighty power,  
Charmer of an idle hour;  
Object of my hot desire,  
Lip of wax, and eye of fire;  
And thy snowy taper waist,  
With my finger gently brac'd;  
And thy lovely swelling crest,  
With my bended stopper prest;  
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,  
Breathing from thy balmy kisses:  
Happy thrice, and thrice again—  
Happiest he of happy men!

Who, when again the night returns,  
When again the taper burns;  
When again the crickets gay,  
(Little crickets full of play)  
Can afford his tube to feed  
With the fragrant Indian weed;  
Pleasure for a nose divine,  
Incense of the god of wine!  
Happy thrice, and thrice again—  
Happiest he of happy men!

## The despairing Damsel.

RECITATIVE.

**T**WAS when the seas were roaring  
With hollow blasts of wind,  
A damsel lay deplo'ring,  
All on a rock reclin'd!  
Wide o'er the foaming billows  
She cast a wishful look;  
Her head was crown'd with willows  
That trembl'd o'er the brook.

AIR.

" Twelve months are gone and over,  
" And nine long tedious days;  
" Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,  
" Why didst thou trust the seas?  
" Cease, cease thou troubled ocean,  
" And let my lover rest;  
" Ah! what's thy troubled motion  
" To that within my breast?  
" The merchant robb'd of treasure,  
" Views tempests with despair;  
" But what's the loss of treasure  
" To losing of my dear?  
" Should you some coast be laid on,  
" Where gold and di'monds grow,  
" You'd find a richer maiden,  
" But none that lov'd you so.  
" How can they say that Nature  
" Has nothing made in vain;  
" Why, then, beneath the water,  
" Do hideous rocks remain?  
" No eyes those rocks discover,  
" That lurk beneath the deep,  
" To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
" And leave the maid to weep."

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

*Gay.*

## The happy Return.

**T**WELVE months are pass'd, since on this strand,  
In sad distress we parted,  
And as the boat forsook the land,  
The oar my hand deserted,  
My eyes on yours were fondly bent,  
And seem'd their tears to borrow,  
And sure from you a look was sent,  
That well repaid my sorrow.

To bear me quickly from the shore,  
The crew our grief surveying!  
With lengthen'd stroke still kept the oar,  
In well-tim'd measure playing;  
'Till distance and approaching night,  
Your lovely image shaded,  
Yet ever in ideal sight,  
Your beauty rose unfaded.

Oft when the midnight watch I've kept,  
And seas were round us swelling;  
I fear'd alone the storm that swept  
Too rudely o'er your dwelling.  
But now, my love, no more your breast  
Shall beat with sad emotion,  
I'll strive to make each moment blest,  
Nor tempt again the ocean.



## Nappy Ale.

**W**HILST some in epic strains delight,  
 Whilst others pastorals invite,  
 As taste or whim prevail;  
 Assist me, all ye tuneful Nine!  
 Support me in the great design,  
 To sing of nappy ale.

Some folks of cyder make a rout,  
 And cyder's well enough, no doubt,  
 When better liquors fail;  
 But wine, that's richer, better still—  
 Even wine itself (deny't who will)  
 Must yield to nappy ale.

Rum, brandy, gin with choicest smack  
 From Holland brought, Batavia 'rack,—  
 All these will nought avail;  
 To cheer a truly British heart,  
 And lively spirits to impart,  
 Like humming, nappy ale.

Oh! whether thee I closely hug  
 In honest can, or nut-brown jug,  
 Or in the tankard—hail!  
 In barrel or in bottle pent,  
 Give the gen'rous spirit vent,—  
 Still may I feast on ale.

But chief when to the chearful glass,  
 From vessel pure thy streamlets pass,  
 Then most thy charms prevail;  
 Then, then I'll bet, and take the odds  
 That nectar, drink of heathen gods,  
 Was poor, compar'd to ale.

Give me a bumper—fill it up,  
 See how it sparkles in the cup—  
 Oh! how shall I regale:  
 Can any taste this drink divine  
 And then compare rum, brandy, wine,  
 Or aught, to nappy ale.

Inspir'd by thee the warrior fights,  
 The lover wooes, the poet writes,  
 And pens the pleasing tale;  
 And still in Britain's isle confest,  
 Nought animates the patriot's breast  
 Like gen'rous nappy ale.

Inspir'd by thee, shall Crispin sing,  
 Or talk of freedom, church, and king,  
 And balance Europe's scale;  
 While his rich landlord lays out schemes  
 Of wealth, in golden South-sea dreams,  
 Th' effects of nappy ale.

O blest potation! fill by thee,  
 And thy companion, Liberty,  
 Do health and mirth prevail;  
 Then let us crown the can, the glass,  
 And sportive bid the minutes pass,—  
 In quaffing nappy ale.

## Julia.

**S**OFT music! let my humble lay  
 Thy sweetest accents move,  
 While in delusive hope I stray,  
 To Julia and to love.

That when to court the willing strain,  
 She tunes her graceful art,  
 Each trembling tone may breathe again,  
 The sigh that rends my heart.

And should thy plaintive murmurs steal  
 A sympathetic tear,  
 In fond emotion then reveal,  
 Antonio sent thee here.

## Physicians may talk.

**P**HYSICIANS may talk of our ills,  
 And parsons look wonderful grave;  
 I hate all their sermons and pills,  
 Design'd for the fool and the knave.

Then each take his glass,  
 Fill'd up to the brim;  
 And toast his dear lass  
 Intended for him.

For never did Bacchus of old  
 Repent of his quaffing good wine;  
 Nor Momus (for so we are told)  
 At mirth or good humour repine.

*Then each take, &c.*

Dull souls the best liquor decline,  
 And think they're undone if they taste;  
 While we, my boys, live on good wines  
 And think we're undone if we waste.

*Then each take, &c.*

## B A L L A D.

## Alisia.

**T**O yon dark grove Alisia flew,  
 Just at th' appointed hour,  
 To meet the youth whose bosom true  
 Confess'd her beauty's pow'r.

All that fair virtue cou'd bestow,  
 Or fairer virtue give,  
 Did on his face unrival'd glow,  
 And in his bosom live.

But not the charm of beauty's flow'r,  
 Or virtue's fairer charm,  
 Could in her father's foul the pow'r  
 Of avarice disarm.

He bade the youth his mansion fly,  
 And scorn'd his ardent vow:  
 And when the tears flow'd from his eye,  
 He bade them faster flow.

Alisia with a bleeding mind  
 Beheld the injur'd youth;  
 And vow'd in holy wedlock join'd,  
 To crown at length his truth.

As she forsook her native seat,  
 "Farewell, ye fields so fair;  
 "May blessings still my father meet!"  
 She said—and dropt a tear.

Th' oppression of a parent's hand,  
 A parent dead to shame,  
 In her meek breast by virtue fann'd,  
 Ne'er quench'd the filial flame.

Now safe she reach'd th' appointed ground,  
 Tho' love was all her guide;  
 But absent when the youth she found,  
 She look'd around and sigh'd.

Each breeze that rustled o'er the tree,  
 Sooth'd for a space her smart;  
 She fondly cried—"Oh, that is he!"  
 While quickly beat her heart.

The pleasing images of hope  
 Night's terrors now deform;  
 While on her mind drear scenes ope,  
 And raise the mental storm.

On some rude stone she bow'd her head,  
 All helpless and forlorn;  
 Now starting from her rugged bed,  
 She with'd the ling'ring morn.

With heavy heart I now unfold  
 What th' absent youth befell;  
 Who fierce beset, by ruffians bold,  
 Oppress'd with numbers, fell:

At length the morn disclos'd its ray,  
 And calm'd Alisa's fear;  
 She restless took her various way,  
 Thro' wilds unknowing where.

Thus as she wander'd, wretched maid,  
 To mis'ry doom'd! she found  
 A naked corse along the shade,  
 And gash'd with many a wound.

Struck to the soul at this dread scene,  
 All motionless she stood!  
 To view the raven, bird obscene!  
 Drink up the clotting blood.

What horrors did her breast invade,  
 When as she nearer drew?  
 The features that the raven fed,  
 Her lover gave to view.

With shrieks she rent th' affrighted air;  
 To tears had fond recourse;  
 With frantic hand now tore her hair,  
 Now sunk upon the corse.

Then throwing round a troubled glance,  
 With madness' ray inflam'd;  
 Beheld some travellers advance,  
 To whom she thus exclaim'd:

"Ye base, inhuman train, away!  
 "What urg'd you to this deed?  
 "You've turn'd my gentle love to clay,  
 "And bade me sorrow wed."

"Hark! hark! the raven flaps her wings—  
 "She drinks his blood again—  
 "Ah! now she feeds on my heart-strings,"—  
 "Oh Jesu! soothe my pain."

This scene of woe what cou'd create  
 The travellers admir'd;  
 While shrinking at the blow of fate,  
 She with a groan expir'd.

### Richard and Eliza.

IN Britain's happy isle, there liv'd,  
 Near Avon's silver stream,  
 A paragon of constancy,  
 And Richard was his name.  
 His manly form, his well-turn'd limbs,  
 His heart without disguise,  
 His graceful mien, his sun-brown'd cheeks,  
 Gave lustre to his eyes.

No gorget glitter'd on his breast,  
 No plume adorn'd his head,  
 The russet brown was all his dress;  
 With toil he earn'd his bread.

Near to his cot, a widow dwelt,  
 Contentment bless'd each meal,  
 Fortune had plac'd her lower than  
 The hero of my tale.

This youth with care, at morn and eve,  
 Her little garden till'd,  
 He set, he sow'd, transplanted, prun'd,  
 And ev'ry spot he fill'd.

A child she had whose op'ning charms,  
 Just seeming to unfold,  
 A beauteous maid, her person form'd  
 In nature's choicest mould.

Young Richard's care, at first, was nought  
 But sweet humanity;  
 Eliza's charms at length disclos'd,  
 His heart no longer free.

Nature and Fortune often jar,  
 And seldom they concur  
 To bless one maid; it now appear'd  
 Exemplified in her.

Fortune was envious to this maid,  
 And strove to keep her poor;  
 But Nature gave with liberal hand,  
 A part of all her store.

Such beauteous bloom as crowns the day,  
 When vernal mornings break,  
 Suffusing spreads its orient blush,  
 So bloom'd her damask cheek.

Young Richard's worth, his anxious wish  
 Obeying her command,  
 His care to serve a parent dear,  
 Her heart could not withstand.

At length the happy day was fix'd,  
 These lovers to unite;  
 In church their names were duly call'd,  
 Their hands and hearts to plight.

When lo! sad news to Richard's heart,  
 Too true alas! 'twas said,  
 That beauty's foe had seiz'd upon  
 The fair and lovely maid.

Altho' this noxious dire disease  
 Had never touch'd his form,  
 No reasons urg'd could him persuade  
 To leave the maid forlorn.

Dread, fatal symptoms soon appear'd,  
 Then spoke the dying maid,  
 "O, Richard," as she grasp'd his hand,  
 "Live for my mother's aid."

"She shall be mine!" the youth replied,  
 "A tender son I'll be,  
 "I'll strive to mitigate her woes,  
 "But soon must follow thee."

Each morn and eve was Richard found  
 Near his Eliza's grave,  
 His cheeks grew wan, his aspect pale,  
 'Till life he wish'd to leave.

A god-like, true philanthropist,  
 Whose gentle, gen'rous mind  
 Would reason down his fruitless griefs,  
 And make him more resign'd.

He call'd religion to his aid,  
 Eliza's last request,  
 His thoughts, his wish, his future hopes  
 Of happiness and rest.

"You much mistake," the youth reply'd,  
 "This world I will not leave,  
 "Till I perform my sacred vow  
 "To her in yonder grave."

"That done, no earthly charm shall sooth  
 "My aching, broken heart,  
 "My spirit shall join Eliza's, where  
 "We meet, no more to part."

Time's lenient hand could not avail,  
 Nor ev'n this friendly guide,  
 He soar'd unto that state where stood  
 His love beatified.

The very day he was of age,  
 To the next town he goes,  
 And in due form bequeath'd his all,  
 To ease her mother's woes.

He bled then to Eliza's grave,  
 "I come, my love," he cry'd;  
 A few short days he linger'd there,  
 Then pining, droop'd, and dy'd.

*Belfast.*



Price,

[Numb. 44]

One Penny.

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The Lafs of low Degree.

HOW flow the ling'ring moments wear!  
Ye hours, in pity speed your flight,  
Till Cheviot's hills, so fresh and fair,  
Again shall meet my longing sight!  
Oh! then what rapture 'twill afford  
Once more those scenes belov'd to see,  
Where Percy's heart first told its lord,  
He lov'd the lafs of low degree!

No founding titles grac'd my name,  
No bounteous kinsman fwell'd my dower;  
But Percy fought no high-born dame,  
But Percy fought not wealth or power.  
He fought a fond, a faithful heart,  
He found the heart he fought, in me;  
He saw her pure and free from art,  
And lov'd the lafs of low degree.

Thou dear Seducer of my Heart.

From the Irish of "*Fourneen Declisb Valma Chree.*"

THOU dear seducer of my heart,  
Fond cause of ev'ry struggling sigh!  
No more can I conceal Love's smart,  
No more restrain the ardent eye.  
What though this tongue did never move  
To tell thee all its master's pain,  
My eyes, my looks, have spoke my love;  
My charmer, shall they speak in vain?

My fond imagination warm,  
Presents thee at the noon-tide beam;  
And sleep gives back thy angel form,  
To clasp thee in the midnight dream:  
Elvina, tho' no splendid store  
I boast a venal heart to move;  
Yet, charmer, I am far from poor,  
For I am more than rich in love.

Pulse of my beating heart,\* shall all  
My hopes of thee and peace be fled!  
Unheeded wilt thou hear my fall?  
Unpity'd wilt thou see me dead?  
I'll make a cradle of my breast,  
Thy image all its child shall be,  
My throbbing heart shall rock to rest  
Those cares which waste thy life and me.

\* This is a literal Translation of *Cusbla ma Chree*. It conveys a tenderness scarcely to be found in any modern Language.

Love's a gentle, gen'rous Passion.

LOVE's a gentle, gen'rous passion,  
Source of all sublime delight,  
When with mutual inclination,  
Two fond hearts in one unite,  
*Two fond hearts, &c.*

What are titles, pomp and riches,  
If compar'd with true content!  
That false joy which now bewitches,  
When obtain'd we may repent.  
*When obtain'd, &c.*

Lawless passion brings vexation,  
But a chaste and constant love  
Is a glorious emulation  
Of the blissful state above.  
*Of the blissful, &c.*

No Constancy in Man.

The following Song was written by *Henry Lawes*, the Friend of *Milton*, and the Composer of the original Music of *Comus*.

BEGONE, begone thou perjur'd man,  
And never more return,  
For know that thy inconstancy  
Has chang'd my love to scorn;  
Thou has awak'd me, and I can  
See clearly—there's no truth in man.

My love to thee was chaste and pure,  
As is the morning dew,  
And 'twas alone like to endure  
Had'st thou not prov'd untrue;  
But I'm awak'd, and now I can  
See clearly—there's no truth in-man.

Thou may'st perhaps prevail upon  
Some other to believe thee,  
And since thou can't love more than one,  
Ne'er think that it shall grieve me;  
For th' hast awak'd me, and I can  
See clearly—there's no truth in man.

By thy apostacy I find  
That love is plac'd amiss,  
And can't continue in the mind  
Where virtue wanting is:  
I'm now resolv'd, and know there can  
No constant thought remain in man.

## The Marine Medley.

*As originally written by G. A. Stevens.*

AIR—"Come, and listen to my ditty."

NOW safe moor'd, with bowl before us,  
 Messmates heave a hand with me,  
 Lend a brother sailor chorus,  
 While he sings our lives at sea:  
 O'er the wide wave-swelling ocean,  
 Toss'd aloft, or tumbled low,  
 As to fear, 'tis all a notion,  
 When our time's come, we must go.

AIR—"Life is chequered."

Hark! the boatwain hoarsely bawling,  
 By top-sail sheets and haul-yards stand,  
 Down top-gallants, down be hauling,  
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand;  
 Now set the braces,  
 Don't make wry faces,  
 But the lee top-sail sheets let go,  
 Starboard here,  
 Larboard there,  
 Turn your quid,  
 Take a swear,  
 Yo! yo! yo!

FIRST AIR AGAIN.

Oh, ye landmen, idly lying  
 All along side beauty's charms,  
 Safe in soft beds, seas defying,  
 Free from all but love's alarms.  
 While on billows, billows rolling,  
 Death appears in every form,  
 On no ladies laps we're lolling,  
 No kind kifs can calm the storm.

But loud peals on peals are clashing,  
 Through rift rocks the shrill wind shrieks;  
 In our eyes fierce lightnings flashing,  
 Scorch the sails, and fletcher the decks.  
 Bursting clouds upon us pouring,  
 Black o'erspread the face of day,  
 Burying seas in whirlpools roaring,  
 Fiery flies the sparkling spray.

High the tossing tempest heaves us,  
 Tow'rd the Pole aloft we go,  
 While the clouds seem to receive us,  
 Dreadful yawns the gulph below.  
 In that dark deep, down, down, down, down,  
 Down we sink from sight of sky,  
 By the swell as instant up thrown,—  
 Hark! what means yon dismal cry!

The fore-mast's gone, yells some sad tongue out,  
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.—  
 A leak beneath the cheff-tree's sprung out—  
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.  
 Quick the lariards cut in pieces,  
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;  
 Plumb the well, the leak increases—  
 Four feet water's in the hold.

Worse and worse, the wild winds tearing,  
 Warring waves around us foam,  
 For the worst, while we're preparing,  
 Nature sinks, and sighs for home.  
 There, our babes, perhaps are saying,  
 In their little lisping strain,  
 As round mothers' knees they're playing,  
 "Daddy soon will come again."

AIR—"Early one morning a jolly young tar."

If we must die, why die we must,  
 'Tis a birth in which all must belay mun,  
 When our debt's due, for Death won't trust,  
 Then all hands be ready to pay mun.  
 As to life's striking its flag, never fear,  
 Our cruise is out, that's all my brother,  
 In this world we've luff'd it up, thus, and no near,  
 So let's ship ourselves now for another.

FIRST AIR AGAIN.

Overboard the guns be throwing,  
 To the pumps come ev'ry hand,  
 See, her mizen-mast is going,  
 On the lee beam lies the land.  
 Rising rocks appear before us,  
 Hopeless, yet for help we call,  
 Ev'ry sea breaks fatal o'er us,  
 To the storm's fell pow'r we fall.

Now dismay, with aspect horrid,  
 Swells each fleecy eye with tears:  
 And despair, with bristly forehead,  
 On each bloodless face appears.  
 Sadly still we wait the wave, boys!—  
 O'erwhelming seas roll mountains high;  
 The swell comes on, our wat'ry grave, boys—  
 Hark! what means yon doleful cry!

The leak we've found, it cannot pou'd fast,  
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more;  
 Up and rig a jury fore-mast,  
 She rights, the rights, boys, wear off shore.  
 Now, my hearts, we're safe from sinking,  
 We'll again lead sailors lives;  
 Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking  
 To our sweethearts and our wives.

## Pastora.

AIR—"Twined Side."

T WAS in that gay time of the year,  
 When flowers enamel the green;  
 And birds with sweet notes glad the ear,  
 And flocks in gay pastures are seen.

Where Flora's fair favourite sprung,  
 A shepherd responding reclin'd,  
 And while of his love thus he sung,  
 A myrtle sustain'd him behind.

"Pastora! oh! where art thou fled?

"Pastora! thou beauteous maid!

"Thy face was with graces o'erspread.

"Thy looks were in sweetness array'd.

"Go mourn all ye woods, groves, and bow'rs,

"Ye riv'lets and fountains lament!

"For sake the sad green, O ye flow'rs,

"Or, at least, for a time lose your scent!

"Ye shepherds to sorrow incline!

"Ye sweet feather'd songsters don't sing;

"Let Phoebus forget now to shine,

"And winter with sadness swift bring.

"Ye nymphs that adorn the gay plain,

"With sadness your faces o'erspread,

"Let nothing but sadness remain,

"For, oh!—my Pastora is—dead!

"Sure Nature her aim wrong did take,

"An angel she sure was design'd;

"And Fate, to correct the mistake,

"To form her immortal, inclin'd.

"O! let me once more speak her name;

"Pastora! accept my last sigh!

"To bless me in this world you came;

"And bless'd by your favour, I—die.



## Here awa Willie.

**H**ERE awa, there awa, here awa, Willie!  
 Here awa, there awa, here awa hame.  
 Lang have I fought thee, dear have I bought thee,  
 Now I ha'e gotten my Willie again.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,  
 Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame;  
 Whate'er betide us; nought shall divide us,  
 Love now rewards all my forrows and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie!  
 Here awa, there awa, here away hame.  
 Come, love, believe me, naething can grieve me,  
 Ilka thing pleases when Willie's at hame.

## Bow the Head, thou Lily Fair.

**B**OW the head, thou lily fair,  
 Bow the head in mournful guise,  
 Sickly turn thy shining white,  
 Bend thy stalk and never rise.  
 Shed thy leaves thou lovely rose,  
 Shed thy leaves, so sweet and gay;  
 Strow them wide on the cold earth,  
 Quickly let them fade away.

For, alas! the gentle knot  
 So softly that did bind  
 My Emma, and her swain,  
 Cruel Death has now untwin'd.  
 Her head with half-clos'd eyes  
 Bends upon her breast of snow;  
 Cold and faded are those cheeks  
 That wont with red to glow.

Mute is that harmonious voice,  
 That breath'd the sounds of love;  
 And lifeless are those limbs,  
 That with such grace did move;  
 And I of blifs bereft,  
 Lone and sad must ever moan;  
 Dead to all the world can give,  
 Alive to grief alone.

## Tink'ring Tom.

**A**S tink'ring Tom thro' streets his trade did cry,  
 He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by;  
 In dust cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,  
 With the rich cinders round her lovely waist:  
 Tom, with uplifted hand, th' occasion blest,  
 And thus, in soothing strains, the maid address'd.

"O Sylvia, while you drive your cart,  
 "To pick up dust, you steal our heart:  
 "You take up dust, and steal our heart;  
 "That mine is gone, alas! is true,  
 "And dwells among the dust with you,  
 "And dwells among the dust with you.  
 "Ah! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain;  
 "Give me my heart, you stole, again;  
 "Give me my heart, out of your cart;  
 "Give me my heart, you stole, again."

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,  
 Exulting roll'd her sparkling eyes about;  
 She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as floe,  
 And look'd disdain on little folks below:  
 To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on;  
 And then resolv'd to speak, she cry'd "stop, John!"

"Shall I who ride above the rest,  
 "Be by a paltry croud oppress'd?  
 "Ambition now my soul does fire;  
 "The youths shall languish and admire,  
 "And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,  
 "Shall long to ride in my dust cart,  
 "And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,  
 "Shall long to ride in my dust cart."

## Away to the Field.

**A**WAY to the field, see the morning looks gay,  
 And sweetly bedappled, forbodes a fine day;  
 The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,  
 And carol aloud to be tied to the chafe.

Then hark, in the morn, to the call of the horn,  
 And join with the jovial crew,  
 While the season invites, with all its delights,  
 The health-giving chafe to pursue.

How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,  
 To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns,  
 To welcome the sun now returning from rest,  
 Their matins they chaunt as they merrily quest.

*Then hark, &c.*

But oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,  
 To start just as Phoebus peeps over the hills;  
 While joyous from valley to valley resounds  
 The shout of the hunters and cry of the hounds.

*Then hark, &c.*

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,  
 Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate;  
 Forne by their swift courfers no danger they fear,  
 And gives to the winds all vexation and care.

*Then hark, &c.*

Ye cits, for the chafe, quits the joys of the town,  
 And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down;  
 Uncertain their toil, or for honour or wealth,  
 Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.

*Then hark, &c.*

## OLD BALLADS.

## Edwin and Ethelinde.

"**O**NE parting kiss, my Ethelinde,"  
 Young Edwin fault'ring cried,  
 "I hear thy father's hasty tread,  
 "Nor longer must I 'bide.

"To-morrow's eve, in yonder wood,  
 "Beneath the well-known tree,  
 "Say, wilt thou meet thine own true love,  
 "Whose heart's delight's in thee."

"She clasp'd the dear beloved youth,  
 And sigh'd, and dropt a tear,  
 "Whate'er betide, my only love,  
 "I'll surely meet thee there."

They kiss, they part, a list'ning page,  
 To malice ever bent,  
 O'erheard their talk, and to his lord  
 Reveal'd their fond intent.

The baron's brow grew pale with frowns,  
 And rage distain'd his cheek,  
 "Heavens! shall a vassal shepherd dare  
 "My daughter's love to seek.

"But know, rash boy, thy bold attempt  
 "Full forely shalt thou rue:  
 "Nor e'er again, ignoble maid,  
 "Shalt thou thy lover view."

The dews of evening fast did fall,  
 And darkness spread apace,  
 When Ethelinde, with weeping breast,  
 Flew to th' appointed place.

With eager eye she look around,  
 No Edwin there was seen;  
 "He was not won't to break his faith;  
 "What can his absence mean?"

Her heart beat thick at ev'ry noise,  
 Each rustling thro' the wood,  
 And now, she travers'd quick the ground,  
 And now the lifting flood.

Enlivening hope and chilling fear,  
 By turns her bosom share,  
 And now, she calls upon his name,  
 Now, weeps in sad despair.

Mean time the day's last glimm'ring fled,  
 And black'ning all the sky,  
 A hideous tempest dreadful rose,  
 And thunders roll'd on high.

Poor Ethelinde, aghast, dismay'd,  
 Beholds with dread affright  
 The threat'ning sky, the lonely wood,  
 And horrors of the night.

"Where art thou now, my Edwin dear?  
 "Thy friendly aid I want;  
 "Ah me! my boding heart foretells  
 "That aid thou canst not grant."

Thus rack'd with pangs, and beat with storms,  
 Confus'd and lost she roves,  
 Now looks to heav'n with eager pray'r,  
 Now calls on him she loves.

At length, a distant taper's ray  
 Struck beaming on her sight,  
 Thro' brakes she guides her fainting steps  
 Towards the welcome light.

An aged hermit peaceful dwelt  
 In this sequester'd wild;  
 Calm goodness sat upon his brow,  
 His words were soft and mild.

He op'd his hospitable door,  
 And much admiring view'd  
 The tender virgin's graceful form,  
 Dash'd by the tempest rude.

"Welcome, fair maid, whoe'er thou art,  
 "To this warm shelter'd cell;  
 "Here rest secure thy wearied feet;  
 "Here peace and safety dwell."

He saw the heart-wrung starting tear,  
 And gently sought to know,  
 With kindest pity's soothing looks,  
 The story of her woe.

Scarce had she told her mournful tale,  
 When struck with dread they hear  
 Voices confus'd, with dying groans,  
 The call approaching near.

"Help, father, help," they loudly cry,  
 "A wretch here bleeds to death;  
 "Some cordial balsam quickly give,  
 "To stay his parting breath."

All deadly pale they lay him down,  
 And gasp'd with many a wound,  
 When, woeful sight, 'twas Edwin's self  
 Lay bleeding on the ground.

With frantic grief, poor Ethelinde  
 Beside his body falls;  
 "Lift up thy eyes, my Edwin dear,  
 "'Tis Ethelinde that calls."

That much-lov'd sound recalls his life,  
 He lifts his closing eyes,  
 And feebly murmur'd out her name,  
 He gasps, he faints, he dies.

Stupid awhile, in dumb despair,  
 She gaz'd on Edwin dead;  
 Dim grew her eyes, her lips turn'd pale,  
 And life's warm spirit fled.

## Easy John, the contented Cuckold,

OR THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

AS I was searching the records  
 Of ancient nobles, dukes and lords,  
 A pleasant jest came to my sight,  
 The which I am resolv'd to write.

When queen Elizabeth did reign,  
 Her loving subjects did complain,  
 That witches had so much encreas'd,  
 As did much harm to man and beast;

Especially in Lancashire;—  
 Which when our gracious queen did hear,  
 She sent her judges forth with speed  
 To try them for each wicked deed.

Old women with their lantern jaws,  
 Altho' they had no other cause,  
 Were all arraign'd for witches them,  
 For being threescore years and ten.

In Lancashire there liv'd a man,  
 Whom all folks called Easy John;  
 He had a little teat\* or two,  
 Which underneath his arm-pit grew:

So, fearing that he was a witch,  
 His loving wife he did beseech,  
 That she'd be pleas'd to let him go,  
 To see if he was a witch or no.

She gave consent; he went his way,  
 And travell'd hard both night and day,  
 O'er hill and dale he weary past,  
 Until he came to court at last.

They made him room; for why, they thought  
 He had some information brought;  
 "Speak up, good man, and do not fear;  
 "What you desire we will hear:"

"Full fourscore miles and more I came,  
 "Until my feet are almost lame;  
 "So pray tell me, before I go,  
 "If you think I'm a witch, or no."

The judges laughed heartily,  
 And th' crier made him this reply,  
 "You are," said he, and kick'd his breech,  
 "More like an old cuckold than a witch."

"I thank you all" the old man cry'd,  
 "Henceforth I shall rest satisfy'd,  
 "Since I am no witch at all,  
 "But an old cuckold, and that is all.

"I'll home to honest Joan, my wife,  
 "The joy and comfort of my life;"  
 She met him with a merry cheer,  
 Crying, "your welcome home, my dear:

"Pray what did those learn'd judges say;  
 "Are you a witch or no, I pray?"  
 "As soon as e'er they saw my face,  
 "The told me in a little space,

"That I was no witch at all,  
 "But an old cuckold, and that was all."  
 "Sure, husband, these learn'd judges are  
 "As bad as any witches here;

"Or how could they so cunning be,  
 "To know that I had cuckold'd thee?"  
 "Ah, wife, they may say what they please,  
 "Henceforth I'll set my mind at ease;

"So bring me a jug of good ale, for why,  
 "I am no witch, and so what care I?"

\* A Teat under the Arm was called a *Witch-pap*, and was held as a sure Mark that the Wearer was a Witch.



Price,

[Numb. 45]

One Penny.

THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

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Whack, my dear Whack.

ARRAH Paddy's my name, and as comely a lad  
As ever sung Whack at the end of a song,  
Then give me a buss, it will make my heart glad,  
And I'll love and sing Whack, honey, all the day  
long,

Yes, Whack, my dear, Whack, Whack, my dear,  
Whack,

Whack, my dear, Whack, my dear, all the day  
long,

Love and Whack is the same in an Irishman's  
song.

Botheration be easy I'm dying for love of ye,  
I can't sleep for grumbling out the old song,  
I've a pain in heart, yet that pain it so pleases me,  
I love, dream, and cry Whack, my dear, all the  
night long.

*Yes, Whack, my dear, &c.*

In the land of Kilkenny the lasses ran after me,  
Plaguering and pulling me all the day long,  
And the good wives and widows were always a teaz-  
ing me,

To play the last stave of my good Irish song.

*That is, Whack, my dear, &c.*

Blest were the Hours.

BLEST were the hours in which I stray'd,  
When evening gales refresh'd the grove,  
Beneath a poplar's pleasing shade,  
I listen'd to his vows of love:  
But when the moon reveal'd her beams,  
I sigh'd to bid my love adieu;  
I saw his image in my dreams,  
It told me, all his vows were true.

Ye pleasing visions, sweet and fair,  
Ah happy dreams, where are you now?  
All vanish'd and dissolv'd in air,  
Just like the faithless shepherd's vow.  
The rosy morn, the evening pale,  
I heed not now, these hours are past,  
And the once pleasing summer's gale  
Is cheerless as the wintry blast.

Dear Mary, to thee.

THO' the Muses ne'er smile by the light of the  
sun,

Yet they visit my cot when my labour is done,  
And whilst on my pillow of straw I recline,  
A wreath of sweet flow'rets they sportively twine;  
But in vain the fair damsels weave chaplets forme,  
Since my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

*Dear Mary, &c.*

Full oft I reflect on my indigent state,  
But reflection and reason are ever too late;  
They tell me I sigh for too beauteous a fair,  
And fill my sad bosom with doubt and despair,  
Then Hope kindly smiling averts their decree,  
For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

*Dear Mary, &c.*

When the shrill pipe and tabor proclaim the light  
dance,

With transport I see my dear Mary advance,  
Then such grace she displays, while she trips 'mid  
the throng,

That each shepherd, with rapture, to her tunes his  
song,

But by none she's belov'd with such truth as by me,  
For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

*Dear Mary, &c.*

Hark! 'tis I.

SUNG IN "THE MAID OF THE MILL."

HARK! 'tis I, your own true lover,  
After walking three long miles;  
One kind look, at least, discover,  
Come, and speak a word to Giles.  
You alone my heart I fix on,  
Ah! you little cunning vixen!  
I can see your roguish smiles.

Addicks! my mind is so possess'd,  
'Till we're sped I shan't have rest:  
Only say the thing's a bargain,  
Here, an you like it,  
Ready to strike it,  
There's at once an end of arguing:  
I am her's, she is mine;  
Thus we seal, and thus we sing.

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## The County of Limerick Buck Hunt.

**B**Y your leave, Larry Grogan,  
 Enough has been spoken,  
 It's time to give over your sonnet, your sonnet;  
 Come listen to mine, sir,  
 Much truer than thine, sir,  
 For these very eyes were upon it, upon it.  
 It is of a buck slain  
 This very campaign,  
 To let him live longer, 'twere pity, 'twere pity;  
 For head and for branches,  
 For fat and for haunches,  
 Exceeded the mayor of a city, a city.

A counsel assembled,  
 (Who'd think but he trembled)  
 Of lads of good spirit, well mounted, well mounted,  
 Each his whip and cap on,  
 And spurs made at Rippon,\*  
 The number full twenty, well counted, well counted,  
 But in legs he confiding,  
 All efforts deriding;  
 He thought himself safe as in bed, sir, in bed, sir,  
 With a bounce off he goes,  
 And tofs'd up his nose;  
 But Ringwood cry'd "lord help your head, sir, your  
 head, sir."

Off scores we went bounding,  
 Sweet horns were founding,  
 Each youth fill'd the air with a whoop and a  
 halloo;

Dubourg, were he there,  
 Such sweet music to hear,  
 Would leave his Crémont† and follow, and follow,  
 Knockdarky, Knockainy,  
 And hills twice as many;  
 We scamper'd o'er stone walls, o'er hedges, o'er  
 ditches;  
 He skimm'd o'er the grounds,  
 But to baffle our hounds,  
 Was ne'er yet in any buck's breeches, buck's breeches

Four hours he held out,  
 Most surprisingly stout,  
 Till at length to his fate he submitted, submitted;  
 His throat being cut up,  
 The poor culprit put up,  
 To the place whence he came was remitted, remitted  
 A place most enchanting,  
 Where nothing was wanting,  
 That poor hungry huntsmen could wish for, could  
 wish for,  
 Of delicate fare,  
 (Tho' numbers were there)  
 Yet for ev'ry man was a dish for, a dish for.

We fell to with fury,  
 Like a long famish'd jury,  
 Nor staid we for grace to our dinner, our dinner,  
 The butler a sweating,  
 The knives all a whetting,  
 The edge of each stomach was keener, was keener.  
 The bumpers went round,  
 With a beautiful sound,  
 Clink, clink, like sweet bells, went the glasses, the  
 glasses,  
 We dispatch'd Queen and King,  
 And each other fine thing,  
 To bumper the beautiful lasses, sweet lasses.

There was sweet Sally Curry,  
 And Singleton Cherry,  
 Miss Croker, Miss Bligh, and Miss Pritty, Miss  
 Pritty,  
 With lovely Miss Pierce,  
 That subject of verse,  
 Who shall ne'er be forgot in my ditty, my ditty;  
 With numberless more,  
 From fifteen to a score;§  
 ¶ Had you but seen them together, together,  
 Such charms you'd discover,  
 You'd pity the Louvre†  
 And look on St. James' as a feather, a feather.

The man of the house,  
 And his beautiful spouse,  
 May they live to give claret and venison, venison.  
 And may honest Ned,  
 There's no more to be said,  
 Ne'er want the beggar's old benison, benison.  
 Long prosper that county,  
 The store-house of plenty,  
 Where thus we indulge and make merry, make merry  
 For jovial as we are  
 We puff away all care,  
 To poor busy Robin and Fleury, and Fleury:¶

§ Alluding to the Age of the Ladies.

† The Beauties at the Court of France and England.

¶ Sir Robert Walpole and Cardinal Fleury,—one the Prime  
 Minister of the Court of England, the other of that of France,  
 at the time this Ballad was wrote.

## D U E T.

**W**HEN Phoebus the tops of the hills does adorn,  
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn!  
 When the antling stag is rous'd by the found,  
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,  
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:  
 But still we pursue—and now come in view  
 Of the glorious game.

O, see! how again he rears up his head,  
 And, winged with fear, he redoubles his speed:  
 But, oh! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies—  
 That his eyes lose the huntsmen, his ears lose the  
 cries,  
 For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,  
 And he pants, till, with well-scented hounds  
 surrounded, he dies.

## Tontaron, sounds the Horn.

**H**ARK, hark, how the forest resounds with the  
 chace,  
 The musical hounds and the merry ton'd horn,  
 Health, rosy health, blooms afresh in each face,  
 And Aurora's bright beams the gay meadows adorn.  
 What music abounding,

While echo resounding,

Tontaron, tontaron, tontaron, sounds the horn.

For ages long past has the chace been renown'd,  
 By the wisest, the noblest, the greatest rever'd,  
 And those who've in battle with conquest been  
 crown'd,

At first in the chace have with honour appear'd.

With music abounding,

While echo resounding,

Tontaron, tontaron, tontaron, sounds the horn.

Then boys, let's away, when the season invites,  
 And brush by the dews of the ruddy fac'd morn,  
 To share in these noble and healthful delights,  
 Which the hunters with vigour and glory adorn.

Sweet music abounding,

While echo resounding,

Tontaron, tontaron, tontaron, sounds the horn.

\* A Town famous for making Spurs.

† A Place in Italy where the best Fiddles are made—here put  
 for the Fiddle of the celebrated Mr. Dubourg.



## The World, my dear Myra.

**T**HE world, my dear Myra, if full of deceit,  
And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;  
How strange does it seem, that in searching around,  
This source of content is so rare to be found?  
Oh, Friendship! thou balm, and rich sweetener of life,  
Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;  
Without thee, alas! what are riches and power,  
But empty delusion, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend  
On whom we may always with safety depend?  
Our joys, when extended, will always increase;  
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace;  
When fortune is smiling what crouds will appear  
Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;  
Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress;  
No longer to court you they eagerly press.

## Tanthe, the lovely.

**T**ANTHE, the lovely, the joy of the swain,  
By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again,  
She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair,  
Their pleasure was equal and equal their care,  
No time nor enjoyment, their fondness withdrew,  
But the longer they liv'd, still fonder they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain,  
Some envy'd the nymph, but more envy'd the swain,  
Some swore 'twere a pity their loves to invade,  
That the lovers alone for each other was made,  
But all have consented, that none ever knew  
A nymph yet so kind, or a shepherd so true.

Love saw them with pleasure, and vow'd to take care  
Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair,  
What either did want, he bid either to move,  
But they wanted nothing, but ever to love,  
Said 'twas all that to bless them, his god-head could  
do,  
That they still might be kind, and still might be  
true.

## I am a poor Shepherd undone.

**I** AM a poor shepherd undone,  
And cannot be cured by art;  
For a nymph as bright as the sun,  
Has stole away my heart;  
And how to get it again  
There's none but she can tell,  
To cure me of my pain,  
By saying the loves me well.  
And, alas, poor shepherd! alack and a well-a-day,  
Before I was in love, Oh! every month was May.

If to love she should not incline,  
I told her I'd die in an hour,  
To die, says she, 'tis in thine,  
But to love 'tis not in my power;  
I ask'd her the reason why  
She could not of me approve;  
She said 'twas a task too hard  
To give any reason for love.

*And alas, &c.*

She ask'd me of my estate,  
I told her a flock of sheep,  
The grass whereon they graze,  
Where she and I might sleep;  
Besides a good ten pounds,  
In old King Harry's groats,  
With hooks and crooks abound,  
And birds of sundry notes.

*And alas, &c.*

## The Scold.

**T**HE plague of one's life  
Is surely a wife;  
Who still is fomenting of evil:  
From morning to night,  
All is wrong, nothing right,  
A scold is sure worse than the devil.

When I first gave a kiss,  
I thought that each bliss  
Was center'd in sweet pretty Mary;  
But now I am wed,  
O! I wish I was dead;  
Her temper I find the contrary.

Let me say what I will,  
Her tongue won't lay still,  
Like the clack of a mill it is going;  
If I stop up my ears,  
In a rage she appears,  
And more hot then her passion is glowing.

If I go, or I stay,  
At home, or away,  
Each serves her alike for a riot;  
Tho' a foe to all strife,  
Such a devil's my wife,  
She never will let me be quiet.

## B A L L A D.

## The Bridal Bed.

**I**T was a maid of low degree  
Sat on her true love's grave,  
And with her tears most piteously  
The green turf she did lave;  
She strew'd the flow'r, she pluck'd the weed,  
And show'rs of tears she shed:  
"Sweet turf," she cry'd, "by fate decreed  
To be my bridal bed!"

"I've set thee, flow'r, for that the flow'r  
Of manhood lyeth here;  
And water'd thee with plenteous show'r  
Of many a briny tear."  
And still she cry'd, "O stay, my love,  
My true love, stay for me;  
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,  
And I will follow thee.

"I pluck'd thee, weed, for that no weed  
Did in his bosom grow;  
But sweetest flow'rs, from virtue's seed,  
Did there spontaneous blow:  
But ah! their beauteous tints, no more  
Their balmy fragrance shed,  
And I must strew this meaner flow'r,  
To deck my bridal bed.

"Sweet turf, thy green more green appears,  
Tears make thy verdure grow;  
Then still I'll water thee with tears,  
That thus profusely flow.  
Oh stay for me, departed youth,  
My true-love, stay for me;  
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,  
And I will follow thee.

"This is the flow'ry wreath he wove,  
To deck his bride, dear youth!  
And this the ring with which my love  
To me did plight his troth;  
And this dear ring I was to keep,  
And with it to be wed—  
But here, alas! I sigh and weep.  
To deck my bridal bed."

A blithsome knight came riding by;  
 And as the bright moon shone,  
 He saw her on the green turf lie,  
 And heard her piteous moan;  
 For loud she cry'd, "Oh stay my love,  
 "My true-love, stay for me;  
 "Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,  
 "And I will follow thee."

"Oh stay," he cry'd, "fair maiden, stay,  
 "What cause doth work thy woe,  
 "That on a cold grave thou dost lay,  
 "And fast thy tears o'erflow."  
 "Oh! I have cause to weep for woe,  
 "For my true-love is dead;  
 "And thus, while fast my tears o'erflow,  
 "I deck my bridal bed."

"Be calm, fair maid," the knight reply'd,  
 "Thou art too young to die;  
 "But go with me, and be my bride,  
 "And leave the old to sigh"—  
 But still she cry'd, "Oh stay, my love,  
 "My true-love stay for me;  
 "Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,  
 "And I will follow thee."

"Oh leave," he cry'd, "this grief so cold,  
 "And leave this dread despair,  
 "And thou shalt flaunt in robes of gold,  
 "A lady rich and fair:  
 "Thou shalt have halls and castles fair;  
 "And when, sweet maid, we wed,  
 "Oh thou shalt have much costly gear,  
 "To deck thy bridal bed."

"Oh hold thy peace, thou cruel knight,  
 "Nor urge me to despair;  
 "With thee my troth I will not plight,  
 "For all thy proffers fair:  
 "But I will die with my true-love—  
 "My true-love stay for me;  
 "Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,  
 "And I will follow thee."

"Thy halls and castles I despise,  
 "This turf is all I crave;  
 "For all my hopes, and all my joys,  
 "Lie buried in this grave:  
 "I want not gold, nor costly gear;  
 "Now my true-love is dead;  
 "The fading flow'r and scalding tear  
 "Shall deck my bridal bed."

"Oh! be my bride, thou weeping fair,  
 "Oh! be my bride, I pray;  
 "And I will build a tomb most rare,  
 "Where thy true-love shall lay:"  
 But still with tears, she cry'd, "my love,  
 "My true-love, stay for me;  
 "Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,  
 "And I will follow thee."

"My love needs not a tomb so rare,  
 "In a green grave we'll lie;  
 "Our carved works—these flow'rets fair,  
 "Our canopy—the sky.  
 "Now go, fir-knight, now go thy ways—  
 "Full soon I shall be dead—  
 "And then return, in some few days,  
 "And deck my bridal bed."

"And strew the flow'r, and pluck the thorn,  
 "And cleanse the turf, I pray;  
 "So may some hand thy turf adorn,  
 "When thou in grave shalt lay.  
 "But stay, oh thou whom dear I love,  
 "My true-love, stay for me;  
 "Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,  
 "And I will follow thee."

"No, maid, I will not go my ways,  
 "Nor leave thee here alone;  
 "Nor while despair upon thee preys,  
 "Neglect thy woeful moan:  
 "But I will stay and share thy woe,  
 "My tears with thine I'll shed;  
 "And help to pluck the flow'r, and strew  
 "O'er thy sad bridal bed."

Now from the church came forth the priest,  
 His midnight chaunt was done,  
 And much the hapless maid he prest  
 To cease her piteous moan:  
 For still she cry'd, "Oh stay my love,  
 "My true-love, stay for me;  
 "Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,  
 "And I will follow thee."

"Oh! kneel with me," he cry'd, "dear maid,  
 "Oh! kneel in holy prayer;  
 "Haply, kind heaven may send thee aid,  
 "And sooth thy dread despair."  
 "I blame not heav'n," the maid reply'd,  
 "But mourn my true-love dead;  
 "And on his green grave I will 'bide,  
 "For 'tis my bridal bed."

The hapless maid knelt down, for fear  
 That holy priest should blame;  
 But still with every hallow'd prayer,  
 She sigh'd her true-love's name;  
 And softly cry'd, "Oh stay, my love,  
 "My true-love, stay for me;  
 "Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,  
 "And I will follow thee."

"Enough, enough, thou fore-try'd dear!"  
 The weeping knight exclaim'd;  
 "Enough I've try'd thee, matchless fair,  
 "And be the trial blam'd:  
 "I am thy love, thy own true-love,  
 "And I am come to wed;  
 "Nor shall this turf thy green grave prove,  
 "Nor be thy bridal bed."

"I am a knight of noble name,  
 "And thou of low degree;  
 "So like a shepherd poor I came,  
 "To prove thy constancy."  
 But she, with woe forlorn, still cry'd,  
 "My true-love, stay for me;  
 "Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,  
 "And I will follow thee."

Again, "enough, thou fore-try'd maid!"  
 The knight in tears exclaim'd;  
 "See at thy feet thy true-love laid,  
 "Of all his guile ashamed.  
 "Forgive me, maid—my love now prove—  
 "And let us instant wed;  
 "And thou with tears of joy, my love,  
 "Shalt deck thy bridal bed."

"And art thou him?" exclaim'd the maid,  
 "And dost thou live?" she cry'd:  
 "Too cruel love!"—she faintly say'd—  
 Then wrung his hand—and dy'd—  
 "Stay," cry'd the knight, all woe-begone,  
 "Now stay, my love, for me;  
 "Stay till I've deck'd our bridal bed,  
 "And I will follow thee."

In vain the priest, with holy lore,  
 By turns did sooth and chide;  
 The knight, distracted, wept full sore,  
 And on the green turf dy'd—  
 And underneath (may heav'n them save!)  
 The lovers both were laid;  
 And thus, in truth, the green-tuft grave  
 Became their bridal bed.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c. —To which will be added, a complete Index.

Johnny with his Shoulder-Knot.

JOHN tript up the stairs by night,  
Heigh-ho! to Betty got;  
John tript up the stairs by night,  
Slyly without candle light;  
Cries Bet, "who's there?"  
" 'Tis I, my dear,  
" Johnny with his shoulder knot?"  
What did foolish Betty do?  
Heigh-ho! she knew not what;  
What did foolish Betty do?  
Lifts the latch, and in he flew;  
When he kifs'd,  
Could she resist  
Johnny and his shoulder knot?  
Madam Maudlin soon found out,  
Heigh-ho! poor Betty's lot;  
Madam Maudlin soon found out,  
"What's this," says she, "you've been about?"  
Betty cries,  
And wipes her eyes,  
"The deuce was in his shoulder knot!"

Megan-oh! oh! Megan-Ee!

Sung in *The Castle-Spectre*.

SLEEP you, or wake you, lady bright,  
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!  
Now is the fittest time for flight.  
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!  
Know, from your tyrant father's power,  
Beneath the window of your tower,  
A boat now waits to set you free:  
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!  
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!  
Tho' deep the stream, tho' high the wall,  
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!  
The danger, trust me, love, is small:  
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!  
To spring below then never dread:  
My arms to catch you shall be spread;  
And far from hence you soon shall be.  
*Sing Megan-oh, &c.*

Fair Emma hush'd her heart's alarms:  
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!  
She sprang into her lover's arms;  
Sing Megan-oh! Oh! Megan-Ee!  
Unhurt she fell; then swift its way  
The boat pursu'd without delay,  
With Emma plac'd on Edgar's knee.  
*Sing Megan-oh! &c.*

Ben Bowspit, of Wapping.

BEN Bowspit I am, and a true bonny boy:  
Pull away! pull away! so funny;  
And was always the first for to pipe, hands a-hoy,  
When the signal was out to be funny.  
I can weather all seas, like a good jolly dog,  
With the best he that ever went hopping;  
But the ocean for me, is the ocean of grog,  
Pull away! pull away! pull away!  
Pull—I say,  
What d'ye think of Ben Bowspit, of Wapping?  
My grand-father bulg'd with a freighting of flip,  
Pull away! pull away! so frisky!  
Old Davy contriv'd my dad's cable to slip,  
One day when o'erladen with whiskey.  
My wife's christian name it was Brandy-fac'd Nan,  
The Native, to Nick sent her hopping;  
So the family cause I'll support while I can,  
*Pull away, &c.*

Avast, don't suppose I have launch'd out a lie,  
Pull away! pull away! so groggy!  
Don't you see in the service I've bung'd up one eye,  
And t'other I own is rather foggy;  
Then to stand on I've scarcely a leg left, d'ye mind,  
And should Death t'other day-light be stopping,  
The worst you can say is, I've drunk till I'm blind,  
*Pull away, &c.*

*Dibdin, jun.*

Ever remember me.

Composed by STORACE, for his Opera of '*The Pirates*.'

WHEN you shall hear the sound of joy,  
Beating the floor with rustic dance,  
Silent the list'ning ear employ,  
But do not yet too quick advance;  
Slowly, softly, softly creep,  
Untill yon light you see,  
And while the anxious watch you keep,  
Still ever remember me.

Careful the winding path explore,  
Left in the tangled break you stray,  
Then think of her whom you adore,  
To cheer the dark and weary way;  
And softly, slowly, softly creep,  
Untill yon light you see,  
And while the anxious watch you keep,  
Still ever remember me.

## Colin's Complaint.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.\*

AIR.—“*Grim King of the Ghosts.*”

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,  
A shepherd forsaken was laid,  
And whilst a false nymph was his theme,  
A willow supported his head;  
The wind that blew over the plain  
To his sighs with a sigh did reply,  
And the brook, in return to his pain,  
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

“Alas! silly swain that I was,”  
Thus sadly complaining he cry’d;  
“When first I beheld that fair face,  
“’Twere better by far I had dy’d;  
“She talk’d, and I blest’d the dear tongue,  
“When she smil’d, ’twas a pleasure too great;  
“I listen’d, and cry’d, when she sung,  
“Was nightingale ever so sweet?”

“How foolish was I to believe  
“She could doat on so lowly a clown;  
“Or that her fond heart would not grieve  
“To forsake the fine folks of the town!  
“To think that a beauty so gay,  
“So kind and so constant would prove;  
“To go clad like our maidens in gray,  
“And live in a cottage on love!

“What tho’ I have skill to complain,  
“Tho’ the muses my temples have crown’d!  
“What tho’, when they hear my soft strain,  
“The virgins sit weeping around?  
“Ah! Colin, thy hopes are in vain,  
“Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;  
“Thy fair one inclines to a swain,  
“Whose music is sweeter than thine.

“And you my companions so dear,  
“Who sorrow to see me betray’d,  
“Whatever I suffer, forbear,  
“Forbear to accuse the false maid;  
“Tho’ thro’ the wide world I should range,  
“’Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;  
“’Twas her’s to be false and to change,  
“’Twas mine to be constant and die.

“If while my hard fate I sustain,  
“In her breast any pity be found,  
“Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,  
“And see me laid low in the ground.  
“The last humble boon that I crave,  
“Is to shade me with cypress and yew;  
“And when she looks down on my grave,  
“Let her own that her shepherd was true.

“Then to her new love let her go,  
“And deck her in golden array,  
“Be finest at every fine show,  
“And frolic it all the long day;  
“While Colin, forgotten and gone,  
“No more shall be heard of, or seen,  
“Unless, when beneath the pale moon,  
“His ghost shall glide over the green.”

## Answer to Colin's Complaint.

YE winds, to whom Colin complains  
In ditties so sad and so sweet,  
Believe me, the shepherd but feigns  
He’s wretched, to shew he has wit:  
No charmer like Colin can move,  
And this is some pretty new art;  
Ah! Colin’s a juggler in love,  
And likes to play tricks with my heart.

When he will, he can sigh and look pale,  
Seem doleful and alter his face;  
Can tremble and alter his tale:  
But Colin is ever at peace—  
The willow my rover prefers  
To the breast where he once begg’d to lie,  
And the streams that he swells with his tears,  
Are rivals belov’d more than I.

His head my fond bosom would bear,  
And my heart would soon beat him to rest,  
Let the swain that is slighted despair;  
But Colin is only in jest.  
No death the deceiver designs;  
Let the maid that is ruin’d despair;  
For Colin but dies in his lines,  
And gives himself that modish air.

Can shepherds bred far from the court,  
So wittily talk of their flame?  
But Colin makes passion his sport;  
Beware of so fatal a game:  
My voice of no music can boast,  
Nor my person of ought that is fine;  
But Colin may find, to his cost,  
A face that is fairer than mine.

Ah! then I will break my lov’d crook,  
To thee I’ll bequeath all my sheep;  
And die in the much favour’d brook,  
Where thou but pretendest to weep:  
Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,  
In sonnets so smooth and divine;  
Perhaps I may rise from my grave,  
To hear such soft music as thine.

Of the violet, daisy and rose,  
The hearts-ease, the lily, and pink,  
Let thy fingers a garland compose,  
And crown’d by the rivulet’s brink:  
How oft, my dear swain, did I swear,  
How much my fond soul did admire  
Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,  
Tho’ deck’d in thy rural attire.

Your sheep-hook you rul’d with such art,  
That all your small subjects obey’d;  
And still you reign’d king of this heart,  
Whose passion you falsely upbraid:  
How often, my swain, have I said,  
That thy arms were a palace to me?  
And how well I could live in a shade,  
Tho’ adorn’d with nothing but thee?

Oh! what are the sparks of the town,  
Tho’ never so fine and so gay;  
I freely would leave beds of down,  
For thy breast and a bed of new hay:  
Then, Colin, return once again,  
Again make me happy in love;  
Let me find thee a faithful true swain,  
And as constant a nymph I will prove.

\* The Author, in this beautiful and pathetic Ballad, alludes to his own situation with the Countess Dowager of Warwick, and to his successful rival, Mr. Addison.



## Anacreon's Advice.

QUAFF with me the purple wine,  
 With me, in social pleasures join,  
 Crown with me thy flowing hair,  
 Love with me the blooming fair,  
 And dance off heavy care;  
 Wine inspires the patriot soul,  
 Makes the rigid fair one sigh,  
 Freedom lies within the bowl,  
 Love and Friendship's social tie.  
 Then let us laugh, be gay and free,  
 Hence with dull sobriety.

## Music is the Voice of Love.

SOFTLY sweet the minutes glide,  
 With tuneful Damon by my side;  
 His songs delight the listening grove,  
 For music is the voice of love.  
 When moon-beams glitter o'er the stream,  
 How sweet his song when love's the theme:  
 His plaintive notes the nymphs approve,  
 For music is the voice of love.  
 Other maids admire his lays,  
 While soft and sweet he sings my praise;  
 The tender tale I must approve,  
 For music is the voice of love.

## Adieu to Bacchus.

ADIEU! ye jovial youths, who join  
 To plunge old Care in floods of wine;  
 And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,  
 Discern him struggling in the bowl.  
 For yet is hope so wholly flown,  
 For yet is thought so tedious grown,  
 But limpid stream and shady tree  
 Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.  
 And see, thro' yonder silent grove,  
 See, yonder does my Daphne rove:  
 With pride her footsteps I pursue,  
 And bid your frantic joys adieu?  
 The sole confusion I admire,  
 Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:  
 I scorn the madness you approve,  
 And value reason next to love.

## Mary's Death at Sandy's Tomb.

LOUD toll'd the stern bell-man of night,  
 When Mary, dejected and sad,  
 To the turf had directed her flight,  
 Wherein her cold lover lay clad.  
 "How long, my lov'd Sandy," she cry'd,  
 "Must my heart in lone anguish complain?  
 How long till in death we're ally'd,  
 "And fate cannot part us again?  
 Hark! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb,  
 "Come, Mary, it cries, come away;  
 To partake of thy lover's sad doom,  
 "And rest thee beside his cold clay.  
 I hear the kind call, and I come,  
 "Ye friends and companions, adieu!  
 I haste to my Sandy's dark tomb,  
 To die on his bosom so true.  
 I hear the kind call, and obey;  
 "Ah! Sandy, receive me," she cry'd;  
 Then breathing a sigh o'er his clay,  
 She hung on his tomb-stone—and dy'd.

## An Apology for not finging.

YE ask for a song, and, indeed, I'm quite sorry  
 I cannot oblige the good company here,  
 For should I begin, you would find, in a hurry  
 The guests would depart, and the coast would be  
 clear.

They could not sit still, for to have their ears peffer'd  
 With such horrid notes, but away they would run,  
 To some lonely desert, or valley sequester'd,  
 And give that the preference, fifty to one.

Yet since you are all so desirous to hear me,  
 I now will comply, and endeavour my best,  
 But I sure shall be laugh'd at by those who sit near  
 me,

And those afar off will but make me their jest.

"A shepherd attended his flocks on the mountain,"  
 O dear! that's too high for my voice by a tone.  
 "A shepherdess sat by the side of a fountain,"  
 And this is too low, I shall never get down.

But (with your permission) I'll try at another,  
 "When Echo's shrill voice made the woodlands to  
 ring,"

Oh! this is (if possible) worse than the other;  
 So I beg you'll excuse me, for faith I can't sing.

## BAL LAD.

## The Fair Maniac.

THE night was dark, the blast blew cold,  
 And loud the tempest roar'd;  
 Blue lightnings flash'd from pole to pole,  
 The stormy torrent pour'd;  
 Mankind, both high and low, in bed,  
 Were shelter'd safe and warm;  
 Save one distracted maid, who fled  
 'Mong all the thickest storm.  
 And ever and anon she sped  
 Where most the tempest pour'd,  
 And where the thunders overhead  
 With loudest terror warr'd:  
 Thro' lonesome dell, or dreary glade,  
 Or kirk-yard graves among,  
 She wander'd wild, and thus, poor maid,  
 With mad-like glee she sung:

"Beat, beat ye winds; ye torrents pour;  
 "Fight, warring clouds above;  
 "Flash, lightnings, flash; loud thunders roar;  
 "But hurt not my true love:  
 "For him I seek both night and day,  
 "For him bewilder'd rove;  
 Ye lightnings, light me on my way,  
 "In search of my true love.

"For him I bear the summer's burn,  
 "And brave the wintry wind;  
 "And day and night for him I mourn,  
 "For he has prov'd unkind;  
 "Ye torrents rush, ye thunders roar,  
 "Flash, flash, thou angry sky;  
 "For I shall see my love no more,  
 "And I for him will die.

"The cold, cold night is dark and drear,  
 "And I can't find my love;  
 "Ah me!—I've search'd both far and near;  
 "Where, wanderer, canst thou rove?  
 "But I'll pursue and stop thy speed—  
 "And, for thy scorn to me,  
 "I'll make thy heart like mine to bleed,  
 "And then I'll die with thee."

A valiant knight was riding by,  
 All in the stormy rain;  
 He heard the hapless damsel sigh,  
 And bitterly complain.  
 She frantic o'er the wild heath sprung,  
 And frantic cry'd aloud;  
 Then stop'd the knight, and thus she sung,  
 While he all wond'ring stood:

"Oh turn, fir knight, thy milk-white steed,  
 "And hear my mournful song;  
 "And then in valiant knightly deed  
 "Return and right my wrong:  
 "I lov'd a knight, and lov'd him true,  
 "And constant love he swore;  
 "But he's prov'd false, and I must rue—  
 "And I must still deplore

"He lives at yonder glitt'ring tow'r,  
 "He lives nor thinks of me;  
 "Oh knight, I'd bless thy valour's pow'r,  
 "Could I the traitor see:  
 "Then turn, fir knight, thy milk-white steed,  
 "The way it is not long;  
 "And may thy best love be thy meed,  
 "If thou wilt right my wrong!"

"Yes, I will right thy wrong, fair maid,"  
 The gentle knight reply'd;  
 "But I can see no tow'r display'd,  
 "The darksome night doth hide."  
 "Oh yes, on yonder hill," she cry'd,  
 "That faithless knight doth dwell;  
 "'Twas thro' the lightnings gleam I spy'd  
 "The glitt'ring tow'r full well."

"If on my steed, poor maid, thou'lt ride,  
 "My steed shall carry thee."  
 "Yes, knight, I'll go," the maid reply'd,  
 "The combat for to see."  
 And now they rode with hasty speed  
 And soon they reach'd the hill,  
 And soon they reach'd the tow'r decreed,  
 Their purpose to fulfill.

"Arouze! arouze! thou faithless knight,  
 "Arouze thou stony breast."  
 "Who dares," he cry'd, "in this dread night,  
 "Who dares disturb my rest?"  
 "It's thy true love, whom thou didst flight,  
 "That calls thee from thy bed:  
 "Arouze! arouze! thou faithless knight,  
 "Arouze to fight or wed!"

The knight arose and op'd the gate,  
 And saw his love stand there—  
 Her face, that was so fair of late,  
 Was stain'd with many a tear:  
 Her lips, once red as autumn fruit,  
 Were pallid now and coarse;  
 Her voice, once sweet as silver lute,  
 Was now as raven's hoarse.

A faded wreath was on her brow,  
 Her gown all rude and rent;  
 Her hair, that once so bright did flow,  
 Was all with dew besprent.

"I am thy own true love, dear knight,  
 "And I am come to wed,  
 "In bridal garments all bedight,  
 "My garland on my head.

"To holy kirk, loye, we'll repair,  
 "As bride and bridegroom gay;  
 "The lightnings that around us glare,  
 "Shall cheer us on the way:  
 "Of green, green grass, so soft with dew,  
 "We'll make our bridal bed:  
 "Of hemlock fair, and night-shade blue,  
 "A pillow for our head.

"The thunders, that so loudly roar,  
 "Shall be our music, love;  
 "And we will sing while rain doth pour,  
 "So merrily we will rove:  
 "And when I'm dead, with bridal ring  
 "Let me be laid full low;  
 "And o'er the green turf dance and sing,  
 "My heart shall leave its woe!"

The knight he trembled sad and fore,  
 Seeing his true love stand;  
 She sprang and kiss'd him o'er and o'er,  
 But he push'd back her hand.  
 "Oh fight," she cry'd, "my stranger knight,  
 "Oh fight, for thou art strong;  
 "Lo! he returns my love with spight,  
 "Revenge a maiden's wrong."

"Go, get," he cry'd, "thy sword and shield,  
 "And get thy helm and spear;  
 "For I will make thy proud heart yield,  
 "To 'venge this damsel dear."  
 "Yes, I will get my sword and shield;  
 "And I will get my spear,  
 "For there's no knight to whom I'll yield,  
 "No knight whom I will fear."

Then fought those knights all in the fields,  
 They fought for many an hour;  
 They broke their spears, they cleav'd their shields,  
 Their blood in streams did pour.  
 And thrice they stop'd, with toil o'erspent,  
 To wipe their bleeding brow;  
 And thrice they drank with one consent,  
 Where purling stream did flow.

And while they fought with hardy wroth,  
 The mad maid sat and sump,  
 "Fight on, fight on, my champions both,  
 "The woodland hills among:  
 "And he that lives shall have my troth,  
 "I'll twine our hearts in one;  
 "Fight on, fight on, my champions both,  
 "Till the bloody victory's won.

"I'll weave a shroud for him that's slain,  
 "And fast my tears shall flow;  
 "Fight on, my knights, to sooth my pain,  
 "For my heart's sick with woe:  
 "I'll sing and pray for him that's slain,  
 "And mourn both day and night;  
 "'Tis my heart's blood your shields doth stain,  
 "My woes---for which you fight."

Full long they fought, until o'ercome,  
 The faithless knight did fall:  
 "Wrong'd maid," he cry'd, "thy cause hath won  
 "Come hear my dying call."  
 Then up she sprang in frantic mood,  
 And kiss'd his pale, pale cheek;  
 And, frantic, drank the smothering blood  
 That from his wounds did reek.

"Oh this flows from that heart," she cry'd,  
 "That lov'd me once so dear;  
 "Now, in a rushing crimson tide,  
 "It pays me tear for tear."  
 Then from the gaping wounded side  
 His quiv'ring heart she tore,  
 And to the knight, with frantic pride,  
 The bloody prize she bore.

"This is the stony heart," she cry'd,  
 "That caus'd my tears to flow,  
 "And made me roam the land so wide,  
 "In all the pangs of woe:"  
 Then to the dead knight did she hie,  
 And laid her by his side;  
 She kiss'd the heart, and with a sigh—  
 The hapless mad maid dy'd.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

The poor little Gipsy.

A POOR little Gipsy—I wander forlorn;  
My fortune was told long before I was born,  
So fortunes I tell, as forsaken I stray,  
And in search of my love I am lost on my way:  
Spare an halfpenny, spare an halfpenny,  
Spare a poor little Gipsy an halfpenny.

I fear from this line you have been a fad man,  
And to harm us poor girls have form'd many a plan;  
Beware, lest repentance too late cause you pain,  
And attend to the lesson I give in my strain.  
*Spare an halfpenny, &c.*

Thro' wilds and thro' forests as wearied I roam,  
Long absent from friends, from parents, and home,  
Tho' fad is my heart, and tho' fore are my feet,  
Yet I sing on my way thus to all that I meet,  
*Spare an halfpenny, &c.*

Push about the Jorum.

WHEN bick' rings hot,  
To high words got,  
Break out at gamiorum;  
The flame to cool,  
My golden rule,  
Is—push about the jorum.

With fist on jug,  
Coifs, who can lug?  
Or shew me that glib speaker,  
Who her red rag  
In gibes can wag,  
With her mouth full of liquor.

*O'Hara.*

Since I'm born a mortal Man.

SINCE I'm born a mortal man,  
And my being's but a span,  
'Tis a march that I must make,  
'Tis a journey I must take:  
What is past I know full well,  
What is future, who can tell?  
Teazing Care then set me free,  
What have I to do with thee?  
All my short liv'd hours shall shine,  
Thus replete with mirth and wine.

We be Soldiers three.

WE be soldiers three;  
Pardonnez moi, Je vous en prie;  
Lately come forth of the low country,  
With never a penny of money.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee;  
*Pardonnez, &c.*  
To all good fellows, where'er they be;  
*With never, &c.*

And he that will not pledge me in this,  
*Pardonnez, &c.*  
Pay for the shot, whatever it is,  
*With never, &c.*

Charge it again, boys, charge it again,  
*Pardonnez, &c.*  
As long as there is any ink in my pen,  
*With never, &c.*

In the dark and lonely Bow'r.

IN the dark and lonely bow'r,  
At the silent midnight hour,  
Let me, let me, all alone,  
Ruminate on pleasures gone.  
Ah! days of bliss, delightful days,  
Could I those days of bliss restore,  
When sick with love, and vain with praise,  
I, fighting, heard whate'er he swore.

Sadly solemn 'be the strain,  
Suited to a heart in pain;  
Mirth and pleasure I forego,  
Welcome sorrow, welcome woe:  
Too long in folly's court I stray'd,  
A fond and witlefs maid I ween;  
Ah, faithless swain! how oft he said,  
No nymph so fair he e'er had seen.

Beauty fades, and youth expires,  
And mirth's airy train retires,  
Wiping tears from pity's eye,  
Waiting loves are hovering nigh:  
Let virgin-hands fresh flow'rs supply,  
To strew a hapless virgin's bier;  
Ah, perjurd swain, can you deny  
To drop a fad relenting tear!

## The Garreteer.

**H**APPY the man whose life's dull cares  
To low ambition gives :  
And mounting up five pair of stairs,  
In lofty garret lives.

While tumults vex our earthly bail,  
Our streets, while noisy cries,  
The Garreteer escapes them all,  
Commercing with the skies.

No wrangling mob, thus heard from far,  
Disturb his tranquil soul ;  
The rattling coach, and rumbling car,  
Like distant thunders roll.

Proud as a sultan on his throne,  
His vassals at his feet :  
Above the world, the bard looks down,  
On all that man thinks great.

Whilst dust or smoke beneath him rolls,  
He snuffs th' ætherial breeze ;  
And broils his stake upon the coals,  
Or calmly toasts his cheese.

The spider in the bard's blest dome,  
His web with safety hides ;  
Where mops or brooms dare never come,  
" That come to all " besides.

The wheezing dun, one flight of stairs,  
Who mounts to seize his prey,  
To storm his citadel despairs,  
And growling turns away.

The Cambrian thus on Penmanmaur,  
Or Snowden's lofty side,  
Amidst his craggy rocks secure,  
The Roman power defy'd.

## Kate.

**T**WAS near a sea-beat rock reclin'd,  
The beauteous love-lorn Kate ;  
She had no friend to sooth her mind,  
But mourn'd her hapless fate.

Her only love was out at sea,  
Far from his native shore ;  
In tears she wept her sorrows free,  
Left he return no more.

Thus would she sigh the live-long day,  
For dangers he may prove ;  
While sorrow mar'd her lonely way,  
With firm unshaken love.

Tho' Hope oft' bade her cares to cease,  
And check'd the falling tear ;  
Yet, ah ! in vain, the hour of peace  
Appear no longer near.

So droops the primrose in the vale,  
So fades the new-blown rose,  
When tempests and rude winds assail,  
Their sweets no more disclose.

Then farewell, Kate, let pity cheer,  
And sooth thee with address ;  
So may each future day appear  
One scene of happiness.

## While I quaff the Rosy Wine.

**W**HILE I quaff the rosy wine,  
With enliven'd wit I shine,  
With enliven'd wit I shine,  
Singing then the muses' praise,  
Double fire inspires my lays,  
Double fire inspires my lays.

While I quaff the rosy wine,  
I feel, I feel the pow'r divine  
Free me from all Sorrow's fway,  
I puff, like winds, my care away.

While I quaff the rosy wine,  
All my faculties refine :  
My temper grows serene and fair,  
And like the summer ev'ning's air.

While I quaff the rosy wine,  
Crowns of od'rous flow'rs I twine ;  
Singing to the echoing grove,  
The pleasures of that life I love.

While I quaff the rosy wine,  
To soft passions I incline ;  
My mistress then my song employs,  
And all love's pleasing, painful joys.

While I quaff the rosy wine,  
Every past delight is mine,  
Youth does again my veins inspire,  
I lead the dance, and join the choir.

While I quaff the rosy wine,  
I its force to reason join,  
And steel my breast against that fall,  
The common fate that waits us all.

## Come here, fellow Servants.

**C**OME here, fellow servants, and listen to me.  
I'll shew you how those of superior degree  
Are only dependants, no better than we.  
Are only dependants, no better than we.

Both high and low in this do agree,  
'Tis here fellow servant, and there fellow servant ;  
and all in a livery,  
'Tis here, fellow servant, and there fellow servant ;  
and all, all in a livery.

See yonder fine spark in embroidery drest,  
Who bows to the great, and if they smile, is blest ;  
What is he ? i' faith, but a servant at best.  
*Both high and low, &c.*

Nature made all alike, no distinctions she craves,  
So we laugh at the great world, its fools and its  
knaves ;  
For we all servants, but they are all slaves.  
*Both high and low, &c.*

The fat shining glutton looks up to his shelf,  
The wrinkled lean miser looks down to his pelf,  
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.  
*Both high and low, &c.*

The gay sparkling belle, who the whole town alarms,  
And with eyes, lips, and neck, sets the finarts all in  
arms,  
Is a vassal herself, a mere drudge to her charms.  
*Both high and low, &c.*

Then we'll drink, like our betters, and laugh, sing,  
and love ;  
And when sick of one place, to another we'll move,  
For with little and great, the best joy is to rove.  
*Both high and low, &c.*

Garrick.



## The Country Club.

*Written by Dibdin, for his Entertainment called 'The Sphinx.'*

NOW we're all met here together,  
 In spite of wind or weather,  
 To moisten well our clay :  
 Before we think of jogging,  
 Let's take a chearful nogging ;  
 Where's the waiter,—ring away ;  
 Where's the glees and the catches,  
 The tobacco pipes and matches ?  
 And plenty of brown stout ?  
 And plenty of brown stout ?  
 Yet the glaffes e'er we start 'em,  
 Let's proceed *secundum artem*,  
 Let the clerk all the names read out.

*[The following is to be spoken.]*

Gentlemen of the Quizical Society, please to  
 answer your names.—Farmer Scroggins! Why  
 I be here.—Doctor Horseleech! Here—Parson  
 Paunch! Here.—Taylor Tit. Here. (So he goes  
 on for about twenty) at last you hear—are you all  
 assembled? All, all, all, all.

So, here's to you Mr. Wiggins,  
 Here's to you Mr. Figgins,  
 So put the beer about,  
 Put the beer about, put the beer about.

Come, tell us what the news is,  
 Who wins, and who loses ;  
 Of the times what people do say ?  
 Hard, hard the landlord racks us ;  
 Then we've such a load of taxes,  
 Indeed! well, and how goes hay ?  
 Why now there's master Wiseman,  
 He told the Exciseman,  
 That the cause of this pothor and rout ;  
 —Order, order, and sobriety!  
 The rules of the society?  
 Let the secretary read 'em out.

Every member of this society that spills his liquor  
 in his neighbour's pocket, shall forfeit two-pence.  
 Every member of this society that sings his neigh-  
 bour's wig with his pipe, shall forfeit two-pence.  
 Every member of this society that refuses to laugh  
 at a good joke, shall forfeit two-pence. Every  
 member of this society who reproaches his neigh-  
 bour with coming to distress by unavoidable mis-  
 fortunes, shall forfeit two-pence.—Mr. President,  
 I move that this forfeit be a shilling—and I second  
 the motion. Are you all agreed? I am—unani-  
 mously. A noble resolution. D'ye think so?

Why, then, here's to you—Mr. Higgins,  
 Here's to you, Mr. Wiggins,  
 So put the beer about.

And, now, the potent liquor  
 Not even spares the vicar,  
 But in all their noddles mounts ;  
 While, among this set of queerers,  
 All talkers, and no hearers :  
 Each his favourite tale recounts.  
 The foldier talks of battle,  
 The grazier sells his cattle,  
 Conversation to provoke :  
 Till the juice of the barrel  
 Begets some curious quarrel,  
 And the company's lost in smoke.

Upon my soul, neighbour, I had no hand in the  
 death of your wife; it was all in the way of business.  
 Nay, but doctor, 'twere a cursed unneighbourly  
 thing of you; (not that the woman were any fitch  
 great thing) but to put a body to fitch an expence—  
 Why you don't tell me so! Killed fifteen with  
 your own hand! Fifteen, by my laurels! D'ye hear  
 that butcher? Hear it? yes; but I'll lay un what

he dares, he has not killed so many as I have by  
 hundreds. Powder my whiskers! Come, come,  
 gentlemen, says the bellows-maker, no *broozes*!  
 Let me exhort you to *temperance*, says the parson.  
*Amen*, says the clerk. That's right, said the un-  
 dertaker, let us *bury* all animosity. Now that's  
 what I like, said the fiddler, I like to see *harmony*  
 restored. D'ye though? you like to see harmony  
 restored? Why then,

Here's to you, Mr. Higgins,  
 Here's to you, Mr. Wiggins,  
 So put the beer about.

## Tibby Fowler.

TIBBY Fowler, o' the glen,  
 There's o'er mony wooing at her,  
 Filthy elf, 'tis for her pelf,  
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.  
 Wooing at her, puing at her,  
 Courting her, and canna get her.

Ten cam' east and ten cam' west,  
 Ten cam' rowing o'er the water ;  
 Twa cam' down the lang dyke side,  
 There's twa and thirty wooing at her.  
*Wooing at her, &c.*

There's seven but, and seven ben,  
 Seven in the pantry wi' her ;  
 Twenty heed about the door,  
 There's ane and forty wooing at her.  
*Wooing at her, &c.*

She's got pandles in her lugs,  
 Cockel'd shells wad fet her better ;  
 High heel'd shoon and filler tags,  
 And a' the lads are wooing at her.  
*Wooing at her, &c.*

Be a lassie e'er fae black,  
 And she hae the dame o' filler ;  
 Set her upo' Tintock-tap,  
 The wind will blaw a man till her.  
*Wooing at her, &c.*

Be a lassie e'er fae fair,  
 An she want the penny filler ;  
 A fife may fell her in the air,  
 Before a man be even'd till her.  
*Wooing at her, &c.*

## Fickle Strephon.

*Sung in 'The Shepherd's Lottery.'*

TO dear Amaryllys young Strephon had long  
 Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for—in song,  
 He went, one May morning, to meet in the grove,  
 By her own dear appointment, this goddess of love.  
 Mean time in his mind all her charms he ran o'er,  
 And doated on each—can a lover do more?

He waited, and waited, then changing his strain,  
 'Twas fury, and rage, and despair, and disdain!  
 The fun was commanded to hide his dull light,  
 And the whole course of nature was alter'd down-  
 right.  
 'Twas his hapless fortune to love and adore,  
 But never to change—can a lover do more?

Cleora, it hap'd, came by accident there,  
 No rose-bud so tempting, no lily so fair ;  
 He prest'd her white hand, next her lips he essay'd:  
 Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid!  
 Her kindly compliance his peace did restore,  
 And dear Amaryllys was—thought of no more.

## Nathos and Dathula.

BY J. TAIT.

*The hint of this poem (attempted in the ballad style) is taken from one of the lesser poems of Ossian.*

ON Morven's hills, where valour rose  
The prudence of the foil,  
The youthful Nathos, dread of foes,  
Enjoy'd the martial toil.

Great in the field, his fiery spear  
Commanded prompt regard;  
In days of peace the sprightly cheer,  
With social soul he shar'd.

Impartial heroes prais'd his truth,  
Approved his growing fame,  
The artless virgins lov'd the youth,  
And nurs'd the am'rous flame.

But chief for fair Dathula's charms  
His feeling bosom beat;  
For her he bore the toil of arms,  
And mock'd the battle's heat.

With ev'ry grace the virgin shone  
Unrival'd on the plain—  
What wonder if the youth was won,  
And hugg'd the pleasing chain!

In calm content they pass'd the day,  
When war had ceas'd to rage,  
Now told the laughing story gay,  
Now heard the tale of age.

But Cairbar, Erin's bloody king,  
Beheld with envious eye;  
He bad the hostile clangour ring,  
And num'rous armies rise.

The gallant Nathos heard the sound  
That threaten'd dreadful woe;  
He call'd his warlike chiefs around,  
And, pointing to the foe,

"Behold," he cried, "the hostile crew  
That come to try our might,  
In endless lines they rise to view,  
And tire the burden'd fight;

"But shall their numbers damp our fire?  
"Shall Morven's heroes yield?  
"Shall we forego each great desire,  
"And tamely quit the field?"

"No—like our fathers, let us rise,  
"Like them, rush furious on;  
"Haste, let us snatch the glorious prize  
"Of conquest fairly won."

His words inflam'd each warrior's soul,  
Their breasts with transport glow'd,  
A loud applause run thro' the whole,  
By dauntless hearts bestow'd.

Dathula saw the morning scene,  
Her griefs were mix'd with joy,  
She could not leave the best of men,  
Nor warlike schemes annoy.

For well she knew the clash of swords  
Was grateful to his ear;  
Yet love's delusive parting words  
Might touch his heart too near.

In pensive posture long she stood,  
Revolving in her mind,  
Whether to join the godlike crowd,  
Or lonely pine behind.

At last she burst the martial ranks,  
Array'd in warlike pride;  
Swift as a stream that scorns its banks,  
They parted on each side.

Low at her Nathos' feet she fell,  
"And must we part?" she said;  
"Must you the hostile crew expel,  
"And leave your helpless maid?"

"But glory calls, and valour sues,  
"Haste then, the call obey;  
"Tho' fond regard my heart subdues,  
"I ne'er shall ask your stay.

"But can I live when you are gone,  
"On Morven's lonely plain?  
"Shall I possess the halls alone,  
"And sing the mournful strain?"

"No—like a youth of mighty force,  
"I'll follow where you go;  
"With willing heart pursue your course,  
"Nor heed the num'rous foe.

"If prayers or tears the Fates can move,  
"Success shall smile around;  
"If Nathos fall, Dathula's love  
"Shall watch the fatal wound."

With mute attention Nathos heard  
Dathula's fond request;  
Her love the dreadful prospect cheer'd  
And warm'd the hero's breast.

"Yes, you shall go, my faithful fair,  
"To horror's fav'rite scene;  
"If you are near, I'll mock despair,  
"And scorn the might of men."

With rapid haste the field they fought  
Where Erin's monarch lay;  
With fatal force the armies fought,  
And Nathos' fell a prey.

The sad Dathula's care was vain,  
In vain was ev'ry art:  
No earthly pow'r could ease his pain,  
Or heal his bleeding heart.

As o'er his wounds Dathula wept,  
And bath'd them with a tear,  
The breast-plate from her bosom leapt,  
She toss'd away the spear.

Grim Erin's monarch seiz'd the spoil,  
With triumph's cruel joy;  
He view'd the nymph with scornful smile,  
Ambitious to destroy.

With haughty words he sought her love,  
So oft refus'd before;  
With threaten'd woe he try'd to move,  
But she disdainful bore.

"Since Nathos falls, with him I'll die,  
"No other boon I crave;  
"Since life can nought of bliss supply,  
"I'll court his silent grave.

"There shall the constant lovers meet,  
"And all their passion tell,  
"Shall strew with shrubs and flow'rets sweet  
"His tomb, who lov'd so well.

"But see! his shade delays its flight,  
"And chides my tedious stay;  
"I come, my love—my sole delight!"  
She spoke—and dy'd away.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

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I canno' like ye.

*Sung in the Opera of 'Marian.'*

I CANNO' like ye, gentle fir,  
Altho' a laird ye be;  
I like a bonny Scottish lad,  
Wha brought me fra' Dundee.  
Haud away! haud away!  
Wi' Jamie o'er the lea  
I gang'd along wi' free gude will,  
He's a' the world to me!

I'fe gang'd wi' Jamie fra' Dundee,  
To cheer the lonesome way;  
His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' halth,  
He's frolic as the May.

*Haud away! &c.*

The lavrock mounts to hail the morn,  
The lintwhite swells her throat;  
But neither are sa sweet, sa clear,  
As Jamie's tunefu' note.

*Haud away! &c.*

By the Oziers so dank.

*Sung in the Opera of 'Marian.'*

BY the oziers so dank,  
As we sat on the bank,  
And look'd at the swell of the billow,  
This basket he wove,  
As a token of love;  
Alas! 'twas the branch of the willow.

Now fad all the day,  
Thro' the meadows I stray,  
And rest flies at night from my pillow!  
The garland I wore,  
From my ringlets I tore,  
Alas! must I wear the green willow?

The bleak Wind.

*Sung in 'The Highland Reel.'*

THE bleak wind whistles o'er the main,  
The feaman trolls his jovial song,  
He'll see his faithful maid again,  
And blyth his tall ship rolls along.  
From the mast-head the cliff he spies,  
His joys in pleasing thoughts expand;  
The tempest roars, the billows rise;  
In vain he tacks to make the land:  
Relentless breakers guard the coast,  
His hope, his ship, himself, is lost!

The Plough-Boy.

*Sung in the Opera of 'The Farmer.'*

A FLAXEN-headed cow-boy,  
As simple as may be,  
And next a merry plough-boy,  
I whistl'd o'er the lea;  
But now a faucy footman,  
I strut in worsted lace,  
And soon I'll be a butler,  
and wag my jolly face.

When steward I'm promoted,  
I'll snip a tradesman's bill,  
My master's coffers empty,  
My pockets for to fill;  
When lolling in my chariot,  
So great a man I'll be,  
You'll forget the little plough-boy  
That whistle'd o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections,  
But when I've made the pelf,  
I'll stand poll for the parliament,  
And then vote in myself:  
Whatever's good for me, fir,  
I never will oppose;  
When all my ayes are sold off,  
Why then I'll sell my nos.

I'll bawl, harangue, and paragraph,  
With speeches charm the ear,  
And when I'm tir'd on my legs,  
Then I'll sit down a peer,  
In court and city honours,  
So great a man I'll be,  
You'll forget the little plough-boy  
That whistle'd o'er the lea.

Sighing never gains a Maid.

*Sung in the 'The Doctor and the Apothecary.'*

SIGHING never gains a maid,  
I'll tell you what is better far:—  
Call good humour to your aid,  
And play the last a tune upon the sweet guittar.

If a heart has Nature dealt her,  
Music's charms will surely melt her;  
But should the gipsy answer no,  
Sing, tol, de, rol, and let her go.

## The Vicar and Moses.

AT the sign of the horse,  
Where old Spin-text of course,  
Each night took his pipe and his pot,  
O'er a jorum of nappy,  
Quite pleasant and happy,  
Was plac'd this canonical for:  
*Tol, lol, de rol, &c.*

The evening was dark,  
When in came the clerk,  
With reverence due and submission;  
First strok'd his cravat,  
Then twirl'd round his hat,  
And bowing, preferr'd his petition:

"I'm come, fir," say he,  
"To beg, look, d'ye see,  
"Of your reverence's worship and glory,  
"To inter a poor baby,  
"With as much speed as may be,  
"And I'll walk with the lantern before you."

"The body we'll bury,  
"But pray what's the hurry?"  
"Why, lord, fir, the corpse it does stay;"  
"You fool, hold your peace,  
"Since miracles cease,  
"A corpse, Moses, can't run away."

Then Moses he smil'd,  
Saying, "fir, a small child,  
"Cannot long delay your intentions;"  
"Why that's true, by Saint Paul,  
"A child that is small,  
"Can never enlarge its dimensions.

"Bring Moses some beer,  
"And me some, d'ye hear,  
"I hate to be call'd from my liquor;  
"Come, Moses, the king—  
"It's a scandalous thing,  
"Such a subject should be but a vicar."

Then Moses he spoke,  
"Sir, 'twas twelve the clock struck,  
"Besides there's a terrible shower;"  
"Why Moses, you elf,  
"Since the clock has struck twelve,  
"I'm sure it can never strike more.

"Besides, my dear friend,  
"This lesson attend,  
"Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,  
"That a corpse, snow or rain,  
"Can't endanger, that's plain,  
"But perhaps you or I may take cold."

Then Moses went on,  
"Sir, the clock has struck one,  
"Pray, master, look up at the hand;  
"Why it ne'er can strike less,  
"Tis a folly to press  
"A man for to go that can't stand."

At length hat and cloak,  
Old Orthodox took,  
But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid;  
Each tipt off a gill,  
For fear they should chill,  
Then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave,  
The clerk hum'd a stave,  
Whilst the surplice was wrap'd round the priest;  
So droll was the figure  
Of Moses and Vicar,  
The parish still talk of the jest.

"Good people, let's pray,—  
"Put the corpse t'other way,  
"Or perchance I shall over it stumble;  
"Tis best to take care,  
"Tho' the sages declare,  
"A mortuum caput can't tumble.

"Woman of man born,—  
"That's wrong, the leaf's torn,  
"Tis man that is born of woman,  
"Can't continue an hour,  
"But's cut down like a flower;  
"You see, Moses, Death spareth no man.

"Here, Moses, pray look,  
"What a confounded book,  
"Sure the letters are turn'd upside down,  
"Such a scandalous print,  
"Sure the devil is in't,  
"That a blockhead should print for the crown.

"Prithee, Moses, you read,  
"For I cannot proceed,  
"And bury the corpse in my stead.  
[Amen, Amen.]

"Why, Moses, you're wrong,  
"You fool, hold your tongue,  
"You've taken the tail for the head.

"O where's thy sting, Death!  
"Put the corpse in the earth,  
"For believe me, 'tis terrible weather;"  
So the corpse was interr'd,  
Without praying a word,  
And away they both stagger'd together.

## The seduced Fair.

SHE came from the hills of the west,  
A smile of contentment she wore;  
Her heart was a garden of rest,  
But, ah! the sweet season is o'er.  
How oft by the streams in the wood,  
Delighted she'd ramble and rove;  
And while she flood marking the flood,  
Would tune up a stanza of love.

Her dress was a garment of green,  
Set off with a border of white;  
And all the day long might be seen  
Like a bird that is always in flight.  
In rural diversion and play  
The summers glid smoothly along;  
And her winters pass'd briskly away,  
Cheer'd up with a tale, or a song.

At length a destroyer came by,  
A youth of more person than parts,  
Well skill'd in the arts of the eye,  
The conquest and havock of hearts.  
He led her by fountains and streams,  
He woo'd her with sonnets and books;  
He told her his tales and his dreams,  
And mark'd their effect in her looks.

He taught her by midnight to roam,  
Where spirits and spectres affright;  
For passions increase with the gloom,  
And caution expires with the light.  
At length, like a rose from the spray,  
Like a lily just pluck'd from the stem,  
She droop'd, and she faded away,  
Thrown by and neglected like them.



## Henry and Sally.

AIR—"Mary's Dream."

THE nymphs were met upon the green,  
 Each 'tended by her favourite youth,  
 Who, by their mistrefs, Beauty, charm'd,  
 Where whispering vows of love and truth.  
 The queen of night, bright Luna, shone,  
 And cast her rays of silver light,  
 The sprightly dance had just begun,  
 And all was pleasure and delight.

When sad mishap—how chang'd the scene,  
 The sprightly dance no more can charm,  
 The clouded sky, the veiled orb,  
 Foretold the dangers of a storm.  
 The thunder roll'd, the lightning flash'd,  
 The nymphs and swains were fill'd with fear,  
 To think their joys so soon were dash'd,  
 By disappointment so severe.

With eager steps they homeward fled,  
 Each one protected by her swain,  
 The tempest now more fiercely blew,  
 They wish'd 'twould cease, but wish'd in vain.  
 Young Henry, among the rest,  
 With Sally, his intended bride,  
 Who every female charm possess'd,  
 Strove to escape the furious tide.

But oh! what horror rent his heart,  
 To see his Sally, lovely maid,  
 Torn by the lightning's forked dart,  
 And lifeless struck upon the glade.  
 "And is she gone," the youth exclaim'd,  
 "My sweetest girl, my lovely bride."  
 Then sunk upon her lifeless corse,  
 Heav'd a sad sigh, and drooping dy'd.

## Winter.

A DIEU, ye groves, adieu, ye plains,  
 All Nature mourning lies:  
 See gloomy clouds and thick'ning rains,  
 Obscure the lab'ring skies.

See, see, from 'far, th' impending storm,  
 With sullen haste appear,  
 See Winter comes, a dreary form,  
 To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs, with gamefome bound,  
 Rejoice the gladden'd fight;  
 No more the gay enamell'd ground,  
 Or Silvan scenes delight.

Thus lovely Nancy, much lov'd maid;  
 Thy early charms must fail,  
 The rose must droop, the lily fade,  
 And Winter soon prevail.

Again the lark, sweet bird of day,  
 May rise on active wing,  
 Again the sportive herds may play,  
 And hail reviving Spring.

But youth, my fair, sees no return,  
 The pleasing bubble's o'er;  
 In vain its fleeting joys you mourn;  
 They fall to bloom no more.

Haste then, dear girl, the time improve,  
 Which art can ne'er regain,  
 In blissful scenes of mutual love,  
 With some distinguish'd swain.

So shall life's spring, like jocund May,  
 Pass smiling and serene,  
 Summer and Autumn glide away,  
 And Winter close the scene.

## A Parody on

"Oh, what a Plague is an obstinate Daughter"

IF a young wife you have,  
 She's the plague of your soul,  
 No peace can you have,  
 Tho' you let her controul,  
 Not one look in ten can be counted to cheer ye,  
 Oh! what a plague is an obstinate deary;  
 Frisking and flaunting,  
 Singing and jaunting,  
 Oh! what a plague is an obstinate deary.

If her mate, like me's ancient,  
 She does nought but scorn him,  
 And he's devilish well off,  
 If she don't chance to horn him;  
 They plague and they'll teize him quite out of his  
 life, fir,  
 Oh! what a plague is an obstinate wife, fir;  
 Gadding about, fir,  
 To park, plays, and routs, fir,  
 Oh! what a plague is an obstinate wife, fir.

## Take me, some of you.

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd,  
 How to make a lover yield;  
 How to keep, and how to gain,  
 When to love, and when to feign:

Take me, some of you,  
 While I yet am young and true.

Stay not till I learn the way  
 How to fib, and how betray;  
 E'er I can my thoughts disguise,  
 Force a blush, or roll my eyes;

Take me, &amp;c.

Could I find a blooming youth,  
 Full of love, and full of truth:  
 Of honest mind, and noble mien,  
 I should long to be sixteen:

Take me, &amp;c.

## BALLAD.

Adam O'Gordon,

A SCOTISH BALLAD.

IT chanc'd about the Martinmas,  
 When north winds froze the lake,  
 Said Adam O'Gordon to his men,  
 "We must some castle take."

"And what brave castle shall we take,  
 "My merry men and me?"  
 "We will go frait to Towie House,  
 "And see that fair lady."

The lady from her castle wall  
 Look'd o'er both dale and down,  
 When she beheld a troop of men,  
 Fast riding to the town.

"O see ye not, my merry men, all,  
 "See ye not what I see?"  
 "Methinks I see a troop of men;  
 "I wonder who they be."

She thought it was her loving lord,  
Who homeward riding came;  
It was the traitor, *Adam*, she saw,  
Who fear'd nor sin nor shame.

She had no sooner deck'd herself  
In filken scarf and gown,  
Than *Adam O'Gordon*, and his men,  
Had close beset the town.

The lady flew to her tow'r so high,  
She flew in deep dismay,  
To see if by fair speech she could  
The traitor's purpose stay.

But when he saw the lady safe,  
The gates and windows fast,  
He fell into a deadly rage  
And storm'd at her aghast:

"Come down to me, thou lady gay,  
"Come down, come down to me;  
"This night thou shalt be in my arms,  
"To-morrow my bride shalt be!"

"I will not come, thou false *Gordon*,  
"I'll not come down to thee;  
"I will not forsake my own dear lord,  
"Tho' he is far from me."—

"Give up thy house, thou lady fair,  
"Give up thy house to me;  
"Or I shall burn thyself therein,  
"With thy dear babies three!"—

"I will not give up, thou false *Gordon*,  
"Thy threatnings I defy.  
"If thou dost burn my babes and me,  
"Thou, by my lord, shalt die."

"But reach my pistol, *Glaud*, my man,  
"And charge with speed my gun,  
"For I must pierce that savage dog,  
"Or we shall be undone."

She from the battlements took aim  
As true as she could see;  
Two bullets miss'd the traitor's heart,  
One only graz'd his knee.

"Now fire the house," cry'd false *Gordon*,  
Enflam'd with vengeful ire;  
"False lady thou shalt rue this deed,  
"When shrieking in the fire!"—

"Woe on thee, woe upon thee, *Jock*,  
"I paid thee well thy fee;  
"Why then pull out the ground wall stone  
"That lets in smoke to me?"

"Woe even on thee, *Jock*, my man,  
"I paid thee well thy hire;  
"Why then pull out the ground wall stone,  
"To burn me in the fire?"—

"That thou didst pay my fee and hire  
"Full well, I can deny;  
"Yet now I'm *Adam O'Gordon's* man,  
"I must obey or die!"—

O then bespoke her little son,  
Upon the nurse's knee,  
"O mother, dear, give up this house,  
"The smoke it smothers me."

"I would give all my gold, my child,  
"So would I all my fee—  
"For one blast of the western wind,  
"To blow the smoke from thee."

O then bespoke her daughter dear,  
So slender, fair, and small,  
"O roll me in a pair of sheets,  
"And throw me o'er the wall."

They roll'd her in a pair of sheets,  
And threw her o'er the wall,  
But, on the point of *Gordon's* spear  
She got a deadly fall.

O lovely, lovely was her mouth;  
Her cheeks were like the rose;  
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,  
Whereon the red blood flows.

Then with his spear he turn'd her o'er;  
O how her face was wan!  
Quoth he, "thou art the first that e'er  
"I wish'd alive again!"

He turn'd her o'er and o'er again,  
O how her skin was white!  
"I might have spar'd that lovely face  
"To be some man's delight!"—

"Prepare, prepare, my merry men, all,  
"Ill tidings I do guess:  
"I cannot see that lovely face  
"All pale upon the grass."

"Who looks for griefs, my master, dear,  
"Griefs still will follow them:  
"Shall it be said—the *Gordon* bold  
"Was daunted by a dame?"—

But when the lady saw the fire  
Come flaming o'er her head,  
She wept, and kiss'd her children dear;  
"My babes will soon be dead!"—

The *Gordon* then his bugle blew,  
And said, "away, away!  
"Since Towie House is all in flames,  
"We must no longer stay."

O then look'd up her own dear lord,  
As he came o'er the lea,  
He saw his castle in a blaze  
As far as he could see.

Then fore, ah fore, his mind misgave,  
And all his heart was woe;  
"Put on, put on, my trusty men,  
"As fast as ye can go."

"For life and death, my trusty men,  
"Put on, put on, again!  
"For he that doth the hindmost lag  
"Shall ne'er my favour gain."

Then some they rode, and some they ran,  
Not swifter flew the wind;  
For each cry'd, "woe upon the head  
"Of him who lags behind!"—

But e'er the foremost could come up,  
The flames had spread so wide,  
The tender babes were burnt alive;  
Their mother with them dy'd.

Her lord, he wildly rent his hair;  
And wept in woeful mood,  
"Ah, traitors, for this cruel deed  
"Ye shall weep tears of blood!"—

Full fast the *Gordon* he pursu'd  
With many a bitter tear.—  
And in his cowardly heart's blood  
Reveng'd his lady dear.



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Hope, treach'rous Meteor.

Sung in the Comic Opera of 'The Prophet'.

HOPE, treach'rous meteor, lucid vapour!  
Ever flying,  
Still belying  
The village taper—  
Wand'ring pilgrims—'lone, benighted,  
Thy blue falsehood, pleas'd defery;  
See, the cheerful faggot lighted,  
Think the social cottage nigh.—

Lambent fire, deceive, but harm not;  
Pallid gleam, relume, but warm not—  
Light no error in my breast,  
Sooth my weary soul, but charm not;  
Unrelenting,  
Unconfenting,  
Swearing never to be blest'd.

Night, to Lovers Joys a Friend.

NIGHT, to lovers joys a friend,  
Swiftly thy assistance lend;  
Lock up envious, feeing day,  
Bring the willing youth away.  
Haste and speed the tedious hour,  
To the secret happy bow'r,  
Then, my heart, for bliss prepare,  
Thyrsis, surely will be there.

See, the hateful day is gone,  
Welcome ev'ning now comes on;  
Soon to meet my dear I fly,  
None but love shall then be by;  
None shall dare to venture near,  
To tell the plighted vows they hear;  
Parting thence will be the pain,  
But we'll part to meet again.

Farewell loitring idle day!  
To my swain I hie away,  
On the wings of love I go,  
He the ready way will shew.  
Peace, my breast, nor danger fear,  
Love and Thyrsis both are near;  
'Tis the youth! I'm sure 'tis he!  
Night, how much I owe to thee!

The Army and Navy of Britain, for ever.

Air,—“A Health to the Dutcheffs.”

LET sailors and foldiers unite in this cause,  
Bound together by honour and loyalty's band,  
Both fight for Old England, and cherish the cause,  
And give to the king each his heart and his hand.  
In this phalanx unite,  
Like lions we'll fight,  
While no private feuds, our interests dissever,  
But this be our boast,  
And our ultimate toast,  
Here's the Army and Navy of Britain, for ever.

The sailor, who ploughs on the watery main,  
To war, and to danger, and shipwreck, a brother,  
And the foldier, who firmly stands out the cam-  
paign,  
Do they fight for two men who make war on  
each other?

Oh! no, 'tis well known,  
The same loyal throne  
Fires their bosom with ardour and noble endeavour,  
And that each with his lasfs,  
As he drinks a full glass,  
Toasts, the Navy and Army of Britain, for ever.

That their cause is but one, and they both can unite,  
Needs no other example than this to be seen,  
Who is bolder in danger, experter in fight,  
Than that maritime foldier, the honest marine?  
He pulls, and he hauls,  
He fights till he falls,  
And from fore-tack or musket, he never will waver,  
But when the fray's o'er,  
With his Dolly, on shore,  
Drinks, the Army and Navy of Britain, for ever.

What matters it who braves the glebe or the furge,  
Yet if there's a contest about either station,  
Let that stimulus *glory* and *loyalty* urge,  
Who will stand the most firm to the king and the  
nation:  
While thus we agree,  
Let's fight, and be free,  
Shall Britons 'gainst Britons draw daggers? oh!  
never;  
Make the Sans Culottes fly,  
And let Fame rend the sky,  
With the Navy and Army of Britain, for ever.

### Courage only wins the Fair.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*Incle and Yarico*.'

**M**ARS would oft his conquest over  
To the Cyprian goddess yield;  
Venus gloried in a lover,  
Who, like him, could brave the field.

In the cause of battles hearty,  
Still the god would strive to prove,  
He who fac'd an adverse party,  
Fittest was to meet his love.

Hear then, captains, ye who bluster,  
Hear the god of war declare,  
Cowards never can pass muster,  
'Courage only wins the fair.

### Chloe.

**W**HEN Chloe try'd her virgin fires,  
And first her shafts let fly;  
She fill'd my breast with vague desires—  
I thought it was her eye.

When melting strains fell from her mouth,  
Which gods might wish to sip;  
When all was harmony and truth—  
I thought it was her lip.

But when she dano'd! such air, such grace,  
What mortal could escape?  
I look'd no longer on her face—  
I swore it was her shape.

When seen by chance, her breast bespoke  
The purity within;  
Her snowy arm—her iv'ry neck—  
'Twas then her lovely skin.

Nor eye, nor shape, nor neck, nor face,  
My bosom did enthrall—  
'Twas *sense*, I found, the happy grace,  
That gave a charm to all.

*Dr. Hoadly.*

### Good Wine.

Sung in the Farce of '*The Doctor and the Apothecary*.'

**G**OOD wine can, as they say,  
Make e'en the gravest gay,  
And gaiety is life's chief boast.  
The oldest, as most grave,  
A double dose should have,  
Old folks, like me, should drink the most.

'Tis true, I think I'm high in luck,  
Whene'er I hear the bottle cluck:  
Yet tho' I love the precious stuff,  
I always know when I've enough.

Sometimes indeed I'm told,  
That when with drinking bold,  
I'm apt to stagger as I walk:  
But I'll believe my eyes,  
Before such silly lies,  
We know censorious folks will talk.

*'Tis true, I think, &c.*

### The Scullion's Complaint.

A PARODY ON COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

For which see No. 46.

**B**Y the side of a great kitchen fire,  
A scullion so hungry was laid,  
A pudding was all his desire;  
A kettle supported his head.  
The hogs, that were fed by the house,  
To his sighs with a grunt did reply;  
And the gutter, that car'd not a louse,  
Ran mournfully muddily by.

But when it was set in a dish,  
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,  
"My mouth it does water and wish,  
"I think it had better been fry'd."  
The butter around it was spread,  
'Twas as great as a prince in his chair;  
"Oh! might I but eat it," he said;  
"The proof of the pudding lies there.

"How foolish was I to believe,  
"It was made for so lowly a clown;  
"Or that it would have a reprieve  
"From the dainty fine folks of the town;  
"Could I think that a pudding so fine  
"Would ever uneaten remove?  
"We labour that others may dine,  
"And live in a kitchen on love.

"What tho' at the fire I've wrought  
"Where puddings we broil and do fry,  
"Tho' part of it hither be brought,  
"And none of it ever set by?  
"Ah, Colin, thou must not be first,  
"Thy knife and thy trencher resign;  
"There's Marg'ret will eat till she burst,  
"And her turn is sooner than thine.

"And you, my companions so dear,  
"Who sorrow to see me so pale,  
"Whatever I suffer, forbear,  
"Forbear at a pudding to rail;  
"Tho' I should through all the rooms rove,  
"Tis vain from my fortune to go;  
"Tis its fate to be often above;  
"Tis mine for to want it below.

"If while my hard fate I sustain,  
"In your breast any pity be found,  
"Ye servants that earlier dine,  
"Come see how I lie on the ground:  
"Then hang up a pan and a pot,  
"And sorrow to see how I dwell:  
"And say, when you grieve at my lot,  
"Poor Colin lov'd pudding too well.

"Then back to your meat you may go,  
"Which you set in your dishes so prim,  
"Where sauce in the middle does flow,  
"And flowers are strew'd round the brim:  
"Whilst Colin forgotten and gone,  
"By the hedges shall dismally rove,  
"Unless when he sees the round moon,  
"He thinks on a pudding above."

### When o'er the World the heedless Lamb

Sung in '*The Chloric Fathers*.'

**W**HEN o'er the world the heedless lamb  
Hath, 'till the dusky twilight, stray'd,  
His simple plaints cry'd "here I am,  
"Of night and solitude afraid."

But if far off his dam he hears,  
Echoing oft the mournful bleat,  
He runs and stops, and hopes, and fears,  
And bounds with pleasure when they meet.



## The Spenthrift.

**Y**E frolicksome lads of the game,  
 Ye misers both wretched and old,  
 Come listen to Billy by name,  
 Who once had his hatful of gold,  
 With seven score acres of land,  
 And corn and cattle great store;  
 Tho' now I have none at command,  
 Yet still I'm as gay as before.  
 Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
 Or any such glittering toys?  
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches  
 Go thorough the world, brave boys!

My father was cloathed in leather,  
 My mother in sheep's russet grey;  
 They labour'd in all sorts of weather,  
 That I might go gallant and gay;  
 With my rapier, hat mounted with feather,  
 A heart too as light as a cork;  
 What th'old folks had rak'd up together,  
 I scatter'd abroad with a fork.

*Then why, &c.*

The merchant who trades on the seas  
 For riches, you very well know  
 His mind can be never at ease  
 When blustering tempests do blow;  
 His happiness is very small,  
 For fear of some terrible news;  
 But he that has nothing at all,  
 Why he can have nothing to lose.

*Then why, &c.*

Should they make me a justice of peace,  
 An alderman, sh'riff, or lord may'r,  
 With riches my cares would increase,  
 And drive me quite into despair.  
 I love to be jovial and free,  
 I'll ne'er be concern'd in the state;  
 My mind is a kingdom to me,  
 And there's danger in being too great.

*Then why, &c.*

My money is pretty well spent,  
 My houses, my cattle, and corn,  
 And yet I'm as full of content  
 As e'er I was since I was born:  
 I will not be plagued with wealth,  
 My pockets are drain'd pretty dry:  
 I can walk where I please for my health,  
 For—I never fear robbers—not I.

*Then why, &c.*

They tell me, that care kill'd a cat,  
 It starv'd her, and caus'd her to die;  
 But I will be wiser than that,  
 For the devil a care will have I,  
 But to toss off a full flowing bowl,  
 And cast away sorrow and strife,  
 With an health to the jolly, brisk fowl  
 Who never took care in his life.

*Then why, &c.*

## Ye Silver Brooks.

Sung in the Opera of 'The Farmer.'

**Y**E silver brooks wander  
 Will please each meander;  
 Your verdant bounds keeping,  
 We trace from the source:  
 But into streams gliding,  
 You're lost by diving;  
 The fond willow weeping,  
 Ye die in your course.  
 My joys, thou shalt share them,  
 Thy griefs, let me bear them,  
 I'll calm the wild tumults that rise in thy breast:  
 Kind Love his torch lighting,  
 Our hearts re-uniting,  
 A wife's pure affection shall sooth thee to rest.

## Child Maurice.

This is undoubtedly the true title of this incomparable Ballad though corrupted into *Gil Morrice* by the nuries and old women, from whose mouths it was originally published.—*Child* seems to have been applicable to a young nobleman when about the age of fifteen. It occurs in *Shakespeare's Lear*, in the following line, probably borrowed from some old romance or ballad,

"Child Roland to the dark tower came."—

ACT III—Scene VII.

**C**HILD Maurice was an earl's son,  
 His name it waxed wide;  
 It was not for his riches great,  
 Nor yet his mickle pride,  
 But it was for his mother gay  
 Who liv'd on Carron side.

"Where shall I get a bonny boy  
 "That will win hose and shoen,  
 "That will go to *Lord Bernard's* hall,  
 "And bid his lady come?"

"And ye may run errand, *Willie*,  
 "And ye may run with speed;  
 "When other boys go on their feet  
 "Ye shall have prancing steed."

"Oh, no! oh, no! my master dear!  
 "I dare not for my life;  
 "I'll not go to the bold baron's,  
 "For t'entice forth his wife."

"My bird *Willie*, my boy *Willie*,  
 "My dear, *Willie*", he said,  
 "How can you strive against the stream?  
 "For I must be obeyed."

"But, oh, my master dear," he cry'd,  
 "In Greenwood ye're your lane;  
 "Give o'er such thoughts I wad ye rid,  
 "For fear ye should be ta'en."

"Haste, haste, I say, go to the hall,  
 "Bid her come here with speed;  
 "If ye refuse my high command,  
 "I'll make your body bleed."

"Go, bid her take this gay mantel,  
 "'Tis a' gowd but the hem:  
 "Bid her come to the good Greenwood,  
 "E'en by herself alane:

"And there it is, a filken scarfe,  
 "Her own hand sew'd the sleeve;  
 "And bid her come to *Child Maurice*;  
 "Ask no bold baron's leave."

"Yes, I will go your black errand,  
 "Though it be to your cost;  
 "Since ye will not be warn'd by me,  
 "In it ye will find frost."

"The baron he's a man of might,  
 "He ne'er could 'bide to taunt;  
 "And ye will see before 'tis night,  
 "Small cause you have to vaunt."

"And fine I may your errand run,  
 "So fore against my will,  
 "I'll make a vow, and keep it too,  
 "It shall be done for ill."

When he came to the broken bridge,  
 He bent his bow and swam;  
 And when he came to grafs growing,  
 Set down his feet and ran.

And when he came to *Bernard's* gate,  
 Would neither rap nor call,  
 But set his bent bow to his breast,  
 And lightly leap'd the wall.

He would not tell the man his errand  
 Though he stood at the gate;  
 But straight into the hall he came,  
 Where they were set at meat.

"Hail! hail! my gentle fire, and dame!  
 "My message will not wait,  
 "Dame, you maun to the Greenwood go,  
 "Before it be too late.

"You're bid to take this gay mantel,  
 "'Tis a' gowd but the hem:  
 "You maun haste to the good Greenwood,  
 "'E'en by yourself alane.

"And there it is, a filken scarfe,  
 "Your own hand sew'd the sleeve;  
 "You maun go speak to *Child Maurice*;  
 "Ask no bold baron's leave."

The lady stamped with her foot,  
 And winked with her eye;  
 But all that she could say or do,  
 Forbid he would not be.

"It's surely to my bower-woman,  
 "It ne'er could be to me."  
 "I brought it to lord *Bernard*'s lady;  
 "I thought that you be she."

Then up and speak the wily nurse,  
 (The bairn upon her knee)  
 "If it be come from *Child Maurice*,  
 "It's dear welcome to me."

"Ye lie, ye lie, thou filthy nurse,  
 "So loud as I heir you lie;  
 "I brought it to lord *Bernard*'s lady,  
 "I'm fure you are not she."

Then up and speak the bold baron,  
 An angry man was he;  
 He's tane the table with his foot,  
 So has he with his knee,  
 Till chrystal cup and azar dish  
 In flinders he made flie.

"Go bring a robe of your eliding,  
 "With all the haste you can,  
 "And I'll go to the good Greenwood,  
 "And speak with your Lemman."

"Oh, bide at home now lord *Bernard*!  
 "I warn you bide at home;  
 "Ne'er wyte a man for violence,  
 "Who ne'er wyte you with none."

*Child Maurice* sat in the Greenwood,  
 He whistled and he sung;  
 "Oh, what means all the folk coming?  
 "My mother tarries long."

The baron to the Greenwood came,  
 With mickle dule and care;  
 And there he first spy'd *Child Maurice*,  
 Combing his yellow hair.

"No wonder, no wonder, *Child Maurice*,  
 "My lady loves thee weel:  
 "The fairest part of my body  
 "Is blacker than thy heel.

"Yet ne'er the less now, *Child Maurice*,  
 "For all thy great beauty,  
 "You'll rue the day you ere was born;  
 "That head shall go with me."

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
 And flaided ower the strae;  
 And through *Child Maurice*' fair body  
 He gar'd the cold iron gae.

And then he took *Child Maurice*' head,  
 And set it on a spear;  
 The meanest man in all his train,  
 Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tane *Child Maurice* up,  
 Laid him acrofs his steed;  
 And brought him to his painted bower,  
 And laid him on a bed.

The lady on the castle wall,  
 Beheld both dale and down;  
 And there she saw *Child Maurice*' head  
 Come trailing to the town.

"Better I love that bloody head,  
 "Bot and that yellow hair,  
 "Than lord *Bernard* and all his lands,  
 "As they lie here and there."

And she has tane *Child Maurice*' head,  
 And kiss'd both cheek and chin;  
 "I was once fond of *Child Maurice*,  
 "As the hip is of the flane.

"I got you in my father's house  
 "With mickle sin and shame;  
 "I brought ye up in the Greenwood,  
 "Known to myself alane:

"Oft have I by thy cradle sat,  
 "And fondly seen thee sleep;  
 "But now I may go 'bout thy grave  
 "A mother's tears to weep."

Again she kiss'd his bloody cheek,  
 Again his bloody chin;  
 "Better I lov'd my son *Maurice*,  
 "Than all my kiff and kin!"

"Away, away, ye ill woman,  
 "An ill death may you die!  
 "If I had known he was your son,  
 "He'd ne'er been slain by me."

"Upbraid me not, my lord *Bernard*!  
 "Upbraid me not for shame!  
 "With that same spear, oh, pierce my heart,  
 "And save me from my pain!"

"Since nothing but *Child Maurice*' head  
 "Thy jealous rage could quell,  
 "Let that same hand now take her life,  
 "That ne'er to thee done ill.

"To me no after days nor nights  
 "Will ere be safe or kind:  
 "I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,  
 "And greet till I be blind."

"Enough of blood by me's been spilt,  
 "Seek not your death from me;  
 "I'd rather it had been myself,  
 "Than either him or thee."

"With hopelefs woe I hear your plaint,  
 "Sore, fore I rue the deed—  
 "That ere this curst hand of mine  
 "Should make his body bleed!"

"Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,  
 "They ne'er can hail the wound;  
 "You see his head upon the spear,  
 "His heart's blood on the ground.

"I curse the hand that did the deed,  
 "The heart that thought the ill,  
 "The feet that bore me with such speed,  
 "The comely youth to kill.

"I'll e're lament for *Child Maurice*  
 "As if he were my ane;  
 "I'll ne'er forget the dreary day  
 "On which the youth was slain."



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, worth preserving, in the English Language; forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

Gluggity, plug, went the Bottle.

Sung in the Entertainment of 'Feudal Times.'

A JOLLY fat friar lov'd liquor, good store,  
And he had drank stoutly at supper;  
He mounted his horse, in the night, at the door,  
And sat with his face to the crupper.—  
"Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to  
remorse,  
"Some thief, whom a halter will throttle—  
"Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,  
"Whilst I was engag'd with the bottle;  
"Which went gluggity, gluggity, plug."

The tail of his steed pointed fouth, on the dale,  
'Twas the friar's road home, strait and level;  
But, when spur'd, a horse follows his nose, not his  
tail,  
So he scamper'd due north, like a devil.—  
"This new mode of docking" the fat friar said,  
"I perceive doesn't make a horse trot ill—  
"And 'tis cheap—for he never can eat without head,  
"While I am engag'd with the bottle;  
"Which goes gluggity, &c."

The steed made a stop—in the pond he had got;  
He was rather for drinking than grazing;  
Quoth the friar "'tis strange headless horses should  
trot!  
"But to drink with their tails is amazing!"  
Turning round to find whence this phenomenon  
rose,  
In the pond fell this son of a pottle;  
Quoth he "the head's found, for I'm under his nose,  
"I wish I were over the bottle!  
"Which goes gluggity, &c."

Tho' Prudence may prefs me.

Sung in 'The Deserter'.

THO' prudence may prefs me,  
And duty distress me,  
Against inclination, ah! what can they do?  
No longer a rover,  
His follies are over,  
My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true.  
The bee thus as changing,  
From sweet to sweet ranging,  
A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray;  
With raptures possessing,  
In one ev'ry blessing,  
'Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

The Maid of the Wold.

Sung in the Entertainment of 'Feudal Times.'

OH, the maid of the Wold, how she travers'd the  
land,  
To court the rude touches of winter's chill hand,  
The wind on her bosom of lilies blew 'bleak,  
And the snow fell, in flakes, on the rose of her cheek.

Drear, drear, was the prospect; all clouded the sky;  
But the sunshine of Liberty beam'd in her eye:  
She cry'd, while the wet from her ringlets she prefs'd,  
"I am free—as the blast that blows over my breast!"

Sweet maid of the wold! as unshelter'd you stray,  
In that bliss of the poor—all the world for your  
way!—

If one pensive moment should flit o'er your mind,  
Drop a tear for a captive, in splendour confin'd.

The Fav'rite of the Fair.

Written by Mr. WESSON.

AIR—'Thus, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd.'

THUS, thus, my boys, you see once more,  
We're landed safe on Britain's shore,  
In spite of every foe,  
Let's circulate the chearful glass,  
Then each return unto his lass,  
On her his gains bestow,

Let Venus quit her flow'ry car,  
That fails above the air,  
To hail the free-born British tar,  
The fav'rite of the fair.

Enough of war we've had, my friends,  
But now on peace my hope depends,  
Oh, may each hope prove true,  
And may kind heav'n auspicious prove,  
Each fair reward her sailor's love,  
Content will then ensue,

Let Venus quit, &c.

To keep my gentle Jesse.

Sung in 'The Merchant of Venice.'

TO keep my gentle Jesse,  
What labour would seem hard?  
Each toilsome task how easy!  
Her love the sweet reward.

The bee thus, uncomplaining,  
Esteems no toil severe;  
The sweet reward obtaining,  
Of honey all the year.

## Neptune's Neglect.

**H**AD Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,  
 Been as wife, or at least been as merry as we,  
 He'd have thought better on't, and instead of its brine,  
 Would have fill'd the vast ocean with gen'rous wine

What trafficking then would have been on the main,  
 For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain!  
 No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking;  
 The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking-

The hot thirsty Sun then would drive with more haste,  
 Secure in the evening of such a repast;  
 And when he'd get tipsey, have taken his nap  
 With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,  
 Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;  
 What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,  
 To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when blest with such rain,  
 To fill all our vessels, and fill them again!  
 Nay, even the beggar that has ne'er a dish,  
 Might jump in the river and drink like a fish.

What health and contentment on every brow,  
 Hob as great as a prince, dancing after the plough!  
 The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,  
 Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,  
 Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;  
 And merrily twinkling, would soon let us know  
 That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we enjoy'd?  
 Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd:  
 A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his power,  
 To slip like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

## When the rosy Morn appearing.

*Sung in the Opera of 'Rosina.'*

**W**HEN the rosy morn appearing,  
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,  
 Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,  
 Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,  
 Carol sweet the lively strain,  
 They forsake their leafy dwelling,  
 To secure the golden grain.

See Content, the humble gleaner,  
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall!  
 Nature, all her children viewing,  
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

## Ah! think on this, and love me still.

*Sung in the Comic Opera of 'Ince and Varico.'*

**O**UR grotto was the sweetest place!  
 The bending boughs, with fragrance blowing,  
 Would check the brook's impetuous pace,  
 Which murmur'd to be stopt from flowing,  
 'Tis there we met, and gaz'd our fill;  
 Ah! think on this, and love me still.

'Twas then my bosom first knew fear,  
 Fear to an Indian maid a stranger;  
 The war-song, arrows, hatchet, I hear,  
 All warn'd me of my lover's danger.  
 For him did cares my bosom fill;  
 Ah! think on this, and love me still.

## Answer to Ma Chere Ami.

*For which see No. 2.*

**M**ON cher ami! let not despair  
 Your bosom fill with anxious care,  
 Whose heart's so open, mind so free—  
 I'll think of him who thinks of me.

*Mon cher ami, &c.*

Charge not a tender virgin's flame  
 With rudeness, to confess the same;  
 Oh! pardon all the faults you see,  
 And think of her who thinks of thee.

*Mon cher ami, &c.*

Then let us to the church incline,  
 And Hymen waits our hands to join;  
 For ever after happy be,  
 I blest'd with you, and you with me.

*Mon cher ami, &c.*

## If the treasur'd Gold could give.

**I**F the treasur'd gold could give,  
 Man a longer term to live,  
 I'd employ my utmost care,  
 Still to keep and still to spare;  
 And when Death approach'd, would say,  
 "Take thy fee, and walk away."

But since riches cannot save  
 Mortals from the gloomy grave,  
 Why should I myself deceive,  
 Vainly sigh, and vainly grieve?  
 Death will surely be my lot,  
 Whether I am rich or not.

Give me freely while I live,  
 Gen'rous wines, in plenty give,  
 Soothing joys, my life, to cheer,  
 Beauty kind, and friends sincere;  
 Happy, could I ever find  
 Friends sincere, and beauty kind.

## Corydon and Daphne.

**T**HE hawthorn is sweetly in bloom,  
 And daisies bedeck the gay mead,  
 The rose sheds its richest perfume,  
 And each love-tale of youth must succeed—  
 Ah! why, in this season of joy,  
 Ah! why is my shepherd away?  
 While absent the seasons but cloy,  
 And vain is the fragrance of May.

When forc'd from our plains to depart,  
 The swain was so gentle and kind,  
 His sighs spoke the pangs of his heart,  
 To leave his poor Daphne behind:  
 Yet why in this season of joy,  
 Ah! why does my Corydon stay?  
 While absent all seasons must cloy,  
 And lost are the pleasures of May.

In vain I've collected each flower,  
 With woodbine entwin'd ev'ry tree;  
 In vain have bedeck'd the gay bower,  
 Unless it be deck'd thus for thee:  
 Then come, my dear Corydon, come,  
 The fields and the meadows are gay;  
 No joys can you find while you roam,  
 Like our plains when enliven'd by May.



## To be sure I would.

Sung in the Farce of 'The Agreeable Surprise.'

OF all the pretty flowers,  
A cowflip's my delight :  
With that I'd pass my hours,  
Both morning, noon, and night.  
*To be sure I would, &c.*

This cowflip smell'd so sweetly,  
And look'd so fresh and gay,  
Says I, you're dress'd so neatly,  
We'll have a little play.  
*To be sure we will, &c.*

One evening in the dairy,  
'Twas lying on the shelf ;  
I kiss'd the pretty fairy,  
And then lay down myself.  
*To be sure I did, &c.*

This flow'r one morning early,  
Upon a bed did rest ;  
I lov'd to pull it dearly,  
And stick it in my breast.  
*To be sure I could, &c.*

## Blow, ye bleak Winds.

BLOW, ye bleak winds, around my head,  
And sooth my heart's corroding care ;  
Flash round my brows, ye lightnings red,  
And blast the laurels planted there ;  
But may the maid where'er she be,  
Think not of my distress, nor me.  
May all the traces of our love,  
Be ever blotted from her mind ;  
May from her breast my vows remove,  
And no remembrance leave behind ;  
*But may the maid, &c.*

O! may I ne'er behold her more ;  
For she has robb'd my soul of rest :  
Wisdom's assistance is too poor  
To calm the tempest in my breast :  
*But may the maid, &c.*

Come, Death, O! come thou friendly sleep,  
And with my sorrows lay me low :  
And should the gentle virgin weep,  
Nor sharp nor lasting be her woe ;  
*But may the maid, &c.*

## Let him tell his meaning.

AMONG the swains that trip the plains,  
My Johnny is most smart :  
He sings so sweet, and looks so neat,  
I fear he's won my heart :  
Beneath a shade, I once was laid,  
And he was over leaning,  
He heav'd a sigh, I can't tell why,  
I with I knew his meaning.

My tender lambs and bleating dams,  
When o'er the lawn I trace ;  
With pleasing air he fill is near,  
And gazes on my face :  
When hounds and horn awake the morn,  
He finds me then a gleaner,  
Then tells a tale which might prevail,  
If once I knew his meaning.

Once inclin'd to tell his mind,  
If wedlock is his plan ;  
Then void of strife I'll prove a wife,  
And do the best I can ;  
ne'er will vex, nor him perplex,  
Or wicked things be seen in,  
For he shall prove how much I love—  
But let him tell his meaning.

## BALLAD.

## The Child of Elle.

ON yonder hill a castle stands,  
With walls and towers bedight ;  
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,  
A young and comely knight.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,  
And stood at his garden pale,  
When, lo ! he beheld fair *Emmeline's* page  
Come tripping down the dale.

The Child of Elle he bided him thence,  
Y-wis he stood not still,  
And soon he met fair *Emmeline's* page,  
Come climbing up the hill.

" Now Christ thee save, thou little foot page,  
" Now Christ thee save, and fee,  
" Oh, tell me how does thy lady gay,  
" And what may thy tidings be ?"

" My lady she is all woe-begone,  
" And the tears they fall from her eyne ;  
" And, ah, she laments the deadly feud  
" Between her house and thine.

" And here she sends thee a silken scarf,  
" Bedewed with many a tear ;  
" And bids thee sometimes think on her,  
" Who loved thee so dear.

" And here she sends thee a ring of gold,  
" The last boon thou may'st have ;  
" And bids thee wear it for her sake  
" When she is laid in grave.

" For, ah, her gentle heart is broke,  
" And in grave soon must she be,  
" Sigh her father hath chose her a new love,  
" And forbid her to think of thee.

" Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,  
" Sir *John*, of the North Country,  
" And within three days she must him wed,  
" Or, he vows he will her slay."

" Now hie thee back, thou little foot page,  
" And greet thy lady from me,  
" And tell her that I, her own true-love,  
" Will die or set her free.

" Now hie thee back, thou little foot page,  
" And let thy fair lady know,  
" This night will I be at her bower window,  
" Betide me weal or woe."

The boy he tripp'd, the boy he ran,  
He neither flint nor staid,  
Untill he came to fair *Emmeline's* bower,  
When kneeling down he said :

" O, lady, I've been with thy own true-love,  
" And he greets thee well by me ;  
" This night will he be at thy bower window,  
" To die or set thee free."

Now day was gone, and night was come,  
And all were fast asleep ;  
All save the lady *Emmeline*,  
Who sat in her bower to weep.

And soon she heard her true-love's voice,  
Low whispering at the wall ;  
" Awake, awake, my dear lady,  
" 'Tis I, thy true-love, call.

"Awake, awake, my lady dear,  
 "Come, mount this fair palfry;  
 "This ladder of ropes will let thee down,  
 "I'll carry thee hence away."  
 "Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight,  
 "Now nay, this may not be;  
 "For, ah, I should stain my maiden fame,  
 "If alone I should wend with thee."  
 "O lady, thou with a knight so true,  
 "Mayst safely wend alone,  
 "To my lady mother I will thee bring,  
 "Where marriage shall make us one."  
 "My father he is a baron bold,  
 "Of lineage proud and high,  
 "And what would he say if his daughter  
 "Away with a knight should fly?"  
 "Ah, well I know he never would rest,  
 "Nor his meat should do him good,  
 "Till he had slain thee, Child of Elle,  
 "And seen thy dear heart's blood."  
 "O, lady, were thou in thy saddle set,  
 "And a little space him fro,  
 "I would not for thy father care,  
 "Not the worst that he could do."  
 "O, lady, were thou in thy saddle set,  
 "And once within this wall,  
 "I would not for thy father care,  
 "Or worst that might befall."  
 Fair *Emmeline* sigh'd, fair *Emmeline* wept,  
 And, ah, her heart was woe,  
 At length he seiz'd her lily-white hand,  
 And down the ladder drew.  
 And thrice he clasp'd her to his breast,  
 And kiss'd her tenderly;  
 The tears that fell from her fair eyes  
 Ran like the fountain free.  
 He mounted then his steed so tall,  
 And her on a fair palfry,  
 And slung his bugle about his neck,  
 And briskly rode away.  
 All this beheard her own damsel,  
 In her bed, where she lay.  
 Quoth she, "my lord shall know of this,  
 "And I'll get gold and fee."  
 "Awake, awake, thou baron bold!  
 "Awake, my noble dame!  
 "Your daughter is fled with the Child of Elle,  
 "To do the deed of shame."  
 The baron awoke, the baron arose,  
 And called his merry men all;  
 "And come thou forth, *Sir John*, the knight,  
 "Thy lady is carry'd to thrall."  
 Fair *Emmeline* scarce had ridden a mile,  
 A mile forth of the town,  
 When she was aware of her father's men,  
 Come galloping o'er the down.  
 And foremost came the carlish knight,  
 (*Sir John*, of the North Country)  
 "Now stop, now stop, thou false traitor,  
 "Nor carry that lady away:  
 "For she is come of high lineage,  
 "And was of a lady born;  
 "And ill it befits thee, a false churl's son,  
 "To carry her hence to scorn."  
 "Now loud thou liest, *Sir John*, the knight,  
 "Now thou do'st lye of me;  
 "A knight me got, and a lady me bore,  
 "So ne'er did none by thee.

"But light now down, my dear lady,  
 "Light down, and hold my horse,  
 "While I, and this discourteous knight  
 "Do try our valour's force."  
 Fair *Emmeline* sigh'd, fair *Emmeline* wept,  
 And, ah, her heart was woe;  
 While 'twixt her love and the carlish knight,  
 Past many a baleful blow.  
 The Child of Elle he fought so well,  
 As his weapon he wav'd amain,  
 That soon he had slain the carlish knight,  
 And laid him on the plain.  
 And now the baron, and all his men,  
 Full fast approached nigh,  
 Ah, what may lady *Emmeline* do!  
 'Twere now no time to fly.  
 Her lover he put his horn to his mouth,  
 And blew both loud and shrill,  
 And soon he saw his own merry men  
 Come riding o'er the hill.  
 "Now hold thy hand, thou baron bold,  
 "I pray thee hold thy hand;  
 "Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts,  
 "Fast knit in true-love's band."  
 "Thy daughter I have dearly lov'd,  
 "Full long and many a day,  
 "But with such love, as holy kirk  
 "Hath freely said we may.  
 "O give consent she may be mine,  
 "And blest a faithful pair;  
 "My lands and livings are not small,  
 "My house and lineage fair.  
 "My mother she was an earl's daughter,  
 And a noble knight my sire"—  
 The baron he frown'd, and turn'd away,  
 With mickle dole and ire.  
 Fair *Emmeline* sigh'd, fair *Emmeline* wept,  
 And did all trembling stand;  
 At length she sprang upon her knee,  
 And held his lifted hand.  
 "Pardon, my lord and father dear,  
 "This fair young knight and me,  
 "Trust me, but for the carlish knight,  
 "I ne'er had fled from thee.  
 "Oft have you call'd your *Emmeline*,  
 "Your darling, and your joy;  
 "O let not then your harsh resolves  
 "Your *Emmeline* destroy."  
 The baron he strok'd his dark brown cheek,  
 And turn'd his head aside,  
 To wipe away the starting tear  
 He proudly strove to hide.  
 In deep revolving thought he stood,  
 And mus'd a little space;  
 Then rais'd fair *Emmeline* from the ground,  
 With many a fond embrace.  
 "Here, take her, Child of Elle," he said,  
 And gave her lily hand;  
 "Here take my dear and only child,  
 "And with her half my land.  
 "Thy father once mine honour wrong'd,  
 "In days of youthful pride,  
 "Do thou the injury repair,  
 "In fondness for thy bride.  
 "And as thou love and hold her dear,  
 "Heaven prosper thee and thine;  
 "And now my blessing wend wi' thee,  
 "My lovely *Emmeline*.



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[Numb. 51]

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Flow, thou regal Purple Stream.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Castle of Ardalusia*.'

FLOW, thou regal purple stream,  
Tinctur'd by the solar beam,  
In my goblet sparkling rise,  
Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes.  
My brain ascend on Fancy's wing,  
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.  
While I live, I'll lave my clay,  
When I'm dead, and gone away,  
Let my thirsty subjects say,  
A month he reign'd, but that was May.

O talk not to me.

Sung in the Opera of '*Lionel and Clarissa*.'

OH, talk not to me, of the wealth she possesses,  
My hopes and my views to herself I confine;  
The splendor of riches but slightly impresses  
A heart that is fraught with a passion like mine.

By love, only love, should our souls be cemented;  
No int'rest, no motive but that would I own;  
With her in a cottage be blest and contented,  
And wretched without her, tho' plac'd on a throne

Love, gay Illusion.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Castle of Andalusia*.'

LOVE! gay illusion,  
Pleasing delusion,  
With sweet intrusion,  
Possesses the mind.

Love, with love meeting,  
Passion is fleeting;  
Vows in repeating  
We trust to the wind.

Faith to faith plighted,  
Love may be blighted;  
Hearts often flighted  
Will cease to be kind.

Kiss the cold Winter away.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Castle of Andalusia*.'

THEN hey for a lass, and a bottle to cheer,  
And a thumping bantling every year!  
With skin as white as snow,  
And hair as brown as a berry;  
With eyes as black as a floe,  
And lips as red as a cherry;  
Sing rory, tory,  
Dancing, prancing,  
Laugh and lie down is the play,  
We'll fondle together,  
In spite of the weather,  
And kiss the cold winter away.

Laugh while you live,  
For as life is a jest,  
Who laughs the most,  
Is sure to live best.  
When I was not so old  
I frolick'd among the misses;  
And when they thought me too bold,  
I stopp'd their mouths with kisses.  
*Sing rory, tory, &c.*

Oh, come, my Soldier.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*Patrick in Prussia*.'

OH, come, my foldier, meet my fight,  
Full far I've come to thee;  
No foe now dares you to the fight,  
But gentle love and me.  
My foldier doats on fierce alarms,  
Where foes in battle join;  
But when the trumpet sounds to arms,  
Oh! let him fly to mine.

In camp how rough by Mars array'd,  
There fate attends his will;  
At home you hear each tender maid,  
Ah! was he form'd to kill?  
In charms secure the fair advance,  
And ere an arrow flies,  
He looks around, and at each glance,  
A wounded maiden dies

*He looks around, &c.*

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## The Soldier's Medley.

THE lark was up, the morning grey,  
The drums had beat a revalley,  
And jolly foldiers on the ground,  
In peaceful camps slept safe and sound:  
Only one poor foldier, who,  
Nought but love could e'er subdue,  
Wander'd to a neighb'ring grove,  
There to vent his plaintive love.

"Oh, women are delicate, dangerous things,  
" Their sweets, like the bee's, are mingled with  
" stings,  
" They are not to be gained without care and cost,  
" They are hard to be won, and are easily lost;  
" In seeking a fair one I found to my smart,  
" I know not the way, but I lost my poor heart."

As on the ground he lay,  
Minerva came that way,  
In armour bright and gay,  
And unto him did say:

"Rise, foldier, rise:  
" Hark! the drums have beat to arms,  
" Hark! to the fond alarms,  
" Hang her beauty, mind your duty,  
" Think not of her charms.

"Rise, foldier, rise,  
" I'll take you by the hand,  
" And I'll lead you through the land,  
" And I'll give you the command  
" Of a chosen band.

"Rise, foldier, rise,  
" Dont be stupid,  
" Drive away Cupid,  
" Follow Minerva's wise advice.

"Soldier, go home, go home,  
" Ne'er mind your mistress's scorn,  
" Slight, flight her again, flight, flight her again,  
" For slighted love should flight return."

The foldier, thus rous'd from his amorous love,  
Hasted away to his duty,  
And swore to Minerva a terrible oath,  
He'd never think more of her beauty.  
Bachelors bluff, bachelors bluff,  
Heigh for a heart as tough as a buff.

Those who are single never wear horns,  
Those who are single live happy;  
Those who are married lye upon thorns,  
And always look ragged and shabby,  
Cuckolds, come dig, cuckolds, come dig,  
Round about, cuckolds, come dance to my jig.

Those who live single fear not a rout,  
Nothing to them can be sweeter,  
They have no wife to whimper or pout,  
Saying "how can you leave me, dear creature?"  
Bachelors bluff, bachelors bluff,  
Heigh for a heart as tough as a buff.

Ye belles and beaux so smart and fair,  
Say, were not foldiers form'd for love?  
I'm sure you'll find them all sincere,  
If you but kind and constant prove;

But if you slight their passion still,  
And tyrannize o'er hearts so true,  
Depend upon it they'll rebel,  
And will not care a fig for you.

Oh, hold your foolish tongue,  
A little laughing Cupid said,  
Have you not heard it sung,  
That constancy will win a maid;  
Then what on earth or heav'n above  
Is equal to the joys of love?

Let wisdom preach in schools,  
What has she with love to do?  
We go not by her rules,  
Unbounded pleasures we pursue:  
On rosy wing our fancy flies,  
And ev'ry worldly care defies.

Let Mars in council boast,  
Of resolution, strength and art,  
Love comes without a host,  
And steals away the foldier's heart:  
Love breaks the bow, the sword, the spear,  
And turns the angry face of war.

The greatest men alive,  
By Cupid's bow have been o'ercome,  
'Tis vain with love to strive,  
Though arm'd with spear, or sword or gun;  
Then ground your arms, sons of wars,  
There's no quarrelling with the fair.

## Norah.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*Patrick in Prussia*.'

AWAY, ye giddy smiling throng  
Of tempting beauties, fair and young,  
My heart is true, altho' my tongue  
Should sing of lovely Flora;  
Or should I gaze with fond desire,  
Should breath of roses fan the fire;  
And tho' I on a touch expire,  
My soul is thine, sweet Norah.

The bonds of Hymen o'er my mind,  
My constant soul must ever bind,  
To that dear woman left behind,  
My kind, my tender Norah;  
But, oh! I fear each mortal part,  
Nay, e'en this true, this faithful heart,  
Resistless to the urchin's dart,  
Shot by the eyes of Flora.

Illusive vapour, transient blaze,  
Oh! vanish while I wand'ring gaze,  
But shine like Dian's silver rays,  
My passion chaste for Norah:  
Yet Hymen winks, and Venus smiles,  
And passion ev'ry sense beguiles,  
And Cupid with his thousand wiles,  
Assist my charming Flora.

## Ah, Solitude, take my Distress.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Castle of Andalusia*.'

AH, Solitude, take my distress,  
My griefs I'll unbosom to thee,  
Each sigh thou can'st gently repress,  
Thy silence is music to me.

Yet peace from my sonnet may spring,  
For peace let me fly the gay throng,  
To soften my sorrows I sing,  
Yet sorrow's the theme of my song.



## All fierce and military.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*Patrick in Prussia*.'

ALL fierce and military,  
 Crosses buff-belt and regimental new,  
 With high cap rough and hairy,  
 At our grand review :  
     With spur and boot,  
     Adorn the foot,  
 To grace the field, while pateraroes shoot.  
     Fire and smoke,  
     All a joke,  
     Bullets whiz,  
     Bully Quiz  
 Erect as a sturdy oak.

On my charger prancing,  
 Rat, tat, tat, his hoofs shall beat the ground ;  
 Great glove, and broad sword glancing,  
 Salute the ladies round :  
     In the grand pas rear,  
     Up the pavement tear,  
 Like a noble col'nel, at my men I swear,  
     Hey, they fight,  
     To the right,  
     Keep the rank,  
     Guard the flank,  
 Zounds, I'll soon be a brigadier.

## The Boys of the Blade.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*Patrick in Prussia*.'

SO chearful and happy, we boys of the blade,  
 Prepare all to meet on the shining parade ;  
     Then rub,  
     Then scrub,  
 Your muskets, your belts, and your bayonets bright,  
     We'll rub,  
     We'll scrub,  
 Our muskets, our belts, and our bayonets bright.  
 In spatterdash white, as he throws up his leg,  
 Each rank and file marches a bold Scanderbeg ;  
     The ladies admiring,  
     Our charging and firing,  
     Our standing and kneeling,  
     To right and left wheeling.  
 A smile from a woman's a soldier's delight,  
 They love as we love 'em, and for 'em we fight ;  
     We'll jovially sing,  
     Drink a health to our king,  
     And make the camp ring, &c.

## I have a Lover of my own.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Castle of Andalusia*.'

I HAVE a lover of my own,  
 So kind and true is he ;  
 As true, I love but him alone,  
 And he loves none but me.  
 I boast not of his velvet down,  
 On cheeks of rosy hue,  
 His spicy breath, his ringlets brown ;  
 I prize the heart that's true.  
 So to all else I must say nay ;  
 They only fret and tease :  
 Fear youth, 'tis you alone that may  
 Come court me when you please.  
 I play'd my love a thousand tricks,  
 In seeming coy and shy ;  
 'Twas only, ere my heart I'd fix,  
 I thought his love to try.

## I am, cry'd Apollo.

"I AM," cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,  
 And panting for breath the coy virgin pursu'd,  
 When his wisdom in manner most ample exprest,  
 The long list of graces his godship possest.

"I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays."  
 Nor for lays, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays.  
 "I'm the god of the harp—stop, my fairest" in vain ;  
 Nor the harp, nor the harper, could bring her again.

## BALLAD.

## The Children in the Wood.

Mr. Addison, in speaking of this incomparable Ballad, amongst other things in its praise, says, "Tho' the Language is mean, the thoughts are natural, and therefore cannot fail to please those who are not judges of Language, or those who, notwithstanding they are judges of Language, have a true and unprejudiced taste of Nature. The condition, speech, and behaviour of the dying Parents, with the age, innocence and distress of the Children, are set forth in such tender circumstances, that it is impossible for a Reader of common humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumstance of the *Robin-red-Breast*, it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and to shew the genius of the Author, amidst all his simplicity, is just the same kind of fiction which one of the greatest *Latin* Poets (*Horace*) has made use of upon a parallel occasion."

Spectator—No. 83.

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,  
 The words which I shall write ;  
 A doleful story you shall hear,  
 In time brought forth to light.  
 A gentleman of good account  
 In Norfolk liv'd of late,  
 Whose wealth and riches did surmount  
 Most men of his estate,

Sore sick he was, and like to die,  
 No help that he could have ;  
 His wife by him as sick did lie,  
 And both possess'd one grave.  
 No love between these two was lost,  
 Each was to th' other kind ;  
 In love they liv'd, in love they dy'd,  
 And left two babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty boy,  
 Not passing three years old ;  
 Th' other a girl, more young than he,  
 And made in Beauty's mold.  
 The father left his little son,  
 As plainly doth appear,  
 When he to perfect age should come,  
 Three hundred pounds a year ;

And to his little daughter *Jane*  
 Five hundred pounds in gold,  
 To be paid down on marriage day,  
 Which might not be controul'd :  
 But if the children chance to die,  
 Ere they to age should come,  
 Their uncle should possess their wealth ;  
 For so the will did run.

"Now brother," said the dying man,  
 "Look to my children dear;  
 "Be good unto my boy and girl,  
 "No friends else have I here:  
 "To God and you I do commend  
 "My children night and day;  
 "But little while, be sure, we have  
 "Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both,  
 "And uncle, all in one;  
 "God knows what will become of them,  
 "When I am dead and gone."  
 With that bethake their mother dear,  
 "O brother kind," quoth she,  
 "You are the man must bring our babes  
 "To wealth or misery.

"But if you keep them carefully,  
 "Then God will you reward;  
 "If otherwise you seem to deal,  
 "God will your deeds regard."  
 With lips as cold as any stone,  
 She kiss'd her children small:  
 "God bless you both, my children dear,"  
 With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke,  
 To this sick couple here:  
 "The keeping of your children dear,  
 "Dear sister, do not fear;  
 "God never prosper me nor mine,  
 "Nor ought else that I have,  
 "If I do wrong your children dear,  
 "When you are laid in grave."

Their parents being dead and gone,  
 The children home he takes,  
 And brings them home unto his house,  
 And much of them he makes.  
 He had not kept these pretty babes  
 A twelvemonth and a day,  
 But, for their wealth, he did devise  
 To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,  
 Which were of furious mood,  
 That they should take the children young,  
 And slay them in a wood.  
 He told his wife, and all he had,  
 He did the children send  
 To be brought up in fair London,  
 With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,  
 Rejoicing at the tide,  
 Rejoicing with a merry mind,  
 They should on cock-horse ride.  
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,  
 As they rode on the way,  
 To those that would their butchers be,  
 To work their lives away.

So that the pretty speech they had,  
 Made murderers' hearts relent;  
 And they that undertook the deed  
 Full sore they did repent.  
 Yet one of them, more hard of heart,  
 Did vow to do his charge,  
 Because the wretch that hired him  
 Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,  
 So here they fell to strife;  
 With one another they did fight,  
 About the children's life:  
 And he that was of mildest mood,  
 Did slay the other there,  
 Within an unfrequented wood;  
 While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,  
 When tears stood in their eye,  
 And bade them come and go with him,  
 And look they did not cry:  
 And two long miles he led them on,  
 While they for food complain;  
 "Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,  
 "When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
 Went wandering up and down;  
 But never more they saw the man,  
 Approaching from the town:  
 Their pretty lips, with black-berries,  
 Were all besmeard and dy'd,  
 And, when they saw the darksome night,  
 They fate them down and cry'd.

Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,  
 Till death did end their grief;  
 In one another's arms they dy'd,  
 Like babes wanting relief:  
 No burial these pretty babes  
 Of any man receives,  
 Till Robin-red-breast, carefully,  
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God  
 Upon their uncle fell:  
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,  
 His conscience felt an hell:  
 His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,  
 His lands were barren made,  
 His cattle dy'd within the field,  
 And nothing with him stay'd.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,  
 Two of his sons did die;  
 And, to conclude, himself was brought  
 To extreme misery:  
 He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land,  
 Ere seven years came about:  
 And now, at length, this wicked act,  
 Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand  
 These children for to kill,  
 Was for a robb'ry judg'd to die,  
 As was God's blessed will;  
 Who did confess the very truth,  
 The which is here express'd;  
 Their uncle dy'd, while he for debt,  
 In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,  
 And overseers eke,  
 Of children that be fatherless,  
 And infants mild and meek,  
 Take you example by this thing,  
 And yield to each his right,  
 Left God, with such like misery,  
 Your wicked minds requite.



## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

All amongst the Leaves so green, O.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Castle of Andalusia*.'

**I**N the forest here hard by,  
A bold robber late was I,  
Sword and blunderbuss in hand,  
When I bid a trav'ler stand;  
Zounds deliver up your cash,  
Or straight I'll pop and flash,

All among the leaves so green, O;

Damme, fir,  
If you stir,  
Sluice your veins,  
Blow your brains,  
Hey down,  
Ho down,

Derry, derry down,

All amongst the leaves so green, O.

Soon I'll quit the roving trade,  
When a gentleman I'm made;  
Then so spruce and debonnaire,  
'Gad, I'll court a lady fair;  
How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,  
How I'll kiss her, and all that,

All among the leaves so green, O!

How d'ye do?  
How are you?  
Why so coy?

Let us toy,  
Hey down,  
Ho down,

Derry, derry down,

All amongst the leaves so green, O.

But ere old and grey my pate,  
I'll scrape up a snug estate;  
With my nimbleness of thumbs,  
I'll soon butter all my crumbs.  
When I'm justice of the peace,  
Then I'll master many a lease,

All amongst the leaves so green, O.

Wig profound,  
Belly round,  
Sit at ease,  
Snatch the fees,  
Hey down,  
Ho down,

Derry, derry down,

All amongst the leaves so green, O.

You the Point may carry.

Sung in the Farce of '*The Poor Soldier*.'

**Y**OU the point may carry,  
If a while you tarry;—  
But for you,  
I tell you true,  
No, you I'll never marry.

*You the point, &c.*

Care, our souls disowning,  
Punch, our sorrows drowning,  
Laugh and love,  
And ever prove,  
Joys our wishes crowning.

*Care, our souls, &c.*

To the church I'll hand her;  
Then thro' the world I'll wander;  
I'll sob and sigh  
Until I die,

A poor forsaken gander.

*To the church, &c.*

Each pious priest, since Moses,  
One mighty truth discloses;  
You're never vex't,  
If this the text,

Go fuddle all your noses.

*Each pious priest, &c.*

A Soldier I am for a Lady.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Castle of Andalusia*.'

**A** SOLDIER I am for a lady,  
What beau was e'er arm'd completer?  
When face to face,  
Her chamber the place,  
I'm able and willing to meet her,  
Gad's curse, my dear lasses, I'm ready,  
To give you all satisfaction;

I am the man,  
For the crack of your fan,

Tho' I die at your feet in the action.  
Your bibbins may beat up a row-de-dow,  
Your lap dog may out with his bow, wow, wow,  
The challenge is love,  
I take up the glove,  
Tho' I die at your feet in the action.

## The Devil and the Distiller.

**Y**E sober good people, and dram-drinking folk,  
Attend to my ditty, I'll sing you a joke,  
How a distiller once, to his Crony uncivil,  
Broke faith with Old Nick, and made *Stal*<sup>e</sup> of the Devil.

*Derry down, down, down derry down.*

Near St. Michans', in Dublin, (a place noted well  
To hawkers and pedlars) this caitiff did dwell;  
A rascal, so crafty, no knave could him trick,  
And he needs must be such, who could cozen Old Nick.

*Derry down, &c.*

With poisons, call'd spirits, of worst garbage made,  
And cheating excisemen, he long drove the trade:  
That Drove, daily kill'd with the trash he did sell,  
To the devil went headlong, and overstock'd hell.

*Derry down, &c.*

Old Satan was pleas'd such destruction to see,  
And swore, that on earth he'd no agent like he:  
So upwards he posted, resolv'd with his skill  
To aid in the work of so friendly a still.

*Derry down, &c.*

His coming, at first, did the artist dismay,  
For his errand, he thought, was to take him away:  
But his business once told, all suspicion soon ends,  
And of new-made acquaintance they soon became friends.

*Derry down, &c.*

Quoth the Devil "friend Killman, your works I've  
survey'd,  
And pleas'd with your service, now bring you my  
aid;

Your murders I'll help, and for all that I slay,  
No wages I'll ask—let their souls be my pay."

*Derry down, &c.*

'The distiller charm'd at the gains he should reap  
From a partner so skill'd, and a workman so cheap,  
Cries "snap o'th' instant, my heart gives consent."  
So closing the bargain, to work straight they went.

*Derry down, &c.*

Whatever ingredients hell's regions contain,  
To torment the bowels, or kindle the brain,  
These Satan brought with him, and in the still  
threw,

And made such a pickle as hell could but brew.

*Derry down, &c.*

There was arsenic and sulphur (two things that in-  
flame)

With abundance of filth, too indecent to name,  
All these the arch-devil stirr'd up with his hoof,  
Then *stale*<sup>d</sup> some ten barrels to bring it to proof.

*Derry down, &c.*

The people now mad with the strength it imparts,  
Despise puny naggins, and call but for quarts;  
A trade so enormous, the rogue did enrich,  
And soon swell'd his gains to an alderman's pitch.

*Derry down, &c.*

But ay'rice, a crime, of all mischiefs the root,  
That seldom leaves growing where once it does  
shoot,

So sway'd with this fellow, his gains to increase,  
He plotted a scheme, you shall hear in due place.

*Derry down, &c.*

\* A cant term for a sort of spirits (Whisky) much drank by  
the lower people.

At the still, as one day they both lovingly wrought,  
A crotchet invades him, and thus the rogue thought,  
If such virtue distills from the brine of this elf,  
How strong must the Stal be that tastes of himself?

*Derry down, &c.*

So watching his time, when occasion did lack  
The Devil's assistance to cook a fresh Back,<sup>†</sup>  
As the Fury withinside his work did begin,  
He claps to the still-head, and chains him fast in.

*Derry down, &c.*

Now to work went the fire, this liquor to scald,  
And as the heat reach'd him, the Devil he bawl'd;  
Ten bulls forely beaten by rabble and boys,  
Ne'er made, in their anger, so dreadful a noise.

*Derry down, &c.*

To the joy of all mortals, and int'rest beside,  
Now must this poor devil (sans mercy) have dy'd;  
But just as the steam did his Devil-ship choak,  
He bursted the still-head, and flew off in smoke.

*Derry down, &c.*

Escap'd now to hell, he relates to his crew,  
The trick he was serv'd, and the pains he pass'd  
thro'

And swore by his maker, (to use no worse names)  
'Twas a torment excell'd all his brimstone and  
flames.

*Derry down, &c.*

"O, Killman! thou rascal! is this your best thanks?  
"Your love to your Crony, to play him such pranks?  
"Now thrive as you may, to your sorrow I tell,  
"You have lost one good friend of the Devil in hell!"

*Derry down, &c.*

And now, my good people, you've heard this sad  
story,

Let the example of Satan be always before ye;  
Take care who you deal with, nor give your good  
pelf

For drams that might stifle the devil himself.

*Derry down, &c.*

<sup>†</sup> A Back is a term used by distillers, to signify that quantity  
of spirit drawn off by them at one distillation.

## The tuneful Birds, how sweet they sing.

Sung in the Comic Opera of 'Patrick in Prussia.'

**T**HE tuneful birds, how sweet they sing,  
How gay the dainty flowrets spring,  
How light the milkmaid's brimming pail,  
As chaunting in the flow'ry dale:  
'Tis love that wafts her blithe along,  
That paints the flowers, and tunes her song.

## Open the Door, to me, oh!

**I**T's open the door, some pity to shew,  
It's open the door, to me, oh!  
Tho' you have been false, I'll always prove true,  
So open the door, to me, oh!

Cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,  
But colder your love unto me, oh!

*Tho' you have been false, &c.*

She open'd the door, she open'd it wide,  
She sees his pale corpse on the ground, oh!  
*Tho' you have been false, &c.*

"My true love," she cry'd, then fell by his side,  
"Never, never to shut it again, oh!"  
*"Tho' you have been false, &c."*



Since you mean to hire for Service.

SINCE you mean to hire for service,  
Come, with me, you jolly dog.  
You can help to bring home harvest,  
You can help to bring home harvest,  
'Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.

*Fal, de, ral, de, ral, &c.*

With three crowns, your standing wages,  
You shall daintily be fed;  
Bacon, beans, fat beef, and cabbage,  
Butter, milk, and oaten-bread.

*Fal, de, ral, &c.*

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,  
When we get you once at home;  
And when daily labour's over,  
We'll all dance to your drum, drum.

*Fal, de, ral, &c.*

Done—strike hands, I take your offer;  
Farther on I may fare worse;  
Zooks! I can no longer suffer,  
Hungry gut, and empty purse.

*Midas. Fal, de, ral, &c.*

When my Wife's laid in Ground.

O WHAT pleasures will abound,  
When my wife is laid in ground!  
Let earth cover her,  
We'll dance over her,  
When my wife is laid in ground.

Oh, how happy should I be,  
Would little Nyfa pig with me!  
How I'd mumble her,  
Touze and tumble her,  
Would little Nyfa pig with me!

*Midas.*

### Catilina.

Sung in the Comic Opera of 'The Castle of Andalusia.'

IN autumn ev'ry fruit I see,  
Brings Catilina to my mind;  
I carve her name on ev'ry tree,  
And sing love-sonnets in the wind.

Her forehead as the nestrine sleek,  
And brown as hazle-nut her hair is;  
The downy peach, her blushing cheek,  
Her pouting lips—two May-Duke cherries.

A bird's by fairest fruits allur'd,  
And I'm sweet Catilina's bird;  
I peck, hop, flutter, on my spray,  
And chirp and carol all the day.

As homeward from the Neighb'ring Fair.

Sung in the Comic Opera of 'The Castle of Andalusia.'

AS homeward from the neighb'ring fair  
His grain well sold, dispell'd his care,  
With jocund haste the thrifty swain  
Trips o'er the mead and skirts the plain,  
He stops! he views—oh, dire amaze!  
His flock, his cottage, all a blaze!

But hast'ning on he looks around,  
The heath's on fire—to clear his ground.  
His jovial friends to meet him come,  
And chaunt the cheerful welcome home;  
With heart felt joy each voice he hears,  
And laughs away his former fears.

### BALLAD.

#### The Wild Huntsman.\*

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

Author of 'Lenora,' and the Lads of 'Fair Wene.'  
For which see No. 31 and No. 41.

"HALLOO! On horse, on foot, away!"  
Shrill sounds the haughty Wild-grave's § horn,  
High rears his steed, brooks no delay,  
And pawing snuffs the gales of morn.  
They're off, the hounds loud-op'ning clufter round;  
With voices, whips, and horns, the hills resound.

Gilt by the Sunday's morning ray,  
His castle's stately tow'rs appear'd;  
The chimes and bells announce the day  
Of pray'r and rest: and distant heard  
Are sounds of holy song, and pious lays,  
Of grateful mortals to their Maker's praise.

Straight through the churchyard's sacred shade,  
Th' impetuous Earl, ne'er heeding wrong,  
Dashing o'er graves but newly made,  
With whoop and hallow mars their song:  
When sudden on his left, a blood-red Knight;  
Another clad in silver took his right.

Say, who these knights? What doth them bring?  
The deep design the muse may guess:  
Blooming the one, and mild as spring,  
His looks internal peace confess:  
The other dark and of deportment proud,  
His eyes flash'd lightning as from thunder-cloud.

"Welcome! Well met!—No other place,  
"Not heav'n itself affords such joys;"  
(The Wild-grave cried) "The noble chace:  
"Surpasses all.—Hark forwards, boys!  
"Away!"—Rising he swang his cap around:  
With voice and hand then cheer'd each fav'rite hound.

"Ill suits thy horn with holy lay;"  
The fair Knight spake, with manner mild,  
"Return:—No good you'll reap this day;  
"Your Angel warns." With looks most wild,  
The other sternly cried, "Hunt on, my Lord,  
"Act like a Prince; heed not that sniv'ler's word."

"Well said! my neighbour on the left,  
"Thou art a hero to my mind,  
"Let those of gen'rous soul bereft,  
"With chanting Monks remain behind:  
"Yes, pious Sir, although it should not please,  
"Happen what may, this day I'll hunt at ease."

Field in and out, hill up and down,  
Still rushing forward, on they fly;  
O'er verdant lawns, o'er moors so brown,  
The rival Knights still follow nigh.  
See! from yon brake a milk-white Hart they rouse,  
Mark well his size, observe his branching brows.

And louder still his horn he blew,  
And speedier still both horse and hound  
With wild uproar pursuing flew:  
Some headlong fell, dash'd to the ground.  
"Go! hurl to Hell! Why should it me annoy?  
"Enow remain,—my pleasure I'll enjoy."

\* This Ballad is founded on a superstitious Legend, credited in Germany.

§ Wild-grave.—Warden of the chace, Grand Veneur; formerly one of the great Officer's of the Emperor's court; from the German words *Eas wild*, game, animals feræ naturæ, and *graff*, Earl, Comes, Warden: thus Margrave means Warden of the Marches; Landgrave, Governor of an inland Country; Rheingrave, Commander on the Rhine, &c. &c.

Now prostrate in the rip'ning corn,  
The panting stag his form conceals;  
But vain his wiles, his hopes forlorn,  
The steamy scent his haunt reveals.  
The farmer kneels—"Have mercy, sir! you'll sure  
Not harm the dear-bought earnings of the poor."

The gentle Knight now forward bears,  
And offers counsel mild and good;  
But the left man derides his fears,  
And fires him on to deeds of blood.  
With scorn the gen'rous dictates he declines,  
And in the left man's toils himself entwines.

"Begone" (he roar'd), "thou cursed clown!"  
(At him his fiery steed he rears;)  
"I swear my hounds shall hunt thee down,  
If still thy clamours din my ears.  
My words to prove; ho! comrades, come along!  
Sound well your whips, and let him feel the  
thong."

He said; 'twas done.—With desperate bound,  
O'er fence he flies, and close behind,  
With action eager, Horse and Hound  
Streaming pursue.—Like wintry wind,  
The suite and pack dispersing quickly spread  
Wide waste.—Alas! the Farmer's hopes are fled.

Now by the approaching din alarm'd,  
O'er rocks and walls, o'er hill and dale,  
Arous'd, close run, but yet unharm'd,  
The stag attains a flow'ry vale;  
And mingling with the peaceful herds he tries  
To shun the pack, and lose its murderous cries.

The staunch hounds rush thro' stream and flood,  
Away they sweep through wood and brake,  
True to the scent, and breathing blood,  
Nor e'er the steaming track forsake;  
Suppliant the trembling Hind the Earl address'd,  
And urg'd, with lowly suit, his just request.

"Mercy, dread Lord! some pity shew!  
Reflect that in this pasture feed  
The Orphan's flock, the widow's cow;  
Await! the Deer I'll drive with speed;  
Spare to the Poor their all, their only trust;  
In pity stay! be merciful and just."

Again the good Knight forward bears,  
And offers counsel mild and good:  
But the left man derides his fears,  
And fires him on to deeds of blood.  
With scorn the gen'rous dictates he declines,  
And in the bad Knight's toils himself entwines.

"Villain, to dare my sports delay!  
Holla, brave Dogs! have at them, ho!"  
And ev'ry Hound, in furious way,  
Assail'd the flock, and laid it low.  
"Vengeance and blood!" the mangled Herdsman  
cries;  
"Vengeance and blood!" re-echoes to the skies.

Defil'd with gore, all wet with foam,  
The Hart scarce clears the field of blood:  
With nerves unstrung, weak, faint, and blown,  
He sinking reach'd the distant wood:  
Into the inmost forest shade he breaks,  
And in an Hermit's Cell a refuge takes.

"Give o'er!" (the Holy Hermit pray'd)  
"Nor God's asylum dare profane:  
To Heav'n his creatures cry for aid,  
And think not, Earl, they cry in vain.  
Once more be warn'd by me, avert thy fate:  
Perdition waits:—Repent, ere yet too late."

Once more the good Knight forward bears,  
And offers counsel mild and good:  
Still the left man derides his fears.  
And fires him on to deeds of blood.  
Alas! the gen'rous dictates he declines,  
And in the bad Knight's toils himself entwines.

"Perdition here, perdition there!  
"Avaunt!" he cried with threat'ning tone;  
"And if my game in Heaven were,  
"Thou doating fool! I'd hunt it down.  
"Not thou, not God, nor ought shall me annoy;  
"Spite of you all, my pleasure I'll enjoy.

"Forward, halloo: push on my friends!"  
He swings his whip, his horn he sounds,  
When, lo! the Hermit's cell descends,  
Behind him sink both men and hounds.  
In lieu of all the clamour of the chase,  
A dreadful silence, still as death, took place.

Appall'd the Wild-grave looks around,  
His whip he swings, it makes no noise,  
He tries his horn, it yields no sound;  
He calls, but cannot hear his voice;  
His steed he strikes and spurs; in vain he strove;  
Fix'd to the earth, it could no longer move.

Gloomy and dark the air appear'd,  
And darker yet, still like the grave:  
Whilst dismal sounds from far are heard,  
Like distant sea and dashing wave:  
O'er head, a blaze of light burst through the gloom,  
And, thunder-like, a voice proclaim'd his doom.

"Thou tyrant fell! of hellish mind,  
"Who thus th' Almighty's pow'r defies;  
"Foe to the brute and human kind!  
"Their wrongs and woes in judgment rise;  
"And dreadful summon thee to Nature's Lord,  
"Where high th' Avenger wields his flaming  
sword.

"Fly, monster, fly! and from this day  
"Be chas'd by Hell, till time is o'er,  
"That thy example may dismay  
"Princes and Kings, for ever more,  
"Who in their cruel sports for nothing care,  
"And neither Creature nor Creator spare."

Aghast, the wretch pale shudd'ring stood,  
Slow beats his heart, scarce heaves his breast;  
And icy horrors freeze his blood.—  
Blue vapours all the grove invest:  
Before him roar bleak blasts of chilling wind,  
Whilst driving fleet invades him from behind.

Around him sparks and flashes glow,  
With red and green and blueish flame;  
Against him fiery billows flow,  
Within which Daemons darkling gleam.  
Lo! from the gulf a thousand Hell-hounds rise,  
With howl and yell, urg'd on by dismal cries.

By fear impell'd he breaks away,  
And through the world loud-screaming flies:  
The howling Fiends pursue their prey:  
And in dire discord blend their cries.  
By day, they chase the Tyrant under ground,  
At night, in air you hear the hateful sound.

Such the Wild huntsman's nightly chase,  
That lasts till judgment's awful day,  
Which oft on high through airy space,  
Affrights the traveller from his way.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language; forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

My fair One, like the blushing Rose.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Castle of Andalusia*.'

MY fair one, like the blushing rose,  
Can sweets to every sense disclose:  
Those sweets I'd gather, but her scorn  
Then wounds me like the sharpest thorn.

With sighs each grace and charm I see  
Thus doom'd to wither on the tree,  
Till age shall chide the thoughtless maid,  
When all those blooming beauties fade.

O, the Days, when I was young.

Sung in the Opera of '*The Duenna*.'

O THE days when I was young!  
When I laugh'd in Fortune's spight,  
Talk'd of love, the whole day long,  
And with nectar crown'd the night.  
Then it was old Father Care,  
Little reck'd I of thy frown,  
Half thy malice youth could bear,  
And the rest a bumper drown.

*O the days, &c.*

Truth, they say, lies in a well,  
Why, I vow, I ne'er could see;  
Let the water-drinkers tell,  
There it always lay for me:  
For when sparkling wine went round,  
Never saw I Falshood's mask;  
But still honest truth I found  
In the bottom of each flask.

*O the days, &c.*

True, at length, my vigour's flown,  
I have years to bring decay,  
Few the locks that now I own,  
And the few I have are grey:  
Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,  
While thy spirits do not tire,  
Still beneath thy age's frost,  
Glow's a spark of youthful fire.

*O the days, &c.*

His Presence gives birth.

Sung in the Pantomime of '*Harlequin Teague*.'

HIS presence gives birth  
To good humour and mirth,  
No pleasure on earth such delight can impart:  
He's so janty, so neat,  
His looks are so sweet,  
To the eyes he's a treat, and a feast to the heart.

What Bard, O Time.

Sung in the Opera of '*The Duenna*.'

WHAT Bard, O Time, discover,  
With wings first made thee move?  
Ah! sure he was some lover,  
Who ne'er had left his love:  
For who that once did prove  
The pangs which absence brings;  
Tho' but one day,  
He were away,  
Could picture thee with wings.

If I my Heart surrender.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Castle of Andalusia*.'

IF I my heart surrender,  
Be ever fond and tender,  
And sweet connubial joys shall crown  
Each soft rosy hour,  
In pure delight each heart shall own  
Love's triumphant pow'r.

See brilliant belles admiring,  
See splendid beaux desiring,  
All for a smile expiring,  
Where'er Lorenza moves.

To balls and routs resorting,  
Oh, bliss supreme, transporting!  
Yet ogling, flirting, courting,  
'Tis you alone that loves.

*If I my heart, &c.*

## Orramoor.

**S**HINE out, resplendent god of day,  
On my fair Orramoor;  
Her charms thy most propitious ray,  
And kindest looks allure

In mountain, vale, or gloomy grove,  
I'd climb the tallest tree,  
Could I from thence my absent love,  
My charming rover see.

I'd venture on a rising cloud,  
Aloft in yielding air,  
From that exalted station, proud  
To view the smiling fair.

Should she in some sequester'd bow'r,  
Among the branches hide,  
I'd tear off ev'ry leaf and flow'r,  
Till she was there descry'd.

From ev'ry bird I'd steal a wing,  
To Orramoor to fly;  
And urg'd by love, would swiftly spring  
Along the lightsome sky.

Return and bless me with thy charms,  
While yet the sun displays  
His fairest beams, and kindly warms  
Us with his vital rays.

Return before that light be gone,  
In which thou shouldst appear;  
Unwelcome night is hast'ning on  
To darken half the year.

In vain, relentless maid, in vain  
Thou dost a youth forsake,  
Whose love shall quickly o'er the plain,  
Thy savage flight o'ertake.

Should bars of steel my passage stay,  
They could not thee secure:  
I'd thro' enchantment find a way  
To seize my Orramoor.

## Love and War.

**H**ARK! how the trumpet sounds to battle!  
Hark! how the thund'ring cannons rattle!  
Cruel ambition now calls me away,  
While I have ten thousand soft things to say.  
While honour alarms me,  
Young Cupid disarms me,  
And Celia so charms me,  
I cannot away.

Hark! again, honour calls me to arms,  
Hark! how the trumpet sweetly charms;  
Celia no more then must be obey'd,  
Cannons are roaring, and ensigns display'd;  
The thoughts of promotion  
Inspire such a notion,  
Of Celia's devotion,  
I'm no more afraid.

Guard her, for me, celestial powers,  
Ye gods, bless the nymph with happy soft hours;  
O may she ever to love me incline,  
Such lovely perfections I cannot resign;  
Firm constancy grant her  
My true love shall haunt her,  
My soul cannot want her,  
She's all so divine.

## The Milk-maid.

## RECITATIVE.

As Kate, one morn, with milk-pail on her head,  
Was trudging homeward thro' the verdant mead;  
Her mind revolving on ten thousand ways,  
To fix a lover and her fortune raise;  
Bright hope at once beam'd on her flutt'ring breast,  
And as she went she thus herself address'd:

"**S**UPPOSE my milk sold, some eggs I will buy,  
" And chickens to raise directly I'll try,  
" My poultry, when rear'd, will fetch a good price,  
" And two little lambkins I'll get in a thrice:  
" My flock will increase, if Fortune but smile,  
" Farewell then, farewell then, to labour and toil.

" Now lovers around me will buzz like a bee,  
" No girl in our village so courted as me;  
" But rustics! adieu, no such conquests I'll prize,  
" The hearts I once fought for I now can despise;  
" A lord, or some squire, my riches may win,  
" And titles and coaches are surely no sin."

## RECITATIVE.

Struck with the fancy'd blifs, Kate leapt for joy,  
Ah! fickle Fortune! why her hopes destroy?  
Down came the pail, and in the mighty fall,  
Eggs, chickens, lambs, lords, squires, are vanish'd all!

Fair ladies, who my tale attend,  
Forgive this moral from a friend;  
Like ruin'd Kate, pray be not caught,  
Nor count your chicks before they're hatcht.

## From the East breaks the Morn.

**F**ROM the east breaks the morn,  
See the suns-beams adorn  
The wild heath and the mountains so high,  
Shrilly opes the staunch hound,  
The steed neighs to the sound,  
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers, so good,  
Prov'd their greatness of blood,  
By encount'ring the pard and the boar;  
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,  
Age and youth urg'd the chace,  
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,  
Hills and wilds we frequent,  
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd;  
Tho' in life's busy day,  
Man of man make a prey,  
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full sight,  
Gods! how great the delight!  
How our mutual sensations refine!  
Where is care? where is fear?  
Like our winds in the rear,  
And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys:  
Lo! each pants for the joys  
That anon shall enliven the whole:  
Then at eve we'll dismount,  
Toils and pleasures recount,  
And renew the chace over the bowl.



## Thro' the Wood, Laddie.

**O**SANDY why leavest thou thy Nelly to mourn?  
 Thy presence could ease me,  
 When naething can please me:  
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,  
 Or thro' the wood; laddie, until thy return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,  
 While lav'rocks are singing,  
 And primroses springing;  
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,  
 When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell:  
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,  
 Baith ev'ning and morning;  
 Their jeering aft goes to my heart wi' a knell,  
 When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander'd myfell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae longer away,  
 But quick as an arrow,  
 Haste here to thy marrow,  
 Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,  
 When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and play.

## Rail no more, ye learn'd Affes.

**R**AIL no more, ye learn'd affes,  
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies;  
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,  
 Wisdom at the bottom lies;  
 Fill it higher still, and higher,  
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain,  
 Sipping quenches all our fire,  
 Bumpers light it up again.

*Sipping quenches, &c.*

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,  
 Enter jollity and joy;  
 We for thinking have no leisure,  
 Manly mirth is our employ;  
 Since in life there's nothing certain,  
 We'll the present hour engage,  
 And when death shall drop the curtain,  
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

*And when death, &c.*

## Where is Pleasure.

**W**HERE is pleasure? tell me where,  
 What can touch my breast with joy?  
 All around the spacious spheres,  
 Let my muse her search employ.

Wealth, thy shining stores produce,  
 Heap'd in golden mountains rise,  
 There let fordid misers chuse,  
 Thou can'st ne'er allure my eyes.

Honour, let thy chariot roll,  
 Deck'd with titles, pageants, arms,  
 Thou can'st charm th' ambitious soul,  
 But for me thou hast no charms.

Only Delia, gentle fair,  
 Can the precious boon bestow;  
 Give, ye pow'rs! O, give me her!  
 She's the all I ask below.

## BALLAD.

## Hengist and Mey.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS NICKLE,

*Author of 'Sir Martyn, an excellent imitation of Spenser—a translation of the 'Lusiad of Camoens'—and several other pieces; the merit of which are too well known to require any eulogium.*

**I**N ancient days, when Arthur reign'd,  
 Sir Elmer had no peer!  
 And no young knight in all the land  
 The ladies lov'd so dear.

His sister, Mey, the fairest maid  
 Of all the virgin train,  
 Won ev'ry heart in Arthur's court;  
 But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,  
 Her heart they could not move;  
 Yet at the evening hour of prayer,  
 Her mind was lost in love.

The abbess saw, the abbess knew,  
 And urg'd her to explain;  
 "O name the gentle youth to me,  
 "And his consent I'll gain."

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'd,  
 "His name how can I say?  
 "An angel from the fields above,  
 "Has rapt my heart away.

"But once, alas, and never more,  
 "His lovely form I spy'd,  
 "One evening by the sounding shore,  
 "All by the greenwood side:

"His eyes to mine the love confest,  
 "That glow'd with mildest grace:  
 "His comely mein, and purple vest,  
 "Bespoke his princely race.

"But when he heard my brother's horn  
 "Fast to his ships he fled:  
 "Yet while I sleep his graceful form  
 "Still hovers round my bed.

"Sometimes all clad in armour bright,  
 "He shakes a warlike lance;  
 "And now in courtly garments dight,  
 "He leads the sprightly dance.

"His hair is black as raven's wing,  
 "His skin as Christmas snow,  
 "His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,  
 "His lips like rose-buds glow.

"His limbs, his arms, his stature, shap'd  
 "By nature's finest hand;  
 "His sparkling eyes declare him born  
 "To love and to command."

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd  
 Her hapless pining love:  
 But when the balmy spring return'd,  
 And summer cloath'd the grove;

All round by pleasant Humber side  
 The Saxon banners flew,  
 And to Sir Elmer's castle gates  
 The spear-men came in view.

Fair blush'd the morn when *Mey* look'd o'er  
The castle wall to shewn;  
And, lo! the warlike Saxon youth  
Were sporting on the green.

There *Hengist*, *Offa's* eldest son,  
Lean'd on his burnish'd lance,  
And all the armed youth around  
Obey'd his manly glance.

His locks as black as raven's wing  
Adown his shoulders flow'd,  
His cheeks outv'y'd the blush of morn,  
His lips like rose-buds glow'd.

And soon the lovely form of *Mey*  
Has caught his piercing eyes:  
He gives the sign, the band retire,  
While big with love he sighs;

"Oh, thou, for whom I dar'd the seas,  
"And came with peace or war;  
"Oh, by that cross that veils thy breast,  
"Relieve thy lover's care!

"For thee I'll quit my father's throne,  
"With thee the wilds explore;  
"Or with thee share the British crown,  
"With thee the crosses adore."

Beneath the tim'rous virgin blush,  
With love's soft warmth she glows;  
So blushing thro' the dew of morn  
Appears the opening rose.

'Twas now the hour of morning prayer,  
When men their sins bewail,  
And *Elmer* heard king *Arthur's* horn  
Shrill sounding thro' the dale.

The pearly tears from *Mey's* bright eyes  
Like April dew-drops fell,  
When with a parting dear embrace  
Her brother bade farewell.

The cross, with sparkling diamonds bright,  
That veil'd her snowy breast,  
With prayers to Heaven, her lily hands  
Have fix'd on *Elmer's* vest.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,  
He march'd across the plain,  
'Till with his gallant yeomandrie,  
He join'd king *Arthur's* train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears,  
Came glittering down the hill,  
And with their shouts and clang of arms  
The distant vallies fill.

Old *Offa*, drest in *Odin's* garb,  
Assum'd the hoary god;  
And *Hengist*, like the warlike *Thor*,  
Before the horsemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,  
The captains shout amain;  
And *Elmer's* tall victorious spear,  
Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop its course young *Hengist* flew,  
Like lightning o'er the field;  
And soon his eyes the well-known cross  
On *Elmer's* vest beheld.

The flighted lover swell'd his breast,  
His eyes shot living fire;  
And all his martial heat before  
To this was mild desire.

On his imagin'd rival's front,  
With whirlwind speed he press'd,  
And glancing to the sun, his sword  
Resounds on *Elmer's* crest.

The foe gave way, the princely youth  
With heedless rage pursued,  
'Till trembling in his cloven helm  
Sir *Elmer's* javelin flood.

He bow'd his head, slow dropt his spear,  
The reins fell through his hand,  
And stain'd with blood, his stately corse  
Lay breathless on the strand.

"O bear me off," Sir *Elmer* cry'd,  
"Before my painful fight  
"The combat twims—yet *Hengist's* vest  
"I claim, as victor's right."

Brave *Hengist's* fall the Saxons saw,  
And all in terror fled.  
The bowmen, to the castle gates,  
The bold Sir *Edward* led.

"Oh, wash my wounds, my sister dear,  
"O pull this Saxon dart,  
"That whizzing from young *Hengist's* arm  
"Has almost pierc'd my heart.

"Yet in my hall this vest shall hang,  
"And Britons yet unborn,  
"Shall with the trophies of to-day,  
"Their solemn feasts adorn."

All trembling, *Mey*, beheld the vest;  
"Oh, *Merlin!*" loud she cry'd,  
"Thy words are true—my slaughter'd love  
"Shall have a breathless bride!

"Oh, *Elmer, Elmer*, boast no more,  
"That low my *Hengist* lies!  
"Oh, *Hengist*, cruel was thy arm;  
"My brother bleeds, and dies!"

She spake—the roses left her cheek,  
And life's warm spirits fled:  
So nipt by winter's lingering blasts,  
The snow-drop bows the head.

Yet parting life one struggle gave,  
She lifts her languid eyes:  
"Return, my *Hengist*, oh, return,  
"My slaughter'd love!" she cries.

"Oh—still he lives—he smiles again,  
"With all his grace he moves:  
"I come—I come, where bow nor spear  
"Shall more disturb our loves."

She spake—the dy'd. The Saxon dart  
Was drawn from *Elmer's* side;  
And thrice he call'd his sister *Mey*,  
And thrice he groan'd,—and dy'd.

Where in the dale a moss-grown cross  
O'erthades an aged thorn,  
Sir *Elmer's* and young *Hengist's* corse  
Were by the spearmen borne;

And there all clad in robes of white,  
With many a sigh and tear,  
The village maids, to *Hengist's* grave,  
Did *Mey's* fair body bear.

And there at dawn, and fall of day,  
All from the neighbouring groves,  
The turtles wail in widow'd notes,  
And find their hapless loves.



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Let not Rage thy Bosom firing.

Air—"How imperfect is Expression."

LET not rage thy bosom firing,  
Pity's softer claim remove;  
Spare a heart that's just expiring,  
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,  
Judge of mine by thy soft breast;  
Nor with rancour never ending,  
Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.

*Let not rage, &c.*

Heav'n that ev'ry joy has cross'd,  
Ne'er my wretched state can mend;  
I, alas! at once have lost,  
Father, brother, lover, friend!

*Let not rage, &c.*

If Love's a sweet Passion.

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

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

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

The charming Fellow.

Sung in 'The Agreeable Surprise.'

LORD, what care I for mam or dad,  
Why let them scold and bellow!  
For while I live I'll love my lad,  
He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair-day on yonder green,  
The youth he danc'd so well, oh!  
So spruce a lad was never seen,  
As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,  
The lad was somewhat mellow;  
Says he "my dear, I'll see you home;"  
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,  
Says he "my sweetest Nell-o,  
"I'll kiss you here by this good light,"  
Lord, what a charming fellow.

You rogue, says I, you've stop'd my breath,  
Ye bells ring out my knell-o.  
Again I'd die so sweet a death,  
With such a charming fellow.

Tho' cause for Suspicion appears.

Sung in the Comic Opera of 'The Duenna.'

THO' cause for suspicion appears,  
Yet proofs of her love too are strong;  
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,  
And unworthy of bliss if I'm wrong.  
What heart breaking torments from jealousy flow.  
Ah! none but the jealous, the jealous can know.

When blest with the smiles of my fair,  
I know not how much I adore:  
Those smiles let another then share,  
And I wonder I priz'd them no more.  
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe?  
When the fairer she seems, still the fonder I grow!

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Come, follow, follow me.

COME, follow, follow me,  
Ye fairy elves that be,  
Come, follow me, your queen,  
And trip it o'er the green;  
Hand in hand we'll dance around,  
Because this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest,  
Unheard and unespied,  
Through key-holes we do glide.  
Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
We trip it with our fairy elves.

But if the house be foul,  
With platter, dish, or bowl,  
Up stairs we lightly creep,  
And find the slats asleep,  
There we pinch their arms and thighs,  
None us hears, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept,  
We praise the household maid,  
And surely she is paid;  
For each morn before we go,  
We drop a sixpence in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head  
Our table-cloth is spread,  
A grain of rye or wheat  
Is diet that we eat;  
Pearly drops of dew we drink,  
In acorn cups up to the brink.

But if our diet fails,  
The luscious fat of snails,  
Between two nut-shells stew'd,  
Makes meat that's easy chew'd;  
Brains of worms and marrow of mice,  
Make a dish that's wond'rous nice.

The grass-hopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve for our minstrelsy;  
Grace said, we dance awhile,  
And so our time beguile,  
And when the moon does hide her head,  
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass  
So lightly we do pass,  
That the young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends where we do walk;  
Yet in the morning may be seen,  
Where we the night before have been.

Whilst on thy dear Bosom lying.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,  
Celia, who can speak my bliss,  
Who, the rapture I'm enjoying,  
When thy balmy lips I kiss:  
Ev'ry look with love inspiring,  
Ev'ry touch my bosom warms;  
Ev'ry melting murmur fires me,  
Ev'ry joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes how soft they languish,  
Feel my heart with rapture beat,  
Pleasure turns almost to anguish,  
When the transport is so sweet:  
Look not so divinely on me,  
Celia, I shall die with bliss,  
Yet, yet turn those eyes upon me,  
Who'd not die a death like this?

Let Ambition fire thy Mind.

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

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

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

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

Sweet Willy, O.

THE pride of all Nature was sweet Willy, O,  
The pride of all Nature was sweet Willy, O,  
The first of all swains,  
He gladden'd the plains,  
None ever was like to the sweet Willy, O,  
None ever was like to the sweet Willy, O.

He sung it so rarely, did sweet Willy, O,  
He sung it so rarely, &c.  
He melted each maid,  
So skilful he play'd,  
No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy, O.

All Nature obey'd him, the sweet Willy, O,  
All Nature obey'd him, &c.  
Wherever he came,  
Whate'er had a name,  
Whenever he sung followed sweet Willy, O.

He would be a foldier, the sweet Willy, O,  
He would be a foldier, &c.  
When arm'd in the field,  
With sword and with shield,  
The laurel was won by the sweet Willy, O.

He charmed, when living, did sweet Willy, O,  
He charm'd, when living, &c.  
And when Willy dy'd,  
'Twas Nature that sigh'd,  
To part with her all in her sweet Willy, O.

Garrick.

The merry Dance I dearly love.

THE merry dance I dearly love,  
For then Collette thy hand I seize,  
And press it too whene'er I please,  
And none can see, and none reprove:  
Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,  
And then we whisper soft and low,  
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,  
Yet still we are too young, they say,  
But we know better, sure, than they,  
Youth should not listen to threescore;  
And I'm resolv'd I'll tell her so,  
When next we whisper soft and low,  
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.



## The Honey Moon.

**W**OULD you know, my good friends, what the honey-moon is,  
How long in duration, how perfect in bliss,  
A proof may be found, and a sample be seen,  
In some boarding-school couple just left Gretna-green :

My dearest, my duck,  
My sweetest, my chuck ;  
Miss Kitty's an angel, her Billy a god ;  
Whips crack, glasses jingle,  
While sighs intermingle,  
And Cupid assents, and goes niddity nod,  
Niddity nod, niddity nod,  
O'er Kitty, the angel, and Billy, the god.

Pappa's and mama's furly tempers once past,  
Bright Bloomsbury-square has this couple at last !  
In three weeks possession, how pleasures will cloy,  
Neglect hurts the lady, and time cools the boy.

So impatient to roam,  
Ma'am, your never at home,  
A path so vexatious no wife ever trod ;  
My torment—my curse ;  
You are bad—you are worse :  
While Cupid flies off from a quarrel so odd,  
Niddity nod, niddity nod,  
And Miss is no angel, and Billy no god.

To routs hies the lady, to gambling goes master,  
To part from each other ne'er couple went faster,  
While raking at night, and distraction at noon,  
Soon close all the joys of the sweet honey-moon.

Bleeding hearts, aching heads,  
Sep'rate tables and beds,  
Render wedlock's sweet countenance dull as a clod,  
Then hey for a summons  
From grave Doctors Commons,  
While proctors and parchments go niddity nod,  
Niddity nod, niddity nod,  
O'er Kitty, the angel, and Billy, the god.

## The Cottage Boy.

**M**ORN shakes her locks, the budding rose  
Smiles at the parting twilight grey,  
In renovated beauty blows,  
And sheds her perfume on the day ;  
When Lubin, Nature's rustic child,  
Tries calm contentment to enjoy,  
And sweetly in his wood-notes wild,  
Thus cheerful sings the Cottage Boy :

"How blest my days, since Sylvia's kind !  
"No other joy I wish to know,  
"For in her smiles soft bliss I find,  
"In all her gentle virtues glow ;  
"The slaves of fortune let me shun,  
"My humble cottage to enjoy."  
When toil and labour's o'er and done,  
Thus cheerful sings the Cottage Boy.

"Returning at mild ev'ning's hour,  
"Perhaps my Sylvia I may meet,  
"For her I'll pull the choicest flow'r,  
"And strew it at my fair one's feet.  
"Then as it drooping dies 'twill prove  
"That time e'en beauty will destroy,  
"How transient then is youthful love !"  
Thus cheerful sung the Cottage Boy.

## O ye in Youth and Beauty's Pride.

**O** YE in youth and beauty's pride,  
Who lightly dance along,  
While laughter frolics at your side,  
And rapture tunes your song.  
What tho' each grace around you play,  
Each beauty bloom for you,  
Warm as the blush of rising day,  
And sparkling as the dew.

The blush that glows so gaily now,  
But glows to disappear,  
And quiv'ring from the bending bough,  
Soon breaks the pearly tear !  
So pass the beauties of your prime,  
That e'en in blooming die ;  
So shrinking at the blast of time,  
The treach'rous graces fly.

With charms that win beyond the sight,  
And hold the willing heart,  
O learn then to await their flight,  
Nor sigh when they depart ;  
These graces shall remain behind,  
These beauties still controul,  
The graces of the polish'd mind,  
The beauties of the soul.

## Have Conscience, my Dear.

Sung in the Entertainment of 'The Chaplet.'

**Y**OU say, at your feet that I wept in despair,  
And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair :  
How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke ?  
What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,  
And nothing but death should my passion remove :  
I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year ;  
And not yet contented!—Have conscience, my dear.

## Dumbarton's Drums.

**D**UMBARTON's drums beat bonny, O,  
When they mind me of my dear Jonny, O,  
How happy am I,  
When my soldier is by,  
While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O.  
'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O,  
For his graceful looks do invite me, O :  
Whilst guarded in his arms,  
I'll fear no war's alarms,  
Neither danger, nor death, shall e'er fright me, O.

My love is a handsome laddie, O,  
Genteel, but not foppish nor gaudy, O :  
Tho' commissions they are dear,  
Yet I'll buy him one this year,  
He no longer shall serve as a Cadie, O.  
A soldier has honour and bravery, O,  
Unacquainted with rogues, and their knavery, O :  
He minds no other thing,  
But the ladies, or his king ;  
For every other care is but slavery, O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady, O,  
Farewell, all my friends, and my daddy, O ;  
I'll wait no more at home,  
But I'll follow with the drum,  
And whenever that beats I'll be ready, O.  
Dumbarton's drums sound bonny, O,  
They are sprightly, like my dear Jonny, O.  
How happy shall I be  
When on my soldier's knee,  
And he kisses, and blesses, his Annie, O.

Allen Ramsay.

## Maria, or the Mother's Dirge.

O, LAY thy head, my Baby, love,  
O, lay it down, my dear,  
Upon thy own beloved breast,  
Now bath'd with many a tear.

That breast, my Babe, with life supply'd,  
When first the light she saw;  
Alas! that pow'r is now deny'd  
Support from thence to draw.

That breast, which, giving life to thee,  
New life and joy receiv'd,  
When of my angel's love depriv'd  
Will be of all bereav'd.

O, could my heart's most precious blood  
A mother's pray'r obtain,  
How soon I'd gladly shed each drop,  
My darling's life to gain.

But, ah, not all thy mother's pray'rs,  
Not all thy mother's grief  
Can stop the cruel hand of Death,  
Or bring my child relief.

Not all the wealth of Indian mines  
One hour of health can buy;  
No human skill nor art can save  
Whom God ordains to die.

Thine eyes, through which I fondly thought  
The morning sun arose,  
Those eyes which lit the world to me,  
Must soon, for ever, close!

Thy lips have lost their ruby hue,  
Thy cheeks their vermeil pride,  
Pale is that bloom, for ever pale!  
That once the rose outv'y'd.

The lustre of that angel-face,  
Where sweet affection beams,  
Thy neck like polish'd iv'ry white,  
The grave already claims.

That glowing elegance of form,  
So rich in ev'ry grace;  
Those limbs of beauteous symmetry,  
Must sink in Death's embrace.

That lovely mouth no more shall smile;  
The charms that round it play  
No longer shall my soul beguile,  
No more my cares repay.

That music of my soul is mute,  
For ever mute, that tongue,  
On which with all a mother's pride,  
My soul, delighted hung.

A mother's name—a mother's bliss—  
The purest bliss on earth,  
My first, my fairest pledge of love,  
Rejoic'd me at thy birth.

O had I lost thee at thy birth  
I might survive the blow;  
Or had I never view'd thy face,  
Thy loss I ne'er could know.

But now six happy years—the joy  
And treasure of my heart,  
At home—abroad—one hour from thee  
I could not bear to part.

All day, my Prater round me clung,  
Or play'd within my sight,  
And fondly pillow'd on my breast—  
I watch'd her sleep at night.

And still whene'er misfortunes press'd,  
Or threaten'd to befall,  
I look'd upon my Bright-one's face,  
And soon forgot them all.

I hop'd to see thee growing up  
Affectionate and kind,  
With ev'ry loveliness of form,  
And ev'ry charm of mind.

A friend—a dear companion, still,  
I thought to find in thee,  
And hop'd while young and gay myself,  
Thy wedding-day to see.

But all these tender visions fly,  
Like clouds before the wind;  
They fly—and leave, within my breast,  
A fearful void behind. —

Pale, pale, and cold!—ah, woeful sight, —  
She dies! my Precious dies!  
Yet, yet look up! and speak again—  
Maria—open thine eyes.

Look up—look up! thy mother calls!  
'Tis she!—thy mother dear—  
Oh, speak again—that voice belov'd,  
Thy mother dies to hear.

But, hark! oh, hark! her mother's voice  
Recalls her fleeting breath.  
And see again, she opens her eyes  
Amid' the shades of death!

She speaks, she speaks! she calls my name;  
Her deadly paleness flies;  
A sudden bloom o'erspreads her cheek,  
And smiles of joy arise.

My hand she presses to her breast  
With wonted tenderness;  
Her eager lips my kisses invite,  
With many a fond caress. —

Bring wine, reviving cordials bring,  
O grant a mother's pray'r!  
While life remains we yet may hope  
That Heav'n may deign to spare.

—She eats, she drinks! and still her eyes  
Not once from mine remove;  
They speak what language cannot speak,  
My angel-beauty's love.

She eats—she drinks again!—and still  
Her eyes are fix'd on mine,  
As April suns, in changeful skies,  
With brighter flashes shine.

Once more she eats—she drinks—and while  
The weary night descends,  
With looks that pierce my very soul,  
Her eyes on me she bends.

—O, fleeting hope—her eye-lids close;  
Her bloom like lightning flies;  
And deep within her struggling breast  
The founts of death arise.

My pride—my precious jewel's gone!  
My Lily droops her head!  
Her lip is pale—her lovely brows  
The damps of Death o'erspread.

O grief! O agony of heart,  
She moves—she breathes no more!  
In that soft sigh her spirit fled,  
And life and hope are o'er.



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Take me, Jenny.

SWEETEST of pretty maids,  
Let Cupid incline thee,  
To accept a faithful heart,  
Which now I resign thee;  
Scorning all selfish ends,  
Regardless of money,  
It yields only to the girl  
That's generous and bonny.  
Take me, Jenny,  
Let me win you,  
While I'm in the humour:  
I implore you,  
I adore you,  
What can mortal do more?  
Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly,  
There's my heart, there's my hand, 'twill never  
beguile thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes,  
Thy sweet lips delighting,  
Well polish'd thy iv'ry neck,  
Thy round arms inviting;  
Oft at the milk-white churn  
With raptures I've seen them,  
But, oh! how I sigh'd and wish'd,  
My own arms between them.

*Take me, Jenny, &c.*

I have store of sheep, my love,  
And goats on the mountain,  
And water to brew good ale,  
From yon chrystal fountain,  
I've, too, a pretty cot,  
With garden and land to't,  
But all will be doubly blest  
When you put a hand to't.

*Take me, Jenny, &c.*

This Bottle's the Sun of our Table.

*Suog in the Comic Opera of 'The Duenna.'*

THIS bottle's the sun of our table,  
Whose beams are rosy wine;  
We, planets, that are not able  
Without his help to shine.  
Put it round,  
Let mirth and glee abound.

De'el take the Wars.

DE'EL take the wars, that hurry'd Willy fra me,  
Who, to love me, just had sworn,  
They made him captain, surely to undo me,  
Woe is me, he'll ne'er return.  
I us'd alluring graces,  
With muckle kind embraces,  
Now fighting,  
Then crying,  
Tears dropping fall,  
And had he my soft arms  
Preferr'd to war's alarms,  
My love was growing fad,  
All for my bonny lad,  
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

A thousand loons abroad may fight him,  
He from thousands ne'er will run,  
Oft in my arms I did invite him,  
To stay at home fra' sword and gun;  
I us'd alluring graces,  
With muckle kind embraces,  
Now fighting,  
Then crying,  
Tears dropping fall,  
And had he my soft arms  
Preferr'd to war's alarms,  
My love was growing fad,  
All for my bonny lad,  
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

For a new gown too I gave muckle money,  
Which with flowers of gold did shine;  
Well might my love think me blithe and bonny,  
No Scotch lass was e'er so fine,  
My petticoat I spotted,  
Fringe too of thread I knotted,  
Lace-shoes,  
And silken-hose,  
Garter'd o'er the knee,  
But, oh! the fatal thought,  
To Willy they are nought,  
He rides through towns,  
And revels with dragoons,  
While he the filly loon might have plunder'd me.

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Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

A Lass there lives upon the Green.

**A** LASS there lives upon the green,  
 Could I her picture draw;  
 A brighter nymph was never seen,  
 That looks and reigns a little queen,  
 And keeps the swains in awe.

Her eyes are Cupid's darts and wings,  
 Her eye-brows are his bow;  
 Her filken hair, the silver strings,  
 Which sure and swift destruction brings,  
 To all the vale below.

If Pastorella's dawning light  
 Can warm, and wound us too;  
 Her noon will shine so piercing bright,  
 Each glancing beam will kill outright,  
 And ev'ry swain subdue.

### Sappho's Hymn to Venus.

**O** VENUS, beauty of the skies,  
 To whom a thousand temples rise;  
 Gaily false in gentle smiles,  
 Full of love-perplexing wiles,  
 O Goddess, from my heart remove  
 The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard  
 A song in soft ditties prefer'd;  
 Propitious to my tuneful vow,  
 O gentle goddess hear me now.  
 Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,  
 In all thy radiant charms confess.

Thou once did'st leave almighty Jove,  
 And all the golden roofs above:  
 Thy car the wanton sparrows drew,  
 Hovering in air they lightly flew;  
 As to my bower they wing'd their way,  
 I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismiss, while you remain,  
 Bore back their empty car again:  
 Then you, with looks divinely mild,  
 In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd,  
 And ask'd, what new complaints I made,  
 And why I call'd you to my aid;

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,  
 And by what cure to be assuag'd,  
 What gentle youth I would allure,  
 Whom in my artful toils secure;  
 "Who does thy tender heart subdue,  
 "Tell me, my Sappho, tell me, who?"

"Tho' now he shuns thy longing arms,  
 "He soon shall court thy slighted charms;  
 "Tho' now thy off'rings he'll despise,  
 "He soon to thee shall sacrifice;  
 "Tho' now he freezes, soon he'll burn,  
 "And be thy victim in his turn."

Celestial visitant, once more  
 Thy needful presence I implore!  
 In pity come and ease my grief,  
 Bring my distemper'd soul relief;  
 I favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,  
 And give me all my heart desires.

Come, let's be merry.

**C**OME, let's be merry,  
 Let's be airy,  
 'Tis a folly to be sad,  
 For since the world's grown mad,  
 Why should we alone be wise,  
 And like dull fools, gaze on other men's joys.

Let not to-morrow  
 Bring you sorrow,  
 While the stream of time flows on,  
 But when the blissful day is gone,  
 Still endeavour that the next  
 Be full as gay, and as little perplex'd.

If you have leisure,  
 Follow pleasure;  
 Let not an hour of bliss pass by;  
 For as the fleeting moments fly,  
 Time it will your youth decay;  
 Then strive to live, and be blest whilst you may.

If you have plenty,  
 Nought will torment you,  
 But yet yourselves, yourselves may annoy;  
 Hearty and free's the poor man's joy;  
 Gladly yielding the minutes pass,  
 And when old Time shakes him, takes off his glass.

### Tarry here with me and Love.

**S**TRAY not to those distant scenes,  
 From thy comfort do not rove;  
 Tarry in those peaceful glens—  
 Tread the quiet paths of love.  
 Is not this sequester'd shade  
 Richer than the proud alcove?  
 Tarry in this peaceful shade—  
 Tarry here with me and love.

Listen to the wood-lark's note—  
 Listen to the cooing dove;  
 Hark! the thrush's mellow note,  
 All uniting carol love.  
 See the limpid brooks around,  
 Winding thro' the vari'd grove;  
 This is passion's fairy ground—  
 Tarry here with me and love.

### Allen Brooke, of Wyndermeere.

**S**AY, have you in the village seen  
 A lovely youth, of pensive mien:  
 If such a one hath passed by,  
 With melancholy in his eye?  
 Where is he gone? ah! tell me where;  
 'Tis Allen Brooke, of Wyndermeere.

Last night, he sighing took his leave,  
 Which caus'd my tender heart to grieve;  
 And many maids I know there be,  
 Who try to wean his love from me:  
 But heav'n knows my heart's sincere  
 To Allen Brooke, of Wyndermeere.

My throbbing heart is full of woe,  
 To think that he should leave me so;  
 But if my love should anger'd be,  
 And try to hide himself from me—  
 Then death shall bear me on a bier,  
 To Allen Brooke, of Wyndermeere.



## Love, unfetter'd, is a Blessing.

Sung in 'The Rival Candidates.'

**L**OVE unfetter'd is a blessing  
 Nature's commoners enjoy;  
 Source of raptures, past expressing,  
 Which no tyrant laws destroy.  
 Come, ye songsters! sing around me,  
 Tell me all ye know of love:  
 Watchful of your young you've found me;—  
 —Hark! they carol thro' the grove.

## The Toper.

Air.—'Shaubuy.'

**Y**E lads of true spirit,  
 Pay courtship to claret,  
 Releas'd from the trouble of thinking,  
 A fool, long ago,  
 Said, we nothing could know,—  
 The fellow knew nothing of drinking.  
 To pore over Plato,  
 Or practise with Cato,  
 Dispassionate dunces might make us;  
 But men, now more wise,  
 Self-denial despise,  
 And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Big-wigg'd, in fine coach,  
 See the doctor approach;  
 He solemnly up the stairs paces;  
 Looks grave—smells his cane—  
 Applies finger to vein,  
 And counts the repeat with grimaces.  
 As he holds pen in hand,  
 Life and death are at stand—  
 A toils up which party shall take us;  
 Away with such cant—  
 No prescription we want,  
 But the nourishing nostrum of Bacchus.

We jollily join  
 In the practice of wine,  
 While miters 'midst plenty are pining;  
 While ladies are scorning,  
 And lovers are mourning,  
 We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whining.  
 Drink, drink, now 'tis prime,  
 Toss a bottle to Time,  
 He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us;  
 His threats we prevent,  
 And his cracks we cement,  
 By the stypical balsam of Bacchus.

What work is there made,  
 By the newspaper trade,  
 Of this man's, and t'other man's station!  
 The Ins are all bad,  
 And the Outs are all mad;  
 In and Out is the cry of the nation.  
 The politic patter  
 Which both parties chatter,  
 From bumpering freely shan't shake us;  
 With half-pints in hand,  
 Independent we stand,  
 To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motion well tim'd;  
 Be all charg'd and all prim'd;  
 Have a care—right and left—and make ready.  
 Right hand to glass join—  
 At your lips rest your wine;  
 Be all in your exercise steady.  
 Our levels we boast  
 When our women we toast;  
 May graciously they undertake us!  
 No more we desire—  
 So drink, and give fire,  
 A volley to Beauty and Bacchus.

G. A. Stevens.

## When Fanny, blooming fair.

Air.—'The Last of Peaty's Mill.'

**W**HEN Fanny, blooming fair,  
 First met my ravish'd sight,  
 Caught with her shape and air,  
 I felt a strange delight:  
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,  
 Admiring ev'ry part,  
 And ev'ry feature prais'd,  
 She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes  
 Young smiling Loves appear,  
 There Cupid basking lies,  
 His shafts are hoarded there:  
 Her blooming cheeks are dy'd  
 With colour all their own,  
 Excelling far the pride  
 Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess  
 The lucky hand of Jove,  
 Her features all express  
 The beauteous queen of love:  
 What flames my nerves invade,  
 When I behold the breast  
 Of that too lovely maid,  
 Rise, suing to be prest!

Venus, 'round Fanny's waist  
 Hath her own Cestus bound,  
 With guardian Cupids grac'd,  
 Who sport the circle round:  
 How happy will he be,  
 Who shall her zone unloose,  
 That bliss, to all, but me  
 May heav'n and she refuse.

Lord Chesterfield.

## The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

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

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his love evening and morn;  
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
 That sylphs, and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung "tho' young Maya be fair,  
 "Her beauty is dash'd with a proud, scornful air;  
 "But Susy is handsome, and sweetly can sing,  
 "Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring

"That Jenny, in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
 "Like the moon is inconstant, and never speaks truth;  
 "But Susy is faithful, good-humour'd and free,  
 "And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

"My lady's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,  
 "Is awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:"  
 Then sighing, he wish'd that, would parents agree,  
 The witty, sweet Susy, his mistress might be.

## Tell me, my Lute.

Sung in the Comic Opera of 'The Duenna.'

**T**ELL me, my lute, can thy fond strain  
 So gently speak thy master's pain,  
 So sweetly sing, so humbly sigh,  
 That tho' my sleeping love shall know  
 Who sings, who sighs below,  
 Her rosy slumbers shall not fly?  
 Thus may some vision whisper more  
 Than ever I dar'd speak before.

## The Fair Penitent.

**Y**E mountains so dreary and dread,  
To whom I so often repair,  
In pity fall down on my head,  
And snatch me at once from despair.

In mercy, ye skies, to my woes,  
Let your thunders avengingly roll,  
And death kindly hush to repose  
The Ætna that bursts on my soul.

Twelve moons have I scarcely been wed,  
And honour'd with Beverley's name:  
Yet how has the conjugal bed  
Been steep'd in pollution and shame!

To the fondest and worthiest youth,  
All spotted and perjur'd I stand;  
And this ring, which once swore to my truth,  
Now deadens, thro' guilt, on my hand.

Ferdition quick fall on the hour,  
That first I saw Clerimont's face,  
And fatally gave him a power  
To plunge me in endless disgrace.

From Time's swiftly silvering wing,  
This instant, O let it be torn;  
And pluck from remembrance a ring  
Too bitter, by far, to be borne.

Once white as the moon's purest ray,  
This bosom could consciously heave,  
Despise ev'ry thought to betray,  
And detest ev'ry wish to deceive.

Once crown'd with contentment and rest,  
My days held the happiest race:  
And the night saw me equally blest  
In Beverley's honest embrace:

But now, one continued disguise,  
I'm hackney'd in falsehood and art,  
And teach ev'ry glance of my eyes  
To conceal ev'ry wish of my heart.

To meet with poor Beverley's kiss,  
What transport appears in my air!  
Tho' this breast, once the pillow of bliss,  
Swells only with death and despair.

If a look is by accident caught,  
I'm fill'd with a thousand alarms;  
And Clerimont fires ev'ry thought,  
When I melt in fond Beverley's arms.

Great Ruler of all things above,  
Whom Father of mercies we deem,  
Let duty direct me to love,  
Where reason compels my esteem.

Yet how to thy throne shall I run;  
For pardon, how can I exclaim?  
When I feel that each rise of the sun,  
Beholds a renewal of shame!

Nay, now while the guilt, I detest,  
My conscience so dreadfully wrings;  
This Clerimont grows on my breast,  
And insensibly twists round the strings.

Distraction, this instant repair,  
And seize the least atom of brain;  
For nature no longer can bear  
This incredible fulness of pain!

Let mercy employ its own time,  
I dare not look upwards that way;  
For unless I desist from my crime,  
'Tis blasphemy surely to pray.

## The Fatal Meeting.

**N**INE ling'ring moons had pass'd away  
Since Henry left his Nancy dear,  
To flow-consuming grief a prey;  
Each hour she number'd with a tear.

Her fancy wander'd still afar,  
Still seem'd to hear the battle's roar,  
Where 'midst the crimson ranks of war,  
Young Henry fought on Freedom's shore.

At length the fatal news returns;  
The foes have met—the strife is o'er;  
Now widow'd beauty vainly mourns;  
Alas! no tears can life restore.

While all the tale of woe relate,  
And mourn around each hero's bier;  
Of gallant Henry's doubtful fate,  
No tidings reach'd fair Nancy's ear.

Distracted by her rising fears,  
Her virgin robes she lays aside,  
And now a beauteous youth appears,  
The fairest proof of Nature's pride.

By night the swelling sails are spread;  
Her parents, friends, and home she leaves;  
To brave, by strong affection led,  
The tempests, rocks, and wintry waves.

The billows rag'd; the storm was high;  
The crew all pale, with terror shook;  
Yet Nancy view'd the low'ring sky  
With—sad—but firm, unalter'd look.

When darkness clos'd the fearful view,  
Oft on the deck, for hours she sigh'd,  
While fancy grac'd each scene anew,  
Where Henry woo'd her for his bride.

At length the wish'd-for land's in sight,  
And on the hostile shore she stands:  
Then flies to seek her soul's delight,  
Amid' the British martial bands.

Too soon she reach'd the fatal field;  
With streaming gore 'twas newly dy'd—  
“Ye pow'rs, my dearest Henry shield!”  
The virgin, wild with terror, cry'd.

A feeble murmur caught her ear,  
From 'midst the ghastly forms of death;  
“Adieu,” it cry'd, “my Nancy, dear!”  
“O take thy Henry's parting breath!”

He died.—She gaz'd.—She lifeless fell,  
Beyond the pow'r of art to save.  
Nigh where *Potomack's* billows swell,  
Fair Nancy sleeps in Henry's grave.



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A Bumper of good Liquor.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna*.'

A BUMPER, a bumper,  
A bumper of good liquor,  
Will end a contest quicker  
Than justice, judge, or vicar,  
So, fill each cheerful glass.  
But if more deep the quarrel,  
Why sooner drain the barrel,  
Than be that hateful fellow,  
That's crabbed when he's mellow.

Can Love be controul'd by Advice.

By ..... Berkley, Esq.

CAN love be controul'd by advice?  
Can madness and reason agree?  
O, Molly! who'd ever be wise  
If madness is loving of thee?  
Let sages pretend to despise  
The joys they want spirits to taste;  
Let me seize old Time as he flies,  
And the blessings of life while they last.  
Dull Wisdom but adds to our cares;  
Brisk Love will improve ev'ry joy;  
Too soon we may meet with grey hairs;  
Too late may repent being coy:  
Then, Molly, for what should we stay,  
'Till our best blood begins to run cold?  
Our youth we can have but to-day;  
We may always find time to grow old.  
It has been said this Song was written for the once well-known  
Lady Vane.

Could I each Fault remember.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna*.'

COULD I each fault remember.  
Forgetting ev'ry charm,  
Soon would impartial reason  
The tyrant, Love, disarm.  
But when enrag'd, I number  
The failings of her mind,  
Love still suggests her beauty,  
And fees, while Reason's blind.

The Joys of Love are Joys alone.

Sung in '*Comus*.'

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air,  
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,  
Where, woven with the poplar bough,  
The mantling vine will shelter you.  
Down each side a fountain flows,  
Tingling, murm'ring as it goes  
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,  
Sultry Phoebus scorching round.

Round the languid herds, and sheep,  
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks, sleep,  
While on the hyacinth and rose  
The fair does all alone repose:

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

Adieu, thou dreary Pile.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna*.'

ADIEU, thou dreary pile,  
Where sadness never dies,  
Where echo still repeats  
The mourner's plaintive sighs!

For happier scenes I fly,  
I fly this hateful grove,  
To ev'ry joy a foe,  
A grave to hapless love.

Soft Fancy, thou Truant to me.

Sung in '*The Rival Candidates*.'

SOFT Fancy, thou truant to me,  
My summons, oh, quickly obey!  
Neglected by Byron and thee,  
How heavily passes the day!

Thy charms I've mistaken for love,  
So artfully dost thou beguile,  
Thy magic enlivens the grove,  
When he has forgotten to smile!

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## Turn thee round, I pray thee.

Sung in the Comic Opera of *'The Duenna.'*

**T**URN thee round, I pray thee,  
Calm awhile thy rage,  
I must help to stay thee,  
And thy wrath assuage.

Could'st thou not discover  
One so near to thee?  
Could'st thou be a lover,  
And yet fly from me?

## My Jo, Janet.

**S**WEET fir, for your courtesye,  
When you come by the Bais, then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a keeking glafs, then;  
" Keek into the draw-well,  
" Janet, Janet,  
" And there ye'll see your bonny fell,  
" My Jo, Janet."

Keeking into the draw-well clear,  
What if I should fa' in, fir?  
Then a' my kin will say and fwear,  
I drown'd mysell for fin, fir.  
" Had the better by the brae,  
" Janet, Janet;  
" Had the better by the brae,  
" My Jo, Janet."

Good fir, for your courtesy,  
Coming thro' Aberdeen, then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a pair of sheen, then.  
" Clout the auld, the new are dear,  
" Janet, Janet,  
" Ae pair may gain ye half a year,  
" My Jo, Janet."

But what if dancing on the green,  
And skipping like a maukin,  
Folk should see my clouted sheen,  
Of me they will be talking;  
" Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,  
" Janet, Janet,  
" Syne a' their faut's will no be seen,  
" My Jo, Janet."

Kind fir, for your courtesy,  
When ye gae to the Cro's, then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a pacing horse, then.  
" Pace upo' your spinning wheel,  
" Janet, Janet;  
" Pace upo' your spinning wheel,  
" My Jo, Janet."

My spinning wheel is auld and stiff,  
The rock o't winna stand, fir,  
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,  
Employs oft' my hand, fir.  
" Make the best o't that you can,  
" Janet, Janet;  
" But like it ne'er wale a man,  
" My Jo, Janet."

## Cantata.

RECITATIVE.

**T**WAS rofy morn, when chaste Diana bright,  
From balmy slumbers springing light,  
Wak'd all her nymphs from pleasing rest,  
And thus her sylvan train address'd:

AIR.

From this high mount with me descend,  
And now to the joys of the chace,—  
O'er hills and dales our flight we bend,  
And match the fleet flag in our pace.

My silver bow is ready strung,  
My golden quiver graceful hung:  
Away, my nymphs, away,—  
Let shouts to the welkin resound;  
And she who strikes the destin'd prey,  
Shall queen of the forest be crown'd.

## What care I how fair she be.

**S**HALL I, waiving in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,  
'Cause another's rofy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flow'ry meads in May;  
Yet if she think not well of me,  
What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or her worthy merits known,  
Make me quite forget my own?  
Be she with that goodness blest;  
As may merit name the best;  
Yet if she be not such to me,  
What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,  
I will never more despair;  
If she love me, this believe,  
I will die e'er she shall grieve;  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I will scorn and let her go:  
So if she be not fit for me,  
What care I for who she be.

## How happy art thou and I.

**H**OW happy art thou and I,  
That never knew how to love!  
There's no such blessing here beneath,  
Whate'er there be above,  
As liberty, sweet liberty!  
Which every wise man loves.

Then merrily let us drink,  
And merrily let us sing,  
There's no such blessing here beneath,  
Whate'er there be above,



## Tweed Side.

**WHAT** beauties does Flora disclose?  
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?  
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;  
 Both nature and fancy exceed.  
 Nor daise, nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,  
 Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
 The black-bird, and sweet cooing dove,  
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
 Let us see how the primroses spring,  
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

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

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

## Oft does Hymen smile to hear.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna*.'

**OFT** does Hymen smile to hear  
 Words and vows of feign'd regard;  
 Well he knows when they're sincere,  
 Never slow to give reward.  
 For his glory is to prove  
 Kind to those who wed for love.

## O had my Love ne'er smil'd on me.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna*.'

**O** HAD my love ne'er smil'd on me,  
 I ne'er had known such anguish;  
 But think how false, how cruel she,  
 To bid me cease to languish.

To bid me hope her hand to gain,  
 Breathe on a flame half perish'd,  
 And then with cold and fix'd disdain,  
 To kill the hope she cherish'd.

Not worse his fate who on a wreck,  
 That drove as wind did blow it,  
 Silent had left the shatter'd deck,  
 To find a grave below it.

When land was cry'd, no more resign'd,  
 He glow'd with joy to hear it;  
 Not worse his fate, his woe to find  
 The wreck must sink ere near it.

## Friendship is the Bond of Reason.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna*.'

**FRIENDSHIP** is the bond of reason,  
 But if beauty disapprove,  
 Heav'n absolves all other treason  
 In the heart that's true to love.

The faith which to my friend I swore,  
 As a civil oath I view;  
 But to the charms which I adore,  
 'Tis religion to be true.

Then if to one I false must be,  
 Can I doubt which to prefer,  
 A breach of social faith to thee,  
 Of sacrilege to love and her?

## I lov'd him for himself alone.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna*.'

**THOU** canst not boast of Fortune's store,  
 My love, while me they wealthy call;  
 But I was glad to find thee poor,  
 For with my heart I'll give thee all,  
 And then the grateful youth will own  
 I lov'd him for himself alone.

But when this worth my hand shall gain,  
 No look or word of mine shall shew  
 That I the smallest thought retain  
 Of what my bounty did bestow:  
 Yet still his grateful heart shall own  
 I lov'd him for himself alone.

## Ah! cruel Maid.

Sung in the Comic Opera of '*The Duenna*.'

**AH!** cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd  
 The temper of my mind!  
 My heart, by thee from mirth estrang'd,  
 Becomes, like thee, unkind.

By fortune favour'd, clear in fame,  
 I once ambitious was;  
 And friends I had, that fann'd the flame,  
 And gave my youth applause.

But now my weakness all abuse,  
 Yet vain their taunts on me,  
 Friends, fortune, fame itself I'd lose  
 To gain one smile of thee.

Yet only thou should'st not despise  
 My folly or my woe;  
 If I am mad in others eyes,  
 'Tis thou hast made me so.

But days like these, with doubting ours,  
 I will not long endure:  
 Am I despis'd? I know the worst,  
 And also know my cure.

If false, her vows she dare renounce,  
 She instant ends my pain;  
 For, oh! that heart must break at once,  
 Which cannot hate again.

## Johnny Armstrong.

*The hero of the following ballad's habitation, was at no great distance from the river Euse; there he had a strong body of men under his command, and all his neighbours, even the nearest English, stood in awe of him, and paid him tribute. When James V. reigned in Scotland, and Henry III. in England, the former, willing to suppress all robbers, levied a small army, marched out against the banditti, and pitched his tents hard by the river Euse. At this Johnny Armstrong became sensible of his danger, and would willingly have made his peace. Some of the king's officers finding him in this disposition, secretly persuaded him to make his submission; adding, that they durst assure him he would be kindly received. Armstrong followed their counsel, and with sixty horsemen unarmed, hastened to the king, but imprudently forgot to provide himself with passes, and a safe conduct. Those who had given him this advice, sensible of his error, lay in ambush for, surprized and took him, with his sixty men, and carried them all to the king, pretending that they had taken him prisoner. Nor was he accused of robbing only, but of having also formed a design of delivering up that part of the country to the English; and being condemned, he, with fifty-four of his companions, was hanged; the other six were reserved as hostages, to deter their fellows from being guilty of the like crime. Our poet possibly thought, that the gallows was too low a death for his hero, and therefore rather chose to let him die bravely fighting. Instead of three, he gives him a retinue of eight-score men, and lays the scene in Edinburgh.*

IS there ever a man in all Scotland,  
From the highest state, to the lowest degree,  
That can shew himself before our king,  
Scotland's so full of treachery?

Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland,  
And Johnny Armstrong they do him call;  
He has no lands, or rents coming in,  
Yet keeps eightscore men within his hall.

He has horses and harness for them all,  
And goodly steeds that be milk-white,  
With their goodly belts about their necks,  
With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving letter,  
And with his own hand, so tenderly,  
And hath sent it unto Johnny Armstrong,  
To come and speak with him speedily.

When John he look'd this letter upon,  
He look'd as blithe as a bird in a tree,  
"I was never before a king in my life,  
"My father, my grandfather, none of us three.

"But seeing we must go before the king,  
"Lord, we will go most gallantly,  
"Ye shall ev'ry one have a scarlet coat,  
"Laid down with golden laces three.

"And ev'ry one shall have a scarlet cloak,  
"Laid down with silver laces five,  
"With your golden belts about your waists,  
"Hats and feathers all alike."

But when Johnny went from Giltnock-hall,  
The wind it blew hard, and fast it did rain,  
"Now, fare thee well, thou Giltnock-hall,  
"I fear I'll ne'er see thee again."

Now Johnny is to Edenborough gone,  
With his eightscore men so gallantly,  
And ev'ry one of them on a milk-white steed,  
With bucklers and swords hanging to their knee.

But when John came before the king,  
With his eightscore men so gallant to see,  
The king he mov'd his bonnet to him,  
He thought he'd been a king as well as he.

"O, pardon, pardon, my sovereign leigh,  
"Pardon my eightscore men and me;  
"For my name it is Johnny Armstrong,  
"A subject of your's, my leigh," said he.

"Away with thee, thou false traitor,  
"No pardon will I grant to thee,  
"But to-morrow morn, by eight of the clock,  
"I'll hang thy eightscore men and thee."

Then Johnny looks o'er his left shoulder,  
And to his merry men thus said he,  
"I've ask'd grace of a graceless face,  
"No pardon there's for you and me."

Then John pull'd out his good broad sword,  
That was made of the mettle so free;  
Had the king not mov'd his foot as he did,  
John had taken his head from his body.

"Come, follow me, my merry men all,  
"We will scorn one foot to fly,  
"It shall ne'er be said, we were hang'd like dogs;  
"We'll fight it out most manfully."

Then they fought on like champions bold,  
For their hearts were surdy, stout and free,  
Till they had kill'd all the king's guard;  
None left alive but two or three.

But then rose up all Edenborough,  
They rose up by thousands three,  
A cowardly Scot came John behind,  
And run him thro' the fair body.

Said John, "fight on, my merry all,  
"I am a little wounded, but am not slain,  
"I'll lay me down, and bleed awhile,  
"Then I'll rise and fight with you again."

Then they fought like madmen all,  
Till many lay dead upon the plain,  
For their resolv'd before they'd yield,  
That ev'ry man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,  
Till most of them lay dead, and slain,  
But little Musgrave, that was his foot page,  
With his bonny Grissel got 'way unta'en.

But when he came to Giltnock-hall,  
The lady spy'd him presently,  
"What news, what news, thou little foot page,  
"From thy master and his company?"

"My news is bad, lady," he said,  
"Which I do bring, as you may see;  
"My master, John Armstrong, is slain,  
"And all his gallant company."

"Yet thou art welcome, my bonny Grissel,  
"Oft thou'st been fed with corn and hay,  
"Thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,  
"Thy sides shall ne'er be spur'd, I say."

O then bespoke his little son,  
As he sat on his nurse's knee,  
"If e'er I live to be a man,  
"My father's death reveng'd shall be.



Price,

[Numb. 57]

One Penny.

THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

The Cottage on the Moor.

Sung in the Pantomime of 'Niobe.'

MY mam is no more, and my dad in his grave,  
Little orphans are sifter and I, sadly poor;  
Industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have,  
But yon neat little cottage, that stands on the moor

The lark's early song does to labour invite,  
Contented we just keep the wolf from the door;  
And, Phoebus retiring, trip home with delight,  
To our neat little cottage, that stands on the moor.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the cheer,  
Affection's our inmate, the guest we adore,  
And heart-ease, and health, make a palace appear,  
Of our neat little cottage, that stands on the moor.

Come, cheer up, my Lads.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we flee,  
To add something new to this wonderful year;  
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;  
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Heart of oak are our ships,  
Heart of oak are our men;

We always are ready,  
Steady, boys, steady;

We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again, and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;  
They never see us, but they wish us away;  
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore;  
For if they won't fight us, what can we do more.

Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,  
They frighten our women, our children and beaux;  
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,  
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them  
fret,

In spite of the devil, or Bruffel's gazette:  
Then, cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,  
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.

Heart of oak, &c.

SONG.

AH! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a sigh,  
That a coldness will creep o'er my heart;  
That a fullen indifference will dwell on my eye,  
When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O, Cynthia, that gladden my day,  
And brighten the gloom of the night,  
Till life be extinguish'd, from memory fray,  
Which it ought to revive with delight?

Upbraiding, shall Gratitude say with a tear,  
"That no longer I think of those charms  
"Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,  
"And faded at length in my arms?"

Why, yes! it may happen, thou damsel divine—  
To be honest—I freely declare,  
That e'en now to thy converse so much I incline,  
I've already forgot thou art fair.

Dr. Walcot.

The constant Lads.

YOUR Molly has never been false, she declares,  
Since last time we parted at Wapping old stairs;  
When I swore that I still would continue the same,  
And gave you the 'bacco-box—mark'd with my name

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with  
you,

Did I e'er give a buff, Tom, to one of the crew?  
To be useful and kind to my Thomas I said,  
For his trowsers I wash'd, and his bumbo I made.

Though you threaten'd last Sunday to walk in the  
mall

With Susan, from Depford, and Billingsgate Sall,  
In silence I stood, your unkindness to hear,  
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.

Still faithful and fond from the first of my life,  
Tho' I boast not the name, I've the truth of a wife,  
For falsehood in wedlock too often is priz'd—  
And the heart that is constant should not be despis'd.

Arley.

PUBLISHED at N<sup>o</sup>. 10, BEDFORD-ROW, Dublin,  
Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

## In praise of Wine.

**B**ANISH sorrow, let's drink and be merry, boys,  
Time flies swiftly, to-morrow brings care;  
If you believe it,  
Drinking deceives it,  
Wine will relieve it,  
And drown despair.

The sweets of wine are found in possessing  
'Tis juice divine, mankind's chiefest blessing;  
The glass is thine, drink, there's no excess in  
A bumper or two with a chearful friend.

'Tis wine gives strength when nature's exhausted,  
Heals the sick man, and frees the slave;  
Makes the stiff stumble,  
And the proud humble,  
Exalts the niggard,  
Makes cowards brave.

*For the sweets, &c.*

'Tis wine that prompts the timorous lover;  
Be brisk with your mistress, denials despise;  
She'll cry, you'll undo her,  
But be a brisk wooer.  
Attack her, pursue her,  
You'll gain the prize.

*For the sweets, &c.*

'Tis wine that banishes worldly sorrow,  
Then who would omit the pleasing task?  
Since wine's sweet society  
Eases anxiety,  
Hang dull sobriety;  
Bring t'other flask.

*For the sweets, &c.*

## The Beggars.

Sung in the Comic Opera of 'The Jovial Crew.'

**T**HAT all men are beggars, we plainly may see,  
For beggars there are of ev'ry degree,  
Tho' none are so blest'd or so happy as we,

Which nobody can deny, deny;  
Which nobody can deny.

The tradesman he begs that his wares you would  
buy,  
Then begs you'd believe him the price is not high;  
And swears 'tis his trade, when he tells you a lie.  
*Which nobody can deny, &c.*

The lawyer he begs that you'd give him a fee,  
Tho' he reads not your brief, or regards not your  
plea,  
But advises your foe how to get a decree.  
*Which nobody can deny, &c.*

The courtier, he begs for a pension, a place,  
A ribbon, a title, a smile from his grace,  
'Tis due to his merit, 'tis writ in his face.  
*Which nobody should deny, &c.*

But if, by mishap, he should chance to get none,  
He begs you'd believe that the nation's undone;  
There's but one honest man, and himself is that one,  
*Which nobody dares deny, &c.*

The fair one she labours whole mornings at home,  
New charms to create, and much paint to consume,  
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural bloom.  
*Which nobody should deny, &c.*

The lover he begs the dear nymph to comply;  
She begs he'd begone; yet with languishing eye,  
Still begs he would stay, for a maid she can't die.  
*Which none but a fool would deny, &c.*

## The Merits of Printing.

By J. S. DODD.

ADDRESSED TO PRINTERS.

WHO ALONE CAN FULLY COMPREHEND THEM.

Tune—'The Roast Beef of Old England.'

**W**HEN learning and science were both sunk in  
night,  
And Genius and Freedom were banish'd outright,  
The invention of Printing soon brought all to light.  
Then carol the praises of Printing,  
And sing in that noble art's praise.

Then all who profess this great heaven-taught art,  
And have liberty, virtue, and knowledge at heart,  
Come join in these verses, and now bear a part,  
*Then carol, &c.*

Tho' ev'ry Composer a Galley must have,  
Yet judge not from that a Composer's a slave,  
For Printing hath often dug Tyranny's grave,  
*Then carol, &c.*

If *Correction* he needs, all mankind does the same,  
When he *Quadrates* his *Matter*, he is not to blame,  
For to *Justification* he lays a strong claim.  
*Then carol, &c.*

Tho' he daily *Imposes*, 'tis not to do wrong;  
Like Nimrod he follows the *Chace* all day long,  
And always to him a good *Slice* does belong.  
*Then carol, &c.*

Tho' friendly to peace, yet *French Canon* he loves,  
Expert in his *Great and Long Primer* he proves.  
And with skill and address all his *Furniture* moves.  
*Then carol, &c.*

Tho' no antiquarian, he deals much in *Coins*,  
And freedom with loyalty closely combines,  
And to aid the Republic—of Letters—he joins.  
*Then carol, &c.*

Extremes he avoids, and a *Medium* invites,  
Tho' no Elockhead, he often in *Fools-cap* delights,  
And handles his *Shooting-stick*, tho' he ne'er sights,  
*Then carol, &c.*

But the art to complete, the stout Press-men must  
come,  
And make use of their *Balls*, their *Frisket* and *Drum*,  
And to strike the *Impression* the *Flatten* pull home.  
*Then carol, &c.*

But as the old proverb declares very clear,  
"We're the farthest from God when the Church we  
"are near,"  
So, in all Printing *Chapels* do *DEVILS* appear,  
*Then carol, &c.*

On the Press, Truth, Religion, and Learning depend,  
Whilst that remains free, Slav'ry ne'er gains its end,  
Then ray *Bodkin* in him who is not Printing's friend.  
*And carol, &c.*



## A pretty Week's Work.

ON Monday, young Colin, who liv'd in the dale,  
Came to me when milking, and carry'd my pail;  
He said, that he well had examin'd his mind,  
He'd wed me on Wednesday, if I was inclin'd;  
And vow'd, when we came to the willow deck'd  
brook,  
If I doubted his truth, he'd swear on the book.

To know if my lover would keep to his vow,  
On Tuesday, the while he was busy at plough,  
I ran to the cot of old Dorcas below,  
And begg'd she would tell me the thing I would  
know;  
I gave her a sixpence I'd sav'd from my youth,  
And promis'd another to come at the truth.

Her spectacles quickly she took from her side,  
Examin'd my hand, ask'd me questions beside;  
Then told me she saw, by a spark in my eye,  
If Colin was willing, 'twas best to comply:  
Then said, "child do this, lest your wishes are  
cross'd,  
"For in matters of love, no time's to be lost.

On Wednesday he came dizen'd out in his best,  
He gave me a posy to stick in my breast;  
Then sweetly he kiss'd me, and told me the time,  
And said "let us haste ere the village bells chime."  
But I, silly I, sure the worst of my kind!  
Reply'd with a sneer, sir, I've alter'd my mind.

At this, with resentment becoming the swain,  
He turn'd from a fool, and went off with disdain;  
As soon as he left me, I thought on my fate,  
And the words of old Dorcas, but, ah! 'twas too  
late!  
I ran to the vale, search'd the hamlets round,  
To find out my swain, but no Colin I found.

On Thursday, so soon as the lark struck my ear,  
I travers'd the meads in pursuit of my dear;  
Sing on, pretty lark, (to the warbler I cry'd)  
'Thou'rt happy, because thou art true to thy bride:  
But, alas! all endeavours were idle and vain!  
Not one on the meadows knew ought of my swain.

When Friday was come I grew sick of my lot;  
I ran to the vale, and enquir'd at each cot;  
But successless, alas! were all efforts to me,  
No tidings I heard, nor no Colin could see;  
'Twas Saturday, now, and the search I renew'd,  
As luckless as ever, the search I pursu'd.

On Sunday I wandered distracted till noon,  
When the bells 'gan a peal, delightful in tune;  
I spott the first person I met in my way,  
And asked the cause of their being so gay;  
Who told me, this morning, young Colin had been  
Wedded to beautiful Doll of the green.

That instant I ran to the green willow'd brook,  
Where Colin had sworn to be true, on a book;  
My garters I bound to the sturdiest bough,  
And had acted, ye virgins, I cannot tell how!  
If reason had not interpos'd with her aid,  
And bade me desist, for a silly young maid.

Ye maidens who hear me, ne'er act such a part,  
Nor reject the true swain who'd yield you his heart;  
Comply when he's kind, for I've known to my cost,  
In matters of love there's no time to be lost.  
Do this, and no cause in your bosom shall lurk,  
To make you repent of a pretty week's work.

## Cupid's Complaint.

ONCE, a bee, unseen while sleeping,  
Touch'd, by love from rose-buds creeping,  
Stung the boy, who blood espying  
On his finger, fell a crying;  
Then both feet, and pinions straining,  
Flew to Venus, thus complaining:

"Oh! mamma, mamma, I am dying,  
"Me, a little dragon spying,  
"Which the ploughman-tribe so stupid,  
"Call a bee, has bit your Cupid."

"Ah!" quoth Venus, smiling shrewdly,  
"If a bee can wound so rudely,  
"Cupid, think how sharp the sorrows  
"Caus'd by thy envenom'd arrows.

## Song to Delia.

By DR. WALCOT.

HOW long shall hapless Colin mourn,  
The cold regard of Delia's eye?  
The heart whose only crime is love,  
Can Delia's softness doom to die?

Sweet is thy name to Colin's ear;  
Thy beauties, O divinely bright!  
In one short hour by Delia's side  
I taste whole ages of delight.

Yet though I lov'd thee more than life,  
My tongue forbore its fondest tale,  
Not to displease a cruel maid,  
And sigh'd amid't the distant vale.

What happier shepherd wins thy smiles,  
A bliss for which I hourly pine?  
Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vales,  
And fleecy flocks are more than thine!

Few are the vales that Colin boasts,  
And few the flocks those vales that rove!  
With wealth I court not Delia's heart—  
A nobler bribe I offer—Love!

Yet should the virgin yield her hand,  
And thoughtless wed for wealth alone;  
The act may make my bosom bleed,  
But surely cannot bless her own.

## A Glass is good.

A GLASS is good, and a lass is good,  
And a pipe is good in cold weather;  
The world is good, and the people are good,  
And we're all good fellows together:  
A bottle it is a very good thing.  
With a good deal of good wine in it,  
A song is good when a body can sing,  
And to finish we must begin it.  
*A glass is good, &c.*

A friend is good when you're out of good luck,  
For that is the time to try him;  
For a justice, good the haunch of a buck,  
With such a good present you buy him:  
A fine old woman is good when she's dead,  
A rogue very good for good hanging;  
A fool is good by the nose to be led;  
My good song deserves a good banging.  
*A glass is good, &c.*

### Monkish Verses.

BY WAY OF PARODY ON THE VERSES ENTITLED

—“*Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene*”—

WHICH APPEARED IN NUMB. 17.

A BULL-DOG so fierce, and a spaniel so meek,  
Convers'd as they lay on the mow;  
They star'd, and they bark'd—and then utter'd a  
squeak!  
For the name of the dog we will *Cæsar* bespeak,  
And the bitch was the fair little *Flo*.

“And, oh, then,” said *Cæsar*, “a bull-baiting, dear,  
“To-morrow takes place at the fair:  
“I thither am sent; while I very much fear  
“Some dogs, to your eyes that more pleasing appear,  
“Your affections from me will ensnare!”

“Nay, check these suspicions,” said *Flora*, distressed,  
“Nor injure your true-love so far:  
“For no other dog, you assured may rest,  
“But *Cæsar* alone, with my heart shall be blest—  
“For *Cæsar* alone ruleth there.

“If e'er on my charms noisy Pincher or Jack  
““Repose, while they call me their wife,  
“I wish” [here she sent forth a false oath alack!]  
“That your ghost may appear without tail to its  
“back,  
“Ascend from below with a terrible crack—  
“And frighten me out of my life!”

To Smithfield then hasten'd this bull-dog so fierce,  
Little *Flora* gave vent to her woe;  
Scarce three day elaps'd (how I grieve to rehearse!)  
When a grey-hound bespangl'd with spots—what a  
curse!—  
Arriv'd at the kennel of *Flo*.

His collar, his person, his flattering vows,  
Soon made her untrue to her swain—  
He won her attachment by graces and bows;  
At length she consented to call him her spouse—  
And ne'er think of *Cæsar* again!

And now they were joined in Hymen's soft ties,  
And now they for feasting prepar'd;  
With pails full of tripe they regaled their eyes;  
But how great was their wonder, dismay, and surprise  
When they heard the bell ring in the yard!

Then first, much astonish'd, did *Flora* behold  
Some other dog plac'd at her side,  
Who bark'd not at all, tho' he look'd very bold,  
While round to the fair one his eye-balls he roll'd—  
And open'd his mouth very wide!

His visage was gruff, and gigantic his paw,  
His collar was fable to view;  
From the guests on a sudden did pleasure withdraw;  
The dogs all shriek'd out at the sight of his claw,  
And the cats all in concert cry'd—“mew.”

So great was the fear and dismay that he spread;  
So much had he frighten'd each dog,  
None spoke, till poor *Flora* took courage, and said,  
“I pray that your gruffness afield may be laid,  
“While you deign to partake of our prog.”

This said, her request with attention he grants,  
And he promis'd to alter his mein;  
He began like a donkey to kick and to prance;  
His flesh from his bones fell, as 'twere in romance;  
And a skeleton dog there was seen!

Thro' the party this sent forth amazement, no doubt;  
This struck with a panic the row!—  
The maggots crept in, and the maggots crept out;  
They fraggled, they jump'd, and they scamper'd  
about,  
While the spectre address'd little *Flo*.

These words to false *Flora* the skeleton spake,  
While boldly he claim'd her as wife—  
“Behold, I am come without tail to my back,  
“To bear you to torture, to pain, and to rack;  
“And so put an end to your life!”

He spoke—and his claws round the Fair One he  
threw;  
Poor *Flora* redoubled her moan;  
Then off with his prize to the Devil he flew,  
(Sad fate for poor *Flora*!)—but nobody knew  
Which way to OLD NICK they were gone.

Not long liv'd the greyhound; and none since that  
hour  
To inhabit the kennel presume:  
There chronicles tell, forc'd by some mighty pow'r,  
She suffers repentant, as well as her wooer—  
And mourns her deplorable doom!

At midnight twelve times in the year does her sprite,  
When mortals are all snoring out,  
Appear in the yard, on a moonshiny night  
(Ye dogs, what a dreadful and horrible sight!)—  
And screams as he twirls her about!

With tubs full of brimstone, and water and mud,  
Midst dog-goblins they utter their woe:  
A toast they put round that would freeze one's  
heart's blood—  
“Let us all drink a health to *Cæsar* the proud,  
“And his consort, the false little *Flo*!”



Price,

[Numb. 58]

One Penny.

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OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language; forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

Oh, take this Wreath.

OH, take this wreath my hand has wove,  
The pledge and emblem of my love,  
These flow'rs will keep their brightest hue,  
While you are constant, kind and true;  
But should you; false to love and me,  
Wish from my fondness to be free,  
Foreboding that my fate is nigh,  
Each grateful flow'r will droop and die.

Come, ye Lads who wish to shine.

COME, ye lads who wish to shine  
Bright in future glory,  
Haste to arms and form the line,  
That leads to future glory.

Charge the musket, point the lance,  
Brave the worst of dangers,  
Tell the bluff'ring sons of France,  
That we to fear are strangers.

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,  
And her flag is rearing,  
Always finds her sons dispos'd  
To drub the foe that's daring.

*Charge the musket, &c.*

Hearts of oak, with speed advance,  
Pour your naval thunder  
On the trembling shores of France,  
And strike the world with wonder.

*Charge the musket, &c.*

Honour for the brave to share,  
Is the noblest booty,  
Guard your coasts, protect the fair,  
For that's a Briton's duty.

*Charge the musket, &c.*

Tho' Spain and Holland take their parts,  
Bound in base alliance,  
Let's all unite, and British hearts  
May bid the world defiance.

Beat the drum—the trumpet sound,  
Manly and united,  
Dangers face, maintain your ground,  
And see your country righted.

Dicky Gossip.

WHEN I was a younker, I first was apprentice  
Unto a gay barber so dapper and airy;  
I next was a carpenter, then turn'd dentist;  
Then taylor, good lord! then an apothecary,  
But for this trade or that,  
Why they all come as pat,  
They all come as pat as they can,  
For shaving and tooth-drawing,  
Bleeding, cabbaging and sawing,  
Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man.

Tho' taylor and dentist but awkwardly tether,  
In both the vocations I still have my savings;  
And two of my trades couple rarely together,  
For barber and carpenter both deal in shavings;  
So, for this trade or that,  
Why they all come as pat,

*They all come, &c.*

But blunders will happen in callings so various,  
I fancy they happen to some that are prouder;  
I once gave a patient, whose health was precarious,  
A terrible dose of my best shaving powder.

But no matter for that,  
Why my trades come as pat,

*They all come, &c.*

As wrapt in Sleep I lay.

AS wrapt in sleep I lay,  
Fancy assumed her sway,  
A voice that spoke despair,  
Cried, "mourn thy lover banish'd;  
"Cold, cold beneath the main,  
"Lies he in battle slain,  
"Mourn, mourn thou wretched fair,  
"All hopes from thee are vanish'd."

Upon the rock I stood;  
Forth from the foaming flood  
Arose the lovely form  
Of him who now is banish'd.  
Loose flow'd his auburn hair,  
Gor'd was his bosom bare;  
Sinking amid the storm,  
He sigh'd, "adieu," and vanish'd.

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Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

## Drunken Song.

OH, what a misfortune befel me to-day,  
As I look'd for a pretty young girl,  
They tumbled me into a butt of strong beer,  
I thought to be drowned therein:  
Be drowned therein, be drowned therein,  
I thought to be drowned therein.

But what is the reason I reel thus about,  
I'm afraid the beer's got in my head;  
I reel to and fro' like a ship in a storm,  
Oh, I wish I was safe in my bed.  
*Safe in my bed, &c.*

Oh, what a misfortune befel me to-night,  
As I swam in a river of beer;  
I div'd to the bottom, and then up again,  
And now behold you all see me here:  
*You all see me here, &c.*

But what is the reason you will not stand still,  
I find you must all be drank up;  
I'll put it in my pocket and give it my wife,  
And then she will sleep very well.  
*Will sleep very well, &c.*

## Our Top Sail's a-trip.

OUR top sail's a-trip, and our anchor's a-weigh,  
To far distant climes from my Fanny I stray;  
Tho' borne by false winds, still thy sailor is true,  
Tho' wand'ring, he's constant to love and to you.

The rock-dashing billows that loudly do roar,  
The surge that rebounds from yon lessening shore,  
Seem to swell with my tears, and the boisterous wind,  
To increase with my sighs, as I leave thee behind.

When perils surround me I'll think of my love,  
The soothing idea all fears will remove:  
With safety I'll plough thro' the dangerous main,  
With grief now we part to meet happy again.

## The Death of Hebe.

FAIR Hebe, lovely Hebe gone,  
A clay-cold victim lies;  
The rose-buds from her cheeks are flown,  
Pale death has clos'd her eyes:  
In awful knell the solemn toll  
Increases poor Colin's grief;  
Affliction's load weigh'd down his soul,  
His mind knew no relief.

Opprest with anguish and despair,  
With downcast eyes he mov'd,  
And tending close the sable bier,  
Bewail'd the maid he lov'd:  
But when the sacred rights were paid,  
And earth to heav'n was giv'n,  
In sorrow's voice he trembling said,  
"This is the will of heav'n."

Each coming day, at blush of morn,  
O'er Hebe's grave he stands,  
Where waving shrubs the spot adorn,  
Rais'd by the mourner's hands:  
Hope's cheering rays afford no gleam,  
To ease the shepherd's sighs;  
The hallow'd turf seems ever green,  
Bedew'd from Colin's eyes.

## The Heiress stole away.

YOU who hunt after fortune attend,  
And you who make beauty your game,  
To me your attention pray lend,  
I'm an heiress of fortune and fame:  
"An heiress! hark, forward," they cry,  
Pursu'd by the young and the old;  
Over hedges and ditches they fly,  
To come within view of the gold:  
While I, like the poor timid hare,  
When she first hears the horn's distant lay,  
Start, double, and run without care,  
"Stole away!" they all cry "stole away!"

An Irish young hunter gave chase,  
O dear—but he'd make me his wife;  
Or 'twould be, when dead, my sad case,  
To lead little apes all my life:  
"An heiress! hark, forward!" his cry,  
No danger his love should dismay,  
After breaking his neck, he would try  
To hunt me to death his own way:  
*When I, &c.*

But I've a young man in my eye,  
Not you, sir; no, no, sir, nor you;  
On him I may safely rely,  
He keeps me at all times in view:  
"An heiress! hark, forward!" they cry,  
Yet that had not power to charm;  
'Twas love, I'll not strive to deny,  
A love that was gen'rous and warm:  
I'll with him, like the poor timid hare,  
When she first hears the horn's distant lay,  
Start, double, and run without fear  
"Stole away!" they all cry, "stole away."

## The Row.

TO be sure I don't love in my heart now,  
What some people call a good dust;  
And with life was I sure for to part now,  
As some time or other I must:  
When I see a lady in danger,  
I up to her march with a bow,  
And from her ne'er shrink as a stranger,  
But instantly kick up a row:

For I pelt away, whelt away, whack away,  
Lather away all that I can,  
Well pleas'd I'm to lose my life still,  
For woman, that blessing to man:  
Give me but a sprig of shilaly,  
And may be I'll not shew you how,  
Be a puppy's coat ever so mealy,  
To dust, when I kick up a row.

One night as I walk'd down the strand, I  
Saw ladies by ruffians abus'd,  
So, says I, to be sure I can't stand by,  
And see the sweet creatures misus'd;  
So that which Ma'am Justice should settle,  
Had she been awake, you'll allow,  
I, being of true Irish mettle,  
Compounded, by making a row.  
*For I pelt away, &c.*

As for fighting, I don't say I love it,  
For sometimes it proves a bad job—  
And what, pray now, more would you have on't,  
I got a snug gash on my nob:  
But where I see ladies ill treating,  
My country I'll strait disavow,  
If I don't give the thieves such a bating,  
And always I'll keep up the row.  
*For I pelt away, &c.*



Oh! I am come to the Low Country.

OH! I am come to the low country,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie.  
Without a penny in my purse,  
To buy a meal to me.

It was nae fae in the Highland-hills,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie,  
Nae woman in the country wide,  
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie,  
Feeding on yon hill so high,  
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' ewes,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie,  
Skipping on yon bonie knowes,  
And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,  
Sair, fair may I repine,  
For Donald was the bravest man,  
And Donald he was mine.

Ochon, oh, Donald, oh!  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!  
Nae woman in the world so wide,  
Sae wretched now as me.

### Summer's a pleasant Time.

SUMMER's a pleasant time,  
Flowers of ev'ry colour,  
The water runs o'er the heugh,  
And I long for my true lover.

Ay, waukin, O,  
Waukin still and weary,  
Sleep I can get nane,  
For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,  
When I wauk I'm irie,  
Rest I can get nane,  
For thinking on my dearie.

*Ay waukin, &c.*

Lanely night comes on,  
A' the lave are sleeping,  
I think on my bonny lad,  
And I bleer my een wi' greeting.

*Ay waukin, &c.*

### The jolly Tar.

COME, come, jolly boys, that sailors be,  
Who oft' have plough'd the dang'rous sea,  
And when you hear the whistling wind,  
Still think of her you left behind:  
Still let her blessed image near,  
Preserve your faithful heart from fear,  
And to your breast the tablet keep,  
Thro' all the dangers of the deep.

Come, come, jolly boys, who sailors be,  
Who are so happy and so free?  
The luckless landmen's quiet mind,  
By home, or wife, is oft' confin'd:  
Whilst we, tho' dreaded thunders roll,  
That know no pow'r to shake our soul,  
O'er distant scenes in triumph hurl'd,  
Still feel no limits but the world.

Whilst a Captive to your Charms.

WHILST a captive to your charms  
I enfold you in my arms,  
When I sigh and swear I'm true,  
Think I love no girl but you.  
When I say your face is fair,  
And all of you beyond compare,  
Praise your mind, and temper too,  
Love but him who loves but you.

While I doat upon you more  
Than shepherd did on nymph before,  
Can you bid the world adieu,  
Can you love as I love you?  
O'er lands and waves with you I'll fly,  
With you I'll live, with you I'll die;  
Whate'er you'd have of me, I'll do,  
Then think I none can love but you.

Whilst I breathe my ardent flame,  
Has your bosom caught the same?  
Let me have, dear girl, my due,  
Love then him who loves but you.  
Sweet your look and fond your sigh,  
To my wishes now comply;  
Hymen claims to-day his due;  
Love then me as I love you.

### Young Damon of the Vale.

YOUNG Damon of the vale is dead,  
Ye lowland hamlets moan,  
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,  
And at his feet a stone.

His shroud, which Death's cold damps destroy,  
Of snow-white threads was made;  
All mourn'd to see so sweet a boy  
In earth for ever laid.

Pale panes o'er his corpse were plac'd,  
Which, pluckt before their time,  
Bestrew'd the boy, like him to waste,  
And wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whose tongue  
Could tune the rural lay?  
Ah, no! his bell of peace is rung,  
His lips are cold as clay.

They bore him out at twilight hour,  
The youth who lov'd so well—  
Ah, me! how many a true love show'r  
Of kind remembrance fell!

Each maid was woe—but Lucy chief,  
Her grief o'er all was tried,  
Within his grave she dropt in grief,  
And o'er her lov'd one died.

### SONG.

Sung in 'Lodiiska.'

YE streams that round my prison creep,  
If on your mossy banks you see  
My gallant lover stand and weep,  
Oh, murmur this command from me—  
"Thy mistress bids thee haste away,  
"And shun the broad-ey'd watchful day."

Ye gales that love to hear me sigh,  
If in your breezy flight you see  
My dear Floreski ling'ring nigh,  
Oh, whisper this command from me—  
"Thy mistress bids thee haste away,  
"And shun the broad-ey'd watchful day."

## The Triumphs of Owen.\*

A FRAGMENT.

BY MR. GRAY.

O WEN's praise demands my song,  
 Owen swift, and Owen strong;  
 Fairest flower of *Roderic's* stem,  
 § Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.  
 He nor heaps his brooded stores,  
 Nor on all profusely pours,  
 Lord of every regal art,  
 Lib'ral hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,  
 Squadrons three against him came;  
 This the force of Eirin hiding,  
 Side by side as proudly riding,  
 On her shadow long and gay  
 || Lochlin ploughs the war'ry way;  
 There the Norman sails afar,  
 Catch the winds, and join the war:  
 Black and huge along they sweep,  
 Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on the native sands  
 † The dragon-son of Mona stands;  
 In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,  
 High he rears his ruby crest.  
 There the thund'ring strokes begin,  
 There the press, and there the din;  
 Talymalfra's rocky shore  
 Echoing to the battle's roar.

‡ Cheek'd by the torrent-tide of blood  
 Backward Meinai rolls his flood;  
 While heap'd his master's feet around,  
 Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.

Where his glowing eye-balls turn,  
 Thousand banners round him burn.  
 Where he points his purple spear,  
 Hasty, hasty rout is there,  
 Marking with indignant eye  
 Fear to stop, and shame to fly.  
 There Confusion, Terror's child,  
 Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,  
 Agony, that pants for breath,  
 Despair and honourable death.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* From Mr. Evans's specimen of the Welch poetry, London, 1764. Quarto. Owen succeeded his father, Griffin, in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near 40 years afterwards.

|| Denmark.

§ North Wales.

† The Red Dragon is the Device of Cadwallader, which all his Descendants bore on their Banners.

‡ This and the three following Lines are not in the former Edition, but are now added from the Author's MSS.

## The Caroufal of Odin.

BY MR. PENROSE.

FILL the honey'd bev'rage high,  
 Fill the sculls, 'tis *Odin's* cry:  
 Heard you not the powerful call,  
 Thund'ring thro' the vaulted hall?  
 "Fill the meath, and spread the board,  
 "Vassals of the grisly lord."  
 The portal hinges grate,—they come—  
 The din of voices rocks the dome.  
 In stalk the various forms, and drest  
 In various armour, various vest,  
 With helm and morion, targe and shield,  
 Some quivering lances couch, some biting maces  
 wield:  
 All march with haughty step, all proudly shake the  
 crest.

The feast begins, the scull goes round,  
 Laughter shouts—the shouts rebound  
 The gust of war subsides—e'en now  
 The grim chief curls his cheek, and smooths his  
 rugged brow.

"Shame to your placid front, ye men of death!"  
 Cries *Hilda*, with disorder'd breath.  
 Hell echoes back her scoff of shame  
 To the inactive rev'ling champion's name.  
 "Call forth the song," she scream'd,—the minstrels  
 came—

The theme was glorious war, the dear delight  
 Of shining best in field, and daring most in fight.

"Joy to the soul," the harpers sung,  
 "When embattl'd ranks among,  
 "The steel-clad knight, in vigour's bloom,  
 (Banners waving o'er his plume)  
 "Foremost rides, the flower and boast  
 "Of the bold determin'd host!"

With greedy ears the guests each note devour'd,  
 Each struck his beaver down, and grasp'd his faith-  
 ful sword.

The fury mark'd th' auspicious deed,  
 And bad the Scalds proceed.

"Joy to the soul! a joy divine!  
 "When conflicting armies join;  
 "When trumpets clang, and bugles sound;  
 "When strokes of death are dealt around;  
 "When the sword feasts, yet craves for more;  
 "And every gauntlet drips with gore."—

The charm prevail'd, up rush'd the madden'd throng  
 Panting for carnage, as they foam'd along,  
 Fierce *Odin's* self led forth the frantic band,  
 To scatter havoc wide o'er many a guilty land.



Price,

[Numb. 59]

One Penny.

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Hope told a flatt'ring Tale.

HOPE told a flatt'ring tale,  
That joy would soon return,  
Ah, nought my sighs avail,  
For love is doom'd to mourn.

Ah, where's the flatt'rer gone?  
From me for ever flown,  
The happy dream of love is o'er,  
Life, alas! can charm no more.

How sweet's the Love that meets return.

WHEN first I kenn'd young Sandy's face,  
He sung and look'd wi' sic a grace,  
He stole my heart, but did na care,  
The lad he lov'd a lass more fair,  
And oft' I sung o'er brae and burn,  
How sweet's the love that meets return.

He loo'd a lass wi' fickle mind,  
Was sometimes caul and sometimes kind,  
Which made the love-sick laddie rue,  
For she was caul when he was true:  
He mourn'd and sung o'er brae and burn,  
How sweet's the love that meets return.

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,  
Where cowslips and sweet lav' rocks join'd,  
To make a garland for her hair—  
But she refus'd a gift sae fair:  
"This scorn" he cry'd "can ne'er be borne;  
"But sweet's the love that meets return."

Just then he met my tell-tale een,  
(And truest love is soonest seen)  
"Dear lass" said he "my heart is thine,  
"For thy soft wishes are like mine."  
Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,  
For sweet's the love that meets return.

My answer was bold, frank, and kind,  
I lov'd the lad and told my mind;  
To kirk we went wi' hearty glee,  
And wha sae blest as he and me?  
Now blithe we sing o'er brae and burn,  
How sweet's the love that meets return.

If o'er the cruel Tyrant, Love.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant, Love,  
A conquest I believ'd,  
The flatt'ring error cease to prove,  
O let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame  
Which love did first create,  
What was my pride is now my shame,  
And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind  
The weakness of my heart,  
Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd  
To take the traitor's part.

*Ariaxxes.*

Indeed, young Man, I must deny.

WHEN first young Harry told his tale,  
I smil'd and turn'd the deafen'd ear;  
Or if he met me in the vale,  
I laugh'd his doleful sigh to hear:  
I danc'd and sung as if for life,  
Nor thought he meant me for his wife;  
And when he woo'd, I us'd to cry,  
Indeed, young man, I must deny:

Indeed, young man, I must deny;  
I must deny, I must deny, I must deny,  
Indeed, young man, I must deny.

One day, upon the village green,  
To dance, the lads and lasses met;  
In ev'ry face gay mirth was seen,  
Yet Harry seem'd to pine and fret;  
He look'd and sigh'd, yet fear'd to speak,  
As if his heart was like to break,  
He ask'd a kiss, I cry'd, oh, fie,  
Indeed, young man, I must deny.

*Indeed, young man, &c.*

He pull'd my sleeve, I turn'd my head,  
As if I was inclin'd to stay,  
While blushes on my cheeks were spread,  
Which he observing kiss'd away:  
"To yonder church, let's go," he cry'd,  
"And there be made my charming bride;"  
I thought 'twas folly to be shy,  
And own'd I could no more deny.

*And own'd I could, &c.*

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## The Cobler.

**A** PSALM or a song-singing cobbler be I,  
 Who cares not a snap for the proudest;  
 I jokes in my stall with the girls passing by,  
 And hammers away with the loudest;  
 My soul's made of right honest well-wearing stuff,  
 And my upper-leathers can't be surpass'd;  
 As the very best tann'd hide my merry heart's tough,  
 First of cobblers, I stick to my last:

With hammer, awl, and sharp'ning hone,  
 Wax and strap, pegs and paring knife,  
 Bristles, thread, and lap-stone,  
 The cobbler leads a jolly life;  
 Singing loudly all the while,  
 To make his work go merry,  
 Tol de rol, lol lol lol de rol lol,  
 And heigh down derry.

When a bachelor spruce, all the young giggish titts,  
 With their eyes a love story would tell,  
 Says I. that won't do, girl, that shoe never fits,  
 Till at last I got tack'd to my Nell:  
 What tho' now and then doctor Strap gives advice,  
 Our quarrels are unmix'd with gall;  
 A kiss and a smile makes it up in a thrice,  
 I'm Nell's, and my Nell is my all.

*With hammer, &c.*

I was ax'd by a master to dine at his shop,  
 Who'd a deuce of a quarrelsome wife,  
 Who made the house shake, aye from bottom to top,  
 A vixen she was to the life:  
 In her tantrums, her spouse swore he'd kick her (she  
 was vex'd)  
 Out of doors, if no stranger was nigh;  
 I seeing the gemman and his lady so perplex'd,  
 Cry'd, don't make a stranger of I.

*With hammer, &c.*

## Kate of Dover.

**N**ED FLINT was lov'd by all the ship,  
 Was tender-hearted, bold and true,  
 He'd work his way, or drink his flip,  
 With e'er a seaman in the crew:  
 Tho' Ned had fac'd his country's foe,  
 And twice had fail'd the world all over,  
 Had seen his messmates oft' laid low,  
 Yet would he sigh for Kate of Dover.

Fair was the morn when on the shore,  
 Ned flew to take of Kate his leave;  
 Says he "my love, your grief give o'er,  
 "For Ned can n'er his Kate deceive:  
 "Let Fortune smile, or let her frown,  
 "To you I ne'er will prove a rover;  
 "All eares in gen'rous flip I'll drown,  
 "And still be true to Kate of Dover."

The tow'ring cliffs they bade adieu,  
 To brave all dangers on the main,  
 When, lo! a sail appear'd in view,  
 And Ned with many a tar was slain:  
 Thus Death, who lays each hero low,  
 Robb'd Kitty of her faithful lover;  
 The tars oft tell the tale of woe,  
 And heave a sigh for Kate of Dover.

## How welcome, my Shepherd.

**H**OW welcome, my shepherd, how welcome to me  
 Is ev'ry occasion of meeting with thee;  
 But when thou art absent, how joyless am I,  
 Contented, methinks, I could sit down and die.

The oft'ner I see you, the more I approve  
 The choice I have made, and am fix'd in my love;  
 For merit, like your's, still brighter is shewn,  
 And more to be valued the more it is known.

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

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

## Lubin of the Hill.

**W**HERE Lowestoff waves its yellow corn,  
 Young Lubin does reside,  
 Of humble state, and lowly born,  
 Devoid of fame or pride:  
 The shepherd's bottom free from guile  
 Knows nought of art or ill,  
 Yet who can love and sweetly smile  
 Like Lubin of the hill.

Tho' riches scorn to deck his eot,  
 Content around him dwells;  
 And tho' but few the sheep he's got,  
 His fleece all flocks excells:  
 Rear'd by his care they frisk and play,  
 And rove about at will,  
 Like when I gave my heart away  
 To Lubin of the hill.

But Hymen soon shall join our hands,  
 Young Lubin has confess'd,  
 And sure, when love cements the bands,  
 We must be truly blest:  
 My hand and heart has long been thine,  
 And shall, my shepherd, still,  
 For who that's marry'd, can repine,  
 With Lubin of the hill.

## Where braving angry Winter's Storms.

**W**HERE braving angry winter's storms,  
 The lofty ochels rise,  
 Far in the shade my Peggy's charms  
 First blest my wond'ring eyes.  
 As one who by some savage stream,  
 A lonely gem surveys,  
 Astonish'd doubly makes it beam,  
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,  
 And blest the day and hour,  
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,  
 When first I felt their pow'r.  
 The tyrant, death, with grim controul,  
 May seize my fleeting breath,  
 But tearing Peggy from my soul,  
 Must be a stronger death.



## The Infant Spring.

THE infant spring returns again,  
The wild birds plume their wings;  
To cheer the artless nymph and swain,  
Hark, how the woodland rings:

Now let me hail the breezy morn,  
While music fills the vale,  
And listen to the huntsman's horn,  
Which echoes thro' the dale.

Befide the brook, or up the hill,  
Or o'er the flow'ry lawn,  
The lab'ring peasant trudges still,  
At early peep of dawn:

*Now let me hail, &c.*

Let me enjoy the rural shade,  
Where nature smiles around;  
And ev'ry swain, and ev'ry maid,  
With innocence is crown'd.

*Now let me hail, &c.*

## Tantivy, my Boys, Tantivy.

YE dull sleeping mortals of ev'ry degree,  
Awake at the sound of my song;  
Ye sluggards arise, and to hunting with me,  
Tantivy, I'll lead you along,  
O'er mountains and valleys, o'er woodlands and dales,  
And forests impervious to sight,  
I'll lead, if my argument with you prevails,  
I'll lead you, brave boys, to delight.

*Tantivy, brave boys, &c.*

Hygea I'm call'd by the fates of old,  
The goddess presiding o'er health;  
Then venture, like heroes, with me, and be bold,  
Tantivy, you'll add to your wealth:  
For riches, believe me's, a bubble at best,  
If health should forget to attend;  
Then haste, my brave boys, in pursuit of the guest,  
And she will your wishes befriend.

*Tantivy, my boys, &c.*

In courts or in cities its not to be found,  
Where folly has fix'd her retreat,  
But hasten with me o'er the green mantled ground,  
Tantivy, tantivy, repeat:  
The ruddy complexion that crimsons the face,  
The elegant glow on the cheek,  
Far sweeter than riches, are found by the chace,  
And these are the pleasures we seek.

*Tantivy, my boys, &c.*

## Let's range the Fields.

PRIMROSES deck'd the bank's green side,  
Cowslips enrich'd the valley,  
The black-bird woos his destin'd bride,  
Let's range the fields, my Sally.

The devious path our steps shall bring  
To yonder happy grove,  
Where nightingales delighted sing,  
And zephyrs whisper love.

With sweetest flow'rs a wreath I'll twine,  
To twine that modest brow of thine;  
My love shall banish ev'ry fear,  
And crown thee goddess of the year.

## BALLAD.

## The Cruel Black.

A lamentable ballad of the tragical end of a gallant lord and virtuous lady; together with the untimely death of their two children; wickedly performed by a heathenish and blood-thirsty black-a-moor: the like of which cruelty and murder was never heard of before.

IN Rome a nobleman did wed  
A virgin of great fame;  
A fairer creature never did  
Dame Nature ever frame:  
By whom he had two children fair,  
Whose beauty did excel;  
They were their parents only joy,  
They lov'd them both so well.

The lord he lov'd to hunt the buck,  
The tyger, and the boar;  
And still for swiftness always took  
With him a black-a-moor;  
Which black-a-moor, within the wood,  
His lord he did offend,  
For which he did him then correct,  
In hopes he would amend.

The day it grew unto an end,  
Then homeward he did haste,  
Where with his lady he did rest,  
Until the night was past.  
Then in the morning he did rise,  
And did his servants call,  
A hunting he provides to go,  
Straight they were ready all.

To cause the toil the lady did  
Intreat him not to go:  
"Alas, good lady," then quoth he,  
"Why art thou grieved so?  
Content thyself, I will return  
With speed to thee again."  
"Good father," quoth the little babes,  
"With us here still remain."

"Farewell, dear children, I will go  
"A fine thing for to buy;"  
But they, therewith nothing content,  
Aloud began to cry.  
The mother took them by the hand,  
Saying, "come go with me  
"Unto the highest tower, where  
"Your father you shall see."

The black-a-moor, perceiving now,  
(Who then did stay behind,)  
His lord to be a hunting gone,  
Began to call to mind:  
"My master he did me correct,  
"My fault not being great;  
"Now of his wife I'll be reveng'd,  
"She shall not me intreat."

The place was moated round about,  
The bridge he up did draw;  
The gates he bolted very fast,  
Of none he stood in awe.  
He up into the tower went,  
The lady being there,  
Who, when she saw his count'nance grim,  
She straight began to fear.

But now my trembling heart does quake  
To think what I must write;  
My senses all begin to fail,  
My soul it doth affright:  
Yet must I make an end of this,  
Which here I have begun,  
Which will make sad the hardest heart,  
Before that I have done.

This wretch unto the lady went,  
And her with speed did will,  
His lust forthwith to satisfy,  
His mind for to fulfil.  
The lady she amazed was,  
To hear the villain speak;  
"Alas!" quoth she, "what shall I do?  
"With grief my heart will break."

With that he took her in his arms;  
She straight for help did cry:  
"Content yourself, lady," he said,  
"Your husband is not nigh:  
"The bridge is drawn, the gates are shut,  
"Therefore come lie with me,  
"Or else, I do protest and vow,  
"Thy butcher I will be."

The chrystal tears ran down her face,  
Her children cry'd amain,  
And sought to help their mother dear,  
But all it was in vain;  
For that egregious filthy rogue  
Her hands behind her bound,  
And then perforce with all his might,  
He threw her on the ground.

With that she shriek'd, her children cry'd,  
And such a noise did make,  
That towns-folks, hearing her laments,  
Did seek their parts to take:  
But all in vain, no way was found  
To help the lady's need,  
Who cry'd to them most piteously,  
"O help! O help! with speed!"

Some run into the forest wide,  
Her lord home for to call;  
And they that stood still did lament  
This gallant lady's fall.  
With speed her lord came posting home,  
He could not enter in;  
His ladies cries did pierce his heart;  
To call he did begin:

"O hold thy hand, thou savage moor,  
"To hurt her do forbear,  
"Or else, be sure, if I do live,  
"Wild horses shall thee tear."  
With that the rogue ran to the wall,  
He having had his will,  
And brought one child under his arm,  
Its dearest blood to spill.

The child, seeing his father there,  
To him for help did call:  
"Oh, father help my mother dear,  
"We shall be killed all."  
Then fell the lord upon his knee,  
And did the moor intreat,  
To save the life of this poor child,  
Whose fear was then so great.

But this vile wretch, the little child  
By both the heels did take,  
And dash'd its brains against the wall,  
Whilst parents hearts did ache:  
That being done, he straightway ran  
The other child to fetch,  
And pluck'd it from the mother's breast,  
Most like a cruel wretch.

Within one hand a knife he brought,  
The child within the other;  
And holding it over the wall,  
Saying, "thus shall die thy mother."  
With that he cut the throat of it;  
Then to the father call,  
To look how he the head did cut,  
With that the head did fall.

This done, he threw it down the wall  
Into the moat so deep;  
Which made the father wring his hands,  
And grievously to weep.  
Then to the lady went this rogue,  
Who was near dead with fear,  
Yet this vile wretch most cruelly  
Did drag her by the hair;

And drew her to the very wall,  
Which when her lord did see,  
Then presently he cried out,  
And fell upon his knee:  
Quoth he, "if thou wilt save her life,  
"Whom I do love so dear,  
"I will forgive thee all that's past,  
"Tho' they concern me near.

"O save her life, I thee beseech;  
"O save her I thee pray,  
"And I will grant thee what thou wilt  
"Demand of me this day."  
"Well," quoth the moor, "I do regard  
"The moan that thou dost make:  
"If thou wilt grant me what I ask,  
"I'll save her for thy sake."

"O save her life, and then demand  
"Of me what thing thou wilt."  
"Cut off thy nose, and not one drop  
"Of her blood shall be spilt."  
With that the lord presently took  
A knife within his hand,  
And then his nose he quite cut off,  
In place where he did stand.

"Now I have bought my lady's life,"  
He to the moor did call:  
"Then take her," quoth this wicked rogue,  
And down he let her fall.  
Which when her gallant lord did see,  
His senses all did fail;  
Yet many fought to save his life,  
But nothing could prevail.

When as the moor did see him dead,  
Then did he laugh amain  
At them who for their gallant lord  
And lady did complain:  
Quoth he, "I know you'll torture me,  
"If that you can me get,  
"But all your threats I do not fear,  
"Nor yet regard one whit.

"Wild horses shall my body tear,  
"I know it to be true,  
"But I'll prevent you of that pain;"  
And down himself he threw.  
Too good a death for such a wretch,  
A villain, void of fear!  
And thus doth end as sad a tale,  
As ever man did hear.



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Dearest Kitty.

DEAREST Kitty, kind and fair,  
Tell me when, and tell me where,  
Tell thy fond and faithful swain,  
When we thus shall meet again?  
When shall Strephon fondly see  
Beauties only found in thee?  
Kiss thee, press thee, sing and play,  
All the happy live long day.

*Dearest Kitty, &c.*

All the happy day, 'tis true,  
Bless'd but only when with you,  
Nightly Strephon sighs alone,  
Sighs till Hymen makes us one;  
Tell me then and ease my pain,  
Tell thy fond and faithful swain,  
When the priest shall kindly join  
Kitty's trembling hand with mine.

*Dearest Kitty, &c.*

When first upon your tender Cheek.

WHEN first upon your tender cheek  
I saw the morn of beauty break,  
With mild and chearing beam,  
I bow'd before your infant shrine,  
The earliest sighs you had were mine,  
And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that op'ning morn,  
For beauties boundless empire born,  
And first confess'd your sway,  
And e're your thoughts devoid of art,  
Could learn the value of a heart,  
I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of ev'ry grace,  
And gaz'd upon that angel face,  
While yet 'twas safe to gaze;  
And fondly bless'd each rising charm,  
Nor thought such innocence could harm,  
The peace of future days—

But now despotic o'er the plains,  
The awful noon of beauty reigns,  
And kneeling crouds adore:  
These charms arise too fiercely bright,  
Danger and death attend the sight,  
And I must hope no more.

When Mirth an Infant sleeping lay.

WHEN Mirth an infant sleeping lay,  
To shield him from the scorching day;  
A vine-branch o'er his face was flung,  
With many a rip'ning cluster hung,  
Rich with the nectar bright:  
The nectar, which the heav'n's distill,  
Instead of dew—the grape to fill,  
And give the heart delight.

The emerald fruit, from summer beam,  
Soon caught the ruby's brilliant gleam:  
Some bunches fell near Mirth's full lip,  
These—these he press'd—and learn'd to sip—  
To sip the nectar bright;

*The nectar, &c.*

From year to year he quaff'd the tide,  
And tho' of strength the woods to fride,  
He to his vine-bough arbour clung,  
And swore he'd be for ever young:  
To drink the nectar bright:

*The nectar, &c.*

Tell me, Delia, charming Fair.

TELL me, Delia, charming fair,  
Why I hope, or why despair,  
Why I'm blest when thou art by,  
Or when absent steals the sigh?  
Ease my breast, my doubts remove,  
Is it friendship? is it love?

Friendship's privilege I claim,  
But I fear the lover's name.  
Age and fortune both conspire  
To suppress each fond desire:  
Reason too (but reason's vain)  
Bids me be myself again.

Still I struggle, still pursue,  
Restless cares, and all for you.  
Then tell me, Delia, lovely fair?  
Why I hope, or why despair?  
Thou canst each fond doubt remove;  
Is it freedom? is it love?

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Ye Warblers, while Strephon I moan.

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

Jack at the Windlafs.

**C**OME, all hands, ahoy, to the anchor,  
From friends and relations to go;  
Poll blubbers and cries—devil thank her—  
She'll soon take another in tow:  
This breeze like the old one will kick us  
About on the boisterous main,  
And one day, if Death does not trick us,  
Perhaps we may come back again:

With a will-ho; then, pull away, jolly boys,  
At the mercy of fortune we go,  
We're in for it, then what a folly, boys,  
For to be down hearted, yo-ho.

Our boatswain takes care of the rigging,  
More especially when he gets drunk;  
The bob-stays supply him with swigging,  
He the cable cuts up for old junk:  
The studding-sail serves for a hammock,  
With the clue-lines he bought him his call,  
While ensigns and jacks, in a mammoec,  
He sold, to buy trinkets for Poll.

*With a will-ho, &c.*

Of the purser, this here is the maxim,  
Slops, grog, and provisions, he sacks;  
Now he'd look, if you was but to ax him,  
With the captain's clerk who 'tis goes snacks?  
Oh! he'd find it another-guest's story,  
That would bring his bare back to the cat,  
If his majesty's honor and glory  
Was only just told about that.

*With a will-ho, &c.*

The chaplain's both holy and godly,  
And sets up for heaven agog:  
Yet, to my mind, he looks rather oddly,  
When he's swearing and drinking of grog:  
When he took on his knee Betty Bowfer,  
And talk'd of her beauty and charms,  
Cry'd I, which is the way to heav'n now, sir?  
"Why, you dog," cry'd the chaplain "her arms!"

*With a will-ho, &c.*

The gunner's the devil of a lubber,  
The carfindo can't fith a mast;  
The surgeon's a lazy land-lubber,  
The master can't steer if he's ast:  
The lieutenants conceit are all wrapt in,  
The mates hardly merit their slip;  
Nor is there a swab, but the captain,  
Knows the stem from the stern of the ship.

*With a will-ho, &c.*

Now 'fore and aft' having abus'd them,  
Just but for my fancy and gig,  
Could I find any one that ill-us'd them,  
D—n me but I'd tickle his wig:  
Jack never was known for a railer,  
'Twas fun ev'ry word that I spoke;  
And the sign of a true-hearted sailor,  
Is to give and to take a good joke.

*With a will-ho, &c.*

Listen to the Voice of Love.

**C**AST, my love, thine eyes around,  
See the sportive lambskins play,  
Nature gaily decks the ground,  
All in honour of the May.  
Like the sparrow and the dove,  
Listen to the voice of love.

Let us love and let us live  
Like the cheerful season gay;  
Banish care, and let us give  
Tribute to the fragrant May;  
Like the sparrow and the dove  
Listen to the voice of love.

We shall be married To-morrow.

**Y**OUNG Will of the green is the lad to my mind,  
For tho' he is apt to be teasing,  
Not a swain in the village, tho' gentle and kind,  
Talks of love in a manner so pleasing:  
Last night as I rovd on the banks of the Dee,  
To be sure my fond lover must follow—  
He forc'd a fond kiss, and a promise from me,  
That we should be married to-morrow.

I fain would have answer'd, indeed 'tis too soon,  
But the lad was so fond and endearing,  
I could not refuse him so simple a boon,  
When all that he crav'd was a hearing:  
My hand he so press'd, that I could not say no,  
Or give the fond youth any sorrow,  
I heard him with patience determine it so,  
And we shall be married to-morrow.

In the morning the bells will merrily ring,  
My heart with the thought is delighted;  
Nor e'er will I envy a queen or a king,  
When I and my love are united:  
Our lives shall be spent without murmur or ill,  
Nor e'er know of trouble or sorrow,  
And then he shall kiss me as oft' as he will,  
For we shall be married to-morrow.

English Ale.

**D**'YE mind me? I once was a sailor,  
And in different countries I've been,  
If I lie, may I go for a taylor—  
But a thousand fine fights I have seen:  
I've been cram'd with good things like a waller,  
And I've guzzled more drink than a whale,  
But the very best stuff to my palate,  
Is a glass of your English good Ale.

Your doctors may boast of their lotions,  
And ladies may talk of their tea;  
But I envy them none of their potions,  
A glass of good fingo for me.  
The doctor may sneer if he pleases,  
But my receipt never will fail,  
For the physic that cures all diseases,  
Is a bumper of English good Ale.

When my trade was upon the salt ocean,  
Why there I had plenty of grog,  
And I lik'd it, because I'd a notion  
It sets one's good spirits agog:  
But since upon land I've been steering,  
Experience has alter'd my tale,  
For nothing on earth is so cheering  
As a bumper of English good Ale.



## Rule Britannia.

WHEN Britain first at heav'n's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sung the strain;

Rule Britannia,  
Britannia rule the waves,  
Britains never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,  
While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.

*Rule Britannia, &c.*

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;  
As the loud blast that rends the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native oak.

*Rule Britannia, &c.*

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
But work their woe and thy renown.

*Rule Britannia, &c.*

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And ev'ry shore in circles thine.

*Rule Britannia, &c.*

The muses still with freedom found;  
Shall to thy happy coasts repair,  
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

*Rule Britannia, &c.*

## The gentle Swan.

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,  
Her glossy plumage laves,  
And sailing down the silver tide,  
Divides the whispering waves:  
The silver tide that wandering flows,  
Sweet to the bird must be,  
But not so sweet-bliche Cupid knows  
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird in plaintive mood  
On yonder fruit-tree sung,  
And still the pendant nest she view'd,  
That held her feather'd young;  
Tho' dear to her maternal heart  
The genial brood must be:  
They're not so dear, the thousandth part,  
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brows surround,  
Were natives of the dale,  
Scarce pluck'd and in a garland bound,  
Before the hue grew pale:  
My vital blood would thus be froze,  
If luckless torn from thee;  
For what the root is to the rose,  
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,  
So white the beauteous pair;  
The birds to Delia I'll bestow,  
They're like her bosom fair:  
May they, on our connubial love,  
A happy omen be;  
Then such fond blifs as turtles prove,  
Shall Delia share with me.

## With Delia could I ever stay.

WITH Delia could I ever stay,  
Admire, adore her all the day,  
In the same field our flocks we'll feed,  
To the same stream our heifers lead,  
What joy when peace and love combine,  
To make our days unclouded shine.

Teach me, ye Muses, ev'ry art,  
More deeply to engage her heart,  
I strive not to resist my flame,  
I glory in a captive's name,  
Nor would I, if I could, be free,  
But boast my loss of liberty.

## BALADS.

## Colin and Lucy.

BY THOMAS TICKEL, ESQ.

OF Leinsler, fam'd for maidens fair,  
Bright Lucy was the grace;  
Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid stream  
Reflect so fair a face.

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

Oh, have you seen a lily pale,  
When beating rains descend?  
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;  
Her life now near its end.

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

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
The solemn boding sound;  
And thus, in dying words, bespoke,  
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear,  
Which says, I must not stay;  
"I see a hand, you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart, and broken vows,  
"In early youth I die.

"Am I to blame, because his bride  
"Is twice as rich as I?

"Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows;  
"Vows due to me alone;  
"Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,  
"Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,  
"Impatient, both prepare;  
"But know, fond maid, and know false man,  
"That Lucy will be there.

"Then bear my corpse, ye comrades, dear,  
"The bridegroom blithe to meet;  
"He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
"I in my winding-sheet."

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

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

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

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

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

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

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou are,  
This hallow'd spot forbear;  
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
And fear to meet him there.

### Queen Eleanor.

*Eleanor*, the daughter and heiress of *William Duke of Guienne*, and *Earl of Poitou*, had been married sixteen years to *Louis VII.* king of France, and had attended him in a crusade, in which that monarch commanded against the infidels; but having lost the affections of her husband, and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry, with a handsome Saracen, *Louis*, more delicate than polite, procured a divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards *Henry II.* king of England, though at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of *Eleanor's* gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowry. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened accordingly, *Eleanor*, who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by *Henry*, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring to escape to them in men's apparel in 1173, she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in 1189. She however survived him many years: dying in 1204, in the sixth year of the reign of her son *John*.

It is needless to observe, that the following ballad is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries *Eleanor* encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second.

QUEEN Eleanor was a sick woman,  
And afraid that she would die;  
Then she sent for two friars of France  
To speak with her speedily.

The king call'd down his nobles all,  
By one, by two, by three;  
"Earl Marshall, I'll go thrive the queen,  
"And thou shalt wend with me."

"A boon, a boon," quoth Earl Marshall,  
And fell on his bended knee;  
"That whatsoever queen Eleanor says,  
"No harm thereof shall be."

"I'll pawn my lands," the king then cry'd,  
"My scepter, crown, and all,  
"That whatsoever queen Eleanor says,  
"No harm thereof shall fall."

"Do thou put on a friar's coat,  
"And I'll put on another;  
"And we will to queen Eleanor go,  
"Like friar and his brother."

Thus both attired, then they go:  
When they came unto White-hall,  
The bells did ring, and the quirister sing,  
And the torches did light them all.

When that they came before the queen  
They fell on their bended knee;  
"A boon, a boon, our gracious queen,  
"That you sent so hastily."

"Are you two friars of France," she said,  
"As I suppose you be?  
"But if you are two English friars  
"You shall hang on the gallows tree."

"We are two friars of France," they said,  
"As you suppose we be,  
"We have not been at any mass,  
"Since we came from the sea."

"The first thing that e'er I did,  
"I will to you unfold;  
"Earl Marshall had my maidenhead,  
"Beneath this cloth of gold."

"That's vile sin," then said the king,  
"May God forgive it thee!"  
"Amen, amen," quoth Earl Marshall,  
With a heavy heart spoke he.

"The vilest thing that e'er I did,  
"To you I'll not deny;  
"I made a box of poison strong,  
"To poison King Henry."

"That's vile sin," then said the king,  
"May God forgive it thee!"  
"Amen, amen," quoth Earl Marshall,  
"And I wish it so may be."

"The next vile thing that e'er I did,  
"To you I will discover;  
"I poisoned fair Rosamond,  
"All in fair Woodstock bower."

"That's vile sin," then said the king,  
"May God forgive it thee!"  
"Amen, amen," quoth Earl Marshall,  
"And I wish it so may be."

"Do you see yonder little boy,  
"A tossing of the ball?  
"That is Earl Marshall's eldest son,  
"And I love him the best of all."

"Do you see yonder little boy,  
"A catching of the ball?  
"That is King Henry's youngest son,  
"And I love him the worst of all."

"His head is fashion'd like a bull,  
"His nose is like a boar."  
"No matter for that," King Henry cry'd,  
"I love him the better therefore."

The king pull'd off his friar's coat,  
And appeared all in red;  
She shriek'd, and cry'd, and wrung her hands,  
And said she was betray'd.

The king look'd o'er his left shoulder,  
And a grim look looked he,  
"Earl Marshall," he said, "but for my oath,  
"Now hang'd thou shouldst be."



Price,

[Numb. 61]

One Penny.

THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

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Smalliliou.

**I**N Dublin city lives a youth,  
Beyond all others charming,  
And when he pledg'd his love and truth,  
I vow it was alarming;  
For Patrick acts a soldier's part,  
His country's brave defender,  
And when the lad besieg'd my heart,  
He forc'd it to surrender.

With his smalliliou, smalliliou,  
Och he sings so sweetly.  
With his smalliliou, smalliliou,  
Och he sings so sweetly, sweetly.

Ye Dublin lasses cease to mourn,  
Nor dim the eye of beauty,  
The gentle youth to me has sworn  
Eternal love and duty;  
The manly, graceful volunteer,  
Young Pat, of Dublin city,  
Is always whisp'ring in my ear,  
His tender love-sick ditty.

*With his smalliliou, &c.*

Saint Patrick blest the Irish boy,  
That bears his name in Dublin,  
And fill his breast with ev'ry joy,  
Where grief should ne'er be troubling.  
And when the priest shall join our hands,  
And nought can e'er us sever,  
By Hymen dear, and holy bands,  
He'll please me then for ever.

*With his smalliliou, &c.*

My Native Land.

**M**Y native land I bade adieu,  
And calmly friendship's joys resign'd;  
But, ah! how keen my sorrows grew,  
When my true love I left behind.

Yet should her truth feel no decay,  
Should absence prove my charmer kind,  
Then shall not I lament the day,  
When my true love I left behind.

Rest, beauteous Flow'r.

**R**EST, beauteous flow'r and bloom anew,  
To court my passing love,  
Glow in his eye with brighter hue,  
And all thy form improve.  
And while thy balmy odours steal  
To meet his equal breath,  
Let thy soft blush for mine reveal,  
Th' imprinted kifs beneath.

Why heaves my fond Bosom.

**W**HY heaves my fond bosom, ah, what can it mean?  
Why flutters my heart which was once so serene?  
Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is near?  
Or why when she's absent this sorrow and fear?

For ever methinks I with wonder could trace  
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face,  
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find,  
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy mind

Untainted with folly, unfully'd by pride,  
There native good humour and virtue reside,  
Pray heaven, that virtue thy soul may supply  
With compassion for him, who without thee must die

No Flow'r that blows.

**N**O flow'r that blows  
Is like this rose,  
Or scatters such perfume,  
Upon my breast,  
Ah! gently rest,  
And ever, ever bloom.

Dear pledge to prove  
A parent's love,  
A pleasing gift thou art,  
Come, sweetest flow'r,  
And from this hour,  
Live henceforth in my heart.

## Patrick O'Neal.

**Y**E sons of Hibernia, who, snug on dry land,  
Round your smoaking turf fires and whiskey in hand  
Drink Caid-mella-faltaruh, and ne'er think of the  
boys

Who are fighting your battles thro' tempest and  
noise,

Attend to my ditty—'tis true, I declare,  
Such swimming and sinking would make you all  
stare,

For florms, squibs and crackers have sing'd at my tail  
Since the prefs-gang laid hold on poor Patrick  
O'Neal.

'Twas the first day of April, I set off, like a fool,  
From Kilkenny to Dublin to see Laurence Tool,  
My mother's third cousin, who oft had wrote down,  
And begg'd I'd come see how he flourish'd in town;  
But I scarce had set foot in this terrible place,  
'Ere I met with a sharper who swore to my face;  
He beckon'd a prefs-gang, who came without fail,  
And neck and heels dragg'd off poor Patrick O'Neal

Then they scamper'd away, as they said, with a prize,  
(For they thought me a sailor, run off in disguise)  
But a terrible blunder they made with their strife,  
For I'd ne'er seen a ship or the sea in my life:  
Away to a tender they told me to steer,  
But of tenderness, devil a morsel was there;  
O! I roar'd and I curs'd, tho' it did not avail;  
They down in the cellar cram'd Patrick O'Neal.

We set sail from Dublin the very next day,  
I was half starv'd and sea-sick the rest of the way;  
Not a mile-stone I saw, nor a house, nor a bed,  
'Twas all water and sky till we came to Spithead,  
Then they call'd up all hands—hands and feet soon  
obey'd,  
O, I wish'd myself home cutting turf with a spade;  
For the first thing I saw made my courage to fail,  
'Twas a great floating castle for Patrick O'Neal.

This huge wooden world roll'd about on the tide,  
And a large row of teeth stuck fast in each side;  
They put out a boat, and they told me to keep  
Fast hold with my trotters, for fear I should slip;  
I let go my hands to flick fast by my toes,  
The ship gave a roll and away my head goes,  
I plung'd in the water, and dash'd like a whale,  
'Till with boat-hooks they fish'd up poor Patrick  
O'Neal.

'Midst shouts, jests and laughter, they hoisted me in  
To this huge wooden world full of riot and din;  
Such ropes and such pullies, such fights met my eye,  
And so large were the sheets that they hung up to  
dry:

I thought it Noah's ark, stuff'd full of queer guests,  
Hogs, pedlars, geese, sailors, and all other beasts;  
Some drank bladders of gin, some drank pitchers of  
ale,  
And they sung, curs'd and laugh'd at poor Patrick  
O'Neal.

All confounded with bother I began to look queer,  
When the boatswain's shrill pipe made all hands to  
appear,

Up the ropes like to monkees, they running did  
swear,

Then like gibbets and rope dancers swung in the air:  
They clapt sticks in a capstern, as I afterwards found,  
The chap fit and fift'd as they turned him round,  
The ship run her anchor, spread her wings and set  
sail

With a freight of live lumber, and Patrick O'Neal.

Then to go down below I express'd a great wish,  
Where they live under water like so many fish;  
I was put in a mess with some more of the crew,  
And it being banyan-day they gave me burgue:  
For a bed they'd a sack, hung as high as my chin,  
They call'd it a hammock, and bade me get in,  
I laid hold, took a leap, but my foot being frail,  
It swang me clean over!—poor Patrick O'Neal.

With some help I got in, where I rocked all night,  
The day broke my rest with a terrible fright:

"Up hammocks, down chests" was cry'd from all  
parts,

"There's a French ship in sight!"—up and down  
went my heart!

To a gun I was station'd, they cry'd with an oath,  
To pull off his breeches, unmuzzle his mouth,  
They took off the apron that cover'd his tail,  
And the leading-strings gave to poor Patrick O'Neal.

Our thick window shutters we pull'd up with speed,  
And we run out our bull-dogs of true English breed;  
The captain cry'd "England and Ireland, my boys,"  
When he mention'd Old Ireland, my heart made a  
noise!

Our sweet little guns did the Frenchmen defy,  
We clapt fire on his back and bid him let fly;  
His voice made me leap, tho' I'd hold of his tail,  
The beast then flew back and threw Patrick O'Neal

Then we lather'd away, by my shoul, hob and nob,  
'Till the Frenchmen gave up what they thought a  
bad job;

Then to tie him behind, a long cord they did bring,  
And we led him along like a pig in a string!  
So home to Old England we led the French boy;  
O the sight of the land made me sea-sick with joy;  
They made a new peace when the war was too stale,  
And set all hands adrift, and poor Patrick O'Neal.

Now safe on dry land a carousing I'll steer,  
Nor cat-head, nor cat-block, nor boatswain's-cat  
fear;

While there's shot in the locker I'll sing and be  
bound

That Saturday night shall last all the year round:  
But should peace grow too sleepy, and war come  
again,

By the piper of Leinster I'll venture again;  
Returning I'll bring you, good folks, a fresh tale,  
That you'll cry till you laugh at poor Patrick  
O'Neal.

## Hymn to Eve.

**H**OW chearful along the gay mead,  
The daisy and cowslip appear,  
The flocks as they carelessly feed,  
Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,  
The herbage that springs from the sod,  
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,  
All raise to the praise of my God.

Shall man, the great master of all,  
The only insensible prove?  
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,  
Forbid it, devotion and love!

Thee, LORD, who such wonders couldst raise,  
And still can destroy with a nod,  
My lips shall incessantly praise,  
My soul shall be wrapt in my God.



## Alloa Houfe.

THE spring time returns, and cloaths the green plains,  
And Alloa shines more chearful and gay,  
The lark tunes his throat and the neighbouring swains  
Sing merrily round me wherever I stray.  
But Sandy no more returns to my view,  
No spring time me cheers, no mufic can charm,  
He's gone, and I fear me, for ever, adieu,  
Adieu ev'ry pleafure this bofom can warm.

O Alloa Houfe! how much art thou chang'd!  
How filent, how dull to me is each grove!  
Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd!  
Alas! where to pleafe me my Sandy once ftrove!  
Here Sandy I heard the tales that you told;  
Here liftened, too fond, whenever you fung;  
Am I grown leis fair, then, that you are turn'd cold,  
Or foolifh believ'd I a falfe flatt'ring tongue?

So fpoke the fair maid, when sorrow's keen pain,  
And thame, her laft fault'ring accents fuppreft;  
For fate at that moment brought back her dear fwain,  
Who heard, and, with rapture, his Nelly adreff.  
"My Nelly; my fair, I come, oh, my love,  
"No pow'r fhall e'er tear thee again from my arms  
"And, Nelly! no more thy fond shepherd reprove,  
"Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms."

She heard, and new joy fhut thro' her foft frame;  
"And will you, my love! be true," fhe reply'd,  
"And live I to meet my fond shepherd the fame!  
"Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?"  
"Oh, Nelly! I live to find thee ftill kind;  
"Still true to thy fwain, and lovely as true:  
"Then adieu to all forrow, what foul is fo blind  
"As not to live happy for ever with you?"

## No Harm in that.

WHEN nights were cold, and rain, and fleet,  
Full hard againft the window beat;  
Then many a long and weary mile,  
My lover travell'd to behold me,  
His toil repaid to fee me fmile,  
And fweetly in his arms enfold me;  
And thro' the night we'd fit and chat;  
Alas! there was no harm in that.

How fweet his words whene'er he fpoke,  
But, oh! when he his paffion broke,  
Upon his lips the falt'ring tale  
More grace receiv'd from his confufion,  
And now by turns his cheek look'd pale,  
Or crimfon'd o'er with mild fuffufion,  
Our beating hearts went pit-a-pat;  
Alas! there was no harm in that.

Another now the blifs muft prove,  
Tho' we fo oft have fworn to love;  
Oh! cruelty—my heart will break,  
I'll hie me to fome fhade forfaken,  
And only of my love I'll fpeak,  
And prove my faith and truth unfhaken:  
I'll wander where we oft have fat;  
Sure there will be no harm in that.

## The Bird.

THE bird that hears her neftlings cry,  
And flies abroad for food,  
Returns impatient through the fky,  
To nurfe her callow brood:  
The tender mother knows no joy,  
But bodes a thoufand harms;  
And fickers for the darling boy,  
When abfent from her arms.

Such fondnefs, with impatience join'd,  
My faithful bofom fires;  
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,  
The queen of my defires:  
The pow'rs of verfe too languid prove,  
All families are vain,  
To fhew how ardently I love,  
Or to relieve my pain.

The faint with fervent zeal inspir'd,  
For heav'n and joy divine;  
The faint is not with rapture fir'd,  
More pure, more warm than mine:  
I take what liberty I dare,  
'Twere impious to fay more;  
Convey my longings to the fair,  
The goddefs I adore.

## Emma's Plaint.

SWEET zephyr, tho' 'midft rofe-buds playing,  
Or o'er the fragrant meadows ftraying,  
Waft tidings of my abfent fwain;  
Whether in woodlands wild a rover,  
Or to fome village maid a lover,  
Soon, foon relieve fad Emma's pain:  
But, oh! if death has fnatch'd his breath,  
Ah, whisper,  
Where lies his grave in vale or plain.

How oft' my Henry, all endearing,  
Has charm'd my ear, all fondly hearing?  
While on he view'd the inconstant main,  
He bade adieu, he faw my forrow,  
And cry'd, "I'll haften back to-morrow,"  
Yet he, alas! came not again.  
*But, oh! if death, &c.*

But Emma there—no mortal knowing,  
With filent ftep and eye o'erflowing,  
At eve will ftal to vent her pain:  
Till from her grief each nerve exhausting,  
Till her poor tender heart-strings burfting,  
She dies to join her clay-cold fwain:  
*Then, oh! if death, &c.*

## BALLAD.

## The Lady turn'd Serving-man.

YOU beauteous ladies, great and fmail,  
I write unto you one and all,  
Whereby that you may underftand  
What I have fuffer'd in this land.

I was by birth a lady fair,  
An ancient baron's only heir,  
And when my good old father dy'd,  
Then I became a young knight's bride.

And then my love built me a bower,  
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;  
A braver bower you ne'er did see  
Than my true-love did build for me.

And there I liv'd a lady gay,  
Till fortune wrought our love's decay;  
For there came foes, so fierce a band,  
That soon they over-ran the land.

They came upon us in the night,  
And burnt my bower, and slew my knight;  
And trembling hid in man's array,  
I scarce with life escap'd away.

In midst of this extremity,  
My servants all did from me flee:  
Thus was I left myself alone,  
With heart more cold than any stone.

Yet tho' my heart was full of care,  
Heav'n would not leave me to despair,  
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name  
From fair Elise, to sweet William:

And therewithall I cut my hair,  
Resolv'd my man's attire to wear;  
And in my beaver, hose, and band,  
I travell'd far thro' many a land.

At length all weary'd with my toil,  
I fate me down to rest awhile;  
My heart it was so fill'd with woe,  
That down my cheeks the tears did flow.

It chanc'd the king of that same place,  
With all his lords a hunting was,  
And seeing me weep, upon the same  
Ask'd who I was, and whence I came.

Then to his grace I did reply,  
I am a poor and friendless boy,  
Tho' nobly born, now forc'd to be  
A serving man of low degree.

"Stand up, fair youth," the king reply'd,  
"For thee a service I'll provide;  
"But tell me first what thou canst do,  
"Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

"Wilt thou be usher of my hall,  
"To wait upon my nobles all?  
"Or be the tapster of my wine,  
"To 'tend on me when I shall dine?

"Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,  
"About my person to remain?  
"Or wilt thou be one of my guard,  
"And I will give thee great reward?

"Chuse, gentle youth," he said, "thy place."  
Then I reply'd, if't please your grace,  
To shew such favour unto me,  
Your chamberlain I fain would be.

The king then smiling gave consent,  
And straight-way to his court I went;  
Where I behav'd so faithfully,  
That he great favour shew'd to me.

Now mark what fortune did provide:  
The king he would a hunting ride  
With all his lords and noble train,  
Sweet William must at home remain.

Thus being left alone behind,  
My former state came to my mind,  
I wept to see my man's array,  
No longer now a lady gay.

And meeting with a lady's vest,  
Within the same myself I drest,  
With silken robes, and jewels rare,  
I deckt me as a lady fair.

And taking up a lute, straightway  
Upon the same I strove to play,  
And sweetly to the same did sing,  
As made both hall and chamber ring:

"My father was as brave a lord,  
"As ever Europe did afford;  
"My mother was a lady bright,  
"My husband was a valiant knight:

"And I myself a lady gay,  
"Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array;  
"The happiest lady in the land,  
"Had not more pleasure at command.

"I had my music ev'ry day  
"Harmonious lessons for to play;  
"I had my virgins fair and free,  
"Continu'lly to wait on me.

"But now, alas! my husband's dead,  
"And all my friends are from me fled,  
"My former days are past and gone,  
"And I am now a serving-man."

And heaving many a tender sigh,  
As thinking no one then was nigh,  
In pensive mood I laid me low,  
My heart was full, the tears did flow.

The king, who had a hunting gone,  
Grew weary of his sport anon,  
And leaving all his gallant train,  
Turn'd on the sudden home again:

And when he reach'd his stately tower,  
Hearing one sing within his bower,  
He stopt to listen, and to see  
Who sung there so melodiously.

Thus heard he ev'ry word I said,  
And saw the pearly tears I shed,  
And found to his amazement there,  
Sweet William was a lady fair.

Then stepping in, "fair lady, rise,  
"And dry," said he "those lovely eyes,  
"For I have heard thy mournful tale,  
"The which shall turn to thy avail."

A crimson dye my face o'erspread,  
I blush'd for shame, and hung my head,  
To find my sex and story known,  
When as I thought I was alone.

But to be brief, his royal grace  
Grew so enamour'd of my face,  
The richest gifts he proffer'd me,  
If that his mistress I would be.

Ah! no, my liege, I firmly said,  
I'd rather in my grave be laid,  
And tho' your grace hath won my heart,  
I ne'er will act so base a part.

"Fair lady, pardon me," said he,  
"Thy virtue shall rewarded be,  
"And since it is so fairly try'd,  
"Thou shalt become my royal bride."

Then straight to end his am'rous strife,  
He took sweet William to his wife;  
The like before was never seen,  
A serving-man become a queen.



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The Card invites.

THE card invites, in crouds we fly,  
To join the jovial routfull cry,  
What joy from cares and plagues all day,  
To hye to the midnight hark away.  
Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,  
Nor dronish husbands enter there,  
The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,  
All hye to the midnight hark away.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,  
And drowsy watchmen idly knock;  
Till day-light peeps we sport and play,  
And roar to the jolly hark away.  
When tir'd with sport to bed we creep,  
And kill the tedious day with sleep,  
To-morrow's welcome call obey,  
And again to the midnight hark away.

*Garrick.*

The Dundee Laffie.

I CANNA like ye, gentle fir,  
Altho' a laird ye be,  
I like a bonny Scottish lad  
Wha brought me from Dundee.

Had awa' wi' Jamie,  
Awa' wi' Jamie o'er the lea,  
I gae'd alang wi' free gude will,  
He's a' the world to me.

I'll gang wi' Jamie frae Dundee,  
To cheer the lonesome way,  
His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' health,  
He's frolic as the May.

*Had awa', &c.*

The lav'rock mounts to hail the morn,  
The lint-white swells her throat,  
But neither are fae sweet, fae clear,  
As Jamie's tunefu' note.

*Had awa', &c.*

Gently touch the warbling Lyre.

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

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

Parody on the above.

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,  
Lay the mutton down to roast;  
Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,  
In the dripping-pan a toast,  
That my hunger may remove;  
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lies;  
O the charming white and red!  
Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,  
On the sweetest grafs it fed:  
Swiftly make the jack go round,  
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,  
Let the knives be sharp and clean;  
Pickles get of ev'ry sort,  
And a sallad crisp and green:  
With small-beer, and sparkling wine,  
O, ye gods! how I shall dine!

Love's the Tyrant of the Heart.

*Sung in 'King Henry the Eighth.'*

LOVE's the tyrant of the heart,  
Full of mischief, full of woe;  
All his joys are mix'd with smart,  
Thorns beneath his roses grow;  
And, serpent like, he stings the breast  
Where he's harbour'd and carefs'd.

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Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

## Daddy Neptune.

DADDY Neptune, one day,  
To Freedom did say,  
"If ever I live upon dry land,  
"The spot I should hit on,  
"Would be little Britain,"  
Says Freedom, "why that's my own island.  
"'Tis a nice little island,  
"'Tis a tight little, right little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman,  
Who yielded to no man,  
Came by water, he could not come by land,  
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon,  
Their homes turn'd their backs on,  
And all for the sake of the island.  
Oh! it's a nice little island,  
'Tis a right little, tight little island.

Then, another great war-man,  
Call'd Billy, the Norman,  
Cry'd, "hang it, I don't much like my land,  
"It would fure be more handy  
"To leave this Normandy,  
"And go to this beautiful island.  
"Shan't we go and visit this island?  
"The right little, tight little island."

Then, says Harold the King,  
As histories sing,  
"While I live, it shall never be thy land;"  
So he dy'd I well wot,  
Because he was shot  
In bravely defending the island,  
Poor Harold, the king of the island,  
Like a Briton he dy'd for his island.

Yet 'twas partly deceit  
Help'd the Normans to beat,  
Of traitors they manag'd to buy land;  
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict  
We had never been lick'd,  
Had we stuck to the king of the island.  
Then let us stand firm to the island,  
The right little, tight little island.

The Spanish Armadas'  
Set out to invade us,  
And swore that if e'er they came nigh land,  
They could not do less  
Than hang poor Queen Bess,  
And kick up a dust in the island.  
Oh! the poor Queen of the island,  
The Dons would have plunder'd the island.

Those proud, puff'd up rakes,  
Thought to make ducks and drakes  
Of our wealth, but before they could spy land,  
Our Drake had the luck  
To make their pride duck,  
And stoop to the boys of the island.  
Huzza, for the tars of the island,  
Of the right little, tight little island.

Now I don't wonder much,  
That the French and the Dutch,  
Have oft since been tempted to try land,  
And I wonder much less  
They have met no success,  
For why should we give 'em the island;  
Pray an't it our own little island?  
A nice little, tight little island.

Then as Freedom and Neptune,  
Have hitherto kept tune,  
In each singing, "this shall be my land"  
Let the Army of England,  
Or all they can bring, land,  
We'll shew 'em some play for the island.  
Oh, how we will fight for the island,  
The right little, tight little island!

The monstrous Great Nation,  
With great botheration,  
Would vapour o'er lowland and highland,  
May our *Nelson* be blest,  
Who has lower'd their crest,  
And taught them respect for the island.  
Oh! 'tis a nice little island,  
A tight little, right little island.

Now they all have the hip,  
And at sea scarce a ship,  
Let 'em go and build more upon dry land,  
While our conquests increase,  
Till the blessings of peace  
Shall glad ev'ry heart in the island.  
Oh! it's a nice little island,  
A right little, tight little island.

## Were I to choose the greatest Bliss.

WERE I to choose the greatest bliss,  
That e'er in love was known,  
'Twould be the highest of my wish  
T'enjoy your heart alone.

Kings might possess their kingdoms free,  
And crowns unenvy'd wear,  
They should no rival have of me,  
Might I reign monarch there.

## The Man who with a gentle Heart.

In imitation of Horace. Lib. 1. Ode 27.

THE man who with a gentle heart,  
In life serene steals thro' his part,  
Needs not the villain's busy art,  
To pile his gold on gold;  
Which, tho' secur'd in iron chest,  
Still burns within his tortur'd breast,  
By day and night exiling rest  
From him whose mind is fold.

If he can boast a quiet mind,  
Domestic blessings he shall find,  
Below the roof that keeps out wind,  
And all the weather's harm.  
The spear that glows in honour's field,  
The sword that skilful warriors wield,  
Nor yet Achilles' high wrought shield,  
Need he with such to arm.

Place me far distant from those plains,  
Where stands no cot, where pipe no swains,  
Where blow bleak winds, where fall the rains,  
And breathes a dangerous air;  
Place me, oh, Bacchus, near some cask,  
For ever forc'd to fill my flask,  
With pleasure I'll renew my task,  
And bless my daily care.



## The Tankard of Ale.

NOT drunk, nor yet sober, but brother to both,  
I met a young man upon Aylebury vale,  
I saw by his face  
That he was in good case,  
To come and take share of a tankard of ale.

The hedger who works in the ditches all day,  
And labours so very hard at the plough-tail,  
He'll talk of great things,  
About princes and kings,  
When once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

The beggar whose portion is always his prayers,  
Not having a tatter to hang on his tail,  
Is as rich in his rags  
As the churl in his bags,  
When once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

The widow that bury'd her husband of late,  
She's scarcely forgotten to weep or to wail,  
But thinks ev'ry day ten  
Till she's marry'd again,  
When once she shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

The old parish vicar, when he's in his liquor,  
Will merrily at his parishioners rail,  
"Come, pay all your tithes,  
"Or I'll kiss all your wives,"  
When once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

The old parish clerk, with his eyes in the dark,  
And letters so small that he scarcely can tell,  
He'll read ev'ry letter,  
And sing the psalm better,  
When once he shakes hands with a tankard of ale.

If wrangling or jangling, or any such strife,  
Or any things else that may happen to fail,  
From words turn to blows,  
And a sharp bloody nose,  
We're friends again over a tankard of ale.

## Kisses make Men loth to go.

MY love bound me with a kiss,  
That I should no longer stay,  
When I felt so sweet a bliss,  
I had less pow'r to part away.  
Alas! that women do not know,  
Kisses make men loth to go.

Yet she knows it, wot I well;  
For I heard when Venus' dove  
In her ear did softly tell,  
That kisses were the seals of love;  
Oh! muse not then tho' it be so,  
That kisses make men loth to go.

Wherefore thus did she inflame  
My desires, and heat my blood,  
So skantlie to quench the flame,  
And starve whom she had given food?  
Alas! for common sense can shew,  
Kisses make men loth to go.

Had she bid me go at first,  
It would not have griev'd my heart,  
Hope delay'd had been the worst,  
But, ah! to kiss and then to part!  
How deep it struck, speak gods, you know,  
Kisses make men loth to go.

## While frequent on Tweed.

WHILE frequent on Tweed and on Tay,  
Their harps all the muses have strung,  
Should a river more limpid than they,  
The wood-fringed Esk flow unfung;  
While Nelly and Nancy inspire  
The poet with pastoral strains,  
Why silent the voice of the lyre,  
On Mary, the pride of the plains?

Oh! Nature's most bountiful bloom,  
May flourish unseen and unknown,  
And the shadows of solitude gloom,  
A form that might shine on a throne,  
Through the wilderness blossoms the rose  
In sweetness, retir'd from the sight,  
And Philomel warbles her woes,  
Alone to the ear of the night.

How often the beauty is hid,  
Amid shades that her triumph deny,  
How often the hero forbid,  
From the path that conducts to the sky!  
A Helen has pin'd in the grove,  
A Homer has wanted his name,  
Unseen in the circle of love,  
Unknown to the temple of fame.

Yet let us walk forth to the stream,  
Where poet ne'er wander'd before,  
Enamour'd of Mary's sweet name,  
How the echoes will spread to the shore!  
If the voice of the muse be divine,  
Thy beauties shall live in my lay,  
While reflecting the forest so fine,  
Sweet Esk o'er the vallies shall stray.

## Wind, gentle Evergreen.

WIND, gentle Evergreen, to form a shade  
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.  
Sweet Ivy wind thy boughs and intertwine  
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine.  
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,  
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

## BALLAD.

## The London 'Prentice.

The following ballad relates to a noble piece of chivalry performed in queen *Elizabeth's* days, and therefore claims a place here; though it must be acknowledged we have not been able to discover who the hero was, nor any account of the facts on which the ballad is founded.

OF a worthy London 'prentice  
My purpose is to speak,  
And tell his brave adventures  
Done for his country's sake;  
Seek all the world about  
And you shall hardly find  
A man in valour to exceed  
This gallant 'prentice mind.

He was born in Cheshire,  
The chief of men was he,  
From thence brought up to London,  
A 'prentice for to be;  
A merchant on the bridge  
Did like his service so,  
That for three years his factor,  
To Turkey he should go.

And in that famous country  
 One year he had not been,  
 Ere he by tilt maintained  
 The honour of his queen,  
*Elizabeth*, his princess,  
 He nobly did make known,  
 To be the phoenix of the world,  
 And none but her alone.

In armour richly gilded,  
 Well mounted on a steed,  
 A score of knights most hardy  
 One day he made to bleed;  
 And brought them all unto the ground,  
 Who proudly did deny  
*Elizabeth* to be the pearl  
 Of princely majesty.

The king of that same country  
 Thereat began to frown,  
 And will'd his son, there present,  
 To pull this youngster down;  
 Who at his father's words  
 These boasting speeches said,  
 "Thou art a traitor, English boy,  
 "And hast the traitor play'd."

"I am no boy, nor traitor,  
 "Thy speeches I defy,  
 "For which I'll be revenged  
 "Upon thee by and by;  
 "A London 'prentice still  
 "Shall prove as good a man,  
 "As any of your Turkish knights,  
 "Do all the best you can."

And therewithal he gave him  
 A box upon the ear,  
 Which broke his neck asunder,  
 As plainly doth appear.  
 "Now, know, proud Turk," quoth he,  
 "I am no English boy,  
 "That can with one small box o'th' ear  
 "The prince of Turks destroy."

When as the king perceived  
 His son so strangely slain,  
 His soul was sore afflicted  
 With more than mortal pain:  
 And in revenge thereof,  
 He swore that he should die  
 The cruellest death that ever man  
 Beheld with mortal eye.

Two lions were prepared  
 This 'prentice to devour,  
 Near famish'd up with hunger,  
 Ten days within the tower,  
 To make them far more fierce,  
 And eager for their prey,  
 To glut themselves with human gore,  
 Upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment,  
 At length grew nigh at hand,  
 When all the noble ladies  
 And barons of the land,  
 Attended on the king,  
 To see this 'prentice slain,  
 And bury'd in the hungry maws  
 Of those fierce lions twain.

Then in his shirt of cambrick,  
 With silks most richly wrought,  
 This worthy London 'prentice  
 Was from the prison brought,  
 And to the lions given  
 To slanch their hunger great,  
 Which had eat in ten days space  
 Not one small bit of meat.

But God that knows all secrets,  
 The matter so contriv'd,  
 That by this young man's valour  
 They were of life depriv'd;  
 For being faint for food,  
 They scarcely could withstand  
 The noble force and fortitude,  
 And courage of his hand:

For when the hungry lions  
 Had cast on him their eyes,  
 The elements did thunder  
 With echo of their cries:  
 And running all amain  
 His body to devour,  
 Into their throats he thrust his arms,  
 With all his might and power:

From thence by manly valour,  
 Their hearts he tore in sunder,  
 And at the king he threw them,  
 To all the people's wonder.  
 "This I have done," quoth he,  
 "For lovely England's sake,  
 "And for my country's maiden queen  
 "Much more will undertake."

But when the king perceived  
 His wrathful lion's hearts,  
 Afflicted with great terror,  
 His rigour soon perverts,  
 And turned all his hate  
 Into remorse and love,  
 And said, "it is some angel  
 "Sent down from heav'n above."

"No, no, I am no angel,"  
 The courteous young man said,  
 "But born in famous England,  
 Where God's word is obey'd;  
 Affited by the heavens,  
 Who did me thus befriend,  
 Or else they had most cruelly  
 Brought here my life to end.

The king, in heart amazed,  
 Lift up his eyes to heaven,  
 And for his foul offences  
 Did crave to be forgiven;  
 Believing that no land  
 Like England may be seen,  
 No people better govern'd,  
 By virtue of a queen.

So taking up this young man,  
 He pardon'd him his life,  
 And gave his daughter to him,  
 To be his wedded wife:  
 Where then they did remain,  
 And live in quiet peace,  
 In spending of their happy days  
 In joy and love's increase.



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The Lily of the Vale.

THE fragrant lily of the vale,  
So elegantly fair,  
Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,  
To Chloe I compare;  
What tho' on earth it lowly grows,  
And strives its head to hide,  
Its sweetness far outvies the rose,  
That flaunts with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue  
To many a gaudy stain,  
In this we view the virgin white  
Of innocence remain:  
See, how the curious florist's hand  
Uphears its humble head,  
And to preserve the charming flow'r,  
Transplants it to his bed.

There while it sheds its sweets around,  
How shines each modest grace,  
Enraptur'd how its owner stands,  
To view its lovely face!  
But pray my, Chloe, now observe  
The inference of my tale:  
May I the Florist be, and thou  
The Lily of the Vale.

Oh, how fleeting.

A Duet.

OH, how fleeting are the joys  
Wretched mortals fondly boast,  
Ev'ry pleasure Care annoys,  
Scarcely tasted e'er 'tis lost.

Still betray'd by Fortune's wiles,  
Tho' we know her insincere;  
By experience taught the smiles,  
But to frown the more severe.

Trusting to his faithless guide,  
Reason's ever led astray;  
Thus life's precious moments glide,  
Fool'd by hope from day to day.

Behold the mighty Bowl.

THERE, there behold the mighty bowl,  
Now I'll quench my thirsty soul,  
Richest fragrance flows around,  
All our cares shall here be drown'd.

Hail, great Bacchus, pow'r divine,  
These and such like gifts are thine,  
Of thy praise our song shall be,  
While we thus are blest by thee.

By the Stream so cool.

BY the stream so cool and clear,  
And thro' the caves where breezes languish,  
Soothing still my tender anguish,  
Hoping still to find my lover,  
I have wander'd far and near,  
Oh, where shall I the youth discover?

Sleeps he in your breezy shade,  
Ye rocks, with moss and ivy waving,  
On some bank where wild waves laving,  
Murmur thro' the twisted willow;  
On the bank, oh, were I laid,  
How soft should be my lover's pillow!

My fond Shepherds.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,  
Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay,  
That each night they went safely to rest,  
And they merrily sung thro' the day.  
But, ah! what a scene must appear,  
Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er?  
Shall the tabor no more strike the ear?  
Shall the dance on the green be no more?

Must the flocks from their pastures be led,  
Must the herds go wild straying abroad?  
Shall the looms be all stopt in each shed,  
And the ships be all moor'd in the road?  
Must the arts be all scatter'd around,  
And all commerce grow sick of her tide?  
Must religion expire on the ground?  
And shall virtue sink down by her side?

*Mallet.*

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## Wine does Wonders.

**W**INE does wonders ev'ry day,  
Makes the heavy light and gay;  
Throws off all their melancholy:  
Makes the wisest go astray,  
And the busy toy and play,  
And the poor and needy, jolly.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,  
Men in years forget they're old;  
Women leave their coy disdain,  
Who, till then, were shy and cold;  
Makes a niggard flight his gold,  
And the foppish entertaining.

## Wine's a Mistress gay and easy.

**W**INE's a mistress gay and easy,  
Ever free to give delight;  
Let what may perplex and tease ye,  
'Tis the bottle sets all right.

Who would leave a lasting treasure,  
To embrace a childish pleasure,  
Which soon as tasted takes its flight?

Pierce the cask of gen'rous claret,  
Rouse your hearts, e'er 'tis too late;  
Fill the goblet, never spare it,  
That's your armour gainst all fate.

## Apollo's Decision.

**A** NYMPH and a swain to Apollo once pray'd,  
The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betray'd;  
Their intent was to try if his oracle knew  
E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.

Apollo was mute, and had like to have been pos'd;  
But sagely, at length, he this secret disclos'd:  
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide,  
And the nymph may be chaste that has never been try'd.

*Congreve.*

## The Whims of Folks.

**T**HE whims of folks in love to know,  
I believe would fairly pose Old Nick:  
This moment fast—next moment flow;  
Now consenting,  
Now repenting,  
Nor at this, nor that will stick;  
But changing still,  
They won't—they will—  
When they mean yes, they'll answer no:  
And fume and fret,  
This hour to get  
What they dislike'd an hour ago.

If you expect to find them here,  
To t'other side they quickly veer:  
The wind and tide,  
In the same mode will longer bide:  
Like two fond turtles, side by side,  
This hour they woo,  
And bill and coo!  
Then, by and by,  
No reason why,  
They make the devil and all to do.

## How gentle was my Damon's air.

**H**OW gentle was my Damon's air,  
Like sunny beams his golden hair,  
His voice was like the nightingale's,  
More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales.  
How hard such beauties to resign,  
And yet that cruel task is mine.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,  
Along the margin of each stream,  
Dear conscious scenes of former love,  
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.  
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,  
But Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,  
Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,  
Each flow'r in pity droops its head,  
All nature does my loss deplore,  
All, all reproach the faithless swain,  
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

*Milton.*

## I am young, and I am friendless.

*Sung in the Comic Opera of 'The Maid of the Mill.'*

**I** AM young, and I am friendless,  
And poor, alas! withal;  
Sure my sorrows will be endless,  
In vain for help I call.  
Have some pity in your nature,  
To relieve a wretched creature,  
Tho' the gift be ne'er so small.

May you possessing,  
Ev'ry blessing,  
Still inherit, fir,  
All you merit, fir,  
And never know what it is to want;  
Sweet heav'n your worship all happiness grant.

## Soft Invader of my Soul.

**S**OFT invader of my soul,  
Love! who can thy pow'r controul?  
All that haunt earth, air, and sea,  
Own thy force and bend to thee.

All the dear enchanting day,  
Celia steals my hearts away.  
All the tedious live-long night,  
Celia swims before my fight.

Happy, happy were the swain  
Who might such a prize obtain,  
Other joys he need not prove,  
Blest enough in Celia's love.

All that temptingly beguiles,  
Sparkling eyes and dimpling smiles,  
Ev'ry charm and ev'ry grace,  
Dwell on Celia's beauteous face.

Open, gen'rous, free from art,  
Virtue lives within her heart,  
Modesty and truth combin'd,  
Suit her person to her mind.

## Vain is Beauty's gaudy Flow'r.

**V**AIN is beauty's gaudy flow'r,  
Pageant of an idle hour,  
Born just to bloom and fade;  
Nor less weak, less vain than it,  
Is the pride of human wit,  
The shadow of a shade.



## Saint George and the Dragon.

OF Hector's deeds did Homer sing;  
And of the sack of lately Troy,  
What griefs did fair *Helena* bring,  
Which was fir *Paris*' only joy:  
And by my pen I will recite  
*St. George's* deeds, an English knight.

Against the Saracens so rude  
Fought he full long and many a day;  
Where many giants he subdu'd,  
In honour of the christian way:  
And after many adventures past  
To Egypt land he came at last.

Now, as the story plain doth tell,  
Within that country there did rest  
A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,  
Whereby they were full fore oppress'd:  
Who by his poisonous breath each day,  
Did many of the city slay.

The grief whereof did grow so great  
Throughout the limits of the land,  
That they their wisemen did entreat  
To shew their cunning out of hand;  
What way they might this fiend destroy,  
That did the country thus annoy.

The wisemen all before the king  
This answer fram'd incontinent:  
"The dragon none to death could bring  
"By any means they could invent:  
"His skin more hard than brass was found,  
"That sword nor spear could pierce nor wound."

When this the people understood,  
They cried aloud most piteously,  
"The dragon's breath infects their blood,  
"That every day in heaps they die:  
"Among them such a plague it bred,  
"They scarcely could inter the dead."

No means there were, as they could hear,  
For to appease the dragon's rage,  
But to present some virgin clear,  
Whose blood his fury might assuage;  
Each day he would a maiden eat,  
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wisemen found,  
Which truly must observed be;  
Wherefore throughout the city round  
A virgin pure of good degree  
Was by the king's commission still  
Ta'en up to serve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day  
Untimely crop some virgin flow'r,  
Till all the maids were worn away,  
And none were left him to devour:  
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,  
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then officers came to the king  
That heavy message to declare,  
Which did his heart with sorrow sting;  
"She is," quoth he, "my kingdom's heir;  
"O, let us all be poison'd here,  
"E'er she should die, who is my dear."

Then rose the people presently,  
And to the king in rage they went;  
They said his daughter dear should die,  
The dragon's fury to prevent:  
"Our daughters are all dead," quoth they,  
"And have been made the dragon's prey:

"And by their blood we rescu'd were,  
"And thou hast sav'd thy life thereby;  
"And now, in sooth, it is but fair,  
"For us thy daughter so should die."  
"Oh, save my daughter," said the king;  
"And let me feel the dragon's sting."

Then fell fair *Sabra* on her knee,  
And to her father dear did say,  
"Oh, father strive not thus for me,  
"But let me be the dragon's prey;  
"It may be for my sake alone  
"This plague upon the land was thrown.

"'Tis better I should die," she said,  
"Than all your subjects perish quite;  
"Perhaps the dragon here was laid,  
"For my offence, to work his spite:  
"And after he hath suck'd my gore,  
"Your land shall feel the grief no more."

"What hast thou done, my daughter dear,  
"For to deserve this heavy scourge?  
"It is my fault, as may appear,  
"Which makes the gods our state to purge;  
"Then ought I die, to flint the strife,  
"And to preserve thy happy life?"

Like madmen all the people cry'd,  
"Thy death to us can do no good;  
"Our safety only doth abide  
"In making her the dragon's food."  
"Lo! here I am, I come," quoth she,  
"Therefore do what you will with me."

"Nay, stay, dear daughter," quoth the queen,  
"And as thou art a virgin bright,  
"That hast for virtue famous been,  
"So let me cloath thee all in white;  
"And crown thy head with flowers sweet;  
"An ornament for virgins meet."

And when she was attir'd so,  
According to her mother's mind,  
Unto the stake then she did go;  
To which her tender limbs they bind:  
And being bound to stake a thrall  
She bade farewell unto them all.

"Farewell, my father dear," quoth she,  
"And my sweet mother, meek and mild;  
"Take you no thought nor weep for me,  
"For you may have another child:  
"Since for my country's good I die,  
"Death I receive most willingly."

The king and queen, and all their train  
With weeping eyes then went their way,  
And let their daughter there remain,  
To be the hungry dragon's prey:  
But as she did there weeping lie,  
Behold—*St. George* came riding by;

And seeing there a lady bright  
So rudely ty'd unto a stake,  
As well became a valiant knight,  
He straight to her his way did take:  
"Tell me, sweet maiden," then, quoth he,  
"What caltiff thus abuseth thee?"

"And lo! by this cross here I vow,  
"Which here is figur'd on my breast,  
"I will revenge it on his brow,  
"And break my lance upon his chest:"  
And speaking thus whereas he stood,  
The dragon issu'd from the wood.

The lady that did first espy  
The dreadful dragon coming so,  
Unto *St. George* aloud did cry,  
And willed him away to go;  
“Here comes that curled fiend,” quoth she,  
“That soon will make an end of me.”

*St. George* then looking round about,  
The fiery dragon soon espy’d,  
And like a knight of courage stout,  
Against him did most fiercely ride;  
And with such blows he did him greet,  
He fell beneath his horse’s feet.

For with his lance, which was so strong,  
As he came gaping in his face,  
In at his mouth he thrust along,  
For he could pierce no other place:  
And thus within the lady’s view  
This mighty dragon straight he flew.

The favour of his poison’d breath  
Could do this holy knight no harm.  
Thus he the lady sav’d from death,  
And home he led her by the arm;  
Which when king *Ptolemy* did see,  
There was great mirth and melody.

When as this valiant champion there  
Had slain the dragon in the field,  
To court he brought the lady fair,  
Which to their hearts much joy did yield.  
He in the court of Egypt staid  
Till he most falsely was betray’d.

That lady dearly lov’d the knight,  
He courted her his only joy;  
But when their love was brought to light  
It turn’d unto their great annoy:  
Th’ *Morocco* king was in the court,  
Who to the orchard did resort

Daily to take the pleasant air,  
For pleasure sake he us’d to walk,  
Under a wall he oft did hear  
*St. George* with *Lady Sabra* talk:  
Their love he shew’d unto the king,  
Which to *St. George* great woe did bring.

Those kings together did devise  
To make the christian knight away,  
With letters him in courteous wise  
They straightway sent to Persia:  
But wrote to th’ *Sophy* him to kill,  
And treach’rously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward  
With evil, and most subtilly  
By much vile means they had regard  
To work his death most cruelly,  
Who, as through Persia land he rode,  
With zeal destroy’d each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown  
Into a dungeon dark and deep;  
Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,  
He bitterly did wail and weep:  
Yet like a knight of courage stout,  
At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the king of Persia  
By night this valiant champion flew,  
Tho’ he had fasted many a day;  
And then away from thence he flew  
On the best speed the *Sophy* had;  
Which when he knew he was full mad.

To’ards Christendom he made his flight  
But met a giant on the way,  
With whom in combat he did fight  
Most valiantly a summer’s day:  
Who yet, for all his bats of steel,  
Was forc’d the sting of death to feel.

Back o’er the seas with many bands  
Of warlike soldiers soon he past,  
Vowing upon those heathen lands  
To work revenge; which at the last,  
Ere thrice three years were gone and spent,  
He wrought unto his heart’s content.

Save only Egypt land he spar’d  
For *Sabra* bright her only sake,  
And ere for her he had regard,  
He meant a tryal kind to make:  
Meanwhile the king o’ercome in field  
Unto *St. George* did quickly yield.

Then straight *Morocco*’s king he flew,  
And took fair *Sabra* to his wife,  
But meant to try if she were true  
Ere with her he would lead his life:  
And, tho’ he had her in his train,  
She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then, that lovely dame  
The brave *St. George* conducted straight;  
An eunuch also with them came,  
Who did upon the lady wait;  
These three from Egypt went alone.  
Now mark *St. George*’s valour shown.

When as they in a forest were,  
The lady did desire to rest,  
Mean while *St. George*, to kill a deer  
For their repast did think it best;  
Leaving her with the eunuch there,  
Whilst he did go to kill the deer.

But lo! all in his absence came  
Two hungry lions, fierce and fell,  
And tore the eunuch on the same  
In pieces small, the truth to tell;  
Down by the lady then they laid,  
Whereby they shew’d she was a maid.

But when he came from hunting back,  
And did behold this heavy chance,  
Then for his lovely virgin’s sake  
His courage straight he did advance,  
And came into the lion’s fight,  
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay  
Who, like a stout and valiant knight,  
Did both the hungry lions slay  
Within the *Lady Sabra*’s fight:  
Who all this while, sad and demure  
There stood, most like a virgin pure.

Now when *St. George* did surely know  
This lady was a virgin true,  
His heart was glad, that erst was woe,  
And all his love did soon renew:  
He set her on a palfrey steed,  
And towards England came with speed.

Where being in short space arriv’d  
Unto his native dwelling place;  
Therein with his dear love he liv’d  
And fortune did his nuptials grace:  
They many years of joy did see,  
And led their lives at Coventry.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, worth preserving, in the English Language; forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

When Fairies dance round.

Air—'By the pale Light of the Moon'

WHEN fairies dance round on the grass,  
And frolic to night's awful noon;  
Each elf, with his tight little lass,  
Trips to the pale light of the moon.

If't chance that the grey dawn of day  
Breaks in on their revels too soon,  
Disturb'd they all skuttle away,  
And follow the glimpse of the moon.

Fairer than the op'ning Lilies.

FAIRER than the op'ning lilies,  
Fresher than the morning rose,  
Are the blooming charms of Phillis;  
Richer sweets does she disclose.

Long secure from Cupid's power,  
Soft repose had lull'd my breast,  
Till in one short fatal hour  
She depriv'd my soul of rest.

Child of pleasure and vexation,  
Fly my verse, and paint my flame;  
Whisper soft that tender passion,  
Which I must not, cannot name!

Lovely fair, remove my anguish,  
Give my soul her wonted ease,  
Since you've taught me how to languish,  
Teach, oh! teach me how to please.

With the Man that I love.

WITH the man that I love, were I destin'd to dwell,  
On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, or a cell;  
Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be  
More pleasing than courts, or a palace to me.

Let the vain and the venal in wedlock aspire,  
To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;  
I yield them the bliss where their wishes are plac'd;  
Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.

Fine Ladies may tell us.

Sung in 'The Rival Candidates.'

FINE ladies may tell us  
They hate pretty fellows,  
Despise little Cupid—his quiver and dart,  
But when Love's only by,  
Not a prude will deny  
That man, tho' a tyrant's the lord of her heart.

So bewitching a creature!  
So noble each feature!  
My bosom commands me to take his dear part;  
Then how can I conceal  
What my eyes will reveal?—  
That he must, and he will be—the lord of my heart.

From the Court to the Cottage.

FROM the court to the cottage convey me away,  
For I'm weary of grandeur and what they call gay;  
Where pride without measure,  
And pomp without pleasure,  
Makes life, in a circle of hurry, decay.

Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the town  
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown;  
My friends shall be few,  
But well chosen and true,  
And sweet recreation our ev'ning shall crown.

With a rural repast, a rich banquet to me,  
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree,  
The river's clear brink  
Shall afford me my drink,  
And Temp'rance my friendly physician shall be.

E'er calm and serene, with contentment still blest,  
Not too giddy with joy, nor with sorrow deprest,  
I'll neither invoke,  
Nor repine at Death's stroke,  
But retire from the world as I would to my rest.

Since robb'd of all, &c.

**S**INCE robb'd of all that charms my view,  
Of all my soul e'er fancy'd fair,  
Ye smiling native scenes adieu,  
With each delightful object there!  
Oh, when my heart revolves the joys  
Which in your sweet recess I knew,  
The last dread shock which life destroys,  
Is heaven compar'd to losing you!

Ye vales which to the raptur'd eye  
Disclos'd the flow'ry pride of May,  
Ye circling hills, whose summits high  
Blush'd with the morning's earliest ray,  
Where, heedless oft how far I stray'd,  
And pleas'd my ruin to pursue,  
I sung, my dear, my cruel maid,  
Adieu! for ever, ah, adieu!

Ye dear associates of my breast,  
Whose hearts with speechless sorrow swell,  
And thou, with hoary age oppress'd,  
Dear author of my life, farewell!  
For me, alas! thy fruitless tears,  
Far, far remote from friends and home,  
Shall blast thy venerable years,  
And bend thee pining to the tomb.

Sharp are the pangs by nature felt  
For dear relations torn away,  
Yet sharper pangs my vitals melt,  
To hopeless love a destin'd prey;  
While she, an angry hav'n and main,  
Deaf to the helpless sailor's pray'r,  
Enjoys my soul's consuming pain,  
And wantons with my deep despair.

From cursed gold what ills arise,  
What horrors life's fair prospect stain!  
Friends blast their friends with angry eyes,  
And brothers bleed by brothers slain!  
From cursed gold I trace my woes;  
Could I this splendid mischief boast,  
Nor would my tears unpitied flow,  
Nor would my sighs in air be lost.

Ah! when a mother's cruel care  
Nurs'd me an infant on the breast,  
Had early fate surpriz'd me there,  
And wrapt me in eternal rest;  
Then had this breast ne'er learn'd to beat,  
And tremble with unpitied pain,  
Nor had a maid's relentless hate  
Been, ev'n in death, deplor'd in vain.

Oh, in the pleasing toils of love,  
With ev'ry winning art I try'd  
To catch the coyly flutt'ring dove,  
With killing eyes and plummy pride;  
But far, on nimble pinions borne,  
From love's warm gales and flow'ry plains,  
She sought the northern climes of scorn,  
Where ever freezing winter reigns.

Ah, me! had heav'n and she prov'd kind,  
Then full of age, and free from care,  
How blest had I my life resign'd,  
Where first I breath'd this vital air.  
But since no flutt'ring hope remains,  
Let me my wretched lot pursue,  
Adieu, dear friends, and native plains,  
To all but grief and love, adieu!

Braw, braw Lads of Gala-water.

**B**RAW, braw, lads of Gala-water,  
O, braw lads of Gala-water,  
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
And follow my love thro' the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,  
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie,  
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou,  
The mair I kifs she's a' my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,  
O'er yon moss among the heather,  
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
And follow my love thro' the water.

Down among the broom, the broom,  
Down among the broom, my dearie,  
The lassie lost her silken snood,  
That cost her many a blirt and bleary.

### Shepherd Youths and Village Maids.

#### RECITATIVE.

Shepherd youths and village maids,  
Listen to a shepherd's strain—  
Learn, when love your heart invades,  
How its truth to ascertain.

#### AIR.

**I**F in absence 'lone you grieve,  
Pine and court the pensive hour,  
If no pleasures can relieve,  
Then doth Love your peace devour.  
If that grief you strive to hide,  
Feigning mirth and forcing cheer,  
If a smile would seem to chide,  
Yet in chiding swells the tear;  
Starting drops unerring prove.  
Then, and only then, you love.

When no more the song invites,  
Pipe or dance upon the green,  
Dead to all the gay delights,  
Wont to charm the maid serene;  
If in those you take no part,  
Clos'd the ear, and fix'd the eye,  
If in crowds the vacant heart  
Heaves th' involuntary sigh;  
Careless sorrows sadly prove,  
Then, and only then, you love.

When the favour'd object's near,  
If your joy, beyond controul,  
Bids the glad, the glitt'ning tear,  
More than speak the raptur'd soul,  
If the chance, tho' welcome touch  
Thrills through ev'ry panting vein,  
If you cannot gaze too much,  
Wish, yet dread to gaze again,  
Stolen glances fondly prove,  
Then, and only then, you love.

When again the village sports  
With redoubl'd sweetness charm,  
Brighter all the known resorts,  
Dearer all the soft alarm;  
When the moments gliding by,  
New enjoyments daily rise,  
When each joy is ecstasy,  
Shar'd with those you fondly prize,  
Happy hours, tho' transient prove,  
Then you live, for then you love.



## In defence of her Sex.

IN defence of her sex sure a woman may speak,  
 Pray what is it now that you men would be at?  
 Do you think that we mind each occasion you seek,  
 To laugh at our drefs, little waists, and all that?  
 No, don't, sirs, believe it, such nonsense must fall,  
 Convinc'd, when we look but a moment about us,  
 That whether we're all waist, or no waist at all,  
 You can't, for the life of you, men, do without us

'Tis silly to sport with our fancies and drefs,  
 As we can subdue you whenever we please:  
 For since we've the power, you all must confess,  
 To make you ask pardon for that on your knees:  
 Then prithee, dear sirs, leave our short waists alone,  
 'Tis the whim of the day, and we'll have it, don't  
 doubt us:

So give o'er your jesting, and candidly own,  
 You can't, for the life of you, men, do without us

That women have tongues I believe you well know,  
 But pray do not force us to put them in use,  
 For sure if you give them but freedom to go,  
 You'll find it a hard thing to stop their abuse;  
 Besides, look at home—on the drefs of yourselves,  
 With your spencers and pantaloons flocking about  
 us:

But I tell you again, oh, ye confident elves,  
 You can't, for the soul of you, men, do without us

## The Willow Tree.

HOW now, shepherd, what means that?  
 Why wears thou willow in thy hat?  
 Are thy scarfs of red and yellow,  
 Turn'd to branches of green willow?  
 "She is changed, so am I,  
 "Sorrow lives when joys do die;  
 "It is Phillis, only she,  
 "That makes me wear the willow tree."

Is't the last that lov'd thee long?  
 Is it she has done thee wrong?  
 She that lov'd thee long and best,  
 Is her love now turn'd to jest?  
 "She who lov'd me long and best,  
 "Bids me set my mind at rest;  
 "She loves a new love, loves not me—  
 "That makes me wear the willow tree."

Come, then, shepherd, let us join,  
 Since thy love is like to mine;  
 For she I ever thought most true,  
 Has also chang'd me for a new.  
 "Herdman, if thy hap be so,  
 "Thou art partner of my woe;  
 "Thine ill hap doth mine appease,  
 "For company doth sorrow ease."

Courage, man, and do not mourn,  
 For her who holds thy love in scorn,  
 Respect not them who love not thee,  
 But cast away thy willow tree.  
 "For her sake I live in pine,  
 "Phillis once was true love mine,  
 "Which forgotten ne'er shall be,  
 "Altho' I wear the willow tree."

Shepherd, if thou'll be rul'd by me,  
 Cast away thy willow tree,  
 For thy grief doth her content,  
 She is pleas'd it thou lament.  
 "Herdman, I'll be rul'd by thee,  
 "Here lies grief and willow tree,  
 "Henceforth I will be as they  
 "That love a new love ev'ry day."

## B A L L A D.

## The Birth of St. George.

LISTEN, lords, in bower and hall,  
 I sing the wonderous birth  
 Of brave *St. George*, who's val'rous arm  
 Rid monsters from the earth:

Distressed ladies to relieve  
 He travell'd many a day;  
 In honour of the christian faith,  
 Which shall endure for aye.

In Coventry sometime did dwell  
 A knight of worthy fame,  
 High steward of this noble realm;  
 Lord *Albret* was his name.

He had to wife a princely dame,  
 Whose beauty did excel;  
 This virtuous lady being with child,  
 In sudden sadness fell:

For thirty nights no sooner sleep  
 Had clos'd her wakeful eyes;  
 But, lo! a foul and fearful dream  
 Her fancy did surprize.

She dreamt, a dragon fierce and fell  
 Conceiv'd within her womb;  
 Whose mortal fangs her body rent  
 Ere he to life could come.

All woe-begone and sad was she;  
 She nourish'd constant woe:  
 Yet strove to hide it from her lord,  
 Lest he should sorrow know.

In vain she strove; her tender lord,  
 Who watch'd her slightest look,  
 Discover'd soon her secret pain,  
 And soon that pain partook.

And when to him the fearful cause  
 She weeping did impart,  
 With kindest speech he strove to heal  
 The anguish of her heart.

"Be comforted, my lady dear,  
 "Those pearly drops refrain;"  
 "Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
 "I'll try to ease thy pain.

"And for this foul and fearful dream,  
 "That causeth all thy woe,  
 "Trust me I'll travel far away,  
 "But I'll the meaning know."

Then giving many a fond embrace,  
 And shedding many a tear,  
 To the weird lady of the woods  
 He purpos'd to repair.

To the weird lady of the woods,  
 Full long and many a day,  
 Thro' lonely shades and thickets rough  
 He winds his weary way.

At length he reach'd a dreary dell  
 With dismal yews o'erhung;  
 Where cypresses spread its mournful boughs,  
 A pois'nous nightshade sprung.

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloom,  
 He hears no chearful sound;  
 But shrill night-ravens yelling scream,  
 And serpents hiss around.

The shriek of fiends and damned ghosts  
 Ran howling thro' his ear:  
 A chilling horror froze his heart,  
 Tho' all unus'd to fear.

Three times he strives to win his way,  
And pierce those sickly dews;  
Three times to bear his trembling corse  
His knocking knees refuse.

At length upon his beating breast  
He signs the holy cross:  
And, rousing up his wonted might,  
He treads th' unhallow'd moss.

Beneath a pendant craggy cliff,  
All vaulted like a grave,  
And opening in the solid rock,  
He found th' enchanted cave.

An iron grate clos'd up the mouth,  
All hideous and forlorn;  
And, fasten'd by a silver chain,  
Near hung a brazen horn.

Then offering up a milk-white lamb,  
Three times he blows amain;  
Three times a deep and hollow sound  
Did answer him again.

"Sir knight, thy lady bears a son,  
"Who like a dragon bright,  
"Shall prove right dreadful to his foes,  
"And terrible in fight.

"His name advanc'd in future times  
"On banners shall be worn;  
"But, lo! thy lady's life must pass  
"Before he can be born."

All fore oppress'd with fear and doubt  
Long time lord *Albret* stood;  
At length he winds his doubtful way,  
Back thro' the dreary wood.

Eager to clasp his lovely dame  
Then fast he travels back;  
But when he reach'd his castle gate,  
His gate was hung with black.

In every court and hall he found  
A fullen silence reign;  
Save where, amid the lonely towers,  
He heard her maidens' plain;

And bitterly lament and weep,  
With many a grievous groan;  
Then fore his bleeding heart misgave,  
His lady's life was gone.

With faltering step he enters in,  
Yet half afraid to go;  
With trembling voice asks why they grieve,  
Yet fears the cause to know.

"Three times the sun hath rose and set;"  
They said, then stopt to weep:  
"Since heaven hath laid thy lady dear  
"In death's eternal sleep.

"For, ah! in travail sore she fell,  
"So sore that she must die;  
"Unless some shrewd and cunning leech  
"Could ease her presently.

"But when a cunning leech was set,  
"Too soon declared he,  
"She, or her babe must lose its life,  
"Both saved could not be."

"Now take my life," the lady said,  
"My little infant save:  
"And, oh, commend me to my lord,  
"When I am laid in grave.

"O tell him how that precious babe  
"Cost him a tender wife:  
"And teach my son to kiss her name,  
"Who dy'd to save his life."

"Then calling still upon thy name,  
"And praying still for thee;  
"Without repining or complaint,  
"Her gentle soul did flee."

What tongue can paint lord *Albret's* woe,  
The bitter tears he shed,  
The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,  
To find his lady dead?

He beat his breast, he tore his hair;  
And shedding many a tear,  
At length he ask'd to see his son;  
The son that cost so dear.

New sorrow seiz'd the damsels all:  
At length they fault'ring say,  
"Alas! my lord, how shall we tell?  
"Thy son is stole away!—

"Fair as the sweetest flower of spring,  
"Such was his infant mein:  
"And on his little body stamp'd  
"Three wond'rous marks were seen:

"A blood-red cross was on his arm;  
"A dragon on his breast:  
"A little garter all of gold  
"Was round his leg express.

"Three careful nurses we provide  
"Our little lord to keep:  
"One gave him suck, one gave him food,  
"And one did lull to sleep.

"But, lo! all in the dead of night,  
"We heard a fearful sound:  
"Loud thunder clapt; the castle shook;  
"And lightning flash'd around.

"Dead with affright at first we lay;  
"But rousing up anon,  
"We ran to see our little lord:  
"Our little lord was gone!

"But how or where we could not tell:  
"For lying on the ground,  
"In deep and magic slumbers laid,  
"The nurses there we found."

"Oh, grief on grief!" lord *Albret* said:  
No more his tongue could say,  
When falling in a deadly swoon,  
Long time he lifeless lay.

At length restor'd to life and sense  
He nourish'd endless woe,  
No future joy his heart could taste,  
No future comfort know.

So withers on the mountain top  
A fair and stately oak,  
Whose vig'rous arms are torn away  
By some rude thunder-stroke.

At length his castle irksome grew,  
He loathes his wonted home;  
His native country he forsakes  
In foreign lands to roam.

There up and down he wander'd far,  
Clad in a palmer's gown;  
Till his brown locks grew white as wool,  
His beard as thistle down.

At length, all weary'd, down in death  
He laid his reverend head.  
Meanwhile amid the lonely wilds  
His little son was bred.

There the weird lady of the woods  
Had borne him far away,  
And train'd him up in feats of arms,  
And ev'ry martial play.



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The Beaus of the Year Ninety-nine.

Sung by *Mrs. Mountain*, with great applause, at Vauxhall-Garden.

**M**Y mother oft talk'd of the beaus of the town,  
Who by sword, knot or bag, had gain'd  
great renown,

With powder, pomatum, and other perfumes,  
You might smell out a beau, tho' in different  
rooms.

Well, to London I'm come, to see these fine elves,  
But I find them so alter'd, they don't know  
themselves;

Our beaus, for I find they retain still the name,  
Take a different road to the temple of fame.

Pantaloon and short rick,  
Half boots and half coat,  
A neat colour'd handkerchief  
Tied round the throat,  
A scrubbing brush head,  
With check collar so fine,

Mark the beaus and the smarts of the year 99.

In the days when my mother was airy and young,  
Smart fellows, she tells me, danc'd, ogled and sung,  
They dress'd too so jaunting, our hearts to trepan,  
On tiptoe to please us were still to a man;  
Now lounging and careless, it plainly appears  
That the fashion's much alter'd within a few  
years.

The fashion of wishing to please is gone by;  
Not to please is the plan they successfully try.

*Pantaloon, &c.*

Now Fashion with no bright allurements betray,  
Our belles quite disgusted her vot'ries survey,  
When the bosom of beauty own love's pleasing pain,  
'Tis for one of those men, who such fashion  
disdain.

Take the hint, O ye men, to find grace in those eyes,  
Throw off this disgraceful postillion disguise;  
Appear like your fathers, like gentlemen move,  
And, like them, be rewarded with beauty and  
love.

*Pantaloon, &c.*

Ring the Bell, and fill the Bowl.

**R**ING the bell, and fill the bowl,  
Wine inspires the jovial song;  
Care shall never dare controul,  
While liquor can our mirth prolong.

Come, ye youths, who sigh and pine  
For some filly, fickle fair;  
Come, and drown in sparkling wine,  
All your folly, all your care.

Ye wretches on whom Fortune frowns,  
Whom duns and creditors beset,  
Good store of wine will troubles drown,  
Come, drink yourselves quite out of debt.

Ye husbands who have scolding wives,  
Come here, and leave the shrews at home;  
With Comus lead more happy lives;  
Come, haste away, O! prythee, come.

Beauty and Music charm the Soul.

**B**EAUTY and music charm the soul,  
Tho' separate in the fair;  
What mortal can their pow'r controul,  
When Heav'n has join'd them there?

What needed, then, my Celia's art,  
To sing or touch the lyre?  
Your charms before had won my heart;  
'Twas adding flame to fire.

Love.

**H**OW sweet a torment 'tis to love!  
And ah! how pleasant is the pain!  
I would not, if I could, remove,  
And now put off the am'rous chain.  
Tho' Chloris' eyes do give me laws,  
And me of liberty beguile,  
I, like a martyr, love my cause,  
And on my fair tormentor smile!

## The Maid to my Mind.

I HAVE seriously weigh'd it,  
And find it but just,  
That a wife makes a man  
Either blest or curs'd;  
I declare I will marry,  
Ah! can I but find,  
Mark me well, ye young lasses,  
The maid to my mind.

Not the pert little miss,  
Who advice will despise,  
Nor the girl who's so foolish  
To think herself wise,  
Nor she who to all men  
Alike would prove kind;  
Not one of these three  
Is the maid to my mind.

Not the prude who in public  
Will never be free,  
Yet in private a toying  
For ever will be,  
Nor coquette that's too forward,  
Nor jilt that's unkind;  
Not one of these three  
Is the maid to my mind.

Nor she who for pleasure  
Her husband will slight,  
Nor the positive dame,  
Who thinks always she's right,  
Nor she who a dupe  
To the fashion's inclin'd;  
Not one of these three  
Is the maid to my mind.

But the fair with good-nature  
And carriage genteel,  
Who her husband can love  
And no secrets reveal,  
In whose breast I may virtue  
And modesty find;  
This, this, and this only's  
The maid to my mind.

## When Vapours o'er the Meadow die.

Sung in 'The Capricious Lovers.'

WHEN vapours o'er the meadow die,  
And morning streaks the purple sky,  
I wake to love with jocund glee,  
To think on him who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove,  
And Philomel laments her love,  
Each sigh I breathe my love reveals,  
And tells the pangs my bosom feels.

With secret pleasure I survey  
The frolic birds in am'rous play,  
While fondest cares my heart employ,  
Which flutters, leaps and beats for joy.

## With your Wife, Sir, ne'er dispute.

Sung in 'The Golden Pippin.'

WITH your wife, Sir, ne'er dispute.  
Lady of the manor she;  
Due to her the choicest fruit,  
Due to her the branch and tree:  
And you know she'll have her right;  
Yes, Sir, in morning, noon, and night.

## A Man to my Mind.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue,  
And stale virgins despis'd,  
To all bachelors greeting,  
These lines are premis'd;  
I'm a maid that would marry—  
Ah! could I but find,  
(I care not for fortune)  
A man to my mind!

Not the fair-weather fop,  
Fond of fashion and dress;  
Nor the 'squire, who can relish  
No joys but the chase;  
Nor the free-thinking rake,  
Whom no morals can bind:  
Neither this—that—nor t'other's  
The man to my mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd fop,  
Who topes world without end;  
Nor the drone, who can't relish  
His bottle and friend;  
Nor the fool, that's too fond;  
Nor the churl that's unkind;  
Neither this—that—nor t'other's  
The man to my mind.

Not the wretch with full bags,  
Without breeding or merit;  
Nor the flash, that's all fury  
Without any spirit;  
Nor the fine master fribble,  
The scorn of mankind!  
Neither this—that—nor t'other's  
The man to my mind.

But the youth whom good-sense  
And good-nature inspire;  
Whom the brave must esteem,  
And the fair should admire;  
In whose heart love and truth  
Are with honour conjoin'd;  
This, this, and no other's  
The man to my mind.

Cunningham.

## Pry'thee, Fool, be quiet.

YOUNG Jockey fought my heart to win,  
And woo'd as lovers woo;  
I, vers'd in all our sex's art,  
Did just as maidens do:  
Whate'er he'd sigh, whate'er he'd vow,  
I'd study to be shy at;  
And when he press'd his fate to know,  
'Twas, pry'thee, fool, be quiet.

Month after month, of am'rous pain  
He made a mighty fuss;  
Why if, you know, one loves a swain,  
'Tis wrong to say one does:  
He told me passion could not live  
Without more pleasing diet;  
And pray what answer could I give,  
But, pry'thee, fool, be quiet.

At length he made a bold essay,  
And like a man he cry'd,  
Thy hand, my dear, this very day  
Shall Celia be my bride:  
Convinc'd he would have seiz'd me still,  
I could not well deny it;  
And now, believe me, when I will,  
I make the fool be quiet.



## A Laughing Song.

GOOD people of every condition,  
Attend to a merry new song;  
Know, that Laughter's the only physician  
To make you live happy and long.

And sure 'tis a folly to grieve,  
Let the bottle go briskly about;  
The hypocrite laughs in his sleeve,  
Whilst the honest man dares to laugh out.

The merchant indulges his mirth  
When his vessel's safe moor'd at the quay:  
She's infuri'd for near double her worth,  
And he laughs if she founders at sea.

The broker enjoys his commission  
When he buys, for his principal, well;  
And, when stock's in a sickly condition  
He's merry, because he must sell,

The felon will laugh at the jailor,  
When the bill of indictment is wrong;  
The poet will laugh at his tailor,  
Who trusts him a suit for a song.

The girl who has cheated her keepers,  
Laughs to think that old men are so mad;  
The heir, in his hat-band and weepers,  
Will laugh o'er the grave of his dad.

Physicians still laugh at the sick,  
Who content to be blister'd and bled;  
Philosophers laugh at the quick,  
And the sexton will laugh at the dead,

Then, my friends, let's renounce all our errors;  
By virtue we'll stand or we'll fall:  
He laughs at the monarch of terrors,  
Who one day will laugh at us all.

*A Lover of Mirth.*

## B A L L A D.

## Fair Eleanor.

OR THE KNIGHT OF THE BLACK CASTLE.

FAST o'er the hills the evening grey,  
Her dusky mantle spread;  
And westward far the ling'ring day,  
A glimm'ring twilight shed.

When from his cell, a holy wight  
Went forth with air sedate;  
Beneath the shelter of the night,  
Unseen, to contemplate.

A slender wand he careful bore,  
His tottering steps to guide;  
The cross, and beads his order wore,  
Hung graceful by his side.

His hoary locks, and wrinkl'd brow  
A length of years confess'd;  
His head, that age began to bow,  
Reclin'd upon his breast.

A modest air his face o'erspread,  
And courteous was his smile;  
His heart, that science long had fed,  
The world could not defile.

Beside an abby's mould'ring walls,  
He stood a while to rest:  
And straight to meditation falls,  
And smote his aged breast.

Now in the east the lamp of night,  
In awful grandeur rose:  
And beaming with the new born light,  
The rich horizon glows.

The ambient surface of the deep,  
With orient surges roll'd;  
The craggy shore o'er hanging steep,  
Seem'd lath'd with liquid gold!

The hermit view'd the scene around,  
With holy, calm delight,  
And O! he cry'd, who shall be found  
Worthy thy glorious fight.

Thou, who can'st shed the liquid day,  
And poise the starry sphere:  
Can'st bid the tranquil zephyrs play,  
And furious tempest tear.

Thus while the pious soul he spoke,  
And contemplating stood,  
A distant sound his rapture broke,  
Far issuing from the flood.

And soon a stately barque appear'd,  
With canvas floating wide,  
And to the shore straight onward steer'd,  
Fast bounding o'er the tide.

'Twas silence all, save from the strand,  
The breakers lowly sigh'd:  
The vessel now approach'd the land,  
And dash'd their surf aside.

And now a voice attracts his ears,  
That utter'd plaintive woe;  
And all astonish'd now he hears  
A solemn dirge and flow,

Soft stealing on the floating breeze,  
The mingled anthem rose;  
Now low, then swelling by degrees,  
And now it fainter grows.

He heard, and wond'ring stood the while,  
The mourning train drew nigh;  
While from behind the hollow pile,  
Re-echo'd every sigh.

A sadd'ning scene, the hermit wept,  
And straight with pious care,  
To meet the troop in silence step'd,  
And utter'd silent pray'r.

And then the chief he thus address'd,  
With court'ous words and kind;  
"Still prompt to succour the distress"  
"In me a brother find.

"Say whence, right valiant knight, and where,  
"Your journey sad, I pray?  
"Before you lies a mountain drear,  
"And perilous is the way.

"Kind father," then the knight reply'd,  
"My journey here must cease;  
"I come to lay a hapless bride  
"In yonder holy place,

"From Spain I came, and this my care,  
"The lady of a Knight;  
"Ere called Eleanor he fair,  
"Of beauty once and light.

" Her husband, late of British land,  
 " The holy crosser wore :  
 " And 'gainst the Moor a high command  
 " For Spain he gallant bore.

" What boots it to the valiant dead,  
 " The tear, let fall in vain :  
 " Pierc'd by a Moorish spear he bled,  
 " On Murcia's bloody plain.

" Fair *Eleanor* with grief oppress'd,  
 " Soon left this world of pain ;  
 " And to fulfill her last request,  
 " I've cross'd the heaving main.

" The story of this hapless maid,  
 " Would melt the coldest heart ;  
 " Which while this last sad act's delay'd,  
 " I will recount in part.—

The yielding sod was laid aside,  
 The last retreat of man :  
 The mattock rang, the hermit sigh'd,  
 And thus the knight began.

" In Cornwall there once lived a knight,  
 " Of high and matchless fame :  
 " And to commence my tale aright,  
 " *Fitz Maurice* was his name.

" In war a deathless name he bore,  
 " His greatest joy and pride :  
 " The sword his mighty grandfire wore,  
 " Still grac'd his lordly side.

" And many a trusty knight and squire,  
 " In costly mail array'd,  
 " Stood ready all at his desire,  
 " To draw the temper'd blade.

" High on a rock his castle stood,  
 " That long o'er look'd the tide :  
 " And o'er the rude assailing flood,  
 " Still frown'd in gothic pride.

" And flank'd with strong and stately tow'rs,  
 " With battlements on high :  
 " Whereon th' approach of hostile pow'rs,  
 " With ease he might descry.

" With regal cheer his table flow'd,  
 " Where strangers well might feed ;  
 " For bountifully he bestow'd  
 " On all who stood in need.

" His heart was of that princely mood,  
 " That knew no sordid view :  
 " And many a virtue now untold,  
 " His manly bosom knew.

" One only daughter fair had he,  
 " As fair as might be found ;  
 " Nay, one so wondrous fair as she,  
 " Dwelt not on English ground.

" And many a lord from foreign land,  
 " The maiden's love besought :  
 " But she to all refus'd her hand,  
 " That was not to be bought.

" But thus she said, who gains my heart,  
 " Shall have my hand beside ;  
 " For by this hand, my better part  
 " Shall never be belov'd.

" Her loving father wond'ring stood,  
 " To hear his daughter speak :  
 " While tears of joy, a tender flood,  
 " Ran down his aged cheek.

" And O! my child, he fondly cry'd,  
 " A father's blessing take ;  
 " Thy wishes ne'er shall be deny'd,  
 " All for thy virtue's sake.

" Which made him to repent full-fore,  
 " That he this promise gave ;  
 " This promise that in sorrow bore  
 " His grey hairs to the grave.

" For wand'ring from his lineal pride,  
 " She lov'd a shepherd swain :  
 " For whom in silence long she sigh'd,  
 " And long conceal'd her pain.

" One day, as from his turrets high,  
 " He view'd his wide domains ;  
 " Where wood-crown'd hills were seen in view,  
 " With flow'r enamell'd plains,

" His daughter with the shepherd swain,  
 " In converse he espy'd ;  
 " Beneath the shrubs that skirt the plain,  
 " Fast by the greenwood side.

" Then straight up rose his anger red,  
 " Fierce glar'd his martial eye :  
 " And O! he cry'd, shall it be said  
 " My honour thus shall die."

Thus far the knight did so relate,  
 When, sadly by his side,  
 The hermit falling from his seat,  
 All breathless he espy'd.

Then careful did he strive to rise  
 The old man from the ground ;  
 And ply assistance various ways,  
 But all in vain he found.

At length, suspended life began  
 Its feeble course to bear :  
 And down his cheeks successive ran  
 The dew drops of despair.

" I am," he cry'd, " O hold, my heart  
 " Thus bursts to find relief ;  
 " That father, who with piercing smart,  
 " Now feels a father's grief.

" O lead me to my long lost child,  
 " She who was once so dear ;  
 " 'Tis she," he cry'd, with accent wild,  
 And sunk upon the bier.

" O *Eleanor*," he cry'd, " arise,  
 " Thy poor old father see :  
 " Look up, and bless these longing eyes,  
 " That long have wept for thee."

And then he rent his snow white locks,  
 And tore his silver beard ;  
 And sigh'd so piteous that the rocks  
 To sigh again were heard.

" And have I been, O! heaven," he cry'd,  
 " A father for this end ?  
 " Let not your mercy be deny'd,  
 " But here my sorrows end."

And then her cold and lifeless head  
 He to his bosom press'd ;  
 In one deep sigh his sorrows fled,  
 And clos'd his eyes in rest.

Now in the east the matin fair  
 Declar'd the 'proaching' day ;  
 The knight interr'd the hapless pair,  
 And mournful sought the sea.



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[Numb. 66]

One Penny.

THE

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## Wine, Wine in the Morning.

**W**INE, wine in the morning  
Makes us frolick and gay,  
That, like eagles, we soar  
In the pride of the day;  
Gouty fots of the night  
Only find a decay.

'Tis the fun ripens the grape,  
And to drinking gives light;  
We imitate him  
When by noon we're at height;  
They steal wine, who take it  
When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,  
Fill them up, now he shines;  
The higher he rises,  
The more he refines:  
For wine and wit fall  
As their maker declines.

## When Calliope and Clio to Britain's rude Isle.

**W**HEN Calliope and Clio to Britain's rude  
isle  
Perchance on a visiting came,  
All then was confusion, till they deigned to smile,  
And hoist here the standard of fame.

In process of time, by the muses grand aid,  
Our island extended her sway  
O'er empires and kingdoms; no land ever made  
Of commerce and arts such display.

At length, full determin'd to fix their abode  
In England, the muses agreed;  
For the soil here was good, and whenever they  
sow'd  
It was certain to propagate seed.

Thus favour'd, we'll spurn at the scroyles of the  
age,  
And their impotent boastings despise;  
For envy, and rancour, what ills they presage,  
On themselves are most certain to rise.

## O'er the Bowl we'll laugh and sing.

**O**'ER the bowl we'll laugh and sing;  
Melancholy hence away!  
Ring, ring, the bowl is empty;  
Fill it, landlord, let's be gay.  
Rouse, ye genial sons of mirth!  
Now's the time to baffle care;  
Tho' we're mortal now on earth,  
Let us fancy heaven here.

Happiness alone pursue;  
Where is more than dwells in wine?  
Each full bumper gives a new  
Pleasure to the theme divine.  
Why should man, with sorrow pining,  
Lose a life of joy and ease?  
When his bliss is still refining  
In sublime delights like these.

## A Glass of good Punch.

*Sung in 'Poor Vulcan.'*

**T**HESE mortals say right, in their jovial  
abodes,  
That a glass of good punch is the drink of the  
gods;

Take only a smack of  
The nectar we crack of,  
You'll find it is punch and no more:  
The ingredients they mingle,  
Are contraries, single;  
So are ours, they're the elements four.  
Then, Bacchus, for thou art the drunkard's pro-  
tector,  
Issue instant a fiat,  
And let who dare deny it,  
That nectar's good punch, and that good punch is  
nectar.

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## The Blind Sailor.

COME, never seem to mind it,  
Nor count your fate a curse;  
However sad you find it,  
Yet some-body is worse;  
In danger some must come off short,  
Yet why should we despair;  
For if bold tars are Fortune's sport,  
Still are they Fortune's care.

Why, when our vessel blew up,  
A fighting that there Don,  
Like squibs and crackers flew up  
The crew, each mother's son;  
They sunk, some rigging stopt me short,  
While twirling in the air;  
And thus if tars are Fortune's sport,  
Still are they Fortune's care.

Young Peg of Portsmouth's common,  
Had like to 'ave been my wife;  
Long sice of such a woman,  
I'd led a pretty life;  
A landsman, one Jem Devenport,  
She convoy'd to Horn Fair;  
And thus though tars are Fortune's sport,  
They still are Fortune's care.

A splinter knocked my nose off,  
My bow sprit's gone, I cries,  
Yet well it kept their blows off,  
Thank God 'twas not my eyes;  
Chance if again their fun's that sort,  
Let's hope I've had my share;  
Thus if bold tars are Fortune's sport,  
They still are Fortune's care.

Scarce with these words I'd outed,  
Glad for my eyes and limbs,  
When a cartridge burst and douted  
Both my two precious glims:  
Well, then they're gone, cried I in short,  
Yet fate my life did spare;  
And thus though tars are Fortune's sport,  
They still are Fortune's care.

I'm blind, and I'm a cripple,  
Yet chearful would I sing  
Were my disasters triple,  
'Cause why 'twas for my king;  
Besides, each christian I exhort,  
Pleas'd will some pittance spare;  
And thus though tars are Fortune's sport,  
They still are Fortune's care.

*Diddin.*

## Ten years, like Troy, my stubborn Heart.

TEN years, like Troy, my stubborn heart  
Withstood th' assault of fond desire:  
But now, alas! I fell a smart,  
Poor I, like Troy, am set on fire.

With care we may a pile secure,  
And from all common sparks defend:  
But oh! who can a house secure,  
When the celestial flames descend!

Thus was I safe, till from your eyes  
Destructive fires are brightly given:  
Ah! who can shun the warm surprize,  
When, lo! the lightning comes from heav'n.

## The Drummer.

DAPPER Ted Tattoo is my natty name,  
For a roll or a revally,  
Among the girls loud sounds my fame,  
When I my quarters rally;  
For, with fife and drum,  
I smirking come;  
Leer, cock my hat,  
Swear, and all that,  
Nor ever dread  
A broken head,  
Where the cause of strife's a doxy:  
But as for wars,  
And wounds and scars,  
And fighting foes,  
And thumps and blows,  
I'd rather fight by proxy.

When chiefs and privates mingled lie,  
And gasp without assistance,  
In baggage waggon perch'd up, I  
Stand umpire at a distance;  
And with fife and drum,  
I smirking come,  
'Mongst soldiers wives,  
Who lead merry lives,  
Nor ever dread  
A broken head,  
Where the cause of strife's a doxy:  
Let their husbands go,  
And 'gainst the foe,  
Gain glory's scars,  
In honor's wars,  
I'd rather fight by proxy.

Yet think I am not renowned,  
In Foreign wars and civil,  
Why, fir, when safe at home and sound,  
Zounds! I could fight the devil!  
And with fife and drum,  
Can smirking come,  
And cock my hat,  
Leer, and all that,  
Nor ever dread  
A broken head,  
Where the cause of strife's a doxy:  
Let others go,  
And 'gainst the foe,  
Gain glory's scars,  
In honor's wars,  
I'd rather fight by proxy.

Thus thro' the world I make a noise,  
Where'er I'm a sojourner,  
The mighty wonder and surprize  
Of ev'ry chimney corner  
Where with fife and drum,  
I smirking come,  
And rap out zounds,  
And talk of wounds,  
Nor ever dread  
A broken head,  
Where the cause of strife's a doxy:  
They're fools who go,  
And 'gainst the foe,  
In glory's wars,  
Gain honor's scars;  
I'm wise and fight by proxy.



As tippling John was jogging on.

Sung in '*The Provok'd Wife*.'

**A**S tippling John was jogging on,  
Upon a riot night;  
With tott'ring pace, and fiery face,  
Suspicious of high flight:  
The guards, who took him by his look,  
For some chief fire-brand,  
Ask'd, whence he came; what was his name:  
Who are you? stand, friend, stand.

I'm going home; from meeting come.  
Ay, says one, that's the case:  
Some meeting he has burnt, you see  
The flame's still in his face.  
John thought 'twas time to purge the crime;  
And said, 'twas his intent,  
For to assuage his thirsty rage;  
'That meeting 'twas he meant.

Come, friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,  
Says one; pray, let us know,  
That we may find how you're inclin'd,  
Are you high-church, or low?  
John said to that, I'll tell you what,  
To end debates and strife;  
All I can say, this is the way  
I steer my course of life.

I ne'er to Bow nor Burges's go,  
To steeple-house, nor hall;  
The brisk bar-bell bests suits my zeal,  
-With, gentlemen, d'ye call?  
Now judge, am I low-church, or high?  
From tavern or the steeple,  
Whose merry toll exalts the soul,  
And makes us high-flown people.

The guards came on, and look'd at John,  
With countenance most pleasant:  
By whisper round, they all soon found,  
He was no dang'rous peasant:  
So while John stood the best he cou'd,  
Expecting their decision;  
Pox on't, says one, let him be gone,  
He's of our own religion.

Make Hay whilst the Sun shines.

**T**IS a maxim I hold, whilst I live to pursue,  
Not a thing to defer, which to day I can do:  
This piece of good counsel attend to, I pray,  
For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

Attend the dear nymph to an arbour or grove,  
In her ear gently pour the soft poison of love:  
With kisses and presses your rapture convey,  
For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

If Chloe is kind, and gives ear to your plaint,  
Declare your whole sentiments free from restraint:  
Enforce your petition, and make no delay:  
For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

But should you the present occasion let pass,  
The world may with justice proclaim you an ass:  
Then briskly attack her, if longer you stay,  
The sun may not shine, and you cannot make hay.

Donnybrook Fair.

Written by J. S. DODD, M. D.

Tune—"Dear Catholic Brother."

**A**T TEND my dear honeys, and I will declare,  
The fun that I had at last Donnybrook fair;  
My Juggy and I, we went there in a noddie,  
Alone, by ourselves, with but one other body.

And that other body was Terence O'Regan,  
A gossip to me, and my dear Juggy Fagan:  
With both our shillalas we stoutly set out,  
Och! we stuck to the stuff, and we made a fine  
rout.

My Juggy and I to preserve our character,  
Were drest top from toe in our own manufacture;  
For the devil a morsel of Manchester cotton,  
To hurt our own weavers, would she ever put on.

And Terry and I both so lightly were seen,  
With our coats and our small cloaths of Carrick  
ratteen;  
For never no purchase should ever be made  
From those who petition'd against our free trade.

When we got to the fair, Och! we tippl'd the  
whiskey,  
'Till Terry, and Juggy, and I, were both frisky;  
Then we danc'd like a lipperchon, sung with our  
voice,  
'Till the devil's own mother ne'er saw such a  
noise.

Quite hungry we grew, with our squalling and  
dancing,  
And we took a spoleen for to settle our prancing;  
But a fair is worth nothing without a good fight,  
So we kick'd up a dust and we battled outright.

'Twould do your hearts good to behold all the  
thumps,  
The kicks, cuff and knocks, and the bloody nose  
dumps,  
We whack'd, and we thwack'd 'till we bled at both  
ends,  
Then we kiss'd and we drank, to shew we were  
all friends.

To crown all our frolicks, as homeward we came  
The driver fell off; and the horse it grew lame,  
Poor Juggy was sick, and did hic-cup and stare.  
And these were the pleasures of Donnybrook  
fair.

When Molly smiles beneath her Cow.

**W**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'll raise a spell,  
A good fat goose will thank you well.

## The Cottagers.

FAR from the bustle of the Town,  
In Hymen's pleasing yoke,  
Contented drew a harmless pair,  
Whom Vice could ne'er provoke.

An humble Farm their wants supply'd,  
They knew one only care—  
*Anna*, the beauty of the dale,  
Surpassing all the fair.

The damask rose bloom'd in her cheek;  
Her hair had learn'd to flow  
In artless ringlets round her neck,  
White as the new-fall'n snow.

In crowds the sons of wealth repair'd  
This lovely nymph to view;  
Nor left untried the num'rous arts  
Which wanton minds pursue.

But giddy splendor sued in vain;  
For *Anna's* placid breast  
Nature had taught to spurn the thought  
Which was not strictly chaste.

But *William*, stranger to all guile,  
Indulg'd a latent flame,  
And felt a passion fire his soul  
He knew not how to name;

Eager he flew to ev'ry sport  
Where *Anna* lent her aid;  
Divinely happy, if a smile  
Fell from the heav'nly maid.

His flame the nymph could not resist;  
Her tender bosom heav'd  
With mutual fondness for the swain;  
His ev'ry vow believ'd.

The guileful proffers of the gay  
She calmly heard unmov'd;  
To *William's* truth she gave her hand,  
For him she truly lov'd.

## Edwin and Anna.

SINKING in the western sky,  
Phœbus sheds a glowing light;  
O'er the wide and barren heath  
Slowly falls the gloom of night.

Wandering, sad, with weary steps,  
*Anna* quits her once-lov'd home,  
Driven by keen and bitter sorrow  
Through the weary waste to roam.

Once she lov'd the gentle *Edwin*,  
Heedless of his humble lot;  
Nor even now, though banish'd from him,  
Is his love and faith forgot.

Ev'ry hour, once pass'd so gaily,  
To remembrance still is dear,  
And her truth resists temptation,  
Though her *Edwin* is not near.

*Allen*, rich and high in favour,  
Seeks fair *Anna* for his bride,  
And her friends, by av'rice guided,  
Claim obedience on her side.

Driven by force and sharp reproaches,  
In despair she seeks the shore,  
Where she saw her love departing:  
Him she fears to see no more!

Now the black'ning tempest rising,  
High the surge with fury roars,  
Vivid lightning glares around her,  
And the rain unceasing pours.

Careless of the stormy weather,  
*Anna* strains her frantic eyes,  
And beholds the wrecking vessel,  
In the gloomy prospect rise.

Vainly buffeting the billows,  
Seamen every effort try;  
Soon she splits upon the breakers—  
Hark!—how dismal is the cry.

*Anna* views with speechless horror  
This sad scene,—a wreck the spies,  
And the name of *Isadora*  
Strikes at once her wond'ring eyes.

'Twas the bark in which young *Edwin*,  
When he bid her last adieu,  
Ventur'd to a distant climate,  
Wealth and honour to accrue.

"Though in life," she cry'd, "we're parted,  
"Still in death we meet again:  
"*Edwin*!—now I die with pleasure,  
"Since we share an equal pain!"

As she sprung into the ocean,  
One poor sailor gain'd the steep,  
Who with looks of terror view'd her  
Wildly plunge into the deep.

Silly maiden! thus presuming  
To arraign the power of Fate!  
While you madly seek destruction  
Heav'n may send relief too late.

Prompted by a secret impulse,  
Quick he dives into the main,  
And with transport grasp'd her garments,  
Trusting once more land to gain.

Providence his hopes befriending,  
Throws them on the friendly shore,  
Where with looks of fondest rapture,  
*Edwin* sees his love once more.

"*Anna*!—dearest of all maidens!  
"Hear thy faithful *Edwin's* voice!  
"Now restor'd with hard sav'd treasure,  
"Come to bid thy heart rejoice."

Soon reviv'd by his endearments,  
*Anna* heard the joyful tale,  
And with heartfelt transport led him  
To the cottage in the vale.

There, atoning by contrition,  
For her impious rash attempt,  
Soon she gain'd her father's pardon,  
As on gain his soul was bent.

Now rich *Allen* is discarded;  
*Edwin* claims her for his own;  
Thus was constancy rewarded—  
Thus be true love ever known!

Never may the virtuous suffer  
With the pressure of despair;  
But rely—that heav'nly goodness  
Will at length remove their care.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

Young Pat.

IN the land of Hibernia young Pat drew his breath,  
And sure ever since he has teaz'd me to death;  
For so sweetly he sings, and makes love with such art,  
By the faith of St. Patrick he's shot thro' my heart.

With his gramachree, Molly,  
Och, what can I do?

He vows, if I'll enter the conjugal life,  
He'll—oh, to be sure—only make me his wife!  
Then so tender he looks when we lovingly chat,  
That I long to be married—but won't tell him that.

*With his gramachree, &c.*

Last Sunday at church he must fain tell the priest,  
In a week or two more, we'd be wedded, at least;  
And sure since he said it, my conscience does say,  
If he don't lead me there, I will shew him the way.

*With his gramachree, &c.*

Autumn's plenteous Crops appear.

AUTUMN's plenteous crops appear,  
(Glorious season of the year)  
See, the happy nymphs and swains,  
(Source of all the pastoral strains)  
O'er their arms are sickles hung,  
And the rustic ballad's sung,  
As they trip across the plains,  
Happy nymphs and happy swains.

Yellow stems bow down their heads,  
Homage to the rural maids;  
Jocund whilst at work they're found,  
And the village news goes round:  
Each swain near the lass he loves,  
And the day in friendship moves;  
To the joys of harvest field,  
Ev'ry pleasure else must yield.

See them now, with stomachs good,  
Round a dish of solid food,  
Sitting in a shady seat,  
Shelter'd from meridian heat:  
And by harmless chat and jokes,  
Shew how blest are country folks;  
Happy, happy, happy they  
Cheerful pass the time away.

The Vestry Dinner.

CHURCH Warden I've been, let me see, very often,

You know 'tis a place of much trust:  
And its most'rous fatigues and its hardships to soften  
We eat, aye and drink, till we burst:  
We meets and we talks about how and confarning,  
As spokefman, I'm always beginner,  
But never so pleas'd as to give out this warning:  
Next Monday's a vestry dinner:  
And none but an ill, foul-mouth'd fellow'd abuse,  
A snug little dinner, and plenty of booze.

At job parish meetings, how oft' I've attended,  
And talk'd till I chatter'd my fill;  
As how things were so bad that they ought to be mended,

But first we all swallow'd our jill:  
For why? talk's fatiguing, and moisture is wanting  
By all speakers, or else I'm no finner!  
And to make us more thrifty, to hear we're all panting,  
Next Tuesday's a vestry dinner.

*And none, &c.*

When talking of paupers, it so hurts one's feelings,  
(Indeed I'm not dealing a sham)  
So preys on the nervous, you'll oft' see us reeling,  
Tho' nothing we've touch'd but a dram:  
But e'er we have settled about the relieving  
Each famish'd and half-starv'd poor finner,  
I cries in the midst of our sorrow and grieving,  
Next We'n'fday's a vestry dinner.

*And none, &c.*

Feasts on Thursdays and Fridays, and Saturdays follow,  
On bus'ness 'tis always we dine:  
Well-fed argument, folks say, your starv'd-talk beats hollow,  
When moisten'd with tongue-oiling wine!  
Then who'd not be warden, who breathes in his senses,  
Fine picking he'll find on the bone!  
Ev'ry week-day I'll feast upon parish expenses,  
And on Sunday starve on my own.

*And none, &c.*

## The Fox Chase.

Written by Mr. MOZERT.

AIR, 'Shela Ne Guira.'

**H**ARK, hark, jolly sportsmen, awhile to my tale,  
Which to pay your attention, I'm sure cannot fail,  
'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire,  
O'er stonewalls and hedges, thro' dale, bog and briar.  
A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,  
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again;  
Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,  
'Foregad he had shook like an aspin for fear.

In seventeen hundred, and forty and four,  
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,  
At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,  
We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox.  
The Laughlinstown landlord, the bold Owen Bray,  
And Johnny Adair, too, was with us that day;  
Joe Debill, Hall Preston, that huntsman so stout,  
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,  
When Wanton set up a most tuneable roar;  
"Hark," to Wanton, cry'd Joe, and the rest were not  
slack,

For Wanton's no trifle, esteem'd in the pack.  
Old Bonny and Collier came readily in,  
And ev'ry hound join'd in the musical din;  
Had Diana been there, she'd been pleas'd to the life,  
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Then minutes past nine was the time of the day,  
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way;  
As strong from Killeager, as tho' he could fear none,  
Away he brush'd round by the house of Killtarnan.  
To Carrick-mines thence, and to Cherry-wood, then  
Steep Shank-hill he climb'd, and to Ballyman-glen,  
Bray Common he cross'd, leap'd lord Anglesey's wall,  
And seem'd to say "little I value you all."

He ran Bush's grove, up to Carbury Byrn's,  
Joe Debill, Hall Preston, kept leading by turns;  
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,  
Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out;  
To Malpas high hills was the way then he flew,  
At Dalkey stone-common we had him in view;  
He drove on by Bullock, thro' shrub Glanagery,  
And so on to Mountown, where Laury grew weary.

Thro' Roche's-town wood like an arrow he pass'd,  
And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last:  
There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,  
And said in his heart "sure none dare follow me."  
But soon to his cost, he perceiv'd that no bounds  
Could stop the pursuit of the staunch mettled hounds;  
His policy here did not serve him a rush,  
Five couple of tarters were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore, then again was his drift,  
But e'er he could reach to the top of the clift,  
He found both of speed and of cunning alack,  
Being way-laid, and kill'd by the rest of the pack.  
At his death there were present the lads that I've sung,  
Save Laury, who, riding a garron, was flung:  
Thus ended, at length, a most delicate chase,  
That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We return'd to Kilruddery's plentiful board,  
Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my Lord;  
We talk'd o'er the chafe, and we toasted the health  
Of the man that ne'er vary'd for places or wealth.  
"Owen Bray bauk'd a leap" says Hall Preston,  
" 'twas odd,"

" 'Twas shameful" cry'd Jack "by the great liv-  
ing"

Said Preston, "I holloo'd, get on, tho' you fall,  
"Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all."

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,  
For party affairs were consign'd to the court;  
Thus we finish'd the rest of the day and the night,  
In gay flowing bumpers, and social delight.  
Then till the next meeting bid farewell each brother,  
So some they went one way, and some went another;  
As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,  
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

## How blest has my Time been.

**H**OW blest has my time been, what joys have I  
known,  
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jeffy my own,  
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,  
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we stray  
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play,  
How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,  
Who borrow their looks from my Jeffy and me.

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

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

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

## Sylvia.

**Y**E verdant woods and chrystal streams,  
By whose enamel'd side  
I shar'd the sun's refreshing beams,  
While Colin was my guide,  
No more your shades or murmurs please  
Poor Sylvia's love-sick mind;  
No rural scenes can give her ease,  
Since Colin proves unkind.

Come, gloomy eve, and veil the sky  
With clouds of darkest hue,  
Wither, ye plants—ye flow'rets die,  
Uncheer'd with balmy dew;  
Ye sweetly warbling birds, no more  
Your songs can cheer my mind,  
My hours of joy, alas! are o'er,  
Since Colin proves unkind.

I'll hie me to some dreary grove,  
For sighing sorrow made,  
Where nought but plaintive strains of love,  
Resound thro' ev'ry shade;  
Where the sad turtle's melting grief,  
With Philomela's join'd,  
Alone shall yield my heart relief,  
Since Colin proves unkind.

Be warn'd by Sylvia's fate, ye maids!  
And shun the soft deceit,  
Tho' love's own eloquence persuades,  
'Tis all a dangerous cheat.  
Fly, quickly fly the faithless swain,  
His treach'rous arts despise,  
So shall you live exempt from pain,  
While hapless Sylvia dies



## The Cottage of Content.

**I**N a cottage I live, and the cot of Content,  
 Tho' its roof's neither lofty nor low,  
 May boast that 'tis blest like a patriarch's tent,  
 With all the kind gods can bestow :  
 'Tis a station that yields me a spring of delight,  
 Which lordlings may envy to see ;  
 And a king might behold it, and say, does this wight  
 A blessing possess more than me ?

My tenement stands on the brow of a hill,  
 Where on mammon and pride I look down ;  
 While the cuckoo's note join'd with the clack of the mill

I prefer to the clack of the town :  
 Of my house I'm the sov'reign, my wife is my queen,  
 And she rules while she seeks to obey ;  
 Thus the autumn of life like the spring-tide serene,  
 Makes November as cheerful as May.

I lie down with the lamb, and I rise with the lark,  
 Health, spirits, and vigour to share,  
 For I feel on my pillow no thorns in the dark,  
 Which the deeds of the day planted there :  
 And tho' bigots each night, to elude heav'n's wrath,  
 To their saints and their wooden gods pray ;  
 Superstition I court not for daggers of lath,  
 In my sleep to drive demons away.

Yet let not the egotist boast of his bliss,  
 Nor to self be life's comforts confin'd,  
 As he certainly merits all blessings to miss,  
 Who has no social impulse of mind :  
 For my friend I've a board, a bottle and bed,  
 And more welcome that friend if he's poor ;  
 Nor shall he who looks up for a slice of my bread,  
 Tho' a stranger, be shut from my door.

No servant I hint, nor put key on my cock,  
 To save a poor horn of small-beer ;  
 Nor butt'ry, nor pantry disgrac'd with a lock,  
 All proclaim that old Gripe-all starves here :  
 For the miser on bolts and on bars may depend,  
 To keep thieves and robbers at bay :  
 But domestic attachment my house shall defend,  
 From free-booters by night and by day.

## Woman as cunning as Man.

Sung in the Comic Opera of 'The Shepherd's Lottery.'

**M**Y pride is to hold all mankind in my chain ;  
 The conquest I prize, tho' the slaves I disdain ;  
 I'll tease them, and vex them,  
 I'll plague and perplex them :  
 Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,  
 I'll shew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Young Damon ador'd me, and Lycon the vain,  
 By turns I encourag'd each amorous swain ;  
 They knelt, and they trembled,  
 I smil'd and dissembled,  
 Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,  
 I'll shew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, and my counsel believe,  
 Resist all their wiles, the deceivers deceive :  
 Their canting and whining,  
 Their sighing and pining,  
 Are all meant as baits our weak sex to betray :  
 Then prove there are women as cunning as they.

## Evelyn.

**O**H, my dear Evelyn, why would you slight me,  
 One that had such a gragh for you ?  
 Don't you remember when you would invite me,  
 To take one pog nor two with you ?  
 Oh, my dear Shawn, I was but a shoking,  
 When that I told you that same skale ;  
 Hi, ho, you may be a packing,  
 You ne'er shall pog my sheek nor beal.

*Whic, whac, &c.*

Oh, my dear Evelyn, that's a sad story,  
 For one that loves you from his cree ;  
 I thought you were the best of women's,  
 Ah, why would you prove false to me ?  
 When your father and your mother  
 They would be a crying,  
 Why would not you marry your own dear Shawn ?  
 Hi, ho, gi mana diute tatoo malta der maldd.

*Whic, whac, &c.*

I have got bonny cows and gowins,  
 That will give you bonny milk and curds,  
 And ev'ry thing that's fitting for the women's ;  
 Na critan too missha, ask the hurds,  
 With a pawder in braw and a silver cros,  
 The like in your life you never saw,  
 Hi, ho, armanda dona, the fuggart will blefs  
 Your pawder in braw.

*Whic, whac, &c.*

Oh, my dear Shawn, then send for the fuggart,  
 That I may be maw raw likin with you ;  
 I wear no brog or borrogh coat,  
 But a stawkie glos, and a high-heel shoe :  
 Oh, yes, and by my faith and better you shall wear,  
 When that is ell colloping glos,  
 Hi, ho, armadanda dona, what sport will be there,  
 When we come upon the mafs.

*Whic, whac, &c.*

## Phillis.

Sung in the Comic Opera of 'The Shepherd's Lottery.'

**W**HAT beauties does my nymph disclose ?  
 Lefs fair the silver lily blows ;  
 Such blushes glow not on the rose,  
 As on the cheeks of Phillis.  
 The other day, upon the green,  
 I saw a nymph of heav'nly mien ;  
 I ran to greet the Cyprian queen,  
 But found it was my Phillis.

By mossy grot with ivy bound,  
 Where fragrant woodbines curl round,  
 And daisies dapple o'er the ground,  
 I sit and murmur Phillis.  
 And when the lark with dewy wings,  
 To hail the morn exulting springs,  
 I rise and tune the trembling strings,  
 To praise my dearest, Phillis.

When first I saw the blooming maid,  
 I gaz'd, enraptur'd and dismay'd ;  
 My falt'ring tongue was quite afraid  
 To tell my pangs to Phillis.  
 Then Cupid aim'd his sharpest dart ;  
 At once I felt the pleasing smart,  
 That very hour I lost my heart ;  
 And now it dwells with Phillis.

## Sir Lancelot du Lake.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,  
And was approved king,  
By force of arms great vict'ries won,  
And conquest home did bring :

Then into England straight he came  
With fifty good and able  
Knights, that resorted unto him,  
And were of his round table :

And many jousts and tournaments,  
Whereto were many prest ;  
Wherein some knights did then excel,  
And far surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,  
Who was approved well,  
He, for his deeds and feats of arms,  
All others did excel.

When he had rested him awhile,  
In play, and game, and sport,  
He said he would go prove himself  
In some advent'rous sport.

He armed rode in forest wide,  
And met a damsel fair,  
Who told him of adventures great,  
Whereto he gave good ear.

"Such would I find," quoth Lancelot ;  
"For that cause came I hither."  
"Thou seem'st," quoth she, "a knight full good,  
"And I will bring thee thither.

"Whereas a mighty knight doth dwell,  
"That now is of great fame ;  
"Therefore tell me what wight thou art,  
"And what may be thy name."

"My name is Lancelot du Lake."  
Quoth she, "it likes me then ;  
"Here dwells a knight who never was  
"Yet match'd with any man ;

"Who has in prison three score knights  
"And four, that he did wound :  
"Knights of king Arthur's court they be,  
"And of his table round."

She brought him to a river side,  
And also to a tree ;  
Whereon a copper bason hung,  
And many shields to see.

He struck so hard, the bason broke,  
And Tarquin soon he spy'd :  
Who drove a horse before him fast,  
Whereon a knight lay ty'd.

"Sir knight," then said Sir Lancelot,  
"Bring me that horse-load hither :  
"And lay him down, and let him rest ;  
"We'll try our force together :

"For, as I understand, thou hast,  
"So far as thou art able,  
"Done great despite and shame unto  
"The knights of the round table."

"If thou be of the table round,  
Quoth Tarquin, speedily,  
"Both thee and all thy fellowship  
"I utterly defy."

"That's over much," quoth Lancelot ;  
"Defend thee by and by."  
They set their spears unto their steeds,  
And each at other fly.

They couch'd their spears, (their horses ran  
As though there had been thunder)  
And struck them each amidst their shields,  
Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horses backs break under them,  
The knights were both astound :  
To void their horses they made haste,  
And light upon the ground.

They took them to their shields full fast,  
Their swords they drew out then,  
With mighty strokes most eagerly  
Each at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full fore,  
For breath they both did stand ;  
And leaning on their swords awhile,  
Quoth Tarquin, "hold thy hand,

"And tell to me what I shall ask."  
"Say on," quoth Lancelot, "tho' ,"  
"Thou art," quoth Tarquin, "the best knight  
"That ever I did know.

"And like a knight, that I did hate ;  
"So that thou be not he,  
"I will deliver all the rest,  
"And eke accord with thee."

"That is well said," quoth Lancelot ;  
"But since it must be so,  
"What knight is that thou hatest thus ;  
"I pray thee to me shew?"

"His name is Lancelot du Lake,  
"He slew my brother dear ;  
"Him I suspect of all the rest ;  
"I would I had him here!"

"Thy wif thou hast, but yet unknown,  
"I'm Lancelot du Lake,  
"Now knight of Arthur's table round,  
"King Haud's son of Schuwake ;

"And I desire thee do thy worst."  
"Ho, ho," quoth Tarquin, "tho' ,"  
"One of us two shall end our lives  
"Before that we do go.

"If thou be Lancelot du Lake,  
"Then welcome shalt thou be ;  
"Wherefore see thou thyself defend,  
"For now defy I thee."

They buckled then together so,  
Like unto wild boars rushing,  
And with their swords and shields they ran  
At one another slashing :

The ground besprinkled was with blood ;  
Tarquin began to yield ;  
For he gave back for weariness,  
And low did bear his shield.

This soon Sir Lancelot espy'd,  
He leapt upon him then,  
He pull'd him down upon his knee,  
And rushing off his helm,

Forthwith he struck his neck in two ;  
And, when he had so done,  
From prison threescore knights and four  
Deliver'd ev'ry one.



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The Irish Wedding.

Sung by Mr. CALLAN, in *'The Irishman in London,'* with great applause.

SURE wont you hear, what roaring cheer,  
Was spread at Paddy's wedding, oh!  
And how so gay, they spent the day  
From churching to the bedding, oh!  
First book in hand, came father Quipes,  
With the Bride's dadda, the Bailly O,  
While the chaunter, with the merry pipes,  
Struck up a lilt so gaily O,  
Tiddery, tiddery, &c.

Now there was Mat, and sturdy Pat,  
And merry Morgan Murphy O  
And Murdock Mags, and Tirloch Skags,  
McLaughlin and Dick Durfey O;  
And then the girls, rigg'd out in wipes,  
Led on by dad O'Reilly O, While, &c.

When Pat was ask'd, if his love would last,  
The chancel echo'd wid laughter O,  
By my soul, says Pat, you may say that  
To the end of the world and after O;  
When tenderly her hand he gripes,  
And kisses her genteely O, While, &c.

Then a roaring set, at dinner was met,  
So frolicksome and so frisky O,  
Potatoes galore, a skirrag or more,  
With a flowing madder of whisky O;  
Then round, to be sure, didn't go the swipes,  
At the Bride's expence so gaily O, While, &c.

And then at night, O what delight,  
To see them cap'ring and prancing O,  
An opera's ball were nothing at all,  
Compar'd to the stile of their dancing O;  
And then to see old father Quipes,  
Beating time with his shillela O, While, &c.

And now the knot so lucky are got,  
They'll go to sleep without rocking O,  
While the Bride maids fair, so gravely prepare  
For throwing of the stocking O;  
Decorous we'll have, says father Quipes,  
Then the bride was kiss'd round genteely O,  
While to wish them good fun the merry pipes  
Struck up a lilt so gaily O.  
Tiddery, tiddery, &c.

Johannot's Grinder.

Sung by him at the *Theatre-Royal, Crow-street*, with great applause.

SEARCH all the world high and low,  
Many a freak you'll be finding,  
What do you think's all the go?  
By de hoky it's nothing but grinding;  
Terry Io! Io!  
Scandal the devil can't bind her,  
The world is all "how came ye so?"  
And every profession's turn'd grinder.

Law's a state mill, and those elves  
The lawyers, like terrible giants,  
Grind all the grift for themselves,  
And leave all the chaff for their clients,  
Terry Io! Io! &c.

Doctors grind you for fees so pell mell  
That they kill you for mere preservation;  
For they know if they let you grow well  
You'd die soon enough of starvation,  
Terry Io! Io! &c.

The gamester he grinds by the card,  
O, sure he's the devil's own cousin,  
The taylor he grinds by the yard,  
And the baker he grinds by the dozen.  
Terry Io! Io! &c.

The miller grinds north, east, west, south,  
The barber at grinding's a crammer;  
The church-warden's got a wide mouth,  
And his grinders are like a sledge hammer,  
Terry Io! Io! &c.

Like cobblers to make both ends meet,  
Thus at grinding all stick to their tether;  
But old nick, who all grinders can beat,  
Will grind the whole boiling together.  
Terry Io! Io! &c.

Britain's grinders are found wooden walls,  
The Cambrian and Scot a'n't behind her,  
And, for aid, when Hibernia calls,  
Sure Paddy's the devil's own grinder.  
Terry Io! Io! &c.

If ever eras'd from this breatt  
Are your generous favours so binding,  
May the devil grind me with the rest,  
Just to properly finish his grinding.  
Terry Io! Io! &c.

## The Rural Ball.

THE gay Diddle Diddle had new strung his fiddle,  
 And hobbled away to the Rose.  
 Where he met with Tom Trot, who with pipe  
 and with pot.  
 Sat, jovially painting his nose.

There was Gregory too, and Nelly and Sue,  
 And Peg that match'd Billy the tinker;  
 There were Maudlin and Jerry, and Martin the Merry,  
 And he with one peep, Ben the blinker.

There were Judy his joy, for she lov'd the blind boy,  
 (A sweet cooing couple they were)  
 And Martin the merry sung hey down, down derry,  
 'Cause Fanny, his fair-one, was there.

There was bandy-legg'd Joe, almost how-came ye so,  
 And Hannah that twists like a lizard;  
 With hunch-backed Nan, and her timber-toed Jan,  
 Who the justice once took for a wizard.

First a chirruping cup, and old catgut struck up,  
 And flourish'd a tune of his own;  
 But Peg baul'd aloud, she wou'd batter his crown,  
 Unless he wou'd play Bobbing Joan.

Then how they did jump, hustle, bustle and stomp,  
 And jig it, and jog it, and trip it,  
 Till they sweat, stunk and star'd, as if they'd been fear'd,  
 And about, in and out they did whip it.

Now tir'd with dancing, *id est* with their prancing,  
 They sat foot to foot, and did fwill;  
 Till Peg, with a hic-cup, a dust try'd to kick up,  
 'Cause Nan was too free with her Will.

But Will, with a frown, swore he'd straight knock her down,  
 If she did not sit still, and be quiet;  
 For that no faucy punk, because mad and drunk,  
 Shou'd break up the ball with a riot.

That's right, said Tom Trot; and seizing the pot,  
 Here's a health to the strength of the nation.  
 They pledg'd him around, all but Peg, who, they found,  
 Was ready to split with vexation.

Mild Maudlin, quite mellow, kiss'd Jerry, dear fellow!  
 Love's passion had scorch'd 'em to tinder;  
 Grinning Greg, with sweet Sue, would have made much ado,  
 But the tell-tales about them did hinder.

Martin frisk'd with fair Fanny; says she, lor' how can ye?  
 Pooh! see how my handkerchief's torn,  
 Ben leer'd at his Judey, as in a brown study,  
 But Hannah was left all forlorn.

Nelly's bibo, Tom Trot, was so fond of his pot,  
 Neglected, poor girl, she might lie;  
 Not regarding her scorn, or threats of the horn,  
 He swore he would drink 'till he'd die.

Now they all being muzzy, each Hob and his huzzy,  
 Some sung, others laugh'd, and some cry'd;  
 But old Tap-tub then come, and soon bundled them home,  
 Where we'll leave 'em till next merry tide.

## The Married Man.

I AM marry'd and happy; with wonder hear this,  
 Ye rovers and rakes of the age,  
 Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,  
 And who only loose pleasures engage:  
 You may laugh, but believe me you're all in the wrong

When you merrily marriage deride;  
 For, to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,  
 And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connexions arise,  
 Are fugitive, never sincere;  
 Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,  
 Interrupted by doubts and by fear:  
 But those which in legal attachments we find,  
 When the heart is with innocence pure,  
 Are from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,  
 And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of, deserves not the name,  
 True love is with sentiment join'd;  
 But yours is a passion, a feverish flame,  
 Rais'd without the consent of the mind.  
 When, dreading confinement, ye mistress hire,  
 With this and with that ye are cloy'd;  
 Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,  
 And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows,  
 My answer is short—from a wife;  
 Who for cheerfulness, sense, and good-nature, I chose,  
 Which are beauties that charm us for life.  
 To make home the seat of perpetual delight,  
 Ev'ry hour each studies to seize;  
 And we find ourselves happy, from morning to night,  
 By our mutual endeavours to please.

## Master Jenkins.

Sung in 'The Wives Revenged.'

MASTER Jenkins smok'd his pipe,  
 And swore he'd ne'er be married,  
 But 'gainst each husband threw some wibe,  
 Or dry jest drolly carried:  
 Master Jenkins thought a wife  
 The greatest mortal evil,  
 And swore, to lead a husband's life  
 Must be the very devil.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe,  
 At home, content, and married,  
 Regardless of each sneer or wibe,  
 Or dry jest drolly carried:  
 Master Jenkins swore a wife  
 Was not so great an evil;  
 And any but a husband's life  
 Was now the very devil.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe,  
 And had been some months married;  
 Severely now he felt each wibe,  
 For horns the poor man carried:  
 Master Jenkins curs'd his wife,  
 And swore of such an evil,  
 To get well quit he'd part with life,  
 Or send her to the devil.



## A jolly brisk Tar.

**A** Jolly brisk tar, but a little time since,  
As bold as a beggar, as drunk as a prince,  
Fell foul of an ale-house, and thinking it fin  
To pass without calling, reel'd jovially in.

Derry down, &c.

Scarcely seated was he, when the landlord pass'd by,  
With pudding and beef, which attracted Jack's eye;  
By the main-mast, a sail, boys! then leapt from  
his place,

And grasping his bludgeon, gave orders for chase.  
Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together some Frenchmen were  
met,

Resolving soup-meagre and frogs to forget,  
Convinc'd of their error, commanded this feast,  
To be dress'd and served up in the old English taste.

Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord the sailor appears,  
And makes the room ring with three British cheers;  
Then he sits himself down without further debate,  
And claps an old quid in his next neighbour's plate.

Derry down, &c.

Sure nothing could equal the Frenchmen's surprise,  
When they shrugg'd up their shoulders, and turn'd  
up their eyes;

From one dropt a ha, and the other a hem;  
All gap'd at the landlord, the landlord at them.

Derry down, &c.

One, more bold than the rest, by his brethren's  
advice,

Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice;  
Jack, cutting his hand, quickly gave him a check,  
Cry'd, "down with your arms, or I'll soon sweep  
the deck."

Derry down, &c.

The landlord enrag'd, now approach'd from afar,  
And sneaking behind, seiz'd the arms of the tar;  
"I have him," says he, but he cou'd say no more,  
Ere he found his dull pate where his heels stood  
before.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord thus sprawling, the Frenchmen  
unite,  
Each takes up his knife, and prepares for the  
fight;

"Of quarters," cries Jack, "I would not have you  
think;

"Strike, strike, you frog-eaters, strike, strike, or  
you sink."

Derry down, &c.

So saying, he handled his trusty oak stick,  
And pour'd in his broadsides so stout and so thick;  
So well play'd his part, in a minute, that four  
Were decently laid with their host on the floor.

Derry down, &c.

The rest all dismay'd at their countrymen's fate,  
For fear that Jack's stick should alight on their pate,  
Acknowledg'd him victor and lord of the main,  
Withall humbly entreating to bury their slain.

Derry down, &c.

Three cheers then he gave, but insisted that they  
For the beef, for the pudding and porter should pay:  
They agreed; so the sailor reel'd off with his  
wench,

And fung as he reel'd, "Down, down, down with  
"the French."

Churchill. Derry down, &c.

## The Broom of Cowdenknows.

**H**OW blithe was I each morn to see  
My swain come o'er the hill!  
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me:

I met him with good will.

I neither wanted ewe, nor lamb,

While his flocks near me lay:

He gather'd in my sheep at night,

And cheer'd me all the day.

Oh! the broom, the bonny bonny broom,

Where lost was my repose;

I with I was with my dear swain,

With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,

The birds flood list'ning by:

The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,

Charm'd with his melody:

While thus we spent our time, by turns,

Betwixt our flocks and play.

I envy'd not the fairest dame,

Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

O! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,

Cou'd I but faithful be?

He stole my heart, cou'd I refuse

Whate'er he ask'd of me?

Hard fate! that I must banish'd be,

Gang heavily and mourn.

Because I lov'd the kindest swain

That ever yet was born.

O! the broom, &c.

## Oh! fie Shepherd, fie.

**A**S t'other day o'er the green meadow I pass'd,  
A swain overtook me, and held my hand fast;  
Then cry'd "my dear Lucy, thou cause of my care,  
"How long must thy faithful young Thyrsis de-  
spair?"

"To crown my soft wishes, no longer be shy!"  
But frowning, I answer'd, "Oh! fie, shepherd, fie."

He told me his passion, like time should endure,  
That beauty, which kindled his flame, would secure;  
That all my sweet charms were for pleasure de-  
sign'd,

And youth was the season to love, and be kind.

Lord what cou'd I say! I could hardly deny,

And faintly I utter'd, Oh! fie, shepherd, fie.

He swore with a kiss that he could not refrain,  
I told him 'twas rude, but he kiss'd me again;  
My conduct, ye fair-ones, in question ne'er call,  
Nor think I did wrong, I did nothing at all:  
Resolv'd to resist, yet inclin'd to comply,  
Now guess, if I still said, Oh! fie, shepherd, fie.

## The Queen of Love.

**W**OU'D you the charming queen of love  
Invite with you to dwell,  
No want your poverty shou'd prove,  
No state your riches tell:

Both her and happiness to hold,

A middle state must please;

They shun the house that shines with gold,

And that which shines with grease.

## The wandering Jew.

This ballad is founded on a legend that has long been credited in most parts of Christendom, and is, perhaps, as well grounded on uninterrupted tradition as many of the standing miracles now believed. The origin of the story is particularly described here—and there have been some books written on the subject.

WHEN as in fair Jerusalem  
Our Saviour Christ did live,  
And for the sins of all the world  
His own dear life did give;  
The wicked Jews with scoffs and scorns  
Did daily him molest,  
That never, till he left this life,  
Our Saviour could not rest.

When they had crown'd his head with thorns,  
And scourg'd him to disgrace,  
In scornful sort they led him forth,  
Unto his dying place;  
Where many thousands in the street  
Beheld him pass along,  
Yet not one gentle heart was there,  
That pitied this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,  
As in the street he went,  
And nought he found but churlish taunts,  
By every one's consent:  
His painful cross he bore himself,  
A burden far too great,  
Which made him in the street to faint,  
With blood and water sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest,  
To ease his burthen'd soul,  
Upon a stone; the which a wretch  
Did churlishly controul;  
And said, "away, thou king of Jews,  
"Thou shalt not rest thee here:  
"Pass on; thy execution place  
"Thou see'st now draw near."

And thereupon he thrust him thence;  
At which our Saviour said,  
"I sure will rest, but thou shalt walk,  
"And have no journey stay'd."  
With that this cursed shoe-maker,  
For offering Christ this wrong,  
Left wife and children, house and all,  
And went from thence along.

Where after he had seen the blood  
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,  
And to the cross his body nail'd,  
Away with speed he fled  
Without returning back again  
Unto his dwelling-place,  
And wandered up and down the world,  
A runagate most base.

No resting could he find at all,  
No ease, nor heart's content;  
No house, nor home, nor biding-place;  
But wand'ring forth he went  
From town to town in foreign lands,  
With grieved conscience still,  
Repenting for the heinous guilt  
Of his fore-passed ill.

Thus after some few ages past  
In wandering up and down;  
He much again desired to see  
Jerusalem's renown;  
But finding it all quite destroy'd,  
He wander'd thence with woe,  
Our Saviour's words, which he had spoke,  
To verify and show.

"I'll rest," said he, "but thou shalt walk,"  
So doth this wandering Jew  
From place to place, but cannot rest  
Nor seeing countries new;  
Declaring still the power of him,  
Where'er he comes and goes,  
And of all things done in the east,  
Since Christ his death, he shows.

The world he oft hath compass'd round  
And seen those nations strange,  
That hearing of the name of Christ,  
Their idol gods do change:  
To whom he hath told wondrous things  
Of time forepast, and gone,  
And to the princes of the world  
Declares his cause of moan,

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,  
And yield his mortal breath;  
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,  
He shall not yet see death.  
For neither looks he old nor young,  
But as he did those times,  
When Christ did suffer on the cross,  
For mortal sinners crimes.

He hath past through many a foreign place,  
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,  
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,  
And throughout all Hungaria:  
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ.  
Those blest Apostles dear;  
There he hath told our Saviour's words,  
In countries far and near.

And lately in Bohemia,  
With many a German town;  
And now in Flanders, as 'tis thought,  
He wandereth up and down:  
Where learned men with him confer  
Of those his lingering days,  
And wonder much to hear him tell  
His journies, and his ways.

If people give this Jew an alms,  
The most that he will take  
Is not above a groat a time:  
Which he, for Jesus' sake,  
Will kindly give unto the poor,  
And thereof make no spare,  
Affirming still that Jesus Christ  
Of him hath daily care.

He ne'er was seen to laugh nor smile,  
But weep and make great moan;  
Lamenting still his miseries,  
And days forepast and gone:  
If he hear any one blaspheme,  
Or take God's name in vain,  
He tells them that they crucify  
Their Saviour Christ again.

"If you had seen his death," said he,  
"As these mine eyes have done,  
"Ten thousand thousand times would ye  
"His torments think upon:  
"And suffer for his sake all pain  
"Of torments and all woe."  
These are his words and eke his life,  
Where'er he comes or goes.



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Banish Sorrow.

Written by the Rt. Hon GEORGE OGLE.

**B**ANISH sorrow, grief's a folly,  
Thought, unbend thy wrinkl'd brow,  
Hence, dull Care and Melancholy,  
Mirth and wine invite us now.  
Bacchus empties all his treasure,  
Comus gives us mirth and song,  
Follow, follow, follow, follow,  
Follow, follow pleasure,  
Let us join the jovial throng.

Youth soon flies, 'tis but a season;  
Time is ever on the wing;  
Let's the present moment seize on,  
Who knows what the next may bring.  
All our days by mirth we measure;  
Other wisdom we despise,  
Follow, follow, follow, follow,  
Follow, follow pleasure,  
To be happy's to be wise.

Why should therefore Care perplex us?  
Why should we not merry be?  
While we're here there's nought to vex us,  
Drinking fets from cares all free;  
Let's have drinking without measure,  
Let's have mirth while time we have;  
Follow, follow, follow, follow,  
Follow, follow pleasure,  
There's no drinking in the grave.

My Daddy is gone to his Grave.

Sung in the Comic Opera of 'The Jovial Crew.

**M**Y daddy is gone to his grave;  
My mother lies under a stone;  
And never a penny I have,  
Alas! I am quite undone.

My lodging is in the cold air,  
And hunger is sharp, and bites;  
A little, sir, good sir, spare,  
To keep me warm o' nights.

The Rose.

Air,—*'The Last of Patis's Mill.'*

**Y**ES, ev'ry flower that blows  
I pass'd unheeded by,  
'Till this enchanting rose  
Had fix'd my wand'ring eye;  
It scented ev'ry breeze  
That wanton'd o'er the stream,  
Or trembled thro' the trees,  
To meet the morning beam.

To deck the beauteous maid,  
Its fragrance can't excel,  
From some celestial shade  
The damask charmer fell;  
And as her balmy sweets  
On Chloe's breast she pours,  
The queen of beauty greets  
The gentle queen of flowers.

*Cunningham.*

Whilst on my dear Pudding feasting.

A Burlesque on 'Whilst on thy dear Bosom lying,' for which see No. 54.

**W**HILST on my dear pudding feasting,  
Tommy, who can speak my joy?  
Oh! what raptures am I tasting,  
When I eat what will not cloy:  
Ev'ry look with transport kills me;  
Ev'ry smell excites a wish;  
Ev'ry melting mouthful fills me;  
Ev'ry joy is in my dish.

Tho' 'tis sweet as e'er I can wish,  
One bit more I cannot touch;  
Pleasure turns almost to anguish,  
When a person eats too much.  
Take, ah! take this pudding from me;  
Tommy, I am sure I'll split;  
Turn, yet turn and leave it, Tommy;  
Who'd not die by eating it?

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## Colin's Complaint Burlesqued.

See No. 46.

**B**Y the side of a glimm'ring fire,  
Melinda sat pensively down,  
Impatient of rural esquire;  
And vex'd to be absent from town:  
The cricket from under the grate,  
With a chirp to her sighs did reply:  
And the kitten, as grave as a cat,  
Sat mournfully purring hard by.

"Alas! filly maid that I was,"  
Thus sadly complaining she cry'd,  
"When first I forsook that dear place,  
" 'Twas better by far I had dy'd:  
"How gaily I pass'd the long day,  
"In a round of continu'd delight?  
"Park, visits, assemblies, and play,  
"And quadrille to enliven the night.

"How simple was I to believe  
"Delusive poetical dreams,  
"The flattering landscapes they give  
"Of groves, meads, and murmuring streams;  
"Bleak mountains, and wild staring rocks,  
"Are the wretched result of my pains;  
"The swains greater brutes than their flocks,  
"And nymphs as polite as the swains.

"What though I have skill to ensnare,  
"Where smarters in bright circles abound;  
"What though at St. James's at prayers,  
"Beaus ogle devoutly around?  
"Fond virgin, thy power is lost  
"On a race of rude Hottentot brutes;  
"What glory in being the toast  
"Of noisy dull squires in boots?

"And thou, my companion so dear,  
"My all that is left of relief,  
"Whatever I suffer, forbear,  
"Forbear to dissuade me from grief:  
"'Tis in vain then, you'll say, to repine,  
"At ills which cannot be redrest;  
"But in sorrow so pungent as mine,  
"To be patient, alas! is a jest.

"If farther, to sooth my distress,  
"Thy tender compassion is led,  
"Call Jenny to help to undress,  
"And decently put me to bed.  
"The last humble solace I wait,  
"Would heaven indulge me the boon,  
"Some dream less unkind than my fate,  
"In a vision transport me town.

"Clarissa mean time weds a beau,  
"Who decks her in golden array,  
"The finest at ev'ry fine show,  
"And flaunts it at park and at play;  
"Whilst here we are left in the lurch,  
"Forgot and secluded from view,  
"Unless when some bumpkin at church,  
"Stares wistfully over a pew."

## Why beats my Heart?

Sung in the Opera of 'Alfred.'

**W**HY beats my heart with such devotion?  
Why swim my eyes, when you are near?  
'Tis love that gives the busy motion;  
'Tis joy that drops the falling tear.

## The West-country Bumpkin.

**J**OHN BULL was a bumpkin born and bred  
At a clodhopping village in Gloucestershire;  
And as for this world, or the world that's to come,  
For to puzzle his noddle 'twas never the near:  
For he never was known to set foot in a church,  
Till the day he took Dorothy there for a wife:  
And says John "by my dad, I was never before  
"In a place like a church, all the days of my life.

"For there I look'd up and zeen nine or ten fellows  
"A zinging as loud as their lungs could clink;  
"So thinking that I was got into an ale-house,  
"I look'd up and ax'd if they'd nothing to drink:  
"When up came a man and he pull'd off my hat,  
"And he told me no drink was allow'd in the place,  
"I thought that for zertain he must be the landlord;  
"Orelse I'd have fetch'd him a punch in the face.

"Howsomdever I fancied 'twas never the near  
"For to kick up a dust and to frighten the bride,  
"So I went further in for to look at the place,  
"And, Lard, what a comical sight I espy'd:  
"There are men folks and women folks penn'd up  
"together,  
"Like so many wethers and ewes at a fair;  
"Besides a long booby-hutch, built up for holding,  
"The whole corporation, just-asses and mare.

"Then up got a little man into a tub,  
"And he look'd just as tho' he'd been roll'd in  
the dirt,  
"For you could not suppose he could be very clean,  
"When he'd got nothing on but a long black shirt;  
"Excepting a little white slobbering bid,  
"Tuck'd under his chin and slit in two:  
"To be perch'd in a tub, and to wear a black shirt,  
"I was puzzled to think what a plague he could do.

"For while he did turn up the whites of his eyes,  
"And for marcy upon us did heartily pray,  
"Another below that sat in a chest,  
"Was mocking of every word he did say:  
"And when he had fairly tired him out,  
"To the very last word—to do nothing by halves,  
"I verily thought he was going to fight him,  
"For he stood up and call'd for a couple of staves!

"But the little man tho' he had a black shirt on,  
"Whipp'd over another as white as a clout,  
"And then in a twink, with a twist of his fist,  
"He set open the tub and he let himself out;  
"Upon which he took hold of a poor little babe,  
"And as tho' he had got neither shame nor grace,  
"And dipping his fingers in a trough,  
"And splash'd the cold water all over his face.

"To be sure I thought 'twas a shameful thing,  
"To serve a poor baby such a woundy trick,  
"For tho' he did squeak like a pig that is stuck,  
"They did mind him no more than a gooseum-chick!  
"Ods bobs, and I thought if the maggot should bite,  
"And they wanted to make but a child of a man,  
"Who could tell but in turn such a baby as I,  
"May be fous'd in the trough like a fop in the pan

"So I took to my heels, and I scamper'd away,  
"Like a lusty fellow for sure and sure,  
"And swore in my guts if they ever catch'd I,  
"O' the in-a-door-side of a church any more;  
"They should plump me up to the ears in the hog-tro'  
"Just like a toast in a tankard then,  
"And fouse me and fop me, and fop me and fouse  
"me,  
"A hundred times over and over again."



Nancy Dawfon.

OF all the girls in our town,  
The black, the fair, the red, the brown,  
That dance, and prance it up and down,  
There's none like Nancy Dawfon.  
Her easy mien, her shape so neat,  
She foots, she trips, she looks so sweet,  
Her ev'ry motion is complete;  
I die for Nancy Dawfon.

See how she comes to give surprize,  
With joy and pleasure in her eyes;  
To give delight she always tries,  
So means my Nancy Dawfon.  
Was there no talk t'obstruct the way,  
No Shuter bold, nor house so gay,  
A bet of fifty pounds I'll lay,  
That I gain'd Nancy Dawfon.

She how the opera takes a run,  
Exceeding Hamlet, Lear, and Lun,  
Though in it there would be no fun,  
Was't not for Nancy Dawfon.  
Tho' Beard and Brent charm'd ev'ry night,  
And female Peachum's justly right,  
And Filch and Lockit please the fight,  
'Tis crown'd by Nancy Dawfon.

See little Davy strut and puff,  
Plague on the opera, and such stuff,  
My house is never full enough,  
A curse on Nancy Dawfon.  
Tho' Garrick he has had his day,  
And forc'd the town his laws t'obey,  
Now Johny Rich is come in play,  
With help of Nancy Dawfon.

Of all the Plagues of Human Life.

Sung in the Comic Opera of 'The Devil to Pay.'  
Air,--'Under the Greenwood Tree'

OF all the plagues of human life,  
A shrew is sure the worst;  
Scarce one in ten that takes a wife,  
But with a shrew is curst.

Since then the plague in marriage lies,  
Who'd rush upon his fate?  
When he for freedom, bondage buys,  
And still repents too late.

Fill up the mighty sparkling Bowl.

Sung in the Comic Opera of 'The Devil to Pay.'  
Air,--'Charles of Sweden.'

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,  
Crown this night with pleasure:  
Let none at cares of life repine,  
To destroy our pleasure:

Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,  
That ev'ry true and loyal soul  
May drink and sing without controul,  
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be  
Guardian to our pleasure,  
That under thy protection we  
May enjoy new pleasure;

And as the hours glide away,  
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,  
And sing their praises, that we may  
Live and die with pleasure.

Anne Page.

See Shakespear's Merry Wives of Windsor.

BENEATH a church-yard yew,  
Decay'd and worn with age,  
At dusk of eve methought I spy'd,  
Poor Slender's ghost that whimp'ring cry'd,  
"Oh, sweet, oh, sweet Anne Page.

"Ye gentle birds give ear,  
"Who talk of am'rous rage,  
"Who spoil the lily, rob the rose,  
"Come learn of me to weep your woes;  
"Oh, sweet, oh, sweet Anne Page.

"Why should such labour'd strains  
"Your formal muse engage?  
"I never dreamt of flame or dart  
"That fir'd my breast or pierc'd my heart,  
"But sigh'd, oh, sweet Anne Page.

"And you, whose love-sick minds  
"No med'cine can assuage!  
"Accuse the leecher's heart no more,  
"But learn of Slender to deplore;  
"Oh, sweet, oh, sweet Anne Page.

"And ye whose souls are held,  
"Like linnets in a cage!  
"Who talk of fetters, links and chains  
"Attend and imitate my strains:  
"Oh, sweet, oh, sweet Anne Page.

"And you who boast or grieve,  
"What horrid wars we wage:  
"Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye,  
"Yet mean as I do when I sigh,  
"Oh, sweet, oh, sweet Anne Page.

"Hence ev'ry vain conceit  
"Of shepherd or of sage;  
"'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,  
"Expresses all you have to say,  
"Oh, sweet, oh, sweet Anne Page!"

Marriage.

Sung in the Comic Opera of 'The Devil to Pay.'

OF all states in life so various,  
Marriage sure is most precarious;  
'Tis a maze so strangely winding,  
Still we are new mazes finding;  
'Tis an action so severe,  
That naught but death can set us clear;  
Happy's the man, from wedlock free,  
Who knows how to prize his liberty:  
Were men marry  
How they marry,  
We should not be by half so full of misery.

BALLAD.

William and Susan.

TWAS in his vessel failing,  
When gentle breezes blew,  
Sweet William lay bewailing  
The fate of lovely Sue:  
All on his bed extended  
The faithful sailor lay,  
His grief was never ended,  
He mourn'd her night and day.

Just at the midnight hour  
 A gentle voice he hears,  
 And at his cabin-door  
 The black-eye'd maid appears :  
 All pale she look'd, though smiling,  
 And dress'd in spotless white,  
 Like some bright cloud as sailing  
 When Cynthia smiles at night.

"Why mourns my faithful lover?"

The damsel vision said ;

"Who hath the sea cross'd over

"To tell thee I was dead?

"What tongue the fatal story

"Unto thine ear convey'd?

"And why art thou so forry

"To lose a silly maid?"

"None brought the hapless message,"

The weeping lover said ;

"None came the tedious passage

"To tell me thou wert dead:

"But fancy ever teeming,

"The fatal story told ;

"At midnight I was dreaming

"I saw thee dead and cold.

"Then from my sleep I started,

"And thus in anguish cry'd,

"Why were we ever parted?

"Ah! why has Susan dy'd?

"Since then my wretched bosom

"No peace or comfort knew,

"And now, like a full blossom,

"I'll drop and die with you."

### The Witch of Wokey.

The following contains some variations from the original copy, which it is hoped the author will pardon, when he is informed, they came from the elegant pen of the late Mr. Shenstone.

Wokey-Hole is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybils cave in Italy. Through a very narrow entrance, it opens into a large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is crost by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of these are evident petrifications, which on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.

IN ancient days tradition shews,  
 A base and wicked elf arose,  
 The witch of Wokey high:  
 Oft have I heard the fearful tale,  
 From Sue and Roger, of the vale,  
 On some long winter's night.

Deep in the dreary, dismal cell,  
 Which seem'd, and was, ycleped Hell,  
 This blear-eyed hag did hide:  
 Nine wicked elves, as legends sayne,  
 She chose to form her guardian train,  
 And kennel near her side.

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,  
 While wolves its craggy fides possesst,  
 Night-howling thro' the rock:  
 No wholesome herb could here be found;  
 She blasted ev'ry plant around,  
 And blister'd ev'ry flock.

Her haggard face was foul to see;  
 Her mouth unmeet a mouth to be,  
 Her eye of deadly leer;  
 She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill;  
 She wreak'd on all her wayward will,  
 And marr'd all goodly cheer.

All in her prime, have poets sung,  
 No gaudy youth, gallant and young,  
 E'er blest her longing arms:  
 And hence arose her spight to vex,  
 And bläst the youth of either sex,  
 By dint of hellish charms.

From Glaston came a learned wight,  
 Full bent to marr her fell despight,  
 And well he did, I ween:  
 Such mischief never had been known,  
 And, since his mickle learning shewn,  
 Such mischief ne'er has been.

He chaunted out his godly book,  
 He crost the water, blest the brook,  
 Then—pater noster done;  
 The ghastly hag he sprinkled o'er;  
 When, lo! where stood a hag before,  
 Now stood a ghastly stone.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale:  
 Tho' passing strange indeed the tale,  
 And doubtful may appear,  
 I'm bold to say, there's ne'er a one,  
 That has not seen the witch in stone,  
 With all her household gear.

But tho' this learned clerk did well;  
 With grieved heart, alas! I tell,  
 She left this curse behind:  
 That Wokey nymphs forsaken quite,  
 Tho' sense and beauty both unite,  
 Should find no leman kind.

For, lo! even, as the fiend did say,  
 The sex have found it to this day,  
 That men are wond'rous scant:  
 Here's beauty, wit, and sense combin'd,  
 With all that's good and virtuous join'd,  
 Yet hardly one gallant.

Shall then such maids unpitied moan?  
 They might as well, like her, be stone,  
 As thus forsaken dwell.  
 Since Glaston now can boast no clerks;  
 Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks,  
 And, oh! revoke the spell.

Yet stay—nor thus despond, ye fair;  
 Virtue's the gods' peculiar care;  
 I hear the gracious voice:  
 Your sex shall soon be blest again,  
 We only wait to find such men,  
 As best deserve your choice.



THE  
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The Libertine repulsed.

HENCE, Belmour, perfidious! this instant retire,  
No farther entreaties employ;  
Nor meanly pretend any more to admire  
What basely you wish to destroy.

Say, youth, must I madly rush on upon shame,  
If a traitor but artfully sighs!  
And eternally part with my honour and fame  
For a compliment paid to my eyes?

If a flame, all dishonest be vilely profess,  
Thro' tendernefs must I incline,  
And seek to indulge the repose of a breast  
That would plant endless tortures in mine!

No, Belmour—a passion I can't but despise,  
Shall never find way to my ears;  
Nor the man meet a glance of regard from my  
these eyes,  
That would drench them for ever in tears.

Can the lover who thinks, nay, who wishes me base,  
Expect that I e'er should be kind?  
Or atone with a paltry address to my face,  
For the injury done to my mind?

Hence, Belmour, this instant, and cease every dream,  
Which your hope saw so foolishly born;  
Nor vainly imagine to gain my esteem,  
By deserving my hate and my scorn.

In vain you bid your Captive live.

Sung in "The Padlock."

IN vain you bid your captive live,  
While you the means of life deny:  
Give me your smiles, your wishes give,  
To him who must without you die.

Shrunk from the sun's enliv'ning beam,  
Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue:  
Let's source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,  
Or me exist depriv'd of you.

Hang me if I marry.

DECLARE, my pretty maid,  
Must my fond suit miscarry?  
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;  
But hang me if I marry.

Then speak your mind at once,  
Nor let me longer tarry:  
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;  
But hang me if I marry.

Tho' charms and wit assail,  
The stroke I well can parry:  
I love to kiss, to toy and play;  
But do not choose to marry.

Young Molly of the dale  
Maks a meer slave of Harry;  
Because, when they had toy'd and kiss'd,  
The foolish swain would marry.

These fix'd resolves, my dear,  
I to the grave will carry:  
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,  
But hang me if I marry.

Simple Strephon, cease complaining.

SIMPLE Strephon, cease complaining,  
Talk no more of foolish love;  
Think not my poor heart to reign in,  
Think not all you say can move.

Did I take delight to fetter  
Thrice ten thousand slaves a day;  
Thrice ten thousand times your betters  
Gladly would my rule obey.

Simple Strephon, &c.

Seek not her who still forbids you,  
To some other tell your moan;  
Chuse where'er your fancy leads you,  
Let Clorinda but alone.

Simple Strephon, &c.

## The tippling Deities.

OLD 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 whimsical grown  
By sipping 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 inclin'd,  
When mellow was constantly glad  
To find a plump girl to his mind;  
And then, as the story is told,  
He'd conjure himself 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 nectar he cherish'd his heart;  
And rais'd up his wanton desires;  
Then to Venus, his darling, impart  
The warmth of his amorous fires.

Apollo, the patron of bays,  
Full goblets would merrily drain,  
And sing forth poetical lays  
When the fumes had got into his brain;  
But still as he whimsical grew,  
By toping the juice of the vine,  
To Parnassus daily he flew,  
To kiss all the musical nine.

Sly Mercury too, like the rest,  
Made wenching and wine his delight,  
And thought himself perfectly blest  
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.

Plump Bacchus, that tun-belly'd sot,  
His thirst could but seldom allay,  
'Till astride o'er a hog'shead he got,  
And drank all the liquor away:  
As long as upright he could sit,  
He'd bawl for the finishing glass;  
When drunk, then the vessel would quit,  
And reel to his favourite lass.

## The Sweet Neglect.

From BEN JONSON'S 'Silent Woman' Act I. Scene I. First  
- Acted in 1609.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
As you were going to a feast;  
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd;  
Lady, it is to be presum'd,  
Though art's hid causes are not found,  
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace;  
Robe loosely flowing, hair as free:  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
Than all th' adulteries of art:  
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

## The charms of the Bottle.

YE mortals whom trouble and sorrow attend,  
Whose life is a series of pain without end,  
For ever depriv'd of hope's all cheering ray,  
Ne'er know what it is to be happy a day;  
Obey the glad summons, the bar-bell invites,  
Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rights.

When poverty enters, an unwelcome guest,  
By hard hearted duns too continually prest,  
When brats begin crying and squalling for bread,  
And wife's never silent till fast in her bed;  
*Obey the glad summons, &c.*

Did Neptune's salt element run with fresh wine,  
Tho' all Europe's powers together combine,  
Our brave British sailors need ne'er care a jot  
Surrounded by plenty of such rare grape-shot.  
*Obey the glad summons, &c.*

Was each dull, pedantical, text-spinning vicar,  
To leave off dry preaching, and stick to his liquor,  
O how would he wish for that power divine,  
To change, when he would, simple water to wine!  
*Obey the glad summons, &c.*

If wine, then, can miracles work, such as these,  
And give to the troubl'd mind comfort and ease,  
Despair not, that blessing in Bacchus you'll find,  
Who showers his gifts for the good of mankind.  
*Obey the glad summons, &c.*

## 'Tis not my Patty's sparkling Eyes.

'TIS not my Patty's sparkling eyes,  
Her air, her easy grace,  
Her thrilling accents, that I prize,  
Or yet her blooming face.

Such charms as these in others shine,  
Whose beauty's all they boast;  
But when that beauty does decline,  
Their greatest power is lost.

But lovely Patty's wit refin'd,  
Her sense, good-nature, ease,  
Divine perfections of the mind,  
And firm desire to please:

'Tis these that raise the maiden's fame,  
That prompt desire and love,  
And kindle in my breast a flame  
That time can ne'er remove.

## The Choice.

A Man that's neither high nor low,  
In party nor in stature;  
No noisy rake, nor fickle beau,  
That's us'd to cringe and flatter.

And let him be no learn'd fool  
That nods o'er musty books;  
That eats and drinks, and lives by rule,  
And weighs my words and looks.

Let him be easy, frank, and gay,  
Of dancing never tir'd;  
Always have something smart to say,  
But silent, if requir'd.



## Patty of the Mill.

**F**AR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom,  
 Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,  
 And all the meadows fill;  
 Much fairer than the lily blows,  
 More lovely than the blushing rose,  
 Is Patty of the mill.

The neighb'ring swains her beauty fir'd,  
 With wonder struck they all admir'd,  
 And prais'd her from the hill;  
 Each strove with all his rustic art,  
 To soothe and charm the honest heart  
 Of Patty of the mill.

But vain were all attempts to move  
 A fixed heart, more true to love  
 Than turtles when they bill;  
 A chearful soul, a pleasing grace,  
 And sweet content, smiles in the face  
 Of Patty of the mill.

The good & friend in fortune find,  
 Exalt the honest, virtuous mind,  
 And guards it from all ill:  
 Ye fair, for ever constant prove;  
 Be ever kind, be true to love,  
 Like Patty of the mill.

## The Lads with the delicate air.

**Y**OUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,  
 Whose fame every virgin with envy does fill,  
 Of beauty is blest'd with so ample a share,  
 That men call her the lads with the delicate air.

One evening last May as I travers'd the grove,  
 In thoughtless retirement, not thinking of love,  
 I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare,  
 And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, on a green mossy bed,  
 A chaplet composing, the fair-one was laid;  
 Surpriz'd and transported, I could not forbear,  
 With rapture to gaze on her delicate air.

From that moment young cupid selected a dart,  
 And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart:  
 And from thence how to gain the dear maid was my  
 care,  
 For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me, she blush'd and complain'd I was  
 rude,  
 And begg'd of all things, that I would not intrude.  
 I answer'd, "I could not tell how I came there,"  
 But laid all the blame on her delicate air;

Said, her heart was the prize which I sought to  
 obtain,  
 And hop'd that she'd grant it to ease my fond pain.  
 She neither rejected, nor granted my pray'r,  
 But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times since I've repeated my suit,  
 But still the tormentor affects to be mute;  
 Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd the  
 fair,  
 How to win the dear lads with the delicate air.

## Pitty Patty.

**T**HE morning young Jockey  
 Would make me his bride,  
 He stole to my chamber,  
 And sat by my side;  
 When he open'd the curtains,  
 Such joy 'twas to me,  
 That my heart play'd a tune  
 That went pitty patty.  
 But feigning to sleep, (Oh,  
 How great was my bliss!)  
 So gently, so kind,  
 He gave me a kiss!  
 Then my head to his bosom  
 He press'd with such glee,  
 That my heart play'd a tune  
 That went pitty patty.  
 Grown bold with success,  
 He ventur'd to take  
 A second salute—  
 Then 'twas time to awake.  
 "Arise, love," he said,  
 "To the kirk let us flee,  
 "As our hearts play a tune  
 "That goes pitty patty.

## B A L L A D.

## The Jew's Daughter.

This ballad is founded upon the supposed practice of the Jews, in crucifying or otherwise murdering the Christian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents: a practice, which hath been always alledged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happen'd in a single instance. For if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be catch'd up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurr'd by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror, we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious. The following ballad is probably built upon some Italian legend, and bears a great resemblance to the Prioresse's tale in Chaucer: the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of Hugh of Lincoln, a child said to have been there murder'd by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained may be seen in Chaucer.

**T**HE rain rins down through Mirry-land toune,  
 Sae dois it doune the Pa:  
 Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,  
 Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochter,  
 Said, will ye cum in and dine?  
 I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,  
 Without my play-feres nine.

Scho powd an apple reid and white  
 To intice the zong thing in:  
 Scho powd an apple white and reid,  
 And that the sweit bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,  
 And low down by her gair,  
 Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life;  
 A word he nevir spak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,  
 And out and cam the thin;  
 And out and cam the boanny hert's bluid:  
 Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,  
 And drest him like a swine,  
 And laughing said, gae nou and play  
 With your sweit play-feres nine.

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,  
Bade him lie still and sleip;  
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,  
Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells wer rung, and mafs was fung,  
And every lady went hame:  
Than ilka lady had her zong sonne,  
Bot lady Helen had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,  
And fair, fair gan she weip:  
And she ran into the Jewis' castel,  
Quhan they wer all a sleip.

My bonny sir Hew, my pretty sir Hew,  
I pray thee to me speik:  
'O lady rinn to the deip draw-well  
'Gin ze zour sonne wad feik.'

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,  
And knelt upon her kne:  
My bonny sir Hew, an ze be here,  
I pray thee speik to me.

The lead is wond'rous heavy, mither,  
The well is wond'rous deip,  
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,  
A word I dounae speik.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,  
Fetch me my windling sheet,  
And at the back o' Mirry-land toun,  
Its chair we twa fall meet.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Gilderoy

Was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century, if we credit the histories and story books of highway-men, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. but these stories have probably no other authority than that of Grubstreet.

**G**ILDEROY was a bonnie boy,  
Had roses tull his shoone,  
His stockings were of silken soy  
Wi' garters hanging doun:  
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,  
To see sae trim a boy;  
He was my jo and heart's delight,  
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! sicke twa charming een he had,  
A breathe as sweet as rose,  
He never ware a Highland plaid,  
But costly silken clothes;  
He gain'd the luv of ladies gay,  
Nane eir tull him was coy,  
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,  
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,  
Baith in one toun together,  
We scant were seven years befor  
We gan to luv each other;  
Our dadies and our mammies thay  
Were fill'd with mickle joy,  
To think upon the bridal day  
Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luv of mine,  
Gude faith, I freely bought  
A wedding fark of holland fine  
Wi' silken flowers wrought:  
And he gied me a wedding ring,  
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,  
Nae jad nor lassie eir could sing  
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,  
Till we were baith sixteen,  
And aft we past the langsome time  
Among the leaves sae green;  
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,  
To sweetly kifs and toy,  
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair,  
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content  
Wi' me to lead his life!  
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent  
To stir in feats of strife!  
And he in many a vent'rous deed  
His courage bald would try,  
And now this gars mine heart to bleed  
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,  
The tears they wat mine ee,  
I gave tull him a parting luik,  
"My benison gang wi' thee!"  
"God speed thee weel, mine ain dear heart,  
"For gane is all my joy;  
"My heart is rent fith we maun part,  
"My handsome Gilderoy!"

My Gilderoy baith far and near,  
Was fear'd in every toun,  
And bauldly bare away the gear  
Of many a lawland loun;  
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,  
He was sae brave a boy.  
At length wi' numbers he was tane,  
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,  
To hang a man for gear,  
To 'reave of life for ox or afs,  
For sheep, or horse, or mare;  
Had not their laws been made sae strick,  
I neir had lost my joy,  
Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,  
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,  
He mought hae banish't been,  
Ah! what fair cruelty is this,  
To hang fike handsome men:  
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,  
Sae sweet and fair a boy;  
Nae lady had sae white a hand,  
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,  
They bound him mickle strong,  
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,  
And on a gallows hung:  
They hung him high aboon the rest,  
He was sae trim a boy,  
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,  
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,  
I bare his corpse away,  
Wi' tears that trickled for his death,  
I waht his comelye clay;  
And siker in a grave sae deep,  
I laid the dear-luv'd boy,  
And now for evir maun I weep,  
My winsome Gilderoy.



Price,

[Numb. 71]

One Penny.

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### The fond despairing Maid.

HOPE, thou source of ev'ry blessing,  
Parent of each joy divine;  
Ev'ry balmy sweet possessing,  
Ev'ry promis'd bliss be thine.  
Softest friend to heart-felt anguish,  
Lend, oh! lend thy pow'rful aid;  
Bid the lover cease to languish,  
Cheer the fond despairing maid.

Soothe, sweet Hope, the maiden's sighing,  
For with love her heart's oppress'd:  
Ever to her sorrows flying,  
Thou canst give her joy and rest.

*Softest friend, &c.*

### A glass of good Wine.

MY merry companions, so jovial and free,  
You know I'm a poet, then listen to me,  
Inspire my muse, jolly Bacchus divine,  
I'll chaunt in the praise of a glass of good wine.

The female whose flattering looking-glass tells  
How much all the rest of her sex she excels,  
In vain from its aid may attempt to outshine;  
More charms she'd receive from a glass of good wine.

The short-lighted spark with perspective apply'd,  
In putting the fair to the blush takes a pride;  
Give o'er, bold intruder, your cruel design,  
Greater beauties you'll find in a glass of good wine.

Old bald-pated Time, who good company spoils,  
When pleasure is reigning and good-humour smiles,  
With us round the bowl would most cheerfully  
join,  
Was his hour-glass chang'd to a glass of good wine.

If, then, such perfections the grape does produce,  
Ye Powers above, send enough for our use;  
Your bounty to prove drain the sea of it's brine,  
And let it again ebb and flow with good wine.

### Ralph of the Mill.

*Written by Mr. Hawkins.*

AS Hebe was tending her sheep, t'other day,  
Where the warblers whistle and sing,  
A rural young swain came tripping that way,  
As brisk and as blithe as a king.  
The youth was a stranger to trouble and care,  
Contentment e'er guided his will,  
Yet ever regarded the smiles of the fair,  
Though always bred up in a mill.

Love stole in his breast at the sight of the maid,  
For he could not her charms but adore—  
'And if thou art cruel, dear Hebe,' he said,  
'I surely shall love you the more,'  
Such tenderness melted her into surprize,  
(For Hebe was never unkind)  
And all of a sudden love glow'd in her eyes,  
Which spoke the dictates of her mind.

They sat themselves down at the foot of a hill,  
And chatted together so free,  
Till Ralph, the young swain, made signs to the mill,  
Whilst clasping the nymph on his knee;  
And thus, in a transport, the miller reply'd—  
'Thy charms, dear girl, are divine!'  
Then press'd her sweet lips, and with rapture he  
cry'd—  
'O Hebe! consent to be mine.'

She listen'd attentive to all his request,  
And freely comply'd to his will.  
And now, to her solace, she's marry'd and blest  
With honest young Ralph of the mill.  
Peace follows their steps wherever they go,  
In bliss all their hours are spent;  
But, leaders of fashion, I'd have you to know,  
Their 'happiness flows from content.'

### Gentle Youth, ah! tell me why.

*Sung in 'Love in a Village.'*

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

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## Change for a Guinea.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN, for his entertainment called  
*'King and Queen.'*

**J**ACK Binacle met with an old Shipmate,  
That sail'd with him on board of the Thunder,  
And they talk'd of their pranks at a pretty round rate,  
And made all the hearkeners wonder;  
For tho' brave at sea, when you get him ashore,  
A tar often turns out a ninny,  
For now he must jog,  
His leave's out with his grog  
Here, house, what's to pay? come sport us the score;  
Hand us over the change for a Guinea.  
For a sailor's life is a roaring life,  
He laughs while the winds and the waves are at  
strife,  
So safe on shore,  
He can pay his score,  
And sport the splendid Guinea.

The Landlord's sweet daughter now comes in his  
view,

Up to tars when they get into harbour;  
Her shoes are Morocco, her petticoat's blue,  
Her wig's just come from the barber.  
Jack stares in her face with a whimsical phiz,  
Reviews her and looks like a ninny;  
For each chalk on his score,  
She counts two or more,  
He fix'd on her eyes while she penetrates his,  
And cheats him while changing his Guinea.  
For a sailor's life is a careless life,  
He sings while the waves and the winds are at  
strife:  
To be cheated on shore,  
While, to pay his score,  
He sports the splendid Guinea.

Here's two eighteen penn'orths, that five and a kick,  
Three penn'orth of 'baeco, a shilling;  
For a six-penny 'baeco-box, quite span and spick,  
Half a crown, and a tizzy the filling.  
Jack hears not a word, chucks her under the chin,  
Lord how can you be such a ninny?

Let me reckon your score,  
For two six-penn'orths more,  
Two hogs and three simons for what's to come in,  
So there's three shillings out of a Guinea.

For a sailor's life is a roaring life,  
He whistles while billows and winds are at  
strife:

From the landlord's long shore,  
For a five shilling score,  
To get three shillings out of a Guinea.

Well, well, cries out Jack, you know figures and  
fuch,

I dare say, you're right, mistress Moggy;  
All my wonderment is, we should tip off so much  
In the time, and yet never get groggy;  
But no sailor at tofs-pot e'er yet play'd amiss,  
Then he's cunning and never a ninny.

Come, put round the grog,  
For away we must jog.

So now my dear girl if you'll give me a kiss,  
You may pocket your change for a Guinea.

For a sailor's life is a careless life,  
He minds neither billows nor winds at strife,  
But pays his score  
With spirit on shore,  
And that's all the use of a Guinea.

## Dennis Delany.

**I**N sweet Tipperary, the pride of the throng,  
I have danc'd a good jig, and have sung a good  
song;

On the green where I caper'd I scarce bent the grass,  
To my bottle a friend, and no foe to a lass:  
At hurling my fellow could never be found,  
For whoever I jostled soon came to the ground,  
And the girls all swore that they never met any  
Could tickle their fancy like Dennis Delay.

With my whack about, see it out,

Dennis, my jewel,

Ah! why would you leave us,

How could you be cruel?

Paddy Whack may go trudge it, with Murtagh  
O'Blaney,

We'll part with them all for you, Dennis Delany.

Young Sheela O'Shannon was so fond of me,  
That whenever we met we could never agree,  
Says I, my dear Sheela, we'll soon end the fray,  
For no longer in sweet Tipperary I'll stay.  
When the girls all found I was going to leave them,  
They swore that from death father John could not  
save them:

They would part with relations, tho' ever so many,  
If I'd let them go with me, sweet Dennis Delany.

*With my whack about, &c.*

To the road then I went, and I trudg'd it along,  
And by way of being silent, I lilted a song,  
Hey for Dublin, says I, where I'll see some fine  
lasses,

Get married and drunk, nor ne'er mind how time  
passes.

But when I arriv'd, and found every lady  
Short waisted—thinks I, they are married already:  
By my soul, now, says I, marriage here is the fashion,  
To get young recruits for the good of the nation.

*With my whack about, &c.*

To the grand Panorama\* that ev'ry one talks of,  
Away then I goes, and immediately walks off;  
But where I astonish'd as much as e'er man was,  
To see a sea fight on an ocean of canvas.  
But some were a weeping, and some were a wailing,  
Where London once stood† to see ships now a-failing;  
But what in my mind made it still seem the stranger,  
Tho' I stood in the midst, I was still out of danger.

*With my whack about, &c.*

As I came back again, then quite sober and steady,  
I met three or four buckeens attacking a lady,  
With my slip of thillelagh I made them forbear,  
For an Irishman always will fight for the fair.  
But the Police they call'd, who came great and small,  
Devil burn me, says I, but I'll rather you all,  
And tho' I was fighting them, this I will say,  
They were tight active fellows at—running away.

*With my whack about, &c.*

Then to see a fine play which I ne'er saw before,  
To Crow-street I went, with three or four more,  
And up stairs I walk'd to see things the better,  
The play-bill I bought tho' I knew not a letter:  
But the crowd was so great and the players so funny  
I laugh'd more I'm sure, than the worth of my  
money,

Altho' with their noise, they set me quite mad.  
When the boys above stairs call'd for Moll in the  
Wad.

*With my whack about, &c.*

\* A grand Exhibition (painted on Canvas) of the glorious  
Sea Fight on the 1st. of June, 1794. between the English and  
French fleets.

† Alluding to an Exhibition prior to the above, which gave  
a complete view of the Cities of London and Westminster.



## Hofier's Ghost.

Tune,—*'Come and listen to my Ditty.'*

—was written by the ingenious author of *LEONIDAS*, on the taking of Porto-Bello from the Spaniards, by admiral Vernon, Nov. 22d. 1739.—The case of Hofier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Porto-Bello, but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruising in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. See Smollet's hist.

**A**S near Porto-Bello lying  
On the gently swelling flood,  
At midnight with streamers flying,  
Our triumphant navy rode;  
There, while Vernon fate all-glorious,  
From the Spaniards late defeat,  
And his crews, with shouts victorious,  
Drank success to England's fleet.

On a sudden, shrilly founding,  
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;  
Then, each heart, with fear confounding,  
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd;  
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,  
Which for winding-sheets they wore,  
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,  
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,  
When the shade of Hofier brave,  
His pale bands were seen to muster,  
Rising from their wat'ry grave:  
O'er the glimmering wave he bled him,  
Where the Burford \* rear'd her sail,  
With three thousand ghosts behind him,  
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh! heed our fatal story;  
I am Hofier's injur'd ghost;  
You who now have purchas'd glory  
At this place where I was lost,  
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin  
You now triumph, free from fears,  
When you think on my undoing,  
You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres, sweeping  
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,  
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;  
These were English captains brave:  
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,  
Who were once my sailors bold;  
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,  
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,  
Did this Spanish town affright,  
Nothing then its wealth defended,  
But my orders not to fight:  
Oh! that in this rolling ocean  
I had cast them with disdain,  
And obey'd my heart's warm motion  
To have quell'd the pride of Spain.

\* The admiral's ship.

For resistance I could fear none,  
But with twenty ships had done  
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,  
Hast achiev'd with six alone.  
Then the Bastimentos never  
Had our foul dishonour seen,  
Nor the sea the sad receiver  
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,  
And her galleons leading home,  
Though condemn'd for disobeying,  
I had met a traitor's doom;  
To have fall'n, my country crying,  
He has play'd an English part,  
Had been better far than dying  
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,  
Thy successful arms we hail;  
But remember our sad story,  
And let Hofier's wrongs prevail;  
Sent in this foul clime to languish,  
Think what thousands fell in vain,  
Wasted with disease and anguish,  
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending  
From their oozy tombs below,  
Through the hoary foam ascending,  
Here I feed my constant woe:  
Here the Bastimentos viewing,  
We recall our shameful doom,  
And, our plaintive cries renewing,  
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves, for ever mourning,  
Shall we roam, depriv'd of rest,  
If, to Britain's shores returning,  
You neglect my just request:  
After this proud foe subduing,  
When your patriot friends you see,  
Think on vengeance for my ruin,  
And for England—sham'd in me.

## Anacreontic.

**A**S wanton cupid saw, one day,  
A linnet warbling on a spray,  
He long'd to make the bird his prey.—

See, here, the string that ties my bow;  
Says he, I warrant that will do,  
For such an artless bird as you.

Then round the flutterer's neck he cast  
The silken cord, and ty'd it fast—  
I've got you safe, (he cries) at last.

In vain with out-stretch'd wings and beak  
He tries the urchin's string to break;  
No more allow'd his flight to take.

No more he rises from the ground,  
But hops and hovers round and round,  
Within his fetters, narrow bound.

So cupid, with ensnaring arts,  
Lets fly abroad his poison'd darts,  
And seizes wretched lovers hearts;

Torments them with his wanton play,  
Makes them his tyrant pow'r obey,  
Yet seems to rule with gentle sway;

But soon mistaken mortals find  
How fast a silken cord can bind;  
The lover, not the boy, is blind.

## Constant Penelope.

A looking-glass for ladies, or a mirror for married women.

Tune,—Queen Dido, or Troy Town.

WHEN Greeks and Trojans fell at strife,  
And lords in armour bright were seen;  
Where many a gallant lost his life  
About fair Hellen, beauty's queen;  
Ulysses, general so free,  
Did leave his dear Penelope.

When she this woeful news did hear,  
That he would to the wars of Troy;  
For grief she shed full many a tear,  
At parting from her only joy;  
Her ladies all about her came,  
To comfort up this Grecian dame.

Ulysses, with a heavy heart,  
Unto her then did mildly say,  
"The time is come that we must part,  
"My honour calls me hence away;  
"Yet in my absence, dearest, be  
"My constant wife, Penelope.

"Let me no longer live, she say'd,  
"Than to my lord I true remain;  
"My honour shall not be betray'd  
"Until I see my love again:  
"For ever I will constant prove,  
"As is the loyal turtle dove."

Thus did they part with heavy cheer,  
And to the ships his way he took;  
Her tender eyes dropt many a tear,  
Still casting many a longing look:  
She saw him on the surges glide,  
And unto Neptune thus she cry'd:

"Thou God, whose power is in the deep,  
"And rulest in the ocean main,  
"My loving lord in safety keep  
"Till he return to me again:  
"That I his person may behold,  
"To me more precious far than gold."

Then straight the ships with nimble sails  
Were all convey'd out of her sight:  
Her cruel fate she then bewails,  
Since she had lost her heart's delight:  
"Now shall my practice be," quoth she,  
"True virtue and humility."

"My patience I will put in ure,  
"My charity I will extend;  
"Since for my woe there is no cure,  
"The helpless now I will befrend:  
"The widow and the fatherless,  
"I will relieve, when in distress."

Thus she continued year by year  
In doing good to every one;  
Her fame was noised every where,  
To young and old the fame was known;  
No company that she would mind,  
Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulysses fought for fame,  
'Mong Trojans hazarding his life:  
Young gallants, hearing of her name,  
Came flocking for to tempt his wife;  
For she was lovely, young, and fair,  
No lady might with her compare.

With costly gifts and jewels fine,  
They did endeavour her to win;  
With banquets, and the choicest wine,  
For to allure her unto sin:  
Most persons were of high degree,  
Who courted fair Penelope.

With modesty and comely grace  
Their wanton suits she did deny;  
No tempting charms could e'er deface  
Her dearest husband's memory;  
But constant she would still remain,  
Hoping to see him once again.

Her book her daily comfort was,  
And that she often did peruse;  
She seldom looked in her glass;  
Powder and paint she ne'er would use;  
I with all ladies were as free  
From pride as was Penelope.

She in her needle took delight,  
And likewise in her spinning-wheel;  
Her maids about her every night  
Did use the distaff, and the reel:  
The spiders, that on rafters twine,  
Scarce spun a thread more soft and fine.

Sometimes she would bewail the loss  
And absence of her dearest love:  
Sometimes she thought the seas to cross,  
Her fortune on the waves to prove:  
"I fear my lord is slain," quoth she,  
"He stays so from Penelope."

At length the ten years siege of Troy  
Did end; in flames the city burn'd;  
And to the Grecians was great joy,  
To see the towers to ashes turn'd:  
Then came Ulysses home to see  
His constant, dear Penelope.

O blame her not if she was glad,  
When she her lord again had seen.  
"Thrice-welcome home, my dear," she say'd,  
"A long time absent thou hast been:  
"The wars shall never more deprive  
"Me of my lord whilst I'm alive."

Fair ladies all, example take;  
And hence a worthy lesson learn,  
All youthful follies to forsake,  
And vice from virtue to discern:  
And let all women strive to be  
As constant as Penelope.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

Swains, awake!

Tune—*'Shepherds, I have lost my love.'*

SWAINS! we've slept and lost our love,  
Freedom fair as Anna,  
Fav'rite wifh of all who rove  
Within the isle of Granu.

We for her our forks would wield,  
Armour of the meadows;  
Bare our breast, and stand the shield  
Of orphans and of widows.

Never will she venture home  
While her friends are jarring;  
All her advocates are firm—  
Against her foes they're warring.

Swains, awake! and freedom's stores,  
Like the streams of Banna,  
Shall refresh the thirsty shores  
Around the isle of Granu.

The Village Maid.

SILENT I tread this lonely wood,  
Silent I shed the piteous tear,  
No hope to cheer my drooping soul,  
Bereft of him I hold most dear.

Still do I seek these dreary shades,  
A love-lorn maid the village scorn,  
Since Henry won my plighted faith,  
Then left me here to sigh forlorn.

Yon mossy bank oft time recalls  
The image of the blooming youth;  
'Twas there he stole my easy heart,  
With vows of constancy and truth.

Faint from her lips her accents flew,  
And faintly beam'd her eyes so bright,  
She sunk upon the mossy bank,  
She sunk to everlasting night.

As Strephon on the Mountain Brow.

AS Strephon on the mountain brow,  
Has won my right good will,  
With him alone I'd keep my vow,  
With him I'd climb the hill.

But if that vow should broken be,  
And I those charms forego,  
That stream that's in my plighted faith,  
That stream shall cease to flow.

Struck with her charms, and gen'rous truth,  
I view the constant fair.  
To her alone I pledge my troth,  
And own my constant care.

*But if that vow, &c.*

Phebe.

YOU say she's fair: 'tis no such matter,  
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatter,  
And few that beauty e'er can spy,  
Which strike the partial lover's eye.

Phebe, my council pray approve;  
Thank heav'n for a good man's love:  
All markets will not pay your price,  
So strike a bargain in a trice.

This Desert of Wildness.

'TIS in vain for succour calling,  
Hope no more my bosom cheers!  
Cruel fate that bliss appalling,  
With her scroll of joyless years.

Come despair and distraction confound me,  
Add still to my life's wretched load,  
And while your mix'd horrors surround me,  
This desert of wildness shall be my abode.

## Patrick's Day; or the Saint of Shillela.

Air,—'Shanbuoy.'

WELL met, my good friends,  
 To the laudible ends,  
 Of sociery, mirth and good humour;  
 No nation on earth,  
 (Thank the soil gave us birth)  
 United in love more than we are:  
 The social graces  
 I see in your faces,  
 Then each fill a glass to regale—a;  
 For this is the day,  
 As old histories say,  
 That gave us the faint of Shillela.

His memory rare,  
 Let us ever revere,  
 So up with your bumpers to crown it;  
 But stay—in his wine,  
 Let each lad steep a vine  
 Of the Shamrockshire plant, 'till he drown it:  
 The emblem is good,  
 For it means when of food  
 You have taken a plentiful meal—a;  
 You should it dilute,  
 And without all dispute,  
 It was done by the faint of Shillela.

Great George, let some brag on,  
 Who conquer'd the dragon,  
 And bury'd his spear in his belly;  
 Of St. Andrew, too,  
 And his bonnet so blue,  
 There's many fine stories will tell ye;  
 Of Taffy's big Leek,  
 Then there's others will speak  
 In raptures a fabulous tale—a,  
 But Paddy's white Wand,  
 On true record doth stand,  
 To prove him the faint of Shillela.

Toad, serpent and snake,  
 From each bramble and brake,  
 He soon by his power collected;  
 No plague thro' the land,  
 But repair'd to his Wand,  
 As by Heaven's kind order directed;  
 When swarmed together,  
 Like birds of a feather,  
 He sent them the ocean to sail—a  
 And since, there's no vermin  
 Can do the least harm in  
 The purify'd land of Shillela.

From hence, too, we find  
 Many ills of the mind  
 Were banish'd from our happy dwelling;  
 Each soul is the seat  
 Of what's noble and great,  
 Tho' vain my own praise to be telling:  
 While our neighbours around  
 With these reptiles abound,  
 Thro' envy they suffer and rail—a;  
 But still let them curse,  
 With their own venom burst,  
 At the happier fate of Shillela.

We are open and free,  
 To the heart you may see,  
 For candour no people before us;  
 Polite and sincere,  
 As witness the fair  
 In every country adore us;

Maids, widows and wives,  
 For our offices strive,  
 And after us run to prevail—a:  
 For in love and war  
 There is none can compare  
 With the brave honest sons of Shillela.

The service in war,  
 Why, let Britons declare,  
 That by land and by sea we have done them;  
 With truth they may sing,  
 That for country and king,  
 No heroes more honour have won them;  
 With fortune and blood  
 We have firmly stood,  
 And never, like some, turn'd tail—a  
 And we're ready again,  
 On hill, ocean, or plain,  
 To prove we're the sons of Shillela.

Then why this distinction  
 'gainst such a brave nation?  
 Why all this abuse and reflection?  
 One king, and one cause,  
 Our religion and laws,  
 Should twine us in mutual affection:  
 But let rancour still bite,  
 We'll together unite,  
 And in brotherly love never fail—a  
 And thus, with good cheer,  
 May live many a year,  
 To remember the faint of Shillela.

## The Girl I left behind me.

I'M lonesome since I cross'd the hills,  
 And o'er the moor that's sedgey;  
 With heavy thoughts my mind is fill'd,  
 Since I parted with Naggy:  
 When e'er I return to view the place,  
 The tears doth fall and blind me;  
 When I think on the charming grace  
 Of the girl I left behind me.

The hours I remember well,  
 When next to see doth move me;  
 The burning flames my heart doth tell,  
 Since first she own'd the lov'd me;  
 In search of some one fair and gay,  
 Several doth remind me;  
 I know my darling loves me well,  
 'Tho' I left her behind me.

The bees shall lavish, make no store,  
 And the dove become a ranger;  
 The falling water cease to roar,  
 Before I'll ever change her:  
 Each mutual promise faithful made,  
 By her whose tears doth blind me;  
 And blest the hours I pass away,  
 With the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image still retains,  
 Whether asleep or waking;  
 I hope to see my dear again,  
 For her my heart is breaking:  
 But if e'er I chance to go that way,  
 And that she has not resign'd me;  
 I'll reconcile my mind and stay  
 With the girl I left behind me.



## Fa la la.

The favourite Welch Air, in 'The Cherokee.'

A SHEPHERD wander'd, we are told,  
 Fal la la, &c.  
 To seek a straggler of the fold,  
 Fal la la, &c.  
 When passing o'er a fragrant glade,  
 Discr'd a young and blooming maid,  
 And thus to her his vows he paid,  
 Fal la la, &c.  
 Ah!auteous maid, if you'll be mine,  
 Fal la la, &c.  
 Your brows with cowslips I'll entwine,  
 Fal la la, &c.  
 To you the flow'rets, as they spring,  
 In rushey baskets I will bring,  
 And sweetly by your side I'll sing,  
 Fal la la, &c.  
 The maiden quickly rais'd her head,  
 Fal la la, &c.  
 Her eyes their wonted beauties shed.  
 Fal la la, &c.  
 This sacred spot, ah! shepherd, dear,  
 Approach not as my frowns you fear,  
 I from the sun beams shelter here,  
 Fal la la, &c.  
 With vows of truth he maid he plies,  
 Fal la la, &c.  
 To languish now began her eyes,  
 Fal la la, &c.  
 And as along the glade they went,  
 His soul on nought but love intent,  
 The yielding fair one blush'd consent,  
 Fal la la, &c.

## Our Bottle and Friend.

COME, fill all your glasses in circular motion,  
 We'll drink to the bottom tho' deep as the ocean;  
 With freedom and pleasure our money we'll spend,  
 For the sake of enjoying our bottle and friend.

I hate the vile plagues of feuds and dissensions,  
 Away with disputing, with jars, and contentions;  
 Sweet hope from our bosoms they surely will send,  
 And mar the delights of our bottle and friend.

While opposite statesmen are leading their factions,  
 And shewing their prowess by words more than actions;  
 To this or that party our minds we'll ne'er bend,  
 Nor omit the enjoyment of bottle and friend.

While Lewis and Georgey for kingdoms are wrangling,  
 And Foxites and Pitties for power are jangling;  
 Each jolly companion assistance shall lend,  
 To heighten the sweets of our bottle and friend.

With a bumper, my lads, then replenish your glasses,  
 Confusion, let's drink, to all chattering asses;  
 Who on politic matters their lungs tear and rend,  
 And find no enjoyment in bottle and friend.

May those who deceive us by outward professions,  
 In a halter atone for all their transgressions;  
 Let this be my toast, now my song's at an end,  
 And may none of us want either bottle and friend.

## The Chapter of Kings.

An admired historical song, written by Mr. COLLINS, author of  
 "The Evening Bells."

THE Romans in England they once did sway,  
 And the Saxons they after them led the way,  
 And they tugg'd with the Danes 'till an overthrow,  
 They both of them got by the Norman bow:

Yet barring all pother,  
 The one and the other,  
 Were all of them kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign,  
 But Billy his son by an arrow was slain;  
 And Harry the First was a scholar bright,  
 But Stephy was forc'd for his crown to fight.

Yet barring, &c.

Second Harry, Plantagenet's name did bear,  
 And Cœur de Lion was his son and heir;  
 But Magna Charta we gain'd by John,  
 Which Harry the Third put his seal upon.

Yet barring, &c.

There was Teddy the First, like a tyger bold,  
 But the Second by Rebels was bought and sold;  
 And Teddy the Third was his subjects pride,  
 Tho' his grandson Dicky was popp'd aside.

Yet barring, &c.

There was Harry the Fourth, a warlike wight,  
 And Harry the Fifth like a cock would fight;  
 Tho' Henny his son like a chick did pout  
 When Teddy his cousin had kick'd him out.

Yet barring, &c.

Poor Teddy the Fifth he was kill'd in bed,  
 By butchering Dick who was knock'd in head;  
 Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,  
 And Harry the Eighth was as fat as a pig.

Yet barring, &c.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,  
 Tho' Mary made fire and taggot blaze;  
 But good queen Bess was a glorious dame,  
 And bony king Jamy from Scotland came,

Yet barring, &c.

Poor Charley the First was a martyr made,  
 But Charley his son was a comical blade;  
 And Jemmy the Second, when hotly spurr'd,  
 Ran away, do you see, from Willy the Third.

Yet barring, &c.

Queen Anne was victorious by land and sea,  
 And Georgey the First did with glory sway;  
 And as Georgey the Second has long been dead,  
 Long life to the Georgey we have in his stead.

And may his sons' sons  
 To the end of the chapter.

All come to be kings in their turn.

## BALLAD.

## Robin Good-Fellow.

—alias PUCK, alias HOBGOBLIN, in the creed of ancient superstition, was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and achievements are recorded in this ballad, and in those well-known lines of MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, which the antiquarian Peck supposes to be owing to it;

"Tells how the drudging GOBLIN sweat  
 "To earn his cream-bowl duly set;  
 "When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 "His shadowy bail hath thresh'd the corn  
 "That ten day-labourers could not end;  
 "Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
 "And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 "Balks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 "And crop-full out of doors he sings,  
 "Ere the first cock his matins rings."

The reader will observe that our simple ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps more consistent, than many parts of classic mythology: a proof of the extensive influence and vast antiquity of these superstitions. Mankind, and especially the common people, could not every where have been so unanimously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. Indeed a learned friend in Wales, assures the editor, that the existence of fairies and goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British bards, who mention them under various names, one of the most common of which signifies, "The spirits of the mountains."

This song (which Peck attributes to BEN JONSON, tho' it is not found among his works) is given from an ancient black-letter copy in the British Museum. It seems to have been originally intended for some masque.

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,  
The king of ghosts and shadows there,  
Mad Robin I, at his command,  
Am sent to view the night-sports here.  
What revel rout  
Is kept about,  
In every corner where I go,  
I will o'er see  
And merry be,  
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than light'ning can I fly  
About this airy welkin soon,  
And, in a minute's space, descry  
Each thing that's done below the moon,  
There's not a hag  
Or ghost shall wag,  
Or cry war Goblins! where I go;  
But Robin I  
Their feats will spy,  
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,  
As from their night-sports they trudge home;  
With counterfeiting voice I greet,  
And call them on, with me to roam,  
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,  
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;  
Or else, unseen, with them I go,  
All in the nick,  
To play some trick,  
And frolick it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man;  
Sometimes an ox; sometimes a hound;  
And to a horse I turn me can;  
To trip and trot about them round;  
But if, to ride,  
My back they stride,  
More swift than wind away I go,  
O'er hedge and lands,  
Thro' pools and ponds,  
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,  
With possets and with juncates fine;  
Unseen of all the company,  
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;  
And, to make sport,  
I freeze and snort;  
And out the candles I do blow,  
The maids I kiss;  
They shriek—Who's this?  
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,  
At midnight I card up their wool;  
And while they sleep, and take their ease,  
With wheel to threads their flax I pull,  
I grind at mill  
Their malt up still;  
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow,  
If any 'wake,  
And would me take,  
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth sluttish lye,  
I pinch the maidens black and blue;  
The bed-clothes from the bed pull I,  
And leave them naked all to view:  
'Twixt sleep and wake,  
I do them take,  
And on the key-cold floor them throw,  
If out they cry,  
Then forth I fly,  
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow ought;  
We lend them what they do require:  
And for the use demand we nought;  
Our own is all we do desire.  
If to repay,  
They do delay,  
Abroad amongst them then I go,  
And night by night,  
I them affright  
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queans have nought to do,  
But study how to cog and lye;  
To make debate and mischief too,  
'Twixt one another secretly:  
I mark their gloze,  
And it disclose  
To them whom they have wronged so:  
When I have done,  
I get me gone,  
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho,

When men do traps and engines set  
In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,  
Who from their folds and houses, get  
Their ducks and geese, and lambs asleep:  
I spy the gin,  
And enter in,  
And seem a vermin taken so.  
But when they there  
Approach me near,  
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,  
We nightly dance our hey-day guise;  
And to our fairy king, and queen,  
We chaunt our moon-light harmonies;  
When larks 'gin sing,  
Away we fling;  
And babes new-born steal as we go,  
An elfe in bed  
We leave in stead,  
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I  
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro;  
And for my pranks men call me by  
The name of Robin Good-fellow.  
Fiends, ghosts and sprites,  
Who haunt the nights,  
The hags and goblins do me know;  
And beldames old  
My feats have told,  
So Vale, Vale; ho, ho, ho!



Price

[Numb. 73]

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THE  
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The Grinder.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE in the new Opera of 'Ramah Dragg.'

WHEN I was a mighty small boy,  
Young Margery came to our town, fir,  
How I was bother'd with joy,  
Like a kitten I frisk'd up and down, fir,  
Calling her my sweet Pearl,  
Following always behind her,  
For her black eyes no girl  
Could match my sweet Margery Grinder.

My mother in vain bade me work,  
Nor work, nor eat, could poor Barney,  
So she went to old father O'Rourke,  
Told her story, and after some blarney,  
"Give me advice," says she,  
"No friend than you can be kinder,  
Father O'Rourke a sheep's eye  
Had himself cast on Margery Grinder.

"What Devil has got in the place,  
"The folks are all mad," cries my mother,  
There's captain Dermot M'Shean,  
And that deaf lawyer, Patrick his brother,  
Thedy the pur-blind beau,  
And old O'Donovan blinder,  
They're dancing a hobbling, all  
After pert little Margery Grinder.

This, father O'Rourke gravely heard,  
For grave was the father, tho' frisky,  
"Mrs. Liffey," says he, "take my word,"  
But he first took a noggin of whiskey,  
Barney will have the girl,  
Catch her where'er he can find her,  
So by his advice I was married  
Next day to sweet Margery Grinder.

On a Scolding Wife.

MY Wife has a tongue as good as e'er twang'd,  
At every word the bid me be hang'd,  
She's ugly, she's old, and a curst scold,  
With a damnable *Nunquam satis*,  
For her tongue and her rail, if ever they fail,  
Then the de'il shall have her gratis.

My bonny Scot-man.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,  
And please the canny boat-man,  
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me  
My brave, my bonny Scot-man:  
In haly bands  
We join'd our hands,  
Yet may not this discover,  
While parents rate  
A large estate  
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens  
To herd the kid and goat-man,  
Ere I could for sic little ends  
Refuse my bonny Scot-man.  
Wae worth the man  
Wha first began  
The baie ungen'rous fashion,  
Frae greedy views  
Love's art to use,  
While strangers to it's passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,  
Haste to thy longing lassie,  
Who pants to press thy bawmy mouth,  
And in her bosom hawse thee.  
Love gies the word,  
Then haste on board,  
Fair winds and tenty boat-man,  
Waft o'er, waft o'er,  
Frae yonder shore,  
My blyth, my bonny Scot-man.

A Catch.

WHEN V and I together meet,  
We make up *six* in house or street,  
Yet I and V may meet once more,  
And then we two can make but *four*.  
But when that V from I am gone,  
Alas! poor I can make but *one*.

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Where the preceding Numbers can be had.

## The Prophets.

IN the first book of Job, which I now mean to quote,  
At the fifth and six verses you'll find it thus wrote :  
" So Moses invited some prophets to dine,  
" And drink a few bottles of gooseberry wine."

*Derry down, &c.*

Then Moses was plac'd in a chair in a thrice,  
And Aaron, his crony, deputed his vice,  
When the glass moving quick, and the wine being strong,  
Moses swore they shou'dn't stir till they'd each sung a song.

*Derry down, &c.*

Some look'd askew, Sir, at first Moses saw,  
(But whate'er Moses said, why you know, Sir, was law :)  
Nay he frankly declar'd, that should any decline,  
He would fine them a bumper of gooseberry wine.

*Derry down, &c.*

Little David, it seems, sir, first was the choice,  
For they very well knew he'd an excellent voice ;  
But he vow'd he cou'dn't sing, they swore 'twas a thumper,  
And poor little David was fin'd in a bumper,

*Derry down, &c.*

Rear admiral Noah, who much has been said of,  
And his jaunt on the water, which we have all read of,  
Not liking thin gooseberry, call'd for a dram,  
And then gave them the song, which he sung to young Ham.

*Derry down, &c.*

*Noah's Song.—Air, Heaving of the Lead.*

And bearing up to gain the port,  
Some well-known object had in view ;  
An abbey tow'r, or harbour fort,  
Which o'er the flood old Noah knew,  
While off the lead the seamen flung :  
And to the watchful pilot sung,  
By the mark—Seven.

Ezekiel rose next, sir, a very great smoaker,  
But in lighting his pipe, burnt his nose with the poker ;  
Being skilful in music, and proud of his voice,  
With exquisite fancy, this song was his choice.

*Derry down, &c.*

*Ezekiel's Song.—Air, Knibb's Pound.*

Why Moses, why Aaron, my boys,  
I am glad I have met with you here :  
For Zeky, as all of you knows,  
He is fond of a drop of good beer ;  
If you mean for to pass all the night,  
Why say such are your purpose and ends,  
And trust me we'll have a good 'bout,  
For I love a good pot with my friends.

Then Solomon rose next, sir, all in his glory,  
And said he had much rather tell them a story ;  
But the cry against that was a great deal too strong,  
For they would have nothing but 'Solomon's song.'

*Derry down, &c.*

*Solomon's Song.*

I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,  
And chang'd them as oft do you see ;  
But of all the fair damsels that dance on the green,  
Dear Sheba's the queen for me.

Next Habakkuk rose, for they took them in course,  
But Habakkuk's cold had made Habakkuk hoarse ;

He declar'd he cou'dn't sing any more than the moon,  
But if Moses pleas'd he would whistle a tune—  
Lillabullero.

*Jeremiah's Song.—Air, Queen Mary's Lamentation.*

I sigh and lament me in vain,  
These walls can but echo my moan :  
Alas ! it encreases my pain,  
When I think of the days that are gone.  
Through the grates of my window I see  
The boys as at marbles they play ;  
I cry, and exclaim out, ah, me !  
I once could play better than they.

Then up rose little Jonah, who look'd like a jelly,  
For he was just come, sir, from the whale's belly ;  
For three days and three nights was he left to despair,  
But he'd sing to Moses what he suffer'd there.

*Derry down, &c.*

*Jonah's Song.*

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer ;  
Lift ye landmen all to me ;  
Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
Sing the dangers of the sea ;  
In the horrid belly pent, sir,  
Think on what I suffer'd there ;  
Forc'd to keep a dismal Lent, sir,  
And to breathe infectious air :  
Nought but fish to feed upon, sir,  
And compell'd to eat it raw ;  
All my hopes were almost gone, sir,  
Ere I left the monst'rous jaw.  
Had I been a common swimmer,  
I must surely have been drown'd ;  
'Twas so dark, that not a glimmer  
Shone upon me all around.

Then Sampson rose next, once in prowess so big,  
But at that time, friend Sampson, had just got his wig ;  
He related the tale of his dire mishap,  
How his wife shav'd his head as he slept in her lap.

*Derry down, &c.*

*Sampson's Song.*

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,  
Oh, dear, what can the matter be,  
Sampson has lost all his hair.  
Oh that I e'er should have taken so found a nap,  
Oh that I e'er should have taken it in her lap,  
Oh that I had but tied on my red night cap,  
Then Sampson had ne'er lost his hair ;  
Oh, dear, what can the matter be,  
Mercy on me, what can the matter be, &c.

They next call'd on Job, as a song was his fort,  
But they begg'd, as 'twas late, that his song might be short ;  
So he sung Chevy Chase, to a dismal psalm tune,  
Which the Prophets all thought would have lasted till noon.

*Derry down, &c.*

Now Moses it seems, sir, who good hours kept,  
While they sat a singing, why he sat and slept ;  
But wak'd by the noise, sir, of calling encore,  
He bid them get home, for they should drink no more.

*Derry down, &c.*

Well-bred Aaron, it seems, sir, at this took offence,  
And swore want of good manners, shew'd want of good sense ;  
This caus'd a dispute, some reflections were cast,  
But for decency's sake, we'll not mention what pass'd.

*Derry down, &c.*



## Good Advice.

YE swains who are courting a maid,  
 Be warn'd and instructed by me,  
 Tho' little experience I've had,  
 I'll give you good counsel and free;  
 For women are changeable things,  
 And seldom a moment the same,  
 As time a variety brings;  
 Their looks new humours proclaim.

But he who in love would succeed,  
 And his mistress's favour obtain,  
 Must mind it as sure as his creed,  
 To make hay whilst the sun is serene;  
 There's a season to conquer the fair,  
 And that's when they're merry and gay;  
 To watch the occasion take care,  
 When 'tis gone in vain you'll assay.

## The Kennel Raker.

Air,—*'Balance a Straw.'*

THO' I sweep to and fro, old iron to find,  
 Brass pins, rusty nails, they are all to my mind,  
 Yet I wear a sound heart, true to great George our  
 king,  
 And tho' ragged and poor, with clear conscience  
 can sing,

*Tho' I sweep to and fro, yet I'd have you to know  
 There are sweepers in high life as well as in low.*

The Statesman he sweeps in his coffers the blunt  
 That should pay the poor soldiers that honour do  
 hunt;

The action, tho' dirty, he cares not a straw,  
 So he gets but the ready, the rabble may jaw.

*Tho' I sweep, &c.*

I'm told that the Parson, for I never go  
 To hear a man preach what he'll never stick to:  
 'Tis all for the sweepings, he tips you the cant,  
 You might pray by yourselves else, depend, firs,  
 upon't.

*Tho' I sweep, &c.*

One sweeps you from this life, you cannot tell  
 where,

And what place you go to the Doctor don't care;  
 So he brings in his bill, your long purses to broach,  
 Then he laughs in his sleeve as he rides in his coach.

*Tho' I sweep, &c.*

Your Counsel may plead, but for what is his jaw?  
 His eye's on your fob, whilst he chatters the law;  
 Tongue-padding he rakes ye and sweeps you quite  
 clear

Of what's better than iron, you need not to fear.

*Tho' I sweep, &c.*

But honesty's best in what station we are,  
 For the grand sweeper, Death, we can sooner pre-  
 pare;

Your statesman, your parson, your physic and law,  
 When Death takes a sweep are no more than a chaw.

*Tho' I sweep, &c.*

## B A L L A D.

## George Barnwell.

*G. Barnwell* was the last man who was hung alive in chains in the year 1587—His agonies and hunger were so great that he had knawn the flesh off his shoulders as far as his mouth could reach; when *Queen Elizabeth* chancing to ride by the place, heard his groans, and as an act of mercy, order'd him to be instantly strangled, and that no other person thence forward, should be hung in chains 'till after they had been strangled. The subject of this ballad is sufficiently popular from the modern play which is founded upon it, written by *George Lillo*, a jeweller of London, and first acted about 1730.—As for the ballad, it was printed at least as early as the middle of the last century.

ALL youths of fair England  
 That dwell both far and near,  
 Regard my story that I tell,  
 And to my song give ear.

A London lad I was,  
 A merchant's 'prentice bound:  
 My name *George Barnwell*; that did spend  
 My master many a pound.

Take heed of harlots then,  
 And their enticing trains;  
 For by that means I have been brought  
 To hang alive in chains.

As I upon a day,  
 Was walking through the street  
 About my master's business,  
 A wanton I did meet.

A gallant dainty dame,  
 And sumptuous in attire;  
 With smiling look she greeted me,  
 And did my name require.

Which when I had declar'd,  
 She gave me then a kiss,  
 And said, "if I would come to her,  
 "I should have more than this.

"Fair mistress," then quoth I,  
 "If I the place may know,  
 "This ev'ning I will be with you,  
 "For I abroad must go

"To gather monies in,  
 "That are my master's due:  
 "And ere that I do home return,  
 "I'll come and visit you.

"George Barnwell," then quoth she,  
 "Do thou to Shoreditch come,  
 "And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house,  
 "Next door unto the Gun,

"And trust me on my truth,  
 "If thou keep touch with me,  
 "My dearest friend, as my own heart,  
 "Thou shalt right welcome be."

Thus parted we in peace,  
 And home I passed right;  
 Then went abroad, and gather'd in,  
 By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pounds and one;  
 With bag under my arm  
 I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,  
 And thought on little harm;

And knocking at the door,  
 Straightway herself came down:  
 Rustling in most brave attire,  
 With hood and filken gown.

Who through her beauty bright,  
 So gloriously did shine,  
 That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes,  
 She seemed so divine.

She took me by the hand,  
And with a modest grace,  
"Welcome, sweet Barnwell," then quoth she,  
"Unto this homely place."

"And since I have thee found  
"As good as thy word to be;  
"A homely supper ere we part,  
"Thou shalt take here with me."

"O pardon me, quoth I,  
"Fair mistress, I you pray;  
"For why, out of my master's house  
"So long I dare not stay."

"Alas, good sir, she said,  
"Are you so strictly ty'd,  
"You may not with your dearest friend  
"One hour or two abide?"

"Faith, then the case is hard,  
"If it be so," quoth she;  
"I would I were a 'prentice bound,  
"To live along with thee:"

"Therefore, my dearest George,  
"Lift well what I shall say,  
"And do not blame a woman much,  
"Her fancy to betray."

"Let not affection's force  
"Be counted lewd desire,  
"Nor think it an immodesty,  
"I should thy love require."

With that she turn'd aside,  
And with a blushing red,  
A mournful motion she bewray'd  
By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief she had,  
All wrought with silk and gold:  
Which she to stay her trickling tears  
Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my sight  
Was wond'rous rare and strange;  
And in my soul and inward thought,  
It wrought a sudden change:

That I so hardy grew,  
To take her by the hand:  
Saying, "sweet mistress, why do you  
"So dull and pensive stand?"

"Call me no mistress now,  
"But Sarah, thy true friend,  
"Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee,  
"Until her life hath end."

"If thou wouldst here alledge,  
"Thou art in years a boy;  
"So was Adonis, yet was he  
"Fair Venus' only joy."

Thus I, who ne'er before  
Of woman found such grace,  
But seeing now so fair a dame  
Give me a kind embrace,

I supp'd with her that night,  
With joys that did abound;  
And for the same paid presently.  
In money, twice three pound.

An hundred kisses then,  
For my farewell she gave;  
Crying, "sweet Barnwell, when shall I  
"Again thy company have?"

"O stay not hence too long,  
"Sweet George, have me in mind."  
Her words bewich'd my childishness,  
She uttered them so kind:

So that I made a vow,  
Next Sunday without fail,  
With my sweet Sarah once again,  
To tell some pleasant tale.

When she heard me say so,  
The tears fell from her eye;  
"O George," quoth she, "if thou dost fail,  
"Thy Sarah sure will die."

Though long, yet lo! at last,  
The appointed day was come,  
That I must with my Sarah meet:  
Having a mighty sum

Of money in my hand,  
Unto her house went I,  
Whereas my love upon her bed,  
In saddest sort did lie.

"What ails my heart's delight;  
"My Sarah dear," quoth I;  
"Let not my love lament and grieve,  
"Nor sighing, pine and die."

"But tell me, dearest friend,  
"What may thy woes amend,  
"And thou shalt lack no means of help,  
"Though forty pound I spend."

With that she turn'd her head,  
And sickly thus did say,  
"O me, sweet George, my grief is great,  
"Ten pound I have to pay,

"Unto a cruel wretch;  
"And God, he knows," quoth she,  
"I have it not." "Tush, rise," I said,  
"And take it here of me."

"Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,  
"Shall make my love decay."  
Then from my bag into her lap,  
I cast ten pounds straightway.

All blithe and pleasant then,  
To banqueting we go;  
She proffer'd me to lie with her,  
And said it should be so,

And after that same time,  
I gave her store in coin,  
Yea, sometimes fifty pounds at once;  
All which I did purloin.

And thus I did pass on;  
Until my master then  
Did call to have his reck'ning in  
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,  
I knew not what to say:  
For well I knew that I was out  
Two hundred pounds that day.

Then from my master straight  
I ran in secret fort;  
And unto Sarah Millwood there  
My case I did report.

But how she us'd this youth,  
In this his care and woe,  
And all a strumper's wily ways,  
The second part will show.

*The second part in the next Number.*



Price

[Numb. 74]

One Penny.

THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

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A Hunting Song.

ROUZE, rouze, jolly sportsmen, the hounds, are  
all out,  
The chase is began, I declare;  
Come, up too and horse, let us follow the rout,  
And join in the chase of the hare.  
Hark! hark! don't you hear? they are now in the  
vale;  
The horn, how melodious it sounds!  
Poor pufs in a fright, how she strives to prevail,  
And fly from the cry of the hounds!

Tho' up to the hills and mountains she scales,  
Whose tops seem to join in the sky;  
We mount in the air, like a kite in a gale,  
And follow the hounds in full cry.  
Tho' into the copse she for refuge there flies,  
We kill her, 'tis twenty the odds;  
While echo furrounds us with hooting and cries,  
We seem to converse with the gods.

Our freedom with conscience is never alarm'd,  
We're strangers to envy and strife;  
When blest with a wife, we return to her arms;  
Sport sweetens the conjugal life.  
Our days pass away in a scene of delight  
Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taste;  
In pleasures of love we revel all night,  
Next morning return to the chase.

The Infallible Doctor.

ADVISE your friend, grave man of art,  
I find a strange, unusual smart,  
'Tis here—fierce symptoms at my heart.

Discover.

'Tis pleasure, pain, a mix'd degree,  
My pulse examine, here's your fee;  
What think you can my sickness be?

A lover.

A lover!—'tis my case, too sure!  
O ease me straight—I'll not endure;  
Prescribe, I'll follow close the cure.

Take hope.

But if she (spite of speech or pen)  
Prove coy, or false with other men,  
Ah, doctor!—what expedient then?

A rope.

The Lock and Key.

GOOD mother, if you please, you may  
Place others to observe my way;  
Or be yourself the watchful spy,  
And keep me ever in your eye:  
Unless the will itself restrain,  
The care of others is in vain;  
And if myself I do not keep,  
Instead of watching, you may sleep.

When you forbid what love inspires,  
Forbidding, you but fan it's fires;  
Restraint does appetite enrage,  
And youth may prove too strong for age;  
Then leave me unconfin'd and free,  
With prudence for my lock and key;  
For if myself I do not keep,  
Instead of watching, all may sleep.

The first time at the Looking-glass.

Air,—*'The Sun had loo'd his weary teams, &c.'*

THE first time at the looking glass  
The mother sets her daughter,  
The image strikes the smiling lass  
With self love ever after,

Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,  
Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger:  
But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own  
Can see you are not younger.

*Beggar's Opera.*

A Catch.

HERE, where is my landlord? A pot of good  
drink;  
But faith you must trust, for we have no chink.  
Indeed, sir, you look like a very good fellow,  
But I cannot trust without white or yellow.  
The yellow I have none, and as for the white,  
Make use of your chalk, and to a good night.

## A Free-Mason's Song.

GREAT Jupiter took it one day in his head  
To send forth a messenger, as it is said,  
To search every place, and to strictly enquire  
Where the goddess, Fidelity, choose to retire.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Nimble Mercury straight as a messenger drest,  
A punctual obedience to orders express'd;  
And promis'd great Jove he would certainly find  
Where she was, if with deities, or with mankind.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Then down flew the god to fam'd Cythera's grove,  
In hopes of some news from the young god of love;  
Who at first could not tell how to make a reply,  
But at last told the truth, tho' accusom'd to lie.  
*Derry down, &c.*

I'm ignorant, faith, said the little arch urchin,  
What place for Fidelity you must go search in;  
But am vastly surpris'd you should think here to  
find her,  
When you know that my mother and I never mind  
her.  
*Derry down, &c.*

This answer not suiting at all to his taste,  
Away then to Hymen does Mercury haste:  
But what ignorance here did he shew of mankind,  
To imagine Fidelity there he should find.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Again disappointed, he made no long stay,  
But with all expedition continued his way:  
Yet thought that perhaps it might answer his ends,  
If enquiry he made of the Goddess of Friends.  
*Derry down, &c.*

But vain were his hopes, in his search here likewise,  
For his hostess thus answer'd, with tears in her eyes;  
"Alas! honest friend, this goddess so dear,  
"For whom you enquire, is seldom seen here.  
*Derry down, &c.*

"In one only place you can find her on earth,  
"So hasten away to the sons of true mirth,  
"To a lodge of Free-mason's immediate repair,  
"And no manner of doubt, but you'll meet with  
her there.  
*Derry down, &c.*

## A Sonnet.

BE hush'd, ye sweet birds, and forbear your shrill  
notes,  
Nor deign such a clamour to keep;  
But stop a few moments, and rest your soft throats,  
For there lies a goddess asleep!

Keep off, ye pert flies, from the cheek of my fair,  
And let her contentedly lay;  
For, if you presume to alight on her face,  
"You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day!"

Ye gods! send young cupids to 'bide at her feet,  
Let the graces adorn her sweet head!  
Let the pleasantest dreams make her slumbers com-  
plete,  
And angels keep guard o'er her head.

## Features for't.

YOUNG Smart who prince of coxcombs shines,  
First seized me with his flames and darts,  
With tender looks and am'rous whines,  
Piercing arrows, bleeding hearts:  
He talk'd of Cupids in my eyes,  
By flatt'ring nonsense made his court,  
And hop'd to win me by surprize,  
But yet he wanted features for't.

Old Gripus next of sordid mold,  
Unluckly my charms enslav'd;  
He placed his merit in his go'd,  
And boasted what vast fums he'd sav'd;  
He-coughing, begg'd I'd hear his vows,  
And not his doating passion thwart:  
I told him he should be my spouse,  
But that—he had not features for't.

A rustic whom the echoing horn  
Each morning leads o'er hill and dale,  
Implor'd me not to sne my scorn,  
But listen to his love-sick tale;  
Of hories, huntsmen, dogs and game,  
He made a notable report,  
Yet ne'er inspir'd a mutual flame,  
For he had not the features for't.

Adorn'd with honour, truth and sense,  
Lorenzo last his suit address'd;  
My heart straight own'd his influence,  
And all his matchless worth confess'd;  
With him the nuptial bed I'll share,  
While little loves around us sport,  
Heaven form'd him sure to please the fair,  
For he—has all the features for't.

## Betsey Brown.

IN pursuit of a lass that was form'd to my taste;  
What pains did I take, and what time did I waste?  
In vain did I ramble o'er country and town,  
'Till chance introduc'd me to dear Betsey Brown.

Such a shape, such an air, such a mien, such a face:  
She smil'd with such sweetness, convers'd with such  
grace:

A forehead unus'd to a wrinkle or frown,  
Presides o'er the face of my dear Betsey Brown.

When first I beheld her my heart was inflam'd,  
And thrill'd with a rapture that cannot be nam'd:  
Ye gods, what is wealth, what is fame or renown,  
Compar'd with the charms of my dear Betsey Brown.

Tho' her person has beauties beyond all compare,  
Of virtue, her mind has a much better share;  
Let others ambition extend to a crown,  
I ask, O ye gods, but my dear Betsey Brown.

Oh! let me this charming dear creature possess,  
No more I request, nor can ask any less;  
From the summit of hope let me not tumble down,  
Ye gods give me death, or my dear Betsey Brown.



## The Vicar of Bray.\*

IN good king CHARLES's golden days,  
 When loyalty had no harm in't,  
 A zealous high-church man I was,  
 And so I got preferment :  
 To teach my flock I never mist,  
 Kings are by God appointed ;  
 And those are damn'd that do resist,  
 And touch the lord's annointed.

*And this is the law I will maintain  
 Until my dying day, fir,  
 That whatsoever king shall reign,  
 I will be Vicar of Bray, fir.*

When royal James obtain'd the throne,  
 And pop'ry came in fashion,  
 The penal laws I hooted down,  
 And read the declaration ;  
 The church of Rome I found would fit  
 Full well my constitution,  
 And had become a jesuit,  
 But for the revolution.

*And this is the law, &c.*

When William was our king declar'd,  
 To ease this nation's grievance ;  
 With this new wind about I steer'd,  
 And swore to him allegiance :  
 Old principles I did revoke,  
 Set conscience at a distance,  
 Passive obedience was a joke,  
 And pish was non-resistance.

*And this is the law, &c.*

When Ann ascended first the throne,  
 The church of England's glory,  
 Another face of things was seen,  
 And I became a tory :  
 Occasional conformists base,  
 I damn'd their moderation,  
 And thought the church in danger was  
 By such prevarication.

*And this is the law, &c.*

When George in pudding time came o'er,  
 And moderate men look'd big, fir,  
 I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,  
 And then became a whig, fir ;  
 And so preferment I procur'd  
 By our new faith's defender ;  
 And always ev'ry day abjur'd  
 The Pope and the Pretender.

*And this is the law, &c.*

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,  
 And Protestant succession,  
 To these I do allegiance swear,  
 While they can keep possession ;  
 For by my faith and loyalty  
 I never more will fault ;  
 And GEORGE my lawful king shall be,  
 Until the times shall alter.

*And this is the law, &c.*

## BALLAD.

Second Part of  
 George Barnwell.

YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee,  
 Sweet Sarah, my delight :  
 I am undone unless thou stand  
 My faithful friend this night,

Our master to accounts,  
 Hath just occasion found ;  
 And I am caught behind the hand,  
 Above two hundred pound :

And now his wrath to 'scape,  
 My love I fly to thee,  
 Hoping some time I may remain  
 In safety here with thee.

With that she knit her brows,  
 And looking all aquoy,  
 Quoth she, " what should I have to do  
 " With any 'prentice boy ?

" And seeing you have purloin'd  
 " Your master's goods away,  
 " The case is bad, and therefore here  
 " You shall no longer stay."

" Why dear, thou knowst," I said,  
 " How all which I could get,  
 " I gave it, and did spend it all  
 " Upon thee, every whit.

Quoth she, " thou art a knave,  
 " To charge me in this sort,  
 " Being a woman of credit fair,  
 " And known of good report,

" Therefore I tell thee flat,  
 " Be packing with good speed,  
 " I do defy thee from my heart,  
 " And scorn thy filthy deed."

" Is this the friendship that  
 " You did to me profess ?  
 " Is this the great affection which  
 " You so to me exprest."

" Now fie on subtle shrews !  
 " The best is, I may speed  
 " To get a lodging any where  
 " For money, in my need.

" False woman, now farewell,  
 " Whilst twenty pounds doth last,  
 " My anchor in some other haven  
 " With freedom I will cast."

When she perceiv'd by this,  
 I had store of money there :  
 " Stay, George," quoth she " thou art too quick :  
 " Why, man, I did but jeer :

" Dost think for all my speech,  
 " That I would let thee go ?  
 " Faith, no," said she, " my love to thee  
 " I wifs is more than so."

\* Bray is a parish in Devonshire near to Barnstaple.—A town in the County of Wicklow being of the same name, has been sometimes mistaken for it : but the Vicar of Bray here named was the noted *George Chillington*, who by changing of sides held the Vicarage from the year 1670 till 1722.

"You scorn a 'prentice boy,  
 "I heard you juſt now ſwear,  
 "Therefore I will not trouble you."——  
 ——"Nay, George, hark in thine ear;

"Thou ſhalt not go to-night,  
 "What chance ſo e'er befall;  
 "But man! we'll have a bed for thee,  
 "Or elſe the devil take all."

So I by wiles bewitch'd,  
 And ſnar'd with fancy ſtill,  
 Had then no power to put away,  
 Or to withſtand her will.

For wine on wine I call'd,  
 And cheer upon good cheer;  
 And nothing in the world I thought  
 For Sarah's love too dear.

Whilst in her company,  
 I had ſuch merriment;  
 All, all too little I did think,  
 That I upon her ſpent.

"A fig for care and thought!  
 "When all my gold is gone,  
 "In faith, my girl, we will have more,  
 "Who e'er I light upon.

"My father's rich, why then  
 "Should I want ſtore of gold?"  
 "Nay, with a father, ſure," quoth ſhe,  
 "A ſon may well make bold."

"I've a ſiſter, richly wed,  
 "I'll rob her e'er I'll want."  
 "Nay, then," quoth Sarah, "they may well  
 "Conſider of your ſcant."

"Nay, I an uncle have,  
 "At Ludlow he doth dwell:  
 "He is a grazier, which in wealth  
 "Doth all the reſt excell.

"Ere I will live in lack,  
 "And have no coin for thee:  
 "I'll rob his houſe, and murder him."  
 "Why ſhould you not," quoth ſhe:

"Was I a man, ere I  
 "Would live in poor eſtate;  
 "On fathers, friends, and all my kin,  
 "I would my talons grate.

"For without money, George,  
 "A man is but a beaſt:  
 "But bringing money, thou ſhalt be  
 "Always my welcome gueſt.

"For ſhouldſt thou be purſued  
 "With twenty hues and cries,  
 "And with a warrant ſearch'd for,  
 "With Argus' hundred eyes,

"Yet here thou ſhalt be ſafe;  
 "Such privy ways there be,  
 "That if they fought an hundred years  
 "They could not find out thee."

And ſo carouſing both,  
 Their pleaſures to content:  
 George Barnwell had in little ſpace  
 His money wholly ſpent.

Which done, to Ludlow ſtraight  
 He did provide to go,  
 To rob his wealthy uncle there;  
 His minion would it ſo.

And once he thought to take  
 His father by the way,  
 But that he fear'd his maſter had  
 Took order for his ſtay.

Unto his uncle then  
 He rode with might and main,  
 Who with a welcome and good cheer  
 Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's ſpace he ſtay'd,  
 Until it chanced ſo,  
 His uncle with his cattle did  
 Unto a market go.

His kinfman rode with him,  
 Where he did ſee right plain,  
 Great ſtore of money he had took:  
 When coming home again,

Sudden within a wood,  
 He ſtruck his uncle down,  
 And beat his brains out of his head;  
 So fore he crack'd his crown.

Then ſeizing four ſcore pounds,  
 To London ſtraight he hied,  
 And unto Sarah Millwood all  
 The cruel fact deſcry'd.

"Tuff, 'tis no matter, George,  
 "So we the money have  
 "To have good cheer in jolly fort,  
 "And deck us fine and brave."

Thus liv'd in filthy fort,  
 Until their ſtore was gone:  
 When means to get them any more,  
 I wiſh, poor George had none.

Therefore in railing fort,  
 She thruſt him out of door:  
 Which is the juſt reward of thoſe  
 Who ſpend upon a whore.

"O! do me not diſgrace  
 "In this my need," quoth he  
 She call'd him "thief and murderer,"  
 With all the ſpight might be:

To the conſtable ſhe ſent,  
 To have him apprehended;  
 And ſhew'd how far in each degree,  
 He had the laws offended.

When Barnwell ſaw her drift,  
 To ſea he got ſtraightway;  
 Where fear and ſting of conſcience  
 Continually on him lay.

Unto the lord mayor then,  
 He did a letter wright;  
 In which his own and Sarah's fault,  
 He did at large recite.

Whereby ſhe ſeized was,  
 And then to Ludlow ſent:  
 Where ſhe was judg'd, condemn'd and hang'd,  
 For murder incontinent.

There died this gallant quean,  
 Such was her greateſt gains:  
 For murder, poor deluded youth,  
 Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth  
 That after harlots haunt,  
 Who in the ſpoil of other men,  
 About the ſtreets do ſaunt.



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### The Soger Laddie.

**M**Y foger 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 blessing gang with  
My foger laddie.

My doughty laddie  
Is handsome and brave.  
And can as a foger  
And lover behave;  
True to his country,  
To love he is steady;  
There's few to compare  
With my foger laddie.

Shield him ye angels,  
Frae death in alarms,  
Return him with laurels  
To my langing arms.  
Syne frae all my care  
Ye'l pleasantly free me,  
When back to my wishes  
My foger ye gie me.

O, soon 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 foger laddie.

### Kindly, kindly.

AIR—'Gently touch the Warbling Lyre.'

**K**INDLY, kindly, thus my treasure,  
Ever love me, ever charm;  
Let the passion know no measure,  
Yet no jealous fear alarm.

Why should we, our blifs beguiling,  
By dull doubting fall at odds?  
Meet my soft embraces smiling,  
We'll be happy as the gods.

### Ye blytheft Lads and Lasses gay.

**Y**E blytheft lads and lasses gay,  
Hear what my sang discloses;  
As I one morning sleeping lay,  
Upon a bank of roses,  
Young Jamie whisking o'er the mead,  
By good luck chanc'd to spy me;  
He took his bonnet aff his head,  
And softly fat down by me.

Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd:  
Yet now I wadna ken him,  
But with a frown my face disguis'd  
And strave away to fend him:  
But fondly he still nearer prest,  
And by my side down lying,  
His beating heart thumped fae fast,  
I thought the lad was dying.

But still resolving to deny,  
And angry passion feigning,  
I aften roughly shot him by,  
With words full of disdain.  
Poor Jamie baw'd, nae favour wins,  
Went off much discontented;  
But I, in truth, for a' my sins,  
Ne'er haff fae fair repented.

### Ye gentle Gales.

**Y**E gentle gales that fan the air,  
And wanton in the shady grove;  
Oh! whisper to my absent fair,  
My sacred 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 her colours fade,  
And all their pride neglected lye;  
Let that instruct the charming maid,  
That sweets not timely gather'd die;

And when she lays her down to rest,  
Let some auspicious vision shew  
Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,  
And what for her I'd undergo.

The Black Bird,  
Or Jenny Cameron's Lament.

UPON a fair morning, for soft recreation,  
I heard a fair lady was making great moan,  
With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,  
Saying, "my Black Bird most royal is flown.  
" My thoughts they deceive me,  
" Reflections do grieve me,  
" And I'm o'erburden'd with sad misery;  
" Yet if death should blind me,  
" As true love inclines me,  
" My Black Bird I'll seek out, wherever he be.  
" Once in fair England my Black Bird 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 that false fortune,  
" Which still is uncertain,  
" Has caus'd this parting between him and me,  
" His name I'll advance  
" In Spain and in France,  
" And seek out my Black 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 foul or fair weather,  
" Once in the spring to seek out my love.  
" He's all my heart's treasure,  
" My joy and my pleasure;  
" And justly, my love, my heart follows thee,  
" Who are constant and kind,  
" And courageous of mind;  
" All bliss to my Black Bird, wherever he be.  
" In England my Black Bird and I were together,  
" Where he was still 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 seemeth a stranger to be;  
" Yet his fame shall remain  
" In France and in Spain;  
" All bliss to my Black Bird, wherever he be.  
" What if the fowler my Black Bird has taken,  
" Then sighing and sobbing will be all my tune;  
" But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,  
" And hope yet to see him in May or in June.  
" For him through the fire,  
" Through mud and through mire,  
" I'll go; for I love him to such a degree,  
" Who is constant and kind,  
" And noble of mind,  
" Deserving all blessings wherever he be.  
" It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,  
" Nor tho' like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,  
" I may meet with friendship of one in a stranger,  
" More than of one that in Britain is born.  
" I pray heaven so spacious,  
" To Britain be gracious,  
" Tho' some there be odious to both him and me;  
" Yet joy and renown,  
" And laurels shall crown  
" My Black Bird with honour, wherever he be.

By shady Woods.

BY shady woods, and purling streams,  
I pass my hours in pleasing dreams,  
And would not for the world be brought,  
To change my false delightful thoughts;  
For who, alas! can happy be,  
That does the truth of all things see.

The Pedlar.

MERRY lasses, draw near, I'm a pedlar so gay,  
Just popp'd here, to pay you a visit;  
Commodities pleasing and smart I display,  
Come, out with your money—where is it?  
What! what! pretty maidens you all gather round!  
How pleas'd and how smirking you are!  
But which to admire have your pretty looks found,  
Is it me, merry maids, or my ware?  
For, look! I've got ribbons and laces,  
And patches to set off your faces;  
You'll all look like so many graces,  
When deck'd out by me, I declare!  
And then, I've of bugles and beads such a shew;  
Befitting the finest fair lady;  
Besides, only look, I'm a bit of a beau,  
Now an't I? so spruce in my pladdie?  
With my tol de rol, lol, &c.  
You all like a merry Scotch laddie.

Adzookers! fly Sawney, don't look so demure.  
If the heart of your lads you'd be stealing,  
You must purchase my goods—what a smile—now  
I'm sure,  
'Tis with me, she would wish to be dealing:  
*What! what! &c.*

I have tramp'd it to fairs, for a few years, or so,  
And the fair round me all in a crack, were;  
O, Lord! I'm so follow'd wherever I go!  
I'm oblig'd to cry, "lasses, fall back there!"  
*What! what! &c.*

Messmates at Sea.

BRAVE Oakum, Mainbrace, honest Jack,  
Mat Midships, too, was there,  
Who'd the compass box, knew ev'ry tack,  
Could hand well, reef, and steer;  
The glasses jingled, mirth went round,  
We troll'd a merry glee;  
And while carousing on dry ground,  
To our messmates drank at sea.  
Sal Spriggins, who was there, d'ye mind?  
And she was all my pride!  
Said, while with tears her eyes were blind,  
And we sat side by side:  
"Dear Jack," says she, "my heart will break,  
" When your're far off from me."  
"Lord! Sal," says I, "a noggin take,  
" To our messmates out at sea."

A thousand other toasts we gave;  
With mirth our cabins ring!  
"May a Briton never be a slave!—  
"The Navy!—George, our king!"  
At length (from toping I ne'er thrunk)  
It somehow seem'd to me,  
I could see plainest, when blind drunk,  
To my messmates drink at sea.

Love of our Isle my heart commands,  
For Britain's fame I burn,  
Where native freedom pipes "all hands,"  
And steps from stem to stern;  
From death or glory I'll ne'er shrink,  
But douse life's colours free;  
Yet while at anchor here, I'll drink  
To my messmates out at sea.



## The Market Lads.

THO' my dad I must own is but poor,  
 His cot can each comfort supply,  
 The vine tendril curls round his door,  
 And streamlets meander anigh;  
 Health reigns and rewards daily toil,  
 I rise at the lark's early song,  
 And meeting my swain at the stile,  
 To market we trip it along.

Sweet scented as blossoms in May,  
 Butter-prints my neat basket o'er-spread,  
 Milk-white chickens, cream-cheese, I display,  
 And I'll vouch ev'ry egg is new laid.  
 To partake in my health-earning toil,  
 My swain holds it ne'er can be wrong,  
 Bears the weight of my load with a smile,  
 As to market we trip it along.

Arriv'd, soon I purchasers view,  
 Sell my stock very oft in a trice,  
 Reap the produce to industry due,  
 But ne'er charge above market price.  
 Returning, the way we beguile  
 With a tale, or a joke, or a song,  
 Snatch a warm parting kiss at the stile;  
 To our cot then I trip it along.

## Darby and Joan.

DEAR Cloe, while thus beyond measure,  
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,  
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,  
 And hoard up an old age of pain:  
 Your maxim, that love is still founded  
 On charms that will quickly decay,  
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,  
 When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn  
 Your kindness will vastly improve;  
 Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,  
 Fruition's the fun-shine of love:  
 And tho' the bright beams of your eyes  
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay,  
 And darkness obscure all the skies,  
 We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,  
 You've often regarded with wonder;  
 He's dropical, she is fore-ey'd,  
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder;  
 Together they totter about,  
 Or sit in the sun at the door,  
 And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,  
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,  
 Their several failings to smother;  
 Then, what are the charms, can you guess,  
 Which make them so fond of each other?  
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,  
 The endearments that love did bestow;  
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,  
 The best of all blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,  
 Which sickness and time can't remove;  
 For when youth and beauty are past,  
 And age brings the winter of love,  
 A friendship insensibly grows,  
 By reviews of such raptures as these;  
 The current of fondness still flows,  
 Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

## The poor Mariner.

THE winds whistled shrilly, chill rain down was  
 streaming,  
 From a dark cell where Phœbus ne'er darted a beam  
 in;  
 Worn out with great age, press'd by hunger and  
 grief!  
 A sad son of Neptune crawl'd forth for relief.  
 "Give relief, oh! give relief!"  
 "Oh, give relief to a poor mariner!"

He tremblingly begg'd as the affluent pass'd him,  
 The poor mite benevolent charity cast him!  
 While from his dim eyes, hid by darkness' thick veil,  
 The big tear gush'd forth while he told his sad tale.  
*Give relief, &c.*

"When Hawke and Boscawen rode lords of the  
 "ocean,  
 "The foes of my king, have felt this arm's motion,  
 "This hand grasp'd a sword, dealt death to Gaul's  
 "resistance,  
 "Tho' now feebly, thus, extended for assistance.  
*"Give relief, &c.*

"These eyes have oft seen the proud foe sink before  
 "me,  
 "Have sparkled with joy at the signal of glory;  
 "Have seen Britain's flag to conquest aspire—  
 "Tho'—now lost in darkness, for want I expire—  
*"Give relief, &c.*

"My life's been expos'd in defence of our laws,  
 "I've bled at each vein to support freedom's cause;  
 "The billows of danger have stemm'd without  
 "dread,  
 "But faintly I struggle, now, beg for my bread.  
*"Give relief, &c.*

"Assist me!"—he said, the words quivering hung,  
 In accents most piteous, on the veteran's tongue;  
 When the grim king of terrors his suff'rings re-  
 garded,  
 And snatch'd him from hence, to where virtue's re-  
 warded.  
 Death gave relief—'twas death gave relief,  
 Death gave relief to the poor mariner.  
*J. C. Croft.*

## Ingratitude, or the Captive.

MY tale is simple, fraught with woe,  
 Oft interrupted by a tear,  
 Which down my furrow'd cheek will flow;  
 Its burden, friendship, insincere.

A friend, involv'd requir'd my aid—  
 'Can manly feeling be subdued?—  
 His bondsman I—by him betray'd—  
 Imprison'd,—mourn ingratitude!

My Anna's fate her looks foretold,  
 When cruel bondage bade us part:  
 She, now, alas! is marble cold!  
 And rent in twain my aching heart.

Fortune once cheer'd me with her smile;  
 Now, pent in prison, griefs intrude;  
 I mourn—I ne'er suspected guile,  
 Or poison-fraught ingratitude.

My tender infants, ah! forbear;  
 With horror is the image fraught;  
 Despair, distraction rages there,  
 Oblivious pow'rs! then banish thought.

An abject wretch, forgot, forlorn,  
 Who pale Misfortune's spectre woo'd,  
 Is summon'd to Death's peaceful bourn,  
 The victim of ingratitude.

## King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid.

I READ that once in Africa  
 A princely wight did reign,  
 Who had to name Cophetua,  
 As poets they did faine :  
 From nature's laws he did decline,  
 For sure he was not of my mind,  
 He cared not for woman-kind,  
 But did them all disdain.  
 But, mark what happen'd on a day,  
 As he out of his window lay,  
 He saw a beggar all in gray,  
 The which did cause his pain.

The blinded boy, that shoots so trim,  
 From heaven down did hie ;  
 He drew a dart, and shot at him,  
 In place where he did lye :  
 Which soon did pierce him to the quick,  
 And when he felt the arrow prick,  
 Which in his tender heart did stick,  
 He look'd as he would die.  
 "What sudden chance is this," quoth he,  
 "That I to love must subject be,  
 "Which never thereto would agree,  
 "But still did it defy?"

Then from the window he did come,  
 And laid him on his bed,  
 A thousand heaps of care did run  
 Within his troubled head :  
 For now he means to crave her love,  
 And now he seeks which way to prove  
 How he his fancy might remove,  
 And not this beggar wed.  
 But Cupid had him so in snare,  
 That this poor beggar must prepare  
 A fable to cure him of his care,  
 Or else he would be dead.

And, musing thus as he did lye,  
 He thought for to devise  
 How he might have her company,  
 That so did 'maze his eyes.  
 "In thee," quoth he, "doth rest my life,  
 "For surely thou shalt be my wife ;  
 "Or else this hand with bloody knife  
 "The gods shall fure suffice."  
 Then from his bed he soon arose,  
 And to his palace gate he goes ;  
 Full little then this beggar knows  
 When she the king elpies.

"The gods preserve your majesty,"  
 The beggars all did cry,  
 "Vouchsafe to give your charity  
 "Our childrens food to buy."  
 The king to them his purse did cast,  
 And they to part it made great haste,  
 The silly woman was the last  
 That, after them did hie :  
 The king, he call'd her back again,  
 And unto her he gave his chain,  
 And said, "with us you shall remain  
 Till such time as we die :"

"For thou," quoth he, "shalt be my wife,  
 "And honoured for my queen ;  
 "With thee I mean to lead my life,  
 "As shortly shall be seen ;  
 "Our wedding shall appointed be,  
 "And every thing in its degree :  
 "Come on," quoth he, "and follow me,  
 "Thou shalt go shift thee clean.  
 "What is thy name? fair maid," quoth he,  
 "Penelophon, oh, king," quoth she :  
 With that she made a low courtsey,  
 A trim one as I ween.

Thus hand in hand along they walk  
 Unto the king's palace :  
 The king with courteous comely talk  
 This beggar doth embrace :  
 The beggar bluseth scarlet red,  
 And straight again as pale as lead,  
 But not a word at all she said,  
 She was in such amaze.  
 At last she spake with trembling voice,  
 And said, "O king, I do rejoice,  
 "That you will take me for your choice,  
 "And my degree's so base."

And when the wedding day was come,  
 The king commanded strait,  
 The noblemen both all and some  
 Upon the queen to wait.  
 And she behav'd herself that day,  
 And if she ne'er had walk'd the way ;  
 She had forgot her gown of gray,  
 Which she did wear of late.  
 The proverb old is come to pass,  
 The priest, when he begins his mass,  
 Forgets that ever clerk he was ;  
 He knoweth not his estate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,  
 Though long time fancy fed,  
 Compelled by the blinded boy  
 The beggar for to wed ;  
 He that did lovers looks disdain,  
 To do the same was glad and fain,  
 Or else he would himself have slain,  
 In story as we read.  
 Disdain no whit, O lady dear,  
 But pity now thy servant here,  
 Left that it hap to thee this year,  
 As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life,  
 During their princely reign ;  
 And in a tomb were buried both,  
 As writers sheweth plain ;  
 The lords they took it griveously,  
 The ladies took it heavily,  
 The commons cried pitiously,  
 Their death to them was pain.  
 Their fame did sound so passingly,  
 That it did pierce the starry sky,  
 And throughout all the world did fly,  
 To every prince's realm.



# [Numb. 76]

## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, worth preserving, in the English Language; forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish and Scotch Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

### Bonny Wully.

**W**ULLY is a bonny lad,  
Black as a 'floe his roguish een;  
Features make my heart fu' glad,  
Sprightly as his winning mein!

Roses on his cheeks are blowing,  
Gowden locks adown are flowing,  
Sweet his breath as cattle lowing,  
Voice so fast to cheer me:  
Like the bonny bells a ringing,  
He's aw joyful, laughing, singing,  
Merry ditties deftly dinging,  
When my Wully's near me.

Unked am I when alane,  
Moaping a' the live-lang day;  
Yet I think him a' my ane—  
Wully fra me ne'er will stray.

*Roses on his cheeks, &c.*

Had I, stead af silver sma',  
The riches baith of land and sea,  
Wully he should have it a';  
For Wully he is a' to me.

*Roses on his cheeks; &c.*

### I shall be happy To-morrow.

Sung in the Comic Opera of 'The Shepherd's Lottery.'

**H**OW happy's the lover whose cares are no more,  
Who bids an adieu to all sorrow;  
My griefs are all husht, and my torments are o'er,  
For I shall be happy to-morrow.

Each flow'ret of spring that enamels the ground,  
From you ev'ry charm seems to borrow;  
Then who will so blest or so happy be found,  
As I with my Daphne to-morrow.

I never am happy but when in your sight,  
Your smiles are the cure of all sorrow;  
Remember, dear Daphne, your promise to-night;  
And I shall be happy to-morrow.

### Ben Block.

**I** WAS press'd, while a rowing so happy,  
No matter—'twas nonsense to grieve;  
So, to drown care, with grog I got nappy;  
Yet sigh'd my dear Kitty to leave;  
But what hurt me most, were those ninnies,  
On whom I had thought to depend;  
For I wist'd to raise Kate a few guineas,  
But found I had got ne'er a friend!

When abroad, why, I troubl'd a shipmate,  
A note to my sweetheart to write;  
Which in doing, he somehow, a slip made,  
His own tale of love did indite;  
So when I at Battersea landed,  
(He'd patter'd her so to his end)  
I learnt, he my frigate commanded,  
And found I had got ne'er a friend!

When again on the salt seas in motion,  
The ill-humour'd winds loudly roar!  
And friendship I found on the ocean  
As scant, as I left it on shore!  
We were wreck'd; but my tale little matters,  
While messmates to Davy descend—  
I escap'd, but was poor, all in tatters,  
And found I had got ne'er a friend!

Yet still to all fear I was stranger,  
In battle! (where Death tips the grin)  
Was expos'd to the heat of each danger,  
'Till a musket ball splinter'd my fin;  
Well, away to the cock-pit I hobbles,  
Where so many customers 'tend,  
That the furgeon, to save further trouble,  
Lopp'd it off, damme, not like a friend!

But now ev'ry comfort's imparted,  
I find, laid in Greenwich snug dock,  
My messmates are true, honest hearted,  
And each wishes well to Ben Block;  
The rear of my life glides on chearly,  
In a calm, here, my moments I'll end;  
I have fought for my king, late and early,  
And, bless him! the king is my friend.

## Sawny and Teague.

Air,—*Lillibulero.*

**Y**OU that love mirth, attend to my song,  
 A moment you can never better employ;  
 Sawny and Teague were trudging along,  
 A bonny Scots lad and an Irish dear-joy;  
 They neither before had seen a wind-mill,  
 Nor had they heard ever of any such name:  
 As they were walking,  
 As merrily talking,  
 At last by meer chance to a wind-mill they came.

"Ha! ha!" cry'd Sawny, "what do ye ca' that?  
 "To tell the right name o't I am at a loss."  
 Teague very readily answered the Scot,  
 "Indeed I believe it'sh shaint Patrick's cross"  
 Says Sawny "you'll find yoursell meikle mistaken,  
 "For it is Saint Andrew's cross I can swear;  
 "For there is his bonnet,  
 "And tartans hang on it,  
 "The plaid and the trews our apostle did wear."

"Nay, o' my shoul joy, thou tellest all lees,  
 "For that I will shwear is shaint Patrick's coat;  
 "I shew't him in Ireland buying the freeze,  
 "And that I am shure ish the shame that he  
 "bought;  
 "And he is a shaint muth better than ever  
 "Made either the covenant'sh sholemn or league:  
 "For o' my shalwation,  
 "He was my relation,  
 "And had a great kindness for honest poor Teague.

"Wherefore" says Teague "I will, by my shoul,  
 "Lay down my naphack, and take out my beads,  
 "And under this holy cross fet I will fall,  
 "And thay pater-noshter, and some of our creeds:"  
 So Teague began with humble devotion,  
 To kneel down before Saint Patrick's cross;  
 The wind fell a blowing,  
 And fet it a-going,  
 And it gave our dear-joy a terrible tofs.

Sawney tehee'd, to see how poor Teague  
 Lay scratching his ears, and roll on the grass,  
 Swearing, it was surely the de'll's whirly-gig,  
 And none, he roard out, of Saint Patrick's cross;  
 "But ish it indeed," cry'd he in a passion,  
 "The cross of our shaint that has cross't me so  
 "fore;  
 "Opo' my salvation,  
 "This shall be a cawshion,  
 "To trust to Saint Patrick's kindness no more."

Sawney to Teague then merrily cry'd,  
 "This patron of yours is a very sad loon,  
 "To hit you sic a fair thump on the hide,  
 "For kneeling before him, and seeking a boon,  
 "Let me advise ye to serve our Saint Andrew,  
 "He, by my faul, was a special gude man;  
 "For since your Saint Patrick  
 "Has serv'd you sic a trick,  
 "I'd see him hung up e'er I serv'd him again."

## Good Advice.

**I**F she be not kind as fair,  
 But peevish and unhandy,  
 Leave her, she's only worth the care  
 Of some spruce jack-a-dandy.  
 I would not have thee such an ass,  
 Hadst thou ne'er so much leisure,  
 To figh and whine for such a lass,  
 Who's pride's about her pleasure.

## Ah, the Shepherd's mournful fate.

**A**H, the shepherd's mournful fate,  
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,  
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,  
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.

Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,  
 My secret soul discover,  
 While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,  
 Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the redning cheek,  
 O'erspread with rising blushes,  
 A thousand various ways they speak,  
 A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,  
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
 That artless blush, and modest air,  
 So fatally beguiling.

Thy ev'ry look, and ev'ry grace,  
 So charm whenever I view thee;  
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace,  
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.

Then when my tedious hours are past,  
 Be this last blessing given,  
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
 And die in sight of heaven.

## Welcome, welcome, Brother Debtor.

By Mr. Coffey.

Air,—*Heser's Ghost.*

**W**ELCOME, welcome, brother debtor,  
 To this poor, but merry place,  
 Where no bailiff, dun, or setter,  
 Dare to shew his frightful face;  
 But, kind sir, as you're a stranger,  
 Down your garnish you must lay,  
 Or your coat will be in danger;  
 You must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement  
 From your children or your wife,  
 Wisdom lies in true resignation,  
 Thro' the various scenes of life.  
 Scorn to shew the least resentment,  
 Tho' beneath the frowns of fate;  
 Knaves and beggars find contentment;  
 Fears and cares attend the great.

Tho' our creditors are spiteful,  
 And restrain our bodies here,  
 Use will make a jail delightful,  
 Since there's nothing else to fear.  
 Ev'ry island's but a prison,  
 Strongly guarded by the sea;  
 Kings and princes, for that reason,  
 Prisoners are as well as we.

What was it made great Alexander  
 Weep at his unfriendly fate?  
 'Twas because he could not wander  
 Beyond the world's strong prison gate.  
 For the world is also bounded  
 By the heav'ns and stars above;  
 Why should we then be confounded,  
 Since there's nothing free but love.



## Begging Prologue

TO  
"GREYNA GREEN,"

BEING  
A MUSICAL MEDLEY

FROM THE SONGS IN THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Written by Mr. Charles Stuart.

[The Figures point out the parodied Passages and the changes in the Music.]

[1] THE music's prepared, hands and sticks are at work!

The critics are rang'd! a terrible show!  
Bard be not afraid of damnation—[To the Author.

[2] Our poet shakes like a fiddle-stick in the orchestra,  
Which in the band plays fiddle-diddle-da-dadi!—

[3] And he so teaz'd me—  
With Greyna-Green—e,  
That I'm come—

[4] Hither dear folks to soothe your hearts,  
Bestow applause to cheer—

[5] The poet he so grieves, for—

[6] Scribblers oft have envy shown;  
Pleas'd to ruin,  
All undoing,  
Never happy in their own!—

[7] Why then, hey! for Greyna Green;  
There Cupid pleas'd does chatter—  
And Hymen's to be seen;  
Let's gallop, whip, and spatter—

[8] Over the hills to Scotland fair!—

[9] For what's here,  
But shame and fear!

There's none dare wed under twenty-one years!—

[10] Is then your freedom check'd, youths?  
Such a law sets my eyes a weeping;  
Oh! must we English cross the Tweed,  
To be free to—

[11] Mumble and tumble,  
To mumble and tumble,  
Don't it make you all grumble,  
As ladies may—*stumble!*  
When you come to the—

[12] Token of love,  
For Greyna set out!  
Fly swift as two doves  
To the—

[13] Land of matrimony;  
First bed *be wrong*  
Then instant wed, *(no, no, that must)*  
First wed,  
Then go to bed—*(ay, ay, that's right)*

[14] And defy ev'ry law,  
When love inspires ye,  
And fires ye,  
To the—

[15] Quieting dose of a wife!  
For life!

But the pleafantest draught is—

[16] Lip to lip while you're young, then the lip to the glass,  
Fal da-ri-di-da-di—

[17] In sorrowful ditty,  
I beg you'll have pity,  
And let the Scots music—

[18] Dissolve ye in pleasure,  
And critics foot!—

[19] Oh! do ye, *demj-gods* your dread thunder allay!  
[to the first gallery]  
And do ye *Upper Gods*, your dread thunder allay!  
[to the upper gallery.]

Nay—

[20] Oh! ponder well, be not severe!  
For—

[21] Alas the poor poet!  
Alack, and a well-a-day,  
*(kneeling to the boxes)*

Ah! do bestow applause!  
Oh! do not damn his play?  
*(Going—returns, and kneels at front of the stage)*

And, alas! the poor poet!  
Alack, and a well-a-day;  
Ah! give him no *goose*, nor *apple-sauce*!  
Oh! *(bell rings)* I am call'd away!

- |      |              |  |
|------|--------------|--|
| [1]  | Air LVII,    | The Charge is prepar'd.                      |
| [2]  | Air VI,      | Virgins are like the fair flow'r.            |
| [3]  | Air IX,      | He so teiz'd me, and he so pleas'd me.       |
| [4]  | Air LII,     | Hither dear Husband turn your eyes.          |
| [5]  | Air XL,      | I, like the fox, shall grieve.               |
| [6]  | Air XXXVII,  | Women oft have envy shewn.                   |
| [7]  | Air XXXVIII, | Why then, how now, madam flirt.              |
| [8]  | Air XVI,     | Over the hills and far away                  |
| [9]  | Air XXII,    | Dance and sing, time's on the wing.          |
| [10] | Air XXXI,    | Is then his fate decreed, fir.               |
| [11] | Air XXXVI,   | I'm bubbled, I'm bubbled.                    |
| [12] | Air LXVIII,  | Token of love! adieu! farewell!              |
| [13] | Air XXXI,    | Such a man can I think of quitting.          |
| [14] | Air XIX,     | Fill ev'ry glass.                            |
| [15] | Air XLVIII,  | 'Quieting draught' is a dram.                |
| [16] | Air XLVI,    | Lip to lip while you're young.               |
| [17] | Air XLIV,    | In sorrowful ditty, they'll promise, &c.     |
| [18] | Air XXI,     | Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.     |
| [19] | Air LV,      | Then nail up their lips, that dread thunder. |
| [20] | Air XII,     | Oh! ponder well, be not severe.              |
| [21] | Air LIV,     | Alas! poor Polly!                            |

## Strephon and Lucy.

ON the banks of the Ouse, where his stream  
Glides gently thro' Hartford's gay mead;  
Young Strephon, who now is my theme,  
For Lucy the fair tun'd his reed.

With Lucy there none did compare;  
The shepherd surpass'd all the swains;  
She was fairest of all that were fair,  
And he bore the prize from the plains.

When she danc'd on the smooth shaven green,  
Each bosom with rapture was fir'd;  
But Lucy with Strephon was seen,  
And each swain discontented retir'd.

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Not yet twenty summers had flown  
O'er the head of the swain, *debonair*;  
Scarce yet on his chin was the down,  
Yet he languish'd and pin'd for the fair.

Oft in secret the shepherd did sigh,  
To the grove he did often complain;  
To their inmost recesses he'd fly,  
And his pipe play'd a tenderer strain.

Fair Lucy had won his young heart,  
Yet he told not his pain to the maid;  
He smother'd his bosom's keen smart,  
And silent he sought the close shade.

E'er long the youth sought out the fair,  
They met by the side of the grove;  
With pleasure he heard him declare,  
That of maids only Lucy he'd love.

The sun was just sunk in the main,  
Cool evening o'ershadow'd the vale;  
The herds were drove home from the plain,  
When Lucy heard Strephon's fond tale.

The maid was not awfully shy,  
Simplicity mark'd me her own;  
Yet Virtue she still did not fly,  
And dishonour she never had known.

The grove heard the vows of the pair,  
The stream as it murmur'd along,  
Still answer'd the praise of the fair,  
And its cadence was join'd in the song.

E're Maia did fly from the field,  
That Hymen his torch to display,  
When Lucy to Strephon should yield,  
And he as before should be gay.

Scarce a week had revolv'd from this hour,  
When luckless the youth sought the flood;  
He flew from the sun's piercing pow'r,  
To bathe where the stream pais'd the wood.

Red rushing the river came down,  
Its eddies wide whirling around;  
The Naiades who call it their own,  
Affrighted, did fly from the sound.

Courageous he plung'd in the stream,  
His strong arm beat the insolent wave;  
But some demon presid'd I dream,  
And he sinks to his watery grave.

O'erwhelmed; the dear youth is no more,  
His fate from the hills does rebound;  
And Echo replies from the shore,  
" 'Tis Strephon, gay Strephon, that's drown'd.

In grief for the loss of her love,  
Fair Lucy flies far from the plain;  
She hides in the sad silent grove,  
Whose shade suits her bosom's sharp pain.

By the side of a moss-cover'd bourn,  
'Neath a sad weeping-willow's dull shade,  
Where flood the dead shepherd's cold urn,  
I saw pale with sorrow the maid:

On her cheek hung, like dew-drops, the tear,  
When they shine on the lily at dawn;  
And will it like the dew disappear,  
Like it be exhal'd with the morn?

Ah! no, for the grief in her breast,  
Has fountains of tears to supply;  
And ne'er shall her throbbing heart rest,  
And the tear shall still roll from her eye.

I heard her with sorrow complain,  
The green woods re-echo'd her voice;  
That no time could remove her sharp pain,  
That no more should her cottage rejoice.

Her bosom was bare to the gale,  
Who's force was encreas'd by her sighs,  
Which mournfully steal thro' the dale,  
And tell where her dead lover lies.

Thus weeping she hung o'er the grave,  
Which held all that was dear to her breast;  
She sigh'd to the murmuring wave,  
And wish'd with her Strephon to rest.

Ere the sun had twice rose from the flood,  
Ere the moon twice had gild'd the night,  
Was Lucy found cold on the sod,  
And the village had lost its delight.  
In the tomb was she laid with her love,  
The villagers wept o'er their stone;  
And oft do they visit the grove,  
Where such beauty and truth once had shone.

Alone.

### William and Emma.

THE village bell with awful sound,  
Proclaim'd the midnight hour;  
When wretched Emma weeping lay,  
Within a hawthorn bower.

Her cheeks with grief, alas! were pale,  
That wore the crimson hue;  
The tears that flow'd adown her face,  
Appear'd like silver dew.

Her gentle bosom heav'd a sigh  
Expressive of her woe;  
While thus with mournful voice she cry'd,  
" No pleasure now I know.

" Why did I slight a faithful swain?  
" His passion ne'er approve?  
" Ah! why did I his vows disdain,  
" Ne'er listen to his love?

Now while with grief oppress'd she spoke,  
Fond William's ghost appear'd;  
And smiling, with a hollow voice,  
Its purpose thus declar'd:

" From the dark dreary grave I come,  
" In the dead hour of night,  
" While the pale moon behind a cloud  
" Conceals her borrow'd light.

" To sooth your troubl'd mind to rest,  
" And banish your despair;  
" To tell you, Emma, that this night,  
" You'll bid adieu to care.

" But see, the rosy morn appears,  
" And ushers in the day;  
" Farewell, my love, I hence am call'd,  
" And dare no longer stay."

Then Emma sought her William's grave,  
Where oft she'd sat and sigh'd;  
And falling on the green grass turf,  
By all lamented dy'd.

Myrtilla.



## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, forming a Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

### Tom Tough.

**M**Y name, dy'e see's Tom Tough, I've seen a  
little farvice,  
Where mighty billows roll and loud tempests  
blow;  
I've fail'd with valiant Howe, I've fail'd with noble  
Jarvis,  
And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've fung out yo  
heave ho!  
Yet more shall ye be knowing,  
I was cockswain to Boscawen,  
And even with brave Hawke I've nobly fac'd the foe.  
Then put round the grog,  
So we've that and our prog,  
We'll laugh in care's face and sing yo heave ho!

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,  
And she was snivelling seed on the beach below,  
I'd like to catch my eyes snivelling too, d'ye see, to  
thank her,  
But I brought my sorrows up with a yo heave ho:  
For sailors, tho' they have their jokes,  
They love and feel like other folks,  
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go;  
So I seiz'd the capstan bar,  
Like a true honest tar,  
And in spight of tears and sighs I fung yo heave ho.

But the worst on't was that time, when the little  
ones were sickly,  
And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know,  
The word was gov'd to weigh so sudden and so  
quickly,  
I though my heart would break as I fung yo  
heave ho.  
For Poll's so like her mother;  
And as for Jack, her brother,  
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe;  
But in Providence I trust,  
What must be must,  
So my sighs I gave the winds, and fung out yo heave  
ho.

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,  
For I've only lost an eye, and got a timber toe;  
But old ships must expect in time to be out of com-  
mission,  
Nor again the anchor weigh with a yo heave ho.  
So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,  
For my boy shall revenge my wrongs,  
And my girl shall breed young sailors nobly for to  
face the foe.  
Then to country and king,  
Fate no danger can bring,  
While the tars of Old England sing out yo heave ho.

*Dibdin.*

### The Blue Bells of Scotland.

**O**H! where, and oh where is your highland  
laddie gone?  
He's gone to fight the French for king George  
upon the throne,  
And its oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home.  
Oh! where, and oh where does your highland  
laddie dwell?  
He dwells in merry Scotland at the sign of the  
blue bell,  
And its oh in my heart I love my laddie well.  
In what clothes, in what clothes is your highland  
laddie clad?  
His bonnet of the Saxon green, and his waistcoat of  
the plaid;  
And its oh! in my heart I love my highland lad.  
Suppose, and suppose that your highland lad should  
die!  
The bagpipes should play over him, and I'd sit  
me down and cry—  
And its oh! in my heart I wish he may not die.

### Oh! what a jolly Dog was I!

Sung in the Entertainment of 'Zelma.'

**W**HEN a happy fingle fellow,  
Mirth each moment did employ;  
Full of frolic, sportive, mellow,  
Oft I'd wet the t'other eye.  
Rofey, cofey,  
Quaffing, laughing,  
Friends abounding,  
Sorrow drowning;  
That was life, nor may I die,  
Rattling, ringing,  
Roaring, singing,  
Gingling glaffes,  
Toasting lasses,

Oh! what a jolly dog was I!

Foremost at all frisk and funning,  
Ev'ry beauteous tit would cry,  
See, he looks so spruce and cunning,  
Devil take his roguish eye.

*Rofey, cofey, &c.*

Now a bird's brisk tittle tattle,  
Added to my comrades jeers,  
Is the noisy prittle prattle,  
Always dinning in my ears.  
[To be spoken]—Now its no more.

*Rofey, cofey, &c.*

## How cruel are the Parents.

By the late BURNS—alter'd from an old English Song.

Air—'John Anderson my Jo.'

**H**OW cruel are the parents,  
Who riches only prize,  
And to the wealthy booby  
Poor woman sacrifice.

Meanwhile the hapless daughter  
Has but a choice of strife;  
To shun a tyrant father's hate,  
Become a wretched wife,

The raving hawk pursuing,  
The trembling dove then flies,  
To shun impelling ruin  
Awhile her pinions tries;  
'Till of escape despairing,  
No shelter or retreat,  
She trusts the ruthless falconer,  
And drops beneath his feet.

## Ned Mizen.

**C**OME hasten my hearties to true honest Ned,  
A tar from the stem to the stern;  
And that I've been rock'd on Davy rough bed,  
By my jib you may clearly discern.  
In four gallant actions my lot was to fight,  
And, damme, they danc'd to some time,  
For the star of a sailor was never so bright,  
Than once on the first day of June:  
But come, ho; a vast, and with boasting have done,  
Such nonsense I must not allow;  
Tho', d'ye see, it was glory, mayhap that we won,  
When the French struck their flag to Lord Howe

The next time the shot on all sides round me flew,  
Was with the proud Dons in dispute,  
And off Cape St. Vincent we laid, "how d'ye do,"  
And tip'd them an English salute:  
Their fleet twenty-seven—and those of the line,  
Made our fifteen at first to look small;  
But think not that this made our tars to repine,  
P'sha, damme, 'twas nothing at all:  
The signal once giv'n, our guns fir'd away,  
As soon did the victory shew,  
And each British tar with Ned Mizen can say,  
Brave Jervis the Spaniards laid low.

The third time I fought, why it was with the Dutch,  
And I think 'it was near Capperdown,  
And then, to be sure, I may say as much,  
We boys brush'd up some little renown:  
Ship to ship we lay to, aye, and fought man to man,  
Each Briton a match for Mynheer;  
For to die or to conquer was always our plan,  
And thus we again made appear:  
For tho' from the Texel they somehow slip'd out,  
In hopes at Brest harbour to touch,  
Why' d'ye see, they knew not what our spies were  
about,  
For old Duncan did over the Dutch.

Now rak'd fore and aft, by a splinter or so,  
Yet my timbers were still tight and sound,  
And so I again on the look-out must go,  
To see if the French could be found:  
At length it so happen'd they hove without sight,  
Which made ev'ry failor to smile,  
For, d'ye see, it was when we commenc'd the last  
fight,  
Lord bless you the mouth of the Nile.  
To say what we did—it won't become me,  
'Tis enough that we fought as before;  
And the French, as I think, if the're wise, d'ye see,  
Will engage with Lord Nelson no more.

## The Quadruple Alliance.

AIR,—"*The Lass of Peaty's Mill.*"

**S**WIFT, Sandy, Young, and Gay,  
Are still my heart's delight,  
I sing their songs by day,  
And read their tales at night.

If frae their books I be,  
'Tis dulness then with me;  
But when these stars appear,  
Jokes, smiles, and wit are clear.

Swift, with uncommon stile,  
And wit that flows with ease,  
Instructs us with a smile,  
And never fails to please.

Bright Sandy greatly sings  
Of heroes, gods, and kings:  
He well deserves the bays,  
And ev'ry Briton's praise.

While thus our Homer shines;  
Young, with Horatian flame,  
Corrects these false designs  
We push in love of fame.

Blyth 'Gay in pawky strains,  
Makes villains, clowns, and swains  
Reprove with biting leer,  
Those in a higher sphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,  
Long may you give delight;  
Let all the dunces bray,  
You're far above their spite:

Such from a malice sour,  
Write nonsense, lame and poor,  
Which never can succeed,  
For, who the trash will read? R

## To-morrow.

**A** Bankrupt in trade, Fortune frowning on shore,  
All lost, save my spirit and honour,  
No choice being left but to take to the oar.  
I've engag'd in the Mars, Captain 'Connor:  
But tho' the wind calls me, some few words to say  
To Polly, these moments I borrow;  
For sorely she'll grieve that I leave her to-day,  
And must sail on the salt seas to-morrow,

'Nay, weep not; tho' Fortune her smile now denies,  
Time may soften the gipsy's pleasure;  
Perhaps she may throw in my way some rich prize,  
And send me hyme loaded with treasure.  
If so lucky, oh! doubt not, without more delay,  
Will I hasten to banish your sorrow;  
And bring back a heart which adores you do day,  
And will love you as dearly to-morrow.

But, ah! the fond hopes may prove faithless and  
vain,  
Which my bosom now ventures to cherish;  
In some perilous fight I may haply be slain,  
Or, 'whelm'd in the ocean may perish.  
Should such be the fate of poor Tom, deign to pay  
To his loss a fit tribute of sorrow;  
And sometimes remember our parting to-day,  
Should a wave be my cousin to-morrow.



## The Little Grey Man.

MARY-ANN was the darling of Aix-la-Chapelle;  
 She bore through its province, unenvied, the belle;  
 The joy of her fellows, her parents' delight;  
 So kind was her soul, and her beauty so bright:  
 No maiden surpass'd, or perhaps ever can,  
 Of Aix-la-Chapelle the beloved Mary-Ann.

Her form it was faultless, unaided by art;  
 And frank her demeanour, as guileless her heart;  
 Her soft melting eyes a sweet languour bedeck'd,  
 And youth's gaudy bloom was by love lightly  
 check'd;  
 On her mein had pure nature bestow'd her best grace,  
 And her mind flood confess'd in the charms of her  
 face.

Though with suitors beset, yet her Leopold knew,  
 As her beauty was matchless, her heart it was true,  
 So fearless he went to the wars; while the maid,  
 Her fears for brave Leopold often betray'd:  
 Full oft, in the gloom of the churchyard reclined,  
 Would she pour forth her sorrows and vows to the  
 wind.

"Ah, me!" would she sigh, in a tone that would  
 melt  
 The heart that one spark of true love ever felt;  
 "Ah, me!" would she sigh "past and gone is the  
 day,  
 "When my father was plighted to give me away!  
 "My fancy, what sad gloomy preface appals!  
 "Ah! sure on the Danube my Leopold falls!"—

One evening so gloomy, when only the owl  
 (A tempest impending) would venture to prowl;  
 Mary Ann, whose delight was in sadness and gloom,  
 By a newly-made grave sat her down on a tomb;  
 But ere she to number her sorrows began,  
 Lo! out of the grave jump'd a Little Grey Man!

His hue it was deadly, his eyes they were ghast;  
 Long and pale were his fingers, that held her arm  
 fast;—  
 She shriek'd a loud shriek, so affrighted was she;  
 And grimly he frown'd, as he jump'd on her knee.  
 With a voice that dismay'd her—"the Danube!"  
 he cried;  
 "There Leopold bleeds! Mary-Ann is my bride!"

She shrink, all appall'd, and she gazed all around;  
 She clos'd her sad eyes, and she sunk on the ground:  
 The Little Grey Man he resumed his discourse—  
 "To-morrow I take thee, for better, for worse:—  
 "At midnight my arms shall thy body entwine,  
 "Or this newly-made grave, Mary-Ann, shall be  
 thine!"

With fear and with fright did the maid look around,  
 When she first dared to raise her sad eyes from the  
 ground;

With fear and with fright gazed the poor Mary-  
 Ann,  
 Though lost to her sight was the Little Grey Man:  
 With fear and with fright from the churchyard she  
 fled;  
 Reach'd her home, now so welcome, and sunk on  
 her bed.

"Woe is me!" did she cry "that I ever was born;  
 "Was ever poor maiden so lost and forlorn!  
 "Must that Little Grey Man, then, my body en-  
 twine,  
 "Or the grave newly dug for another be mine!  
 "Shall I wait for to-morrow's dread midnight!—  
 ah, no!  
 "To my Leopold's arms—to the Danube I go!"

Then up rose the maiden, so fore woe-begone,  
 And her Sunday's apparel in haste she put on;  
 Her close studded bodice of velvet so new;  
 Her coat of fine scarlet, and kirtle of blue;  
 Her ear-rings of jet, all so costly; and last,  
 Her long cloak of linsey, to guard from the blast.

A cross of pure gold, her fond mother's bequest,  
 By a still dearer riband she hung at her breast;  
 Round a bodkin of silver she bound her long hair,  
 In plaits and in tresses so comely and fair,  
 'Twould have gladden'd your heart, ere her journey  
 began,  
 To have gazed on the tidy and trim Mary-Ann.

But, oh! her sad bosom such sorrows oppress'd,  
 Such fears and forebodings, as robb'd her of rest;  
 Forlorn as she felt, so forlorn must she go,  
 And brave the rough tempest, the hail, and the snow!  
 Yet still she set forth, all so pale and so wan—  
 Let a tear drop of pity for poor Mary-Ann!

Dark, dark was the night, and the way it was rude!  
 While the Little Grey Man on her thoughts would  
 obtrude;  
 She wept as she thought on her long gloomy way;  
 She turn'd, and she yet saw the lights all so gay:  
 She kiss'd now her cross, and she heard the last bell;  
 And a long, long adieu bade to Aix-la-Chapelle.

Thro' the brown wood of Limbourg with caution  
 she paced;  
 Ere the noon of the morrow she travers'd the waste;  
 She mounted the hills of St. Bertrand so high;  
 And the day it declined, as the heath she drew nigh;  
 And she rested a wide waving elder beneath,  
 And paus'd on the horrors of Sombremont's heath:

For there, in black groups (by the law 'tis im-  
 pos'd)  
 Are the bodies of fell malefactors expos'd,  
 On wheels and on gibbets, on crosses and poles,  
 With a charge to the passing, to pray for their souls:  
 But a spot of such terror no robbers infest,  
 And there the faint pilgrim securely may rest.

Sore fatigu'd, the sad maid knelt, and said a short  
 prayer;  
 She bound up her tresses, that flow'd in the air:  
 Again she set forth, and sped slowly along;  
 And her steps try'd to cheer, but in vain, with a song:  
 In her thoughts all so gloomy, sad prefaces ran,  
 Of Leopold now, now the Little Grey Man.

The moon dimly gleam'd as she enter'd the plain:  
 The winds swept the clouds rolling on to the main;  
 For a hut e'er so wretched in vain she look'd round;  
 No tree promis'd shelter, no bed the cold ground:  
 Her limbs they now falter'd, her courage all fled,  
 As a faint beam display'd the black groups of the  
 dead.

Shrill whistled the wind thro' the skulls, and the  
blast

Scar'd the yet greedy bird from its glutting repast;  
From the new-rack'd assassin the raven withdrew,  
But croak'd round the wheel still, and heavily flew;  
While vultures, more daring, intent on their prey,  
Tore the flesh from the sinews, yet reeking away.

But the dread of banditti, some strength it restor'd,  
And again she the aid of the Virgin implor'd;  
She dragg'd her slow steps to where corpses, yet warm,  
Threw their tatters and fresh mangled limbs to the  
form:

She reach'd the fell spot, and, aghast, looking round,  
At a black gibbet's foot senseless sunk on the ground

Now the battle was over, and o'er his proud foes  
The Austrian eagle triumphantly rose;  
'Midst the groans of the dying, and blood of the  
slain,

Sorely wounded lay Leopold, stretch'd on the plain.  
When reviving, he first to look round him began,  
Lo! close by his side sat a Little Grey Man!

The Little Grey Man he sat munching a heart,  
And he growl'd in a tone all dismaying "depart!"  
"Don't disturb me at meals! pry'thee rise and pass  
"on!"

"To Mary-Ann hie!—bind your wounds and be—  
"gone!"

"In a score and three days shall you meet Mary-  
"Ann;

"And perhaps, uninvited, the Little Grey-Man."

With fear and dismay rose the youth from the  
ground,

His wounds he with balms and with bandages bound;  
To quit his grim guest he made little delay,  
And faint though he was, he sped willing away:  
For a score and three days did he journey amain,  
Then sunk, all exhausted, on Sombermond's plain.

By the screams of the night-bird, though dark, he  
could tell

'Twas the gibbets' amongst, and the wheels, where  
he fell.—

Now still her sad station did Mary-Ann keep,  
Where Leopold, fainting, had sunk into sleep:  
Ah! little thought he that his dear one was by!  
Ah! little the maid that her love was so nigh!

Perch'd grim on a wheel sat the Little Grey-Man,  
Whilst his fierce little eyes o'er the sad lovers ran;  
The Little Grey-Man down to Leopold crept,  
And open'd his wounds, all so deep, as he slept;  
With a scream he the slumbers of Mary-Ann broke  
And the poor forlorn-maid to new horrors awoke.

To her sight, sorely shock'd, did a moon-beam dis-  
play

Her lover, all bleeding and pale as he lay:  
She shriek'd a loud shriek; and she tore her fine  
hair,

And she sunk her soft cheek on his bosom so fair;  
With her long flowing tresses she strove to restrain,  
And stop the dear blood that now issued amain.

To his wounds her fair hands she unceasingly  
press'd;

Her tears fast they fell on her Leopold's breast:  
Entranc'd, and in slumber still silent he lay,  
Till the Little Grey-man drove his slumbers away;  
With a vision all horrid his senses betray'd,  
And fatal to him and his much-belov'd maid.

He dreamt, from his wheel an assassin had stepp'd,  
And silent and slowly had close to him crept;  
That the wretch, mangled piece-meal, and ghastly  
with gore,

From his wounds both the balms and the bandages  
tore;

And to search for his dagger as now he began,  
—"Strike! strike!" cry'd the voice of the Little  
Grey-Man.

"Strike! strike!" cry'd the fiend, "or your wounds  
"bleed anew!"

He struck—it was Mary-Ann's life blood he drew;  
With a shriek he awoke, nor his woes were they  
o'er;

He beheld his pale love, to behold her no more!—  
Her eyes the poor maiden on Leopold cast,  
Gave him one look of love, 'twas her fondest, her  
last!

The Little Grey-man now he set up a yell  
Which was heard in the halls of fair Aix-la-Cha-  
pelle,

He rais'd up his head, and he rais'd up his chin;  
And he grinn'd, as he shouted, a horrible grin;  
And he laugh'd a loud laugh, and his cap up he cast,  
Exulting, as breath'd the fond lovers their last.

As in each other's arms dead the fond lovers fell,  
O'er the black lonely heath toll'd a low, distant  
bell;

From the gibbets and crosses shrieks issu'd, and  
groans,

And wild to the blast flew the skulls and the bones;  
While the Little Grey-Man, midst a shower of  
blood,

In a whirlwind was hurl'd into Sombermond's wood.

Of Mary-Ann's sorrows, and Leopold's woes,  
Long shall Maïse's dark stream tell the tale as it  
flows:

Long, long shall the gossips of Aix-la-Chapelle,  
Of the heath and its horrors, the traveller tell:

Who shall prick on his reed with what swiftness  
he can,

Left he meet in the twilight the Little Grey-Man.

On the Feast of St. Austin, to Sombermond's fair,  
Flock the youth of both sexes, its revels to share;  
And in dainty apparel, all gallant and gay,  
With dance, and with carols, and mirth, cheer the  
day;

While the proud castle's portal expanded, invites  
To the hall's ample board, and its festive delights:

And there, on the richly-wrought arras, they view  
Depicted, the woes of these lovers so true;  
The troubles their sorrowful days that beset,  
And the fate of the darling of Aix-la-Chapelle;  
Behold, as the bloom'd, the belov'd Mary-Ann,  
And the heart-freezing fowl of the Little Grey  
Man.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

Crazy Jane.

WHY, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,  
Are such signs of fear express'd?  
Can a wand'ring wretched creature  
With such terrors fill thy breast?  
Do my frenzy looks alarm thee?  
Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain:  
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;  
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?  
Mark me, and avoid my woe:  
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,  
Think them false—I found them so.  
For, I lov'd—oh! so sincerely,  
None could ever love again:  
But the youth I lov'd so dearly  
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,  
Which was doom'd to love but one:  
He sigh'd—he vow'd—and I believ'd him;  
He was false—and I undone.  
From that hour, has reason never  
Held her empire o'er my brain;  
Henry fled!—With him for ever  
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now, forlorn and broken-hearted,  
And with frenzy'd thoughts beset,  
On that spot, where last we parted,  
On that spot where first we met,  
Still I sing my love lorn ditty,  
Still I slowly pace the plain;  
Whilst each passer-by, in pity,  
Cries—"God help thee, Crazy Jane!"  
*G. M. Lewis.*

If a Landfman would know.

IF a landfman wou'd know the true creed of a tar,  
Tell him this, just his wish to belay,  
A failor beloves, foul or fair, peace or war,  
'Tis all for the best come what may.  
His heart at humanity's post never nods,  
Honest sympathy beams in his eye;  
In battle successful, if not, where's the odds?  
He won't run, but with glory he'll die.

His home and relations he seems to forego,  
But his country new joys can impart;  
For a true honest tar, don't we all of us know,  
Finds a home in each Englishman's heart.  
Brittania's his mother, his brethren are we,  
And besides, 'tis with rapture I sing,  
That each gallant lad who for us braves the sea,  
Finds a father belov'd in his king.

The Death of Crazy Jane.

O'ER the gloomy woods resounding,  
Far, far from the joyless vale,  
Deep the heavy death-bell sounding,  
Tolls a luckless maiden's knell!  
Nearer on the low wind floating,  
Sweetly flows the tuneful strain;  
Pity's choir the dirge devoting  
To the shade of Crazy Jane.

In the grove where erst her ditty,  
Wild and loud the mourner rais'd,  
While the virgins, mov'd with pity,  
Wept to find poor Jane was craz'd!  
In that grove, in plaintive numbers,  
Slowly falls the solemn strain,  
Where the hapless maiden slumbers,  
There in peace rests Crazy Jane.

In that grove where Henry left her,  
Bleeding with love's cruel smart,  
When despair of sense bereft her,  
When affliction broke her heart;  
In that grove forbear to languish,  
Gentle virgins cease the strain—  
Death has lull'd, from grief and anguish,  
Love's sad victim, Crazy Jane.

Tom Starboard.

TOM Starboard was a lover true,  
As brave a tar as ever fail'd;  
The duties ablest seamen do  
Tom did; and never yet had fail'd.  
But wreck'd as he was homeward bound,  
Within a league of England's coast,  
Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,  
For more than half the crew were lost.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear;  
Nay, when he lost an arm—resign'd,  
Said, love for Nan, his only dear,  
Had sav'd his life, and Fate was kind.  
And now, tho' wreck'd, yet Tom return'd,  
Of all past hardships made a joke;  
For still his manly bosom burn'd  
With love—his heart was heart of oak.

His strength restor'd, Tom nobly ran  
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;  
But false report had brought to Nan,  
Six months before, that Tom had dy'd.  
With grief she daily pin'd away,  
No remedy her life cou'd save;  
And Tom arriv'd—the very day  
They laid his Nancy in the grave.

## Nothing in Life can sadden us.

**O**H! nothing in life can sadden us,  
While we have wine and good humour in  
store;

With these and a little of love to madden us,  
Show me the fool that could labour for more.  
Come then bid Ganymede fill ev'ry bowl for you,  
Fill them up bumpers and drink as I call;  
I'm going to toast ev'ry nymph of my soul for you,  
Aye! on my soul I'm in love with them all.

Dear creatures! we can't live without 'em,  
They're all that is sweet and seducing to man,  
Looking, fighting about and about them,  
We doat on them, die for them, all that we can

Here's to Phillis—whose innocent before  
Is always agog for some novel desires;  
To day to get lovers—to morrow to lose 'em,  
Is all that the innocent Phillis requires.  
Here's to the gay little Jeffy, who simpers,  
So very good humour'd whatever is done;  
She'll kiss you, and that without whining or whim-  
pers,  
And do what you please with you, all out of fun!  
Dear creatures, &c.

A bumper to Fanny, I know you will scorn her,  
Because she's a prude and her nose is so curl'd!  
But if ever you chatted with Fan in a corner,  
You'd say she's the best little girl in the world!  
Another to Lyddy, still struggling with duty,  
And asking her conscience still whether she  
should;  
While her eyes in the silent confession of beauty  
Say, "only for something I certainly would."  
Dear creatures, &c.

Fill for Chloe—bewitching simple,  
Who angles the heart, without knowing her  
lure,  
Still wounding around with a blush or a dimple,  
Nor seeming to feel that she also could cure.  
Here's pious Susan—the faint who alone, fir,  
Could ever have made me religious outright;  
For if I'd such a dear little faint of my own, fir,  
I'd pray on my knees to her half the long night.  
Dear creatures, &c.

## The Insolvent Debtor.

**D**EVOID of all care was my morning of life,  
Friends and traffic fulfill'd each desire,  
As true and as good, as she's fair, was my wife,  
And my babes lisp'd the joy of their fire.

But Misfortune, dire spectre, my hopes did depress,  
And villainy injur'd my fame;  
My credit once great, ev'ry moment grew less,  
And friendship I found but a name.

A hard-hearted creditor view'd my distress,  
His soul was ne'er form'd to relieve!  
He plung'd me, alas! in a prison's recess,  
Depriv'd of all sense but to grieve.

No friend took the pains my dark mansion to seek,  
My wife dimm'd each eye with a tear,  
My children—but why of their woes should I speak?  
It drives me alas! to despair.

Sharp misery stings—fortune hovers around,  
The life-springs of comfort are dry;  
No relief for so woe-worn a wretch can be found,  
But to hide his despair and to die.

*J. C. Cross*

## Steady she goes.

**T**HE British tar no peril knows,  
But fearless braves the angry deep,  
The ship's his cradle of repose,  
And sweetly rocks him to his sleep,  
He tho' the raging surges swell:  
In his hammock,  
In his hammock swings,  
When the steerfman sings,  
When the steerfman sings,  
Steady she goes, all well, all well,  
Steady she goes.

While on the main-top yard he springs,  
An English vessel heaves in view,  
He asks, but she no letter brings  
From bonny Kate, he lov'd so true;  
Then sighs he for his native dell,  
Yet to hope he clings,  
To hope he clings,  
While the steerfman sings,  
While the steerfman sings,  
Steady she goes, all well, &c.

The storm is past, the battle's o'er,  
Nature and man repose in peace,  
Then homeward bound, on England's shore,  
He hopes for joys that ne'er will cease;  
His Kate's sweet voice those joys foretells,  
And his big heart springs,  
His big heart springs,  
While the steerfman sings,  
While the steerfman sings,  
Steady she goes, all well, &c.

## Spring.

**T**HE winter of dulness is o'er,  
Rejecter of ev'ry gay strain,  
And Spring comes to visit once more,  
The cheerless and dismantled plain!  
New cloathing the groves do receive,  
Fine flowers bedeck the fresh green;  
Kind Nature begins now to live,  
And welcomes young Spring for her queen.

Before the approach of grey dawn,  
The lark quits her nest in the vale;  
In air she sings high o'er the lawn,  
And wakes ev'ry bird in the dale.  
Now wanton the tender young lambs,  
Bound o'er the steep hills in their play,  
And bleat their soft notes round their dams,  
The valley, re-echo the lay.

The bees now search round ev'ry bow'r;  
To taste vernal sweets are inclin'd:  
If then you would chuse a sweet flow'r,  
Sure thereon a bee will you find.  
The nymphs with their swains now retire,  
From cities, from crowds, and from throngs,  
And melt their young swains with desire,  
Whilst welcoming Spring with their songs.

Gay music the woods and groves fill;  
How charming and sweet is the noise!  
When sitting beneath the pure rill,  
The thrush from the brake tunes her voice.  
Ye nymphs join with me then to sing,  
And make ev'ry valley rebound,  
The praises of sweet blooming Spring,  
Whose bounties display'd are around.



## Oppress'd with Grief.

Air.—'Banks of Helicon.'

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,  
 A burden more than I can bear,  
 I set me down and sigh,  
 Oh, life thou art a galling load,  
 A long, a rough, a weary road,  
 To wretches such as I.  
 Dim backward as I cast my view,  
 What sick'ning scenes appear,  
 What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',  
 Too justly I may fear,  
 Still caring, despairing,  
 Must be my biting doom,  
 My woes here, shall close here,  
 But with the closing tomb.

Happy ye sons of busy life,  
 Who equal to the blustering strife,  
 No other view regard;  
 Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd,  
 Yet while the busy means are ply'd,  
 They bring their own reward.  
 Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,  
 Unfitted with an aim,  
 Meet ev'ry sad returning night,  
 And joyless morn the fame;  
 You bustling, and jostling,  
 Forget each grief and pain,  
 I listless, yet restless.  
 Find ev'ry prospect vain.

How blest the solitary's lot,  
 Who all forgetting, all forgot,  
 Withing his humble cell,  
 The cavern wild with tangl'd roots,  
 Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits,  
 Beside his chrystal well,  
 Or haply to his ev'ning thought,  
 By unfrequented stream,  
 The ways of men are distant brought.  
 A faint collected dream,  
 While praising, and raising,  
 His thoughts to heav'n on high,  
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,  
 He views the solemn sky.

Then I no lonely hermit plac'd,  
 Where never human footstep trac'd,  
 Less fit to play the part;  
 The lucky moment to improve,  
 And just to step, and just to move,  
 With self respecting art;  
 But, ah! those pleasures, loves and joys,  
 Which I too keenly taste,  
 The solitary can despise,  
 Can want, and yet be blest.  
 He needs not, he heeds not,  
 Or human love or hate,  
 Whilst I here, must cry here,  
 For perfidy ingrate.

Oh! enviable early days,  
 Dancing in thoughtless pleasure's maze.  
 To care, to guilt unknown!  
 How ill exchang'd for riper times,  
 To feel the follies or the crimes,  
 Of others or my own.  
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,  
 Like linnets in a bush,  
 Ye little know the ills ye court,  
 When manhood is your wish!  
 The losses, the crosses,  
 That active man engage,  
 The fears all, the tears all,  
 Of dim declining age.

## The Shipwreck'd Tar.

Air.—" 'Twas in the good Ship Rover."

ESCAP'D with life, in tatters,  
 Behold me safe on shore,  
 Such trifles little matters,  
 I'll soon get togs galore;  
 For Poll swore when we parted,  
 No chance her faith would jar,  
 And Poll's too tender hearted  
 To flight a shipwreck'd tar.

To Poll his course straight steering,  
 He hastens on apace,  
 Poor Jack can't get a hearing,  
 She never saw his face;  
 From Meg, and Doll, and Kitty,  
 Relief was just as far,  
 Not one has the least pity,  
 For a poor shipwreck'd tar.

This, whom he thought love's needle,  
 Now his sad misery mocks,  
 That wants to find the beadle,  
 To set him in the stocks;  
 Cry'd, this is hard dealing,  
 The elements at war,  
 Than this had kinder feelings,  
 They sav'd a shipwreck'd tar.

But all their taunts and fetches  
 A judgment are to me,  
 I for these harden'd wretches,  
 Dear Nancy, flighted thee;  
 But see poor Tray assails me,  
 His mistress is not far,  
 He wags his tail and hails me,  
 Tho' a poor shipwreck'd tar.

'Twas faithful love that brought him,  
 A lesson for mankind!  
 'Tis one, cry'd I, I taught him;  
 For on my constant mind  
 Thy image dear was graven,  
 And now remov'd each bar,  
 My arms shall be the haven  
 For my poor shipwreck'd tar.

Heav'n and my love reward thee!  
 I'm shipwreck'd, but I'm rich,  
 All shall with pride regard thee,  
 Thy love shall so bewitch.  
 With wonder each fond fancy,  
 That children near and far,  
 Shall list the name of Nancy,  
 That sav'd the Shipwreck'd Tar.

## BALLAD.

## Lord William

NO eye beheld when William plung'd  
 Young Edmund in the stream;  
 No human ear but William's heard  
 Young Edmund's drowning scream.  
 Submissive all the vassals own'd  
 The murderer for their Lord  
 And he, the rightful heir, possess'd  
 The house of Erlingford.  
 The ancient house of Erlingford  
 Stood midst a fair domain,  
 And Severn's ample waters near  
 Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the way-faring man  
Would love to linger there,  
Forgetful of his onward road,  
To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare  
To gaze on Severn's stream;  
In every wind that swept its waves  
He heard young Edmund scream.

In vain at midnight's silent hour  
Sleep clos'd the murderer's eyes;  
In ev'ry dream the murderer saw  
Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain, by restless conscience driven,  
Lord William left his home,  
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,  
In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled  
But could not fly despair;  
He sought his home again, but peace  
Was still a stranger there.

Each hour was tedious long, yet swift  
The months appear'd to roll;  
And now the day return'd that shook  
With terror William's soul.

A day that William never felt  
Return without dismay,  
For well had conscience kalender'd  
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that! the rains  
Fell fast, with tempest roar,  
And the swollen tide of Severn spread  
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William fought the feast,  
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,  
And strove with noisy mirth to drown  
The anguish of his soul.

The tempest as its sudden swell  
In gusty howlings came,  
With cold and death-like feelings seem'd  
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on  
His lonely couch he press'd;  
And, wearied out, he sunk to sleep,  
To sleep, but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,  
Lord Edmund, seem'd to stand,  
Such and so pale as when in death  
He grasp'd his brother's hand:

Such and so pale his face as when  
With faint and faltering tongue,  
To William's care, a dying charge,  
He left his orphan son.

—"I bade thee, with a father's love,  
"My orphan Edmund guard;  
"Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge!  
"Now take thy due reward!"

He started up, each limb convuls'd  
With agonizing fear;  
He only heard the storm of night—  
'Twas music to his ear.

When lo! the voice of loud alarm  
His inmost soul appals,  
—"What ho! Lord William, rise in haste!  
"The water laps thy walls!"

He rose in haste: beneath the walls  
He saw the flood appear;  
It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight now,  
No human aid was near.

He heard a shout of joy, for now  
A boat approach'd the wall,  
And eager to the welcome aid,  
They crowd for safety all.

—"My boat is small," the boatman cry'd,  
"This dangerous haste forbear!  
"Wait other aid; this little bark  
"But one from hence can bear!"

Lord William leap'd into the boat,  
—"Haste haste to yonder shore!  
"And ample wealth shall well reward,  
"Ply swift and strong the oar!"

The boatman plied the oar, the boat  
Went light along the stream;  
Sudden Lord William heard a cry  
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paus'd,—"methought I heard  
"A child's distressful cry!"—  
—"Twas but the howling wind of night,"  
Lord William made reply.

"Haste, haste—ply swift and strong the oar!  
"Haste—haste across the stream!"—  
Again Lord William heard a cry  
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

—"I heard a child's distressful scream,"—  
The boatman cry'd again.  
—"Nay, hasten on—the night is dark—  
"And we should search in vain!"

—"Oh, God! Lord William, dost thou know  
"How dreadful 'tis to die?  
"And canst thou without pity hear  
"A child's expiring cry?"

"How horrible it is to sink  
"Beneath the chilly stream,  
"To stretch the powerless arms in vain,  
"In vain for help to scream?"

The shriek again was heard. It came  
More deep, more piercing loud;  
That instant o'er the flood the moon  
Shone through a broken cloud.

And near them they beheld a child,  
Upon a crag he stood,  
A little crag, and all around  
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman ply'd the oar, the boat  
Approach'd his resting place,  
The moon-beam shone upon the child  
And show'd how pale his face.

—"Now reach thine hand!" the boatman cry'd,  
"Lord William reach and save!"—  
The child stretch'd forth his little hands,  
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek'd; the hand he touch'd  
Was cold, and damp, and dead!  
He felt young Edmund in his arms  
A heavier weight than lead.

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk  
Beneath the avenging stream;  
He rose, he scream'd!—no human ear  
Heard William's drowning scream.

Robert Southey.



## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, worth preserving, in the English Language; forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Drinking, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

### The Pretty Hay-maker.

'TWAS in June, rosy June,  
That I saunter'd one morning,  
All alone thro' the fields  
Just as Phoebus was dawning:  
When fortune so fix'd it  
For which the deuce take her,  
I must fall deep in love  
With a pretty Hay-maker;  
Yes, in love, deep in love,  
With a little Hay-maker.

She was fair, and well form'd,  
Nay, all lovely I own it,  
And grafs here and there  
Into hillocks had thrown it:  
Her words were "stand by, fir!"  
And I strove to forsake her,  
But, no, I was caught  
By this pretty Hay-maker;

*Yes, in love, &c.*

'TWas her figure, her mein,  
And two pretty black eyes, fir,  
With a blush the most sweet  
Took my heart by surprize, fir:  
'TWas a something bewitching,  
For which the deuce take her,  
Made me fall deep in love  
With this pretty Hay-maker;

*Yes, in love, &c.*

What to do I can't tell,  
For a cause more perplexing  
Was sure never known,  
No, nor truly more vexing;  
Pray, young men have a care  
Of the fields, and each raker,  
Left you fall deep in love  
With some pretty Hay-maker.  
For I'm trapp'd, fairly trapp'd,  
By a little Hay-maker!

### 'Tis Money that seduces.

'TIS money that seduces all mankind,  
For that we temp the seas, and brave the wind;  
In city, court and country, that is the general cry;  
There's none but will be sold if you can buy.  
The parson sells you prayers, the lawyer sells you  
lies,  
The doctor sells you death, he's a fool that buys:  
The pretty lady sells her magic ring,  
The statesman sells his country and his king.

### When I was a Chit.

WHEN I was a chit, just enter'd my teens  
And the men would be asking a kifs;  
Thinks I to myself, I scarce know what it means,  
But I think I ought not to say yes:  
To be sure it was fine,  
When they call'd me divine,  
Tho' I've simper'd and cry'd—let me go;  
O dear, fir! O la!  
I'll acquaint my mamma,  
If thus you keep teasing and squeezing me so.

Improving in skill as advancing in years,  
Each lesson of love got by heart;  
More eager my hopes, more decid'd my fears,  
Poor nature sought refuge in art—  
At each swain that drew nigh,  
I look'd under my eye,  
And loiter'd, pretending to go:  
If prest to sit down,  
I exclaimed with a frown,  
How dare you keep teasing and squeezing me so?

Coqueting's now o'er, and, settled for life,  
Each feeling is fairly confess'd;  
Attach'd to the duties of parent and wife,  
'Tis nature still reigns in the breast:  
To my heart's bosom friend  
I no coolness pretend,  
Nor from him seem anxious to go;  
Nor ever complain,  
With affected disdain,  
How dare, &c.

### Damon.

ON every hill, in every grove,  
Along the margin of each stream,  
Dear conscious scenes of former love,  
I-mourn, and Damon is my theme.  
The hills, the groves and streams remain,  
But Damon there I seek in vain.

*The hills, &c.*

From hill; from dale each charm is fled;  
Groves, flocks and fountains please no more:  
Each flower in pity drops its head,  
All nature doth my loss deplore.  
All, all-reproach the faithless swain,  
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

*All all, &c.*

## The Farmer's Son.

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

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

My father has riches store,  
 Two hundred a year, or more,  
 Besides sheep and cows,  
 Carts, harrows and ploughs ;  
 His age is above threescore ;  
 And when he does die,  
 Then merrily I  
 Shall enjoy what he has won ;  
 Both land and kine,  
 All shall be thine,  
 If thou'lt incline,  
 And be but mine,  
 And marry a farmer's son.

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

Be not in haste, quoth she,  
 Perhaps we may still agree,  
 For, man, I protest,  
 I was but in jest ;  
 Come, prithee sit down by me :  
 For thou art the man  
 That verily can  
 Perform what must be done :  
 Both strait and tall,  
 Genteel withall,  
 Therefore I shall  
 Be at thy call,  
 To marry a farmer's son.

Dear lady believe me now,  
 I solemnly swear and vow,  
 No lords in their lives  
 Take pleasure in wives,  
 Like fellows that follow the plough ;  
 For whate'er they gain,  
 With labour and pain,  
 They don't to harlots run,  
 As courtiers do :  
 I never knew  
 A London beau,  
 That could out do,  
 A country farmer's son.

## Soft is the Zephyr.

SOFT is the zephyr's breezy wing,  
 And balmy is the breath of spring,  
 When o'er the silent dewy vale  
 Its variegated sweets exhale :  
 Stolen from the freshen'd flow'r,  
 Glit'ning with an ev'ning show'r ;  
 From the violet's nectar'd dew,  
 And the rose of purple hue.

## Tight Lads of the Ocean.

USING of that life of delight beyond measure,  
 That tars calmly lead on the boisterous main ;  
 Where toil is enjoyment, where trouble's all pleasure,  
 And where men lose their lives a sure fortune  
 to gain :  
 Where you fear no diseases but sickness and scurvy  
 Where the water stinks sweetly by way of a zest,  
 Where you walk on your legs if you're not topsey turvey,  
 And where, though you sleep soundly, you're  
 never at rest :  
 Then push round the can, O you have not a notion  
 Of sailors, their grog, and their sweethearts and  
 wives,  
 Ah! give me, my soul, the tight lads of the ocean,  
 Who, though they're so wretched, lead such  
 happy lives.

Then you're always of billows and winds in the  
 middle,  
 That so dash, and so whistle, and bodder your  
 ears,  
 And play a duet with the tar's fong and fiddle.  
 So sweetly that founds and that nobody hears :  
 Then to see the tight lads how they laugh at a  
 stranger,  
 Who fears billows can drown, and nine pounders  
 can kill—  
 You're safe, sure enough, were you not in such  
 danger,  
 And might loll at your ease if you could but sit  
 still  
 Then push round the can, &c.

What of perils that always the same are so vari-  
 ous,  
 And thro' shot-holes and leaks leave wide open  
 death's doors,  
 Devil a risk's in a battle wer't not so precarious,  
 Storms were all gig and fun, but for breakers  
 and shores !  
 In short, a tar's life, you may say that I told it,  
 Who leaves quiet and peace foreign countries to  
 roam,  
 Is, of all other lives, I'll be bound to uphold it  
 The best life in the world next to staying at  
 home.  
 Then push round the can, &c.



## The worth of Wine.

AIR,—*Let's be jovial, fill our glasses.*

**T**IS wine that clears the understanding,  
Makes men learn'd without books;  
Fits the gen'ral for commanding,  
And gives soldiers fiercer looks.

*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,  
Heightens beauties of the fair;  
Truth from falsehood it discovers,  
Quickens joys, and conquers care.

*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

Wine will set our souls on fire,  
Fits us for all glorious things;  
When rais'd by Bacchus we aspire  
At flights above the reach of kings.

*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

Bring in bonny magnus plenty,  
Be each glass a bumper crown'd;  
None to flinch till they be empty,  
And full fifty toasts go round.

*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

## Smirky Nan.

AIR,—*Nanny, O.*

**A**H! woe is me, poor Willy cry'd,  
See how I'm wast'd to a span;  
My heart I lost, when first I spy'd  
The charming, lovely milk-maid Nan.

I'm grown so weak, a gentle breeze  
Of dusky Roger's winnowing fan  
Would blow me o'er yon beechy trees,  
And all for thee, my smirky Nan.

The ale-wife misses me of late,  
I us'd to take a hearty can;  
But I can neither drink nor eat,  
Unless 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.

The baker makes the best of bread,  
The flow'r he takes, and leaves the bran,  
The bran is ev'ry other maid,  
Compar'd with thee, my smirky Nan.

Dick of the green, that nasty lown,  
Last Sunday to my mistress ran,  
He snatch'd a kiss; I knock'd him down,  
Which hugely pleas'd my smirky Nan.

But, hark! the roaring foger comes,  
And rattles tantara taran,  
She leaves her cows for noisy drums;  
Woe's me, I've lost my smirky Nan.

## The Rival.

**O**F all the torments, all the care,  
By which our lives are curst;  
Of all the sorrows that we bear,  
A rival is the worst.  
By partners in another kind  
Affliction easier grow;  
In love alone we hate to find  
Companions in our woe.

Sylvia, for all the griefs you see,  
Arising in my breast,  
I beg not that you'd pity me,  
Would you but slight the rest,  
How'er severe you rigorous are,  
Alone with them I'd cope?  
I can endure my own despair,  
But not another's hope.

## Love, Drink and Debt.

**I**' HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,  
These many and many a year;  
And these are plagues enough, I should think,  
For any poor mortal to bear.  
'Twas love made me fall into drink,  
And drink made me fall into debt;  
And though I have struggl'd and strove  
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me  
And rid me of all my pain;  
'Twill pay all my debts,  
And remove all my lets;  
And my mistress that cannot endure me,  
Will love me, and love me again;  
Then, then I shall fall to my loving and drinking  
again.

## Stand by, clear the Way.

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

Surrounded by a croud of beaux,  
With smart toupees, and powder'd clothes  
At rivals I'd turn up my nose;  
Oh, could I see the day!  
I'd dart such glances from these eyes,  
Should make some duke or lord my prize;  
And then, oh! how I'd tyrannize,  
With a stand-by, clear the way.

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

## The Orphan.

AIR,—*Cottage on the Moors.*

**I**F pity, sweet maid, ever dwell'd in thy breast,  
Oh, look with compassion on one that's distress'd  
An orphan, alas! no relations remain,  
I'm chill'd with the cold, I'm wet with the rain.

From morning till evening I wander along,  
Unheeded by all, tho' I plaintively moan;  
But children of pleasure pass by in disdain,  
Nor think on the orphan that's wet with the rain.

My garments are tatter'd, my looks pale and wan,  
I'm willing to labour, yet work I have none;  
I'm sinking with hunger, no food can I gain,  
Then pity the orphan that's wet with the rain.

But God sends relief to the orphans unknown,  
For peace and contentment is a happy throne;  
Then look with compassion, ne'er look with disdain  
And pity the orphan that's wet with the rain.

## Doniac.

In Finland there is a castle which is called the New Rock, moated about with a river of unfounded depth, the water black, and the fish therein very distasteful to the palate. In this are spectres often seen, which foreshew either the death of the governor, or some prime officer belonging to the place; and most commonly it appeareth in the shape of an harper, sweetly singing, dallying, and playing under the water.

It is reported of one Donica, that after she was dead, the devil walked in her body for the space of two years, so that none suspected but she was still alive, for she did both speak and eat, though very sparingly; only she had a deep paleness on her countenance, which was the only sign of death. At length a magician coming by where she was then in the company of many other virgins, as soon as he beheld her, he said, "fair maids, why keep you company with this dead virgin whom 'you suppose to be alive?' then taking away the magic charm which was tied under her arm, the body fell down lifeless and without motion.

The following ballad is founded on these stories. They are to be found in the notes to the Hierarchies of the blessed angels; a poem by Thomas Heywood, printed in folio by Adam Islip, 1635.

**H**IGH on a rock, whose castled shade  
Barken'd the lake below,  
In ancient strength majestic stood  
The towers of Arlinkow.

The fisher in the lake below  
Durst never cast his net,  
Nor ever Swallow in its waves  
Her passing wings would wet.

The cattle from its ominous banks  
In wild alarm would run,  
Though parch'd with thirst, and faint beneath  
The summer's scorching sun.

For sometimes, when no passing breeze  
The long lank sedges waved,  
All white with foam, and heaving high,  
Its deafening billows raved.

And when the tempest from its base  
The rooted pine would shake,  
The powerless storm unruffling swept  
Across the calm dead lake.

And ever then when death drew near  
The house of Arlinkow,  
Its dark unfathom'd depths did send  
Strange music from below.

The Lord of Arlinkow was old,  
One only child had he;  
Donica was the maiden's name,  
As fair as fair might be.

A bloom as bright as opening morn,  
Flush'd o'er her clear white cheek;  
The music of her voice was mild,  
Her full dark eyes were meek.

Far was her beauty known, for none  
So fair could Finland boast,  
Her parents loved the maiden much,  
Young Eberhard loved her most.

Together did they hope to tread  
The pleasant path of life,  
For now the day drew near to make  
Donica Eberhard's wife.

The eve was fair, and mild the air,  
Along the lake they stray:  
The eastern hill reflecting bright  
The fading tints of day.

And brightly o'er the water stream'd  
The liquid radiance wide;  
Donica's little dog ran on,  
And gambol'd at her side

Youth, health, and love, bloom'd on her cheek;  
Her full dark eyes express  
In many a glance to Eberhard,  
Her soul's meek tenderness.

Nor found was heard, nor passing gale  
Sigh'd through the long lank sedge;  
The air was hush'd—no little wave  
Dimpled the water's edge.

Sudden the unfathom'd lake sent forth  
Strange music from beneath,  
And slowly o'er the waters sail'd  
The solemn sounds of death.

As the deep sounds of death arose,  
Donica's cheek grew pale;  
And in the arms of Eberhard  
The senseless maiden fell.

Loudly the youth in terror shriek'd,  
And loud he call'd for aid;  
And with a wild and eager look  
Gaz'd on the death-pale maid.

But soon again did better thoughts  
In Eberhard arise,  
And he with trembling hope beheld  
The maiden raise her eyes.

And on his arm reclin'd, she mov'd,  
With feeble pace and slow,  
And soon with strength recover'd, reach'd  
The towers of Arlinkow

Yet never to Donica's cheek  
Return'd the lively hue;  
Her cheeks were deathly white and wan,  
Her lips a livid blue

Her eyes so bright and black of yore,  
Were now more black and bright;  
And beam'd strange lustre in her face,  
So deadly wan and white,

The dog that gambol'd by her side,  
And loved with her to stray  
Now at his alter'd mistress howl'd,  
And fled in fear away.

Yet did the faithful Eberhard  
Not love the maid the less;  
He gaz'd with sorrow, but he gaz'd  
With deeper tenderness.

And when he found her health unharm'd,  
He would not brook delay,  
But press'd the not unwilling maid  
To fix the bridal day.

And when at length it came, with joy  
They hail'd the bridal day,  
And onward to the house of God  
They went their willing way.

And as they at the altar stood  
And heard the sacred rite,  
The hallow'd taper dimly stream'd  
A pale sulphureous light.

And as the youth, with holy warmth,  
Her hand in his did hold,  
Sudden he felt Donica's hand  
Grow deadly damp and cold.

And loudly did he shriek, for lo!  
A spirit met his view;  
And Eberhard in the angel form  
His own Donica knew.

That instant from her earthly form  
Howling the daemon fled,  
And at the side of Eberhard  
The livid form fell dead.



## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

### Wine and Wisdom; or, the Tipling Philosophers.

**WISE THALES**, the Father of all  
The Greek Philosophical Crew,  
Ere he gaz'd at the Heavens, would call  
For a chirruping Bottle or two;  
That, when he had brighten'd his Eyes,  
He the Planets might better behold,  
And make the Fools think he was wise  
By the whimsical Tales that he told.

**THALES**, the *Milesian*, was first eminent for his Knowledge in Astrology, and of those Constellations which at that time were most study'd among the *Penticians*, and by which they fail'd: but afterwards, by his Travels into *Egypt*, and his Residence there for some time, in the Court of King *Amasis*, he so improv'd his Learning, that he return'd home to *Miletus*, and became the first Author of the Mathematicks, and Natural Philosophy, among the *Grecians*, and justly obtain'd the Preferece of the other Wisemen for his speculative Learning.

**Wife SOLOON**, who carefully gave  
Good laws unto *Athens* of old,  
And thought the Rich *Craesus* a Slave,  
Tho' a King, to his Coffers of Gold.  
He delighted in plentiful Bowls,  
But drinking much talk would decline,  
Because 'twas the Custom of Fools  
To prattle much over their Wine.

**SOLOON** was born at *Salamis*, and grew so famous for his Wisdom, that he was courted by the City of *Athens* to prescribe Laws to the *Athenians*. It was he also that despised the Riches of *Craesus*, when he expected to be Complimented for the abundance of his Wealth. And being asked by *Periander*, at a drinking Match, whether his Silence was owing to his Folly, *Solon* answer'd, *No Fool can be silent in his Cups*.

**PHERESYDES**, when cloy'd with good Wine,  
Imprudently fell to cold Water:  
From thence many things did divine,  
Which happen'd by accident after:  
But when he began to despise  
Warm Juice, for a Liquor so cool,  
His Body was turn'd into Lice,  
And he lousily dy'd like a Fool.

**PHERECYDES** was born in *Syrus*, and made himself famous by foretelling an Earthquake, from a Glass of Water which one of his Scholars gave him to drink. Some time before his Death he avoided all Company, and at length dy'd miserably, eaten up with Lice.

**ANAXAGORAS**, drank like a Lord,  
Till Wine had quite dazzl'd his sight,  
And, when he was tipsy, averr'd,  
That Snow was all black, tho' it's white;  
Yet still he made shift to behold,  
That the Sun had a Stone in his Face,  
Which, according as he had foretold,  
Fell down by a River in *Thrace*.

**ANAXAGORAS** was born at *Glaucomena*, who, among the rest of his Philosophical Assertions, affirm'd Snow to be black, and was very famous for foretelling, that a Stone should drop, at such a time, from the Body of the Sun, which fell accordingly at the River *Agos* in *Thrace*.

Grave **ARCHELAUS** tippl'd much Wine,  
Or sure he could never have thought  
That the lights, which above us do shine,  
Were Masses of Iron Red-Hot.  
His Pupils must certainly think  
That their Master had gally'd his Wits,  
Or that he was us'd in his drink  
To let out such merry Conceits.

**ARCHELAUS** was an *Athenian*, or a *Milesian*, undecided whether; among the rest of his Philosophical Notions he asserted, that the Stars were burning Masses of Iron, of which the Sun was the greatest.

Old **SOCRATES** ne'er was content  
Till a Bottle had heighten'd his Joys,  
Who, in's Cups to the Oracle went,  
Or he ne'er had been counted so Wise.  
Late Hours he certainly lov'd,  
Made Wine the delight of his Life,  
Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd  
Such a damnable Scold of a Wife.

**SOCRATES** was born at *Alopecce*, an *Athenian* village, and was called by the Oracle, the wisest Man: For the better tryal of his Philosophical Temper he had a very perverse Wife, nam'd *Xantippe*, who us'd to tell him, that he only marry'd her to exercise his Patience.

Bold **XENOPHON** study'd a while,  
Till he found the true way to be Wise.  
Was all Night at the Bottle, to toil,  
Till the Sparkles flew out of his Eyes;  
Which so nobly inspir'd his Soul,  
That he took up the Sword and the Shield,  
So quitted his Books for the Bowl,  
And became a brave Man in the Field.

**XENOPHON** was born at *Athens*, was a Follower of *Socrates*, and became an eminent Philosopher; but, delighting in Arms, he betook himself to the Field, and became a famous General, won many signal victories for the *Athenians*, but dy'd at *Corinth*, of a considerable Age.

**ARISTIPPUS**, the Frolick and Gay,  
Tho' Wife, would not baulk his delight,  
But drank in the Pride of the Day,  
Hug'd *Lais* of *Corinth* at Night.  
He was always as free as a Prince,  
And quick at a pun or a Jest;  
Would never grudge any Expence  
To purchase a Cup of the best.

**ARISTIPPUS**, by Birth, was a *Cyrenean*, also Founder of the Sect so call'd. He was a great admirer, in his Youth, and hearer of *Socrates*; but notwithstanding the Precepts



cepts of his Master, was so addicted to Luxury, Prodigality, Wine, and Women, that no Advice could reclaim him. At the Feast of *Neptune*, held annually at *Ægina*, he became acquainted with that famous Strumpet, *Lau* of *Corinth*, with whom he us'd to revel, very much to his discredit.

**HEGESIAS**, Death's Orator, taught  
That Life was scarce worth our desire;  
But the Cause of his dulness of Thought,  
Was the want of a Glass to inspire;  
For drinking a bottle by Chance,  
He found out the Pleasure of Life,  
And vow'd 'twas the way to advance  
The Soul above Sorrow and Strife.

**HEGESIAS** was surnam'd Death's Orator, from a Book of his writing, wherein he sets forth the inconveniences of Life, and the Advantages of Death, with so much Art and Rhetorick, that his falacious Reasoning induc'd many to despise the former and embrace the latter for the Benefits thereof; but himself had more Wit than to confirm his Doctrine by a wilful Refragation.

**THEODORUS**, that God of a Man,  
Who fancy'd his Person Divine,  
Could never have been to Prophane,  
Without frequent Excesses of Wine;  
Nor could such an Atheist as he,  
Be content with a moderate Load,  
But must drink like a Fish in the Sea,  
To soar to the Pitch of a God.

**THEODORUS** was surnam'd the Atheist, from a Book that he wrote against the Existence of the Deity, and took upon himself the name of *Theos*, signifying God. *Stilpo* ask'd him, in a scoffing manner, if he really thought himself to be what he call'd himself, and he answer'd *Yes*; upon which *Stilpo* told him, he might as well think himself a Jackdaw.

Lewd **RION** would Tipple like mad,  
And talk very wickedly too,  
Or else he would never have said  
The Gods were a Bastardly Crew.  
And when he got drunk at a Feast,  
To Crown his inebrious Joys,  
He then would reel home like a Beast,  
And tap the But-end of his Boys.

**RION** was bred an Academick, afterwards turned Cynick, and at last became a Follower of *Theodorus* the Atheist. He was much given to Male-Venery with his own Scholars; and was wont, as *Laertius* mentions in his Epitaph, to call the Gods, *Sons of Whores*, but dy'd repentingly.

Old **EUCLIDES**, Crafty and Cross,  
Who much to contention was given,  
His Bumpers would cheerfully tofs,  
To make his odd Temper more even;  
Yet was so litigious a Sor,  
And under so wretched a curse,  
That the more still he hand'd the Pot,  
It made the old Rogue but the worse.

**EUCLIDES** the Philosopher was born at *Megara*, was a Hearer of *Socrates*, but a very troublesome and contentious man, inso much that his master told him he was only fit to wrangle with Sophists, not to dispute with Men.

**EUBULIDES**, skill'd in the Cheats  
Of Logick, would, over his Glass,  
Endeavour to make his Deceits  
With his ignorant Auditors pass;  
But studying too much of the quirk,  
And drinking too little good Wine,  
Death snatch'd him away with a Jirk,  
And spoil'd his falacious Design.

**EUBULIDES**, born at *Miletus*, was not only a Philosopher, but a great Logician, who invented several ways of Argumentation and Interrogation, particularly that call'd the Falacious, so much in esteem in those Days, that *Phileas* kill'd himself with excessive study, to become Master of the same.

**MENEDEMUS**, that maker of Tents,  
Who also could handle his Arms,  
When a Soldier, had always the sense  
To allow that the Bottle had Charms;  
But when he was made a wise Sage  
By *Plato*, that Heathen Divine,  
He famish'd himself in his Age  
For want of good Victuals and Wine.

**MENEDEMUS**, the *Eretrian*, was, by Trade a Soldier and a Tent maker, till by hearing of *Plato* and others, he quitted his Military Employment and became a Philosopher. His Native Country being enslaved by *Antigenus*, King of *Macedonia*, he solicited the Tyrant to set his Country at Liberty, but not prevailing, he refus'd all manner of Sustenance, betook himself to reading, and starv'd himself to death.

Old **PLATO** was reckon'd Divine,  
He wisely to Virtue was prone,  
But had it not been for good Wine,  
His Merits we never had known.  
By Wine we are Generous made,  
It furnishes fancy with Wings,  
Without it we ne'er should have had  
Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

**PLATO** was born at *Ægina*, a Town belonging to the *Athenians*, and for the excellent Notions he had of a Deity, and the Immortality of the Soul, in those Heathenish Times, his Name has been since honor'd with the Epithet of *Divine*. He was the first of the Academicks, was singular for his Justice as well as Learning, gave great Improvements to several Sciences, dy'd at *Athens*, and was sacrific'd to by the *Magi*, as something more than Man.

**SPEUSIPPUS**, tho' learned and Wise,  
Yet marry'd when Jolly and Young,  
But crown'd with the Bottle his Joys,  
In spite both of Tale and of Tongue;  
And when he was aged, and past  
The pleasures of Wine and a Friend,  
He grew discontented at last,  
And boldly compleated his end.

**SPEUSIPPUS** was born at *Myrrhinus*, marry'd one of *Plato's* Kinwomen, was singular for his Prudence, but so sickly and infirm, that the tease of his Distemper provok'd him at last to put an end to his Miseries.

Young **POLEMO** drank and he whor'd,  
Altho' he'd a pretty young Wife,  
And pleasur'd his Lusts like a Lord,  
Giving up to an infamous Life;  
But once being Drunk as a Rake,  
He reel'd to *Xenocrates's* School,  
Where the Sage took the trouble to make  
A Philosopher of the young Fool.

**POLEMO**, born at *Oeta*, an *Athenian* Village, was very wild and extravagant in his Youth, and tho' he had a very beautiful Wife, was much given to Male-Venery, till happening once, when he was warm'd with Wine, to stagger with a Garland upon his Head, into the School of *Xenocrates*, in order to deride his Precepts, which the old Man bore with the Patience of a Philosopher, and at length charm'd the Spendthrift with such an admirable Discourse of Modesty and Temperance, that he reclaim'd him from his Extravagance, and won him, at once, to the Study of Philosophy.

**ARCESILAUS**, Noble and Free,  
And learned and Wise as the rest,  
Would merry and frolicksome be,  
And drink, like a Duck, at a Feast.  
He valu'd no Public Reproach,  
But still would his Humour enjoy,  
And when he was Tipfy would broach  
A Wench, or a Catamite Boy.

**ARCESILAUS**, a Pytanian of *Æola*, was a very debauch'd Philosopher, but very Generous to his friends. He was not only given to Wine and Women, but also to the use of boys; from whence *Aristo* calls him an Eloquent and Audacious Buggerer.

**ARISTOTLE**,



**ARISTOTLE**, that Master of Arts,  
Had been but a Dunce without Wine,  
And what we ascribe to his Parts,  
Is but due to the Juice of the Vine.  
His Belly some Writers agree,  
Was as large as a watering Trough,  
He therefore jump'd into the Sea,  
Because he'd have Liquor enough.

**ARISTOTLE** was born at *Stagira*, and so improv'd his Knowledge in all manner of Learning, that his Body seem'd to be a Storehouse for the Souls of all the rest of the Philosophers; yet it is reported by some Authors, that he, at last, flung himself into an Arm of the Sea, call'd the *Eurippus*, because he could not find out the reason of its ebbing and flowing seven times a Day; but others say his death was Natural.

**THEOPHRASTUS**, that Eloquent Sage,  
By *Athens* so greatly ador'd,  
With the Bottle would boldly Engage;  
When Mellow was brisk as a Bird,  
Would Chat, tell a Story and Jest  
Most pleasantly over a Glas,  
And thought a dumb Guest at a Feast,  
But a dull Philosophical Ass.

**THEOPHRASTUS**, so call'd by *Aristotle*, for his Divine Eloquence, was born at *Ereissus*, and was after, for his learning, so greatly ador'd by the *Athenians*, that *Agronices* having accus'd him of Irreligion, had much difficulty to escape being fined. As *Theophrastus* was once sitting by a silent Person, at a Feast, he said to him, *If thou art Ignorant thou dost wisely, but if thou art Learned thou dost foolishly in saying nothing.*

Old **STRATO**, who kept up a School  
To teach Philosophical Drones,  
Drank Wine, like a Blockhead, by Rule,  
Till he'd scarce any flesh on his Bones;  
Yet liv'd to a very great Age,  
By constantly wetting his Clay,  
And when he grew sick of this Stage,  
He insensibly stagger'd away.

**STRATO**, born at *Lampsacum*, was well skill'd in all the Parts of Philosophy, and succeeded *Theophrastus* in his School. He was naturally of a thin Constitution, and, at length, so wore himself out by his insatiable Study, that he dropp'd away insensibly.

Old **LYCON**, the Pedant, who rais'd  
His Fame by the teaching of Youth;  
With the best of his Rhetorick prais'd  
Those Wines that were fit for his Tooth.  
He drank like a notable Sage  
Till his Sands and his Liquor were out,  
Then dy'd at a reverend Age,  
Of that cursed distemper, the Gout.

**LYCON**, born at *Troas*, was a Man of admirable Eloquence, and extremely well qualified for the Education of Youth. He liv'd to the Age of 74, and then expir'd under the Affliction of the Gout.

**DIOGENES**, Surly and Proud,  
Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,  
Delighted in Wine that was good,  
Because in good Wine there is Truth;  
Till growing as Poor as a *Job*,  
Unable to purchase a Flask,  
He chose for his Mansion a Tub,  
And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

**DIOGENES**, a *Sinopise* by Birth, who fled his Country into *Athens* for coining false Money, was so cynically Proud, that he bid *Alexander* the Great stand out of his Sunshine; and having writ to a Friend to take him a House, who neglecting to do it according to his Direction, as he pal'd along the Streets in *Athens*, spy'd a huge Tub at a Cooper's Shop, which he bought for his Mansion.

**MENIPPUS**, that Covetous Knave,  
Who lent Money out upon Pawns,  
And extravagant Premiums would have  
Of his Friends and's Neighbours for Loans;  
In Wine, or in any Delight  
He ne'er would diminish a Crofs,  
But rob'd of his Riches at Night  
He hung himself after his Loss.

**MENIPPUS**, said by some to be a *Phanician* Slave, by others, to be the Son of one *Bato* of *Pontus*, was so extremely covetous that he beg'd a great deal of Money, with which he purchas'd his Freedom, and turn'd Pawn-broker at *Thebes*, where some Thieves broke into his House, and rob'd him of his Wealth, upon which he hang'd himself. The Books ascrib'd to him are all Comical, tho' his Life was Miserable, and his end Tragical.

Old **ZENO** lov'd Musick and Wine,  
And often would steal with his Friend  
To a Musick-house where he would dine,  
And drink, when he'd Money to spend;  
At last, overcome by the Glafs,  
He stagger'd and fell in his School,  
Then vex'd he should be such an Ass,  
He Throttled himself like a Fool.

**ZENO** was born at *Citium*, a *Cyprian* Town, would often accompany his Friend *Antigonus* to the House of a Musician, nam'd *Arifodet*, where they us'd to Feast and be entertained with Musick. In the 98th Year of his Age he happen'd to fall, as he was going out of his School, and broke one of his Fingers, upon which he said, *I come, why do you drive me?* and immediately strangled himself.

**ANTIPATHER**, that Prophet of old,  
Who was such an accurate Sage,  
Some say, many Wonders foretold  
In his Youth that fell out in his Age;  
But many are given to think,  
That before he could ever Divine,  
His Bottle he'd cheerfully drink,  
Then guess by the Strength of his Wine.

**ANTIPATHER** of *Sidon*, was an accurate Disputant, and skilful in the Mysteries of Divination, of which he wrote two Books; dy'd at *Athens* a little before *Cicero* pen'd his Offices.

**PYTHAGORAS** did Silence enjoin  
On his Pupils, who Wisdom would seek,  
Because that he rippl'd good Wine  
Till himself was unable to speak;  
And when he was whimsical grown,  
With sipping his plentiful Bowls,  
By the strength of the Juice in his Crown  
He conceiv'd Transmigration of Souls.

**PYTHAGORAS** as most Writers agree, was born at *Sidon* in *Phoenicia*, tho' some report otherwise. He was a great Philosopher, also well skill'd in all the *Aegyptian* Learning, and in the Rites and Mysteries of Religion. For the better bridling of the Tongues and Passions of his Scholars, he us'd to enjoin them five Years silence; also taught the Transmigration of Souls, in order to lessen their Humanity to all creatures that were under their Subjection.

**HERACLITUS** would never deny  
A Bumper to Comfort his Heart,  
But when he was Maudlin would cry,  
Because he had empty'd his Quart:  
Tho' some e'er so foolishly to think,  
That he wept at Man's Folly and Vice,  
When 'twas only his Custom to Drink  
Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

**HERACLITUS** was an *Ephesian* Philosopher, who despis'd Greatness for a solitary Life in the Woods, where he fed upon Herbs, and gave himself up to Philosophical Contemplation. Whenever he appear'd in Publick, he bewail'd, with Tears, the Wickedness and Mlery of Mankind: At last his crude Fare hang him into a Dropsy, upon which he return'd to the City, in hopes of a Cure, but being disappointed he dy'd in the Street.

(CONCLUSION IN NEXT NUMBER.)



## Ofric the Lion.

ORIGINAL.—M. G. LEWIS.

**S**WIFT roll the Rhine's billows, and water the plains,  
Where Falkenstein Castle's majestic remains,  
Their moss cover'd turrets still rear:  
Oft loves the gaunt wolf midst the ruins to prowl,  
What time from the battlements pours the lone owl  
Her plaints in the passenger's ear.

No longer resound through the vaults of yon hall  
The song of the minstrel, and mirth of the ball;  
Those pleasures to ever are fled:  
There now dwells the bat with her light-shunning  
brood,

There ravens and vultures now clamour for food,  
And all is dark, silent, and dread!

Ha! dost thou not see, by the moon's trembling light  
Directing his steps, where advances a knight,  
His eye big with vengeance and fate?  
'Tis Ofric the Lion his nephew who leads,  
And swift up the crackling old staircase proceeds,  
Gains the hall, and quick closes the gate.

Now round him young Carloman casting his eyes,  
Surveys the sad scene with dismay and surprise,  
And fear steals the rose from his cheeks.  
His spirits forsake him, his courage is flown;  
The hand of Sir Ofric he clasps in his own,  
And while his voice falters he speaks.

—"Dear uncle," he murmurs, "why linger we  
here?"

"'Tis late, and these chambers are damp and are  
drear,

"Keen blows through the ruins the blast!

"Oh! let us away and our journey pursue:

"Fair Blumenberg's Castle will rise on our view,  
Soon as Falkenstein forest is pass'd.

"Why roll thus your eyeballs? why glare they so  
wild?

"Oh! chide not my weakness, nor frown, that a  
child

"Should view these apartments with dread;

"For know, that full oft have I heard from my  
nurse,

"There still on this castle has rested a curse,

"Since innocent blood here was shed.

"She said, too, 'bad spirits, and ghosts all in white,

"Here use to resort at the dead time of night,

"Nor vanish till breaking of day;

"And still at their coming is heard the deep tone

"Of a bell loud and awful—hark! hark! 'twas  
a groan!

"Good uncle, oh! let us away!"——

—"Peace, serpent!" thus Ofric the Lion replies,  
While rage and malignity gloom in his eyes;

"Thy journey and life here must close:

"Thy castle's proud turrets no more shalt thou see;

"No more betwixt Blumenberg's lordship and me

"Shalt thou stand, and my greatness oppose.

"My brother lies breathless on Palestine's plains,

"And thou once remov'd, to his noble domains

"My right can no rival deny:

"Then, stripling, prepare on my dagger to bleed;

"No succour is near, and thy fate is decreed,

"Commend thee to Jesus, and die!"——

Thus saying, he seizes the boy by the arm,  
Whose grief rends the vaulted hall's roof, while  
alarm

His heart of all fortitude robs;

His limbs sink beneath him; distracted with fears,  
He falls at his uncle's feet, bathes them with tears,

And—"spare me! oh spare me!"—he sobs.

But vainly the miscreant he strives to appease;

And vainly he clings in despair round his knees,  
And sues in soft accents for life;

Unmov'd by his sorrow, unmov'd by his prayer,  
Fierce Ofric has twisted his hand in his hair,

And aims at his bosom a knife.

But ere the steel blushes with blood, strange to tell!  
Self-struck, does the tongue of the hollow-toned bell

The presence of midnight declare:

And while with amazement his hair bristles high,  
Hears Ofric a voice, loud and terrible cry,

In sounds heart-appaling—"Forbear!"——

Straight curses and shrieks through the chambers  
resound,

Shrieks mingled with laughter: the walls shake  
around;

The groaning roof threatens to fall;

Loud bellows the thunder, blue lightnings still flash;

The casements they clatter; chains rattle; doors clash,

And flames spread their waves through the hall.

The clamour increases, the portals expand!——

O'er the pavement's black marble now rushes a band

Of dæmons all dropping with gore,

In visage so grim, and so monstrous in height,

That Carloman screams, as they burst on his sight,

And sinks without sense on the floor.

Not so his fell uncle:—he sees that the throng

Impels, wildly shrieking, a female along,

And well the sad spectre he knows!

The dæmons with curses her steps onwards urge;

Her shoulders, with whips form'd of serpents, they  
scourge,

And fast from her wounds the blood flows.

"Oh! welcome!" she cried, and her voice spoke  
despair;

"Oh! welcome, Sir Ofric, the torments to share,

"Of which thou hast made me the prey.

"Twelve years have I languish'd thy coming to see;

"Ulrida, who perish'd dishonor'd by thee,

"Now calls thee to anguish away!

"Thy passion once sated, thy love became hate;

"Thy hand gave the draught which consign'd me  
to fate,

"Nor thought I death lurk'd in the bowl:

"Unfit for the grave, stain'd with lust, swell'd with  
pride,

"Unblest'd, unabsolv'd, unrepenting, I died,

"And dæmons straight seiz'd on my soul.

"Thou com'st, and with transport I feel my breast  
swell:

"Full long have I suffer'd the torments of hell,

"And now shall its pleasures be mine!

"See, see how the fiends are athirst for thy blood!

"Twelve years has my panting heart furnish'd their  
food,

"Come, wretch, let them feast upon thine!"——

She said, and the dæmons their prey flock'd around;

They dash'd him, with horrible yell, on the ground,

And blood down his limbs trickled fast;

His eyes from their sockets with fury they tore;

They fed on his entrails, all reeking with gore,

And his heart was Ulrida's repast.

But now the grey cock told the coming of day!

The fiends with their victim straight vanish'd away,

And Carloman's heart throbb'd again;

With terror recalling the deeds of the night,

He rose, and from Falkenstein speeding his flight,

Soon reach'd his paternal domain.

Since then, all with horror the ruins behold;

No shepherd, though stray'd be a lamb from his fold,

No mother, though lost be her child,

The fugitive dares in these chambers to seek,

Where fiends nightly revel, and guilty ghosts shriek  
In accents most fearful and wild!

Oh! shun them, ye pilgrims! though late be the  
hour,

Though loud howl the tempest, and fast fall the  
shower;

From Falkenstein Castle begone!

There still their sad banquet hell's denizens share;

There Ofric the Lion still raves in despair;

Breathe a prayer for his soul, and pass on!



## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLER.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

### The Tipling Philosophers. (CONCLUDED.)

**XENOPHANES** tipp'd 'tis plain,  
That's Impudence might be complete,  
Or sure he too modest had been  
To sing his own Works in the Street;  
Nor could he have spun out the Line  
Of his Life, to an hundred or more,  
If he had not found means to get Wine,  
Altho' the old Fellow was poor.

**XENOPHANES**, the *Colophonian*, was not only a Philosopher, but a Poet, who had so great an Opinion of his own Works, that he us'd to sing them in the Streets. He was the Founder of the *Eleatick* Sect, and liv'd, as some Authors report, to the Age of an Hundred Years and upwards, and dy'd Poor.

**PARMENIDES**, wife as the rest  
Of th' old Philosophical Crew  
Would drink, Poet like, of the best,  
As his Works do sufficiently shew;  
Or else we should never have seen  
His Philosophy dizen'd in Verse,  
But his musty old Notions had been  
As dull as a Mountebank's Farce.

**PARMENIDES** born at *Elea*, wrote Philosophy in Verse, gave Laws to his own Countrymen, and was particularly famous for what he wrote concerning Ideas.

**LEUCIPPUS** would never have soar'd,  
By study so wonderful high,  
Unless that Good Wine had impow'r'd  
His fancy to travel the Sky:  
To enliven and lighten his Soul,  
He drank till the mid of the Night,  
Because by his sinking the Bowl,  
He found that he heighten'd his Flight.

**LEUCIPPUS** is said, by some, to be an *Elia*; by some, a *Median*; and, by others, an *Abderite*. His Philosophy treats chiefly of the original Constitution of the Heavens, by the accidental entangling of Atoms; as also of the Formation of the Earth after the same manner.

**DEMOCRITUS** always was glad,  
To tittle and cherish his Soul,  
Would laugh like a Man that was Mad,  
When over a full flowing Bowl;  
As long as his Cellar was stor'd,  
His Liquor he'd merrily quaff,  
And when he was drunk as a Lord,  
At those that were sober he'd Laugh.

**DEMOCRITUS** was an *Abderite*, and the greatest Traveller of his Time, delighted in solitary Places, as most conducive to Contemplation. He affected much Laughter, which he us'd like a Madman, upon all Occasions. He liv'd to above an Hundred Years of Age, and dy'd so poor, that he was bury'd at the publick Charge.

**PROTAGORAS**, Porter and Clown,  
Bred up to the Carriage of Wood,  
Had ne'er been a Sage of renown,  
If he had not drank Wine that was good.  
*Democritus* tempted him home,  
There gave him a Jug for his Faggot,  
And made him, when drunk as a Drum,  
Turn wife Philosophical Maggot.

**PROTAGORAS** was an *Abderite*, and in his Youth, a Porter, that carry'd Burthens of Wood for Subsistence, till met by *Democritus* in the Fields, with a Bundle of Fuel upon his Shoulders, which was bound up so methodically, that *Democritus* caus'd him to untie it, that he might see him make it up again in the like manner, which he perform'd so artificially, that *Democritus* told him he had a *Genius* capable of much greater Matters; so took him home, and, in process of Time, made the Clown a Philosopher.

**ANAXARCHUS**, more Patient than *Job*,  
By Pestles was pounded to Death,  
Yet scorn'd that a Groan or a Sob  
Should waste the remains of his Breath.  
But sure he was free with the Glafs,  
And drank to a pitch of disdain,  
Or the strength of his Wisdom, alas!  
I fear, would have flinch'd at the Pain.

**ANAXARCHUS** was a Philosopher of *Abdera*, and a Man of that constancy of temper, that when he was order'd by *Necorean* King of *Cyprus*, to be pounded to Death with Pestles, all that he said, when under his Torment was, *You pound only the Case of Anaxarchus, himself you hurt not.*

When **PYRRHO** had taken a Glafs,  
He saw that no Object appear'd  
Exactly the same as it was  
Before he had liquor'd his Beard;  
For things running round in his Drink,  
Which sober, he motionless found,  
Occasion'd the Sceptist to think  
There was nothing of Truth to be found.

**PYRRHO** was an *Elia*, and the Founder of the Sceptick Sect. He introduc'd a new way of Philosophising, by asserting nothing, but leaving all things in suspense: dy'd at Ninety Years of Age, leaving nothing behind him in Writing.

**EPICURUS**, who some do report,  
Lov'd Water much better than Wine,  
Yet others as firmly assert,  
That he swallow'd his Cups like a Swine,  
And so to the Bottle was prone,  
As well as to feed like a Bear,  
That the Beast was so runbelly'd grown,  
He could not rise out of his Chair.

**EPICURUS** was born at *Gargettus*, a Town belonging to the *Abenians*, was a famous Philosopher; and, some Writers tell us, a Man of wonderful Temperance: But *Timocrates* reports,

reports, that it was accustomary with *Epicurus* to Vomit twice a Day, to discharge the surfeits of his delicious Feeding: That his extravagant Table stood him, every Day, in no less than a *Mine* in value, sixteen Ounces of Silver; and that his inordinate way of Living render'd him so unable, for many Years, to rise out of his Chair, that he was forc'd to be carry'd about his common Occasions, being grown so corpulent with Ease and Luxury. He liv'd seventy one *Grecian* Years, and three Days, and then dy'd of the Stone.

*LONGINUS* would tittle in State,  
And sit like a Judge o'er his Glafs,  
Of his Nouns and his Pronouns would prate,  
Like a haughty Pedantical Afs.  
In paying for Wine which he lov'd,  
By changing his Money so oft,  
He Arithmetick highly improv'd,  
And flourish'd by teaching his Craft.

*LONGINUS* was a *Phenician*, and arriv'd to so great a Perfection in Grammar and Arithmetick, that he was look'd upon to be the best Teacher of the foregoing Sciences in the Age he liv'd in.

*PORPHYRIUS*, who travel'd to *Rome*,  
Was cunning in every Art,  
And tipp'd in hopes to become  
Very wise by the help of the Quart;  
Thus chasing the Bottle for Years,  
He grew a most wonderful Sage,  
And drank till his Reverend Hairs  
Were honour'd for Wisdom and Age.

*PORPHYRIUS*, born at *Tyre*, so nam'd by his Master *Longinus*, from the Royal Purple that his Scholar wore, being first call'd *Malchus*, i. e. a King. He travel'd to *Rome* to improve his Studies under *Plotinus*, where he soon became a better Orator than his Master, and universally learn'd in all the Sciences; for which he was much honour'd, and liv'd to a reverend Age.

*JAMBLICUS*, that Jolly old Cuff,  
A Man of an affable Wit,  
Would often drink more than enough,  
Altho' he but sparingly eat.  
For had he not taken a Cup,  
We'd ne'er had the comical Tale,  
Of his bathing and conjuring up  
A couple of Imps in the Well.

*JAMBLICUS*, a *Celsyrian* of *Chalcis*, who falling in with *Porphyrius* became his equal in every thing. 'Tis reported, that when he was bathing with one of his Soldiers, in the hot Baths of *Gadera* in *Syria*, putting his hand into one of the Springs called *Eros*, and mumbling over a few Words, he conjur'd up a little Fair Boy, with Golden Locks hanging down his Back, presenting himself in a posture as if he had been bathing. Then using the like Incantations to the other Well called *Auteris*, another little Imp jump'd up, of a browner Complexion, with dishevel'd Hair, both elinging about *Jamblicus*, much to the Admiration of all that were with him: But he presently countermanded them back from whence they came.

*ÆDESIUS*, that minder of Dreams,  
By which he would often Divine,  
Altho' he would pray by extremes,  
Yet still he would take off his Wine;  
For drunk and unable to stand,  
As once he was taking his Nods,  
Some Knave wrote a Jest on his Hand,  
Which he fancy'd was done by the Gods.

*ÆDESIUS* was a *Cappadocian*, much given to Divination, and a great regar'der of Dreams; on n his Prayers, one Night, a Deist, descended and presented him with an Oracle in Hexameter Verse, but he forgetting, in the Morning, the Supernatural meaning of the celestial Poetry, call'd his Boy to bring a Basin of Water, and as he was washing his Hands therein, the Lad standing by, spy'd his Left-hand full of Characters, and apprising him of it, *Ædesius* calling his Eyes thereon, presently understood what the God had written.

*EUSTATHIUS* whose eloquent Tongue  
Was held to be charming and fine,  
No wonder it was so well hung,  
Since he liquor'd it daily with Wine;  
But fair *Sisopatra* his Dame,  
Was learn'd to a greater degree,  
And talk'd him quite out of his Fame,  
Because she drank harder than he.

*EUSTATHIUS* was a *Cappadocian*, to whom *Ædesius*, in his Travels, left the Care of his Affairs. He was a Man famous for his florid Style and charming Eloquence; but marry'd *Sisopatra*, a Lady to eminent for her Learning and other excellent Qualifications, that by her eloquent Orations she eclips'd the glory of her husband.

Rich *MAXIMUS*, who, for his worth,  
And Wisdom, was envy'd by *Greece*,  
Thought the Bottle a Heav'n upon Earth,  
And drinking the sweetest of blifs;  
When tortur'd by *Val.* as he lay,  
He call'd for a comforting Cup,  
But his Wife drank it up by the way,  
And swore she'd not give him a Drop.

*MAXIMUS* of *Pergamus*, was the Tutor and Favourite of *Julian* the Emperor, under whom he got great Riches; but *Julian* proving unfortunate, and *Valentinian* and *Valens* being invested with the Empire, and *Maximus* being privately traduc'd, and publicly exclaim'd against, was severely fined, and also tortur'd with the Wrack, after so cruel a manner, that he beg'd his Wife, who was standing by him, to fetch him a Cup of Poison to rid him of his Misery, which she brought accordingly; but when her Husband ask'd for it, drank it off herself, and expir'd in his sight; but he had more Wit than to pledge her.

Old *PRISCUS*, who liv'd to the Age  
Of Ninety, tho' some do say more,  
Much sooner had quitted the Stage,  
If he had not drank Liquor good store;  
But finding it lengthen his Days,  
He thought 'twas no crime to be mellow,  
And coveted no other praise,  
Than that of an honest good Fellow.

*PRISCUS* was also of *Pergamus*, and one of *Julian's* Tutors, was a very upright Person in all his Dealing; and very constant and steady in all his Resolutions. After the Death of *Julian*, like the rest of his Friends, he fell into Disgrace; but his Honesty was such, that his Enemies could fix no crime upon him; so that he liv'd without Persecution to the Age of Ninety, and then dy'd.

*JULIANUS*, that Sophister, he  
All Night o'er the Bottle would sit,  
And had he not drank very free  
We ne'er should have heard of his wit;  
For when he'd the Glafs in his Hand,  
In's mouth he had always a Jest,  
And Rhetorick most at command  
When warm'd with a Cup of the best.

*JULIANUS* was a *Cappadocian* Sophister, very famous for Rhetorick and Wit; and his Conversation to very delightful, that he gain'd abundance of Admirers. He had a great Reputation in *Athens*, liv'd to a considerable Age; and when he dy'd, left his Friends contending who should add most Honour to his Funeral.

*DEMOSTHENES*, who, by report,  
Had so sweet and so charming a Tongue,  
If he had not drank Wine by the Quart,  
It would never have been so well hung;  
Yet *Philip* expell'd him from *Greece*,  
As a Man of a wicked design,  
Which caus'd him to drink to excess  
Till he poison'd himself with ill Wine.

*DEMOSTHENES* was a famous Orator of *Macedonia* but was banish'd his Country by *Philip*, Father of *Alexander* the Great, and poison'd himself in his Exile.

*PROÆRESIUS*,



**PROÆRESIUS**, the Handsome and Tall,  
 Whose Tongue had the Charms of a Lute,  
 Whenever he spoke in the Hall,  
 He struck his Competitors mute;  
 Because, as some Writers do think,  
 He'd Wine when his Rivals had none,  
 Or if they had any to drink,  
 He took off two Cups to their one.

**PROÆRESIUS** was born in *Armenia*, bordering upon *Persia*. He was a very handsome Man, and retain'd his Beauty thro' all the Periods of his Life; and had so great a Gift of Eloquence, and was so good a Disputant, that whenever he contended an Argument he silenc'd his Competitors.

Old **XANTUS**, we've reason to think  
 Had a Gut like the *Heidelberg* Fat,  
 And that he was custom'd to drink,  
 Full as much as that holds, at a draught,  
 Or *Æsop* would never have lay'd  
 That his Master should drink up the Sea,  
 But he knew that he'd guzzle like mad,  
 Till none were more merry than he.

**XANTUS** was a Philosopher of *Samie*, and sometime Master of *Æsop* the Fabulist. As he was once drinking with some of his Scholars, and very merry in his Cups, he laid a boasting Wager with one of his Disciples, that he would drink up the Sea; and being reminded next Morning of his extravagant Undertaking, was brought off his Bargain by his Man *Æsop*, who alledg'd, that tho' his Master was to drink up the Sea, yet it was no part of the Agreement that he was to swallow the Rivers that run into it; therefore if his Adversaries were ready to stop the one, his Master was ready to perform the other; upon which the Stakes were drawn.

**ZALUCUS**, that giver of Laws;  
 Once with his own Son did agree,  
 For promotion of *Bacchus's* Cause,  
 To drink till they neither could see.  
 But to couzen the People with Lies,  
 When they found their sight was decay'd,  
 They reported they'd put out their Eyes,  
 To obey a good Law they had made.

**ZALUCUS** was a *Locrian* Lawgiver, who put out one of his own Eyes, and one of his Son's, in obedience to a Law himself had made against Adultery.

Old **SENECA**, fam'd for his Parts,  
 Who tutor'd the bully of *Rome*,  
 Grew wife o'er his Books and his Quarts,  
 Which he drank like a Miser at home;  
 And to shew he lov'd Wine that was good,  
 To the last, we may truly aver it,  
 That he tinctur'd his Bath with his Blood,  
 So fancy'd he dy'd in his Claret.

**SENECA** the Moralist was a *Roman*, and Tutor to the Tyrant *Nero*, who commanding him, in his Age, to be put to Death, had his Veins cut in a warm Bath, in which he bled till he expir'd.

Old **PISO**, as sneaking as he,  
 Would often be baulking his Glass;  
 O'er his Wine he from plotting was free,  
 But when sober a Treacherous Ass:  
 He had given his Politicks o'er,  
 And laugh'd at designs that are base;  
 Had he drank but a Tun or two more,  
 And thought but a little the less.

**PISO** was a Citizen of *Rome*, a powerful Man, who was the Ringleader of the Republican Faction, and one of the Conspirators against *Nero*.

Wife **CATO** believ'd a full Bowl  
 Was good for his Wit and his Health,  
 But when he was sober, the Fool  
 Would be stiff for a Common-wealth:  
 But had he drank cheerfully on,  
 He'd have ne'er against *Nero* conspir'd,  
 But had Rhym'd like *Apollo's* own Son,  
 And had been with true Loyalty fir'd.

**CATO** was a *Roman* Poet, a great Statesman, and a Senator. but was drawn into the Conspiracy of *Fiso*, and when the Plot was detected, dy'd by his own Hand.

**COPERNICUS**, like to the rest,  
 Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,  
 And fancy'd a Cup of the best  
 Made reason the brighter to shine.  
 With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,  
 And made his Philosophy reel;  
 Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,  
 Run round like a Chariot-wheel.

**COPERNICUS**, born at *Thorn*, a Town of Royal *Prussia*, was a famous Philosopher, Physician, and Mathematician; he reviv'd the ancient Doctrine of *Aristarchus*, and maintain'd the Sun to be the Centre of the Universe, and not subject to any Motion; that the Earth and all the Planets mov'd round the Sun, ascribing two Motions to the Earth; the one being that by which it performs its progress thro' the Zodiack, in a Year, the other its diurnal Motion which it performs upon its Axis in twenty-four Hours.

Our Sages whose Books are their Wives,  
 May hunt the Philosopher's Stone,  
 And be proud of their Continent Lives,  
 As if that themselves they had none.  
 But if they would come at the Prize,  
 They ought to be Jolly, and drink,  
 For the true Modern way to be Wise,  
 Is neither to Read or to Think.

### My Grandmother's Eye Water.

OF all sorts of drops drooping spirits to cure,  
 A good drop of comfort's the best I am sure,  
 Some take their drops open, and some take it fly,  
 But the drop I like best is a drop in my eye,  
 Tol lol, &c.

We all love a drop now and then.

Your delicate ladies pretend you know,  
 As how they never get muzzy or so,  
 But they're all in their cups when the tea they touch,  
 And they don't now and then get a cup too much.  
 Tol lol, &c.

My granny, because I've bad eyes, gave me  
 The genuine eye water, only see,  
 (Pulls out a brandy bottle,  
 But my hand shakes so, north, east, west, south,  
 I never can get it beyond my mouth.  
 Tol lol, &c.

I'm a very dry creature, the people say,  
 Of course I must drink to moisten my clay,  
 And when it's too moist, drink again you know,  
 For the more you drink the drier you grow,  
 Tol lol, &c.

## Sir Hengist.

GERMAN.—M. G. LEWIS.

*Herman, or Arminius, is the favourite hero of Germany, whose liberty he defended against the oppression of Rome: Flavius, his brother, sided with the Romans, and in consequence his memory is as much detested by his countrymen, as that of Arminius is beloved.*

WHERE rolls the Weser's golden sand,  
Did erst Sir Hengist's castle stand,  
A warrior brave and good:  
His lands extended far and wide,  
Where stream'd full many a plenteous tide,  
Where frown'd full many a wood.  
It chanced, that homewards from the chase  
Sir Hengist urged his courser's pace,  
The shadowy dales among,  
While all was still, and late the hour,  
And far off, in the castle tower,  
The bell of midnight rung.  
Sudden, a piercing shriek rebounds  
Throughout the forest's ample bounds;  
A wildly dreadful yell;  
The dogs, by trembling, own their fear,  
As if they scent some bad thing near,  
Some foul enlarged from hell!  
—"See, father!" cried young Egbert; "see  
Beneath the shade of yonder tree  
What fearful form is spread!  
How fire around his temples glows!  
How from his lance and fingers flows  
The stream of bloody red!"  
—"Stay here!" said Hengist, then with speed  
Towards the stranger spur'd his steed;  
"What brings thee here, Sir Knight,  
Who dar'st in my domains to bear  
A lance, and by thy haughty air  
Seem'st to demand the fight?"  
—"Long has my arm forgot to wield  
The sword, and raise the massy shield,"  
Replied the stranger drear:  
"Peace to this brown oak's hallow'd shade!  
Peace to the bones which here are laid,  
And which we both revere!  
Know'st thou not Siegmund, Herman's sire,  
That arm of steel, that soul of fire?  
Here is his grave.—My name  
Is Flavius—at that fount the woods  
With curses ring, and Weser's floods  
My infamy proclaim!  
For such is vengeful Odin's will  
And doom, that traitor-curses still  
Thick on my head shall be,  
Till from the blood of brethren slain,  
My gory hands and lance again  
I pure and spotless see.  
Still then, when midnight hours permit  
Pale spectres Hela's realm to quit,  
I seek this hallow'd place;  
With tears bedew these crimson blots,  
And strive to wash away the spots  
No pains can now efface!"  
He ceased; when Odin's eagle came,  
By Odin arm'd with blasting flame,  
And seized the phantom knight:  
Loud shrieks the spectre's pangs reveal'd,  
And soon a cloud his form conceal'd  
From awe-struck Hengist's sight.  
—"Son!" said the chief, with horror chill'd,  
While down his brows cold dews distill'd,  
Now take your sword in hand,  
And swear with me, each drop of gore,  
That swells your veins, well pleased to pour  
To guard your native land!"

## Margaret's Ghost.

T WAS at the silent solemn hour,  
When night and morning meet,  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.  
Her face was like an April morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud;  
And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
That held her sable shroud.  
So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown:  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When death has rest their crown.  
Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That tips the silver dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.  
But love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consumed her early prime:  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;—  
She died before her time.  
—"Awake!" she cried, "thy true love calls  
Come from her midnight grave;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid  
Thy love refused to save.  
"This is the dark and dreary hour,  
When injured ghosts complain;  
Now yawning graves give up their dead,  
To haunt the faithless swain.  
"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
Thy pledge, and broken oath;  
And give me back my maiden vow,  
And give me back my troth.  
"Why did you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep?  
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those eyes to weep?  
"How could you say my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsake?  
How could you win my virgin heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break?  
"Why did you say my lip was sweet,  
And made the scarlet pale?  
And why did I, young witless maid,  
Believe the flattering tale?  
"That face, alas! no more is fair;  
Those lips no longer red:  
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,  
And every charm is fled.  
"The hungry worm my sister is;  
This winding sheet I wear:  
And cold and weary lasts our night,  
Till that last morn appear.  
"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!  
A long and last adieu!  
Come see, false man, how low she lies  
Who died for love of you."  
The lark sung loud, the morning smiled  
With beams of rosy red;  
Pale William shook in every limb,  
And raving left his bed.  
He hied him to the fatal place,  
Where Margaret's body lay;  
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,  
That wrapt her breathless clay.  
And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,  
And thrice he wept full sore;  
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
And word spake never more.



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### The Chapter of Fashions.

**F**ASHION was formed when the world began;  
And Adam I'm told was a very smart man,  
As for Eve I shall say nothing more or less,  
But that ladies of fashion now copy her dress.

Yet barring all pother of this, that or tother  
We all bow to fashion in turn.

The fashion next came to go hunting poor brutes,  
And Nimrod invented the fashion of boots;  
For he was a buck tho' he hadn't a wife,  
And never saw Bond Street perhaps in his life.

Yet barring, &c.

The Barons of old wore comical clothes,  
And their shoes were turn'd up like a critical nose;  
Your Henry's and Edward's were famous for dress,  
But ale and beef-steaks were the fashion with Bess.

Yet barring, &c.

In the days of King Charles you distinguish'd a prig  
By the length of his cane, and the size of his wig;  
Cromwell's hats were all broad, and his head it was  
round,

And his hair hung like candles sixteen to the pound.

Yet barring, &c.

The Tories wore wigs in the reign of Queen Ann,  
Now wigs suit the female as well as the man;  
For crops but in corn fields you'd formerly meet,  
Now there's few in the fields, but enough in the street.

Yet barring, &c.

However the fashions are subject to change,  
One fashion exists, if it didn't 'twere strange;  
'Twas always the fashion each Englishman knows,  
To be true to his king, and to humble his foes.

Yet barring, &c.

The fashion of fighting has long since gone by,  
Tho' when fighting's the fashion I always fight shy;  
And since peace is the fashion, ill luck to the men  
Who would bring furly war into fashion again.

Yet barring, &c.

Quartern loaves were the fashion at very high price,  
Now for half the same money you're serv'd in a trice;  
While cattle to Smithfield for slaughter repair,  
As plenty as cuckolds to rother horn fair.

Yet barring, &c.

Now fashion's arrived at a wonderful height,  
For what's boorish at noon, is quite stylish at night;  
So they bore you with style, and they style ye a boor,  
As perhaps you may me, if I sing any more.

Yet barring, &c.

Dublin.

### Elegance and Ease.

**A**RRAH Mistress Murphy, how d'ye do?  
Arrah Mistress Murphy, how d'ye do?  
'Tis good for fore eyes to see you,  
Except upon the Quay.  
The flats I took to day fold well;  
Your Dublin bays, how did they sell?  
Out of the cods before they fell,  
I made the price of tea.

But have you heard of the new song,  
Called Barney leave the girl alone?  
Or, Jenny put the kettle on!  
'Tis surely all the plan.  
O sure black Peg in Thomas Street,  
She'd teach you how to sing it sweet,  
She's the girl can gaily bleat,  
Now match her if you can.

There's she and Nell that takes the sway,  
They are the fort, they know the way,  
'Tis good to hear them as a play,  
To be sure they do it neat.  
Then Peg she deals the ballads out,  
She pins the coppers without doubt,  
Sweet pea and tea they make it out,  
'Tis they that are complete.

But let us off to Astley's go,  
That is the place for fun you know,  
And there we'll have it all from Joe,  
'Tis but a hog a piece.  
Let's get the tea, and then be off,  
We'll meet the boys there sure enough,  
In the front row we'll be in snuff,  
With elegance and ease!

### When Love gets into a Youthful brain.

**W**HEN Love gets into a Youthful brain,  
Instruction it's useless and caution pain,  
Prudence may say, do so, do so,  
But if Love says no,  
Poor Prudence may go, poor Prudence may go,  
With its preaching and teaching to Jerico!  
To Jerico, to Jerico, to Jerico.

Sheridan.

## Sprig of Shillelah.

I'M a comical Fellow, I tell you no fib,  
 I came from the Bogs of Killala;  
 You may see I'm the thing by the cut of my gib,  
 And they christen'd me *Thady O'Reilly*.  
 I ask'd Dad for a fortune, he answer'd me smart  
 He had none for himself, so with none cou'd he part.  
*Spoken.*—And I began the world  
 With an Irish Estate, that's a good honest heart,  
 And this neat little *Sprig of Shillelah*.

With Dad's blessing along with me, off then I goes,  
 Farewell to the Bogs of Killala,  
 And *Erin Go Bra*, was the Motto I chose  
 "Like a true hearted *Thady O'Reilly*.  
 For if she didn't flourish, what good could I do,  
 And still for her friends I've a heart firm and true.  
*Spoken.* { And as to her foes, I cou'dn't do less than  
 Give them my hand.  
 Faith I gave them my fist, and along with it too  
 This right little *Sprig of Shillelah*.

I arrived in this town where the world's all alive,  
 Success to the Bogs of Killala,  
 And soon learn'd how many beans went to five,  
 What a wonderful *Thady O'Reilly*,  
 My pockets were empty, my heart full of glee,  
 And that was meat, drink, board and washing to me,  
*Spoken.* { And then for the girls, to be sure I didn't make  
 Plenty of conquests, I had laurels in plenty.  
 But the laurel that bangs all creation for me,  
 Is a right little *Sprig of Shillelah*.

I'll tell you, dear Pat, &c.

Tune—"Ballinamoney."

I'LL tell you, dear Pat, the whole news of the town,  
 That's just come from London, that place of renown:  
 To open this Session a great man came down,  
 When hundreds and thousands his coach did fur-  
 round—

Crying—"War, cruel war and starvation,  
 Will sure be the fate of our nation;  
 Our blood and our treasure is wasting,  
 And Billy goes on with the war."

The Swine, as Burke calls them, did grunt and did  
 groan:

No war, they cry'd out, with a pitiful tone,  
 The state coach was broken—some say with a stone,  
 Some say with an air gun, and some say with none.  
 For war, cruel war and starvation, &c.

The doors were close locked, the members were set,  
 The wife Lords and Commons together were met,  
 Some wrangled, some jangled, and others did fret;  
 The devil himself ne'er beheld such a set.—

For war, cruel war and oppression,  
 Is carried from session to session;  
 I wish that the devil was threshing  
 Them all into Botany-bay.

The war it goes on, by my faith just to get  
 More thousands for slaughter, more millions of debt;  
 Disgrace on disgrace my dear Pat. is our lot;  
 Like the bishop of Dol, we may all go to pot.—

For war, cruel war and starvation,  
 Will sure be the fate of our nation;  
 Our blood and our treasure is wasting,  
 And Billy goes on with the war.

## I made love to Kate.

I Made love to Kate,  
 Long I sigh'd for she,  
 Till I heard of late,  
 She'd a mind for me:  
 I met her on the green,  
 In her best array;  
 So pretty she did seem,  
 She stole my heart away.  
 Oh! then we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to  
 blame?  
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

As I fonder grew,  
 She began to prate.  
 Quoth she—I'll marry you,  
 And you shall marry Kate:  
 But then I laugh'd and swore,  
 I lov'd her more than so;  
 Ty'd each to a rope's end  
 Is tugging to and fro.  
 Again we kiss'd and press'd; were we much to blame?  
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

Then she sigh'd, and said,  
 She was wond'rous sick,  
 Dicky Katy led,  
 Katy she led Dick:  
 Long we toy'd and play'd  
 Under yonder oak,  
 Katy lost the game,  
 Tho' she play'd in joke!  
 For there we did, alas! what I dare not name:  
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

## Bacchus is a Pow'r divine.

BACCHUS is a pow'r divine,  
 For he no sooner fills my head  
 With mighty wine,  
 But all my cares resign,  
 And droop, and droop, and sink down dead;  
 Then, then the pleasing thoughts begin,  
 And I in riches flow,  
 At least I fancy so;

And without thought of want I sing,  
 Stretch'd on the earth, my head all around,  
 With flow'rs weav'd into a garland, crown'd;  
 Then, then I begin to live,  
 And scorn what all the world can shew or give.  
 Let the brave fools that fondly think  
 Of honour, and delight  
 To make a noise, a noise, and fight,

Go seek out war, whilst I seek peace,  
 Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink,  
 Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink.  
 Then fill my glass, fill, fill it high;  
 Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die:  
 But when bottles are rang'd,  
 Make war with me,  
 The fighting fool shall see,  
 When I am sunk,  
 The difference to lie dead,  
 And lie dead drunk:  
 The fighting fool, &c.



## Origin of Faction.

**I**N his'tries of Heathens, by which Tutors train us,  
The salt-water Sov'reign is call'd OCEANUS;  
His spouse was deliver'd, by man-midwife Triton,  
Of this sea-girt island, his fav'rite Britain.

The Naiads were nurfes; old Trident declar'd,  
To embellish his offspring no pains shoud be spar'd:  
By flying fish drawn, to Olympus he drove,  
And petition'd the Gods, that his suit they'd approve.

Quoth Jupiter, I'll make it *King of the Sea*:  
Avast! reply'd Neptune, pray leave that to me:  
I'll guard it with shoals, and I'll make their lads  
*Seamen*.

Strong Hercules halloo'd out, I'll make 'em *Freemen*.  
And what will you make, Venus whisper'd to Mars?  
Why I'll make all soldiers, that *Nep.* dont make Tars,  
Momus smil'd, as that droll always merrily means;  
He begg'd they'd go partners, and make 'em *Marines*.

Quoth Saturn, much time I allow 'em for thinking;  
Buck Bacchus reply'd, no, allow it for drinking:  
But Mercury answer'd, a fig for your wine,  
The art of time-killing by card-playing's mine.

By Stryx, quoth Apollo, but Hermes you're bit;  
'Gainst gaming I'll send 'em an antidote,—Wit:  
In England, laugh'd Momus, Wit no one regards  
Save that fort of wit that's in—playing your cards.

Well, well, replies Phœbus, I'll mend their con-  
ditions,

I'll teach 'em to fiddle, and send them Physicians.  
'Mong fiddlers, quoth Momus, *true Harmony's* scatce;  
And as to your Doctorship,—*Physick's a Farce*.

Says Venus I'll people this Island with beauties,  
And tempt married men to be true to their duties.—  
You to married men's duty a friend! bawl'd out  
Juno,

You're a trumpet, you flut, and that I know and  
you know.

Then turning to Jove, who look'd pale, she began,—  
I'll spoil your olympical gift-giving plan:  
Herself not consulted, the vow'd she wou'd wrong us,  
Blew a scold from her mouth, and sent *Party* among  
us.

God Bacchus, to counterpoise Juno's rash action,  
Commanded Silenus to seize upon *Faction*;  
Swift fluted the Fiend, the old Toper outsped,  
Whilst Semele's son sent a flask at his head.

The Imp, by the blow, speechless fell to the ground;  
May Wine thus for ever foul *Faction* confound:  
*Unanimity!* that, that's the Toast of our Hearts,  
Though no Party-men here, *Here's to all Men of Parts*.

## To the Chace.

**T**O the chace, to the chace, on the brow of the hill,  
Let the hounds meet the sweet-breathing morn,  
Whilst full to the welkin their notes clear and shrill,  
Join the sound of the heart-cheering horn.

What music celestial! when urging the race,  
Sweet echo repeats, to the chace! to the chace!

Our pleasure transports us, how gay flies the hour,  
Sweet health and quick spirits attend;  
Nor sweeter when evening convenes to the bower,  
And we meet the lov'd smile of a friend.

See the stag just before us! He starts at the cry:  
He stops—his strength fails—speak, my friends—  
must he die.

His innocent aspect while standing at bay,  
His expression of anguish and pain,  
All plead for compassion—your looks seem to say,  
Let him bound o'er his forest again.

Quick release him to dart o'er the neighbouring  
plain.

Let him live—let him bound o'er his forest again.

## The sweet little Girl that I Love.

**M**Y friends all declare that my time is misspent,  
While in rural retirement I rove;  
I ask no more Wealth than dame Fortune has sent,  
But the sweet little girl that I love;

The sweet little girl, &c.

The rose on her cheek's my delight,  
She's soft as the down on the dove;  
No lily was ever so white,  
As the sweet little girl that I love.

The sweet little girl, &c.

Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the scene,  
For my fair one delights in my grove;  
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green,  
With the sweet little girl that I love.

The sweet little girl, &c.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,  
No fame but her praise with to prove;  
My happiness centers in Fanny alone;  
She's the sweet little girl that I love.

The sweet little girl, &c.

## Together let us range the Fields.

**T**OGETHER let us range the fields,  
Impearled with the morning dew,  
Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,  
Or the Apples clustering bough:

There in close embower'd shades,  
Impervious to the noontide ray;  
By tinkling rills, on rosy beds,  
We'll love the sultry hours away.

## Come, ye Heroes fam'd in story.

**C**OME, ye heroes, fam'd in story,  
For the great exploits you've done,  
And record the lasting glory,  
Of great George's warlike son.  
He whose brave undaunted spirit,  
In his fire and country's cause,  
Shines amongst distinguish'd merit,  
And has gain'd the world's applause.

Flanders first beheld with wonder,  
When his prowess he display'd,  
And tho' 'midst of Gallick thunder,  
He, brave soul, was ne'er dismay'd.  
Tho' in battle there defeated,  
None could him or army blame,  
For in order they retreated,  
And by numbers was o'ercame.

When Britania seem'd to languish,  
And requir'd his presence here,  
To assuage the nation's anguish,  
See the martial youth appear,  
To relieve each subject fighting,  
How he hasten'd to their aid,  
Swift as lightning see him flying,  
Whilst as swift the Rebels fled.

Trembling still they fly before him,  
At the sound of William's name,  
Whilst his followers all adore him,  
And each soldier spreads his fame.  
May the choicest bliss attend him,  
And where e'er the hero goes,  
May kind heaven still befriend him,  
To subdue his country's foes.

## Willy's Lady.

**W**ILLY's gone over the salt sea foam,  
He has married a wife, and brought her home;

He wooed her for her yellow hair,  
But his mither wrought her mickle care;  
And mickle dolour suffers she,  
For lighter \* she can never be;  
But in her bower she sits wi' pain,  
And Willy mourns over her in vain:

Then to his mither he speaks his mind,  
That vile rank witch of foulest kind;  
He says—"my ladye has a cup,  
" With gold and silver all set up,  
" The handles are of the ivory bones,  
" And all set round wi' sparkling stones;  
" This gudely gift she'll give to thee,  
" If of her young bairn she may lighter be."—

—"Of her young bairn shall she never be lighter,  
" Nor in her bower to shine the brighter;  
" But she shall die, and turn to clay,  
" And you shall wed another may."—†  
—"Another may I'll never wed,  
" Another may I'll never bed!"—  
Then forely did that lady sigh,  
—"I with my hour of death were nigh!

"Yet speak ye again to your mither your mind,  
" That foul rank witch of cruel kind,  
" And say your lady has a steed,  
" The like of him's not in the land of Leed:  
" Of that horses main at every tress,  
" There's a silver bell and a golden jess,  
" This gudely gift I'll give her with glee,  
" If of my young bairn I may lighter be."—

—"Of her young bairn shall she never be lighter,  
" Nor in her bower to shine the brighter;  
" But she shall die and turn to clay,  
" And you shall wed another may."—  
—"Another may I'll never wed,  
" Another may I'll never bed!"—  
Then evermore sigh'd that ladye bright,  
—"I with my day had reach'd its night."—

With that arose the Billy Blynde, †  
And in good tyme spake he his mind,  
—"Yet gae ye to the market-place,  
" And there buy ye a loaf of wace, §  
" Shape it bairnly-like, to view,  
" Strick in't twa glassy een of blue,  
" Then bid the witch the christening to,  
" And notice well what she shall do."—

Then Willy has bought a loaf of wace,  
And framed it to a bairn-like face,  
And says to his mither, with seeming joy,  
—"My lady is lighter of a young boy;  
" And he'll in St. Mary's be christen'd to night,  
" And you to the christ'ning I come to invite."—  
Syne has he stopp'd a little to see,  
When this she heard, what say might she.

—"O who has the nine witch knots unty'd,  
" That were among the locks of your bride;  
" Or who has ta'en out the comb of care,  
" Which fasten'd that ladye's yellow hair?  
" And who has ta'en down the bush of woodbine,  
" That hung between her bower and mine?  
" And who has kill'd the master-kid,  
" That ran below that ladye's bed?  
" And who has her left shoe-string undone,  
" And let that lady be light of her son?"—

\* i. e. Brought to bed. † May, maiden.  
‡ A familiar spirit, or good genius. § Wax.

Then Willy the nine witch knots unty'd,  
That were among the locks of his bride;  
And he has ta'en out the comb of care,  
Which fasten'd his ladye's yellow hair,  
And he has ta'en down the woodbine flowers,  
Which the witch had hung between the bowers;  
And he has slain the master-kid,  
Which ran below that ladye's bed;  
And he has the left shoe-string undone,  
And letten his ladye be light of her son;  
But when she heard that his ladye was light,  
That foul rank witch, she burst for spite!

*Tales of Wonder.*

## The Cinder-King.

**W**HO is it that sits in the kitchen, and weeps,  
"While tick goes the clock, and the tabby-cat sleeps;  
"That watches the grate, without ceasing to spy,  
"Whether purfes or coffins will out of it fly?"—

'Tis Betty; who saw the false tailor, Bob Scott,  
Lead a bride to the altar; which bride she was not:  
'Tis Betty; determined, love from her to fling,  
And woo, for his riches, the dark Cinder-King.

Now spent tallow-candle-grease fatten'd the soil,  
And the blue-burning lamp had half waffed its oil,  
And the black-beetle boldly came crawling from far,  
And the red coals were sipping beneath the third bar;

When "one" struck the clock—and instead of the bird  
Who used to sing cuckoo when'er the clock stirr'd,  
Out burst a grim raven, and utter'd "caw! caw!"  
While puffs, though she 'woke, durst not put forth  
a claw.

Then the jack fell a-going as if one should sup,  
Then the hearth rock'd as though it would swallow  
one up;  
With fuel from hell, a strange coal-skuttle came,  
And a self-handied poker made fearful the flame.

A cinder shot from it, of size to amaze,  
(With a bounce, such as Betty ne'er heard in her days,)  
Thrice, serpent-like, his'd, as its heat fled away,  
And lo! something dark in a vast coffin lay.

—"Come Betty!"—quoth croaking that non-descript  
thing,  
—"Come blest the fond arms of your true cinder-  
king!"  
"Three more Kings, my brothers, are waiting to  
greet ye  
"Who,—don't take it ill!—must at four o'clock eat  
ye.

"My darling! it must be, do make up your mind;  
"We element brothers, united, and kind,  
"Have a feast and a wedding, each night of our lives,  
"So constantly sup on each other's new wives."—

In vain squall'd the cook-maid, and pray'd not to  
wed;  
Cinder craunch'd in her mouth, cinder rain'd on her  
head,  
She sank in the coffin with cinders strewn o'er,  
And coffin nor Betty saw man any more.

*Tales of Wonder.*



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Of all our fond diversions.

Of all our fond diversions,  
A Hunter's is the best,  
In spite of war and party jars,  
That sport has stood the test.  
And a hunting we will go, &c.

Of Nimrod, and of Esau,  
What gallant feats they tell,  
On foot they follow'd hunting,  
They lov'd the sport so well.  
And, &c.

O hadst thou, brave Actæon,  
But minded more thy game,  
Thou ne'er hadst paid so dearly,  
For peeping at—That fame.  
And, &c.

Herself, Diana, Goddess,  
The pride of female race,  
Preferr'd to am'rous fooling  
The pleasures of the chase.  
And, &c.

Orion, foolish hunter,  
Lur'd by a petticoat,  
In the mid chase he loiter'd,  
And so his fate he got.  
And, &c.

But after his disaster,  
He's made a heav'nly sign,  
That he at last may view the sport,  
He can no longer join.  
And, &c.

And hence it is we Hunters  
Ne'er break a leg or arm;  
For this our fellow sportsman  
Protects us from all harm.  
And, &c.

Had Dido not lov'd hunting,  
The Am'rous Trojan brave  
Her highness ne'er had solac'd,  
In Juno's friendly cave.  
And, &c.

Euripides, had hunting  
Been lov'd but like thy books,  
The hounds had not devour'd thee,  
They know a sportsman's looks.  
And, &c.

If, friend, you're call'd a hunting,  
Throw all your books aside,  
(The Poet thus advises)  
And mount your horse and ride.  
And, &c.

Brisk action cures the vapours,  
Th' effect of lazy sloth,  
And music makes us cheerful,  
So hunting's good for health.  
And, &c.

The sport of hunting renders  
Our days so sweet and long,  
It makes us better relish  
Our glasses and a song.  
And, &c.

Our laws prohibit hunting  
To the Plebeian race,  
Nor is it meet the vulgar  
Should royal sport debase.  
And, &c.

The British Kings are hunters,  
And frequent in the chase,  
They fear no more than we do,  
A weather-beaten face.  
And, &c.

Then fill a sparkling bumper,  
I'll take it off with glee,  
To all our brother hunters  
In course his Majesty:  
And a hunting we will go, &c.

Let School-masters puzzle their Brain.

LET school-masters puzzle their brain,  
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;  
Good liquor I stoutly maintain,  
Gives *genius* a better discerning.  
Let them brag of their Heathenish Gods,  
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians;  
Their Quis, and their Quæs, and their Quods,  
They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.  
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist preachers come down,  
A preaching that drinking is sinful,  
I'll wager the rascals a crown,  
They always preach best with a skinful;  
But when you come down with your pence,  
For a slice of their scurvy religion,  
I'll leave it to all men of sense,  
But you, my good friend, are the Pigeon.  
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about  
And let us be merry and clever,  
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,  
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.  
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,  
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;  
But of all the fine birds in the air,  
Here's a health to the Three jolly Pigeons.  
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Goldsmith.

## Towdy Rowdy Dow.

WITH a merry tale  
 Serjeants beat the drum;  
 Noddles full of ale,  
 Village lads they hum.  
 Soldiers out go all,  
 Famous ger in story;  
 If they chance to fall,  
 Don't they sleep in glory?  
 Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Lawyers try, when fee'd,  
 Juries to make pliant,  
 If they can't succeed,  
 Then they hum their client!  
 To perfection come,  
 Humming all the trade is.  
 Ladies, lovers hum,  
 Lovers hum the ladies.  
 Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

Ha'n't Britania's sons  
 Often humm'd Mounfeer?  
 Ha'n't they humm'd the Dons?—  
 Let their fleets appear—  
 Strike they must tho' loth,  
 (Ships with dollars cramm'd)  
 If they're not humm'd both,  
 Then I will be d—d.  
 Towdy rowdy dow, &c.

His sparkling eyes were black as jet.

(Sung in *Blue Beard*.)

HIS sparkling eyes were black as jet;  
 Chica, chica, chica, cho.  
 Can I my lovely Turk forget?—  
 Oh! never, never, never, no!  
 Did he not watch 'till night did fall,  
 And sail in silence on the sea;  
 Did he not clime our sea-girt wall,  
 To talk so lovingly to me?—  
 O! his sparkling eyes, &c.

His lips were of the coral hue;  
 His teeth of ivory so white;  
 But he was hurried from my view,  
 Who gave to me so much delight!  
 And, why should tender lovers part!  
 And why should fathers cruel be!  
 Why bid me banish from my heart  
 A heart so full of love for me!  
 O! his sparkling eyes, &c.

## Morning.

IN the barn the tenant cock,  
 Close to Parlet perch'd on high,  
 Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)  
 Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,  
 Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire,  
 And the peeping sun-beam, now,  
 Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forfakes the thorn,  
 Plaintive where she prates all night;  
 And the lark to meet the morn,  
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,  
 See the chaunting swallows spring;  
 Darting through the one arch'd bridge,  
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top,  
 Gently greets the morning gale;  
 Kidlings now begin to crop  
 Daïsies on the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets uncloy'd  
 (Restless till her task be done)  
 Now the busy bee's employ'd  
 Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,  
 Where the limpid stream distils,  
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock,  
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promis'd corn  
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)  
 Anxious;—whilst the huntsman's horn,  
 Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet—O Sweet, the warbling throng,  
 On the white emblossom'd spray!  
 Nature's universal song  
 Echoes to the rising day.

Cunningham

## Noon.

FERVID on the glittering flood,  
 Now the noontide radiance glows:  
 Drooping o'er its infant bud,  
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dinés,  
 From the fierce meridian heat,  
 Shelter'd by the branching pines,  
 Pendant o'er his grassy seat.  
 Now the flock forsakes the glade,  
 Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall;  
 Sure to find a pleasing shade  
 By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo in her airy round,  
 O'er the river, rock and hill,  
 Cannot catch a single sound,  
 Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyr's bland,  
 Where the streamlet wander cool,  
 Or with languid silence stand  
 Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,  
 Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs:  
 Fearful lest the noontide beam  
 Scorch its soft, its filken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,  
 Nature's lull'd,—serene—and still!  
 Quiet-e'en the shepherd's cur,  
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,  
 'Till the fresh descending shower,  
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,  
 Raises every fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,  
 Now the warbler's throat's in tune:  
 Blissful is the verdant scene,  
 Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

Cunningham



## Evening.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays  
Free;—(the furrow'd talk is done)  
Now the village windows blaze,  
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he sets behind the hill,  
Sinking from a golden sky:  
Can the pencil's mimic skill,  
Copy the refulgent die?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,  
(To the smoking hamlet bound)  
Giant-like their shadows grow,  
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,  
Shelter for the lordly dome!  
To their night-built airy beds,  
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark by vary'd tune,  
Carols to the evening loud;  
Mark the mild resplendent moon,  
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit Owllet peeps  
From the barn or twisted brake;  
And the blue mist slowly creeps,  
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,  
Playful from its bosom springs;  
To the banks, a ruffled tide  
Verges in successive rings.

Tipping through the silken grafts,  
O'er the path divided dale,  
Mark the rose complexion'd lass  
With her well pois'd milking pail.

Minnets with unnumber'd notes,  
And the cuckow bird with two,  
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,  
Bid the setting sun adieu.

Cunningham.

## The Cobler's End.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,  
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall;

No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,  
No ambition had he, and no duns at his gate.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy,  
At night he could purchase a cup of brown nappy,  
He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most sweet,  
Saying just to a hair I have made both ends meet.  
*Derry down, &c.*

But love, the disturber of high and of low,  
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,  
He shot the poor cobbler quite through the heart,  
With it had hit some more ignoble part.  
*Derry down, &c.*

It was from a cellar this archer did play,  
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay,  
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,  
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.  
*Derry down, &c.*

He sung her love songs as he sat at his work,  
But she was as hard as a Jew, or a Turk,  
Whenever he spoke, she would flounce and would  
flee,  
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.  
*Derry down, &c.*

He took up his awl that he had in the world,  
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,  
He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the sole;  
So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.  
*Derry down, &c.*

And now in good will I advise, as a friend,  
All cobblers take notice of this cobbler's end,  
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's  
past,  
That love brings us all to an end at the last.  
*Derry down, &c.*

## The wonderful old Man.

THERE was an old man, and though it's not  
common,  
Yet if he said true, he was born of a woman;  
And tho' it's incredible, yet I've been told  
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old,  
Age made him old, age made him old,  
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Whene'er he was hungry he long'd for some meat,  
And if he could get it, 'twas said he would eat;  
When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,  
And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom, or never, could see without light,  
And yet I've been told he could hear in the night;  
He has oft been awake in the day-time 'tis said,  
And has fallen asleep as he lay on his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd,  
And he stir'd both his arms and his legs when he  
walk'd;  
And his gait was so odd, had you seen him, you'd burst,  
For one leg or other would always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,  
For if 'twas not wash'd it was seldom quite clean;  
He shew'd most his teeth when he happened to grin,  
And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his  
chin.

When this whimsical chap had a river to pass,  
If he could not get over he'd stay where he was;  
'Tis said he ne'er ventured to quit the dry ground,  
Yet so great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Among other strange things that befel this good  
yeoman,  
He was married poor soul, and his wife was a woman  
And unless by that liar, miss Fame, we're beguild,  
We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,  
And then, as folks say, he was not very well;  
But what is more strange, in so weak a condition,  
As he could not give fees, he could get no physician.

What wonder he died, yet, 'tis said, that his death,  
Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath:  
But peace to his bones which in ashes now moulder,  
Had he liv'd a day longer, he had been a day older.

## Frederick and Alice.

**F**REDERICK leaves the land of France,  
Homewards hastes his steps to measure;  
Careless casts the parting glance  
On the scene of former pleasure;

Joying in his prancing steed,  
Keen to prove his untried blade.  
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead  
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,  
Lovely Alice wept alone,  
Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn,  
Hope, and peace, and honor flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!  
See, the tear of anguish flows!  
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,  
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she curs'd, and wild she pray'd;  
Seven long days and nights are o'er;  
Dearth in pity brought his aid,  
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,  
Faithless Frederick onward rides,  
Marking blythe the morning's glance  
Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,  
As the tongue of yonder tower  
Slowly, to the hills around,  
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,  
Yet no cause of dread appears;  
Bristles high the rider's hair,  
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrors rise,  
In the steed the spur he hides;  
From himself in vain he flies;  
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights,  
Wild he wander'd, woe the while!  
Ceaseless care, and ceaseless fright,  
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends;  
Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour;  
While the deafening Thunder lends  
All the terrors of his roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,  
Where his head shall Frederick hide?  
Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,  
By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal dank and low,  
Fast his steed the wanderer bound;  
Down a ruin'd staircase, slow  
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie!  
Glimmering lights are seen to glide!  
—"Blessed Mary hear my cry!  
Deign a sinner's steps to guide!"—

Often lost their quivering beam,  
Still the lights more slow before,  
Till they rest their ghastly gleam,  
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,  
Mix'd with peals of laughter, rose;  
As they fell, a solemn strain  
Lent its wild and wond'rous close!

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear  
Voice of friends, by death removed;—  
—Well he knew that solemn air,  
'Twas the lay that Alice loved.—

Hark! for now a solemn knell  
Four times on the still night broke;  
Four times, at its deaden'd swell,  
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthen'd clangours die,  
Slowly ope's the iron door!  
Straight a banquet met his eye,  
But a funeral's form it wore!

Coffins for the seats extend;  
All with black the board was spread,  
Girt by parent, brother, friend,  
Long since number'd with the dead!

Alice, in her grave clothes bound,  
Ghastly smiling, points a seat;  
All arose with thundering sound;  
All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,  
Wild their notes of welcome swell;  
—"Welcome, traitor, to the grave!  
"Perjured, bid the light farewell!"—

*Tales of Wonder*

## The Fisherman.

*From the German of Goethe.*

**T**HE water rush'd, the water swell'd,  
A fisherman sat nigh;  
Calm was his heart, and he beheld  
His line with watchful eye:

While thus he sits with tranquil look:  
In twain the water flows;  
Then, crown'd with reeds, from out the brook  
A lovely woman rose.

To him she sung, to him she said,  
—"Why tempt'st thou from the flood,  
"By cruel arts of man betray'd,  
"Fair youth, my scaly brood?"

"Ah! knew'st thou how we find it sweet  
"Beneath the waves to go,  
"Thyself would leave the hooks deceit,  
"And live with us below.

"Love not their splendour in the main  
"The sun and moon to lave?  
"Look not their beams as bright again,  
"Reflected on the wave?

"Tempts not this river's glassy blue,  
"So crystal, clear and bright?  
"Tempts not thy shade, which bathes in dew,  
"And shares our cool delight?"—

The water rush'd, the water swell'd,  
The fisherman sat nigh;  
With wishful glance the flood beheld,  
And long'd the wave to try.

To him she said, to him she sung,  
The river's guileful queen:  
Half in he fell, half in he sprung,  
And never more was seen.

*M. G. Lewis.*



## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

In the Rough Blast heaves the Billow.

**I**N the rough blast heaves the Billow,  
In the light air waves the Willow.  
Every thing of moving kind,  
Varies with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

After fretted pouting sorrow,  
Sweeter is the smile to-morrow,  
Passing still each changeful thing,  
Fairest is upon the wing.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay.  
For what have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Ah! could my faltering Tongue impart.

**A**H! could my fault'ring tongue impart  
The tale of woe that pains my heart,  
Then in vain I should not crave  
Your pity for a wretched slave.  
Then in vain, &c.

The injured ne'er in vain ad'ess  
In plaints of woe a Briton's breast;  
Compassion ever marks the brave;  
Oh! pity then your wretched slave!  
Compassion ever marks, &c.

*Paul and Virginia.*

The wealth of the Cottage is Love.

**A**BLESSING unknown to ambition and pride,  
That fortune can never abate;  
To wealth and to splendour, tho' often denied,  
Yet on poverty deigns to await.  
That blessing ye powers, oh! be it my lot,  
The choicest best gift from above,  
Deep fixed in my heart, shall ne'er be forgot;  
The wealth of the cottage is love.

Whate'er my condition why should I repine?  
By poverty never distress'd:  
Exulting I felt what a treasure was mine,  
A treasure enshrin'd in my breast.

That blessing, &c.

*Paul and Virginia.*

Steady she goes, all well!

**T**HE British tar no peril knows,  
But fearless braves the angry deep,  
The ship's his cradle of repose,  
And sweetly rocks him to his sleep;  
He, tho' the raging furies swell,  
In his hammock,  
In his hammock swings,  
When the steerfman sings,  
When the steerfman sings,  
Steady she goes, all well, all well,  
Steady she goes.

While on the main-top yard he springs,  
An English vessel heaves in view,  
He asks, but she no letter brings  
From bonny Kate, he lov'd so true;  
Then sighs he for his native dell,  
Yet to hope he clings,  
To hope he clings,  
While the steerfman sings,  
While the steerfman sings,  
Steady she goes, all well, &c.

The storm is past, the battle's o'er,  
Nature and man repose in peace,  
Then homeward bound, on England's shore,  
He hopes for joys that ne'er will cease;  
His Kate's sweet voice those joys foretell,  
And his big heart springs,  
His big heart springs,  
While the steerfman sings,  
While the steerfman sings,  
Steady she goes, all well, &c.

The kind honest Heart of a Tar.

**M**Y girl, though no fortune to offer,  
I've something to put on a par;  
Come here and, accept of my offer,  
The kind honest heart of a Tar.

Ne'er let such a trifle as this is,  
Girl, be to your pleasure a bar;  
You'll be rich, though 'tis only in kisses,  
With the kind honest heart of a Tar.

Besides, I'm none of your minnies,  
The next time I come from afar,  
I'll bring you, your lap full of guineas,  
With the kind honest heart of a Tar.

I have this here to say now, and mind it,  
If love, that no hazzard can bar;  
Your seeking, you'll certainly find it  
In the kind honest heart of a Tar.

## Miss Polly Roe of Galway.

AH! whence this impotence of mind?  
 Sure beauty, properly defin'd,  
 To learning is a foe:  
 My SWIFTS and POPEs neglected lie,  
 Nor can BELINDA now supply  
 The place of POLLY ROE.

Young PEGG, with pendants, patches, puns,  
 And eyes more sparkling than the sun's,  
 Made ev'ry bosom glow:  
 Such nymphs I priz'd for borrow'd charms,  
 But felt the force of nature's arms  
 From none but POLLY ROE.

What makes me shun that studious lass,  
 Whose hand's employ'd before the glass,  
 Love's gentle fires to blow?  
 For such vain things why should I grieve,  
 When all the grace of naked EVE  
 Appears in POLLY ROE?

What pains the cautious lover takes,  
 Who still pursues, yet seldom speaks,  
 His fair-one's mind to know!  
 To find the secrets of her breast,  
 In artless characters express'd,  
 I look on POLLY ROE.

On the smooth bosom of a stream,  
 When brighten'd by the morning beam,  
 We see the likies below:  
 Thus on her face, as crystal clear,  
 Enlighten'd by her eyes, appear  
 The thoughts of POLLY ROE.

As, from the sun's enlivening glance,  
 A thousand mingling colours dance  
 Upon the show'ry bow:  
 Thus glows my face with am'rous dyes,  
 Whene'er I meet the radiant eyes  
 Of charming POLLY ROE.

Some fine ones, when by music spurr'd,  
 Gamboling wild, with airs absurd,  
 Their uncouth gestures show:  
 Well might we thank such awkward rakes,  
 Would they but ape the gentle freaks  
 Of charming POLLY ROE.

As from a flow'ry plant when shook  
 On the green margin of a brook,  
 Its sweetest odours flow:  
 Thus, wak'd by mirth, a thousand graces,  
 Unseen before, assume their places  
 On charming POLLY ROE.

Let those, whom coarser nerves sustain,  
 O'er hill and dale, thro' rough and plain,  
 Pursue the bounding doe:  
 'Tis mine to chace a slender fair  
 (Like DAPHNE crown'd with golden hair,)  
 The charming POLLY ROE.

For ancient lore, some studious clowns,  
 Whose dreams are pensions, books and gowns,  
 To foreign climates go:  
 To me let none propose this task;  
 No proof of nature's force I ask,  
 But charming POLLY ROE.

Choose not a full blown nymph for Mate,  
 Who, sick with more than solstice-heat,  
 Will pant from top to toe:  
 If to thy bosom thou canst bring  
 That beauteous emblem of the spring,  
 The charming POLLY ROE.

Had nature, now too careless grown,  
 Each year the seeds of beauty sown,  
 Sure time would not be slow;  
 Since fourteen summers could produce  
 A plant so fair and fit for use,  
 As charming POLLY ROE!

Such mercy claims her tender age,  
 Such blifs to melt a stubborn fage,  
 Her beauty can bestow:  
 What mortal would—oh! would *not* strain  
 The links of virtue's golden chain,  
 For charming POLLY ROE?

Once had I wish'd, and wish'd that fate  
 Would grant a house and fair estate  
 Beside the Seine or Po:  
 Now greater things my fancy fill,  
 A moss-grown cottage and a rill,  
 With charming POLLY ROE.

Since all our hopes of wealth or fame,  
 Weeds fed from folly's bubbling stream,  
 Death soon or late shall mow:  
 Say, love! why should thy slave refuse  
 To quit his int'rest and his muse,  
 For charming POLLY ROE?

Were marriage but a transient thing,  
 Doom'd at the first approach of spring  
 To melt away like snow;  
 What youthful bard would not suspend  
 His books, his bottle, and his friend,  
 For charming POLLY ROE?

Think not, my love! a grov'ling fire,  
 Which, fed by nothing but desire,  
 Long absence might o'erthrow:  
 Whate'er thy fate wed, grieve, or die,  
 My soul shall dwell upon thine eye,  
 My charming POLLY ROE!

In former days, when verse had charms,  
 To bless a beauteous mortal's arms,  
 The moon descended low:  
 Now mine might ancient fame surpass,  
 Could I seduce a brighter lass,  
 Her sister POLLY ROE.

In towns I ne'er can overcome;  
 There nymphs, like bees, in clusters hum  
 About a rattling beau:  
 But here, tho' silently I view,  
 Kind pity falls, like April-dew,  
 From charming POLLY ROE.

Ah! what avails that tender tear?  
 Behold! our friendly 'st stars appear  
 Regardless of our woe!  
 Dullness! to some fat clown of thine  
 (So fortune wills) I must resign  
 My charming POLLY ROE.

What have I then for all I sung?  
 When o'er my heart and tuneless tongue  
 The nodding weeds shall grow;  
 My absent soul will be o'erjoy'd,  
 That once her wit was well employ'd  
 On charming POLLY ROE.



## The Soldier's Return.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,  
And gentle peace returning,  
And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,  
That had been bleard with mourning,

I left the lines, and tented field,  
Where lang I'd been a lodger,  
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
A poor but honest Soldier.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,  
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;  
And for fair Scotia, hame again,  
I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
I thought upon my Nancy,  
I thought upon her witching smile,  
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,  
Where early life I sported,  
I past the mill, and tryfing thorn,  
Where Nancy aft I courted.

Wha spied I but mine ain dear maid  
Down by her mother's dwelling!  
And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice quoth I, sweet lass,  
Sweet as-yon hawthorn blossom,  
O! happy, happy, may he be,  
That's dearest to thy bosom.

My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
Fain wad I be thy lodger;  
I've serv'd my King and country lang,  
Take pity on a Soldier.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
And lovelier grew than ever;  
Quo' she, a Soldier ance I lo'd,  
Forget him I shall never:

Our humble cot, and hamely fair,  
Ye freely shall partake it,  
The gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—  
Syne pale like ony lily,  
She sank within mine arms, and cried,  
Art thou mine ain dear Willie?

By him who made yon sun and sky,  
By whom true love's regarded,  
I am the man!—and thus may still  
True lovers be rewarded.

The war's are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
And find thee still true hearted;  
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
And mair, we'll ne'er be parted.

Quo, she, my grandfire left me gowd,  
A mailin' plenish'd fairly:  
Come then, my faithful Soldier lad,  
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor;  
But glory is the Soldier's prize,  
The Soldier's wealth is honour!

The brave poor Soldier ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger;  
Remember, he's his country's stay  
In day and hour of danger.

## New Tally Ho.

THE hunters are up, and the ruddy fac'd morn  
Mott cheerful salute with the musical horn;  
The blue misty mountains seem join'd with the  
skies,  
And the dogs yelp around as away Reynard flies.  
Tally ho, tally ho, see the game is in view,  
The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

The high mettled steed sweeps away at the sound,  
And the hills seem to move as they fly o'er the  
ground,

Each prospect is charming, all nature is gay,  
And promises sport and success thro' the day.  
Tally ho, tally ho, see the game is in view,  
The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

The goddess of pleasure, sweet rosy cheek'd health,  
Gives joy more abundant than titles or wealth;  
And appetite gives to their viands a zest  
Above all the fauces by cooks ever dress'd.  
Tally ho, tally ho, see the game is in view,  
The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

Huzza! then my boys, to the chace let's away,  
Nor in indolence lose the delights of the day;  
From fashion and folly we borrow no grace,  
But joy paints the cheek as we follow the chace.  
Tally ho, tally ho, see the game is in view,  
The sportsmen all cry as they nimbly pursue.

## Phillida and Corydon.

IN the merry month of May,  
In a morn, by break of day,  
Forth I walk'd by the wood-side,  
When, as May was in his pride,  
There I spy'd, all alone, all alone,  
Phillida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wat!  
He would love, and she would not:  
She said, never man was true:  
He said, none was false to you.  
He said, he had lov'd her long:  
She said, love should have no wrong.

Corydon would kiss her then:  
She said, maids must kiss no men  
Till they did for good and all.  
Then she made the shepherd call  
All the heavens to witness truth:  
Ne'er lov'd a truer youth.

Thus, with many a pretty oath,  
Yea and nay, and faith and troth!  
Such as silly shepherd's use  
When they will not love abuse;  
Love, which had been long deluded,  
Was, with kisses sweet, concluded:  
And Phillida, with garlands gay,  
Was made the lady of the May.

## Cornelius Agrippa's Bloody Book.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA went out one day,  
His study he lock'd ere he went away;  
And he gave the key of the door to his wife,  
And charged her to keep it lock'd on her life.

—"And if any one ask my study to see,  
"I charge you trust them not with the key;  
"Whoever may beg, and intreat, and implore,  
"For your life let nobody enter that door."

There lived a young man in the house, who in vain  
Access to that study had strove to obtain,  
And he begg'd and pray'd the books to see,  
'Till the foolish woman gave him the key.

On the study table a book there lay,  
Which Agrippa himself had been reading that day;  
The letters were written with blood within,  
And the leaves were made of dead mens' skin.

And these horrible leaves of magic between  
Were the ugliest pictures that ever were seen;  
The likenels of things so foul to behold,  
That what they were is not fit to be told.

The young man he began to read  
He knew not what, but he would proceed;  
When there was heard a sound at the door,  
Which, as he read on grew more and more.

And more and more the knocking grew,  
The young man knew not what to do;  
But trembling in fear he sat within,  
'Till the door was broke, and the Devil came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had got,  
Like iron heated nine times red-hot;  
The breath of his nostrils was brimstone blue,  
And his tail like a fiery serpent grew.

—"What would'st thou with me?"—the wicked  
one cried,

But not a word the youth replied;  
Every hair on his head was standing upright,  
And his limbs, like a palsy, shook with affright.

—"What would'st thou with me?"—cried the  
author of ill,

But the wretched young man was silent still;  
Not a word had his lips the power to say,  
And his marrow seem'd to be melting away.

—"What would'st thou with me?"—the third  
time, he cries,

And a flash of lightning came from his eyes;  
And he lifted his griffin-claw in the air,  
And the young man had not strength for a prayer.

His eyes with a furious joy were possess'd,  
As he tore the young man's heart from his breast:  
He grinn'd a horrible grin at his prey,  
And with claps of thunder vanish'd away.  
Henceforth let all young men take heed  
How in a Conjuror's book they read.

*Robert Southey.*

## Fair Margaret and Sweet William.

*From Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*

AS it fell out on a long summer's day,  
Two lovers they sat on a hill;  
They sat together that long summer's day,  
And could not talk their fill.

—"I see no harm by you, Margaret,  
"And you see none by me;  
"Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock  
"A rich wedding you shall see."

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,  
Combing her yellow hair;  
There she spyed Sweet William and his bride,  
As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe,  
And braided her hair in twain:  
She went alive out of her bower,  
But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,  
And all men fast asleep,  
Then came the spirit of Fair Marg'ret,  
And stood at William's feet.

—"Are you awake, Sweet William?" she said;  
"Or, Sweet William, are you asleep?  
"God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,  
"And me of my winding sheet."

When day was come, and night was gone,  
And all men wak'd from sleep,  
Sweet William to his lady sayd,  
—"My dear, I have cause to weep:

"I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè,  
"Such dreams are never good:  
"I dreamt my bower was full of red wine,  
"And my bride-bed full of blood."

—"Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured Sir,  
"They never do prove good;  
"To dream thy bower was full of red wine,  
"And thy bride-bed full of blood."

He called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three;  
Saying,—I'll away to Fair Marg'ret's bower,  
"By the leave of my ladyè."

And when he came to Fair Marg'ret's bower,  
He knocked at the ring;  
And who so ready as her seven breth'ren  
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,  
—"Pray let me see the dead;  
"Methinks she looks all pale and wan,  
"She hath lost her cherry red.

"I'll do more for thee, Margarèt,  
"Than any of thy kin;  
"For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,  
"Though a smile I cannot win."

With that bespake the seven breth'ren,  
Making most piteous mone:  
—"You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,  
"And let our sister alone."

"If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,  
"I do but what is right;  
"I ne'er made a vow to yonder poor corpse  
"By day, nor yet by night.

"Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,  
"Deal on your cake and your wine: \*  
"For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,  
"Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,  
Sweet William dyed the morrow:  
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,  
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancèl,  
And William in the higher:  
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,  
And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church-top,  
And then they could grow no higher;  
And there they tyed in a true lover's knot,  
Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,  
As you the truth shall hear,  
And by misfortune cut them down,  
Or they had now been there.

\* Alluding to the Dole anciently given at funerals.



THE

## CHARMS OF MELODY,

OR

### SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

#### Faithful Mary.

Air,—*Dibdin's Sailor's Journal.*

THE deck was clear'd, the gallant band  
Of British tars each other cheering;  
Each kindly shook his messmate's hand,  
With hearts resolv'd, nor danger fearing:  
Ben Block turn'd pale, yet 'twas not fear,  
Ben thought he had beheld some fairy,  
When on the deck he saw appear,  
In seaman's dress, his faithful Mary.

Her cheek assum'd a crimson glow,  
Yet such for love her noble daring,  
No pray'rs could keep her down below,  
With Ben she'd stay, all perils sharing.  
When cruel fate ordain'd it so,  
Ere Ben had time to say how fare ye!  
An envious ball convey'd the blow,  
That clos'd in death the eyes of Mary,

Ben's arms receiv'd the falling fair,  
Grief, rage, and love, his bosom tearing;  
His eyes reflecting wild despair,  
No more for life or safety caring,—  
Close came the foe. Ben madly cry'd,  
"Ye adverse pow'rs come on, I dare ye!"  
Then, springing from the vessel's side,  
Rush'd on the foe, and dy'd for Mary.

#### Blue-ey'd Sue.

ON Richmond Green, as Fame once told,  
A lovely female dwell'd;  
Her worth was priz'd far more than gold;  
All milkmaids she excell'd:  
With modest charms and blooming face,  
The tint of nature's hue,  
She tripp'd along with artless grace;  
'Twas charming Blue-ey'd Sue.

In simple dress the damsel trudg'd  
Each morn the village round;  
Her milk she cry'd, no toil begrudg'd;  
Melodious was the sound.  
When glimmering eve approach'd her cot,  
Her duty well she knew;  
Her humble state she ne'er forgot;  
Content was Blue-ey'd Sue.

Young Lubin was a comely swain,  
The pride of rustic joy,  
He woo'd the maid, her love to gain;  
She blush'd, and was most coy:  
Her rural life was surely blest,  
For Lubin's vows prov'd true;  
His happy Bride, by all confess'd,  
Was charming Blue-ey'd Sue.

#### Bandy Legged Bridget.

WHAT would you do with me? I can go no further?

You'll kill me downright, and that will be murder;  
And faith if you kill me, against you I'll swear  
My life, and they'll hang you; so pry'thee take care.  
You put me all into a fume and a fidget;  
What would you do with poor bandy-legged Bridget?  
O poor Bridget! bandy-legged Bridget!

Hop and go forward, poor bandy-legged Bridget.

Do you fancy I'm rich, and expect a great plunder?  
Where should poor people get money, I wonder?  
In these times we scarce can dine, breakfast, or sup;  
For you know the monopolists eat us all up;  
Which puts me all into a fume and a fidget;  
What will they do with poor bandy-legged Bridget?  
O poor, &c.

To gallantry haply this step has affinity,  
And you've some base design on my hapless virginity:  
But tho' you've a colt's tooth, it is fit to be said,  
That I've scarcely got a tooth left in my head;  
Which puts me all into a fume and a fidget;  
I can bark but not bite, poor bandy-legged Bridget!  
O poor, &c.

Poor, wrinkled, and old, of me what can you make?  
Then on an old woman compassion pray take;  
For if you 'scape hanging, and live you rude elf!  
Till my old age you'll be an old woman yourself:  
Then do put me out of my fume and my fidget,  
Poor rickety! crickety! bandy-legged Bridget!  
O poor, &c.

#### Do you hear, Brother Sportman.

DO you hear, brother sportman, the sound of the horn,

And yet the sweet pleasure decline?  
For shame, rouse your senses, and e'er it be morn,

With me the sweet melody join,

Thro' the wood and the valley,

How the traitor we'll rally,

Nor quit him till panting he lies,

While hounds in full cry,

Thro' hedges shall fly,

And chase the swift hare till he dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields,  
Both willing and joyous repair;

No pastime in life greater happiness yields,

Than chasing the fox or the hare.

Such comforts my friend,

On the sportsman attend,

No pleasure like hunting is found;

For when it is o'er,

As brisk as before,

Next morning we spurn up the ground.

## Arabella.

SAY have you seen my Arabel,  
The Caledonian Maid,  
Or heard the youths of Scotia tell?  
Where Arabel is strayed;  
The damsel is of Angel mein,  
With sad and downcast eyes:  
The shepherds call her sorrow's queen,  
So pensively she sighs.

But why those sighs so sadly swell,  
Or why her tears so flow;  
In vain they press the lovely girl,  
The innate cause to know;  
Ere reason formed her tender mind,  
The virgin learned to love,  
Compassion taught her to be kind,  
Deceit she was above.

And had not war's terrific voice  
Forbid the nuptial bands,  
Ere now had Sandy been her choice,  
And Hymen joined their hands;  
But since the sword of war is sheath'd,  
And peace resumes her charms,  
My ev'ry joy is now bequeath'd,  
To Arabella's arms.

## The Matron's Wish.

WHEN my locks are grown hoary, and my vi-  
sage looks pale,  
When my forehead has wrinkles, and mine eye-sight  
does fail,  
May my words and mine actions be free from all  
harm,  
May I have a good husband to keep my back warm.  
O the pleasures of youth, they are flow'rs but of  
May,  
Our life's but a vapour, our bodies but clay,  
Yet let me live well, tho' I live but a day.

With a sermon on Sunday, and a Bible of good print;  
With a pot on the fire, and good viands in't;  
With ale, beer, and brandy, both winter and sum-  
mer,  
To drink to my gossip, and be pledg'd by my cum-  
mer.  
The pleasures of, &c.

With pigs and with poultry, and some money in  
store  
To purchase the needful, and to give to the poor;  
With a bottle of Canary, to sip without sin,  
And to comfort my daughter whene'er she lies in.  
The pleasures of, &c.

With a bed soft and easy to rest on at night,  
With a maid in the morning to rise with the light,  
To do her work neatly, and obey my desire,  
To make the house clean, and blow up the fire.  
The pleasures of, &c.

With health and content, and a good easy chair;  
With a thick hood and mantle, when I ride on my  
mare,  
Let me dwell near my cupboard, and far from my  
foes,  
With a pair of glass eyes to clap on my nose.  
The pleasures of, &c.

And when I am dead, with a sigh let them say,  
Our honest old cummer's now laid in the clay:  
When young, she was cheerful, no scold, nor no  
whore;  
She assisted her neighbours, and gave to the poor.  
Tho' the flow'r of her youth in her age did  
decay,  
Tho' her life like a vapour vanish'd away,  
She liv'd well and happy unto her last day.

## What cheer, my Honest Messmates,

WHAT cheer my honest messmates,  
You're welcome all on shore,  
We've done our duty bravely,  
And ready to do more:  
We mount up a cliff, we hazard the mine,  
And we laugh at the turbulent sea,  
Our king to defend by sea and by land,  
Our laws and liberty.

What e'er we are commanded,  
With courage we obey,  
And when our foes are bashful,  
We beckon them to stay:  
We mount up a cliff, we hazard the mine,  
And we laugh at the turbulent sea,  
Our king to defend, &c.

When we are on the top-mast,  
We spy a sail in view,  
Then fire an eighteen-pounder,  
In haste to bring her too;  
No canvas we spare but quickly come near,  
In spite of the turbulent sea,  
For our king we'll defend, &c.

Now monseurs off are stealing,  
Like maggots in a nut,  
We scorn such idle dealing,  
So down we bear full-but:  
No canvas we spare, but tip 'em a cheer,  
And a prize she's sure to be,  
For our king we'll defend, &c.

On shore we want no forming,  
We're one united band,  
The word being giv'n for storming,  
We fall to cutlafs in hand:  
We mount up a cliff, we hazard a mine,  
And we laugh at the turbulent sea,  
Our king to defend, &c.

At home our peace preserving,  
O may he happy reign,  
A comfort so deserving,  
Will well that peace maintain:  
While doing his best, O may he be blest  
With a royal progeny,  
This isle to defend, unto the world's end,  
Our laws and liberty.

## Do you see as a Seaman, &amp;c.

DO you see as a seaman I'll heave off  
A bit of a song in my way;  
But if you don't like it, I'll leave off,  
I soon can my singing belay:  
An odd lingo musicianers write in  
Concerning flats, sharps, and all that;  
We sailors are sharp in our fighting,  
And as to the French, they are flat.

Italians may polish your ears  
With solos and such sort of tunes;  
But Heart of Oak song is three cheers:  
'Twas set to the sound of our guns.  
With Monseurs our music does wonders;  
Our bombs and broadsides ferenading;  
Our organs are twenty-four-pounders:  
The concert a brisk cannonading.

With Saunders we gave 'em the vapours;  
At Hawke like parch'd peas they have skip'd,  
At Quebec 'twas we made 'em cut capers;  
At Martinico they all are unshipp'd.  
Such harmony we tars delight in,  
'Tis our pastime wherever we come:  
Since abroad we've kept time in our fighting,  
Let's all keep in tune Lads at home.



## Jack at the Opera.

**A**T Wapping I landed, and call'd to hail Mog,  
She had just flap'd her course to the play,  
Of two runs and water I order'd my grog,  
And to speak her soon sto'd under way;  
But the Haymarker I for old Drury mistook,  
Like a lubber so raw and so soft,  
Half a George handed out, at the change did not look,  
Mann'd the ratlines, and went up aloft.

As I mounted to one of the uppermost tiers,  
With many a coxcomb and flirt,  
Such a damnable squalling saluted my ears,  
I thought ther'd been somebody hurt:  
But the devil a bit, 'twas your outlandish rips,  
Singing out with their lanthorns of jaws;  
You'd a fswore you'd been taking of one of the trips  
'Mongst the Caffrees, or wild Catabaws.

What's the play, Ma'am? says I, to a good-natur'd tit.

The play! 'tis the *Uproar*, you quiz.  
My timbers! cried I, the right name on't you've hit,  
For the devil of an uproar it is;  
For they pipe and they squeel, now alow, now aloft,  
If it wan't for the petticoat gear,  
With their squeaking so mollyish, tender and soft,  
One should scarcely know Ma'am from Mounseer.

Next at kicking and dancing they took a long spell,  
All springing and bouncing so neat,  
And specially one curious Madamofelle,  
Oh! she daintily handled her feet;  
But she hopp'd, and she sprawl'd and she spun round  
so queer,

'Twas, you see, rather oddish to me,  
And so I fung out, pray be decent, my dear;  
Consider I'm just come from sea.

'Tan't an Englishman's taste to have none of these goes,

So away to the playhouse I'll jog,  
Leaving all our fine Bantams, and ma'am Parisoës,  
For old Billy Shakspear and Mog;  
So I made the theatre, and hail'd my dear spouse,  
She smil'd as she saw me approach;  
And when I'd shook hands, and saluted her brows,  
We to Wapping set sail in a coach.

*Dibdin.*

## Our dear Native Home.

**O**FT wealth and ambition will tempt us to dare  
All the toils, all the perils that mortals can bear,  
But the sigh of remembrance wherever we roam,  
Will fancy waft back to our dear native home.

Tho' rude the clime and tho' humble the cot,  
The early idea is never forgot,  
And the sigh of remembrance wherever we roam,  
Will fancy waft back to our dear native home.

## Ere around the Huge Oak.

**E**RE around the huge oak, that o'er shadows yon mill,  
The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine;  
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,  
Or a rook built his nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time to a far-distant date,  
When my forefathers toil'd in this field:  
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,  
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,  
Which unfully'd, descended to me;  
For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with shame;  
And it still from a spot shall be free.

## When Fair Susan I left.

**W**HEN fair Susan I left with a heart full of woe,  
And to sea went my fortune to mend;  
Her soft swelling bosom beat hard to and fro,  
When she lost both her lover and her friend;  
Fare thee well, Tom, she cry'd, and bid me adieu,  
While the tears rain'd in show'rs from her eyes;  
I sail'd full of grief to join the ship's crew,  
While loud waves to my sorrow replies.

The winds they blew hard, and the sea 'gan to roar,  
While blue lightning around us did flash;  
I thought on my Susan and wish'd me on shore,  
Still the waves most tremendous did dash;  
At length a leak sprung, all hands call'd on deck,  
In vain ev'ry art try'd to save:  
I swam on a plank and escap'd from the wreck,  
The rest met a watery grave.

Kind fortune thus having preserv'd my life,  
To my Susan I thought I would go;  
With what joy I should meet with my long absent wife?

But my hopes they were chang'd into woe:  
For the news reach'd her ears, that the ship it was lost

And Thomas her lover was no more;  
She died as a rose when nipt by the frost,  
And I live her loss to deplore.

## Paddy the Piper.

**W**HEN I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,  
Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,  
Out at the door as I looked with a steady phiz  
Who but Pat Murphy the Piper came by?  
Says Paddy—but few play this music, can you play?  
Says I, I can't tell, for I never did try:  
He told me that he had a charm,  
To make the pipes prettily speak,  
Then squeez'd a bag under his arm,  
And sweetly they set up a squeak;  
With a faralla laralla loo, och! hone! how he  
handled the drone,  
And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have  
melted the heart of a stone.

Your pipe, says I, Paddy, so neatly comes over me,  
Naked I'll wander wherever it blows;  
And if my father should try to recover me,  
Sure it wont be by describing my clothes,  
The music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,  
And leads me all over the world by the nose.  
So I follow'd his bag-pipe so sweet,  
And fung, as I leap'd like a frog,  
Adieu to my family fear,  
So pleasantly plac'd in a bog,  
With my faralla laralla loo, how sweetly he  
handled the drone,  
And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have  
melted the heart of a stone.

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could funder us,

'Till he one morning had taken a sup,  
And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us,  
Soufe to the bottom, just like a blind pup,  
I roar'd out, and I bawl'd out, and lustily call'd out,  
O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up?  
He was dead as a nail in a door,  
Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf,  
So I took up his pipes on the shore,  
And now I've set up for myself.  
With my faralla laralla loo, to be sure I have not got  
the knack,  
To play faralla laralla loo, ay, and bubbaro didaroo  
whack.

## King Hacho's Death Song.

*Runic,—M G. Lewis.*

**G**AUNDUL and Skogul came from Thor,  
To choose a king from out the war,  
Who to Valhalla's joys should speed,  
And drink with Odin beer and mead.

Of Ingwa's race the king renown'd,  
Biarnar's brother, soon they found,  
As arm'd with helmet, sword and shield,  
With eager step he sought the field,  
Where clashing glaives and dying cries  
Already told the combat's size.

With mighty voice he bids appear  
Haleyger brave, and Halmygeer,  
Then forth to urge the fight he goes,  
The hope of friends, the fear of foes.  
The Norman host soon round him swarms,  
And Jutland's monarch stands in arms.

Firmly is grasp'd by Hacho bold,  
The millstone-splitters hilt of gold,  
Whose blows give death on every side,  
And, as 'twere water, brags divide;  
A cloud of javelins veil the sky;  
The crashing shields in splinters fly;  
And on the casques of warriors brave  
Resounds the stroke of many a glaive.

Now Tyr's and Bauga's weapons brown  
Break on the Norman monarch's crown;  
Now hotter, fiercer grows the fight,  
Low sinks the pride of many a knight;  
And, dyed in slaughter's crimson hue,  
Torrents of gore their shields bedew;  
From meeting weapons lightning gleams;  
From gaping wounds the life blood streams:  
With falling corse groans the land,  
And purple waves lash Storda's sand.

The warring heroes now confound  
Buckler with buckler, wound with wound:  
As eager as were battle sport,  
Renown they seek, and death they court;  
Till, never more to rise, they fall  
In myriads; while, to Odin's hall,  
The daemon of the tempest brings  
A blood stream on his sable wings.

Apart the hostile chiefs were placed,  
Broken their swords, their helms unlaced;  
Yet neither thought his fate would be,  
The hall of Odin soon to see.

—"Great is the feast of gods to-day,"  
Propp'd on her sword did Gaundul say,  
"Since to their table they invite  
Hacho, and all his chiefs from flight!"—

The fated monarch hears too plain,  
How speaks the chooser of the slain;  
Too plain beholds his startled eye,  
On their black couriers mounted high  
The immortal maids, who near him stand,  
Each propp'd on her resistless brand.

—"Goddeffs of Combat!" Hacho cries,  
"Thus dost thou give the battle's prize?  
"And do then victory's gods deny  
"To view my arms with friendly eye?"—  
"Chide not!" fierce Skogul thus replied,  
"For conquest still shall grace thy side;  
"Thou shalt prevail, the foe shall yield,  
"And thine remain the bloody field."—

She said, and urged her coal-black speed  
Swift to the hall of gods to speed;  
And there to Odin's heroes tell  
A king drew near with them to dwell.

—"Hither," thus Odin spoke, "the king  
"Let Hermoder and Braga bring;  
"A monarch comes, an hero guest,  
"Who well deserves with me to rest."—

Said Hacho, while his streaming blood  
Pour'd down his limbs its crimson flood,  
—"God Qdin's eyes, my brethren bold,  
"Our arms with hostile glance behold!

Then Braga spoke.—"Brave monarch, know,  
"Thou to Valhalla's joys shalt go,  
"There to drink mead in skulls of foes,  
"And at the feast of gods repose:  
"To greet thee at the magic gate,  
"E'en now eight hero-brothers wait,  
"With joyful eyes thy coming see,  
"And wish, thou foe of kings, for thee."—

—"Yet be my sword," the king replied,  
"Once more in Norman slaughter dyed;  
"Let me, as heroes should, expire,  
"And fall in fight, as fell my sire:  
"So shall my glory live, and fame  
"Shall long remember Hacho's name."—

He ceases, and to combat flies:  
He fights, he conquers, and he dies;  
But soon he finds what joys attend,  
Who dare in fight their days to end:  
Soon as he gains Valhalla's gate,  
Eight heroes there to greet him wait;  
The gods a friend the monarch call,  
And welcome him to Odin's hall.

Who in Valhalla thus shall be  
Loved and revered, oh! blest'd is he;  
His conquest and his fame shall long  
Remember'd be, and live in song.

Wolf Fenris first his chain shall break,  
And on mankind his fury wreak,  
Ere walks a king in Hacho's trace,  
Or fills so well his vacant place.

Since to the gods the king hath fled;  
Heroes and valiant hosts have bled:  
The bones of friends have strow'd the sand;  
Usurping tyrants sway the land;  
And many a tear for Hacho brave  
Still falls upon his honour'd grave.



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### Paddy O'Doody's Description of Pizarro.

FROM the county of Monaghan lately I came,  
For to reap and to sow, and O'Doody's my name;  
My cousin, Shawn Shaghnessy, I met t'other day,  
When, says he, will you go to the Crow-street-house  
play?

With my doora la loo, doora la loora la, doora la  
loora la, doora la loo.

Is't a play that you mean?—Arrah! Doody you're  
right,

For they treats the whole town with Pizarro to night;  
Och! says I, if I'm treated, the thing's neat and  
clean—

But for all I could say, firs, I paid a thirteen.  
With my doora la loo, &c.

The green thing drew up, and a Lady I spied,  
A man came to court her—she scornfully cried,  
“Get out you blackguard, or I'll bother your gig,”  
Then in came Pizarro, who growl'd like a pig.  
With my doora la loo, &c.

A speech Rolla made then, about swords and guns;  
And mov'd like a comet, 'mongst stárs, moons and  
suns;

“If you don't beat the Spaniards—by my soul,  
you'll all starve?

“So—his Majesty here are you willing to sarve?”  
With my doora la loo, &c.

Then what a confusion—a hubbub and halloo,  
’Twas, “Fire away Spaniards,” and “Leather away,  
Peru.”

Poor Murphy Alonzo like a thief went to jail,  
But his neck he sav'd somehow, without giving bail.  
With my doora la loo, &c.

Then Pizarro came in, with a little goffoon,  
That was handled by Rolla as I would a spoon;  
But, while he was making a bridge smithereens,  
He was shot by a villain behind all the screens.  
With my doora la loo, &c.

He then gave to the Mother the sweet little child,  
And look'd all around him as if he was wild,  
“Take the child, my dear creature,—it's my blood  
that's spilt,  
“To save—och, thunder and ouns! see how I'm kilt.”  
With my doora la loo, &c.

Then Alonzo gave Paddy Pizarro a blow,  
That kilt him as dead as old Brien Boiro';  
Now Rolla's dead body on a board they all take,  
And twenty next vargin's all join at his wake.  
With my doora la loo, &c.

### John Bull's Description of Pizarro.

AS I walk'd thro' the Strand, so careless and gay,  
I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow;  
“Choice fruit, Sir,” said she, “and a bill of the play?”  
Some apples I bought, and set off for Pizarro.

When I got to the door I was squeez'd, and cried  
“dear me,

“I wonder they made the entrance so narrow!”  
At last I got in, and found every one near me  
Was busily talking of Mr. Pizarro.

Lo, the Hero appears (what a strut and a stride!)  
He might easily pass for Marshal Suwarrow;  
And Elvira so tall, neither virgin nor bride—  
The loving companion of gallant Pizarro!

But Elvira, alas, turn'd so dull and so prosy,  
That I long'd for a hornpipe of little Del Caro;  
Had I been 'mong the Gods, I had surely cry'd—  
“Nosey,  
“Come play us a jig; and a fig for Pizarro!”

On his wife and his child his affections to pay,  
Alonzo stood gazing, and straight as an arrow;  
Of him I have only this little to say—  
His boots were much neater than those of Pizarro.

Then the Priestess and Virgins, in robes white and  
flowing,  
Walked solemnly on—like a sow and her farrow;  
And politely inform'd the whole house they were going  
To entreat Heav'n's curses on noble Pizarro.

Then at it they went. How they made us all stare!  
One growl'd like a bear, and one chirp'd like a  
sparrow!  
I listen'd; but all I could learn I declare,  
Was, that vengeance would certainly fall on Pizarro.

Rolla made a fine speech, with such logic and grammar  
As must sure rouse the envy of Counsellor Garrow,  
It would sell for five pounds, were it brought to the  
hammer;  
For it rais'd all Peru against valiant Pizarro!

Four acts are tol, lol—but the fifth's my delight,  
Where Hist'ry trac'd with a pen of a Varro,  
And Elvira in black, and Alonzo in white,  
Put an end to the piece by killing Pizarro?

I have finish'd my song. If it had but a tune,  
(Nancy Dawson wou'd do, nor the sweet Braes of  
Yarrow.)

I vow I would sing it from morn till noon—  
So much I am charn'd with the Play of Pizarro.

## The Match Boy.

I JOG thro' the world's varied scene,  
In spite of its rubs and its scratches,  
Like the blacksmith of Gretna-Green,  
Get my living by felling of matches.

(SPOKEN.)

*You know my matches an't the only ones that have to do  
with brimstone, so,*

(SUNG.)

I cry my matches as far as College-green,  
Where the grey mare's best horse very often is seen.

All folks, except scolds, meet their match,  
For by scolds even lawyers surpassed are,  
Law's limbs may be had by old scratch,  
But a scold is the devil's own master.

(SPOKEN.)

*We all love our mother tongue, but when it is joined  
to a wife's tongue it is two to one against poor  
Benedick—That's the way with us—so when my  
wife begins,*

(SUNG.)

I cry my matches to where it is said,  
There is a good woman without e'er a head.

Some matches 'tis wealth that cements,  
When with plenty's full horn love carouses,  
But some ladies they take its contents,  
And leave all the horn to their spouses.

(SPOKEN.)

*A great many people make a point of abusing matrimony,  
but it has many good points for all that,—to be sure  
there's cuckold's point, so—*

(SUNG.)

I cry my matches as far as horn-fair,  
And see a great many fine gentlefolks there.

Our church-wardens, cannibals matches,  
For let them (the proof we oft meet it)  
In the parish a bastard but catches,  
And to save all the charges they eat it.

(SPOKEN.)

*But I don't wonder at it, for I went to our church-  
warden's other day, and he snapt so, I thought he  
was going to eat me.—Well, Mr. Church warden,  
said I, if you wont let me dine with you, I can  
dine with a greater man; so—*

(SUNG.)

I cried my matches until it was dark,  
And dined with Duke Humphry in the Phoenix-park.

Monopoly all would devour,  
What a pity that justice don't him stone.  
But may those who monopolize flour,  
Be match'd by the flour of brimstone.

(SPOKEN.)

*Monopoly's a disease as bad as the plague; but I  
wonder among all our quack pills and drops we  
haven't a cure for it.—I know one—so*

(SUNG.)

I cry my matches as far as Mount Brown,  
Where Kilmainham drops bear no small renown.

## The Soldier's Adieu.

A DIEU! adieu! my only life,  
My honour calls me from thee!  
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,  
Those tears but ill become thee.  
What though by duty I am call'd  
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,  
Where valour's self might stand appal'd,  
When on the wings of thy dear love,  
To heav'n above  
Thy fervent orisons are flown:  
Thy tender pray'r  
Thou put'st up there,  
Shall call a guardian angel down,  
To watch me in me battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,  
As sword and buckler serving;  
My life shall be more dear to me,  
Because of thy preserving.  
Let peril come, let horror threat,  
Let thund'ring cannons rattle,  
I fearless seek the conflict's heat,  
Assur'd, when on the wings of love,  
To heav'n above, &c.

Enough with that benignant smile,  
Some kindred god inspir'd thee,  
Who saw thy bosom void of guile,  
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee.  
I go, assur'd, my life, adieu!  
Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle;  
Tho' murd'ring carnage stalks in view,  
When on the wings of thy true love,  
To heav'n above, &c.

## On Entick's Green Meadows.

O N Entick's green meadows where innocence  
reigns,  
Where pleasures sport freely and plenty preside,  
I rompd with the maidens and pretty young swains,  
And Ralph fancied soon he should call me his bride.  
When I first heard the drum with a row dow dow,  
Its music was sweeter than soft serenade,  
I scorn'd all the swains for the row dow dow;  
And I sigh'd for the Captain with a smart cockade.

The first I e'er saw he march'd over our green,  
His men all behind him by two and by two,  
Such a sight in our village had never been seen,  
The men all in ranks were drawn up to our view.  
When I first heard the drum with a row dow dow,  
Young Cupid awaken'd such a bustle he made,  
My heart beat a march, with a row dow dow,  
And went o'er to the Captain with a smart cockade.

My face took his fancy, he swore at my feet  
All his laurels he'd lay if I'd give him my hand;  
No maid could refuse a young lover so sweet,  
To the church then I march'd at the word of com-  
mand.

Now I follow the drum with a row dow dow,  
Nor e'er have repented the vow that I made,  
No music to me like the row dow dow,  
Nor a youth like the Captain with a smart cockade.



## The Tom Cat.

HERE am I to tell,  
Because it please my fancy,  
I lov'd a pretty girl,  
Some folk call'd her Nancy;  
I thought that Nance lov'd me,  
I must have dreamt or read so;  
And all because, d'y'e see,  
Other people said so.  
*La ral, la ral la, la ral, la ral laddy, &c.*

It happen'd on one night,  
I call'd, a little mellow;  
Our the pops the light,  
And down flairs trips a fellow;  
Says I, who has been here,  
She thinking I was boozy,  
It was nobody, my dear,  
But our Tom, our Puffy.

*La ral, &c.*

Damn such cats, says I,  
For to come here a mousing;  
So my dearest Nan good bye,  
'I hate your cat's carousing.  
But we shall wed says she,  
For every body cries so:  
Says I, how can that be,  
When ev'ry body lies so?

*La ral, &c.*

Any body now,  
May take my darling Nancy,  
Because I must allow,  
She does not hir my fancy;  
That Tom, that damn'd Tom Cat,  
If Nance in marriage catch me,  
Strange things they might be at,  
Which very like would scratch me.

*La ral, &c.*

## The Beggar Girl.

COME lift unto my dirty,  
An hapless tale of woe;  
All who are blest with pity,  
Will sure a boon bestow,  
For I am lost, forlorn,  
By sorrow sore oppress'd,  
From friends and parents torn,  
Ah! pity the distress!

My father was a sailor,  
My mother loved him well;  
And soon did I bewail her  
When he in battle fell.  
I have no friend to cheer,  
Or bid my sorrows rest,  
I roam the heath so drear—  
Oh! pity the distress!

No sounds of mirth or pleasure,  
My woe-worn heart beguiles,  
Nor boast I other treasure  
Than when my conscience smiles.  
Oh! bid a ray of joy  
Illuminate the Orphan's breast;  
And may no cares annoy—  
Oh! pity the distress!

## The Thorn.

FROM the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe,  
Requested a sprig, her fair breast to adorn;  
No, in truth, I exclaim'd, may I perish,  
If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

Then I shew'd her a ring, and implor'd her to marry,  
She blush'd like the dawning of morn;  
Yes, I'll consent, she reply'd, if you'll promise,  
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

No, in truth, I exclaimed, may I perish,  
If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

## Knowing Joey.

I WAS call'd knowing Joe by the boys of our town,  
Old dad taught me wisely to know folk;  
Dear! I was so sharp, when they laughing came down,  
I ax'd how do'st do? to the shew-folk:  
I could chaunt a good slave, that I knew very well;  
No boy of my age could talk louder!  
Crack a joke, rip the wink, or a droll story tell;  
Of my cleverness too none were prouder;  
So, thinks I, it's better nor following the plough;  
To try with these youths to queer low folk;  
There meafter I met, so I made my best bow,

[SPOKEN] *How do'st do, Sir, fa, s I, I've a mighty  
notion of turning adoor-man—I be main lesson—wrest-  
les and boxes very pratty,—dances a good ging,—and  
can play the very devil!*

Axt's a please, and so joined with the shew folk.

This please that I got I detarmin'd to keep,  
But adzookers! they all were so drollish!  
Kings, coblers and tailors! a prince, or a sweep!  
And star'd so at I—I look'd foolish!  
Their daggers and swords, dear! they handled so cute,  
And their leadies were all so bewitching!  
When I thought to be droll, I was almost struck mute,  
As the bacon rack that hangs in our kitchen:  
They ax'd me to say, how, the coach was at door,  
When were seated above and below folk!  
Feggs! I was so shamefac'd, I slopp'd on the floor!

[SPOKEN.] *A kind of a sort of giddiness seiz'd me all over!  
the candles daunc'd the hays! 'twere as dimmish as a  
Scotch mist! I dropp'd down as dead as a shot!*

And swoounded away among the shew folk!

They laugh'd so, and jeer'd me, as never were seen,  
All manner of fancies were playing;

One night I was sent for to wait on a Queen,  
[SPOKEN] *I believe it were Queen Hamlet of Dunkirk.  
(Not thinking the plan they were laying,)*

My lady she died on a chair next her spouse,  
While with pins me behind they were pricking!  
All at once I scream'd out! lent her grace such a douse,  
That alive she was soon, aye, and kicking!  
The people all laugh'd at, and hooted poor I,  
And the comical dogs did me so joke!

That I made but one step, without bidding good bye.

[SPOKEN.] *From their steage, Dear! I never so much as  
once look'd behind me—tumbled over a barrel of thunder,  
knock'd down a hail storm—roll'd over the sea—and I  
darted like lightning through the infernal regions.*

And so took my leave of the shew folk.

## The Princess and the Slave.

WHERE fragrant breezes sigh'd through orange  
bowers,  
And springing fountains cool'd the air with showers,  
From pomp retired, and noon-tide's burning ray,  
The fair, the royal Nouronihar lay.  
The cups of roses, newly-cropp'd, were spread  
Her lovely limbs beneath, and o'er her head  
Imprison'd nightingales attuned their throats,  
And lull'd the princess with melodious notes.  
Here roll'd a lucid stream its gentle wave  
With scarce heard murmur; while a Georgian slave  
Placed near the couch with feathers in her hand,  
The lady's panting breast in silence fann'd,  
And chased the insects, who presumed to seek  
Their banquet on the beauty's glowing cheek.  
This slave, a mild and simple maid was she,  
Of common form, and born of low degree,  
Whose only charms were smiles, devoid of art,  
Whose only wealth, a gentle feeling heart.

While thus within her secret loved retreat,  
Half sleeping, half awake, oppress'd with heat,  
The princess slumber'd; near her, shrill, yet faint,  
Rose the sad tones of suppliant sorrow's plaint.  
She starts, and angry gazes round: when lo!  
A wretched female, bent with age and woe,  
Drags her unsteady feet the arbour nigh,  
While every step is number'd by a sigh.  
Meagre and wan her form, her cheek is pale;  
Her tatter'd garments scarce her limbs can veil;  
Yet still, through want and grief, her air betrays  
Grandeur's remains, and gleams of better days.  
Soon as to Nouronihar's couch she came,  
Low on the ground her weak and trembling frame  
Exhausted sank; and, then, with gasping breath,  
She thus in plaintive tones the fair address'd.

—“ If e'er compassion's tear your cheek could stain,  
“ If e'er you languish'd in disease and pain,  
“ If e'er you sympathized with age's groan,  
“ Hear, noble lady, hear a suppliant's moan!  
“ Broken by days of want, and nights of tears,  
“ By sickness wasted, and oppress'd by years,  
“ Beneath our sacred Mithra's scorching fire  
“ I sink enfeebled, and with thirst expire.  
“ Yon stream is near: oh! lift a suppliant's cry,  
“ And reach one draught of water, lest I die!”—

—“ What means this bold intrusion?” cried the  
fair,  
With peevish tone, and discontented air;  
“ What daring voice, with wearying plaint, infests  
“ The sacred grove where Persia's princess rests?  
“ Beggar begone, and let these clamours cease!  
“ This buys at once your absence, and my peace.”—

Thus said the princess, and indignant frown'd,  
Then cast her precious bracelet on the ground,  
And turn'd again to sleep. With joyless eye  
The fainting stranger saw the jewel lie:  
When lo! kind Selima (the Georgian's name,)  
Softly with water from the fountain came;  
And while, with gentle grace, she gave the bowl,  
Thus sweetly sad her feeling accents stole.

—“ Humble and poor, I nothing can bestow,  
“ Except these tears of pity for your woe:  
“ 'Tis all I have; but yet that all receive  
“ From one who fain your sorrows would relieve,  
“ From one who weeps to view such mournful scenes,  
“ And would give more, but that her hand lacks means.  
“ Drink, mother! drink! the wave is cool and clear,  
“ But drink in silence, lest the princess hear!”—

Scarce are these words pronounced, when, blest  
surprise!

The stranger's age-bowed figure swells its size!  
No more the stamp of years deforms her face;  
Her tatter'd shreds to sparkling robes give place;  
Her breath perfumes the air with odours sweet;  
Fresh roses spring wherever tread her feet,  
And from her eyes, where reign delight and love,  
Unusual splendour glitters through the grove!  
Her silver wand, her form of heavenly mould!  
Her white and shining robes, her wings of gold,  
Her port majestic, and superior height,  
Announce a daughter of the world of light!  
The princess, whom her slave's delighted cries  
Compell'd once more to ope her sleep-bound eyes,  
With wonder mix'd with awe the scene survey'd,  
While thus the Peri cheer'd the captive maid.

“ Look up, sweet girl, and cast all fears aside!  
“ I seek my darling son's predestined bride,  
“ And here I find her: here are found alone,  
“ Feelings as kind, as gracious as his own.  
“ For you, fair princess, in whose eyes of blue,  
“ The strife of envy, shame, and grief, I view,  
“ Observe, and profit by this scene! you gave,  
“ But oh! how far less nobly than your slave!  
“ Your bitter speech, proud glance, and peevish tone,  
“ Too plain declared, your gift was meant alone  
“ Your own repose and silence to secure,  
“ And hush the beggar, not relieve the poor!  
“ Oh! royal lady, let this lesson prove,  
“ Smiles, more than presents, win a suppliant's love  
“ And when your mandates rule some distant land,  
“ Where all expect their blessings from your hand,  
“ Remember, with ill-will and frowns bestow'd,  
“ Favours offend, and gifts become a load!”—

She ceased, and touching with her silver wand  
Her destined daughter, straight two wings expand  
Their purple plumes, and wave o'er either arm;  
Next to her person spreads the powerful charm:  
And soon the enraptured wondering maid combined  
A faultless person with a faultless mind,  
Then, while with joy divine their hearts beat high,  
Swift as the lightning of a jealous eye  
The Peries spread their wings, and soar'd away  
To the blest regions of eternal day.

Stung with regret, the princess saw too plain,  
Lost by her fault what tears could ne'er regain!  
Long on the tablets of her humbled breast  
The Peri's parting words remain'd impress'd.  
E'en when her hand Golconda's sceptre sway'd  
And subject realms her mild behests obey'd,  
The just reproof her conscious ear still heard;  
Still she remember'd, with ill grace conferr'd,  
Crowns, to a feeling mind, less joy impart,  
Than trifles, offer'd with a willing heart.



# [ Numb. 89 ]

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Dear Image of the Maid I Love.

**D**EAR image of the maid I love,  
Whose charms you bring to view;  
In absence some delight I feel  
By gazing still on you.  
Debar'd her sight by tyrant power,  
How wretched should I be,  
But that I cheer each lonely hour  
By gazing still on thee.

Oh! could I call this fair one mine,  
What rapture shou'd I feel;  
Oh! cou'd I prefs that form divine,  
Each hour my blifs would seal:  
But ah, deprived of all her charms,  
My soul can find no rest;  
And should she blefs another's arms,  
Despair would fill my breast.

The Valley Below.

**T**HE broom bloom'd so fresh and so fair,  
The lambkins were sporting around,  
When I wander'd to breath the fresh air,  
And by chance a rich treasure I found;  
A lass sat beneath a green shade,  
For whose smiles the whole world I'd forego;  
As blooming as May was the maid,  
And she lives in the valley below.

Her song struck my ear with surprise,  
Her voice like the nightingale sweet,  
But love took his fear in her eyes,  
Where beauty and innocence meet.  
From that moment my heart was her own,  
For her ev'ry wish I'd forego,  
She'sauteous as roses just blown,  
And she lives in the valley below.

My cottage with woodbine o'er grown,  
The sweet turtle dove cooing round,  
My flocks and my herds are my own,  
My pastures with hawthorn are bound.  
All my riches I'll lay at her feet,  
If her heart in return she'll bestow,  
For no pastime can cheer my retreat,  
While she lives in the valley below.

I Owe you One.

**H**ARRY came to me last week,  
And I bade the rogue begone;  
With his lips he touch'd my cheek—  
For, said he, "I owe you one."

Then he call'd me love and dear,  
And my shoulder lean'd upon,  
With a box, tho' on the ear,  
"Sir," cry'd I,— "I pay you one."

Acting then the lover's part,  
How the fellow's tongue ran on!—  
Swearing he had lost his heart,  
And of course I ow'd him one.

Then he paid me double price,  
For no bounds his raptures knew—  
Kissing once and kissing twice,  
Oh, said he, I owe you two.

The Answer to the Valley Below.

**W**HEN meek eye'd Aurora was dress'd,  
And breath'd balmy sweets on the morn,  
The sky-lark was quitting his nest,  
When the timid stag flew from the thorn;  
Young Damon was first in the chace,  
He shone like the God of the Bow,  
The Graces all smil'd in his face,  
But he's fled from the valley below.

Sad sighing beneath the cool shade,  
I envy my kids as they play,  
Soft slumbers my eye-lids invade,  
While melody flows from the spray.  
The wood with sweet Philomel rings,  
She melts me with musical woe,  
The loss of my Damon she sings,  
Who's fled from the valley below.

Adieu thou fair regent of night,  
No more shall I stay by thy beams,  
Or view with exquisite delight,  
Thy image that dance in the streams.  
Ye night-birds that scream as you fly,  
Go tell yon green towers my woe,  
For Damon I pin'd and I die,  
Who's fled from the valley below.

## The Patent Speculator.

SINCE patents are now all the go,  
Invention without them is flouted,  
Without int'rest to gain them you know  
Poor Genius is presently routed.  
But that I can purchase at court,  
And for conscience proof belts for the law,  
I quickly a patent will sport,  
And prove it a *je ne sçai quoi*.  
Fal, lal, &c.

Then a plan for a famous canal,  
D'ye see, I have formed in my pate,  
Which shall serve, as I'll presently tell,  
To reach from Blackwall to the Straight.  
I've bullet-proof waistcoats for beaux,  
'So wonderful fertile my brain is,  
And since they scarce wear any clothes,  
I've water-proof muslin for ladies.  
Fal, lal, &c.

Then for spendthrifts I've epaulet straps,  
To prevent all attacks on the shoulder,  
Thus guarded from bailiffs sly taps,  
They might then strut about and look bolder.  
But of all these inventions there's one,  
(It's merit to own none can falter,  
For cornfactors the secret is done.)  
And that is a snug patent halter.  
Fal, lal, &c.

## Erin Go Bragh.

COME push round the whiskey be merry and gay,  
Let the devil burn care and drive sorrow away;  
For mirth and good humour is an Irishman's law,  
So here's friendship my jewel, and *Erin go bragh*.

'Midst a circle of friends we all sorrow defy,  
If a tear drops from one why we wet t'other eye,  
Thus grief in our hearts ne'er as yet made a flaw,  
So let's join hand in hand and sing *Erin go bragh*.

Yet tho' oft with laughter the table doth roar,  
We think, 'midst our pleasure, of those who are poor,  
Humanity ever with us is a law,  
And our purse makes the wretched sing *Erin go bragh*.

Then let envy and malice our island invade,  
The sons of St. Patrick will ne'er be dismayed;  
Close bound in one bond they shall ne'er make a flaw  
In our rights, so *nabocklish* and *Erin go bragh*.

## Walter's Mistresses.

THERE was Dorothy Dump, would mutter and mump,  
And cry, "my dear Walter, heigho!"  
But no step she could take, would my constancy shake,  
For she had a timber toe.

There was Rebecca Rose, with her aquiline nose,  
Who cried, "for you Walter I die,"  
But I laugh at each glance, she threw at me askance,  
For she had a gimlet eye.

There was Tabitha Twist, had a mind to be kiss'd,  
And made on my heart an attack;  
But her love I derided—for she was lopsided,  
And curiously warp'd in the back.

There was Barbara Brian, who ever was crying,  
"Dear youth put an end to my woes."  
But to save in her head all the tears that she shed,  
Nature gave her a bottle nose.

## John Bull, &amp;c.

JOHN Bull for pastime took a prance  
Some time ago to peep at France,  
To talk of sciences and arts,  
And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts.  
Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,  
And answered John in heathen Greek;  
To all he asked, 'bout all he saw,  
'Twas, *Monsieur, je vous n'entend pas*.

John to the palace-royal come,  
Its splendour almost struck him dumb:  
'I say, whose house is that there here?'  
*Hosse!—je vous n'entend pas, Monsieur.*  
'What! Nongtongpaw again? cries John,  
'This fellow's sure, some mighty don;  
'No doubt has plenty for the maw;  
'I'll breakfast with his Nongtongpaw.'

John saw Versailles from Marli's height,  
And cry'd, astonish'd at the sight,  
'Whose fine estate is that there here?'  
*Stat—je vous n'entend pas, Monsieur.*  
'His! what the land and houses, too?  
'The fellow's richer than a Jew;  
'On every thing he lays his claw;  
'I should like to dine with Nongtongpaw.'

Next tripping came a courtly fair;  
John cry'd enchanted with her air,  
'What lovely wench is that there here?'  
*Ventch!—je vous n'entend pas, Monsieur.*  
'What! he again? upon my life!  
'A palace, lands, and then a wife,  
'Sir Joshua might delight to draw!  
'I should like to sup with Nongtongpaw.'

'But hold! whose fun'ral's that?' cries John,  
*Je vous n'entend pas!* 'What is he gone;  
'Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save  
'Poor Nongtongpaw, then, from the grave?  
'His race is run, his game is up;  
'I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup;  
'But since he chooses to withdraw—  
'Good night t'ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw!

## The Friar.

I AM a friar of orders grey,  
And down the vallies I take my way,  
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,  
Good store of ven'son does fill my scrip,  
My long bead roll I merrily chaunt,  
Where'er I walk no money I want:  
And why I'm so plump the reason I tell—  
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.  
What baron or 'squire,  
Or knight of the shire,  
Lives half so well as a holy friar.

After supper of heaven I dream,  
But that is fat pullet and clouted cream.  
Myself, by denial, I mortify—  
With a dainty bit of a warden pie:  
I'm cloth'd in sackcloth for my sin;  
With old sack wine I'm lin'd within:  
A chirping cup is my matin song,  
And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding dong.  
What baron or 'squire,  
Or knight of the shire,  
Lives half so well as a holy friar.



## Give the Devil his Due.

Tune,—*To take in good part the soft squeeze, &c.*

**T**HERE is one thing, my friends, I must offer to you,

'Tis, Give to Old Nick, what to Old Nick is due;  
What he owes to us, I can venture to say,  
Like a Dæmon of Rank, upon Honour he'll pay.

Tho' you smile at my system, and sneer at my song,  
His Worship's allow'd to be Prince of Bon Ton;  
Now thus lies the bus'ness, Sirs, as we're polite,  
And practise good manners, pray what is his right?

The Devil is in you's a phrase daily us'd,  
Yet oft by such language, the Devil's abus'd.  
Tho' some hollow hearts may have much room to spare,  
The Devil himself would not choose to dwell there.

Some people affect with this world to be sick,  
And give themselves up in a pet to Old Nick;  
Devil fetch me! they cry, but if Satan they knew,  
His Honour has much better bus'ness to do.

Tho' of darkness he's king, he's a prince of the air,  
And with his Infernalship we should deal fair;  
The cheerful day's rul'd by the Angel of Light,  
And the Devil (Lord bless us) is Monarch of Night.

His torturing spirits around him await,  
As watchmen attend on the constable's state;  
Those imps of authority fally in shoals,  
And pennyless strumpets drag in as damn'd souls.

The hell upon earth, and life's devilish disease,  
Is poverty sinning, and seiz'd on for fees;  
Deep in darkness, that dross we call money was hid,  
A proof that the use on't to us was forbid.

But Pluto, the Devil's old heathenish name,  
Broughr it forth from below, as a varnish for shame.  
Persuasion, Temptation, attended the gold,  
'Till all have been bid for, and few are unfold.

We are Devilishly odd, in a Devilish odd way,  
Since bribe as bribe can there's the Devil to pay;  
The Devil of Party makes damnable rout,  
Tho' the Devil a bit can we tell what about.

May Satan seize those who by purchase deceive,  
May they take the same road who such things receive;  
But may we preserve honest Men, tho' they're few,  
Export all the rest, give the Devil his due.

G. A. Stevens.

## Sure a Lads in her bloom, &amp;c.

**S**URE a lads in her bloom at the age of nineteen,  
Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been.  
I know not I vow any harm I have done,  
But my mother oft tells me she'll have me a nun.

Don't you think it a pity such a girl as I,  
Should be sentenc'd to pray, to fast and to cry;  
With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,  
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,  
Is a thousand times better to me I declare;  
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone;  
Nay besides I'm too handsome, I think, for a nun.

Not to love or be lov'd, oh! I never can bear,  
Nor yield to be sent to, one cannot tell where;  
To live or to die in this case were all one,  
Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a nun.

Perhaps, but to seize me, she threatens me so,  
I'm sure, was the me, she would stoutly say no;  
But, if she's in earnest, I from her will run,  
And be married in spite, that I mayn't be a nun.

## Honour.

Tune,—*Confusion to him who a Bumper denies.*

**O**UR Reck'ning we've paid, here's to all bon'repos.  
The Decks we have clear'd, and 'tis time we should go;

A Coach did you say? No! I'm sober and strong,  
Waiter! call me a Link-boy, he'll light me along.

Obsequious the dog with his dripping torch bows—  
Your Honour! poor Jack, Sir, your Honour Jack knows.  
For the sake of the pence thus he'll honour me on,  
Gold Dust snews the Race-ground where all Honour's won.

Hold your light up!—what half-naked Objects here lie,  
Thus huddled in heaps?—Good your Honour! they cry;

To poor creatures, your Honour, some charity spare;  
Honour's phrase is Necessity's common-place prayer.

Young perishing Out-casts thus nightly are found,  
No Parishes care, they're too poor to be own'd.

For he, in these times, would be laughed to scorn,  
Who Distress wou'd assist, yet expect no Return.

With Courtier-like bowing the Shoe-cleaners call,  
And offer their Brush, Stool and shining Black Ball;  
Japanning your Honour, these Colourists plan,  
And, really, some Honours may want a Japan.

To varnish the Taste is,—as cases from dust,  
Each picture now glares with a transparent crust;  
Nay, some Ladies Faces are colour'd like Blinds,  
While men use japanning which masquerades minds.

Of Honour, of Freedom, yet England can boast,  
And Honour and Freedom's an Englishman's toast;  
May Infamy ever Deserters attend,  
But Honours crown those who our HONOURS defend.

G. A. Stevens.

## The Hum.

Tune,—*Push about the brisk Bowl.*

**P**USH about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,  
While thus we sit round on the—Stay!

What business have I an old Song to impart,

When I, Sirs, a new one can say, can say,

When I, Sirs, a new one can say.

What shall I first say, or what shall I first do?

What best will my bad voice become?

Why faith, Sirs, I'll strive by my verses to shew,  
That life is, alas! but a Hum.

Children weep at their birth, and old men when they die,

At death the most happy look glum;

At our entrance and exit we equally cry,

Which proves our life's plainly a Hum.

Law and Physic you see will make sure of the fee;

What advice to you gratis will come;

If poor, you are lost, tho' merit you boast,

For Worth without Wealth is a Hum.

Acquaintance pretend that your fortunes they'll mend,

And vow to your service they'll come;

But be you in need, and you'll find that indeed,

Modern Friendship is merely a Hum.

When some Ladies kneel, small devotion they feel,

(But let us be modest and mum)

At the altar they bow, but 'tis only for shew,

Religion with them is a Hum.

We are hum'd from our birth, till we're hum'd into earth,

To an end of our jokes then we come;

Take your glass, my brisk brother, and I'll take another,  
And thus make the most of a Hum, a Hum,

And let's make the most of a Hum.

G. A. Stevens.

## The Bleeding Nun.

WHERE yon proud turrets crown the rock,  
See'st thou a warrior stand?  
He sighs to hear the castle clock  
Say midnight is at hand.

It strikes, and now his lady fair  
Comes tripping from her hall,  
Her heart is rent by deep despair,  
And tears in torrents fall.

—“ Ah! woe is me, my love,” she cried,  
“ What anguish wrings my heart:  
“ Ah! woe is me,” she said, and sigh’d,  
“ We must for ever part.

“ Know, ere three days are past and flown,  
“ (Tears choke the piteous tale!)  
“ A parent’s vow, till now unknown,  
“ Devotes me to the veil.”—

—“ Not so, my Agnes!” Raymond cried,  
“ For leave thee will I never;  
“ Thou art mine, and I am thine,  
“ Body and soul for ever!

“ Then quit thy cruel father’s bower,  
“ And fly, my love, with me.”—  
—“ Ah! how can I escape his power,  
“ Or who can set me free.”—

“ I cannot leap yon wall so high,  
“ Nor swim the fosse with thee;  
“ I can but wring my hands, and sigh  
“ That none can set me free.”—

—“ Now list, my lady, list, my love,  
“ I pray thee list to me,  
“ For I can all your fears remove,  
“ And I can set you free.

“ Oft have you heard old Ellinore,  
“ Your nurse, with horror tell,  
“ How, robed in white, and stain’d with gore,  
“ Appears a spectre sell.

“ And each fifth year, at dead of night,  
“ Stalks through the castle gare,  
“ Which, by an ancient solemn rite,  
“ For her must open wait.

“ Soon as to some far distant land,  
“ Retires to-morrow’s sun,  
“ With torch and dagger in her hand,  
“ Appears the Bleeding Nun.

“ Now you shall play the Bleeding Nun,  
“ Array’d in robes so white,  
“ And at the solemn hour of one,  
“ Stalk forth to meet your knight.

“ Our steeds shall bear us far away,  
“ Beyond your father’s power,  
“ And Agnes, long ere break of day,  
“ Shall rest in Raymond’s bower.”—

—“ My heart consents, it must be done,  
—“ Father, ’tis your decree,—  
“ And I will play the Bleeding Nun,  
“ And fly, my love, with thee.

“ For I am thine,” fair Agnes cried,  
“ And leave thee will I never;  
“ I am thine, and thou art mine,  
“ Body and soul for ever!”

Fair Agnes sat within her bower,  
Array’d in robes so white,  
And waited the long wish’d-for hour,  
When she should meet her knight.

And Raymond, as the clock struck one,  
Before the castle flood;  
And soon came forth his lovely Nun,  
Her white robes stain’d in blood.

He bore her in his arms away,  
And placed her on her steed;  
And to the maid he thus did say,  
As on they rode with speed:

—“ Oh Agnes! Agnes! thou art mine,  
“ And leave thee will I never;  
“ Thou art mine, and I am thine,  
“ Body and soul for ever!”—

—“ Oh Raymond! Raymond! I am thine,  
“ And leave thee will I never;  
“ I am thine, and thou art mine,  
“ Body and soul for ever!”

At length,—“ We’re safe!”—the warrior cried;  
“ Sweet love abate thy speed;”  
But madly still the onwards hied,  
Nor seem’d his call to heed.

Through wood and wild, they speed their way,  
Then sweep along the plain,  
And almost at the break of day,  
The Danube’s banks they gain.

—“ Now stop ye, Raymond, stop ye here,  
“ And view the farther side;  
“ Dismount, and say Sir Knight, do’st fear,  
“ With me to stem the tide.”—

Now on the utmost brink they stand,  
And gaze upon the flood,  
She seized Don Raymond by the hand,  
Her grasp it froze his blood.

A whirling blast from off the stream  
Threw back the maiden’s veil;  
Don Raymond gave a hideous scream,  
And felt his spirits fail.

Then down his limbs, in strange affright,  
Cold dews to pour begun;  
No Agnes met his shudd’ring fight,  
—“ God! ’Tis the Bleeding Nun!”—

A form of more than mortal size,  
All ghastly, pale, and dead,  
Fix’d on the Knight her livid eyes,  
And thus the Spectre said:

—“ Oh Raymond! Raymond! I am thine,  
“ And leave thee will I never;  
“ I am thine, and thou art mine,  
“ Body and soul for ever!”

Don Raymond shrieks, he faints; the blood  
Ran cold in every vein,  
He sank into the roaring flood,  
And never rose again!



## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

### As down the Torrent's Roaring Tide.

AS down the torrent's roaring tide  
Awhile the cumbrous mafs may glide,  
Dissever'd from the shore;  
But, to the lake's calm surface borne,  
It feels its own sad weight return,  
And sinks to rise no more.

So, lost to love, oppress'd by grief,  
Midst social mirth a short relief  
The sorrowing heart may know;  
But, ah! to lonely thought retir'd,  
It mocks the joy by mirth inspir'd,  
And droops in lasting woe.

### Listen to the Little Maid.

AH listen to the little maid  
That tells the little posies,  
A pittance spare in virtue's aid,  
Come buy my sweet roses.  
Sweet roses, &c.

My parents dead, my lover fled,  
An orphan girl neglected,  
I strive to earn a little bread,  
And sing—howe'er neglected.  
Sweet roses, &c.

The lad you love shou'd he adorn,  
With flow'ry speech his passion,  
Remember—roses hide a thorn,  
And truth is out of fashion.  
Sweet roses, &c.

Ere daisies peep at dawning day,  
I brush the dewy bowers,  
And often weep my lonely way,  
As plucking weeping flowers.  
Sweet roses, &c.

All day I sell my flow'rs thro' town,  
In rushy hat and willow,  
Content at night's a bed of down,  
Sweet innocence a pillow.  
Sweet roses, &c.

Kertland

### The Welsh Harper.

OVER the funny hills I stray,  
Tuning many a rustic lay,  
And sometimes in the shadowy vales,  
I sing of love and battles tales,  
Merrily thus I spend my life,  
Tho' poor, my breast is free from strife,  
The blithe old harper called am I,  
In the Welsh vales 'mid mountains high,  
In the Welsh vales, &c.

Sometimes before a castle gate,  
In song a battle I relate,  
Or how a Lord in shepherd's guise,  
Sought favour in a virgin's eyes,  
With rich, and poor, a welcome guest;  
No cares intrude upon my breast,  
The blithe old Harper, &c.

When Sol illumines the western sky,  
And evening zephyrs softly sigh,  
Oft times on village green I play,  
While round me dance the rustics gay,  
And oft when veil'd by sable night,  
The wondering shepherds I delight,  
The blithe old Harper, &c.

### Listen to the Voice of Love.

LISTEN, to the voice of Love,  
He calls my Daphne to the grove;  
The primrose sweet bedecks the field,  
The tuneful birds invite to rove:  
To foster joys let splendour yield,  
O listen to the voice of love.

Where flowers their fragrant sweets exhale,  
My Daphne! fondly let us stray;  
Where whispering love breathes forth his tale,  
And shepherds sing their artless lay:  
O listen to the voice of love,  
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come share with me the sweets of spring,  
And leave the town's tumultuous noise;  
The happy swains all cheerful sing,  
And echo still repeats their joys:

Then listen, &c.

## Little Snip.

MY daddy is a tailor, fir, and brother Jack is  
also one,  
And sure as we've a roaring trade, why I am little  
Snip his son;  
My father cuts, and brother sews, and I can also rip  
and stitch,  
And what is better far than all, my daddy's growing  
pretty rich,

SPOKEN.] *When he makes out a bill never forgets to  
put down a few items, which he calls under the denomi-  
nation of trade cabbaging.*

With his Ri tol, lol, fol de riddle rido.

My father says I am his son, because I know a thing  
or two,  
But wer'n't I like a needle sharp, why this I know  
'twould never do;  
For daddy never sticks at threads, an inch, or half a  
yard, or ell,  
And while he measures out his cloth, takes care his  
sheers shall always tell.

SPOKEN.] *Whether 'tis broad cloth, superfine or  
seconds; coat, waistcoat, or pantaloons, 'tis always,  
Ri tol, lol, &c.*

'Tis certain I'm a clever lad, let people say what e'er  
they will,  
For when I set up trade myself, Lord how I will spin  
out the bill;  
For tho' they may say this or that, a tailor's trade  
can never fail,  
While there's something to be got, I'm down upon  
it, as a nail,

SPOKEN.] *If I don't one day or other, cut my coat ac-  
cording to my cloth, and warm my goose for a good  
picking, I ought to be set down for a goose myself.*

With my Ri tol, lol, &c.

## Dick Smith the Watchman.

DICK Smith is my name, and a tight boy am I,  
For I trudge it both late and early;  
And what I oft sees as the hours I cry,

Why, my Masters, I'll tell you now fairly.  
Sometimes 'tis my fate on a dark cloudy night  
To meet a fond pair often cooing;  
But if they but slide in my hand something bright,  
Why Lord I can't see what the're doing.  
Past twelve o'Clock, and a cloudy morning.

When a row d'ye see, is kick'd up in the street,  
And—*Watchmen, stop Thief*,—are a calling;  
If I meets but a scamp, while I'm on my beat,  
Why I soon lays the gentleman sprawling:  
But if he but tips me a watch, or a purse,  
Why, I then, do you see, does my duty;  
As I lets him slip by, while I grumble and curse,  
And swear he is off with the booty.  
Past twelve o'Clock, &c.

Sometimes in my box, if I happen to doze,  
Some wag of my case makes a handle;  
For d'ye see, after griping me fast by the nose,  
He steals both my lantern and candle.  
Then while for the glim I am looking about,  
Comes by me an impudent prater,  
With, Hip! Mastr Watchman, believe me you're  
out,

For damn me, it's three hours later.

Past twelve o'Clock, &c.

## Peter's Medley.

NEAR Kew one morn was Peter born,  
At Limehouse educated;  
I learnt to pull with Simon Skull,  
And a tightish lad was rated.  
For coat and badge I'd often try,  
And when first oars, 'twas who but I,  
While the pretty girls would archly cry,  
"Ah did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,  
"Who at Blackfriar's Bridge us'd for to ply?  
"He feather'd his oars with such skill and dex-  
terity,  
"Winning each heart, and delighting each eye."

But grown a man, I soon began  
To quit each boyish notion:  
With old Benbow, I swore to go,  
And brave the foaming ocean.  
With him I sail'd twelve years or nigh,  
And saw the gallant hero die,  
Yet 'scap'd each shot myself, for why,  
"There's a sweet little cherub sits up aloft,  
"To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

To Italy, a great grandee  
Brought me thro' Fortune's steerage;  
By chance of war, a British tar  
May meet Italian peerage.  
Now hither sent by friends unkind,  
And in *this* island close confin'd,  
I sigh for *that* I've left behind;  
"For, oh its a nice little island,  
"A right little, tight little island;  
"May its commerce increase,  
"While the blessings of peace  
"Make glad every heart in the island,"

## The Wounded Hussar.

ALONE to the banks of the dark rolling Danube,  
Fair Adelaid hied when the battle was o'er;  
O whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd my lover,  
Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?  
What voice did I hear! 'twas my Henry that sigh'd.  
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd afar.  
When bleeding alone on the heath she descried,  
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was  
streaming,  
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,  
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,  
That melted in love, and that kindled in war;  
How suit was poor Adelaid's heart at the sight!  
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war;  
"Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful  
night,  
"To cheer the lone heart of your wounded hussar."

"Thou shalt live!" she replied, "heavens' mercy  
relieving,  
Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn;"  
"Ah! no the last pang in my bosom is heaving,  
No light of the morn shall to Henry return;  
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,  
Ye babes of my love, that await me afar"—  
His falt'ring tongue scarcely murmur'd adieu,  
When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded hussar.



## Alone by the Light of the Moon.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud,  
 The moon in her beauty appears;  
 The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud,  
 The music of love in our ears.  
 Maria appear! now the season so sweet,  
 With the beat of the heart that's in tune;  
 The time is so tender for lovers to meet,  
 Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel;  
 I sigh—can a lover do more?  
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,  
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.  
 Maria, my love! do you long for the grove,  
 Do you sigh for an interview soon;  
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove,  
 Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds, whenever I hear,  
 My bosom is all in a glow;  
 Your voice, when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,  
 My heart thrills, my eyes overflow.  
 Ye pow'rs of the sky! will your bounty divine,  
 Indulge a fond lover his boon;  
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,  
 Alone by the light of the moon?

## As Wit, Joke and Humour.

AS Wit, Joke and Humour together were far,  
 With liquor a plentiful stock,  
 Still varying the scene, with song and with chat,  
 The watchman bawl'd, "past twelve o'Clock."

At that hour I've read, oft spirits do come,  
 And poor timid mortals affright,  
 Just then in that instant, one enter'd the room,  
 An ancient pale face, meager sprite.

The phantom appear'd and the candles burnt blue,  
 Wit and Humour began for to stare;  
 Cries out Joke! "look'e friends, this is nothing new,  
 "Behold!—see, 'tis only Old Care."

"I know he would tell us, 'twas Time sent him here,  
 "And tell us 'tis time to be gone;  
 "But we'll tell him this, let him think what he dare,  
 "We'll finish him e'er it be one."

They quickly agreed, and about it they went,  
 Resolving of Care to get free;  
 Wit mov'd it,—and straight they all join'd in consent  
 To lay the ghost in the red-sea.

Whole bumpers of claret they quickly drank off,  
 And fav'rite toasts they went round;  
 When Humour well pleas'd, thus set up a laugh:  
 Quoth he, "how Care looks now he's drown'd,"

When loud shouting began, huzza th y all cry'd,  
 "We're rid of this troublesome guest,  
 "Fill your bumpers around, let this be our pride,  
 "To sing, laugh, and drink to the best."

Now their blood running high with a conquest so  
 great,  
 To singing and drinking they fix;  
 With the sun they arose, with spirits elate,  
 And decently parted at six.

## Sally.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,  
 From nymph to nymph I strove in vain  
 My wild desires to rally;  
 But now they're of themselves come home,  
 And strange! no longer wish to roam,  
 They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,  
 And cries, I court but to destroy;  
 Can love with ruin tally?  
 By those dear lips, those eyes I swear,  
 I would all deaths all torments bear,  
 Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, O come, thou sweeter far  
 Than violets, or roses are,  
 Or lilies of the valley!  
 O follow Love, and quit your fear,  
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,  
 And make me blest in Sally.

## Winter.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,  
 And the meadows their beauties have lost;  
 When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,  
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost;  
 While the peasant inactive, stands shivering with cold,  
 As bleak the winds northerly blow,  
 And the innocent flocks run for ease to their fold,  
 With their fleeces besprinkled with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,  
 And they send forth their breath like a steam;  
 And the neat looking dairy-maid fees the must thaw  
 Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream:  
 When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as a rose,  
 As she carelessly trips, often slides;  
 And the rustics laugh loud, if, by falling, she shews  
 All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,  
 In a croud round the embers do gaze;  
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,  
 And of ghosts, till they're all in amaze:  
 When the birds to the barn come hovering for food,  
 Or they silently sit on the spray;  
 And the poor timid hare in vain seeks the wood,  
 Left her footsteps her course should betray.

Heav'n grant in this season it may prove my lot,  
 With the nymph whom I love and admire,  
 While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,  
 I may thither in safety retire!  
 Where in neatness and quiet and free from surprize,  
 We may live, and no hardships endure;  
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,  
 But such as each other may cure.

## The Witches' Song.

I WITCH.

I HAVE been all day looking after  
A raven feeding upon a quarter;  
And, soone as she turn'd her beak to the south,  
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2 WITCH.

I have beene gathering wolves haire,  
The madd dogges foames, and adders eares;  
The spurging of a deadman's eyes:  
And all since the evening starre did rise.

3 WITCH.

I last night lay all alone  
On the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;  
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low:  
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 WITCH.

And I ha' beene choosing out this scull  
From charnell houses that were full;  
From private grots, and publike pits;  
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 WITCH.

Under a cradle I did crepe  
By day; and, when the childe was a-sleepe  
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,  
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 WITCH.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?  
Killed an infant to have his fat.  
A piper it got at a church-ale,  
I bade him again blow the wind i' the taile.

7 WITCH.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines;  
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines:  
I bit off a finew; I clipp'd his haire;  
I brought off his ragges, that danced i' the ayre.

8 WITCH.

The scrich-owles egges and the feathers blacke,  
The blood of the frogge, and the bone in his backe  
I have been getting; and made of his skin  
A purfet, to keep Sir Cranion in.

9 WITCH.

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)  
Hemlock, henbane, adder's-tongue,  
Nigh-shade, moone-wort, libbard's-bane;  
And twise by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 WITCH.

I from the jawes of a gardener's bitch  
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:  
Yet went I back to the house againe,  
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

11 WITCH.

I went to the toad, breedes under the wall,  
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;  
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;  
I tore the batt's wing: what would you have more?

DAME.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows,  
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,  
The fig-tree wild, that growes on tombes,  
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,  
The basiliske's blood, and the viper's skin:  
And now our orgies let's begin.

Ben. Johnson.

## Elver's Hoh.

Danish.—M. G. Lewis.

THE knight laid his head upon Elver's Hoh,  
Soft slumbers his senses beguiling;  
Fatigue press'd its seal on his eyelids, when lo!  
Two maidens drew near to him, smiling;  
The one she kiss'd softly Sir Algamore's eyes;  
The other she whisper'd him sweetly,  
—"Arise! thou gallant young warrior, arise,  
"For the dance it goes gaily and fealty!

"Arise, thou gallant young warrior, arise,  
"And dance with us now and for ever!  
"My damsels with music thine ear shall surprise,  
"And sweeter, a mortal heard never—"  
Then fraight of young maidens appear'd, a fair  
throng,  
Who their voices in harmony raising,  
The winds they were still as the sounds flew  
along,  
By silence their melody praising.

The winds they were still as the sounds flew  
along,  
The wolf howl'd no more from the mountains;  
The rivers were mute upon hearing the song,  
And calm'd the loud rush of their fountains:  
They fish, as they swam in the waters so clear,  
To the soft sounds delighted attended,  
And nightingales, charm'd the sweet accents to  
hear,  
Their notes with the melody blended.

—"Now hear me, thou gallant young war-  
rior, now hear!  
"If thou wilt partake of our pleasure,  
"We'll teach thee to draw the pale moon from  
her sphere,  
"We'll show thee the forcerer's treasure!  
"We'll teach thee the Runic rhyme, teach thee  
to hold  
"The wild bear in magical fetters,  
"To charm the red dragon, who broods over  
gold,  
"And tame him by mystical letters."—

Now hither, now thither, then danced the gay  
band,  
By witchcraft the hero surprising,  
Who ever sat silent, his sword in his hand,  
Their sports and their pleasures despising.  
—"Now hear me, thou gallant young warrior,  
now hear!  
"If still thou didstain't what we proffer,  
"With dagger and knife from thy breast will  
we tear  
"Thine heart, which refuses our offer!"—

Oh! glad was the knight when he heard the  
cock crow!  
His enemies trembled, and left him:  
Else must he have stayed upon Elver's Hoh,  
And the witches of life had bereft him.  
Beware then, ye warriors, returning by night  
From court, dress'd in gold and in silver;  
Beware how you slumber on Elver's rough height,  
Beware of the witches of Elver!



## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c. —To which will be added, a complete Index.

### Fresh and Strong.

**F**RESH and strong the breeze is blowing,  
As yon ship at anchor rides,  
Sullen waves incessant flowing  
Rudely dash against its sides;  
So my heart its course impeded,  
Beats in my perturbed breast,  
Doubts, like waves by waves succeeded,  
Rise, and still deny it rest.

Come then, lover, friend, protect me,  
By thy kindness dry my tears;  
Ah! support me, guide, direct me,  
Hush my doubts and lull my fears:  
So my heart with pleasure glowing,  
Down life's stream shall smoothly glide,  
As yon tall bark with streamers flowing,  
Spreads its sails and cleaves the tide.

### When Kind Friends, &c.

**W**HEN kind friends expect a song,  
Something new and striking;  
Surely he can ne'er be wrong,  
Who gives each his liking.

Patriots like to get a place,  
The courtiers theirs to keep;  
Country 'squires to drink and chase,  
And cits to eat and sleep.

Parsons like a bishoprick,  
Gamblers like to bubble;  
Doctors like to see friends sick,  
Lawyers theirs in trouble.

Soldiers like both peace and pay,  
When fighting is no more;  
Sailors like a road to stray,  
For gold to wash ashore.

Ruddy bullies like to bluster,  
Pate beaux to seem polite;  
Train-band captains like a muster,  
But neither like to fight.

Ladies like—a thousand things,  
But yet it were not well;  
He who for his pleasure sings,  
Should all their likings tell.

### You bid my Fair Conceal, &c.

**Y**OU bid my fair conceal my love,  
Ah, think, ah think how hard the task,  
Think of the mighty pains I prove,  
Think of the mighty pains I prove,  
Ah! think of what you ask,  
Ah! think of what you ask, you ask, &c.

Go bid the favour'd wretch forbear,  
Midst burning, midst burning to complain,  
Go bid the slaves who fetter'd are,  
Go bid the slaves who fetter'd are,  
Forget their galling chain, their chain,  
Forget their galling chain, their chain, &c.

Shou'd they obey, still greater far,  
The torments, the torments which I feel,  
Love's fires than fevers fiercer are,  
Love's fires than fevers fiercer are,  
Love pierces more than steel, than steel,  
Love pierces more than steel, &c.

Pain but the body can controul,  
The thoughts, the thoughts no cords can bind,  
Love is a fever of the soul,  
Love is a fever of the soul,  
A chain that holds the mind, the mind,  
A chain that holds the mind, the mind, &c.

### A Soldier for me.

**F**ROM my cradle a soldier was all my delight,  
His sash was so gay, and his gorget so bright;  
Then the charming red coat, and more charming  
cockade,  
Cou'd ne'er be resisted by widow or maid.  
A soldier so noble, so gallant and gay,  
That a soldier will always the bell bear away.

'Twas his dress, 'twas his air, 'twas his beauty alone  
That won my fond heart, and first made me his own;  
But those charms which first caught me now vanish  
in air  
For his valour, and worth, and his heart he is dear.  
A Soldier so noble, &c.

Ye fair British maids, your protectors reward,  
Who leave softer pleasures your safety to guard;  
No cruelty here let your heroes e'er mourn,  
Let the sunshine of smiles gild the soldier's return!  
A Soldier so noble, &c.

## The Beauteous Louisa.

SEE the park throng'd with beauties, the tumult's  
begun  
And right-honor'd knaves talk of conquests they've  
won;

But view you pale damsel, and mark her sad air,  
'Tis the beauteous Louisa, once virtuous as fair;  
Nor spurn her, ye virgins, who shone like a sun,  
Ere the beauteous Louisa by man was undone.

A titled despoiler this peerless maid found,  
And with specious pretences her innocence drown'd;  
But having grown weary and cloy'd of her charms,  
The titled seducer expell'd her his arms:  
E'en the conquest hard-won he insults with his  
breath,  
Though the beauteous Louisa is pining to death.

Though numbers yet offer rich proofs of their love,  
The penitent victim against them is strove;  
Betray'd and abus'd by the man she ador'd,  
She now only wishes her honor restor'd:  
But, alas! hapless fair one, thy wishes are vain!  
And the heart-broke Louisa is left to complain.

But chance, when the spoiler shall hear she's no more,  
The fate of Louisa e'en he may deplore;  
The breast that could spurn her may then heave a  
sigh,  
And with the fair blossom still on it might lie;  
But, ah! then how fruitless his love-proffer'd terms,  
When the beauteous Louisa's a prey to the worms!

## A New Hunting Song.

AURORA, now summon the lads of the course,  
Ye hunters from slumb'ring arise;  
Behold how the sun in full splendor beams forth,  
How ruddy and bright seem the skies!  
Then mount your fleet steed—to the meadows  
repair,  
No pleasure surpasses the sight of the hare.

The sluggard that dozes his life-time away,  
And censures the joys we partake;  
May strut for a while in the sun-shine of day,  
But we deem his bliss—a mistake!  
As we bound o'er the heath, blooming health marks  
the face,  
And the horn's mellow notes but enliven the chase.

The fopling may boast of his beauty and ease,  
And play with his mistress's fan;  
Let him look in his glass—the reflection may please,  
Tho' he's more an ape than a man!  
Unkenel the hounds; to the meadows repair,  
And let us, enraptur'd, give chase to the hare.

Through life we some kind of pastime pursue,  
The statesman will dwell on the laws;  
The critic will tell you what learning can do,  
While the lawyer will gain a bad cause.  
But we more exalted, breathe joy in the vale,  
And taste true delight in a jug of mild ale!

Diana commands, now ye sportsmen arise,  
The huntmen the summons proclaim;  
Away to the woods, where the fox closely lies,  
The scent is now fresh on the plain.  
Since the sun gilds the east, and the morning is  
bright,  
Let the sports of the day crown with rapture the  
night.

## Dick Dock.

DICK DOCK, a tar, at Greenwich moor'd,  
One day had got his beer on board,  
When he a poor maim'd pensioner from Chelsea  
saw;

And for to have his jeer and flout,  
For the grog once in the wit's soon out,  
Cries, how good master lobster, did you lose your  
claw?

Was't one night in a drunken fray,  
Or rather when you ran away?  
But hold you Dick, the poor sot has one foot in the  
grave

For slander's wind too fast you fly,  
Do you think it fun, you swab, you lie,  
Misfortunes ever claim the pity of the brave,

Misfortunes ever claim, &c.

Old Hannibal in words as gross,  
For he like Dick had got his dose,  
So to have his bout at grumbling took a spell—  
If I'm a lobster, master crab,  
By the information on your nab,  
In some skirmish or other they have crack'd your  
shell;

And then how you hobbling go  
On that jury mast, your timber toe,  
A nice one to find fault with one foot in the grave.  
But halt! old Hannibal, halt! halt! halt!  
Distress was never yet a fault,  
Misfortunes ever claim the pity of the brave,

Misfortunes ever claim, &c.

If Hannibal's your name, do you see,  
As sure as they Dick Dock call me,  
As once it did fall out I ow'd my life to you,  
Spilt from my hawse, once when it was dark,  
And nearly swallowed by a shark,  
Who boldly plung'd in, sav'd me, and pleas'd all  
the crew.

If that's the case then cease our jeers,  
When boarded by the same Monfieurs,  
You a true English lion snatch'd me from the grave;  
Crying, cowards, do the man no harm,  
Damn me, don't you see he has lost his arm,  
Misfortunes ever claim the pity of the brave.

Misfortunes ever claim, &c.

Let's broach a can before we part,  
A friendly one with all my heart,  
And as we push the grog about we'll cheerly sing,  
On land and sea may Briton's fight,  
The world's example and delight,  
And conquer ev'ry enemy of George our king.  
'Tis he who proves the hero's friend,  
His bounty waits us to our end,  
Tho' crippled and laid up with one foot in the grave.  
Then tars and soldiers never fear,  
You shall not want compassion's tear,  
Misfortunes ever claim the pity of the brave.

Misfortunes ever claim, &c.



## When in War on the Ocean.

WHEN in war on the ocean, we meet the  
proud foe,  
Tho' with ardour for conquest our bosoms may  
glow;  
Let us see on their vessels old England's flag wave,  
They shall find British sailors but conquer to save.  
See their tri-colour'd ensigns we view from afar,  
With three cheers they are welcom'd by each British  
tar;  
While the genius of Briton still bids us advance,  
Our guns hurl in thunders defiance to France.

But mark the last broadside;—she sinks, down she  
goes;  
Quickly man all your boats, they no longer are foes;  
To snatch a brave fellow from a war'ry grave,  
Is worthy of Britons—who conquer to save.

Happy land! thou hast now in defence of thy rights,  
Brave Nelson, who the man and the hero unites;  
The friend to the wretched: the boast of the brave;  
He lives but to conquer, and conquers to save.

## The Last Shilling.

AS pensive one night in my garret I sat,  
My last shilling produced on the table;  
That advent'rer cried I might a hist'ry relate,  
If to think and to speak it were able,  
If to think, &c.

Whether fancy or magic 'twas play'd me the freak,  
The face seem'd with life to be filling,  
And cried, instantly speaking, or seeming to speak,  
Pay attention to me thy last shilling,  
Pay attention, &c.

I was once the last coin of the law, a sad limb,  
Who in cheating was ne'er known to falter,  
'Till at length brought to justice, the law cheated  
him  
And he paid me to buy him a halter,  
And he paid me, &c.

A Jack Tar all his rhino but me at an end,  
With a pleasure so hearty and willing,  
Though hungry himself, to a poor distress'd friend,  
With'd it hundreds, and gave his last shilling,  
With'd it hundreds, &c.

'Twas the wife of his mess-mate, whose glistening  
eye,  
With pleasure ran o'er as she view'd me;  
She chang'd me for bread, as her child she heard  
cry,  
And at parting with tears she bedew'd me,  
And at parting, &c.

But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way,  
Pale want their poor families chilling,  
Where rakes in their revels, the piper to pay,  
Have spurn'd me, their best friend and last shil-  
ling,  
Have spurn'd me, &c.

Thou thyself hast been thoughtless, for profligates  
bail,  
But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury,  
When my little history thou offerest for sale,  
In the interim, spend me, and be merry!  
In the interim, &c.

Never, never, cried I, thou'rt my Mentor, my muse,  
And grateful thy dictates fulfilling,  
I'll hoard thee in my heart—thus men counsel refuse,  
'Till the lecture comes from the last shilling,  
'Till the lecture, &c.

*Dibdin.*

## The Spectre.

COSMELLIA the fair,  
Of the virtues the care,  
Loved a youth, who her passion return'd;  
But his country's wrongs call'd him forth to the field,  
He swore he'd her portrait with life only yield,  
And the oath on her lips with fervency seal'd;  
As with love and with glory he burn'd.

And I, cried the dame,  
If I sully my fame,  
Or of love lift to any advance;  
Or ere to another my tender love plight,  
Of my infamous nuptials oh may the vile night,  
Be despair and fell horror instead of delight;  
Worse than damsel ere knew in romance.

When the cock crows away,  
And the morning looks grey,  
May thy spectre come on thy white steed;  
Surrounded by fairy, hobgoblin and sprite,  
That to scare and to terrify, torment and fright,  
And to torture false lovers take horrid delight;  
Tear my form to requite the vile deed.

Her love rode away,  
Oh ominous day,  
As she bade him ten thousand adieus;  
The Curlew and the bittern with dissonance fell,  
Through cranny and cavern and hollow and cell,  
From the shore to the church yard re-echoed the  
yell;  
Of the screech owl that screamed in the yews.

A Baron of land  
Who had long sought her hand,  
To trouble her peace, fortune sent;  
Her father she feared, as the eagle, the dove,  
He swore no entreaties his purpose should move,  
Oh pity the conflict, twixt duty and love,  
She wept and she gave her consent.

Now the fatal night came,  
Oh pity the dame,  
She shrieked and lamented aloud;  
And now by her side, as her proud husband slept,  
With horror and loathing at a distance she crept,  
And she moaned and she cried and wail'd and she  
wept,  
And she wished herself laid in her shroud.

The cock crew away,  
The morning was grey,  
She uttered a horrible scream;  
And flew to the window where on his white steed,  
No goblin, nor ghost, but her lover indeed,  
Sat prepared his dear bride to the altar to lead;  
Oh heaven, cried she 'twas a dream!

The Bride maids so gay,  
Now to church lead the way,  
And now with you the moral pray take;  
All your vows oh ye maidens religiously keep,  
Nor heed how ye moan, and ye wail, and ye weep,  
For injuries and wrongs done to lovers asleep,  
So you're constant and true when awake.

## The Descent of Odin.

UPROSE the King of Men with speed,  
And saddled straight his coal-black steed:  
Down the yawning sleep he rode,  
That leads to Hela's drear abode.\*  
Him the Dog of Darkness spied;  
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,  
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,  
Foam and human gore distill'd:  
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,  
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;  
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,  
The Father of the powerful spell.  
Onward still his way he takes,  
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)  
Till full before his fearless eyes  
The portals nine of Hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,  
By the moss-grown pile, he fate;  
Where long of yore to sleep was laid  
The dust of the prophetic Maid.  
Facing to the northern clime,  
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme;  
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,  
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;  
Till from out the hollow ground  
Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, presume  
To break the quiet of the tomb?  
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,  
And drags me from the realms of night?  
Long on these mouldering bones have beat  
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,  
The drenching dews, and driving rain!  
Let me, let me sleep again.  
Who is he, with voice unblest'd,  
Calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,  
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.  
'Thou the deeds of light shalt know;  
Tell me what is done below,  
For whom yon glittering board is spread,  
Drest'd for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see  
The pure bev'rage of the bee;  
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;  
'Tis the drink of Balder bold;  
Balder's head to death is given.  
Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven!  
Unwilling I my lips unclose:  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.  
Prophets, arise, and say,  
What dangers Odin's child await,  
Who the author of his fate?

\* *Nifheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the Hero's doom;  
His brother sends him to the tomb.  
Now my weary lips I close:  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophets, my spell obey,  
Once again arise, and say,  
Who th' Avenger of his guilt,  
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,  
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,  
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,  
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,  
Nor wash his visage in the stream,  
Nor see the sun's departing beam,  
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,  
Flaming on the funeral pile.  
Now my weary lips I close,  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey;  
Prophets, awake, and say,  
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,  
That bend to earth their solemn brow,  
That their flaxen tresses tear,  
And snowy veils that float in air.  
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:  
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no Traveller art thou,  
King of Men, I know thee now;  
Mightiest of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding Maid of skill divine  
Art thou, nor Prophets of good;  
But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,  
That never shall enquirer come  
To break my iron sleep again:  
Till Lok\* has burst his ten-fold chain;  
Never, till substantial Night  
Has reassumed her ancient right;  
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,  
Sinks the fabric of the world.

\* *Lok* is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twig of the Gods* approaches; when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself, and his kindred deities, shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see "Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemarc. par M. Mallet," 1755, quarto; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and entitled; "Northern Antiquities;" in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.



THE  
CHARMS OF MELODY,  
OR  
SIREN MEDLEY.

## Moorings.

I'VE heard, cried a friend, that you tars tack and tack,  
And at sea what danger befel you,  
But I don't know what's moorings. What don't you! cries Jack;  
Man your ear-tackle, then, and I'll tell you.  
Suppose you'd a daughter quite beautiful grown,  
And, in spite of her tears and implorings,  
Some scoundrel abus'd her, and you knock'd him down,  
Why, d'ye see, he'd be safe at his moorings.

In life's voyage should you trust a false friend with the helm,  
The top-lifts of his heart all akimbo,  
A tempest of treach'ry your bark will o'erwhelm,  
And your moorings will soon be in limbo:  
But, if his heart's timbers bear up against self,  
And he's just in his reckonings and scoreings,  
He'll for you keep a look-out the same as himself,  
And you'll find in his friendship safe moorings.

If wedlock's your port, and your mate true and kind,  
In all weathers will stick to her duty,  
A calm of contentment shall beam in your mind,  
Safe moor'd in the haven of beauty:  
But if some frisky skiff, crank at every joint,  
That listens to vows and adorings,  
Shape your course how you will, till you'll make cuckold's point,  
To lay up like a beacon at moorings.

A glutton's safe moor'd, head and stern by the gaur;  
A drunkard's moor'd under the table;  
In straws drowning men will hope's anchor find out,  
While a hair's a philosopher's cable:  
Thus mankind are a ship, life a boisterous main,  
Of fate's billows where all hear the roarings,  
Where for one calm of pleasure we've ten storms of pain,  
Till death brings us all to our moorings.

*Dibdin.*

## The Orphan Boy.

I'M a poor hapless youth near a distant town bred,  
And my friends I have lost and my parents are dead,  
So hither I came your protection to gain,  
O don't let me ask that protection in vain.

How kind was my father, my mother how good,  
How neat our small cottage, close under the wood,  
But now all are lost, your protection I'd gain,  
O don't let me ask that protection in vain.

To vice and to folly I yet am unknown,  
And nature has mark'd me a child of her own,  
How happy should I your protection but gain,  
O don't let me ask that protection in vain.

Since virtue and pity plead loudly my cause,  
In each gentle breast let me hope for applause,  
Most grateful I'll be if this boon I obtain,  
Then don't let me ask for protection in vain.

## The Rose.

THE rose had been wash'd—just wash'd in a shower,  
Which Mary to Anna convey'd;  
The plentiful moisture incumber'd the flower,  
And weigh'd down its beautiful head:

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,  
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,  
To weep for the buds, it had left with regret,  
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was  
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,  
And swinging it rudely—too rudely, alas!  
I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground:

"And such," I exclaim'd, "is the pitiless part,  
"Some act by the delicate mind,  
"Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart  
"Already to sorrow resign'd.

"This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,  
"Might have bloom'd with the owner awhile,  
"And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,  
"May be follow'd perhaps by a smile."

*Corv.r.*

Nancy.

**M**AYHAP you have heard that as dear as their lives,  
 All true-hearted tars love their ships and their wives,  
 To their duty like pitch sticking close till they die,  
 And whoever wants to know it, I'll tell 'em for why,  
 One thro' dangers and storms brings me safely ashore,  
 T'other welcomes me home when my danger is o'er,  
 Both footing the ups and the downs of this life,  
 For my ship's call'd the Nancy, the Nancy, the Nancy,  
 the Nancy, and Nancy's my wife ;  
 My ship's call'd the Nancy, and Nancy's my wife.

When Nancy my wife o'er the lawn scuds so neat,  
 And so light the proud grafs scarcely yields to her feet;  
 So rigg'd out, and so lovely, 't'n't easy to trace,  
 Which is reddest her top knot, her shoes, or her face,  
 While the neighbours to see her forget all their cares,  
 And are pleas'd that she's mine, tho' they wish she  
 was theirs :  
 Marvel not then to think of this joy of my life,  
 I my ship calls the Nancy, for Nancy's my wife.

As for Nancy my vessel, but see her in trim,  
 She seems through the ocean to fly and not swim :  
 'Fore the wind like a dolphin she merrily plays,  
 She goes any how well, but she looks best in flays,  
 Scudding, trying, or tacking, 'tis all one to she,  
 Mounting high, or low sunk in the trough of the sea,  
 She has sav'd me from many hard squeaks for my life,  
 So I call her the Nancy, 'cause Nancy's my wife.

When so sweet in a dance careless glides my heart's  
 queen,  
 She sets out and sets in far best on the green,  
 So of all the grand fleet my gay vessel's the flower,  
 She out sails the whole tot by a knot in an hour,  
 Then they both sail so cheerful thro' life's roaring  
 breeze,

All hearts with such pilots must be at their ease ;  
 Then I've two kind protectors to watch me thro' life,  
 My good ship the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

Then these hands from protecting them who shall de-  
 bar,

Ne'er ingratitude lurk'd in the heart of a tar,  
 Why ev'ry thing female from peril to save  
 Is the noblest distinction that honor's the brave ;  
 While a rag, or a timber, or compass I boast,  
 I'll protect the dear creature against a whole host ;  
 Still grateful to both to the end of my life,  
 My good ship the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

*Dibdin.*

## Variety.

**A**SK you who is singing here,  
 Who so blithe can thus appear,  
 I'm the child of joy and glee,  
 And my name's Variety.

Ne'er have I a clouded face,  
 Swift I change from place to place,  
 Ever wand'ring, ever free,  
 And my name's Variety.

Like a bird that skims the air,  
 Here and there, and every where,  
 Sip my pleasure's like a bee,  
 Nothing's like Variety.

I've lov'd many a Maiden fair.

**I**'VE lov'd many a maiden fair,  
 Of names that so much vary,  
 I scarcely know which caus'd my care,  
 Of Fanny, Bess, or Mary ;  
 But happy I! for not a thing  
 Can meet me so contrary,  
 That will not make me think and sing  
 Of Fanny, Bess, and Mary.

With a heigho! heigho!

I always was, from boy to man,  
 Well pleas'd to toy with any—  
 Now if a lady flap her fan,  
 Why—straight I think of Fanny—  
 Dear Fanny I remember yet,  
 No lass so smart and pretty—  
 But if you offer me a bet,  
 Why then I think of Betty.

With a heigho! heigho!

Then Betty she is all my theme,  
 So found, so plump, and jolly—  
 But if I hear a parrot scream,  
 It makes me think of Polly.  
 Thus happy I! while scarce a thing  
 Can meet me so contrary,  
 That will not make me think and sing  
 Of Fanny, Bess, or Mary.

With a heigho! heigho!

## The Tranquil Thatch.

**Y**OU say my cottage, incomplete,  
 Yields not the joys of life :  
 I love th' unfinished blest retreat,  
 I love its guest—my wife.

Beneath the thatch content can sleep,  
 And labour reaps its joys ;  
 For others woes alone I weep,  
 No care my breast annoys.

The gilded roof, the vaulted dome,  
 The massy pile of plate ;  
 Bespeaks, I grant the splendid home,  
 —But envy preys on state.

Be mine to boast the tranquil thatch,  
 Content, domestic ease ;  
 Tho' grandeur scorns to lift the latch,  
 Has grandeur joys like these ?

Mark too, how throbs the courtier's breast  
 Beneath the glittering star ;  
 A stranger still to peaceful rest ;  
 With calm delight at war.

Yon circling smoke that tops the trees  
 Reveals the lov'd retreat ;  
 And wafted by the passing breeze,  
 Shews happiness complete.



## Neighbour Sly.

THE passing-bell was heard to toll !  
 John wail'd his loss with bitter cries ;  
 The parson pray'd for Mary's soul,  
 The sexton hid her from all eyes.  
 And, art thou gone ?  
 Cry'd wretched John ;  
 O dear, 'twill kill me—I am dying ;  
 Cry'd neighbour Sly,  
 While standing by,  
 Oh ! how this world is given to lying.

The throng retir'd ; John left alone,  
 He meditated 'mongst the tombs,  
 And spelt out on the mould'ring stones,  
 What friends were gone to their long homes.  
 You're gone before,  
 Cry'd John, no more !  
 I shall come soon—I'm almost dying ;  
 Cry'd neighbour Sly,  
 Still standing by,  
 Oh ! how this world is given to lying.

Here lies the bones, Heaven's will be done !  
 Of farmer Slug—reader would'nt know,  
 Who to his mem'ry rais'd this stone ;—  
 'Twas his disconsolate widow !  
 Cry'd John, Oh, oh,  
 To her I'll go ;  
 No doubt with grief the widow's dying ;  
 Cry'd neighbour Sly,  
 Still standing by,  
 Oh ! how this world is given to lying.

Their mutual grief was short and sweet !  
 Scarcely the passing-bell had ceas'd  
 When they were sped :—the fun'ral meat  
 Was warm'd up for the marriage feast ;  
 They vow'd and vow'd,  
 Now o'er and o'er,  
 They ne'er would part till both were dying !  
 Cry'd neighbour Sly,  
 Still standing by,  
 Oh ! how this world is given to lying.

Again, to hear the passing-bell,  
 John now a sort of hank'ring feels ;  
 Again, his helpmate brags how well  
 She can trip up a husband's heels ;  
 Again to the tomb  
 Each longs to come,  
 Again with tears, and sobs, and sighing ;  
 For neighbour Sly,  
 Again to cry,  
 Oh ! how the world is given to lying.

## Neptune and Britannia.

BANISH'D to some hapless isle,  
 Be contention's direful band ;  
 May sweet peace and commerce smile,  
 In fair Freedom's happy land.

May the warrior rest his arms,  
 In bright honour's sacred dome ;  
 Free from all but love's alarms,  
 May he rest in peace at home.

## Love and Time.

LOVE was a little blooming boy,  
 Fond, innocent, and true ;  
 His ev'ry smile was fraught with joy,  
 And ev'ry joy was new.

Till stealing from his mother's side,  
 The urchin lost his way,  
 And wand'ring far o'er deserts wide,  
 Thus weeping pour'd his lay.

O Time ! I'll dress thy locks of snow  
 With wreaths of fragrant flowers,  
 And all that rapture can bestow  
 Shall deck thy fleeting hours.

But for one day, one little day,  
 Thy wings in pity spare,  
 That I may homeward bend my way,  
 For all my wreaths are there.

Time, cheated by his tears and sighs,  
 The wily God confess'd,  
 When, soaring to his native skies,  
 He fought his mother's breast.

Short was his bliss, the treach'rous boy,  
 Was hurl'd from clime to clime,  
 And found amidst his proudest joy,  
 He'd still the wings of Time.

*Mrs. Robinson.*

## Lucy Gray.

OF T I had heard of Lucy Gray,  
 And when I cross'd the wild,  
 I chanc'd to see at break of day  
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew ;  
 She dwelt on a wild moor,  
 The sweetest thing that ever grew  
 Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
 The hare upon the green :  
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
 Will never more be seen.

" To night will be a stormy night,  
 You to the town must go,  
 And take a lantern, child, to light  
 Your mother thro' the snow."

" That, father ! will I gladly do ;  
 'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
 The Minster-clock has just struck two,  
 And yonder is the moon."

At this the father rais'd his hook,  
And snapp'd a faggot band;  
He plied his work, and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe,  
With many a wanton stroke,  
Her feet disperse the powd'ry snow  
That rises up like smoke.

'The storm came on before its time,  
She wander'd up and down,  
And many a hill did Lucy climb  
But never reach'd the town.

'The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide;  
But there was neither found nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood  
That overlook'd the moor;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood  
A furlong from their door.

And now they homeward turn'd, and cry'd  
"In Heav'n we all shall meet!"  
When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge  
They track'd the footmarks small;  
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,  
And by the long stone-wall.

And then an open field they cross'd,  
The marks were still the same;  
They track'd them on, nor ever lost,  
And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank,  
The footmarks, one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank,  
And further there were none.

Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child,  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

Q'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind;  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

*W. Wordsworth.*

### We are Seven.

A SIMPLE child, dear brother Jim,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in ev'ry limb,  
What should it know of death.

I met a little cottage girl,  
She was eight years old, she said,  
Her hair was thick with many a curl,  
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a ruffie, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—  
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be?"  
"How many? seven in all," she said,  
And wond'ring look'd at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"  
She answer'd, "Seven are we,  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea."

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
My sister and my brother,  
And in the church-yard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet you are seven; I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we;  
Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive;  
If two are in the church-yard laid,  
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,  
The little maid replied,  
Twelve steps or more from mother's door,  
And they are side by side."

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem;  
And there upon the ground I sit—  
I sit and sing to them."

"And often after sun-set, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there."

"The first that died was little Jane,  
In bed she mourning lay,  
Till God releas'd her of her pain,  
And then she went away."

"So in the church-yard she was laid,  
And all the summer dry,  
Together round her grave we play'd,  
My brother John and I."

"And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,  
"If they two are in Heaven,"  
The little maiden did reply,  
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!  
Their spirits are in heaven!"  
Twas throwing words away; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

*Lyrical Ballads.*



# [ Numb. 95 ]

## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

### The Land in the Ocean.

**I**N the midst of the sea, like a tough man of war,  
Pull away, pull away, yo ho, there!  
Stands an island, surpassing all others by far,  
If you doubt it, you've only to go there:  
By Neptune 'twas built upon Freedom's firm base,  
And for ever 'twill last, I've a notion;  
All the world I defy to produce such a place,  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,  
As the snug bit of land in the ocean.

From the opposite shore, puff'd with arrogant pride,  
Pull away, pull away, so clever;  
They have oft sworn as how they would come along  
side,  
And destroy the poor Island for ever:  
But Britannia is made of such durable stuff,  
And so tightly she's rigg'd, I've a notion;  
She'd soon give the saucy invaders enough,  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,  
If they touch'd at the land in the ocean.

There was *Howe*, ever bold in the glorious cause,  
Pull away, pull away, so stout, boys!  
Who gain'd on the first day of June such applause,  
And Monsieur he put to the rout boys:  
The next was *St. Vincent*, who kick'd up a dust,  
As the Spaniards can tell, I've a notion;  
For they swore not to strike—says he, dam'ne, but  
you must,  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,  
To the lads of the land in the ocean.

*Adam Duncan* came next, 'twas in autumn, you  
know,  
Pull away, pull away, so jolly;  
That he made big Mynheer strike his flag to a foe,  
Against whom all resistance was folly;  
And they sent, as you know, if you're not quite a  
dunce,  
Such a sad story home, I've a notion;  
How *Duncan* he beat a whole Winter at once,  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,  
What d'ye think of the land in the ocean?

Now the Frenchmen again may come in for their  
share,  
Pull away, pull away, so hearty!  
For *Nelson* will set all the world in a flare,  
And land-lock e'en great Bonaparte:  
And we'll beat them again, should their stomachs  
incline,  
But they're all pretty sick, I've a notion;  
Then, may victory's sword to the olive resign,  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, I say,  
And peace crown the land in the ocean.

### Little Bess, the Ballad Singer.

**W**HEN first a babe upon the knee,  
My mother us'd to sing to me,  
I caught the accents from her tongue,  
And e'er I talk'd I lisp'd the song,  
I'm little Bess the ballad singer.

In every village where I came,  
They call'd me by my infant name,  
And pensive as I rove along,  
This still's the burthen of my song,  
I'm little Bess, &c.

Thro' woods and village scenes I stray,  
With plaintive suit and artless lay,  
And every passenger I meet,  
With lowly curtsy thus I greet,  
I'm little Bess, &c.

### Johnny's Grave.

**A** TARTAN plad was a' she had,  
The gloomy list did lour;  
The fun was doon, scarce look'd aboon,  
And o'er the hills did glour.  
Wi' dolefu' step the verdant turf she prest,  
To Johnny's grave, where a' her sorrows rest.

The driving show'r did fast down pour,  
Wi' grief she cou'd na speak;  
Thro' ilka bough, the wind did fugh,  
Her heart was like to break.

Wi' dolefu' step, &c.

Upon his tomb, in waefom gloom,  
Her lovely form she threw;  
She clasp'd the sod, the fully clod,  
And lood the west wind blew.  
Wi' throbbing breast the verdant turf she prest,  
On Johnny's grave, where a' her sorrows rest.

What is the scowl the tempests howl,  
The storm it hurts not me;  
The driving rains give me no pains,  
My soul feel a' for thee:  
As on the grave she lay with throbbing breast,  
On Johnny's grave, where a' her sorrows rest.

Shall I bemoan when thou art gone,  
And wipe the tears that start;  
Upon the turf I've wept enough,  
For sorrow breaks my heart.  
In death! in death! the verdant turf she prest,  
On Johnny's grave, where a' her sorrows rest.

## Life's like a Ship.

**L**IFE's like a ship in constant motion,  
Sometimes high and sometimes low,  
Where ev'ry hand must brave the ocean,  
Whatsoever winds do blow:  
If unassailed by storm or shower,  
Wafted by the gentle gales,  
Let's not lose the fav'ring hour,  
Whilst success attends our sails.

And if the wayward winds should bluster,  
Let us not give way to fear,  
But let us all our patience muster,  
And learn from reason how to steer:  
Let judgment keep you ever steady,  
That's a ballast never fails;  
If dangers rise be ever ready  
To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,  
Whilst your vessel's under weigh;  
Let good example bear dominion,  
That's a compass will not stray:  
When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,  
And Boreas o'er the surface rails,  
Let good discretion guide the rudder,  
And Providence unbend the sails.

And when you're safe from danger, riding  
In some welcome port or bay,  
Let hope be the anchor you confide in,  
And care awhile in slumbers lay;  
Then when each can's with liquor flowing,  
And good fellowship prevails,  
Let each heart, with rapture glowing,  
Drink success unto our sails.

## The Forecastle Sailor.

**T**HE wind blew a blast from the northward,  
When we steer'd from the Cape of Good  
Hope,  
The sky look'd quite pitchy and wayward,  
And the sea o'er our weather-bow broke,  
The boatswain pip'd all hands to bale her,  
And I came down the back-stay so glib;  
For I am a fore-castle sailor,  
You may see by the cut of my jib.

Start my timbers, cried Ned Junk, of Dover,  
Plump to me as I landed on deck,  
With us it will soon be all over,  
For the Guardian must quick go to wreck.—  
Well, well, we shan't live to bewail her,  
Cried I, and I patted his rib;  
Come—work like a fore-castle sailor;  
If I don't, the gale shiver my jib.

We were running at nine knots an hour,  
When 'bout two leagues to leeward we spy'd  
An island of ice like a tower,  
And on it our ship quickly hy'd.  
But now 'twas no use for to bale her,  
The water gain'd on her so glib;  
So each, like a true hearted sailor,  
Waited for to shiver his jib.

Some took to the boat, do you mind me,  
While some on the vessel's deck stood,  
Cry'd I, may old Davy Jones take me  
If I fail from my captain so good.  
Now Providence help'd us to bale her,  
And we manag'd to patch up her rib;  
Safe arriv'd is each true hearted sailor,  
To rig up this weather-beat jib.

A Medley.

**T**O Anacreon in Heaven, where he sat in full glee,  
A few sons of harmony sent a petition,  
That he their inspirer and patron would be,  
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old  
Grecian.

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Oh! dear! what can the matter be?

Oh! dear!—

I did not much like for to be on board a ship,  
When in danger there's no door to come out,  
I liked—

The streamlet that flow'd round her cot,

All the charms, all the charms of—

*The true last dying speech and confession, both parentage  
and education, life, character, and behaviour of—*

Sir Solomon Simons when he did wed,

Blush'd black as a crow, his fair lady did blush light,  
The clock struck twelve, they were both tuck'd in  
bed—

And they sung *fa la de ra tit, tit fa la de ra, tit fa la de re,*  
And they sung—

Last Saturday night I chanc'd to invite

Some friends of mine, good luck!

What a sight of maidens so bright,

To make merry, when master had put out the light;

As I told you before, there was—

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,

And a merry old soul was—

Peter White never goes right,

Would you know the reason why?

He follows his nose wherever he goes,

And that stands all awry,

And that—

Whistles, whistles and drives my team,

Whistles, whistles and drives my team—

Round the world thus we march in merry glee,

Round the world thus we march in merry glee,

On the pleasant downs sometimes in camp we lie,  
On the pleasant downs—

Fair lady lay your costly robes aside,

No longer may you—

Conquer the world, with row dow dow, row dow  
dow, row dow dow,

Conquer the world with—

Ground ivy! Ground ivy! come buy my—

Charming Clorinda, ev'ry note—

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass,

More bright than May day morn—

But she had a timber toe, but she had—

A long tail'd pig, or a short tail'd pig, or a pig with-  
out e'er a tail,

A sow pig, or a boar pig that—

Sung and look'd wi' sic a grace,

He sung—

Britons still will guard those joys that from blest free-  
dom spring,

And may we ever with heart and voice cry—

When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,

Arose from out the azure main,

Arose from out the azure main,

This was the charter, the charter of the land,

And guardian angels sung the strain!

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,

For Britons never will be slaves!

A Smile from the Youth that I love.

**T**HO' the language of friendship is sweet,

For friendship can sooth and improve,

Yet I'd forfeit such language to meet

With a smile from the youth that I love.

When the morning is clouded with care

The ev'ning delightful can prove,

For 'tis then that, with rapture, I share

In the smile of the youth that I love.

To bask in the sunshine of wealth,

I weary not Heav'n above,

All I crave, with the blessing of health,

Is a smile from the youth that I love.



### An unfortunate Mother to her Infant at the Breast.

UNHAPPY Child of Indiscretion!

Poor slumb'rer on a breast forlorn;  
Pledge and reproof of past transgression,  
Dear, though unwelcome to be born.

For thee, a suppliant with addressing  
To heav'n, thy mother fain would dare:  
But conscious blushes stain the blessing,  
And sighs suppress my broken pray'r.  
But, spite of these, my mind unshaken,  
In parent duty turns to thee;  
Though long repented, ne'er forsaken,  
Thy days shall lov'd and guarded be.

And, lest th' injurious World upbraid thee,  
For mine, or for thy father's ill,  
A nameless Mother oft shall aid thee,  
A hand unseen protect thee still.

And though, to Rank and Place a Stranger,  
Thy life an humble Course must run,  
Soon shalt thou learn to fly the Danger,  
Which I too late have learn'd to shun.

Meantime in these sequester'd Vallies,  
Here may'st thou rest in safe Content,  
For Innocence may smile at Malice,  
And thou, O thou, art innocent.

Here to thine Infant Wants are giv'n  
Shelter and Rest, and purest Air,  
And Milk as pure—but, Mercy, Heav'n!  
My tears have dropt, and mingled there.

### The Cloud-King.

"Adjectives have but three Degrees of Comparison,  
the *Positive*, *Comparative* and *Superlative*."

English Grammar.

WHY how now, Sir Pilgrim? why shake you  
with dread?

Why brave you the winds of night, cutting and  
cold?

Full warm was your chamber, full soft was your  
bed,

And scarce by the castle-bell twelve has been toll'd.

—"Oh! hear you not, Warder, with anxious  
dismay,

"How rages the tempest, how patters the rain?

"While loud howls the whirlwind, and threatens,  
ere day,

"To frow these old turrets in heaps on the  
plain!"—

Now calm thee, Sir Pilgrim! thy fears to remove,

Know, yearly, this morning is destin'd to bring  
Such storms, which declare that resentment and love

Still gnaw the proud heart of the cruel Cloud-  
King.

One morning, as borne on the wings of the blast,

The fiend over Denmark directed his flight,  
A glance upon Rosenhall's turrets he cast,

And gazed on its lady with wanton delight:

Yet proud was her eye, and her cheek flush'd with  
rage,

Her lips with disdain and reproaches were fraught;

And lo! at her feet knelt a lovely young page,  
And thus in soft accents compassion besought.

—"O drive not, dear beauty, a wretch to despair,

"Whose fault is so venial, a fault if it be;

"For who could have eyes, and not see thou art fair?

"Or who have an heart, and not give it to thee?

"I own I adore you! I own you have been

"Long the dream of my night, long the thought  
of my day;

"But no hope had my heart that its idolized queen  
Would ever with passion my passion repay.

"When insects delight in the blaze of the sun,

"They harbour no wish in his glory to share:

"When kneels at the cross of her saviour the nun,

"He scorns not the praises she breathes in her  
prayer.

"When the pilgrim repairs to St. Hermegild's  
shrine,

"And claims of her relics a kiss as his fee,

"His passion is humble, is pure, is divine,

"And such is the passion I cherish for thee!"—

—"Rash youth! how presumest thou with insolent  
love,"

Thus answered the lady, "her ears to profane,

"Whom the monarchs of Norway and Jutland, to  
move

"Their passion to pity attempted in vain?

"Fly, fly from my sight, to some far distant land!

"That wretch must not breathe, where Romilda  
resides,

"Whose lips, while she slept, stole a kiss from that  
hand,

"No mortal is worthy to press as a bride's.

"Nor e'er will I wed till some prince of the air,

"His heart at the throne of my beauty shall lay,

"And the two first commands which I give him  
shall swear,

"(Though hard should the task be enjoined) to  
obey."—

She said—Straight the castle of Rosenhall rocks

With an earthquake, and thunders announce the  
Cloud-King.

A crown of red lightnings confined his fair locks,  
And high o'er each arm waved an huge sable  
wing.

His sandals were meteors; his blue eye reveal'd

The firmament's lustre, and light scatter'd round;

While his robe, a bright tissue of rain-drops congeal'd,

Reflected the lightnings his temples that bound.

—"Romilda!" he thundered, "thy charms and  
thy pride

"Have drawn down a spirit; thy fears now  
dismiss,

"For no mortal shall call thee, proud beauty, his  
bride;

"The Cloud-Monarch comes to demand thee for  
his.

"My eyes furnish lightnings, my wings cloud the  
air,

"My hand guides the thunder, my breath wakes  
the storm;

"And the two first commands which you give me,  
I swear,

"(Though hard should the task be enjoind) to  
perform."—

He said, and he seized her; then urging his flight,

Swift bore her away, while she struggled in vain;

Yet long in her ears rang the shrieks of Affright,

Which pour'd for her danger the page Amorayn.

At the Palace of Clouds soon Romilda arrived,

When the Fiend, with a smile which her terrors  
increased,

Exclaim'd—"I must warn my three brothers I'm  
wived,

"And bid them prepare for my wedding the  
feast."—

Than

Than lightning then swifter thrice round did he turn,  
Thrice bitterly curst he the parent of good,  
And next in a chafing-dish hasten'd to burn  
Three locks of his hair, and three drops of his blood:

And quickly Romilda, with anxious affright,  
Heard the tramp of a steed, and beheld at the gate  
A youth in white arms—'twas the false Water-Spright,  
And behind him his mother, the forcerefs, fate.

The youth he was comely, and fair to behold,  
The hag was the foulest eye ever survey'd;  
Each placed on the table a goblet of gold,  
While thus to Romilda the Water-King said.—

—“Hail, Queen of the Clouds! lo! we bring thee  
for drink  
“The blood of a damsel, both lovely and rich,  
“Whom I tempted, and left 'midst the billows to sink,  
“Where she died by the hands of my mother,  
the witch.

“But see'st thou yon chariot, which speeds from afar?  
“The Erl-King with his daughter it brings,  
while a throng  
“Of wood-fiends and succubi sports round the car,  
“And goads on the night-mares that whirl it along.”—

The maid, while her eyes tears of agony pour'd,  
Beheld the Earl-King and his daughter draw near:  
A charger of silver each placed on the board,  
While the fiend of the forests thus greeted her ear.

—“With the heart of a warrior, Cloud Queen, for thy food,  
“The head of a child on thy table we place;  
“She spell-struck the knight as he stray'd through the wood;  
“I strangled the child in his father's embrace.”—

The roof now divided.—By fogs half conceal'd,  
Suck'd from marshes, infecting the air as he came,  
And blasting the verdure of forest and field,  
On a dragon descended the Giant of Flame.

Fire seem'd from his eyes and his nostrils to pour;  
His breath was a volume of sulphurous smoke;  
He brandish'd a sabre still dropping with gore,  
And his voice shook the palace when silence he broke.

—“Feast, Queen of the Clouds! the repast do not scorn;  
“Feast, Queen of the Clouds! I perceive thou hast food!  
“To-morrow I feast in my turn, for at morn  
“Shall I feed on thy flesh, shall I drink of thy blood!  
“Lo! I bring for a present this magical brand,  
“The bowels of Christians have dyed it with red;  
“This once flamed in Albert the renegade's hand,  
“And is destined to-morrow to strike off thy head.”—

Then paler than marble Romilda she grew,  
While tears of regret blamed her folly and pride.  
—“Oh! tell me, Cloud-King, if the giant said true,  
“And wilt thou not save from his sabre thy bride?”—

—“'Tis in vain, my fair lady, those hands that you wring,  
“The bond is completed, the dye it is cast;  
“For she who at night weds an element-king,  
“Next morning must serve for his brother's repast.”—

—“Yet save me, Cloud-King! by that love you profess'd  
“Bear me back to the place whence you tore me away.”—

—“Fair lady! yon fiends, should I grant your request,  
“Instead of to-morrow, would eat you to day.”—

—“Yet mark me, Cloud-King! spread in vain is your snare,  
“For my bond must be void, and escap'd is your prey,  
“The two first commands which I give you, howe'er  
“The task should be wondrous, unless you obey.”—

—“Well say'st thou, Romilda; thy will, then, impart,  
“But hope not to vanquish the King of the Storm,  
“Or baffle his skill by invention or art;  
“Thou canst not command what I cannot perform!”—

Then clasping her hands, to the Virgin she pray'd,  
While in curses the wicked ones vented their rage.  
—“Now show me the truest of lovers!”—she said,  
And lo! by her side stood the lovely young Page.

His mind was all wonder, her heart all alarms;  
She sank on his breast as he sank at her knee.  
—“The truest of lovers I fold in my arms,  
“Than the truest now show me a truer!”—said she.

Then loud yell'd the dæmons! the cloud-fashion'd halls  
Dissolved, thunder bellow'd, and heavy rains beat;  
Again stood the Fair midst her own castle walls,  
And still knelt the lovely young page at her feet.

And soon for her own, and for Rosenhall's lord,  
Did Romilda the truest of lovers declare,  
Nor e'er on his bosom one sigh could afford,  
That for him she had quitted the Monarch of Air.

Full long yonder chapel has shelter'd their urns,  
Long ceased has the tear on their ashes to fall;  
Yet still, when October the twentieth returns,  
Roars the fiend round these turrets, and shakes Rosenhall.

Oh! Pilgrim, thy fears let these annals remove,  
For day to the skies will tranquillity bring;  
This storm but declares that repentment and love  
Still gnaw the proud heart of the cruel Cloud-King.\*

M. G. Lewis.

\* I left my readers should mistake the drift of the foregoing tale, and suppose its moral to rest upon the danger in which Romilda was involved by her insolence and presumption, I think it necessary to explain, that my object in writing this story, was to shew young ladies that it might possibly, now and then, be of use to understand a little grammar; and it must be clear to every one, that my heroine would infallibly have been devoured by the dæmons, if she had not luckily understood the difference between the comparative and superlative degrees.



## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

### Who Cares.

**I**F lubberly landsmen, to gratitude strangers,  
Still curse their unfortunate stars;  
Why what would they say did they try but the dangers  
Encountered by true-hearted tars?  
If life's vessel they put 'fore the wind, or they tack  
her,  
Or whether bound here or there,  
Give 'em sea room, good fellowship, grog, and tobacco,  
Well then—damme if Jack cares where.

Then your stupid old quidnuncs, to hear 'em all  
clatter,  
The devil can't tell you what for,  
Though they don't know a gun from a mar-line-  
spike, chatter  
About and *confarning* of war!  
While for king, wife, and friend, he's through  
ev'ry thing rubbing,  
With duty still proud to comply,  
So he gives but the foes of old England a drubbing,  
Why then—damme if Jack cares why.

And then, when good fortune has crown'd his en-  
deavours,  
And he comes home with shiners galore;  
Well, what if so be he should lavish his favours  
On ev'ry poor object 'long shore?  
Since money's the needle that points to good na-  
ture,  
Friend, enemy, false, or true,  
So it goes to relieve a distress'd fellow-creature,  
Well then—damme if Jack cares who.

Don't you see how some diff'rent thing ev'ry one's  
twigging  
To take the command of a rib,  
Some are all for the breast-work, and some for the  
rigging,  
And some for the cut of her jib;  
Though poor, some will take her in tow to defend  
her,  
And again some are all for the rich;  
As for I, so she's young, her heart honest and  
tender,  
Well then—damme if Jack cares which.

Why now, if they go for to talk about living,  
My eyes, why a little will *starve*;  
Let each a small part of his pittance be giving,  
And who in this nation can starve?

Content's all the thing;—rough or calm be the wea-  
ther,

The wind on the beam or the bow,  
So honestly he can splice both ends together,  
Well then—damme if Jack cares how.

And then for a bring-up, d'ye see, about dying,  
On which such a racket they keep,  
What argues if in a church-yard you're lying,  
Or find out your grave in the deep?  
Of one thing we're certain, whatever our calling,  
Death will bring us all up; and what then?  
So his conscience's tackle will bear overhauling,  
Why then—damme if Jack cares when.

### A Tinker I am.

**A**TINKER I am,  
My name's Natty Sam,  
From morn to night I trudge it;  
So low is my fate,  
My personal estate  
Lies all within this budget.

Work for the tinker ho! good wives,  
For they are lads of mettle—  
'Twere well if you could mend your lives,  
As I can mend a kettle.

The man of war,  
The man of the bar,  
Physicians, priests, free-thinkers,  
That rove up and down  
Great London town,  
What are they all our tinkers?  
Work for the tinker, &c.

Those 'mong the great  
Who tinker the state,  
And badger the minority,  
Pray what's the end  
Of their work, my friend,  
But to rivet a good majority?  
Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name,  
That cobbles his fame,  
That tinkers his reputation:  
And thus, had I time,  
I could prove, in my rhyme,  
Jolly tinkers of all the nation.  
Work for the tinker, &c.

## Charming Molly.

*Air,—Sailor's Journal.*

ON board the grog went cheerly round,  
 Each honest tar,—oh, how delighted!  
 From Madagascar, homeward bound,  
 The pleasing thoughts their toil requited:  
 The can was fill'd, 'twas fill'd again,  
 Resolved to drown dull melancholy,  
 Nor did each sea-lad pledge in vain,  
 "Success attend the Charming Molly."

Blue lightning flash'd and thunder roll'd,  
 The raging tempest fiercely howling,  
 When hardy tars, so brave and bold,  
 Can fearless reach the main top-bowling:  
 And when the boatswain pipes aloud,  
 D—n those that say they won't be jolly,  
 And nimbly mount the mizen-throud,  
 When'er on board the Charming Molly.

Once more hand round the boozing can,  
 Sweethearts and wives we'll drink with pleasure;  
 So here's long life to saucy Nan,  
 Board or on shore my only treasure:  
 Next then, my lads, let's drink the King:  
 And though the winds seem e'er so fqually,  
 Brave loyal tars can jovial sing,  
 "Safe moorings to the Charming Molly."

But now behold the shiv'ring sails,  
 Messmates, while we're to windward plying,  
 By fav'ring light propitious gales,  
 Yon craggy shore with glee descrying:  
 Land-lubbers, now in groups pursue  
 Your dissipation, pride, and folly;  
 Three cheers, my lads, the harbour view,  
 Yo, yea! on board the Charming Molly.

## Tink a Tink.

DUET.

*Shacabac and Beda.**Shac.*

YES Beda,—This, Beda, when I melancholy grow,  
 This tinkling heart sinking soon can drive away.

*Beda.*

When hearing, sounds cheering, thus we blythe and  
 jolly grow;

How do you, while to you, Shacabac, I play?

Tink, tinka, tinka, tink—the sweet guittar shall  
 cheer you.

Clink, clinka, clinka, clink—so gaily let us sing.

*Shac.*

Tink, tinka, tinka, tink—a pleasure 'tis to hear you,  
 While, neatly, you sweetly, sweetly touch the string!

*Both.*

Tink, tinka, &c.

*Shac.*

Once, fighting, sick, dying, sorrow hanging over me,  
 Faint, weary, sad, dreary, on the ground I lay;  
 There moaning, deep groaning, Beda did discover  
 me—

*Beda.*

Strains soothing, care smoothing, I began to play,  
 Tink, tinka, tinka, tink—the sweet guittar could  
 cheer you:

Clink, clinka, clinka, clink, so gaily did I sing!

*Shac.*

Tink, tinka, tinka, tink,—a pleasure 'twas to hear you,  
 While, neatly, you sweetly, sweetly touch'd the string!

*Both.*

Tink, tinka, &c.

*From Blue Beard.*

## The Dancing Soldier.

I'VE carried arms thro' lands afar,  
 France, Italy, and Spain;  
 And many a wound, and many a fear,  
 I carry home again.  
 I never lov'd a SINGLE lot,  
 The more the merrier chance;  
 So the women I courted, the men I shot,  
 And the girls I taught to dance.

The best POSITION still I chose,  
 Should MISS or SERJEANT call;  
 I LED to pupils and to foes,  
 And gave to both a BALL.  
 But women well reveng'd the art  
 With which my bullets flew;  
 Where I made one hole in their heart,  
 They sure in mine made two.

It happen'd once I call'd a dance,  
 My musket in my hand;  
 The troops were order'd to advance,  
 And all to heed command:  
 Now here the plaguy chance admire,  
 As strange as e'er you read of,  
 The serjeant call'd, Present! aim! fire!  
 I shot my partner's head off.

O then what a hurry-skurry!  
 My ruin they seem'd to delight in;  
 'Twas hard to decide in the flurry,  
 Who was dancing, and who was fighting.

In came the foldiers,  
 Head and shoulders,  
 Helter, skelter,  
 Routing, shouring,  
 Crossing, forming,  
 Charging, storming—

Now they foot it left and right,  
 Now they're out of order quite;  
 Bend and sink, but not so low;  
 Now they're all too much of a row—

Forward hop,  
 Backward hop,  
 Ground hop,  
 There they go!

Toe and heel, now they jumble,  
 Now they reel, now they tumble!  
 Now advance!—what's the dance?  
 Order, handy!—Drops of brandy.  
 Stand at ease!—Butter'd peas.  
 Now, parade!—White cockade.  
 To the right, wheel!—Duncan's reel.  
 To the left drefs!—Mad Befs.  
 Rank and file!—Mouth of the Nile.  
 Fall back!—Paddy Whack.  
 Order, arms!—Sukey's charms.  
 Wheel to the right!—Jack's delight.  
 March away!—Ballancez.  
 Fire a volley!—Charming Molly.  
 Fire away, foldiers! fire away, sailors.  
 Play the Devil among the tailors.  
 Clang, clang! bang, bang! criddle crattle!  
 How folks dance about in a battle!



## Come Listen a while.

COME listen a while, my friends, to my ditty,  
The which I shall now tell you here,  
This story was told which I shall unfold,  
It was over a pot of good beer.

When money was plenty, but now it's grown scanty,  
And riches did merrily flow,  
But now all the nation is full of vexation,  
When the times will mend no-body knows.

Here is bite upon bite, a knave's the best man,  
Wife men without money are fools,  
Cheats, bites and knaves, make honest men slaves,  
It's money that bears now the rule.  
A gentleman born is now held in scorn,  
If by crosses he fall to decay,  
He's despis'd like a beggar, both by friend and neigh-  
bour,

The more is the pity I say.

A man that is wise, he saves up his money,  
To serve for a cold winter's day,  
It will stand his best friend, he will find in the end  
When his friends they are all flown away.  
A wife that in summer provides for the winter,  
He's blest that has got such a dame,  
For a kind loving wife is the joy of man's life,  
So is victuals and money the same.

It would move you with pity, to walk thro' the city,  
To hear the poor tradelmen complain,  
Kind heaven hath sent us a plentiful season,  
But the rich they enjoy the same.  
There's provision enough, and good I declare,  
But the poor have no money to buy,  
We have a sight and a smell, when the rich have  
their fill,

They won't hear cold Charity cry.

Bumbailiffs and lawyers deliciously fare,  
Their trade it goes merrily on,  
For we must have food, and cloaths for to wear,  
Tho' in debt for the same we do run.  
This great world's but a pain, our labour's in vain,  
Let's drink with a merry good cheer,  
Who knows but kind fortune will turn once again,  
And the times will be better next year?

Let's down with all sorrow, who knows but to-mor-  
row;

We die with a heart full of care;  
This world is a biter, if you'll take me but right,  
As plainly it now does appear,  
He plays his cards fair, that can both lie and swear,  
And get all his cash by the Bite,  
He lives and grows great, whilst an honest man's fate,  
Is to labour and get little by't.

A man that loves soting will never grow rich,  
The publicans get all his store,  
I pity that honest man with all my heart,  
That in marriage is join'd to a whore:  
And a wife that loves gin, will make his back thin;  
Her children by poverty's known:  
And he that meddles with matters of state,  
Had better to let them alone.

## Leave, Neighbours, your Work.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport  
and to play,  
Let the savor strike up and the village be gay;  
No day thro' the year shall more cheerful be seen,  
For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green.

*I love Sue and Sue loves me,  
And while the wind blows,  
And while the mill goes,  
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we?*

Let lords and fine folks who for wealth take a bribe,  
Be marry'd to day, and to morrow be cloy'd;  
My body is stout, and my heart it is sound;  
And my love like my courage will never give round.  
*I love Sue, &c.*

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures sved,  
And prudently take the best bidder to bed:  
Such signing and sealing's no part of our blifs,  
We fettle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.  
*I love Sue, &c.*

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor one of your beaux,  
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine cloaths;  
Yet nothing he'll borrow from folks of high life,  
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.  
*I love Sue, &c.*

While thus I am able to work at my mill;  
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lie still;  
Our joys shall continue and ever be new,  
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.  
*I love Sue, &c.*

## St. Patrick's Purgatory.

*In the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, is the following*  
—"Owaine Myles is a Ballad, giving an account  
of the wonders of St. Patrick's Purgatory. This is  
a translation into verse of the story related in Mat.  
Paris's Hist. sub Ann. 1152."—The version which  
is here offered to the Public is evidently modern: I am  
ignorant of the Author. I think the 19th stanza, in  
particular, has a great degree of merit.

—“NOW enter in!”—the Prior cried,  
“And God, Sir Owain, be your guide!  
“Your name shall live in story:  
“Many there are who reach this shore,  
“But few who venture to explore  
“St. Patrick's Purgatory.”—

Adown the deep and dark descent  
With cautious step Sir Owain went,  
And many a pray'r he pour'd;  
No helm had he, nor guardian crest,  
No hauberk mail'd the warrior's breast,  
Nor grasp'd he shield or sword.

The earth was moist beneath his tread,  
The damps fell heavy on his head,  
The air was piercing chill;  
And sudden shudd'nings o'er him came,  
And he could feel through all his frame  
An icy tremor thrill.

At length a dim and doubtful light  
Dawn'd welcome on th' adventurer's sight;  
The adventurer hasten'd on,  
And now the warrior's steps attain  
To where a high and stately fane  
With gem-born radiance shone.

—“Come, enter here!”—the Warden cried,  
—“And God, oh Pilgrim, be your guide,  
“Since you have reach'd this bourne!  
“Enter, and take assistance due—  
“’Twill then be time to welcome you,  
“If ever you return.”—

Sir Owain pass'd the open gate,  
The Warden him conducted straight  
To where a coffin lay:  
The train around in silence stands,  
With funeral torches in their hands,  
That gave a gloomy day.

—“ Few pilgrims ever reach this bourne,  
 “ Stranger! but fever still return:  
 “ Receive assistance due!  
 “ Stranger, a dreadful hour is near:  
 “ Cast off all mortal feelings here,  
 “ This coffin is for you.

“ Lie here, while we with pious breath  
 “ Shall o’er you chaunt the dirge of death,—  
 “ Best aid that we can give:  
 “ The rites that wait the Christian dead  
 “ Shall never o’er your corpse be said—  
 “ Receive them while you live.”—

Sir Ouvain in a shroud was drest,  
 He held the cross upon his breast,  
 And down he laid his head;  
 The funeral train enclos’d him round,  
 And sung with deep and solemn sound  
 The service of the dead.

—“ Now, go your way,”—the Warden cried,  
 “ And God, oh Pilgrim, be your guide!  
 “ Commend you to the Lord!”—  
 Adown the deep and dark descent,  
 With cautious step, the warrior went,  
 And many a pray’r he pour’d.

Now deeper grew the dark descent,  
 With timid step Sir Ouvain went—  
 ’Twas silence all around;  
 Save his own echoes through the cell,  
 And the thick damps that frequent fell,  
 With dull and heavy sound.

But colder now he felt the cell,  
 Those heavy damps no longer fell,  
 Thin grew the piercing air:  
 And on the adventurer’s aching sight  
 Far rose a pale and feeble light,—  
 Th’ adventurer hasten’d there.

And now at length emerged to light,  
 A frozen desert met his sight,  
 A desert waste and wide;  
 Where rocks of ice piled mountain high,  
 That towered into the sunless sky,  
 Appear’d on every side.

There many a wretch, with deadly fear,  
 Ribb’d in the ice, he saw appear  
 Alive in this their tomb;  
 Sir Ouvain’s blood flood still with dread,  
 And then a voice in thunder said,  
 —“ Retire, or share their doom!”—

Awhile his heart forgot to bear,  
 Then on he urged his faltering feet,  
 And sought for strength in pray’r;  
 Sudden a pow’r, whose unseen hand  
 No might of mortal could withstand,  
 Upgrasp’d him by the hair;

And through the sky resistless swung,  
 And full against an ice rock flung;  
 The ice encas’d him in:  
 Thus by the arm of Dæmon thrown,  
 He felt the crash of every bone,  
 And still he lived within.

—“ Now, mercy Christ!”—the warrior cried,  
 Instant the rocks of ice divide,  
 And ev’ry pain was gone;  
 He felt new life in ev’ry limb,  
 And raised to heav’n the grateful hymn,  
 And fearless hasten’d on.

New fears, new dangers doom’d to meet,  
 For now a close and piercing heat  
 Relax’d each loosen’d limb;  
 The sweat roll’d out from every part,  
 In short quick beatings toil’d his heart,  
 His throbbing eyes grew dim.

For through the wide and wasted land  
 A stream of fire, through banks of sand,  
 Its burning billows spread;  
 The vapours, tremulously light,  
 Hung quivering o’er the glowing white,  
 The air he breath’d was red.

Beyond a stately well arose,—  
 He saw its crystal sides disclose  
 Green fields and shady trees,  
 And running waters cool and clear,  
 Whose murmurs reach’d his tortured ear,  
 Born on the fiery breeze.

A voice in thunder cried—“ Retire!”—  
 He look’d, and lo, a form of fire!  
 —“ Return!”—the Dæmon said.  
 His soul grew sick with deep alarm,  
 The Fiend reach’d out his burning arm,  
 And touch’d Sir Ouvain’s head.

Sir Ouvain shriek’d—for then he felt  
 His eye-balls burn, his marrow melt,  
 His brain as liquid lead:  
 And from his heart the boiling blood  
 Roll’d fast an agonizing flood  
 Through limbs like iron red.

The anguish brought a brief despair,  
 Then mindful of the aid of pray’r,  
 He call’d on Christ again;  
 Instant the gales of Eden came,  
 At once they quench’d th’ infernal flame,  
 And heal’d each scorching vein.

To him, relieved from all his woes,  
 The adamant gates unclose,  
 Free entrance there was giv’n;  
 And songs of triumph met his ear,  
 Enrapt Sir Ouvain seem’d to hear  
 The harmonies of heav’n.

—“ Welcome to this, the blest retreat,  
 “ Thou who hast pass’d, with fearless feet,  
 “ St. Patrick’s Purgatory;  
 “ For after death these feats divine,  
 “ Reward eternal shall be thine,  
 “ And thine eternal glory.”—

Inebriate with the deep delight,  
 Dim grew Sir Ouvain’s swimming sight,  
 His senses died away;  
 To life again revived, before  
 The entrance of the cave once more  
 He saw the light of day.



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### Twilight Glimmers.

**T**WILIGHT glimmers o'er the sleep:  
Fatima! Fatima! wakest thou, dear?  
Grey ey'd morn begins to peep,  
Fatima, Fatima, Selim's here!  
Here are true-love's cords attaching  
To your window—lift! lift!  
Dearest Selim I've been watching,  
Yes, I see the filken twist.

Down, down, down, down, down,  
Down the ladder gently trip;  
Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, haste thee, dear—  
Oh, I'm sure my foot will slip!  
Fatima—  
Well Selim—  
Do not fear,  
Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat,  
Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pat, pat, pat.

*From Blue-Beard.*

### Sweet is the Dream.

**S**WEET is the dream, divinely sweet,  
When absent souls in fancy meet!  
At midnight love! I'll think of thee;  
At midnight love! Oh! think, Oh! think of me.

Think that thou giv'st thy dearest kisses,  
And I will think I feel the bliss;  
Then, if thou blush, that blush be mine,  
And, if I weep, the tear be mine!

### Glorious the Ray.

*From Paul and Virginia.*

**G**LORIOUS the ray glancing over the ocean,  
That bids hill and valley display each gay  
hue!

Graceful the orange grove waves in slow motion,  
With joy as it hails the fresh morning in view.  
Yet vainly her beauties does nature impart,  
But for love's cheering sunshine that reigns in the  
heart,  
All is delight if kind love lend his aid,  
And all is despair if fond hopes are betray'd.

Sweet is the breeze that awakens the morning,  
Or murmurs at eve with the nightingale's song;  
Bright is the moonbeam the streamer adorning,  
While o'er the smooth pebbles it wanders along.  
Yet vainly her beauties, &c.

### The Careless Tar.

**W**HAT matters Tom, to where we're bound,  
If slighted while on British ground,  
Because our pocket's low?  
A foe, d'ye see, can't use us worse,  
Kind fortune yet may favour us,  
And take her tars in tow.

What though we be neglected now,  
Shall we to lubbers cringe and bow?  
No, dam'me, messmates, no,  
D'ye mind me, we never did it yet,  
Kind fortune soon may smile a bit,  
And take her tars in tow.

For my part, dear Tom, whate'er betide,  
I know there's one that will provide,  
For you, and I, and Joe:  
So brave, my hearts, the tempest now,  
Kind fortune yet I think as how,  
Will take her tars in tow.

Of this be sure, though now cast down,  
The mermaid can't for ever frown,  
Why then, she'll kinder grow:  
And, shiver me to splinter, mate,  
But fortune yet may change our state,  
And take us tars in tow.

But should she frown, and, brimstone like,  
Her fancy colours never strike,  
Why, then we'll let her know,  
There's room enough for you and me  
To spend our lives in joy at sea,  
And she to hell may go.

### The Nightingale.

*From Robin Hood.*

**O** NIGHTINGALE! who, on yon blooming spray  
Was blest at eve, when all the woods were still,  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill,  
While jovial hours lead on propitious May:  
Thy languid notes, which close the eyes of day,  
Portend success in love—if Jove's will  
Have link'd that am'rous pow'r to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;  
As thou from year to year has sung too late  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:  
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

## The Intriguing Irishman.

**T**HE first of my pranks was at little Rathshane,  
Where love, faith, like whiskey, popt in my  
brain,  
For Alley McCullogh, a sweet little soul,  
As tall and as straight as a shaver-man's pole:

[SPOKEN.] *Och! she was a sweet creature! with a  
bloom on her face like a Munster potatoe.—I met her  
a going to market one morning with a basket under  
one of her arms.—Where do you come from my dear?  
says I, from Clanterduffy, sir, says she.—And what's  
your name, my dear? Alley McCullogh, sir, says she,—  
Och! what a soft beautiful name!*

To be sure then I told her a piece of my mind,  
Till she left her old dad and the basker behind.

But soon I was dying for Molly Machree,  
A sweet tender shoot just come from Tralee;  
O sweet Molly, says I, do pray ease my pain,  
By St. Patrick, says she, pray what do you mane?

[SPOKEN.] *Mane, says I.—Why to marry you to be  
sure, my dear.—But do you tho' says she.—To be sure  
I do.—What do you think of me?—Oh, there's no re-  
fisting ye, says she—So we were to be married next  
day.*

But as the devil would have it a thick fog  
came on,  
When I looked for the Church, oh I found it  
was gone.

But morning and night she was always my plague,  
Faith 'tis time then, says I, for to leave off intrigue;  
So from Cork I fet sail in a d—d open boat.

[SPOKEN.] *We sailed so plagued slow, that a big storm  
overtook us.—To be sure I didn't swallow a little of  
the sea broth.—but the worst of my misfortunes was,  
when I landed, there was Molly Machree! and she  
put into my arms a great squalling brat, with a head  
as big as a bushel of potatoes.—What's this? says I—  
'Tis your own Teddy, says she, and as like ye as two  
peas. Teddy be d—d, says I, take it away woman;  
I tell ye I don't know any thing at all at all of the  
matter.*

Then to end my intriguing, I went off to sea,  
And bid a good morning to Molly Machree.

## The Lafs of Lucern Lake.

**S**AY will you leave your lowland haunts,  
And range the hills with me;  
This arm shall render light your wants,  
And guard your Liberty.  
The mountain doe that flits so fleet,  
At earliest morn I'll take;  
And make the rich repast for thee,  
Dear Lafs of Lucern Lake.

The choicest fruits that grace the groves,  
The muscadine and pear,  
Just when the bee for honey roves,  
Will I at morn be there.  
I'll pluck imperial'd with evening dew  
The berry from the brake,  
And spread the bow'r with sweets for you,  
Dear Lafs of Lucern Lake.

From nipping blasts, from frost and hail  
Thy beauty I'll defend,  
And still amidst the winter's gale  
I'll live thy love, and friend.  
Turn then fair maid and fly with me,  
Thy lowland haunts forsake,  
And all my cares shall be for thee,  
Dear Lafs of Lucern Lake.

## In Choice of a Husband, &amp;c.

Air,—*Paddy Whack.*

**I**N choice of a husband we widows are nice;  
I'd not have a man would grow old in a trice:  
Not a bear or a monkey, a clown or a fop,  
But one that could baffle and stir in my shop.

A log I'll avoid when I'm choosing my lad,  
And a stork that might gobble up all that I had;  
Such suitors I've had fir, but off they might hop,  
I want one that can baffle and stir in my shop.

The lad in my eye, is the man to my mind,  
So handsome, so young, so polite, and so kind;  
With such a good soul to the alter I'd hop,  
He's the man that can baffle and stir in my shop.

*Agreeable Surprise.*

## The Cheerful Hibernian.

**A**LL you that are wife, and think life worth  
enjoying,  
Or soldier or sailor, by land or by sea;  
In loving and laughing your time be employing,  
Your glass to your lip, and your las on your  
knee.

Come sing away honies, and cast off all sorrow,  
Tho' we all die to-day, let's be merry to-morrow,  
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow  
A moment of time to be joyous and free.

Come sing away honies, &c.

My lord and the bishop, in spite of their splendor,  
When death gives the call from their glories must  
part;  
Your beautiful dame, when the summons is sent  
her

Will feel the blood ebb from the cheek to the  
heart.

Then sing away honies, &c.

For riches and honors then, why all this riot,  
Your rangling and jangling and all your alarms;  
Arrah! burn you my honies, you'd better be quiet,  
And rake while you can, a kind girl to your arms.  
You'd better be singing and casting off sorrow,  
Tho' you all die to-day, sure be merry to-morrow;  
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow  
One moment to toy and enjoy her sweet charms.

You'd better be singing, &c.

## Row Dow.

**O**H, fear not my courage, prov'd over and over,  
Your soldier will rout each impertinent lover;  
With a row dow I'll guard you, the foe shall your  
presence fly,  
Who to fall in love here, must have tumbled, faith,  
pretty high.  
With wide spreading charms, like the lake of Kil-  
larney,  
Dear creature, O listen to none of their blarney.  
With a row dow, &c.

Your true hearted lad is come galloping to you,  
Oh! the salmon's leap's nought to his flight to pur-  
sue you.

With a row dow, &c.

Your short date of beauty—your glib tongue con-  
trasting,  
Like our own giant's causeway, will prove ever-  
lasting.

With a row dow, &c.



## The Captured Crew.

## The Town Crier.

NIGHT scarce her mantle had withdrew,  
And slowly usher'd in the morn,  
When bearing down, we 'spied in view,  
The savage foe not far astern:  
The stoutest trembled—small our crew,  
The victims of superior power;  
Yet courage bid the drooping few  
Wait calmly for the fatal hour.

Bold they approach'd—a council's held,  
Our men, with voice united, cry,  
Rather than basely deign to yield,  
' They'd meet their fate and boldly die:  
The fight now rag'd—from side to side  
The thund'ring cannons dreadful sound;  
With purple stain the deck was dy'd,  
Which issu'd from each gaping wound.

Such havoc now stern death has made,  
Vain our resistance—nought could shield;  
Wounds and fatigue on valour prey'd,  
And with reluctance 'did we yield:  
But scarce our batter'd hull we quit,  
Scarce from the flurdy wreck retire,  
'Ere up she blew, 'tham'd to be beat,  
Shrouding her form in sheets of fire.

## Tom Truelove's Knell.

TOM Truelove woo'd the sweetest fair,  
'That e'er to tar was kind;  
Her face was of a beauty rare,  
More beautiful her mind!  
His messmates heard, while with delight,  
He nam'd her for his bride:  
A sail appear'd, ah! fatal sight,  
For grief his love had died:  
Must I, cried he, those charms resign,  
I love so dear, so well?  
Would they have toll'd, instead of thine,  
Tom Truelove's knell.

Break heart, at once, and there's an end,  
Tho' all that heav'n could give;  
But hold, I have a noble friend,  
Yet, yet, for him I'll live;  
Fortune, who all her baleful spite,  
Not yet on Tom had tried,  
Sent news one rough tempestuous night,  
That his dear friend had died.  
And thou, too! must I thee resign,  
Who honor lov'd so well?  
Would they had toll'd, instead of thine,  
Tom Truelove's knell.

Enough, enough, a saltsea wave  
An healing balm shall bring—  
A sailor you? cried one, and brave?  
Live still to serve your king:  
The moment comes, behold the foe!  
Thanks, gen'rous friend, he cried;  
The second broadside laid him low,  
He nam'd his love and died:  
The tale in mournful accents sung,  
His friends still forrowing tell,  
How sad and solemn, three times rung  
Tom Truelove's knell.

Diddin.

O YES, O yes, O yes!  
Lost, or mislaid, or stolen, or stray'd,  
The character, the decency, the duty of a youth,  
Who was fam'd till this accident, for probity and  
truth,  
Who assuag'd his parents sorrow, alleviated all their  
cares,  
And who, with matchless honor regulated their affairs,  
And who with matchless, &c.

*SPEAKS.] This young man was seen to come out of his  
father's banker's, he was beckoned to by a lady in a  
hackney-coach, he drove to a jeweller's, where he  
bought her a fine diamond necklace, danced with a  
roaring party at a tavern, and in the evening was  
heard to talk very loud at the opera; he was after-  
wards introduced to a house not a hundred miles  
from St. James's, where it is supposed he could get  
no supper, for he was seen about three o'clock in the  
morning, to swallow dice and eat cards.*

Who to his wretched parents this misguided youth  
will bring,  
Besides the satisfaction of doing a good action,  
He shall receive a sum more than mines can e'er  
afford,  
He shall see the peace and comfort of a family restor'd.  
God save the King.

O yes, O yes, O yes!  
Lost, or mislaid, or stolen, or stray'd,  
The tears of a widow, rich, wealthy, and fair,  
Who nurs'd a rich old husband half a year with  
tender care,  
Who lov'd him not for his riches, conveniency or pelf,  
All which is very true, for she told me so herself,  
All which is very true, &c.

*SPEAKS.] As this poor unfortunate young lady was seen  
about two hours after her husband's death to go to the  
Commons to prove his will, where it is supposed  
that a glance from the eye of a handsome young  
proctor, so dried and absorbed up the tears of the  
disconsolate widow, that she has never been seen to  
cry but once since, and then was detected with an  
onion in her pocket handkerchief.*

Who to this wretched mourner these same precious  
drops will bring,  
Besides the satisfaction of doing a good action,  
Shall receive a gracious smile, which is all that can  
be proffer'd,  
As they will be cried no more, nor any great reward  
offer'd,  
God save the King.

O yes, O yes, O yes!  
Lost, or mislaid, or stolen, or stray'd,  
The knife and fork of an alderman—a counsellor's  
wig,  
The dice-box of a Grecian—a parson's tythe-pig—  
The fan of a lady—a false tooth, also,  
The hair powder license, and the hair powder be-  
longing to a beau.

*SPEAKS.] As these poor unfortunate sufferers are nearly  
ruined, and deprived of their livelihood by the loss of  
these respective articles, they being their working tools,  
the charitable and humane are hereby humbly requested  
to take into consideration their forlorn condition.*

And who to these poor people, these same articles  
will bring,  
Besides the satisfaction of doing a good action,  
Many thanks they shall receive from the charitable  
donors,  
As they are very little use to any body but the owners.  
God save the King.

Giles Jollup the Grave,  
and  
Brown Sally Green.

A Parody on Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogene.

M. G. LEWIS.

A Doctor so prim and a sempstress so tight  
Hob-a-nobb'd in some right marafquin;  
They suck'd up the cordial with truest delight:  
Giles Jollup the Grave was just five feet in height,  
And four feet the brown Sally Green.

—"And as," said Giles Jollup, "to-morrow I go  
"To physic a feverish land,  
"At some sixpenny hcp, or perhaps the Mayor's  
"show,  
"You'll tumble in love with some smart city beau,  
"And with him share your shop in the Strand."

—"Lord! how can you think so?" brown Sally  
Green said;  
You must know mighty little of me;  
"For if you be living, or if you be dead,  
"I swear, 'pon my honour, that none in your stead  
"Shall husband of Sally Green be.

"And if e'er for another my heart should decide,  
"False to you and the faith which I gave,  
"God grant that, at dinner too amply supplied,  
"Over-eating may give me a pain in my side;  
"May your ghost then bring rhubarb to physic the  
bride,  
"And send her well dosed to the grave!"

Away went poor Giles, to what place is not told:  
Sally wept, till she blew her nose sore!  
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when behold!  
A brewer, quite stylish, his gig that way roll'd,  
And stopp'd it at Sally Green's door.

His wealth, his pot-belly, and whisky of cane,  
Soon made her untrue to her vows;  
The steam of strong beer now bewildering her brain,  
He caught her while tipsy! denials were vain,  
So he carried her home as his spouse.

And now the roast beef had been blest by the priest,  
To cram now the guests had begun:  
Tooth and nail like a wolf fell the bride on the feast;  
Nor yet had the clasp of her knife and fork ceased,  
When a bell—('twas a dustman's)—toll'd—"one!"

Then first with amazement brown Sally Green found  
That a stranger was stuck by her side:  
His cravat and his ruffles with snuff were em-  
brown'd;  
He ate not, he drank not, but, turning him round,  
Sent some pudding away to be fried!!!

His wig was turn'd forwards, and short was his height;  
His apron was dirty to view:  
The women (oh! wondrous) were hush'd at his  
sight:  
The cats, as they eyed him, drew back, (well they  
might,)   
For his body was pea green and blue!

Now, as all wish'd to speak, but none knew what to  
say,

They look'd mighty foolish and queer:  
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled—  
"I pray,  
"Dear Sir, your peruke that aside you would lay,  
"And par.ake of some strong or'mall beer!"

The sempstress is silent; the stranger complies,  
And his wig from his phiz deigns to pull.  
Adzooks! what a squall Sally gave through  
surprize!  
Like a pig that is stuck how she open'd her eyes.  
When she recognized Jollup's bare skull!

Each miss then exclaim'd, while she turn'd up her  
snout,  
—"Sir, your head isn't fit to be seen!"—  
The pot-boys ran in, and the pot-boys ran out,  
And couldn't conceive what the noise was about,  
While the Doctor address'd Sally Green:

—"Behold me, thou jilt-fir! behold me!" he  
cried;  
"You've broken the faith which you gave!  
"God grants, that, to punish your falsehood and  
pride,  
"Over-eating should give you a pain in your side:  
"Come, swallow this rhubarb! I'll physic the bride,  
"And send her well-dosed to the grave!"

Thus saying, the physic her throat he forced down,  
In spite of what'er she could say;  
Then bore to his chariot the damsel so brown;  
Nor ever again was she seen in that town,  
Or the Doctor who whilk'd her away.

Not long liv'd the Brewer: and none since that time  
To make use of the brewhouse presume;  
For 'tis firmly belived, that, by order sublime,  
There Sally Green suffers the pain of her crime,  
And bawls to get out of the room.

At midnight four times in each year does her spite  
With shrieks make the chamber resound:  
—"I won't take the rhubarb!" the squalls in affright,  
While, a cup in his left hand, a draught in his  
right,  
Giles Jollup pursues her around!

With wigs so well powder'd, their fees while they  
crave,  
Dancing round them twelve doctors are seen:  
They drink chicken-broth, while this horrible slave  
Is twang'd through each nole—"To Giles Jollup  
the Grave;  
"And his patient, the sick Sally Green!"



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### A Bundle of Proverbs.

**M**Y name's O,B,A,D,I,A,H, a Quaker I am,  
[hem !]  
In figure a lion, in spirit a lamb;  
'Tis true I can't sing like the finarts of the town,  
[hem !]  
But sometimes I chant out a slave of my own,  
[hem !]

The Belles and Beaux,  
In flashy clothes,

All laugh at my Proverbs, as by they are scudding,  
Your hungry dogs will attack dirty pudding, &c.

I can't boast of wit, nor shoot satire's keen dart,  
But an ill phrase may come from a very good heart;  
My task is to give a short sketch of the times,  
And put my old sayings in doggrel rhymes;

In Britain's Praise,

My Voice I'll raise,

May no foreign follies her brave sons bewitch,  
If the blind lead the blind, both will fall in the ditch.

The French all declare, that they'll make us all rue,  
But 'tis one thing to say, and another to do;  
They swagger and bluster, and swear in loud tones,  
But high words I've heard, never break any bones;

They vow they'll fight

By day and night,

In ships, and large rafts, and balloons, and all that,  
But a lion was never afraid of a cat.

They threaten to cut the poor English to fritters,  
But you know very well 'tis not all gold that glitters;

Let them meet our brave tars, and they'll quickly retire,

For I've heard burnt children dread forely the fire;

They vaunting roar

They'll soon come o'er,

And then they can conquer us all in a trice;  
But you know noisy cars very seldom catch mice.

I own they've been lucky in fright'ning and burn-  
ing,

But 'tis a long lane that has never a turning;

They'll rail at our laws and religion, alas!

They should never throw stones that have windows  
of glass;

They proudly boast

Their conquering host,

To humble Old England will soon be dispatch'd,  
But some reckon their chickens before they are hatch'd.

Now though I'm a Quaker, I don't quake for fear,  
For a thousand hot words will not sour good beer;  
If we firmly unite, we may laugh at their tricks,  
Let us mind the old tale of the bundle of sticks;

The nations all,

They would enthral,

One question occurs, and I'll make bold to ask it,  
Don't you think they have too many eggs in one basket.

In numbers they greatly exceed us, 'tis clear,  
But two pres'd men's not equal to one volunteer;  
In vain are their efforts, mind not their alarms,  
We are not all babes, though we'll all be in arms;

In friendship's bands

Join hearts and hands,

And let us for England stand up one and all,  
For a kingdom divided must certainly fall.

Bonaparte in Egypt French-freedom did try,  
But the Gipsies had got other fishes to fry;  
They cared for his liberty-tree not a rush,  
For a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;

Sure as a gun,

He's quite undone,

Though he cannot loose much, such a pickle  
he's in,

What can you have more from a cat than his skin.

### The Last Adieu.

**T**HE bursting tear that soon must flow,  
When forc'd from friends, so kind, so true;  
And the deep sigh with sorrow grow,  
When call'd to bid a last adieu.

Then must we part, a hard decree,  
No more the happy hours renew  
With those we love, no longer see  
The friends that bid a last adieu.

Can nature chain within my breast,  
Those thoughts that ever turn on you;  
When love declares my soul can't rest—  
May heav'n forbid a last adieu.

## The Storm.

CEASE rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,  
Lift, ye landsmen all to me,  
Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
Sing the dangers of the sea,  
From bounding billows first in motion,  
When the distant whirlwinds rise;  
To the tempest troubled ocean,  
Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—  
By topsail sheets, and haulyards stand!  
Down top-gallants quick be hauling!  
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!  
Now it freshens, set the braces;  
Quick the topsail sheets let go;  
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!  
Up your topsails nimbly clew!  
Now all you on down-beds sporting,  
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,  
Fresh enjoyments wanron courting,  
Free from all but love's alarms,—  
Round us roar the tempest louder;  
Think what fear our mind enthral:  
Harder yet, it yet blows harder;  
Now again the boatswain calls:  
The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys!  
See all clear to reef each course!  
Let the fore-sheets go; don't mind, boys,  
Though the weather should be worse.  
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get;  
Reef the mizen; reef all clear:  
Hand up! each preventer-brace set;  
Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!  
Peals on peals contending clash!  
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring!  
In our eyes blue lightnings flash!  
One wide water all around us,  
All above us one black sky!  
Different deaths at once surround us.  
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?  
The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,  
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.  
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out;  
Call on hands to clear the wreck.  
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces!  
Come, my hearts be stout and bold!  
Plumb the well, the lake increases;  
Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,  
We for wives or children mourn;  
Alas! from hence there's no retreating;  
Alas! from hence there's no return.  
Still the leak is gaining on us,  
Both chain pumps are choak'd below,  
Heav'n have mercy here upon us;  
For only that can save us now!

O'er the lee-beam is the land boys;  
Let the guns o'er-board be thrown;  
To the pump come every hand, boys;  
See our mizen-mast is gone,  
The leak we've found; it cannot pour fast:  
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;  
Up, and rig a jury fore-mast;  
She rights, she rights, boys! wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,  
Since kind fortune spar'd our lives;  
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking  
To our sweethearts and our wives.  
Fill it up, about ship wheel it;  
Close to th' lips a brimmer join.  
Where's the rempest now; who feels it?  
None! our danger's drown'd in wine!

## The Young Man's Wish.

FREE from the bustle care and strife,  
Of this short variegated life,  
O let me spend my days  
In rural sweetness, with a friend,  
To whom my mind I may unbend,  
Nor censure heed or praise.

Riches bring cares—I ask not wealth,  
Let me enjoy but peace and health,  
I envy not the great:  
'Tis these alone can make me blest;  
The riches take of east and west,  
I claim not these or state.

Tho' not extravagant nor near,  
But through the well spent checker'd year,  
I'd have enough to live;  
To drink a bottle with a friend,  
Assist him in distress, ne'er lend,  
But rather freely give.

I too would wish, to sweeten life,  
A gentle, kind, good natur'd wife,  
Young, sensible and fair:  
One who could love but me alone,  
Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,  
And sooth my every care.

Thus happy with my wife and friend,  
My life I cheerfully would spend,  
With no vain thoughts oppress'd;  
If heav'n has bliss for me in store,  
O grant me this, I ask no more,  
And I am truly blest.

## Ah! why must words.

AH why must words my flame reveal,  
What needs my Damon bid me tell  
What all my actions prove,  
A blush whene'er I meet his eye,  
Whene'er I hear his name a sigh  
Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain  
My eyes still fix'd on him remain,  
And him alone approve;  
The rest unheeded, dance or play,  
He steals from all my praise away,  
And can he doubt my love.

Whene'er we meet my looks confess  
The pleasures which my soul possess,  
And all its cares remove.  
Still, still too short appears his stay,  
I frame excuses for delay,  
Can this be ought but love?

Does any speak in Damon's praise,  
How pleas'd am I with all he says,  
And ev'ry word approve;  
Is he defam'd, tho' but in jest,  
I feel resentment fire my breast,  
Alas, because I love.

But O what tortures tear my heart,  
When I suspect his looks impart  
The least desire to rove.  
I hate the maid who gives me pain,  
Yet him I strive to hate in vain,  
For ah! that hate is love.

Then ask not words but read my eyes,  
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,  
All these my passion prove:  
Words may deceive, may spring from art,  
But the true language of my heart  
To Damon must be love.



## Oh! Gentle Peace.

**O**H! gentle peace with pleasing smiles,  
Welcome the sailor from his toils,  
His prizes fold, his wages paid,  
His ship is safe in harbour laid;  
To Sal his dear with all his store,  
And swears from her to part no more.

'Oh! Sal,' said he, 'when bullets flew  
'Around my head, and of the crew  
'Lay stretched on deck, sad fight to see,  
'I felt no pain but love for thee,  
'Still hoping when the war'd be o'er,  
'My Sal and I should part no more.'

Sal thus replied, 'as through the door  
'With hollow sounds the wind did roar,  
'My constant heart was fraught with woe,  
'Least you might to the bottom go;  
'But now the cruel war is o'er,  
'I hope we've met to part no more.'

'Come then,' says Tom, 'let's bear away,  
'And to the church make no delay;  
'The parson then with golden twine,  
'Will fast ensure your hand in mine,  
'In peace and love to live on shore,  
'And nought but death to part us more.

## Duncan's Warning.

## RECITATIVE.

**A**S o'er the heath, amid his steel-clad Thanes,  
The royal Duncan rode in martial pride,  
Where, full to view, high topp'd with glittering vanes,  
Macbeth's strong towers o'erhung the mountain's  
side;

In dusky mantle wrapp'd, a grisly form  
Rush'd with a giant stride across the way;  
And thus, while howl'd around the rising storm,  
In hollow thund'ring accents pour'd dismay.

## SONG.

**S**TOP, O king, thy destin'd course,  
Furl thy standard, turn thy horse;  
Death besets this onward track,  
Come no further, quickly back.

Hear'st thou not the raven's croak?  
See'st thou not the blasted oak?  
Feel'st thou not the loaded sky?  
Read thy danger, king, and fly.

Lo! yon castle banners glare  
Bloody through the troubled air,  
Lo! what spectres on the roof,  
Frowning bid thee stand aloof.

Murder, like an eagle, waits  
Perch'd above the gloomy gates,  
Just in act to pounce his prey,  
Come not near—away, away.

Let not plighted faith beguile  
Honour's semblance, beauty's smile;  
Fierce ambition's venom'd dart  
Rankles in the fest'ring hearr.

Treason arm'd, against thy life,  
Points his dagger, whets his knife,  
Drugs his stupefying bowl,  
Steels his unrelenting soul.

Now 'tis time; ere grisly night  
Closes round thee, speed thy flight;  
If the threshold once be cross'd,  
Duncan, thou'rt for ever lost.

On he goes! resistless fate  
Hastes to fill his mortal date:  
Cease, ye warnings! vain tho' true,  
Murder'd king, adieu! adieu!

## Hark, away to the Downs.

**H**ARK, hark away, away to the Downs,  
'The huntsman' is gone on before with the  
hounds;

Sol after taking his midnight nap,  
Shaking his ears in Thetis's lap.

Come come, my boys,  
'These are the joys,  
That far exceed the delights of the Doxies;  
'This is the sport,  
'To which we resort,  
Always in pursuit of hares and foxes.

'Tol lol lol.

Diana and her nymphs are already drest,  
Each with a quiver and hunting vest;  
To follow the chase the very well knows,  
Scorning the delights of the fops and beaux.

Let the fond loving tool  
All day play the fool,  
Coaxing his lass with sighs and with tears;  
'We'll hunt all the day,  
At night laugh and play,  
And outlive them many many years.

See where old Danger leads them along,  
Old Jenker exceeds them with his song:  
Sirrah, get over or I'll crack your crown,  
Now my lad get up that you are down.

Fy, Random, fy,  
Sirrah, do not lie;  
Joe, whip that babler, he is running counter,  
Ware heel, ware heel, ware heel!  
Ware heel, ware heel, ware heel!  
She has made the break where first we found her.

Hold hard on, don't make such a rout,  
Let them alone, they'll soon make her out:  
O'er yonder stream I'm sure she's cross'd,  
They hunt her so cool, I'm sure she's lost.  
Halloo, hark away! Juno's the lay,  
That's it my baby, she's gone thro' the fallow,  
Try the dogs around,  
The sheep spoil'd the ground,  
Blast those footmen how they hollow.

Why so fast? not so much haste,  
Let them enjoy it without any hurry  
She's gone a head or must lie at quor,  
Joe, whip those dogs well in with Larry,  
Halloo halloo halloo! dead dead dead!  
Jump off your horses and save her from tearing.  
Hadois hadois hadois,  
Where's Ned or Joe,  
Look at them yonder out of hearing.

Let the dull courser beat the bush,  
All the day long in pursuit of Pufs;  
In that amusement I find no fun,  
For the sport is all over as soon as begun;  
'Tis but So ho, so ho, so ho, so ho, so ho,  
Blast them, there's no pleasure in it.

Halloo halloo halloo!  
Dead dead dead!  
Merry for a minute and dull for an hour.

## 'Oh! why should Love.

**O**H! why should love with tyrant sway,  
Oppress each youthful heart?  
Must all his rigid laws obey,  
And feel his pointed dart?

On reason's aid in vain we call,  
To break the galling chain,  
The parent god disdains it all,  
And triumphs in our pain.

## The Fatal Sisters.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.—GRAY.

*To be found in the Orcaides of Thormodus Torfæus;  
Hafniæ, 1697, folio; and also in Bartholinus:*

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

*In the eleventh century Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of Sictryg with the silken beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law, Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss in the death of Brian their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day (the day of the battle,) a native of Scotland saw, at a distance, a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful Song; which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north, and as many to the south. These were the Valkyriur, female divinities, servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies Choosers of the Slain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valhalla, the hall of Odin, or Paradise of the Brave, where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.*

Now the storm begins to lower,  
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)  
Iron-fleet of arrowy shower  
Hurries in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,  
Where the dusky warp we strain,  
Weaving many a soldier's doom,  
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!  
(Tis of human entrails made)  
And the weights, that play below,  
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafis for shuttles, dipp'd in gore,  
Shoot the trembling cords along,  
Sword, that once a monarch bore,  
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black-terricific Maid,  
Sangrida, and Hilda, see!  
Join the wayward work to aid:  
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,  
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,  
Blade with clattering buckler meet,  
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)  
Let us go, and let us fly,  
Where our friends the conflict share,  
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,  
Wading through th' ensanguined field,  
Gondula, and Geira, spread  
O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,  
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:  
Spite of danger he shall live.  
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert beach  
Pent within its bleak domain,  
Soon their ample sway shall stretch  
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,  
Gored with many a gaping wound:  
Fate demands a nobler head;  
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin \* weep,  
Ne'er again his likeness see;  
Long her strains in sorrow sleep:  
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,  
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.  
Sisters, weave the web of death.—  
Sisters, cease: the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!  
Songs of joy and triumph sing!  
Joy to the victorious bands;  
Triumph to the younger King!

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,  
Learn the tenour of our song.  
Scotland, through each winding vale  
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:  
Each her thundering faulchion wield  
Each bestride her sable steed.  
Hurry, hurry to the field.

\* Ireland.



## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c. —To which will be added, a complete Index.

### The Charms of Liberty.

**S**INCE every charm's on earth combin'd,  
In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,  
Why was I born, ye gods, to see,  
What robs me of my liberty?

Until that fatal hapless day,  
My heart was lively, blithe, and gay,  
Cou'd sport with every nymph but she,  
Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then, dear Chloe, ere too late,  
That death must be my hapless fate,  
If love and you do not agree,  
To set me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,  
Reflecting on the pains of love;  
And envy every clown I see,  
Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,  
And every idle care disdain;  
We'll live in sweet tranquillity,  
Nor wish for greater liberty.

### The Jovial Seamen.

**H**OW little do the landmen know  
Of what we sailors feel  
When waves do mount and winds do blow;  
But we have hearts of steel;  
No danger can affright us;  
No enemy shall flout:  
We'll make the monfieurs right us;  
So tofs the can about.

Sick close to orders, messmates,  
We'll plunder, burn and sink.  
Then, France, have at your first rates;  
For Britons never shrink:  
We'll rummage all we fancy,  
We'll bring them in by scores,  
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,  
Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying  
With our noble Commodore,  
We'll spend our wages freely boys,  
And then to sea for more:  
In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,  
In war we'll never fly;  
Here's a health to George our king, boys,  
And the royal family.

### Not as it shou'd be.

BY G. A. STEVENS.

**A** Coxcomb once said  
He had Ber's maidenhead,  
But 'twas false, as I told Mr. Wou'd-be:  
His Doctor declar'd,  
Impotency debarr'd,  
The Fribble was not as he shou'd be.

As Beauty is us'd,  
So Britannia's abus'd,  
How many loud coffee-house praters  
Will boast of the weight  
Which they have in the State,  
And *wou'd be* the Nation's Dictators.

Such creatures pretend  
They can England befriend,  
So attract or distract all about them;  
That, *pon onner*, they know  
*How, when, what, and also,*  
And the Ministry can't do without them.

When Candidates bow,  
Patriotic they vow  
To honour, esteem, and adore us;  
But chofe, they change soon,  
They are taught the Court Tune,  
And chant in Majority's chorus.

Reproach, if you please,  
May impertinent reaze,  
Remembrance attempt to awaken;  
But th' answer is this,  
I thought things amifs,  
I really, my friend, was mistaken.

His market is made,  
We all live by trade,  
So buy or sell, Sirs—choose you whether;  
Rich and poor 'tis the same,  
Change-alley's the game,  
A job! a fad job altogether!

Our animal stuff  
Is not made of bomb proof,  
When Temptation's artillery assails:  
As the Baulties begin,  
We're betray'd from within,  
The flesh over spirit prevails.

Corruption!—that's hard—  
But, from birth to church-yard,  
What are we? but rotting, along:  
Folly moulders our clay,  
Each vice has its day,  
But—good-night—for I've done with my song.

## America, Commerce and Freedom.

**H**OW blest the life a sailor leads,  
From clime to clime still ranging;  
For as the calm the storm succeeds,  
The scene delights by changing.  
Tho' tempests howl along the main,  
Some objects will remind us,  
And cheer with hope to meet again  
The friends we left behind us.

CHORUS.

Then under full sail, we laugh at the gale.  
And the landmen look pale, never heed 'em;  
But toasts of the glass to a favorite lass,  
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

But when arrived in sight of land,  
Or safe in port rejoicing,  
Our ship we moor, our sails we hand,  
Whilst out our boat is hoisting;  
With cheerful hearts the shore we reach,  
Our friends delighted greet us:  
And tripping lightly o'er the beach,  
The pretty lasses meet us.

CHORUS.

When the full flowing bowl enlivens the soul,  
To foot it we merrily lead 'em;  
And each bonny lass will drink off her glass,  
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

Our prizes sold, the drink we share,  
And gladly we receive it,  
And when we meet a brother tar  
That wants, we freely give it.  
No free born sailor yet had store,  
But cheerfully would lend it,  
And when 'tis gone, to sea for more;  
We earn it but to spend it.

CHORUS.

Then drink round my boys, 'tis the first of our joys  
'To relieve the distress'd, cloath and feed 'em!  
'Tis a duty we share with the brave and the fair,  
In this land of Commerce and Freedom.

## Davy Jones's Locker;

*Or, a sequel to the favorite song of Poor Jack.*

**W**HEN last honest Jack, of whose fate I now  
write,

Weigh'd anchor, and cast out for sea;  
For he never refus'd for his country to fight,  
When call'd on no lubber was he.  
To hand, reef, and steer, and bouse ev'ry thing  
tight,

Full well did he know ev'ry inch;  
Tho' the top-lifts of sailors the tempest should smite,  
Jack never was known for to flinch.

Tho' the top lifts, &amp;c.

Aloft from the mast-head one day he esp'y'd,  
Seven sail which appear'd to his view;  
Clear the decks, sponge the guns, was instantly cri'd,  
And each to his station then flew;  
And fought until many a noble was slain,  
And silenc'd was every gun:  
'Twas then all the honest tar's valour was vain,  
For by numbers, alas! they're undone.

Yet think not bold Jack, tho' by conquest disinay'd,  
Could tamely submit to his fate;  
When his country he found he no longer could  
serve,

Looking round, he address'd thus each mate;  
What's life, d'ye see, when our liberty's gone,  
Much nobler it were for to die—  
So now for old Davy—then plung'd in the main—  
E'en the Cherub above, heav'd a sigh.

## The Maid of Martindale.

**I**N Martindale a village gay,  
A damsel deigns to dwell;  
Whose looks are like a summer's day,  
Whose charms no tongue can tell;  
Whene'er I meet her on my way,  
I tell my am'rous tale,  
Then heave a sigh and softly say,  
Sweet maid of Martindale.

This nymph has numbers in her train,  
From Hodge up to the Squire;  
A conquest makes of ev'ry swain;  
All gaze and all admire.  
Then where's the hope, alas! for me,  
That I should e'er prevail;  
Yet, while I breathe I'll think of thee,  
Sweet maid of Martindale.

Should fate propitious be my lot,  
To call this charmer mine;  
I'd live content in lowly cot  
And pompous thoughts resign.  
But if the scorn, each heart felt sigh,  
And leaves me to bewail;  
For thee, my fair, for thee I'll die,  
Sweet maid of Martindale.

## Prithee Fool be Quiet.

**A**S t'other day young Damon stray'd  
Where Chloe sat demure,  
He doff'd his hat, and sigh'd, and gaz'd,  
'Twas love that struck him—sure:  
With reverence he approach'd the fair,  
Which the look'd very shy at:  
And when he prais'd her shape and air,  
'Twas—prithee fool be quiet.

My dear, he cry'd, now be not coy,  
Nor think my meaning rude;  
Let love, like mine, thy mind employ,  
True love can ne'er intrude;  
Her hand he then assay'd to kiss,  
Which, frowning, she cry'd fie at,  
And when he struggled for the bliss,  
Said—prithee fool be quiet.

Then kneeling at her feet, he swore  
Without her he should die;  
That man ne'er loved woman more,  
And heav'd a melting sigh:  
Cupid unseen now touch'd her breast,  
And there kick'd up a riot;  
Much soften'd, yet she still express'd  
Nay—prithee fir be quiet.

The youth perceiv'd her alter'd tone,  
And boldly ask'd her hand;  
Soon hymen made them both as one,  
United in his band:  
The case too soon is changed quite—  
A scene you'll all cry fie at;  
She prates away from morn till night,  
While he cries—Zounds be quiet.



## The happy Farmer.

WHEN the bonny grey morning just peeps thro' the skies,  
The lark mounting, tunes his sweet lay;  
With a mind unincumber'd by care; I arise,  
My spirits light, airy, and gay.  
I take up my gun, honest Tray, my old friend,  
Wags his tail, and jumps joyously round;  
To the woods then together our footsteps we bend,  
'Tis there health and pleasure are found,  
I snuff the fresh air, bid defiance to care,  
And happy as mortal can be;  
From the toils of the great, from ambition and state,  
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

At noon, I delighted range o'er the rich soil,  
And labour's rough children regale;  
With a cup of good home-brew'd I sweeten their toil,  
And laugh at their joke or their tale;  
And whether the ripe waving corn I behold,  
Or the innocent flocks meet my sight,  
Or the orchard, whose fruits are just turning to gold,  
Still, still, health and pleasure unite.  
I snuff the fresh air, bid defiance to care,  
And happy as mortal can be;  
From the toils of the great, from ambition and state,  
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

At eve to my humble roof'd cot I return,  
When, oh, what new sources of bliss!  
My children rush out, while their little hearts burn,  
Each striving to gain the first kiss,  
My Dolly appears with a smile on her face,  
Good humour presides at our board:  
What more than health, plenty, good humour and peace,  
Can the wealth of the Indies afford?  
I retire to rest, sweet content fills my breast,  
As happy as mortal can be;  
From the toils of the great, from ambition and state,  
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

## Faithless Edward.

WHEN Edward left his native plain,  
He heav'd a sigh, he dropp'd a tear;  
Ere spring returns thy constant swain,  
Thy faithful Edward will be here.

Tho' Edward vow'd, and I believ'd,  
Ah! blooming flowrets, why so fair?  
Alas! you prove that I'm deceived,  
For faithless Edward is not here.

The early lark proclaims the spring,  
The thrush delights with notes so clear;  
The flowers will bloom, and birds will sing,  
Tho' faithless Edward is not here.

Had Edward been true, oh! how blest I had been;  
Each flowret more sweet, and more gay every scene;  
If he had been true,  
So I had been too:  
But if with another he seeks for delight,  
To be true to myself I his falsehood requite.

Young Henry is true,  
So I will be too;  
At the dance on the green, at the wake or the fair,  
I'll be happy and merry,  
I'll be happy and merry,  
Tho' faithless Edward is not there.

## The Albion the Pride of the Sea.

MY boys, would you know how our ship got her name,  
You shall speedily know that from me;  
When ready to launch she was christen'd by Fame,  
The Albion, the pride of the sea.  
All her crew lads of mettle,  
'Midst the cannons loud rattle,  
A dread lion in battle,  
Is Albion the pride of the sea.

As she dash'd from the dock, to embrace her own wave,  
She sprang with a heart full of glee,  
And cried, let none man but the true English brave  
The Albion, the pride of the sea.  
All her crew, &c.

When, glorious to view, as she swam on the main,  
This is my throne, exclaim'd she,  
And the sceptre, my boys, we e'er shall maintain,  
Of Albion, the pride of the sea.  
All her crew, &c.

What honors to her fame and vict'ry have paid,  
To history go and you'll see,  
The ocean is rul'd, and e'er shall be sway'd,  
By Albion, the pride of the sea.  
All her crew, &c.

'Mongst the greatest of heroes that history knows,  
All the tars of Old England agree,  
Nelson, Howe, Duncan, Vincent have thrash'd well the foes,  
Of Albion the pride of the sea.  
All her crew, &c.

Corin's Profession;  
or, the Song of Constancy,

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

NOW, Joan, we are married—and now let me say,  
Tho' both are in youth, yet that youth will decay;  
In our journey thro' life, my dear Joan, I suppose,  
We shall oft meet a bramble—and sometimes a rose!  
When a cloud on this forehead shall darken my day,  
Thy sunshine of sweetness must smile it away;  
And when the dull vapours shall dwell upon thine,  
To chase it—the labour and triumph be mine.

Thou shalt milk our one cow, and if fortune pursue,  
In good time, with her blessing, my Joan shall milk two:

I will till our small field, while my prattle and song  
Shall charm as I drive the bright plough-share along.

When finish'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,  
And treat our good neighbours at eve with our ale;  
For, Joan, who could wish for self only to live?  
One blessing of life, my dear girl, is to give!

E'en the red breast and wren shall not seek us in vain,  
While thou hast a crumb, or thy Corin a grain:  
Not only their songs will they pour from the grove,  
But yield, by example, sweet lessons of love!

Tho' thy beauty must fade, yet thy youth I'll re-member;  
That thy May was my own, when thou shewest  
December;  
And when age to my head shall his winter impart,  
The summer of love shall repose in my heart!

## Reuben and Rose,

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness which hung upon Willumberg's walls

Has long been remember'd with awe and dismay;  
For years nor a sun-beam had play'd in its halls,  
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day!

Though the vallies were brighten'd by many a beam,  
Yet none could the woods of the castle illumine;  
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,

Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

"Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse?"  
Said Willumberg's lord to the fear of the cave:

"It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,

"Till the bright star of chivalry's sunk in the  
"wave!"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?

Who could be but *Reuben*, the flow'r of the age?

For *Reuben* was first in the combat of men,

Though Youth had scarce written his name on  
her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his bosom had beat,

For *Rose*, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,  
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery  
feet,

It walks o'er the flow'rs of the mountain and  
lawn!

Must *Rose* then, from *Reuben* so fatally sever?

Sad, sad were the words of the man in the cave,  
That darkness should cover the castle for ever,  
Or *Reuben* be sunk in the merciless wave!

She flew to the wizard—"And tell me, oh! tell,

"Shall my *Reuben* no more be restor'd to my  
eyes?"

"Yes, yes—when a spirit shall toll the great bell

"Of the mouldering abbey, your *Reuben* shall  
"rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated "Your *Reuben* shall rise,"

And *Rose* felt a moment's release from her pain;  
She wip'd, while the listen'd, the tear from her eyes,  
And the hop'd she might yet see her hero again!

Her hero could smile at the terrors of death,

When he felt that he died for the fire of his *Rose*;  
To the Oder he flew, and there plunging beneath,  
In the lapse of the billows soon found his repose.

How strangely the order of destiny falls!

Not long in the water the warrior lay,  
When a sun-beam was seen to glance over the walls,  
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the day!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,

There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank;  
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,  
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Of, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,

And she heard but the breathings of night in the  
air;

Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,

And she saw but the foam of the white billow  
there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,

As she look'd at the light of the moon in the  
stream,

She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,

As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was be gemming the sky,

Poor *Rose* on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,

There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,

When hark! 'twas the bell that came deep in the  
wind?

She startled, and saw, thro' the glimm'ring shade,

A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;  
She knew 'twas her love, tho' his cheek was decay'd,  
And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the fear of the cave had foretold?

Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a  
gleam;

'Twas *Reuben*, but ah! he was deathly and cold,  
And fleeted away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought  
From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah!  
never!

Then springing beneath, at a billow she caught,  
And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!

## The Dirge of Wallace,

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Author of *The Pleasures of Hope*.

THEY lighted a taper at the dead of night,  
And chaunted their holiest hymn;  
But her brow and her bosom were damp with  
affright—

Here eyes were all sleepless and dim!  
And the Lady of ELDERSLIE wept for her Lord,  
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,  
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,  
And the raven had flapp'd at her window board—  
To tell of her warrior's doom!

"Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray  
"For the soul of my Knight so dear;  
"And call me a widow this wretched day,  
"Since the warning of God is here!  
"For Night-mare rides on my strangled sleep:—  
"The Lord of my bosom is doom'd to die;  
"His valourous heart they have wounded deep;  
"And the blood red tears shall his country weep  
"For WALLACE of Elderslie!"

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,  
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,  
That a trumpet of death on an English tower  
Had the dire of her champion sung!  
When his dungeon-light look'd dim and red  
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,  
No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed;  
No weeping there was when his bosom bled—  
And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh, it was not thus when his oaken spear  
Was true to that Knight forlorn,  
And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,  
At the blast of the hunter's horn;  
When he strode on the wreck of each well-fought  
field;

With the yellow-hair'd Chiefs of his native land;  
For his lance was not shiver'd on helmet or shield—  
And the sword that seem'd fit for Archangel to wield  
Was light in his terrible hand!

Yet bleeding and bound, though the Wallace weight  
For his long lov'd country die,  
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver Knight  
Than WALLACE of Elderslie!  
But the day of his glory shall never depart;  
His head unentomb'd shall with glory be balm'd;  
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;  
Tho' the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,  
A nobler was never embalm'd!



# [Numb. 100]

## THE CHARMS OF MELODY, OR SIREN MEDLEY.

The Plan of the Publisher is to embody in one Grand Folio Volume, all the Songs, ancient and modern, in the English Language, worth preserving—forming an Universal Magazine of Love, Sentimental, War, Hunting, Bacchanalian, Humorous, Sea, and Political Songs; as well as Old English, Irish, Scotch and German Ballads, Legendaries, &c. &c.—To which will be added, a complete Index.

### Little Mary's Eye.

**L**ITTLE Mary's eye  
Is roguish, and all that, Sir,  
But her little tongue  
Is quite too full of chat, Sir,  
Since her eye can speak  
Enough to tell her blisses;  
If she flirts her tongue,  
Why stop her mouth with kisses.  
Oh the little girls,  
Wily, warm, and winning,  
When Angels tempt us to it  
Who can keep from finning.

Nanny's beaming eye  
Looks as warm as any;  
But her cheek was pale—  
Well-a-day poor Nanny:  
Nanny in the field,  
She pluck'd a little posie;  
And Nanny's pallid cheek,  
Soon grew sleek and rosy.  
Oh the little girls, &c.

Sue, the pretty Nun,  
Prays in warm emotion;  
Sweetly rolls her eye,  
In love or in devotion.  
If her pious heart  
Softens to relieve you,  
She gently shares the crime  
With—"Oh may God forgive you."  
Oh the little girls, &c.

### To Fortune Unknown.

**T**O the maid that I love simplicity's dear,  
And yet sighs for her enemy's moan,  
Unto the wretched she can give but a tear;  
She's to fame and to fortune unknown.

How blest shall I be if this fair will be mine,  
To her, each day, devoted alone—  
Nor shall she have reason thro' life to repine,  
She's to fame and to fortune unknown.

### Major Domo.

**M**AJOR DOMO am I  
Of this good family,  
My word through the castle prevails:  
I'm appointed the head  
That must keep up the dread,  
And the pomp of my son-in-law's tails:  
I strut as fine as any Macaw,  
I'll change for down my bed of straw,  
On perquisites I lay my paw,  
I pour wine, sily, into my maw,  
I stuff, I cram good victuals into my craw:  
'Tis a very fine thing to be father-in-law  
To a very magnificent three tail'd Bashaw.

The slaves black and white,  
Of each sex own my might;  
I command full three hundred and ten:  
The females I'll kiss,  
But it won't be amiss  
To fright them with thumping the men,  
I strut as fine, &c.

At the head of affairs,  
Turn me out then who dares—  
Let them prove the head pilfers and steals:  
No three tail'd Bashaw,  
Kicks his father-in-law,  
And make his head take to his heels.  
I strut as fine, &c.

### Liffey Side.

**T**HE blossoms blush on every spray,  
And fragrant flow'ers peep around,  
Tho' nymphs and shepherds welcome May,  
With rural dance and sylvan found:  
Yet joyless all to me appears,  
Since Dermot, dearest Dermot died!  
How sweeter to indulge my tears  
On Liffey's flow'ry enamelled side.

For ah! he was the gentlest youth,  
And I a happy simple Maid,  
He lov'd me—sure such worth and truth,  
With only love could be repaid;  
And then I gave my word to wed,  
The day was fix'd—that day he died!  
And clay cold is his Bridal bed,  
On flowing Liffey's flow'ry side.

Kertland.

## Gay Bacchus.

**G**AY Bacchus, liking Escourt's wine,  
A noble meal bespoke;  
And for the guests that were to dine,  
Brought Comus, Love, and Joke.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,  
And Joke near Comus plac'd;  
Thus wine makes love forget its care,  
And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please each sprightly god,  
Each sweet engaging grace,  
Put on some cloaths to come abroad,  
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at ev'ry glass,  
A lady of the sky,  
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the last,  
And had it bumper high.

Fat Comus toft his brimmer o'er,  
And always got the most;  
For Joke took care to fill him more,  
When'er he miss'd the toast.

They call'd and drank at ev'ry touch,  
Then fill'd and drank again;  
And if the gods can take too much,  
'Tis said, they did so then.

Free jests ran all the table round,  
And with the wine conspire,  
(While they by fly reflection wound)  
To set their head on fire.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,  
By reck'ning his deceits;  
And Cupid mock'd his flamm'ring tongue,  
With all his flagg'ring gait.

Joke droll'd on Comus' greedy ways,  
And tales without a jest;  
While Comus call'd his witey plays,  
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds,  
And had I Homer's pen,  
I'd sing you how they drank like gods,  
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the graces fly,  
Who make them soon agree;  
And had the furies selves been nigh,  
They still were three to three.

Bacchus appear'd, rais'd Cupid up,  
And gave him back his bow;  
But kept some dart to stir the cup,  
Where Sack and Sugar flow.

Joke taking Comus' rosy crown,  
In triumph won the prize;  
And thrice in mirth he push'd him down,  
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the Myrtle Grove,  
Where Venus did recline.  
And Beauty, close embracing Love,  
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly cursing wit,  
Roll'd off to some retreat,  
Where boon companions gravely sit,  
In fat unwieldy state.

Bacchus and Joke, who stay'd behind,  
For one fresh glass prepare:  
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,  
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear,  
This our instructive song:  
For tho' such friendships may be dear,  
They can't continue long.

## Hail, Burgundy.

**H**AIL, Burgundy, thou juice divine,  
Inspirer of my song;  
The praises giv'n to other wine,  
To thee alone belong.

Of manly wit and female charms  
Thou can'st the pow'r improve:  
Care of its sting thy balm disarms,  
Thou noblest gift of Jove.

Bright Phœbus on the parent Vines,  
From whence thy current streams,  
Smiling amidst 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 sprightly strain.

From thee, fair Chloe's radiant eye,  
New sparkling beams receives;  
Her cheeks imbibe a rosier dye,  
New fires 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 stoic, prone to thought intense,  
Thy softness can unbend;  
A cheerful gaiety dispense,  
And makes 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.

E'en sops—those doubtful-gender things,  
Wrapt up in selves and drefs,  
Quite lost to the delight that springs  
From sense—thy pow'r confests.

Each foolish, puling, maudlin face,  
That dares but deeply drink,  
Forgets his cue, and stiff grimace,  
Grows free and seems to think.



## Of all the World's Enjoyments.

OF all the world's enjoyments  
That ever valu'd were,  
There's none of all employments  
With fishing can compare:  
Some preach, some write,  
Some swear, some fight,  
All golden Lucre courting;  
But fishing still  
Bears off the bell,  
For profit, or for sporting.  
Then who a jolly fisherman,  
A fisherman must be,  
His throat would wet,  
Just like his net,  
To keep out cold at sea.

The country 'squire loves running  
A pack of well mouth'd hounds;  
Another fancies Gunning  
For wild duck in his grounds;  
This hunts, that fowls,  
This hawks, Dick bowls,  
No greater pleasure wishing;  
But Tom that tells  
What sport excels,  
Gives all the praise to fishing.  
Then, &c.

A good Westphalia gammon,  
Is counted dainty fair;  
But what is't to a Salmon,  
Just taken from the weir:  
Wheat-ears and Quails,  
Cocks, Snipes and Rayls.  
Are priz'd while season's lasting;  
But all must stoop  
to Craw-fish soup,  
Or I've no skill in tasting.  
Then, &c.

Keen hunters always take to  
Their prey with too much pains;  
Nay, often break a neck too,  
A Penance for no Brains:  
They run, they leap,  
Now high, now deep,  
While he that fishing chooses,  
With ease may do't,  
Nay, more to boot,  
May entertain the muses.  
Then, &c.

And tho' some envious wranglers  
To jeer us will make bold,  
And laugh at patient anglers,  
Who stand so long i' th' cold,  
They wait on Mifs,  
We wait on this,  
And think it easy labour,  
And if you'd know  
Fish profits too,  
Consult our Holland neighbour.  
Then, &c.

## The Maid of the Moor,

OR

## The Water Fiends.

G. COLMAN, JUN.

ON a wild moor, all brown and bleak,  
Where broods the heath frequenting grouse,  
There stood a tenement antique,  
Lord Hoppergollop's country house.

Here silence reign'd with lips of glue,  
And undisturbed maintain'd her law;  
Save when the owl cried—"who! who! who!"  
Or the hoarse crow croak'd—"caw! caw! caw!"

Neglected mansion! for 'tis said,  
Whene'er the snow came feathering down,  
Four barbed reeds, from the Bull's-head,  
Carried thy master up to town.

Weak Hoppergollop! Lords may moan,  
Who stake in London their estate,  
On two small rattling bits of bone,  
On little figure, or on great.

Swift whirl the wheels,—he's gone;—a Rose  
Remains behind, whose virgin look,  
Unseen, must blush in wintry snows;  
Sweet beauteous blossom! 'twas the Cook!

A bolder, far, than my weak note,  
Maid of the Moor! thy charms demand:  
Eels might be proud to lose their coat,  
If skinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.

Long had the fair one sat alone,  
Had none remain'd save only she;  
She by herself had been, if one  
Had not been left for company.

'Twas a tall youth, whose cheek's clear hue  
Was tinged with health and manly toil;  
Cabbage he sow'd, and when it grew,  
He always cut it off to boil.

Of would he cry,—“Delve, delve the hole!  
“And prune the tree, and trim the root!  
“And flick the wig upon the pole,  
“To scare the sparrows from the fruit!”—

A small mute favourite by day  
Follow'd his steps; where'er he wheels  
His barrow round the garden gay,  
A bob-tail cur is at his heels.

Ah man! the brute creation fee,  
Thy constancy oft need to spur!  
While lessons of fidelity,  
Are found in every bob-tail cur.

Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh and strong,  
While Bob-tail in his face would look,  
And mark'd his master troll the song,  
—"Sweet Molly Dumpling! O, thou Cook!"—

For thus he sung: while Cupid smiled,  
Pleased that the Gard'ner own'd his dart;  
Which pruned his passions, running wild,  
And grafted true-love on his heart.

Maid of the Moor, his love return!  
True love ne'er tints the cheek with shame;  
When gard'ners' hearts, like hor-beds-burn,  
A cook may surely feed the flame.

Ah! not averse from love was she;  
Though pure as heaven's snowy flake;  
Both lov'd; and though a Gard'ner he,  
He knew not what it was to rake.

Cold blows the blast, the night's obscure:  
The mansion's crazy wainscots crack,  
The fun had funk, and all the moor,  
Like ev'ry other moor, was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,  
The lovely Molly Dumpling sat;  
Much did she fear, and much admire,  
What Thomas gard'ner could be at.

Listening, her hand supports her chin,  
But ah! no foot is heard to stir;  
He comes not from the garden in,  
Nor he, nor little bob-tail cur.

They cannot come, sweet Maid, to thee;  
Flesh, both of cur and man, is graft:  
And what's impossible can't be,  
And never, never, comes to pass!

She paces through the hall antique,  
To call her Thomas, from his toil;  
Opes the huge door: the hinges creak,  
Because the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice on the threshold of the hall,  
She—"Thomas"—cried with many a sob;  
And thrice on Bob-tail did she call,  
Exclaiming sweetly—"Bob! Bob! Bob!"—

Vain Maid! a gard'ner's corpse, 'tis said,  
In answers can but ill succeed;  
And dogs that hear, when they are dead,  
Are very cunning dogs indeed!

Back through the hall she bent her way,  
All, all was solitude around;  
The candle shed a feeble ray,  
Though a large mould of four to the pound.

Full closely to the fire she drew,  
Adown her cheek a salt tear stole;  
When, lo! a coffin out there flew,  
And in her apron burnt a hole.

Spiders their busy death-watch tick'd;  
A certain sign that fate will frown;  
The clumsy kitchen clock, too, chick'd,  
A certain sign it was not down.

More strong, and strong, her terrors rose,  
Her shadow did the maid appal;  
She trembled at her lovely nose,  
It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber damp and cold,  
She climb'd Lord Hoppergollop's stair,  
Three stories high, long, dull, and old,  
As great Lords' stories often are.

All nature now appear'd to pause;  
And—"o'er the one half world seem'd dead;"—  
No—"curtain'd sleep,"—had she; because  
She had no curtains to her bed.

Listening she lay; with iron din,  
The clock struck twelve, the door flew wide,  
When Thomas grimly glided in,  
With little Bob-tail by his side.

Tall like the poplar was his size,  
Green, green his waistcoat was, as leeks;  
Red, red as beer-root, were his eyes,  
And pale as turnips were his cheeks!

Soon as the spectre she espied,  
The fear-struck damsel faintly said,  
—"What would my Thomas?"—he replied,  
—"Oh! Molly Dumpling, I am dead!"

"All in the flower of youth I fell,  
"Cut off with healthful blossom crown'd;  
"I was not ill, but in a well,  
"I tumbled backwards, and was drown'd.

"Four fathom deep thy love doth lie,  
"His faithful dog his fate doth share;  
"We're fiends; this is not he and I,  
"We are not here, for we are there.

"Yes! two foul water-fiends are we;  
"Maid of the Moor, attend us now!  
"Thy hour's at hand, we come for thee!"—  
The little fiend-cur said,—"bow! wow!"—

"To wind her in her cold, cold grave,  
"A Holland sheet a maiden likes,  
"A sheet of water, thou shalt have;  
"Such sheets there are in Holland dykes."—

The fiends approach; the Maid did shrink,  
Swift through the night's foul air they spin,  
They took her to the green well's brink,  
And, with a louse, they plump'd her in.

So true the fair, so true the youth,  
Maids, to this day, their story tell,  
And hence the proverb rose, that truth  
Lies in the bottom of a well.



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75	Kindly, kindly, thus my treasure	297		Night o'er the World her Curtain hung	143
1	Little thinks the Towns-man's Wife,	3		Now Spring her sweets discloses,	154
	Loose ev'ry Sail to the Breeze,	4	39	No Nymph that trips the Verdant plain	155
3	Let's be jovial, fill our Glasses,	10		No more the festive train I'll join	165
4	Let Fame found her Trumpet, and cry to the War;	15	42	No, 'twas neither shape nor feature,	174
6	Look'e, dear Ma'am, I'm quite the thing,	23	44	Now safe mood'd, with bowl before us	187
7	Little Fairy, succour lend,	26	47	Now we're all met here together,	193
	Lord Thomas he was a bold Forester,	28	49	Night, to Lover's joys a Friend,	203
9	Let the Tempest of War,	34	51	Now ponder well, ye parents dear,	220
10	Let gay ones, and great,	38	55	Nine ling'ring Moon, had paid away,	234
11	Let lully old grey-beards of apathy boast,	43	59	Ned Flint was lov'd by all the Ship,	247
15	Let's feck the Bower of Robinhood,	58	62	Not drunk, nor yet sober, but brother to both,	311
24	Let ev'ry Man now give his Toast,	94	78	No eye beheld when William plung'd	358
27	Like my dear Swain no youth you'd see	106	97	Near Kew one morn was Peter born,	383
29	Let the grave, and the gay, enjoy life how they may,	114	96	"Now enter in!"—the Prior cried,	387
38	London Ladies walk the Streets,	149	97	Night scarce her mantle had withdrew,	395
39	Let others praise the lofty maid,	155	99	Now, join, we are married—and now let me say,	1
42	Lovely Virgins, in your prime,	165	1	O never be one of those sad silly fellows,	5
43	Let those who would wish to hear reason,	170	2	O Logie of Buchan! O Logie the Laird!	6
44	Love's a gentle, gen'rous passion,	173		O! the Moment was sad, when my Love and I parted,	7
46	Loud toll'd the stern bell-man of night,	183		Of all who strive to live and to thrive,	10
49	Let Sailors and Soldiers unite in this cause	193		O had I Allen Ramsay's Art,	16
51	Love, gay illusion, pleasing delusion,	201	3	Oh! how shall I in Language weak,	17
54	Let not Rage thy bosom firing,	213	4	Oh! dear what can the Matter be,	20
	Lord, what care I for Mam or Dad,	-	5	O'er barren hills and flow'ry Dales,	21
	Let Ambition fire thy Mind,	214		Oh! think on my Fate, once I Freedom enjoy'd,	22
55	Love unfetter'd is a blessing	219		One April Ev'ning when the Sun	23
62	Love's the Tyrant of the Heart,	245	6	Of as on Thames's Banks I stray,	29
64	Listen, Lords, in Bow'r and Hall	255		Of all the Girls that are so smart,	31
84	Let school-master's puzzle their brain,	333		Oh see you not yon bonny Steed,	35
86	Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,	341	8	On Tay's sweet Banks the lint-white sings so cheerily	41
94	Love was a little blooming boy,	375		O Lord what a place is a Camp!	42
95	Life's like a ship in constant motion,	378	9	O give me that social delight,	48
96	Leave, neighbours, your work, and to sport and to play,	383	11	O lay simple maid, have you form'd any Notion,	52
100	Little Mary's eye	397		On the green sedge Banks of the sweet winding Tay,	54
2	My Patie is a Lover gay,	6		Once the Gods of the Greeks, at an Ambrosial Feast,	62
	Ma chere amie, my charming fair,	7		O what joys does conquest yield,	63
6	My Love to War is going,	23		O greedy Midas I've been sold,	66
9	My Laddie has gang'd far away o'er the plain,	34	12	Outrageous did the loud Wind blow,	69
17	My former time, how brisk and gay,	66	13	Once I was a lively Lad,	70
21	My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,	83	14	O thou whose form, amid the deepest gloom,	71
25	My lodging is on the cold ground,	99	16	Oh! had I in the clear, but five hundred a year,	73
27	My Name's honest Harry, O,	105		Oh! the hours I have pass'd in the Arms of my dear	77
	My bonny Sailor won my Mind,	106		Oh! I'll have a Husband! ay, marry	79
31	My plaint in no one Pity moves,	127	17	Oh! what a Country for People to marry in,	82
33	My true hearted Fellows, who smoke with such Glee,	130	18	Of various sorts of blushing	86
36	My Love, she's but a Lassie yet,	141		O Nancy! wilt thou go with me,	87
	My Heart from my Bosom would fly	142		O Henry! didst thou know the heart,	97
37	Mark well my heavy doleful tale,	147		O Wicklow Ale, so brisk and pale,	98
42	'Midst silent shades and purling streams,	165	19	O Bonny Lads will you live in a Barrack,	99
49	Mars would oft his Conquest o'er,	194	20	On by the spur of valour goaded,	115
50	Mon cher ami! let not despair,	198		Our Wives at home, your Husband gone,	118
53	My fair One, like the blushing Rose,	209		Of Friendship I have heard much talk,	119
54	Morn shakes her Locks, the budding Rose,	215	21	Oh! Fortune, how strangely thy gifts are awarded,	86
57	My man is no more, and my dad in his grave,	225		One Summer Eve, as Nancy fair,	87
61	My native Land I bade adieu,	241	22	Our immortal Shakespear's page tells us all the World's	88
62	My Love bound me with a Kiss,	247		a Stage,	89
63	My fond Shepherds of late were so blest,	249		Our crew the pond'rous anchor hove,	97
65	My Mother oft talk'd of the Beaus of the Town	257	25	On Richmond Hill there lives a Lass,	98
67	My Pride is to hold all Mankind in my chain	267		Oh! welcome, my Aileen, the moment is blest,	99
68	Master Jenkin's snok'd his Pipe	270		One Morning very early, one Morning in the Spring,	115
69	My Daddy is gone to his Grave	273	29	Once more, good Friends, Lingo appears,	118
71	My merry Companions, so jovial and free	281	30	On Ettrick banks, in a Summer's Night,	119
73	My Wife has a Tongue as good as e'er twang'd	289		Of all the Scottish Northern Chiefs,	119



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31	O dearly do I love to rove among the Fields of Barley -	37	Roy's Wife of Aldivallech, -
34	One kind Kiss before we part -	44	Raise your hearts and your voices, assist me to sing -
	Of all the sensations pity brings -	53	Rail no more, ye learn'd Asses -
36	On the light sportive wing, at pleasure's call we fly -	61	Reil, beauteous Flow'r and bloom anew, -
	Oh! come, thou rosy God of Wine -	65	Ring the Bell, and fill the Bowl, -
37	On that lone Bank where Lubin dy'd, -	74	Rouze, rouze, brother Sportsmen, the Hounds are all out -
	O! Lovely Maid, bestow one smile -	1	Severe the pangs of slighted Love, -
38	O! Love, what the duce do you want in my bosom -		Shepherds, I have lost my Love, -
	O! see that Form that faintly gleams, -		Shepherds, I have lost my Wait, -
40	O you, whose lives on land are pass'd -		Somehow my Spindle I mislaid, -
	O why should we sorrow, who never knew sin -	2	Still let thy plaintive numbers flow, -
42	O wat ye wha's in yon town, -	3	Sweet Poil of Plymouth was my dear, -
	O! I ha'e seen the Roses blow, -	5	Spanking Jack was so comely, to brisk and so jolly -
44	One-parting Kiss, my Ethelinde, -	6	Stay, Trav'ler, tarry here to-night, -
47	On Morven's Hills where Valour rose, -	7	Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear -
50	Oh! the Maid of the Wold, how she travers'd the Land -	9	Stand to your Gunz my hearts of oak, -
	Our Grotto was the sweetest place -		Soft Zephyr oh thy balmy Wing, -
	Of all the pretty Flowers a Cowslip's my delight -	10	Stay little foolish, fluttering thing, -
	On yonder Hill a Castle stands -	13	Some run after the Buck and Doe, -
51	Oh, talk not to me of the Wealth she possesses, -	14	See the Course throng'd with gazers, the Sports are begun -
	Oh, come, my Soldier meet my sight -	20	Scarcely had the blushing morn -
52	O what pleasures will abound -		Softly blow the Evening's Breezes, -
53	O the Days when I was young, -	25	Still in hopes to get the better, -
	O Sandy, why leavest thou thy Nelly to mourn? -	25	Swains I scorn who nice and fair -
54	O, ye in youth and Beauty's pride -		Since we find upon life's stage, -
	O, lay thy head, my Baby, love, -	28	Says Plato, why should Man be vain, -
55	O Venus, beauty of the Skies, -	29	Sweet End! to Laura's bosom go, -
56	Oft does Hymen smile to hear -		Songs of Shepherds in rustic Roundelays, -
	Oh had my Love ne'er smil'd on me -		See the jolly God appears! -
57	On Monday, young Colin who liv'd in the Dale -	30	Say, lovely Maid, with downcast Eye, -
	Once, a Bee, unseen, while sleeping -	32	Soon as the busy day is o'er -
58	Oh, take this Wreath my hand has wove, -	33	Some Women take delight in dress, -
	Oh, what a Misfortune befel me to day -	34	Smiling Grog is the Sailor's best hope, -
	Our Topail's a-trip, and our Anchor's a-weigh -	35	Since Larry O'Shaughnessy first came to town -
	Oh! I am come to the Low Country, -	36	Sons of Bacchus, let's be gay -
	Owen's praise demands my Song, -	37	Say, ye Studios, grave and old, -
60	Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens' fair, -	40	Sweet is the Ship that under sail -
62	Of a worthy London Prentice -	41	See, beneath yon bower of roses, -
63	Oh, how fleeting are the Joys -	43	Soft Music! let my humble lay -
	Of Hector's Deeds did Homer sing -	46	Sleep you, or wake you, lady bright, -
66	O'er the Bowl we'll laugh and sing, -		Softly sweet the minutes glide -
67	Oh, my dear Evelin, why would you slight me, -	47	Since I'm born a mortal man, -
69	Of all the Girls in the Town -	48	Sighing never gains a Maid -
	Of all the plagues of human life -		She came from the Hills of the West, -
	Of all States in Life so various -	52	Since you mean to hire for service, -
70	Old Saturn, that Drone of a God -	53	Shine out, resplendant God of Day, -
76	On the Banks of the Ouse, where his Stream -	55	Sweetest of pretty Maids, let Cupid incline thee -
77	Oh! where, and oh! where is your highland Laddie -		Stray not to those distant scenes, -
	gone? -		Say, have you in the Village seen -
78	O'er the gloomy woods resounding -	56	Soft Fancy, thou truant to me, -
	Oh! nothing in Life can sadden us, -		Sweet Sir, for your courtesie -
	Oppress'd with Grief, oppress'd with Care, -		Shall I, wasting in despair, -
80	On every hill in every grove -	58	Summer's a pleasant time -
	Of all the Torments, all the Care, -	61	Sweet Zephyr, tho' midst Rose-buds playing, -
82	Of all sorts of drops drooping spirits to cure, -	63	Soft Invader of my Soul, -
84	Of all our fond diversions, -	64	Since robb'd of all that charms my view, -
	O'er the heath the heifer strays -	65	Since Wedlock's in vogue, and stale Virgins despised -
87	On Richmond Green, as Fame once told, -	66	Sinking in the Western Sky -
	Of wealth and ambition will tempt us to dare, -	68	Sure won't you hear what roaring cheer -
88	On Entick's green meadows where innocence reigns -		Search all the world high and low -
89	Our reck'ning we've paid, here's to all bon repos, -	70	Simple Strephon, cease complaining, -
90	Over the sunny hills I stray, -		Still to be neat, still to be dress'd, -
	O listen, to the voice of Love, -	72	Swains! we've slept and lost our love, -
92	On the whole face of Europe, in peace or in war, -		Silent I tread this lonely wood -
94	Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray, -	77	Swift Sandy! young and gay, -
96	On board the grog went cheerly round, -	80	Sweet Nelly! my heart's delight -
97	O Nightingale! who, on yon blooming spray -		Soft is the Zephyr's breezy wing -
	Oh, fear not my courage, prov'd over and over, -	81	Sweet roll the Rhine's billows, and water the plains, -
	O yes, O yes, O yes! -	86	Since at last I am Free, -
98	Oh! gentle peace with pleasing smiles, -	87	Say have you seen my Arabel, -
	Oh! why should love with tyrant sway, -		Since patents are now all the go, -
100	Of all the world's enjoyments -	89	Sure a lass in her bloom at the age of nineteen, -
	On a wild moor, all brown and bleak, -	93	See the park throng'd with beauties, the tumult's began, -
2	Peaceful slumbering on the Ocean, -	97	Sweet is the dream, divinely Sweet, -
21	Parting, to Death we will compare -		Say will you leave your lowland haunts, -
24	Puff about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the Heart, -	99	Since every charm's on earth combin'd, -
29	Poor boy! though in thy tender years, -		'Twas within a mile of Edinbro' town, -
40	Poll! dang it, how d'y'e do, -		Tho' all the employments of Life, -
41	Pour, pour me out the Parting Glas, -		The tuneful Laverocks cheer the Grove, -
43	Pray don't sleep or think, but give us some drink, -		There was an Irish lad, -
45	Partners of my toils and pleasures, -		The meadows look cheerful, -
47	Poor Orta think of Yanke dear, -		To ease my Heart I own'd my Flame, -
49	Pretty tube of mighty power, -		The smiling Morn, the breathing Spring -
51	Physicians may talk of our ills, -		The dusky Night rides down the Sky, -
53	Primroses deck'd the bank's green side -	2	'Twas near a Thicket's calm retreat, -
55	Pho! pox of this nonsense, I prithee give o'er, -		The turban'd Turk, who scorns the World, -
57	Quaff with me the purple Wine -		The Streamlet that flow'd round the Cot, -
59	Returning from the Fair one eve, -		Tho' Bacchus may boast of his care killing bowl -
61	Resplendant gleam'd the ample Moon, -		The Twins of Latona, so kind to my boon, -



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3	There's nought but care on ev'ry hand,	9	33	This, this is the Liquor of Life	130
4	'Tis in vain for succour calling—	10		Another day, 'twas in the Mead,	130
4	To Anacreon in Heav'n, where he sat in full glee	13		There was a Load of worthy fame	131
	To Bachelor's Hall we good Fellows invite,	14		The Gipsies came to our good Lord's gate;	131
	'Twas in the good Ship Rover,	16		'Twas at the cool and fragrant hour,	135
5	The wanton Goll who pierces hearts,	18	34	The Fields were gay, and sweet the Hay,	135
	The Nymph who in my bosom reigns,	19		The Sapling Oak tost in the Dell,	137
	The Traveller benighted	19		There's could hale in Aberdeen	137
	Then farewell my trim built Wherry,	20		The Yarrow Roads a right a-head,	138
	The Bells they rung all in the morn,	20		To ease his Heart and own his Flame	138
6	The swelling Canvas caught the Breeze,	22		'Twas up the Wind, three leagues and more	138
	To the Graves where sleep the Dead,	24		The Lass of Peaty's Mill, so bonny, blithe and gay,	141
7	The Soldier tird of War's alarms,	25	36	The Lawland Lads think they are fine,	141
	The Western Sky was purpled o'er	26		The foes of old England, France, Holland and Spain,	142
	The Moon had climb'd the highest hill	27	37	The Lawland Maids gan trig and fine	145
	Tho' late and early I do pad,	27		The Night when spent in golden skies	145
	Toc're was a Youth, and a well belov'd Youth,	28		The Women all tell I'm false to my Lads,	145
8	Thou tost flowing Avon, by whole silver stream	30		Tho' I'm now a very little Lad,	147
	They tell me I'm too young to wed,	30		'Twas at the Evening of a Winter's Day	154
	The Farmer's Dog leap'd over the stile,	31	39	The sails unfurl'd, the ship unmoor'd,	154
	The Virgin when iost'nd by May,	31		The wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave,	155
	The wealthy Fool with Gold in store,	33		The Heart which Love wounded,	157
9	The Wind blew hard, the Sea ran high,	35	40	Then farewell those days of glory	158
	The pale Moon in cloudless glory,	35		The Lark's shrill note awakes the morn	159
10	To die, O gentle sleep, alone,	38		The dreadful storm was o'er;	159
11	The blush of Aurora now the Morn,	41	42	'Twas at the gates of Calais, Hogarth tell,	166
	To make the most of fleeting time,	42		Thyrses, when we parted, swore,	169
	To heal the smart a Bee had made	43	43	To beauty born, a willing slave,	170
12	Tho' Leixlip may boast of its close shady Bowers	45		'Twas when the seas were roaring,	171
	'Twas in a Village near Castlebury,	46		Twelve months are pass'd, since on this strand,	171
	The moment Aurora peep'd into my room,	47		To yon dark grove Albia flew,	173
	Take, oh! take those Lips away,	49	44	Thou dear seducer of my heart,	174
	Tho' the fate of Battle on to-morrow wait,	49		'Twas in that gay time of the year	177
13	The shout is gone forth, hark the deep ringing hound	51	45	Tho' the Muses ne'er smile by the Light of the Sun	177
	This, my Lad's a Soldier's life,	51		The world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,	179
	The mind of a Woman can never be known,	51		The plague of one's life, is surely a wife,	182
14	The Hounds are out, and the Morning does peep	53	46	The night was dark, the blast blew cold,	186
	The tresses of Morning to fair,	54	47	'Twas near a sea-beat rock, reclind	187
	The silver'd Moon's sunnour'd Beam	58		Gibby Fowler, o' the glen,	189
15	The rosy dimpled God we'll drown;	61		To dear Amyrallas young Strephon had long	189
16	Thus, thus my boys, our anchor's weigh'd,	63	48	The bleak wind whistles o'er the main	190
	The Devil take the Bell to shrill,	64		The Nymphs were met upon the green	197
	Tender hearts of Dublin City—	66	50	Tho' prudence may press me	198
17	'Twas in that Season of the year	67		Thus, thus my boys, you see once more	201
	The top-sails shiver in the wind	74		To keep my gentle Jessie what labour would seem hard	202
	That Girl who fann would choose a Mate,	75	51	The Hawthorn is sweetly in bloom	206
19	The Sun set in Night, and the Stars shun the Day,	79		Then hey for a lass and a bottle to cheer,	206
	The Village Steeple tells enchee'd of England's fame,	83	52	The Lark was up, the morning grey,	213
	Time has thinnd my flowing hair,	84		The tuneful Birds, how sweet they sing	214
20	The breeze was fresh, the Ship in stays	85	54	Tho' cause for suspicion appears	217
21	Thro' France, thro' all the German regions,	85		The pride of all Nature was sweet Willy, O,	219
	The north-east Wind did briskly blow,	87		The merry dance I dearly love,	222
22	'Tis said of venturous Sailors, when we leave the shore	87	55	This bottle's the Sun of our table	223
	There's something in kissing I cannot tell why,	90		Tell me, my lute, can thy fond strain	226
	The jealous lover's pangs are poignant,	91	56	Turn thee round, I pray thee	235
	The wandering Sailor, ploughs the main,	93		'Twas rosy morn, when chaste Diana bright	237
23	To my Muse give attention and deem it not a mystery,	95		Thou canst not boast of Fortune's store	239
	Tell me, Lasses, have you seen,	96	57	That all men are Beggars, we plainly may see	243
	The Fields were green, the Hills were gay,	101		To be sure I don't love in my heart, now	245
	The echoing Horn calls the Sportman abroad,	103	58	The infant spring returns again,	246
	The view of Manors stretch'd afar, will not soothe sorrow's pow'r:	105	59	Tell me, Debs, c. arriving fair	249
24	The Stag thro' the Forest, when round by the Horn,	108	60	The gentle Swain, with graceful pride,	250
	The silver Moon that shines so bright,	109		The spring time returns, and cloaths the green plains	250
	The sweet rosy Morning preps over the Hills,	110	61	The Bird that hears her Neffings cry,	255
	Thou rising Sun, whose gladsome ray,	111	62	The card invites, in crowds we fly	257
	'Tis woman that seduces all mankind,	113		The Man who with a gentle heart,	259
	Tho' still so young, and scarce sixteen,	114	63	The fragrant Lily of the Vale,	261
	'Twas post Meridian, half past four	103		There, there b-b-old the Mighty Bowl	263
	'Tis Night, and on the Hill of Storms,	105		The whims of Folks in love to know,	263
26	To peer my love with glances fair;	108	66	These Mortals fly right, in their jowl abode,	263
	This cold flinty heart it is you that have warn'd	109		Can years like Troy, my stubborn heart,	263
	The sea-worn Tar who in the war	110		'Tis a maxim I hold, whilst I live to pursue,	270
27	The Irish Giant you shall find,	111	68	The gay Diddle Diddle, had now string his fiddle,	275
	There came a Ghost to Mag'ret's door	113	69	'Twas in his Vessel a long when gentle breezes blow,	278
28	'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling Stars	114	70	'Tis not my Patty's sparkling Eyes	279
	The hardy Sailor braves the Ocean,	118		The morning young Jockey could make me his bride	285
	'Twas learned a pretty song in France,	121		The rain run down through Murry-land toane	287
	The thund'ring Drums did beat to battle,	125	72	'Tis in vain for succour calling,	291
29	Tell me, babbling Echo, why	126		The Romans in England they once did sway	293
	'Twas near a pulsing river side,	127	73	Tho' I sweep to and fro' old Iron to find	299
	The Night was still the Air serene,	128	74	The first time at the looking glass	299
30	The last time I came o'er the Muir,	129	75	Tho' my Dad I must own is out poor,	303
31	'Twas at break of day we spy'd	129		The winds whistled thrilly, chuff rain down was stream-	304
32	Tho' late I was plump, round and jolly	129		ing,	309
	'Tis for Landmen to prate, such trifling I hate,	129	76	The Music's prepared, hands and sticks are at work	310
	The busy Crew their sails unbending,	129		The Village Bell with awful sound,	310
	The Knight stands in the stable door;	129	78	Ton Starboard was a Lower true,	310
33	The silver rain, the pearly dew,	129		The British Tar no par'l knows	310
				The winter of dulness is o'er,	310



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79	The Baron of Sinaylhone rose with the day	16	When my money was gone which I gain'd in the war,
80	'Twas in June, rosy June	17	When first I flipp'd my leading strings,
	'Tis Money that seduces all mankind		When the Rose is in bud, and blue Violet's blow,
	'Tis Wine that clears the understanding		When I lovely woman doops toilly,
82	'Twas at the silent solemn hour,		When foolish man consents to marry,
83	To the chafe, to the chafe, on the brow of the hill,	18	When Edward first heard Poll of Plymouth was dead
	Together let us range the fields,	19	Why swells my wavy burnish'd grain,
84	There was an old man, and though it's not common,		Well met, jolly fellows, well met;
	The water rush'd, the water swell'd,		When Jove was resolv'd to create the round earth,
85	The hunters are up, and the ruddy fac'd morn,		With gentle murmurs flow'd the tide,
86	The world may go hunting for money or fame,		Will you hear how once repining,
87	The deck was clean'd, the gallant band	20	When I think on your truth I can doubt you no more,
89	The broom blam'd to flesh and to fair,		What should Sailors do on shore,
	There was Dorothy Dump, would natter and mump,	21	Wherever I'm going and all the day long,
	There is one thing, my friends, I must offer to you,		Water parted from the Sea,
90	The day is departed, and round from the cloud,		With early horn, salute the morn,
	The knight laid his head upon Elvira's Hoh,		When I drain the rosy bowl,
92	The face of bold Captain Megan,	22	When cheerful day began to dawn,
	That money makes the mare go,		When first I was inclin'd, I was both young and gay,
94	The rose had been wash'd—just wash'd in a shower,	24	Where new mown hay on banks of Tay,
	The passing bell was heard to toll!	25	What wakes this new pain in my breast
95	The wind blew a blust from the northward,		When the rough north forgets to howl,
	Tho' the language of friendship is sweet,	26	With woman and wine, I defy ev'ry care
97	Twilight glimmers o'er the steep:		When I took my departure from Dublin's sweet town,
	The first of my pranks was at little Rathshane,	27	Wanton Cupid, cease to hover
	Tom Truelove woo'd the sweetest fair,		Where craggy Cliffs o'er hang the Main
98	The burbling tear that soon must flow,	28	With the Sun I rise at morn,
99	The darkness which hung upon Willumberg's walls	29	When Zephyr, who sighs for the Lover's soft bliss,
	They lighted up a taper at the dead of night,	30	Where the Bee sucks, there lurk I,
100	To the maid that I love simple city's dear,		When trees did bud, and fields were green
	The blossoms bluish on ev'ry spray,		When peace here was reigning
6	Under the Greenwood tree,		When rural Lads and Lasses gay,
13	Up among yon cliffy rocks,	31	When first I saw the Village Maiden,
75	Upon a fair morning, for soft recreation		While little, on the Village Green
93	Uprose the King of Men with speed,		When lovely Anna first I view'd,
95	Unhappy Cull of Idleness!	34	When Fancy roves in a rambling Dream
12	Vainly now you strive to charm me,		When last from the Straits we had fairly cast anchor
63	Vain is Beauty's gaudy Flow'r,		What argues pride and ambition
1	When Bibbo thought fit from this world to retreat		When fairly gleams the doubtful day,
	When William at Eve meets me down at the stile,	35	When Donald first came wooing me
2	What Virgin or Shepherd of valley or grove,		When vapours o'er the Meadows die,
	With care I search'd the village round,	36	When Werter fair Charlotte beheld,
	When bidden to the wake or fair,	37	Why is Love so pail defining
	When isles hang upon the wall,	38	When dread Bellona sounds to Arms,
	When Orpheus went down to the regions below,		When the Men a courting came
	When first this humble roof I knew,	39	When whistling winds are heard to blow,
3	While the Lads of the village thall merrily ah!		We Soldier's drink, we Soldiers drink,
	While some for pleas're pawn their Health,	40	Within this breast the record lies,
	When I was a young one, what girl was like me,		With mingled sound of drum and fife,
	With my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the other,	41	When war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me,
	With Village Maids I stray,		When I was young, tho' now an old,
	When first you count'd me,		When rous'd by the trumpet's loud clangour to arms
4	When the Fancy stirring Bowl		Why drink, and we'll never have done, boys,
	When the Anchor's weight'd, and the Ship's unmoor'd	42	Why, my swains, so blithe and clever,
	When on board our trim Vessel we joyously sail'd,	43	Whither, my love, ah! whither art thou gone?
5	Will you hear of a Spanish Lady,		When Yanko, dear, fight far away,
6	When 'tis night and the mid watch is come		Whilst some in epic strains delight,
	When scarce a Handspike high,	45	When Phœbus the tops of the Hills does adorn,
	Were I laid on Greenland's coast,	46	When you shall hear the sound of joy,
	Were I oblig'd to oeg my Bred,	47	When bick'ring hot to high words got,
7	When gen'rous wine expands the soul,		We be Soldiers three
	Whilst happy in my native land,		When I quaff the rosy wine,
	What cheerful sounds salute our ears,	49	When Chloe try'd her Virgin Fires
8	When waken'd by the Convent Bell,		When o'er the world the heedless lamb,
	What a charming thing's a Battle,	50	When the rosy morn appearing,
	When thou art absent,	53	What Bard, O Time, discover,
10	When I awake with painful brow,		Where is Pleasure? tell me where,
	Where shall Celia fly for shelter,	54	Whilst on thy dear bosom lying
11	Were I a Shepherd's Maid to keep,		Would you know my dear friends what the Honey
	What cheer, b other Tars! our toils are all o'er		Moon is
12	While up the throats the Sailor goes,	55	When Fanny, blooming fair,
	When once the Gods like us below,	56	Would you taste the Noontide Air,
	With tuneful pipe and merry glee,		What beauties does Flora disclose,
	When Molly smiles beneath her cow,	57	When learning and science were both sunk in night,
	When all was wrapt in dark midnight	58	When I was a younker, I first was apprentice,
13	With hounds and with horn each rosy morn,		Whilst a captive to your charms
	While Autumn weighs down the late year,	59	When first I kenn'd young Sandy's face
14	When I was at home, I was merry and frisky,		When first young Harry told his tale,
	When Sleep has clos'd the Traveller's Eyes,		Where Lowefrost waxes its yellow corn,
	We Bivets made up of frail clay,		Where hanging angry winter's storms,
	When I comes to town with a load of hay,	60	When first upon your tender cheek,
	Willy was a wanton wag,		When Mirth an Infant sleeping lay,
	When courted by Strephon, what pains then he took,		When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
15	When over the mountain's brow, peeps the young morn,		With Delia could I ever stay,
	While over the tremulous fœ,	61	Why heaves my fond bosom, ah! what can it mean,
	When I was a younker and liv'd with my dad,		When Nights were cold, and rain and sleet,
	When Dazies py'd, and Violets blue,	62	Were I to choofe the greatest bliss,
	Would you hear a story of woe,		While frequent on Tweed and on Tay,
	When Troy town, for ten years wars,		Wind, gentle Evergreen, to form a shade



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63	Wine, wine does wonders ev'ry day	- 250	1	Young I am, and fore afraid,	- 2
	Wine's a Mistress gay and easy	-		Youth's the season made for joys,	-
64	When Fairies dance round on the grass,	- 253	2	Young donald is the blithest lad,	- 8
	With the man that I love were I destin'd to dwell	-	7	Ye Sportsmen draw near, and ye Sportswomen too,	- 25
65	With your Wife, Sir, ne'er dispute	- 258	8	Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and ask'd me for his	-
66	Wine, wine in the morning makes us frolic and gay,	- 261		bride,	- 31
	When Caliope and Cleo to Britain's rude Isle,	-	9	Ye gloomy thoughts, ye fears perverse,	- 33
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67	What beauties does my Nymph disclose	- 267	11	You know I'm your Priest, and your conscience's	-
	When Arthur first in court began	- 268		priest,	- 41
68	Would you the charming Queen of Love	- 271	14	Young Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so fair	- 55
	When as in fair Jerusalem	- 272	15	Ye lads and ye lasses so buxom and clever,	- 57
69	Whilst on my dear Pudding feasting	- 273	16	Ye Nymphs and ye Shepherds who join in the throng	- 63
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71	When Greeks and Trojans fell at strife	- 284		Your worship your wings may clap,	- 71
72	Well met my good friends to the laudable ends,	- 286	19	Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now,	- 73
73	When I was a mighty small Boy,	- 289		Young Virgins love pleasure as Misers do treasure,	- 75
	When V and I together meet	-	20	Ye Gods! ye gave to me a wife,	- 79
76	Wully is a bonny Lad,	- 301	25	Ye children of pity, ye great folks and small	- 97
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77	When a happy, single fellow	- 305	28	Ye Highlands and ye Lawlands, O whar hae ye been	- 112
78	Why, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,	- 309	33	Yet, tho' I've no Fortune to offer,	- 130
79	When first from Kilkenny, as fresh as a daisy	- 313	35	Ye Gales that gently wave the Sea,	- 138
	When fond emotion swells the Heart,	-	37	Young Lubin was a Shepherd boy,	- 146
80	When I was a Chit, just enter'd my teens	- 317	38	Young Colin was as blithe a lad,	- 150
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81	Wife Thales, the Father of all—concluded in No. 82	- 321	42	Yes, 'twas Friendship did unite us	- 165
82	The foregoing concluded	- 325	46	Ye winds, to whom Colin complains	- 182
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83	When love gets into a youthful brain,	- 329	48	Young I am, and yet unskill'd	- 191
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84	With a merry tale	- 334	52	You the point may carry	- 205
85	When wild war's deadly blast was blown,	- 339		Ye sober good People, and Dram drinking Folk	- 206
86	When first I came to be a man,	- 343	54	You say, at your feet that I wept in despair	- 215
87	What would you do with me? I can go no further?	- 345	55	Ye Lads of true spirit, pay courtship to Claret,	- 219
	When my locks are grown hoaty, and my visage looks	-		pale,	- 220
	pale,	- 346	57	Ye mountains so dreary and dread	- 225
	What cheer, my honest messmates,	-	58	Your Molly has never been false she declares,	- 230
	When fair Susana I left with a heart full of woe,	- 347		You who hunt after Fortune, attend	- 231
	When I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,	-		Young Damon of the Vale is dead,	- 235
88	Where fragrant breezes sigh'd through orange bowers	- 352		Ye Stream that round my prison creep,	-
89	When meek eye'd Aurora was dressed,	- 353	59	Ye dull sleeping Mortals of ev'ry degree	- 235
	Where yon proud turrets crown the rock,	- 356	60	Ye warblers, while Strephon I moan	- 238
90	When late I wander'd o'er the plain,	- 359		Young Will of the Green, is the Lad to my mind	-
	When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,	-	61	Ye sons of Hibernia, who, sing on dry land,	- 242
91	While pensive I thought on my love,	- 361		You, beauteous Ladies, great and small	-
	When I was at home as the lark I was gay,	-	65	Young Jockey fought my heart to win	-
	While o'er the raging, roaring seas	-	67	Ye verdant woods and chrystal streams	-
	When in order drawn up, and adorn'd in his best,	- 362	69	Yes, ev'ry Flower that blows	- 270
	When morn her sweets shall first unfold,	- 363	70	Ye mortals whom trouble and sorrow attend,	- 278
	When up to London first I came,	-		Young Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill	- 279
92	Will you come to the bow'r, I have shaded for you,	- 365	72	You say she's fair, 'tis no such matter	- 285
	When Aurora is up, the sweet goddess of day,	-	73	Ye swains who are courting a maid,	- 291
93	When kind friends expect a song,	- 369	74	Young Smart who prince of Coxcombs shines	- 294
	When in war on the ocean, we meet the proud foe,	- 371		Young Barnwall comes to thee,	- 295
95	When first a babe upon the knee,	- 377	75	Ye blithest Lads, and Lasses gay	- 297
	Why how now, Sir Pilgrim? why shake you with	-		Ye gentle Gales that fan the Air,	-
	dread?	- 379	76	You that love mirth, attend to my song	- 302
97	What matter's Tom, to where we're bound,	- 385	79	Ye good fellows all	- 314
99	When last honest Jack, of whose fate I now write,	- 394		Young Damon has woo'd me, a monstrous long time	-
	When the bonny grey morning just peeps thro' the	-	91	You tell me dear girl that I'm given to rove,	- 361
	skies,	- 395	93	You bid my fair conceal my love,	- 369
	When Edward left his native plain,	-	94	You say my cottage's incomplete,	- 374
		-	96	Yes Beda,—This, Beda, when I melancholy grow,	- 382



















