THE

American Musical Miscellany:

A

COLLECTION

THE NEWEST AND MOST APPOVED

SONGS,

SET TO MUSIC.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS WASHINGTON
1883
CITY OF WASH

'Tis thine, ſweet power, to raiſe the thought ſublime
Quell each rude paſsion, and the heart refine.
Soft are thy ſtrains as Gabriel's gentleſt ſtring,
Mild as the breathing Zephyrs of the ſpring.
Thy pleaſing influence, thrilling thro' the breaſt,
Can lull e'en raging anguiſh into reſt.
And oft thy wildly ſweet enchanting lay,
To fancy's magick heaven ſteals the rapt thought away.

PRINTED AT NORTHAMPTON, Maſsachuſetts.

BY ANDREW WRIGHT,

For DANIEL WRIGHT and COMPANY.

Sold by them, and by S. BUTLER, in Northampton; by I. THOMAS, Jun. in Worceſter; by F. BARKER, in Greenfield: and by the principal bookſellers in Boſton.—1798.

TO

ALL TRUE LOVERS

OF

SONG,

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF *COLUMBIA*,

THIS *VOLUME*,

IS HUMBLY DEDICATED,

By their friends

and humble

servants,

THE PUBLISHERS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE *Editors* of the AMERICAN MUSICAL MISCELLANY, present the public with the following collection of *Songs*, accompanied with *notes*:—And whenever they have found the same words of a song sung in different tunes, (which is not unfrequently the case) they have endeavoured to felect such notes as, in their opinion, were best adapted to the words; but whether they have, in every instance, been happy in the selections, will be determined by the connoisseurs in the science of MUSIC. Great care has been taken that the work should be accurate; and an able master employed to inspect and correct the MUSIC. The great proficiency which, within a few years past, has been made in

the various branches of this science, and the facility with which the lovers of MUSIC, now read notes to which they have not been accustomed, has induced the Editors to believe that this work would at leaft be acceptable to the public.

Their aim has been to cull, from a great variety of ancient SONGS, such as have been, at all times, generally approved; and have endeavoured to avoid such as would give offence to the delicate ear of chastity itself.—A general preference has been given to American productions, and perhaps nothing will more effectually exhibit the progress of the human mind in the refinements which characterize the age, than the songs, which from general consent, are now in vogue.

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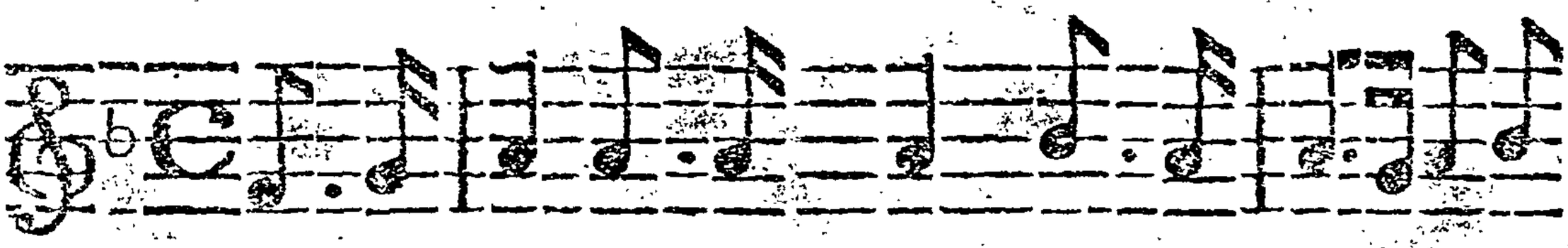
THE

American Muſical Miſcellany.

BEING A COLLECTION OF THE MOST APPROVED SONGS AND AIRS, BOTH OLD AND NEW.

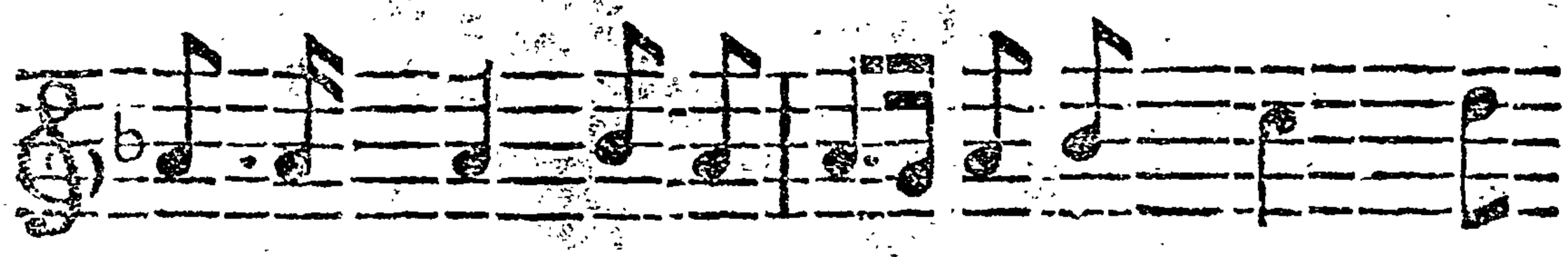
SONG I.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

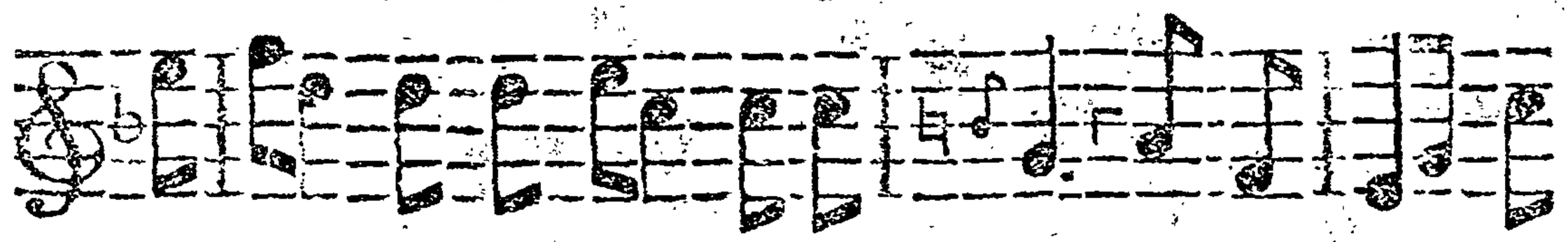


I that once was a ploughman, a ſailor am

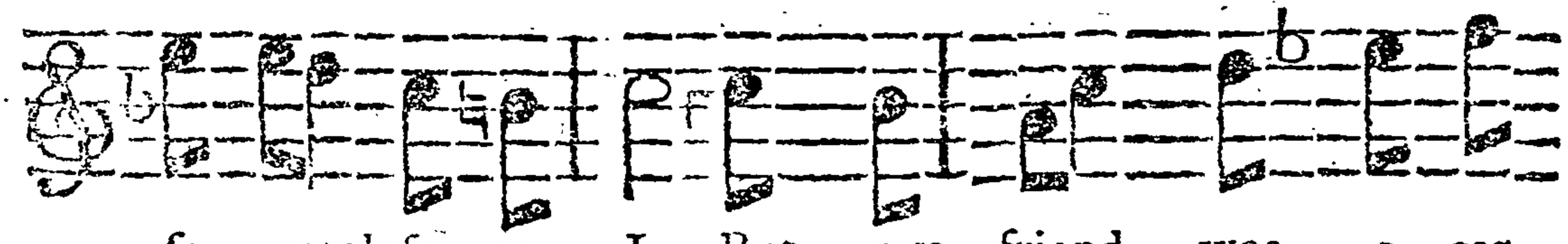
now. No lark that a-loft in the ſky, Ever flut-



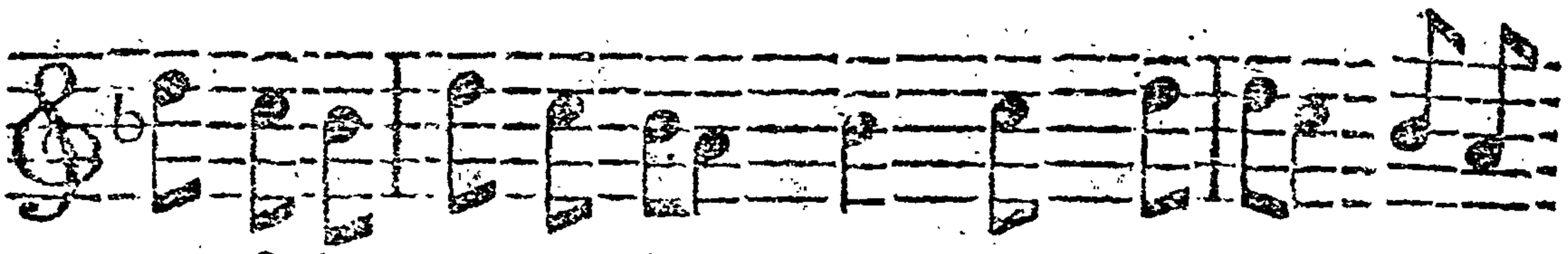
ter'd his wings to give ſpeed to the plough Was



ſo gay and ſo careleſs as I, Was ſo gay and

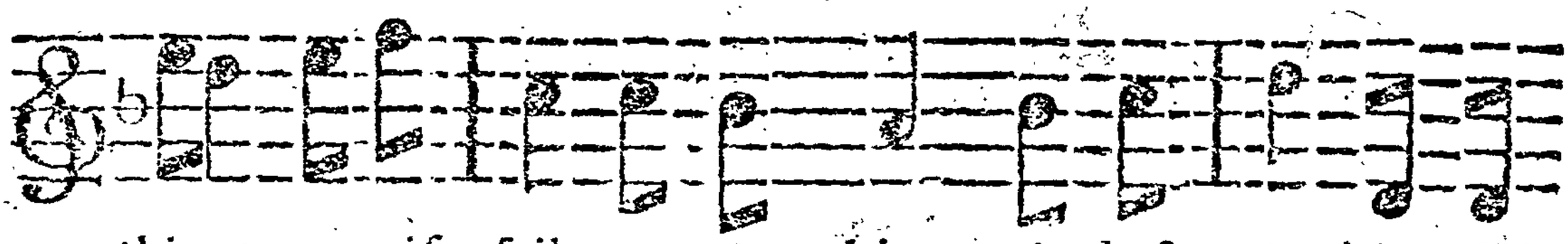


ſo careleſs as I; But my friend was a car-

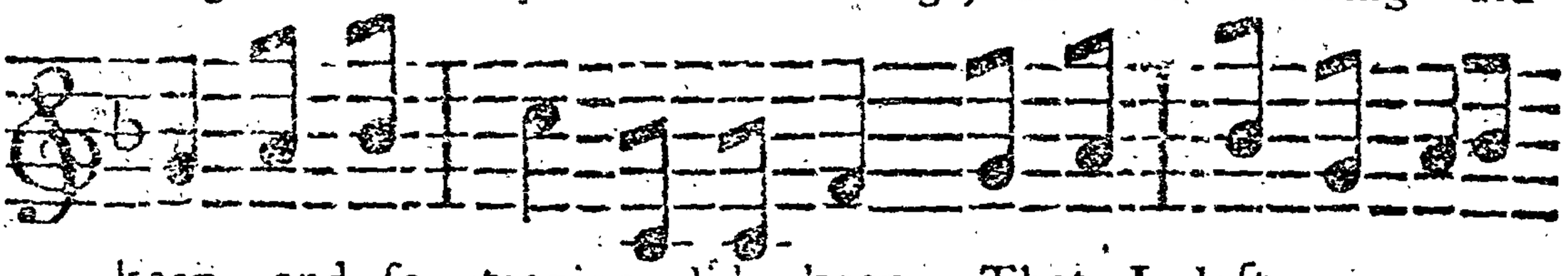


findo-aboard a king's ſhip, And he ax'd me to

go juſt to ſea for a trip; And he talk'd of ſuch



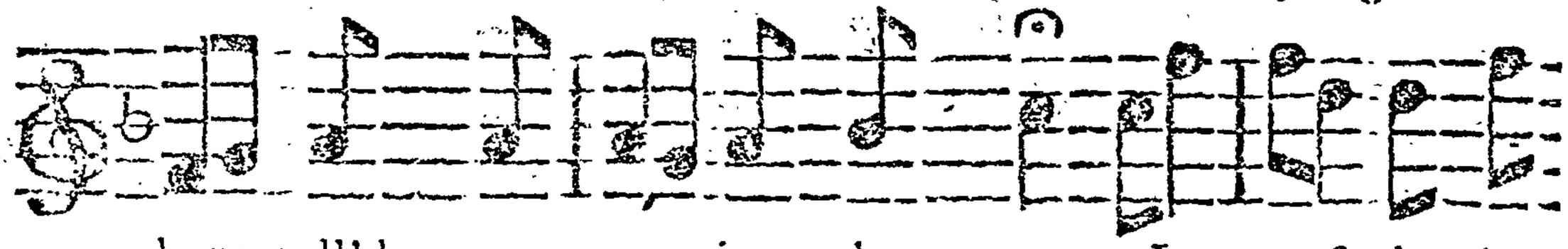
things as if ſailors were kings, And ſo teazing did



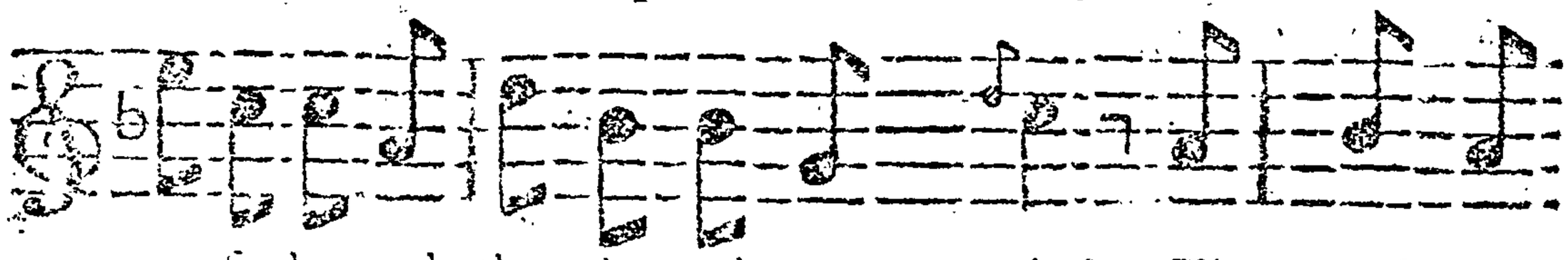
keep, and ſo teazing did keep, That I left my poor

plough to go ploughing the deep. No long-er the

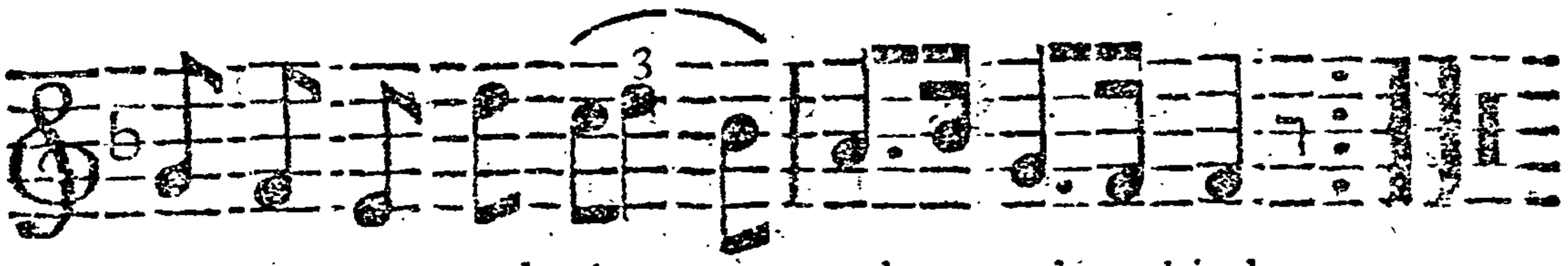
horn call'd me up in the morn, No longer the



horn call'd me up in the morn, I truſted the



carſindo and the inconſtant wind, That made me



I did not much like for to be aboard a ſhip.
When in danger there is no door to creep out;
I liked the jolly tars, I liked bumbo and ſlip,
But I did not like rocking about;

By and by came a hurricane, I did not like that,
Next a battle that many a ſailor laid flat;
Ah! cried I, who would roam,
That like me had a home;
When I'd ſow and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep,
Where ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I truſted the Carſindo and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

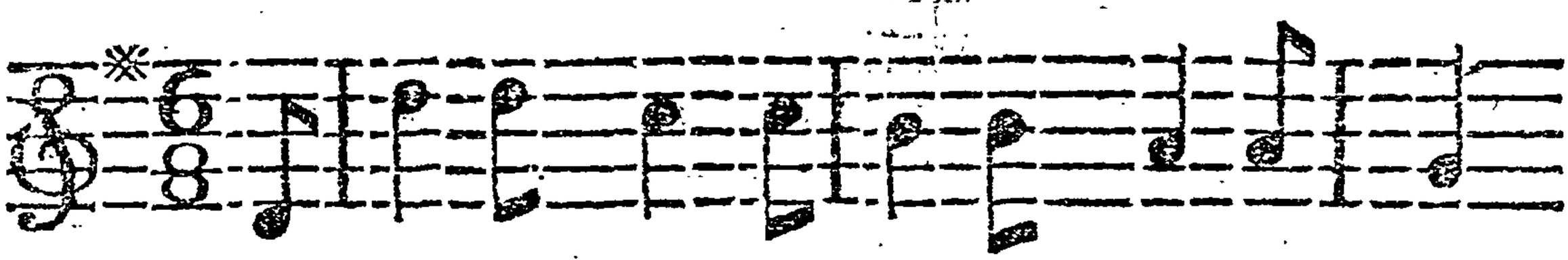
At laſt ſafe I landed, and in a whole ſkin,
Nor did I make any long ſtay,
Ere I found by a friend who I ax'd for my kin,
Father dead, and my wife run away!
Ah who but thyſelf, ſaid I, haſt thou to blame?
Wives looſing their huſbands oft loſe their good name,
Ah why did I roam
When ſo happy at home:
I could ſow and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep:

When ſo ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn,
Curſe light upon the Carſindo and inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the caſe, ſaid this very ſame friend,
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gi'e's a ſhake by the fiſt, all your care's at an end,
Dad's alive and your wife's ſafe at home.
Stark ſtaring with joy, I leapt out of my ſkin,
Buſſ'd my wife, mother, ſiſter, and all of my kin:
Now, cried I, let them roam,
Who want a good home,
I am well, ſo I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep;
Once more ſhall the horn
Call me up in the morn,
Nor ſhall any damn'd Carſindo, nor the inconſtant wind
E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

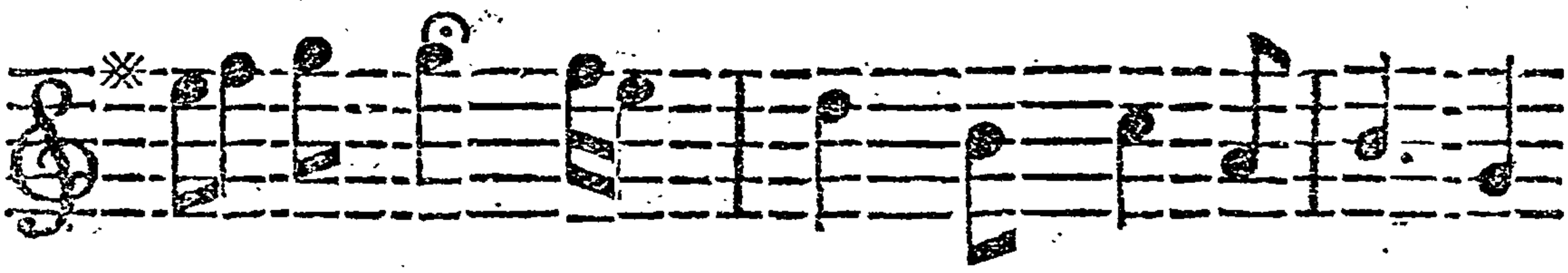
SONG II.

THE FLOWING CAN.



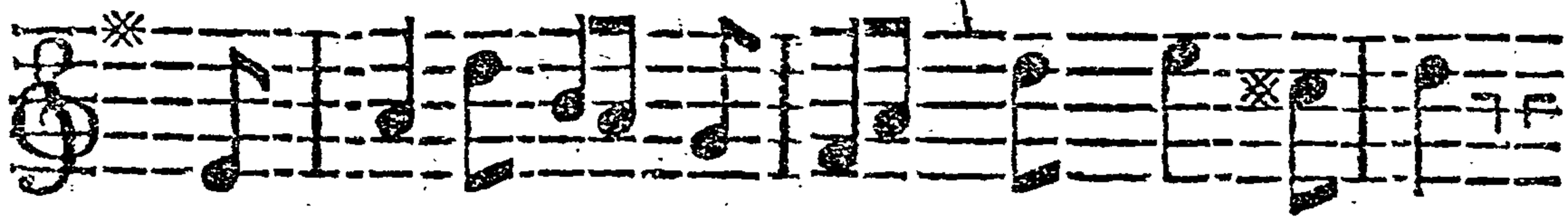
A failor's life's a life of woe, He works

now late now early; Now up and down, now



to and fro, What then? he takes it cheerly.

Bleft with a ſmiling can of grog, If duty call,

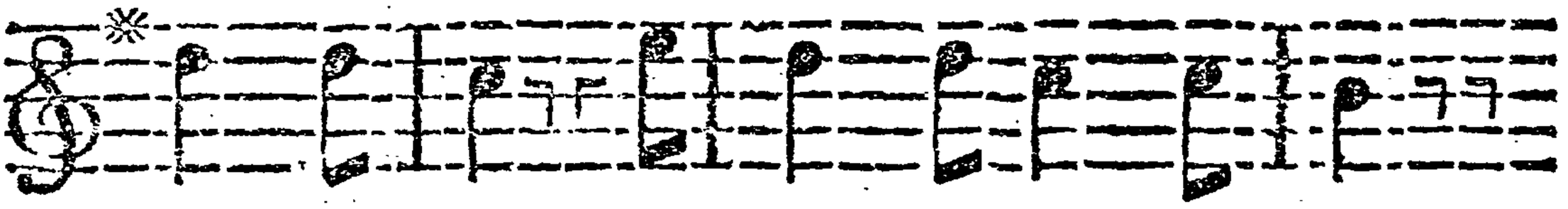


ſtand, riſe, or fall, To fates laſt verge he'll jog.

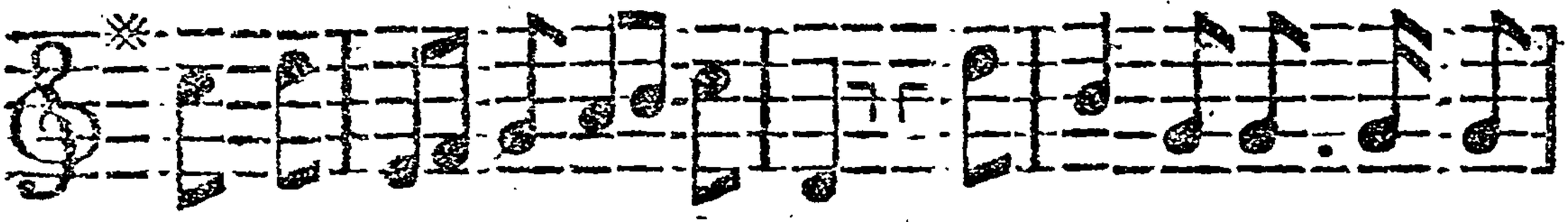
The kedge to weigh, the ſheets belay, He does

it with a wiſh, To heave the lead, or to cat-

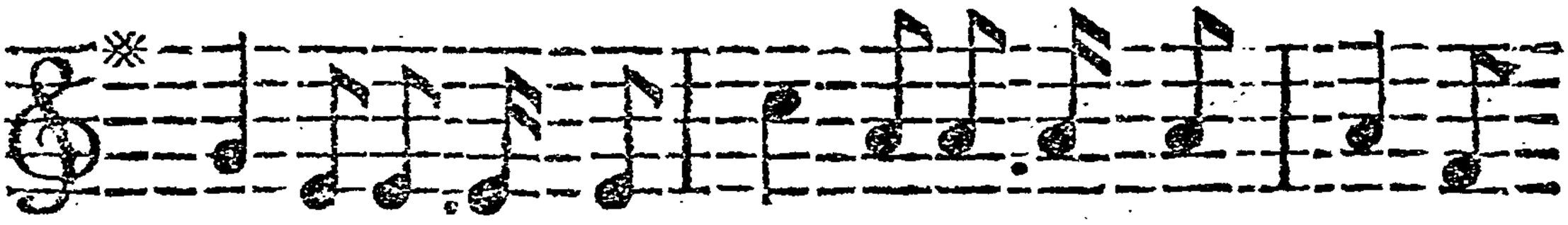
head the pond'rous anchor fiſh: For while the



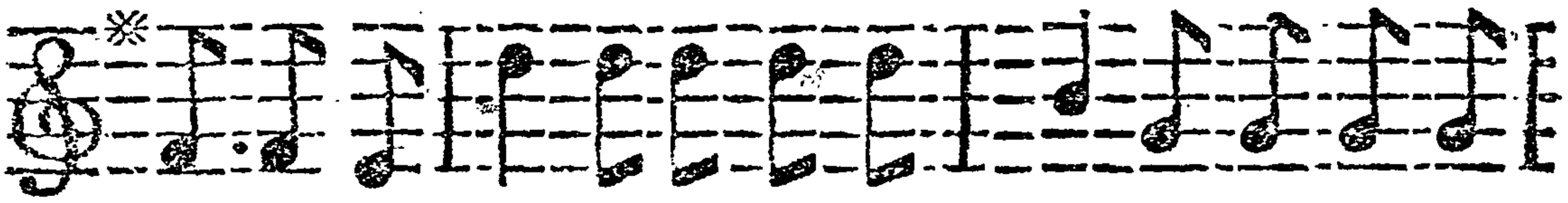
grog goes round, All ſenſe of danger's drown'd,



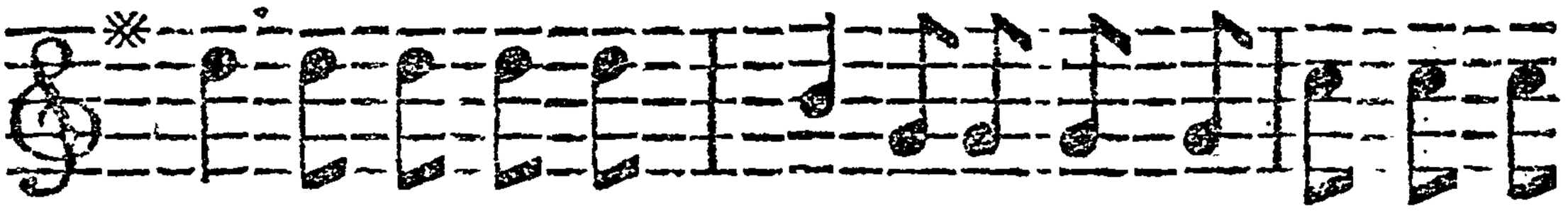
We deſpiſe it to a man. We ſing a little, And



laugh a little, And work a little, And ſwear a

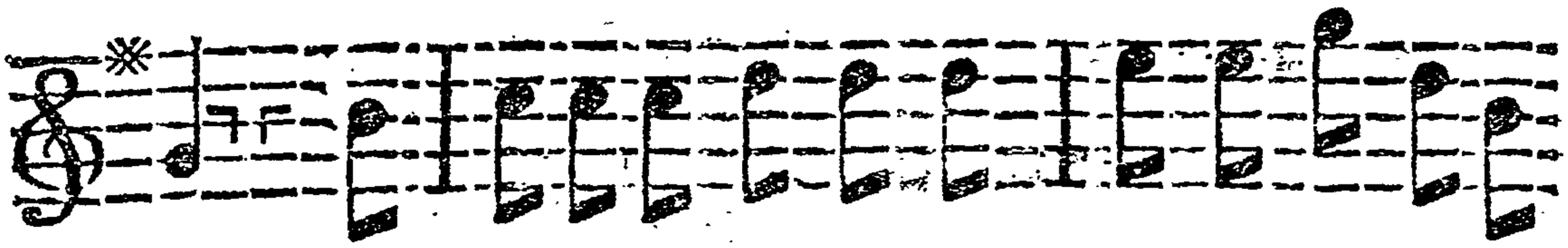


little: We ſing a little, And laugh a little, And

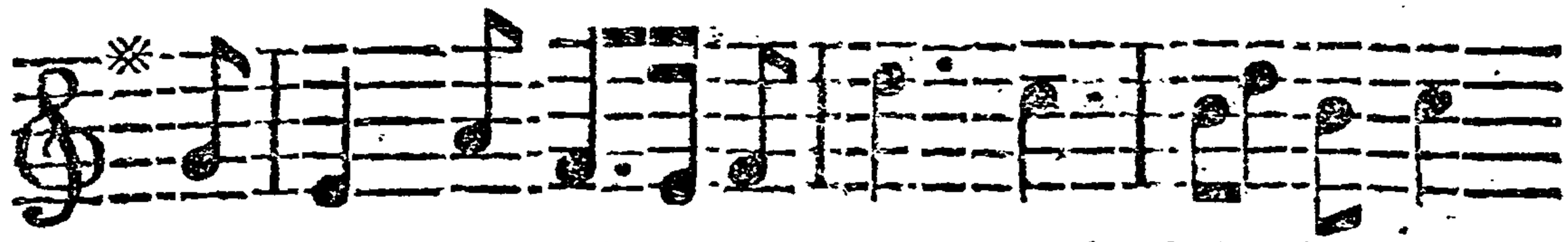


work a little, And ſwear a little: And fiddle a

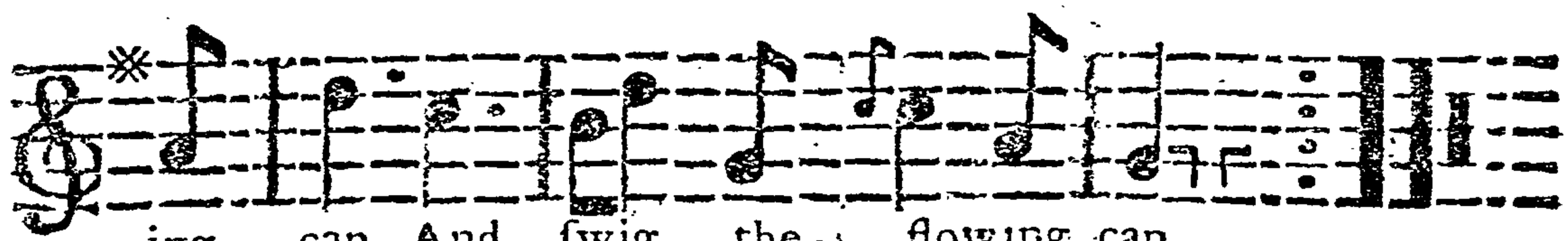
little, And foot it a little, And ſwig the flowing



can, And fiddle a little, And foot it a little,



And ſwig the flowing can, And ſwig the flow-



ing can, And ſwig the flowing can.

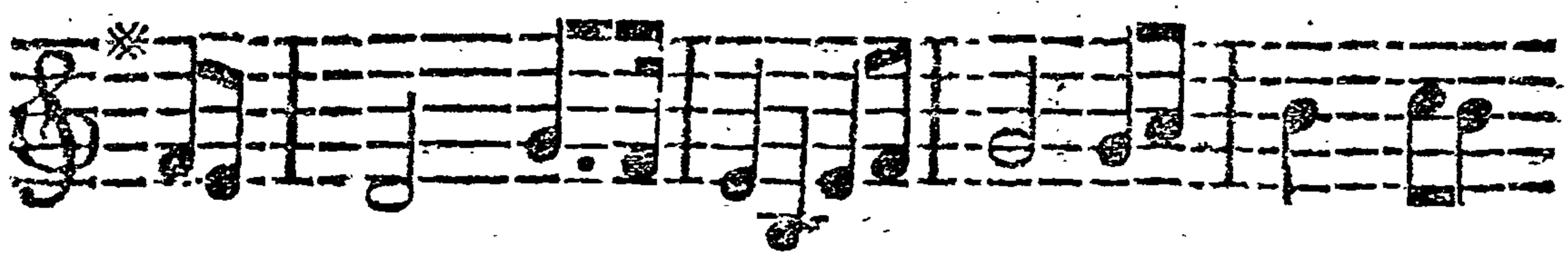
If howling winds and roaring ſeas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the ſtorm, our hearts at eaſe,
For Jack's to fear a ſtranger.
Bleſt with the ſmiling grog, we fly
Where now below
We headlong go,
Now riſe on mountains high:
Spight of the gale,
We hand the ſail,
Or take the needful reef;
Or man the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

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

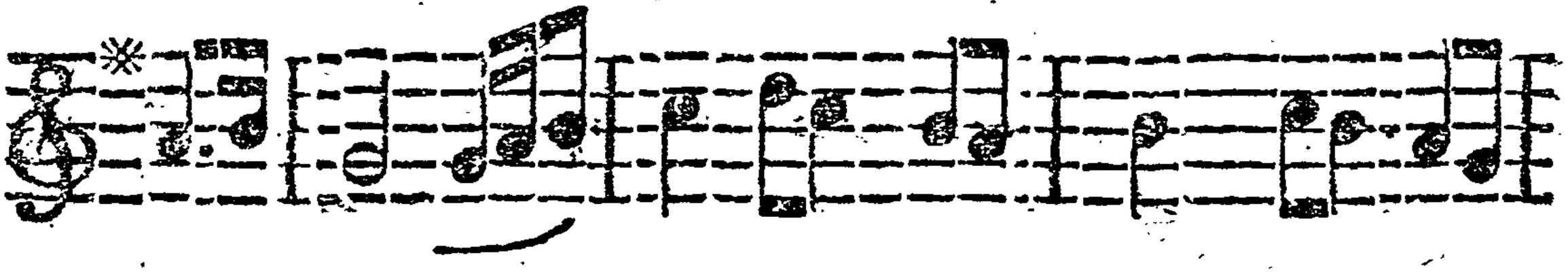
SONG III.

ALLOA HOUSE.

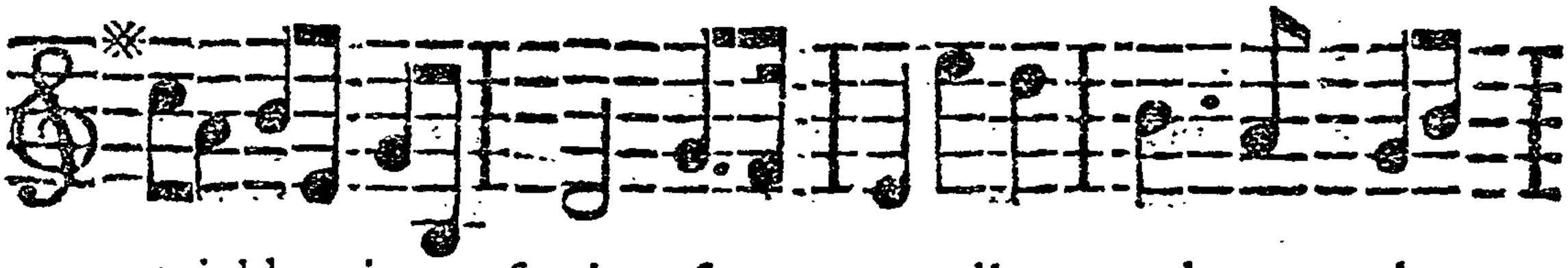
The ſpring time re- turns, and cloaths the



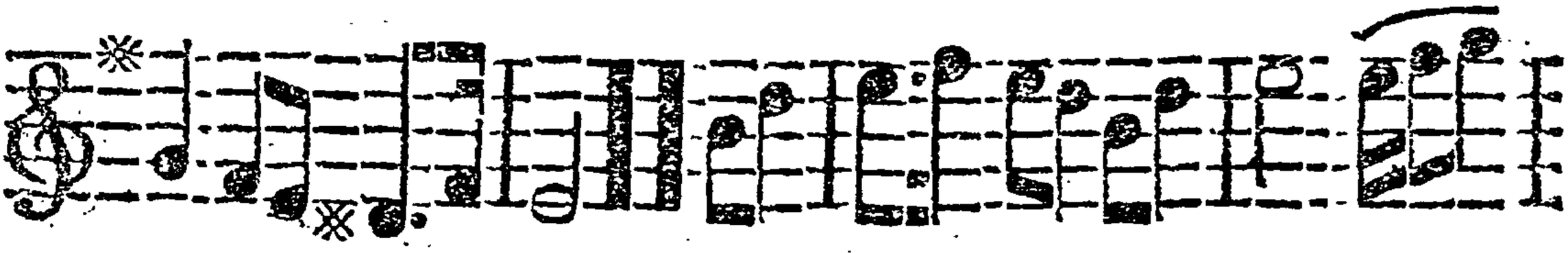
green plains, And Alloa ſhines more cheerful



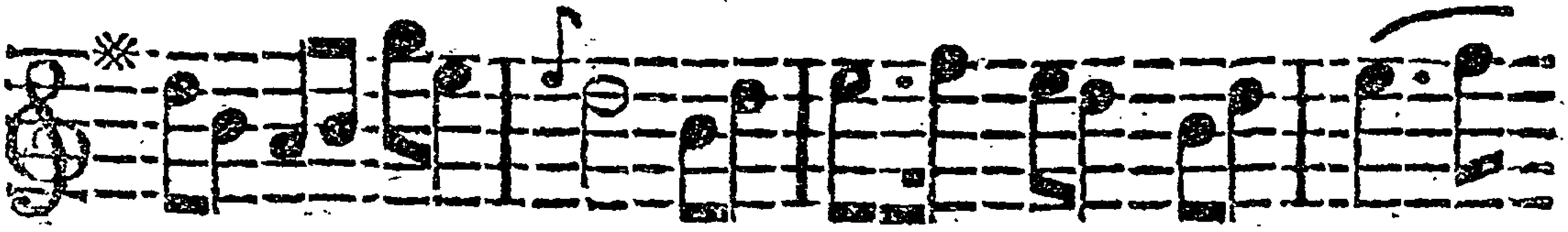
and gay; The lark tunes his throat, and the



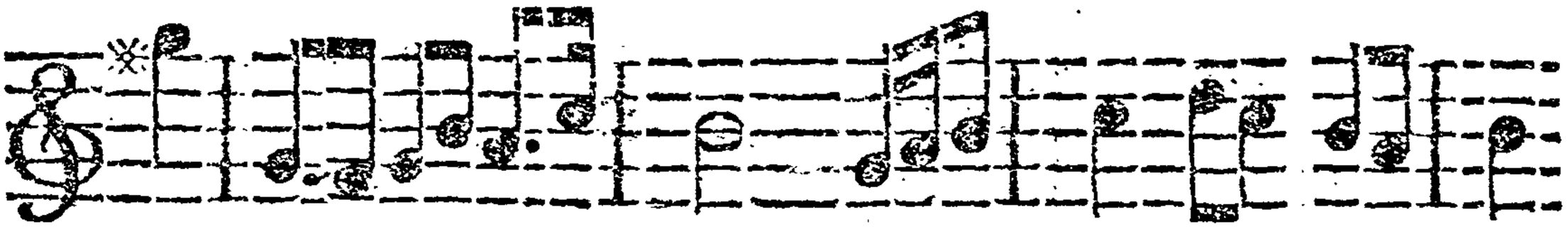
neighbouring ſwains ſing merrily round me where-

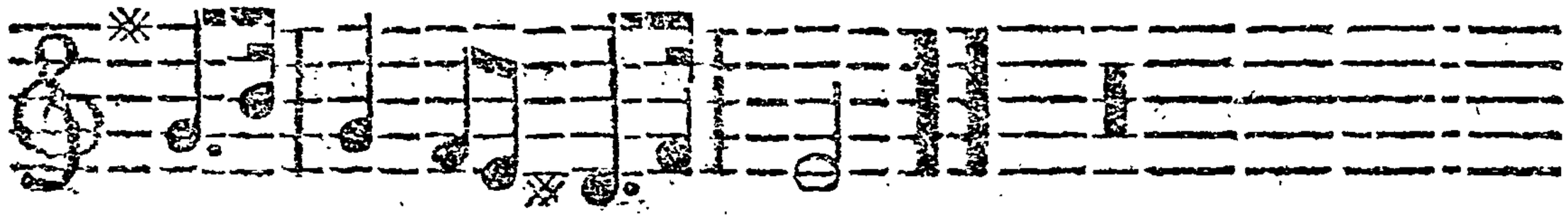


ev-er I ſtray; But San - dy no more re-



turns to my view! No ſpring time, me cheers,





O Alloa houſe! how much art thou chang'd!
How ſilent, how dull to me is each grove!
Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
Alas! where to pleaſe me my Sandy once ſtrove!

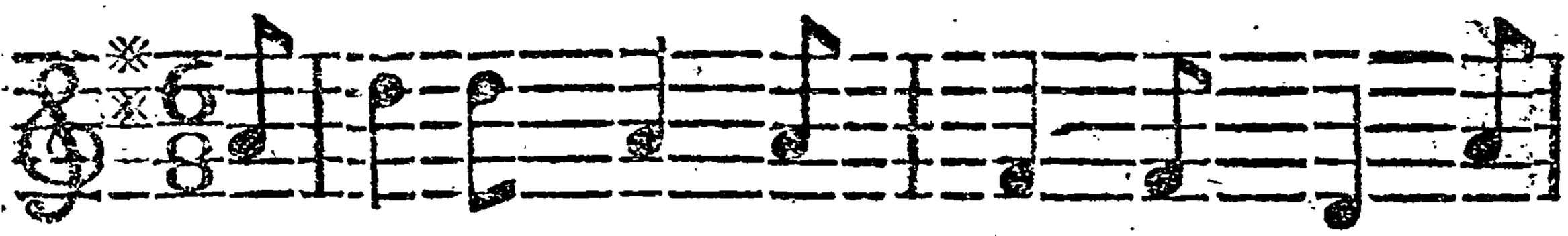
Here Sandy I heard the tales that you told;
Here liſtened too fond, whenever you ſung;
Am I grown leſs fair, then, that you are turn'd cold?
Or foolish, believ'd a falſe, flattering tongue;

So ſpoke the fair maid; when ſorrow's keen pain,
And ſhame, her laſt fault'ring accents ſuppreſt:
For fate at that moment brought back her dear ſwain.
Who heard, and, with rapture, his Nelly addreſt:
My Nelly! my fair, I come; O my Love,
No power ſhall thee tear again from my arm,
And, Nelly! no more thy fond ſhepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

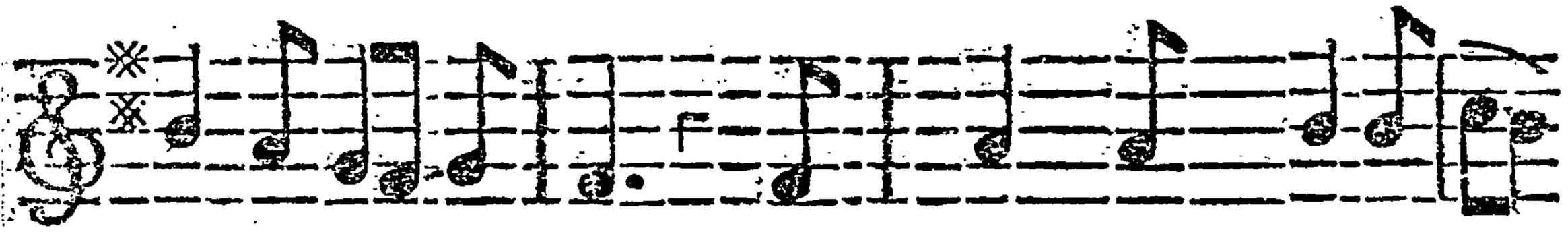
She heard; and new joy ſhot thro' her ſoft frame,
And will you, my love! be true? ſhe reply'd,
And live I to meet my fond ſhepherd the ſame?
Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
O Nelly! I live to find thee ſtill kind;
Still true to thy ſwain, and lovely as true;
Then adieu! to all ſorrow: what ſoul is ſo blind
As not to live happy for ever with you!

SONG IV.

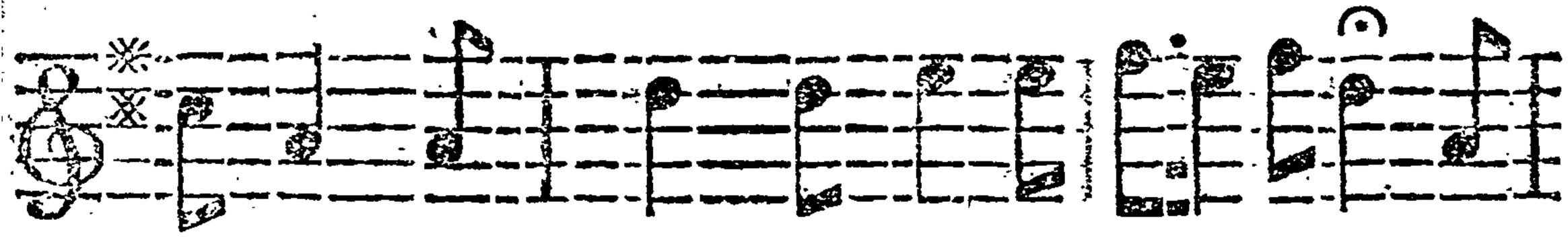
THE DUSKY NIGHT.



The duſky night rides down the ſky, And



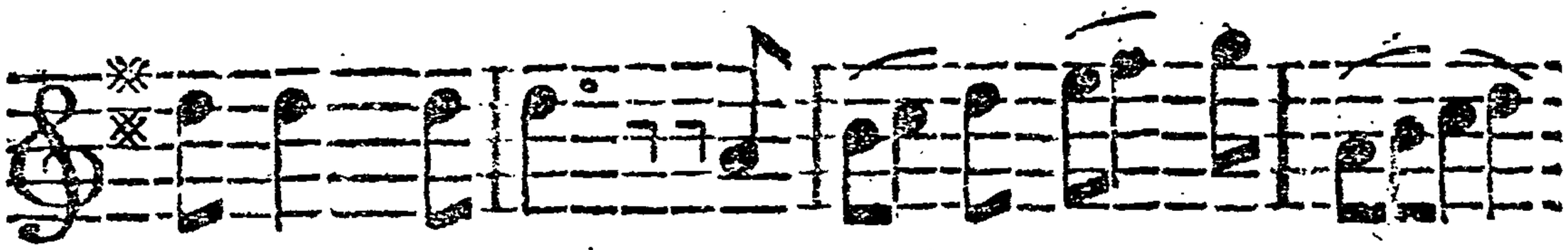
uſhers in the morn; The hounds all join in jo-



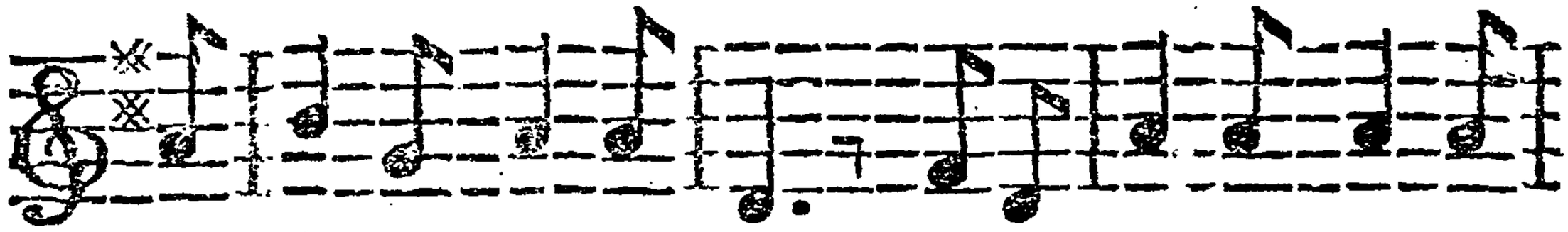
vial cry, The hounds all join in jovial cry, The

huntſman winds his horn, The huntſman winds

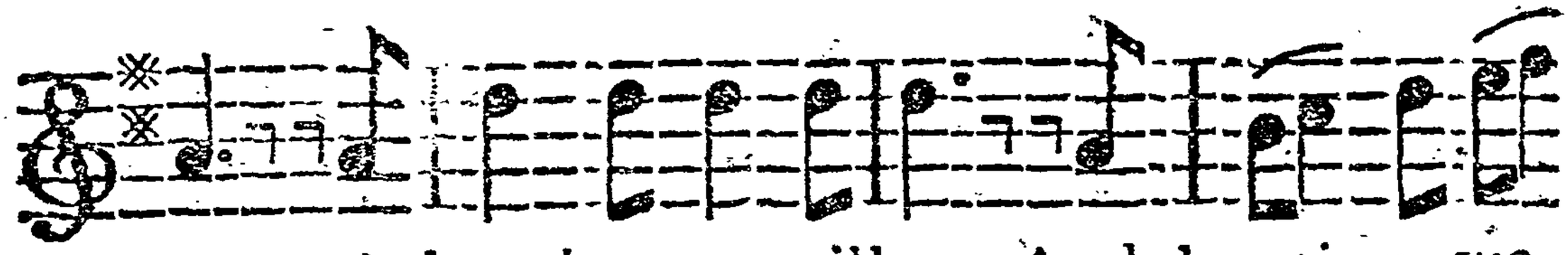
his horn. And a hunting we will go, A hunt-



ing we will go, A hunting we will go - - -



A hunting we will go. And a hunting we will



go, A hunting we will go, And hunting we

will go - - A hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay :
My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,
You cannot hunt to day.
Yet a hunting, &c.

Sly Reynard now like light'ning flies,
And sweeps across the vale ;

But when the hounds too near he ſpies,
He drops his buſhy tail.
Then a hunting, &c.

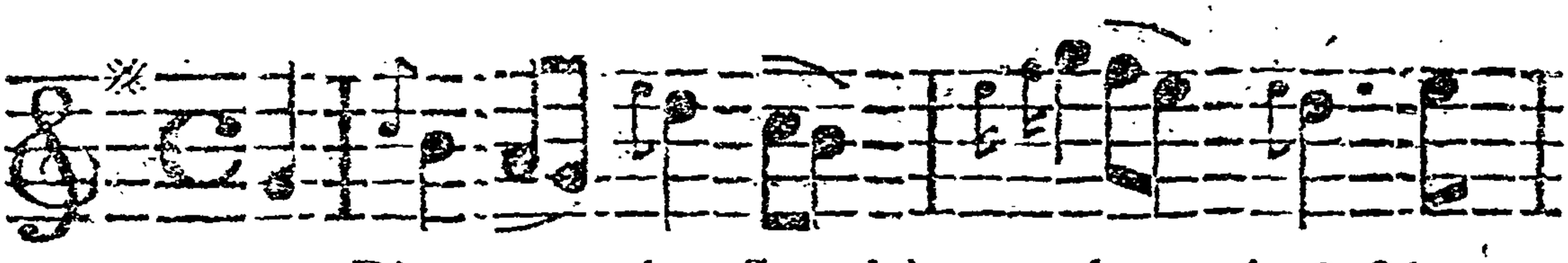
Fond echo ſeems to like the ſport,
And join the jovial cry;
The woods and hills the ſound retort,
And muſic fills the ſky,
When a hunting, &c.

At laſt his ſtrength to faintneſs worn,
Poor Reynard ceaſes flight;
Then hungry homeward we return
To feaſt away the night.
And a drinking, &c.

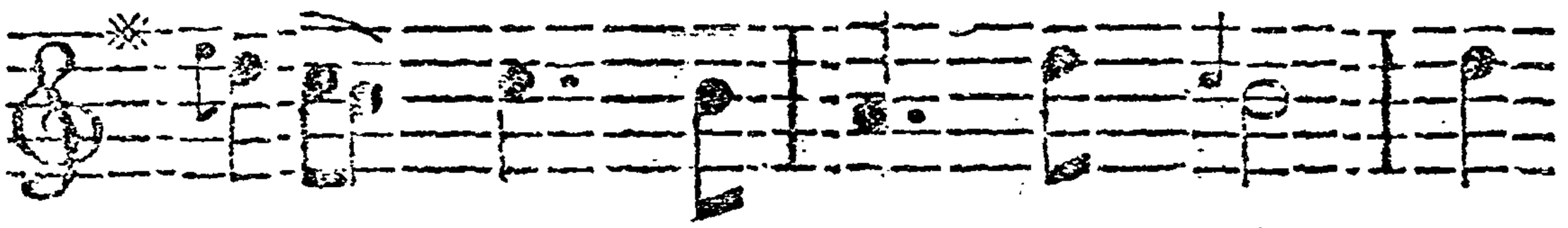
Ye jovial hunters in the morn
Prepare then for the chaſe;
Riſe at the ſounding of the horn,
And health with ſport embrace,
When a hunting, &c.

SONG V.

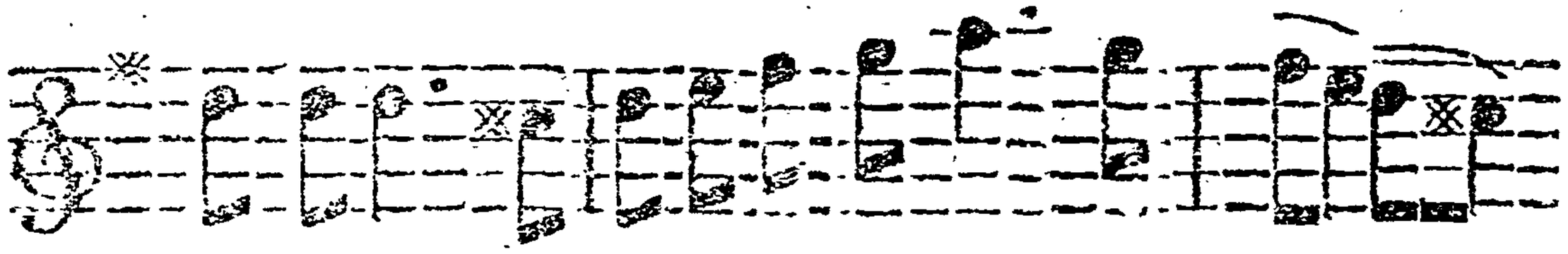
PLATO's ADVICE.



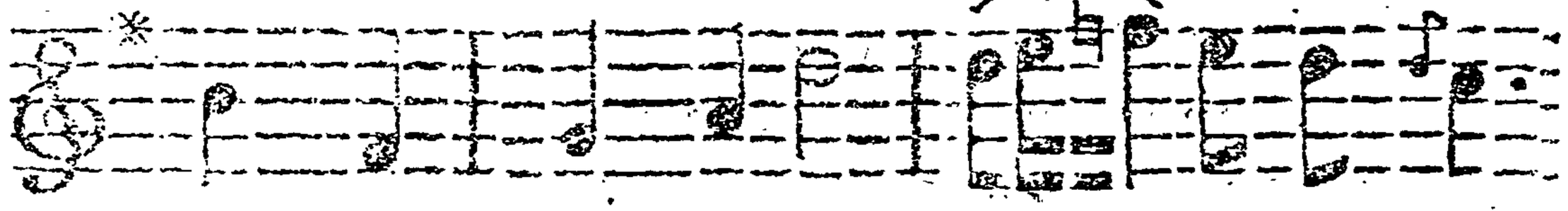
Says Pla- to, why ſhould man be vain? Since



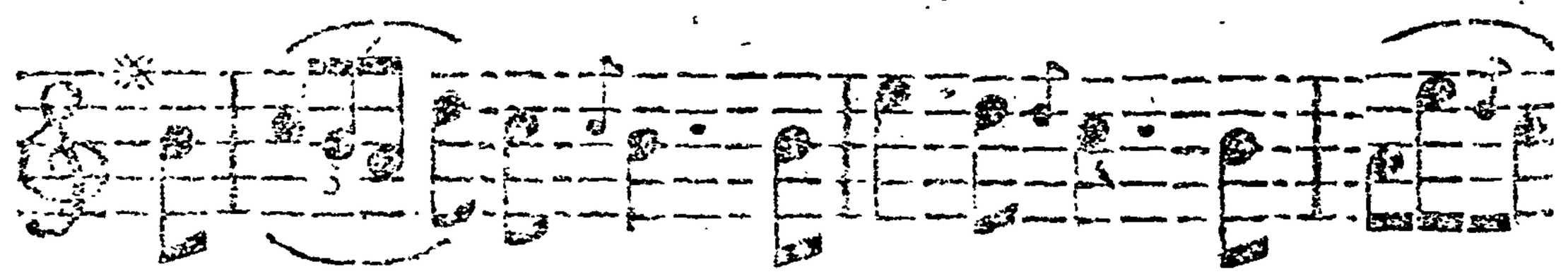
bounteous heaven has made him great; Why



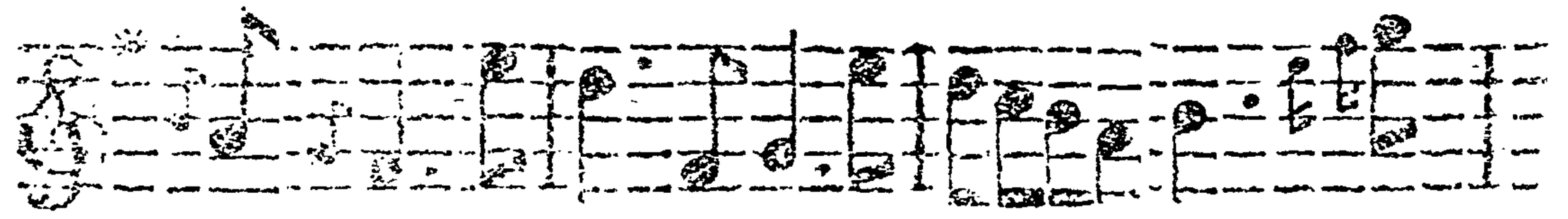
locketh he with inſolent diſdain On thoſe un-



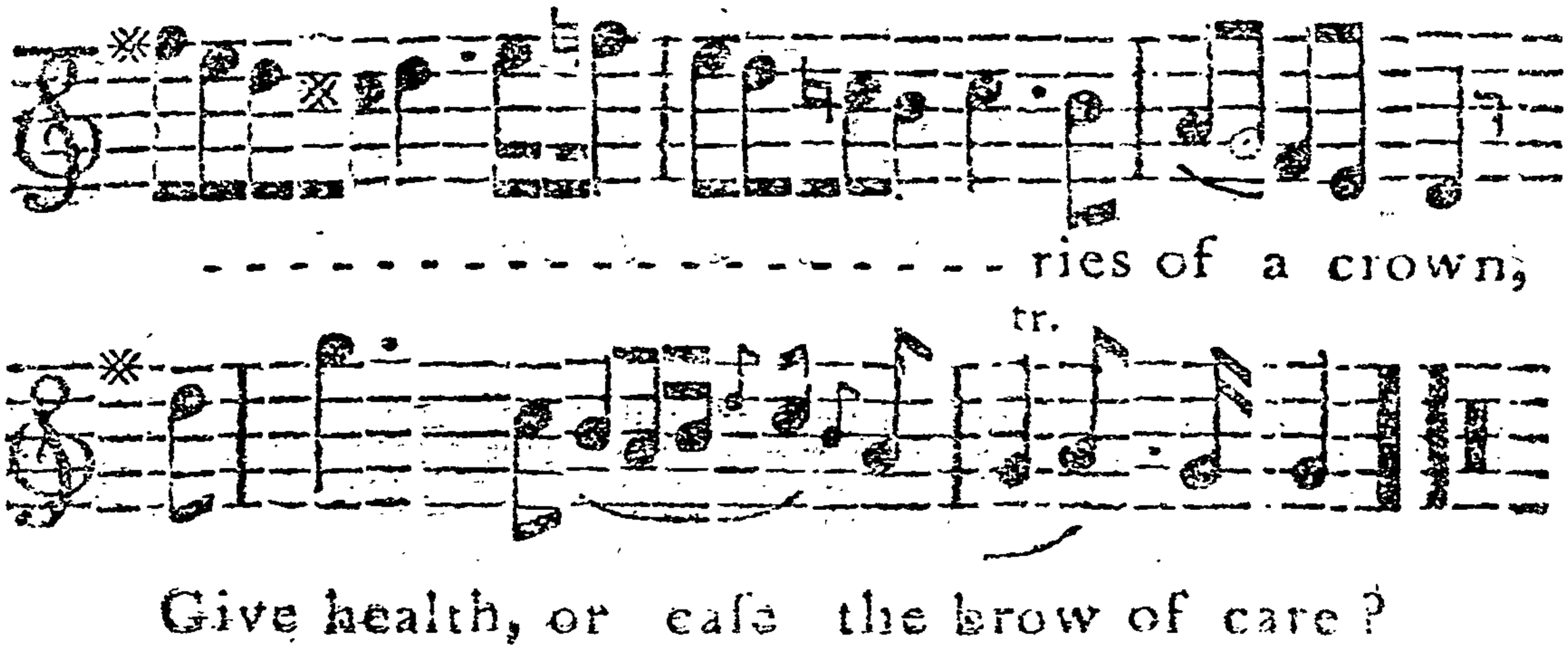
deck'd with wealth or ſtate? Can ſplendid robes,



or beds of down, Or coſtly gems that deck



the fair; Can all the glo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -



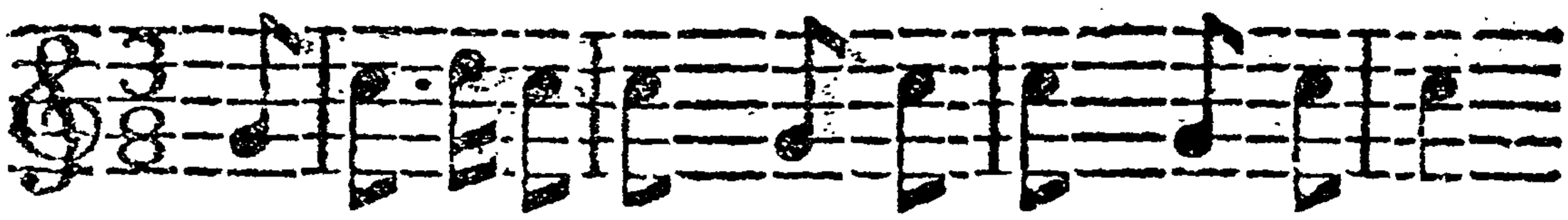
Give health, or eaſe the brow of care?

The ſcepter'd king, the burthen'd ſlave,
The humble, and the haughty, die;
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt, without diſtinction, lie.
Go ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles bore:
The wealth and glory they poſſeſs'd,
And all their honours, are no more.

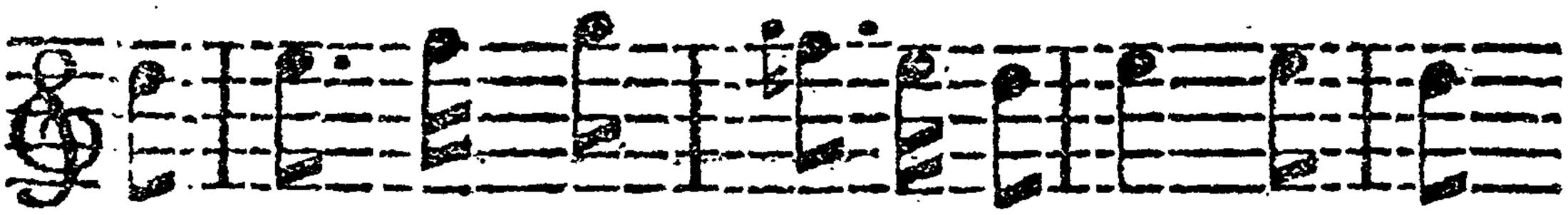
So glides the meteor thro' the ſky,
And ſpreads along a gilded train;
But when its ſhort-liv'd beauties die,
Diſſolves to commom air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls!—
Let friendſhip reign while here we ſtay;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls—
When Jove us calls we muſt away.

SONG VI.

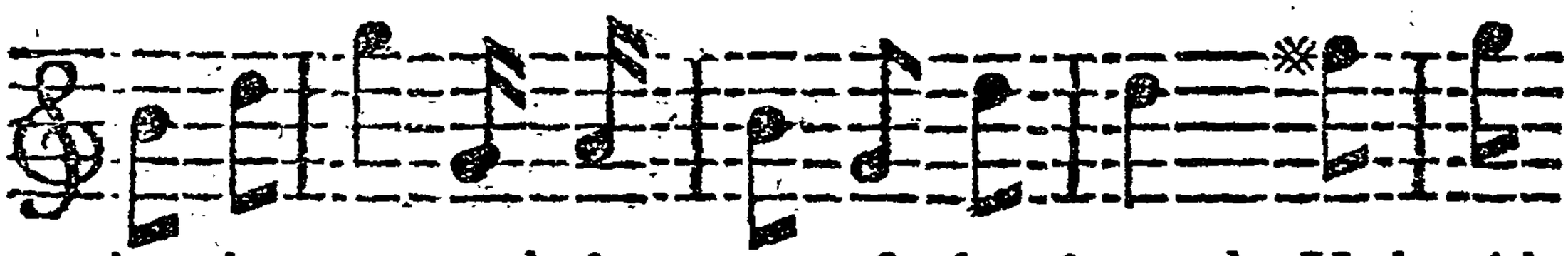
THE ECHOING HORN.



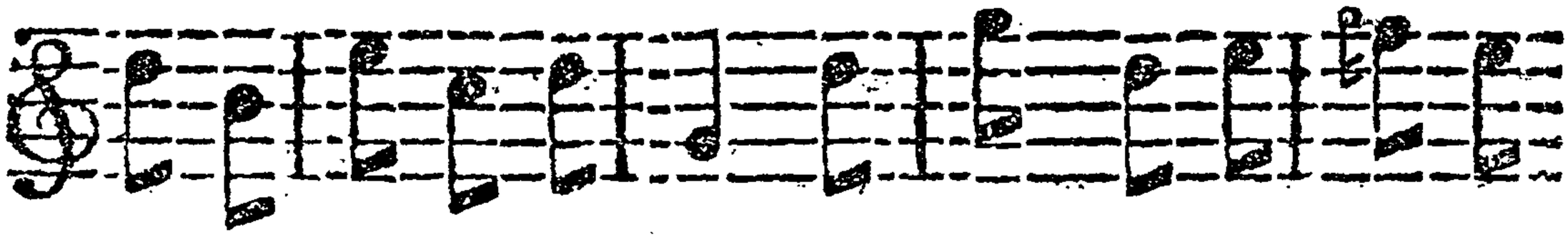
The echoing horn calls the ſportſman abroad



To horſe, my brave boys, and away. The morn-

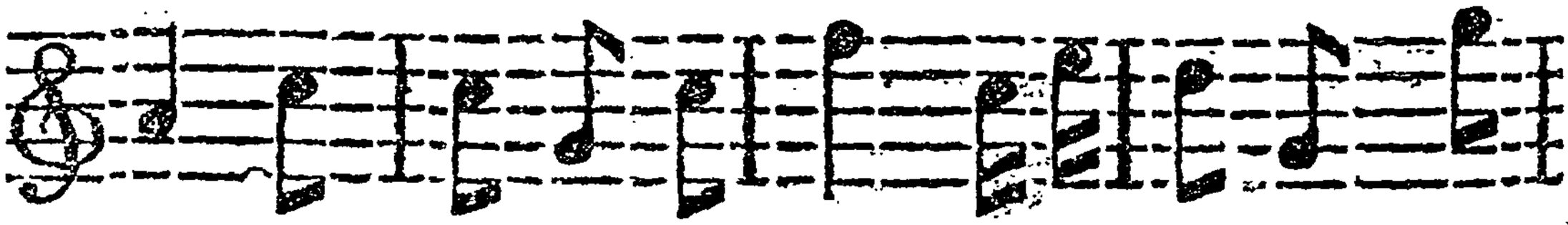


ing is up, and the cry of the hounds Upbraids



our too tedious delay. What pleaſure we feel in

purſuing the fox! O'er hill and o'er valley he

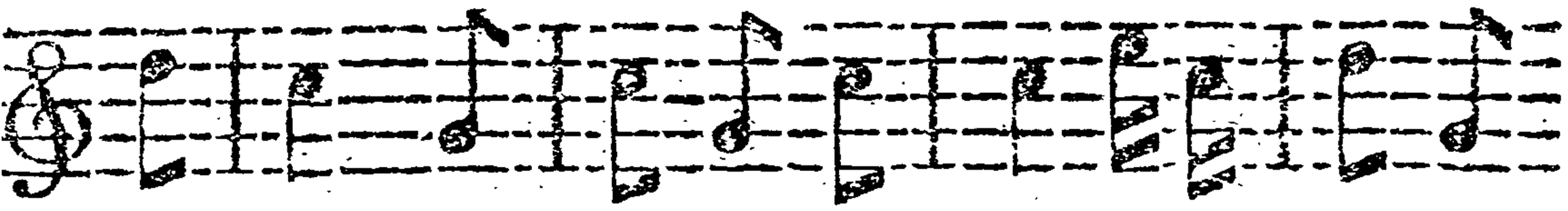


flies: Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him; huz-

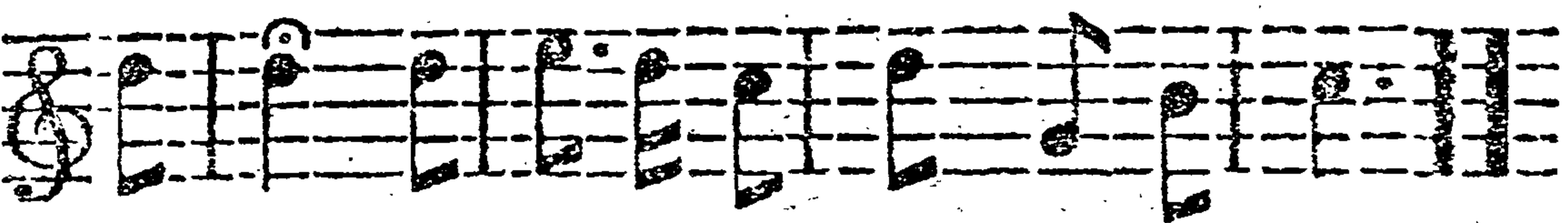
za! The traitor is ſeiz'd on and dies. He dies - -

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - The traitor is ſeiz'd on

Chorus.



and dies. Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him,

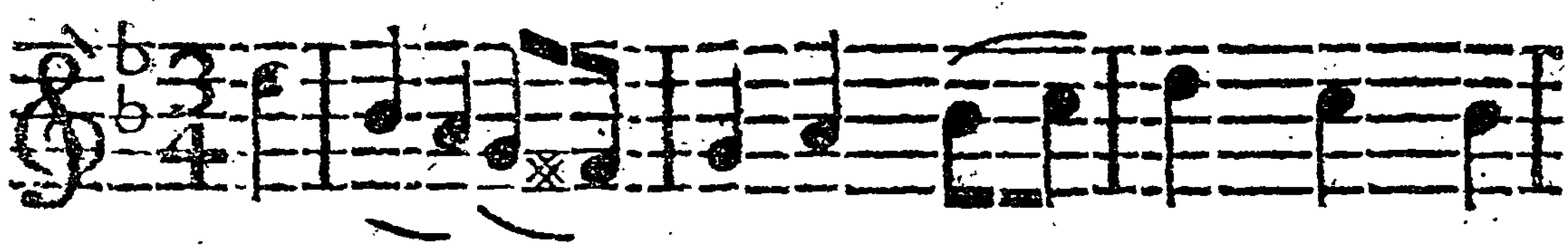


huzza! The traitor is ſeiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the ſpoil,
Like Bacchanals, ſhouting and gay;
How ſweet with a bottle and laſs to refreſh,
And drown the fatigues of the day!
With ſport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
Dull wiſdom all happineſs ſours.
Since life is no more than a paſſage at beſt,
Let's ſtrew the way over with flow'rs.
With flow'rs: lets ſtrew, &c.

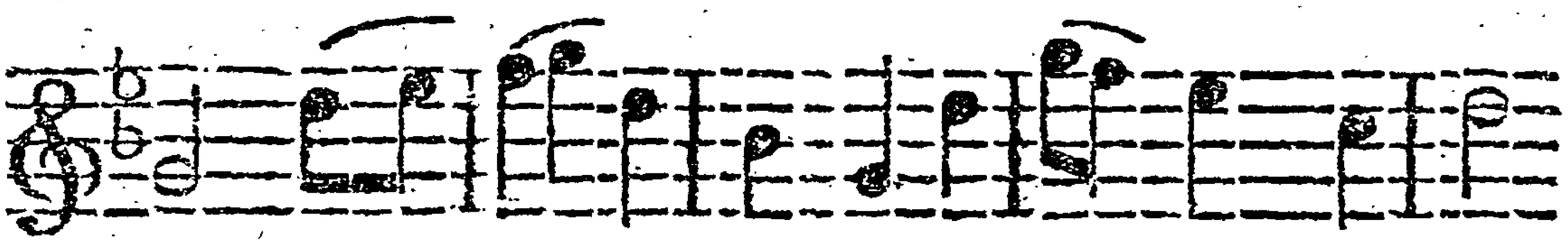
SONG VII.

QUEEN MARY's FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

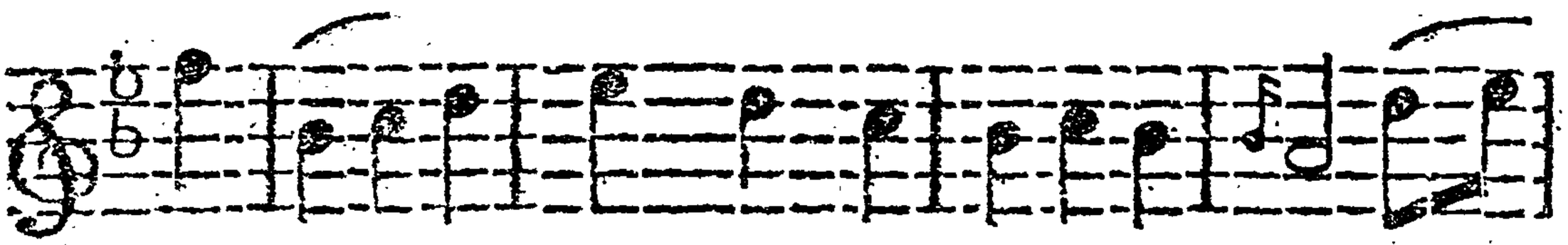


O ! thou lov'd country, where my youth was

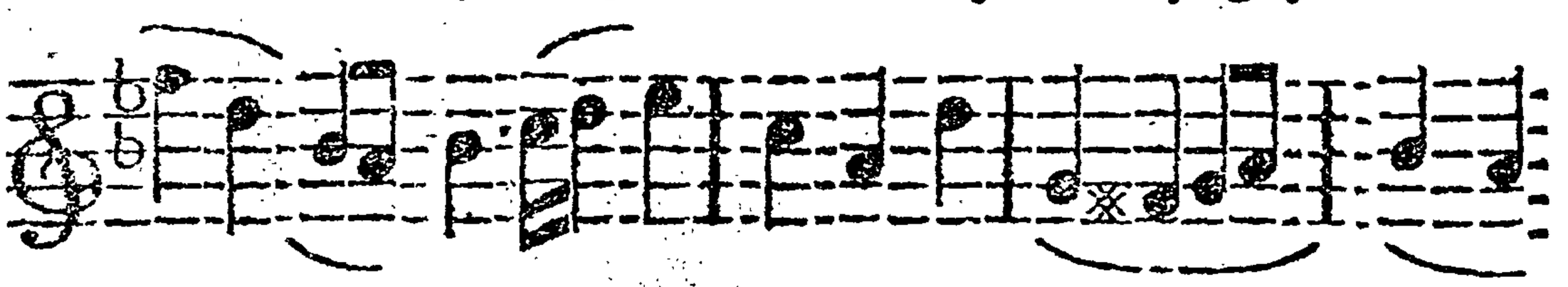
ſpent, Dear golden days, All paſt in ſweet con-



tent, Where the fair morning of my clouded day

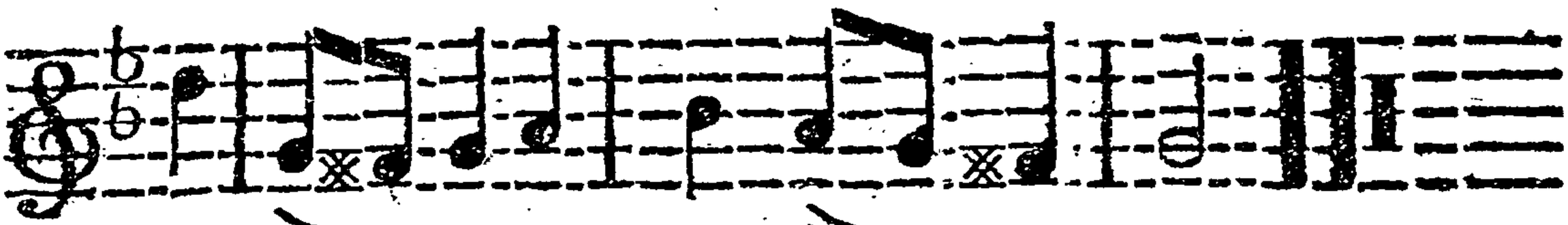


Shone mildly bright, and temperately gay. Dear



France, adieu, a long and ſad farewell ! No thought

can image, and no tongue can tell, The pangs

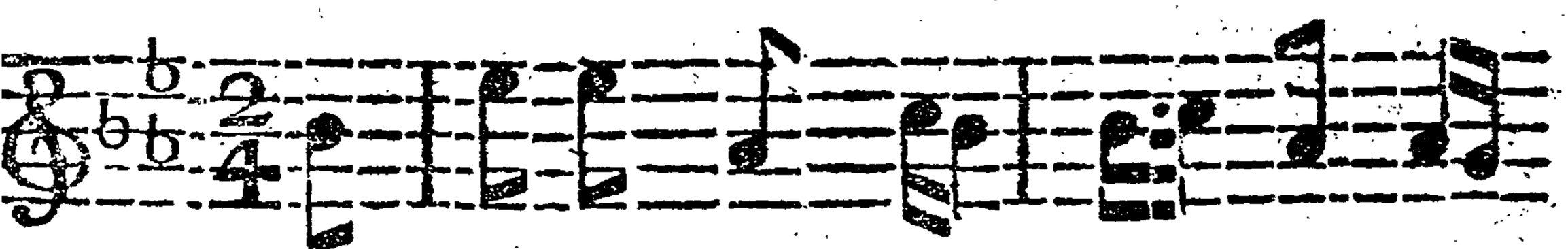


I feel at that drear word—farewell !

The ſhip that wafts me from thy friendly ſhore,
Conveys my body, but conveys no more.
My ſoul is thine, that ſpark of heav'nly flame,
That better portion of my mingled frame,
Is wholly thine, that part I give to thee,
That in the temple of thy memory,
The other ever may enſhrined be.

SONG VIII.

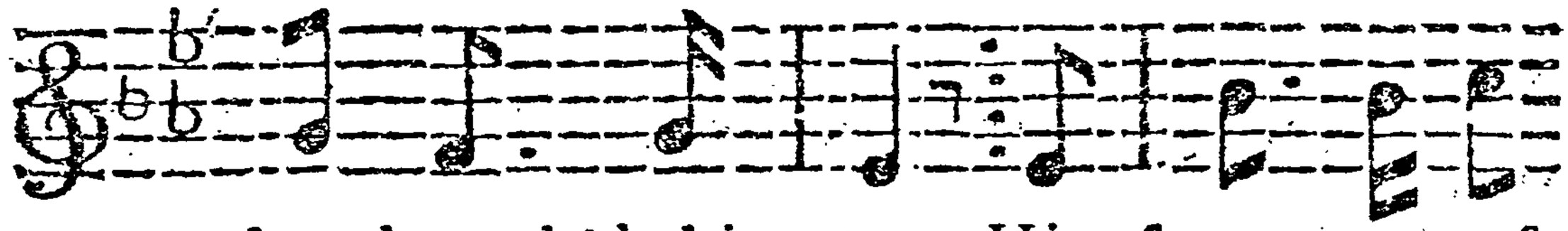
POOR TOM, OR THE SAILOR's EPITAPH.



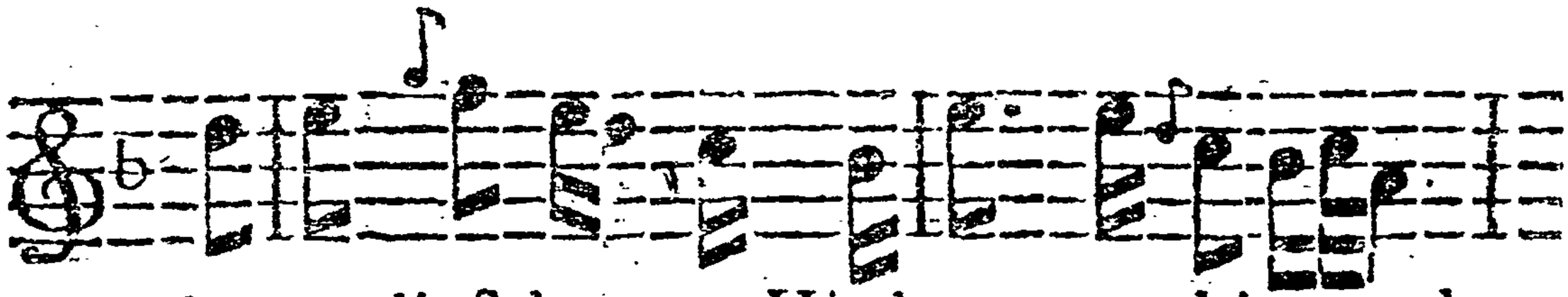
Here, a ſheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bow-

ling, The darling of our crew ; No more

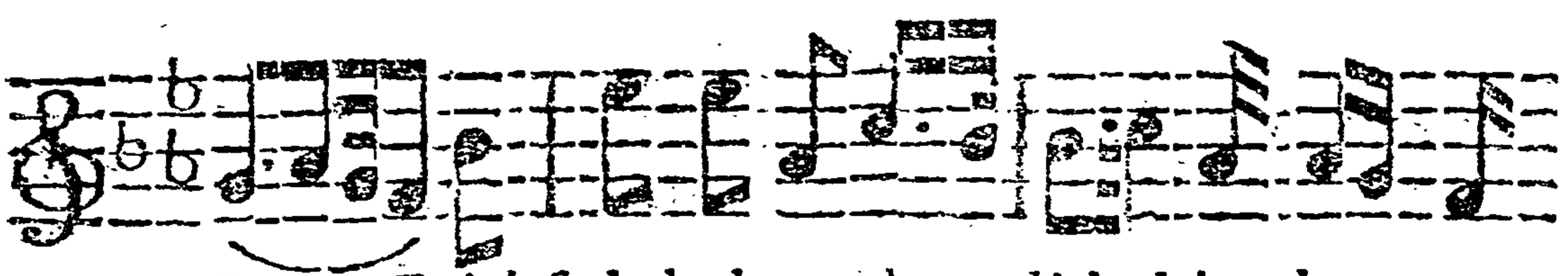
he'll hear the tempeſt howling, For death



has broach'd him to. His form was of



the manlieſt beauty, His heart was kind and



ſoft ; Faithful below he did his du - ty,

And now he's gone a - - - - loft, And now

he's gone a - - - loft.

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

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

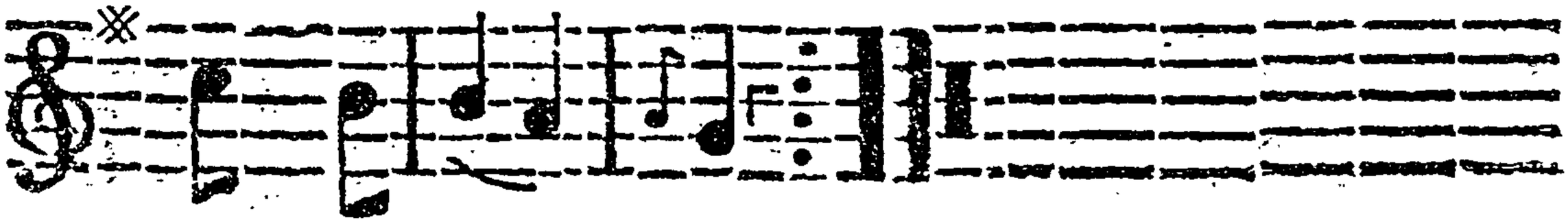
SONG IX.

NEVER TILL NOW I KNEW LOVE'S SMART.

Never till now I knew love's ſmart, Gueſs who

it was that ſtole away my heart? 'Twas on-ly

you, if you'll believe me, 'Twas only you if

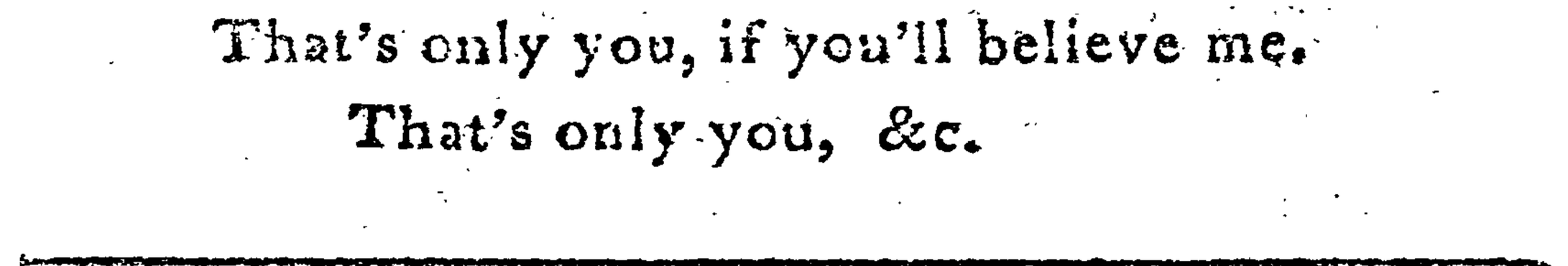


you'll believe me.

Since that I've felt love's fatal pow'r,
Heavy has paſſ'd each anxious hour,
If not with you, if you'll believe me,
If not with you, &c.
Honour and wealth no joys can bring,
Nor I be happy tho' a king,
If not with you, if you'll believe me,
If not with you, &c.
When from this world I'm call'd away,
For you alone I'd wiſh to ſtay,
For you alone, if you'll believe me,
For you alone, &c.
Grave on my tomb, where'er I'am laid,
Here lies one who lov'd but one maid,
That's only you, if you'll believe me.
That's only you, &c.

SONG X.

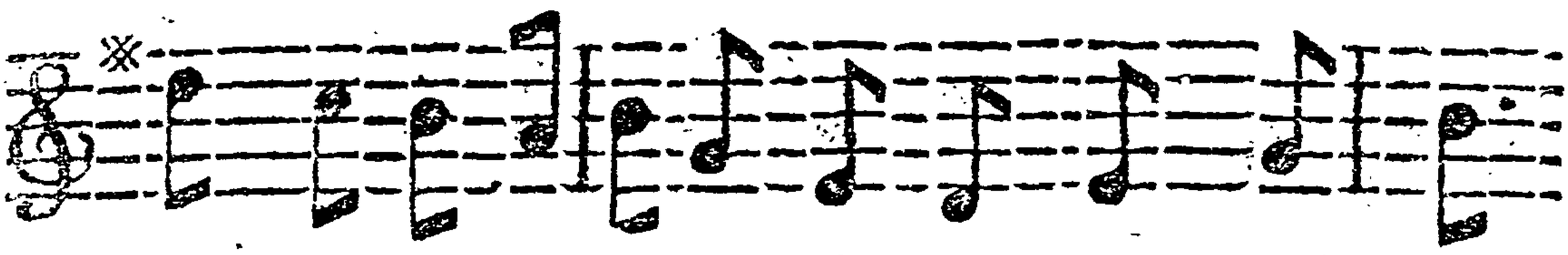
THE BANKS OF THE DEE.



'Twas ſummer, and ſoftly the breezes were

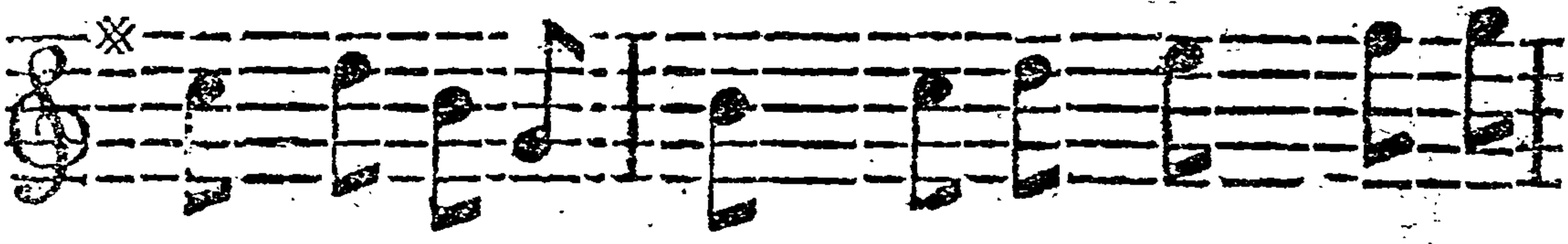
blowing, And ſweetly the nightingale ſung from

the tree; At the foot of a rock where the river

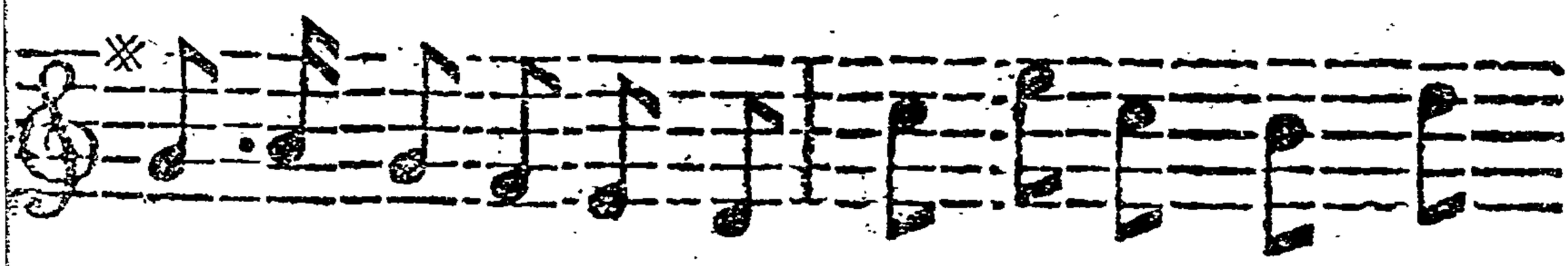


was flowing, I ſat myſelf down on the banks

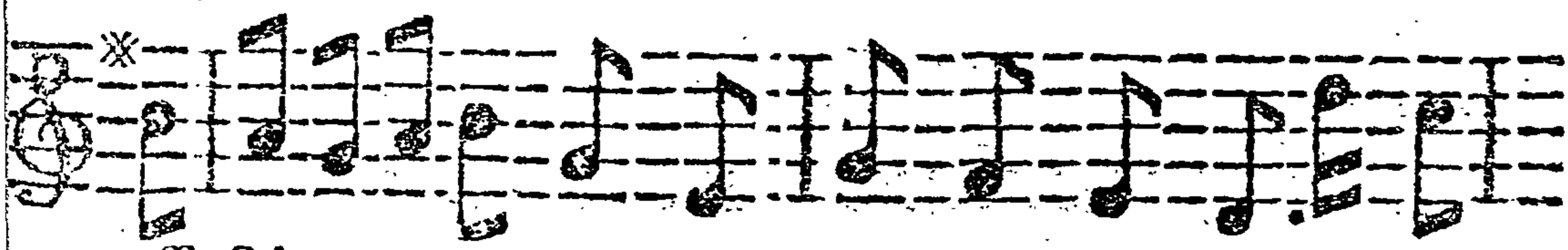
of the Dee. Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou



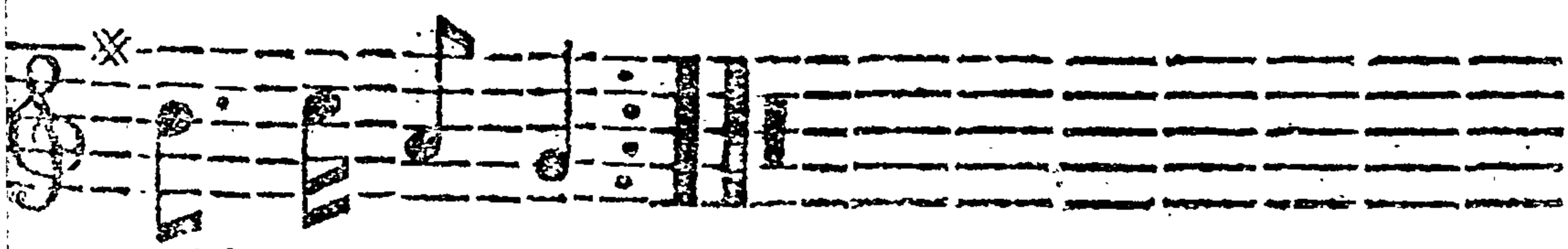
ſweet river, Thy banks, pureſt ſtream, ſhall be



dear to me ever: For there I firſt gain'd the



affection and favour Of Ja-mie the glory and



pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he;
And ah! there's 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 kindeſt and ſweeteſt of all the gay fellows,
And left me to ſtray 'mongſt the once loved willows,
The lonelieſt maid on the Banks of the Dee,

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet reſtore him,
Bleſt peace may reſtore my dear ſhepherd to me;
And when he returns, with ſuch care I'll watch o'er him,
He never ſhall leave the ſweet Banks of the Dee.
The Dee then ſhall flow, all its beauties diſplaying;
The lambs on its banks ſhall again be ſeen playing;
While I, with my Jamie, am careleſsly ſtraying,
And taſting again all the ſweets of the Dee.

ADDITIONS BY A LADY.

Thus ſung the fair maid on the banks of the river,
And ſweetly re-echo'd each neighbouring tree;
But now all theſe hopes muſt evaniſh for ever,
Since Jamie ſhall ne'er ſee the Banks of the Dee.

On a foreign ſhore the ſweet youth lay dying,
In a foreign grave his body's now lying ;
While friends and acquaintance in Scotland are
crying
For Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

Mis-hap on the hand by whom he was wounded ;
Mis-hap on the wars that call'd him away (ed,
From a circle of friends by which he was ſurround-
Who mourn for dear Jamie the tedious day.
Oh ! poor hapleſs maid, who mourns diſcontented,
The loſs of a lover ſo juſtly lamented ;
By time, only time, can her grief be contented,
And all her dull hours become cheerful and gay.

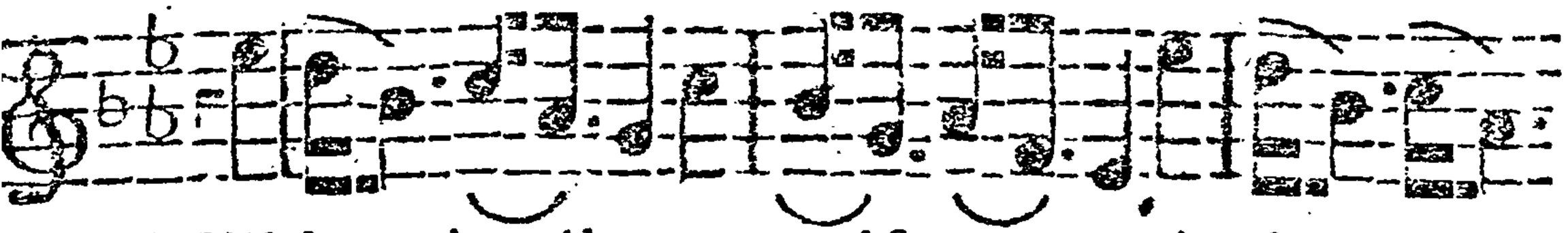
'Twas honour and brav'ry made him leave her
mourning,
From unjuſt rebellion his country to free ;
He left her in hopes of a ſpeedy returning,
To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.
For this he deſpiſed all dangers and perils ;
'Twas thus he eſpouſed Britannia's quarrels,
That when he came home he might crown her with
laurels,
The happieſt maid on the Banks of the Dee.

But fate had determin'd his fall to be glorious,
Tho' dreadful the thought muſt be unto me ;

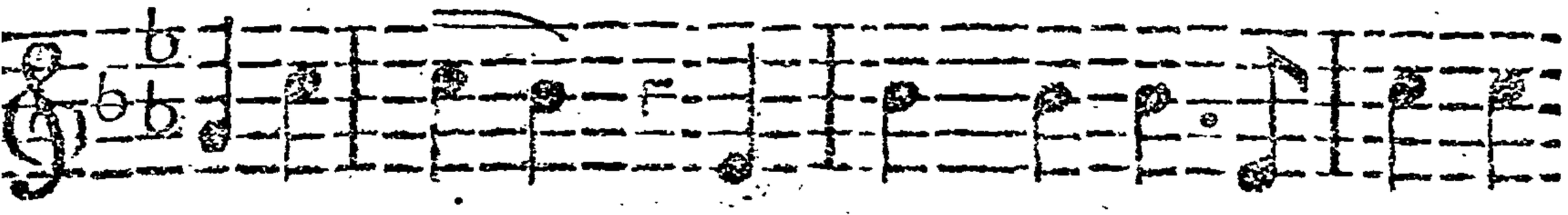
He fell, like brave Wolfe, when the troops were victorious ;
Sure each tender heart muſt bewail the decree :
Yet, tho' he is gone, the once faithful lover,
And all our fine ſchemes of true happineſs over,
No doubt he implored his pity and favour
For me he had left on the Banks of the Dee.

SONG XI.

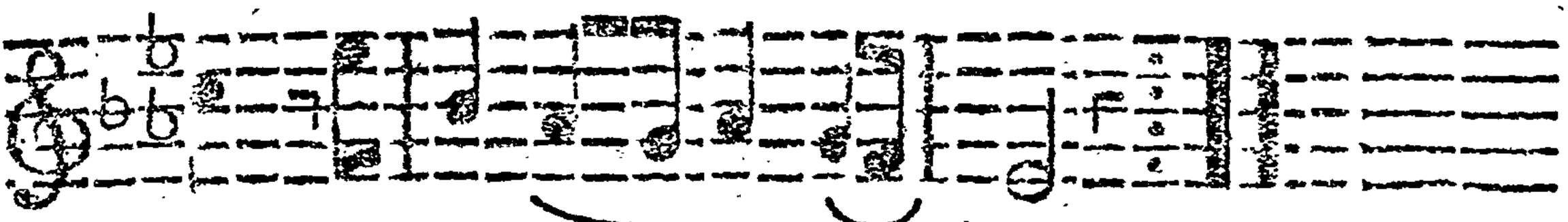
THE HEAVY HOURS.



Will love in all your pulſes beat, And tremble



on your tongue? Will love in all your pulſes



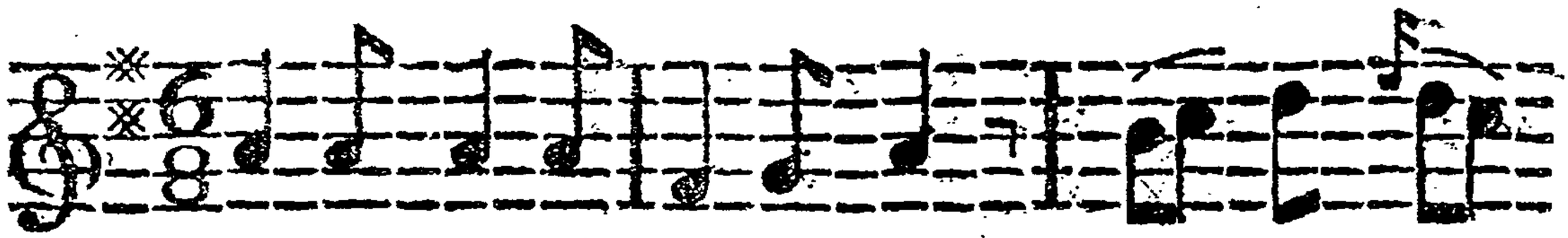
beat, And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
  Your heart is ſtill the ſame?
And heal each idly anxious care,
  Our fears in abſcence 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!

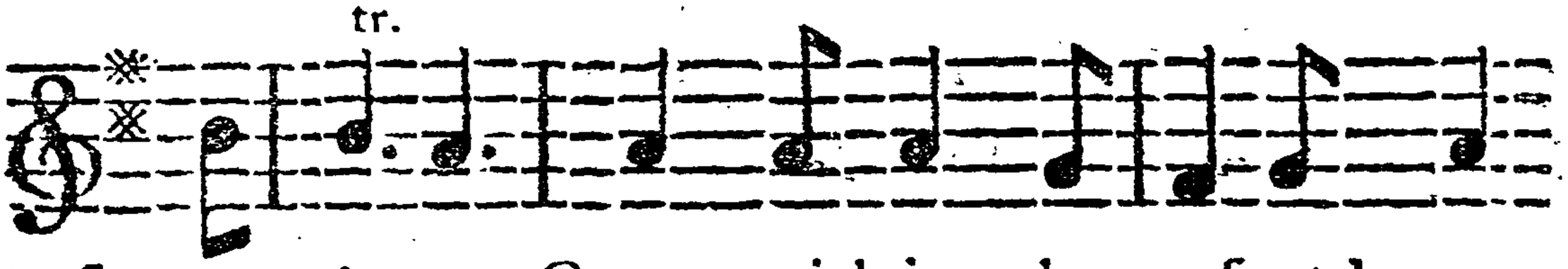
But if the dream that ſoothes my mind,
  Shall falſe and groundleſs prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
  You have forgot to love:
All I of Venus aſk is this,
  No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliſs,
  To die and think you mine.

SONG XII.

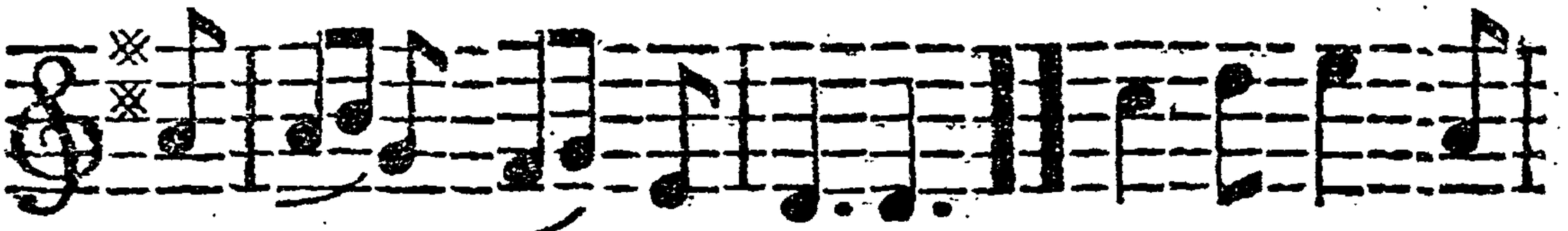
COME NOW ALL YE SOCIAL POW'RS.



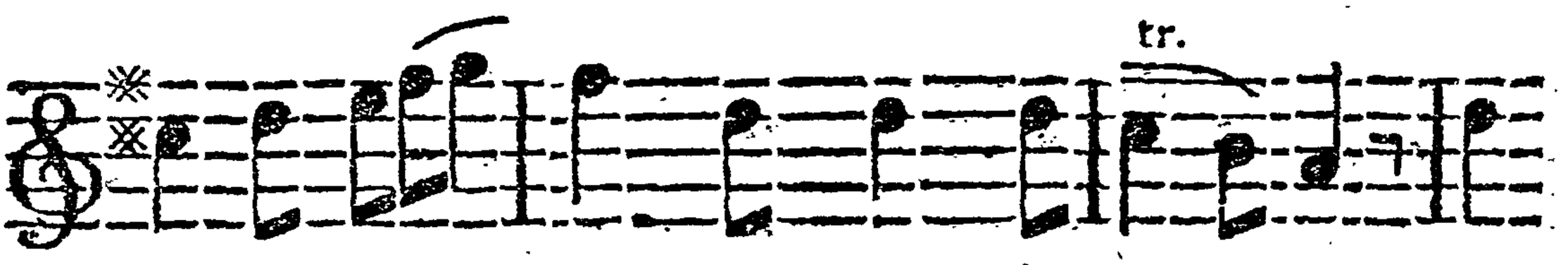
Come now all ye ſocial pow'rs Shed your in-



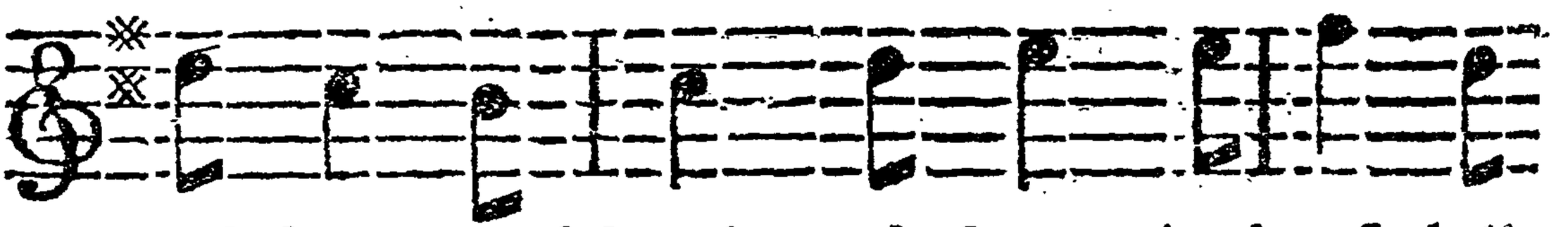
fluence o'er us, Crown with joy the preſent hours,



En-li-ven thoſe before us. Bring the flaſk, the

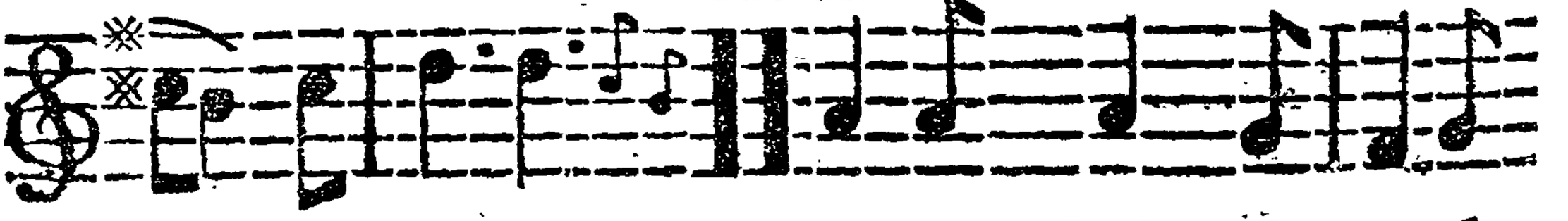


muſic bring, joy ſhall quickly find us, Drink



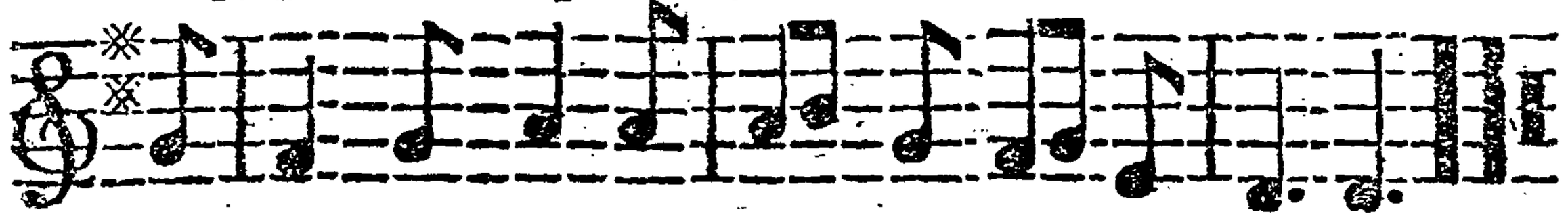
and dance, and laugh and ſing, And caſt dull

Chorus.



care behind us. Bring the flaſk, the muſic

bring, Joy ſhall quickly find us, Drink and dance,



and laugh and ſing, And caſt dull care behind us.

Friendſhip, with thy pow'r divine,
Brighten all our features;
What but friendſhip, love, and wine,
Can make us happy creatures?
Bring the flaſk, &c.

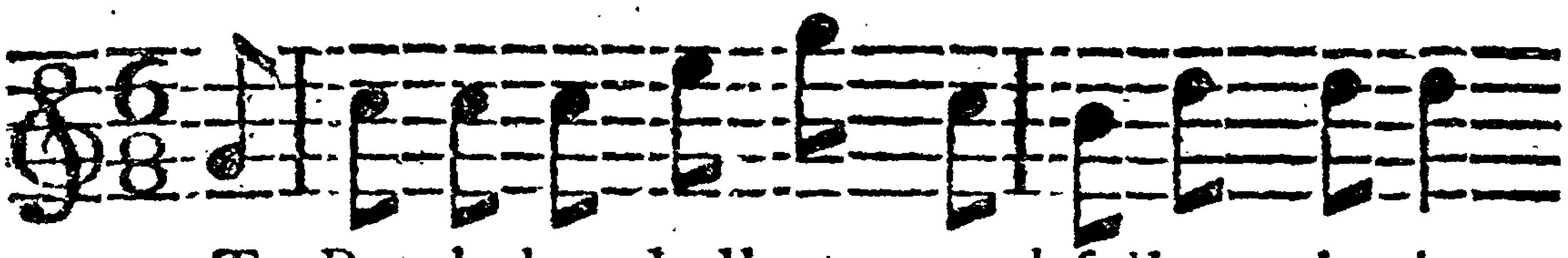
Love, thy Godhead we adore,
Source of generous paſſion;
Nor will we ever bow before
Thoſe idols, wealth and faſhion.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Why ſhould we be dull or ſad,
Since on earth we moulder?
The grave, the gay, the good, the bad,
They every day grow older.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

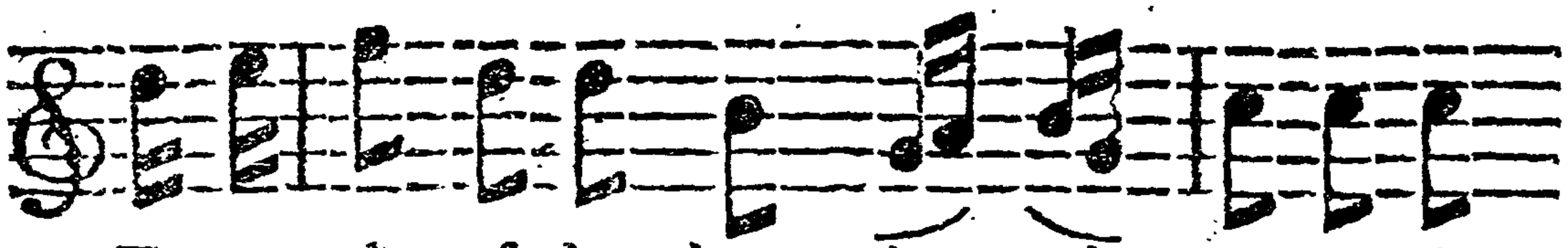
Then ſince time will ſteal away,
'Spite of all our ſorrow;
Heighten every joy to day,
And never mind to morrow.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

SONG XIII.

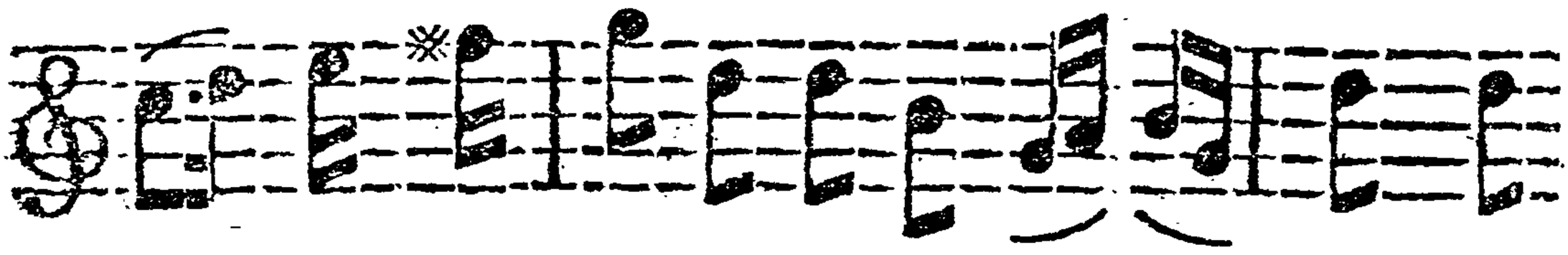
BATCHELORS HALL.



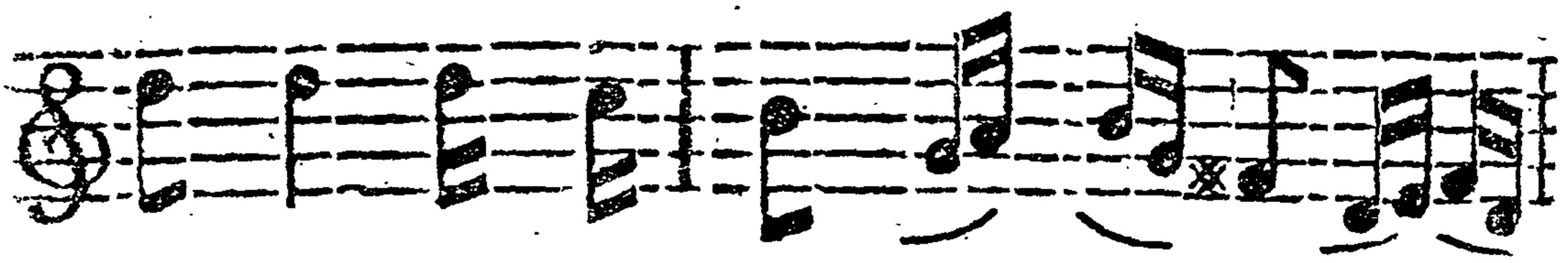
To Batchelors hall we good fellows invite,



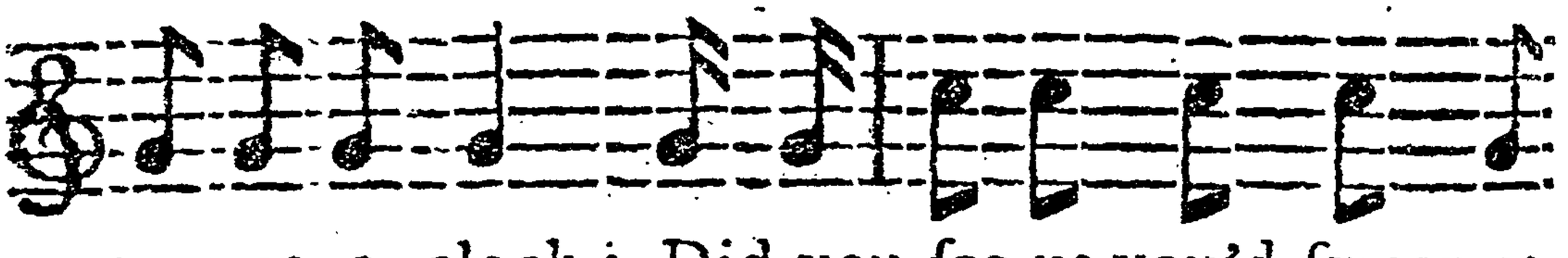
To partake of the chace, that makes up our de-



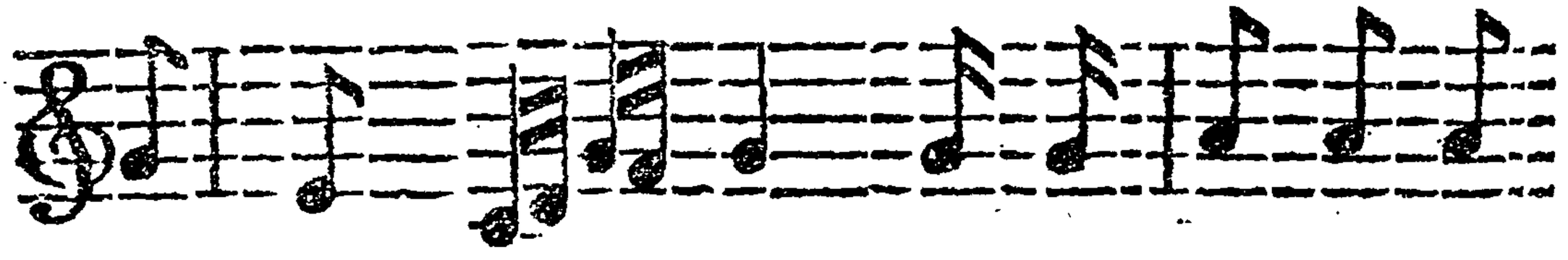
light : We have ſpirits like fire and of health ſuch



a ſtock, That our pulſe ſtrikes the ſeconds as



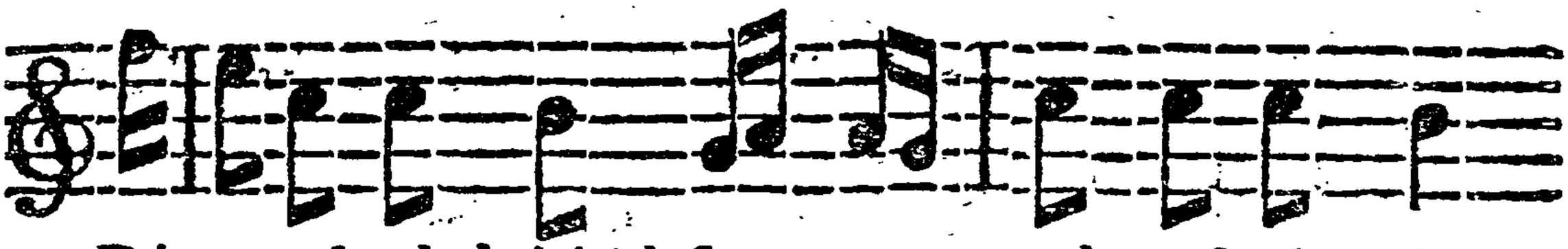
true as a clock : Did you ſee us you'd ſwear, as



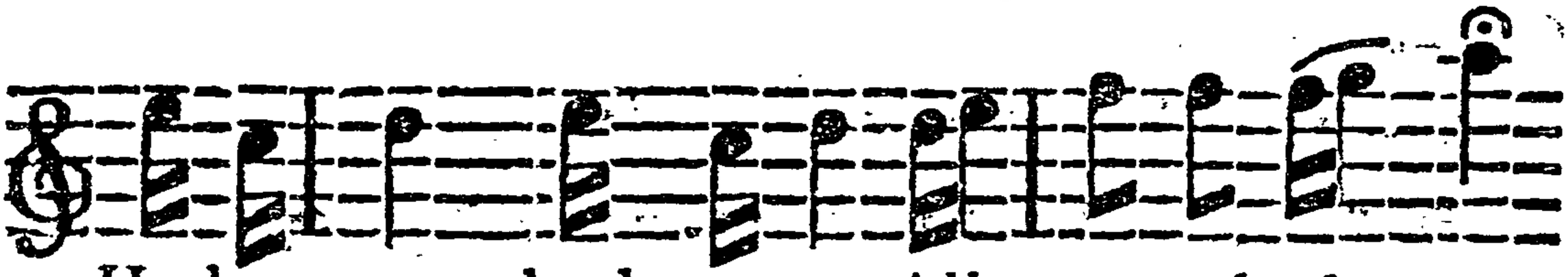
we mount with a grace ; Did you ſee us you'd

swear, As we mount with a grace, That Di-a-na

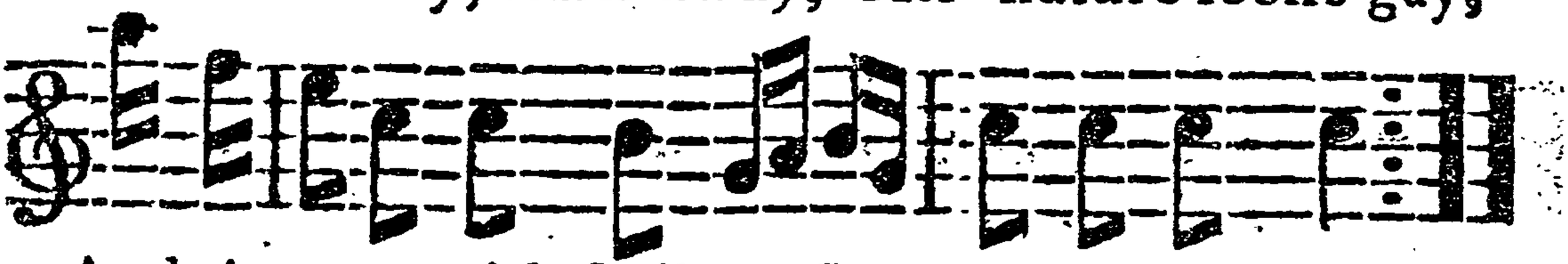
had dubb'd some new gods of the chace, That



Di-a-na had dubb'd some new gods of the chace.



Hark a - way, hark away, All nature looks gay,



And Aurora with smiles ush-ers in the bright day.

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

Hark away, hark away,
While our spirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

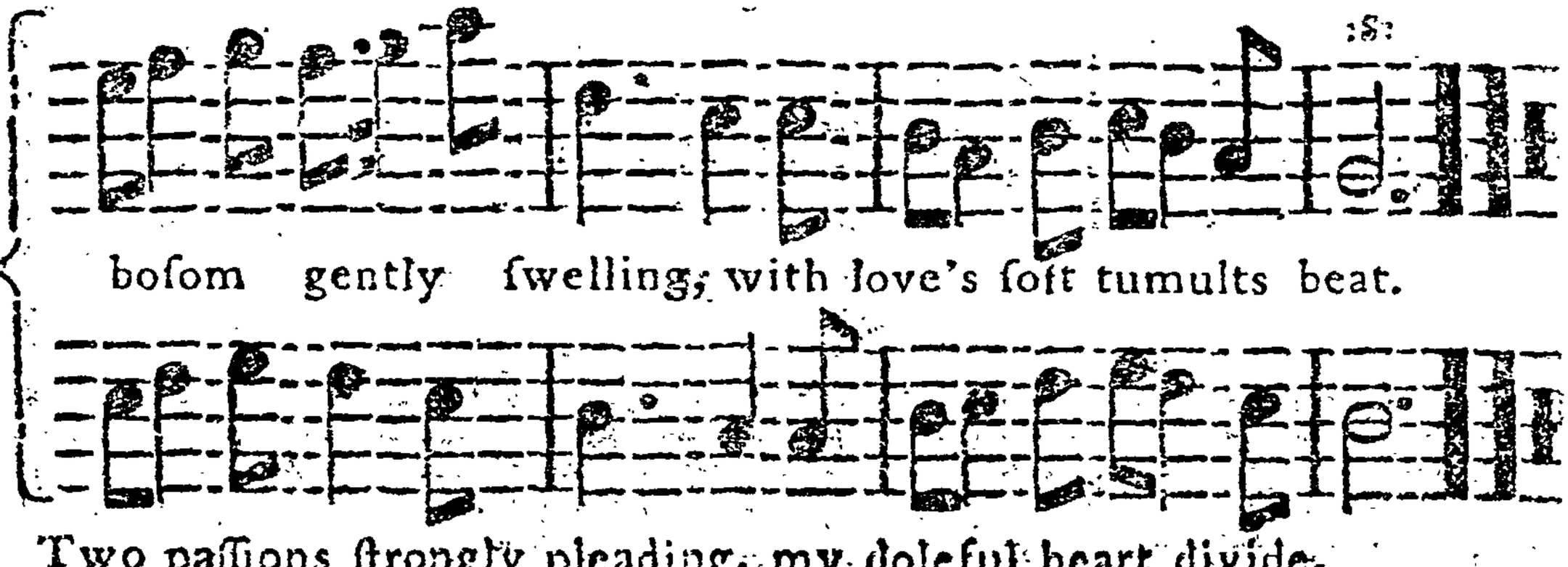
Then for hounds there was Nimble, ſo well that
climbs rocks,
And Cocknoſe, a good one at ſcenting a Fox,
Little Plunge, like a mole, who with ferret and
ſearch,
And beetle-brow'd Hawks-eye, ſo dead at a lurch:
Young Sly-looks, that ſcents the ſtrong breeze from
the South,
And muſical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.
Hark away, &c.

Our horſes, thus all of the very beſt blood;
'Tis not likely you'll eaſily find ſuch a ſtud;
And for hounds our opinions with thouſands we'll
back, (pack:
That all England throughout can't produce ſuch a
Thus having deſcribed you dogs, horſes, and crew,
Away we ſet off, for the Fox is in view.
Hark away, &c.

Sly Reynard's brought home, while the horns ſound
a call,
And now you're all welcome to Batchelor's hall
The ſavory ſir-loin grateful ſmokes on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favorite hoard;
Come on then, do honour to this jovial place.
And enjoy the ſweet pleaſures that ſpring from the
Hark away, &c. (chace.

SONG XIV.

WOOLF's ADIEU.



bosom gently swelling; with love's soft tumults beat.

Two passions strongly pleading, my doleful heart divide,
Lo! there's my country bleeding, and here's my weeping bride,
But know thy faithful lover, can true to either prove,
War fires my veins all over, whilst every pulse beats love.

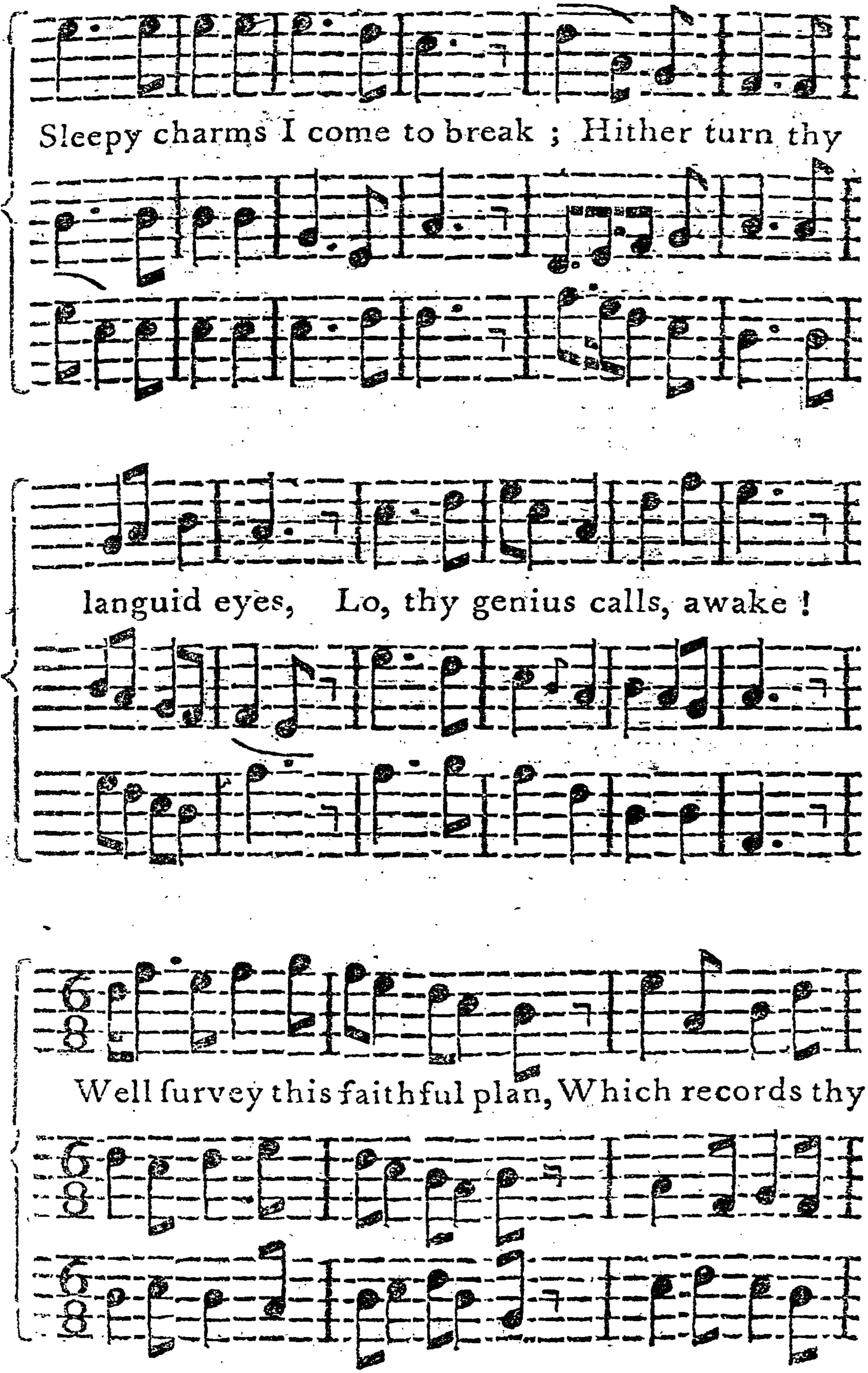
I go where glory leads me, or points the dangerous way,
Tho' coward love upbraids me, yet honour bids obey,
But honours boasting stories, too oft thy swain reprove,
And whisper fame with glory, ah! what is that to love.

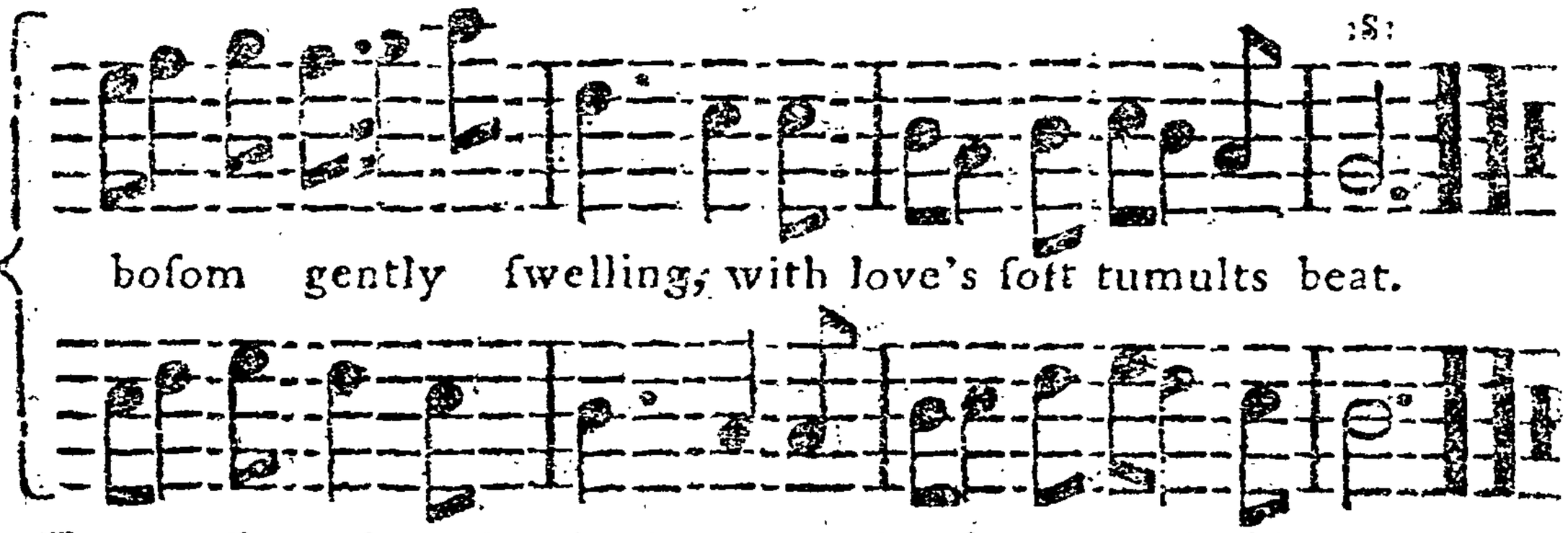
Then think where e'er I wander, through parts by sea or land,
No distant heart can sunder, what mutual love has join'd,
Kind heav'n the brave requiting, shall safe thy swain restore,
And raptures crown the meeting, as love ne'er felt before.

SONG XV.

MARLBOROUGH'S GHOST.

Awful Hero, Marlb'ro' rise!


Sleepy charms I come to break ; Hither turn thy
languid eyes, Lo, thy genius calls, awake !
Well survey this faithful plan, Which records thy



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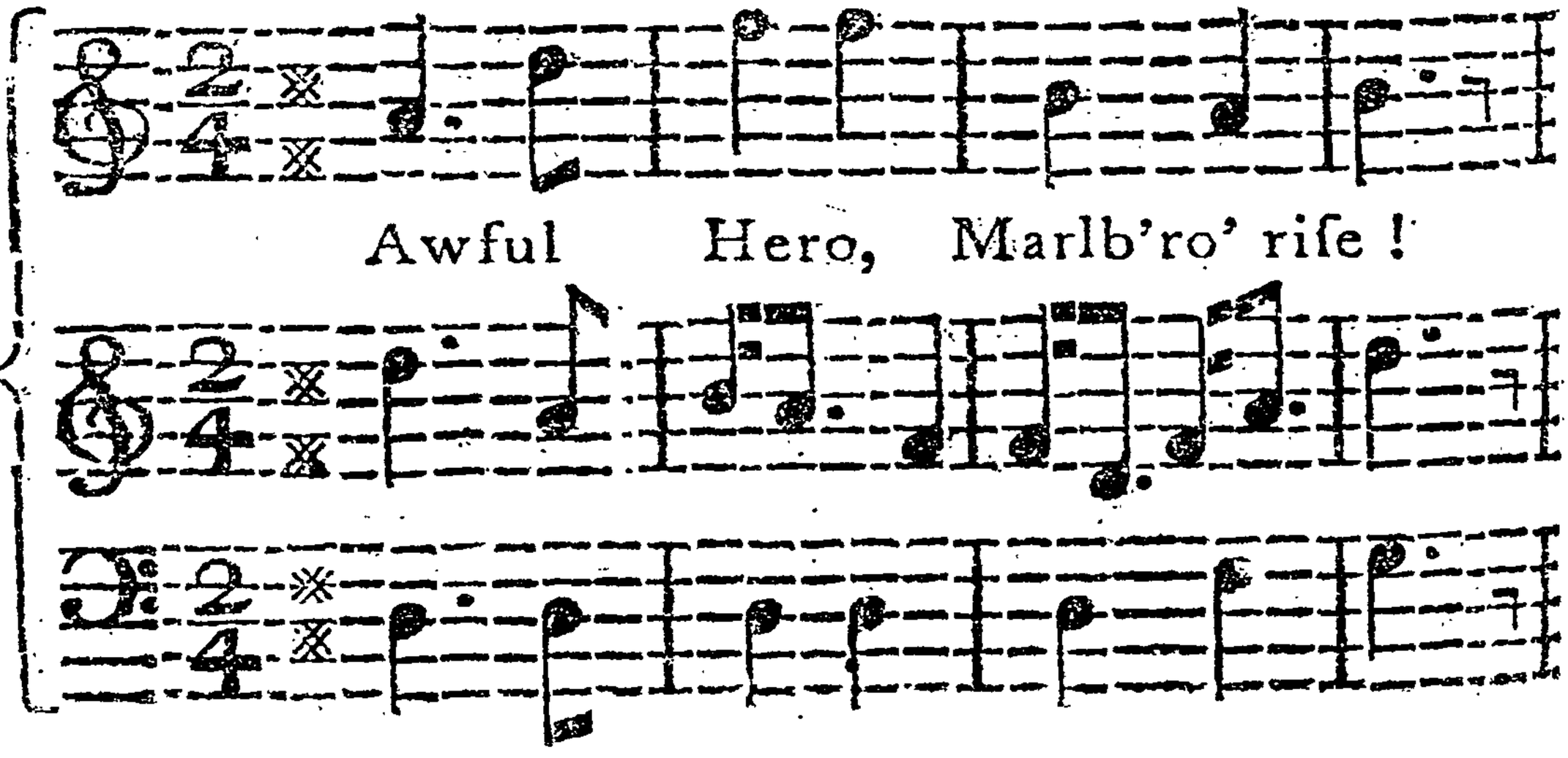
SONG XV.

MARLBOROUGH'S GHOST.



Ponder in thy godlike mind,
All the wonders thou haſt wrought,
Tyrants from their pride declin'd,
Be the ſubject of thy thought.

Reſt thee here, while life may laſt,
Th' utmoſt bliſs to man allow'd
Is to trace his actions paſt,
And to find them great and good.

But 'tis gone! oh mortal born,
Swift the fading ſcene remove,
Let them paſs with noble ſcorn,
Thine are worlds which roll above.

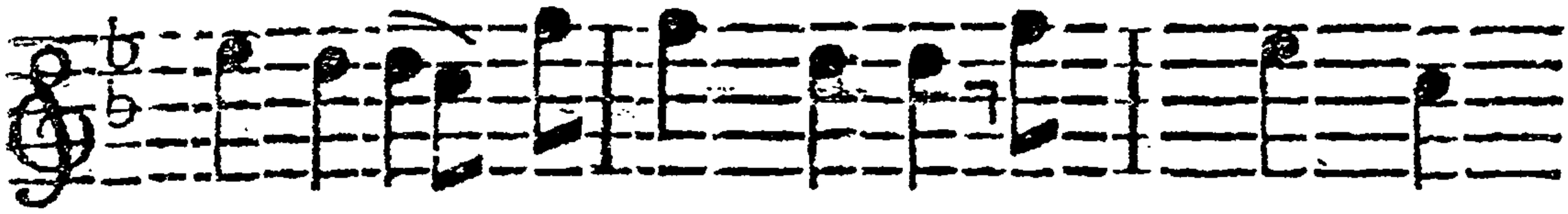
Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,
Pleas'd thy ripe approach foreſee,
Men who acted wond'rous things,
Though they yield in fame to thee.

Foremoſt in the patriot band,
Shining with diſtinguiſh'd day,
See thy friend Godolphin ſtand,
See he beckons thee away.

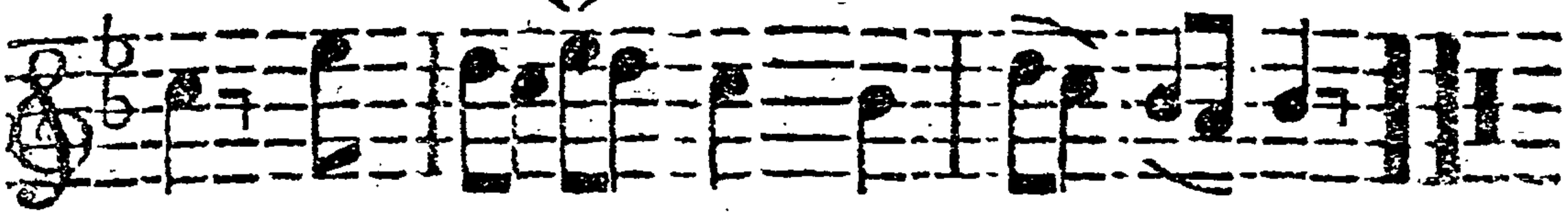
Yonder ſeats and fields of light,
Let thy raviſh'd thoughts explore,
Wiſhing, panting for thy ſight,
Half an angel, man no more.

SONG XVI.

HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.



heart away. In ſpite of all my friends could



ſay, Young Colin ſtole my heart away.

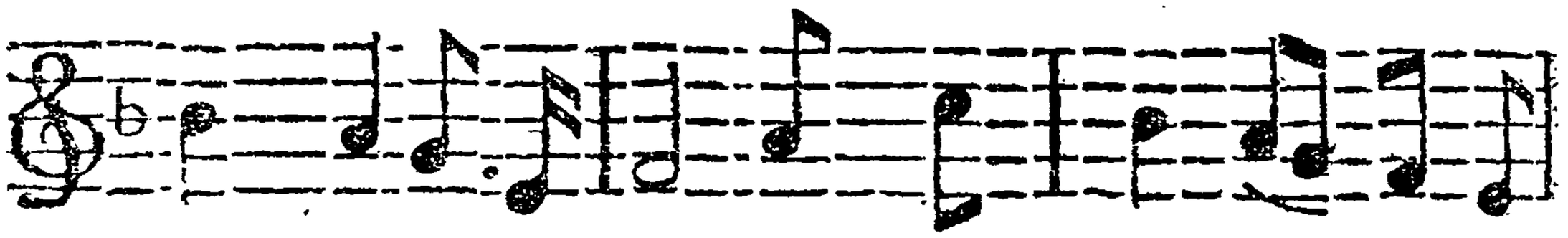
Whene'er he trips the meads along,
He ſweetly joins the woodlark's ſong;
And when he dances on the green,
There's none ſo blithe as Colin ſeen.
If he's but by I nothing fear;
For I alone am all his care:
Then, ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
He's ſtole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
And ſeems ſurpris'd I quit my home:
But ſhe'd not wonder that I rove,
Did ſhe but feel how much I love.
Full well I know the gen'rous ſwain
Will never give my boſom pain:
Then, ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
He's ſtole my tender heart away.

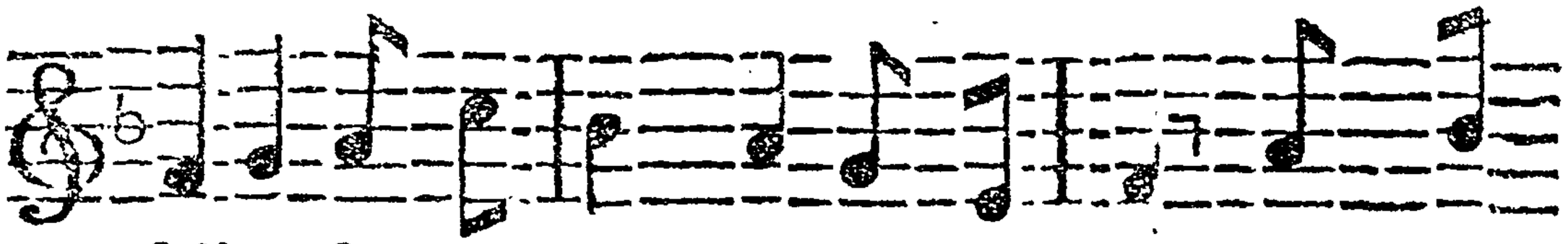
SONG XVII.

THE STORM.

Ceaſe, Rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer, Liſt ye

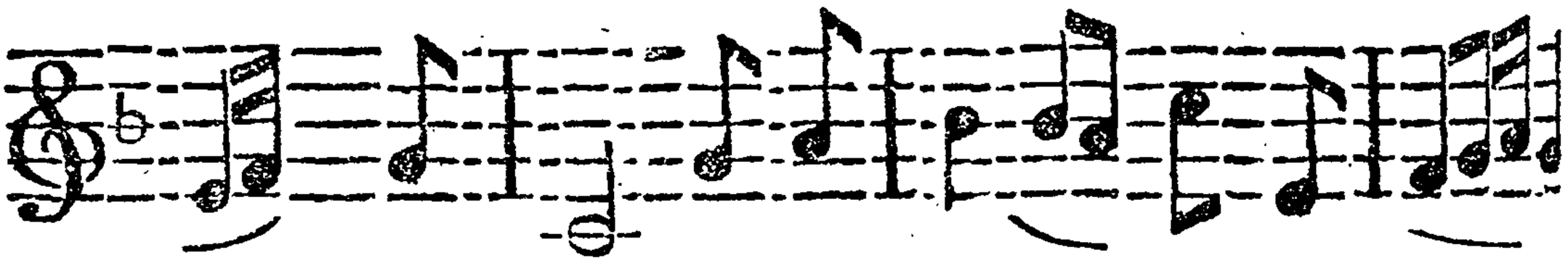


landſmen all to me, Meſſmates, hear a brother



ſailor ſing the dangers of the ſea, From bound-

ing billows firſt in motion, When the diſtant



whirlwinds riſe, To the tempeſt-troubled ocean,

where the ſeas contend with ſkies.

Lively.

Hark ! the boatſwain hoarſely bawling,—
By topſail ſheets, and haulyards ſtand !
Down top-gallants quick be hauling !
Down your ſtay-ſails, hand, boys, hand !
Now it freſhens, ſet the braces ;
Quick the top-ſail ſheets let go ;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces !
Up your top-ſails nimbly clew.

Slow.

Now all you on down-beds ſporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Freſh enjoyments wanton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms—
Round us roars the tempeſt louder ;
Think what fear our mind enthralls.
Harder yet, it yet blows harder ;
Now again the boatſwain calls.

Quick.

The top-ſail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each courſe !
Let the foreſheets go ; don't mind, boys,
Though the weather ſhould be worſe.
Fore and aft the ſprit-ſail yard get ;
Reef the mizen ; ſee all clear :
Hand up ! each preventer-brace ſet ;
Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer !

Slow.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring !
Peals on peals contending clash !
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring !
In our eyes blue lightnings flash !
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky !
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

Quick.

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, 'twelve feet 'bove deck.
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out ;
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces !
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold !
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold.

Slow.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn ;
Alas ! from hence there's no retreating ;
Alas ! from hence there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are chok'd below,
Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
For only that can save us now !

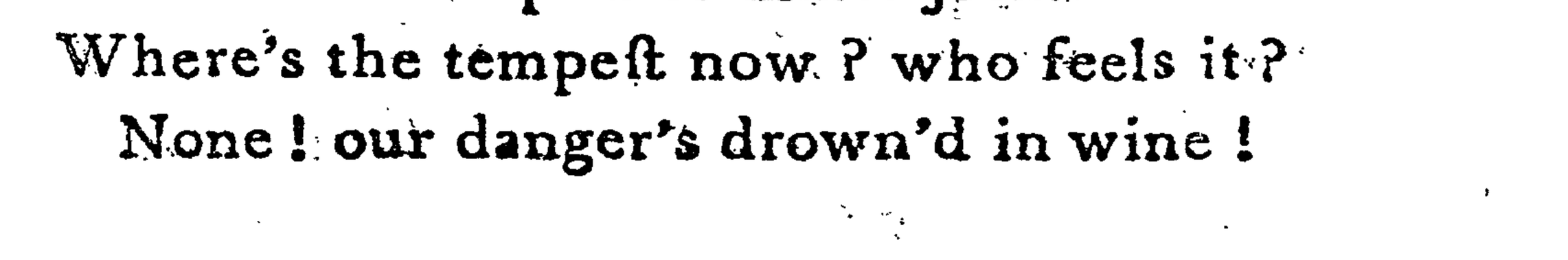
Quick.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys ;
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;
To the pump come every hand, boys ;
See our mizen-maſt is gone,
The leak we've found, it cannot pour faſt :
We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
Up, and rig a jury fore-maſt ;
She rights, ſhe rights, boys ! wear off ſhore.

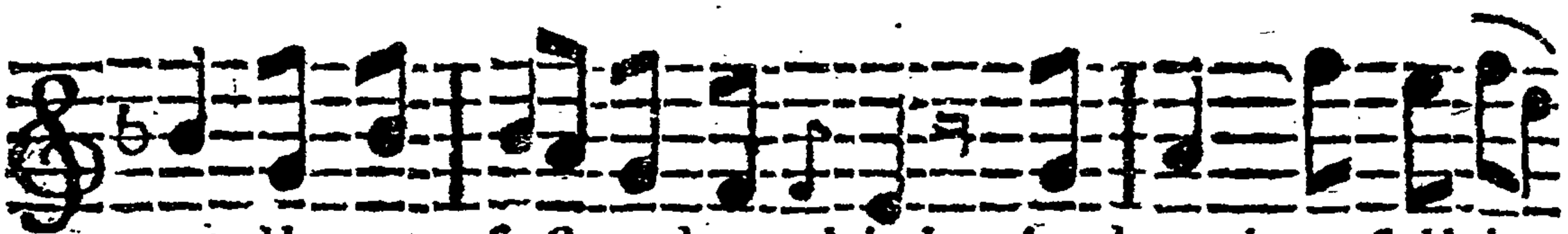
Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune ſpar'd our lives ;
Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking
To our ſweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ſhip wheel it ;
Cloſe to th' lips a brimmer join.
Where's the tempeſt now ? who feels it ?
None ! our danger's drown'd in wine !

SONG XVIII.

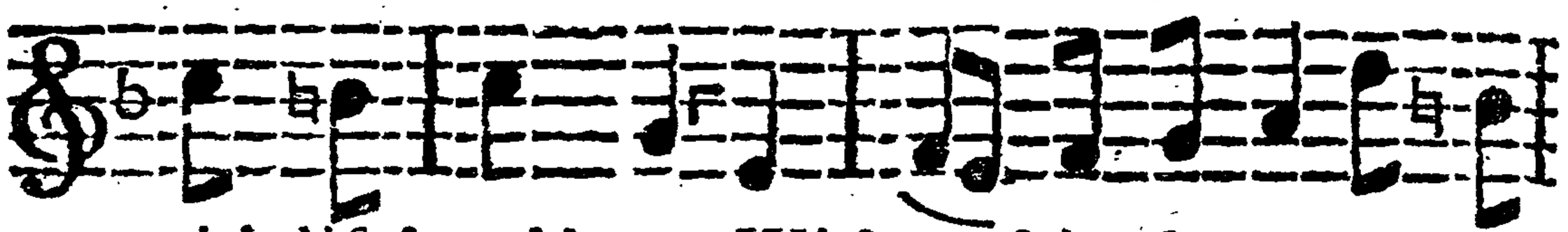
NOTHING LIKE GROG.



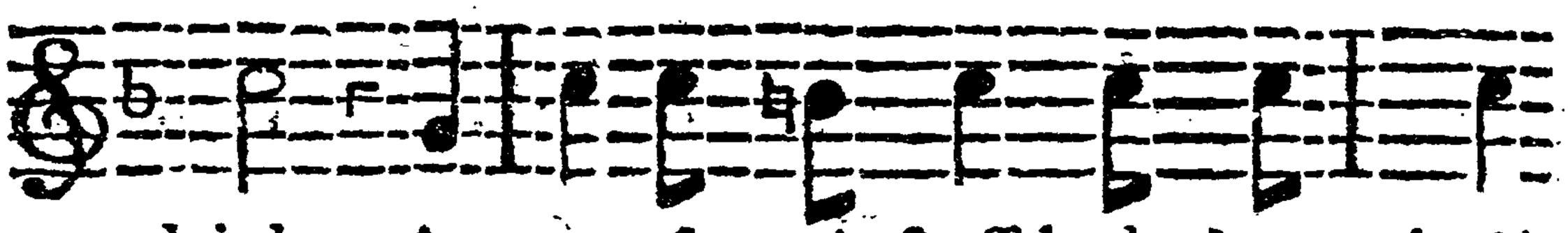
A plague of thoſe muſty old lubbers, Who



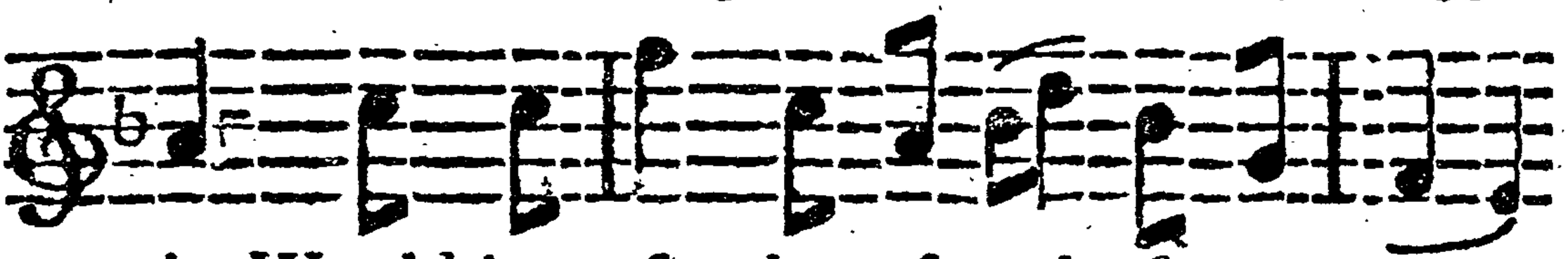
tell us to faſt and to think, And patient fall in



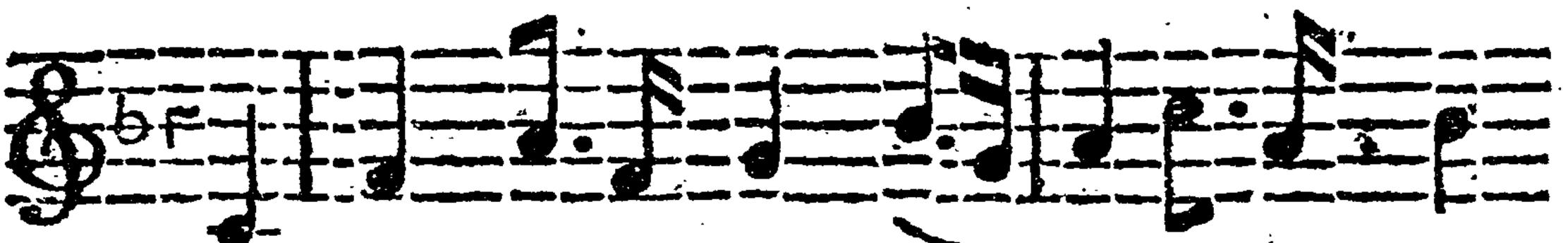
with life's rubbers, With nothing but water to



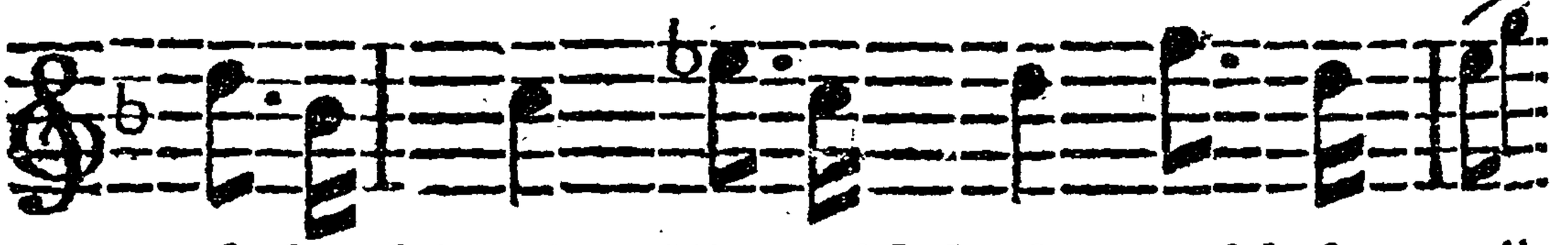
drink: A cann of good ſtuff had they twigg'd



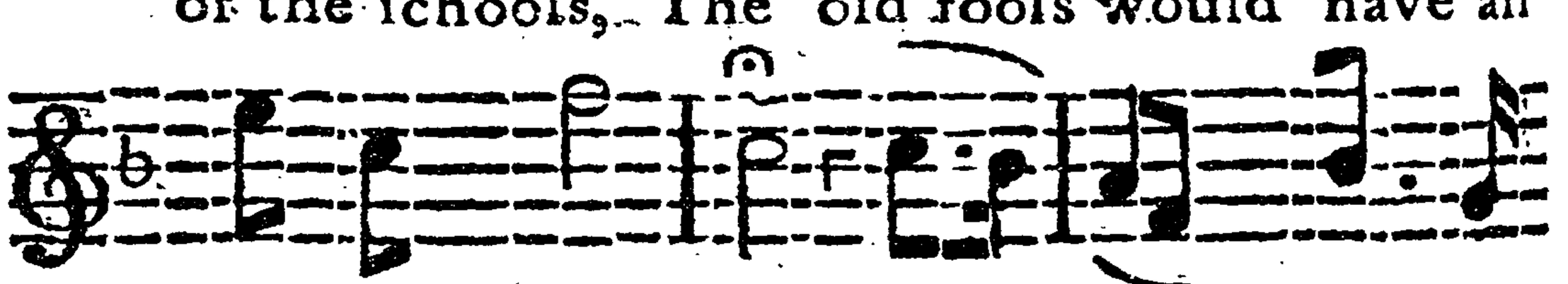
it, Would have ſet them for pleaſure a - - gog,



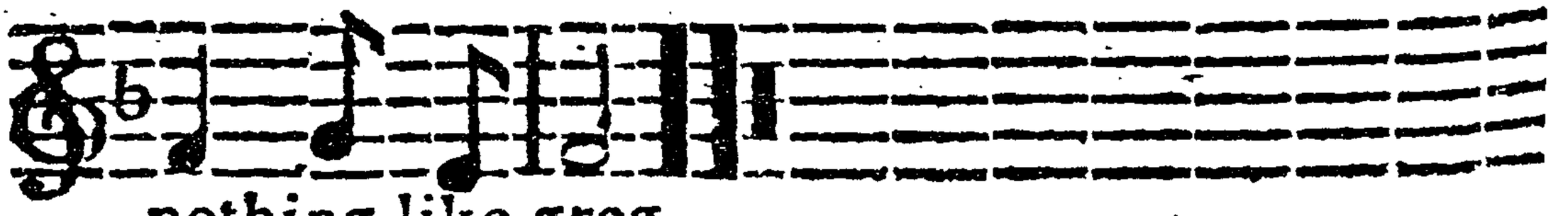
And ſpite of the rules, And ſpite of the rules



of the ſchools, The old fools would have all



of 'em ſwigg'd it, And ſwore there was



nothing like grog.

My father, when laſt I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cried---Jack, never be ſuch a ninny
To drink---Says I—father, your health.
So I paſs'd round the ſtuff—ſoon he twigg'd it,
And it ſet the old codger agog,
And he ſwigg'd, and mother,
And ſiſter and brother,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

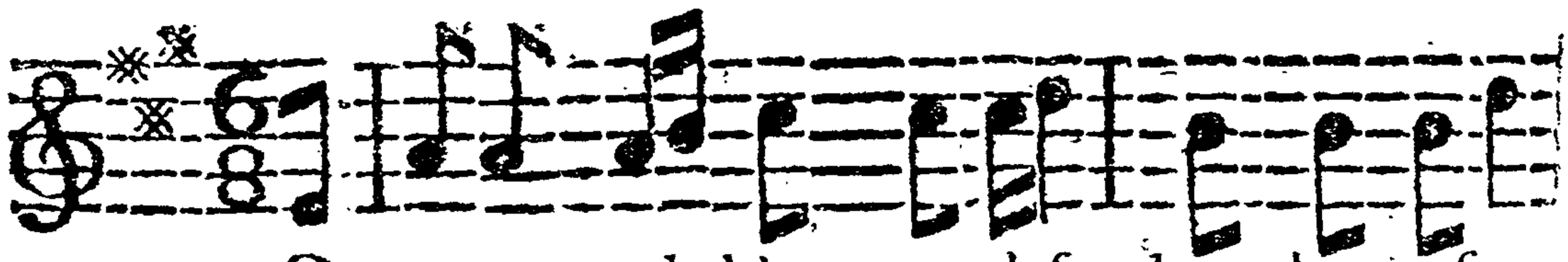
One day, when the Chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiouſly flunk,
And, while he our duty was teaching,
As how we ſhould never get drunk,
I tipt him the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
Which ſoon ſet his rev'rence agog.
And he ſwigg'd, and Nick ſwigg'd,
And Ben ſwigg'd, and Dick ſwigg'd,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

Then truſt me there's nothing as drinking
So pleaſant on this ſide the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave.
For, me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good ſtuff has ſo ſet me agog,

Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've conſtantly ſwigg'd it,
And dam'me there's nothing like grog.

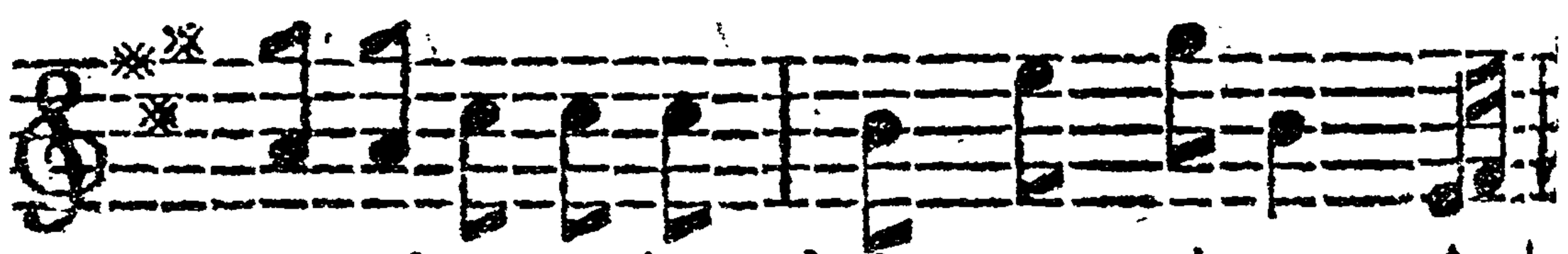
SONG XIX.

POOR JACK.

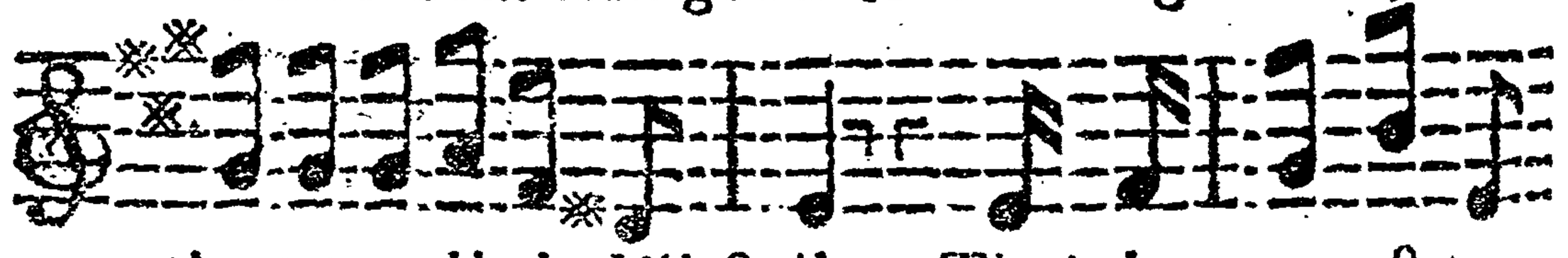


Go patter to lubbers and ſwabs, do ye ſee,

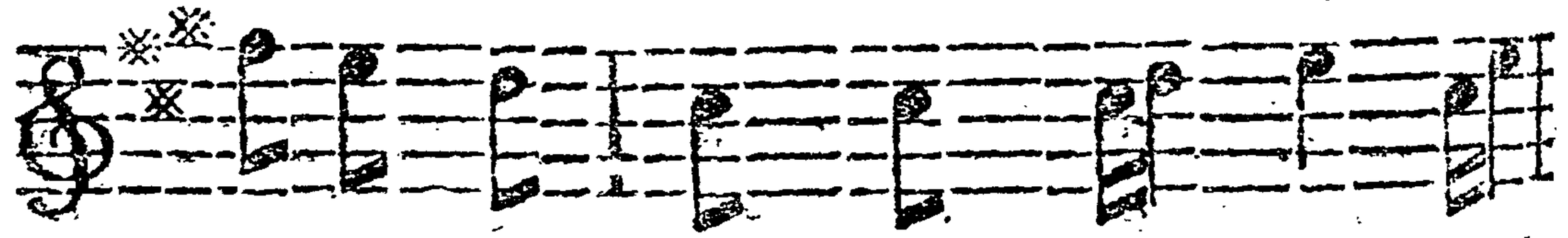
'Bout danger and fear and the like, A tight



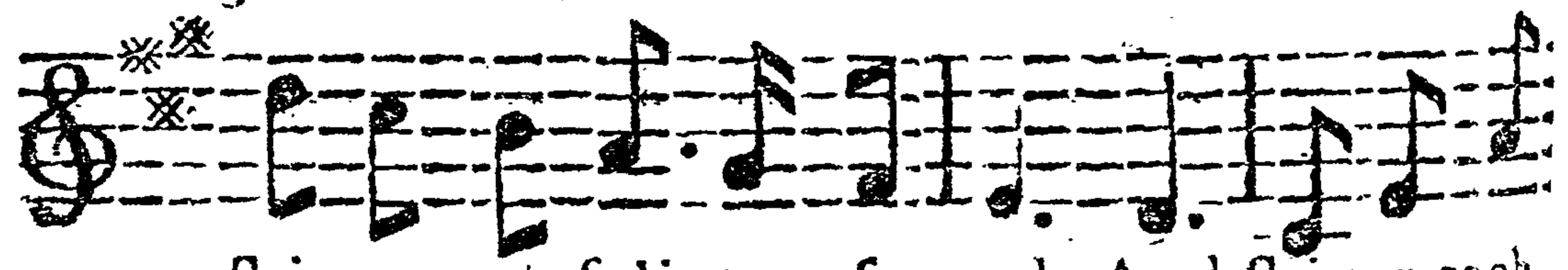
water boat and good ſea-room give me, And



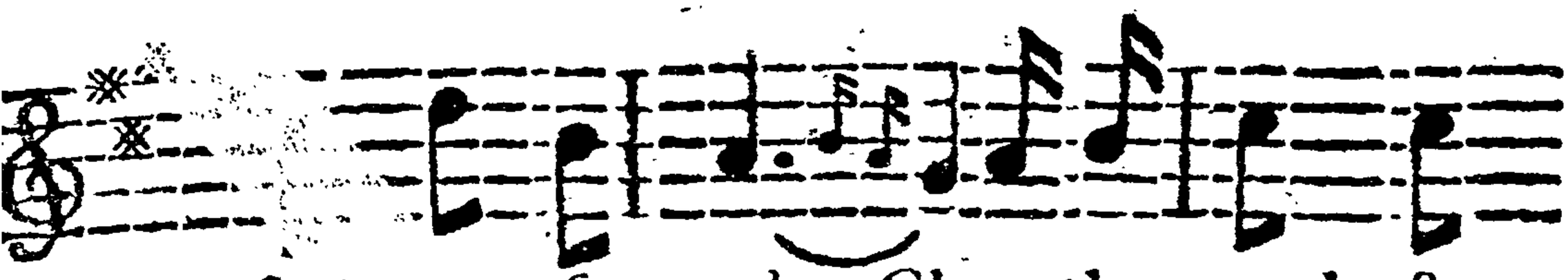
t'ent to a little l'tl ſtrike. Tho' the tempeſt top-



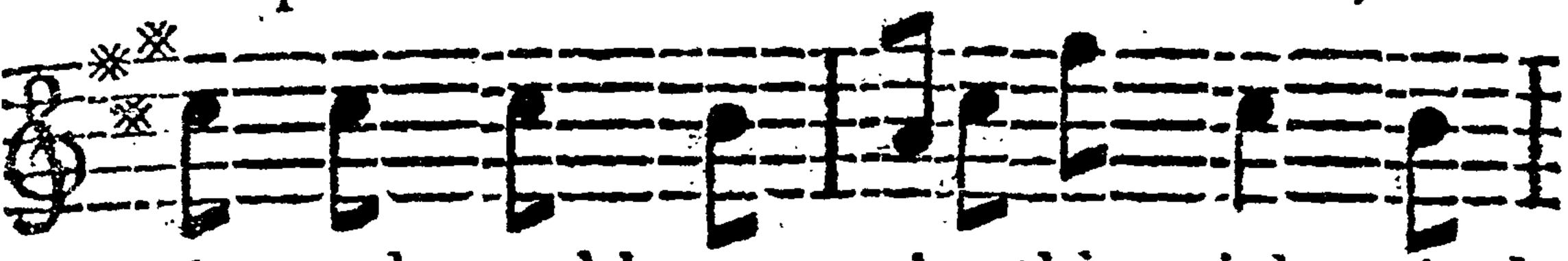
gallant maſts ſmack ſmooth ſhould ſmite, And



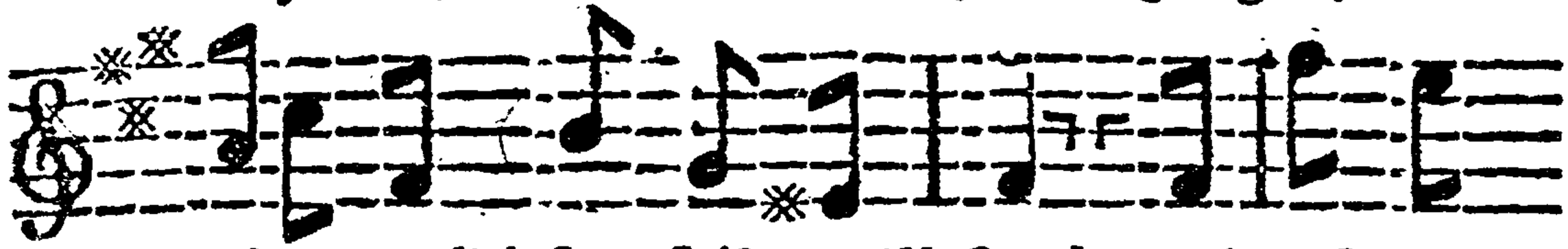
ſhiver each ſplinter of wood, And ſhiver each



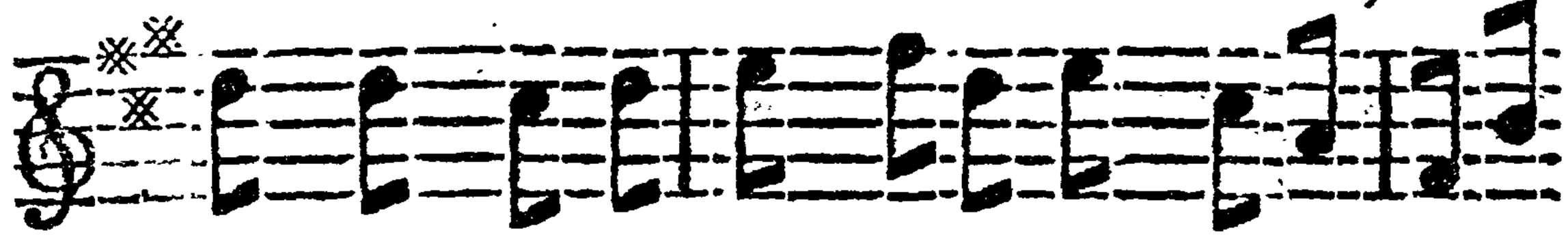
ſpi[illegible] of wood. Clear the wreck, ſtow



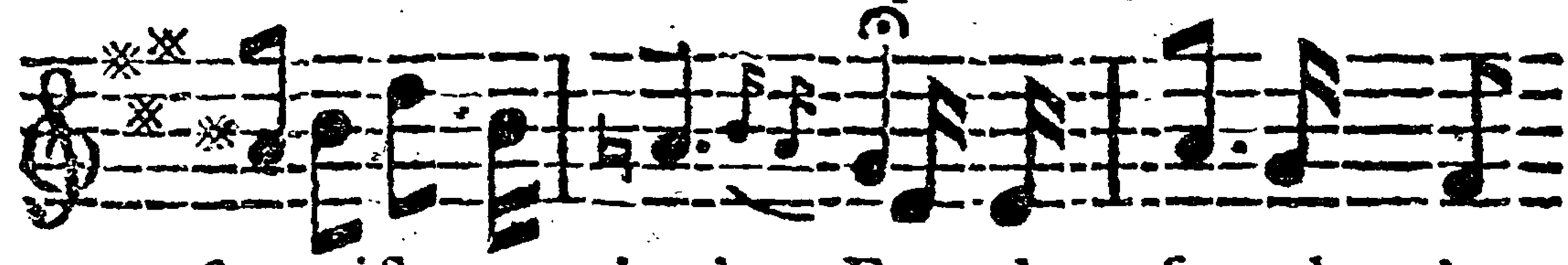
the yards, and bouze ev'ry thing tight, And



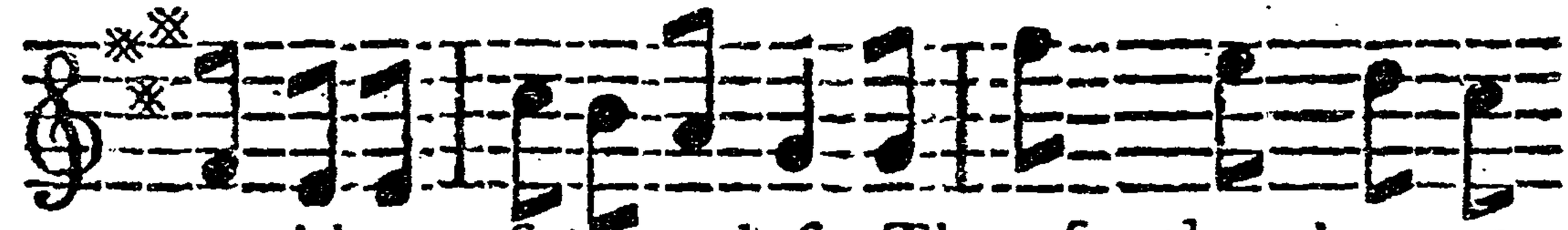
under reef'd foreſail we'll ſcud :—Avaſt, nor



don't think me a milk-ſop ſo ſoft, To be taken

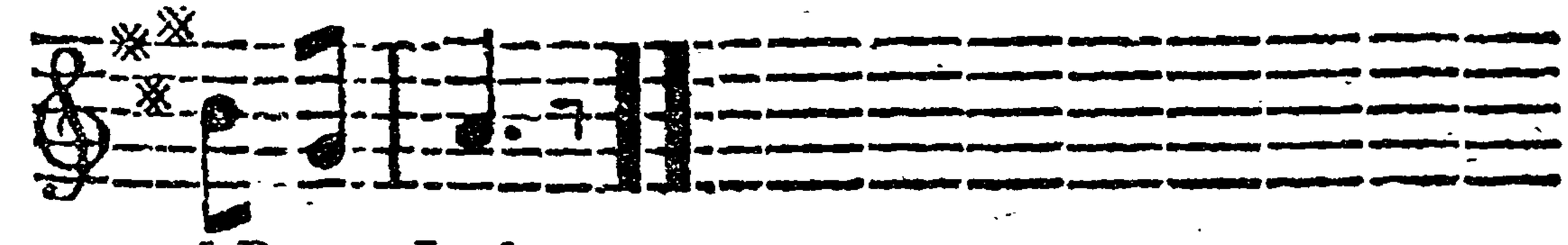


for trifles a--back. For they ſay there's a



providence ſits up a loft, They ſay there's a pro-

vidence ſits aloft, to keep watch for the life



of Poor Jack.

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

I ſaid to our Poll, for you ſee ſhe would cry,
When laſt we weighed anchor for ſea,
What argufies ſniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why what a damn'd fool you muſt be:
Can't you ſee the world's wide and there's room for us all,
Both for ſeamen and lubbers aſhore;
And if to old Davy I ſhould go, friend Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more:
What then, all's a hazard, come don't be ſo ſoft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back,
For d'ye ſee there's a cherub ſits ſmiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

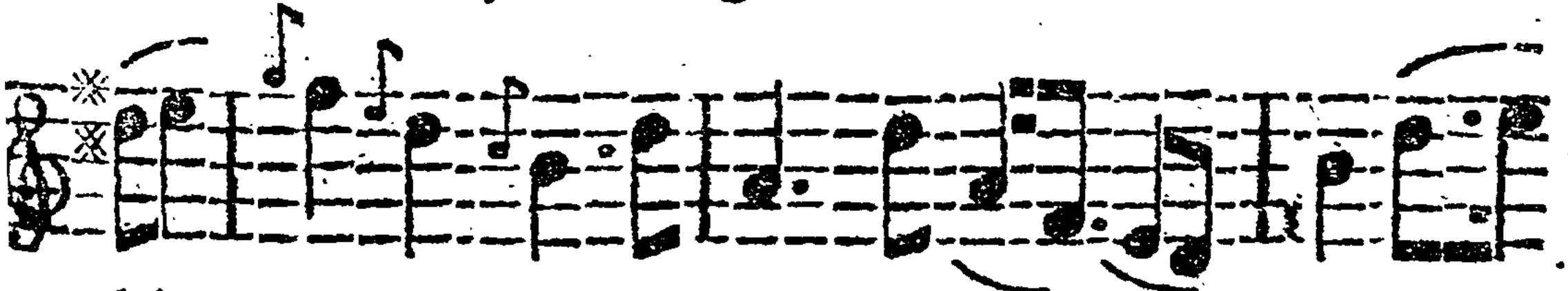
D'ye mind me, a ſailor ſhould be every inch
All as one as a piece of a ſhip,
And with her brave the world, without offering to
flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a trip :
As for me, in all weathers, all times, ſides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that ſprings,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
And as for my life 'tis the king's.
Even when my time comes ne'er believe me ſo ſoft,
As with grief to be taken aback :
That ſame little cherub that ſits up aloft,
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

SONG XX.

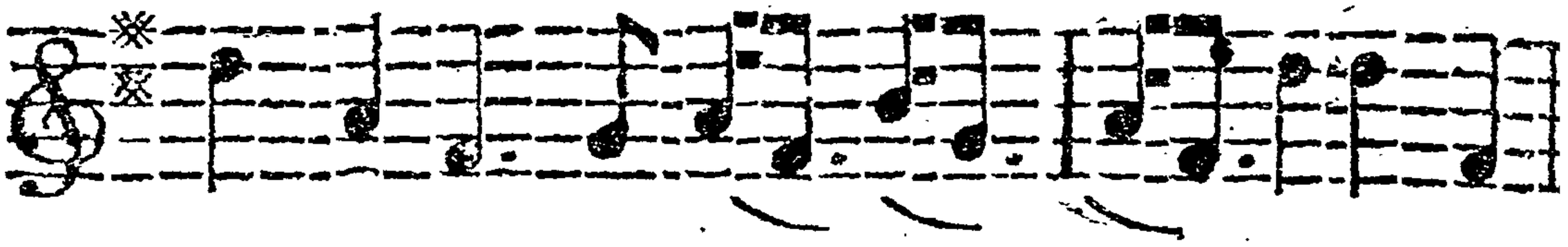
THE SPINNING WHEEL.

To eaſe his heart, and own his flame, Young

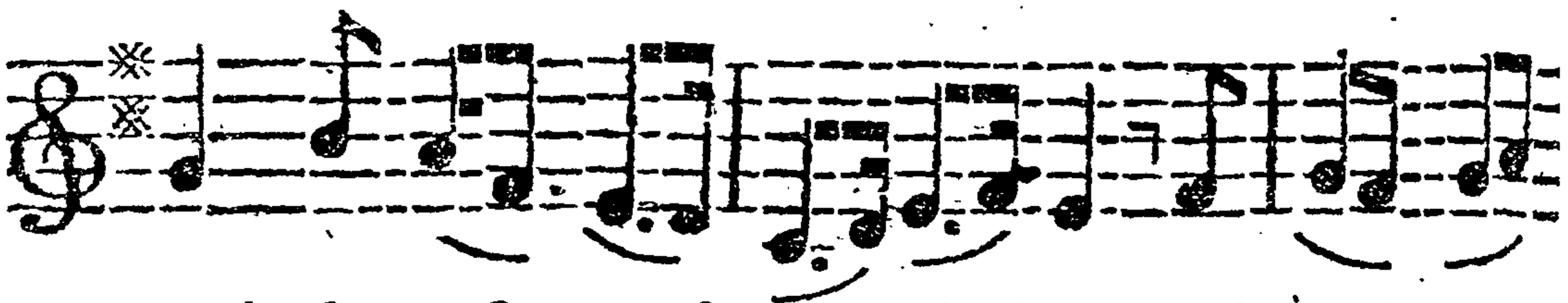
Jockey to my cottage came : But tho' I lik'd



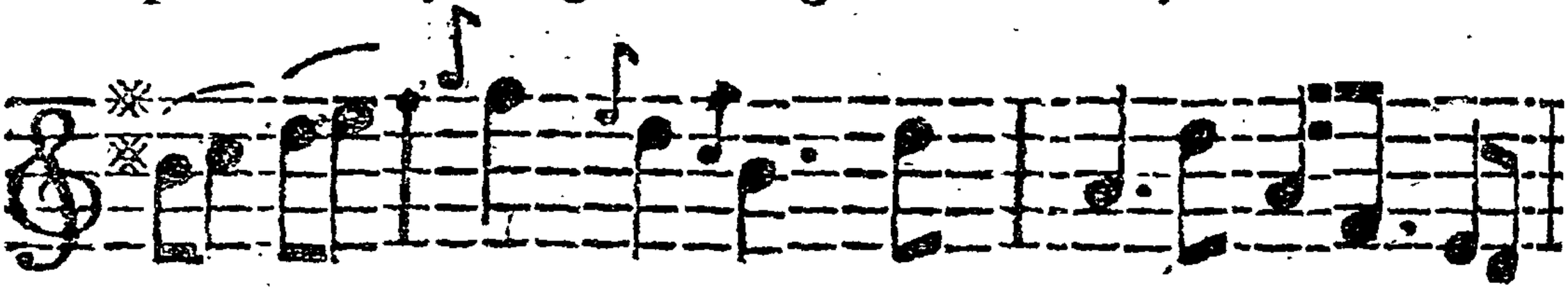
him paſſing well, I careleſs turn'd my ſpinning



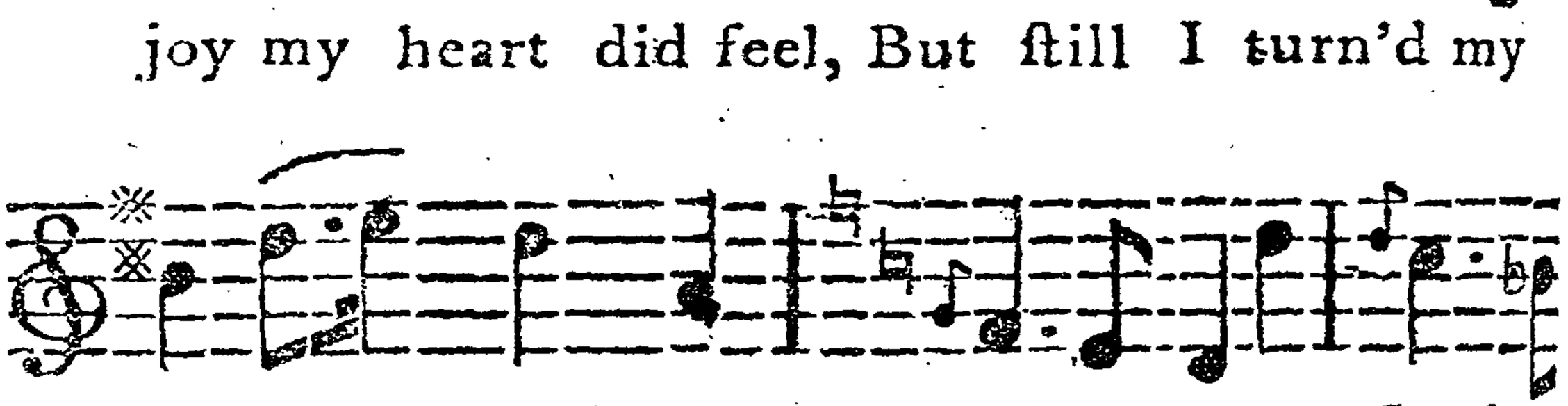
wheel. My milk-white hand he did extol, And



prais'd my fingers long and ſmall, Unuſual



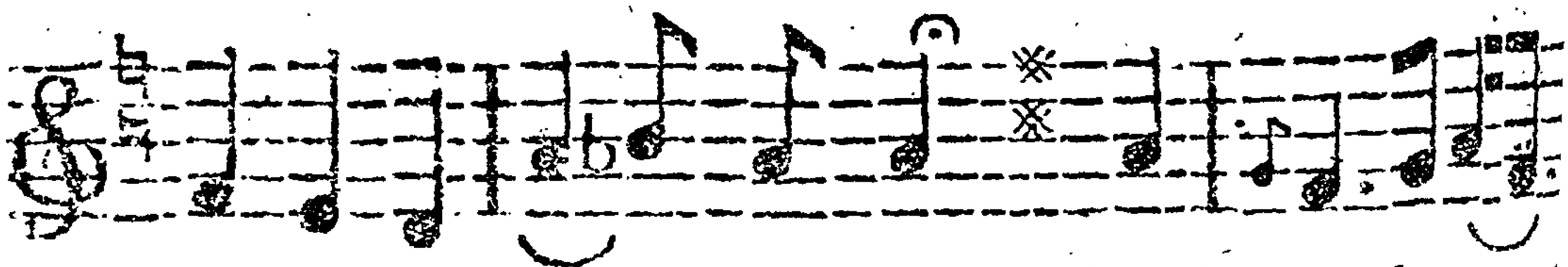
joy my heart did feel, But ſtill I turn'd my



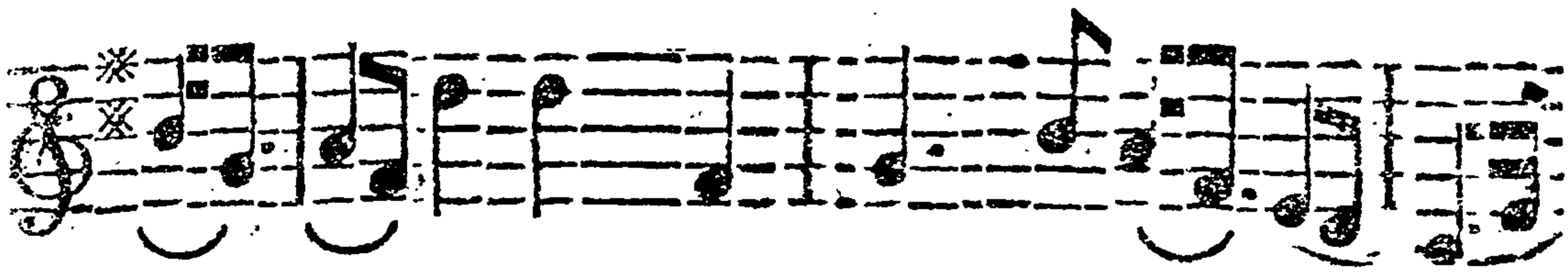
ſpinning wheel. Then round about my ſlender

waiſt He claſp'd his arms, and me embrac'd,

To kiſs my hand he down did kneel, But yet



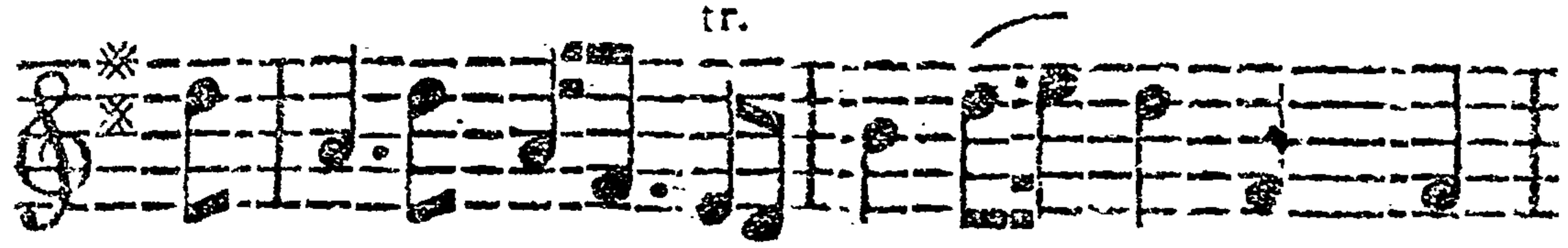
I turn'd my ſpin-ning wheel. With gentle voice



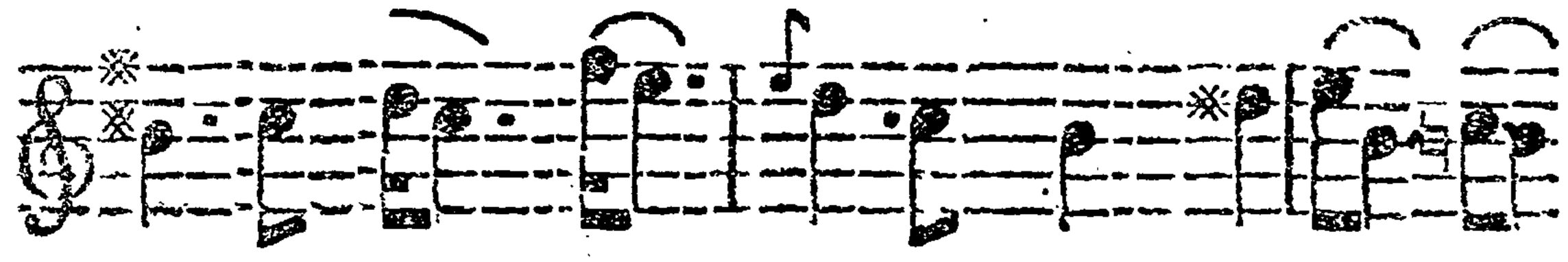
I bid him riſe ; He bleſs'd my neck, my lips

and eyes ; My fondneſs I could ſcarce conceal,

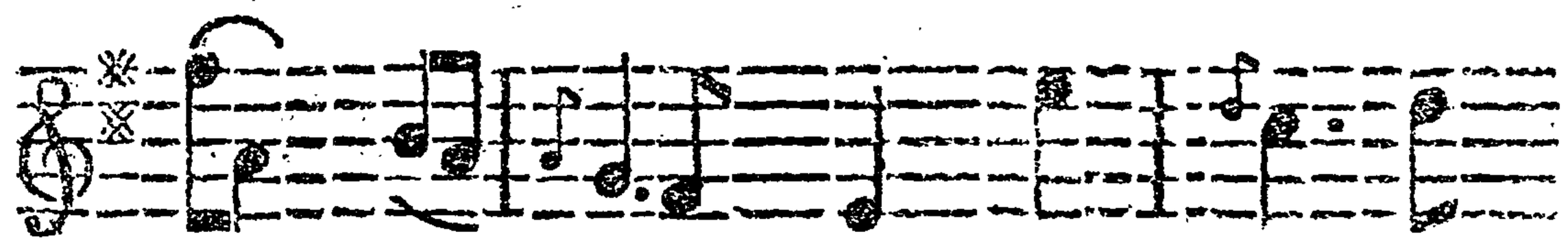
tr.



Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning wheel. Till

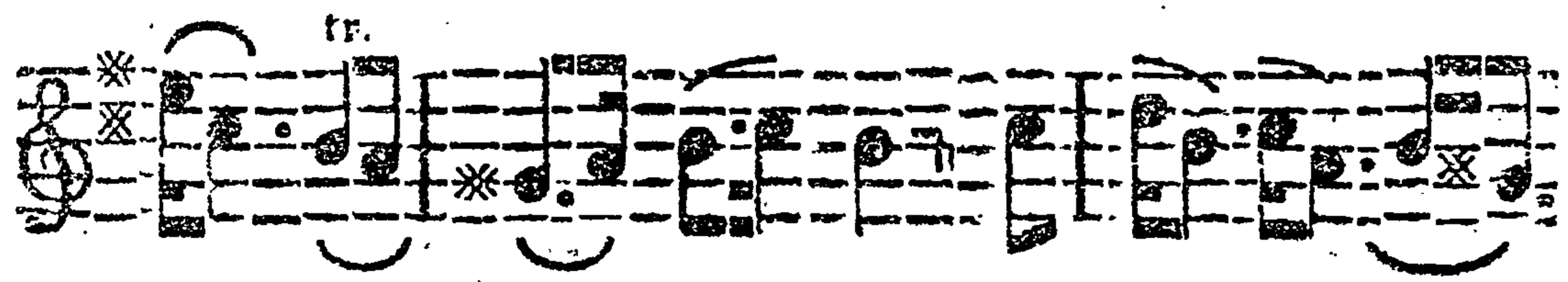


bolder grown, ſo cloſe he preſs'd, His wanton

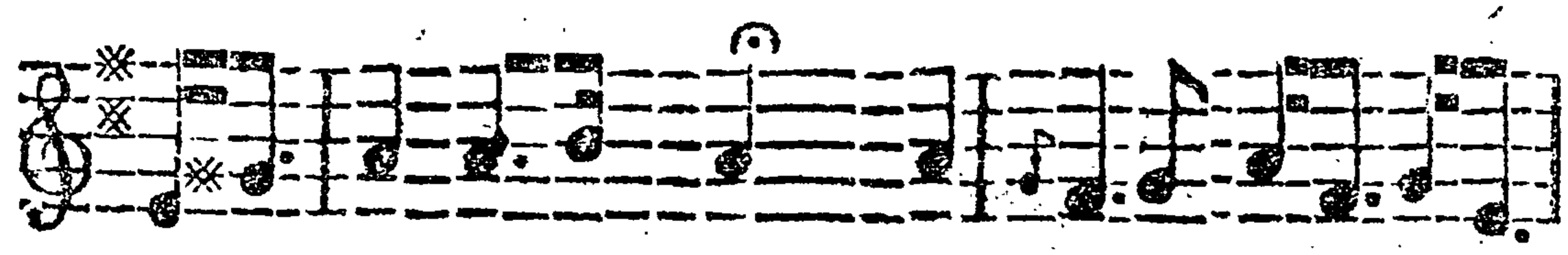


thoughts I quickly gueſs'd, Then puſh'd him

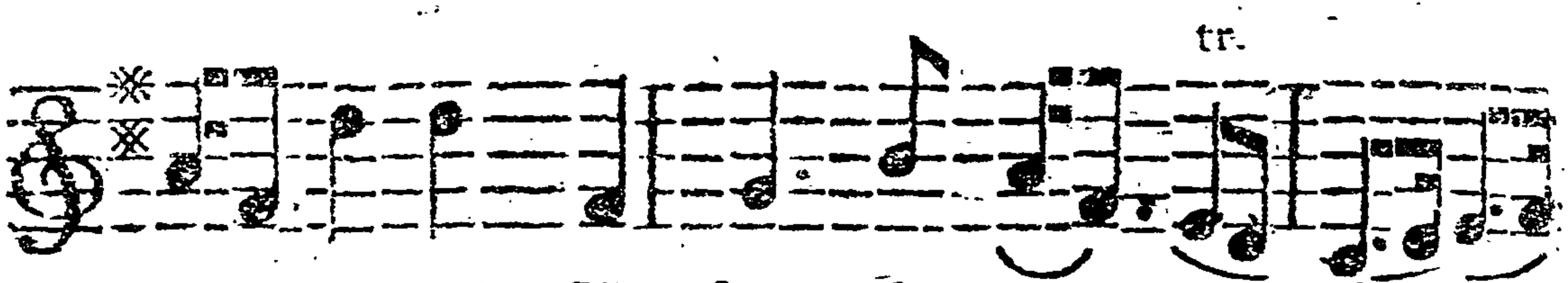
tr.



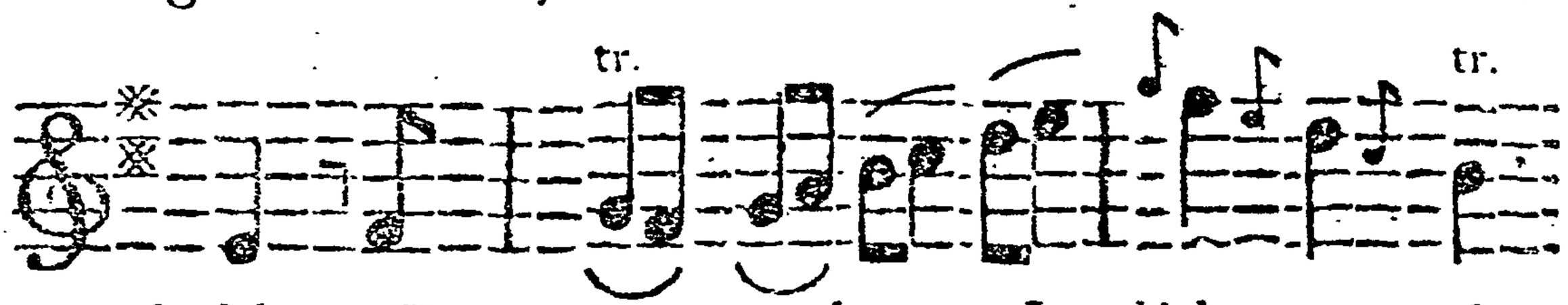
from my rock and reel, And angry turn'd



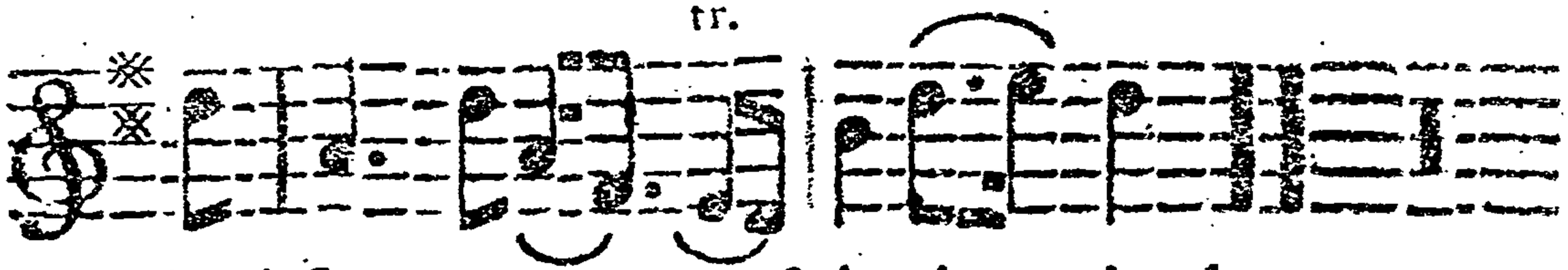
my ſpin-ning wheel. At laſt, when I be-



gan to chide, He ſwore he meant me for his



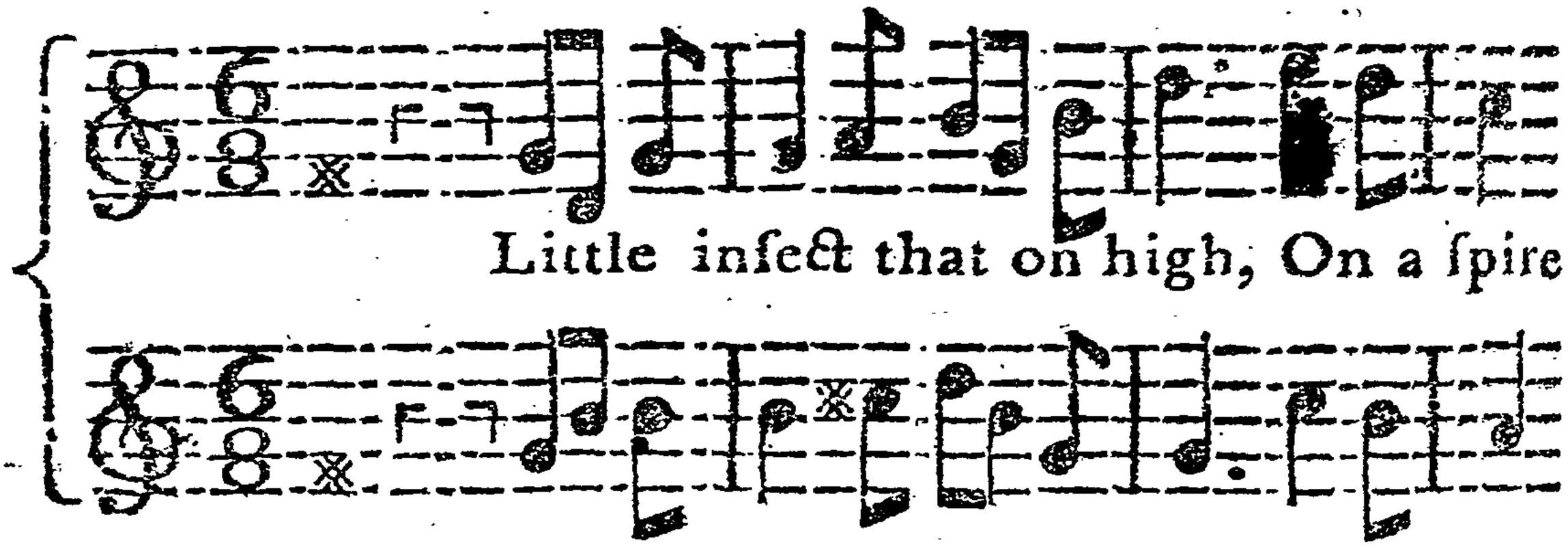
bride: 'Twas then my love I did re---veal,



And flung a-way my ſpinning wheel.

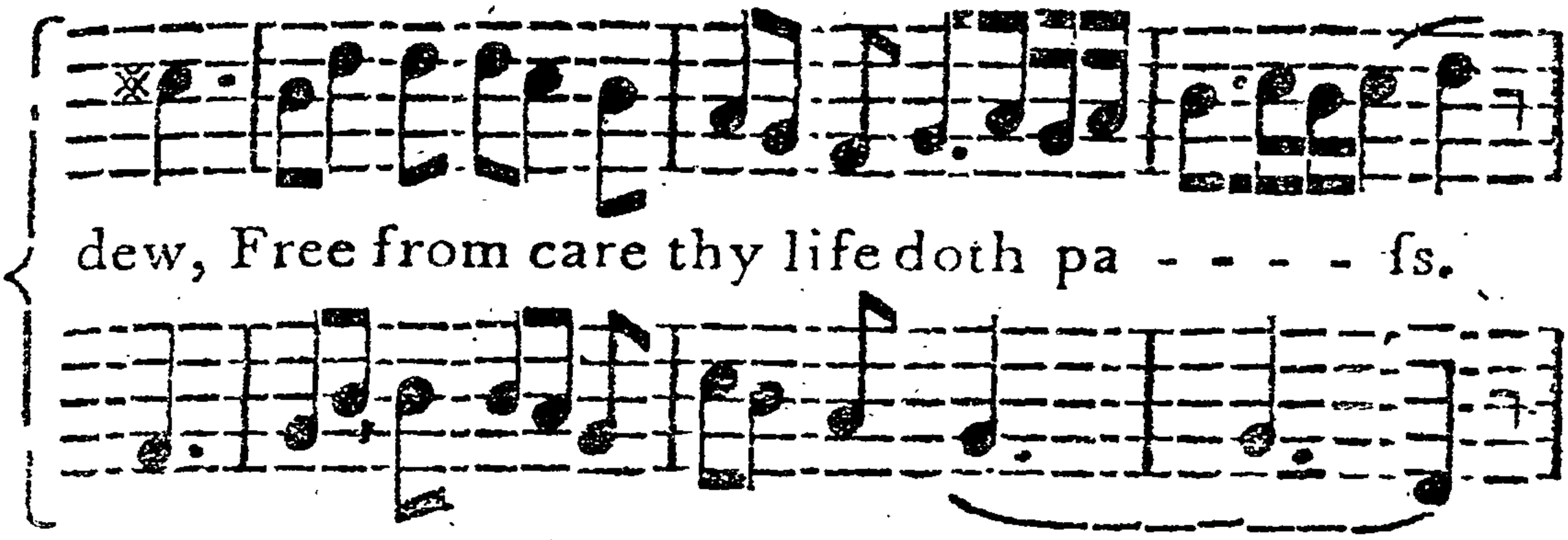
SONG XXI.

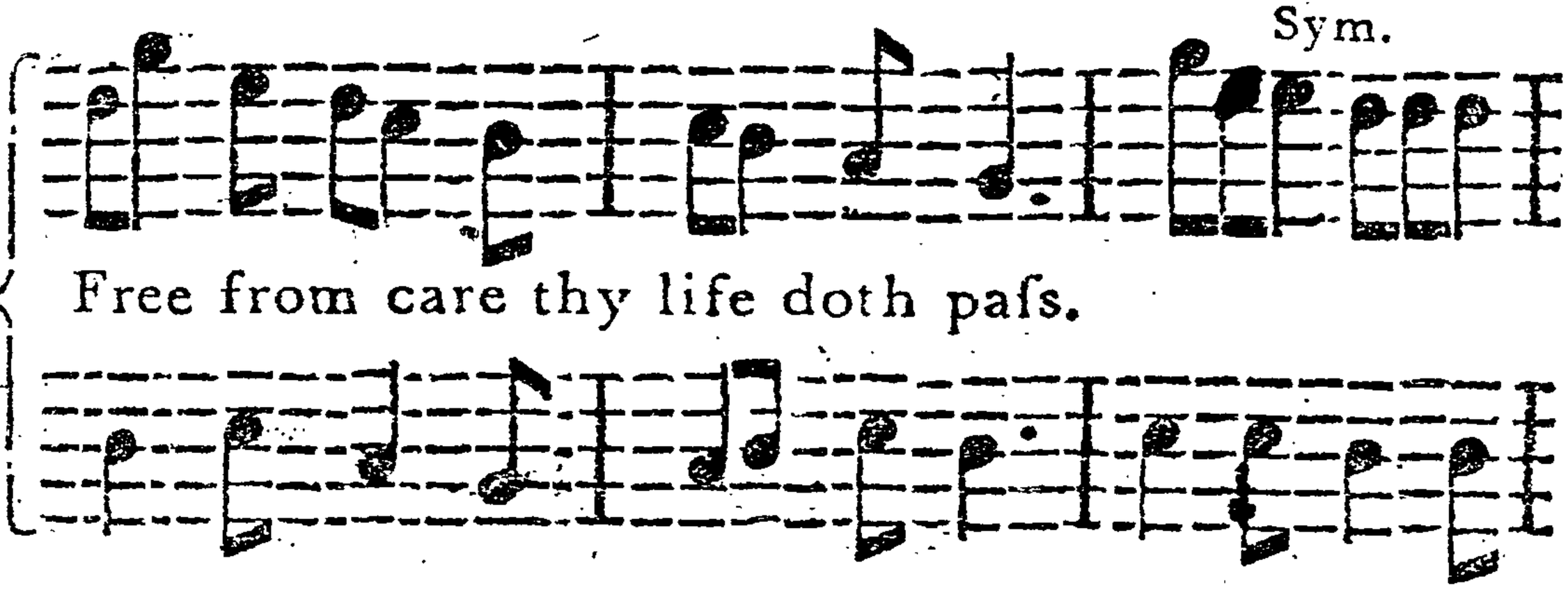
THE GRASSHOPPER.



Little inſect that on high, On a ſpire

of ſpringing grals, Tipſy with the morning





So may'ſt thou companion ſole,
  Pleaſe the lonely mower's ear;
And no treach'rous winding ſnake,
  Glide beneath, to work thee fear.

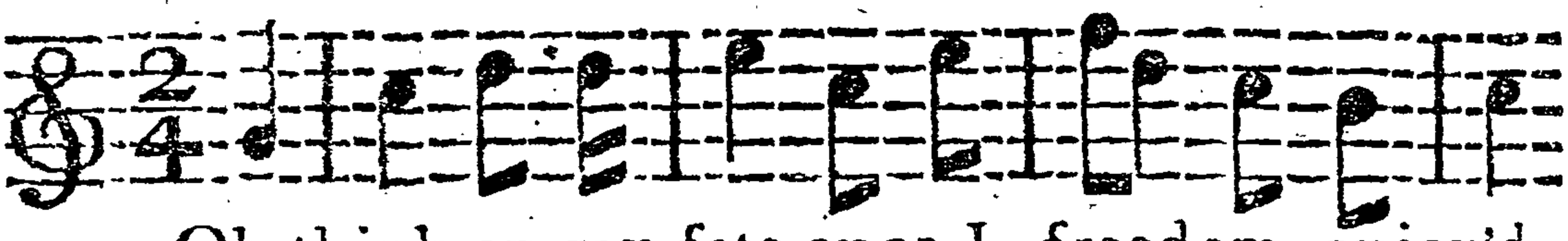
As in chirping plaintive notes
  Thou the haſty ſun doſt chide,
And with murm'ring muſic charm,
  Summer charming to abide.

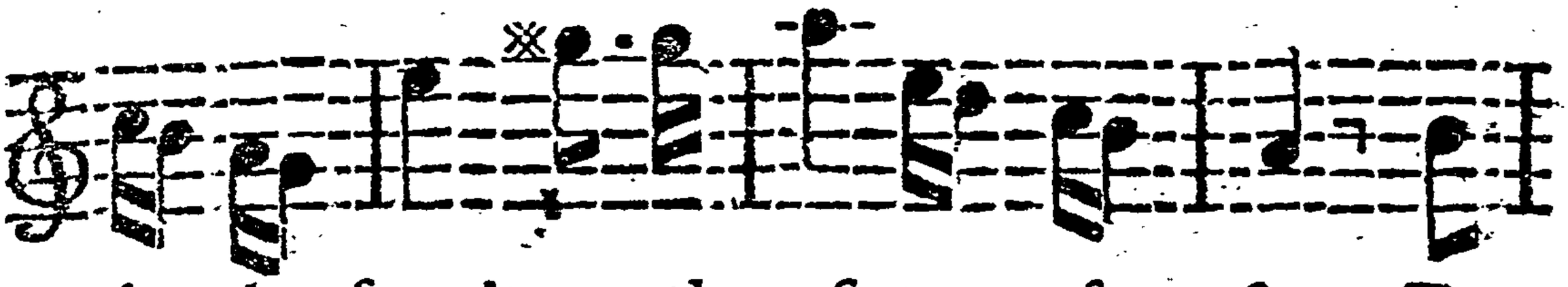
If a pleaſant day arrive,
Soon a pleaſant day is gone;
While we reach to ſeize our joys
Swift the winged bliſs is flown.

Pain and ſorrow dwell with us,
Pleaſure ſcarce a moment reigns:
Thou thyſelf find'ſt ſummer ſhort,
But the winter long remains.

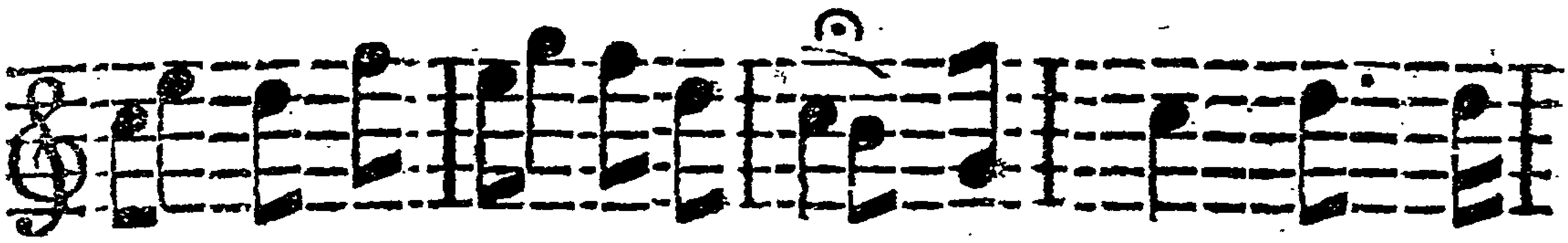
SONG XXII.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.



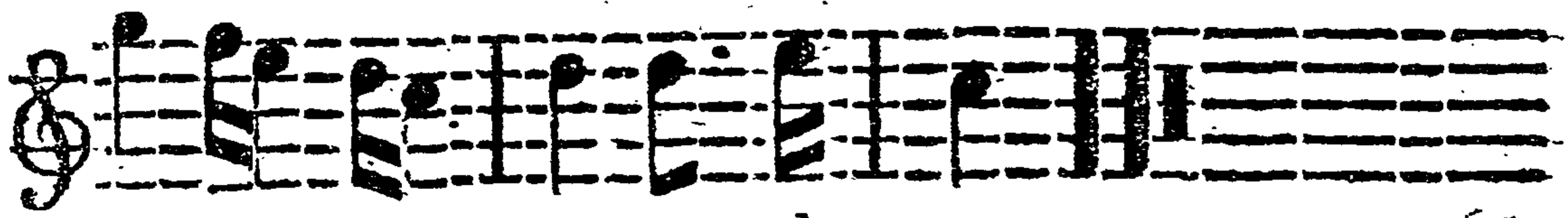


by the foe, 'twas the fiat of fate, To



tear me from her I adore. When tho't brings to

mind my once happy eſtate, I ſigh, I



ſigh as I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard is my fate, oh! how galling my chain,
My life's ſteer'd by miſery's chart,
And though 'gainſt my tyrants I ſcorn to complain,
Tears guſh forth to eaſe my ſad heart;
I diſdain e'en to ſhrink, tho' I feel ſharp the laſh,
Yet my breaſt bleeds for her I adore.

While around me the unfeeling billows will daſh,
I ſigh and ſtill tug at the oar.

How fortune deceives! I had pleaſure in tow,
The port where ſhe dwelt we'd in view;

But the wiſh'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with woe,
And, dear Anne, I hurried from you.
Our ſhallop was boarded and I borne away,
To behold my dear Anne no more ;
But deſpair waſtes my ſpirits, my form feels decay.
He ſigh'd, and expir'd at the oar !

SONG XXIII,

SHEEP IN THE CLUSTERS.

A youngling it ſeems had been ſtole from its dam—
'Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot—
That Corydon might, as he ſearch'd for his lamb,
Arrive at this critical ſpot.

As thro' the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He ſaw the ſweet maid with ſurpriſe:
Ye Gods! if ſo killing, he cri'd, when ſhe ſleeps,
I'm loſt if ſhe opens her eyes.

To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I'll onward my lambkin to trace;
In vain honeſt Corydon ſtrove to depart,
For love had him nail'd to the place.

Huſh, huſh be thoſe birds, what a bawling they keep;
He cri'd, you're too loud on the ſpray;—
Don't you ſee, fooliſh lark, that my charmer's aſleep,
You'll wake her as ſure as 'tis day.

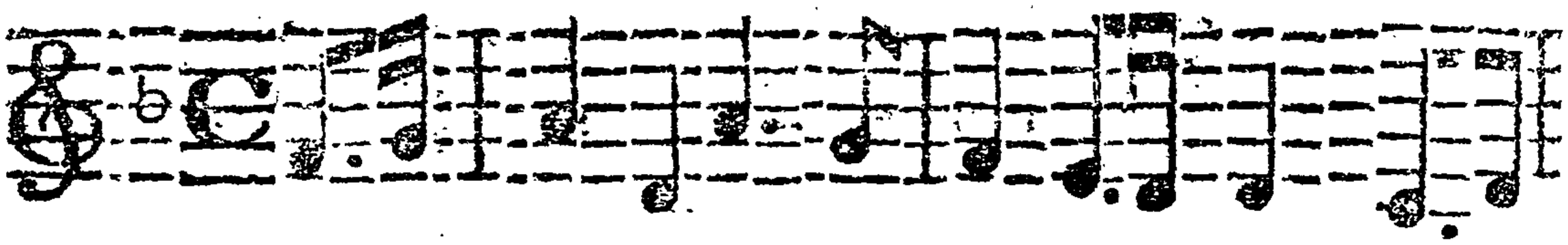
How dares that fond butterfly touch the ſweet maid,
Her cheek he miſtakes for the roſe;
I'd pat him to death if I were not afraid
That my boldneſs would break her repoſe.

Young Phillis look 'd up with a languiſhing ſmile,
Kind ſhepherd, ſhe ſaid, you miſtake;
I laid myſelf down juſt to reſt me awhile,
But, truſt me, have ſtill been awake.

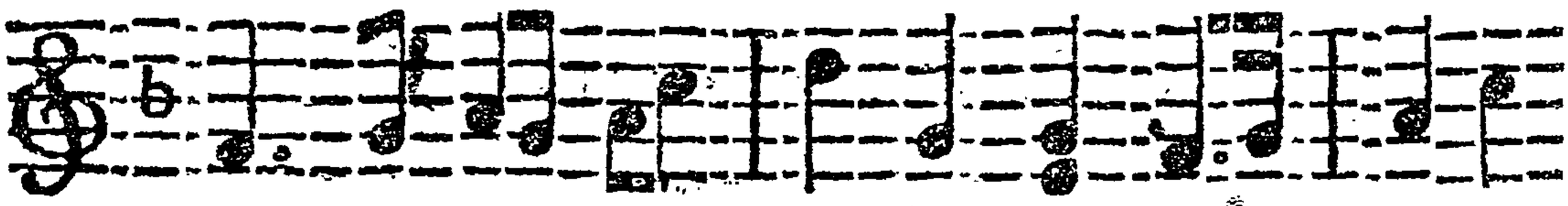
The ſhepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
And plac'd himſelf cloſe by her ſide,
And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,
But yeſterday made her his bride.

SONG XXIV.

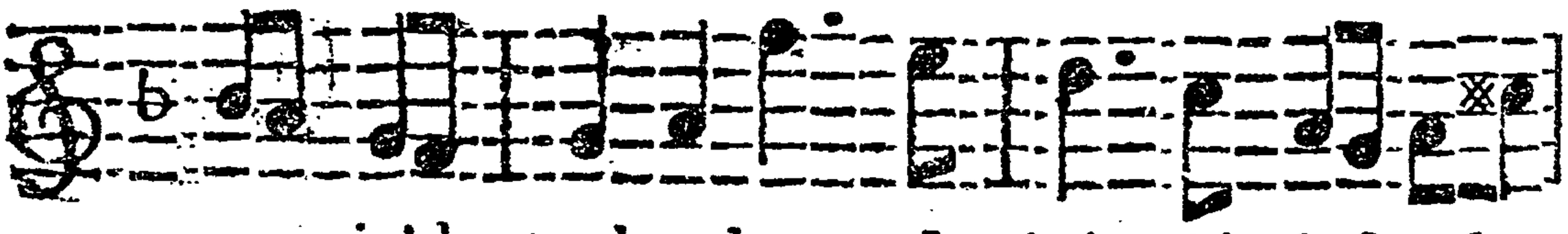
WHEN BIDDEN TO THE WAKE.



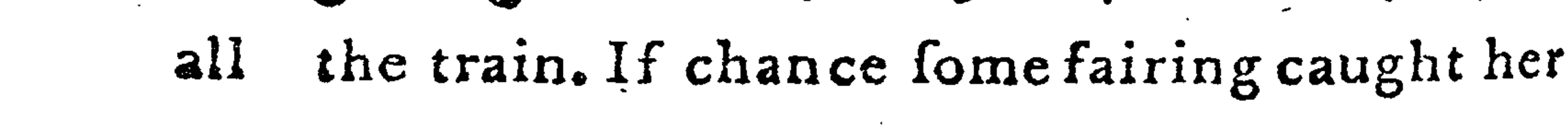
When bidden to the wake or fair, The



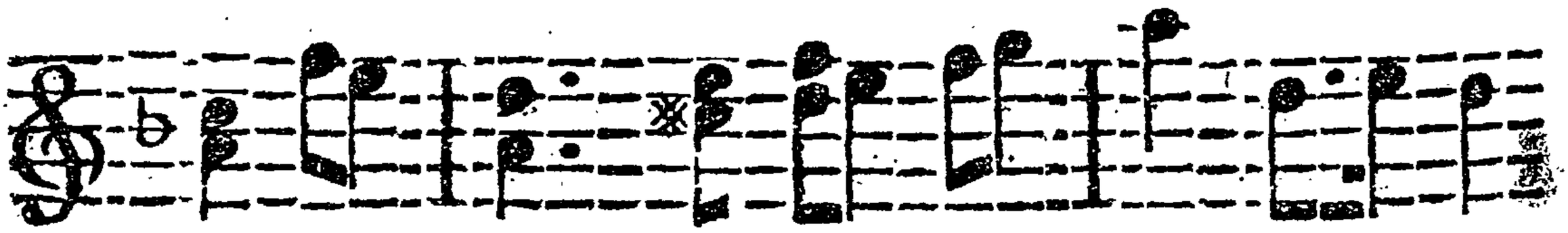
joy of each free hearted ſwain, Till Phebe



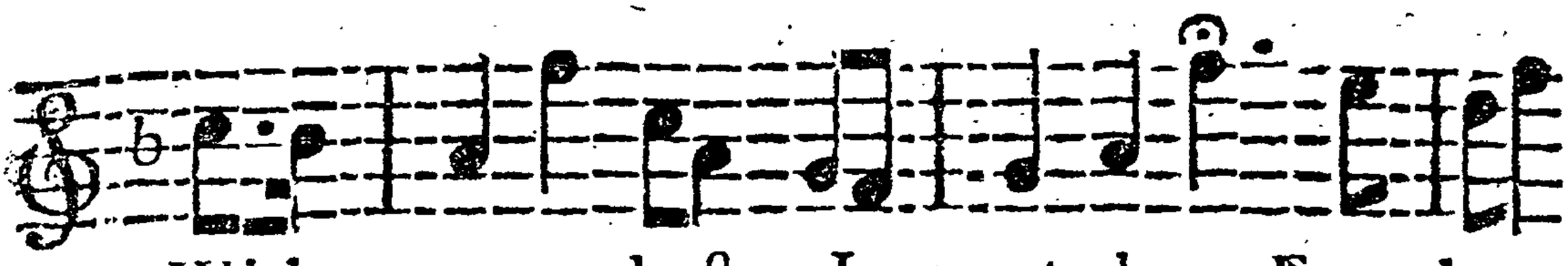
promis'd to be there, I loiter'd laſt of



all the train. If chance ſome fairing caught her



eye, The ribbon gay, or ſilken glove,



With eager haſte I ran to buy, For what

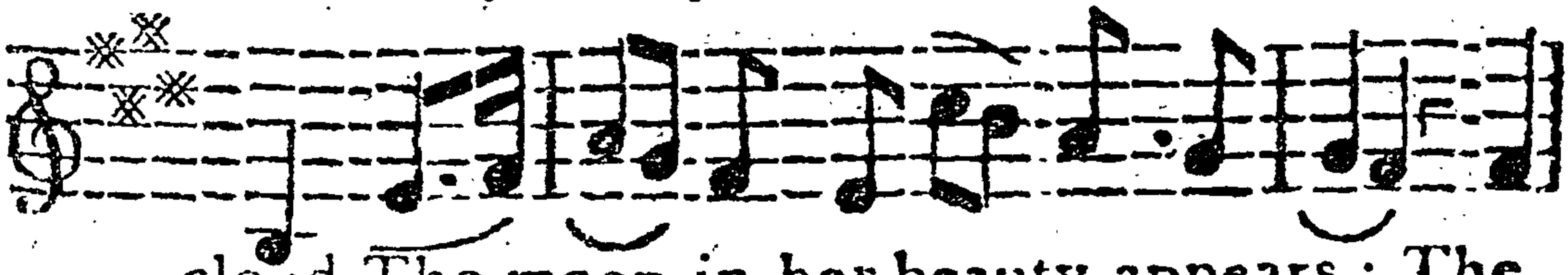
is gold compar'd to love.

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

SONG XXV.

ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

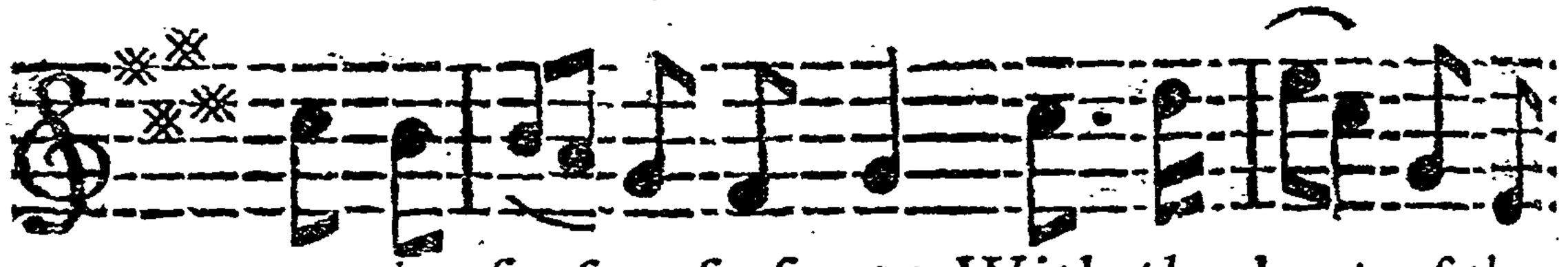
The day is departed, and round from the



cloud The moon in her beauty appears; The

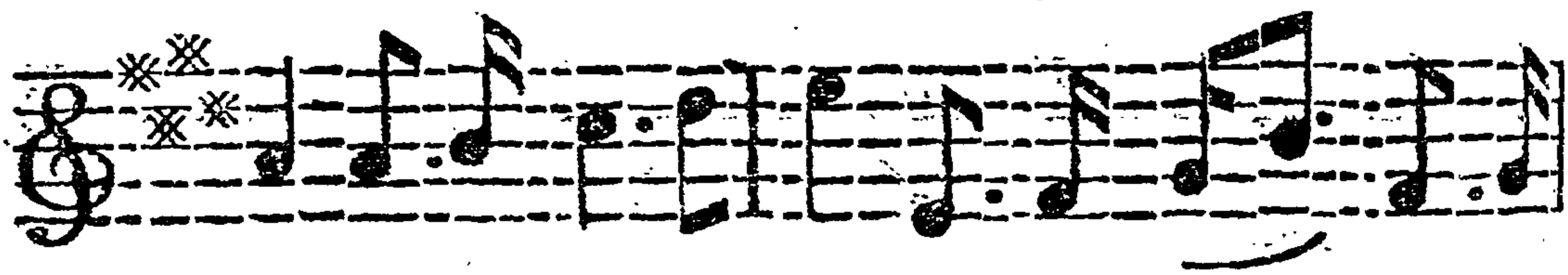
voice of the nightingale warbles aloud The

mu-ſic of love in our ears, Maria appear!



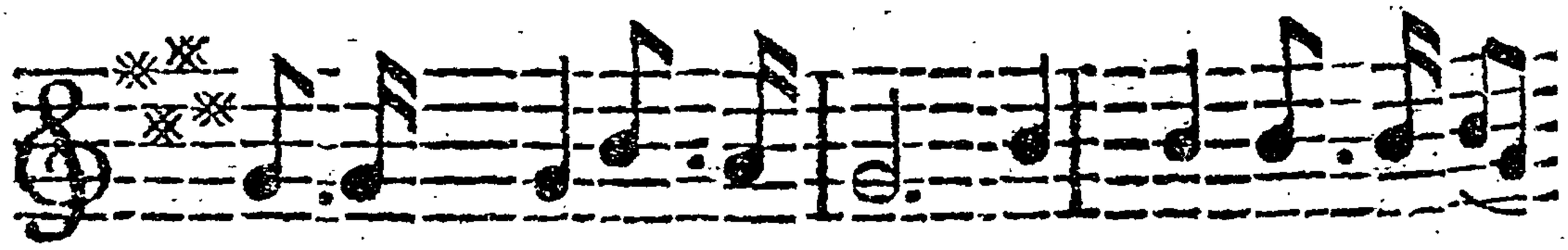
now the ſeaſon ſo ſweet With the beat of the

heart is in tune; The time is ſo tender for

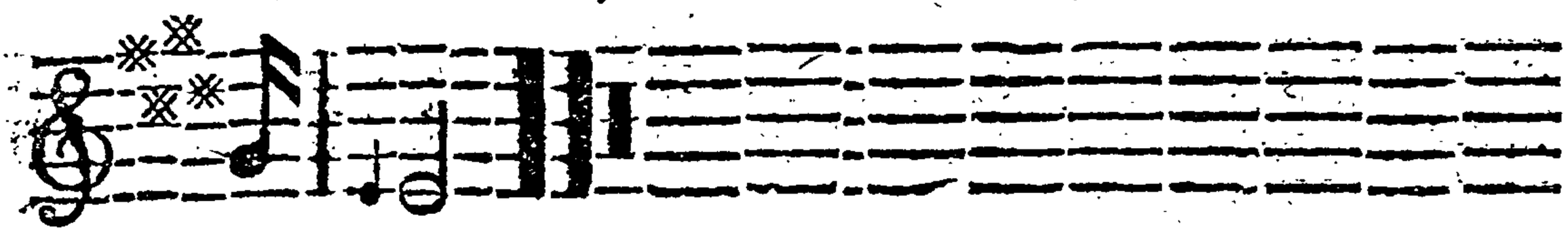


lovers to meet Alone by the light of the

moon, Alone by the light of the moon, Alone



by the light of the moon, A-lone by the light



the moon.

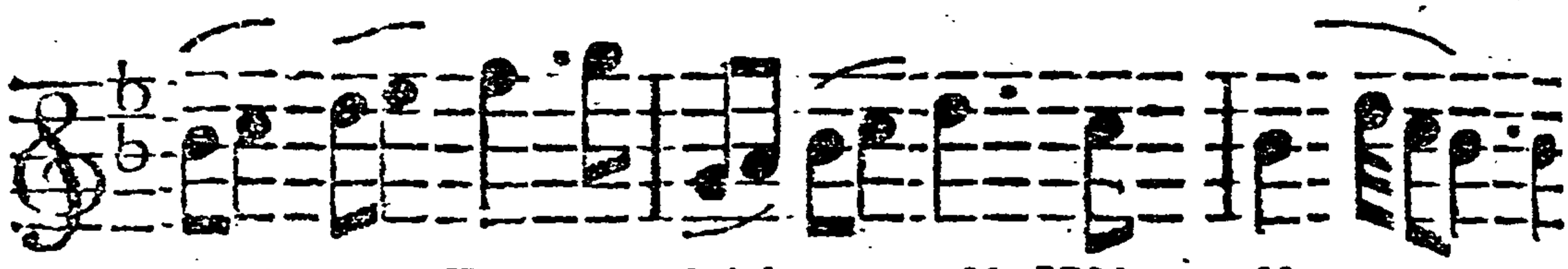
I cannot when preſent unfold what I feel ;
I ſigh---Can a lover do more ?
Her name to the ſhepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love ! do you long for the grove,
Do you ſigh for an interview ſoon ;
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove,
Alone by the light of the Moon ?

Your name from the ſhepherds, whenever I hear,
My boſom is all in a glow ;
Your voice, when it vibrates, ſo ſweet thro' mine ear,
My heart thrills---my eyes overflow.
Ye pow'rs of the ſky, will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon ;
Shall heart ſpring to heart, and Maria be mine
Alone by the light of the Moon ?

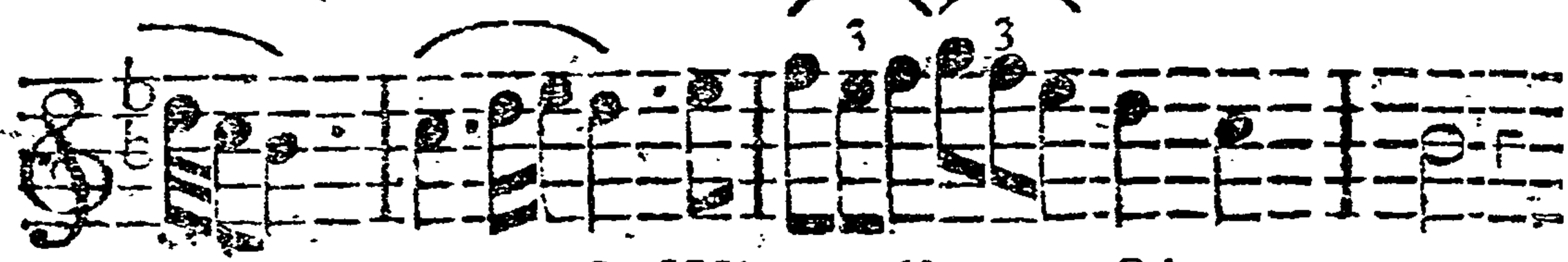
SONG XXVI.

AH WHY MUST WORDS.

Ah why muſt words my flame reveal ? What



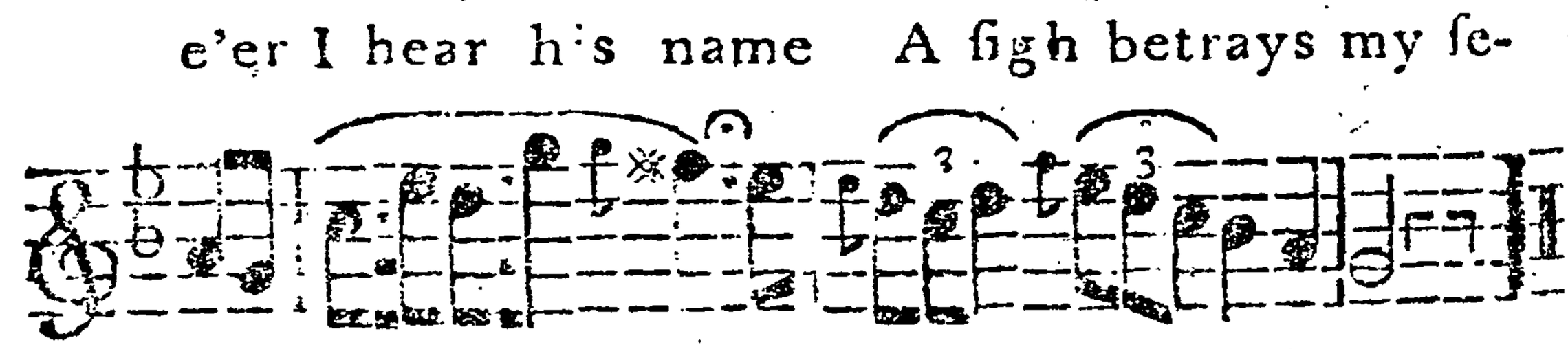
needs my Damon bid me tell What all my ac-



tions prove ? What all my actions prove.

A bluſh whene'er I meet his eye, When-

e'er I hear his name A ſigh betrays my ſe-



cret love, betrays my ſecret love.

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

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

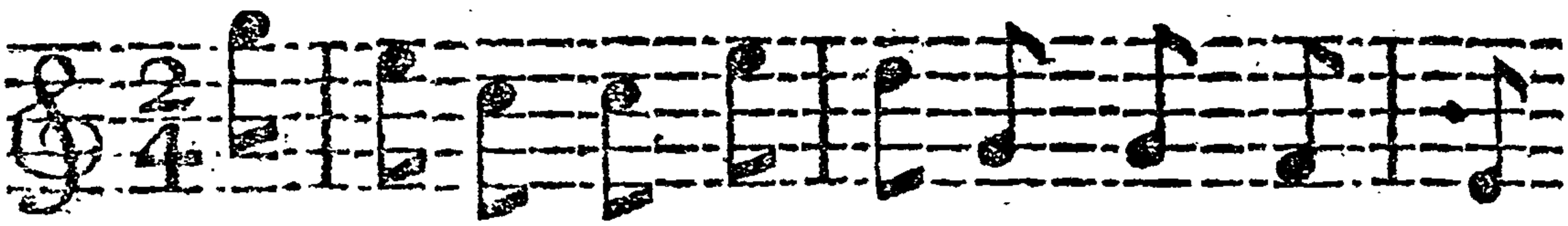
Does any ſpeak in Damon's praiſe,
How pleas'd am I with all he ſays,
And every word approve;
Is he defamed, tho' but in jeſt,
I feel reſentment fire my breaſt,
Alas! becauſe I love.

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.

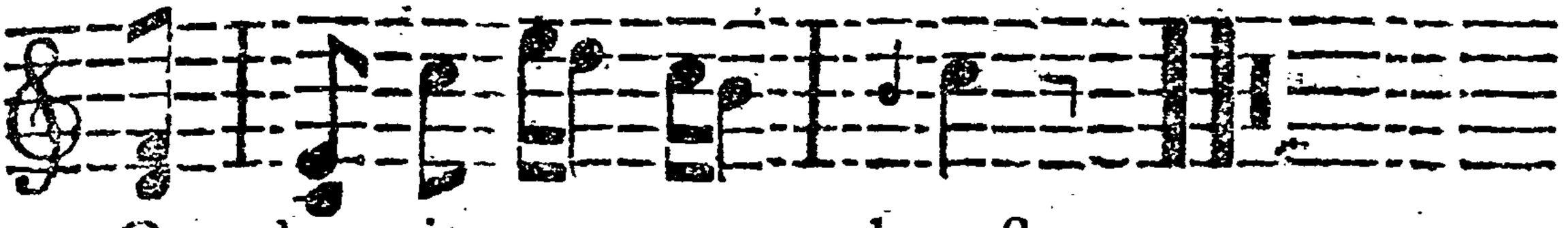
SONG XXVII.

WHEN FIRST I SLIPP'D MY LEADING STRINGS.



When firſt I ſlipp'd my leading ſtrings, To pleaſe
her little Poll, My mother bought me at the
fair, A pretty waxen Doll; Such ſloe
black eyes and cherry cheeks The ſmiling dear poſ-
ſeſs'd, How could I kiſs it oft enough, Or hug

it to my breaſt, How could I kiſs it oft enough,



Or hug it to my breaſt.

No ſooner I could chatter too,
As moſt young Miſſes do,
Than how I long'd and ſigh'd to hear,
My Dolly prattle too;
I curl'd her hair in ringlets neat,
And dreſt her very gay,
But yet the ſulky huſſy not
A ſyllable would ſay.

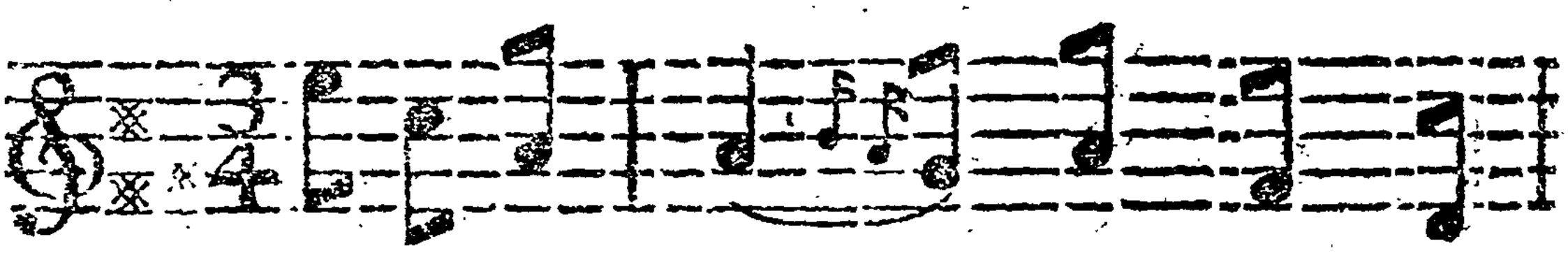
Provok'd that to my queſtions kind,
No anſwer I could get,
I ſhook the little huſſy well,
And whip'd her in a pet,
My mother cri'd, O fie upon't,
Pray let your Doll alone,
If e'er you wiſh and hope to ſee
A baby of your own.

My head on this I bridled up,
And threw the plaything by,

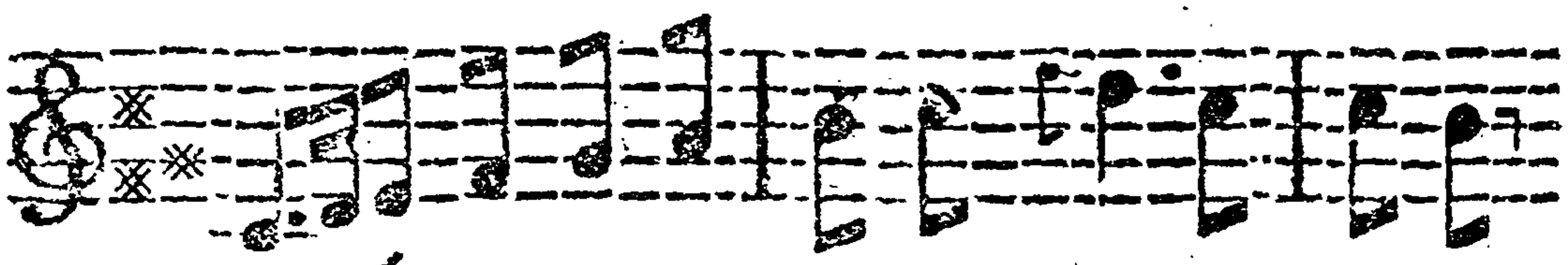
Altho' my ſiſter ſnub'd me for it,
I know the reaſon why;
I fancy ſhe would wiſh to keep,
The ſweethearts all her own,
But that ſhe ſhan't depend upon't,
When I'm a woman grown.

SONG XXVIII.

NANCY; OR, THE SAILOR's JOURNAL.

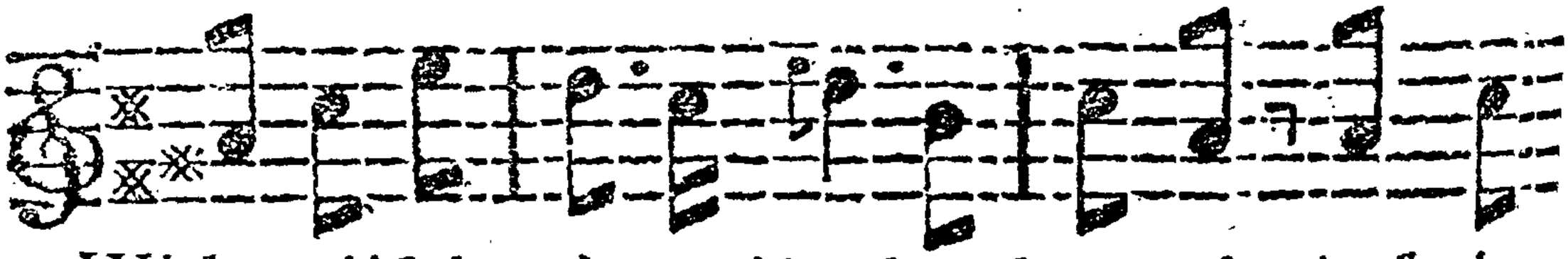


'Twas paſt me - - ri - - dian half paſt

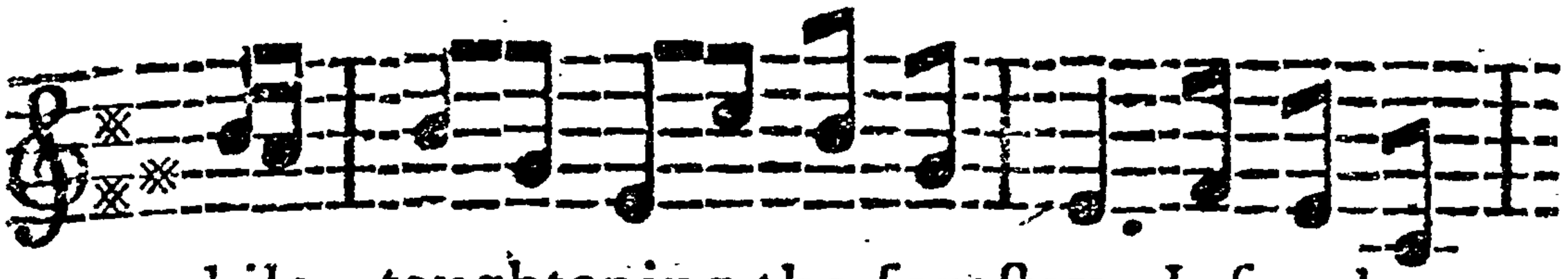


four, By ſignal I from Nancy parted;

At ſix ſhe lin - ger'd on the ſhore,

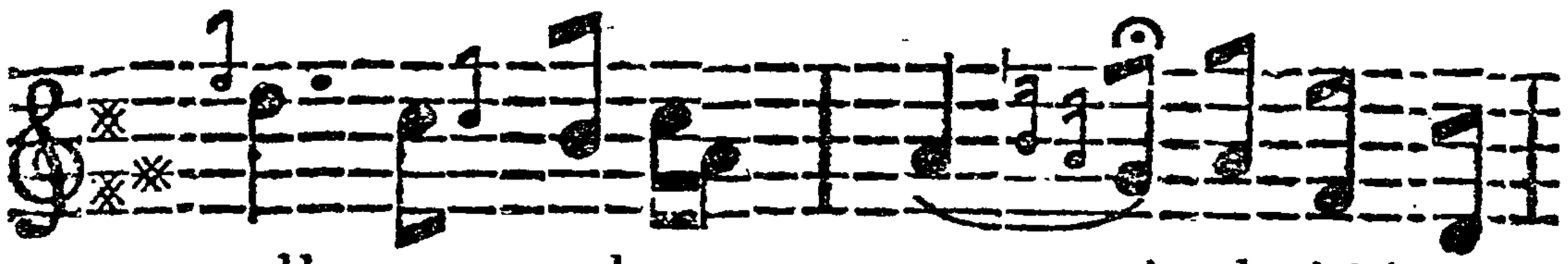


With uplift hands, and broken hearted: At ſev'n,

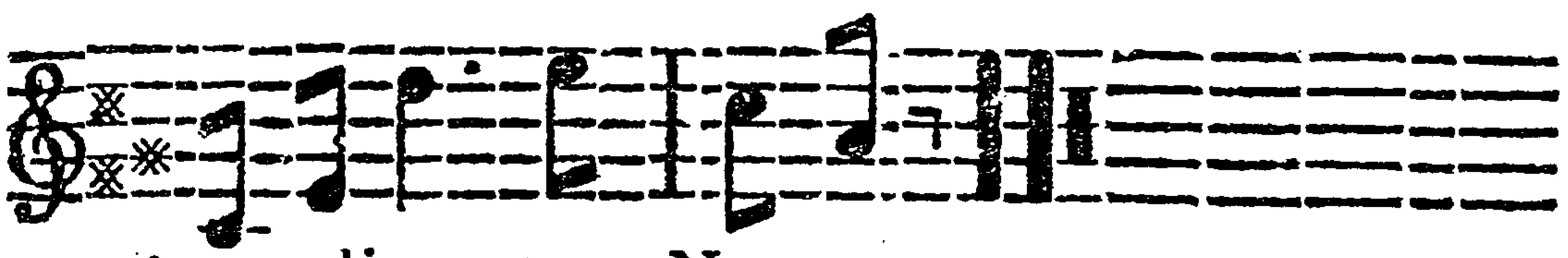


while taughtening the foreſtay, I ſaw her

faint, or elſe 'twas fancy; At eight we



all got under way, And bid a



long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While careleſs Sailors, ever cheary,
On the mid watch ſo jovial ſung,
With tempers labour cannot weary.
I little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts ruſh'd on my fancy,
And my warm ſighs increas'd the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arrived that jovial night,
When every true bred tar carouſes,
When, o'er the grog all hands delight
To toaſt their ſweethearts and their ſpouſes.

Round went the can, the jeſt, the glee,
While tender wiſhes fill'd each fancy;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heav'd a ſigh, and toaſted Nancy.

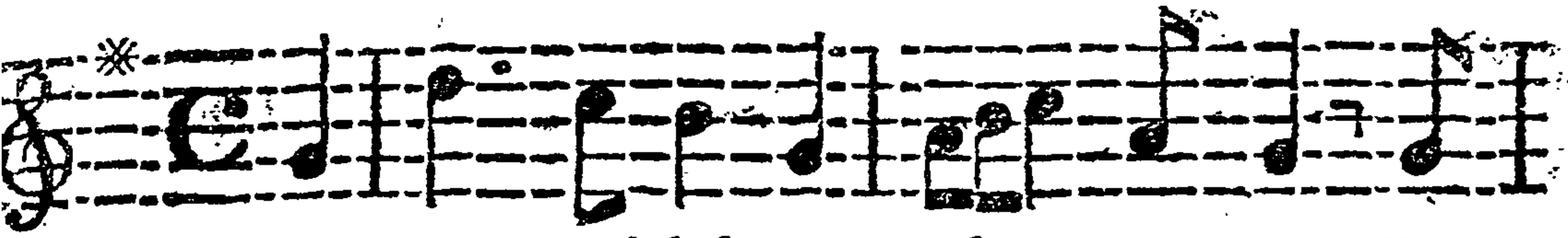
Next morn a ſtorm came on at four,
At ſix, the elements in motion,
Plunged me and three poor Sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean.
Poor wretches! they ſoon found their graves—
For me, it may be only fancy,
But Love ſeemed to forbid the waves
To ſnatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was cleared,
Scarce winds and waves had ceaſed to rattle,
When a bold enemy appeared,
And, dauntleſs, we prepared for battle.
And now, while ſome loved friend or wife,
Like light'ning, ruſhed on every fancy,
To Providence I truſted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

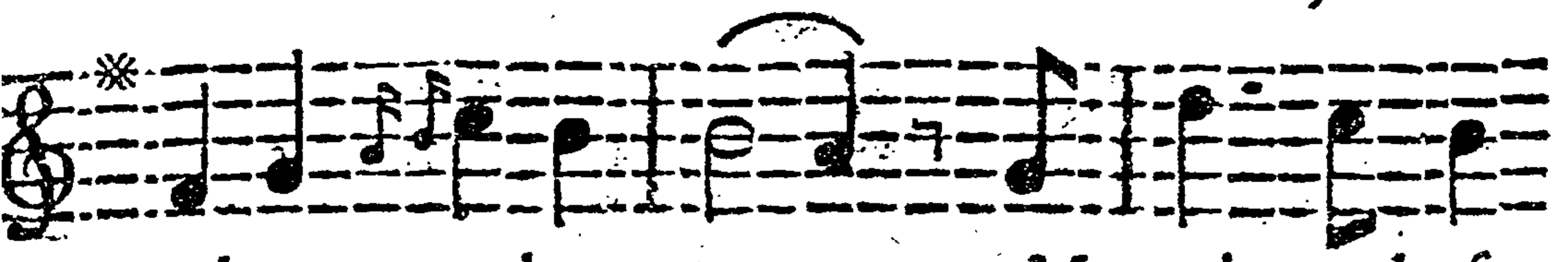
At laſt, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A. M. diſcovered day,
And England's chalky cliffs together.
At ſeven, up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears ruſhed on my fancy,
At twelve I gaily jumped aſhore,
And to my throbbing heart preſſed Nancy.

SONG XXIX.

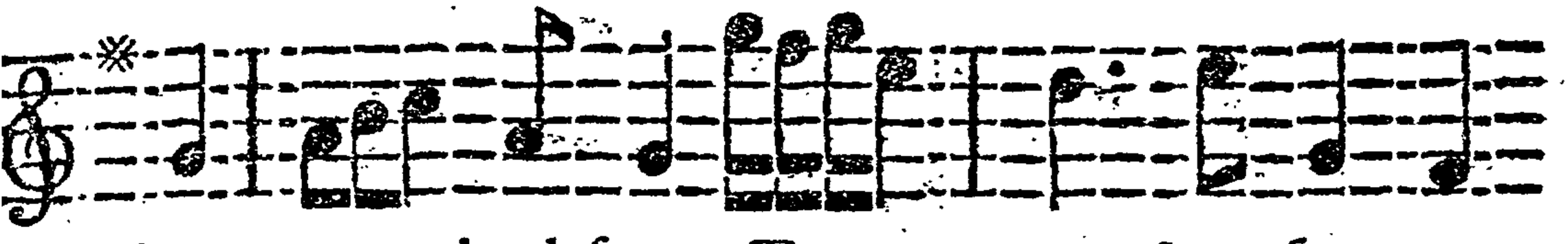
STERNE's MARIA.



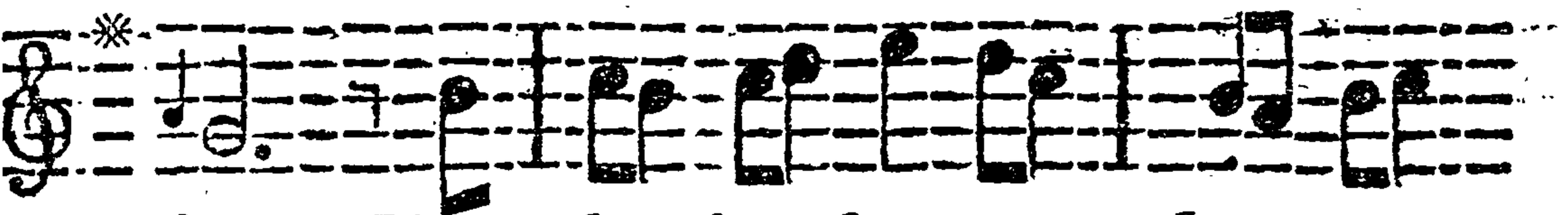
'Twas near a thickets calm retreat, Be-



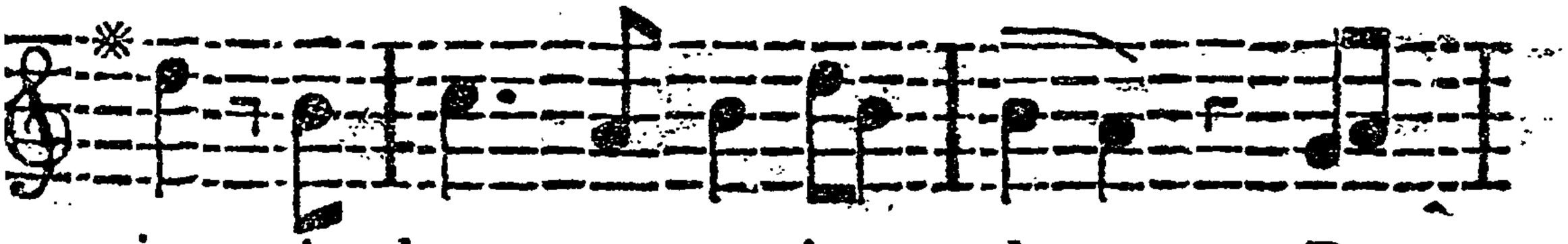
neath a poplar tree, Ma - ri - a choſe



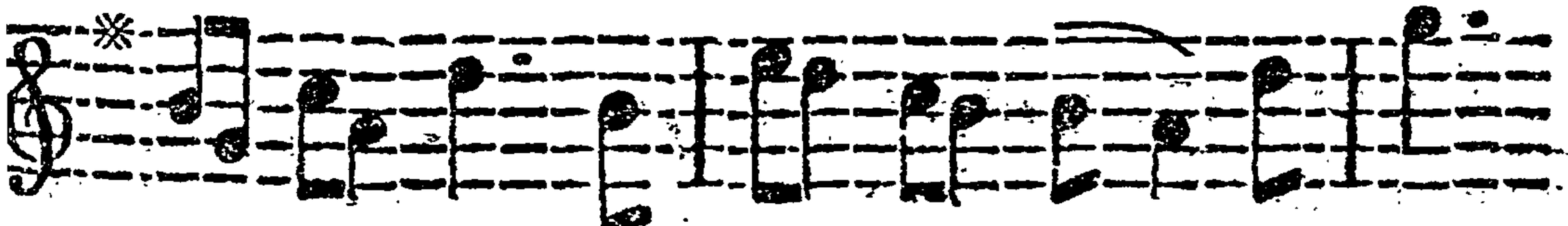
her wretched ſeat, To mourn her ſorrows



free; Her lovely form was ſweet to

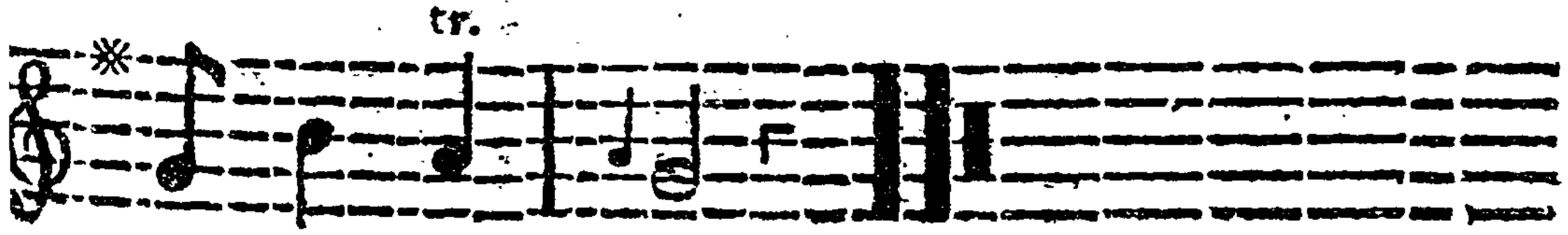


view, As dawn at opening day; But



ah, ſhe mourn'd her love not true, And wept

tr.



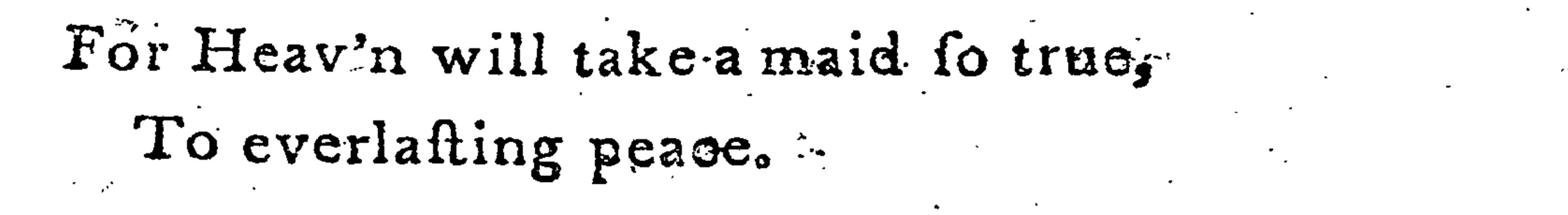
her cares a - way.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
In murmurs fmooth along;
Her pipe which once fhe tun'd moft fweet,
Has now forgot its fong;
No more to charm the vale fhe tries,
For grief has fill'd her breaft;
Thofe joys that once fhe ufed to prize,
Ere love deftroy'd her reft.

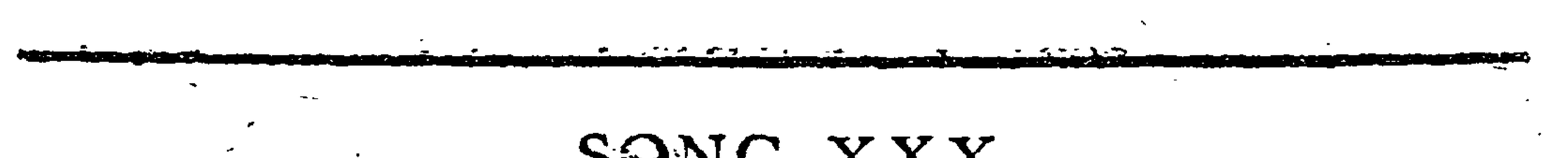
Poor hapleſs maid! Who can behold
Thy ſorrows ſo ſevere?
And hear thy lovelorn ſtory told,
Without a falling tear.
Maria! luckleſs maid, adieu,
Thy ſorrows ſoon muſt ceaſe;
For Heav'n will take a maid ſo true,
To everlaſting peace.

SONG XXX.

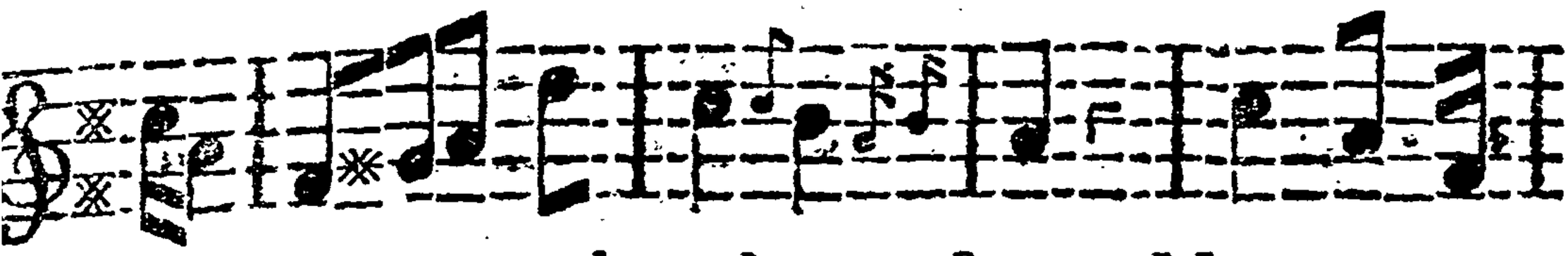
I SOLD A GUILTLESS NEGRO BOY.



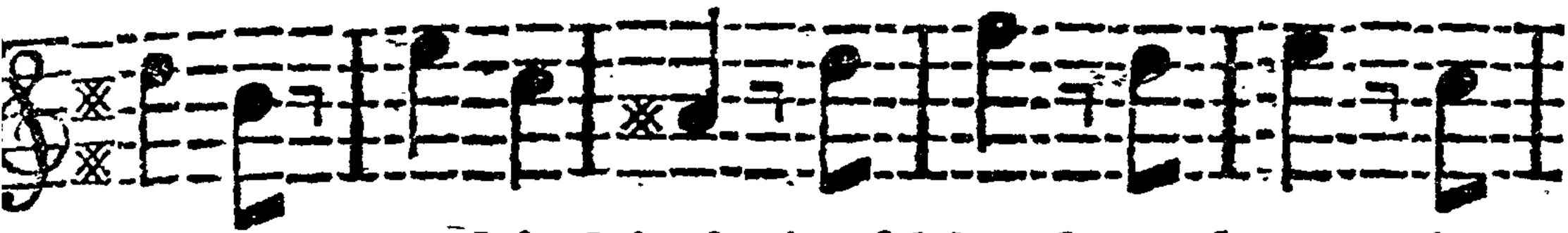
When thirſt of gold enſlaves the mind, And



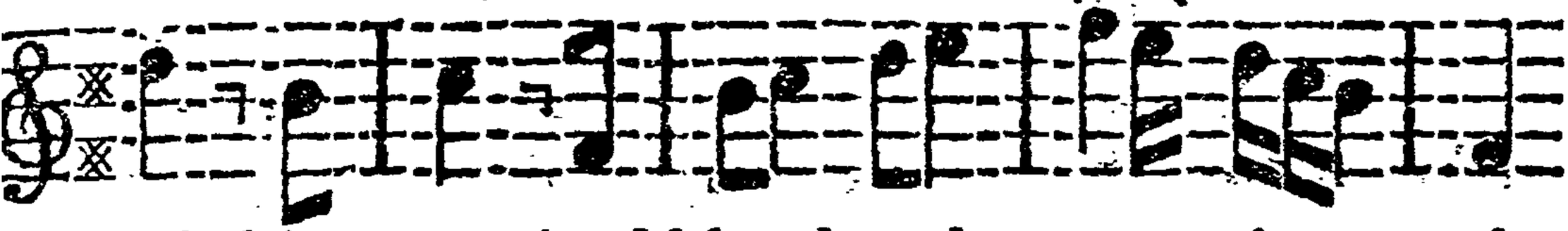
ſelfiſh views a - lone bear ſway, And ſelf-



ish views a-lone bear sway, Man turns a

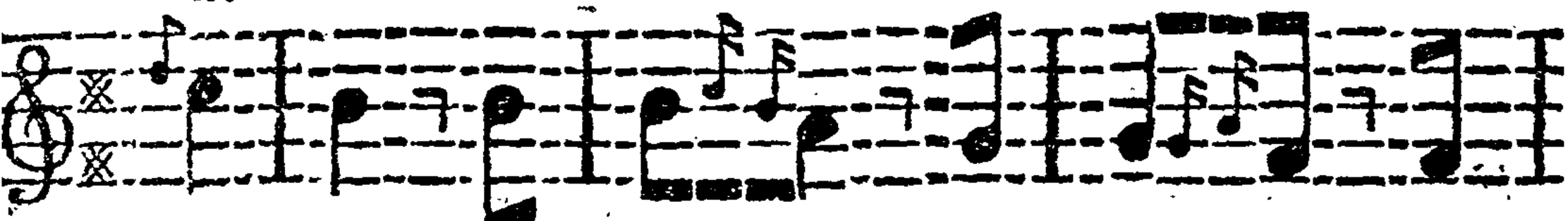


savage to his kind, And blood, and ra - pine

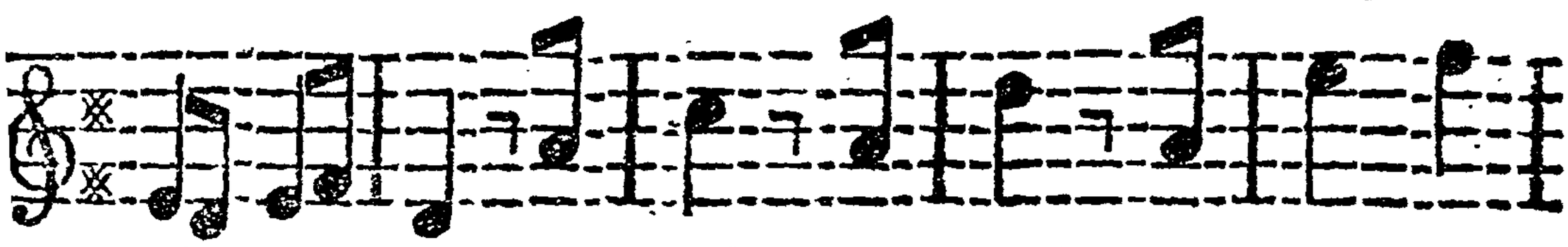


mark his way, And blood and ra - pine mark

tr.



his way, A - - las, for this poor



simple toy I sold a guiltless Negro

Boy, I sold a guiltless Negro Boy.

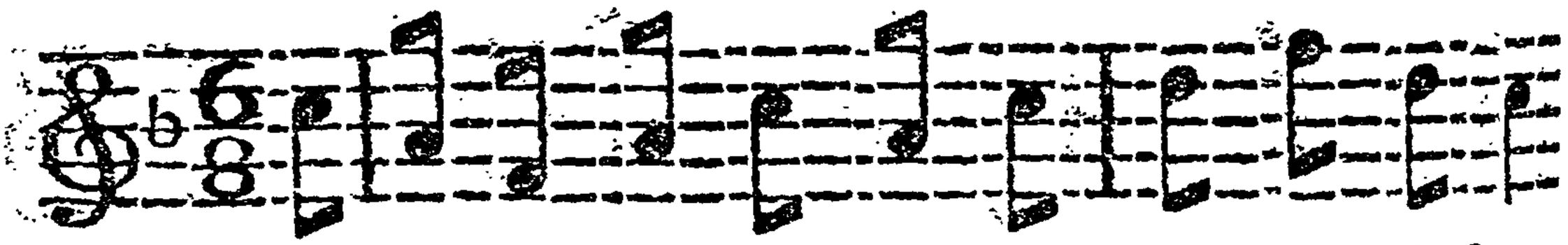
His father's hope, his mother's pride,
Tho' black yet comely to the view,
I tore him helpless from their side,
And gave him to a ruffian crew.
Alas, for this poor simple toy
I sold a guiltless Negro Boy.

In iſles that deck the weſtern main,
Th' unhappy youth was doom'd to dwell,
A poor forlorn inſulted ſlave,
A beaſt that Chriſtians buy and ſell.
To fiends, that Afric's coaſt annoy
I ſold a guiltleſs Negro Boy.

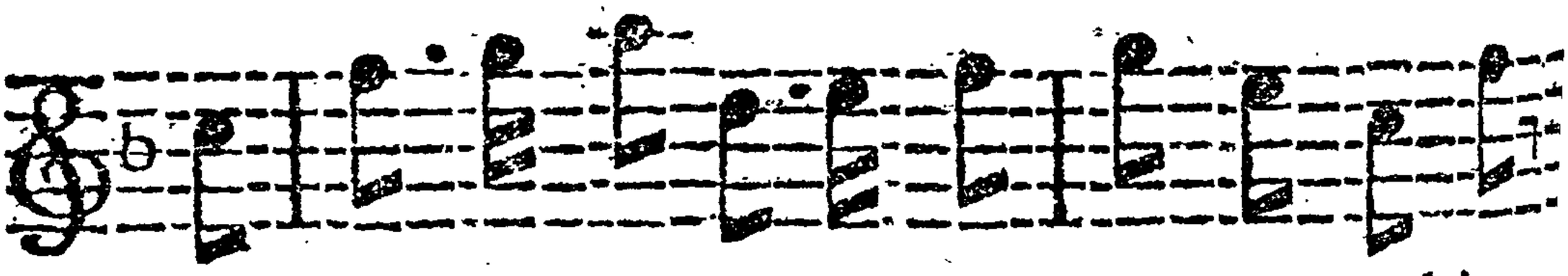
May he who walks upon the wind,
Whoſe voice in thunder's heard on high,
Who doſt the raging tempeſt bind,
And wings the lightning thro' the ſky,
Forgive the wretch that for a toy
Could ſell a helpleſs Negro Boy.

SONG XXXI.

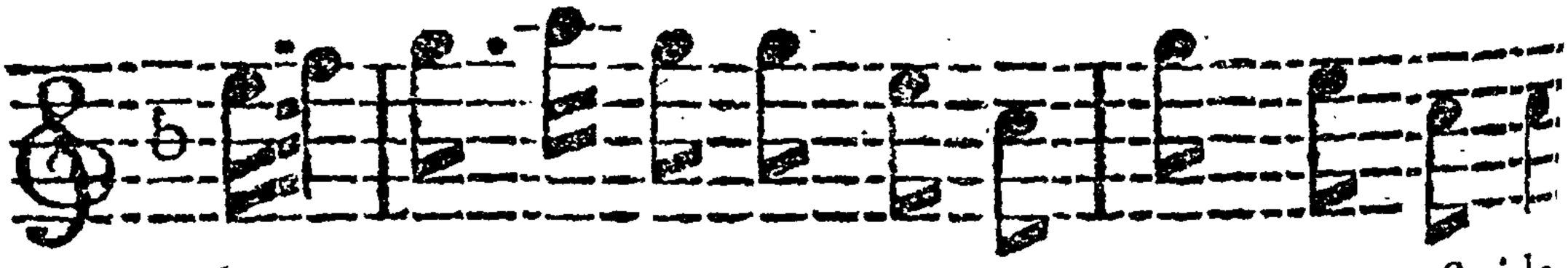
THE HOBBIES.



Attention pray give, while of hobbies I ſing,



For each has his hobby from cobbler to king;



On ſome fav'rite hobby we all get aſtride

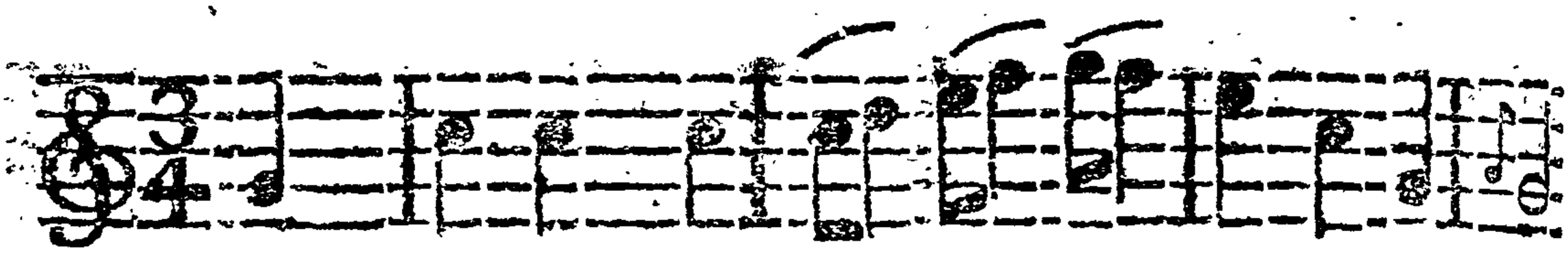
When for props of the ſtate, what can equal in ſtory, ſir,
Thoſe two ſtately pillars, call'd a Whig and a Tory, ſir;
Though by ſhifting their ground, they ſometimes get ſo wrong, ſir,
They forget to which ſide of the houſe they belong, ſir.
Such are, &c.

But as props of their ſtrength and uprightneſs may boaſt, ſir,
While the proudeſt of pillars may be ſhook by a poſt ſir;
May the firm friends of freedom her bleſſings inherit, ſir,
And her foes be advanc'd to the poſt which they merit, ſir.
Then ſhall the golden days we now poſſeſs
Far ſurpaſs the boaſted days of good Queen Beſs.

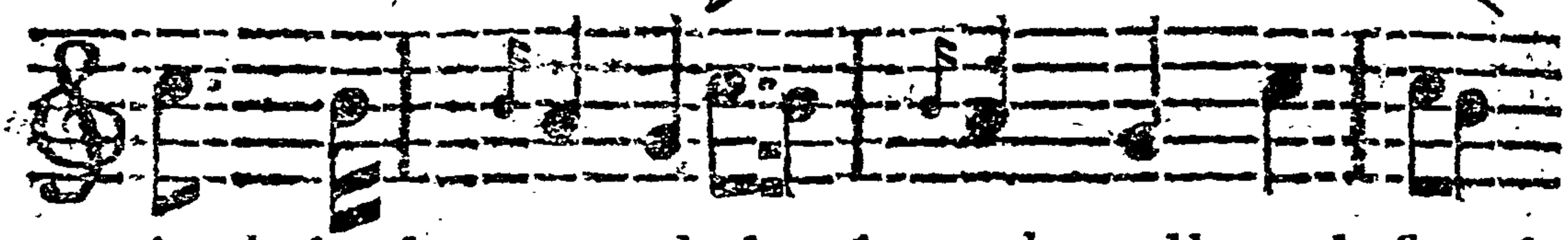
And as the name of Brunſwick claims duty, love, and awe, ſir,
Far beyond a Plantagenet, a Tudor, or Naſſau, ſir,
Let the ſceptre be ſway'd by the ſon or the ſire, ſir,
May their race rule this land till the globe is on fire, ſir;
And may their future days, in glory and ſucceſs,
Far ſurpaſs the golden days we now poſſeſs.

SONG XXXIV.

BRIGHT PHŒBUS.

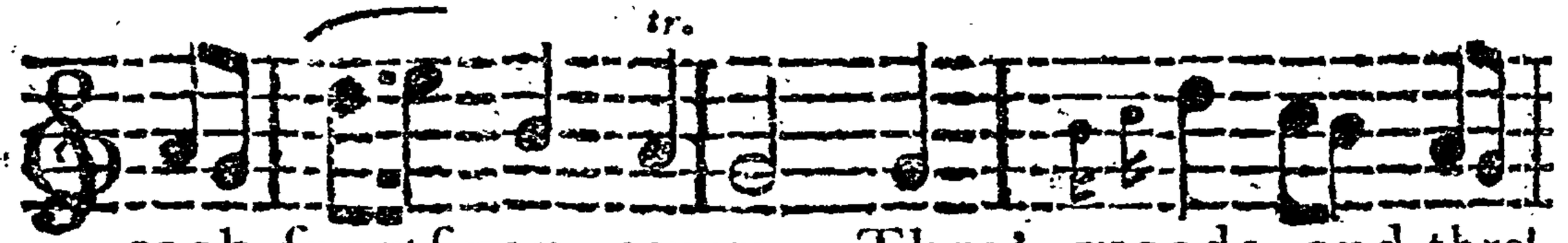


Bright Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,

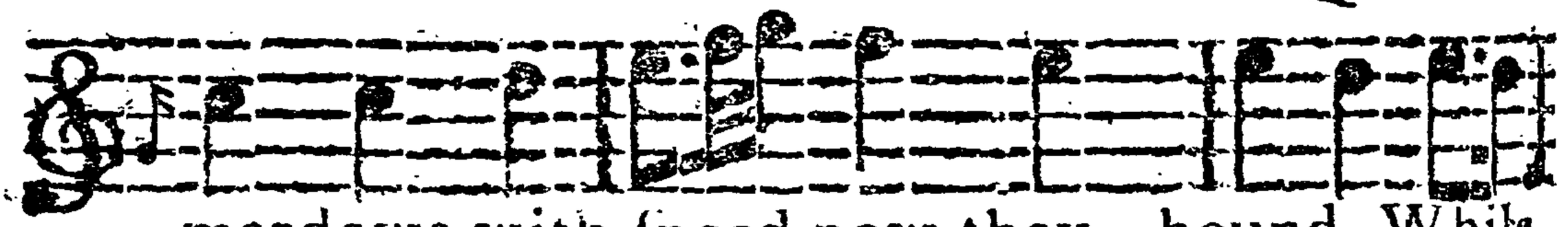


And the horns and the hounds call each ſportſ-

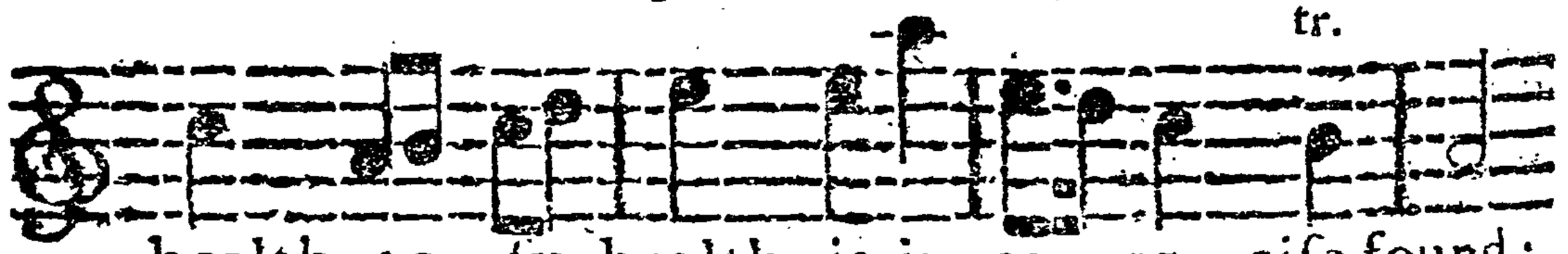
man a-way ; And the horns and the hounds call



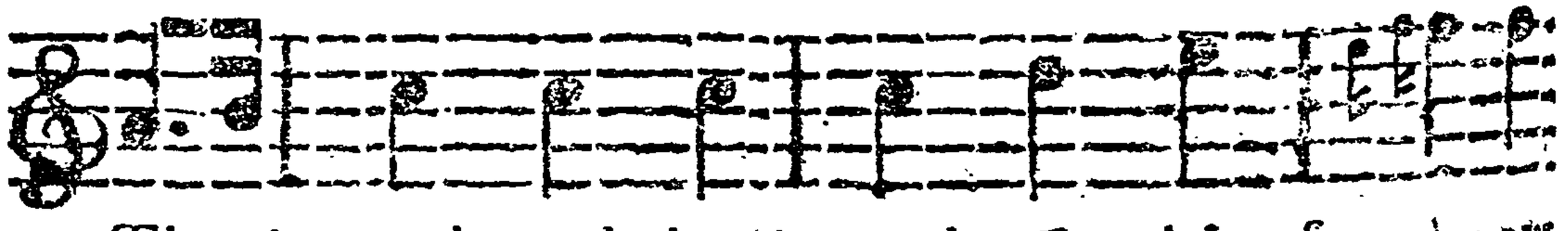
each ſportſman away. Thro' woods and thro'



meadows with ſpeed now they bound, While

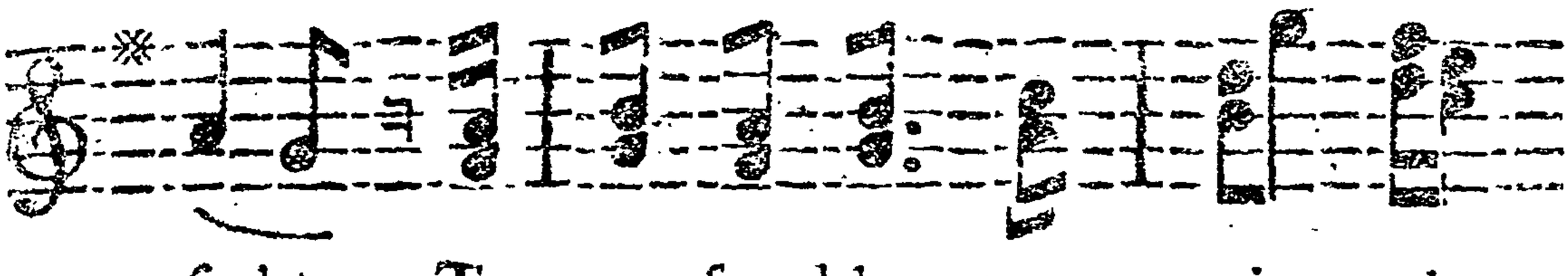


health, ro-ſy health, is in-ex-er-ciſe found;

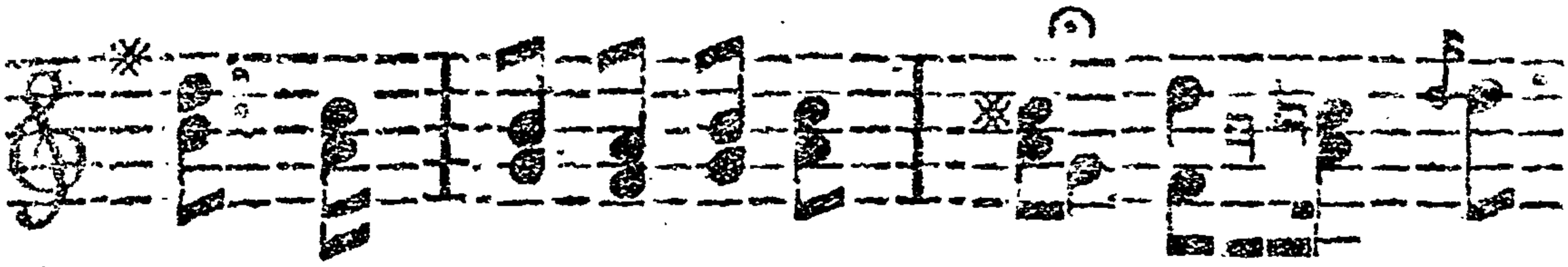


Thro' woods and thro' meadows with ſpeed now

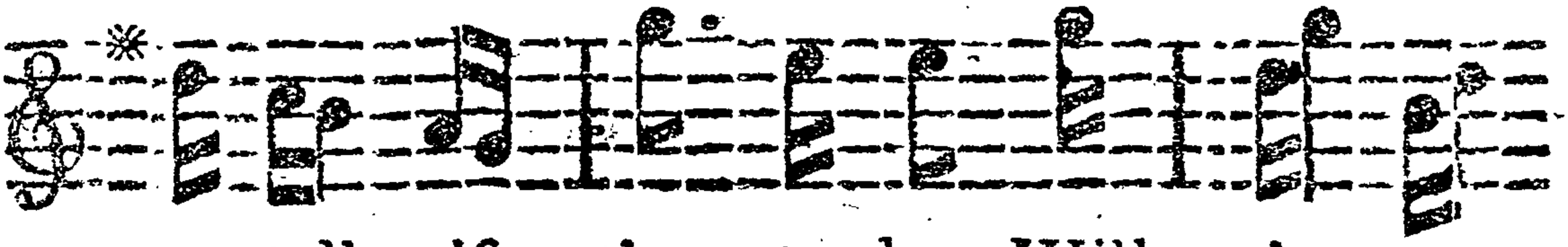
wretched Damon live, Thus baniſh'd from thy



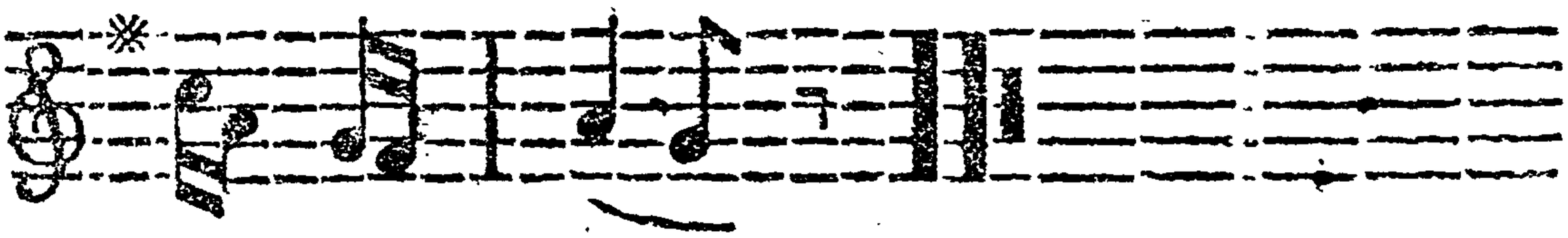
ſight, To my fond heart no ri - val



joy Supplies the loſs of thee; But who



can tell, if thou my dear Will e'er re-



member me. *D. C.*

Yet while my reſtleſs wand'ring thoughts,
Purſue their loſt repoſe;
Unweary'd may they trace the path,
Where'er my Delia goes:
Forever Damon ſhall be there
Attendant on the way.
But who can tell, &c.

Alone through unfrequented wilds,
With penſive ſteps I rove,
I aſk the rocks, I aſk the ſtreams,
Where dwells my diſtant Love :
The ſilent eve the roſy morn
My conſtant ſearch ſurvey,
But who can tell, &c.

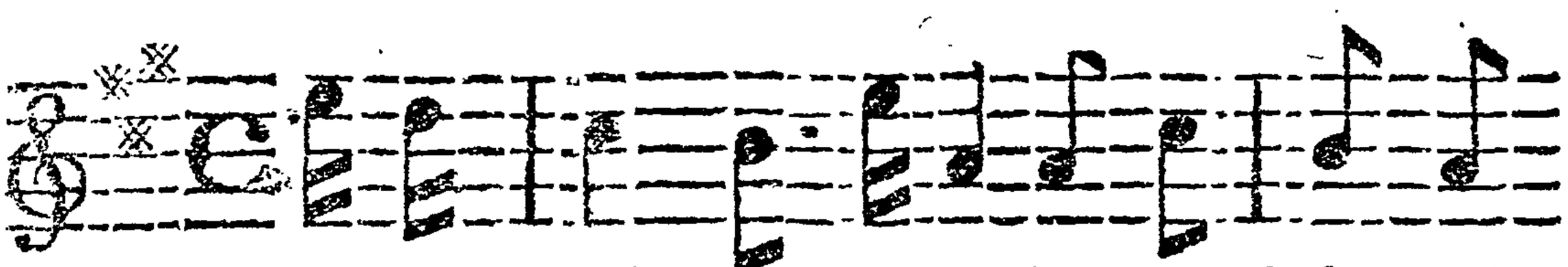
Oft I'll review the ſmiling ſcene,
Each fav'rite brook and tree ;
Where gaily paſs'd the happy hours,
Thoſe hours I paſs'd with thee ;
What painful fond memorials riſe
From ev'ry place I ſee.
Ah, who can tell, &c.

How many rival votaries ſoon,
Their ſoft addreſs ſhall move ;
Surround thee in thy new abode,
And tempt thy ſoul to Love :
Ah, who can tell when ſighing crowds,
Their tender homage pay,
Ah, who can tell, &c.

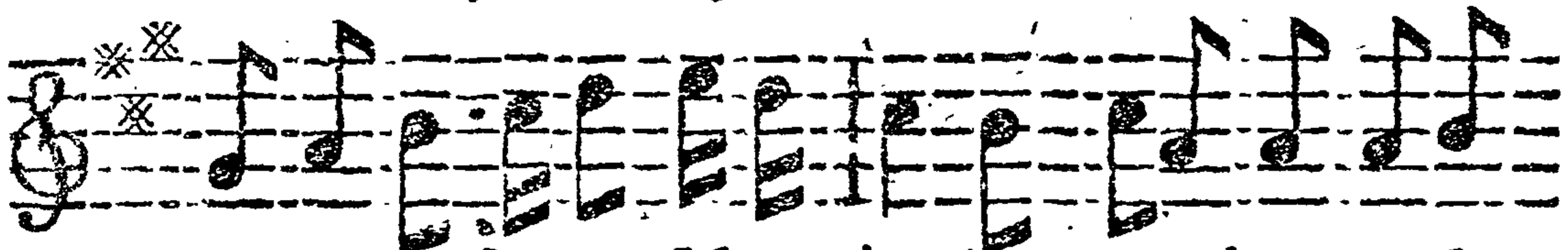
Think, Delia, with how deep a wound
The ſweetly painful dart,
Which thy remembrance leaves behind,
Has pierc'd a hopeleſs heart :
Think on this fatal, ſad adieu,
That ſevers me from thee.
Ah, who can tell, &c.

SONG XXXIII.

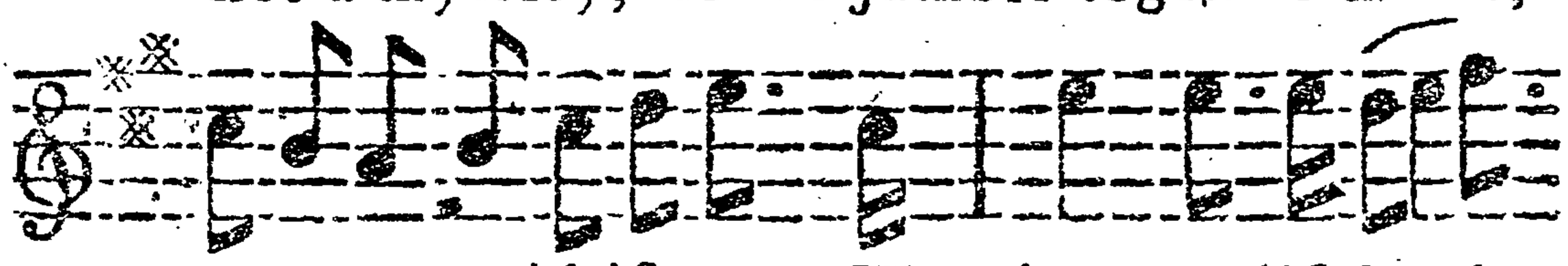
GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.



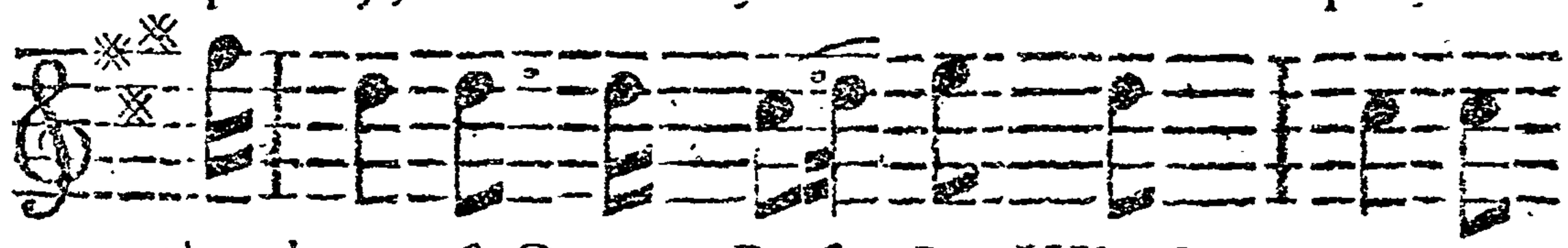
To my muſe give attention, and deem it



not a myſtery, If we jumble together muſic,

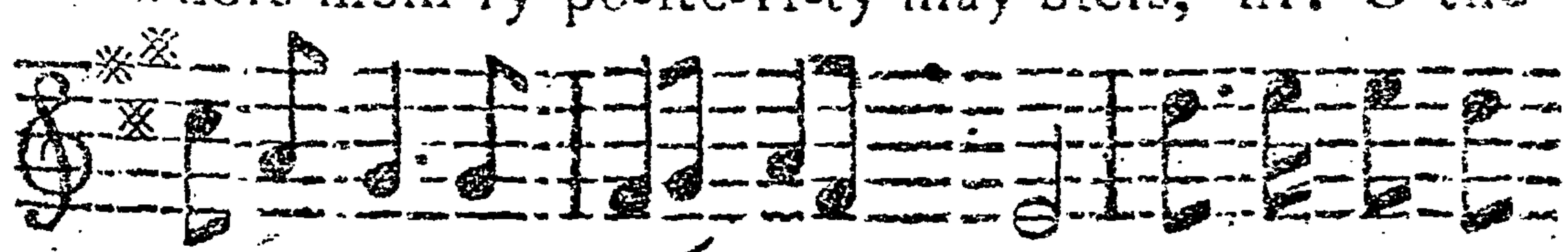


poetry, and hiſtory: The times to diſplay in

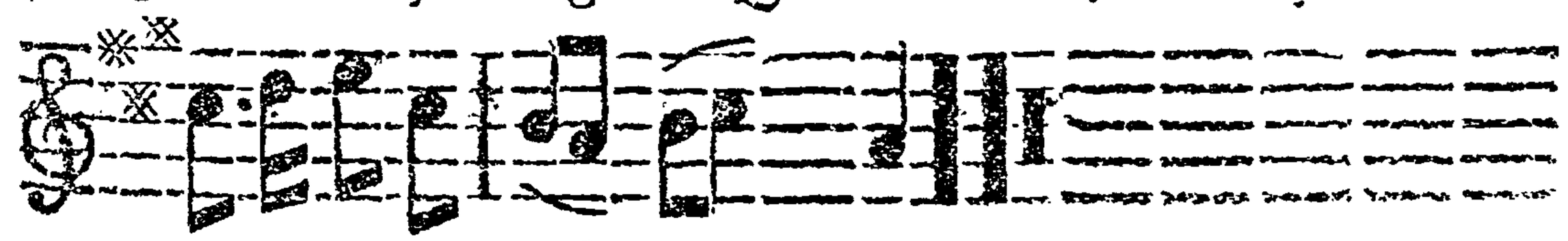


the days of Queen Beſs, ſir, Whoſe name and

whoſe mem'ry po-ſte-ri-ty may bleſs, ſir. O the



golden days of good Queen Beſs; Merry be the



memory of good Queen Beſs.

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of dons and armadas,
With their gunpowder puffs, and their bluſtering
bravadoes;
For we knew how to manage both the muſket and
the bow, ſir,
And could bring down a Spaniard juſt as eaſy as a
crow, ſir.
O the golden days, &c.

Then our ſtreets were unpav'd, and our houſes were
thatch'd, ſir,
Our windows were lattic'd and our doors only
latch'd, ſir;
Yet ſo few were the folks that would plunder and
rob, ſir,
That the hangman was ſtarving for want of a job, ſir.
O the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruffs tied round about the
neck faſt,
Would gobble up a pound of beef ſteaks for their
breakfaſt;
While a cloſe quil'd-up coif their noddles juſt did
fit, ſir,
And they truſs'd up as tight as a rabbit for the ſpit,
ſir.
O the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worſted hoſe,
ſir,
With a huge pair of whiſkers, was the dreſs of our
beaux, ſir,
Strong beer they preferr'd to claret or to hock, ſir,
And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, ſir.

O the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood then was as plenty too as beef,
ſir,
And the poor from the rich ne'er wanted relief, ſir,
While merry went the mill clack, the ſhuttle and the
plow, ſir,
And honeſt men could live by the ſweat of their
brow, ſir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then football, and wreſtling, and pitching of the bar,
ſir,
Were preferr'd to a flute, to a fiddle, or guitar, ſir:
And for jaunting, and junketting, the fav'rite regale,
ſir,
Was a walk as far as Chelſea, to demoliſh buns and
ale, ſir,

O the golden days, &c.

Then the folks, ev'ry Sunday, went twice at leaſt to
church, ſir,
And never left the parſon or his ſermon in the
lurch, ſir,

For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people to be
good in, ſir,
And they thought it Sabbath-breaking if they din'd
without a pudding, ſir.
O the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men
were great, ſir,
And the props of the nation were the pillars of the
ſtate, ſir;
For the ſov'reign and ſubject one intereſt ſupported,
And our powerful alliance by all powers then was
courted.
O the golden days, &c.

Then the high and mighty ſtates, to their everlaſting
ſtain, ſir,
By Britons were releas'd from the galling yoke of
Spain, ſir,
And the rous'd Britiſh lion, had all Europe then
combin'd, ſir,
Undiſmay'd would have ſcatter'd them, like chaff
before the wind, ſir,
O the golden days, &c.

Thus they ate, and they drank, and they work'd, and
they play'd, ſir,
Of their friends not aſham'd, nor of enemies afraid, ſir,

And little did they think, when this ground they
ſtood on, ſir,
To be drawn from the life, now they're all dead and
gone, ſir.
O the golden days, &c.

THE GOLDEN DAYS WE NOW POSSESS.

A Sequel to the favorite Song of Good Queen Beſs.

To the foregoing Tune.

IN the praiſe of Queen Beſs lofty ſtrains have been
ſung ſir;
And her fame has been echo'd by old and by young,
ſir;
But from times that are paſt we'll for once turn our
eyes, ſir,
As the times we enjoy 'tis but wiſdom to prize, ſir,
Then whate'er were the days of Good Queen Beſs.
Let us praiſe the golden days we now poſſeſs.

Without armies to combat, or armadas to withſtand
ſir,
Our foes at our feet, and the ſword in our hand, ſir,
Laſting peace we ſecure while we're Lords of the
ſeas, ſir,
And our ſtout wooden walls are our ſure guarantees,
ſir.
Such are the golden days we now poſſeſs,
Whatever were the days of Good Queen Beſs.

No Bigots rule the roaſt, now, with perſecution dire,
ſir,
Burning zeal now no more heaps the faggot on the
fire, ſir;

No biſhop now can broil a poor Jew like a pidgeon,
ſir;
Nor barbacue a Pagan, like a pig, for religion, ſir.
Such are, &c.

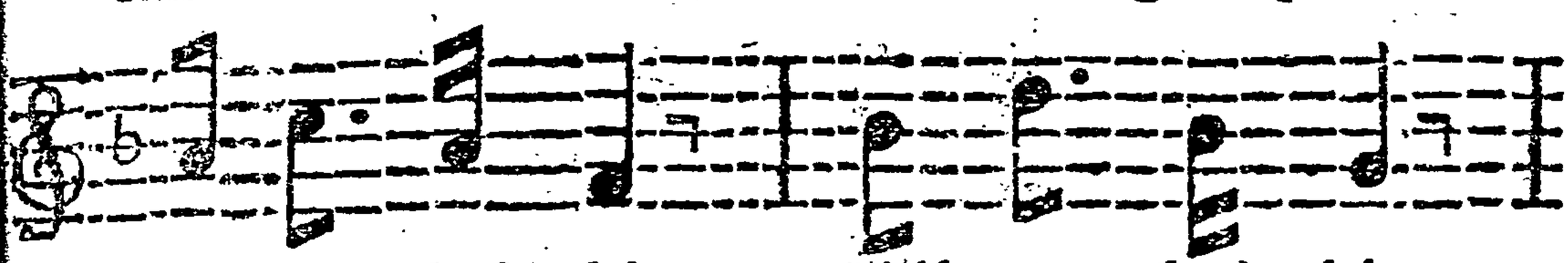
Now no legendary ſaint robs the labrer of one day,
Except now and then when he celebrates St. Monday;
And good folks, ev'ry ſabbath, keep church without
a pother, ſir,
By walking in at one door, and ſtealing out at t'other,
ſir.
Such are, &c.

Then for dreſs—modern belles bear the bell beyond
compare, ſir,
Though farthingales and ruffs are got rather out of
wear, ſir;
But when truſs'd up, like pullets, whether fat, lean,
or plump, ſir,
'Tis no matter, ſo they've got but a merry thought
and rump, ſir,
Such are, &c.

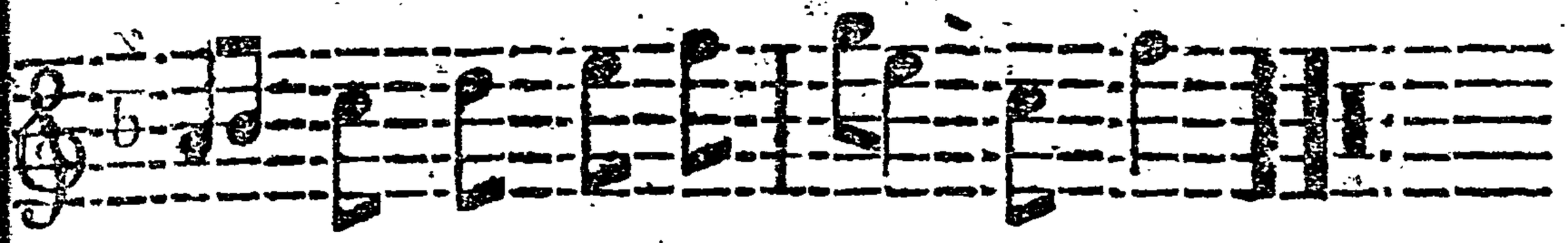
Such promontories, ſure, may be ſtil'd inacceſſibles;
As our ſmall-cloaths, by prudes, are pronounc'd inex-
preſſibles;
And the taſte of our beaux won't admit of diſpute, ſir,
When they ride in their ſlippers, and walk about in
boots, ſir,
Such are, &c.

Our language is refin'd too, from what 'twas of yore,
ſir,
As a ſhoe ſtring's the dandy, and a buckle's quite a
bore, ſir;
And if rais'd from the dead, it would ſure poze the
noddle, ſir,
Of a Shakſpeare, to tell what's the Tippy, or the
Twaddle, ſir,
Such are, &c.

And when we're once mounted full gallop we ride.



All on hob-bies, All on hob-bies,



All on hobbies, Gee up, gee O!

Some hobbies are reſtive, and hard for to govern,
E'en juſt like our wives, they're ſo curſedly ſtubborn:
The hobbies of ſcolds, are their huſbands to teaze,
And the hobbies of lawyers, are plenty of fees.
That's their hobby, &c.

The beaux, thoſe ſweet gentlemen's hobbies good lack,
Is to wear great large poultices tied round the neck:
And think in the ton and the tippy they're dreſt,
If they've b reeches that reach from the ancle to cheſt.
That's their hobby, &c.

The hobbies of ſailors, when ſafe moor'd in port,
Are their wives and their ſweethearts to toy with,
and ſport:
When our navy's completed, their hobby ſhall be,
To ſhow the whole world that America's Free.
That's their hobby, &c.

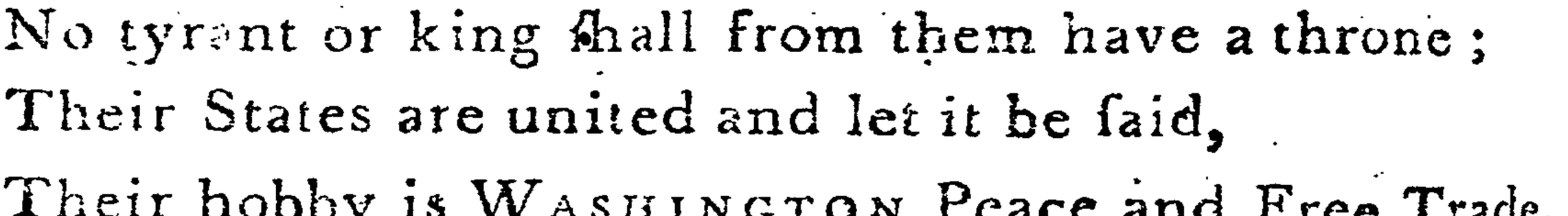
The hobbies of ſoldiers, in time of great wars,
Are breaches and battles, with blood, wounds and ſcars;
But in peace, you'll obſerve that quite diff'rent their
trade is,
The hobbies of ſoldiers in peace, are the ladies.
That's their hobby, &c.

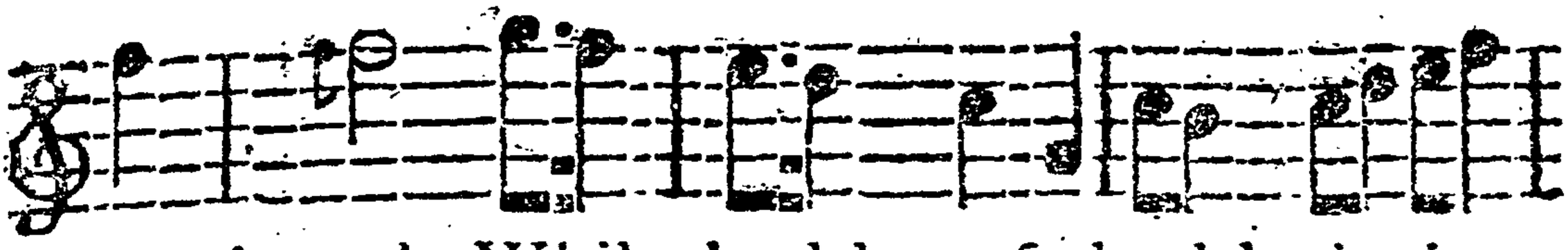
The ladies ſweet creatures, yes, they now and then,
Get aſtride of their hobbies, e'en juſt like the men;
With ſmiles and with ſimpers beguile us with eaſe,
And we gallop, trot, amble e'en juſt as they pleaſe.
That's their hobby, &c.

The American's hobby has long ſince been known,
No tyrant or king ſhall from them have a throne;
Their States are united and let it be ſaid,
Their hobby is WASHINGTON, Peace and Free Trade.
That's their hobby, &c.

SONG XXXII.

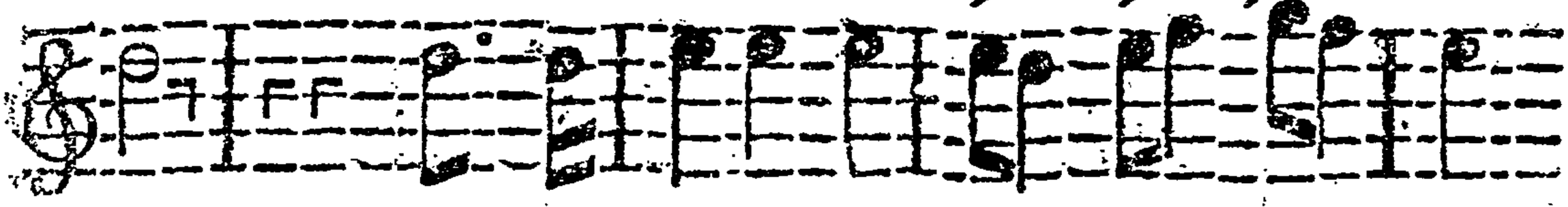
AH DELIA SEE THE FATAL HOUR.



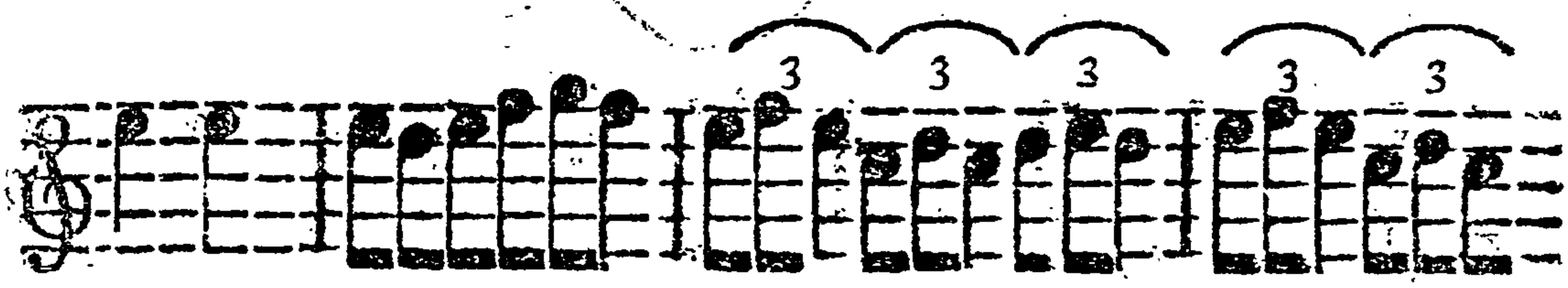


they bound, While health, rosy health, is in

ex-er-cise found. Hark away! Hark a-



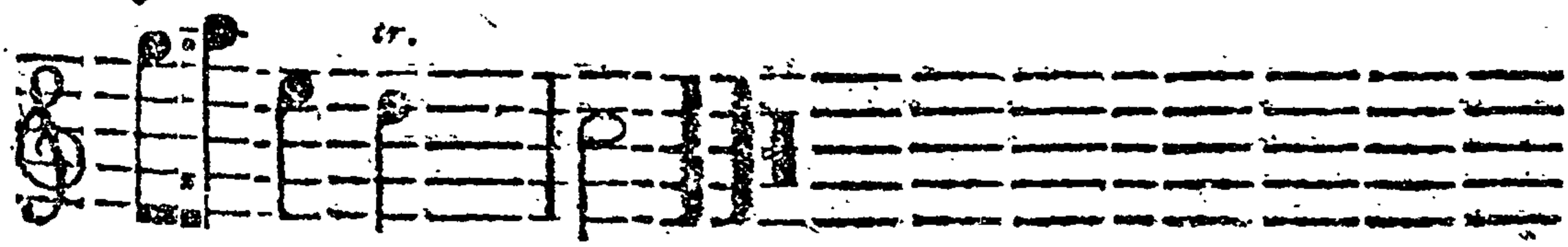
way! Hark away is the word to the found



of the horn -

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - And e - cho and

e - - cho, And e - - cho, blithe e - cho, makes



jo- vial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While pufs flies the covert, and dogs quick purfue.
Behold where fhe flies o'er the wide-fpreading plain!
While the loud op'ning pack purfue her amain.

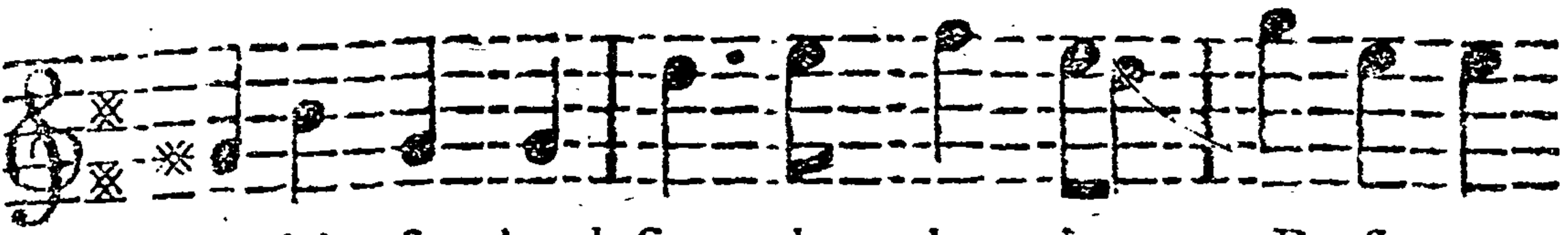
Hark away, &c.

At length pufs is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the fhout of the huntfman's the fignal for death,
No joys can delight like the fports of the field;
To hunting all pleafurs and paftimes muft yield.

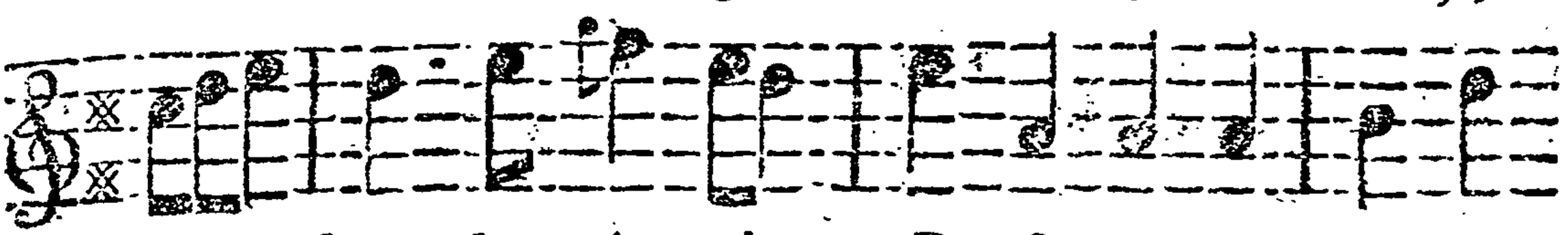
Hark away, &c.

SONG XXXV.

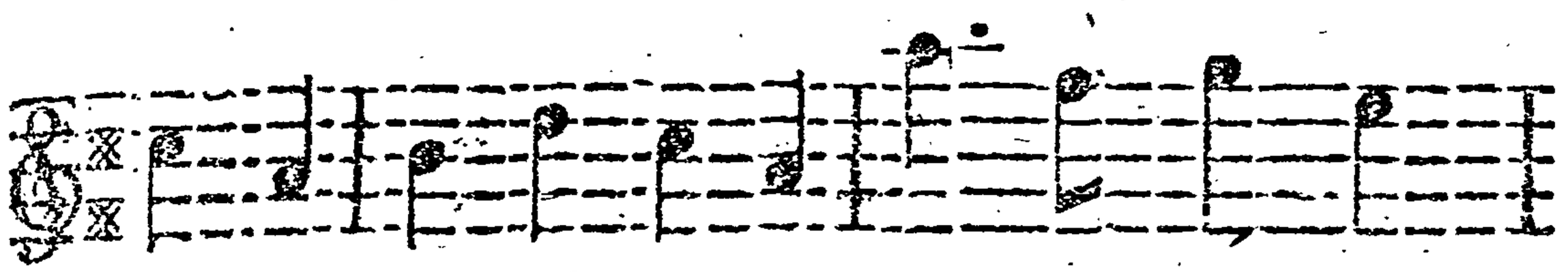
THE ROSARY.



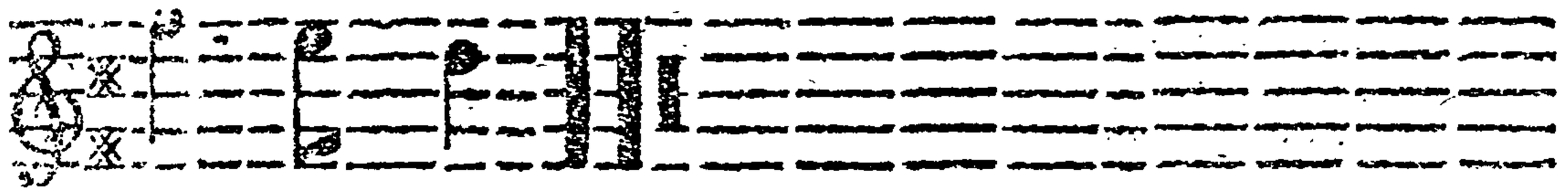
vows addreſs, And ſing the cheering Roſary,



I ſing the cheering Ro-ſa-ry, As we to



heav'n our vows addreſs, I ſing the cheering



Ro - ſa - ry.

Our kids, that rove the mountain wide,
And bound in harmleſs glee,
I ſeek each day at eventide,
And while their courſe I homeward guide,
I ſing the cheering Roſary.

And in the deeper ſhades of night,
While thro' the woods I flee,
Where gloom and ſilence yield afright,
To make my beating heart ſit light,
I ſing the cheering Roſary.

SONG XXXVI.

DIOGENES SURLY AND PROUD.

Heraclitus would never deny
A bumper to cheriſh his heart;
And, when he was maudlin, would cry;
Becauſe he had empty'd his quart:
Though ſome were ſo fooliſh to think
He wept at men's folly and vice,
When 'twas only his cuſtom to drink
'Till the liquor ran out at his eyes.

Democritus alway was glad
To tipple and cheriſh his ſoul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a jolly full bowl:
While his cellar with wine was well ſtor'd,
His liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And, when he was drunk as a lord,
At thoſe that were ſober he'd laugh.

Copernicus, too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was wiſdom in wine:
And knew that a cup of the beſt,
Made reaſon the brighter to ſhine:
With wine he repleniſh'd his veins,
And made his philoſophy reel:
Then fancy'd the world, as his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Ariſtotle, that maſter of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine;

For what we aſcribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine ;
His belly, ſome authors agree,
Was as big as a watering-trough :
He therefore leap'd into the ſea,
Becauſe he'd have liquor enough.

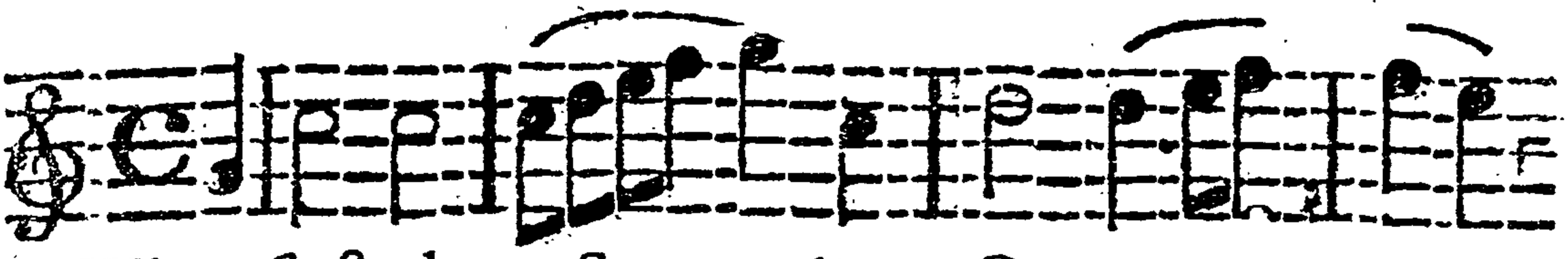
When Pyrrho had taken a glaſs,
He ſaw that no object appear'd
Exactly the ſame as it was
Before he had liquor'd his beard ;
For things running round in his drink,
Which ſober he motionleſs found,
Occaſion'd the ſceptic to think
There was nothing of truth to be found.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
Who wiſely to virtue was prone ;
But, had it not been for good wine,
His merit had never been known :
By wine we are generous made :
It furniſhes fancy with wings ;
Without it we ne'er ſhould have had
Philoſophers, poets, or kings.

SONG XXXVII.

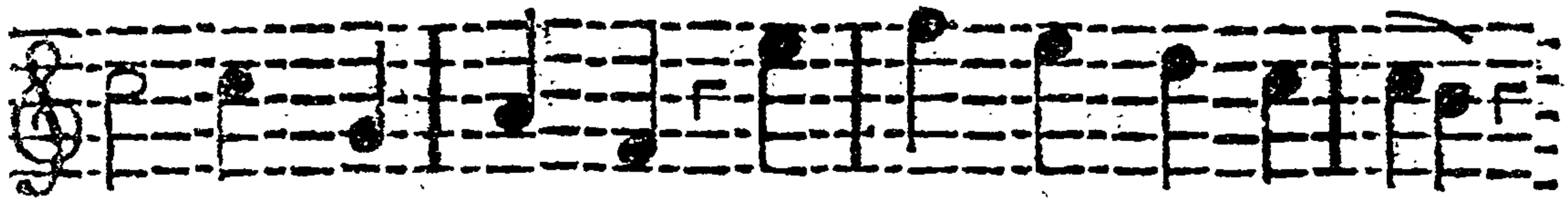
RISE COLUMBIA!

An occaſional SONG written by Mr. THOMAS PAINE of BOSTON.

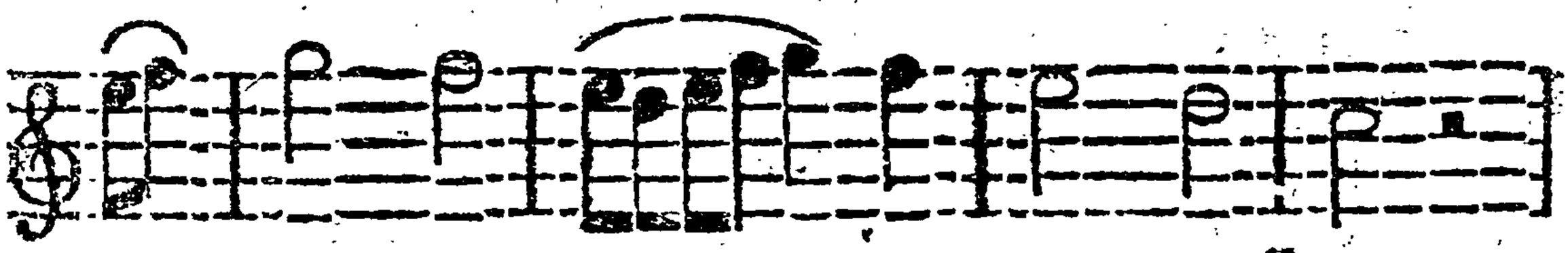


When firſt the Sun o'er O - cean glow'd,

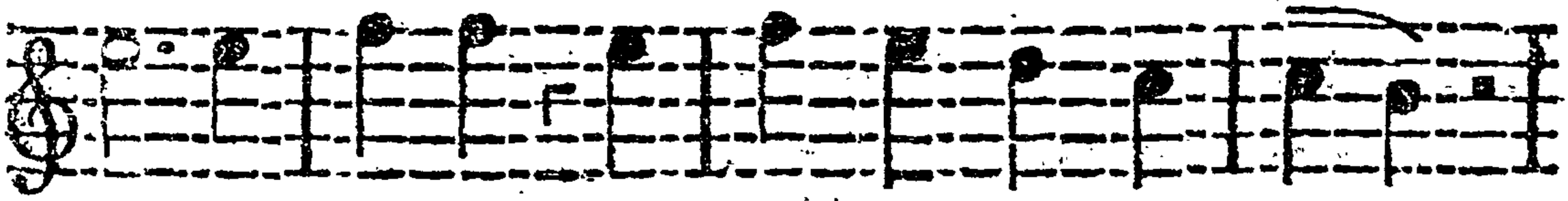
And earth un - - veil'd her virgin breaſt,



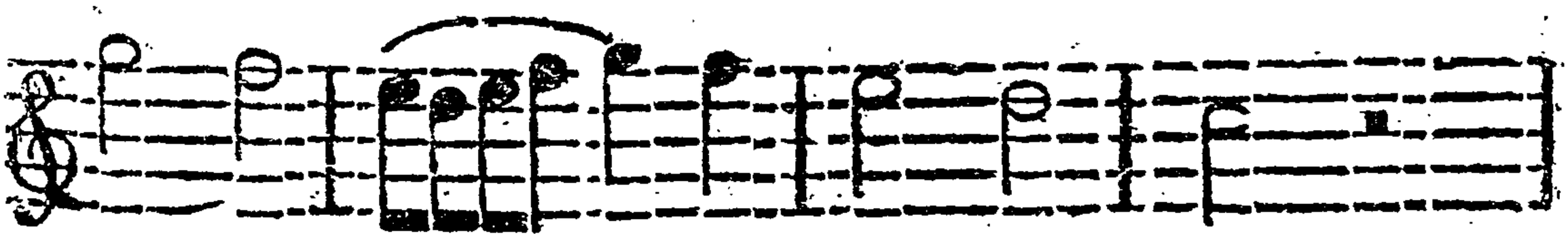
Supreme mid Nature's, mid Nature's vaſt abode,



Was heard th'Al - migh - ty's dread beheſt:



Riſe Columbia; Columbia brave and free,



Poize the globe and bound the ſea.

CHORUS.

Riſe Columbia, Columbia brave and free,
Poize the globe and bound the ſea.
In darkneſs wrapp'd, with fetters chain'd;
Will ages grope, debas'd and blind,
With blood the human hand be ſtain'd—
With tyrant power, the human mind.
Riſe COLUMBIA, &c.
But, lo! acroſs th' Atlantic floods,
The ſtar-directed pilgrim ſails!
See! fell'd by Commerce, float thy woods;
And cloth'd by Ceres, wave thy vales!
Riſe COLUMBIA, &c.

In vain ſhall thrones, in arms combin'd,
The ſacred rights I gave, oppoſe;
In thee th' aſylum of mankind,
Shall welcome nations find repoſe.
Riſe COLUMBIA, &c.

Nor yet, though ſkill'd, delight in arms;
PEACE and her offspring ARTS, be thine:
The face of freedom ſcarce has charms,
When, on her cheeks, no dimples ſhine.
Riſe COLUMBIA, &c.

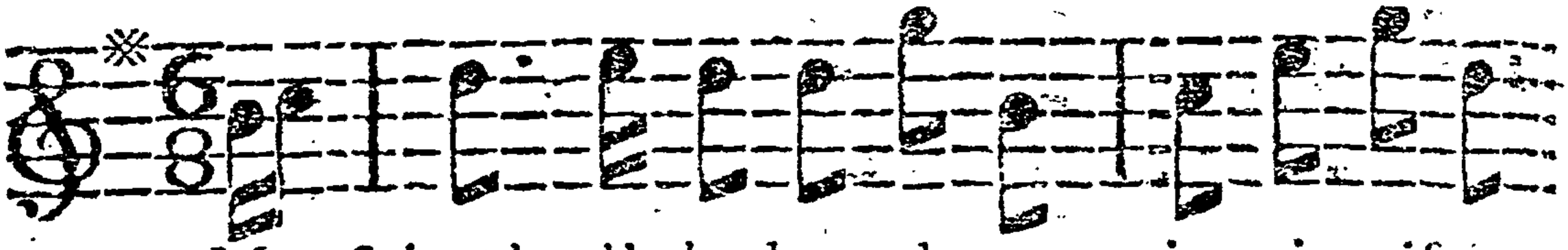
While Fame, for thee, her wreath entwines,
To BLESS, thy nobler triumph prove;
And though the EAGLE haunts thy PINES,
Beneath thy WILLOWS ſhield the DOVE.
Riſe COLUMBIA, &c.

When bolts the flame, or whelms the wave,
Be thine, to rule the wayward hour—
Bid DEATH unbar the watery grave,
And VULCAN yield to NEPTUNE's pow'r.
Riſe COLUMBIA, &c.

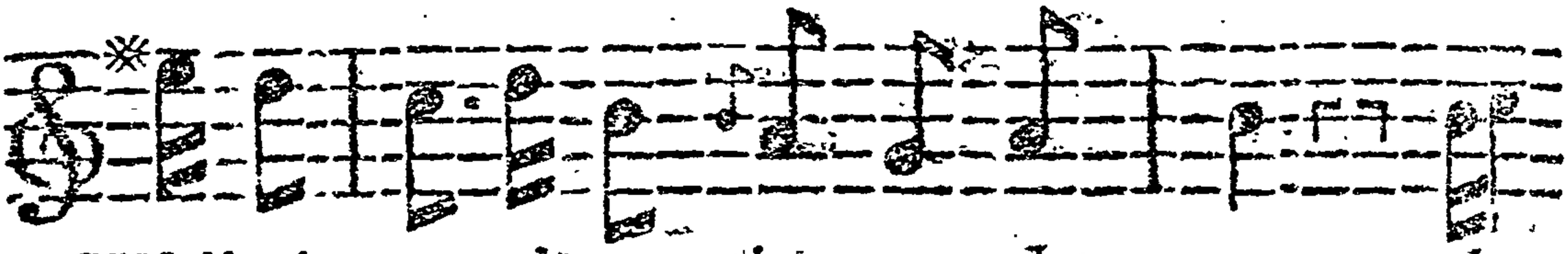
Rever'd in arms, in peace humane—
No ſhore, nor realm ſhall bound thy ſway,
While all the virtues own thy reign,
And ſubject elements obey!
Riſe COLUMBIA, brave and free,
Bleſs the Globe, and rule the Sea!

SONG XXXVIII.

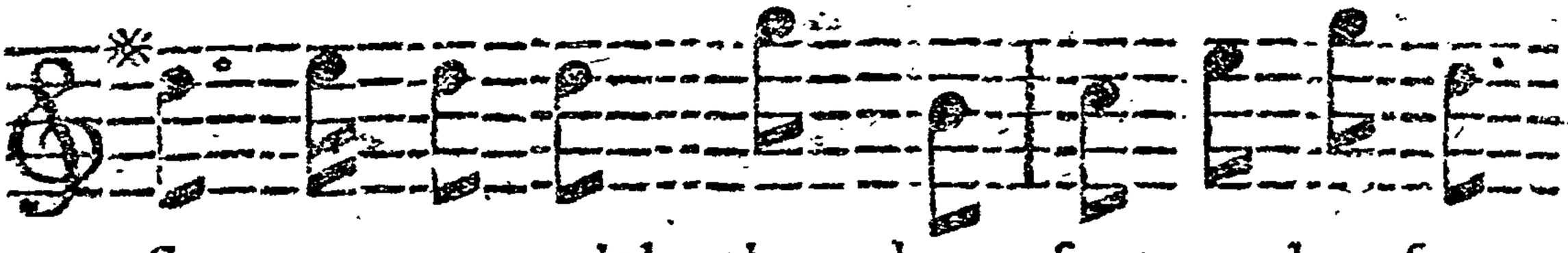
THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL THAT I LOVE.



My friends all declare that my time is miſpent,

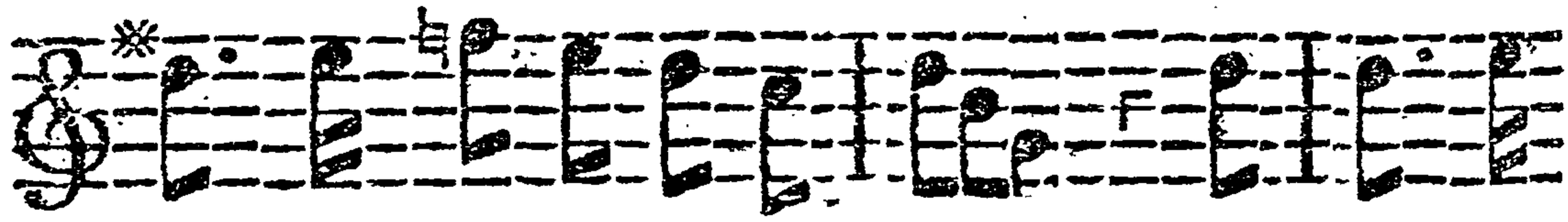


While in rural re - tire-ment I rove, I

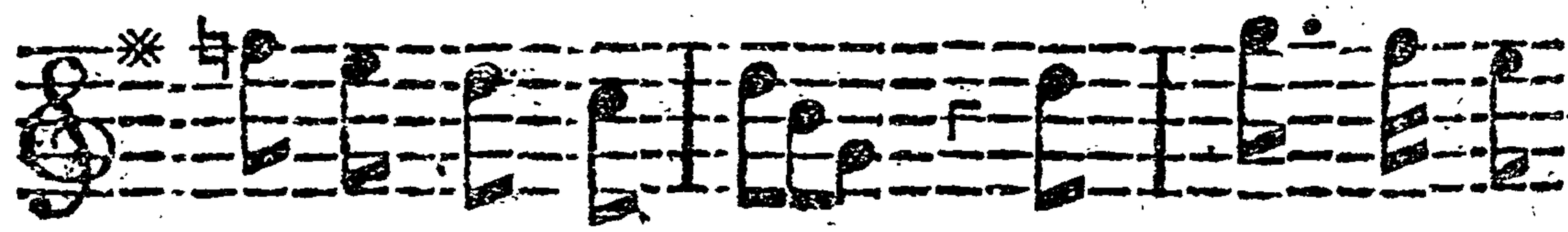


aſk no more wealth, than dame fortune has ſent,

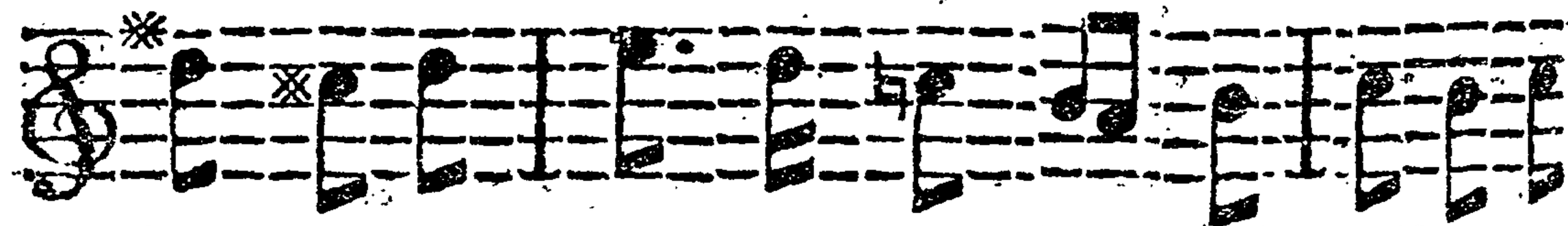
But the ſweet little girl that I love; The



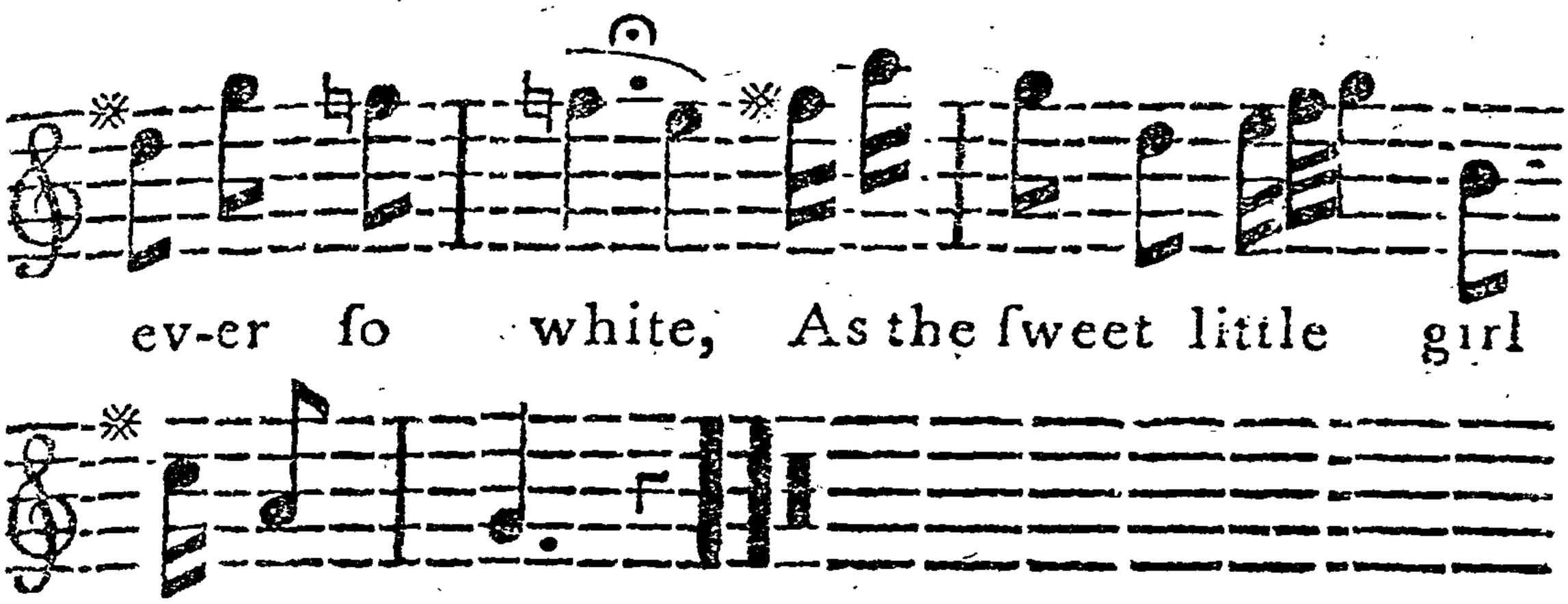
ſweet lit-tle girl that I love, The roſe on



her cheek's my delight. She's ſoft as the



down, as the down on the dove, No lilly was



that I love.

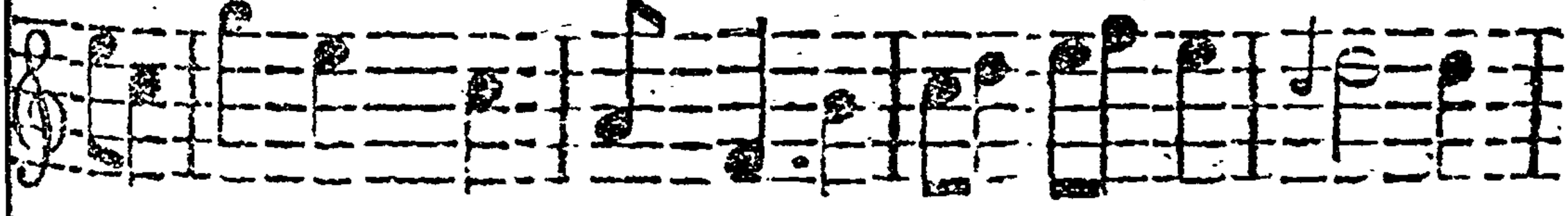
Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the ſcene,
For my fair one delights in my grove,
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green,
With the ſweet little girl that I love.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,
No fame but her praiſes to prove,
My happineſs centers in Fanny alone,
She's the ſweet little girl that I love.

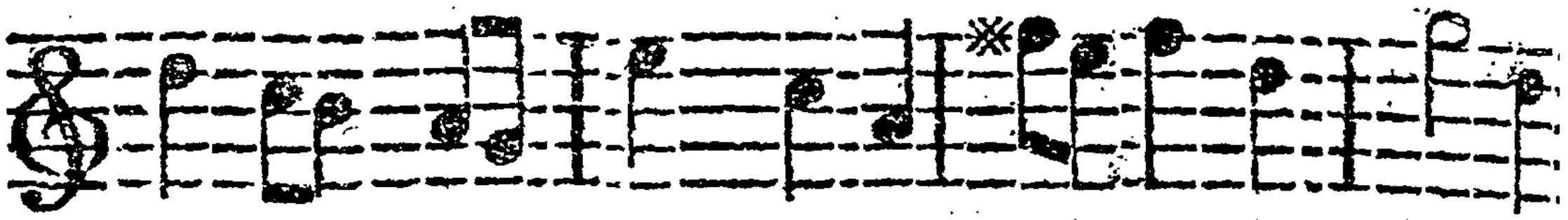
SONG XXXIX.

NEW ANACREONTIC SONG.

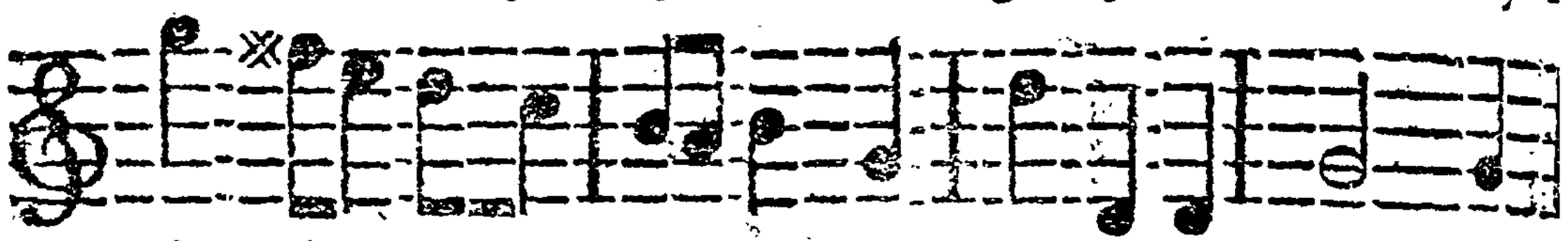
Anacreon they ſay was a jolly old blade,



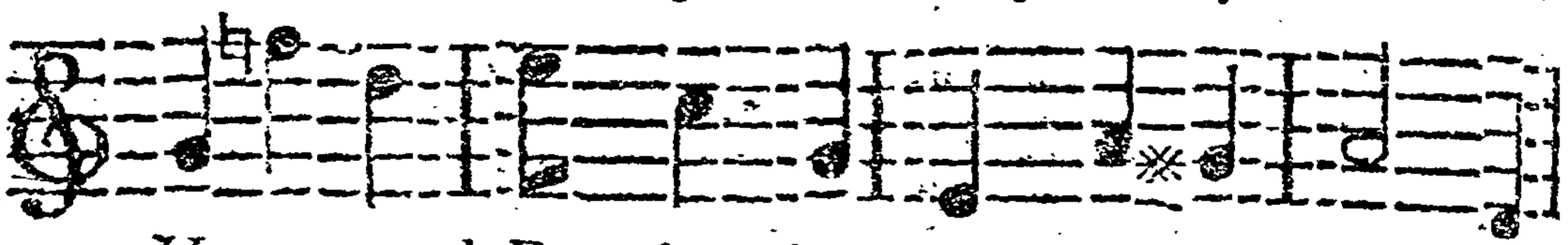
A Grecian choice ſpirit, and poet by trade. A-



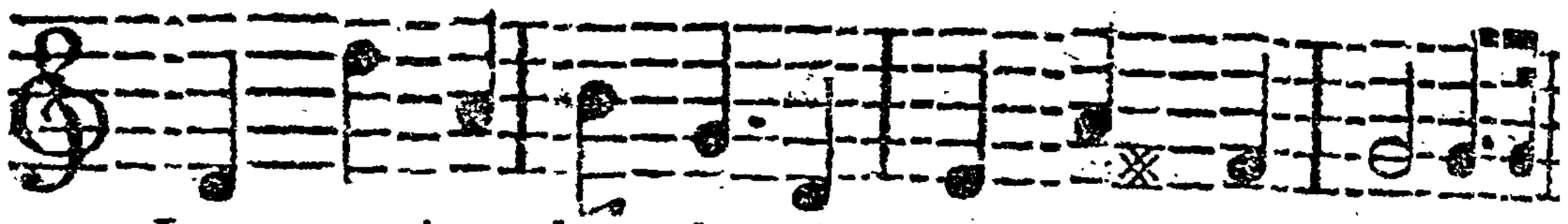
nacreon, they ſay, was a jolly old blade,



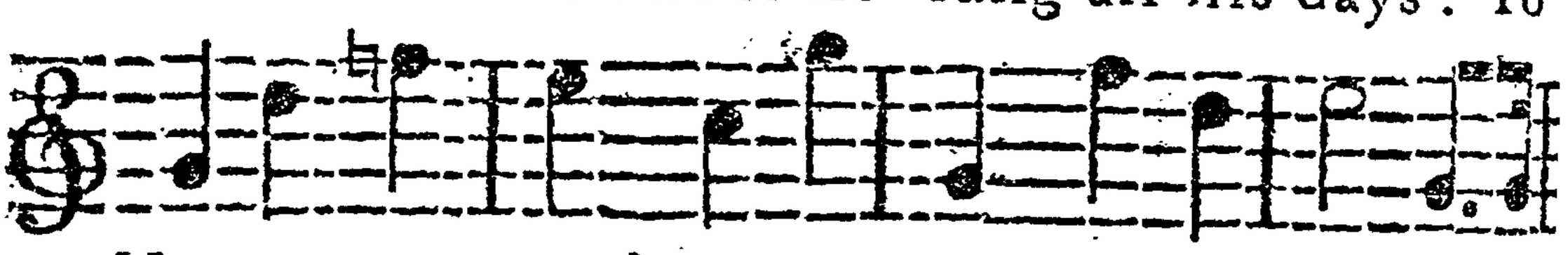
Grecian choice ſpirit, and poet by trade. To



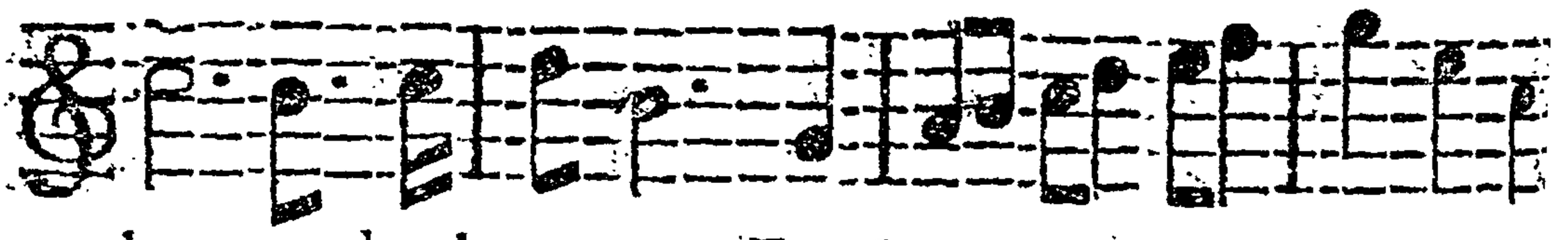
Venus and Bacchus he tun'd up his lays; For



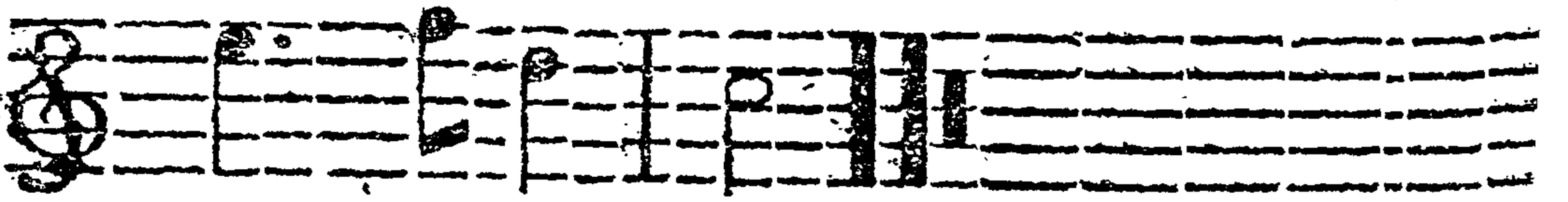
Love and a bumber he ſung all his days: To



Venus and Bacchus he tun'd up his lays, For



love and a bumper, For love and a bumper he



ſung all his days.

He laugh'd as he quaff'd ſtill the juice of the vine,
And tho' he was hu ian was look'd on divine,
At the feaſt of good humour he always was there,
And his fancy and ſonnets ſtill baniſh'd dull care.

Good wine, boys, ſays he, is the liquor of Jove,
'Tis our comfort below and their nectar above;
Then while round the table the bumper we paſs,
Let the toaſt be to Venus and each ſmiling laſs.

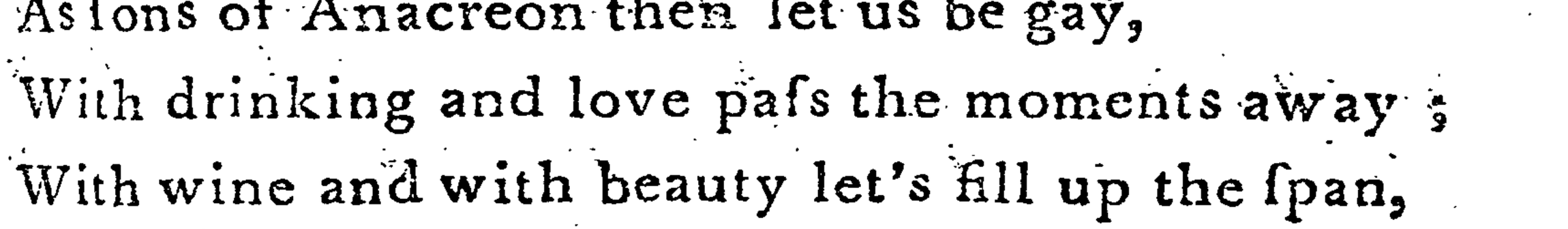
Apollo may torment his catgut or wire,
Yet Bacchus and Beauty the theme muſt inſpire,
Or elſe all his humming and ſtrumming is vain,
The true joys of heaven he'd never obtain.

To love and be lov'd how tranſporting the bliſs,
While the heart-cheering glaſs gives a zeſt to each
kiſs;
With Bacchus and Venus I'll ever combine,
For drinking and kiſſing are pleaſures divine.

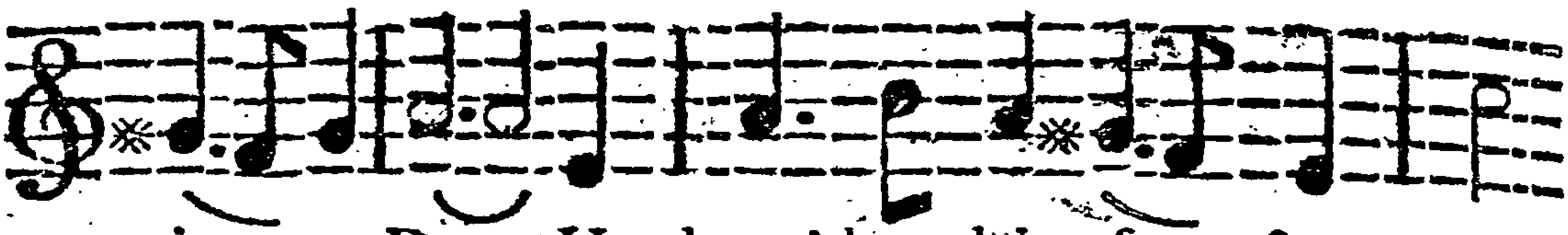
As ſons of Anacreon then let us be gay,
With drinking and love paſs the moments away;
With wine and with beauty let's fill up the ſpan,
For that's the beſt method, deny it who can.

SONG XL.

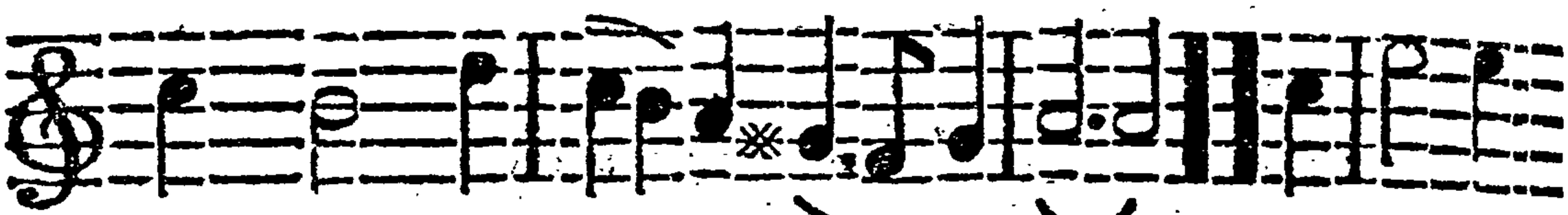
THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.



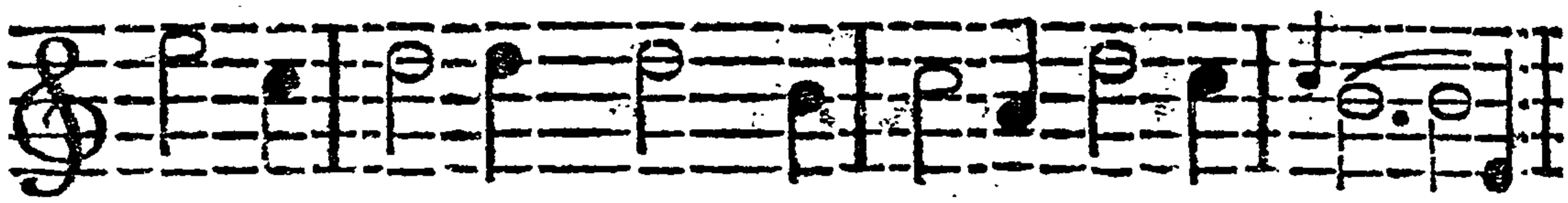
There was a jol-ly miller once Liv'd on the



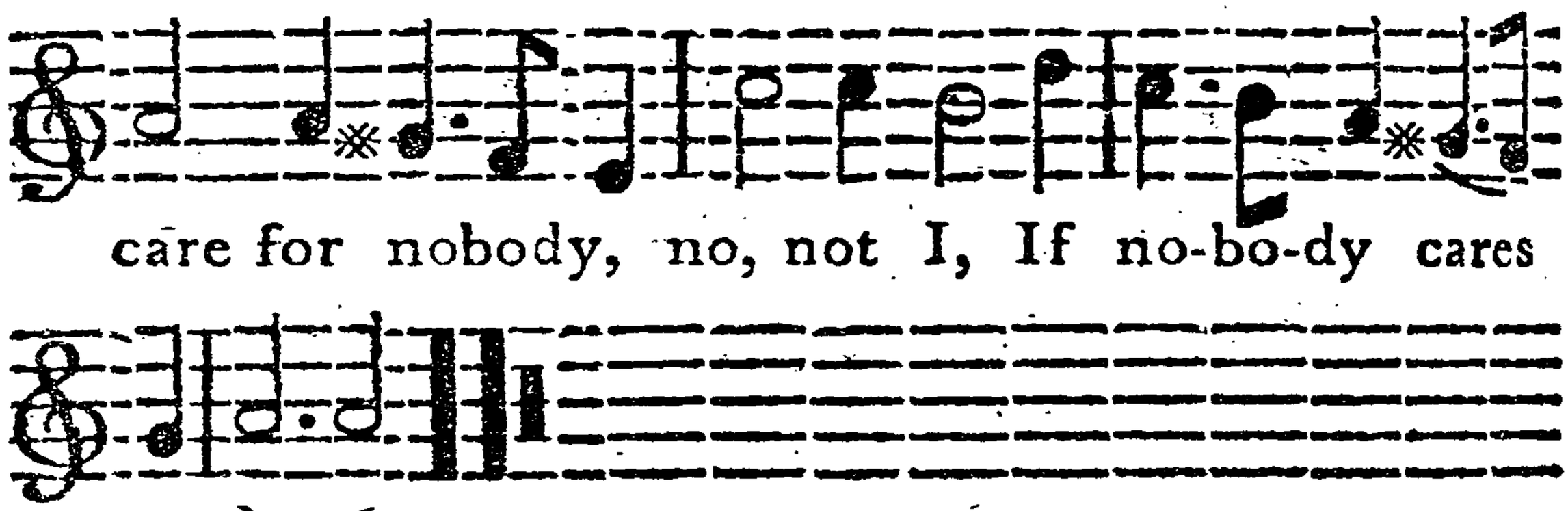
ri-ver Dee, He danc'd and he ſung from morn



till night, No lark ſo blithe as he. And this the



burden of his ſong for e-ver us'd to be: I



care for nobody, no, not I, If no-bo-dy cares

for me.

I live by my mill, God bleſs her! ſhe's kindred, child and wife;
I would not change my ſtation for any other in life.
No lawyer, ſurgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me.
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

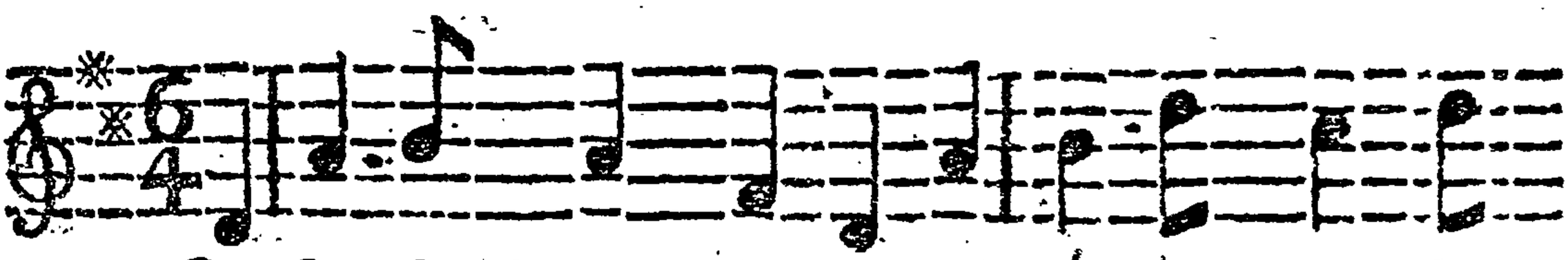
When ſpring begins its merry career, oh! how his heart grows gay!
No ſummer's drought alarms his fears, nor winter's ſad decay;

No foreſight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to ſing and ſay,
Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to day.

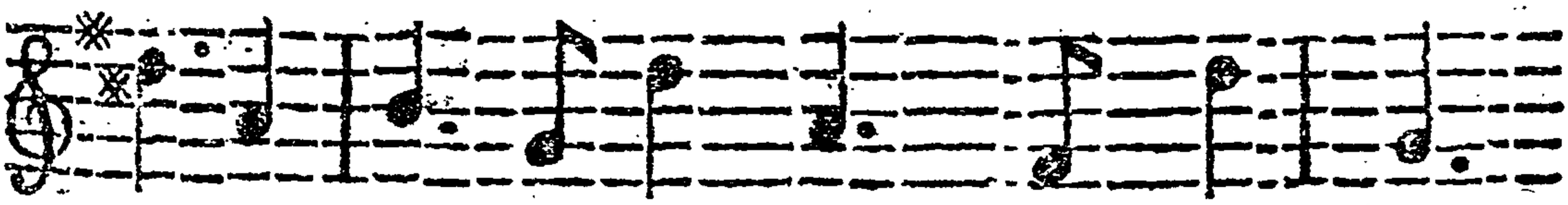
Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and ſing:
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on the wing.
This ſong ſhall paſs from me to thee, along this jovial ring.
Let heart and voice and all agree, to ſay,—long live the King!

SONG XLI.

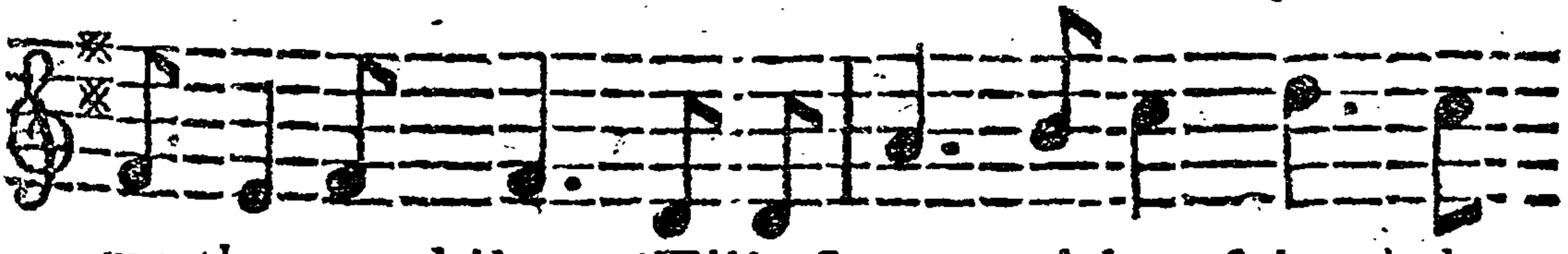
THE TWADDLE.



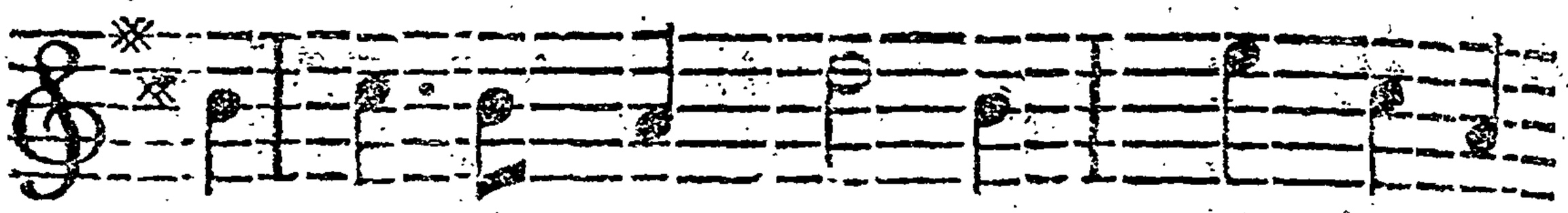
On ſturdy ſtout Dobbin I mounted my ſad-



dle, And canter'd to town, where they call'd

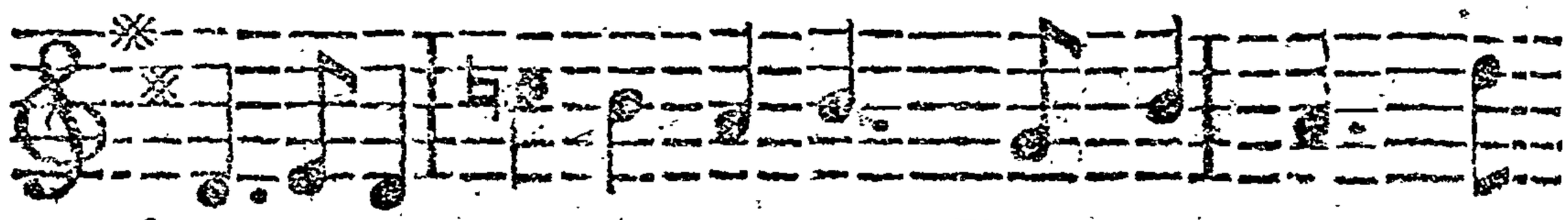


me the twaddle; 'Till I met with a friend by

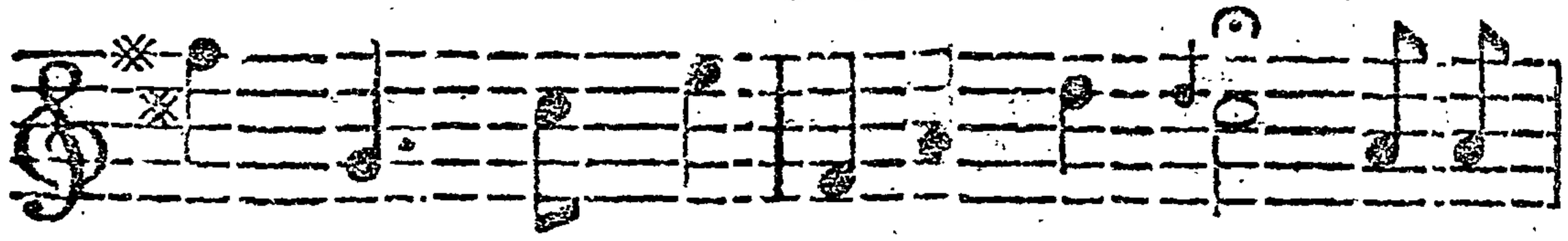


mere dint of good luck, Who taught me the

Tippee, And now I'm a buck! To ſwallow ſix

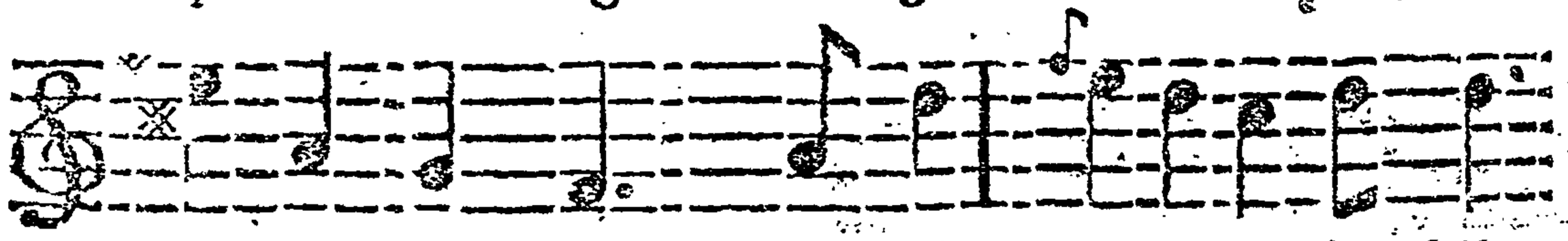


bottles I now dare engage, Then to knock down



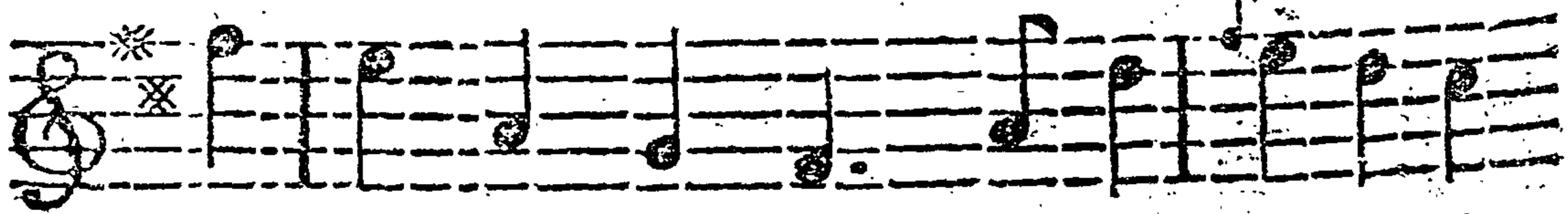
thoſe watchmen bent double with age, And if

ſpent with fatigue to St. James's I waddle, To

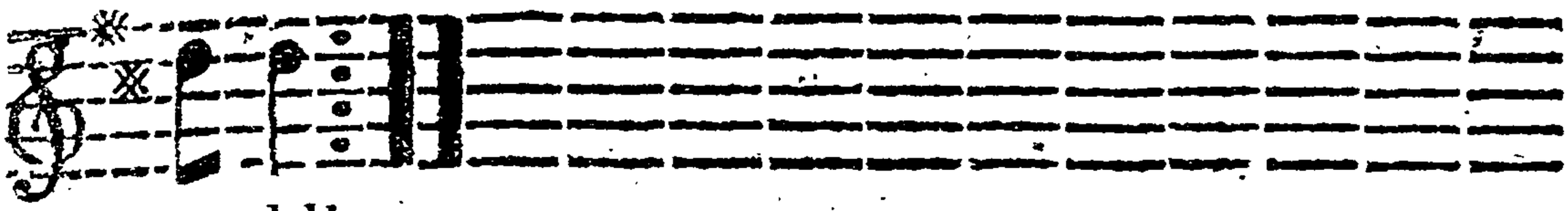


ſhew the beau monde I'm no longer the twaddle,

No longer the twaddle, No longer the twaddle,



To ſhew the beau monde I'm no longer the



twaddle.

Having now learnt to read why I take in the papers,
And draining a bumper to baniſh the vapours,
I ſcan the freſh quarrels 'twixt new-married ſpouſes,
To match the debates in both Parliament houſes.
Where patriots and placemen keep wrangling for fame,
The outs are all faultleſs, the ins are to blame;
Tho' the outs are the Tippee, their brains are all addle,
Yet when they get in you ſoon find'em the Twaddle.

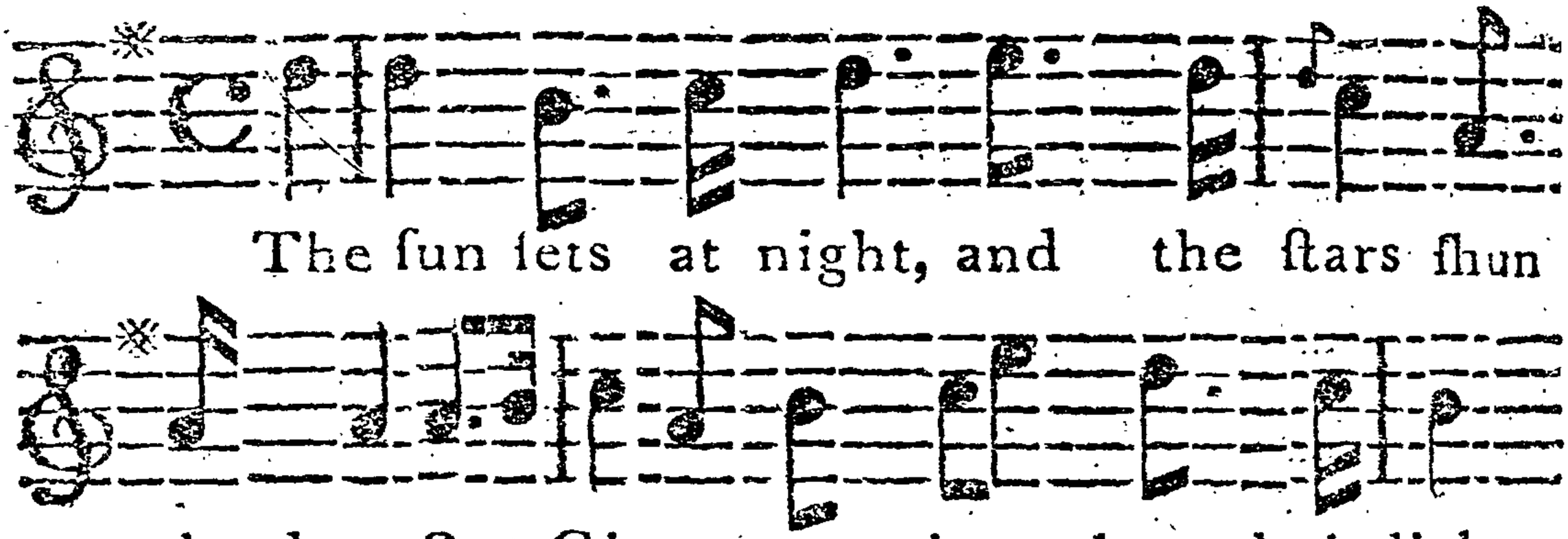
When Briton's baſe foes dare preſume to unite,
Old Elliot's the Tippee, becauſe he dare fight.
And to poets, who live on the floor next the ſky,
Roaſt beef is a Tippee they ſeldom come nigh.
The lawyer and doctor both ſtrictly agree
That all is the Twaddle—except 'tis their fee.
And when you from Dover to Calais would ſtraddle,
A balloon is the Tippee, a packet's the Twaddle.

Dick Twiſting is now quite the Twaddle for tea,
Tho' he once was the Tippee for Green and Bohea;
But then we'd no tax to turn day into night,
No dire Commutation to block up our light.

"Leaſt ſaid's ſooneſt mended," I hope I'm not wrong,
If I'm pray excuſe, and I'll hence hold my tongue:
Perhaps you may think me a mere fiddle faddle,
Yet if not quite the Tippee, don't ſay I'm the
Twaddle.

SONG XLII.

THE INDIAN CHIEF.



Remember the arrows he ſhot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
Why ſo ſlow?—Do you wait till I ſhrink from the pain?
No!—the ſon of Alknomook ſhall never complain.

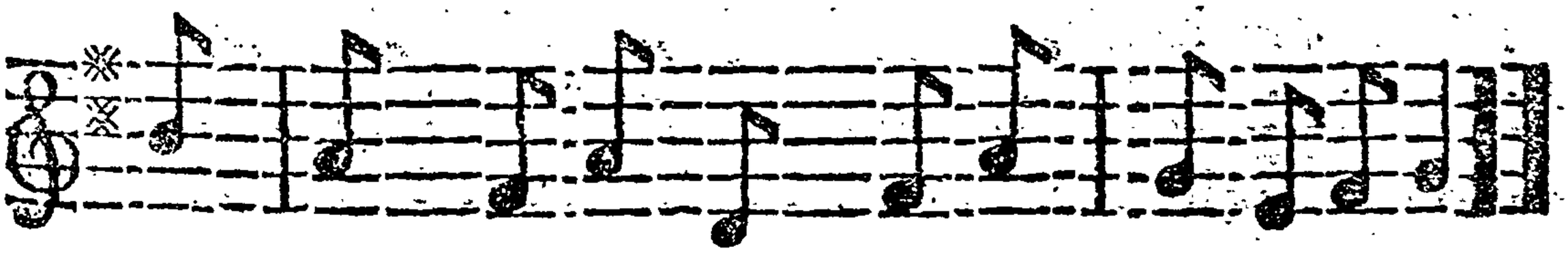
Remember the wood where in ambuſh we lay,
And the ſcalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame riſes faſt, they exult in my pain;
But the ſon of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone:
His ghoſt ſhall rejoice in the fame of his ſon.
Death comes as a friend, he relieves me from pain:
And the ſon of Alknomook has ſcorn'd to complain!

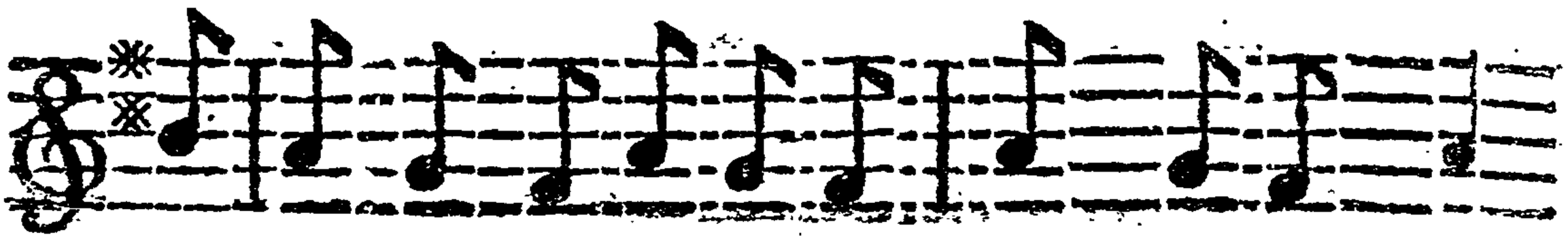
SONG XLIII.

HOW HAPPY THE SOLDIER.

How happy the ſoldier who lives on his pay,

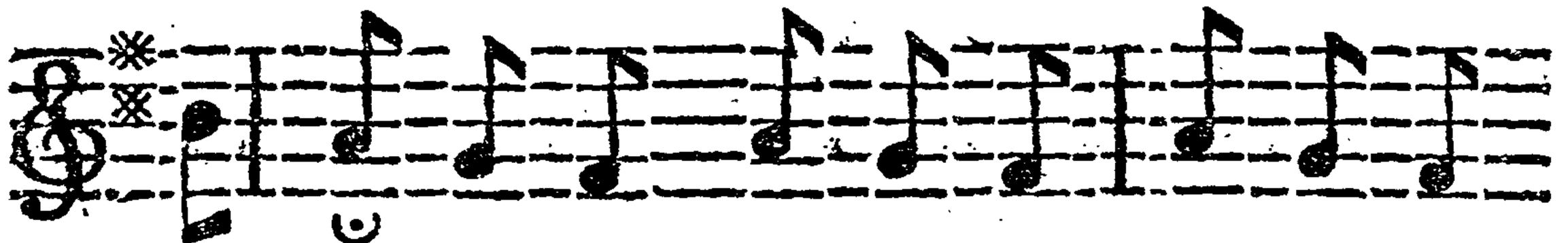


And ſpends half a crown out of ſixpence a day;

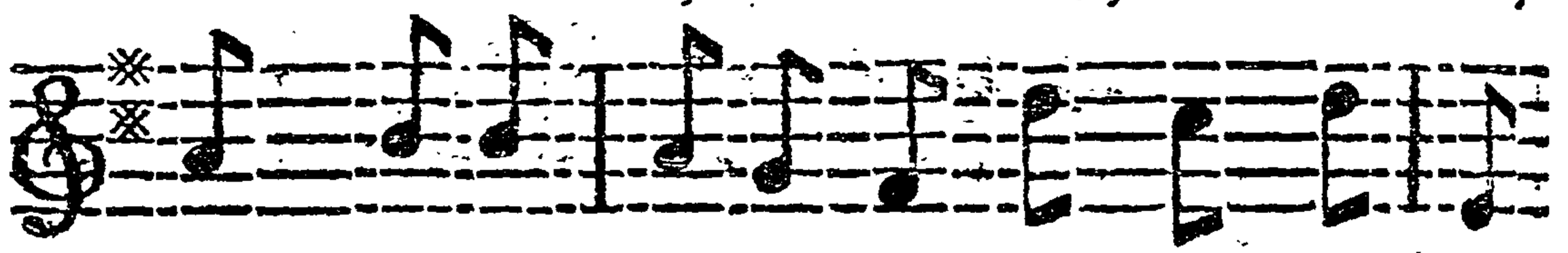


Yet fears neither juſtices, warrants, or bums,

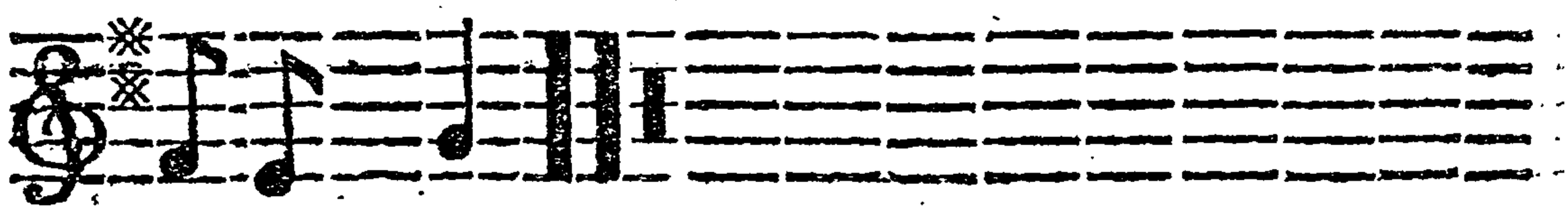
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.



With row de dow, row de dow, row de dow,



dow; And he pays all his debts with the roll



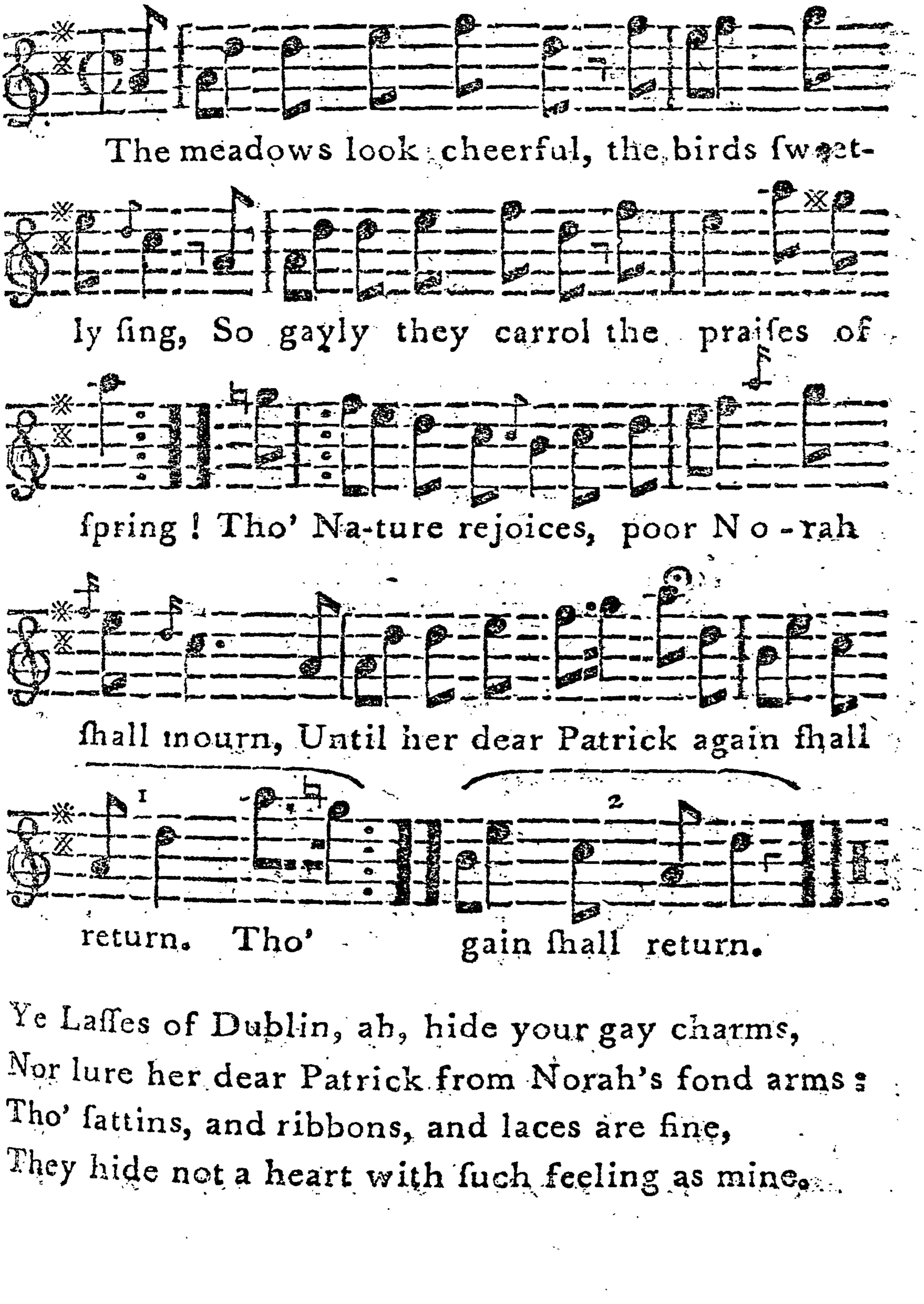
of his drums.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes:
His king finds him quarters, and money, and clothes;
He laughs at all ſorrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of his drums.
With a row de dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight,
It leads him to pleaſure as well as to fight;
No girl, when ſhe hears it, tho' ever ſo glum,
But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.
With a row de dow, &c.

SONG XLIV.

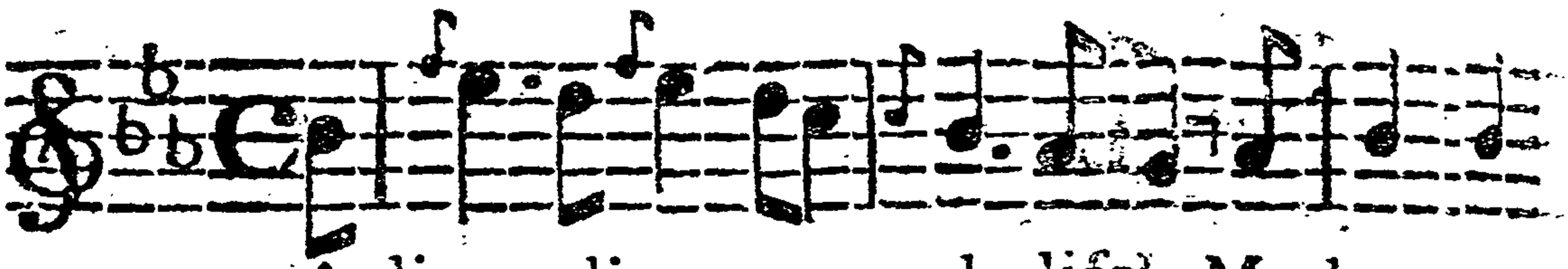
THE LASSES OF DUBLIN.



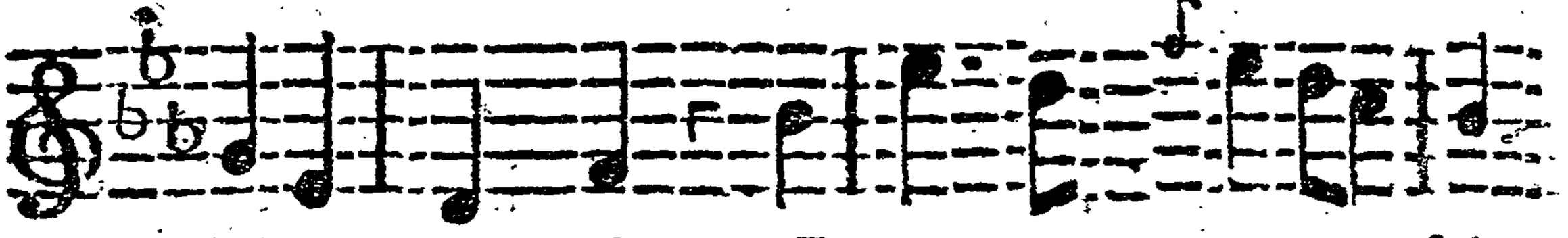
Ye Laſſes of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,
Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms:
Tho' ſattins, and ribbons, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with ſuch feeling as mine.

SONG XLV.

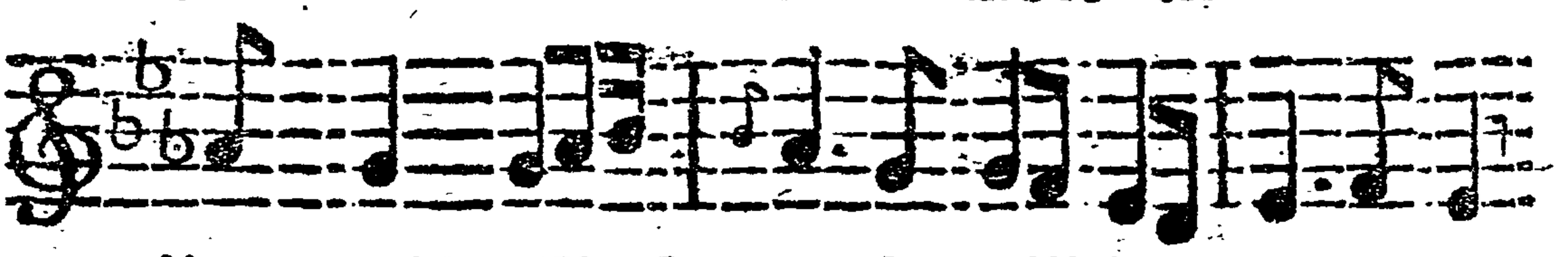
ADIEU, ADIEU, MY ONLY LIFE.



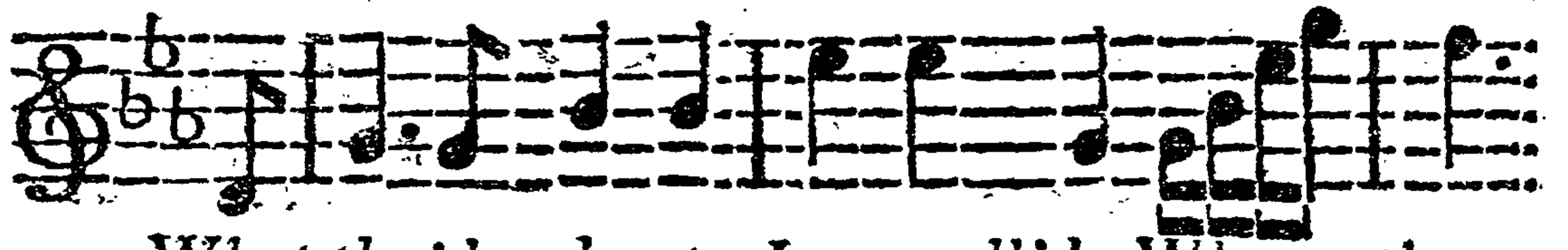
A-dieu, adieu, my on-ly life, My honour-



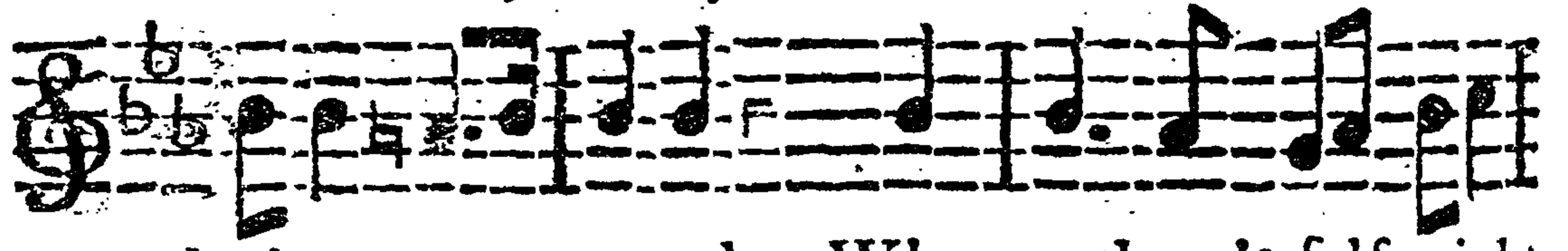
calls me from thee : Remember thou'rt a fol-



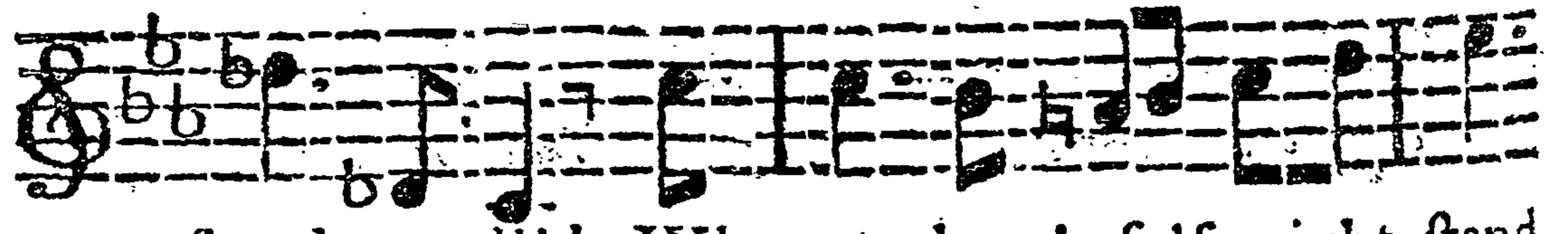
dier's wife, Thoſe tears but ill be - come thee.



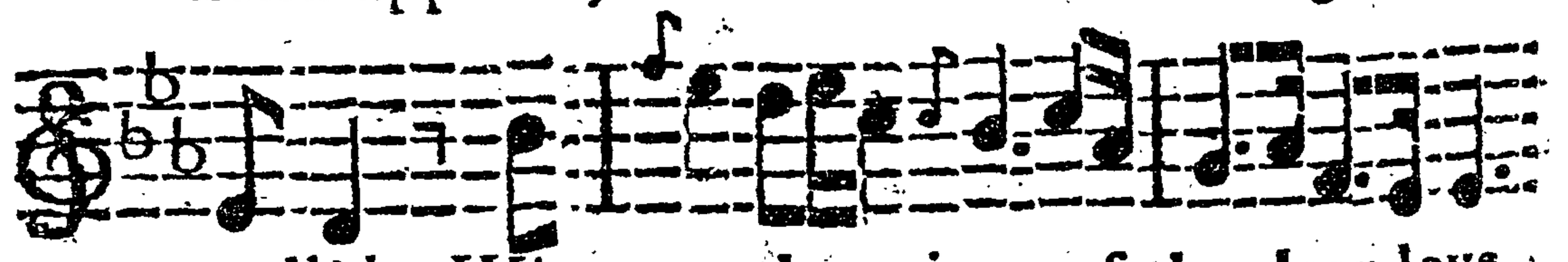
What tho' by-du-ty I am call'd Where thun-



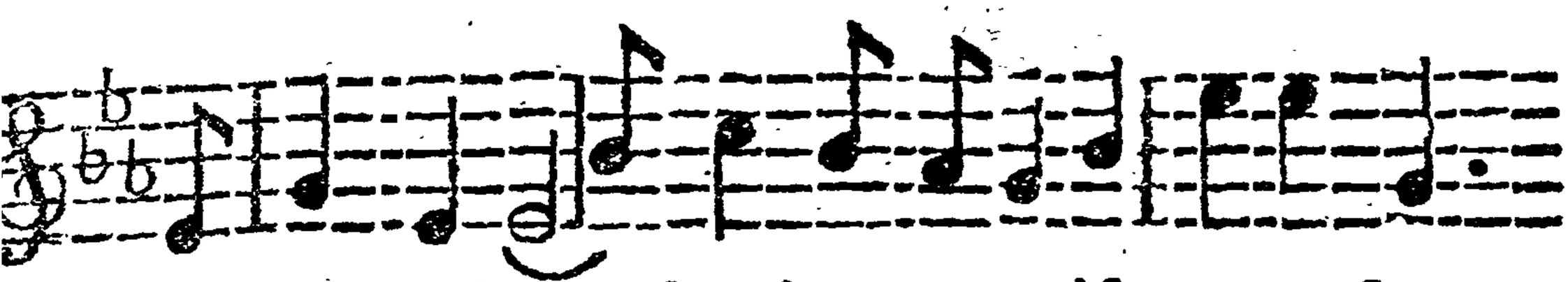
dering cannons rattle ; Where valour's ſelf might



ſtand appall'd, Where valour's ſelf might ſtand

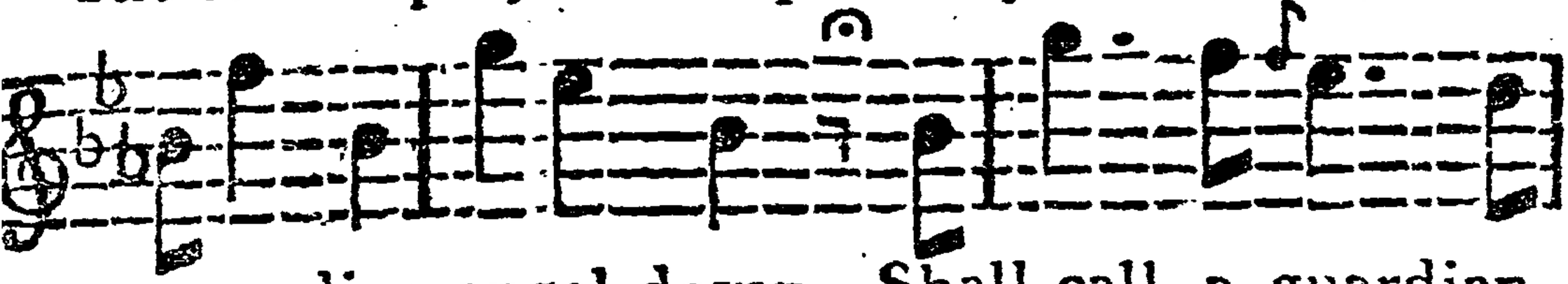


appall'd ; When on the wings of thy dear love,

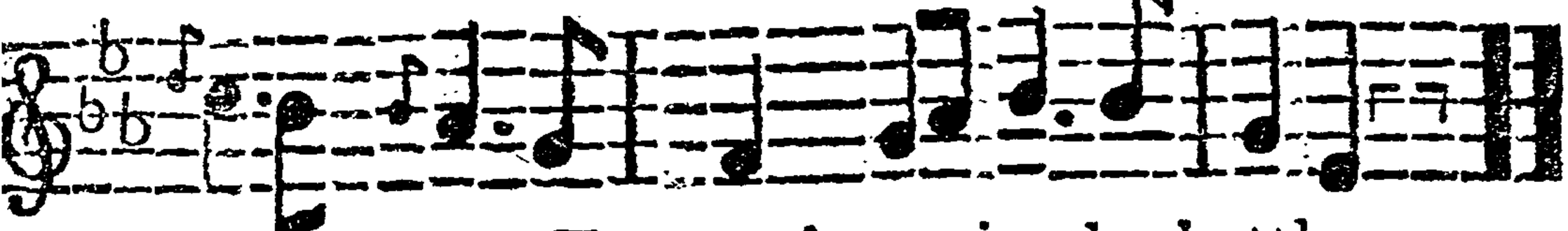


To heaven a-bove thy fervent oriſons are flown ;

The tender pray'r thou put'ſt up there, Shall call



a guardian angel down, Shall call a guardian



an-gel down, To watch me in the battle.

My ſafety thy fair truth ſhall be,
As ſword and buckler ſerving,
My life ſhall be more dear to me,
Becauſe of thy preſerving.
Let peril come, let horror threat,
Let thundr'ring cannons rattle,
I fearleſs ſeek the conflict's heat,
Aſſur'd when on the wings of love,
To heaven above, &c.

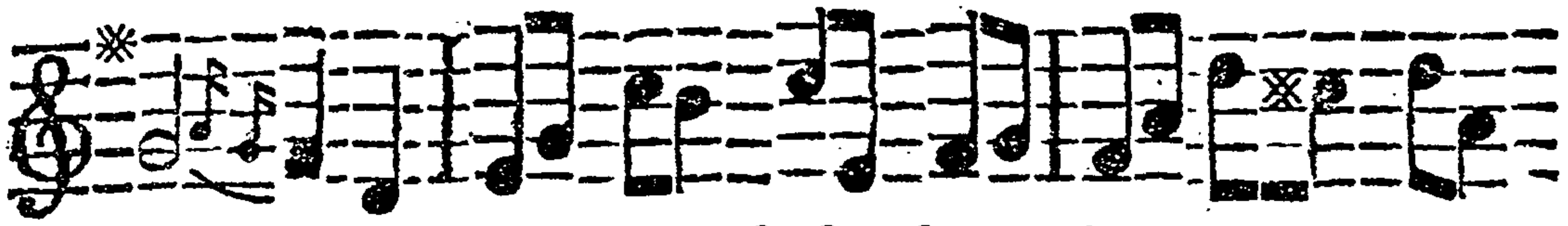
Enough—with that benignant ſmile
Some kindred God inſpir'd thee,
Who ſaw thy boſom void of guile,
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee :

I go, aſſur'd—my life! adieu,
Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle,
Tho' murd'ring carnage ſtalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heaven above, &c.

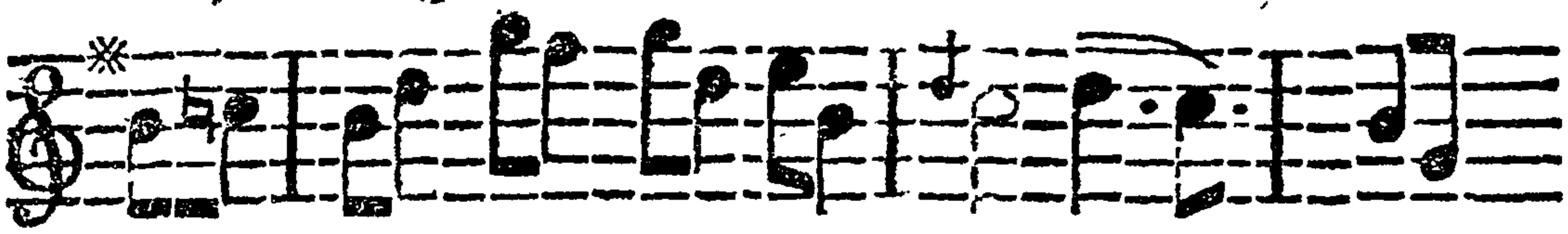
SONG XLVI.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

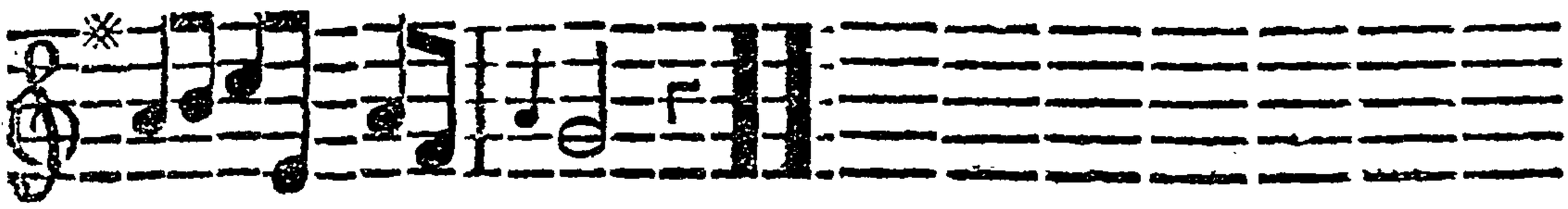
'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling ſtars Shone on the rippling ſea: No duty call'd the jo - vial tars, The helm was laſh'd a - - lee, The helm was laſh'd a - - lee. The am - ple can adorn'd the board, Prepar'd to ſee it



out, Each gave the laſs that he a - - - dor'd



And puſh'd the grog a - bout, And puſh'd



the grog a - - bout.

Cried honeſt Tom, my Peg I'll toaſt,
A frigate neat and trim,
All jolly Portſmouth's favourite boaſt:
I'd venture life and limb,
Sail ſeven long years, and ne'er ſee land,
With dauntleſs heart and ſtout,
So tight a veſſel to command:
Then puſh the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,
Sailing in comely ſtate,
Top ga'nt-ſails ſet ſhe is ſo tall,
She looks like a firſt-rate,
Ah! would ſhe take her Jack in tow,
A voyage for life throughout,
No better birth I'd wiſh to know:
Then puſh the grog about,

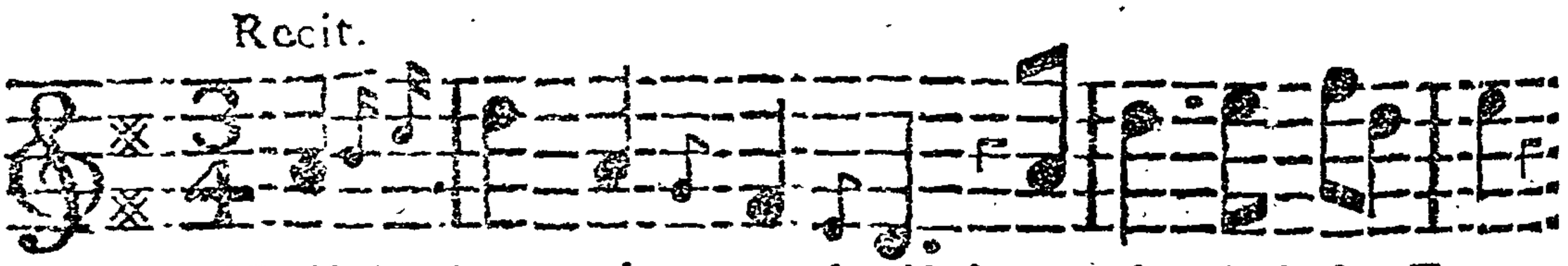
I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
Trim, handſome, neat and tight.
What joy, ſo neat a ſhip to man!
Oh! ſhe's my heart's delight.
So well ſhe bears the ſtorms of life,
I'd ſail the world throughout,
Brave every toil for ſuch a wife;
Then puſh the grog about.

Thus to deſcribe Poll, Peg, or Nan,
Each his beſt manner tried,
Till ſummon'd by the empty can,
They to théir hammocks hied:
Yet ſtill did they their vigils keep,
Though the huge can was out;
For in ſoft viſions gentle ſleep
Still puſh'd the grog about.

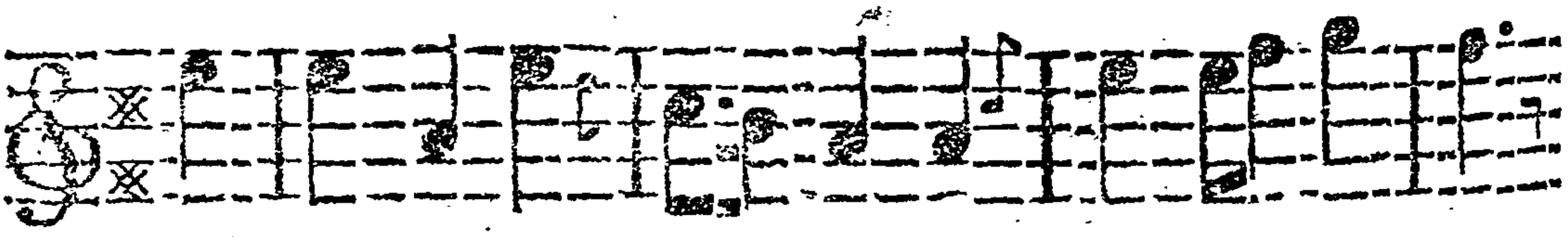
SONG XLVII.

HAIL! AMERICA HAIL!

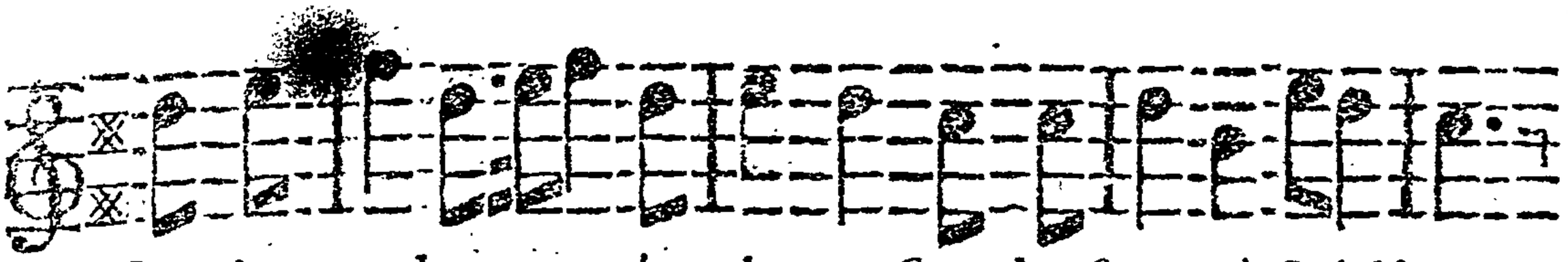
Recit.



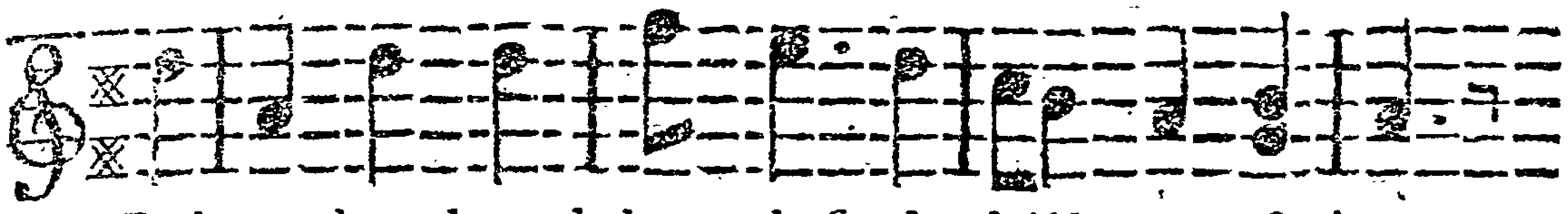
Hail! Amer-i-ca hail! unrival'd in Fame,



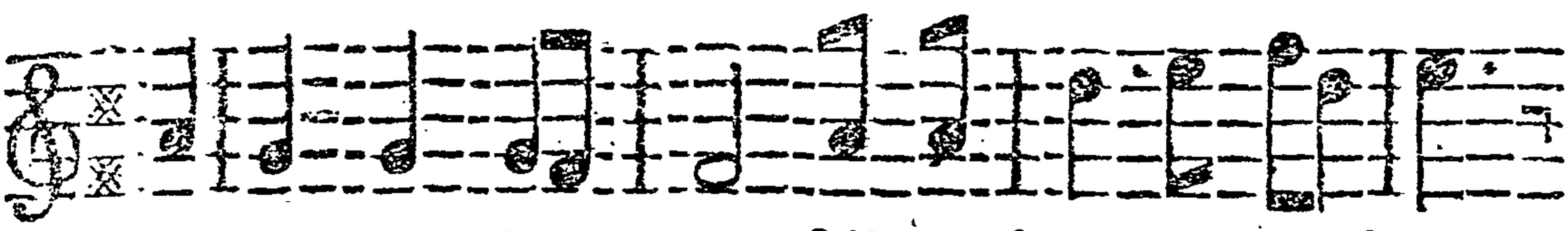
Thy foes in confuſion turn pale at thy name;



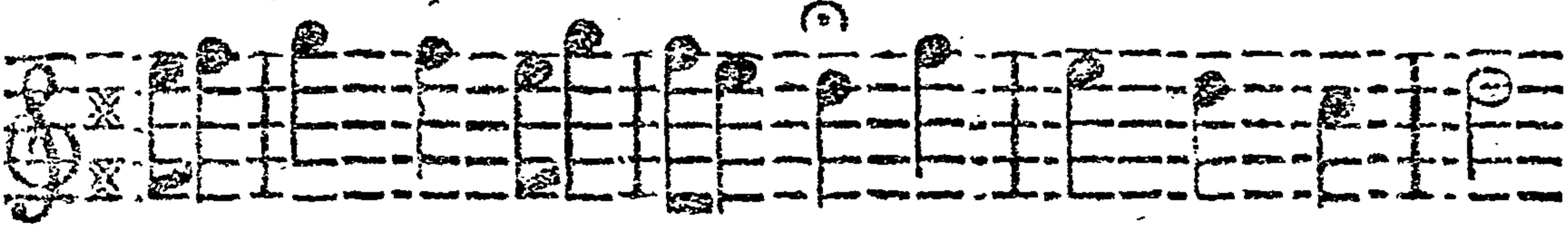
On thy rock rooted virtue firmly ſeated ſublime,



Below thee break harmleſs the billows of time :

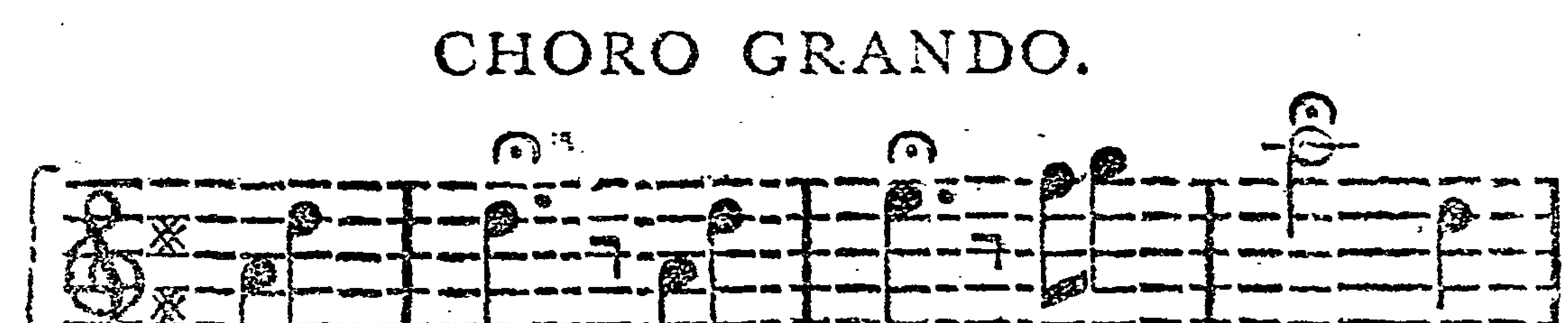


The ſtrip'd flag ſhall wave ſtill and glory enſue,



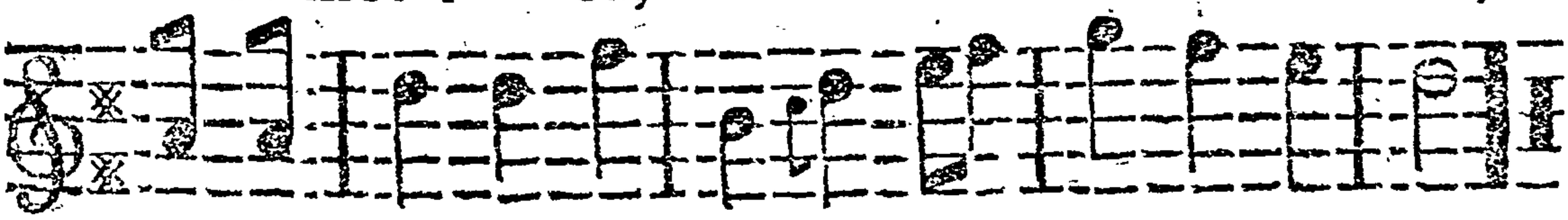
And freedom find ev - er a guardian in you.

CHORO GRANDO.



Huz - - za ! Huz - - za ! Huz - - za ! for

brave A-mer-i - - ca, where freedom ſecures,



For a high car of creſt, blazon'd glory are yours.

Let Spain boaſt the treaſures that grow in her mines,
Let Gallia rejoice in her olives and wines;
In bright ſparkling jewels let India prevail,
With her odours, Arabia, perfuming ev'ry gale:
'Tis America alone that can boaſt of the ſoil,
Where the fair fruits of virtue and liberty ſmile.

Huzza for brave America, where freedom ſecures,
For the bleſſings of virtue and plenty are yours.

Our boſoms in raptures beat high at thy name,
Thy health is our tranſport—our triumph, thy fame:
Like our fires, with our ſwords, we'll ſupport thy renown;
What they bought with their blood we'll defend with our own.

Smile ye Guardians of Freedom your brave ſons implore,
That America may flouriſh till time be no more.

Huzza, &c.

For the bleſſings of peace and large commerce are yours.

The muſes to thee a glad tribute ſhall pay,
We flouriſh with freedom, with freedom decay,
Our hearts faintly murmur, or ſilently ſtand,
Should the ſword of oppreſſion 'gain wave o'er our land.

Can the Eagle ſoar high, Can ſhe dart like the wind,
When her ſiles are oppreſt, and her pinions confin'd?

Huzza, &c.

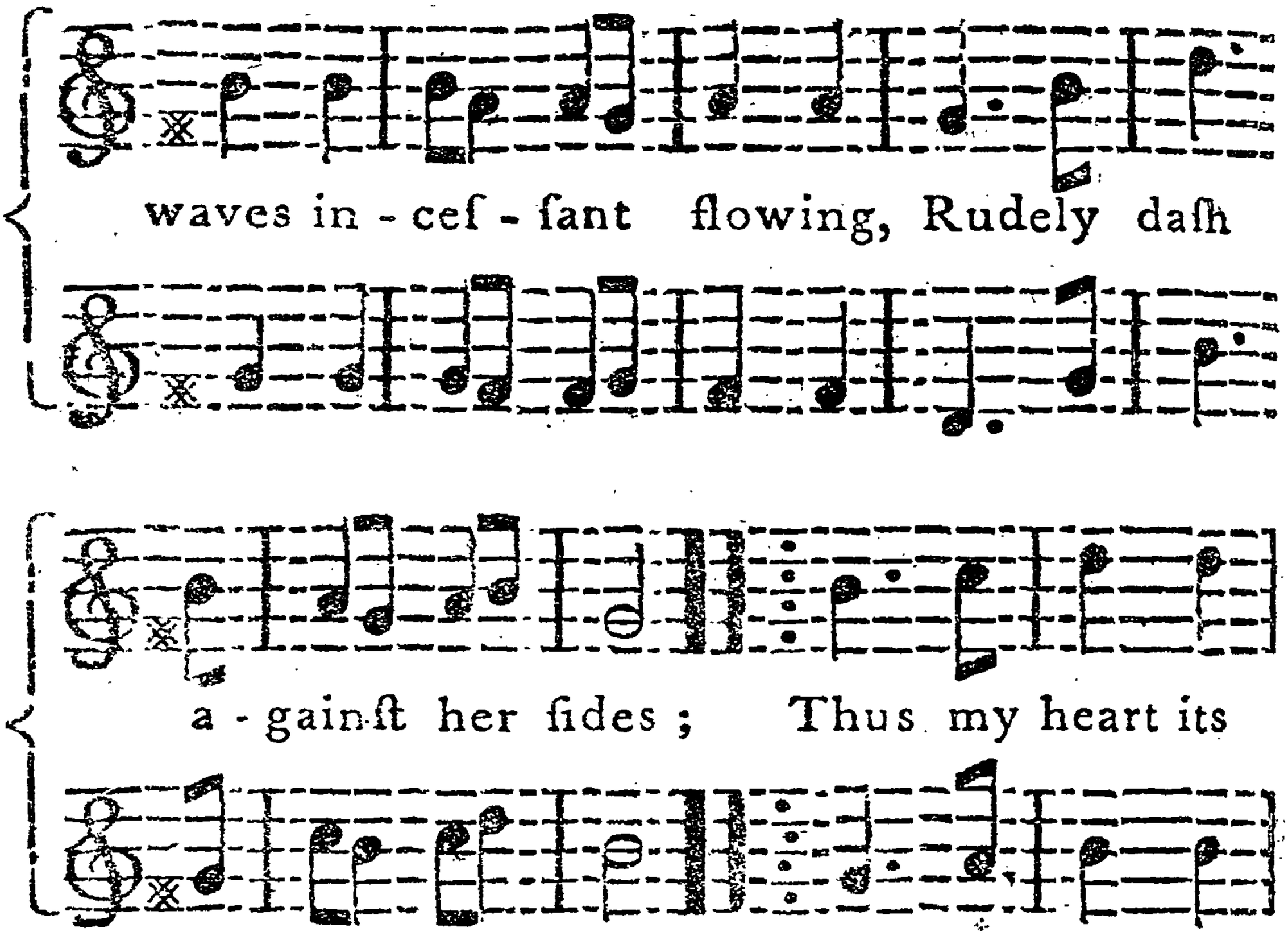
For a Bowdoin, a Lincoln and Adams are yours.

With ſweetneſs and beauty thy daughters ariſe,
With roſe blooming cheeks and love languiſhing eyes
Haſte ye Graces, cries Venus, to America repair,
Fit conſorts for heroes, the firſt of the fair :
For to whom ſhould the bleſſings of freedom deſcend,
But to ſons of thoſe ſires who dar'd frcedom defend.

Huzza for brave America, where freedom ſecure is,
For a HANCOCK, FRANKLIN and WASHINGTON
are yours.

SONG XLVIII.

FRESH AND STRONG.

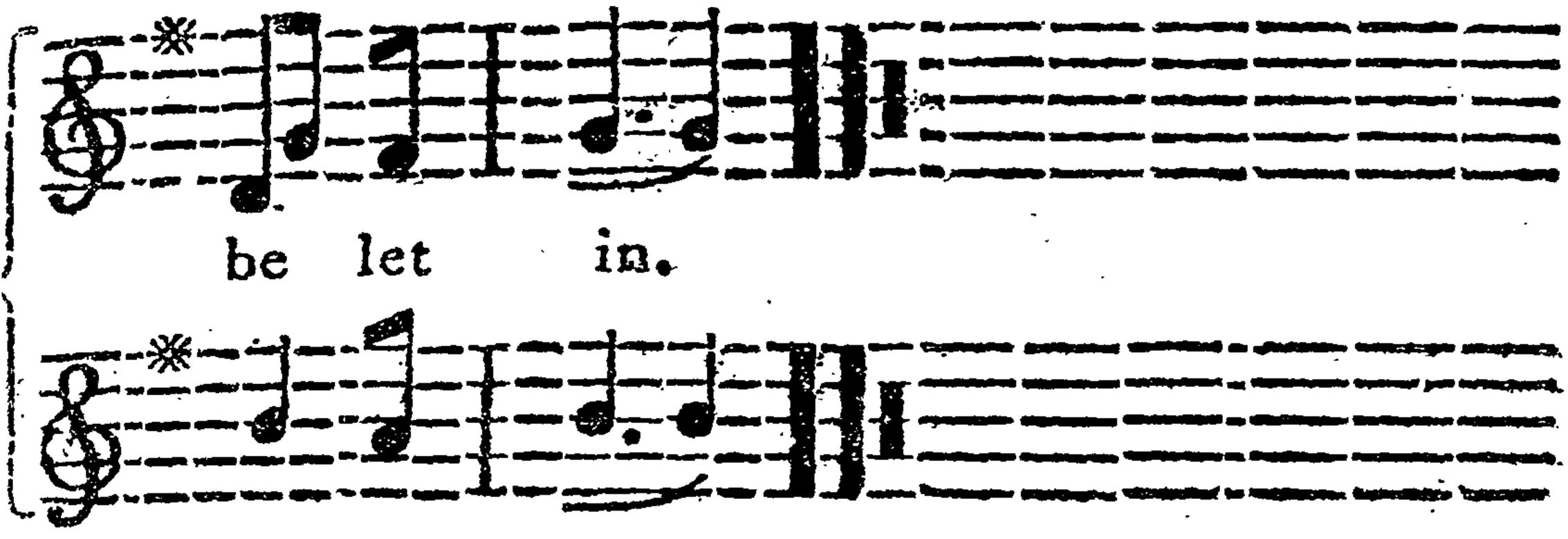

waves in - ceſ - ſant flowing, Rudely daſh
a - gain-ſt her ſides ; Thus my heart its
courſe im - ped - ed, Beats in my per-
tr.
turbed breaſt ; Doubts like waves by
tr.

Cruel phantoms riſe nocturnal,
Paint a dreadful ſcene to come;
Haunt my ſoul each hour diurnal—
Chide AMANDA's wiſh to roam:
Yet a ray of hope beams on me,
Still AMANDA may be kind;
Why ſhould fancy's viſions vex me—
Mere deluſions of the mind.

By her anchor ſtill ſupported,
Idly round the tempeſt roar:
See the broken cable parted,
And, alas, the ſhip's off ſhore.
Thus deſpair my ſoul annoying,
Like an overwhelming wave;
Hope and fear alike deſtroying,
Speed me to the ſilent g rave.

SONG XLIX.

THE COTTAGER.



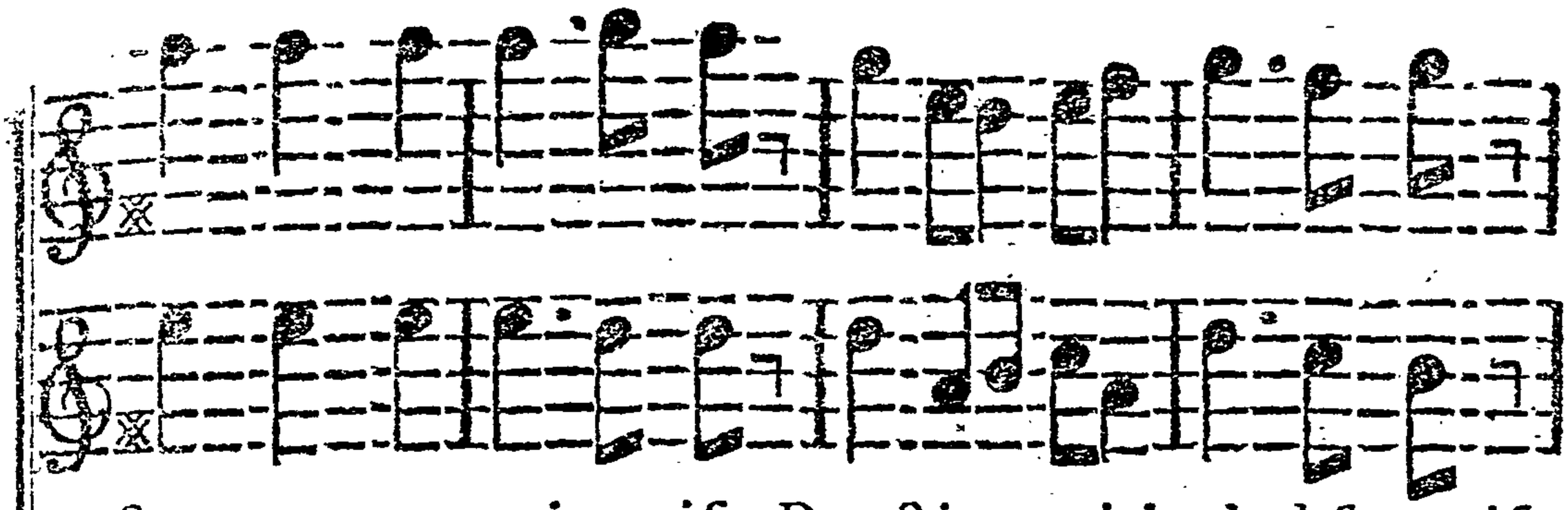
A young and pretty cottager
Came tripping ſingly to the door,
  Who did my ſoul delight ;
I urg'd my caſe, and my diſtreſs,
She would not grant me my requeſt :
  I turn'd, bid her good night.

The gloomy clouds o'erſpread the ſky,
And all the whiſtling winds blew high,
  As I to wander went :
So ſoft compaſſion ſeiz'd her ſoul,
She could not bear to ſee me ſtroll,
  She call'd and gave conſent.

Ye Gods of every charming grace,
Her lordly form and pretty face,
  I to the world prefer ;
And if ſhe learns to love like me,
My glory e'er after ſhall be
  My charming cottager.

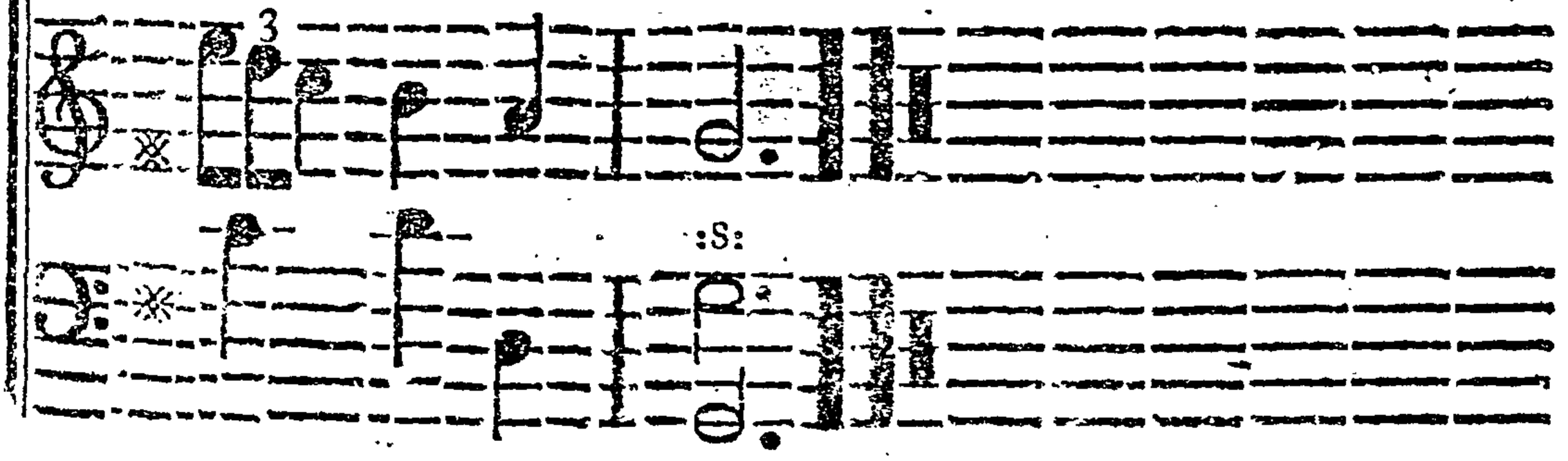
SONG L.

AN ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.



See a new empire riſe, Burſting with glad ſurpriſe

Ty - ran-nic chains.



Liberty with keen eye,
Pierc'd the blue vaulted ſky,
Reſolv'd us free;

From her Imperial feat,
Beheld the bleeding ſtate,
Approv'd this day's debate
And firm decree.

Sublime in awful form,
Above the whirling ſtorm,
The Goddeſs ſtood ;
She ſaw with pitying eye,
War's tempeſt raging high,
Our hero's bravely die,
In fields of blood.

High on his ſhining car,
Mars, the ſtern God of war,
Our ſtruggles bleſt :
Soon victory wave her hand,
Fair Freedom cheer'd the land,
Led on Columbia's band
To glorious reſt.

Now all ye ſons of ſong,
Pour the full ſound along,
Who ſhall control ;
For in this weſtern clime,
Freedom ſhall riſe ſublime,
Till ever changing time,
Shall ceaſe to roll.

SONG LI.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS DAWES, JUN. ESQUIRE, AND SUNG AT THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN, ON BUNKER'S HILL, BY THE PROPRIETORS OF CHARLES RIVER BRIDGE, AT THE OPENING OF THE SAME.

To the foregoing Tune.

NOW let rich muſic ſound,
And all the region round,
With rapture fill;
Let the ſhrill trumpet's fame,
To heaven itſelf proclaim,
The everlaſting name,
Of Bunker's hill;

Beneath his ſky rapt brow,
What heroes ſleep below,
How dear to Jove:
Not more belov'd were thoſe,
Who foil'd celeſtial foes,
When the old giants roſe
To arms above.

Now ſcarce eleven ſhort years,
Have roll'd their rapid ſpheres,
Thro' heav'n's high road,
Since o'er yon ſwelling tide,
Paſs'd all the Britiſh pride,
And water'd Bunker's ſide
With foreign blood.

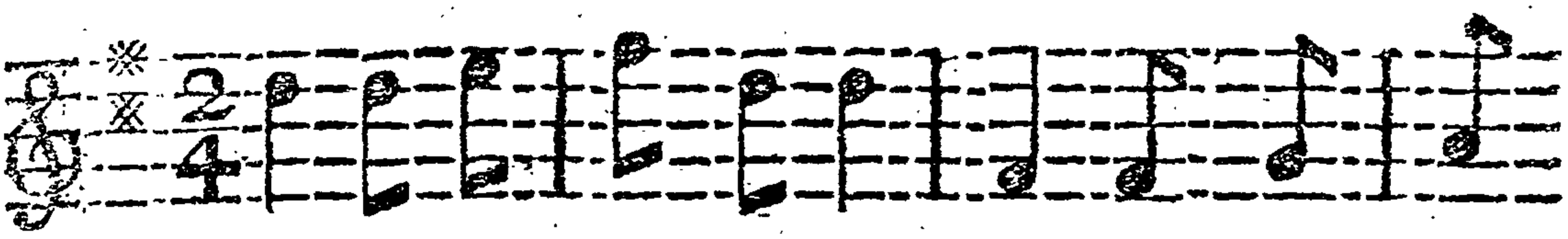
Then Charleſtown's gilded ſpires,
Met unrelenting fires,
And ſunk in night :
But Phenix like they'll riſe,
In columns to the ſkies,
And ſtrike the aſtoniſh'd eyes
With glories bright.

Meand'ring to the deep,
Majeſtic Charles ſhall weep,
Of war no more ;
Fam'd as the Appian way,
The world's firſt BRIDGE today,
All nation's ſhall convey,
From ſhore to ſhore.

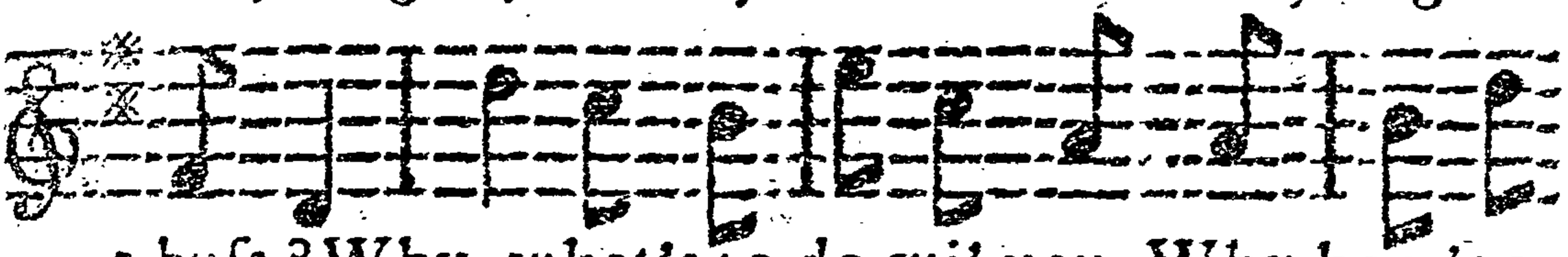
On this bleſt mountain's head,
The feſtive board we'll ſpread,
With viands high ;
Let joy's broad bowl go round,
With public ſpirit crown'd,
And conſecrate the ground
To liberty.

SONG LII.

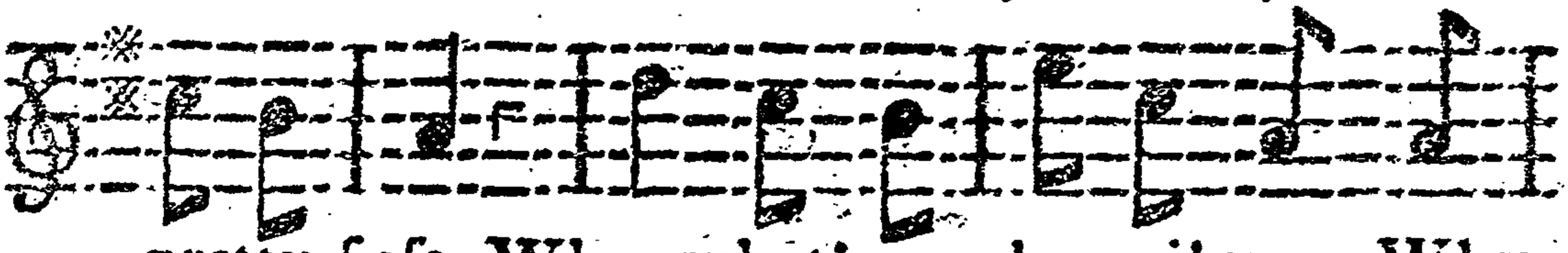
THE SAILOR BOY CAPERING ASHORE.



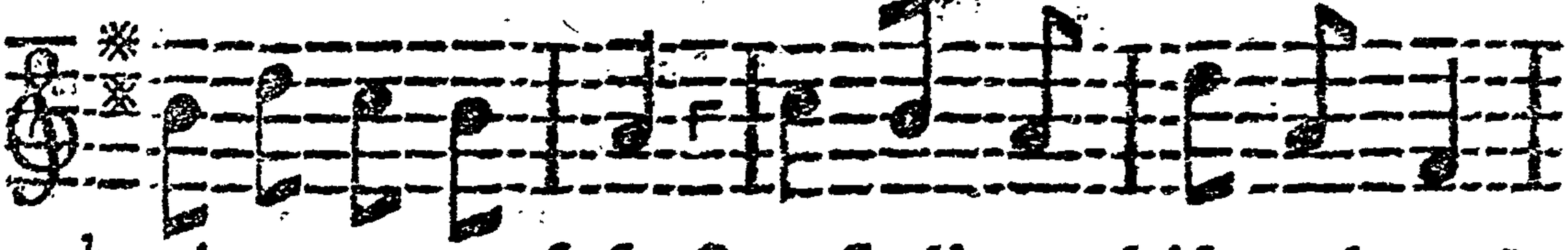
Poll, dang' it, how d'ye do? Nan won't you g'us



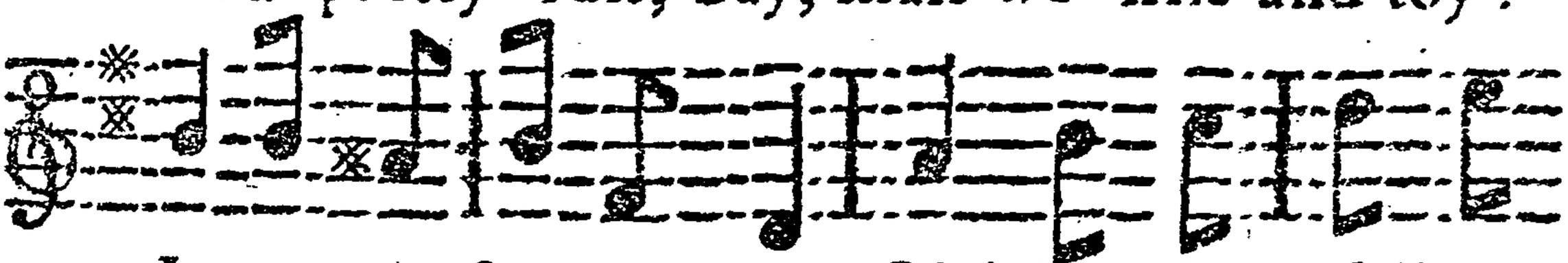
a buſs? Why, what's to do wi' you, Why here's a



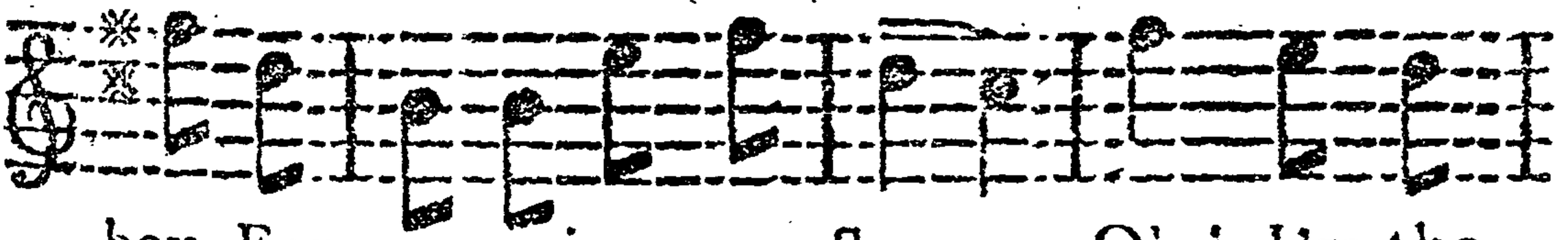
pretty fuſs, Why, what's to do wi' you, Why



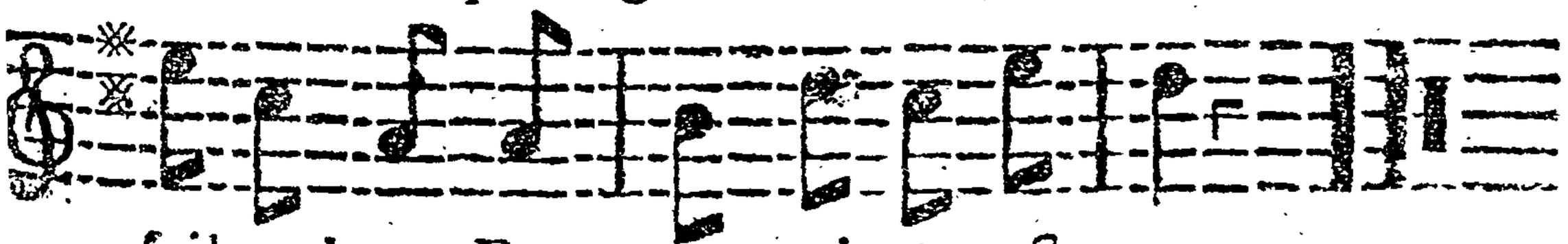
here's a pretty fuſs, Say, ſhall we kiſs and toy?



I goes to ſea no more—Oh! I'm the ſailor



boy, For capering a-ſhore, Oh! I'm the



ſailor boy, For capering a-ſhore.

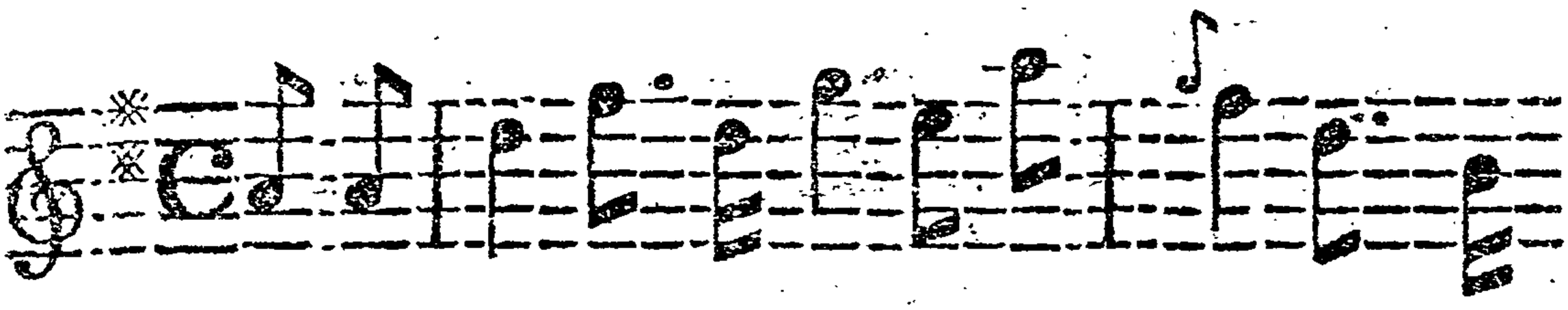
Father he apprentic'd me,
All to a coaſting ſhip,
I b'ing reſolv'd, d'ye ſee,
To give 'em all the ſlip;
I got to Yarmouth Fair,
Where I had been before,
So father found me there,
A capering aſhore.

Next out to India,
I went a Guinea pig,
We got to Table Bay,
But mind a pretty rig,
The ſhip driv'n out to ſea,
Left me and many more,
Among the Hottentots
A capering aſhore.

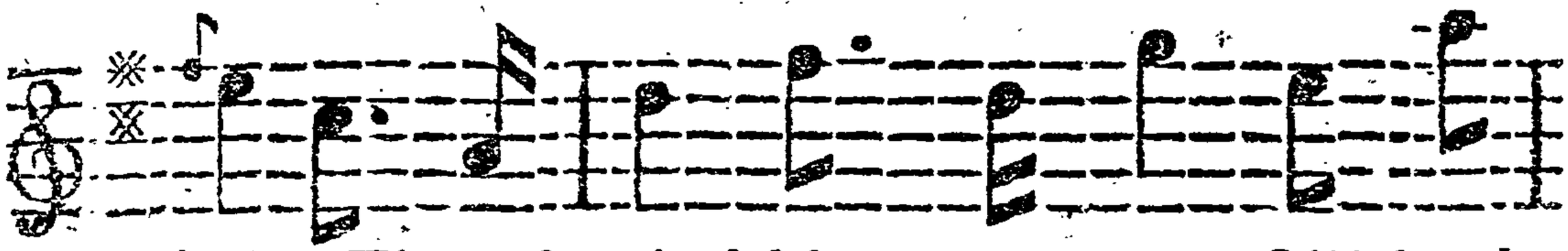
I love's a bit of hop,
Life's ne'er the worſer for't,
If in my wake ſhould drop,
A fiddle, "That's your ſort,"
Thrice tumble up ahoy,
Once get the labour o'er,
Then ſee the ſailor boy,
A capering aſhore.

SONG LIII.

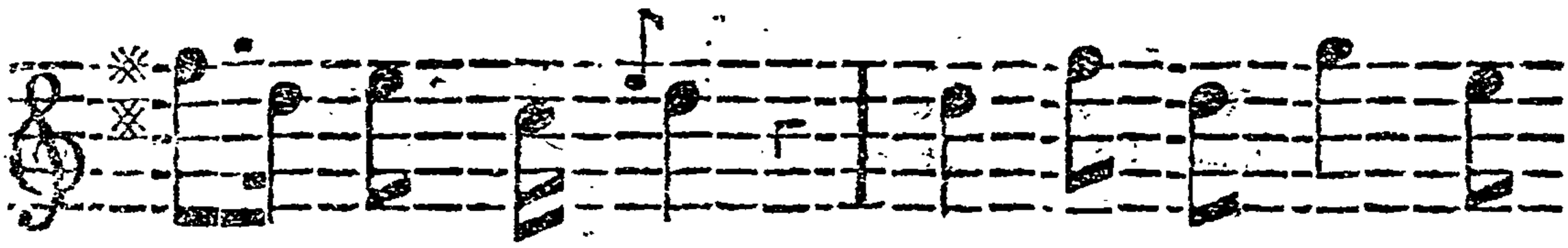
THE SAILOR's CONSOLATION.



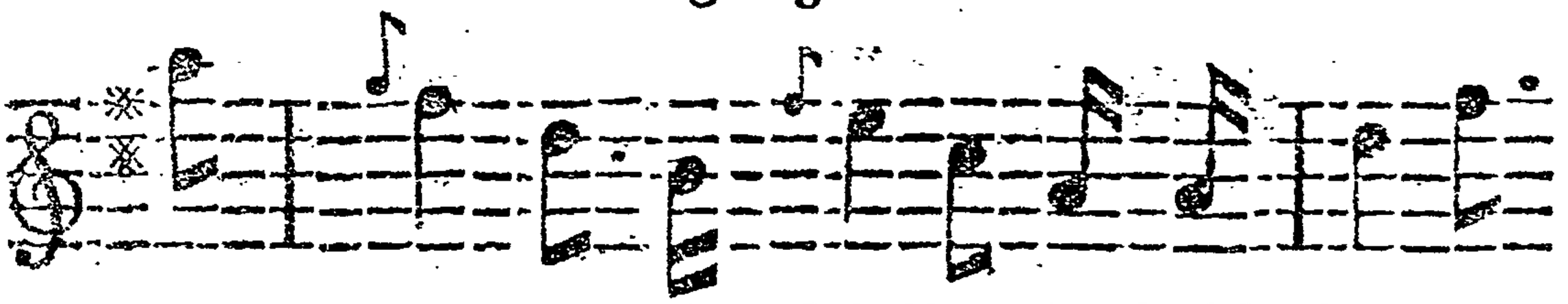
Spanking Jack was ſo comely, ſo pleaſant, ſo



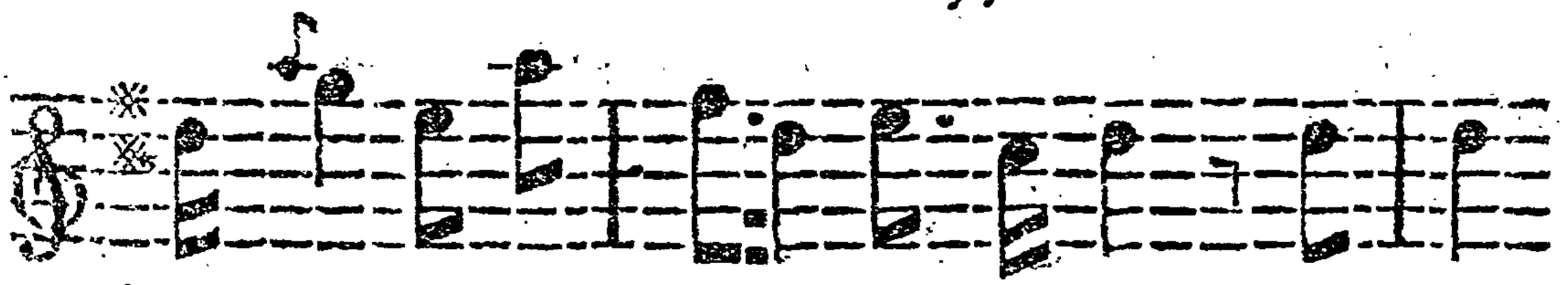
jolly, Though wind blew great guns ſtill he'd



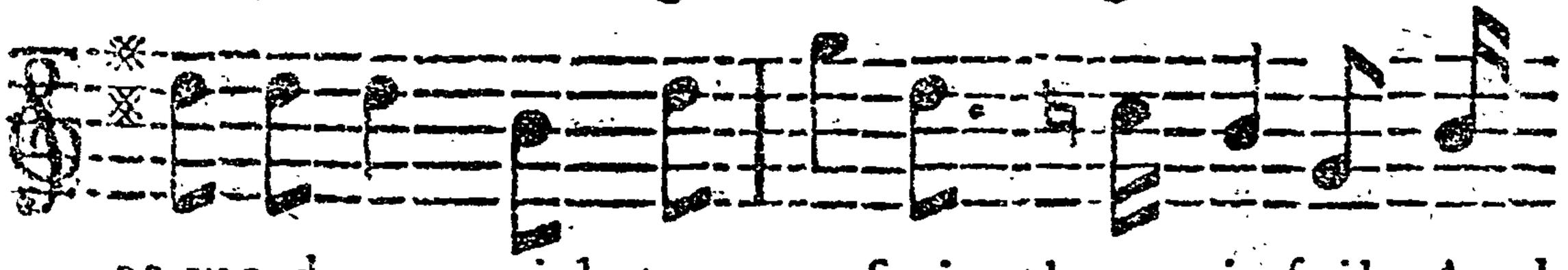
whiſtle and ſing. Jack lov'd his friend and



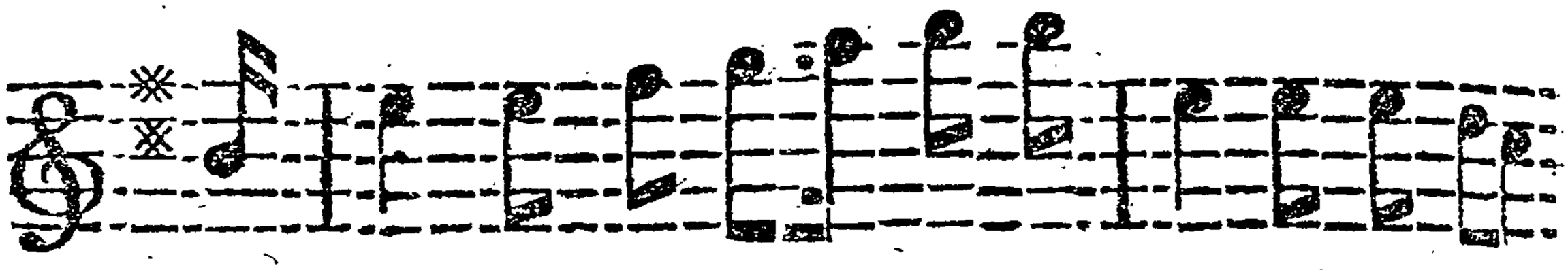
was true to his Molly, And if honour



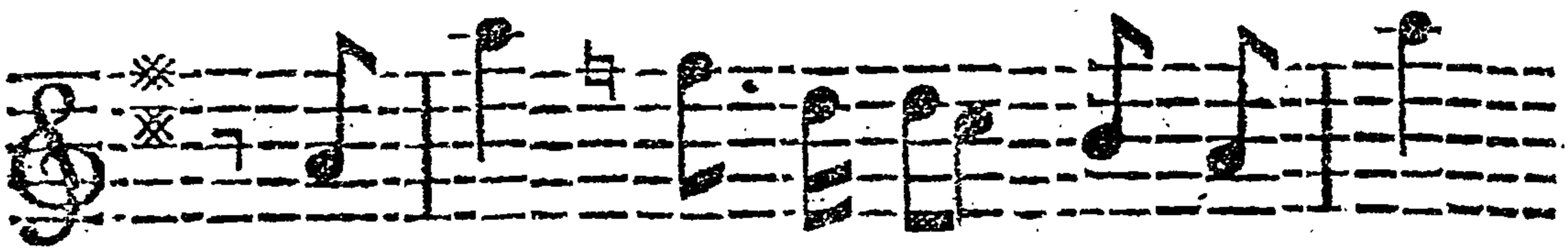
gives greatneſs was great as a king. One night



as we drove with two reefs in the mainſail, And

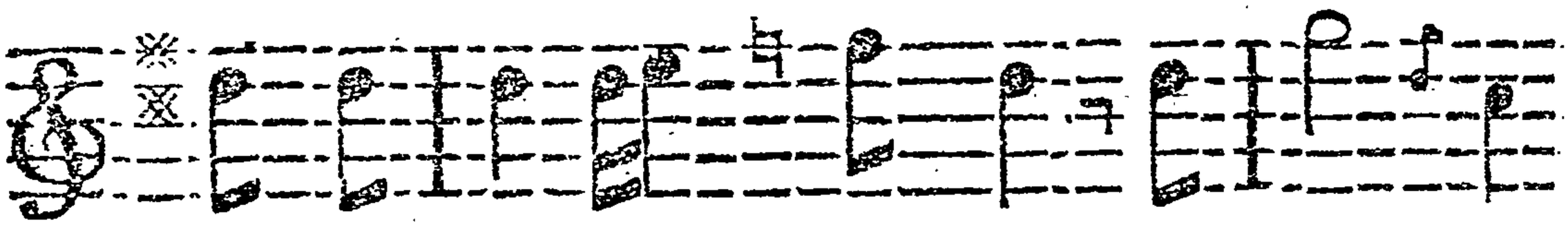


the ſcud came on lowring up-on a lee-ſhore,

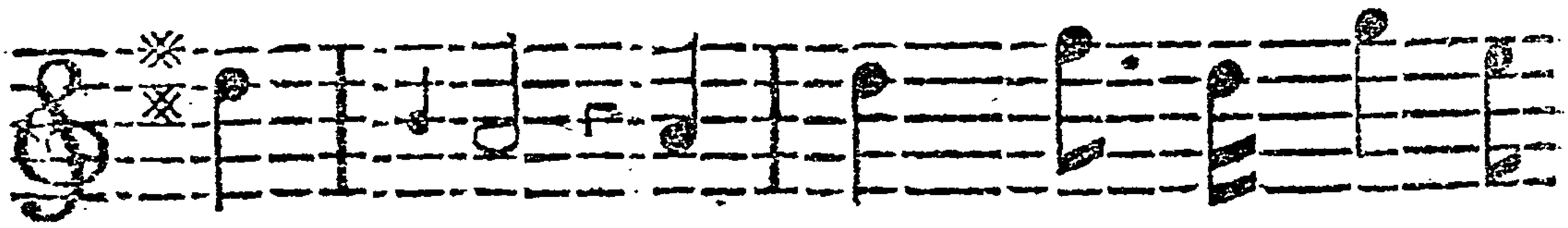


Jack went up aloft for to hand

the top ga'nt-ſail, A ſpray waſh'd him off



and we ne'er ſaw him more! we ne'er ſaw



him more! But grieving's a fol-ly,

Come let us be Jolly, If we've troubles at

ſea, boys, We've pleaſures aſhore.

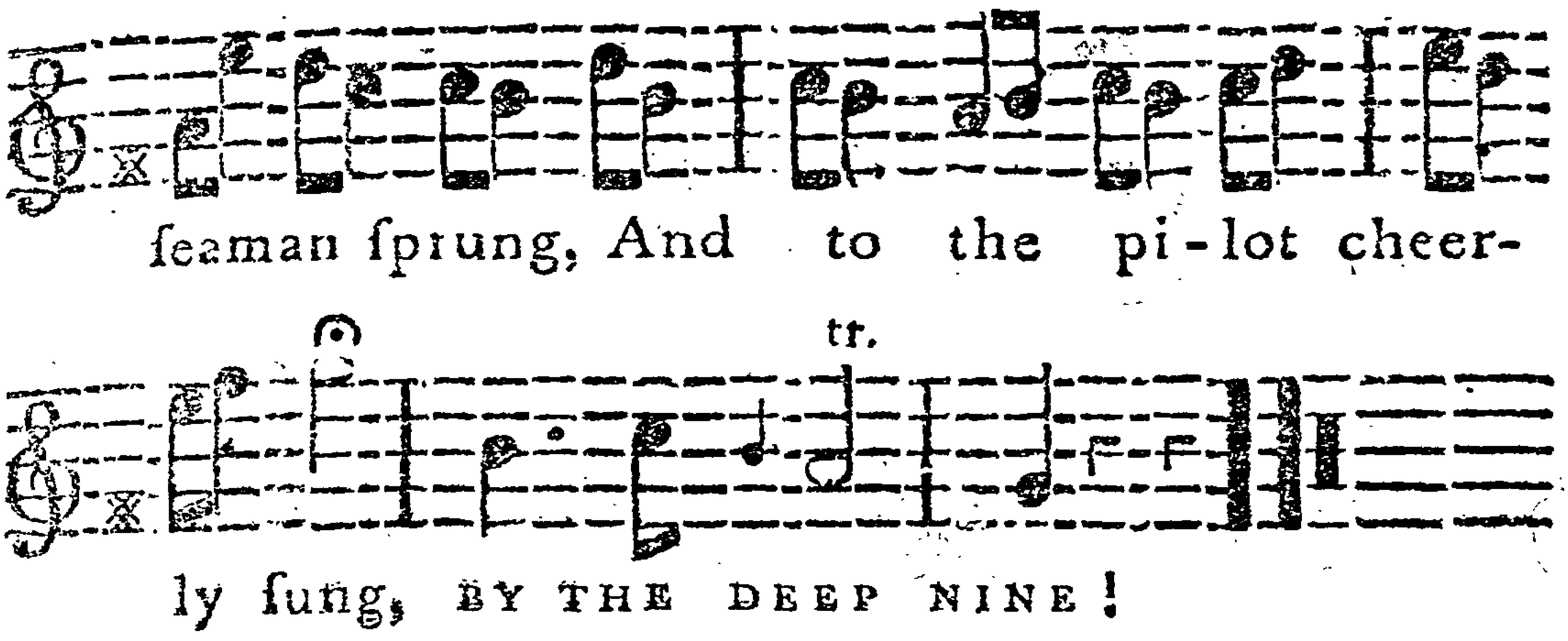
Whiffling Tom ſtill of miſchief or fun in the middle
Through life in all weathers at random would jog,
He'd dance and he'd ſing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And ſwig with an air his allowance of grog :
Long ſide of a don in the Terrible Frigate
As yard arm and yard arm we lay off the ſhore,
In and out whiffling Tom did ſo caper and jig it,
That his head was ſhot off, and we ne'er ſaw him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly meſſmate a brother,
He was manly and honeſt, good natured, and free,
If ever one tar was more true than another
To his friend and his duty, that ſailor was he ;
One day with the David to heave the kedge anchor,
Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy ſhore,
He overboard tipt, when a ſhark, and a ſparker,
Soon nipt him in two, and we ne'er ſaw him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads, ſhall we be down hearted
Becauſe that mayhap we now take our laſt ſup :
Life's cable muſt one day or other be parted,
And death in faſt mooring will bring us all up :
But 'tis always the way on't, one ſcarce finds a brother
Fond as pitch, honeſt, hearty and true to the core,
But by battle or ſtorm or ſome bad thing or other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er ſee him more!
But grieving's a folly, &c.

SONG LIV.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.



And bearing up, to gain the port,
Some well known object kept in view,
An abbey tow'r, an harbour fort:
Or beacon, to the vessel true,
While oft the Lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
"BY THE MARK SEVEN."

And as the much lov'd shore we near,
With transport we beheld the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof.
The Lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
"QUARTER LESS FIVE."

SONG LV.

AN ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

By DANIEL GEORGE.——Set to music by HORATIO GARNET.

Pia.
f
Was Independence born: Pro - - pi-tious day!
Forte.
f f
Hail the U-nit-ed States of bleſt
tr.
f
A - - mer-i - - - ca!

CHORUS.

Fortiſſimo.

Fly ! Fly ! Fly, ſwift wing'd Fame, The

ne - - - - - - - - - ws, the news proclaim : From

ſhore to ſhore Let can-nons roar ; And

joy - - - ful voic - - - es ſhout Co - lum-

bia's name, ſhout, ſhout Columbia's name,

tr.

Co-lum-bia's name.

See haughty Britain, ſending hoſts of foes,
With vengeance arm'd, our freedom to oppoſe;
But WASHINGTON, the Great,
Diſpell'd impending fate,
And ſpurn'd each plan:
Americans, combine to hail the godlike man.
Fly, ſwift-wing'd Fame, &c.

Let Saratoga's crimſon plains declare
The deeds of Gates, that "thunderbolt of war:"
His trophies grac'd the field;
He made whole armies yield—
A vet'ran band:
In vain did Burgoyne ſtrive his valor to withſtand.
Fly, ſwift-wing'd Fame, &c.

Now Yorktown's heights attract our wond'ring eyes,
Where loud artill'ry rends the lofty ſkies:
There WASHINGTON commands,
With Gallia's choſen bands,
A warlike train;
Like Homer's conq'ring gods, they thunder o'er the plain.
Fly, ſwift-wing'd Fame, &c.

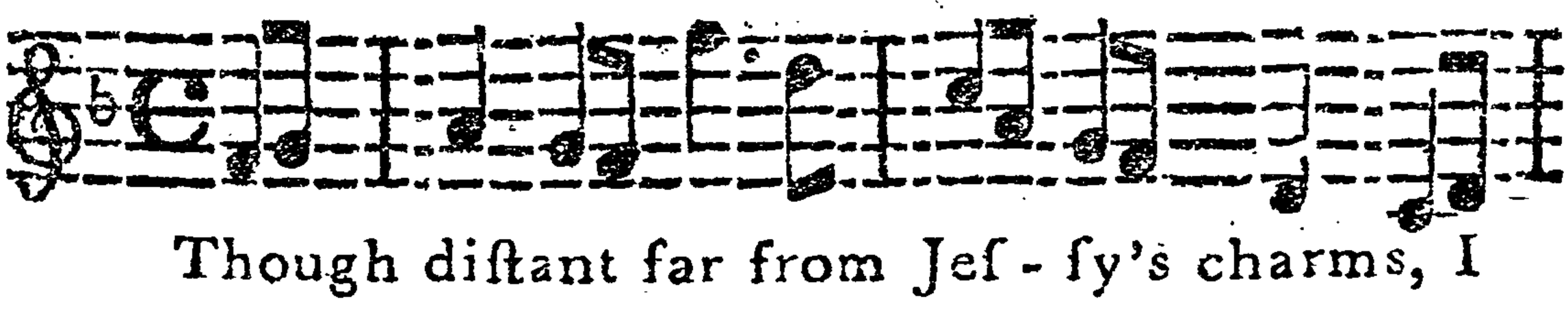
Pale terror marc'hes on, with ſolemn ſtride;
Cornwallis trembles, Britain's boaſted pride,
He, and his armed hoſts,
Surrender all their poſts,
To WASHINGTON,
The friend of Liberty, Columbia's fav'rite ſon.
Fly, ſwift-wing'd Fame, &c.

Now from Mount Vernon's peaceful ſhades again,
The Hero comes, with thouſands in his train:
'Tis WASHINGTON, the Great
Muſt fill the chair of ſtate,
Columbia cries:
Each tongue the glorious name re-echoes to the ſkies.
Fly, ſwift-wing'd Fame, &c.

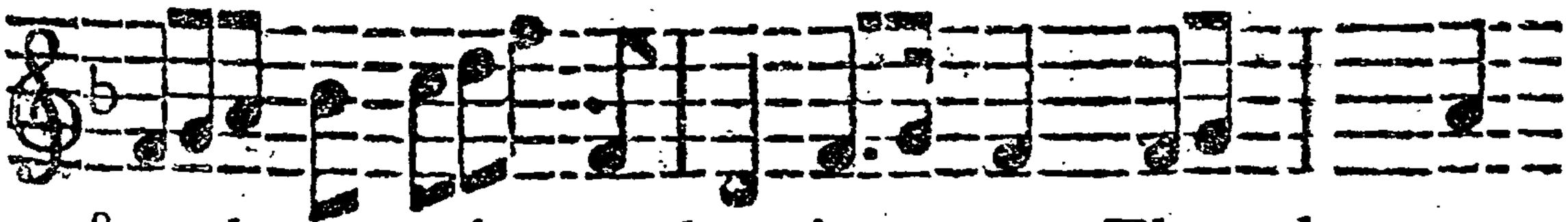
Now ſhall the uſeful arts of peace prevail,
And commerce flouriſh, favor'd by each gale;
Diſcord, forever ceaſe,
Let Liberty and Peace,
And Juſtice reign;
For WASHINGTON protects the ſcientific train.
Fly, ſwift-wing'd Fame, &c.

SONG LVI.

HER ABSENCE WILL NOT ALTER ME.

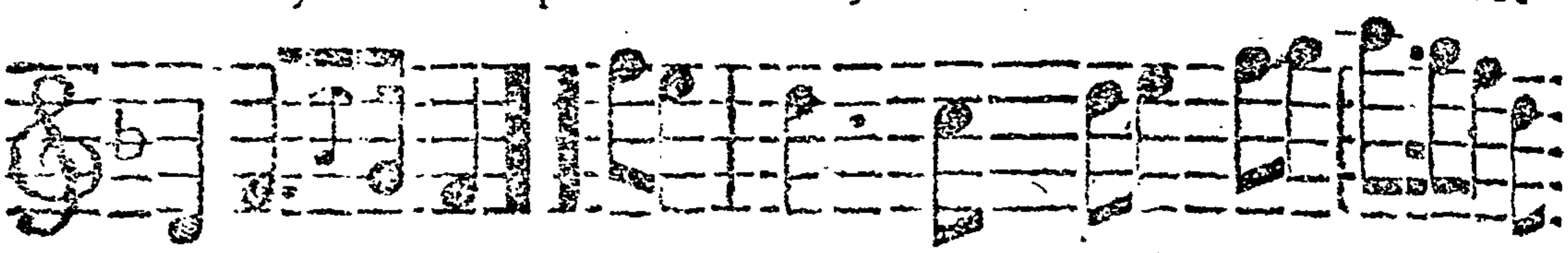


Though diſtant far from Jeſ- ſy's charms, I

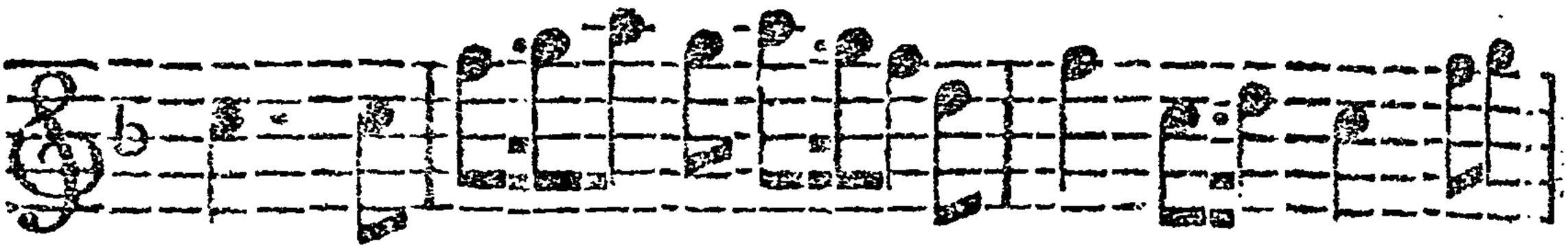


ſtretch in vain my longing arms, Though part-

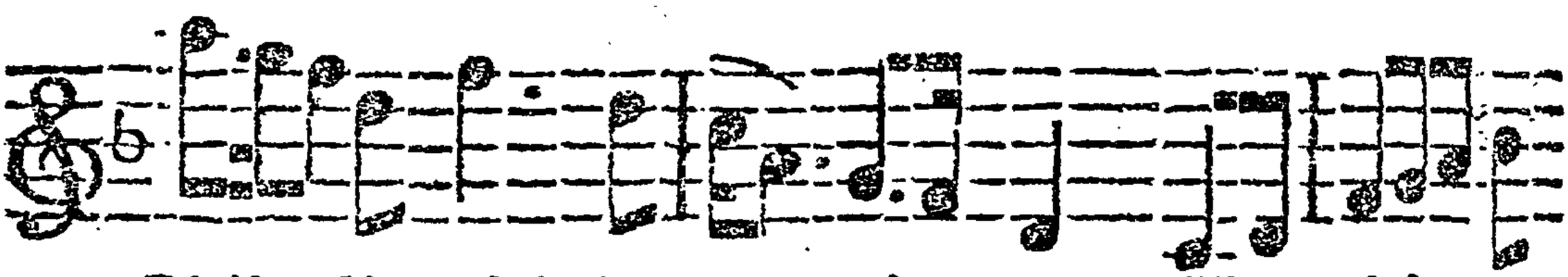
ed by the depths of ſea, Her abſence ſhall not



al - ter me. Tho' beaut'ous nymphs I ſee a-



round, A Chloris, Flo - ra, might be found, Or



Phil - lis with her rov - ing eye : Her abſence

ſhall not al - - ter me.

A fairer face, a ſweeter ſmile,
Inconſtant lovers may beguile,
But to my laſs I'll conſtant be,
Nor ſhall her abſence alter me.
Though laid on India's burning coaſt,
Or on the wide Atlantic toſt,
My mind from love no pow'r could free,
Nor could her abſence alter me.

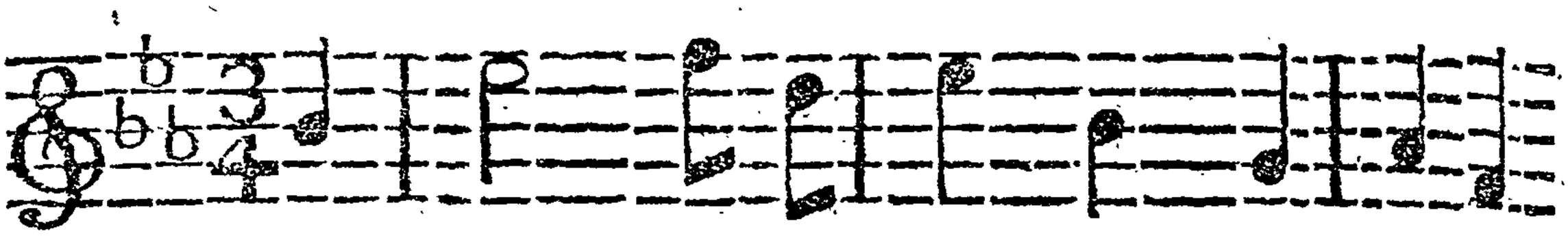
See how the flow'r that courts the ſun
Purſues him till his race is run!
See how the needle ſeeks the Pole,
Nor diſtance can its pow'r controul!
Shall lifeleſs flow'rs the ſun purſue,
The needle to the Pole prove true:
Like them ſhall I not faithful be,
Or ſhall her abſence alter me?

Aſk, who has been the turtle dove
Unfaithful to its marrow prove?
Or who the bleating ewe has ſeen
Deſert his lambkin on the green?
Shall beaſt and birds, inferior far
To us, diſplay their love and care?
Shall they in union ſweet agree,
And ſhall her abſence alter me?

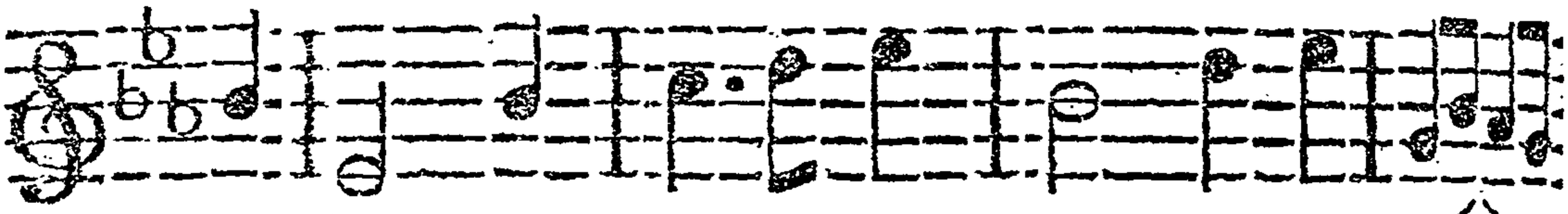
For conqu'ring love is ſtrong as death,
Like vehement flames his pow'rful breath;
Thro' floods unmov'd his courſe he keeps,
Ev'n thro' the ſea's devouring deeps:
His vehement flames my boſom burn,
Unchang'd they blaze till thy return:
My faithful Jeſſy then ſhall ſee,
Her abſence has not alter'd me.

SONG. LVII.

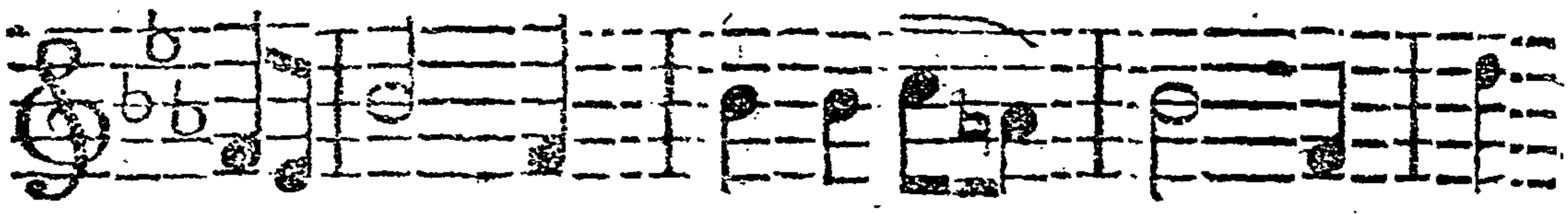
COME ROUSE BROTHER SPORTSMAN.



Come rouſe, brother ſportſman, The hunters

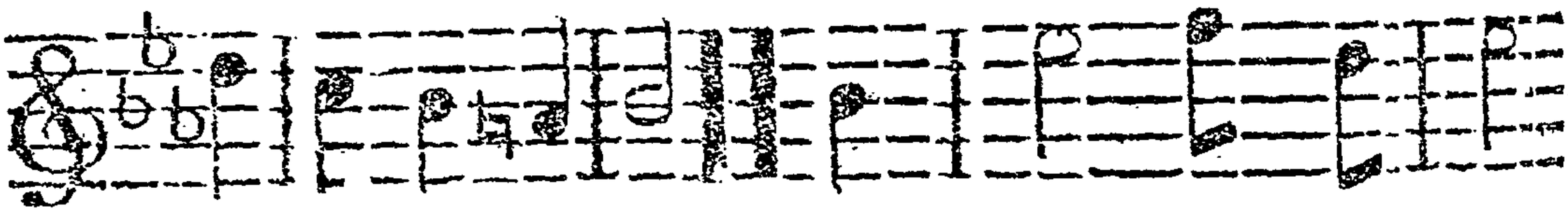


all cry, We've got a ſtrong ſcent, and a fa-vor-



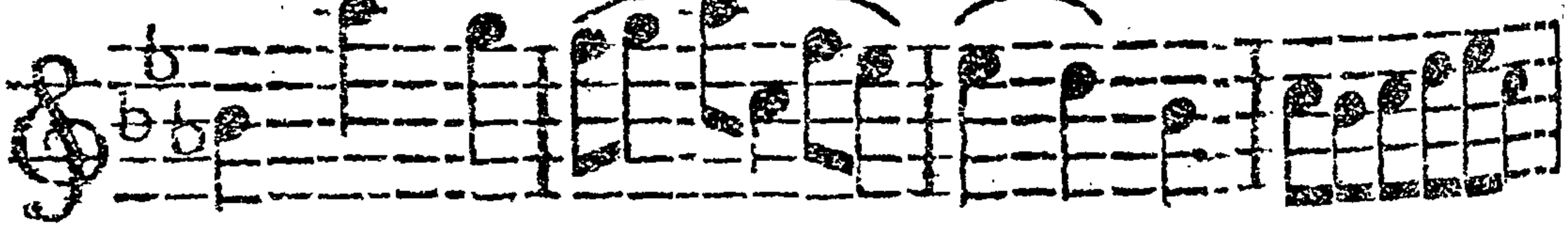
ing ſky, We've got a ſtrong ſcent, we've got

a ſtiong ſcent, we've got a ſtrong ſcent and

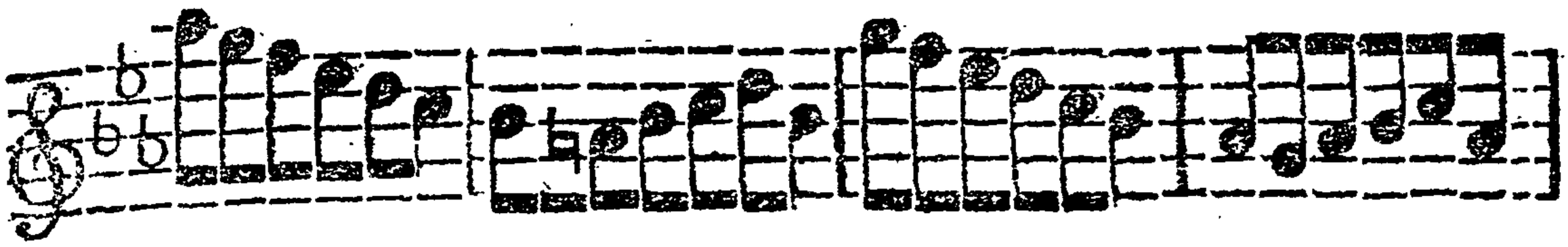


a favoring ſky. The horn's ſprightly notes,

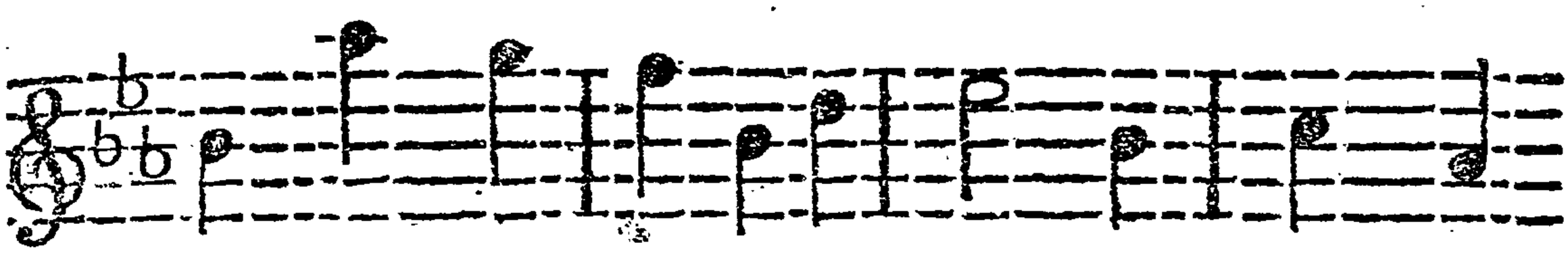
And the lark's early ſong, Will chide the dull



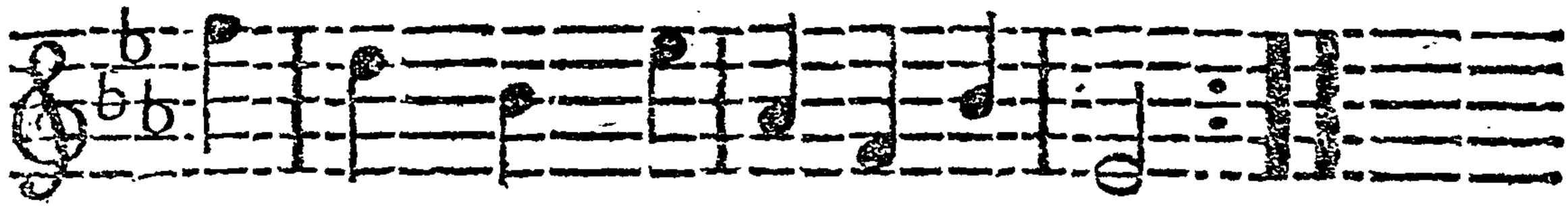
ſportſman for ſleeping ſo long, Will chi- - - -



de, Will chide the dull



ſportſman for ſleeping ſo long, Will chide the



dull ſportſman for ſleeping ſo long.

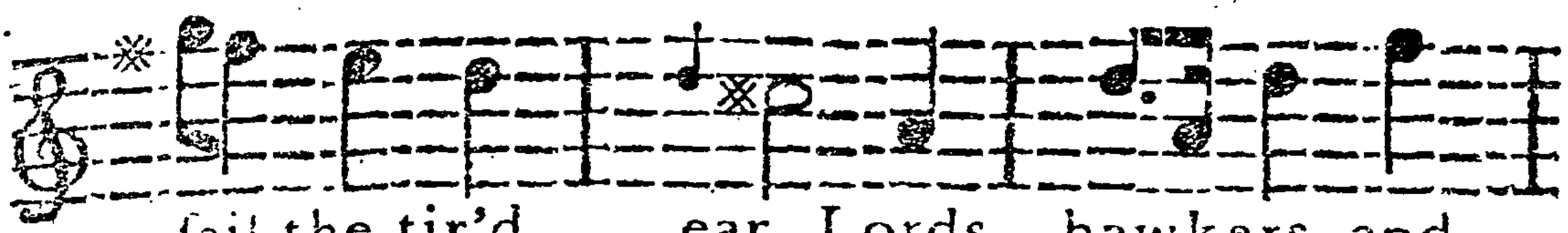
Bright Phœbus has ſhewn us the glimpſe of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows and call'd to the chace,
He ſoon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields bluſh with the beams of his ray,
Sweet Molly may teaze you perhaps to lie down,
And if you refuſe her, perhaps ſhe may frown;
But tell her ſweet love muſt to hunting give place,
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the
chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I ſpy,
And his bruſh nimbly follows briſk Chanter and Fly:

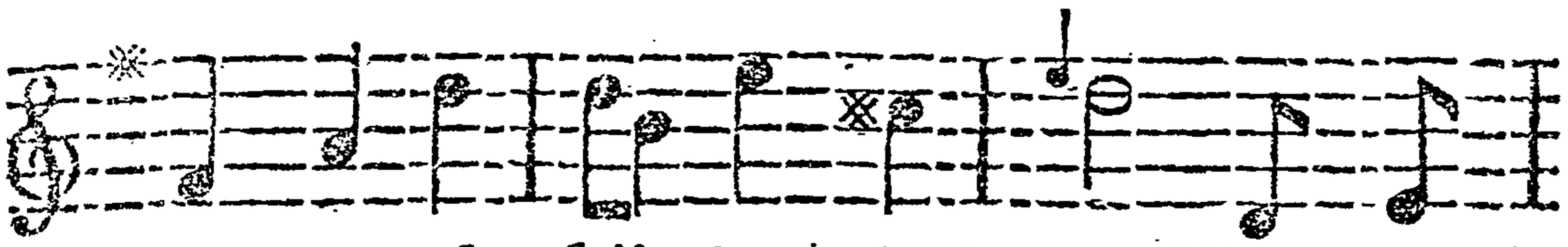
They ſeize on their prey, ſee his eye balls they roll,
We're in at the death, now go home to the bowl.
There we'll fill up our glaſſes and toaſt to the king,
From a bumper freſh loyalty ever will ſpring,
To George, peace and glory may heavens diſpenſe,
And fox-hunters flouriſh a thouſand years hence.

SONG LVIII.

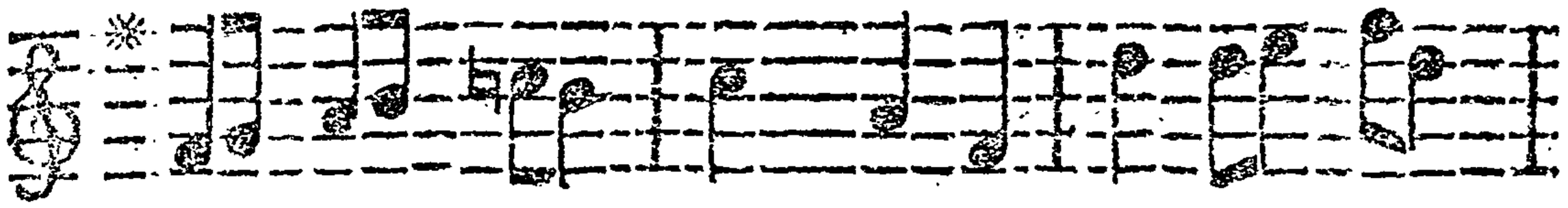
THE RACE-HORSE.



fail the tir'd ear, Lords, hawkers and

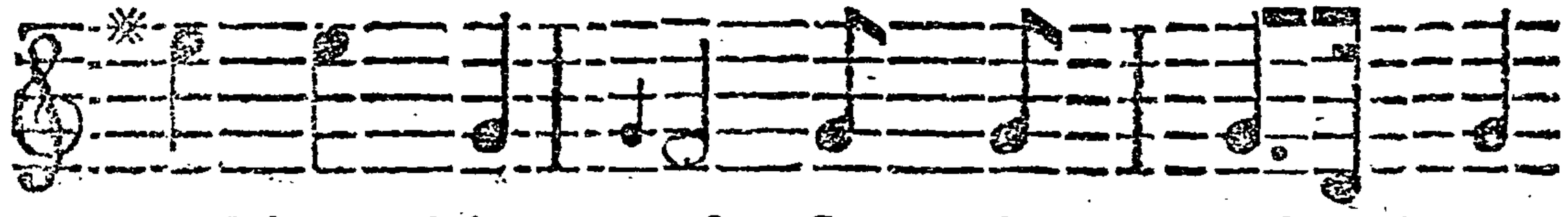


jockies af - fail the tir'd ear, While with



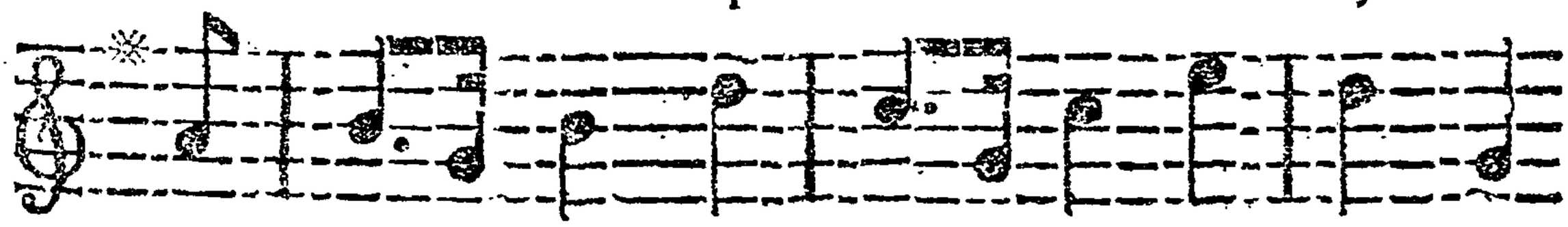
neck like a rain-bow e - rect - ing his

creft, Pamper'd, prancing and pleas'd, his head



touching his breaft, Scarcely ſnuffing

the air he's ſo proud and e - late,



The high mettled rac - er firſt ſtarts for

the plate, The high mettled racer, The

high mettled racer firſt ſtarts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch
ruſh,
Dogs, horſes and huntſman all hard at his bruſh;
Thro' marſh, fen and briar led by their fly prey,
They by ſcent and by view cheat a long tedious way:
While alike born for ſports of the field and the courſe,
Always ſure to come through—a ſtaunch and fleet horſe.
When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up and turn'd out of the ſtud,
Lame, ſpavin'd and wind gall'd—but yet with ſome
blood:
While knowing poſtillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this ſweepſtakes, his ſire that race,
And what matches he won, to the hoſtlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at ſome hedge alehouſe door.
While the harneſs ſore galls, and the ſpurs his ſides
goad,
The high mettled racer's a hack on the road.

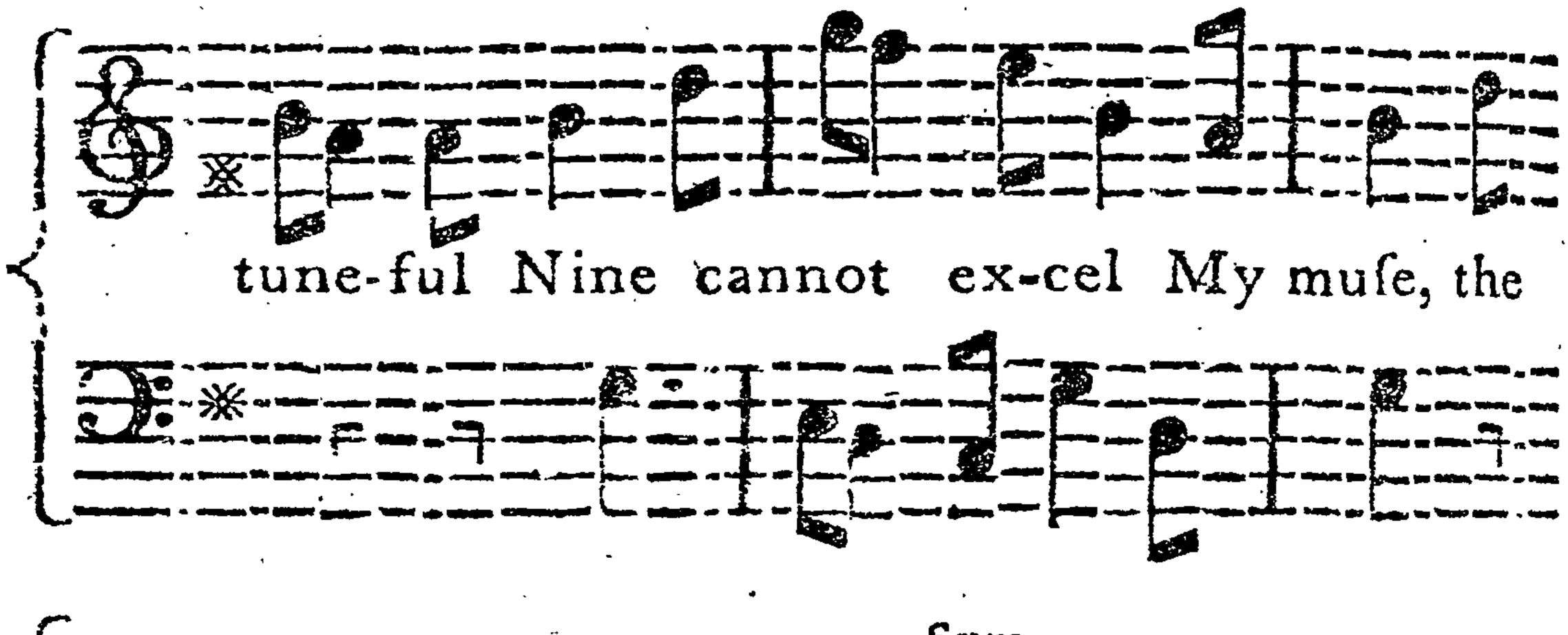
Till at laſt having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;

Blind, old, lean and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws ſand till the ſand of his hour glaſs ſtands ſtill.
And now cold and lifeleſs, expoſed to the view,
In the very ſame cart which he yeſterday drew;
While a pitying croud his ſad relics ſurrounds,
The high mettled racer is ſold for the hounds.

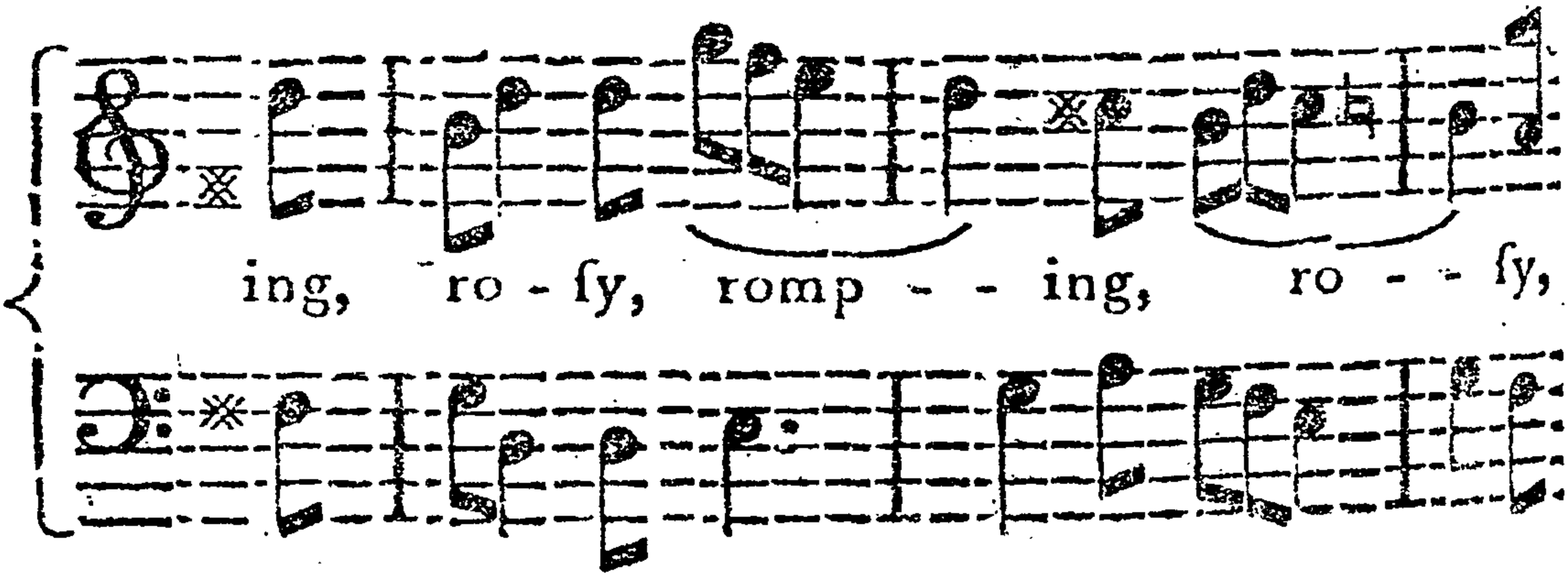
SONG LIX.

ROMPING ROSY NELL.

Sym.
The


tune-ful Nine cannot ex-cel My muſe, the

Sym.
romp-ing ro - ſy,
romp


ing, ro - ſy, romp - - ing, ro - - ſy,

Her locks auburne—her azure eyes,
Are ſofter than the ethereal ſkies :
But oh ! what daring pen can tell
The charms of romping roſy Nell ?

Aurora hides her bluſhing face
When Nell appears, with heavenly grace !
And every nymph, of hill and dell,
Envies the romping roſy Nell.

Not all Arabia's ſpicy coaſt
Affords ſuch ſweets as Nell can boaſt—
Why pants my heart—I dare not tell—
I ſigh for romping roſy Nell !

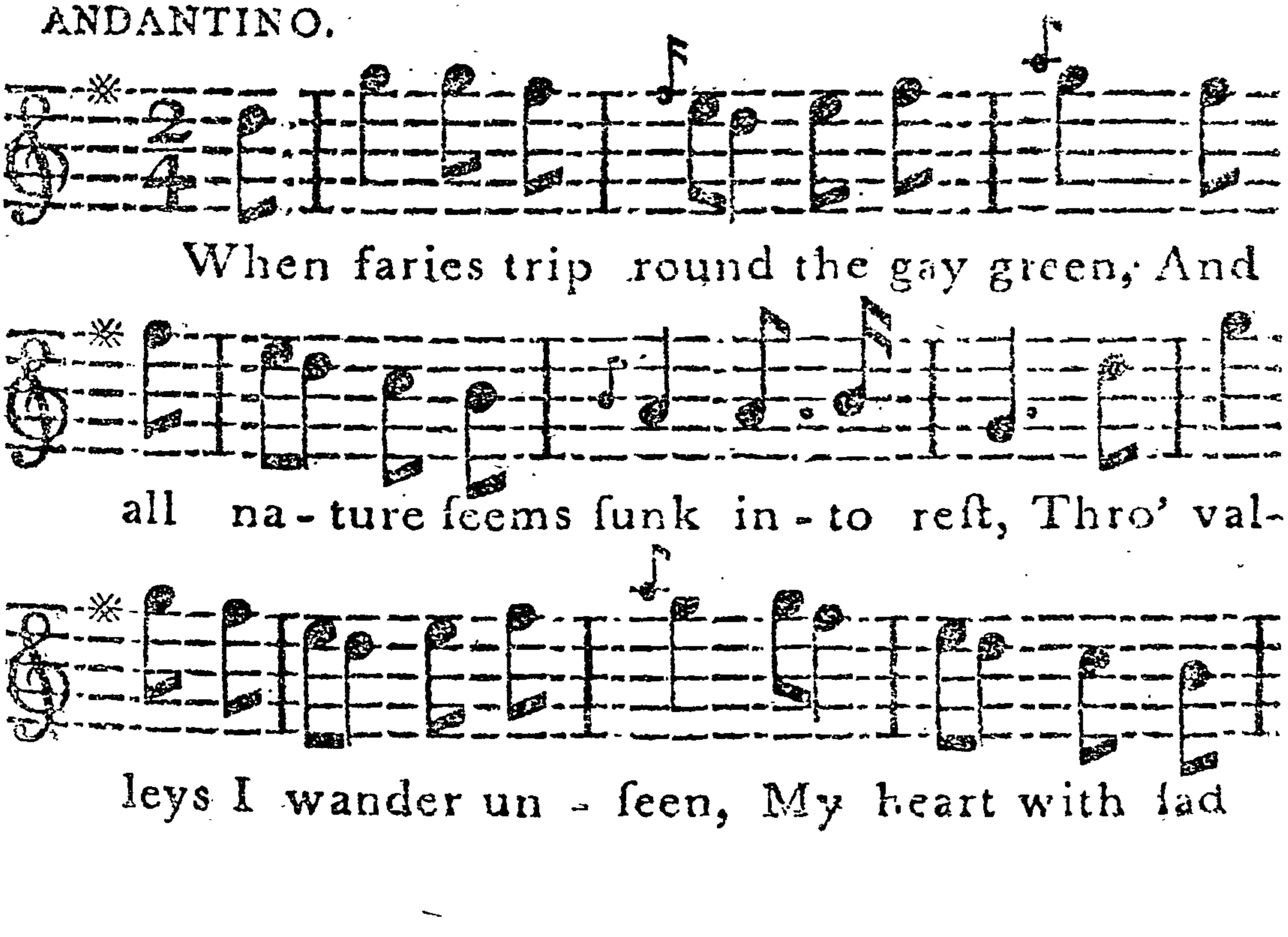
SONG LX.

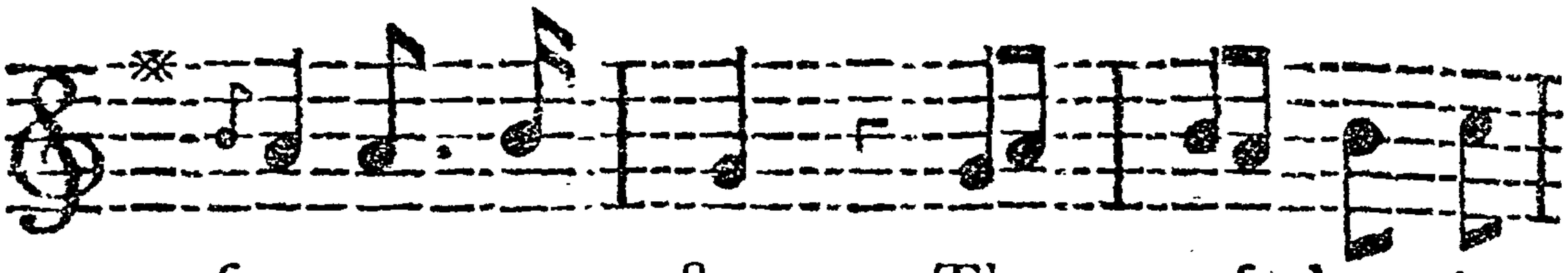
THE GRACEFUL MOVE.

SONG. LXI.

I SIGH FOR THE GIRL I ADORE.

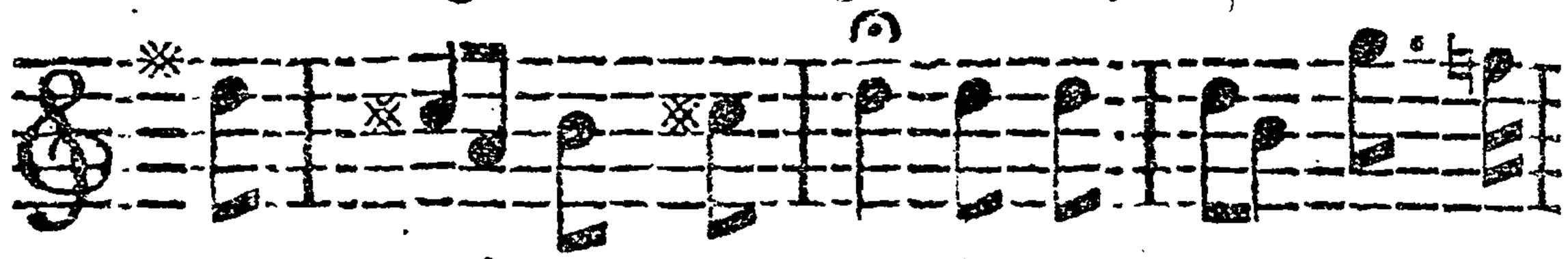
ANDANTINO.



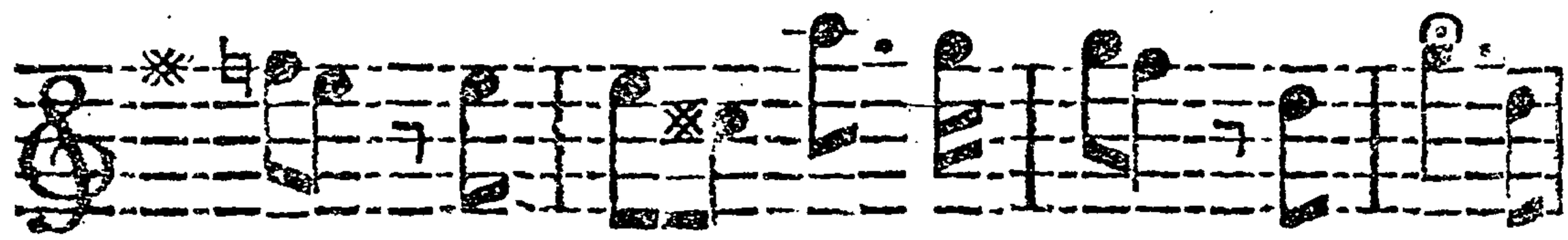


ſorrow op-preſt: Then oft by the

murmuring, murmuring ſtreams, Fair Elean-



or's loſs I deplore, As a-lone by the



moon's, the moon's ſilver beams, I ſigh, I

ſigh, I ſigh for the girl I adore.

When my flocks wander o'er the wide plain,
To ſome thicket of woodbine I rove;
There I penſively tune ſome ſoft ſtrain,
Or ſing forth the praiſe of my love:
Where does my fair Eleanor ſtray,
Muſt I ne'er ſee the nymph any more:
Thus diſtracted, I mourn the long day,
And ſigh for the girl I adore.

When firſt I beheld the ſweet maid,
By moonlight, alone in the vale;
Far, far from the village we ſtray'd,
Where I tenderly told the ſoft tale:
How long muſt I wander forlorn,
Ah! when will my ſorrows be o'er;
Such grief it can never be borne;
I ſigh for the girl I adore.

SONG LXII.

HOW BLEST HAS MY TIME BEEN.

is taſteleſs, and rov - - ing a pain.

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

To try her ſweet temper, oft times am I ſeen,
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green :
Tho' painful my abſence, my doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at night with complaiſance and ſmiles.

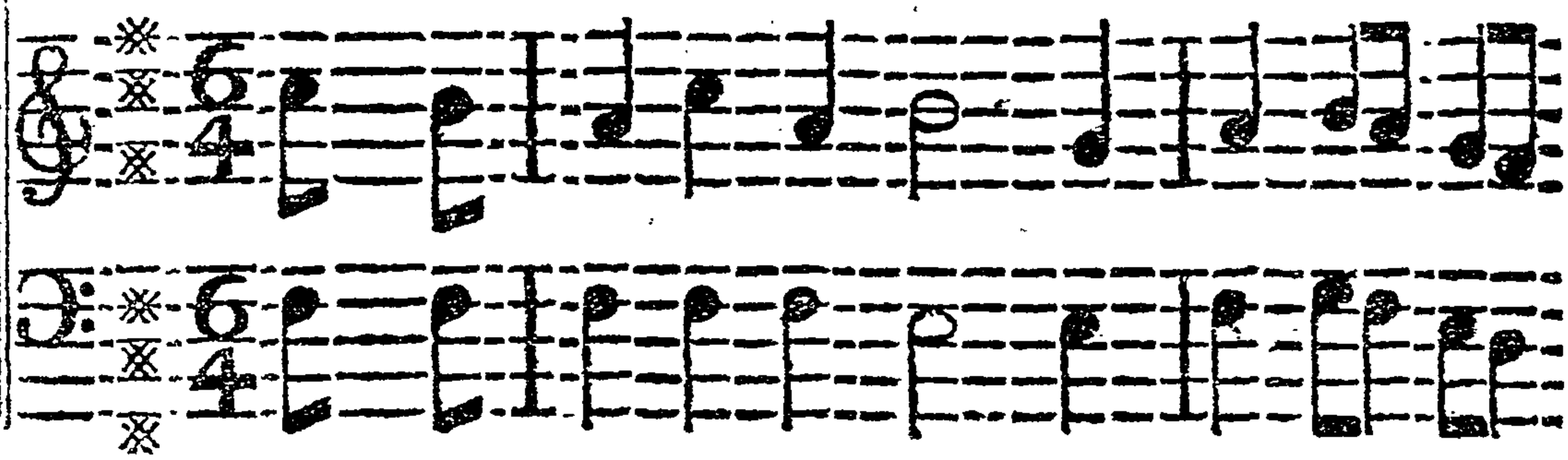
What tho' on her cheeks the roſe loſes its hue,
Her wit and good humour blooms all the year thro' :
Time ſtill, as he flies, adds increaſe to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he ſteals from her youth.

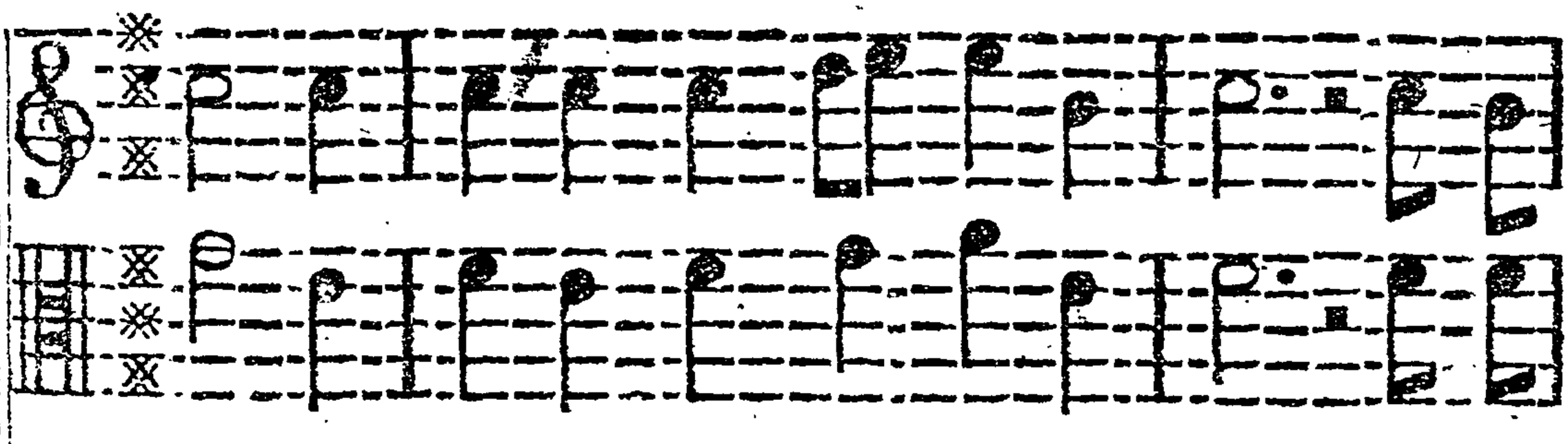
Ye ſhepherds ſo gay, who make love to enſnare,
And cheat with falſe vows the too credulous fair,
In ſearch of true pleaſure how vainly you roam,
To hold for life you muſt find it at home.

SONG LXIII.

THE JOLLY SAILOR.

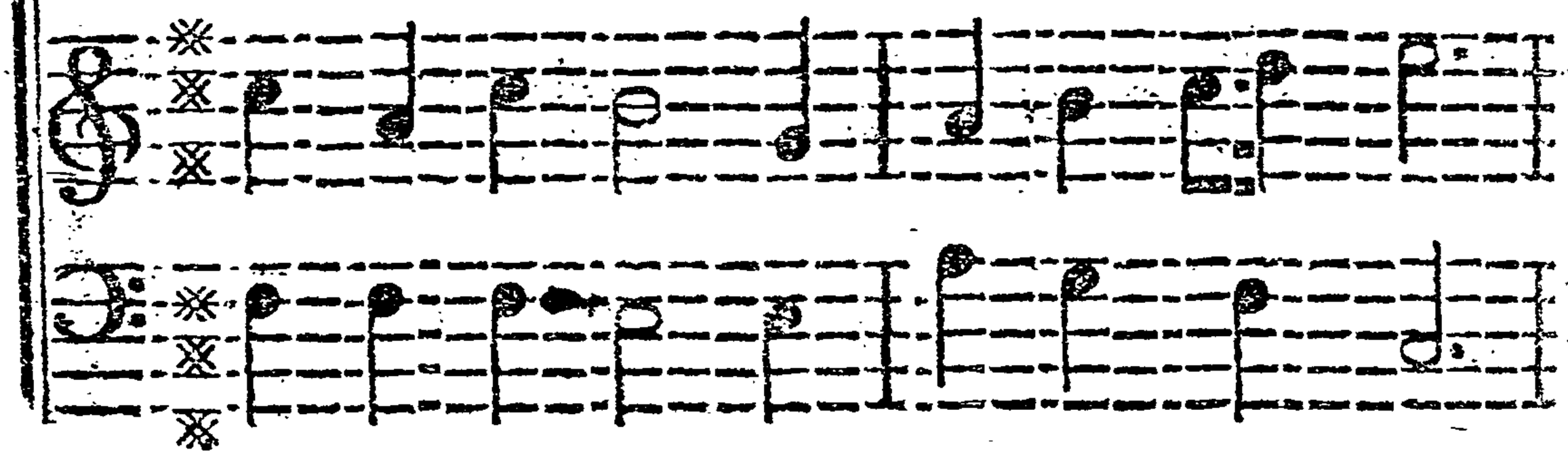
When my fortune does frown, I'll not be caſt

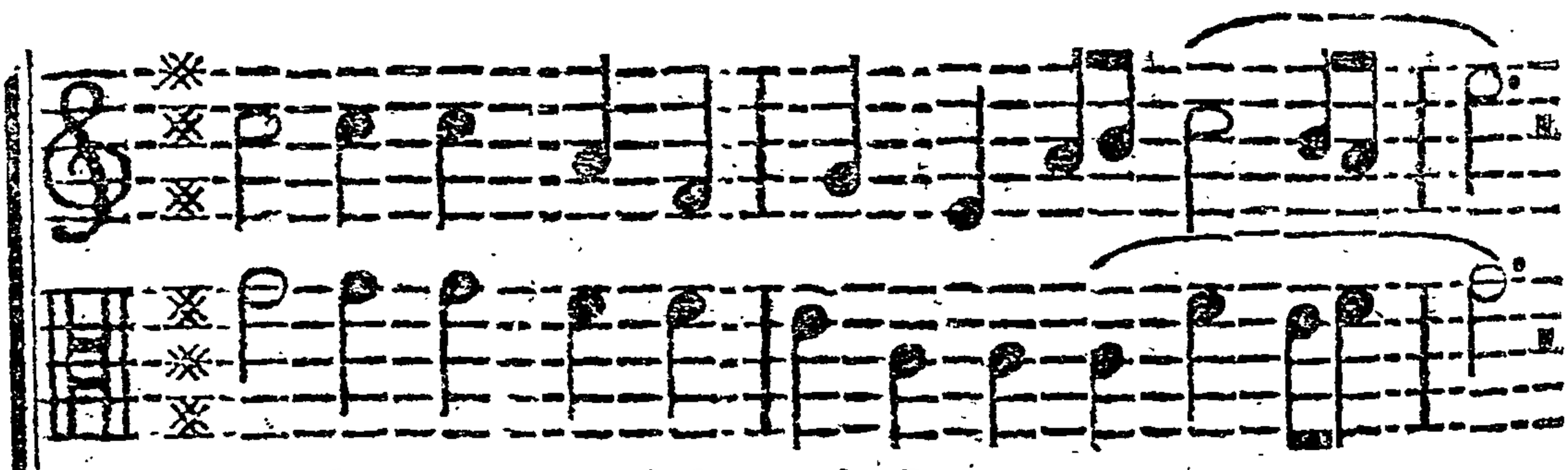




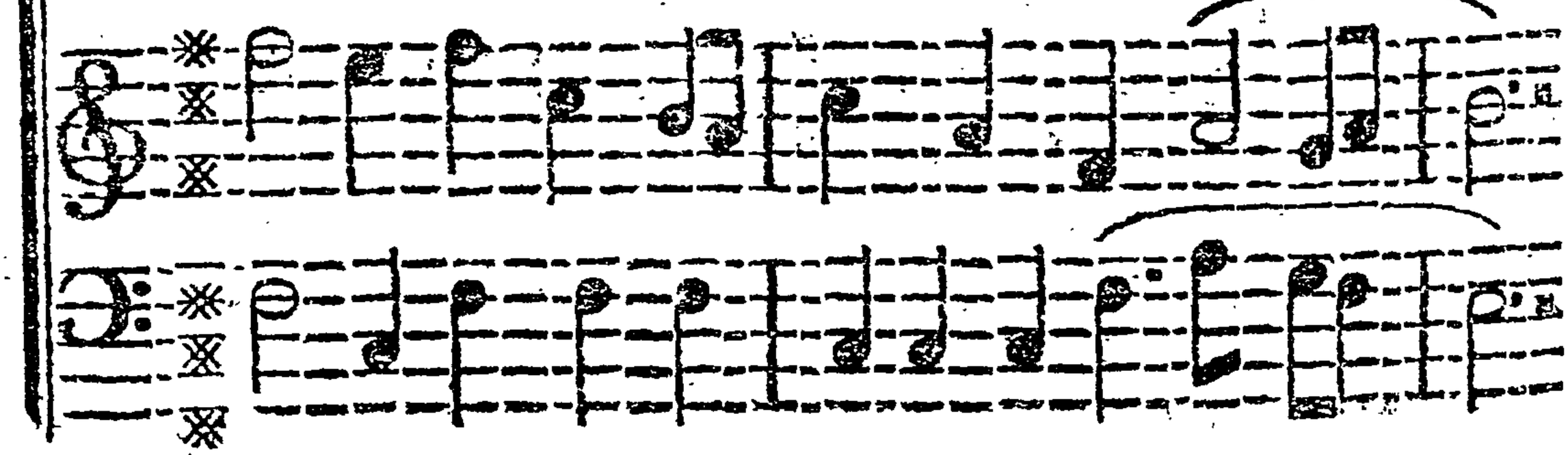
down, Repining wont al-ter my ſtore: But a

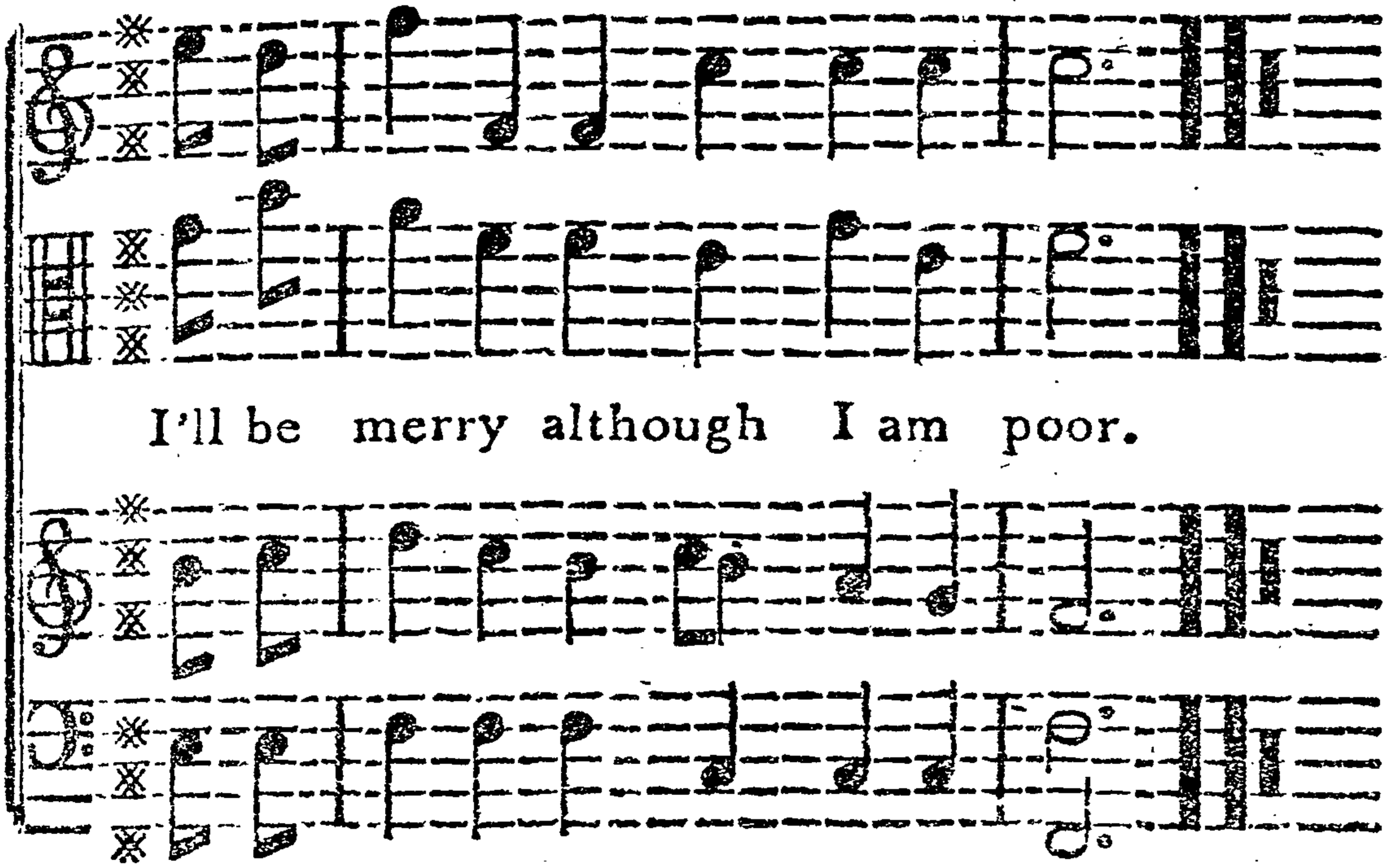
good ſtate of health, Is better than wealth ;





I'll be merry although I am poor.





I'll be merry although I am poor.

The ſoldier delights,
In blood, wars and fights,
  The ſailor to ſail the ſeas o'er:
While this mind I'm in,
I'll keep a full ſkin:
  I'll be merry, &c.

When the ſailors drink wine,
Their lovers repine:
  The miſer is fond of his ſtore,
Give me but one quart,
Juſt to comfort my heart,
  I'll be merry, &c.

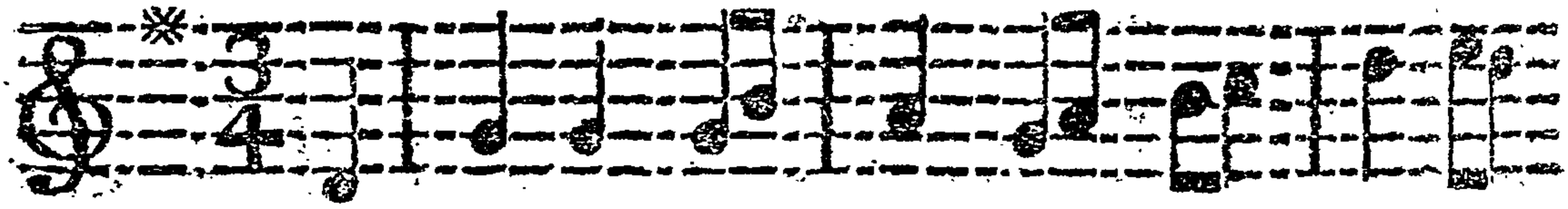
Ye benevolent ſouls,
With full flowing bowls,
  Who cheerfully add to the ſtore:

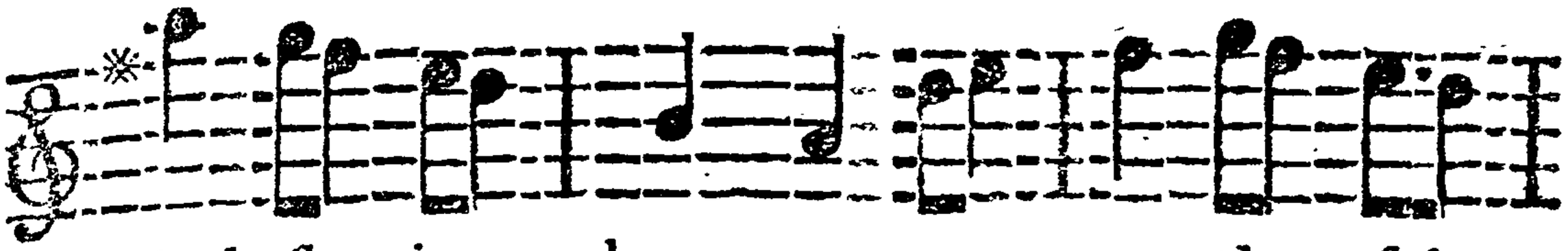
Give the glutton his diſh,
And me what I wiſh,
I'll be merry, &c.

And ye drunken ſots,
Who call for your pots,
And ever are calling for more:
Only juſt let me drink,
And I'll make you all think,
I'll be merry, &c.

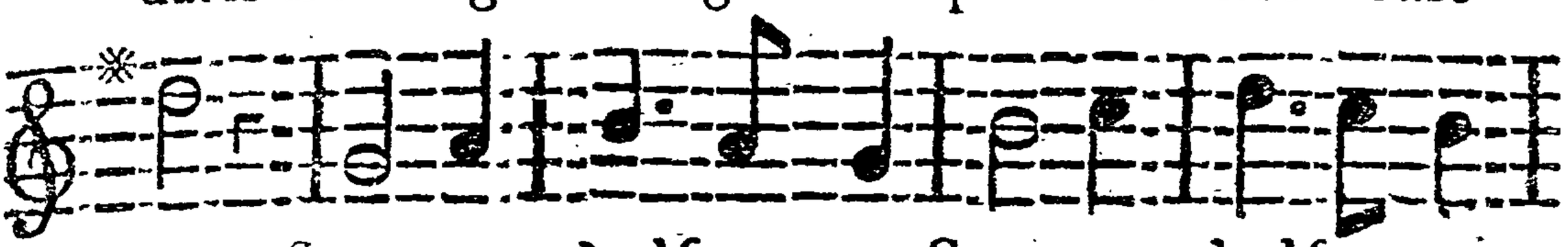
SONG LXIV.

THE DESPONDING NEGRO.

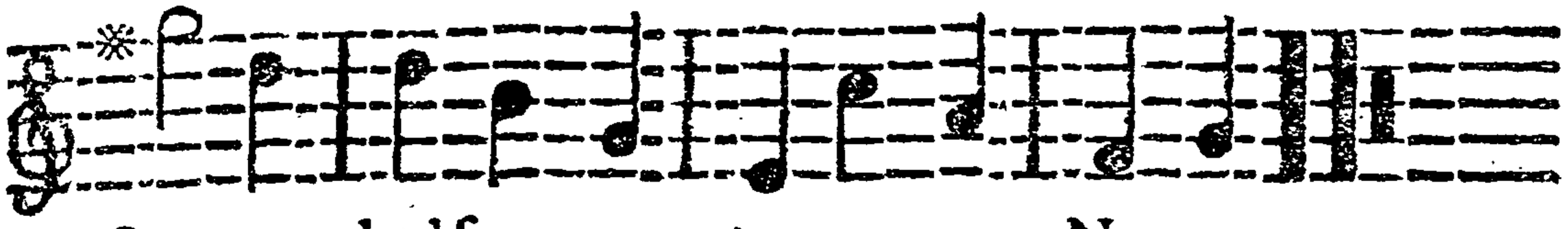




dark floating dungeon up--on the ſalt



wave, Spare a halfpenny, Spare a halfpenny,



Spare a halfpenny to a poor Negro,

Toſs'd on the wild main, I all wildly deſpairing,
Burſt my chains ruſh'd on deck with my eyeballs glaring,
When the lightnings dread blaſt ſtruck the inlets of day,
And its glorious bright beams ſhut forever away.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

The deſpoiler of man then his proſpect thus loſing,
Of gain by my ſale, not a blind bargain chooſing,
As my value compar'd with my keeping was light,
Had me daſh'd overboard in the dead of night.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

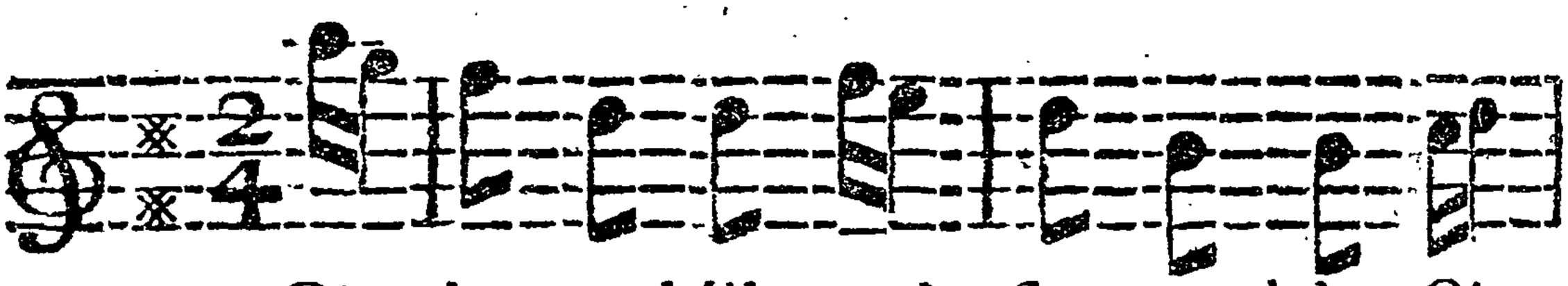
And but for a bark to Britannia's coaſt bound then,
All my cares by that plunge in the deep had been drown'd then,
But by moonlight deſcry'd, I was ſnatch'd from the wave,
And reluctantly robb'd of a watery grave.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

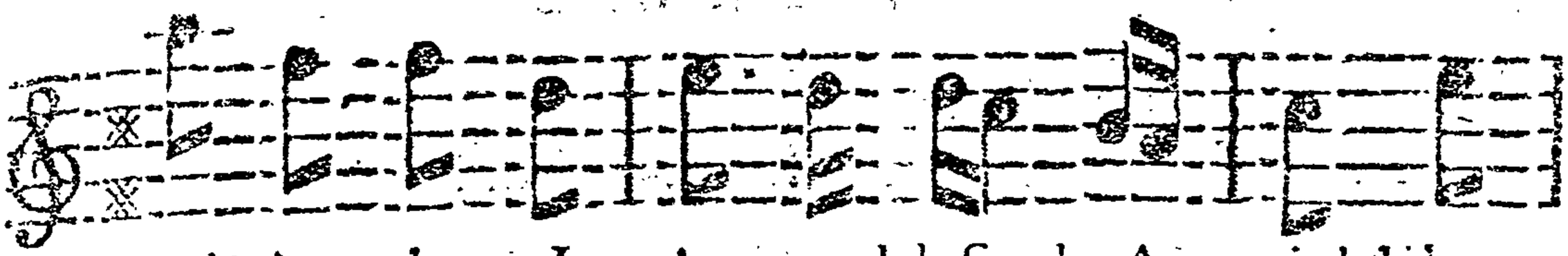
How diſaſtrous my fate, freedom's ground tho' I tread now,
(bread now,
Torn from home, wife and children, and wand'ring for
While ſeas roll between us which ne'er can be croſs'd,
And hope's diſtant glimm'rings in darkneſs are loſt.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

But of minds foul and fair when the judge and the ponderer,
(derer,
Shall reſtore light and reſt to the blind and the wan-
The European's deep dye may outrival the ſloe,
And the ſoul of an Ethiop prove white as the ſnow.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

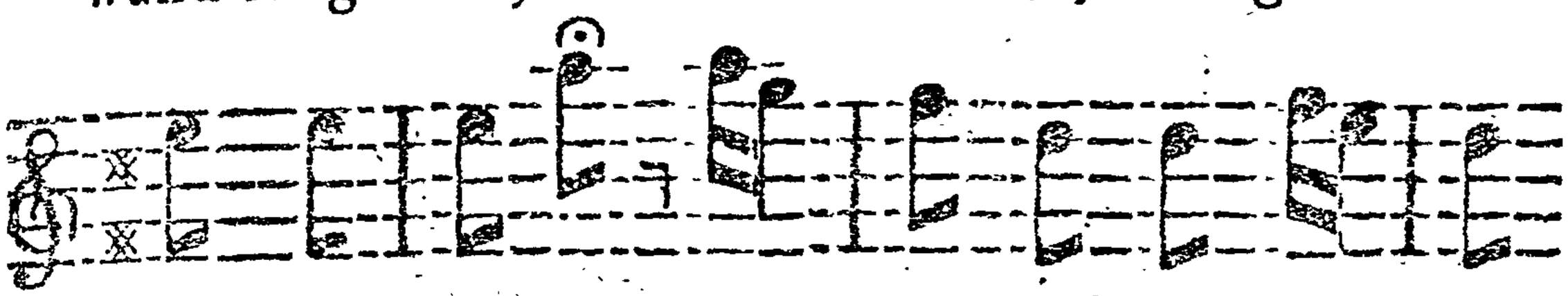
SONG LXV.

SWEET LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

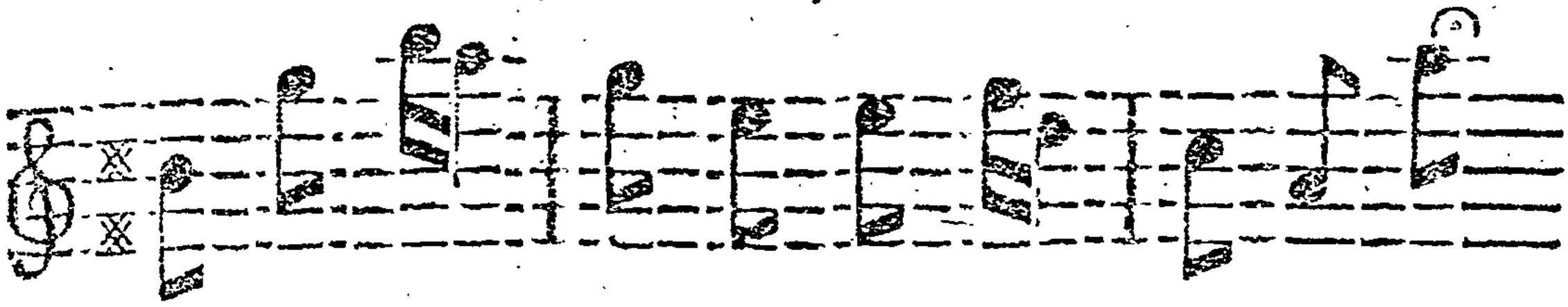




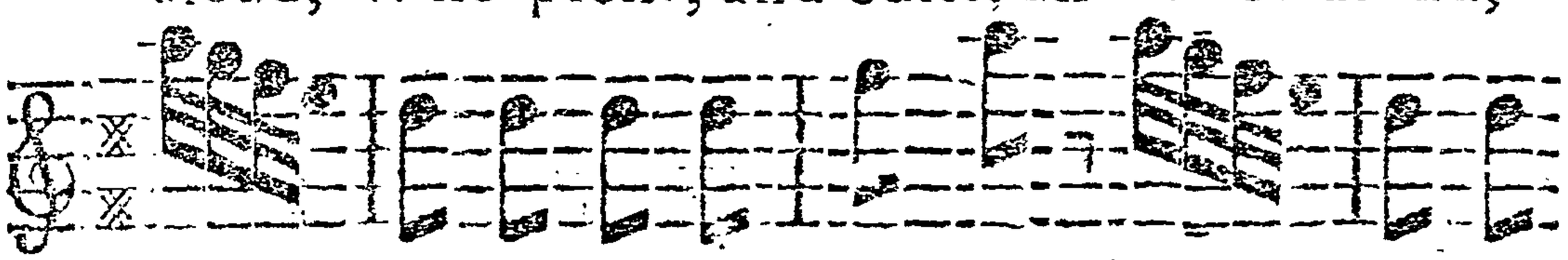
wand'ring thus, I ne'er could find, A girl like



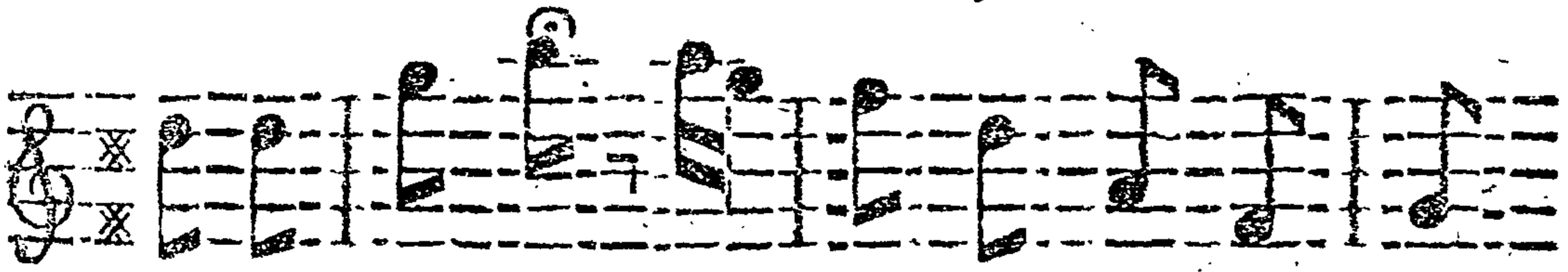
blithſome Sally—Who picks, and culls, and cries



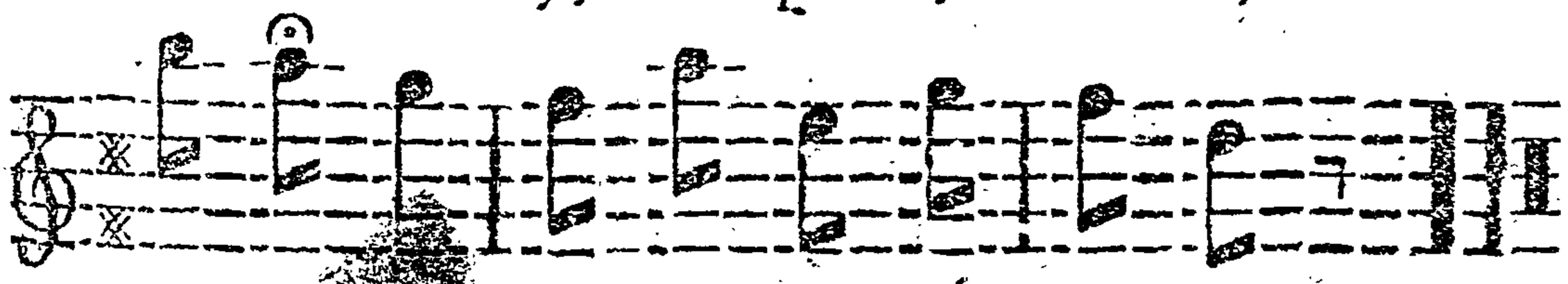
aloud, Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,



Sweet Lilies of the Valley, Sweet Lilies



of the Valley, Who picks, and culls, and cries



aloud, Sweet Lilies of the Valley.

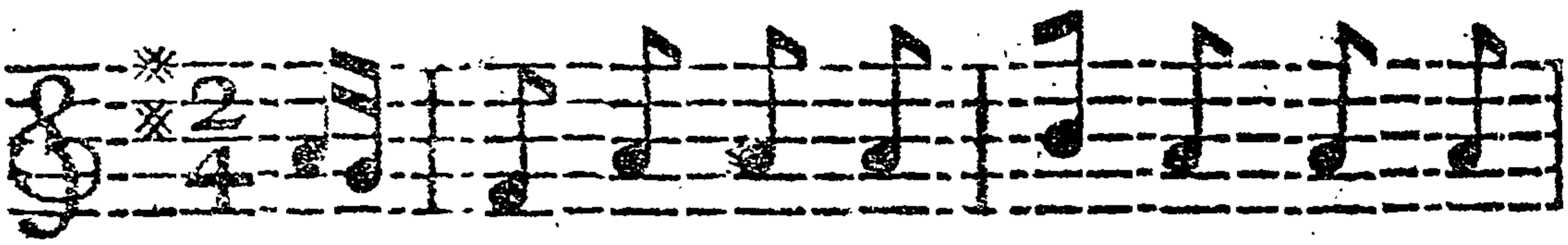
From whiſtling o'er the harrow'd turf,
From neſting of each tree,
I choſe a ſoldier's life to wed,
So ſocial, gay, and free:

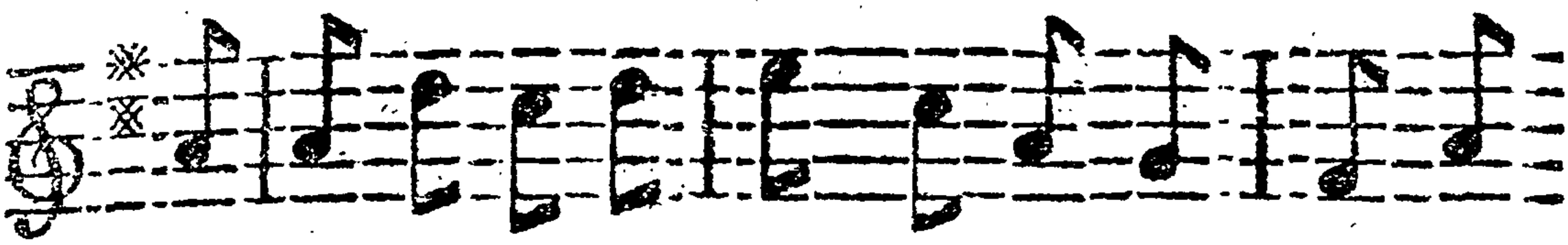
Yet, tho' the laſſes love as well,
And often try to rally,
None pleaſes me like her who cries—
Sweet Lilies of the Valley.

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

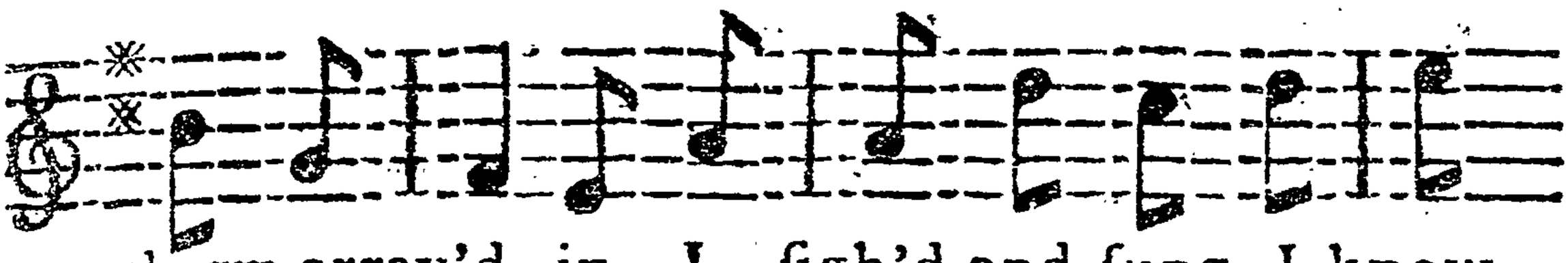
SONG LXVI.

DEAR LITTLE COTTAGE MAIDEN.

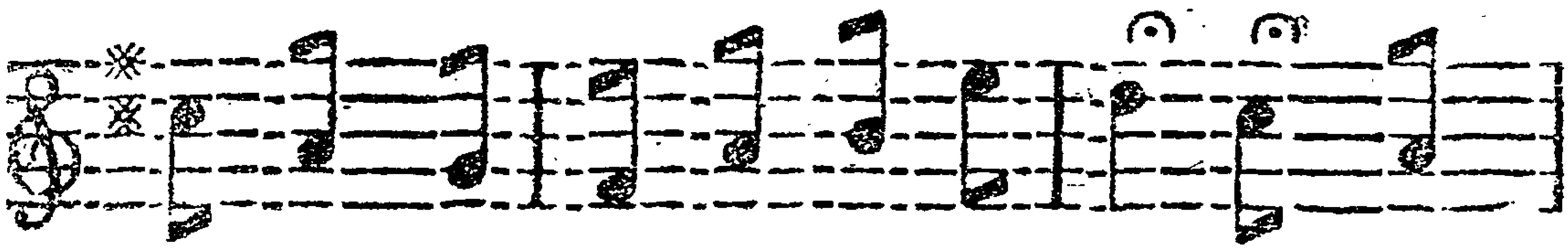




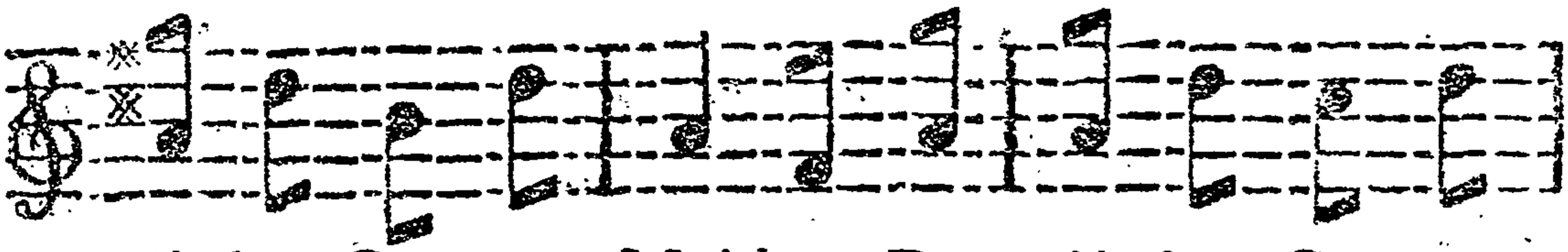
But when Priſcilla caught my eye, With ev'ry



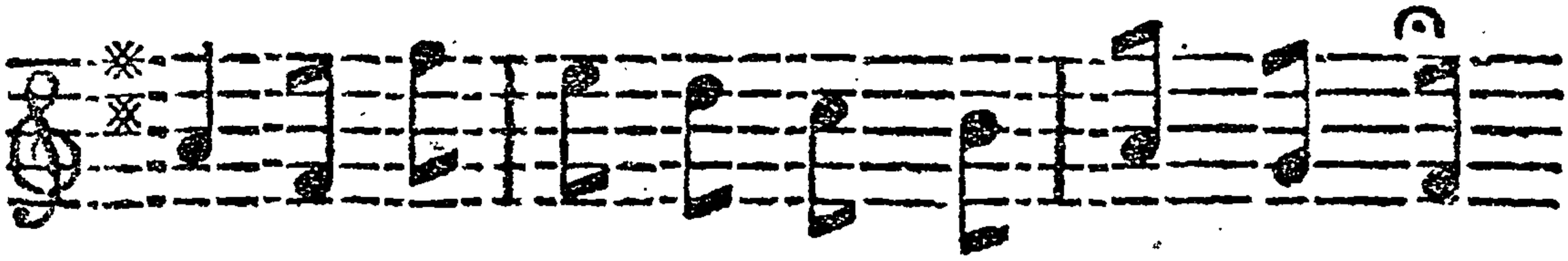
charm array'd in, I ſigh'd and ſung, I know



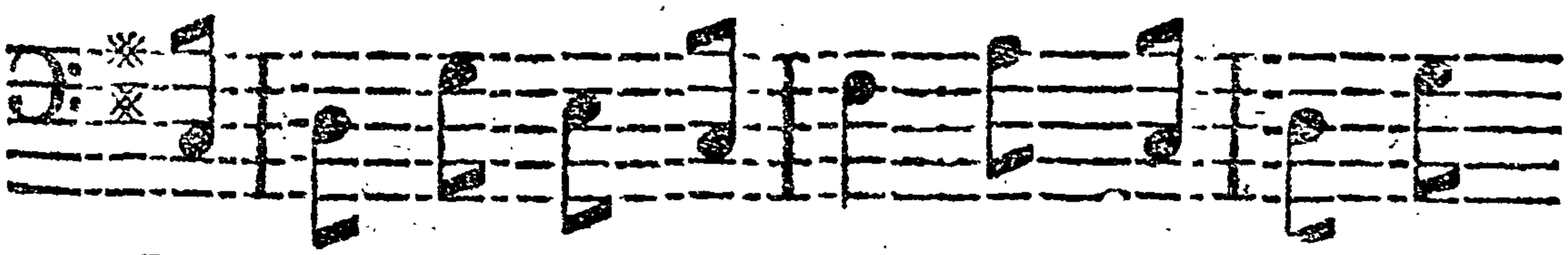
not why, Dear little Cottage Maiden, Dear



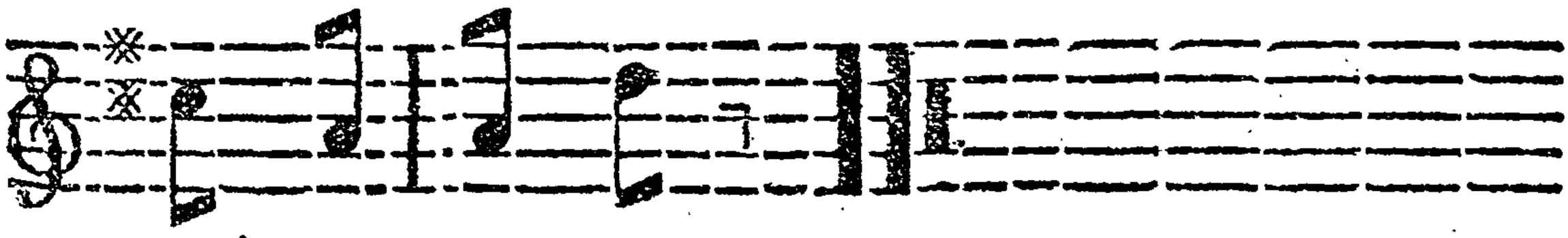
little Cottage Maiden, Dear little Cottage



Maiden, I ſigh'd and ſung, I know not why,



Dear little Cottage Maiden, Dear little



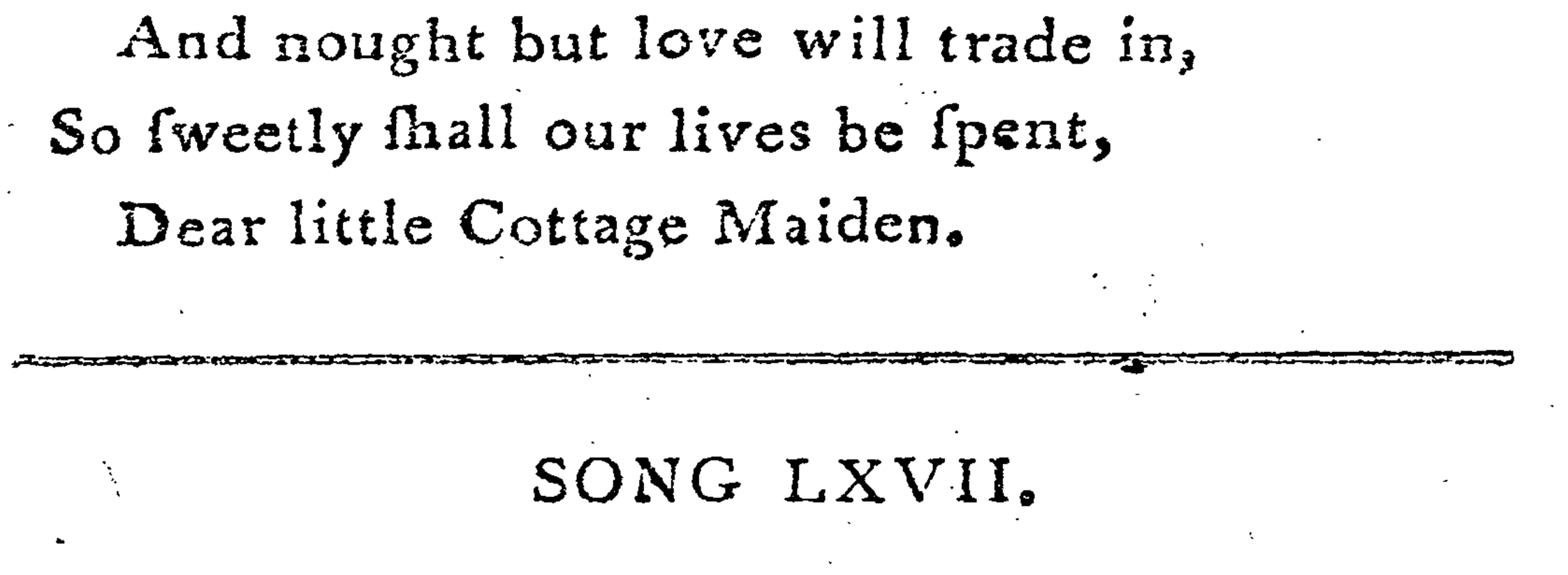
Cottage Maiden.

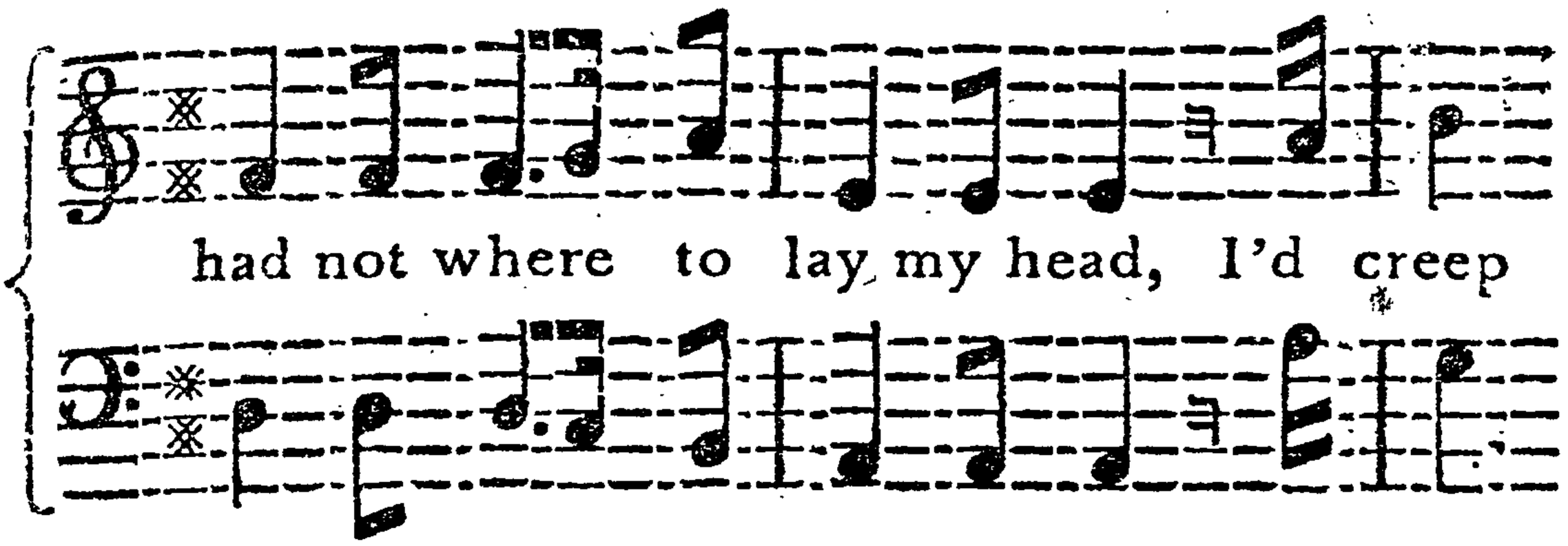
And would the charmer be but mine,
Sweet nymph, I'd ſo revere thee;
I'd gladly ſhare my fate with thine,
And evermore be near thee.
Tho' gold may pleaſe the proud and great,
My heart with love is laden,
Then let us join in wedlock's ſtate,
Dear little Cottage Maiden.

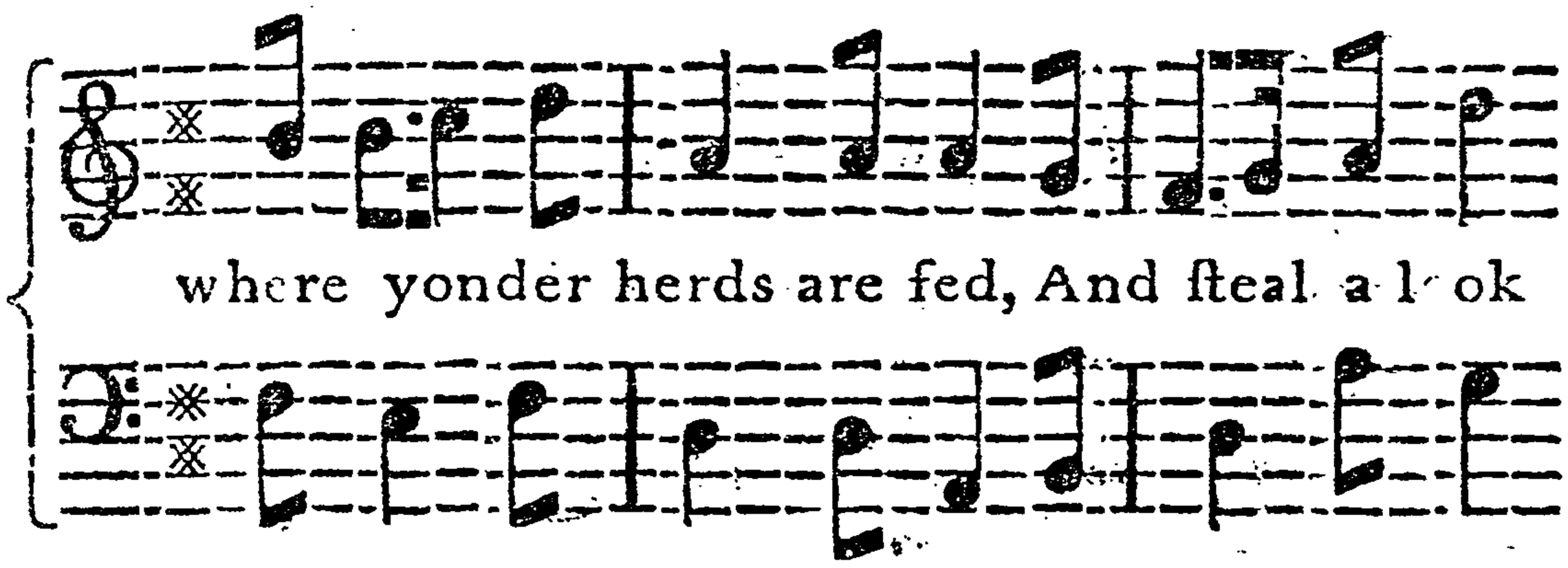
O'er me and mine, come miſtreſs prove,
And then, what ill can harm us,
Kind hymen will each fear remove,
And ſpread each ſweet to charm us:
Together we will live content,
And nought but love will trade in,
So ſweetly ſhall our lives be ſpent,
Dear little Cottage Maiden.

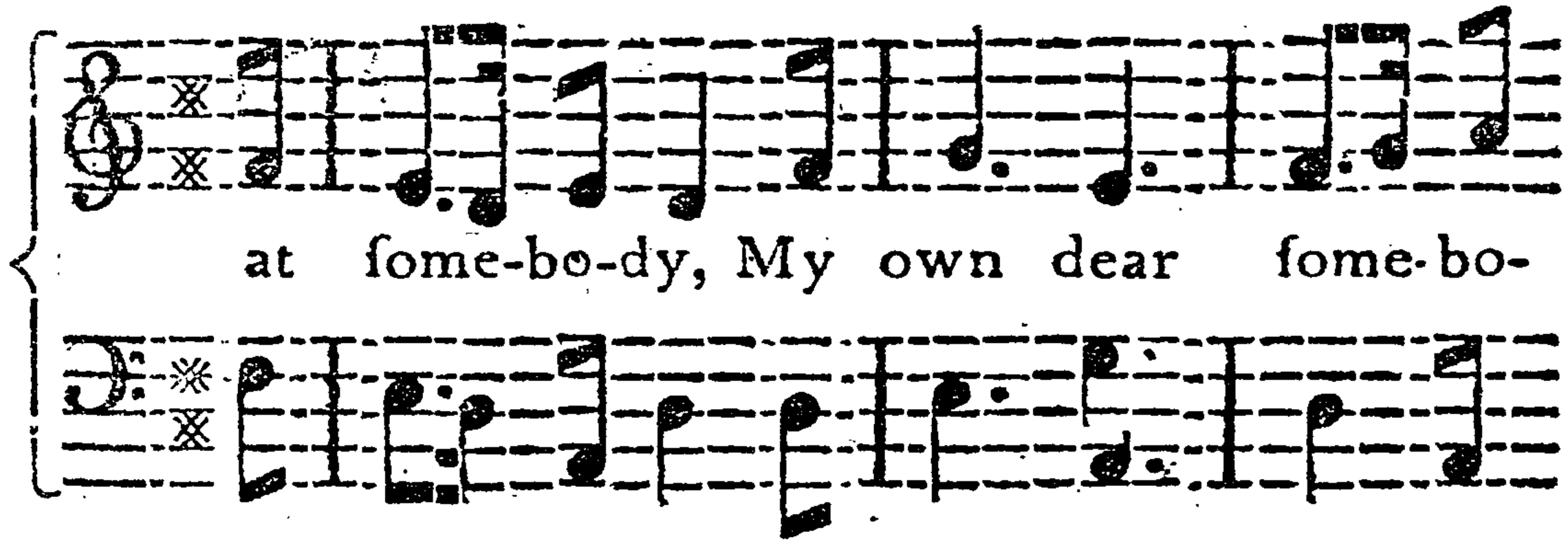
SONG LXVII.

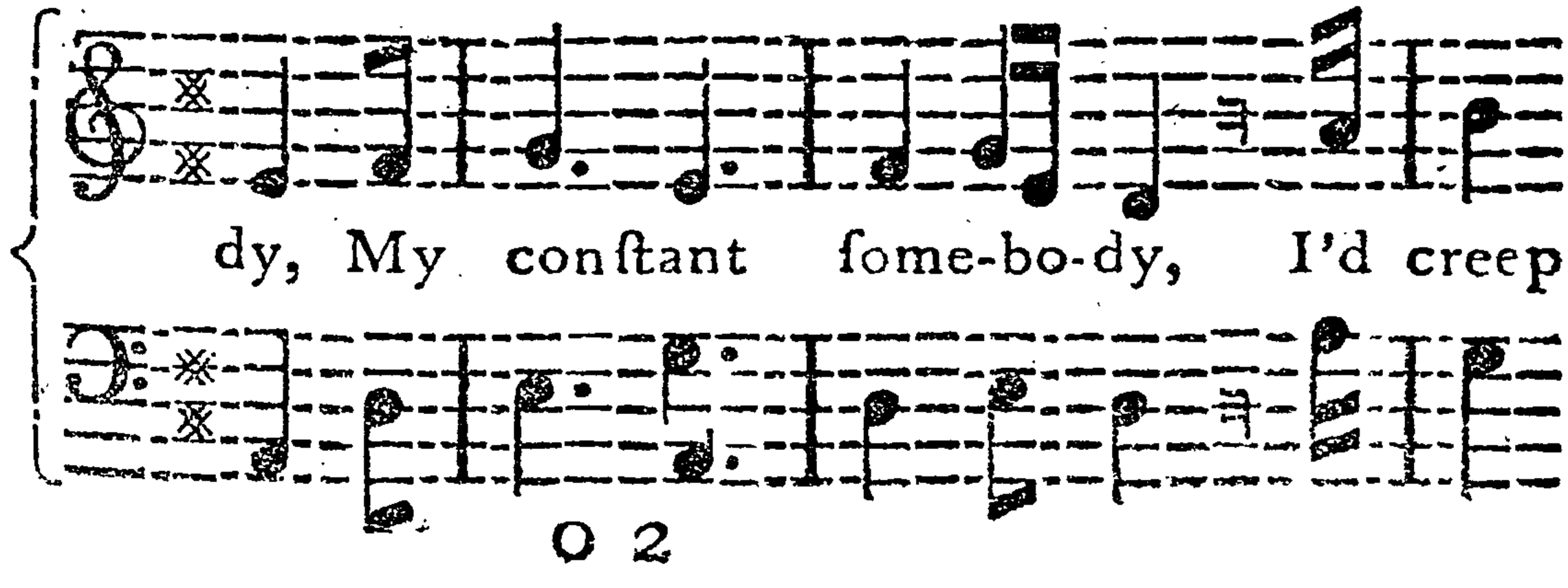
SOMEBODY.

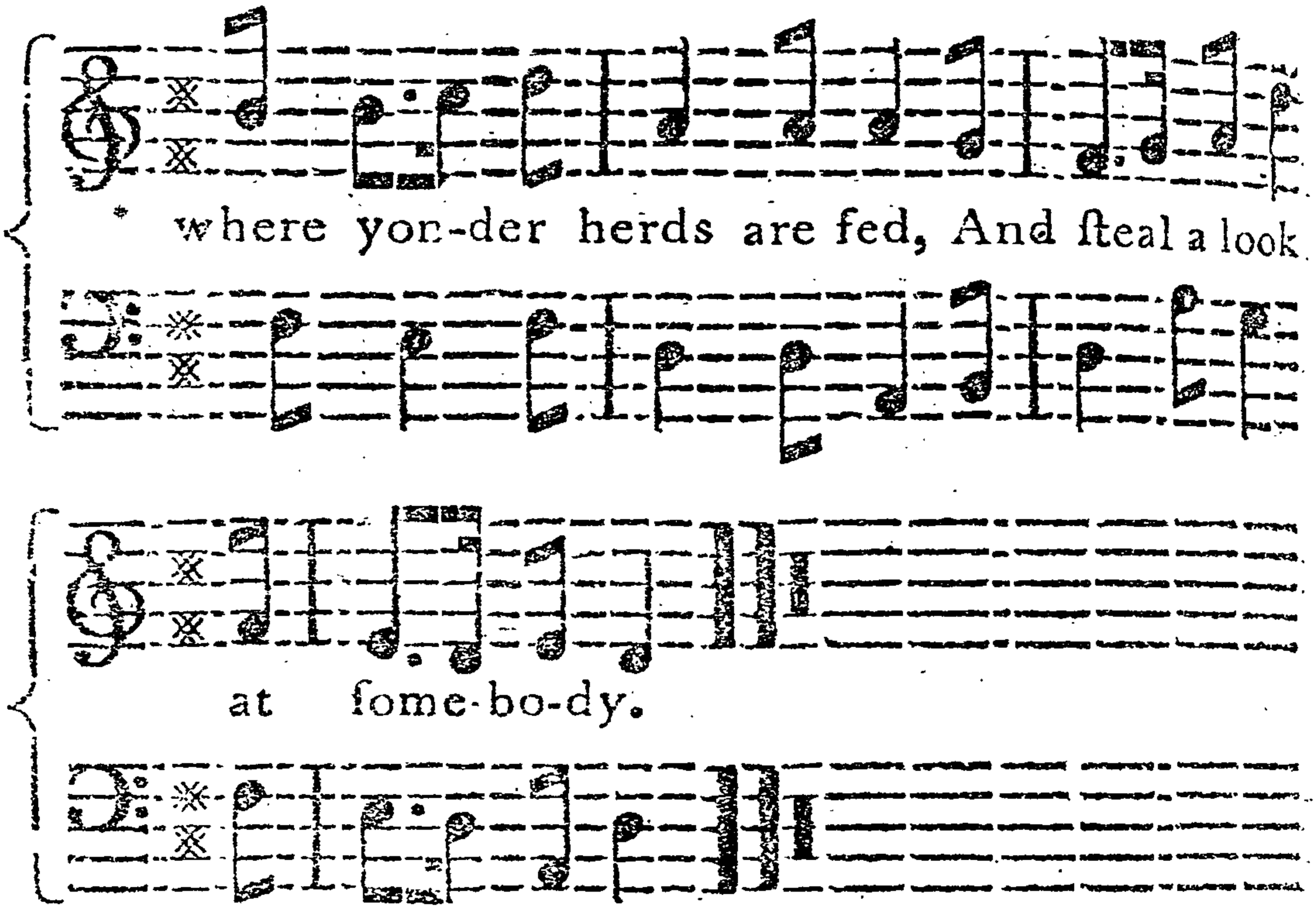



had not where to lay my head, I'd creep


where yonder herds are fed, And ſteal a look


at ſome-bo-dy, My own dear ſome-bo-


dy, My conſtant ſome-bo-dy, I'd creep



When I'm laid low, and am at reſt,
And maybe number'd with the bleſt,
Say will thy artleſs feeling breaſt
Throb with regard for—ſomebody :
Thy own dear ſomebody—
Thy conſtant ſomebody.
Ah ! will you drop the pitying tear,
And ſigh for the loſt—ſomebody ?

But ſhould I ever live to ſee
That form ſo much ador'd by me,
Then thou'lt reward my conſtancy,
And I'll be bleſt with—ſomebody :
My own dear ſomebody—
My conſtant ſomebody.
Then ſhall my tears be dri'd by thee,
And I'll be bleſt with—ſomebody.

SONG LXVIII.

FOREVER FORTUNE.

Forever, Fortune wilt thou prove An un-

relenting foe to love? And when we meet a

mutual heart, Come in between and bid us part?

Bid us figh on, from day to day, And wifh and

wifh our fouls away, Till youth and genial years

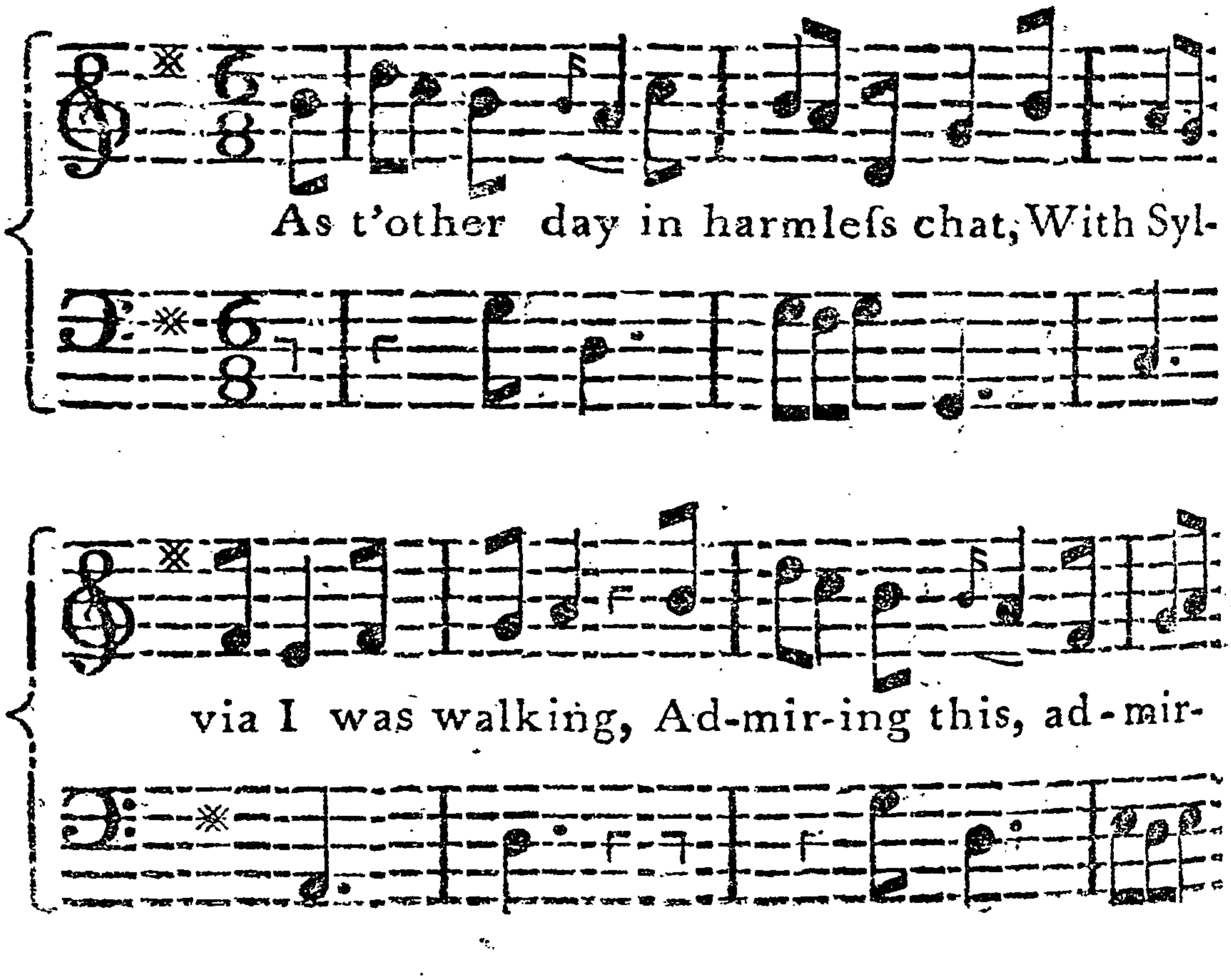
are flown, And all the life of life is gone.

But buſy, buſy ſtill art thou
To bind the loveleſs, joyleſs vow;
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
To bind the gentle with the rude.

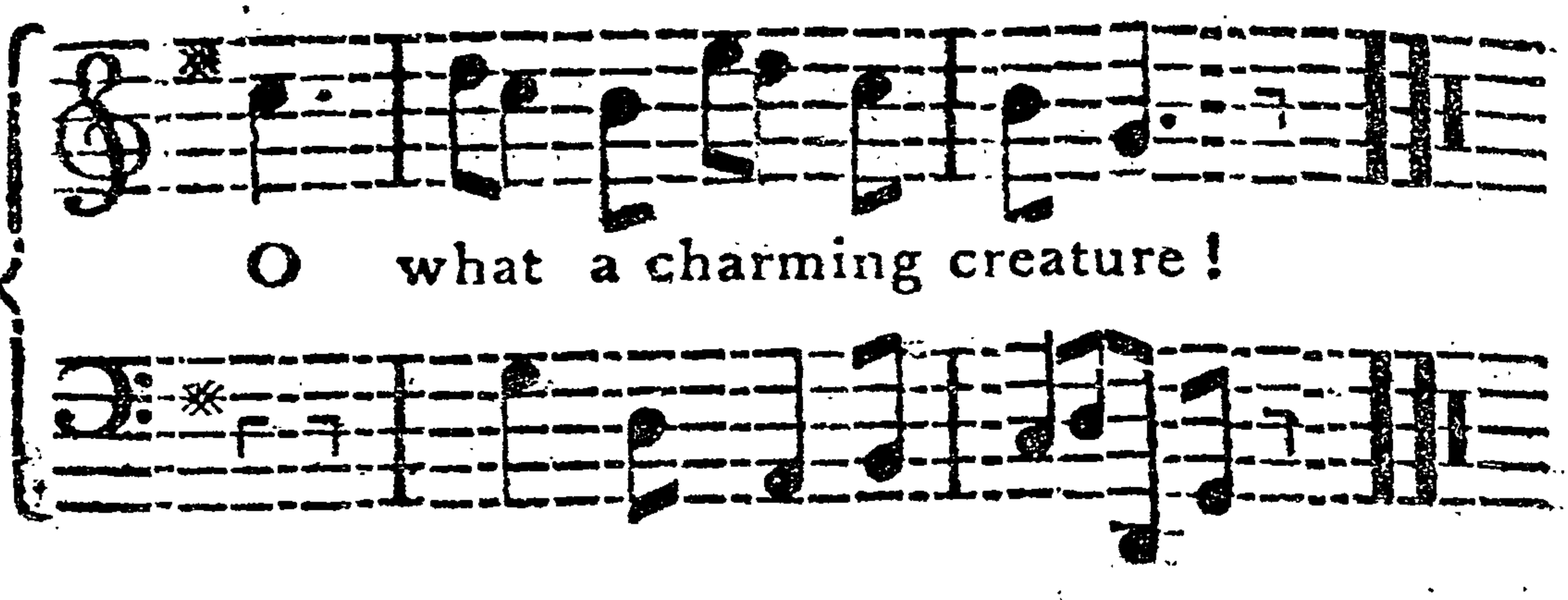
For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
And I abſolve thy future care;
All other bleſſings I reſign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

SONG LXIX.

THE CHARMING CREATURE.



ing that, To-gether ſweetly talking; Young
Damon met us in the grove, With joy in
ev'ry feature; He preſs'd my hand, then whiſ-
per'd love, O what a charming creature!

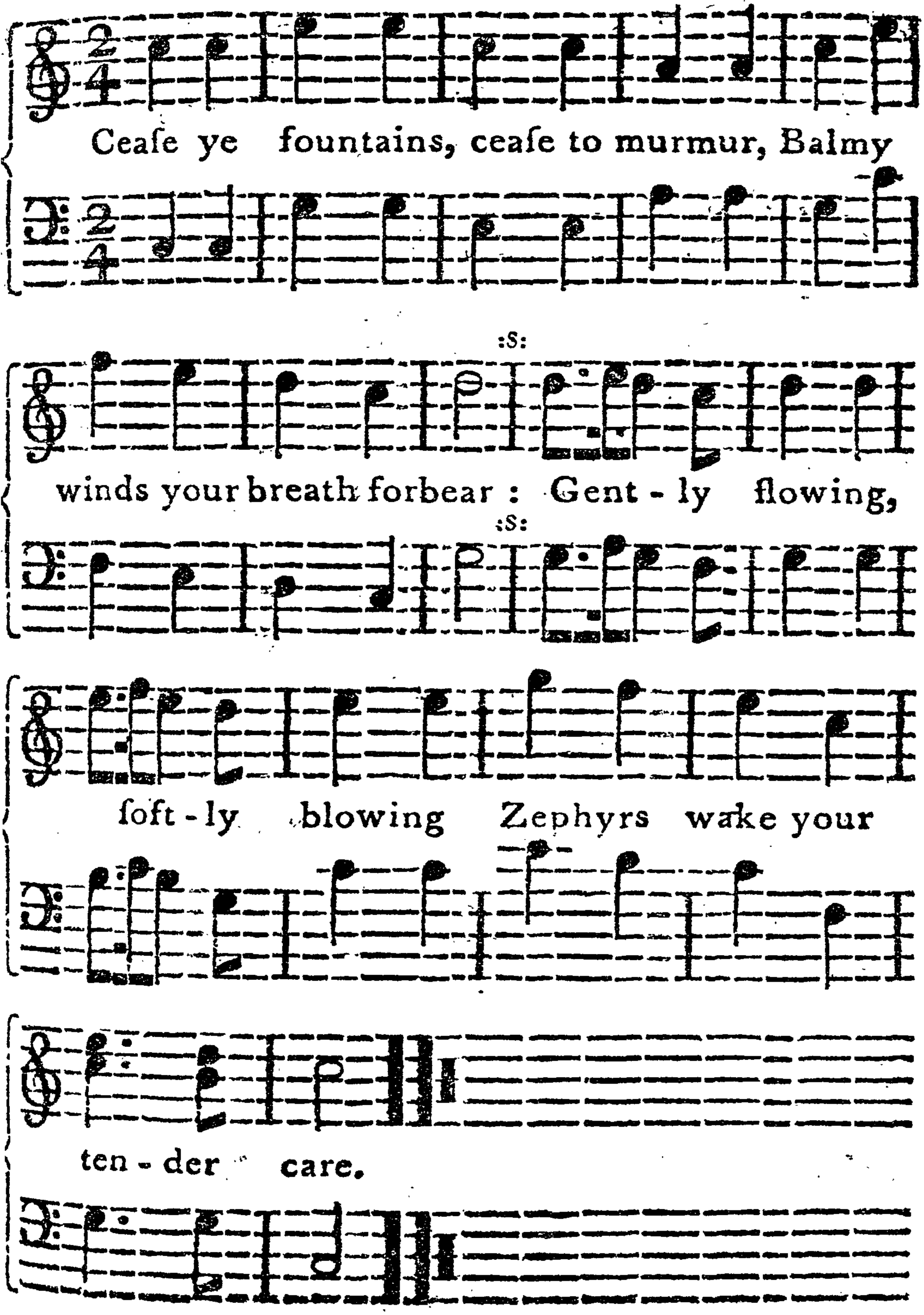


His paſſion oft times he expreſs'd,
In words ſo ſoft and kind,
I felt a ſomething in my breaſt,
But doubts were in my mind.
I told him he with Doll was ſeen,
And ſure he came to meet her ;
He vow'd I was his only queen,
O what a charming creature !

To yonder church, then ſhall we go ?
He preſt me to comply ;
(How can the men thus teaze one ſo ?)
I try'd from him to fly ;
And will my Delia name the day ?
Let Damon kindly greet her ?
Thus cloſely preſt, what could I ſay
To ſuch a charming creature !

SONG LXX.

THE UNHAPPY SWAIN.



Gentle nymph, aſſuage my anguiſh,
At your feet a humble ſwain ;
Prays you would not ſee him languiſh,
One kind look would ſoothe my pain.

Did you know the lad who courts you,
He not long would ſue in vain ;
Prince of ſong, and dance, and ſport, you
Scarce can meet the like again.

By his ſighs you may diſcover,
What fond wiſhes touch his heart ;
Eyes can ſpeak, and tell the lover,
What the tongue cannot impart.

Ah ! my Delia, muſt I leave thee,
Can my ſoul ſuch pains endure ;
Think, oh ! think how parting grieves me,
Nought on earth affords a cure.

Muſt theſe eyes no more behold thee,
Dreſs'd in ev'ry blooming grace ;
Muſt theſe arms no more enfold thee ;
Muſt a phantom fill the place.

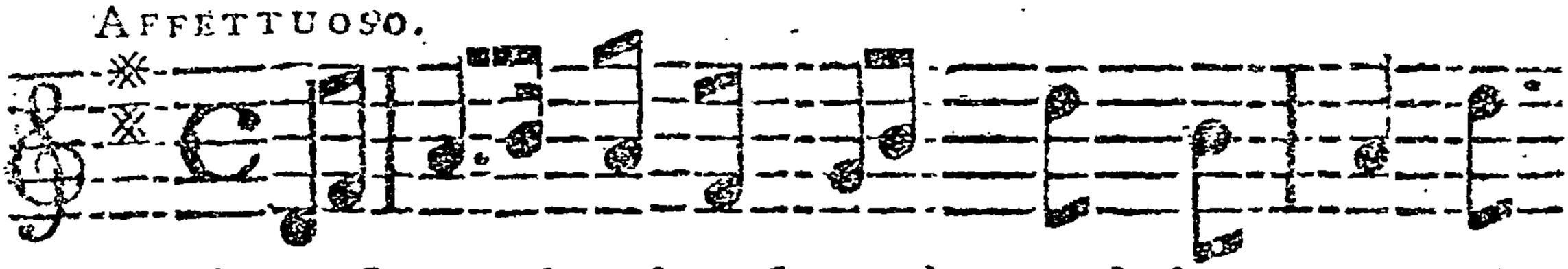
Bluſhing ſhame forbids revealing,
What the heart muſt diſapprove ;
But 'tis hard, and paſt concealing,
When we truly, fondly, love.

If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more, to give him eaſe;
When his paſſion you diſcover,
Oh! how pleaſing 'tis to pleaſe.

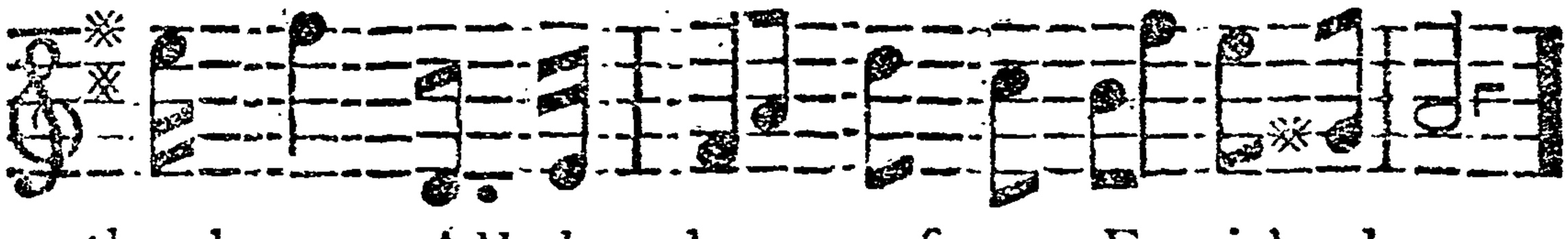
SONG LXXI.

THE STREAMLET THAT FLOW'D ROUND HER COT.

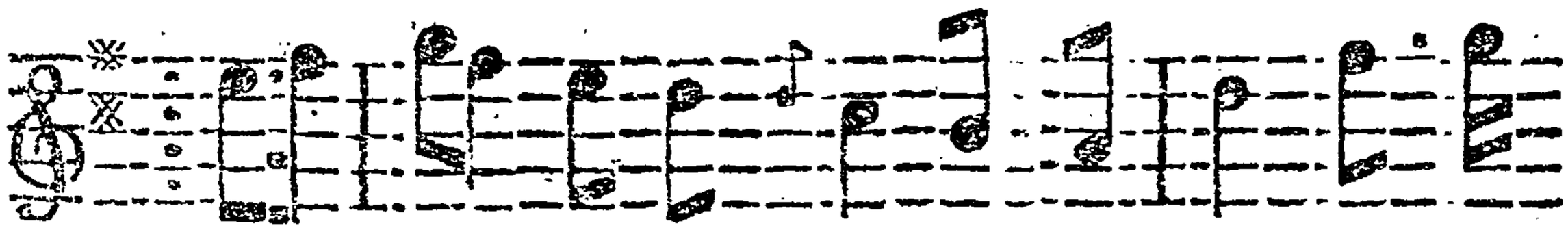
AFFETTUOSO.



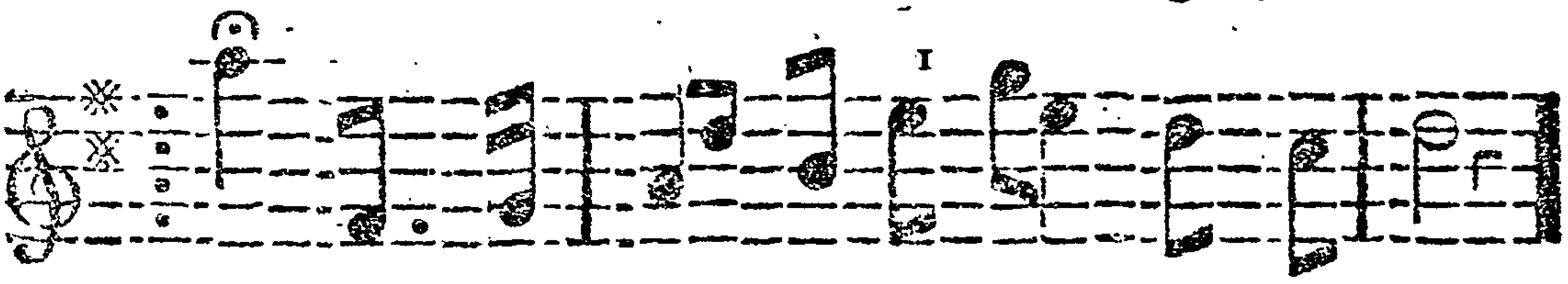
The ſtreamlet that flow'd round her cot, All



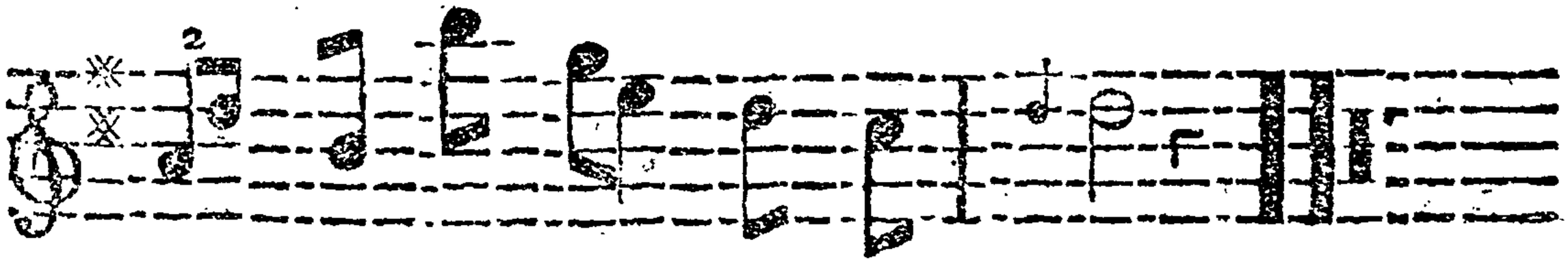
the charms, All the charms of my Em-i-ly knew:



How oft has its courſe been forgot, While it



paus'd, While it paus'd her dear image to woo.

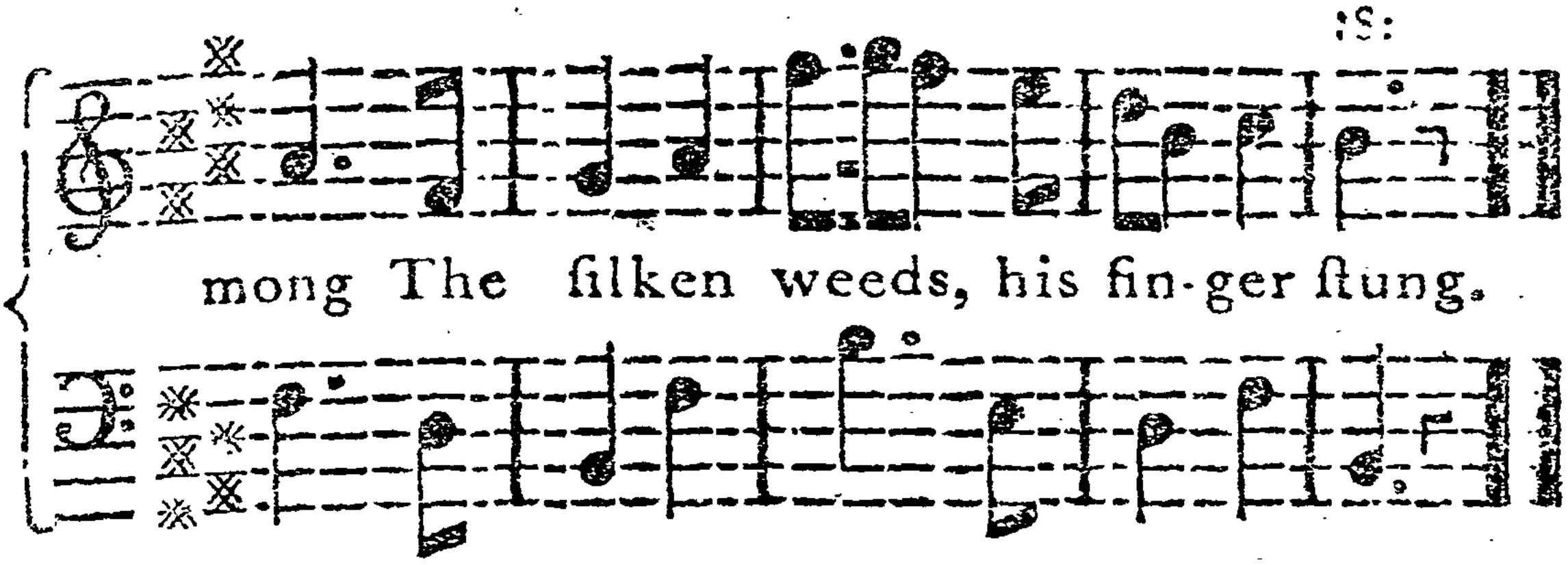


paus'd her dear image to woo.

Believe me, the fond ſilver tide,
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,
For ſilently ſwelling with pride,
It reflected it back to the ſkies.

SONG LXXII.

THE BEE.



The tears his beauteous cheeks ran down,
He storm'd, he blow'd the burning wound;
Then flying to a neighbouring grove,
Thus plantive told the Queen of Love.

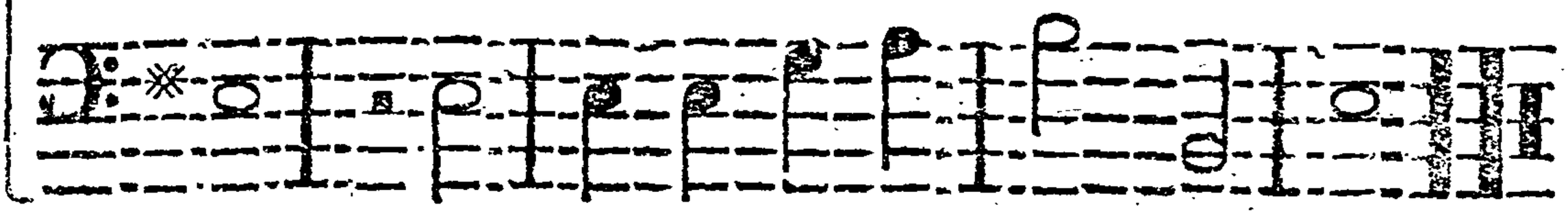
Ah! ah, mama, ah me, I die,
A little insect, wing'd to fly;
Its call'd a BEE, on yonder plain,
It stung me, oh! I die with pain!

Then VENUS mildly thus rejoin'd,
If you, my dear, such anguish find,
From the resentment of a BEE,
Think what those feel, who're stung by thee.

SONG LXXIII.

SOPHRONIA.

o'er, My life, my joy, my comfort's dead.



Deep from my ſoul, mark how the ſobs ariſe,
Hear the long groans that waſte my breath;
And read the mighty ſorrows in my eyes,
Lovely SOPHRONIA ſleeps in death.

Unkind diſeaſe, to veil that roſy face,
With tumors of a mortal pale;
While mortal purples with their diſmal grace,
And double terrors ſpot the veil.

Uncomely veil, and moſt unkind diſeaſe,
Is this SOPHRONIA once ſo fair?
Are theſe the features that were born to pleaſe,
And beauty ſpread her enſigns there?

I was all love, and ſhe was all delight,
Let me run back to ſeaſons paſt;
Ah! flow'ry days, when firſt ſhe charm'd my ſight,
But roſes will not always laſt.

But ſtill SOPHRONIA pleas'd, not time nor care,
Could take her youthful bloom away;
Virtue has charms, which nothing can impair,
Beauty like hers could ne'er decay.

Grace is a ſacred plant, of heavenly birth,
The ſeed deſcending from above,
Roots in a ſoil refin'd, grows high on earth,
And blooms with life, and joy, and love.

Such was SOPHRONIA'S ſoil, celeſtial dew
And angels food, was her repaſt;
Devotion was her work, and thence ſhe drew
Delight which ſtrangers never taſte.

Not the gay ſplendor of a flatt'ring court,
Could tempt her to appear and ſhine;
Her ſolemn airs forbid the world reſort,
But I was bleſt, for ſhe was mine.

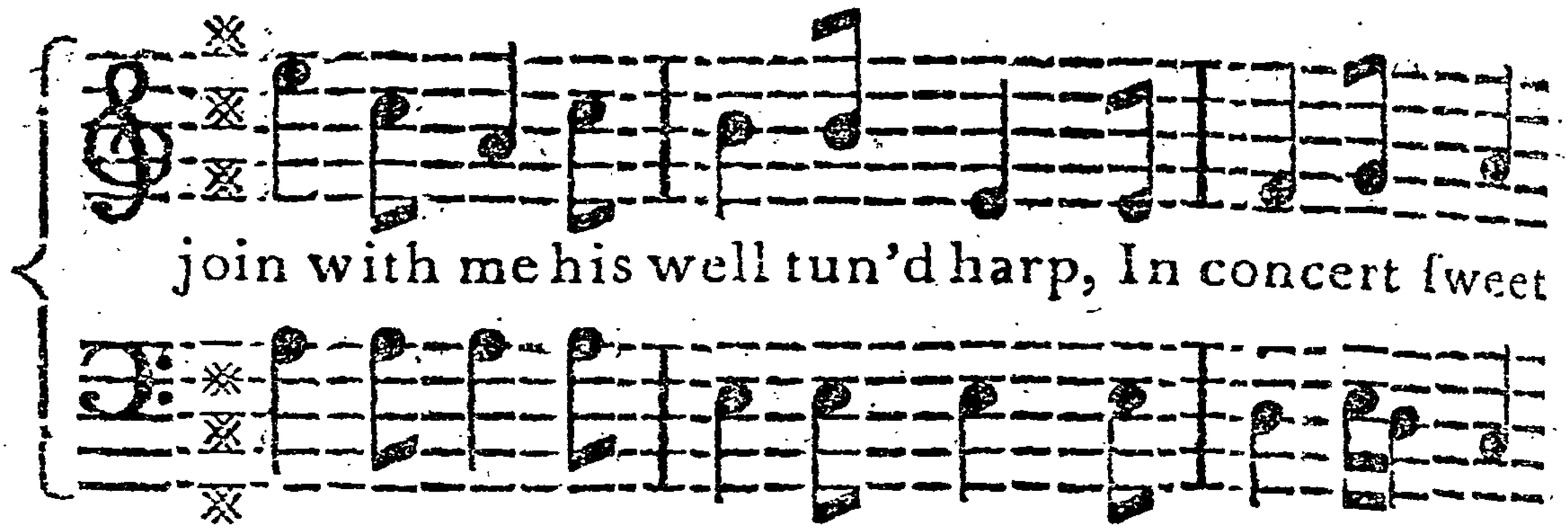
Safe on her welfare, all my pleaſures hung;
Her ſmiles could all my pains controul;
Her ſoul was made of ſoftneſs, and her tongue
Was ſoft and gentle as her ſoul.

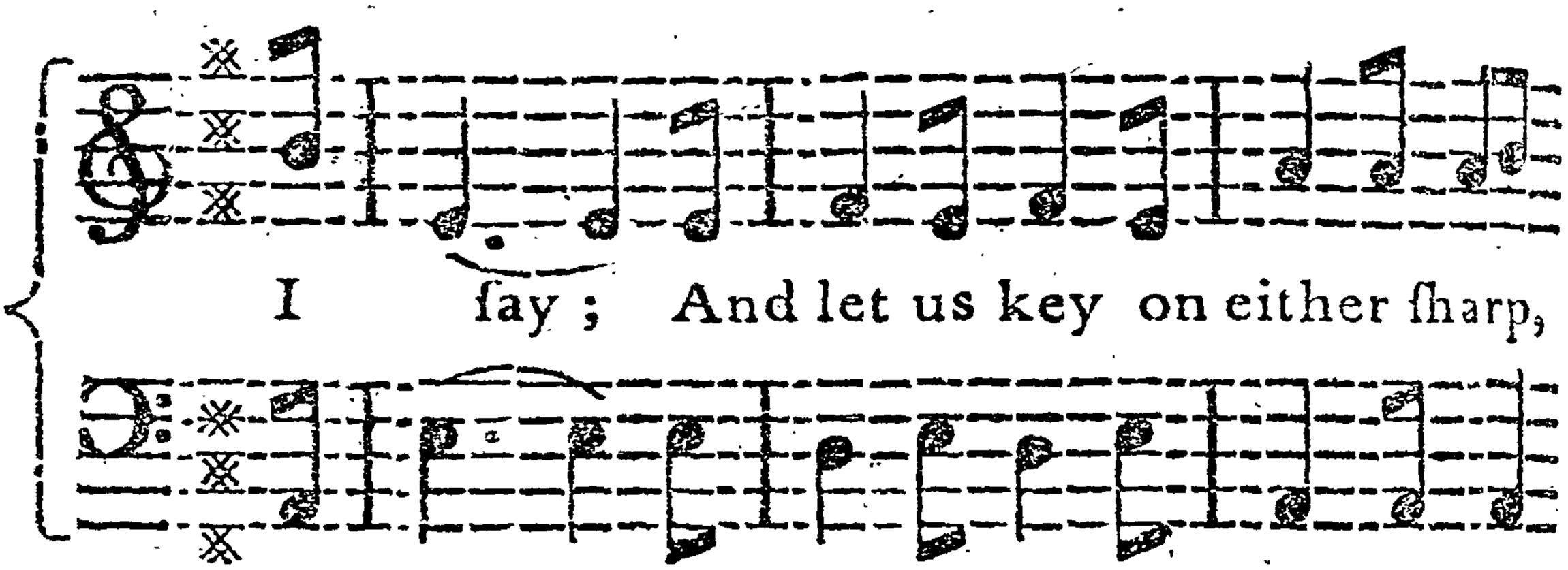
She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all,
Love grew with every waning moon;
Had heav'n, a length of years delay'd to call,
Still I had thought it call'd too ſoon.

But peace, my ſorrows, nor with murmuring voice,
Dare to accuſe heaven's high decree;
She was firſt ripe for everlaſting joys,
SOPHRON, ſhe waits above for thee.

SONG LXXIV.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY.





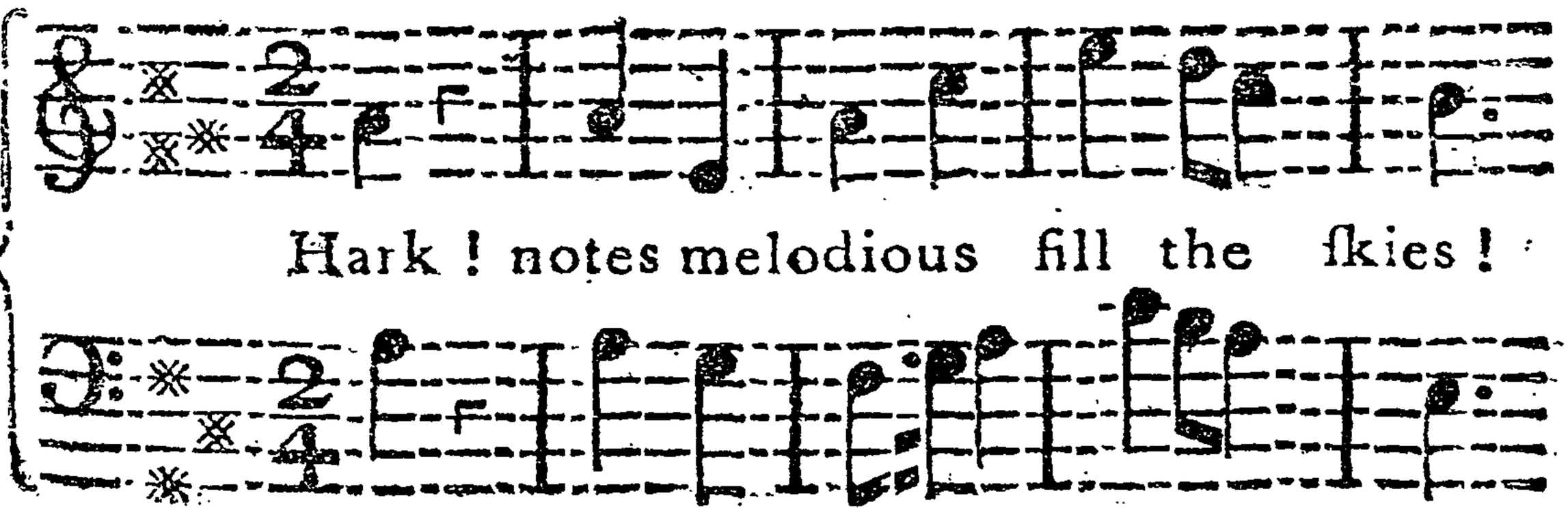
Let Will and John the Tenor ſound,
And ſing melodiouſly ;
While Ben and Jo, the Baſs do ground,
To make ſweet harmony :
Let George and James ſing Counter ſweet,
In chords that ſweetly play ;
To move all parts, ſoft and complete,
We'll ſing ſol, la, mi, fa.

Within the temple Solomon,
  In muſic took delight ;
And voices had, to join as one,
  Two hundred eighty eight :
Then may we ever take delight,
  In muſic's art, alway ;
And we'll unite, both day and night,
  To ſing ſol, la, mi, fa.

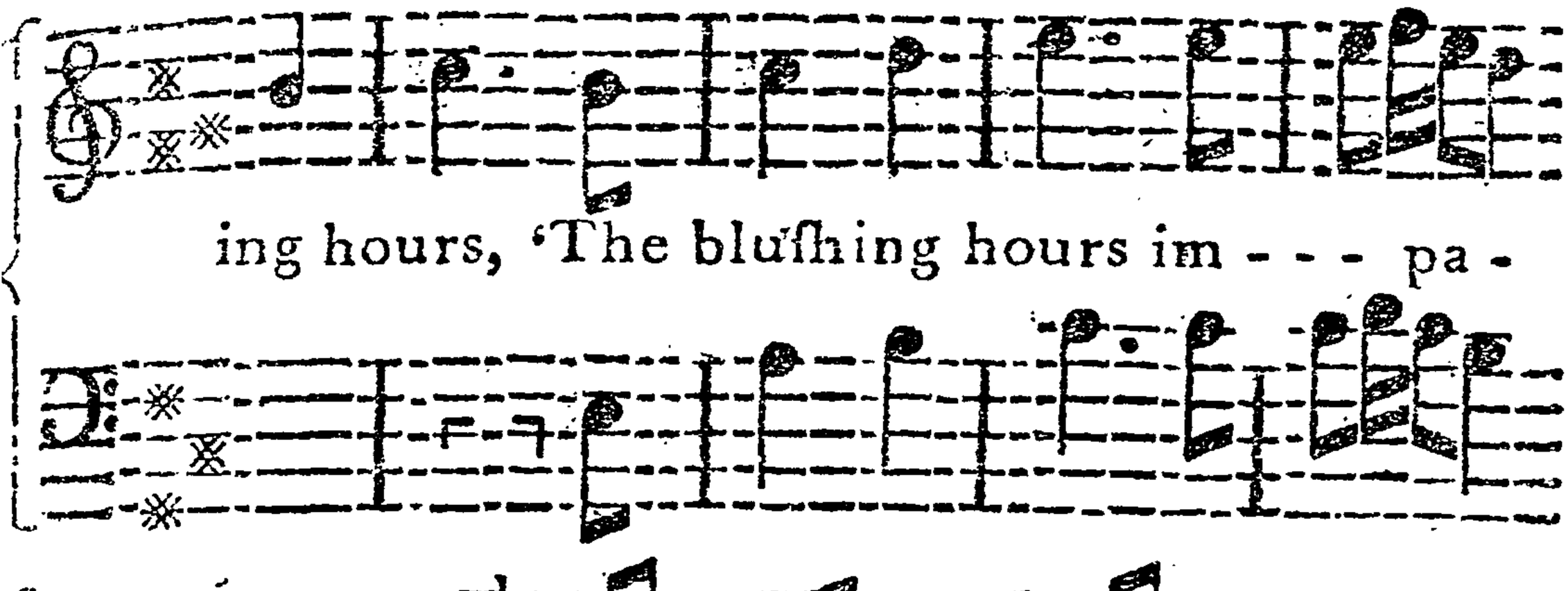
Remember holy David well,
  In muſic's art was vers'd :
His voice and harp, could ſpirits quell,
  For Saul he diſpoſſeſs'd :
Each join with me his well tun'd harp,
  In concert ſweet I ſay ;
And ſet your key on either ſharp,
  And ſing ſol, la, mi, fa.

SONG LXXV.

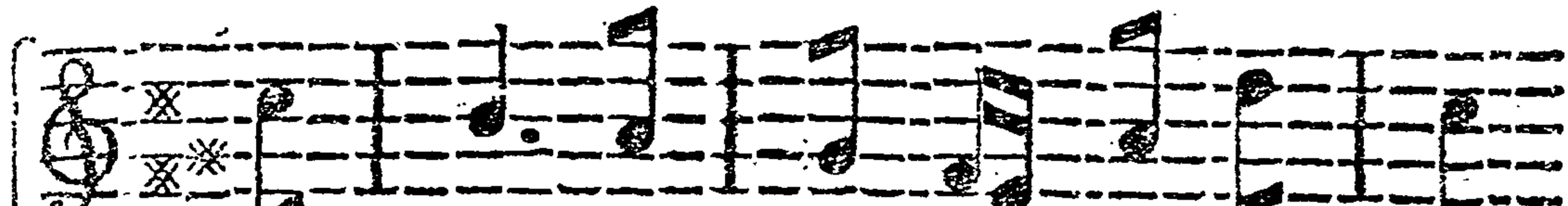
ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.



'From Thetis' lap, Apollo riſe ! 'Thy ſwift
wheel'd chariot ſpeed, 'Thy ſwift wheel'd chariot
ſpeed amain ! 'O'er fleeting courſers,
fleeting courſers looſe the rein ! 'The bluſh-



ing hours, 'The blushing hours im - - - pa -

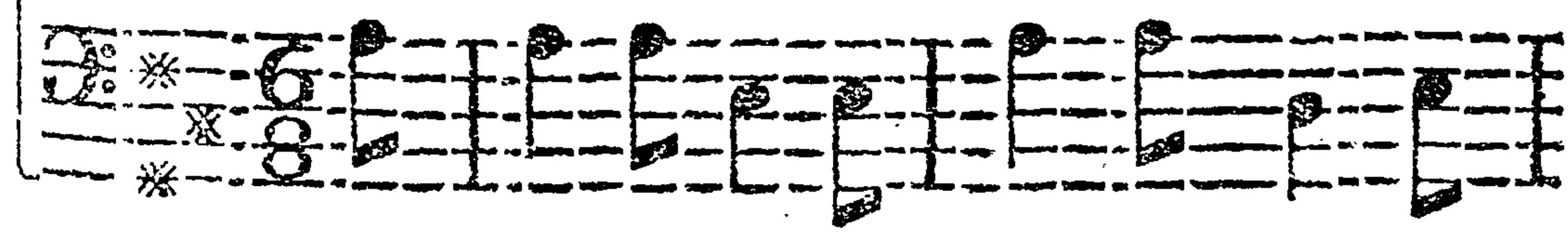


tient stand! 'The vir - gin day waits thy

com - mand!

CHORUS.

'Awake, O Sol! And lead from ether's



fphere, 'In pomp of bridal joy, the wed-

'In pomp

ded year! 'In pomp, 'In pomp, 'In pomp

of bridal joy, the wedded year!

And as the golden car of light,
Refulgent beams on mortal ſight;
As fiery ſteeds (which oft times lave
Their winged feet in ocean's wave)
Aſcend above the mantling deep,
And rapid gain th' empyrean ſteep,
" *Let ſlumb'ring nations riſe, and loud prolong,*
" *To Day's celeſtial Prince, the choral ſong.*"

Columbia head the high beheſt,
Her free born millions ſmote the breaſt!
And ſilent ſlept the heav'n ſtrung lyre,
Till *Freedom* breath'd impaſſion'd fire;
Till *Virtue* form'd the hallow'd ſound,
And *Fame* enraptur'd roll'd it round.
" *All hail to Freedom's, Virtue's, Glory's Son!*
" *Ye worlds repeat, repeat! 'Tis* WASHINGTON."

European kingdoms caught the ſtrain,
From mount to vale—from hill to plain,
Triumphant ſhouts with one acclaim,
Reechoing ſwell'd the trump of Fame;
All hail! the *Gallic* peaſant cries!
The cloiſter'd monk, the nun replies!
Illuſtrious GEORGE! *Great Patriot Sage! 'Twas thine!*
To pour on France, the flood of light divine!

What notes are theſe? How grand! ſublime!
'Tis freedom's ſong in *Afric's* clime!
The wretch, the ſlave whom fetters bound,
Exulting hears the joyful ſound;
Ecſtatick tranſports fire his ſoul,
And grateful pæans hourly roll;
For thee alone, he hails the riſing dawn;
The friend of man in WASHINGTON *was born.*

Lo, *Aſia* joins the note of praiſe;
Her myriads dream of halcyon days;
When holy truth, with eagle ken,
Shall ſcan the rights of fellow men;
When impious Tyrants hurl'd from pow'r,
No more ſhall ſpoil induſtry's flow'r;
But perfect Freedom gild her ev'ning Sun,
And glow with cloudleſs beam---like WASHINGTON.

Hail favour'd land, the pride of earth!
All nations hail Columbia's birth;
From Europe's realms, to Aſia's ſhore,
Or where the Niger's billows roar,
On Eagle plume thy deeds ſhall fly;
And long as Sol adorns the ſky,
Ten thouſand thouſand clarion tongues proclaim,
The godlike WASHINGTON'S *immortal name.*

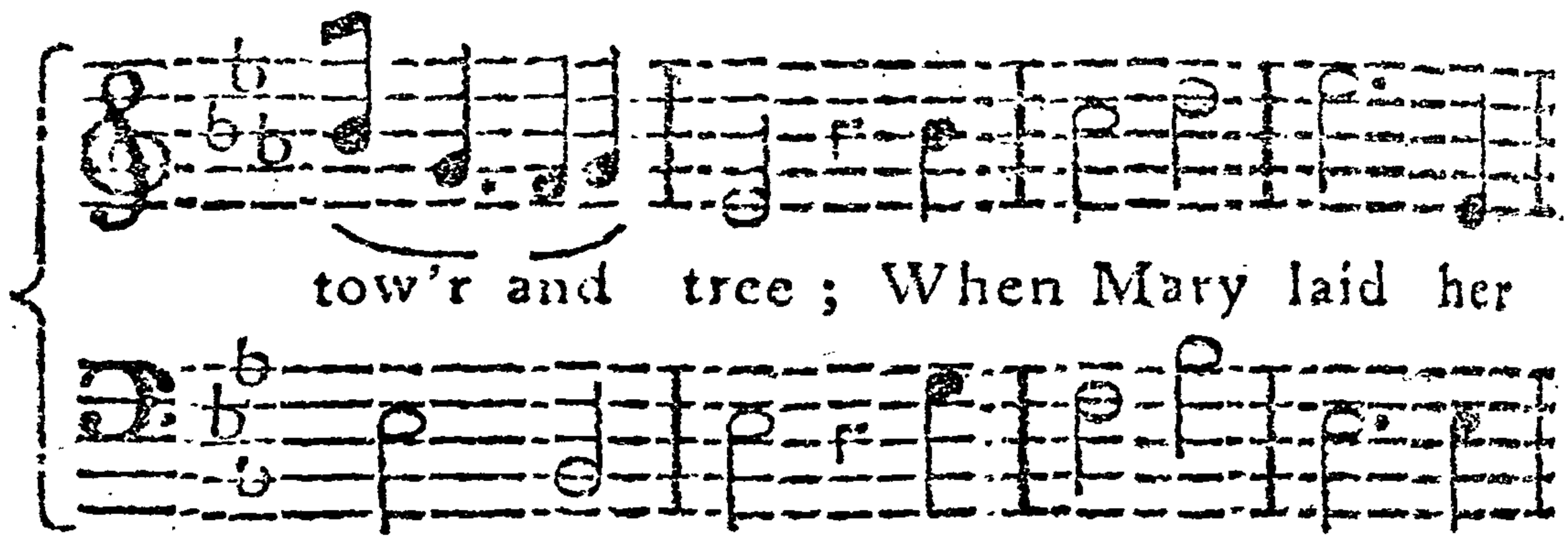
Oh rapid poſt ye rolling years!
Revolving ſwift through circling ſpheres,

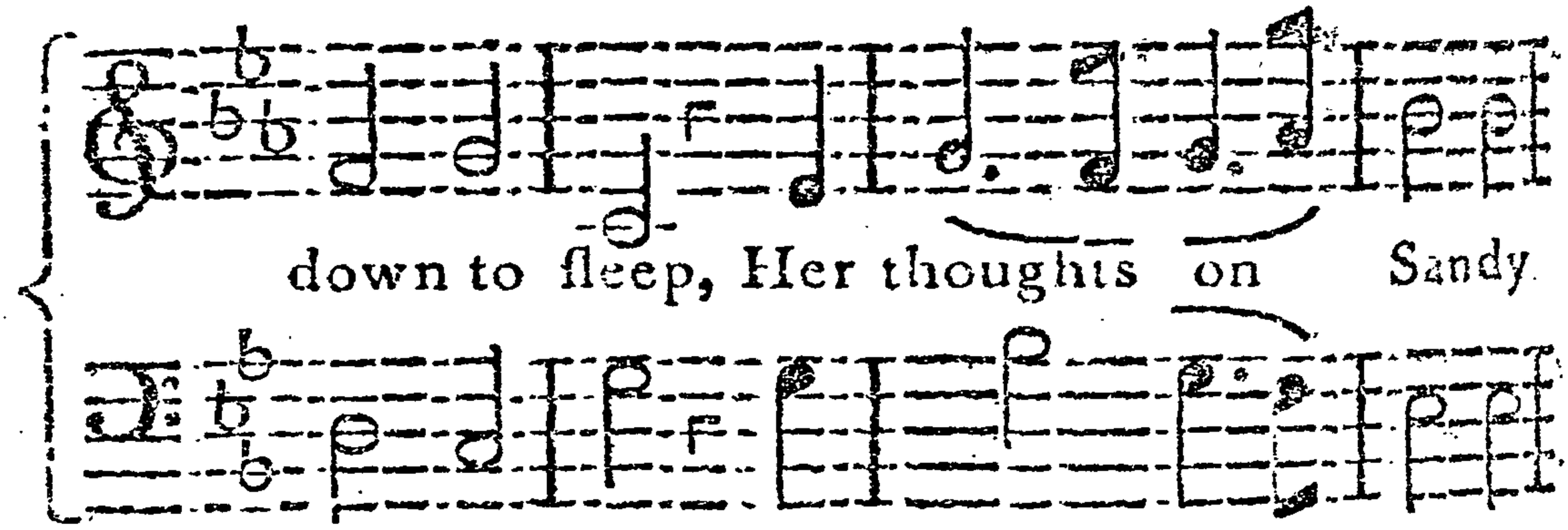
And haſte along the promis'd time,
When liberty, from clime to clime,
With ſacred peace, and union join'd,
And virtue bleſſing human kind,
Shall equal bliſs diffuſe beneath the Sun,
And ev'ry nation boaſt a WASHINGTON.

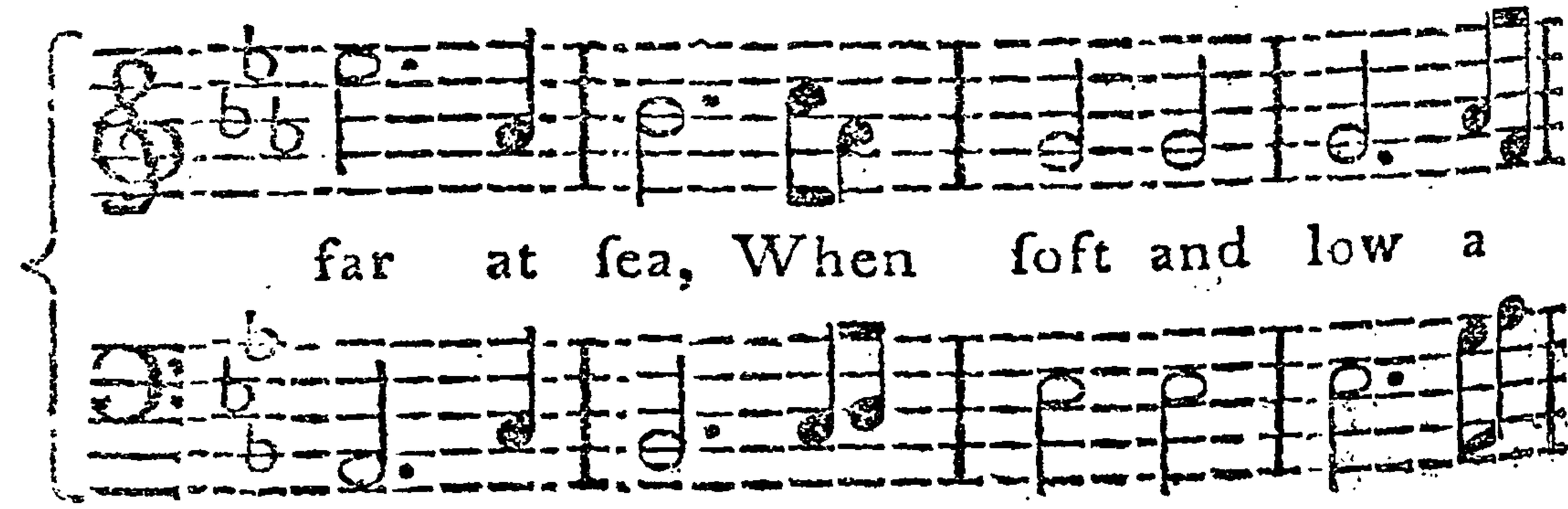
SONG LXXVI.

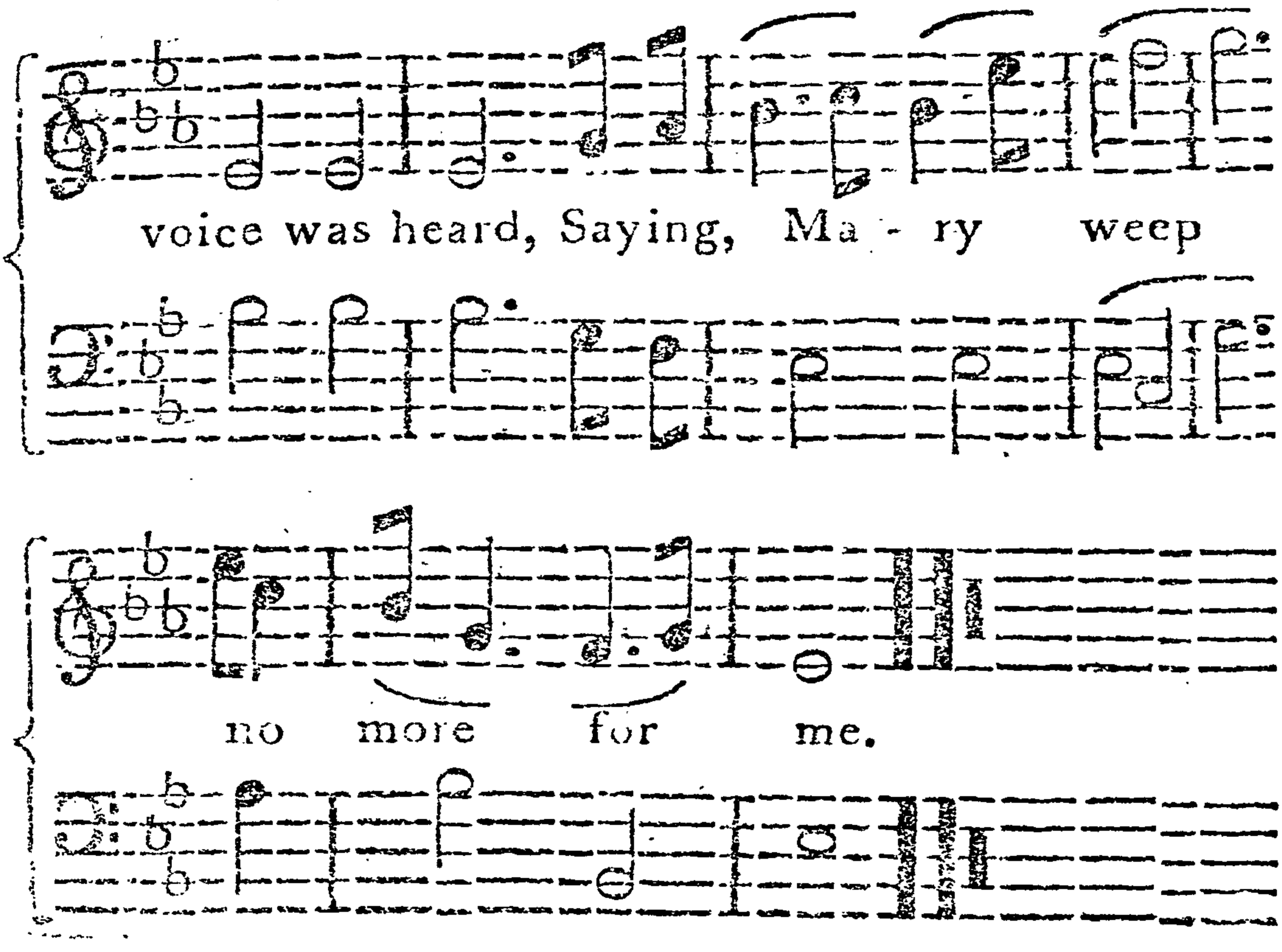
MARY's DREAM.

ſum-mit ſhed Her ſil-ver light on


tow'r and tree ; When Mary laid her


down to ſleep, Her thoughts on Sandy


far at ſea, When ſoft and low a



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

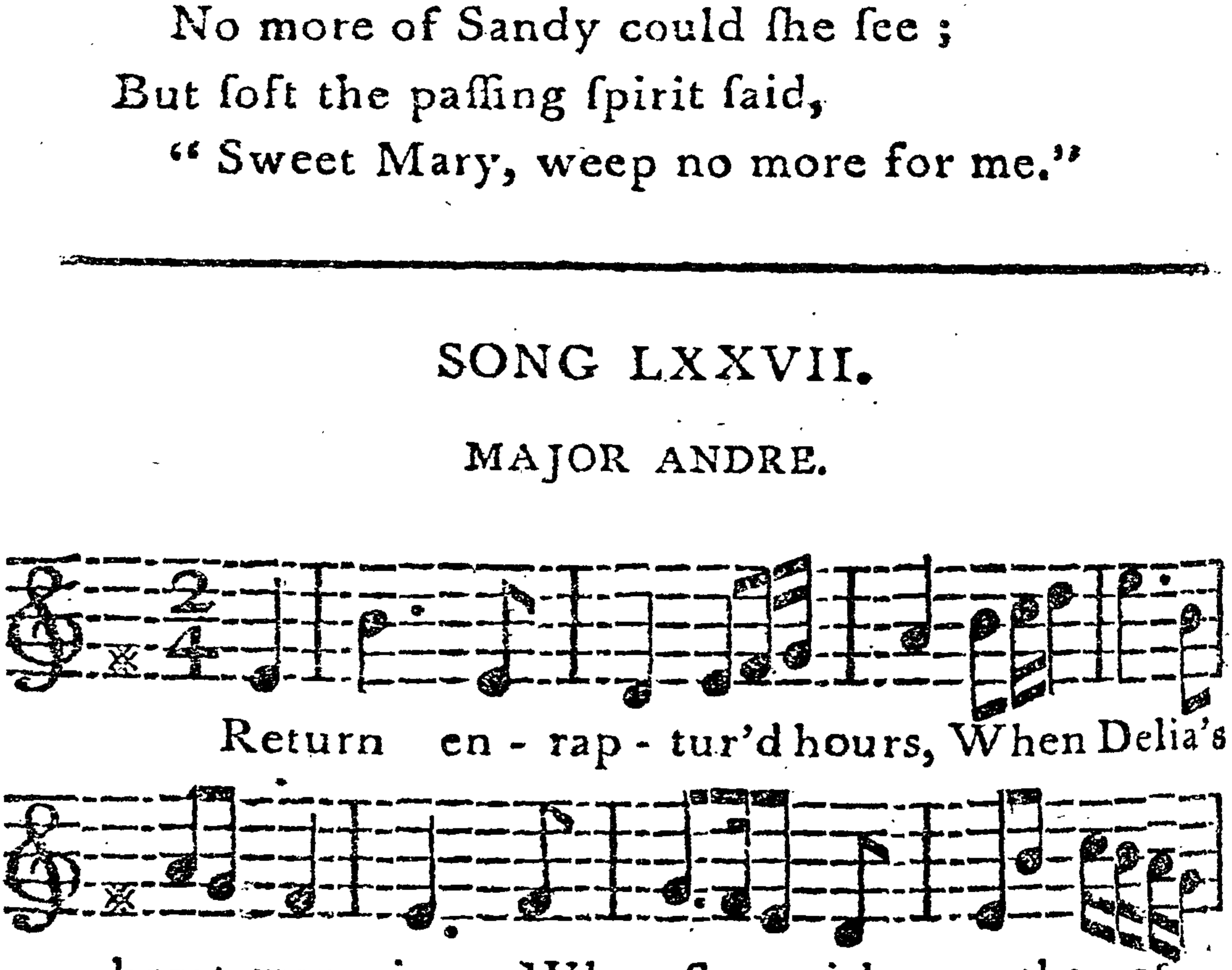
" Three ſtormy nights and ſtormy days
" We toſs'd upon the raging main :
" And long we ſtrove our bark to ſave,
" But all our ſtriving was in vain ;

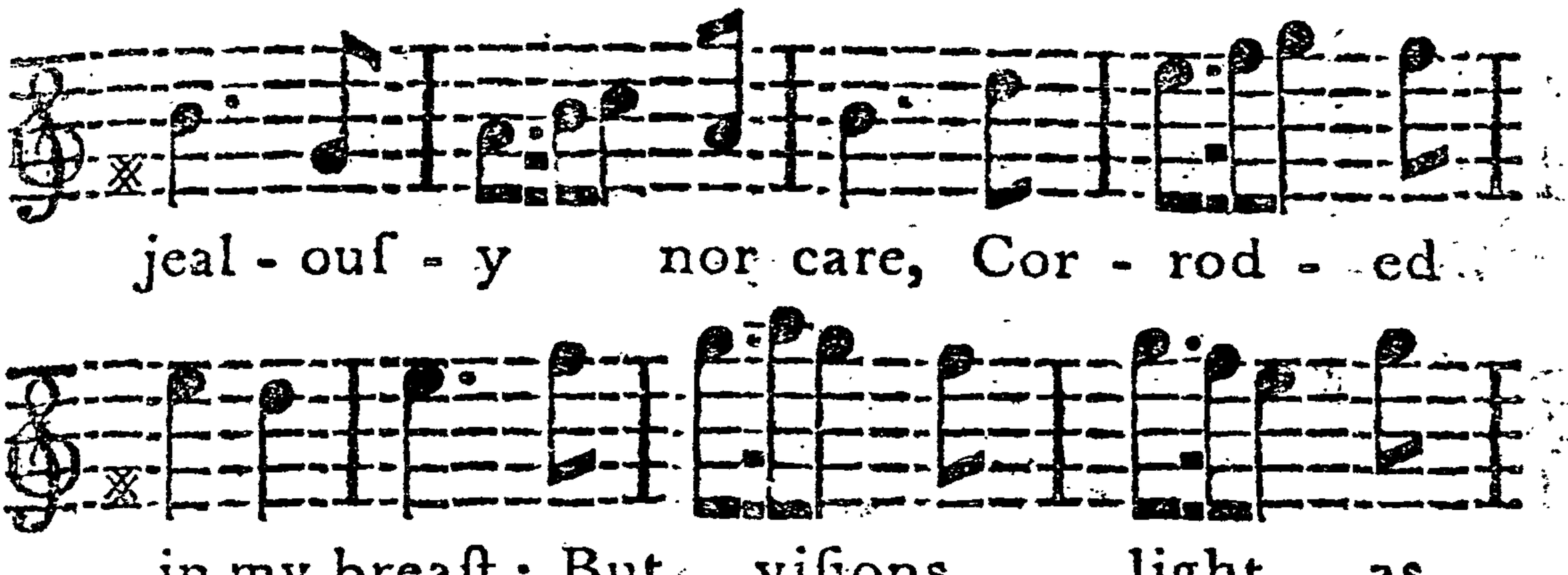
" Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
" My heart was fill'd with love for thee ;
" The ſtorm is paſt, and I at reſt,
" So Mary, weep no more for me.

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

SONG LXXVII.

MAJOR ANDRE.



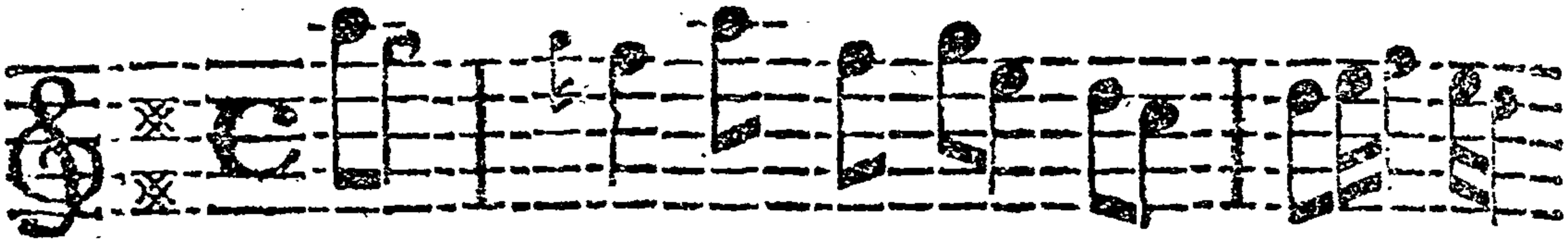


Since I'm remov'd from ſtate,
And bid adieu to time,
At my unhappy fate
Let DELIA not repine;
But may the mighty JOVE,
Her crown with happineſs!
This grant, ye powr's above!
And take my ſoul to bliſs!

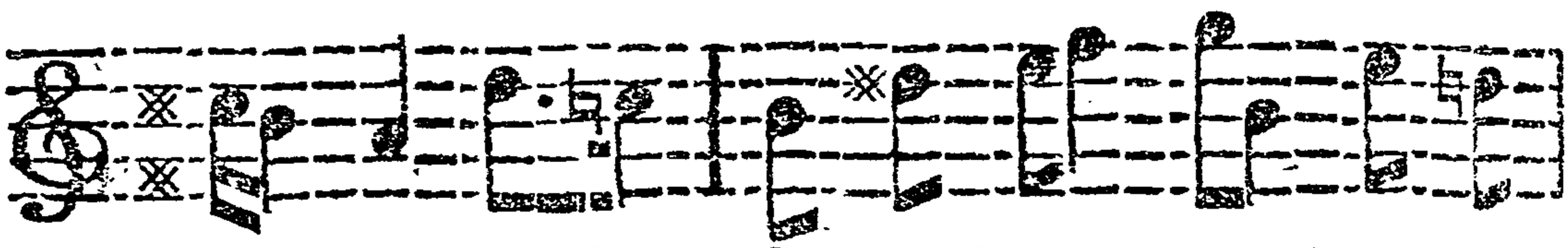
Now nightly o'er my bed,
No airy phantoms play;
No flowrets deck my head,
Each vernal holiday.
Far, far from the ſad plain,
The cruel DELIA flies,
While rack'd with jealous pain,
Her wretched ANDRE dies.

SONG LXXVIII.

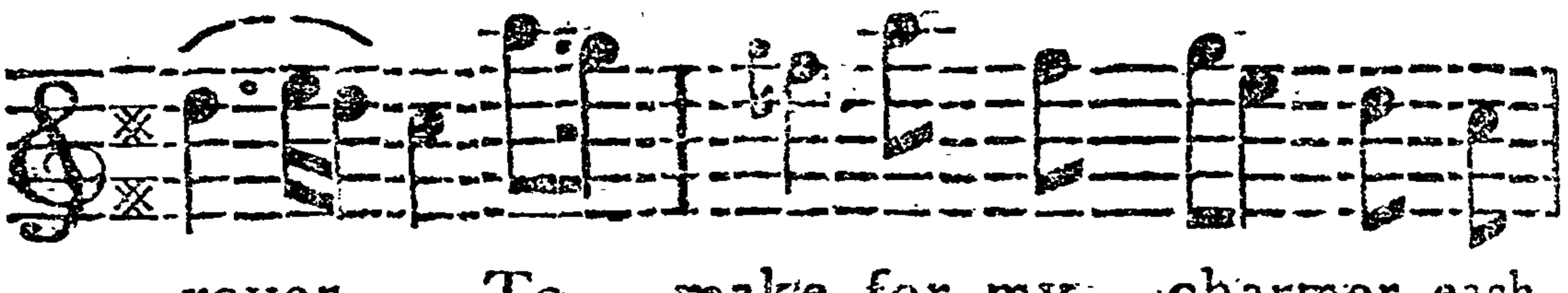
THEN SAY MY SWEET GIRL, CAN YOU LOVE ME?



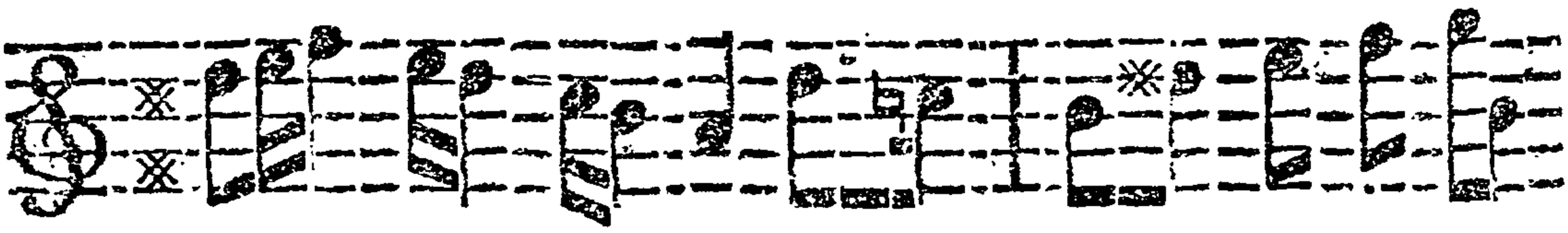
Dear Nancy I've fail'd the world all



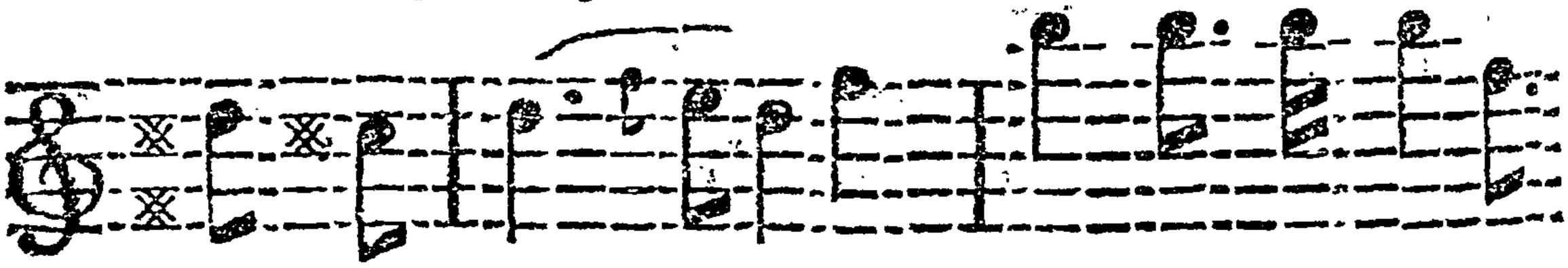
around, And ſeven long years been a



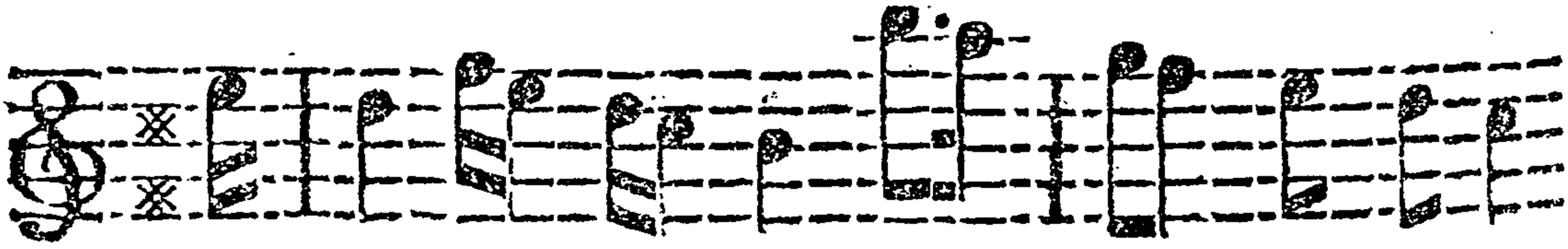
rover, To make for my charmer each



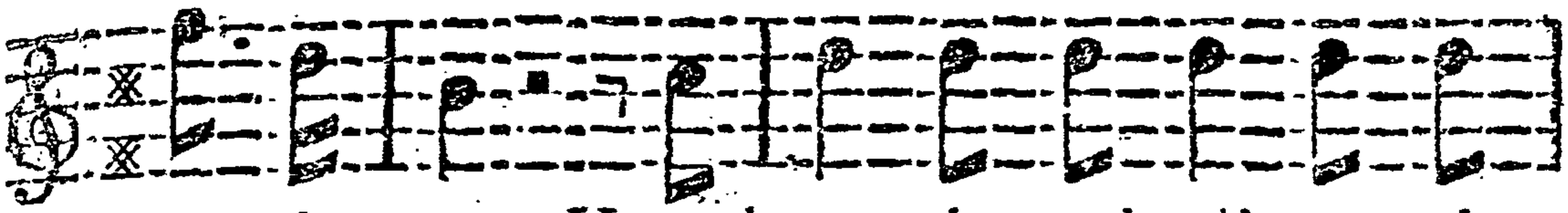
ſhilling a pound, But now my hard per-



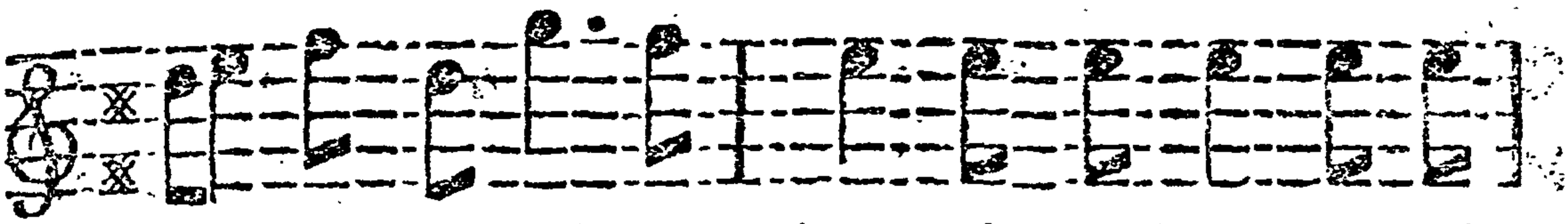
ils are o - ver. I've ſav'd from my toils ma-



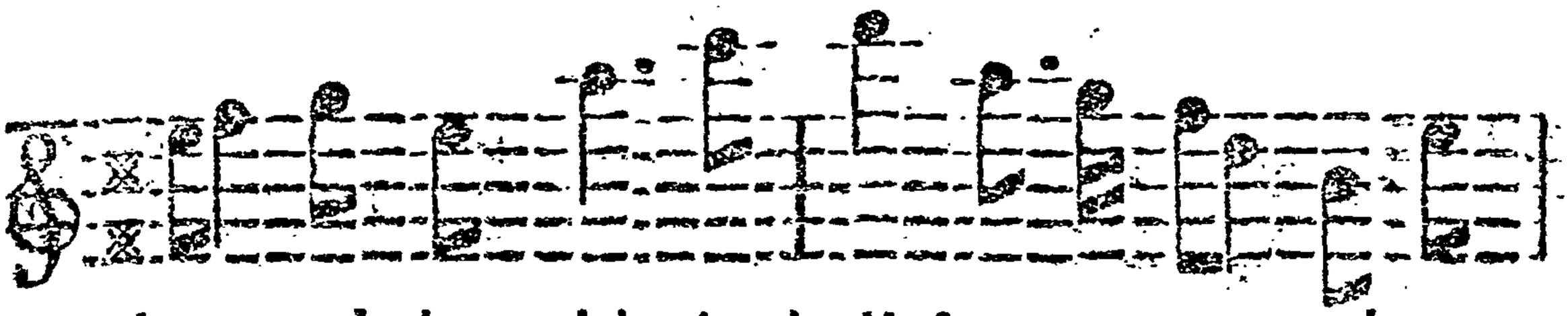
ny hundreds of gold, The comforts of life



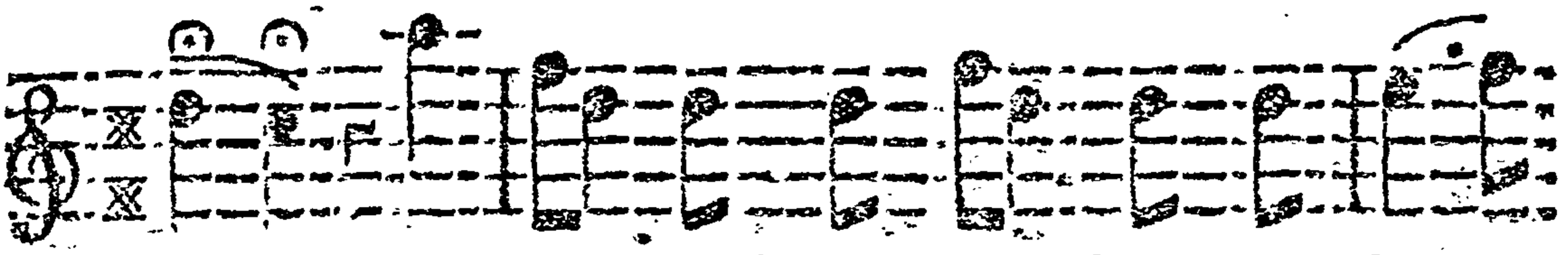
to beget; Have borne in each climate, the



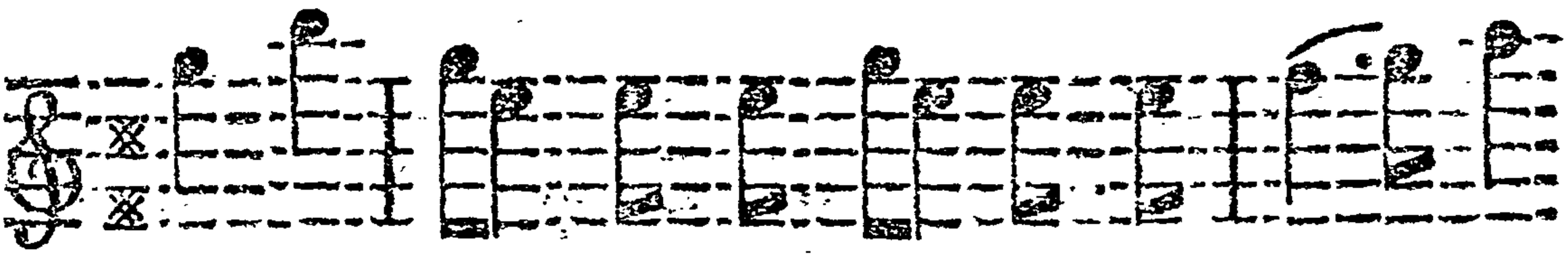
heat and the cold, Have borne in each climate the



heat and the cold, And all for my pretty bru-



nette. Then ſay my ſweet girl, Can you love-



me? Then ſay my ſweet girl, Can you love me?

Then ſay my ſweet girl, Can you love me?

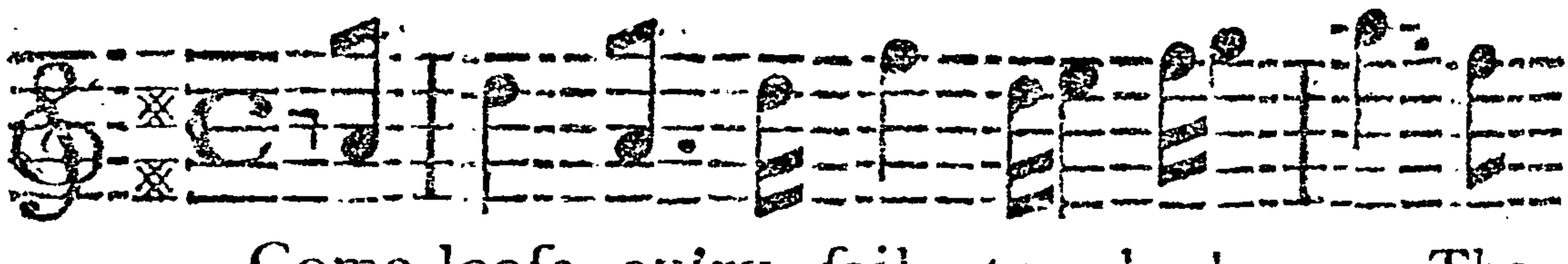
Tho' others may boaſt of more riches than mine,
And rate my attractions e'en fewer,
At their jeers and ill nature I'll ſcorn to repine:
Can they boaſt of a heart that is truer?

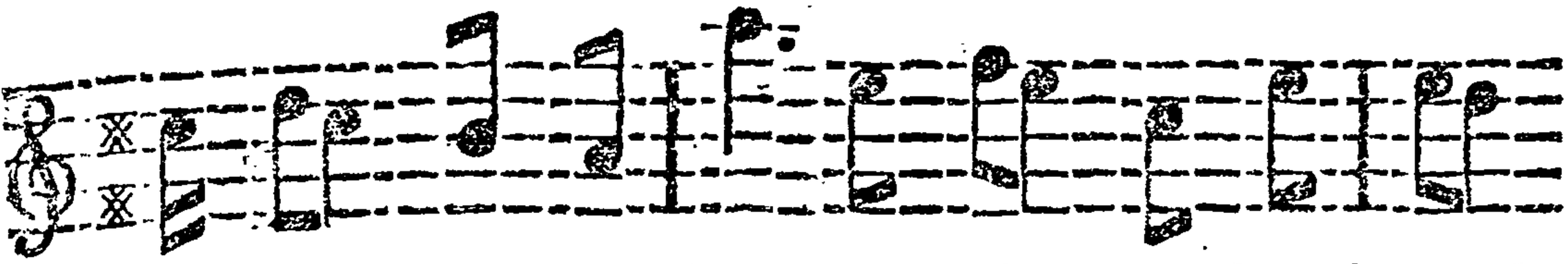
Or will they for thee, plough the hazardous main—
Brave the ſeaſons both ſtormy and wet ?
If not ; why, I'll do it again and again,
And all for my pretty brunette.
Then ſay, &c.

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

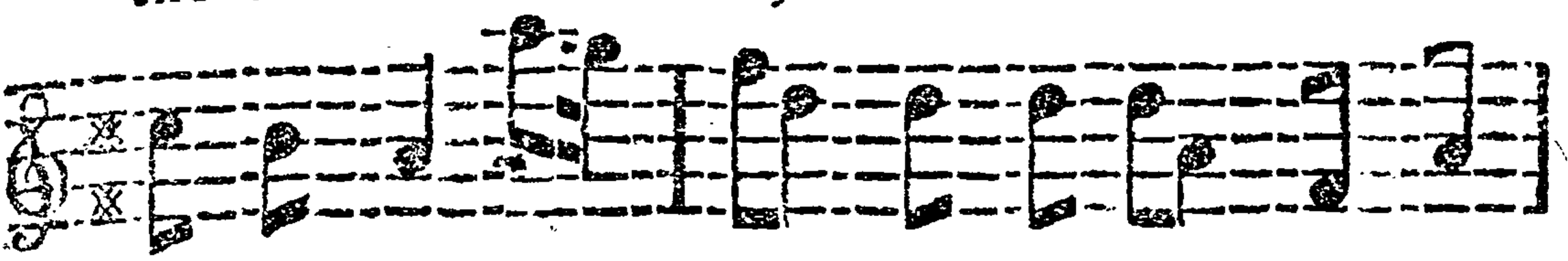
SONG LXXIX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

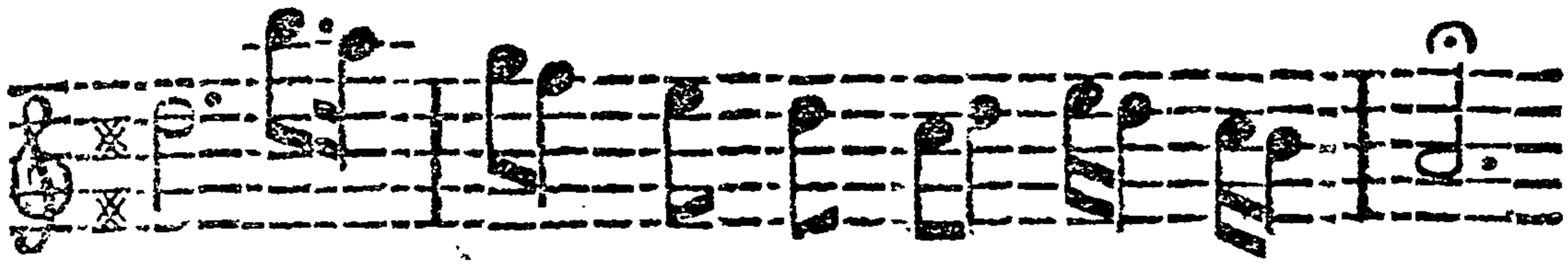




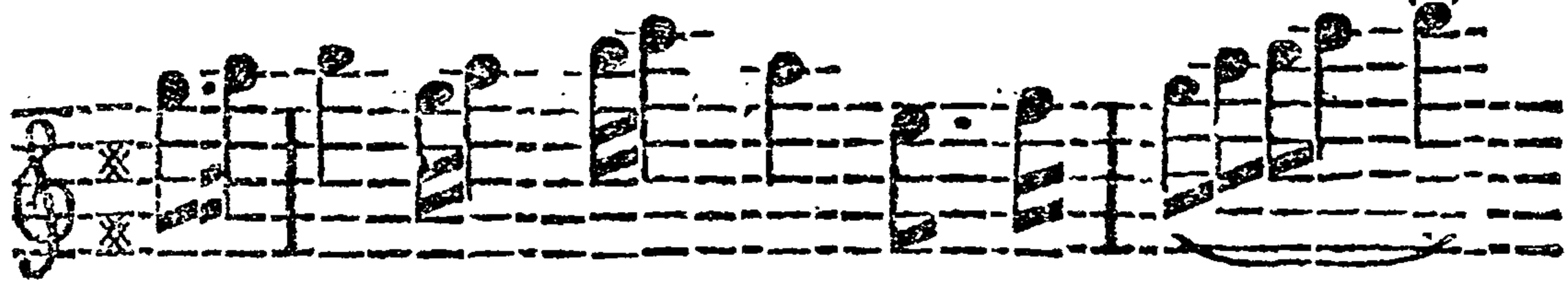
the toils of the ſeas, Ye ſailors I'm bound



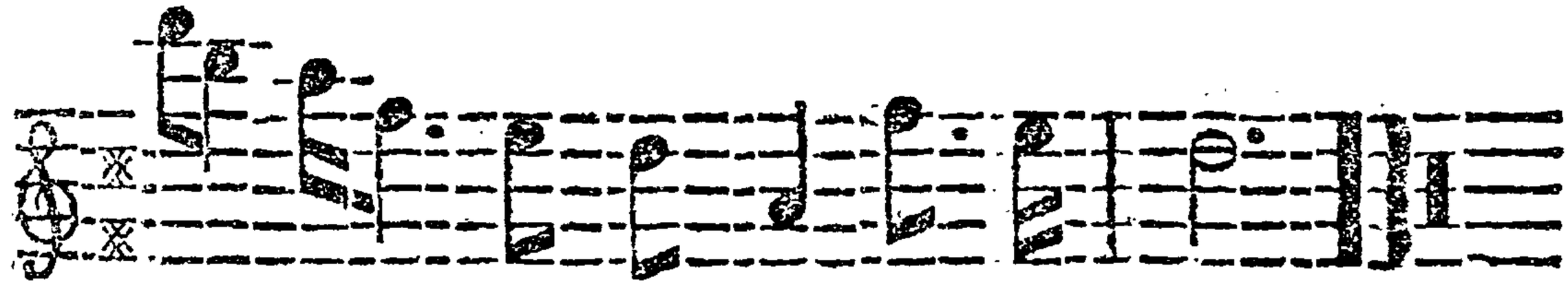
to my love, Ye ſailors I'm bound to my



love. Ye ſailors I'm bound to my love,



I've done with the toils of the ſeas,



Ye ſail - ors I'm bound to my love.

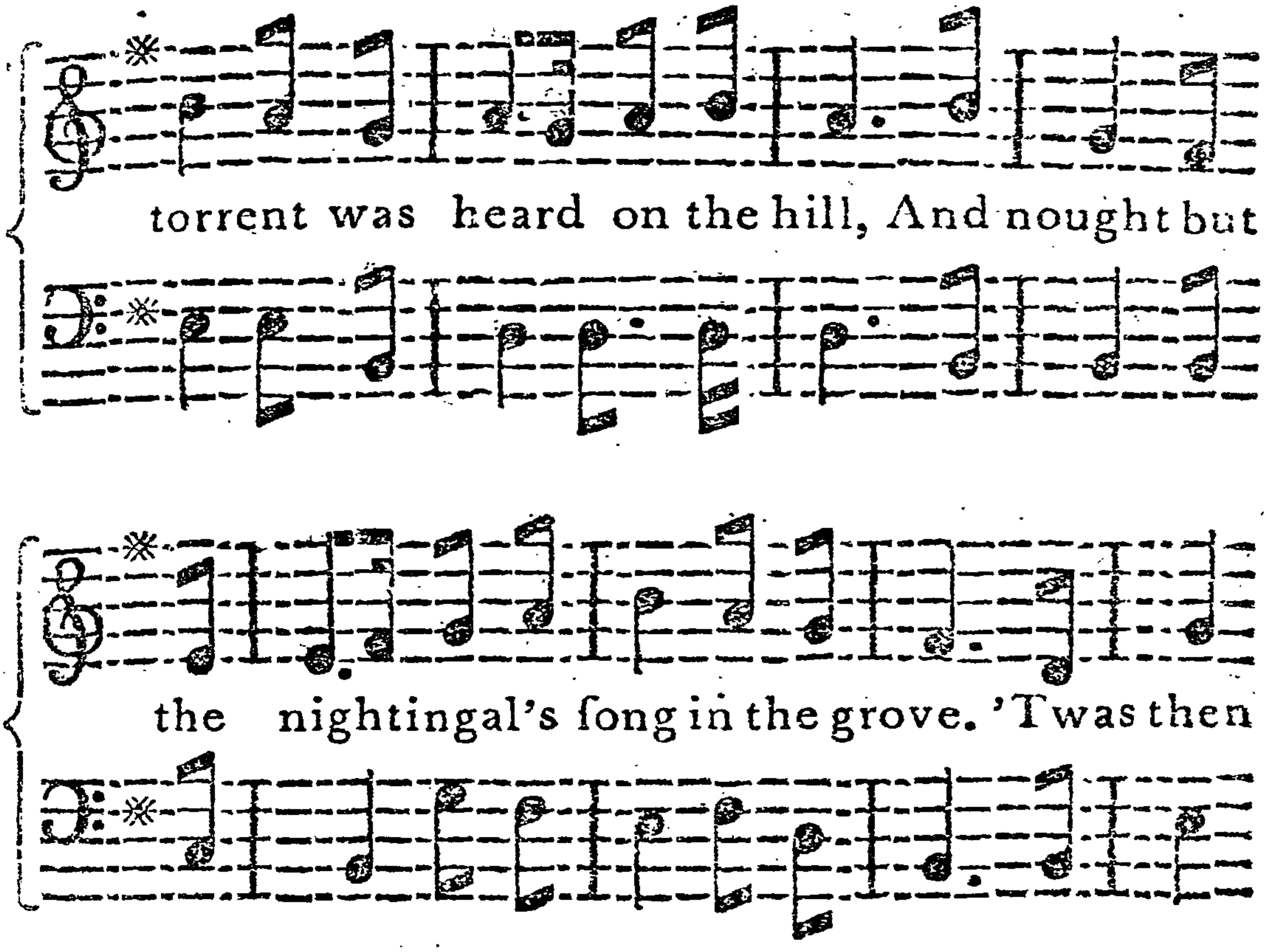
Since EMMA is true as ſhe's fair,
My griefs I fling all to the wind;
'Tis a pleaſing return for my care,
My miſtreſs is conſtant and kind.

My ſails are all fill'd to my dear,
What tropic bird ſwifter can move,
Who, cruel, ſhall hold his career,
When he's bound to the arms of his love.

Come, hoiſt ev'ry ſail to the breeze,
Come, ſhipmates, and join in the ſong,
Let's drink, while the ſhip cuts the ſeas,
To the gale that now wafts us along.

SONG LXXX.

THE HERMIT.


torrent was heard on the hill, And nought but
the nightingal's song in the grove. 'Twas then
by the cave of a mountain re - clin'd, The
Hermit, his nightly complaint juft be-gan ;

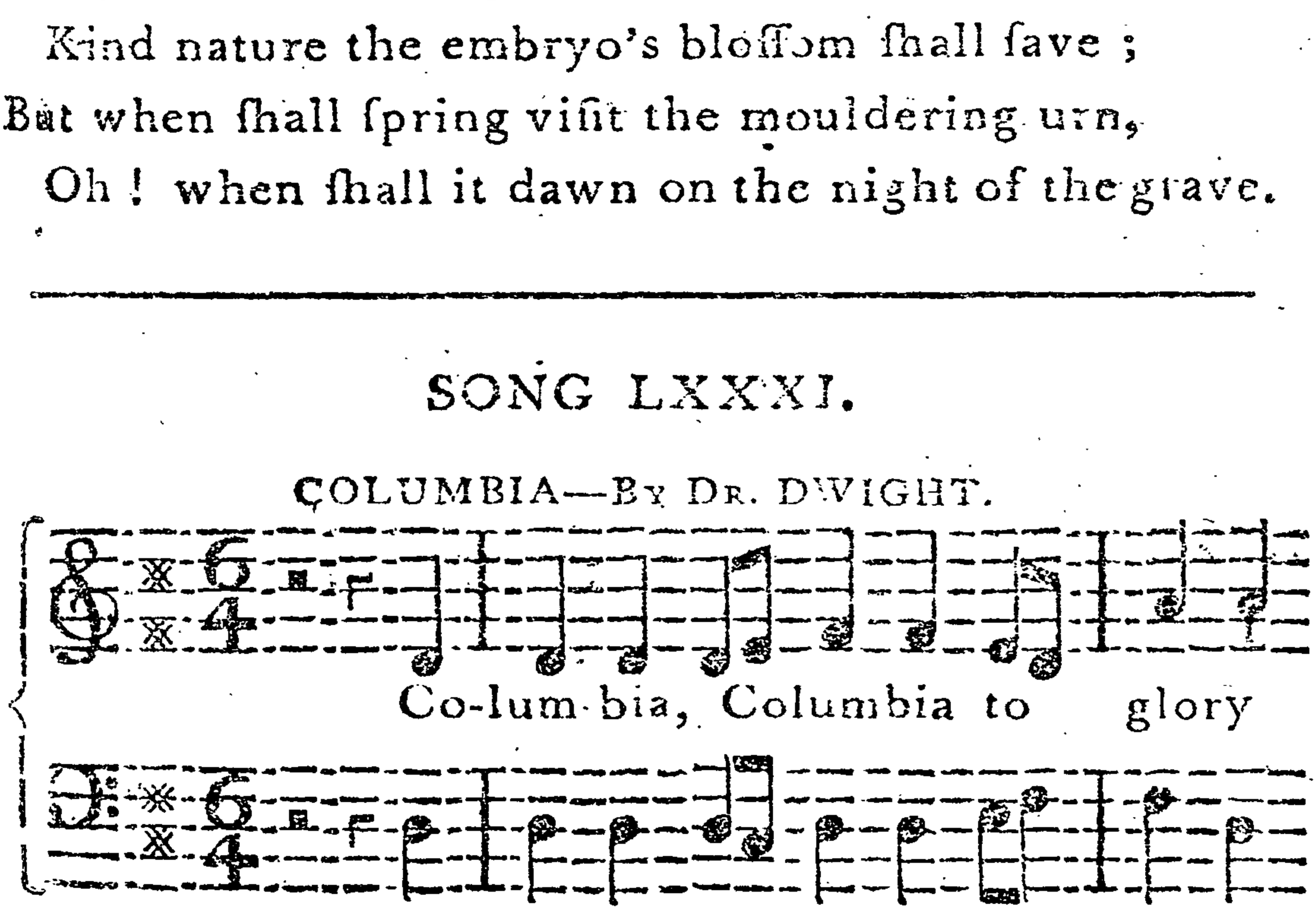
Ah why thus abandon'd to sorrow and woe,
Why thus lonely, Philomel flows thy sad strains;
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet if pity inspire thee, ah! cease not thy lay,
Mourn sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him whose pleasures like thine fade away,
Full quickly they pass, but they never return.

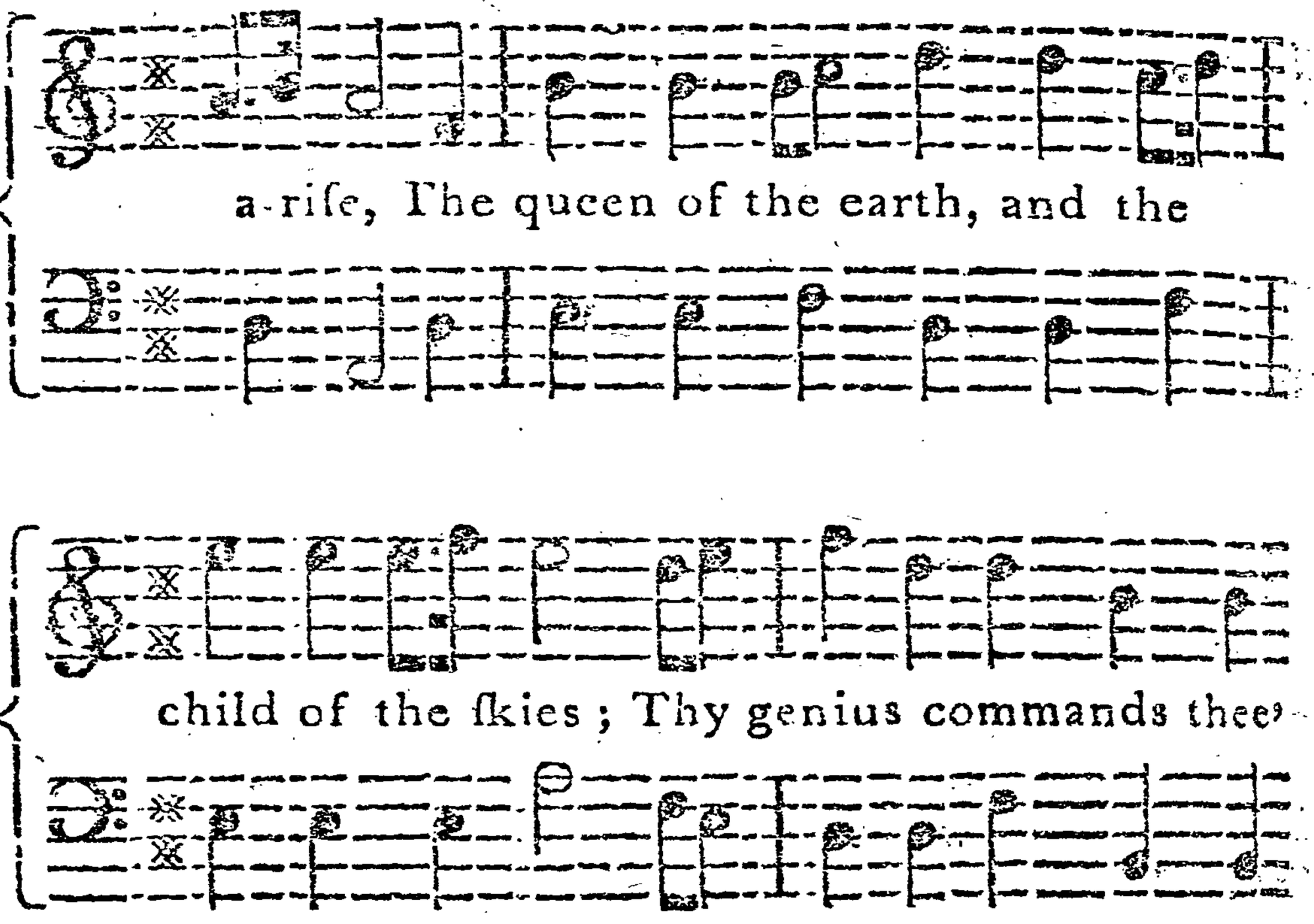
Now gliding remote on the verge of the ſky,
The moon half extingniſh'd, her creſent diſplays ;
But lately I mark'd when majeſtic on high,
She ſhone, and the planets were loſt in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladneſs purſue
The path that conducts thee to glory again ;
But man's faded glory, no change ſhall renew,
Ah ! fools to exult in a glory ſo vain.

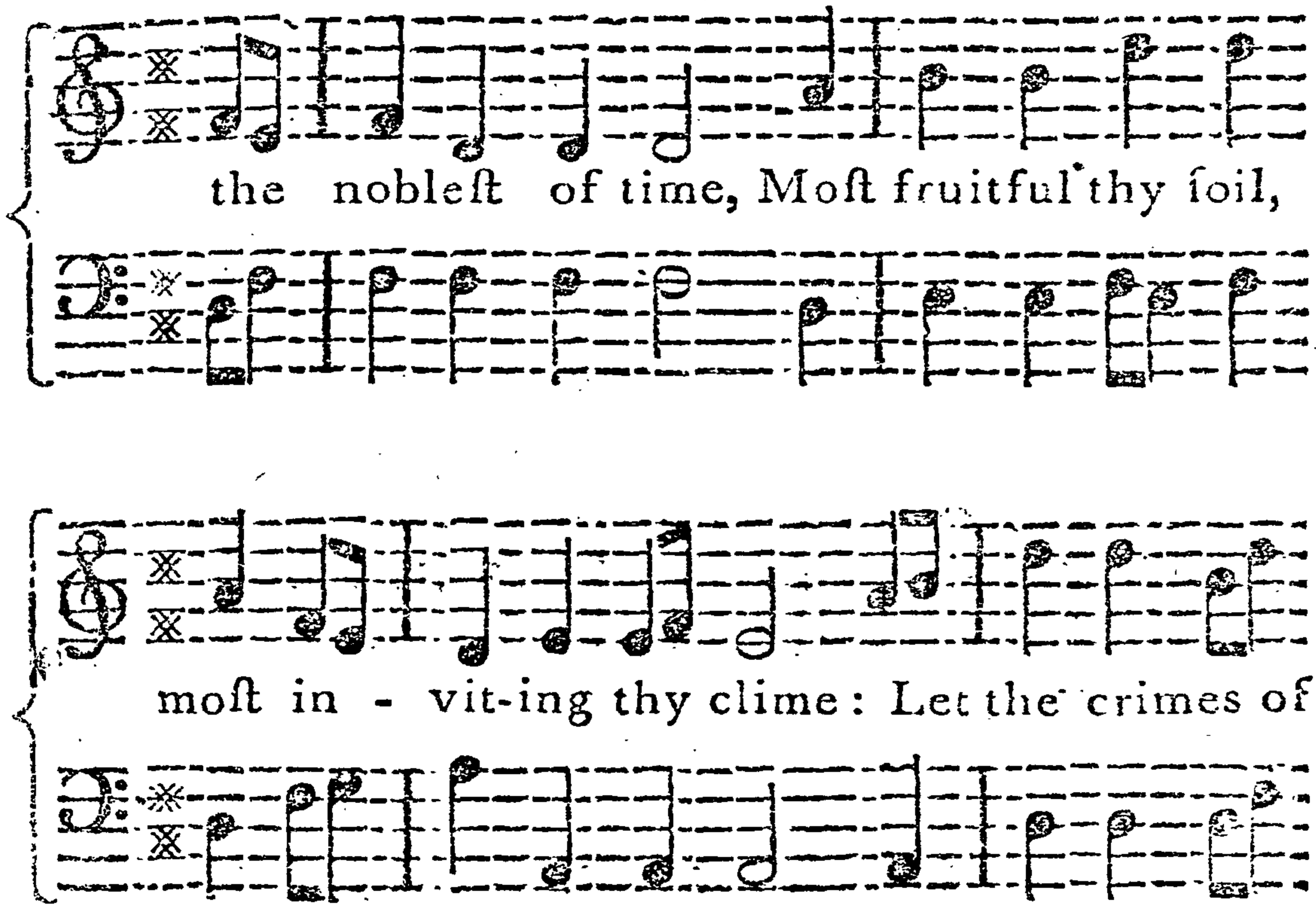
Tis night, and the landſcape is lovely no more,
I mourn not, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to reſtore,
Perfum'd with freſh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
Kind nature the embryo's bloſſom ſhall ſave ;
But when ſhall ſpring viſit the mouldering urn,
Oh ! when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave.

SONG LXXXI.

COLUMBIA—By Dr. DWIGHT.




a-rife, The queen of the earth, and the
child of the fkies ; Thy genius commands thee
with rapture behold, While a-ges on a-ges
thy fplendor unfold. Thy reign is the laft, and


the nobleſt of time, Moſt fruitful thy ſoil,
moſt in - vit-ing thy clime: Let the crimes of
the eaſt, ne'er en-crim-ſon thy name, Be freedom
and ſcience, and virtue, thy fame.

To conqueſt and ſlaughter let Europe aſpire ;
Whe'm nations in blood, and wrap cities on fire ;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind ſhall defend,
And triumph purſue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm : for a world be thy laws,
Enlarg'd as thine empire, and juſt as thy cauſe ;
On freedom's broad baſis thy empire ſhall riſe,
Extend with the main, and diſſolve with the ſkies.

Fair ſcience her gates to thy ſons ſhall unbar,
And the eaſt ſee thy morn hide the beams of thy ſtar ;
New bards, and new ſages, unrivall'd ſhall ſoar
To fame unextinguiſh'd, when time is no more ;
To thee, the laſt refuge of virtue deſign'd,
Shall fly from all nations the beſt of mankind :
Here, grateful to heaven, with tranſport ſhall bring
Their incenſe, more fragrant than odors of ſpring.

Nor leſs ſhall thy fair ones to glory aſcend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend ;
The graces of form ſhall awake pure deſire,
And the charms of the ſoul ever cheriſh the fire :
Their ſweetneſs unmingled, their manners refin'd,
And virtues bright image, inſtamp'd on the mind,
With peace, and ſoft rapture ſhall teach life to glow,
And light up a ſmile in the aſpect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy pow'r ſhall diſplay,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey ;

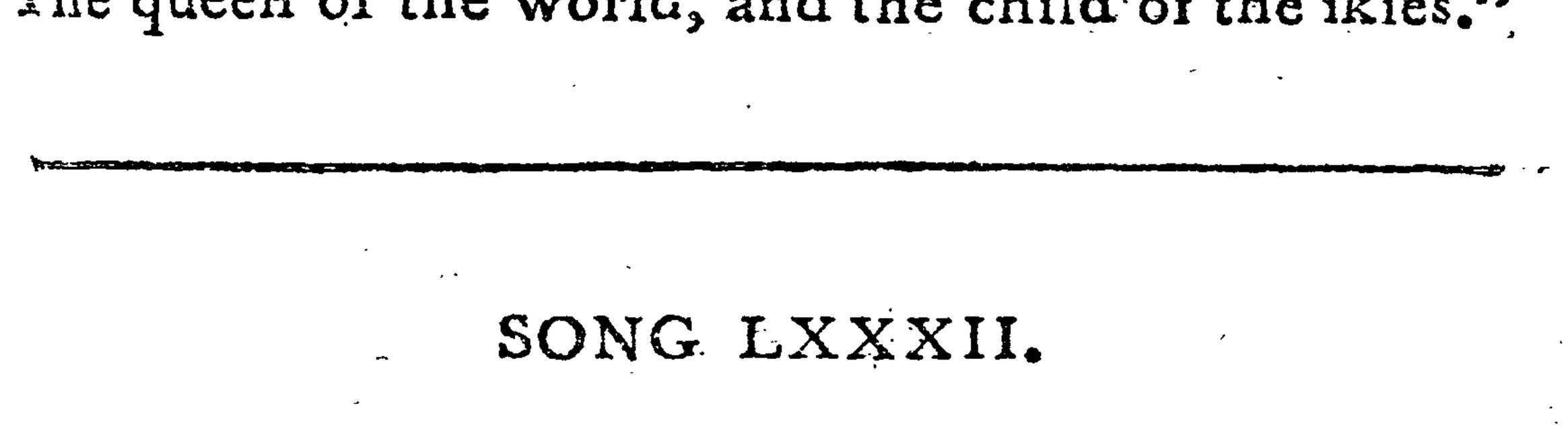
Each ſhore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the eaſt and the ſouth yield their ſpices and gold.
As the day-ſpring unbounded, thy ſplendor ſhall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee ſhall bow,
While the enſigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,
Huſh the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erſpread,
From war's dread confuſion I penſively ſtray'd;
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retir'd;
The winds ceas'd to murmur; the thunders expir'd;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd ſweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly ſung,
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory ariſe,
The queen of the world, and the child of the ſkies."

SONG LXXXII.

ADAMS AND LIBERTY—BY T. PAINE.

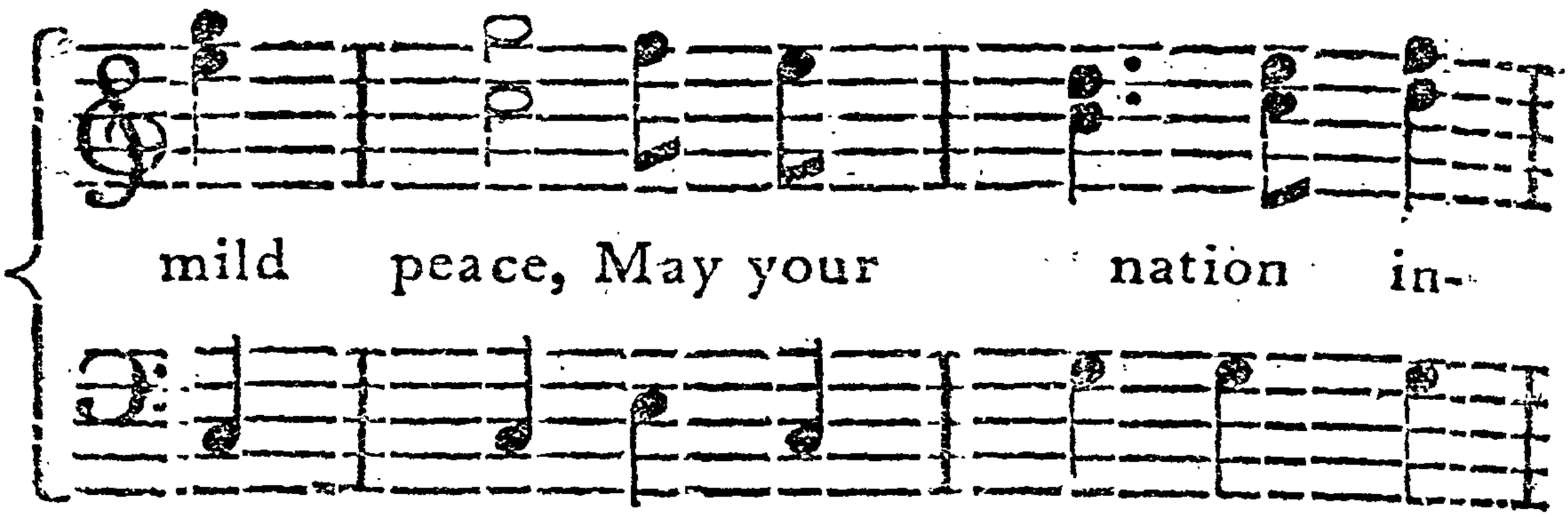
ALLEGRETTO.



Ye sons of Co - lum - bia, who bravely

have fought, For those rights, which unstain'd from

your Sires had de-ſcend-ed, May you
long taſte the bleſſings your valour has
bought, And your ſons reap the ſoil, which you
fathers defended, Mid the reign of


mild peace, May your nation in-
creaſe, With the glory of Rome, and the
wiſdom of Greece; And ne'er may the
ſons of COLUMBIA be ſlaves, While the

In a clime, whoſe rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whoſe ſhores are unſhaken by *Europe's* commotion,
The *Trident* of Commerce ſhould never be hurl'd,
To incenſe the *legitimate* powers of the ocean.
But ſhould *Pirates* invade,
Though in thunder array'd,
Let your *cannon* declare the *free charter* of TRADE.

For ne'er ſhall the ſons of COLUMBIA *be ſlaves.*
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls its waves.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild ſway,
Had juſtly ennobled our nation in ſtory,
Till the dark clouds of *Faction* obſcur'd our young day,
And envelop'd the ſun of American glory.
But let TRAITORS be told,
Who their *Country* have ſold,
And barter'd their *God*, for his image in *gold*—

That ne'er will the ſons of COLUMBIA *be ſlaves,*
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls its waves.

While FRANCE her huge limbs bathes recumbent in *blood*,
And *ſociety's baſe* threats with wide diſſolution;
May PEACE, like the *Dove*, who return'd from the flood,
Find an *Ark* of abode in our mild CONSTITUTION!
But though PEACE is our aim,
Yet the boon we diſclaim,
If bought by our SOV'REIGNTY, JUSTICE, or FAME.

For ne'er ſhall the ſons of COLUMBIA *be ſlaves,*
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls its waves.

Tis the fire of the *flint*, each American warms;
Let *Rome's* haughty victors beware of *colliſion!*
Let them bring all the vaſſals of *Europe* in arms,
WE'RE A WORLD BY OURSELVES, and diſdain a *diviſion!*

While, with patriot pride,
To our LAWS we're allied,
No foe can ſubdue us—no faction divide.
For ne'er ſhall the ſons of COLUMBIA *be ſlaves,*
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls its waves.

Our mountains are crown'd with imperial *Oak*,
Whoſe *roots*, like our *Liberties*, ages have nouriſh'd
But long ere our nation ſubmits to the yoke,
Not a *tree* ſhall be left on the field where it flouriſh'd.
Should *invaſion* impend,
Every *grove* would deſcend
From the *hill tops* they ſhaded, our *ſhores* to defend.
For ne'er ſhall the ſons of COLUMBIA *be ſlaves,*
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls its waves.

Let our Patriots deſtroy *Anarch's* peſtilent *worm*,
Leſt our Liberty's *growth* ſhould be check'd by *corro-*
ſion;
Then let clouds thicken round us, we heed not the
ſtorm;
Our realm fears no *ſhock*, but the earth's own explo-
ſion.
Foes aſſail us in vain,
Though their FLEETS *bridge* the main,
For our *altars* and *laws* with our lives we'll main-
tain!
And ne'er ſhall the ſons of COLUMBIA *be ſlaves,*
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls its waves.

Should the TEMPEST of WAR overſhadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend FREEDOM's temple aſunder:
For, unmov'd, at its *portal*, would WASHINGTON ſtand,
And repulſe, with his BREAST, *the aſſaults of his* THUNDER!
His *ſword*, from the ſleep
Of its *ſcabbard*, would leap,
And conduct, with its *point*, every *flaſh* to the deep.

For ne'er ſhall the ſons of COLUMBIA *be ſlaves,*
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls its waves.

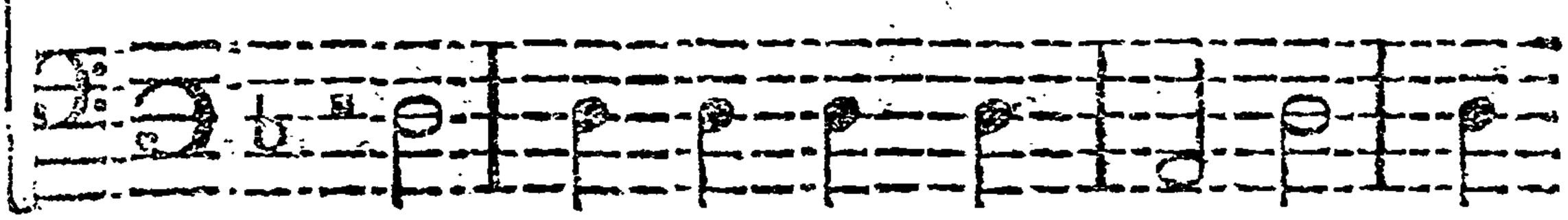
Let FAME to the world ſound AMERICA's voice;
No INTRIGUE *can her ſons from their* GOVERNMENT *ſever;*
Her PRIDE *is her* ADAMS--*his* LAWS *are her* CHOICE,
And ſhall flouriſh till LIBERTY *ſlumber forever!*
Then unite, heart and hand,
Like *Leonidas'* band,
And ſwear to the GOD of the ocean and land,

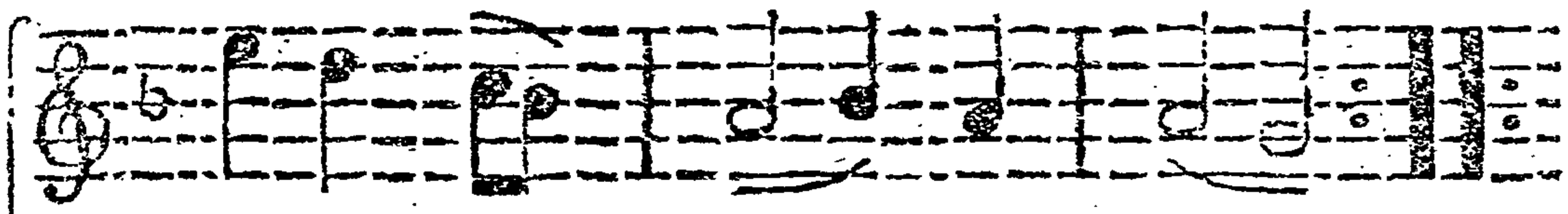
That ne'er ſhall the ſons of COLUMBIA *be ſlaves,*
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls its waves.

SONG LXXXIII.

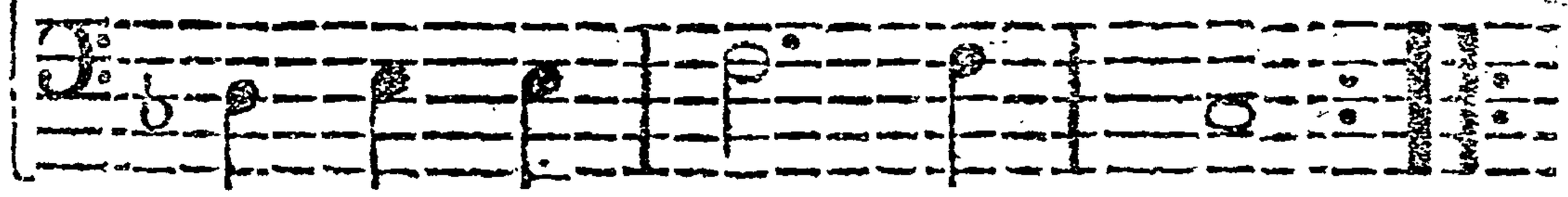
HERO AND LEANDER.

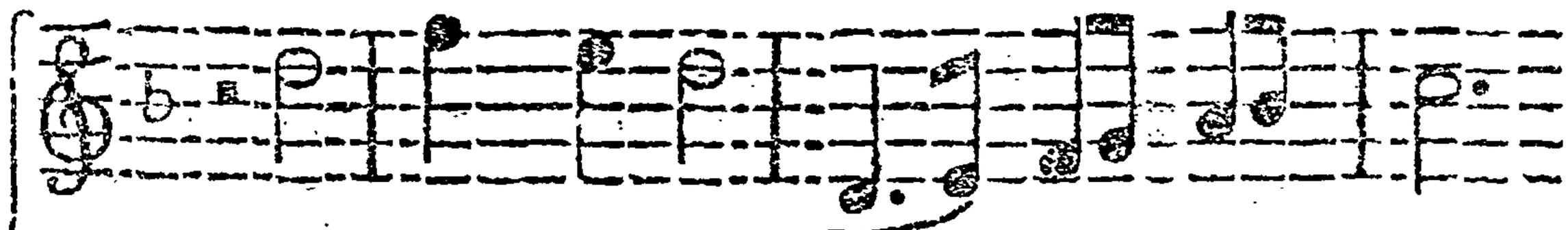
Le - an . der on the bay of Hel-
Im . pa . tient of de . lay. He leap'd



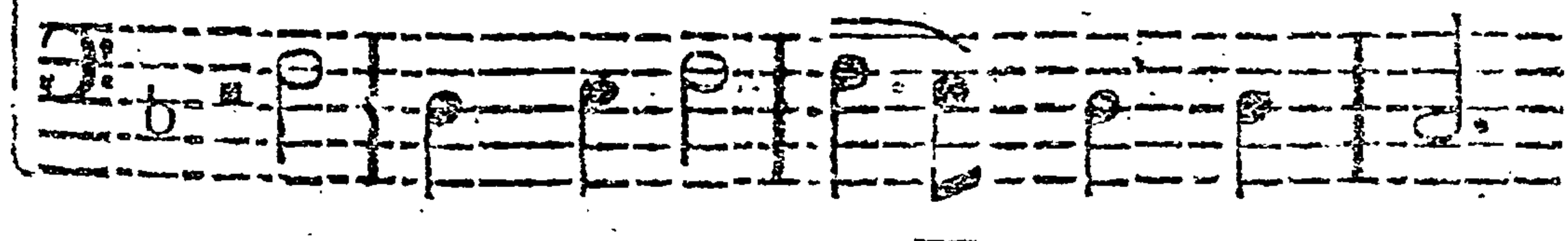


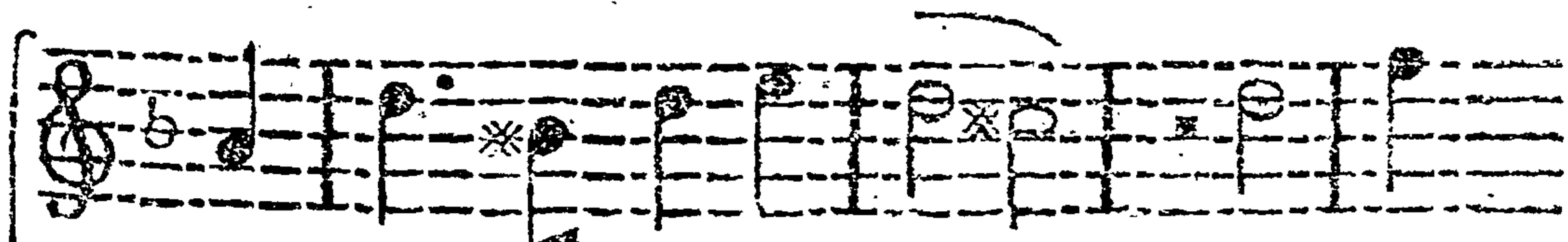
lespont all doubtful flood,
into the fatal flood.



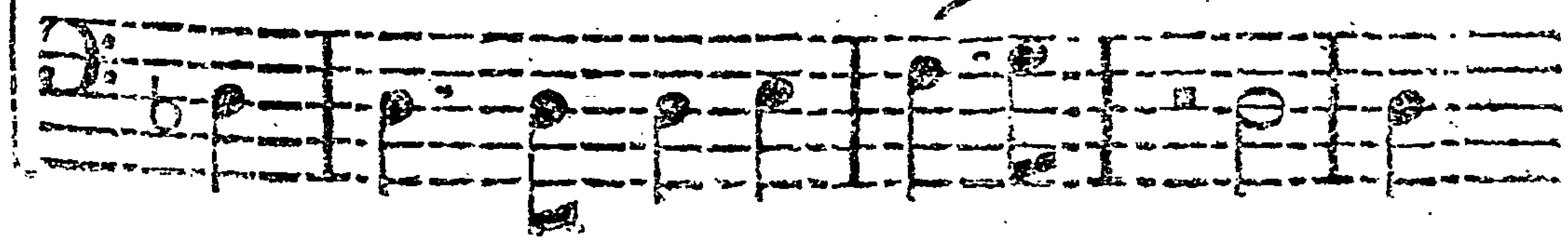


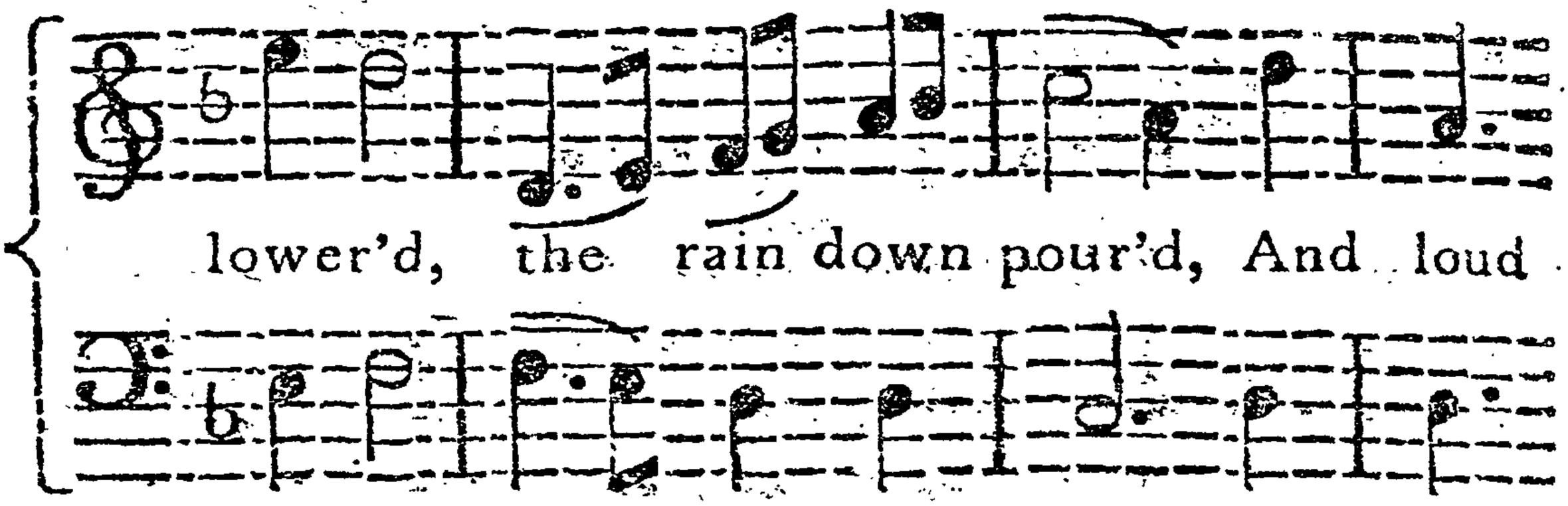
The rageing seas, whom none can please,

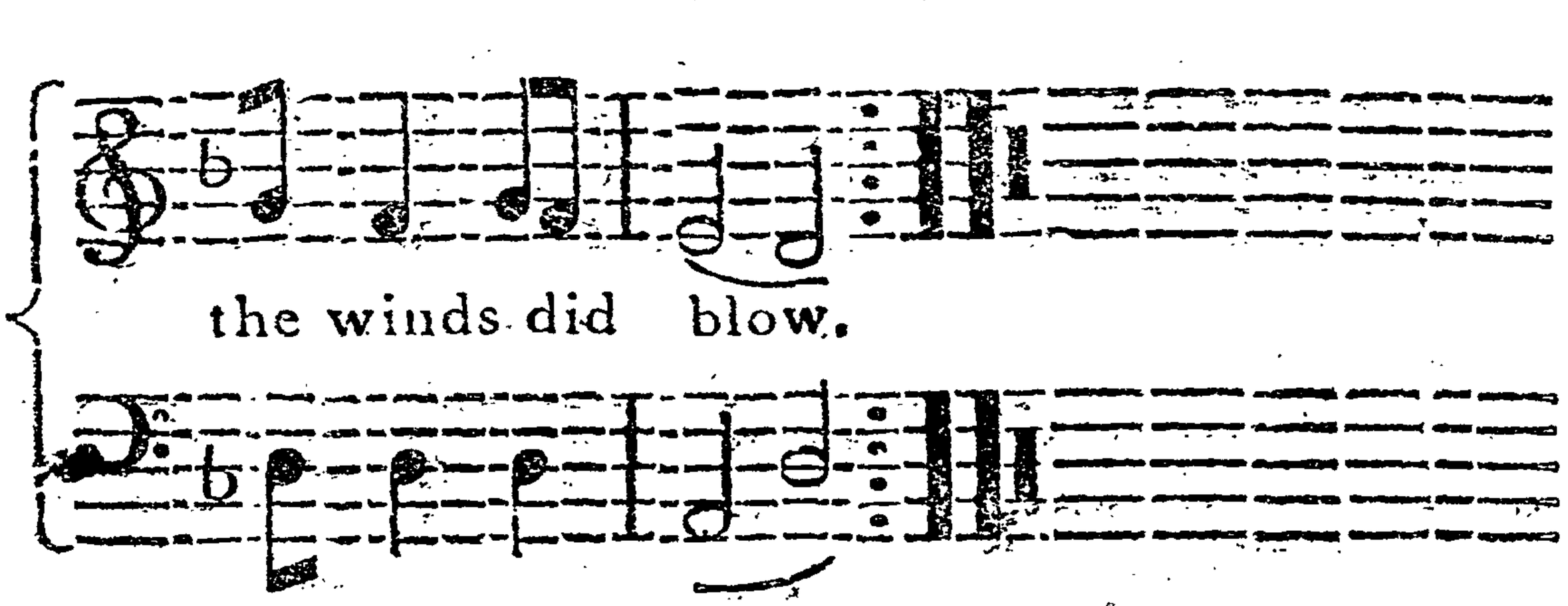




'Gainst him their malice show. The heav'ns







Then caſting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain ;
Ye cruel rocks and ſkies,
Ye ſtormy ſeas, and angry main :
What 'tis to miſs a lover's bliſs,
Alas, ye do not know ;
Make me your wreck, as I come back,
But ſpare me as I go.

Lo yonder ſtands the tow'r,
Where my beloved Hero lies ;
And the appointed hour
Make haſte, ſhe ſits with longing eyes :
To his fond ſuit, the Gods were mute,
The billows anſwer'd no ;

Up to the ſkies, the ſurges riſe,
But ſunk the youth as low.

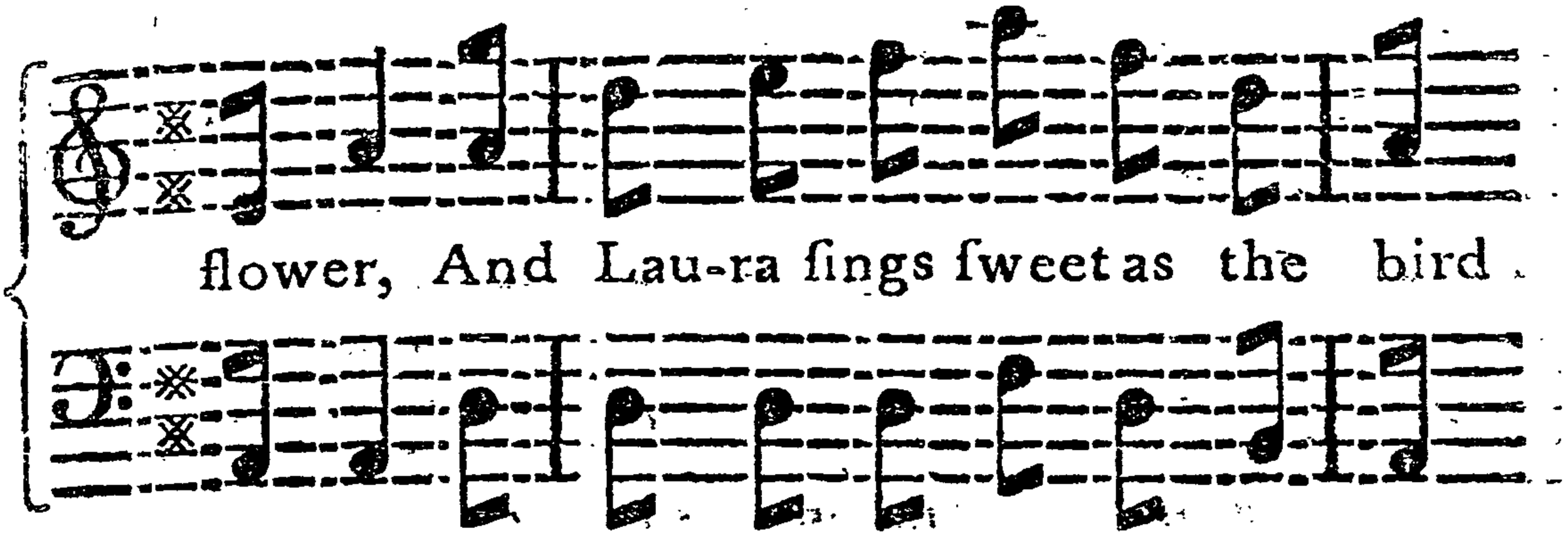
Meanwhile the waiting maid,
Divided 'twixt her fear and love;
Now does his ſtay upbraid,
Now dreads he ſhould the paſſage prove:
Oh! faith, ſaid ſhe, not heav'n nor thee,
Our love ſhall e'er divide;
I'd leap this wall, could I but fall,
By my Leander's ſide.

Although the riſing ſun,
Did to his ſight reveal, too late,
His Hero was undone;
Not by Leander's ſuit, but fate:
Said ſhe, I'll ſhow, though we were two,
Our vows were ever one;
This proof I'll give, I will not live,
Nor ſhall he die alone.

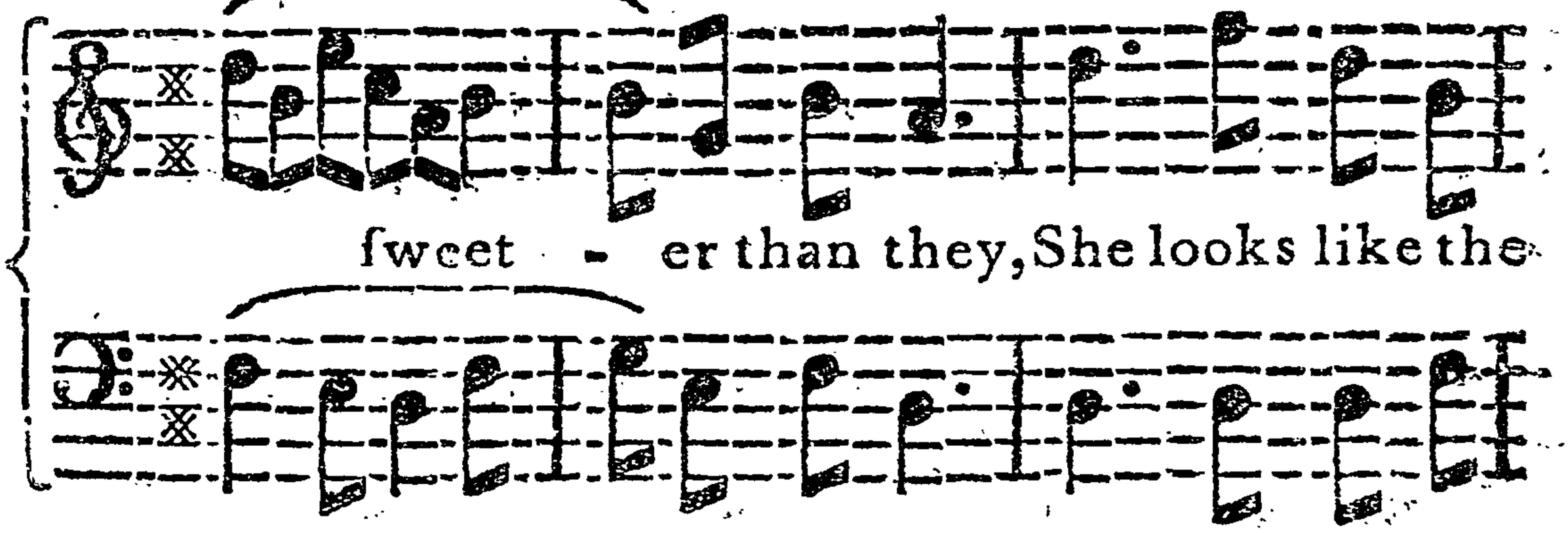
Down from the wall ſhe lept,
Into the raging ſea to him;
Courting each wave ſhe met,
To teach her wearied arms to ſwim:
The ſea Gods wept, nor longer kept
Her from her lover's ſide;
Then join'd at laſt, ſhe graſp'd him faſt,
They ſigh'd, embrac'd and dy'd.

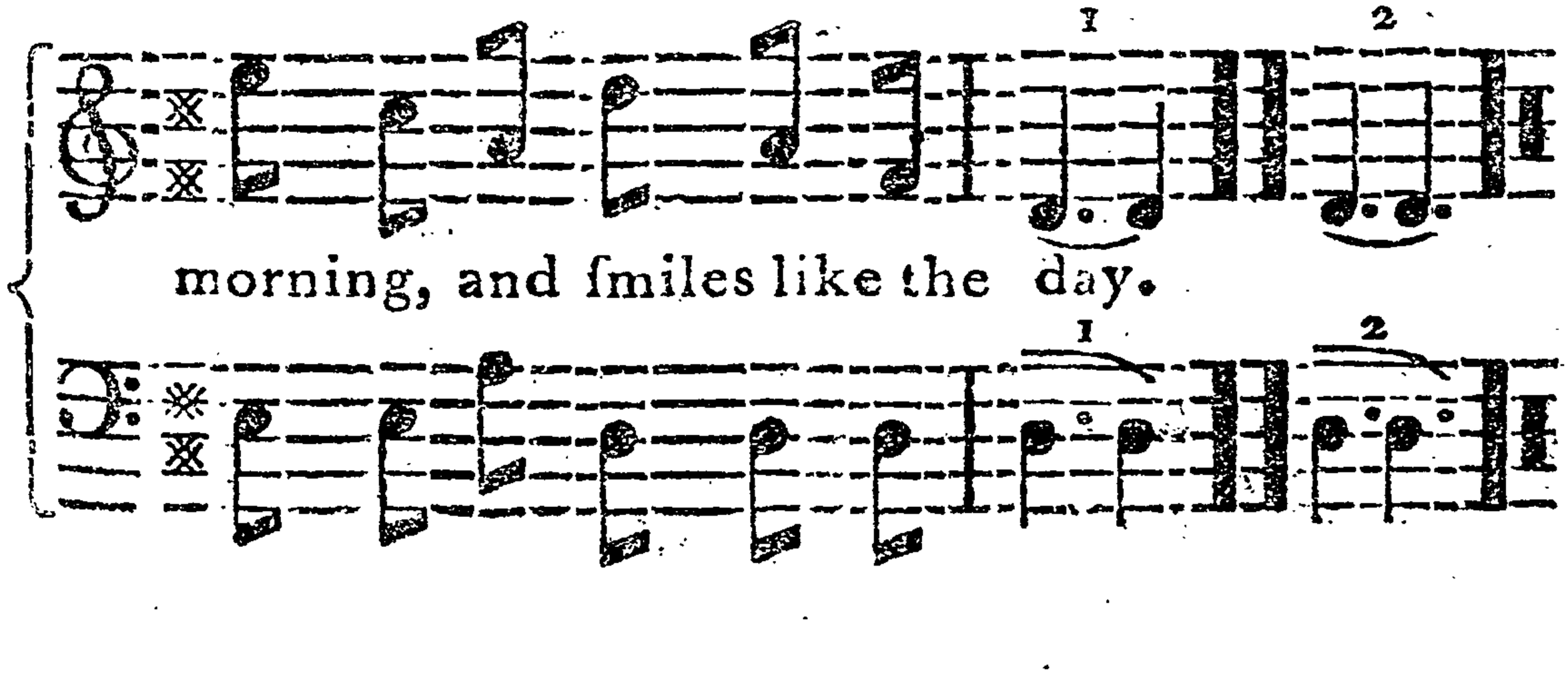
SONG LXXXIV.

THE BEAUTIES OF FRIENDSHIP.


flower, And Lau-ra ſings ſweet as the bird.

in her bow'r; But friendſhip is fairer and


ſweet - er than they, She looks like the


1
2
morning, and ſmiles like the day.
1
2

In the flower of her age, in the bloom of her youth,
She looks like the Goddes of Virtue and Truth;
One hour in her preſence, an æra excels,
In courts where ambition with miſery dwells.

How ſweet is the ſmell of new ſpringing flow'rs,
When May in bright mornings lead on the gay hours;
But Friendſhip is brighter and fairer than they,
She's mild as the morning and lovely as May.

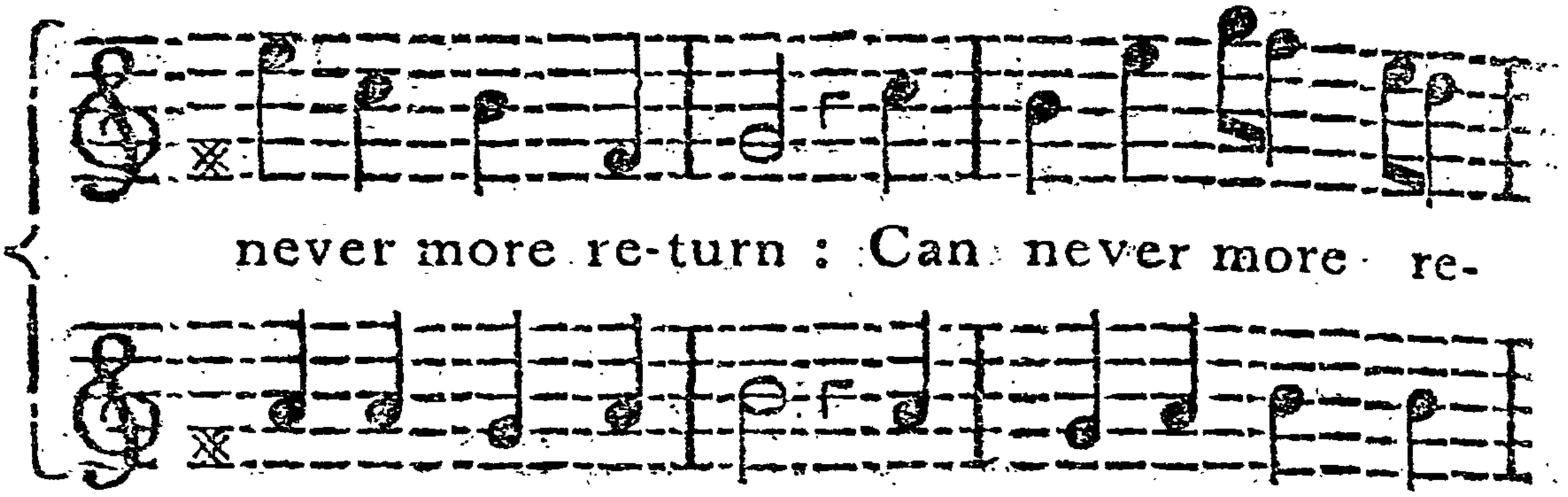
When Larks ſing above, and Lambs bleat around,
How pleaſant the ſcene, how delightful the ſound;
But Friendſhip's far ſweeter than birds that can ſing,
Or notes of the warblers that welcome the ſpring.

Whenever ſhe moves in the ſtreets or the plain,
She looks like a Venus juſt ſprung from the main;
She ſpeaks, and the groves with her ſoft notes reply,
You'd think that an angel was warbling on high.

SONG LXXXV.

ANNA's URN.

an - gels vir-tues lay ; Too soon did heav'n af-
fert its claim, And call'd its own a-
way. And call'd its own a - way.
My An - na's worth, My An - na's charms Can


never more re-turn : Can never more re-
turn : What then can fill theſe widow'd arms?
Ah, me ! Ah, me ! Ah,
me ! my An-na's Urn.

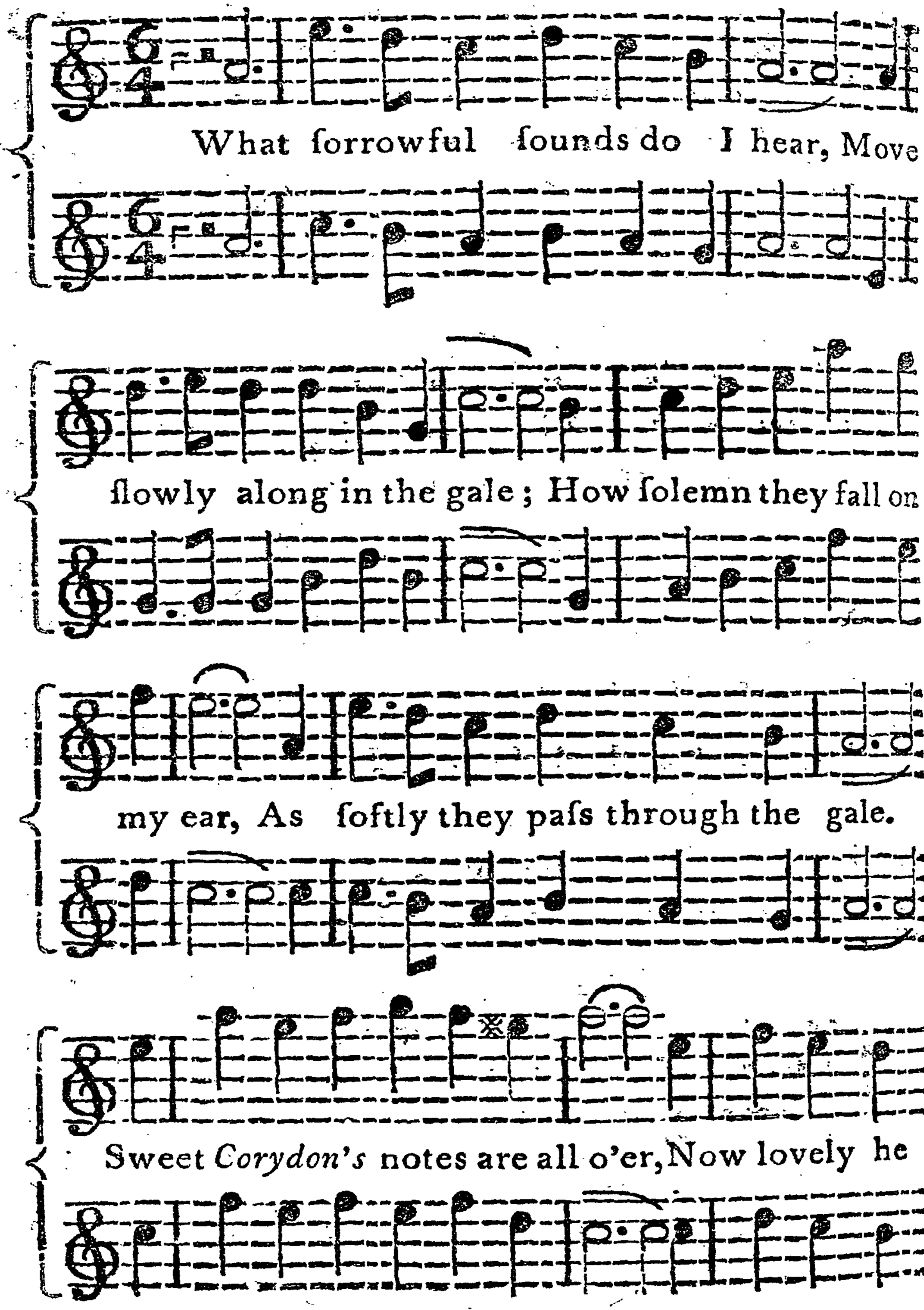
Can I forget that bliſs refin'd,
  Which bleſt with her I knew;
Our hearts in ſacred bonds entwin'd,
  Were bound by love too true:
That rural train which once was us'd,
  In feſtive dance to turn;
So pleas'd when Anna they amus'd,
  Now weeping deck her Urn.

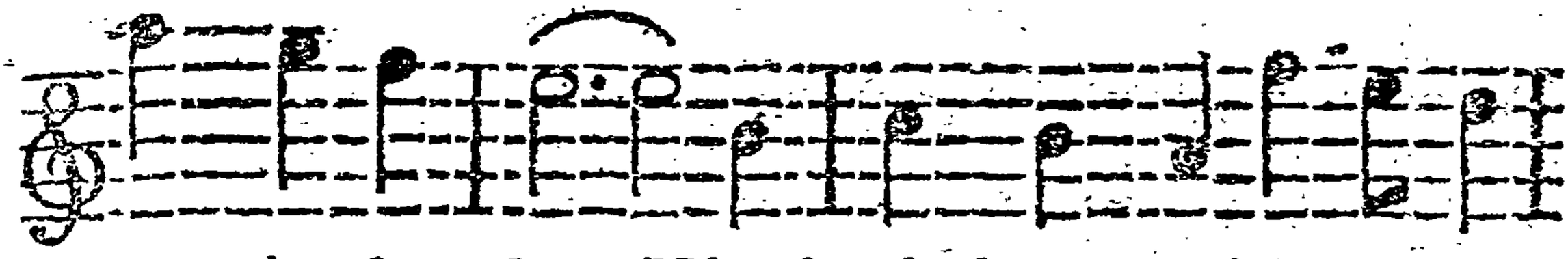
The ſoul eſcaping from its chain,
  She claſp'd me to her breaſt;
To part with thee is all my pain,
  She cried, then ſunk to reſt:
While mem'ry ſhall her ſeat retain,
  From beauteous Anna's Urn;
My heart ſhall breathe its ceaſeleſs ſtrain,
  Of ſorrow o'er her Urn.

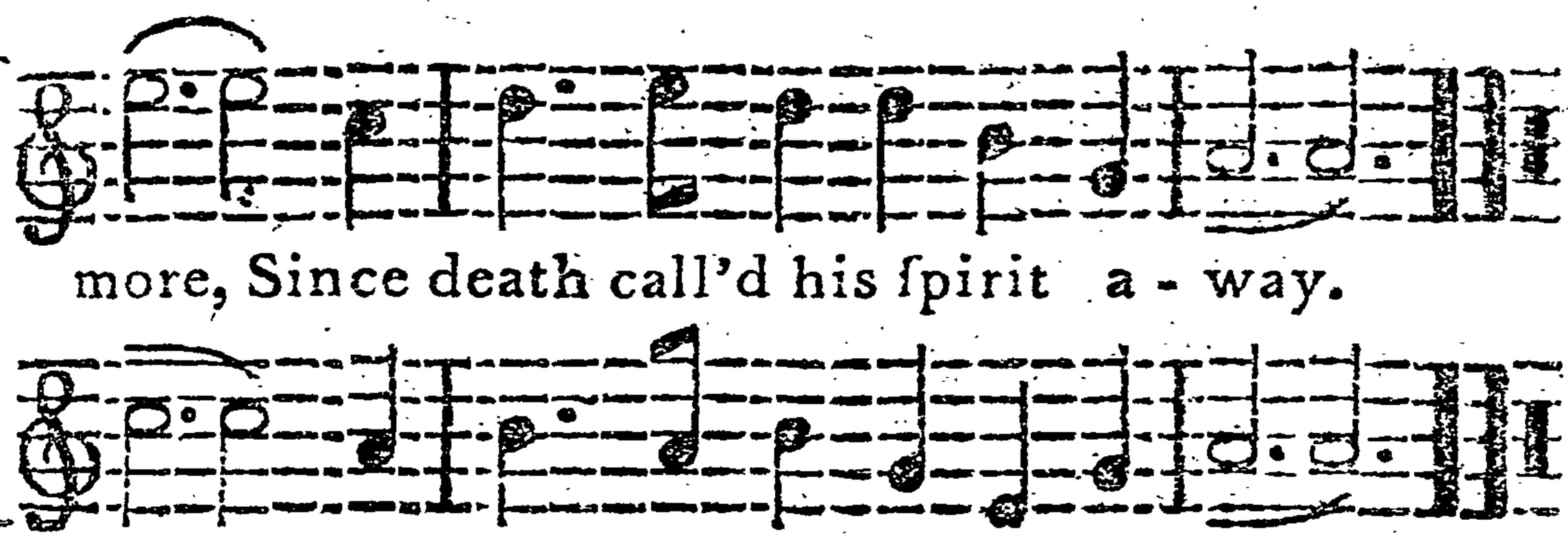
There with earlieſt dawn, a dove,
  Laments her murder'd mate;
There Philomela loſt to love,
  Tells the pale moon her fate:
With yew and ivy round me ſpread,
  My Anna there I'll mourn;
For all my ſoul, now ſhe is dead,
  Concenters in her Urn.

SONG LXXXVI.

CORYDON's GHOST—By Dr. N. DWIGHT.







Sweet woodbines will rise round his tomb,
And willows there sorrowing wave;
Young hyacinths freshen and bloom,
While hauthons encircle his grave.
Each morn, when the sun gilds the east,
The green grass, bespangled with dew,
Will cast his bright beams to the west,
To charm the sad *Caroline*'s view.

O *Corydon*, hear the sad cries,
Of *Caroline*, plaintive and slow;
O spirit, look down from the skies,
And pity thy mourner below.

'Tis *Caroline*'s voice in the breeze,
Which Philomel hears on the plain;
Then ſtriving the mourner to pleaſe,
In ſympathy joins in her ſtrain.

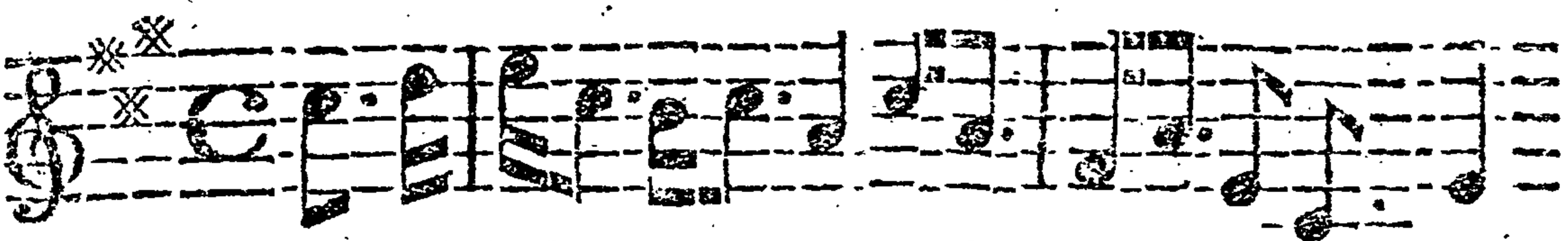
And when the ſtill night has unfurl'd
Her robe o'er the hamlets around,
Gray twilight retires from the world,
And darkneſs encumbers the ground;
I'll leave my lone gloomy abode,
To *Corydon's* urn will I fly;
And kneeling will bleſs the Juſt God,
Who dwells in bright manſion on high.

Ye ſhepherds, ſo blitheſome and young,
Retire from your ſports on the green,
Since *Corydon's* deaf to my ſong,
The wolves tore his lambs on the plain.
Each ſwain round the foreſt will ſtray,
And ſorrowing hang down his head;
His pipe then in ſymphony play,
Some dirge to young *Corydon*'s ſhade.

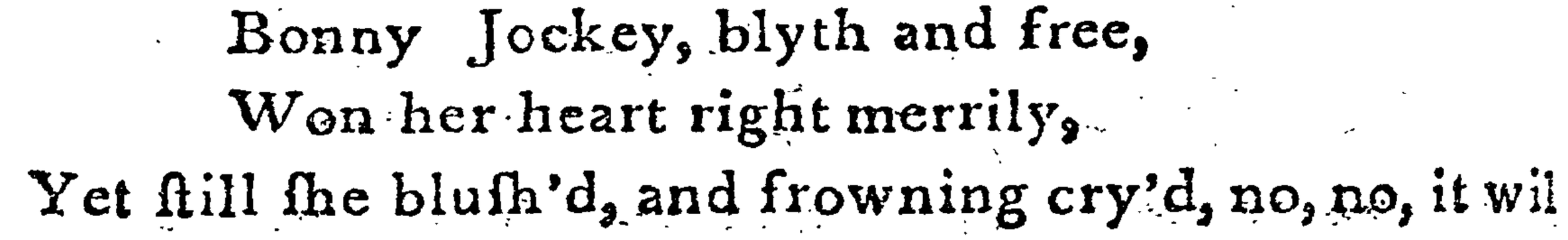
Since *Corydon* hears me no more,
In gloom let the wood-lands appear;
Ye oceans be ſtill'd of your roar;
Let autumn extend round the year.
I'll hie me through meadow and lawn,
There cull the bright flowrets of May;
Then riſe on the wings of the morn,
And waft my young ſpirit away.

SONG LXXXVII.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.



no, it will not do ; I cannot, cannot, won-



not, wonnot, mannot, buckle too.

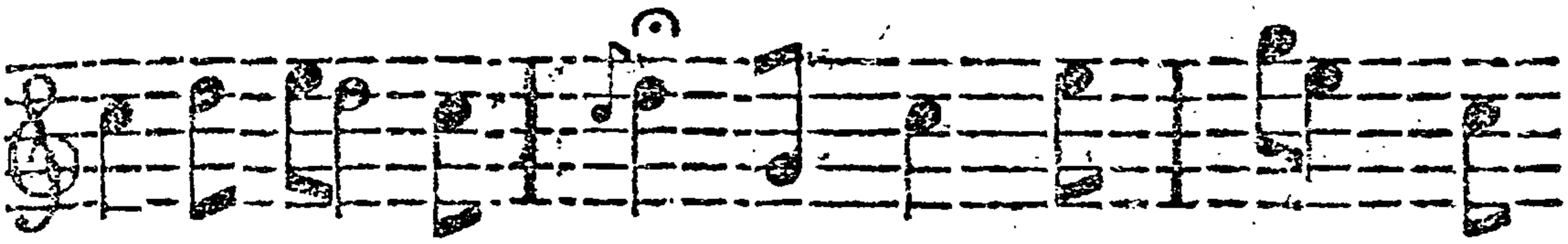
Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Tho' long he had follow'd the lafs,
Contented fhe earn'd and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grafs :
Bonny Jockey, blyth and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
Yet ftill fhe blufh'd, and frowning cry'd, no, no, it wil
not do,
I cannot cannot, wonnot wonnot, mannot buckle too.

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand, and a kifs befide,
And vow'd fhe'd forever be true ;
Bonny Jockey, blyth and free.
Won her heart right merrily,
At church fhe no more frowning cry'd, no, no, it w
not do,
I cannot cannot, wonnot wonnot, mannot buckle to

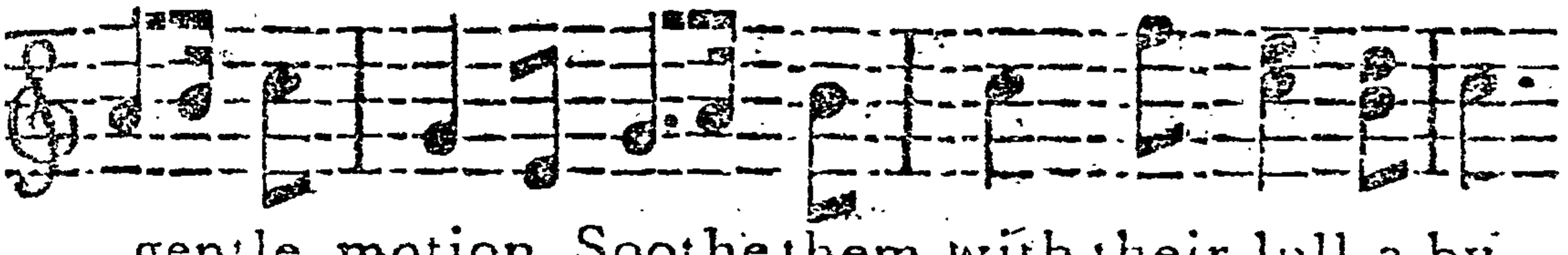
SONG LXXXVIII.

LULLABY.

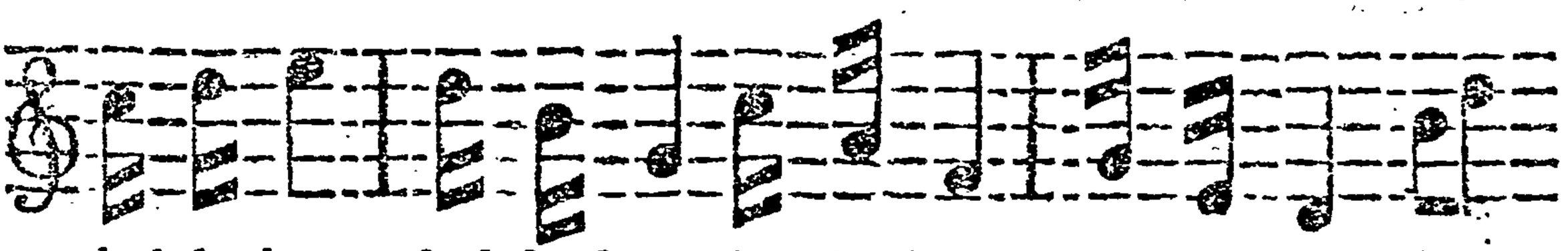
Peaceful flumb'ring on the Ocean, Sailors



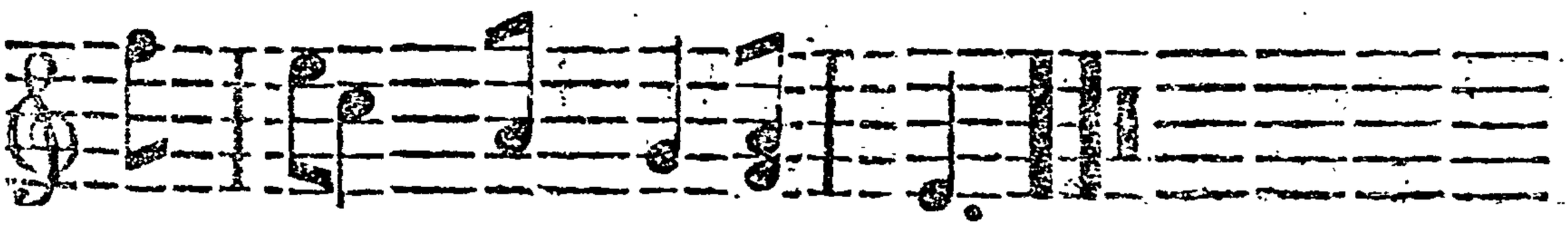
fear no danger nigh; The winds and waves in



gentle motion, Soothe them with their lull-a-by.



lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by. Soothe



them with their lul-la - by.

Is the wind tempeſtuous blowing?
Still no danger they deſcry;
The guileleſs heart its boon beſtowing,
Soothes them with its lullaby.
Lullaby, &c.

When the midnight tempeſt rageing,
Rolls the angry billows high ;
The morrow's calm their thoughts engaging,
Soothes them with its lullaby.
Lullaby, &c.

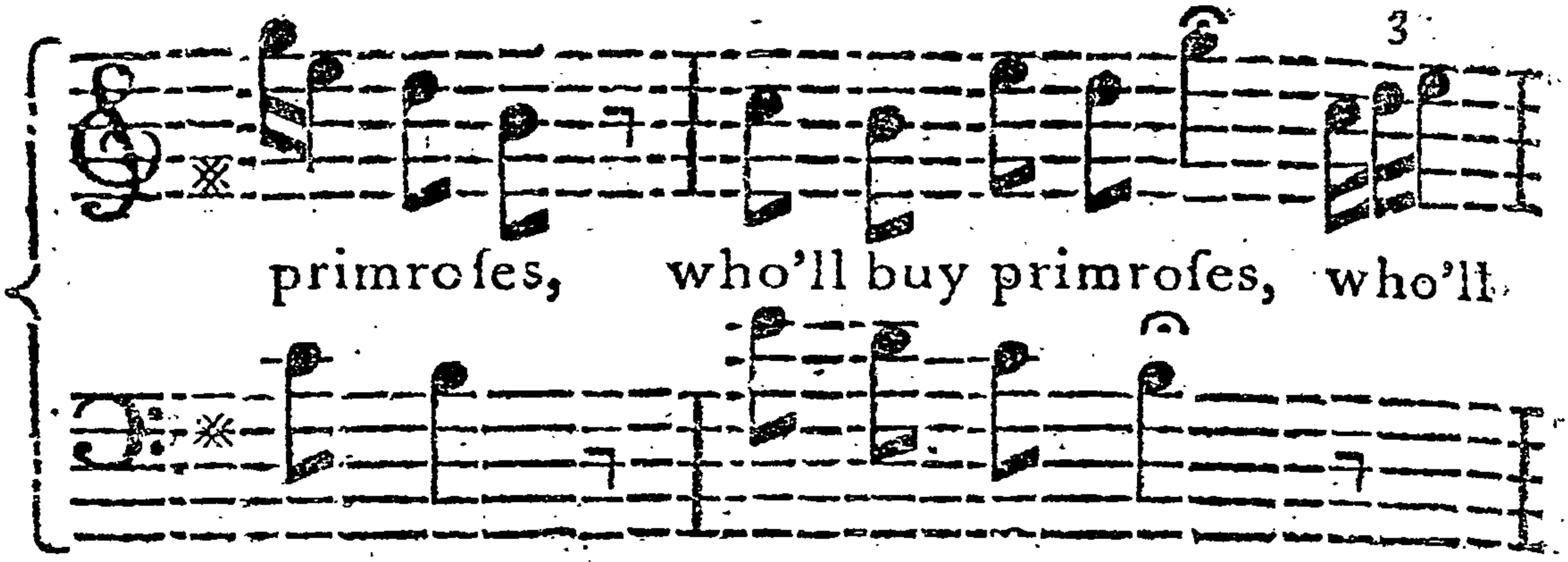
Now the threat'ning ſtorm is over,
Clouds no more enſhroud the ſky ;
Bliſsful thoughts of abſent lovers,
Soothe them with their lullaby.
Lullaby, &c.

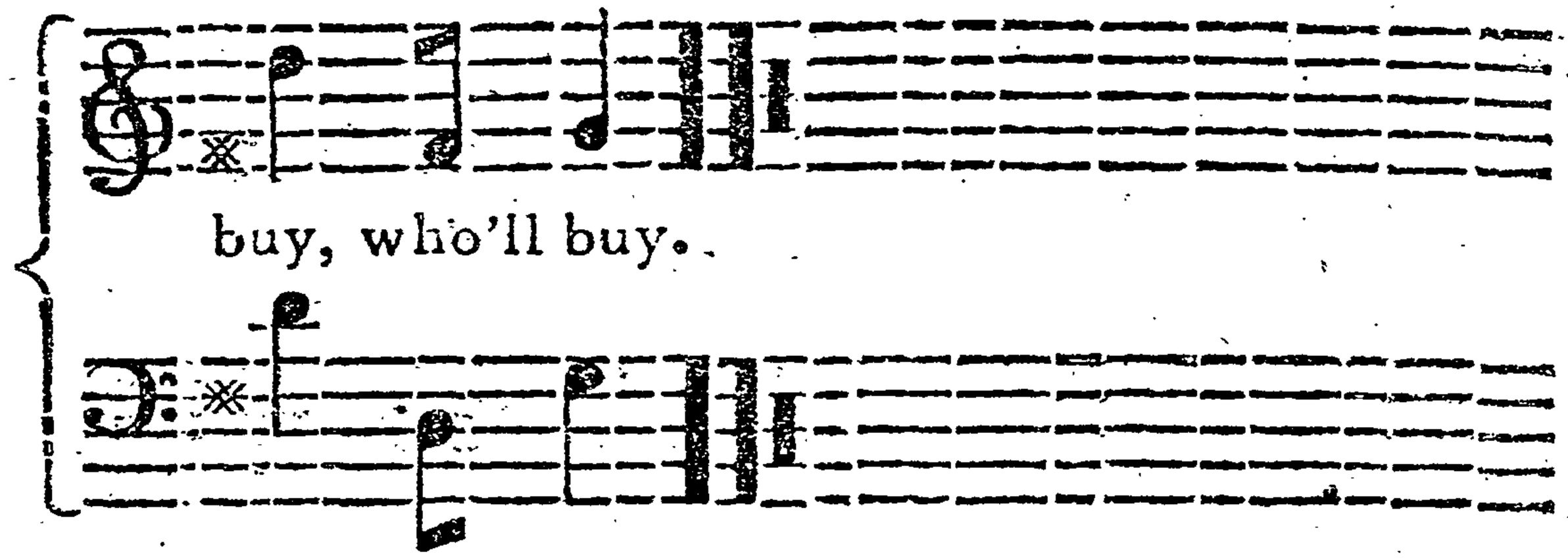
The voyage being made, the ſhip's returning,
Port now greets the raptur'd eye ;
Joy in every boſom burning,
Soothes them with its lullaby.
Lullaby, &c.

Safe arriv'd, at anchor riding,
Hands aſhore all eager fly ;
Happy wives with gentleſt chiding,
Soothe them with their lullaby.
Lullaby, &c.

SONG LXXXIX.

THE PRIMROSE GIRL.





Relations I've none, I'm look'd on with ſcorn,
'Twere better for me had I never been born;
Though poor, I am honeſt, yet oft do I ſigh,
When crying primroſes, who'll buy my primroſes, &c.

By the rich, and the proud, I am turn'd out of door,
And denied a ſmall portion of food from their ſtore;
Unpitied, and hungry, with tears in my eye,
I ſtill cry primroſes, who'll buy my primroſes, &c.

My companions all ſhun me, and ſay I am proud,
Becauſe I avoid them, and keep from their crowd;
All wicked temptations I ever will fly,
And cry my primroſes, who'll buy my primroſes, &c.

My dreſs is quite plain, and my parentage low,
By the world I'm derided wherever I go ;
Yet in ſpite of deriſion I conſtantly cry,
Primroſes, primroſes, who'll buy my primroſes, &c.

Each morn when I wake, to my taſk I repair,
And ſelect my primroſes, 'tween hope and deſpair ;
If I ſell them I feaſt, but if not, O ! I ſigh,
O'er my wither'd primroſes, neglected primroſes,
Poor drooping primroſes, who'll buy, who'll buy ?

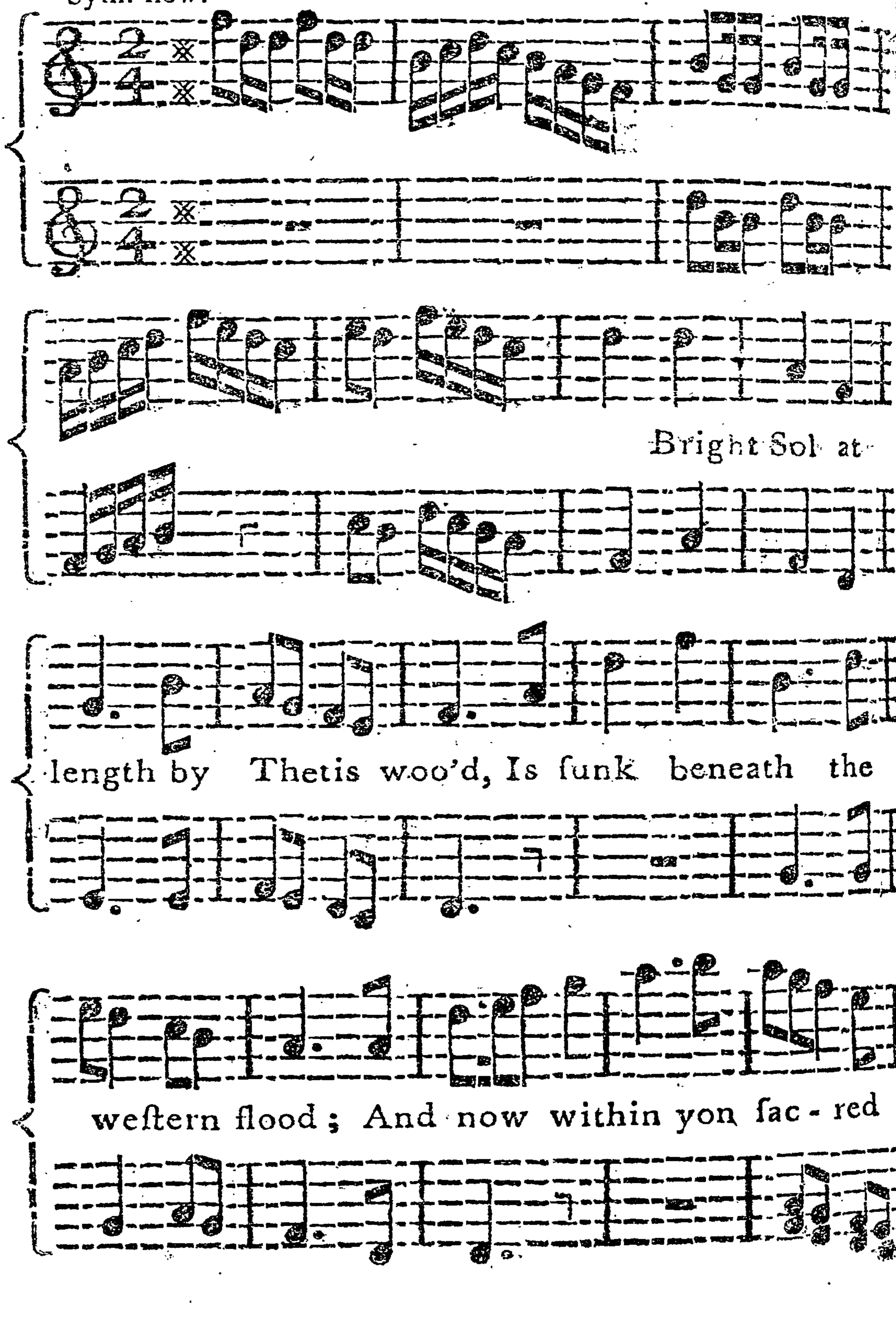
And when the day's paſt, whether hungry or fed,
From my taſk I retire, to procure me a bed ;
But too often, in ſorrow, on the cold ground I lie,
Weeping o'er my primroſes, poor fading primroſes
Neglected primroſes, who'll buy, who'll buy ?

If pity to virtue was ever allied,
The tear of compaſſion cannot be denied ;
Then pity poor Kate, who does conſtantly cry,
Primroſes, primroſes, who'll buy my primroſes, &c.

SONG XC.

LOVELY STELLA.

Sym. flow.

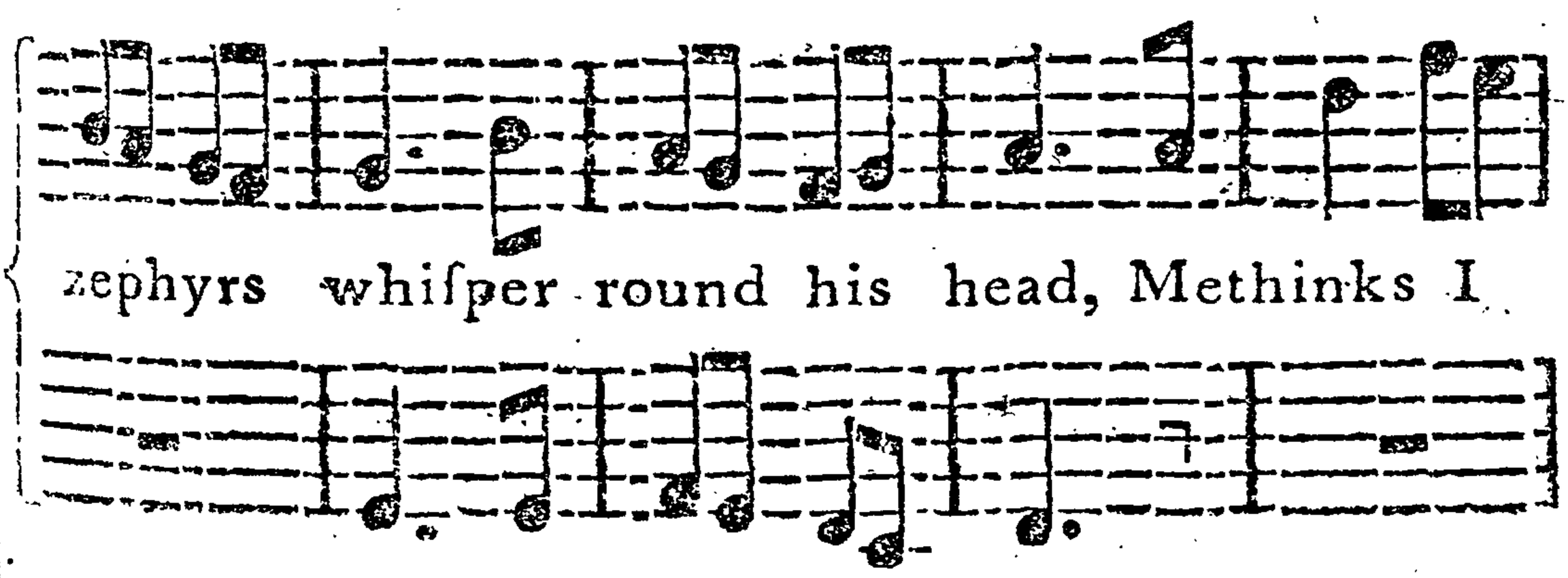


grove; I haſte to meet, I haſte to meet

Sym.

the youth I love.

Reclin'd beneath the beachen ſhade, While


zephyrs whiſper round his head, Methinks I

hear him figh - ing ſay, Come lovely Stella,

Come lovely, Stella, Come lovely Stel-la,

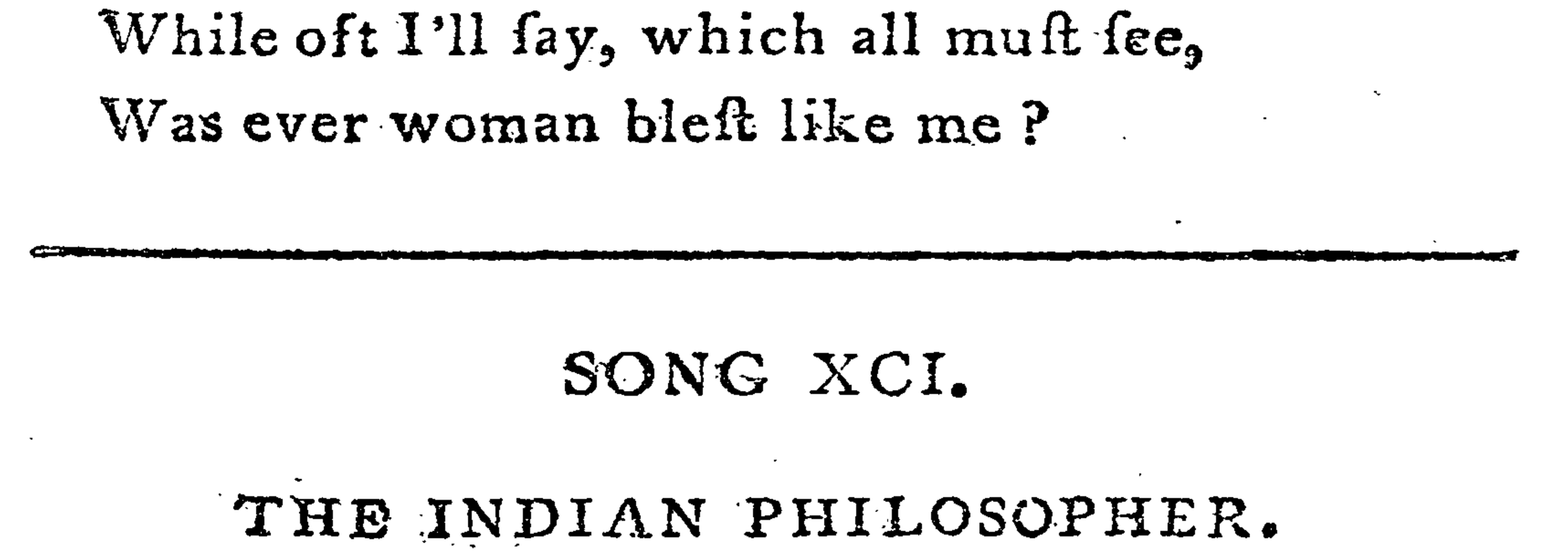
come a - way.

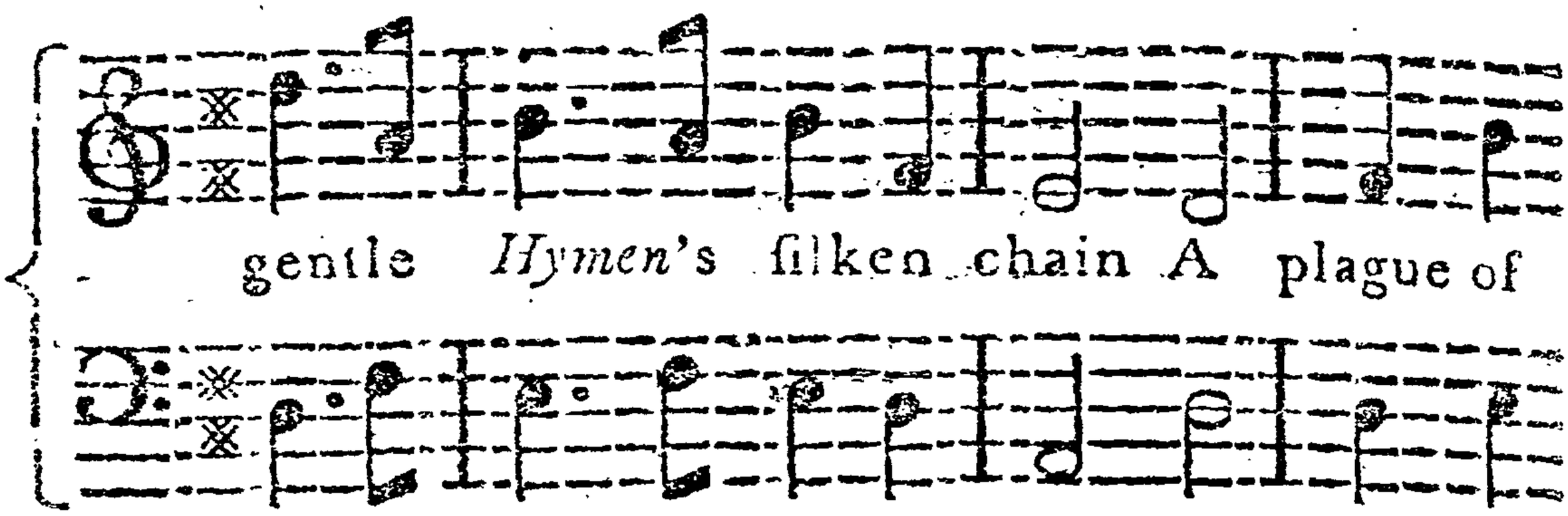
I come my Damon, fraught with joy ;
Swift as the mountain deer I fly,
Within thy faithful arms to lay,
And love the cares of life away.
There will I vow dear gen'rous youth,
To love thee with eternal truth ;
Firm as great Heav'n's unchang'd decree,
To keep my ſpotleſs heart for thee.

By that fond heart, the trueſt, beſt,
That ever warm'd a Virgin's breaſt ,
By that fond heart, dear youth, I ſwear,
Thou, only Thou, art treaſur'd there :
There ſhalt thou ever, deareſt ſwain,
My boſom's faithful inmate reign !
While oft I'll ſay, which all muſt ſee,
Was ever woman bleſt like me ?

SONG XCI.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.




gentle Hymen's ſilken chain A plague of
iron prove? BENDISH, 'tis ſtrange the
charm which binds Millions of hands, ſhould leave
their minds At ſuch a looſe from love.

In vain I ſought the wond'rous cauſe,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the ſchools in vain;
Then deep in thought, within my breaſt,
My ſoul retir'd and ſlumber dreſs'd
A bright inſtructive ſcene.

O'er the broad lands, and croſs the tide;
On fancy's airy horſe I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
'Till on the banks of *Gange*'s flood,
In a tall ancient grove I ſtood
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

Hard by a venerable prieſt,
Ris'n with his God, the Sun, from reſt,
Awoke his morning ſong!
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring ſtream;
The birth of ſouls was all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.

"He ſang th'Eternal rolling flame,
"That vital maſs, which ſtill the ſame
"Does all our minds compoſe:
"But ſhap'd in twice ten thouſand frames;
"Thence diff'ring ſouls of diff'ring names,
"And jarring tempers roſe.

"The mighty power which form'd the mind
"One mould for ev'ry two deſign'd,
"And bleſs'd the new-born pair:

" *This be a match for that* ; (he ſaid)
" Then down he ſent the ſouls he made,
" To ſeek them bodies here :

" But parting from their warm abode
" They loſt their fellows on the road,
" And never join'd their hands :
" Ah cruel chance, and croſſing fates !
" Our *Eaſtern* ſouls have dropt their mates.
" On *Europe's* barb'rous lands.

" Happy the youth who finds the Bride,
" Whoſe birth is to his own ally'd,
" The ſweeteſt joys of life :
" But ah the crowds of wretched ſouls
" Fetter'd to minds of diff'rent moulds,
" And chain'd t' eternal ſtrife !

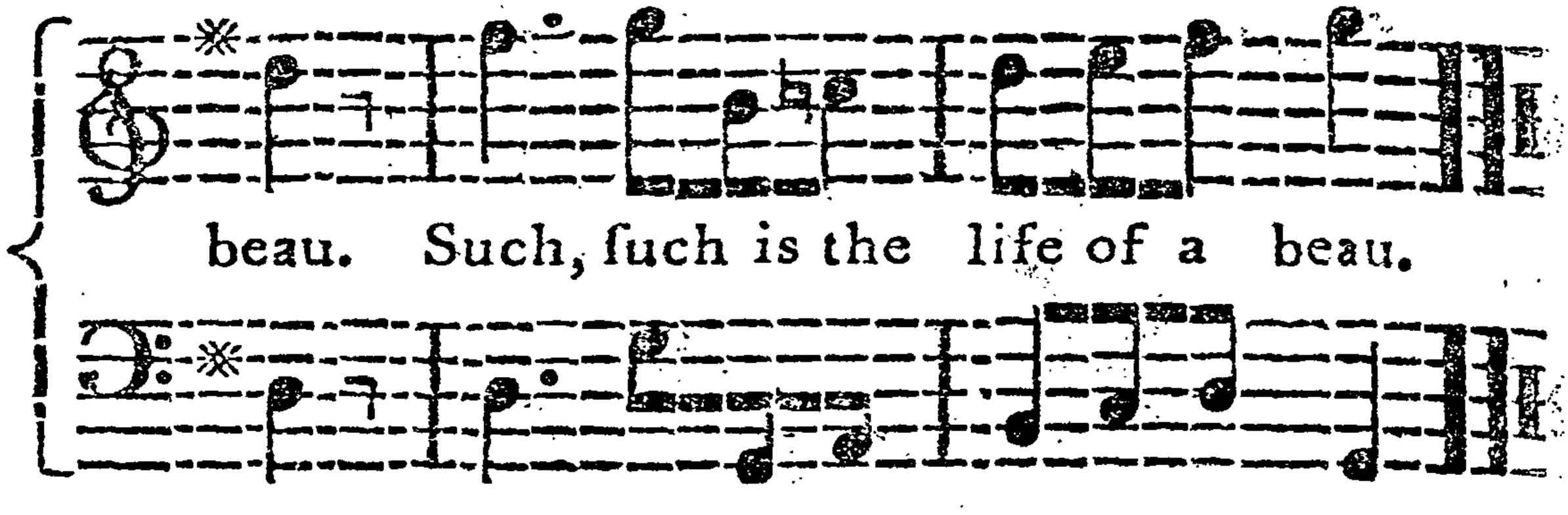
Thus ſang the wond'rous *Indian* bard ;
My ſoul with vaſt attention heard,
While *Ganges* ceas'd to flow :
" Sure then (I cri'd) might I but ſee
" That gentle nymph who twin'd with me,
" I may be happy too.

" Some courteous angel, tell me where,
" What diſtant lands this unknown fair,
" Or diſtant ſeas detain ?
" Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
" I'd fly to meet, and mingle ſouls,
" And wear the joyful chain.

SONG XCII.

THE LIFE OF A BEAU.

CHORUS.



For nothing they riſe, but to draw the freſh air,
Spend the morning in nothing but curling their hair,
And do nothing all day, but ſing, ſaunter and ſtare.
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau!

For nothing at night to the playhouſe they croud,
To mind nothing done there, they are always too proud,
But to bow and to grin and to talk nothing loud.
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau!

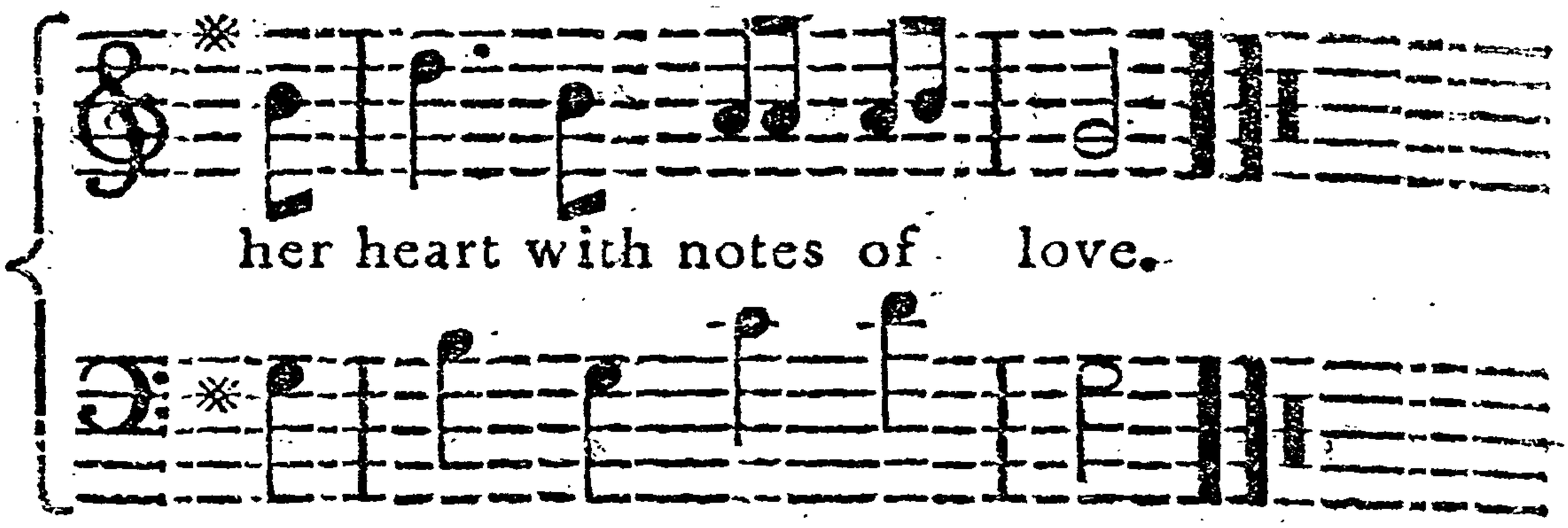
For nothing they run to aſſembly and ball,
And for nothing at cards a fair partner they call,
For they ſtill muſt be *haſted* who've nothing at all.
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau!

For nothing on Sundays at church they appear,
They have nothing to hope for and nothing to fear,
They can be nothing no where, who nothing are here.
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau!

SONG XCIII.

A NEW SONG, FOR A SERENADE—By D. GEORGE.

Andante.



Cynthia from the eaſt aſcending,
Sheds her beauties on the night ;
And the glitt'ring ſtars attending,
Aid me with their feeble light.

Gentle zephyrs, ſoftly blowing,
Seem to whiſper tales of love :
Sweeteſt notes in muſic flowing---
O ! could they my Delia move !

Pearly dew drops, that ſuſpended
On the flowr's, my anguiſh ſpeak ;
Like my tears, as they deſcended
Down my fading, pallid cheek.

Balmy ſleep o'er anture hovers,
With his black impervious wings ;
Yet to ever watchful lovers,
Silent night no ſolace brings.

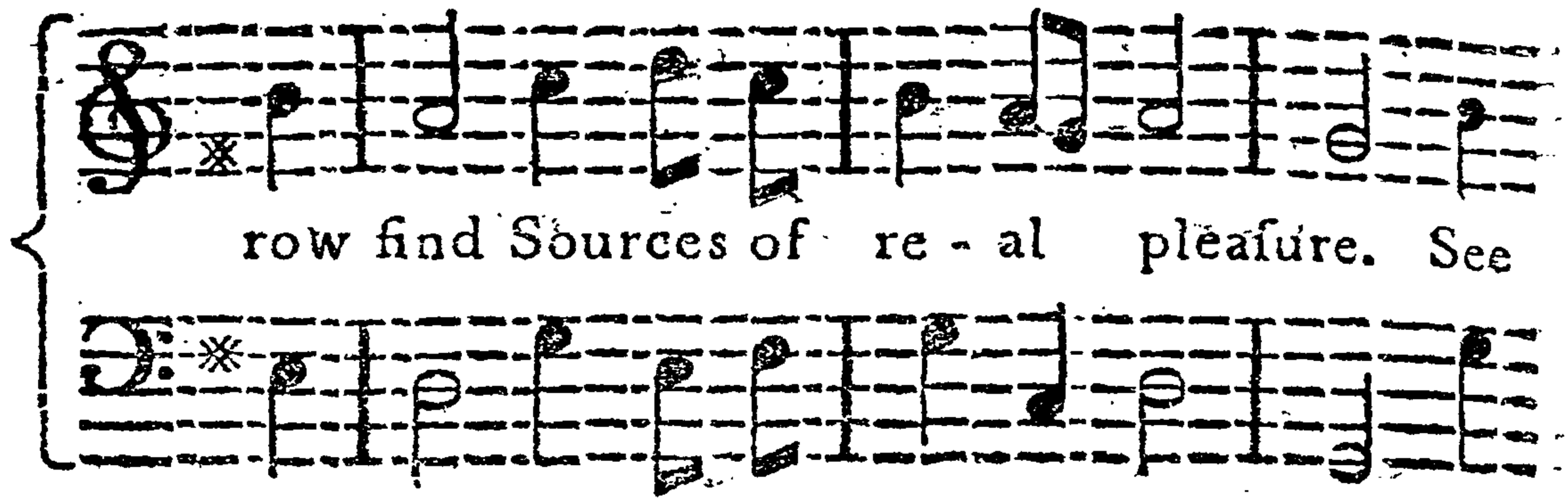
Why this wiſhing---trembling---dying---
This fond hope, and tender fear ?
Friendly zephyrs, dovelike flying,
Waft my ſighs to Delia's ear !

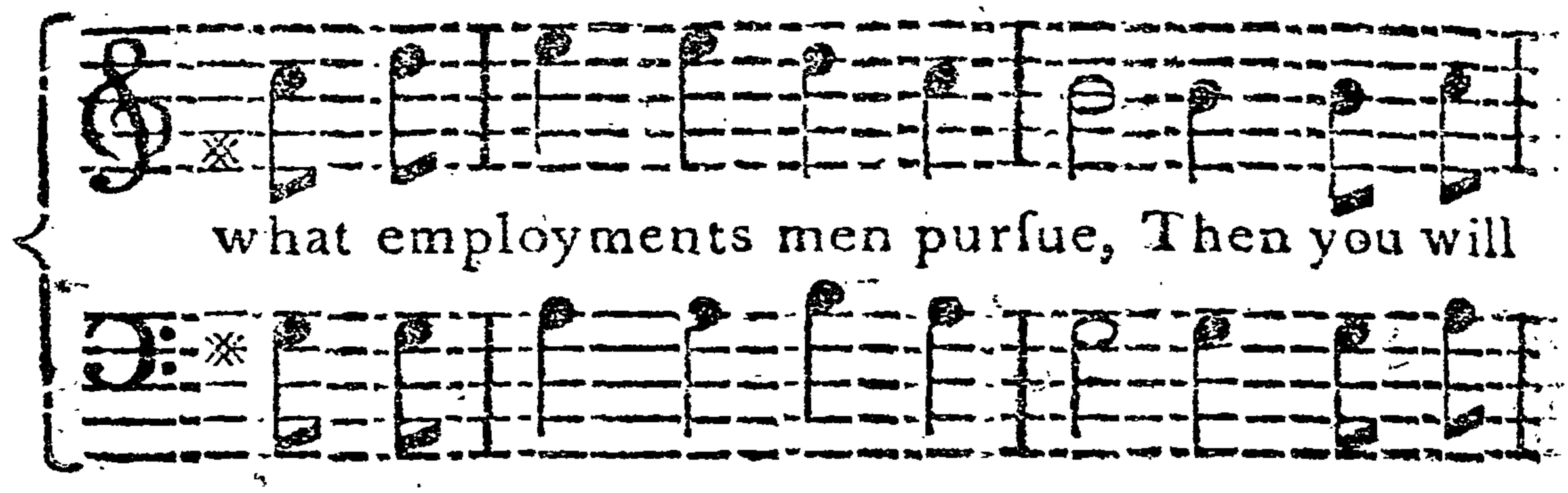
Tell her that for her I languiſh---
What each tender look reveals;
Fill her boſom with ſoft anguiſh;
Teach her what her lover feels.

Smile propitious, heav'nly creature,
Eaſe my love ſick, painful breaſt:
'Tis not in my Delia's nature
To deprive my ſoul of reſt.

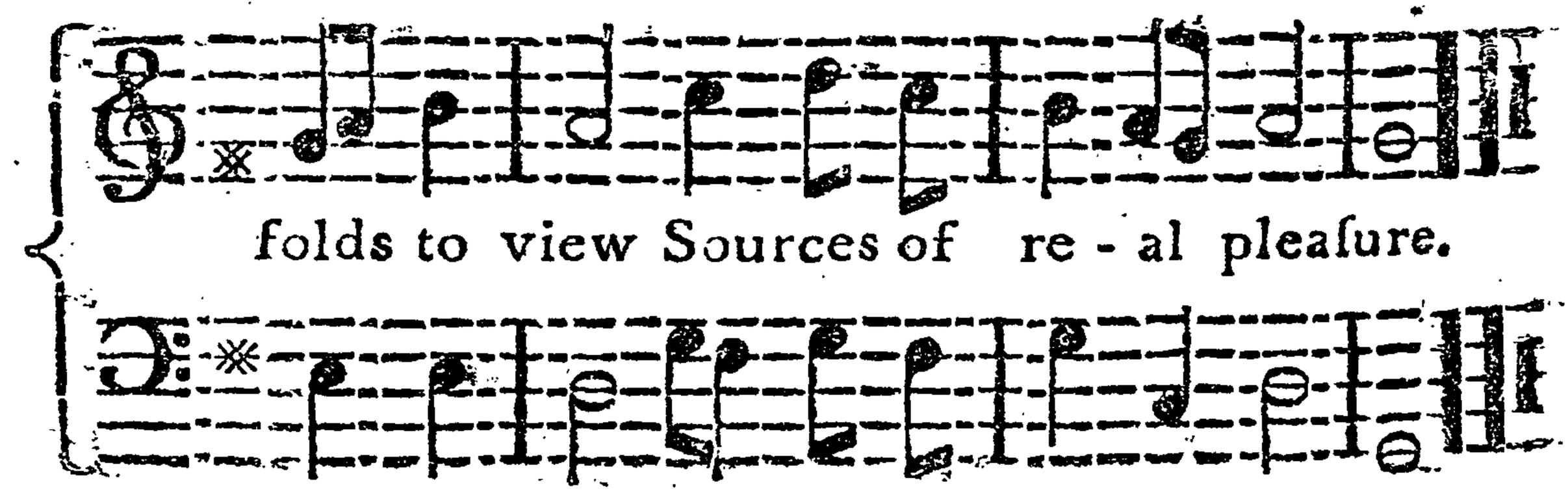
SONG XCIV.

FRIENDSHIP—By *BIDWELL*.


row find Sources of re - al pleaſure. See


what employments men purſue, Then you will

own my words are true : Friendſhip a-lone un-


folds to view Sources of re - al pleaſure.

Poor are the joys which fools eſteem,
  Fading and tranſitory :
Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,
  Or a deluſive ſtory :
Luxury leaves a ſting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind :
Only in Friendſhip can we find
  Pleaſure and ſolid glory,

Beauty, with all its gaudy ſhows,
  Is but a painted bubble :
Short is the triumph, wit beſtows,
  Full of deceit and trouble :
Fame, like a ſhadow, flees away,
Titles and dignities decay :
Nothing but Friendſhip can diſplay
  Joys, that are free form trouble.

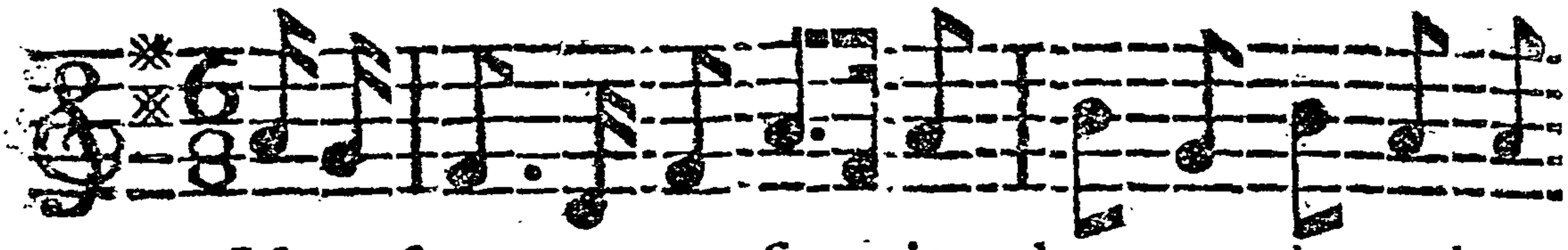
Learning (that boaſted glittering thing)
  Scarcely is worth poſſeſſing :
Riches, forever on the wing,
  Cannot be call'd a bleſſing :
Senſual pleaſures ſwell deſire,
Juſt as the fuel feeds the fire :
Friendſhip can real bliſs inſpire,
  Bliſs that is worth poſſeſſing,

Happy the man, who has a friend
  Form'd by the God of nature,
Well may he feel and recommend
  Friendſhip for his Creator.

Then as our hands in Friendſhip join,
So let our ſocial powers combine,
Rul'd by a paſſion moſt divine,
Friendſhip with our Creator.

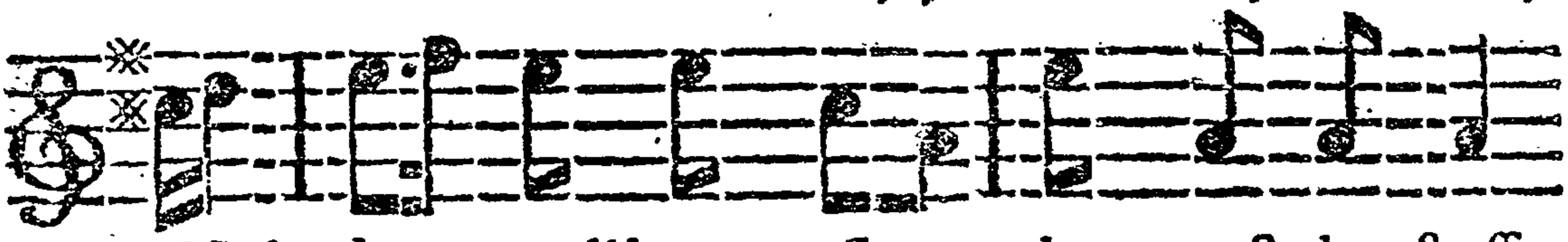
SONG XCV.

NOBODY.

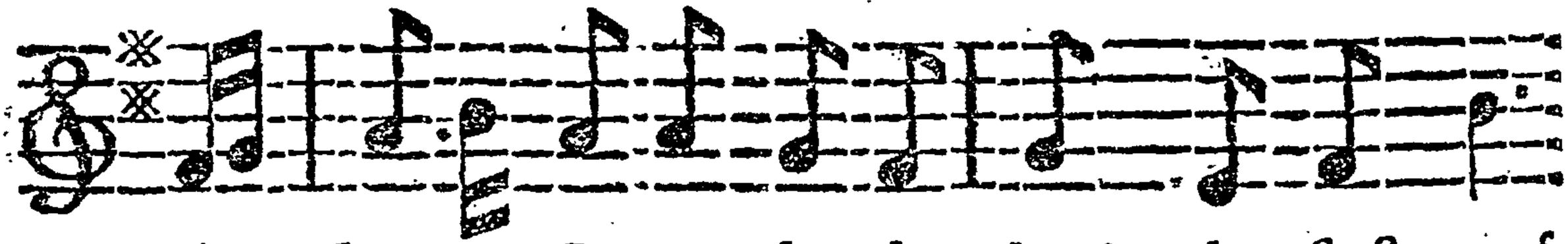


If to force me to ſing it be yonr intention,

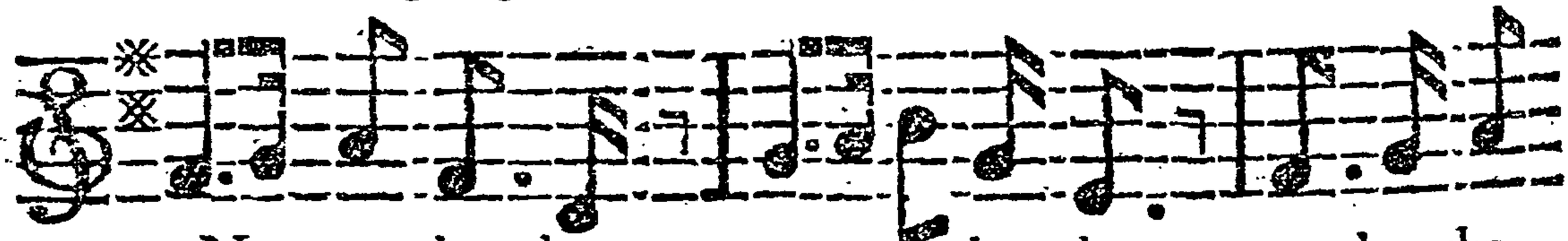
Some one I will hint at, yet nobody mention,



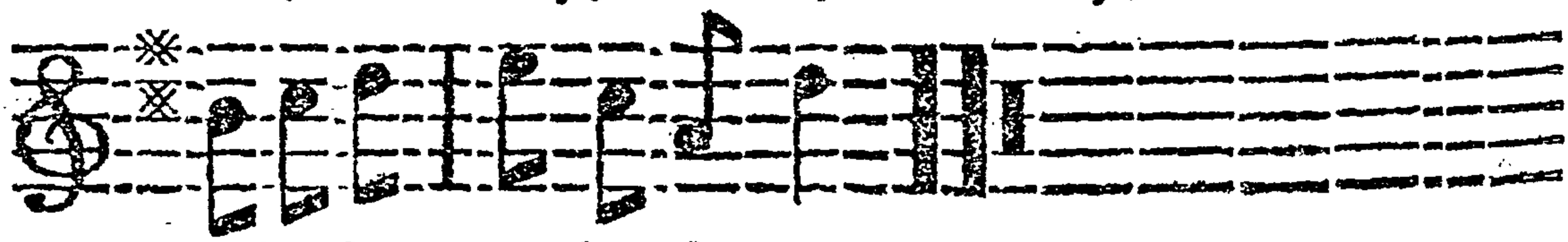
Nobody you'll cry, pſhaw, that muſt be ſtuff,



At ſinging I'm no-bo-dy, that's the firſt proof,



No, no-bo-dy, no, no-bo-dy, no-bo-dy,



nobody, no-bo-dy, no.

Nobody's a name every body will own,
When ſomething they ought to be aſham'd of have done;
'Tis a name well applied to old maids and young beaus,
What they were intended for nobody knows.
No, nobody, &c.

If negligent ſervants ſhould china-plate crack,
The fault is ſtill laid on poor nobody's back;
If accidents happen at home or abroad,
When nobody's blam'd for it, is not that odd?
No, nobody &c.

Nobody can tell you the tricks that are play'd,
When nobody's by, betwixt maſter and maid:
She gently crys out, ſir, there'll ſome body hear us,
He ſoftly replies, my dear, nobody's near us.
No, nobody, &c.

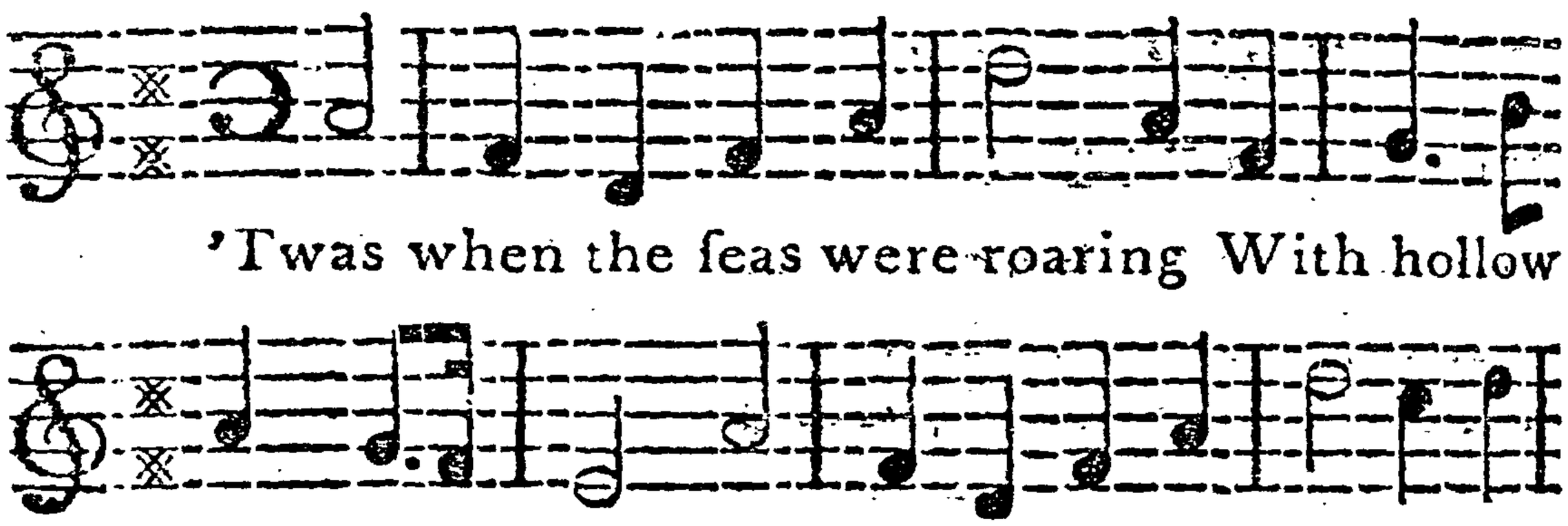
But big with child proving, ſhe's quickly diſcarded,
When favours are granted, nobody's rewarded;
And when ſhe's examined, crys, mortals, forbid it,
If I'm got with child, it was nobody did it.
No, nobody, &c.

When by ſtealth, the gallant, the wanton wife leaves,
The huſband's affrighten'd, and thinks it is thieves;
He rouſes himſelf, and crys loudly who's there?
The wife pats his cheek, and ſays, nobody, dear.
No, nobody, &c.

Enough now of nobody ſure has been ſung,
Since nobody's mention'd, nor nobody's wrong'd;
I hope for free ſpeaking I may not be blam'd,
Since nobody's injur'd, nor nobody's nam'd.
No, nobody, &c.

SONG XCVI.

THE DISPAIRING DAMSEL.



'Twas when the ſeas were roaring With hollow blaſts of wind; A damſel lay deploring, All on a rock reclin'd. Wide o'er the foaming billows She caſt a wiſtful look; Her head was crown'd with willows That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days :
Why didſt thou vent'rous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas ?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover reſt :
Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breaſt.

The merchant, robb'd of treaſure,
Views tempeſts in deſpair ;
But what's the loſs of treaſure
To loſing of my dear !
Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain ;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain ;
No eyes theſe rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear ;
Repaid each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear :

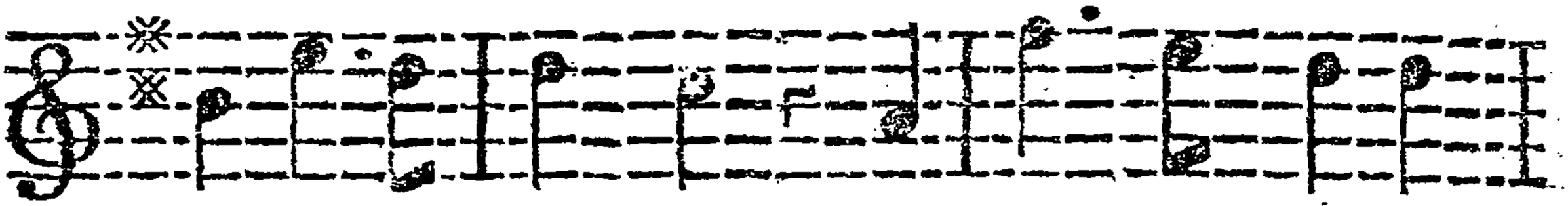
When o'er the white wave ſtooping,
His floating corpſe ſhe ſpied:
Then, like a lily, drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

SONG XCVII.

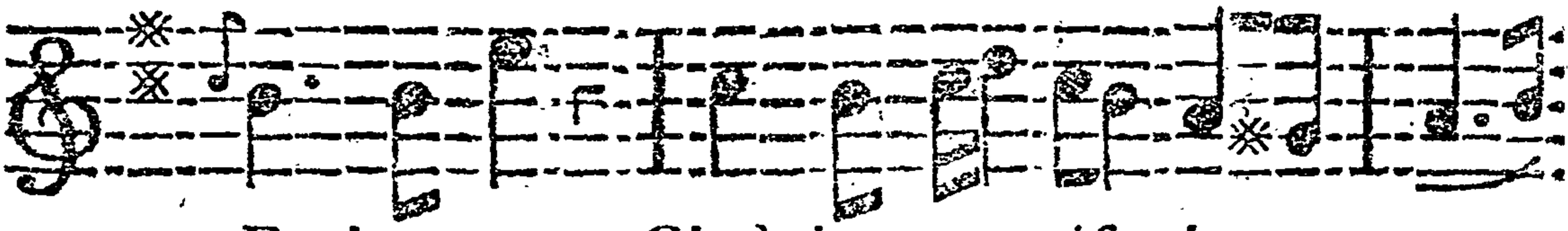
DEATH OR VICTORY.

ANDANTIO.

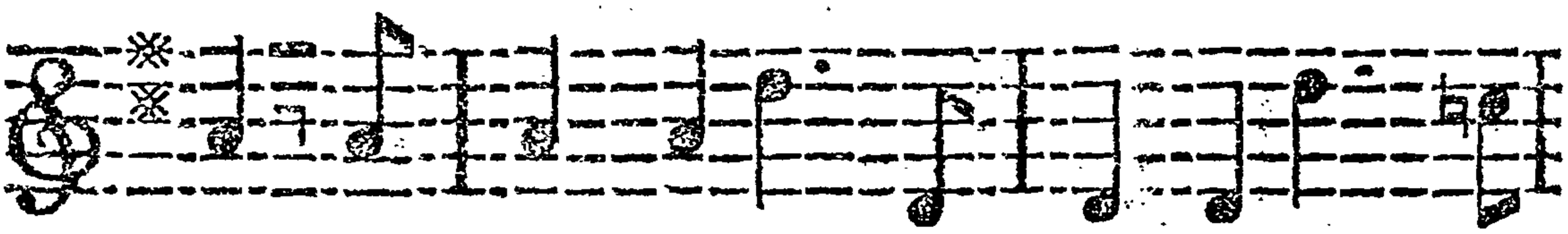
Hark, the din of diſtant war, How no-



ble is the clangor; Pale death aſcends his

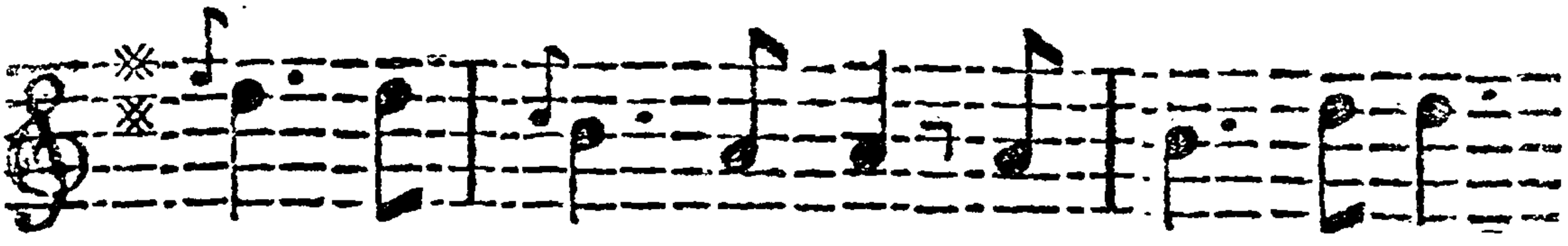


E-bon car, Clad in ter-rif-ic an-

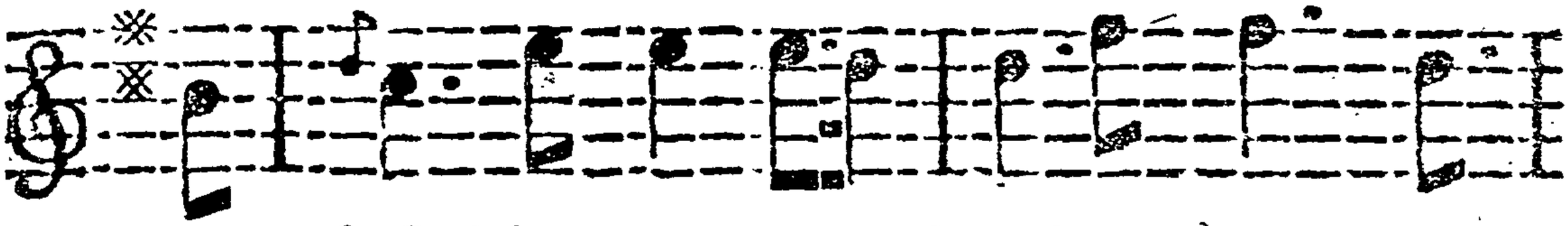


ger. A doubtful fate the ſoldier tries, Who

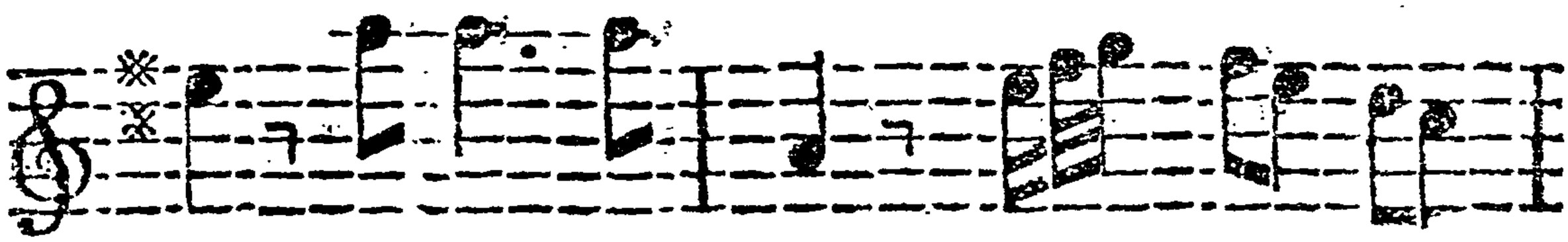
joins the gal-lant quar-rel. Per-haps on



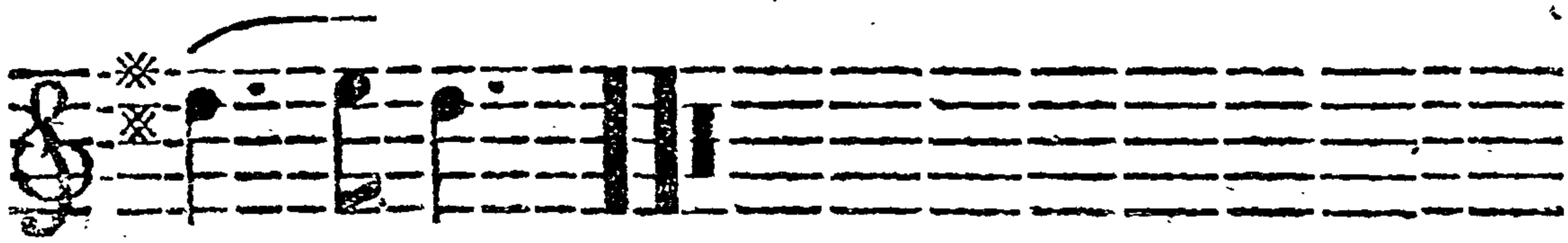
the cold ground he lies, No wife, no friend



to close his eyes, Though nobly mourn'd, per-



haps return'd, He's crown'd with vict'ry's



law - rel.

How many who disdaining fear,
Rush on the desp'rate duty;
Shall claim the tribute of the tear,
That dims the eye of beauty.

A doubtful fate, the soldier tries,
Who joins the gallant quarrel.
Perheps on the cold ground he lies,
No wife, no friend to close his eyes:
Tho' nobly mourn'd, perhaps return'd,
He's crown'd with vict'ry's lawrel.

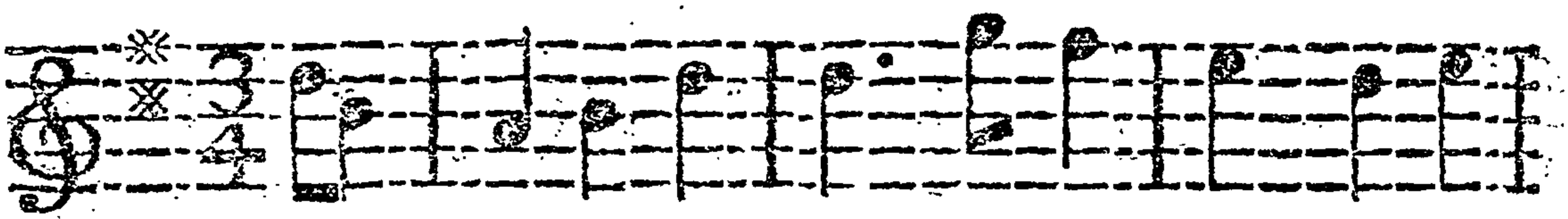
What nobler fate can fortune give?
Renown ſhall tell our ſtory
If we ſhould fall; but if we live,
We live our country's glory.

'Tis true a doubtful fate he tries,
Who joins the gallant quarrel.
Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
No wife, no friend to cloſe his eyes:
Tho' nobly mourn'd, perhaps return'd,
He's crown'd with vict'ry's lawrel.

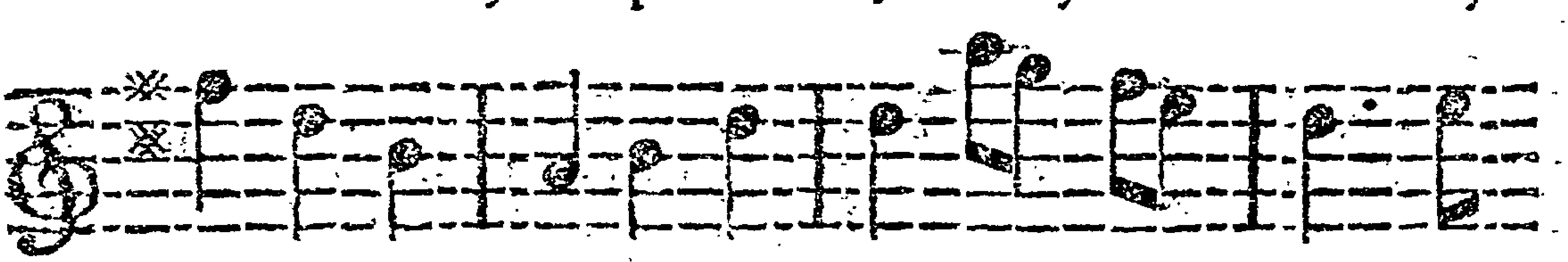
SONG XCVIII.

OH! SAY SIMPLE MAID.

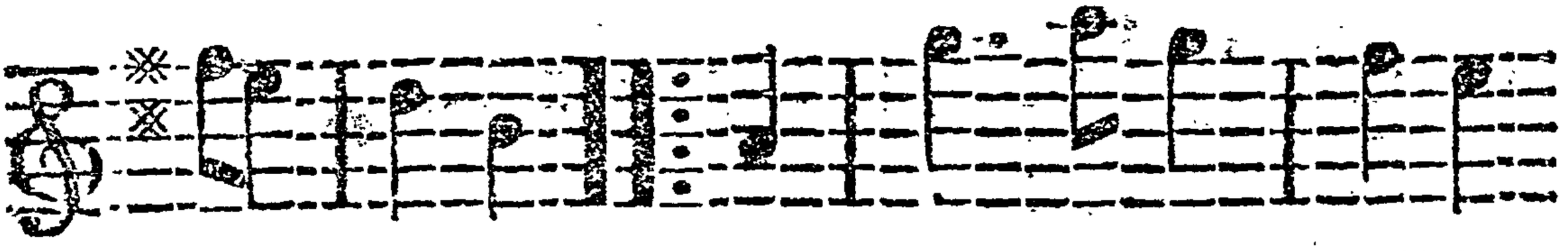
A DUET, IN THE COMIC OPERA OF INCLE and YARICO.



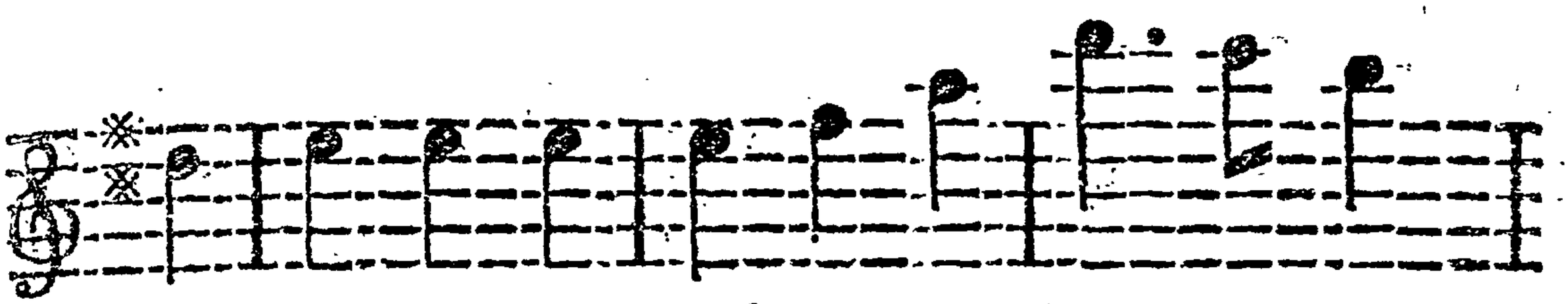
Oh! ſay ſimple maid, have you form'd a-ny



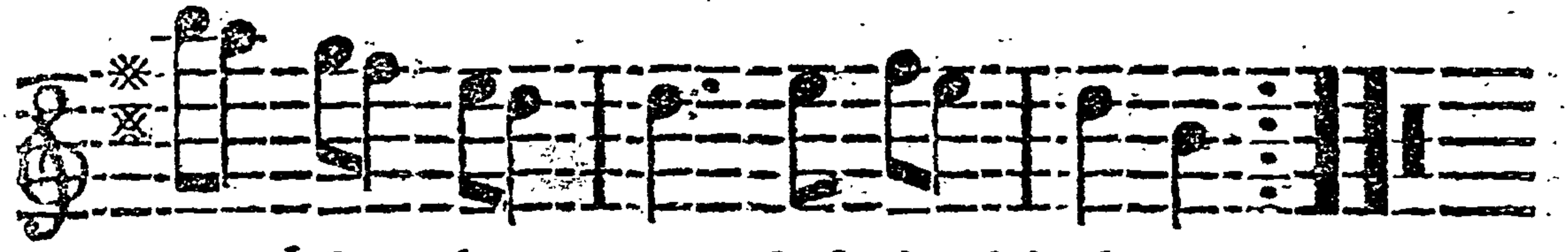
notion, Of all the rude dangers in croſſing



the o-cean, When winds whiſ-tle ſhril-ly,



ah! wou'd they remind you, To ſigh with re-



gret for the grot left be-hind you.

YARICO.

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

INKLE.

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

YARICO.

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

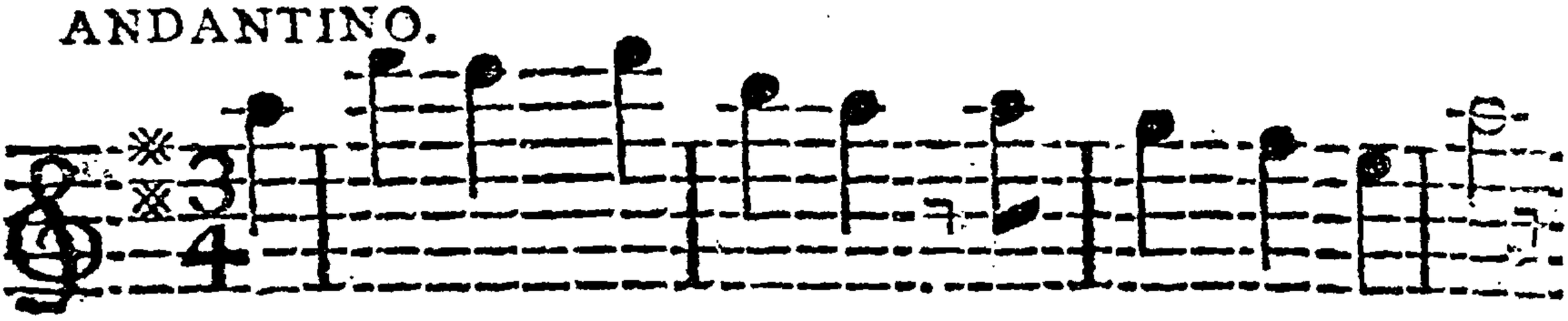
BOTH.

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

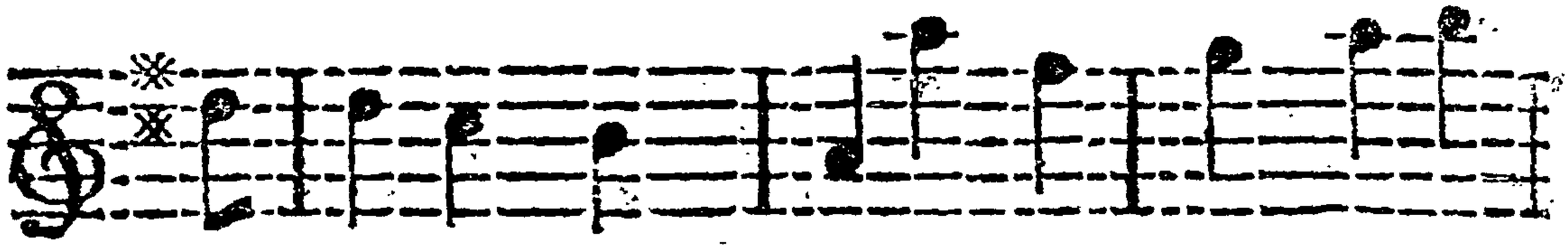
SONG XCIX.

TOM TACKLE.

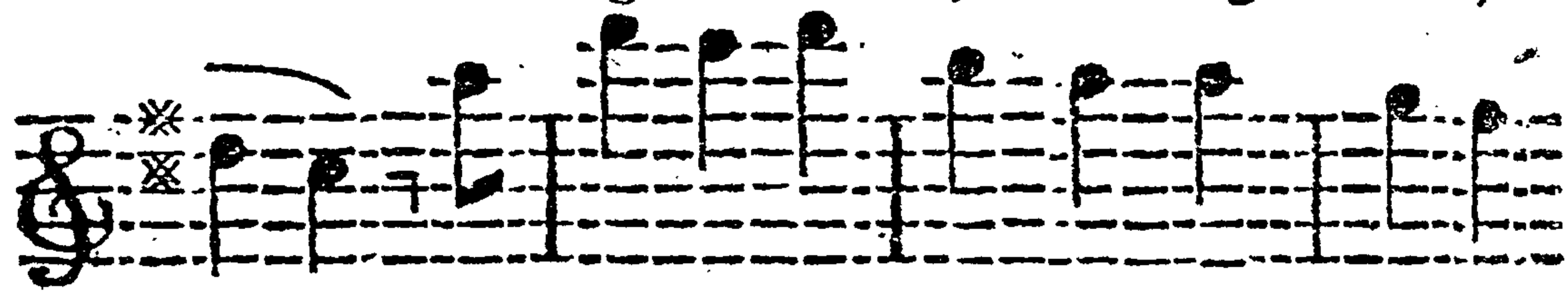
ANDANTINO.



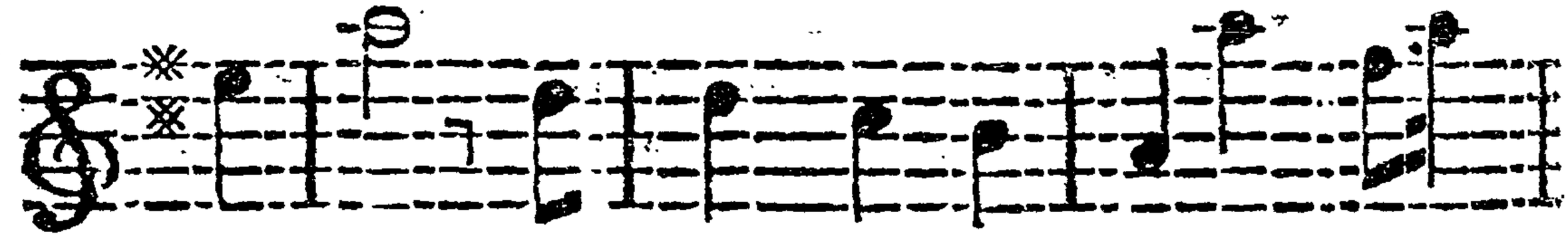
Tom Tackle was no-ble, was true to his word,



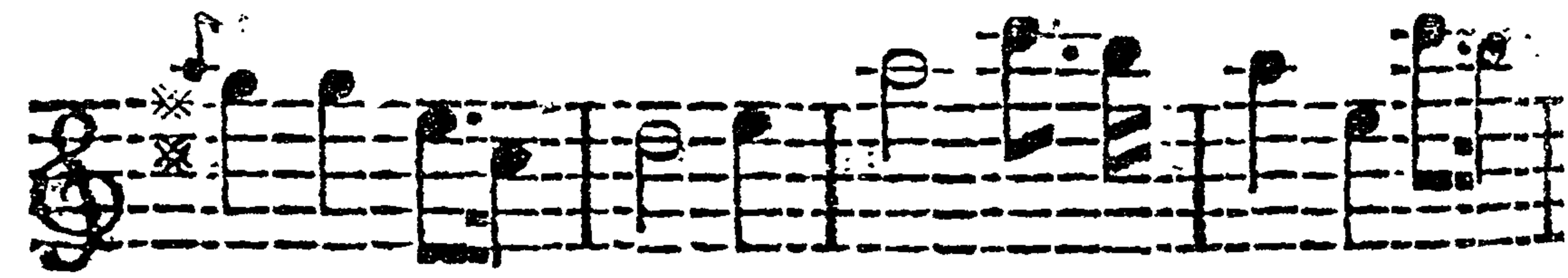
If merit bought titles, Tom might be my



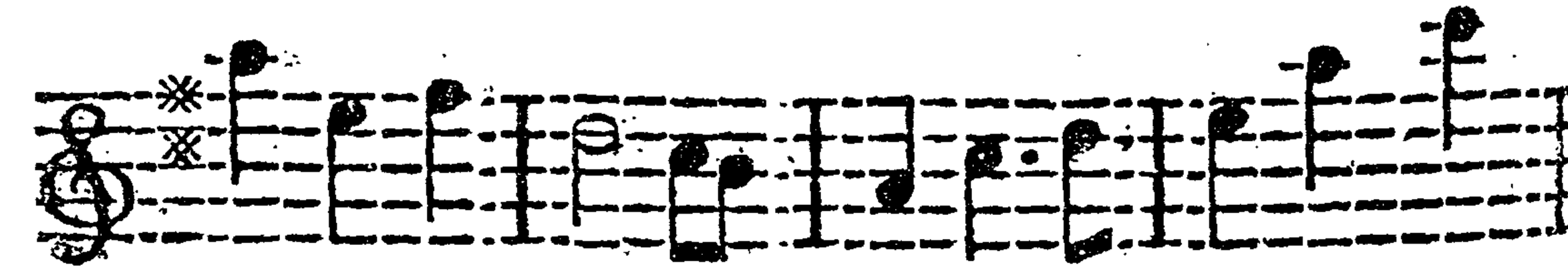
lord : How gayly his bark thro' life's ocean



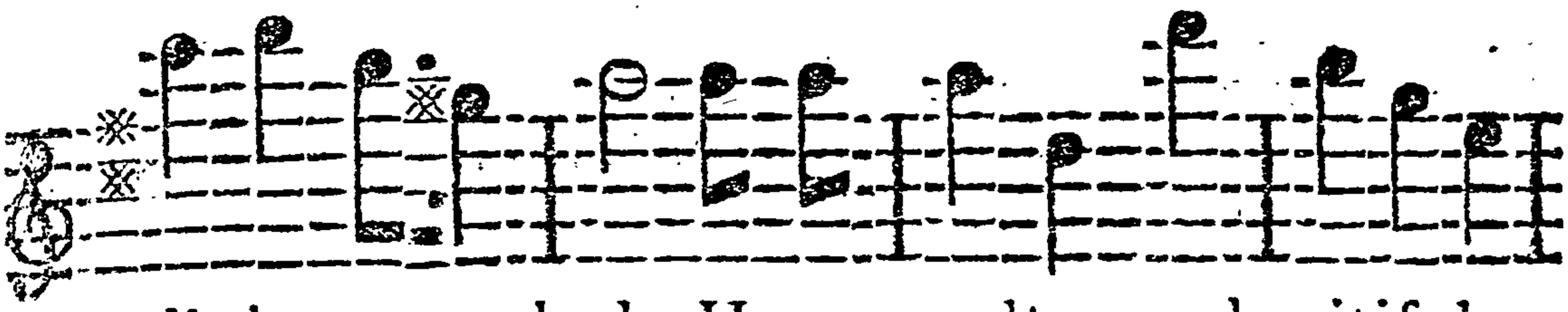
wou'd fail, Truth furniſh'd the rigging, and



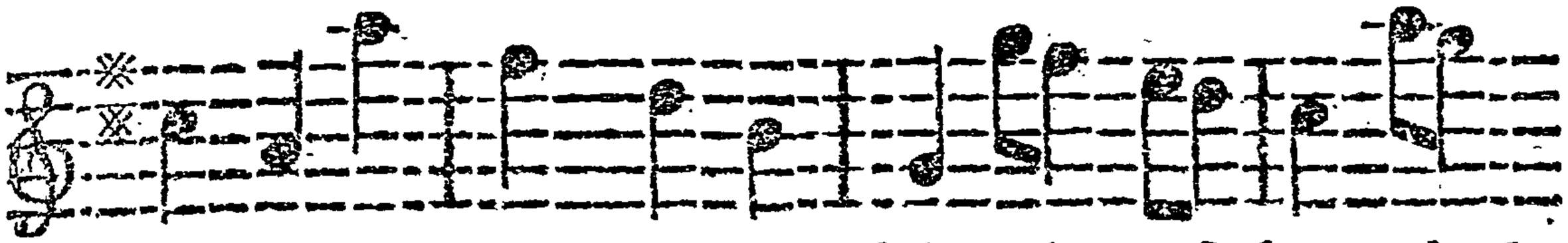
honour the gale : Yet Tom had a failing, if



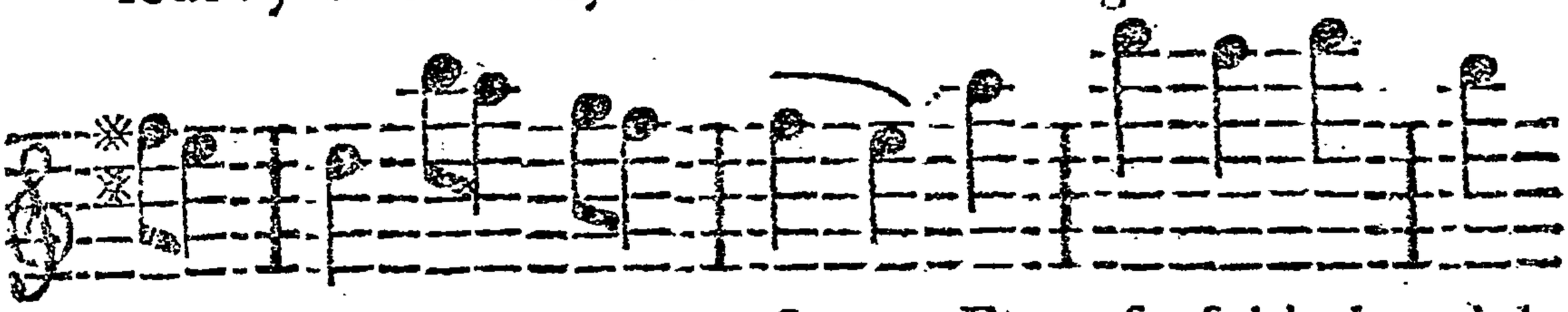
ever man had, That good as he was, made him



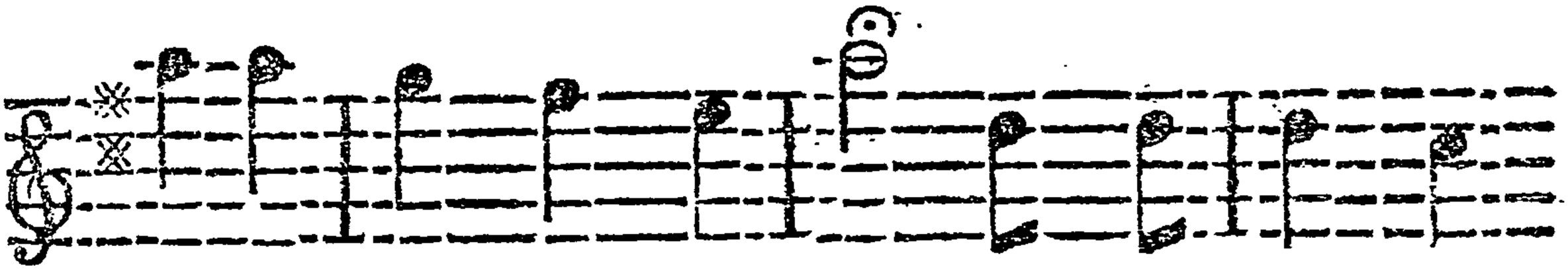
all that was bad; He was paltry and pitiful,



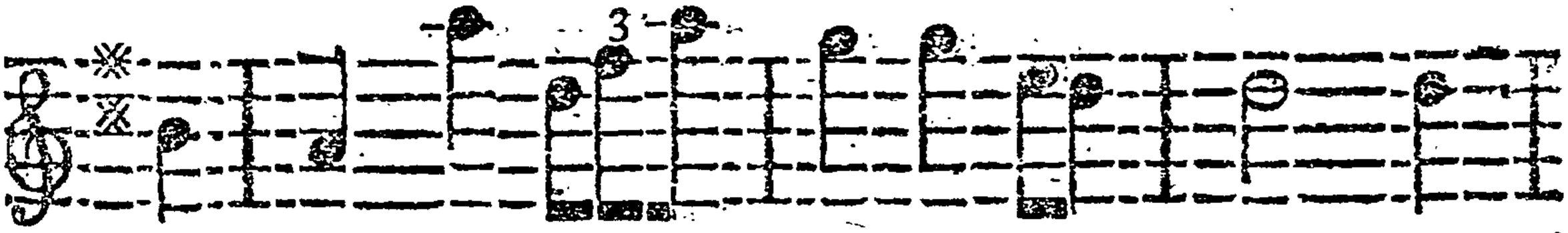
ſcurvy and mean, And the ſniv'-ling-eſt ſcoundrel



that ev-er was ſeen: For ſo ſaid the girls

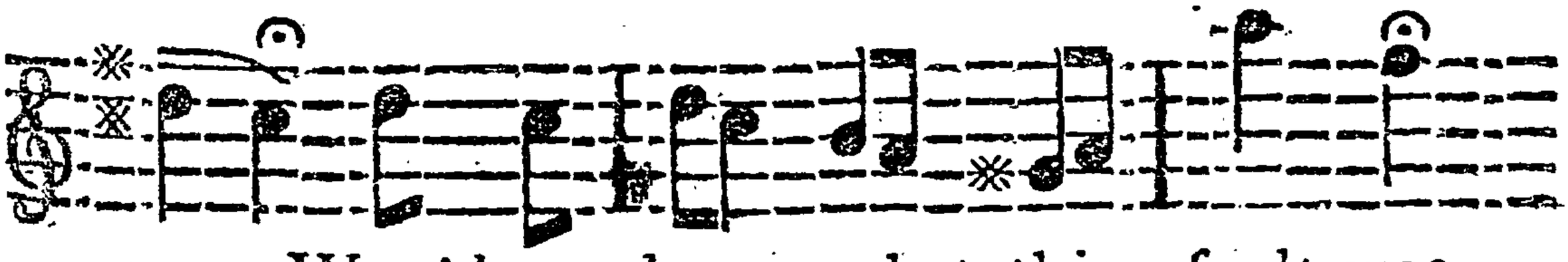


and the landlords long ſhore, Wou'd you know what

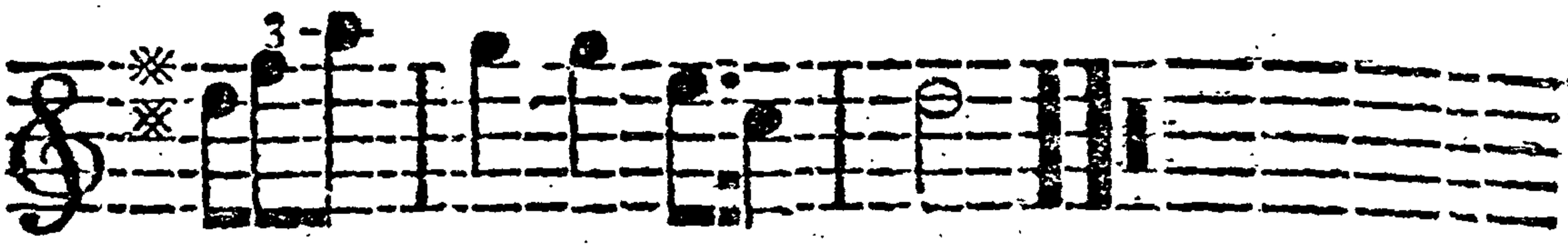


this fault was, Tom Tackle was poor, Tom

Tackle was poor. was poor, Tom Tackle was



poor. Wou'd you know what this fault was,



Tom Tackle was poor.

'Twas once on a time, when we took a galleon,
And the crew touch'd the agent for caſh, to ſome tune;
Tom a trip took to priſon, an old meſsmate to free,
And four thankful pratlers ſoon ſat on each knee:
Then Tom was an angel, downright from heav'n ſent,
While they'd hands, he his goodneſs ſhou'd never repent,
Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his hard caſe,
To find his dear friend, ſhut the door in his face
Why d'ye wonder, cried one, you'r ſerv'd right to be ſure,
Once Tom Tackle was rich, now Tom Tackle is poor.

I be'nt you ſee, vers'd in high maxims and ſich,
But don't this ſame honour concern poor and rich,
If it don't come from good hearts, I can't ſee where from,
And damme if e'er tar had good heart 'twas Tom:
Yet ſomehow or other, Tom never did right,
None knew better the time when to ſpare or to fight;
He by finding a leak, once preſerv'd crew and ſhip,
Sav'd the commodres life—Then he made ſuch rare flip,
And yet for all this, no one Tom coul'd endure,
I fancy as how 'twas becauſe he was poor.

At laſt an old ſhipmate that Tom might hail land,
Who ſaw that his heart fail'd too faſt for his hand,

In the riding of comfort, a mooring to find,
Reef'd the ſails of Toms fortune, that ſhook in the wind;
He gave him enough thro' life's ocean to ſteer,
Be the breeze what it may, ſteady, thus or too near.
His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts,
What he can to his friends.--And may all honeſt hearts,
Like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf from the door,
Juſt enough to be gen'rous, too much to be poor.

SONG C.

THE CHARMS OF NATURE.

To man theſe native charms appear
More elegant than art ;
The painted flufh—the ſnareful leer—
Ne'er penetrate the heart.

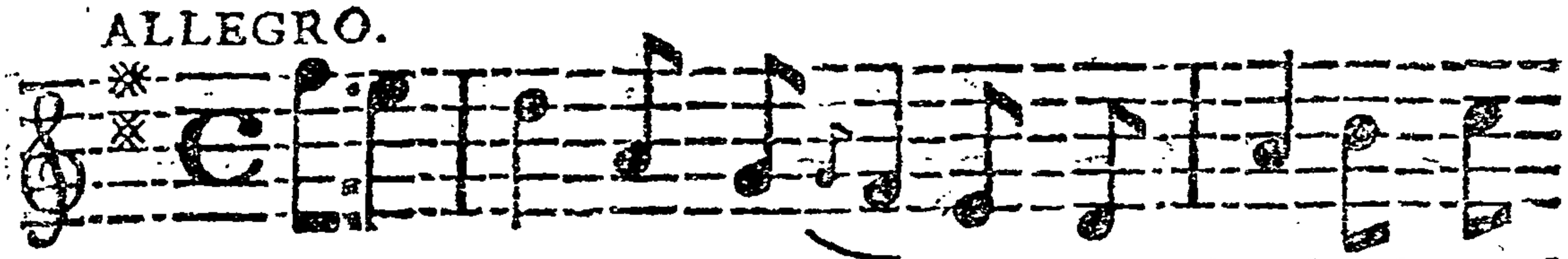
What boots the bloom that pencil lays
Each morn upon the face ?
Can that which ere the eve decays,
Be juſtly deem'd a grace ?

The nymph who truſts to nature's aid,
Comes neareſt to her end ;
For nature ne'er a face hath made,
For human ſkill to mend.

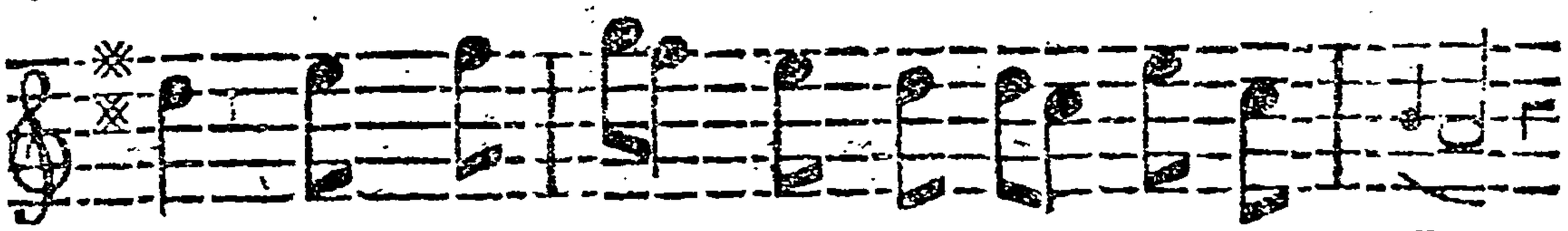
SONG CI.

POLLY PLY.

ALLEGRO.

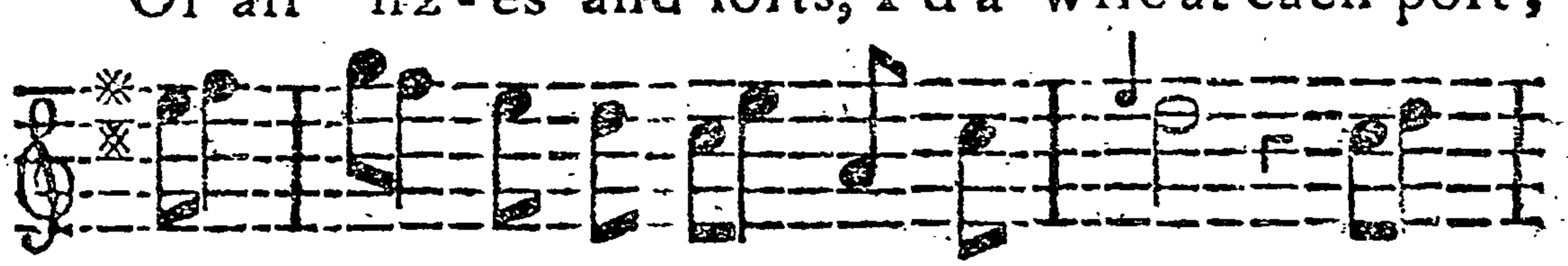


If ev-er a ſailor was fond of good

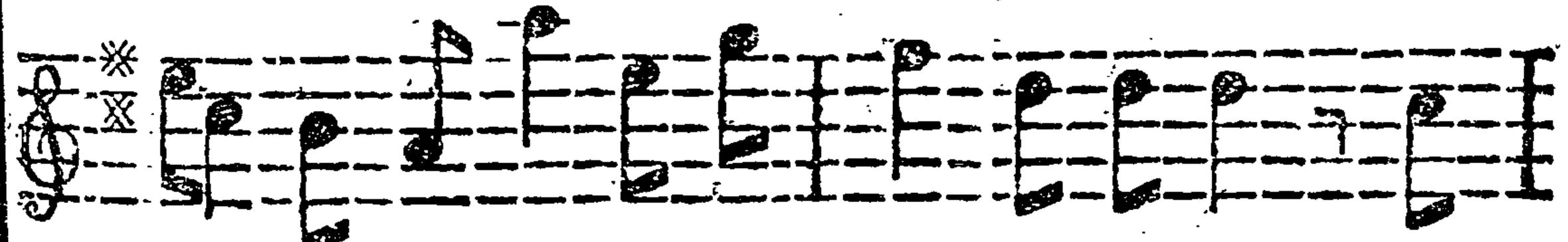


ſport 'Mongſt the girls, why that ſail-or was I:

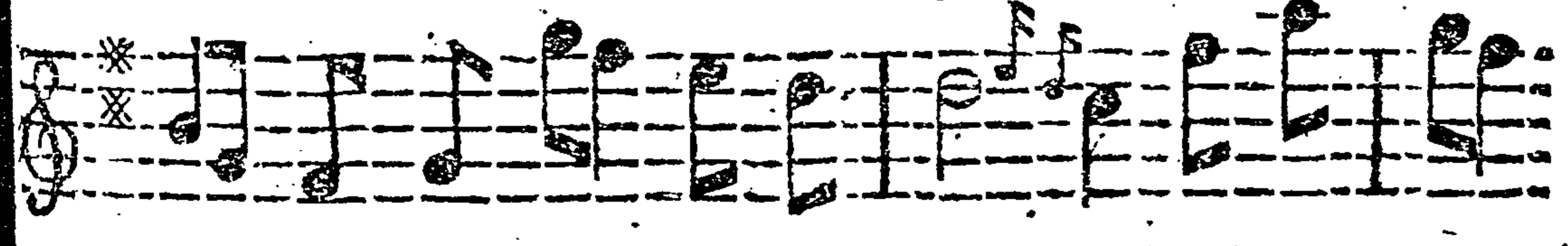
Of all ſiz-es and ſorts, I'd a wife at each port;



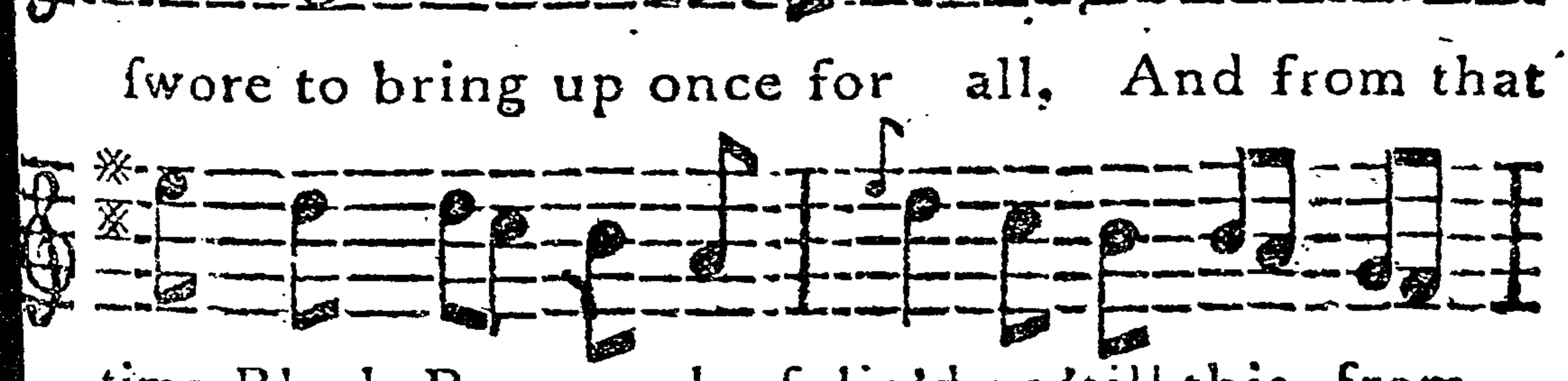
But when that I ſaw'd Pol-ly Ply, I



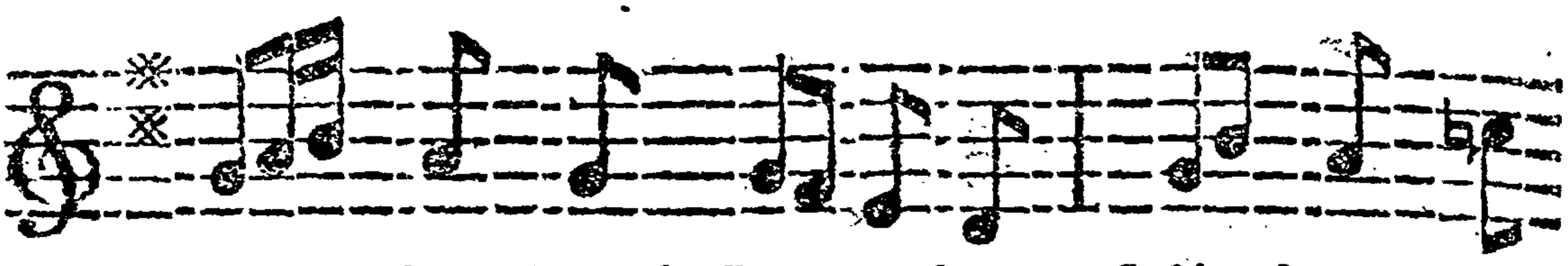
hail'd her my lovely, and gov'd her a kiſs, And

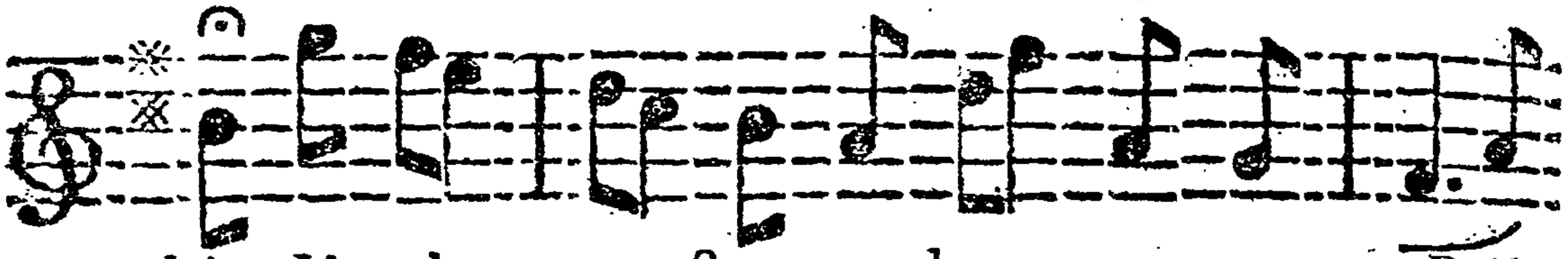


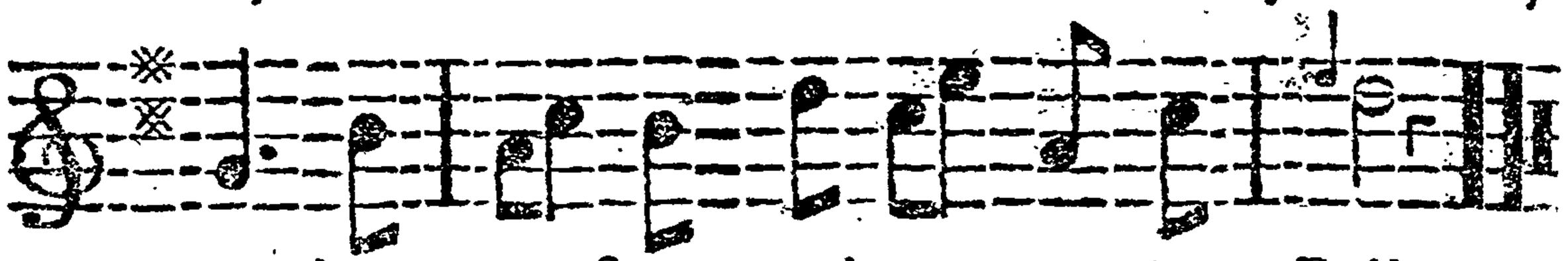
ſwore to bring up once for all, And from that



time Black Bar-na-by ſplic'd us 'till this, from







And yet now all ſorts of temptations I've ſtood,
For I afterwards ſail'd round the world,
And a queer ſet we ſaw of the devils own brood,
Wherever our ſails were unfurl'd;
Some with faces like charcoal and others like chalk,
All ready one's heart to o'erhall,
Don't ye go to love me my good girl's ſaid I walk,
I've ſworn to be conſtant to Poll.

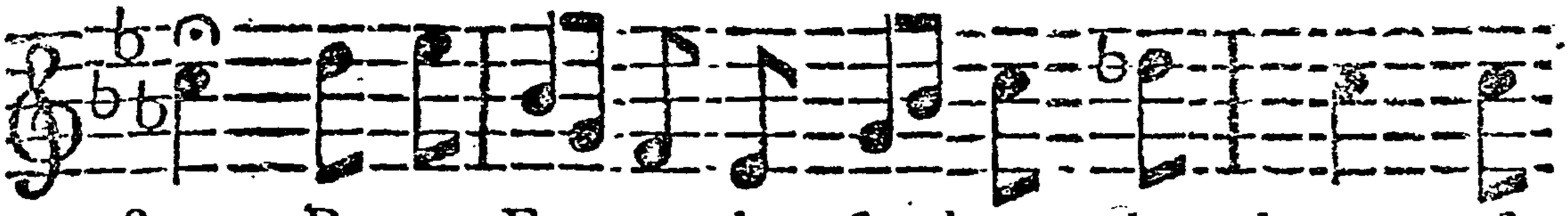
I met with a ſquaw, out at India beyond,
All in glaſs and tobacco pipes dreſt,
What a dear pretty monſter! ſo kind and ſo fond,
That I ne'er was a moment at reſt;
With her bobs at her noſe, & her quaw, quaw, quaw,
All the world like a Bartle, my Doll,
Says I you miſs copperſkin, juſt hold your jaw,
For I ſhall be conſtant to Poll.

Then one near Sumatra, juſt under the line,
As fond as a witch in a play,
I loves you, ſays ſhe, and juſt only be mine,
Or by poiſon I'll take you away;
Curſe your kindneſs, ſays I, but you ſhan't frighten me,
You don't catch a gudgeon this haul,
If I do take your rats-bane why then do you ſee,
I ſhall die true and conſtant to Poll.

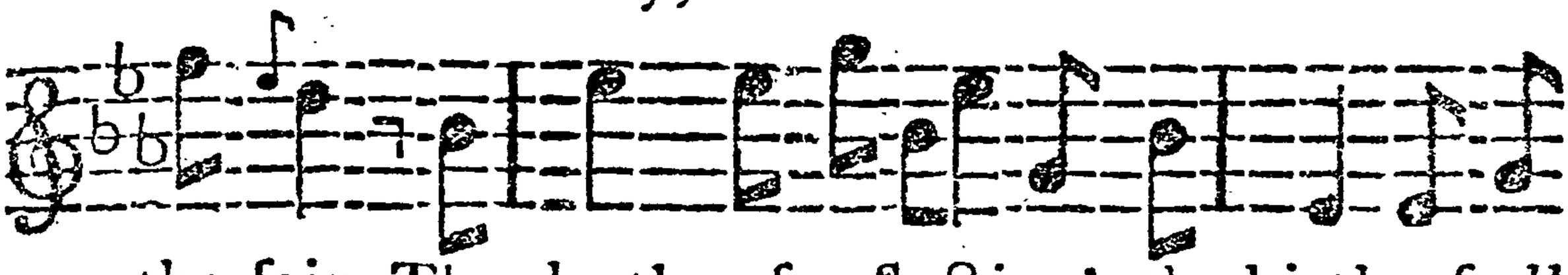
But I ſcap'd from'em all, tawny, lily, and black,
And merrily weather'd each ſtorm,
And my neighbours to pleaſe, full of wonders came back,
But what's better, I'm grown pretty warm;
And ſo now to ſea I ſhall ventur no more,
For you know being rich I've no call,
So I'll bring up young tars, do my duty on ſhore,
And live and die conſtant to Poll.

SONG CII.

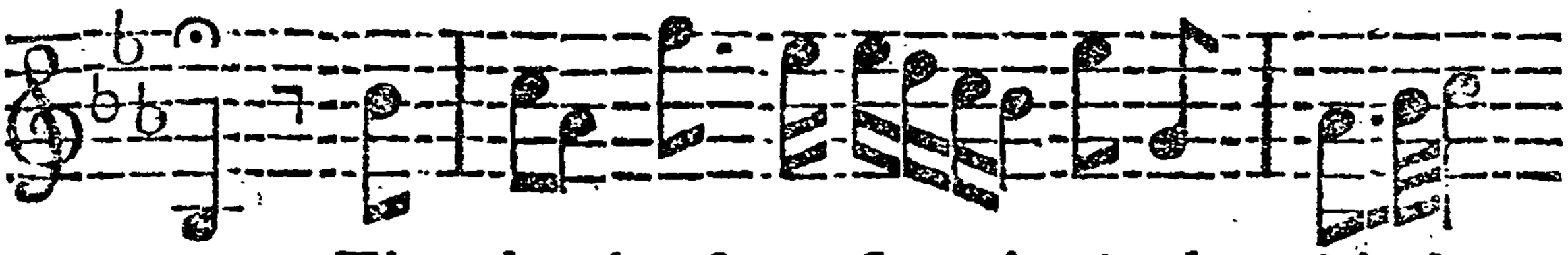
THO' BACCHUS MAY BOAST OF HIS CARE KILLING BOWL.



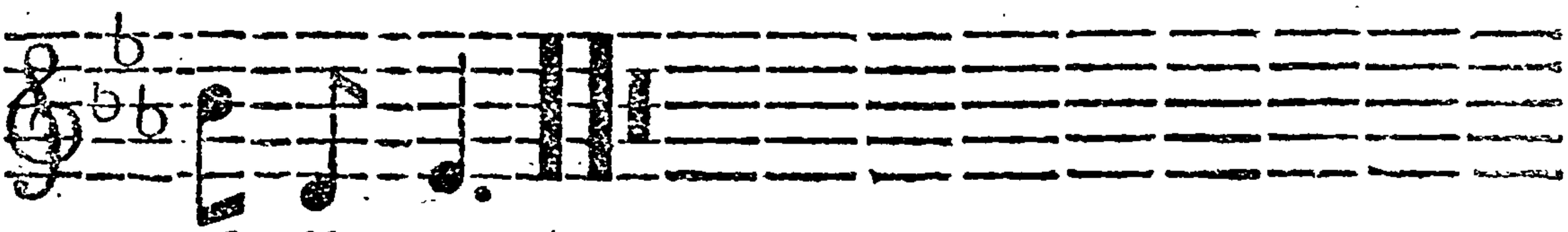
ſtow : Bnt to Fancy, that feeds on the charms of



the fair, The death of reflection's the birth of all



woe : The death of re-flec-tion's the birth



of all woe.

What ſoul that's poſſeſt of a dream ſo divine,
With riot would bid the ſweet viſion begone?
For the tear that bedews Senſibility's ſhrine
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

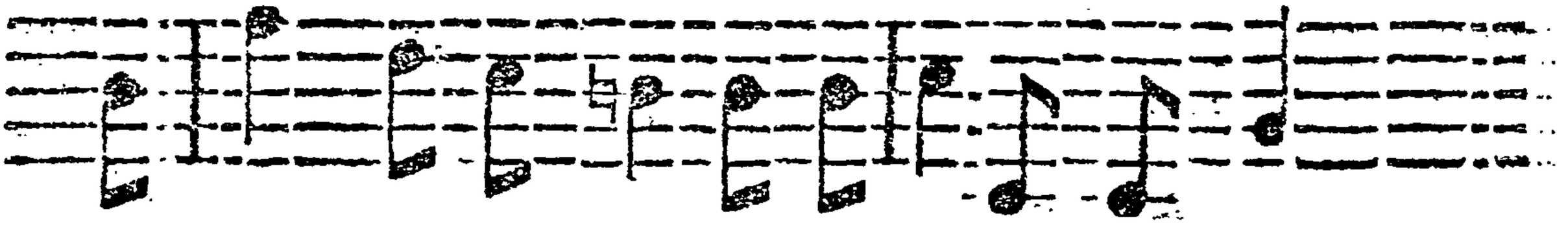
tr.

Is a drop of more worth than all Baccchus's tun.

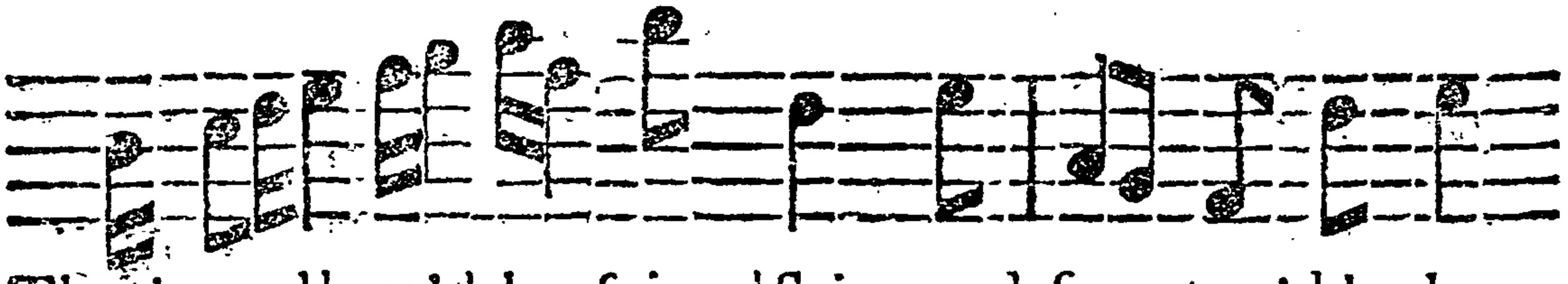
The tender exceſs which enamonrs the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions deny'd:
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jeſt at that for which ſages have died.
And fools, &c.

Each change and exceſs hath through life been my doom,
And well can I ſpeak of its joy and its ſtrife;
The bottle affords us a glimpſe thro' the gloom,
But love's the true ſunſhine that gladdens our life.
But love's, &c.

Come, then, roſy Venus, and ſpread o'er my ſight
The magic illuſions that raviſh the ſoul:
Awake in my breaſt the ſoft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.
And drop, &c.



Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly God, from thy banquet remove,
But each tube of my heart ever thirſt for the wine,
That's mellow'd by friendſhip, and ſweeten'd by love.



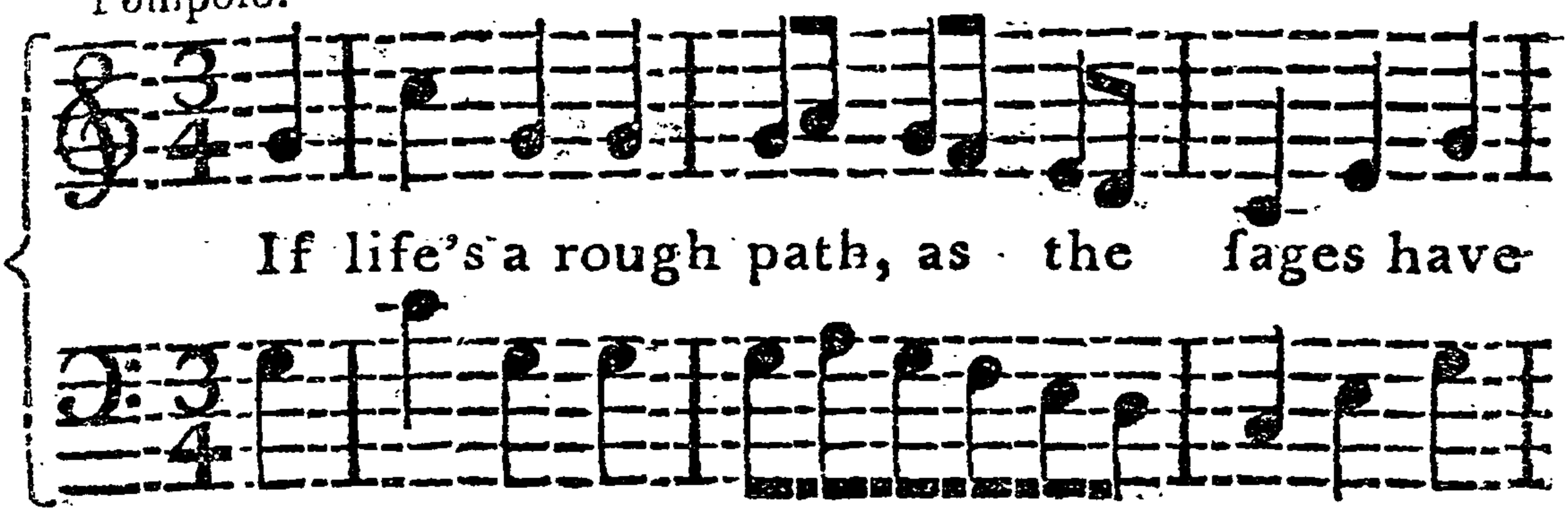
That's mellow'd by friendſhip, and ſweeten'd by love.

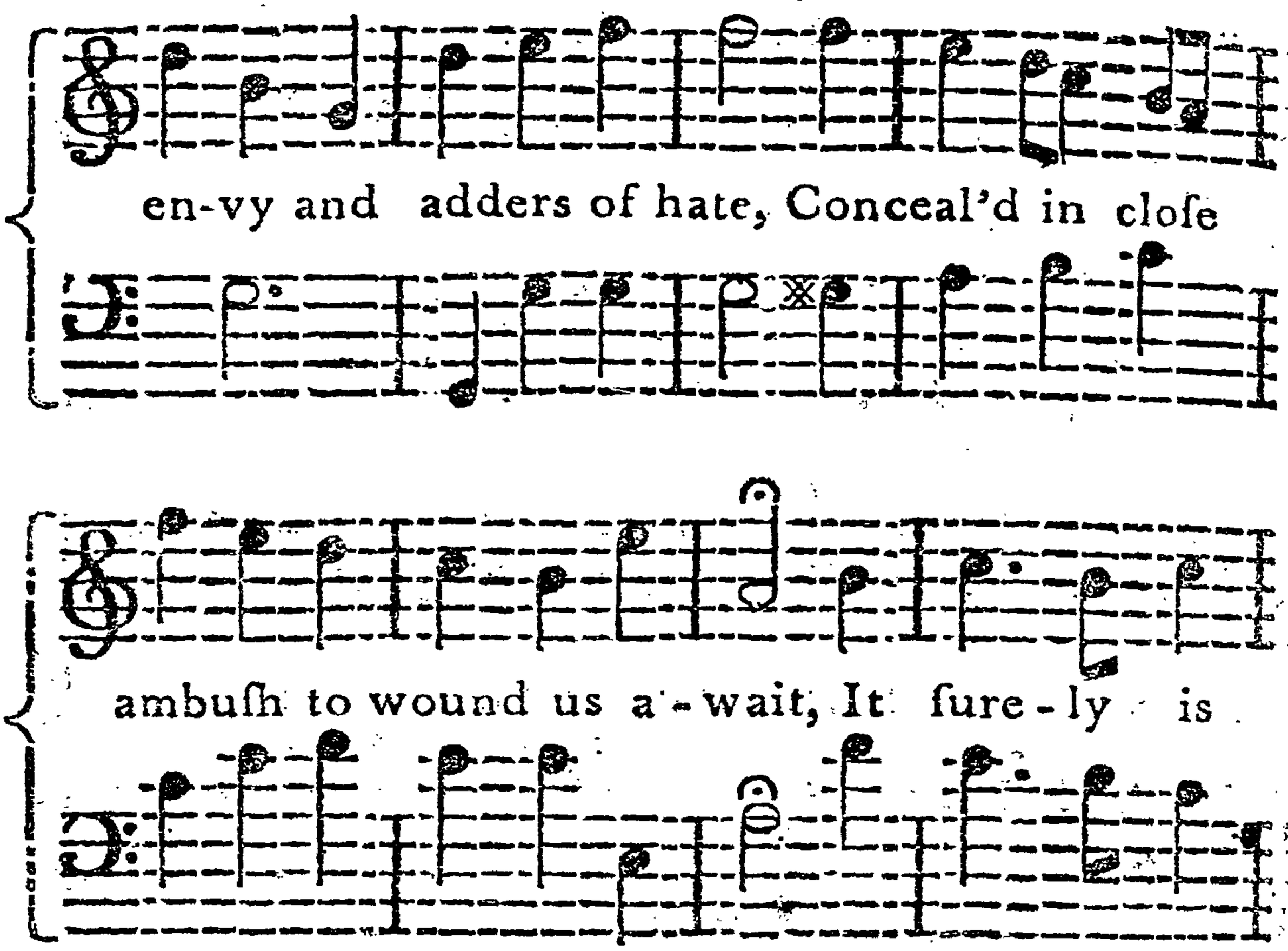
*** *The above Notes are trifling deviations from the original melody, to ſuit the expreſſion of the different ſtanzas.*

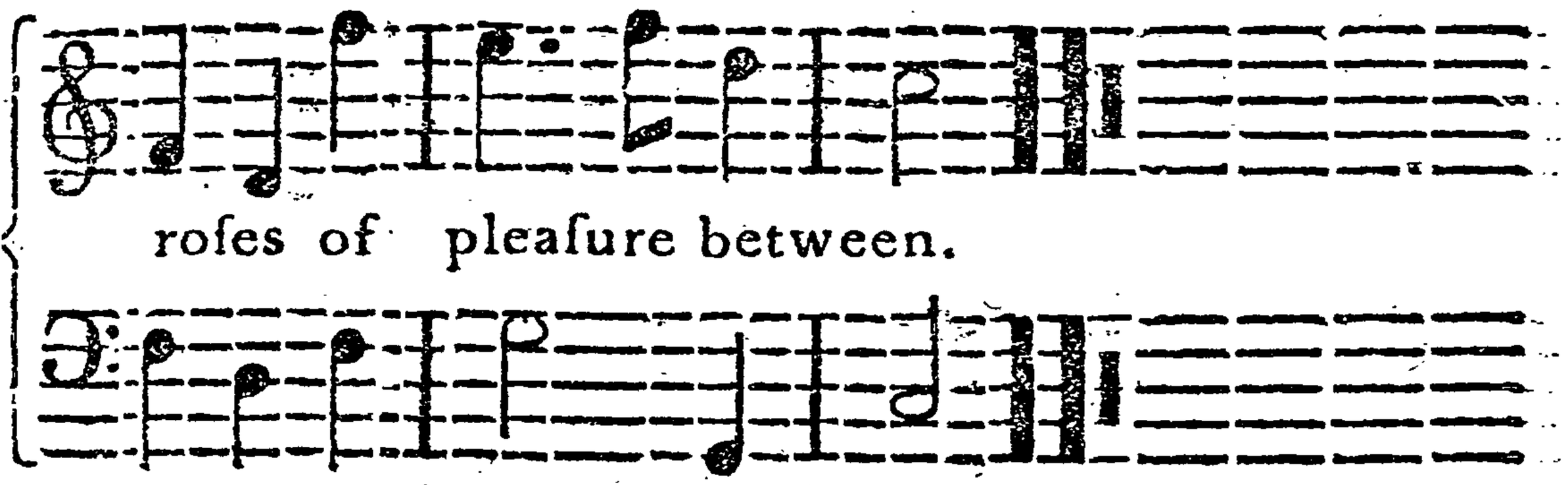
SONG CIII.

STREW THE SWEET ROSES OF PLEASURE BETWEEN.

Pompoſo.




en-vy and adders of hate, Conceal'd in cloſe
ambuſh to wound us a-wait, It ſure-ly is
wiſdom to ſoft-en the ſcene, By ſtrewing the
roſes of pleaſure between. It ſure-ly is



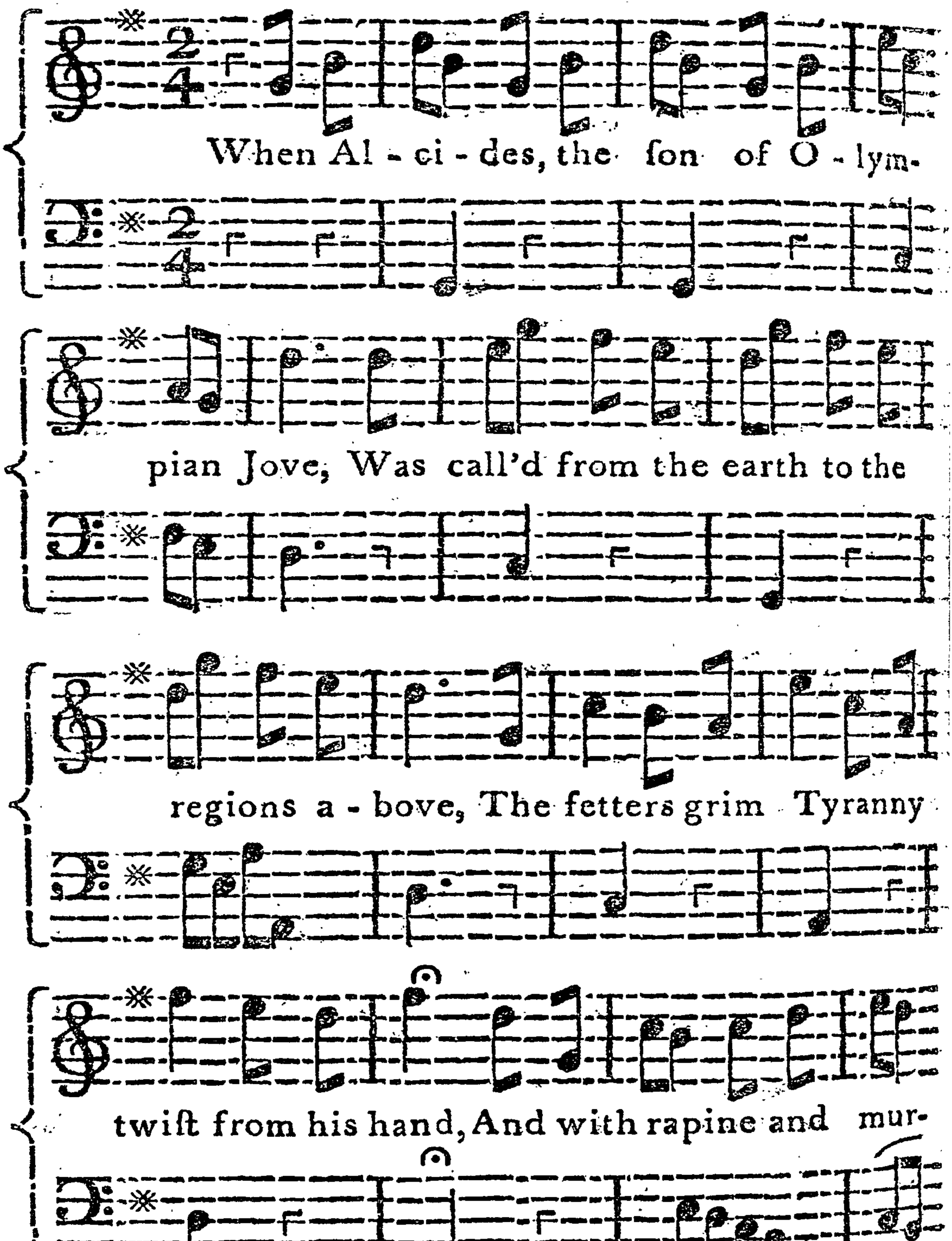
Yes, nature intended that man ſhould be bleſt,
Since the ſocial affections ſhe thron'd in his breaſt;
And he who moroſely would mar her deſign,
Deſerves in a deſert forever to pine;
Without one gay viſion his ſoul to ſerene,
Or ſtrew the ſweet roſes of pleaſure between.

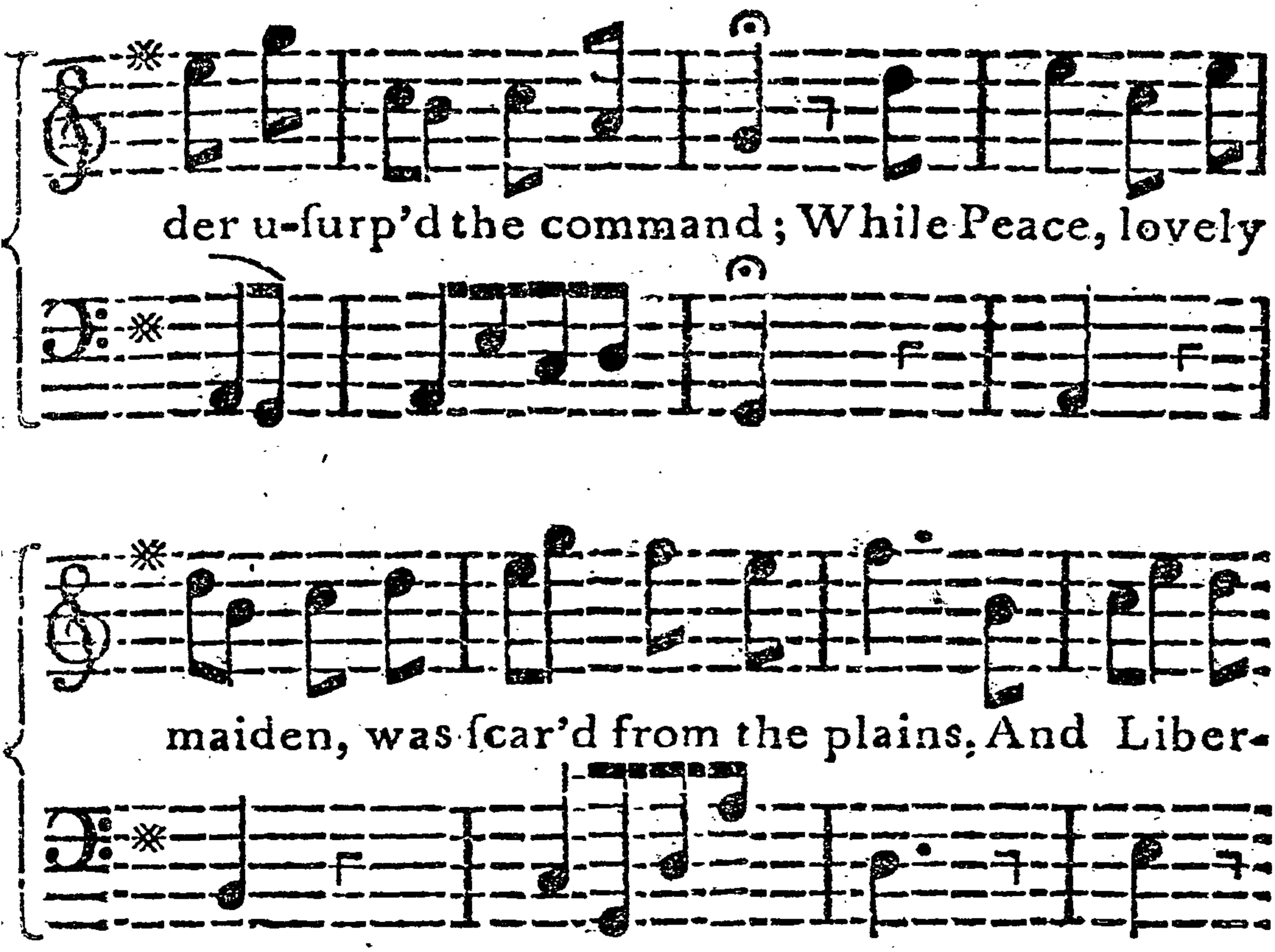
Then crown me the goblet that ſoother of care,
And call wit and beauty the banquet to ſhare;
Bid that o'er my reaſon, and this o'er my ſenſe,
The charms of their heart touching magick diſpenſe;
To fling o'er life's path a ſoft carpet of green,
And ſtrew the ſweet roſes of pleaſure between.

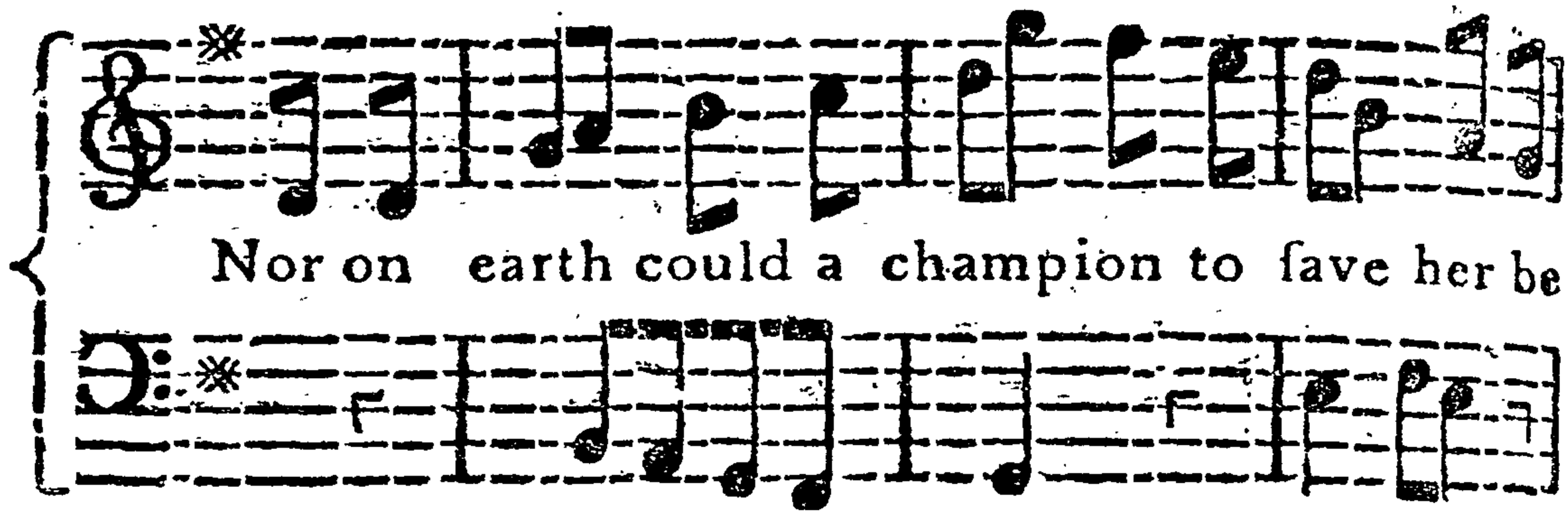
SONG CIV.

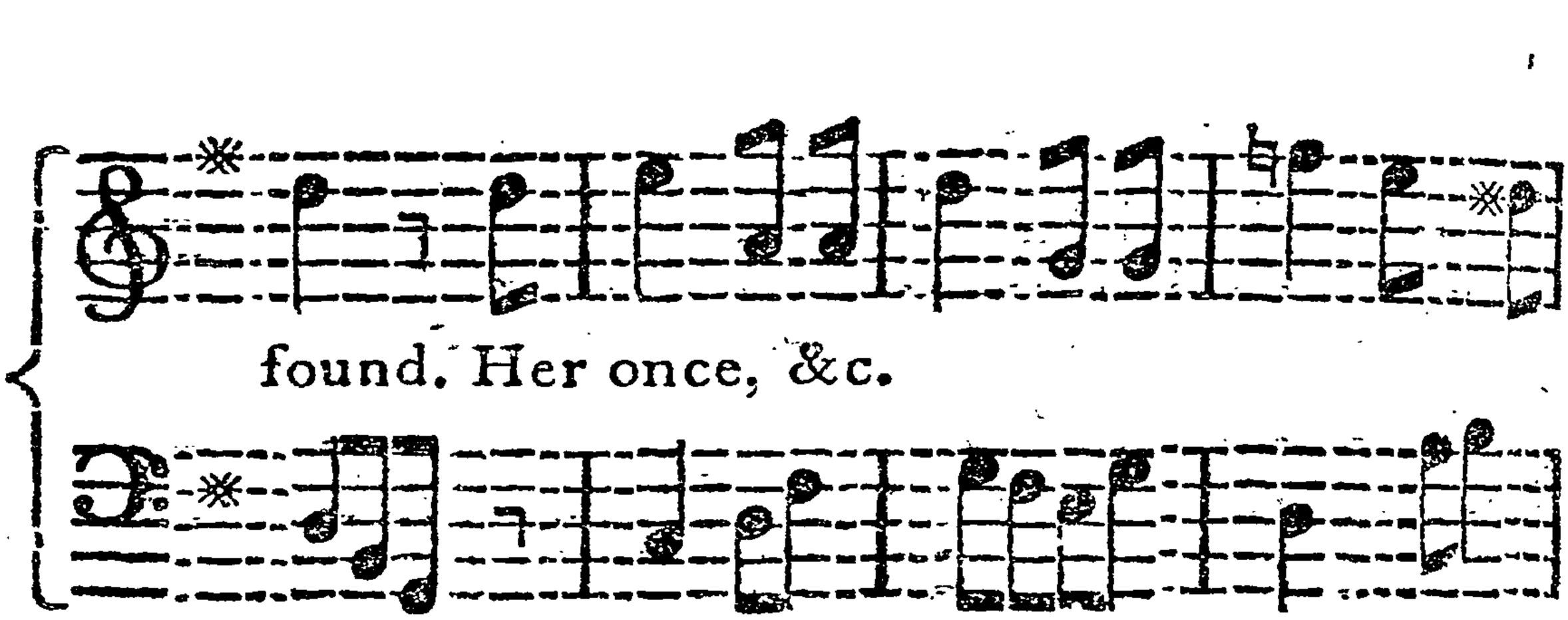
WASHINGTON.

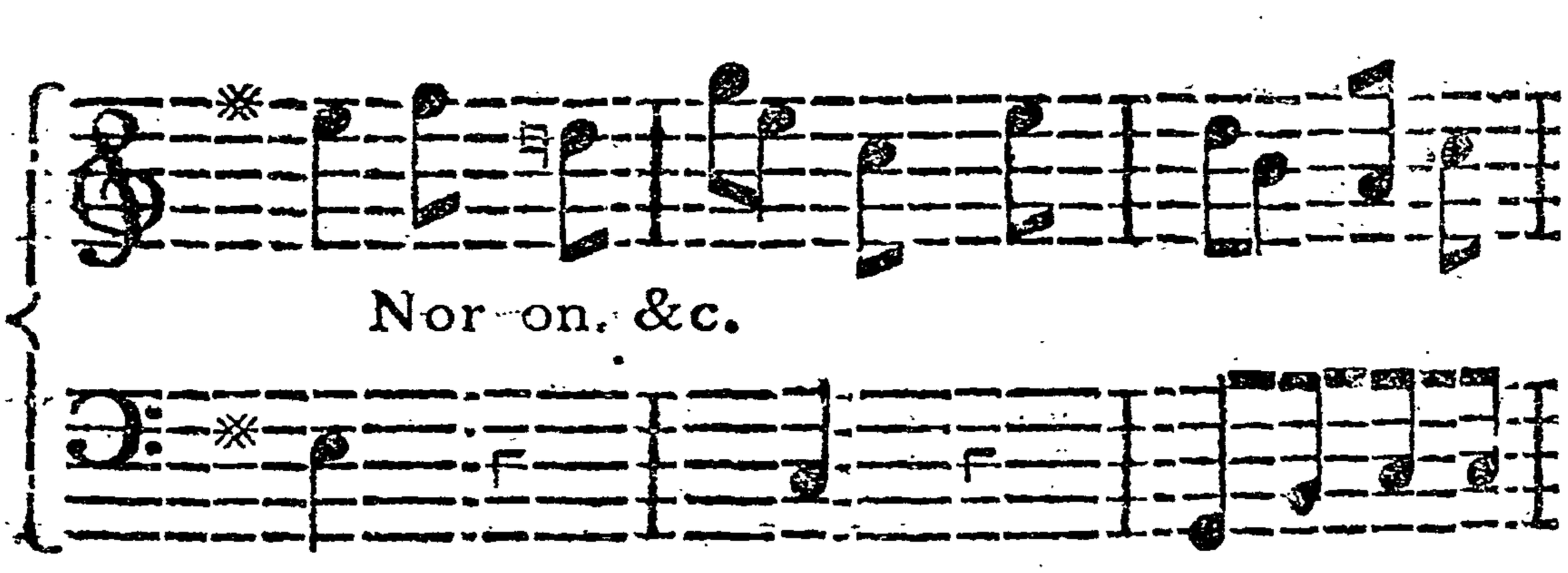
Set to Music by S. Holyoke.

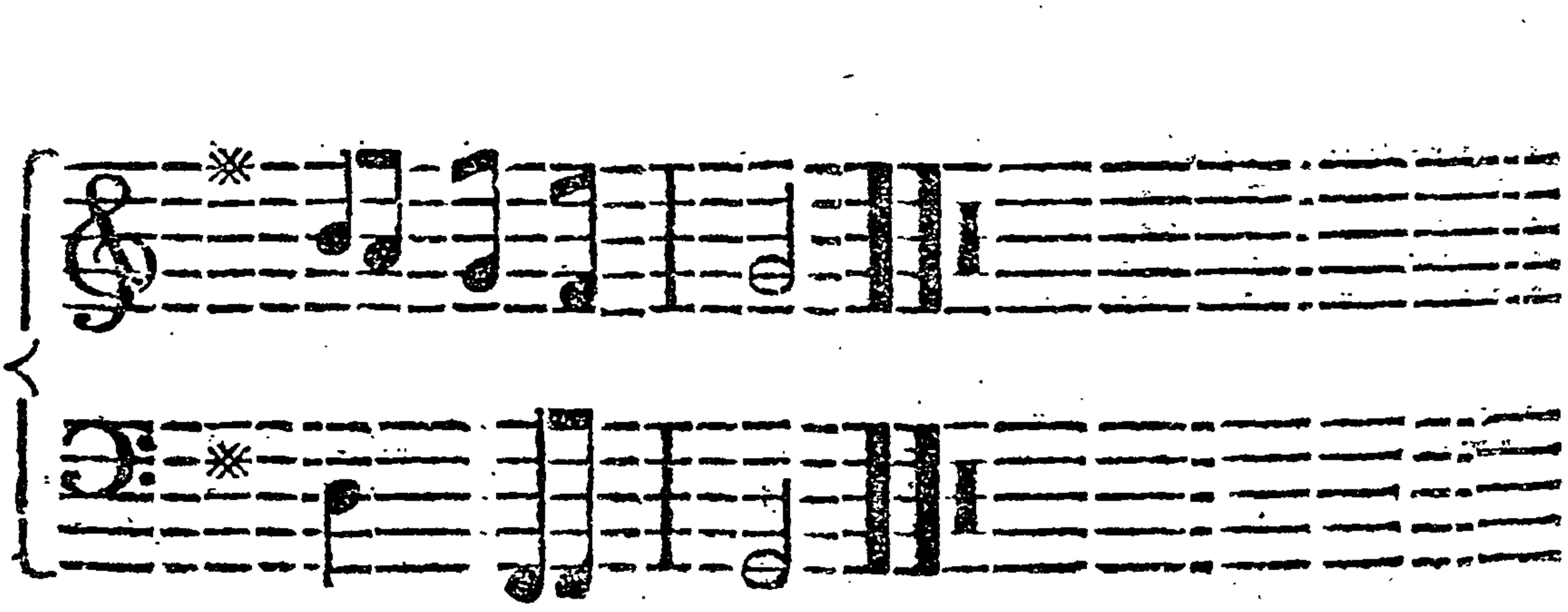



der u-ſurp'd the command; While Peace, lovely
maiden, was ſcar'd from the plains, And Liber-
ty, captive, ſat wailing in chains; Her
once gallant ofsſpring lay bleeding around,


Nor on earth could a champion to ſave her be


found. Her once, &c.


Nor on. &c.



The thunderer, mov'd with compaſſion, look'd down
On a world ſo accurs'd, from his cryſtalline throne;
Then open'd the book, in whoſe myſtical page
Were enrolled the heroes of each future age;
Read of Brutus and Sidney, who dar'd to be free,
Of their virtues approv'd, and confirm'd the decree:
Then turn'd to the annals of that happy age,
When Waſhington's glories illumin'd the page.

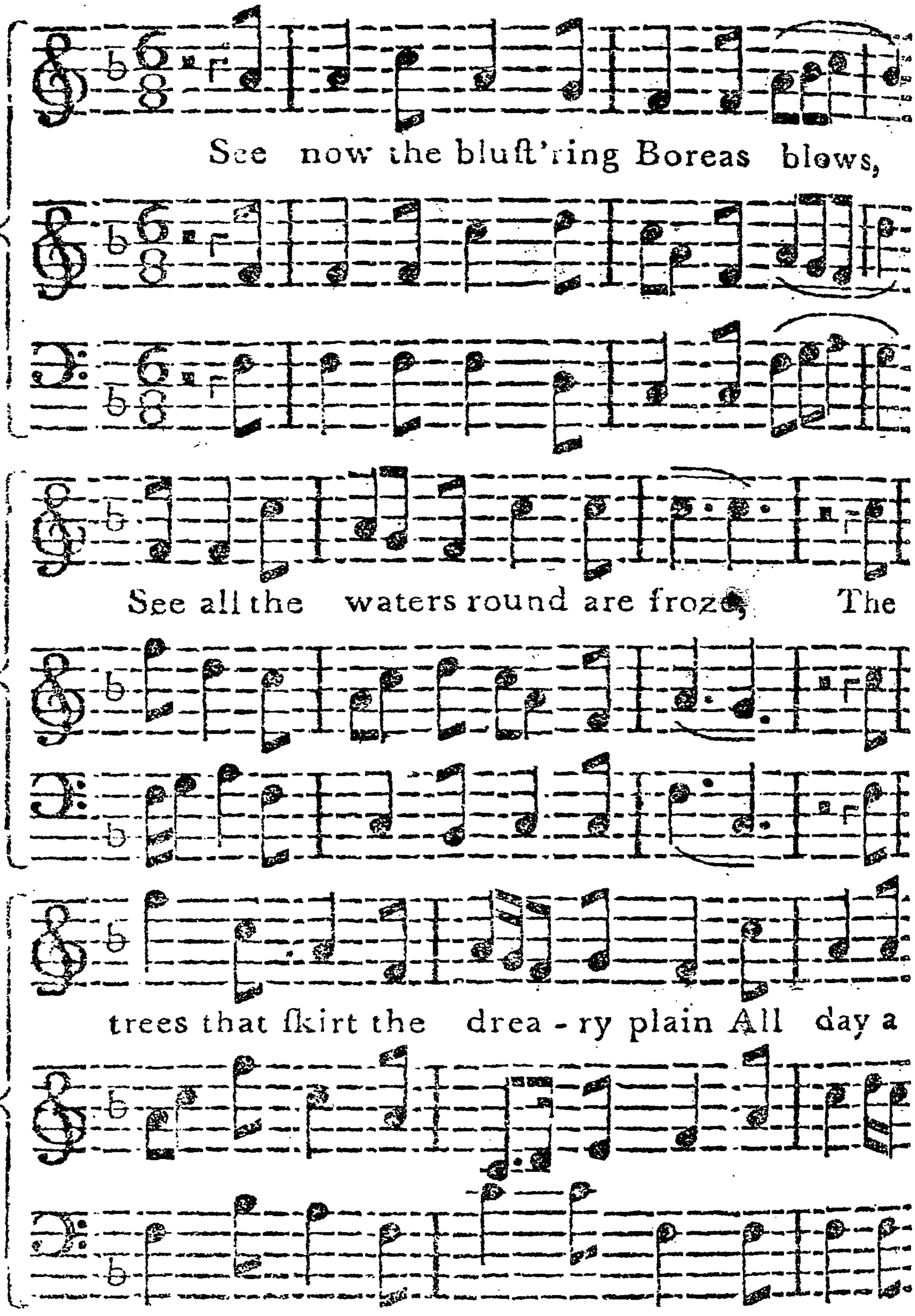
"When Britannia ſhall ſtrive with tyrannical hand
"To eſtabliſh her empire in each diſtant land,
"A chief ſhall ariſe, in Columbia's defence,
"To whome the juſt Gods ſhall their favours diſpenſe,
"Triumphant as Mars in the glorious field,
"While Minerva ſhall lend him her wiſdom and ſhield,
"And liberty, freed from her ſhackles, ſhall own
"Great Waſhington's claim as her favourite ſon."

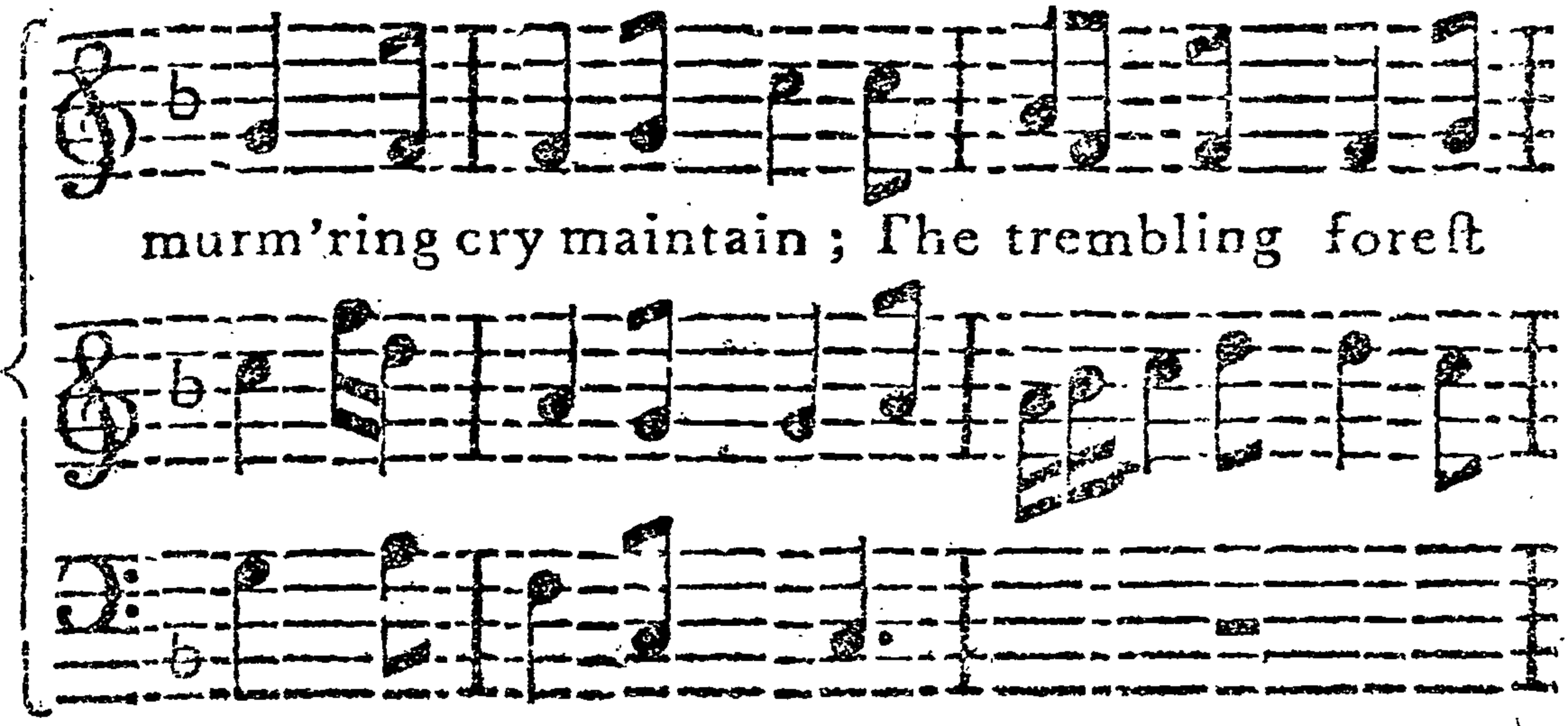
Y

SONG CV.

HOW COLD IT IS!

A WINTER SONG.





murm'ring cry maintain; The trembling foreſt

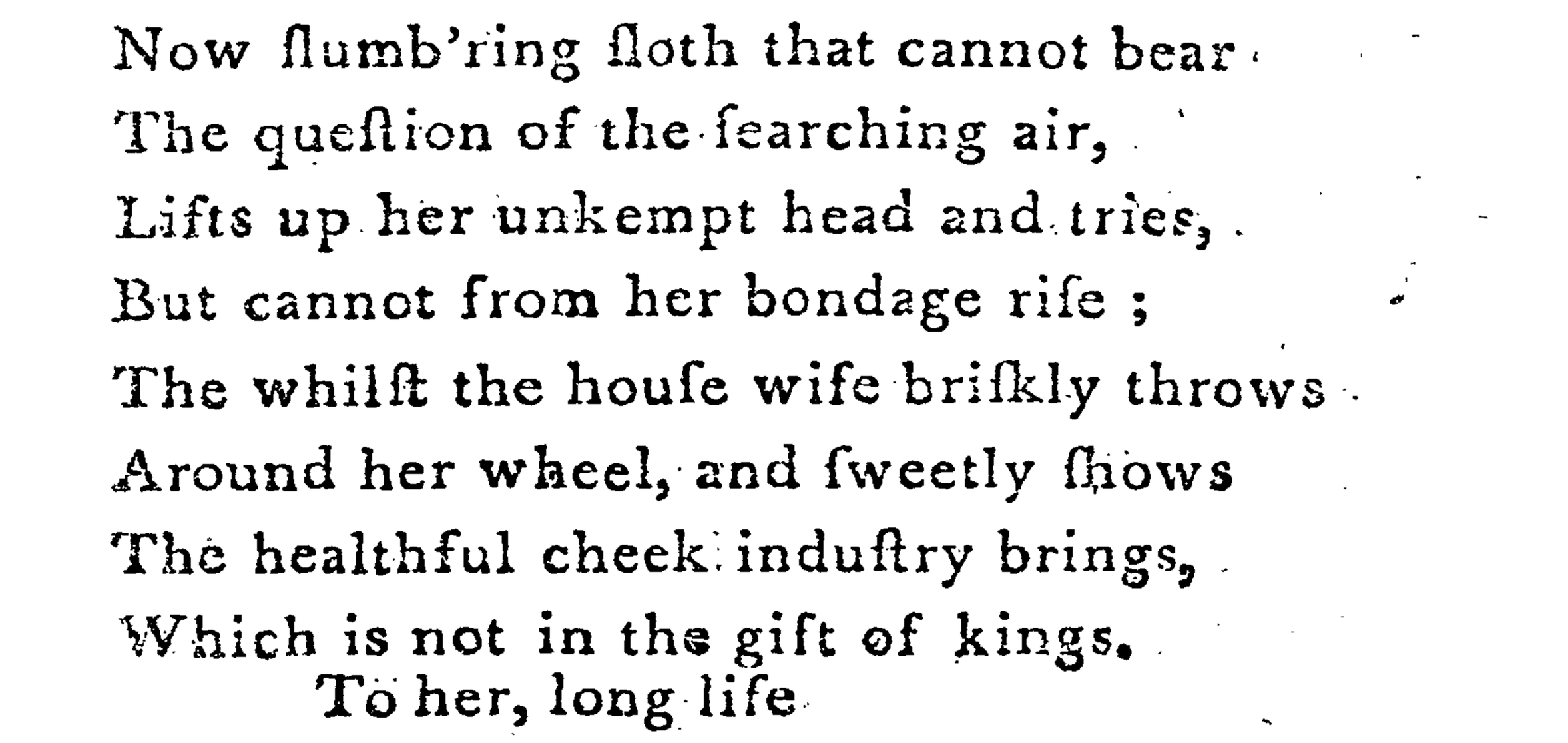
hears their moan, And ſadly mingles groan with

groan. How diſmal all from eaſt to weſt!

May heav'n defend the poor diſtreſt ! Such
is the tale, On hill and vale, Each trav'ler
may behold it is ; While low and high

Are heard to cry, Ah! bleſs my heart, how cold

it is! Ah! bleſs my heart, how cold it is!



Now ſlumb'ring ſloth that cannot bear
The queſtion of the ſearching air,
Lifts up her unkempt head and tries,
But cannot from her bondage riſe;
The whilſt the houſe wife briſkly throws
Around her wheel, and ſweetly ſhows
The healthful cheek induſtry brings,
Which is not in the gift of kings.
To her, long life
Devoid of ſtrife,

And juſtly too, unfolded is ;
The whilſt the ſloth
To ſtir is loth
And trembling cries, how cold it is !

Now liſps Sir Fopling, tender weed !
All ſhiv'ring like a ſhaken reed !
How keen the air attacks my back !
John place ſome liſt upon that crack ;
Go ſand-bag all the ſaſhes round,
And ſee there's not an air hole found.
Ah ! bleſs me, now I feel a breath,
Good lack ! 'tis like the chill of death.
Indulgence pale
Tells this ſad tale,
Till he in furs infolded is ;
Still, ſtill complains
For all his pains,
Ah ! bleſs my heart, how cold it is !

Now the poor newſman from the town,
Explores his path along the down,
His frozen fingers ſadly blows,
And ſtill he ſeeks, and ſtill it ſnows ;
Till cover'd all from head to feet,
Like penance in her whiteſt ſheet.
Go take his paper, Richard, go,
And give a dram to make him glow.

This was thy cry,
Humanity.
More precious far than gold it is,
Such gifts to deal
When newſmen feel,
All clad in ſnow, how cold it is!

Humanity, delightful tale!
While we all feel the wintry gale,
O may the cit in ermin'd coat
Incline the ear to ſorrow's note;
And where, with mis'ry's weight oppreſt,
A fellow ſits a ſhiv'ring gueſt,
Full ample let his bounty flow
To ſoothe the boſom chill'd by woe:
In town or vale,
Where'er the tale
Of real grief, unfolded is,
O may he give
The means to live,
To thoſe who know, how cold it is!

Perhaps ſome warriour, blind and lam'd,
Some tar, for independence maim'd,
Conſider theſe, for thee they bore
The loſs of limb, and ſuffer'd more:
O paſs them not, or if you do,
I'll ſigh to think they fought for you.

Go pity all, but 'bove the reſt
The ſoldier or the tar diſtreſs'd :
Thro' winter's reign
Relieve their pain
For what they've done, ſure bold it is :
Their wants ſupply,
Whene'er they cry
Ah ! bleſs my heart, how cold it is!

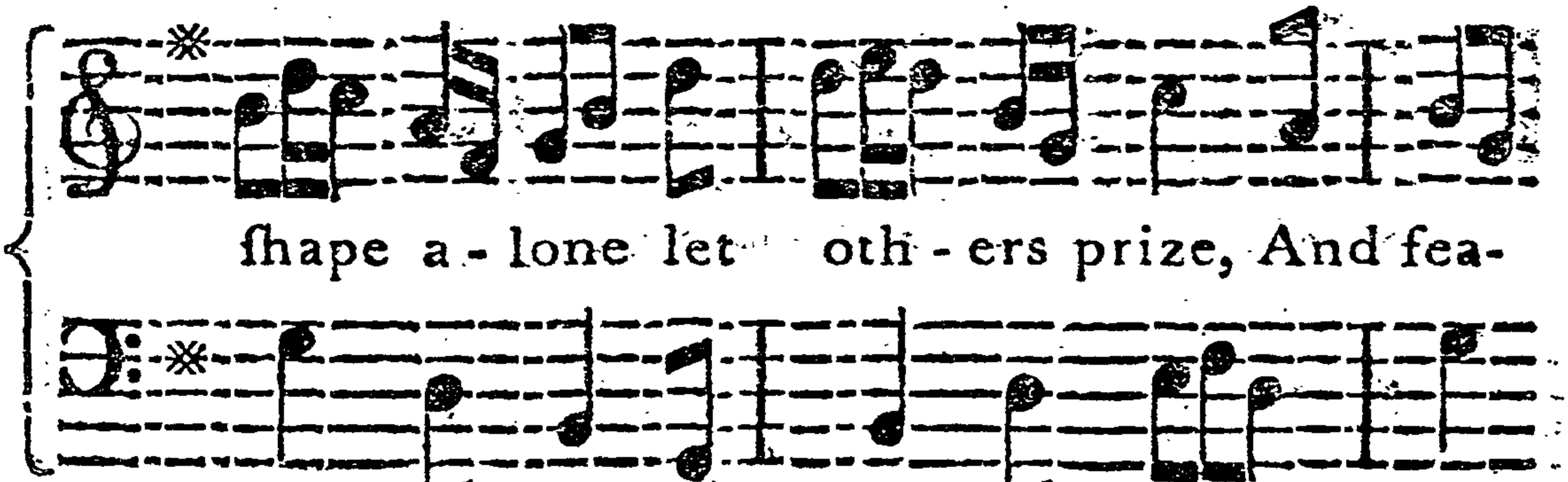
And now ye ſluggards, ſloths, and beaux,
Who dread the breath that winter blows,
Purſue the counſel of a friend
Who never found it yet offend ;
While Winter deals his froſt around,
Go face the air, and beat the ground,
With cheerful ſpirits exerciſe,
'Tis there life's balmy bleſſing lies :
On hill and dale
Tho' ſharp the gale
And frozen you behold it is,
The blood ſhall glow,
And ſweetly flow,
And you'll ne'er cry, how cold it is !

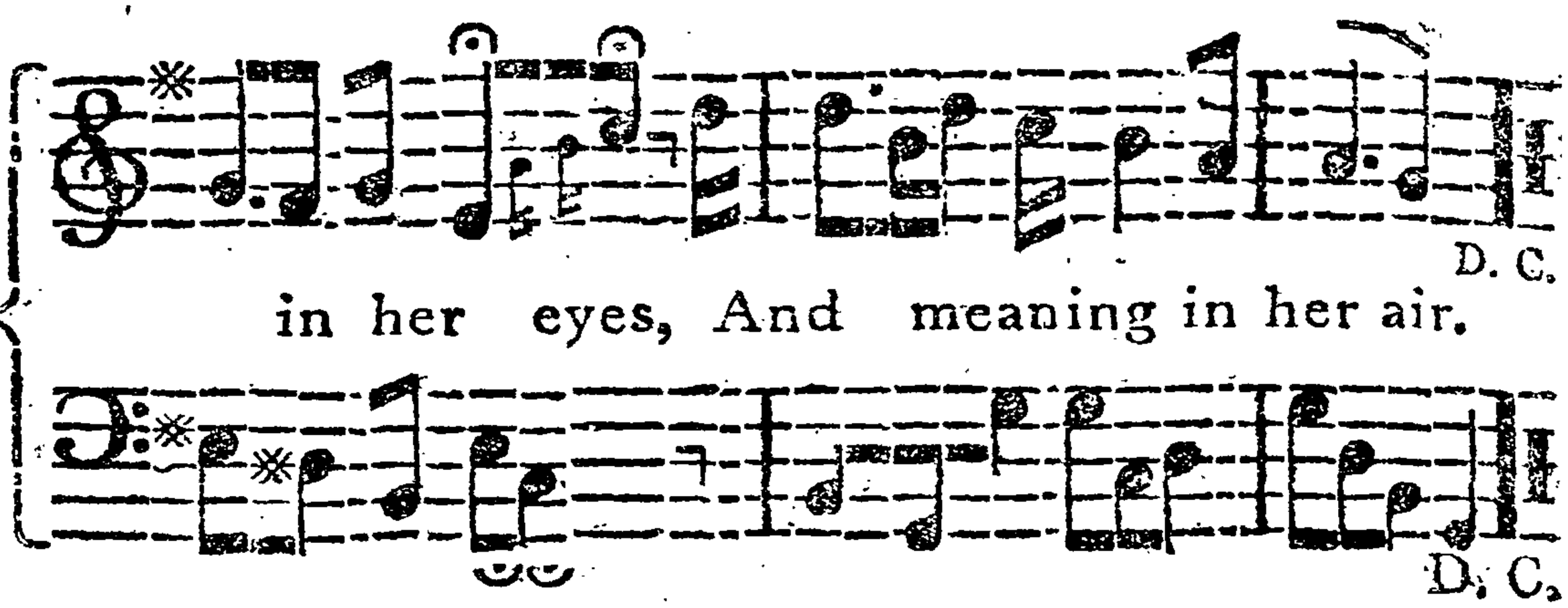
SONG CVI.

A SHAPE ALONE LET OTHERS PRIZE.

Set to Muſic by H. GRAM.

Expreſsively.





A damask cheek, an iv'ry arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win,
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

A soul where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines,
The tenderness of love.

With pow'r to heighten ev'ry joy,
The fiercest rage control,
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And raptures thro' the soul.

These are the pow'rs of beauty's charms,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her beauty seems,
And all her roses dead.

But how divinely shines the form,
Where all these charms appear,
Then go behold my *Anna's* face,
And read them perfect there.

SONG CVII.

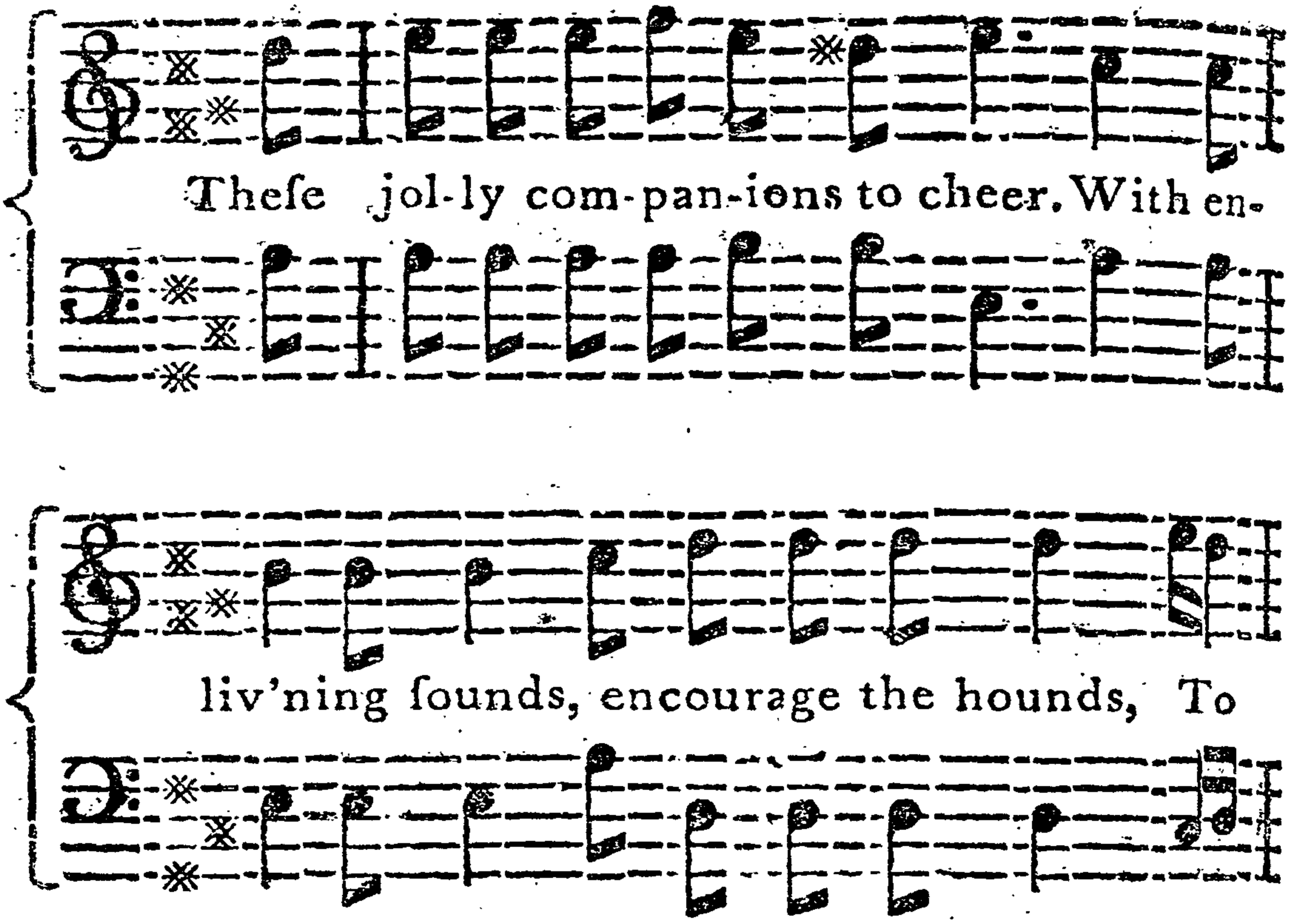
BRIGHT DAWNS THE DAY:

A HUNTING SONG.

Set to Muſic by a Student of the University at Cambridge.

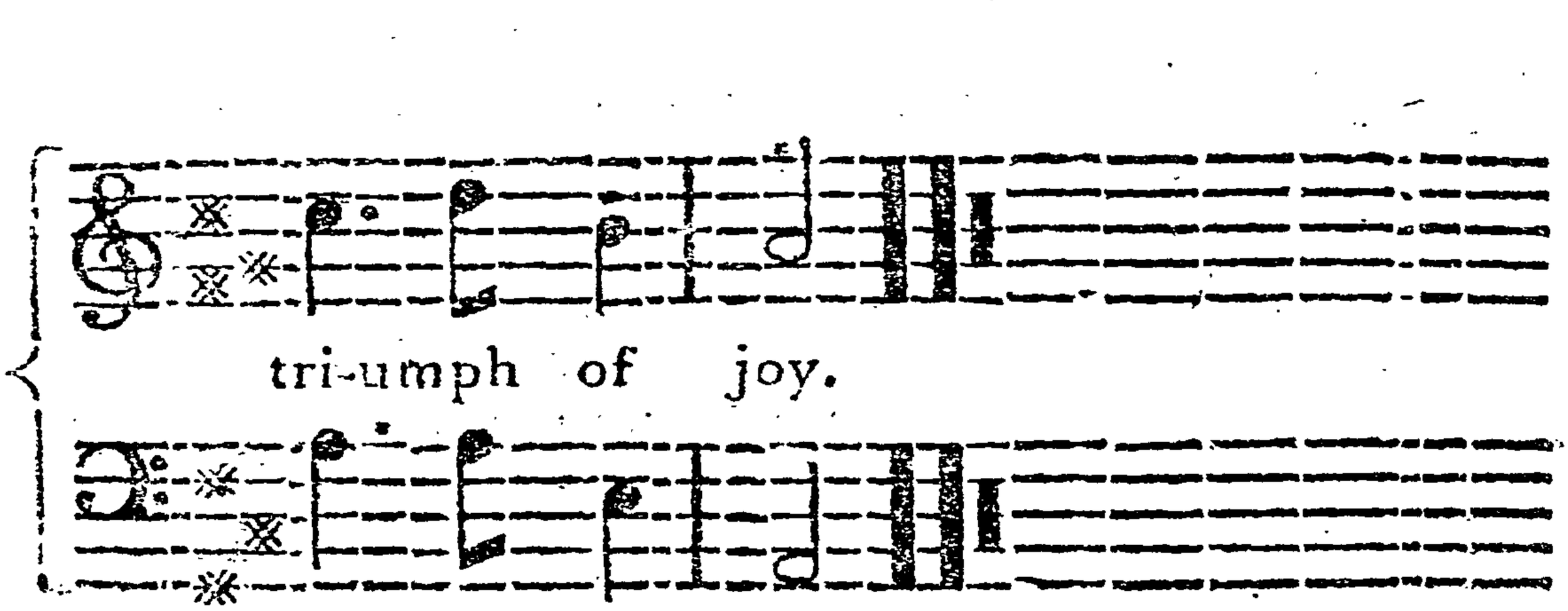
RECITATIVE.

Adagio.


These jol-ly com-pan-ions to cheer. With en-
liv'ning ſounds, encourage the hounds, To
3
ri-val the ſpeed of the de - - - - - - er. To
ri-val the ſpeed of the deer.

SONG.—Verse I.

If you find out his lair, To the wood-
lands re-pair; Hark! hark! he's un-harbour'd
they cry; Then fleet o'er the plain, We'll
gal-lop a - main, All, all is a



Over heaths, hills and woods,
Thro' the forests and floods,
The stag flies as swift as the wind;
The welkin resounds
With the cry of the hounds,
That chaunt in a chorus behind.

Then adieu to old Care,
To pale Grief and Despair,
We ride in oblivion of fear;
Vexation and pain
We leave to the train,
Sad wretches, who lag in the rear.

Lo! the ſtag ſtands at bay,
And the pack's at a ſtay;
Then eagerly ſeize on the prize;
The welkin reſounds
With the chorus of hounds,
Shrill horns wind his knell, and he dies!

SONG CVIII.

WINTER.

A-dieu, ye groves, a-dieu ye plains, All na-

ture mourning lies. See gloomy clouds, and

thick'ning rains Obſcure the lab'ring ſkies.

See, ſee, from a-far, th'im-pend-ing ſtorm With

fullen haſte ap-pear, See win-ter comes, A

dreary form, to rule - - - the falling year.

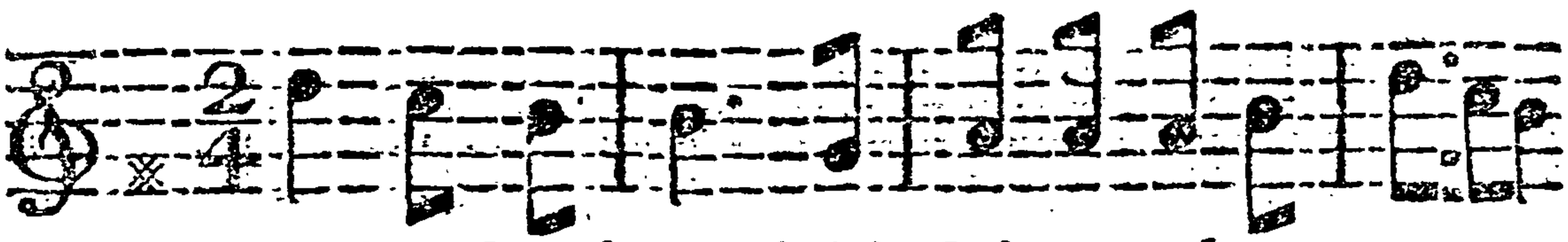
No more the lambs with gamesome bound,
Rejoice the gladden'd sight :
No more the gay enamell'd ground,
Or sylvan scenes delight.
Thus, lovely Nancy, much lov'd maid,
Thy early charms must fail ;
Thy rose must droop, the lily fade,
And winter soon prevail,

Again the lark, sweet bird of day,
May rise on active wings,
Again the sportive herds may play,
And hail reviving spring,
But youth, my fair, sees no return,
The pleasing bubble's o'er,
In vain it's fleeting joys you mourn,
They fall to bloom no more.

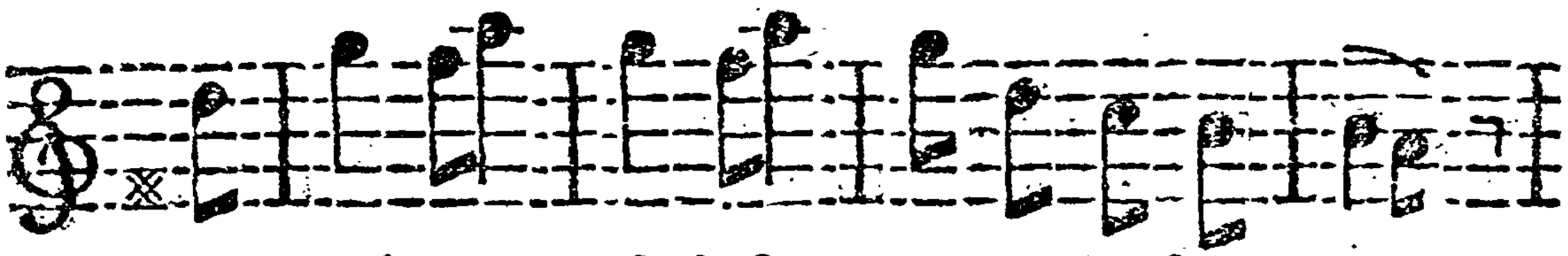
Haste, then dear girl, the time improve,
Which art can ne'er regain,
In blissfull scenes of mutual love,
With some distinguish'd swain ;
So shall life's spring, like jocund May,
Pass smiling and serene ;
Thus summer, autumn, glide away,
And winter soon prevail.

SONG CIX.

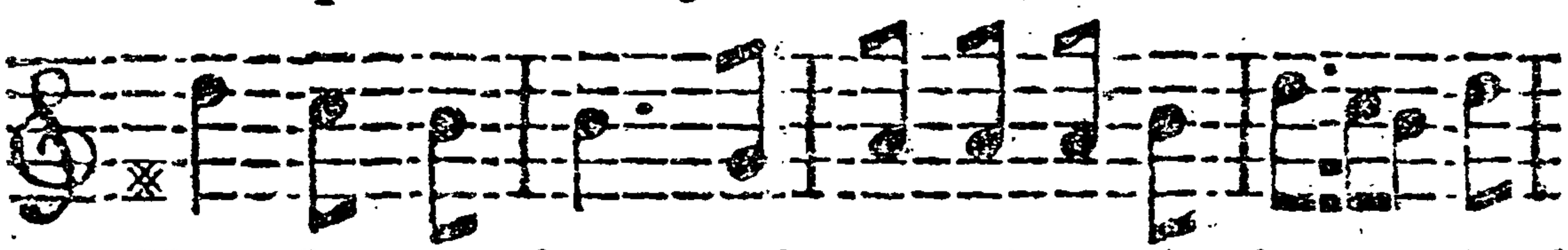
SONG IN THE SPOIL'D CHILD.



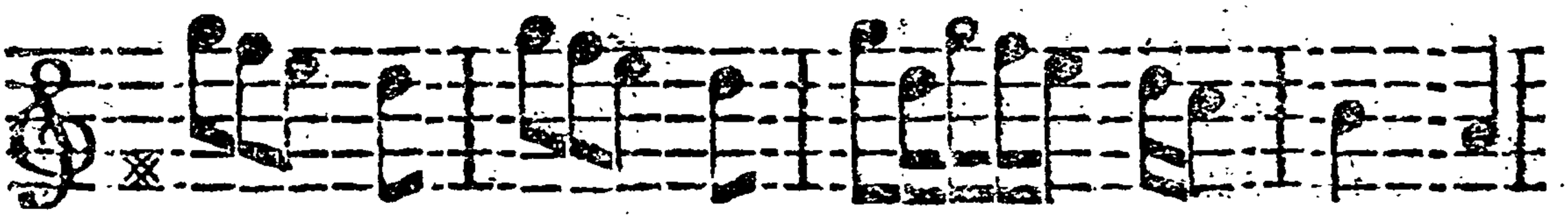
Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,



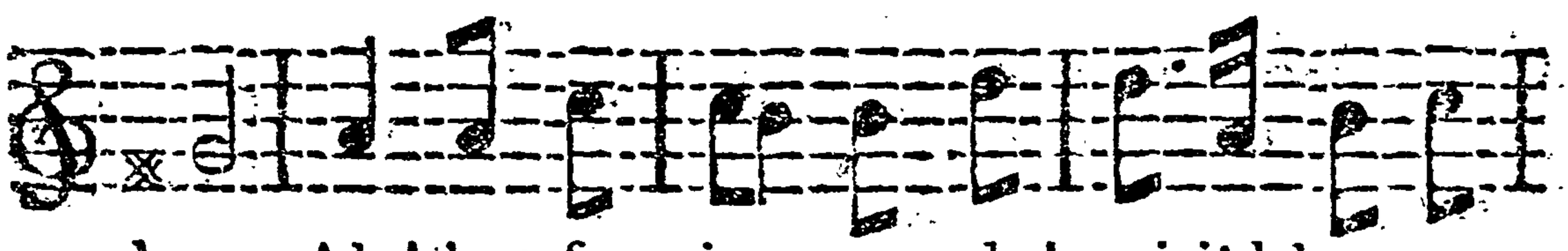
To quit each ob-ject of my in-fant care;



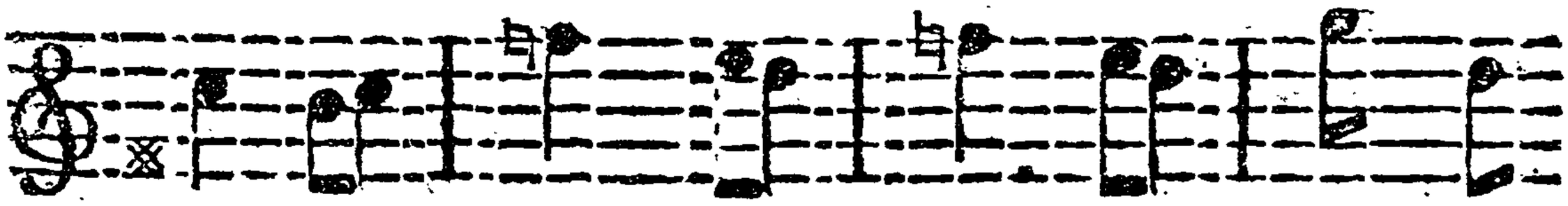
Torn from an honour'd parent's tender love, And



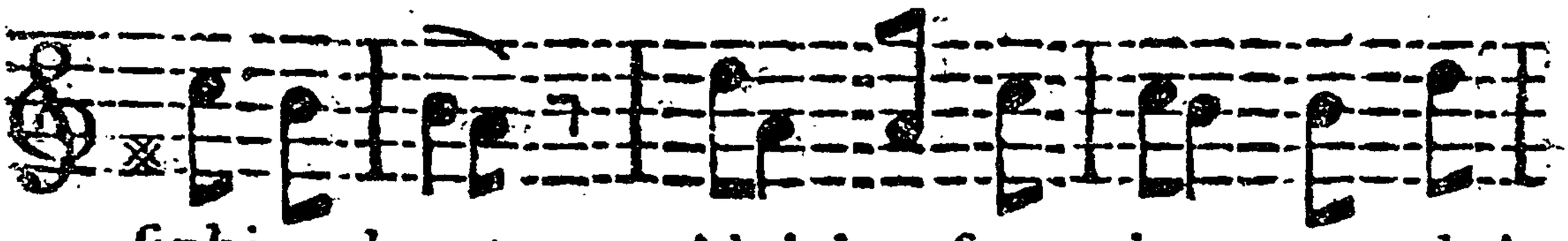
driv'n the keen-est storms of fate to



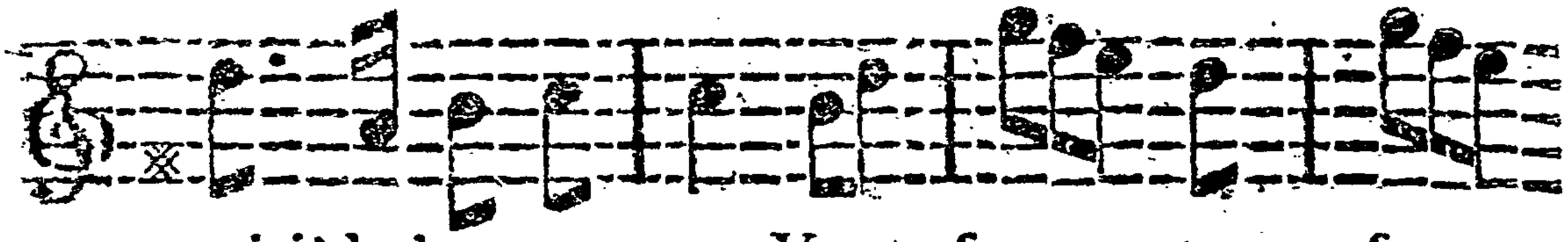
bear: Ah! but for-give me, oh! piti'd let me



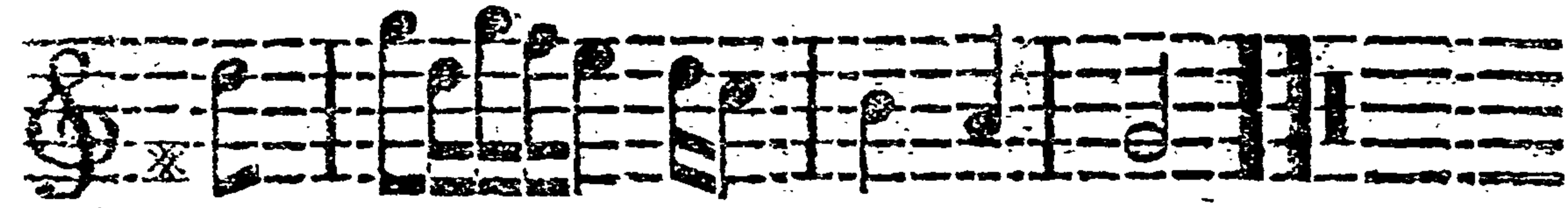
part, Your frowns too sure, wou'd break my



sinking heart. Ah! but for-give me, oh!



piti'd let me part, Your frowns too ſure



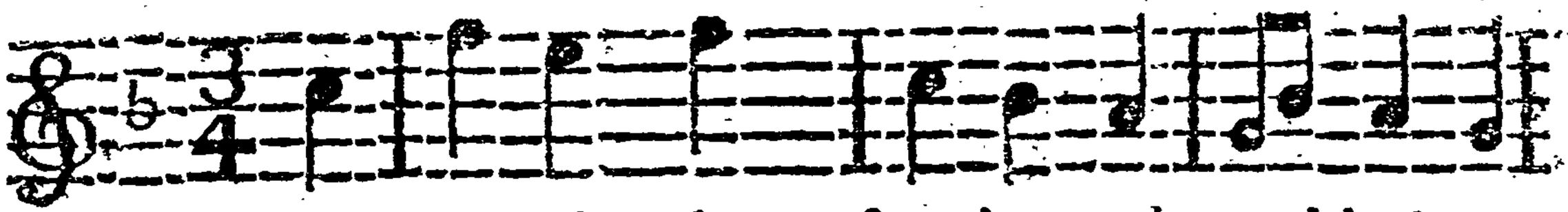
wou'd break my ſinking heart.

Oft have you ſaid I was your only joy,
Ah! wretch to forfeit ſuch an envied bliſs!
You too have deign'd to call me darling boy,
And own'd your fondneſs with a mother's kiſs.
Ah! then forgive me, piti'd let me part,
Your frowns too ſure wou'd break my ſinking heart.

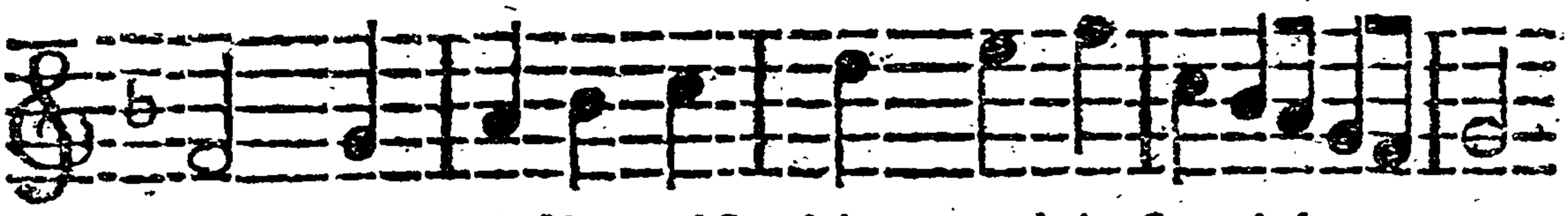
Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly ſtate,
Yet grateful mem'ry ſtill ſhall linger here!
Perhaps when muſing o'er my cruel fate,
You ſtill may greet me with a tender tear.
Ah! then forgive me, piti'd let me part,
Your frowns too ſure, wou'd break my ſinking heart.

SONG CX.

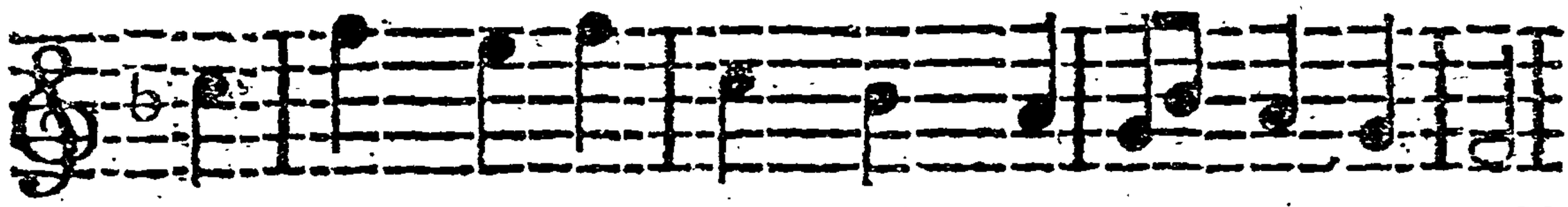
YE MORTALS WHOM FANCIES.



Ye mortals whom fancies and troubles per-

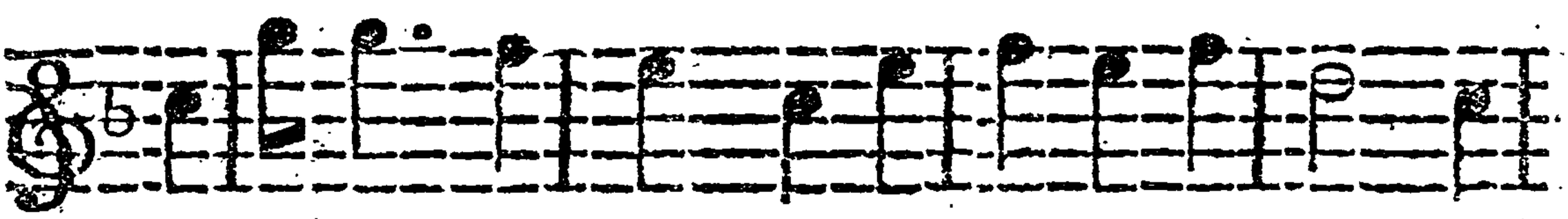


plex, Whom folly miſguides, and infirmities vex,

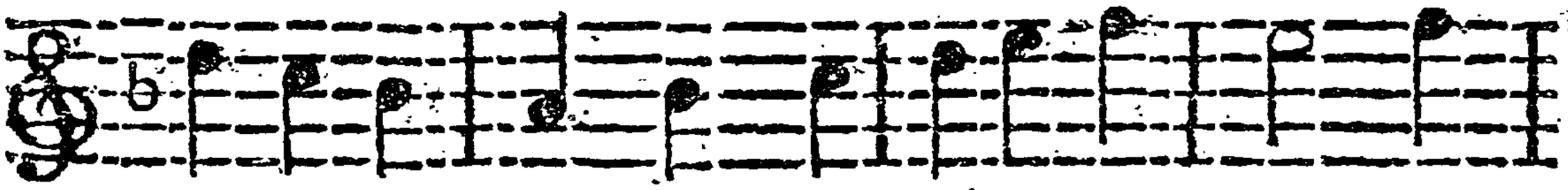


Whoſe lives hardly know what it is to be bleſt,

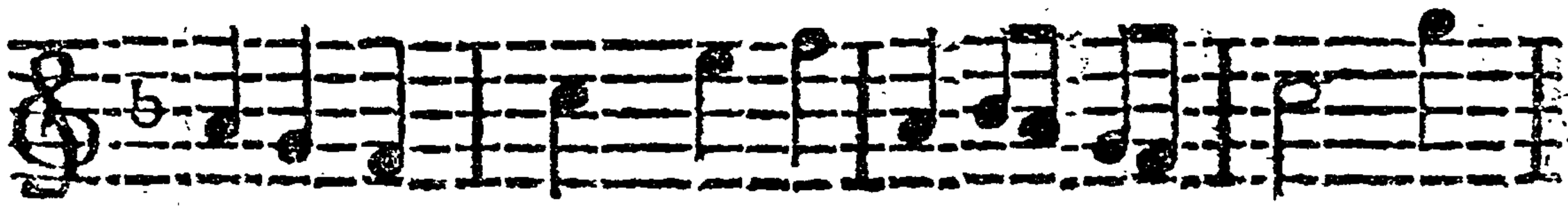
Who riſe without joy, and lie down without reſt,

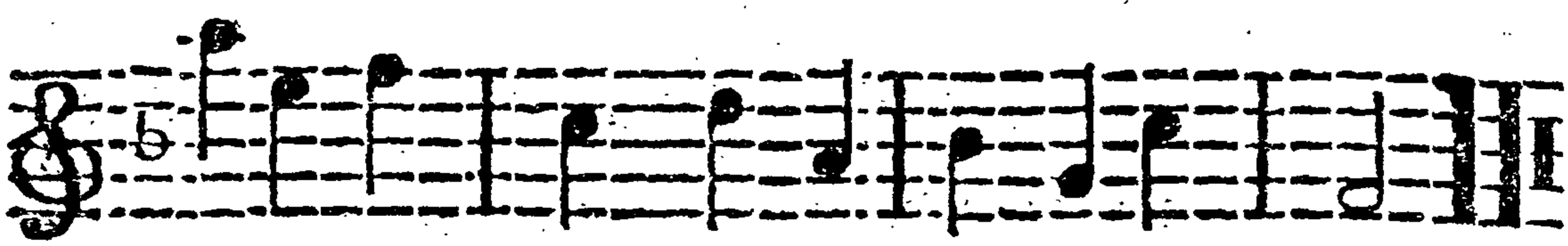


Obey the glad ſummons, to Lethe re-pair, Drink



deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care, Drink





deep of the ſtream, and forget all your care.

Old maids ſhall forget what they wiſh for in vain,
And young ones the rover they cannot regain ;
The rake ſhall forget how laſt night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with paſſion enjoy'd :
Obey then the ſummons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an Oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught, may forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond fool, to forget her gallants ;
The troubled in mind ſhall go cheerful away,
And yeſterday's wretch be quite happy to day ;
Obey then the ſummons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the ſtream and forget all your care.

SONG CXI.

ON MUSIC.

Largo.

woe re - - lieves; 'Tis muſic, 'Tis
muſic, like the Sy-ren's charms, With tend'-
reſt love the bo - ſom warms, With

'Tis this the human heart inſpires,
With tender feelings, ſoft deſires,
And pleaſes ev'ry ear:
'Twas practis'd in the Courts of Jove,
And given by the gods above,
To man, to baniſh care.

Yet not to man alone, was giv'n
This nobleſt, choiceſt gift of heav'n,

'Twas taught the feather'd choir;
The feather'd choir the boon receiv'd,
And quick all Nature was reliev'd,
For muſic fill'd the air.

When ſmiling Spring, with fragrant gales
Perfumes the woodlands, hills and dales;
When Nature's charms adorn
With livelieſt colours, gentle May,
'Tis then the ſky lark tunes her lay,
And uſhers in the morn,

Though not a fragrant gale that blows,
Nor all the beauties May beſtows,
With muſic can compare:
Yet when together theſe combine,
They form on earth a ſcene divine—
A ſcene divinely fair.

'Tis this inſpires to noble deeds;
Urg'd on by this, the hero bleeds,
Nor thinks his lot ſevere.
It calms our fears in war's alarms,
And adds to gentler peace new charms—
Muſic the gods revere.

FINIS.