

A
Musical Dictionary.

Being an EXPLICATION of

ITALIAN, FRENCH,

AND

Other WORDS, TERMS, &c.

Made Use of.

In Musical Compositions.



A

Musical Dictionary, &c.

A

A *Majuscule*, in thorough basses, marks the *Alto* or *Counter Tenor*.

A *Battuta*. See BATTUTA.

A *Bene placito*, at pleasure.

ACCENT, a certain modulation, or warbling of the sounds, to express the passions, either naturally by the voice, or artificially by instruments.

ACUTO, or ACUTE; a voice or Sound is so called when high or shrill.

ADAGIO, or by way of abbreviation ADAG°, or AD°; by which is signified the slowest movement in music, especially if the word be repeated twice, as *Adagio Adagio*.

AD *Libitum*, if you please.

A DUE, or DOI, A TRE, A QUARTO, &c. signifies, for two, for three, or four, &c. parts. See OBLIGATO.

AFFETTO, or CON AFFETTO, or AFFETTUOSO, signifies that the music must be performed in a very moving, tender or affecting manner, and therefore not too fast, but rather slow.

ALAMIRE, the name of one of the notes in the modern scale.

ALLABREVE, the name of a movement, whose bars consist of two semi-breves, or four minims, &c.

ALLEGRO, is used to signify that the music ought to be performed in a brisk, lively, gay and pleasant manner, yet without hurry and precipitation, and quicker than any except Presto.

The usual six distinctions succeed each other in the following order, Adagio, Grave, Largo, Vivace, Allegro and Presto.

A

It is to be observed, the movements of the same name as Adagio or Allegro, are swifter in triple than in common time; the triple $\frac{3}{2}$ is Adagio, Allegro, or Vivace; the triples $\frac{6}{8}$, $\frac{6}{4}$, $\frac{9}{8}$, $\frac{12}{8}$ are commonly Allegro.

If Allegro be preceded by Piu, it adds to the strength of its signification, requiring the music to be performed brisker and gayer than Allegro alone intimated.

ALLEGRO *Allegro*, signify much the same as Piu Allegro.

ALLEGRO *ma non presto*, brisk and lively, but not too hastily.

ALLEGRETTO, a diminutive of Allegro, which therefore means pretty quick, but not so quick as Allegro.

ALLEMAND, a sort of grave and solemn music, whose measure is full and moving.

ALMAIN, a sort of air that moves in common time.

ALMANDA, a certain air or tune where the measure is in common time and movement slow.

ALT, is a term applied to the high notes in the scale.

ALTERNATIVEMENT, is to play or sing two airs by turns, one after another, several Times over.

ALTO, or ALTUS, the upper or counter tenor, and is commonly met with in music of several parts.

ALTO *Viola*, a small tenor or Viol.

ALTO *Violino*, a small tenor Violin.

ALTO *Concertante*, the tenor of the little chorus, or the tenor that sings or plays throughout.

A

ALTO Ripiano, the tenor of the great chorus, or the tenor that sings or plays now and then in some particular Places.

ALTRO, is an *Italian* Adjective, signifying other, as *una altera volta*—play it over again; *in altro modo*—in another manner.

ANDANTE, this Word has respect chiefly to the thorough bass, and signifies, that in playing the time must be kept very just and exact, and each Note made very equal and distinct the one from the other. Sometimes you will find the word *Largo* join'd with it, as *Andante Largo*, or *Largo Andante*, which is as much as to say, that though the music must be performed slow, yet the time must be observed very exactly, the sound of each note made very distinct, and separated one from another.

ANIMA, or **ANIMATO**, is with life and spirit, and is of much the same signification as the word *Vivace*, which is a degree of movement between *Largo* and *Allegro*.

ANTHEM, a church song, performed in cathedral and other service, by the choristers, divided for that purpose into two chorusses, who sing alternately.

APOTOME, is the remaining part of an entire tone, after a greater semi-tone has been taken from it.

APOGIATURA, is when in any part of a song there are two notes that are some distance from one another, as a third or fifth, and in playing such passage the musician puts in *small* intermediate notes, ascending or descending, which are not reckon'd in the Time.

ARCHILUTO, an Arch-Lute, or very long and large Lute, differing but little from the Theorbo Lute, and is used by the *Italians* for playing a thorough bass.

ARCO, a bow, or fiddle-stick.

ARIA, an air, song or tune.

ARIETTA, is a little or short air, song or tune.

ARIOSE, or **ARIOSO**, signifies the movement or time of a common air, song or tune.

ARPEGGIO. See the word **HARPEGIC**.

A

ARSIS and *Thesis*, are *Greek* Terms used in composition; as when a point is inverted or turned, 'tis said to move *per Arsin* and *Thesin*, *i. e.* when a point rises in one part and falls in another, whence is produced an agreeable variety; tho', properly speaking, 'tis also the rise and fall of the hand in beating the time.

ASSAI, this Word is always joined with some other word, to lessen or weaken the strength or signification of the Words it is joined with. For Example, when it is joined with either of these words *Adagio*, *Grave* or *Largo*, which do all three denote a slow movement, it signifies that the music must not be perform'd so slow as each of those words would require if alone: But if it be joined with either of the following words, *Vivace*, *Allegro* or *Presto*, which do all three denote a quick movement, then it signifies that the music must not be perform'd quite so brisk or quick, as each of these words if alone does require.

B

B, Signifies Bass or Basso.

B, B C, denote Basso Continuo.

BALLETTO, is what we call a Balet, a sort of dance, the air whereof begins with a quaver, the hand rising: it has two strains of four or eight bars each, and is beat in two or four times quick.

BANDORA, a kind of ancient musical instrument with strings resembling a Lute.

BAR, a stroke drawn perpendicularly across the lines of a piece of music, including between each two a certain quantity or measure of time, which is various as the time of the music is either triple or common.

BASS, that part of a concert which is most heard, which consists of the gravest and deepest sounds, and which is played on the largest pipes or strings of a common instrument, as of an Organ, Lute, or on instruments larger than ordinary for that purpose, as Bass Viols, Bassoons, Bass-hautboys, &c.

BASSO,

B

BASSO, is the bass in general; tho' sometimes in pieces of music for several voices, the singing bass is more particularly so called.

Basso Violino, is the bass for the Bass Violin.

Basso Viola, a Bass Viol.

Basso Continuo, is the thorough bass, or continual bass, and is commonly distinguished from the other basses by figures over the notes; which figures are proper only for the Organ, Harpsichord, Spinnet, and Theorbo Lute.

N. B. A Thorough Bass is not always figured.

Basso Concertante, the bass of the little chorus, or the bass that plays throughout the whole piece.

Basso Recitante, the same as Basso Concertante.

Basso Ripieno, is the bass of the grand chorus, or the bass that plays now and then in some particular places.

BASSETTO, is a bass Viol, or bass Violin of the smallest size, and is so called to distinguish them from those bass Viols or Violins of a larger size.

BASTARDO Viola. See **VIOLA**.

BASSOON, a musical instrument of the wind kind, serving as a bass in concerts of wind music, as of Flutes, Hautboys, &c. To make it portable it is divided into two parts. Its diameter at bottom was formerly nine inches, at present 'tis four at most, and it's holes are stopped with keys, &c. like large Flutes. It serves as Bass to the Hautboy.

BASS Violin, a musical instrument of the same form with the Violin, except that 'tis much larger. 'Tis struck like that with a bow, has four strings and eight stops, divided into half notes or semitones. The sound it yields is much more grave, sweet and agreeable than that of the Violin, and of much better effect in a concert.

BATTUTA, the motion of beating with the hand or foot, in directing the time.

The *Italians* use the phrase, *A Tempo Giusto*, after a recitative, to shew that the measure is to be beat true and just, which

B

during that recitative was conducted irregularly, to favour some action, or to express some passion, &c.

BENE Placito, if you please, or if you will.

BELL HARP, a musical instrument of the string kind, thus called either because shaped like a Bell, or by reason the common players thereon swing it about as a Bell on it's bias, it being hung on a string and rested against them for that purpose.

BMI is the third note in the modern scale of music.

BOMBARDO, is an instrument of music, much the same as our Bassoon or Bass to a Hautboy.

BOUREE, is the name of a *French* dance, or the tune or air belonging thereto.

BREVE is a note, formed like a square, without a tail, and equivalent to two Semibreves or four Minims.

BRILLIANTE, is to play in a brisk, lively manner.

C

C Denotes the highest part in thorough bass.

CADENCE, in the modern music, may be defined a certain conclusion of a song, or of the parts thereof, in many places of a piece, which divide it, as it were, into so many numbers or periods. The Cadence is when the parts fall or terminate on a chord or note, the ear seeming naturally to expect it; and is much the same in a song as a period that closes the sense in a paragraph of a discourse.

CAMERA, a Chamber. This word is often used in music books, to distinguish such music as is designed for Chambers or private concerts, from such as is designed for Chapels or great Concerts: Thus *Sonata da Camera*, is Chamber Sonatas; and *Sonata da Chiesa* is Church or Chapel Sonatas.

CANON, a short composition of two or more parts, in which one leads and the other follows.

CANTABILE, is to play in a kind of singing or chanting manner.

CANTATA

C

CANTATA, a song or composition, intermixed with recitatives, little airs and different motions, and meerly intended for a single voice with a thorough bass, tho' sometimes for two violins and other instruments. When the words or subjects are intended for the church it is called *Cantata morali ò spirituali*; but when on love, *Cantata amorose*, &c.

CANTO, a song, or the treble part thereof; thus,

CANTO Concertante, is the treble of the little chorus, or the part that sings throughout.

CANTO Ripiano, is the treble of the grand chorus, or that which only sings now and then in some particular places.

CANTORE, a singer, or songster: one that sings.

CANZONE, in general, signifies a song, wherein some little fuges are introduced; but it is sometimes used for a sort of *Italian* poem usually pretty long, to which music may be composed in the stile of a Cantata. If the word Canzone be added to a piece of instrumental music, it signifies much the same as Sonata; to a piece of vocal much the same as Cantata. If placed in any part of a sonata signifies much the same as Allegro, and only denotes that the part to which it is prefixed is to play in a brisk and lively manner.

CANZONETTA, a little short song. The *Canzonetta Neapolitane* have two strains, each whereof is sung twice over, as the *Vaudevilles* of the *French*. The *Canzonetta Siciliane* are a species of jigg, the measure is usually $\frac{1}{8}$ or $\frac{6}{8}$, sometimes both are Rondeaux, and begin with the first strain to end.

CAPPELLA signifies a church or chapel, but more properly the music belonging thereunto, or the chief master thereof: Thus *Maestro di Capella*, is master of the chapel music. Tho' sometimes by *Maestro di Capella*, is to be understood only a music master; but then it means one of the first rank.

CAPO, is to say head or chief, as *Capo di Instrumenti*, the master or head of the instruments, being the person whose care is to instruct and direct those that

C

perform the instrumental part of a concert.

CAPRICIO means Caprice, the term is applied to certain pieces, wherein the composer gives a loose to his fancy, and not being confined either to particular measures or keys, runs divisions according to his mind, without any premeditation.

CATTIVO, bad, unfit.

CHACONE, or **CHACONDE**, a kind of dance in the air of a Saraband, derived from the *Moors*.

CHANT, is used for vocal music in churches. In ecclesiastical history we find mention made of many kinds of *Chant*, or song, the first is the *Ambrosian Chant*, which was established by St. *Ambrose*, bishop of *Milan*, and was distinguished from the *Roman* in being stronger and higher.

The next is the *Gregorian Chant*, introduced by pope *Gregory* the great. This is what above is called the *Roman Chant*, and is still retained in churches under the name of Plain Song.

CHIAVE, is a Cliff or Cleff, a term or character in music.

CHIAVE Maestro, signifies the fundamental key or note of a song.

CHIESA, a church or chapel. This word is used in the title page of some music books, to distinguish the music design'd for churches from that design'd for chambers or private concerts. Thus *Sonata, Musiche, or Concerti, &c. da Chiesa*, is Sonatas, Music, or Concertos, &c. for a Church or Chapel: And *Sonata, Musiche, or Concerti da Camera* is Sonatas, Music, or Concertos for a chamber or private concert.

CHORDS, or **CORDS**, are strings or lines, by whose vibrations the sensation of sound is excited; and by whose divisions the several degrees of a tune are determin'd.

CHORO, **CHOEUR**, or **CHORUS** is when all the several parts of a piece of music perform together, which is commonly at the conclusion.

CHROMATIC, in the ancient music, the second of the *Genera* or kinds, into which the consonant intervals were subdivided into their concinnous parts. The other kinds are the *Enharmonic* and the *Diatonic*.

CIACONA,

C

C

CIACONA, a Chacon or tune composed to a ground bass. See **CHACONE**.

CIFFRA, a cypher; thus the *Italians* name the figures which they use over the bass notes in thorough basses, to mark the accords which are to be made as accompaniments to those on the lines.

CLARINO, a Trumpet, *A doi Clarini*, for two trumpets.

CLAVE *Cimbalo*, a Harpsichord.

CLARICHORD, or **MANICHORD**, a musical instrument in the form of a Spinnet.

CLARION, a kind of Trumpet, whose tube is narrower, and its tone shriller than that of the common Trumpet.

CLEFF, **CLIFF** or **KEY**, a mark set at the beginning of the lines of a song, which shews the tone, or key, in which the piece is to begin; or, it is a letter marked on any line, which explains, and gives name to all the rest.

COME *sopra*, as above; or the part above over again: Which words are used when any foregoing part is to be repeated.

COMMA, is one of the least intervals of music that the ear is sensible of. The Comma is about the tenth part of a tone.

COMPOSITION, is the art of disposing musical sounds into airs, songs, &c. either in one or more parts, to be sung by a voice, or played on instruments.

CON is an *Italian* word signifying *with*, and is joined often with other words, as

CON *Affetto*. See **AFFETTO**.

CON *Bizarria*, with changes, capriciously, sometimes fast, at others slow, strong, soft, &c.

CON *Dolce maniera*, in a soft and sweet manner.

CON *Diligenza*, with care, diligently.

CON *Discretione*, with judgment or discretion.

CON *é senza Violini*, with and without Violins. This phrase is used when there are some parts of a piece to be sung with, and some without Violins.

CON *é senza stromenti*, with and without instruments.

CON *furia*, in a very quick and strong manner.

CON *Observanza*, with care, to play a piece of music just, and exactly as 'tis marked, without adding or diminishing.

CONCERTO, or **CONCERT**, popularly a consort, a number or company of musicians, playing or singing the same piece of music or song at the same time.

The word Concert may be applied where the music is only melody; that is, the performers all in unison; but it is more properly as well as more usually understood of harmony, or where the music consists of divers parts, as treble, tenor and bass, &c.

CONCERTANTE, are those parts of a piece of music which play throughout the whole, to distinguish them from those which play only in some parts.

CONCERTO *Grosso*, is the great or grand chorus of the concert, or those places of the concerto, or concert, where all the several parts perform or play together.

CONCORD, is the relation of two sounds that are always agreeable to the ear; whether applied in succession or consonance.

CONSONANCE, all agreeable intervals in music are so called.

CONTINUO, signifies the thorough Bass, as *Basso continuo* is the continual or thorough Bass, which is sometimes marked in music books by the letters **B C**. which see.

CONTINUATO, is to continue or hold on a sound or note in an equal strength or manner; or to continue a movement in an equal degree of time all the way.

CONTRAPUNTO, or **COUNTERPOINT**, thus called, because originally the notes were only points placed one against or over another.

In general, every harmonious composition of many parts, is called Counterpoint. But one, two or more different parts composed upon a given subject, taken from the church music, is particularly called, in *Italian*, *Sogetto di contrapunti*. When the Tenor, or any upper part, is given for a subject, 'tis called *Sogetto sopra*

C

sopra, and the bass or lower parts made to it, are called *Contrapunti infra* or *Sotto il sogetto*. The subject is ordinarily in the Bass, and each note contains a bar of common duple time, or half a measure common of four times; and the composition made to this subject is termed *Contrapunto sopra il sogetto*.

CORNET, a Horn, a musical instrument used by the ancients in their wars.

CORNETTINO, is a small Cornet, and is nearly the same with our Hautboy, though not blown with a reed, but in the manner of a Trumpet.

COUNTER *Tenor*, is one of the mean or middle parts, so called as if it were opposite to the tenor; by the *French* called the *Haut Contre*.

COURANT, is used to express the air or tune and the dance to it.

CROTCHET, one of the notes or characters of time.

D

D, In thorough basses, marks what the *Italians* call *Descanto*, and intimates that the treble ought to play alone, as T does the tenor and B the bass.

DA an *Italian* proposition, signifying sometimes *by*, as *Da Capella*. See CAPPELLA; sometimes *for*, as *Sonata da Camera*, See CAMERA; sometimes *from*, as *Da Capo*, from the beginning. See DC. or CAPO. Sometimes *to*, as *Da Suonar*, to sound or play; and likewise *with*, as *Stromenti da Arco*, instruments to be played with a bow.

DAL', the same as *Da*.

DC, an abbreviation of *Da Capo*, i. e. at the head or beginning; these words or letters are commonly met with at the end of rondeaus, or such airs or tunes as end with the first strain, and intimate that the song is to be begun again, and ended with the first part.

DECIMA, is one of the intervals in music, by us called a tenth; 'tis composed of an octave and tierce major or minor.

Contrapunto ala DECIMA, is one of the species of double counterpoint; wherein

D

the principal counterpoint may rise a tenth above, or fall as much below the subject, (by the *Italians* called *Sogetto*) which greatly varies the harmony.

DECIMA *Terza* is the double sixth or thirteenth.

DECIMA *Quarta*, is the double seventh.

DECIMA *Quinta*, is the double octave or fifteenth.

DECIMA *Sexta*, is the second tripled or ninth doubled.

DECIMA *Settima*, is the third tripled, or tenth doubled.

DECIMA *Oitava*, is the fourth tripled.

DECIMA *Nona*, is the fifth tripled.

DEMI, the same as *femi*, half.

DEMI-DITONE, the same with tierce minor.

DEMIQUAVER, is a note in music, two of which are equal to a Quaver.

DIALOGO, a dialogue, a piece of music for two or more voices or instruments, which answer one another.

DIAPASON, a musical interval, by which most authors who have wrote on the theory of music, use to express the octave of the *Greeks*; as they use *Diapente*, *Diateffaron* and *Hexachord*, to express fifth, fourth and sixth.

DIATONIC, an epithet given to music, as it proceeds by tones and semi-tones, both ascending and descending.

DIESIS, is a division of a tone less than a semitone; or an interval consisting of a less or imperfect semi-tone, i. e. the placing semi-tones where there ought to be tones, or tones where there ought to be only semi-tones.

DIMINUTIO, signifies *diminished*; as a diminished or rather divided cadence, interval, counterpoint, &c. all intervals wanting a semi-tone minor of their full quantity, are called diminished intervals, as also *imperfect*. When a sharp is placed in a lower part, or a flat in a higher, the interval from that may be called *diminished*.

DISCORD, the relation of two sounds, which are always and of themselves disagreeable, whether applied in succession or consonance.

DISSONANCE, or DISCORD, a false consonance or concord.

DITONE,

D

DITONE, or **DITONUM**, an interval, comprehending two tones.

DIVISI, divided. Thus *Divisi in due parte*, is divided into two parts.

DIVOTO, signifies a grave, serious manner or way of playing or finging, proper to inspire devotion.

DOI, two. *A doi canti*—for two voices.

D, LA, SOLRE, is the fifth note of the septentaries or combination in the gamut; only *re* is wanting in the uppermost, and *la* in the lowermost.

DOMINANT of a mode, that sound which makes a perfect fifth to the final, in authentic modes; and a third to the final, or sixth to the lowest chord of a plagal mode.

DOLCE, signifies *soft, sweet, and agreeable*; as *con dolce maniera*—after a sweet and agreeable manner.

DOUX, soft and sweet, much the same in music as *Piano*.

DUE, DUI, or DUO, the same as *Doi*.

DUETTI, or DUETTO, are little songs or airs in two parts.

DULCINO, a little or small Bassoon.

DULCIMER, a common musical instrument, of a triangular form.

DUODECIMA, is the twelfth, or fifth doubled.

E

ECHO, or **ECHUS**, is an echo, which in music is the repetition of some part of a song or tune in a very low and soft manner, in imitation of a real or natural echo; the same is signified by the words *Doux* or *Piano*.

ECCHOMETRE, a kind of scale or rule with several lines thereon, serving to measure the duration and length of sounds, and to find their intervals and ratios.

ENHARMONICAL, of, or pertaining to harmony.

ENTREE, or ENTRE, is a particular kind of air so called.

EPISYNAPHE, says *Bacchius* senior, is when three tetrachords or fourths

are sung one after another, without any disjunction, as when we proceed from the *Hypaton tetrachord* to *Meson*, and thence to *Synemmenon*, between which there is no *Diezeutic* tone.

F

F. This letter is often used as an abbreviation of the word *Forte*.

FAGOTTINO, a single Curtail, a musical instrument, somewhat like unto a small Bassoon.

FAGOTTO, is a double or large bass Curtail, or Bassoon.

FANTASIA, is a kind of air, wherein the composer is not tied up to such strict rules as in most other airs, but has all the liberty allowed him for his fancy or invention that can reasonably be desired.

N. B. Some Sonatas are so called.

FIFE, a sort of wind music, being a small pipe.

FIFTH, one of the harmonical intervals or concords. The Fifth is the second in the order of the concords; the ratios of the chords that afford it, are as 3 : 2.

FIFFARO, is a fife, or small pipe, flute or flageolet, made use of by the *Germans*, in their armies, to play with a drum.

FILUM, is by the *Italians* called *Virgula*, and by us the tail of a note, as a minim is a semibreve with a tail to it.

FIN, FINIS, or FINALE, is the end or last note of a piece of music.

FINITO, a canon or fugue is said to be *Finito*, when it is not perpetual; but when at some certain place all the parts join or unite, after having followed one another for some time.

FIORITTO is a species of diminution, which is commonly made at the ending of a cadence.

Canto **FIORITTO**, is a song full of diminutions, graces, passages, &c. and is indeed a figurate counterpoint.

FISTULA, an instrument of the wind kind, resembling our flute or flageolet.

FLAUTO, is a flute; to be understood chiefly of the common sort.

F

FLAUTO *Traversa*, a German Flute.

FLAUTINO, or FLAGEOLET, a little or small flute, of the common sort; like what we call a sixth flute, or an octave flute.

FLUTE *a Bec*, is a common flute.

FLUTE *d'Allemanda*, is a german flute.

FORLANA, a slow kind of jig.
See SALTARELLA.

FORTE, or FORTEMENT, is to play or sing loud and strong; and *Forte Forte*, or FF, is very loud.

Piu Forte, or PF, is a degree louder than Forte only.

FORTISSIMO, is extreme loud.

FUGUE, is when the different parts of a musical composition follow each other, each repeating what the first had performed.

FURIA, or *Con Furia*, is with fury and violence; and this is to be understood not so much with respect to the loudness of the sound, as to the quickness of the time or movement.

G

G Is used to signify one of the cleffs.

GALLIARDA, the name of an ancient dance or tune belonging thereunto, commonly in triple time, of a brisk, lively humour, somewhat like a jig.

GAMA, or GAMMA, is what we call the Gamut, or Gam-ut; by which is meant the first note in the scale of music; also the scale itself.

GAMBA, Leg, as *Viola di Gamba*—a leg Viol.

GAVOTTA, a Gavot, an air of a brisk, lively nature, always in common time, each part to be play'd twice over; the first part is commonly in four or eight bars, and the second part in four, eight, twelve, sixteen bars or more.

GAY, or GAYMENT, is gay, brisk, or lively.

GENUS, by the ancients called *Genus Melodiae*, is a certain manner of dividing and subdividing the principles of melody; *i. e.* the consonant and dissonant intervals into their concinnous parts.

GIGA, GICQUE, or GIGUE, a Jigg,

G

a dance or air very well known; some of which are to be play'd slow, others brisk.

GRANDE, is great or grand, and is used to distinguish the great or grand chorus from the rest of the music.

GRATIOSO, is a graceful and agreeable manner of playing.

GRATIETUSEMENT, the same as Gratiofo.

GRAVE, signifies a very grave and slow movement, somewhat faster than Adagio and slower than Largo.

GRAVEMENT, is the same as Grave.

GRAVITY, an affection of sound, whereby it becomes denominated *deep* or *low*.

GRAVITY stands in opposition to acuteness, which is that affection of sound whereby it is denominated *acute* or *shrill*.

GITARE, a Guittar, a musical instrument, now out of use with us.

H

HARDIMENT, much the same as *Vivace*.

HARMONIA, Harmony, the result or agreement of two or more different notes or sounds, joined together in accord.

HARMONICA, a term given by the ancients to that part of music which considers the difference and proportion of sounds, with respect to acute and grave.

HARP, a musical instrument of the string kind, being of a triangular figure, and placed an end between the legs to be played on.

HARPEGGIO, or HARPEGGIATO is to cause the several notes or sounds of an accord to be heard, not together, but one after another, beginning always with the lowest.

HARPSICHORD, or HARPSICAL, a musical instrument of the string kind, played on after the manner of the Organ.

HAUT, high or shrill.

HAUTBOIS, a Hoboy or Hautboy, an instrument of music very common, and therefore well known.

HAUT *Contre*, Counter Tenor.

HAUTDESSUS, first Treble.

HEPTACHORD,

H

HEPTACHORD, is a word compounded of the *Greek*, intimating seven strings.

In this sense it was applied to the lyre, when it had but seven strings, and is generally said of any instrument that hath but that number; one of the intervals is also called Heptachord, as containing such number of degrees between its extremes.

HEXACHORD, in the ancient music, a concord which the moderns call commonly a sixth.

HOMOPHONOUS, is said of two or more chords, strings, or voices, that are of the same pitch of tune, and signifies properly no more than that they are in unison.

HORN, a sort of musical instrument of the wind kind, chiefly used in hunting, to animate the hunters and the dogs, and to call the latter together.

HYMN, a song or ode in honour of God.

I

JIGG, a sort of brisk and lively air; also an airy kind of dance to a sprightly measure.

IMITATIONE, or **IMITAZZIONE**, imitation; by which is meant a particular way of composition, wherein each part is made to imitate the other.

IMPERFETTO, *imperfect*, is said of cadences, consonances, modes, times, or intervals.

INCONSONANCY, a disagreeableness in sound, a discordance.

INDEX, is a little mark at the end of each line in music, shewing what note the next line begins with; this being a *Latin* word, is called by the *Italians* *Mostra*, and by the *French* *Guidon*.

INNO, a hymn or spiritual song.

INTRADA, entry, much the same as Prelude or Overture.

INTERVALLO, Interval, is the difference between two sounds in respect of acute and grave: Or that imaginary space terminating by two sounds differing in acuteness and gravity.

K

KEY a certain fundamental note or tone, to which the whole piece, be it Concerto, Sonata, Cantata, &c. is accommodated, and with which it usually begins, but always ends.

KEYS, also signify those little pieces in the fore part of an Organ, Spinnet or Harpsichord, by means whereof the jacks play, so as to strike the strings of the instrument.

L

LACHRIMOSO, or **LAGRIMOSO**, signifies *in a wailing, plaintive manner*.

LAMENTATIONE, signifies to play or sing in a lamenting, mournful manner, and therefore pretty slow.

LANGUENTE, *languishing and soft*.

LANGUIDO, the same as *Languente*.

LARGE, the greatest measure of musical quantity; one Large contains two longs, one long two breves, and one breve two semi-breves; and so on in duple proportion.

LARGETTO, signifies a movement something slow, yet quicker than *Largo*.

LARGO, a slow movement, *i. e.* one degree quicker than *Grave*, and two than *Adagio*.

LEDGER LINE, is that which, when the ascending and descending notes run very high or very low, is added to the staff of five lines; there are sometimes many of these lines both above and below the staff, to the number of four or five.

LARGEMENT, is to play lightly, gently, and with ease.

LENT, **LENTO**, or **LENTEMENT**, do all denote a slow movement, and signify much the same as *Largo*. *Tres Lente* is very slow, and may signify a movement between *Largo* and *Grave*, the same as when the word *Largo* is repeated thus, *Largo Largo*.

LEUTO, or **LIEUTO**, a Lute, an instrument of music.

LIBITUM,

L

LIBITUM, or *ad LIBITUM*, is as much as to say, you may if you please, or if you will.

LIBRO, a Book. This word is often met with in the title page of music books, in the following manner :

LIBRO Prima, first book.

LIBRA Seconda, second book.

LIRA, **LYRA**, or **LYRE**, a Viol so called from the way of tuning.

LONGA, or **LONG**, a character of music, containing four semi-breves in common time, and consequently eight minims, unless tied to a breve.

M

MADRIGAL, a particular kind of vocal music, formerly very much in esteem, some for two, three, four, five, six, seven, and eight voices ; and was so called from the kind of poetry with which it was composed.

MAESTOSO, or **MAESTUOSO**, is to play with majesty, pomp and grandeur, and consequently slow ; nevertheless with strength and firmness of hand.

MAESTRO, is master. Thus *Maestro de Capella* is master of the chapel music, or master of music only, meaning thereby one of the first rank.

GAGGIORE, Major, greater, as a third major means a greater or sharp third.

MAJOR and *Minor*, are spoken of imperfect concords, which differ from each other by a semi-tone minor.

MANICHORD, a musical instrument in the form of a spinnet.

MANNER, a particular way of singing or playing ; which is often expressed by saying he has a good or pretty manner.

MASCHRADA, a Masquerade ; this word is applied also to music composed for the gestures of pantomimes, buffoons, mimics, and such grotesque characters.

MASSIMA, is a note or character made in a long square, with a tail to it ; it contains eight semi-breves in common time.

MEDIANTE, the mediant of a mode, is that chord which is a third high-

M

er than the final, or that divides the fifth of every authentic mode into two thirds.

MELODY, is the agreeable effect of different sounds ranged and disposed in succession ; so that melody is the effect only of a single voice or instrument, by which it is distinguished from harmony, tho' in common speech these two are frequently confounded.

MELOPOEIA, is the ranging or disposing sounds so as that their succession makes melody : This is sometimes called by the name of modulation.

MEN, less, or not so much. Thus *Men Allegro* is a movement not so gay and brisk, as the word *Allegro* alone does signify and require.

MEN Forte, not too loud, or less loud.

MEN Presto, not too quick, or less quick.

MESSA, are particular pieces of divine music, frequently made use of in the *Roman church*.

MEZZO, signifies *half*, and is often found in composition with some other word.

MINIM, is a note equal to two crotchets, or half a semi-breve.

MINOR is applied to certain concords or intervals, which yet differ from others of the same denomination by half a tone, and signifies that they are imperfect. Thus we say a third Minor, meaning a less third ; a sixth Major and Minor.

Concords that admit of major and minor, that is, greater or less, are called imperfect.

MINUET, or **MENUET**, a kind of dance, the steps whereof are extremely quick and short ; it consists of a *Coupe* a high step and a ballance ; it begins with a beat, and its motion is triple. 'Tis said to have been invented at *Poitou*.

MODE, is defined by some authors the particular manner of constituting the octave, as it consists of seven essential and natural sounds, beside the key, or fundamental.

MODERATO, is with moderation.

MODULATION, the art of keeping or changing the mode or key.

MONOCHORDO, or **MONCHORDO**,

M

DO, is a very long instrument with only one string, made use of to find out the true and exact distance of each note and half note, the one from the other.

MOSTRA, is a little mark or character in music. See INDEX.

MOTETTO, or MOTETTI, are what we call Motetes; they are a kind of church music, made use of among the Romans, and composed with much art and ingenuity, some for one, two, three four or more voices, and very often with several instruments. They are of much the same kind or nature in divine music as Cantatas are in common music.

MUSICA, Music, by which word is to be understood sometimes the art or science of music, sometimes the books or instruments of music; sometimes the melody or harmony of music; sometimes the company of musicians that do, or that are to perform the music; besides several other significations, too many to be here inserted.

MUSICO, is a musician, or music master, or one who either composes, performs, or teacheth music.

MUTATION, in the ancient music, signifies the changes or alterations that happen in the order of the sounds which compose a song.

N

NECESSARIO, *necessary*, or *that must be done*, or *which cannot be passed over*; this word is prefixed to the parts in music, as *à doi Violini Necessario*,—*that must be played by two Violins*; *Canto necessario*, it here signifies much the same as *Concertante*.

NON, is an *Italian* negative, which is often abbreviated *Nô*; 'tis often joined to *troppo*, and then signifies *not too much*, and diminishes the signification of the word, as *Non troppo presto*—*quick, but not too quick*, &c.

NONA, the ninth; one of the dissonant intervals in music, and is properly the second doubled.

NONUPLA, is a quick time, peculiar to jiggs.

N

NOTA, a Note, or character in music, of which there are upwards of fifty different sorts.

NUMERO, number.

O

OBLIGATO, signifies *for*, on purpose for, or necessary, as *doi violini obligato*,—*on purpose for two Violins*; and so of other things, as *confogotto obligato*, that must be play'd with a Bassoon, &c.

OBOE, or OBOY, is a Hautboy, or Hoboy.

OCTAVA, or OTTAVA, an octave; a term in music, otherwise called an eighth or an interval of eight sounds.

OMNES, all; of much the same use and signification in music as the word Tutti.

OCTAVINA, a kind of small spinnet.

OPERA, a dramatic composition set to music and sung on a stage, accompanied with musical instruments, and enriched with magnificent dressings, machines, and other decorations.

OPERA, properly signifies a work, and is thus used, *Opera prima*,—*first Work*, *Opera secunda*,—*second Work*, &c.

ORATORIO, is a sort of spiritual opera, full of dialogues, recitatives, duettos, trios, ritornellos, chorusses, &c.

ORCHESTRA, is a part of the theatre between the scenes and the audience, wherein the musicians are disposed to play the overture, &c. of a play, be it tragedy or comedy, of the opera, oratorio, *ferenata*, &c.

ORGAN, the largest and most harmonious wind instrument.

ORGANO, signifies the thorough bass. It is usually scored with figures over the notes for the Harpsichord, Bass-Viol and Lute.

ORGANO Picciolo, a small or chamber Organ is so called.

OVERTURE, or OUVERTURE, opening or prelude; a term used for the solemnities at the beginning of an act or ceremony, as of an opera, tragedy, comedy, concert of music, &c.

P

P Is often used as an abbreviation of the word Piano, and P P, as an abbreviation of the words Piu Piano, and P P P, for the word Pianissimo, which see.

PANDORON, a musical instrument of the stringed kind, used among the ancients, resembling a Lute.

PARTE, is part; thus,

PARTE prima, is the first part.

PARTE seconda, the second part, &c.

PASSACAGLIO, or **PASSACAILLE**, or **PASSAGILLO**, is a kind of air somewhat like a Chaconne, but of a more slow or graver movement.

PASTORALE, is an air composed after a very sweet, easy, gentle manner, in imitation of those airs which shepherds are supposed to play.

PASSEPIED, is an air very much like a minuet in all respects, only to be play'd more brisk and lively.

PAUSE, a character of silence and repose, called by some *mute figure*, because it shews that some of the parts are to be silent, while the others continue the song, either for the sake of some fugue or imitation, to give a breathing time, or to give room for another voice, &c. to answer what this part sung, as in dialogues, echos, &c.

PENTACHORD, an ancient musical instrument with five strings.

PENTATONON, in the ancient music, is a concord called by us the *redundant sixth*.

PER ARSIN PER THESIN, terms in music; *per* is a Latin preposition, signifying *by, during*; *Arsis* and *Thesis* are Greek words, the first whereof signifies *elevation*, the last, *position*.

PER THESIN then, signifies in beating or during the fall of the hand for the first part of the bar; and *Per Arsin*, during the rise of the hand, or the last part of the bar; which in common time is equal, and in triple unequal.

A song, counterpoint, or fugue, &c. are said to be *Per Thesis*, when the notes descend from acute to grave; and on the contrary, that they are *Per Arsin*, when the notes rise or ascend from grave to acute.

PERFETTO, perfect.

P

PIANO, or the letter P, signifies soft or low.

PIU PIANO, or P P, is very soft or low.

PIANISSIMO, or P P P. is extrem soft or low. See the word **ECHO**.

PIENO, signifies full; and is often used instead of the words Tutti, Grande, or Grosse. Thus,

PIENO Choro, full chorus, &c.

PIFFARO, is an instrument somewhat like a hautboy.

PIFFERO, is a small flute or flageolet.

PIQUE, is to separate and divide the notes one from another, in a plain and distinct manner; this is otherwise expressed by the words *Staccato* and *Spiccato*, which see.

PIU, signifies a little more, and increaseth the strength of the signification of the word it is joined with. Thus,

PIU Allegro is to play a little more gay or brisk than the word Allegro only does require, and **Piu Presto** is to play somewhat quicker than the word Presto only does require.

PIVA, a hautboy or cornet.

POCO, a little less, and is just the contrary to the word Piu, and therefore lessens the strength of the signification of the words joined with it. Thus,

Poco Allegro, is to play not quite so brisk as the word Allegro if alone would require; and

Poco Largo is not quite so slow as the word Largo alone does require.

Poco Piu Allegro, is a little more brisk; but **Poco mene Allegro** is a little less brisk.

POINTE, the same as Staccato or Spiccato, which see.

PONTECELLA, a small bridge.

PORT de voix, a French term, which signifies the faculty and habitude of making shakes, passages and diminutions, wherein the beauty of a song or piece of music greatly consists, and which the *Italians* comprehend under the terms *trilli*, *gioppi* and *strascini*.

POSAUNE, **TUBA DUCTILIS**, by us called a Sackbut. 'Tis a sort of large Trumpet, fit only to play the bass or tenor

P

to a trumpet ; it must be lengthned and shortned according as the sounds are required to be either grave or acute.

PRELUDIO, a Prelude ; the first part or beginning of a Piece of music is often so called ; and is much the same as Overture.

PRESA, is a character in music called a repeat.

PRESTO, fast or quick.

PRESTO *Presto*, or *Piu Presto* very fast or quick.

Men PRESTO, not too quick ; or not quite so quick.

Non troppo PRESTO, not too quick.

Poco PRESTO, not very quick.

PRESTISSIMO, is extream fast or quick.

PRIMA, or PRIMO, or P^o. or 1^o. the first, or number one. This word is commonly used on the top of each page of the first Treble, in the following manner.

Violino PRIMO, first Violin.

Canto PRIMO, first Voice.

PROMPTEMENT, the same as, PRONTO, quick or nimbly, without losing time.

PUNTO, a point, or dot, a character in music very well known.

Q

QUARTFAGOTTA, a small Bassoon.

QUARTA, the fourth of one of the concords or harmonious intervals.

QUARTA, or QUARTO, four, or the fourth in number. Thus,

Opera QUARTA, the fourth opera.

Violino QUARTA the fourth Violin.

QUATUOR, music for four voices is so called.

QUINQUE, is music composed for five voices.

QUINTA, or QUINTO, is five, or the fifth in number. Thus,

Opera QUINTA, is the fifth opera.

Libro QUINTO, the fifth book.

QUATRICROMA, is what we call a demi-semi-quaver, thirty-two whereof make a bar in common time.

Q

QUAVER, a measure of time equal to half the crotchet, or an eighth of the semi-breve.

R

RECITATIVO, often abridged RECITO, RECT^o, or R^o, a kind of singing that differs but little from the ordinary pronunciation ; such as that wherein the several parts of the liturgy are rehearsed in churches or cathedrals, or that wherein the actors commonly deliver themselves on the theatre at the opera ; tho' the former is rather a chant.

RECHEAT, a lesson which the huntsman winds on the horn, when the hounds have lost their game, to call them back from pursuing a counter scent.

REDITTA, the same as Replica, to repeat.

REGOLA, or REGULA, a Rule or Canon.

REHEARSAL, an assay or experiment of some composition made in private previous to the representation or performance in public, to habituate the actors or performers, and make them ready or perfect in their parts.

REPEAT, a character shewing that what was last play'd or sung must be repeated over again.

REPERCUSSION, a frequent *Repetition* of the same sounds.

REPETATUR, signifies, let it be repeated, or it must be repeated, or that part of a song, symphony, &c. be play'd or sung over again.

REPIENO, or REPIANO, signifies full ; and is used to distinguish those Violins in Concertos, which only play now and then to fill up, from those which play throughout the whole Concerto.

REPLICA, the same as Repetatur.

Se REPLICA *se piace*, to repeat if you please.

REPLICATO, to repeat or play over again.

REPRESA, to repeat, or a Repeat ; a Character used in music, to shew where the Repeat begins.

RETORNELLO, a Ritornel.
Those

R

Those short Symphonies for Violins, Flutes, or other Instruments, are so called, which either begin a few bars before a song, and sometimes play a few bars here and there in the midst of a song, and which also very often play a few bars after the song is ended.

RESPONSAY Song, in the church music, is an anthem of any kind, in which the choristers and the people sing by turns.

REST, a pause or interval of time, during which there is an intermission of the voice or sound.

RIBATTUTA, a repeating or sounding again the same note: This is more than shaking upon it, or making many inflections of the voice upon any particular Sound.

RICERCATE, is a kind of extemporary prelude or overture, the same as we call a Voluntary.

RIDITTA. See the words REDITTA, REPLICA, &c.

RIGALINE; this is the name the *Italians* give those horizontal lines, whereon, and between which, the notes and characters of music are disposed.

RIGADOON, a kind of dance, borrowed originally from *Provence*, performed in figure by a man and woman, it is gay, pleasant, &c.

RIGOLS, a kind of musical instrument, consisting of several sticks bound together, only separated by beads. It makes a tolerable harmony, being well struck with a ball at the end of a stick.

RIPRESA. See REPRESA.

RITORNELLO. See the word RETORNELLO.

RONDEAU, all songs or tunes which end with the first part or strain, are called by this name, let them be Minuets, Sarabands, Gavots, Jiggs, or any other kind of air, and therefore they commonly have the words *Da Capo*, or the letters *DC* at the end of them, to signify that the first part must be begun again; and commonly at the end of the said first part there is this word *Fin*, *Fine*, or *Finis*, to signify that it must be concluded there: Or if one of these words are not there,

R

there commonly is, or ought to be a certain character or mark \frown over the last note of the said first part, which has the same signification as the word *Fin* or *Finis*.

S

S Is used as an abbreviation of the word Solo, and is met with in pieces of music of several parts, to signify that in such places the voice or instrument performs alone.

SALMO, PSALM, a part of the divine office, composed originally in *Hebrew* by the prophet *David*, and sung by the *Hebrews* according to their manner, with the accompaniments of instruments.

SALMODIA, is the art, knowledge or practice of singing psalms, hymns and spiritual songs.

SALTARELLA, a sort of motion, that seems to go in a leaping jumping manner; the air whereof is generally in triple time, and the first note of each bar pointed.

SAMBUCUS, an ancient musical instrument of the wind kind, resembling a sort of flute; probably thus called because made of elder, which the latins call *Sambucus*

SAMPOGNA. See ZAMPOGNA.

SARABANDE, a Saraband, a kind of air, always in triple time, and commonly play'd very grave and serious.

SCALE, a series of sounds, rising or falling towards acuteness or gravity, from any given pitch of tune, to the greatest distance that is practicable, thro' such intermediate degrees as make the succession most agreeable and perfect, and in which we have all the harmonical intervals most commodiously divided.

SCHISMA, is half a comma, therefore eighteen of them are required to make a compleat tone, *i. e.* reckoning nine commas to a tone; but if ten, twenty *Schismas* are required, and a *Diaschisma* being a double comma if the tone has nine commas, four and a half, *i. e.* and two semi-tones are wanted to compleat it, but if ten commas, five *Diaschismas* are equal thereto.

SCIOLTO, *free, at liberty, Contra-punto Sciolto*, is a counterpoint that is not full of tied or syncoped notes, or that is not constrained by general rules, and that is not obliged to move in a particular manner.

Notes are said to be *Sciolti*, when they stand by themselves, *i. e.* not tied to one another, which is called *Legato*.

SCORE, *partition*, or the original draught of all musical compositions; whereon the several parts, as treble, tenor, counter tenor, and bass, are distinctly scored and marked.

SECOND, one of the musical intervals, being only the difference between any sound and the next nearest sound, whether above or below it.

SECONDA, or **SECONDO**, the second, or number two. Thus.

Violino SECONDO, the second Violin.

Opera SECONDA, the second Opera.

Parte SECONDA, the second part.

Libro SECONDO, the second book.

SEGUE, *it follows, or comes after*; this word is often used before *Aria, Alleluja, Amen, &c.* to shew that those portions or parts are to be sung immediately after the last note of that part, over which 'tis writ.

SEMI, half. Thus,

SEMI-BREVE, half a Breve, one of the notes or characters in music so called.

SENZA, without. This word is used in the following manner:

SENZA l'Aria, without the air.

SENZA Ritornello, without the Symphony.

SENZA Violino, without the Violins.

SENZA Stromenti, without the instruments.

SEPTIMA, or **SEPTIEME**. See the word **SETTIMA**.

SEREBANDA. See **SARABANDA**.

SERENATA, Serenade; a concert of music is so called when performed in the midst of the night, or morning early, in the open air or street.

SE PIACE, if you please: The same as *Ad Libitum*.

SERPENT, a musical wind instrument serving as a bass to the Cornet, or

a small Shawm, to sustain a chorus of fingers in a large vessel.

SESQUIDITONE, a concord resulting from the sound of two strings, whose vibrations in equal times are to each other, as 5:6.

SEVENTH, a musical interval, called by the *Greeks* Heptachordon.

SESTA, six, or sixth in number; thus *Opera SESTA*, the sixth opera, &c.

SETTIMA, seven, or the seventh; the same as *Septima*: Thus,

Opera SETTIMA or *SEPTIMA*, the seventh opera.

SEXTA, six: The same as *SESTA*.

SI is an *Italian* preposition, if joined with *replica*, it intimates that you repeat some part of the song, *si replica, si piace, —repeat it if you please. Si Volti, —turn over, &c.*

SICILIANE, a kind of Jigg, but a slower movement.

SIGNES, or **SIGNO**, a sign or mark. All notes, marks and characters in music are called so, of which there are upwards of fifty different sorts.

SIMPHONIA. See **SYMPHONIA**.

SISTRUM, **CISTRUM** or **CITRON**, a kind of ancient musical instrument used by the priests of *Isis* and *Osiris*.

SIXTH, one of the simple or original concords of harmonical intervals.

SIXTE, six. See **SESTA**.

SOAVE, sweet or agreeable.

SOAVEMENTE, sweetly or agreeably.

SOL, one of the notes in the gamut is so called.

SOLLECITO, signifies grief or sorrow.

SOLO, *singly or alone*; or by way of abbreviation the letter S. This word or letter is often met with in pieces of music of several parts, when one part is to perform alone: Thus,

Violino SOLO is the Violin alone.

Flauto SOLO, the flute alone.

Organo SOLO, the organ alone.

This word is also used to distinguish those Sonatas for one Violin and a Bass, or one Flute and a Bass, from those with two Violins and a Bass. Thus the fifth

Opera

Opera of *Corelli's* Sonatas, which are composed for one Violin and a Bass, are commonly called Solos, to distinguish them from the first, second, third and fourth Operas, which are composed for two Violins and a Bass.

SONA, SUONA, or SUONO, sound or sounds, which is the chief or proper object of music, and which if performed in an agreeable manner, one after another, is then called Melody; but if one with another in an agreeable manner is called Harmony.

SONATA. See SUONATA.

SONNET, a kind of composition contained in fourteen verses, viz. two stanzas or measures of four each, and two of three each; the eight first verses being all in three rhymes.

SOPRA, above or upper, as *nelle parte di sopra*,—in the higher or upper part; *di sopra*—above; *contrapunto sopra il soggetto*,—counterpoint above the subject.

SOPRANO, is a name by which the *Italians* express our canto, *haut dessus*, or first treble; *a doi Soprani, á tre Soprani*—for two or three trebles.

SOSPIRO, a little character in music called a Rest.

SOSTENUTO, is to hold out the sound of a note firmly, in an equal and steady manner.

SOTTO, below, inferior.

SPAGNUOLA, a Guittar.

SPATIUM, Space, is applied to the void found between the lines whereon a piece of music is pricked or noted; these at first were not used, but there was a line for every sound: But when those were reduced to four, and then raised to five, as at present, the spaces were reckoned, and the lowest was called the first, and so on to the fourth.

SPICCATO, is to separate or divide each note one from another, in a very plain and distinct manner.

SPINETTO, a Spinnet, an instrument well known.

SPIRITO, or SPIRITOSO, with spirit and life.

STACCATO, or STOCCATO. See SPICCATO.

STENTOROPHONIC TUBE, a speaking Trumpet.

STRUMENTO, plural *Stromenti*, instruments, certain machines, contrived and disposed by art in such a manner as to be of use in imitating the sound of a human voice; the music played or performed by these, is commonly called organical or instrumental.

SUBITO, quick or nimbly. Thus, *Volti SUBITO* is to turn over quickly, without loss of time. These words are met with at the bottom of a leaf on the right hand side, when the Leaf turns over in the middle of a part or strain, to signify as above, that in turning over the leaf you must be very quick, that little or no time may be lost thereby.

SUFFOLO, a bird pipe or flageolet.

SUONA, SUONO, or SUONARE. See SONA.

SUONATA, or SONATA, is the name of certain pieces of instrumental music, which being very common, and well known, needs no particular Description. Of these there are two sorts, one intended for churches or chapels, and therefore called *Sonata di Chiesa*, or church Sonatas; the others intended for chambers or private concerts, and therefore called *Sonata da Camera*, or chamber Sonatas.

N. B. Of *Corelli's* music, the first and third Operas are church Sonatas, and the second and fourth Operas are chamber Sonatas; though the common distinction among us is made by calling his first and third operas by the name of Sonatas, and the second and fourth by the name of airs.

SUONATINA, a little, short, plain or easy Sonata.

SUONO, See SONO.

SUPPOSITION, is the using two successive notes of equal value as to time, one of which being a discord supposes the other a concord.

SYMPHONIA, or SIMPHONIA, a Symphony; by which is to be understood Airs in two, three, or four parts, for instruments of any kind; or the instrumental parts of Songs, Motetes, Operas, or Concertos are so called.

SYNCOPE,

S

SYNCOPE, in music, is the driving of a note, as when an odd Crotchet comes before two or three Minims, or an odd Quaver between two three or more Crotchets.

SYSIGIA, is a *Greek* term, that signifies the combining many sounds together; which when struck at the same time, though different in the degree of tune, are so proportioned among one another, as that their consonance, *i. e.* joint sounding, affects the ear with pleasure.

T

T Is often used as an abbreviation of the word *Tutti*; which see.

TABULATURA, or **TABLATURE** is the old way of writing music with letters instead of notes.

TABOR, **TABOUR**, or **TABORIN**, a small kind of drum.

TACE, or **TACET**, to hold still, or keep silence.

TARDO, slow, much the same as *Largo*, which see.

TASTATURA, the keys of Organs and Harpsichords.

TASTO, is to touch, which signifies that the notes must not be held out their full length, but only just touch'd. This has respect chiefly to the Organ or Harpsichord in playing a thorough Bass.

TATTOO, *i. e.* *Tapto*, a beat of Drum at night, to advertise the soldiers to retreat or repair to their quarters in a garrison, or to their tents in a camp.

TEMPO, time. Thus,

TEMPO di Gavotta, is Gavot time, or the time or movement observed in playing a Gavot.

TEMPO di Minuetto, is Minuet time.

TEMPO di Sarabanda, Saraband time.

TENDREMENT, is tenderly or gently; that is, to play or sing after a sweet, gentle, or affecting manner.

TENOR, the first mean or middle part; or that which is the ordinary pitch of a voice, when neither raised to a treble, or lowered to a bass.

TENORE Violino, a tenor Violin.

TENORE Viola, a tenor Viol.

T

TENORE Concertante, the Tenor playing throughout.

TENORE Ripieno, the Tenor which plays in some parts only.

TENORISTA, one that sings or plays a Tenor.

TERZA, a third, also the number three, or the third; thus,

Opera TERZA, is the third Opera.

Violina TERZA, third Violin.

In TERZO, or *Un TERZA*, are songs or tunes in three parts, the same as *Trio*.

TERZETTO, little Airs in three parts.

TESTO, the text or words of a song.

TETRACHORD, Tetrachord, a concord or interval of three tones.

TETRADIAPASON, *i. e.* *four-fold Diapason*, a musical chord, otherwise called a quadruple eighth, or a nine and twentieth.

THEORBA, or **THIORBA**, a large Lute, made use of by the *Italians* for playing a thorough Bass, much the same as *Archilute*, or *Arch-Lute*.

THESIS, a *Greek* term, signifying the fall of the hand in beating the measure. See **ARSIS**.

THIRD, an imperfect concord, resulting from a mixture of two sounds, containing two degrees or intervals, and three terms or sounds.

THRENODIA, a mournful funeral song.

TIERCE. See **THIRD**.

TIME, is an affection of sound, whereby we denominate it long or short, with regard to its continuity in the same degree of tune.

TIME and **Tune** are the greatest properties of sound, on whose differences or proportions music depends.

TIMOROSO, is to play with fear or great care and caution.

TOCCATA, or **TOCCATO**, is of much the same signification as the word *Recircata*, which see.

TIMPANO. See **TYMPANO**.

TOCCATINA, a small research, when we have not time to perform it in all its parts.

TON, **TONO**, **TONUS**, a tone or sound.

TONDO,

T

TONDO, or RITONDO, *round*.

TONE, a property of sound, whereby it comes under relation of grave and acute, or the degrees of elevation any sound has from the degree of swiftness of the vibrations of the parts of sonorous bodies.

TOUCH, is said of an Organ, which they say has a good *touch*, when the keys close and lie down well, being neither too stiff or too loose.

TRANSITION is, when a greater note is broken into less, to make smooth the roughness of a leap, by a gradual passage to the note next following; whence 'tis commonly called *the breaking of a note*, being sometimes very necessary in musical compositions.

TRANSPOSITIO, Transposition, in music is the writing a song or tune in any key or cleff different from the key or cleff it was first composed in; and this is often done for the greater conveniency of the voice, or some particular instrument, as the flute, which cannot reach so low as the violin and other instruments. For particular explication see pages 7, 42.

TRE. See TERZA.

TREMOLA, *to tremble*; a particular grace in music.

TRIA, or TRIO, music in three parts is so called, either for voices or instruments, or both together.

TRILLO, a trill or shake, a common grace in music.

TRILLETTO, a short or little trill.

TRIPOLA, triple, is one of the sorts of time or movement made use of in music, and of which there are several sorts.

TROMBA, a trumpet.

TROMBETTA, a small or little trumpet.

TROMBONE, a very large or bass trumpet, though more properly a sackbut.

TRITONE, an interval consisting of three tones, or a greater third and a tone major, which tone is divided into two semi-tones, the one major the other minor.

It's ratio or proportion in numbers, is as 45 : 32; in dividing the octave, we

T

find on one side the false fifth, and on the other the *tritone*.

TRUMPET, a musical instrument, the loudest of all portable ones of the wind kind; used chiefly in war among the cavalry, to direct them in the service.

TRUMPET MARINE, a musical instrument, consisting of three tables, which form its triangular body. It has a very long neck, with one single string very thick, mounted on a bridge which is firm on one side and tremulous on the other. It is struck by a bow with one hand, and with the other the string is stopped or pressed on the neck, with the thumb.

TUNE is that property of sounds, whereby they come under the relations of acute and grave to one another.

TUTTI, or TUTTO, or by way of abbreviation the letter T only. This word or letter signifies all, or all together, and is often met with in music of several parts, especially after the word Solo or Trio; thereby signifying that in such places all the several parts are to perform together.

TYMPANO, or TYMPANUM, a drum in general, but in music it has respect more particularly to a pair of kettle drums, which are often used in concert as bass to a Trumpet.

V

V Is often used as an abbreviation of the word Violino. Thus,

V. PRIMO, stands for *Violino primo*, or first Violin. And,

V. SECONDO, for *Violino Secondo*, or second Violin.

V. S. at the bottom of a leaf are often used as an abbreviation of the words *Volti Subito*; for which see those words.

VARIATIO, VARIATO, VARIATION, or VARIAZONA, is a variation, variety or changing.

VÉLOCE, or VELOCEMENTE, is a quick movement, and is of much the same signification as the word Presto.

VELOCISSIMO, or VELOCISSIMAMENTE, is extrem quick, much the same as the word Prestissimo.

VENTESIMO

VENTESIMO, the same as *Vigessimo*, twenty.

VERTE, or VERTE SUBITO, See VOLTI SUBITO.

UGUALE, or UGUALEMENTE, equal or equally.

VIBRATION, a regular reciprocal motion of a body; for instance of a chord, which being suspended at freedom, vibrates first this, and then that way.

VIGESSIMO, the number twenty, or twentieth. Thus,

Opera VIGESSIMO, the twentieth opera.

VIGOROSO, or VIGOROSAMENTE is to play or sing with strength or vigor.

VILLANELLA, *rustic, peasant-like*, a sort of dance, or rather air, to which country people or peasants dance.

VIOLA, a Viol, an instrument of music well known, the neck of which is divided into half notes by seven frets fixed thereon, and which is commonly strung with six strings, though sometimes with seven. Of this instrument there are several sorts and sizes, as

VIOLA TENORA, a tenor Viol.

VIOLA BASSO, a bass Viol.

VIOLA BASTARDO, a bastard Viol; which is a bass Violin, strung and fretted like a bass Viol.

VIOLA D'AMOUR, or *Love Viol*, is a kind of triple Viol or Violin, having six brass or steel strings, like those of the Harpsichord, ordinarily played with a bow.

It yields a kind of silver sound, and has something in it very agreeable and soft, whence it's name.

VIOLA DA GAMBA, is the same as *Viola Basso*, or bass Viol, and is so called by the *Italians* from the word *Gamba*, which signifies Leg or Legs, because the common way of playing upon that instrument is to hold it with or between the legs.

VIOLETTA, a small or treble Viol.

VIOLINISTA, is a Violinist, or one that plays on the Viol or Violin.

VIOLINO, a Violin or Fiddle, an instrument of music too well known to need any description. This word is often signified by the letter V, which see.

VIOLINO *Primo*, is the first Violin, or upper Violin.

VIOLINO *Secundo*, second Violin.

VIOLINO *Terzo*, third Violin.

VIOLINO *Quarta*, fourth Violin.

VIOLINO TENORA, tenor Violin.

VIOLINO *Concertante*, or CONCERTINI, or VIOLINO *di Concerto*, are the Violins, either first or second, which play throughout, to distinguish them from those called *Ripieno*, which play only here and there, and in the full parts or chorus.

VIOLINO *Ripieno*, Violins of the full parts.

VIOLINO BASSO, a Bass Violin.

VIOLINCELLO of the *Italians*, is properly what we call the Bass Violin with four strings, sometimes even five or six; but those are not common, the first being most used among us.

VIOLONO, a large Bass Violin or double bass, every way as big again as the common one; and the strings, which are four, bigger and longer in proportion, consequently it's sound must be an octave deeper than that of the Violincello, or bass Violin; it has a noble effect in great concerts.

VIRGULA, a *Latin* term, for which the *Italians* say *Vergetta* or *Verghetta*, both which signify, that line drawn from the head of a note either upwards or downwards, which we commonly call the tail thereof.

VITE, quick or lively, much the same as Presto.

VISTAMENTE, or VISTO, much the same as Presto.

VIVACE, is as much as to say with life and spirit. By this word is commonly understood a degree of movement between Largo and Allegro, but more inclining to the latter than the former.

VIVACEMENTE, or VIVAMENTE, the same as Vivace.

VIVACISSIMO, is a degree or two quicker than Vivace, and may be look'd upon to signify a movement near as quick as Allegro.

UNDECIMA, is the number eleven.

UNDULATORY, is applied to a motion in the air, whereby it's parts are agitated, after like manner as waves in the

V

V

the sea ; as is supposed to be the case of the string of a musical instrument when struck.

VOLUNTARY, that which a musician plays extempore according to his fancy, before he begins to set himself to play any particular piece, to try the instrument, and to lead him into the piece so to be played.

UNISSONO, a Unison, by which in music is to be understood when two or more strings of an instrument or instruments, or any other sounds are so well in tune one with another, that in sounding them together, they appear but one string or sound. This word is also used when in symphonies of songs two Violins both play the same thing, or the Violin and song, or the bass and song, &c.

UN Poco. See Poco.

VOCAL, Vocal, music for voices is so called.

VOCE, in general, is a noise or sound, but more particularly in music it signifies a human voice. Thus,

VOCE Solo, is for a single voice.

VOLTI, **VOLTA**, or **VOLTARE**, is to turn, or turn over. This word is often

met with at the bottom of the leaf on the right hand side in music books, when the Sonata or piece of music is not ended, to signify that there still remains more on the other side the leaf, and therefore it must be turned over. When it happens that the leaf must turn over in the middle of a strain, there is the word *Subito*, or the letter S joined with it ; for which see the word *Subito*.

VOLTI Presto, is the same as *Volti Subito*.

VOLTI se piace, turn over if you please.

Z

ZAMPOGNA, sometimes written *Sampogna*, the same as the *Latin Fistula*, is in short any instrument that sounds like a Flute, and particularly a Bag-pipe, being an assemblage of divers pipes of different sizes. 'Tis also taken for a common Flute, or *Flute a bec*.

ZUFFOLO, a little Flute or Flageolet, that has a very shrill sound like the whistling of small Birds ; and it's chief use is to play to them, in order to teach them a tune ; 'tis in *Latin* called *Sibilus*.

Some of the most common WORDS, which relate to the several Degrees of Time, or Movement in Music, collected in their proper Gradation.

ADAGIO **ADAGIO**, extream Grave or slow.

ADAGIO, very Grave.

GRAVE, Grave or gravely.

GRAVE Assai, not too Grave.

LARGO, slow or gently.

LARGO Assai, or **POCO LARGO**, not too slow.

VIVACE, with some life or spirit.

PIU VIVACE, lively.

ALLEGRO Assai, not too brisk.

ALLEGRO, brisk or briskly.

PIU ALLEGRO, very brisk, or more briskly.

PRESTO, quick.

PRESTO PRESTO, or **PIU PRESTO**, very quick.

PRESTISSIMO, extream quick.

WORDS which relate to the several Degrees of Loudness in Music, set down in their proper Gradation.

FORTISSIMO, or **FFF**, extream loud.

FORTE FORTE, or **FF**, very loud.

FORTE, or **F**. loud.

PIANO, or **P**, soft.

PIANO PIANO, or **PIU PIANO**, or **P'P**, very soft.

PIANISSIMO, or **PPP**, extream soft.

A CHOICE

COLLECTION

OF

Favourite Songs,

WITHOUT THE

MUSIC.



A CHOICE

COLLECTION of Favourite SONGS, &c.

SONG 1.

Advice to the LADIES.

Sung by Miss Stevenfon at Vaux-hall.

FORGIVE ye fair, nor take
it wrong,

If ought too much I do :

Permit me while I give my song,
To give a lesson too,
To give a lesson too.

Let modesty, that heav'n-born maid,
Your words and actions grace :

'Tis this, and only this, can add
New lustre to your face,
New lustre to your face.

'Tis this which paints the virgin
cheeks,

Beyond the pow'r of art,
And ev'ry real blush bespeaks
The goodness of the heart.

The index of the virtuous mind,
Your lovers will adore ;

'Tis this will leave a charm behind,
When bloom can please no more.

Inspir'd by this, to idle men
With nice reserve behave ;

And learn by distance to maintain
The pow'r your beauty gave :

For this, when beauty must decay,
Your empire will protect :

The wanton pleases for a day,
But ne'er creates respect.

With this their silly jests reprove,
When coxcombs dare intrude ;
Nor think the man is worth your
love,

Who ventures to be rude.

Your charms when cheap will ever
pall,

They sully with a touch ;

And tho' you mean to grant not all,
You often grant too much.

But patient let each virtuous Fair
Expect the gen'rous Youth,

Whom heaven has doom'd her heart
to share,

And bless'd with love and truth ;
For him alone preserve her hand,

And wait the happy day,

When he with justice can command,
And she with joy obey.

SONG 2.

LOVELY goddess, sprightly
May,

Fairest daughter of the day,
Hither come, with roses crown'd,
Painting as you tread the ground.
Tulips rear their glitt'ring heads,
Pinks bestrew their fragrant beds ;
Woodbines, spangled o'er with dew,
Deck their arborets for you.

Deck their arborets for you.

Hear the birds around thee sing,
In the gardens of the spring ;
Ev'ry bush, and ev'ry tree,
Warbles forth its joy to thee.
Nature's songsters all are gay
At the lov'd approach of May ;
All, great Queen, thy praises sing,
Thine, great Empress of the spring.

Goddess, in thy vest of green ;
Goddess, with thy youthful mien,
Haste and bring thy mines of wealth,
Gladness, and her parent health ;
Bring with thee thy chearful train,
Chasing care, and chasing pain.
See ! the lovely graces, all
Throng, obedient to thy call.

Goddess, haste, and bring with thee
Virtue's child, fair liberty :
For, if liberty's away,
Who can taste the month of May ?
Here he comes, I hear the sound
Of the merry songsters round :
Here he comes, all fresh and gay,
Paying homage to thee, May.

Goddess, who perfumeest the air,
Who hast deck'd the earth so fair ;
Thou, with gladness by thy side,
Still'st the raging of the tide ;
Bid'st the winds forbear to roar,
And stern winter seem no more ;
Meads and groves their echos ring,
Love, himself, is on the wing.

Lovely nymph, divinest May,
Thou to whom this verse I pay :
O ! thy healing mirth impart
To the mistress of my heart ;
Ev'ry day with gladness crown,
By her health preserve my own :
Blooming nymph, of heavenly birth,
Goddess, thou, of health and mirth.

K k

SONG 3.

HARK, *Daphne*, from the
hawthorn bush,

The spotted finches sing,
In artless notes the merry thrush
Salutes the blooming spring.
On verdant bed the violet lies,
To woo the western gale,
While tow'ring lillies meet our eyes
Like lovesick virgins, pale,
While tow'ring lillies, &c.

The rill that rushes o'er the shore,
Winds murmur thro' the glades ;
So heart-struck *Thirsis* tells his moan,
To win his clay-cold maid :
The golden sun, in fresh array,
Flames forward on the sphere ;
Around the may-pole shepherds play
To hail the flow'ry year.

Say, shall we taste the breezy air,
Or wander thro' the grove ?
There talk of *Sylvia's* wild despair,
The prey of lawless love.
Ah ! no, she cries, o'er *Sylvia's* fall
Exult not, though 'twas just ;
Dash not the sinner's name with gall,
Nor triumph o'er her dust.

True virtue scorns to fling the dart,
Herself above all fear ;
When justice stings the guilty heart,
She drops the gen'rous tear :
Then own, ye nymphs, this god-
like truth
Is on your hearts impressed,
On brightest patterns form your
youth,
And be for ever bless'd.

SONG 4.

ASK me not how calmly I
All the cares of life defy :
How I baffle human woes,
Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh as I,
You, like me, may cares defy ;
All the pangs the heart endures,
Woman, woman, woman cures.

Ask me not of empty toys,
Feats of arms, and drunken joys ;
I have pleasure more divine,
Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Rapture

SONG 7.

Raptures, more than folly knows,
More than fortune e'er bestows,
Flowing bowls and conquered fields,
Woman, woman, woman yields.

Ask me not of woman's arts,
Broken vows, and faithless hearts;
Tell the wretch who pines & grieves
Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,
More than folly can bestow,
Wealth of worlds, and crowns of
kings,
Woman, woman, woman brings.

SONG 5.

ASK, thou silly dotard Man,
Whence our ruin first began,
How our grief and deadly woe
Did from woman, woman flow.

We might live and happy be,
Could we shun this enemy;
All the pangs the heart e'er knew,
From vain woman, woman grew.

Ask what calm felicity
Man enjoy'd, how blest was he!
Nought could his repose invade,
Till false woman she was made.

Soon as she received her breath,
Man was subject unto death:
Other evils, to their shame,
From deceitful woman came.

Ask what ills befell old Troy,
Which false Helen did destroy;
Of the tender bridegrooms too,
Whom false woman, woman slew:

How the brave Mark Anthony
Lost the world by faithless she.
Ruin of states, lost crowns of kings,
From vain woman, woman, springs.

SONG 6.

SEE, *Stella*, see that crystal stream
Adown the valley stray:
Can art attempt, or fancy dream,
To guide its winding way?
So, pleas'd, I view thy shining hair
In artless ringlets flow:
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Can there one grace bestow.
Can there one grace bestow.

Behold, again, that verdant hill,
With flow'rs enamell'd o'er;
Nor can the painter's utmost skill
Pretend to please us more.
In vain would'st thou, with baneful
eyes,
Mend what thy cheeks disclose:
O may my fair, before she tries,
Improve the blooming rose.

Tho' now the linnet's tuneful throat
Each studied grace excel;
Let art constrain his rambling note,
Then will it please so well?
Oh! ever keep thy native ease,
By no ill modes confin'd;
For *Stella's* voice is found to please,
When *Stella's* words are kind.

MY dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other sway,
But purest Monarchy:
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As *Alexander* I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did ever more disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe:
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm and vex me fore,
As if thou set me for a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dares to share with me:
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with
bays,
And love thee more and more.

SONG 8.

HE. BE still, O ye winds, and
attentive ye swains,
'Tis *Phæbe* invites, and replies to
my strains:
The sun never rose on, search all
the world thro'
A shepherd so blest, or a fair one
so true,
A shepherd so blest, &c.

SHE. Glide softly ye streams, O ye
nymphs round me throng,
'Tis *Collin* commands, and enlivens
my song:
Search all the world over, you ne-
ver can find
A maiden so blest, or a shepherd so
kind,
A maiden so blest, &c.

CHORUS. 'Tis love, like the sun,
that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life
can endear;
Our pleasures it heightens, drives
sorrow away,

Gives joy to the night, and enli-
vens the day,
Gives joy to the night, &c.

HE. With *Phæbe* beside me, all
nature looks gay,
And winter's bleak months are as
pleasant as *May*;
The summer's gay verdure still
springs as she treads,
And linnets and nightingales sing
thro' the meads,
And linnets, &c.

SHE. When *Collin* is absent 'tis
winter all round,
How faint is the sunshine, how
barren the ground!
Instead of the linnet's and nightin-
gale's song,
I hear the hoarse raven croak all
the day long,
I hear the hoarse raven, &c.

CHORUS. 'Tis love, &c.

HE. O'er hill, dale, and valley,
my *Phæbe* and I
Together will wander, and love
shall be by:
Her *Collin* shall guard her safe all
the long day,
And *Phæbe* at night all his pains
shall repay,
And *Phæbe*, &c.

SHE. By moon-light, when sha-
dows glide over the plain,
His kisses shall cheer me, his arms
shall sustain;
The dark haunted groves I can
trace without fear,
And sleep in a church-yard if *Collin*
is near,
And sleep, &c.

CHORUS. 'Tis love, &c.

HE. Ye shepherds that wanton it
over the plain,
How fleeting your transports! how
lasting your pain!
Inconstancy shun, and reward the
fair she,
And learn to live happy from *Phæ-
be* and me,
And learn, &c.

SHE. Ye nymphs, who the plea-
sures of love never try'd,
Attend to my strains, and take me
for your guide;
Your hearts keep from pride, and
inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy from *Collin*
and me,
And learn, &c.

CHORUS. 'Tis love, like the sun,
that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life
can endear;
Our pleasures it heightens, drives
sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enli-
vens the day,
Gives joy to the night, and en-
livens the day,

SONG

SONG 9.

TOO plain, dear youth these
tell-tale eyes,
My heart your own declare ;
But, for heav'n's sake, let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your sway ;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

But could your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that, her love for you ?

Say, would you use that very pow'r
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin, in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame ?

Resolve not the to do an ill,
Perhaps because you may ;
But rather try your utmost skill
To save me than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend and not pursue ;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
To strive with love and you.

SONG 10.

WHEN first I sought fair
Calia's love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I swore by all the Gods above
To be for ever true.

But long in vain I did adore,
Long wept and sigh'd in vain ;
She still protested, vow'd, and swore
She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last, o'ercome, she made me
blefs'd,
And yielded all her charms ;
And I forsook her, when possess'd,
And fled to others arms.

But let not this, dear *Calia*, now
Thy breast to rage incline ;
For why, since you forget your vow,
Should I remember mine ?

SONG 11.

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

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

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

Indewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd
My feeble pulse forgot to play ;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

SONG 12.

WITH ev'ry lady in the land
Soft *Strephon* kept a pother,
One year he languish'd for one hand,
And next year for the other.

Yet when his love the shepherd told
To *Flavia* fair and coy,
Reserv'd, demure, than snow more
cold,
She scorn'd the gentle boy.

Late at a Ball he own'd his pain ;
She blush'd, and frown'd, and
swore,
With all the marks of high disdain,
She'd never hear him more.

The Swain persisted still to pray,
The Nymph still to deny ;
At last she vow'd she wou'd not stay ;
He swore she shou'd not fly.

Enrag'd, she called her footman
strait,
And rush'd from out the room,
Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate
And lay with *Ralph* at home.

SONG 13.

LET those that love Helicon
sip at it's stream,
And, waken'd by water effeminate,
dream ;

No aid I'll accept from a tea-drink-
ing muse,
Come Bumper *Bacchus* and toast the
True Blues.

No death-dealing Hero's loud taunts
I rehearse,

No sighing poor *Strephon* shall
whine in my verse ;
To friendship, wit, freedom, this
sonnet is due,

I name them all three when I toast
a *True Blue*.

Great *Newton* the science of Vision
resin'd,

He, mason-like, open'd new lights
on mankind ;

He examin'd each colour, and found
by clear view,

One chief one unchang'd, and he
call'd it *True Blue*.

When the spring, velvet-budding,
the face of earth blooms,

And *Flora's* gay carpet creation
perfumes ;

Fair *Phœbus* is pleas'd azure skies to
look thro',

The heavens are clearest when
clouds are *True Blue*.

The goddess of Wisdom, *Minerva*
the mild,

Ev'ry Art's great protect'refs, and
Jove's brain-born child,

Had eyes of such lustre they shot
you quite thro',

And those eyes, to her honour, were
sparkling *True Blue*.

Heroes, Statesmen and Patriots, tri-
umphantly wear

The azure flant bandage, the break-
lusted star ;

To the noblest of knighthood this
emblem is due,

The ribbon of honour is glorious
True Blue.

This colour alone uncorrupted re-
mains,

Thro' the world 'tis allow'd that
True Blue never stains ;

Therefore each social son always
wears it in view,

To shew that at heart he is *honest*
True Blue.

But could I as bright as my theme
make my verse,

Like *Sappho* I'd warble, like *Horace*
rehearse ;

But oh ! 'tis in vain, nothing more
can I do

Than drink off my bumper to every
True Blue.

SONG 14.

SEE, *Celia*, how the lovely rose,
Buds with the dawning light ;
And, as the day comes rolling on,
Looks doubly gay and bright !

But, when the night begins to spread
Her sable horrors round,

Ah ! how she fades and drooping
lies,

Quite wither'd on the ground !

No longer then, with killing frowns,
Torment your constant Swain ;

No more, like a coy vestal, fly,
And waste your bloom in vain.

Are you still deaf ? Still with disdain
Do you behold my sorrow ?

But know, tho' you are fair to-day,
Your charms may fade to-morrow.

SONG 15.

FANNY's fairer than a flower,
But uncertain as the wind ;
Ever trifling with a power,
Meant alone to blefs mankind.

Now with smiles her face adorning,
She to love my heart invites ;

But if love I offer, scorning,
She with frowns my passion slights.

Looks that speak the tender passion,
Words that wear the sound of
love ;

All things whisper inclination,
Yet no signs her heart can move.

Smiling mischief, sly undoer,
Tho' to love her looks invite,

If my lips I ope to woo her,
I am banish'd from her sight.

O thou God of pleasing anguish,
If indeed a God you be ;

Teach the tyrant how to languish,
Make her heart and eyes agree.

Or, if wilful she refuses
To obey thy laws divine,

Make the man whom first she chuses,
Treat her heart as she does mine.

SONG

SONG 16.

YOUNG *Hobinal* (the blithest swain)

Long time the dupe of haughty *Molly*;

With oaten reed and rustic strain,
Now pipes and sings the praise of *Dolly*;

O my *Dolly*, smiling *Dolly*,
My sweetly blooming, dearest *Dolly*;

Ye woods, ye lawns, ye flocks,
ye fawns,
Assist me in the praise of *Dolly*.

The dimpl'd cheek, the sooty eye,
And ruby lip belong to *Molly*;

But virtue and simplicity,
Alone bedeck my lovely *Dolly*.
O my *Dolly*, &c.

As late I rov'd, (my herds astray)
I spy'd my love most melancholly;

And over-heard the fair one say,
Lo! there's the man that's made
for *Dolly*.

O my *Dolly*, &c.

We quickly met, and down we sat,
Then told our loves beneath yon
holly;

But should I half our joys relate,
You'd surely envy me and *Dolly*.
O my *Dolly*, &c.

SONG 17.

CHAUCER'S *Recantation*.

RECITATIVE.

OLD *Chaucer*, once, to this re-
echoing grove,

Sung "of the sweet bewitching
"tricks of love;"

But soon he found he'd sullied his
renown,

And arm'd each charming hearer
with a frown,

Then self-condemn'd anew his lyre
he strung,

And in repentant strains this recan-
tation sung.

A I R.

Long since unto her native sky
Fled heav'n-descended Constancy;

Nought now that's stable's to be had,
The world's grown mutable and
mad;

Save **WOMEN**—they, we must
confess,

Are miracles of steadfastness;
And every witty, pretty dame

Bears for her motto—*Still the same*.

The flow'rs that in the vale are seen,
The white, the yellow, blue and
green,

In brief complexion idly gay
Still set with ev'ry setting day,

Dispers'd by wind, or chill'd by frost,
Their odours gone, their colour lost:

But what is true, tho' passing strange,
That **WOMEN** never—fade or
change.

The wise man said, that all was
vain,

And folly's universal reign;
Wisdom its vot'ries oft enthralls,

Riches torment, and pleasure palls;
And 'tis, good lack, a gen'ral rule,

That each man soon or late's a fool:
In **WOMEN** 'tis th'exception lies,

For they are wond'rous, wond'rous
wife.

This earthly ball with noise abounds,
And from its emptiness it sounds;

Fame's deaf'ning din, the hum of
men,

The lawyer's plea, the poet's pen:
But **WOMEN** here no one suspects,

Silence distinguishes that sex;
For, poor, dumb things! so meek's
their mould,

You scarce can hear them,—
when they scold.

CHORUS. An hundred mouths,
an hundred tongues,

An hundred pair of iron lungs,
Five heralds, and five thousand
cryers,

With throats whose accent never
tires,

Ten speaking trumpets of a size
Would deafness with their din sur-
prize,

Your praise, sweet nymphs, shall
sing and say,

And those that will believe it—
may.

SONG 18.

The Trial of Chaucer's Ghost.

Sung by Mr. LOWE, Miss NORRIS
and Miss STEPHENSON.

Miss NORRIS.

THOU traitor, who with the
fair sex hast made war,

Come hither, and hold up your hand
at the bar:

By a jury of damsels you now must
be try'd,

For having your betters traduc'd and
bely'd.

Miss STEPHENSON.

How could'st thou such base defa-
mation devise,

And not have the fear of our sex in
your eyes!

Is all decency gone—all good-
breeding forgot?

Speak, varlet, and plead—Art
thou guilty or not?

Mr. LOWE.

Not guilty I plead—but submit
to the laws,

And with pleasure I yield to these
fair ones my cause;

But still, that my trial more just
may appear,

Speak *louder* and *faster*, or how
should I hear?

Miss NORRIS.

Hast thou not presum'd to alarm
each bright toast,

By the conjuring up of an old *Eng-
lish* ghost;

And made fustly *Chaucer*, without a
pretext,

Snarl posthumus nonsense against
the fair sex?

Miss STEPHENSON.

Hast thou not presum'd to alarm
each bright maid

With that common-place trash, that
each virgin must fade;

And without fear or wit, most as-
suming and bold,

Hast dar'd to suggest that we paint
and we scold?

Mr. LOWE.

For want of experience, when I was
but young,

Perhaps such *strange falsehoods* might
drop from my tongue;

But when I *recanted* for all my sins
past,

I thought I had made you *amends*
at the last.

Miss NORRIS.

I'll promise you, friend, you shall
duly be paid

For the ample *amends* that you
lately have made:

I find by your shuffling the whole
charge is true,

So I bring you in guilty without
more ado.

Miss STEPHENSON.

Ironical wits, like destroyers of
game,

When they hide in a bush, 'tis to
take surer aim—

By his shuffling I find too the whole
charge is true,

So I bring him in guilty as willing
as you.

Mr. LOWE.

Convicted I stand, and submit to
my fate;

And fain would repent, but I find
it too late:

If death then, alas! is to be my re-
ward,

Why then I must die—but, by
Jove, I'll die hard.

Miss STEPHENSON.

Since to lengths so unbounded his
malice he carried,

To hang him were kindness—

Miss NORRIS.

No let him be married
To some musty old maid, that's the
de'il of a shrew,

That will scold him

Miss STEPHENSON.

And beat him,

Miss NORRIS.

And cuckold him too.

Both together. To some musty old
maid, that's the de'il of a shrew,
That will scold him, and beat him,
and cuckold him too.

SONG

SONG 19.

ATTEND ye nymphs, whilst I impart
The secret wishes of my heart ;
And tell what swain, if one there be,
Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside ;
Let honour all his actions guide :
Stedfast in virtue let him be,
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid sense inform his mind,
With pure good-nature sweetly join'd,
Sure friend to modest merit be
The swain design'd for love and me.

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh ;
Where grief bedews the drooping eye ;
Melting in sympathy I see
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let sordid avarice claim no part
Within his tender generous heart ;
Oh ! be that heart from falshood free,
Devoted all to love and me.

SONG 20.

THE bird that from the lime-
twig flies,
With caution, shuns the school-
boy's tricks ;
But we, who would be thought
more wise,
Can't shun the lime-twigs of our
sex.

The female kind our hearts ensnare,
'Tis grown a science to trapan ;
The study'd look, the fashion'd air,
Oh, shame ! can conquer god-like
man.

To sooth the feeling social breast,
And calm the noisy world's al-
arms ;

To welcome rapture, peace and rest,
With beauty's soft, endearing
charms ;

By native pow'r of face and mind,
To be at once both blest'd and
blest ;

For this the gods the fair design'd !
And not to patch, to paint and
dress.

When nature, kind, exerts her skill,
And frames a heav'nly face and
mein,

How vain to contradict her will !
Ah, let the angel still be seen !
Such beauty needs no mortal aid,
But ever brightens in the good ;
Believe me, nature never made
A gay coquette or formal prude.

The glare of tinsel vanity,
The mental eye may chance ap-
prove ;
But sense, and heav'n-born modesty
Must win the soul, the seat of
love :

The blooming maid whom these
adorn,

With pity views her sex's folly ;
And radiant as the rays of morn,
'These virtues shine in thee, O
Molly !

SONG 21.

AYouth adorn'd with every art,
To warm and win the coldest
heart,

In secret mine possess'd :
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straitest grows,
His face and shape express'd.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale

That wakes the flowery year :
What wonder he could charm with
ease !

Whom happy nature form'd to
please,
Whom love had made sincere.

At morn he left me—fought, and
fell ;

The fatal evening heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed :

Tears that must ever, ever fall ;
For ah ! no sighs the past recall,
No cries awake the dead !

SONG 22.

THE shepherd's plain life,
Without guilt, without strife,
Can only true blessings impart.

As nature directs,
That bliss he expects
From health, and from quiet of
heart.

Vain grandeur and power,
Those toys of an hour,
Tho' mortals are toiling to find ;
Can titles or show

Contentment bestow ?
All happiness dwells in the mind.

Behold the gay rose !
How lovely it grows,
Secure in the depth of the vale.

Yon oak, that on high
Aspires to the sky,
Both lightning and tempest assail.

Then let us the snare
Of ambition beware,
That source of vexation and smart :

And sport on the glade,
Or repose in the shade,
With health and with quiet of heart.

SONG 23.

YE woods and ye mountains un-
known,
Beneath whose pale shadows I
stray,

To the breast of my charmer alone
These sighs bid sweet echo con-
vey.

Wherever he pensively leads,
By fountains, on hill, or in grove,
His heart will explain what she
means,

Who sings both from sorrow and
love.

More soft than the nightingale's
song,

O waft the sad sound to his ear :
And say, tho' divided so long,

The friend of his bosom is near.

Then tell him what years of delight,
Then tell him what ages of pain,
I felt while I liv'd in his sight !

I feel till I see him again !

SONG 24.

IN cooling stream, O sweet repose,
Those balmy dews distill,

That steal the mourner from his
woes,

And bid despair be still.

Prolong the smiling infant's rest,
Who yet no sorrows knows :

But O the mother's bleeding breast
To softest peace compose !

For her the fairest dreams adorn,
That wave on fancy's wing ;

The purple of ascending morn,
The bloom of opening spring.

Let all that sooths the soul or charms,
Her midnight hour employ ;

Till blest again in *Alfred's* arms,
She wakes to real joy.

SONG 25.

WHEN Britain first, at
heav'n's command,

Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian Angels sung this
strain :

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britons never will be slaves.*

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;
While thou shalt flourish great and
free,

The dead and envy of them all
*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.*

Should war, should faction shake
thy isle,

And sink to poverty and shame ;
Heav'n still shall on *Britannia*
smile,

Restore her wealth, and raise her
name.

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britons never will be slaves.*

As the loud blast, that tears thy
skies,

Serves but to root thy native
oak ;

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
From foreign, from domestic
stroke.

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britons never will be slaves.*

How blest the Prince, reserv'd by
fate,

In adverse days to mount the
throne !

Renew thy once triumphant state,
And on thy grandeur build his
own!

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.*

His race shall long, in times to come,
So heav'n ordains, thy sceptre
wield,

Rever'd abroad, belov'd at home,
And be at once thy sword and
shield.

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.*

The Muses, still of freedom fond,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest isle, with matchless beauties
crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the
fair.

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.*

SONG 26.

WHEN charming *Chloe* gently
walks,

Or sweetly smiles, or gaily talks,
No goddess can with her compare,
So sweet her looks, so soft her air.
So sweet her looks, so soft her air.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind so nobly grac'd,
With sparkling wit and solid sense,
And soft persuasive eloquence.

In framing her divinely fair,
Nature employ'd her utmost care,
That we in *Chloe's* form should find
A *Venus*, with *Minerva's* mind.

SONG 27.

WHEN the buds first appear,
to hail in the year,
And all nature looks youthful and
gay,

And all nature looks youthful and
gay;

When the birds on each bough by
their mates sit and coo,
And are chanting their loves on
each spray.

And are chanting their loves on
each spray.

In a cottage at night may I take
great delight,

In the fields and the meadows
all day,

With my sweet *Florimel*, whose
charms do excell

All the beautiful flowers in may.

When the lark, with shrill tone,
sings aloft in the morn,

Let my fairest and I then awake;

View the far distant hills 'mongst
the sweet purling rills,

Then arise, and our cottage for-
sake.

When the sun shines on high, that
my charmer and I

To some neighbouring plain may
repair;

There sweet pleasure enjoy, and
ambition defy,
While we breathe the fresh
sweets of the air.

And, when we return to our cot-
tage at night,

Hand in hand as we saunter and
stray;

Let the moon's silver beams thro'
the trees dart their gleams,

Shew the path, and conduct us our
way.

Let the nightingale's song pass the
thickets along,

As thus gently and slowly we
move;

And let no other talk be express'd
in our walk,

But of tender careffing and love.

At the time of sweet rest, with my
charmer thus blest'd,

E're our eyes are clos'd up in
their lids,

Let us hug, ay and kiss, and taste
of that bliss,

Which the sun-shine and day-
light forbids.

SONG 28.

WHEN in unbounded glory
bright,

The sun shines out with all his
rays,

Pain'd with excess of pleasing light,
No eye can bear the mighty blaze:

But when surrounding clouds the
stream

Of light contract, too great before,
The eye dwells on the soften'd
beam,

Tho' less the blaze, the pleasure
more,

Tho' less the blaze, the pleasure
more.

E'er grief its fables round you drew
(Believe, dear fair, I do not feign)

What with soft pleasure now I view,
Has often charm'd me quite to
pain.

How chang'd thy method, God of
love!

To thy despisers new alarm:

For now whose heart secure can
prove,

When grief and fable help to
charm?

SONG 29.

PRithee, *Billy*,

Ben't so silly,

Thus to waste thy time in grief;

You say *Betty*

Will not let ye;

But can sorrow give relief?

Leave repining,

Cease your whining,

Pox on torment, grief, and woe;

If she's tender,

She'll surrender;

If she's tough, e'en let her go.

SONG 30.

WOU'D you taste the noon-
tide air?

To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where woven with the poplar-
bough

The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes

Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry *Phæbus* scorching round.

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

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

All alone——and in her arms
Your breast may beat to love's a-
larms;

Till blest'd, and blessing, you shall
own

The joys of love are joys alone.

SONG 31.

DEAR *Chloe* attend
To th' advice of a friend,

And for once be admonish'd by me:
Before you engage

To wed with old age
Think how summer and winter
agree.

So ancient a fruit,
For want of a root,

Is doom'd to a speedy decay:
Youth might ripen your charms,

But old age in young arms
Is like frosty weather in *May*.

Believe me, dear maid,
When the best cards are play'd,

You seldom can meet with a trump;
And to help the jest on,

When the sucker is gone,
What a plague would you do with
a pump?

Let men of threescore
Think of marriage no more;

They need not be fond of that noose
The cripple that begs,

Without any legs,
Can have no occasion for shoes.

A clock out of repair
Doth but badly declare

The hour of the day or the night;
For unless my dear love,

The pendulum move,
'Twould be strange if the clock
should go right.

SONG 32.

PReach not to me your musty
rules,

Ye drones that mould in idle cell;
The heart is wiser than the schools,

The senses always reason well.

If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single pleasure by:

An hour is long if lost in care;
They only live who life enjoy.

SONG

SONG 33.

GOddeſs of eaſe, leave *Lethe's*
brink,
Obſequious to the muſe and me ;
For once endure the pain to think,
O ſweet inſenſibility !
Siſter of peace and indolence,
Bring, muſe, bring numbers ſoft
and flow,
Elaborately void of ſenſe,
And ſweetly thoughtleſs let them
flow.
And ſweetly thoughtleſs, &c.
Near to ſome cowſlip-painted mead,
There let me doze away dull hours ;
And under me let *Flora* ſpread
A ſoſa of her ſoſteſt flowers ;
Where, *Philomel*, your notes you
breathe
Forth from behind the neigh-
b'ring pine,
While murmurs of the ſtream be-
neath
Still flow in uniſon with thine.
For thee, O Idleneſs, the woes
Of life we patiently endure ;
Thou art the ſource whence labour
flows,
We ſhun thee but to make thee
ſure ;
For who would bear war's toil and
waſte,
Or who the thund'ring of the ſea,
But to be idle at the laſt,
And find a pleaſing end in thee ?

SONG 34.

HAſte, haſte, *Phyllis*, haſte
'tis the firſt of the may ;
Hark, the goldfinches ſing, to the
wood let's away :
We'll pluck the pale primroſe, and,
ſtart not my dear,
I've ſomething to whiſper alone in
your ear.
I've ſomething to whiſper, &c.
SHE. Excuse me, fond ſwain ; it
has often been ſaid,
The wood is unſafe for a maiden to
tread ;
And a wither'd old gipſy one day
I eſpy'd,
Bid me ſhun the thick wood, and
ſaid ſomething beſide.
HE. 'Tis all a meer fable, there's
nothing to fright ;
There's muſic all day and no ſpec-
tres at night ;
No creature but *Cupid* believe me is
there ;
And *Cupid's* an urchin you ſurely
can't fear.
SHE. For all I could ſay, when ar-
riv'd at the wood,
Who knows your deſigns ? You
might dare to be rude ;
So I bid you farewell, and confeſs
I'm afraid,
Leſt *Cupid* and you are too hard
for a maid.

HE. His dictates you wiſely at once
ſhould approve ;
For pray what is life ? 'tis a pain
without love :
Think how youth, like the roſe,
tho' ungather'd, will fade ;
Then quickly comply, leſt you die
an old maid.

SHE. By language as artful poor
Daphne was won ;
Thus courted, ſhe yielded, was
trick'd and undone :
And rather than truſt the fine
things you have ſaid,
Let my beauty decay, and I die an
old maid.

HE. Believe not I'm faithleſs and
faſe as the wind,
I'll be true as the turtle, as fond
and as kind ;
Will lead you to pleaſures untaſted
before.

And make you a bride ; can a mor-
tal do more ?

SHE. Then at once I comply, for
I cannot ſay no ;
To-morrow to church with my ſtep-
herd I'll go,
To the wood next, tho' *Cupid* ſo
talk'd of be there,
With joy I'll away, and adieu to all
fear.

SHE. Ye nymphs to the wood ne-
ver venture to go ;
'Till the prieſt joins your hand, you
muſt answer, No, no.

HE. Ye ſwains, ſhou'd your fair
ones be deaf to you ſtill,
You muſt wear the ſoft chain, then
they'll go where you will.

SONG 35.

FOR ever, fortune wilt thou
prove
An unrelenting foe to love ?
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part ;
Bid us ſigh on from day to day,
And wiſh, and wiſh the ſoul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown
And all the life of life is gone ?
But busy, busy, ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs, joyleſs vow ;
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O fortune, hear my pray'r,
And I abſolve thy future care ;
All other bleſſings I reſign,
Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.

SONG 36.

SAW ye the nymph whom I
adore ?
Saw ye the goddeſs of my heart ?
And can you bid me love no more ?
And can you think I feel no ſmart ?
So many charms around her ſhine,
Who can the ſweet temptation fly ?
Spite of her ſcorn, ſhe's ſo divine,
That I muſt love her, tho' I die.

SONG 37.

AS *Sylvia* in a foreſt lay
To vent her woe alone ;
Her ſwain *Sylvanſer* came that way,
And heard her dying moan,
Ah ! is my love (ſhe ſaid) to you
So worthleſs and ſo vain :
Why is your wonted fondneſs now
Converted to diſdain ?
You vow'd the light ſhou'd darkneſs
turn,
E'er you'd exchange your love ;
In ſhades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you ſwore ?
But ah ! it ſeems they moſt deceive,
Who moſt our charms adore.
'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind :
Alas ! I ſee it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die :
But oh ! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous conſtant I
Shou'd by yourſelf be kill'd.
This ſaid——all breathleſs, ſick and
pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital ſpirits fail,
And ſenſes at a ſtand.
Sylvander then began to melt ;
But e'er the word was given,
The heavy hand of death ſhe felt,
And ſigh'd her ſoul to heaven.

SONG 38.

AS from a rock paſt all relief,
The ſhipwreckt *Collin* ſpying
His native ſoil, o'ercome with grief,
Half funk in waves and dying :
With the next morning ſun he ſpies
A ſhip, which gives unhop'd ſurpriſe.
New life ſprings up, he liſts his
eyes
With joy, and waits her motion.
So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted,
Low with deſpair my ſpirits mov'd,
'To be for ever parted :
Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
I found in *Peggy's* mind and face :
Ingratitude appeared then baſe,
But virtue more engaging.
Then now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying ;
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying :
I'll haſte dull courtſhip to a cloſe,
Since marriage can my fears oppoſe :
Why ſhould we happy minutes loſe,
Since, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee.
Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a lover's duty,
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their eaſe,
Doating on a proud beauty :
Such was my eaſe for many a year,
Still hope ſucceeding to my fear,
False *Betty's* charms now diſappear,
Since *Peggy's* far outſhine them.

SONG 39.

AH! *Cloris*, cou'd I now but sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire,
Would take my rest away.
Your charms in harmless childhood
lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And enter'd in my breast.
My passion with your beauty grew,
While *Cupid* at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art;—
To make a beauty, she.

SONG 40.

HAPPY's the love which
meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal
burn:
But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hopeless lover.
Ye registers of heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there see me mark'd to
marrow
Mary Scot, the flower of *Yarrow*?
Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,
Her love the gods above must share;
While mortals with despair explore
her,
And at a distance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile:
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of *Yarrow*.
Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
My *Mary*'s tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine an-
guish,
She is too good to let me languish:
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When *Mary Scot*'s become my
marrow,
We'll make a paradise on *Yarrow*.

SONG 41.

Beneath a beech's grateful shade,
Young *Collin* lay complaining;
He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a
maid,
Without hopes of obtaining:
For thus the swain indulg'd his grief;
Tho' pity cannot move thee,
Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
Yet, *Peggy*, I must love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Collin* done,
'That thus you cruelly use him?
If lov's a fault, 'tis that alone,
For which you should excuse him.
'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this
flame,
This fire by which I languish;
'Tis thou alone can quench the flame,
And cool its scorching anguish.
For thee I leave the sportive plain,
Where ev'ry maid invites me;
For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
For thee that only slights me:
This love that fires my faithful
heart,
By all but thee's commended:
Oh! would thou act so good a part,
My grief might soon be ended.
That beauteous breast, so soft to
feel,
Seem'd tenderness all over,
Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
'Gainst thy despairing lover.
Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,
Nor *Collin*'s care e'er move thee,
Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
My *Peggy*, I must love thee.

SONG 42.

AT *Polwart* on the green
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
To dance about the thorn.
A kindly welcome you shall meet
Frae her who likes to view
A lover and a lad compleat,
The lad and lover you.
Let darty dames say Na
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem cauldier than the sna'
While inwardly they bleez;
But I will frankly shaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs na to be free.
At *Polwart* on the green,
Amang the new mawn hay,
With sangs and dancing keen
We'll pass the heartsome day.
At night, if beds be o'er thrang
laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear
lad,
To take a part of mine.

SONG 43.

BLYTH *Jockey* young and gay,
Is all my heart's delight;
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis summer all the year.
When I and *Jockey* met
First on the flow'ry dale,
Right sweetly he me tret,
And love was all his tale.

You are the lass, said he,
That staw my heart frae me;
O ease me of my pain,
And never shaw disdain.

Well can my *Jockey* kyth
His love and courtesie,
He made my heart full blyth
When he first spake to me.
His suit I ill deny'd,
He kiss'd, and I comply'd:
Sae *Jockey* pronis'd me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when *Jockey* comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis night when *Jockey* glooms,
But when he smiles 'tis day.
When our eyes meet, I pant,
I colour, sigh and faint;
What lass that wad be kind,
Can better tell her mind?

SONG 44.

TEN years, like *Troy*, my stub-
born heart
Withstood th' assault of fond de-
sire:
But now, alas! I feel a smart;
Poor I, like *Troy*, am set on fire.
With care we may a pile secure,
And from all common sparks de-
fend:
But oh! who can a house secure,
When the celestial flames de-
scend.
Thus was I safe, 'till from your eyes
Destructive fires are brightly given;
Ah! who can shun the warm sur-
prize,
When lo! the light'ning comes
from heaven.

SONG 45.

ALEXIS shun'd his fellow
swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains;
Heav'n guard us all from *Cupid*'s
bow!
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And, wand'ring thro' the lonely
rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.
The nymphs and shepherds round
him came,
His grief some pity others blame;
The fatal cause all kindly seek:
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly
tears;
He, sigh'd, but could not speak.
Clorinda came among the rest,
And she too kind concern express'd,
And ask'd the reason of his woe:
She ask'd, but with an air and mein
That made it easily forseen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful
head,
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which

Which nothing from my breast
Should tear,
Which never should offend your
ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care:
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my
heart;
I love, and I despair.

Too much *Alexis* I have heard;
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I
fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, she cry'd:
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your
pain.
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

SONG 46.

Wherever I'm going, and all
the day long,
Abroad or at home, or alone in the
throng,
I find that my passion's so lively
and strong,

That your name, when I'm silent,
runs still in my song.
*Sing Balinamone Ora, Balina-
mone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
A kiss of your sweet lips for me.*

Since the first time I saw you, I
take no repose,
I sleep all the day to forget half
my woes;

So hot is the flame in my bosom
which glows,
By *St. Patrick* I fear it will burn
thro' my cloaths

*Sing Balinamone, &c.
Your pretty black hair for me.*

In my conscience I fear I shall die
in my grave,
Unless you comply, and poor *Phe-
lin* will shave,

And grant the petition your lover
does crave,
Who never was free 'till you made
him your slave.

*Sing Balinamone, &c.
Your pretty black eyes for me,*

On that happy day, when I make
you my bride,
With a swinging long sword how I'll
strut and I'll stride!

In a coach and six horses with ho-
ney I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church
by your side.

*Sing Balinamone, &c.
Your little white fist for me.*

SONG 47.

SOME sing *Molly Mog* of the
Rose,
And call her the *Oakingham* pelle;
While others do ferfes compose
On peautiful *Molly Lapelle*.

But of all the young firlins so fair,
Which *Pritain's* great monarchy
owns,
In peauty there's none can compare
With hur charming dear *Gwinif-
frid Shones*.

Unenviet the splendit contition
Of princes that shit upon thrones,
The highest of all hur ambition
Is the lose of fair *Gwinifrid Shones*
Proud mortals the clobe will search
ofer

For cold and for tiamont stones,
Put hur can more treasure tilcover
In peautiful *Gwinifrid Shones*.

From the piggest great mountain in
Pritain

Hur would fenture the preaking
hur pones,
So that the soft lap hur might sit on
Of peautiful *Gwinifrid Shones*.

Not the nightingale's pitiful nose
Can exprefs how poor *Shenkin*
pemoans

His fate, when in places remote
Hur is apsent from *Gwinifrid
Shones*.

Her lose is than honey far sweeter,
And hur is no *Shenkin ap Drones*;
Hur wou'd lapour in prose ant in
metre
To praise hur tear *Gwin. Shones*.

As the harp of *St. Tavit* surpasses
The pagpipe's poor tweeles ant
crones,

So *Lapelle, Molly Mogg*, and all
laffes,
Are excelled by *Gwinifrid Shones*.

SONG 48.

Mistaken fair, lay *Sherlock* by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For while he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon, without a master;
Then let us only study now,
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to blefs, be blest
With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blefs'd I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me, at least, your *Sherlock* give,
'Tis I must learn to die.

SONG 49.

SICK of the town at once I flew
To contem-pation's rural seat;
Adieu, said I, vain world adieu!
Fools only study to be great:

The book, the lamp, the hermit's
cell,
The moss-grown roof and mat-
ted floor;

All these I had—'twas mighty
well,
But yet I wanted something more.

Back to the busy world again
I soon return'd, in hopes to find
Ease for imaginary pain,
Quiet of heart and peace of mind:
Gay scenes of grandeur every hour
By turns my fickle fancy fill;
The world seem'd all within my
pow'r,

But yet I wanted something still—
Cities and groves by turns were try'd,
'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale;
Celia at length became a bride,

A bride to *Damon* of the vale:
All nature smil'd, the gloom was
chear'd,

Damon was kind, I can't tell how,
Each place a paradise appear'd,
And *Celia* wanted nothing now.

SONG 50.

OF all my experience how vast
the amount,
Since fifteen long winters I fairly
can count!

Was ever poor damsel so sadly be-
tray'd,
For to live to these years, and yet
still be a maid!

Ye heroes, triumphant by land and
by sea,
Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmin-
dful of me;

You can storm a strong fort, or can
form a blockade,
Yet ye stand by, like dastards, and
see me a maid!

Ye Lawyers so just, who with slip-
pery tongue
Can do what you please, or with
right or with wrong,

Can it be or by law or by equity said,
That a buxom young girl ought to
die an old maid?

Ye learned Physicians, whose ex-
cellent skill
Can save or demolish, can cure or
can kill,

To a poor forlorn damsel contribute
your aid,
Who is sick—very sick—of re-
maining a maid.

You, Fops, I invoke not to list to
my song,
Who answer no end, and to no sex
belong;

Ye echo of echos, and shadows of
shade—
For if I had you—I might still be
a maid.

SONG 51.

OH! pity all a maiden,
Condemn'd hard fates to
prove!

I rather would have laid-in,
Than thus have dy'd for love!
'Twas hard t'encounter death-a
Before the bridal bed:

Ah! wou'd I had kept my breath-a,
And lost my maidenhead!

SONG 52.

THE night her silent sable
wore,
And gloomy were the skies ;
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
Than those in *Nelly's* eyes.
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She shrouded only with her smock,
Arose and loot me in.
Fast lock'd within her close em-
brace,
She trembling stood asham'd ;
Her swelling breast and glowing face
And ev'ry touch inflam'd.
My eager passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the fort to win ;
And her fond heart was soon be-
tray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
Transporting was the joy ;
I knew no greater blessing,
So blest a man was I.
And she, all ravish'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again ;
And kindly vow'd that ev'ry night
She'd rise and let me in.
But ah ! at last she prov'd with
bairn,
And sighing sat and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en just like a fool.
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash sin :
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part :
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
'The charmer of my heart :
But wedded, and conceal'd our crime:
Thus all was well again,
And now she thanks the happy time
That e'er she loot me in.

SONG 53.

M*y* *Patie* is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome, middle size ;
He's stately in his wawking ;
The shining of his een surpris'd ;
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.
Last night I met him on a baw,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There morn'd a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be
mine,
And lood me best of ony ;
'That gars me like to sing finfyne,
O corn rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're want-
ing,
Since we for yielding are design'd
We chastly should be granting ;

Then I'll comply and marry *Pate*,
And fine my cockernony,
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where corn rigs are bonny.

SONG 54.

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

Then farewell to my father's house,
I gang where love invites me ;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets
me.

When *Hymen* moulds us into ane,
My *Robie's* nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

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

SONG 55.

THE sun was sunk beneath
the hill,
The western cloud was lin'd with
gold :
Clear was the sky, the wind was
still,
The flocks were pen'd within the
fold ;
When in the silence of the grove,
Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant
rose,
From the hard rock or oozy beech ;
Who from each weed that barren
grows,
Expects the grape or downy
peach,

With equal faith may hope to find
'The truth of love in womankind.
No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden
grain,
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain.
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
Whose whole estate, alas ! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought
and sold ?
They ask no vows of sacred truth ;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh
to gold.

Gold can the frowns of scorn re-
move :—
Thus I am scorn'd—who have
but love.

To buy the gems of *India's* coast,
What wealth, what riches would
suffice ?
Yet *India's* shore should never boast,
The lustre of thy rival eyes :
For there the world too cheap must
prove ;
Can I then buy—who have but love ?
Then, *Mary*, since nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just, as fair, and value more,
Than gems or ore, a heart sincere :
Let treasure meaner beauties prove ;
Who pays thy worth, must pay in
love.

SONG 56.

OF all the birds, whose tuneful
throats
Do welcome in the verdant spring,
I far prefer the *Stirling's* notes,
And think she does most sweetly
sing.

Nor thrush, nor linnet, nor the bird
Brought from the far *Canary* coast,
Nor can the nightingale afford
Such melody as she can boast.

When *Phœbus* southward darts his
fires,
And on our plains he looks a-
scance,
The nightingale with him retires,
My *Stirling* makes my blood to
dance.

In spite of *Hyem's* nipping frost,
Whether the day be dark or clear,
Shall I not her health entoast,
Who makes it summer all the year ?

Then by thyself, my lovely bird,
I'll stroke thy back, and kiss thy
breast ;

And if you'll take my honest word,
As sacred as before the priest ;
I'll bring thee where I will devise
Such various ways to pleasure
thee,

The velvet fog thou wilt despise,
When on the downy hills with
me.

SONG 57.

COME, fill me a bumper, my
jolly brave boys,
Let's have no more female im-
pertinence and noise ;

For I've try'd the endearments and
pleasures of love,
And I find they're but nonsense
and whimsies, by *Jove*.

When first of all *Betty* and I were
acquaint,
I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd
like a saint :

But I found her religion, her face,
and her love,
Were hypocrisy, paint, and self-in-
terest, by *Jove*.

Sweet *Cecil* came next with her languishing air,
Her *outside* was orderly, modest and fair;
But her *soul* was *sophisticate*, so was her *love*,
For I found she was only a *strumpet*, by *Jove*.

Little *double-gilt* Jenny's gold charm'd me at last:
(You know *marriage and money together* does best.)
But the *baggage* forgetting her *vows* and her *love*,
Gave her gold to a *sniv'ling dull* *coxcomb*, by *Jove*.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys;
Here's a farewell to female impertinence and noise:
I know few of the sex that are worthy my love;
And for *strumpets* and *jilts*, I abhor them, by *Jove*.

SONG 58.

WHAT means this niceness now of late,
Since time that truth does prove?
Such distance may consist with state,
But never will with love.
'Tis either cunning or disdain
That does such ways allow;
The first is base, the last is vain:
May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over act your part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not half that art:
For if you chance a look to cast,
That seems to be a frown,
I'll give you all the love that's past,
The rest shall be my own.

SONG 59.

MY sweetest *May*, let love incline thee,
'T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
And, as your constant slave, regard it,
Synce for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a kiss and a smile,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are,
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That when in pools I see thee clean 'em;
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain,

Tho' kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane thro' flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks lest they shou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae along, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin.
That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
O say, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

SONG 60.

TRANSPORTED with pleasure,
I gaze on my treasure,
And ravish my sight:
While she gayly smiling,
My Anguish beguiling,
Augments my delight.

How blest is a lover,
Whose torments are over,
His fears and his pain;
When beauty relenting,
Repays with consenting,
Her scorn and disdain.

SONG 61.

TEACH me, *Cloe*, how to prove
My boasted flame sincere:
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my care.
Sleep in vain displays her charms,
To bribe my soul to rest,
Vainly spreads her silken arms,
And courts me to her breast.
Where can *Strepson* find repose,
If *Cloe* is not there?
For ah! no peace his bosom knows,
When absent from the fair.
What tho' *Phabus* from on high
Withholds his chearful ray,
Thine eyes can well his light supply,
And give me more than day.

SONG 62.

GAFFER and gammer were fast in their nest,
And all the young fry of their eribs were posselt;
Spot, Whitefoot and Pufs in the ashes were laid,
And a blinking rush candle just o-ver their head.
Ursla was scouring her dishes and platter,
Preparing to make her good friend the hog fatter;
Greas'd up to the elbow, as much to the eye,
'Till her embroider'd cloaths were e'en ready to fry.

Roger the plowman i'th' chimney lay fnoaring,
'Till Cupid, fore vext at his clownish adoring,
Did straitway convey to the great logger-head,
The whispering muse, that they all were a-bed.

Up started Roger, and rubbing his eyes,
Strait to his dear *Ursla* in passion he hies;
Then leaning his elbow on *Ursla's* broad back,
Complain'd that his heart was e'en ready to crack.

Ursla b'ing vext at the weight of her love,
Cry'd, Cupid, why dost thou thus treacherous prove?
In an angry mood then she turn'd her about,
And the dish-clout lapt over the face of the Lout.

Roger being angry at such an affront,
And not at all minding of what might come on't;
He gave her a kick wth such wondrous mettle,
As tumbld poor *Ursla* quite over the kettle.

This noise and rumbling set *Gaffer* awaking,
And fearing lest thieves had been stealing his beakon;
With a pur down the stairs in a trice he came stumbling,
Where he found Roger gaping, while *Ursla* lay tumbling.

Pox take you, quoth he, for a rogue and a whore;
So turn'd the poor lovers quite out of the door;
Nor minding the rain, nor the cold windy Weather,
To finish their loves in a hogstye together.

SONG 63.

WHEN *Delia* on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I wou'd approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this is love.
Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd car
No other voice but hers can bear,
No other's wit but hers approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this is love.
If she some other swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
That instant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this is love.
When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring or shady grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this is love.

When

When arm'd with insolent disdain
She seem'd to triumph o'er my pain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this is love.

SONG 64.

I Gently touch'd her hand, she
gave
A look that did my heart enslave ;
I press'd her rebel lips in vain,
They rose up to be press'd again :
Thus happy, I no farther meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her soft breast my hand I laid,
And a quick light impression made ;
They with a kindly warmth did
glow,
And swell'd, and seem'd to overflow ;
Yet, trust me, I no farther meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her bright eyes my eyes did play,
O'er her smooth limbs my heart did
stray ;
Each sense was ravish'd with delight
And my soul stood prepar'd for
flight.

Blame me not, if at last I meant
More to be pleas'd than innocent.

SONG 65.

IN vain *Philaender* at my feet,
You urge your guilty flame ;
With well dissembled tears intreat,
New oaths and impious vows repeat,
And wrong love's sacred name.

Ah ! cease to call that passion love,
Whose end is to betray :
Too soon should I comply, you'd
prove

What sensual vows your ardor move
And your affection sway.

And when, to all my fondness blind,
You'd chace me from your breast ;
Deluded wretch ! when could I find,
'That calm content, that peace of
mind,
Which I before possess'd.

SONG 66.

YES, all the world will sure
agree,
He who's secure of having thee
Will be entirely blest ;
But 'ware in me too great a wrong,
'To make one, who has been so long
My queen, my slave at last.

Nor ought those things to be confin'd
'That were for public good design'd :
Could we, in foolish pride,
Make the sun always with us stay,
'Twould burn our corn and grass
away,
And starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting
fright
'Two souls which passion does unite ;
For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away ;
And why the devil should we stay,
When once that love is past ?

SONG 67.

O Lovely *Celia*, heav'nly maid,
Kind gentle, fair and free ;
In all thy sex's charms array'd ;
How few are form'd like thee ?
Thy image always fills my mind,
The theme of ev'ry song ;
I'm fix'd to thee alone I find,
But ask not for how long.

The fair in gen'ral I've admir'd,
Have long been false and true ;
And when the last my fancy tir'd,
I wand'ring round to you.
Then, while I can, I'll be sincere,
As turtles to their mates ;
This moment's yours and mine my
dear,
The next you know is fate's.

SONG 68.

HAD *Neptune*, when first he
took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as
merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't,
and, instead of his brine,
Wou'd have fill'd the vast ocean
with generous wine.

What trafic then would have been
on the main,
For the sake of good liquor, as well
as for gain !

No fear then of tempest, or danger
of sinking ;
The fishes ne'er drown that are
always a drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would
drive with more haste,
Secure in the ev'ning of such a repast ;
And when he'd got tipsy would
have taken his nap
With double the pleasure in *Thetis's*
lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus
heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously *Phoebus*
would shine ;

What vast exhalations he'd draw
up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it
wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when blest
with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill them
again !

Nay, even the beggar that has ne'er
a dish
Might jump in the river, and drink
like a fish.

What mirth and contentment in
every brow,
Hob, as great as a prince, dancing
after the plow !

The birds in the air, as they play
on the wing,
Altho' they but sip, would eternally
sing.

The stars, who I think don't to
drinking incline ;

Would frisk and rejoice at the
fume of the wine ;
And, merrily twinkling, would soon
let us know
That they were as happy as mor-
tals below.

Had this been the case, what had
we then enjoy'd,
Our spirits still rising, our fancy
ne'er cloy'd !
A pox then on *Neptune*, when 'twas
in his power,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortu-
nate hour.

SONG 69.

NATURE for thee has cull'd her
store,
Then why shouldst thou, fond
maid,
Pretend to make thy beauty more,
In borrow'd charms array'd ?
In borow'd charms, &c.

The radiant plumes no more delight,
Nor once our thoughts employ,
Whilst thy own native charms
excite

Our wonder and our joy, &c.
Believe me, nymph, their glories
fade,

Plac'd near thy brighter eyes ;
Brilliant on you appear decay'd,
On others they'd surprise, &c.

Since then, heav'n-deck'd, you
win all hearts,
Make dress no more your care ;
To meaner beauties leave those arts,
Which you so well can spare,
Which you, &c.

SONG 70.

YE nymphs of the plain, who
once saw me so gay,
You ask why in sorrow I spend the
whole day :

'Tis love, cruel love, that my
peace did betray :
Then crown your poor *Phyllis*
with willow

The bloom which once grac'd, has
deserted this cheek ;
My eyes no more sparkle, my
tongue can scarce speak ;
My heart too flutters, I fear it will
break :

Then crown your poor *Phyllis*
with willow.

Ye lovers so true, that attend on
my bier,
And think that my fortune has
prov'd too severe ;

Ah ! curb not the sigh, nor refuse
the kind tear ;
Then strew all the place round
with willow.

Erect me a tomb, and engrave on
its side,

" Here lies a poor maiden, whose
" love was deny'd ;

“ She strove to endure it, but could
 “ not, and dy'd :”
 Then shade it with cypress and
 willow.

SONG 71.

AS naked almost, and more fair
 you appear
 Than *Diana*, when spy'd by
Acteon ;
 Yet the stag-hunter's fate your
 votaries here
 We hope you're too gentle to
 lay on.
 For he, like a fool, took a peep
 and no more,
 So she gave him a large pair of
 horns, Sir :
 What Goddess undress'd such ne-
 glect ever bore,
 Or what woman e'er pardon'd
 such scorn, Sir ?
 The man who with beauty feasts
 only his eyes,
 With the fair always works his own
 ruin :
 You shall find by our actions, our
 looks and our sighs,
 We're not barely contented with
 viewing.

SONG 72.

DEjected as true converts die,
 But yet with fervent thoughts
 inflam'd ;
 So, fairest, at your feet I lie,
 Of all my sex's faults ashamed.
 Too long, alas ! have I defy'd
 The force of love's almighty
 flame,
 And often did aloud deride
 His Godhead as an empty name.
 But since so freely I confess
 A crime which may your scorn
 produce,
 Allow me now to make it less
 By any just and fair excuse.
 I then did vulgar joys pursue,
 Variety was all my blifs ;
 But, ignorant of love and you,
 How could I chuse but do amiss ?
 If ever now my wandring eyes
 Search out temptation as before ;
 If once I look, but to despise
 Their charms, and value yours
 the more ;
 May sad remorse, and guilty shame,
 Revenge your wrongs on faith-
 less me ;
 And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
 May I lose all in losing thee.

SONG 73.

OF an ailment so killingly sweet
 I could die ;
 For your sight it so charms me,
 Chills, changes and warms me,
 That I wish, and I wish, nor know
 wherefore, nor why,

And my soul I could waite away in
 a sigh.

When absent, nor rest, nor refresh-
 ment I find ;
 Tho' alone you can cheer me,
 I tremble when near me,
 My senses grow all as bewitch'd as
 my mind,
 And my eyes on your eyes they
 could look themselves blind.

SONG 74.

TELL me, *Dorinda*, why fo
 gay
 With such embroid'ry, fringe,
 ond lace ?
 Can gaudy dresses find a way
 To stop th' approaches of decay,
 And mend a ruin'd face ?
 Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
 And ogle in the ring ?
 Canst thou forget thy age and pox ?
 Can all that shines on shells and
 rocks
 Make thee a fine young thing ?
 So have I seen in larder dark,
 Of veal a luscious loin,
 Replete with many a brilliant spark,
 As wise philosophers remark,
 At once both stink and shine.

SONG 75.

HE.

LOVE's an idle childish passion
 Only fit for girls and boys ;
 Marriage is a cursed fashion,
 Women are but foolish toys.
 Women are but foolish toys.

Spite of all the tempting evils,
 Still they liberty maintain ;
 Tell 'em, tell the pretty devils,
 Man alone was made foreign, &c.

SHE.

Empty boaster ! know thy duty,
 Thou who dar'st my pow'r defy,
 Feel the force of love and beauty,
 Tremble at my feet and die.
 Tremble at my feet and die.

Wherefore does thy colour leave
 thee ?

Why those cares upon thy brow ?
 Did the rebel Pride deceive thee ?
 Ask him who's the monarch
 now, &c.

SONG 76.

FROM morn to night, from day
 to day,
 At all times and at ev'ry place,
 You scold, repeat, and sing and say ;
 Nor are there hopes you'll ever
 cease.

Forbear my *Calia*, oh ! forbear,
 If your own health or ours you
 prize ;
 For all mankind that hear you,
 swear
 Your tongue's more killing than
 your eyes.

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
 Your fame's by your own noise
 obscur'd ;
 All are distracted while they gaze,
 But if they listen, all are cur'd.

Your silence would acquire more
 praise
 Than all you say, or all I write ;
 One look ten thousand charms dis-
 plays ;
 Then hush——and be an angel
 quite.

SONG 77.

THE stone, that all things
 turns at will
 To gold, the chymist craves ;
 But gold, without the chymist's
 skill,
 Turns all men into knaves :
For a cheating we will go, &c.
 The merchant would the courtier
 cheat,
 When on his goods he lays
 Too high a price—but, faith he's
 bit,
 For a courtier never pays :
For a cheating, &c.

The lawyer, with a face demure,
 Hangs him who steals your pelf ;
 Because the good man can endure
 No robber but himself :
For a cheating, &c.

Between the quack and highway-
 man
 What difference can there be ?
 Tho' this with pistol, that with pen
 Doth kill you for a fee :
For a cheating, &c.

The husband cheats his loving wife
 And to a mistress goes ;
 While she at home, to ease her life,
 Carouses with the beaux :
For a cheating, &c.

The tenant doth the steward nick,
 So low this art we find ;
 The steward doth his lordship trick ;
 My lord tricks all mankind :
For a cheating, &c.

SONG 78.

HOWEVER some in coaches,
 In barrows some may beg,
 'Tis want that makes the mendicant,
 And not the wooden leg,
When a begging they do go, &c.

'Tis thus by greater poverty
 That nobles grow renown'd ;
 For where we want a penny,
 State-beggars want a pound :
And a begging they will go, &c.

Your courtiers beg for honour——
 And that's a want indeed ;
 As many should for honesty——
 But will not own their need :
Tho' a begging, &c.

Your vizier begs for subsidies,
 Your party-men for place ;

Your churchmen for a benefice—
But not a man for grace :
When a begging, &c.

Thus all from *Rome* to *London*
Are of the begging train :
But we who beg for charity
Are those who beg in vain :
Yet a begging, &c.

SONG 79.

STREPHON, when you see me
fly,
Why should that your fears
create ?

Maids may be as often shy
Out of love, as out of hate.
When from you I fly away,
'Tis because I fear to stay.

Did I out of hatred run,
Lefs would be my pain and care ;
But the youth I love, to shun !
Who could such a trial bear ?

Who, that such a swain did see,
Who would love and fly like me ?
Cruel duty bids me go,
Gentle love commands my stay ;

Duty's still to love a foe :
Shall I this or that obey ?
Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles ;
'That befriends, and this beguiles.

Ever by this crystal stream
I could sit and see thee sigh ;
Ravish'd with this pleasing dream,
Oh ! 'tis worse than death to fly :
But the danger is so great,
Fear gives wings, instead of hate.

If you love me, *Strepbon*, leave me ;
If you stay, I am undone :
Oh ! you may with ease deceive me ;
Prithee, charming boy, be gone :
The gods decree that we must part ;
They have my vow, and you my heart.

SONG 80.

FROM tyrant laws and customs
free,
We follow sweet variety ;
By turns we drink and dance and
sing,
Love for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul
Transports of the jovial soul ?
No dull stinting hours we own,
Pleasure counts or time alone.

SONG 81.

FAME's an echo, prattling dou-
ble,
An empty, airy, glitt'ring bubble ;
A breath can swell, a breath can
sink it,
'The wise not worth their keeping
think it.

Why then, why such toil and pain,
Fame's uncertain smiles to gain ?
Like her sister Fortune, blind,
'To the best she's oft unkind,
And the worst her favour find.

SONG 82.

THE wanton god, that pierces
hearts,

Dips in gall the pointed darts ;
But the nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound in rosy wine.

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

They have charms whilst mine can
please,

I love them much, but more my ease ;
No jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my
rest.

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

SONG 83.

WHEN *Orpheus* went down to
the regions below,

To bring back the wife that he
lov'd,

Old *Pluto* confounded, as histories
shew,

To find that his music so mov'd.
To find, &c.

That a woman so good, so virtuous
and fair,

Shou'd be by a man thus trepann'd
To give up her freedom for sorrow
and care ;

He own'd she deserv'd to be
damn'd,

He own'd, &c.

For punishment he never studied a
whit ;

The torments of hell had not pain
Sufficient to curse her—so *Pluto*
thought fit

Her husband should have her
again,

Her husband, &c.

But soon he compassion'd the wo-
man's hard fate,

And knowing of mankind so well,
He recall'd her again, before 'twas
too late,

And said she'd be happier in hell,
And said, &c.

SONG 84.

YE Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,
That love green fields and
woods,

When spring newly born
Herself does adorn

With flow'rs and blooming buds ;
Come sing in the praise,
Whilst flocks do graze

In yonder pleasant vale,
Of those that chuse,

Their sleep to lose,
And in cold dews,

With clouted shoes,
Do carry the milking-pail.

The Goddesses of the morn
With blushes they adorn,
And take the fresh air,
Whilst linnets prepare
A concert on each green thorn ;
The blackbird and thrush
On every bush,
And the charming nightingale,
In merry vein
Their throats do strain,
To entertain
The jolly train
That carry the milking-pail.

When cold bleak winds do roar,
And flow'rs can spring no more,
The fields that were seen
So pleasant and green,
By winter are candy'd o'er ;

Oh ! how the town lass
Looks with her white face,
And her lips of deadly pale !
But it's not so

With those that go
Thro' frost and snow,
With cheeks that glow,
To carry the milking-pail.

The miss of comely mould,
Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
With washes and paint
Her skin does taint,

She's wither'd before she's old :
Whilst she, in commode,
Puts on a cart-load,

And with cushions plumps her tail ;
What joys are found
In russet gown,
Young, plump and round,

And sweet and sound,
To carry the milking-pail !

The girls of *Venus*' game,
That venture life and fame
In practising feats,
With cold and with heats,

Make lovers grow blind and lame :
If men were so wise
To value the price
Of the wares most fit for sale,

What store of beaux
Wou'd dawb their cloaths,
To save a nose,
By following those
That carry the milking-pail !

The country lad is free
From fears and jealousy,
When on the green
He's often seen

With his lass upon his knee ;
With kisses most sweet
He does her greet,
And swears she'll ne'er grow stale ;

Whilst the *London* lass
In every place
With her brazen face,
Despises the grace
Of those with the milking-pail.

SONG 85.

HOW sweet the gossiping birds
that sing !

How sweet the treasure that Zephyrs
bring,

Light-wafted

Light-wafred on each odoriferous
wing,
That winnows the breast of flow'ry
Spring !
How sweet the flowers with balm
replete,
The fawns that frolick, and lambs
that bleat !
But oh ! above all, tho' all should
meet,
My *Gracey*, my sweetest of sweets,
is sweet !

SONG 86.

CLEOPATRA the gay, as
old stories declare,
Put *Markanthony* oft to the rout
fir ;
That the lover was fond and the
lady was fair,
No modern among us will doubt
fir :
But yet I insist
Our times are the best,
And mufty antiquity scorn fir ;
Pray tell me, could *Thais*,
Or golden-lock'd *Lais*,
Compare to our *Barbara Byrne*, fir ?
Away with restraint, let us wan-
tonly rove,
And be what our wishes could
make us ;
We'll freely pour forth a libation
to love,
And recruit by the bounties of
Bacchus :
Dull cynical fools,
By their joy-cramping rules,
Poor logical lunatics turn fir ;
They would wisdom forget,
Were they once tete-a-tete
Over claret with *Barbara Byrne*, fir.
Pedantical schoolmen have matter
defin'd,
And commented on queer *Aristotle* ;
The only philosophy fit for man-
kind,
Is a beauty, well arm'd by a
bottle :
Keep classical knowledge
Immers'd in the college,
'Midst gownmen and pedagogues
stern fir :
What's physie or statics,
Or dull mathematics,
To claret and *Barbara Byrne*, fir ?
Let Placemen receive, and let Pa-
triot's oppose,
And raise unforgiving dissentions ;
A mistress's arms is the place I
would chuse,
And a bottle and friend are my
pensions :
Let state tools, full of doubt,
Be pull'd in or thrust out,
As their masters to either side turn
fir ;
Be this maxim my plan,
May I stand while I can
To my bumper, my friend and *Bab*
Byrne fir.

Ye sensible socials, ye knights of
the vine,
Who wit, women and wine can
taste fir ;
Would you know where true humour
and harmony reign,
With gay *Barbara Byrne* make
your feast, fir ;
Poor lovers that prize
Lips, legs, arms or eyes,
Such piece-meal pretensions I scorn
fir ;
No limb shall be lost
When I mention my toast ;
Here's a health to the whole of *Bab*
Byrne fir.

SONG 87.

OF a noble race was *Shinkin*,
Of the line of *Owen Tudor* ;
But hur renown is fled and gone,
Since cruel love pursued hur.
Fair *Winney's* eyes bright-shining,
And lily breasts alluring,
Poor *Shinkin's* heart with fatal dart
Have wounded past all curing.
Hur was the prettiest fellow
At stool-ball or at cricket ;
At hunting-race, or foot-ball chace,
Cot's plut' how hur could kick it !
But now all joys are flying,
All pale and wan her cheeks too ;
Hur heart so akes, hur quite for-
fakes
Hur herrings and hur leeks too.
No more shall sweet metheglin
Be drank at good *Montgom'ry* ;
And if love's fore lasts six days
more,
Adieu cream-cheese and flumm'ry !

SONG 88.

DO not ask me, charming
Phyllis,
Why I lead you here alone,
By this bank of pinks and lilies,
And of roses newly blown.
'Tis not to behold the beauty
Of those flow'rs that crown the
spring ;
'Tis to—but I know my duty,
And dare not name the thing.
'Tis, at worst, but her denying,
Why should I thus fearful be ?
Ev'ry minute, gently flying,
Smiles and says, make use of me.
What the sun does to these roses,
While the beams play sweetly in,
I would—but my fear opposes,
And I dare not name the thing.
Yet I die, if I conceal it :
Ask my eyes, or ask your own ;
And if neither can reveal it,
'Think what lovers think alone.
On this bank of pinks and lilies,
Might I speak what I would do ;
I would, with my lovely *Phyllis*,
I would—but ah ! would not you ?

SONG 89.

WHAT beauteous scenes en-
chant my sight !
How closely yonder vine
Does round that elm's supporting
height
Her wanton ringlets twine !
That elm, no more a barren shade,
Is with her clusters crown'd ;
And that fair vine, without its aid,
Had crept along the ground.
Let this, my fair one, move thy
heart,
Connubial joys to prove :
But mark what age and care impart ;
Nor thoughtless rush on love.
Know thy own bliss, and joy to hear
Vertumnus loves thy charms,
The youthful God that rules the year
And keeps the groves from harms.
While some with short-liv'd passion
glow,
His love remains the same ;
On him alone thy heart bestow,
And crown his constant flame :
So shall no frosts untimely pow'r
Deform the blooming spring :
So shall thy trees, from blasts secure,
Their wonted tribute bring.

SONG 90.

FROM all her fair loquacious
kind
So different is my *Rosalind*,
That not one accent can I gain,
To crown my hopes, or sooth my
pain.
Ye lovers, who can construe sighs,
And are th'interpreters of eyes,
To language all her looks translate,
And in her gestures read my fate.
And if in them you chance to find
Ought that is gentle, ought that's
kind ;
Adieu mean hopes of being great,
And all the littleness of state.
All thoughts of grandeur I'll despise,
That from dependance take their
ife ;
To serve her shall be my employ,
And love's sweet agony my joy.

SONG 91.

GAY *Florizel* of noble birth.
The most engaging fair on
earth
To please a blythe gallant,
Has much of wit, and much of
worth,
And much of tongue to set it forth,
But then she has an aunt.
How oft, alas ! in vain I've try'd
To tempt her from her guardian's
side,
And trap her on love's hook !
She's like a little wanton lamb,
That frisks about the careful dam,
And thuns the shepherd's crook.
Like

Like wretched *Dives* I am plac'd,
To see the joys I cannot taste,
Of all my hopes bereav'd;
Heraunt's the dismal gulph betwixt,
By all the pow'rs of malice met,
To cheat me of my heav'n.

SONG 92.

PRIThee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should you keep mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To send it me were vain;
For thou'lt a thief in either eye
Will steal it back again.

SONG 93.

DEAR *Colin*, prevent my warm
blushes,
Since how can I speak without
pain?

My eyes have oft told you my
wishes;
Oh! can't you their meaning
explain?

My passion would lose by expression,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a confession
Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of speak-
ing,
Why should you expect it from
me?

Our wishes should be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they should
be.

Then quickly why don't you dis-
cover?

Did your heart feel such tortures
as mine,

Eyes need not tell over and over
What I in my bosom confine.

SONG 94.

DEAR Madam, when ladies
are willing,

A man must needs look like a
fool;

For me, I would not give a shilling
For one that can love out of rule:

At least, you should wait for our
offers,

Nor snatch like old maids in
despair;

If you've liv'd till these years with-
out proffers,

Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at
your blushing,

And not speak the matter too
plain;

'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
And yours to affect a disdain.

That you're in a terrible taking,
By all your fond ogling I see;

But the fruit that will fall without
shaking,

Indeed is too mellow for me.

SONG 95.

AT dead of night, when wrapt
in sleep

The peaceful cottage lay,
Pastora left her folded sheep,
Her garland, crook, and useless
scip,

Love led the nymph astray.

Loose, and undress'd, she takes
her flight

To a near myrtle shade:

The conscious moon gave all her
light,

To bless the ravish'd lover's sight,
And guide the charming maid.

His eager arms the nymph embrace,
And to assuage his pain,

His restless passion he obeys:

At such an hour, in such a place,
What lover could contain?

In vain she call'd the conscious
moon,

The moon no succour gave;

The cruel stars unmov'd look'd on,
And seem'd to smile at what was
done,

Nor would her honour save.

Vanquish'd at last by powerful love
The nymph exiring lay;

No more she sigh'd, no more she
strove,

Since no kind stars were found above,
She blush'd and dy'd away:

Yet prais'd the grove, her secret
flight,

And youth that did betray;

And panting, dying with delight,
She bless'd the kind transporting
night,

And curs'd approaching day.

SONG 96.

MY Goddess *Lydia*, heavenly
fair,

As lily sweet, as soft as air,

Let loose thy tresses, spread thy
charms,

And to my love give fresh alarms.

O! let me gaze on those bright eyes,
Tho' sacred lightning from them
flies;

Shew me that soft that modest grace,
Which paints with charming red
thy face.

Give me *ambrosia* in a kiss,
That I may rival *Jove* in blifs,

That I may mix my soul with thine,
And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide! thy bosom's killing white,
(The milky way is not so bright)

Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
With beauty's pomp, and sweet
excess.

O hide! thy bosom's killing white,
(The milky way is not so bright)

Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
With beauty's pomp, and sweet
excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple
flood

Of my kind heart the vital blood?
Thou art all over endless charms;

O! take me dying to thy arms.

SONG 97.

A Trifling song ye shall hear,
Begun with a trifle and ended;
All trifling people draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately came into the play,
The men would want something to
do,

The women want something to
say.

What makes men trifle in dressing?
Because the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often caressing
That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has
trifled,

The trifle of trifles to gain,
No sooner the virgin is trifled,
But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal would ever be able,
At *Wye*'s half a moment to sit?
Or who is't could bear a tea table,
Without talking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles secure,
Gold keys are no trifles we see;
White rods are no trifles I'm sure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
Where trifles abundantly breed;
The lover will shew you, his Grace
Makes promises trifles indeed!

A coach with six footmen behind,
I count neither trifle nor sin;
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find
A scandalous trifle within?

A flask of *Champaign* people think
it

A trifle, or something as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle egad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,
A widow's a trifle in sorrow,
A peace is a trifle to day,
To break it a trifle to morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloke,
Or to hide it the red may en-
deavour;

But if once the army is broke,
We shall have more trifles than
ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say,
The reason pray carry along;
Because that at every new play,
The house they with trifles so
throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to set us all on a foot;

The author of this is a trifle,
And his song is a trifle to boot.

SONG 98.

OH, let me, unreserv'd, declare
The dictates of my breast;
My *Thyrsis* reigns unrivall'd there,
An ever welcome guest.

No more our sprightly nymphs I meet,
But seek the lonely grove ;
There, sighing, to myself repeat
Some tender tale of love.

When absent from my longing sight
He is my constant theme ;
His shadowy form appears by night,
And shapes the morning dream.

Ye spotless virgins of the plain,
Deem not my words too free ;
For e'er my passion you arraign,
You must have lov'd like me.

S O N G 99.

WILLY ne'er enquire what end

The Gods for thee or me intend ;
How vain the search, that but bestows

The knowledge of our future woes :
Happier the man that ne'er repines,
Whatever lot his fate assigns,
Than they that idly vex their lives
With wizards and enchanting wives.

Thy present years in mirth employ,
And consecrate thy youth to joy ;
Whether the fates to thy old score
Shall bounteous add a winter more,
Or this shall lay thee cold in earth
That rages o'er the *Pentland* firth,
No more with *Home* the dance to lead ;

Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,
That's sacred to the genial hour ;
In flowing wine still warm thy soul,
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.

Behold the flying hour is lost,
For time rides ever on the post,
Even while we speak, even while
we think,
And waits not for the standing
drink.

Collect thy joys each present day,
And live in youth, while best you may ;

Have all your pleasures at command,

Nor trust one day in fortune's hand.

Then *Willy* be a wanton wag,
If ye wad please the lassies braw,
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
And carry ay the gree awa'.

S O N G 100.

FIE! *Liza*, scorn the little arts,

Which meaner beauties use,
Who think they ne'er secure our hearts,

Unless they still refuse ;
Are coy and shy ; will seem to frown,

To raise our passion higher ;
But when the poor delight is known,

It quickly palls desire.

Come, let's not trifle time away,
Or stop you know not why ;
Your blushes and your eyes betray
What death you mean to die !
Let all your maiden fears be gone,
And love no more be crost :
Ah! *Liza*, when the joys are known,
You'll curse the minutes past.

S O N G 101.

THERE lived a young mouse
in *Balleno* crasy,

Who had nought but a cat to make
her uneasy ;

Long had he sigh'd for dear *Pitty*
Patty,

And said to the cheese-cake I would
I could be at ye,

But that he fear'd the *Puffy* *Catty*.
But that he fear'd the *Puffy* *Catty*.

This artless young mouse was a no-
vice at thievery,

Which caus'd his mother a great
deal of grievery ;

Thus long have I given you suck,
I—d rat ye,

And now you must fear the claws
of *Puffy* *Catty*.

O! the claws of *Puffy* *Catty*,
Oh! the claws, &c.

He peep'd in the cream-pot, he
needs must the cheese try,

He mumbled the bacon, and tra-
vell'd o'er the pastry,

He look'd o'er the pantry, and
thought it a fine landscape,

But little did he think how he was
in a d—n'd scrape.

Oh! the vigilant *Puffy* *Catty*,
Oh! the vigilant, &c.

One night in the chimney as she
lay a sleeping,

To nibble the cheese-parings he
found means to creep in ;

Up she started, and gave him such
a gripe, sir,

As caus'd the young mouse to set
up his pipe, sir.

Oh! the cruel *Puffy* *Catty*, &c.

To all ye young ladies who are
fond of kittens,

I beg you'll handle 'em without
gloves or mittens ;

Grimalkin's a hell cat, the de'l may
stroak her,

And so you've a song worse than
dear *Ally Croaker*.

Oh! the stupid *Ally Croaker*,
Oh! the stupid, &c.

S O N G 102.

ONE evening as I lay
A-musing in a grove,

A nymph exceeding gay
Came there to seek her love ;

But finding not her swain,
She sat her down to grieve,

And thus she did complain,
How men her sex deceive.

M m

Believing maids, take care
Of false deluding men,
Whose pride is to ensnare
Each female that they can :
My perjur'd swain he swore
A thousand oaths, to prove
(As many have done before)
How true he'd be to love.

Then, virgins, for my sake,
Ne'er trust false man again,
The pleasure we partake,
Ne'er answers half the pain ;
Uncertain as the seas,
Is their unconstant mind,
At once they burn and freeze,
Still changing like the wind.

When she had told her tale,
Compassion seiz'd my heart,
And *Cupid* did prevail
With me, to take her part :
Then bowing to the fair,
I made my kind address,
And vow'd to bear a share
In her unhappiness.

Surpriz'd at first she rose,
And strove from me to fly :
I told her I'd disclose
For grief a remedy.
Then, with a smiling look,
Said she, to assuage the storm,
I doubt you've undertook
A task you can't perform.

Since proof convinces best,
Fair maid, believe it true,
That rage is but a jest,
To what revenge can do :
Then serve him in his kind,
And fit the fool again,
Such charms were ne'er design'd
For such a faithless swain.

I courted her with care,
Till her soft soul gave way,
And from her breast so fair,
Stole the sweet heart away :
Then she with smiles confess'd,
Her mind felt no more pain,
While she was thus caref'd,
By such a lovely swain.

S O N G 103.

MY dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as these kind looks she
gave me,

When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes she did enslave me ;
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Shou'd we live one day asunder.

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

S O N G

SONG 104.

AH! how sweet it is to love;
Ah! how gay is our desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove,
When first we feel a lover's fire!
Pains of love are sweeter far,
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs, which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently move the heart;
Ev'n the tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling balm, the
smart.

Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away an easy death.

Love and time with rev'ence use,
Treat 'em like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuse,

Which in youth sincere they lend:
For each year their price is more.
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides, full and
high,

Swells in ev'ry youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again.
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

SONG 105.

UPON *Clarinda's* panting breast
The happy *Strephon* lay,
With love and beauty jointly press'd
To pass the time away:
Fresh raptures of transporting love
Struck all his senses dumb;
He envy'd not the Pow'rs above,
Nor all the joys to come.

As bees around the garden rove,
To fetch their treasure home;
So *Strephon* trac'd the fields of love,
To fill her honey-comb:
Her ruby lips he kiss'd and press'd,
From whence all joys derive;
Then humming round her snowy
breast,
Strait crept into her hive.

SONG 106.

THE blooming damsel, whose
defence
Is adamantine Innocence,
Requires no guardian to attend
Her steps, for Modesty's her friend.
Tho' her fair arms are weak to
wield
The glittering spear, and massy
shield;
Yet safe from force and fraud com-
bin'd,
She is an *Amazon* in mind.

With this artillery she goes
Not only 'mongst the harmless
beaux,

But ev'n unhurt and undismay'd,
Views the long sword and fierce
cockade.

Tho' all a Syren as she talks,
And all a Goddess as she walks,

Yet decency each motion guides,
And wisdom o'er her tongue presides:
Place her in *Russia's* show'ry plains,
Where a perpetual winter reigns;
The elements may rave and range,
Yet her fix'd mind will never change.
Place her, ambition, in thy tow'rs,
'Mongst the more dangerous golden
show'rs;
Ev'n there she'd spurn the venal
tribe,

And fold her arms against the bribe.
Leave her defenceless and alone,
A pris'ner in the torrid Zone,
The sunshine there might vainly
vie

With the bright lustre of her eye;
But *Phœbus*' self, with all his fire,
Could ne'er one unchaste thought
inspire;

But Virtue's path she'd still pursue,
And still, ye Fair, would copy you.

SONG 107.

THE brightest bloom the rose
displays,
When gilded by *Aurora's* rays,
The fairest lily of the fields,
Or cultivated garden yields,
Are like the sun by clouds in-
clos'd,
When to *Clarinda's* charms op-
pos'd.

The *Cyprian* Goddess far less fair
Did rising from the waves appear,
When ev'ry gazing eye admir'd,
And ev'ry throbbing heart desir'd:
She's but a foil, nor can compare
For comely presence to the fair.

The rural nymph, that rules the
shade,
In robes of chastity array'd,
Is, for a type of her bright mind,
The nearest emblem I can find;
As fair a form, as fair a frame,
What was *Diana* is the dame.

As *Venus* fair, *Lucretia's* truth,
Minerva's wit, *Love's* blooming
youth,
Great *Juno's* majesty divine,
In her unparallel'd combine;
The flow'rs, by gentle Zephyrs
prest,
Are emblems of her fragrant
breast.

If such a one can bless mankind,
In woman if content we find,
Judge, lovers, judge what I enjoy;
How great the bliss which ne'er
can cloy!
Since, with a smile, the nymph
will own
Her heart's affections are my own.

SONG 108.

A Courting I went to my love,
Who is sweeter than roses in
May;

And when I came to her, by *Jove*,
The devil a word could I say.

I walk'd with her into the garden,
There fully intending to woo her;
But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
If of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her hand close to my
breast,
While my heart was as light as
a feather;

Yet nothing I said, I protest,
But—Madam, 'tis very fine wea-
ther.

To an arbor I did her attend,
She ask'd me to come and sit by
her;

I crept to the furthest end,
For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which way was the
wind,
For I thought in some talk we
must enter;

Why, Sir! she answer'd, and grin'd,
Have you just sent your wits for
a venture?

Then into the parlour we went,
There I vow'd I my passion
wou'd try;

But there I was still as a mouse:
Oh! what a dull booby was I!

SONG 109.

MOURN, hapless *Caledonia*,
mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurel
torn!

Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native
ground:

Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner fees afar
His all become the prey of war,
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses
life!

Thy swains are famish'd on the
rocks,
Where late they fed their wanton
flocks;

Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain,
Thine infants perish on the plain,
Thine infants, &c.

What boots it, that in every clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of
time,

Thy martial glory, crown'd with
praise,

Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke!

What foreign arms could never
quell,

By civil rage and rancour fell!
By civil rage, &c.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy days;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter's night:
No

No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of
woe ;
Whilst the pale phantoms of the
flain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain,
Glide nightly, &c.

O baleful cause ! O fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn :
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his childrens
blood :
Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd ;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and conqu'ring
feel !
Devouring flames, &c.

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath ;
The bleak wind whistles round her
head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night de-
scend ;
And, stretch'd beneath inclement
skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and
dies !
Weeps o'er, &c.

While the warm blood bedews my
veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her intulging foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow :
Mourn, hapless *Caledonia*, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurel torn !
Thy banish'd peace, &c.

SONG 110.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
To resist the fatal dart,
For examples move us never ;
We must feel to know the smart.
When the shepherd swears, he's
dying,
And our beauties sets to view ;
Vanity, her aid supplying,
Bids us think it all our due.
Softer than the vernal breezes
Is the mild deceitful strain ;
Frowning truth our sex displeases,
Flatt'ry never sues in vain.

But too soon the happy lover
Does our tend'rest hopes deceive ;
Man was form'd to be a rover,
Foolish woman to believe.

SONG 111.

SEE, *Stella*, as your health re-
turns,
All nature does her charms re-
new ;
Rhabus with greater lustre burns,
Who veil'd his face in grief for
you.

No longer *Iris* sheds her tears,
The *Zephyrs* soft breezes blow ;
Flora in all her pride appears,
The streams in dimpling gladness
flow.

Wonder not then, too charming
maid,
To see your *Thyrsis* sympathize ;
Excess of joy has love betray'd,
And I no longer can disguise.
Not *Adam*, when in *Eden* blest'd,
Did a more rapt'rous transport
prove,
When the fair partner of his breast
First rack'd his eyes, and taught
him love.

SONG 112.

WELCOME, welcome, brother
debtor,
To this poor but merry place,
Where no bailiff, dun, nor letter,
Dares to shew his frightful face :
But, kind Sir, as you're a stranger,
Down your garnish you must lay,
Or your coat will be in danger ;
You must either strip or pay.
Ne'er repine at your confinement
From your children or your wife ;
Wisdom lies in true resignation
Thro' the various scenes of life.
Scorn to shew the least resentment,
Tho' beneath the frowns of fate ;
Knives and beggars find content-
ment,
Fears and care attend the great.

Tho' our creditors are spiteful,
And restrain our bodies here,
Use will make a goal delightful,
Since there's nothing else to fear.
Ev'ry island's but a prison,
Strongly guarded by the sea ;
Kings and Princes, for that reason,
Pris'ners are as well as we.

What was it made great *Alexander*
Weep at his unfriendly fate ?
'Twas because he could not wander
Beyond this world's strong pri-
son-gate :
For the world is also bounded
By the heav'ns and stars above ;
Why shou'd we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but
Love ?

SONG 113.

BENEATH the weight of hapless
love,
How weak does ev'ry effort prove,
When struggling to get free !
In vain against the fatal darts
The tender soul its force exerts,
And pants for liberty.
Within the maze abstruse we range,
And seek to find the blissful change,
But still within the ring ;
At length the toilsome task resign,
And wait till beauty's charms divine
Their pleasing solace bring.

Ah me ! from whence arose that pow'r
Which blights the sweetly-bloomin-
ing flow'r,
The violet of peace ?
Oh ! gentle maid, why stings the
smart ?
Why throbs my once so blithsome
heart,
With pains that still increase ?
Oh ! why did heav'n to *Delia* give,
On whom my soul must ever live,
Such beauty to destroy ?
Why rather gave it not the maid
Those beauties which can never fade,
The smile diffusing joy ?

How long, O cruel maid, must I
Emit the heart-depressing sigh,
How long in grief decline ?
Shall those dear eyes no pity show
To him whose sad increasing woe
Would pierce each heart but thine ?
Oh ! lovely *Delia*, learn to prize
The heart, whose happiness relies
And lives alone on thee :
Indulge one tender thought, my fair,
Oh ! think on sorrow, grief, and care,
And then you'll pity me.

But should no feeling sense of pain
Upon thy softer minutes gain,
Nor touch thy cruel breast ;
To calmer peace my soul resign'd
Shall bless thee, *Delia*, tho' unkind,
And die, and be at rest.

SONG 114.

WHENE'er I meet my *Calia's*
eyes,
Sweet raptures in my bosom rise,
My feet forget to move ;
She too declines her lovely head,
Soft blushes o'er her cheeks are
spread :
Sure this is mutual love !
My beating heart is wrapt in bliss,
Whene'er I steal a tender kiss
Beneath the silent grove ;
She strives to frown, and puts me by,
Yet anger dwells not in her eye :
Sure this is mutual love !
And once, oh ! once, the dearest maid
As on her breast my head was laid,
Some secret impulse drove ;
Me, me, her gentle arms caref's'd,
And to her bosom closely press'd :
Sure this was mutual love !

Transported with her blooming
charms,
A soft desire my bosom warms
Forbidden joys to prove :
Trembling for fear she should comply
She from my arms prepares to fly,
Tho' warm'd with mutual love.
Oh ! stay, I cry'd,---let *Hymen's*
bands
This moment join our willing hands,
And all thy fears remove ;
She blush'd consent, her fears sup-
press'd,
And now we live, supremely blest'd,
A life of mutual love.

SONG 115.

NATURE by love when once
 refin'd,
 How quickly do the passions find
 An union in the breast
 How aptly in a mirror's seen
 Reviv'd the beatific scene,
 That our first parent blest!
 When nature's god the body form'd,
 And scarce th'enliv'ning clay had
 warm'd,
 He breath'd therein a soul;
 Scarce were his other passions nam'd,
 But admiration all inflam'd,
 And love engag'd the whole.

Hence the rude man first beauty saw,
 And blest the dear and genuine law
 That should his will subside;
 Love taught him how to mix re-
 spect,
 T'enforce his words, his thoughts
 direct,
 And was his sovereign guide.

By thought inspir'd, by sight secur'd,
 In vision fought, by time matur'd,
 The passion spread its sway;
 Possession call'd its beauties forth,
 Fruition signaliz'd its worth,
 And did its pow'r display.

When vice his innocence absorpt,
 And all his passions were corrupt,
 Love still remain'd the same;
 Kind heav'n forgot to be severe,
 And soften'd condemnation here,
 His mercy to proclaim.

To palliate all th'effects of sin,
 He left a Paradise within,
 An Eden of the mind;
 Corruption tainted ev'ry part,
 And seiz'd on all things but the
 heart;
 The best was still behind.

Beauty, the flaming sword, arose,
 At once to threaten and disclose
 An entrance into bliss:
 He left the blessings of a wife,
 To man a second tree of life,
 The tempting fruit—a kiss.

SONG 116.

WHEN morn her sweets shall
 first unfold,
 And paint the fleecy clouds with
 gold,
 On tufted green, oh! let me play,
 And welcome up the jocund day.
 Wak'd by the gentle voice of love,
 Arise, my fair, arise, and prove
 The dear delights fond lovers know,
 The best of blessings here below,
 The best of blessings here below.

To some clear river's verdant side
 Do thou my happy footsteps guide;
 In concert with the purling stream
 We'll sing, and love shall be the
 theme:
 F'ernight affumes her gloomy reign,
 When shadows lengthen o'er the
 plain,

We'll to yon myrtle grove repair,
 For peace and pleasure wait us there.
For peace, &c.

The laughing God there keeps his
 court,
 And little loves ineffant sport;
 Around the winning graces wait,
 And calm contentment guards the
 seat:

There lost in extasies of joy,
 While tend'rest scenes our thoughts
 employ,
 We'll bless the hour our loves begun,
 The happy moment made us one,
The happy moment made us one.

SONG 117.

IN vain, dear *Chloe*, you suggest
 That I, inconstant, have possess'd
 Or lov'd a fairer she:
 Wou'd you, with ease, at once be
 cur'd
 Of all the ills you've long endur'd,
 Consult your glass and me.

If then you think that I can find
 A nymph more fair, or one more
 kind,
 You've reason for your fears;
 But if impartial you will prove
 To your own beauty and my love,
 How needless are your tears!

If in my way I shou'd, by chance,
 Give or receive a wanton glance,
 I like but while I view:
 How slight the glance, how faint
 the kiss,
 Compar'd to that substantial bliss,
 Which I receive from you!

With wanton sight the curious bee
 From flow'r to flow'r still wanders
 free,
 And where each blossom blows,
 Extracts the juice of all he meets;
 But for his quintessence of sweets
 He ravishes the rose.

So I, my fancy to employ
 In each variety of joy,
 From nymph to nymph do roam,
 Perhaps see fifty in a day;
 They're all but visits which I pay,
 For *Chloe's* still my home.

SONG 118.

WITH artful voice, young
Thyrsis, you
 In vain persuade me you are true,
 Since that can never be;
 For he's no proselyte of mine,
 That offers at another's shrine
 Those vows he made to me.

The faithless, fickle, wav'ring loon,
 That changes oftner than the moon,
 Courts each new face he meets,
 Smells ev'ry fragrant flow'r that
 blows,
 Yet slyly calls the blushing rose
 His quintessence of sweets.

So, *Thyrsis*, when in wanton play
 From fair to fair you fondly stray,
 And steal from each a kiss;

It shows, if that you say be true,
 A sickly appetite in you,
 And no substantial bliss.

For you, inconstant, roving swain,
 Tho' seemingly you hug your chain,
 Wou'd fain, I know, get free,
 To sip fresh balmy sweets of love,
 From bow'r to bow'r incessant rove,
 And imitate your bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring thing
 your heart,
 Let it admit no other dart,
 But rest with me alone;
 For while, dear *bee*, you rove and
 sing,
 Should you return without your
 sting,
 I'd not protect a drone.

SONG 119.

DEAR *Sally*, thy charms have
 undone me,
 They've robb'd me of freedom
 and joy;
 Then dearest, sweet *Sally*, smile
 on me,
 For death is my fate if thou'rt
 coy:
 Be cautious, dear charmer, in slay-
 ing,
 Since murder's so heinous, com-
 ply;
 And torture me not with delaying
 What ev'ry cross chit can deny.

Consider, my Angel, why nature
 In forming you took such de-
 light;
 Don't think you were made that
 fair creature
 For nought but to dazzle the
 sight:
 No; *Jove*, when he gave you those
 graces,
 Intended you wholly for love;
 And gave you the fairest of faces,
 The kindest of females to prove.

Besides, pretty maiden, remember,
 The flower that's blooming in
May
 Is wither'd and shrunk in *Decem-
 ber*,
 And cast unregarded away:
 So it fares with each scornful young
 charmer,
 Who takes at her lover distaste;
 She trifles till thirty disarm her,
 And then dies forsaken at last.

SONG 120.

CUPID, ease a love sick maid,
 Bring thy quiver to her aid;
 With equal ardour wound the
 swain:

Beauty should never sigh in vain.
 Let him feel the pleasing smart,
 Drive thy arrows through his heart;
 When one you wound, you then
 destroy;
 When both you kill, you kill with
 joy.

SONG

SONG 121.

LOVE's a dream of mighty
treasure,
Which in fancy we possess;
In the folly lies the pleasure;
Wisdom always makes it less.

When we think, by passion heated,
We a goddess have in chace,
Like *Ixion* we are cheated,
And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover,
Whom his mistress well deceives;
Seeking nothing to discover,
He contented lives at ease.

But the wretch, that would be
knowing
What the fair one would disguise,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wise.

SONG 122.

IT is not, *Calia*, in our pow'r
To say how long our love will
last;

It may be we, within this hour,
May lose the joys we now do taste:
The Blessed that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.

Then, since we mortals lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will
last;

But, while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past:
Were it not madness to deny
To live, because we're sure to die?

Fear not, tho' love and beauty fail,
My reason shall my heart direct;
Your kindness now shall then pre-
vail,

And passion turn into respect:
Calia, at worst, you'll in the end
But change a lover to a friend.

SONG 123.

TO make the wife kind, and to
keep the house still,
You must be of her mind, let her
say what she will;

In all that she does you must give
her her way,
For tell her she's wrong, and you'll
lead her astray,

Then husbands take care,
Of suspicions beware;
Your wives may be true,
If you fancy they are:

With confidence trust them, and
be not such elves,
As to make by your jealousy horns
for yourselves.

With confidence, &c.

Abroad all day if she chuses to roam,
Seem pleas'd with her absence, she'll
sigh to come home:

The man she likes best, and longs
most to be at,
Be sure to commend, and she'll hate
him for that.

Then husbands, &c.

What virtue she has you may safely
oppose;
Whatever her follies are, praise her
for those:

Approve all her schemes that she
lays for a man;
For name but a vice, and she'll sin
if she can.

Then husbands take care,
Of suspicions beware;
Your wives may be true,
If you fancy they are:

With confidence trust them, and be
not such elves,
As to make by your jealousy horns
for yourselves.

With confidence trust them, &c.

SONG 124.

TO make the man kind, and
keep true to the bed,
Whom your choice or your destiny
brings you to wed,

Take a hint from a friend, whom
experience has taught,
And experience you know never
fails when 'tis bought.

The art which you practis'd at first
to ensnare,
(For in love little arts, as in battle,
are fair;)

Whether neatness or prudence, or
wit were the bait,
Let the hook still be cover'd, and
still play the cheat.

Should he fancy another, upbraid
not his flame;
To reproach him is never the way
to reclaim:

'Tis more to recover than conquer
the heart,
For this is all nature, but that is all
art.

Good sense is to them what a face
is to you;
Flatter that, and, like us, they'll
but think it their due:

Doubt the strength of your judg-
ment compar'd to his own,
And he'll give you perfections at
present unknown.

Tho' you learn that your rival his
bounty partakes,
And your meriting favour ungrate-
ful forsakes;

Still, still debonier, kind, engaging
and free,
Be deaf, tho' you hear, and be blind
tho' you see!

SONG 125.

WHEN mighty roast beef was
the *Englishman's* food,
It ennobled our veins, and enriched
our blood,

Our soldiers were brave, and our
courtiers were good.
O the roast beef of old England!
And O the old English roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all-
conquering *France*

To eat their ragouts, as well as to
dance,
We're fed up with nothing but vain
complaisance.

O the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust,
stout and strong,
And kept open house, with good
cheer all day long,

Which made their plump tenants
rejoice in this song,
O the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled, to what
shall I name?

A sneaking, poor race, half-begot-
ten—and tame,
Who sully those honours that once
shone in fame.

O the roast beef, &c.

King *Edward* the Third, for his
courage renown'd,
His son at sixteen, who with lau-
rels was crown'd,

Eat beef with their armies, so never
gave ground.
O the roast beef, &c.

The *Henrys*, so famous in story of
old,

The fifth conquer'd *France*, and the
seventh we're told,
Establish'd a band to eat beef and
look bold.

O the roast beef, &c.

The *French* and the *Dutch*, who
'gainst *Masons* combine,
On sallad and butter for ever may
dine,

While *Brothers* in *Eng'land* ne'er
want a firloin.
O the roast beef, &c.

When good *Queen Elizabeth* sat on
the throne,

E'er coffee and tea, and such slip-
slops were known,
The world was in terror if e'er she
did frown.

O the roast beef, &c.

In those days if fleets did presume
on the main,

They seldom or never return'd back
again,
As witness the vaunting *Armada*
of *Spain*.

O the roast beef, &c.

King *James*, when he travell'd the
throne to ascend,
In *Yorkshire* was pleas'd this good
dish to commend,

And make it a knight, as historians
pretend.

O the roast beef, &c.

O then we had stomachs to eat and
to fight,
And when wrongs were a cooking
to do ourselves right;

But now we're a—I cou'd—but
good night.

O the roast beef of old England!
And O the old English roast beef!

SONG 126.

WE may boldly assert what no mortal denies,
We are not all rich, we are not all of a size,
In power not equal, not equally wife.

Which no body can deny.

We can't expect sense from all those that can speak;
Those are not all wise who know Latin and Greek;
Those are not all pious who preach twice a week.

This no body can deny.

'Tis not every positive coxcomb that's right,
'Tis not every captain *Cockade* that will fight,
'Tis not every wife we can trust out of sight.

This no body can deny.

Gay cloathing oft covers a belly unfed,
A tye-wig oft covers a weak empty head,
A capuchin oft covers all that is bad.

This no body can deny.

He must be a fool that loves whet after whet,
He must be a cuckold that loves a coquet,
He vies with the nation that's always in debt.

This no body can deny.

An officer's honour is fix'd in the mind,
To his coat on the left my lord's honour's confin'd,
And many brave lords wear their honour behind.

This no body can deny.

Both fidler and bawd live on dupes recreation,
Both statesman and centinal live on the nation,
Tom-t—dman and doctor both live by purgation.

This no body can deny.

SONG 127.

She. **G**O, go you vile sot!
Quit your pipe and your pot;
Go home to your stall and be doing:
You puzzle your pate
With matters of state,
And play with edge-tools to your ruin.

He. Keep in that shrill note,
Or I'll ram down your throat
This red-hot black pipe I am smooking;
Thou plague of my life!
Thou gipsy! thou wife!
How dar'st thou thy lord be prooking?

She. You riot and roar
For *Babylon's* whore,
And give up your bible and psalter:
I prythee, dear *Kit*,
Have a little more wit,
And keep thy neck out of a halter.

He. Nay, prythee, sweet *Foan*,
now let me alone
To follow this princely vocation:
I mean to be great
In spite of my fate,
And settle myself and the nation.

She. Go, go, you vile sot!
He. I matter thee not.
She. Was ever poor woman so slighted?

He. Thy fortune is made!
She. Go follow thy trade.
He. I tell thee I mean to be knighted.

She. A whipping-post knight!
He. Get out of my fight!
She. Thou traytor thou, mark thy sad ending.

He. I'll new vamp the state,
The church I'll translate:
Old shoes are no more worth the mending.

SONG 128.

PUSH about the brisk bowl,
'twill enliven the heart,
Whilst at the *Red Lyon* we sit;
The drawer knows how to score up the quart,
Without being reckon'd a cheat,
a cheat, *Without, &c.*

The Judge some poor wretches are doomed to curse,
Whilst others a pardon can get;
Yet his lordship does know how to handle a purse,
Without being reckon'd a cheat.

The greedy Church-warden, whose belly grows big,
At th' expence of the parish gives treat;
Can cook it, to feast on fat fowls and roast pig,
Without being reckon'd a cheat.

The Beau thinks the ladies affection to win,
When the tallyman's cloaths do him fit;
Tho' at *Somerset* Gardens, the Park and *Gray's-Inn*,
Poor Fribble must pass for a cheat.

Miss *Forward* is known by th' air of her drefs,
With painting and patches so neat;
Tho' modesty masques her dissembling face,
Her tongue will pronounce her a cheat.

Old *Caleb*, the Quaker, who's never drefs'd gay,
At meeting starts up from his seat;

Tho' he speaks what the spirit does move him to say,
At his shop he's both lyar and cheat.

The Grocer, whenever a customer comes,
Is ready with scales so compleat,
To serve with fresh coffee, tea, sugar or plumbs
Without being reckon'd a cheat.

When the Lawyers and Doctors bring in their long bill,
You find them brimful of deceit;
And the Statesman their coffers know how to fill,
While they reckon the tradesman a cheat.

Then let us, since jealousy troubles our heads,
That one can another out-wit,
Take off our brisk bowls, and go fuddled to bed;
For life is no more than a cheat,
a cheat *For life, &c.*

SONG 129.

BY the gayly circling glafs,
We can see how moments pass;
By the hollow cask we're told
How the weaning night grows old:
Soon, too soon the busy, busy day
Robs us of our sport and play:
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care 'twas made for you!

By the nectar-flowing bowl,
We can cheer the drooping soul;
In the bumper'd glafs we find
Ease for ev'ry troubled mind;
Hence, O hence, the jolly, jolly song,

Mirth and joy to that belong:
What have we with grief to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Let the warriors keep the field;
That to us no joys can yield;
They in camps may seek a name;
Be the bottle all our fame:
Crown, O crown the happy, happy night

With social joys, while others fight:
What have we with war to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you!

Let the dying lover flee
To the dear hard hearted she;
We despise the lover's care,
Drinking will no rival bear:
Fill, O fill the merry, merry bowl;
Let no cares our joys controul:
What have we with love to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you!

SONG 130.

MY fair is beautiful as love,
Stately, yet void of pride,
Gentle as is the turtle dove,
And constant as the tide:
Prudence in all her ways we find,
The graces round her throng,
Wisdom itself has form'd her mind,
And music's on her tongue.

SONG

SONG 131.

ROB'S *Fock* came to woo our
Fenny,
 On ae feast day when we were fou;
 She brankit fast and made her
 bonny,
 And said, *Fock*, come ye here to
 woo?
 She burnist her baith breast and
 brou,
 And made her cleer as ony clock:
 Then spak her dame, and said, I
 trou
 Ye come to woo our *Fenny*, *Fock*.
Fock said, Forfuith, I yern fu' fain
 To luk my head, and sit down
 by you:
 Then spak her mimmy, and said
 again,
 My bairn has tocher enough to
 gie you.
 Tehie! go *Fenny*, kick, kick, I
 see you:
 Minny, you man makes but a mock.
 Deil hae the iiers—fu leis me o'
 you,
 I come to woo your *Fenny*, go *Fock*.
 My bairn has tocher of her awin:
 A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,
 A stirk, a staig, an aere fawin,
 A bakbread and a bannock-stane;
 A pig, a pot, and a kirn there-ben,
 A kame but and a kaming-stock;
 With coags and luggies nine or
 teen:
 Come ye to woo our *Fenny*, *Fock*?
 A wecht, a peck, creel and a cradle,
 A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,
 An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,
 A milsie, and a sowen-pale,
 A rousty whittle to sheer the kail,
 And a timber-mell the bear to
 knock,
 Twa shelfs made of an auld fir-
 dale:
 Come ye to woo our *Fenny*, *Fock*.
 A furm, a furlet and a peck,
 A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,
 A tub, a barrow, and a feck,
 A spurtil-braid, and an elwand.
 Then *Fock* took *Fenny* by the
 hand,
 And cry'd, a feast! and slew a cock,
 And made aridal upo' land.
 Now I have got your *Fenny*, go *Fock*.
 Now dame, I have your dochter
 marri'd,
 And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae
 tough,
 I let you wit she's nae miscarried,
 Its well kend I have gear enough:
 Ane auld gaw'd gloyd fell owre
 a heugh,
 A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock;
 Withouten owfen I have a pleugh:
 May that no ser your *Fenny*, go
Fock.
 A green truncher, a ram-horn spoon,
 Twa buits of barkit blasint lea-
 ther,

A graith that ganes to coble floon,
 And a thrawcruik to twyne a
 teather,
 Twa croks that moup among the
 heather,
 A pair of branks, and a fetter lock,
 A teugh purse made of a twine's
 blather,
 To had your tocher, *Fenny*, go *Fock*.
 Good elding for our winter fire,
 A cod of cass wad fill a cradle,
 A rake of iron to ciat the bire,
 A deuk about the dubs to paddle,
 The pannel of an auld led-sadle,
 And *Rob* my cem hetcht me a
 stock,
 Twa lusty lips to lick a ladle.
 May thir no gane your *Fenny*, go
Fock.

A pair of hames and brechom fine,
 And without bitts a bridle-renzie,
 A fark made of the linkome twine,
 A gay green cloke that will not
 stenzie;
 Mair yet in store—I needna
 fenzie,
 Five hundred flacs, a fendy flock;
 And are not thae a wakrise men-
 zie,
 To gae to bed with *Fenny* and *Fock*?
 Tak thir for my part of the feast,
 It is well knawin I am well bodin:
 Ye need not say my part is least,
 Wer they as meikle as they'r
 lodin,
 The wife speerd gin the kail was
 fodin,
 When we have done, tak hame the
 brok;
 The rost was teugh as raploch
 hodin,
 With which they feasted *Fenny*
 and *Fock*.

SONG 132.

WOU'D you chuse a wife,
 For a happy life,
 Leave the court and the country
 take,
 Where *Dolly* and *Sue*,
 Young *Molly* and *Prue*,
 Follow *Roger* and *Joan*,
 Whilst harvest goes on,
 And merrily merrily rake.
 Leave the *London* dames
 (Be it spoke to their shames)
 To lic in their beds till noon,
 Then get up and stretch,
 And paint too and patch,
 Some widgeon to catch,
 Then look at their watch,
 And wonder they rose up so soon.
 Then coffee and tea,
 Both green and bohea,
 Are serv'd to their tables and plate,
 Where tattles do run,
 As swift as the sun,
 Of what they have won,
 And who is undone,
 By their gaming and sitting uplate.

The las give me here,
 Tho' brown as my beer,
 That knows how to govern her
 house,
 That can milk her cow,
 Or farrow her sow,
 Make butter and cheese,
 Or gather green pease,
 And values fine cloaths not a soufe.

This is the girl
 Worth rubies and pearl;
 A wife that will make a man rich;
 We gentlemen need
 No quality breed,
 To squander away
 What taxes wou'd pay;
 We care not in faith for such.

SONG 133.

Right *Cynthia*'s pow'r, divinely
 great,
 What heart is not obeying?
 A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
 And in her eyes are playing.
 She seems the queen of love to reign,
 For she alone dispenses
 Such sweets as best can entertain
 The gust of all the senses.
 Her face a charming prospect brings,
 Her breath gives balmy blisses;
 I hear an angel when she sings,
 And taste of heav'n in kisses.
 Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
 From nature's richest treasure:
 Let me the other sense employ,
 And I shall die with pleasure.

SONG 134.

YOU may cease to complain,
 For your suit is in vain,
 All attempts you can make
 But augments her disdain;
 She bids you give over
 While 'tis in your power,
 For except her esteem
 She can grant you no more:
 Her heart has been long since
 Assaulted and won,
 Her truth is as lasting
 And firm as the sun;
 You'll find it more easy
 Your passion to cure,
 Than for ever those fruitless
 Endeavours endure.

You may give this advice
 To the wretched and wife,
 But a lover like me
 Will those precepts despise;
 I scorn to give over
 Were it in my power;
 Tho' esteem were deny'd me,
 Yet her I'll adore,
 A heart that's been touch'd
 Will some sympathy bear,
 'Twill lessen my sorrows
 If she takes a share;
 I'll count it more honour
 In dying her slave,
 Than did her affections
 The steddeness crave.

SONG 137.

AT length, mother *Gunter*; the
gods hear my pray'r,
They have heard me at length
mother *Gunter*;

You are grown an old woman, yet
romp drink and swear,
And affect the tricks of a young
bunter.

You invoke, with a voice that
tremblingly squeaks,
Brisk *Cupid*, tho' sure of denial;
He shuns you, and basks on the
bloomy cheeks
Of miss *Gabbins*, who plays on
the viol.

He flies by the trunk that is sapless
and bare,
To the pliant young branches he
comes up:

Age has hail'd on thy face, and
has snow'd on thy hair,
And thy green teeth have eat all
thy gums up.

Nor thy sack, nor thy necklace,
thy watch, nor thy ring
Have recall'd thee to youth, or
retarded

Those years, which old time, and
his friend *Vincent Wing*,
In the almanack long have re-
corded.

Oh where is that beauty, that bloom
and that grace,
Those lips, which cou'd breath
inspiration,
Which stole me away from myself,
and gave place

To no creature but *Nan* in the
nation?

But poor *Nan* is dead, and has left
you her years
As a legacy, which gracious hea-
ven

Has join'd to your own, which a
century clears,
And is just, ma'm, the age of a
raven.

Then remain a *memento* to each
jolly soul,
Who of *Venus's* club's a staunch
member,
That love hot as fire must be burnt
to a coal,
As the broomstick concludes in
ember.

SONG 138.

CEASE, fond mortals, cease
to move

With idle pray'rs the courts above;
The pow'rs themselves will always
grant

Ev'ry thing they know you want.

Never wish for time to come,
Never dread impending doom:
Live, live the present hour; but
know,

Length of time is length of woe.

Pleasure cannot always last;
Age comes on with trembling haste
And damps the gay, the sweet re-
past.

SONG 139.

ALL attendants apart,
I examin'd my heart,
Last night, when I laid me to rest;
And methinks I'm inclin'd
To a change of my mind,
For you know second thoughts are
the best.

To retire from the crowd,
And to make ourselves good
By avoiding of ev'ry temptation,
Is in truth to reveal
What we'd better conceal,
That our passions want some regu-
lation.

It would much more redound
To our praise, to be found
(In a world so abounding with evil)
Unspotted and pure,
Tho' not so demure,
And to wage open war with the
devil.

SONG 140.

NATURE for defence affords
Fins to fish, and wings to
birds,

Hoofs to horses, claws to bears,
Swiftnefs to the fearful hares.

Man's endow'd with art and sense;
What has woman for defence?
Beauty is her shield and arms;
Womens weapons are their charms.

Beauty's power makes us feel
Deeper wounds than those of steel;
Strength and wit before it fall,
Beauty triumphs over all.

SONG 141.

WHY should a heart so tender
break?

Oh! *Myra*, give its anguish ease:
The use of beauty you mistake,
Not meant to vex but please,
Not meant to vex but please.

Those lips for smiling were design'd,
And that soft bosom to be press'd;
Your eyes to languish and look
kind,

For am'rous arms your waist,
For am'rous, &c.

Each thing has its appointed right,
Establish'd by the Pow'rs above;
The sun and stars give warmth and
light,

The heav'ns distribute love,
The heav'ns, &c.

SONG 142.

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for
more than these?

A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summer's heat.
A little

You may tell her I'll be
Her true lover, tho' she
Should mankind despise
Out of hatred to me;
'Tis mean to give o'er
'Cause we get no reward,
She lost not her worth
When I lost her regard;
My love on an altar
More noble shall burn,
I still will love on
Without hopes of return;
I'll tell her some other
Has kindled the flame,
And I'll sigh for herself
In another ene's name.

SONG 135.

HE that will not merry merry
be,

With a generous bowl and a toast,
May he in *Bridewell* be shut up,
And fast bound to a post;

Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here;
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another year?

He that will not merry merry be,
And take his glass in course,
May he be oblig'd to drink small
beer,

Ne'er a penny in his purse:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a scolding
wife,

To confound him with her noise:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With his mistress in his bed,
Let him be buried in the church-
yard,

And me put in his stead:
Let him be merry, &c.

SONG 136.

AS *Calia* in her garden stray'd,
Secure, nor dreamt of harm,
A bee approach'd the lovely maid,
And rested on her arm.

The curious insect thither flew
To taste the tempting bloom;
But with a thousand sweets in view
It found a sudden doom;

Her nimble hand of life bereav'd
The daring little thing;
But first the snowy arm receiv'd
And felt the painful sting.

Once only could that sting surprize,
Once be injurious found;
Not so the darts of *Calia's* eyes,
They never cease to wound.

Oh! would the short-liv'd burning
smart

The nymph to pity move,
And teach her to regard the heart
She fixes with endless love.

A little parlour stove to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may sit, and drink, and
sing,
Far off from court, God save the
King.

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's
paw ;
Have a few choice friends of your
own taste.

A wife agreeable and chaste.

An open, but yet curious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find,
Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite
To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temp'rate
meals,
Few taylor's, and no doctor's bills ;
Content to take, as heaven shall
please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

SONG 143.

FLORELLA, first in charms and wit,
In whose enchanting spark-
ling eyes

All the bright soul's perfections sit,
And such resistless magic lies ;
Oh ! can you, thus divinely fair,
Suppose your Damon insincere ?

To all the circles of the fair,
That grace the court, the ball, the
play,

Let my love-doubting nymph repair
And ev'ry shining form survey ;
And, if she meets her equal there,
Conclude her Damon insincere.

Or if my fair should chance to pass
(What art for beauty's use de-
sign'd)

The bright, unfullied, faithful glass,
Itself an emblem of her mind ;
Let her behold her image there,
And own I can't be insincere.

Let her survey the rosy bloom
O'er all her lovely face confess,
And let her sparkling eyes assume
The charms that rob my soul of
rest ;

And then, to bless my ravish'd ear,
Confess I can't be insincere.

SONG 144.

THOU' cruel you seem to my
pain,
And hate me, because I am true ;
Yet, Phyllis, you love a false swain,
Who has other nymphs in his
view.

Enjoyment's a trifle to him ;
To me what a heaven 'twou'd be !
To him but a woman you seem,
But ah ! you're an angel to me.

Those lips which he touches in haste,
To them I for ever could grow ;
Still clinging around thy dear waist,
Which he spaus as beside him
you go.

That arm, like a lily so white,
Which over his shoulders you lay,
My bosom could warm it all night,
My lips they would press it all
day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were Graces my subjects to be,
I'd leave 'em and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.
But if I must feel thy disdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
Oh ! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

SONG 145.

I'LL tell thee, Dick, where I
have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen,
Oh ! things without compare :
Such sights again can ne'er be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
Where we, thou know'st, do sell
our hay,

There is a house with stairs ;
And there I did see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Vorty at least in pairs.

Among the rest one pest'lent fine,
His beard no bigger tho' than thine,
Walk'd on before the rest ;
Our landlord looks like nothing to
him ;

The king, God bless him, 'twou'd
undo him,
Shou'd he go still so drest.

At *course a pack*, without all doubt,
He shou'd have first been taken out
by all the maids in town ;
Tho' lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what ? the youth was
going

To make an end of all his wooing ;
The parson for him staid :
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid !—and thereby hangs a
tale—

For such a maid no Whitsun Ale
Cou'd ever yet produce ; [be
No grape, that's kindly ripe, cou'd
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Wou'd not stay on, which they did
bring,

It was too wide a peck ;
And to say truth, for out it must,
It look'd like the great collar just
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

He wou'd have kiss'd her once or
twice,
But she wou'd not, she was so nice,
She wou'd not do't in sight :
And then she looks as who shou'd
say,

I will do what I list to-day,
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison ;
Who sees them is undone :
For streaks of red were mingled there
Such as on the Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly :
But Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does
speak,

Thou'dst swear her teeth her words
did break,

That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing shou'd be any sin,
The priest himself had guilty been,
She look'd that day so purely ;
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It wou'd have spoil'd him surely.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd
thrice,

And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey ;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train-
band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated ?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson cou'd say grace,
The company was seated.

The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is as fit that men shou'd eat,
Nor was it there deny'd :
Passion, oh me ! how I run on !
There's that that wou'd be thought
upon,

I trow, besides the bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths ca-
rouse,

Healts first go round, and then
the house,
The bride's came thick and thick ;
And when 'twas nam'd another's
health,

Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who cou'd help it, Dick ?

O'th' sudden up they rise and dance,
And sit again, and sigh and glance,
Then dance again and kiss :
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside,
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know;
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd
her hind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came, Dick, there she
lay,
Like new-fall'n snow, melting away;
'Twas time, I trow, to part:
Kisses were now their only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who wou'd
say,
Good bye, with all my heart.
But, just as heav'n wou'd have, to
cross it,
In came the bride-maids with the
posset,
The bridegroom eat in spite;
For had he left the women to't,
It wou'd have cost two hours to do't
Which were too much at night.
At length the candle's out, and now
All that they had not done, they do;
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more,
Than thou and I had done before
With Bridget and with Nell.

SONG 146.

IN vain I try my ev'ry art,
Nor can I fix a single heart,
Yet I'm not old nor ugly:
Let me consult my faithful glass—
A face much worse than this might
pass,
Methinks I look full smugly.
Yet, bless'd with all these pow'rful
charms,
The young Palæmon fled my arms,
That wild, unthinking rover:
Hope, silly maids, as soon to bind
The rolling stream, the flying wind,
As fix a rambling lover.
But hamper'd in the marriage noose,
In vain they struggle to get loose,
And make a mighty riot:
Like madmen how they rave and
stare;
A while they shake their chains and
swear,
And then lie down in quiet.

SONG 147.

IN Phyllis all vile jilts are met,
Foolish, uncertain, false coquette;
Love is a certain welcome guest,
But still the newest pleases best;
Quickly she likes, then leaves as
soon:
Her life on woman's a lampoon.
Yet, for the plague of human race,
This devil has an angel's face;
Such youth, such sweetness in her
look,
Who can be man, and not be took?
What form, what love, what wit,
what art
Can save a poor inclining heart?

In vain a thousand times an hour
Reason rebels against her pow'r;
In vain I rail, I curse her charms,
One look my feeble rage disarms;
There is enchantment in her eyes;
Who sees her can no more be wise.

SONG 148.

DAMON.

TELL me Delia, tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks
you fly;
What means that cloud upon thy
brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how?
Some change has happen'd in thy
heart;
Some rival there has stol'n a part:
Reason those fears may disapprove,
But oh! I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay;
Why with such warmth her charms
you prais'd,
And ev'ry trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flatt'ry is not all for me:
Alas! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falshood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd:
You bid me try by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name
The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less;
Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you
made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the dis-
guise.

DAMON.

Ah! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin
breast:
While thus at fancy'd wrongs you
grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Tho' well I might your truth dis-
trust,
My foolish heart believes you just:
Reason this faith may disapprove,
But I believe, because I love.

SONG 149.

THE heavy hours are almost
past
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.
But how, my *Delia*, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:
All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss
To die and think you mine.

SONG 150.

Pursuing beauty, men descry
The distant shore, and long
to prove
(Still richer in variety)
The treasure of the land of love.
We women, like weak Indians stand
Inviting, from our golden coast,
The wand'ring rovers to our land;
But she who trades with them is
lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
Stealing unseen into the heart;
But, by possession settled in,
They quickly act another part.
For beads and baubles we resign
In ignorance our shining store;
Discover nature's richest mine,
And yet the tyrants will have
more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try
How they can court, or you be
won;
For love is but discovery,
When that is made the pleasure's
done.

SONG 151.

STREPON, with native freedom
bless'd,
No passion long could move;
No gentle flame glow'd in his breast,
Nor ever thought of love.
Whene'er he view'd the shining fair,
'Twas coldly and uncharm'd;
Nor shape, nor features, nor an air,
His icy bosom warm'd.

Ofr did he bid his fellow swains
Of dangerous love beware;
And often in unhallow'd strains
Prophan'd the tender fair:
But Venus, zealous to assert
Her honour without stain,
Bid love prepare a chosen dart
To wound the savage swain.

Now Strephon loves the coldest maid
That ever gave despair;
The earth is nightly all his bed,
His covering the cold air.
Pygmalion thus, as poets write,
Was doom'd by sentence just,
For like prophaneness and despite,
To love a marble bust.

SONG

SONG 152.

Vainly now ye strive to charm
me,
Whilst the breakfast keeps away:
How should empty tea-cups warm
me!

Betty, bring the water, pray.

Go, ye butter'd cakes, go leave me;
'Take away the toasted rowls;
Softer transports muffins give me;
Don't you think so, Mrs. Bowles?

SONG 153.

IN low'ring clouds the day was
drest,

The wintry tempest blew;
When Fanny, o'er her snowy breast,
A sable tippet threw.

Then Cupid thus said, naked, I
Must bear the piercing wind;
Beneath that tippet let me lie,
And kindly shelter find.

That trifling favour shall be thine,
The pitying maid reply'd;

But first that useless bow resign,
And lay those darts aside.

The joyful God, with eager haste,
The graceful air obey'd;
And on her soft, delicious breast,
His shiv'ring limbs he laid.

At length I taste a joy sincere,
Cry'd out the happy God;

O let me, living ever here,
Maintain this blest abode:

But soon he felt more piercing cold,
Than e'er before he knew;
And, forc'd to quit his heav'nly hold,
He strait to Paphos flew.

SONG 154.

OF all the maladies that cleave
To man, if that you moan,
fir,

Which no physician can relieve,
Save only one alone, fir.

All sages, in this case, assure,
The Doctor in the *datum*,

In love, the cause alone can cure,
A recipe, — *Probatum*.

SONG 155.

W AFT me, ye winds, where
woodbines grow,

Where rising flow'rs adorn the
spring,

Where gently murr'ring riv'lets
flow,

And plaintive cooing stock-doves
sing.

There, in the cool, the kind retreat,
Far from the sports which glad
the plain,

My Mary's falsehood I'll repeat,
And to the silent grove complain.

Then, if by chance the maid draws
near,

Lur'd by the music of my song,
Whisper, ye gales, that she is there,
And all the tender strain prolong.

In notes more moving, I'll relate,
The cruel story of my woe;
Until the fair lament my fate
And griev'd she's us'd her true-
love so.

SONG 156.

GLIDE on ye swift moments
with volatile wing,
And roll in a circle around the gay
ring;

Of Jemmy my sweet-heart with
rapture I'll sing,

Of joy and of rapture the source and
the spring,

And a pretty young lad is my Jemmy.

He's lively, he's witty, he's jocund
and gay,

He's milder than Zephyr, and sweet-
er than May;

And warbles his love in so melting
a lay,

Methinks I could hear him all night
and all day.

And a pretty, &c.

Reclin'd on his bosom as oft-times
I lie,

He starts and looks tender, then
heaves a deep sigh;

Thus blest with my Polly, ye Gods!
I cou'd die,

Thus blest too, I answer, ye Gods!
so cou'd I.

And a pretty, &c.

Let Chloe her Colin's good nature
approve;

And Jenny with Jockey make vo-
cal the grove;

My lover, nor tempest, nor passion
can move,

He harbours no passion — no pas-
sion but love!

And a pretty, &c.

When'er my dear shepherd trips
light on the green,

The choir he enlivens, and chaces
the spleen;

They all stand and gaze at his air
and his mein,

And I am scarce able my fondness
to screen! *And a pretty, &c.*

See Phœbus bright sparkler is on the
decline,

And Jemmy's blith lamkins are
mingled with mine;

I'll gather the lily, the rose, and
woodbine,

An odorous wreath for my dearest
to twine.

And a pretty young lad is my Jemmy.

SONG 157.

M U S E T T E.

A L L ye softer pow'rs join
Cold Aminta's heart to move,

Strike with harmony divine,
Every string that wakens love!

Send her yielding to my arms,
Fraught with all that love inspires;

Deck'd in all her virgin charms,
To assuage my fond desires.

M I N U E T.

See from yonder shade she comes,
Breathing all around perfumes;
Beaming from her wanton eyes;
All that in her bosom lies;
Coldness now forsakes her breast,
That alone has love possess'd:
Damon, now thy sighs give o'er,
Pine with discontent no more.

SONG 158.

ZEPHYRS spread your purple
pinions;

'Tune Florella's soul to love!

Breathe ambrosial fragrance round
her,

While she decks the proud alcove.
Purl ye crystal streams and fountains

Lull to rest her weary eyes;
Sol dispel thy beams,

While the fair-one dreams
How enamour'd Strephon dies.

Haste, oh! haste, ye feather'd
songsters,

Haste to each surrounding spray;
With your blithe and tuneful son-
nets,

Hail the beauteous queen of May.
Cupid, from thy airy region,

View her marble neck and breast;
Quickly send a dart,

To the fair-one's heart,
And procure my lasting rest.

SONG 159.

T H E lark her early mattins
thrill'd

Melodious o'er the verdant lawn;
While all around the welkin smil'd,

And blushing hail'd the rosy
morn.

When Colin in a merry strain,
Came whistling o'er the fertile plain.

He paus'd, and thus with rapture
cry'd,

Was ever mortal blest as I!
To liberty my soul ally'd,

Shall ever female power defy!
From fair to fair, I'll ever range,

And build my happiness on change.
While Strephon, fond deluded youth

For Chloe sighs, but all in vain;
She scorns his constancy and truth,

And doubles (with her frowns)
his pain.

But I a stranger to the smart,
Repel with ease the coming dart.

Thus of his feeble pow'r the swain
stood boasting; when with pierc-
ing eyes,

Bright Phillis tript athwart the
plain,

Diffusing all around surprize.
He gaz'd, a sigh ensu'd, to prove

That all must yield to pow'ful love.
Alas! the swain with rapture cries,

What pain is this my heart en-
dures?

The god of love aloft replies,
A pain which none but Phillis
cures.

He strait the lovely nymph address,
And all his tender flame confess'd.

But she with eyes of scorn, beheld
The youth now sighing at her feet ;

And strait across the dewy field,
In silence made a glad retreat.
He gaz'd, and thus with ardour cry'd,
Ah ! Phillis, cruel maid, and dy'd.

SONG 160.

BY various charms the god of love,
To chain my heart had often strove,
By various charms, &c.
But vainly boasting to be free,
I still preserv'd my liberty.
But vainly boasting, &c.

Piqu'd at a heart so vain, so proud,
Revenge the little godhead vow'd ;
Piqu'd at a heart, &c.
And now determin'd on the prize,
He shot adart from Celia's eyes.
And now determin'd, &c.

The arrow piercing deep its way,
Soon made my stubborn heart obey ;
The arrow piercing, &c.
And tamely yield to love's command,
For who such beauty can withstand ?
And tamely yield, &c.

SONG 161.

IF beauty's bloom bespeak the mind,
As fair by nature's hand design'd ;
What, as an angel's form we see,
Our flatt'ring wishes hope in thee !
But, ah ! when knowing ev'ry grace,
We scorn the mind, yet love the face,
By fits the smoth'ring passion burns ;
And love and folly move by turns.

As thus with ravish'd eyes we gaze,
With raptures glow, and burst to praise ;
You speak,—the pleasing vision flies,
We think, we pity, and despise.

SONG 162.

AS late at ruddy close of day,
On yonder turf Alexis lay,
Alexis wanton boy ;
Alexis wanton boy.
The gay Lucinda sported by,
Pastora breath'd the tender sigh,
But Mira still was coy,
But Mira still was coy.

The laughing Delia stole his crook,
And Laura glanc'd the wanton look,
A hint she would be kind ;
A hint she would, &c.
Bright Daphne in the lonely grove,
A signal gave, a call to love,
But still the swain was blind.
But still, &c.

Nor Pastorella's mein could charm,
Nor Celia's awful presence warm,
Nor Stella's syren tongue,
Nor Stella's, &c.

But Mira's eyes and mein controul,
And gazing all his raptur'd soul,
Stood list'ning as the sung.
Stood list'ning, &c.

But ah ! when Mira learn'd to sigh,
To glance, to roll the wanton eye,
To bless th' inconstant boy ;
To bless, &c.
As soon the faithless wav'ring swain,
Forsook the nymph, forsook the plain,
To find the maid that's coy,
To find the maid that's coy.

SONG 163.

WHILST in the bow'r, with beauty blest,
The lov'd Amyntor lies ;
While sinking on Zelinda's breast,
He fondly kiss'd her eyes.

A wakeful nightingale, who long
Had mourn'd within the shade,
Sweetly renew'd her plaintive song,
And warbled thro' the glade.
Melodious songstresses, cry'd the swain,
To shades less happy go ;
Or if with us thou wilt remain,
Forbear thy tuneful woe.

While in Zelinda's arms I lie,
To song I am not free ;
On her soft bosom while I sigh,
I discord find in thee.

Zelinda gives me perfect joys ;
Then cease thy fond intrusion ;
Be silent, music now is noise,
Variety, confusion.

SONG 164.

WHOO can Dorinda's beauty view,
And not her captive be ?
Apollo, Daphne did pursue,
Embrac'd the maid, tho' then a tree.

If the gods could love at such a rate,
Poor mortals must adore ;
Dorinda's merits are as great,
'Tis just to love her more.

SONG 165.

YE shepherds and nymphs, that adorn the gay plains,
Approach from your sports, and attend to my strains ;
Amongst all your number, a lover so true
Was ne'er so undone with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine ?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine ;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,

But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies,
She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my sighs ;

A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair.

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears ;

Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ;

When softly she tells me to hope no relief,

My trembling lips bless her, in spite of my grief.

By night while I slumber, still haunted with care,

I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair ;

The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so,

And only, when dreaming, imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,

Nor think she could love whom she cannot admire ;

Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,

Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the grave.

SONG 166.

COME gentle god of soft repose
And lull my soul to rest ;
In thy embraces let me lose
The pangs that rack my breast :
Arise, ye dear deceits, arise,
And dress in Damon's form,
My long expecting wishing eyes,
With his resemblance charm.

Those melting sounds still let me hear,

Which did his flame impart ;
Which blest with love my list'ning ear,

And pierc'd my yielding heart.

Why rove my thoughts on pleasing cares,

Which only dreams bestow ;

For, oh ! when e'er the morn appears,
I wake to endless woe.

The envious light, from my sad eyes,
Drives ev'ry joy away ;

With night the lovely phantom flies,
And leaves me lost in day.

Since waking thus I am distress'd,
And pleasure's dead with him ;

If sleeping I can still be blest,
Let life be all a dream.

SONG 167.

WHAT beauties does my nymph disclose ?
Less fair the silver lilly blows ;
Such blushes glow not on the rose,
As on the cheeks of Phillis.

The

The other day, upon the green,
I saw a nymph of heav'nly mein;
I ran to greet the Cyprian queen,
But found it was my Phillis.

By mossy grot with ivy bound,
Where fragrant woodbines curl a-
round,
And daises dapple o'er the ground,
I sit and murmur Phillis.
And when the lark with dewy wings,
To hail the morn exulting springs,
I rise, and tune the trembling strings
To praise my dearest Phillis.

When first I saw the lovely maid,
I gaz'd, inraptur'd and dismay'd;
My faltering tongue was quite afraid
To tell my pangs to Phillis.
Then Cupid aim'd his sharpest dart,
At once I felt the pleasing smart,
That very hour I lost my heart;
And now it dwelis with Phillis.

SONG 168.

MY fair, ye swains, is gone
astray,
The little wand'rer lost her way,
In gath'ring flowers the other day;
Poor Phyllis, poor Phyllis, poor
lovely Phyllis.

Ah! lead her home, ye gentle
swains,
Who know an absent lover's pains,
And bring her safely o'er the plains,
My Phillis, my Phillis, my love-
ly Phillis.

Conceive what tortures rack my
mind!
And if you'll be so just and kind,
I'll give you certain marks to find
My Phillis, &c.

Whene'er a charming form you see,
Serenely grave, sedately free,
And mildly gay, it must be she,
'Tis Phyllis, &c.

Not boldly bare, or half undress'd,
But under cover, slightly press'd,
In secret plays the little breast
Of Phyllis, &c.

When such a heav'nly voice you
hear,
As makes you think a Dryad near;
Ah! seize her, and bring home my
'Tis Phyllis, &c. [dear,

The nymph, whose person, void of
art,
Has every grace in every part,
With murd'ring eyes, yet harmless
Is Phyllis, &c. [heart,

Whose teeth are like an iv'ry row,
Whose skin is like the clearest snow,
Whose face like—*nothing that I*
Is Phillis, &c. [know,

But rest my soul, and bless your
fate,
The Gods, who form'd a piece so
near,
So just, exact, and so compleat
As Phyllis, &c.

Proud of their hit in such a flow'r,
Which so exemplifies their pow'r,
Will guard, in every dang'rous hour
My Phyllis, &c.

SONG 169.

HARK, hark, the huntsman
sounds his horn,
A call to music chids the drone;
Ton, ton, &c.

The clangor wakes the drowsy morn
The woods re-echo the sprightly
tone.
Ton, ton, &c.

The loud tongu'd cry the concert
fill,
Our steeds with neighing salute
the dawn;
Ton, ton, &c.

We mount, and now we climb the
hill,
Then swift descending sweep the
Ton, ton, &c. [lawn.

The distant stag our accents hears,
Our accents, fatal to him alone;
Ton, ton,

He rousing starts, and, wing'd with
fears,
Forfakes the thicket, and seeks
Ton, ton, &c. [the down.

Altho' Diana claims the field,
The woods and forests tho' her
Ton, ton, &c. [own;
The groves to Venus let her yield,
Where we may follow her spor-
Ton, ton, &c. [tive son.

What joy to trace the blooming lass,
Thro' darksome grots, with moss
Ton, ton, &c. [o'er-grown!

What harmony can ours surpass,
When joining chorus dove-like
Ton, ton, &c. [moan!

In various sports the day thus spent,
Fatigu'd with pleasure, when
night comes on;
Ton, ton, &c.

Our limbs tho' tir'd, our hearts con-
tent,
With wine regaling, our cares we
Ton, ton, &c. [drown.

SONG 170.

ATtend, ye ever tuneful swains,
That in melodious soothing
strains,

Of Chloe sing or Phyllis;
Tho' weak my skill, tho' rude my
verse,
Upbraid me not while I rehearse
The charms of *Polly Willis*.

Tho' languid I, and poor in thought
No simile shall here be brought
From roses, pinks, or lilies;
Some meaner beauties they may hit,
But sure no simile can fit
The charms of *Polly Willis*.

A simile to match her hair,
Her lovely forehead, high and fair,
Beyond my greatest skill is;

How then, ye Gods! can be express'd
The eyes, the lips, the heaving breast
Of charming *Polly Willis*.

She's not like Venus on the flood,
Or as she once on Ida stood,
Nor mortal *Amaryllis*;
Frame all that's lovely, bright and
fair,
Of pleasing shape and killing air,
And that is *Polly Willis*.

Tho' time her charms may wear
away,
All beauty must in time decay,
Yet in her pow'r there still is
A charm, which shall her life endure,
I mean the spotless mind and pure
Of charming *Polly Willis*.

SONG 171.

SOFT invader of my soul,
Love, who can thy pow'r con-
troul?

All that haunt earth, air and sea,
Own thy force, and bow to thee.
All the dear enchanting day,
Celia steals my heart away;
All the tedious live-long night,
Celia swims before my sight.
Happy, happy, were the swain,
Who might such a prize obtain!
Other joys he need not prove,
Bless'd enough in Celia's love.

All that temptingly beguile,
Sparkling eyes, and dimpling smile;
Every charm, and every grace,
Dwells on charming Celia's face;
Open, gen'rous, free from art,
Virtue lives within her heart:
Modesty and truth combin'd,
Suit her person to her mind.
Happy, happy, were the swain,
Who might such a prize obtain!
Other joys he need not prove,
Blest enough in Celia's love.

SONG 172.

OF *Leinster*, fam'd for maidens
fair,

Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face:
'Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask checks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen the lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the flow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd of flatt'ring swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
A bell was heard to ring,
And shrieking at her window thrice
The screech-owl flap'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And

And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay ;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

By a false heart and broken vows,
In early youth I die !
Am I to blame because his bride
Is twice as rich as I ?

Ah Collin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone ;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kisses
Nor think him all your own.

To-morrow in the church to wed
Impatient both prepare ;
But know, fond maid, and know,
false man,
That Lucy will be there.

There bear my corse, ye comrades
bear,

The bridegroom blythe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.

She spoke, she dy'd—her corse was
born

The bridegroom blythe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet.

Oh! what were perjur'd Collin's
thoughts ?

How were those nuptials kept ?
The bridemen flock'd round Lucy
dead,

And all the village wept.
Compassion, shame, remorse, despair
At once his bosom swell ;

The damps of death bedew'd his
brows,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah! bride no
more !

The vary'd crimson fled,
When stretch'd before her rival's
corse

She saw her husband dead.
He to his Lucy's new-made grave
Convey'd by trembling swains :

One mold with her, beneath one
fod,

For ever now remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen,
With garlands gay, and true-love's
knots,

They deck the sacred green :
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou
art,

This hallow'd spot forbear ;
Remember Collin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

SONG 173.

YOU bid me, fair, conceal my
love.

Ah! think how hard the task ;
Think of the mighty pains I prove,
Then think of what you ask.

Go bid the fev'rish wretch forbear
'Midst burning to complain :

Go bid the slaves who fetter'd are,
Forget the galling chain.
Forget the galling chain.

Shou'd they obey, yet greater far
The torments which I feel ;
Love's fires, than fevers fiercer are ;

Love pierces more than steel.
Pain but the body can controul,
The thoughts no cord can bind ;

Love is a fever of the soul,
A chain which holds the mind.
A chain which holds the mind.

SONG 174.

FOR many unsuccessful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay,
Bathing them often with my tears ;
I sigh'd, but durst not pray.

No prostrate wretch before the shrine
Of some lov'd saint above,
E'er thought his goddess more divine
Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful nymph look'd
With coy insulting pride, [down
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
And turn'd her head aside.

Then Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
Use more prevailing charms ;
You modest, whining fool draw near,
And clasp her in your arms.

With eager kisses tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart ;
The lips he briskly must invade,
That would possess the heart.

With that I shook off all the slave,
My better fortune try'd ;
When Cynthia in a moment gave
What she for years deny'd.

SONG 175.

FAST by the margin of the sea,
And on the damp and shelly
shore ;

A swain in pensive posture lay,
And did his hard mishap deplore,
His hard mishap deplore.

O cruel fate, ah! hapless hour,
When I and Celia sail'd the deep ;
When, hush'd by some deluding
pow'r,

The winds and waves were laid
asleep,
The winds were laid asleep !

Too soon, alas! the peaceful scene
Chang'd to a storm, the tempests
roar,

The sky look'd black, the smoaking
main,
Dash'd its fierce waves against the
shore,

Fierce waves against the shore.

'Twas then my heart wept drops of
blood,
And, like the ship, was rent in
twain ;

When Celia founder'd in the flood,
Sank, struggled, rose, and sunk
again,

Sank, rose, and sunk again.

Thrice did I plunge beneath the
waves

To catch the sinking panting fair,
Thrice made a vain attempt to save,
I shriek'd, I rav'd in mad despair.

I rav'd in mad despair.

How fain wou'd Damon then have
dy'd,
And hurry'd to the world beneath
To seek his love, and by her side
Lament her too untimely death.

Her too untimely death.

SONG 176.

CHARMING Chloe, look with
pity

On your faithful love-sick swain ;
Hear, oh! hear this doleful ditty,
And relieve his mighty pain.

Find you musie in his sighing ?
Can you see him in distress,
Wishing, trembling, panting, dying,
Yet afford no kind redress?

Strephon, mov'd by lawful passion,
For no favours rudely sues ;
All his flame is out of fashion,
Ancient honour for him woos.

Love for love's the swain's ambition:
But if that is deem'd too great,
Pity, pity his condition ;
Say at least, you do not hate.

Sould you, fonder of a rover,
Practis'd in the art of guile,
Slight so true and kind a lover,
Chloe, might not Strephon smile?

Yes ; well pleas'd at thy undoing,
Vulgar lovers might upbraid ;
Strephon, conscious of thy ruin,
Soon would be a silent snail.

Soon would be a silent snail.

SONG 177.

SOONER than I'll my love forego,
And lose the man I prize,
I'll bravely combat ev'ry woe,
Or fall a sacrifice.

Nor bolts, nor bars shall me controul,
I death and danger dare ;
Restraint but fires the active soul,
And urges fierce despair.

The window now shall be my gate,
I'll either fall or fly ;
Before I'll live with them I hate,
For him I love I'll die !

For him I love I'll die !

SONG 178.

THE man who best can danger
dare

Is most deserving of the fair :
The bold, the brave, we women
prize,

The whining slave we all despise,
The whining slave we all despise.

Let coxcombs flatter, cringe and
lie,
Pretend to languish, pine and die :
Such men of words my scorn shall
be,

The man of deeds is the man for me.
*The man of deeds is the man for
me.*

SONG

SONG 179.

CONsider, dear daughter, what
'tis to be rich,
Nor sprun thus unwise at the
blessing ;
The views of being wealthy most
women bewitch,
Such husbands are sure worth pos-
sessing.

You tell me he is silly, I say he
has pence ;
His acres are boundless, his trea-
sures immense ;
A coach and six horses is beauty and
sense ;
Then prithee no longer refuse
him.

SONG 180.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May ;
Yet if she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move
Me to perish for her love ;
Or, her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with that goodness blest,
As may merit name the best ;
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn, and let her go :
So if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

SONG 181.

TO dear Amaryllis young Stre-
phon had long
Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd
for in song ;
He went one May morning to meet
in the grove,
By her own dear appointment this
goddess of love ;
Mean while in his mind all her
charms he ran o'er,
And doated on each ; *can a lover
do more ?*

He waited, and waited, then chang-
ing his strain,
'Twas fury, and rage, and despair,
and disdain ;
The sun was commanded to hide his
dull light,
And the whole course of nature was
alter'd downright.
'Twas his hapless fortune to die
and adore,
But never to change ; *can a lover
do more ?*

Cleora, it hap'd, was by accident
there,
No rose-bud so tempting, no lily
so fair ;
He press'd her white hand, next her
lips he essay'd,
Nor would she deny him, so civil
the maid :
Her kindly compliance his peace
did restore ;
And dear *Amaryllis was thought of
no more.*

SONG 182.

DRINK to me only with thine
eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst which in my soul does
rise,
Does ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I wou'd not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee ;
And giving it a hope that there
It cou'd not wither'd be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me ;
Since when it looks and smells, I
swear
Not of itself, but thee.

SONG 183.

WOULD'ST thou all the joys re-
ceive,
That enraptur'd lovers give ;
Take a heart from falsehood free,
Take a heart that doats on thee :
Nice suspicions, jealous train,
Still creates the virgin's pain ;
'Then each timid care remove,
You can smile and I can love.

Blest with thee, profusely gay,
Time shall wing his smiling way ;
Ever blooming joys encrease,
Tranquil liberty and peace :
Oh ! let kindness rule thy breast,
Smile my panting heart to rest,
Sweetly smile and thou shalt know,
We can make an heav'n below.

SONG 184.

TO arms ! to arms ! hark, hark,
the trumpet sounds !
While ev'ry breast with high mo-
tion glows ;
The soldiers heart with martial
transport bounds,
And courage leads them thro' an
host of foes.
Now, now they engage,
While madness and rage
And slaughter walk wildly around ;
Ah ! now they fly—
While to the sky
The victors shouts resound.

SONG 185.

He. **W**Hilst I, with many a
pleasing kiss,
My Flora's bosom prest ;
So long I liv'd in perfect blifs,
No monarch half so blest.

She. While you your love to me
confin'd,
Nor lov'd another more ;
Till you to Chloe was more kind,
I ne'er knew grief before.

He. Now Chloe with her voice and
lyre
Has made my heart her slave ;
For whom I'd suffer sword or fire,
Her precious life to save.

She. For lovely Colin now I sigh,
And mutual love receive ;
For whom I'd suffer twice to die,
Provided he could live.

He. But should our former love re-
turn,
And bring a stronger chain ;
Should I for Chloe cease to burn,
And seek my dear again.

She. Altho' he's brighter than the
sun,
And you unconstant fly ;
Life's course with thee I'd freely run,
With thee I'd live and die.

SONG 186.

AS the snow in valleys lying,
Phœbus his warm beams ap-
plying,

Soon dissolves and runs away ;
So the beauties, so the graces,
Of the most bewitching faces,
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
By the slaves he once controul'd ;
So the nymph if none cou'd move
her,

Is contemn'd by every lover,
When her charms are growing old,
Melancholick looks and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling and pining,
Are th' effects your rigours move :
Soft caresses, am'rous glances,
Melting sighs, transporting trances,
Are the blest effects of love.

Fair ones ! while your beauty's
blooming,
Inploy time, lest age resum'g
What your youth profusely lends ;
You are rob'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old stories
To your unbelieving friends.

SONG 187.

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

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

SONG 188.

GENTLY stir and blow the
fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast:
Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,
In the dripping-pan a toast,
That my hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lies:
Oh the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,
On the sweetest grass it fed:
Swiftly make the jack go round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.
On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean,
Pickles get of every sort,
And a salad crisp and green:
Then with small beer and sparkling
wine,
O ye Gods! how shall I dine.

SONG 189.

Singing charms the blest above,
Angels sing, and saints approve;
All we below
Of heaven can show,
Is that they both sing and love.

Anna with an angel's air,
Sweet her notes, her face as fair:
Vassals and kings
Feel, when she sings,
Charms of warbling beauty near.

Savage nature conquer'd lies,
All is wonder and surprize;
Souls expiring,
Hearts a-firing,
By her charming notes and eyes,
Let the violin and harp
Hang and moulder till they warp;
Let flute and lyre
In dust expire,
Shatter'd by a vocal sharp.

SONG 190.

THYRSIS.

WHEN fairies dance round on
the grass,
And revel to night's awful noon;
O say, will you meet me, sweet lass,
All by the clear light of the moon?

PHYLLIS.

My passion I seek not to screen;
Then can I refuse you your boon?
I'll meet you at twelve on the green,
All by the clear light of the moon.
The nightingale, perch'd on a thorn
Then charms all the plains with
her tune;
And, glad of the absence of morn,
Salutes the pale light of the moon.

THYRSIS.

How sweet is the jessamin grove!
And sweet are the roses of June;
But sweeter's the language of love,
Breath'd forth by the light of
the moon.

Too slow rolls the charriot of day,
Unwilling to grant me my boon:
Away, envious sunshine, away,
Give place to the light of the
moon.

PHYLLIS.

But say, will you never deceive
The lass whom you conquer'd too
soon?
And leave a lost maiden to grieve
Alone by the light of the moon.

THYRSIS.

The planets shall start from their
spheres,
Ere I prove so fickle a loon;
Believe me, I'll banish thy fears,
Dear maid, by the light of the
moon.

BOTH.

Our loves when the shepherds shall
view,
To us they their pipes shall attune
While we our soft pleasures renew,
Each night by the light of the
moon.

SONG 191.

SO much I love thee, O my
treasure!
That my flame no bound does
know:
Oh! look upon your swain with
pleasure,
For his pain some pity show.

Oh! my charmer, tho' I leave you,
Yet my heart with you remains;
Let not then my absence grieve
you,
Since with pride I wear your
chains.

SONG 192.

OF all the simple things we do,
To rub over a whimsical life,
There's no one folly is so true,
As that very bad bargain, a wife.
We're just like a mouse in a trap,
Or vermin caught in a gin;
We sweat and fret, and try to
escape,
And curse the sad hour we came in.

I gam'd, and drank, and play'd the
fool,
And a thousand mad frolics more:
I rov'd and rang'd, despis'd all rule,
But I never was marry'd before.
This was the worst plague cou'd
ensue;
I'm mew'd in a sneaky house;
I us'd to tope a bottle or two,
But now 'tis small beer with my
spouse.

My darling freedom crown'd my
joys,
And I never was vex'd in my
way;
If now I cross her will, her noise
Makes my lodging too hot for to
stay:
Like a fox that is hamper'd, in vain
I fret out my heart and my soul;
Walk to and fro the length of my
chain,
Then am forc'd to creep into my
hole.

SONG 193.

WILLY's rare, and Willy's
fair,
And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
And Willy heght to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter night
I ly twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-side,
Pou'd you the rose or lilly?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw you my sweet Willy?
She fought him east, she fought him
west,
She fought him braid and narrow;
Synce in the cleaving of a craig
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

SONG 194.

SABINA, in the dead of night,
In restless slumbers wishing
lay;
Cynthia was bawd, and her clear
light
To loose desires did lead the way:
I stept to her bed-side with bended
And sure Sabina saw, [knee,
And sure Sabina saw,
And sure Sabina saw,
I'm sure she saw, but wou'd not see.
I drew the curtains of the lawn,
Which did her whiter body keep;
But still the nearer I was drawn,
Methought the faster she did
sleep:
I call'd Sabina softly in her ear,
And sure Sabina heard, but wou'd
not hear.

Thus, as some midnight thief, when
Are wrapt into a lethargy, [all
Silently creeps from wall to wall,
To search for hidden treasury;
So mov'd my busy hand from head
to heel,
And sure Sabina felt, but wou'd not
feel.

Thus I ev'n by a wish enjoy,
And she without a blush receives;
As by dissembling most are coy,
She by dissembling freely gives:
For you may safely say, and swear
it true,
She did hear, see, feel, fight, and
kiss me too.

SONG

SONG 195.

LITTLE *Syren* of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty Warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire.

Bane of every manly art.
Sweet enfeebler of the heart ;
Oh too pleasing is thy strain !
Hence to southern climes again.

Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell :
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

SONG 196.

YE warblers, while *Strephon* I
moan,

To cheer me your harmony bring,
Unless, since my shepherd is gone,
You cease, like poor *Phyllis* to
sing.

Each flower declines its sweet head,
Nor odours around we will throw,
While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Each rural amusement I try
In vain to restore my past ease ;
What charm'd when my *Strephon*
was by,

Has now lost the power to please.
Ye seasons, that brighten the grove,
Not long for your absence we
mourn ;

But *Strephon* neglects me, and
roves,
He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the spring is my dear,
And sweet as all flowers combin'd ;
His smiles, like the summer, can
cheer,

Ah! why then, like winter, unkind.
Unkind he is not, I can prove,
But tender to others can be,
To *Celia* and *Chloe* makes love,
And only is cruel to me.

SONG 197.

DioGENES, surly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the *Macedon*
youth,

Delighted in wine that was good,
Because in good wine there was
truth :

But growing as poor as a *Job*,
Unable to purchase a flask,
He chose for his mansion a tub,
And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
A bumper to cherish his heart,
And when he was maudlin would cry
Because he had empty'd his quart:
Tho' some are so foolish to think
He wept at men's folly and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink
Till the liquor flow'd out of his
eyes.

Democretes always was glad
To tittle, and cherish his soul ;

And would laugh like a man that
was mad,

When over a good flowing bowl :
As long as his cellar was stor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff :
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At those that were sober he'd
laugh.

Wise *Solon*, who carefully gave
Good laws unto *Athens* of old,
And thought the rich *Cræsus* a slave
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of
gold ;

He delighted in plentiful bowls,
But, drinking, much talk would
decline,

Because 'twas the custom of fools
To prattle much over their wine.

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content
Till a bottle had heighten'd his
joys,

Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted for
wife :

Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or *Xantippe* would never have
prov'd

Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Theophrastus, that eloquent sage,
By *Athens* so greatly ador'd,
With a bottle would boldly engage,
When mellow was brisk as a bird ;
Would chat, tell a story, and jest
Most pleasantly over a glass,
And tho' a dumb guest at a feast,
But a dull, philosophical ass.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of *Rome*,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his
quarts,

Which he drank, like a miser at
home :

And to shew he lov'd wine that was
good

To the last, (we may truly aver it)
He tinctur'd his bath with his blood
So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

Pythag'ras did silence enjoin
On his pupils, who wisdom would
seek,

Because that he tipp'd good wine
Till himself was unable to speak ;
And when he was whimsical grown
With sipping his plentiful bowls,
By the strength of the juice in his
crown,

He conceiv'd the transmigration
of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
Believ'd there was wisdom in
wine,

And thought that a cup of the best
Made reason the better to shine :
With wine he replenish'd his veins
And made his philosophy reel ;
Then fancy'd the world, as his
brains,

Turn'd round like a chariot-
wheel.

O.

Anaxarchus, more patient than *Job*,
By pestles was pounded to death,
Yet scorn'd that a groan or a sob
Should waste the remains of his
breath :

But sure he was free with his glass,
And drank to a pitch of disdain ;
Or the strength of his wisdom, alas!
I fear would have flinch'd at the
pain.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without
wine ;

And what we ascribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine :
His belly, most writers agree,
Was as big as a watering-trough ;

He therefore leap'd into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

When *Pyrrho* had taken a glass,
He saw that no object appear'd
Exactly the same as it was

Before he had liquor'd his beard ;
For things running round in his
drink,

Which sober he motionless found
Occasion'd the sceptic to think
There was nothing of truth to be
found.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,
Who fondly to wisdom was prone,
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits had never been known:
By wine we are generous made,
It furnishes fancy with wings ;
Without it we ne'er should have had
Philosophers, poets, or kings.

SONG 198.

I Envy not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state ;
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.

I in a sweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings ;
For sceptres to a virtuous mind
Seem vain and empty things.

Great *Cincinnatus* at his plough
Which brighter lustre shone,
Than guilty *Cæsar* e'er could show,
Tho' seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days, and restless nights,
Ambition ever knows ;
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye Pow'rs divine ;
And pleas'd, when ye demand my
life,
May I that life resign.

SONG 199.

TO all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite,
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write :

The *Muses* now and *Neptune* too
We must implore to write to you.

With a fal, la, la, la.
For

SONG 200.

For tho' the Muses should prove kind
And fill our empty brain ;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the
wind,

To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen and ink and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind ;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind :
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a
day.

The king with wonder and surprize,
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they did of old ;
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to *Whitehall*
stairs.

Should foggy *Opdam* chance to
know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a
foe,
And quit their fort at *Gorce* ;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts
behind ?

Let wind and weather do their worst
Be you to us but kind ;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards
curse,
No sorrow we can find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our
foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious *Ombre* play :
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.
But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away ;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play ;
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flit your fan.
When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
For being so remote ;
Think then, how often love we've
made [play'd].
To you, when all those tunes were
In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness :
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
And now we've told you all our
loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears ;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.

YOUTH's a season made for
joys,

Love is then our duty ;
She alone, who that employs,
Well deserves her beauty :
Let's be gay
While we may,
Beauty's a flow'r despis'd in decay.
Youth's the season, &c.
Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow ;
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow :
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows a return of spring.
Let us drink, &c.

SONG 201.

IN vain, *Miranda*, you complain,
And charge the guiltless boy
in vain,
Who ne'er has prov'd untrue :
Thou sweetest image thought can
find,
Thou best idea of my mind,
My soul is fill'd with you.
Let but those eyes benignly bright,
That look the language of delight,
This spacious globe review :
If they can spy an equal fair,
Be jealous then, and I'll take care
You shall have reason too.

SONG 202.

HOW happy's the lover whose
cares are no more ;
Who bids an adieu to all sorrow !
My griefs are all hush'd, and my
torments are o'er,
For I shall be happy to-morrow.
Each flow'ret of spring that en-
amels the ground,
From you ev'ry charm seems no
borrow ;
Then who will so blest or so happy
be found,
As I with my *Daphne* to-morrow.
I never am happy but when in your
sight ;
Your smiles are the cure of all
sorrow :
Remember, dear *Daphne*, your pro-
mise to-night,
And I shall be happy to-morrow.

SONG 203, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *The Hounds are all out.*

Contented I am, and contented
I'll be,
For what can this world more afford
Than a girl that will sociable sit on
my knee,
And a cellar that's sociable stor'd,
My brave boys, &c.
My vault door is open'd, descend
ev'ry guest,

Spoil that cask, ay, that wine we
will try,
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love
to the taste,
And as bright as her cheeks to
the eye,

My brave boys, &c.

In a piece of flit hoop I my candle
have stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to
hand,
The foot of my glass for the purpose
I broke,
For I hate that a Bumper should
stand, *My brave boys, &c.*
Astride on a but, as a but should
be strod,
I sit my companions among,
Like grape-blessing *Bacchus*, the
goodfellow's god,
And a sentiment give, or a song,
My brave boys, &c.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the
oozing drops seem
The moist walls with wet Pearls
to emboss,
From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in
Gothic taste stream,
Like stucco-work cut out of moss,
My brave boys, &c.

My cellar's my camp, my soldiers
my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review ;
When I cast my eyes round, I con-
sider my casks,
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue,
My brave boys, &c.

I charge spoil in hand, and my em-
pire maintain,
No ancient more patriot-like
bled ;
Each drop in defence of delight I
will drain,
And myself for my Bucks I'll
drink dead,
My brave boys, &c.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and
those bings are well fill'd,
View that heap of *Pyrmont* in
your rear ;
Yon bottles are *Burgundy*, see how
they're pil'd,
Like artillery, tear over tear,
My brave boys, &c.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear
shall be shed,
No *Hic Jacet* be grav'd on my
stone ;
But pour o'er my coffin, a bottle of
red,
And write, that *his drinking* is
done,
My brave boys, &c.

SONG 204, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *To all you ladies now at land.*
ONE Evening at ambrosial
treat,
From her *Ætherial* tour,
Minerva the nine muses met,
In *Isa's* sacred bower ;
Apollo

Apollo and gay *Bacchus* join,
For hand in hand walk wit and wine.
With my fal de rol, &c.
Pallas, the swimming dance begun,
Her hair a fillet bound,
Blue, like her eyes, the bandage
shewn,
Her sapient temples crown'd ;
Which, loos'n'd in the dance,
dropp'd down,
And *Bacchus* snatch'd the azure
zone.

With my fal de rol, &c.

The ribband on his breast he plac'd,
By *Styx*, then swore the youth ;
What had the throne of wisdom
grac'd,
Shou'd grace the seat of truth :
At once then ope his robe he threw,
And on his Bosom beam'd *True*
Blue.

With my fal de rol, &c.

If mortals can give garters fame,
And honours form on earth ;
Sure deities may do the same,
And give one order birth :
This ribband, lov'd celestials view,
And stamp your sanction on *True*
Blue.

With my fal de rol, &c.

Urania prais'd the rosy god,
Her tuneful sisters join ;
Minerva gave th' assenting nod,
Phabus enroll'd the sign :
Along the skies loud *Pean*s flew,
Olympus join'd, and hail'd *True*
Blue.

With my fal de rol, &c.

This order *Iris* bore to earth,
The gods enjoin'd the fair,
Where first she found out sons of
worth,
To leave the ribband there :
From clime to clime she searching
flew,
And in *Hibernia* left *True Blue*.

With my fal de rol, &c.

SONG 205, by Mr. Stevens.

Wrote for the Sweet-Bryar Club.

(A Back-sword so called)

Tune, Come let us prepare.

YE Lads, who approve,
Of wit, wine and love,
And to be thought Bucks wou'd
aspire ;
Come, chorus my lays,
While I sing forth the praise
Of the mighty reformer, *Sweet*
Bryar.

Ye husbands, whose wives
Lead you terrible lives,
And much castigation require ;
At a touch they'd obey,
If you once knew the way,
But to manage the magic *Sweet*
Bryar.

The youth, who will swear,
Blab, or boast of the fair,

Tho' too often, alas! he's a lyar ;
Bring him up to the sword,
He'll recant ev'ry word,
Beholding the blade of *Sweet Bryar*.
Ye priests, who tithe gorge,
And the laity scourge,
From his holiness down to the friar ;
The conclave ne'er taught,
Nor *Ignatius* ne'er thought
On a discipline like to *Sweet Bryar*.
Had I trebly the gift
Of *Dan Pope*, or *Dean Swift*,
Or cou'd tell a tale, equal to *Prior* ;
Yet it all wou'd not do,
There is still something new,
To be said on well-sharpen'd *Sweet*
Bryar.

Wives, widows, or maids,
Who can best judge of blades,
Did you see it, its size you'd admire ;
For use, 'tis kept fit,
'Tis as keen as your wit,
And as bright as your Eyes, is
Sweet Bryar.

This, at *Culloden* carv'd,
This, *Britannia* preserv'd,
'Twas this made rebellion retire ;
Not they who *Troy* took,
Cou'd more hero-like look,
Than the men who that day drew
Sweet Bryar.

'Twas us'd to oppose
Banditti-like foes,
And again shou'd, if times did
require ;
Now 'tis drawn in defence
Of our friend, *Common Sense*,
For our reason we trust with *Sweet*
Bryar.
If dullness shou'd dare,
Among us interfere,
Forcing wit with a blush to retire ;
'Tis resolv'd on, *Nem. Con.*
Swearing, humbugg and pun
Shall their sentence receive from
Sweet Bryar.

Hand in hand let's unite,
And in folly's despite,
Real merit we'll strive to acquire ;
Like men let us think,
And like men let's drink,
Here's success to the blades of
Sweet Bryar.

SONG 206, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, Come let us prepare.

WHEN the deity's word
Throughout *Chaos* was
heard,
And in order uprose this vast ball, fir,
The spheres sung his praise,
Who from discord cou'd raise,
This *Harmony*, *Harmony* all, fir.
Each child of the earth,
The chorus sung forth,
Te *Deums* were gratefully given ;
Land, sea and skies rung,
With creation's glad song,
And *Harmony* echo'd thro' Heaven.

'Tis music, whose charms
Each fierce passion disarm,
As we find by unhappy King *Saul*,
fir,
When his harp *David* tun'd,
Madness sunk at the sound,
For sense comes at *Harmony's Call*,
fir.

The spider inflam'd,
Tarantula nam'd,
With his sting will each victim
appal, fir,
But music is sure
The sad patient to cure,
For health comes at *Harmony's Call*,
fir.

Timotheus had skill
To curb *Philip's* son's will,
With a touch make his heart rise or
fall, fir ;
He in tune put his breast,
Then let *Love* do the rest,
For *Love* comes at *Harmony's Call*,
fir.

Euridice's swain,
By his sense-lulling strain,
Could the forest's wild tenants en-
thral, fir,
Nay stones we can prove,
Will obedient move,
At *Harmony's*, *Harmony's Call*, fir.

Man and beast will decay,
Rocks and seas sink away,
The great globe must to ruin resign,
fir ;
Yet in Heaven above,
Still will music and love
Eternal in *Harmony* join, fir.
This night let us strive
To keep humour alive,
But first we'll this bumper dispatch,
fir ;
Let him, who sings best,
Sing a song for the rest,
Or join as he ought in a *Catch*, fir.

SONG 207, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, Come and listen to my ditty.

CEASE rude *Boreas* blust'ring
railer,
Lift ye landmen all to me ;
Mefs-mates hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea.
From bounding billows, first in mo-
tion,
When the distant whirlwind rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
When the seas contend with skies-
Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawl-
ing,
By topfail sheets and hallyards
stand ; [ing,
Down topgallants, quick, be hawl-
Down your stay-fails, hand boys,
hand.
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The lee-topfail sheets let go ;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry
faces,
Up your topfails nimbly clew-
Now

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's
arms
Fresh enjoyment wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms.
Around us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fear our minds en-
thrals ;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls.
The topfail yards point to the wind
boys,
See all clear to reef each course ;
Let the Foresheet go, don't mind
boys,
Tho' the weather shou'd be worse,
Fore and aft the spritsail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear ;
Hands up, each preventor brace set,
Man the fore-yard, chear, lads,
chear.
Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
Peals on peals contending clash !
On our heads fierce rain falls pour-
ing,
In our eyes blue light'nings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above but one black sky ;
Different deaths at once surround us,
Hark ! what means yon dreadful
cry ?
The foremast's gone, cries every
tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove
deck !
A leak beneath the chestree's sprung
out ;
Call all hands to clear the wreck !
Quick the lanniards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be stout and
bold ;
Plumb the well, the leak encreases,
Four feet water's in the hold !
While o'er the ship the wild wave's
beating,
We for wives and children mourn:
Alas ! from hence there's no re-
treating !
Alas ! to them there's no return !
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd
below :
Heaven have mercy here upon us !
Only He can save us now.
On the lee-beam is the land boys,
Let the guns o'er-board be
thrown ;
To the pumps, come every hand,
boys,
See ! her mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cannot
pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or
more ;
Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
She rights ! she rights ! boys,
wear off shore.
Now once more on joys we are
thinking,
Since kind fortune sav'd our lives ;

Come, the can, boys let's be drink-
ing
To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to lips the brimmer join ;
Where's the tempest now, who
feels it ?
None ; our danger's drown'd in
wine.
SONG 208, by Mr. Stevens.
Tune, *Why heaves my fond bosom ?*
'TIS love, spite of laws, will
its empire maintain,
No council confines it, no rules can
restrain ;
Then cease, rigid parents, your
daughters to chide,
In vain are all precepts, love's still
the best guide.
What's fortune, fame, titles, wealth,
' equipage, birth ?
Like plants, but the simple producti-
ons of earth ;
But love, like the sun, beams a
light thro' the whole,
And, as one warms the earth, t'other
lights up the soul.
When mutual endearments we mu-
tually prove,
And the fond pair receive and return
equal love ;
Then each tender fibre with extasy
swells,
And the furious embrace thro' each
art'ry thrills.
When words inly murmur'd pro-
claim the swift blifs,
And life, at each lip, is kept in by
a kifs ;
'Till sighs, like soft breezes, love's
tempests succeed,
As in calms after whirlwinds, all
nature seems dead.
Ye youth, who, Narcissus-like,
doat on dear self,
Ye beauties, perplex'd betwixt
merit and pelf,
Wou'd you wish not to waste, but
enjoy ev'ry day,
'Tis love, but not self-love, must
shew you the way.
Youth flies like a shaft that swift
skims 'midst the air,
No trace will remain that it ever
pass'd there ;
Then, while you are young, be
not youthful in vain,
Did you once taste the blifs, oh !
you'd taste it again.
You cannot keep beauty as misers
hoard gold,
'Tis too late to repent, to repent
when you're old ;
Ask your heart what you're made
for ? 'twill beat quick to man ;
While then fit for enjoyment, enjoy
all you can.

SONG 209, by Mr. Stevens.
Tune, *Sing Tantararara Masks all.*
COME, my bucks, let to-night
be devoted to drinking,
To-morrow's too soon to be trou-
bled with thinking ;
Inspired by *Bacchus*, I'll sing to his
praise,
And crown'd with a bumper, in-
stead of the bays,
Sing Tantararara Bucks all.
From *Bacchus* our name is, tho' some
say from *Jove*,
For he was the first (like a buck)
who made love,
To a bull for the sake of *Europa* he
turns,
And bequeath'd to the man, she
shou'd marry his horns.
Sing Tantararara, &c.
'Tis by women each buck at true
honour arrives,
The first race of bucks were made
bucks by their wives ;
When for glory the *Greeks* round
the world us'd to roam,
Each wife, a true buck, dubb'd her
hero at home.
Sing Tantararara, &c.
Had the son of fair *Thetis*, instead
of the brine,
Been plung'd over head in a hog-
shead of wine,
He'd have march'd among mortals,
secure from all evil,
A buck, when he's drunk, is a
match for the devil.
Sing Tantararara, &c.
But why shou'd the ancients still
fill up my lays ?
'Tis fit that the moderns, a mo-
dern shou'd praise :
With claret my rosy-crown'd tem-
ples I'll 'noint,
And a health take to him, who first
drank a half-pint.
Sing Tantararara, &c.
Were grapes on the mount of *Par-
nassus* but growing,
Or *Helicon's* conduit with *French*
claret flowing ;
Nay wou'd *Phabus* but drink like
an honest good fellow,
Like *Bacchus* we'd honour his buck-
ship *Apollo*.
Sing Tantararara, &c.
What are miffes, the muses, to nine
mouldy casks ?
Or the tea-table's splendor, to splen-
did full flasks ?
What is *Pegasus* good for ? Yes, he
shall be mine,
I'll keep him as porter to fly for
my wine.
Sing Tantararara, &c.
In daisy-deck'd meads, when the
birds whistle round,
How thrill is their music, how sim-
ple the sound ?
Give

Give me a bell's tinkle, a fat land-
lord's roar,
And a good fellow's order, *Boy, six
bottles more!*
Sing Tantararara, &c.

Can music or verse, love or land-
scape bestow,
A six bottle sound, or a six bottle
flow;
Cou'd I meet them at midnight,
their bottoms I'd try,
Who first shou'd give out, Faith,
the bottles, or I.
Sing Tantararara, &c.

This tuning and piping, no longer
I'll bear it,
What's all pipes of music, to one
pipe of claret?
By my soul, bucks, I love it, and
why, wou'd you know,
Drink only as I've done, you'll all
love it too.
Sing Tantararara Bucks all.

SONG 210, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *By Jove I'll be free.*

THO' I love you, yet think not
my judgment so weak,
To dote on your waist, or your rose-
dimpled cheek;
The black, curling locks, which your
white neck inlay,
Your love-pouting lips, or your eye-
darting ray:
'Tis not for those charms which so
common are seen,
'Tis something more secret—but
guess what I mean.

Platonics, corporeal embraces dis-
dain,
Their mental enjoyments no passion
profane;
The mind of a mistress perhaps may
enchant,
Yet still flesh and blood will meer
flesh and blood want:
Each sex sighs for more than to see
and be seen;
What more is't they sigh for? why
—*guess what I mean.*

Can a dinner's warm steams fill the
hungry with cheer?
Or the sight of a bank dry up po-
verty's tear?
The jingling of guineas, or fame of
a feast,
They care not to hear of, unless
they cou'd taste:
'Tis thus with the lover, not what
he has seen,
But what he can taste of, that's—
guess what I mean.

We wse seeming mortals, five
senses retain
In the pay of the will, to be pimps
to the brain;
One sense, like the serpent, devours
the rest,

As man's most inclin'd to hear smell
or taste;
But to touch is the point—yet I'll
not be obscene,
For to touch is no more than to—
guess what I mean.

How sweet the sensation! how
thrilling the bliss!
When breast joining breast, we blend
souls in a kiss:
All madness the lover, the fair all
delight,
Ev'ry sense then in one they extatic
unite:
What's that sense of all senses? why
—here drops the scene;
'Tis something, that's certain, but
—*guess what I mean.*

SONG 211, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *Farewell to Lochabar.*

THE sportsman may boast of his
well-scented Hound;
Each day let the coxcomb in dawd-
ling confound;
The statesman may vaunt of poli-
tical schemes;
Let poets be fool'd by their fancy-
form'd dreams;
Let night-wasting learned their
volumes unfold,
Give the toper his bottle, the miser
his gold:
'Gainst learning, wealth, drinking,
wit, state, I protest;
'Tis woman, dear woman, she's
worth all the rest.

Tho' birds, in shrill symphonies,
sing o'er our heads,
And Flora's gay paintings enamel
the meads;
Tho' the fruits are so pleasant, so
thick grow the trees,
So warm shines the sun, and so cool
breathes each breeze;
The odour of spices, the pure crys-
tal stream,
Each nice gift of nature I nobly
esteem;
Yet birds, fruits, spice, flowers, can
ne'er stand the test
With woman, dear woman, she's
worth all the rest.

In sickness, in prison, in want, in
despair,
What woe can we feel, if fond
woman is there?
The nostrum of nature, the med'cine
of life,
In ev'ry affliction, the cure is a
wife;
For think not, ye fair, that these
praises are paid
To the miser-like virgin, the green-
sickness maid;
Tho' so delicate shap'd, yet im-
perfect's your plan,
And you useless exist, till you're
finish'd by man.

SONG 212.

HOW cruel is a parent's care,
Who riches only prizes!
When finding out some booby heir,
He thinks he wond'rous wise is:
While the poor maid, to shun her
fate,
And not to prove a wretch in state,
To 'scape the blockhead she must
hate,
She weds where she despises.
The harmless dove thus trembling
flies,
The rav'nous hawk pursuing;
A-while her tender pinions tries,
Till doom'd to certain ruin;
Afraid her worst of foes to meet,
No shelter near, no kind retreat,
She drops beneath the falconer's feet,
For gentler usage suing.

SONG 213.

NOW *Phœbus* sinketh in the
West,
Welcome song, and welcome jest,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity:
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine-
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice with scrup'lous head,
Strict age, and sour severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.

SONG 214.

BY dimpled brook, and fountain
brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with
daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes
keep;
What has night to do with sleep?
Night has better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens love:
Come, let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

SONG 215.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till
Comus receive
The nameless, soft transports that
beauty can give;
The bowl's frolic joys let him teach
her to prove,
And she in return yield the raptures
of love.
Without love and wine, wit and
beauty are vain,
All grandeur insipid, and riches a
pain;
The most splendid palace grows
dark as the grave:
Love and wine give ye Gode, or
take back what ye gave.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away,
To Comus' court repair;
There night outshines the day,
There yields the melting fair-

SONG 216.

AS t'other day o'er the green
meadow I pass'd,
A swain overtook me, and held my
Hand fast,
Then cry'd my dear Lucy, thou
cause of my care,
How long must thy faithful young
Thirsis despair:
To crown my soft wishes no longer
be shy,
But frowning I answer'd, oh! sic,
shepherd, sic.
He told me his passion like time
shou'd endure,
That beauty, which kindled his
flame, wou'd secure;
That all my sweet charms were for
pleasure design'd,
And youth was the season to love
and be kind:
Lord, what cou'd I say? I cou'd
hardly deny,
But faintly I utter'd oh! sic shep-
herd, sic.
He swore, with a kiss, that he
wou'd not refrain;
I told him 'twas rude, but he kiss'd
me again:
My conduct, ye fair ones, in ques-
tion ne'er call,
Nor think I did wrong, I did no-
thing at all:
Resolv'd to resist, yet inclin'd to
comply,
Now guess if I still said, oh! sic,
shepherd, sic.

SONG 217.

LET others sing in loftier lays,
The wanton and the vain,
My artless muse aspires to praise
Dear Polly of the plain.
Tho' poor my skill,
My song shall still,
Be Polly of the plain.
While vanity admits her aid,
Let meaner beauties shine,
Her faithless glare bedims the maid,
Whom nature stamps divine:
Her pow'r to shew,
She sent below,
Dear Polly of the plain.
The face, the mien, may charms
dispense,
To kindle fierce desire,
But virtue, modesty and sense,
Must generous love inspire:
'Tis these that move
My soul to love
Dear Polly of the Plain.
How sweetly looks the silver ray,
That cheers the noon of night!
But when great Phœbus gives the
day,
What pow'r has Cynthia's light?
Thus all the fair,
Eclips'd appear
By Polly of the plain.

Tho' blest the youth, within whose
mind
A happy passion reigns;
Yet happiest he of all mankind,
Who Polly's heart obtains,
And in his arms
Enjoys the charms
Of Polly of the plain.

SONG 218.

WHEN I liv'd in my grand-
mother's cot,
What a happy young Damsel
was I!
Each day we'd the spit or the pot,
With plenty of pudding and pye;
I'd a horse that cou'd amble and
trot,
And good neighbours to visit
hard by;
Yet I wanted—I cou'd not tell what,
And I sigh'd—but I cou'd not
tell why.
I sigh'd, &c.
My daddy he bought me a knot,
With a fan, and a new-fashion'd fly,
A pair of silk shoes too I got,
To wear when the weather was dry;
Yet to pine all the day was my lot,
And in bed ever restless to lie;
For I wanted—I cou'd not tell
what,
And I sigh'd—but I cou'd not tell
why.
For counsel I ear'd not a jot,
Resolv'd some new project to try;
And I thought I shou'd die on the
spot,
If a pretty young fellow pass'd by;
At last a brisk husband I got,
'Twas the man I had long in my eye;
He gave me—I must not tell what,
And I lov'd him—but need not tell
why.

SONG 219.

THE Man who seeks to win
the fair,
(So custom says) must truth forbear:
Must fawn and flatter, cringe and
lye,
And raise the goddess to the sky.
For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeness which she cannot bear;
A Rudeness, yes, I speak my
thoughts,
For truth upbraids her with her
faults.
How wretched, Cloc then am I,
Who love you and yet cannot lie;
And still to make you less my friend,
I strive your errors to amend.

SONG 220.

THE sun was sunk beneath the
main,
Bought Cynthia silver'd all the plain,
Young Collin turn'd his team to rest,
And sought the lass he lik'd the
best.

As toward her cot he jogg'd along,
Her name was fragrant in his song;
But when his errand Dolly knew,
She vow'd she'd something else to
do. *She vow'd, &c.*

He swore he did esteem her more
Than any maid he'd seen before;
In tender sighs, protesting he
Wou'd constant as the Turtle be;
Talk'd much of death, shou'd she
refuse,
And us'd the arts that lovers use:
'Tis fine, say Doll, if its but true,
But now I've something else to do.
But now, &c.

Her pride then Colin thus address'd,
Forgive me Doll, I did but jest,
To her that's kind I'll constant
prove,
But think not I shall die for love.
Tho' first she did his courtship
scorn,
Now Doll began to court in turn:
Dear Collin I was jesting too,
Step in; I've nothing else to do.
Step in, &c.

SONG 221.

YE fair, from man's insidious
love
Your tender hearts defend,
Lest the mistaken bliss ye prove,
But sorrow in the end:
Thro' reason scan
Each artful man,
Nor trust your ear or eye,
Young maids beware,
Men fish ensnare
With artificial fly.
With looks as fair as summer show'rs,
Soft words, like honey sweet,
And tears that fall in gentle show'rs
Your pity they'll intreat;
Meer common arts
To catch your hearts,
Each foible to descry.
Young maids beware, &c.
The honest clown, that plows the
land,
In love is all a cheat,
And monarchs born to high com-
mand
Well know the dear deceit:
In love's sly tricks
And politics,
A promise is a lye.
Young maids beware, &c.
Were clods of earth all animate,
Each blade of grass a tongue,
'T'wou'd waste their moisture to
relate
The mischiefs men have done:
Then guard your hearts
From Cupid's darts,
And all the sex defy:
Young maids beware,
Men fish ensnare
With artificial fly.

SONG

SONG 222.

YOU say you love! repeat
again,
Repeat th' amazing sound,
Repeat the ease of all my pain,
The cure of ev'ry wound.
What you to thousands have deny'd
To me you freely give,
Whilt I in humble silence dy'd,
Your mercy bid me live.
Your mercy bid me live.
So on cold Patmos top each night,
Endymon sighing lay;
Gaz'd on the moon's transcendent
light,
Despair'd, and durst not pray.
But divine Cynthia saw his grief,
Th' effect of conqu'ring charms,
Unask'd, the Goddess brings relief.
And falls into his arms.

SONG 223.

TO this moment a rebel, I throw
down my arms,
Great love, at first sight of Olinda's
bright charms,
Made proud and secure by such
forces as these,
You may now play the tyrant as
soon as you please.
When innocence, beauty and wit
do conspire
To betray and engage, and enflame
my desire,
Why shou'd I decline what I can-
not avo'd,
And let pleasing hope by base fear
be destroy'd.
And let pleasing, &c.
Her innocence cannot contrive to
undo me,
Her beauty's inclin'd, or why should
it pursue me?
And wit has to pleasure been ever
a friend,
Then what room for despair, since
delight is love's end?
There can be no danger in sweetness
and youth,
Where love is secur'd by good-
nature and truth;
On her beauty I'll gaze, and of
pleasure complain,
While ev'ry kind look adds a link
to my chain.
'Tis more to maintain than it was
to surprize;
But her wit leads in triumph the
slave of her eyes:
I beheld, with the loss of my free-
dom, before,
But hearing, for ever must serve
and adore.
Too bright is my Goddess, her tem-
ple too weak;
Retire, divine image, I feel my
heart break:
Help love, I dissolve in a rapture
of charms,
At the thought of those joys I
should meet in her arms.

SONG 224.

Mercy! oh mercy! conqu'ring
maid!
See, trembling, where your captive's
laid;
His fate depends upon your breath,
One word pronounces life or death.
I strove to keep my liberty,
Fearing you wou'd my love de-
spise,
But how can I resist or fly,
Disarm'd and wounded by your
eye.
Disarm'd, &c.
The noble victors quarter give,
And let the slaves for pity live:
Thus, when you shall your conquest
grace,
Chain'd at your feet I beg my place:
Then you my diff'rent thoughts
shall know
From slaves in other triumphs
shewn:
Those wretches sad and blushing go,
I pleas'd and proud as on a throne.
I pleas'd, &c.

SONG 225.

STREPHON has fashion, wit
and youth,
With all things else to please;
He nothing wants but love and
truth,
To ruin hearts with ease:
But he is flint, and bears the art
To kindle soft desire;
His pow'r inflames another's heart,
Yet never feels the fire.
Yet never feels, &c.
Alas! it does my soul perplex,
When I his charms recall,
To think he should despise the sex,
Or, what's worse, love them all.
My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
In vain may seek for rest;
Finding no place to fix its love,
Returns into my breast.
Returns, &c.

SONG 226.

WHAT means that throb, said
I, my heart?
When fore'd from Mercy's banks
to part:
A brighter lass in town you'll find,
Than gentle Peggy left behind.
Go 'mid the circles of the fair;
Go, and forget your fondness there.
Chloe at once the prize will win
From Peggy's lowly shape and mien.
My flutt'ring heart reply'd, in vain
You hope the fair will cure my pain:
The painted face and gaudy gown
Will make me sad, and hate the
town.
When Peggy talk'd, or lightly
play'd,
How fast the summer suns decay'd.
Can Chloe's wit, or artful smile
The livelong day, like her beguile?

SONG 227.

FAIR Hebe I left, with a
cautious design,
To escape the joint power of beauty
and wine; *To escape, &c.*
But found myself burn, when I
came to depart,
With the wine in my head, and
with love in my heart. *With &c.*
I repair'd to my reason, intreated
its aid,
Who paus'd on my case, and each
circumstance weigh'd,
Then gravely pronounc'd, in return
to my prayer,
That Hebe was fairest of all that
was fair.
That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no
need to be taught,
I came for your counsel where to
find out a fault:
If that's all, quoth reason, return
as you came,
For to find fault with Hebe wou'd
forfeit my name.
What hopes then, alas! of relief
from my pain,
While she drives, like a tempest
thro' each throbbing vein;
Since my senses surpriz'd in her fa-
vour take arms,
And reason but serves me to point
out her charms.

SONG 228.

CUPID, the flyest rogue alive,
One day was plund'ring of a
hive;
But, as with too much eager haste
He strove the liquid sweets to taste,
A bee surpriz'd the heedless boy,
A bee surpriz'd, &c.
And rob'd him of th' expected joy.
And rob'd him, &c.
Soon as the urchin felt the smart
Of the envenom'd, angry dart,
He kick'd, he flung, he spurn'd the
ground;
He blow'd, and then he chaf'd the
wound:
He blow'd and chaf'd the wound in
vain, *He blow'd, &c.*
His madness but increas'd the pain.
His madness, &c.
Strait to his mother's lap he hies,
With swelling checks and blubber'd
eyes:
Cry'd she, what does my Cupid ail?
He sobb'd and told his mournful tale.
A little bird they call a bee,
With yellow wings, has murder'd
me, *With yellow, &c.*
And are you not, reply'd his mother,
For all the world, just such another?
Whene'er you aim a pois'nous dart
Against some poor, unguarded heart,
How little is the arrow found?
How little, &c.
And yet how deep his arrows wound?
And yet how deep, &c.

SONG

SONG 229.

WHEN daisies py'd and vio-
lets blue,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
Do paint the meadows with de-
light ;

The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings
he :

Cuckow ! Cuckow ! word of fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten
straws,

And merry larks are plowmens
clocks ;

When turtles tread, and rooks and
daws,

And maidens bleach their sum-
mer smocks ;

The cuckow then on ev'ry tree
Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings
he :

Cuckow ! Cuckow ! word of fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

SONG 230.

WHEN icicles hang on the wall,
And *Dick* the shepherd
blows his nails,

And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in
pails ;

When blood is nipt, and ways be
foul,

Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit, to whoo, a merry note,
While greasy *Joan* doth keel the
pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the par-
son's saw,

And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And *Marian's* nose looks red and
raw ;

Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
And nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,

While greasy *Joan* doth keel the
pot.

SONG 231.

HE.

HAKK ! hark ! o'er the plains,
How the merry bells ring,
Asleep while my charmer is laid:
The village is up, and the day's on
the wing,

And *Phyllis* may yet die a maid,
My poor girl ;

And *Phyllis* may yet die a maid.

SHE.

'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot
away ;

O *Damon*, I'm young and afraid :
To-morrow, my dear, I'll to church
without fear,

But let me to-night lie a maid,
My dear boy, &c.

HE.

The bridemaids are met, and mam-
ma's on the pet,

All, all, my coy *Phyllis* upbraid :
By midnight my dear shall be eas'd
of her fear,

Nor grieve she's no longer a
maid, My dear girl, &c.

SHE.

Dear shepherd forbear, and to-mor-
row, I swear,

To-morrow I'll not be afraid ;
I'll open the door, and deny you
no more,

Nor cry to live longer a maid,
My dear boy, &c.

HE.

No, no, *Phyllis*, no, on thy bosom
of snow

To night shall your shepherd be
laid ;

Fast lock'd in my arms, you shall
yield up your charms,
Nor wish to live longer a maid.

My dear girl, &c.

SHE.

Then open the door, 'twas unbolt-
ed before,

'Twas *Damon* his blifs that de-
lay'd :

To church let us go, and if there I
say no,

O then let me die an old maid,
My dear boy, &c.

DUETT and CHORUS.

Away then, away, and to love give
the day,

Ye nymphs, let example per-
suade ;

Let beauty be kind, when the
swain's in the mind,

'Tis foolish to die an old maid,
My dear girl ;

'Tis foolish to die an old maid.

SONG 232.

THE hounds are all out, and
the morning does peep ;

Why, how now, you sluggardly
sot !

How can you, how can you lie
snoring asleep,

While we all on horseback are got,
My brave boy ?

While we all on horseback are got.

I cannot get up, for the over-night's
So terribly lies in my head ; [cup

Besides, my wife cries, My dear do
not rise,

But cuddle me longer in bed,
My dear boy ;

But cuddle me longer in bed.

Come, on with your boots, and sad-
dle your mare.

Nor tire us with longer delay ;
The cry of the hounds, and the sight
of the hare,

Will chase all dull vapours away,
My brave boy ;

Will chase all dull vapours away.

SONG 233.

THERE lives a lass upon the
green,

Could I her picture draw,
A brighter nymph was never seen ;
She looks and lives a little Queen,
And keeps the swains in awe.

Her eyes are Cupid's darts and
wings,

Her eye-brows are his bow,
Her silken hair the silver strings,
Which swift and sure destruction
brings

To all the vile below.

If Pastorella's dawning light
Can warm and wound us too,
Her noon must shine so piercing
bright,

Each glancing beam will kill out-
right,

And ev'ry swain subduc.

SONG 234.

AWAKE, my love, with genial
ray,

The sun returning glads the day !
Awake ! the balmy Zephyr blows,
The hawthorn blooms, the daisy
glows ;

The trees regain their verdant pride,
The turtle woos his tender bride ;
To love each warbler tunes his song,
And fish in dimples glide along.

O more than blooming daisies fair !
More fragrant than the vernal air !
More gentle than the turtle-dove,
Or streams that murmur thro' the
grove !

Bethink thee all is on the wing,
Those pleasures wait on wasting
spring ;

Then come, the transient blifs en-
joy,

Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

SONG 235.

DESCEND each goddess, don't de-
lay,

Come see the little Cupids play,
And hover round the grove :

Hark how the sprightly warbling
train

Their notes extend, to entertain
The am'rous queen of love.

Let Jove command his godlike
choir,

Send down gay Mercury once more
T' advance the graceful air :

Let Zephyrus his gentle breeze
Send coolly whisp'ring thro' the
trees,

To fan the charming fair.

See how yon youthful nymphs and
swains

Surround the distand rural plains,
T' adorn the blooming spring :

Fair Flora's gaudy sparkling dress,
The hills and valleys too caress,

While Syrens fit and sing.

SONG 236.

HONEST lover, whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one thought to make thy flame
Not still even, still the same ;
Know this, thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love
anew.

If, when she first appears i'th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck
dumb,
And in striving this to cover,
Dost not speak thy words twice over;
Know this, &c.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take ;
Persuad'st thyself that jests are
broken,
When she has little or nothing
spoken. *Know this, &c.*

If thou appear'st to be within,
And dost not make men ask again ;
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was ask'd thee, properly ;
Know this, &c.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of
meat ;
And, with much gazing on her face,
Dost not rise hungry from the place ;
Know this, &c.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And, desiring to love true,
Dost not begin to love anew,
Know this, &c.

SONG 237.

LOVE and folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wise ;
They fell out, and in the fray
Folly put out Cupid's eyes.
Strait the criminal was try'd,
And had his punishment assign'd ;
Folly should to love be ty'd,
And condemn'd to lead the blind.
Then wisely let's venture ourselves
to deceive,
Since fate has decreed us to love and
believe ;
For all we can gain by our wisdom
and eyes,
Is to find ourselves cheated, and
wretched when wise.
For all we can, &c.

SONG 238.

AH! luckless Cupid, art thou
blind ?
Can'st not thy bow and arrows find ?
Thy mother sure the wanton plays,
And lays them up for holidays.
But, Cupid, mark how kind I'll be,
Because you once were so to me ;
I'll arm you with such powerful
darts,
Shall make you once more God of
hearts.

My Chloe's breast shall be thy
court,
Where little loves shall play and
sport ;
Her snowy arms shall be thy bow,
Which none but love can bend, you
know ;
And of the ringlets in her neck
You shall your trembling bowstrings
make ;
Then taking arrows from her eyes,
Whoe'er you shoot at surely dies.

SONG 239.

WHEN the bright God of day
Drove to westward his ray,
And the ev'ning was charming
and clear ;
The swallows amain
Nimblely skim o'er the plain,
And our shadows like giants ap-
pear ;
In a jessamin bow'r,
When the bean was in flow'r,
And Zephyrs breath'd odours a-
round ;
Lovely Sylvia was set,
With her song and spinnet,
To charm all the groves with her
sound.

Rosy bowers she sung,
While the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring
arrive ;
The industrious bees,
From the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with their sweets to
the hive.

The gay god of love,
As he rang'd o'er the grove,
By Zephyrs conducted along,
As she touch'd o'r the strings,
He beat time with his wings,
And echo repeated the song.
O ye rovers, beware
How you venture too near,
For love will you doubly wound ;
Your fate you can't shun,
But you're surely undone,
If you rashly approach near the
sound.

SONG 240.

A Wig that's full,
An empty skull,
A box of bergamot ;
A hat ne'er made
To fit the head,
No more than that to plot :
A hand that's white,
A ring that's right,
A sword-knot, patch and feather ;
A gracious smile,
And grounds and oil,
Do very well together.

A smatch of French,
But none of sense,
All-conq'ring airs and graces ;
A tune that thrills,
A leer that kills,

Stol'n flights and borrow'd phrases :
A chariot gilt
To wait on jilt,
An aukward pace and carriage ;
A foreign tour,
Domestic whore,
And mercenary marriage.

A limber ham,
With d-mye ma'm,
A smock-face, tho' a tann'd one ;
A peaceful sword,
Not one wise word,
But state and prate at random :
Duns, bastards, claps,
And am'rous scraps
Of Cælia and Amadis,
Toss up a Beau,
That grand ragou,
That hotch-potch for the ladies.

SONG 241.

AS Cloe came into the room
t'other day,
I peevish began ; Where so long
cou'd you stay ?
In your life-time you never regard-
ed your hour :
You promis'd at two, and (pray
look child) 'tis four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures
nor wheels :
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with
baubles and seals.
A temper so heedless no mortal can
bear—
Thus far I went on with a resolute
air.
Lord bless me ! said she ; let a
body but speak :
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n
into my neck :
It has hurt me, and vext me to such
a degree—
See here ; for you never believe
me ; pray see,
On the left side my breast what a
mark it has made.
So saying, her bosom she careless
display'd,
That seat of delight I with won-
der survey'd ;
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd
to have said.

SONG 242.

IN Charles the second's golden
days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-church-man I was,
And so I got preferment :
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings are by God appointed ;
And damn'd are those that do resist
Or touch the lord's anointed.
*And this is law I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.*
When royal James obtain'd the
crown,
And pop'ry grew in fashion,
The

The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration :
The church of Rome I found would
fit
Full well my constitution,
And I had been a Jesuit
But for the Revolution.
And this is, &c.

When William was our king declar'd
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd
And swore to him allegiance :
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance ;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our
queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory :
Occasional-conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation ;
And thought the church in danger
was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came
o'er
And mod'rate men look'd big, fir,
I turn'd a cat in pan once more,
And so became a whig, fir :
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender,
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover
And protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear
While they can keep possession ;
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall
be
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

SONG 243.

WHEN high hills and lofty
mountains,
And the vales were hid in snow,
By the murmuring of the fountains,
Where the silent waters flow,
There fair Flora sat complaining,
For the absence of her swain ;
Crying Jemmy, lovely Jemmy,
Shall we never meet again ?
Flora's beauty was surprizing,
Bright as Phœbus was her eyes,
And her cloathing highland plaidie,
Like the rainbow in the skies :
She each minute to the spinnet,
Did repeat the pleasing sound ;
Crying Jemmy, lovely Jemmy,
Shall we never meet again.
She who was so fair and charming,
Made the vocal hills resound ;

Gods in pity heard her ditty,
And, like mortals, her surround :
Cupid and the queen of beauty,
Promised to bring back the swain,
Crying Flora, beauteous creature,
Jemmy shall return again.

When the winter storms are over,
He shall then return to you ;
On the banks of pinks and lilies,
You your pleasure shall renew :
To the tabor lambs shall caper,
Larks and linnets sweetly sing ;
Crying Jemmy, lovely Jemmy,
Welcome home to me again.

SONG 244.

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

O friends ! your complaints give over,
Your kind concern forbear,
Should Cloe but discover
For me you've shed a tear,
Her eyes she'd arm with vengeance,
Your friendship soon subdue :
Too late you'd ask forgiveness,
And for her mercy sue.

Her charms such force discover,
Resistance is in vain ;
Spight of yourselves you'd love her,
And hug the galling chain :
Her wit the flame increases,
And rivets fast the dart ;
She has ten thousand graces,
And each could gain a heart.
But oh ! one more deserving
Has thaw'd her frozen breast ;
Her heart for him preserving,
She's cold to all the rest :
Their love with joy abounding,
The thought distracts my brain.
O cruel maid ! then swooning,
He fell upon the plain.

SONG 245.

I Sing not of battles that now are
to cease,
Nor carols my muse in the praise
of a peace ;
But to shew that she's oft in good
company seen,
She humbly begs leave to sing mon-
sieur Pantin.
She humbly begs, &c.

Examine all round, and at length
you will own,
His likenesses daily are met with
in town ;
Then let me my song undisturbed
begin,
And shew all his brothers to mon-
sieur Pantin. *And shew, &c.*

And first, pray observe that fine
thing made for shew,
That compound of powder and non-
sense, a beau :
So limber his joints, and so strange
in his mien,
That you cry as he walks, look
you, there's a Pantin,
That you cry, &c.

How oft have you heard that the
ladies love change,
And from one entertainment to t'
other will range ?
In this they are constant, what
diff'rence was seen,
When they lay down the Fribble
and took the Pantin ?
When they, &c.

Then all you fair lasses, who bloom
like the morn,
Who seek not your beauties by
art to adorn ;
When I see on your bosoms this
little machine,
I own I am jealous of happy Pantin.
I own, &c.

Ye youths who have parts, tho'
ye never wear lace,
No longer let foppings your merit
disgrace,
But attack the fair maid with a re-
solute mein,
Till she clasp her young lover and
burn her Pantin.
Till she clasp, &c.

SONG 246.

AS, full of romps and roguish
gibe,
The little loves were once at play,
Says one among the pretty tribe,
Hey, brothers, shall we fly to-day ?

Yes, fly, but where?—to Cloris'
charms
Agreed at once they wing ;
As when the bees in eager swarms
Drive to the prime of all the
spring.

Some here, some there, alighting
clung ;
Some clamber'd up her shining
hair ;
Some at her lips luxurious hung,
And swell'd the pouting purple
there.

Heav'ns ! how she look'd with loves
all bright !
Two shook their lamps on either
eye ;
And on her forehead's sunny height
Two held their bows suspended
high.

One miss'd her check, and down he
fell
Into a lovely vale below ;
A vale of sweets ! where who can
tell
What joys on joys for ever flow ?
Thence

Thence peeping out his rosy crest,
The happy elf was heard to cry,
You laugh; but who is station'd best
Say, brothers mine, or you, or I?

SONG 247.

THYRSIS.
NOW the snow-drop lifts her
head;
Cowslips rise from golden bed;
Silver lilies paint the grove:
Welcome May, and welcome love.

PHYLLIS.
Hark! the merry finches sing,
Heralds of the blooming spring;
And the artless turtle-dove
Cooes at once to May and love.

THYRSIS.
Long the clay-cold maid denies,
Nor regards her shepherd's sighs:
Now your fond petitions move,
May's the season form'd for love.

PHYLLIS.
While adown the slopy hill
Tinkles soft the gushing rill,
Balmy scents perfume the grove,
May unbends the soul to love.

DAPHNE.
Now the bee, on silv'ry wings,
Flow'ry spoils unweary'd brings;
Spoils that nymphs and swains ap-
prove,
Soft as May, and sweet as love.

And the swallow's chirping brood
Skims around the crystal flood:
Then in wanton circlets rove,
Playful as the god of love.

COLLIN.
On the fair that deck our isle,
May each grace and virtue smile!
And our happy shepherds prove
Days of ease, and nights of love.

SONG 248.

THRO' all the employments
of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother;
Where and rogue they call husband
and wife;
All professions be-rogue one
another:
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
And the statesman, because he's so
great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

SONG 249.

'TIS woman that seduces all
mankind,
By her we first were taught the
wheedling Arts;
Her very eyes can cheat; when
most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with
our hearts:
For her, like wolves, by night,
we roam for pray,
And practise ev'ry fraud, to bribe
her charms;

For suits of love, like law, are
won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into
our arms.

SONG 250.

IF any wench Venus' girdle wear,
Though she be never so ugly,
Lilies and roses will quickly appear,
And her face look wond'rous
smuggly:
Beneath the left ear, so fit but a
cord,
(A rope so charming a zone is!)
The youth in his cart has the air of
a lord;
And we cry—There dies an
Adonis!

SONG 251.

IF Love the virgin's heart invade
How, like a moth, the simple
maid
Still plays about the flame!
If soon she be not made a wife,
Her honour's sign'd, and then for
life,
She's—what I dare not name.

SONG 252.

A Maid is like the golden oar,
Which hath guineas intrin-
sical in't,
Whose worth is never known, be-
fore
It is try'd and imprest in the
mint.
A wife's like a guinea in gold,
Stamp'd with the name of a spouse;
Now here, now there; is bought
or is sold,
And is current in every house.

SONG 253.

VIRGINS are like the fair
flow'r in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the
ground;
Near it the bees, in play, flutter
and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic a-
round:
But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no
longer alluring,
To Covent-garden 'tis sent as yet
sweet;
There fades, and shrinks, and
grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is
trod under feet.

SONG 254.

OUR Polly is a sad slut,
And heeds not what is
taught her,
I wonder any man alive
Will ever rear a daughter!
For she must have both hoods and
gowns,
And hoops to swell her pride,

With scarfs and stays, and gloves
and lace,
And she'll have men beside:
And when she's drest with care and
cost,
All tempting, fine and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber,
She flings herself away.
Our Polly, &c.

SONG 255.

CAN love be controul'd by
advice?
Will Cupid our mother obey?
Tho' my heart were as frozen as
ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted
away,
When he kiss'd me, so closely he
prest,
'Twas so sweet, that I must have
comply'd;
So I thought it both safest and best,
To marry, for fear you should
chide.

SONG 256.

I, Like a ship, in storms was tost,
Yet afraid to put into land;
For seiz'd in the port the
vessel's lost,
Whose treasure is contrebanded:
The waves are laid, my duty's paid,
O joy beyond expression!
Thus, safe on shore, I ask no more,
My all is in my possession.

SONG 257.

A Fox may steal your hens, fir,
A whore your health and
pence, fir,
Your daughter rob your chest, fir,
Your wife may steal your rest, fir,
A thief your goods and plate.
But this is all but picking,
With rest, pence, chest and chicken:
It ever was decreed, fir,
If lawyer's hand is feed, fir,
If lawyer's hand is feed, fir,
He steals your whole estate.

SONG 258.

He. PRETTY Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover?
She. Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doating eyes,
My constant heart discover-
Fondly let me loll!
He. O pretty, pretty Poll.

SONG 259.

MY heart was so free,
It rov'd like the bee,
'Till Polly my passion requited;
I sipt at each flower,
I chang'd every hour,
But here ev'ry flow'r is united.

SONG 260.

He. **W**ERE I laid on Green.
land coast,

And in my arms embrac'd my
Warm amidst eternal frost, [lafs;
Too soon the half year's night
would pass.

She. Were I fold on Indian foil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd
I could mock the sultry toil

When on my charmer's breast
repos'd.

He. And I would love you all the
day,

She. Every night would kiss and
play,

He. If with me you'd fondly stray,
She. Over the hills and far away.

SONG 261.

O What pain it is to part!
Can I leave thee? can I
leave thee?

O what pain it is to part!

Can thy Polly ever leave thee?
But lest death my love should thwart,
And bring thee to the fatal cart
Thus I tear thee from my bleeding
heart!

Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

SONG 262.

He. **T**HE miser thus a shilling
sees,

Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye-

She. The boy, thus when his spar-
row's flown,

The bird in silence eyes:
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs and cries.

SONG 263.

WH Y knits my fair her angry
brow?

What rude offence alarms you now?
I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true;
But did I say she equal'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lours?
As if her merit lessen'd yours.

Survey the gardens, fields and
bow'rs,

The buds, the blossoms, and the
flow'rs;

Then tell me where the woodbine
grows,

That vies in sweetness with the rose?
Or where the lily's snowy white,
That throws such beauties on the
sight?

Yet folly is it to declare
That these are neither sweet nor
fair?

When Zephyrs o'er the blossoms
stray,

And sweets along the air convey,

Shan't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the
field,

Sweet is the smell the blossoms
yield;

Sweet is the summer gale that blows
And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the
rose.

SONG 264.

SIGH no more ladies, ladies sigh
no more,

Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea, and one on shore;

To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,

But let them go,
And be you blythe and merry,

Converting all your notes of woe
Into hey down derry,

Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The fronds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leafy:

Then sigh not so,
But let them go,

And be you blythe and merry,
Converting all your notes of woe

Into hey down derry.

SONG 265.

Would'st thou all the joys
receive,

That enraptur'd lovers give,
Take a heart from falsehood free,

Take a heart that doats on thee.
Nice suspicions, jealous train,

Still creates the virgin's pain,
Then each timid care remove,
You can smile and I can love.

You can smile, &c.

Blest with thee, profusely gay,
Time shall wing his smiling way,

Ever blooming joys encrease,
Tranquil liberty and peace:

Oh! let kindness rule thy breast,
Smile my panting heart to rest;

Sweetly smile, and thou shalt know
We can make an Heaven below.

We can make, &c.

SONG 266.

BOAST not, mistaken swain,
Thy art to please my partial
eyes:

The charms that have subdued my
heart

Another may despise.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright:

Perhaps by some fond whim betray'd
In oddness I delight.

Vain youth, to your confusion know
'Tis to my love's excess

You all your fancied beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows less.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
You shou'd preserve my fire,

Since you my swain no more will
When I no more admire. [shine,

By me indeed you are allow'd,
The wonder of your kind;

But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

SONG 267.

ADIEU Edina, friendly seat,
Ye native fields adieu;

Fair Lothian's lovely varied face,
I never shall review:

Tho' far remote, those calm retreats
My tenderest thoughts employ,

Where sweetly smil'd my infant days
Of innocence and joy.

Now lost to me those verdant
meads,

Refresh'd with mazy rills:
Those plains with groves and villa's

crown'd,
And brown-brow'd lofty hills:

The lonely vale, the silver stream
That first attun'd my lyre,

Their vernal beauties never more
Shall raise my artless fire.

Where oft the pensive muse explor'd
The music of the wood;

Or on the flowery brink enjoy'd
The murmurs of the flood:

No more to me those peaceful scenes
Shall their delights renew,

Adieu Edina, friendly seat,
Ye native fields adieu.

SONG 268.

WAFT me, O waft me
heav'nly pow'rs,

To some green grott or mossy cell,
In glimm'ring glades and cypress

bowers,
Let me for ever dwell.

Haste Cælia, fairest of the fair,
To make me more completely

blest.

Ye woods your choicest sweets pre-
pare

To grace so sweet, so fair a guest.

Ye Zephyrs, gently fan the skies,
Breathing divine perfumes around,

Under her feet ye flowrets rise,
And spring eternal deck the

ground,
Haste, haste my fair, to shady

bowers;

Here ever, ever let us stay;
Here spend in bliss the golden

hours,
Here drink of love, without allay.

Soon as the morn, on purple wing
Lights up the golden lamp of day,

To thee the sylvan choir shall sing,
And tow'ring larks shrill an-

thems pay:
Soon as bright stars their light shall

show'r
With living fire to gild the night,
Sweet Philomel in myrtle bow'r

Shall charm thy soul to soft de-
light.

SONG

SONG 269.

WHEN Orpheus sweetly did complain,
On warbling lyre, with mournful strain,
How his Euridice was slain,
The murm'ring brook
Its course forfook,
And list'ning glided o'er the plain.
And list'ning, &c.

A note so soft, a lyre so shrill,
And, trembling, touch'd with so much skill,
Mov'd ev'ry mountain ev'ry hill :
The alpine tree,
As well as he,
Began to play, and learn to thrill.
The savage bestial all arond,
By nature fierce and desp'rate found,
Were sooth'd to softness by the sound ;
And as he play'd,
They after stray'd,
Subservient trod th' enchanted ground.

If in the sounds of music dwell
Such pow'ful charms, and magic spell
As drew Euridice from hell :
Restore, my song,
Belinda gone,
And right the sounds of music tell.

SONG 270.

CÆLIA.

TOO partial Damon are thy lays,
In Chloe's and Amelia's praise ;
See ! am not I as young ?
Am I less soft, less gay, less fair ?
Have I not lips and eyes and hair ?
Then Damon, O the truth declare,
Why have not I been sung ?

DAMON.

The nymph you hate, the nymph you scorn,
With rival wreaths my brows adorn,
'Tis this awakes my lyre :
They tend my lambkins and rejoice
To see me move, to hear my voice ;
Like theirs were lovely Cælia's choice :
Her presence would inspire.

CÆLIA.

Suppose each morning I should time
A garland for no brows but thine,
Shall I be then supreme ?
If I sit by thee ev'ry day,
To hear thee sing, to see thee play,
Then say, O Damon, prithee say,
Shall Cælia be thy theme.

DAMON.

Amelia then, tho' heav'nly bright,
Nor Cloe, fair as rising light,
With Cælia shall contend :
I'll praise thy wit, thy shape, thy mien,
Thy charms shall speak thee beauty's queen,

In thee Diana shall be seen
And every nymph shall bend.

DUETT.

Haste then ye hours to bring the day,
When swains shall envy Damon's charms,
When nymphs shall envy Cælia's charms
And slowly pine away :
Then shall we both alternate praise :
I Damon's voice, address and air,
I Cælia's lips and eyes and hair,
And joy shall crown our days.

SONG 271.

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

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

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

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

SONG 272.

Remember, dear Chloe, I told you awhile,
For once I would write in poetical stile ;
In poetical stile, to teach you the way,
To make our lives easy by night and by day.

Grave Tully and Pliny have aptly express'd,
What they to their paramours often address'd ;
Let me then with Chloe my thoughts now unfold,
Extracted from lovers and sages of old,

If ease be a pleasure, if pleasure be peace,
We may our own ease and our pleasure increase :
First fathom thy love then, and search into mine,
And if they are equal, then let us conjoin.

If one be uneasy, let t'other contrive
To drive away chagrin, and keep love alive ;
Constrain not each other, for liberty's free,
And if I love a glass, you know there is tea.

But let not excess though, in either appear,
For what stains a moment, may tinge the whole year :
Then more than sufficient is certainly wrong ;
And, save this precaution, a fig for my song.

SONG 273.

THOU' Baucis and I are both ancient and poor,
We never yet drove the distress'd from our door ;
But still of our little a little can spare
To those who, like us, life's infirmities bear.

Come, come, my good friends, let us go in together,
A cup of good liquor will keep out the weather :
Our hearts they are great, tho' our means are but small ;
You're heartily welcome, and that's best of all.

You're welcome at our humble board to partake
Of a jug of good ale, and a good barley-cake ;
A good roaring fire as high as your nose,
And a cleanly warm bed your old limbs to repose.

We know no ambition, we have no estate,
No porter to worry the poor from our gate :
We earn what we spend, and we pay as we go ;
It were not amiss if the rich would do so.

SONG 274.

APOLLO, once finding fair Daphne alone,
Discover'd his love in a passionate tone :
He told her, and bound it with many a curse,
He was ready to take her for better for worse ;
Then talk'd of the smart,
And the hole in his heart,
So large one might drive thro' the passage a cart :

But the silly coy maid, to the God's
great amazement,
Sprung away from his arms, and
leap'd thro' the casement.

He following cry'd out, my life
and my dear,
Return to your lover, and lay by
your fear;

You think me, perhaps, some scoun-
drel or whore-son;
Alas! I've no wicked design on
your person:
I'm a God by my trade,
Young, plump and well-made;
Then let me care for thee, and be
not afraid.

But still she kept running, and flew
like the wind,
While the poor-purisy God came
panting behind.

I'm the chief of physicians, and
none of the college
Must be mention'd with me for ex-
perience and knowledge;
Each herb, flow'r and plant by its
name I can call,
And do more than the best seventh
son of them all:

With my powder and pills
I cure all the ills
That sweep off such numbers each
week in the bills.

But still she kept running, and flew
like the wind,
While the poor-purisy God came
panting behind.

Besides, I'm a poet, child, into the
bargain,
And top all the writers of fam'd
Cov'ent-Garden:

I'm the prop of the stage, and the
pattern of wit;
I set my own sonnets, and sing to
my kit:

I'm at Will's all the day,
And each night at the play,
And verses I make as fast as hops,
as they say.

When she heard him talk thus, she
redoubled her speed,
And flew, like a whore from a
constable freed.

Now had our wise lover (but lovers
are blind)
In the language of Lombard-street
told her his mind;

Look, lady, what here is, 'tis plenti-
ty of money;
Gods-bobs! I must swinge thee, my
joy and my honey:

I sit next the chair,
And shall shortly be mayor;
Neither Clayton nor Doncomb with
me can compare:

'Tho' as wrinkled as Priam, as de-
form'd as the devil,
The God had succeeded, the nymph
had been civil.

SONG 275.

HE.

NO more shall buds on branches
spring,
Nor vi'lets paint the grove,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing
If I forget my love.

SHE.

The sun shall cease to spread its
light,
The stars their orbits leave,
And fair creation sink in night,
When I my dear deceive.

SONG 276.

TO mortals so sweet was pow'r,
The bane of all worldly
strife,
Like husband and wife each hour
They snarl'd and tugg'd thro'
life:

But now from Wales to Wapping,
As settled by one and all,
Like cobblers each stands a strapping,
Yet rules within his stall.

Your commons are kick'd by your
giant,

Your colonel he kicks his corps;
Your patron he kicks his client,
Your soldier he kicks his whore:

The whore again kicks her cully,
Court-waiters are kick'd at call;
And all will be kick'd—yet bully,
While interest kicks the ball.

SONG 277.

BELIEVE me Cloc, and attend,
(My tale may make you more
my friend:)

Last night, when sleep had set me
free

From every other care but thee,
Methought at morning's dawn you
came,

Your dress, your air the very same;
Surpriz'd, I had not what to say,
But words at last thus found their
way.

What means this visit, lovely guest?
Say, am I happy, or unblest?

An hour of joy I ne'er can find,
While you're relentless and unkind;
Where-e'er the injur'd Strephon
flies,

Your much-lov'd image meets my
eyes;

You haunt the grove and crystal
stream,

My thought by day, by night my
dream.

Long time my faithful vows I made,
No kisses since those vows repaid;
And yet I fondly held my chain,
With scarce a smile to sooth my
pain.

Just as you look severe or gay,
I hope or languish all the day;
But fix a period to my care,
And take the soft complying air.

I come, the gen'rous fair reply'd,
To crown with love the truth I've
try'd:

I scorn'd your vows, and seem'd
unkind,

For false men and vows are wind;
Yet dare believe a shepherd true,
Who loves, who promises like you:
My heart shall now your pains re-
pay,

And hymen bind the knot to-day.

SONG 278.

THE lass that would know how
to manage a man,
Let her listen and learn it from
me,

His courage to quell, or his heart
to trepan,
As the time and occasion agree.

The girl that has beauty, tho' small
be her wit,
May wheedle the clown or the
beau,

The rake may repel, or may draw
in the cit,

By the use of the pretty word *no*.

When powder'd toupees all around
are in chat,

Each striving his passion to show,
With kifs me, and love me, my
dear, and all that,

Let her answer to all be, *O, no*.

When a dose is contriv'd to lay
virtue asleep,

A present, a treat, or a ball,
She still must refuse, if her empire
she'd keep,

And *no* be her answer to all,
But when Mr. Dapperwit offers his
hand,

Her partner in wedlock to go,
With a horse, and a coach, and a
jointure in land,

She's an idiot if then she says *no*.

But if she's attack'd by a youth full
of charms,

Whose courtship proclaims him a
man,

When press'd to his bosom, and
clasp'd in his arms,

Then let her say *no* if she can.

SONG 279.

YOung I am, and yet unskill'd,
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep and how to gain;
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true;

E'er I can my soul disguise,
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray:

He that has me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love and full of truth,

Brisk, and of a janty mien,
I should long to be fifteen.

SONG

SONG 280.

SHALL girls, whose only claim
to worth
Lies in their faces, or their birth,
By fordid bards be prais'd ?
Shall sense and wit neglected live,
While few to virtue honour give,
However great or rais'd ?

Sad emblem of degen'rate days,
When poets outward beauty praise,
And court an empty face !
Can virtue's charms no muse inspire ?
In virtue's cause will none take fire ?
Oh blind mistaken race !

Ah, could the bard with Flaccus
write,
Or soar in Maro's lofty flight,
Or boast a Naso's pen ;
He'd lash with Juvinal the age,
Satire should swell in ev'ry page,
Against deluded men.

What, though she boasts a beauti-
ous face,
And flaunts, superb, in silk and lace :
Is worth convey'd by cloaths ?
What, though she shines at balls
and plays,
And gayly spends her flying days,
Admir'd by belles and beaux ?

What, I would ask, are crowns and
kings ?
What pomp and titles?—fleeing
things !
That mock th' aspiring mind :
Princes, alas ! to dust return,
The rich, the great must fill the urn,
And leave their state behind !

Believe me, ladies, for 'tis true,
Not all the di'monds of Peru,
One grain of worth can add ;
Not all the gold the Indies bear,
Not all the gems that glitter there,
Can beautify the bad.

'Tis innate virtue merits praise,
'Tis that alone deserve the lays,
And all a poet's art :
We spurn the bards, who meanly
sing
Of charms, which splendid fortunes
bring,
But ne'er regard the heart.

Despise, ye fair, the empty girls,
Whose beauty lies in flowing curls,
Who shine in borrow'd charms :
She, alone's the happy maid,
Whose real beauties never fade,
Whose bosom virtue warms.

SONG 281.

WE all to conquering beauty
bow,
Its pleasing power admire ;
But I ne'er knew a face till now,
That cou'd like yours inspire :
Now I may say I met with one,
Amazes all mankind ;
And, like men gazing on the sun,
With too much light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving sighs,
When longing lovers meet ;
Like the divining prophets, wise ;
Like new-blown roses, sweet ;
Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
Each happy night a bride ;
A mein like awful majesty,
And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to win a wife,
Chaste, beautiful and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long :
So ! were you to reward such care,
And life so long would stay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
Would seem but as one day.

SONG 282.

AT dead of night, when cares
give place
In others breasts, to soft repose,
My throbbing heart finds no recess,
Since love and Chloris are my foes.

At morn, when Phœbus from the east
Dispels the gloomy shades of
night,
The grief that racks my tortur'd
breast

Redoubles at th' approach of light.
At noon, when most intense he
shines,
My sorrows more intense are
grown ;

At ev'ning, when the sun declines,
They set not with the setting
sun.

To my relief then hasten death,
And ease me of my restless woes ;
With pleasure I'll resign my breath,
Since love and Chloris are my
foes.

SONG 283.

HOW giddy is youth ! yet a-
bove all advice ;
You counsel, and counsel in vain :
I've try'd what is wedlock, and like
it so well

That I'll ne'er be marry'd again.
The spouse that I pitch'd on was
comely and young,
And sweet as the flow'rs of the
plain :

She was wise, they tell me ; per-
haps it might be ;
But I'll never be marry'd again.

I saw the poor creature laid deep in
the grave ;
My tears they came pouring like
rain :

But as sun-shine, you know, will
foul weather succeed,
I quickly recover'd again.

And the castles of fairies, it seems
to the sight ;
And fancy indulges the rein :
But alas ! when you try it, 'tis all
a mere bite,
And the same dull tale over again.

SONG 284.

WHAT tho' they call me
country lads,
I read it plainly in my glass,
That for a dutchefs I might pass,
Oh could I see the day !
Would fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring, at ball,
I'd brave the proudest of them all,
With a stand by !—clear the
way !

Surrounded by a crowd of beaux,
With smart toupées, and powder'd
cloaths,
At rivals I'd turn up my nose ;
Oh could I see the day !
I'd dart such glances from these
eyes,

Shall make some nobleman my
prize,
And then, oh how I'd tyrannize !
With a stand by !—clear the way !

O then for grandeur and delight,
For equipage, and diamonds bright,
And flambeaux, that outshine the
light ;

Oh could I see the day !
Thus ever easy, ever gay,
Quadrille shall wear the night a-
way,
And pleasure crown the growing
day ;

With a stand by !—clear the way !

SONG 285.

THE smiling morn, the breath-
ing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
And while they warble from the
spray,

Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, *Amanda*, timely wife,
Like them, improve the hour that
flies ;

And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade :
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more ;
And when they droop, and we de-
cay,

Adieu the birks of *Invermay*.

The lavrocks now and lintwhite
sing,

The rocks around with echoes ring ;
The mavis and the black-bird vye,
In tuneful strains to glad the day ;
The woods now wear their summer
suits ;

To mirth all nature now invites :
Let us be blythsome then and gay
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks a-
bound ;

The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams ;
The

The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then sing and
play
About the birks of *Invermay*.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the
beams,
And fishes play throughout the
streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him
dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

SONG 286.

O Grant me kind *Bacchus*,
The God of the vine,
Not a pipe nor a tun,
But an ocean of wine,
With a ship that's well mann'd
With such rare-hearted fellows,
Who ne'er left the tavern
For a porterly ale house.

Let the ship spring a leak,
To let in the tippel,
Without pump or long-boat,
To save ship or people:
So that each jolly lad
May always be bound,
Or to drink, or to drink,
Or to drink, or be drown'd.

When death does prevail,
It is my design
To be nobly intomb'd
In a wave of good wine:
So that living or dead,
Both body and spirit,
May float round the world
In an ocean of claret.

SONG 287.

DAMON.

TO Chloe's wit, and bloom,
and youth,
I vow'd and swore eternal truth;
In flow'ry meads to toy and sport,
I thought the summer's day too
short;
I thought the summer's, &c.
But since the nymph resign'd her
charms,
Her beauties whither in my arms,
And Chloe gentle, kind, and fair,
Is just as other women are,
Is just as other women are.

CHLOE.

When Damon gentle was and true,
I vow'd, as other maidens do;
While humble at my feet he lay,
Too swiftly pass'd the summer's day,
Too swiftly, &c.
But since I fondly said I will,
My rickle swain has lov'd his fill,
And Damon once my pride and care,
Is just as other shepherds are,
Is just, &c.

DAMON.

Upon the music of her tongue,
All day with sweet delight I hung,
Again I cry'd, again that strain,
And kiss'd her lips, and kiss'd again,
And kiss'd, &c.
But now her voice so harsh is grown,
The raven croaks a sweeter tone;
I stop my ears, and join the throng,
Where *Phyllis* sings a sweeter song,
Where *Phyllis*, &c.

CHLOE.

When Damon met me on the plain,
I wish'd, and gaz'd, and wish'd
again;
Each moment seem'd a tedious day,
If gentle Damon was away,
If gentle, &c.
But, wiser now, no more I burn,
Or languish for my swain's return,
But hasten to the conscious vale,
Where *Thyrsis* tells a sweeter tale,
Where *Thyrsis*, &c.

BOTH.

No longer then let each upbraid
The roving youth, or faithless maid;
The swain that wanders like the bee,
Should find the nymph as false as he.
Should, find, &c.
The flame neglected faintly burns;
The fickle god demands returns;
'Tis mutual love that warms desire,
And fans and feeds the constant fire.
And fans, &c.

SONG 288.

SINCE drinking has power to
bring us relief,
Come fill up the bowl, and the fox
on all grief:
If we find that won't do, we'll have
such another,
And so we'll proceed from one bowl
to another;
Till, like sons of *Apollo*, we'll make
our wit soar,
Or in homage to *Bacchus* fall down
on the floor.

Apollo and *Bacchus* were both merry
souls,
Each of them delighted to toss off
their bowls;
Then let us to shew ourselves mor-
tals of merit,
Be toasting these gods in a bowl of
good claret,
And then we shall each be deserv-
ing of praise:
But the man that drinks most shall
go off with the bays.

SONG 289.

KINDLY, kindly, thus my
treasure,
Ever love, ever charm;
Let the passion know no measure,
Yet no jealous fear alarm;
Why shou'd we, our bliss beguiling,
By dull doubting fall at odds?
Meet my soft embraces smiling,
We'll be happy as the Gods.

SONG 290.

TO sooth my heart, the queen
of love
Gave thee the mildness of the dove;
With tender looks of soft distress,
To rob me of my quietness.
Apollo likewise did conspire
To lend thee both his heart and
lyre;
And thus compell'd by joint decree,
I ever must love only thee.

SONG 291.

AS soon as the chaos was turn'd
into form,
And the first race of men knew a
good from a harm,
They quickly did join
In a knowledge divine,
That the world's chiefest blessings
were women and wine;
Since when by example improving
delights,
Wine governs our days, and beauty
our nights.
Love on then and drink,
'Tis a folly to think
On a mystery out of our reaches;
Be moral in thought,
To be merry's no fault,
Tho' an elder the contrary preaches:
For never, my friends,
Never, never, my friends,
Never, never, my friends, was an
age of more vice,
Than when knaves would seem pi-
ous, and fools would seem wise.

SONG 292.

OF all the things beneath the
sun,
To love's the greatest curse:
If one's deny'd, then he's undone;
If not, 'tis ten times worse.
Poor Adam by his wife, 'tis known,
Was trick'd some years ago;
But Adam was not trick'd alone,
For all his sons were so.
Lovers the strangest fools are made,
When they their nymphs pursue;
Which they will ne'er believe 'till
wed,
But then, alas! 'tis true.
They beg, they pray, and they
adore,
'Till wearied out of life:
And pray, what's all this trouble for?
Why, truly, for a wife!
How odd a thing's a whining sot,
Who sighs, in greatest need,
For that which, soon as ever got,
Does make him sigh indeed!
Each maid's an angel while she's
woo'd,
But when the wooing's done,
The wife, instead of flesh and blood,
Proves nothing but a bone.
Ills more or less in human life
No mortal man can shun;

But

But when a man has got a wife,
He's as got them all in one.
The liver of Prometheus
A gnawing vulture fed:
A fable!—but the thing was thus,
The poor old man was wed.

A wife, all men of learning know,
Was Tantalus's curse;
The apples which did tempt him so,
Were nought but a divorce.
Let no fool dream that to his share
A better wife will fall;
They're all the same, faith, to a
hair,
For they are women all.

When first the senseless empty
nokes
With wooing does begin,
Far better he might beg the stocks
That they would let him in.
Yet for a lover you may say,
He wears no cheating phiz;
Tho' others looks do oft betray,
He looks like what he is.

More joys a glass of wine does give,
(Wife take him that gainsays)
Than all the wenches sprung from
Eve
E'er gave in all their days.
But come—to lovers here's a glass;
God wot, they need no curse:
Each wishes he may wed his lass,
No foul can wish him worse.

SONG 293.

STREPHON.

HAVE you not seen the mor-
ning sun
Peep over yonder hill?
Then you have seen my Chloe's
charms
At best but painted ill.

COLLIN.

Have you not seen a butterfly,
With colours bright and gay?
Then have you seen a thing less
fine
Than Molly cloath'd in grey.

STREPHON.

The rose, you'll say, of all the
field
Can boast the loveliest hue;
But to compare with Chloe's cheeks
It wants the lily too.
As I sat by her on the plain,
And talk'd the hours away,
She breath'd so sweet, I thought
myself
In fields of new-mow'd hay.

COLLIN.

Not the sweet fragrance breath'd
from cows
With Molly can compare;
And when she sings, the list'ning
swains
Stand silent round to hear.
She said, as she was walking once
Along the shady grove,
There's none but Collin Molly loves,
And will for ever love.

STREPHON.

Believe not, friend, a woman's word,
Or you are much to blame;
For t'other night, behind the elms,
She swore to me the same.

COLLIN.

Yet I'll believe your Chloe's word,
As on my breast she laid;
This Strephon is so dull a clown,
He'll think me still a maid.

SONG 294.

THY fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, love!
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift thro' all my vital frame.
For, while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transports 'whelm
my soul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in
vain
In soothing numbers to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

SONG 295.

OH! how could I venture to
love one like thee,
Or thou not despise a poor conquest
like me?
On Lords thy admirers could'st look
with disdain,
And tho' I was nothing, yet pity
my pain!

You said, while they teaz'd you
with nonsense and drefs,
When real the passion, the vanity's
less;
You saw thro' that silence which
others despise,
And, while beaux were talking,
read love in my eyes.

Oh! when shall I fold you, and kiss
all your charms,
'Till, fainting with pleasure, I die
in your arms;
Thro' all the wild raptures of ec-
stasy tost,
'Till, sinking together, together
we're lost?

Oh! where is the maid that like thee
ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit can enliven the dull
pause of joy;
And when the short transports are
all at an end,
From beautiful mistress, turn sensi-
ble friend?

In vain could I praise you, or strive
to reveal,
Too nice for expression, what only
we feel;

In all that you do, in each look
and each mien,
The Graces in waiting adorn you
unseen.

When I see you, I love you, but
hearing adore;
I wonder, and think you a woman
no more;
'Till, mad with admiring, I can-
not contain,
And, kissing those lips, you grow
woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can
I despair?
I'll gaze on thy beauty, and look
away care;
I'll ask thy advice when with trou-
ble oppress'd,
Which never displeases, but always
is best.

In all that I write, I'll thy judg-
ment require;
Thy taste shall correct what thy
love did inspire;
I'll kiss thee, and press thee, 'till
youth is all o'er,
And then live on friendship, when
passion's no more.

SONG 296.

WHY will Florella, when I
gaze,
My ravish'd eyes reprove;
And chide them from the only face
They can behold with love?

To shun your scorn, and ease my
care,
I seek a nymph more kind;
And while I rove from fair to fair,
Still gentle usage find.

But oh! how faint is ev'ry joy,
Where nature has no part;
Now beauties may my eyes employ
But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet pity ev'ry where,
Yet languish for their native home,
Tho' death attends them there.

SONG 297.

AT the silent ev'ning hour,
Two fond lovers in a bow'r
Sought, sought their mutual bliss;
Tho' her heart was just relenting,
Tho' her eyes seem'd just consent-
ing,

Yet, yet she fear'd to kiss.

Since this secret shade, he cry'd,
Will those rosy blushes hide,
Why, why will you resist?
When no tell-tale spy is near us,
Eye nor sees, nor ear can hear us,
Who, who would not be kiss'd?

Cælia, hearing what he said,
Gently lifted up her head,
Her breast soft wishes fill;
If, faith she, no spy is near us,
Eye nor sees, nor ear can hear us,
Kiss, kiss me, if you will.

SONG

SONG 298.

YE sacred nine, inspire my soul,
Auspicious, hear my tale,
Whilst I in verse the charms rehearse
Of Nanny of the vale.

The azure flowers that blow in May,
At sight of her look pale,
They fade and pine, their charms resign
To Nanny of the vale.

Let rakes, despising virtuous love,
At wedlock's fetters rail,
They'd soon forget the town co-
quet
For Nanny of the vale.

A garland I composed, whose scents
Impregn the western gale,
With myrtle gay, and chearful bay
For Nanny of the vale.

Grant me, kind heaven, with her to
live,
Who can my mind regale,
Each place to me would chearful be
With Nanny of the vale.

SONG 299.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
And banishes despair :
If yet my dearest Damon lives,
Make him, ye Gods, your care.
If yet, &c.

Dispel those gloomy shades of night,
My tender grief remove ;
O send some chearing ray of light,
And guide me to my love.
And guide me, &c.

Thus in a secret friendly shade,
The pensive Cælia mourn'd,
While courteous echo lent her aid,
And sigh for sigh return'd.
And sigh, &c.

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

SONG 300.

HAIL to the myrtle shade,
All hail to the nymphs of
the field,

Kings wou'd not here invade,
The pleasures that virtue yield.
Beauty here opens her arms,
To soften the languishing mind,
And Phillis unlocks her charms ;
Ah ! Phillis, ah ! why so kind ?
Ah ! Phillis, &c.

Beauty here opens her arms, &c.
Phillis, tho' soul of love,
'Tho' joy of the neighbouring
swains,

And Phillis that crowns the groves,
And Phillis that gilds the plains,
Phillis, that ne'er had the skill
To patch, to paint and be fine,
Yet Phillis whose eyes can kill,
Whom nature hath made divine.

Phillis, whose charming song
Makes labour and pain a delight,
Phillis, that makes the day young,
And shortens the liv'd long night ;
Phillis, whose lips like May,
Still laughs at the sweets they
bring,
Where love never knows decay,
But sits with eternal spring.

SONG 301.

COLLIN.

DEAR Phillis, sweet girl, be
now kind to my pain,
Nor suffer me longer to court you
in vain,
And I'll love you sincerely for
ever.

Phillis. Ah Collin, my heart was
about to comply,
But what my hope wishes my fears
will deny.
I can never be yours.

Collin. What never ?

Phillis. No never, I can never
be yours.

Collin. What never ?

Phillis. No never, I can never
be yours.

Collin. Fye, Phillis, how can you
still trifle with love ?

Away with your fears, and my
passion approve,
When I tell you I'll love you for
ever.

Phillis. Fye, Collin ! how can you
still tease me in vain,
When I told you before, and I tell
you again,
I can never be yours.

Collin. What never, &c.

Collin. Then adieu to all joy, my
heart sure will break,
If my Phillis denies what I fondly
did seek,

I can never be happy, no never.
Phillis. Then away with my
doubts, I will fondly believe,
That Collin his Phillis will never
deceive ;

Collin. For ever.

Phillis. You never, sure never
will leave me.

Collin. No never,

Both. No never will leave you,
no never.

SONG 302.

HOW sweet are the flowers,
how lov'ly the spring,
How gaudy the pride of the
grave,

How wanton the air is, the birds
how they sing,
And chirrup, and chirrup soft
measures of love.
And chirrup, &c.

Yet not of themselves the gay
beauties can please,
We only can taste when the heart
is at ease.

We only, &c.

The flowers wou'd wither, the
spring have an end,
The pride of the grove wou'd
decay ;

The air wou'd be noxious, the birds
but offend,
If my parent, my king were
away ;
If my parent, &c.

For not of themselves the vain
pageants can please,
We only can taste, when the heart
is at ease.

We only can, &c.

SONG 303.

LEAVE your Parnassus sacred
nine,

May I with you prevail,
Leave your Parnassus, &c.

In harmony to chant with me
Dear Sally of the dale.
Dear Sally, &c.

Her lovely form and pleasing mien,
Her matchless charms unveil ;
Her lovely form, &c.

Majestic grace adorns the face,
Of Sally of the dale.
Of Sally, &c.

Next view her gently rising breast,
Which does new sweets exhale ;
Next view, &c.

Each courts the blifs to gain a kiss
From Sally of the dale.
From Sally, &c.

By reason's force and energy
She can mankind assail ;
By reason's force, &c.

True eloquence attracts the sense
In Sally of the dale.
In Sally, &c.

She reigns the mirror of her age,
Whose power ne'er will fail ;
She reigns, &c.

None can express the happiness
Of Sally of the dale.
Of Sally, &c.

SONG 304.

TO make me feel a virgin's
charms,

Whose forces had defy'd,
Gay Poll came tempting to my arms ;
What man could have deny'd.

I kiss'd her lips, and straightway
found

Such sweetness there in store,
That tho' I had receiv'd one wound
I wish'd for twenty more.
That tho', &c.

My new-born flame now stronger
grew,

I thought to cool my rage ;
But oh ! the fair avenger flew,
Nor wou'd my pain assuage ;

Then boast not, man, thou stut'ring
fool,

Boast not of thy own will ;
For know, when woman thinks to
rule,

Her charms have pow'r to kill.

SONG

SONG 305.

SMILE, smile Britannia, smile,
Thy genius comes again,
To guard thy fruitful isle
And thunder o'er the main;
Thy gallant sons disdain the ease,
Now crown thee mistress of the
seas,
Now crown, &c.

While dauntless they advance,
And bid the canons roar,
They'll scourge the pride of France,
And shake th' imperial shore,
Deriding trumpets o'er the waves,
With courage never known to slaves.
With courage, &c.

The deck all stain'd with blood,
The bullets wing'd with fate,
The wide and restless flood,
Cannot the rage abate.
In Anson and in Warren wake
The souls of Ruffel and of Blake.
The souls, &c.

Britons pursue the blow,
Like sons of freedom fight;
Convince the haughty foe,
That you'll maintain your right;
Defiance bid to France and Spain,
Assert your empire o'er the Main.
Assert your empire, &c.

SONG 306.

OH! what had I ado for to
marry?
My wife she drinks naithing but
sack and canary;
I to her friends complain'd right
early,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly
and fairly.
O gin my wife wad, &c.

First she drunk crummie, and syne
she drunk garie,
Now she has druken my bonny gray
marie,
That carried me ay thro' the dub
and the larie,
O gin my wife, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain things, I
wad na much care,
She drinks my claihs I canna well
spare;
To th' kirk and the market Ise
gang fa barely,
O gin my wife, &c.

If there is ony filler, she maun keep
the purse,
If I seek but a baubie, she'll scald
and she'll curse,
She gangs like a queen, I scrimpet
and sparely;
O gin my wife, &c.

I never was given to wrangling nor
strife,
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts
of life;
E'er it come to a war I am ay for
a parley;
O gin my wife, &c.

A pint wi' the cummers I wad her
allow,
But when she sits down, she fills
herfell fow,
And when she is fow she's unko
camsterie,
O gin my wife, &c.

She rins not to the casy, she raves
and she rants,
Has na dread of neighbours, nor
minds the house wants,
Roars some foolish lilt, tike up thy
heart Charlie,
O gin my wife, &c.

And when she comes home she lays
on the lads,
She cas the lassies baith limmers and
jads,
And I my ain fel a poor auld
cuckold early;
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and
fairly.

SONG 307.

WHILST you, too lovely
Arabel,
From Cupid's charms are free,
The pangs I feel no tongue can tell,
Unless he sighs for thee.
But what avail the lovers sigh,
Or what the plaintive tear,
Since all like me must gaze and dye,
Or languish in despair?

So from afar the tim'rous hare,
The hunter's toil decrees,
She tries to escape the fatal snare,
Yet falls a sacrifice.
Then cease, fond heart, no more
complain,
No more my sorrows tell,
Unless when over-charg'd with pain
You sigh forth Arabel.

SONG 308.

MY foger laddie is over the
sea,
And he will bring gold and money
to me, *And he will, &c.*
And when he comes home he'll make
me a lady;
My blessing gang with my foger
laddie. *My blessing, &c.*

My lovely laddie is handsome and
brave,
And can as a foger and love behave,
And can, &c.
He's true to his country, to love
he is steady;
There's few to compare to my foger
laddie. *There's few, &c.*

Shield him, ye angels, from death
in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my
longing arms,
Return him, &c.
Since from all my care you'll plea-
santly free me,
When back to my wishes my foger
ye gi'e me.
When back, &c.

Oh! soon may his honours bloom
fair on his brow,
As quickly they must, if he gets
his due, *As quickly, &c.*
For in noble actions his courage is
ready;
Which makes me delight in my
foger laddie.
Which makes, &c.

SONG 309.

YE thirsty souls, who love to
drink,
And turn the bottle round,
Who never have any time to think
When bumpers can be found;
In strong conjunction let's agree,
Now Bacchus leads the van,
To blend each glass with harmony,
And thus compleat our span.
And thus compleat, &c.

Since wine's the very source and
spring
Of all our joys on earth;
It makes the whole creation ring
With gaiety and mirth:
Since then the bottle has the pow'r
To fix us nobly great,
Let us enjoy it ev'ry hour,
And leave the rest to fate.
And leave, &c.

SONG 310.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my
delight and my pride,
I always have boasted, and seek
not to hide;
I dwell on her praises where ever I
go,
They say I'm in love, but I answer
no, no.
They say, &c.

At evening oft times with what
pleasure I see
A note from her hand, I'll be with
you at tea;
My heart how it bounds when I
hear her below;
But say not its love, for I answer,
no, no.
But say not, &c.

She sings me a song, and I echo
its strain;
Again, I cry, Jenny, sweet Jenny
again;
I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I
could grow;
But say not its love, for I answer,
no, no.
But say not, &c.

She tells me her faults as she sits
on my knee;
I chide her, and swear she's an
angel to me;
My shoulder she taps, and still bids
me think so:
Who knows but she loves, tho' she
answers no, no.
Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit and good humour how I,
Shou'd prudence advise, and compel me to fly:
Thy bounty, O fortune make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her or still I'll say no.
And let me, &c.

SONG 311.

YOUNG Dorilis, artless swain,
And Daphne, pride of western plain,
Their flocks together drove;
Gay youth sat blooming on his face,
She no less shone in ev'ry grace,
Yet neither thought of love,
Yet neither, &c.

With equal joy each morn they meet,
At mid-day seek the same retreat,
And shelter in one grove;
At ev'ning haunt the self-same walk,
Together innocently talk,
But not a word of love.
But not a word, &c.

Hence mutual friendship firmly grew,
Till heart to heart spontaneous flew
Like bill to bill of dove:
Both feel the flame which both conceal;
Both wish the other wou'd reveal;
Yet neither speaks of love.

She hung with rapture o'er his sense,
He doated on her innocence;
Thus each did each approve:
Each vow'd—whilst each the vow observ'd,
The maid was true, the swain ne'er swerv'd;
Then ev'ry word was love.
Then ev'ry word, &c.

SONG 312.

WHILE misers all night still are watching their stores,
And at day sternly drive the distress from their doors,
While courtiers each other subvert in the state,
And obstinate churchmen new maxims create,
Chorus. We are frugally gen'rous,
nor each other wrong,
But enjoy us at night, then conclude with a song.
But enjoy, &c.

Let Sharpers attempt by false arts to ensnare,
Till at length they receive their long merited fare;
Let spend-thrifts consume, till too late they repent
The loss of their riches so lavishly spent,
Chorus. While with honest industry we live the day long,
And enjoy us at night, then conclude with a song.
And enjoy, &c.

Tho' Drunkards in claret such virtue profess,
They'd find it more sov'rain were they to drink less;
Tho' rakes say in women is center'd our bliss,
They've reason sometimes to regret a close kiss:

Chorus. Such diff'rent extremes then to us don't belong,
And yet women and wine are the life of our song.
And yet, &c.

Yet toppers and rakes, wou'd ye lead happy lives,
Be mod'rate in drinking, and chuse modest wives;
Let churchmen with churchmen, and courtiers be friends;
For on friendship all earthly enjoyment depends;

Chorus. And when ye're united thus lasting and strong,
Like us you'll be jovial and end with a song.
Like us, &c.

SONG 313.

THO' Polly's and tho' Peggy's charms,
Each youthful poet's bosom warms,
None gives the heart such fierce alarm

As lovely Jenny Weston:
No violet, jessamin or rose,
Or spicy gale that Afric blows,
Does half such fragrant sweets disclose,

As waft round Jenny Weston.
Let other swains to court reprim,
And view each glitt'ring beauty there;
Tis art alone makes them so fair,
But nature Jenny Weston.
What paint with her complexion vies,
What jewels sparkle like her eyes,
What hills of snow so white as rise
The breasts of Jenny Weston.

Give others titles, honours, power,
The riches of Potosis shore;
I ask not baubles; I implore
The heart of Jenny Weston.
Possess of that, of that alone,
On India's monarch I'd look down,
A cot my pittance, and my throne
The lap of Jenny Weston.

SONG 314.

AS Chloe sat shelter'd, and breath'd the cool air,
While music awaken'd the grove,
Young Damon approach'd and address'd the coy fair
In all the soft language of love.
But she was so cruel, his suit she deny'd,
And laugh'd as he told her his pain,
And while the poor shepherd sat wooing, she cry'd,
I will die a maid my dear swain.

Oh! what, says the swain, must thy beauty so gay,
Perplex us at once and invite;
Embrace ev'ry rapture, lest time make a prey,
Of that which was meant for delight:

When Age has crept round, and thy charms wrinkled o'er,
Then all will my Chloe disdain;
But still all her answer was tease me no more,
I will die a maid—my dear swain.

Young Damon protested no other he'd prize,
His flame was so strong and sincere,
Then watch'd the emotions that play'd in her eyes,
And banish'd his torture and fear;

My joys shall be secret, enraptur'd he cry'd,
Ah! Chloe be gentle and good;
The fair one grew softer, and sighing reply'd,
I'd fain die a maid—if I cou'd.

SONG 315.

TELL me, my lovely, charming fair,
Why thus you slight my constant flame;
Tell me why thus I must despair,
And ease, oh! ease your anxious swain.

Lost in a maze of sweet delight
I wander o'er thy beauteous charms;
Yet still thy beauteous mind more bright
Inspires my soul with fresh alarms.

Why then my Cælia this disdain
To one who loves beyond compare
You rather pity to the swain
Should give, than add to his despair.

Try to be kind, and in return
Reward with love your faithful swain,
And in a mutual passion burn
That so we ever blest remain.

SONG 316.

HAPPY is a country life,
Blest with content, good health and ease,
Free from factious noise and strife,
We only plot ourselves to please:
Peace of mind, the days delight,
And love our welcome dream at night.

Hail green fields and shady woods,
Hail springs and streams that still run pure;
Nature's uncorrupted goods,
Where virtue only is secure,
Free from vice, here free from care,
Age is no pain, and youth no snare.

SONG 317.

THE beau with his delicate
womanish face,
Whose merit all lays in a feather
and lace,
The proud, the immoral, the coward,
the vain,
May sue for my love, but will meet
with disdain.
The dunce I detest, and whose wit
is severe;
I sicken whenever a sycophant's
near;
The brute that's ill-manner'd disorders
one much,
And I'd die an old maid e'er I'd
couple with such.

But he in whom sense and politeness
are join'd,
Whose study has been to embellish
his mind,
Whose pleasures ne'er injure his
health nor his purse,
Is fit to be taken for better for
worse;
Whose wit has no gall, and whose
tongue no deceit,
Whose nature is noble, his conduct
discreet,
Ne'er knew any fear but to hurt or
offend,
If he questions my heart he will
find it his friend.

SONG 318.

WHEN Chloe first young
Collin saw,
Approach with modest, distant awe
In habit neat and plain;
The simple maid, too fond of beaux,
Of idle pomp and glitt'ring shews,
Despis'd the honest swain:
Wrapt up in pleasures of the town,
She look'd on Colin as a clown,
And still the burden of her song
Was court me not, I'm yet too
young.
And still, &c.

But he, well-vers'd in female art,
Soon div'd into the fair-one's heart,
Thro' all her little pride:
And is it thus you disapprove
My faithful flame, my ardent love,
The gen'rous youth reply'd;
Can tinsel charms your heart trapan,
A fop's the shadow of a man.
Yet still the burden of her song
Was court me not, I'm yet too
young.
Yet still, &c.

My dear, said he, as you are fair
Be wise, and shun the gilded snare
Of fopp'ry and grimace:
Where health and honesty of soul,
Diffuse their vigour thro' the whole,
How vain are gems and lace?
These words alarm'd the curious
maid,
Who straight the blooming youth
survey'd;

Then faintly, with a fault'ring
tongue,
Cry'd, court me not, I'm yet too
young.
Then faintly, &c.

With manly pride, adown his neck
His raven locks their ringlets break;
Health glitter'd in his eyes;
While youth and vigour both conspire
To kindle love, enflame desire,
And bid soft wishes rise,
The nymph receiv'd an ardent kiss,
As earnest of her future bliss;
Then chang'd the burden of her
song
To court me now, I'm not too
young.
Then chang'd, &c.

SONG 319.

AMINTA, pride of all the plain
Adorn'd with every grace
and art,
Whose awful form and look serene
Cou'd melt the most obdurate
heart.
Each youth to win the fair one
strove,
With all that beauty cou'd inspire;
Yet sighs nor vows cou'd pity move,
Nor aught indulge their fond desire.

Thus liv'd unmov'd the haughty
maid,
'Till Strephon urg'd his am'rous
suit;
He danc'd, he sweetly sang, and
play'd
A thousand tunes upon his flute;
He prais'd her wit, her shape and
air,
And softly number'd all her
charms;
Nor cou'd she long resist the snare,
But sunk into her Strephon's
arms.

SONG 320.

SO brightly sweet fair Nanny's
eyes,
Their rising beams display,
That like the sons of Indiawe,
E'en dread the coming day.
For if her morning rays
With such unusual vigour stream,
How will the wond'ring world with-
stand
Her full meridian beam?
If now she innocently kill,
With an unaiming dart,
Who shall resist her, when with
skill
She levels at the heart:
Since, with each smile, the pretty
nymph
Now captivates the sense;
What, when her beauty's at the
height,
Will be it's influence?

SONG 321.

WHY shine those charming
eyes so bright,
And flatter us with joy,
If all their fierce malignant light
Serve only to destroy?
Damon, in an angel's dress,
May with false rays surprize;
Yet mischiefs still the fiend confess
In spite of the disguise.
But beauties of celestial kind,
The heavenly nature share;
And when they wound the eye and
mind,
And still as kind as fair:
With pleasure then I would adore,
And bless the wounds you gave,
A willing victim to your power,
That would not hurt, but save.

SONG 322.

DAPHNE, on her arm reclin'd,
Thus express'd her angry
mind;
See the couples how they run,
Pressing all to be undone:
Listen, now in endless strife,
Forth they issue man and wife.
Seas unruffled often flow;
Are there calms in marriage?—No.
Visionary scene and vain;
Fancied joy, but real pain:
'Tis to fight a goodly flow'r,
But it changes in an hour.
Dian, take me to thy shade;
I with thee will dwell a maid:
Deaf to courtier, wit or beau,
When they sue I'll thunder no.
Thus the fair in anger spoke
'Gainst poor Hymen's rugged yoke,
Cupid, in the form of youth,
Swore he'd prove the virgin's truth;
Ev'ry human art he try'd,
Knelt and vow'd and wept & sigh'd;
Must I say, expire in woe?
Daphne sigh'd, and whisper'd, no.

SONG 323.

CELIA, too late you wou'd
repent;
The offering all your store
Is now but like a pardon sent,
To one that's dead before.
While at the first you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliss too late,
You hindred me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.
I thought you innocent and fair,
When first my court I made;
But when your falshoods plain appear
My love no longer stay'd.
Your bounty of these favours shown,
Whose worth you first deface,
Is melting valu'd medals down,
And giving us the brass.
O! since the thing we beg's a toy,
That's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy,
Before the love is gone.

SONG 324.

FAirest isle, all isles excell'g,
Seat of pleasure and of love,
Venus here will chuse her dwelling,
And forsake the Cyprian Grove.
Cupid from his fav'rite nation,
Care and envy will remove :
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair, that dies for love.
Gentle murmurs, soft complaining,
Sighs, that blow the fire of love ;
Soft repulses, kind disdaining
Shall be all the pains you prove ;
Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove,
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for love.

SONG 325.

DEAR unrelenting cruel fair,
How cou'd you first my heart
ensnare,
Then leave that heart to break ?
Then leave, &c.
How cou'd you first obtain a prize
By those dear, sweet, deluding eyes,
And then that prize forsake ?
And then, &c.
Like the close, everlasting flame,
My heart is doom'd to burn the
same ;
Whilst you the heart inspire :
You, like the vestal, void of sleep,
Within eternal vigils keep,
And feed the fainting fire.
Dear, cruel nymph those flames
suppress,
O love me more, or plague me less ;
Too much you know I've bore :
For shame throw off that haughty
air,
And shew the soft complying fair,
Or let me love no more.

SONG 326.

AS Celia near a fountain lay,
Her eyelids clos'd with sleep ;
The shepherd Damon chanc'd that
way
To drive his flock of sheep.
To arrive, &c.
With awful step h' approach'd the
fair,
To view her charming face,
Where ev'ry feature wore an air,
And ev'ry part a grace.
And ev'ry part, &c.
His heart inflam'd with amorous pain
He wish'd the nymph would wake,
Tho' ne'er before was any swain
So unpar'd to speak.
So unpar'd, &c.
Whilst slumbering thus fair Celia
lay,
Soft sighs fill'd her mind,
She wish'd some Thyrsis come away,
For now I will be kind.
For now, &c.

Damon embrac'd the lucky hit,
And flew into her arms,
He took her in the yielding fit,
And rised all her charms.
And rised, &c.

SONG 327.

GIN e're Ise in love it sal be wi
a lass
As sweet as the morn dew, that
ligs on the grass ;
Her cheek mun be ruddy, her
eyen mun be bright,
Like stars in the skie on a cauld
frosty night.
Oh ! cou'd I ken sic a lassie as this,
I'd freely gang to her,
Carefs her and woo her,
At once take up heart, and sollicit
a kifs.

My daddie wad ha me to marry wi
bell,
But wha wad ha one that he can-
no' like well ;
For tho' she has mickle she's bleary
and awld,
Fu' sawcy uncoo, and a terrible
scawld :
Oh ! gin Ise had sic a vixen as this,
I'd whap her and strap her,
So bang her and slap her,
The devil for me might sollicit a
kifs.

Young Moggie wad fain lug me
into the chain ;
She spies frisky at me, and blinks
it in vain ;
She trows that I'll ha her, Ise na
sic a foo,
'Cause Willie did for her a long
while ago,
Oh ! gin Ise had sic a wanton as
this,
She horn me and scorn me,
And hugely adorn me,
And e'er she'd kifs me, gi another
a kifs.

But find me a lassie wha's youthful
and gay,
As blith as a starling, as pleasant
as May ;
Wha's free fra w aw wrangling and
jangling and strife,
I'll take her and make her me ain
thing for life :
O gin I had sic a blessing as this
I'd kifs her and pres her,
Preserve and carefs her,
And think my sel greater than Jove
is in blifs.

SONG 328.

FOR many a year,
'Twixt hope and despair,
Young Damon a maiden had woo'd,
She knew by his sighs,
His heart was her prize,
Yet nothing cou'd move the coy
Prude :
At length wearied out,
In passion devout,

I'll leave her, I'll leave her he cry'd,
And when 'tis too late
She'll curse her sad fate,
And mourn the effects of her pride.
And when, &c.

Now free was his heart,
But Cupid a dart
Let fly from his ne'er-failing bow,
And gay Coquetill
Cou'd force him at will,
To his wonted amusement, heigh ho.
She heard him complain,
Then laugh'd at his pain,
And bad him his passion forget ;
He vow'd and he swore,
He'd love evermore,
Yet nothing cou'd move the coquet.
He vow'd, &c.

Again disengag'd,
At fortune enrag'd,
Farewel, he exclaim'd to a wife ;
The man that has try'd,
And twice been deny'd,
Must hate the whole sex for his life.
Then think O ye fair,
Who strive to ensnare,
Ere time your bright beauty invades,
Be gentle and kind
When the youth's in the mind,
Or faith ye may all die old maids.
Be gentle, &c.

SONG 329.

BRISK wine makes us gay,
and beauty leads on,
'Tis beauty, 'tis beauty leads on.
And with pleasure, with pleasure
shall crown.
'Tis the sparkling Champain shall
heighten our joy,
And the raptures of Phillis, that
never can cloy.
In mirth and delight we'll frolic
and play,
And jovial and jovial we'll drink all
the day ;
With Bacchus and Cupid we'll fro-
lie and play,
With cheeks red as roses, or flow-
ers in May.
'Tis sparkling Champaign, &c.
Ye sons of dull care, 'tis women
and wine,
Those blessings of nature, and Jove's
design ;
To man they were given to soothe
the dull mind ;
Then drink and be chearful, give
grief to the wind.
'Tis sparkling Champaign, &c.

SONG 330.

PURE as the new-fallen snow
appears
The spotless virgin's fame,
Unfally'd white her bosom bears
As fair her form and fame ;
But when she's soil'd, her lustre greets
The admiring eye no more,
She sinks to mud, defiles the streets,
And swells the common shore.

SONG 331.

I Am a poor maiden forsaken,
Yet I bear a contented mind :
I am a poor maiden forsaken,
Yet I'll find another more kind :
For altho' I be forsaken,
Yet this I would have you to
know,
I ne'er was so ill provided,
But I'd two 'r three strings to my
bow.

I own'd that once I lov'd him,
But his scorn I could never en-
dure ;

Nor yet to that height of perfection,
For his flights to love him the
more.

I own he was very engaging,
Yet this I would have you to
know,

I ne'er was so ill provided,
But I'd two 'r three strings to
my bow.

Ye maidens who hear of my ditty,
And are unto loving inclin'd ;
Mens minds they are subject to
changing,

And wav'ring like the wind :
Each object creates a new fancy,
Then this I would have you to do ;
Be easy and free, and take pattern
by me,

And keep two 'r three strings to
your bow.

SONG 332.

I F Virtue's in vogue, and if ho-
nesty thrives,
Then all our true Britons will get
themselves wives ;

So they'll die glorious deaths, as
they liv'd sober lives,
*Oh the dear dames of old England !
And oh the old English dear dames !*

Our damsels created love's soft war
to wage,

With charms and accomplishments
challenge the age ;

And he's a rank coward that dares
not engage.

Oh the dear dames, &c.

A bachelor lives in fair nature's
despight,

He cumberes the earth without use
or delight,

And cheats dame posterity out of
her right.

Oh the dear dames, &c.

But those who are married wife na-
ture obey,

And comfort each other by night
and by day,

While round them their little ones
prattle and play.

Oh the dear dames, &c.

Then come lads and lasses of ev'ry
degree,

Observe and attend to dame Mid-
night's decree ;

All wed and make work for the
parson and me.

Oh the dear dames, &c.

SONG 333.

SWEET day so cool, so calm,
so bright,

The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-
night,

For thou, with all thy sweets,
must die.

For thou, with all thy sweets,
must die.

Sweet rose, so fragrant and so brave,
Dazzling the rash beholder's eye ;

Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, with all thy sweets,
must die.

Sweet spring, so beauteous and so
gay,

Store-house, where sweets unnum-
ber'd lie ;

Not long thy fading glories stay,
For thou, with all thy sweets,
must die.

Sweet love alone, sweet wedded love,
To thee no period is assign'd ;

Thy tender joys by time improve,
In death itself the most refin'd.

SONG 334.

DAMON ask'd me but once,
and I faintly deny'd,

Intending to snap him the next time
he try'd ;

But alas ! he's determin'd to ask me
no more,

And now makes his court to the
fam'd *Leonore*.

Yet why shou'd I grieve ? for I am
well assur'd,

Had he lov'd me, he ne'er wou'd
have ta'en the first word ;

Tho' he fawns and he cringes, I'll
venture to say,

That man is a fool that will take
the first nay.

Had his love been sincere, and he
really in pain,

He then wou'd have ask'd me again
and again ;

But adieu ! let him go, for I never
will vex ;

A swain that's in earnest allows for
our sex.

SONG 335.

A S late by *Thames*'s verdant side,
With solitary, pensive air,

Fair *Chloe* search'd the silver tide,
With pleasing hope and patient
care ;

Forth as she cast the silken fly,
And musing stroll'd the bank a-
long,

She thought no list'ning ear was
nigh,

While thus she tun'd her moral
song.

The poor, unhappy, thoughtless fair,
Like the mute race, are oft un-
done ;

These with a gilded fly we snare,
With gilded flattery those are
won.

Careless like them they frolick
round,

And sportive to'st' alluring bait ;
At length they feel the treach'rous
wound,

And struggle to be free, too late.

But ah ! fair fools, beneath this
shew

Of gaudy colours lurks a hook ;
Cautious the bearded mischief view,

And ere you leap, be sure to look.
More she'd have sung—when from
the shade

Rush'd forth gay *Damon*, brisk
and young ;

And, whatso'er he did or said,
Poor *Chloe* quite forgot her song.

SONG 336.

A S *Chloe* on flowers reelin'd o'er
the stream,

She sigh'd to the breeze, and made
Collin her theme ;

Tho' pleasant the stream, and tho'
cooling the breeze,

And the flowers tho' fragrant, she
panted for ease,

And the flowers, &c.

The stream it was fickle and hasted
away,

It kiss'd the sweet banks, but no
longer would stay ;

Tho' beauteous inconsistent, and faith-
less tho' fair ;

Ah ! Collin, look in, and behold
thyself there,

Ah ! Collin, look in, &c.

The breeze that so sweet on her
bosom did play,

Now rose to a tempest, and dark-
en'd the day ;

As soft as the breeze, and as food
as the wind,

Such Collin when angry, and Collin
when kind,

Such Collin when, &c.

The flowers, when gather'd so beau-
teous and sweet,

Now fade on her bosom, and die at
her feet ;

As fair in their bloom, and as foul
in decay,

Such Collin when present, and Collin
away,

Such Collin when, &c.

In rage and despair from the ground
she arose,

And from her the flowers so faded
she throws ;

She weeps in the stream, and she
sighs to the wind,

And resolves to drive Collin quite
out of her mind,
And resolves, &c.

But what her resolves when her
Collin appear'd ?
The stream it stood still, and no
tempest was heard ;
The flowers recover'd their beauti-
ful hue,
She found he was kind, and believ'd
he was true.
She found, &c.

SONG 337.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark
midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Marg'ret's pale-ey'd ghost
And stood at William's feet.
Her face was like the April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud ;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.
So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown ;
Such is the robe that kings must
wear,
When death has rest their crown.
Her bloom was like the springing
flow'r,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.
But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime ;
The rose grew pale, and left her
cheek ;
She dy'd before her time.
Awake, she cry'd, thy true love
calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.
This is the mirk and fearful hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
Now dreary graves give up their
dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.
Bethink thee, William of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath ;
And gave me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.
How cou'd you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How cou'd you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?
How cou'd you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear mine eyes were
bright,
And leave those eyes to weep ?
How cou'd you say my lips were
sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flatter'ing tale ?
That face, alas ! no more is fair,
These lips no longer red ;
Dark are mine eyes, now clos'd in
death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding-sheet I wear ;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till the last morn appear.

But hark ! the cock has warn'd me
hence,
A long and last adieu !
Come see, false man, how low she
lies,
That dy'd for love of you.

Now birds did sing, and morning
smile,
And shew her glitt'ring head ;
Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
Then raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place,
Where Marg'ret's body lay ;
And stretch'd him on the green
grass-turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's
name,
And thrice he wept full sore ;
Then laid his cheek to the cold
earth,
And word spake never more.

SONG 338.

RI N G, ring the bar bell of
the world,
Great Bacchus calls for wine ;
Haste, pierce the globe, its juices
drain,
To whet him e'er he dine.

Have you not heard the bottle cluck,
When first you've poured forth ?
The globe shall cluck, as soon as
tapp'd,
To brood such sons of worth.

When this world's out, more worlds
we'll have,
Who dare oppose the call ?
If he had twice ten thousand worlds,
E'er night we'd drink them all.

See ! see ! our drawer Atlas comes,
His eask upon his back ;
Haste ! drink and swill, let's booze
amain,
Till all our girdles crack.

Apollo cry'd, let's drink amain,
Lest time should go astray ;
We'll make time drunk, the rest
reply'd,
We Gods can make a day.

Brave Hereulus, who took the hint,
Required time to drink,
And made him gorge such potions
down,
That time forgot to think.

Unthinking time thus overcome,
And nonpluss'd in the vast,
Dissolv'd in the æthereal world,
Sigh'd languish'd, groan'd his last.

Now Time's no more, let's drink
away ;
Hang flinching, make no words :
Like true-born bacchanalian souls,
We'll get as drunk as lords.

SONG 339.

OF all the trades from east to
west,
The cobbler's, past contending,
Is like in time to prove the best,
Which every day is mending.
How great his praise who can a-
mend
The soals of all his neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his end,
But to his last he labours.

SONG 340.

LET matters of state,
Disquiet the great,
The cobbler has nought to perplex
him ;
H'as nought but his wife
To ruffle his life,
And her he can strap, if she vex him.

He's out of the pow'r
Of fortune, that whore,
Since low as can be, she has thrust
him ;
From duns he's secure ;
For being so poor,
There's none to be found that will
trust him.

SONG 341.

COME hither, come hither ye
languishing swains,
Here's a balm that will cure and
relieve all your pains :
To the fountain of pleasure in rap-
tures resort ;
'Tis the summons of humour to
Comus's court ;
'Tis the summons, &c.
'Tis Comus invites, then the sum-
mons obey,
Awhile leave your cares, and to
pleasures away,
'Tis Comus invites, &c.

Here Phœbus shall sing, and old
Monius shall laugh,
And his bottle of nectar brave Bac-
chus shall quaff :

When Time, honest time, for a
while shall be still,
And sit down, like a soul, 'till he
ripples his fill.

Nor care nor mistrust shall intrude
on our joys,
For it's Comus invites—then away
any brave boys.

Should losses or crosses perplex ye,
besure

Ply the glass briskly round, for
misfortunes a cure :

Asculapius of old had recourse to the
bowl,

And the doctor you know was a
special good soul ;

While health, rosy health fills the
bumpers around ;

For without 'em he swears there's
no bliss to be found.

Then

Then away, ye brave fellows, to
Comus's shrine,
Where friendship and humour incessantly join;
Where freedom and mirth with the
bottle unite
To beguile all our care, and with
rapture delight:
Then hark to the call, and no longer
delay,
For 'tis Comus invites—to his temple
away.

SONG 342.

YE virgin pow'rs, defend my
heart
From am'rous looks and smiles,
From saucy love, or nicer art,
Which most our sex beguiles:

From sighs and vows, and awful
fears,
That do to pity move;
From speaking silence, and from
tears,
Those springs that water love.

But if through passion I grow blind,
Let honour be my guide;
And when frail nature seems inclin'd,
There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whose flames are seen,
tho' pure,
Needs ev'ry virtue's aid;
And she, who thinks herself secure,
The soonest is betray'd.

SONG 343.

KIND God of sleep, since it
must be
That we resign some hours to thee,
Invade me not whilst the full bowl
Glow in my cheeks, and warms
my soul:

Then only I thy aid implore,
When I can laugh and drink no more.
Short, very short be then thy reign,
I haste to laugh and drink again.

But oh! if, melting in my arms,
The nymph adorn'd with all her
charms,
In some soft dream shou'd me sur-
prize,

And grant what waking she denies;
Then, gentle slumber, prithee stay,
And slowly, slowly bring the day:
If fancy can such bliss bestow,
Who wou'd not be deluded so?

SONG 344.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring
heart,

Let Damon urge his claim,
He feels the passion void of art,
The pure and constant flame.

The sighing swains their anguish
tell,

Their sensual love contemn;
They only prize the beautiful shell,
But slight the inward gem.

SONG 345.

A Cuckold it is thought a most
reproachful name;

Tho' wives commit the fault, yet
husbands bear the blame:

'Tis natural for women such little
slips to make,

And if it were not common, how
many heads would ach?

I'll give my wife her humour, if
she'll but give me mine,

And if I hear false rumour, I never
will repine:

If she a cuckold make me, I'll pay
her in her kind,

And may the devil take me, if e'er
I lag behind.

SONG 346.

GOOD mother, if you please
you may

Place others to observe my way;
Or be yourself the watchful spy,

And keep me ever in your eye.
And keep me ever in your eye.

Unless the will itself restrain,
The care of others is in vain;

And if myself I do not keep,
Instead of watching you may
sleep.

When you forbid what love inspires,
Forbidding you but fan its fires;

Restraint does appetite enrage,
And youth may prove too strong
for age.

Then leave me unconfin'd and free,
With prudence for my lock and
key;

For if myself I do not keep,
Instead of watching all may sleep.

SONG 347.

LOVE never more shall give me
pain,

My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,

My Peggy if thou die.
Thy beauties did such pleasure give,

Thy love's so true to me,
Without thee I shall never live,

My Peggy, if thou die.

If fate should tear thee from my
breast,

How lonely shall I stray!
In dreary dreams the night I'll
waste,

In sighs the silent day:
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see;

Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggy after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage;

But thine, which can such sweets
impart,
Must all the world engage.

'Twas these that, like the morning
sun,
Gave joy and life to me;

And when it's destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous
love,

And in such pleasure share;
You, who it's faithful flames ap-
prove,

With pity view the fair:
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me;

Oh, never rob them from these arms!
I'm lost if Peggy die.

SONG 348.

JOCKY fou, Jenny fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain,

She was counthy, he was kind,
And thus the wooer tell'd his mind.

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,
Gi'e me love at any price;

I winna prig for red or whyt,
Love alane can gi'e delyt.

Others seek they kenna what,
In looks, in carriage, and a' that;

Give me love for her I court:
Love in love makes a' the sport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
Common motives lang finfyne,

Never can engage my love,
Until my fancy first approve.

It is na meat, but appetite
That makes our eating a delyt:

Beauty is at best deceit;
Fancy only kens nae cheat.

SONG 349.

ADIEU the streams that
smoothly flow,

Ye vernal airs that softly blow,
Ye plains by blooming spring ar-
ray'd;

Ye birds that warble thro' the glade,
Ye birds, &c.

Unhurt from you my soul could fly,
Nor drop one tear, nor heave one
sigh;

But, from Celia's smiles to part,
All joy deserts me drooping heart.

All joy, &c.

O fairer than the rosy morn,
When flow'rs the dewy fields adorn,

Unfully'd as the genial ray,
That warms the gentle breeze of
May, *That warms, &c.*

Thy charms divinely sweet appear,
And add new splendor to the year;

Improve the day with fresh delight,
And gild with joy the dreary night.

And gild, &c.

SONG 350.

SEE, see my Scraphina comes,
Adorn'd with every grace;

Look, Gods from your celestial dome
And view her charming face.

Then search, and see if you can find,
In all your sacred groves,

A nymph or goddess so divine
As she whom Strephon loves.

SONG 351.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me;
And Celia, &c.
And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me.
And yet, &c.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel:
For there, &c.

'Tis not her shape, for there the
fates
Have rather been uncivil.
'Tis not, &c.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than com-
mon,
There's nothing, &c.

And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman.
And all her sense, &c.

Her voice, her touch, might give
th' alarm,

'Tis both perhaps, or neither;
'Tis both, &c.

In short, 'tis that bewitching charm
Of Celia all together.
In short, &c.

SONG 352.

THE man that is drunk is void
of all care,
He needs neither Parthian quiver
nor spear:

The Moor's poison'd dart he scorns
for to wield;
His bottle alone is his weapon and
shield.

Undaunted he goes among bullies
and whores,
Demolishes windows, and breaks
open doors;
He revels all night, is afraid of no
evil,
And boldly defies both proctor and
devil.

As late I rode out, with my skin
full of wine,
Encumbered neither with care nor
with coin,
I boldly confronted a horrible den,
Alighted, as soon as he saw me,
he run.

No monster could put you to half so
much fear,
Should he in Apulia's forest appear;
In Africa's desert there never was
seen

A monster so hated by Gods and by
men.

Come, place me, ye Deities, under
the line,
Where grows not a tree nor a plant,
but the vine;
O'er hot burning sands I'll swelter
and sweat,
Barefooted, with nothing to keep
off the heat.

Or place me where sunshine is ne'er
to be found,
Where the earth is with winter e-
ternally bound;
Even there I would nought but my
bottle require,
My bottle should warm me, and
fill me with fire.

My tutor may job me, and lay me
down rules;
Who minds them but dull philoso-
phical fools?
For when I am old, and can no
more drink,
'Tis time enough then to sit down
and think.

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd
in vain;
For he thought Aristotle an ass for
his pain:
His sorrows he us'd in full bumpers
to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the
world was his own.

This world is a tavern, with liquor
well stor'd,
And into't I came to be drunk as a
lord:
My life is the reck'ning, which free-
ly I'll pay;
And when I'm dead drunk, then I'll
stagger away.

SONG 353.

AS Daphne sat beneath the shade
To keep her sheep from
straying;

It is a pleasing thing she said,
To live without obeying;
To live, &c.

How pleasant is a single life!
It's far beyond expression:
But she that is become a wife,
Needs pity and compassion.
Needs pity, &c.

She bids adieu to her joy,
When matrimony binds her
To one who does his thoughts em-
ploy,
In striving to confine her.
In striving, &c.

How pleasant, then, is liberty,
When none can e'er molest them!
And they are fools who don't live
free,
When fortune so has blest them.
When fortune, &c.

SONG 354.

MY time, O ye Muses, was
happily spent,
When Phoebe went with me where-
ever I went;
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt
in my breast,
Sure never fond shepherd like Collin
was blest!
But now she is gone and has left
me behind:

What a marvellous change on a
sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could
possibly be,
I thought it was spring, but alas! it
was she.

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

My dog I was ever well pleased to
see
Come wagging his tail to my fair
one and me;
And Phoebe was pleas'd too, and
to my dog said,
Come hither, poor fellow, and pat-
ted his head:
But now when he's fawning I with
a frow look
Cry, Sirrah, and give him a blow
with my crook;
And I'll give him another, for why
should not Tray
Be as dull as his master when Phoebe's
away?

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

Will no pitying power, that hears
me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my
pain?
To be cur'd thou must, Collin, thy
passion remove;
But what swain is so silly as to live
without love?
No, Deity bid the dear nymph to
return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sad-
ly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? Shall I die
in despair?
Take heed, all ye swains, how you
love one so fair.

SONG 355.

VIEW my eyes, my lovely charmer,
Constancy has now the day;
Tell me not my heart was warmer,
When it us'd to go astray.
Love in youth does fiercely blaze,
But so strong it never stays.
Love in youth, &c.

If I follow'd every Creature,
Sure the fault may be forgiven;
'Tis the frailty of our nature;
Who can change the will of heaven?
Tho' the object might be new,
Yet to love I still was true.
Tho' the object, &c.

Cupid, guardian of my heart,
Let it loose to range awhile,
In each eye it found a dart,
And engaged by every smile:
Thus it was for you design'd,
Formed by practice to his mind.
Thus it was, &c.

Cupid, to me ever kind,
Kept the purest of the fire,
Profs consumed, my heart refin'd,
Made it flame with soft desire:
Such a flame as will be true,
Such the God reserv'd for you.
Such a flame, &c.

SONG 356.

COME all you young lovers who
wan with despair,
Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for
the fair;
Who puff up their pride by enhanc-
ing their charms,
And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in
their arms:
Be wise by example, take pattern
by me,
For let what will happen, by Jove
I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free;
For let what will happen, by Jove
I'll be free.

Young Daphne I saw, in the net I
was caught,
I ly'd and I flatter'd, as custom had
taught;
I press'd her to blifs, which she
granted full soon,
But the date of my passion expir'd
with the moon.
She vow'd she was ruin'd, I said it
might be;
I'm sorry my dear, but by Jove I'll
be free,
By Jove I'll be free, &c.

The next was young Phillis, as
bright as the morn,
The love that I proffer'd she treated
with scorn;
I laugh'd at her folly, and told her
my mind,
That none could be handsome but
such as were kind:

Her pride and ill nature were lost
upon me,
For in spite of fair faces, by Jove
I'll be free.

By Jove I'll be free, &c.
Let others call marriage the harbour
of joys,
Calm peace I delight in, and fly
from all noise;
Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis
sure a strange rage.
And like birds they sing best when
they're put in a cage:
Confinement's the devil, 'twas ne'er
made for me;
Let who will be bondslaves, by
Jove I'll be free.

By Jove I'll be free, &c.
Then let the brisk bumper run over
the glass,
In a toast to the young and the
beautiful lass,
Who, yielding and easy, prescribes
no dull rule,
Nor thinks it a wonder a lover
should cool:
I'll bill like the sparrow, and rove
like the bee;
For in spite of grave lessons, by
Jove I'll be free.
By Jove I'll be free,
For in spite of grave lessons, by
Jove I'll be free,

SONG 357.

THE lass of broomhall green,
When coming from her cow,
Drest like a Cyprian queen,
Love triumph'd on her brow.
Her pail surpass'd a crown,
The rising sun her eyes,
Majestic robes her gown,
A goddess in disguise.
Her breath perfum'd the air,
Not paradise so sweet;
Like shining pearls her hair,
As Indian silks her feet:
And when she sung, my ears
Were ravish'd with her voice;
The music of the spheres
To hers was jarring noise.

I left her with regret,
So graceful was her mein,
That I shall ne'er forget
The lass of Broomhall green.
Nor dare th' admiring fops
Presume to court, for she
Must, when the next life drops,
The landlord's harriot be.

SONG 358.

CEASE, vain-glorious swain,
this pother,
Honour's laws should sacred be;
Boasting favours from another,
Ne'er shall favour gain from me.
But, inspir'd with indignation,
Sooner I'd lead apes in hell,
Than I'd trust my reputation
With such fools as kiss and tell.

He who finds a hidden treasure,
Never should the same reveal;
He who beauty crowns with pleasure
Cautious should his joys conceal:
He with whom my heart I'll venture
Shall my fame from censure save;
Constant as the earth's fix'd centre,
And as secret as the grave.

SONG 359.

HOW happy is the maid,
Who lives a rural life,
By no false views betray'd,
To know domestic strife:
No passion sways her mind,
Or wishes to be great;
To humble hopes confin'd,
She thuns the flatt'ring bait.
To humble, &c.

Her soul with calm disdain,
Above the pomp of pride,
Beholds the rich and vain
In gilded fetters tied,
While titles, wealth and pow'cr,
The gaudy scene display;
And pegeants of an hour,
In darkness glide away.

But if some gentle boy,
Her faithful bosom share,
He doubles all her joy,
And lessens all her care:
Their moments on the wing,
The mutual blifs improve,
And give perpetual spring
To virtue, truth and love.

SONG 360.

ON a bank, beside a willow,
Heav'n her cov'ring, earth
her pillow,
Sad Aminta sigh'd alone,
From the chearless dawn of morning
'Till the dews of night returning,
Sighing, thus she made her moan,
Hope is banish'd,
Joys are vanish'd,
Damon, my belov'd is gone.

Time I dare thee to discover
Such a youth and such a lover;
So true so kind was he:
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his ev'ry feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting kisses,
Murm'ring blifs;
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we?

SONG 361.

TO curb the will with vain
pretence,
Philosophy her force employs,
And tells us in despite of sense,
That life affords no real joys.
Such Idle whims my heart abjures;
Envy me not immortal Jove!
If I prefer my blifs to yours,
Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.
Since you have given desires to men,
Leave us, at least, th' enjoyment
free;

Must I be happy only then,
When I alas! shall cease to be.
Such idle whims my heart abjures;
Envy me not immortal Jove,
If I prefer my bliss to yours,
Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

SONG 362.

THE morning fresh, the sun
in east,
New gilds the smiling day;
The morning fresh, &c.
The lark forsakes his dewy nest,
The fields around are gayly drest,
The lark, &c.
Arise my love and play, &c.
Arise my love, &c.

Come forth my fair, come forth
bright maid
And bless thy shepherd's sight;
Come forth, &c.
Lend every folded flow'r thy aid,
Unveil the roses blushing shade,
Lend every, &c.
And give them sweet delight.
And give them, &c.

Thy presence makes all nature smile,
Thy smiles your charms improve,
Thy presence, &c.
Thy strains the list'ning birds be-
guile,
And as invite reward their toil,
Thy strains, &c.
And tune their notes to love.
And tune, &c.

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn tree,
The flow'ry wreath I'll twine;
Beneath, &c.
Ere other eyes their beauties see,
They on thy brows adorn'd shall be,
Ere other eyes, &c.
The happy task be mine.
The happy task, &c.

SONG 363.

ALL charming Phœbus had his
course
Of daily race nigh run,
When Cynthia fair, to shew her force
Of light had just begun,
When happy Damon to the vale,
With nimble steps, did move
With gleeful heart, to tell a tale
Made up of truth and love.

Young Zephyrs fill'd the pleasant
grove,
And billing Turtles coo;
Then friendly silence well did prove
It was fit time to woo.
Straight Phillis came, his lovely
maid,
Full flush'd with warm desire,
Phœbus retir'd, as quite dismay'd
She had out-shone his fire.

Thrice happy Damon, now a'one
His charmer to enjoy,
For past discomforts to atone,
Did well his time employ.
A thousand am'rous tales he told,
How much he lov'd her dear,

The secrets of his soul unfold,
To prove himself sincere.
Enough says she, I all believe,
Of you I nothing fear;
I've prov'd your nature can't deceive,
Your soul I know sincere.
She bore a garland on her head,
Compos'd of different hues,
The lilies white, the roses red,
And violets purple blues.

Wear this, she sigh'd, my much-
lov'd youth,
And oft as this you see,
Let it remind you of your truth,
And of my love to thee.
Damon enraptur'd press'd her lips,
And on her bosom swore,
(Betwixt the eager precious sips)
He'd love her evermore.

SONG 364.

IF I live to grow old, for I find
I grow down,
May this be my fate; in a country
town
Let me have a small house with a
stone at my gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my
bald pate,
May I govern my passion with
an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my
strength wears away,
Without gout or stone by gentle
decay. By a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring
brook,
With the ocean at distance where-
on I may look,
With a spacious plain, without
hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a
mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and
two or three more
Of the best wits that liv'd in the
ages before;
With a dish of roast mutton, not
ven'son nor teal,
And clean, tho' coarse linen, at every
meal,
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, and
stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome
the vicar;
With a hidden reserve of *Burgundy*
wine;
To drink the king's health as oft as
I dine.
May I govern, &c.

When the days are grown short, and
it freezes and snows,
May I have coal fire as high as my
nose;
A fire which, when once stirred up
with a prong,
Will keep the room temperate all
the night long.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I
face the last day,
And when I am dead may the bet-
ter sort say,
In the morning when sober, in th'
evening when mellow,
He's gone, and has not left behind
him his fellow:
For he govern'd his passion with
an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his
strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle
decay. By a gentle decay.

SONG 365.

GO, happy paper, gently steal,
And underneath her pillow
lie;
There, in soft dreams, my love
reveal,
That love which I must still conceal,
And wrapt in awful silence dye.
Should flames be doom'd thy hapless
fate,
To atoms thou would'st quickly
turn;
My pains may bear a longer date,
For should I live, and should she
hate,
In endless torments I should burn.

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

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

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

SONG 366.

MY roving heart has oft with
pride
Dissolv'd love's silken chains,
The wanton deity defy'd,
And scorn'd his sharpest pains.
But from thy form resistless stream
Such charms as must controul:
In thee the fairest features beam,
The noblest brightest soul.
The noblest, &c.

Pleas'd in thy converse all the day,
Life's sand unheeded runs,
With thee I'll hail the rising ray,
And talk down summer suns:
Our loves congenial, still the same,
With equal force shall shine;
No cloy'd desires can damp the flame
Which friendship will refine.

SONG 367.

RETURN, return thou lovely fair,
And put an end to my despair.
Return and give a kind reprieve
To him who absent cannot live.
By you I first was taught to love,
And you my passion did approve;
'Twas then I thought myself more blest
Than kings of diadems possess.
Why were such charming pleasures given,
Such near resemblances of heaven,
Since all the blessings I enjoy'd
By cruel absence are destroy'd.
My bleeding heart, pierc'd deep
with grief,
From nothing here can find relief;
Nothing can e'er assuage my pain;
'Till you return all arts are vain.

SONG 368.

GO lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time
and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no man abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.
Thou must, &c.
Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.
And not blush, &c.
Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time thy share,
That art so wond'rous sweet and fair.
That art so, &c.

SONG 369.

IF you my wand'ring heart would find,
That heart you say is like the wind,
Which varies here and wanders there
To ev'ry nymph that's kind and fair:
I say, if you this heart would find,
Turn to your own inconstant mind;
If e'er it wanders, 'tis to be
In wand'ring constantly with thee.
How can it settle when you fly,
And shun this faithful votary?
A nymph that's fair it oft doth find,
But never yet the nymph that's kind.
If you would fix this wand'ring heart,
Join it with yours, twill ne'er de-
part;
But in the pangs of death will prove
It wander'd but to fix your love.

SONG 370.

DEspairing, beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was
laid;
And whilst a false nymph was his
theme,
A willow supported his head:
The wind, that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his
pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.
Alas! silly swain that I was,
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd;
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I blest'd her dear
tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure
too great;
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?
How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a
clown;
Or that her fond heart would not
grieve
To forsake the fine folks of the
town!
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would
prove,
To be clad like our maidens in grey
Or live in a cottage on love!
What tho' I have skill to complain,
Tho' the Muses my temples have
crown'd?
What tho', when they hear my soft
strain,
The virgins sit weeping around?
Ah Collin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.
And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid:
Tho' through the wide world I
should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to
fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.
If, whilst my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of
the plain,
And see me laid low in the
ground:
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and
yew;
And when she looks down on my
grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was
true.
Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,

Be finest at e'ery fine show,
And frolick it all the long day:
Whilst Collin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be heard of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale
moon,
His ghost shall glide over the
green.

SONG 371.

AMAZ'D, their unfrequented
fanés,
The Deities survey'd!
No victims to their altars brought,
No adoration paid:
To Jove, with loud complaints they
came,
And quick redress implor'd;
That men reclaim'd might own
their sway,
Their worship be restor'd.
Their worship, &c.
Jove smil'd assent, and strait he
fram'd
Cleora, heav'n fair,
With Venus form, Minerva's mind,
And Juno's graceful air;
Then sent the nymph to earth, that
men
Th' immortals might revere:
For all must blest the pow'rs above
When e'er they look on her.

SONG 372.

AS Damon stood
In pensive mood,
Aminda chanc'd to pass;
Yet still he stood
Like log of wood,
Nor saw the buxom lass:
For him she burns,
And soon returns,
Resolv'd to let him know
How dull he was,
To let her pass,
She gave his arm a blow.
The swain amaz'd,
In silence gaz'd
Awhile upon her charms;
Then bowing said,
Ah! lovely maid,
Come to my longing arms!
When you, my dear,
Past by, I swear,
On your bright charms I thought;
You must forgive,
Since, as I live,
'Twas you that caus'd the fault.

SONG 373.

FAIR, sweet and young, receive
a prize,
Reserv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crowds whom at your feet you
see,
Oh! pity and distinguish me.
No graces can your form improve;
But all are lost unless you love:
If that dear passion you disdain,
Your charms and beauty are in vain.

SONG 374.

DO but consider this small dust,
Here running in the glass,
By atoms mov'd;
Would you believe that this the
body was
Of one that lov'd,
And in his mistress' flames, playing
like a fly,
Was turned into cinders by her eye.
Yet, as in life, so in their deaths
unblest,
A lover's ashes never can find rest.

SONG 375.

GO, virgin kid, with lambent
kiss,
Salute a virgin's hand:
Go, senseless thing, and reap a bliss
Thou dost not understand.
Go, for in thee methinks I find
(Tho' 'tis not half so bright,)
An emblem of her beautiful mind,
By nature clad in white.
Securely thou may'st touch the fair,
Whom few securely can:
May'st press her breast, her lip,
her hair,
Or wanton with her fan.
May'st coach it with her to and fro,
From masquerades and plays;
O could'st thou hither come and go,
And tell me what she says.
Go kid, and when the morning cold
Shall nip her lily arm;
Do thou, (O might I be so bold)
With kisses make it warm.
And when thy glossy beauty's o'er,
And all thy charms are gone,
Return to me, I'll love thee more
Than ever yet I've done.

SONG 376.

I Love thee, by heav'n's, I cannot
say more;
Then set not my passion a cooling:
If thou yield'st not at once, I must
e'en give thee o'er,
For I am but a novice at fooling.
What my love wants in words it
shall make up in deeds;
Then why should we waste time
in snuff, child?
A performance, you wot well, a
promise exceeds,
And a word to the wife is e-
nough, child.
I know how to love, and to make
that love known,
But I hate all protesting and
arguing:
Had a goddess my heart, she should
e'en lie alone,
If she made many words to the
bargain.
I'm a quaker in love, my tongue
barely affirms

Whate'er my fond eyes have been
saying:
Pithee, be thou so too; seek for
no better terms,
But e'en throw thy yea or thy
nay in.

I cannot bear love like a Chancery
suit,
The age of a patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a spirit, no longer
be mute,
Give it one way or other an en-
ding.

Long courtship's the vice of a phleg-
matic soul,
Like the grace of fanatical fin-
ners,
Where the stomachs are lost, and
the victuals grow cool,
Before men sit down to their din-
ners.

SONG 377.

AS I on purple tapestry lay,
And slept the tedious night
away,
Well warm'd within
With sparkling wine,
I seem'd with virgins brisk as May
To dance and sing and wanton play.
The shepherds all together flew,
And envious glanc'd, and look'd
askew;
And ev'ry swain
Upon the plain
Both envy'd and reproach'd me too,
That I with virgins had to do.
An am'rous kiss I would have ta'en,
But waking found my hopes were
vain;
Then curs'd the day,
Whose glaring ray
Bereav'd me of so sweet a pain;
Then strove to sleep and dream a-
gain.

SONG 378.

WHEN fair Serena first I knew
By friendship's happy union
charm'd,
Incessant joys around her flew,
And gentle smiles my bosom
warm'd.
But when with fond officious care
I press'd to breathe my am'rous
pain,
Her lips spoke nought but cold de-
spair,
Her eyes shot ice thro' ev'ry vein.
Thus in Italia's lovely vales
The sun his genial vigour yields;
Reviving heat each sense regales,
And plenty crowns the smiling
fields.
When nearer we approach his ray,
High on the Alps stupendous
brow,
Surpriz'd we see pale sun-beams play
On everlasting hills of snow.

SONG 379.

SINCE nature mankind for
society fram'd,
He 'gainst nature has who of drink-
ing's ashamed.
He 'gainst, &c.
Drink then about, while all interest
drown'd,
Mirth, humour and wit with the
cup shall sail round.
Mirth, humour, &c.
We'll laugh and we'll sing, be bold
and sincere,
And removing a' danger, we'll
banish all fear;
We'll mock at the cautious, and
scorn all disguise,
Begin to be frolic as we cease to be
wise,
'Till void of reserves, our jolly free
souls,
Prove clear as our liquor, and large
as our bowls.
Our jolly, &c.

SONG 380.

THOU joy of all hearts, de-
light of all eyes,
Nature's chief treasure and beauties
chief prize,
Look down you'll discover
Here's a faithful young vigorous
lover,
With a heart full as true
As e'er languish'd for you,
Here's a faithful, &c.
The heart that was once quite free
in my breast
Is now your peer captive and can
have no rest,
'Twill never give over but about
your sweet bosom will hover,
Dear miss let it in,
Be assur'd 'tis no sin;
Here's a faithful, young vigorous
lover.

SONG 381.

WOULD you the charming
queen of love
Invite with you to dwell?
No want your poverty should prove,
No state your riches tell.
Both her and happiness to hold,
A middle state must please;
They thun the house that shines
with gold,
And that which shines with grease.

SONG 382.

False tho' she be to me and love
I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
For still the charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her change.
In hours of bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last;
But tho' the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.
I'm grateful, &c.

SONG

SONG 383.

SUM up all the delights
This world does produce,
The darling allurements
Now chiefly in use,
You'll find, if compared,
There's none can contend
With the solid enjoyments
Of a bottle and friend.

For honour, for wealth,
For beauty may waste;
These joys often fade,
And rarely do last;
They're so hard to attain,
And so easily lost,
That the pleasure ne'er answers
The trouble and cost.

None but wine and true friendship
Are lasting and sure,
From jealousy free,
And from envy secure;
Then fill all the glasses
Until they run o'er,
A friend and good wine
Are the charms we dore.

SONG 384.

IF *Phyllis* denies me relief,
If she's angry, I'll seek it in
wine;
Tho' she laughs at my amorous
grief,
At my mirth why shou'd she re-
pine?
At my mirth, &c.

The sparkling Champaign shall re-
move
All the cares my dull grief has in
store:

My reason I lost when I lov'd,
And by drinking what can I do
more?
And by drinking, &c.

Wou'd *Phyllis* but pity my pain,
Or my am'rous vows wou'd ap-
prove,
The juice of the grape I'd disdain,
And be drunk with nothing but
love. *And be drunk, &c.*

SONG 385.

BACCHUS must now his power
reign,
I am the only god of wine;
It is not fit that wretch shou'd be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more
than he.

Make a new world, ye powers di-
vine,

Stock it with nothing else but wine:
Let wine the only product be,
Let wine be earth, be air and sea,
And let that wine be all for me.

Let wretched mortals vainly wear
A tedious life in anxious care,
Let the ambitious toil and think,
Let states and empires swim or
sink,

My sole ambition is to drink.

SONG 386.

YOUNG Virgins love pleasure
As misers do treasure;
And both alike study
To heighten the measure;
Their hearts they will rife
For every new trifle,
And when in their teens
Fall in love for a song;
But soon as they marry,
And find things miscarry:
Oh! how they sigh
That they were not more wary.
Instead of soft wooing
They run to their ruin,
And all their lives after
Drag sorrow along.

SONG 387.

COME jolly Bacchus God of
wine
Crown this night with pleasure:
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure:
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal soul,
May drink and sing, without coun-
troul,
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian to our pleasure;
That under thy protection, we
May enjoy new pleasure;
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their
stay,
And sing thy praises, that we may
Live and die with pleasure.

SONG 388.

THUS we'll drown all melan-
cholly,
In a glass of generous wine;
Let dull fools indulge their folly,
And at cares of life repine.

But the brave and noble spirit
Scorns such mean ignoble views:
Whilst the world proclaim his merit,
He sublimer joys pursues.

SONG 389.

COME, let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Met together on merry occasion;
Let us dance laugh and sing,
Our wine has a spring;
Here's an health to an accepted
Mason.

The world is in pain
Our secret to gain,
But still let them wonder & gaze on:
Till they're shewn the light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word, or sign of an accepted Mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what;
Why so many great men in the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one
With a free and an accepted Mason.

Great kings, dukes and lords
Have laid by their swords,
This our mystery to put a good
grace on;
And ne'er been asham'd,
To hear themselves nam'd
With a free and an accepted Mason.
Antiquity's pride
We have on our side,
It makes each man just in his station;
There's nought but what's good
To be understood
By a free and an accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere,
We're just to the fair;
They'll trust us on ev'ry occasion;
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted Mason.
Then join hand in hand,
To each o' her fast stand,
Let's be merry, and put a bright
face on;
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast,
As a free and an accepted Mason.

SONG 390.

SEE, see, like Venus she appears
With all her heav'n of charms
Her spotless form, her blooming
years
Enchant me to her arms.
Were I to chuse my fav'rite joy,
Or love, or kingly sway,
Her smiles would all my hours em-
ploy,
And sport the world away.

SONG 391.

THE groves, the plains,
The nymphs the swains,
The silver streams and cooling shade
All, all declare
How false you are,
How many hearts you have betray'd.
Diffempler go,
'Too well I know
Your fatal, false, deluding art;
To e'ery she,
As well as me,
You make an offering of your heart.

SONG 392.

O Boreas, lend your swiftest
gales,
Convey my love safe into Calais;
Conduct him safely o'er the main,
And safely waft him back again;
Tell him, his love his absence
mourns,
And truly grieves 'till he returns.
The tender Turtle's destin'd fate
Is dying life, without her mate;
Oh gods! if ever kind you'll prove,
From Neptune's wrath preserve my
love;
Command the rude tempestuous sea,
Gently to waft my soul to me.

SONG 393.

WAnton gales, that fondly
play
Round about my love-sick head,
Quickly waft my sighs away,
To the nymph for whom I bleed.
Softly whisper in her ear,
All the pains for her I feel,
All the torments that I bear,
Tell her, she alone can heal.
Then with unsuspected care,
Gently fan her lovely breast;
Happy you may revel there,
Where each god would wish to
rest.

SONG 394.

SAY, cruel Amoret, how long
In billet-doux, and humble song,
Shall poor Alexis woo?
If neither writing, fighting, dying,
Reduce you to a soft complying,
O! when will you come to?
Full thirteen Moons are now pass'd
o'er,
Since first those stars I did adore,
That set my heart on fire:
The conscious play-house, parks
and court,
Have seen my sufferings made you
sport,
Yet was I ne'er the nigher.
A faithful lover shou'd deserve
A better fate than thus to starve,
In sight of such a feast:
But, oh! if you'll not think it fit,
Your hungry slave shou'd taste one
bit;
Give some kind looks at least.

SONG 395.

CHLOE, a coquet in her prime,
The vainest, ficklest thing
alive;
Behold the strange effects of time!
Marries and doats at forty-five.
So weather-cocks, that for a while
Have veer'd about with ev'ry
blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

SONG 396.

YE Gods, ye gave to me a wife,
Out of your wonted favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her.
But if your providence divine,
For greater bliss design her,
To obey your wills at any time,
I am ready to resign her.

SONG 397.

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

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

Let: not toils of empire fright,
Toils of empire pleasure's are;
Thou shalt only know delight,
And all joy, but not the care.

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

SONG 398.

ARound the plains my heart has
rov'd,
The brown, the fair, my flame ap-
prov'd,
The pert, the proud, by turns have
lov'd,
And kindly fill'd my arms.
I danc'd, I sung, I talk'd, I toy'd,
While this I woo'd, I that enjoy'd,
And e'er the kind, with kindness
cloy'd,
The coy resign'd her charms.

But now, alas, those days are done;
The wrong'd are all reveng'd by one,
Who, like a frighted bird is flown,
Yet leaves her Image here:
O could I, yet, her heart recal,
Before her feet my pride would fall,
And for her sake, forsaking all,
Would fix forever there.

SONG 399.

WINE's a mistress gay and easy
Ever free to give delight;
Let what may perplex and teaze ye,
'Tis the bottle sets all right.
Who would leave a lasting treasure,
To embrace a childish pleasure,
Which soon as tasted takes its
flight?
Pierce the cask of gen'rous claret,
Rouse your hearts, e'er 'tis too late;
Fill the goblet, never spare it,
That's your armour 'gainst all
fate.

SONG 400.

THE am'rous spark
Talks of flames, darts and
fires,
Swears the nymph is divine,
'Till with love she expires;
But, ah! should she believe,
To the flattery blind,
Too late, when deceiv'd,
That she's mortal will find.
Too fervent's the swain,
His devotion is paid
To the pow'r of the goddess
His passion has made;
But the worship will cease,
When the pleasure is o'er,
Then woman she proves,
Tho' an angel before.

SONG 401.

TO feasts, to smiles, to joyful
sport,
Let sighs and moans give way;
Hither the gods of love resort,
To wanton, dance, and play.
And let the sister graces aid,
To tread the measur'd maze,
In honour of the suff'ring maid;
Whose heart is now at ease.
Let tender verse our loves declare,
And tell in softest lays,
The nymph was true, as well as fair,
And worthy of our praise.

SONG 402.

CLOE, gaze on yonder bow'r,
Fit for the delight's of love;
Let's enjoy the present hour;
Thither Cloe let us move.

Ev'ry care shall disappear,
And only love and joy be there;
Bliss divine shall then ensue,
And pleasure flow from me to you.

Let us give a loose to pleasure,
Lulling ev'ry care to rest;
Love is such a noble treasure,
Who can love and not be blest.

Ev'ry minute let's improve,
Ev'ry minute's shou'd be love:
Ev'ry minute let's renew,
A joy that flows from me to you.

SONG 403.

WHILE I, fair Delia, view thy
face,
And ev'ry charm admire,
Thy eyes a thousand raptures raise,
And burn me with desire.

Transported thus, thou lovely maid!
With pleasure I gaze on,
Till by my heedless looks betray'd,
I'm unawares undone.

Thus the poor wretch, whose luck-
less sight
The fatal Serpent spies,
Looks on, and gazes with delight,
But as he gazes dies.

SONG 404.

BACCHUS, god of jovial drinking,
Keep th' enamour'd fool from
thinking,
Teach him wine's great power to
know:
Heroes would be lost in battle,
If not cherish'd by the bottle,
Wine does all that's great above,
Wine does all that's great below.

SONG 405.

BAnish sorrow, let's drink, and
be merry boys,
Times flies swift, to-morrow
brings care;
If

If you believe it,
Drink, and deceive it,
Wine will relieve it,
And drown despair.

CHORUS.

*The sweets of wine are found in
possessing,
Its justice divine, mankind's chiefest
blessing :*

*The glass is thine, drink, there's no
excess in
A bumper or two, with a cheerful
friend.*

'Tis wine gives strength; when
nature's exhausted,

Heals the sick man, frees the slave:

Makes the stiff stumble,

And the proud humble,

Exalts the meek,

And makes cowards brave.

CHORUS, *The sweets, &c.*

'Tis wine that prompts the tim'rous
lover,

Be brisk with your mistress, de-
nials despise ;

She'll cry, you'll undo her,

But be a brisk woer,

Attack her, pursue her,

You'll gain the prize.

CHORUS, *The sweets, &c.*

'Tis wine that banishes all worldly
sorrow,

Then who'd omit the pleasing
task :

Since wine's sweet society

Eases anxiety,

Damn dull sobriety,

Bring t'other flask.

CHORUS, *The sweets, &c.*

SONG 406.

TOO late for redress, and too
soon for my ease,

I saw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd

I cou'd please.

I fancy'd your eyes read the language
of mine,

And saw my love's image reflected
on thine.

The flatterer hope, to my ruin led
on,

And taught me to judge of your
heart by my own.

Self-love to my wish was at hand
to prescribe,

That my love was return'd, and my
friendship repaid.

But wak'd from this dream, 'tis with
anguish I find,

Words and looks were but civil,
which once I thought kind ;

Its colour no longer false fancy will
lend,

To form a fond lover, or image a
friend :

But be still, my poor heart, or beat
thee to rest,

I'll drive this tormentor, this love,
from my breast ;

I'll break the gay bauble my fancy
has made,
And punish the heart self-love has
betray'd.

SONG 407.

MARIA, when the paps you
prefs

Each morn beneath the cow ;

Do not the secret thoughts of blifs,

Your mind with fancied joys possess,

And make you long to know ?

See then the gentle curling stream,

That fills your pail so full,

'Tis turn'd to floods of luscious

cream,

Whene'er the milk-maid chance to

dream

She's stroaking of a bull.

Let easier work your arms employ,

Take better things in hand,

Since heaven has made you fit for

joy,

Have pity on the amorous boy,

Nor let him weeping stand.

Then leave off making three-meal
cheese,

For every plowman's turn ;

The softer curds of beauty squeeze,

And make love's butter come with

ease,

By jumbling nature's churn.

SONG 408.

LET others court town lasses,

My passion soars above ;

To the charming rural Phillis,

I dedicate my love :

A nymph, whom Jove in forming,

Employ'd his utmost care,

That we might view, in Phillis,

How lovely Angels are.

Tho' not bedeck'd with jewels,

Majestic is her mein,

And over all the shepherds

She reigns a little queen ;

No swain but does adore her,

As to a saint her due ;

And still so great's her virtues,

Each nymph admires her too.

Not Venus, from the ocean,

So lovely did arise ;

Her voice confirms the conquest,

Obtain'd first by her eyes ;

Her breath, like Afric's breezes,

Perfumes th' incircling air ;

Like turtle-doves her bosom,

Soft, innocent and fair.

Nor are her heav'nly beauties

To tempt the view confin'd ;

But, like the sun, irradiate

The graces of her mind.

Great Juno gave her grandeur,

To dignify the whole ;

And Pallas gave her wisdom,

To captivate the soul.

Oh, Jove ! all-ruling monarch,

Indulgent, hear my pray's ;

Let me, who feel her power,
Her milder influence share :

I ask no blifs but Phillis,

Wose ev'ry charm's divine,

Oh, crown my ardent passion,

Ye gods, and make her mine.

SONG 409.

NO glory I covet, no riches I
want,

Ambition is nothing to me ;

The one thing I beg of kind heaven
to grant,

Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted
with pride,

By reason my life let me square ;

The wants of my nature are cheaply
supply'd,

And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings, which providence
freely has lent,

I'll justly and gratefully praise ;

With sweet meditation and cheer-
ful content

Shall make me both healthy and
wise.

In the pleasures the great man's
possessions display,

Uneasy'd I'll challenge my part ;

For every fair object my soul can
survey,

Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trou-
ble and care,

The many their labours employ,

Since all, that is truly delightful
in life,

Is what all, if they will, may
enjoy.

SONG 410.

ASSIST me Cupid, give me
wings,

To fly to Cælia's arms,

Her voice, as when a Syren sings,

My frozen blood alarms.

Come Cælia come, and ease the smart

Which those bright eyes have
made.

Oh ! do not tantalise my heart,

But haste and give me aid.

Let's haste my love, and while we

may,

The silent hours employ ;

Nor mind what other mortals say,

To fright us from our joy.

Such, who in hymen's courts ne'er
rove,

Delights they vices call :

And stupid to the sports of love,

In life scarce live at all.

On this soft, panting, snowy breast,

Let me my care beguile ;

While you consent to make me
blest,

And answer with a smile.

SONG 411.

WHEN beauty and wit did
conspire,
With art and address to inflame my
desire,
Great love did unveil all Jenny's
bright charms,
And fix'd me at once a slave to her
arms.
Her smiles first attracted new vigour
and pain,
I trembled and fear'd, lest I shou'd
not obtain;
But my passion declin'd, and no
longer she pleas'd,
For now simple Molly a conquest
has seiz'd.

Her innocence, join'd with sweetness
and youth,
At once now declare her good-na-
ture and truth;
Admir'd by all, yet she artless ap-
pears,
And scorns, with disdain, fam'd
Jenny's gay airs;
In raptures all gaze, and with plea-
sure declare,
Such sweetness as her's inspires new
care.
Even now faithless Harry, a stran-
ger to love,
Admires in her what he ne'er could
approve.

SONG 412.

SHE wept, the fair Arpasia wept,
In pearly show'rs the tears
distill'd,
Nor shame the gushing torrents kept,
But down her glowing cheeks
they thrill'd.
Soon was her snowy bosom wet
With briny drops, that swiftly
fell.
Thus made, than honey far more
sweet,
But yet a poison sure to kill.
Might I have sipp'd that falling dew
Which in her panting bosom hung,
Well-pleas'd I had my bane pursu'd,
And gladly dry'd it with my
tongue.

Beneath, tho' lurking serpents hid,
Tho' on her bosom lay a sting:
To've quass'd the streams there
sweetly glid,
Would have outv'y'd Olympus'
king.

SONG 413.

WHEN beauteous fair Camilla
deigns
To beam a gen'rous smile,
Unfeign'd in her what sweetness
reigns,
What pleasing airs beguile;
Than her nor silver pink or rose
More grac'd, when bloom appear;
Far levlier bloom her looks disclose,
Too bright her heav'nly sphere.

Youth, beauty, wit, good-nature are
Around her person join'd;
While spotless, ev'ry virtue rare,
Is center'd in her mind.
In her chaste form no taints arise,
No female pride upbraids;
Kind nature there defect supplies,
And each perfection aids.
In vain let Flavia boast her face,
Stella her soul's rich store,
While all in fam'd Camilla trace,
Joys unreveal'd before.
Since then Camilla's brighter charms
Such prime delights impart;
How blest the man who in his arms
Can share her virgin heart?

SONG 414.

THOU calm-ray'd spring,
whose blooming face
Leads on the year renew'd;
Thou ornament, thou brightest grace
Of times extent review'd.
Thy verdure doth each meadow
deck;
By thee each spangled bed
Of violet and daisies flush,
By constant care are fed.
To thee their snowy blossoms owe
Each future fruitful tree;
The birds that charm, their notes
do show,
Tuneful in joy for thee.
Thus every nymph, and faithful
swain,
With earnest wish desire;
Th' inhabitant of mount and plain,
And valley, all thee admire.

SONG 415.

AS I saw fair Chloe walk alone,
The feather'd snow came softly
down,
Like Jove descending from his tower
To court her in a silver shower.
The wanton now flew to her breasts,
Like little birds into their nests;
But, being o'ercome with whiteness
there,
For grief dissolv'd into a tear;
Then flowing down her garment's
hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

SONG 416.

WHY Cælia with that coy
behaviour
Do you meet Amintor's flame;
Why deny him every favour,
That so much adores your name.
Adores it with such a passion,
Fervent, lasting and divine,
That would from all hearts draw
compassion,
All but that hard heart of thine.
Gods why thus d'ye waste your
graces?
Why thus beautiful in vain?
Why give devils angels faces?
First to please and then disdain.

Where ever was a beauteous creature
That bore lightning in her eye,
But to her lover bore ill nature,
And could smile to see him die?
'Tis true at last Heav'n's indigna-
tion,
Causeless hatred to reprove,
Makes her doat with equal passion,
On some youth averse to love;
One that regardless sees her languish
Like a with'ring lily pine!
O pity then Amintor's anguish,
Or that fate may soon be thine.

SONG 417.

TO heal the smart a bee had
made
Upon my Chloe's face,
Honey upon her cheeks she laid,
And bid me kiss the place:
Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbib'd both sweet and smart;
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting within my heart.

SONG 418.

SOME say Women are like the
seas,
Some the waves, and some the
rocks:
Some the rose that soon decays;
Some the weather, and some the
cocks:
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd so
well
As wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel, they run in
a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
So is wine, so is wine;
They make the statesman lose his
skill,
The soldier, lawyer and divine;
They put a jig in the gravest skull,
And send their wits to gather wool.
'Tis Wine, &c.

What is't that makes your visage so
pale?
What is't makes your looks di-
vine?
What is't that makes your courage
fail?
Is it not woman? Is it not wine?
'Tis wine will make you sick when
you're well;
'Tis women that make your forehead
to swell;
'Tis wine, &c.

SONG 419.

YE powers that o'er mankind
pretide,
And pity human woes,
My steps to some retirement guide,
That no disturbance knows,
There let my soul forget her pain,
Restor'd to blestful peace again;
Nor e'er resign the calm retreat,
To feel the sorrows of the great.

SONG 420.

IF that man is most happy
Whose life is most free,
How blissful a state
Must the Batchelor's be?
From one friend to t'other
At pleasure he roams;
For the batchelor's welcome
Where ever he comes.

If he's blest with enough,
And content in his station,
The whole world he may claim
As his free habitation.

He's in no place a stranger
From London to Rome;
For where ever he is
Is the batchelor's home.

If a husband can boast
Greater blessings than these,
They're obtain'd at the expence
Of his freedom and ease;
While with liberty, leisure
And merriment crown'd,
The batchelor's minutes
Dance jovially round.

Oh rather, far rather,
Good fortune, for me
The peaceable stall
Of a cobbler decree,
Undisturb'd by the din
Of a termagant wife,
Than crown me a king
And a cuckold, for life.

Tho' his house ben't so nice,
He is sure to be neat,
And the ladies are always
Well pleas'd with his treat.
By the smack of their lips
They at parting declare,
How delicious a feast
They think batchelor's fare.

To my wishes, instead
Of a mistress, commend
The more solid delight
To be found in a friend.
Go wed, if horn'd, hen-peck'd,
And wretched you'd be;
But if blest you'd continue,
Continue as me.

SONG 421.

AS in a vernal evening fair,
Damon and Celia (happy pair)
Sat on a flow'ry bank reclin'd,
Beneath a fragrant Myrtle's shade,
While their young Offspring round
'em play'd,
Thus ravish'd Damon op'd his
mind.

Oh! what a happy state is this!
My Celia! what a heaven of bliss
Does love, pure, lawful love sup-
ply!

Whether I turn my look on thee,
Or yonder infant charmers see,
Still views of joy salute my eye.

Life's highest blessings all are mine
And doubly so by being thine,

Dear crown of all that I enjoy;
No anxious guilty thoughts I find
To discompose my peace of mind:
Pure love yields sweets without
alloy.

I draw no ruin'd virgin's tear,
No injur'd parent's curse I fear,
I dread no violated laws:
I lose no honour, waste no wealth,
With no diseases wound my health,
Foul as the shameful crime their
cause.

Our holy union heav'n approves,
And smiles indulgent on our loves,
As our unnumber'd blessings show.
Oh! let our virtue then improve,
Let us secure more bliss above,
For more we cannot wish below.

SONG 422.

NOT, Celia, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour like
them,

Were not my heart at rest:
But I am ty'd to only thee,
By every thought I have,
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford,
The handsome and the kind.
Why, then, should I seek farther
store,

And still make love anew,
When change itself can give no
more,
'Tis easy to be true.

SONG 423.

I'LL borrow the wings of the
sparrow and dove,
And then I will fly to discover my
love:

The people so low, who behold me
so high,

Will wonder what strange sort of
bird's in the sky:

Whilst still on I soar,
To her I adore,

And till I get her will never give
o'er.

SONG 424.

Spring renewing all things gay,
Nature's dictates all obey;
In each creature we may see
The effects of love's decree:
Thus their state, such their fate,
Do not, Polly, stay too late.
Thus their state, &c.

Look around and see them play,
All are wanton while they may;
Why should precious time be lost,
After summer comes a frost:
All pursue nature's due,
Let us, Polly, do so too.
All pursue, &c.

Mark how kind yon swain and lass,
Yonder sitting on the grass;
Mark how earnestly he sues,
Whilst she blushing can't refuse:
See you too how they woo,
Let us, Polly, do so too.
See you too, &c.

Mark yon cloud above the plain,
See it seems to threaten rain;
Herds and flocks do run together,
Seeking shelter from the weather:
Fear not you, I'll be true,
Therefore, Polly, do so too.
Fear not, &c.

SONG 425.

'TIS not your wealth my dear,
Nor wit, nor shape, nor air,
Nor beauty past compare,
Makes me your lover:
Your sweet complying mind,
Your pride in being kind,
Without the teasing way
Of pish, nay fy, nay pray,
Has brought me over.

SONG 426.

LET 'em censure: what care I?
The herd of criticks I defy.
Let the wretches know, I write
Regardless of their grace, or spite.
No, no; the fair, the gay, the young
Govern the numbers of my song,
All that They approve is sweet;
And All is sense, that They repeat.

Bid the warbling nine retire:
Venus, string thy servant's lyre:
Love shall be my endless theme:
Pleasure shall triumph over fame:
And when these maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine:
May I grasp at empty praise;
And lose the nymph, to gain the
Bays.

THE CONTENTS.

AN INTRODUCTION to SINGING.

	Page.		Page.
T HE Gamut for the Voice.	1	Lessons for the Voice.	5
Examples of Time, &c.	2	Scale of the Flat and Sharp Keys.	6
Of Flats and Sharps.	3	Of Syncopation, Transposition, &c.	7

INSTRUCTIONS for the VIOLIN.

The Gamut.	8	Representation of the Fingerboard, fretted.	12
Directions for holding the Instrument.	9	Examples of all the Graces.	<i>ibid.</i>
Examples of Time, &c.	11	Gamut for the Bass on the Violin.	13

INSTRUCTIONS for the GERMAN FLUTE.

Of filling the Flute, &c.	14	Examples of Gracing, Tonguing, &c.	17
A Scale of all the Notes.	15	Easy Lessons.	18

INSTRUCTIONS for the HAUTOBOY.

Gamut for the Hautboy.	19	Examples of all the Graces.	21
Scale of all the Notes.	20	Scale of all the Beats, Shakes, &c.	22

INSTRUCTIONS for the FLUTE A BEC, or COMMON FLUTE.

The Gamut.	23	Scale of all the Notes.	24
------------	----	-------------------------	----

INSTRUCTIONS for the FRENCH HORN.

The Gamut.	25	The Manner of Jirking and Sluring.	26
How to blow the Notes.	<i>ibid.</i>	All the Hunting Notes.	<i>ibid.</i>

INSTRUCTIONS for the HARPSICHORD or SPINET.

Gamut and Scheme of the Keys.	30	Of Discords, &c.	37
Of Time, &c.	31	Division by Supposition.	42
The Manner of Performing the Graces.	33	Transposition.	<i>ibid.</i>
Preludes for Fingering.	<i>ibid.</i>	Of the Cleffs, and their several Removes.	43
Rules for Playing Thorough Bass.	34	How to Tune the Harpsichord or Spinet.	44

INSTRUCTIONS for the BASSOON.

The Gamut.	45	Scale of all the Notes.	45
------------	----	-------------------------	----

INSTRUCTIONS for the VIOLONCELLO.

The Gamut.	46	The Fingerboard fretted.	47
Of Tuning the Instrument.	<i>ibid.</i>	Directions for Fingering.	<i>ibid.</i>

INDEX to the Songs set to Music.

	Page.		Page.
A T setting day and rising morn.	50	Britons, where is your great magnanimity.	151
At Upton on the hill.	53	By men belov'd, how soon we're mov'd.	156
Assist me every tuneful bard.	68	Busy, curious, thirsty fly.	167
Ah! Phillis, shame on you to serve a swain so.	92	Blow ye bleak winds around my head.	168
As in a pensive mood Myrtilia sat.	94	Blow on ye winds, descend soft rain.	170
All you who are or fair or witty.	99	Britons strike home.	202
Ask if yon damask rose is sweet.	105	Beneath a Cypress grove.	206
Ambition never me seduced.	106	Come, dear Amanda, quit the town.	54
At length, too soon, dear creature.	125	Come Rosalinda come and see.	72
A Beggar, a beggar, a beggar I'll be.	132	Can love be controul'd by advice.	149
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd.	139	Collin one day in angry mood.	172
As Damon on a summer's day.	157	Contented all day I will sit at your side.	173
At the brow of a hill a fair Shepherdess dwelt.	166	Chi neque alle pene.	198
As musing I ranged in the Meads all alone.	169	Come take your glafs.	208
As I derick'd along to dofs on my pad.	177	Delia, in whose form we trace.	55
Ah! well-a-day, must I endure.	184	Did ye see e'er a Shepherd ye Nymphs, &c.	56
At St. Olyth, by the Mill.	185	Dan Gay first in vogue.	142
As near Porto Bello lying.	190	Dear Sylvia no longer my passion despise.	202
As Celedon once from his Cottage did stray,	196	Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure.	209
Ah! my fickle Jenny.	213	Declare, my pretty maid.	231
A slave to the fair from my childhood I've been.	216	Fair is the swan, the ermin white,	57
Behold the sweet flowers around.	62	Fl'y care to the winds, thus I blow thee away.	82
Believe my sighs, my tears my dear.	123	Flora, Goddess, sweetly blooming,	124
By a prattling stream, on a midsummer's eve.	129	Fill your Glasses, banish grief.	127
Before the Uchih well could go.	150	Fair Sally lov'd a bonny Seaman.	141

INDEX to the Songs set to Music.

From sweet bewitching tricks of love.	144	Summer's heat the town invades.	151
Florella, lovely nymph, forbear.	145	Stella and Flavia every hour.	159
For a shape and an air and a bloom and a mein.	183	Swains I scorn who nice and fair.	194
Fair and soft and gay and young.	200	Say, mighty love, and teach my song.	226
Go rose, my Chloe's bosom grace.	118	Sing we praises to the Lord.	227
Glide swiftly on thou silver stream.	134	Sweet tyrant love but hear me now.	228
God save great George the King.	152	The nymph that seems to love inclin'd.	49
How can they taste of joys or grief.	61	The charms of Florimel.	58
Hither sweet Ulysses haste.	76	The lowland maids go spruce and fine.	66
How blest has my time been, &c.	79	The lowland lads think they are fine.	78
How blythe was I each morn to see.	82	The pride of every grove I chose.	80
Happy, happy, happy pair.	110	'Twas in the bloom of May.	85
How hard is the fortune of all womankind.	143	Tho' Chloe out of fashion can blush, &c.	89
Hark! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb.	148	The new-flown birds, the shepherds sing.	91
How brimful of nothing's the life of a beau.	153	'Twas on a river's verdant side.	108
How happy I liv'd on the plain.	161	The blytheest bird that sings in May.	136
Hail Burgundy, thou juice divine.	170	The lass of Pattie's mill.	152
Hear me ye nymphs and every swain.	176	Tho' begging is an honest trade.	156
Help me each harmonious grove.	214	The sweet rosy morning peeps over the hills.	158
In all the sex some charms I find.	50	Two Gods of great honour.	163
In a small pleasant village.	64	'Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray.	164
I seek not at once in a female to find.	74	The women all tell me I'm false to my lass.	165
I'll sing of my lover all night and all day.	84	'Twas when the seas were roaring.	176
Jolly mortals, fill your glasses.	158	The lowland lads, think they are fine.	217
If all that I love is her face.	160	There liv'd a man in Balinocraffy.	218
Is there a charm, ye powers above.	162	The shape and face let others prize.	224
Jove, when he saw my Fanny's face.	193	Upon a summer's evening clear.	98
If love be a fault, and in me thought a crime.	196	Vulcan contrive me such a cup.	191
I hope there's no soul, met over this bowl.	197	With every grace young Strephon chose.	47
In vain the force of female arms.	205	Why heaves my fond bosom.	59
I am a jolly Huntsman.	210	When Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn.	69
I met in our village a swain t'other day.	222	When your beauty appears.	81
If love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?	230	Whilst others strip the new-fall'n snow.	86
Long had I born of love the pain.	108	Who has e'er been at Baldock.	88
Love imag'd blind by idle bards.	135	When Orpheus went down to the regions below.	103
Leave neighbours your work.	138	When gentle Parthaniffa walks.	112
Love's a gentle, generous passion.	175	What numbers shall the muse repeat.	113
Let rakes for pleasure range the town.	186	Was ever nymph like Rosamond.	116
Mortals wisely learn to measure.	74	When Celia's heart unsettled roves.	126
My youthful heart an easy prize.	104	Whilst I in sleep last night was laid.	133
Music has power to melt the soul.	128	When wit and beauty lead the way.	134
My love was once a bonny lad.	135	Who to win a woman's favour.	143
My Chloe's eyes an heavenly blue.	224	Whilst youth and beauty join to please.	155
Nature framed thee sure for loving.	62	When love and youth could not make way.	162
Near some cool stream oh let me keep.	171	When prostrate first at Flavia's shrine.	164
Non so se f'degno, O amor.	206	What beauties does Flora disclose.	167
Near the side of a pond, at the foot of a hill.	212	When for a silly, glittering toy.	168
Once more I'll tune the vocal shell.	60	What care I for affairs of state.	171
Observe the fragrant, blushing rose.	65	Whene'er my Chloe I begin.	172
On tree-top'd hill or turfted green.	71	When here Lucinda first we came.	175
Oh! lovely maid, how dear's thy power.	76	Who'll buy a heart Myrilla cries.	178
Of every sweet that glads the spring.	100	When absent from my soul's delight.	182
Oh! thou, for whom my lyre I string.	102	Woman, thoughtless, giddy creature.	185
O Mary, soft in feature.	106	What med'cine can soften the bosom's keen smart.	189
Oh! wouldst thou know what secret charms.	109	When first by fond Damon Flavella was seen.	192
On every hill, in every grove.	123	When Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain.	205
Oh! woe is me poor Wolley cry'd.	147	Waft me some soft and cooling breeze.	210
One summer's eve as Strephon rov'd.	161	When Fanny blooming fair.	214
O! say what is that thing call'd light.	182	When fair Ophelia tunes her voice.	215
One kind kiss before we part.	208	Whilst at Armida's feet Rinaldo lay.	218
Of all the flow'rs that deck the field.	221	Why am I doom'd to spend my days.	223
Oh! pity Collin, cruel fair.	229	What beauteous senses enchant my sight.	225
Push about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven, &c.	58	You tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true.	48
Powerful guardians of all nature.	114	Ye swains that are courting a maid.	70
Prithee, foolish boy, give o'er.	191	Young Daphne, brightest creature.	87
Say, Silvia, shall I speak or die.	52	Young Collin was the bonniest swain.	97
Sportive Zephyrs, fondly blowing.	67	Ye good fellows all.	130
See Chloe, how the new-blown rose.	73	Ye gentle gales that fan the air.	132
Stern winter has left us, the trees are in bloom.	90	Ye virgins who do listen to.	140
Strephon, why that cloudy forehead.	100	Ye prigs that are troubled with, &c.	146
Se-spuntan vezose.	120	Young Strephon, a shepherd, the pride, &c.	154
Sweet were once the joys I tasted.	131	You say at your feet that I wept in despair.	194
Since Jenny thinks mean her love to deny.	137	Ye medley of mortals, that make up this throng.	201

INDEX to the Songs without the Tunes.

	Page.		Page.
ASK me not how calmly I.	257	Charming Chloe, look with pity.	286
Ask thou silly dotard man.	258	Consider, dear daughter, what 'tis to be rich.	287
Attend ye nymphs, whilst I impart.	261	Contented I am, and contented I'll be.	290
A youth adorn'd with every art.	<i>ibid.</i>	Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer.	291
As Sylvia in a forest lay.	263	Come, my bucks, let to night be devoted, &c.	292
As from a rock past all relief.	<i>ibid.</i>	Cupid, the flyest rogue alive	295
Ah! Cloris, could I now but sit.	264	Can love be controul'd by advice.	299
At Polwart on the green.	<i>ibid.</i>	Celia, too late you would repent.	309
Alexis thun'd his fellow swains.	<i>ibid.</i>	Come hither, come hither ye languishing swains.	312
As naked almost and more fair you appear.	269	Come all ye young lovers, who wan with despair.	315
At dead of night, when wrapt in sleep.	272	Cease, vain-glorious swain, this nother.	<i>ibid.</i>
A trifling song ye shall hear.	<i>ibid.</i>	Come, jolly Bacchus, god of wine.	319
Ah! how sweet it is to love.	274	Come let us prepare.	<i>ibid.</i>
A courting I went to my love.	<i>ibid.</i>	Chloe, a coquet in her prime.	320
As Celia in her garden stray'd.	280	Chloe, gaze on yonder bower.	<i>ibid.</i>
At length, mother Gunter, the Gods, &c.	<i>ibid.</i>	Dear Chloe attend.	262
All attendants apart.	<i>ibid.</i>	Dejected as true converts die.	269
All ye softer powers join.	283	Do not ask me, charming Phillis.	271
As late at ruddy close of day.	284	Dear Colkin prevent my warm blushes.	272
Attend ye ever tuneful swains.	285	Dear madam, when ladies are willing.	<i>ibid.</i>
As the snow in vallies lying.	287	Dear Sally thy charms have undone me.	276
As t'other day o'er the green meadow I pass'd.	294	Drink to me only with thine eyes.	287
Awake my love, with genial ray.	296	Diogenes, surly and proud,	289
Ah! luckless Cupid, art thou blind?	297	Descend each Goddess, don't delay.	296
A wig that's fall.	<i>ibid.</i>	Dear Phillis, sweet Girl, be now kind, &c.	306
As Chloe came into the room t'other day.	<i>ibid.</i>	Daphne, on her arm reclin'd.	309
A swain of love despairing.	298	Dear, unrelenting, cruel fair.	310
As full of romps and roguish gibe.	<i>ibid.</i>	Damon ask'd me but once, and I faintly deny'd.	311
A maid is like the golden ore.	299	Despairing, beside a clear stream.	317
A fox may steal your hens, sir.	<i>ibid.</i>	Do but consider this small dust.	318
Adieu Edina, friendly feat.	300	Forgive, ye fair, nor take it wrong.	257
Apollo once finding fair Daphne alone.	301	Fanny's fairer than a flower.	259
At dead of night, when cares give place.	303	For ever fortune wilt thou prove.	263
As soon as the chaos was turn'd into form.	304	From morn to night, from day to day.	269
At the silent evening hour.	305	From tyrant laws and customs free.	270
A dawn of hope my soul revives.	306	Fame's an echo, prattling double.	<i>ibid.</i>
As Chloe sat shelter'd and breath'd, &c.	308	From all her fair loquacious kind.	271
Aminta, pride of all the plain.	309	Fie, Liza, scorn the little arts.	273
As Celia near a fountain lay.	310	Florella, first in charms and wit.	281
As late by Thames's verdant side.	311	For many unsuccessful years.	286
As Chloe on flowers reclin'd o'er the stream.	<i>ibid.</i>	Fast by the margin of the sea.	<i>ibid.</i>
A cuckold it is thought a most reproachful name.	313	Fly swiftly, ye minutes, 'till Comus receive.	293
Adieu the streams that smoothly flow.	<i>ibid.</i>	Fair Hebe I left with a cautious design.	295
As Daphne sat beneath the shade.	314	Fairest isle, all isles excelling.	310
All charming Phœbus had his course.	316	For many a year.	<i>ibid.</i>
Amaz'd their unfrequented fanes.	317	Fair, sweet and young receive a prize.	317
As Damon stood.	<i>ibid.</i>	False tho' she be to me and love.	318
As I on purple tapestry lay.	318	Goddess of ease leave Lethe's brink.	263
Around the plains my heart has rov'd.	320	Gaffer and gammer were fast in their nest.	267
Assist me Cupid, give me wings.	321	Gay Florimel, of noble birth.	271
As I saw fair Chloe walk alone.	322	Go, go, you vile sot.	278
As in a vernal evening fair.	323	Glide on ye swift moments.	283
Be still, O ye winds, and attentive ye swains.	258	Gently touch the warbling lyre.	287
Blest as th' immortal Gods is he.	259	Gently stir and blow the fire.	288
Beneath a beech's grateful shade.	264	Gin e'er Ise in love it sal be wi a las.	310
Blyth Jockey young and gay.	<i>ibid.</i>	Good mother if you please you may.	313
Beneath the weight of hapless love.	275	Go, happy paper, gently steal.	316
By the gayly circling glass.	278	Go, lovely rose.	317
Bright Cynthia's power, divinely great.	279	Go, virgin kid, with lambent kifs.	318
By various charms the God of love.	284	Hark! Daphne, from the Hawthorn bush.	257
By dimpled brook and fountain brim.	293	Haste, Phyllis, haste, 'tis the first of the May.	263
Boast not, mistaken swain.	300	Happy's the love which meets return.	264
Believe me Chloe, and attend.	302	Had Neptune, when first he took charge, &c.	268
Brisk wine makes us gay, and beauty leads on.	310	However some in coaches, &c.	269
Bacchus must now his power resign.	319	How sweet the gossiping birds that sing.	270
Bacchus, God of jovial drinking.	320	He that will not merry, merry be.	280
Banish sorrow, let's drink and be merry.	<i>ibid.</i>	Hark, hark, the huntsman sounds his horn.	285
Come fill me a bumper my jolly brave boys.	266	How happy's the lover, whose cares are no more.	290
Cleopatra the gay, as old stories declare.	271	How cruel is a parent's care.	293
Cupid ease a love-sick maid.	276	Hark! hark! o'er the plains.	296
Cease, fond mortals, cease to move.	280	Honest lover, whosoever.	297
Come gentle God of soft repose.	284	How giddy is youth, yet above all advice.	303

INDEX to the Songs without the Tunes.

	Page.		Page.
Have you not seen the morning sun.	305	Of all the birds, whose tuneful throats.	266
Hail to the myrtle shade.	306	Oh! lovely Celia, heavenly maid.	268
How sweet are the flowers? How lovely, &c.	<i>ibid.</i>	Of an ailment, so killingly sweet, I could die.	269
Happy is a country life.	308	Of a noble race was Shenkin.	271
How happy is the maid.	315	Oh! let me unreserv'd declare.	272
In cooling stream, O! sweet repose.	261	One evening as I lay.	273
I gently touch'd her hand, she gave.	268	Of all the maladies that cleave.	283
In vain Philander at my feet.	<i>ibid.</i>	Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair.	285
In vain, dear Chloe, you suggest.	276	Of all the simple things we do.	288
It is not, Celia, in our power.	277	One evening at ambrosial treat.	290
I'll tell thee, Dick, where I have been.	281	Our Polly is a sad slut.	299
In vain I try my every art.	282	Oh! what pain it is to part.	300
In Phyllis all vile jilts are met.	<i>ibid.</i>	O! grant me, kind Bacchus.	304
In low'ring clouds the day was drest.	283	Of all the things beneath the sun.	<i>ibid.</i>
If beauty's bloom bespeak the mind.	284	Oh! how could I venture to love one like thee.	305
I envy not the proud their wealth.	289	Oh what had I ado for to marry.	307
In vain, Miranda, you complain.	290	Of all the trades from east to west.	321
In Charles the second's golden days.	297	On a bank beside a willow.	315
I sing not of battles that now are to cease.	298	O Boreas lend your swiftest gales.	319
If any wench Venus' girdle wear.	299	Prithee Billy ben't so silly.	262
If love the virgin's heart invade.	<i>ibid.</i>	Preach not to me your musty rules.	<i>ibid.</i>
I, like a ship, in storms was tost.	<i>ibid.</i>	Prithee send me back my heart.	272
I am a poor maiden forsaken.	311	Push about the brisk bowl.	278
If virtue's in vogue and if honesty thrives.	<i>ibid.</i>	Pursuing beauty men descry.	282
If truth can fix thy wavering heart.	313	Pretty Polly say.	299
Jockey fou, Jenny fain.	<i>ibid.</i>	Pure as the new-fall'n snow appears.	310
If I live to grow old, for I find I grow down.	316	Rob's Jockis come to woo our Jenny.	279
If you my wand'ring heart would find.	317	Remember, dear Chloe, I told you awhile.	301
I love thee, by heavens, I cannot say more.	318	Ring, ring the bar-bell of the world.	312
If Phillis denies me relief.	319	Return, return thou lovely fair.	317
If that man is most happy.	323	See Stella, see that crystal stream.	258
I'll borrow the wings of the sparrow and dove.	<i>ibid.</i>	See Celia how the lovely rose.	259
Kindly, kindly, thus my treasure.	304	Saw ye the nymph whom I adore.	263
Kind God of sleep, since it must be.	313	Some sing Molly Mog of the rose.	265
Lovely Goddess, sprightly May.	257	Sick of the town at once I flew.	<i>ibid.</i>
Let those that love Helicon sip at its stream.	259	Strephon, when you see me fly.	270
Love's an idle, childish passion.	269	See, Stella, as your health returns.	275
Love's a dream of mighty treasure.	277	Strephon with native freedom blest.	282
Little Syren of the stage.	289	Soft invader of my soul.	285
Let others sing in loftier lays.	294	Sooner than I'll my love forgo.	286
Love and folly were at play.	297	Shall I, wasting in despair.	287
Leave your Parnassus, sacred nine.	306	Singing charms the blest above.	288
Let matters of state.	312	So much I love thee, O my treasure.	<i>ibid.</i>
Love never more shall give me pain.	313	Sabina, in the dead of night.	<i>ibid.</i>
Let ambition fire thy mind.	320	Strephon has fashion, wit and youth.	295
Let others court town lasses.	321	Sigh no more, ladies, ladies sigh no more.	300
Let 'em censure, what care I.	323	Shall girls, whose only claim to worth.	303
My dear and only love I pray.	258	Since drinking has pow'r to bring us relief.	304
Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by.	265	Smile, smile, Britannia smile.	307
My Patty is a lover gay.	266	So brightly sweet fair Nanny's eyes.	309
My sweetest May, let love incline thee.	267	Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright.	311
My Gooddecs Lydia, heavenly fair.	272	See, see, my Seraphina comes.	313
My dear mistress has a heart.	273	Since nature mankind for society fram'd.	218
Mourn, hapless Caladonia, mourn.	274	Sum up all the delights.	319
My fair is beautiful as love.	278	See, see, like Venus she appears.	<i>ibid.</i>
My fair, ye swains, is gone astray.	285	Say, cruel Amoret how long.	320
Mercy, oh! mercy, conquering Maid.	293	She wept, the fair Arpasia wept.	322
My heart was so free.	299	Some say women are like the seas.	<i>ibid.</i>
My soger laddie is over the sea.	307	Spring renewing, all things gay.	323
My time, O ye muses, was happily spent.	314	Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes.	259
My loving heart has oft with pride.	316	Thou traitor, who with the fair sex, &c.	260
Maria, when the paps you press.	321	The bird that from the lime-twigg flies.	261
Nature for thee has cull'd her store.	268	The shepherd's plain life.	<i>ibid.</i>
Nature, by love when once refin'd.	276	Ten years, like Troy, my stubborn heart.	264
Nature for defence affords.	280	The night her silent fable wore.	266
Now Phoebus sinketh in the west.	293	This is not mine ain house,	<i>ibid.</i>
Now the snow-d'op lifts her head.	299	The sun was sunk beneath the hill.	<i>ibid.</i>
No more shall buds on branches spring.	302	Transported with pleasure.	267
No glory I covet, no riches I want.	301	Teach me Chloe how to prove.	<i>ibid.</i>
Not Celia that I juster am.	322	Tell me Dorinda why so gay.	269
Old Chaucer once to this re-echoing grove.	260	The stone, that all things turns at will.	<i>ibid.</i>
Of all my experience how vast the amount.	265	The wanton God that pierces hearts.	270
Oh pity all a maiden.	<i>ibid.</i>	There liv'd a young mouse in Ballinocraffy.	273
		The	The

INDEX to the Songs without the Tunes.

	Page.		Page.
The blooming damsel, whose defence.	274	Willy ne'er enquire what end.	273
The brightest bloom the rose displays.	<i>ibid.</i>	Welcome, welcome, brother debtor.	275
To make the wife kind and to keep, &c.	277	Whene'er I meet my Celia's eyes.	<i>ibid.</i>
To make the man kind and keep true, &c.	<i>ibid.</i>	When morn her sweets shall first unfold.	276
To hug yourself in perfect ease.	280	With artful voice young Thyrsis you.	<i>ibid.</i>
Tho' cruel you seem to my pain.	281	When mighty roast beef was, &c.	277
Tell me Delia, tell me why,	282	We may boldly assert what no mortal denies.	278
The heavy hours are almost past.	<i>ibid.</i>	Would you chuse a wife.	279
The Lark her early matins thrill'd.	283	Why should a heart so tender break.	280
The man who best can dangers dare.	285	Waft me, ye winds, where woodbines grow.	283
To dear Amyriliis young Strephon had long.	287	Whilst in the bow'r with beauty blest.	284
To arms, to arms, hark, hark the trumpet sounds.	<i>ibid.</i>	Who can Dorinda's beauty view.	<i>ibid.</i>
To all you ladies now at land	289	What beauties does my nymph disclose.	<i>ibid.</i>
'Tis love, spite of laws, will its empire maintain.	292	Wouldst thou all the joys receive.	287
Tho' I love you, yet think not, &c.	293	Whilst I, with many a pleasing kiss.	<i>ibid.</i>
The sportsman may boast, &c.	<i>ibid.</i>	When fairies dance round on the grass.	288
The man who seeks to win the fair.	294	Willy's rare and Willy's fair.	<i>ibid.</i>
The sun was sunk beneath the main.	<i>ibid.</i>	When the Deity's word.	291
To this moment a rebel, I throw down my arms.	295	When I liv'd in my grandmother's cot.	294
The hounds are all out, and the morning, &c.	296	What means that throb, said I, my heart.	295
There lives a lass upon the green.	<i>ibid.</i>	When daisies py'd and violets blue.	296
Thro' all the employments of life.	299	When icicles hang on the wall.	<i>ibid.</i>
'Tis woman that seduces all mankind.	<i>ibid.</i>	When the bright God of day.	297
The miser thus a shilling fees.	300	When high hills and lofty mountains.	298
Too partial, Damon, are thy lays.	301	Were I laid on Greenland coast.	300
The sun was now withdrawn.	<i>ibid.</i>	Why knits my fair her angry brow.	<i>ibid.</i>
Tho' Baucis and I are both ancient and poor.	<i>ibid.</i>	Waft me, O waft me, heavenly powers.	<i>ibid.</i>
To mortals so sweet was power.	302	When Orpheus sweetly did complain.	301
The lass that would know how to manage, &c.	<i>ibid.</i>	We all to conquering beauty bow.	303
The smiling morn, the breathing spring.	303	What tho' they call me country lass.	<i>ibid.</i>
To Chloe's wit and bloom and youth.	304	Why will Florella, when I gaze.	305
To soothe my heart the queen of love.	<i>ibid.</i>	Whilst you, too lovely Arabell.	307
Thy fatal shafts unerring move.	305	While Misers all night still are watching.	308
To make me feel a virgin's charms.	306	When Chloe first young Collin saw.	309
That Jenny's my friend, my delight, &c.	307	Why shine those charming eyes so bright.	<i>ibid.</i>
Tho' Polly's and tho' Peggy's charms.	308	When all was wrapt in dark midnight.	312
Tell me, my lovely charming fair.	<i>ibid.</i>	When fair Serena first I knew.	318
The beau, with his delicate womanish face.	309	Would you the charming queen of love.	<i>ibid.</i>
The man that is drunk is void of all care.	314	Wanton gales that fondly play.	320
The lass of broomhall green.	315	Wine's a mistress gay and easy.	<i>ibid.</i>
To curb the will with vain pretence.	<i>ibid.</i>	While I, fair Delia, view thy face	<i>ibid.</i>
The morning fresh, the sun in east.	316	When beauty and wit did conspire.	322
Thou joy of all hearts, delight of all eyes.	318	When beauteous fair Camilla deigns.	<i>ibid.</i>
Thus we'll drown all melancholly.	319	Why Celia with that coy behaviour.	<i>ibid.</i>
The groves, the plains.	<i>ibid.</i>	Young Hobinal, the blythest swain.	260
The am'rous spark.	320	Ye woods and ye mountains unknown.	261
To feasts, to smiles, to joyful sport.	<i>ibid.</i>	Yes, all the world will sure agree.	268
Too late for redress, and too soon for my ease.	321	Ye nymphs of the plain, who once saw me, &c.	<i>ibid.</i>
Thou calm-ray'd spring, whose blooming face.	322	Ye nymphs and sylvan gods.	270
To heal the smart a bee had made.	<i>ibid.</i>	You may cease to complain.	279
'Tis not your wealth, my dear.	323	Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn, &c.	284
Upon Clorinda's panting breast.	274	You bid me, fair, conceal my love.	286
Vain is every fond endeavour.	275	Ye warblers, while Strephon I mourn.	289
Vainly now ye strive to charm me.	283	Youth's a season made for joys.	290
Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre.	299	Ye lads who approve.	291
View my eyes my lovely charmer.	315	Ye fair, from man's insidious love.	294
When first I sought fair Celia's love.	259	You say you love, repeat again.	295
With every lady in the land.	<i>ibid.</i>	Young I am, and yet unskilled.	302
When Britons first at heaven's command.	261	Ye sacred nine inspire my soul.	306
When Charming Chloe gently walks.	262	Ye thirsty souls, who love to drink.	307
When the buds first appear.	<i>ibid.</i>	Young Dorillis, artless swain.	308
When in unbounded glory bright.	<i>ibid.</i>	Ye virgin powers defend my heart.	313
Would you taste the noon-tide air.	<i>ibid.</i>	Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now.	314
Wherever I'm going, and all the day long.	265	Young virgins love pleasure.	319
What means this niceness now of late.	267	Ye Gods ye gave to me a wife.	320
When Delia on the plain appears	<i>ibid.</i>	Ye powers that o'er mankind preside.	322
When Orpheus went down to the regions below.	270	Zephyrs spread your purple pinions.	283
What beauteous scenes enchant my sight.	271		

Purcell - 116, 202

Handel - 116, 74, 105, 176, 190

Rizzi (?) 135, 152, 167, 176 etc.