





*Miss Tyrer? ~*

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THE

Vol 5 (4)

SKY-LARK,

BEING

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF THE MOST FAVOURITE

SONGS,

SUNG AT THE THEATRES, VAUXHALL,  
SADLER'S WELLS, CIRCUS, AND OTHER  
PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

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THE  
SKY-LARK.

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THE SMUGGLER.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, in his new Entertainment, called Hospitality.

‘T WAS one morn when the wind from the northward  
blew keenly,

While sullenly roar’d the big waves of the main,  
A fam’d smuggler, Will Watch, kiss’d his Sue, then  
serenely

Took helm, and to sea boldly steer’d out again.

Will had promis’d his Sue, that this trip, if well ended,

Shou’d coil up his hopes, and he’d anchor on shore;  
When his pockets were lined why his life should be  
mended,

For the laws he had broken he’d never break more.

His seaboat was trim, made her port, took her lading,

Then Will stood for home, reach’d her offing and  
cried,

This night, if I’ve luck, furls the sails of my trading,

In dock I can lay, serve a friend too beside.

Will lay to, till the night came on darksome and dreary

To croud ev'ry sail, then he pip'd up each hand :

But a signal soon spied, 'twas a prospect uncheery,

A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, cries Will, well take no heed  
on't,

Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his gun

Shou'd my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the  
need on't,

We'll fight when we can, when we can't, boys, we'll  
run.

Through the haze of the night, a bright flash now  
appearing.

Oh ! no ! cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear  
down,

Bear a hand, my tight lads, e'er we think about sheering

One broadside pour in, shou'd we swim boys or drown.

But shou'd I be pop'd off, you my mates left behind  
me,

Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obeyed,

Let no stone mark the spot, and my friends, do you  
mind me,

Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch  
wou'd be laid.

Poor Will's yarn was spun out---for a bullet next mi-  
nute

Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke  
more,

His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remain'd  
in it,

Then sheer'd---and Will's hulk to his Susan they  
bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with,  
 To few known his grave, and to few known his end,  
 He was borne to the earth, by the crew that he died  
 with,  
 He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each  
 friend ;  
 Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly  
 bellow ;  
 Yon ash struck with light'ning points out the cold  
 bed,  
 Where Will Watch the bold smuggler, that fam'd  
 lawless fellow,  
 Once fear'd, now forgot, sleeps in peace with  
 the dead.

---

### THE PILOT.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in the same.

WHEN lightnings pierce the pitchy sky,  
 And o'er the ocean's bosom fly,  
 While roaring waves each other whelm,  
 The hardy pilot takes the helm.  
 He puts to sea, resolv'd to save,  
 Or perish in the briny wave.  
 The signals of distress he hears,  
 And to the found'ring vessel steers,  
 He loudly hails th' exhausted crew,  
 Who cheer'd by him their toils renew,  
 And bless the pilot come to save,  
 Or perish in the briny wave.  
 They work the pumps with double force,  
 He calmly points the helmsman's course,  
 His steady orders all obey,  
 And now the vessel on her way,

Pursues the pilot bent to save,  
Or perish in the briny wave.

With anxious care her course they keep,  
She struggling rides the angry deep :  
In smoother water soon she sails,  
The crew huzza, then warmly hails  
The hardy pilot, bent to save,  
Or perish in the briny wave.

---

# COME MEASTERS I BE'S GOING TO SING.

Come measters I be's going to sing,  
At least be's going to try,  
Some volk can chaunt like any thing,  
And some like you and I,  
Some sing to please your volk of taste,  
And some to please themselves,  
And so I sing the time to waste,  
As on I digs and delves.

And sometimes as I works away,  
Strange thoughts come cross my head,  
As how most volks, as I may say,  
For pastime dig, or bread ;  
'The rake he nightly digs his grave,  
Your over crafty elf  
Digs deep, and most times just to have,  
A pit to catch himself.

The lawyer digs a cunning snare,  
To catch a cliant's fee,  
And then, by way of neighbour's fare,  
The devil digs for he.  
So now I've spoke my meaning flat,  
We're delvers great and small,  
Some digs for this thing, some for that,  
But sexton digs for all.

**HAIL! TO THE MERRY HARVEST HOME.**

Sung by Mr. Incledon,

**HAIL!** hail to the merry harvest home,

To sports and song and nappy ale ;

Let ev'ry friend and neighbour come,

No proud distinction here prevail.

The master and the humble hind

Here pass the jest with equal glee,

The wife is as the master kind,

And all is hospitality.

Hail, &amp;c.

Now rustic Robin sings of love,

And giggling Jane approves the lay,

Anon the merry dancers move,

While gaily glide the hours away. Hail, &amp;c.

United each tongue, unlock'd each heart,

Good humour uncorrupted flows,

No grief till daylight bids them part,

Such joys the harvest home bestows.

Hail, &amp;c.

---

**I'M NOT READY.**

Sung by Mrs. Franklin, at Vauxhall. j

To wed me Harry often vow'd,

Yet such delay repeated shew'd,

I thought him quite unsteady,

He press'd me to go here and there,

But I, impress'd with doubt and fear,

Cried, ' Harry, I'm not ready :'

' Then pray make haste ;'

But, to the last,

I answer'd, I'm not ready.

Still, still he vow'd that he was true,  
 And ask'd me why so cross I grew ?  
 ' Because, Hal, you're not steady :'  
 ' Come, then to church, my love,' cried he,  
 ' To wed, and prove my constancy ;'  
 I instantly was ready ;  
 I made such haste,  
 And dress'd so fast,  
 I instantly was ready.

---

## THE BOY IN YELLOW WINS THE DAY

Sung by Miss Decamp.

WHEN first I strove to win the prize,  
 I felt my youthful spirit rise ;  
 Hope's crimson flush illum'd my face,  
 And all my soul was in the race,  
 When weigh'd and mounted, 'twas my pride,  
 Before the starting post to ride ;  
 My rival's drest in red and green,  
 But I in simple yellow seen.

In stands around fair ladies swarm,  
 And mark with smiles my slender form ;  
 Their lovely looks new ardor raise,  
 For beauty's smile is merit's praise !  
 The flag is dropt—the sign to start—  
 Away more fleet than winds we dart ;  
 And tho' the odds against me lay,  
 The boy in yellow wins the day !

Tho' now no more we seek the race,  
 I trust the jockey keeps his place ;  
 For still to win the prize, I feel  
 An equal wish, an equal zeal ;

And still can beauty's smile impart  
 Delightful tremors thro' this heart :  
 Indeed, I feel it flutter now—  
 Yes—while I look, and while I bow !

My tender years must vouch my truth—  
 For candor ever dwells with youth ;  
 Then sure the sage might well believe  
 A face—like mine—could ne'er deceive.  
 If here you o'er a match should make,  
 My life upon my luck I'll stake ;  
 And 'gainst all odds, I think you'll say,  
 The boy in yellow wins the day.

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### THE SHIP ON FIRE.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

FROM Plymouth in the Vulcan we set sail,  
 Three hundred was the number of her crew ;  
 We left Old England with a fine brisk gale ;  
 And sighing bade our girls a long adieu.  
 For five long months propitious prov'd the wind,  
 That swiftly bore us o'er the billowy main.  
 Thus all, went cheerily, for fate was kind,  
 Each thought to see his native land again.  
 Now mark the change ; 'twas midnight, and the blast  
 In fury drove us o'er the foaming flood,  
 With blackest horror was the sky o'ercast,  
 When, io ! the cry was heard, that thrill'd our  
 blood :  
 “ To work, all hands, to work ; she's fir'd below ;  
 “ Secure the gun-room, or we'er blown on high ;  
 “ Pour on yet faster, let the torrents flow,  
 “ For see the curling flames mount to the sky.”

"Heave o'er the boat," the gallant Captain cried ;  
 "Let's save at least some sturdy hearts and true."  
 The boat was hove, but danger all defied :  
 "Good captain, we'll not budge, but die with you."  
 Then down we knelt, and pray'd to heav'n for grace,  
 "Have mercy on us, since all hope is past."  
 Each rose, and gave his fellow one embrace ;  
 Then plunging 'mid the billows sought his last.

To splinters was the vessel instant blown ;  
 The crash still added to the tempest's roar ;  
 I saw my messmates struggling, heard them groan,  
 While clinging to a plank, I gain'd the shore.  
 Thus of three hundred, I alone am left  
 To tell our hopes, our fears, and perils dire ;  
 To paint a seaman's anguish, when bereft  
 Of friends and messmates by consuming fire.

*Shamrock*

### THE IRISH GARDENER.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, at Drury-lane.

Of all trades, my dear cratur, a gard'ner's the best ;  
 Och he bothers your hearts and he gives you no rest,  
 Till he makes you both jolly and gay.  
 With his raking he ne'er can disturb his wife's head,  
 Though faith, painted ladies are found in his bed,  
 Who with sweetness add joy to the day.  
 Then a gard'ner so rare  
 Is the lad for the fair.  
 With a rigdum, jigdum, rake about ho !  
 Dig away, delve away, drive away care ;  
 A gard'ner's the lad for the lasses.



No sad losses or crosses in trade he can rue,  
For hasn't he balsam and balm in his view ?

Of his riches I'll give you a hint ;  
If he husbands his thyme well, a plumb he can raise ;  
To be sure he can't manage the stocks if he please,  
Nor draw as he likes on the mint.

Then a gard'ner so rare  
Is the lad for the fair, &c.

" Then listen, dear girls, and my story believe,  
" All the comforts of life a brisk gard'ner can give ;  
" His strong box is a source of delight !  
" While his honesty thrives he no medlars need fear,  
" Then ne'er leave such worth the green willow to wear.  
" But let lad's-love all pleasures unite."

For a gard'ner so rare  
Is the lad for the fair, &c.

# A GIRL, A BUMPER, AND A FRIEND.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone, at Drury-lane.

AN Irish lad's a jolly boy,  
Full of frolic, mirth, and fun ;  
Wine and women all his joy,  
And from a foe he'll never run.  
And whether he is rich or not,  
He ne'er feels discontent at all,  
For when he cash in store has got,  
Ne'er rests till he has spent it all.

Och so frisky,  
Fond of whiskey,  
Joy is never at an end ;

Love's his boast,  
And this his toast,

A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.

- " How free from care's an Irish boy !  
 " A foe to all formality,  
 " A social life his only joy,  
 " His motto—Hospitality.  
 " His monarch too he'll dearly love,  
 " His measures, 'faith he'll back 'em all ;  
 " And as for foes, he'll quickly prove  
 " How naitly he can whack 'em all.  
 " He'll dance and sing,  
 " God save the King,  
 " Success the noble crown attend ;  
 " All cares deride,  
 " No wish beside  
 " A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend."

In me you see an Irish lad,  
 Content to please, and willing Och,  
 Who laughs when comfort's to be had,  
 And pays while he's a shilling, Och.  
 Then take my hand, Oh, Fanny, love,  
 And make no further pother, Och ;  
 My heart is your's—Things clearly prove  
 We're made for one another, Och,  
 We'll sing and play,  
 No larks more gay,  
 Our joy shall never have an end ;  
 No wish beside  
 Our fireside,  
 My Wife, a Bumper, and a Friend



# THE MORN UNBARS THE GATES OF LIGHT.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

THE morn unbars the gates of light,  
 The landscape smiles in beauty bright,  
 The nightingales now swell their throats,  
 And on the wings of silence floats.  
 Hark ! the huntsman's horn so shrill,  
 The woods around with echoes fill !  
 Each sportsman mounts his panting steed ;  
 And o'er the trembling earth they speed ;  
     The welkin resounds  
     With horns and with hounds.  
     Tantara, tantara, tantara, &c.

The stag pursues his eager flight,  
 The hunters keep their prey in sight ;  
 The staunch old pack, with wond'rous speed,  
 Rush forward o'er each plain and mead.  
 Hark ! hark ! the huntsman blows his horn !  
 The stag's at bay—his fate forlorn !  
 The trembling tear steals from his eyes,  
 And lost in grief the antler dies.  
     The welkin resounds  
     With horns and with hounds,  
     Tantara, &c.

---

NED GROGAN.

Sung by Mr. Slader, at Astley's.

NED Grogan, dear joy, was the son of his mother,  
 And as like her it seems, as one pea to another ;  
 But to find out his dad, he was put to the rout,  
 As many folks wiser have been, joy, no doubt.

To this broth of a boy oft his mother would say,  
 ' When the moon shines, my jewel, be making you  
 hay ;

Always ask my advice, when the business is done :  
 For two heads, sure, you'll own is much better than  
 one.'

Spoken.]—So Neddy taking it into his pate to fetch  
 a walk over to England, stepped to ask the advice of  
 his second head ; but by St. Patrick, a drop of the  
 cratur had made her speechless, and so being dead  
 into the bargain, all that he could get out of her  
 was

Phililu, bodderoo, whack, gramachree.

Ned's mother being wak'd, to England he came, Sir  
 Big with hopes of promotion, of honor, and fame  
 Sir,

Where a snug birth he got, d'ye mind, by my soul,  
 To be partner, dear joy, with a knight of the pole :  
 For Larry to teach him his art proving willing,  
 Soon learnt him the changes to ring with a shilling,  
 And that folks when not sober are easily won ;  
 Which proves that two heads, joy, are better than one

Spoken.]—Och, to be sure and they didn't carry on a  
 roaring trade, till Larry having the misfortune to  
 take a drop too much at the Old Bailey, poor  
 Grogan was once more left alone to sing

Phililu, bodderoo, &c.

Left alone, sure, O'Grogan set up for himself,  
 Got a partner, and 'twixt them got plenty of pelf ;  
 And because he was pleased with a bachelor's life,  
 Married Katty O'Doody, who made him her wife.

For some time they play'd, joy, like kittens so frisky,  
Till Katty, Och hone, took to drinking of whiskey ;  
Sold his sticks, and away with his partner did run,  
Proving still that two heads are much better than one.

spoken.]—Och, bad luck to her ! cried Grogan ; to be sure I took her for better or worse ; but since she's proved all worse and no better, faith her loss makes me sing  
Phililu, bodderoo, &c.

## THE YORKSHIRE MAN.

Sung by Mr. Emery.

My father, who always knew what he were at,  
A cunning and good-natur'd elf;  
Bid me take care o' this thing, and take care o' that;  
But, says I, I'll take care of myself.  
So I ventur'd fra' Yorkshire to better my lot,  
And since 'twas my fortune to come to this spot,  
I'm vastly well pleas'd wi' the place I ha' got,  
Where I sing fal de ral, &c.  
Since money, they say, makes the mare for to go,  
Getting money must be the best plan;  
And as Yorkshiremen understand horses, you know,  
On my hobby I'll keep while I can.  
This ground is all fair, and I fear not a jot;  
There'll be no falling off, if I don't spur too hot;  
And when luck doesn't gallop, she's welcome to trot,  
While I'm singing fal de ral, &c.  
And when I get married, for marry I must,  
As soon as I find out a lass,  
She'll meet wi' a pretty good husband, I trust,  
And wi' her I'll ha' plenty o' brass.

I'm not hard to please when I'm chusing, d'ye see ;  
 She mun come o' good kin ; and besides, she mun be  
 For beauty, why—just such another as me.

While I sing, &c

## THE PLEASURE OF A TEAR.

Sung by Miss Davies.

SWEET is the tear that kindly flows  
 To give the heart relief,  
 And bid the wounds of sorrow close,  
 And sooth the pangs of grief.  
 Weep on then, Laura, since the tear,  
 Thy silent woe beguiles,  
 The sooner shall thy bosom cheer,  
 The brighter be thy smiles.

When the big rain-drops dim the rose,  
 The passing shower once fled,  
 With tints of fresher bloom it glows,  
 And lifts its drooping head :  
 But when with inly canker worn,  
 It fades, its beauties fly—  
 Hopeless it droops at eve, at morn,  
 For then it droops to die.

## BRITONS UNITED MUST PREVAIL.

Sung by Mr. Braham in the Comic Opera of Thirty Thousand.

My ship's my house, my home, my land,  
 My family not few,  
 My children those whom I command,  
 A bold and jolly crew ;  
 And while together thus we sail,  
 Britons, united, must prevail.





A Bashaw with three tails, Sir, one very great man,  
 Once ask me to free him—Says I if I can ;  
 So he slip me one purse, de next morn he was fled,  
 And one other captive was kill'd in his stead.

With my chick, &c.

Thus me serva my massa, and helpa myself,  
 And where is de harm, Sir, to pocket de pelf ?  
 No great man, I'm sure, should you shew him a fee,  
 Would think it was wrong to have acted like me.

With de chick, &c.

### IN THE BAY OF BISCAY O !

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in the Operatic Sketch of Spanish Dollars.

LOUD roar'd the dreadful thunder,

The rain a deluge show'rs !

The clouds were rent asunder,

By light'ning's vivid pow'rs !

The night, both drear and dark,

Our poor devoted bark,

Till next day, there she lay

In the bay of Biscay O !

Now dash'd upon the billow,

Our op'ning timbers creak ;

Each fears a wat'ry pillow,

None stop the dreadful leak !

To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,

Each breathless seaman crowds,

As she lay, till the day,

In the bay of Biscay O !

At length the wish'd for morrow

Broke through the hazy sky ;

Absorb'd in silent sorrow,

Each heav'd the bitter sigh :



The dismal wreck to view,  
 Struck horror to the crew,  
 As she lay, on that day,  
 In the Bay of Biscay O!

Her yielding timbers sever,  
 Her pitchy seams are rent :  
 When Heav'n, all-bounteous ever,  
 Its boundless mercy sent !  
 A sail in sight appears,  
 We hail her with three cheers !  
 Now we sail, with the gale,  
 From the bay of Biscay O!

### A REPLY TO INVADERS.

Sung by Mr. Makeen, at the Royal Circus, in the Ballet of Imogen.

SURE Britain's a snug little isle of itself !  
 Where no one in his senses supposes,  
 We with Roman or Frenchman would barter our pelf,  
 Just to wear on our faces our noses !  
 No tho' we oft squabble, in this all agree,  
 We're too tough to be ever degraded ;  
 And thousands there are ten times tougher than me ;  
 Who'll die ere our kingdom's invaded !  
 I put but this question, for what should we pay ?  
 If daylight we ask'd, could you grant it ?  
 The moon could you put in your pocket, I pray  
 Or hide the bright sun in a blanket !  
 No, no, and you've now got your answer I trust,  
 So prithee don't take what thou'st heard ill,  
 For e'er we pay tribute, e'en beat us you must  
 Boldly cut of our salt watergirdle,  
 For tho' we oft squabble, in this all agree, &c.

## OFT' I'D WET THE T'OTHER EYE.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

WHEN a happy single fellow,  
 Mirth each moment did employ ;  
 Full of frolic, sportive, mellow,  
 Oft' I'd wet the t'other eye.

Rosey, cosey,  
 Quaffing, laughing,  
 Friends abounding,  
 Sorrow drowning ;  
 That was life, or may I die,  
 Rattling, ringing,  
 Roaring, singing,  
 Gingling glasses,  
 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.

Rosey, cosey, &amp;c.

Now a bride's brisk tittle tattle,  
 Added to my comrades jeers,  
 Is the noisy prittle prattle,  
 Always dinning in my ears.

Spoken.]—(Now it's no more) Rosey, cosey, &c.

## SONG.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett, in the Musical Farce of Out of Place.

OH ! father had a jolly knack  
Of cooking up an almanack.

He could tell,

Very well,

Of eclipses and wars,  
Of Venus and Mars,  
When plots were prevented,  
Penny Posts were invented,  
Of Rome's dire reproaches,  
And the first hackney coaches.

And he always foresaw  
There'd be frost or be thaw,  
Much sun, or much sleet,  
Much rain, or much heat,  
On the fourth or the seventh,  
The fifth or eleventh ;  
The tenth, or the fifteenth,  
The twentieth, or sixteenth.

But, to guard against laughter,

He wisely did guess,

There's be more or less,

Day before, or day after.

Oh ! father had a jolly knack, &c.

He could tell,

Very well,

Of aches, and of pains  
In the loins and the reins,  
In the hips and the toes,  
In the back and the nose ;

Of a red-letter day,  
 When school-boys might play :  
 When tempests wou'd clatter,  
 When earthquakes would shatter,  
 When comets would run,  
 And the world be undone :  
 But, yet, still there was laughter,  
 For people would cry,  
 Though he says we're to die,  
 It may be to-day, or day after.  
     Light and dark,  
     High-water mark,  
     Signs the skies in,  
     Southing—rising,  
     Verse terrific,  
     Hieroglyphic—  
     Astronomical,  
     All so comical,  
 Oh ! father had a jolly knack.  
 Of cooking up an almanack.

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### THE BEGGAR.

Written and Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

WHY, good people all, at what do you pry,  
 Is't the stump of my arm, or my leg,  
 Or the place where I lost my good-looking eye,  
 Or is it to see me beg ?  
 Lord love you, hard fortune is nothing at all,  
 And he's but a fool and a dunce  
 Who expects, when he's running full but 'gainst a wall,  
 Not to get a good rap on the sconce.

If beg, borrow, or steal, be the choice of mankind,  
 Sure I chuse the best of the three ;  
 Besides, as times go, what a comfort to find  
 That in this bad world there's some charity.  
 For a soldier I listed, to grow great in fame,  
 And be shot at for eight-pence a day :  
 Lord help the poor poultry wherever I came,  
 For how could I live on my pay ?  
 I went to the wars to fight the King's foes,  
 Where the bullets came whistling by,  
 Till they shiver'd three ribs, broke the bridge of my nose,  
 Queer'd my napper and knock'd out my eye !  
 Well, what of all this, I'd my legs and my arms,  
 And at Chelsea to lie up was free,  
 Where my pipe I could smoke, talk of battles and storms,  
 And bless his good Majesty's charity.  
 But thinking it shameful to live at my ease,  
 Away, while the frolic was warm,  
 In search of good fortune I sail'd the salt seas,  
 And so lost my leg and my arm.  
 With two strings to my bow, I now thought myself sure,  
 But such is the fortune of war,  
 As a lobster at Greenwich they shew'd me the door,  
 At Chelsea they call'd me a Tar ;  
 So falling to nothing between these two stools,  
 I, the whole world before me, was free  
 To ask comfort from misers and pity from fools,  
 And live off that air, man's charity.  
 And what now of all this here patter at last,  
 How many who hold their heads high,  
 And in fashion's fine whirligig fly round so fast,  
 Are but beggars as well as I.

The courtier he begs for a sinecure :

For a smile beg your amorous elves ;

Churchwardens hand the plate round and beg for the poor,  
Just to pamper and fatten themselves.

Thus we're beggars throughout the whole race of man-  
kind,

As by daily experience we see,

And, as times go, what a comfort to find,

That in this bad world there's some charity.

## THE CRIES OF LONDON.

Sung by Mr. Johannot.

LIKE the lark in the morn, with early song,

Comes the sweep, with his ' Sweep ! soot, oh !'

Next, the cherry-cheek'd damsel, she trips it along,

' Any milk, pretty maids, below !'

' Any dust, any dust,' goes the tinkling bell,

While sharp in each corner they look ;

Next the Jew with his bag, ' Any clothes to sell !'

Any hare-skins or rabbit-skins, cook.'

Let none despise

The merry, merry cries

Of famous London town.

Thus the various callings in harmony blend—

' Come, here is your nice curds and whey !'

' The last dying speech of'—' Old chairs to mend !'

—' Choice fruit, and a bill of the play !'

' Here's three for a shilling, new mackerel, oh !'

' Any phials, or broken flint glass !'

' Come, break me or make me, before I go.'

' D'ye want any fine sparrow-grass ?'

*Spoken.*]—' Buy a bowl or a platter—buy my wooden  
ware.'

Let none despise, &c.

- ‘ Any pen-knives, scissars, or razors to grind ?’
  - ‘ Any work for the cooper to-day ?’
  - ‘ Buy a bough-pot, Sir, it will suit your mind.’
  - ‘ Oh, damn it ! stand out of the way !’
  - ‘ Any muffins or crumpets ?’ ring in your ear ;
  - ‘ Any brick-dust ?—Come, Neddy, stand, whoa !’
  - ‘ Any lobsters, or Newcastle salmon, my dear !’
  - ‘ D’ye want any lily, lily-white sand, O ?’
- Spoken.* ]—‘ Rare walnuts, thirteen a penny, rare *crack-*  
*ing* walnuts !’

Let none despise, &c.

- ‘ Here’s long and strong garters, two-pence a pair,’
  - ‘ Buy a mouse-trap, rat-trap, or hair-broom ;’
  - ‘ Any pots to mend, or pans to repair ?’
  - ‘ Great news just arrived from Rome !’
  - ‘ Round and sound, two-pence a pound, ripe cherries !’
  - ‘ Any *tatees*, or new spring sallad ?’
  - ‘ Here’s twelve-pence a gallon, gooseberries !’
  - ‘ Who’ll buy a new love ballad ?’
- Chaunt.* ]--‘ Who buys my good matches ?’ Come buy  
them of me ;

They are the best *matches* you ever did see :  
For lighting your candles, and kindling your fire,  
They are the best matches that you can desire.  
Let none despise, &c.

---

## JACK AND HIS CHARMING FANNY.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

THE eldest born of lovely spring,  
Primroses gay were blowing,  
The feather’d choir their mattins sing,  
And siver streams were flowing ;

When trowser'd Jack sprang on the beach,  
 Alert and spruce as any,  
 And eager flew the cot to reach,  
 Where dwelt his charming Fanny.

Twelve tedious moons he'd counted o'er,  
 Now lively, now down hearted.  
 Since from his much lov'd native shore,  
 And much-lov'd girl he'd parted :  
 Had felt the dire Sirocco blow,  
 Seen storms and battles many,  
 Brav'd death, who lays the hero low,  
 But spar'd him for his Fanny.

He twirl'd the pin—' Who's there ?' she cry'd,  
 In accents mildly winning ;  
 By instinct threw her wheel aside,  
 And left to chance her spinning :  
 ' 'Tis I : ' her lover's voice she knew,  
 'Twas sweeter far than any ;  
 Like lightning to her arms he flew,  
 And clasp'd his charming Fanny.

True love's perplex'd with hopes and fears,  
 Oft ruffled like the ocean ;  
 But, ah ! its joys exceed its cares,  
 And transient's the commotion :  
 Pale absence proves of love the test,  
 And false it renders many ;  
 But time ne'er told which lov'd the best,  
 Bold Jack or his charming Fanny.



## BLUE EY'D MARY.

Sung by Mr. Pyne, in the Soldier's Bride.

WITH thoughts of her I love oppress,  
 I wander to the lonely cot,  
 Where dwells the maid who breaks my rest,  
 Whose smile makes every care forgot;  
 Yes she alone can yield me bliss,  
 And make me smile at fate contrary;  
 'Tis Heav'n, if I can snatch a kiss  
 From her I love, my blue-ey'd Mary.

In vain the drum to duty calls,  
 If she is near th' embattled line;  
 My shoulder'd gun unbidden falls,  
 I fly to hail the charmer mine!  
 Yet think not, should the foe advance,  
 I'd to my duty prove contrary;  
 No; Briton like, I'd wield the lance,  
 Fight for my King and blue-ey'd Mary.

---

## WILLIAN AND LOVE.

Sung by Mrs. Roffey, in the same.

JUST turn'd of my teens, I am pester'd each day  
 With ditties of love from each amorous swain,  
 I laugh and I prattle, right cheerful and gay,  
 And tease the poor creatures again and again:  
 Yet still I must own I have found out a man,  
 With whom, as I think, I contented could prove,  
 For wealth I despise, it don't suit with my plan,  
 Which is, peace in a cottage with William and love.

When first I beheld him upon the parade,  
 With his spruce scarlet coat and his gorget so bright,  
 Young Cupid the peace of my breast did invade,  
 While each glance from my William afforded delight;  
 He ask'd for my heart, Lord! how could I deny  
 A youth, whom my heart did already approve?  
 I blushing said yes, if my father'll comply,  
 I'm for peace in a cottage with William and love.



### MORE ASSES THAN ONE.

Sung by Mr. Denham.

SINCE asses are now all the go,  
 I'll make them the theme of my ditty,  
 And the different species I'll shew  
 Which reside both in country and city;  
 Yes, I'll make it right plainly be seen  
 That their number by far, Sir, surpasses  
 The ladies who now on the Steyne  
 Each day are seen riding on asses.

Ri tum, &c.

A counsel who pleads without fee,  
 A husband that keeps to his duty,  
 Or a maid who from envy keeps free,  
 When she's lost all pretensions to beauty,  
 A friend that will stand to his test,  
 Are wonders which all things surpasses,  
 And would be look'd on by the rest  
 Of the world as a parcel of asses.

Ri tum, &c.

A wife that don't know how to scold,  
 A miser who parts with his pence,  
 A bachelor owning he's old,  
 Or a fop boasting of his good sense,  
 A courtier who flattery hates,  
 An alderman turtle who passes,  
 We'd look on as crack'd in their pates,  
 And regard them as so many asses.---Ri tum, &c.  
 Little Boney too makes a great fuss,  
 With his flat-bottom'd boats, Sir, so clever,  
 That if he comes over to us  
 He'll ruin old England for ever !  
 But he reckons his chickens too soon ;  
 For if ever the channel he passes,  
 We'll make him soon alter his tune,  
 And add to our cargo of asses.---Ri tum, &c.

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## THE HEART THAT CAN FEEL FOR DISTRESS.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, in Life's Masquerade.

Tho' pure are the joys that from melody flow,  
 And extatic the bliss that sweet concords bestow,  
 Divine are the raptures resulting from love,  
 And friendship sublime is a gift from above,  
 Yet with bounty superior dame nature can bless,  
 When a heart she bestows that can feel for distress.  
 The sweet drops that issue from pity's soft shrine  
 Is fair charity's balm, a specific divine ;  
 What comes from above let us smilingly share,  
 And chase the sad tear from the furrows of care :  
 Thus nature's best blessings we freely possess,  
 When a heart she bestows that can feel for distress.

## CHAPTER OF PATENTS.

Of all sorts of times, if to search you're inclin'd,  
 You'll find none like the present one, time out of mind,  
 When we've patents for all things, both little and big,  
 From a beer-barrel cock to a barrister's wig.

Derry down, &c.

Patent small clothes there are, but the deuce why pre-  
 pare 'em,

Unless they're contriv'd so that ladies can't wear 'em?  
 Patent combs for your good men who lead single lives,  
 For married men get their heads comb'd by their  
 wives.

Derry down, &c.

Patent razor-strops next will take out the worst flaw,  
 A fine recipe for the conscience of law!  
 But if conscience and beards were all equally small,  
 A lawyer would never want shaving at all.

Derry down, &c.

Some doctors have patents, and some do without,  
 And swear that the world can't their secret find out;  
 But I fancy that curing's the secret at stake,  
 Since we all know of killing no secret they make.

Derry down, &c.

Patent coffins they shut down so firm and so stout,  
 When you're in that Old Nick himself can't get you  
 out;

Says the miser, 'a better think never was plann'd;  
 And I vow when I die I'll buy one second hand.'

Derry down, &c.

The patent for washing's at least the clean thing,  
 But shews to an end fate will ev'ry thing bring;  
 Each dog has its day, and that day is soon past,  
 So our patents are all in the suds, Sirs, at last.

Derry down, &c.

All nations have patents, from Grecians to Gauls,  
 But Britain's best patent's for sound wooden walls ;  
 And whoever upon our good privilege treads,  
 Without our wooden walls we'll break their wooden  
 heads. Derry down, &c.

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### BURLESQUE SONG.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

WHEN war with horrid din,  
 Flirts, and flings, and vapours,  
 Death's on the broad grin,  
 To see the blades cut capers ;  
 So when prophets roar,  
 ' My bed that I an't safe in !'  
 I think it all a bore,  
 And crack my sides with laughing. Tol, lol, &c.

When tongues in rage declare,  
 That red hot war we're waging,  
 I'll take especial care,  
 To bumpers be engaging ;  
 I'll fight—but let that pass,  
 The more I box grow bolder,  
 My second is my glass,  
 Myself the bottle holder. Tol, lol, &c.

Tho' Alexander—Pshaw !—  
 Be term'd a fighting fellow,  
 He never nabs eclat,  
 'Till boozings made him mellow ;  
 And if with me the prig  
 Would fight for crown and plunder,  
 Him sucky soon I'd swig,  
 And make the Don knock under. Tol, lol, &c.

*Edwards*

# EDWARD AND MARY.

Sung by Mr. Braham.

DEEP in a vale a cottage stood,  
 Oft sought by travellers weary,  
 And long it prov'd the blest abode  
 Of Edward and of Mary.  
 For her he chas'd the mountain goat,  
 O'er alps and glaciers bounding ;  
 For her the chamois he would shoot,  
 Dark horrors all surrounding.  
     But evening come,  
     He sought his home,  
 And anxious, lovely woman,  
     She hail'd the sight,  
     And, every night,  
     The cottage rung,  
     As they sung,  
 Oh ! dulce, dulce domum !

But soon, alas ! this scene of bliss  
 Was chang'd to prospect dreary ;  
 For war and honor rous'd each Swiss,  
 And Edward left his Mary.  
 To bold St. Gothard's height he rush'd,  
 'Gainst Gallia's foes contending ;  
 And, by unequal numbers crush'd,  
 He died, his land defending.  
     The evening come,  
     He sought not home,  
 Whilst she—distracted woman—

Grown wild with dread,  
 Now seeks him dead,  
 And hears the knell  
 That bids farewell  
 To dulce, dulce domum !

*Orpheus*

## THE BABY'S HUSH-A-BYE.

Sung by Miss Davis, in the Comedy of The Blind Bargain.

A BABY wander'd from its home,  
 When day was gently breaking ;  
 Long did the pretty infant roam,  
 Each simple wild flow'r seeking ;  
 But night came on—the dreary sky,  
 The wind so bleak, the leaves so dry,  
 Sung the poor baby's hush-a-bye.

The frantic mother sought her child,  
 While the chill rain was falling ;  
 Its lisping voice, its features mild,  
 At every blast recalling :  
 She wept, and with a heartfelt sigh,  
 Fell on a green turf that was nigh,  
 Humm'd her poor baby's hush-a-bye.

The baby, near her slumb'ring, 'woke,  
 Like some sweet opening blossom,  
 Then through the spreading branches broke  
 And leapt upon her bosom !  
 The mother gave a piercing cry,  
 Wip'd every rain-drench'd garment dry,  
 And humm'd her baby's hush-a-bye.



**WILLIAM TELL.**

Sung by Mr. Braham, in the Musical Farce of Out of Place.

WHEN William Tell was doom'd to die,  
Or hit the mark upon his infant's head—  
The bell toll'd out, the hour was nigh,  
And soldiers march'd with grief and dread !  
' The warrior came, serene and mild,  
' Gaz'd all around with dauntless look,  
' Till his fond boy unconscious smil'd,  
' Then nature and the father spoke.'  
And, now, each valiant Swiss his grief partakes,  
For they sigh,  
And wildly cry,  
Poor William Tell, once hero of the lakes !

But soon is heard the muffled drum !  
And straight the pointed arrow flies,  
The trembling boy expects his doom,  
All, all shriek out—' he dies ! he dies !  
When lo ! the lofty trumpet sounds !  
The mark is hit ! the child is free !  
Into his father's arms he bounds,  
Inspir'd by love and liberty !  
And now, each valiant Swiss their joy partakes,  
For mountains ring,  
Whilst they sing,  
Live William Tell ! the hero of the lakes !





## DEAR WILLIAM.

Sung by Miss Duncan, in the Comedy of The Honey Moon.

At the front of a cottage, with woodbine grown o'er,  
Fair Lucy sat turning her wheel,  
Unconscious that William was just at the door,  
And heard her her passion reveal.

The bells rang,  
And she sung  
Ding, dong, dell,  
It were well,

If they rang for dear William and me.

But when she look'd up and her lover espy'd,  
Ah! what was the maiden's surprise!  
She blush'd as he woo'd her, and call'd her his bride,  
And answer'd him only with sighs.

The bells rung,  
And she sung,  
Ding, dong, dell,  
It is well!

They shall ring for dear William and me!



## DUET.

Sung by Mrs. Bland and Mr. Dignum at Vauxhall.

*William.* DEAR Mary be mine, to pity incline,  
I vow you're a sweet pretty creature;  
Your beauty I prize, adore your bright eyes,  
And though honey is sweet, you are sweeter.  
Sing fal de ral, &c.

*Mary.* You ne'er can prevail, with a foolish fond tale,  
 I'm not such a silly fond creature ;  
 The town's my delight, it enraptures me quite,  
 What joy upon earth can be sweeter.  
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

*William.* To lead you, dear maid, to the sweet wood-  
 bine shade,  
 Where Cupid and Hymen would meet her ;  
 Where plenty smiles round, and contentment is  
 found,  
 What on earth, my dear girl, can be sweeter.  
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

*Mary.* To shine at a ball, at fashion's gay call,  
 When lovers and flattery greet her—  
 The gay masquerade, must allure every maid,  
 For nothing on earth can be sweeter.  
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

*William.* The coxcomb you prize, [*Mary*] No, such  
 I despise,

*William.* Then what do you sigh for, dear creature ?  
 Admiration you love, [*Mary*] Yes, that I approve,  
 To a maid what on earth can be sweeter.  
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

*Mary.* Your plan I approve, to be lov'd and to love,  
 I was only in jest, my dear creature :

*William.* Then haste to my cot, how blest is my lot,  
 Than true love what on earth can be sweeter.

*Mary.* I'll haste to your cot, how blest is my lot,  
 Than true love what on earth can be sweeter.  
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

## LIFE IN LONDON.

Sung by Mr. Dignum, at Vauxhall.

COME round me good people, and hear what I've seen,  
 To London's great whirligig city I've been ;  
 Where fashion and riches hold absolute sway,  
 So you may be sure that I've something to say.

I saw clergy and laymen,  
 Dukes, dancers, and draymen,

And thieves, who for plunder will shoot men,  
 With tinkers and taylors,  
 Brave soldiers and sailors,

Fools, furriers, and farriers, and footmen :  
 With doctors and proctors,  
 And teachers and preachers,  
 And bakers and quakers,  
 With walkers and talkers ;

So mix'd is the medley, this motto it gives,  
 One half of the world don't know how t'other lives.

The lady of fashion her breakfast is sipping,  
 While rustics so rural to dinner are tripping,  
 And lawyers in London their poor clients fleece,  
 While farmers far distant are plucking their geese ;  
 With doctors, sleek shorn,  
 Are looking for lawn,

Happy men who make wigs for the ladies,  
 With some who make lockets,  
 Pert prigs who pick pockets,

And some who can't tell what their trade is—  
 With tinkers, free-thinkers,  
 And men who write papers,  
 Droll jokers, stock-brokers,  
 And men who cut capers ;

So mix'd is the medley, &c.

While the Monsieurs in Paris of emperors boast,  
 Confusion to Frenchmen, in London's the toast :  
 For while Gallic invaders dare threaten John Bull,  
 John means with the Frenchmen to have a strong pull.

When they vow they are coming,  
 We think they are humming,  
 But should they, we'll struggle, I trust, hard ;  
 For if they stay long,  
 They'll find us too strong,  
 Since our brave Volunteers are all muster'd ;  
 We'll sting 'em like hornets,  
 With colonels and cornets,  
 We'll give them three cheers  
 With our brave Volunteers ;  
 Such diff'rent employments this motto still gives,  
 One half of the world don't know how t'other lives.

---

### CANST THOU LOVE ME, MARY ?

Sung by Mr. Dignum, at Vauxhall.

CANST thou love me, Mary ?

Wilt thou love me, Mary ?

Didst thou love me, Mary,

Blest I'd be !

Nae greater gift can Heav'n bestow,

Thou art sae dear to me.

Canst thou love me, &c.

Thou hast stown my heart, O Mary dear,

With thy bewitching e'e ;

And tho' a lowly cottage maid,

Thou'rt aw the world to me.

Canst thou love me, &c.

When first the muin peeps o'er the hill,  
 This night O steal to me;  
 And by two dazzling stars, thy e'ne,  
 I swear I'll wedded be.

Canst thou love me, &c.

## THE WIG, THE HAT, AND THE CANE.

By the side of a murmuring stream,  
 As an elderly gentleman sat,  
 On the top of his head was his wig,  
 And a' tob of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong,  
 As the elderly gentleman sat,  
 And bore from his head in a trice,  
 And plung'd in the river, his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane,  
 Which lay by his side as he sat,  
 And he dropt in the river his wig,  
 In attempting to get out his hat.

His breast it grew cold with despair,  
 And full in his eye madness sat,  
 So he flung in the river his cane,  
 To swim with his wig and his hat.

Cool reflection at length came across,  
 While this elderly gentleman sat,  
 So thought he would follow the stream,  
 And look for his cane, wig, and hat.

His head being thicker than common,  
 O'erbalanced the rest of his fat,  
 And in plumpt this son of a woman,  
 To follow his wig, cane, and hat.

## THE WIFE.

As a sailor's all one as a piece of a ship,  
 So my wife is a Piece of myself;  
 We eat the same biscuit, partake the same flip,  
 And wer't worlds, she should keep all my pelf.  
 And her wishes are mine, we have only one heart,  
 One maxim, one pleasure, one fancy,  
 Not oceans our love for a moment can part,  
 For I always am present with Nancy.

When leagues far and wide, for my comfort and use,  
 If I want to examine my chest,  
 What delight to my heart does the rummage produce,  
 When I'm rock'd in my hammock to rest.  
 The cordials and comforts so tidily plac'd,  
 Haul her taught to my heart and my fancy,  
 And the needless and housewife her fingers have grac'd,  
 Quell my soul till I'm nothing but Nancy.

Then in case that in battle I wounded should be,  
 Here a rag, there a bandage appears,  
 All marked with her hair, and 'tis easy to see,  
 That she wash'd them, poor soul, with her tears,  
 And should I get wounded in fight, maim'd, or blind,  
 What a dainty delight to my fancy,  
 The misfortune would make me, sweet love, she's so  
 kind,  
 More dear to the heart of my Nancy.

All true honest tars have their duty at heart,  
 Their country and King they defend;  
 They spare foes, they love honor, and never depart  
 From their post, as a Briton and friend;

But how, were their courage so kept up by love,  
 They'd indulge in the generous fancy ;  
 They'd fight like a lion, forgive like the dove,  
 If like me they'd a wife such as Nancy.

---

SONG,

Sung by Mrs. C. Dibdin, at Sadler's-wells, in the Musical Piece of the  
 "Aquatic Prize."

If I was to wed you, how blest should I be ;  
 Your qualifications, now first let me see :  
 If not quite threescore, you're not very far off,  
 And troubled, ugh ! ugh ! with a terrible cough :  
 Besides, you've the gout ; and you'd make a pretty beau,  
 Hobbling after me thus with the gout in your toe ;  
 " Love me, I pray you now, love me, I pray you now,  
 Dearly as your life.  
 And Muggins and Jenny, and Muggins and Jenny,  
 Will soon be man and wife."

Then as years would increase you'd get older, no doubt,  
 When what with the phthisic, old age, and the gout ;  
 Why, guardee, for a husband, I think I should have  
 soon,  
 Nothing more than a troublesome, old slipper'd pan-  
 taloon :  
 With spectacles on nose, and a crutch-stick in your  
 hand,  
 Still after me you'd hobble, if your legs obey'd com-  
 mand.

Love me, &c.



## SONG,

Sung by Mr. Smith in the same.

SOME say that a bachelor's life won't do,  
 Others say that it's merry and mellow;  
 Some say it is like an old glove or a shoe,  
 Good for nothing for want of a fellow:  
 A bachelor I, to wed not afraid,  
 If a partner for life I can gain;  
 I'm warm in the pocket, a Chandler by trade,  
 Matthew Muggins, of Mincing-lane.

I think I had best advertise for a wife,  
 As our general method in trade is;  
 "A gentleman wanting a partner for life,  
 Gives this gentle hint to the ladies:  
 I don't care how pretty she is, if no shrew,  
 If good humour'd, don't mind, if she's plain;  
 If wearing the small-cloths she'll always leave to  
 Matthew Muggins, of Mincing-lane.

If nineteen to the dozen, when kind, her tongue goes,  
 I could listen all day to her prattle;  
 If her clapper runs cross, I need only suppose,  
 'Tis the watchman a-springing his rattle.  
 She may dress as she likes—only *dress'd* let her go,  
 Naked Venuses don't suit my vein;  
 Such, such is the wife for that neat little beau  
 Matthew Muggins, of Mincing lane."

---

## SONG,

Sung by Mr. Slader in the same.

TOM TACK was the shipmate for duty,  
 'Till fortune she gave him a twitch;  
 For Tom fell in love with a beauty;  
 He'd better had fall'n in a ditch.



With his fair he could get no promotion,  
 So Tom like a desperate dog,  
 He drown'd all his care in the ocean—

But then, 'twas the ocean of grog.

True love when it's slighted will canker,  
 So Tom, when the bo'swa'n wan't by,  
 Mind'd less about heaving the anchor,

Than he did about heaving a sigh :

Then for the last time to be jolly,

He invited each soul in the ship ;

With a shot then he finish'd his folly—

But 'twas the shot paid for the flip.

In folly thus faster and faster,

Tom went on in search of relief ;

'Till one day a shocking disaster,

Without a joke finish'd his grief :

If his fair one's heart he cou'dn't mellow,

He'd hang himself, often he said ;

So his neck in a noose put, poor fellow !—

In plain English, one day he got wed.

### SONG.

Sung by Mr. Townsend.

BOLD as when the forest's lord

Roused by departing day,

By force nor howling tempests aw'd,

Forth issues to the prey ;

So goes the tar by glory call'd,

By foe or fate so unappall'd,

The angry deep to try,

To conquer or to die !

But, as the lamb in rural shade,  
 On shore no thoughts his mind pervade  
     But what with peace agree,  
 'Tis then is best delight to prove  
 The joys of friendship and of love,  
     With sweet humanity.  
 Then comes the feast of a jovial soul,  
 To laugh and sing and drain the bowl,  
 And drink with a gallant three times three,  
 “ Britannia ! George ! and Liberty ! ”

### WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

ONE day when to Jove the black list was presented,  
 The list of what fate for each mortal intends ;  
 At the long string of ills a kind Goddess relented,  
 And split in three blessings,—wife, children and  
     friends.

In vain surly Pluto declar'd he was cheated,  
 And Justice divine could not compass its ends ;  
 The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,  
 For Earth becomes Heav'n with wife, children and  
     friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,  
 The fund, ill secur'd, oft in bankruptcy ends,  
 But the heart issues bills that are never protested,  
 When drawn on the firm of wife, children and friends.  
 Tho' valour still glows on his life's waning embers,  
 The death-wounded Tar (who his colours defends)  
 Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers  
     How blest was his home with wife, children & friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,  
 Whose duty to far distant latitude sends,  
 With transport would barter whole ages of glory  
 For one happy day with wife, children and friends.  
 Tho' spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,  
 Tho' round him Arabia's whole fragrance ascends,  
 The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover,  
 The bow'r where he sat with wife, children and friends.

The day-spring of youth still unclouded with sorrow,  
 Alone on itself for enjoyment depends,  
 But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow  
 No warmth from the smiles of wife, children and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish  
 The laurel which o'er her dead favorite bends,  
 O'er me weave the willow, and long may it flourish  
 Bedew'd with the tears of wife, children and friends.

Let us drink, for my song growing graver and graver,  
 To subjects too solemn insensibly tends,  
 Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall  
 flavor

The glass that I fill to wife, children and friends.  
 And if in the hope this fair Island to plunder,  
 The Tyrant of France to invade us pretends,  
 How his legions will shrink when our arm'd freemen  
 thunder,  
 The war-cry of Britons,—wife, children and friends.

## THE ABUSE OF GOLD.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain in Youth Love, and Folly.

THE sable maid, to bondage sold,  
 With throbbing heart and streaming eyes  
 Beholds the unknown billows rise  
 And mourns the dire abuse of gold.  
 The gun is fir'd—sails swell to air—  
 Her home dissolves in sky and wave—  
 She beats her breast—she rends her hair—  
 And calls on those, who cannot save.  
 Nor yet to Afric's savage race  
 Is freedom's shameful sale confin'd  
 Thro' Europe's realms, man's polish'd mind  
 Incurs for gold the same disgrace.  
 There, many a maid must vainly claim  
 The dearest rights which Nature gave ;  
 And, mock'd with Freedom's empty name,  
 Sink, chain'd in state—a splendid slave.

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## KITTY O' THE CLYDE.

Sung by Mr. Slader in An Bratach, performed at Sadler's Wells.

A BOAT danc'd on Clyde's bonny stream,  
 When winds were rudely blowing,  
 There sat what might the goddess seem  
 Of the waves beneath her flowing ;  
 But, no, a mortal fair was she,  
 Surpassing a' beside ;  
 And youth's a' speer'd her choice to be ;  
 Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

I saw the boatman spread a sail,  
 And while his daftness noting,  
 The boat was upset by the gale,  
 I saw sweet Kitty floating ;  
 I plung'd into the silver wave,  
 Wi' Cupid for my guide,  
 And thought my heart weel lost to save  
 Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

But Kitty's aye a high born fair,  
 A lowly name I carry,  
 Nor can wi' lordly Thanes compare,  
 Who woo the maid to marry ;  
 But she ne scornfu' looks on me,  
 And joy may yet detide,  
 For hope dares flatter mine may be  
 Sweet Kitty o' the Clyde.

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### PERPLEXITY.

Sung by Mr. Kelly in Youth, Love, and Folly.

By doubts and fears confounded,  
 I pause—advance—retreat—  
 With dangers stand surrounded  
 Nor dare to trust my feet.

Thus, some stray bark o'er ocean,  
 Without a compass rides—  
 Toss'd wild in fitful motion,  
 The sport of adverse tides !

## PASTORAL SONG.

Sung by Mrs. Bland in the same.

THE first born flowers of merry spring,  
 For me the shepherd-youths would twine ;  
 And at my feet, the rose bud fling,  
 When summer suns began to shine.  
 But, ah ! no pledge of kindred love  
 Could Bona's hand in turn bestow—  
 Green willow boughs, in scorn I wove  
 And crown'd the swains with wreaths of woe.

Heart-stricken fools ! thro' night and storm  
 They bore their wounds to wilds and woods ;  
 Trac'd on the desert sands my form  
 Or woo'd my voice in winds and floods.  
 And still, where'er green willows rise  
 By fountain's marge, or brook, or lake ;  
 Each plucks a bough—and sadly cries  
 “ Be this my crown for Bona's sake ! ”



## PLUNDER IS THE ARAB'S JOY.

Sung by Mr. Helme, at the Royal Circus, in Harlequin Bacchus.

FAR from the busy haunts of men,  
 Within some dark sequester'd wood  
 The Arab seeks a gloomy den ;  
 His trade is death ; he lives by blood.  
 Now, far around him, beasts of prey,  
 In wild and savage terror rave ;  
 Lions growling,  
 Tygers howling.

While he, e'en still more fierce than they,  
 Lurks from his dark and dismal cave  
 In search of plunder—In search of plunder,  
*Chorus.* For plunder is the Arab's joy !

Shut out from the world, by fury borne,  
 The rugged Arab for booty prowls ;  
 He heedless braves the pelting storm,  
 And frowns amidst the thunder's growl :  
 Inur'd to deeds dark as foul night,  
 His eye-balls glisten wild despair,  
     Trav'lers sighing,  
     Groaning, dying,  
 Give his fierce thirsty soul delight.  
 Steel'd to remorse he knows no fear,  
 For glorious plunder, glorious plunder,  
*Chorus.* For plunder is the Arab's joy.

## 'TIS FANCY GOVERNS ALL.

Sung by Mr. Gibbons at Vauxhall.

THE force of beauty, all must own  
 Its universal sway,  
 The greatest monarch on his throne,  
 Its mandates must obey ;  
 But what is beauty, some will ask,  
 Is it the short, or tall,  
 To answer—is no easy task,  
 Since Fancy governs all.  
 The rural maid in simple dress ;  
 Her beauty has to boast,  
 The village youths, to win her press,  
 For there she reigns a toast ;

In Fashion's train, the courtly dame  
 May courtly youths enthrall,  
 Her nodding plumes attention claim,  
 Since fancy governs all.

For me, in country, or in town,  
 The kind I all admire,  
 For some will smile, while others frown,  
 What more can I desire ;  
 The black, the brown, the red, the fair,  
 The middling, short and tall,  
 Are beauties, I must needs declare  
 Since fancy governs all.

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### THE JOYS OF THE CHASE.

Sung by Mr. Taylor, at Covent-Garden, in Spanish Dollars.

WHILE some seek their refuge in wine,  
 From reflection, from folly and care,  
 I health and amusement combine,  
 In the chase of the stag, fox, or hare.  
 The dew that bespangles each leaf,  
 When Aurora unveils her bright face,  
 Are tears of the night shed in grief,  
 Which depart with the joys of the chase.  
 Such—such are the joys of the chase.  
 'Tis taste most refin'd then to yield  
 To dictates of nature and health ;  
 And share such delights in the field,  
 As cannot be purchas'd by wealth.  
 Tho' sweet are the raptures of love,  
 And friendship those raptures can grace ;  
 Yet we taste of the pleasures above,  
 Combin'd in the joys of the chase.  
 Such--such are the joys of the chase.



## MOGGY CAMERON.

Sung by Mrs. C. Dibdin, at Sadler's Wells, in the Romance of An Bratch.

I'ZE a wee and winsome lass,  
 Steady to my tether,  
 Siller I ha' nane nor brass,  
 But heart as light as feather !  
 The tartan plaid is aw my pride,  
 And in't's defence who'd hammer on  
 Alane sal buckle to his Bride,  
 Merry Moggy Cameron.  
 Hey ! ho ! fal.

A Laird since said he loo'd me weel,  
 And his bride would mak' me ;  
 But said I, to try the cheil,  
 To the kirk then tak' me ;  
 But the loon when kirk I'd name  
 Excuse began to stammer on,  
 I box'd his lugs, and wha' could blame  
 Merry Moggy Cameron !  
 Hey ! ho ! fal.

Sandy Campbell 'tis I loo',  
 He's baith blythe and bra', mon ;  
 But tho' he speers to buckle too,  
 I still cry hoot awa' mon !  
 First let him to our Island lend  
 His aid 'gainst foes who clammer on,  
 And 'ere he weds learn to defend  
 Merry Moggy Cameron.  
 Hey ! ho ! fal.

# FIGHT—CONQUER—AND BE FREE!

Sung by Mrs. Mountain in The Soldier's Return.

STRIKE the harp—sweep the strings, like the Druids  
of old,

The genius of Britain inspires the lay;  
Let the strain be majestic, mighty and bold,  
While the banners of England her heroes display.  
Strike, strike the bold strain.

Rise, Britons, rise, thy foes advance;  
The din of war like waters roar;  
Arise, and meet the pow'rs of France,  
*Like rocks that guard your native shore.*  
Till British fame to heaven shall rise,  
And shouts of vict'ry rend the skies,  
Thus Britain's genius speaks in me,  
*Fight—Conquer—and be Free.*



## TO OUR KING AND OUR LOVE EVER

### STEADY.

Sung by Mr. Hill in the musical Farce of Too many Cooks.

WOULD you know, my dear Laura, the heart of  
a tar;

'Tis divided 'twixt honor and beauty;  
And to merit them best ev'ry true man of war  
Still courts the most perilous duty;  
For to weave the bright wreath that his valour has won,  
The girl of his heart is most ready;  
Then while thus rewarded no danger he'll shun,  
To his King and his Love ever steady,

Our foes to invade us, loud menaces throw,  
 No wonder our blessings should strike 'em;  
 And as for our beauties, they've heard long ago,  
 They never can find any like 'em;  
 But, let them once try us, the blustering elves,  
 Our hearts, and our arms shall find ready,  
 A good master to shield, and keep you to ourselves,  
 To our King and our Love ever steady.

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### UNFORTUNATE MARY.

DISTRACTED with anguish and grief,  
 Behold a poor Girl of Woe.  
 Ah! where shall I fly for relief?  
 In vain scalding tears you, flow;  
 No ease they afford to my heart,  
 Nor comfort give to my mind;  
 Ah! what can the world now impart,  
 Where ease or hope shall I find.  
 Then pity me, Maids! ah, pity me!  
 My true love lost at sea.  
 In the unfortunate Abergavenny.

The youth of my heart is no more,—  
 Charles found a wat'ry grave;  
 His virtues how many deplore,  
 Yet worth nor virtue could save  
 That dear form from the tyrant death;  
 His truth, and vows so sincere;  
 Fled for ever that voice and breath;  
 And all my soul loved dear.  
 Then pity me, maids! ah, pity me!  
 My true love, &c.

No more, fond memory delight,  
 In tracing the heav'nly mind,  
 His soul has ta'en her flight,  
 And gone to its kindred kind ;  
 Poor Mary ! tho' heart-broken, blest,—  
 Constancy still was the lot ;  
 Thy sorrow will soon find rest,  
 Tho' Charles will ne'er be forgot.  
 Then pity me, Maids ! ah, pity me !  
 My true love, &c.

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# I LEAVE MY HEART WITH THEE.

Sung by Mr. Gray at Vauxhall.

I LEAVE my heart wi' thee, my love,  
 Tho' forc'd from thee to stray,  
 Wi' mickle grief I onward move,  
 And lonely take my way ;  
 How tedious will the hours appear,  
 Each day, a year ta me,  
 For ah ! my love, my only dear,  
 I leave my heart wi' thee.  
 Tho' fragrant wreaths my eyes invite,  
 Thy beauties smile around,  
 In roses red, in roses white,  
 Thy blooming sweets are found ;  
 Na' other's charms, my een can cheer,  
 Alike all seem ta me  
 For ah ! my love, my only dear,  
 I leave my heart wi' thee.  
 At my return, ah ! may I find,  
 Thy truth defy auld Time,  
 I'll bring the pelf, that rules mankind,  
 E'er yet I've lost my prime ;

Thy vows of truth alone can cheer,  
 Alone give bliss ta me,  
 For ah ! my love, my only dear,  
 I leave my heart wi' thee.

---

## THE WONDERS.

Sung by Mr. Grimaldi, at Sadler's Wells, in Harlequin Perizade.

Your laughter I'll try to provoke,  
 With the wonders I've got in my travels :  
 And first is a pig in a poke,  
 Next a law case without any cavils ;  
 A straw poker, a tiffany boat,  
 Paper boots to walk dry thro' the ditches,  
 A new lignum vitæ great coat,  
 Flint waistcoat and pair of glass breeches.  
Tol lol, &c.

A dimity warming pan, new ;  
 Steel night cap, and pair of lawn bellows ;  
 A yard-wide foot rule, and then two  
 Odd shoes, that belong to odd fellows ;  
 China wheelbarrow, earthen-ware gig,  
 A book bound in wood with no leaves to't,  
 Besides a new velveret wig  
 Lin'd with tripe, and a long pair of sleeves to't.  
Tol lol, &c.

A coal-skuttle trimm'd with Scotch gauze,  
 Pickled crumpets and harricoed muffins ;  
 Tallow stewpan, nankeen chest of drawers ;  
 Dumb alarm bell to frighten humguffins ;

Six knives and forks made of red tape,  
 A patent wash-leather polony ;  
 A gilt coat with a gingerbread cape,  
 And lin'd with the best macaroni.

Tol lol, &c.

A plumb pudding made of inch deal,  
 A pot of mahogany capers ;  
 A gooseberry pie made of veal,  
 And stuff'd with two three-corner'd scrapers :  
 Sour crout sweeten'd well with small coal,  
 A fricaseed carpenter's mallet ;  
 A cast iron toad in a hole,  
 And a monstrous great hole in the ballad.

Tol lol, &c.

## LA LOIRE, OR YEO ! YEO !

Sung by Mr Slader at Sadler's Wells.

OFF Cape Finistere lay the King's ship La Loire,  
 When a privateer foe Captain Maitland he saw,  
 So a boat's crew he sent with the Spaniard to cope,  
 Who was call'd L'Esperance, in plain English the Hope,  
 Tho' but a forlorn hope, it prov'd for the foe,  
 Made a prize by the boat's crew, and Lieutenant Yeo !  
 Sing Yeo ! Yeo ! for ever, Yeo ! Yeo ! for ever,  
 Pull away, pull away, pull pull away,  
 With a hearty Yeo ! Yeo ! with a hearty Yeo ! Yeo !  
 'Tis the birth of your King, boys, \* the Captain he cried,  
 To crown it with victory then be your pride ;  
 Yes, the birth of your Sovereign distinguish in short,  
 By planting his flag on yon proud Spanish Fort.

\* June 4. 1805.

So the gallant boat's crew volunteer'd all to go,  
 To conquer or die with brave Lieutenant Yeo!  
 Sing Yeo! Yeo! for ever Yeo! Yeo! for ever,  
 Pull away, &c.

Then Lieutenant Yeo! to his lasting renown,  
 The Fort he knock'd up, and the Governor down.  
 The Don's captur'd Ensign wav'd over his head,  
 And planted the flag of King George in its stead;  
 Let the trumpet of Fame then thro' all the world blow,  
 To the glory of Britons and Lieutenant Yeo!  
 Sing Yeo! Yeo! for ever, Yeo! Yeo! for ever,  
 Pull away, &c.

---

### THE SISTERS.

Sung by Mrs. Bland at Vauxhall.

JANE was a Woodman's daughter,  
 The fairest she of three,  
 Love in his snares had caught her,  
 As fast, as fast cou'd be:  
 A sailor's son was Harry,  
 As brave, as brave cou'd be,  
 And he resolv'd to marry,  
 The fairest of the three.—The fairest, &c.

Maria thought it wiser,  
 A rich man's wife to be,  
 And so she took a miser,  
 As old, as old cou'd be;  
 Louisa felt love's passion,  
 But wish'd the world to see,  
 So chose a lad of fashion,  
 The dullest of the three.—The dullest, &c.

Lousia's spouse perplext her,  
 A widow soon was she,  
 Maria's liv'd and vex'd her  
 As well, as well cou'd be ;  
 But Jane possest true pleasure,  
 With one of low degree,  
 They were each other's treasure,  
 The happiest of the three.  
 The happiest, &c.

---

### THE DYER.

Sung by Mr. Helme at the Royal Circus, in the Pantomime of a Mogul Tale.

THE bare thoughts of *dying* fill most with dismay,  
 For my part I'd willingly *dye* every day ;  
 And for this, my odd whim, a good reason I'll give—  
 The oft'ner I *dye*, much the better I live ;  
 With my scour away, wash away,  
 Fal de ral de ra.

As by *dying*, I *live*, for a *living* I *dye*,  
 But the world has produced deeper *dyers* than I ;  
 Bonaparte *dyed* Jaffa with *purple*, and then  
*Dy'd* his character *black*, by deserting his men ;  
 With his steal away, skulk away,  
 Fal de ral de ra.

Then for *scow'ring*, 'tis practised by many, I may say,  
 When a buck sees a bailiff how he *scours* away ;  
 And French seamen, finding a ship not their forte,  
 At sight of our tars quickly *scour* into port ;  
 With their skulk away, run away,  
 Fal de ral de ra.



To conclude my last simile now shall be made,  
 Every Briton would willingly take up my trade;  
 My assertion is bold, but 'twill prove a true thing—  
 They'd all *die* in defence of their Country and King;  
     With their smite away, fight away,  
     Fal de ral de ra.

---

### VANITY HALL.

Sung by Mrs. Franklin at Vauxhall.

Tho' Vanity's rail'd at, how great is her worth,  
 For her, ev'ry talent and power's drawn forth,  
 The counsel pleads pretty, young senators brawl,  
 And all for a place, in Vanity Hall,  
     Sing high, sing low, obey the call,  
     Away, haste away, to Vanity-Hall.

Not members of lawyers, alone take the lead,  
 The Graces are courted, the Sciences feed,  
 The Soldier attends to the shrill trumpet's call,  
 To secure him a place, in Vanity-Hall.  
     Sing high, sing low, &c.

From Philosophers, down to a female like me,  
 Applause, is our aim, and fair Vanity's fee,  
 To sue for applause, I am here at her call,  
 Approbation from you, leads to Vanity-Hall.  
     Sing high, sing low, &c.

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### A TOUCH AT THE IRON CROWN.

Composed by Mr. Dibdin, and sung by Master Frederick Schirmer.

Why they've got it, at last, I say, Jack, hip and thigh,  
 As the devil got hold of the ague;  
 I told you, Mounseers, though you're cursedly sly,  
 We, one day or other, should plague you,

Hurraw, Hurraw,  
 Hurraw, hurraw, hurraw ! poor Boney ;  
 Not even the devil, his croney,  
 Can save him, his pride must come down ;  
 We'll in spite of his hope  
 From the devil and the pope,  
 Take a touch at his Iron Crown.

Let us see how it happen'd ; from Toulon, like mad,  
 They sail'd with their usual bravadoes ;  
 Swore they'd plunder Jamaica, capsize Trinadad,  
 And at last swallow up poor Barbadoes.  
 Hurraw, &c.

Well, what did they do ? they arriv'd in full sail,  
 Victorious, to their way of thinking ;  
 But the name of bold Nelson soon made 'em turn tail,  
 So home they came every one skulking.  
 Hurraw, &c.

About ship, cried Nelson, if that's your desire,  
 So the master tack'd neat, and close haul'd her ;  
 Till out of the frying-pan into the fire  
 They all of 'em fell in with Calder.  
 Hurraw, &c.

They tried at a port till he got 'em in view ;  
 And, just as a seaman should cook 'em,  
 Like the jolly old Roman—why, what did he do ?  
 He com'd, and he saw'd, and he took 'em.  
 Hurraw, &c.

The thing is this here, master Boney, on land,  
 Has a pretty shrewd bit of a notion ;  
 But the dear little Corsican must understand  
 How we manage the thing on the ocean,  
 Hurraw, &c.

Then here's to the *King*, and here's to the *Queen*,  
 And here's to the *Family Royal*;  
 We've hearts sound as biscuits, our conscience is clean,  
 And every man's honest and loyal.  
 Hurraw, &c.

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### THE PRIEST OF THE PARISH. *Ham*

Sung by Mr. Rock in the Operatic Sketch of Spanish Dollars.

THE Priest of the Parish, must lead a rare happy life  
 When his parishioners all full of grace,  
 Each boy with his girl, each man with his happy wife,  
 Hearts full of joy—and smiles in each face;  
 The pipers play sweetly, the dancers so frisky are,  
 The Priest of the Parish, he lifts up a song;  
 Girls ripe for kisses, the boys ripe for whiskey are:  
 Jugjig, and jollity all the night long.  
 With a whack, &c.

If Pat squeeze the hand of Sheelah O'Dogherty,  
 Dermot, he looks with a frown on his face,  
 Tips th' wink with his finger, t' Murtoch O'Flaherty;  
 Who trips up Pat's heels, and stands right in his place,  
 In a bit of a frolick, each boy gets a thump or so,  
 Th' girls, never mind who's right, or who's wrong,  
 A crack on the back, is of love but a thump or so,  
 And the ev'ning concludes just as I do my song.  
 With a whack, &c.

---

### LOVE'S FETTERS.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, in Youth, Love, and Folly.

LOVE's flowery fetters wearing,  
 And pleas'd their burden bearing,

I ask not to be free ;  
 For, ah ! to doating lovers,  
 Their very chains discovers,  
 More joys than liberty.

Tho' charms of form and feature,  
 Must fade in course of nature,  
 The heart retains its bloom ;  
 And, like the rose, when dying,  
 In dusty atoms flying.  
 Strikes on the wind perfume !

*Bacchus*—



# SILENUS WILL TOSS OFF HIS WINE.

Sung by Mr. Montgomery, at the Royal Circus, in Harlequin Bacchus.

HERE Bacchus, here's to thee !  
 With pleasure I view thee,  
 With mirth, and bright jollity crowned ;  
 Thy doxies, so tempting,  
 Wine sparkling, fermenting,  
 By pleasure on all sides surrounded,  
 'Tis a glorious thing,  
 Sirs, to tutor a king,  
 And have a great pupil divine.  
 Then here, 'till I'm tipsy  
 To thee, and each gipsy,  
 Silenus will toss off his wine.  
 His Wine—his Wine ;  
 Silenus will toss off his Wine.

My cup it is empty !  
 Come, let us have plenty ;

Thy Thyrsis, will set the rocks flowing,  
 Our Spirits beat quicker,  
 When warm'd by the liquor,  
 With transports our bosoms are glowing ;  
 Then let us delight in,  
 The dear bliss inviting,  
 A zest it will give to our love.  
 While Silenus can stand,  
 Or reach mouth with his hand,  
 He'll drink to thee, son of great Jove !  
 Son of great Jove !—son of great Jove !  
 He'll drink to thee, son of great Jove.

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THOU'RT ALL THE WORLD TO ME,  
 SALLY.

AH ! fond foolish heart, beware !  
 Thy reason William rally,  
 Love spreads for thee, a killing snare,  
 Thou'rt all the world to me—Sally.  
 When first I saw, thy heav'nly form,  
 What pleasure fill'd my breast,—  
 With sense refin'd form'd to adorn  
 A throne, art thou—dear Sally.  
 Oh ! lovely maid, some pity shew,  
 Relieve each anxious thought,  
 Ah ! hear my pray'r, reject me not,  
 Thee, only, do I love,—dear Sally.  
 Tho' fortune frown, and fate decree,  
 Tho' reason love forbid  
 Yet mem'ry lives, and dwells on thee,  
 In William's heart,—dear Sally.

A heart, that beats for thee alone,  
 Thy image there, is graven,  
 Sweet girl, my love, do not disown,  
 Thou'rt heav'n to me—dear Sally.

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## SHORT MEMORY ; OR, THE WAG AT HIS WIT'S END.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in the Songster's Jubilee.

My school-fellows tell me, tho' quick at my task,  
 Yet when I went up to be heard,  
 No matter what questions the master might ask,  
 I ne'er cou'd remember a word,  
 And the lasses wou'd say, 'twas my fate to be born,  
 With a brain so confoundedly slight,  
 That if I should chance to be married some morn,  
 I'd be sure to forget it at night.  
 Yet whatever thro' life, is our up and down lot,  
 Be our joys still remember'd, our sorrows forgot.

Brother Soldiers wou'd laugh, when of foes not afraid  
 I was willing for England to fight,  
 For they never cou'd get me, at any parade,  
 To think of the left, from the right ;  
 And our foes too may laugh, for they've threaten'd I  
 know,  
 Unless we do just, as we're bid,  
 They'd conquer our Island, a long while ago,  
 But I can't recollect, when they did.  
 Yet whatever, &c.

There are Doctors I'm sure, who to drug ye are loth,  
 Some Lawyers, dispense with a fee,  
 And tho' I dare say, I have met with 'em both,  
 I can't tell, when it happen'd to be;  
 In singing a Song too, we know pretty well;  
 The last verse of all, shou'd be best,  
 And I've no sort of doubt, but this ditty wou'd tell,  
 If I cou'd but remember the rest.

Yet whatever, &c.

### CUPID IS A LITTLE DEVIL.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, in Life's Masquerade.

COME here, behold each female face,  
 And if your thoughts with mine agree,  
 From fifteen years, to fifty's space,  
 Here love in ev'ry Eye you'll see.  
 Here Cupid keeps his constant revel.  
 Yet Cupid is a little Devil!

With a fal la la, &c.

Colour and shape, fair limbs and face,  
 Sweetness and wit, in all you'll find;  
 In motion, speech, in voice, in grace,  
 All models here, of woman kind!  
 'Tis Cupid keeps this pleasant revel,  
 Yet Cupid is a little Devil!

With a fal la la, &c.

If *fat*, her plenty feeds each heart,  
 If *lean*, 'tis love that makes her so;  
 If *strait*, her form is Cupid's dart  
 But if she's *bent*, she's but his Bow.  
 Then share with us, love's constant revel,  
 Tho' Cupid is a little Devil.

With a fal la la, &c.

## SOLOMON GUNDY'S CHANSON,

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

My dear *chere amis*, I am Solomon Gundy,  
 At mouse traps and razors, I'm thought quite the go,  
 For I lather my neighbours, from Monday to Sunday,  
 And catch Rats, 'till I make all the Cats mallyro;  
 But in hopes to require, that true style of behaving,  
 Which you all disallow, I have got *point du tout*,  
 And tho' here I'm at home, to a hair or a shaving,  
 I set off to see fashions and talk *parley voo*.  
 With my fal lal lal, lal lal, &c.

It was lucky black Benjamin Bonelace of Dover,  
 A monstrous great smuggler, under the rose,  
 Was going to Dunkirk, and carried me over,  
 For which I repaid him, with *petty kick chose*;  
 I had heard that when folks, on their travels are going,  
 Good company with them, should *alley vous ong*,  
 And to want of polite introduction 'tis owing,  
 That some people never can reach the *hot tong*,  
 Fal lal, &c.

While pleas'd round about, I went gaping and staring,  
 Before I could speak, they said *taisez vous bete*,  
 And because I forgot, that the war was declaring,  
 They lock'd me up safe, by myself *tete-a-tete*;  
 But a rat-hole I found, spite of bolting and latching,  
 And made up my mind, that I'd stay there *non paw*,  
 So with digging and delving, and poking and scratch-  
 ing,  
 I manag'd to make my escape with *eclaw*.  
 Fal lal, &c.



I was hid in the croud, at the grand coronation,  
 Determin'd to see all I could *tout al heure*,  
 When they all *sang froid*, for the good of the nation,  
 New christen'd a Consul with *vive l' Emperure*;  
 Then he up, and he told 'em with manners so dashing,  
 I heard, but I could not see him for his hat,  
 He'd be good to the French, and give us a good  
 thrashing,  
 Thinks I that's a damn'd—*nong tong paw* for all that,  
 Fal lal, &c.

At last I got back, for I thought it a sin, sir,  
 With frogs, bulley beef, and soup *maigre* to stay,  
 And arriv'd just in time for a visit to Windsor,  
 Where I sat down to dine, and to help take away;  
 To the scramble the folks did so jostle and flock it,  
 One gentleman near me so ravenous prov'd,  
 That he swallow'd his spoon, put the broth in his pocket,  
 And the table took off 'ere the cloth was remov'd.  
 Fal lal, &c.

Then I saw in their robes all the knights of the garter;  
 By day in the chapel, by night in the dance,  
 And the ladies all trying at who should look smarter,  
 They made me quite, *honi soit qui mal y pause*.  
 I saw our good king too, I did, heaven bless him,  
 And if the great Emperor here thinks to reign,  
 Let him come, *comme il faut* we'll endeavour to dress  
 him,  
 And John Bull will cut off his *grand coup de main*.  
 Fal lal, &c.

## BECAUSE I LOVE HIM DEARLY.

Sung by Mrs. Bland, at Vauxhall.

I HAVE a heart, a little heart  
 That throbs for—I know who !  
 Yet this must say, and mind me pray ?  
 It is not You, nor You.  
 O, no, no, no, I tell you so,  
 'Tis no one here, sincerely ;  
 And yet I sigh, and all for why—  
 Because I love him dearly.  
 Yes !  
 Because I love him dearly !

I have a heart, a little heart,  
 But not I fear my own ;  
 'Twas mine, but now 'tis his, I vow,  
 But who, shall not be known.  
 O, no, no, no, I tell you so,  
 'Tis no one here, sincerely,  
 Yet oft I sigh, and all for why—  
 Because I love him dearly.  
 Yes !  
 Because I love him dearly !

I have a heart, a little heart  
 That's tender, warm, and true !  
 Then this can say, and mind me pray,  
 It throbs,—but not for You.  
 O, no, no, no, I tell you so,  
 'Tis no one here, sincerely ;  
 And yet I sigh, and all for why—  
 Because I love him dearly.  
 Yes !  
 Because I love him dearly !

# THE YORKSHIRE IRISHMAN, OR ADVENTURES OF A POTATOE MERCHANT.

Sung by Mr. Emery, at Covent-Garden.

My Father was once a great *Marchant*,  
 As any in Ireland was found,  
 But faith he could ne'er save a *Shilling*,  
 Tho' tatoes he sold by the *pound*;  
 So says he to my mother, one night,  
 To England suppose you and I go,  
 And the very next day, by moonlight,  
 They took leave of the country of Slygo.  
 Sing fal de ral, lal de ral la, fal lal de, &c.

That the land is all cover'd with water,  
 'Twixt England, and Ireland you'll own;  
 And *single* misfortunes, they say,  
 To Irishmen ne'er come *alone*:  
 So my father, poor man! was *first* drown'd,  
 Then *ship-wreck'd*, in sailing from Cork,  
 But my mother,—she got safe to land,  
 And a whiskey-shop open'd in York.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

Just a year after father was dead,—  
 One night, about five i' th' morn,  
 An odd accident happen'd to me,  
 For 'twas then, that myself was first born;  
 All this, I've been told by my mammy,  
 (And surely, she'd not tell me wrong,)  
 But I don't remember nought of it,  
 Caze it happen'd when I were quite young.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

*On the very same day*, the next year,  
 (For so ran the story of mother,)  
 The same accident happen'd again,  
 But not to me then, that were brother;  
 So 'twas settled by old father Luke,  
 Who dissolv'd all our family sins,—  
 As we both were born on the *same day*,  
 That we sartinly must have been twins.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

'Twas agreed I should not go to school,  
 As learning I never should want,  
 Nor would they, e'en teach me to read,  
 For my *genus* they said it would cramp:  
 Now this *genus*, of mine,—where it lay,—  
 Do but listen awhile, and you'll hear—  
 'Twas in drawing—not landscapes and pictures  
 No—mine was for drawing of beer.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

Some with only *one* genus are blest,  
 But, I it appears, had got *two*,  
 For when I had drawn off some beer,  
 I'd a genus for drinking it too:  
 At last I was drawn up to town,  
 Without in my pocket a *farden*,  
 But since I've earn'd many a *crown*,  
 By the *shop* here, in sweet *Common Garaen*.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

Now the end of my song's drawing near,  
 I'll tell ye—but that's nothing new,—  
 Now all my ambition's to try,  
 And to do, what I can to draw you:

In which, if I do but succeed,  
 And my efforts, beguile you of pain,  
 I entreat, you'll not wait to be ask'd,  
 To come *often* and see me again.—*Fal de ral, &c.*

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### LITTLE SUE.

Sung by Mrs. Bland, at Vauxhall.

THE shepherds call me little Sue,  
 Who sport, and frolic round,  
 The rustic pleasures I pursue,  
 Content with me is found ;  
 They talk of love, and call me fair  
 And woo, as lovers woo,  
 I tell the swains, he must be rare,  
 Who marries little Sue,

The swain who wou'd my bosom move,  
 Must be what I declare,  
 His actions, not his words, must prove,  
 That I'm his only care ;  
 My lover must have sense refin'd,  
 Have wit and humour too,  
 The youth be gentle, brave, and kind,  
 Who marries little Sue.

The swain that's form'd for love and me,  
 Must ne'er ambitious prove,  
 Must ne'er find fault, tho' some shou'd see,  
 But all be peace and love ;  
 To merit such a noble youth,  
 I'll ev'ry art pursue,  
 He'll hold my heart, my mind, and truth,  
 Who marries little Sue.

## OLD RINGWOOD.

Sung by Mr. Gray, at Vauxhall.

YE darksome woods, where Echo dwells,  
 Where every bud, with freedom swells,  
 To meet the glorious day.  
 The morning breaks, again rejoice,  
 And with old Ringwood's well known voice,  
 Bid tuneful Echo play.

We come, ye groves, ye hills, we come,  
 The vagrant Fox, shall hear his doom,  
 And dread our jovial train.

The shrill Horn sounds, the courser flies,  
 While every sportsman joyful cries,  
 "There's Ringwood's voice again."

The chiming notes of chearful Hounds,  
 Hark! how the hollow dale resounds;  
 The sunny hills how gay.

But where's the note, brave Dog, like thine?  
 Then urge the Steed, the chorus join,  
 'Tis Ringwood leads the way.

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## I'M REALLY IN EARNEST, GOOD BYE.

Sung by Miss Smith, at Vauxhall.

WHEN we danc'd round the may-pole in honor of May,  
 And they chose me the queen for the year,  
 Young William, low whisper'd he'd something to say,  
 And he led me where no one could hear;  
 Dear heart, how I blush'd when he said he lov'd me,  
 And intreated a tender reply,  
 I stammer'd out Shepherd, I ne'er can agree,  
 I'm really in earnest, good bye.

Now surely thinks I, I have silenc'd the swain,  
 But regardless of all I had said,  
 Whenever we met, he renew'd the same strain,  
 And he harnted me just like my shade;  
 No longer all timid confusion I ran,  
 Nor heard him reluctant and shy,  
 But tauntingly answer'd, whene'er he began,  
 I'm really in earnest, good bye.

But these men, when determin'd, will have their own  
 way,

In defiance of all we can do,  
 So often he press'd, and so oft' I said nay,  
 I grew weary of answering no;  
 So I stopt him one day in the midst of his pray'r,  
 And told him, I'd rather comply,  
 Than so gentle a shepherd shou'd die in despair,  
 And in truth, and good earnest, was I.



## THE DONKIES, OR THE HUMOURS OF FASHION.

Sung by Mr. Johannot at Astley's Royal Amphitheatre, in the New  
 Pantomime of the Diving Bell.

WHILE fashion prove to all mankind,  
 High priestess of the age, Sir,  
 What curious whims in life we find,  
 Both on, and off the stage, Sir.  
 In short, each fav'rite has its day,  
 Cats, parrots, dogs, and monkeys;  
 But now o'er all that bears the sway—  
 O lord, it is the Donkies!

O, the little Donkies,  
 The pretty gentle Donkies !  
 Both here and there, and ev'ry where,  
 The rage is now the Donkies !

Newmarket long has borne the belle,  
 For Steeds beyond compare, Sir ;  
 Which jockey lords and grooms can tell,  
 Whose Done ! Done ! rent the air, Sir.  
 But fashion frequent changes sides,  
 As full of tricks as monkies ;  
 And Neddy now, my lady rides—  
 So much the go is Donkies..  
 O, the little Donkies,  
 The pretty gentle Donkies !  
 Both here and there, and ev'ry where,  
 The rage is now the Donkies !

The pretty miss, from boarding school,  
 And e'en mamma, her mother, Sir,  
 Now mount in turn their Balaam Mule,  
 And master Charles, another, Sir.  
 Then John the footman, walks behind,  
 And oft they're idle monkies ;  
 But now they've got enough to mind  
 To whip the ladies' Donkies !  
 O, the little Donkies,  
 The pretty gentle Donkies !  
 Both here and there, and ev'ry where,  
 The rage is now the Donkies !





## MY BRAVE VOLUNTEER.

Sung by Miss. Manners, at Laurent's Loyal Theatre of Mirth, Lyceum,  
Strand, in the Test of Loyalty.

*Recitative.*

AH me ! how cruel sure was fate's decree,  
To tear my much lov'd Volunteer from me,  
Just when the ring was bought, thus doom'd to mourn,  
My Henry's absence, peace can ne'er return.

*Air.*

My brave Volunteer, was the pride of the plain,  
So graceful his action, and pleasing his mien,  
The damsels all ey'd him, and envy'd my lot,  
While blest with his smile, ev'ry care was forgot ;  
Ah ! how chang'd is my fate, now my Henry's away,  
Every moment is sad, and disgusting each day,  
But time and reflection, some comfort will bring,  
When they whisper, he fights for his country and king.  
Yes, the youth of fair Albion will boldly advance,  
To repel the design of the ruler of France,  
And while Soldiers and Sailors protect thus our isle,  
Secure from Invasion, we safely may smile ;  
Nay, what's more, I'll engage for each lady, that's here,  
In that case, they'd all chearfully turn Volunteer ;  
Hand in hand, with a brother or husband we'd fly,  
And with them, learn to conquer, or nobly die.

## KATE KEARNEY.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, in the Songster's Jubilee.

OH ! did you not hear of Kate Kearney,  
She lives on the Banks of Kilarny,  
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,  
For fatal, the glance of Kate Kearney ;

For that eye, is so modestly beaming,  
 You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,  
 Yet Oh, I can tell, how fatal the spell,  
 That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,  
 Who lives on the banks of Kilarney,  
 Beware of the smile, for many a wile,  
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney ;  
 Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,  
 Yet there's mischief in every dimple,  
 And who dares en hale, her sighs, spicy gale,  
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

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### SISTER RUTH.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain, in Life's Masquerade.

SISTER Ruth, once a Quaker, so coy and so prim,  
 And daughter was she, to Aminidab Broad-brim,  
 But a youth, he so plagu'd her, by Satan set on,  
 For his coat, it was blue, with brass buttons thereon.

Oh ! Sister Ruth,—humph !—

Sister Ruth. she said nay, but he wou'd not be gone,  
 For his face like his coat, much *brass* had thereon,  
 He swore too (lord help him,) he lov'd her so much,  
 For her,—he'd turn Quaker, and give up his Church.

Oh ! Sister Ruth,—humph !—

Sister Ruth, when she found that a convert she made,  
 Groan'd deeply in spirit, tho' she wa'nt much afraid,  
 He press'd her soft lips, as they utter'd each moan,  
 And cry'd *heart of my heart*, yea, and *bone of my bone*.

Oh ! Sister Ruth,—humph !—

Sister Ruth, to brass buttons, in marriage once join'd,  
 A change of religion ne'er enter'd his mind,  
 But she pious soul, being left in the lurch,  
 The pinch'd Coif resigns, and with him goes to church.  
 Oh ! Sister Ruth,—humph !—

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BIM ! BOM ! BELL !

Sung by Signora Storace, at Covent Garden, in the Farce of Out of Place.

FROM native Afric borne,  
 To swell proud Europe's store ;  
 The negro sits forlorn,  
 And views the dreaded shore.  
 So maidens forc'd to wed  
 Against their heart's desire,  
 Behold with pain and dread  
 The fatal church's spire !  
 Their sighs reveal  
 That every peal  
 Assails them as a knell ;  
 For still it sounds,  
 In solemn rounds.  
 Bim ! bom ! bell !

The bird, on rapid wing,  
 Flies to the wish'd-for grove,  
 There with his mate to sing  
 The joyful tune of love.  
 So maidens doom'd to wed  
 The lover they desire,  
 With hasty paces tread  
 To view the church's spire.

And smiles reveal  
That every peal  
Does endless bliss foretell ;  
For now they sound,  
In merry round,  
Ding ! dong ! bell !

*Barbers*

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FUN AT SEA.

Sung by Mr. Emery, at Covent-Garden, in Spanish Dollars.

WHEN at sea we slave both far and near,  
Flip, beer, and brandy, our spirits cheer ;  
And the toast goes round to Poll, Peg, or Sue,  
And on deck we dance, like a merry crew !  
Fal de ral, &c.

When old Sam he jaws of sprites and ghosts,  
And Tom he of strength and wenches boasts ;  
And the master brags what knots he can sail,  
A cracker Dick claps to the chaplain's tail !  
Fal de ral, &c.

When poor Jack with grog is running o'er,  
And tells them a tale oft' told before ;  
By a sly slipt noose the story is mar'd,  
And away goes Jack to the top-sail yard !  
Fal de ral, &c.

Gig and fun, boys, is our life at sea,  
When storms blow o'er, we, from tempests free ;  
Drink, dance and sing, and again tempt the main,  
In hopes to sing, dance, and drink once again !  
Fal de ral, &c.

## THE DEPARTED HERO.

Tune—The Mulberry-tree.

Ye sons of old Albion, for valor renown'd,  
 Who in battle as victors have always been found,  
 Let the emblems of conquest with crape be hung o'er,  
 For the Ocean's great champion brave Nelson's no  
 more !

## CHORUS.

Britons will bow at Nelson's name ;  
 The world shall reverence Nelson's fame ;  
     For matchless was he,  
     Who rul'd the sea,  
 And his deeds, like himself, immortal will be.

The dawn of his genius with splendor was fraught,  
 When off Cape St. Vincent with Jervis he fought ;  
 But the fam'd first of August made Englishmen smile,  
 When he beat the French fleet at the *Mouth of the*  
*Nile.*

Britons shall bow, &c.

The task would be tedious each action to date,  
*When and where* Nelson fought and *bled*, fearless of  
 death !

The foes of Old England have each felt his pow'r :  
 To be foremost he gloried in peril's dread hour.

Britons shall bow, &c.

With the tears of the Muse the page now is fill'd,  
 While she's told how at Cape Trafalgar he was kill'd !  
 In the annals of Fame, Oh ! record it with pride,  
 As he nobly had liv'd, so he gloriously died !

Britons shall bow, &c.

This bright British meteor, with naval zeal fir'd,  
Amidst his own flames, like the Phœnix, expir'd !  
May there rise from his ashes a Nelson again,  
Who shall prove that Old England still governs the  
main ! Britons shall bow, &c.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

(With two additional Verses.)

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
Arose from out, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sung this strain :  
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,  
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,  
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,  
Must in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, 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,  
More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
Rule, Britain!

'The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
And work their woe, and thy renown.  
Rule, Britannia, d

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,  
 Thy cities, &c.  
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,  
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

Rule, Britannia &c.

The muses still with freedom found,  
 Shall to the happy coast repair,  
 Shall to, &c.  
 Bless'd isle, with beauties, with matchless beauties  
 crown'd,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Again, the loud-ton'd trump of Fame  
 Proclaims that Britons rule the main,  
 While sorrow whispers Nelson's name  
 And mourns the glorious Victor slain.  
 Rule, brave Britons, rule the main,  
 Avenge the God-like hero slain.

Rest, rest in peace, bright Honour's son,  
 Thy sires above will smile on thee;  
 Glorious thy race on earth was run,  
 Who dar'd to die, to keep us free!  
 Then mourn, Britannia, Britannia's sons, so brave,  
 Your laurels strew o'er NELSON's grave.

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### SONG ON THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

After the first verse of Rule Britannia, it begins,

IMPERIAL Cæsar soar'd to fame,  
 Where'er the Roman eagle flew;  
 Our gallant NELSON caught his flame,  
 He saw, he fought, and conquer'd too!

## CHORUS.

On Nelson's fame immortal praises pour,  
And shout his name from shore to shore.

The valiant deed which claims applause,  
From rising to the setting sun,  
From every heart this tribute draws,  
Here's Hawke surpass'd, and Blake outdone ?  
In Nelson's praise the Gods of Ocean roar,  
And chaunt his name from shore to shore.

Of Egypt's land we all have read,  
Where Israel's sons were forc'd to bow,  
But this with truth and triumph may be said,  
The Nile was never known till now !  
Sing, then, Nelson, his praise in bumpers pour,  
And shout his name from shore to shore.

A soul enflam'd, with ardour fir'd,  
On glorious death or conquest bent,  
Old England's martial sons inspir'd,  
And victory led where Nelson went.  
Great Nelson's fame shall grace historic lore,  
Till nature sinks, and time shall be no more !

To those who brave each hostile jar,  
Who fight for freedom and the throne ;  
To every bold and gallant British tar,  
Let all our grateful hearts be shewn.  
The valiant tars old England must adore,  
Who fought or fell on Egypt's shore.

Should France e'er land her desperate host,  
By chance evade each wooden wall,  
And hurl her thunders at our coast,  
Let Nelson's glory rouse us all !  
Let trumpets sound, let cannons roar,  
Spread Nelson's fame from shore to shore,



The partners of his former wars  
 View his dead body, trench'd with scars !  
 He gave the wreck, he could no more ;  
 All but his life was lost before.

His flag, &c.

Death the great conqueror, could not win the whole,  
 Earth keeps his ashes, and Heaven receives his soul.

### NELSON'S VICTORY.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, at Covent-Garden.

WHEN the Vict'ry weigh'd anchor, Fame's breath  
 swell'd the gale

That wafted brave Nelson from shore ;  
 The winds felt sweet rapture to toy with the sail,  
 While the billows neglected to roar.  
 Old Neptune's fix'd throne felt th' electrial prow,  
 And he sent up a Triton the secret to know.

The Triton return'd thro' the fathomless tide,  
 Told this news, with a tear in his eye—  
 'Tho' Britons have conquer'd, brave Nelson has died !'  
 And finish'd the tale with a sigh :

Then exclaim'd, ' But such heroes in death must find  
 charms,

For he died as he liv'd, in fair Victory's arms !'

The Genius of B'tain petition'd to Heav'n

For a champion, to vanquish her foes ;  
 The fiat of fate to bold Nelson was given,  
 Then doom'd him to lasting repose.

Did the wretch, who dealt death, feel th' effect of this  
 blow,

He'd sure drop a tear for his brave fallen foe !

## THE INTRIGUING IRISHMAN.

THE first of my pranks was at little Rathshane,  
Where love, faith, like whiskey, popt into my brain,  
For Alley M'Culloch, 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 M'  
Culloch, 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 basket 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 though ? says she. To  
be sure I do—What do you think of me ? Oh,  
there's no resisting 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 for jacket and trowsers I chang'd my old coat,  
And from Cork I set 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,

### SONG.

Sung by Mr. Townsend.

*Ban*

OF all the words in Lexicon,  
Not one, to my poor thinking,  
Can make a man so wise a Don,  
As those in use for drinking :  
To say he's drunk, so coarse the sound,  
That Bacchus ask'd Apollo,  
To give some terms, in wit profound,  
And he the phrase would follow.  
With a fal lal lal lal la, &c.  
When ladies drink, why then they're gay,  
But, to a toping gipsey,  
Of vulgar rank, we sneering say,  
Upon my soul she's tipsey :  
When lords are bubb'd they're in the sun,  
And cits are mighty muddled,  
But when a husband up is done,  
The wife cries, ' deary's fuddled.  
With my fal lal, &c.

Then Jack is grogg'd he's ship'd his beer,  
 He cries, ' you're half seas over ;'  
 And bosky damon roars, ' My dear,  
 I'm prim'd just for a lover :'  
 And some are rocky, some are muz'd,  
 And some disguis'd and mellow :  
 But goddesses must now be buss'd,  
 For I'm a merry fellow :      With my fal lal, &c.

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### THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Sung by Mr. Incledon, in the interlude of Nelson's Glory,  
 Tune---The Storm.

CEASE, vain France, ill-manner'd railer,  
 Fellow freemen, list to me,  
 Britons, hear a British sailor  
 Sing the strains of victory !  
 Yet, what verse shall tell the story,  
 What bold tongue speak Nelson's praise !  
 Whose bright sun has set in glory,  
 Gilding Ocean with its rays !  
 Long our Tars had kept their station,  
 Long insulting foes defied,  
 Spite of all the Gallic nation,  
 Dutch bravado, Spanish pride :  
 To those who swore this land to plunder,  
 Those who dare our rights despise,  
 We've once more replied in thunder,  
 ' While you threaten, we chastise !'  
 France and Spain, with hopes scarce sober,  
 Stung with hate of Nelson's fame,  
 Chose the nineteenth of October,  
 To immortalize his name,

When he saw their colours flying,  
 When he saw their fleets combine,  
 Still methinks I hear him crying,  
 ' Follow, boys, they all are mine !'

Yet the foe with hesitation,  
 Linger'd till the twenty-first,  
 As if, with dread anticipation,  
 These vaunting heroes fear'd the worst ;  
 The twenty-first of March had told 'em,  
 What our boys on *land* can be :  
 Another twenty-first, behold 'em  
 Bending to our *lads* at *sea* !

Hush !—They've join'd—the battle rages,  
 Expectation holds her breath !  
 Britain for her right engages,  
 France for plunder, war, and death !  
 Thirty-three our chief opposing,  
 Twenty-seven the British line ;  
 ' They strike !' he cries, while life is closing,  
 ' Heaven ! the praise is only thine.'

---

### I'M AN IRISHMAN BORN.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

I'm an Irishman born, and as pretty a youth  
 As ever bawl'd whack, or the sweet gramachree,  
 In a drop of the crature I always found truth,  
 And the drop of the crature's the true drop for me :

Whatever you think,  
 Then drink, honey, drink,  
 In our cups though we quarrel, we always agree.

*Ham*

In a hard gale of wind when our canvas goes crack,  
And our masts just like carrots, are snapt short in  
two ;

And sorrows would swell out an old pedlar's pack,  
Or approach to swamp us, pray what should we do ?  
Why, what do you think ?

Why, drink, honey, drink,  
And, blind to all sorrow, we have none in view.

Friends and friendship most sweetly the bottle approve,  
It ne'er bids the eye of misfortune go weep ;

To be sure and itan't a sweet comfort to love,  
And floats the fond heart like the ship in the deep :

Then, joy, never think,  
But drink, honey, drink,  
Till ill-humour's dead drunk, and suspicion asleep.

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### NELSON'S DEATH.

Tune---Anacreontic Song.

YE, who gloried in Nelson, thro' life so victorious,  
The pride of the good, and the boast of the brave,  
Now mourn, Britons, mourn o'er his exit glorious,  
And strike your sad breasts, while you bend o'er his  
grave :

Our grief, mix'd with joy—with each pang, exulta-  
tion,

The conflict how sore 'twixt the smile and the tear !  
Whilst, struggling with rapture and anguish, the  
nation

Sees the cypress and laurel unite o'er his bier !

Where tow'ring Trafalgar frowns over the ocean,  
 And stern the rude winds and the billows defies,  
 French and Spaniards, at noon, we discover'd in motion,  
 And sparkles of ecstasy flash'd from all eyes :  
 Ye Gods ! what a moment ! a sight of such beauty !  
 What more could a brave British seamen desire ?  
 And the signal, ' This day, let each man do his duty,'  
 Prim'd each gallant heart, set each bosom on fire.

Aloft on the deck, stood the *World's naval wonder*,  
 Whilst alarms for his life all around him express'd ;  
 'Midst smoke, fire, and flame, and the cannon's loud  
 thunder,

Serene was his aspect, and fearless his breast.  
 Oh ! a curse on the hand, of our chief who bereft us,  
 And laid on the deck the great conqueror low !  
 He's gone ! But his matchless example he's left us ;  
 And *victory* and *vengeance* soon follow'd the blow !

The king's stoutest champion, the country's bright  
 glory,

Of no faction a tool—to no party a slave,  
 First of Heroes !—our grief shall instruct future story  
 Thy deeds to exalt, and to honor thy grave ;  
 One woe, mix'd with joy—with each pang exultation,  
 The conflict how sore 'twixt the smile and the tear,  
 While in anguish and rapture entranc'd, a whole na-  
 tion

With the cypress and laurel itself decks thy bier !



## THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Tune---The Arethusa.

To England's fame another ray  
 Is added, boys, this glorious day,  
 And sad despair is on its way  
     To gaul the bold invader,  
 Who swore he wou'd our isle subdue ;  
 Said Nelson, Dam'me if you do !  
     For should your fleet,  
     With Britain's meet,  
 We'll make you yield like dastard slaves ;  
 For Britain still must rule the waves,  
     In spite of gasconaders.  
 In Cadiz harbour long confin'd,  
 The French and Spanish fleet combin'd,  
 Came out, to future evil blind,  
     Nor dreamt we were so near, boys :  
 Brave Nelson's heart it beat with glee ;  
 ' Now is your time, my boys ! ' said he,  
     ' To give the blow,  
     Lay Frenchmen low !  
 Of twenty, boys, we may make sure,  
 And honours for that king secure,  
     Whom Britons doth revere, boys.'

To arms we flew, their line was broke,  
 And all around was lost in smoke,  
 While Nelson gave the potent stroke  
     That crush'd their proud armada !  
 But fate for us had ill in store,  
 A loss which we must e'er deplore ;



A fatal shot,  
 O, cruel lot !  
 Wounded the Hero of the Nile,  
 While envy did malignant smile,  
 On board the Trinidad.

Then to revenge his loss, let's fly,  
 Like Britons conquer, boys, or die !  
 For dearly's earn'd the victory  
 Which by his death is won, boys !  
 But tho' he dies, his name shall live ;  
 In future ages ardour give ;  
 Our tars inspire  
 With martial ire,  
 While to each Briton ever dear,  
 They'll sigh, and drop a briny tear,  
 To think his race is run, boys.

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## ADMIRAL NELSON'S VICTORY.

Tune--- Hearts of Oak.

YE true sons of Britain, whose valour and zeal  
 All Europe must honour, all nations must feel ;  
 While with wreaths of fresh laurels your temples are  
 bound,  
 And the thunder of conquest o'er ocean resound.  
 Brave NELSON led the way---British Tars won the  
 day,  
 Whose hearts, warm and steady,  
 Where loyal and ready,  
 To prove that our glory will never decay.

Our Navy triumphant shall guard our fair isle,  
 Where the loves and the graces exultingly smile ;  
 Where the natives are dauntless and still shall be blest,  
 For the bulwark of freedom is rear'd in each breast:  
 Then for NELSON let's join, a wreath to entwine,  
     While true British glory  
     Shall still live in story,  
 For fame gives to valour a title divine.

The breezes that bore them across the wide sea,  
 Like the champions of virtue and Britain were free ;  
 The white foaming billows were glitt'ring and gay,  
 Reflecting with triumph the Heaven-smiling day :  
 British Tars still shall reign, o'er the vast swelling  
     With hearts warm and steady,      [main,  
     Undaunted and ready,  
 To lead them to conquest again and again.

The guardians of Albion each peril can brave,  
 Like the sun, fraught with glory, though rough as the  
     wave ;  
 Like the wind, to all points shall their valour extend,  
 And their minds prove as firm as the rock they defend :  
 Let the loud-roaring main echo back the proud  
     strain,  
     Our tars shall be ready,  
     Undaunted and steady,  
 To prove their own valour again and again.

*Mammoth*

### THE LADS OF THE OCEAN.

Tune---Go to the Devil and shake yourself.

WHAT matters your ditties, your jokes and narrations,  
 Of Lawyers and Doctors still making your game,  
 With your gallipots, parchments, & clients, & patients,  
 And all such cantanherous stuff as that same,

In praise of our admirals, captains, and sailors,  
 I'll sing and long life to the lads, and all such  
 Who on the salt ocean were never yet failers,  
 In banging the Spaniards, the French and the Dutch,  
 And sing fillalloo, smalliloo, ditheroo, whack,  
 Let an enemy come and we'll trundle him back,  
 While the lads of the ocean shall tell the proud  
 elf,  
 He may go to the Devil and shake himself.

Did'nt Frenchmen one June to our lads cry *peccavi*,  
 Lord Howe, he did pelt them through thunder and  
 smoke,  
 With British hard dumplings without any gravy,  
 Till mounseer no longer could relish the joke?  
 And then did'nt Jarvis the Spaniards belather?  
 Then Duncan and Nelson completed the job,  
 To shew them we can beat them all three both toge-  
 ther,  
 As fast as each pleases to put up his nob.  
 Chorus.—And sing fillalloo, &c.

Each wave as it washes our shores would soon tell us.  
 If it had but a tongue and could speak what was  
 just,  
 How it carry'd to glory our brave honest fellows—  
 How oft' on its surface our foes bit the dust.  
 And now to be building on land you'd be after,  
 Some trophy of honour their actions to grace,  
 While they have built one for themselves on the water,  
 The Devil himself could'nt shove from its place.  
 Chorus.—And sing, &c.

## THE SHIPWRECK.

Tune---I've sail'd in the good ship the Nancy.

I SAIL'D in the ship, Duke of Clarence,  
 With grog and good liquor in store,  
 From the sound, to the Gulph of St. Lawrence,  
 And left all the lubbers ashore ;  
 Well mann'd, with three hundred good fellows,  
 We put out to sea in full sail ;  
 By Providence watch'd, as they tell us,  
 We weigh'd ship and weather'd the gale.

## CHORUS.

Bill Bobstay, our captain, commanded,  
 When wreck'd on the Barbary shore,  
 And at Deal only ten of us landed ;  
 The fate of poor tars to deplore.

By the board went the main-mast while reefing,  
 All hands at the pump took a spell,  
 Ev'ry countenance truly had grief in,  
 The rest of my shipmates can tell.  
 In the hold there was six feet of water,  
 From sinking she ne'er could refrain,  
 But the gale took her weathermost quarter,  
 And tho' she bulg'd, righted again.

Bill Bobstay, &c.

In the long boat nineteen only ventur'd,  
 No compass wherewith for to steer,  
 The waves mountain high as we enter'd,  
 But sailors in storms never fear :  
 Braving dangers we smack'd thro' the ocean,  
 Tho' the boatswain each night sung a stave  
 Ev'ry day by the wind's veering motion,  
 Expecting a watery grave.

Bill Bobstay, &c.

Twas the loss of our rudder first taught us  
 Our dreadful misfortunes to know,  
 To scenes of destruction it brought us,  
 What hardships we tars undergo ;  
 While the landmen indiff'rently sporting,  
 And gliding thro' life at their ease,  
 The seamen all perils are counting,  
 While ploughing all on the salt seas.

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### THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

OBEDIENT to his country's great command,  
 Led by the guardian angel of our land,  
 The matchless Nelson sought the Spanish shore,  
 And left his country, to return no more !  
 Soon as he saw approach the hostile fleet,  
 His fearless breast with gallant ardor beat ;  
 'They come !' he cried, 'My glory's now complete :  
 'They come,' &c.

Firm on the Vict'ry's deck he took his stand,  
 'To die or vanquish !' was his short command ;  
 But scarce the banners of the shatter'd fleet  
 Had crouch'd submissive at the victor's feet,  
 When swift a vengeful bullet pierc'd his side :  
 'My country triumphs ! I'm content,' he cried,  
 And Vict'ry o'er her son hung weeping as he died.

Fame from his dying brow the laurel bore,  
 And flew triumphant to Britannia's shore :  
 But when her sons the dear-bought trophy view'd,  
 And mark'd it stain'd with Nelson's vital blood,  
 Exulting shouts were chang'd to mournful tears ;  
 No voice but Grief's the drooping nation hears,  
 And e'en the vanquish'd foe his deathless name reveres !

## SONG.

Sung in the musical 'entertainment of 'The agreeable Surprise.'

THUS, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd,  
See Britain's glorious flag display'd !

Unfurl the swelling sail !

Sound, sound your shells, ye Tritons sound !

Let every heart with joy rebound !

We scud before the gale.

See, neptune quits his wat'ry car,

Depos'd by Jove's decree,

Who hails a free-born British tar

The sov'reign of the sea.

Now, now we leave the land behind,

Our loving wives, and sweethearts kind,

Perhaps to meet no more !

Great George commands ; it must be so ;

And glory calls ; then let us go !

Nor sigh a wish for shore.

For Neptune, &c.

A sail a-head, our decks we clear ;

Our canvass croud ; the chace we near,

In vain the Frenchman flies !

A broadside pour'd thro' clouds of smoke,

Our Captain roars, 'My hearts of oak !

Now Draw and board our prize.'

For Neptune &c.

The scuppers run with Gallic gore !

The white rag struck, Monsieur no more

Disputes the British sway.

A prize ! we tow her into port,

And hark ! salutes from every fort !

Huzza ! my souls, huzza !

For Neptune, &c.

## WOUNDED FRIENDSHIP.

I OF feeling won't boast—I've no more than my share,  
 Yet humanity bleeds when a friend is distress'd,  
 Who in sorrow's sad moment made friendship his care,  
 And bade the bright sunshine of hope cheer my  
 breast :

When law's iron hand on by cruelty led,  
 In a darksome abode me disgracefully penn'd  
 A school-mate, whom pity inspir'd, thither stray'd,  
 Gave me freedom, and prov'd himself more than a  
 a friend.

Recollection reveal'd, that in youth's early hour  
 My saviour he'd been ; when with billows at strife  
 I was whirl'd down the eddy, and aid did implore,  
 He plung'd in, and risking his own sav'd my life.  
 Again, when a ruffian, who conscience had brav'd,  
 And dar'd against the fiat of justice offend.  
 His weapon to murder had rais'd—me he sav'd :  
 And gratitude warm'd my full heart to my friend.

But pelican like, the fair, gen'rous mind,  
 Feeds the suppliant brood with its own vital stream ;  
 My friend to the wretched had oft prov'd so kind,  
 Liberality made all his wealth but a dream :  
 Haggard ruin approach'd, with its heart rending pains,  
 O'er the straw I had quitted his form did extend ;  
 I flew to console him—but lacking the means,  
 Did but gaze, and alas ! could not speak to my friend.

I read all the workings of passion and grief,  
 The just indignation that flash'd from his eye,  
 His bosom was bursting—a tear gave relief—  
 And the stab of ingratitude forc'd a deep sigh !

That misfortune such worth should so harshly assail ;  
 But who 'gainst the will of stern fate dare contend ?  
 He droop'd ; but I'll over his doom draw a veil,  
 For my heart sure will break when I think on my  
 friend.



## THE HEROES OF THE BRITISH FLEET.

THE British flag shall still retain  
 Its influence o'er the subject main :  
 The guardians of its honour feel,  
 Each insult rouse their warlike zeal :  
 And still with rage their breasts shall glow,  
 Until they quell each haughty foe.

### CHORUS.

The British damsels then with smiles,  
 Shall bid them welcome to our isles,  
 And deck'd in charms with joy shall meet  
 The heroes of the British fleet.

Britannia's sons shall quit the shore,  
 To bid the thund'ring cannon roar,  
 Shall bravely all her rights maintain,  
 And ride victorious on the main :  
 Then fame her loudest trump shall blow,  
 And gilded laurels deck each brow,

The British damsels, &c.

Old Neptune oft' has wond'ring stood,  
 And wav'd his trident o'er the flood,  
 Whilst British Tars have won the day,  
 And wealth and honours borne away :  
 Still may they make his wonder more,  
 And bring new wonders to the shore.

The British damsels, &c.



## SONG.

Written by a Lady.

On the white cliffs of Albion, see Fame where she stands !

Her shrill swelling notes reach the neighbouring lands;  
Of the natives free born, and their conquests she sings;  
The happiest of men with the greatest of kings.

George the Third she proclaims, his vast glory repeat,  
His undismay'd legions, invincible fleets,  
Whom nor castles nor rocks can from honour retard,  
Since e'en death for their King they with scorn disregard.

O ! but see a cloud bursts, and an angel appears !

'Tis Peace, lovely virgin, dissolved in tears !

' Say Fame,' cried the maid, ' is'nt time to give o'er  
With sieges and famine, explosions, and gore ?

' His just rights to assert hath the King amply try'd,  
Nor his wisdom or strength can opponents abide ;  
Then no longer in rage let dread thunders be hurl'd.  
But leave him to me, and give peace to the world.'

'Tis done, and great George is to mercy inclin'd,  
The blest word is gone forth, for the good of mankind :  
Tis the act of a Briton to beat, then to spare,  
And our king is a Briton—deny it, who dare.

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SONG.

Sung by Miss Duncan, in the new Comedy, called, The Prier Claim.

As to May's ambrosial reign,  
Fickle April yields the plain,  
So to Hymen's happier hour  
Cupid yields his wayward pow'r,

Care's capricious day is o'er,  
 Fears and doubts perplex no more;  
 Love, with Virtue by his side,  
 Leads, with roses crown'd, the bride.  
 May each day, with rapid wing,  
 New delights, new transports bring.  
 Now in mirth the hours employ,  
 Sing of pastime, sing of joy;  
 To the tabor's chearful sound  
 Nimble beat the echoing ground.

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## SONG.

Sung by Miss De Camp, in the same.

THE downward look, the downcast eye,  
 The stealing tear, the struggling sigh,  
 Must shew distrust, or grief, or fear,  
 Or surely cannot be sincere.

Oh! let my lips with modest smile,  
 Devoid of art—devoid of guile,  
 To Henry speak nor doubt nor fear,  
 But shew Maria's love's sincere.

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## THE PAVIOR.

Sung by Mr. Johannot, at Astley's Amphitheatre, in the Pantomime of  
 Take Warning.

A PAVIOR I am, and as hearty a blade.  
 As ever took pickaxe or spade in his hand;  
 No debts I contract, and thus never am sad,  
 But still have a trifle, d'ye mind, at command:

And as many may flout at my calling, and say  
 As how it's a low occupation,  
 I'll just give a sketch, where I'll clearly display,  
 There's more *paviors* than one in the nation.  
 With my fal, lal, &c.

The courtier with flattery oft *paves* his way  
 To fortune's best gifts, and obtains a great name ;  
*Gold's* the *stone* which the miser in secret doth lay,  
 And scars *paves* the road of the soldier to fame ;  
 Then a lover with oaths *paves* his way to the fair,  
 Each one, d'ye mind, in his station,  
 While the patriot's long speeches doth plainly declare,  
 That he *paves* for the good of the nation.  
 With his fal, lal, &c.

Then our sailors of freedom, sirs, lay the first *stone*,  
 Which our foes would dig up, and vile slavery plant,  
 But our guns, d'ye mind, makes them let it alone,  
 And, *rammer* like, fix it so deep that they can't.  
 As for me, my sole aim is your favour to win,  
 What argues longer oration—  
 For d'ye see if my song *paves* the way to a grin,  
 I'm the happiest dog in the nation.  
 With my fal, lal, &c.



TO GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES LET EACH  
 HAND FILL THE GLASS.

Sung by Mr. Dignum, and the Vocal Performers, at Vauxhall.

*Recitative.*

Now the radiant beams of day,  
 On western breezes, sportive play ;

Now their golden tresses lave,  
 In the green translucent wave ;  
 Now Hesper, with his starry wand,  
 Scatters plenty o'er the land.—  
 Let us then this night employ,  
 In festive notes, in duteous joy—  
 Through these groves, our voices raise,  
 To Britain's Prince, the song of praise.

*Air.*

Ye sons of old England, whose hearts like your rock,  
 Defy ev'ry danger,—repel ev'ry shock,  
 Whose Princes, so famous in battle and story,  
 Have humbled proud France, and diminished her glory,  
 This night, join with me, while I loyally sing,  
 George of Wales and old England, the son of our king :  
 To that patriot Prince, whom none can surpass,  
 To George Prince of Wales, let each hand fill the glass.

Chorus—This night, &c.

The day which gave birth to a scion so rare ;  
 Was a proud day for Britain ! with none to compare ;  
 Our Prince shall be famed too, in battle and story,  
 France once more be humbled, and strip'd of her glory.

Chorus— This night, &c.

Our Edwards, our Henrys, were chicks of the blood,  
 Our George too , can boast of a lineage as good ;  
 Royal eaglets of Albion, should rise like their sires ;  
 Undauntedly soar, to the sun's vivid fires.

Chorus—This night, &c.

May our Prince (like his sire) deserve well the crown,  
 In the hearts of the people, establish his throne ;  
 May the sceptre he wields be of true British oak,  
 And his empire storm proof, as old Albion's firm rock.

May years long and happy, his life crown with bliss ;  
 May each year as it flies, add a blessing to this ;  
 May the King, Prince, and People, for ever be free,  
 And England triumphantly govern the sea.

Chorus—May years, &c.

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MAKE READY ! PRESENT ! FIRE !

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

GREAT Jove, the protector of our happy land,  
 Indignant views the tyrant-spoilers' aim,  
 His bolt resigns to great Britannia's hand,  
 To pour destruction on the Gallic name,  
 Her gleaming vengeance quick he hurl'd,  
 Her foes avoid Old Albion's ire,  
 The words alarm the warring world,  
 Make ready !—Present !—Fire !

Great Mars, the director of our warlike bands,  
 At whose dread nod the British lion roars,  
 On our sea-beat beach the god of battle stands,  
 To fight usurpers from our peaceful shores ;  
 The massy, column'd, lengthen'd line,  
 Of husband, brother, son, and sire,  
 In one great common cause combine,  
 Make ready !—Present !—Fire !

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ALBION WILL GOVERN THE SEA.

Sung by Mr. Denman at Vauxhall.

WHEN the pale queen of night, with her glittering train,  
 Illum'd the blue concave, and brighten'd the main,  
 Slow roll'd the green billows ; the fluttering sail  
 Receiv'd the mild zephyrs, and courted the gale ;

While far o'er the ocean a veteran's tongue  
 Was heard by the Tritons, who gaz'd as he sung,  
 Tho' by destiny tried, my lov'd country is free,  
 And while Albion exists she will govern the sea.  
 Loud threatens the tyrant our shores to invade ;  
 But vain are his threats, not a man is afraid ;  
 The cause of his nation, his god, and his crown,  
 What true British sailor will ever disown ?  
 Full oft has our spirit been thoroughly tried,  
 And thousands have seal'd this great truth as they died,  
 While seamen attach'd to their country shall be,  
 Old Albion shall rule the domains of the sea.  
 When in battle engag'd our true valor appears,  
 Each vessel the standard of loyalty bears :  
 While cannons in thunder our sentiments show,  
 And broadsides o'erwhelm the adventurous foe ;  
 The waves stain'd with crimson roll trembling between,  
 As Neptune contemplates the terrible scene,  
 Till at length he declares our blest isle shall be free,  
 And that Albion triumphant shall govern the sea.

FINIS.