

## JOHN OF BADENYON.

By the Rev. Mr. SKINNER.

WHEN first I came to be a man of twenty years or so,  
I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world would know;  
In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay,  
And here and there, and every where, was like a morn in May.  
No care I had, nor fear of want, but rambled up and down,  
And for a beau I might have pass'd, in country or in town;  
I still was pleas'd where-e'er I went, and when I was alone,  
I tun'd my pipe, and chear'd myself with *John of Badenyon*.

Now, in the days of youthful prime, a mistress I must find;  
For love, they say, gives one an air, and e'en improves the mind;  
On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fix'd my eyes;  
Her piercing beauty struck my heart, and she became my choice:  
To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r, I offer'd many a vow,  
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore, as other lovers do;  
But when at last I breath'd my flame, I found her cold as stone;  
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe to *John of Badenyon*.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd with foolish hopes and vain,  
To Friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laugh'd at lovers' pain;  
A friend I got by lucky chance, 'twas something like divine;  
An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift was mine.  
And now, whatever might betide, a happy man was I;  
In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply:  
A strait soon came, my friend I try'd, he laugh'd and spurn'd my moan;  
I hied me home, and pleas'd myself with *John of Badenyon*.

What next to do, I mus'd awhile, still hoping to succeed:  
I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely try'd to read;  
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where, and studied night and day;  
Nor mis'd what Dean or Doctor wrote, that happen'd in my way.  
Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth,  
And carefully, thro' many a page, I hunted after truth:  
A thousand various schemes I try'd, and yet was pleas'd with none;  
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe to *John of Badenyon*.

And now, ye youngsters, every where, who want to make a show,  
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below;  
What you may fancy pleasure here, is but an empty name,  
For friendship, love, and learning deep, you'll find them all the same;  
Then be advis'd, and warning take, from such a man as me;  
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high degree:  
You'll find displeasure every where, then do as I have done;  
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with *John of Badenyon*.

# John of Badenyon

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*Lively*

*Vio<sup>la</sup>*

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