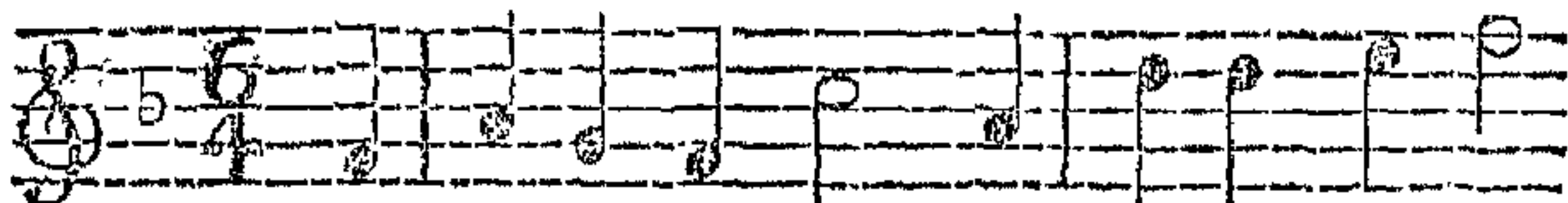
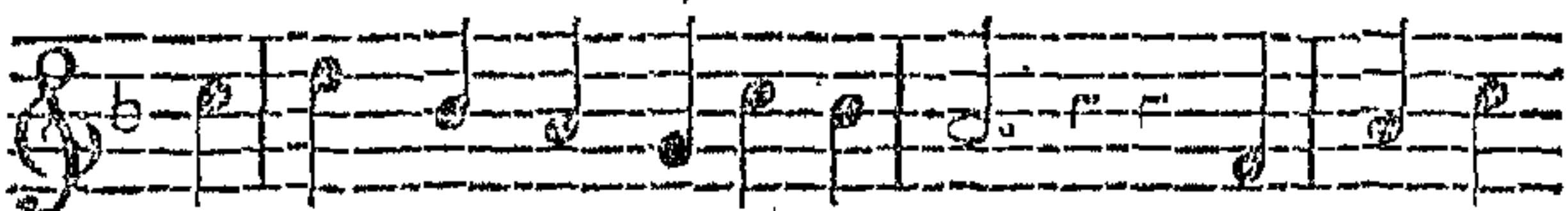


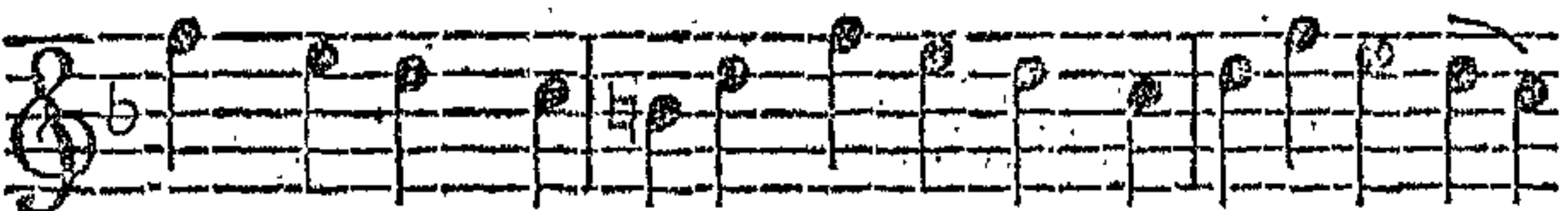
SONG LXXXI.



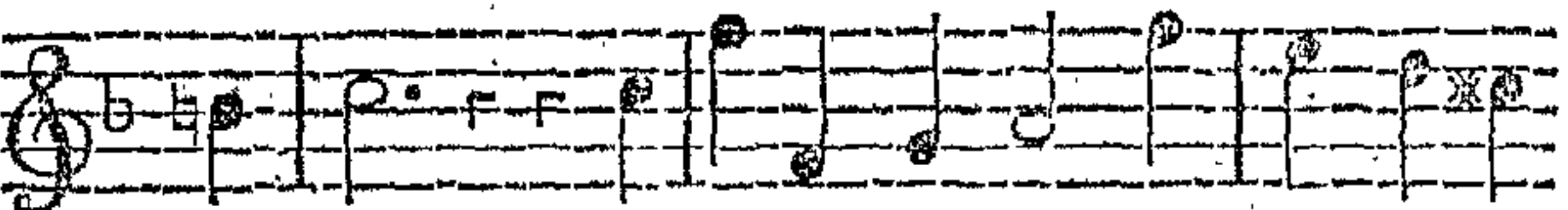
Come Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,



each lad with his lass hither come, With finging



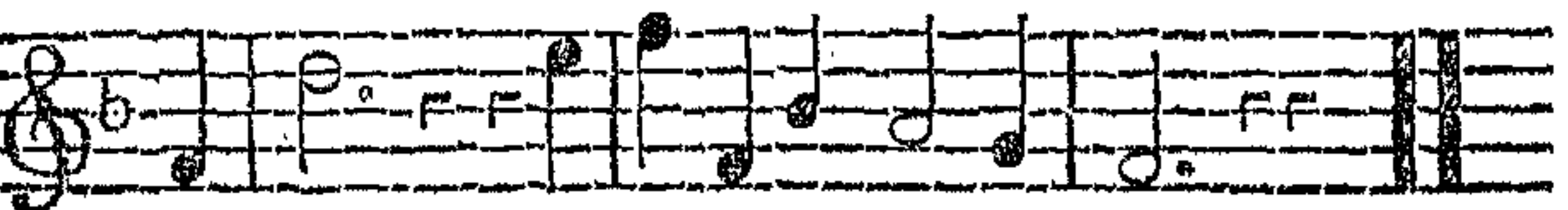
and dancing, in pleasure advancing, to celebrate har-



vest home. 'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep ho-li-



day, to celebrate harvest home, Harvest home, Har-

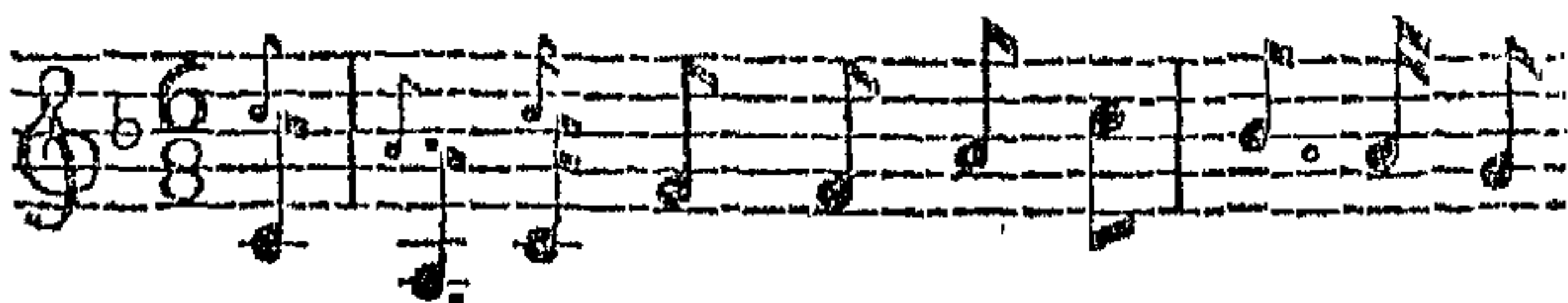


vest home, To celebrate harvest home.

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

No courtier can be so happy as we,
 In innocent pastime and mirth,
 While thus we carouse with our sweetheart or spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.
 Cho. When Ceres bids play, &c.

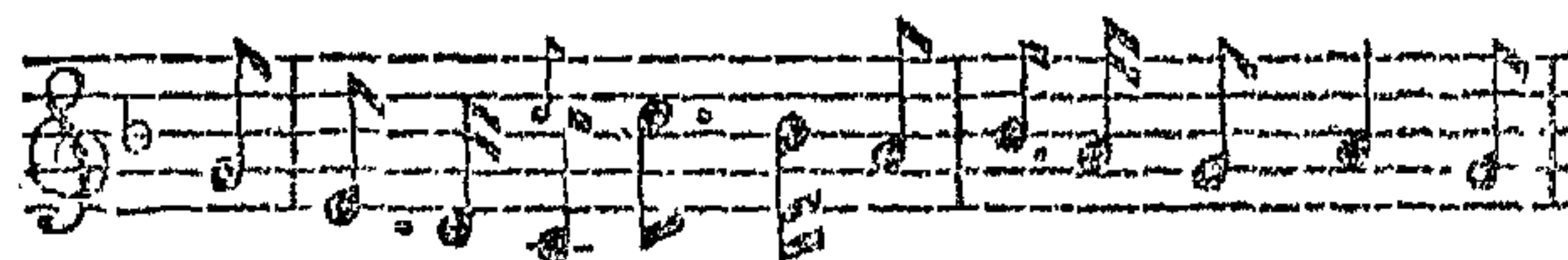
S O N G LXXXII.



Come come my good shepherds our flocks we must



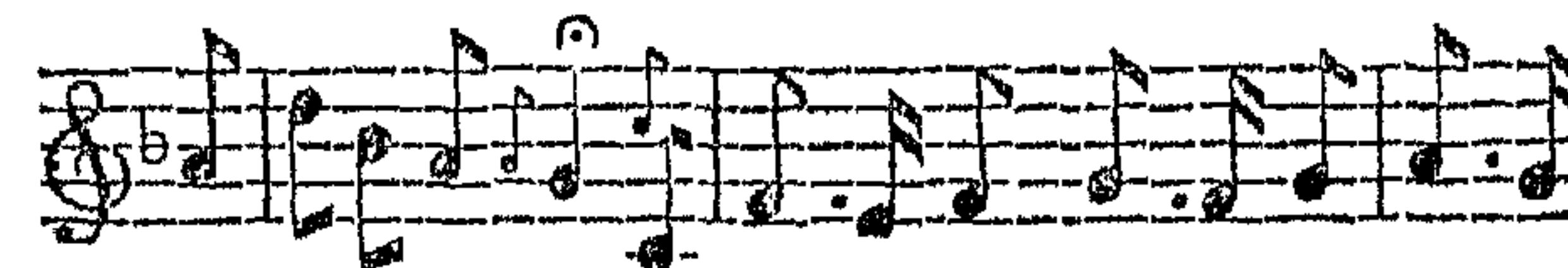
sheer, In your holliday suits with your lasses appear,



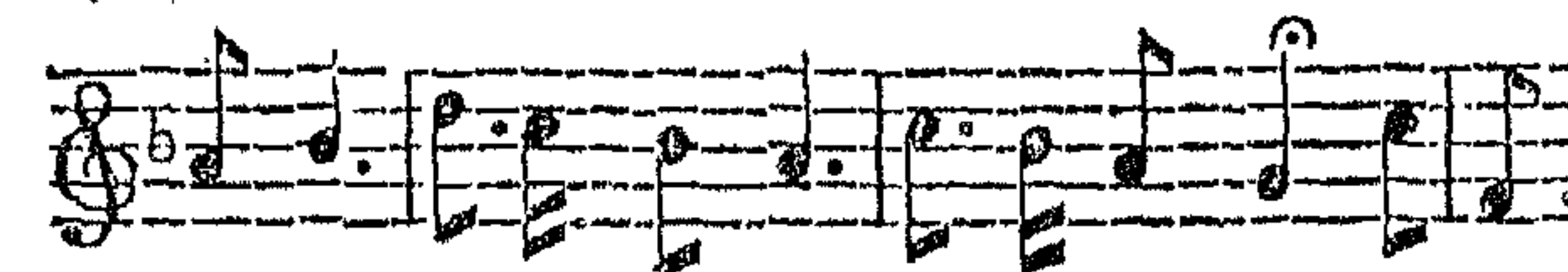
The happiest of folks are the guileless and free, and



who are so guileless so happy as we, Who are so guileless



so happy as we, the happiest of folks are the guileless



and free, guileless and free, guileless and free, and who
are



are so guileless so happy as we.

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,
 We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught,
 What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,
 For knowing no falsehood we need no disguise.

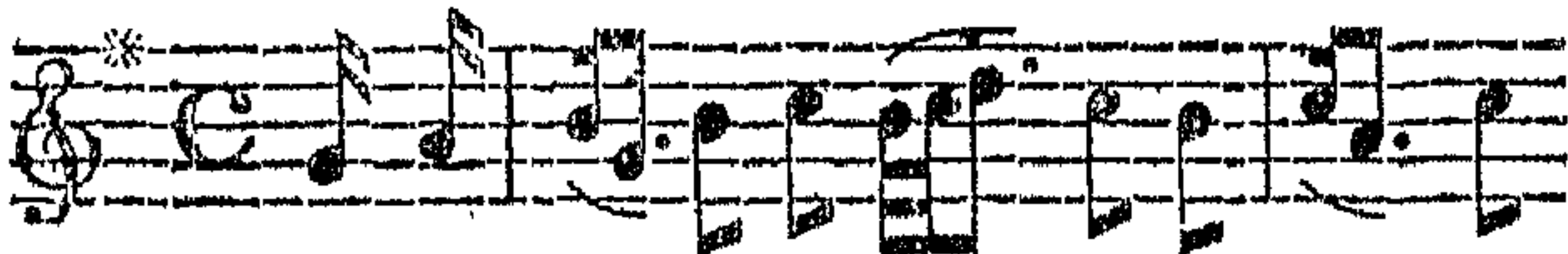
By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
 But we as the children of nature are bred,
 By her hands alone we are painted and drest,
 For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast.

That giant Ambition we never can dread,
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head,
 Content and sweet Cheerfulness open our door,
 They smile with the simple and feed with the poor.

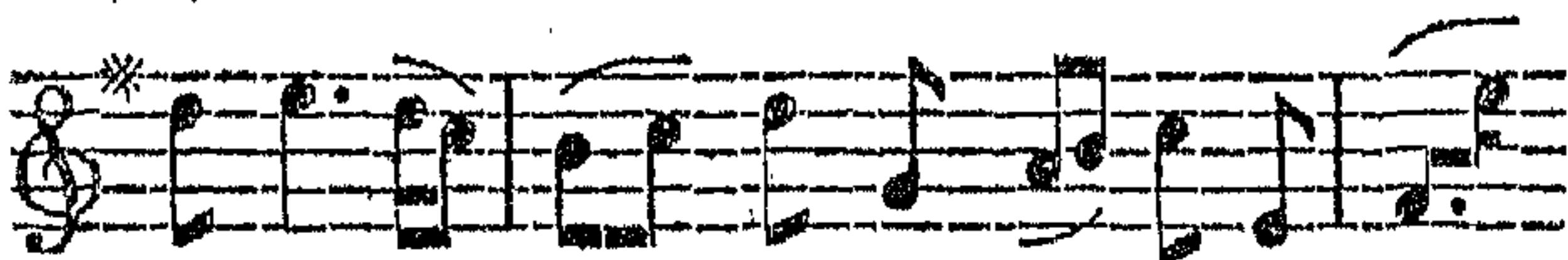
When love has possess'd us that love we reveal,
 Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel,
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

SONG LXXXIII.

Not too fast.



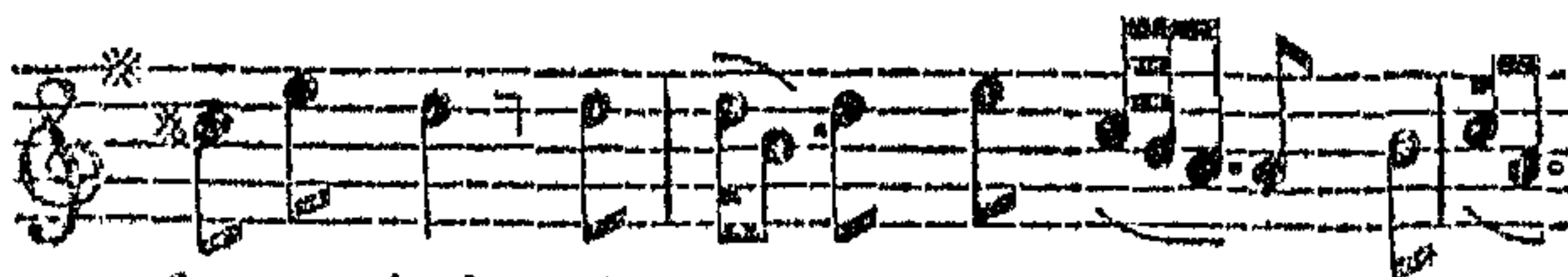
To an ar - bor of woodbines ye both shall



be led, soft leaves for your pillow the grass



for your bed, soft leaves for your pil - low the grass



for your bed, While wanton young sparrows chirp o-



ver your head, all under the green-wood shade, all



un - der the green-wood shade.

When

When the morn with pale lustre peeps thro' the dark grove,
 And nightingales answer the chaste turtle dove,
 The maid without blushing shall clasp her true love
 All under the green wood shade.

Our innocent pleasures begin with the day,
 While guileless our hearts we have cause to be gay ;
 No virgins dissemble no shepherds betray
 All under the green wood shade.

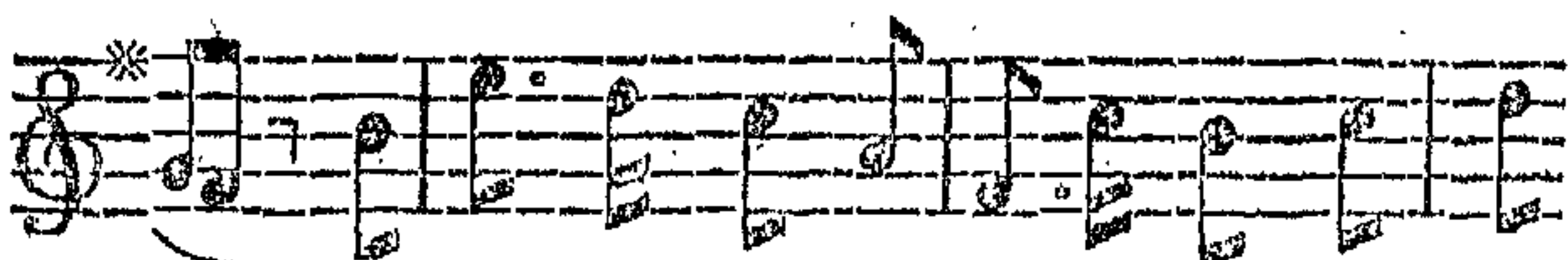
Should frowns for a while arm the face of the fair,
 Yet soon the young lover forgets all his care,
 When lovely young Phillis forbids him despair,
 All under the green wood shade.

S O N G LXXXIV.

Slow.



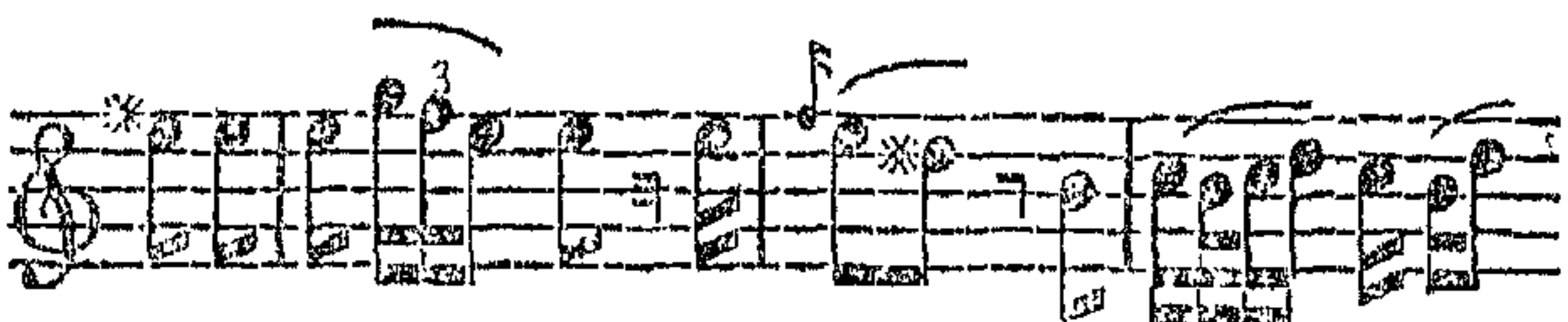
Upon a summer's evening clear Di - one hapless



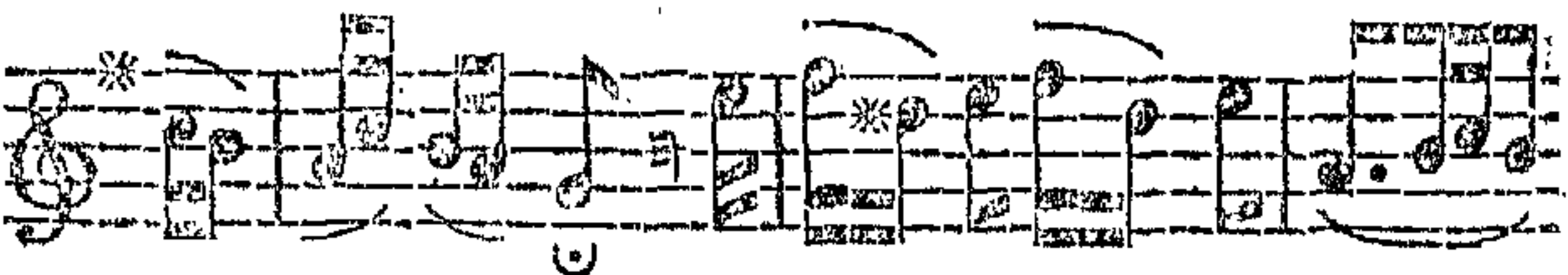
maid, All wan with grief and pining care sought out



a secret shade, How wretched, ah! how chang'd am



I un-hap-py maid said she, No scene is plea-



sing to my eye, no flow'r is sweet to me,



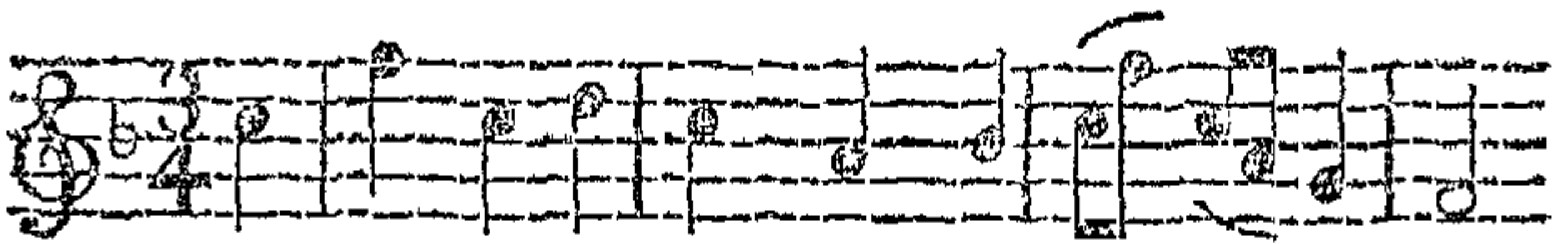
no flow'r is sweet to me.

So many vows could Colin make
 To me, ah faithless swain !
 And yet those plighted vows to break,
 And leave me to complain.
 Why did I rashly seek his arms ?
 Why his fond tale believe ?
 Alas ! I yielded all my charms,
 Nor thought he could deceive.

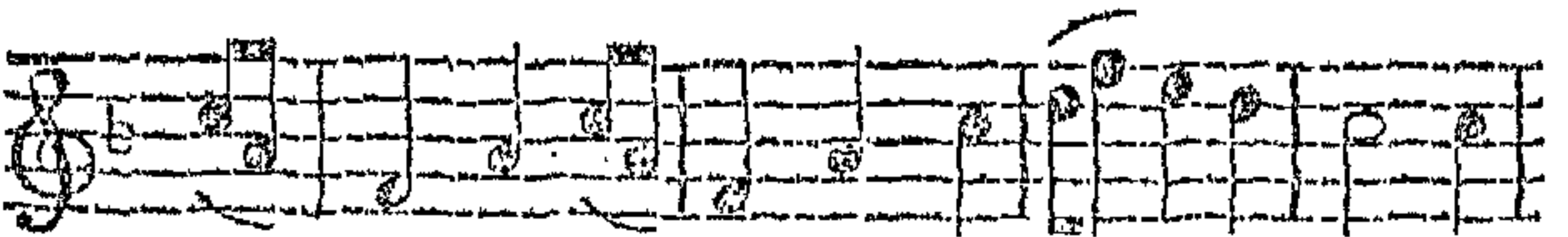
Yet why of Roses such a store,
 And lilies in my face ;
 Since Lucy now can please you more,
 And claim your fond embrace ?
 My brightest charms I'd willing give,
 Resign my rosy hue ;
 Content with Lucy's charms I'd live,
 A rural maid for you.

But Colin's deaf while I upbraid,
 Nor heeds tho' I complain ;
 Thinks not that I'm the injur'd maid,
 And he the perjur'd swain.
 Yet know, false man, Dione's shade
 To fright you shall appear ;
 And, when you climb the marriage bed,
 Dione shall be there.

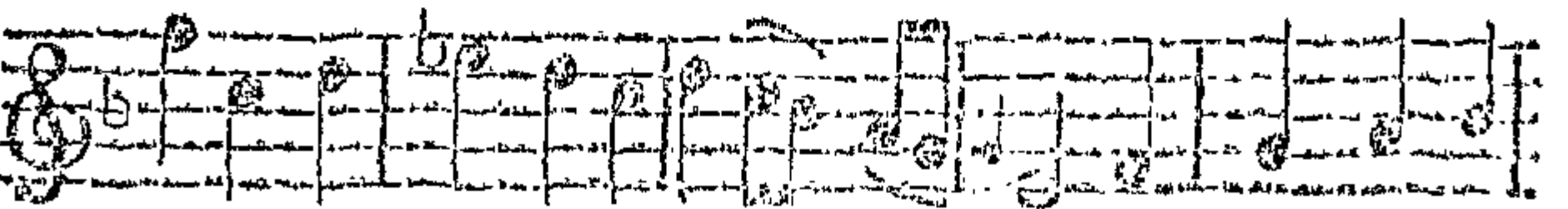
S O N G LXXXV.



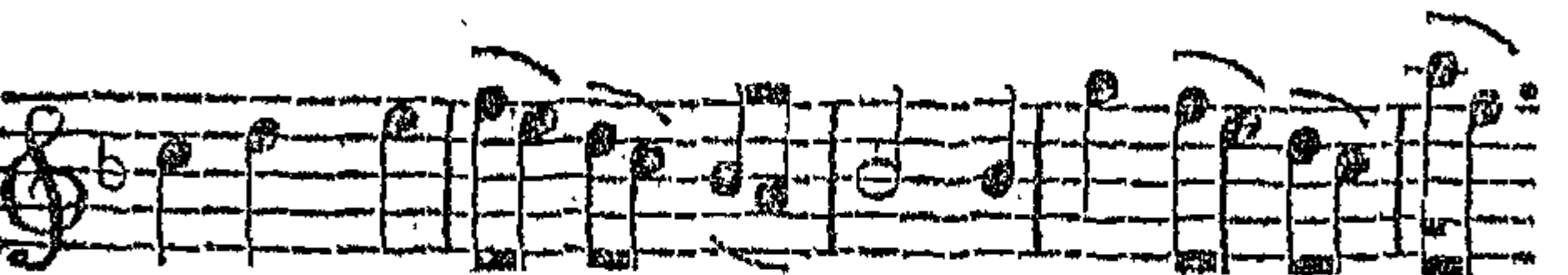
How blest has my time been what days have I known,



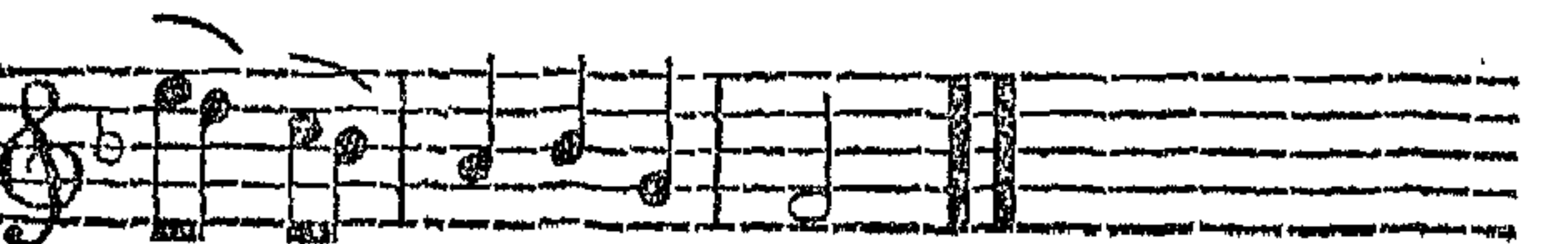
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own, So



joyful my heart is so ea - sy my pain, 'That freedom is



tasteless and roving a pain, 'That freedom is taste,



less and roving a pain.

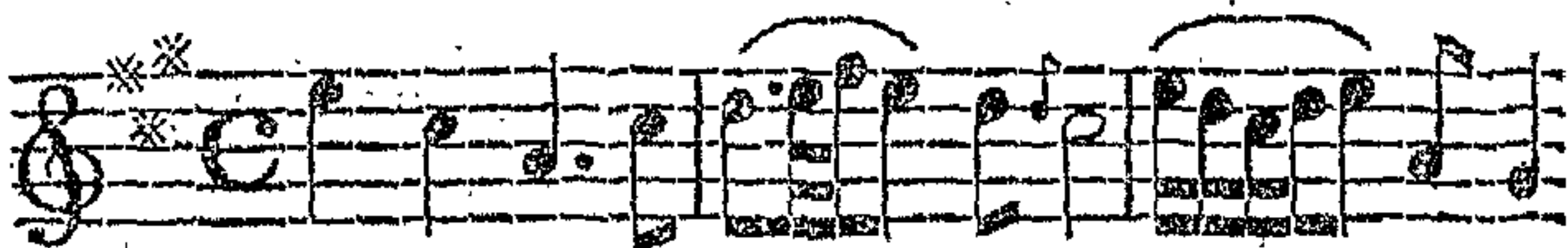
Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,
Around us our girls and boys frolic and play;
How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

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

Ye

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

S O N G LXXXVI.



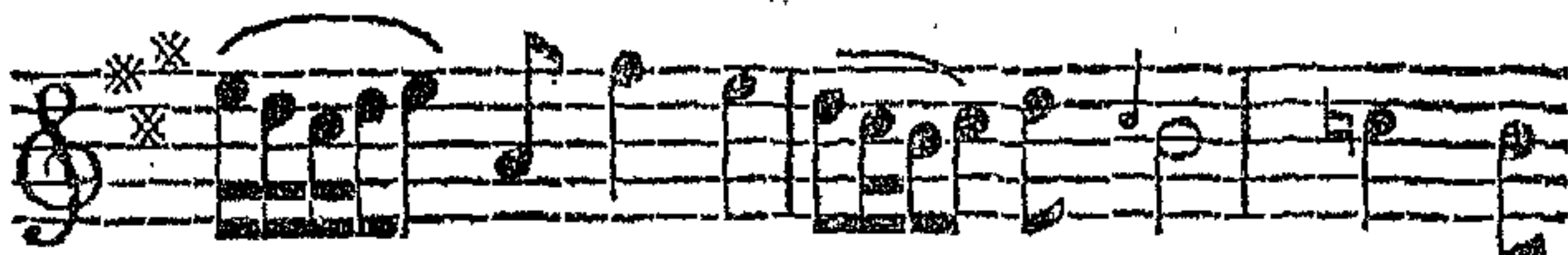
Spring returns the fawns advance, Lead - ing on



the spright - ly dance, Lead - ing on the spright - ly



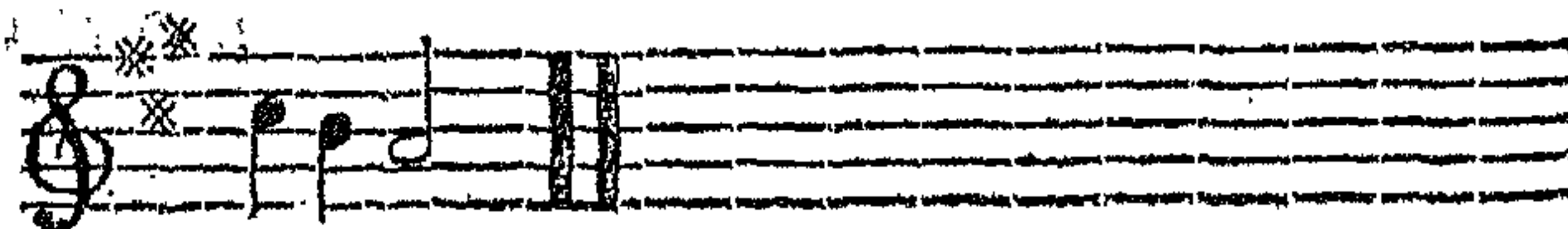
dance, O'er the fallow, o'er the glade,



thro' the sunshine, thro' the shade, Whilst I



forlorn and pen - sive still, sit sigh - ing for my



Daffodil.

See

See the wanton nymphs appear,
Smiling all as smiles the year,
Sporting print where e'er they tread,
Daisy ground or primrose bed.

Whilst I, &c.

Now the swain with watry shoe,
Brushes off the morning dew,
With officious love to bear
Fresh blown cowslips to his fair:

Whilst I, &c.

Gentle nymphs forfake the mead,
'To my love for pity plead;
Go, ye swains, and seek the fair,
This my last petition bear.

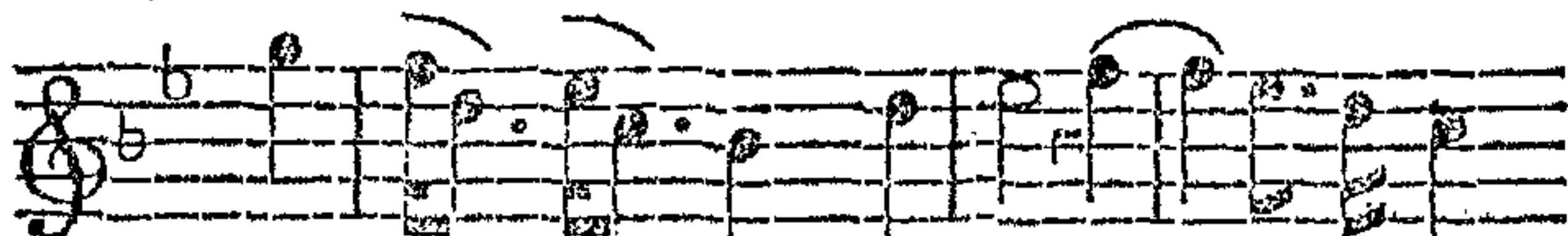
Whilst I, &c.

Sweetest maid that e'er was seen
Dance at wake or trip the green,
See a lovesick fighting swain,
Hear my vows, relieve my pain;
Or with your frowns for pity kill,
Too charming cruel Daffodil.

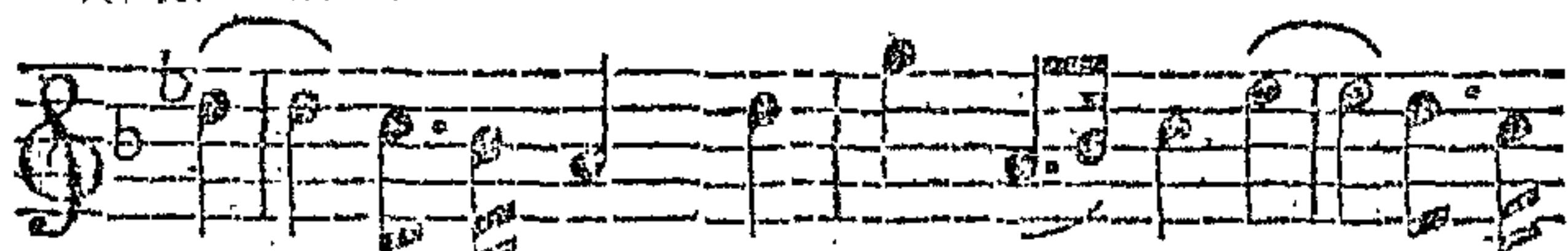
SONG LXXXVII.



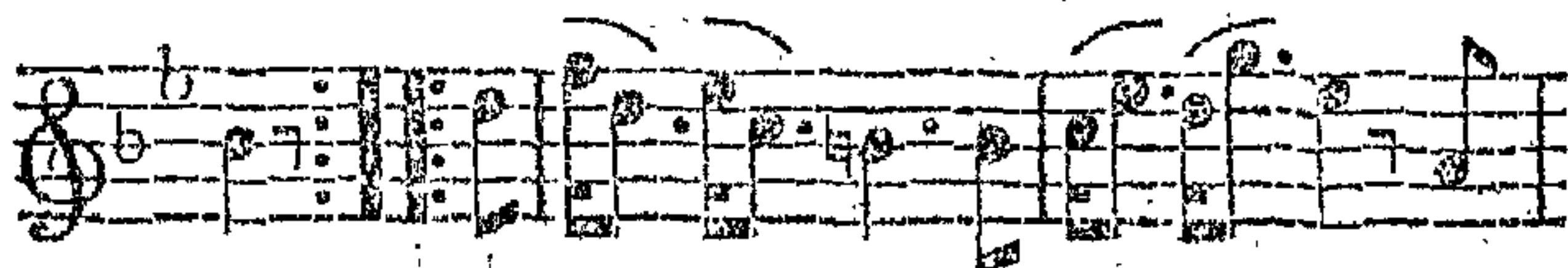
The live long day forlorn I go, my heart is com-



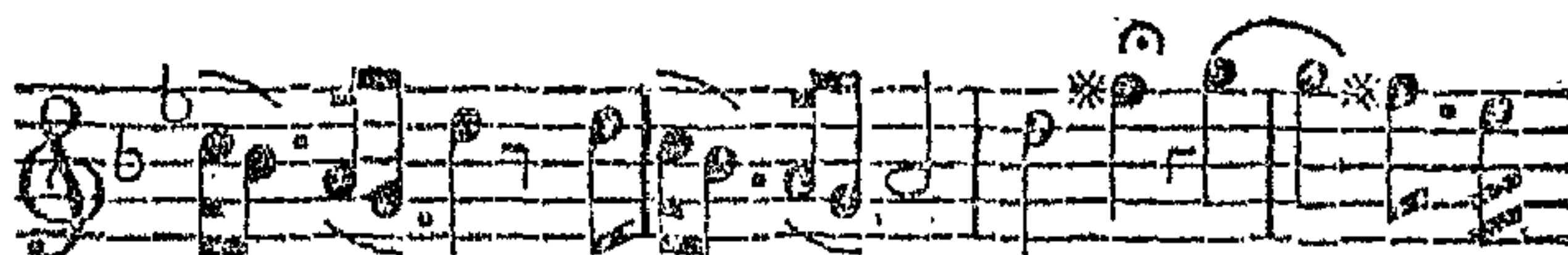
pafs'd round with woe, with woe, ah well a day !



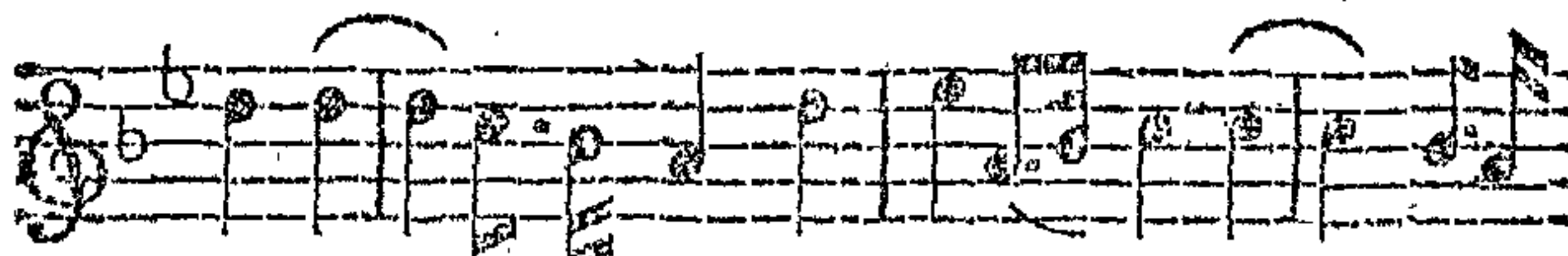
ah well a day ! with woe, with woe, ah well a



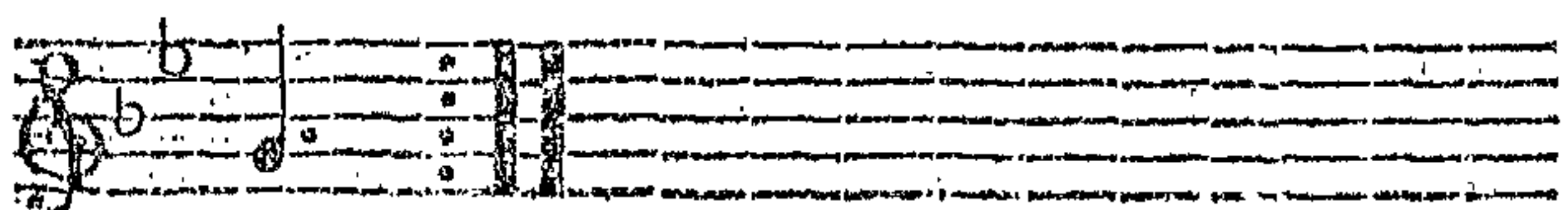
day. The cause you hear in ev' - ry sigh, you



see it wrote within my eye, 'tis love ah well a

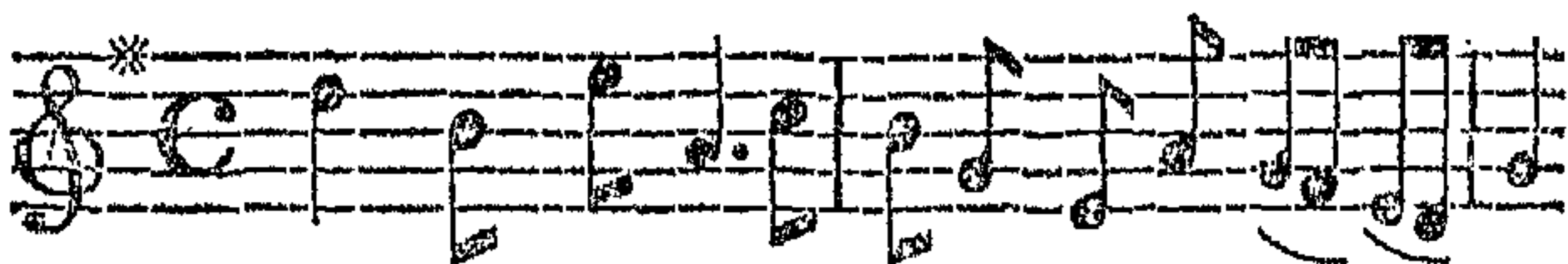


day ! ah well a day ! 'tis love, 'tis love, ah well a

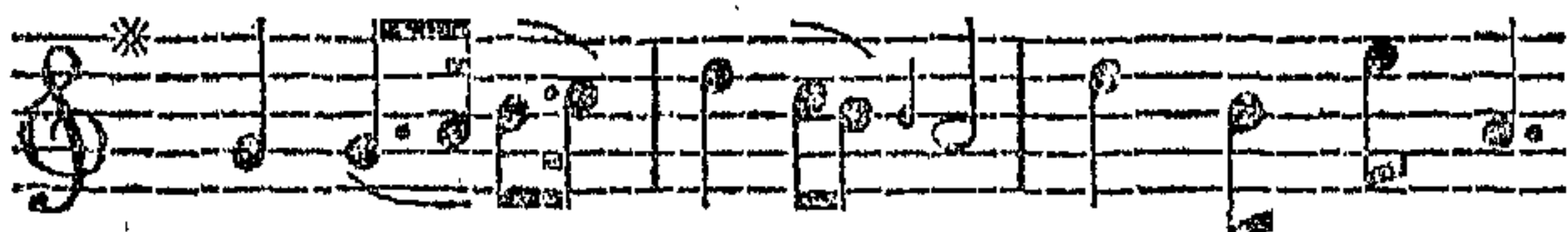


day !

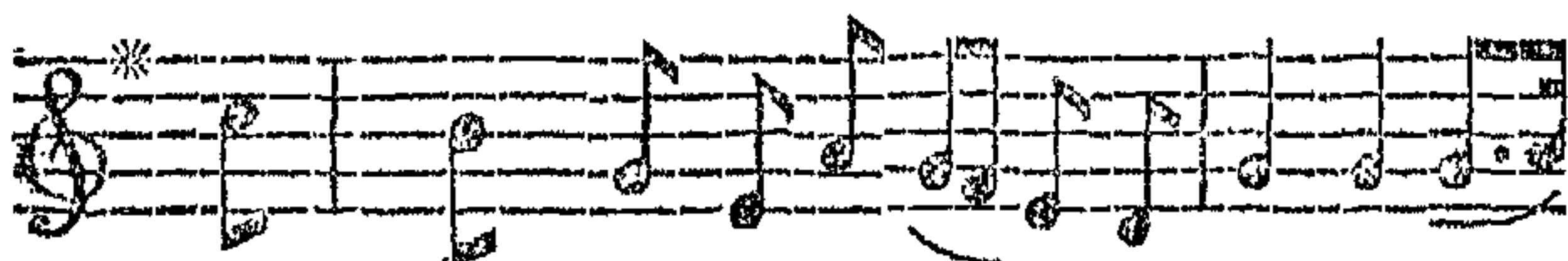
S O N G . LXXXVIII.



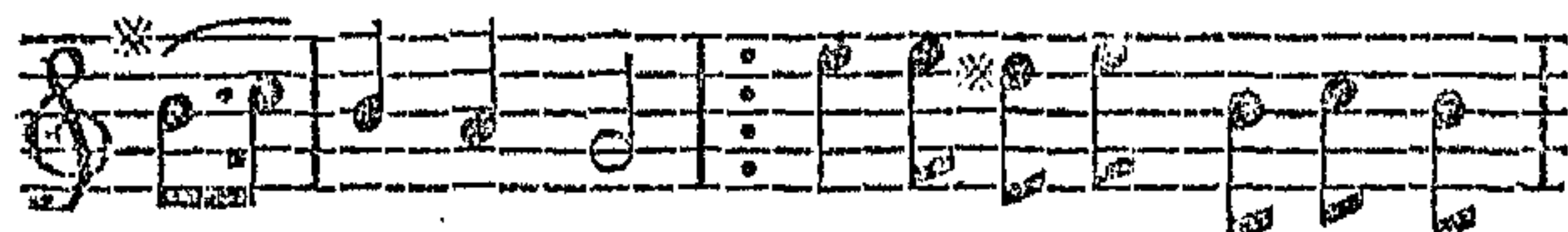
When wars alarms entic'd my Willy from me my



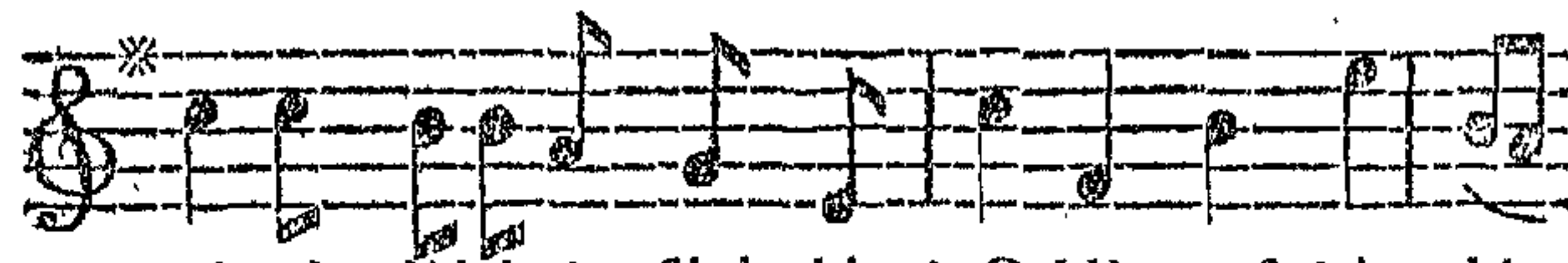
poor heart with grief did sigh, Each fond remem-



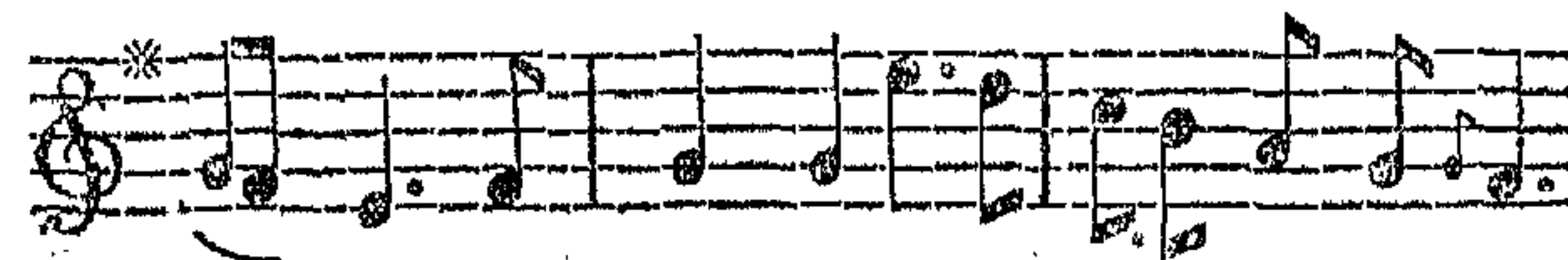
brance brought fresh sorrow on me, I woke e'er yet



the morn was nigh. No other could delight him,



ah why did I e'er flight him? Coldly answ'ring his



fond tale, which drove him far amidst the rage of war,

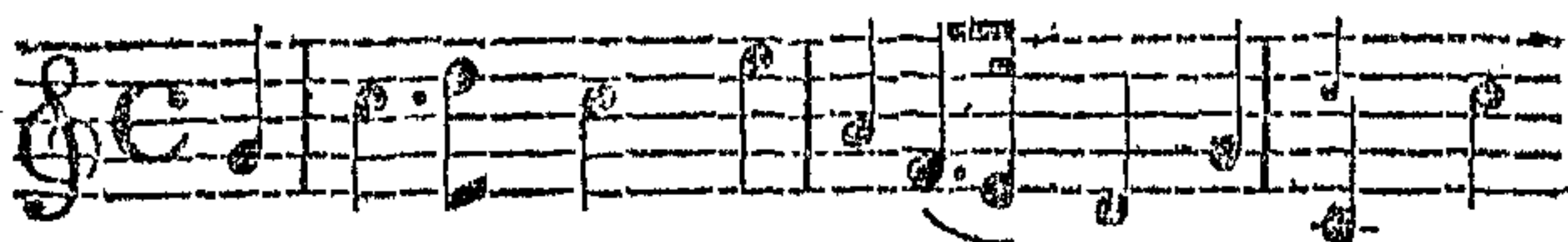


and left filly me thus to bewail;

But

But I no longer, tho' a maid forsaken,
Thus will mourn like yonder dove ;
For ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken,
I will seek my absent love.
The hostile country over,
I'll fly to seek my lover,
Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear :
Nor distant shore,
Nor cannon's roar,
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

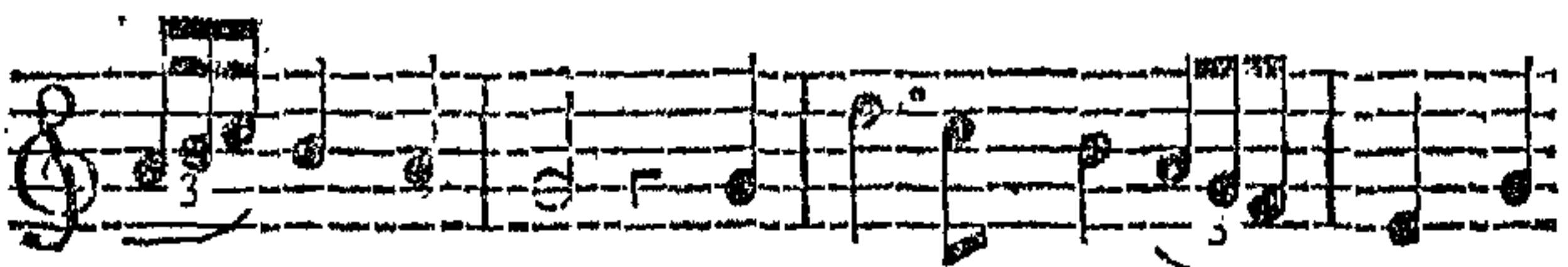
S O N G LXXXIX.



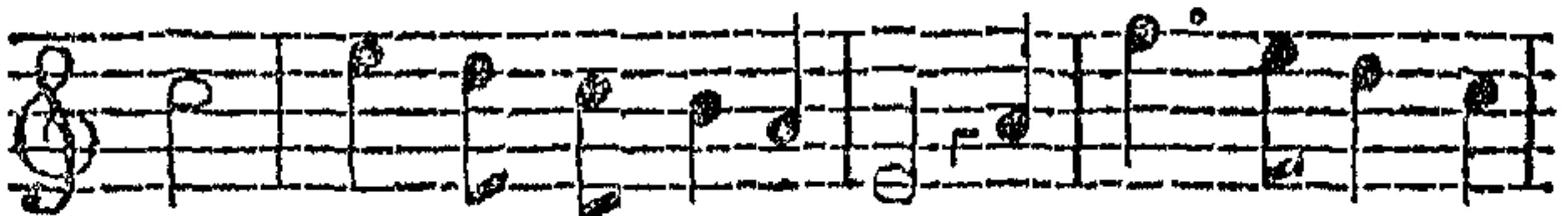
My Nancy leaves the ru - ral train, A camp's dis-



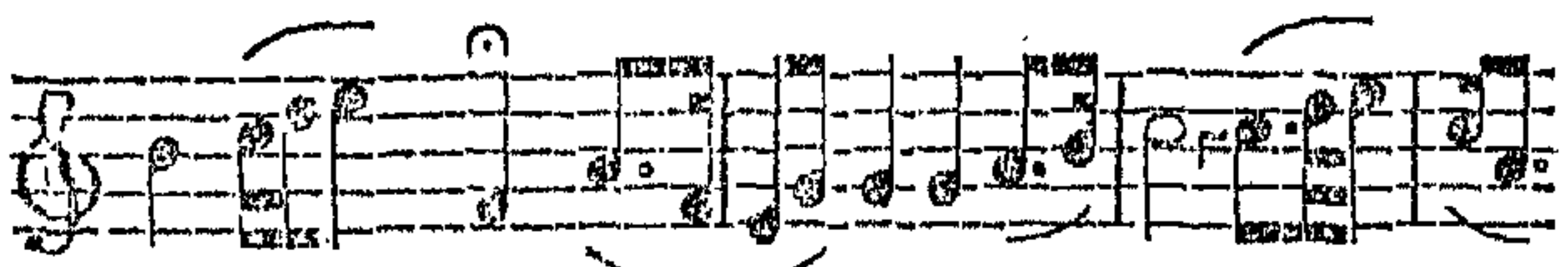
treffs to prove, All o - ther ills she can sustain but liv-



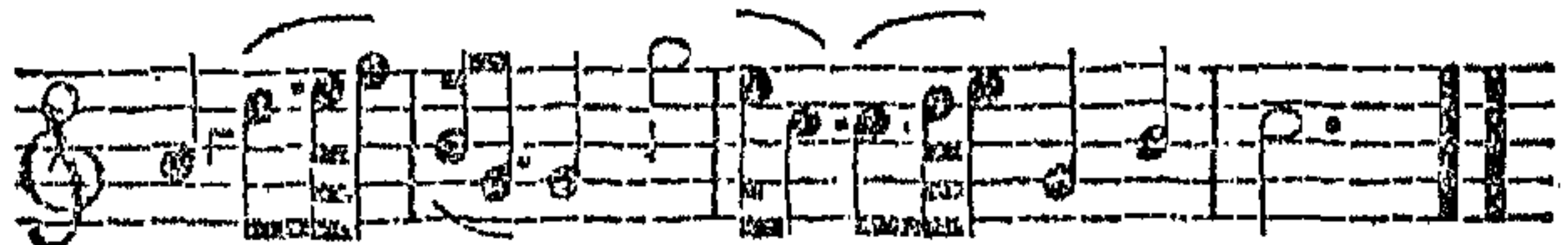
ing from her love; Yet, dearest, tho' your soldier's



there, Will not your spirit fail, To mark the hardship



you must share, Dear Nancy of the dale, dear Nan-



cy, dear Nancy, dear Nan - cy of the dale.

Or should my love each danger scorn,

Ah! how shall I secure

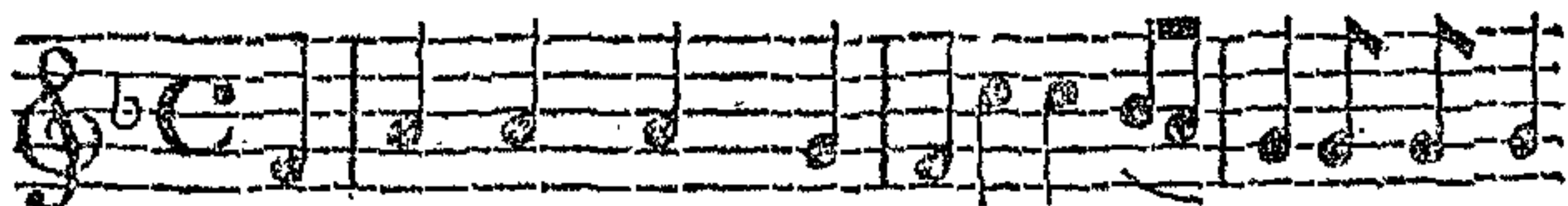
Your health—'mid toils which you were born

To scath, but not endure.

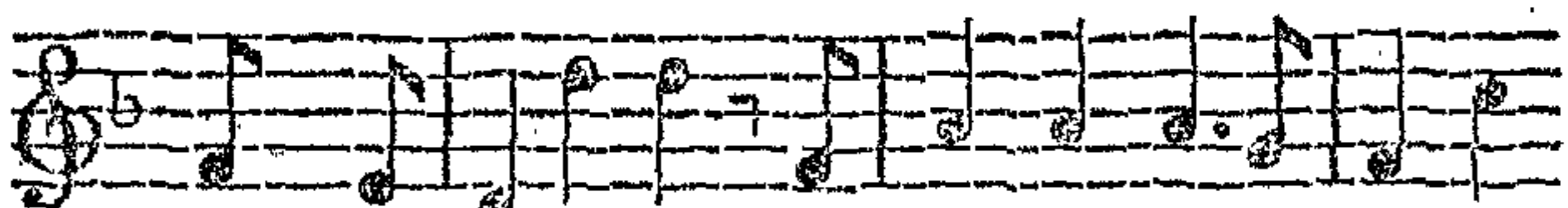
• A thou

A thousand perils I must view,
 A thousand ills assail;
 Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
 Dear Nancy of the dale.

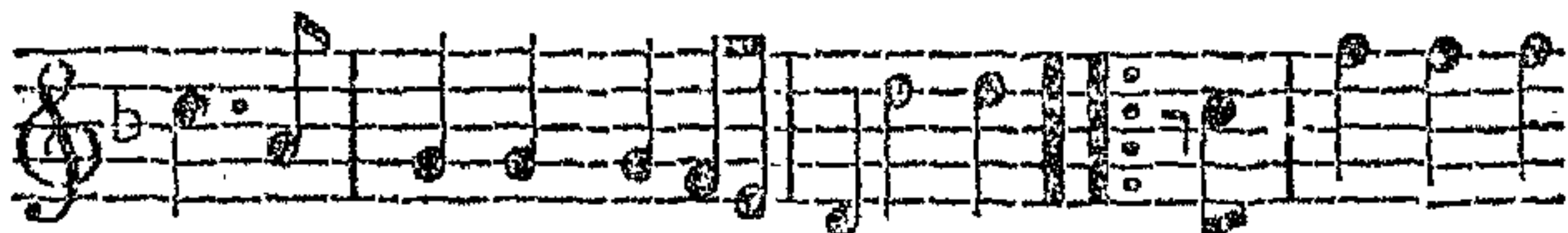
S O N G XC.



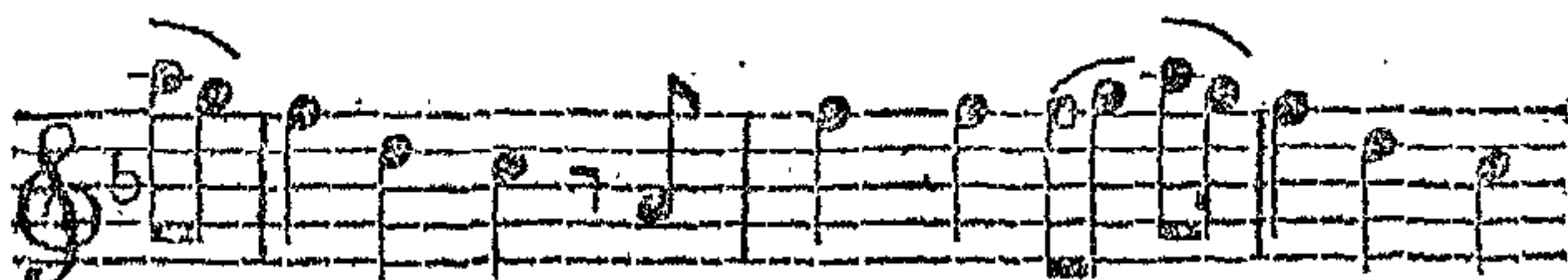
The fife and drum sound merrily, a soldier, a sol-



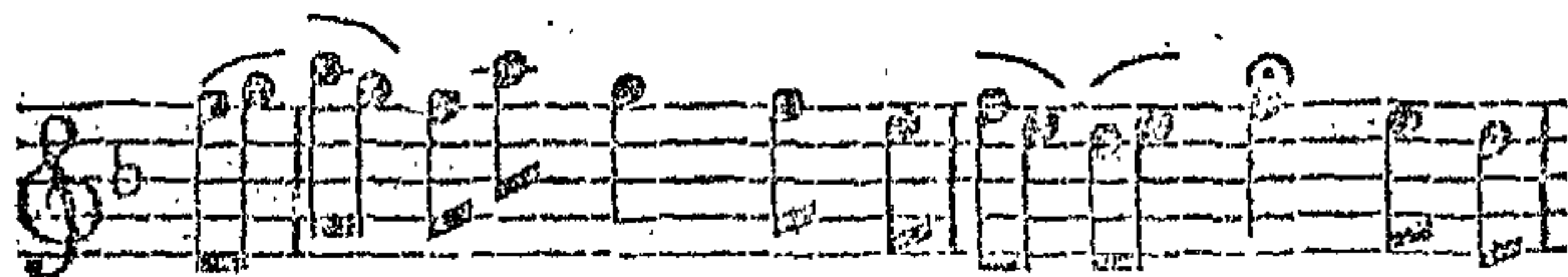
dier's the lad for me, With my true love I soon will



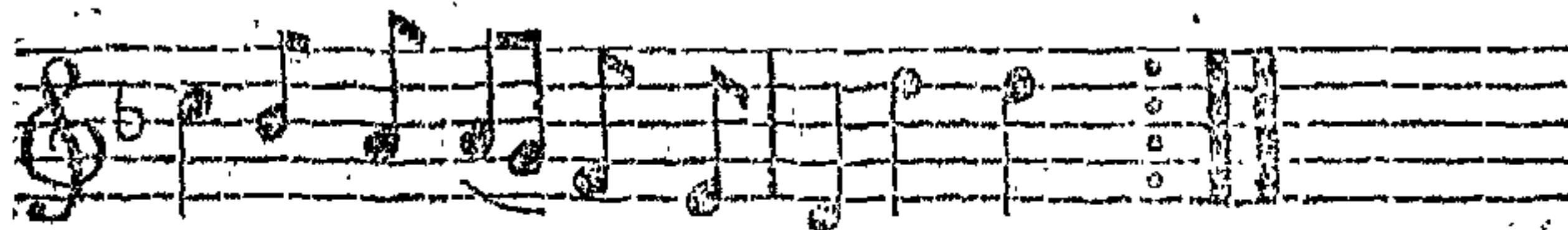
be, for who so kind so true as he. With him in ev'-



ry toil I'll share, To please him shall be all my care,



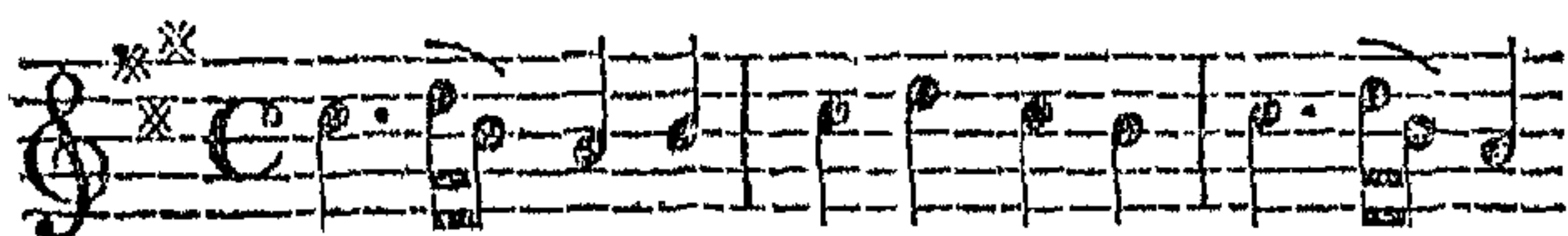
Each peril I'll dare, And all hardships bear, For a



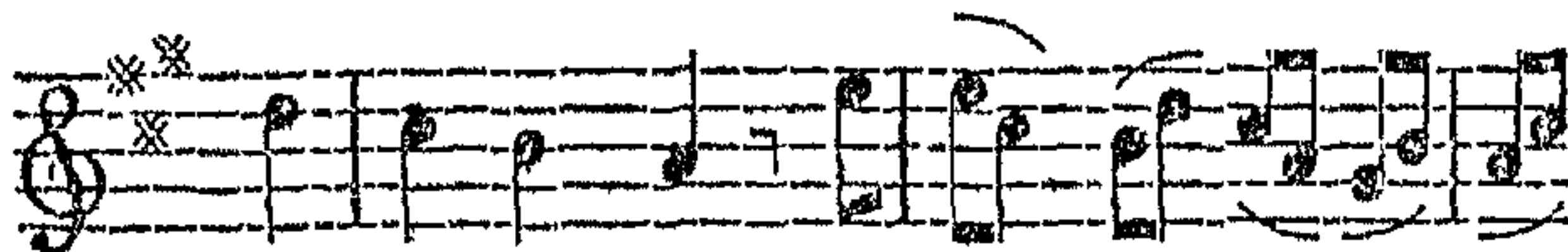
soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

Then if kind heav'n preserve my love,
 What rapturous joy shall his Nancy prove,
 Swift thro' the camp shall my footsteps bound,
 To meet my William with conquest crown'd.
 Close to my faithful bosom prest,
 Soon shall he hush his cares to rest;
 Clasp'd in these arms,
 Forget war's alarms,
 For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

S O N G XCI.



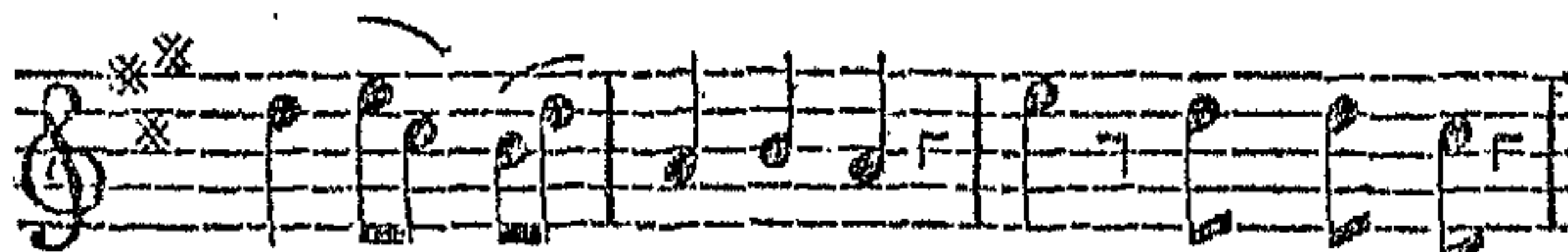
No 'twas neither form nor feature made me own



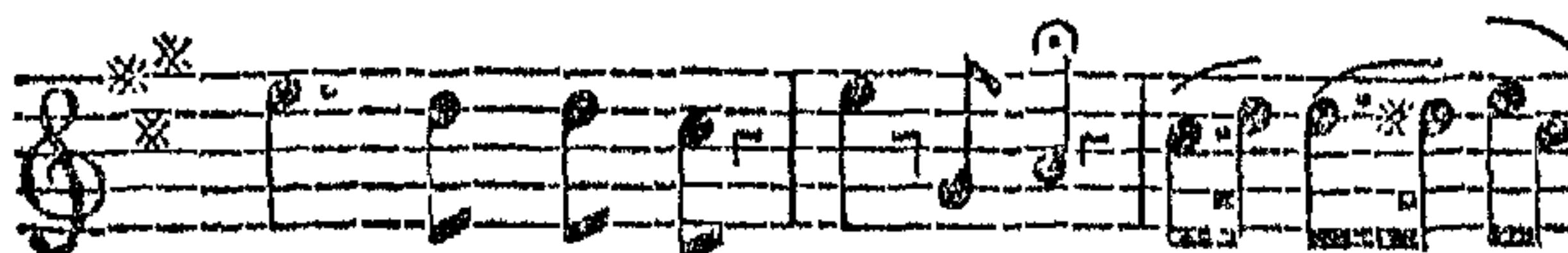
your sov'reign sway, E'en them, the proudest gifts



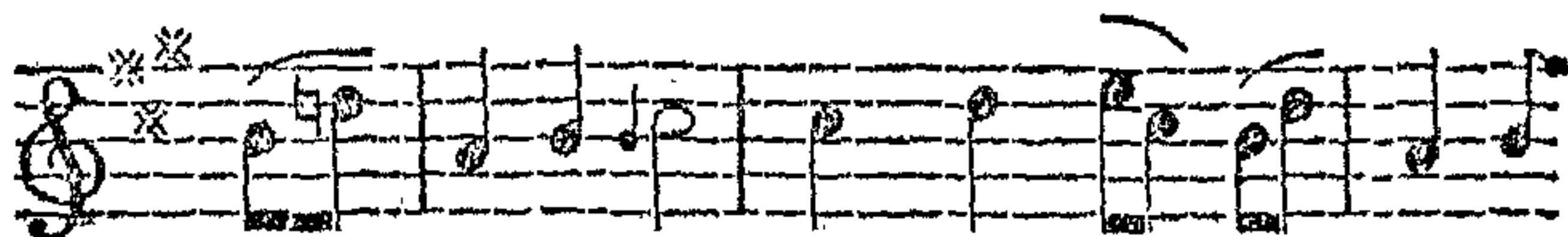
of nature, could have triumph'd but a day, could



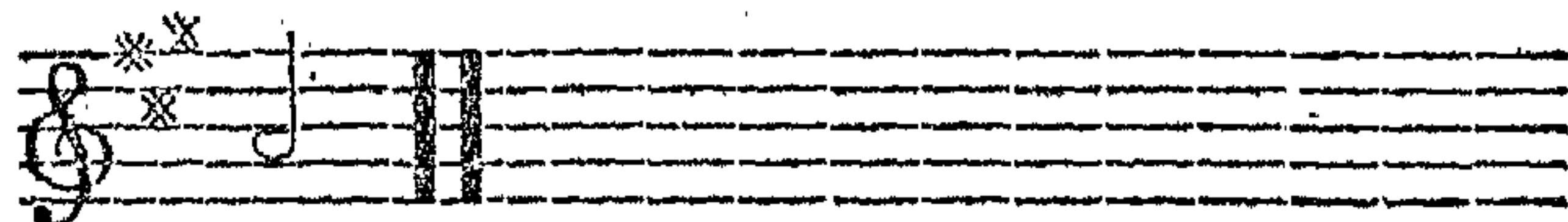
have triumph'd but a day, could have triumph'd,



could have triumph'd but a day, could have triumph'd



umph'd but a day, could have triumph'd but a



day.

Beauties graces tho' inviting,
Scarce the ravish'd sense will bind,
But with Virtue's charms uniting,
Steal love's fetters o'er the mind.

S O N G

S O N G X C I I .



Two youths for my love are contending in vain,



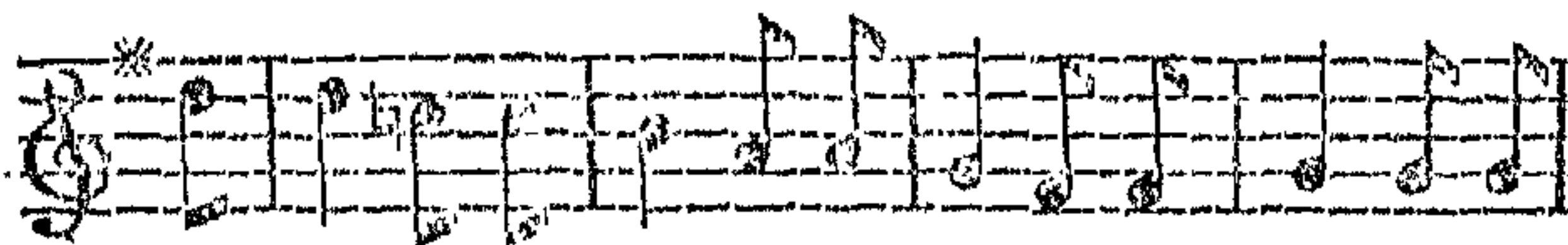
For do what they can, for do what they can, Their



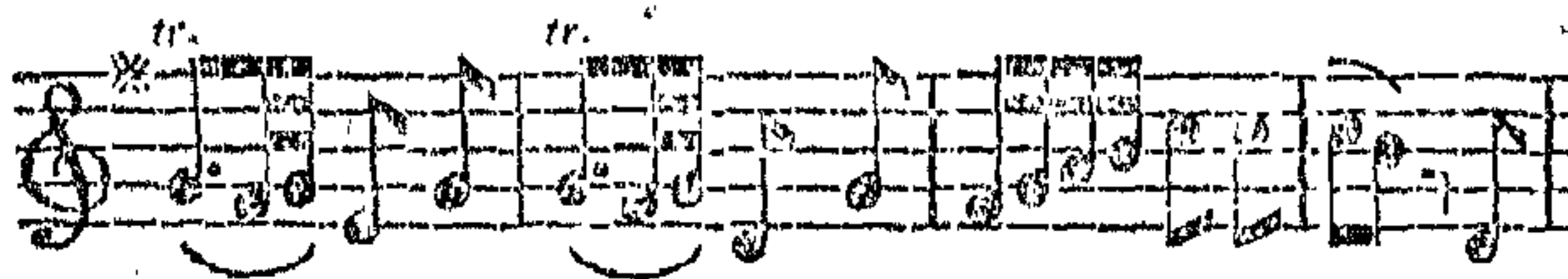
suff'ring I ral-ly and laugh at their pain; Which,



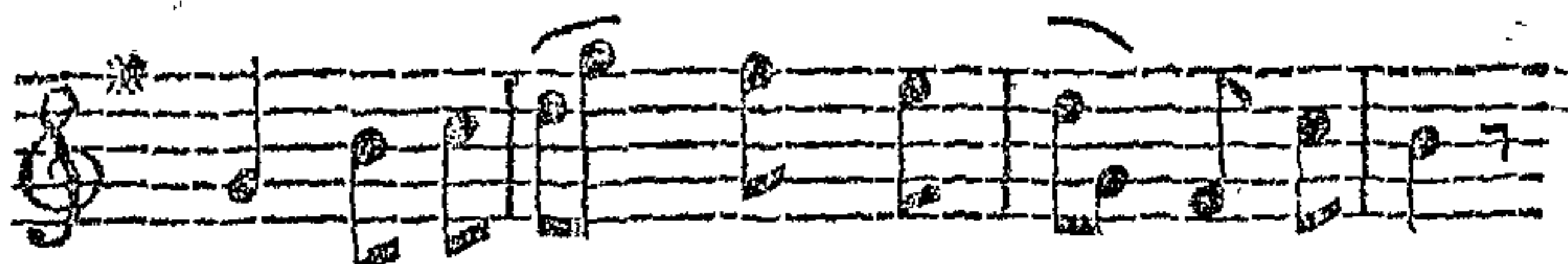
which is the man, Which, which is the man, Who



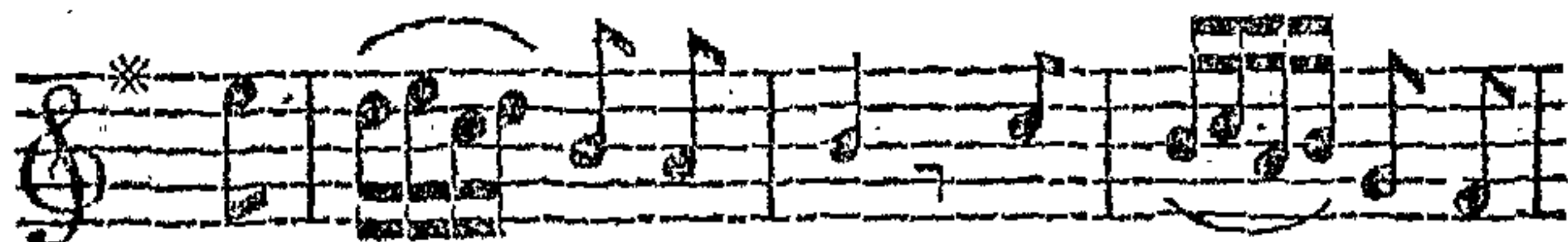
deserves me the most let me ask of my heart, is it



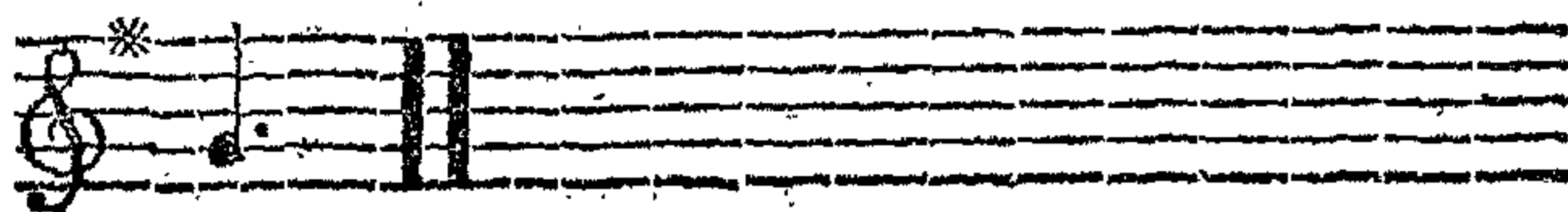
Ro - bin who smirks and who dress - es so smart, Or
Tom,



Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan,



Which, which is the man, Which, which is the



man ?

They bid me be prudent and act as I ought,

I do what I can,

Yet surely papa and mama are in fault —

To a different man

They each have advis'd me to yield up my heart ;

Mama praises Robin who dresses so smart,

Papa honest Tom who makes plainness his plan,

Which, which is the man ?

Be honest, my heart, then, and point out the youth,

I'll do what I can

His love to return, and return it with truth,

Whoever's the man.

No longer I need to examine my heart,

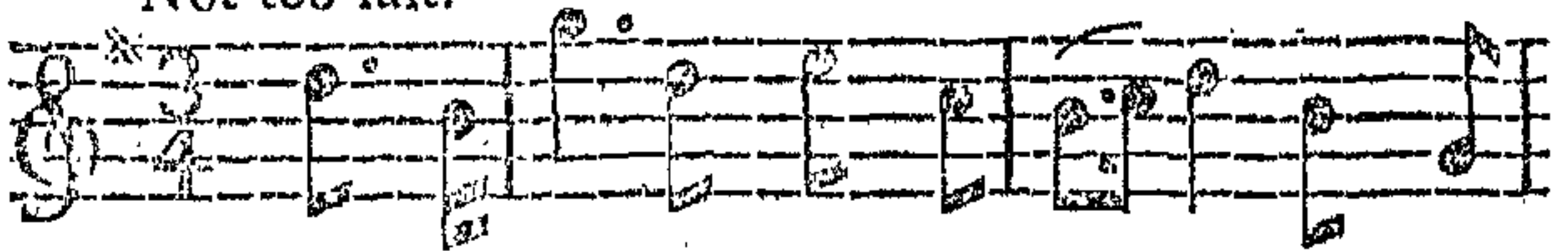
'Tis not Robin who smirks and who dresses so smart,

But Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan,

Hé, he is the man.

S O N G X C I I I.

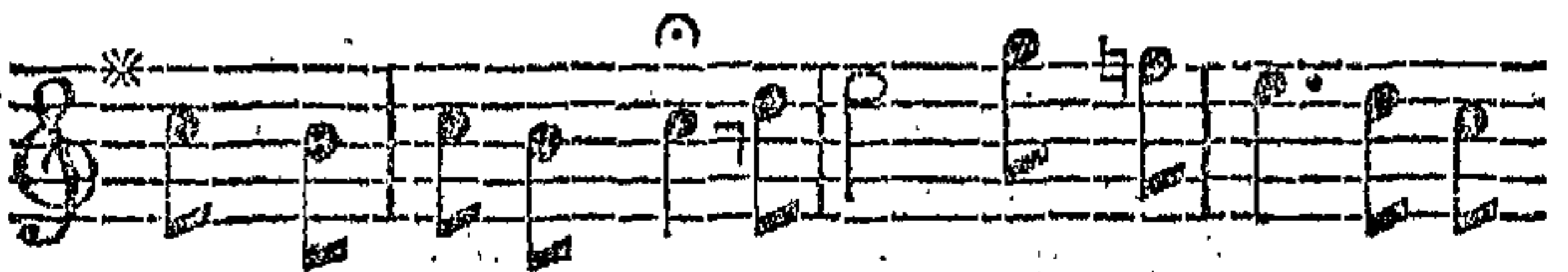
Not too fast.



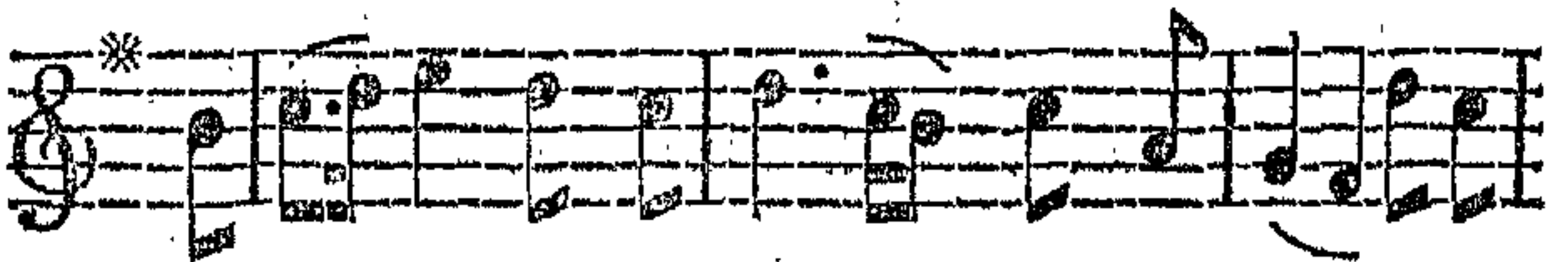
Then farewell my trim built wherry, oars and



coat and badge farewell, Never more at Chelsea ferry



shall your Thomas take a spell; Then farewell my trim



built wherry, oars and coat and badge farewell, Never



more at Chelsea fer - ry shall your Tho - mas take



a spell, shall your Tho - mas take a spell.

But

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

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh may cry, Poor Tom !

S O N G

S O N G X C I V .

Not too fast.



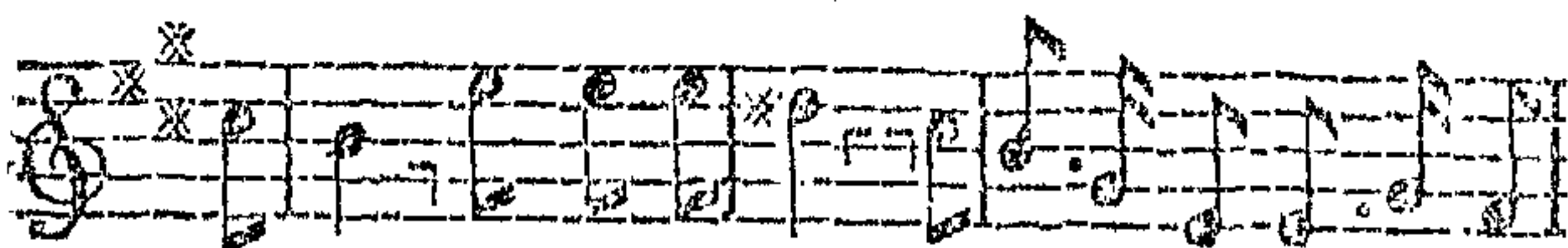
Of sweethearts so constant as I am dear Nancy



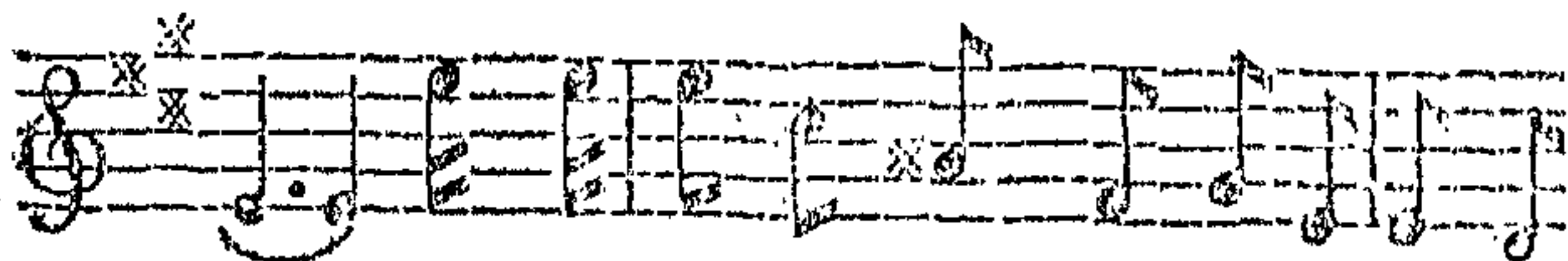
you'll meet with but few, To love you more true I



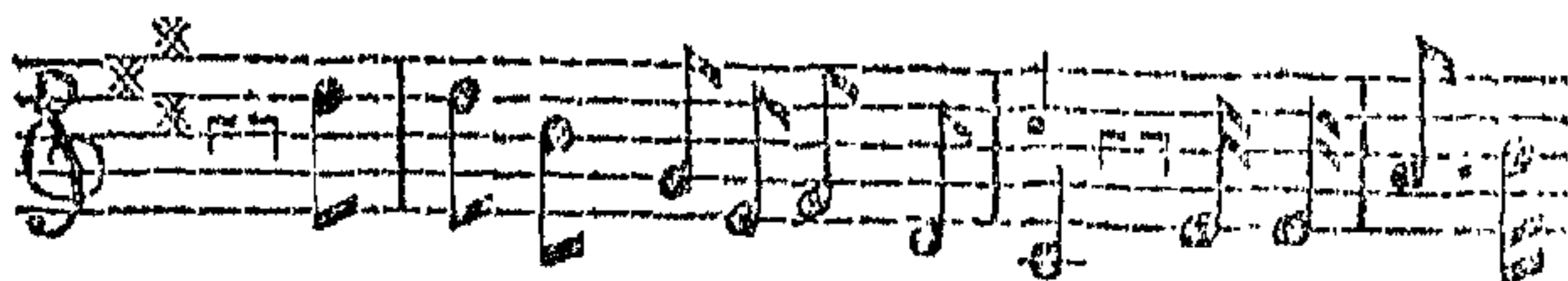
de-fy 'em, I always am thinking of you, thinking



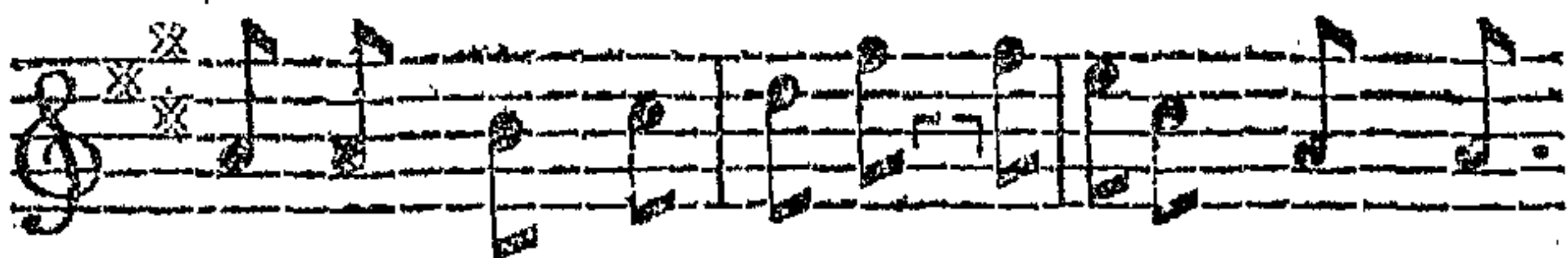
of you, thinking of you, I always am thinking of



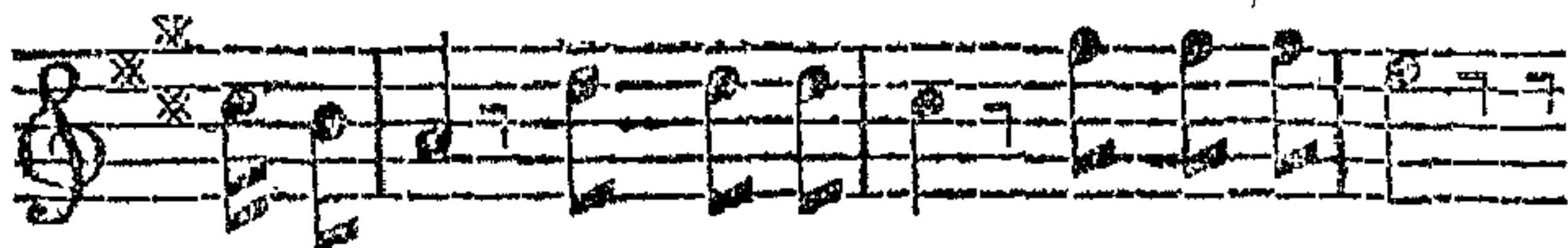
you. There are maidens would have me in plenty,



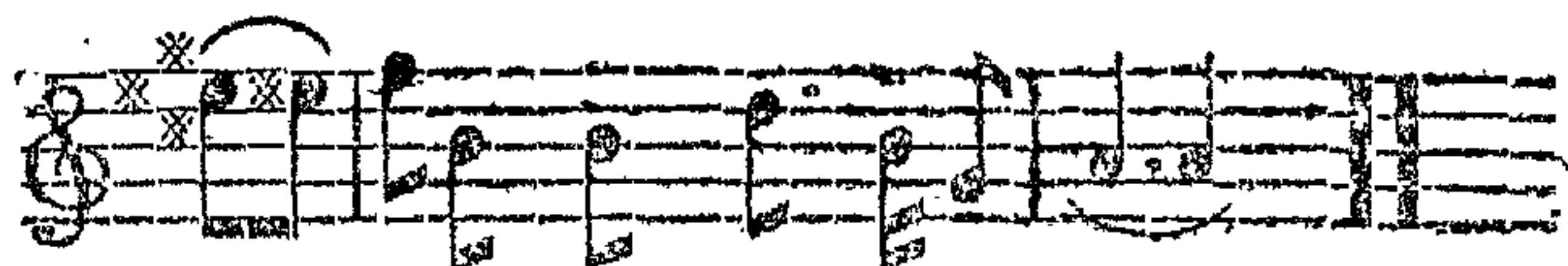
Nell, Cicely, Priscilla and Sue, but instead of



all these were there twenty, I never should think



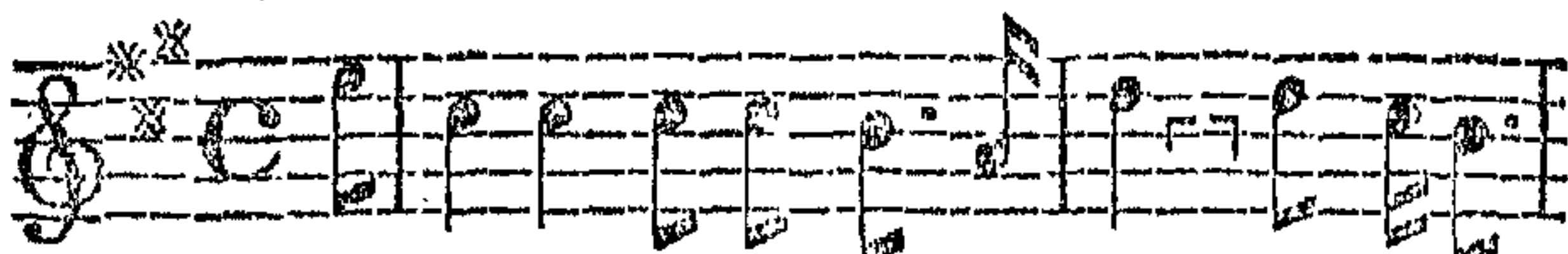
but of you, think but of you, think but of you,



I never should think but of you.

False hearts all your money may squander,
 And only have pleasure in view;
 Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,
 Unless to get money for you.
 The tide when 'tis ebbing and flowing,
 Is not to the moon half so true,
 Nor my oars to their time when I'm rowing,
 As my heart, my fond heart, is to you.

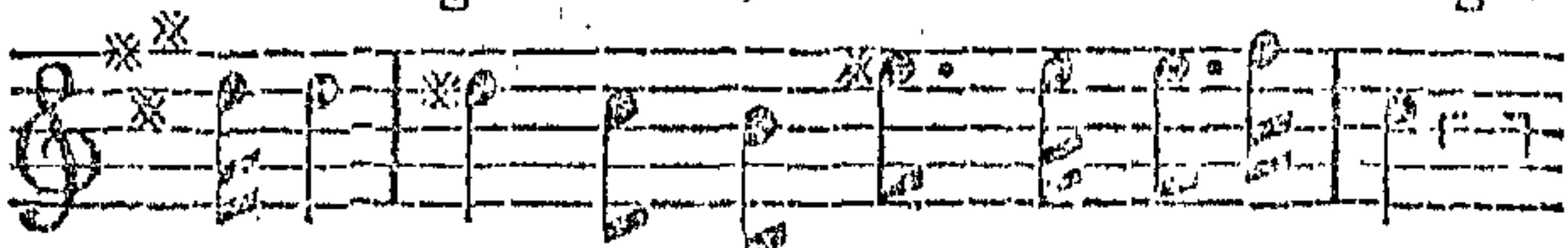
SONG XCV.



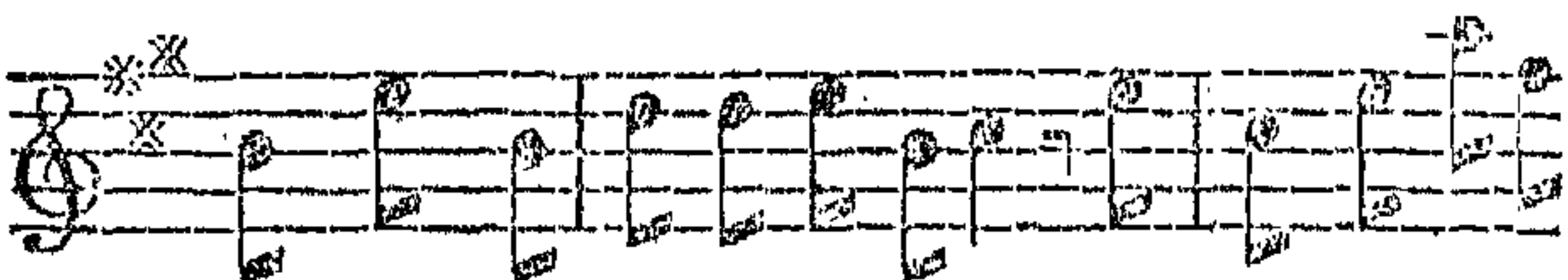
How gentle was my Damon's air, Like funny



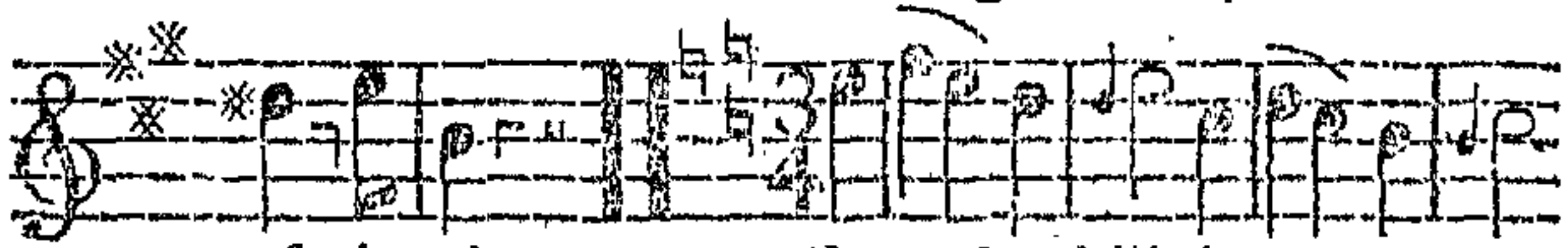
beams his golden hair, His voice was like the night-



ingales, more sweet his breath than flow'ry vales ;



How hard such beauties to resign, And yet that cruel

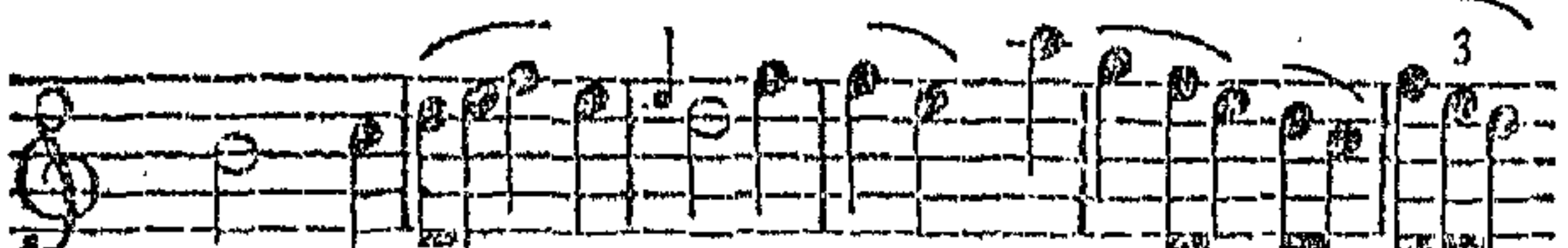


task is mine.

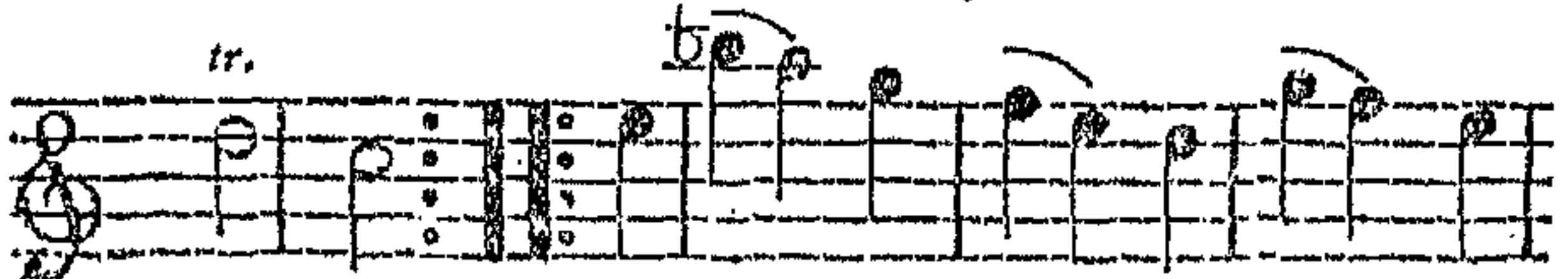
On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,



a-long the margin of each stream dear conscious

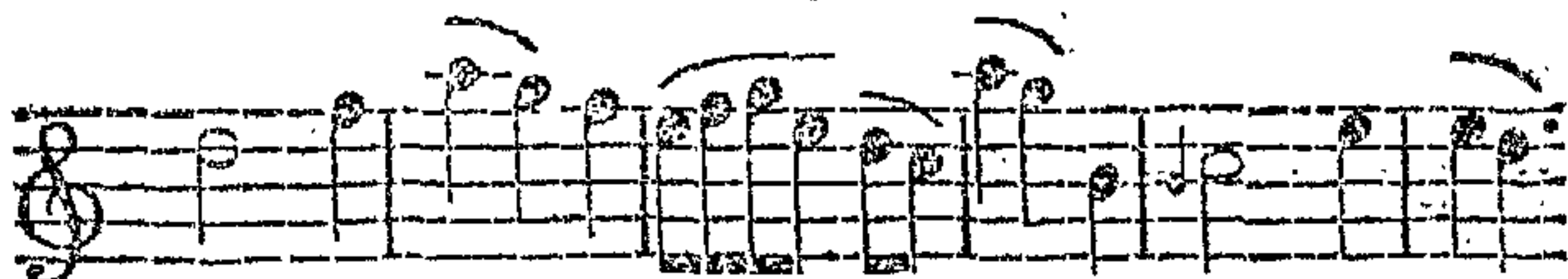


scenes of former love I mourn, and Da - mon is

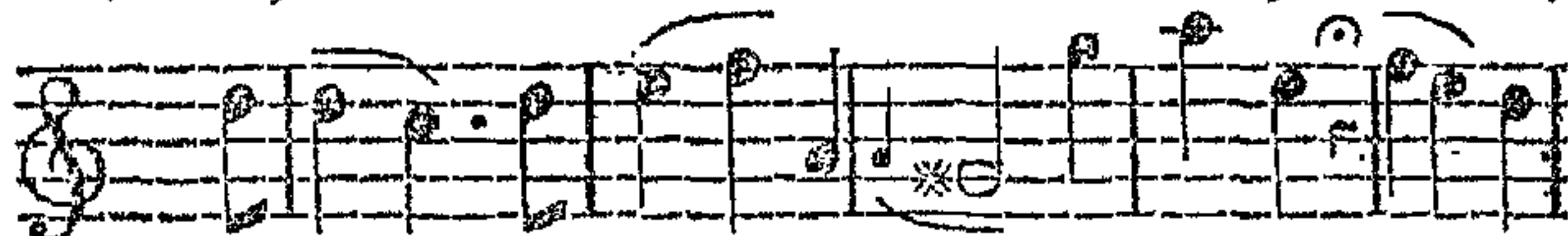


my theme.

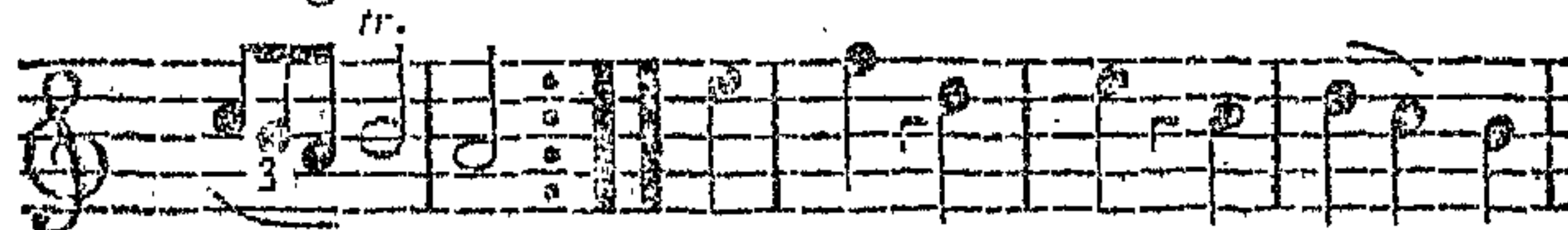
The hills, the groves, the streams re-
main,



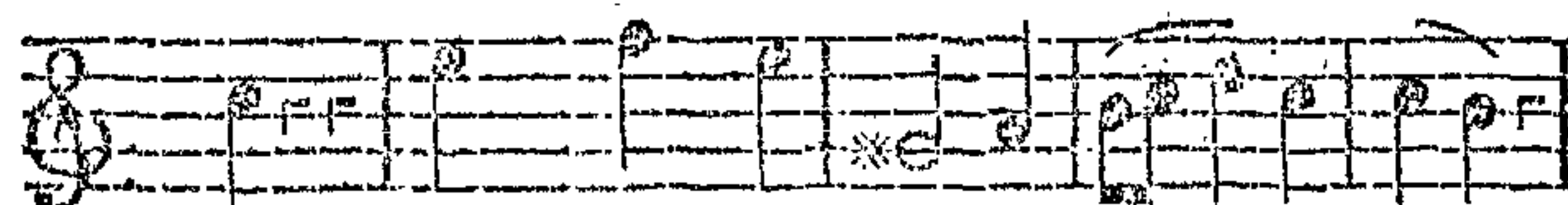
main, but Damon there I seek in vain, The hills,



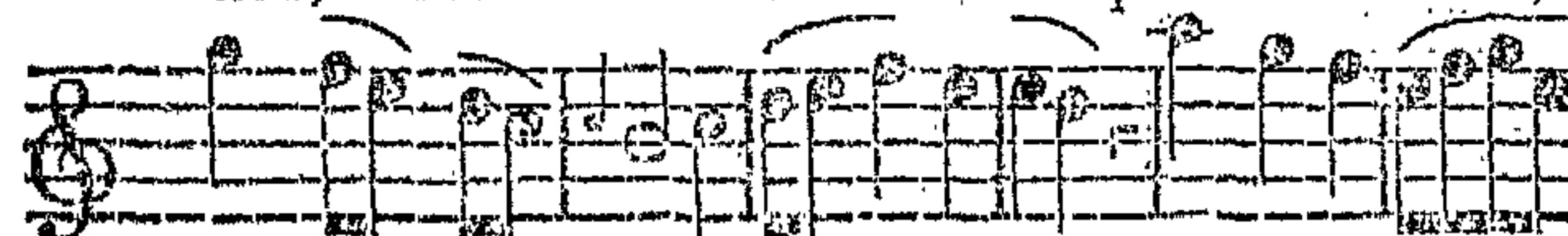
the groves, the streams remain, but Damon there I



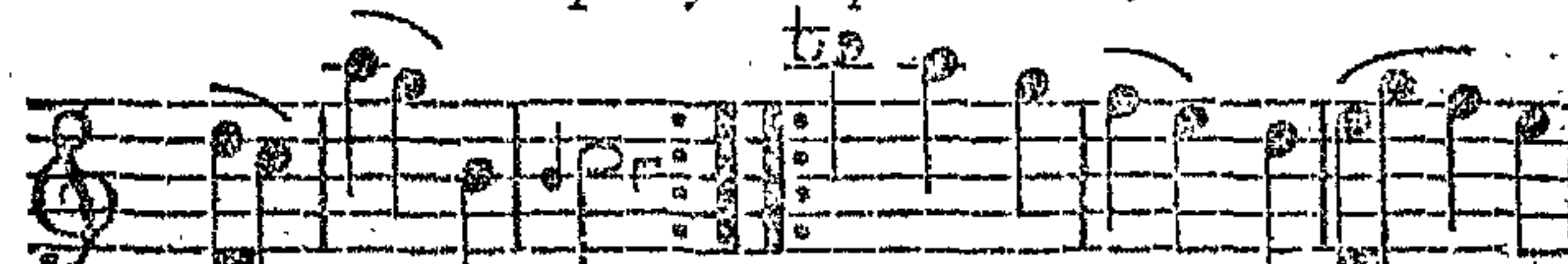
seek in vain. From hill from dale each charm is



fled, Groves flocks and fountains please no more,



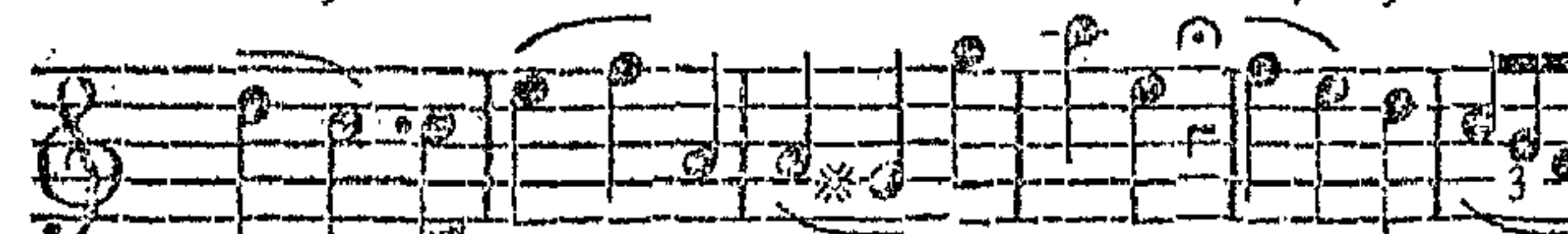
each flow'r in pi-ty droops its head, all nature does



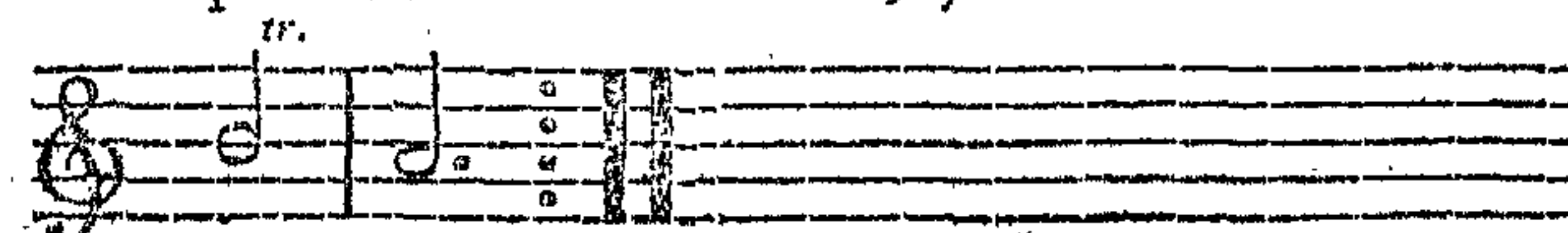
my loss deplore. All, all reproach the faithless



swain, Yet Damon still I seek in vain, all, all re-



proach the faithless swain, yet Damon still I seek

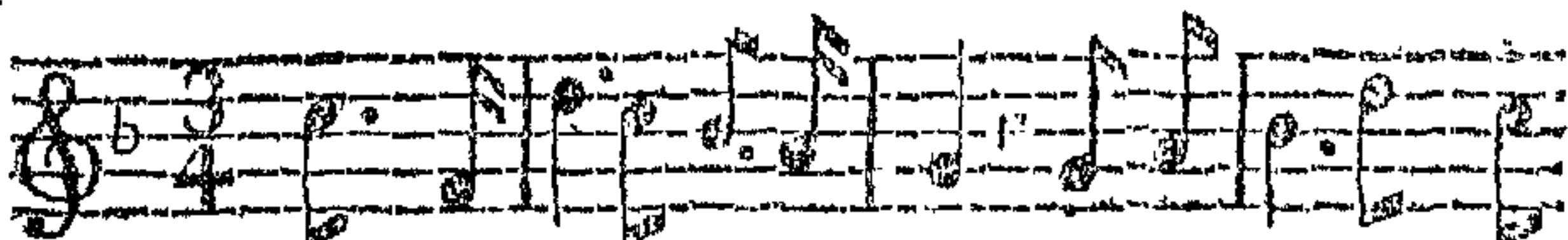


in vain.

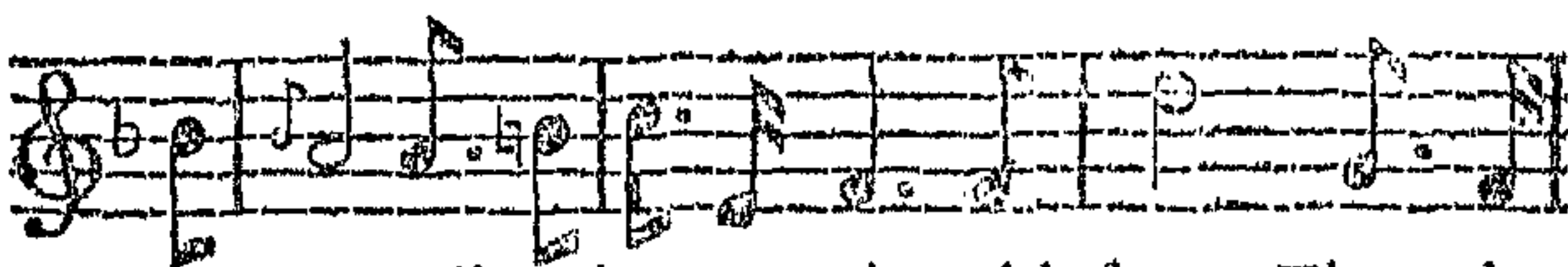
S 2

S O N G

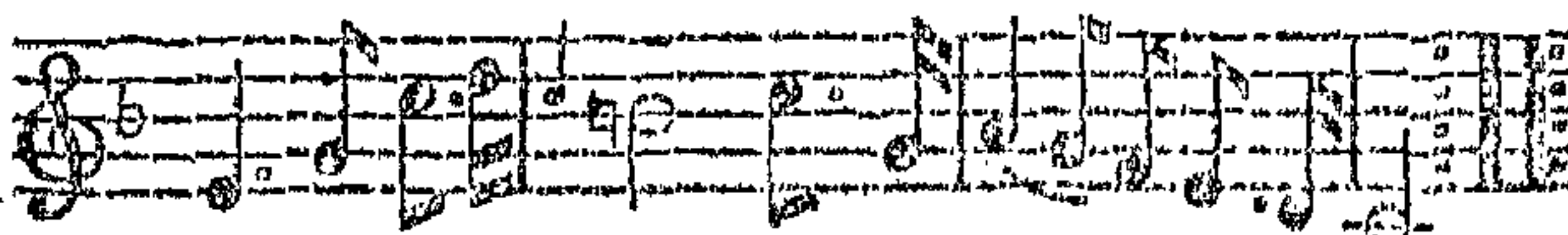
S O N G XCVI.



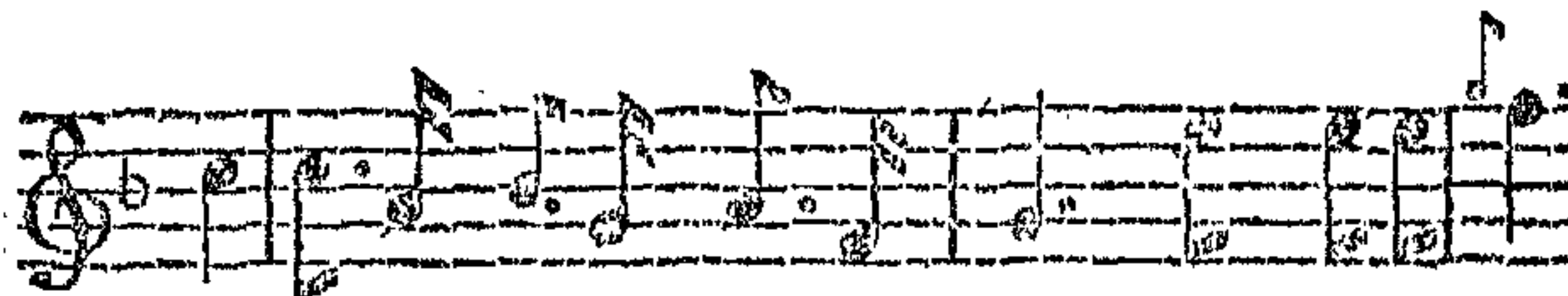
Love's the tyrant of the heart, full of mischief full



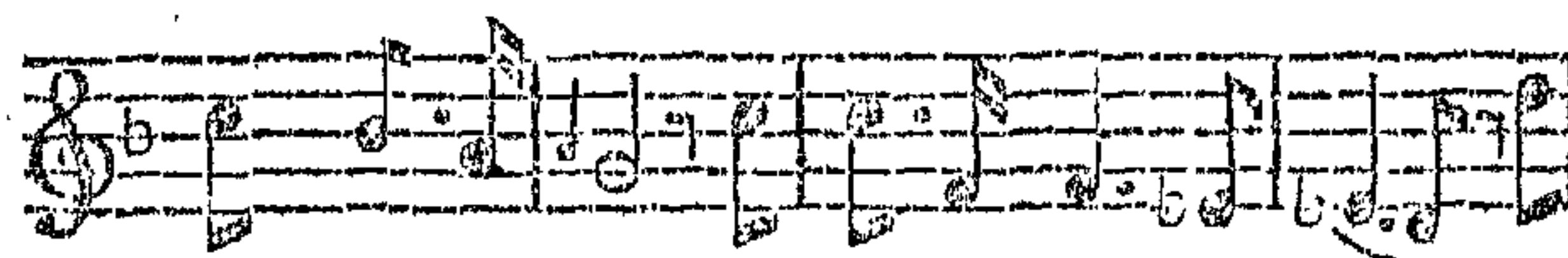
of woe, All his joys are mixt with smart, Thorns be-



neath his roses grow, Thorns beneath his roses grow.



And serpent-like he stings the breast, Where he is har-



bour'd and carefs'd, And serpent-like he stings he



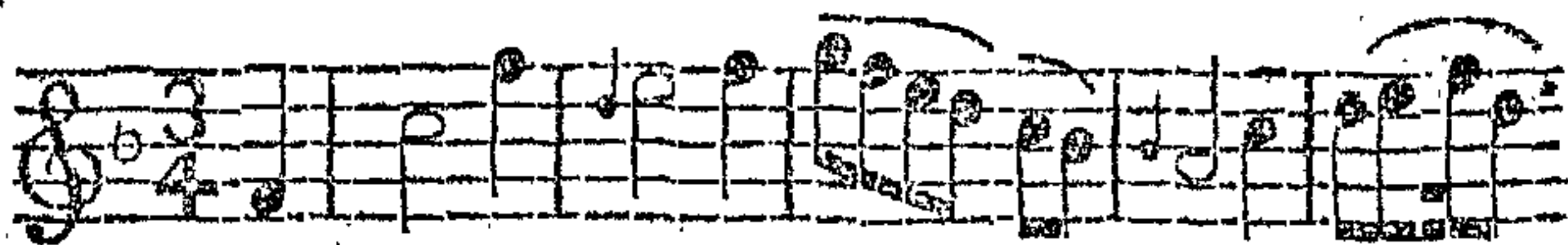
stings the breast, where'er he's har-bour'd, where



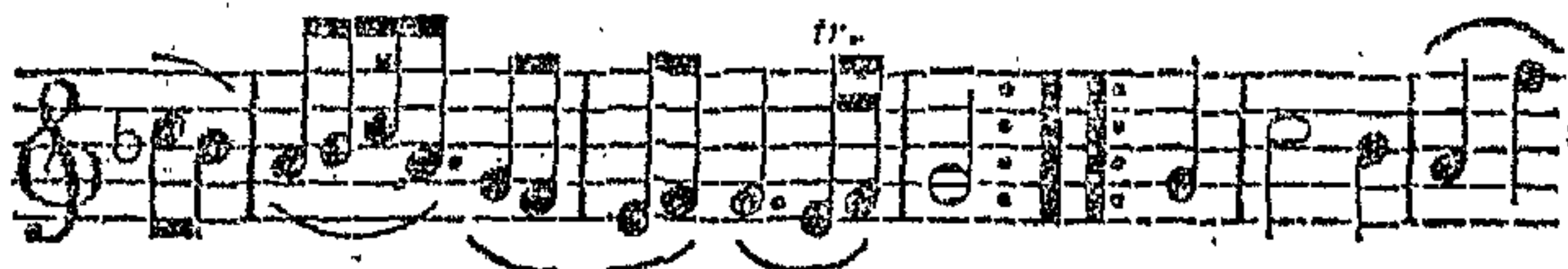
e'er he's harbor'd, harbor'd and carefs'd.

S O N G

S O N G XCVII.



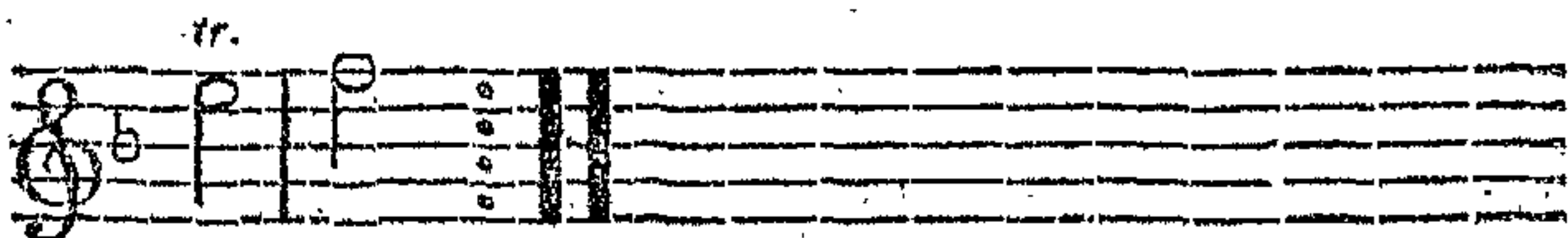
My blifs too long my fair de - nies, a - - pace



the waft - ing sum - mer flies, Nor yet the win -



try blasts I fear, nor storms nor night shall keep



me here.

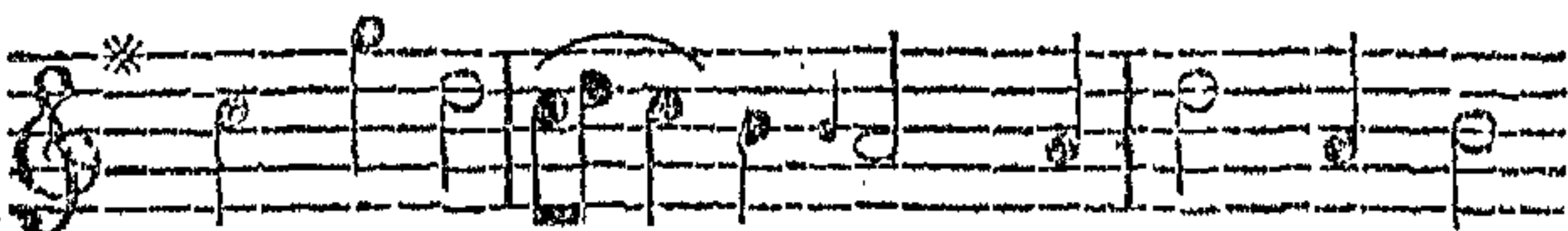
What may for strength with steel compare,
Oh, Love! has fetters stronger far:
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away my Jessie haste away.

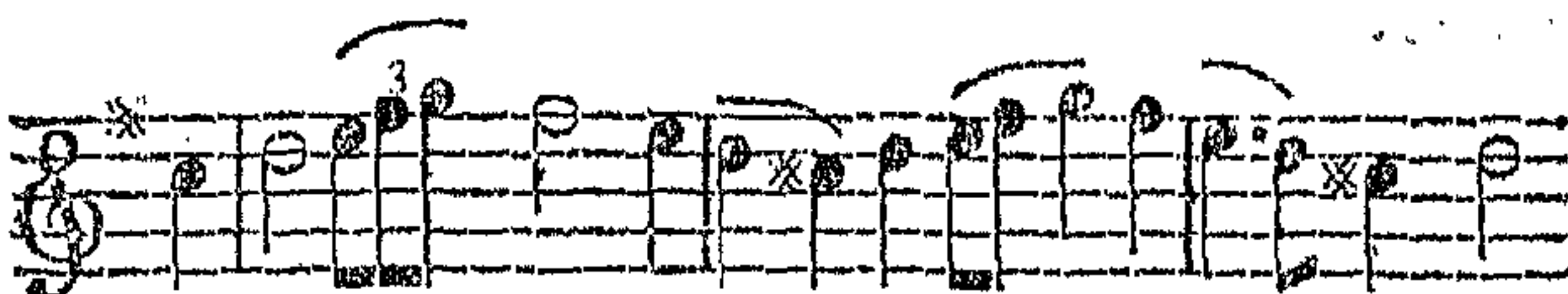
SONG XCVIII.



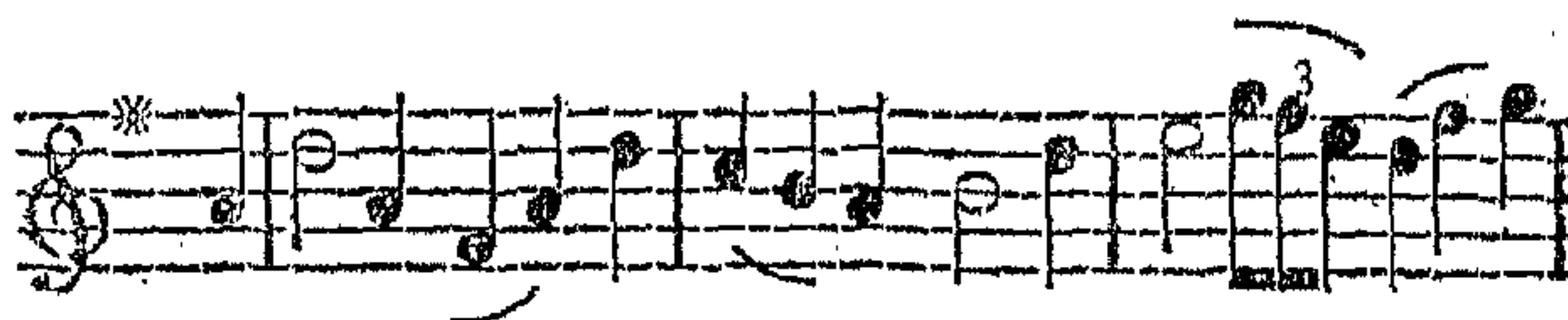
When blushes dy'd the cheeks of morn, and dew-



drops glisten'd on the thorn, When sky-larks tun'd



their ca - rols sweet to hail the god of light and heat,



Philander from his downy bed, to fair Lisset - ta's



chamber sped, crying awake! sweet love of mine,



I'm come to be thy Valentine, awake, awake, sweet



love of mine, I'm come to be thy Valentine,

Soft

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
Which, that a kiss she might obtain,
She artfully had clos'd again :
He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap,
And soon forgot his first design
Was but to be her Valentine.

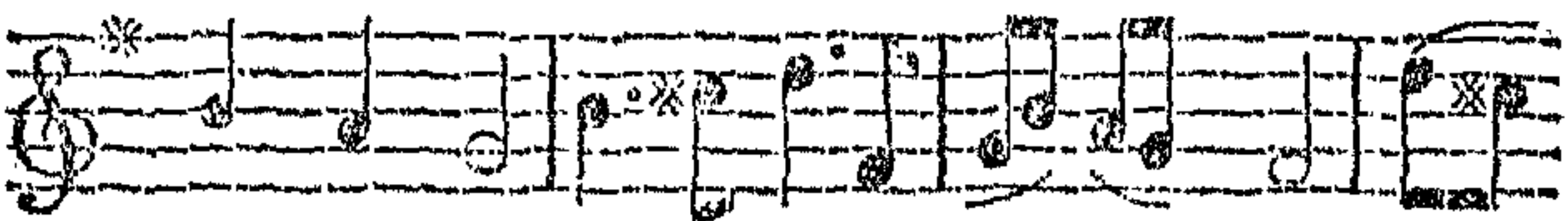
She starting cry'd, " I am undone,
" Philander, charming youth, be gone ;
" For this time, to your vows sincere,
" Make virtue, not yourself, appear ;
" No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes,
" Forgive the simple fond disguise,
" To generous thoughts your heart incline,
" And be my faithful Valentine."

The selfish passion sudden fled,
Fair honor govern'd in its stead ;
And both agreed, e'er setting fun,
To join two virtuous hearts in one :
Their beauteous offspring soon did prove,
The sweet effects of mutual love,
And from that hour to life's decline,
She blest'd the day of Valentine.

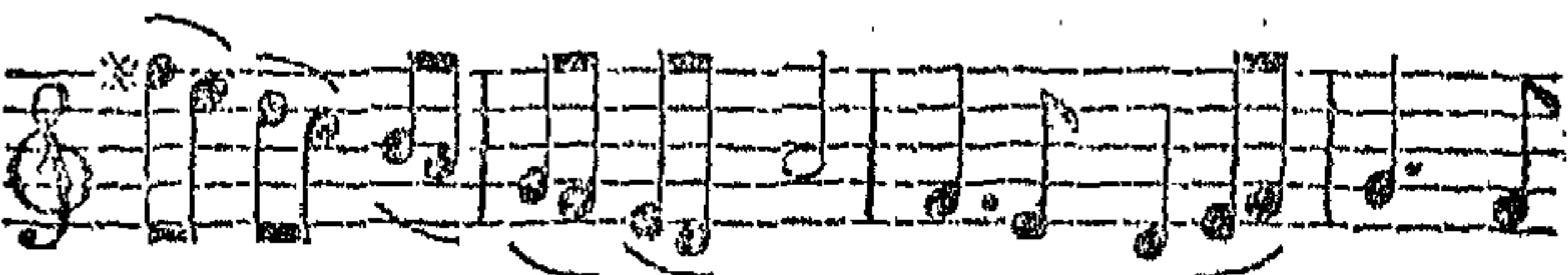
S O N G X C I X .



Cast my love thine eyes around, see the spar - tive



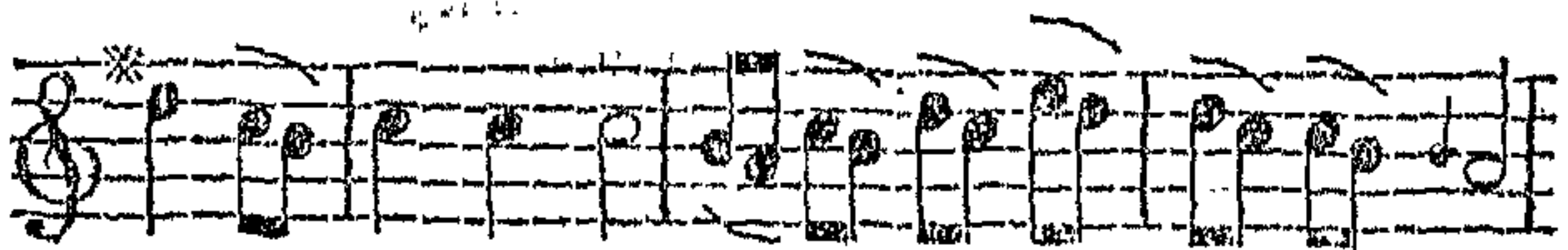
lambkins play, Nature gayly decks the ground all



in ho - nor of the May, Nature gaily decks the



ground all in ho - nor of the May. Like the



sparrow and the dove lis - ten to the voice of love,



Like the sparrow and the dove, lis - ten lis - ten to the



voice of love, lis - ten to the voice of love.

Damon

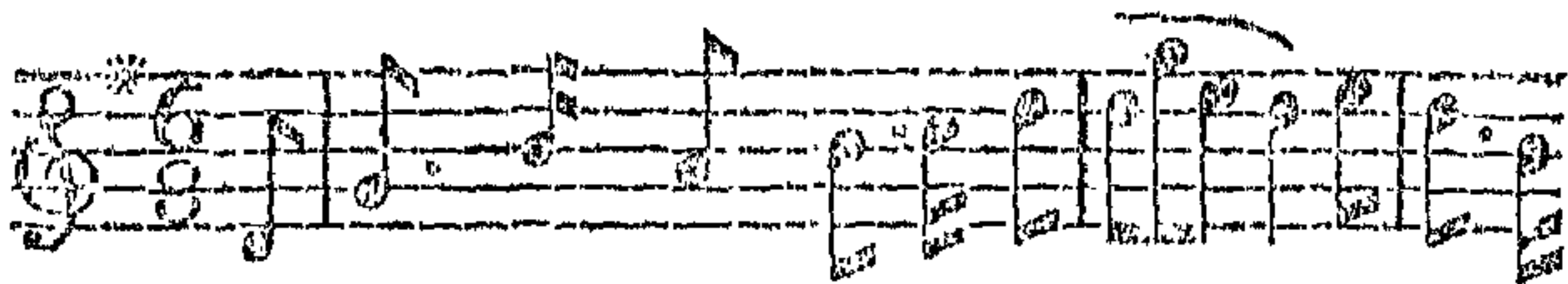
Damon thou hast found me long,
 Lift'ning to thy soothing tale,
 And thy soft persuasive tongue,
 Oft has held me in the dale ;
 Take, Oh Damon, while I live,
 All which virtue ought to give.

Nor the verdure of the grove,
 Nor the garden's fairest flow'rs,
 Not the meads where lovers rove,
 Tempted by the vernal hours,
 Can delight thy Damon's eye,
 If Florella be not by.

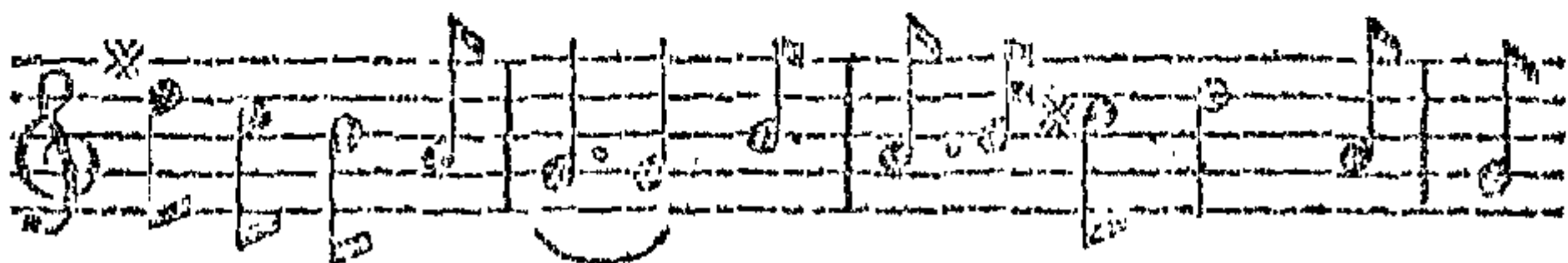
Not the water's gentle fall,
 By the banks with poplars crown'd,
 Not the feather'd songster's call,
 Nor the flute's melodious sound,
 Can delight Florella's ear,
 If her Damon be not near.

Let us love and let us live
 Like the chearful season gay,
 Banish care, and let us give
 Tribute to the fragrant May ;
 Like the sparrow and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of love.

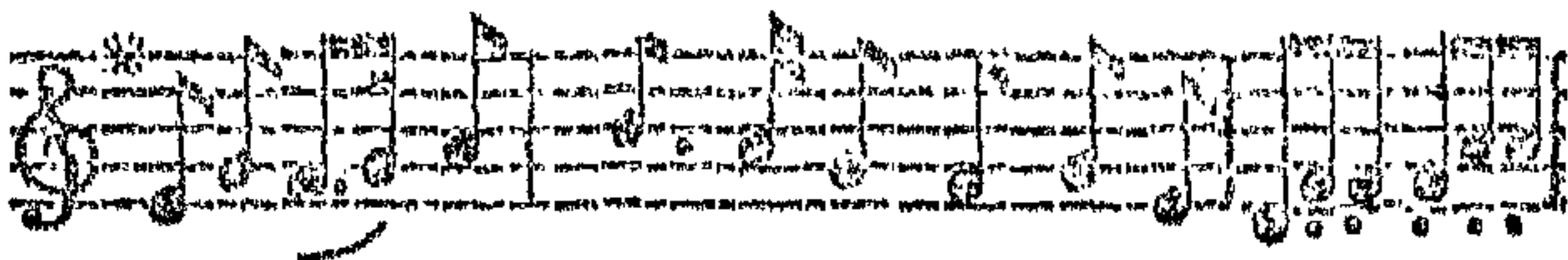
S O N G C.



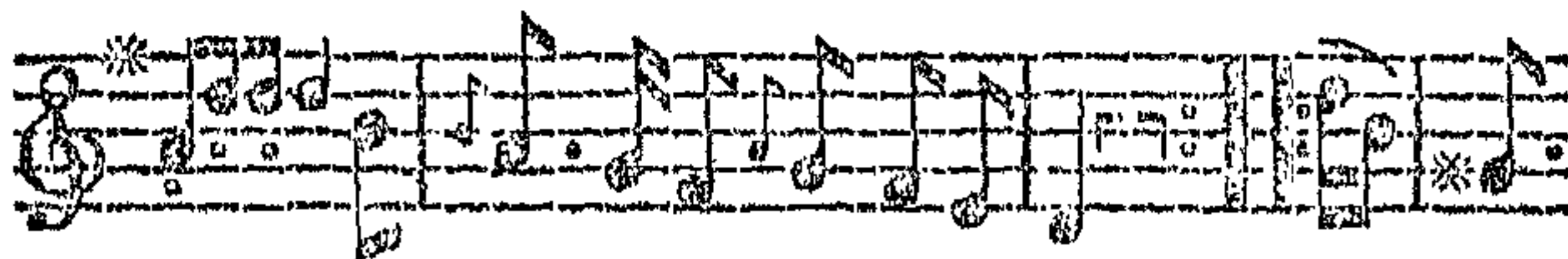
In love shou'd there meet a fond pair, Untutor'd



by fashion or art, Whose wishes are warm, are warm



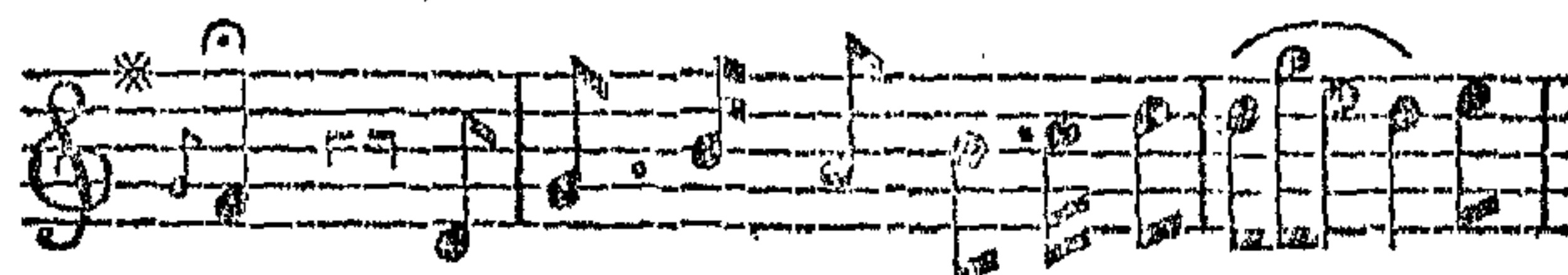
and sincere, whose words are th'excess of the heart, - - -



- - Whose words are th'excess of the heart : If ought



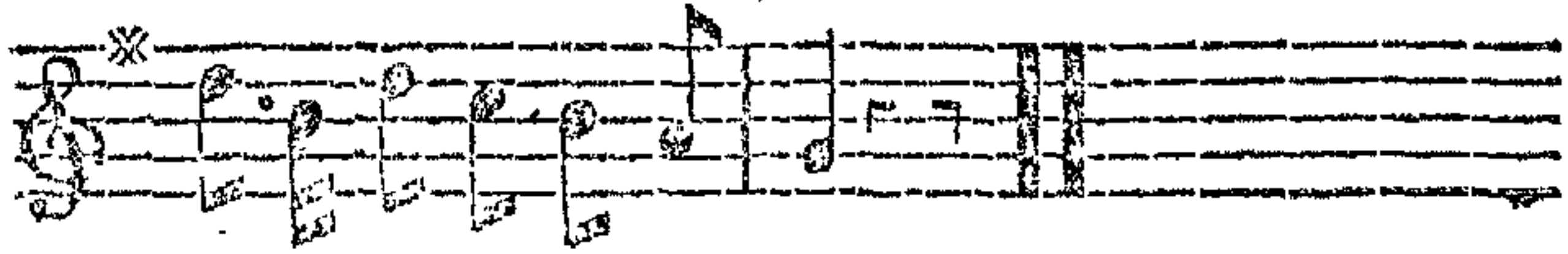
of substantial de - light, On this side the stars can be



found, 'Tis sure when this couple u - nite, And
Cupid



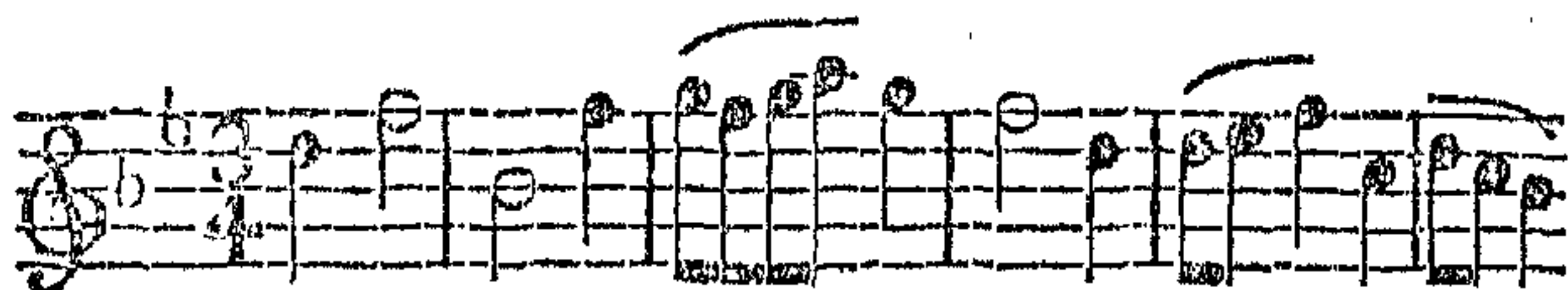
Cupid by Hymen is crown'd - - - - - , And



Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

S O N G

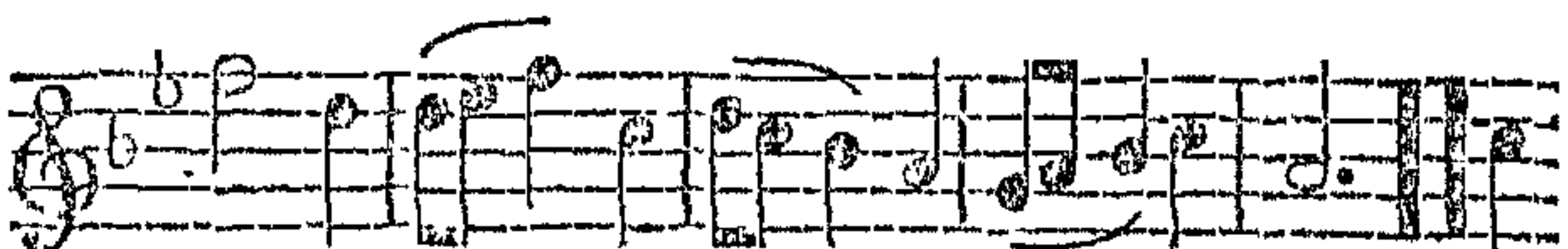
S O N G C I.



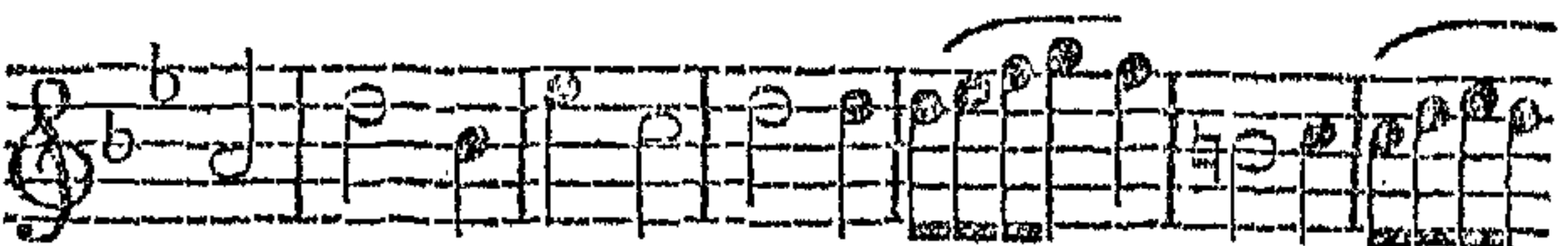
Fairest isle of isles ex-cel-ling, Seat of plea-



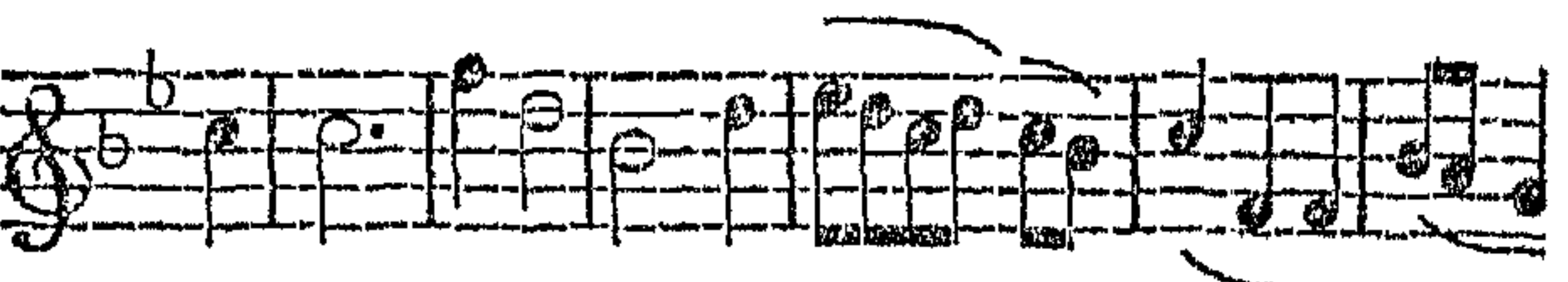
fures and of love ; Venus here will chuse her



dwelling, and for - sake her Cyprian grove. Cu-



pid, from his fav'rite nation, care and envy will



remove ; Jealousy that poi - sons passion, and



de - spair that dies for love.

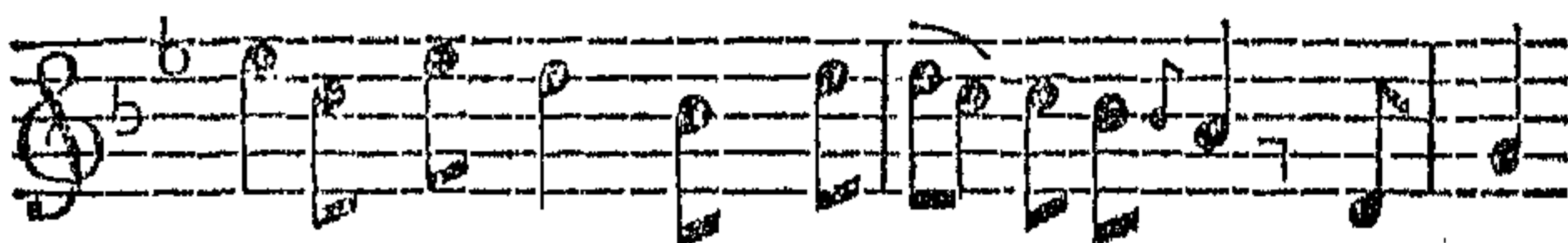
Gentle

Gentle murmurs, sweet 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.

S O N G CII.



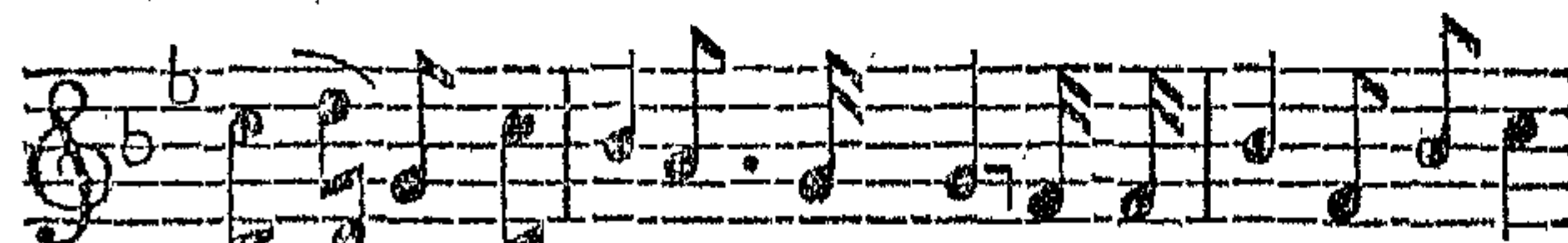
I - an - the the lovely the joy of her fwain, by



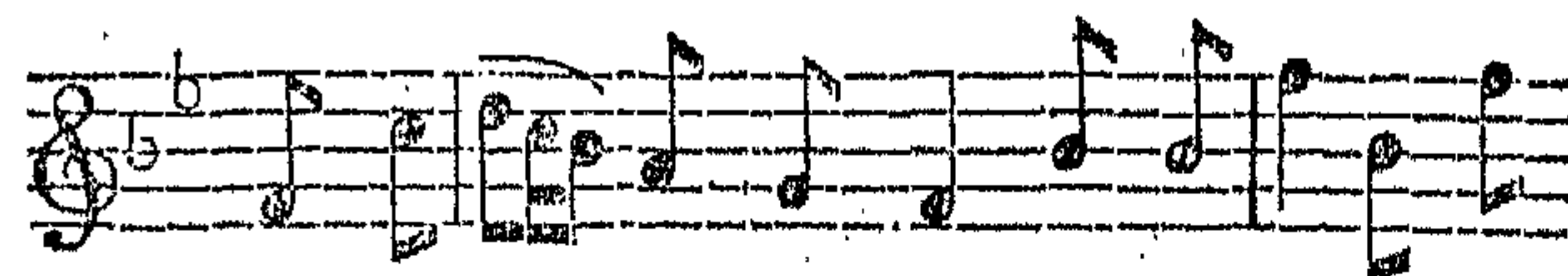
Iphis was lov'd and lov'd Iphis again, She liv'd



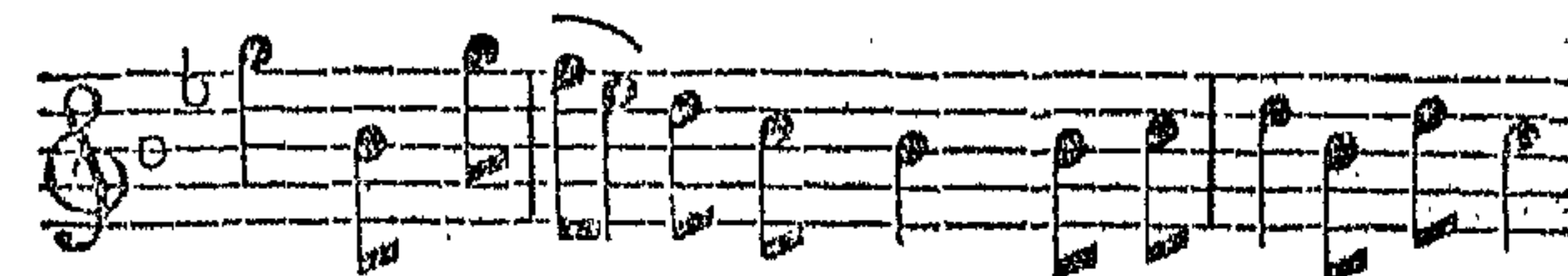
in the youth and the youth in the fair, their pleasure



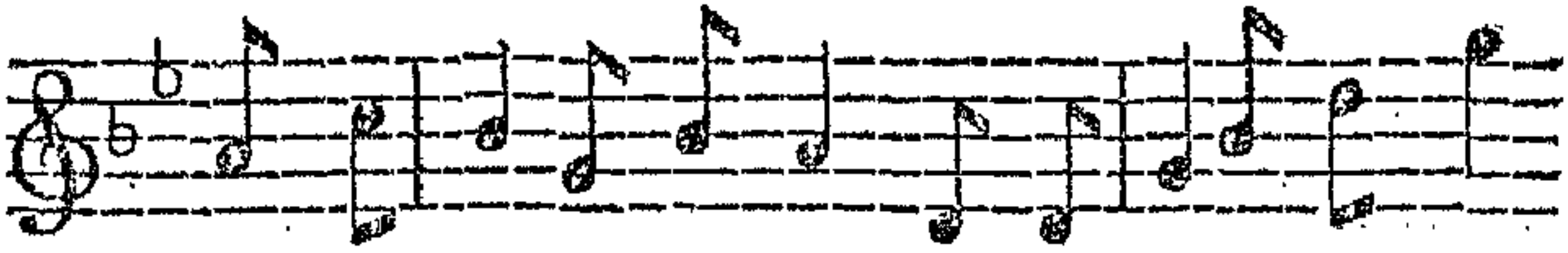
was equal and equal their care, no delight no enjoy-



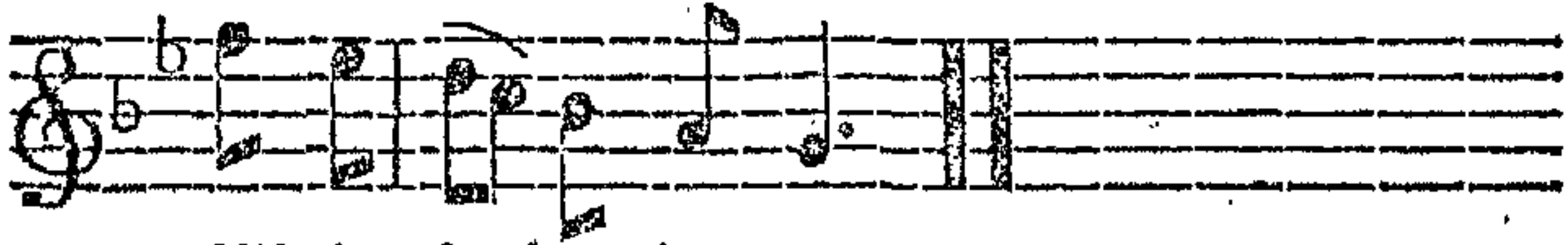
ment their do - tage withdrew, but the longer they



liv'd still the fonder they grew, No delight no enjoy-
ment



ment their dotage withdrew, but the longer they liv'd

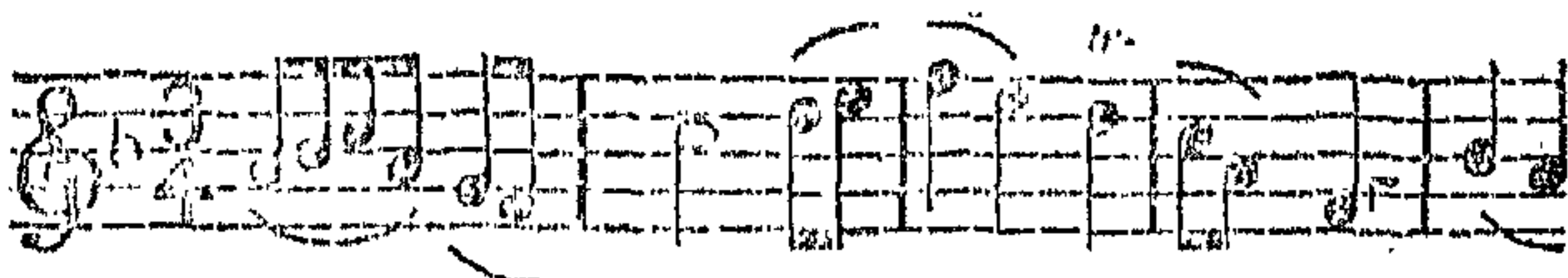


still the fonder they grew.

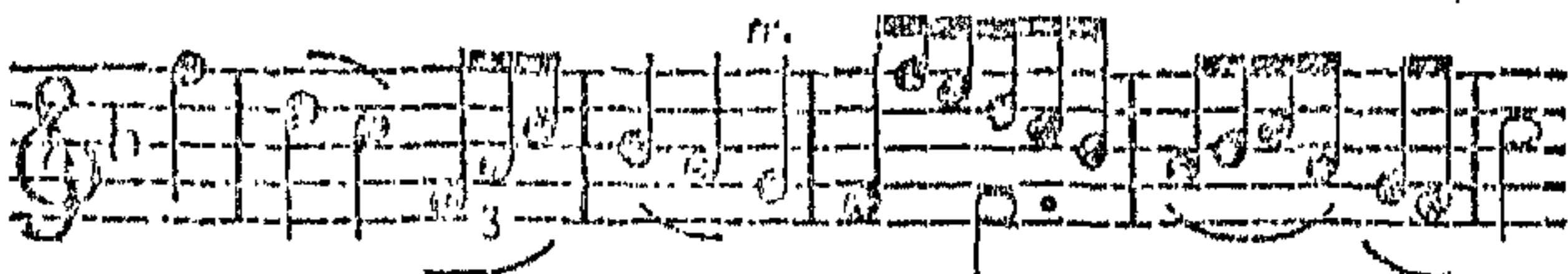
A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain,
 Some envy'd the nymph, but more envy'd the swain,
 Some swore 'twou'd be pity their loves to invade,
 That the lovers alone for each other were made,
 But all, all consented that none ever knew,
 A nymph be more kind, or a shepherd so true.

Love saw them with pleasure and vow'd to take care,
 Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair,
 What either might want he bid either to move,
 But they wanted nothing but ever to love.
 He said all to bless them his god-head cou'd do,
 That they still shou'd be kind and they still should be true.

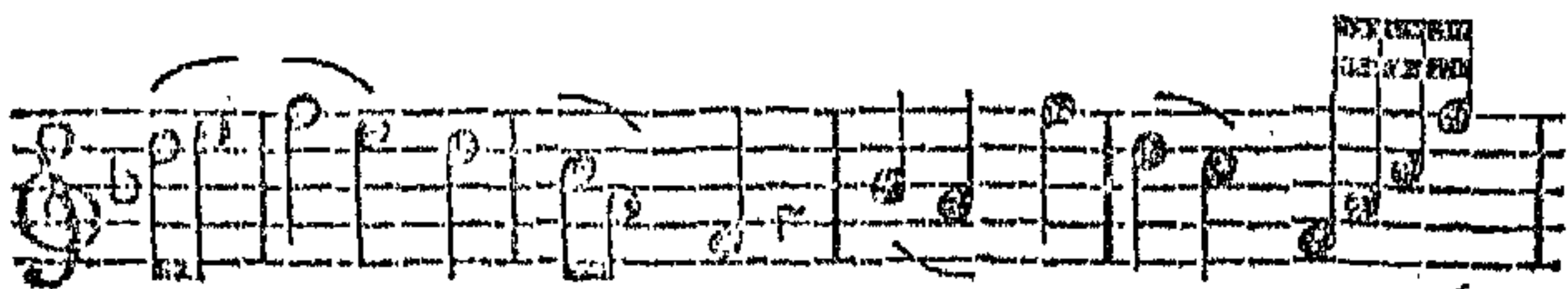
S O N G CIII.



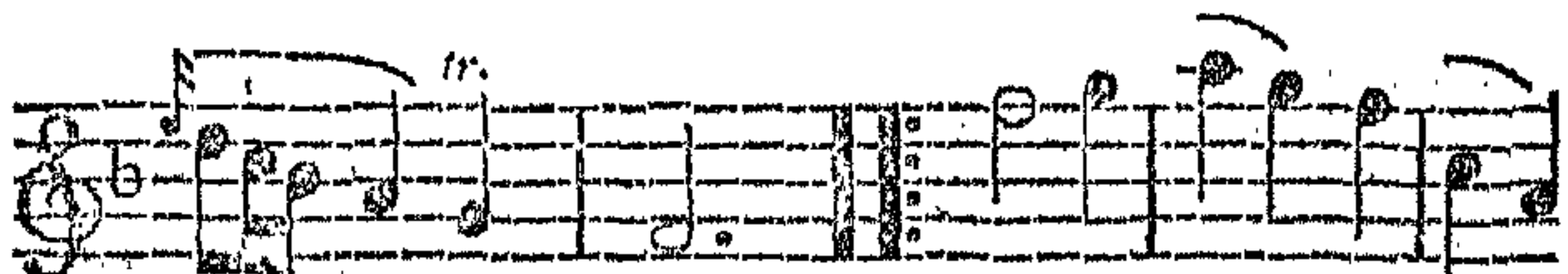
Love - ly nymph af - swage my anguish, at



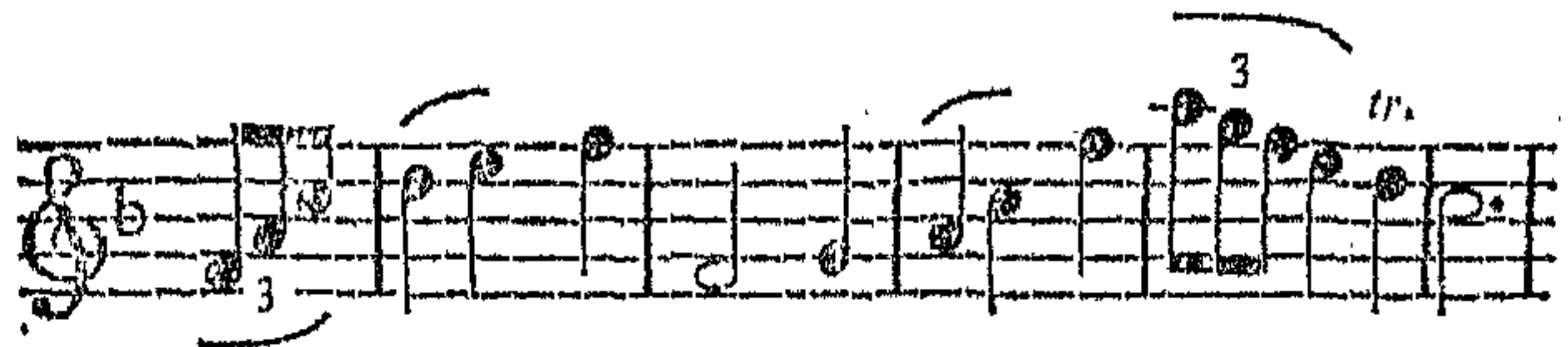
' your feet a ten - der swain, prays you will



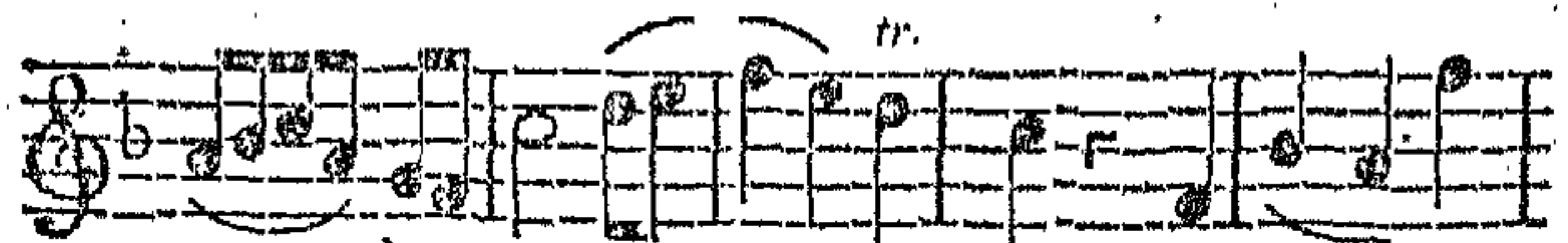
not let him languish, one kind look 'wou'd



ease his pain. Did you know the lad



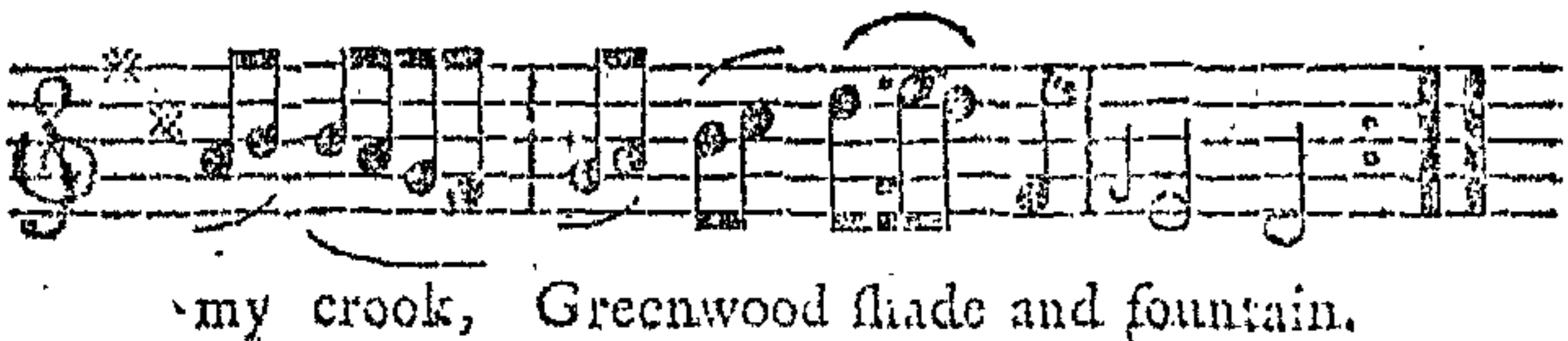
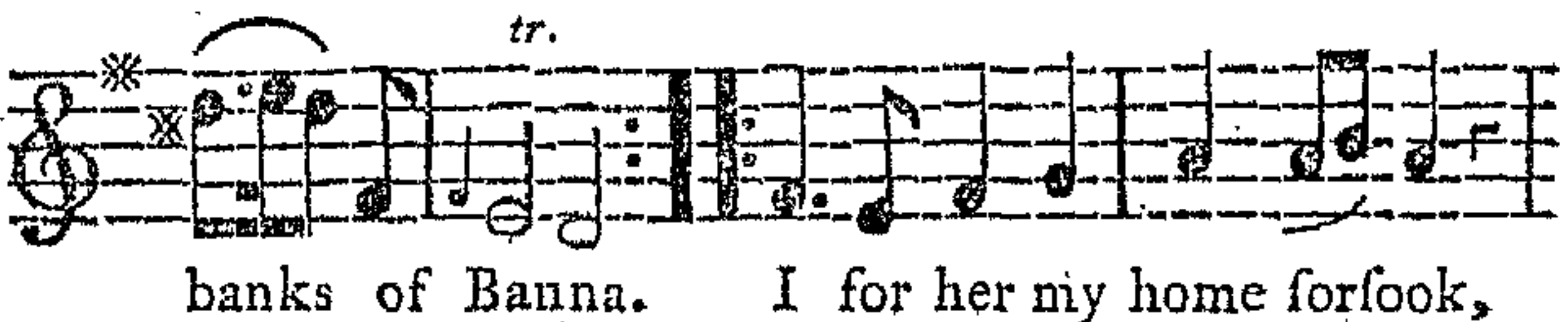
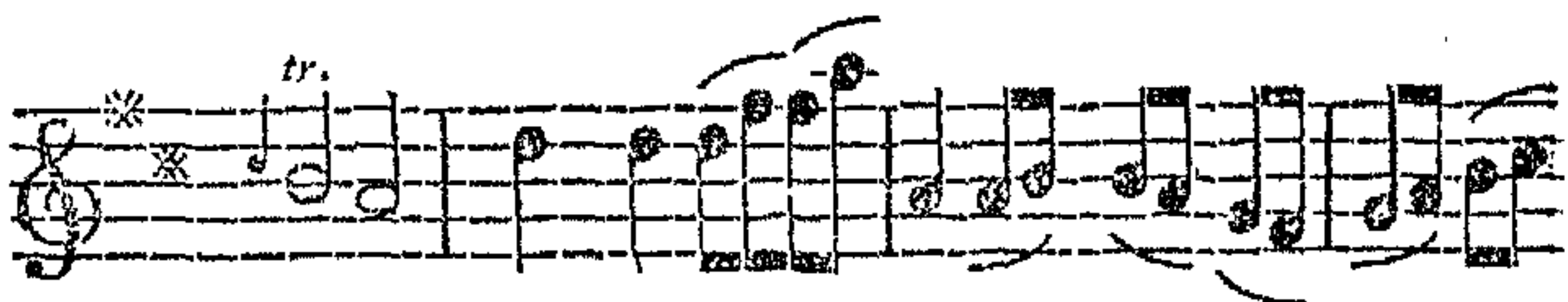
that courts you, He not long need sue in vain.



Prince of song of dance of sports, you scarce will
meet



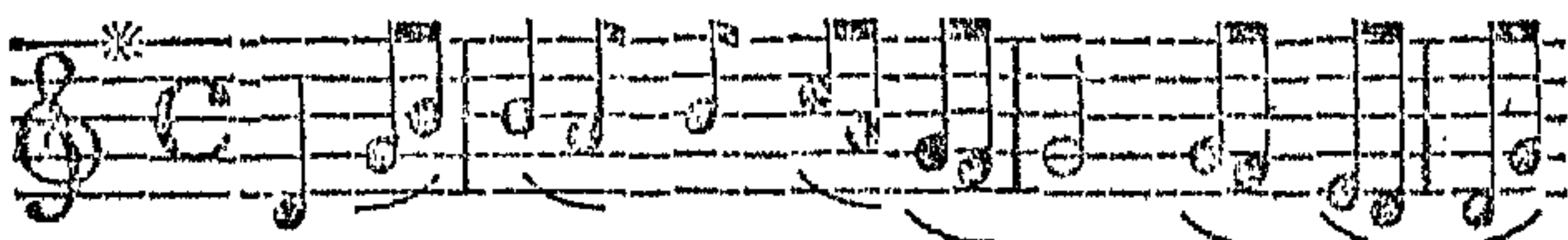
S O N G C I V .



Never shall I see them more
 Until her returning ;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown ?
 Shepherds tell me whither ?
 Ah, woe for me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever and for ever.

S O N G C V.



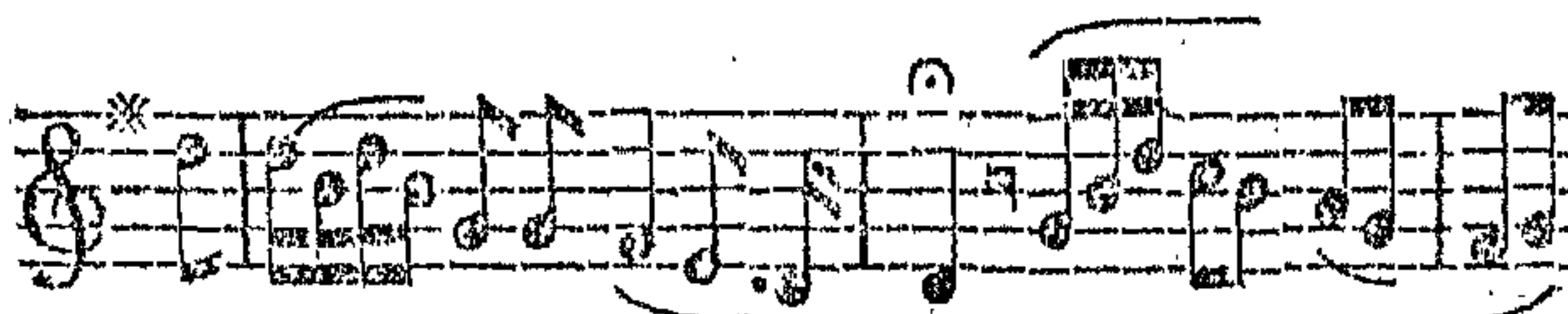
Stray not to those distant scenes, from thy com-



fort do not rove ; tar-ry in these peaceful



glens - - - - - , tread the quiet paths of love,



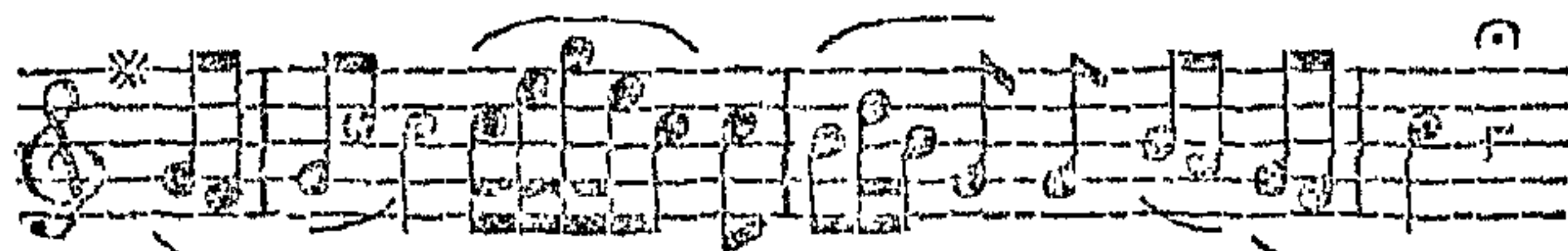
the qui - - et paths of love. Is - - - not this
 sequef-



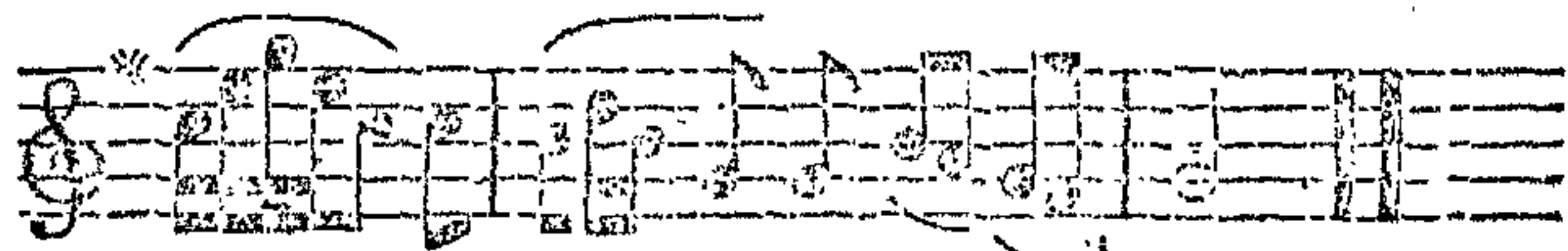
fe - quel - - ter'd shade, rich - - - - er



than the proud al-cove? Tarry in this peace-



ful shade, tar - - ry here with me and love,

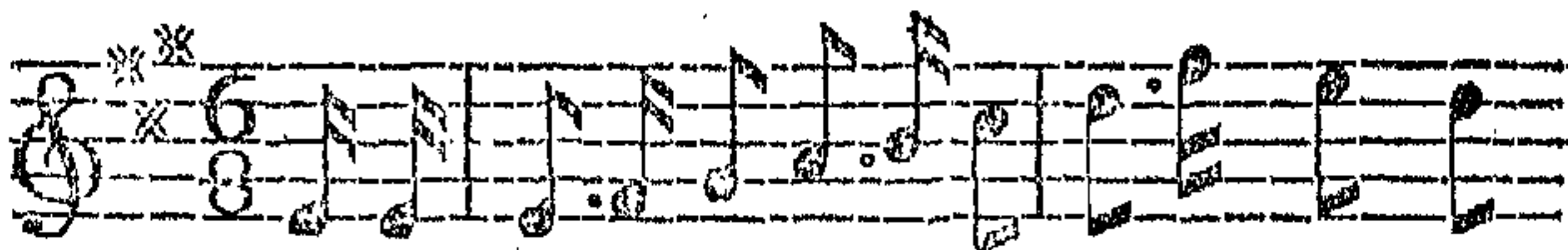


tar - - ry here with me and love.

Listen to the woodlark's note,
 Listen to the cooing dove;
 Hark! the thrushes mellow note,
 All uniting carol love.
 See the limpid brooks around,
 Winding thro' the varied grove;
 This is passion's fairy ground,
 Tarry here with me and love.

S O N G C V I.

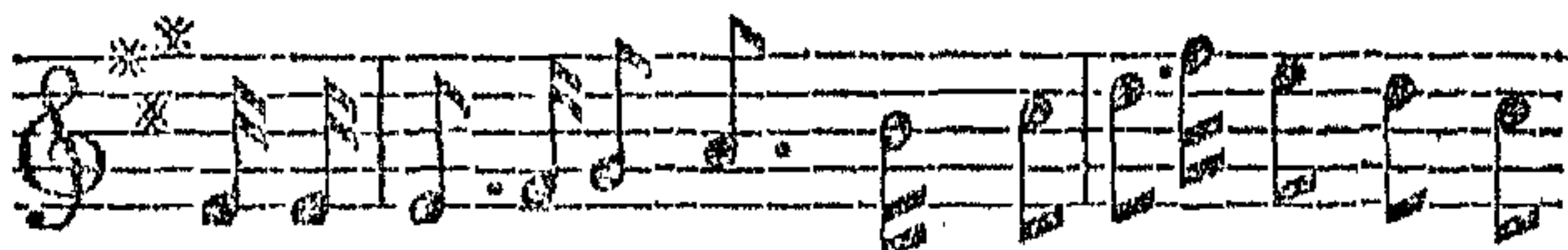
Slow.



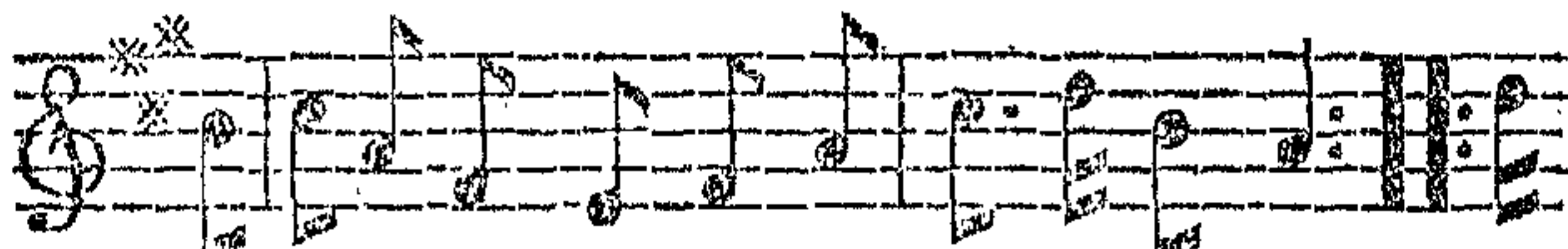
It was summer, so softly the breezes were blow-



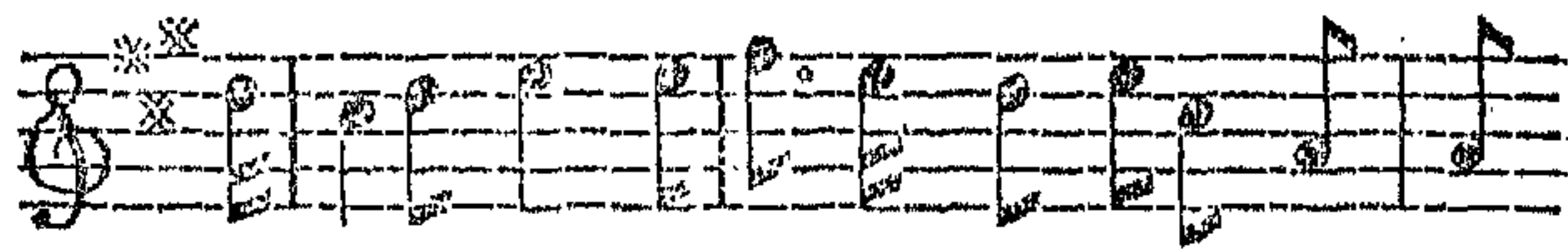
ing and sweetly the nightingale sung from a tree,



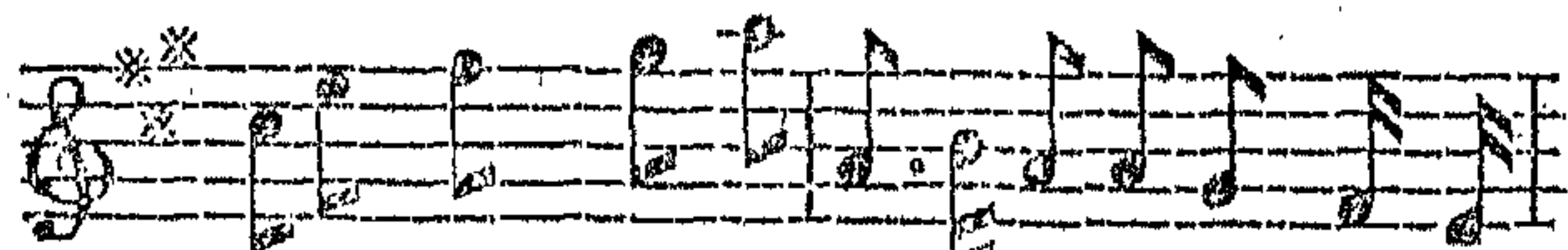
At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,



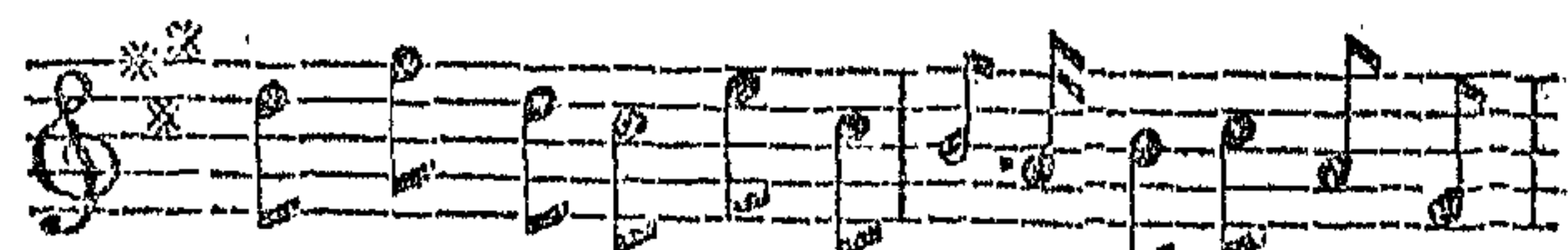
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee, Flow



on lovely Dee flow on thou sweet river, Thy banks



purest streams shall be dear to me e-ver, where I

first gain'd th'affection of Jemmy and favour, The
glory

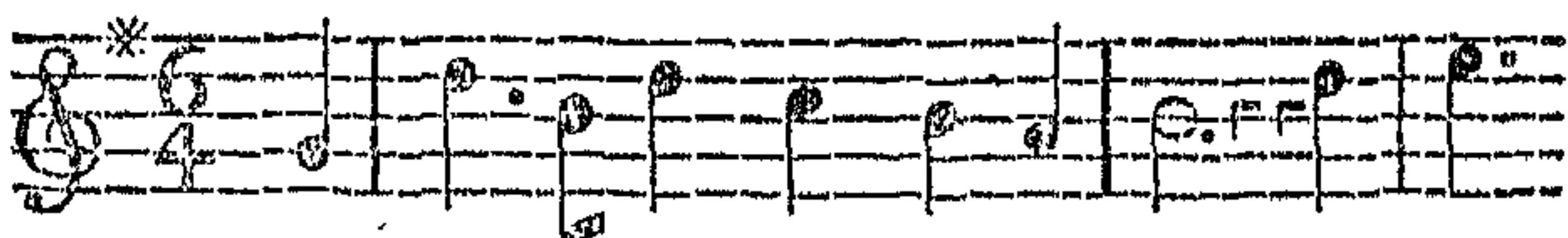


glory and pride of the banks of the Dee.

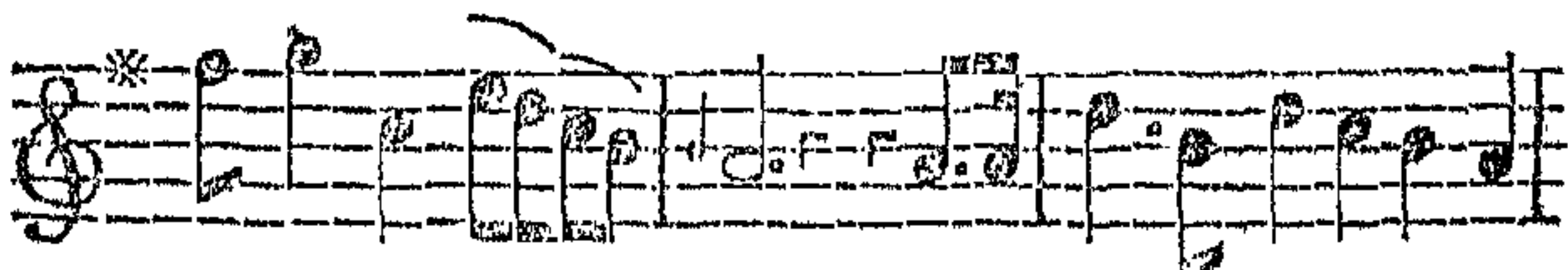
But now he's gone from me and left me thus mourning,
 To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he,
 Yet there are no hopes of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
 He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows,
 The sweetest and kindest of all his brave fellows,
 And has left me to mourn amongst these once-lov'd willows
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore him,
 Bless'd peace may restore my dear shepherd to me,
 And when he comes home with such care I'll watch o'er him,
 He never shall quit the sweet banks of the Dee,
 The Dee then shall flow all its beauties displaying,
 The lambs on the banks shall again be seen playing,
 Whilst I with my Jemmy am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

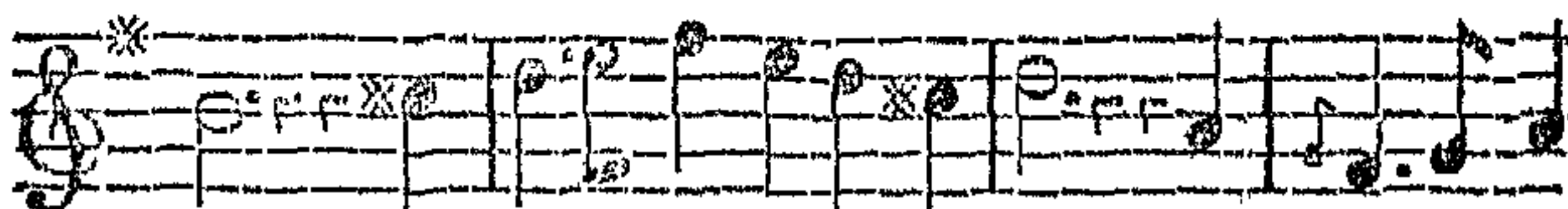
S O N G C V I I .



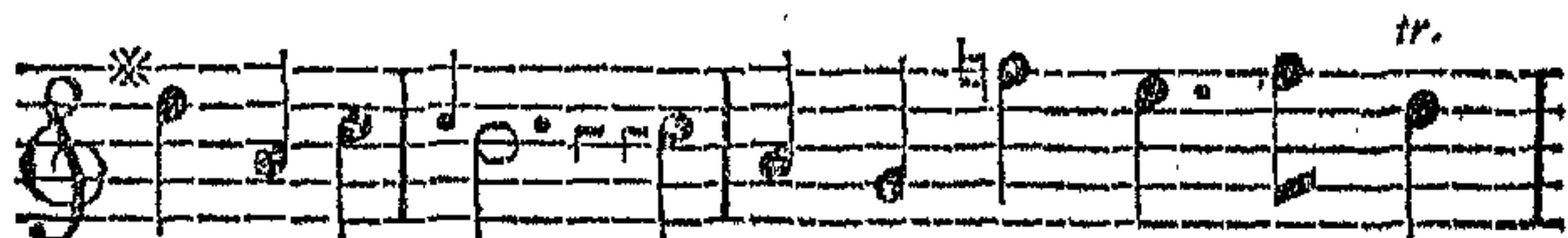
What shepherd or nymph of the grove, Can blame



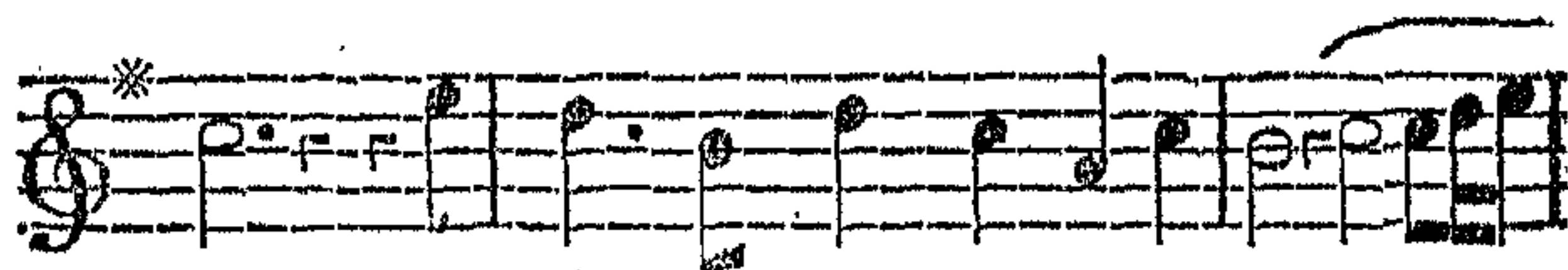
me for dropping a tear; Or lamenting aloud as I



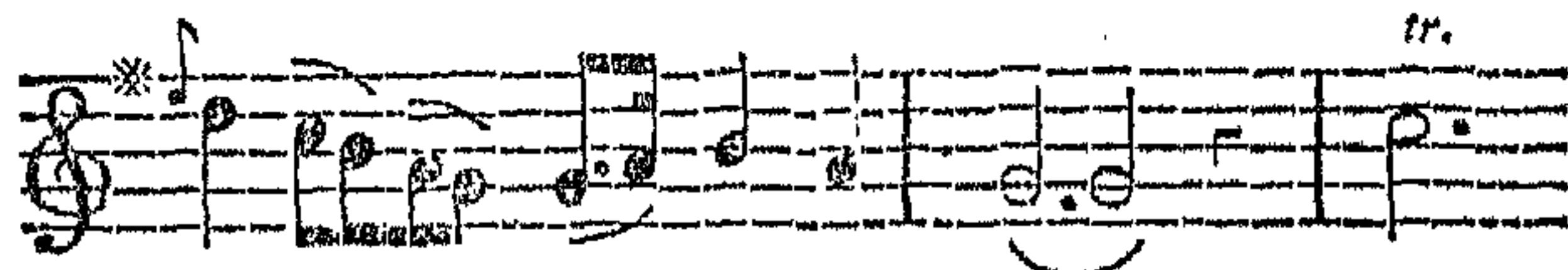
rove, Since Delia no longer is here? my flocks if at



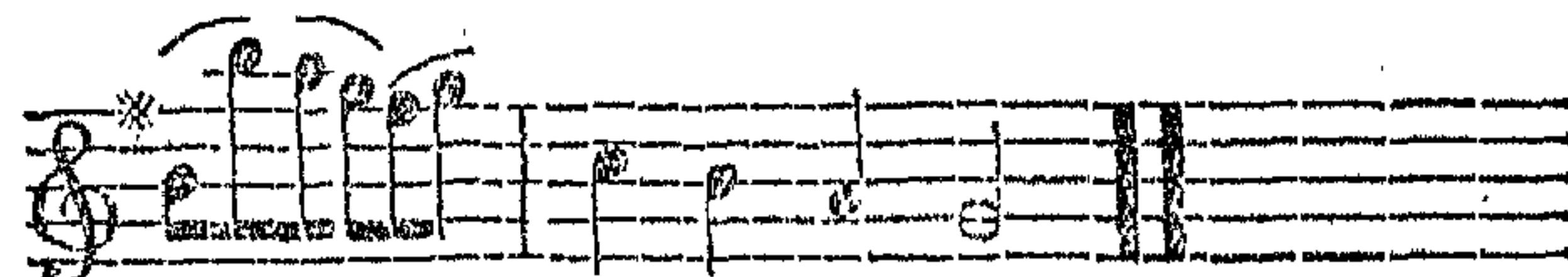
random they stray, What wonder since she's from the



plains? Her hand they were wont to o-bey, She



rul'd both the sheep and the swains, She



rul'd both the sheep and the swains.

Can

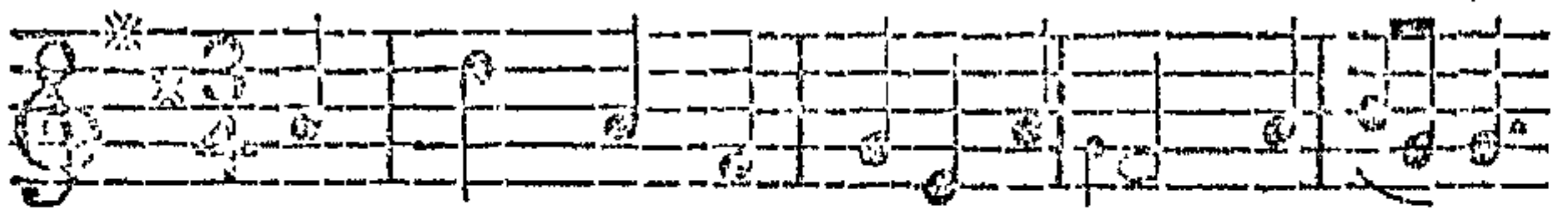
Can I ever forget how I stray'd,
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill ;
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
 Or the river that runs by the mill ;
 There sweet by my side as she lay,
 And heard the fond stories I told,
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
 Or the bleating of lambs from the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

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

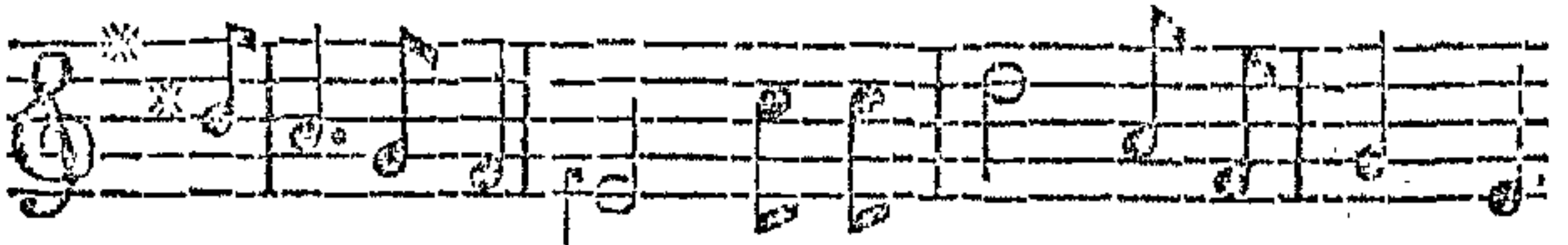
No changes of place or of time,
 I felt when my fair one was near,
 Alike was each weather and clime,
 Each season that chequer'd the year ;
 In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the bosom of May.
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,
 We rose up to work, or to play.

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

S O N G C V I I I .



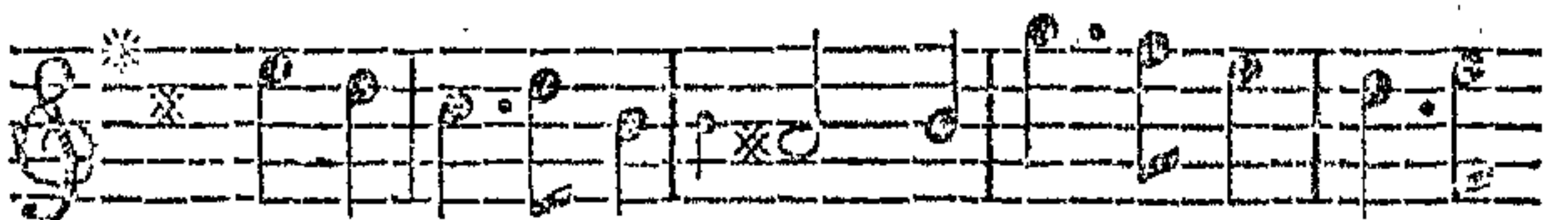
When forc'd from dear Hebe to go, what anguish



I felt at my heart, And I thought, but it might not



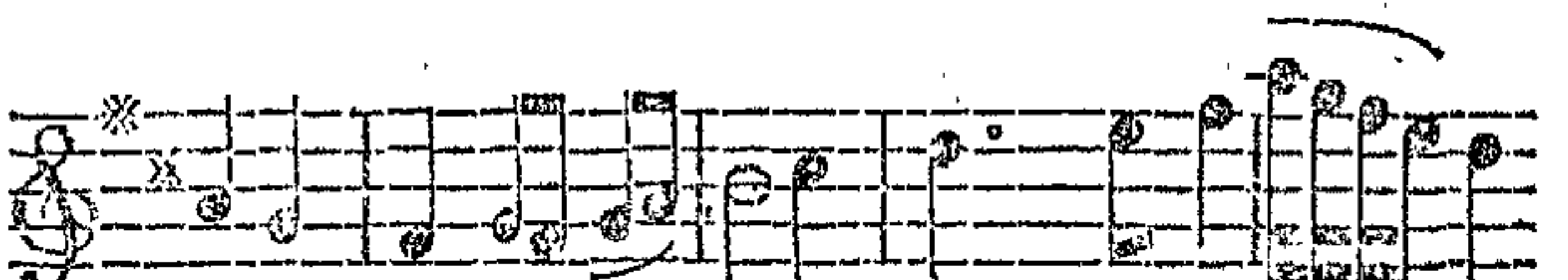
be so, She was sorry to see me depart, She cast



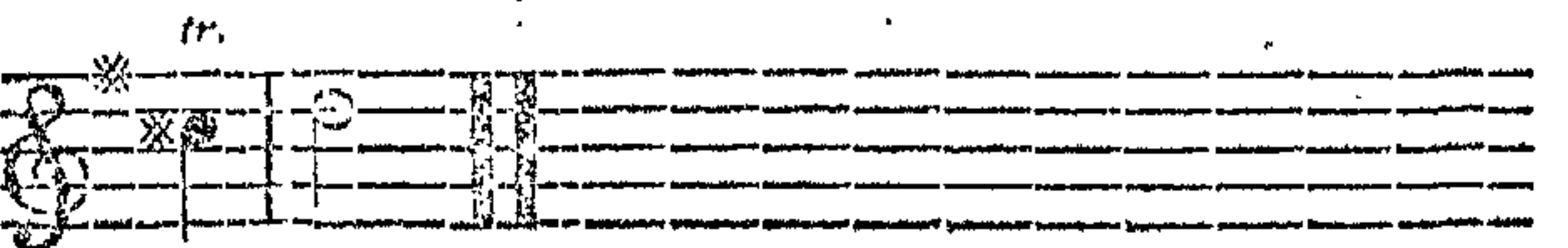
such a languishing view, My path I could scarcely



discern, So sweetly she bade me adieu, I thought



that she bade me re-turn, I thought that she bade me



re - turn.

Methought

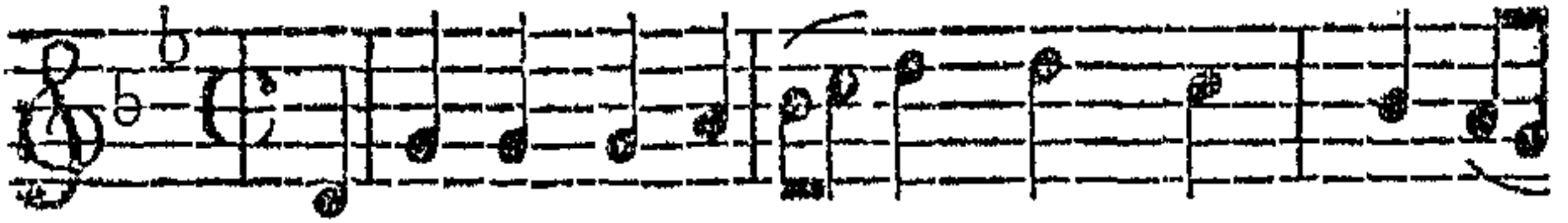
Methought she might like to retire
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear ;
 For whatever I heard her admire,
 I hasted and planted it there.
 Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,
 I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now ere I haste to the plain,
 Come, shepherds, and talk of her ways ;
 I could lay down my life for the swain,
 That would sing me a song in her praise.
 While he sings, may the maids of the town
 Come flocking and listen a-while,
 Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
 But I cannot allow her to smile.

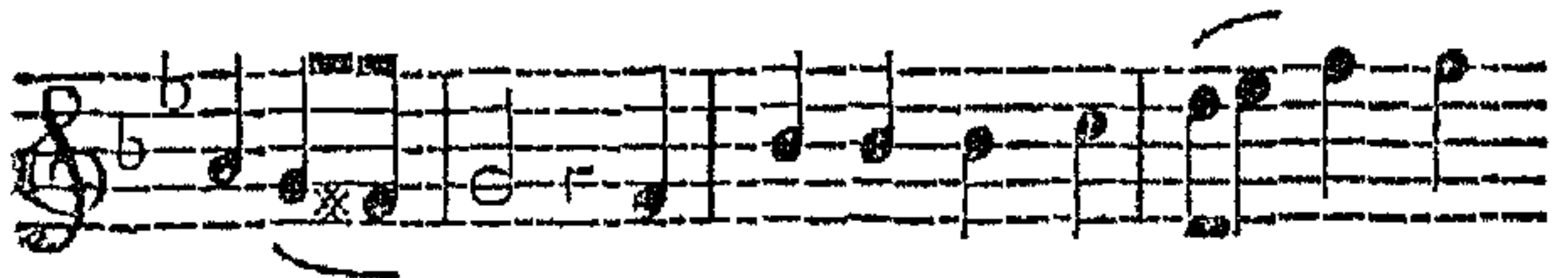
To see, when my charmer goes by,
 Some hermit peep out of his cell,
 How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,
 How fondly he wishes her well !
 On him she may smile if she please,
 'Twill warm the cold bosom of age ; —
 But cease, gentle Hebe, O cease !
 Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,
 To paint the dear charms I approve ;
 For what can a blossom bestow,
 So sweet, so delightful as love ?
 I sing in a rustical way,
 A shepherd and one of the throng ;
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay, —
 Go, poets, and envy my song.

S O N G C I X.



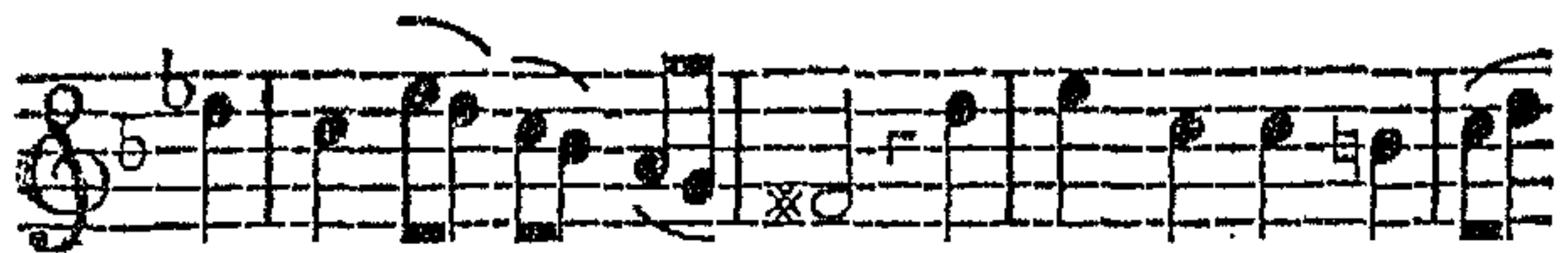
Ask if yon damask rose be sweet, that scents the



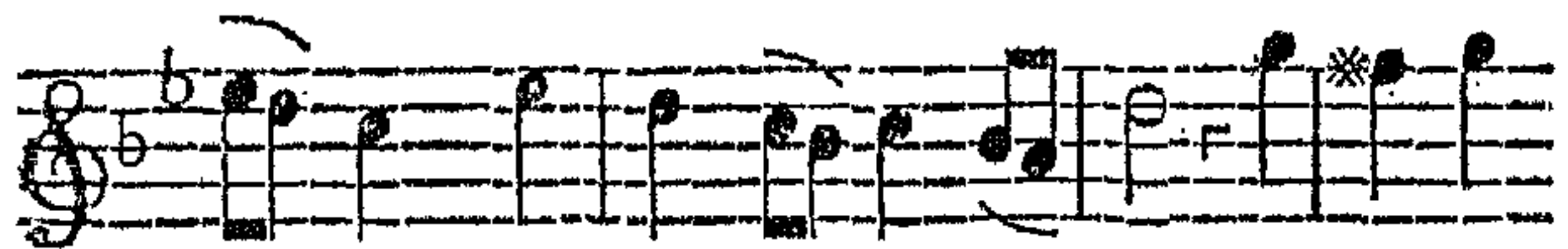
ambient air; Then ask each shepherd that you meet,



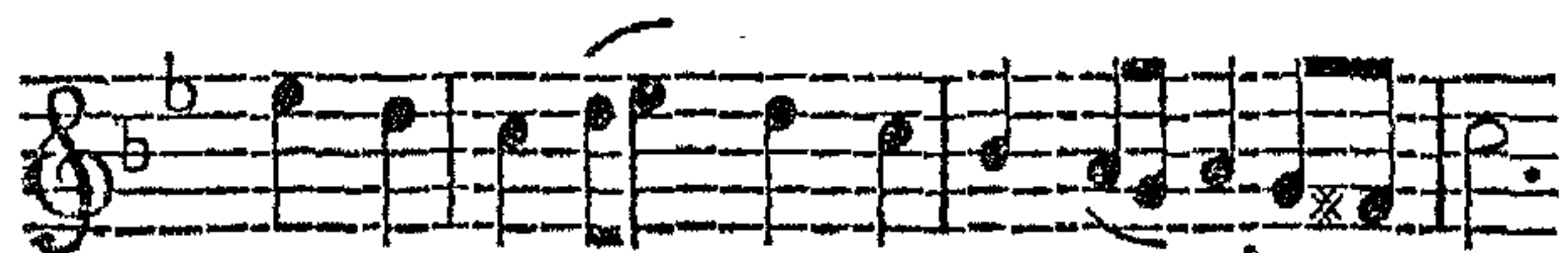
if dear Sufanna's fair; if dear dear Sufanna's fair,



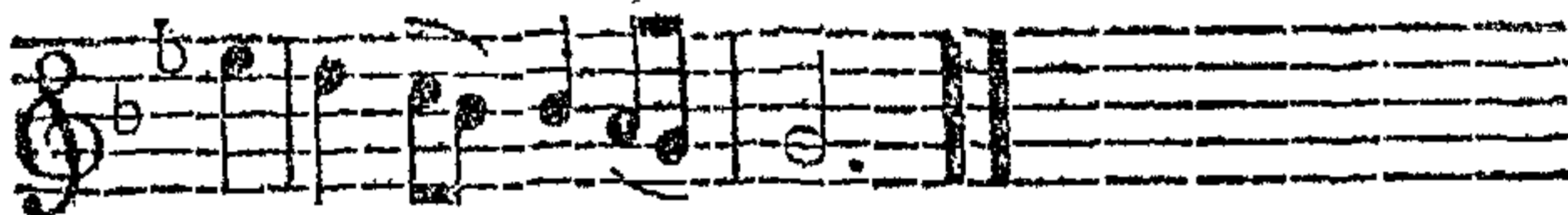
if dear Su-san-na's fair, Ask if yon damask rose



be sweet, that scents the ambient air, then ask each



shepherd that you meet, if dear Su-san-na's fair,
if

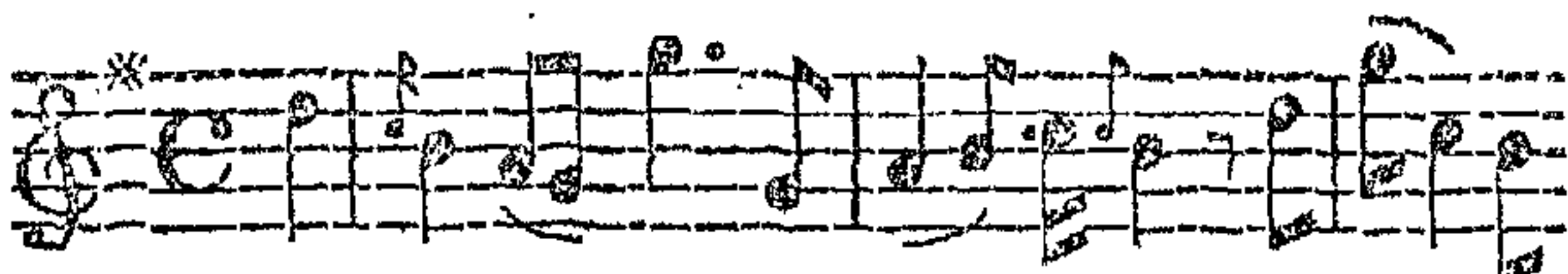


if dear Su-fan-na's fair.

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

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

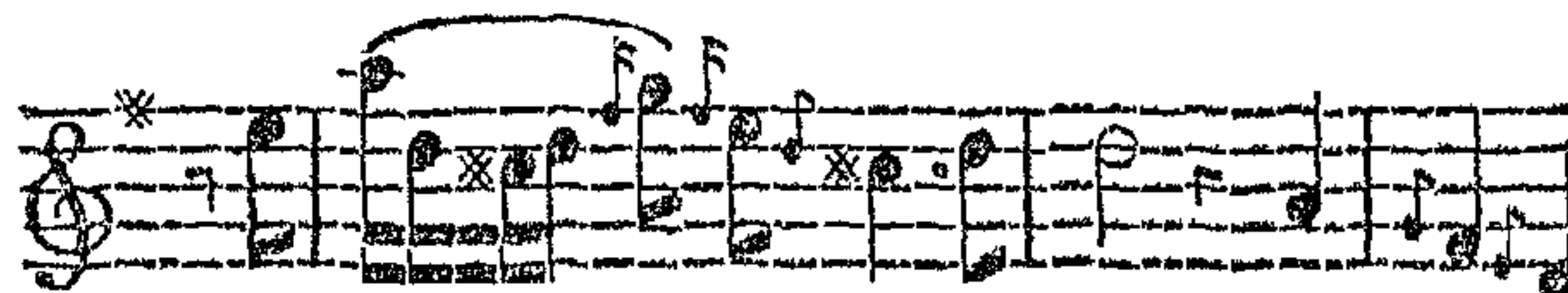
S O N G C X.



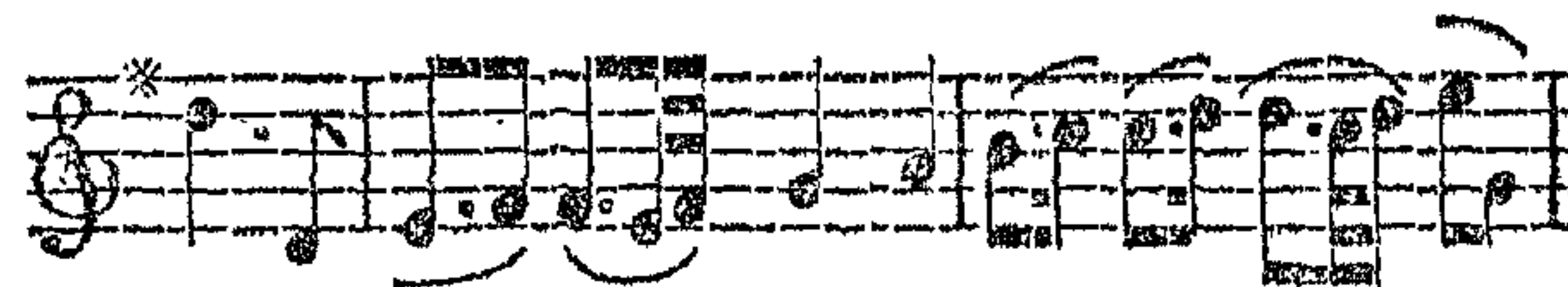
Soft pleasing pains unknown before, my beating



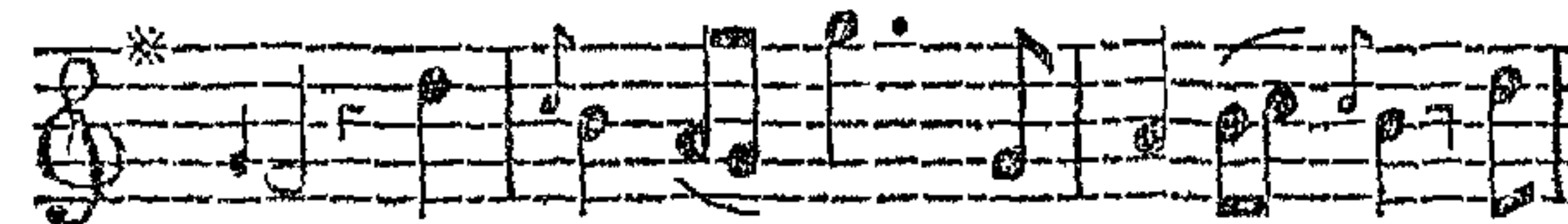
bosom feels, when I behold the peace - - ful bow'r,



where dear - - - est De - lia dwells, there daily



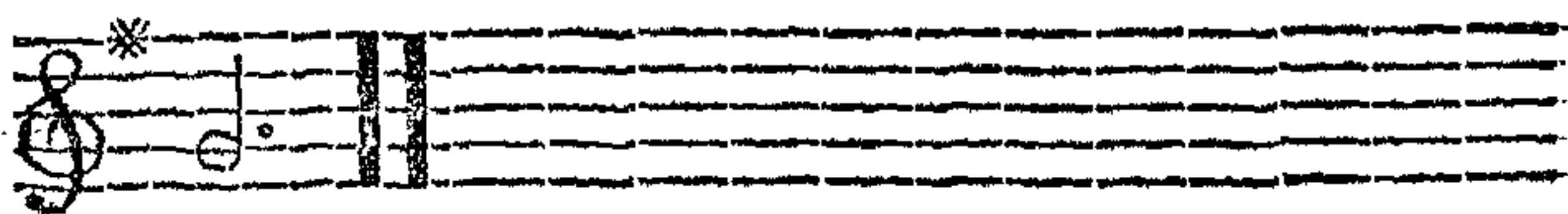
do I drive my flock, ah! hap - py hap - py



vale, There sigh and look, and whilst I look, my



sighs encrease the gale, my sighs encrease the
gale.



gale..

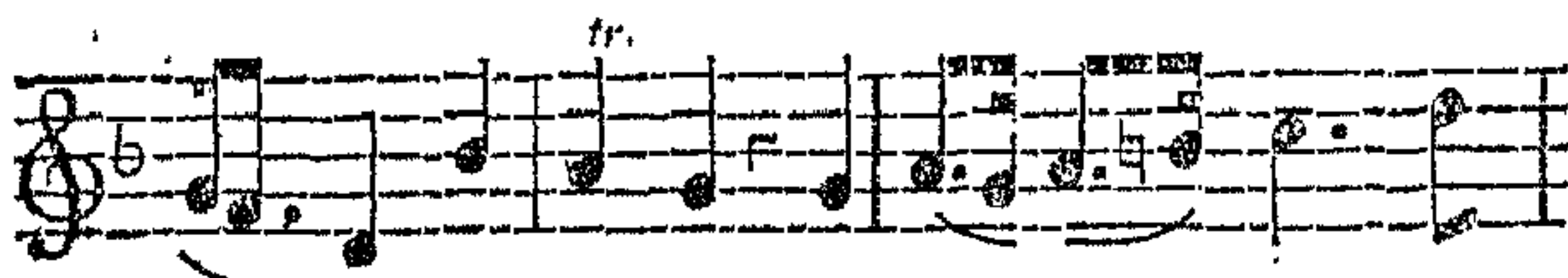
Sometimes at midnight do I stray,
 Beneath th' inclement skies,
 And there my true devotion pay,
 To Delia's sleep seal'd eyes.
 So pious pilgrims nightly rove,
 With tedious travel faint,
 To kiss alone the clay cold tomb,
 Of some lov'd favorite faint.

Oh ! tell ye shades that hold my fair,
 And all my blifs contain,
 Ah ! why shou'd ye those blessings share,
 For which I fight in vain.
 But let me not at fate repine,
 Or thus my griefs impart,
 She's not your tenant she is mine,
 Her mansion is my heart..

SONG CXI.



At set - ting day and ri - sing morn, with soul



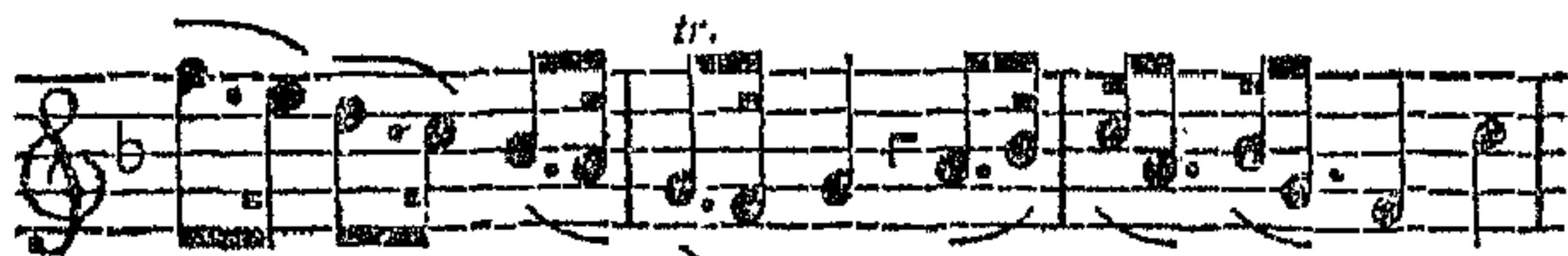
that still shall love thee, I'll ask of heav'n thy



safe re - turn, with all that can im - prove thee.



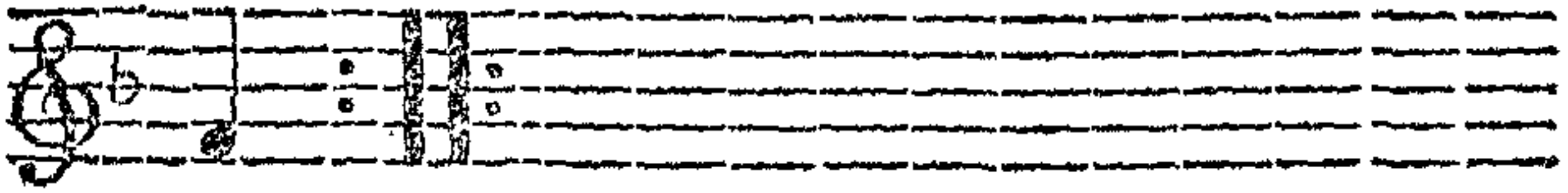
I'll vi - - sit oft the bir - kin bush, where first



you kind - ly told me sweet tales of love and



hid my blush, whilst round thou didst en - - fold
me.

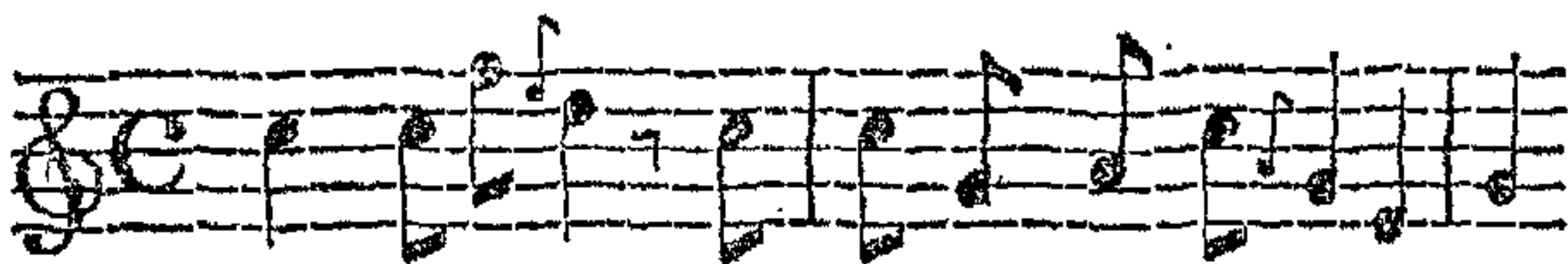


me.

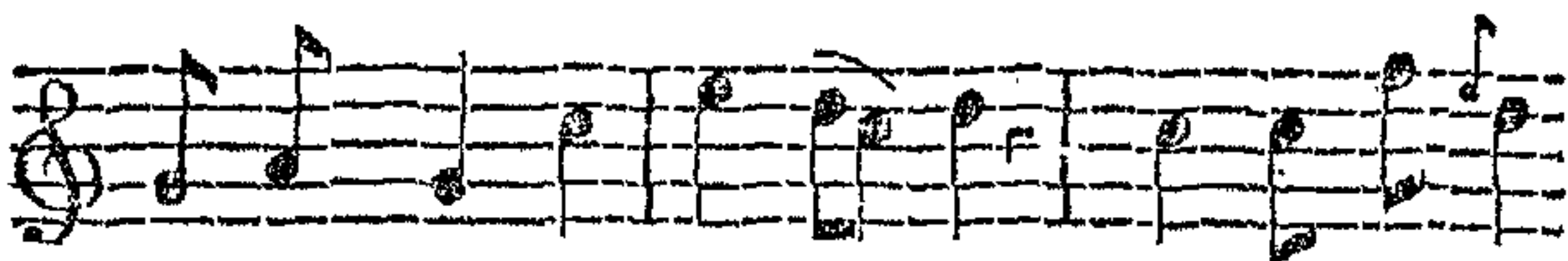
To all our haunts I will repair,
 By greenwood shade or fountain,
 Or where the summer day I'd share
 With thee on yonder mountain:
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 With thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.

S O N G

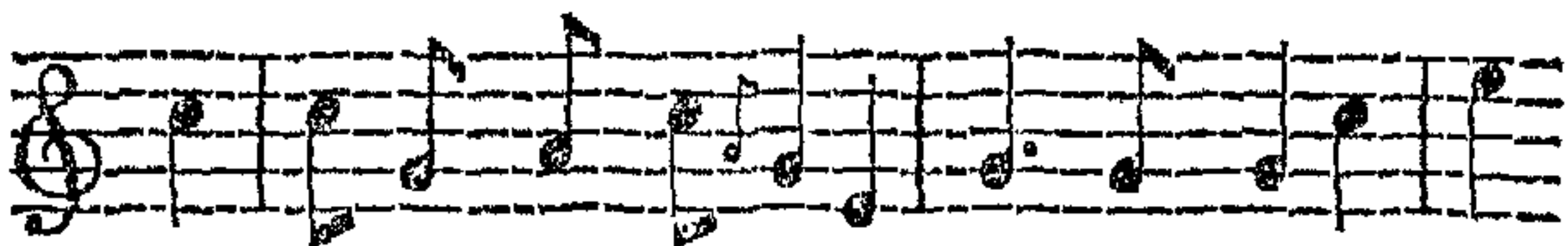
S O N G CXII.



When fable night each drooping plant restoring, wept

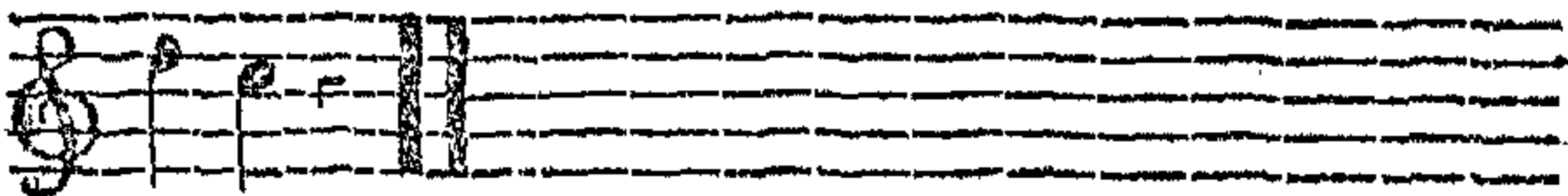


o'er the flow'rs her breath did cheer, As some sad wi-



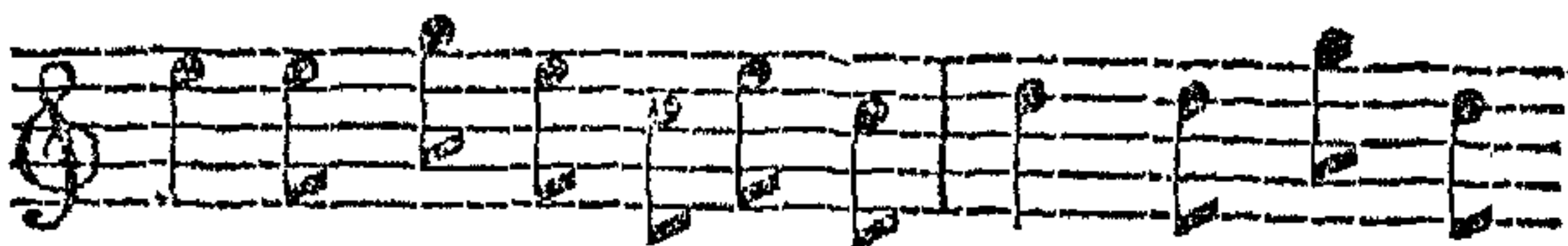
dow o'er her babe deploring wakes its beauties with.

tr.

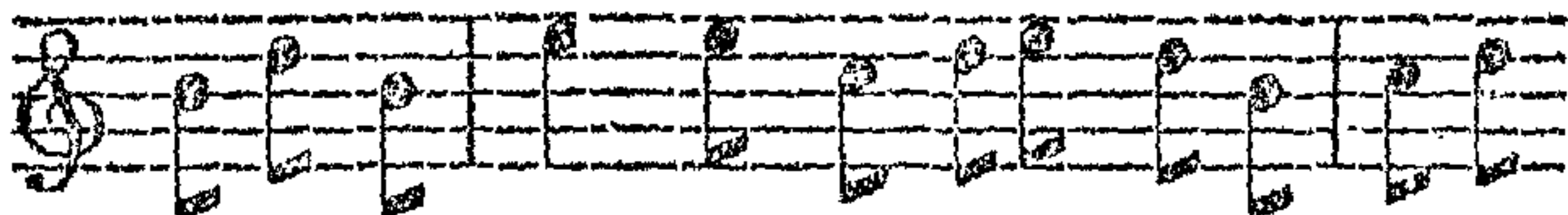


a tear.

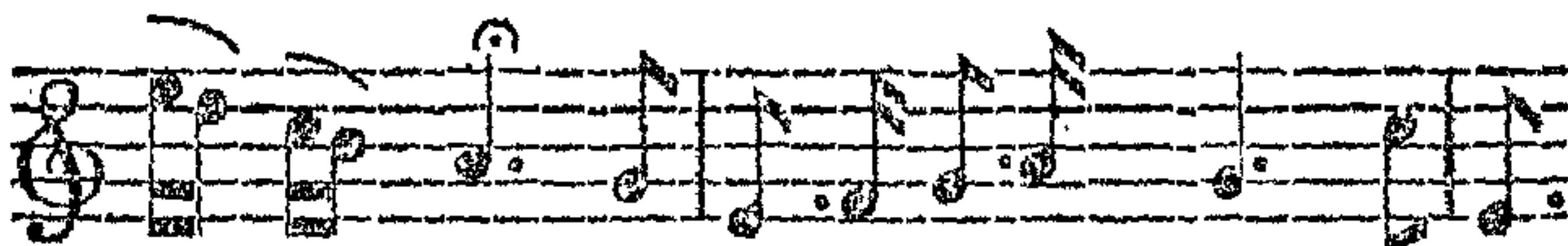
When all did sleep whose weary hearts cou'd borrow
 One hour, from love and care to rest,
 Lo! as I prefs'd my couch in silent sorrow.
 My lover caught me to his breast.



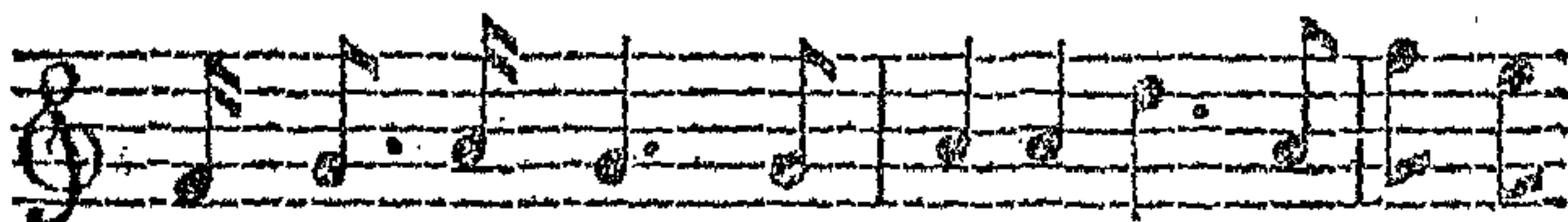
He vow'd he came to save me, from those who wou'd
 enslave



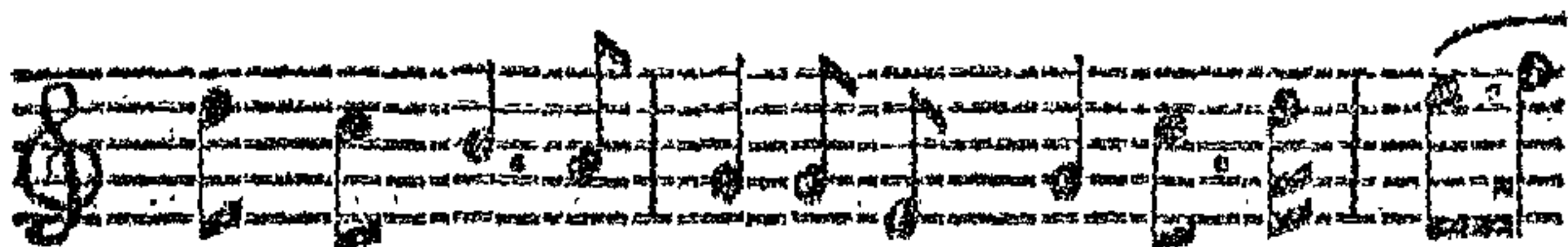
enslave me, Then kneeling, kisses stealing, endless



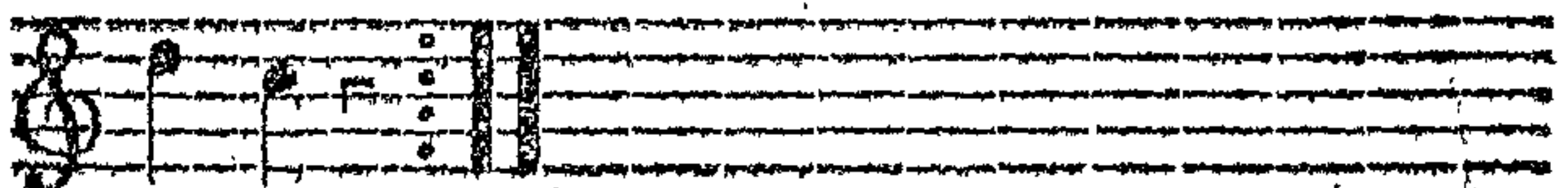
faith he swore. But soon I chid him thence, for had



his fond pretence, found favour then and he had



press'd a - gain, I fear'd in my heart I might grant



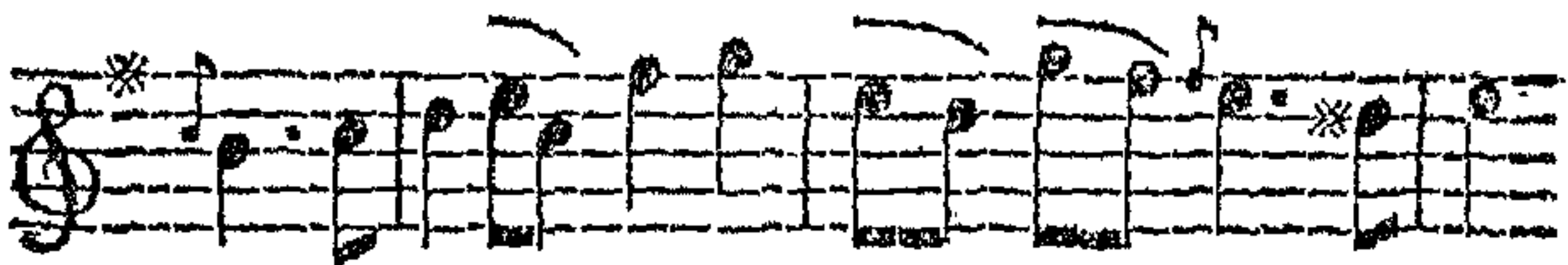
him more.

SONG

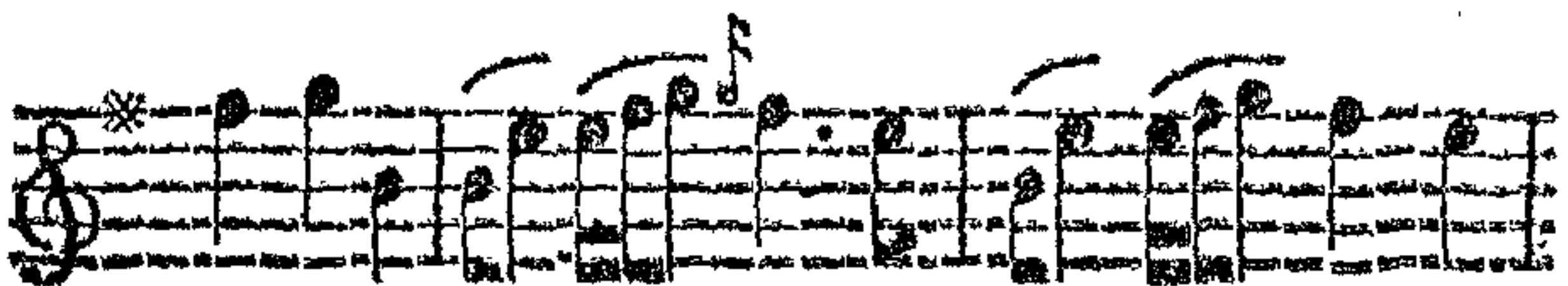
S O N G CXIII.



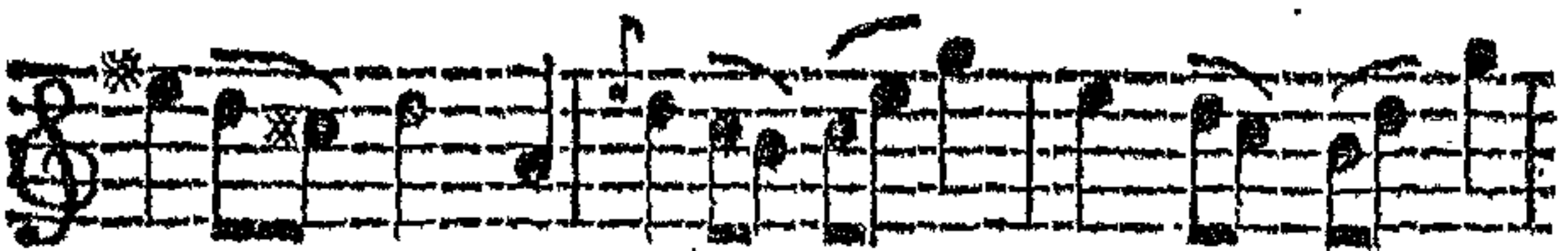
Where's my swain so blithe and clever, why d'ye



leave me all in sorrow ? Three whole days are gone



for ever, since you said you'd come to - morrow,



If you lov'd but half as I do, you'd been here with



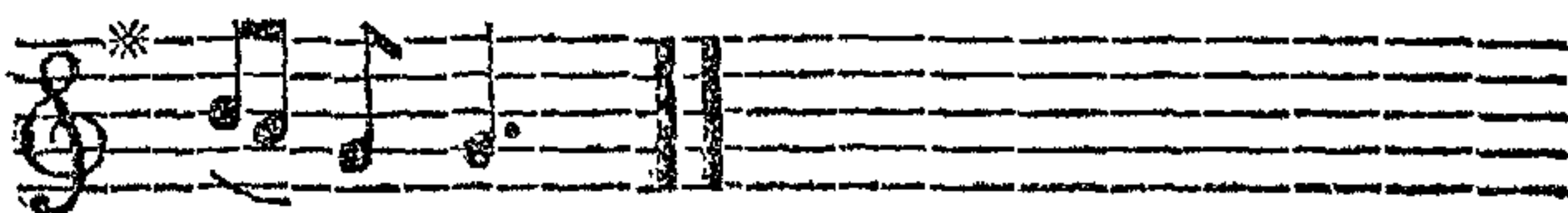
looks so bonny, Love has fly-ing wings I well



know, not for ling'ring la - zy Johnny, Love has
fly-



fly - ing wings I well know not for ling'ring la-



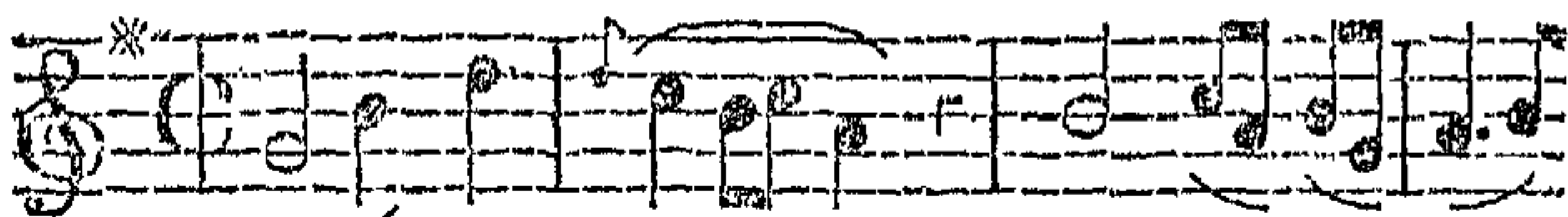
zy Johnny.

What can he be now a doing,
 Is he with the lassies Maying?
 He had better here be wooing,
 Than with others fondly playing.
 Tell me truly where he's roving,
 That I may no longer sorrow,
 If he's weary grown of loving,
 Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee,
 Let her be the happy creature,
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
 Nor dispute with her a feature.
 But I can't and will not tarry,
 Nor will kill myself with sorrow,
 I may lose the time to marry,
 If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not shepherd thus to brave me,
 If I'm yours pray wait no longer,
 If you won't another'll have me,
 I may cool but not grow fonder.
 If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,
 Whine not in despair and sorrow,
 Blest another lad may make ye;
 Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

S O N G CXIV.



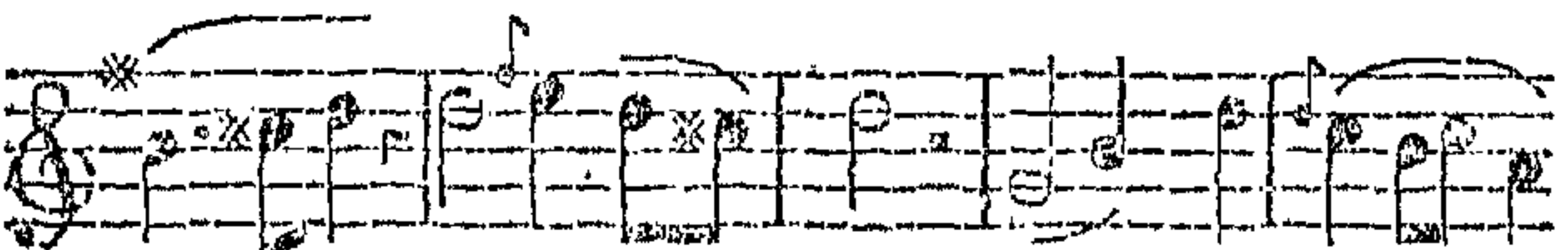
Where, dear mai - d, (should'st thou for - sake



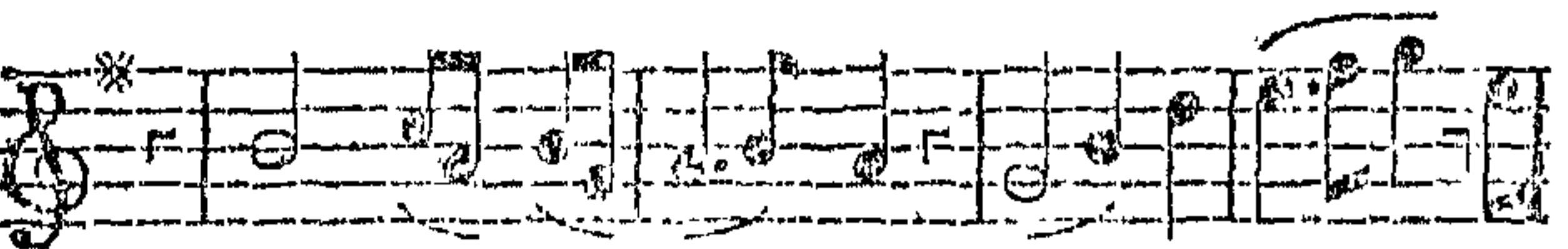
me,) could un - hap - py Da - - mon fly, To



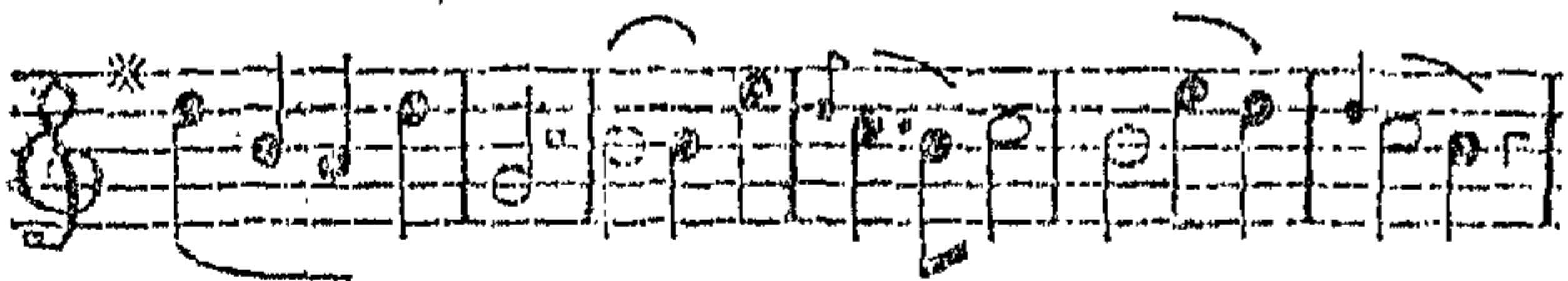
what o - - ther fair be - take me, Ba - nish'd



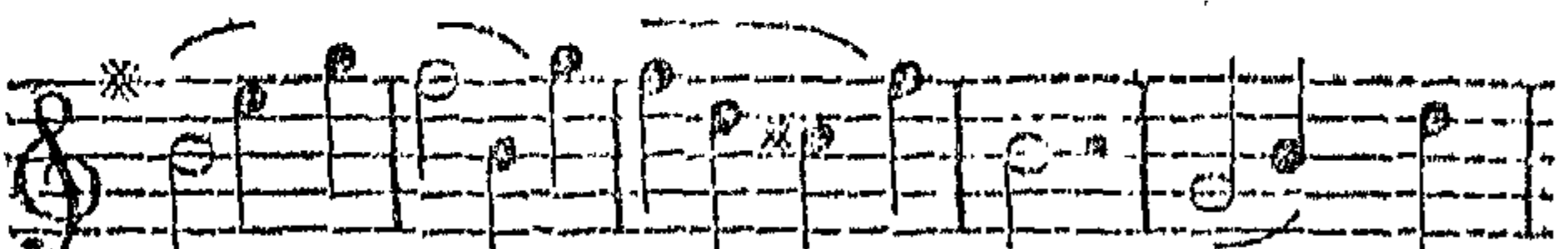
from thy love fraught eye, Where, dear mai - d,



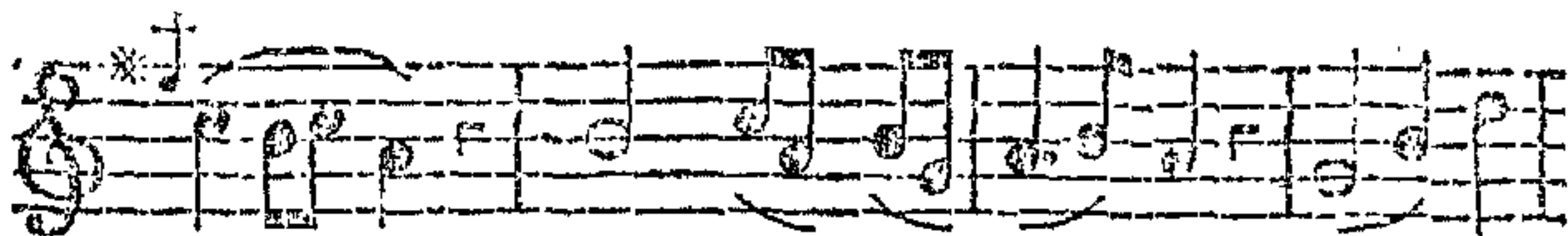
(should'st thou for - sake me,) Could un - hap - py



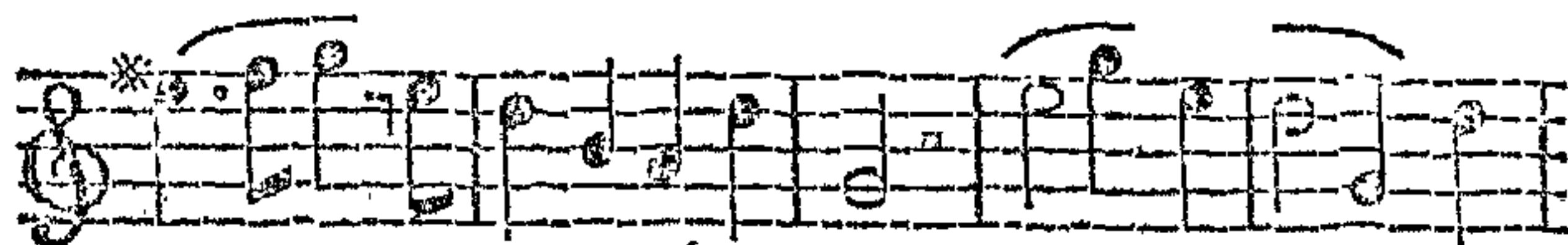
Da - - mon fly, In thy breast my bliss re - - sides,



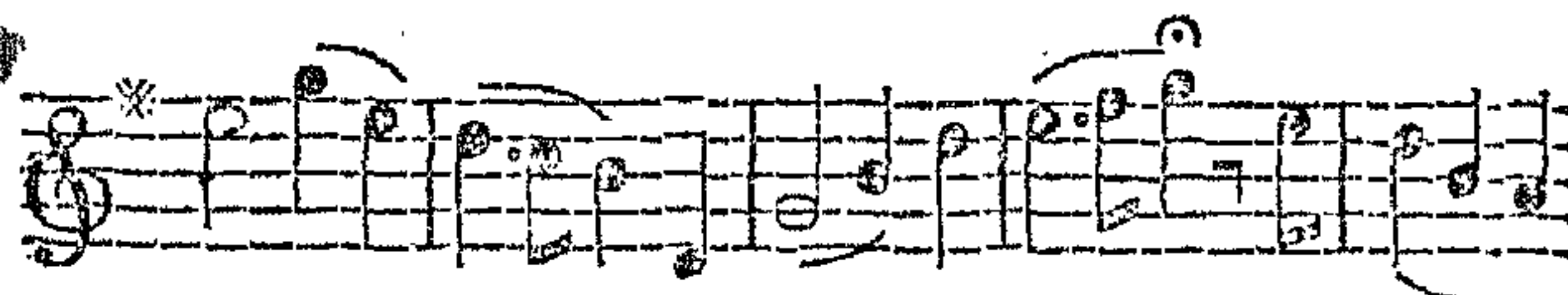
Woe in ev - ry place be - sides, Where, dear
maid,



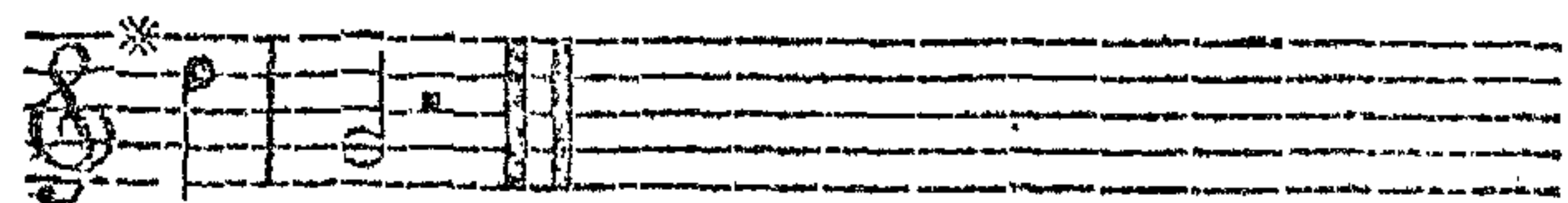
mai - d should'st thou for - sake me, Could un-



hap - - py Da - mon fly, Should I thence by



scorn be driven, For me re - mains no o - -



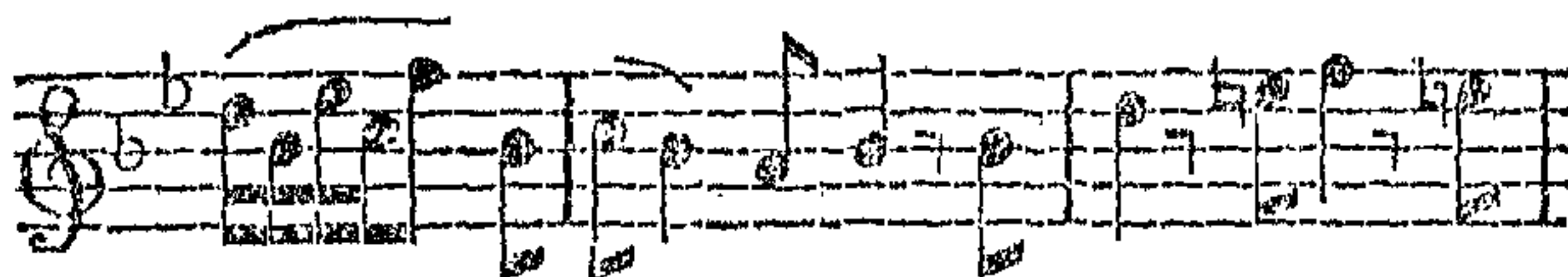
ther heav'n.

Other maids may shine in riches,
 Other charms enchant the swain,
 But the heart which love bewitches,
 Seeks in vain to shift its chain;
 In the ardent realms of love,
 Joy and peace united move,
 Sep'rate each can never dwell,
 All is heav'n, or all is hell.

S O N G CXV.



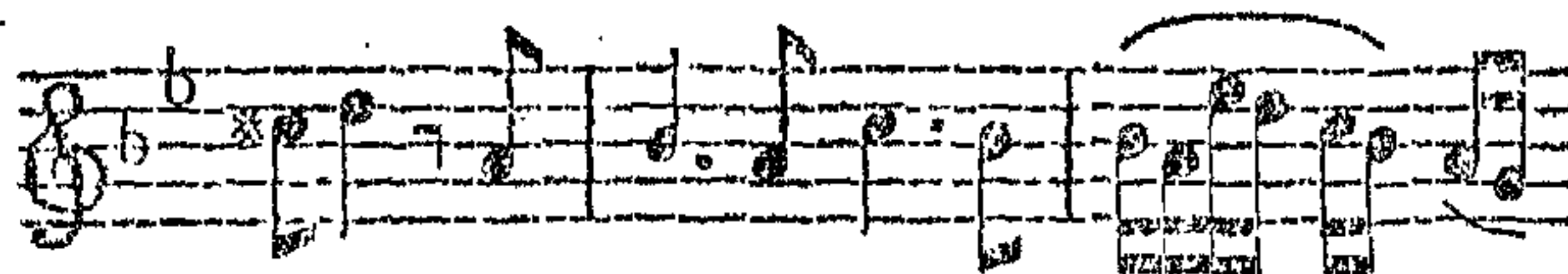
No more the festive train I'll join, Adieu! ye



ru - - - ral sports adieu! For what alas! have



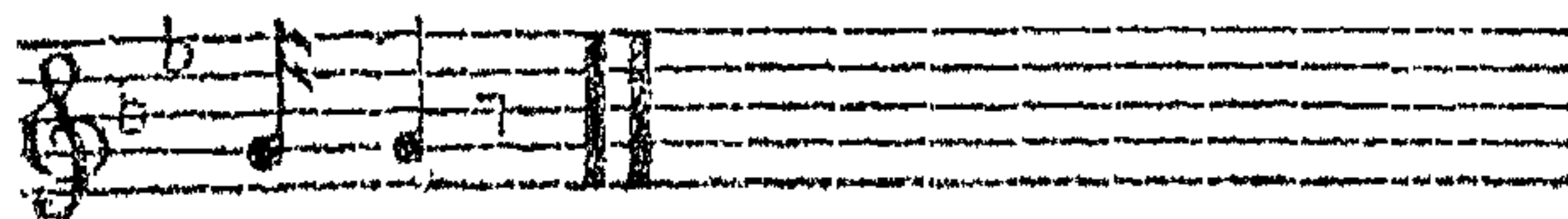
griefs like mine, With pastimes or de - lights



to do? Let hearts at ease such plea - - - fures



prove, But I am all - - - de - spair



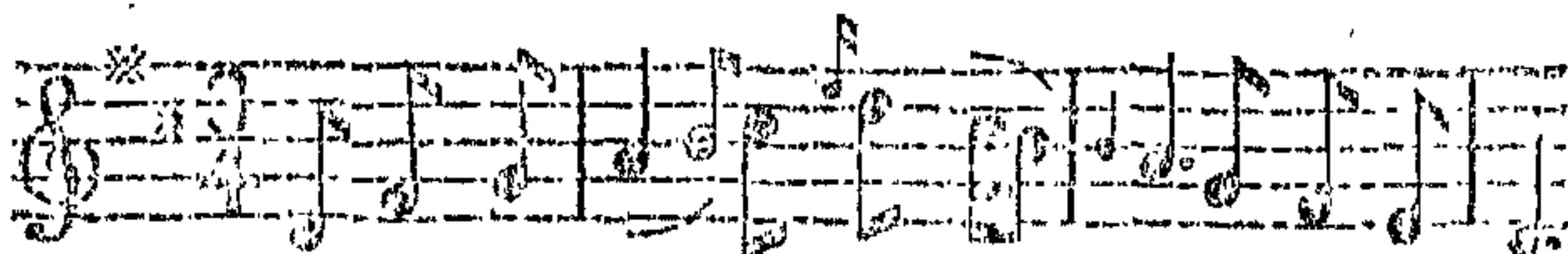
and love.

A-well a-day! how chang'd am I !
 When late I seiz'd the rural reed ;
 So soft my strains, the herds hard by,
 Stood gazing, and forgot to feed.
 But now my strains no longer move,
 'They're discord all, despair, and love.

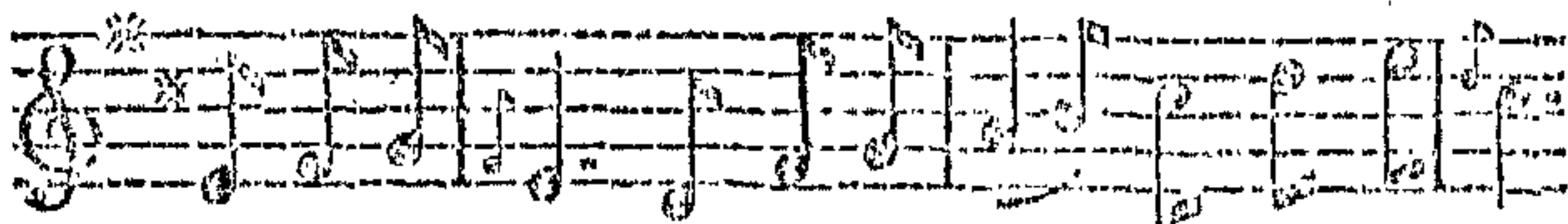
Behold around my straggling sheep,
 The fairest once upon the lea ;
 No swain to guide, no dog to keep,
 Unshorn they stray, nor mark'd by me,
 The shepherds muse to see them rove,
 'They ask the cause, I answer love.

Neglected love first taught my eyes,
 With tears of anguish to o'erflow ;
 'Twas that which fill'd my breast with sighs,
 And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe.
 Love has occasion'd all my smart,
 Dispers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

S O N G CXVI.



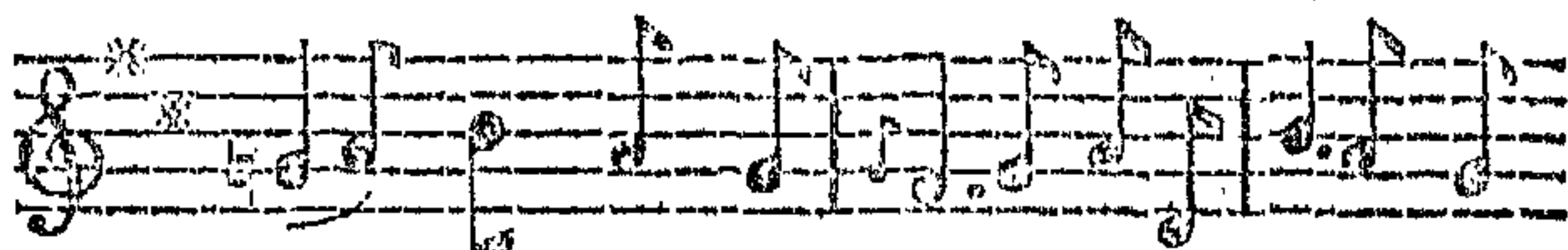
Did e - ver swain a nymph a-dore, As I ungrate-



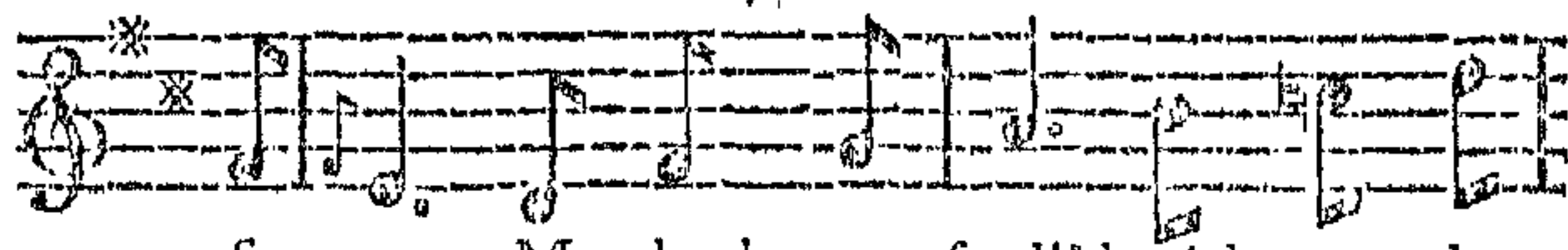
ful Nanny do ! Was e - ver shepherd's heart so sore,



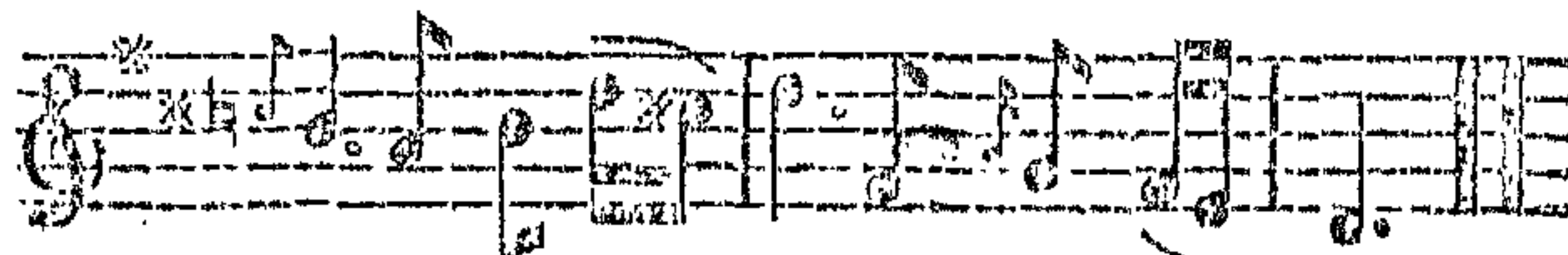
Or e - ver broken heart so true ? My cheeks are



swell'd with tears, but she has never wet a cheek



for me. My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but



she has ne - ver wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay,
Or linger when she bade me run ?
She only had the word to say
And all she wish'd was quickly done :

:S: I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me. :S:

To

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have not I rose by break of day;
Did ever Nanny's heifers fast
If Robin in his yard had hay.

:S: 'Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her. :S:

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two;
And I her lambs did safely keep
Within my folds in frost and snow;

:S: Have they not there from cold been free,
But Nanny still is cold to me. :S:

When Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill,
Full as they were I brought them home,
Her corn I carry'd to the mill,

:S: My back did bear the sack, but she
Will never bear the sight of me. :S:

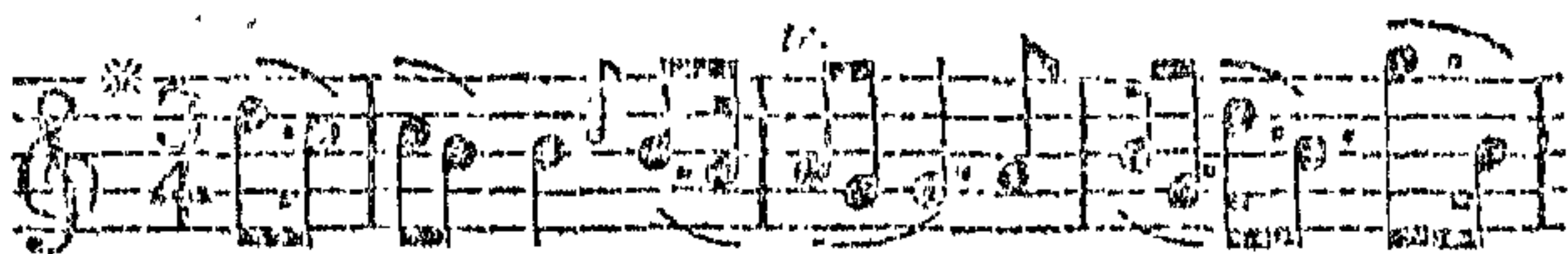
To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best;
Within this week her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of pease at least:

:S: Her little pigeons kiss, but she
Will never bear a kiss from me. :S:

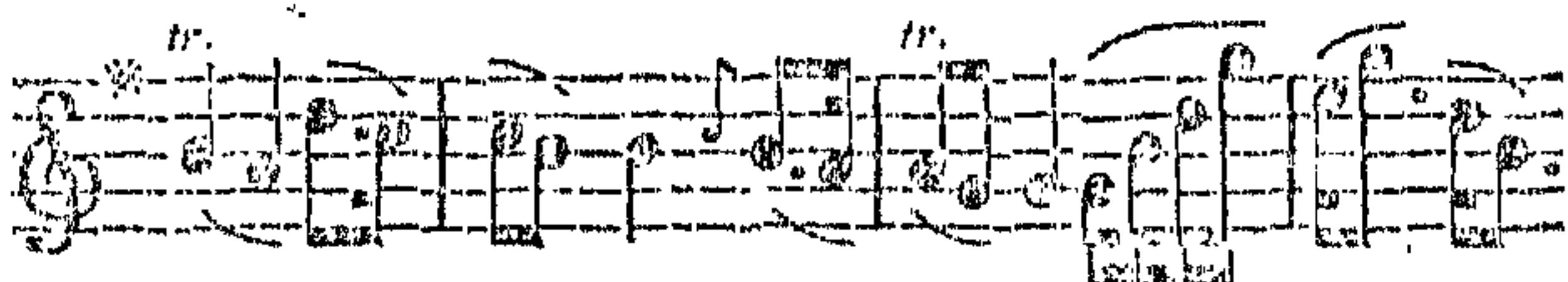
Must Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny still on Robin frown,
Alas! poor wretch! what shall I do,
If Nanny does not love me soon:

:S: If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron-string. :S:

S O N G CXVII.



Be-neath a green shade a love-ly young



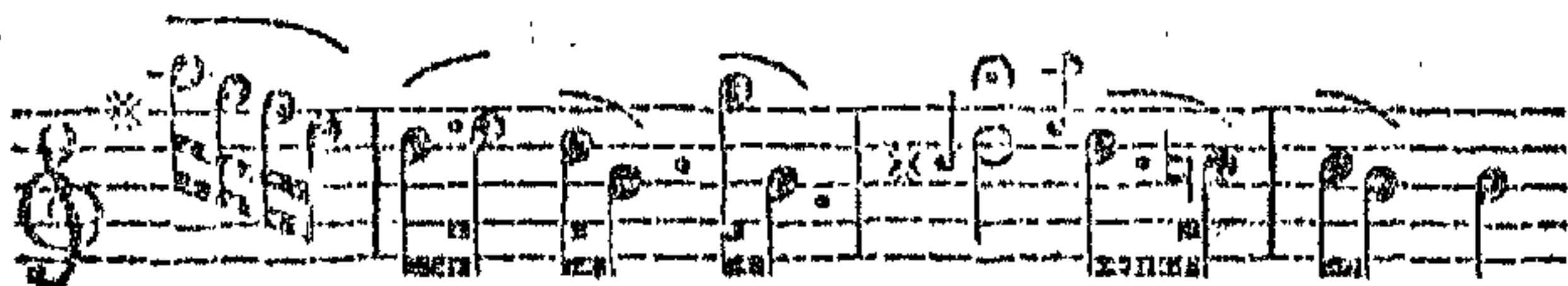
swain, one ev'ning re-clin'd to dis-co-ver



his pain. So sad yet so sweetly he war-



bled his woe, the winds ceas'd to breathe and



the fountains to flow, Rude winds with



compassion could hear him com-plain, Yet
Chloe



Chloe less gentle was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view,
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they ;
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure and languish in light.

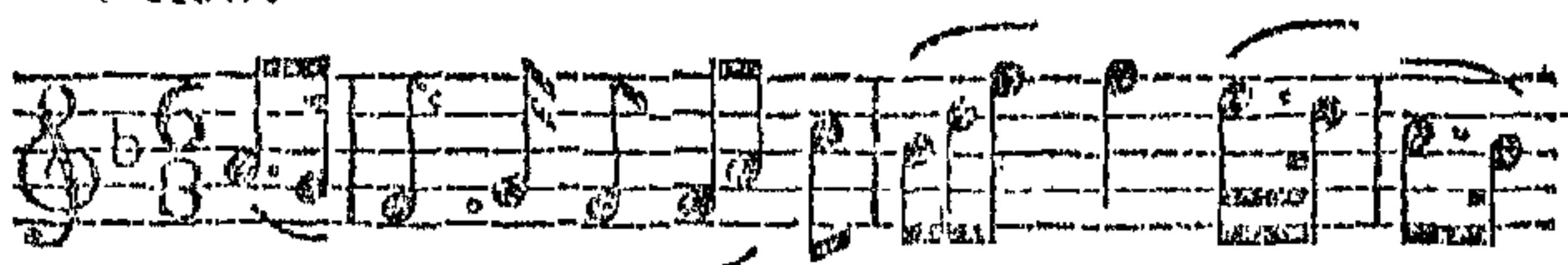
Thro' changes in vain relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew ;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air ;
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
 No winter can cool it no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon all clouded retire,
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desire ;
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on the mind ;
 Ah wretch ! how can life be worthy thy care,
 To lengthen its moments but lengthens despair,

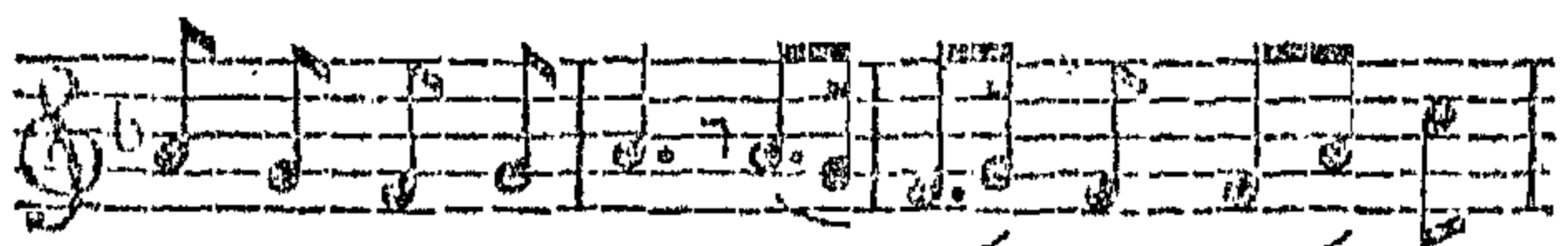
S O N G

S O N G CXVIII.

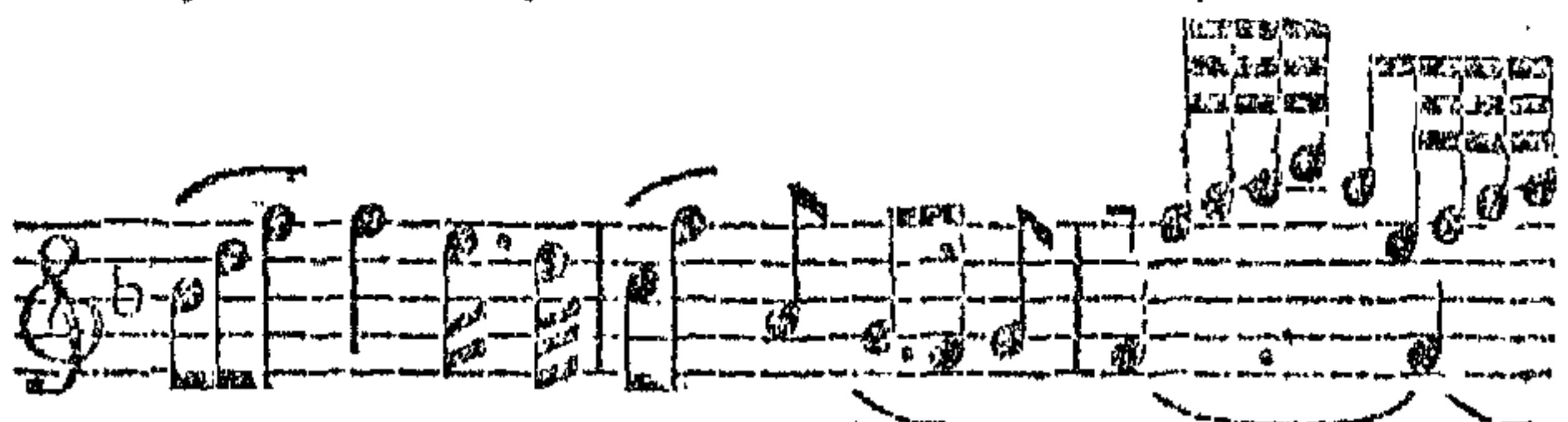
Slow.



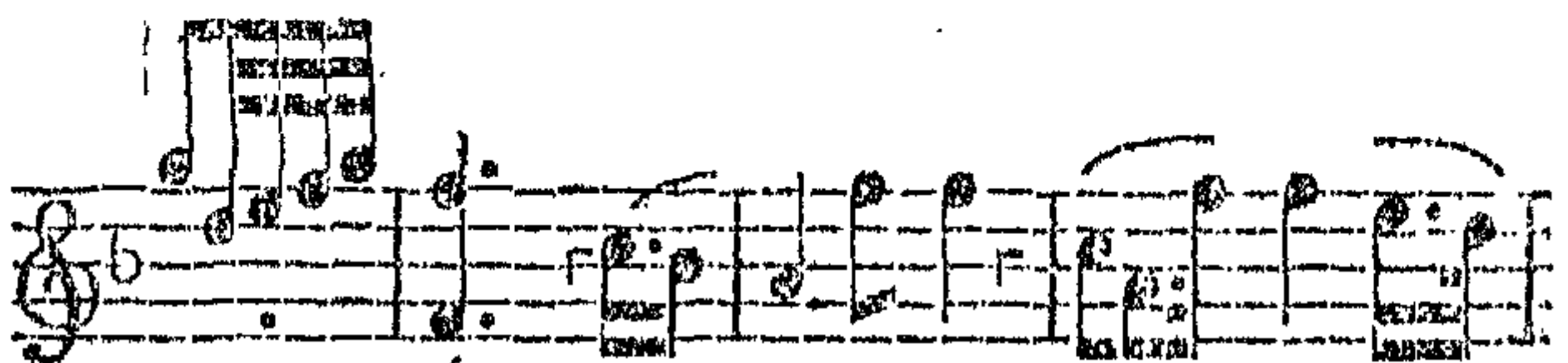
My lodging is on the cold ground And ve -



ry hard is my fare, But that which grieves me



more love Is the coldness of my dear - - - -



- - - - Yet still he cry'd, turn love, I



pray thee love turn to me, For thou art the on - ly



girl love that is a - dor - ed by me.

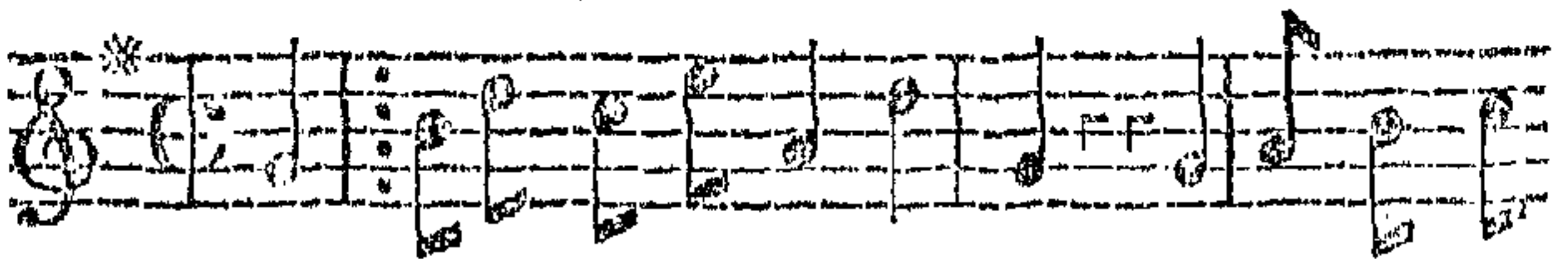
With

With a garland of straw I will crown thee love,
 I'll marry thee with a rush ring :
 Thy frozen heart shall melt with love,
 So merrily I shall sing.
 Yet still, &c.

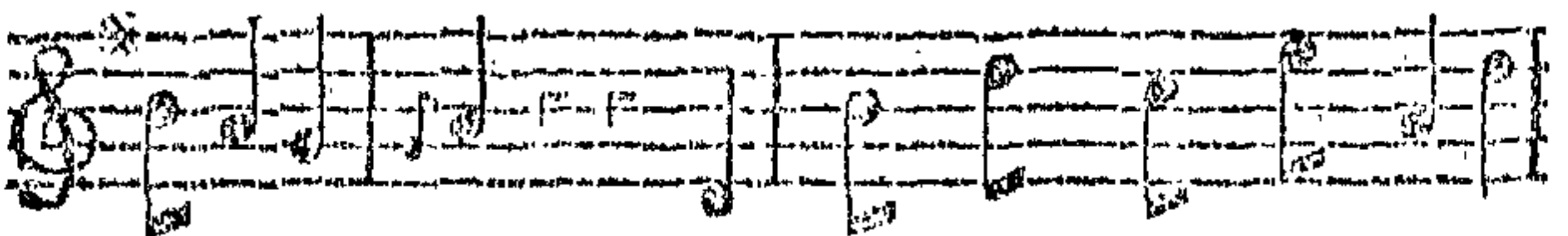
But if you will harden your heart love,
 And be deaf to my pitiful moan ;
 Oh ! I must endure the smart love,
 And tumble in straw all alone.
 Yet still, &c.

SONG

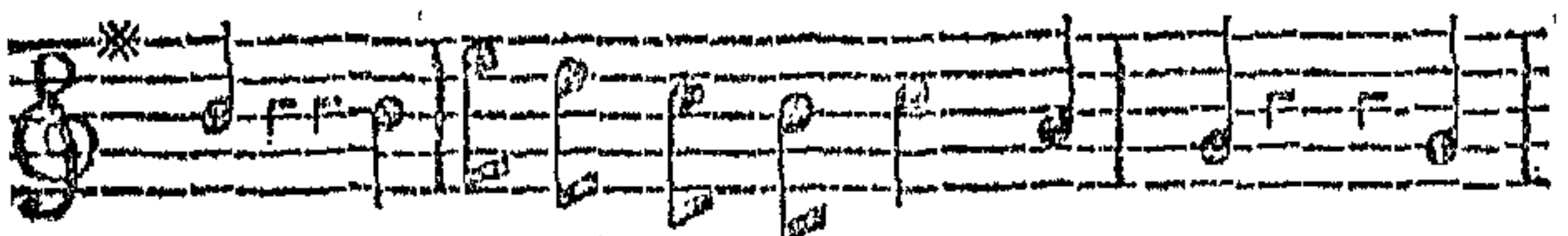
S O N G CXIX.



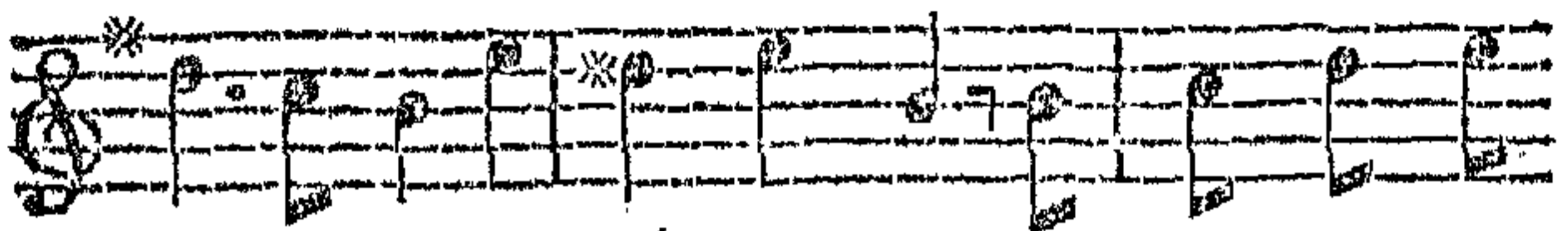
Young Lubin was a shepherd boy, fair Ro - fa - lie



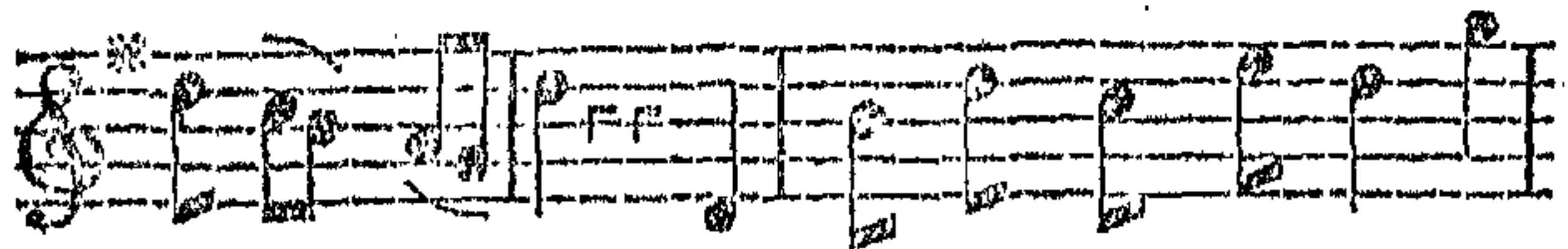
a rustic maid, they look'd they lov'd each others



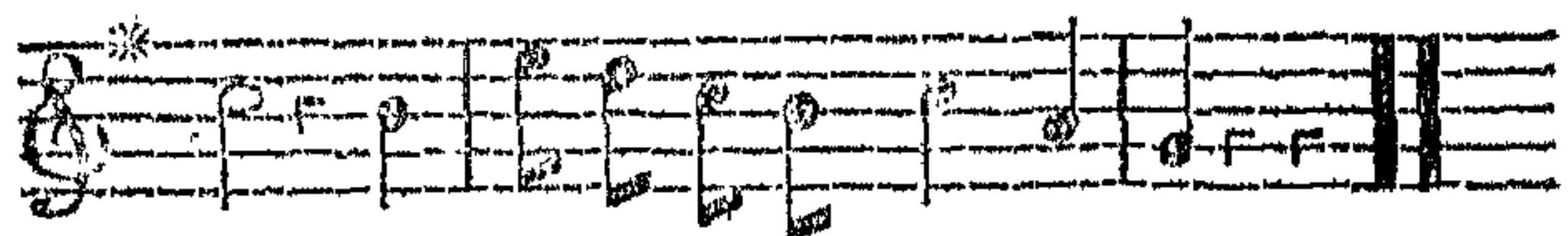
joy, to - gether o'er the hills they stray'd : their



parents saw and blest their-love, nor would their hap -



pi - nels de - lay, to - morrow's dawn their bliss shall



prove, to - morrow be their wedding day.

When

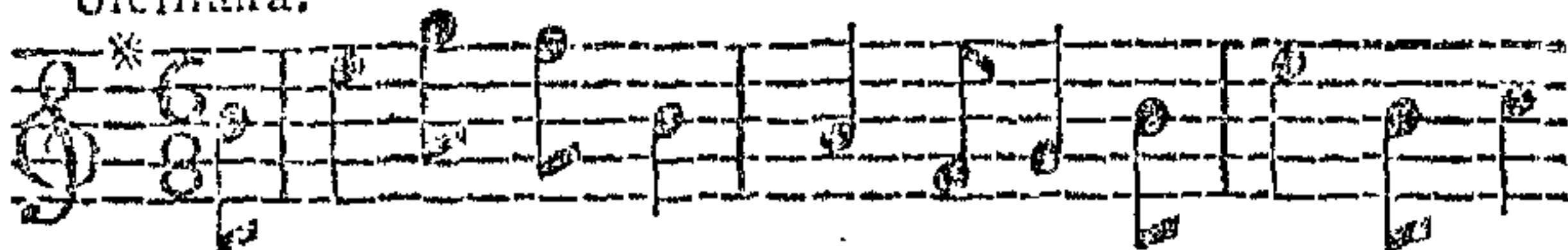
When as at eve, beside the brook,
 Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd,
 One luckless lamb the current took,
 'Twas Rosalie's, she started wild.
 Run, Lubin run, my fav'rite saviour,
 Too fatally the youth obey'd :
 He ran, he plung'd into the wave,
 To give the little wand'rer aid.

But scarce he guides him to the shore,
 When, faint and sunk, poor Lubin dies :
 Ah, Rosalie ! for evermore,
 In his cold grave thy lover lies.
 On that lone bank—Oh ! still be seen,
 Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid ;
 And with sad wreaths of Cypress green,
 For ever sooth thy Lubin's shade.

S O N G

S O N G CXX.

Siciliana.



I seek my shepherd gone astray, He left our cot



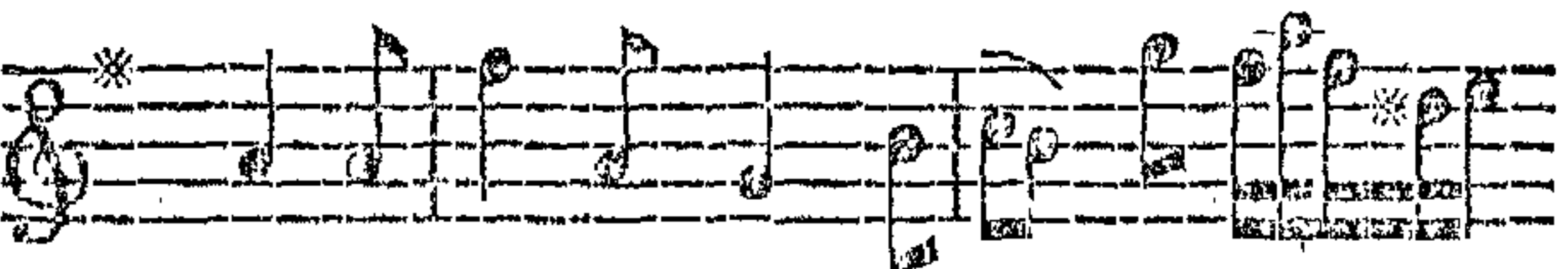
the o - ther day ; Tell me ye gentle nymphs and



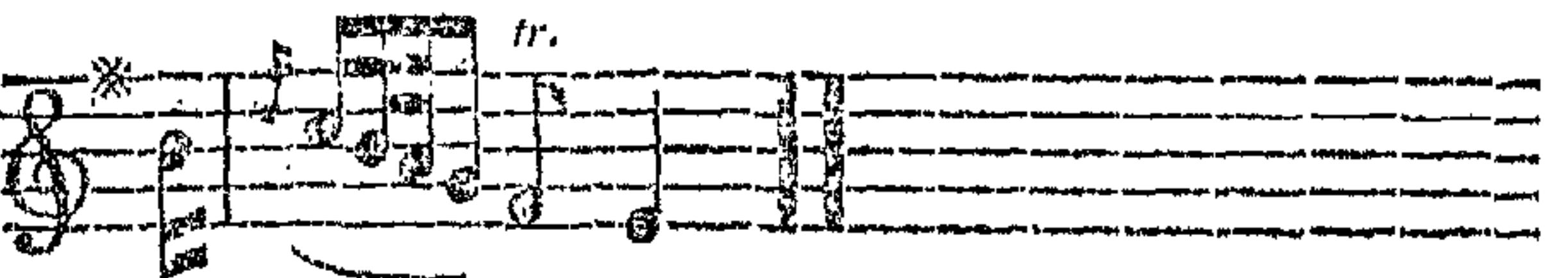
swains, Pass'd the dear rebel through your plains.



Oh ! whither, whither must I roam, To find, and



charm the wand'rer home, 'To find, and charm - - -



the wa - nd'rer home.

Sports he upon the sheaven green,
 Or joys he in the mountain scene ;
 Leads he his flocks along the mead,
 Or does he seek the cooler shade ?
 Oh ! teach a wretched nymph the way,
 To find her lover gone astray.

To paint, ye maids, my truant swain :
 A manly softness crowns his mien ;
 Adonis was not half so fair,
 And when he talks 'tis heav'n to hear.
 But Oh ! the soothing poison shun,
 To listen is to be undone.

He'll swear no time shall quench his flame,
 To me the perjur'd swore the same ;
 Too fondly loving to be wise,
 Who gave my heart an easy prize ;
 And when he tun'd his syren voice,
 Listen'd, and was undone by choice.

But fated now he shuns the kiss,
 He counted once his greatest bliss ;
 Whilst I with fiercer passions burn,
 And pant, and die for his return.
 Oh ! whither, whither shall I rove,
 Again to find my straying love.

SONG CXXI.



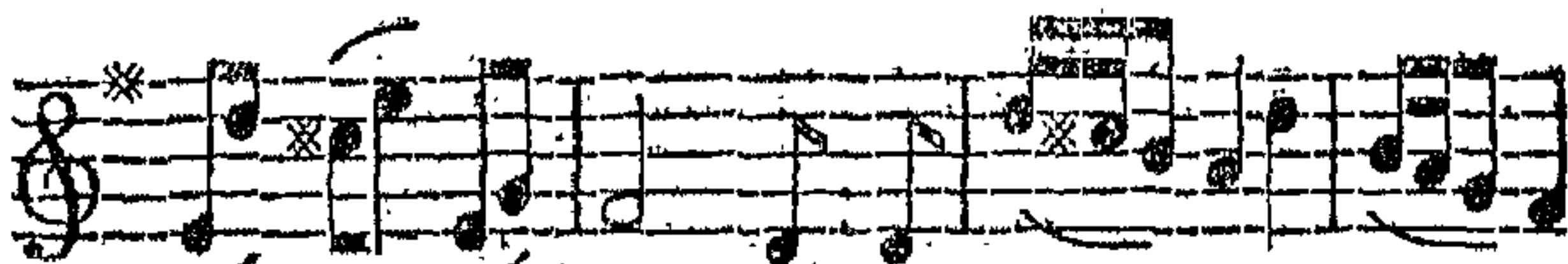
Did you see e'er a shepherd ye nymphs pass this



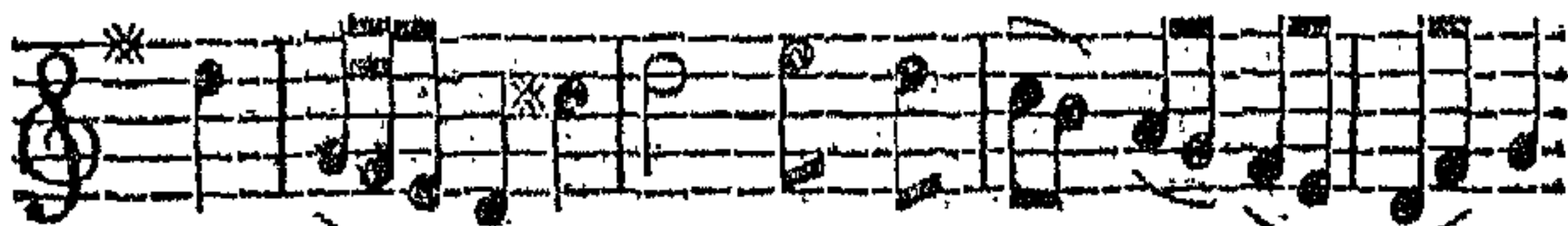
way, Crown'd with myrtle and all the gay verdure



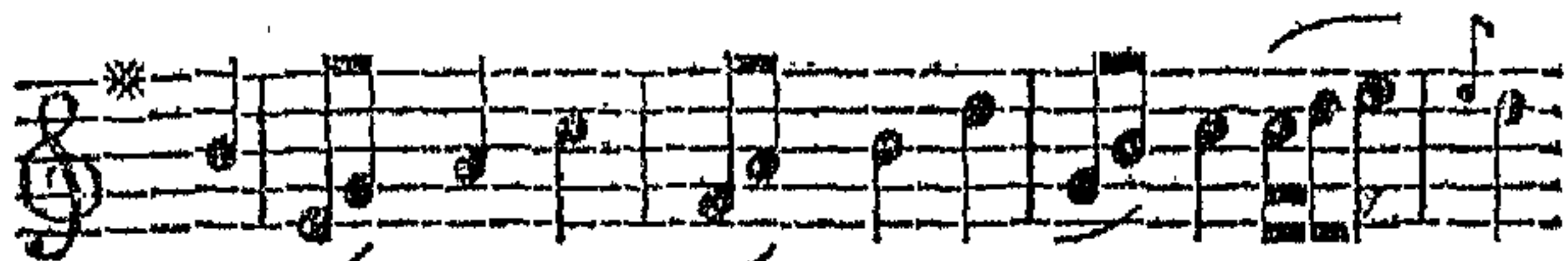
of May; 'Tis my shepherd, oh! bring him once



more to my eyes, From his Lu - - cy in search of



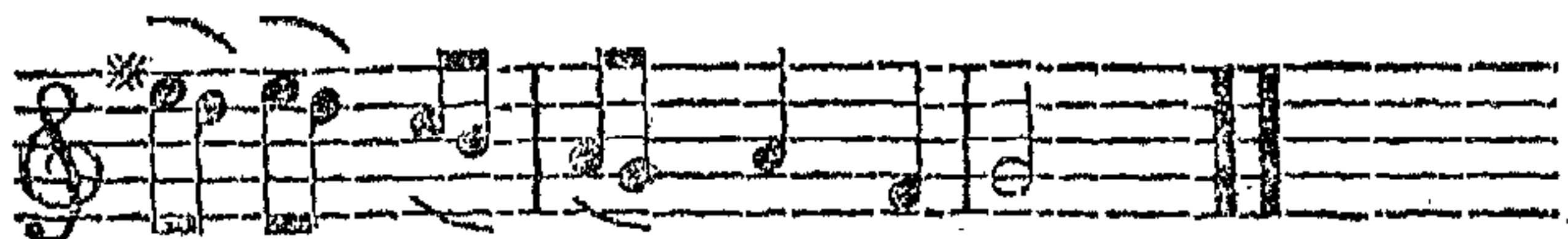
new pleasures he flies, All the day how I travel'd



and toil'd o'er the plains; In pursuit of a re-



bel that's scarce worth the pains. In pursuit of a
rebel



re - bel that's scarce worth the pains.

'Take care, maids take care, when he flatters and swears,
How you trust your own eyes or believe your own ears,
Like the rose-bud in June ev'ry hand he'll invite,
But wound the kind heart like the thorn out of sight ;
And trust me whoe'er my false shepherd detains,
She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her pains.

Three months at my feet did he languish and sigh,
E'er he gain'd a kind word or a tender reply ;
Love, honour and truth, were the themes that he sung,
And he vow'd that his soul was a kin to his tongue.
'Too soon I believ'd and reply'd to his strains,
And gave him too frankly my heart for his pains.

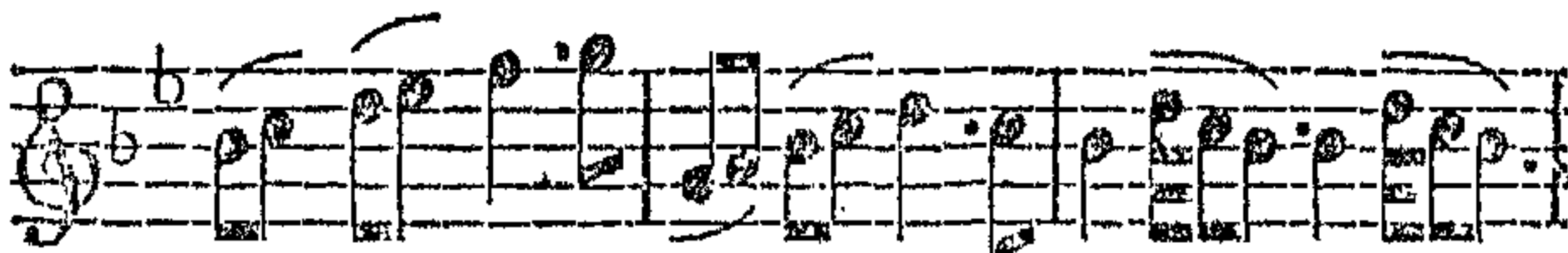
The trifle once gain'd, like a boy at his play,
Soon the wanton grew weary and flung it away ;
Now cloy'd with my love, from my arms he does fly,
In search of another as silly as I ;
But trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains,
She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her pains.

Beware all ye nymphs, how you sooth the fond flame,
And believe, in good time, all the sex are the same,
Like Strephon, from beauty to beauty they range,
Like him, they will flatter, dissemble and change ;
And do all we can, still this maxim remains,
That a man, when we've got him, is scarce worth the pains.

SONG CXXII.



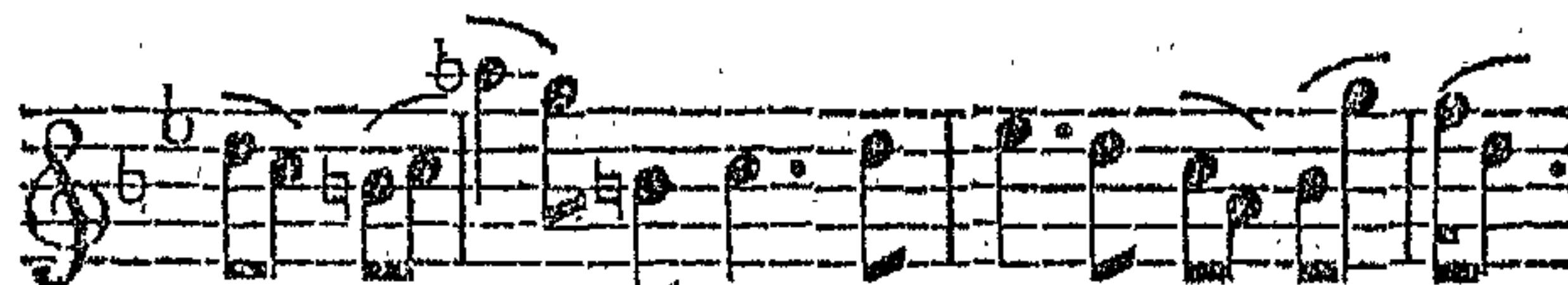
Ah why must words my flame re - veal what



needs my Damon bid me tell what all my ac - tions



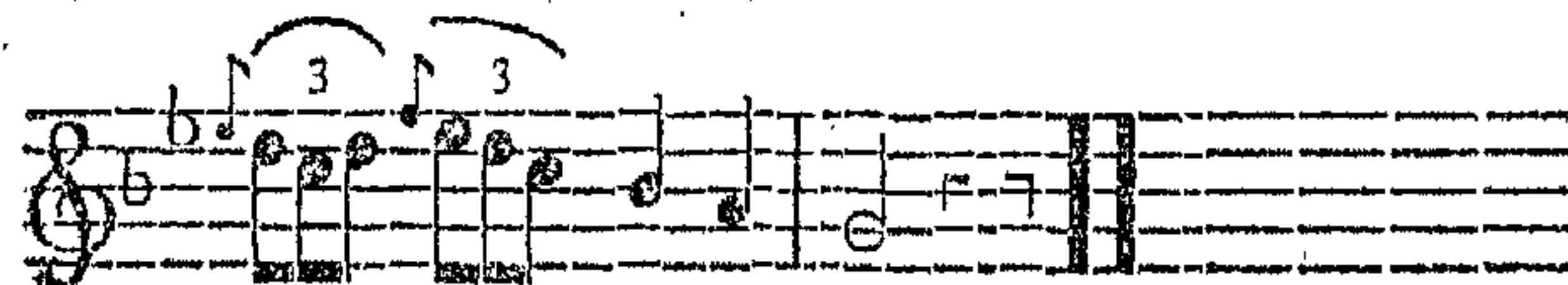
prove what all my actions prove. A blush when



e'er I meet his eye when e'er I hear his name



a sigh betrays my se - cret love, - - - Be-



trays my se - cret love.

In all their sports upon the plain
My eyes still fix'd on him remain,
And him alone approve ;
The rest unheeded, dance or play,
He steals from all my praise away,
And can he doubt my love.

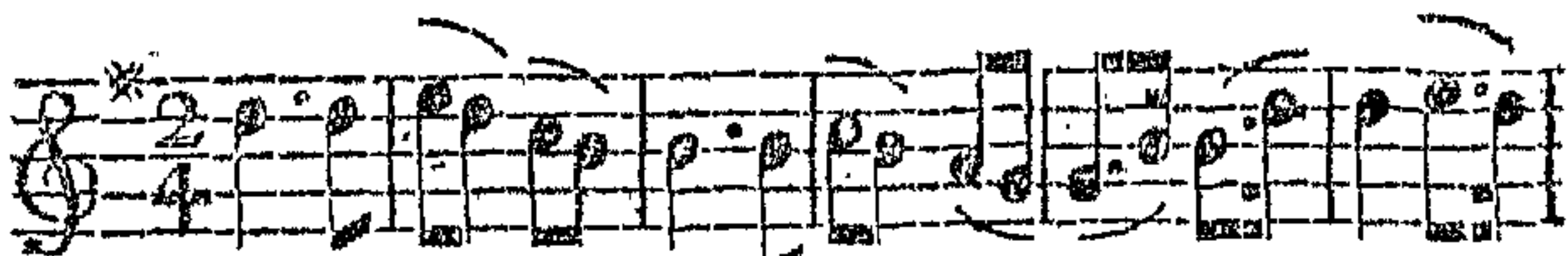
When e'er we meet my looks confess
The pleasures which my soul possesses,
And all its cares remove ;
Still, still too short appears his stay,
I frame excuses for delay,
Can this be ought but love.

Does any speak in Damon's praise,
How pleas'd am I with all he says,
And ev'ry word approve ;
Is he defam'd, tho' but in jest,
I feel resentment fire my breast,
Alas, because I love.

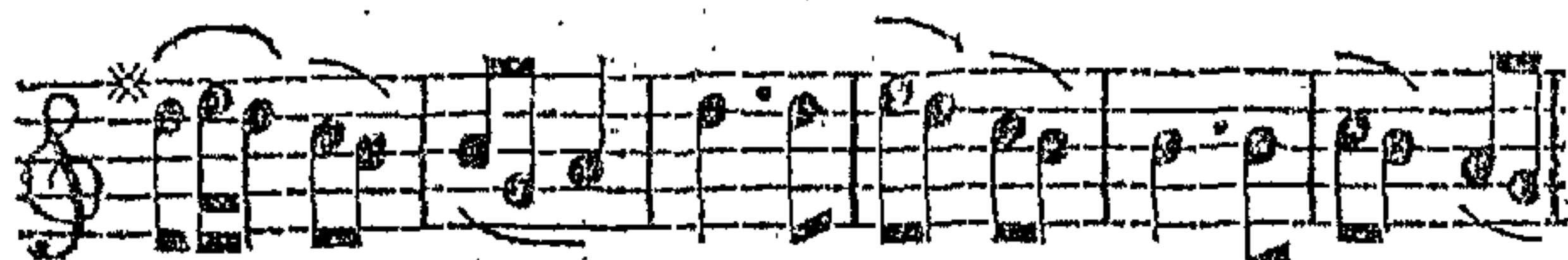
But O what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect his looks impart,
The least desire to rove.
I hate the maid who gives me pain,
Yet him I strive to hate in vain,
For ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words but read my eyes,
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,
All these my passion prove :
Words may deceive, may spring from art,
But the true language of my heart
To Damon must be love.

S O N G CXXIII.



How im-per-fect is expression, Some e-mo-tions



to im-part, When we mean a soft con-fes-sion,



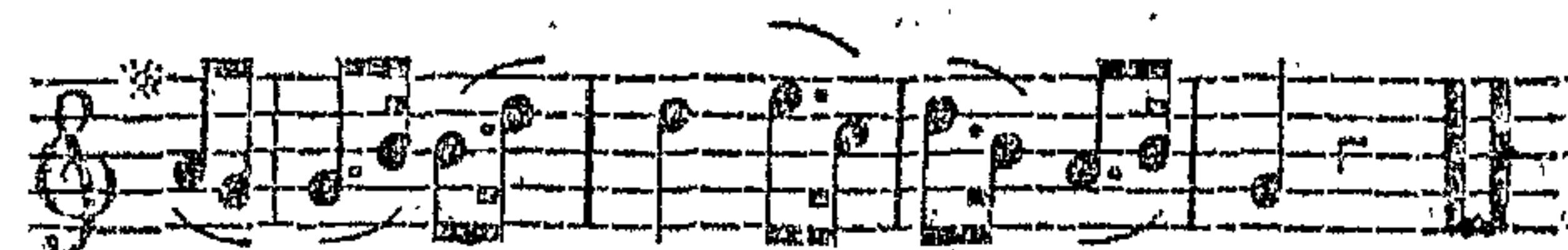
And yet seek to hide the heart. When our



bosom's all com-ply-ing, With de-li-cious tu-



mults swell, And beat what broken fault'ring dy-



ing language would but can-not tell.

Deep

Deep confusion's rosy terror,
 Quite expressive paints my cheek,
 Ask no more, behold your error,
 Blushes eloquently speak ;
 What tho' silent is my anguish,
 Or breath'd only to the air,
 Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
 Read what your's have written there.

O that you could once conceive me,
 Once my soul's strong feelings view ;
 Love has nought more fond, believe me,
 Friendship nothing half so true ;
 From you, I am wild, despairing,
 With you speechless, as I touch ;
 This is all that bears declaring,
 And, perhaps, declares too much.

The original French words to the same music.

D'une maniere imparfaite,
 Je vous dirai mon ardeur ;
 Quand la bouche est l'interprete,
 On explique mal son coeur ;
 Mais quoique je ne puis dire,
 Ce que j'ai si bien appris
 Dans mes yeux vous pouvez lire,
 Ce que vos yeux ont écrit.

A si vous pouviez comprendre,
 Ce que je ressens pour vous,
 L'amour n'a rien de si tendre ;
 Ni l'amitie di si doux :
 Loin de vous mon coeur soupire,
 Pres de vous je suis interdit ;
 Voila ce que j'ose dire
 Et peut etre j'ai trop dit.

SONG CXXIV.



Why heaves my fond bo-som, Ah! what can



it mean? Why flut-ters my heart, which was



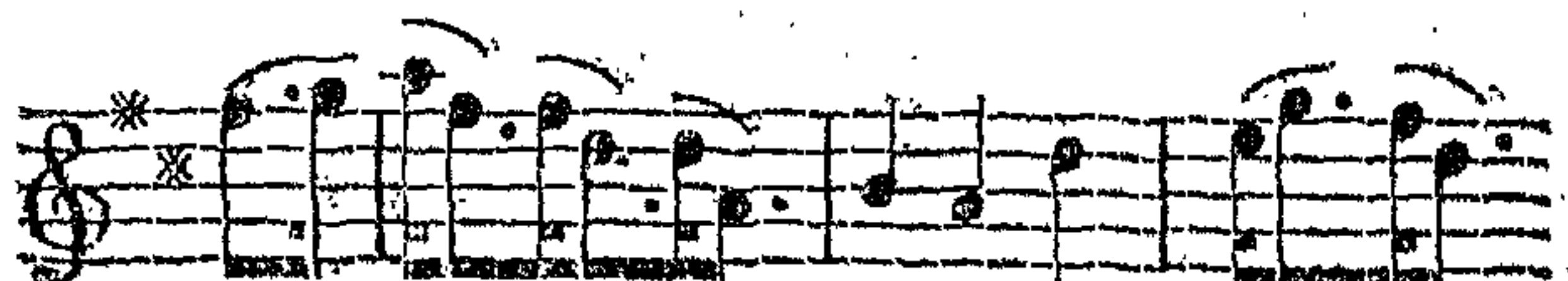
once so fe-rene? Why this figh-ing and



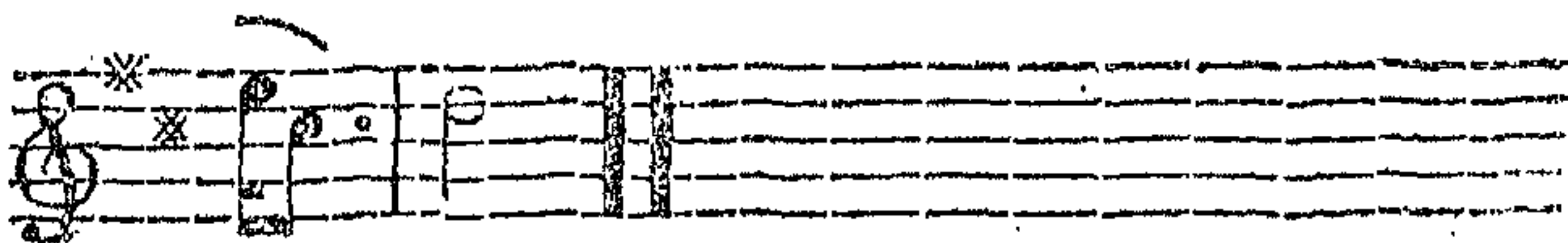
trembling, when Daphne is near, Or why when



she's ab-sent, this for-row and fear,



Or why when she's absent, this for-row
and



and fear.

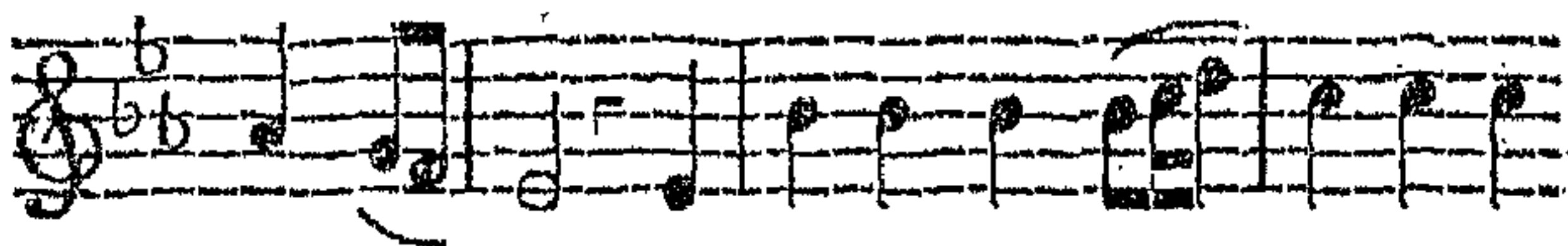
For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace,
 The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face;
 Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find,
 With thy face I am charm'd but enslav'd by thy mind.

Untainted with folly, unsullied by pride,
 There native good humour, and virtue reside;
 Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply
 With compassion for him, who without thee must die.

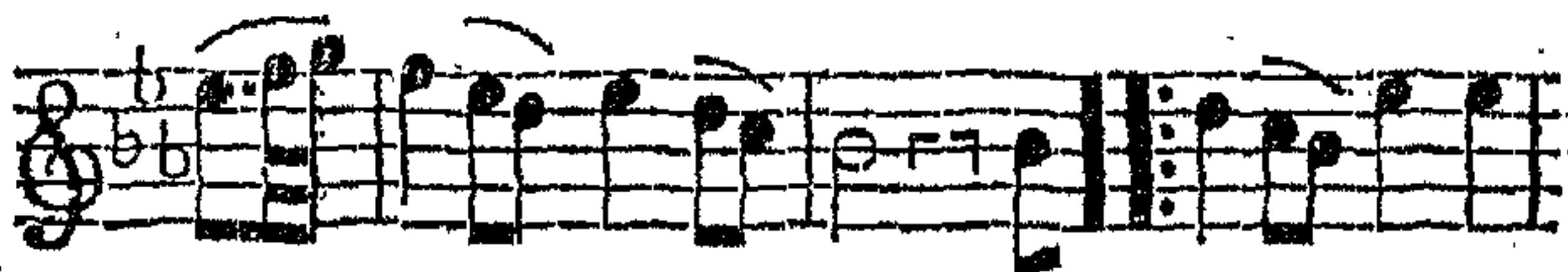
S O N G CXXV.



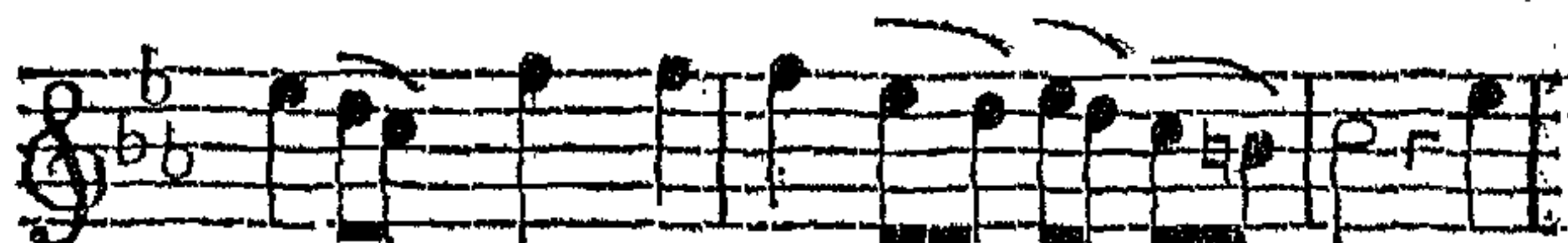
The heavy hours are almost past, that part my



love and me, My longing eyes may hope at last



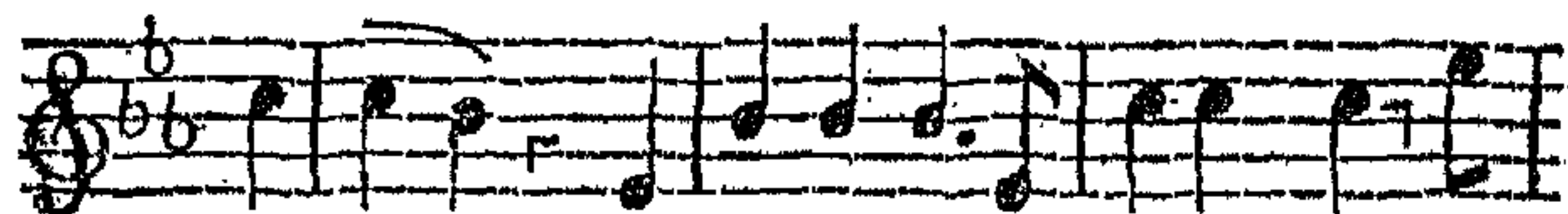
their on - ly wish to see, But how my Delia



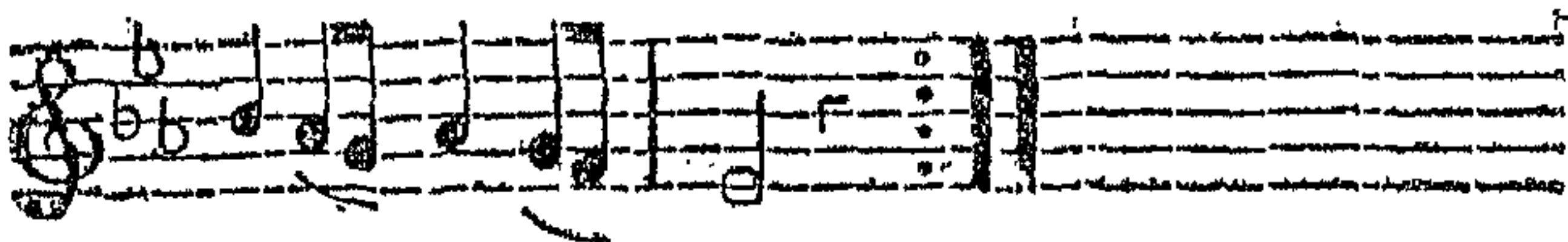
will you meet, the man you've lost so long, will



love in all your pul - ses beat and trem - ble on



your tongue, will love in all your pulses beat and
tremble



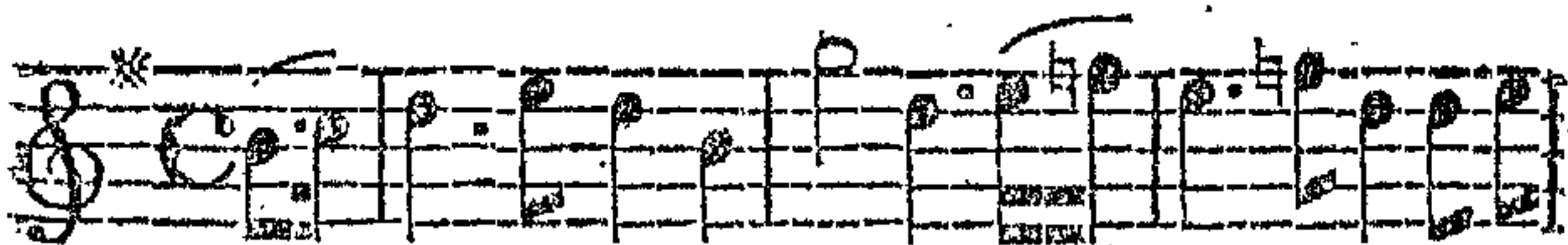
tremble on your tongue.

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 we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between,
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

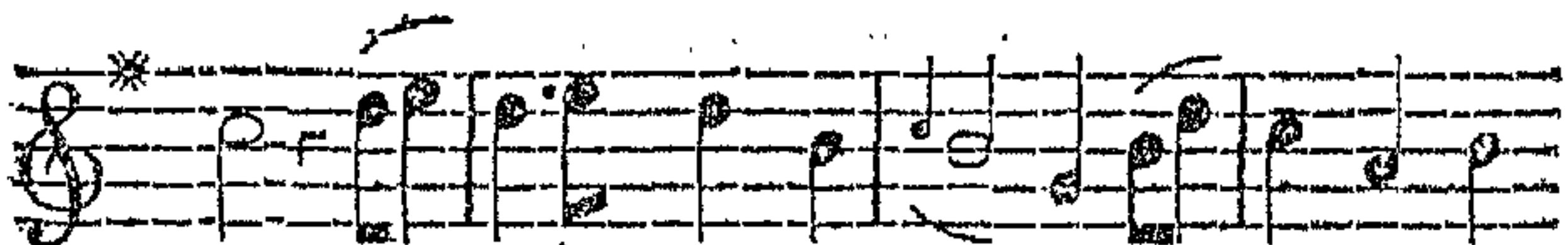
But if the dream that sooths my mind,
 Shall false and groundless prove,
 If I am doom'd at length to find,
 You have forgot to love ;
 All I of Venus ask is this,
 No more to let us join,
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die and think you mine.

SONG

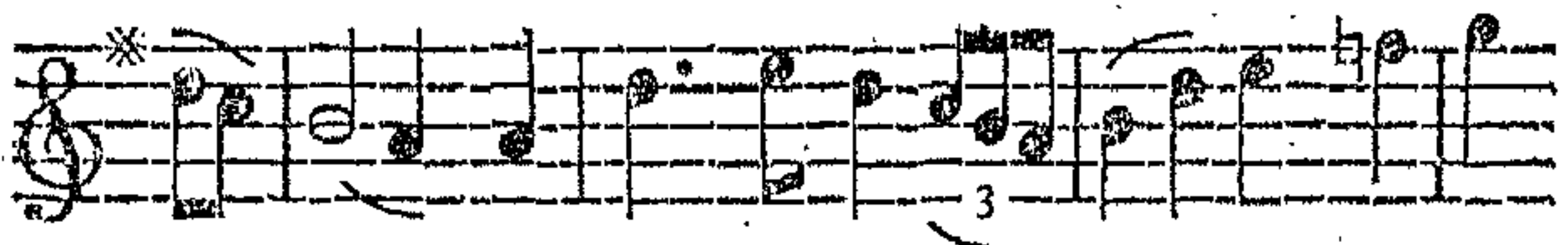
S O N G . CXXVI.



I lock'd up all my treasure, I haſt'ned many a



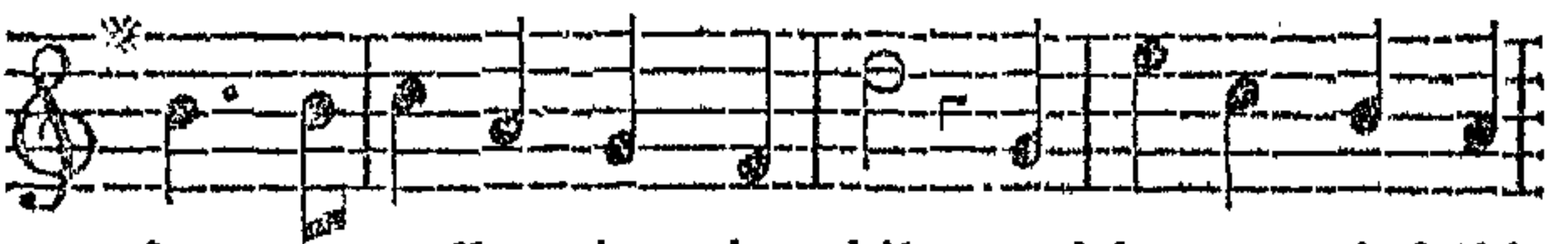
mile ; and by my grief did measure, the passing time



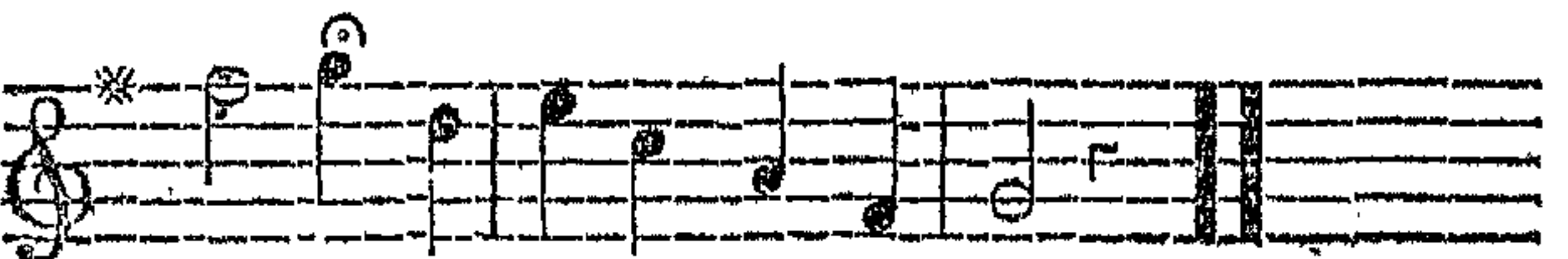
the while. I lock'd up all my treasure, I haſt'-



ned ma - ny a mile ; - and by my grief did mea -



sure, the passing time the while, and by my grief did

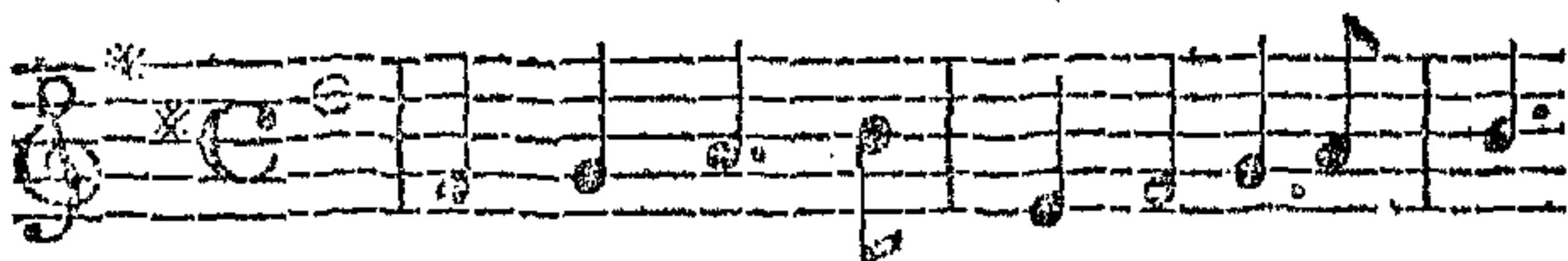


measure, the passing time the while.

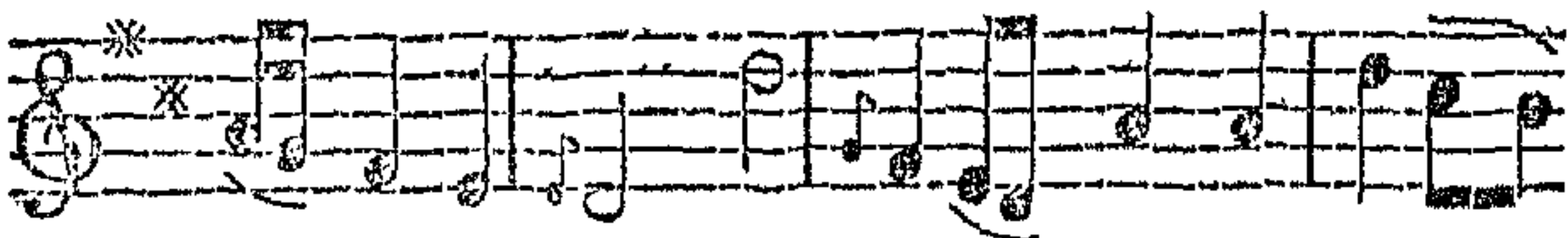
My business done and over,
 I hast'ned back amain;
 Like an expecting lover,
 'To view it once again.

But this delight was stifled,
 As it began to dawn;
 I found the casket rifled,
 And all my treasure gone.

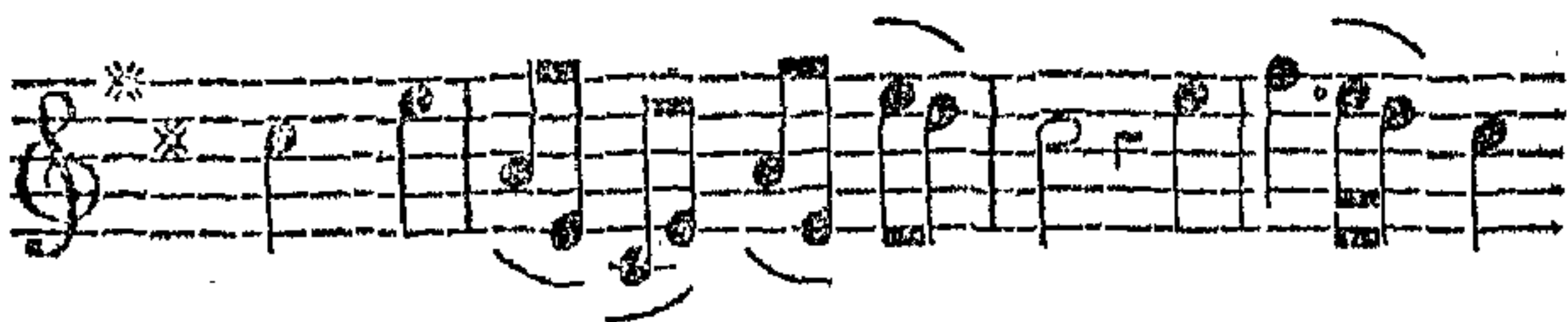
S O N G CXXVII.



Rest beauteous flow'r and bloom a-new to court



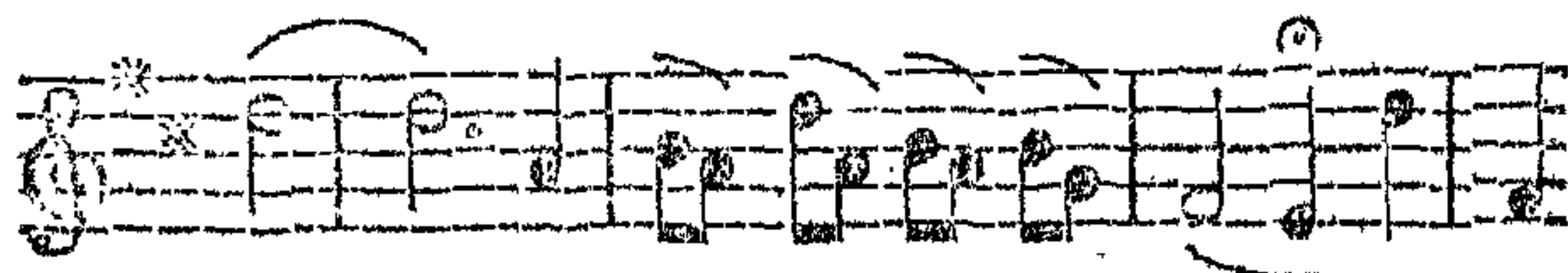
my passing love, Glow in his eye with brighter



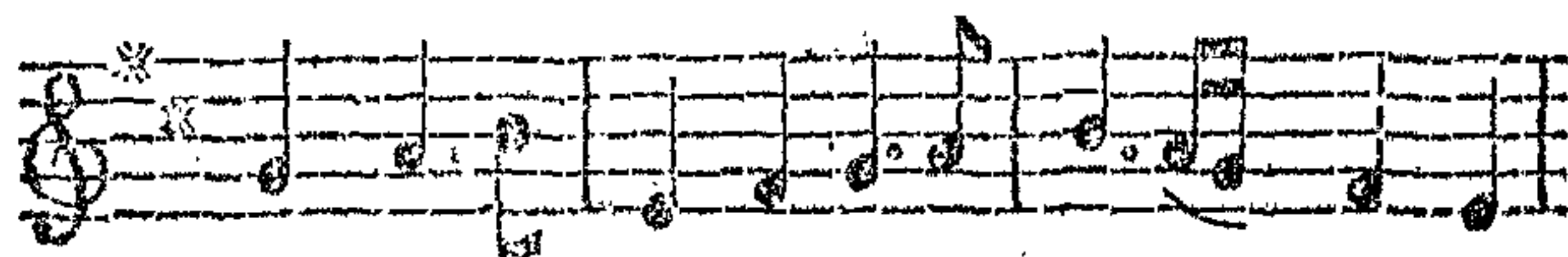
huc, and all thy form improve, and all thy form



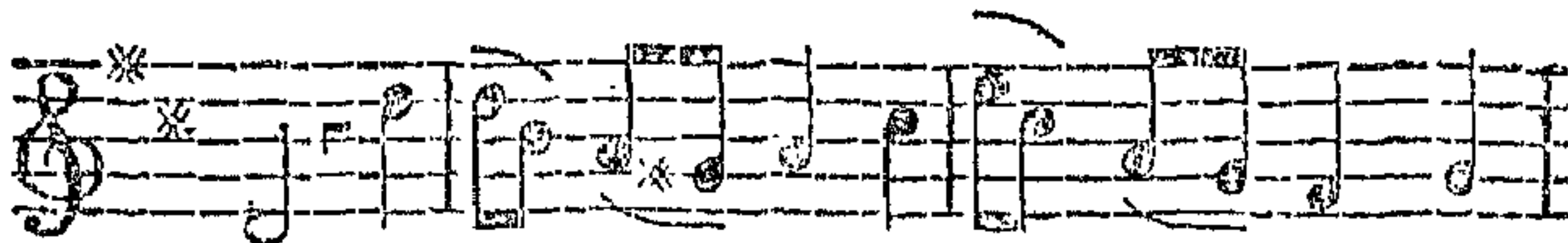
improve. And while thy bal - - my odours



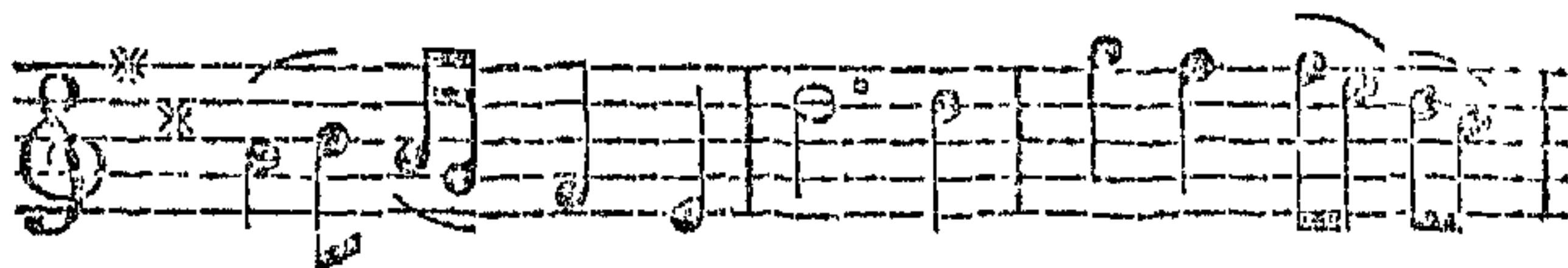
steal - - - to meet his e - qual breath, let thy



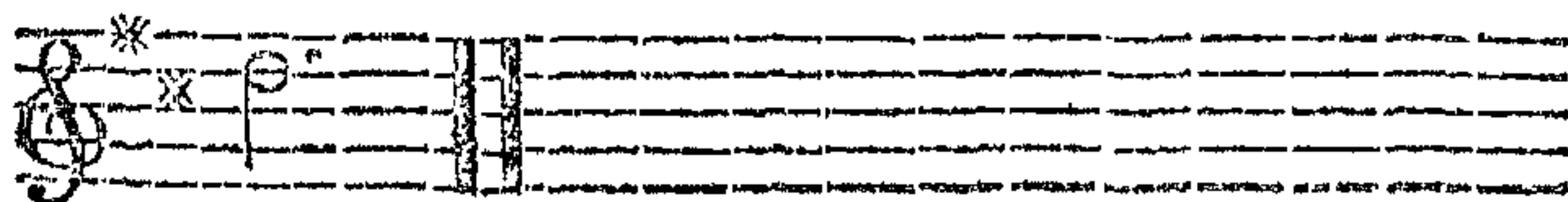
soft blush for mine reveal th'im-printed kifs be-
neath,



neath, let thy soft blush for mine re - veal th'im-

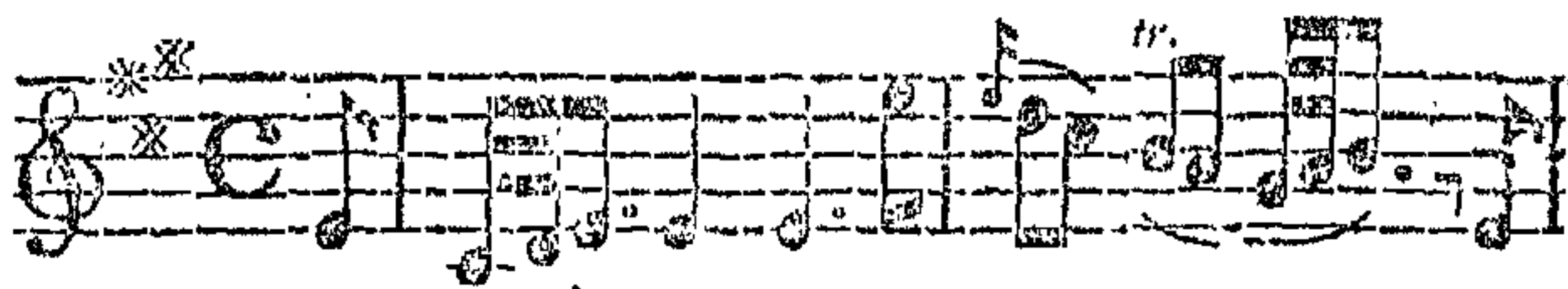


print - ed kiss beneath, th'imprinted kiss be-



neath.

S O N G CXXVIII.



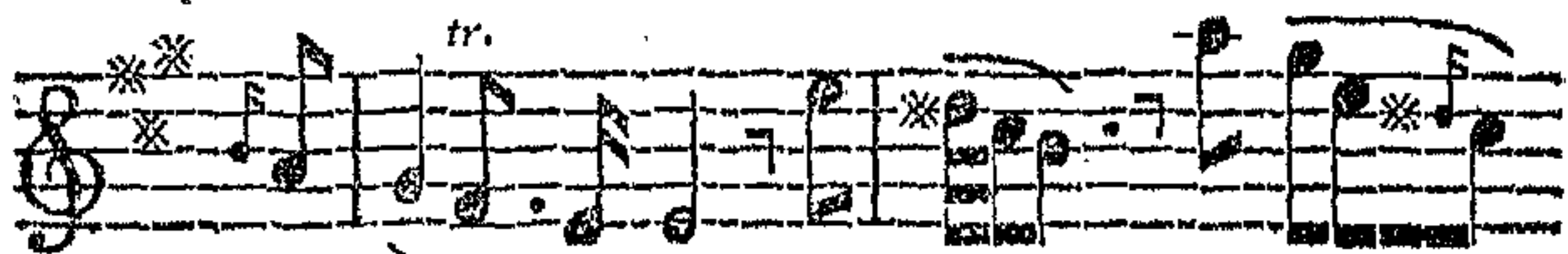
What means that tender sigh my dear, Why



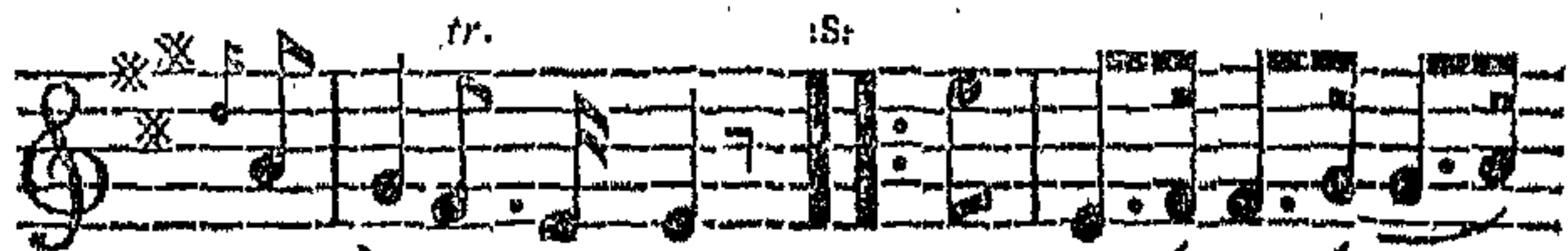
fi - lent drops that chrystal tear, What jea - lous



fears dis - turb thy breast, Where love and peace



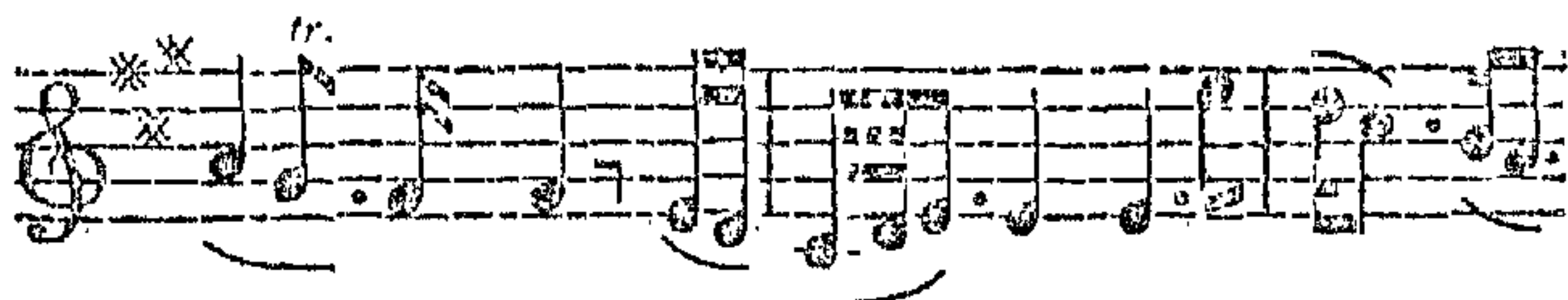
de - light to rest, Where love and peace



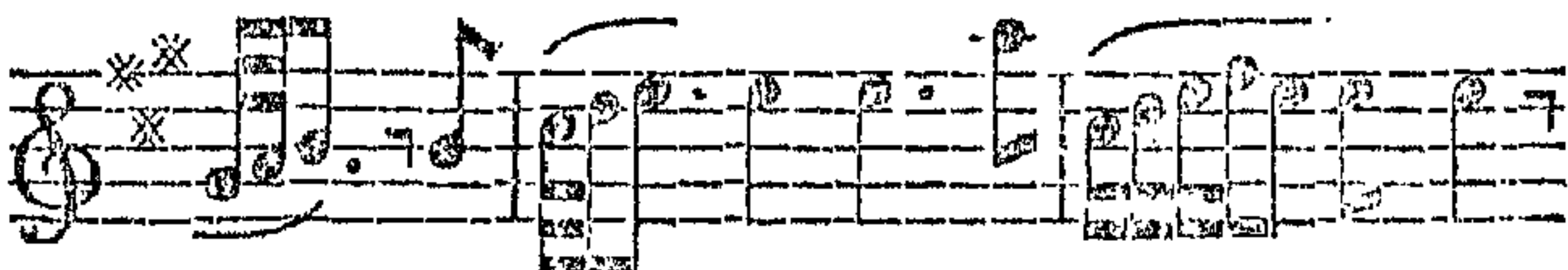
de - light to rest. What tho' thy Joc-



key has been seen, With Molly sport - ing
on



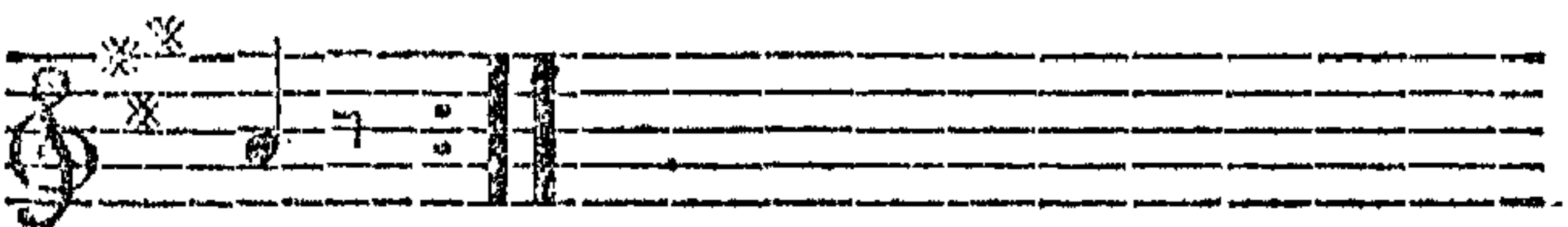
on the green, 'Twas but an artful trick to.



prove, The matchless force of: Jen - - ny's love,



The match - less force of Jen - - ny's



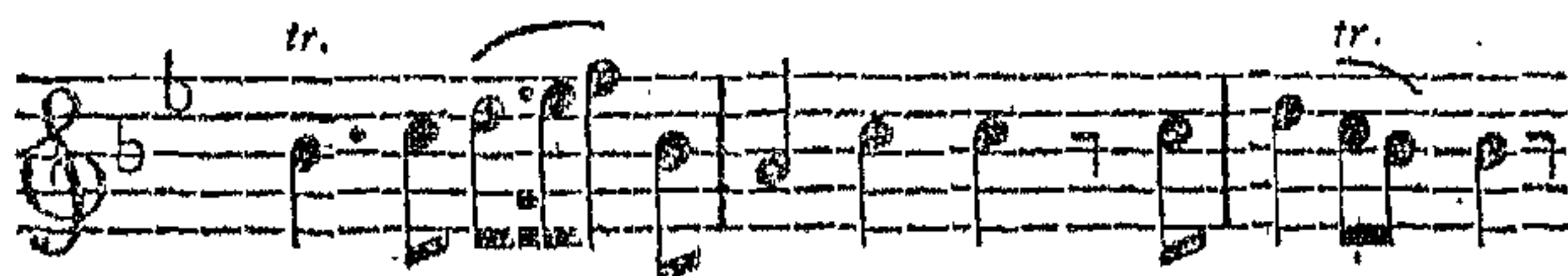
love.

'Tis true a nosegay I address'd,
To grace the witty Daphne's breast;
But 'twas at her desire to try,
If Damon cast a jealous eye.
'These flow'rs will fade by morning dawn,
Neglected scatter'd o'er the lawn,
But in thy fragrant bosom lies,
A sweet perfume that never dies.

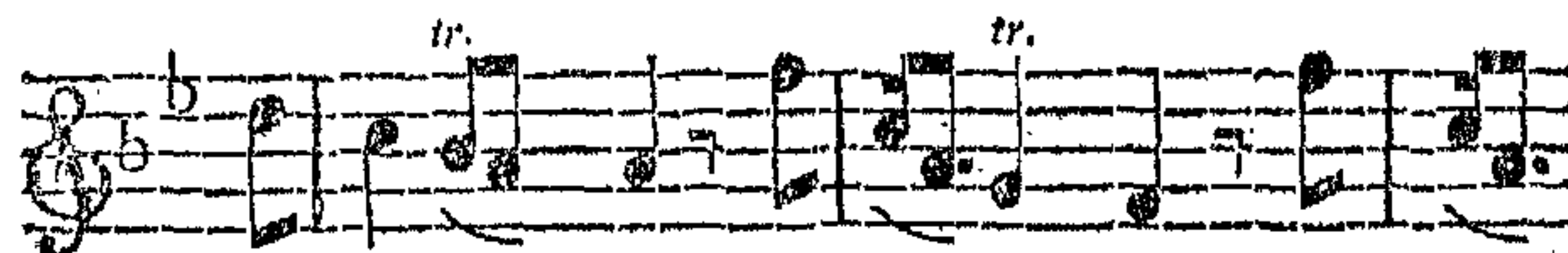
S O N G CXXIX.



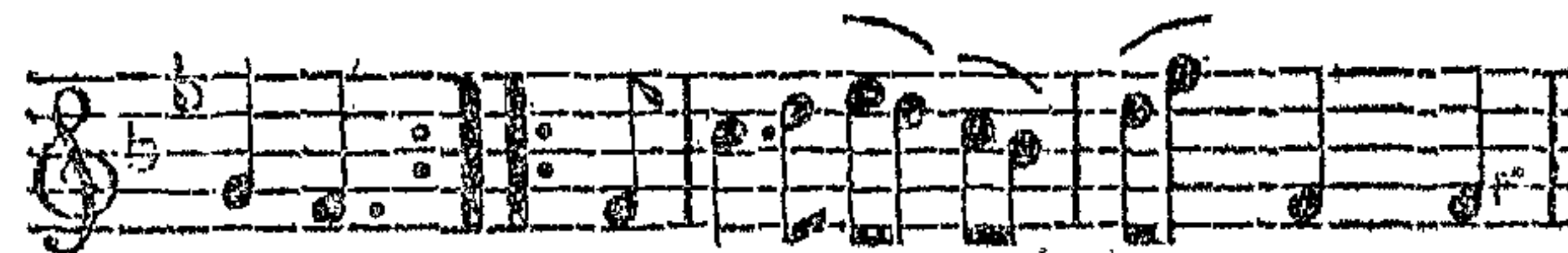
If you my wand'ring heart wou'd find, That



heart you say is like the wind, That varies here,

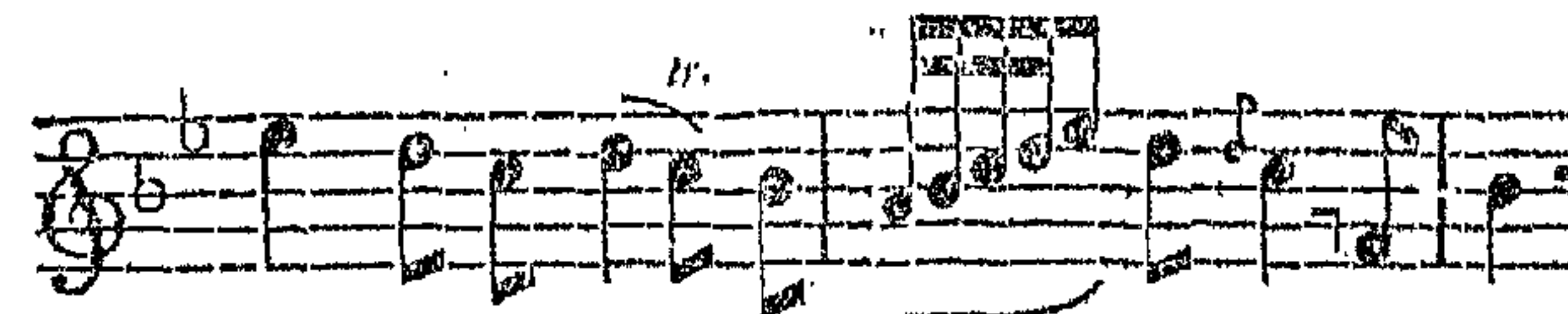


that wanders there, To ev' - ry nymph that's kind.

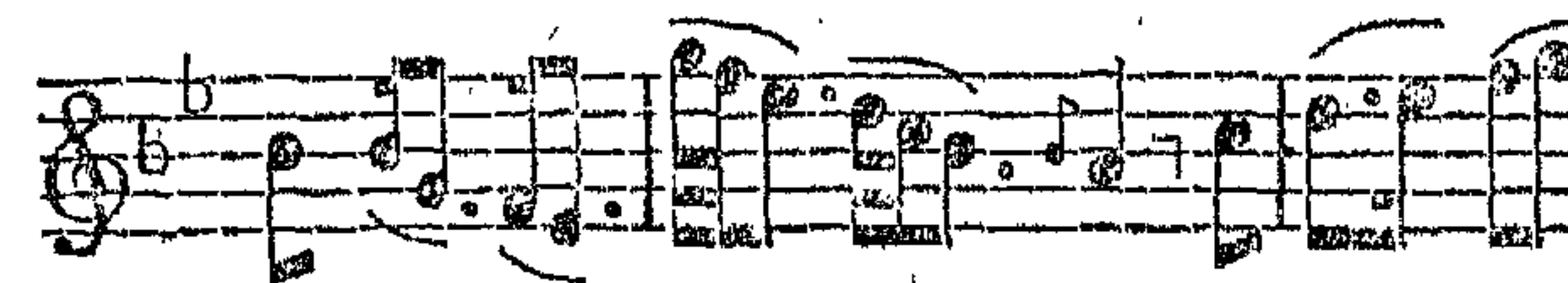


and fair.

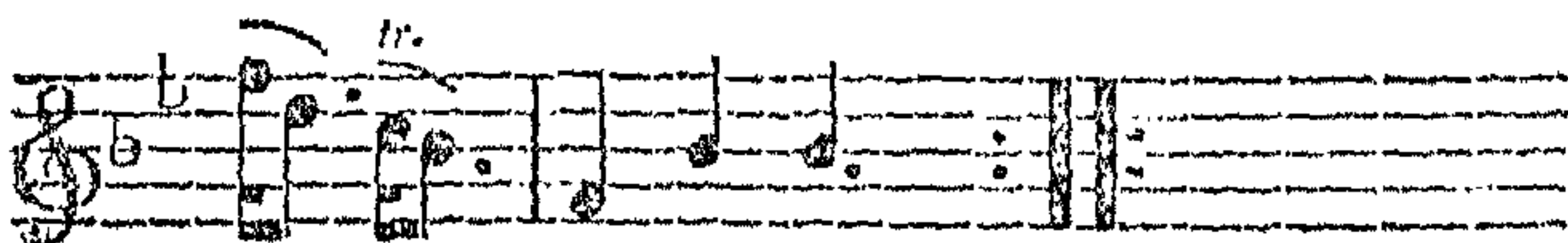
I say if you this heart wou'd find,



Turn to your own un - set - - - led mind, If e'er



it wanders 'tis to be, In wand'ring
constant.



constant - ly with thee.

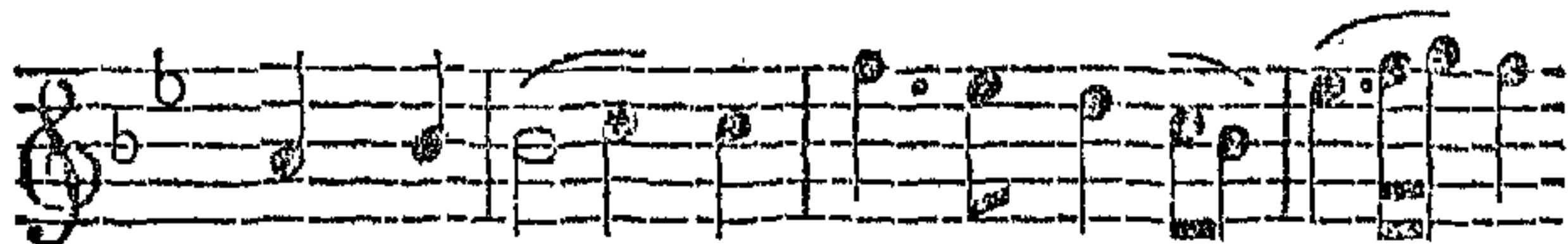
How can it settle when you fly,
 And shun this faithful votary,
 It oft a nymph that's fair doth find,
 But never yet the nymph that's kind,
 If you won'd fix this wand'ring heart,
 Join it with yours 'twill ne'er depart;
 But in the pangs of death will prove,
 It wander'd but to fix your love.

S O N G

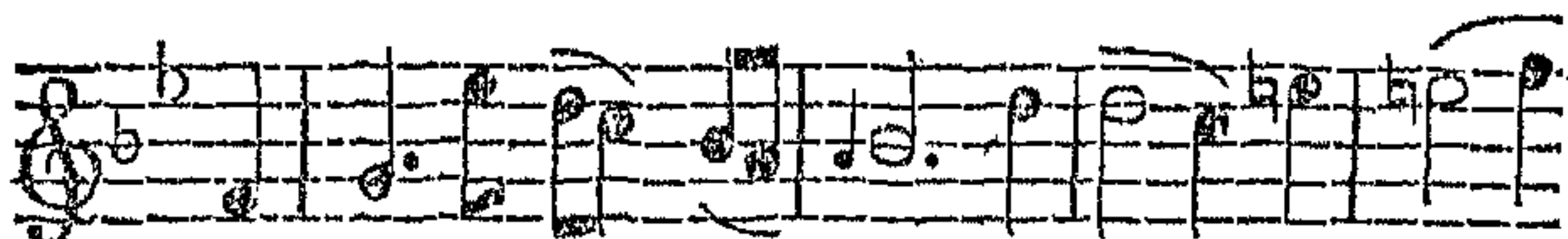
S O N G CXXX.



To keep my gen - tle Jef - fy what la - bour



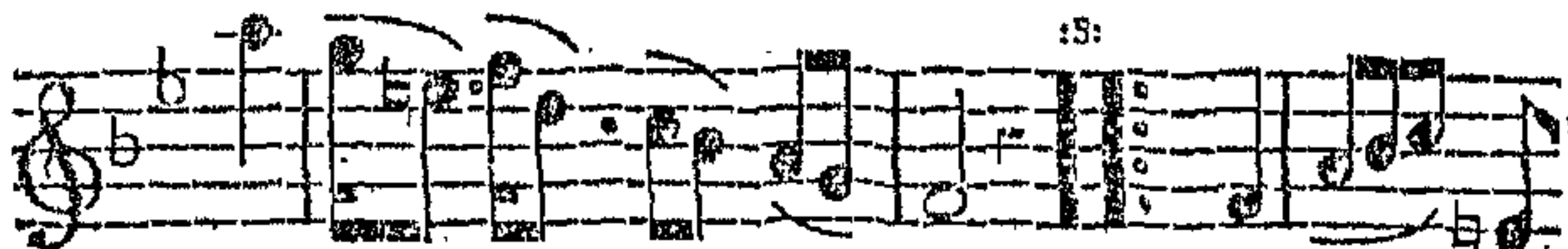
wou'd seem hard, Each toilsome task how ca - - fy,



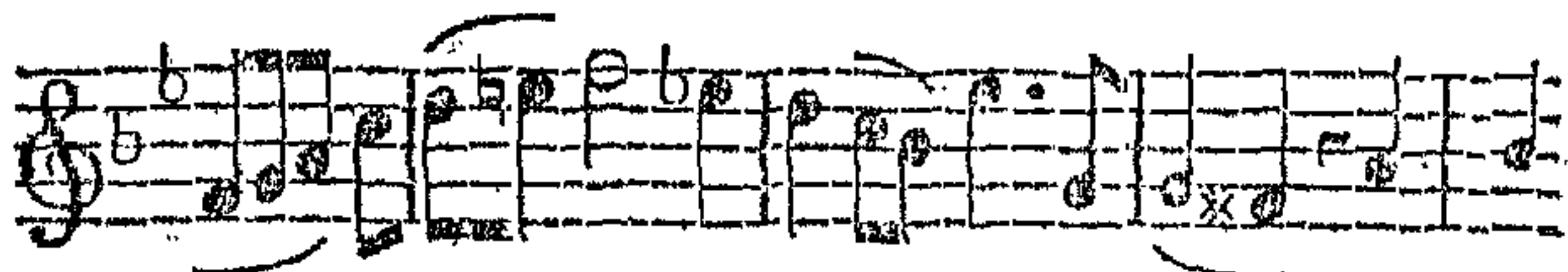
her love the sweet re - ward, the sweet re - ward,



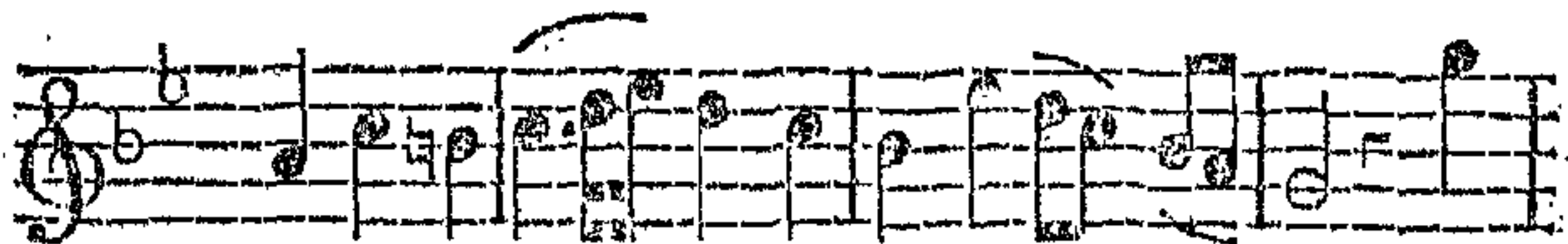
her love the sweet re - ward, the sweet re - ward,



her love the sweet re - ward. The bee thus



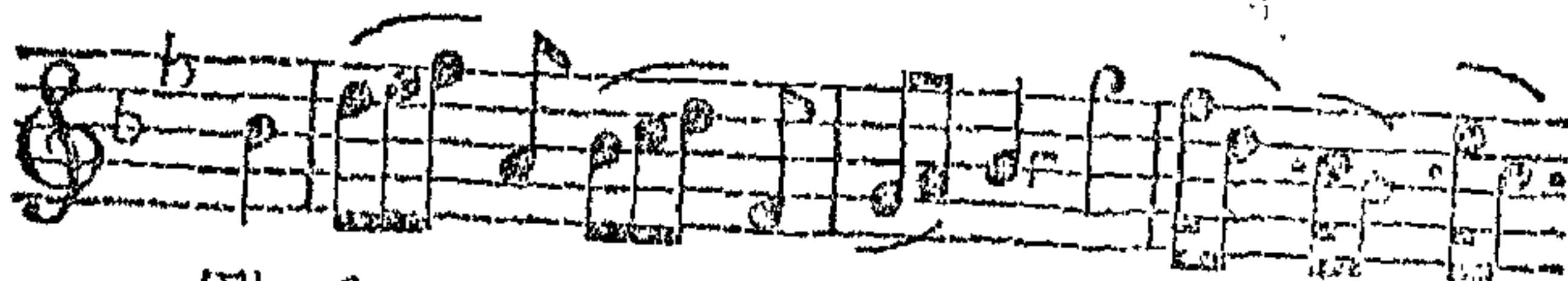
uncomplaining, esteems no toil se - vere, The bee



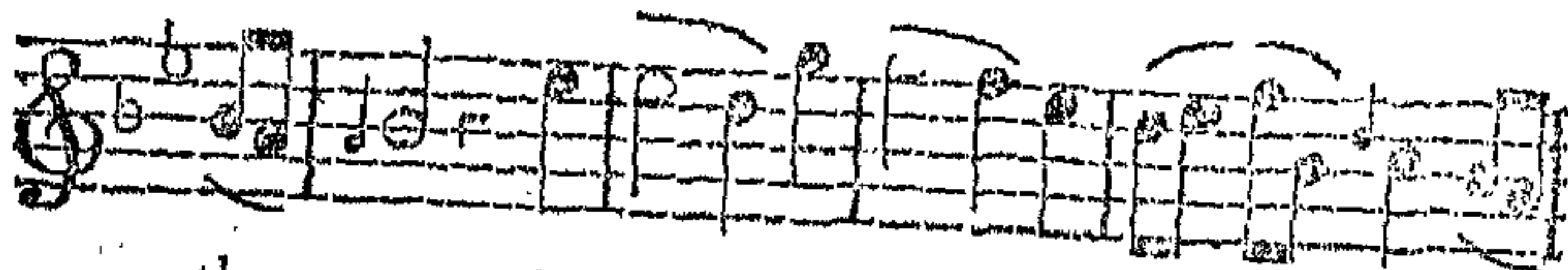
thus uncomplaining esteems no toil se - vere, The
sweet



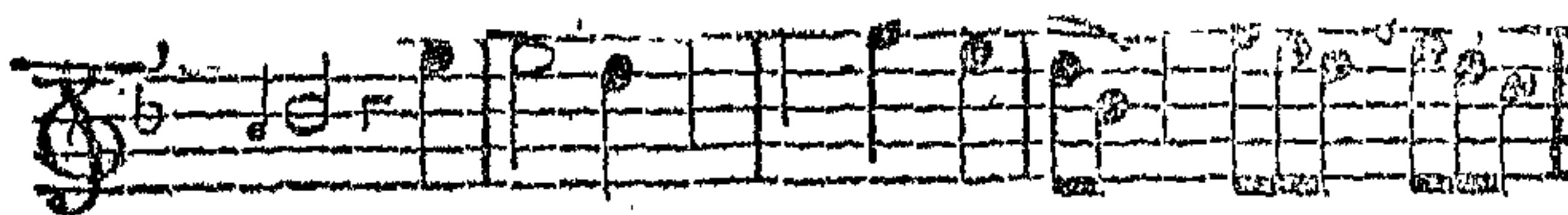
sweet reward obtain - ing of ho - ney all the year,



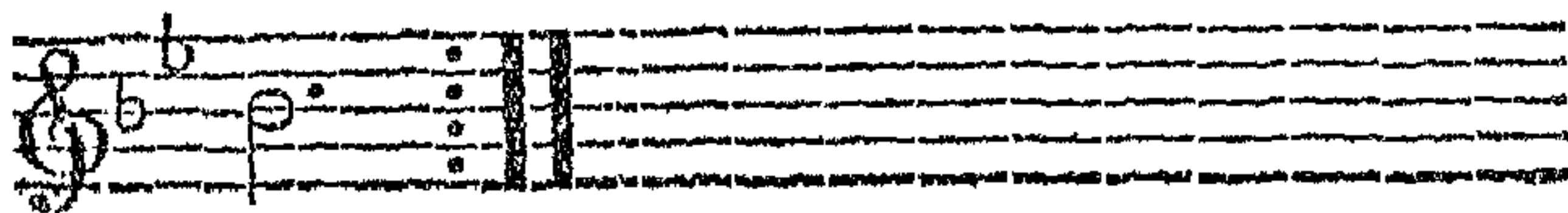
The sweet re - ward obtain - ing of ho - ney all



the year, the sweet re - ward of ho - ney all the

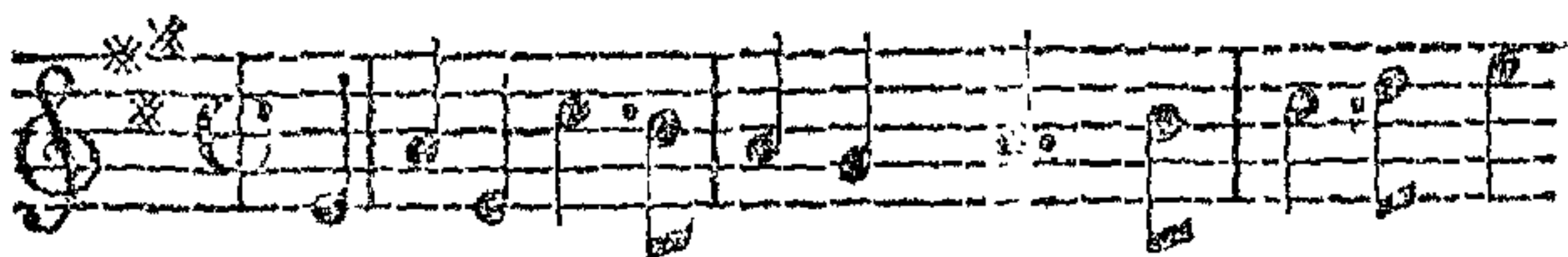


year, the sweet re - ward of ho - ney all the



year.

S O N G. CXXXI.



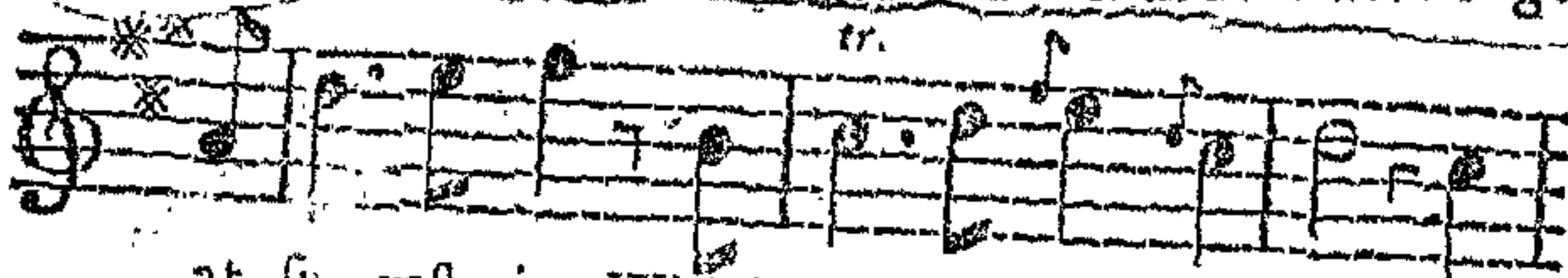
Fair Kitty beautiful and young and wild as colt



un - tam'd, Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,



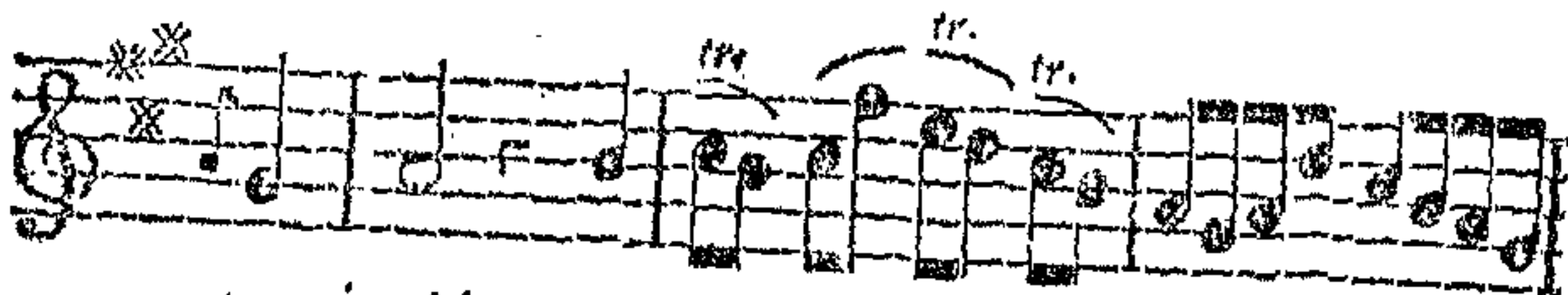
With lit - tle rage inflam'd : Inflam'd with rage



at sa - restraint Which wise mamma ordain'd, And



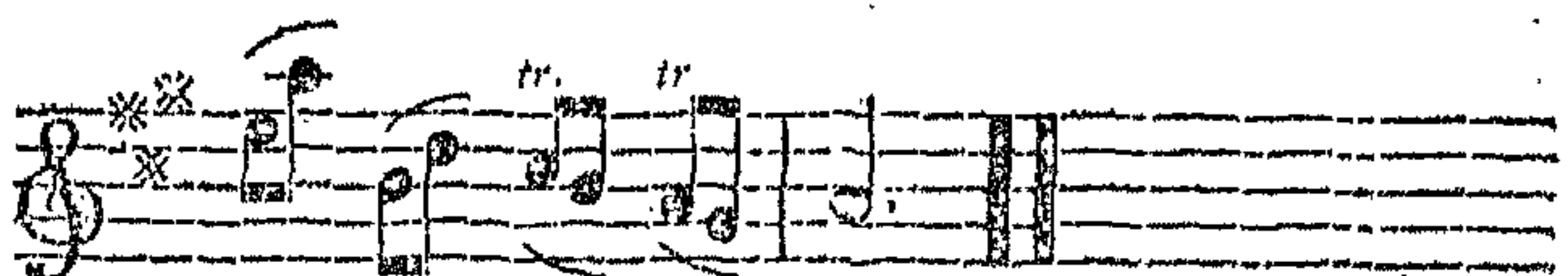
forely vex'd to play the faint, While wit and beau -



ty reign'd, While wit and beauty reign'd - - - -



- - - And sorely vex'd to play the faint while



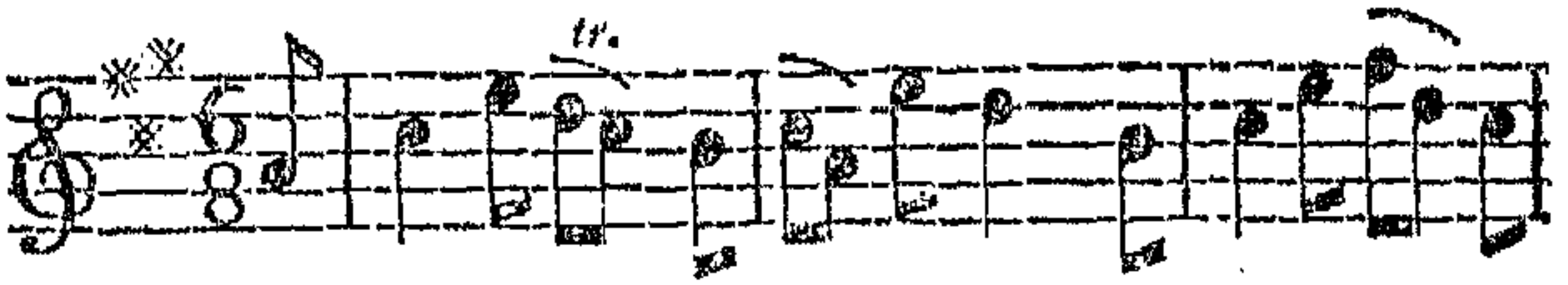
wit and beau - ty reign'd.

Must lady Jenny frisk about
 And visit with her cousins,
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens;
 What has she better pray than I?
 What hidden charms to boast?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast?
 While I am scarce a a toast?
 That all mankind, &c.

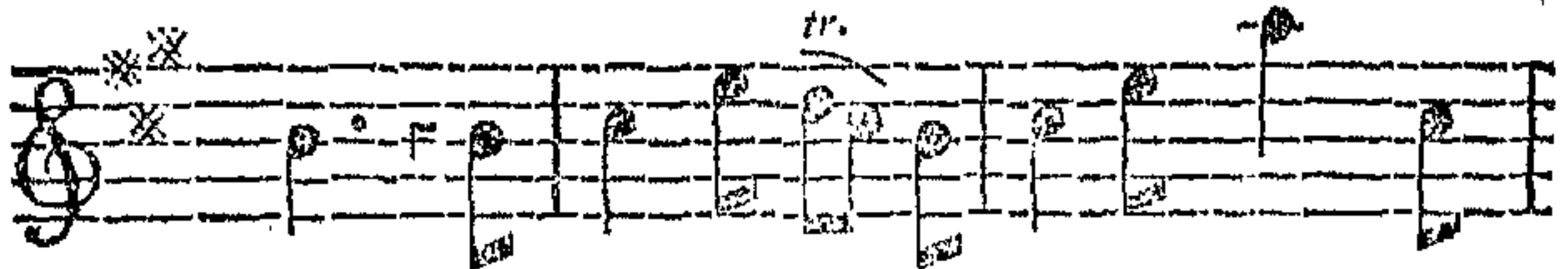
Dear, dear mamma, for once let me
 Unchain'd my fortune try,
 I'll have my earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why:
 Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way,
 Kitty at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.
 And let the world on fire.
 Obtain'd the, &c.

S O N G

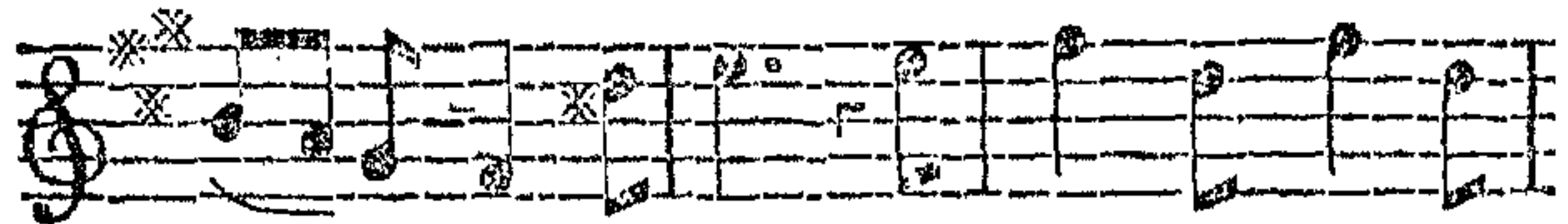
S O N G CXXXII.



A band of Cupids t'other day, Were in a myrtle



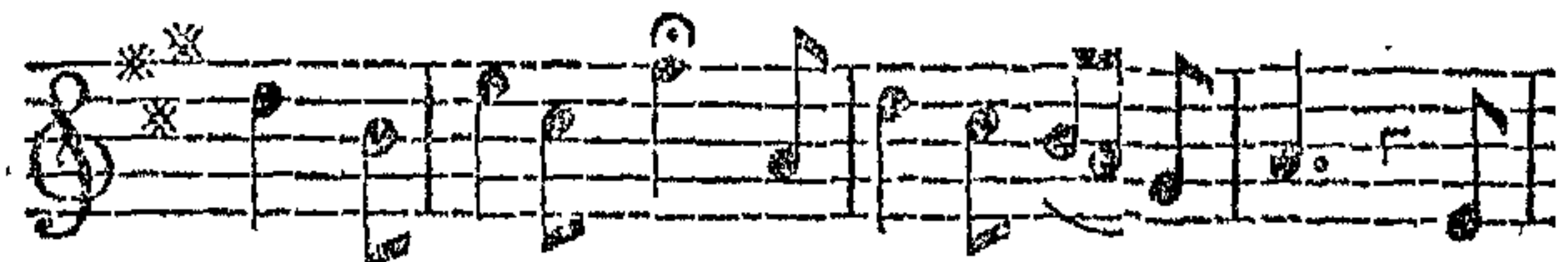
grove ; 'Till tir'd of ev' - ry boyish play, They



made a match to rove. But where, cries one, let's



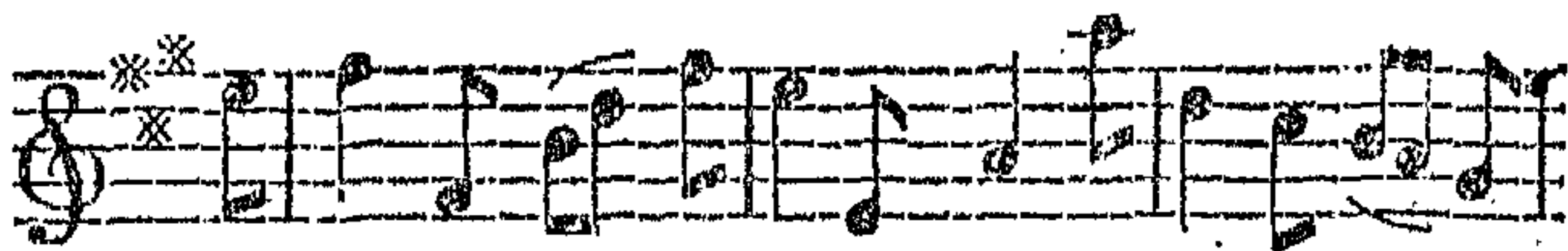
end this brawl, and fix up - on a place ; Hang Paphos,



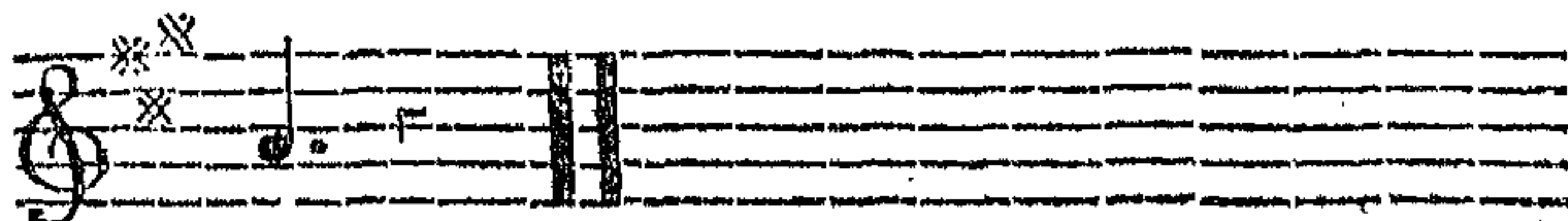
and Olympus-Hall, I vote for Cloe's face. I



vote - - - - - for Cloe's face,
Hang



Hang Paphos, and Olympus-Hall, I vote for Cloe's



face.

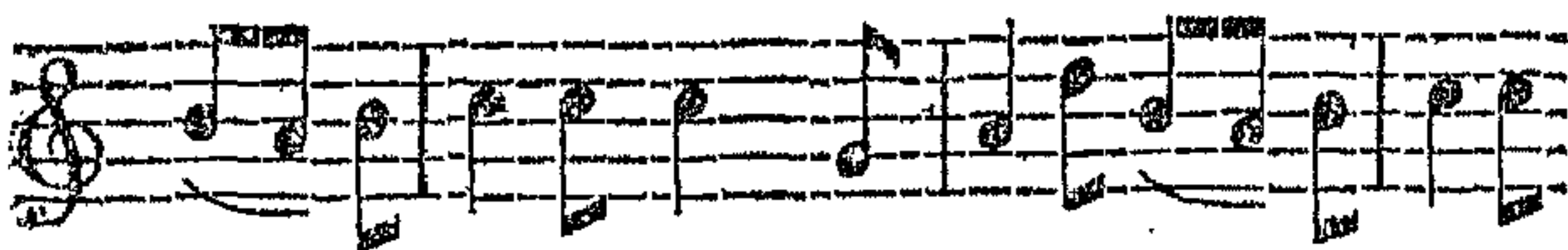
No sooner said, than off they flew,
 And gathering round the fair ;
 As swarming bees, on flowers do,
 They settl'd here, and there.
 Some on her lips, her nose, her chin,
 A score on either cheek ;
 While fifty to her eyes went in,
 To play at hide, and seek.

But gravity itself must smile,
 The wanglers to have heard ;
 For place disputing all the while,
 Tho' each his own prefer'd,
 'Till chancing from her lips to slide,
 One fell on Cloe's breast,
 And, as it heav'd, in triumph cry'd,
 Whose station's now the best.

S O N G CXXXIII.



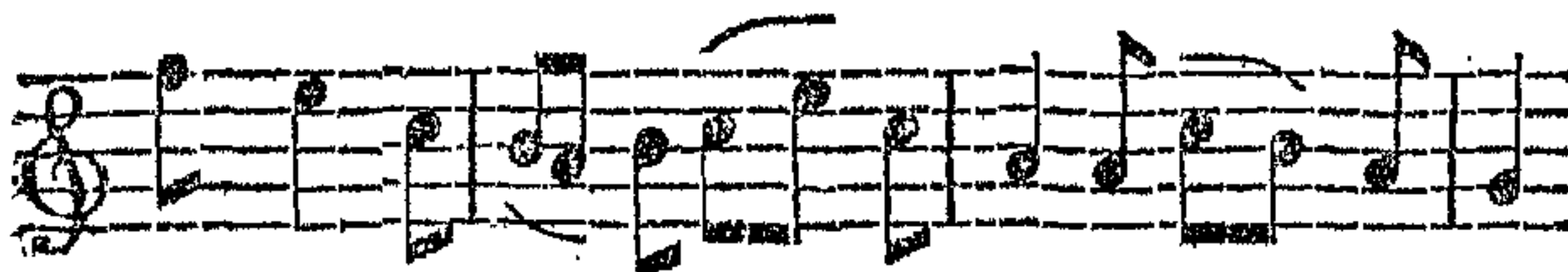
For me my fair a wreath has wove, where rival



flow'rs in union meet, where rival flow'rs in union



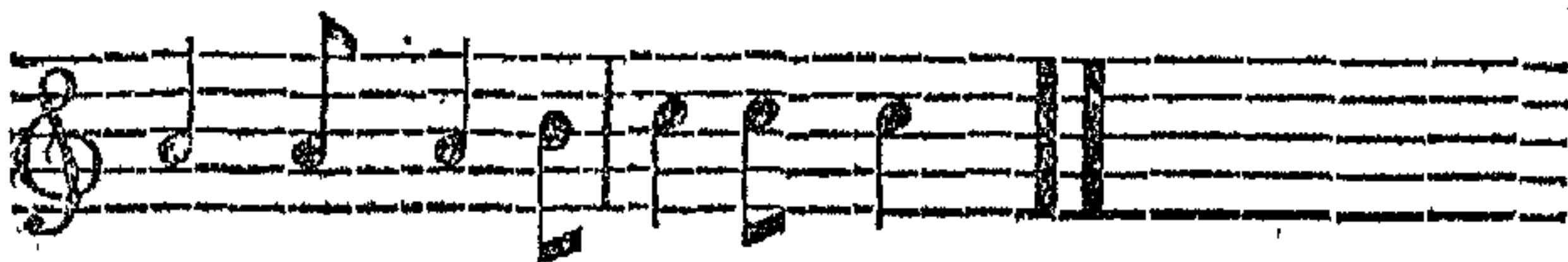
meet ; As oft she kifs'd this gift of love, her breath



gave fwetness to the fwet, as oft she kifs'd the gift



of love, her breath gave fwetness to the fwet, her



breath gave fwetness to the fwet.

A bee

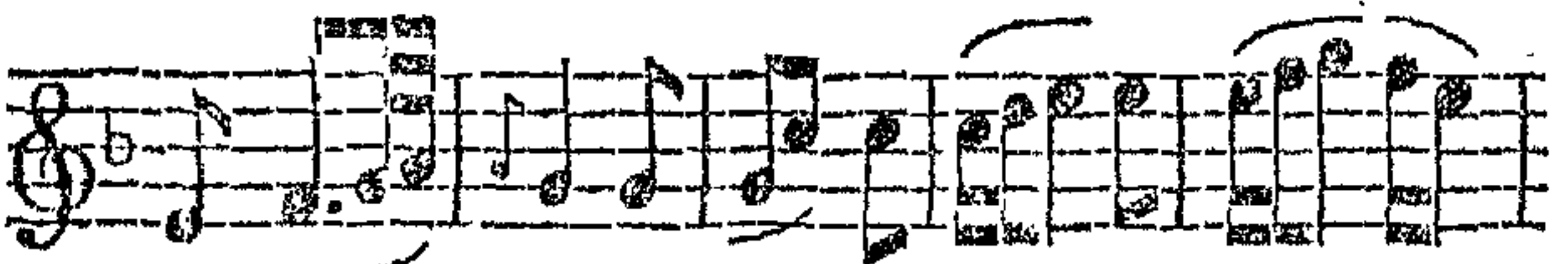
A bee within a damask rose
 Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip,
 But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
 And fixes on Louisa's lip.

There tasting all the bloom of spring,
 Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,
 Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
 And with the honey fled away.

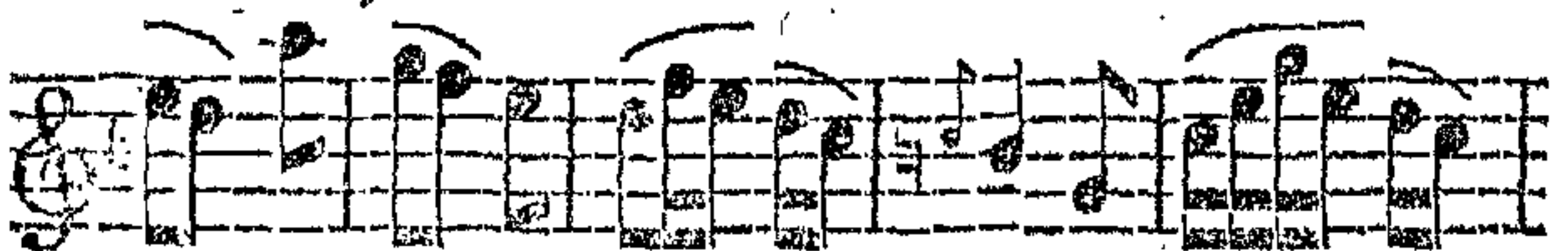
SONG CXXXIV.



Stel-la and Fla-via ev-ry hour, do various



hearts fur-prize; In Stel-la's soul is all her



pow'r, and Flavia's in her eyes. In Stel-la's



soul is all her pow'r, and Fla-via's in her



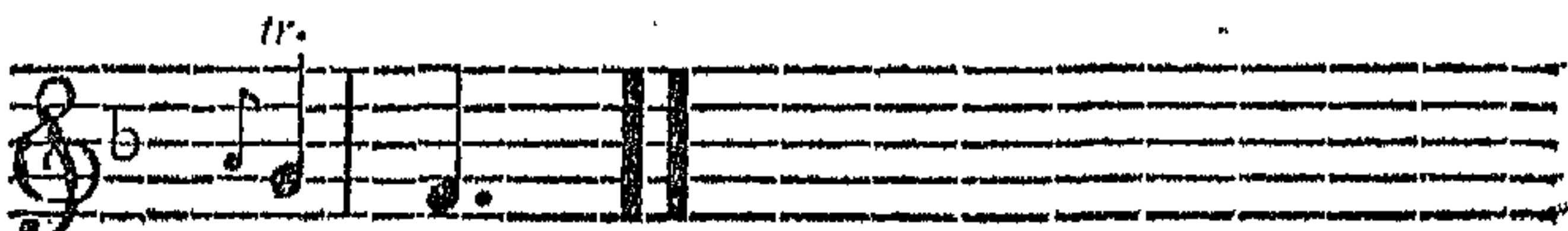
eyes. More bound-les Fla-via's con-



quests are, and Stel-la's more confin'd, All can dis-
cern.



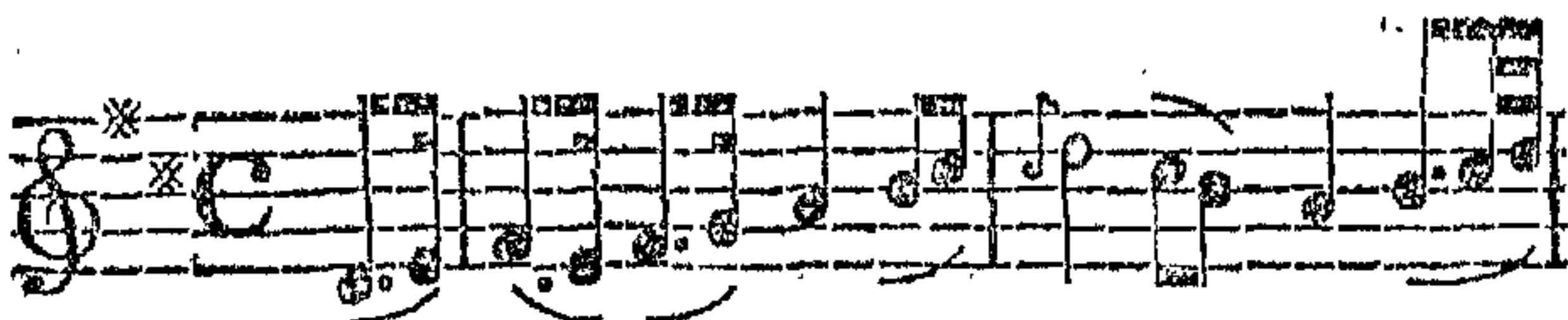
cern a face that's fair, but few a heav'n-



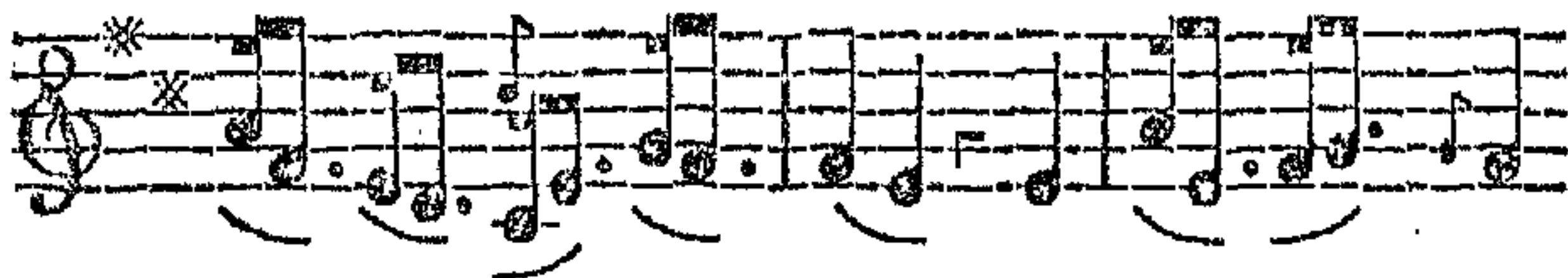
ly mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
 O'er cultivated lands ;
 Like Eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns,
 To rule o'er barren sands.
 'Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy face,
 Thy beauty's only store ;
 Each day that makes thy charms decrease,
 Will give to Stella more.

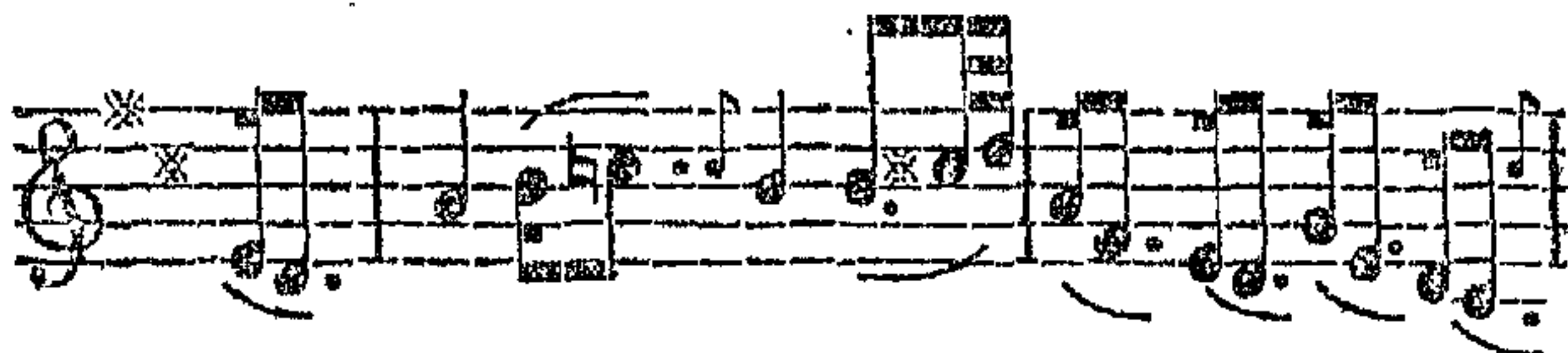
S. O N G CXXXV.



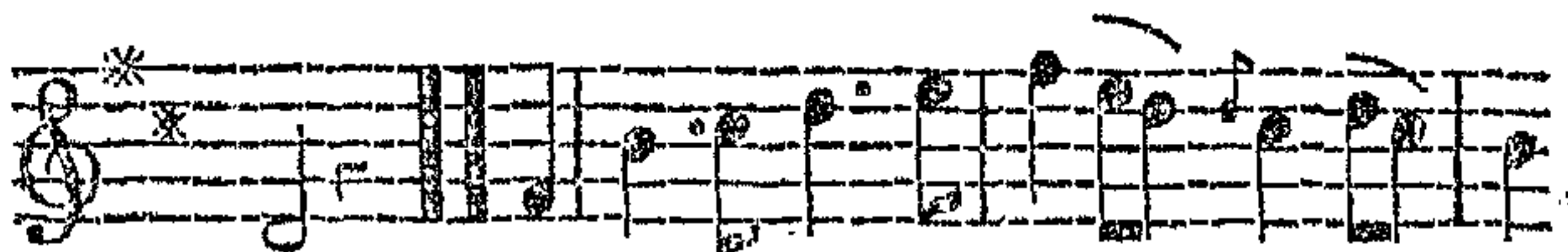
Say, My - ra, why is gen - tle love, A



stranger to that mind, That pi - ty and



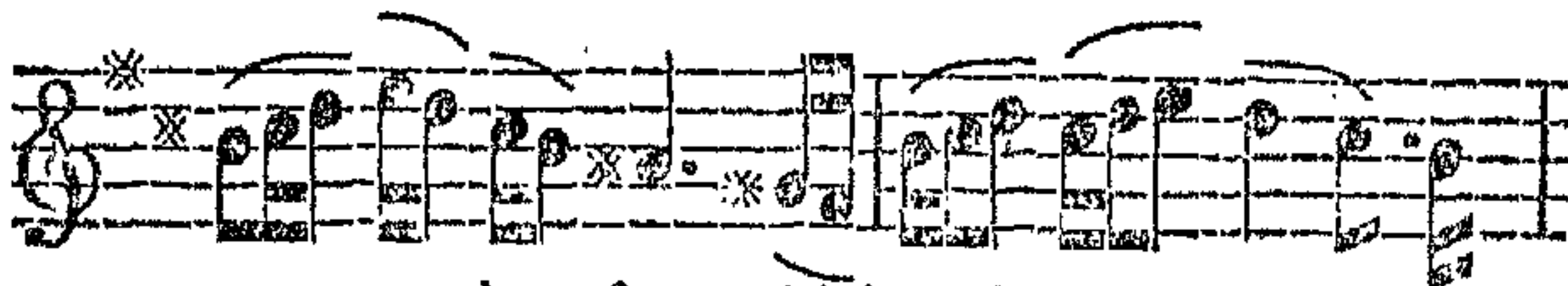
ef - teem can move, which can be just and



kind. Is it because you fear to know the ills



which love mo - left, the ten - - der care, the



an - - - xious fear, which racks the am'rous
breast,



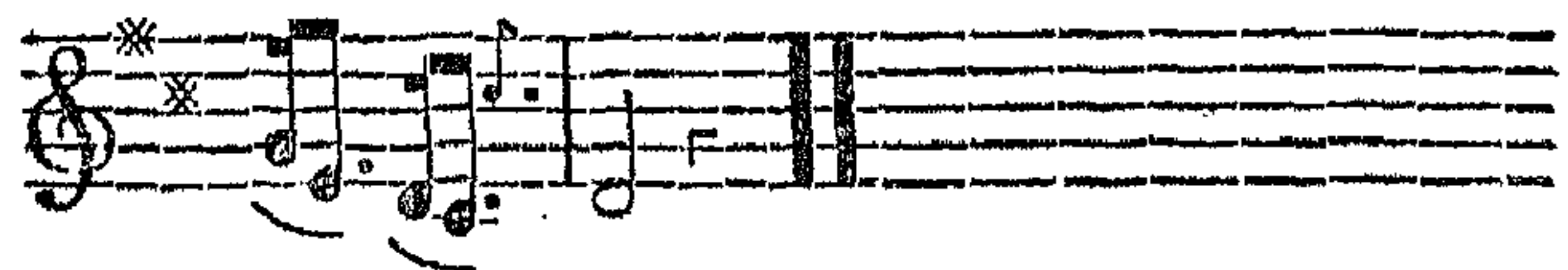
breast. A - - las, by some de - gree of woe,



we ev' - ry bliss ob - tain, the heart



can ne'er a transport know, which ne - ver



felt a pain.

S O N G

S O N G CXXXVI.



Dear Chloe how blubber'd is thy pretty face,



Thy cheek all on fire and thy hair all uncurl'd, pri-



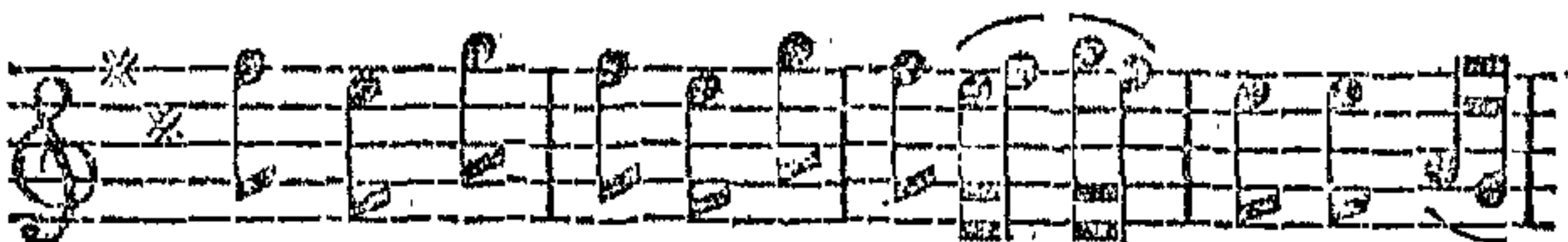
thee quit this caprice and as old Falstaff says, let's



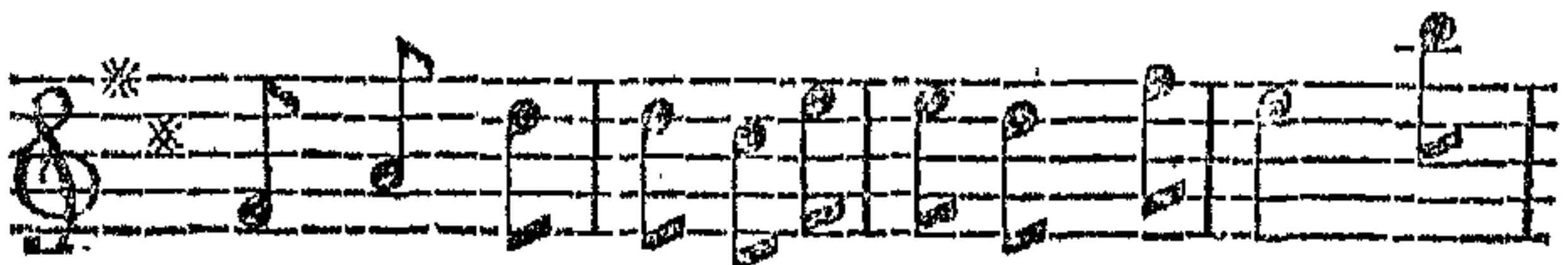
e'en talk a little like folks of this world :. How



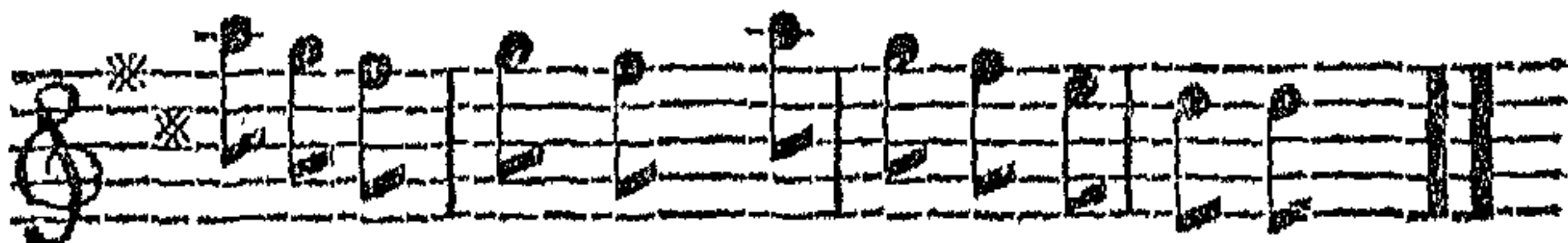
canst thou presume thou hast leave to destroy the



beauties which Venus but lent to thy keeping, those



looks were design'd to inspire love and joy, More
ord'nary.



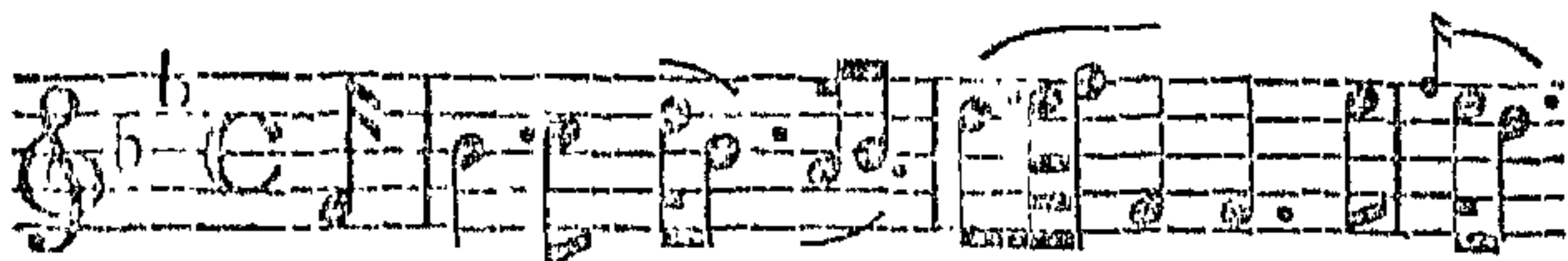
ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
 Your judgment at once and my passion you wrong;
 You take that for fact which will scarce be found wit,
 Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song:
 The God of us versemen, you know child, the sun,
 How after his journey he sets up his rest,
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
 At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

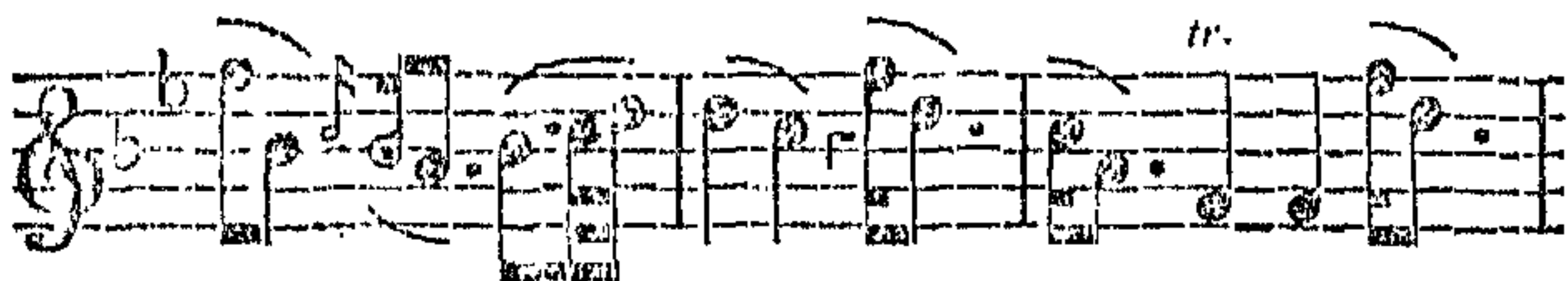
So when I am wearied with wand'ring all day,
 To thee my delight in the ev'ning I come;
 No matter what beauties I met in the way,
 They were but my visits but you are my home:
 Then finish dear Chloe this pastoral war,
 And let us like Horace and Lydia agree,
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

SCOTCH SONGS.

S O N G CXXXVII.



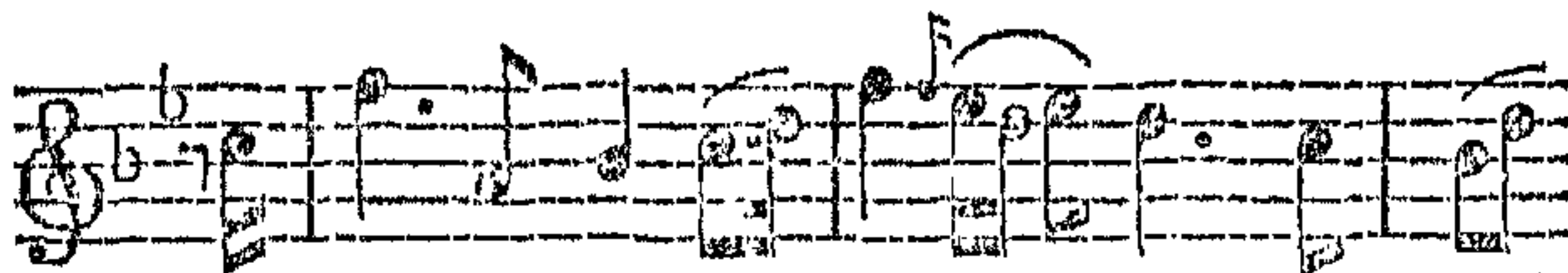
'The silver moon's en - amour'd beam, steals soft-



ly thro' the night, to wan-ton in the



winding stream, and kiss re - - flect - ed light.



To courts be gone heart sooth'ning sleep, where you've



so fel - dom been, whilst I my wakeful vi - gil



keep, with Kate of A - ber - deen, with Kate of A -
berdeen,



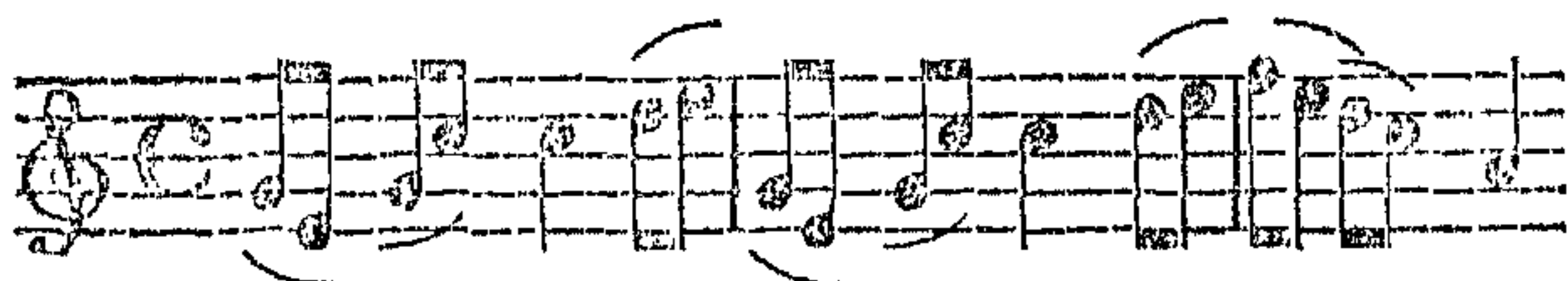
ber - deen, with Kate of A - - ber - deen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May ;
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare,
 'The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

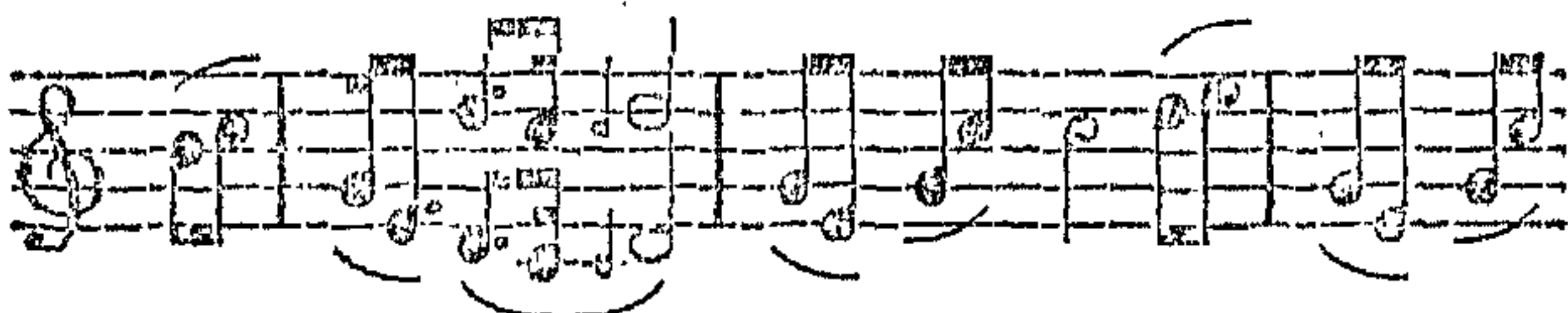
I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 'Till new wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love ;
 At her approach, the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new dress'd green,
 Fond birds 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love tun'd lay ;
 'Till May in morning robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen,
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 Here's Kate of Aberdeen.

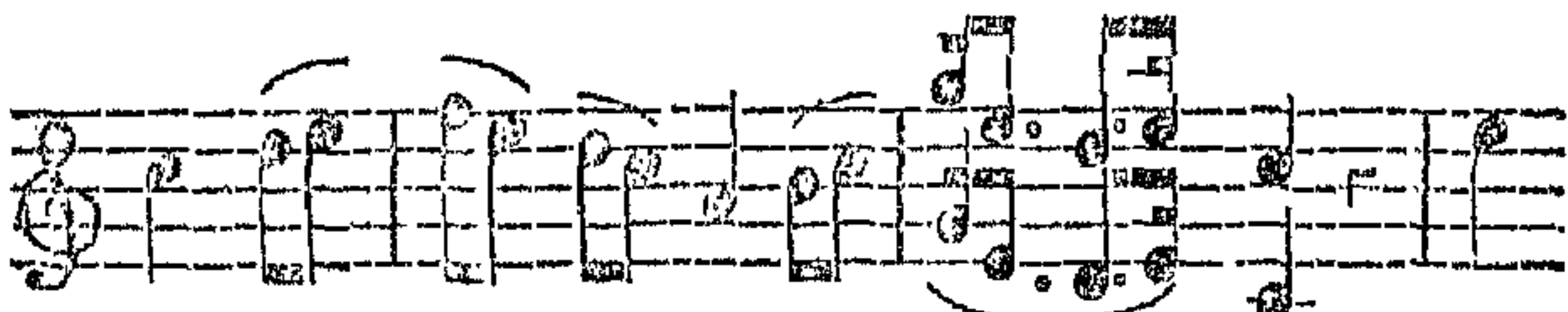
S O N G CXXXVIII.



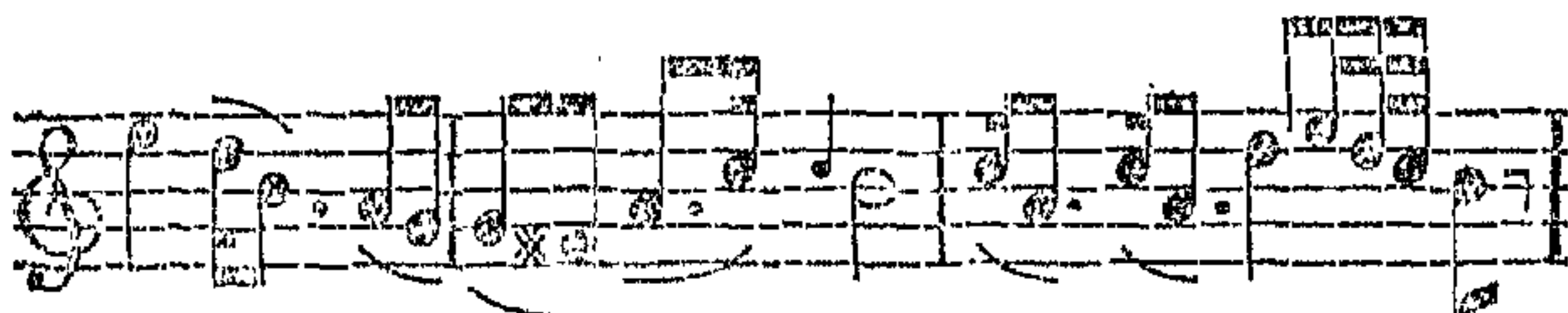
Down the bourn, or thro' the mead, His golden locks



wav'd with the wind, John - ny, list-ing, tun'd his



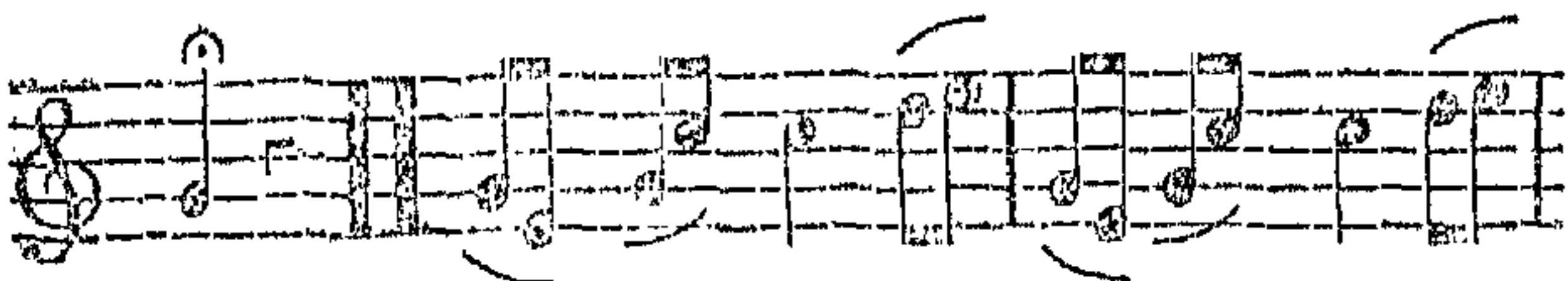
reed, And fought his An - nie fair and kind. Dear



she lov'd the weel knawn song, While her John - ny,



blithe and bon - ny, Sung her praise the whole day



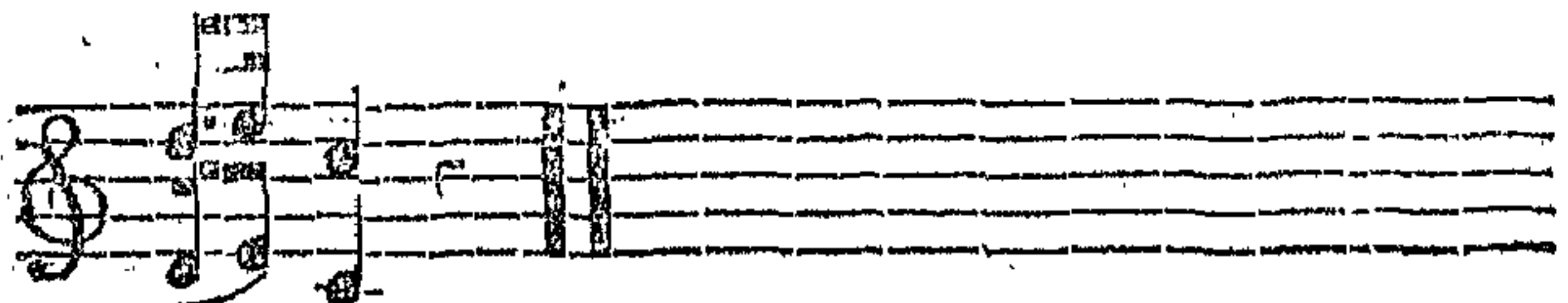
long. Down the bourn, or thro' the mead, His gold-



gold - en locks wav'd with the wind, John-ny, lilt - - - ing,



tun'd his reed, And fought his An - nie fair

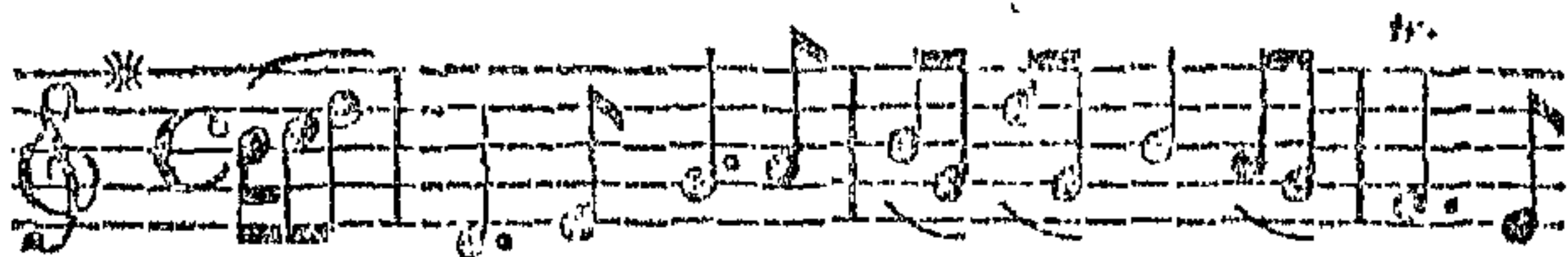


and kind.

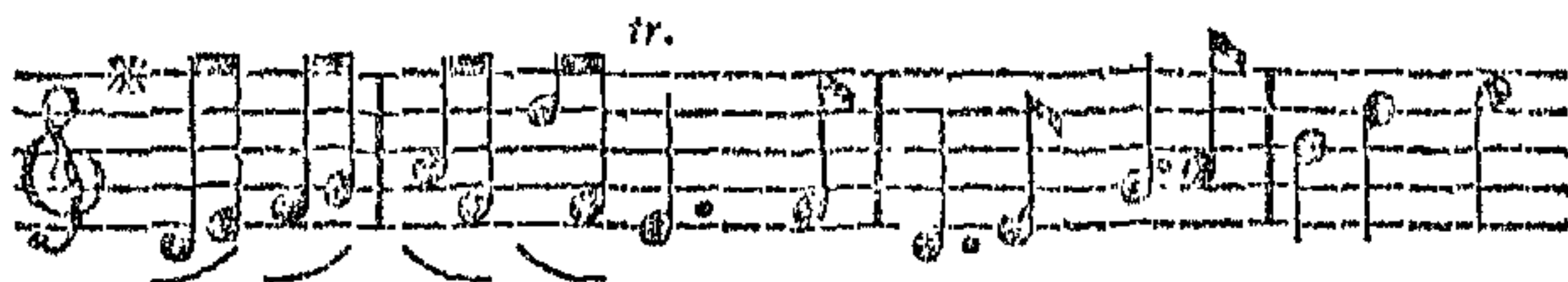
Of costly claiths she had bit few,
 Of pearls or jewels nae grat store;
 Fair was her face, her love was true,
 And Johnny wisely wish'd nae more:
 Love's the pearl that shepherds prize,
 O'er the mountain,
 By the fountain,
 Wins the heart, and wilcs the eyes.
 Down the bourne, &c.

Gowd and titles give not halth,
 Johnny cou'd nae these impairt;
 Youthfoo Annie's greatest walth
 Was her faithfoo Johnny's heart:
 Sweet the joys the lover's find,
 Great the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Where the heart is always kind.
 Down the bourne, &c.

SONG CXXXIX.



My love was once a bon - ny lad, He was the



flow'r of all his kin ; The absence of his bonny face,



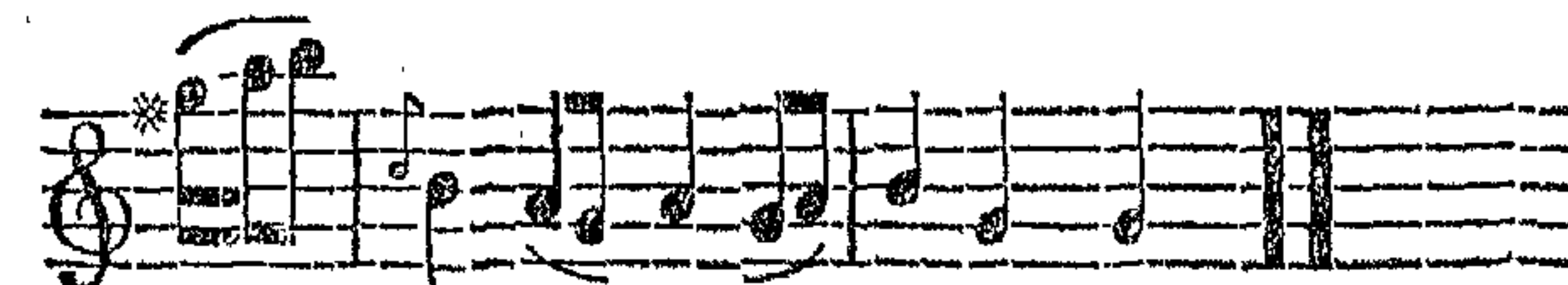
My tender heart has rent in twain : By day or



night, find no de - light, In si - lent tears I



still complain ; And rail at those my ri - val foes,



That took from me my darling swain.

Despair

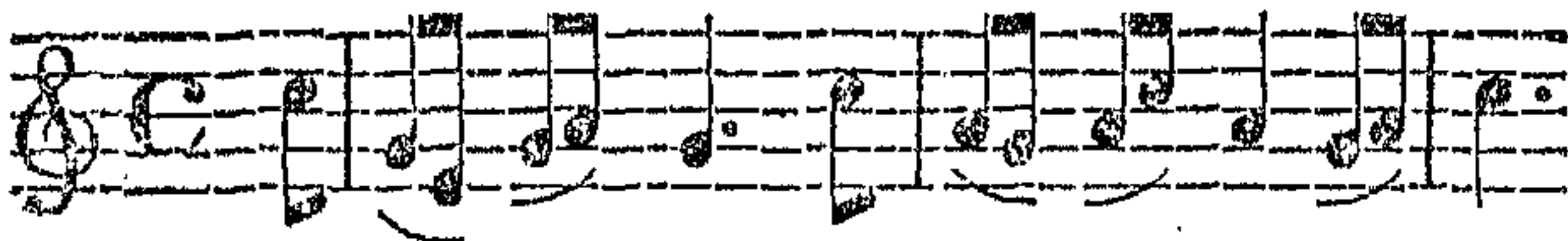
Despair and anguish fill my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose;
 I sigh and mourn while others rest,
 His absence yields me no repose;
 To seek my love I'll range and rove,
 Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain,
 I ne'er will cease, but spend my days,
 Until I find my darling swain.

I think not strange, at nature's change,
 Since parents shew'd such cruelty;
 Therefore my love from me does rove,
 And knows not to what destiny;
 The pretty kids and tender lambs,
 Shall cease to sport upon the plain,
 But they lament in discontent,
 For th' absence of my darling swain.

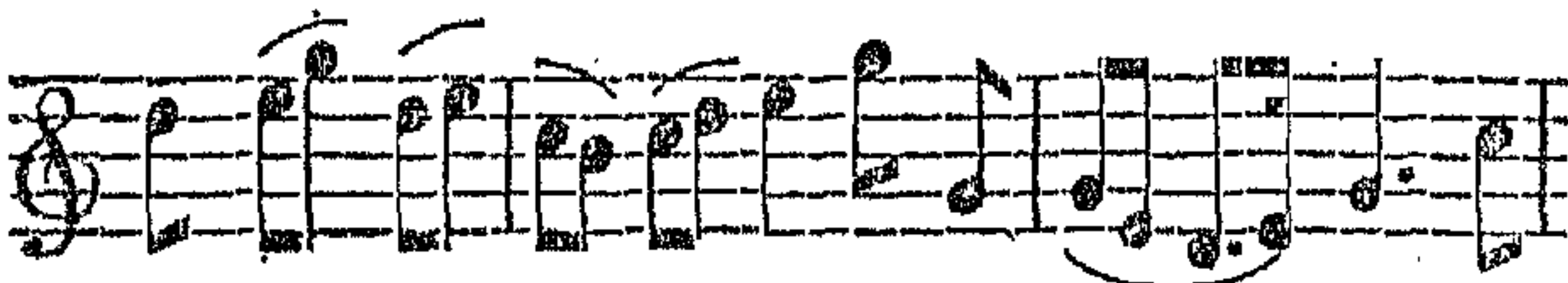
Kind Neptune let me you intreat,
 To send a fair and pleasant gale;
 Your Dolphins sweet upon me wait,
 For to convey me on their tail,
 May heavens bless me with success,
 While crossing on the raging main,
 And send me o'er to that same shore,
 To meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return,
 Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay,
 The bells shall ring, the birds shall sing,
 To grace and crown our nuptial day;
 Thus blest with charms in my love's arms
 Once more my heart I will obtain;
 I'll range no more t'a distant shore,
 But will enjoy my darling swain.

SONG CXL.



With bro - ken words and down cast eyes poor Co-



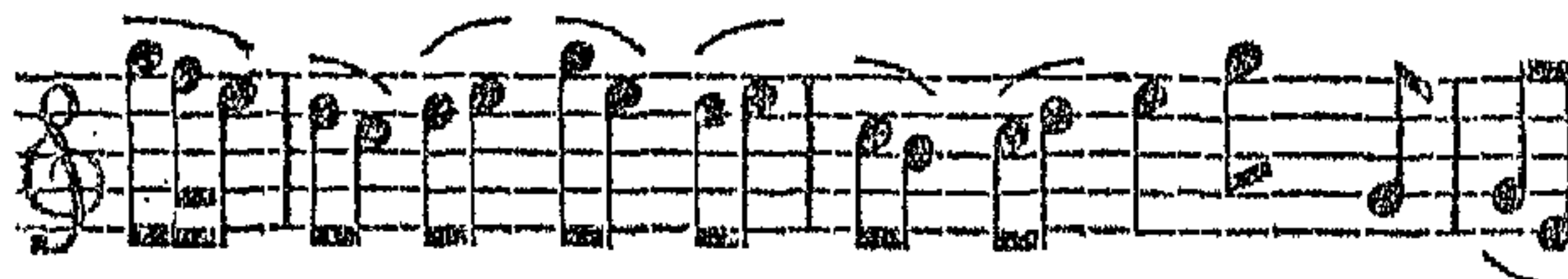
lin spoke his pas - sion tender; and part - ing with his



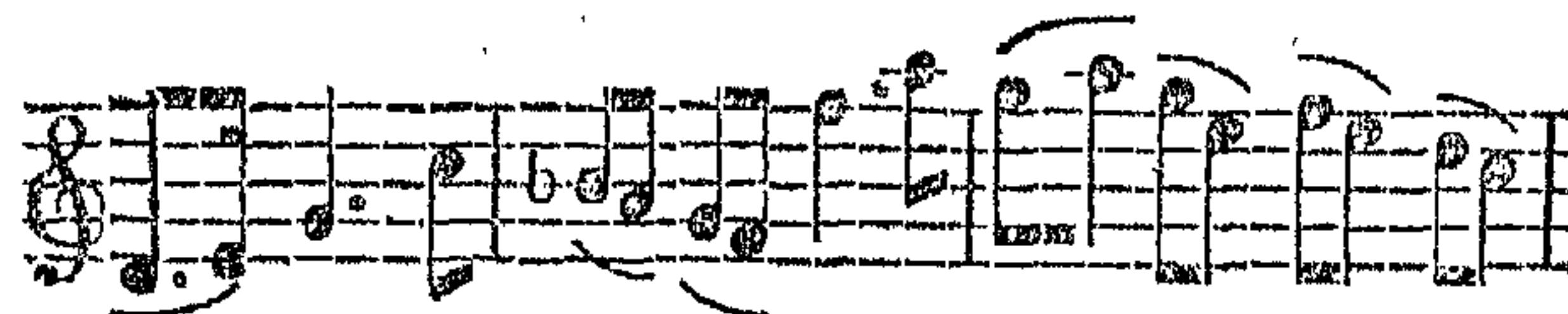
Gri - fy cries, Ah! woes my heart that we shou'd



funder. To o - thers I am cold as snow



but kin - dle with thine eyes like tinder, from thee



with pain I'm forc'd to go it breaks my heart that



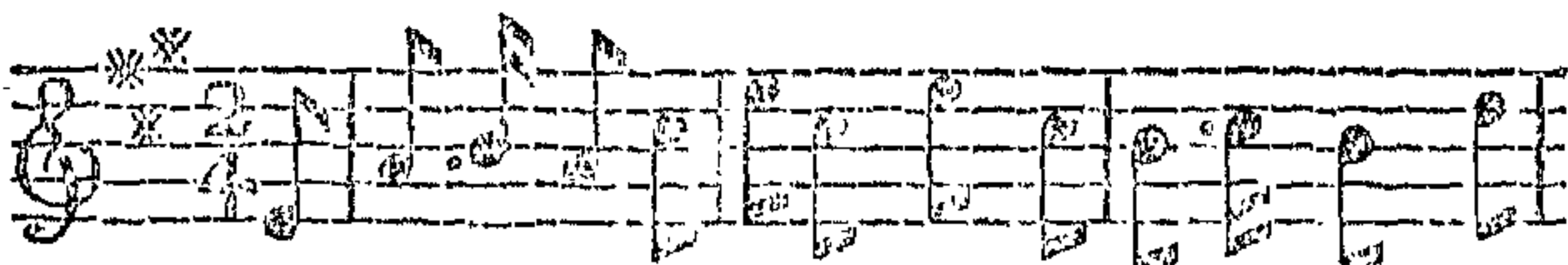
we should funder.

Chain'd to thy charms I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,
 Nor time nor place shall ever change ;
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to funder.
 The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauty which invites our wonder,
 Thy lovely wit and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present tho' we funder.

Dear nymph believe thy swain in this,
 You'il ne'er engage a heart that's kinder,
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me tho' we funder.
 Ye Gods take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her,
 When that blest time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again and never funder.

S O N G

S O N G CXLI.



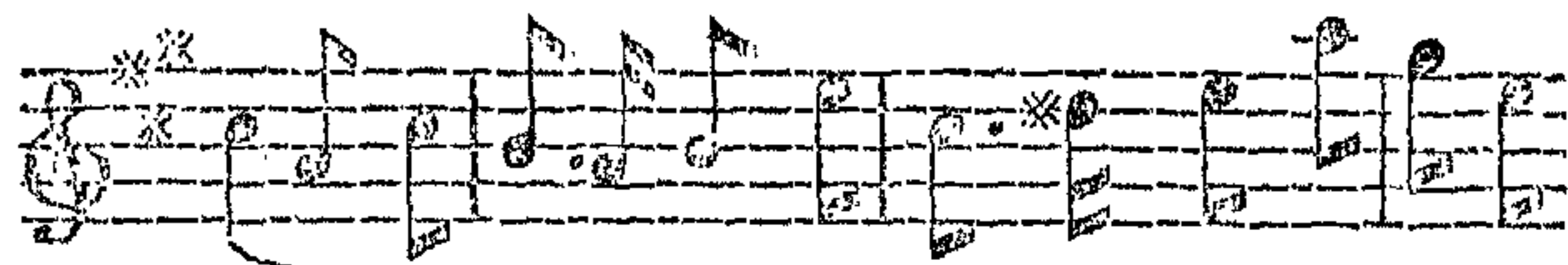
I winna marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the



Lee, I winna marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the



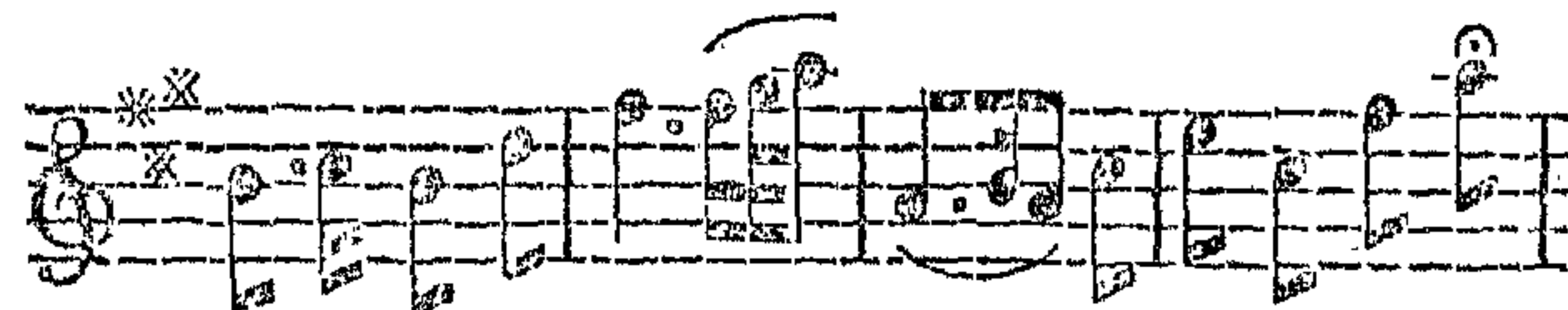
Lee, I winna ha the Dominee for geud he canna



be, but I will ha my San - dy lad my Sandy



o'er the Lee, For he's aye a kissing, kissing,



aye a kissing me, he's aye a kissing, kissing,
aye



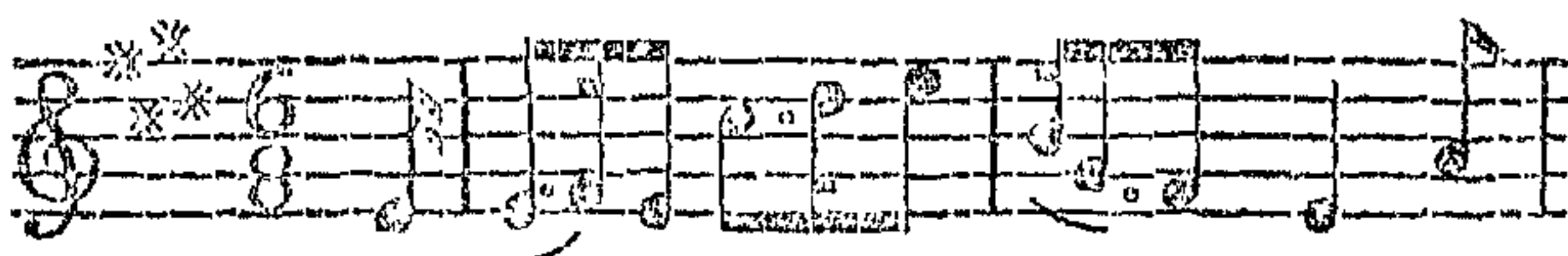
aye a kissing me.

I will not ha the minister for all his godly looks,
 Nor yet will I the lawyer ha, for all his wily crooks;
 I will not ha the plowman lad, not yet will I the miller,
 But I will ha my Sandy lad, without one penny filler.
 For he's a kissing, kissing, &c.

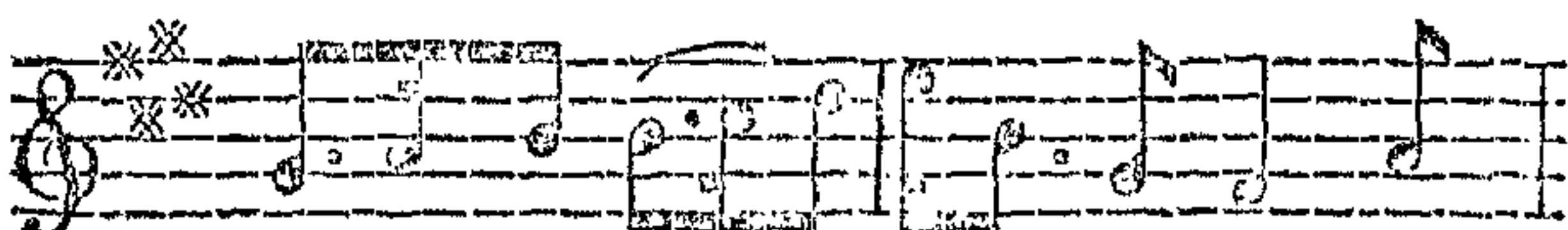
I will not ha the soldier lad for he gangs to the war,
 I will not ha the sailor lad because he smells of tar:
 I will not ha the lord nor laird for all their mickle gear,
 But I will ha my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the meir.
 For he's aye a kissing, kissing, &c.

S O N G

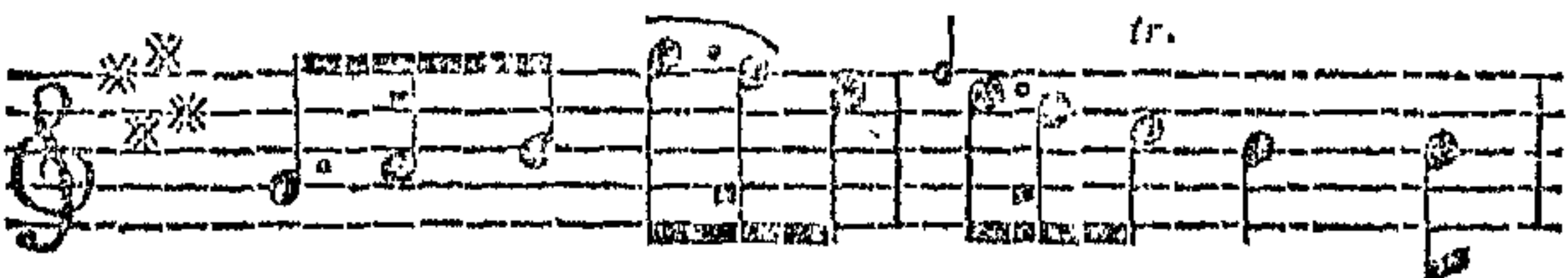
S O N G CXLII.



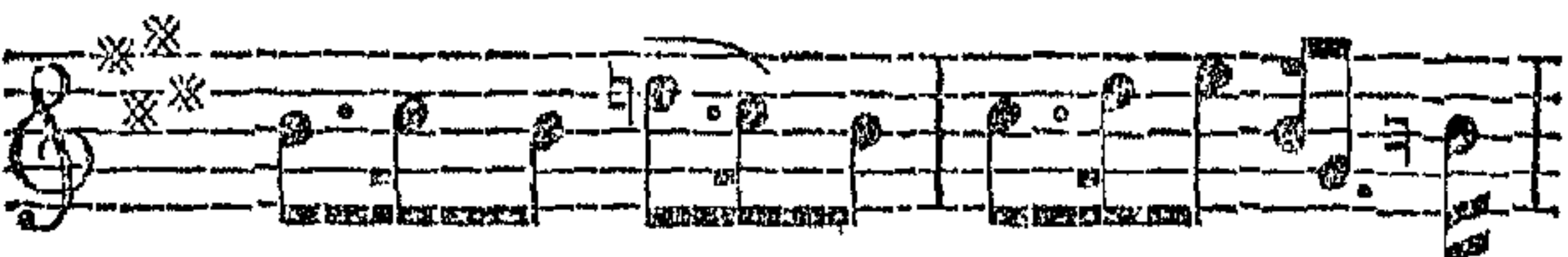
My So - ger Laddie is over the seas and



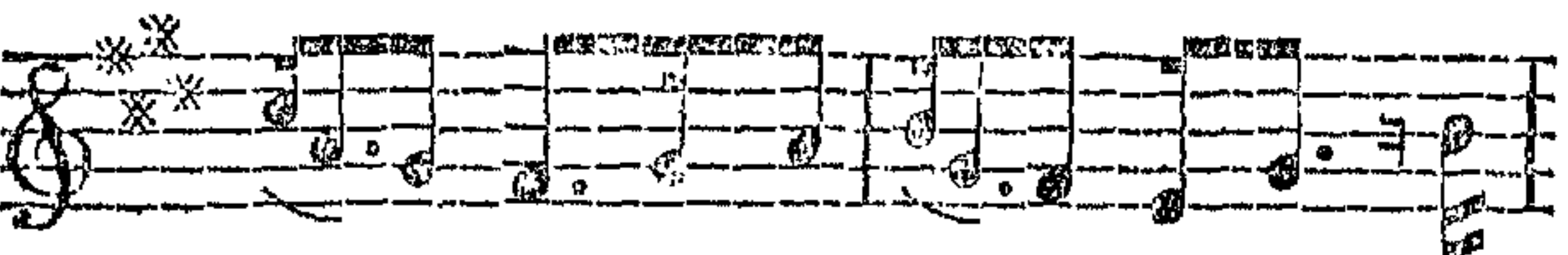
he will bring gold and money for me, and



he will bring gold and money for me, And



when he comes home he'll make me a lady, My



bleffing gang with my So - ger Laddie, my



bleff - ing gang with my So - ger Laddie.

My

My bonny laddie is handsome and brave,
 And can as a feger and lover behave,
 He's true to his country, to love he is steady,
 There's few to compare to my feger laddie.

Shield him ye angels from death in alarms,
 Return him with laurels to my longing arms,
 Since from all my care ye'll presently free me,
 When back to my wishes my feger ye gi'e me.

Oh ! soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
 As quickly they must, if he gets but his due,
 For in noble actions his courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight in my feger laddie.

S O N G

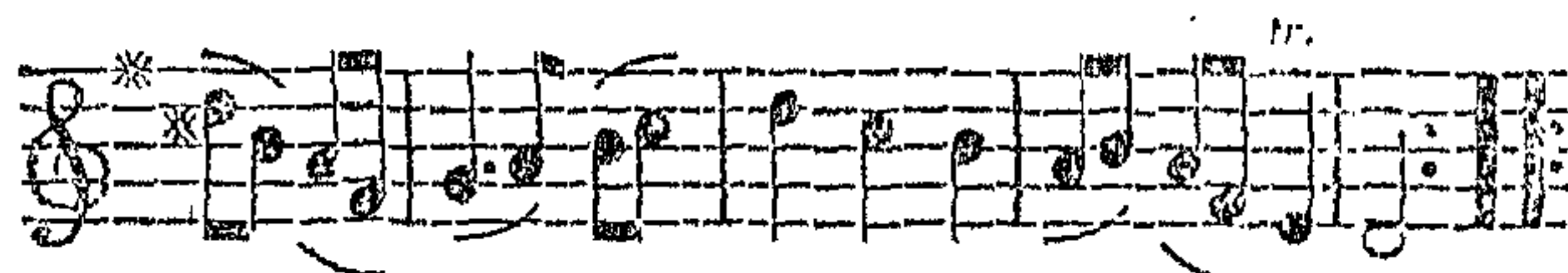
SONG CXLIII.



A lass that was loa-den with care sat



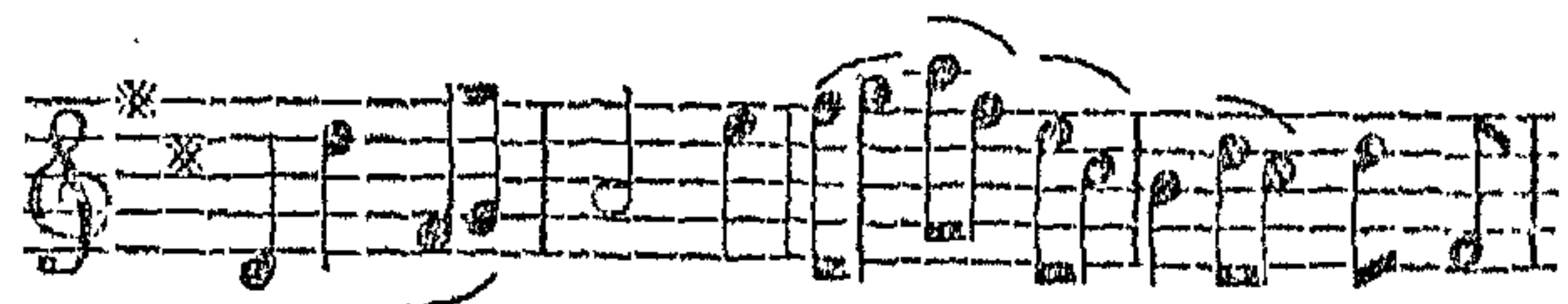
hea-vi-ly un-der a thorn, I list'ned and heard



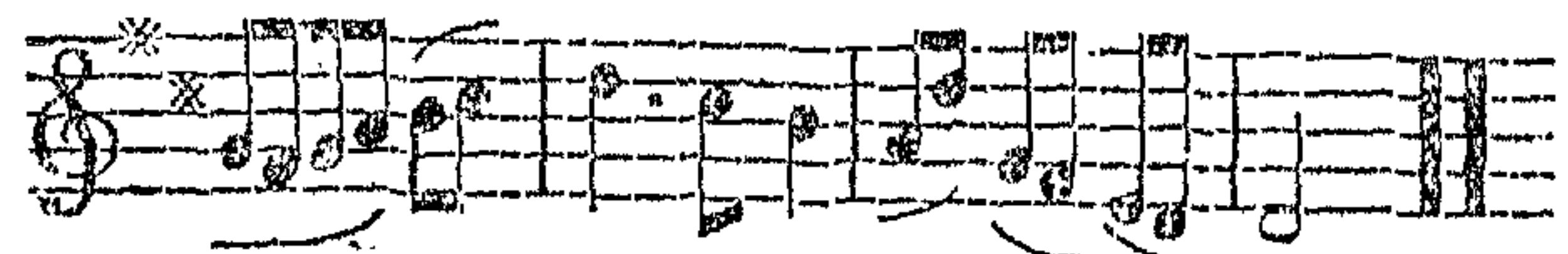
the soft fair, While thus she be-gan for to mourn.



Sa mer-ry as we twa ha been, Sa mer-ry as



we twa ha been, My heart it is like to despair,



When I think on the days I have seen.

When

When thou my dear shepherd was there,
 Each bird did so chearfully sing,
 That the cold nipping winter did wear
 Soft looks that resembl'd the spring.
 So merry, &c.

No king was so happy as I
 When we parted last time on the green.

Our flocks feeding close by our side,
 And he fondly grasping my hand,
 I view'd the wide world with much pride,
 And laugh'd at desire of command.
 So merry, &c.

When my heart and my eyes did combine,
 To give ease to my languishing swain.

When you my dear shepherd thought fit
 To disperse the impertinent throng,
 What joy and what pleasure was it
 To be with my shepherd alone.
 So merry, &c.

No king was so happy as I
 When we parted last time on the green.

My dear he would oftentimes say,
 Why are you hard hearted to me,
 And why do you fly so away
 From him that is dying for thee.
 So merry, &c.

I envy'd no princes or powers,
 When I heard the soft sighs of my swain.

But now he is far from my sight,
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
 Which gares me repent day and night
 That ever I granted my love.
 So merry, &c.

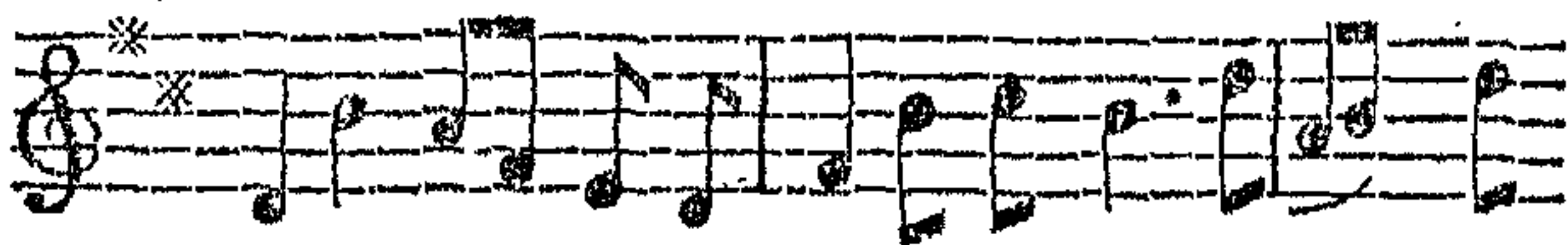
My heart's like to break with despair,
 For the days that are now past and gone.

At e'en when the rest of the folk,
 Are thrang'd with their coag and their spoon,
 I let myself down by yon oak,
 And heavily sigh at the moon.
 So merry, &c.
 My heart's like to break with despair
 For the days that will ne'er come again.

S O N G CXLIV.



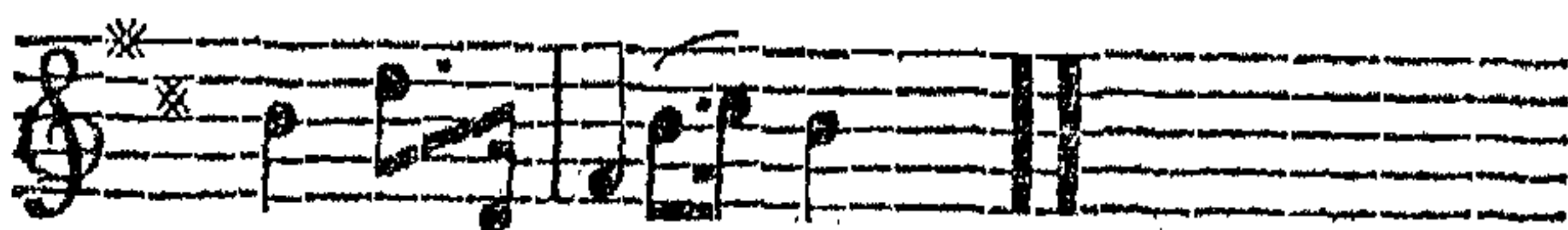
O shame light on this world's pelf when I



see how little o't I've got to myself, I'm wae when



I look on my thread bare coat, O shame fa' the



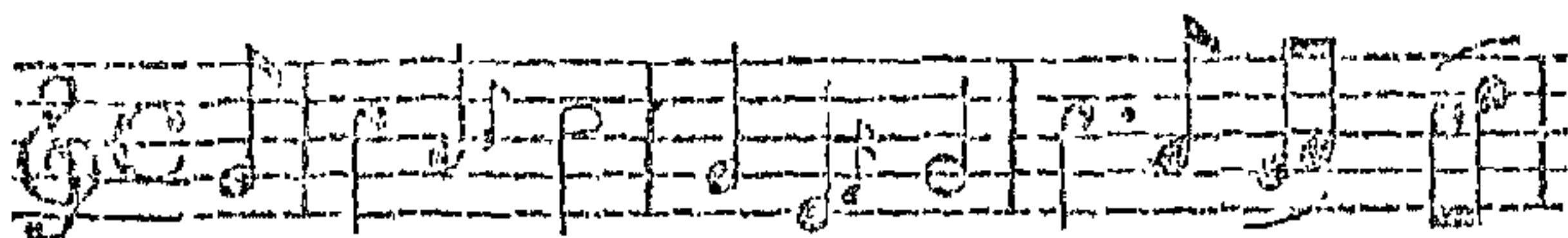
gear and the brag'rie o't.

For Jenny was the lass that mucked the byre,
 But now she is clad in her lilken attire,
 And Jenny was the lass that wore the plaiden coat,
 O shame fa' the gear and the bragrie o't.

And Jockey was the ladie that gade at the plough,
 'Tho' now he's gotten gow'd and gear enough,
 But I have seen the day when he was not worth a groat,
 O shame fa' the gear and bragrie o't.

But all this shall never dauntin me,
 As long as I keep my fancy free,
 As long as I have a penny to pay for my pot,
 May the diel take the gear and the bragrie o't.

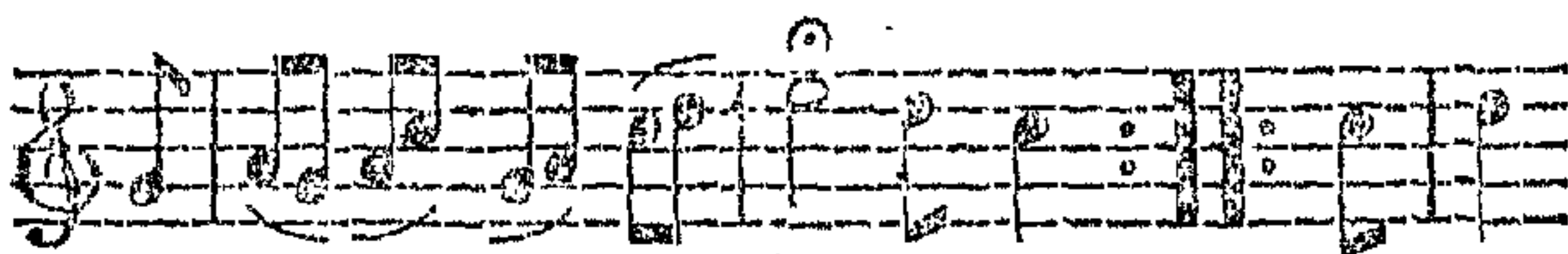
S O N G CXLV.



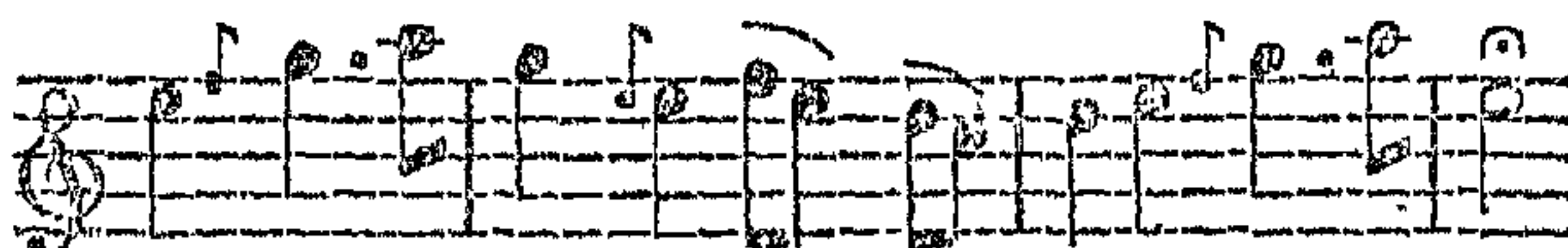
O had a - way, had a - way, had a - way frae



me, Donald ; your heart is made o'er large for aye,



it is not meet for me, Donald : Some sic-



kle mistrefs you may find, will jilt as fast as thee,



Donald, To il - ka swain she will prove kind, and



nae less kind to thee, Donald.

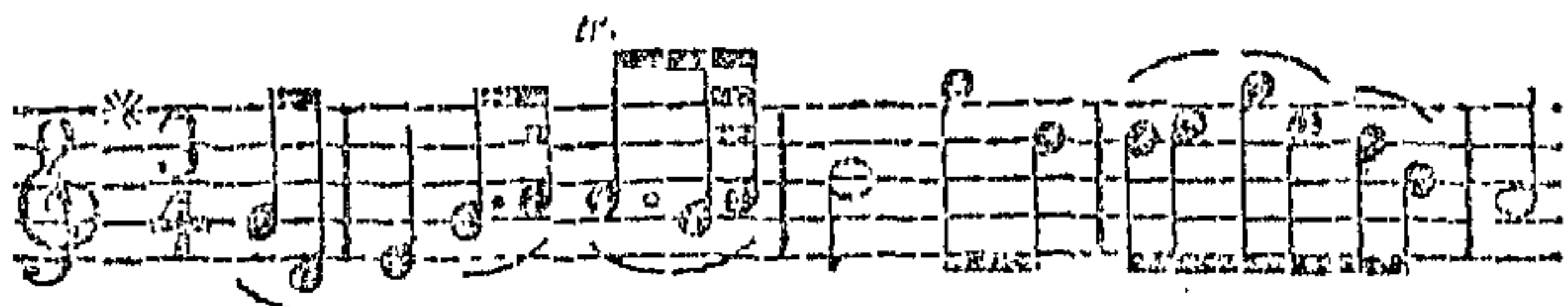
But

But I've a heart that's naething such,
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald;
 I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
 I'll hate all levity, Donald.
 Therefore nae mair with art pretend,
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
 For words of falsehood I'll defend,
 A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own,
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald;
 Apparent worth and fair renown,
 Made me believe you true, Donald.
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn,
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald;
 But now the mask fallen aff, I scorn
 To warc a thought on thee, Donald.

And now for ever had away,
 Had away from me, Donald!
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald;
 For I'll reserve myself for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, Donald;
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loo man nor thee, Donald.

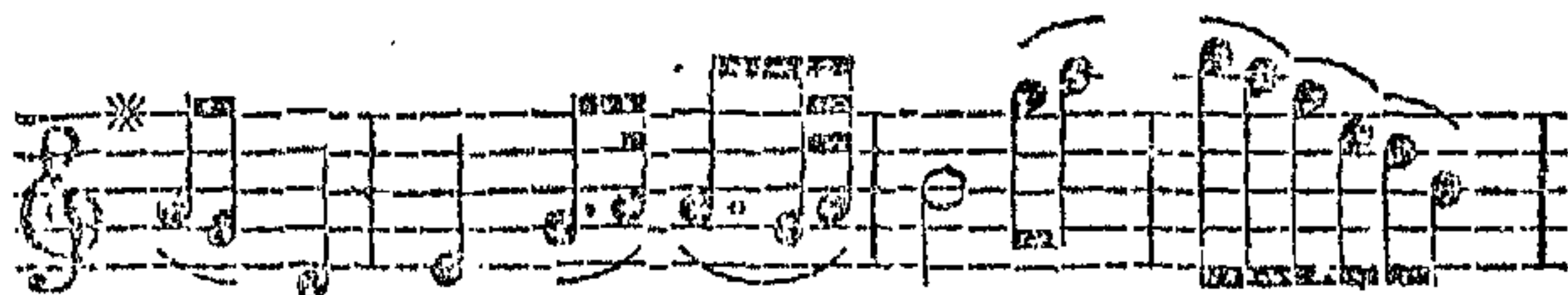
S O N G CXLVI.



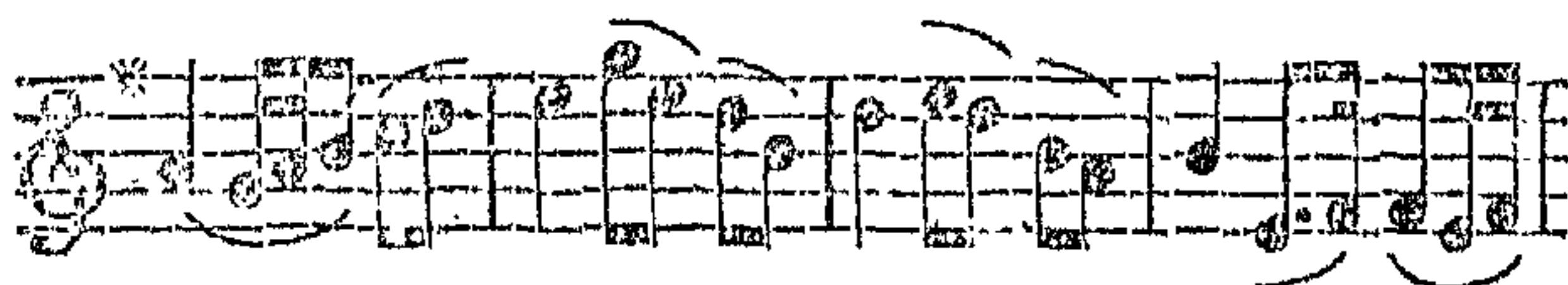
As ear - ly I walk'd on the first day of May,



be - side a clear fountain be - neath a steep moun -



tain I heard a sweet flute soft me - lo - dy



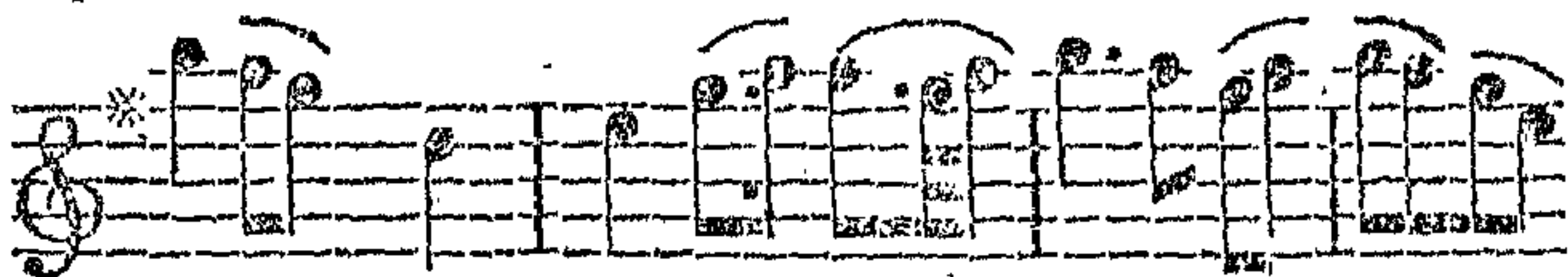
play, whilst ec - cho re - sound - ed the do - lo - rous



lay : I list'ned and look'd and spy'd a young



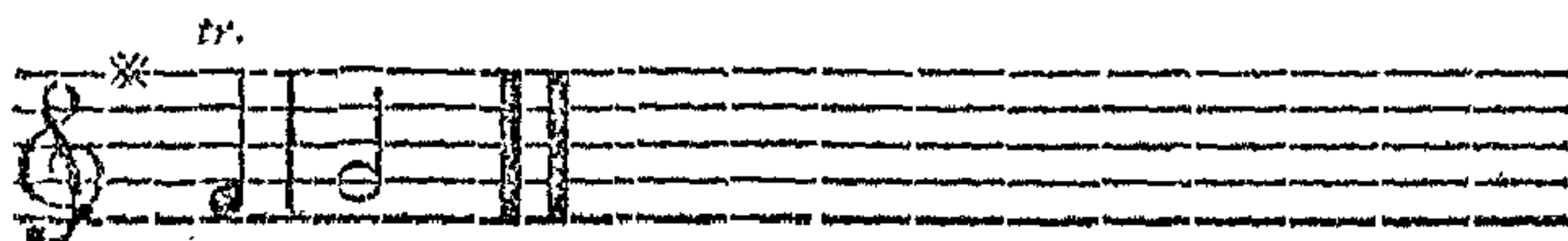
swain, with af - fect dis - tress - ed, and spi - rits op -
pressed,



pressed, seem'd clear and as fresh as the sky af-



ter rain, and thus he discovered how he strove with



his pain.

Tho' Cloris be coy why should I repine,
 That a nymph much above me,
 Vouchsafes not to love me ;
 I ne'er in her rank of merit can shine,
 Then why should I seek to debase her to mine.
 No, henceforth esteem shall bridle desire,
 Nor in due subjection,
 Retain warm affection,
 No spark of self-love shall blaze in my fire,
 Then where is the swain can more humbly admire.

While passion shall cease to rage in my breast,
 And quiet returning,
 Shall hush all my mourning,
 The lord of myself in absolute rest,
 I'll hug the condition that heaven thinks best ;
 'Thus friendship unmixt and wholly refin'd,
 May yet be respected,
 Tho' love is rejected,
 And Cloris must own tho' she still prove unkind,
 There's not such a friend as a lover resign'd.

May

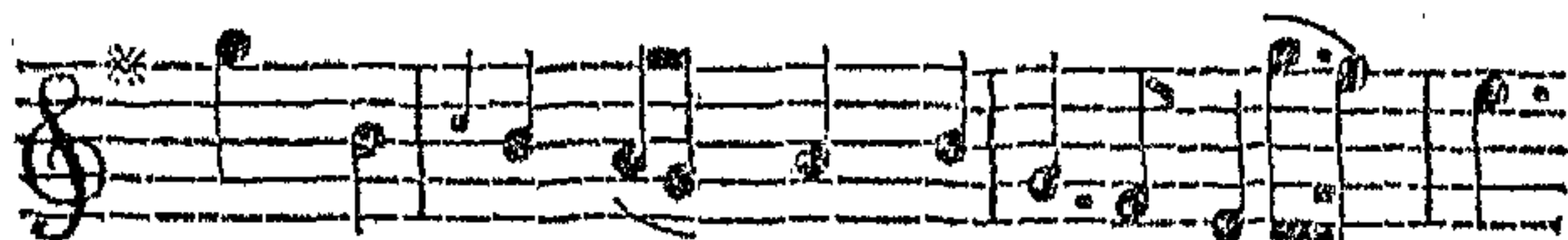
May the fortunate swain that hereafter shall sue,
 With prosp'rous endeavour,
 To gain her dear favour,
 Know as well as I what to Cloris is due,
 Be still more deserving and never less true ;
 While I disengaged from wishes and fears,
 Tranquillity tasting,
 On liberty feasting,
 In hopes of sure bliss shall pass my few years,
 And long to escape from this valley of tears.

Ye pow'rs that preside o'er the virtues of love,
 Now aid me with patience,
 To bear its vexations,
 Let noble designs my winged heart move,
 With sentiments purest my notions improve ;
 If e'er my young heart be caught in its chain,
 May prudence direct me,
 And courage protect me,
 Prepar'd for all darts rememb'ring the swain,
 Grew happily wise after loving in vain.

S O N G CXLVII.



On Etrick banks in a summer's night at Gloming



when the sheep drove hame, I met my las-sie bra



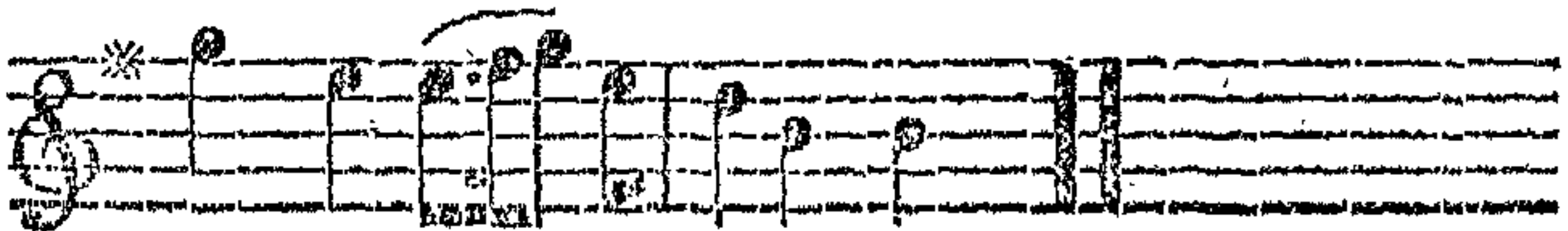
and tight came wading bare-foot a her lane. My
 heart



heart grew light I ran I flang my arms about her



li - ly neck and kist and clipt her there fu'lang my



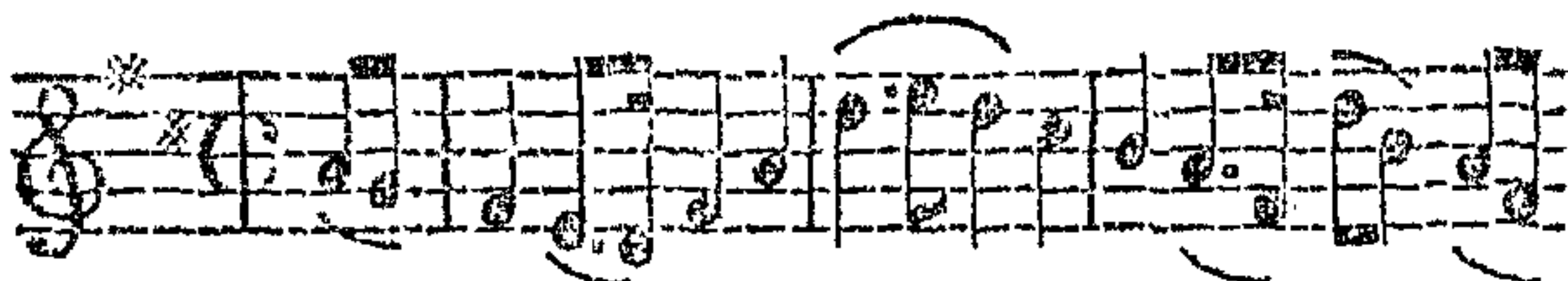
words they were nae mony feck.

I said my lassie will you go
 To the highland hills the Ersh to learn,
 I'll beath gi thee a cow and yew,
 When you come to the brigg of Earn;
 At Leith auld meal comes in ne'er fash,
 And herring at the Broomy Law;
 Chear up your heart my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we ha wrought enough,
 When winter's frost and snow begin,
 And when the sun goes west the Loch,
 At night when you fa fast to spin,
 I'll screw my drons and play a spring,
 And thus the weary night we'el end,
 Till the tender kids and lamb time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

S O N G

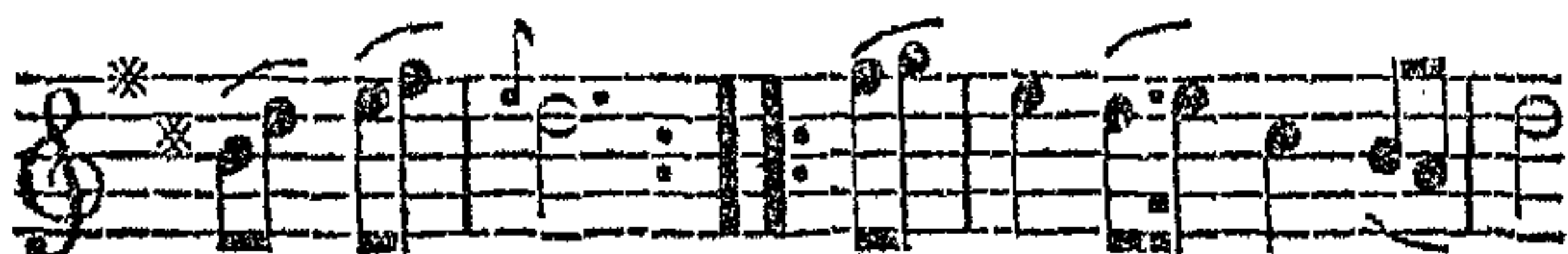
S O N G CXLVIII.



The lass of Paties Mill, so bonny blythe and



gay; In spite of all my skill, she stole my



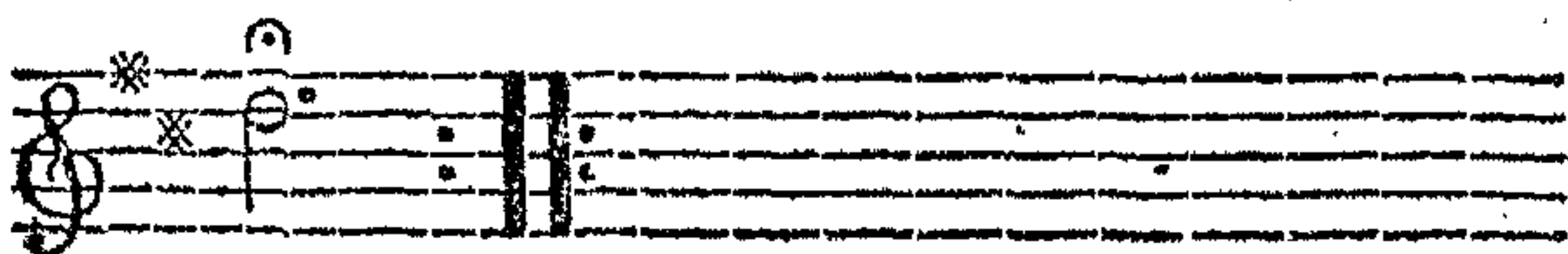
heart a - way; When treading o'er the hay,



bare head - ed on the green, Love midst her locks



did pla - - - y, and wanton'd in her



een,

Her

Her arms white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press them with his hand;
 Thro' all my spirits ran,
 An extacy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness found,
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

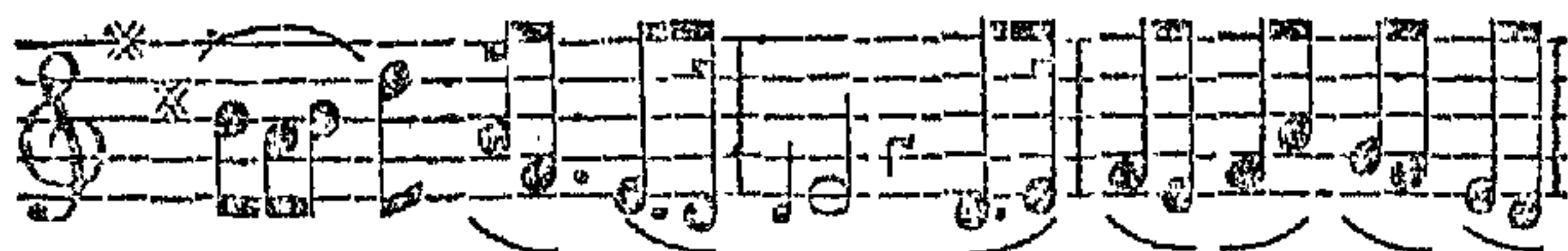
Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs that grace the wild;
 She did her sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd;
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth,
 Hopton's high mountains fill;
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will;
 I'de promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Paties Mill,
 Shou'd share the same with me.

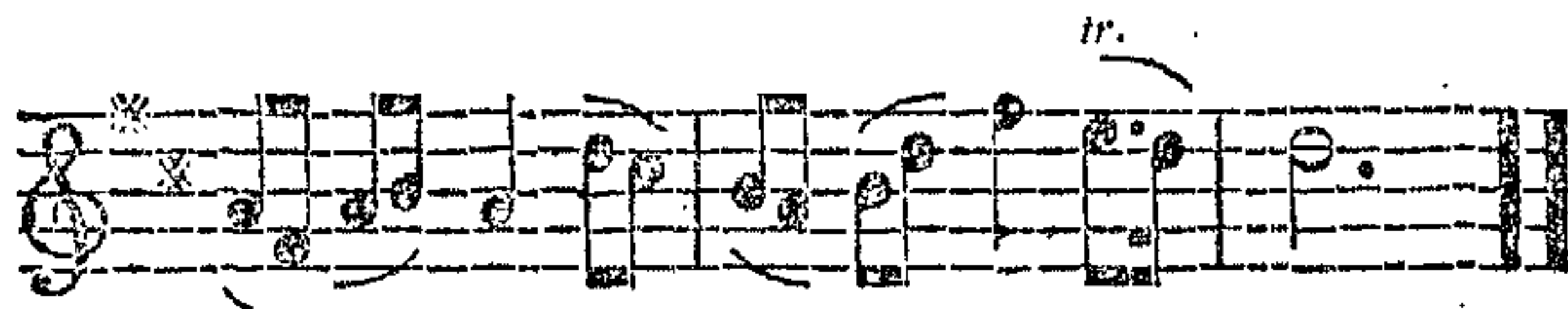
S O N G CXLIX.



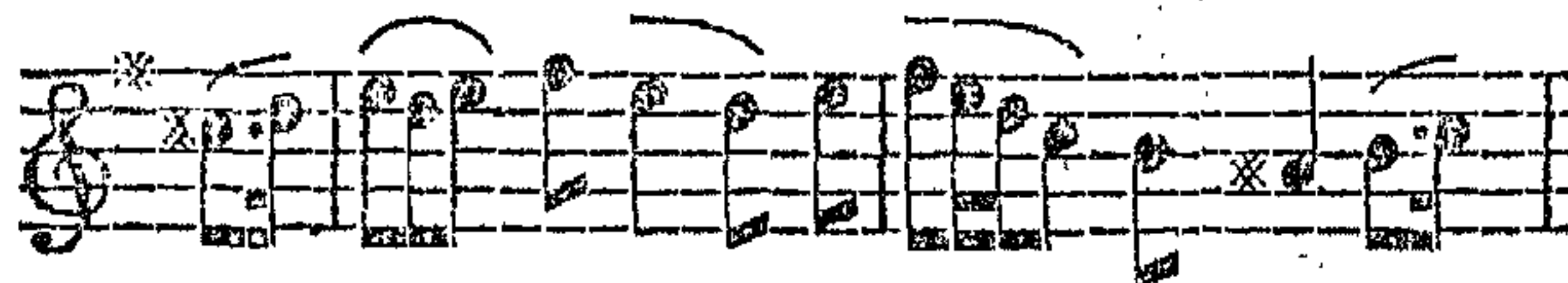
In cool - ing stream O sweet repose, Those



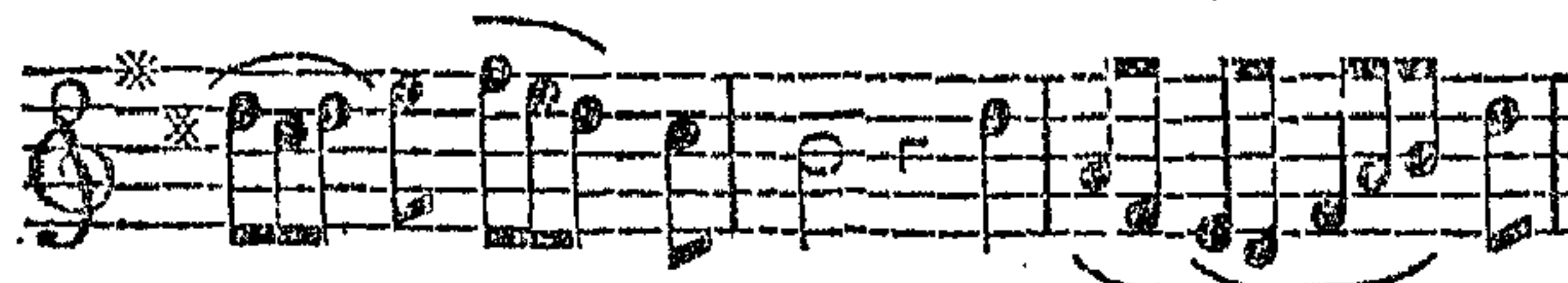
bal - my dews di - still, that steal the mourner



from his woes, and bid despair be still.



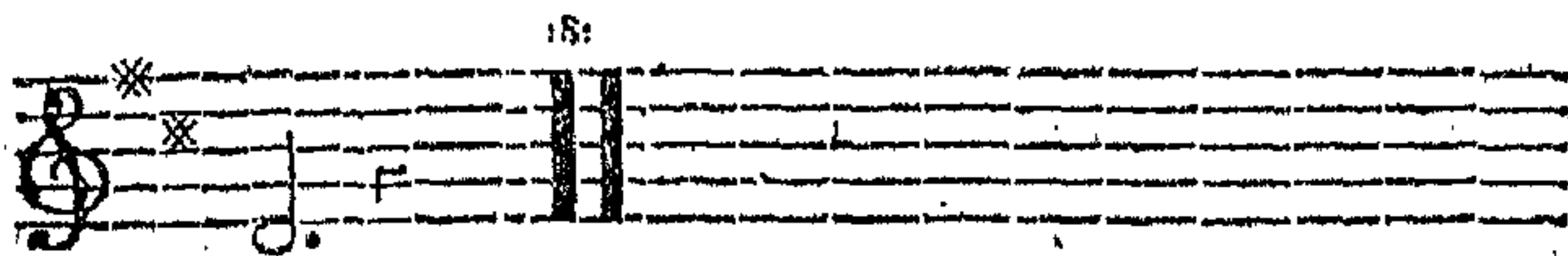
Pro - long the smil - ing In - fant's rest, who



yet no for - row knows; But O the mo - ther's



bleed - ing breast, To soft - est peace com -
pose!



pose !

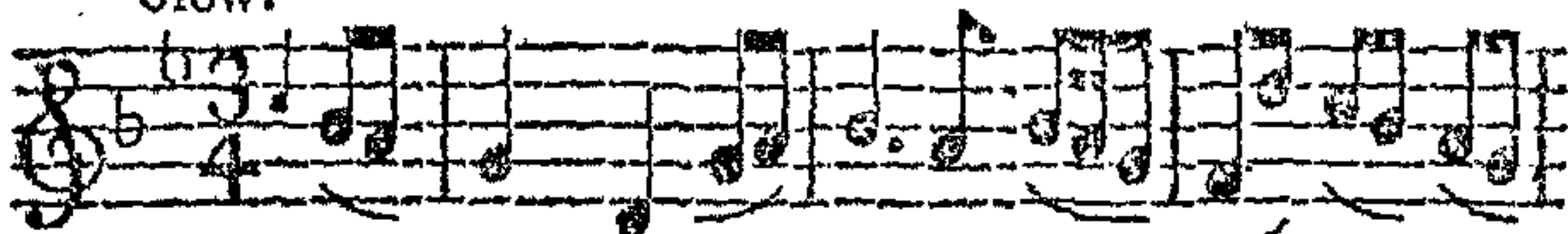
For her the fairest dreams adorn,
 That wave on fancy's wing ;
 The purple of ascending morn,
 The bloom of opening spring ;
 Let all, that soothes the soul or charms,
 Her midnight hours employ ;
 'Till blest again in Alfred's arms,
 She wakes to real joy.

D d

S O N G

S O N G C L.

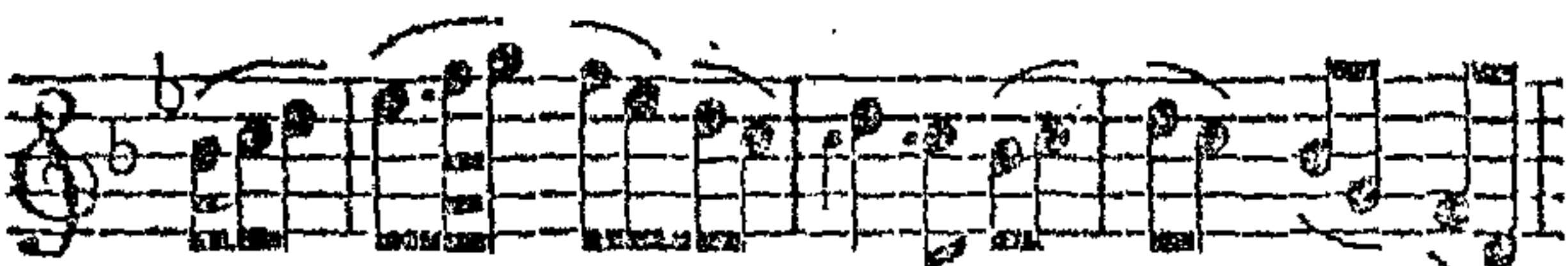
Slow.



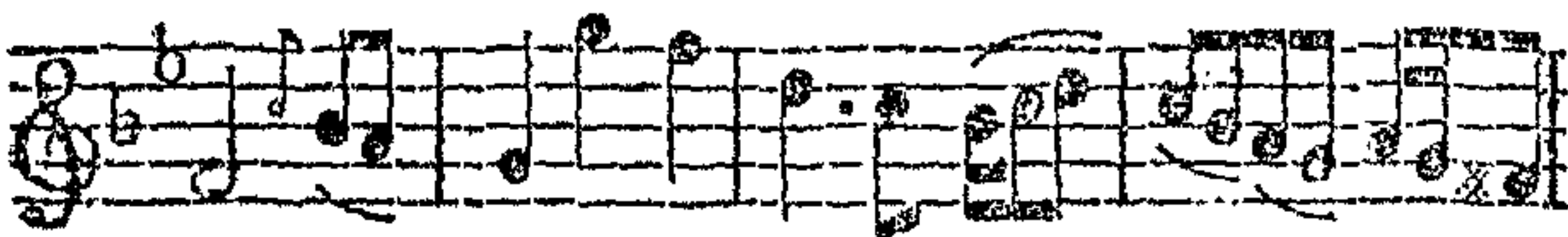
Oh! how could I venture to love one like



thee, And you not despise a poor conquest like me ;



On lords your admirers, you look'd with dis-



dain, And knew I was nothing yet piti-ed my



pain. You said when they teiz'd you with non-



sense and dress, Where reals the passion, the va-

ni - ty's less ; You saw thro' that si - lence
which



which o - thers despise; And while beaux were pra-

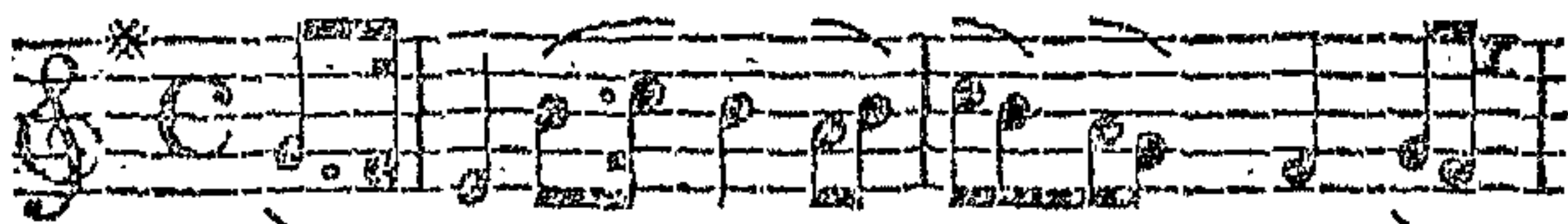


ting, read love in my eyes.

O where is the nymph that like you ne'er can cloy,
 Whose wit can enliven each dull pause of joy,
 And when the short transport of love's at an end,
 From passionate mistress, turn sensible friend;
 When I see you, I love you, but hearing, adore,
 I wonder, and think you a woman no more,
 'Till mad with admiring, I cannot refrain;
 And kissing those lips, you turn 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 trouble oppress'd,
 Which never displeases, but always is best;
 In all that I'll do, I'll thy judgment require,
 'Thy taste shall correct what thy wit did inspire;
 Then I'll kiss, and caress thee, till youth is all o'er,
 And then live on friendship, when passion's no more.

S O N G C L I.



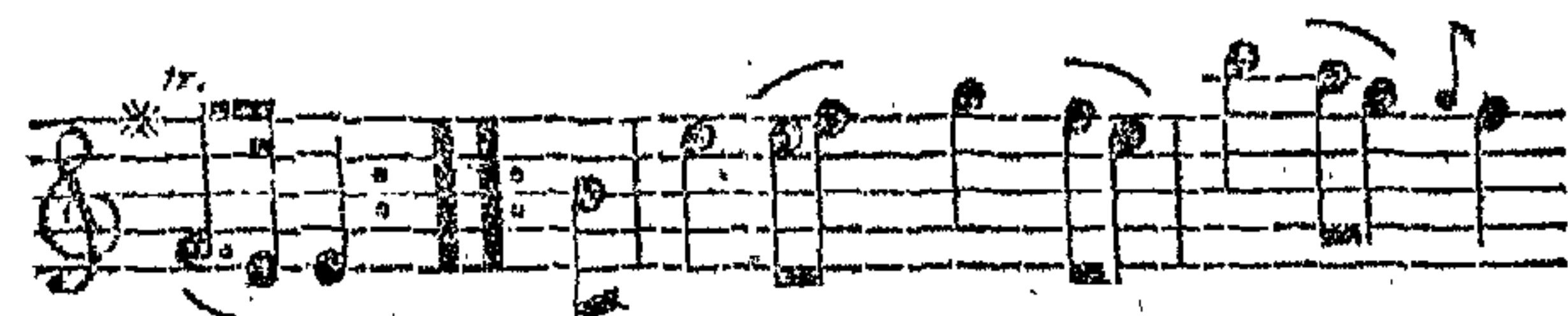
'Twas in that sea-son of the year, When



all things gay and sweet appear, That Co-lin



with the morning ray, a-rose and sung his ru-



ral lay

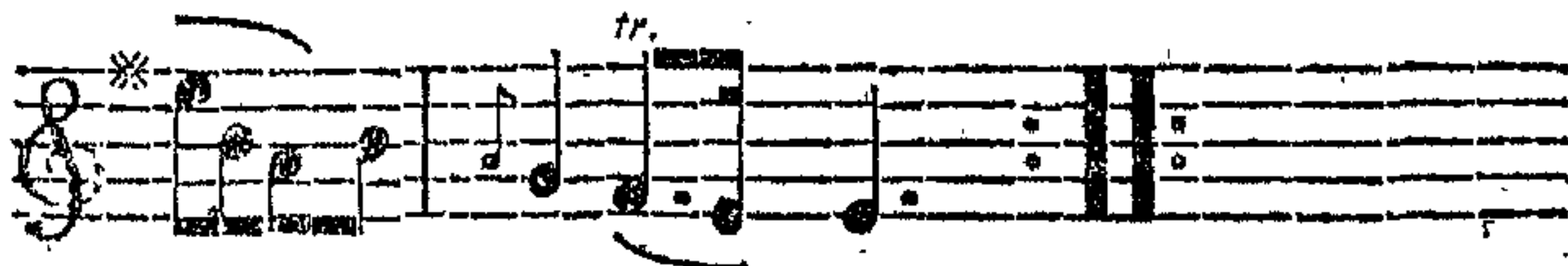
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,



The hills and dales with Nan - ny rung, While



"Rosline Castle heard the swain, And ec - cho'd
back



back the chear - ful strain.

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

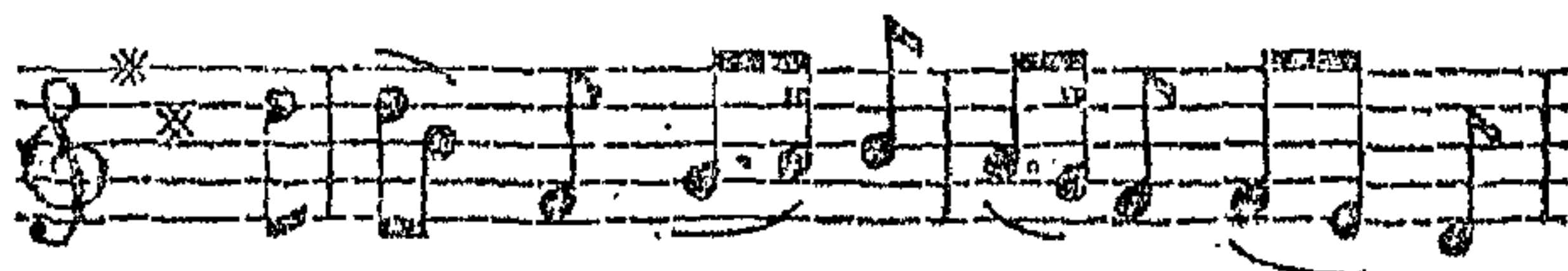
O hark, my love ! on ev'ry spray,
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng ;
 And love inspires the melting song :
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes ;
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O ! come my love ! thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, O come away !
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine,
 Around that modest brow of thine !
 O ! hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

S O N G C L I I .



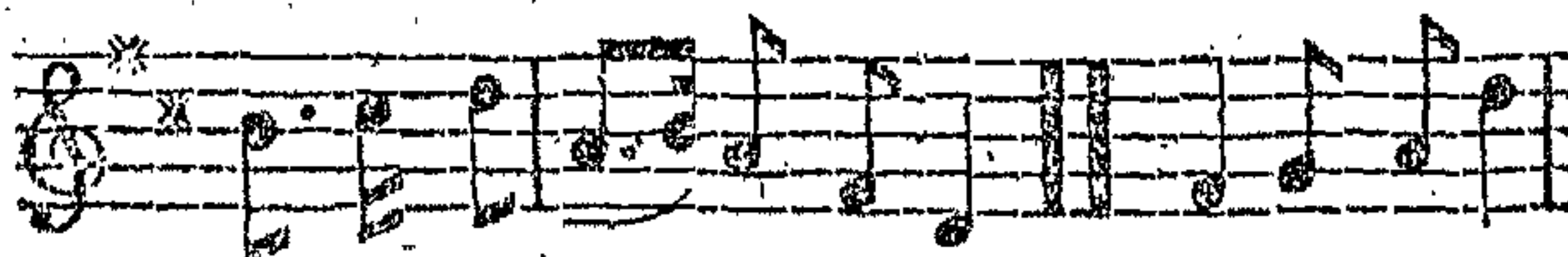
The Lawland lads think they are fine,



But O they're vain and i - dle gawdy, How



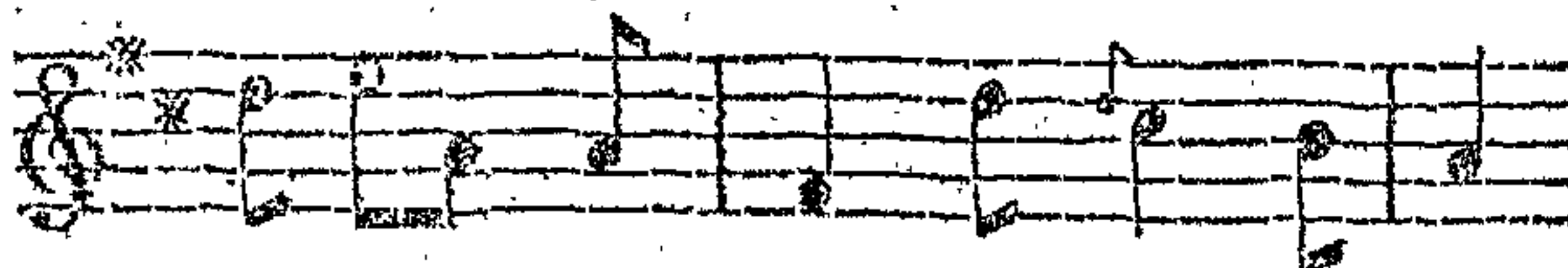
much un - like that graceful mien, And man - ly



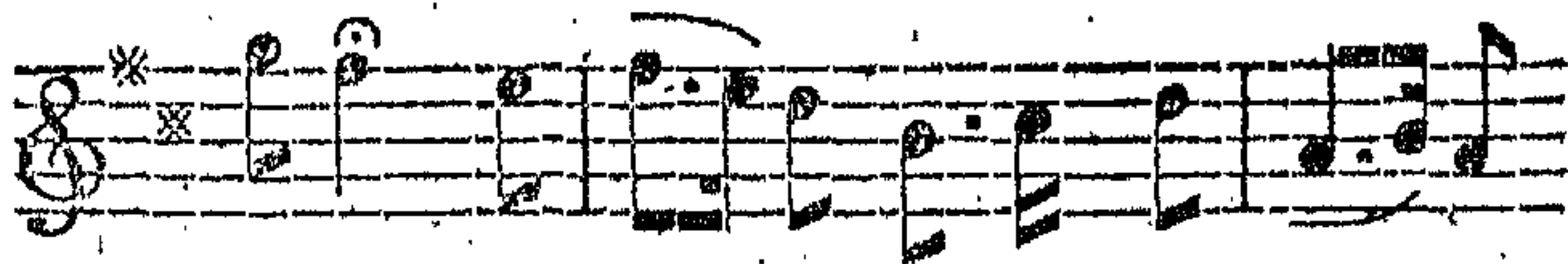
locks, of my Highland laddie ; O my bonny



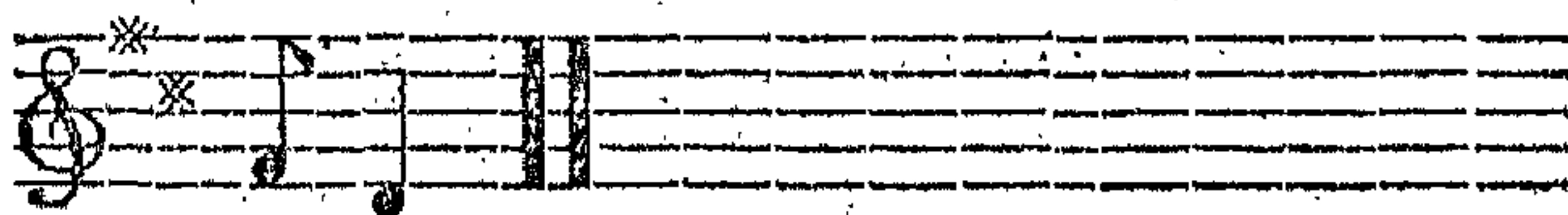
Highland laddie, My handsome smiling High-



land laddie, may heav'n's still guard and love
reward,



reward, The Lawland lass and her Highland



laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady;
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in Burrow's town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compair'd to him he's but a clown,
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er Benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and dady,
Frae Winter's cauld and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

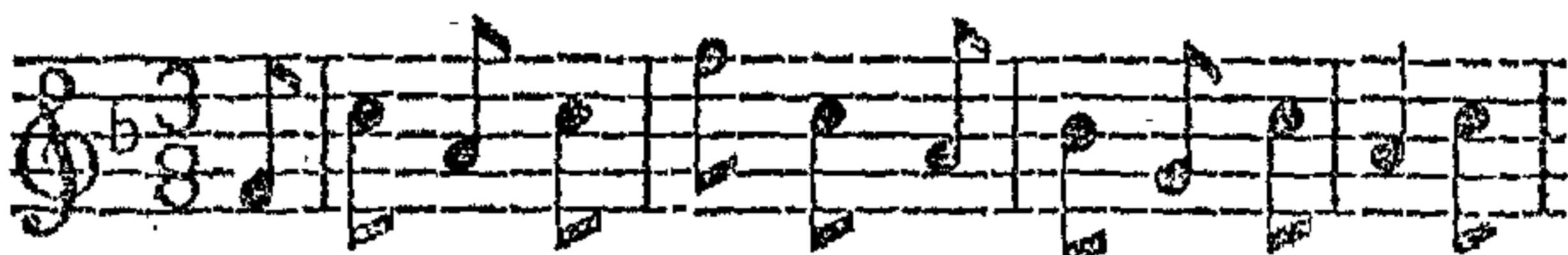
A painted room and filken bed,
May please a Lawland laird and lady;
But I can kifs and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie;
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
 Sine rows me in beneath his plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him which ne'er shall end,
 While heav'n preserves my Highland laddie.
 O my bonny, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

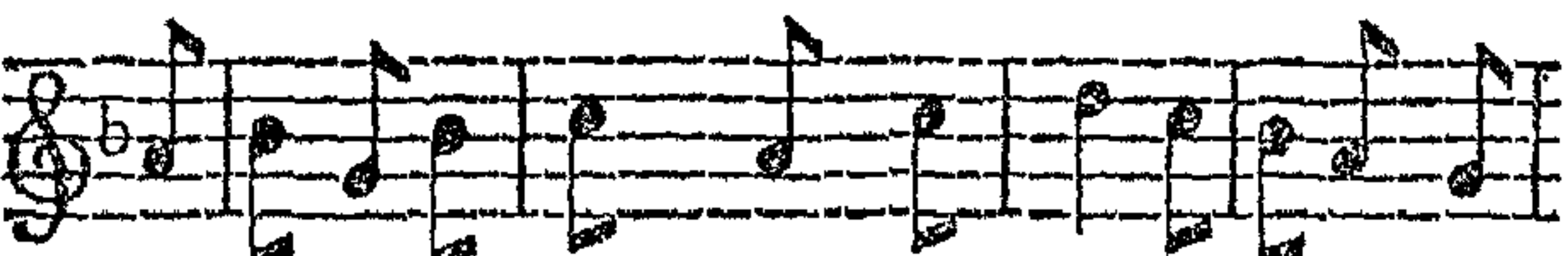
S O N G CLIII.



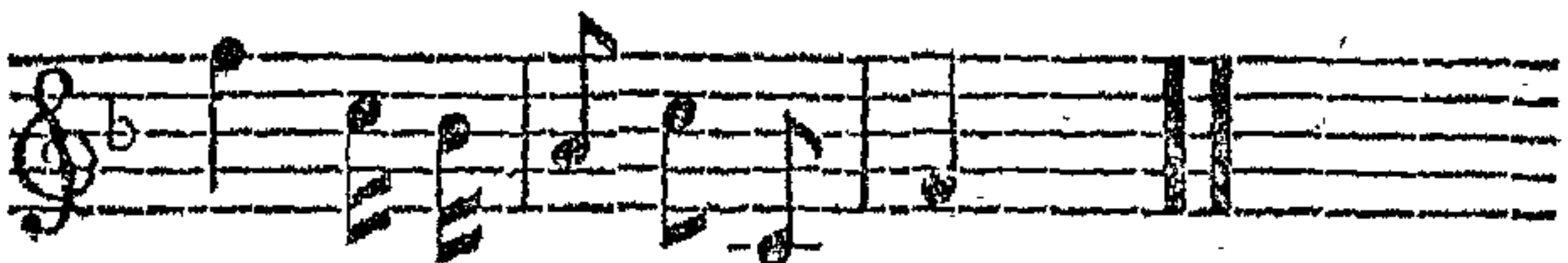
When I was a young one what girl was like me, So



wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee, I tattl'd,



I rambl'd, I laugh'd, and where e'er a fiddle was



heard, to be sure, I was there.

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

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

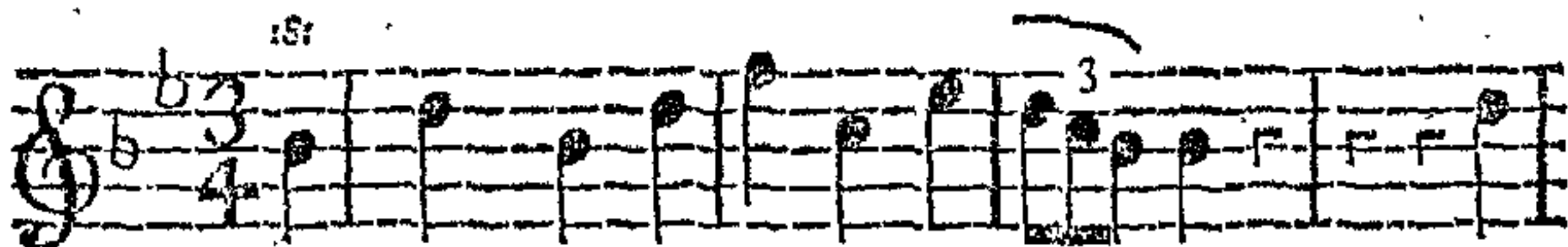
He

He snub'd me and huff'd me—but let me alone,
 Egad I've a tongue—and I paid him his own ;
 Ye wives take the hint, and when spouse is untowr'd,
 Stand firm to our charter—and have the last word.

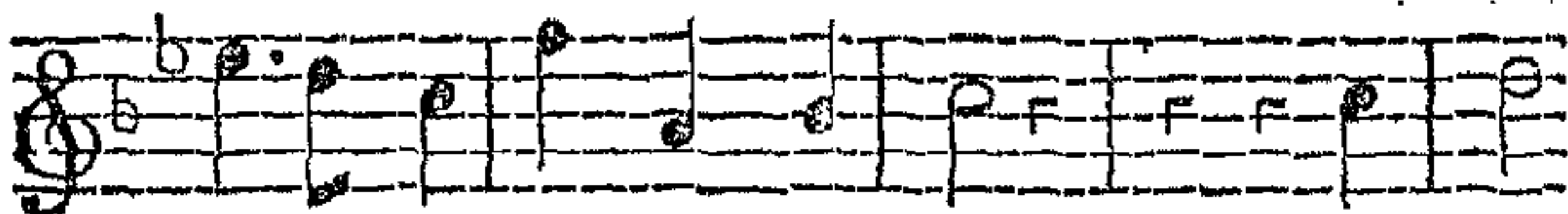
But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe,
 I'm not what I was forty summers ago ;
 This time's a sore foe, there's no shunning his dart ;
 However I keep up a pretty good heart.

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

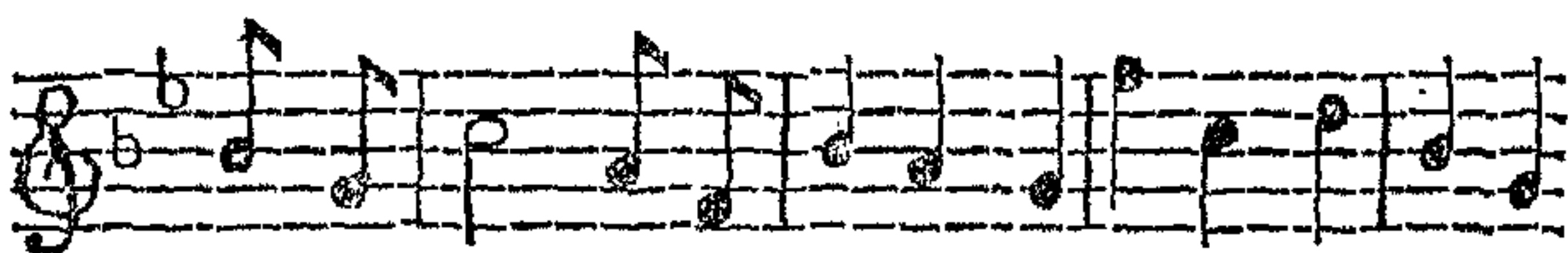
SONG CLIV.



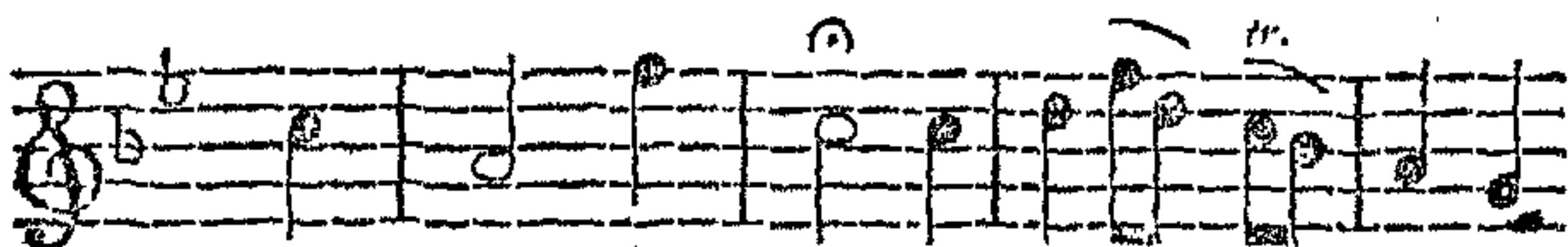
That May-day of life is for pleasure, For



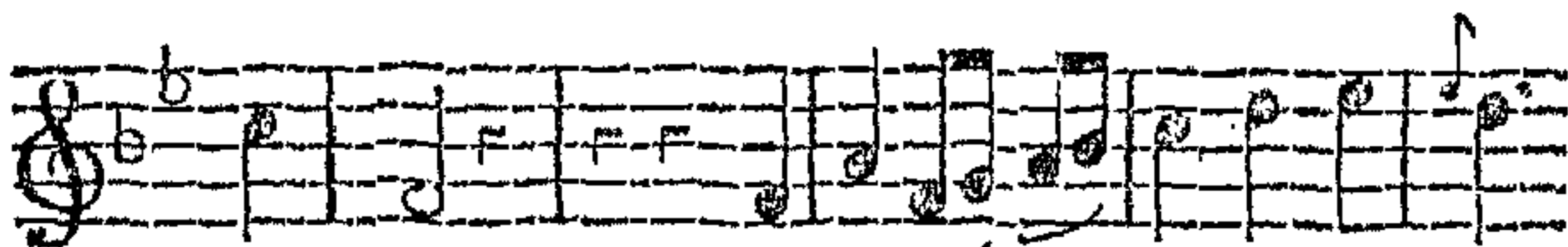
singing and dancing and show, Then why



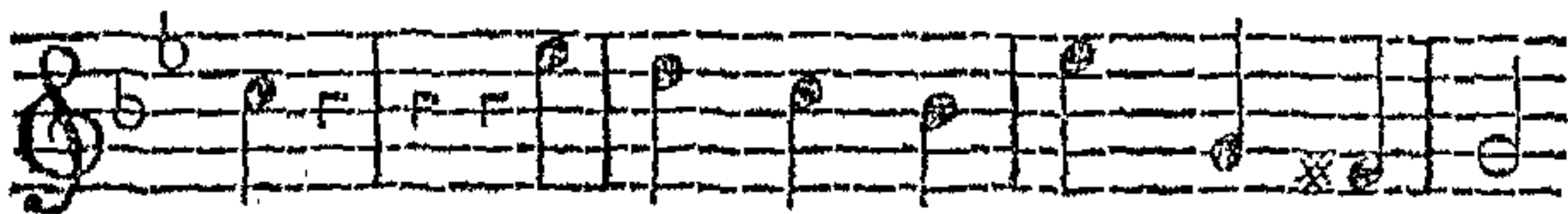
will you waste such a treasure in fighting and crying



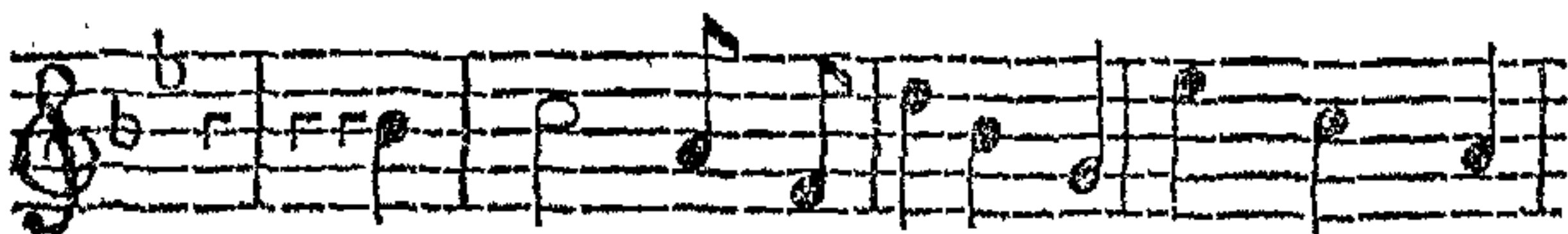
Heigh - ho! Heigh - ho! in fighting and crying



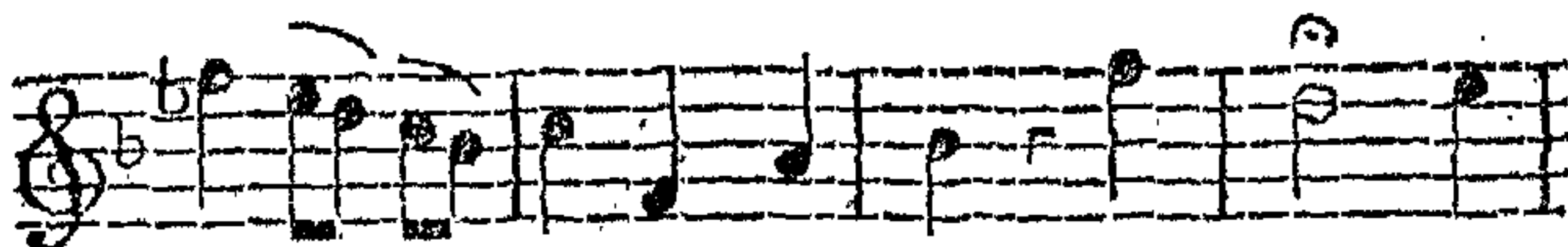
Heigh - ho ! Let's copy the bird in the mea-



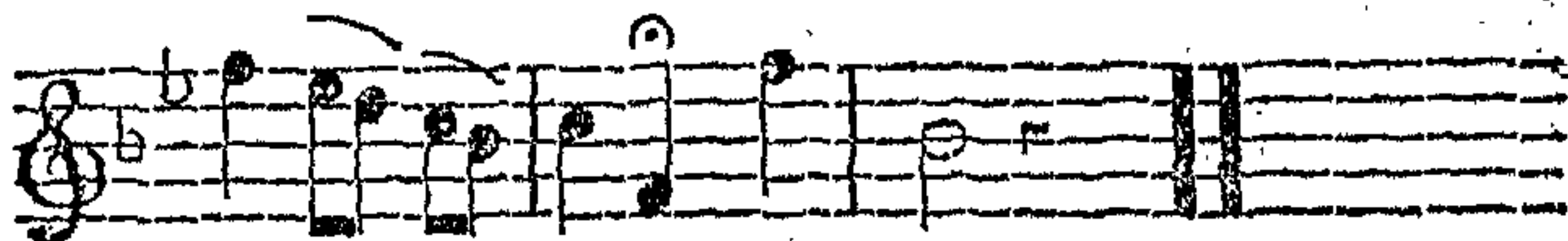
dows, by her's tune your pipe when 'tis low.



Fly round and coquet it as she does, and
never



ne - ver sit crying Heigh - ho! Heigh - ho! and



ne - ver sit crying Heigh - ho;

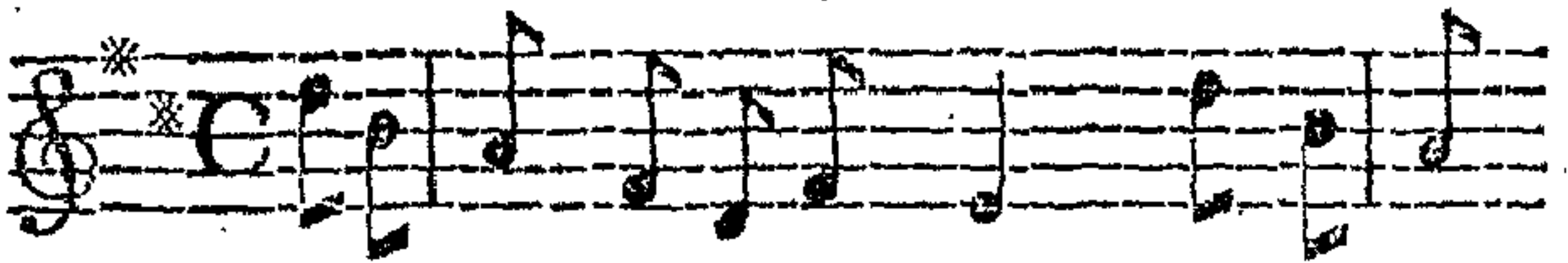
Tho', when in the arms of a lover,
It sometimes may happen, I know,
That e'er all our toying is over,
We cannot help crying—Heigh-ho!

In age, ev'ry one a new part takes,
I find, to my sorrow, 'tis so;
When old, you may cry, till your heart aches,
But no one will mind you—Heigh-ho!

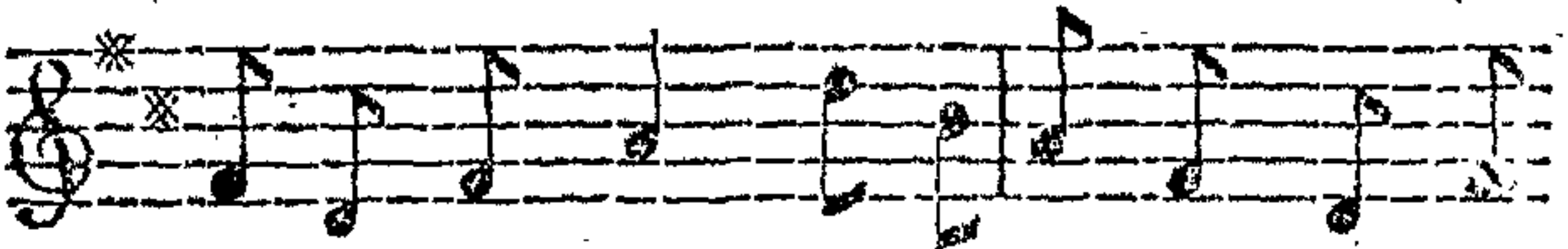
E e

S O N G

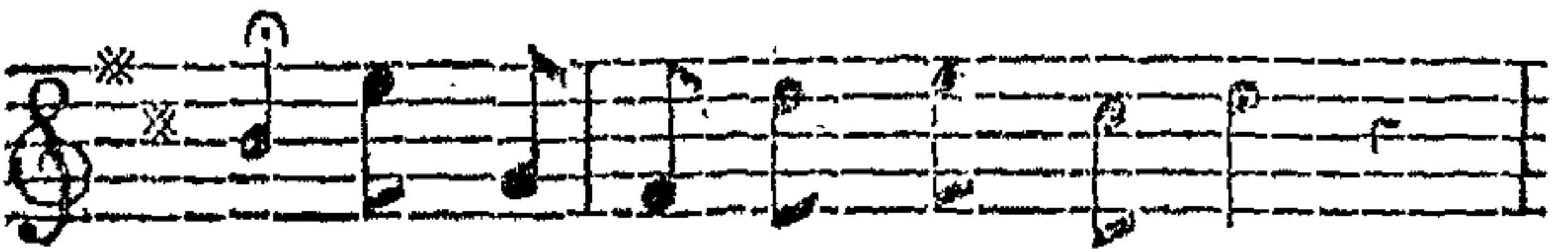
S O N G C L V.



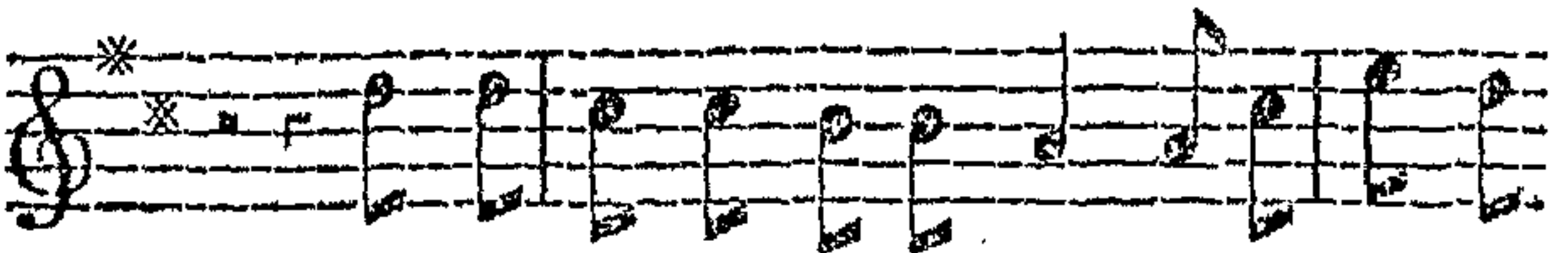
O the days when I was young ! When I laugh'd



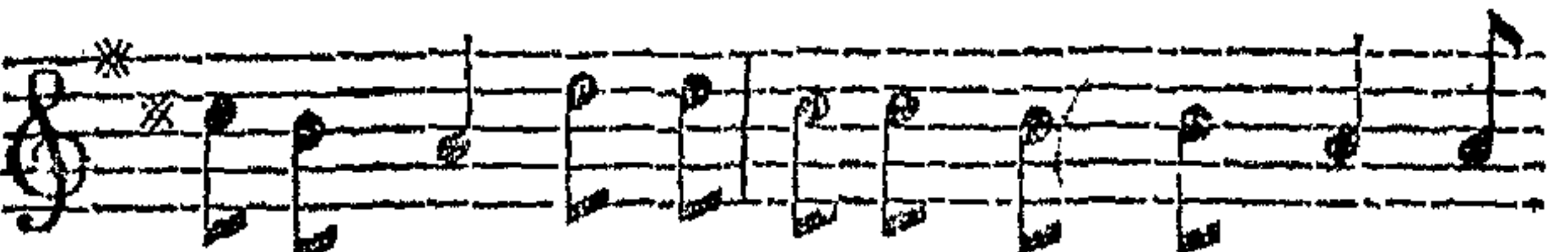
in fortune's spight, Talk of love the whole day



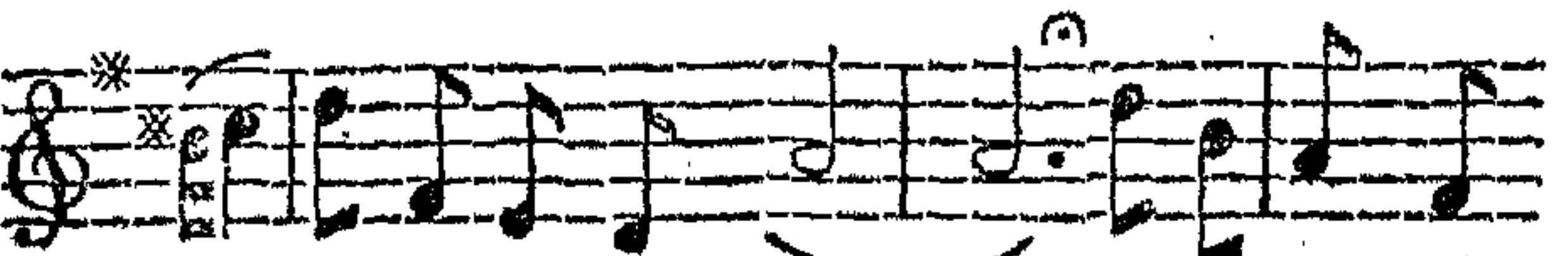
long, And with nec - tar crown'd the night :



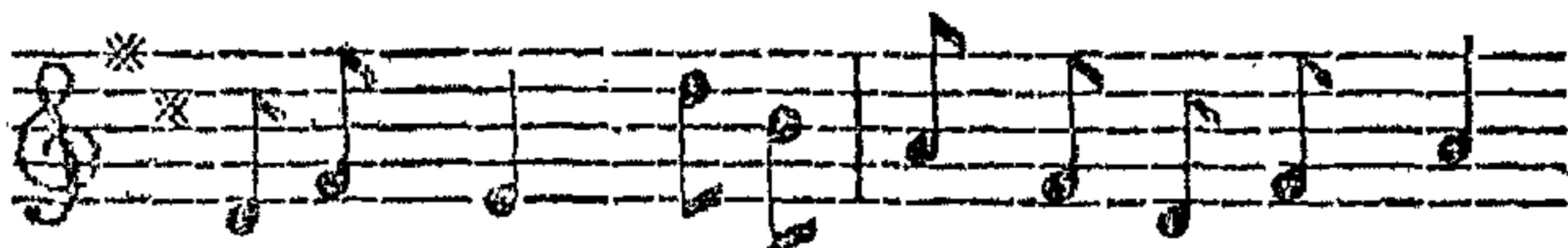
Then it was old father Care, little reck'd I



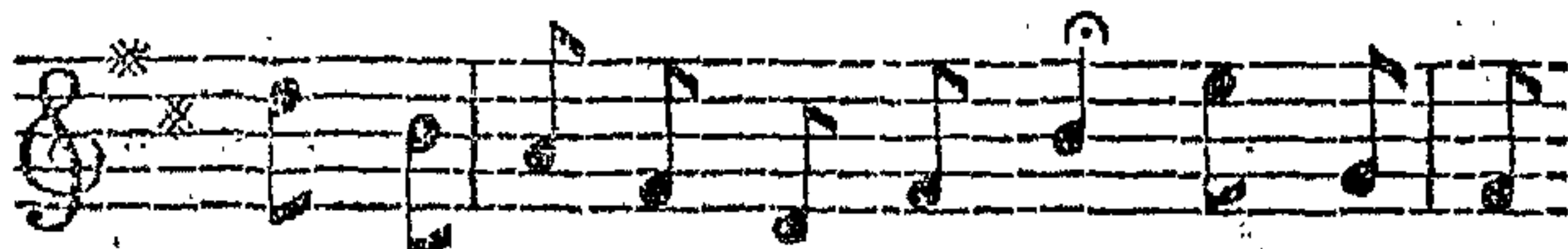
of thy frown, half thy malice youth cou'd bear, and



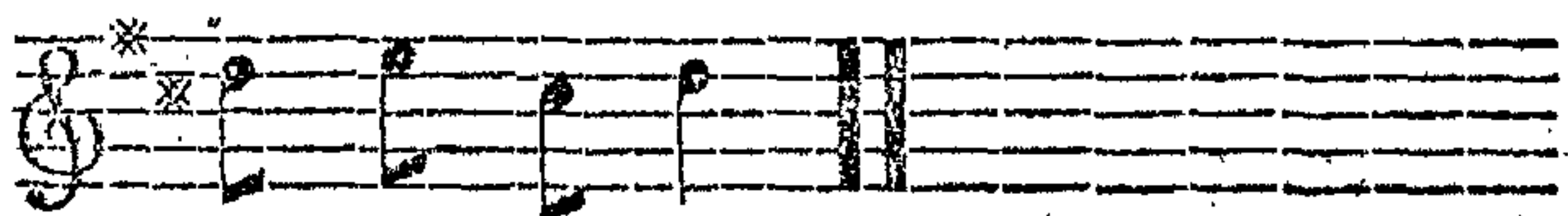
the rest a bumper drown - - -, O the days when
I was



I was young! When I laugh'd in fortune's spight,



Talk of love the whole day long, And with nec-

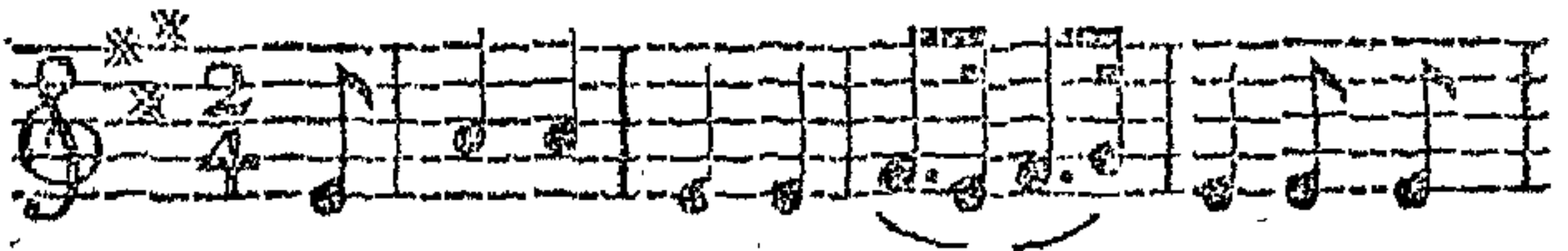


tar crown'd the night.

Truth they say lies in a well,
 Why I vow I ne'er cou'd see,
 Let the water drinkers tell,
 There it always lay for me :
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falsehood's mask ;
 But still honest truth I found
 In the bottom of each flask !
 O the days, &c.

Truth at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey !
 Yet old Jerome thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire,
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.
 O the days, &c.

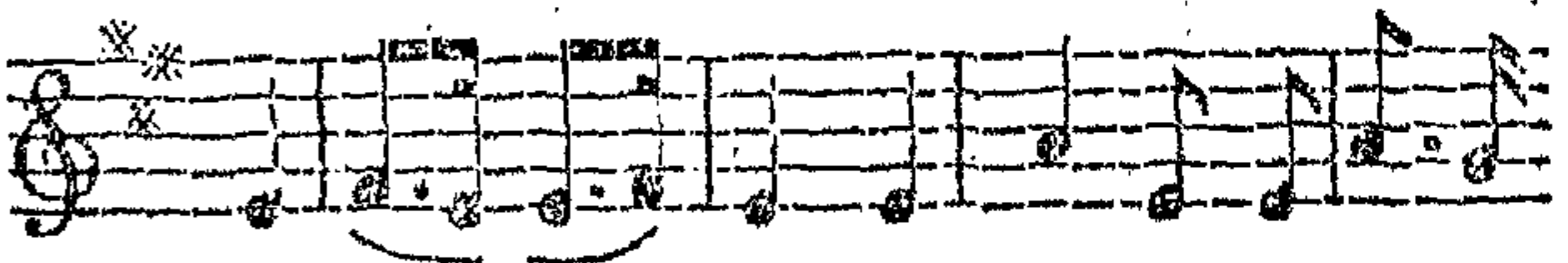
S O N G CLVI.



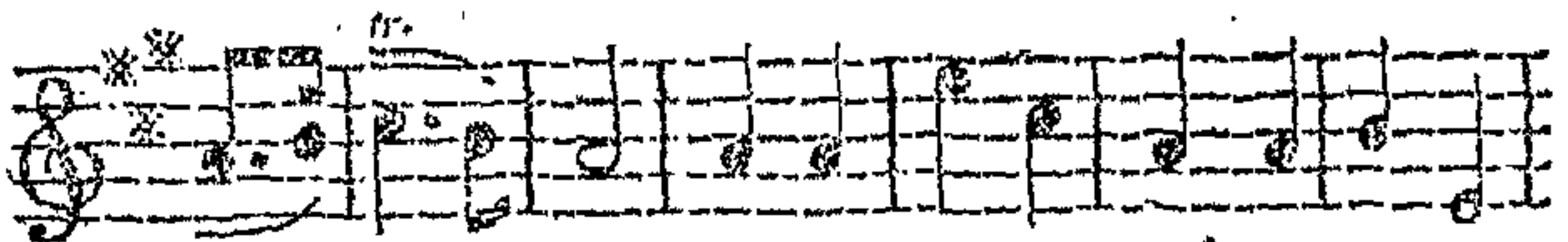
A - mo A - mas I love a las; As a



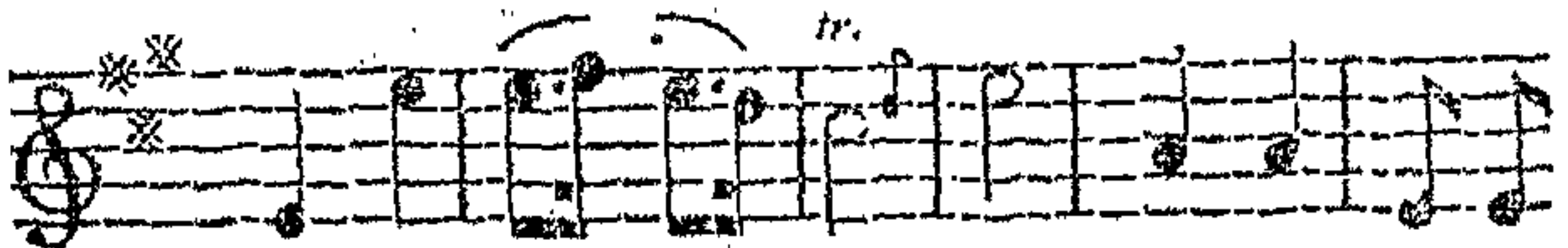
cedar tall and flen - der, Sweet cowslips grace



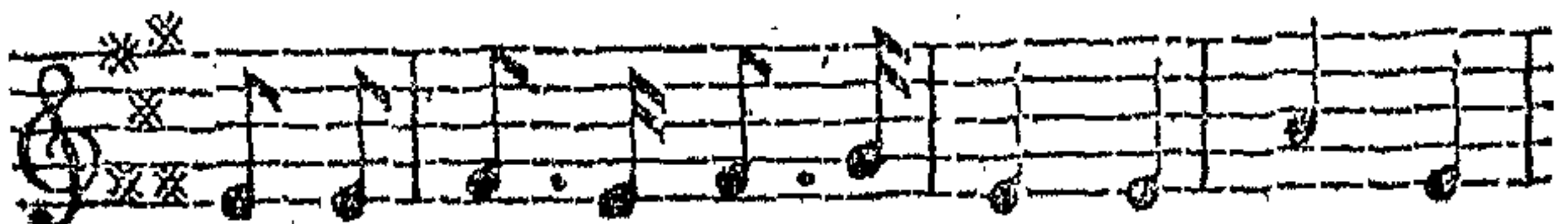
Her nom - tive case, And she's of the fe - mi -



nine gen - der, Horum Corum sunt di-vorum,



Har - um - scar - um Di - vo, Tag - rag merry



der - ry per - ry wig and hat - band Hic Hoc
Ho-



Ho - rum gen - i - ti - vo,

Can I decline a nymph divine,
 Whose voice as a flute is dulcis,
 Her oculos bright her manus white,
 And soft when I tacts her pulse is.

Cho. Horum Corum, &c.

O how Bella my Puella,
 I'll kiss secula seculorum,
 If I have luck, sir, she's my uxor,
 O Dies Benedictorum.

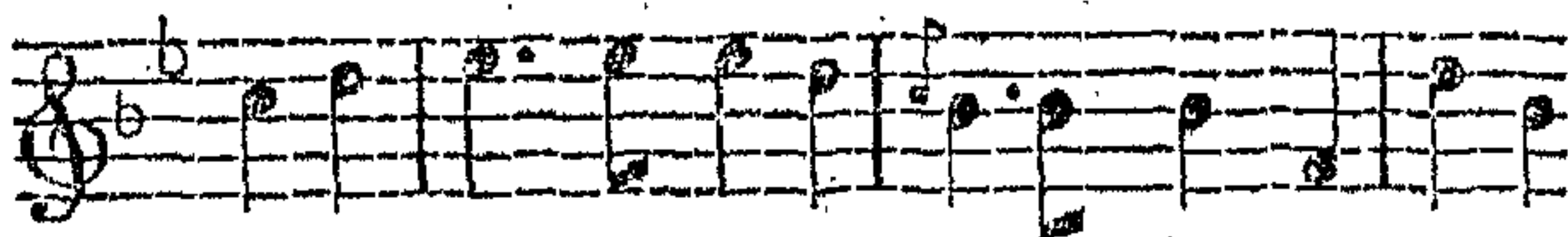
Cho. Horum Corum, &c.

SONG CLVII.

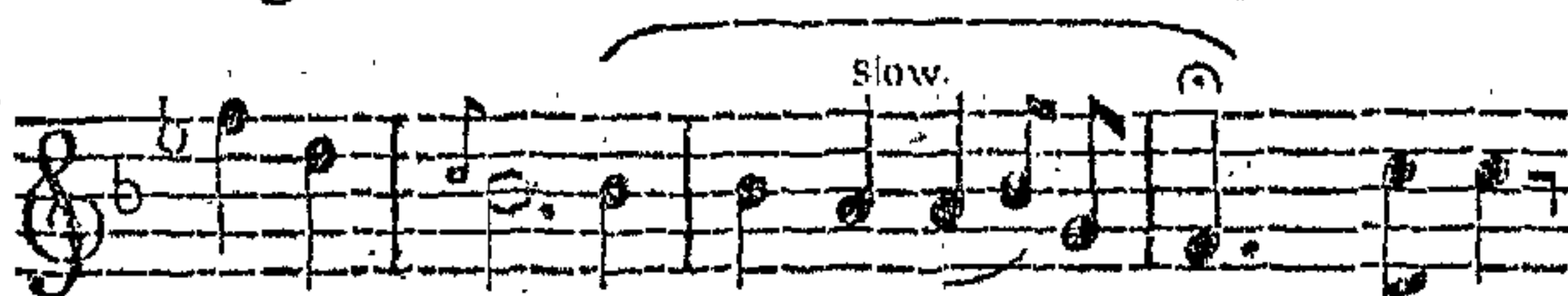
Recit.



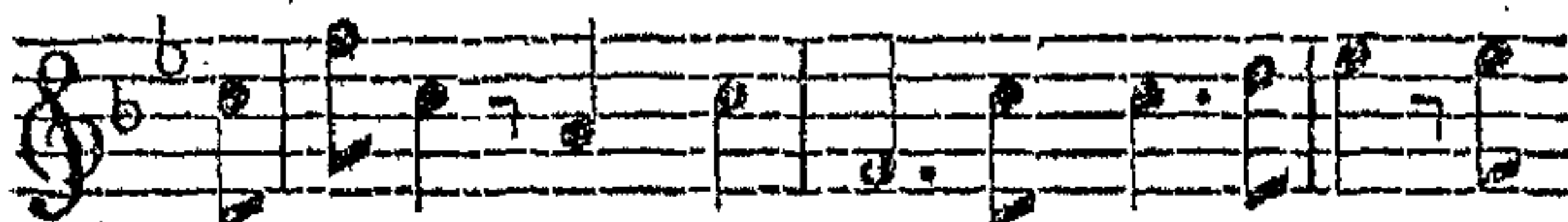
Some courtly youth whom love inspires, may



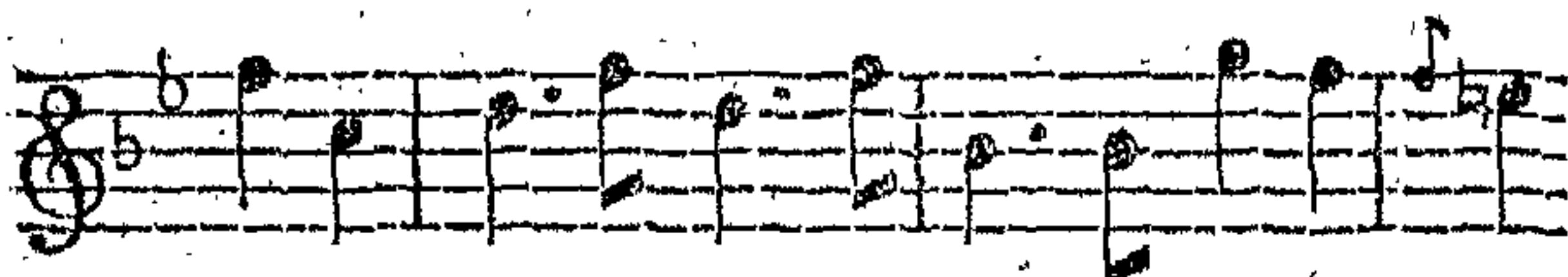
sing of flames and soft desires, or string A-pollo's



tuneful lyre, to move in melting strain ; But I



Parnassus ne'er have seen, the god of love or



Cyprian queen, I know not what those fancies mean,

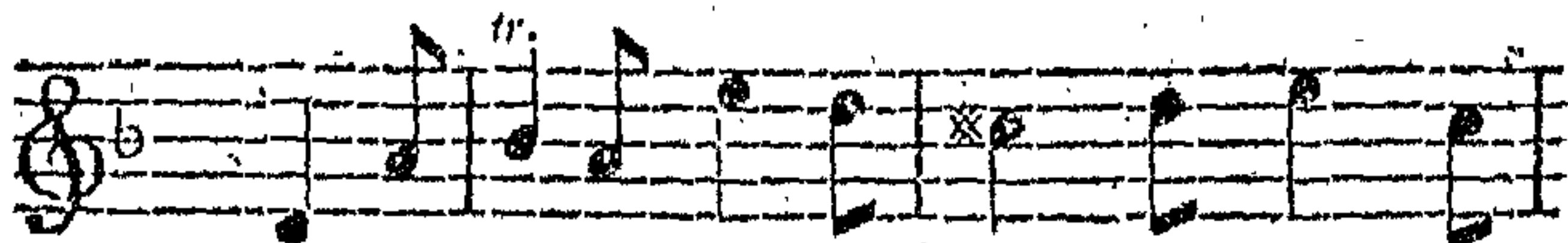


a poor and homely swain ; a poor and homely

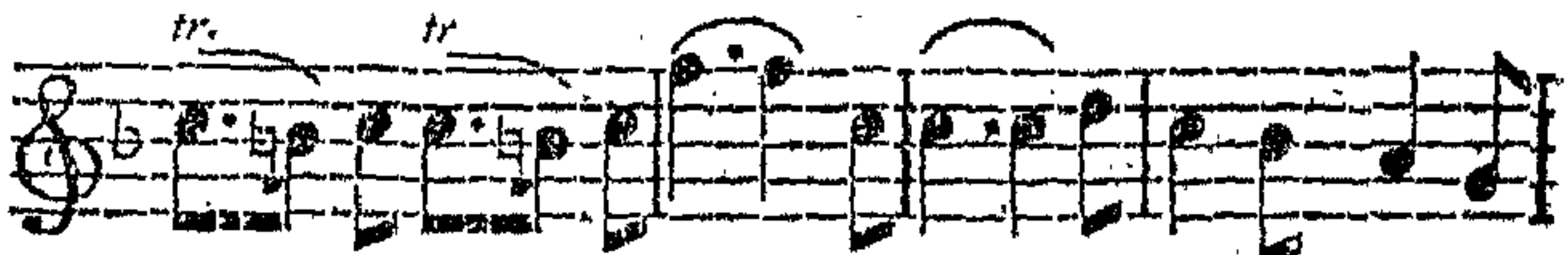


swain,

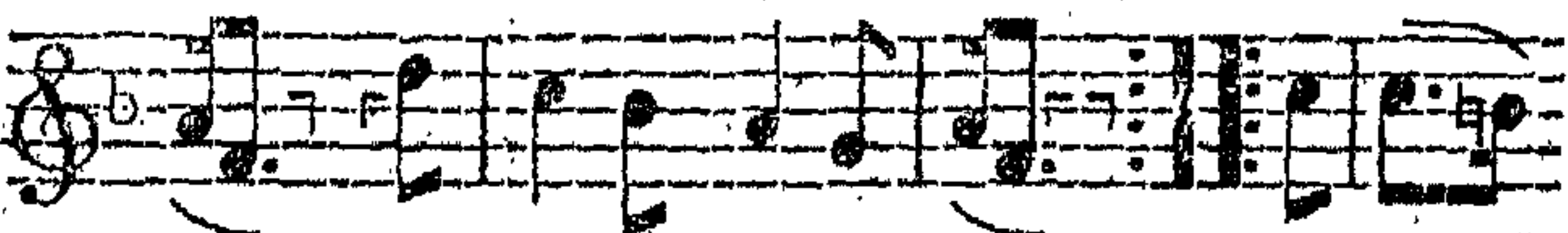
I know that I went to the
fair,



fair, the miller's daughter Moll was there, Her



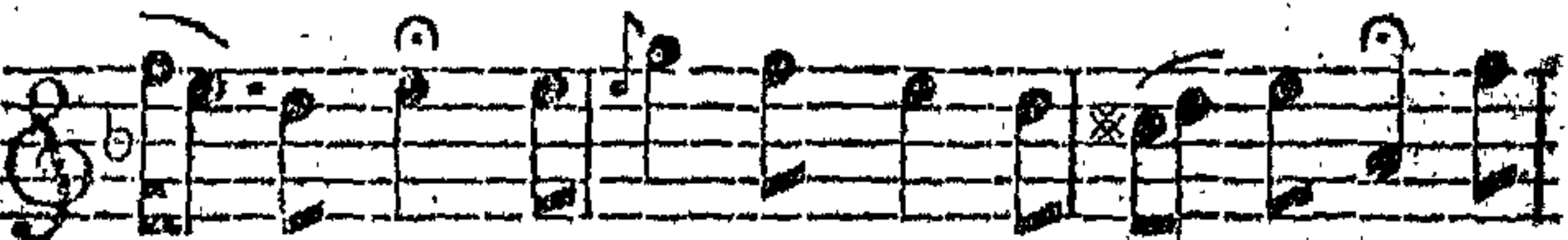
beau - ty made me gape and stare a woeful sight for



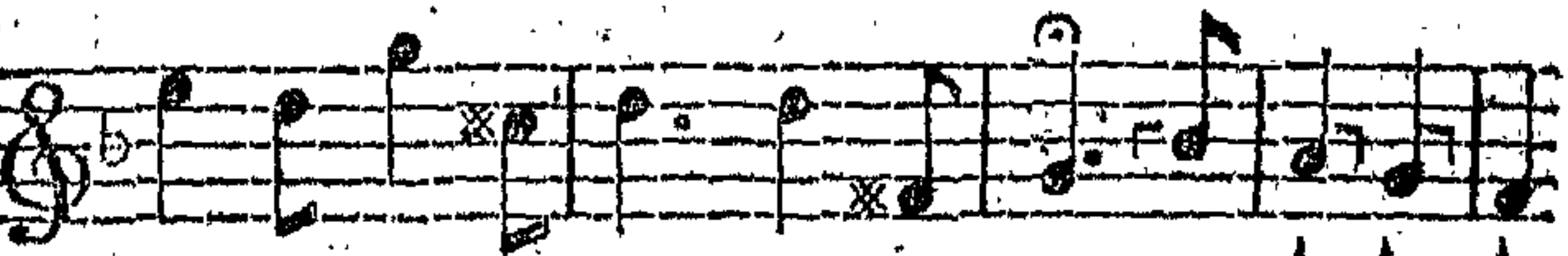
John, a woeful sight for John. I fell



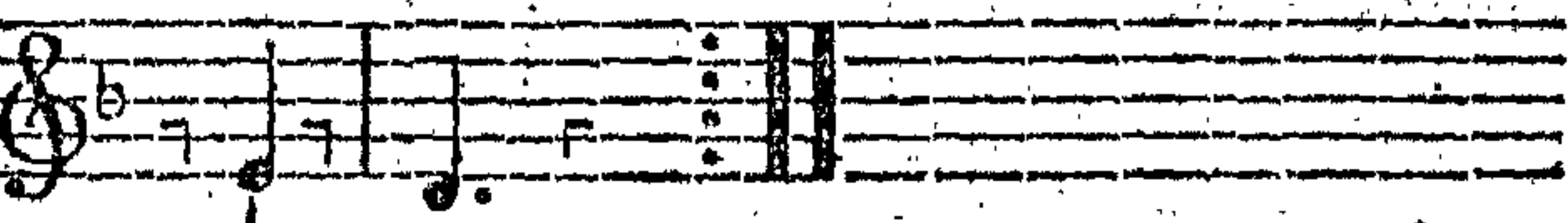
in love up - on the place, I told her my un-



hap - py case, yet still she turn'd a - way her face and



bid me get me gone, get me gone, and bid me get



me gone,

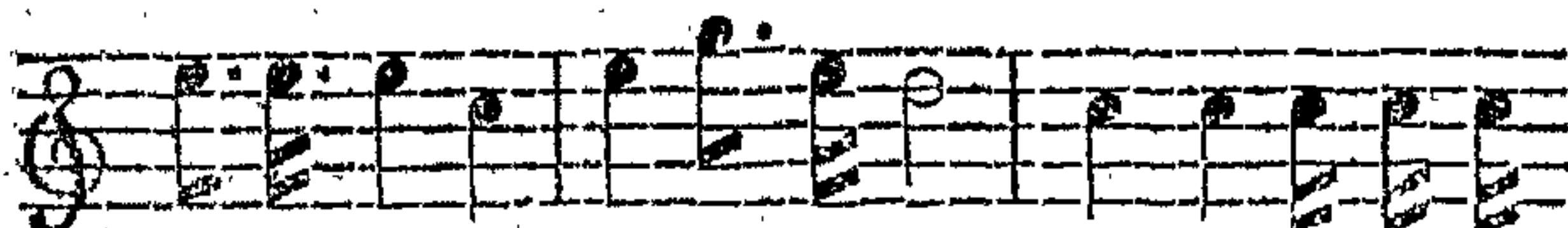
My

My heart went bumping in my breast,
 It broke a score of ribs at least;
 The live-long day I took no rest,
 :S: Nor clos'd an eye at night. :S:
 I am so bad at times that I,
 For aught I know, may come to die,
 If she keeps on her cruelty:
 I am in doleful plight.

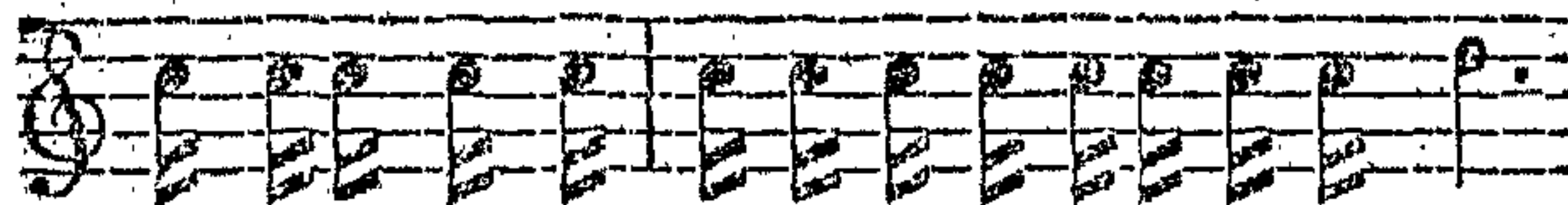
S O N G CLVIII.



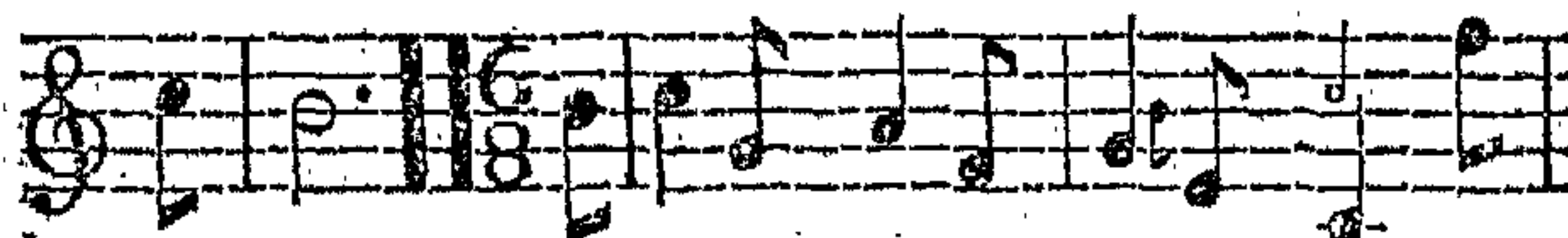
Four and twenty fid - lers all on a row, Four and



twenty fid - lers all on a row, there was fiddle fad -

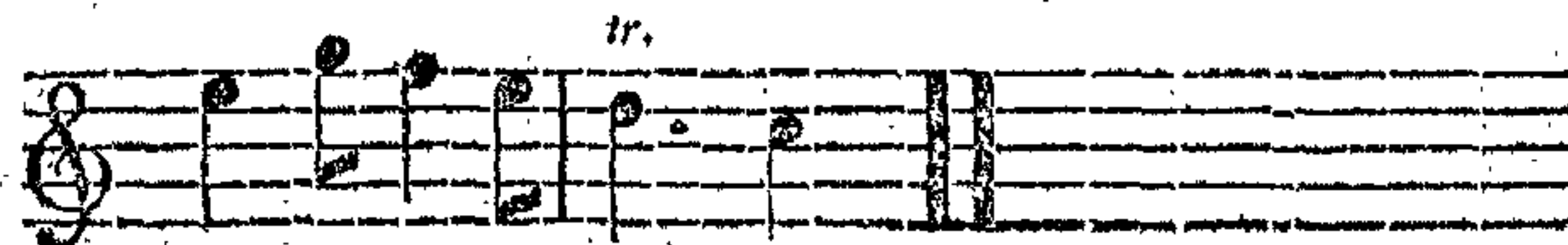


dle fiddle and my double damme semi quibble down



be - low.

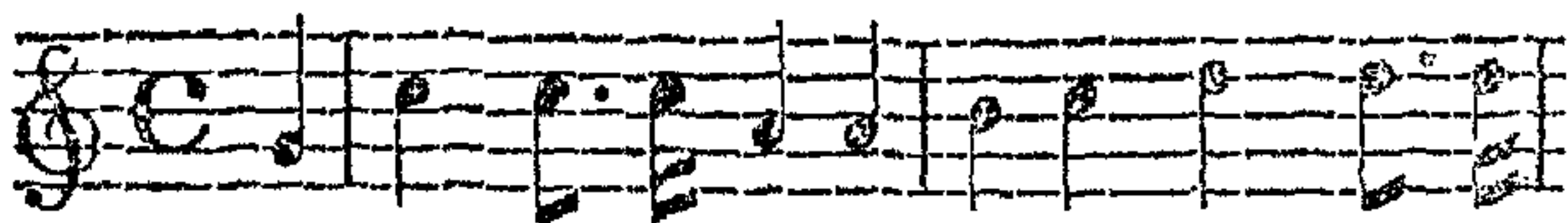
It is my la - dy's ho - li - day there -



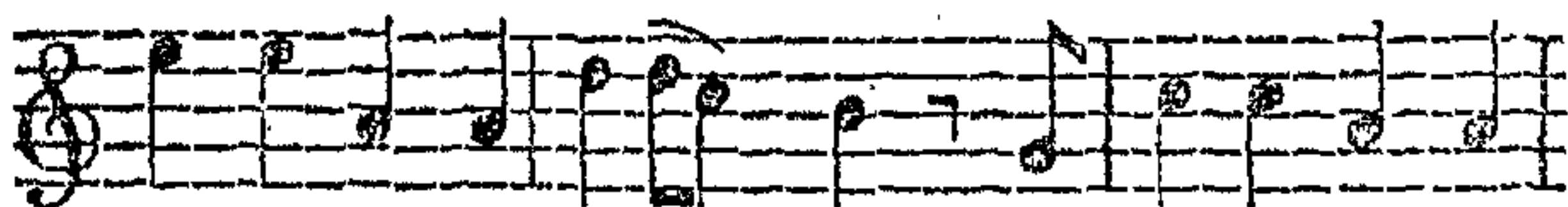
fore let us be mer - ry.

- 2 Four and twenty drummers all on a row, there was hey
rub a dub ho rub a dub fiddle fiddle, &c.
- 3 Four and twenty trumpeters all on a row, there was tan-
tara rara tantara rara hey rub a dub, &c.
- 4 Four and twenty cobblers all on a row, there was stab awl
and cobbler and cobbler and stab awl tantara rara, &c.
- 5 Four and twenty fencing masters all on a row, there was
push carte and teirce down at heel cut him across stab
awl and cobbler, &c.
- 6 Four and twenty captains all on a row, there was Oh!
d—n me kick him down stairs push carte and tierce, &c.
- 7 Four and twenty parsons all on a row, there was Lord
have mercy upon us O! d—n me kick him down
stairs, &c.
- 8 Four and twenty taylors all on a row, one caught a louse,
another let it loose and another cried knock him down
with the goose, Lord have mercy upon us, &c.
- 9 Four and twenty barbers all on a row, there was bag
whigs, short bobs, toupees, long ques, shave for a
penny, Oh d—n'd hard times two ruffles and ne'er a
shirt, one caught a louse, &c.
- 10 Four and twenty quakers all on a row, there was Abra-
ham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob
peopled the twelve tribes of Israel, with bag wigs,
short bobs, toupees, long ques, shave for a penny,
Oh d—n'd hard times two ruffles and ne'er a shirt,
one caught a louse, another let it loose, and another
cried knock him down with the goose, Lord have
mercy upon us, Oh d—n me kick him down stairs,
push carte and tierce, down at heel cut him across,
stab awl and cobbler, and cobbler stab awl, tantara rara,
tantara rara, hey rub a dub, ho rub a dub, fiddle
fiddle fiddle and my double damme semi quibble
down below, It is my lady's holiday therefore let us
be merry.

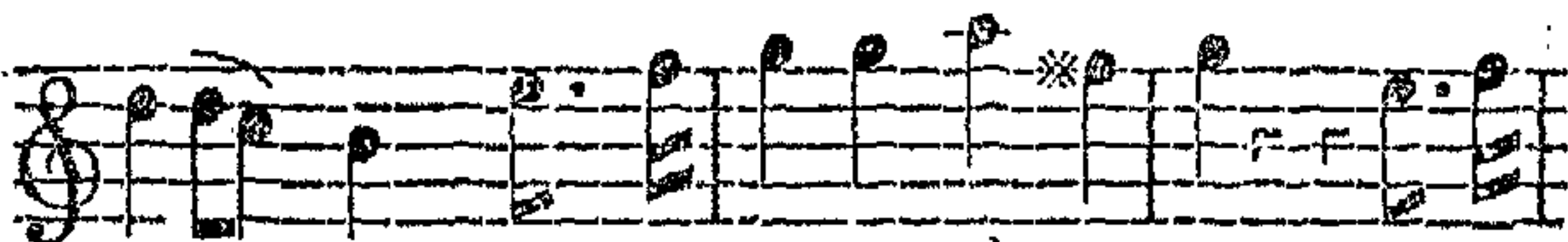
S O N G C L I X.



'Twas I learnt a pretty song in France, and I



brought it o'er the sea by chance ; and then in Wapping



I did dance, oh ! the like was ne - ver seen : For I



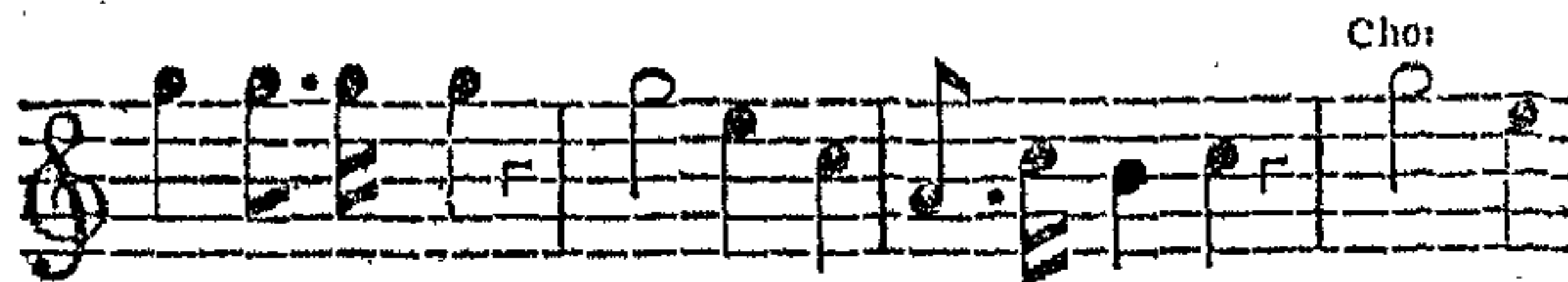
made the music loud for to play, All for to pass the



dull hours a - - way, And when I had nothing left for



to say, Then I sung Fal de ral Tit, Tit fal de ral,



Tit fal de ray, Then I sung Fal de ral Tit, Then we
sung



fung Fal de ral Tit.

As I was walking down Thames street,
A ship mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,
And I was resolv'd him for to treat,
With a cann of grog, gillio!
A cann of grog they brought us strait,
All for to pleasure my ship mate,
And satisfaction give him straight,
Then I sung Fal de ral Tit, &c.

The Maccaronies next came in,
All drest so neat and look'd so trim,
And thinking for to strike me dum.
Some was short, and some was tall,
But 'tis very well known that I lick'd them all,
For I dous'd their heads against the wall,
Then I sung Fal de ral Tit, &c.

The landlord then aloud did say
As how he wish'd I wou'd go away;
And if I 'tempted for to stay,
As how he'd take the law.
Lord d—me, says I, you may do your worst,
For I've not scarcely quench'd my thirst,
All this I said, and nothing worse,
Then I sung, Fal de ral Tit, &c.

It's when I have crost the raging main,
And be come back to old England again,
Of grogg I'll drink galore;
With a pretty girl for to sit by my side,
And for her costly robes I'll provide,
So that she shall be satisfied,
Then I'll sing Fal de ral tit, &c.

SONG CLX.



Ye scamps, ye pads, ye divers, and all upon the



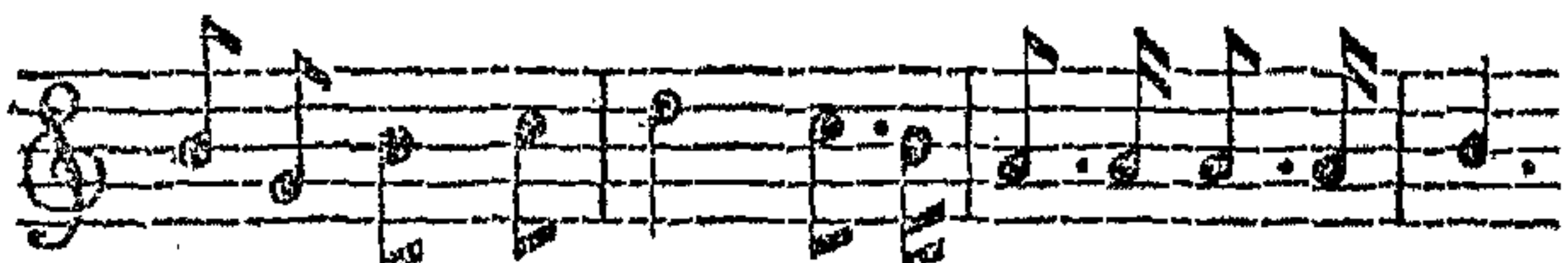
lay, in T'othil-fields gay sheep-walk like lambs ye sport



and play ; Rattling up your dar-bies, come hither



at my call, I am Jigger-Dubber here, and you're



welcome to Mill Dol, With a row de row de row,



with a row de row row de row Row de row



de row with a row de row de row.

1 2 3 4

At

At your insurance office the flats you've taken in,
 'The game you've play'd, my Kiddy, you're always sure to
 win ;

First you touch the shiners—the number up—you break,
 With your insuring policy ! I'd not insure your neck.

Row de row, &c.

The French with trotters nimble, could fly from English
 blows,

And they've got nimble daddles, as Monsieur plainly shews,
 Be thus the foes of Britain bang'd, Ay thump away Monsieur,
 The hemp you're beating now, will make a solitaire.

Row de row, &c.

My peepers, who've we here now !* why this is sure black
 Moll,

My ma'am you're of the fair sex, so welcome to Mill Doll ;
 The call with you who'd venture into a snoozing ken,
 Like Blackamoor Othello, should put out the light, and
 then —

Row de row, &c.

I think, my flashy coachman, that you'll take better care,
 Nor for a little hub come the slang upon your fare ;
 Your jazy pays the garnish, unless the fees you tip,
 Tho' you're a flashy coachman, here the gager holds the
 whip.

Row de row, &c.

S O N G CLXI.

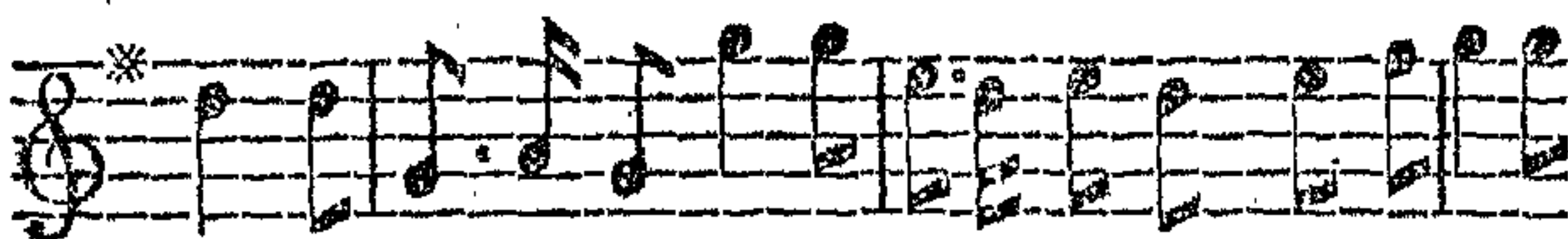


A master I have and I am his man, galloping

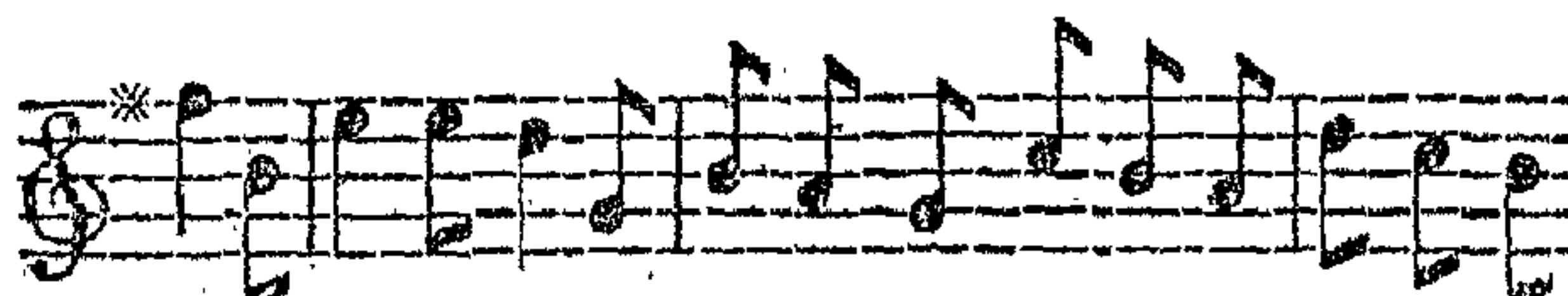


dreary dun ;

A master I have and I am his



man, and he'll get a wife as fast as he can, with a haily



gaily gambo rai-ly giggle - ing niggling galloping



galloway draggletail dreary dun.

I faddled his steed so fine and so gay,

Galloping dreary dun ;

I mounted my mule and we both rode away,

With our haily, &c.

We cantered along until it grew dark,

Galloping dreary dun ;

The nightingale sang instead of the lark,

With her haily, &c.

We

We met with a friar and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 By the Lord says the friar you're both gone astray,
 With your haily, &c.

Our journey I fear will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 We wander alone like the babes in the wood,
 With our haily, &c.

I heard a mot fir'd and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun ;
 But now I think better, I'd better go sleep,
 With my haily, &c.

S O N G CLXII.

Tune, — Derry down,

OLD Homer!—but with him what have we to do ?
 What are Grecians, or Trojans, to me or to you ?
 Such heathenish heroes no more I'll invoke,
 Choice Spirits assist me, attend Hearts of Oak.
 Derry down, &c.

Sweet Peace, belov'd handmaid of Science and Art,
 Unanimity take your petitioner's part ;
 Accept of my song, 'tis the best I can do —
 But first, may it please you—my service to you.

Perhaps my address you may premature think,
 Because I have mention'd no toast as I drink ;
 There are many fine toasts, but the best of 'em all
 Is the toast of the times ; that is Liberty-Hall.

That fine British building by Alfred was fram'd,
 Its grand corner-stone Magna Charta is nam'd ;
 Independency came at Integrity's call ;
 And form'd the front pillars of Liberty-Hall.

This manor our fathers bought with their blood,
And their sons, and their sons sons, have prov'd the deeds
good ;

By that title we live, with that title we'll fall,
For life is not life out of Liberty-Hall.

In mantle of honour, each star-spangled fold,
Playing bright in the sun-shine, the burnish of gold,
Truth beams on her breast ; see at Loyalty's call,
The genius of England in Liberty-Hall.

Ye sweet smelling courtlings of ribband and lace,
The spaniels of Power, and Bounty's disgrace,
So supple, so servile, so passive ye fall,
'Twas Passive-obedience lost Liberty-Hall.

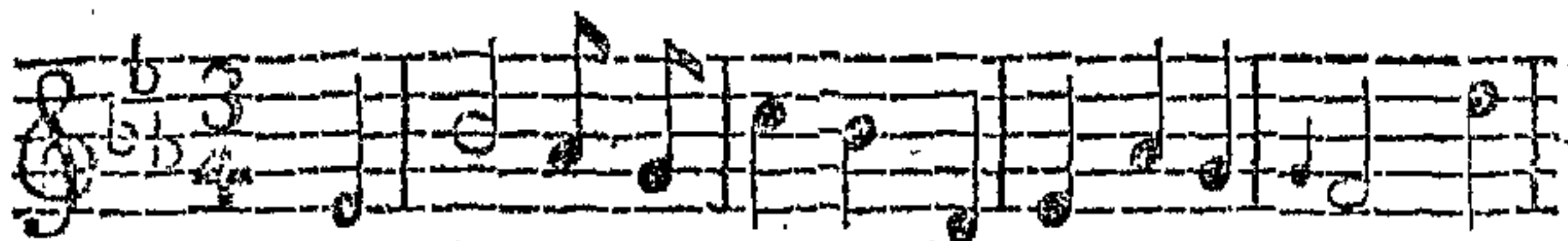
But when Revolution had settl'd the crown,
And Natural Reason knock'd Tyranny down,
No frowns cloath'd with terror appear'd to appall,
The doors were thrown open of Liberty-Hall.

See England triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,
Her standard is Justice, her watch-word be Free ;
Our King is our countryman, Englishmen all,
God bless him, and bless us, in Liberty-Hall.

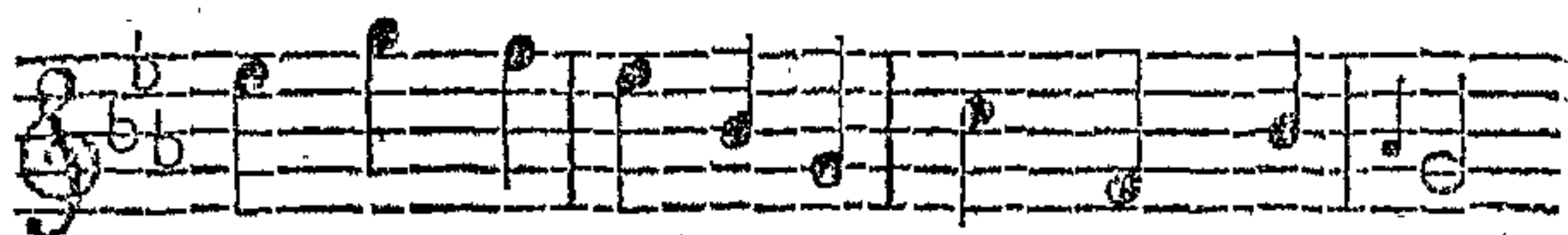
Ob were it des All—Monsieur wants to know,
'Tis neither at Marli, Versailles, Fontainblue :
'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art,
For Liberty-Hall is an Englishman's heart.

Derry down, &c.

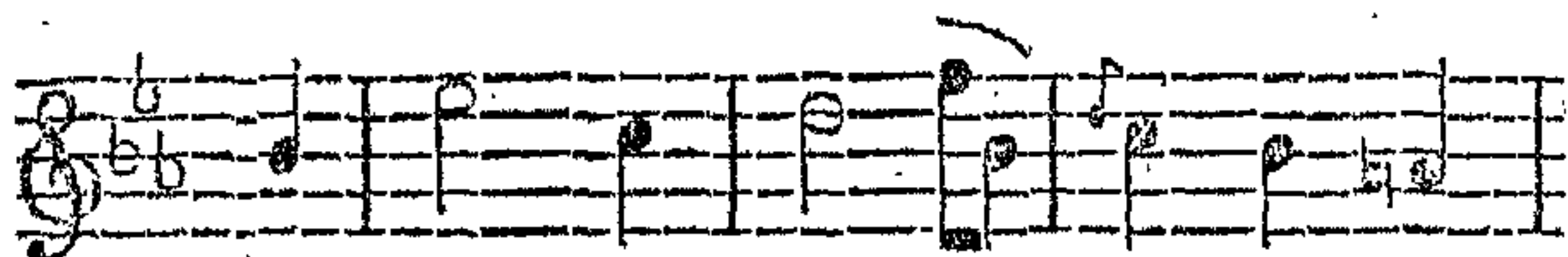
S O N G CLXIV.



Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream, of



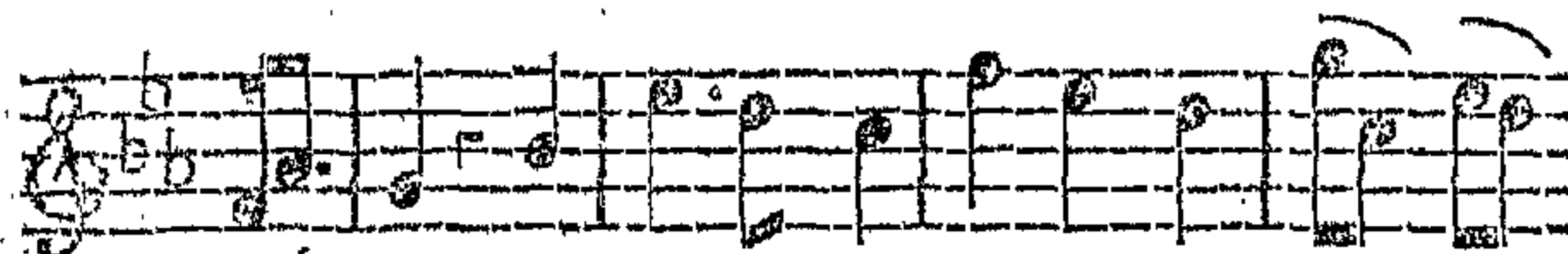
things more than mortal thy Shakespear would dream,



would dream, would dream, thy Shakespear would



dream. The Fairies by moonlight dance round the



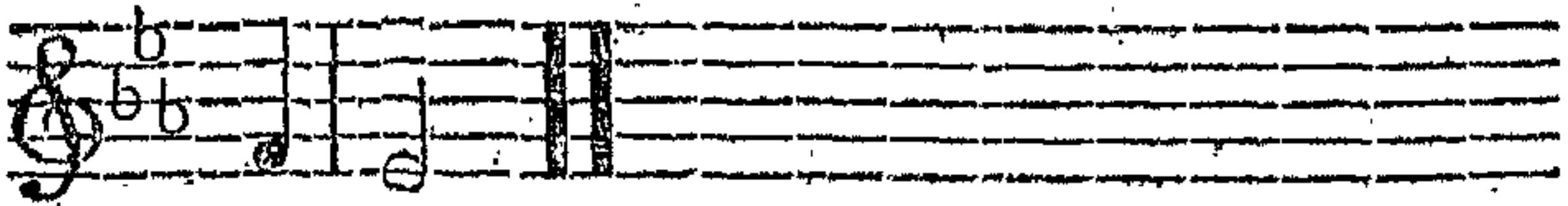
green bed, for hallow'd the turf is which pil - low'd



his head. The Fairies by moonlight dance round the



green bed, for hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd
his



his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the fighting young swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain;
The sweet bud of beauty no blights shall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
Here smiling old age feels the spirit of youth;
For rapture of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on silver Avon, in song ever flow;
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow;
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,
And the turf ever hallow'd that pillow'd his head.

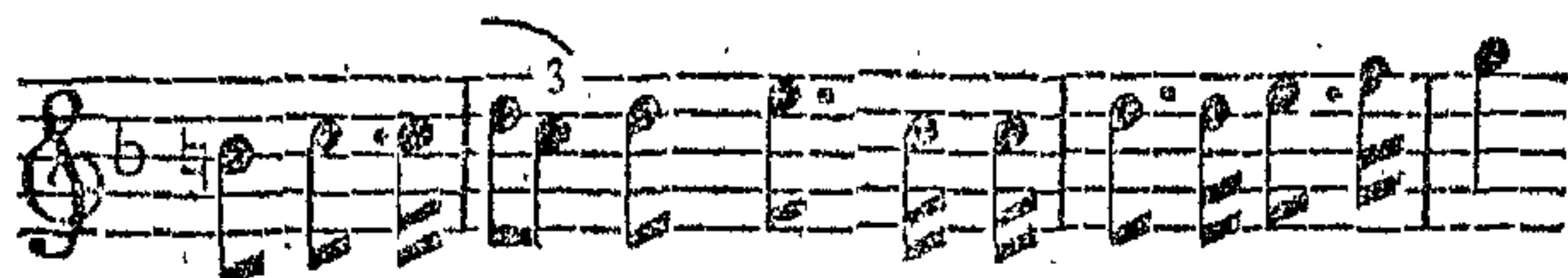
SONG CLXV.



To my dear wife my joy and life I freely now



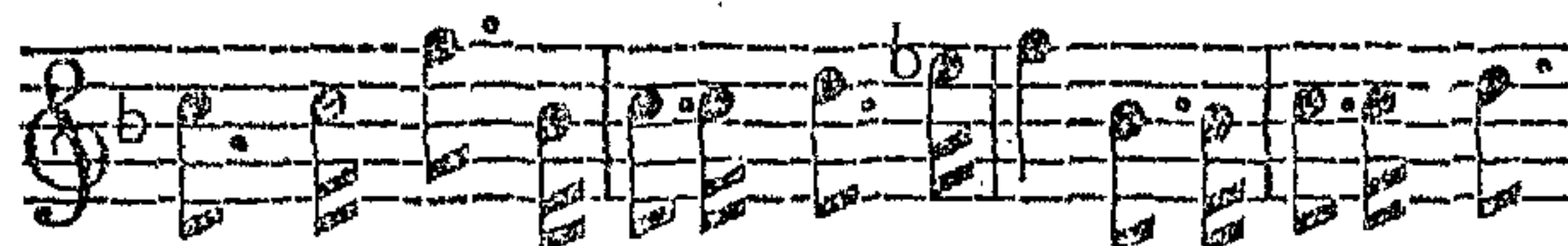
do give her, I free - ly now do give her, my whole



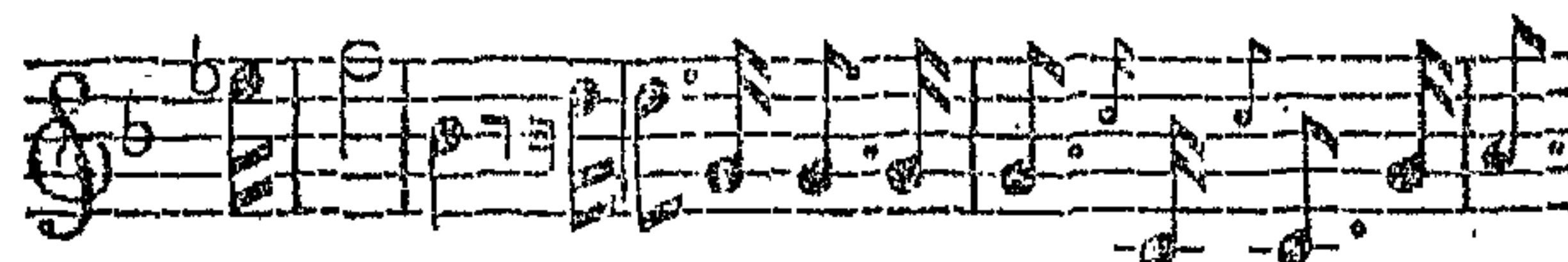
estate and all my plate, being just about to leave



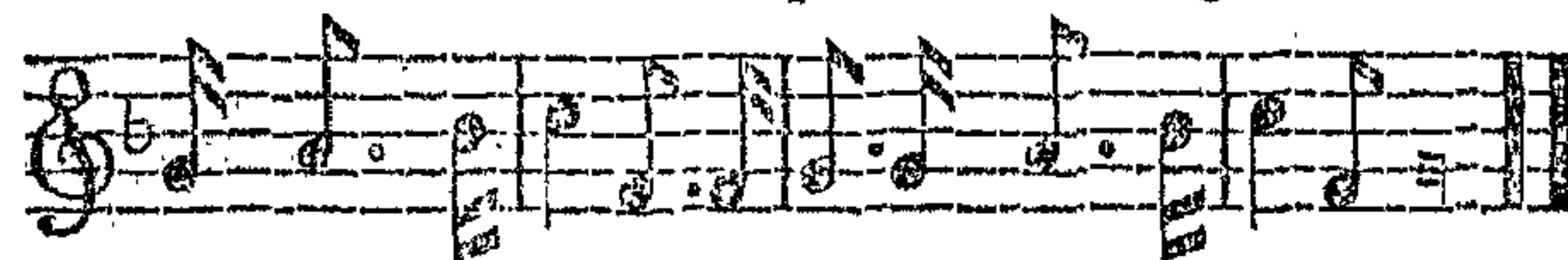
her, being just about to leave her ; A tub of soap a



long cart rope, a frying pan and kettle, a frying pan



and kettle, an ashes pail a thrashing flail, an i-



ron wedge and beetle, an i - ron wedge and beetle.

Two painted chairs, nine warden pears,
 A large old dripping platter ; A large, &c.
 The bed of hay on which I lay,
 An old saucepan for butter ; An old, &c.
 A little mug a two quart jug,
 A bottle full of brandy ; A bottle, &c.
 A looking glass to see your face,
 You'll find it very handy ; You'll find, &c.

A musket true as ever flew,
 A pound of shot and wallet ; A pound, &c.
 A leather sash my calabash,
 My powder horn and bullets ; My powder, &c.
 An old sword blade, a garden spade,
 An hoe, a rake, a ladder ; A hoe, &c.
 A wooden can, a broken pan,
 A clyster-pipe and bladder ; A clyster, &c.

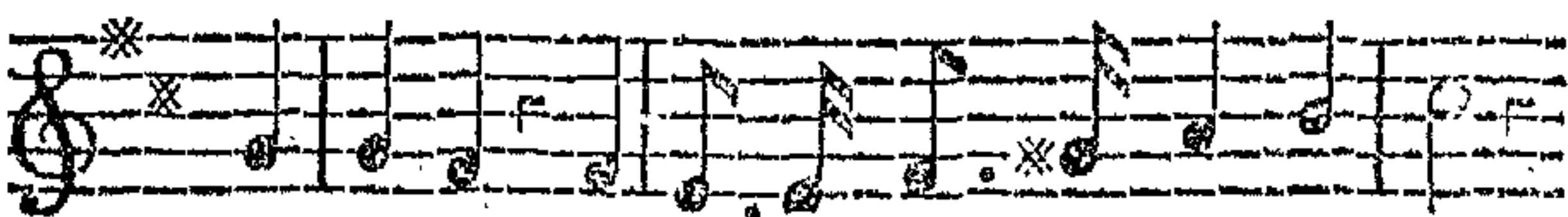
A chafin dish, with one salt fish,
 If I am not mistaken ; If I am, &c.
 A leg of pork, a broken fork,
 And half a sitch of bacon ; And half, &c.
 A spinning wheel, one peck of meal,
 A knife without a handle ; A knife, &c.
 A rusty lamp, two quarts of sump,
 And half a tallow candle ; And half, &c.

My pouch and pipes, two oxen tripes,
 An oaken dish well carved ; An oaken, &c.
 My little dog, and spotted hog,
 With two young pigs just starved ; With two, &c.
 This is my store, I have no more,
 I heartily do give it ; I heartily, &c.
 My years are spun, my world is done,
 Alas ! and I must leave it ; Alas ! and, &c.

SONG CLXVI.



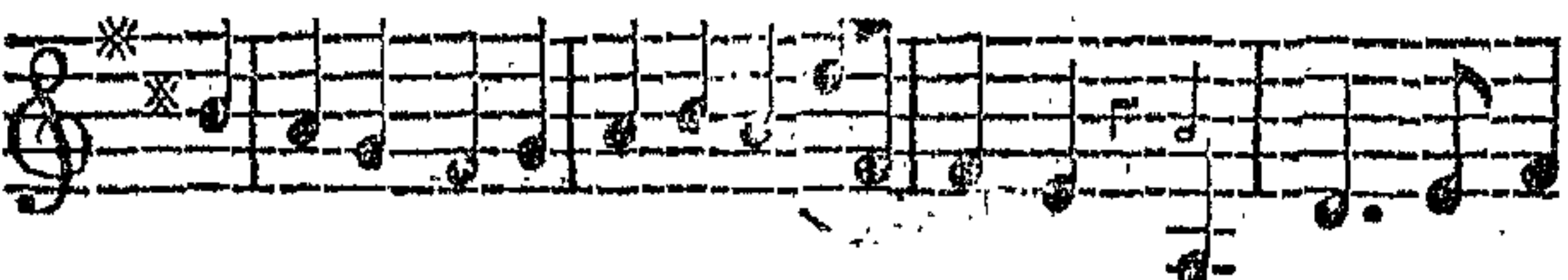
Whilst happy in my native land I boast my coun-



try's charter, I'll ne - ver base - ly lend my hand



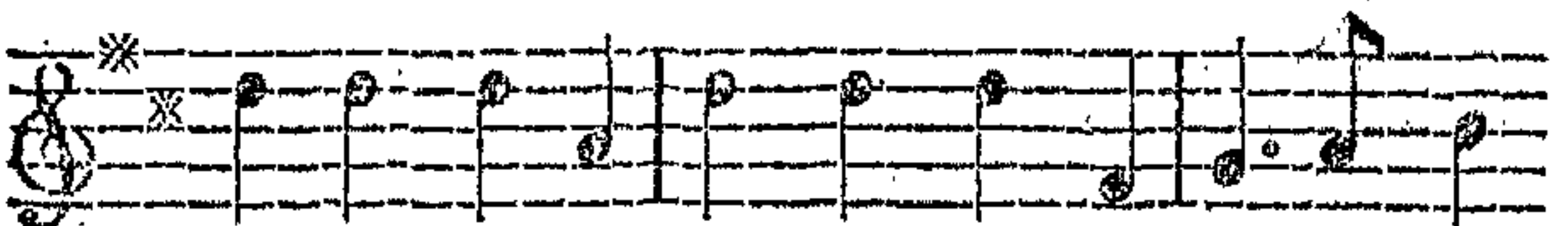
her liber - ties to bar - ter, the no - ble mind



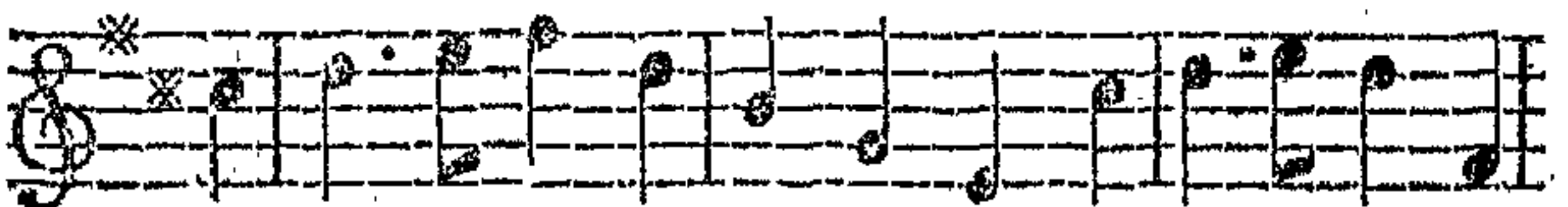
is not at all by poverty de - graded, 'tis guilt alone



can make us fall and well I am per - fwaded, each



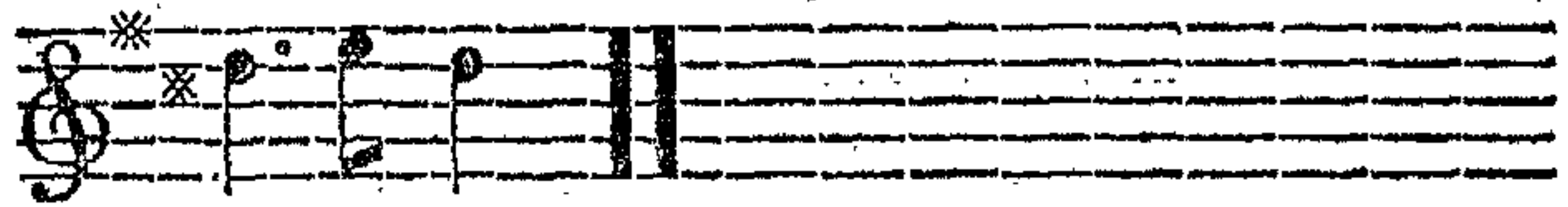
free born Briton's song should be or give me death



or li - ber - ty, or give me death or li - ber - ty, or
give



give me death or li-ber-ty, or give me death or

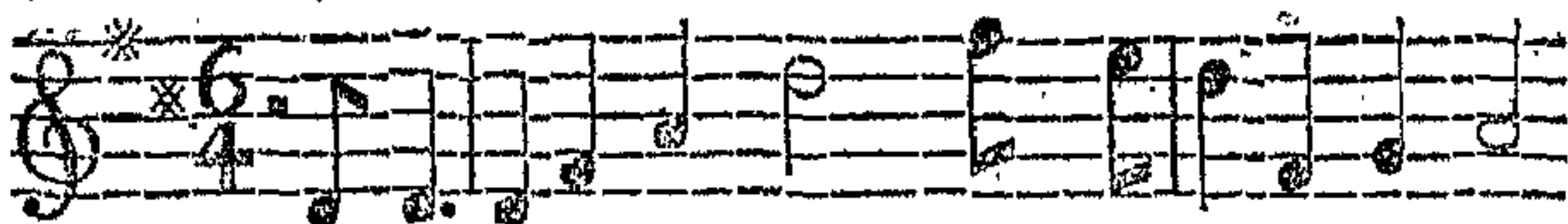


li-ber-ty.

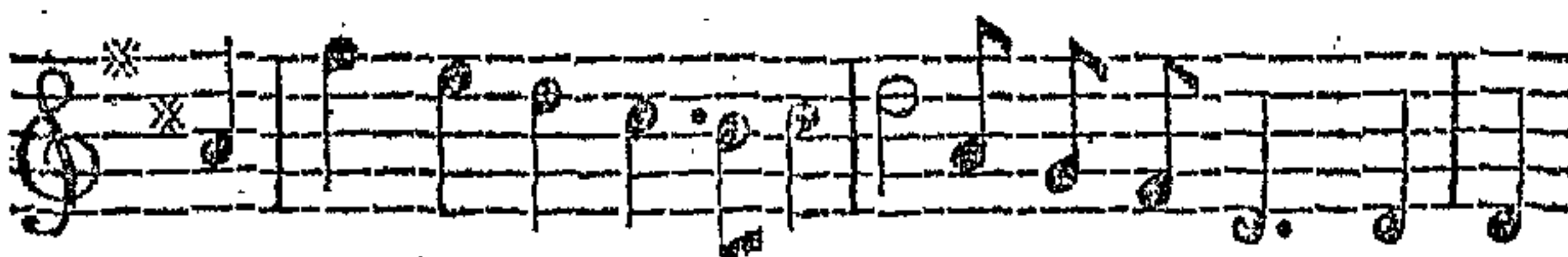
Tho' smal' the pow'r which fortune grants,
 And few the gifts she sends us,
 The lordly hiring often wants
 That freedom which defends us.
 By law secur'd from lawless strife,
 Our house is our castellum,
 Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell them?
 No, ev'ry Briton's song should be, &c.

S O N G

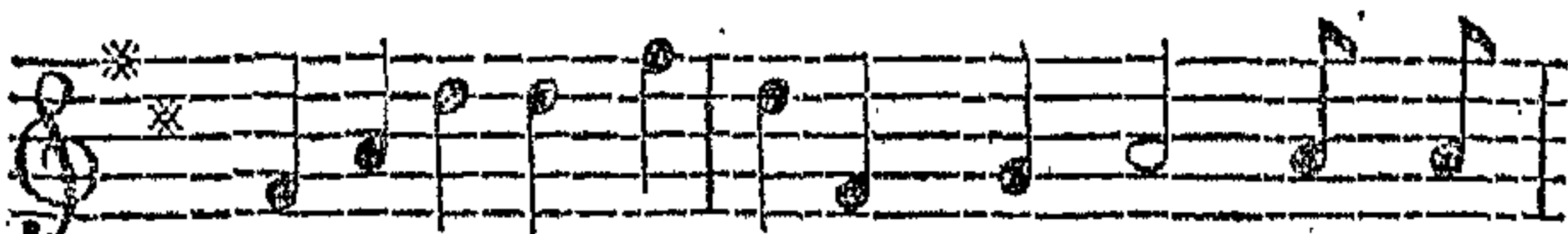
S O N G CLXVII.



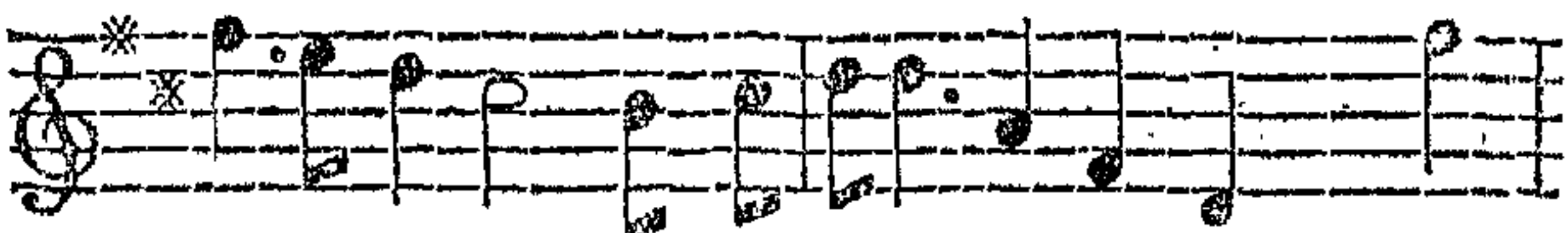
To Anacreon, in heav'n, where he sat in full glee,



a few sons of harmony sent a pe-ti-tion, that he



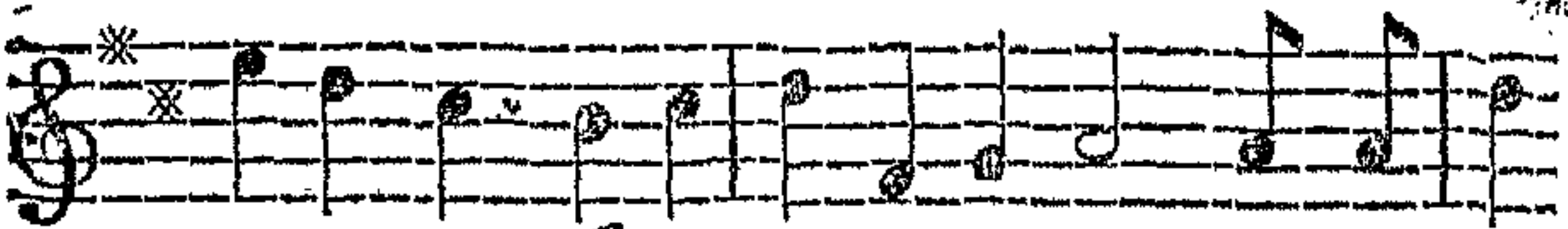
their in-spir-er and patron would be; when this



answer ar-riv'd from the jol-ly old Grecian—"Voice,



fiddle, and flute, no longer be mute, I'll lend



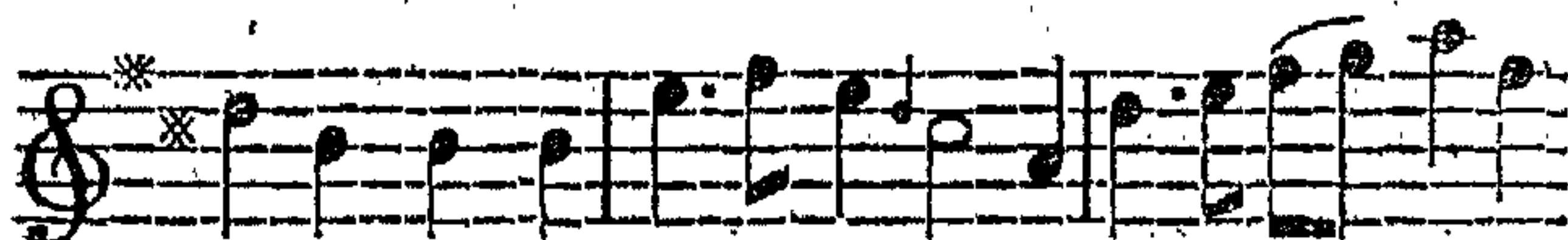
you my name and inspire you to boot; and, besides,



I'll instruct you like me to in-twine the myrtle of
Venus



Venus with Bac - chus's vine, and, besides, I'll



instruct you like me to intertwine the myrtle of Venus



with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew ;

When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs—

“ If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,

“ The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.

“ Hark ! already they cry,

“ In transports of joy,

“ Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,

“ And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to intertwine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine,

“ The yellow-hair'd God and his nine fusty maids,

“ From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee,

“ Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,

“ And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be.

“ My thunder, no fear on't,

“ Shall soon do its errand,

“ And, dam'me ! I'll swinge the ringleaders, I warrant,

“ I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”

Apollo rose up; and said, "Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,
 " Good king of the Gods, with my vot'ries below:
 " Your thunder is useless"—then, shewing his laurel,
 Cry'd, "*Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!

" Then over each head

" My laurels I'll spread;

" So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread,
 " Whilst snug in their club-room, they jovially twine
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,
 And swore with Apollo he'd chearfully join—

" The tide of full harmony still shall be his,

" But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall be mine.

" Then, Jove, be not jealous

" Of these honest fellows."

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

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand;

Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love!

'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd;

You've the sanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove.

While thus we agree,

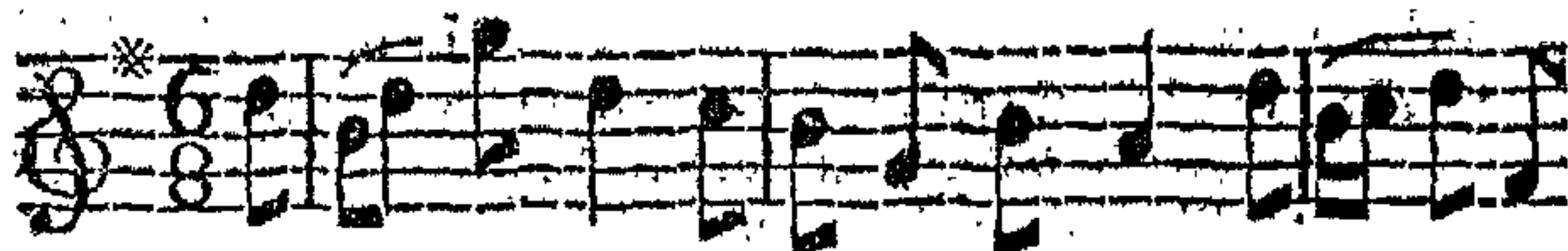
Our toast let it be,

May our club flourish happy, united, and free!

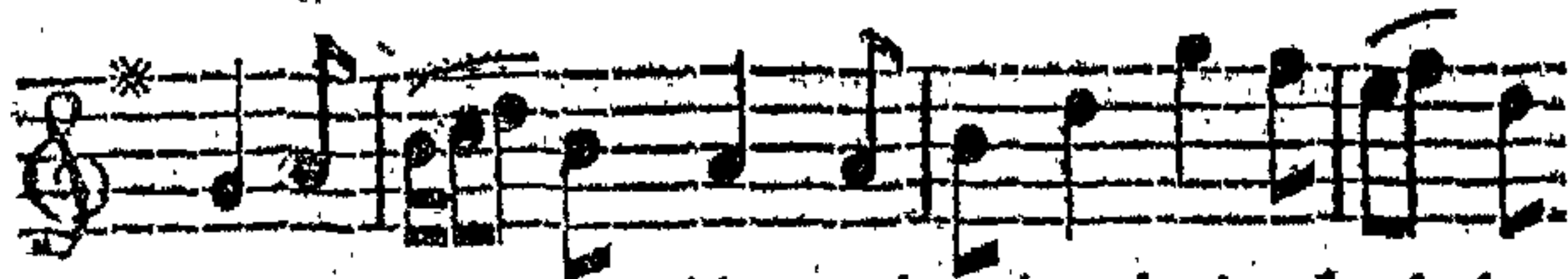
And long may the sons of Anacreon intwine

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

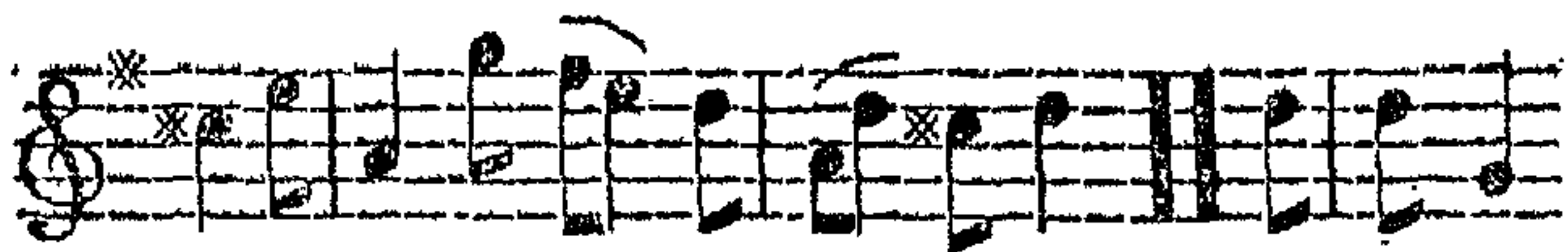
SONG CLXVIII.



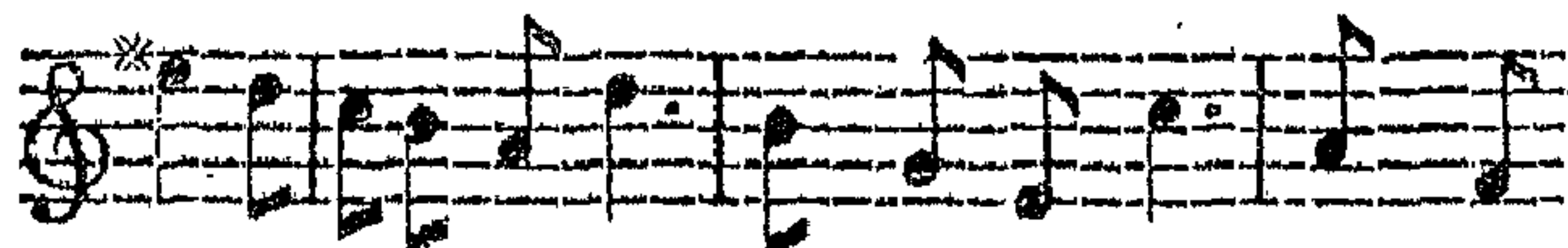
When dai - sies pied and vi - o - lets blue, And la - dy



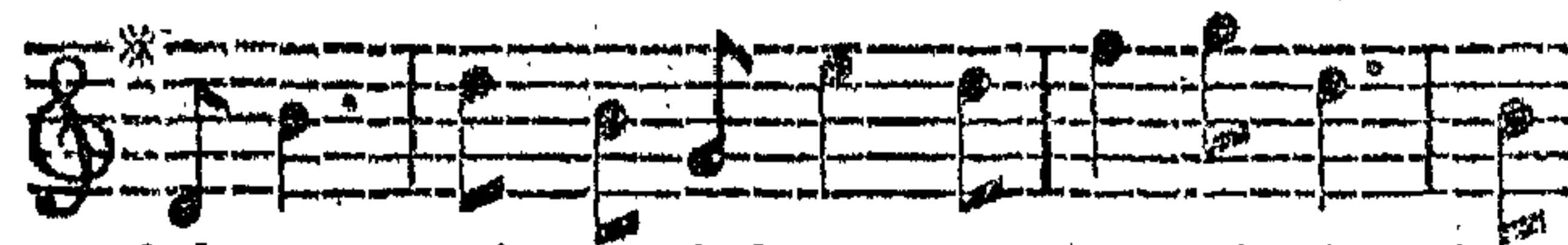
smocks all fil - ver white, and cuckow buds of yel - low
 hue



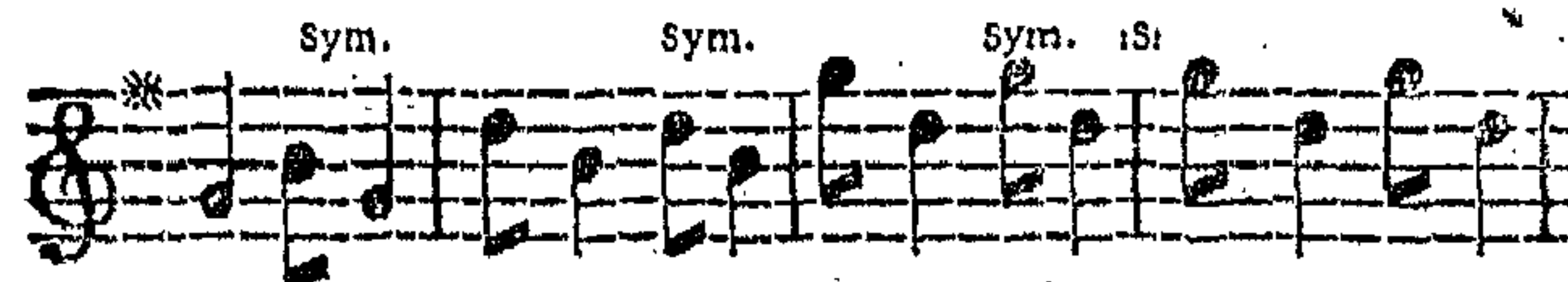
hue do paint the meadows with delight. The cuckow



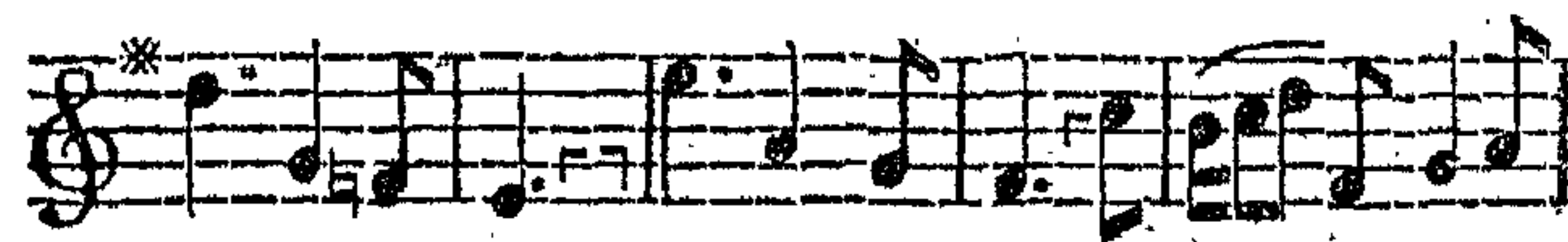
then on e - ve - ry tree, mocks married men, mocks mar-



ried men, mocks married men, for thus sings he, Cue-



kow, Cuckow, Cuckow. Cuckow, Cuckow,



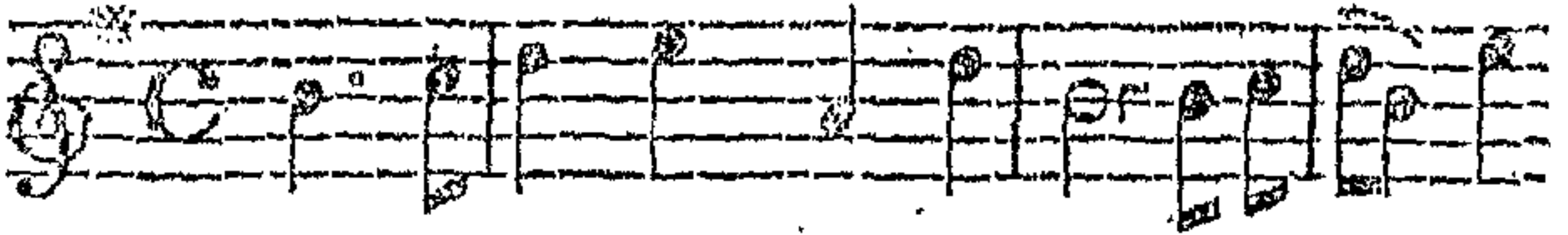
O word of fear, O word of fear, un - pleasing to a



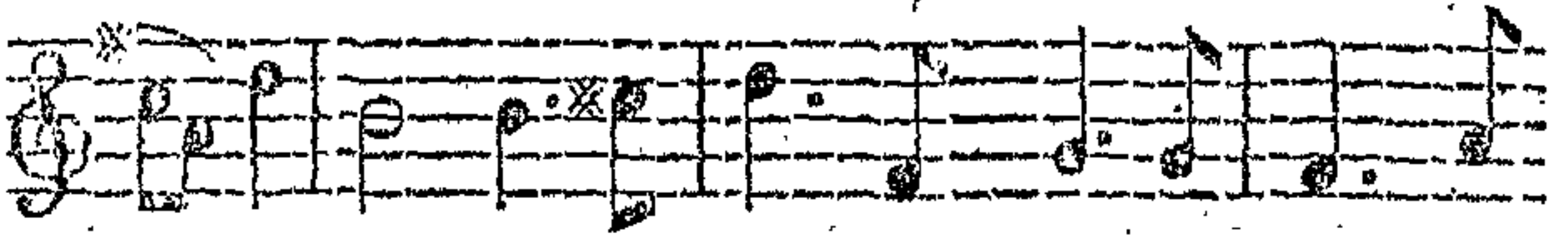
married ear, un - pleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straw,
And merry larks are plowmens clocks,
And turtles tread and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks.
The cuckow then, &c.

SONG CLXIX.



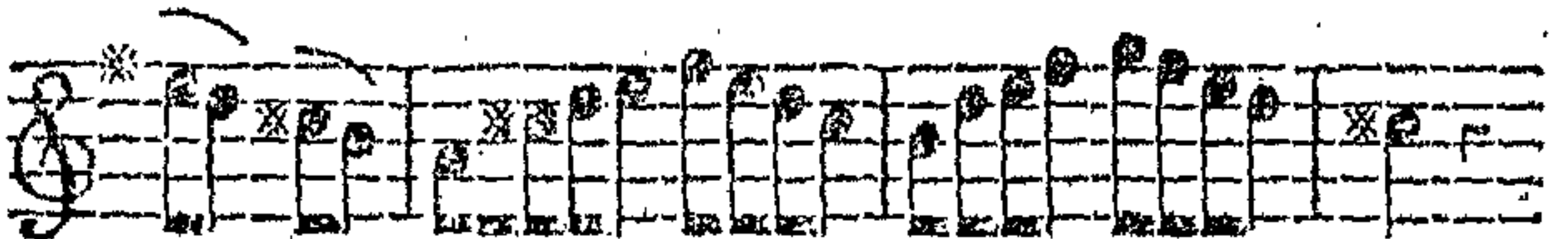
Where the bee sucks there lurk I, In a cowslip's



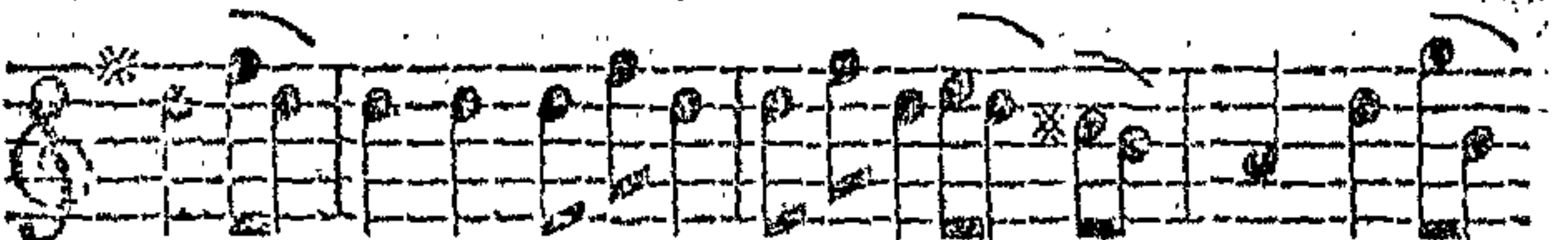
bed I lye, There I couch when owls do cry, when



owls do cry, when owls do cry, On the bat's back



do I fly - - - - -

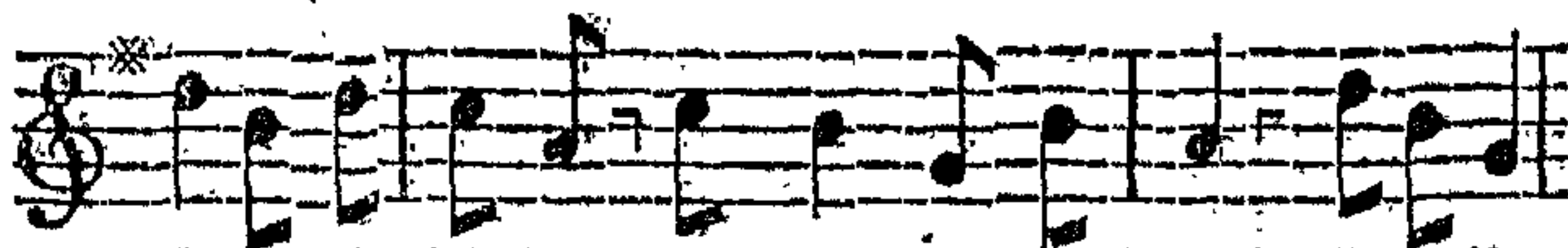


af - ter fun set merrily merrily, af - ter fun set mer-

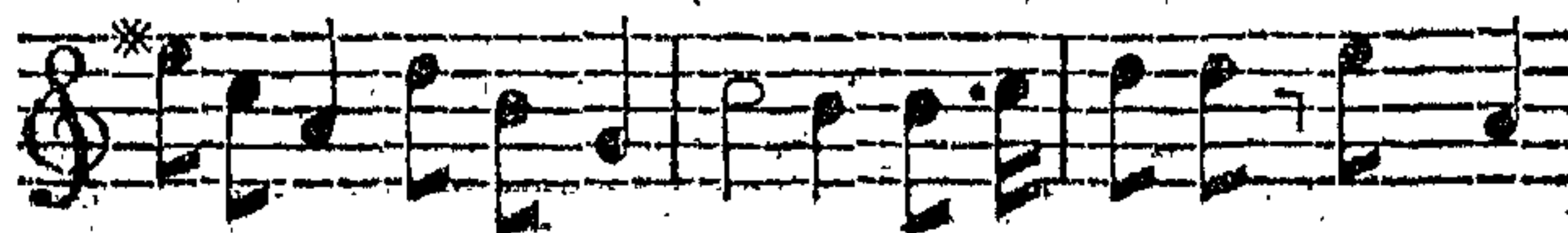


ri - ly.

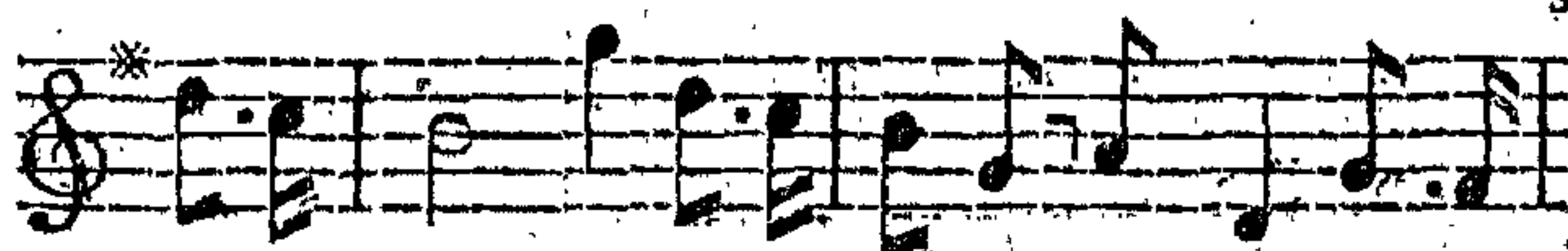
Merrily merrily shall I live now,
Under



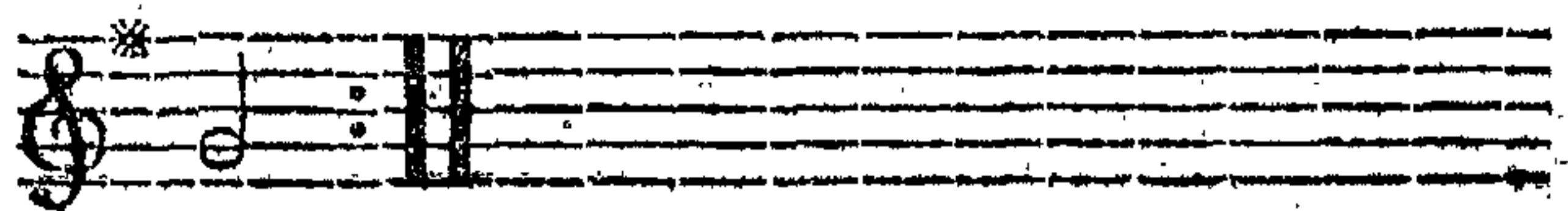
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough, Merrily



merrily shall I live now under the blossom that hang_s



on the bough, under the blossom that hangs on the

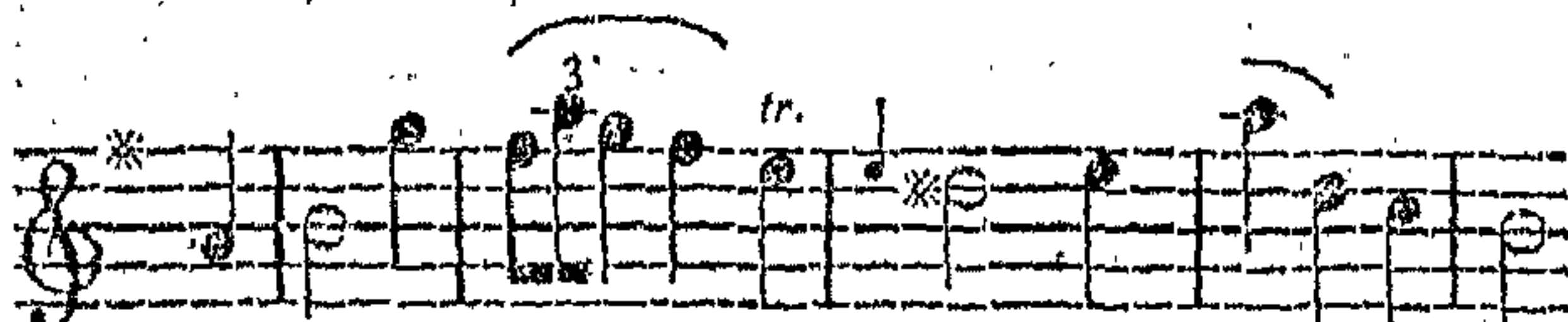


bough.

SONG CLXX.



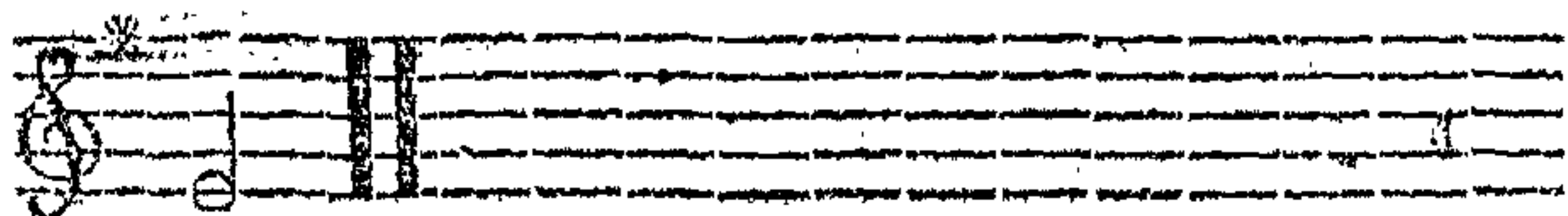
To fair Fi - de - les glas - fy tomb, Soft maids



and village hinds shall bring, Each op'ning sweet



of earliest bloom, And ri - fle all the breathing



spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear;
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And tender virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew,
But female fays shall haunt the green,
And deck thy grave with pearly dew.

The red breast oft at ev'ning hours,
Shall kindly lend its little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling Winds and beating rain,
In tempest shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chace upon the plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be daily shed.
Belov'd till life cou'd charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's self is dead.

S O N G CLXXI.



On tree - top'd hill, or turft - - ed green,



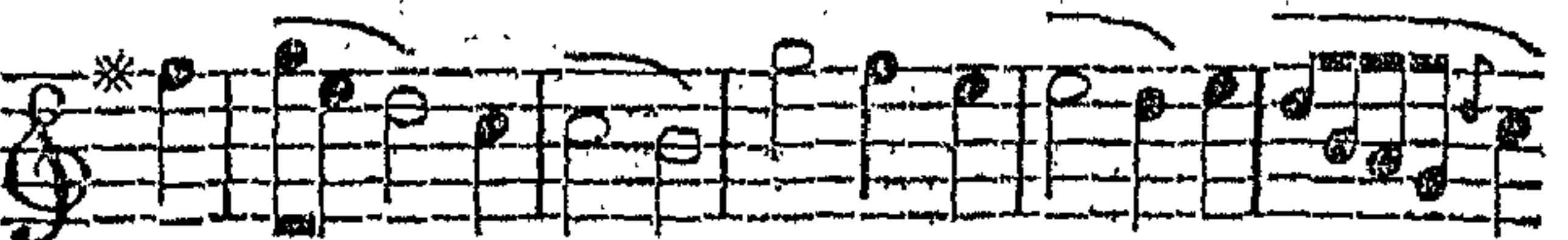
While yet Au - ro - ra's vest - - is seen,



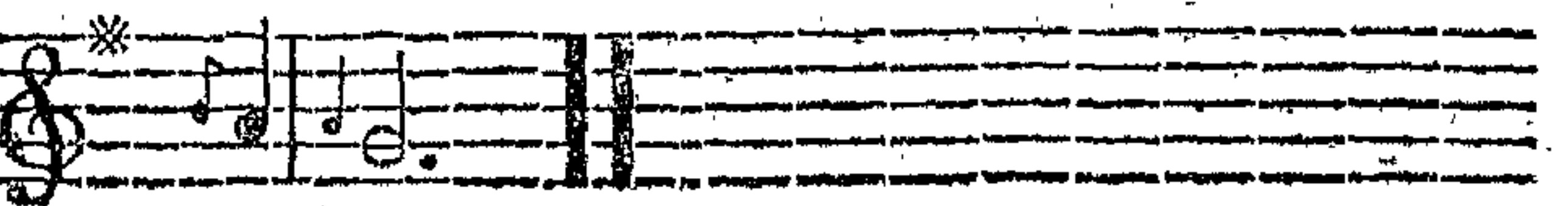
While yet Au - ro - ra's vest is seen, Be - fore



the sun has left the sea, Let the fresh morn-



ing, breathe on me, Let the fresh morning breathe



on me.

To furze blown heath or pasture mead,
 :S: Do thou my happy footsteps lead, :S:
 Then shew me to the pleasing stream,
 :S: Of which at night so oft I dream. :S:

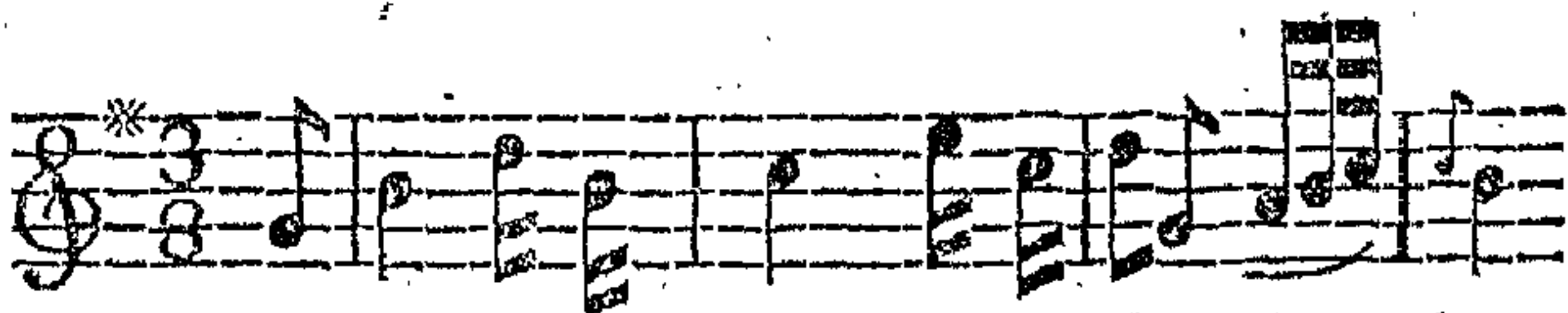
At noon the mazy wood I'll tread,
 :S: With autumn leaves and dry mofs spread, :S:
 And cooling fruits for thee, prepare,
 :S: For sure I think thou wilt be there. :S:

'Till birds begin their ev'ning song,
 :S: With thee, the time seems never long, :S:
 O let us speak our love that's past,
 :S: And count how long it has to last. :S:

I'll say eternally and thou,
 :S: Shall only look as kind as now, :S:
 I ask no more than that affords,
 :S: What is not in the force of words. :S:

SONG

S O N G CLXXII.



Ye fair marry'd dames, who so often de - plore



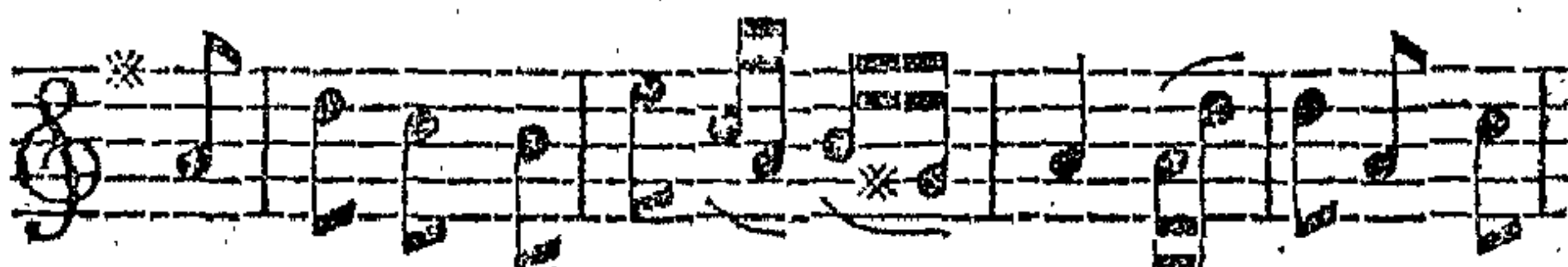
that a lover, once blest'd, is a lover no more,



no more, no more, is a lover no more. Attend



to my counsel, nor blush to be taught, That prudence



must cherish what beauty has caught, Attend to my



counsel, nor blush to be taught, That pru - dence



must cherish what beau - ty has caught.

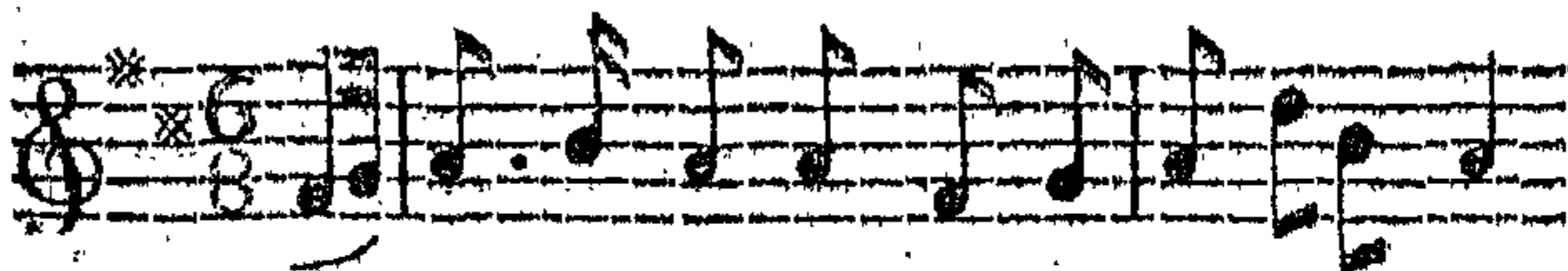
Ufe

Use the man, that you wed, like your fav'rite guitar ;
 Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar ;
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much.

The linnnet and sparrow will feed from your hand,
 Grow fond by your kindness, and come at command ;
 Exert, with your husband, the same happy skill,
 For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind,
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind ;
 'Tis there that the wife may her conquest improve,
 And Hymen will rivet the fetters of love.

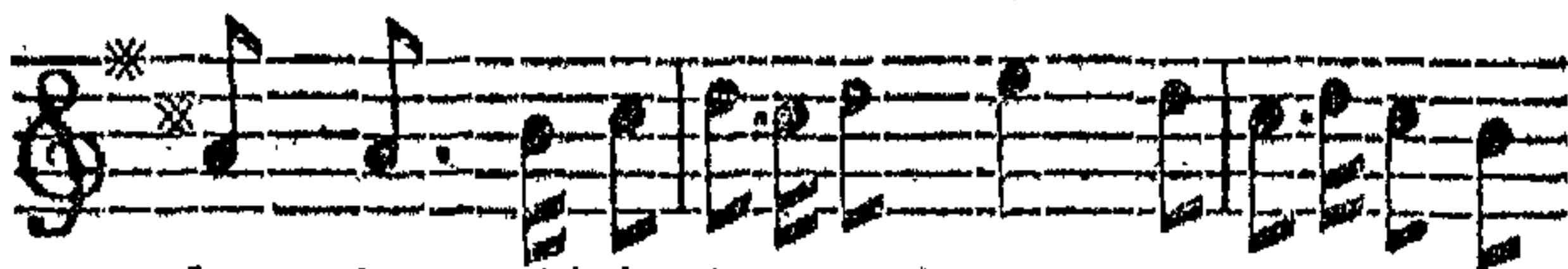
S O N G CLXXIII.



Ye belles and ye flirts, And ye pert little things,



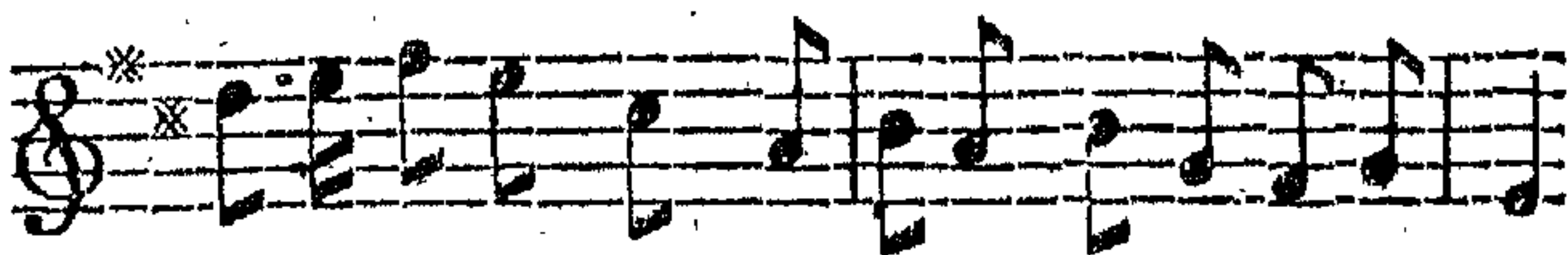
Who trip in this frolicksome round, Prithee tell me



from whence this in-decency springs, The sexes at once



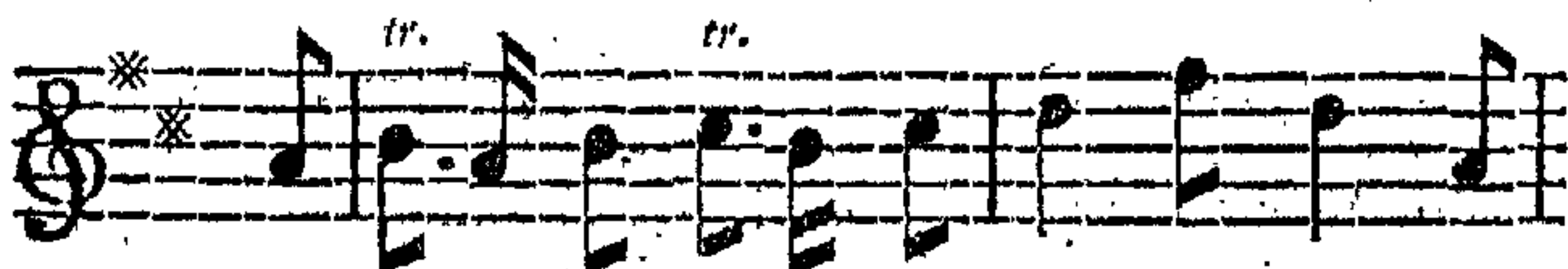
to confound, What means the cock'd hat, and the mas-
 mascu-



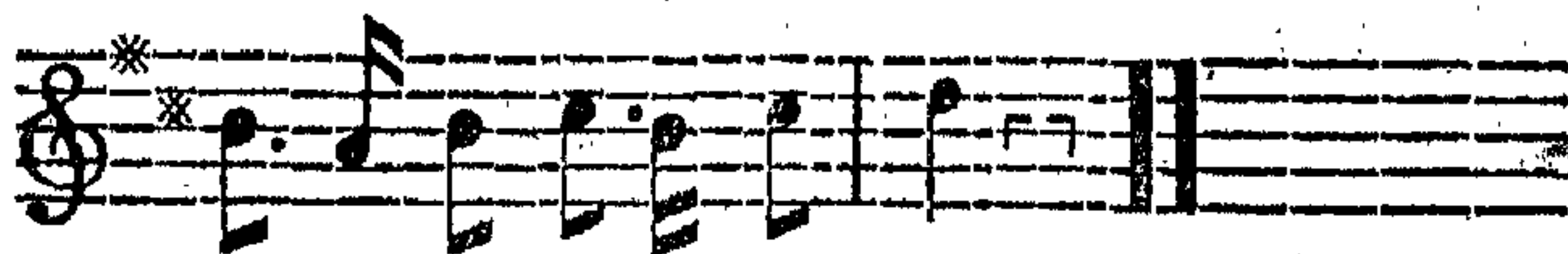
masculine air, With each motion design'd to perplex,



Bright eyes were intended to languish not stare,



And softness the test of your sex, dear girls, and



softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
 May call ev'ry art to her aid,
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
 Are samples she gives of her trade,
 But you, on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,
 Should sily attack us with coyness and wiles,
 Not with open and insolent airs,
 Brave girls, not with, &c.

The

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
 Shrinks modesty back from the view,
 And kindly shou'd seem by the artist design'd,
 To serve as a model for you,
 Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,
 Nor venture too much to reveal,
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal,
 Sweet girls, and double, &c.

The blushes of morn and the mildness of May,
 Are charms which no art can procure,
 Oh! be but yourselves and our homage we'll pay,
 And your empire is solid and sure,
 But if Amazon like you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts,
 But believe me you'll never be wives,
 Poor girls, believe me, &c.

TOASTS

T O A S T S and S E N T I M E N T S.

MAY we never tell a lie of a virtuous woman, nor the truth of one who is otherways.

May our ill deeds be written in sand, and our good ones engraved on marble.

Money at one per cent. and wine gratis.

The inside of a warm house and the outside of a jail.

May we be up to every thing.

May we live in pleasure and die out of debt.

May fortune and the fair sex jilt none but the undeserving.

Sunshine and good-humour all over the world.

The coalition—A bottle and a bird.

The ministry—get in with difficulty, remain with pleasure, and part with regret.

May our friendships be perpetual and our enmities be not so.

In the tempests of life may we never *spring a leak*, nor lose our *standing rigging*.

In our engagements with the fair may we lose our hearts but not our *understandings*.

No masks but at a masquerade:

The service of the fair sex, and the fair sex in the service.

May we never *raise an ill tale*, nor tell a tale.

May we neither be slanderer nor slandered.

May honour impell us rather than necessity.

May the next Royal George save the People.

Lenity to the faults of others and impartiality to our own.

May the struggles of honest poverty be crown'd with affluence.

The house of commons in the river Thames, till the obnoxious taxes are repealed.

May we cast off the surtout of stupidity, appear in levity's livery, and pass through life in the robes of gaiety.

Disinterested friendship and ardent love.

The rose of pleasure without the thorn of pain.

The hearts that Sympathy unites may Hy-men join.

Prudence to form good wishes and means to enjoy them.

May we chuse from the companions of our youth the deserving friends of our age.

May exalted merit be cherished with the reward of virtue.

May the laurels of the warrior who betrays innocence wither on his brow.

May our endeavours be always successful, when enlisted under the banner of justice.

May the bulwarks of Virtue never be undermined by the stratagems of Temptation.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

The harvest of life, love, wit, and good-humour.

A speedy export to all the enemies of England without a draw back.

May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be lasting.

May we never want means, opportunity, or inclination, to lighten the burthen of adversity.

Sincerity in friendship, and constancy in love.

May Pallas's shield protect those whom Mars crowns.

The heart that feels, and the hand that gives.

Wit without acrimony, and mirth without uproar.

May the miser grow poor and the benevolent rich.

May we never be slaves to our passions.

May we always be attached to those who persevere in generous endeavours to promote the welfare of their country.

May our Commanders have the eye of an HAWKE, and the heart of a WOLFE.

May we always be able to resist the temptations of prosperity and the assaults of adversity.

May our conscience be sound, though our fortune be rotten.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

May we never know sorrow but by name.

May our ability for doing good be equalled only by our inclination.

May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

Success to the soil, the fleece, and the sail.

The life we love, with whom we love.

Moderation in good fortune.

The man without affectation.

May we be ever able under the veil of another man's interest, to find our own.

May we ever triumph over jealousy and envy.

May we never have the infamy of a bad tongue, nor give cause for the imputation.

Just published by the EDITOR of this Book.

EMBELLISHED with an elegant Frontispiece of the CHAPEL of VENUS, an engraved Title-page, and a beautiful Vignette, Price 3s. 6d. bound in red, THE CONVIVIAL SONGSTER; containing a select Collection of the best Songs in the English Language, classed under the following heads, viz. Humorous, Amorous, Bacchanalian, Satyrical, Songs on the Caprices of Women, Dialectic Songs, Sea Songs, Miscellaneous and Original Songs, with the music prefixed to each; selected from the best authors, and the most approved Collections, and expressly intended for the use of those who wish to please in companies where humour, mirth, and wit are understood and applauded. With an Introduction, containing Rules and Instructions for such as wish to become pleasing and good Singers. To which is added, a great Number of entirely original Toasts and Sentiments, no where to be found but in this Work.—N. B. The Tunes themselves form a pleasing Collection, are put into the most familiar keys, and to such as play on the German Flute, Violin, &c. are, from the scarceness and goodness of many of them, worth more than the price of the book.

London: Printed for J. Fielding, No. 23, Pater-noster-row; by whom is lately published the following valuable books,

Embellished with a striking likeness of the Author, and twelve beautiful copper-plates of bills of fare for every month in the year, THE LONDON ART of COOKERY, and HOUSEKEEPERS'S Complete ASSISTANT, made plain and easy to the understanding of every Housekeeper, Cook, and Servant in the kingdom. Containing proper directions for the choice of all kinds of provisions. Roasting and boiling all sorts of butcher's meat, poultry, game, and fish. Sauces for every occasion. Soups, broths, stews and hashies. Made dishes, ragoos, and fricassees. All sorts of pies and puddings. Proper instructions for dressing fruits and vegetables. Pickling, potting, and preserving. The preparation of hams, tongues, and bacon. The whole art of confectionary. Tarts, puffs, and pasties. Cakes, custards, jams, and jellies. Drying, candying, and preserving fruits, &c. Made wines, cordial waters, and malt liquors.—To which is added, considerations on culinary poisons; directions for making broths, &c. for the sick; a list of things in season in the different month of the year; market.

marketing tables, &c. By JOHN FARLEY, Principal Cook at the London Tavern. The greatest care and precaution have been taken to admit nothing inelegant, or prejudicial to the constitution, in any of the receipts in this book; and the cook frequently reminded of the sad consequences of not keeping their coppers and saucepans properly tinned.

A New Pocket PEERAGE of England, Scotland and Ireland, with the Arms and Mottos translated. This day was published, price 3s. 6d. sewed in marble paper; 4s. 6d. bound in calf, gilt and lettered, or 5s. 6d. in Morocco,—FIELDING's Origin, Progress, and Present State of the PEERAGE of England, Scotland, and Ireland, from the Conquest to the present Time. Containing a full and particular account of all the Nobility of the Three Kingdoms, with their Coats of Arms, Crests and Supporters, elegantly engraved, and the Mottos translated; their Family Names, the time they severally became entitled to their honours, what titles they now bear, the places they hold under government, their ages, marriages and issue, and presumptive heirs; also a correct list of all titles conferred by his present Majesty, and of those which have, since his Accession, become extinct. To which are added, correct lists of the Knights of the Garter, Bath, and Thistle, and an Alphabetical Index of the Peers, Peereesses, and Bishops, Tables of Precedency of both Men and Women. &c.

LONDON and its ENVIRONS.—This day is published, price 2s. 6d. sewed in marble paper, or 3s. bound, embellished with the following engravings, 1. An exact and correct Plan of the Metropolis, with references to all the remarkable places. And, 2dly, A new and accurate Map, neatly coloured, of the country twenty miles round London, from Gravesend to Windsor east and west, and from St. Alban's to Westerham north and south, particularizing the circuit of the Penny-post.—THE LONDON GUIDE: Describing the public and private buildings of London, Westminster, and Southwark; giving a more full and just account of the following places than any ever before published, viz. Drury-lane, Covent-garden, and Haymarket Theatres; Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Kensington, Kew, Sadler's and Bagnigge Wells, St. James's and the Queen's Palace, Hampton-Court, Westminster and London Guildhalls, the Houses of Lords and Commons, Northumberland, East India and Mansion Houses, St. Paul's, Westminster-Abbey, the churches of St. Mary-le-Bow, St. James, St. Margaret, &c. &c. &c. To which is prefixed, a General Index to the whole.