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THE SONGS

OF

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Painted by Dorts.

Engraved by H.R.Hall.

Charles Dibdin

THE SONGS

OF

CHARLES DIBDIN;

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED,

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND CRITICAL;

AND

THE MUSIC

OF

The Best and most Popular of the Melodies,

WITH NEW PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

BY GEORGE HOGARTH, ESQ.

LONDON:
HOW & PARSONS, FLEET STREET.
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BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH the fame of Dibdin prevails wherever the English language is sung or spoken, there has not hitherto been a published work, which, professing to contain his lyric writings in any degree of completeness, could be either referred to by the vocalist, or adopted in the library in juxta-position with the numerous elegant editions of the effusions of Burns, and of other more honoured though not more admired authors. The reputed writer and composer of considerably more than a Thousand Songs, the best collection of them hitherto existing was that published by himself, in four small volumes, many years before he ceased writing, which contained about Four Hundred of them. That book, however, is not only destitute of arrangement, but has long been extremely scarce. The volume consisting of One Hundred and Seventy-six Songs, issued by Thomas Dibdin a few months before his death, did not profess to contain more than his father's Sea-Songs; and of them it was lamentably deficient.

This comprehensive Edition has therefore been prepared, in the confidence that it will be acceptable to the Public; and it is now respectfully introduced, with the hope that the system of arrangement will be at once satisfactory to its purchasers, and demonstrative of considerable care and research in its compiler.

It will be observed, that the Songs are classed under the titles of the pieces, or according to the occasions for which they were written,—that the pieces are arranged in the order of time in which they appeared,—and that their dates, and the theatres at which they were produced, are specified. The book thus opens with Dibdin's first dramatic composition, written at the early age of sixteen; and his operatic pieces, as far as they are extant, are then given consecutively. The next section of the work contains the Songs of his numerous monologue pieces, called *Entertainments sans Souci*, also printed chronologically, with elucidatory notes; and the third section comprises the Songs he wrote for publication in periodical and other works, and for various public or particular occasions. Allusions to passing events are explained by historical notes; and numerous anecdotes of the Author and his productions, interspersed throughout, will, it is the presumed, be accepted as a pleasing feature of the work.

In an author so prolific and versatile as Dibdin, great inequality of composition is to be expected; and many Songs appear in this collection, which some may think it would have been better to have omitted. But most admirers of an author value their edition of his productions in proportion to its completeness: and the Editor has therefore thought it right, first to adopt all the songs which Dibdin preserved in his own published collection, and next, in scrutinizing his numerous operatic and other effusions, to select all such as were not too decidedly incidental to the pieces to admit of elision.

The result is, a collection of *more than a Thousand Songs:* and when it is considered that Nine Hundred is the number that Dibdin, in his Autobiography, claims to have written, it is fair to assume that this is as complete an edition of his lyric productions as can be expected, not only in reference to the Nine Hnndred, but also to his after productions; escially when the fact is borne in mind, that, in the passage wherein Dibdin thus asserts

his authorship of Nine Hundred Songs, he admits, by the following statement, the improbability of the existence of the whole of them, in either a printed or a written form:—'I have never written down my compositions till they were wanted either for the Printer or for the Engraver. Wherever I have performed any one of the Entertainments in my catalogue, on the first night I have sat down to the piano-forte with the words only; and neither at that time nor at any other, till required by the Engraver for publication, has any single note been written.'

How the Editor of this volume has, notwithstanding, been enabled so far to perfect his labours, it is not necessary to particularize; but it is most gratifying to him to record his acknowledgments for the kind assistance and hearty co-operation he has received from all to whom he applied, who happened to possess materials really valuable to such an undertaking. The most complete set extant of the musical compositions of Dibdin—the one collected by his friend and admirer, the late Dr. Kitchener—is in the possession of Mr. Henry Phillips, the eminent Vocalist; and its stores have been liberally laid open to the Editor, with the sole object, on the part of the distinguished owner, of contributing what he could; (and most important his contributions have been,) towards the formation of a complete edition of the writings of a poet whom he so ardently admires, and so ably illustrates through his superior vocal powers and accomplishments. To Mr. Winston, a gentleman of veteran experience in all theatrical matters, and for years associated with the admired author, a like tribute of thanks is due. Without his valuable assistance, the Editor would have had to depend, for his facts and dates, on publications of doubtful authority, and might thus have been the instrument of perpetuating much misinformation. The present biographer is indebted for most of his authentication to the free use the Editor has enjoyed of Mr. Winston's valuable and unique library.

With respect to the Musical portion of the undertaking, it may be remarked, that so much of the popularity of Dibdin depends on his charming flow of melody, and the facility with which his Words and his Melodies harmonize with each other, that the perpetuation of either is alike desirable and important: but Dibdin's musical learning was far inferior to his excellence as a melodist; and he has therefore left us no Accompaniments to his Songs at all commensurate with their merit, or with the greatly advanced condition of musical erudition. In attempting to remedy this defect, the Music of the best and most popular of his Songs has been carefully re-edited for this work, and is now presented with new Pianoforte Accompaniments, from the pens of Messrs. Lancelot, C. Purday, Westrop, and Hogarth. The latter gentleman has been entrusted with the general revision of the entire musical department. His high literary and musical qualifications for the undertaking are too well known to need encomium.

Great pains have been taken, by copious Indexes, to render the work easy of reference; and where the same Song is known by various titles, it will be found by seeking either of them in the Index.

The Portrait, engraved by Mr. Hall, is from the painting by Devis; which was always recognised, both by Dibdin himself and by those knew him personally, to be his most accurate likeness.

London, June 1st, 1842.

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CONTENTS OF THE MUSIC.

[The Figures on the left denote the pages of the Music; those on the right the pages of the Words. If Songs have Titles differing from their first words, the Titles are given in the last column; and the Name of the Arranger occupies the column between the two Tables.]

Reference to the Music.	First Lines of the Songs.	Reference to the Words.	Arranger's Name.	Titles of the Songs.
55	A bed of moss we'll straight prepare	56	C. F. Purday.	
47	A plague of those musty old lubbers.....	65	C. F. Purday	Nothing like Grog.
101	A sailor's life's a life of woe.....	92	F. Lancelott	The Flowing Can.
67	A sailor's love is void of art.....	65	G. Hogarth	Lovely Polly.
165	Adieu, adieu, my only life	100	G. Hogarth	The Soldier's Adieu.
199	Adieu, my gallant sailor.....	117	C. F. Purday	Tack and Tack.
339	Alas! the battle 's lost and won	117	G. Hogarth	The Soldier's Last Retreat.
11	And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman	20	C. F. Purday	The Jolly Young Waterman.
179	As pensive one night in my garret I sat.....	196	G. Hogarth	The Last Shilling.
323	Ben Backstay lov'd the gentle Anna	94	G. Hogarth.	
129	Bleak was the morn when William left his Nancy	119	G. Hogarth	The Sailor's Return.
309	Bless'd Friendship, hail! thy gifts possessing ..	108	G. Hogarth	True Friendship.
23	Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear	28	C. F. Purday.	
41	Bright gems, that twinkle from afar.....	53	C. F. Purday.	
291	Can any king be half so great	265	G. Hogarth	The Thrasher; or, a Jug of Brown Ale.
227	Come, all hands, ahoy to the anchor	128	F. Lancelott	Jack at the Windlass.
221	Come, all ye jolly topers! the toast as ye pass	237	G. Hogarth	Every Man's Friend.
313	Come, bustle, bustle, drink about.....	11	F. Lancelott.	
237	Come, come, my lads! the war is o'er	288	C. F. Purday	The War is over.
252	Come, painter, with thy happiest sleight...	89	G. Hogarth	The Portrait.
346	Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?.....	176	F. Lancelott	Captain Wattle.
225	Far removed from noise and smoke	107	F. Lancelott	The Woodman.
51	For I am the girl that was made for my Joe ...	8	C. F. Purday	Joe's Girl.
239	Give ear to me, both high and low	164	C. F. Purday	Ned that died at Sea.
95	Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see	87	G. Hogarth	Poor Jack.
7	Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling	12	C. F. Purday.	
247	Hark! the din of distant war!.....	102	C. F. Purday	Death, or Victory; or, Victory's Laurel.
93	Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling	97	C. F. Purday	Poor Tom, Tom Bowling; or, The Sailor's Epitaph.
161	I am a jolly fisherman.....	90	F. Lancelott	The Jolly Fisherman.
121	I be one of they sailors who thinks 'tis no lie...	100	C. F. Purday	Nautical Philosophy.
15	I lock'd up all my treasure	24	C. F. Purday.	
158	'I never shall survive it,' cried Lumkin in despair	152	G. Hogarth	Second Thoughts are best.
77	I sail'd from the Downs in the Nancy	95	C. F. Purday	The Tar for all Weathers.
31	I sail'd in the good ship, the Kitty.....	31	C. F. Purday	Yo yea.
59	I sing of a war set on foot for a toy	60	C. F. Purday	The Fall of Troy.
125	I that once was a ploughman, a sailor am now	112	G. Hogarth	The Lucky Escape.
244	I was, d' ye see, a waterman.....	288	F. Lancelott	Poll and my Partner Joe.
255	I was the pride of all the Thames.....	101	F. Lancelott	Happy Jerry.
207	I were but in our village a country clown..... ..	170	G. Hogarth	Cheap Experience.
133	If ever a sailor was fond of good sport.....	133	G. Hogarth.	Jack's Fidelity.
279	If lubberly landsmen, to gratitude strangers	153	F. Lancelott	Who cares?
249	If tars of their money are lavish.....	294	C. F. Purday	The Sailor's Defence.
257	I'm jolly Dick the lamplighter	96	F. Lancelott	Lamplighter Dick.
57	In all your dealings take good care.....	58	C. F. Purday	The Mason's Creed.
3	In ev'ry fertile valley	2	C. F. Purday.	
264	In the motley feather'd race.....	120	C. F. Purday	All the Birds in the Air.

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Reference to the Music.	First Lines of the Songs.	Reference to the Words.	Arranger's Names.	Titles of the Songs.
151	'I've heard,' cried out one, 'that you tars tack and tack'	157	G. Hogarth	Moorings.
332	Jack Binnacle met with an old shipmate	192	F. Lancelott	Change for a Guinea.
105	Jack dances and sings, and is always content	108	G. Hogarth.	The True English Sailor.
53	Jack Ratlin was the ablest seaman	74	G. Hogarth.	
217	John Bull for pastime took a prance	173	F. Lancelott	Mounseer Nongtongpaw.
275	Let bards elate	93	G. Hogarth	Peggy Perkins.
39	Let ev'ry man now give his toast	36	C. F. Purday.	A Bundle of Toasts; or, The Toast.
267	Let sons of sloth dream time away	114	G. Hogarth.	Tantivy.
203	Like Etna's dread volcano, see the ample forge	185	F. Lancelott	The Anchorsmiths.
196	Long by some fair one was I trick'd	193	G. Hogarth	The Lover.
49	Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe	43	C. F. Purday.	
281	Mistress Runnington wore a wig	248	F. Lancelott.	Mrs. Runnington's Wig.
90	Ny name, d'ye see, 's Tom Tough; I've zeed a little service	182	C. F. Purday.	Yo, heave ho! or, Tom Tough.
35	Now safe moor'd, with bowl before us	12	C. F. Purday.	
165	Of all sensations pity brings	87	F. Lancelott.	The Soldier's Grave.
43	O think on the time when you came home at night	7	C. F. Purday.	Irish Drinking-Song.
87	Of the ancients is't speaking, my soul, you'd be after	95	F. Lancelott.	
343	Old Cunwell, the pilot, for many a year	252	F. Lancelott	The Look-out.
193	Poor Negro say one ting,—you no take offence	165	G. Hogarth	Kickaraboo.
232	Says my father, says he, one day, to I	139	G. Hogarth	Father, and Mother, and Suke.
73	See the course throng'd with gazers!—the sports are begun	75	G. Hogarth.	The High-Mettled Racer.
329	Some say Topers should never get mellow	177	G. Hogarth.	The Advantages of Toping.
269	Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly	118	G. Hogarth	The Sailor's Consolation; or, Grieving's a Folly.
349	Sure won't you hear what roaring cheer	167	F. Lancelott.	The Irish Wedding.
303	Sure en't the world a masquerade	95	G. Hogarth.	All the World's a Masquerade.
136	Sweet is the ship, that, under sail	144	G. Hogarth.	Lovely Nan.
229	Sweet Nancy Nouse and Jack Jibboom	280	G. Hogarth.	Jack's Alive.
341	The breeze was fresh, the ship in stays	133	G. Hogarth.	The Token.
21	The busy crew, the sails unbending	27	C. F. Purday.	The Meeting.
306	The gloomy night stalked slow away	161	G. Hogarth.	Mad Peg.
272	The martial pomp, the mournful train	134	G. Hogarth.	The Soldier's Funeral.
81	The moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple	81	C. F. Purday.	The Standing Toast.
185	The morning breaks! those ruddy streaks	109	C. F. Purday.	The Wily Fox.
259	The network stow'd with hammocks all	248	F. Lancelott.	The Sailor's Will.
188	The peasant in his humble cot	112	C. F. Purday.	Virtue.
283	The signal to engage shall be	29	F. Lancelott.	The Signal to Engage.
201	The storm had ceas'd,—the vessel, striving	118	C. F. Purday.	The Reward of Fidelity.
241	The surge hoarsely murm'ring, young Fanny's grief mocking	131	G. Hogarth.	The Recompense of Constancy.
212	The weather, the land, and all those who dwell in it	186	G. Hogarth.	Smiles and Tears.
117	The wind blew hard, the sea ran high	92	C. F. Purday.	Every Inch a Sailor.
235	The wind was hush'd—the fleecy wave	110	F. Lancelott.	Bonny Kate.
145	The wind was hush'd—the storm was over	102	C. F. Purday.	Buxom Nan.
294	The world's a good thing; ah! how sweet and delicious	135	F. Lancelott.	No Good without an Exception.
139	The Yarmouth Roads are right a-head	134	G. Hogarth.	Tack and Half-Tack.
13	Then farewell, my trimbuilt wherry	20	C. F. Purday.	Farewell, my trim-built Wherry.
9	There was a miller's daughter	14	C. F. Purday.	The Miller's Daughter.
61	This, this, my lad, 's a soldier's life	63	C. F. Purday.	The Soldier's Life.
361	Though hard the valiant soldier's life	160	C. F. Purday.	The Soldier's Farewell and Return.
219	Though mountain high the billows roll	175	G. Hogarth	All's one to Jack.
33	Though prudence may press me	13	C. F. Purday.	
168	Tight lads have I sail'd with, but none e'er so sightly	111	G. Hogarth.	Bill Bobstay.
113	'Tis said we vent'rous die-hards, when we leave the shore	85	C. F. Purday.	Wives and Sweethearts.
277	To ask would you come for to go	98	F. Lancelott.	A Drop of the Creature.
182	To Bachelors' Hall we good fellows invite	92	C. F. Purday.	Bachelors' Hall.
173	Tom Tackle was noble, was true to his word	138	G. Hogarth.	
171	Tom Truelove woo'd the sweetest fair	148	F. Lancelott.	Tom Truelove's Knell.
83	'Twas in the good ship Rover	97	C. F. Purday.	The Greenwich Pensioner.
215	'Twas Landlady Meg that made such rare flip	170	F. Lancelott.	Meg of Wapping.

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Reference to the Music.	First Lines of the Songs.	Reference to the Words.	Arranger's Names.	Titles of the Songs.
300	'Twas one day at Wapping, his dangers o'erhauling	147	F. Lancelott.	Jack Junk.
99	'Twas post meridian half past four	155	C. F. Purday.	The Sailor's Journal.
148	'Twas Saturday night,—the twinkling stars	93	F. Lancelott.	Saturday Night at Sea.
325	Up the Mediterranin	221	G. Hogarth.	One.
209	Walk in, walk in! each beau and belle	183	G. Hogarth.	The Wig Gallery.
176	We bipeds, made up of frail clay	99	C. F. Purday.	Sound Argument.
336	We tars are all for fun and glee	206	G. Hogarth.	Jack at Greenwich.
63	What argufies pride and ambition	65	C. F. Purday.	A Sailor's Philosophy.
69	When fairies are lighted by night's silver queen.	75	C. F. Purday.	
357	When from the glowing blush of morn	208	F. Lancelott.	Echo.
191	When I told you your cheeks wore the blush of the rose	163	G. Hogarth.	Love at Fifty.
65	When last in the Dreadful your Honour set sail	68	G. Hogarth.	
353	When Yanko dear fight far away	54	F. Lancelott.	Yanko Dear.
17	While the lads of the village shall merrily-ah	24	E. G. Westrop.	The Lads of the Village.
29	While up the shrouds the sailor goes	31	C. F. Purday.	
321	Why, don't you know me by my scars?	104	G. Hogarth.	Soldier Dick.
261	Why, good people all, at what do you pry?	113	G. Hogarth.	The Beggar.
155	Why, what's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping	187	F. Lancelott.	True Courage.
355	Would ye be taughte, ye feather'd thronge	171	F. Lancelott.	Anne Hatheawaye.
351	Would you hear a sad story of woe	98	G. Hogarth.	The Watery Grave.
5	Ye free-born sons, Britannia's boast	12	C. F. Purday.	
297	Young Shenkin was porn in Glamorganshire	106	G. Hogarth.	Shenkin and Winny.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

It may be regarded as a favourable sign of the times in which we live, in regard, at least, to English literature and taste, that *novelty* is now looked upon less exclusively than it has been for many years past, as the one thing needful. Shakspeare and the great dramatists of the olden time have regained their ascendency in our theatres; and the growing appetite for our long-established literary classics is evinced by the demand for new and popular editions of their works. In music, this reaction, though less striking, is plainly perceptible. In the aristocratic circles of fashion, whose taste governs, and in its turn is governed by, the doings of Her Majesty's Theatre, no music finds admission but the legerdemain achievements of some German pianoforte-player, or the gairish frivolities of the modern Italian opera. But in the middle classes of society, there are increasing indications of a very different taste. Witness the never-failing crowds drawn to Exeter Hall by the oratorios of Handel, and the deep and earnest attention with which they listen to the gravest and loftiest strains ever imagined by human genius. Witness, too, the revival, under the auspices of Mr. Macready, of the old and classical productions of our musical stage. That enlightened faith in the good taste and good feeling of the Public, which induced him to undertake the restoration of the English drama, prompted him to extend the experiment to its music as well as to its poetry: and success has been his due and merited reward.

Among those men of genius, whether poets or musicians, whose memory will certainly be revived in all its original lustre by this return to the national taste and feeling, is one in whom these characters were blended in a degree unparalleled, at least in modern times—the celebrated Charles Dibdin. And it is the full assurance of this result that has given rise to the present publication. A few particulars respecting this extraordinary man, and some remarks on his genius in both these capacities, will be acceptable to the reader.

Charles Dibdin was a native of Southampton, and a descendant of a respectable family. He was born on the 15th of March, 1745. His father had a very numerous progeny, he himself being the eighteenth child. One of his brothers, Thomas Dibdin, many years older than himself, was the captain of an Indiaman. His death gave occasion to the well-known song "*Tom Bowling*," in which his character is beautifully painted. This gentleman was the father of the Reverend Frognall Dibdin, whose labours as a bibliographer have been of so much advantage to literature.

With the view of his entering the church, Dibdin was placed at the College of Winchester, where his love of music first manifested itself. When he was nine

years old, his passion for the art recommended him to the notice of Mr. Fussell, the organist of the Cathedral, from whom he received some instructions in its rudiments. It has been said that he was also indebted, for his musical knowledge, to the celebrated ecclesiastical composer, Kent, who then resided at Winchester; but this he himself denies. He learned enough, however, to enable him to take a part in the anthems at the Cathedral, and to sing at the concerts given during the races and assizes. There was a weekly amateur concert, of which several of the principal clergymen and gentry of the town and neighbourhood were members, and at which he was the chief vocal performer. His musical propensities being thus nourished by the popularity which his attainments, slight as they then must have been, gained for him, he abandoned his ecclesiastical studies, and devoted himself wholly to his favourite pursuit, resolving to depend on it as his means of subsistence.

With this object he became candidate for the place of organist at Waltham, in Hampshire, but was rejected—as he says, on account of his youth. We may venture, in charity to those on whom the choice depended, to suppose that they had a sounder reason for his rejection: for, with all his genius and natural gifts, he certainly, when even at the height of his fame, never possessed musical learning and skill sufficient to qualify him for the duties of an organist in any church superior to that of a country village. Not discouraged, however, by this want of success, he was looking about for another vacancy, when his prospects were changed by the arrival from sea of his brother Thomas (the original, as already mentioned, of *Tom Bowling*), who gave him an invitation to London, and a promise to provide for him. To promote his views of obtaining an organist's place in the metropolis, his brother introduced him to Johnson, then an eminent music-seller in Cheapside, by whom he was employed in tuning harpsichords. His brother, having gone again to sea, was taken by a French man-of-war; and the poor youth was thus left to his own resources. He composed some songs and pieces for the harpsichord, which he never could prevail on his employer to publish; but he at length found another publisher (Thompson, of St. Paul's Church-yard), who gave him three guineas for the copyright of six ballads, which were sold at three-halfpence each. He had been introduced to some of his brother's city friends, by whom, for a time, he was received with cordiality; but they gradually neglected him, and at length shook him off, owing (as he says) to his aversion to being considered a fiddler and buffoon, and his determination never to entertain the company and to sing and be comical at the word of command.

In this forlorn condition he had the good fortune to meet with a friend—a gentleman of the name of Beranger, who was intimate with the most popular literary and theatrical personages of that day. Mr. Beranger advised him to think of writing for the stage, and made him acquainted with Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, Beard, the famous singer, and some persons of rank and distinction, among whom was the Earl of Sandwich, at once a great statesman and an ardent lover of music.

He soon obtained employment at Covent Garden; at first in the humble character of chorus-singer: but Beard, who, on the death of Mr. Rich, his father-in-law, succeeded to the management of that theatre, having discovered in him the existence of those talents for which he became so distinguished, encouraged him to compose the poetry and music of a little pastoral drama, called *The Shepherd's Artifice*, which was produced with success in 1762; the author being then seventeen years old.*

Soon afterwards he essayed his powers as a musical actor. The first character of any importance in which he appeared, was that of *Ralph*, in *The Maid of the Mill*, when that opera was originally brought out. He received much applause, and seems to have contributed materially to the success of the piece. He subsequently performed the part of *Mungo*, in his own opera of *The Padlock*. But though he was favourably received both as an actor and as a singer, he found his theatrical career such a fruitful source of heart-burnings and disputes, that he soon retired altogether from the stage; and his future public exhibitions were confined to the recitations and songs in the Entertainments, written and composed by himself, which became so popular in the later period of his life.

He now began to acquire reputation as a musical composer. He wrote the greater part of the music in *Love in the City*, which was produced in 1767. The drama failed, but Dibdin's music was much applauded; and several of the pieces, having been transferred to the popular opera of *The Romp*, have been sung on the stage almost down to the present time. He next composed a considerable portion of the music of *Lionel and Clarissa*, and afterwards the whole of that of *The Padlock*. These three operas were written by Bickerstaff, whose reputation as a musical dramatist was deservedly high. It was in *The Padlock* that Dibdin's musical genius first shone out in all its lustre. The drama is clever and amusing; and such was the charm of Dibdin's fresh and graceful melodies,† that the piece acquired vast and lasting popularity. The extent of this may be estimated from the fact stated by Dibdin in his 'Professional Life,' that the author of the words kept the copyright in his own hands, and that 28,000 copies had been sold in 1779. From this source, and from his benefits, Bickerstaff cleared at least £1,700: while the author of the music, to which the immense success of the piece was owing, received for it, in all, only the sum of forty-five pounds!

* The song in the above piece, 'In every fertile Valley,' was Dibdin's first attempt at composition. 'It contains,' he says in his *Memoirs*, 'as much of construction as is necessary for a production of this nature, and has as much modulation as it ought to have. The points of the air are regularly expressed and explained; and, for what it is, though a trifle, it is complete in all its properties: and yet, when I composed it, I was but *fourteen years old*, and was unable to give a single musical reason for that regularity which I had unconsciously attempted. *So much is nature above art!*'—But it is to *imitation*, not to nature, that the regularity of this air is owing. It is a pleasing, but a close copy of the ballad style of Dr. Arne; and every phrase of its melody was common property among the composers of that day.

† The plan of the present publication necessarily excludes these beautiful airs, their poetry *not* being Dibdin's. But, as many of Dibdin's finest melodies are in this situation, it is proposed to give a *separate* and supplementary selection of some of the best of them.

Dibdin was but three-and-twenty when he thus laid the foundation of his fame. Considering his want of musical education, and his then very limited experience, the music of *The Padlock* strikingly evinces the force of his native genius. He was entirely self-taught; and his account of the manner in which he mastered—or rather imagined that he had mastered—the difficulties of harmony and counterpoint, is interesting, while it is at the same time somewhat amusing, from the self-complacency with which he supposed he had penetrated to the recesses of a science of which he had not even passed the threshold:—

'I have said nothing yet,' he says in his *Life*, 'that can give any idea that I did not learn music regularly like any body else: it will be proper here to explain the truth. Mr. Fussell, who afterwards succeeded Mr. Kent as organist of Winchester Cathedral, when I was nine years old, taught me the gamut, and the table which points out the length of the notes and the divisions of the time; and this is so correct, that five or six common tunes, among which are *God Save the King* and *Foote's Minuet*, which I have by me in that gentleman's hand-writing, are the only exercises I ever received from a master. Mr. Kent, a church composer of considerable genius and understanding, who was Mr. Fussell's preceptor, had also the credit of having taught me: but except some anthems which he composed for me—and very charming they are, for they are yet popular—and which I learnt by ear, I never received the smallest instruction from him. The music I have was strongly in my mind from my earliest remembrance, *and I knew that no master could at any time have been of the least service to me.* It lay quietly, a hidden spark, which in the country found nothing ardent enough to vivify it; but coming in contact with its proper fuel, the different performances in town, it at once expanded, and nothing could keep it within bounds. I felt this more and more as I listened, particularly to vocal compositions, which were never so much at their utmost height and value as at that period; and, to confirm that I began fairly to feel my own ground, a remarkable opportunity occurred of putting my conjectures to the test. Listening one morning to a rehearsal of *Thomas and Sally*, I comprehended so closely the construction of the composition, that I could think of nothing else for the whole day. The next morning I attended also a rehearsal, when all that passed adhered so tenaciously to my memory, that I went home and drew out a score of the whole entertainment, which was certainly incorrect; but, for such an uncommon effort, by no means to that degree which might have been expected—for I was not at that time sixteen. I soon saw that I should easily get at all I wanted. I instantly became my own instructor; and, with the austerity of the merest pedagogue, I set myself the most difficult possible tasks. At length I hit upon a project by which I saw I should *lay open the whole field of harmony*, with liberty to traverse it at my pleasure.

'I had always delighted in Corelli, whose harmonies are an assemblage of melodies. I therefore got his concertos in single parts, and put them into score, by

which means *I saw all the workings of his mind* at the time he composed them. I so managed, that *I not only comprehended in what manner the parts had been worked, but how, in every way, they might have been worked.* From this severe but profitable exercise, I drew all the best properties of harmony; and, among the rest, I learned *the valuable secret*, that men of strong minds may violate to advantage many of those rules of composition which are dogmatically imposed. To this practical knowledge of harmony I added such theoretical particulars as are to be found in Rameau; and having possessed myself of as much science as I conceived necessary for every purpose, I determined fearlessly to give free scope to my fancy: to what effect is pretty well known.'

Slight and superficial knowledge is the most productive of self-satisfaction. The raw student, delighted at having mastered a few elementary principles, thinks himself profoundly learned; and it is not till he has advanced further on the path of knowledge that he sees the toilsome length of the way, and the 'Alps on Alps' which rise before him in the distance. But Dibdin seems never to have reached that point in his progress at which he could have caught even a glimpse of the steep and laborious road before him: otherwise he would not, in the latter part of his life, have talked of having laid open to himself the whole field of harmony by scoring a few of Corelli's concertos, or have supposed that he had thus enabled himself to see all the workings of that great composer's mind, and to comprehend his principles and rules of art. That he did not, is sufficiently evident from his expressing his obligation to Corelli for a 'valuable secret,' which could never have been taught him by a composer who is peculiarly distinguished for his pure and regular harmony, and his abstinence from those licenses which have been occasionally indulged in by musicians of a more enterprising spirit. That the rules of art may be violated with impunity, far from being a valuable secret, is a dangerous delusion, which has proved fatal to many an artist. The rules of art are not arbitrary and capricious *dicta:* they are founded on immutable principles of reason and taste, and are general expressions of the concurring practice of the greatest masters. An infringement of the rules of musical harmony is uniformly bad *per se*. It never of itself conduces to any good effect, and is tolerated only in cases where the rule might be an obstacle to the production of some singular and striking effect. By the boldest and most eccentric composers—even Beethoven himself—every rule is observed thousands of times for once that it is broken; and licenses may often be pointed out, resulting from mere haste and impetuosity, where a more deliberate attention to rule would have been infinitely more advantageous. Even the most eccentric composers, moreover, if they are masters of their art, do not use licentious harmonies in the accompaniment of a simple air: in such music, purity and regularity are indispensable. But Dibdin never put a bass to one of his own songs without betraying the utmost poverty of harmonical resources, or committing gross and palpable errors. He possessed the instinct of melody in a degree, perhaps, that has never been exceeded;

but no other musician ever gained such celebrity with such slender attainments as an artist; and the opinion which he entertained, that no master could have been at any time of the least service to him, was equally mistaken and unfortunate.

After *The Padlock* (which appeared in 1768), Dibdin composed the music of several other pieces written by Bickerstaff, particularly *The Ephesian Matron* and *The Brickdust Man.* The first piece of any importance, entirely written by himself, was *The Wedding-Ring*, performed in the season 1771—2. Having appeared soon after Bickerstaff had left the country under ignominious circumstances, this piece was malevolently ascribed to him; and the imputation having made an impression injurious to Dibdin, on the first night of performance, he was called upon the stage and required to declare who was the author; which he did, and at the same time formed the resolution of never again bringing out any thing anonymously. The piece was successful, but he gained nothing by the publication of the music. 'Indeed,' he says, 'I have always made this remark, that the music I have sold has yielded very little, except to publishers; and that which I have published on my own account has frequently brought me into debt.'

From this time Dibdin produced for many years, and in rapid succession, a great number of musical pieces for the different theatres, Saddler's Wells, Ranelagh, and other places of entertainment. Most of them were entirely written by himself, both words and music. *The Waterman* was first performed at the Haymarket, in 1774; and *The Quaker* at Drury Lane, in 1775. The success of these celebrated pieces is well known. Since their first production they have kept uninterrupted possession of the stage, and have displayed the talents of the greatest English vocalists down to the present time. *Poor Vulcan*, performed at Covent Garden in 1778, had less success than it deserved, in consequence of injudicious changes and interpolations, made without the author's sanction. *The Shepherdess of the Alps*, performed at Covent Garden in 1780, a pretty piece, fell for want of support. Vernon, the singer, being asked by the author why he had not got his part perfect, and played his best, answered very coolly, that he saw it was the general wish that the piece should be damned, and, as in duty bound, he lent it a hand!—The next piece, *The Islanders*, had a better fate. Mrs. Kennedy made the part of *Orra* very attractive; and some of the songs written for that favourite vocalist are among Dibdin's most charming productions.

The Harvest Home was performed at the Haymarket in 1787; and from that time Dibdin ceased to write for the theatres. During the whole period of his employment in this way, his intercourse with managers and performers was a scene of constant warfare; and, according to his own account, he was constantly the victim of ill-treatment and breach of faith. His complaints of the conduct of almost every body with whom he had transactions, must be received with considerable limitation: but he must have been singularly unfortunate, or singularly imprudent in his dealings, if his statement is correct, that, during a period of twenty-three years, in

which he produced nearly a hundred musical pieces, many of which met with extraordinary success, while his published songs were in great demand all over the kingdom—the whole amount of his receipts, comprehending the prices received for his pieces, the copyrights of this music, his salaries, and benefits at the theatres, was only five thousand one hundred pounds, averaging an income of £220 a-year.

Towards the latter end of this period, he made several attempts to carry on theatrical business on his own account. With this view, he entered into a speculation for the erection of the Circus, now the Surrey Theatre. It was built on ground belonging to Colonel West, who, with several other parties who advanced the necessary funds, became proprietors of the establishment; while Dibdin was appointed sole manager for life, and was to receive a fourth of the profits. His plan was to form a combination of the stage and the equestrian ring. In the management of this theatre he appears to have exhibited great activity, bringing forward a constant succession of new pieces, written and composed by himself. But, as usual, his measures (according to his own account) were thwarted, and his objects defeated, by the intrigues and machinations of persons connected with him; and, after three years spent in strife and litigation, he withdrew from the concern in the year 1785. He next engaged in a speculation for building a theatre in the neighbourhood of Pancras, and had made some progress, at considerable expense, in its erection, when the frail fabric was blown down by a storm of wind, and no attempt was made to rebuild it. He then undertook to furnish the manager of the Dublin Theatre with musical pieces, and did so to the value of six hundred pounds, of which he never received more than a hundred and forty. Unwearied in his efforts to make head against the difficulties produced by these unfortunate enterprises, he betook himself to novel-writing: he likewise commenced a weekly periodical called *The Devil*, which at first had a great sale, but eventually proved a failure, and was given up after the publication of twenty-one numbers.

In the extremity to which he was now reduced, Dibdin thought of trying his fortune in India. His brother, who has been already mentioned, had long resided in that country, where he had many friends and connexions. While he lived, Dibdin had several times had it in contemplation to go to India; and notwithstanding his death, he decided on still doing so, hoping to be cordially received by his brother's old friends, and also understanding that he might be able to recover certain debts due to him at the time of his death. To raise money for this voyage, he made a tour through various parts of England, giving entertainments, consisting of songs and recitations—the embryo, as they may be called, of the Entertainments which afterwards became so famous. This tour was not very profitable, one of the obstacles to his success being an odd one:—he was very generally taken for an impostor—an itinerant adventurer, who was trying to make money by personating the celebrated Mr. Dibdin: and, strange to say, Dibdin, with all his talent, failed in various places to persuade the Public that he was the real

Simon Pure. His account of this musical tour, a lively, gossiping book, was published in 1787, with a list of six hundred subscribers, the Prince of Wales at their head. To raise as much money as possible, he sold off the musical compositions he had on hand; on which occasion the music-publishers seem to have taken a shameful advantage of his necessities. '*The Waterman*,' says he, 'better known by the title of *My Poll and my Partner Joe*, which certainly cleared the publisher two hundred pounds, I was compelled to sell for *two guineas*; and *Nothing like Grog*, also a very popular song, yielded me no more than *half-a-guinea!*' Dibdin was then in the fulness of his fame and popularity. The purchasers knew pretty well what his songs were worth to them: and while their offer of such prices indicates an almost incredible degree of effrontery on their part, his acceptance of their offers is a melancholy proof of his destitute condition.

In 1788 Dibdin sailed for India; but the vessel in which he embarked having been driven by adverse winds into Torbay, he landed there, and gave up further thoughts of his voyage. At Torbay he commenced a sort of musical lecture, or *soirée*, which he repeated in various country towns, consisting of an Entertainment which, with alterations, became the first of the series of Entertainments which he afterwards began in London. It was called, probably from the circumstances under which it was projected, 'The Whim of the Moment;' and was brought out at *Hutchins'* auction-room, in King Street, Covent Garden, at first with very little success, the Public being unaware of its nature and excellence. He published twelve of the songs in this Entertainment; but finding that, being issued on his own account, they had no sale, he sold them to a music-seller for sixty pounds. Among them was the celebrated *Poor Jack;* which immediately became popular all over the kingdom, and must have produced to its proprietor many hundred pounds.

The Public were now awakened to the merit of this novel species of entertainment, and the next of the series, *The Oddities*, was fully successful. During its second season, it was performed seventy-nine nights. The sale of the music was immense, and the author's profits commensurate. Of *The Greenwich Pensioner* alone he sold, from first to last, ten thousand seven hundred and fifty copies, which yielded him a profit of more than £400: and on the above song, with *Poor Tom*, and *The Lamplighter*, he cleared (as he himself says) more money in four months, than he had in his whole life received for the sale of music.

In 1791, Dibdin removed the place of his Entertainments to a room opposite Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand, to which he gave the name of *Sans Souci*. Here he brought out, with great success, his entertainment entitled *Private Theatricals* This gave occasion to the following epigram:—

'What more conviction need there be,
That Dibdin's plan will do,
Since now we find him *Sans Souci*,
Who late was *Sans six-sous.*'

The uninterrupted success of these Entertainments induced Dibdin to build a small

theatre in Leicester Place, which he opened in 1796, with the one called *The General Election*. This new theatre was also called *Sans Souci*. From this time, however, his success declined; and he ascribed this falling off to his having removed too far from the city, from whence he had ever drawn his most substantial support.

In October, 1804, he began, at his theatre in Leicester Place, a course of eighteen lectures on music, which were given three times a week. As a companion, or text-book, to these lectures, he published, on the day of their commencement, a didactic poem, entitled *The Harmonic Preceptor*, which professes to explain the principles of music and the rules of composition. As may be supposed, this rhyming treatise is shallow and superficial in the extreme, and obtained no attention whatever from the musical world. His lectures must necessarily have been of the same description; —he could not teach what he did not know. He seems, however, to have been of a different opinion; for he published two other books of instruction,—*The Musical Mentor*, and *Music Epitomized*, neither of which attracted any notice.

During the time that he was giving his entertainments in his *Sans Souci* Theatre, he occasionally made tours through England, Scotland, and Ireland, where his performances were received in all quarters with the utmost applause; and his principal songs became universally popular: they were sold in every music-shop, seen on every lady's pianoforte, and sung in every company. Dibdin's profits at this time must have been very large; but, unhappily, he seems to have been unable to save anything out of them, so as to make the least approach towards realizing an independence.

Dibdin published the songs in his entertainments in separate sheets, at the time of their performance; but those parts of them which consisted of recitation were never printed, with the exception of *The Whim of the Moment*, which he introduced in the narrative of his *Tour through England, &c.* :* indeed, as they were merely intended to introduce the songs, they were of too slight and ephemeral a character to bear publication; depending (like similar entertainments of more recent date) more upon the spirit and humour of their delivery, than upon their literary merit. They consisted of little comic dialogues, lively or pathetic tales, anecdotes, and traits of satire; which he delivered with frequent variations, trusting, apparently, more to his memory and to the impulse of the moment, than to the written words before him. The writer of

* Dibdin was particularly successful in his representation of negro characters, and we give the following specimen of the style of his tales:

Cudjo, a negro slave, was carrying a jug of rum and a letter, to a friend of his master, but meeting with another negro on the road, he accosted him. 'Ah! buddy, let us all two take a lilly sup.' 'Ah! dam!' says Cudjo, 'you no see paper la talk, he savee tell massa? 'Ah, buddy, oppose we put paper under a tone, den he no see?' Charmed with this idea, they agreed to hide the letter under a stone. 'Ah! buddy, dis be good stuff! suree make a heart jump.' And having drank pretty heartily, they begin to think of the consequences 'Ah! dam, jug no full now.' 'Buddy, buddy,' says the other, 'come to the ribber, put lilly wee drop water.' This executed, Cudjo takes the letter, and jogs on with the jug to his master's friend, who, not finding the rum above proof, exclaims, 'Why, what is this, you scoundrel? You have been drinking the rum, and filled the jug with water.' 'Ah! massa,' says Cudjo, 'don't you vex—indeed, I do nothing.' 'Nothing! what, do you think I can't read?' 'Ah! massa, if I no tell Buddy I am so, dat dam paper suree talk very wicked for poor negro man.'

this notice—who can say of Dibdin, '*Virgilium tantum vidi*,' was present, when a mere lad, at one of those entertainments, of which he retains that vivid remembrance which always attends the impressions of early youth. Dibdin was then a handsome man, of middle size, with an open, pleasing countenance, and a very gentlemanlike appearance and address. His costume was a blue coat, white waistcoat, and black silk breeches and stockings; and he wore his hair, in the fashion of the day, full dressed and profusely powdered. His manner of speaking was easy and colloquial; and his air was more that of a person entertaining a party of friends in a private-drawing room, than of a performer exhibiting to a public audience. He was near-sighted; and, when seated at his instrument, he would bend his head close to his book for a few moments, and then, laying it down, throw himself back in his chair, and deliver his song without further reference to book or music. His voice was a *barytone* (a medium between the tenor and the bass) of no great power or compass, but of a sweet and mellow quality. He sang with simplicity, without any attempt at ambitious ornament, but with a great deal of taste and expression; and, being a poet as well as a musician, he was particularly attentive to a clear and emphatic utterance of the words: in which respect his performance might have afforded a valuable lesson to many singers of much higher pretensions. In singing, he accompanied himself with facility and neatness, on an instrument of a peculiar kind, combining the properties of the pianoforte and the chamber organ, and so constructed that the performer could produce the tones of either instrument separately, or of both in combination. To this instrument were attached a set of bells, a side drum, a tambourine, and a gong, which he could bring into play by various mechanical contrivances, so as to give a pleasing variety to his accompaniments.

In 1805, when, at the age of sixty, Dibdin discontinued his entertainments, and retired from the theatre in Leicester Place, he sold his stock, and the copyright of 360 songs, to Messrs. Bland and Weller, the eminent music-sellers in Oxford Street, for £1,800, with £100 per annum for three years after, for such compositions as he might produce during that period. He then went to reside in retirement at Cranford. At this time, besides the property just mentioned, he enjoyed an annual pension of £200, given him by Government in 1803. This pension, however, was withdrawn by the Grenville administration; and being thus deprived of so material a part of his income, he found himself, in 1808, compelled to resume his professional labours. He gave, at the Lyceum, three new entertainments,—*Professional Volunteers*, *The Rent Day*, and *Commodore Pennant*; in which he took the aid of several additional singers: he also opened a music-shop opposite the above theatre. But these endeavours terminated in failure and bankruptcy.

Soon afterwards, a proposal was made by Mr. Oakley, of Tavistock Place, through the medium of the *Morning Chronicle*,* to raise, by means of subscription, a fund for the relief of Dibdin's necessities. This gentleman's appeal was cordially responded

* See the *Morning Chronicle* of March 16, 1810.

to; and a public dinner took place at the City of London Tavern, on the 12th of April, 1810, the anniversary of Rodney's victory. All the popular singers of the day came forward to give their assistance; a large company assembled, and the sum raised amounted to £640. According to Dibdin's own wish, this money was invested in the purchase of £30 per annum in the Long Annuities, in the names of trustees, for the use of himself, his wife, and his daughter; so that the capital should remain for the benefit of his family.* The balance of £80, which remained after this transaction was effected, was paid over to him in cash.

He then retired to Arlington Street, Camden Town, where he resided until his death.

His last dramatic piece was *The Round Robin*, performed at the Haymarket in 1811. It was unsuccessful; and, in the hope of redeeming it, he wrote two fresh songs after the first night's performance, which he took to Mr. Winston, the manager of that theatre. There was not time, however, to study them before the second representation; and after that the piece was never repeated. About the same time he composed twelve songs for *The Belle Assemblée;* an employment obtained for him by his friend and biographer, Dr. Kitchener, and for which he received £60. Whether these, or the songs for *The Round Robin*, were the last he wrote, is doubtful; but Mr. Thomas Dibdin is certainly incorrect in saying that his father's last song was *The Standing Toast*, commencing with the words, 'The moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple;' that song being unquestionably of earlier date.

In 1813, he had a paralytic stroke, under the effects of which he lingered till his death, on the 25th July, 1814, at the age of sixty-nine. He was buried in St. Martin's burial-ground at Camden Town; and the stone, placed over his remains by his widow and daughter, is inscribed with the lines in which he himself had drawn the character of his brother:—

'His form was of the manliest beauty;
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he 's gone aloft.'

Dibdin's personal character, in some of its features, may be gathered from the above sketch of his life. In his professional pursuits, he was active, industrious, and fertile in expedients; yet, though he succeeded in gaining the public favour in a degree rarely surpassed, he was unable to derive from it any solid and permanent benefit. With the persons with whom he was professionally connected—managers, publishers, and performers—he was constantly at variance; and he represents him-

* The names of the gentlemen who had the merit of originating this good and generous work, ought never to be forgotten in any account of him, with whose name theirs are so honorably associated They were—

Mr. William Bovill.
Mr. Bovill, Jun.
Mr. Thomas Dodgson, of Cheapside.
Mr. William Groom, of Russell Square.
Mr. Charles Holland, of the Temple.
Mr. Benjamin Oakley, of Tavistock-place.
Mr. James Perry, of the Morning Chronicle.
Mr. Edw. Utterson, of South Audley Street.
Mr. John Windus, of the Exchequer.
Mr. Jacob Wood, of Croydon.
Mr. John Welbank, of Chancery Lane.

self as being deprived of the just recompense of his labours by the cupidity and treachery of almost every body with whom he had dealings. Any man, however just and cautious in his own transactions, is liable to be deceived and ill-treated; but when we hear a man talk of being abused and cheated by everybody, we may be sure that part, at least, of the blame lies with himself. He constantly complains of breaches of bargains and refusals to fulfil engagements. But his own account shows that his bargains were often improvident, and in general so carelessly made as to be open to continual misunderstandings. That this was the case may be inferred from his own admission in respect to his opera of *Amphytrion*. 'This piece,' he says, '*was the only instance in which I made a point of securing myself*. It was performed but two nights; and I received for it £285.' Pretty well for an unsuccessful piece! Had he taken similar care (as every prudent man would do) to secure himself in other instances, by distinct and specific bargains, they would, in general, have been fulfilled without turmoil or strife, and his emoluments would have been worthy of his reputation. Whether, indeed, this would have materially bettered his condition may be doubted: for the termination of that long period of his life, during which he must have derived great profits from his Sans Souci Entertainments, and the immense sale of his songs, found him absolutely penniless. The disappearance of such an income can be accounted for only on the supposition of great improvidence in his expenditure. Though described by those who remember him as something of a *bon vivant*, yet he was by no means of intemperate habits; and nothing but a want of ordinary economy in his affairs could have prevented his realizing a competency.

The purity of sentiment, and the high and generous feeling, so beautifully expressed in his writings, indicate an elevated tone of principle, and an ardent love of virtue. That the principles of religion and morality existed in his mind, and that he was of a kindly and benevolent nature, cannot be doubted. These features are stamped upon his works in characters not to be mistaken. Language so full of truth and nature, and so evidently the outpouring of the heart, could never have been dictated by hypocrisy, or the mere conventionality of authorship. It is, moreover, uniform and consistent—never, even in his most unpremeditated effusions, contaminated by anything gross or licentious. And yet, alas for the infirmity of human nature! Dibdin may be added to the numerous illustrations of the maxim, that the character of an author is not to be gathered from his works. In the nearest and dearest relations of life, his conduct was at total variance with the sentiments to which he was in the daily habit of giving expression. Upon the failings of his domestic life we touch with pain and reluctance; but, in describing the character of an illustrious man, the truth ought neither to be suppressed nor disguised.

Dibdin, after his first marriage, formed an illicit connexion with Mrs. Davenet, a chorus-singer at Covent-Garden Theatre. She was the daughter of a person of the name of Pitt; and Dibdin's children by her were, in early life, called by that name. Their subsequent assumption of their father's name gave him great offence. He

afterwards separated from Mrs. Davenet (who by his abandonment was reduced to abject poverty), and formed another connexion of a similar kind with a Miss Wyld; having, all the while, a lawful wife whom he deserted and left in great privation.* With Miss Wyld he lived till the death of his neglected wife enabled him to marry her. They had several children; whether born before or after marriage, we are not informed. Only one of them, a daughter, survived him; and it was for her and her mother's use, jointly with his own, that the annuity already mentioned was purchased. The mother survived also; and, as Dibdin's widow, received a pension of £100 per annum from government.

Two of Dibdin's children by Mrs. Davenet, were Thomas, the late distinguished dramatist, and Charles, who also exhibited considerable talent in the same walk of literature. In perusing Thomas Dibdin's memoirs of his own life, every one must be struck with the manner in which he speaks of his father. He appears sedulously to avoid the mention of his name; and when he does unwillingly speak of him, it is with extreme coldness, and an utter absence of every thing like filial affection or gratitude. All he does say, indeed, tends to show that his father was not entitled to such feelings at his hands, having never treated him with the care and tenderness of a parent. Of his mother, on the contrary, Thomas Dibdin frequently speaks with warm affection, mingled with a compassion which the reader (uninformed of her unhappy circumstances) is unable to comprehend. From his account, his brother Charles appears to have been equally neglected.

These are melancholy facts, but valuable to be known. They impressively show the degrading and demoralizing effect of that intercourse between the sexes, which is prohibited equally by the laws of God and Man.

Of this species of vice, Burns has said,

> 'Alas! it hardens a' within,
> And petrifies each feeling.'

Can there be a stronger commentary on these lines, than the circumstances of Dibdin's domestic history? Can any thing more strikingly display the operation of a licentious life in hardening the heart, freezing the affections, and creating insensibility to the miseries of which it is the cause?

On these circumstances Dr. Kitchener, from tenderness to the memory of his friend, is entirely silent. He says very little on Dibdin's domestic relations, and that little is, we doubt not, the truth: but if the truth is not the *whole* truth, it may create an impression directly contrary to the truth; and such is the case with what is told by Dr. Kitchener. Of Dibdin's first wife—of Miss Pitt and her children, though Thomas Dibdin was one of them—and of his liaison with his second wife before he married her—his biographer says not a word. What he does say is

* We have been informed, on authority upon which we can rely, that, in 1774, Dibdin lost his situation at Covent Garden, in consequence of his deserting Mrs. Davenet and his children, her cause having been taken up by Garrick.

this: 'It may be said with great truth that they [Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin] were one of the happiest of couples. Mr. Dibdin was naturally of a domestic disposition; his wishes were fully realized in this union, his happiness being wholly centered in his wife and family, never visiting without them. They had five children, three sons and two daughters, all of whom died, except one daughter. His widow has £100 per annum allowed her by government.' All this, so far as it goes, was undoubtedly true; but, taken by itself, it leads to a very erroneous conclusion. Dr. Kitchener, in proof of Dibdin's domestic happiness, quotes an affectionate letter from him to this wife, and a prayer which was found in his desk after his death, and which is certainly a gratifying evidence of his religious feeling. He prays for his 'good and valuable wife and *daughter*;' and one cannot help wondering a little at the frame of mind in which he could approach the throne of his Creator, with a prayer for one only of his children, forgetting those others, who, equally with her, were indebted to him for their being, but had never received from him the care and tenderness of a parent.

In other respects, Dibdin was an amiable man: he was kind and generous in his nature, just and honourable in his dealings, of a manly spirit, and incapable of duplicity or meanness. His character as a man would have been truly reflected in the mirror of his poetry, but for the one dark spot—the one unhappy failing,—which he must have found a never-ceasing source of sorrow and remorse.

Dibdin united in his own person the characteristics of the bards of the olden time. He gave to the world, through the medium of his own recitations, his own poetry and his own music. In modern days he is absolutely without a parallel. Thomas Moore, 'the Bard of Erin,' has clothed with beautiful poetry the national melodies of his country; but his own musical efforts have been few and feeble; and, as a singer, he is known only in his own circle of private society.

The Songs of Burns in Scotland, and of Beranger in France, have acted strongly on the popular mind; but it is only by their verses that these writers have distinguished themselves. Henry Carey had more of the bardish character than any other modern song-writer. He produced a multitude of songs—poetry as well as music; and some of them are exceedingly beautiful,—witness the well-known *Sally in our Alley*. But Carey, whether as a poet or a musician, cannot for a moment be placed in comparison with Dibdin.

The immense body of lyrical poetry which Dibdin produced is exceedingly various, not only in style and subject, but in quality. A good deal of it, hastily written for ephemeral pieces, brought out at minor theatres, partakes of the usual character of such productions. But even these, slight and careless as they are, contain many unexpected flashes of wit and humour, thoughts happily expressed, and allusions to the manners and occurrences of the time, which are sometimes very amusing, and are therefore not unworthy of notice, even at the present day; though it is not from them that any just estimate of Dibdin's poetical powers is to be formed. For this purpose recourse must be had to the songs in his principal dramatic pieces, and in his Sans

Souci Entertainments. These were produced by him when in the maturity and vigour of his powers, and in the full tide of his popularity; and it is on them that he seems to have put forth the utmost strength of his genius. It was at this period that he wrote most of his Sea Songs—those immortal works which have not only raised him to a lofty place among the Poets of England, but have gained for him the high and honourable title of a benefactor to his country.

We cannot account for his predilection for nautical subjects by any occurrences in his life. He never was at sea; nor (excepting the circumstance of his having had a brother who was Captain of an Indiaman) does he appear to have had any particular intercourse with seafaring people. Yet he was well acquainted with the habits and manners of sailors; thoroughly imbued with their peculiarities of thought and feeling; full of sympathy with all their notions, predilections, and prejudices; and able to use their nautical phraseology with a correctness which (though it has been cavilled at by minute criticism) was quite satisfactory to themselves, as is proved by the universal acceptation of his sea-ditties by every branch and degree of the nautical profession, from the Admiral of the Fleet to the Cabin-boy of a Merchantman. Hence Dibdin's pictures of the sailor's character, and the sailor's life, though highly coloured and embellished, are true to reality in their essential features. The sailor is there, as he lives, in his courage, generosity, simplicity of heart, unworldliness, warmth of affection, love of present enjoyment, and thoughtlessness of to-morrow. These features, it is true, are elevated, refined, and united with a delicacy of sentiment and firmness of principle, beyond what are met with in the realities of life. The faults of the sailor's character, too, are there—his reckless profusion and proneness to intemperate revelry: but these, though deprived of their gross and degrading colours, are still so represented as to serve as beacons to be avoided. It is the embellished truth of Dibdin's pictures which has made them act so powerfully on the class they represent. Were they coarse and literal copies, the originals would turn away in anger and disgust, from a looking-glass which reflected their deformities with so unpleasing a fidelity. Were they mere fancy-pieces, they would be neither understood nor cared for. In the *Jack Ratlin* or *Tom Bowling* of Dibdin, the sailor recognizes a brother-sailor—a being like himself, but nobler and better than himself, whom he would gladly resemble more fully, while he feels himself capable of doing so. High and generous sentiments, expressed and acted on in circumstances and modes of life similar to his own, from merely at first engaging his approval and sympathy, come at length to be his own habitual thoughts and principles of conduct. The image of his favourite hero stands between him and the allurements to sensual indulgence. He, too, has his faithful girl, or tender wife—his Poll or his Nancy—whom he thinks upon during the lonely midnight watch, as well as in the Saturday's carouse, when the merry crew assemble to toast their 'sweethearts and wives.' His courage is no longer a brute instinct, sustained by a blind fatalism. He is calm in the midst of the battle, remembering that—

'There's a Providence sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack,'

and yet prepared, should such be the will of Heaven, to die bravely in the cause of his country. That this is no imaginary picture has been vouched by those who are most conversant with nautical life. They have a thousand times borne testimony to the fact, that these happy effects on the character of the British sailor have been mainly caused by the Songs of Dibdin. For public services of infinitely smaller amount, many men have been loaded with wealth and honours: and the neglect of Dibdin's claims on his country, even while those claims were explicitly admitted, says little in favour of his country's gratitude, or, at least, in favour of those by whom this gratitude ought to have been manifested.

Dibdin is sparing in the use of poetical imagery, and avoids high-flown diction. He expresses natural sentiments in plain language. But his language, though simple, is anything but feeble. He can be vigorous, as well as soft; gay and playful, as well as sweet and tender. The flow of his verse is smooth and easy; and his poetry, in every line, bears marks of the musician. Some of his songs, considered as poems, seem odd and confused in their rhythm and measure: but these must be sung, not read. The words and music form a song *one and indivisible;* so closely united as to be incapable of separation.

Though Dibdin, as a musician, did not possess much learning or technical skill, yet his deficiencies in these respects were of the less importance, from the branch of the art to which he applied himself. He had that which no study can bestow, and without which all study is useless—the gift of melody; a gift which he improved by incessant exercise, thus gradually acquiring freedom, facility, and a constantly increasing range of musical ideas. The songs in his earlier dramatic pieces are closely formed upon those of his immediate predecessors and contemporaries. Arne seems to have been his especial model: but his genius soon broke loose from the trammels of imitation; and his innumerable melodies are as remarkable for originality, as for endless variety in form and expression. There are beautiful airs in some of his dramatic pieces, particularly *The Padlock, The Waterman,* and *The Quaker;* but it is in his sea-songs that the most characteristic features of his genius, not only as a poet, but as a melodist, are to be found. In them, the sound is always an echo to the sense; the words can always be uttered with as much clearness as in simple declamation, and with a truth and expression which the finest declamation could never impart. They are bold and masculine, without the slightest rudeness or vulgarity; and they hence afford delight to the simplest as well as to the most cultivated taste.

LIST OF THE PUBLICATIONS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

OPERATIC PIECES

	Produced at	
The Shepherd's Artifice	Covent Garden	1762
Damon and Phillida	Drury Lane	1769
The Palace of Mirth	Saddler's Wells	1772
The Brickdustman	Do	1772
Pigmy Revels	Drury Lane	1772
The Mischance	Saddler's Wells	1773
The Grenadier	Do	1773
The Ladle	Do	1773
England against Italy	Do	1773
None so Blind as those who won't See	Do	1773
The Wedding Ring	Drury Lane	1773
The Trip to Portsmouth	Haymarket	1773
The Deserter	Drury Lane	1773
A Masque in Amphytrion		1773
The Waterman	Haymarket	1774
The Cobbler, or a Wife of Ten Thousand	Drury Lane	1774
The Quaker	Do	1775
The Impostor, or All's not Gold that Glitters	Saddler's Wells	1776
The Metamorphosis	Haymarket	1776
The Seraglio	Covent Garden	1776
The Vineyard Revels	Saddler's Wells	1777
She is Mad for a Husband	Do	1777
Yo Yea	Do	1777
The Friendly Tars	Do	1777
The Old Woman of Eighty	Do	1777
The Razor-Grinder	Do	1777
The Mad Doctor	Do	1778
Poor Vulcan	Covent Garden	1778
The Gipsies	Haymarket	1778

[Dibdin wrote the Words only of this piece, the Music having been composed by Dr. Arne.]

Rose and Colin	Covent Garden	1778
Wives Revenged	Do	1778
Annette and Lubin	Do	1778
The Touchstone	Do	1779
The Chelsea Pensioners	Do	1779
The Mirror, or Harlequin Everywhere	Do	1779
The Shepherdess of the Alps	Do	1780
The Fortune-Teller	Saddler's Wells	1780
Plymouth in an Uproar		1780
Reasonable Animals	Haymarket	1780
The Islanders, an Opera	Covent Garden	1780
The Marriage Act, a Farce	Covent Garden	1781
Amphytrion, or Juno and Alcmena	Do	1781
True Blue, or the Pressgang	Haymarket	1781
Clump and Cudden	Circus	1782
The Benevolent Tar	Do	1782
The Saloon	Do	1782
The Talisman	Do	1782
The Graces	Do	1782
Long Odds	Do	1782

	Produced at	
The Cestus	The Circus	1782
The Honest Impostor	Do	1782
Tom Thumb	Do	1782
The Passions	Do	1782
Pandora	Do	1782
The Barrier of Parnassus	Do	1782
The Milkmaid	Do	1782
The Refusal of Harlequin	Do	1782
The Land of Simplicity	Do	1782
The Statue	Do	1782
The Regions of Accomplishment	Do	1782
The Lancashire Witches	Do	1782
Liberty Hall	Drury Lane	1784
Harvest Home	Haymarket	1787
Broken Gold	Drury Lane	1806
The Round Robin	Haymarket	1811

Pieces for which Dibdin wrote the Music, and some of the Songs.

Love in the City		1764

[Afterwards altered into 'The Romp.']

Lionel and Clarissa	Covent Garden	1767
The Padlock	Ditto	1768
The Jubilee	Drury Lane	1769
The Maid the Mistress	Ranelagh	1769
The Recruiting Sergeant	Do	1769
The Ephesian Matron	Do	1769

[The Words by Bickerstaff.]

The Installation of the Garter	Drury Lane	1771

[The Words by Garrick.]

The Grenadier	Saddler's Wells	

[The Words by Garrick.]

The Widow of Abingdon		

[The Words by Mr. Hull.]

The Trip to Portsmouth	Haymarket	1772

[The Words by G. A. Stevens.]

The Christmas Tale		1773

[The Words by Garrick.]

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

The Whim of the Moment, or Nature in Little	King & Chapman's Auction Rooms, King-st., Covent Garden; and Lyceum, Strand	1788
The Oddities	The Lyceum	1790
The Wags, or the Camp of Pleasure	Do	
Private Theatricals	Royal Polygraphic Rooms, Strand, opposite Beaufort Buildings	1791

The Coalition	Produced at Polygraphic Rooms	1792
The Quizzes, or a Trip to Elysium	Do.	1791
Castles in the Air	Do.	1793
Nature in Nubibus	Do.	1793
Great News, or a Trip to the Antipodes	Do.	1795
Ode in Honour of the Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales	Do.	1795
The Will o' th' Wisp	Do.	1795
Christmas Gambols	Do.	1795
General Election	Leicester Place	1796
Mæcenas the Second, introducing Datchet Mead, a loyal Effusion on the Marriage of the Princess Royal and the Duke of Wirtemberg	Do.	1797
The Sphinx	Do.	1797
The Goose and Gridiron	Do.	1798
Castles in the Air	Do.	1798
The Tour to the Land's End	Do.	1798
King and Queen	Do.	1799
Tom Wilkins	Do.	1799
The Cakehouse	Do.	1800
A Frisk	Do.	1801
Most Votes	Do.	1802
Britons Strike Home	Do.	1803
Valentine's Day	Do.	1804
The Election	Do.	1804
The Frolic	Do.	1804
A Trip to the Coast	Do.	1804
New Year's Gifts	Do.	1804
Heads and Tails	Do.	1805
Cecilia, or the Progress of Industry	Do.	1805
Professional Volunteers	Do.	1808
The Rent Day; or, the Yeoman's Friend	Strand	1808
Commodore Pennant	Do.	1809

MISCELLANEOUS.

The *Royal Circus Epitomised*, 8vo..... 1780

The *Devil*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1785

The *Bystander*, a periodical, 4to..... 1787

The *Musical Tour* of Mr. Dibdin, in which, previous to his Embarkation for India, he finished his Career as a Public Character. Inscribed to the Prince of Wales. 4to. Sheffield..... 1788

A *Collection of Songs*, selected from his Works. Each volume published separately, with Prefaces, &c..... 1792-1796

The *Younger Brother*, a Novel, 3 vols..... 1793

A *Complete History of the British Stage*, introduced by a Review of the Asiatic, the Grecian, the Roman, the Spanish, the Italian, the Portuguese, the German, the French, and other Theatres, and involving Biographical Tracts and Anecdotes concerning Authors, Composers, Painters, Actors, Singers, and Patrons of Dramatic Productions in all Countries. 5 vols. 8vo. London 1795

Hannah Hewitt, or the Female Crusoe, a Novel, 3 vols. 1795

Observations on a Tour through almost the whole of England and a considerable Part of Scotland, addressed to a large Number of intelligent and respectable Friends. With Plates, Maps, and Plans. 2 vols. 4to..... 1803

Professional Life, written by Himself, together with the Words of Six Hundred Songs, selected from his works; interspersed with many Humorous and Entertaining Anecdotes, incidental to the Public Characters: with an Index. 4 vols. 8vo..... 1803

The same with a Series of Plates.

Professional Life, written by himself, together with the Words of Eight Hundred Songs, Two Hundred and Twenty of which will have their appropriate Music, selected from his Works, with his Portrait.

[Published in Numbers and intended to form 6 vols. but only 10 Numbers were issued, forming 2 vols. 8vo.]

Henry Hooka, a Novel, 3 vols. 1806

The *Public Undeceived*; containing a Statement of all the material Facts relative to his Pension. 8vo. 1807

The *English Pythagoras*, or every Man his own Music-Master..... 1808

Twenty-Six Songs composed for the Bystander.

Music Epitomised: in which the whole Science of Music is completely explained, from the simplest Rudiments to the most complex Principles of Harmony, even to Composition and the Doctrine of Writing down Ideas. 8vo.

A *Short Treatise on the Subject of Teaching* in general, and the Necessity of a Simplification of Music.

A *Collection of Sonatas*, adapted for the Harpsichord or Pianoforte.

The *Musical Mentor*, or St. Cecilia at School, in 26 Numbers, published once a fortnight

THE

SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

SELECTIONS FROM

OPERAS AND DRAMATIC PIECES.

From the Shepherd's Artifice.

[A Pastoral, produced at Covent-Garden Theatre on the author's first benefit-night, May 21, 1764, and repeated at his benefit in the following year, being the only nights of its performance. This was Dibdin's first attempt to write for the stage, to which he was encouraged by Beard, the then manager and part proprietor. Both words and music were his own, and for a boy of sixteen, it is certainly a remarkable performance.]

THE TRIFLING MAID.

The trifling maid, who, idly vain,
Contemns a faithful lover's pain,
His torment all her joy—
Who, changeful as an April day,
With captive hearts delights to play,
As infants with a toy:

Deserves of Cupid's bitter draught
To taste a drop, and from his shaft
A stroke or two to feel;—
Then, tremble, nymph! for, taught by me,
Strephon shall soon give wounds to thee,
No vanity can heal.

MY BOSOM IS PROOF.

My bosom is proof against transports and vows,
The fawning of treacherous man,
Who by artful grimaces, by cringing and bows,
Ensnares ev'ry woman he can.

His transport is false, and his vows are a cheat,
His oaths and his cringing a lie,
Each practis'd alone their desires to complete,
And gain what we ought to deny.

Poor Daphne too soon own'd the flame in her breast,
Too easy, too quickly was won;
Her swain, from that moment, a rover confess'd,
Forsook her, a maiden undone:

And now, if young Strephon had conquer'd my heart,
To my wish were none pleasing as he,
I sooner would die than this secret impart,
Till I prov'd he as truly lov'd me.

DUET:

TURN, O TURN, RELENTLESS FAIR.

STREPHON.

Turn, O turn, relentless fair,
Pity hapless Strephon's pain,—
Raise him from the last despair;
Smile, and bid him live again.

CÆLIA.

Prithee, lay aside your folly;
How can I or take or give
Sprightly mirth or melancholy?
But if that contents you—live.

STREPHON.

Too well you know your art and pow'r,
Ev'ry way my woes to calm,—
The wound will heal from that sweet hour
Wherein you pour a friendly balm.

CÆLIA.

'Truth, I pity your condition;
But if your poor heart must bleed
Till I act your kind physician,
Your case is desperate indeed.

YE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM.

Ye flowers that bloom in yonder mead,
Where flows the crystal tide,
And nibbling lambkins sportive feed
Along the current's side,
Ye oft have seen, and smil'd to see,
My love to him, his love to me.

Witness, ye flocks, ye herds, ye fawns,
That o'er the pastures stray;
Witness, ye mountains, groves, and lawns,
Each painted child of May:
The greatest bliss I e'er can prove
Is to return my shepherd's love.

41. g. 14. 73.

SINCE ARTFUL MAN.

Since artful man so oft betrays,
By subtle wiles and hardy ways,
Our weak unguarded sex;
By oaths, dissembl'd sighs and tears,
To melt our hearts, to charm our ears,
And still our minds perplex:
In revenge I'm determined to treat him with scorn,
And show him a nymph can perplex in her turn.

But Strephon's heart, with purest fire,
With kindest love, and fond desire,
Has ever warmly glow'd;
Yet his may be like all the rest,
A treach'rous bait to snare the breast,
And so my fears forebode:
Those fears, then, shall teach me to treat him with scorn,
And show him a nymph can ensnare in her turn.

HAUGHTY CÆLIA.

Haughty Cælia, still disdaining,
Ne'er shall triumph o'er my heart;
Ne'er will I, with mean complaining,
Sue for comfort to my smart.

I'll appear the careless rover,
Let her coquettish airs affect;
Like a gay, a happy lover,
Treat contempt with cold neglect.

Ne'er, ye fair ones, damp the passion
Where with honour love attends,
Never cross with indignation
Love that fairest truth commends.

Constant minds, alike disdaining
Insincerity and fraud,
Are their utmost wish obtaining,
While their hope their hearts applaud.

IN EV'RY FERTILE VALLEY.

[The following is particularly noticeable as being the author's first attempt at lyric composition.]

In ev'ry fertile valley,
Where nature spreads the grass,
Her silly conduct rally
To every lad and lass;

Where weary reapers labour,
With Sylvia gay be seen,
Or to the pipe and tabor,
Light tripping o'er the green.

Where cowslips, sweetly smiling,
Bedeck the verdant shade,
Appear the hours beguiling,
Or head some gay parade.

Pursue these methods boldly,
Nor sink in hopeless grief;—
The fair, once treated coldly,
Will quickly grant relief.

ALL ENDEAVOURS FRUITLESS PROVE.

All endeavours fruitless prove,
Former pleasure to regain:
Sunk, alas! in hopeless love,
Can the slave escape his chain?

Leave, O leave me to endure,—
Probe not wounds that rend my heart:
When the patient 's past a cure,
Med'cine but augments his smart.

AS FORTUNE'S BILLOWS HEAV'D.

As Fortune's billows heav'd me,
When shipwreck'd on this shore,
A little bark receiv'd me,
Without or mast or oar.

At random's mercy lying,
Hope, love, and life my freight,
While ev'ry effort trying
To baffle with my fate –

This store, so dearly cherish'd,
One single breaker cross'd:
I sunk! my cargo perish'd—
Hope, love, and life, were lost.

Madrigal:

ADAM, OF BEING SINGLE WEARY.

Adam, of being single weary,
Panted for his destin'd dearee;
And, from himself this wife to crib,
She soon was form'd from his chuck rib.
But for the pain had he no balm?
He slept like porpoise in a calm.

But when this rib and he were one,
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone,
What sort of rest was Adam taking?
Eve's clapper always kept him waking.

THE GOD OF LOVE.

The God of Love will ever
Heap blessings on the pair,
Where pleasing 's the endeavour
Both of the swain and fair.

Believe me, kind good-nature
Of beauty stands in place,
Gives bloom to ev'ry feature,
To ev'ry action grace:

Then never slight the lover,
Or draw too tight his chain,
Lest in the end the rover
Succeed the dying swain.

A SHEPHERD LONG SIGH'D.

A Shepherd long sigh'd for a beautiful fair,
And in rapture discover'd his love;
Not doubting the nymph would dispel his fond care,
And his amorous transports approve:
Though she, to compassion insensible grown,
No glimpse of delight would impart;
When he sigh'd at her feet, she replied with a frown,
And rejoic'd at his suff'rings and smart.

He suffer'd long time this impertinent scorn,
Nor thought of upbraiding the fair;
But secretly pin'd in the bower forlorn,
Involv'd in the keenest despair:
Till his friend, who observ'd him heart-wounded with grief,
Lamenting his fruitless desire,
Resolv'd that the nymph should afford him relief,
And in turn feel the force of love's fire.

Too artful, her passion she never had own'd,
Though it triumph'd alone in her breast;
But laugh'd while the shepherd in misery moan'd,
And wander'd a stranger to rest:
Advis'd then his bosom no longer to vex,
But her haughtiness treat with disdain,
He own'd a feign'd courtship, her breast to perplex,
And convert to delight all his pain.

From Damon and Phillida.

[A Comic Opera, produced at Drury Lane, 1769. The piece originally was Cibber's, and Dibdin altered it at the suggestion of Garrick. He composed entirely new music for it, altered the text materially, and introduced the new songs which we subjoin.]

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Ah, Philly, look before you leap,—
No comfort in a fop you'll find:
Vain are the joys you hope to reap,—
Love roots not in a giddy mind.

Young Damon's all feather—all smoke,
A weathercock turn'd by each wind;
The lads I prefer—hearts of oak,
Will ever be constant and kind.

WHEN A FOX.

When a fox for a while
Hath rejoic'd in the spoil,
Which with villanous craft he hath plunder'd,
And escap'd ev'ry snare
That the hounds could prepare,
When alarm'd by the cries of the hundred;
What pleasure, at last,
To see the cur fast,
And grinning with pain and despair!
The valleys all ring,
The peasants all sing,—
The felon is conquer'd, O rare!

WHAT'S A MAN WITH A WIFE LIKE?

The man for life
Who takes a wife,'
Is like a thousand dismal things:
A fox in trap,
Or worse, mayhap,—
An owl in cage that never sings:
From morn till night,
He hates her sight,
Yet he, poor soul! must endure it;
Bed of thorns,
Head of horns:
Such a life!
Rope or knife
Can only cure it.

A bull at stake,
To merry make,
He roars aloud, and the laugh is strong;
Like dog and cat,
Or puss and rat,
He fights for life, and it lasts as long.
But the man that 's free
Is like the bee
Who ev'ry flower is tasting;
Never cloys
With his joys;
Day or night.
New delight
Is only lasting.

THERE'S NOT A SWAIN ON THE PLAIN.

There 's not a swain
On the plain
Would be bless'd as I,
Oh, could you but on me smile!
But you appear
So severe,
That, trembling with fear,
My heart goes pit-a-pit all the while.

When I cry,
Must I die,
You make no reply,
But look shy,
And with scornful eye
Kill me with your cruelty.
How can you be
So hard to me?
There's not a swain, &c.

OH! WHAT A PLAUGE IS LOVE.

Oh! what a plague is love!
I cannot bear it!
What life so curs'd can prove,
Or pain come near it?
When I would tell my mind,
My heart misdoubts me;
And, when I speak, I find
With scorn she routs me.

A HINT TO LOVERS.

While you pursue me,
Thus to undo me,
Sure ruin lies in all you say;
To bring your toying
Up to enjoying,
Call first the priest, then name the day.

Lasses are willing
As lads for billing,
When marriage vows are kindly press'd:
Let Holy Father
Tie us together,
Then bill your fill, and bill your best.

STILL HE'S THE MAN.

What woman could do I have tried, to be free;
Yet, do all I can,
I find that I love him; and, though he flies me,
Still, still he's the man!
They tell me, at once he to twenty will swear;—
When words are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear?
So, when you have said all you can,
Still, still he's the man!

I caught him one day making love to a maid:
When to him I ran,
He turn'd and he kiss'd me! Who then could upbraid
So civil a man?
The next day I found to a third he was kind;—
I rated him soundly—he swore I was blind!
So let me do all that I can,
Still, still he's the man.

The shepherds all bid me beware of his art,—
I do what I can;
But he has taken such hold of my heart,
I doubt he's the man.
So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,
He may have his faults—but if none I can find,
Who can do more than they can?
He—still is the man.

COME, THOU ROSY DIMPLED BOY.

Come, thou rosy dimpled boy,
Source of ev'ry heartfelt joy,
Haste to Phillida away,
This is thine and Hymen's day;
Bid her thy soft bandage wear,
Bid her for Love's rites prepare!

Let the nymphs with many a flower
Deck the rosy nuptial bower,—
Thither lead the lovely fair,
And let Hymen, too, be there.
This is thine and Hymen's day,—
Haste to Phillida away!

A THOUSAND WAYS TO WEAN MY HEART.

A thousand ways to wean my heart I've tried,
But can't remove him;
And, though for life I've sworn to part,
For life I find I love him.
Still, should the dear false man return,
And with new vows pursue me,
His flatt'ring tongue would kill my scorn,
And still, I fear, undo me.

AWAY WITH SUSPICION.

Away with suspicion, that bane to desire—
The heart that loves truly all danger defies—
The rules of discretion but stifle the fire,—
On its merit alone true beauty relies.

What a folly to tremble
Lest the lover dissemble
His fire;
Turtles that woo
Bill and coo;—
While we enjoy we must be true,
And to repeat it is all we can desire.

From the Palace of Mirth.

[Dibdin was first regularly engaged to write for Sadler's Wells in 1772, by King, the then manager, and he produced the 'Palace of Mirth' by way of prologue to the pieces that followed.]

SONG—Euphrosyne.

From Mirth the social joys of life
Celestial lustre gain:
No proselyte of peevish strife
Shall join our jocund train.
Without my aid Content but nods
With vivifying smile,—
I mortals raise to mate with gods,
And ev'ry care beguile.

RECITATIVE AND AIR—Fortune.

RECITATIVE.

Too oft my worshippers, who deem me blind,
More dark themselves, exclude me from the mind.
Is it my fault if favours I dispense
With cautious judgment and impartial sense?
That, through depravity or simple pride,
Those favours oft seem sadly misapplied?

AIR.

Suppose to a ninny much riches I grant,
'Tis only to balance for sense he may want,
And if the world will be attracted by show,
The fault must be theirs—not Dame Fortune's, you know.
Admit that great titles have crown'd venal slaves,
That stars have been plac'd on the bosoms of knaves,
Distinctions like these without merit to win,
Show plainer by contrast the darkness within.

Some females of merit which ought to engage,
Have languish'd and pin'd for a gay equipage;
But trust me, ye fair, 'tis deceitful to fix
True bliss in a chariot, though je-hu'd by six:
The truth is, my favours are then only good
When rightly deserv'd, and when well understood.
Let all, then, who wish my indulgences, hear—
'Tis virtue and judgment alone make them dear.

SONG—Momus.

Each mortal tasting first of breath,
Is heard to wail and cry;
Sorrow to me is worse than death—
I never grieve, not I;
But laugh at dull spleen, and defy her worst dart,
While one ha! ha! ha! I can find in my heart.

The learned, brave, the rich, the wise,
By turns experience care;
While I the wrinkl'd hag despise,
And all her venom dare.
I'll laugh at dull spleen, and despise her worst dart,
While one ha! ha! ha! I can find in my heart.

From the Brickdustman.

[A Musical Dialogue, written for Saddler's Wells, 1772.]

THE BRICKDUSTMAN AND MILKMAID.

Oh Molly! I'm charm'd when I come in your sight;
Your neck than your milk is more soft and more white,
And the pails that you carry, tho' both made of tin,
Are less bright than your eyes, and less smooth than your skin.
Dear Molly, dear Molly, dear Molly,
The pails that you carry, &c.

Both your trade and mine in your person I see,—
Your lips and your cheeks with my brickdust agree;
So red is their colour! But, oh! to my smart,
No brickbat was ever so hard as your heart.

DUET—Male.

In short, dearest Moll, you alone were in fault,
Ill tongues put it into my head you were naught,—
With Darby O'Shannon I heard you were seen,
At the Three Jolly Topers, on Bedlam Green;
And could I in honour accept of a heart
Where a great Irish chairman laid claim to a part?

FEMALE.

Lord! John, as for that, you have no right to talk
With Betty Macgregor you oft took a walk,
And at the Blue Postes you did not much think
To treat her with hotpot as long as she'd drink;
You may coax me, and turn the thing off with a laugh,
But I'll give her the whole, since the hussy has half.

MALE.

One day, having gotten a sup in my eye,
I frolick'd with Betty, I cannot deny,
But if ever I touch her again may I die!

FEMALE.

And if with O'Shannon I went, put the case,
I was tipsy myself; but the very next place
I meet him, I'll give him a slap in the face.

THINK NOT, BASE MONKEY.

Think not, base monkey, to cajole me so,
When at St. Giles's Church, full well you know,
We were out-ask'd above three months ago;
And if so be as how
We are not married now,
That it was my fault can you say?
Willing as the flowers in May,
What bought I this brass ring for, pray?
You came dress'd out upon the day,
I, too, was dress'd, a silly toad,—
But frighten'd at the man in black,
At the church-door you turn'd your back,
And ran away down Tyburn Road.

From Pigmy Rebels.

[A Pantomime performed at Drury-Lane Theatre, 1772.]

NUPTIAL SONG.

Hark, hark! the bells are ringing!
The sweet carol 's singing;
The wedding now passes—
The lads and the lasses,
All trim and all neat,
Lightly trip with their feet,
And join the quick prancers
Of brisk morris-dancers,—
Our 'squire 's to be married to-day.
The lark, mounting high,
Now reaches the sky,
And joins the sweet musical lay,
Now swelling each note,
And warbling her throat,
While the village is joyful and gay

FAIRY SONG.

Oh, my sighing, sighing fair,
Why will you despair?
Riding through the air,
I'll attend you, and befriend you,
From your foes defend you.
Happy, happy pair,
I'll drive away your care.

From the Wedding-Ring.

[A Comic Opera first acted at Drury-Lane Theatre, Feb. 1, 1773. The main idea is borrowed from an Italian opera, *Il Filosofo di Campagna*; and one of the incidents from Moliére. The songs generally are original. The piece narrowly escaped condemnation on the first night, in consequence of a rumour that it was written by Isaac Bickerstaff, who had fled the kingdom under a charge of an abominable attempt. Dibdin was compelled to appear on the stage in person, and avow himself to be the author of both words and music.]

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

I saw what seem'd a harmless child,
With wings and bow,
And aspect mild,
Who sobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,
And begg'd I would some boon bestow
On a poor little boy stone blind.

Not aware of the danger, I instant comply'd,
When he drew from his quiver a dart,
Cry'd,—
'My power you shall know;'
Then he level'd his bow,
And wounded me right in the heart.

THE WORLD'S MASTERS.

When we come to the age of threescore,
By our maxims in vain we set store:
A girl in her teens
Will find out the means
To fret us and plague us, and teaze out our hearts;
Till our giant wit
Is forc'd to submit
To her puny arts;

Like bells that eternally jangle,
You may scold, you may fight, you may wrangle;
If they 're set on't, you'll see
They masters will be;
Nay, though you secure them as safe as your pelf,
They'll lead you the life of the devil himself.

THE WILL.

'I give and bequeath to Zerbino, my son,
My estates and effects, one and all, when I'm gone:
And first, the estates that were mortgag'd to me,
By a card'nal, a monk, a count, and grandee,
Worth in all fifty thousand piastres, or more,
And forwhich I advanc'd something less than a score;
Next, sold ere possess'd, the estates of an heir,
Consisting of houses in charming repair;
Which were left him long since by an over-fond grannum,
And are worth, at the least, a thousand per annum.
Good fortunes, i'faith! next come watches and rings,
Aigrettes, solitaires, by no means bad things,
Of which some were pawn'd, some detain'd, and some plunder'd
From widows and heirs, little short of a hundred.'
These, and all his possessions, without one omission,
Are giv'n to this spark on the following condition:
'In hopes that my son will to virtue incline,
And lead a life careful and honest, like mine;
Abstaining from usury, avarice, and fraud;—
In short, treading just in the path that I trod.
I say, in the hope that of this he'll take care,
I constitute, will, and appoint him my heir.'

A SIMILE.

The trav'lers that through deserts ride,
By conduct of some friendly star,
When clouds obscure their trusty guide,
Out of their course must wander far.

So I, with pensive care and pain,
In absence still must stray,
Till you, *my* star, shine out again,
And light me on my way.

LOWLY FELICITY.

Happy the nymph who ne'er can know
Distractions which from riches grow,
Remov'd at distance from the great,
Who willing lives in low estate.
One fountain is her mirror and her drink,
And if she 's pleas'd, what others think
It matters not—of joy secure,
Bless'd in the little heav'n has sent,
Her only pride is that she's poor,—
Poor but content.

THE WEALTH OF LOVE.

The Grand Turk, with his wives, and his mufties and mutes,
In his shining alcoves, in his grottos and shades,
May carouse to the cymbals, or dance to the flutes,
Or sleep to the music of falling cascades;
Or mew up his concubines in his seraglio,
Or, deck'd with a pompous regalia,
While to every subject his word is a law,
May direct the divan,
And keep all, to a man,
From vizier to slave, of the bowstring in awe:
But I even higher
Than this would aspire,
And of harsh-sounding cymbals and delicate flutes,
Which please the Grand Turk, and his mufties and mutes,
And grottos and bow'rs, and cascades and alcoves,
With baths and perfumes, amber, cassia, and cloves,
And much more, having you, I've my choice:
All that 's pleasing to me
In your person I see,
All that's musical, hear in your voice;
And, compar'd to your love, or to your good opinion,
What's power, or title, or wealth, or dominion?

RESIGNATION.

The poor exile, who, leaving his friends and his home,
Leaves more than his life, more than fortune or fame,
Is doom'd, without hope, thus unpitied to roam,
His suff'rings unmourn'd, and forgotten his name.

But justice condemn'd him, his sentence is past,
His fate is pronounc'd, and he must be resign'd;
With fortune he struggles, indeed—but, at last,
To her rigid will learns to fashion his mind

THE CHOICE OF LOVE.

When first the youth his fears forsook,
And that he lov'd I fondly heard,
What sweetness was in ev'ry look!
What eloquence in ev'ry word!

From her whole store, to make me bless'd,
Did Fortune bid me choose,
How gladly would I all the rest
For love, and him, refuse.

THE ROMP'S REMONSTRANCE.

You impudent man you!
Nay, prithee how can you?
Indeed, I'll assure you,
Will nothing then cure you?—
Nay, now I declare I shall never endure you.

You tease one to death,—
I'm quite out of breath,
I hate and abhor this horse-play;
Besides, 'tis not right
To see one this fright;—
Lord! what do you think folks will say

I own too much room
You have had to presume,
Or you ne'er with these freedoms would tease me;
For though they might please me,
And with patience I bore 'em.
Yet at least in one's carriage.
On this side of marriage,
One ought to keep up a decorum.

WOMAN.

Of woman to tell you my mind,—
And I speak from th' experience I've had,
Not two out of fifty you'll find,
Be they daughters or wives,
But are plagues of our lives.
And enough to make any man mad.

The wrong and the right
Being set in their sight,
They're sure to take hold of the wrong;
They'll cajole and they'll whimper,
They'll whine, and they'll snivel,
They'll coax, and they'll simper—
In short, they're the devil;
And so there's an end of my song.

DUET.

HENRICO.

The merchants that, with weary toiling,
Are India of its treasure spoiling,
Well might indeed their traffic prize,
If rubies, pearls, and sapphires they could find,
Like your dear lips, your teeth, your eyes,
Or orient gold as precious as your mind.

FELICIA.

A thousand cruel doubts distress me,
On ev'ry side they thronging press me,—
I fear,
I know not why;
And though, Henrico, thou art near,
I tremble, droop, and sigh.

HENRICO.

Ah, cease! ah, cease! by heav'n I vow,
Till life be past,
My love shall last,
As pure as now.

FELICIA.

Then wherefore this pain?
Why should I complain?

BOTH.

Love befriending,
Joy attending,
On all our hopes shall smile;
In thee my love delighting,
Requited and requiting,
Each night and day,
That rolls away,
With pleasure we'll beguile.

From the Mischance.

[An interlude founded on the 'Barber of Bagdad,' first acted at Saddler's Wells, 1773.]

OH! THINK ON THE TIME.

Oh think on the time when you came home at night,
And supp'd upon muscles, no lily more white,—
When I us'd to provide you with many a treat
Of as fine Melton oysters as ever were eat.

Now see what a change! all the muscles, for me,
May be trod under foot, or thrown into the sea:
My Joey is false! and the once sprightly tone
With which I cried oysters is sunk to a drone.

When the last kit of salmon we sat down to broach,
And you told me your heart was as sound as a roach,
How sweet was my temper! what joys did I feel,
Little thinking you'd slip thro' my hands like an eel.

But my temper's now chang'd—I that once was so mild,
I was thought to be gentle and meek as a child,
So crusty am grown, I ne'er speak a word civil,
And my customers say I'm cross as the devil.

My stall was so clean, and my tubs were so white,
They were perfectly—people would tell me—a sight;
I listen'd with joy when the folks told me so,
For my stall and my tubs were both scour'd for my Joe.

But now they're all dirty, neglected they lie,—
I oft take them up, and as oft throw them by;
For his sake I pleasure in cleaning them found,—
He has left me, and now they're as black as the ground.

FOR I AM THE GIRL.

For I am the girl that was made for my Joe,
And Joe is the lad that was model'd for me;
Our tempers agree,
And all the world over with him would I go,
And work late or early, nor think it a pain,
For I ne'er lov'd my Joe for the lucre of gain.

If so be, by good chance, such a fortunate thing
Was to happen, for me to be crowned a queen,
'Twould quickly be seen,
If they did not consent to make Joey a king,
That for Bet they might get who they would for to reign,
For I ne'er lov'd my Joe for the lucre of gain.

O'Connor—he in the *pea-aches* that plies,
Ap-Shenkin the Welshman, Macpherson the Scot,
For his sake went to pot;
Nay, though many a girl would have thought him a prize,
I refus'd a Jew-broker from Petticoat Lane,
For I ne'er lov'd my Joe for the lucre of gain.

DON'T RECKON YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED.

These eggs which I bought with my last Christmas-box,
For their value I'll sell,
Lay the money out well,
And I warrant they'll soon yield me more hens and cocks.
In the county I'll take a place,
And when Iv'e sold, as will soon be the case,
For a trifle a-piece,
I'll buy turkeys and geese,
And sell them for a good store of gold;
Buy some sheep and a field
With the money they yield,—
In short (no account's worth a farthing by halves),
By good luck I shall soon buy some cows and some calves;
And I'm out in my guess,
In a twelvemonth or less,
If I don't manage matters so cautious and wary,
That, by prudence and care,
I shall be Mister May'r,
And the 'squire will want me his daughter to marry.

Then I'll strut through the town
In my new velvet gown,
And be greater and grander,
And hector and maunder——
Zounds! I've knock'd the basket down.

From the Grenadier.

[A Musical Dialogue, written for Saddler's Wells, 1773.]

A SOLDIER'S LOVE-SONG.

Oh, my Jenny, I lie at thy feet;
From wars to thy arms I retreat;
My laurels are faded—thy soldier is slain,
Unless with thy smiles thou reviv'st him again.
My heart is thy drum—
O come, Jenny, come,
Tum rum tum rum,
Beat,—Go to bed, Tom.

By my bayonet, musket, and cap,
Thou giv'st my fond heart such a rap;
With powder and ball so full charged is thy wit,
Whate'er thou aim'st at thou'lt certainly hit.
My heart is thy drum, &c.

Thy tongue, like the ear-piercing fife,
Gives thy soldier such spirit and life;
The shot of thy ogles no heart can endure:
My musket, dear girl, carries not half so sure.
My heart is thy drum, &c.

I'LL HANDLE THE BROOM.

I'll handle the broom, and the mop ever twirl,
Before the best man shall make me a bad girl.
If you love as you say, show your love as you ought,
Nor think by fine speeches I'll ever be caught.

I'll not walk the Strand,
Take each fool by the hand,
And with impudent leer,
How do ye, my dear!
Fie for shame, and O fie!
O! never shall Jenny,
For whole or half guinea,
Sell herself to each fool that will buy.
I'll handle the broom, &c.

From the Ladle.

[A Musical Dialogue performed at Saddler's Wells in 1773. Both the words and the music of this trifle are so scarce, that we consider ourselves fortunate in being able to present the former, nearly entire, to our readers, the more so as they completely develop the plot of the piece, and have never before been published without the music. The characters consist of Bromius, a peasant; his wife, Dorcas; and a supernatural visitor, under the disguise of a Conjuror. The piece is obviously founded on Prior's wittier, but less producible, poem of the same name. Here and there a couplet is copied, almost verbatim. The story has been before the public under many other shapes and titles.]

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Dorcas and Bromius.

The morning now, with silver beams,
Dispels the mist of gloomy night;
And sunbeams glitter on the streams,
And cleave the air with springing light.

Conjuror.

How sweet you pass your time away,
From hour to hour—from day to day;
From morn till noon you both are bless'd—
From noon till eve; then sweetly rest
Till morn again.

SONG—Bromius.

You're in the right, sir,—this is the way
We poor folks live;—At dawn of day
We rise and work, nor drink nor eat
Till we have earn'd our meat and drink
By sweat of brow; and always think
Our meals seem then ten times as sweet—
Our labour gives them better zest,
And sweeter we retire to rest,
Till morn again.

RECITATIVE—Conjuror.

Your lives are one continued round
Of sweet delight:
All that can charm
The senses, please the sight,
Or of intruding care the heart disarm,
In this retreat is found.

Brom. Why, yes, good sir; I and my dame,
Thank Heav'n! make no complaints;
We live just as you see, always the same,
And pretty well we thrive.
Conj. And how long is 't, my gentle host,
This life has lasted, pray?
Brom. This many a day—
I have forgot, almost.
Dorc. Stay, good man, Bromius, I can tell:
Since I for life to thy lot fell,
Next Lammas 'twill be forty years.
Brom. Good troth! and so it will;
And yet it only now appears
About so many days,—
I see the lads and lasses still,
With all their gamesome ways.
Con. What! you had sports upon your wedding-day?
Both. Sports!

SONG—Bromius.

Only suppose it the first of May,
And then that the nymphs, two and two,
So neat, so trim, and gay,
With garlands of various hue,
In procession advancing,
To minstrels dancing,
Lead of youths a restive crew;
Who rest from their labours,
With pipes and with tabors
To join in their sports, dance and play;
While the old ones appear
To bring up the rear,
Singing merrily—who but they?

RECITATIVE—Dorcas.

And dost not thee remember, at the wake,
Palæmon? that abominable rake,
Wanted my vartue to insnare?
Ecod! he got his trimmings!—I dare swear
He did not play in haste such pranks again;
But most of all I can remember, when
The rest were dancing, how he stole
Into the jes'mine grove, where you, good soul,
Told me how much you lov'd, how long 'twould last.
Nay, I remember every thing that pass'd.
Conjuror. But you had other suitors?
Dorcas. By the la!
I had—I cannot tell how many—ah!

SONG—Dorcas.

When I was a young one, good Lord!
No girl, sure, was ever like me:
I'd lovers—I give you my word,
As thick as the leaves on a tree.

The first was our old parish clerk,
Who press'd me again and again
To let him once kiss me—'twas dark,
So I curtsied, and answered—Amen.

The 'squire would have had me be naught;
But the moment I knew his intent,
I doubled, which set him at fault,
And he found himself on a wrong scent.

The sexton, a suitor in years,
Complain'd he'd too much of my tongue,
For I rung such a peal in his ears,
That my clapper, he said, was well hung.

I could remember you fifty or more,—
They us'd to come to me in shoals:
Some sigh'd, some protested, some swore,—
Nay, some were unhappy, poor souls!

Till at last thou didst come in my way;
To consent you prevail'd on me soon;
And in my mind, from that to this day,
Our lives have been one honeymoon.

INVOCATION TO SPIRITS.

Conjuror. Spirits! I your presence need;
Hither, with the lightning's speed,
Instant my commands attend—
My pleasure bear
To Nadir, Ariel, and the rest,
That float upon the ambient air;
Then this way bend,
In shining robes of azure dress'd;
Your course through seas of ether steer,
And in a thought appear.

RECITATIVE.

Bromius. Good sir, will all these things appear?
Conjuror. Once more, I say, you've naught to fear.
Dorcas and Bromius, to my words attend:
Your truth I honour, and your love commend.
I was a stranger here—had lost my way,
And was with hunger and fatigue oppress'd;
You both invited me to stay,
And now for sev'ral days I've been your guest;

This hospitality—this kind regard—
I mean with large abundance to reward.
I'll grant whate'er three wishes you would have.
Bromius. Three wishes!
Conjuror. Three!
Bromius. Why, then, I crave—
Dorcas. A ladle for my silver dish
Is what I crave—is what I wish.
Brom. A ladle! bless my stars, a ladle!
Odzooks! good Dorcas, you have pray'd ill—
You're in the wrong.—Come, come—
Of serious things you make a joke;
For having in this manner spoke,
I wish you may be dumb!
Conj. Your wishes are fulfill'd—'tis granted—
Both what you wish'd for, and she wanted.
Bromius. Hey! what!
Dorcas. Ah! oh!
Bromius. Good heaven! what a day of woe!
And will she never speak again?
Conjuror. Complain not, Bromius—
Bromius. Not complain?
I never shall have peace or rest!
Conjuror. All this has turn'd out for the best.
You've yet a wish remains behind—
Let that at once, to ease your mind,
Restore her speech.
Bromius. With all my heart!
Conjuror. And now this lesson I'll impart—
Bromius. Nay, cease your lessons for a while—
How is 't, good Dorcas? Canst thou smile?
Dorcas. And speak, too, Bromius.
Bromius. Then my bliss is quite complete.

FINALE.

Brom. With my cottage, my farm, and my cattle,
Henceforward I'll e'en be contented;
Nor, like a child pleas'd with a rattle,
Wish for what I should soon have repented.
The next year will heal
The cares I now feel,
If I reap well the crop I am sowing;
And for sense, it appears
That a man of my years
If he's happy 's sufficiently knowing.
This life I'll embrace then, with pleasure,
Nor think that good Dorcas has pray'd ill;
But own I'm possess'd of a treasure
Ev'ry time that I look on the ladle.

Dorc. I thought I should have no objection,
Had Fate giv'n us coaches and horses;
And yet, had it been, on reflection,
We had met with abundance of crosses.
This old-fashioned coif,
I have worn all my life,
To leave off would have troubled me badly;
And your furbelow'd sacks,
That look well on some backs,
Would on mine, I'm afraid, have look'd sadly.
My coach might o'erturn,
Or my horses be sick,
Or my clothes might be made ill:
So the way to prevent all these crosses
Is to live here content with my ladle.

Conj. The world may be seen here in little,
And the hopes and the fears of each station;
For in this life, how shallow and brittle!
Of our wishes we lay the foundation:
When possess'd of great store,
Still we want something more,
For our whim, our caprice, or our pleasure;
Of which unpossess'd,
We regard not the rest,
Though in plenty we roll beyond measure.
This something, though hard to obtain it,
We regret in the moment we gain it;
And so, from the grave to the cradle,
This life is a wish and a ladle.

From England against Italy.

[A Musical Dialogue, written for Saddler's Wells, 1773.]

YOUR FINICKING SIRS.

Your finicking sirs may in fin'ry appear,
Disdaining such tars as can hand, reef, and steer;
On the deck, spruce as tailors, may cautiously tread,
And live at the stern, without minding the head.
Old tough experienc'd sailors know,
Where'er they take their trip,
Whether rising on mountains or sinking below,
The forecastle mans the ship.

Your delicate fresh-water masters may treat
With dainties, and like guttling aldermen eat,
Turn cabins to drawing-rooms, sleep on a bed,
And despise English biscuit, to nibble French bread.
Old tough, &c.

THE FALCON TOW'RING HIGH.

The falcon, tow'ring high in air,
Descries afar the turtle-dove,
Watching his nest with anxious care,
And waiting for his willing love.

Nor can the victim's harmless cries
His foe's insatiate vengeance stay:
On rapid pinions down he flies,
And pounces on his tender prey.

WHY! IS THE DEVIL IN YE?

Why! is the devil in ye?
Or are you such a ninny
To believe of you she'll ever think, persuade her all you can?
No, no—whate'er believe you,
Your hopes will all deceive you,
For a girl of sense will yield to—not a monkey, but a man.

Zounds! can that hat and feather,
Or the coxcomb altogether,
A 'squire of silk—a mandrake—a mere flash in the pan—
His pretty self admiring,
Be aught but hate inspiring,
When a woman always yields to—not a monkey, but a man.

Then give this folly over,
Nor longer play the lover,
For I plainly tell you 'tis a mighty silly plan;
Or, in spite of all your vapouring,
I'll so finely spoil your capering,
You shall own this arm belongs to—not a monkey, but a man.

ON CROTCHETINA LOVES ATTEND.

On Crotchetina loves attend,
Each day some beauty to discover;
In prudent age to find a friend,
And make of ev'ry youth a lover.

The ravish'd birds in throngs appear,
Where with her notes the woods are ringing;
And nightingales with pleasure hear,
To borrow sweetness from her singing.

From None so Blind as those who wont See.

[A Musical Dialogue, written for Saddler's Wells, 1773.]

ADVANTAGE OF A BLIND HUSBAND.

She who, link'd by her fate
To a sour churlish mate,
And to some smart young flatterer dares not be kind,
Who a look fears to steal,
That her flame would reveal,—
What would that woman give, were her husband but blind!

She in youth's early bloom,
By a too severe doom,
To decrepit old age whose hard parents have join'd—
How bless'd would she be,
Till death set her free,
Could she add to his gout that her husband were blind!

In short, we all choose
With our different views,
And 'tis right each should pick out a mate to her mind:
For me, let my dear,
Since men are so clear,
Be bless'd with a spanking large fortune, and blind!

From the Trip to Portsmouth.

[First performed at the Haymarket, August 3, 1773. The overture and dances were composed by Dr. Arne.]

THE BELLS ARE BEGUN.

The bells are begun, and the music folk play;
The fine flags are flying in sunshine of day;
The sea and the shore with loud echoings ring,—
His Majesty comes, and we honour our King!

The shepherd to-day leaves his flock to their feed;
To-day the good housewives no marketing heed;
The milkpail is empty, the spinning-wheel still,
And lasses to-day take no corn to the mill.

Our rakes lie neglected among the new hay,
And ploughs are forsook for the sake of this day;
Abroad all is mirth—so we seek for a share;—
At home we 've left labour to look after care.

'Tis holyday all, and we 'll holyday make,—
'Tis all for—God bless him!—his Majesty's sake:
Though simple my song is, and simply I sing,
Yet who can say better than—Long live the King!

THE LAD DISCREET.

The lad discreet, with healthfu' heart,
Taks bra'ly ilka honest part;
He laughs to scorn daft scandal's wrang,
And cheerfu' sings contentment's sang.

The cadgy lad lilts doon the field
O'er heather braes by whins or bield;
Fra ilka ill he turns a-jee;—
Sic, sic a life 's the life for me.

To King, my country, faith, and hame,
Sic love I bear, I'll bear na shame:
The din o' Fasheon's cheels fra me;—
Na, na! sic life 's na life for me.

A pawky loon loves paltry pelf,—
Wa worth the dowie cankart elf?
If siller comes, why let it be,—
But honour first of all for me.

COME, BUSTLE, BUSTLE.

Come, bustle, bustle, drink about,
And let us merry be;
Our can is full—we 'll pump it out,
And then all hands to sea.
Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught
The minuet to tread;
But we go better when we've brought
The foretack to cathead.
Come, bustle, &c.

When horns and hounds the forest rend,
His pack the huntsman cheers;
As loud we halloo when we send
A broadside to Mounseers.
Come, bustle, &c.

The what's-their-names at Uproars squall
With music fine and soft;
But better sounds our boatswain's call,
All hands, all hands aloft.
Come, bustle, &c.

What 's got at sea we spend on shore,
With sweethearts or our wives;
And then, my boys, hoist sail for more:—
Thus passes sailors' lives.
Come, bustle, &c.

YE FREE-BORN SONS.

Ye free-born sons, Britannia's boast,
Firm as your rock-surrounded coast,
Ye sov'reigns of the sea!
On ev'ry shore where salt tides roll,
From east to west, from pole to pole,
Fair conquest celebrates your name,
Witness'd aloud by wond'ring Fame,—
The lads who dare be free.

Mistake me not, my hearts of oak,
I scorn with Liberty to joke,
Ye sov'reigns of the sea!
Assist, uphold your Church and State,
Your great men good, your good men great;
Awe all abroad, at home unite,
And jolly join in faction's spite;—
Then, then, my friends, you're free!

NOW SAFE MOOR'D.

Now safe moor'd, with bowl before us,
Messmates, heave a hand with me;
Lend a brother sailor chorus,
While he sings our lives at sea.

O'er the wide wave-swelling ocean,
Toss'd aloft or humbled low,
As to fear, 'tis all a notion,—
When our time 's come, we must go.

IF WE MUST DIE.

If we must die, why die we must—
'Tis a berth in which all must belay, mun,
When the debt 's due, for Death won't trust:—
All hands be ready, then, to pay, mun.
As to life's striking its flag, ne'er fear—
Our cruize is out, that's all, my brother;
In this world we've luff'd it up far and near,—
So ship ourselves off to another, &c.

HARK! THE BOATSWAIN.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling—
By topsail sheets and haulyards stand, boys;
Down top-gallants, down be hawling;
Down your stay-sails,—hand, boys—hand, boys!
Now set the braces—
Don't make wry faces—
But the lee topsail sheet let go.
Starboard here, larboard there;
Turn your quid, take a swear—yo, yo, yo!

As the tide flows, so time passes;—
Life 's too short to lose a day, boys:
Load your guns, lads,—charge your glasses;
Point your bumpers—fire away, boys!
A full broadside pour
To those girls on shore
Who let sailors take them in tow.
Starboard here, &c.

Though the tempest swells the billows,
Clear the decks—come, drink about, boys;
Punch-bowls here we'll make our pillows—
Ne'er heed the wind without, boys!
Though the ship may roll,
Heave the lead, sound the bowl,
Mark above water thus we go.
Starboard here, &c.

DO YOU SEE AS A SAILOR.

Do you see, as a sailor I'll heave off
A bit of a song in my way;
But if you don't like it, I'll leave off—
I soon can my bawling belay.
Odd lingo musicioners write in,
Concerning flats, sharps, and all that;—
We seamen are sharps in our fighting;
And as to the Frenchmen, they're flats.

Outlandish folks tickle your ears
With solos and such sort of stuff;—
We tars have no more than three cheers,
Which French folks think music enough.
Our instruments always do wonders;—
From round-tops we give serenades;
Our organs are twenty-four pounders;
Our concerts are brisk cannonades.

At Havre we play'd well our parts,
Though our game they pretended to scoff:
For trumps we turn'd up English hearts,—
They threw down their cards, and sheer'd off.
They have met with their match—now they feel
Their shuffling and cutting we check:
They were lurch'd at Crown Point, and lost Deal,
And, faith! they got slamm'd at Quebec.

For cooks, though the French folks are neater,
Our messes they never can beat—
Our dishes have so much saltpetre;
And, as to our balls, they're forc'd-meat.
God bless our King George, with three cheers,
And God bless his consort, amen!
In past times we've drubb'd the mounseers,
For pastime we'll drub them again!

THE GIRL ASHORE.

The tar's a jolly tar that can hand, reef, and steer,
That can nimbly cast off and belay;
Who in darkest of nights finds each halliard and gear,
And dead reck'ning knows well, and leeway.
But the tar to please me
More jolly must be:
He must laugh at the waves as they roam;

He must rattle,
And in battle
Brave danger and dying,
Though bullets are flying,
And fifty things more:
Singing, quaffing,
Dancing, laughing,
Take it cherrily and merrily,
And all for the sake of his girl ashore.

The tar 's a jolly tar who his rhino will spend;
Who up for a messmate will spring,
For we sailors all think he that's true to his friend
Will never be false to his King.
But the tar to please me
More jolly must be:—
He must venture for money galore:
Acting duly,
Kind and truly,
And nobly inherit
A generous spirit,
A prudent one more:
Singing, laughing,
Dancing, quaffing,
Take it cherrily and merrily,
And save up his cash for his girl ashore.

The tar 's a jolly tar who loves a beauty bright,
And at sea often thinks of her charms;
Who toasts her with glee on a Saturday night,
And wishes her moor'd in his arms.
But the tar to please me
More jolly must be:
Though teas'd at each port by a score,
He must, sneering
At their leering,
Never study to delight 'em,
But scorn 'em and slight 'em,
Still true to the core:
Singing, laughing,
Dancing, quaffing,
Take it cherrily and merrily,
And constant return to his girl ashore.

FINALE.

My messmates above, and my masters below,
Since pleas'd you accept of this pantomime show,
Our hopes are safe-harbour'd, unshipp'd are our fears,
And, joyous, we gratefully give you three cheers.
Hurra, hurra, hurra!

Your musical folks may perhaps show their parts
By this song, or that song—but we show our hearts;
The song of all songs, fit for Englishmen's ears,
Is 'Britons strike home,' boys, with three jolly cheers. Hurra, hurra, hurra!

This stage is our vessel—we actors the crew,
Who luff, or go large, or make trips, to please you;
If, sirs, no offence in our last trip appears,
As we take our departure, accept of three cheers.
Hurra, hurra, hurra!

From the Deserter.

['The Deserter,' a musical drama, was first acted at DruryLane,Nov.3,1773. It is a translation from a French piece, then very popular, by Sedaine, with music by Monsigny. Dibdin retained so much of the original as he thought would answer his purpose 'There was a Miller's Daughter' does not appear in the printed copies of the opera, nor was it sung at its first representation. Dibdin states that Garrick objected to it, and that it was at last introduced, with great success, without his (Garrick's) knowledge or consent. The opera altogether was so successful, that the performers gave twenty guineas, in addition to the usual expenses, to be permitted to have it for their benefits. A note of Dr. Kitchener, in his copy of the music of this opera, informs us that it was translated into three languages, and that one translation was performed at the King's Theatre, under the title of '*Il Desertoire.*' Yet it is certainly far from being as good as many of the pieces which proceeded entirely from Dibdin's own pen. Excepting 'The Miller's Daughter,' already alluded to, we have no means of ascertaining which of the songs are wholly his. The first among our extracts is set to a sweet and plaintive air, not unlike Dibdin's in expression.]

THOUGH PRUDENCE MAY PRESS ME.

Though prudence may press me,
And duty distress me,
Against inclination, oh! what can they do?
No longer a rover,
His frolics are over,—
My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true.

The bee, thus, as changing,
From sweet to sweet ranging,
A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray;
With raptures possessing
In one ev'ry blessing,
Till, torn from her bosom, he flies far away.

THE NYMPH WHO IN MY BOSOM REIGNS.

The nymph who in my bosom reigns,
With such full force my heart enchains,
That nothing ever can impair
The empire she possesses there.

Who digs for stones of radiant ray,
Finds baser matter in his way:
The worthless load he may contemn,
But prizes still, and seeks, the gem.

WHY MUST I APPEAR SO DECEITFUL?

Why must I appear so deceitful?
I cannot, dear father, comply:
Ah! could I think him so ungrateful,
With anguish I surely should die.
What so tender, at parting, he told me,
Which such joy to my bosom convey'd,
When next he was doom'd to behold me,
Could I think would be this way repaid?

MY LIFE'S THREE PARTS DIMINISH'D.

My life 's three parts diminish'd;
And when the sum is finish'd,
The parish bell may toll,
Gramercy on my soul!

Ding dong!
Swing song!
Methinks my old companions say,
That though his hairs are now grown gray,
Old Russet, once upon a day,
When all was mirth and jollity,
When sports went round, and bells did ring,
Could briskly dance, and blithe could sing.
And then upon the green to see,
His rustic feats—'twas who but he?
I'd give this bauble, life, away,
Without a sigh, could I but stay
To see a little infant care,
Like Henry brave, Louisa fair;—
Could I see this, I'd yield, content,
A life, I hope, not badly spent.

I'LL FLY THESE GROVES.

I'll fly these groves—this hated shade;
Each sound I hear, each thing I see,
Reminds me, thou perfidious maid!
Of vows so often made by thee.
Blush, blush, Louisa, and look there;
Where's now thy truth—oh! tell me where?
Thy constancy 's no more;
And, like a wretch by tempest toss'd,
My peace is gone—my hope is lost;—
I sink in sight of shore.

WOMEN AND WINE.

Women and wine compare so well,
They run in a perfect parallel;
For women bewitch us when they will—
And so does wine.
They make the statesman lose his skill;
The soldier, lawyer, and divine;
They put strange whims in the gravest skull,
And send their wits to gather wool:
Then, since the world thus runs away,
And women and wine
Are alike divine,
Let's love all night, and drink all day!

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

There was a miller's daughter
Liv'd in a certain village,
Who made a mighty slaughter;—
For I'd have you to know,
Both friend and foe,
The clown and the beau,
She always laid low:
And her portion, as I understand,
Was three acres of land,
Besides a mill,
That never stood still,
Some sheep and a cow,
A harrow and plough,
And other things for tillage;—
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter?

This miller's pretty daughter
Was a damsel of such fame, sir,
That knights and 'squires sought her;
But they soon were told
That some were too bold,
And some too cold,
And some too old;
And she gave them to understand,
That, though they were grand,
She'd never be sold;
For says Betty, says she,
Since my virtue to me
Is dearer than gold,
Let 'em go from whence they came, sir:—
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter?

But when the miller's daughter
Saw Ned, the morris-dancer,
His person quickly caught her;
For who so clean
Upon the green
As Ned was seen,
For her his queen:—
Then blithe as a king,
His bells he'd ring,
And dance, and sing,
Like any thing.
Says he, 'My life,
Woot be my wife?'
A blush, and 'Yes,' was Betty's answer:
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter?

A PARALLEL.

One conduct 's for
Both love and war,—
The point's to gain possession:
For this we watch
The enemy's coast,
Till we sleeping catch
Them on their post.
Then, good bye, form!
The port we storm,
Make towns or hearts
Surrender at discretion.

In love, the only battery
Which with success we play,
To conquer hearts, is flattery:
No fortress can its power withstand,—
Neither cannon, mortars, sword in hand,
Can make such way.
As 'tis in love, so 'tis in war,
We make believe,
Mislead, deceive;—
Pray, what serve drums and trumpets for,
Cannons, and all our force of arms,
But, with their thundering alarms,
To tell, not cover our designs?
Can these to trenches, breaches, mines,
Blockades, or ambuscades, compare?
No: all agree
That policy
Is the true art militaire.

SOMEHOW MY SPINDLE I MISLAID.

Somehow my spindle I mislaid,
And lost it underneath the grass;
Damon, advancing, bow'd his head,
And said, 'What seek you, pretty lass?'
A little love, but urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak,
That I my spindle lost just now:
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from a tree he cut a bough.
A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld:
He talked of love; I leap'd for joy;
For, ah! my heart did fondly yield.
A little love, &c.

MR. SIMKIN.

Mister Simkin, I'd have you to know,
That, for all your fine airs,
I'm not at my last pray'rs,—
Not put to it so
That of course I must take up with you:
For I really, sir, think, that, though husbands are few,
I need not go far off to seek
For a better than you, any day of the week.

To be sure, I must own, I was foolish enough
To believe all the tenderness, nonsense, and stuff,
Which for ever you dinn'd in my ears:
And when for a while you've been out of my sight,
And my only companions my tears:
But now that's all o'er;—
I hate you, despise you, will see you no more.

THE WHIMS OF FOLKS IN LOVE.

The whims of folks in love to know,
I believe, would fairly poze Old Nick;—
This moment fast—next moment slow;
Now consenting,
Now repenting,
Nor at this or that will stick;
But, changing still,
They won't—they will—
When they mean Yes, they'll answer No;
And fume and fret,
This hour, to get
What they dislik'd an hour ago.
If you expect to find them here,
To t'other side they quickly veer;
The wind and tide
In the same mood will longer bide:
Like two fond turtles side by side,
This hour they woo,
And bill and coo;
Then, by and by,
No reason why,
They make the devil and all to do.

TO DIE IS NOTHING.

To die is nothing: 'tis our end, we know,
But 'tis a sure release from all our woe;
'Tis from the mind to set the body free,
And rid the world of wretched things like me.
A thousand ways our troubles here increase,
While care succeeding care destroys our peace:
Why fly we, then? what can such comfort give?
We cease to *suffer* when we cease to *live*.

THOUGH TO HAVE A BOUT AT DRINKING.

Though to have a bout at drinking,
When I hear the glasses chinking,
There's nothing but I'd do or say,
Yet Skirmish shall ne'er run away.

For here is his motto, and so there's an end;
He's none of your flatt'rers, who fawn and are civil;
But for country, his bottle, his king, and his friend,
Little Skirmish would go half-way to the Devil.

Soldiers often fickle prove;
Who can know his mind for ever?
We forgive you false in love,
But Deserters, never, never.

THE LITTLE COCK SPARROW.

Once a little cock sparrow a' top of a tree,
He chirrup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he;
So this little cock sparrow a' top of a tree,
He chirrup'd and chatter'd, so merry was he;
He chirrup'd, &c.
He chirrup'd, &c.
He chirrup'd, &c.
Did this little cock sparrow a' top of a tree.

Then a little boy came with his bow and reed arrow,
Determin'd to shoot this poor little cock sparrow;
So this naughty boy came with his bow and reed arrow,
Determin'd to shoot this poor little cock sparrow;
Determin'd to shoot, &c.
Determin'd to shoot, &c.
Determin'd to shoot, &c.
Was this naughty boy with his bow and reed arrow!

Then this little boy cried, as his bow string he drew,
This little cock sparrow shall make me a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little pie, too;
But he miss'd his aim, broke his arrow in two!
Cries the little cock sparrow, I'll not make your stew!
Cries the little cock sparrow, &c.
Cries the little cock sparrow, &c.
For I'll stay no longer—be d—n'd if I do!

FINALE.

Hen. My kind preserver, fain I'd speak,
Fain would I what I feel express;
But language is too poor, too weak,
To thank this goodness to excess.

Brothers, companions, age, and youth,
Oh tell to all the world her fame!
And when they ask for faith and truth,
Repeat my dear Louisa's name.

Lou. And have I sav'd my Henry's life?
Dear father, in my joy take part:
I now, indeed, shall be a wife;
Wife to the idol of my heart.
Thus, when the storm, dispersing, flies,
Through which the sailor's forc'd to steer;
No more he dreads inclement skies,
But with the tempest leaves his fear.

Rus. Why, why, I pray you, this delay?
Children, your hands in wedlock join,
That I may pass my hours away
In ease and peace, through life's decline.
This joy 's too great; my pride, my boast!
Both, both in my affection share;
May who delight the other most,
Henceforward be your only care.

Skir. I wish your joy may hold you long;
But yet I am not such a sot
As not to see you are all wrong;
Why is the king to be forgot?
You had been wretched but for him:
Then follow Skirmish, dance and sing;
Raise ev'ry voice, strain ev'ry limb,
Huzza! and cry, 'Long live the king!'

From the Christmas Tale.

[Written for Drury-Lane Theatre, and first acted December 26, 1773.]

OH! THE FREAKS OF WOMANKIND.

Oh! the freaks of womankind!
As swift as thought we breed 'em;
No whims shall starve in woman's mind,
For vanity will feed 'em.
Teazing ever,
Steady never,—
Who the shifting clouds can bind?
Quick of ear and sharp of eye,
Another's faults we hear and spy,
But to our own
We are alone
Both deaf and blind.

MY EYES MAY SPEAK PLEASURE.

My eyes may speak pleasure,
Tongue flow without measure,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still;
The river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller 's asleep in his mill.

Though lovers surround me,
With speeches confound me,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still;
Thus, the river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller 's asleep in the mill.

The little god eyes me,
And thinks to surprise me,
But my heart is awake in my breast:
Thus, boys slily creeping,
To catch a bird sleeping,
But the linnet 's awake in his nest.

WOMAN SHOULD BE WISELY KIND.

Woman should be wisely kind,
Nor give her passion scope;
Just reveal her inclination,
Never wed without probation,
Nor in the lover's mind
Blight the sweet blossom, hope.

Youth and beauty kindle love,
Sighs and vows may fan the fire;
Sighs and vows may traitors prove,—
Sorrow then succeeds desire.
Honour, faith, and well-earn'd fame,
Feed the sacred lasting flame.

'TIS BEAUTY COMMANDS.

'Tis Beauty commands me,
My heart must obey,—
'Tis Honour that calls me,
And Fame leads the way
From the soft silken fetters of pleasure I fly,—
With my love I must live, or with honour will die.

I wake from my trance—
Bring the sword, shield, and lance,
My name shall be famous in story:
Now danger has charms,
For Love sounds to arms,
And love is my passion and glory.

CONQUER AND FORGIVE.

Though strong your nerves to poise the spear,
Or raise the massy shield,
Though, swift as lightning, through the air
The sword of death you wield,
'Tis from the heart the pow'r must flow
To conquer and forgive the foe!

Though, edg'd by spells and magic charms,
Your sword may reap renown,
'Tis honour consecrates your arms,
And gives the laurel-crown,—
'Tis from the heart the pow'r must flow
To conquer and forgive the foe!

OH! TAKE THIS WREATH.

Oh! take the wreath this hand has wove,
The pledge and emblem of my love;
These flow'rs will keep their brightest hue,
While you are constant, kind, and true.

But should you, false to love and me,
Wish from my fondness to be free,
Foreboding that my fate is nigh,
Each grateful flow'r will droop and die.

CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Mighty master! hear our sighs!
Let thy slaves be free!
With folded hands and lifted eyes
We call to thee.
Oh! end the strife;
You grant us life,—
Grant us still more, sweet liberty!

LOVE'S TRIUMPHS.

Though glory loudly strikes my ear,
The softer notes of love prevailing,
Ev'ry sense assailing,
Or swell with hope, or sink with fear;
My heart, that points to fame,
Shall rise to love, as honour true,
And fan the double flame
With sighs which breathe a last adieu.
I go my faith and truth to prove—
Valour ne'er was foe to love;
The bravest hearts obey the call—
Love's triumphant over all.

OH! HEAR ME.

[Duet—Sung by Two Females.]

Oh! hear me, kind and gentle swain,
Let Love's sweet voice delight you:
The ear of youth should drink each strain,
When Beauty's lips invite you.

As love and valour warm your heart,
And faith and honour guard you,
From wounded hearts extract the dart,
And Beauty shall reward you.
Our tear-stain'd eyes their wish disclose,—
Can cruel you refuse 'em?
Oh! wipe the dew from off the rose,
And place it in your bosom.

Duet—LOOK ROUND THE EARTH.

FEMALE.

Look round the earth, nor think it strange
To doubt of you when all things change:
The branching tree—the blooming flow'r—
Their form and hue change ev'ry hour:—
Whilst all around such change I see,
Alas! my heart must fear for thee.

MALE.

Blighted and chill'd by cruel frost,
Their vigour droops—their beauty 's lost;
My cheek may change by your disdain—
To change my heart all pow'r is vain:
Look round the earth!—Each flow'r you see
To Nature true as I to thee.

FEMALE.

Look up to heav'n, nor think it strange
To doubt of you when all things change;
Sun, moon, and stars—those forms so bright
Are changing even to the sight:—
While in the heav'ns such change I see,
Alas! my heart must fear for thee.

MALE.

Clouded or bright, the moon and sun
Are constant to the course they run;
So, gay or sad, my heart as true
Rises and sets to love and you:
Look in the heav'ns—each star you see
True to its orb as I to thee.

[Repeated together.]

NEVER PLAY WITH FIRE.

Through all our hearts, philosophers have taught,
A subtle vapour flies;—
Warm'd in the veins, it kindles quick as thought,
And sparkles in the eyes.
Be warn'd, ye fair, and retire;
Fly from the flash,
You'll repent if you're rash,
Oh! never play with fire!

If a youth comes with a grace and a song,
Like Phœbus deck'd in rays,
Then to your hearts the fiery atoms throng,
And set it in a blaze.
Be warn'd, ye fair, &c.

But should the youth come with honour and truth,
Fly not your lover's rays;
His heart in a flame, let your's be the same,
And make a mutual blaze!
Be warn'd, ye fair, &c.

From him we need not retire,—
If such can be found,
We may stand our ground,—
Oh! then we may play with fire.
Be warn'd, ye fair, &c.

Trio—MAY HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS.

[The words of the last stanza require a slight variation, the *my* being rendered *thy* by the second male and the female.]

Male. May Heaven's blessings blend with mine
To crown thy deeds at Virtue's shrine,—
Be Love's best gift, Camilla, thine.

Fem. May ev'ry sigh that's heav'd by me,
And ev'ry wish that's breath'd for thee,
Be prosp'rous gales on Fortune's sea.

All. Oh! when my bark, the tempest o'er,
With pilot Love shall gain this shore,
May Heaven's blessings blend with thine:
Ambition cannot ask for more
To crown my deeds at Virtue's shrine.

LOVE THE SOURCE OF EVERY BLESSING.

Of every blessing Love's the source—
Valour but an empty name,
Till Love and Justice guide its course
And then it mounts to fame.

AH! HOW WEAK!

Ah! how weak will power and reason
To my bosom tyrant prove!
Ev'ry act is fancied treason
By the jealous sov'reign, Love.

Passion urg'd the youth to danger,
Passion calls him back again;
Passion is to peace a stranger—
Seek I must my bliss or bane.

So the fever'd minds that languish,
And in scorching torment rave,
Thus to ease or end their anguish,
Headlong plunge into the wave.

THE DELIGHTS OF KNIGHT-ERRANTRY.

Oh! the delight
To be an errant knight;
O'er mountain, hill, and rock,
In rain, and wind, and snow,
Shiv'ring and shaking,
All danger he must mock,
And must with pleasure go,
Quiv'ring and quaking.
Dismal nights,
Horrid sprites,
Lions roaring,
Castles tumbling,
Oh! the delight
To be an errant knight.
Masters snoring,
Thunder grumbling,
Damsels squeaking,
Devils shrieking,
Clubs and giants
Hurl defiance;
Night and day,
Lose the way;
Spirits sinking,
Beat and beating,
Nothing drinking,
Little eating,
Bed of stones,
Broken bones,
Oh! the delight to be an errant knight.

WISDOM GET.

Young man, young man, be this your plan,—
Wisdom get where'er you can;
See, see—the humble bee
Draws wealth from the meanest flowers,
Then hies away with his precious prey,
No passion his prudence sours.
Wild youth, passion, and truth,
So opposite, never agree;
Be prudent—sage,
Draw wit from old age,
And be wise as the humble bee.

SPIRITS' SONG.

By my faith and wand,
Gracing now my hand,
I'm at your command,
For ever and for aye.
Heart within my breast
Never can have rest,
Till of yours possess'd,
Heigho, alackaday!

Do you want a knight,
Ready, brisk, and tight,
Foes and fiends to fight,
For ever and for aye.
If you want a slave,
Whom you will not save,
Send me to my grave,—
I'm dead—alackaday!

CRUEL FIENDS PURSUE ME.

Cruel fiends pursue me,
Torment me, and undo me;
My rising hopes are cross'd,
My sword and shield are lost.

My breast with valour glow'd,
Fame her temple show'd,
Fiends have interposed,
The gates are ever clos'd.

Away with despair—despair to the wind;
Nothing daunts the gen'rous mind;
Crown'd with these flow'rs, I'll take the field,—
Love alone shall supply the place of helmet, sword, and shield.

NO POWER CAN CALM THE STORM.

No power can calm the storm to rest,
No magic charm the father's breast,
Which beats with doubts and fears:
No more for active scenes I burn,
My power and strength to weakness turn,
And manhood melts to tears.

I will not doubt, through stormy skies,
My son shall break his way—
Shall cloudless o'er his errors rise,
And Fame shall hail the day!

THE SOLDIER'S VOW.

By my shield and my sword,
By the chaplet that circles my brow.—
By a knight's sacred word,
Whatever you ask,
How dreadful the task,
To perform it 'fore Heaven I vow.

Duet—REMEMBER, YOUNG KNIGHT.

FEMALE.

Remember, young knight, remember
The words that I say;
Don't laugh at my age,
Nor scorn at my rage;
Though I'm past my May,
I'm not frozen up in December.

MALE.

Remember,—I will remember
The words that you say;
I honour your age,
Provoke not your rage;
For, though you are past your May,
Your heart is still warm in December.

TOUCH THE THRILLING NOTES.

Touch the thrilling notes of pleasure,
In the softest melting measure;
Calm the conqueror's mind;
Let myrtle be with laurel twin'd,
Beauty with each smiling grace;
The sparkling eye and speaking face,
Attended by the laughing loves,
Around the hero play;—
The toil and danger valour proves,
Beauty shall repay!

LET THE LOUD THUNDER RATTLE.

Let the loud thunder rattle;
Play, lightning, round my head;
Place me in the front of battle,
By rage and horror led.

Though death in all its various forms appear,
My heart, that knows no ill, shall know no fear.

Duet—WITH MYRTLE AND WITH ROSES CROWN'D.

Both. With myrtle and with roses crown'd,
The conqu'ror, Love, smiles all around,
Triumphant reigns by Heaven's decree.
And leads in chains grim jealousy.

Male. The storm shall beat my breast no more,
The vessel 's safe—the freight on shore,
No more the bark shall tempt the sea,
Safe from the rock of jealousy.

Both. Bright are the flowers from this wreath,
And fresh the odours which they breathe;
Thus ever may our loves be free
From cruel blights of jealousy.

FINALE.

Clouds that had gather'd o'er the day
Now leave the heavens more bright;
Vice before Virtue's pow'rful ray
Sinks to the shade of night.

Those evil sprites that late rush'd forth,
Are now in darkness bound,
While honour, valour, matchless worth,
Spread with their sunshine round.

Chorus.

Honour is to beauty plighted,
Hearts with hands shall be united,
Hymen comes! his torch is lighted!
Honour, Truth, and Beauty call,
T' attend the nuptial festival.

Love in my breast, no storm knowing,
Feels each tide is fuller growing,
And in grateful stream 's o'erflowing.

Chorus.

Honour is to beauty plighted;
Hearts with hands shall be united;
Hymen comes! his torch is lighted!
Honour, Truth, and Beauty call,
T' attend the nuptial festival.

Let the written page
Through ev'ry age
Record the won'drous story;
'Tis decreed above,
Beauty shall be crown'd with Love!

From the Waterman.

[A Ballad Opera, first brought out at the Haymarket in 1774. Dibdin sold the music of this opera for 30*l.* It remains a favourite to this day.]

A VILLAGE CHORUS.

Labour, lads, ere youth be gone,
For see apace the day steals on:
Labour is the poor man's wealth;
Labour 'tis that gives him health;
Labour makes us, while we sing,
Happier than the greatest king.
Then labour, lads, ere youth be gone,
For see apace the day steals on.

TOO YIELDING A CARRIAGE.

Too yielding a carriage
Has oft, before marriage,
To ruin and misery pointed the way;
You're shunn'd, if complying,
But your lover, once flying,
How eager he'll follow, and beg you to stay.

A coquette ne'er proclaim me,
Ye maids, then, nor blame me,
If I wish to be happy whene'er I'm a wife;
Each lover's denial
Was only a trial,
Which is he that's most likely to love me for life.

MY COUNSEL TAKE.

[This is essentially an *acting* song, and suffers sadly by its divorce from the play. On the stage, and in the hands of a clever actress, it is a spirited and effective outburst. We had some doubts whether we should do it the injustice to place it in its present forlorn situation—'blooming alone.']

My counsel take,
Or else I'll make
The house too hot to hold you;
Be rul'd, I pray,
I'd something say;—
Did *I* e'er rout or scold you?

But spite to wreak
On one so meek,
Who never raves or flies out;
On *me*, who am
Like any lamb;—
Oh! I could *tear your eyes out!*

THE CHEATS OF LOVE.

I, JUST as eagerly as thee,
Thought, when I got a wife,
My joy of course so great would be,
It needs must last for life.
When she agreed to tie the knot,
I thought of nothing else:
Then all was glee
'Twixt her and me;
Ne'er did I grudge the king his lot,
When ding dong went the bells.

But, ah! our joys were fleeting soon;
Words that did sweetly fall,
Ere we had pass'd the honeymoon,
To wormwood turn'd—to gall!
Whate'er of furies they invent,
Broke out of flaming cells,
You now may see
In her and me:
We fight and scold, and both repent,
That ding dong went the bells.

LOVE-REASONS.

CHERRIES and plums are never found
But on the plum and cherry-tree;
Parsnips are long, turnips are round,
So Wilhelmina 's made for me.

The scythe to mow the grass is made,
Sheds to keep close the straggling tree;
The knife, to prune; to dig, the spade:
So Wilhelmina 's made for me.

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

[This, and the song which immediately follows, are the main attraction of 'The Waterman.' There is more merit in the music to which the verses are married, than in the verses themselves; and the orchestra never strikes up the fresh and lively song of 'The Jolly Young Waterman,' without causing a stir of pleasure from pit to gallery. The plaintive and touching air of 'Then Farewell, my trim-built Wherry, must always be equally a favourite. But both words and music are highly characteristic, and may be considered as belonging to the history of the Thames from Chelsea to Tower Stairs. The celebrated Charles Bannister was the original 'Tom Tug;' Charles Incledon, Dignum, and Braham, have alike won golden opinions in the same character. Ranelagh was a kind of Vauxhall, situated near Chelsea, and was frequented by people of the first rank and fashion of the day. There were gardens laid out with walks hung with variegated lamps, and an amphitheatre of considerable dimensions, in which musical performances took place. The only refreshments allowed were tea and coffee. The site of Ranelagh has long since been covered with buildings, and Vauxhall seems not unlikely to be condemned to a similar fate.]

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriars Bridge us'd for to ply,
And who feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart and delighting each eye.
He look'd so neat, and he row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,
And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal;
He was always first oars when the fine City ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering,
But 'twas all one to Tom, their jibing and jeering,
For loving or liking he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to see now how strangely things happen,
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall.
And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night, before to-morrow;
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he 's married and never in want of a fare?

THEN FAREWELL, MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY.

THEN farewell, my trim-built wherry,—
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell;
Never more at Chelsea ferry
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

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

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

WHICH IS THE MAN?

Two youths for my love are contending in vain,
For, do all they can,
Their sufferings I rally, and laugh at their pain;
Which, which is the man
That deserves me the most? Let me ask of my heart:
Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart?
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?
Which, which is the man?

Indeed, to be prudent, and do what I ought,
I do what I can:
Yet surely papa and mamma are in fault,—
To a different man
They each have advis'd me to give up my heart.
Mamma praises Robin, who dresses so smart;
Papa, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan:
Which, which is the man?

Be kind, then, my heart, and but point out the youth:
I'll do what I can
His love to return, and return it with truth;
Which, which is the man?
Be kind to my wishes, and point out, my heart,
Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart?
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?
Which, which is the man?

'TIS VAIN, DEAR FRIENDS.

[This song will be scarcely intelligible without the explanation that the singer is presumed to be addressing her parents, each of whom advocates the claims of a different lover.]

'Tis vain, dear friends, each art to try:
To neither lover's suit inclin'd,
On outward charms I'll ne'er rely,
But prize the graces of the mind.
The empty coxcomb whom *you* choose,
Just like the flower of a day,
Shook by each wind that folly blows,
Seems born to flutter and decay.

Your choice an honest aspect wears;
To give him pain I oft have griev'd;
But it proceedeth from my fears,—
Than me much wiser are deceived.
I thank you both, then, for your love,—
Wait for my choice a little while,
And him who most shall worthy prove,
My hand I'll offer with a smile.

A POPULAR FUNCTIONARY.

Did but the law allow us one,
Tir'd couples to release again,
What shoals of all degrees would run
To break their matrimonial chain!
The widow old,
Herself and gold,
Who to the healthy spendthrift gave,
And the rich churl,
Who took a girl,
Poor wretch! with one foot in the grave.

Prudes, who at men would never look,
Yet slily tasted Hymen's joy;
And wild coquettes who husbands took,
When they could get no other toy:
Millions would try
The knot to untie:
Towards the goal of liberty,
Lord! what a throng
Would crowd along,—
And in the midst my wife and me!

AN HORTICULTURAL LOVE-SONG.

[There is evidently a line wanting in this song, at the place indicated by asterisks; for, as it stands, neither the rhyme nor the sense is complete. Probably something followed to this effect:

'Like the violet sweet and low.'

The reader, by the way, should understand that the lover who makes love in so floral a style is a gardener.]

Bid the blossoms ne'er be blighted,
Birds by scarecrows ne'er be frighted,
From the firm earth the oak remove,
Teach the holly-oak to grow,
* * * *
Trees bear cherries,
Hedges berries,
But, prithee, teach me not to love.

Grass shall grow than cedars higher,
Pinks shall bloom upon the briar,
Lilies be as black as jet,
Roses smell no longer sweet,
Melons ripen without heat,
Plums and cherries
Taste like berries,
When Wilhelmina I forget.

A TRUE LOVER.

Indeed, Miss, such sweethearts as I am,
I fancy you'll meet with but few;
To love you more true I defy 'em,
I always am thinking of you.—

There are maidens would have me in plenty,
Nell, Cicely, Priscilla, and Sue;
But instead of all these, were there twenty,
I never should think but of you.

False hearts all your money may squander,
And only have pleasure in view,—
Ne'er from you a moment *I'll* wander,
Unless to get money for you:

The tide, when 'ts ebbing and flowing,
Is not to the moon half so true,
Nor my oars to their time when I'm rowing,
As my heart, my fond heart, is to you.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

How can she thus low-minded be?
A girl of her merit!
What 's become of her spirit?
Would the baggage take pattern by me,
She'd value the pleasure of no man;
But hold up her head,
And, in all that she said,
Claim the privilege due to a woman.
Our wills ought to be without measure;
And the best thing that you
Male creatures can do,
Is to buckle to our will and pleasure.

TO BE MODISH, GENTEEL.

To be modish, genteel, and the true thing, my dear,—
In short, to be monstrous well-bred,
You must ogle and simper, and giggle and leer,
And talk the first nonsense that comes in your head.

In grave, fusty, old-fashion'd times,
Ere ease of deportment went hence,
To be bold was the vilest of crimes,
And deceit was an heinous offence.

But the fashions are now of another guess kind,—
Our modes are by no means the same;
For, bless'd with good eyes, we pretend to be blind,
And with strength to run miles appear lame.

GIRLS DURING COURTSHIP.

Girls, during courtship, should at least
No lover trust, but doubt him,
Until they've sworn, before the priest,
To find no fault about him.

Who venture all upon a stake,
Undone if they miscarry,
The risks they run from each mistake
Behoves them to be wary.

I ROW'D FOR THE PRIZE.

[The waterman's coat and badge, bequeathed by Thomas Doggett the comedian, and friend of Congreve the dramatist, to be rowed for by six watermen on the 1st of August (the anniversary of the accession of George the First), against the stream, from the old Swan, London Bridge, to the White Swan, Chelsea.]

I row'd for the prize,
To receive from those eyes
A kind look, from those lips a sweet smile;
But, lest I should lose,
And you for that fault your poor Tom should refuse,
My heart it went pit-a-pat all the while.
When we came to the pull,
How I handled my skull,—
'Twould have done your heart good to have seen us:
There was not a boat's length between us.
But, the Swan once in view,
My boat how it flew!
And I verily believe 'twas all thinking of you

From the Cobbler, or a Wife of Ten Thousand.

[A Ballad Opera, first acted at Drury Lane, 1774. The idea taken from the *Blaise le Saveteir* of Sedaine.]

OPENING DUET BETWEEN THE COBBLER AND HIS WIFE.

Snob. Three pegs, and then I've done my job!
Alice. Ah! do not jeer me:
Will you leave me to complain?
Snob. I'll go, as sure as my name 's Snob.
Alice. Nay, prithee hear me,
Nor let poor Alice thus sue in vain:
Don't say me nay.
Snob. My friends all stay.
Alice. And will you, will you go away?
A word or two, then, ere you go:
I pray you tell me who am I?
Far better, sir, than you, I trow,
For all you lift your head so high;
Would I had been the 'squire's miss!
Didn't he offer mountains?
Snob. Yes.
Alice. Then more brute you to use me so;
For didn't I refuse him?
Snob. No.
Alice. Why, villain, varlet, to my face
To tax me falsely with disgrace!
I can most patiently endure,
For you, to be neglected—poor;
But this, I swear,
Is more than I can bear.
Snob. Why, what's all this, you brazen quean?
Are you bewitch'd, or mad, or what?
Your wits are gone, sure, quite and clean:
Last week, you jade, have you forgot?
Didn't I, with a strap like this,
Trim well your jacket, hussy?
Alice. Yes!
Snob. Then how can you provoke me so?
For didn't you deserve it?
Alice. No.
Snob. Why, saucy baggage—oh, disgrace!
The lie direct! and to my face!
I've borne—'tis now the seventh year,
That vixen tongue of yours, my dear;
But this, I swear,
Is more than I can bear.
Alice. You to the alehouse, then, will go,
And leave poor me afflicted here?
Snob. Only to drink a pot or so
Of Nipikin's delicious beer.
Alice. You shan't, sir!
Snob. What, I shant? Oh, oh!
Will you be quiet, hussy?
Alice. No,
I won't. What sort of treatment 's this?
Snob. What! still you brave me, do you?
Alice. Yes.
Shall you thus squander ev'ry shilling,
While I'm as ragged as a colt?

Snob. Why, vixen!
Alice. Varlet!
Snob. Baggage!
Alice. Villain!
Snob. Hussy!
Alice. Numskull!
Snob. Slattern!
Alice. Dolt!
Both. This, this I swear,
Is more than I can bear.

Catch—COME, WILL YOU GO?

Come, will you go, or will you not?
We'll only call for t'other pot:
'Tis a cold night, 'twill keep us warm,—
Another pot will do no harm.
No: let's begone—
The clock strikes one!
Well, let it strike, and strike again;
'Tis time enough to count it when
Our money's spent and liquor gone:
Then tell me not the clock strikes one.
Here, waiter, bring us t'other pot:
Come, will you stay, or will you not?

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

Like a tennis-ball am I,
Now sinking low, now bounding high;
Bandied here, and bandied there,
To and fro, and every where.
Now on the topmost round
Of Fortune's wheel I fly;
Now am I grovelling found,
Beneath her feet to lie.
Still like a tennis-ball I fare,
Now on the ground, now in the air,—
Bandied here, and bandied there,
To and fro, and every where.
Contentment, health, and competence,
Are rarely found in any lot;
And therefore will I learn from hence
To keep and prize the one I've got.

AH! HAVE YOU FORGOT.

Ah! have you forgot, then, unkind as you are,
When housemaid I liv'd at the 'squire's,
All the wine and good things that I cribb'd with such care,
Every morn when I lighted the fires?
And have you forgot how I lean'd on my broom,
And in rapture heard all that you said,
Till scolded I got for not sweeping the room,
And beat for not making the bed?

When you told me you'd have me, my brush and my mop
Kept time while with pleasure I'd sing;
And soon 'twas the talk at the chandler's shop,
You had purchas'd the licence and ring
But when, with such joy, we return'd from the church,
And with truth I could call you my own,
You swore that I ne'er should be left in the lurch,
And I envied no queen on her throne.

SUCH USAGE AS THIS.

Such usage as this is, what wife but myself
Would put up with, and not sigh and sob;
No cross in her pocket, no food on the shelf,
Or what husband would let her but Snob;
And yet, let me hope, though for every crime
He had more than there 's days in a year,
That his heart is so good, I should still see the time
When a different man he'd appear.

But if I'm deceiv'd, while another guess wife,
So treated, would scold and revile,
Though poor, though confin'd in a prison for life,
With him I'd endeavour to smile.
I love him, and every way I'll pursue,
That I can, his affections to keep;
And if then he should slight me, I've nothing to do,
But to wish he was kinder, and weep.

Glee.—NOW WIVES AND CHILDREN.

Now wives and children make no noise,
And care with mirth we season,
Let's push about the bowl, my boys,
For drinking is no treason.
Here's love and friendship—hand and heart;
To worth here's health and freedom;
May every rogue have his desert;
More friends to those who need them!

A COBBLER'S LOVE-SONG.

Whene'er I am mending a shoe,
Every thing in my stall that I view
To my doting remembrance brings you,
While my heart in my bosom goes throb.
The best upper leather 's your hair;
Your skin is the lining so fair;
My awl to your eyes I compare,
Which wounded the heart of poor Snob.

Your teeth, which like ivory show,
Are the pegs in a white even row,
Which I drive, while at every blow
My heart in my bosom goes throb.
Each object of you bears a part,—
Your wit, that 's so piercing and smart,
Is my knife: but my lapstone your heart,
Which will ne'er let you pity poor Snob!

A MAXIM.

Be easy, can't you—fie! for shame!
Dear me, how I am treated!
I'm sure you'd not be so to blame,
But that you're 'toxicated.

Pray, pray be quiet, neighbour Snob,—
Don't act, now, so contrary:
Make love to me—a pretty job!
I'm quite in a quandary.

Surely, the man's beside his wits,—
I won't then, sir, be tumbled:
You'll really fright me into fits,—
Oh dear! how I am humbled!
Again!—There 's no enduring this;
Well, there—are you contented:
Better to give a fool a kiss,
Than with him be tormented.

GOOD NEWS FOR WIVES.

From henceforth only prove, dear wife,
That what you say be true:
Like any child, through all my life,
Will I be rul'd by you.
In all professions, ev'ry trade,
They always think it best
For gen'ral good, that one be made
A chief above the rest.
So from henceforth, &c.

Your counsel only strokes his band,
Until the judge appears;
The captain may the ship command—
The pilot 'tis that steers.
So from henceforth, &c.

While novices will vainly try
The hounds to whistle back,
The huntsman gives the well-known cry,
And soon calls off the pack.
So from henceforth, &c.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.

When you meet with a woman deserted,
Expos'd to the world and its cares,
Abandon'd, forlorn, tender-hearted,
And fearful, each step, of new snares,—
'Tis of every man but the duty,
Whilst he sees her oppress'd with her fears,
By soothing
And smoothing,
And vowing
And bowing,
And ogling and sighing,
And melting and dying,
To give consolation to beauty,
And to persuade her to dry up her tears.

Behold, then, your champion in me, ma'am:
With pity I find you distress'd;
Confide, then—you quickly shall see, ma'am,
How gladly I serve the oppress'd.
Believe me, I think it my duty,
While I see you o'ercome with your fears,
By soothing, &c.

AN IRRESISTIBLE.

I know not how to say you nay,—
There 's something in your air so gay,
So smart, genteel, and degagé,—
In short, sir, so uncommon,
That e'en the most obdurate fair
For such perfection must declare.
Alas! then, sir, my blushes spare,
For I'm a very woman.

Some fancy personal graces,
Some graces of the mind;
Her love on you who places,
Will all the graces find.

From the Quaker.

[This charming little Opera was first produced, May 3, 1775, at Drury-Lane. It was written after its author had determined to relinquish the stage as an actor; and finding, as he himself tells us, he should, in consequence, have occasion 'to make his pen perform double duty,' he turned to, as the sailors call it, and in a very short time wrote and composed 'The Quaker.' He sold it to Brereton for £70, who again disposed of it to Garrick for a hundred. The tender melody of 'I Locked up all my Treasure,' the vivacious 'Women are Will o' the Wisps,' and the lively pastoral rondeau of the kind-hearted Quaker—'While the Lads of the Village,' have always been popular, and will probably continue to be so as long as any relish exists for the simplicity of the old Ballad Opera.]

I LOCK'D UP ALL MY TREASURE.

I lock'd up all my treasure,
And journey'd many a mile,
And by my grief did measure
The passing time the while.

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

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

THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah!
Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along;
And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!
Thou and I will be first in the throng.

Just then when the swain who last year won the dower,
With his mates shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each bower,
And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.
While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless what mortal can blame?
'Tis my maxim that youth should be free,
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the same,
Believe me thou 'lt presently see.
While the lads, &c.

THE CAPTIVE LINNET.

The captive linnet, newly taken,
Vainly strives and vents its rage,
With struggling pants, by hope forsaken,
And flutters in its golden cage;—
But, once releas'd, to freedom soaring,
Quickly on some neighbouring tree
It sings, as if its thanks 'twere pouring,
To bless the hand that set it free.

AGAIN I FEEL MY BOSOM BOUND.

Again I feel my bosom bound,
My heart sits lightly in its seat;
My griefs are all in rapture drown'd,
In ev'ry pulse new pleasures beat.

Upon my troubl'd mind, at last,
Kind Fate has pour'd a friendly balm;
So, after dreadful perils past,
At length succeeds a smiling calm.

A KERNEL FROM AN APPLE-CORE.

[The infallibility of the love-spells alluded to in the following song, was implicitly believed in by the peasantry in the days of our great-grandmothers. Education has not yet made so great a progress in the more secluded villages, as to prevent many a lass from giving it more than a half-assent at the present time.]

A kernel from an apple-core
One day on either cheek I wore:
Lubin was plac'd on my right cheek,
That on my left did Hodge bespeak.
Hodge in an instant dropp'd to ground,—
Sure token that his love 's unsound;
But Lubin nothing could remove,—
Sure token his is constant love.

To find the man who loves me best,
'Fly,' said I, 'south, north, east, and west;'
The lady-bird is westward flown,
For westward is my Lubin gone.
Last Valentine, at break of day,
Before the stars were chas'd away,
I met, or may he faithless prove,
Lubin, my valentine, my love!

Last May I sought to find a snail
That might my lover's name reveal;
Which finding, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the embers spread;
When, if my letters I can tell,
I saw it mark a curious L.
Oh! may this omen lucky prove!
For L's for Lubin and for Love.

THE QUAKER.

Thou man of firmness, turn this way,
Nor time by absence measure,—
The sportive dance, the sprightly lay
Shall wake thee into pleasure:
Spite of thy formal outward man,
Thou 'rt gay, as we shall prove thee:
Then cheer thee—laugh away thy span,
And let the spirit move thee.

None are more just, more true, more fair,
More upright in their dealings,
Than men of thy profession are—
But are they without feelings?
E'en now I know thy honest heart
Full sorely doth reprove thee;—
Be gay, then—in our joy take part,
And let the spirit move thee!

A BUNDLE OF OLD PROVERBS.

[The two following ballads were intended for, but were never actually introduced into, 'The Quaker.']

Thou'st heard those old proverbs,—ne'er lean on a rush;
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;
'Tis the money paid down that decides who's the winner;
Who waits upon Fortune 's ne'er sure of a dinner;
Out of sight out of mind; delaying breeds danger;
He ought to be cozen'd who trusts to a stranger;
Heaven take my friends and the Old One my brother;
Promising 's one thing, performing another;

Much may fall out 'twixt the cup and the lip;
The builder's receipt 's the best sail in the ship;
'Tis a good thing to lend, but a better to borrow;
Pay me to-day, and I'll trust you to-morrow;
Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast a better;
You may guess at a word when you know the first letter;
There 's not the most fire when you see the most smother;
Promising 's one thing, performing another.

WOMEN ARE WILL O' TH' WISPS.

Women are Will o' th' Wisps, 'tis plain,—
The closer they seem, still the more they retire;
They tease you and jade you,
And round about lead you,
Without hopes of shelter,
Ding-dong, helter-skelter,
Through water and fire;
And, when you believe every danger and pain
From your heart you may banish,
And you 're near the possession of all you desire,
That instant they vanish,
And the devil a bit can you catch them again.

By some they 're not badly compar'd to the sea,
Which is calm and tempestuous within the same hour;
They 're a sweet race of angels, o'er man that have power,
His person, his heart—nay, his reason, to seize,
And lead the poor devil wherever they please.

From the Impostor; or, All's not Gold that Glitters.

[A Musical Dialogue, written for Saddler's Wells, 1776.]

THE IRISH CHAIRMAN.

I AM a chairman, my name 's M'Gee,
No flower in May was so blithe as me,
Till that bastard Cupid lodg'd, in disguise,
In pretty Bridget's two good-looking eyes;
'Arrah! is't you?' the urchin cried,
'I've a strong bow I never tried:'
Like a shilelah then he chose a dart,
And what a whack it gave my heart!

And since that time I grunt and sigh,
And sob, and moan, *becase* as why—
I strive to hate, but am ne'er the nigher,—
By her frosty looks I'm all on fire.
Oh! Bridget, Bridget, ease my pain,
Or give me back my heart again;
Or else, in truth, do all I can,
My partner 'll soon be an odd man.

A WORD IN YOUR EAR.

A WORD in your ear, if you please, Mr. Fop—
No more in this pickle be roaming;
But pull off your fool's jacket, step home to your shop,
And gentlemen's pigtails be combing.

Be advis'd by a fool, by my soul! and dat's me:
Though we fancy it never so greedy,
'Tis not for the likes of such people as we
To be aping my lord and my lady.

For you, Mrs. Bridget, if just in the room
Of being dress'd out like an actor,
You were twirling your mop round, or handling your broom,
'Twould be more, I believe, in charácter.
Be advis'd by a fool, &c.

From the Metamorphosis.

[A Comic Opera, first performed at the Haymarket, 1776. Some of the incidents are taken from Moliére's Sicilian, and one of the characters is borrowed from another comedy. In other respects, the piece is altogether Dibdin's.]

AH! DEAR MARCELLA.

AH, dear Marcella! maid divine,
No more will I at fate repine,
If I this day behold thee mine,
For dearly do I love thee.

Thy ease shall be my sweet employ,
My constant care, my every joy;
May, then, no chance my hopes destroy,
For dearly do I love thee.

Sweet is the woodbine to the bee,
The rising sun to every tree;
But sweeter far art thou to me,
For dearly do I love thee.

And let me but behold thee mine,
No more will I at fate repine;
But, while I live, thou maid divine,
With rapture will I love thee.

THE TINKER.

I AM a tinker by my trade,—
Each day I live I mend;
I'm such a universal friend,
I hide the faults by others made,—
Work for the tinker, ho! good wives:—
'Twere well, while I your kettles mend,
If you'd amend your lives.

The best that 's going is my trade,
'Tis even better than the law:
By them are breaches wider made,—
I daily stop up many a flaw.

That we should mend, is each man's cry—
A doctrine 'tis that all will teach;
Then how much better, pray, am I,
Who practise what they only preach?

WHAT EXCUSE.

AND for you, Sir,
Tell me true, Sir,
Are you not a graceless wretch?
For this abuse now,
What excuse now,
Can you trump up—what new fetch?

Come, protest now
'Twas all jest now,—
Let me see some signs of grace;
How?—Nay then, Sir,
Ne'er again, Sir,
Dare to look me in the face.

JEALOUSY.

WHAT state of life can be so bless'd
As love that warms a lover's breast;
Two souls in one the same desire,
To grant the bliss, and to require?
But if in heaven a hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
Oh! jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind.

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far;
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no light.
All torments, ev'ry ill we find
In only thee,
Oh! jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind.

THE MEETING.

The busy crew the sails unbending,
The ship in harbour safe arriv'd,
Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,
Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging no one durst attack it,
Tight fore and aft, above, below,
Long-quarter'd shoes, check'd shirt, blue jacket,
And trowsers like the driv'n snow.

And thus his heart with pleasure stowing,
He flew like lightning o'er the side;
And scarce had been the boat's length rowing
When lovely Kitty he espied.

A flowing penant gayly flutter'd
From her hat all made of straw,
Red, like her cheeks, when first she utter'd—
'Sure, 'twas my sailor that I saw!'

And now the thronging crew surround her;
And now, secure from all alarms,
Swift as a ball from a nine-pounder,
They dart into each other's arms.

'TWAS IN A VILLAGE, NEAR CASTLEBURY.

'Twas in a village, near Castlebury,
A cobbler and his wife did dwell;
And for a time no two so merry,—
Their happiness no tongue can tell:
But to this couple, the neighbours tell us,
Something did happen that caus'd much strife;
For, going to the nasty alehouse,
The man got drunk, and beat his wife.

But though he treated her so vilely,
What did his wife, good creature, do?
Kept snug, and found a method slily
To wring his heart quite through and through;
For Dick the tapster, and his master,
By the report that then was rife,
Were both in hopes, by this disaster,
To gain the cobbler's pretty wife.

While things went on to rack and ruin,
And all their furniture was sold,
She seem'd t' approve what each was doing,
And got from each a purse of gold:
So, when the cobbler's cares were over,
He swore to lead an alter'd life,
To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,
And love no other than his wife.

BEFRIEND ME, EV'RY TENDER POWER.

Befriend me, ev'ry tender power,
A lover's hopes befriend;
Be this the bright auspicious hour,
When all my cares shall end;
When dread suspicion 's far away,
So sweetly I'll beguile,
In rapture, ev'ry passing day,
To see Marcella smile.

The heaviest chains are easy borne,
The culprit once repriev'd;
And though I'm from my fair one torn,
My bosom is reliev'd;
For, dread suspicion far away,
I sweetly shall beguile,
In rapture, ev'ry passing day,
To see Marcella smile.

AH! DROOP NO MORE.

Ah, droop no more,
The thunder's roar,
That sounded deep and loud,
Thank heaven! at last
Is gone and past,
With every threat'ning cloud.

Calm is the air,
The morning 's fair,
The sun begins to shine;
A smiling day
Now seems to say,
Marcella shall be mine.

GREAT HERCULES.

Great Hercules, we 've heard, was a slave to Omphale,
And all sorts of hardships submitted to daily;
Still advent'ring, in hopes to have her for his pains,
What giants and monsters and snakes did he slay!
What stables clean out, and what birds drive away!
Even lions, that, fool hardy, at him shook their manes,
With his club
Would he drub,
'Till he dash'd out their brains.

So having an Omphale too, sir,
Like him I have nothing to do, sir,
But to ward off some evil design:
Nay—what with sailors and madmen, and singers and friars,
And Jezebel jades, braggadocios and liars,
To neither side lean,
And 'twill quickly be seen,
That his labours were nothing to mine.

From the Seraglio.

[A Comic Opera, first acted at Covent Garden Theatre, Nov. 14, 1776.]

HERE EACH MORN.

Here each morn and ev'ry eve,
In dewy ray returning,
Shall share the sorrows that I breathe,
Shall witness to my mourning:
Echo, catch the plaintive lay,—
To her heart discover
How, for her, forlorn I stray;
How well, how true, I love her!

If forbidden to renew
The vows which once we plighted,
My Lydia's fate I will pursue,
In death, at least, united:
The latest breath that warms this clay
At parting shall discover—
How I sigh my soul away,
How well, how true, I love her.

RONDEAU—BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

[This, the first, and one of the most celebrated of Dibdin's Sea-Songs, was written in a gale of wind, on a thirteen hours' passage from Calais, whither he had been on a party of pleasure with some friends. 'It arose,' he says, 'out of reflections that I was on my return to her who has since lent inspiration to so many similar sentiments, of which this was a specimen.']

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love, well-stor'd,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that send along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be,
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song:
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
And as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burden of my song shall be—
Blow high, blow low, &c.

THE BASHAW.

Hail to Sadi Abdallah Chiquaw,
Of ev'ry village, port, and town,
City and province of renown,
In fifty leagues, the Grand Bashaw.
Whose steps a thousand slaves attend,
Whose power with wonder we behold,
Whose mighty treasure 's without end,
Whose palace shines with massy gold.

His sword is like the morning ray,
His helmet a beam of the sky;—
Where he comes, he casts round him perpetual day,
And his prostrate slaves lift their voices and cry,
Hail, &c.

THE LITTLE BIRDS.

The little birds, as well as you,
I've mark'd with anxious care—
How free their pleasures they pursue,
How void of ev'ry care.
But birds of various kinds you'll meet,
Some constant to their loves:
Are chatt'ring sparrows half so sweet
As tender cooing doves?

Birds have their pride, like human-kind:—
Some on their notes presume;
Some on their form; and some you'll find
Proud of a gaudy plume;—
Some love a hundred; some you'll meet
Still constant to their loves:—
Are chatt'ring sparrows half so sweet
As tender cooing doves?

THE QUEEN OF THE HAREM.

If it was not that such a meek creature as you
They'd imagine to have a concern in't,
Before I'd be pent, like a bird in a mew,
I'd set it on fire, and burn in't.

Why, child, what d'ye talk?—Over ev'rything here
I absolute hold a dominion;
And I'll lay you my life, let to-morrow appear,
That you'll own yourself of my opinion.

I command at my will ev'ry slave, ev'ry mute,
His retinue and all his regalia;
And I'll come and I'll go,
Say yes, or say no,
Just as fancy, or whim, or caprice, it shall suit;
Or I'll take ev'ry key,
Set all the slaves free,
And turn out of doors the seraglio.

WHAT SHALL I DO.

What shall I do? oh, la! oh, la!
I am all over quite one thaw;
I only saw an aged yew,
Through which the wind but whistling blew,
And thinking it a horrid Turk,
Who swore he to the wall would pin me,
For fear lest he should fall to work,
I ran as if the devil was in me.

I am a very drowning rat,—
I dread each breath of air I hear,—
I dare not look—Oh, Lord! what's that?—
I believe 'twas nothing but my fear.
What wretch would now be in my coat?
This frolic dearly we shall rue:
I feel the bowstring at my throat!
What shall I do?—What shall I do?

AH! WHAT AVAILS.

Ah! what avails the brightest worth
That in Abdallah's bosom flows?
Though truth and reason there have birth,
Though there each radiant virtue glows!
Must I, at distance plac'd, survey
The beam that other hearts inspires,
While, with unkind averted ray,
From me its cheering warmth retires?

PEACE OR WAR.

I simply wait for your command, sir,—
Is it peace, or is it war?
Shall we quarrel, or shake hands, sir?
Which, good Signior, are you for?

You've naught to do but speak your mind, sir;
Only give me, then, my cue:
If for scolding you're inclin'd, sir,
I can scold as well as you.

But did you give a single hint, sir,
That peace and quiet you preferr'd,
There'd be no obligation in't, sir,—
I would not speak another word.

THE PIOUS PILGRIM.

The pious pilgrim, who from far
Has journey'd, weak and faint,
The hallow'd fabric to revere,
That holds some fav'rite saint,

Not deeper plunges in despair,
If all his toil is vain,
Than does the hopeless suff'rer here,
Nor feels severer pain.

MY TRUE LOVE.

My true love the cruel sea
From me did sever;
Then my poor heart was rent in twain,
For much I fear'd, ah! woe to me!
That he would never
To my arms return again.

What must I feel, then, at this hour,
If I love, if I esteem him,
To see him bound, and have no pow'r
But sighs and wishes to redeem him?

Rondeau—THE SIGNAL TO ENGAGE.

The signal to engage shall be
A whistle and a hollo!
Be one and all but firm like me,
And conquest soon will follow.

You, Gunnel, keep the helm in hand;
Thus, thus, boys—steady, steady,
Till right a-head you see the land;
Then soon as we are ready,
The signal, &c.

Keep, boys, a good look-out—d'ye hear?
'Tis for old England's honour:
Just as you've brought your lower tier
Broadside to bear upon her,
The signal, &c.

All hands then, boys, the ship to clear;
Load all your guns and mortars;
Silent as death th' attack prepare,
And, when you're all at quarters,
The signal, &c.

THE MOON.

How beautiful, and how serene,
Shines, yonder, Night's resplendent Queen,
Kindly to comfort those who roam,
And light the trav'ler to his home!
Oh! thou, whose beams so sweetly play,
Bestow one kind, one cheering ray;
One sympathetic gleam impart,
To heal the anguish in my heart.

FINALE.

Away with rough tyrannic rules,
From Reason's precepts that depart;
Be mine the pow'r that not controls,
But mildly wins the pliant heart:
When gen'rous dictates lead the mind,
Then, then alone of bliss possess'd,
In others' joys our own we find,—
In blessing others truly bless'd.

Beneath such kind protecting care,
Rich Commerce spreads his golden wings,
And Science doth her banner rear,
And rugged Labour toils and sings;
The virtuous maid and constant youth
Their mutual wishes free obtain;
And love, and innocence, and truth,
In undisturb'd enjoyment reign:

The ready sailor quits the shore,
His sov'reign's honour to maintain;
And when the dang'rous toil is o'er,
Partakes the blessings of the plain,
Where mirth, amid the rural throngs,
The triumphs of his pow'r imparts,
And carols from a thousand tongues
Speak lively thoughts and grateful hearts.

From the Vineyard Rebels.

[A Pantomime acted at Saddler's Wells, 1777.]

CHORUS OF BACCHANALS.

Come away, come away, come away ;
Sons of rapture ! come away ;
Love and laugh, and sport and play,—
This is Bacchus' holyday.

Now, ere yet the golden sun
All his fiery course hath run,
Ere from the Atlantic steep
His steeds have plung'd into the deep,
Painting, with celestial red,
A blush about his wat'ry head,—
Festive satyrs, nymphs, and fawns,
Through the woods and o'er the lawns
Dance the fleeting hours away,
And carol the departing day !

HOPPICKERS' SONG.

Come, neighbours, away to the hopgrounds, away !
Behold the bright season invite,
Where pleasure attends on the toils of the day,
And labour is crown'd with delight.
Haste, haste, then, and strip, as it bends from the pole,
The fruit that gives vigour and strength to the soul :
Our hearts and our spirits to cheer,
It warms and enlivens the true British beer.
Let innocent mirth to loud harmony raise,
And rapture pour forth all our songs in its praise,—
'Tis the liquor we love—'tis the juice we revere ;
'Tis the spring of our courage—the true British beer.

Content with the riches of Britain's fair isle,
Let the subjects of Britain rejoice ;
May no foreign vintage our senses beguile,
No stream of the grape have our voice.
Rich harvests of corn shall their full measure yield,
And the flavour of hops crown the juice of the field ;
Sport, pleasure, and love, banish sorrow and fear,
While we toss off our cans of the true British beer !

Anacreontic.

EVEN BANISH'D TILL TO-MORROW.

Even banish'd till to-morrow
Be the thought of pain and sorrow :
Bacchus ! child of Jove, to thee
All the present I decree—
In thy still-replenish'd bowl
Let me lave my thirsty soul ;
Bid thy wreaths my temple twine ;
Give me rivers—floods of wine !

Catch—WHAT IS WINE.

What is wine ?—O tell us !
Name its pow'r, ye jovial fellows.
Wine 's a great, a mighty treasure,—
'Tis riches, courage, pleasure !

From She is Mad for a Husband.

[Written for Saddler's Wells, 1777.]

THE CHINK.

Oh money ! thou master of all things below,
Of each chain thou'rt the principal link ;
What can purchase a friend, or can buy off a foe,
Or make black appear white, like the chink ?

Your lawyers, physicians—in short, ev'ry tribe,
Who to eat dip the pen in their ink,
Would they write, or advise, or consult, or prescribe,
Were it not for the sake of the chink ?

Of men and of women, high, low, great, and small,
'Tis the life, 'tis the victuals, the drink ;
'Tis a good universal acknowledg'd—all, all
Revive at the sound of the chink.

No more talk of Cupid,—for thine, far above,
His power to nothing can sink :
I doat to distraction, could have her I love,
Alas ! if I had but the chink.

MAD WOMEN.

To be mad for a husband is not a thing new :
The widow who swore to her first to be true,
And the moment he's dead at a rout goes to cards,
And a week after marries Dick Trim, of the Guards,
Because truly Dick was a lusty young lad ;—
What a plague ! do you call such a woman but mad ?

The young lady, brim full of the last new romance,
Who ogles the footman, as if 'twere by chance ;
Who gets out of her room by a ladder of ropes,
And at last, with her John, who to Scotland elopes,
Leaving, sore in affliction, her worthy old dad ;—
What a plague ! do you call such a woman but mad ?

She, because he is rich, and because she is poor,
Who weds with a batter'd old rake of fourscore ;
She at seventy-seven who marries a boy ;
For title and rank, she who barters all joy ;
Those who marry for motives like these, or as bad,—
What a plague ! do you call all such women but mad ?

YOUNG DOLL.

Young Doll, a comely village girl,
Was courted by a huge rich 'squire,
Who offer'd diamonds, gold, and pearl,
Or gossip Fame 's a woundy liar ;
But to honest Doll
Virtue was all,
So he could ne'er get nothing by her ;
And for all his gear,
With a flea in his ear,
She packing sent this huge rich 'squire.

One day, as he had hunting been,
Came 'cross the fields this huge rich 'squire,
On the finest horse that e'er was seen,
And, spying Doll, was all on fire.

Doll, in a fright,
Saw him alight,
And ran o'er bramble and o'er brier;
But in the nick,
What a cunning trick
The gipsy play'd this huge rich 'squire!

Finding herself quite overtook,
She cried out to this huge rich 'squire,
I fear my father sees us—look
Over the hedge—a little higher.
While he upon
This work was gone,
Doll mounts his horse, and in the mire
Of hope bereft,
She fairly left,
To curse his stars, this huge rich 'squire.

ALAS! WHERE IS MY LOVER?

Alas! where is my lover gone?
In all the world I have but one,—
Near to my heart his image sits,
And 'twas for him I lost my wits.

Where art thou fled, my only dear?
To find thee they have sent me here;
Thou'lt cure, they say, these love-sick fits,
And give me back again my wits.

Haste, then: to pleasure show the way,
For now in doubt and fear I stray,—
My brain with dubious torment splits;
Haste, then, and give me back my wits.

HYDROPHOBIA.

He ran to the farmyard, and there bit a hog,
That, in less than ten minutes, bark'd just like a dog;
The hog bit a horse that was just come from hunting,
And presently after the horse fell a grunting.
Such grunting and barking, and barking and grunting,
And grunting and barking, and barking and grunting!
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Though the wisest man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

A fine brindle cow near a haystack was straying,
Which, bit by the horse, was soon after heard neighing;
The cow bit a man, who was driving a plough,
When he walk'd on all-fours, and low'd just like the cow.
Such lowing and neighing, and barking and grunting,
And grunting and barking, and neighing and lowing!
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Though the wisest man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

The man bit a jackass, that soon after ran
Half a mile on two legs, and talk'd just like the man;
The jackass encounter'd a sheep in his way,
And 'tis not to be mention'd how loud he did bray.
Such braying and talking, and talking and braying,
And barking and grunting, and lowing and neighing!
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Though the wisest man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

The sheep bit a wolf, which was soon heard to bleat,
The wolf more dumb things than I've time to repeat!
But the worst that was bit was, alas! my poor wench:
Heav'n keep us, I say, from mad dogs and the French!
Such bleating and talking, and barking and braying,
And grunting and bleating, and lowing and neighing!
The village will never have done with the talk on't,
Though the wisest man there cannot make hog or dog on't.

From Yo, Yea, or the Friendly Tars.

[Another of the numerous Musical Dialogues written for Saddler's Wells during the season 1777. It is rich in good and deservedly popular songs.]

WHILE UP THE SHROUDS.

While up the shrouds the sailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landsman, who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard;
But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell
The vessel rudely bear,
Now sinking in a hollow dell,
Now quiv'ring in the air—
Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,
You ne'er hear him repine;
Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,
Or burning near the line—
Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair,
While splinter'd masts go by the board,
And shots sing through the air—
Bold Jack, &c.

YO, YEA.

I sail'd in the good ship, the Kitty,
With a smart blowing gale and rough sea,
Left my Polly, the lads call so pretty,
Safe here at an anchor, Yo Yea!

She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
And cried, 'Now be constant to me;'
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up went the anchor, Yo Yea!

And from that time, no worse nor no better,
I've thought on just nothing but she;
Nor could grog nor flip make me forget her,—
She 's my best bower-anchor, Yo Yea!

When the wind whistled larboard and starboard,
And the storm came on weather and lee,
The hope I with her should be harbour'd
Was my cable and anchor, Yo Yea!

And yet, my boys, would you believe me,
I return'd with no rhino from sea:
Mistress Polly would never receive me,—
So again I heav'd anchor, Yo Yea!

IF 'TIS TO LOVE.

If 'tis to love to wish you near,
To tremble when the wind I hear,
Because at sea you floating rove:
If to dream of you at night,
To languish when you're out of sight,
If this be loving—then I love.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,
To ask of ev'ry tender pow'r
That you may kind and faithful prove:
If, void of falsehood and deceit,
I feel a pleasure now we meet,—
If this be loving—then I love.

To wish your fortune to partake,
Determin'd never to forsake,
Though low in poverty we strove:
If so that me your wife you'd call,
I'd offer you my little all,—
If this be loving—then I love.

THE HEART OF A TAR.

[Dibdin's versatile genius, accommodating itself readily, as it did, to almost everything that he attempted, is never so thoroughly at home as in a sea-song. His sailors are sailors in good truth; not fellows of that hybrid class which ordinarily figure in nautical melodramas, and who know nothing of the sea or its dwellers, 'more than a spinster,' but such as haunt Wapping Old Stairs and the Dock-yards, a race *sui generis*—of the water, watery—'amorous, *groggy*, and maritime.' He paints from nature, and never attempts to produce that ugliest monster, a *beau ideal*. A heartier love-song than the 'Heart of a Tar' was never written; but it belongs exclusively to a sailor, and will never endure being profaned to the purposes of a 'land-lubber.']

Yet, though I've no fortune to offer,
I've something to put on a par;
So come, then, accept of my proffer,—
'Tis the kind honest heart of a tar.

Ne'er let such a trifle as this is,
Girls, be to my pleasure a bar:
You'll be rich, though 'tis only in kisses,
With the kind honest heart of a tar.

Besides, I am none of your ninnies:
The next time I come from afar,
I'll give you a lapful of guineas,
With the kind honest heart of a tar.

Your lords, with such fine baby-faces,
That strut in a garter and star,
Have they, under their tambour and laces,
The kind honest heart of a tar?

I've this here to say, now—and mind it:
If love that no hazard can mar
You are seeking, you'll certainly find it
In the kind honest heart of a tar.

From the Old Woman of Eighty.

[Written for Saddler's Wells, 1777, and founded on a passage in the life of Frederick the Great, of Prussia. The monarch had a favourite regiment of remarkably tall men, and travelling in the provinces, he saw a fine young woman of almost gigantic height, hay-making. It occurred to him, that by marrying her to one of his tall grenadiers, he should probably found a race, of proportions equal to his wishes. He accordingly gave her a letter, containing an imperative command for the marriage of the bearer to one of the tallest of his tall soldiery. The young woman, totally ignorant of its contents, delegated her commission to a decrepit old dame of eighty, who, as the bearer of the letter, was accordingly married to the finest man in the regiment. The reader will detect the story in the second song, which used to be a great favourite,—a popularity owing as much to the music as the words. Nothing could better describe the tremulous chirrup of doting senility.

COME HERE, YE RICH.

Come here, ye rich,—come here, ye great,—
Come here, ye grave,—come here, ye gay;—
Behold our bless'd, though humble fate,
Who, while the sun shines, make our hay.

The gay-plum'd lady, with her state,
Would she in courts a moment stay,
Could she but guess our happy fate,
Who, while the sun shines, make our hay?

Nature we love, and art we hate,
And, blithe and cheerful as the day,
We sing, and bless our humble fate,
And, while the sun shines, make our hay.

Hodge goes a courting to his mate,
Who ne'er coquets, nor says him nay,
But shares, content, an humble fate,
And, while the sun shines, they make hay.

The captain puts on board his freight,
And cuts through waves his dang'rous way;
But we enjoy a gentler fate,
And, while the sun shines, make our hay.

See Hodge, and Dick, and Nell, and Kate,
In the green meadow frisk and play,
And own that happy is our fate,
Who, while the sun shines, make our hay.

Come then, and quit each glitt'ring bait—
Simplicity shall point the way,—
To us, who bless our humble fate,
And, while the sun shines, make our hay.

THE OLD WOMAN OF EIGHTY.

How kind and how good of his dear majesty,
In the midst of his matters so weighty
To think of so lowly a creature as I,—
A poor old woman of eighty.

Were your sparks to come round me, in love with each charm,
Says I, I have nothing to say t'ye:
I can get a young fellow to keep my back warm,
Though a poor old woman of eighty.

John Strong is as comely a lad as you'll see,
And one that will never say Nay t'ye:
I cannot but think what a comfort he'll be
To me, an old woman of eighty.

Then fear not, ye fair ones, tho' long past your youth,
You'll have lovers in scores beg and pray t'ye;—
Only think of my fortune, who have but one tooth,
A poor old woman of eighty.

TO EV'RY FAVOURITE VILLAGE SPORT.

To ev'ry fav'rite village sport
With joy thy steps I'll guide:
Thy wishes always will I court,
Nor e'er stir from thy side;

But when the sprightly fife and drum,
With all their dread alarms,
Echo afar
The cry of war,
When chiefs are heard to cry, 'We come!'
And honour calls—To arms!
Thy pain and pleasure will I share,
For better and for worse;
And if we have a prattling care,
I'll be its tender nurse;
But when, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S LOVE.

I've health, and I have spirits too;
Of work I've had my share;
And when you go, for love of you,
I will your knapsack bear.

Nor this resolve e'er will I rue,—
We both alike will fare;
And still content, for love of you,
I will your knapsack bear.

Though thunders growl, and lightnings blue
In dashes cleave the air,
I'll march content, for love of you,
And will your knapsack bear.

All dangers, hazardous and new,
One smile shall make me dare;
Rememb'ring 'tis for love of you,
That I your knapsack bear.

From the Razor-Grinder.

[A Musical Dialogue, written for Saddler's Wells, 1777.]

TOM TURNWELL, THE GRINDER.

Tom Turnwell is my name, my boys,—
I'll strike a stroke with any;
The trade that all my time employs,
To get an honest penny,
As good and as just as most you'll find.
With rubbing-stone,
And strop and hone,
I whet the sharpest steel;
And cry, the while I turn my wheel,—
Penknives, scissors,
Cleavers, razors,
Chopping-knives, to grind.

I'm useful throughout all the town:
The smooth and pamper'd glutton,
Whene'er to dinner he sits down,
Can never carve his mutton,
Unless his knife is to his mind.
With rubbing-stone, &c.

The pretty dame who sweet can smile,
Who is for ever smirking,
And who the minutes can beguile
With love as well as working,
Would she her scissors sharpen'd fine—
With rubbing-stone, &c.

My friend, the barber, o'er the way,
Who daily lathers many,
And picks up pretty well each day,
By shaving for a penny;
To me his razors are consign'd—
With rubbing-stone, &c.

COME ALL YOU MAIDS.

Come, all you maids who fain would—marry,
Learn, learn of me the way to—choose:
Rather by half till doomsday—tarry,
Than beauty on an old man—lose.

Ah! tell me how can wrinkles—charm you,
What joys can age excite, or—prove:
Let, then, your dang'rous state—alarm you,
And choose a young man, that can—love.

An old man always will be—wheezing,
No feeling, hearing, taste, or—sight;
A young man always will be—pleasing,
Sprightly all day, and kind at—night.
Ah! tell me how, &c.

From Poor Vulcan.

[A Burletta produced at Covent-Garden, Feb 4, 1778, and belonging to the class of which Kane O'Hara's 'Midas' is a well-known specimen, and in many respects resembling that capital burlesque. The songs were chiefly parodies on the popular ditties of the day. Dibdin was in France when this piece was produced, and he complains that terrible liberties were taken with

his MS. One of his happy hits, he tells us, was to make Adonis a burlesque shepherd. The character, however, was altered 'by the melancholy pen' of a Mr. Hull, who substituted new songs for the part. Of this opera, from which we have not only collected all the songs, but all those written for it by Dibdin, but not sung, Dr. Kitchener wrote on the title-page of his copy as follows:—'This opera is so *extremely* rare, that in the course of twenty-one years' collecting, I have only seen two other copies.—W. KITCHENER, 1816.]

CATCH—JOIN YOUR HANDS.

JOIN your right hands to your glasses, my boys,
And let the bowl go round:
Fill a bumper—higher!
Steady, steady,
Charge your glasses—poise!
Recover! make ready!
Present! fire!

VULCAN'S PETITION.

THE humble prayer and petition
Of Vulcan, who, his sad condition,
In hopes of satisfaction meeting,
To the god Jupiter sends greeting.
That your petitioner has a wife,
The plague and torment o his life:
That, prudent, kind, and constant, wishing her,
Humbly sets forth your said petitioner,
That, might they but reside on earth,
The many ills that hence have birth
Would then subside; and Mars, Adonis,
And divers others of her cronies,
At distance, all his cares might end,
And she, his wife, take up and mend:
To this request don't say him nay,
And your petitioner shall ever pray.

GLEE—THOSE MORTALS SAY RIGHT.

THOSE mortals say right, in their jovial abodes,
That a glass of good punch is the drink of the gods.
Take only a smack of
The nectar we crack of,
You'll find it is punch, and no more:
Th' ingredients they mingle
Are contraries single,
So are ours—they're the elements four.

Then, Bacchus! for thou art the drunkard's protector,
I have instant a fiat,
And let who dare deny it,
That nectar 's good punch, and that good punch is nectar.

THE CUCKOO.

TELL me, am I laugh'd to scorn?
Have I on each brow a horn?
This I suspect; and if 'tis true,
Quickly answer me—Cuckoo!
I have my cue—
Alas! 'tis true!
Hark, she answers me—Cuckoo!

That answer 's Yes—the murder 's out,—
At least, I shall no longer doubt;
But tell me if to one or two,
Or more, I am oblig'd—Cuckoo!
What! more than two?
Alas! 'tis true!
Hark, she answers me—Cuckoo!

In vain, then, do I beat my pate,—
A cuckold am I dubb'd by fate,—
Behold, here are my antlers—boo!
Am I not right, my friend—Cuckoo?
Then, plain to view,
My fears are true;—
Hark! she answers me—Cuckoo!

VENUS NOW NO MORE BEHOLD ME.

VENUS now no more behold me,
But our humble village dame;
Coarse and homely trappings fold me,
And Mistress Maudlin is my name.

Yet here no less is paid that duty
Ever due to Venus' worth;
Nor more insensible of beauty,
Than gods in heaven, are men on earth.

LOVE AND SMITHERY.

WHEN I've been working in my shop,
You many a time have seen me drop
Some water on the doubtful fire.
When I've been, &c.
Which, damp'd at first, more dead has grown,
But quickly, by the bellows blown,
Has chang'd from brown to dusty red,
Then brighter heat and lustre shed,
And fann'd, and sparkled up the higher.
Which, damp'd at first, &c.

Thus, trickling tears from you that part
Have often damp'd my doubtful heart,
And quench'd awhile my passion's heat.
Thus, trickling tears, &c.
But soon arous'd by kindling eyes,
While sob and sigh, and sigh and sob,
Have made my bosom throb and throb,
And like sledge-hammers on it beat,
But soon arous'd, &c.

The iron, too, from the fire when ta'en,
I've thump'd, and thump'd, and thump'd again,
And shap'd by sure, though slow degrees,
The iron, too, &c.
So you, by persevering well,
Have found a means my strength to quell,
And all by dint of practis'd art
Have thump'd, and thump'd, and thump'd my heart,
And moulded just which way you please.
So you, by persevering, &c.

NATURE EVERY WHERE THE SAME.

That nature's ev'ry where the same,
Each passing day discovers;
For that in me
Some charms they see,
Behold me, though a country dame,
Leading a crowd of lovers.

My sporting 'squire to keep at bay,
The course I'll double over;
Whilst he, intent
On a wrong scent,
Shall always find me stole away
When he cries, 'Hark to cover.'

With new-coin'd oaths my grenadier
May think to storm and bluster,
And swear, by Mars,
My eyes are stars
That light to love:—he'll soon find here
Such stuff will ne'er pass muster.

Thus will I serve those I distrust;
First laugh at, then refuse 'em:
But, ah! not so
My shepherd Joe:
He like Adonis look'd, when first
I press'd him to my bosom.

THE MOMENT AURORA PEEP'D.

The moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
I put on my clothes, and I call'd to my groom:
And, my head heavy still from the fumes of last night,
Took a bumper of brandy to set all things right:
And now we were saddled, Fleet, Dapple, and Grey,
Who seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, Hark away!

Will Whistle by this had uncoupled his hounds,
Whose ecstacy nothing could keep within bounds:
First forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then Snare,—
Three better staunch harriers ne'er started a hare;
Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Staunch, and then Tray,—
All ready to open at—Hark! hark away.

'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,
And we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn:
Jack Gater, Bill Babbler, and Dick at the Gun,
And by this time the merry Tom Fairplay made one,
Who, while we were jogging on, blithesome and gay,
Sung a song, and the chorus was—Hark! hark away.

And now Jemmy Lurcher had ev'ry bush beat,
And no signs of madam, or trace of her feet;
Nay, we just had begun our hard fortune to curse,
When all of a sudden out starts Mistress Puss:—
Men, horses, and dogs, all the glad call obey,
And echo was heard to cry—Hark! hark away.

The chase was a fine one; she took o'er the plain,
Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled again;
Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,
Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death:—
Then in triumph for you I the hare did display,
And cried to the horns, 'My boys, hark! hark away.'

COME ALL YE GEM'MEN VOLUNTEERS.

Come, all ye gem'men volunteers,
Of glory who would share,
And, leaving with your wives your fears,
To the drum-head repair;
Or to the noble Sergeant Pike,
Come, come, without delay;
You'll enter into present pay,—
My lads the bargain strike.
A golden guinea and a crown,
Besides the Lord knows what renown,
His Majesty the donor:
And if you die,
Why then you lie
Stretch'd on a bed of honour.

Does any 'prentice work too hard?
Fine clothes would any wear?
Would any one his wife discard?—
To the drum-head repair.
Or to the, &c.

Is your estate put out to nurse?
Are you a cast-off heir?
Have you no money in your purse?—
To the drum-head repair.
Or to the, &c.

ADONIS TURN'D SHEPHERD.

A shepherd become, with my pipe and my crook,
What pleasure to loiter beside the clear brook!
While carelessly lying,
Fond birds round me flying,
The sun's glowing fervour allay'd by the breeze;—
Oh! who would forego such enjoyments as these!

Ye roses and woodbines, so sweetly that bloom,
Preserve all your charms till my fairest shall come:
With beauty inviting,
With fragrance delighting,
Your brightest perfections to greet her display,—
Oh! say 'tis for her you look lovely and gay!

YOUNG HEBE SLEPT.

Young Hebe slept on verdant bed,
An arm thrown here, an arm thrown there;
Leaves were the pillow for her head,—
And thus how free one rests from care!
Colin, watching when she'd wake,
His tired patience scarce could keep,
But close did creep, but close did creep,
Then touch'd her hand, and then drew back,
Then close did creep, then close did creep,
And cried—She will for ever sleep!

Suppose we on the sleeper throw
  The flowers here, the flowers there;
Alas! I have no more to strow,
  And yet how free she rests from care!
Sure, should I give a tender kiss,
  Thus sound she could no longer sleep:—
  Let's gently creep, let's gently creep,—
One, two, three!—What, not wake at this!
  No need to creep, no need to creep,
  Alas! she will for ever sleep!

But Love, who to the shepherd's aid
  Came flutt'ring here, came flutt'ring there,
Cried—Lance an arrow to the maid,
  And see if then she'll rest from care.
Here, Colin, take my sharpest dart,
  Your arm in this position keep;
  Now near her creep, now near her creep.
Well done! you've shot her through the heart!
  No need to creep, no need to creep,—
  You've wak'd her, Colin, from her sleep!

Young Hebe, startled with the fright,
  An arm threw here, an arm threw there;
And cried to Colin—Quit my sight,
  And let me rest again from care.
In truth, cried he, I've seen the morn
  Less beautiful rise from the deep:
  Ah! let me creep, ah! let me creep,
While you, sweet Hebe, put off scorn;
  Near let me creep, near let me creep,
  And watch you while again you sleep.

By this time, Hebe, quite awake,
  Ran wildly here, ran wildly there;
And cried—This mixture what can make,
  Of pain and pleasure, joy and care.
'Tis love, tis love, the shepherd cried,
  And swore he'd true for ever keep;
  Then close did creep, then close did creep,
And begg'd and pray'd;—she only sigh'd,
  And let him creep, and let him creep,
  Till both together fell asleep!

A BUNDLE OF TOASTS.

[Each verse sung by a different character.]

Let ev'ry man now give his toast!
  Fill up the glass, I'll tell you mine:
Wine is the mistress I love most:
  This is my toast—now give me thine.

Well said, my lad, ne'er let it stand,—
  I give my Chloe, nymph divine;
May love and wine go hand in hand:
  This is my toast—now give me thine.

Fill up your glasses to the brink!
  Hebe let no one dare decline;
'Twas Hebe taught me first to drink:
  This is my toast—now give me thine.

Gem'men, I give my wife, d'ye see;
  May all to make her bless'd combine,
So she be far enough from me:
  This is my toast—now give me thine.

Let constant lovers at the feet
  Of pale-fac'd wenches sigh and pine;
For me, the first kind girl I meet
  Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

You toast your wife, and you your lass,
  My boys, and welcome; here's the wine;
For my part, he who fills my glass
  Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

Spirit, my lads, and toast away!
  I have still one with your's to join—
That we may have enough to pay:
  This is my toast—now give me thine.

THE BARMAID'S CATECHISM.

To shine in the bar, all drawn out in my best;
To be told I am handsome by every guest;
To be civil to all, and yet listen to none;
And, when making a bill out, to score two for one;
And if told of the error, though ever so small,
Break off with—Dear me, did not somebody call?
Lord bless me, where are all my people humdrumming!
I must e'en go myself—coming, sir, coming!

When a company comes in, on ven'son to dine,
Be sure, after dinner, to set the best wine;
But when they, once in for 't, begin to be merry,
Instead of champagne, send up cider or perry.
  And if told of the error, &c.

Say you'll get a good supper, when trav'llers arrive,
Though your fish is not catch'd, and your fowls are alive,
And you've naught in the larder but mutton that 's warm,
For their appetite's good, and 'twill do them no harm.
  And if told of the error, &c.

In short, with a pattern like you for a guide,
I shall score well, and cater, and store, and provide,
Taking care still to put something by on the shelf,
Give my master one half, and take 'tother myself.
  And if told of the error, &c.

WHAT ARE PLUTUS' GILDED TOYS?

What are Plutus' gilded toys?
What, compar'd to lovers' joys?
Toys that worldly mortals prize,
Souls of finer sense despise;—
  Free together let us rove,
  Heart for heart, and love for love.

Free from tumult, frowns, and strife,
Free from all that burdens life,
Blithely let us seek the plains
Where eternal pleasure reigns;
Free together let us rove,
Heart for heart, and love for love.

OH! THAT A GEMMAN.

Oh! that a gemman should thus be tied
Unto a vixenish wanton wife!
I would to heav'n that she had died,
And never seen this life:
Flirting, flirting, flirting;
Sporting, sporting, sporting;
Courting, courting, courting;
All, by turns,
With Sped or with Pike,
Coquetting alike;
While this poor little head
Dreams nightly in bed,
Of something here that burns and burns,
And feels like sprouting horns.

MADAM, YOU KNOW MY TRADE.

Madam, you know my trade is war;
And what should I deny it for?
Whene'er the trumpet sounds from far,
I long to hack and hew.
Yet, madam, credit what I say;
Were I this moment call'd away,
And all the troops drawn in array,
I'd rather stay with you.

Did drums and sprightly trumpets sound,
Did death and carnage stalk around,
Did dying horses bite the ground,
Had we no hope in view;
Were the whole army lost in smoke,
Were they the last words that I spoke,
I'd say,—and dam'me if I joke,—
I'd rather stay with you.

Did the foe charge us front and rear,
Did e'en the bravest face appear
Impress'd with signs of mortal fear;
Though never vet'ran knew
So terrible and hot a fight;
Though all my laurels it should blight;
Though I should lose so fine a sight;—
I'd rather stay with you.

LET THUNDERING JOVE.

Let thundering Jove lead a boisterous life,
Out-thunder'd, each hour, by the voice of his wife;
Like a harlequin let him, disguis'd, play the fool,
A swan, or a whirlwind, a crow, or a bull;
Of such shifts in no need, of no wife's tongue afraid,
Hereafter, I mean to take up with my maid.

Let Apollo sonatas humstrum on his harp,
To please list'ning gods, who can't tell flat from sharp;
Let him follow his Daphne, and welcome for me,
And, instead of a bedfellow, clasp a cold tree;
My Daphne, thank Heav'n, I can quickly persuade,
And I'm wisely resolv'd to take up with my maid.

Let Mars and let Bacchus, two birds of a feather,
Of wine talk and war, till they're both drunk together,
The terror of all who live peaceable lives,
Beating watchmen, and picking up other men's wives;
I've no wife, and care not if such projects be play'd,—
Who would not, like me, then, take up with his maid.

Henceforth, then, my wife may parade through the skies,
Like nymphs in the Strand to pick up some new prize;
Of Mars and Adonis and Jove at the call,
For now, thank my stars, I have done with them all;
Of your tricks and your fancies no longer afraid,
Good night, all ye gods! I'll to bed with my maid.

FINALE.

Jupiter. Once on a time, when men complain'd
They were with ills too tightly stain'd,
I publish'd in a certain town
That each might lay his burden down,
And take up that, more to his mind,
Some other mortals left behind;
When soon (to see the ways of men)
Each begg'd to have his own again.
Then be content, ye mortal race,
Nor wish to change nor fate nor place;
You must of good and ill have share,
And nature 's nature ev'ry where.

Mars. I heard you once the tale unfold,—
A son took up his dad's estate;
But when the youngster had found out
The packet held old age, the gout,
The rheumatism, and the stone,
He quickly begg'd to have his own;
And swore he'd never ask for wealth,
So he might have again his health.
Then be content, &c.

Venus. A lady, too, who at a rout
(Dire chance) had dropp'd her false teeth out,
O'erwhelm'd with shame, soon chang'd her lot
With the poor inmate of a cot;
But when she found, on a strange bed
She must repose, and eat brown bread,
Wear a plain coif and russet gown,
She wanted false teeth and the town.
Then be content, &c.

[The three following are some of the songs which were written for 'Poor Vulcan,' but expunged by the manager. The first was a parody on 'Dear Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,' and is supposed to be sung by Adonis. Maudlin is 'Venus,' and Old Crump of course 'Poor Vulcan.' The second is the first verse of a parody on another popular song of the day,—'When forc'd from dear Hebe to go.' The remainder of the MS. was lost. The last is the mock heroic dialogue between Venus and Adonis.]

DEAR MAUDLIN.

Dear Maudlin, come give me bright guineas,
For brighter none sure ever gave;
Nor think that I'm one of those ninnies,
That can tell you how many I'd have.
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
So to me if you mean to be kind,
You must ransack old Crump's rusty treasure,
And give me whatever you find.

With a large heavy purse so I fold thee,
I then, my dear Maudlin, am thine;
In satins and silks I'll behold thee,
No duchess e'er dress'd half so fine.
But our pocket at present but thin is,
And soon what we have will be spent;—
Then, prithee, give many more guineas,
Or you 'll find I shall ne'er be content.

Count the rouleaus at Almack's they 're staking,
Count the bets laid in Newmarket fields,
Count the cash at the bank they are taking,
Count the gold that rich Lombard Street yields,
Give a peep at the India-House coffer,
Go number the treasury's store;
And when so many guineas you offer,
I still shall be asking for more.

WHEN FORC'D FROM DEAR MAUDLIN.

PARODY ON 'WHEN FORC'D FROM DEAR HEBE TO GO.'

When forc'd from dear Maudlin to go,
Of a large bumping glass she drank part,
And I thought, but it might not be so,
That the poor creature took it to heart.
We guzzled till tipsy we grew,
For my path I could scarcely discern;
And, for her, 'stead of saying, Adieu,
She hiccup'd out,—'Prithee, return.'

Duet—SERGEANT BELSWAGGER.

JOE.

When Sergeant Belswagger, that masculine brute,
One day had been drinking to swear a recruit,
He kiss'd you—I saw him, or else may I die,
And you, cruel Maudlin, ne'er once cried O fie!
Again, when the 'squire had come home from the chase,
You receiv'd him, O gods! with a smile on your face:
Henceforth, then, my sheep harum-scarum may run,
For Maudlin is faithless, and I am undone.

MAUDLIN.

Ah, Joe! you're a good one: one day in my place—
My husband at home—I was forc'd to send Grace;
I know for a truth, which you cannot gainsay,
You touzled her well on a cock of new hay.
Nay, swore you'd be her's—and, what is worse yet,
That you only lov'd me just for what you could get;
As for charms, then, I ne'er will believe I have one,
For Joey is faithless, and I am undone.

JOE.

Will you know, then, the truth on't? I touz'd her, I own,
Though I rather by half would have let it alone;
But I did it to see if you jealous would prove,
For that, people say, is a sure sign of love.

MAUDLIN.

And for me, if the 'squire said soft things in my ear,
I suffer'd it, thinking he'd call for strong beer;
And as to the sergeant, 'tis always a rule,
One had better be kiss'd than be teas'd by a fool.

From the Gipsies.

[Written in France, and performed at the Haymarket in 1778. The music was composed by Dr. Arnold. Dibdin often supplied music for the libretto of other writers; but this is, we believe, the only instance of his own words being set by another composer.

A SERVANT'S DISASTERS.

Though up to the ears in sore disasters,
Poor servants must obey their masters;
Still born to move at their command,
Must neither lie, nor sit, nor stand,
Nor speak, nor think, but as they're told,
But headlong go,
Through hail and rain,
And frost and snow,
Nor once complain,
Though trembling, quaking,
Shiv'ring, shaking,
They catch their death with cold.

'Tis now eight days since here we come:
I thought to have been quite at home;
But for a whim,
To pleasure him,
Slap dash am I sent back to Rome:
But pleasure is his only guide,
While I am bruis'd, head, back, and side.

LOVE'S A CHEAT.

Love 's a cheat; we overrate it;
A flatt'ring, false, deceitful joy:
A very nothing can create it,
A very nothing can destroy.

The lightning's flash, which wond'ring leaves us,
Obscur'd and darker than before;
The glow-worm's tinsel, which deceives us,
A painted light, and nothing more.,

WHY AM NOT I THAT FRAGRANT FLOWER?

Why am not I that fragrant flow'r,
Near to her heart Spinetta plac'd;
Which, proudly living a sweet hour,
Died on that bosom it had grac'd?
Why am not I that gentle gale
That plays around her coral lips,
Her breath like violets to exhale,
Which there eternal nectar sips?

Why am not I that crystal wave,
At sultry noon with pride that heav'd;
To which her heav'nly form she gave,
Which thought 'twas Venus it receiv'd?
Gods! had I been that limpid stream!—
But whither do my senses rove?
Sunk in a dear delicious dream,
All things seem possible to love.

YES, YES, THANK HEAVEN.

Yes, yes, thank Heav'n, I've broke my chain;
And, while my liberty I gain,
While I my heart redeem,
Indifference succeeds at last,
And my egregious follies past
Appear an idle dream.

Thus, from a false injurious snare,
The linnet, timid, unaware,
Hardly escapes with pain;
The feathers he has left behind
Are lessons to him to remind
Not to be caught again.

The warrior bravely counts each scar,
Describes the peril of the war,
Well-pleas'd his danger's o'er;
The slave at last, exempt from pain,
With smiles beholds that very chain
Which held him to the oar.

PRAISE IS A MIRROR.

Praise is a mirror that flatters the mind,
That tells us of goodness, and virtues, and graces;
As that on our toilet instructs us to find
The dimples and smiles which appear on our faces;
To which our attention we cannot refrain,
Though we draw off confus'd, yet but see its attraction:
In spite of ourselves we return back again,
Regard, are abus'd, and yet feel satisfaction.

I know I'm deceiv'd, and I say to my heart,
You believe that sincere which is naught but profusion;
Call pleasure what soon will severe make you smart,
And hug that for a substance you'll find but delusion.
Your praises are flatt'ry, I know it as plain
As if you had said, 'I am false and deceive you:'
But truth, reason, ev'ry thing, argues in vain;
For such is my weakness, I blush and believe you.

GO, PROUD LOVER.

Go, proud lover, go!
Take your heart back again:
For me 'tis too low,
Too unworthy a chain.
Be haughty, imperious, this gipsy despise:
You rise but to fall, while I fall to rise.

True love, never erring,
Has no selfish fears;
But the more 'tis conferring,
The nobler appears:
It has no sordid views, no vile ends for its guide,—
'Tis ungovern'd by int'rest, uninfluenc'd by pride.

OUR SOCIETY.

Others with splendour and parade
Their new-chosen members usher in;
Flags, banners, noise, cars, cavalcade,
Spears, halberts, tumult, dirt, and din.
Members of our society
Are chosen on a diff'rent plan:
We bid them welcome with a glee,
And swear them o'er the flowing can;

Freemasons with mysterious rites
Their new-elected members hail;
And talk by signs, and brood whole nights
O'er compass, trowel, mop, and pail.
Members of, &c.

Members of Parliament, in air
On brawny shoulders lifted high,
Sit lolling in a great arm-chair,
While roaring thousands rend the sky.
Members of, &c.

To choose Lord Mayor, upon the Thames
Squadrons of barges scare the swans,
While turf-gallants, and country dames,
Are sopp'd and sous'd with city dons.
Members of, &c.

Courtiers and lords, preferr'd, kiss hands;
Sheriffs and aldermen carouse;
Doctors harangue, to gain their bands;
Judges and counsellors make bows.
Members of, &c.

HOW TO TELL FORTUNES.

When we promise an heir or a miser,—
This, gold—that, his father's free land,
We pause, and look grave, to seem wiser,
And his fortune we read in his hand.

If Miss at fifteen would discover
When she'll like her mother be wise,
To promise a handsome young lover,
Her fortune we read in her eyes.

But if husbands, with jealousy quaking,
Would know if they are—you know how
We consider—our heads gravely shaking—
And their fortunes we read on the brow.

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment lost, each other treasure
To ease the mind essays in vain;
Riches and pomp take place of pleasure,
And mis'ry leads the splendid train.

Fortune possessing, not enjoying,
Feasting the senses, not the mind,
In vague pursuits our time employing,
We grasp at all and nothing find.

THE GIPSY'S INVITATION.

Come here, ye fair; come here, each lover;
That lot Dame Fortune would conceal,
But cross my hand, and I'll discover—
I'm mistress of her and her wheel.

To trembling age we boldly promise,
In spite of nature, years of health;
Widows receive new husbands from us,
And young men all their fathers' wealth.

We give the fair, Love's influence under,
Young lovers, constant all their lives;
Nay, we e'en dare—a greater wonder—
To promise husbands faithful wives.

GIPSIES.

Sir, we are gipsies, as you see—
A sect the world despises;
Though honour, virtue, probity,
Are under our disguises.
Then hey for the gipsies, nor condemn,
If gay in ev'ry season
They lead their lives; for who, like them
Blend with their pleasure reason?

We have a priest who never swears,
But who is always ready,
With fortune, or advice, or pray'rs,
To help the poor and needy.
Then hey, &c.

A magistrate, upright and wise,
To whom no bribe is given,
And who between two charming eyes
Can hold the balance even.
Then hey, &c.

A country squire, who hates the smell
Of stingo or October;
A modern poet, who can spell,
And a musician sober.
Then hey, &c.

Then do not our distress despise—
Reproaches would be cruel;
Virtue is often in disguise—
The mine conceals the jewel.
Then hey, &c.

ZOUNDS! WAS THERE EVER.

Zounds! was there ever such a whelp
As I am, to be gull'd so long?
Here! murder! fire! help, help, help!
I'll listen to no siren's song.
Master! mistress! madam! sir!
Ah! you may wink and make a stir:
Louder and louder will I bawl.
Murder! help! I'll raise the house;
We have offended 'gainst the laws,
Justice will get us in her claws,
And will not fail to crush us all,
Just as a cat would crush a mouse.
Why have I thus been gull'd so long?
Zounds! was there ever such a whelp?
I'll listen to no siren's song:
Thieves! murder! fire! help, help, help!

FINALE.

Isabella. Our vessel has its port in view,
If here no hov'ring tempest lours;
We've others' fortune told—but you
Must be the arbiters of our's.

Do not our wishes disapprove,
But let them have their freest scope;—
Our piece has the effects of love
For subject and for moral—hope.

Lelio. Hope scorns misfortunes the most rude;
With hope the veriest wretch is bless'd;
And poets write that ev'ry good
Is better hop'd for than possess'd.
Hope cheers the most dejected hearts,—
Can e'en despair itself control;
'Tis on that course the lover starts
Of his desires to reach the goal.

Spinetta. Of sand, a poor neglected grain,
Bewailing, did its fortune curse,—
'I am the vilest atom lain
Upon the face o' th' universe.'

From Rose and Colin.

[A comic opera, in one act, the first attempt of the author to introduce on the English stage a taste for the French vaudeville—first acted at Covent Garden, September, 18, 1778.]

POOR COLIN.

Poor Colin! ah, me! how I fear
Lest he should rashly venture here.
I'm quaking like a timid mouse,—
My father runs through all the house,
O'erturning ev'ry chair and table—
The barn, the outhouse, and the stable—
Across the farm-yard—in the streets,
Threat'ning ev'ry thing he meets.
Poor Colin, &c.

What the deuce can be come to him?
If with tears I would subdue him,
With anger he directly burns,
And raves, and scolds, and swears, by turns;
Crying, since Eve, better nor worse,
Women were born to be a curse.
Poor Colin, &c.

A MAIDEN IN LOVE.

With neither dog, nor scrip, nor staff,
I rather, by half,
A flock of sheep would guard,
Than a puling wench, sighing, up and abed,
With love in her head;
Nor would the task be half so hard.
All counsel 's thrown away and lost,
Advice is out of season;
Nor the devil a bit, no more than a post,
Can you get her to hear reason.
Whining,
Pining,
Groaning,
Moaning!
It is her way,
Each hour o' th' day:
Ask her why,
She heaves a sigh—
Tell her to disclose her fears,
Her answer is a show'r of tears.

I LOST MY POOR MOTHER.

I lost my poor mother
When only a child;
And I fear'd such another,
So gentle and mild,
Was not to be found:
But I saw my mistake,
For scarce was she gone,
But I prov'd I had mother and father in one:
And tho' at this minute he makes my heart ache,
There's not such another, search all the world round.

I'd reach'd my teens fairly,
As blithe as a bee,
His care, late and early,
Being all to please me:
No one thing above ground—
Was too good for his Rose;
At wake, or at fair,
I was dress'd out so gaily, Lord! people would stare;
And I say it again, though he 's peevish, God knows,
There's not such another, search all the world round.

But Love, who, they tell us,
Does many strange things
Makes all the world jealous,
And mad—even kings,
They say, he can wound;
This Love is the sore:—
Since Colin came here,
This father, so kind, is a father severe:
Yet still will I say, though he scolds more and more,
There's not such another, search all the world round.

HERE'S ALL HER GEAR.

Here 's all her gear, her wheel, her work;
These little bobbins to and fro
How oft I've seen her fingers jerk,—
Her pretty fingers, white as snow!
Each object is to me so dear,
My heart at sight on't throbbing goes;—
'Twas here she sat her down, and here
She told me she was Colin's Rose.

This posey for her, when she 's dress'd,
I've brought—alas! how happy I,
Could I be like these flow'rs caress'd,
And, like them, on her bosom die.
The violet and pink I took,
And ev'ry pretty flow'r that blows;
The rose, too—but how mean 'twill look
When by the side of my sweet Rose!

THERE WAS A JOLLY SHEPHERD LAD.

There was a jolly shepherd lad,
And Colin was his name;
And, all unknown to her old dad,
He sometimes to see Peggy came—
The object of his flame.
One day, of his absence too secure,
Her father thunder'd at the door;
When, fearing of his frown,
Says she, 'Dear love, the chimney climb:'
'I can't,' cries he, 'there is not time;
Besides, I should tumble down.'

What could they do, ta'en unawares?
They thought, and thought again;
In closets underneath the stairs
To hide himself 'twere all in vain,—
He'd soon be found, 'twere plain:
'Get up the chimney, love, you must,'
Cried she, 'or else the door he 'll burst,—
I would not for a crown—'
Young Colin, seeing but this shift,
E'en mounted up—Peg lent a lift,
And cried, 'Dont tumble down.'

With throbbing heart now to the door
Poor Peggy runs in haste,
Thinking to trick her father sure:
But haste (the proverb says) makes waste,
Which proverb 's here well plac'd.
Her father scolded her his best,
Call'd names, and said, among the rest,
'Pray have you seen that clown?'
She scarce had time to answer 'No,'
When, black all over as a crow,
Poor Colin tumbled down.

EXCUSE ME, PRAY YE DO.

Excuse me, pray ye do, good neighbour;
But Rose, you know, and I
Have oft partook one sport or labour,
While you have pleas'd stood by.
And since from little children playing,
You've kindly call'd me son,
I thought to Rose I might be saying,
'Good day,' and no harm done.

When you and father gravely counted,
One morning in the barn,
To how much in a day it mounted
That both of us could earn;
Since then you down the law were laying
And calling me your son,
I thought to Rose I might be saying,
'Good day,' and no harm done.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

Never talk of the care of a father,
Vain
Pain,
And argument poor!
Your children make much happy rather.
Nor even the old crabbed Mentor
Attempt to be playing,
But think of the saying,—
Love in at the window will enter,
If you shut it out at the door.

Never, maids, should the fit of love seize you,
Pine,
Whine,
But take, for a cure,
A kind constant youth that can please you.
In that will your happiness centre,—
Not Cupid still shunning,
For, spite of your cunning,
He in at your window will enter,
If you shut him out at the door.

This Cupid, sly rogue, how he teases!
All
Fall
Plump into his lure,
And he makes just whatever he pleases
Of those in his trammels who venture:
From a clown up to Pliny,
And he was no ninny,
Who said at the window he'll enter,
If you shut him out at the door.

From Wives Revenged.

[Another of the trifles of the vaudeville kind. It was first performed on the same night as 'Rose and Colin,' contrary to Dibdin's suggestion, who wrote the pieces as interludes. The *refrain* of the first song, at the time, gave a very popular currency to the old adage.]

CURTIS WAS OLD HODGE'S WIFE.

Curtis was old Hodge's wife,—
For virtue none was ever such;
She led so pure, so chaste a life,
Hodge said 'twas virtue over much;
For, says sly old Hodge, says he,
'Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.'

Curtis said, if men were rude,
She'd scratch their eyes out, tear their hair;
Cried Hodge, 'I believe thou'rt wondrous good,
However, let us nothing swear.'
For, says, &c.

One night she dream'd a drunken fool
Be rude with her in spite would fain;
She makes no more, but with joint-stool
Falls on her husband, might and main.
For, says, &c.

By that time she had broke his nose,
Hodge made a shift to wake his wife:
'Dear Hodge,' says she, 'judge by these blows,
I prize my vartue as my life.'
For, says, &c.

I dream'd a rude man on me fell;
However, I his project marr'd:
'Dear wife,' cried Hodge, ''tis mighty well,
But next time don't hit quite so hard.'
For, says, &c.

At break of day Hodge cross'd the stile,
Near to a field of new-mown hay,
And saw, and curs'd his stars the while,
Curtis and Numps in am'rous play:
'Wasn't I right,' says Hodge, says he;
'Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.'

AN ALDERMAN'S LOVE-MAKING.

That form, and all those charms, odd fish!
Are, I protest, a dainty dish;
And of your eyes, the very sight
Really creates an appetite,—
Grace, prithee, let me say.
I'm at a feast—and, ma'am, would you
Digest a perfect man of goût,
Who'd drink you as a toast each sup,
And who, for love, could eat you up,
Take Alderman Tokay.

A DRAPER'S LOVE-MAKING.

In me you think to find, perhaps,
One of those linsey-woolsey chaps
Who of despair and daggers puff,
And all such worn-out threadbare stuff;—
No, no, ma'am—not in me,—
I'm of another cloth cut out,
Well-wearing, durable, and stout;
And would you in a lover find
A fair outside, honestly lin'd,
Take Dicky Dimity.

GLEE—YOUNG PARIS.

Young Paris was bless'd just as I am this hour,
When proud Juno offer'd him riches and pow'r,
When stately Minerva of war talk'd, and arms,
When Venus beam'd on him a smile full of charms

Venus' charms gain'd the prize—what an idiot was he!
The apple of gold I'd have parted in three;
And, contenting them all by this witty device,
Given Juno, and Pallas, and Venus, a slice.

GLEE.

Our wives at home, your husbands gone,
To them leave care and thinking,
While gaily we the hours pass on
In laughing and in drinking.
The real joys of love are shar'd
By those who are discreetest;—
And here's his health who first declar'd
Stol'n pleasures are the sweetest.

THE DEDICATION TO LOVE.

Love, to thee myself I give,
In thee I breathe, by thee I move;
My fleeting hours, while yet I live,
To thee shall be devoted, Love!
Thou art the charm of ev'ry mind,—
The young, the old, thy influence prove;
Tender, jealous, roving, kind,
We all are happy—so we love.

In earliest youth how time did glide,—
Chloe might well have tempted Jove;
And I—what bliss! was Chloe's pride:—
Then how I sung thy praises, Love!
A smile, a nothing from my fair,
I priz'd all blessings far above;
I knew not e'en the name of care,
Nor aught but thy sweet transports, Love.

[Omitted in Representation.]

When, ardour damp'd, youth shall be past,
From fair to fair still will I rove;
And, from this moment to my last,
Untir'd, I'll sing thy praises, Love!
Each friend in this some folly sees,—
Will, then, such transports thee behove,
Will, when thou canst no longer please?—
What! is it nothing, then, to love?

THE NEW RECRUITING-PARTY.

Come here, all wives,
Who lead your lives
With dreary jarring,
Bawling,
Squalling,
Swearing,
Tearing,
Who in the dumps are left to pine
In spite of all your charms,—
At the sight of my drum,
Come hither—come;
While honour's rub-a-dub you're hearing,
To my standard quick repairing,
To fight alike your cause and mine,
Behold me under arms.

Rouse, rouse! and brave them to the field,
Your tongue the weapon that ye wield:
Laurels shall crown your brow!
But if they hold out 'gainst this force,
Talk, as a dernier resource,
Of vengeance—you know how.

TO CRUELTY A STRANGER

To cruelty a stranger,
How shall I 'scape this danger?
You woo with too much art!
While, tender and obliging,
Thus slyly you're besieging
A poor defenceless heart.

The reason you may guess
Why thus it flutters so;—
'Tis Love says—Yes, yes, yes!
And Virtue—No, no, no!

MASTER JENKINS.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe,
And swore he'd ne'er be married;
But 'gainst each husband threw some wipe,
Or dry jest drolly carried.

Master Jenkins thought a wife
The greatest mortal evil,
And swore to lead a husband's life
Must be the very devil.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe,
At home content, and married,
Regardless of each sneer or wipe,
Or dry jest drolly carried;
Master Jenkins swore a wife
Was not so great an evil,
And any but a husband's life
Was now the very devil.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe,
And had been some months married;
Severely now he felt each wipe,
For horns the poor man carried:
Master Jenkins curs'd his wife,
And swore of such an evil
To get well quit he'd part with life,
Or send her to the devil.

CATCH.

When husbands from their duty stray,
Their wives should be reveng'd some way:
Courage, then, dames, nor mope at home;—
What! sit and cry, and let them roam?
Your honour 's wounded—rouse, defend it,
And cuckold them—or else pretend it.

From Annette and Lubin.

[Another of the same set, and perhaps the archest and most French of the three. The duet between the Bailiff and Annette is a treasure to a clever actress of the Kelly school.]

YOUNG, AND VOID OF ART.

Young, and void of art or guile,
From ill intention free,
If love I've cherish'd all this while,
It came in spite of me.
When you've to me, and I've to you,
Tried who could kindest prove,
If that was love—What then to do
To fly from this same love?

When absent from you, I have mourn'd,
And thought each hour a score;
When on a sudden you return'd,
I've thrill'd with joy all o'er:
They say 'twas love—I thought 'twas you
Had made my heart thus move;—
Alas! what can a poor girl do,
To fly from this same love?

To ev'ry thing that you can ask,
What should I say but Yes?
It is because I like the task,
I freely grant each kiss.
You're all to me—I'm all to you—
This truth our deaths would prove,
Were we to part: What then to do
To fly from this same love?

Duet—THEY TELL ME YOU LISTEN.

BAILIFF.

They tell me you listen to all that he says;
That each hour of the day you are full of his praise;
That you always together your flocks lead to graze:
Is this true, damsel?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Mister Baily.

BAILIFF.

They tell me, also, you are so void of grace
As to brag that dear form, and that sweet pretty face,
That young dog shall be welcome to kiss and embrace:—
Is this true, damsel?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Mister Baily.

BAILIFF.

The neighbours all say, though I credit them not,
They have heard you declare, that, content with your lot,
Any king you'd refuse for that lout and a cot:—
Is this true, damsel?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Mister Baily.

BAILIFF.

But one thing, I vow, frights me out of my life:
'Tis allow'd on all hands—that is, barring the strife,
That you both live together just like man and wife:—
Is this true, damsel?

ANNETTE.

Yes, Mister Baily.

Duet—'TIS TRUE THAT OFT.

LUBIN.

'Tis true that oft in the same mead
We both have led our flocks to feed,
Where by each other's side we've sat:

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

'Tis true for thee this cot I rose,
Where thou tak'st pleasure to repose;
For which I found the greenest plat:

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

'Tis true, when tir'd thou fain wouldst rest
And thy dear lips to mine I've press'd,
Thy breath so sweet I've wonder'd at:

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

LUBIN.

Ah! but 'tis true, when thou hast slept,
Closer and closer have I crept;
And while my heart went pit-a-pat—

ANNETTE.

Alas! there was no harm in that.

A PLAGUE TAKE ALL GRUMBLING ELVES.

A PLAGUE take all such grumbling elves,
If they will rail, so be it:
Because we're happier than themselves,
They can't endure to see it.
For me, I never shall repine,
Let whate'er fate o'ertake us;
For love and Annette shall be mine,
Though all the world forsake us.

Then, dear Annette, regard them not;
The hours shall pass on gaily,
In spite of ev'ry snare and plot
Of that old doting Baily.
No! never, Annette, thou'lt repine,
Let whate'er fate o'ertake us:
For love and Lubin shall be thine,
Though all the world forsake us.

MY LORD, AND PLEASE YOU.

MY Lord, and please you, he and I,
Morn, noon, and night, in ev'ry weather,
From little children, not this high,
In the same cottage liv'd together.
Our parents left me to his care,
Saying, 'Let no one put upon her:'
'No, that I won't,' says he, 'I swear;'
And he ne'er lies, an't like your Honour.

As I was saying, we grew up,
For all the world sister and brother,—
One never had nor bit nor sup,
Unless it was partook by t'other.
And I am sure, instead of me,
Were it a duchess, he had won her;
He is so good; and I've, d'ye see,
A tender heart, an't like your Honour.

But, woe is ours—now comes the worst—
To-day our sorrows are beginning;
What I thought love—oh, I shall burst—
That nasty Baily says was sinning.
With Lubin, who, of all the bliss
I ever tasted is the donor,
I took delight to toy and kiss,—
Till—I'm with child—an't like your Honour.

From the Touchstone.

[This piece, which Dibdin calls a speaking pantomime, was produced at Covent Garden, Jan. 3, 1779. 'It is inconceivable,' says the author, 'how many persons were permitted to blot this production. I found, in one morning, interlineations in the hand-writing of four different persons, in my own copy. Mr. Pilon, Mr. Cumberland, and Mrs. Cowley, were all permitted to figure away upon it. Garrick was the fourth, whose suggestions I was proud to adopt. They consisted, however, of two smart points, which kind of hits no man ever threw in with more ability than he did. Everything else I insisted upon rejecting; but, as fast as I threw down one objection, another was raised up. Mr. Lee Lewis was permitted to foist in whatever nonsense he thought proper.' 'In this way,' he continues, 'it went on, till it was tortured into so many forms, and so many monsters were introduced, that I remember that Richards, who painted some beautiful scenery for it, asked me if I had not better, at once, call it *Noah's Ark*. In consequence of all this, it was Mr. Pilon's pantomime, and it was Mrs. Cowley's pantomime,—I never heard it attributed to Mr. Cumberland; but it was not two years ago, that a very particular friend, and an excellent theatrical critic, asked me if I remembered Garrick's pantomime of 'The Touchstone.' Dibdin recurs to the period with gratification, nothwithstanding these vexations, as it was the means of producing a reconciliation between him and Garrick. He adds, that the last time that eminent actor was ever on the stage, was during an evening repetition of 'The Touchstone,' a night or two before its performance. The next morning he left town for Lord Spencer's, and returned in a few days to breathe his last in the Adelphi. 'The Touchstone' was never printed; and many of the songs now presented to the reader have been transcribed from the only copy of the music we believe to be in existence.]

LOVE'S TEARS.

FORGIVE if, sometimes pensive,
My cheerfulness forgot,
Of shadows apprehensive,
I fear I know not what.

My very love alarms me;—
Its failings, then, excuse,
If your's, which so much charms me,
I so much dread to lose.

This life has little pleasing;
What wonder, then, in pain,
We 're every moment seizing,
That little to retain.

PARENTS MAY FAIRLY THANK THEMSELVES.

PARENTS may fairly thank themselves,
Should love our duty master:
Checking his pow'r, the senseless elves
But tie the knot the faster.
To trick such dotards, weak and vain,
Is duty and allegiance;
Whilst love, and all his pleasing train,
To fly were disobedience.

As fickle fancy, or caprice,
Or headlong whim, advises,
Children, and all their future peace,
Become the sacrifices:

Then trick these dotards, weak and vain,—
'Tis duty and allegiance;
Whilst love, and all his pleasing train,
To fly, were disobedience.

A TRIP AMONG THE PLANETS.

Such tumbling and such tossing, sir;
Such jolting and such crossing, sir;
Soon overturn'd lay,
And topsyturvy, the poor Milky Way;
We rode Aquitarius,
Knock'd down Sagittarius,
Quench'd stars as thick as bees in hives;
Whilst I in such a taking, sir,
From head to foot was quaking, sir;
Though, had I burst,
I knew needs must,
When the devil drives.
Rams, Virgins, Bulls, and Lions, sir,
Now bid us all defiance, sir,
A very swarm,
Myriads of worlds, in ev'ry shape and form,
Flat, square, oblong, and spherical.
Sir, we escap'd by miracle:—

I thought, had we a thousand lives,
We must to pot have gone, sir,
So fiercely they came on, sir.
But the proverb 's just,
For, faith! needs must,
When the devil drives.

ST. GEORGE AND GLORY.

Your champion now his falchion draws—
See laurels strew'd before ye;—
Come, then, and fight the noble cause,—
The words, St. George and glory.

Assur'd of honour and success,
We take the field with spirit;
Each British heart the cause will bless,
When courage ranks with merit.

To join our bands, each British youth
Would muster, did we need 'em;
The very soil is valour's growth,
The air itself breathes freedom.

THE VAUXHALL WATCH.

My name 's Ted Blarney, I'll be bound,
And, man and boy, upon this ground,
Full twenty years I've beat my round,
Crying—Vauxhall watch.
And as that time 's a little short,
With some small folks that here resort,
To be sure I have not had some sport,
Crying—Vauxhall watch.
Oh! of pretty wenches dress'd so tight,
And macaronies what a sight,
Of a moonlight morn I've bid good night!
Crying—Vauxhall watch.

The lover cries, 'No soul will see.'
'You are deceiv'd, my love,' cries she:
'Dare's that Irish taef there'—meaning me—
Crying—Vauxhall watch.
So they goes on with their am'rous talk,
Till they gently steal to the dark,
While I steps aside, no sport to balk.
Crying—Vauxhall watch.
Oh! of pretty wenches, &c.

THIS LIFE IS LIKE A TROUBLED SEA.

This life is like a troubled sea,
Where, helm a-weather or a-lee,
The ship will neither stay nor wear,
But drives, of ev'ry rock in fear:

All seamanship in vain we try,—
We cannot keep her steadily;
But, just as Fortune's wind may blow,
The vessel's tosticated to and fro:
Yet, come but Love on board,
Our hearts with pleasure stor'd,
No storm can overwhelm.
Still blows in vain
The hurricane,
While he is at the helm.

HAPPY BRITAIN.

Happy Britain! matchless isle,
Whose natives, like the sturdy oak,
Secure in inborn force, may smile,
And mock the tempest's heaviest stroke.

Whilst smiling peace shall bless the land,
Her couching lion shall in dalliance sport;
Arts and fair science, hand in hand,
Their monarch's patronage shall court.

But, rous'd by war, shall dreadful move,
Britannia's vengeance on her foes; to prove,
Where'er again her banners are unfurl'd,
The dread and envy of the wond'ring world.

From the Chelsea Pensioners.

[Produced May 6, 1779, at Covent Garden. 'Brother Soldiers, why cast down?' is an evident imitation of General Wolfe's fine song—'Why stands the Glass around?' and greatly inferior to the original. 'The Loves of John and Jean' was very popular in its day.]

BROTHER SOLDIERS.

Brother soldiers, why cast down?
Never, boys, be melancholy:
You say our lives are not our own;—
But, therefore, should we not be jolly?
This poor tenement, at best,
Depends on fickle chance; meanwhile,
Drink, laugh, and sing; and for the rest,
We 'll boldly brave each rude campaign;
Secure, if we return again,
Our pretty landlady shall smile.

Fortune his life and yours commands;
And this moment, should it please her
To require it at your hands,
You can but die,—and so did Cæsar.
Our span, though long, were little worth,
Did we not time with joy beguile:
Laugh, then, the while you stay on earth,
And boldly brave, &c.

Life 's a debt we all must pay,—
'Tis so much pleasure, which we borrow;
Nor heed if on a distant day
It is demanded, or to-morrow.
The bottle says we 're tardy grown,—
Do not the time and liquor spoil;
Laugh out the little life you own,
And boldly brave, &c.

Glee—SWEETLY, SWEETLY.

Sweetly, sweetly let's enjoy
The smiling moments made for Love;
And while we clasp the dimpled boy,
The glass to you, to you shall move;
And drinking, laughing, jesting, neatly,
The time shall pass on sweetly—sweetly.

Love's arrows, dipp'd in rosy wine,
To the charm'd heart like lightning pass;
And Mars feels transport more divine,
When smiling Venus fills his glass.

Rondeau—IF DEEP THY PONIARD.

If deep thy poniard thou wouldst drench
In blood, t' avenge old Blenheim's woes,
My enemies, boy, are the French,
And all who are my country's foes.

Shall I receive an added day
Of life, when crimes your name shall brand!
No: never let detraction say
That virtue arm'd a murderer's hand.
If deep, &c.

Of anger, then, no single breath
Respire for my poor sake; but since
You 've spirit to encounter death,
Die for your country and your prince.
If deep, &c.

Glee—THE RECRUITING PARTY.

With mingled sound of drum and fife,
We follow the recruiting life;
And as we march through ev'ry fair,
Make girls admire, and bumpkins stare.

With bumpers full we ply Sir Clown,
Or else produce the well-tim'd crown;
And, listing first the sturdy elves,
We gain their sweethearts for ourselves.

FILIAL LOVE.

'Twas not her eyes, though orient mines
Can boast no gem so bright that glows;
Her lips, where the deep ruby shines;
Her cheeks, that shame the blushing rose;
Nor yet her form, Minerva's mien;
Her bosom, white as Venus dove,—
That made her my affection's queen,
But 'twas alone her filial love,

The ruby lip, the brilliant eye,
The rosy cheek, the graceful form,
In turn for commendation vie,
And justly the fir'd lover charm:
But transient these;—the charm for life,
Which reason ne'er shall disapprove,
Which truly shall insure a wife
Faithful and kind, is filial love.

THE LOVES OF JOHN AND JEAN.

Sing the loves of John and Jean,
Sing the loves of Jean and John;
John, for her, would leave a queen,
Jean, for him, the noblest don.
She 's his queen,
He 's her don;
John loves Jean,
And Jean loves John.

Whate'er rejoices happy Jean,
Is sure to burst the sides of John;
Does she for grief look thin and lean,
That instant he is pale and wan:
Thin and lean,
Pale and wan;
John loves Jean,
And Jean loves John.

'Twas the lily hand of Jean
Fill'd the glass of happy John;
And, heaven! how joyful was she seen
When he was for a license gone!
Joyful seen,
They 'll dance anon,
For John weds Jean,
And Jean weds John.

John has ta'en to wife his Jean,
Jean 's become the spouse of John;
She no longer is his queen,
He no longer is her don.
No more queen;
No more don;—
John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John.

Whatever 'tis that pleases Jean,
Is certain now to displease John:
With scolding they 're grown thin and lean,
With spleen and spite they 're pale and wan.
Thin and lean,
Pale and wan;
John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John.

John prays Heav'n to take his Jean,
Jean at the devil wishes John;
He 'll dancing on her grave be seen,
She 'll laugh when he is dead and gone.
They 'll gay be seen,
Dead and gone,
For John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John.

PHILOSOPHY.

The world 's a strange world, child, it must be confess'd,
We all of distress have our share:
But since I must struggle to live with the rest,
By my troth! 'tis no great matter where.
We all must put up with what Fortune has sent,—
Be, therefore, one's lot poor or rich,
So there be but a portion of ease and content,
By my troth! 'tis no great matter which.

A living 's a living, and so there 's an end;
If one honestly gets just enow,
And something to spare for the wants of a friend,
By my troth! 'tis no great matter how.
In this world about nothing we busied appear,
And I've said it again and again,
Since quit it one must, if one's conscience is clear,
By my troth! 'tis no great matter when.

WHEN THOU SHALT SEE.

When thou shalt see his bosom swelling,
When soft compassion's tear shall start,
As my poor father's woes thou 'rt telling,
Come back and claim my hand and heart.
The cause bless'd eloquence will lend thee;
Nay, haste, and ease my soul's distress;
To judge thy worth, I'll here attend thee,
And rate thy love by thy success.

Finale to first Act—GOOD NIGHT.

Nancy. Good night, good night, thou noble youth;
And if thy tenderness and truth
Should a propitious influence need
To make thy gen'rous views succeed,
From grief to set my father free,
Oh! for a moment think of me.
Oh! for a moment, &c.

Lively. Good night, good night, the cheerful hour
If sad remembrance should sour,—
If, as the joyful glass goes round,
One single drop of care be found,
Your cup from the intruder free,
And for a moment think of me.
Oh! for a moment, &c.

Esther. Good night, good night, try all you can
To save, I pray you, my good man;
His fortune has been very rough,
But, if his griefs are not enough
To melt your heart, and set him free,
Oh! for a moment think of me.
Oh! for a moment, &c.

Blenheim. Good night, good night, and if henceforth
Thou see'st proud vice, neglected worth,
Abuse of power, perverted laws,
Bad men's prosperity the cause,
And art from indignation free,
Oh! for a moment think of me.
Oh! for a moment, &c.

'TIS BETTER TO LAUGH THAN TO CRY.

Neighbour, neighbour,
Work away:
What like labour
Makes us gay?
The world is sad,
It knows not why;
Your poets in rhymes
May rail at the times,
But, since they 're so bad,
And no cure 's to be had,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

But look behind,
And you shall find,
For one poor pleasure, plagues a score;
Nor is, I fear,
One whit more clear
The prospect, should you look before;—
Then, far beyond blind Fortune's pow'r,
Live and enjoy the present hour.

Glee—TELL ME, NEIGHBOUR.

Tell me, neighbour, tell me plain,
Which is the best employ?
Is it love, whose very pain,
They say, is perfect joy?
Is it war, whose thund'ring sound
Is heard at such a distance round?
Is it to have the miser's hoard?
Is it to be with learning stor'd?
Is it gay Pegasus to rein?
Tell me, neighbour, tell me plain.

No, no, will answer ev'ry honest soul:
The best employ 's to push about the bowl.

A HEARTY FELLOW.

Why, thanks be prais'd, I'm pretty free
From sickness, though I'm old;—
Indeed, an asthma teases me,
Now I have got a cold;
The gout, too, plays me tricks;
Then I've the rheumatics,
And a sort of a wheezing,
That 's sometimes teasing,
In the morning, do you see;
But 'tis over soon,
For by that time 'tis noon,
The deuce a thing ails me!

AWHILE IN EV'RY NATION

Awhile in ev'ry nation
War may blaze around,
Still spreading desolation,
Yet there is hope of peace.
Awhile the billows, raging,
May sky and sea confound;
Yet, winds and waves assuaging,
Storms at the last will cease.

But man, by vice o'ertaken,
A tempest in his mind,
His warring passions shaken,
Are reeds as in the wind.

Rare is the eloquence that has the charm
To rule the pestilence, or quell the storm.

THE COBBLER'S RESOLVE.

'Twere better, I took your advice, my good neighbour,—
My conduct henceforward I'll mend:
With joy and content to my *last* will I labour,
Still striving to make a good *end*.
And then, as to love, I'll ne'er think of a woman,—
I will not—I swear it by goles!
But, like Methodist preachers on Kennington Common,
I'll live but by mending of *soles*.

Many battles I'll fight—o'er a pot of good porter
Whole armies I'll kill—in my *stall*;
To no sole—of a shoe, will I ever give *quarter*,
And what *hides* will I pierce—with my *awl*.
And then as to love, &c.

WHEN WELL ONE KNOWS.

When well one knows to love and please,
What distresses can one prove?
What can rob that heart of ease
Possess'd of pleasure, rich in love?

Alas! without this sov'reign good,
Whose pow'r no emperor can stay,
Riches, rank, or noble blood,
Honour, titles—what are they?

One tender look 's to lovers worth
More treasure than the Indies own;
Smiles are the empire of the earth;
The arms of those we love—a throne!

LET YOUR COURAGE, BOY, BE TRUE.

Let your courage, boy, be true t'ye,—
Hard and painful is the soldier's duty:
'Tis not alone to bravely dare,
To fear a stranger,
Each threat'ning danger,
That whistles through the dusky air;
Where thund'ring jar
Conflicting arms,
All the alarms,
And dreadful havoc of the war.

Your duty done, and home returning,
With self-commended ardour burning,
If this right pride
Foes should deride,
And from your merit turn aside,—
Though than the war the conflict 's more severe,
This is the trial you must learn to bear.

FINALE TO LAST ACT.

Lively. Love, joy, and harmony
Shall henceforth here abound;
While with the glass the jovial glee
Shall merrily go round.

Chorus. Drums shall beat, and fifes shall sound,
And love, and joy, and harmony
Shall henceforth here abound;
While with the glass the jovial glee
Shall merrily go round.

Esther. Dame Fortune my good man and me
Has done, then, playing pranks;
Accept, good sir, for this bounty,
My humble mite of thanks.
Drums shall beat, &c.

Nancy. Wond'ring, I here transported stand;
How most t' admire the worth
Of him to whom I give my hand,
Or him who gave me birth.
Drums shall beat, &c.

Blenheim. Fortune, as now, is often just;
Yet we'll not take our due
Till of success this sudden gust
Is ratified by you.
Drums shall beat, &c.

From the Mirror, or Harlequin Everywhere.

[A Pantomime produced at Covent Garden, Nov. 30, 1779.]

HELL'S TENANTS.

That gentleman whom there you see,
The vulture gnawing his liver,
A very wicked wight was he,
A judge and great lawgiver.
More orphans' goods than tongue can tell,
On earth devour'd this limb;
And now, for punishment, in hell
A vulture devours him.

That figure on the wheel you see,
I'd have you to understand,
A noted minister was he,
And lord of a certain land:
The nation who did cheat and trouble,
And roast, to gain his pelf;
And who, at last, made his own bubble,
Is roasting here himself.

41. 11. 8. 1043.

He who the chymist's stone pursu'd,
Which makes such rant and pother,
Here rolls a stone which doth elude
His search, as did the other;
T'other, who lack of charities
Did gormandize and guzzle,
On dainties feasts but with his eyes—
The punishment is subtle.

These harmless ladies o'er their tea
With scandal time did kill,
That well must empty, as you see,
In sieves that never fill.
That miser, who the heart had ne'er
To lay his ill-gotten gains out,
Now shrinking, trembling, quakes, for fear
That rock should knock his brains out.

PUNCH.

Can't you see by my hunch, sir—Faddledy, daddledy dino,
I am Master Punch, sir—Riberi, biberi, bino;
Fiddledy diddledy, faddledy daddledy, robbery bobbery, ribery bibery, faddledy daddledy dino, ribery bibery bino.
That merry fellow, Punchinello,
Dancing here, you see, sir,
Whose mirth not hell itself can quell,
He 's ever in such glee, sir.
Niddlety noddlety, niddlety noddlety, niddlety noddlety nino.
Then let me pass, old Grecian—Faddledy daddledy dino,
To the Fields Elysian—Riberi, biberi, bino.
Fiddledy, diddledy, &c.

My ranting, roaring Pluto—Faddledy daddledy dino,
Just to a hair will suit, oh!—Riberi biberi bino.
Faddledy, &c.
Each jovial fellow,
At Punchinello,
Will laughing o'er his cup roar;
I'll rant and revel,
And play the devil,
And set all hell in an uproar.
Niddlety noddlety nino.
Then let me pass, &c.

WHENEE'R I'VE SEEN HER JEERING.

Whene'er I've seen her jeering,
Coquetting, ogling, leering,
In absence of papa,
In wishes sweet confounded,
Oh! how my heart has bounded,
To be as wise as my mama.
Thump a thump.

Or when, the captain's way in,
I have been sent out playing,
While through the key-hole peeping
Oh! how my heart was leaping
To be wise as my mama.
Thump a thump, &c.

THE ANTIPODEANS.

Oh! the bibby bobby fellows—topsy turvy,
Of manners rare,
Who live in air,
Carousing in jovial bands!
Who are never shabby, stingy, mean, nor scurvy,
Who no friends betray,
But who, happy and gay,
Neatly featly, neatly featly, neatly featly,
Foot it away with their hands.

Their lawyers do no ill;
Their physicians never kill;
Their wives are never shrill;
Their taverns make no bill;
Their great men are of skill;
Their Cockneys never swill.
Til lil de ril lil lil lil lil.

They neither swear nor lie;
From their promise never fly;
To friends are never shy;
Ne'er backbite nor decry:
Good friends, this side the sky;
Do, pray, a little try
The Antipodean fry.
Turum tidum, tidem tidem, tidem tidem ti.

THE FARMER.

My beehives are furnish'd with bees,
Quickset hedges my fences adorn;
My woods are all planted with trees,
And my fields yellow over with corn.
I seldom have found any tares,
Of such use are my harrow and plough;
In my orchard grow apples and pears,
In my dairy there 's milk from my cow.

Not an oak in my grove is there seen,
But an ivy around it does creep;
Not a yew-tree 's more reverend green,
Whence a reverend owl does not peep:
Not a blossom have I, or a bud,
But in time fruit or flower reveals;
Not a river that 's bottom'd with mud,
But produces me plenty of eels.

From the farmyard, the stable, the pens,
What strains drown the thresher's rude stroke!
How sheep, ducks and geese, cocks and hens,
Cackling love, parade dunghills that smoke!
Other farms may, perhaps, be more clean,
Outhouses and hovels more fine;
Other owners more courtly be seen,
But their profit 's not equal to mine.

From the Shepherdess of the Alps.

[A Comic Opera, first acted at Covent Garden Theatre, Jan. 18, 1780.]

OPENING CHORUS.

Press the vine, press the vine—
Our annual harvest is begun;
Red as a rose,
The liquor flows,
And shortly we shall drink the wine,
To cheer our hearts when labour 's done.
'Tis the right body, strong and rough,—
Let us the hogsheads fill;—
Come, neighbour, come,—you've work'd enough,
Now let us make a spill.

THE CHARMS OF WOMEN.

There's something in women their lovers engage,
Of whatever complexion, or stature, or age;
And she who would frighten a mere stander-by,
Is a Venus herself in the fond lover's eye.
If she 's pale, never swan was a tenth part so fair;
If tawny, like jet are her eyes and her hair;
If Xantippe herself, her scolding 's thought wit;
If meek, all good wives to their husbands submit.

If a pigmy, how neat are her air and her mien!
If a steeple, she's graceful, and walks like a queen;
If a girl in her teens, all's handsome that 's young;
If eighty, her fortune says—World, hold your tongue!
In short, to dear woman 'tis given to please,
And tho' the whim often should take them to tease,
To perplex, to torment, and a thousand things more,
They're the deities men were all born to adore.

HOW UNLIKE TO THESE FOPS.

How unlike to these fops were our fathers of old!
Brave, manly, heroic, intrepid, and bold;
Who had spirits like fire, and of health such a stock.
That their pulse struck the seconds as true as a clock,
Without bridle or saddle who'd mount on a nag,
And kill before sunrise a boar or a stag;
Who, hunger provok'd by the keen wholesome air,
Would eat you for breakfast a pound of a bear.

But a fine mincing modern comes into the room,
A lump of pulvilio, a walking perfume;
In his tricks and his shape
A direct human ape;
Who ogles and flushes,
And simpers and blushes,
And patches and paints,
And expires and faints,
And stammers and trips,
Takes snuff, bites his lips,
Lisps, coughs, and lolls;—
But, to cut the thing short,
Our men now at court
Are nothing but so many sixpenny dolls.

WHEN JEALOUS OUT OF SEASON.

When jealous out of season,
When deaf and blind to reason,
Of truth we've no belief;
With rage we're overflowing,
Nor why nor wherefore knowing,
And the heart goes throb with grief.

But when the fit is over,
And kindness from the lover
Does every doubt destroy,
Away fly thoughts alarming,
Each object appears charming,
And the heart goes throb with joy.

SWEET MELANCHOLY BIRD.

Sweet melancholy bird, again,
As thou art wont at ev'ry eve,
My hopeless sorrow, in soft strain,
Ah! echo to me, and relieve.

Alas! to answer my sad woe,
In sympathy all nature grieves:
The rivers seem with tears to flow,
The zephyr sighs amidst the leaves.

THE LITTLE BARK.

The little bark may safely ride
Where neither rocks nor quicksands lie;
But, driv'n to sea by wind and tide,
As swift as swallows skim the sky,
The horror of the foaming main,
The lightning's glare, the thunder's roar,
Give little prospect that again
Poor bark shall ever reach the shore.

BY LOVE AND FORTUNE GUIDED

By love and fortune guided,
I quit the busy town;
With cot and sheep provided,
And vestments of a clown.
Thus have I barter'd riches
For a shepherd's little stock;
A crook to leap o'er ditches,
And well to climb each rock:
A faithful dog my steps to guide,
A scrip and hautboy by my side;
And my horn to give th' alarm,
When wolves would harm
My flock.

Ah! say, then, who can blame me?
For beauty 'tis I roam;
But if the chase should tame me,
Perhaps I may come home.
Till then I'll give up riches, &c.

THE RISING SUN.

The rising sun Lysander found,
Shedding tears o'er Phillis' tomb,
Who swore he ne'er would leave the ground,
But pass his life in that dear gloom.
Tearing his hair, the frantic youth
Cried, 'Food and raiment I deny;
And with my life shall end my truth,—
For love of Phillis will I die.'

The radiant god made half his tour,
The kine sought shelter from his heat,
Which pass'd within the cottage-door,
Where poor Lysander drank and eat.
His dinner finish'd, up he rose,
Stalk'd, sighing, silently and slow,
To where were hung his Sunday's clothes,
Then took a walk to chase his woe.

The sun to Thetis made his way,
When, underneath a friendly shade,
A shepherd sung, in accents gay,
His passion for a gentle maid.
O lovers! what are all your cares?
Your sighs? your suff'rings? tell me what!
To Daphne 'tis Lysander swears,
And lovely Phillis is forgot.

A COURTING SCENE.

First, Sir:—May I perish, dear creature—
Fall down, and expire at your feet,
If, in air, stature, mien, shape, and feature,
Any Venus was e'er so complete.

Then, Madam:—Lord, you're such another,—
I ne'er saw the like in my days;
You make such a rout and a pother,
And then you've such wheedling ways.
Permit me—I vow, sir,
To ravish—Nay, now, sir!
A heavenly kiss—Pray be civil!
Oh nectar!—You tease me!
Ambrosia—And blouse me!
Get along, you agreeable devil!

Fir'd all over,
Now, the lover
Sighs, nor tears can stay;
Bold he ventures,
Pleasure enters,
Reason flies away.

MANY AND OFTEN WAS THE TIME.

Many and often was the time,
When up a tree I us'd to climb,
To search for birds' nests in it;
And, as the boughs I've mov'd about,
Perhaps the noise has frighten'd out
All but the last-fledg'd linnet.
The little thing, from bough to bough,
I'd watch with anxious care, and now
Dodge hither, and now thither,
Till in the cage I've thought it sure,
Forgetting to secure the door,
It flew,—the Lord knows whither.

What could I do?—No use to cry,
Whimper, put finger in the eye,
Blubber, and make a pother:—
I e'en was forc'd to be content,
And onwards as I whistling went,
Perhaps I've found another.

MY TEARS, ALAS! I CANNOT SPEAK.

My tears, alas! I cannot speak!
Must thank his goodness, sure, divine;
For had I words—words are too weak,
Too poor, to vent such thoughts as mine.

The sun, in its meridian height,
Will gratitude like this inspire;
Whose kindly heat and piercing light
We wonder at, and we admire.

WELL I REMEMBER ME.

Well I remember me, 'twas on the first of May,
With garlands and nosegays first came all our neighbours!
Then, dress'd
In their best,
Came the pipes and the tabors.
Nothing e'er was so gay!
At rest from their labours
All kept holyday.
Drums were beating, bells ringing,
No kind of tillage
Was seen in the village,
But all sorts of pastime, and dancing, and singing.

And then, at the church—I remember it yet,—
How bashful you look'd, I shall never forget;
And when ask'd if your duty as wife you'd fulfil,
Lord! how you did blush when you answer'd I will.
Well I remember, &c.

THE COY PASTORA.

The coy Pastora Damon woo'd,
Damon the witty and the gay;
Damon, who never fair pursu'd,
But she became an easy prey.
Yet, with this nymph, his ev'ry pow'r
In vain he tries, no language moves;—
Thus do we see the tender flow'r
Shrink from the sun whose warmth it loves.

Piqued at the little angry puss,
Cried he,—She sets me all on fire!
Then plagues herself and makes this fuss,
Only to raise her value higher.

For that she loves me, ev'ry hour,
Each moment, some new instance proves:
Thus do we see the tender flow'r
Shrink from the sun whose warmth it loves.

How to resolve, then? what resource?
By fair means she will ne'er come to;
What of a little gentle force?
Suppose I try what that will do?
I know she 'll tears in torrents pour;
I know her cries will pierce the groves:—
Thus do we see the tender flow'r
Shrink from the sun whose warmth it loves.

AH MEN! WHAT SILLY THINGS YOU ARE.

Ah men! what silly things you are,
To woman thus to humble,
Who, fowler like, but spreads her snare,
Or, at her timid game
Takes aim,
Pop, pop, and down you tumble.

She marks you down, fly where you will,
O'er clover, grass, or stubble;
Can wing you, feather you, or kill,
Just as she takes the trouble;
Ah men! &c.

Then fly not from us, 'tis in vain,—
We know the art of setting,
As well as shooting, and can train
The shyest men our net in.
Ah men! &c.

BRIGHT GEMS THAT TWINKLE.

Bright gems that twinkle from afar,
Planets, and ev'ry lesser star,
That, darting each a downward ray,
Console us for the loss of day!
Begone! e'en Venus, who so bright
Reflects her visions pure and white,
Quick disappear, and quit the skies,
For lo! the moon begins to rise!

Ye pretty warblers of the grove,
Who chant such artless tales of love,—
The throstle gurgling in his throat,
The linnet with his silver note,
The soaring lark, the whistling thrush,
The mellow blackbird, goldfinch, hush!
Fly, vanish, disappear, take wing!
The nightingale begins to sing.

IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

In the month of May,
The morning gray
First peeps a doubtful light;
Three strikes the clock,
The village cock
Next crows with all his might:
Each waking bird
Chirping is heard;
Tinges of red the sky adorn;
Bird, man, and beast,
Regard the east,
And, pleas'd, salute the rising morn.

The shepherd now his flock unfolds;
Night, like a thief, steals slow away,—
His dingy hue,
Ugly to view,
Is chang'd to a delightful blue;
All nature 's gay:
And now the villager behold,
His mowers mow, his ploughers plough,
Sheep bleet, birds sing, and oxen low:
Each rural sound salutes his ears;
He wishes to make one:
And now,
Usher'd by all this fine parade,
In ev'ry splendid pomp array'd,
Appears
The radiant sun.

So, after abundance of toilet affairs,
And Betty has nine times ran up and down stairs,
For lappets and ribands, and one thing and t'other,
And the house top and bottom 's alarm'd with the pother,
And a hundred things more are done equally risible,
The lady, at last, condescends to be visible.

HERE SLEEPS IN PEACE.

Here sleeps in peace, beneath this rustic vase
The tenderest lover a husband could prove;
Of all his distress, alas! I am the cause,
So much I ador'd him, heav'n envied my love.
The sighs I respire ev'ry morn I arise,
The mis'ry I cherish, the grief, and the pain,
The thousands of tears that fall from my eyes,
Are all the sad comforts for me that remain.

When, his colours display'd, honour call'd him to arms,
By tender persuasions I kept him away,
His glory forgetting for these fatal charms,
And, to punish me, he is depriv'd of the day.
Since when, to his mem'ry I've rais'd this sad tomb,
Where to join him, alas! I shall shortly descend;
Where sorrow, nor pain, nor affliction can come,
And where both my love and my crime shall have end.

From the Fortune-Hunter.

[A Musical Dialogue, written for Saddler's Wells, 1780.]

THE WILLING SOUL.

The willing soul, well pleas'd, delights
To heal the stranger's grief;
Nor will its hospitable rites
From worth withhold relief:

But still we should—deceitful lest
The tear we wish to dry—
Distinguish 'twixt the gen'rous guest
And the insidious spy.

Our passions each should, station'd well,
Have some good post apart;
And, as our wary sentinel,
Prudence should guard the heart.

Thus, like a camp, the human breast
Might a surprise defy;
Rewarding still the gen'rous guest,
And punishing the spy.

From the Islanders and the Marriage Act.

['The Islanders' is a three-act Comic Opera, first performed at Covent Garden, Nov. 25, 1780. Nearly all the songs in 'The Marriage Act,' called a two-act farce, which was produced at the same theatre in the subsequent year, were written for 'The Islanders,' and appear in the printed copies of that piece. The 'Marriage Act,' is, in fact, 'The Islanders' compressed.

Catch—FAR FROM THE WORLD.

Far from the world, on a strange soil,
What should we do, were we to think?
But custom now has sweeten'd toil,
Nor do we from our peril shrink;—
Therefore, lest the liquor spoil,
Push round the bowl, and let us drink.

THE LADIES' FACES.

The ladies' faces, now-a-days,
Are various as their humours:
And on complexions oft we gaze,
Brought home from the perfumer's.
Hid as it were beneath a cloak,
The beauty 's false that wins ye:
Then pardon me by way of joke,
If I prefer my Dingy.

A handkerchief can rub away
Your roses and your lilies;
The more you rub, the more you may,—
My Dingy dingy still is;
Besides, her hair 's as black as jet,
Her eyes are gems from India;—
Rail as you list, then, I shall yet,
For joke's sake, love poor Dingy.

DID FORTUNE BID ME CHOOSE.

Did Fortune bid me choose a state
From all that 's rich, and all that 's great;
From all that ostentation brings,
The splendour, pride, and pomp of kings;—
These gifts, and more, did she display,
With health that felt not life's decay,
I 'd spurn with scorn the useless lot
Were my Camilla's name forgot.

But did she for my fate assign
That I should labour in a mine,
Or, with many wretches more,
In slav'ry chain me to an oar;
Or, from the sight of man exil'd,
Send me to a Siberian wild;—
For this, and more, would she atone,
Were my Camilla all my own.

WHEN YANKO DEAR.

When Yanko dear fight far away,
Some token kind me send;
One branch of olive, for dat say,
Me wish de battle end;
The poplar tremble while him go,
Say of dy life take care:
Me send no laurel—for me know
Of dat he find him share.

De ivy say, my heart be true;
Me droop, say willow-tree:
De torn, he say, me sick for you;
De sunflow'r, tink of me.
Till last I go, weep wid de pine,
For fear poor Yanko dead;
He come, and I de myrtle twine,
In chaplet for him head.

THE AUCTION OF WIVES.

Auctioneer. But first I premise,
All simpers and sighs,
All leers under hats,
All squeezes and pats,
Of which you 've at will a collection,
Adjusting of dress,
Affecting distress,
Our justice proscribes
As so many bribes
The freedom against of election;
And, now, who 'd advance her,
To her name come and answer,—
For ugliness we 've the concoction;
Nor is 't a new custom—
This is not the first time
That wives have been put up to auction.
Sarah Simper.

She. Here.

Auc. No bribes, child—that was a leer.
Margery Modest.

She. Here.

Auc. That 's my pretty dear!
Dolly Disdainful!

She. Here.

Auc. That frown, love 's too severe.
Susannah Sadlooks.

She. Here.

Auc. There 's bribery in that tear.
Jenny Forward.

She. Here.
Auc. How! whisper in my ear!
Bridget Sturdy.
She. Here.
Auc. What 's this?—a grenadier?
Gertrude Half-gone.
She. Not here.
Auc. That matter 's pretty clear.
Sukey Softly.
She. Here.
Auc. The rest fall in the rear.
But still I advise
No simpers or sighs,
No leers under hats,
No squeezes or pats,
Of which you 've at will a collection,
Adjusting of dress,
Affecting distress;—
These our justice proscribes
As so many bribes
The freedom against of election.

Gallants, then, where are ye?
Whose time 's come to marry,
For ugliness we 've the concoction;
Nor is 't a new custom—
This is not the first time
That wives have been put up to auction.

Duet—THAT LOVELY HAND.

Male. That lovely hand, which is, I swear,
Than any saffron far more fair,
I seize in spite of all those frowns.
Female. O zounds!
Male. Nay, nay.
Fem. I won't, I say.
Male. Sho, sho, sho, sho.
Fem. No, no, no, no.
Male. Nay, start not back—you 're wrong, you re wrong.
Fem. You cursed devil, hold your tongue.
Sir, if another word you say,
You 'll surely make me swound away.
Male. This coying is so out of place,—
Do airs like those become that face?
Fem. If you persist, sir, I 'll cry out.
Male. Nay, prithee, make not such a rout.
Those red-lead lips, my bonny girl,
Which hide those teeth that should be pearl,
I 'll kiss in spite of all those frowns.
Fem. O zounds, &c.

Male. Dear me! you coy it more and more.
Fem. I ne'er saw such a toad before,—
So rampant, rude, and so uncivil.
Male. Come to my arms—
Fem. You plaguy devil!
Male. That form so plump, so full of ease,
Round as a dumpling or Dutch cheese,
I must embrace for all those frowns.
Fem. O zounds, &c.

EVERY JACK HAS HIS JILL.

Thus ev'ry Jill some Jack can find,
To common sense and reason blind,
Who, for a form that crows might scare,
Thinks it worth while to lay a snare;
Who, swearing and lying,
And kneeling and sighing,
No promise in all Love's collection will spare.
Black 's white—day 's night;
The sun 's a rushlight,
Time, season, and space
Take whatever face
He'd have that wear,
While her conquest so vain of,
Ma'am calls up a train of
Airs, whims, and conceits,
Advances, retreats,
More whimsical far than a great dancing-bear;
And her follies still egg her,
Till, like a poor beggar,
On horseback once sit her,
She gallops—the devil knows where.

THOU MONSTER! THOU JEZEBEL!

[A song in which the singer gives the answer in a female voice.]

Thou monster! thou Jezebel! instant confess,
Or I swear that thy destiny near is,
Who is it has brought on us all this distress?
Who seduc'd thee, thou devil? Gil Perez.

He did?—O the dog! not an hour shall he live.
O, damme, what perfidy here is!
Such a lamb of her innocence thus to deprive!
Who promis'd you marriage? Gil Perez.

He dies!—by to-morrow the dog shall be cold,
Now see that your answer sincere is!
Who swore of this bus'ness if ever you told,
He'd cut you to pieces? Gil Perez.

'Tis enough! he shall perish—I swear by my fame,
By all to an hero that dear is.
One thing more—Who enjoin'd you to lay all the blame
On the innocent doctor? Gil Perez.

COME, COURAGE, LADS.

Come, courage, lads, and drink away:
A man upon his wedding-day
Ought rarely well his part to play
At stingo or October:
For who would be that stupid elf,
For whim, caprice, or love, or pelf,
To poison, hang, or drown himself,
Or marry, when he 's sober?

For madam's will at nothing stops;
She must have balls, and routs, and fops,
And often ransack all the shops,
In gay attire to robe her.
Then drink, the day you take a wife,
As the last comfort of your life;
For, ever after, noise and strife
Are sure to keep you sober.

IF WHILE CONTENDING PASSIONS.

If, while contending passions rise,
To gaze with transport on her eyes,
To wish her beauties to defend,
To be her champion and her friend;—
If these and like emotions prove
Love's impulse—I Julina love.

If, while transported with delight,
Falt'ring, trembling in her sight,
Timid, respectful, to appear,
To feel alternate hope and fear;—
If these and like emotions prove
Love's impulse—I Julina love.

LOVE.

Love 's a flame, the mind illuming,
Which perfect heat and radiance gives,
And seems as it were not consuming,
On worldly comforts while it lives.
But, wasted like the glimm'ring taper,
Failing in that its force supplied,
It flies, an unsubstantial vapour,
Leaving no trace of where it died.

POOR ORRA.

Poor Orra tink of Yanko dear,
Do he be gone for ever;
For he no dead, he still live here,
And he from here go never.
Like on a sand me mark him face,
De wave come roll him over;
De mark him go, but still de place
'Tis easy to discover.

Me see fore now de tree, de flow'r,—
He droop like Orra, surely;
And den by'm bye there come a show'r,
He hold him head up purely:—
And so some time me tink me die,
My heart so sick he grieve me;
But in a lillee time me cry
Good deal, and that relieve me.

THE MOMENT I'M ANNOUNC'D.

The moment I'm announc'd,
Belappeted, beflounc'd,
Befring'd and beperiwigg'd, in vast surprise,
The governor aloud
Will proclaim to the crowd,
This beauty is the fairest, and be her's the prize!
Then straight at the sound
A whisper goes round,
She 's surely an angel—what heavenly eyes!
While the girls at the sight
Are bursting for spite,
That my brighter beauties should have won the prize!

I DARE OF DANGER TAKE MY SHARE.

Tell me, when did I delay
To run, to risk, to toil;
The panther of those garments, say,
Did this right hand despoil?
I dare of danger take my share,
In battle dare be first,
Dare face a lion;—these I dare,
But dare not be unjust.

Tell me, did I danger mock,
When, lab'ring, I did hew
A dwelling from yon pond'rous rock,
To shelter these and you?
I dare of danger, &c.

A BED OF MOSS.

A bed of moss we 'll straight prepare,
Where, near him gently creeping,
We'll pat his cheeks, and stroke his hair,
And watch him while he 's sleeping.

Sweet flow'rs of ev'ry scent and hue,
Pinks, violets, and roses,
And blooming hyacinths, we 'll strew,
As sweetly he reposes.

And we 'll with fond emotion start;
And while, with admiration,
We softly feel his flutt'ring heart,
Partake its palpitation.

I'LL MOUNT THE CLIFFS.

I'll mount the cliffs, I'll watch the coast,
Anxious some welcome tidings soon to bear;
Nor let your fortitude be lost,
Confiding still in honest Yanko's care.

Though to my comrades I'm untrue,
Honour shall infidelity applaud,
And call, in charity to you,
My broken faith to them a pious fraud.

GLEE—COME ROUND ME AND WEEP.

Come round me and weep; to your hearts take despair:
'Tis a cause that all nature must mourn,—
Poor Hylas, of love who from all had a share,
From our wishes for ever is torn.

That Hylas to whom we look'd up for a smile,
As we blessings from heav'n would obtain,
Whose form was so faultless, whose tongue knew no guile,
Is gone, and our wishes are vain.

ADVANTAGES OF AN UGLY WIFE.

Truly, friend Gil, thou choosest well,
Taking a helpmate homely,
For oftentimes sad tales they tell
Of wives who are too comely:
But cheer thee, Perez, and be gay,
From furnish'd brows exempted;
For how can she e'er go astray,
Who never will be tempted?

For thieves do never rob the poor,
A pebble 's not a jewel,
Fruits do not blossom on a moor,
Fire burns not without fuel:
Up with thy heart, then, Gil—be gay,
From furnish'd brows exempted,—
Thy wife can never go astray,
For she will ne'er be tempted.

THIS STRANGE EMOTION.

This strange emotion at my heart,
Oh! how shall I explain?
'Tis joy, 'tis grief, 'tis ease, 'tis smart,
'Tis pleasure, and 'tis pain!

The busy trembling flutt'rer plays,
It knows not how or why;
And throbs and beats a thousand ways—
Ah! quiet, prithee, lie!

Cease! and sensations such as these
With careful heed destroy:
What good is in the same degrees
Of mingled pain and joy!

PASSION AND REASON.

Passion is a torrent rude,
Which rapid bears down ev'ry height,
A turbulent, unruly flood,
Which with the ocean would unite.

Reason 's a fountain, calm, serene,
Which, near gay fields and laughing bow'rs,
While it reflects th' enchanting scene,
Is borne among a bed of flow'rs.

AH! LET NOT AN INSTANT.

Ah! let not an instant of life pass in vain,—
The moment escapes us, and age brings on pain,—
Life 's too precious, too fugitive joy:
The flowers which yesterday's zephyr disclos'd,
Droop'd their heads on their stalks before Phœbus repos'd;—
Thus one day serves to form and destroy.
Then think not of aught but the moment that flies,—
To learn to be happy 's to learn to be wise:—
Seize pleasure while pleasure 's our own,—
Fear nothing, thou'rt mine, 'tis allotted above:—
Chance but obey'd Fate, and, bless'd with thy love,
I envy no king on his throne.

AN INFANT DEFENCELESS.

An infant defenceless, of succour bereft,
On this rude barren wild was I thrown,—
My sole ray of comfort I had not been left,
To brood o'er my sorrows alone:
To see cataracts falling, and hear lions roar,
Or the awful loud war on the deep,
Is the fate poor Flametta was born to deplore,
Which she oft would wish kinder, and weep.

To this sad assemblage of horrors inur'd,
What yet greater ills could one prove,
Could one think for a heart which had so much endur'd,
Fate should store up a torment like love.
'Tis too much, I've decided; and who shall relate,
When she and her miseries sleep,
The tale of Flametta, will sure wish her fate,
Poor wretch! had been kinder, and weep.

ORRA NO TALK.

Orra no talk, no say fine word,
No dress him, and look gay;
Vay little sing you hear von bird,
Him mate be gone away.

Orra tell true, she have no grace
Of lady for him part,—
Dare beauty all be in him face,
But Orra in him heart.

Orra do little, all she do;
Forgive, for she no gall,—
To ev'ry ting she promise true,
Love Yanko, and dat all.
But Orra, &c.

THIS LIFE 'S A DAY'S JOURNEY.

This life 's a day's journey:—We rise in the morn,
The sun, trees, and flowers our prospect adorn,
When, perhaps, we have scarcely been set out an hour,
But slap we 're o'ertaken, and sous'd in a show'r:
To shelter then quickly, and see now 'tis o'er,
And in pretty good spirits we set out once more;
Now up hill, now down, now even, and now
We are cover'd with dust, and now popp'd in a slough.

Thus we jog on till dinner, now wet and now dry,
And now we 've a louring and now a clear sky;
With the fire, the good landlord, the wine and the cheer,
Now refresh'd, we set forward to end our career:
But the roads are uneven,—we trip, are bemir'd,
And jolted, and jostled, and tumbled, and tir'd;—
Yet we keep a good heart, and our spirits are light;
In hope we shall meet with a good inn at night.

DEAR YANKO SAY.

Dear Yanko say, and true he say,
All mankind, one and t' other,
Negro, mulatto, and malay,
Through all de world be broder.
In black, in yellow, what disgrace,
That scandal so he use 'em?
For dare no virtue in de face,
De virtue in de bosom.
Dear Yanko say, &c.

What harm dare in a shape or make?
What harm in ugly feature?
Whatever colour, form, he take,
De heart make human creature;—
Then black and copper both be friend,
No colour he bring beauty:
For beauty, Yanko say, attend
On him who do him duty.
Dear Yanko say, &c.

FINALE.

DOMINGO.

Go, cheat of his hoard the penurious miser,
Gull a cit of his share at a feast,
Persuade an extravagant heir to be wiser;—
What are these to outwitting a priest?
Who his arts have o'ermatch'd, his sly projects detected,
And fathom'd his subtle deceit,—
Who this has by cunning superior effected,
Be assur'd, has but one more to cheat.

GIL PEREZ.

For my part, in all other frauds a mere novice,
I'll stick to the poor simple fry
Of small cheats alone, which we practise in office,—
There 's danger in soaring too high.
The thing is the same, 'tis corruption and bribing,
Be it sal'ry, place, pension, or fee;
But that which gives honour a much higher bribe in
Might bring foul disgrace upon me.

FAZIO.

Thou art right, my friend Perez: the project were idle,
It requires a different head;
Be counsell'd, and let my advice be the bridle
By which thou henceforward art led.
'Twas ever, and will be, a custom and amen,
As schoolboys fear pedagogues' birch,
That implicitly, faithfully, blindly, poor laymen
In all things should yield to the church.

From Harlequin Freemason.

[A Pantomime first played at Covent Garden, December 29, 1780. It was arranged, written, and composed by Dibdin; the pantomimical inventions being by Messink, who had been Garrick's pantomimical factotum. Dibdin had but £70 for his share of the work, and, 'I, therefore,' says he, 'determined never again to have any concern in a pantomime.']

FREEMASON'S GLEE.

Behold the model of our art!
Work on whatever plan,
Masons must borrow still some part
From that great structure, Man.
Here, well to captivate the sight,
The orders all agree;
Proportion, strength, and force unite
With eace and symmetry.
But see, the sun rides down the west,
And, hark! our sign from work to rest.

THE MASON'S CREED.

In all your dealings take good care,
Instructed by the friendly square,
To be true, upright, just, and fair,
And thou a fellow-craft shalt be.
The level so must poise thy mind,
That satisfaction thou shalt find,
When to another Fortune 's kind:
And that's the drift of masonry.

The compass t' other two compounds,
And says,—though anger'd on just grounds,
Keep all your passions within bounds,
And thou a fellow-craft shalt be.
Thus, symbols of our order are
The compass, level, and the square;
Which teach us to be just and fair:
And that 's the drift of masonry.

THE SUN A FREEMASON.

The sun 's a freemason: he works all the day,
Village, city, and town to adorn;
Then from labour at rest,
At his lodge in the west,
Takes with good brother Neptune a glass on his way.
Thence, ripe for the fair,
He flies from all care,
To Dame Thetis's charms,
Till rous'd from her arms
By the morn.
So do we, our labour done,
First the glass,
And then the lass,
And then sweet slumbers give fresh force
To run our course,
Thus with the rising sun.

The course of the sun all our myst'ries defines:—
First masonry rose in the east;
Then, to no point confin'd,
His rays cheer mankind;
Beside, who 'll deny that he well knows the signs?

The grand master he
Then of masons shall be,
Nor shall aught the craft harm,
Till to shine and to warm
He has ceas'd!
Then, like him, our labour done, &c

THE BIRTH OF THE VINE.

At a jovial meeting of gods once on high,
Ere Bacchus was hatch'd from old Jupiter's thigh,
This one told his story, and that sung his song,
And did what he could, lest the time should seem long.
Apollo read verses; the Graces wreath'd flow'rs;
The Muses of harmony sung forth the pow'rs;
Bully Mars crack'd his joke, and sly Momus his jest;
Yet their mirth wanted something to give it a zest.

Said Jove, 'Our assembly to-day 's pretty full,
Yet, I don't know how 'tis, we are horridly dull;
We have all the ingredients that mirth should inspire,
But some clay-born alloy damps our heavenly fire.
I have it—In this I'll a mixture enclose
Of all the delights whence good fellowship flows;
And we'll taste of its produce, for mirth's bad at best,
When there 's anything wanting to give it a zest.'

So saying, so doing, he buried the shrine,
Which quickly sprung up in the form of a vine;
The leaves broad and verdant, the fruit deepest blue,
Whence a juice flow'd that health, love, or youth might renew.
Its influence to feel, they came round it in swarms:
Mars took draughts of courage, and Venus drank charms;
Momus swallow'd bon-mots, Cupid love—so the rest;
While Jove, spurning nectar, cried, 'This is the zest.'

THE SKATERS.

This bleak and frosty morning,
All thought of danger scorning,
Our spirits briskly flow,
We are all in a glow,
Through the sparkling snow
While a skating we go,
With a fa, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.
From right to left we 're plying,
Swifter than winds we 're flying,
Spheres on spheres surrounding,
Health and strength abounding.
In circles we sleep,
Our poise still we keep,
Behold how we sweep
The face of the deep,
With a fa, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.

Great Jove looks on us smiling,
Who thus the time beguiling,
Where the waters he did seal,
Still rove on our keel;
Our weapons are steel,
And no danger we feel,
With a fa, la, la, la,
See, see, our train advances!
See how each skater lances!
Health and strength abounding,
While horns and oboes sounding:
The Tritons shall blow
Their conch-shells below,
And their beards fear to show,
While a skating we go,
With a fa, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.

CATCH—THE LAWYERS.

Lawyer Brief, why all this stir?
Upon my word, you wrong me, sir:
I am not (as you say), a thief,—
In truth you wrong me, Lawyer Brief.

Who was it took a double fee?
Who wrapp'd? Who put in a sham plea?
Who should be pillory'd? Who 's a thief?—
Who should be hang'd? Cheat, Lawyer Brief!

Come, be friends, nor make this rout—
Brothers as we are, to fall out;
Beside, thief should not cry out thief;—
You understand me, Lawyer Brief.

MASONRY.

Hail, masonry, thou craft divine,
Glory of earth from heav'n reveal'd,
Which does with jewels precious shine,
From all but masons' eyes conceal'd!
As men from brutes distinguish'd are,
A mason other men excels:
For what 's in knowledge choice or rare,
But in his breast securely dwells?
His silent breast and faithful heart
Preserve the secrets of our art.

From scorching heat and piercing cold,
From beasts whose roar the forest rends,
From the assault of warriors bold
The mason's art mankind defends.
Ensigns of state that feed our pride,
Distinctions troublesome and vain,
By masons true are laid aside,—
Art's free-born sons such toys disdain,
Ennobled by the name they bear,
Distinguish'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowship, from envy free,
Friendly converse of brotherhood,
The lodge's lasting cement be,
Which has for ages firmly stood.

Be justice done, in ev'ry lay,
To those who have enrich'd the art,
Down to the master of this day;
And let each brother bear a part.
Let noble masons' healths go round,
Their praise in lofty lodge resound.

FINALE.

Fill a capacious bowl,
While we proclaim
The mason's fame,
Which ever shall extend
From east to west, from pole to pole,
In spite of Envy's poison'd shaft.
Let cowards what they will pretend,
Let three times three
The signal of our plaudit be,
While we toast the King and Craet.

From Reasonable Animals.

[In the season of 1780, an entertainment, under the title of 'Pasquin's Budget,' was attempted at the Haymarket, in which the characters were represented by puppets, and the songs they were supposed to execute were sung by persons behind the scenes. Exhibitions of the sort had been previously well received at Marylebone Gardens, and places of the same kind; but the Haymarket audience very properly treated the affair as unworthy of one of the temples of the legitimate drama; and on the very first night of their appearance the puppets were goosed off, and the manager made to apologise for the insult offered to the audience by their introduction. Colman was manager at this time; and this was his first appearance before an audience! Dibdin wrote the songs for two of the pieces enacted by the puppets,—namely, 'Reasonable Animals' and 'Pandora.' The former piece is evidently a burlesque on the Adventures of Ulysses. Some of the songs subsequently became very popular, especially the excellent one to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.' 'Pandora' was afterwards acted at the Circus during Dibdin's tenancy of that theatre.]

PATRICK MULROONEY.

Is 't my story you'd know?—I was Patrick Mulrooney,
A jolman, and Ireland my nation;
To be sure, I was not a tight fellow, too, honey,
Before my transmogrification.
I did not at all talk of flames and of darts,
To conquer the fair,—the dear jewels!
And wid husbands, because why?—I won their wives' hearts,—
I did not fight plenty of duels.
Then arrah, bodder how you can,
You'll ne'er persuade me, honey,
For I shall always, bull or man,
Be Patrick Mulrooney.

When at Almack's, or White's, or at Brookes', or Boodle's,
I've sat up all night in the morning,
'Mongst black-legs, and codgers, and pigeons, and noodles,
The calling to use I was born in:
To be sure, many honest gold guineas it yields;
But, since 'tis a service of danger,
I'm a better man now I'm a bull in the fields,
To popping and tilting a stranger.
Then arrah, &c.

THE FALL OF TROY.

I sing of a war set on foot for a toy,
And of Paris and Helen, and Hector and Troy,
Where on women, kings, gen'rals, and cobblers you stumble,
And of mortals and gods meet a very strange jumble.
Sing didderoo bubberoo, oh my joy,
How sweetly they did one another destroy!
Come, fill up your bumpers, the whiskey enjoy,—
May we ne'er see the like of the siege of Troy!

Menelaus was happy wid Helen his wife,
Except that she led him a devil of a life;
Wid dat handsome taef Paris she'd toy and she'd play,
Till they pack'd up their alls, and they both ran away.
Sing didderoo, &c.

Agamemnon, and all the great chiefs of his house,
Soon took up the cause of this hornified spouse,
While Juno said this thing, and Venus said that,
And the gods fell a wrangling they knew not for what.
Sing didderoo, &c.

O den such a slaughter, and cutting of trotes,
And slaying of bullocks, and off'ring up goats!
Till the cunning Ulysses, the Trojans to cross,
Clapp'd forty fine fellows in one wooden horse.
Sing didderoo, &c.

O den for to see the maids, widows, and wives,
Crying some for their vartue, and some for their lives;
Thus, after ten years they'd defended their town,
Poor dear Troy in ten minutes was all burnt down!
Sing didderoo, &c.

But to see how it ended 's the best joke of all:
Scarce had wrong'd Menelaus ascended the wall,
But he blubb'ring saw Helen, and, oh! strange to tell,
The man took his mare, and so all was well.
Sing didderoo, &c.

THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES.

I sing Ulysses, and those chiefs
Who, out of near a million,
So luckily their bacon sav'd
Before the walls of Ilion.
Yankee doodle doodle doo,
Black negro he get fumbo,
And when you come to our town,
We'll make you drunk with bumbo.

Who, having taken, sack'd, and burn'd,
That very first of cities,
Return'd in triumph, while the bards
All truck up am'rous ditties.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The Cyclops first we visited,—
Ulysses made him cry out,
For he ate his mutton, drank his wine,
And then he pok'd his eye out.
Yankee doodle, &c.

From thence we went to Circe's land,
Who, 'faith! a girl of spunk is;
For she made us drunk, and chang'd us all
To asses, goats, and monkeys.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And then to hell and back again,
Then where the Syrens cara
Swell, cadence, trill, and shake almost
As well as Madame Mara.
Yankee doodle, &c.

To fell Charybdis next, and then
Where yawning Scylla grapples
Six men at once, and eats them all,
Just like so many apples.
Yankee doodle, &c.

From thence to where Apollo's bulls
And sheep all play and skip so,
From whence Ulysses went alone
To th' Island of Calypso.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And there he kiss'd, and toy'd, and play'd—
'Tis true upon my life, sir,
Till, having turn'd his mistress off,
He 's coming to his wife, sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

A WOLF WHO HAD BEEN A LAWYER.

By roguery, 'tis true,
I opulent grew,
Just like any other professional sinner:
An orphan, d'ye see,
Would just wash down my tea,
And a poor friendless widow would serve me for dinner.
I was, to be sure,
Of the helpless and poor
A guardian appointed to manage the pelf;
And I manag'd it well,
But how—say you—tell?
Why I let them all starve, to take care of myself.

With these tricks I went on,
Till, 'faith! sir, anon
A parcel of stupid, mean-spirited souls,
As they narrowly watch'd me,
Soon at my tricks catch'd me,
And, in their own words, haul'd me over the coals.
In the pill'ry—that fate
For rogues soon or late—
I stood for the sport of a dissolute mob;
Till my neck Master Ketch
Was so eager to stretch,
That I gave the thing up as a dangerous job.

Now a wolf, from their dams
I steal plenty of lambs,
Pamper'd high, and well fed—an insatiable glutton—
In much the same sphere,
When a man, I move here;
Make and break laws at pleasure, and kill my own mutton.
Then since, for their sport,
No one here moves the court,
Nor am I amenable to my employer,
I shall ever prefer,
With your leave, my good sir,
The life of a wolf to the life of a lawyer.

A HOG WHO HAD BEEN AN ALDERMAN.

For dainties I 've had of them all,
At taverns, Lord Mayors, and Guildhall;
Where the purveyors, nothing stingy,
To fill the wallet,
And pamper the palate,
Have rarities brought from India.

Then what signifies what one takes in,
For, when one's cramm'd up to the chin,
Why, really, good friend, to my thinking,
If on ven'son and wines,
Or on hogwash one dines,
At last 'tis but eating and drinking.

Besides, I've no books to arrange,
Nor at two need I e'er go to 'Change;
Have no bus'ness with note, bond, or tally;
Nor need I, from any ill luck,
Either bull, or a bear, or lame duck,
Ever fear waddling out of the Alley.
For dainties, &c.

From Pandora.

WHAT NAUGHTY THINGS.

What naughty things we women are!
Who long for fruit forbidden;
Though 'twere our bane, we cannot bear
The least thing from us hidden:
But what we see we will believe,
Though ill on ill we're heaping,
Though to this day, from mother Eve,
We've always paid for peeping.

Thus, curious girls, urg'd by their youth,
Thoughtless what they were doing,
Have falsehood found disguis'd like truth,
And, mask'd like pleasure, ruin;
Instead of smiling, who must grieve,
Whose joys are turn'd to weeping,
And who, too late, like mother Eve,
Find they have paid for peeping.

Should I to my desires give way,
I may encounter sorrow,
And that I think a good to-day,
May prove an ill to-morrow.
Yet cautious prudence, by your leave,
The secret's in my keeping;—
I'm a weak woman, and, like Eve,
Cannot refrain from peeping.

PANDORA'S BOX OPENED.

SUNG IN THE CHARACTER OF PUNCH.

What a pity 'twill be, od's babies and lambs!
To possess the young things by the side of their mams,
Not with innocent love, but, od's pranks and curvettings!
With oglings and leerings, and airs and coquettings.
What a pity a widow, od's pray'rs and religion!
Who has mourn'd for her husband like any tame pigeon,
Should all on a sudden, od's fruit that is mellow!
To comfort her find out a sturdy young fellow.
And dingadong deer,
Go on her career,
Dingadong, dingadong,
Od's right turn'd to wrong!
Od's bridewells and whipping-posts, pill'ries and stocks,
When Madame Pandora has open'd her box!

What a pity 'twill be—od's hearts and od's hands!
That the man whose large soul gen'rous pity expands,
Should turn quick as thought, od's per cent and per annum,
A hunter of heirs, with a view to trepan 'em.
What a pity a statesman, od's good of the nation!
Who for hours without pension would make an oration,
Should plump in an instant, od's Janus's faces!
Shut his mouth up till giv'n half a dozen good places.
And dingadong deer, &c.

What a pity 'twill be, od's contusions and scars!
That the world for ambition should plunge into wars;
What a pity young fellows, od's rakes and hard livers!
Should fall in their youth, through consumptions and fevers.
What a pity 'twill be, od's prison and palace!
That a judge should erect, and a thief fear the gallows:
And what pity, od's ven'son and sturgeon and trout!
That eating and drinking should give us the gout!
And dingadong deer, &c.

From Amphytrion, or Juno and Alcmena.

[Dryden's play altered to an opera. Dibdin's own scheme was to write a new piece, in which the impure catastrophe of the story, from Plautus downward, should be avoided. He proposed to effect this by introducing Juno and Iris into the house of Amphytrion, to put Alcmena on her guard. Mr. Harris, the then manager of Covent Garden, liked the plan, but he was persuaded it would never answer, and Dibdin in consequence set to work upon Dryden's play. The task was a hard one. 'If this turtle,' says our author, 'were deprived of its *green fat*, it would have been insipid; on the other hand, if the lean were taken away, it would have been surfeiting.' He appears to have considered the former the more dangerous of the two experiments, for the piece having failed, he tells us that '*the green fat* choked the audience.' The date of the production of this opera is 1781.]

GOLD.

Away with the fables philosophers hold,
Of pleasure which honesty gains without gold:
To be rich, is the blessings of life to secure,
And the man must be certainly wretched that's poor.

The virtue that claims all the gods for its friends,
On gold, mighty gold! for existence depends:
What wrongs without gold can a mortal redress?
Or who without gold can get blessings or bless?

In gold there is strength which no force can withstand,
It conquers and triumphs by sea and by land:
To be rich, if you trust your own ears and your eyes,
Is at once to be strong, to be fair, to be wise!

WIT.

Plutus, vain is all your vaunting;—
Wit must life with bliss supply:
Gold, alas! should wit be wanting,
Would scarce e'en a joy apply.

Wit alone creates the blessing,
Which exchang'd for gold you share;—
Sterile gold alone possessing,
What has man but gloom and care?

Wit, of ev'ry art deviser,
Ev'ry passion can control,
Can to pity move the miser,
Can with mirth dilate the soul.

Gold itself, on wit depending,
Hence derives its utmost power—
Folly, all profusely spending—
Folly, hoarding all, is poor.

ART ONE OF THOSE MAD WAGS?

Art one of those mad wags, whose brain
Intruder reason can't contain?
Who are of such unruly minds,
They buffet waves, and split the winds—
In blanket robe, and crown of straw,
Who to mad subjects deal mad law!
If this 'tis makes thy bosom swell,
Hie, good demoniac, to thy cell!

Or art thou drunk?—a frenzy, too;
One of that hair-brain'd noisy crew,
Who vigils keep at Bacchus' shrine,
And drown good reason in bad wine!
Ev'ry desire of life who think
Compris'd in a desire to drink!
If by this demon thou 'rt possess'd,
Hie thee, good drunkard, home to rest!

Or art in love, and so gone mad?
Dost go with folded arms? art sad?
Dost sigh? dost languish? dost play pranks
For which contempt is all thy thanks?
Dost pant? dost long for some frail charms,
Devoted to another's arms?
Is this thy madness, stupid elf?—
Hie thee away, and hang thyself!

THE TWO VESSELS.

Our Jupiter has near his throne
Two vessels which he fills—
The one with benefits alone,
The other crams with ills:
From the good vessel, health, content,
Plenty, and bliss, he gives;
While from the evil forth are sent
Gout, stone, and scolding wives.

Thus to mankind, with heedful care,
In just proportion weigh'd,
The lot to each, each best can bear,
By Jove's decree 's convey'd:
Unless his patience when to rub,
Juno the devil drives;
Then, headlong from the left-hand tub,
Go troops of scolding wives.

Of this complaint on me, like air,
From men still pass'd away,
Till that same type of Juno there
Let loose her tongue to-day:
But now, entreating Jove, I'll go,
To chequer not their lives
With any other spot of woe,
Who 're plagued with scolding wives.

From True Blue, or the Pressgang.

[An interlude performed at Covent-Garden Theatre.]

Duet—TRUE BLUE AND NANCY.

Male. To be gazing on those charms,
To be folded in those arms,
To unite my lips with those
Whence eternal sweetness flows,
To be lov'd by one so fair,
Is to be bless'd beyond compare.

Female. On my dearest to recline
While his hand is lock'd in mine,
In those eyes myself to view,
Gazing still and still on you;
In thy arms while thus I'm bless'd,
Of ev'ry joy I am possess'd.

THE PRESSGANG.

Oh! where will you hurry my dearest?
Say, say, to what clime or what shore?
You tear him from me, the sincerest
That ever lov'd mortal before.
Ah! cruel, hard-hearted, to press him,
And force the dear youth from my arms!
Restore him, that I may caress him,
And shield him from future alarms.

In vain you insult and deride me,
And make but a scoff at my woes:
You ne'er from my dear shall divide me,—
I'll follow, wherever he goes.
Think not of the merciless ocean,—
My soul any terror can brave;
For soon as the ship makes its motion,
So soon shall the sea be my grave.

DAUGHTER, YOU'RE TOO YOUNG.

Daughter, you're too young to marry—
'Tis too soon to be a wife,—
Yet a little longer tarry
Ere you know the cares of life;
Wedlock is a fickle station,
Sometimes sweetness, sometimes strife,—
Oh! how great the alteration
'Twixt the maiden and the wife!

Love and courtship are but stupid,—
Glory has superior charms;
Mars should triumph over Cupid,
When Bellona calls to arms.
As for you, sir, do your duty;—
Oh! were I but young again,
I'd not linger after beauty,
But go play my part with Spain.

SONGS FOR THE CIRCUS.

[Dibdin having fallen out with Mr. Harris about the remuneration for Amphytrion, projected the taking of the Royal Circus, for the production of original entertainments of a mixed character, horsemanship, ballets, &c. A number of children—not fewer than sixty—were trained to the stage as dancers and singers; the success was amazing, and Dibdin's ready and fertile pen met the consequent demand for new and lively pieces with an astonishing abundance and variety. Those from which the following songs are taken were the more prominent productions; but besides these he supplied two or three pantomines, four or five other *intermezzos* of a trifling kind, and at least fifteen ballets, each taking twelve or fourteen airs, besides an overture—all in the seasons 1782 and 1783.]

From Clump and Cudden.

THE SOLDIER'S LIFE.

This, this, my lad 's a soldier's life:
He marches to the sprightly fife,
And in each town, to some new wife,
Swears he'll be ever true;

He's here—he's there—where is he not?
Variety 's his envied lot.—
He eats, drinks, sleeps, and pays no shot,
And follows the loud tattoo.

Call'd out to face his country's foes,
The tears of fond domestic woes
He kisses off, and boldly goes
To earn of fame his due.
Religion, liberty, and laws,
Both his are, and his country's cause—
For these, through danger without pause,
He follows the loud tattoo.

And if, at last, in honour's wars,
He earns his share of danger's scars,
Still he feels bold, and thanks his stars
He 's no worse fate to rue:
At Chelsea, free from toil and pain,
He wields his crutch, points out the slain,
And, in fond fancy, once again
Follows the loud tattoo.

WHEN IN ORDER DRAWN UP.

When in order drawn up, and adorn'd in his best,
If my soldier appears with more grace than the rest,
If his gaiters are jet, his accoutrements fine,
If his hair 's tied up tight, and his arms brightly shine,—
Let him turn, wheel, or face—march, kneel, stoop, or stand,
Anxious still to obey ev'ry word of command—
Erect like an arrow, or bending his knee,
'Tis not for the gen'ral, 'tis all to please me.

If with smoke and with dust cover'd over by turns,
To gain a sham fight or false bastion he burns,—
If, of danger in spite, and regardless of fear,
He rushes to fight when there's nobody near;
In short, let him turn, &c.

A NOVICE IN LOVE.

A novice in love, and a stranger to art,
As pure as my wishes my unpractis'd heart,
When I rose with the lark, and out-warbled the thrush,
Free from falsehood or guile, for I knew not to blush,
Those past days I deplore;—
When innocence guarded my unsullied fame;
When to think, and to act, and commend, were the same;
When on my face,
In artless grace,
Danc'd frolic, sport, and pleasure—now no more.

Ere I listen'd and lov'd, ere man smil'd and betray'd,
Ere by horror appall'd, and of conscience afraid;
Lost to each fond delight that e'er woman adorn'd,
By a hard-judging world look'd at, pitied, and scorn'd,
Those past joys I deplore:
Those joys, ere by man's artful treach'ry forsook,
Which, guiltless and pleas'd, with the world I partook;
When on my face,
With artless grace,
Danc'd frolic, sport, and pleasure—now no more.

Duet.

WHEN THE DRUM BEATS REVEILLEZ.

PLATOON.

Say, Fanny, wilt thou go with me?
Perils to face, by land and sea,
That tongue can never tell ye?
And wilt thou all these dangers scorn,
Whilst in these arms
I hold thy charms,
Enraptur'd ev'ry op'ning morn,
When the drum beats reveillez?

FANNY.

Yes, yes, Platoon—I'll go with thee
In danger, whatsoe'er it be—
Believe, 'tis truth I tell ye:
My constant mind shall peril scorn,
Brave all alarms,
So in my arms
I hold thee ev'ry op'ning morn,
When the drum beats reveillez.

PLATOON.

Still, Fanny, wilt thou go with me?
Suppose the cruel Fates decree,—
Alas! how shall I tell ye?—
The news should come—thy soldier fell,
And thou shalt hear,
Appall'd with fear,
Next morn his fatal passing-bell,
When the drum beats reveillez.

FANNY.

Still fearless will I go with thee,
Resign'd to cruel Fate's decree,
And bravely this I tell ye:
When on the spot my soldier fell,
I'd shed a tear,—
The world should hear,
Mingling with his, my passing-bell,
When the drum beats reveillez.

BOTH.

To the world's end I'd go with thee,—
Where thou art, danger ne'er can be,
My joy no tongue can tell ye;
And, sure, such love may perils scorn,
Brave all alarms,
While in my arms
I hold thee ev'ry op'ning morn,
When the drum beats reveillez.

From the Benebolent Car.

A SAILOR'S PHILOSOPHY.

WHAT argufies pride and ambition?
Soon or late death will take us in tow:
Each bullet has got its commission,
And when our time's come we must go.
Then drink and sing—hang pain and sorrow,
The halter was made for the neck:
He that 's now alive and lusty—to-morrow
Perhaps may be stretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linstock of Dover
Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain;
Poll cried, but her grief was soon over,
And then she got married again.
Then drink, &c.

Jack Junk was ill-us'd by Bet Crocker,
And so took to guzzling the stuff,
Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker,
And there he got liquor enough.
Then drink, &c.

For our prize-money, then, to the proctor;
Take of joy while 'tis going our freak:
For what argufies calling the doctor,
When the anchor of life is apeak?
Then drink, &c.

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 can of good stuff! had they twigg'd it,
'Twould have set them for pleasure agog;
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:'—said I, 'Father, your health!'
So I show'd him the stuff, and 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.

T'other day, as the chaplain was preaching
Behind him I cautiously slunk;
And while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk,
I show'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it 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 like drinking
So pleasant on this side the grave;
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes e'en more valiant the brave;—
As 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,
Helm a-lee or a-weather,
For hours together,
I've constantly swigg'd it,—
And, dam'me! there 's nothing like grog!

[There were Teetotallers, it seems, in those days also. It is not wonderful that the system should have taken half a century to rally, after so tremendous a settler.]

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

A SAILOR'S love is void of art,—
Plain sailing to his port, the heart,
He knows no jealous folly;
'Tis hard enough at sea to war
With boist'rous elements that jar—
All 's peace with lovely Polly.

Enough that, far from sight of shore,
Clouds frown, and angry billows roar,
Still is he brisk and jolly;
And, while carousing with his mates,
Her health he drinks—anticipates
The smiles of lovely Polly.
Should thunder on the horizon press,
Mocking our signals of distress,
E'en then dull melancholy
Dares not intrude:—he braves the din,
In hopes to find a calm within
The snowy arms of Polly.

From the Saloon.

FORGIVE ME IF THUS.

FORGIVE me, if thus I, presuming,
Come hither your heart to surprise,—
Smile, smile, and my hopes re-illumine;—
But my pardon I read in your eyes.
No impostor the passion I own is,
And, heav'n, what delight! could I be
As truly to you an Adonis,
As you are a Venus to me.

The gods who so often delighted,
In forms borrow'd, some nymph to pursue,
Might confess they were never excited
By an object so charming as you.
No impostor, &c.

ALAS! WHEN ONCE.

ALAS! when once the book of life
Draws towards the last page,
What folly then to take a wife!
Our days are on the close;
And, as at one door comes in age,
Love out at t'other goes.

Is it not truth,
That youth loves youth,
Just as the zephyr loves the rose?

This law I own 's severe, though just;
But let us, since submit we must,
Submit with a good grace:
Laughing at Love and all his train,
And, as reason takes its reign,
The table and the chase,
The jovial song, the sparkling wine,
And a true friend, that gift divine!
Shall well supply the place.

BOLD ROBIN HOOD.

Come, listen awhile—'twill do your heart good,
While I sing of Clorinda and bold Robin Hood:
The damsel as handsome as handsome can be,
Who has many a pound, and plenty of gear,
Than whose father no lord ever kept better cheer;
Who now goes to marry a mate of high blood,
And all out of spite to this bold Robin Hood;
Tadderer too, tadderer tee, tadderer radderer tandoree.

This Robin, as shall be related anon,
With brave William Scarlet and bold Little John,
All outlaws as daring as daring can be,
Makes this wide-skirted forest, betimes in the morn,
Resound far and near with the bugle-horn:
When straight, out of fear, all that live near the wood
Run and lock up their daughters from bold Robin Hood. Tadderer too, &c.

How this Robin full fifty bold foresters slew;
How the Pindar of Wakefield made one of his crew—
As desp'rate a crew as desp'rate can be;
How the butcher he trick'd, bid the bold tinker stand,
Made the Bishop say mass, and fought Arthur of Bland,—
Are wrote and set down in true language and good,
In the life and adventures of bold Robin Hood.
Tadderer too, &c.

But the best joke of all is the comical tale,
How he rescu'd the sweetheart of Allen-a-Dale,—
An action as daring as daring can be:
It happen'd her parents would force her to church,
With intention poor Allen to leave in the lurch,
When twenty stout fellows, all firm men and good,
Rush'd in, and were headed by bold Robin Hood.
Tadderer too, &c.

But to come to Clorinda, and finish my tale,
The second edition of Allen-a-Dale,—
With us he'd fain play, but too cunning are we,—
Him, John, and his Scarlet, we all laugh to scorn,
His merry-men all, and his bugle-horn:
Let him come, then, he'll find us all stout men and good,
Fit to drub all such outlaws as bold Robin Hood.
Tadderer too, &c.

From the Talisman.

YE MAIDS, OUR LESSON BEAR IN MIND.

Ye maids, our lesson bear in mind,
Though Love unlock his treasure,
For your acceptance, be not blind,
Nor taste the dang'rous pleasure,
Beware, lest he your heart trepan,—
Sighs, wishes, all oppose 'em,
Fair honour is your talisman,
And wear it in your bosom.

From the Graces.

Trio—SAY FLUTTERING HEART.

Say, flutt'ring heart,
Why, after days of sweet delight,
Where conscious innocence bore part,
Serene as smiling morn, peaceful as silver night,
Or gay as gaudy noon, when Phœbus' beams shone bright,
Say how one hour,
One little instant, could remove
That vacant careless joy? what pow'r
Inflict the torments we now prove?
Cynthia! forbid it ever should be love!

Dear goddess, for fair honour's sake,
Relieve the torments we partake!
Teach us to cure our am'rous fires,
Or else permit us our desires:
And this with zealous care perform,
Swift as the wind that rules the storm,
Swift as the glowing god of day
Darts from afar a downward ray;
And so shall vot'ries to thy praise
A thousand thousand altars raise.

THE SCHOOLBOY.

The schoolboy thus, with artful glee,
A like disaster meets,
Who thinks to rob each active bee
Of all his treasur'd sweets.

But instinct the design explores—
The nest is on the wing;
And soon, instead of honey'd stores,
The thief receives a sting.

AT FIRST LIKE AN INFANT.

At first like an infant appearing,
With neither his bow nor his darts,
To his wiles we attend—without fearing,
Till he creeps by degrees to our hearts;—

When soon, for our folly requited,
This guest the sole master we find;
For, scarce to the bosom invited,
He lords it at will o'er the mind.

FROM THE BROAD SUMMIT.

From the broad summit of the hill,
  Where op'ning hound and jocund horn
The air with sprightly clangour fill,
  Calling for the early morn,
Diana comes: each length'ning space,
  Or lawn, (where flies the rapid game,
Or hunters push the wheeling chase,)
  Repeats the name;
While Echo, as in sportive mock,
Her fav'rite sound from rock to rock,
  In circling eddies, tosses round.

FINALE—THE GRACES.

CYANA.

Learn wherefore, lovers, learn,
  Us near him Cupid places:
'Tis that those who incense burn,
  And who to him fond altars raise
    In am'rous praise,
    May throw off fear,
And know that Love is always near,
  When they behold the Graces.

MERCURY.

Learn wherefore, husbands, learn,
  To pleasure each wife races:
'Tis when her tender love you spurn,
  When husband, lover, and the friend,
    You cease to blend;
    For who could fear
To find in wives affection near,
  Did they behold the Graces?

AGLAIA.

Learn wherefore, lovers, learn,
  We tied love in these traces:
To show each passion, in its turn,
  In reason's chains you well should bind,
    Or you will find
    Too much to fear,
And that too often danger's near,
  When you behold the Graces.

DIANA.

Learn wherefore, ladies, learn,
  We've shown you all our paces:
To find out ev'ry twist and turn
  Of subtle Cupid's dang'rous snares;
    Who boldly swears
    You out of fear,
Till you too late find ruin near,
  And fled the pitying Graces.

EUPHROSYNE.

Learn wherefore, critics, learn,
  We wear such anxious faces:
'Tis lest our faults you should discern:—
  Our hopes then, pray ye, kindly raise;
    With friendly praise,
    Dispel each fear,
You'll gratitude discover near,
  When you behold the Graces.

From Long Odds.

'TIS TRUE THE MARK OF MANY YEARS.

'Tis true, the mark of many years
Upon my wrinkled front appears;
Yet have I no such idle fears
  This will my fortune spoil:
Gold still some happiness bestows,
E'en where no youthful ardour glows;—
For proof, dear girl, take these rouleaus,
  And give me a sweet smile.

'Tis true, upon my haggard face
No marks of beauty can you trace;
Nor wears my figure aught of grace,
  T' insure the lover's bliss:
Yet I am no such horrid fright,
But that bank-notes may set things right;—
Take, then, these bills, all drawn at sight,
  And give me a sweet kiss.

'Tis true, I know not to be kind,
And that within my harden'd mind
No more a jewel can you find
  Than beauty in my face:
But one within this casket here
May make amends, its lustre 's clear;
Nor shall I think I've sold it dear,
  Paid by a sweet embrace.

A LADY OF TON.

To look upon dress, upon show, upon birth,
  As the noblest distinction of life;
On riches as all that give pleasure on earth,
  And that only cure sorrow and strife:
And though to these maxims one might say *quoi bon*,—
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

Stale virtue and vice to erase from their list,—
  Those of life make a pitiful part,—
Things certainly in people's mouths that exist,
  But have nothing to do with the heart:
To maxims like these one may well say *quoi bon*,—
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

Upon prudence as vulgar, and honesty low,
  On each man of merit a brute;
As an angel an ape, or, 'tis all one, a beau,
  Dress'd out in an elegant suit:
To maxims like these one may well say *quoi bon*,—
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

To be short—in a church is the best place to make
  Appointments, or charms to display;
And the time most commode of all others to take,
  Is Sunday, for cheating at play:—
These maxims, 'tis certain, *ne sont pas trop bon*,—
Yet this is the life of a lady of ton.

HOW ONE MAY BE MISTAKEN.

I vow I thought you, at first sight,
A moppet, a baboon, a fright,
Or some hobgoblin of the night,
That guilty creatures waken:
With nose and chin like rams' horns curl'd,
And brows in furrow'd wrinkles furl'd;—
Well, 'tis amazing, in this world,
How one may be mistaken!

For now I see, with half an eye,
You are not old, nor made awry,
Nor do your shambling trotters ply
As if by palsy shaken;
You're young as Ganymede, and fair—
Narcissus had not such an air;—
Well, 'tis amazing, I declare,
How one may be mistaken!

THE HONEST TAR.

A SAILOR, and an honest heart,
Like ship and helm, are ne'er apart;
For how should one stem wind and tide,
If t'other should refuse to guide?
With that, she freely cuts the waves.
And so the tar,
When clashing waves around him jar,
Consults his heart, and danger braves
Where duty calls; nor asks for more
Than grog aboard, and girl ashore.

'Tis not a thousand leagues from home
More horrid that the billows foam;
'Tis not that gentler is the breeze
In channel than in distant seas;—
Danger surrounds him far and near:
But honest tar,
Though winds and water round him jar,
Consults his heart, and scorns to fear:
The risks he runs endear him more
To grog aboard, and girl ashore.

'Tis not that in the hottest fight
The murd'rous ball will sooner light
On him, than any other spot—
To face the cannon is his lot;
He must of danger have his share.
But honest tar,
Though fire, and winds, and water jar,
Consults his heart, and shakes off care:
And when the battle's heat is o'er,
In grog aboard, drinks girl ashore.

POOR PEG OF MAPLEDOWN.

AND did you hear what sad disaster
Poor Peg of Mapledown befell,
For love, that stoutest hearts can master?
Alas! that those who love so well
In sorrow's train
Should mourn in vain!
Her story does such grief impel,
That woe is me the while I tell.

She lov'd a youth of honest kindred;
At church behold the happy pair,
And ask what 'twas their bliss that hinder'd?
For he was young, and she was fair:
Accurs'd be wars,
And party jars!
Why must the handsome danger share?
Alas! it fills me with despair.

Onward to his liege lord's dwelling
A rebel rout had cut their way;
What shrieks ensued! and what a yelling!
For he, a true man, must away.
He swore the fight
Would end ere night,
And he'd return with garlands gay,
Sweet trophies for his wedding-day.

Night came, and saw the youth returning,—
Accurs'd be war's destructive knife!
She ran to clasp, with passion burning,
Her wedded lord, depriv'd of life!
Oh, cruel spite!
What! not one night?—
Is not her tale with mis'ry rife?
At once a maiden and a wife!

WHEN LAST IN THE DREADFUL.

WHEN last in the Dreadful your honour set sail,
On Newfoundland Banks there came on a hard gale;
There was thunder, red lightning, and cold whistling hail,
Enough the old gemman to scare;
One who threaten'd your life, dash'd below by a wave,
Your own hand I saw snatch from a watery grave;
And you said 'twas well done, for that still, with the brave,
The noblest of glory 's to spare.

When yard-arm and yard-arm longside of a foe,
When the blood from the scuppers rain'd on us below,
When crippled enough to be taken in tow,
To strike we saw Mounseer prepare;
If a broadside below, or a volley above,
The men were all ready to give her for love,
How oft has your honour cried—Not a hand move!
A hero's true glory 's to spare!

A BATCH OF MAXIMS.

A SAYING 'twas, when I was young,
That golden carts take hay in;
And in my ears my mother rung
Ofttimes this self-same saying.
My dad, who the main chance did think
Of human cares the dearest,
Would cry, Whene'er thou go'st to drink,
The deepest stream 's the clearest.

I had an uncle, and his saw
Was, Take but never render;
And this he gave me as a law,
While yet my years were tender.
My aunt had her good adage, too,
Who also was my tutor:
Says she, Whoever comes to woo,
A dower 's a handsome suitor.

Let me, good sir, add mine to their's:
Tell not your name for nothing,—
A rule I've found, in all affairs,
Meat, washing, drink, and clothing.
My girl, who has her parents' knack
For maxims, adds a right one:
Few crows are found that are not black,
Yet a rich crow 's a white one.

From the Cestus

[It is almost needless to say, that 'The Cestus' was a kind of mythological burlesque, in which the Homeric gods were made to descend from their pedestals, and discourse in the least-exalted language of modern life.]

A PHENOMENON.

The phœnix, we're told, has the sun for his sire;
That he lives to five cent'ries or more;
That he then gathers gums and reeds in good store,
And with these makes a fire:
In the midst of which fire being seated,
His wings are the bellows
That kindle it up till 'tis properly heated:
And further they tell us,
When no longer in flame this combustible flashes,
A spick-and-span new one jumps out of the ashes.

Another wise tale to a dragon gave birth,
Whose teeth, it is said, were but sown in the earth,
When 'tis gravely attested, and let who will smile,
That a regiment of soldiers appear'd rank and file.

These stories, 'tis granted, are very absurd—
No man ever saw such a dragon or bird:
Yet folly and love to be met with asunder,
I hold a phenomenon of such a kind,
A rarity so much more worthy to brag on,
That sooner than set out this wonder to find,
I'd be bound to produce you both phœnix and dragon.

I'M UP TO ALL YOUR TRICKS.

I'm up to all your tricks, my dear,
How the winds you make your letters bear,
My care and vigilance to queer,—
But little are you winning:
You know 'tis true, my pretty youth,
You send 'em east, west, north, and south:
Don't laugh—lest t'other side your mouth
You should be after grinning.

You, master! don't believe it love;
I'm Juno still, and you are Jove:
Whom Fate has plac'd me far above,
Nor her decrees could'st alter:
Then yield with grace the sov'reign rule,
Nor think to make me thus a tool;
For those who hang me for a fool
Will find a knave in the halter.

RONDEAU—THINK NOT HERE.

Think not here to drive your gig,
Madame Juno;
I'll make you know,
Who 's at home, or, burn my wig!
Why, I'll know the reason.

You may grin, but I'll bet twenty,
Her lord and master,
I shall cast her;
And as to witnesses, I've plenty,
At any time or season.
Think not, &c.

Shall I by her—my goods and chattels,
Be led by the nose here,
Nor dispose her
As I list?—Why, sir, these battles
'Gainst me are petty treason.
Think not, &c.

WHO CALLS ON VENUS?

Who calls on her whose pow'rful art
Erects a throne in ev'ry heart?
Whose love all court, whose anger fear—
Venus yclept—behold her here!

Sighs some fond youth, his love unkind,
Would she some watchful Argus blind?
Glows some fair modest virgin's cheek,
With wishes that she dare not speak?
Who calls, &c.

WITH THAT BEGIRT.

With that begirt, each dowdy girl
Gets ev'ry charm, does she but ask it:
Her teeth become a row of pearl,
Enclos'd within a coral casket:
Carnations bloom upon her cheeks;
Roses take place of blotch and pimple;
The air 's perfum'd whene'er she speaks;
And Cupids play in ev'ry dimple.

A SIMILE.

Hear the merry minstrel sound,
On the ear it rings,
While all the strings
Are one entire vibration;
The tinkling pleasure spreads around,

And, as it plays,
Sweetly conveys,
From sense to sense,
Soft eloquence,
In thrilling circulation.

But stringless, broken, out of tune,
Time 's thrown away:
For did you play,
Without the least cessation,
And strum from January to June,
You still may bang,
At ev'ry twang,
The dismal hum;—
The more you thrum,
But speaks its mutilation.
But hear, &c,

Just so, let down its pegs, the heart
In sadness sits;
Nor once admits
Of any consolation:
But screw it into tune, each smart
And anxious care
Dissolve to air,
Alone its joy
Our minds employ,
And all is jubilation.
So hear, &c.

SPORTSMEN STAUNCH AND TRUE.

Sportsmen who are staunch and true
Ne'er the timid hare pursue:
Quiv'ring, quaking—
Shiv'ring, shaking—
Trembling, tott'ring in her flight,
She their pity would excite.

But who a badger set at bay
Wishes not to make his prey?
Where 's the heart compassion shocks
To ensnare the subtle fox?

Come on, then, partake the spoils,—
Cunning Reynard 's in the toils;—
Sly and artful, I'll prepare
For my madame such a snare,
So close and cunning a wife-gin,
With her eyes open, she'll run in.

FINE SPORT, INDEED!

Fine sport, indeed! for god and godlin,
To see great Jove become Moll Codlin;
And threat his wife with fist and horsewhip,
Because she loves a little gossip.

Yet he, forsooth, can trot and amble,
And after scores of misses ramble;—
Leave, gods, at Hercules your grinning,—
The master of the world 's a spinning.

Though, while such worthy work is doing,
Slap goes the universe to ruin:
The trumpet sounds, war rude and civil
Convulse the earth, while to the devil
They go their own way; and no wonder,—
His lightning 's out—asleep his thunder.

HOW HAPPY SHE.

How happy she, who ne'er can know
The mis'ry of the great;
Who, far from reach of sceptred woe,
Finds in her low estate
Joy in her innocence—delight
In scenes that still present
Pleasure that health and strength excite,
And transport in content

One brook, her mirror and her drink,
The happy wand'rer seeks;
And as her lambs play round its brink,
Good nature paints her cheeks.
Few are her wants, certain her joy,
For reason's glad consent
Points out her innocent employ,
And guides her to content.

MEEK I'LL BE.

Meek I'll be as Venus' dove,
Your presence court, your absence mourn:
Love shall be the price of love,
And kindness ask a kind return.

Folly shall ne'er my mind defile,
From prudence will I ne'er depart;
My face shall wear a constant smile,
And duty govern in my heart.

From the Honest Impostor.

THE SAILOR.

That girl, who fain would choose a mate
Should ne'er in fondness fail her,
May thank her lucky stars, if Fate
Should splice her to a sailor.
He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
The yellowboys to nail her:
Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat,
Would seek her honest sailor.

If she'd be constant, still his heart
She's sure will never fail her;
For, though a thousand leagues apart,
Still faithful is her sailor.
If she be false, still he is kind,
And absent, does bewail her;
Her trusting, as he trusts the wind,
Still faithless to the sailor.

A butcher can provide her prog;
Three threads to drink, a tailor:—
What's that to biscuit and to grog,
Procur'd her by her sailor?
She who would such a mate refuse,
The devil, sure, must ail her:
Search round, and, if you 're wise, you 'll choose
To wed an honest sailor.

From Tom Thumb.

LITTLE TOM THUMB.

Is it little Tom Thumb that you mean, and his battles?
Arrah! send him, for playthings, some whistles and rattles;
At the sight of a sword all his nerves would be quaking,—
He fight! he kill giants! it is game you are making.
As well you may tell us that eagles fear larks,
That mice eat up lions, and sprats swallow sharks!
Then talk not of any such nonsense to me—
Wid your confounded boderum, bumboodle, liddle lee.

Tom Thumb! such a shrimp, sure, no eyes ever saw—
He handles his arms as a fly hugs a straw:
To be sure, in the wars danger's certain to quit him,
For the taef's such a flea dare's no bullet can hit him.
And then as to courage, my jewel—hoot, hoot!
Arrah! did not I find him chin-deep in my boot?
Then talk not of any such nonsense to me,
Wid your confounded boderum, bumboodle, liddle lee.

Tom Thumb marry you!—musha honey, be aisy,—
Were it not for your sense, I should think you gone crazy!
Shall a fine stately ostrich thus wed a cock-sparrow?
'Twere a halberd stuck up by the side of an arrow,
Or a fly on a church, or a mountain and mouse,
Or a pismire that crawls by the side of the house!
Then talk not of any such nonsense to me,
Wid your confounded boderum, bumboodle, liddle lee.

THE ROUT OF THE LAWYERS.

I'll tell you a story—a story that's true,
A story that's tragic and comical too:
'Tis of a mischance that was ready to fall
On this realm through the skylight of Westminster Hall.
Sing bags and briefs, bands, gowns, and other like rigs,
Queus, bags, ties, and full-bottom wigs, wigs, wigs.

The court was just open'd, and each learned brother
Preparing which readiest could puzzle the other,
When, on top of the house, a poor ignorant wench
Puzzled judge, jury, counsel, and all of the bench.
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

Some say they a knotty dispute were upon,
Of some trifle, like perjury, bail, or crim. con.
When this maid, with good-nature alone for her object,
Wash'd the windows, to let in some light on the subject. Sing bags and briefs, &c.

Others say, and that boldly, that this little queen
Was determin'd to wash all their consciences clean;
But that would have taken, so wrong was her notion,
Instead of some drops, more than all of the ocean.
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

But the lawyers, with consciences ever awake,
Did the poor girl's civility strangely mistake,
And augmenting this mouse to a mountain of evil,
Took her mop for a pitchfork, and her for the devil.
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

One appearing, however, less scar'd than the rest,
Their absurd apprehension soon turn'd to a jest;
Crying, Courage! Old Nick will not take you this bout,—
He'll be punctual, ne'er fear, but your time is not out.
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

And now, lest the roof on their noddles should fall,
In two minutes deserted was Westminster Hall;
Pris'ner, judge, and jew-bail 'gainst each other did squeeze,
And the counsel bags, wigs, and all lost but their fees.
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

No longer let France, then, her Joan of Arc boast,
Of her country's stout foes who subdu'd a whole host:
On the Maid of the Skylight more honour shall fall,—
She routed the lawyers from Westminster Hall!
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

THE FAIRIES.

Behold the fairies' jocund band,
Who firm, though low of stature,
'Gainst giant vice shall make a stand,
Pourtraying human nature.
We 've characters of ev'ry mould,
All tempers, forms, and sizes,—
The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
Hid under quaint disguises.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

We have a priest who never swears,
But who is always ready
With money, or advice, or pray'rs,
To help the poor and needy.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

A man and wife, who both on crutch
Are now oblig'd to hobble,
Who fifty years, or near as much,
Have never had a squabble.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

A magistrate upright and wise,
To whom no bribe is given,
And who before two charming eyes
Can hold the balance even.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

A learn'd physician of great skill,
All cures, like Galen, pat in,
Who never does his patients kill,
Take fees, or jabber Latin.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

A country 'squire who hates the smell
Of stingo and October;
A modern poet who can spell;
And a musician sober.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

Away then, comrades, beat to arms,
Display your sportful banners;
Strike hard at vice, expose false charms,
And catch the living manners.
Then hey for the fairies, &c.

IN PARIS AS IN LONDON.

In Paris as in London,
Vice thrives and virtue 's undone;
Errors, passions, want of truth,
Folly in age as well as youth,
Are things by no means rare:
But honest us'rers, friends sincere,
And judges with their conscience clear—
C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

In Paris all things vary:
Sixteen and sixty marry;
Men presuming on their purse,
Heirs with their estates at nurse,
Are things by no means rare:
But doctors who refuse a fee,
And wives and husbands who agree,-
C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

In Paris, idle passion
And folly lead the fashion:
Attention paid to show and dress,
Modest merit in distress,
Are things by no means rare;
But friendship in sarcastic sneers,
And honesty in widows' tears,—
C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

CHAIRS TO MEND.

Like mine to botch is each man's fate,
Each toils in his vocation—
One man tinkers up the state,
Another mends the nation;
Your parsons preach to mend the heart,
They cobble heads at college;
Physicians patch, with terms of art
And Latin, want of knowledge.
But none for praise can more contend
Than I,
Who cry
Old chairs to mend.

Your lawyers' tools are flaws and pleas;
They manners mend by dancing;
Wigs are patches for degrees,
And lovers use romancing;
Fortunes are mended up and made
Too frequently with places;
With rouge, when their complexions fade,
Some ladies mend their faces;
But none for praise, &c.

A TINKER I AM.

A tinker I am,—
My name 's Natty Sam;
From morn to night I trudge it:
So low is my fate,
My pers'nal estate
Lies all within this budget.
Work for the tinker, ho! good wives,
For they are lads of mettle—
Twere well if you could mend your lives,
As I can mend a kettle.

The man of war,
The man of the bar,
Physicians, priests, free-thinkers,
That rove up and down
Great London town,
What are they all but tinkers?
Work for the tinker, &c.

'Those 'mong the great
Who tinker the state
And badger the minority,—
Pray, what 's the end
Of their great work, my friend,
But to rivet a good majority?
Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name,
That cobbles his fame,
That tinkers his reputation:
And thus, had I time,
I could prove in my rhyme,
Jolly tinkers are all the nation.
Work for the tinker, &c.

THE YOUNKER WHO HIS FIRST ESSAY.

The younker who his first essay
Makes in the front of battle,
Stands all aghast, while cannons play,
And bullets round him rattle.

But pride steps in, and now no more
Fell Fear his jav'lin lances:
Like dulcet flutes the cannons roar,
And groans turn country dances.

So frights and flurries, and what not,
Upon my fancy rushes:
I fear I know not why or what—
I'm cover'd o'er with blushes.

But let the honey season fly,
To second well my clapper,
The kitchen's whole artillery
Shall grace my husband's napper.

From the Passions.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

Wouldst error leave, to follow truth?
Wouldst all thy cares should end?
Turn here thy steps, misguided youth,
And listen to a friend.
Nor to Severity austere,
Nor fond Indulgence, lean;
But seek fair Moderation—here
She holds the golden mean.

From that hand which profusely gives,
Can any blessing fall?
Or who a joy from that derives
Which, churl, refuses all?
Turn, then, thy errors to atone,
And steer a course between:
Fair Moderation 'tis alone
That holds the golden mean.

From the Lancashire Witches.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

Of familiars you've heard, and hobgoblins and sprites,
And of conj'rors, and spectres, and fairies;
That possess us in dreams, draw our curtains at night,
And play five hundred other vagaries.
But all we've been told of these mischiefs and harms,
That to hearts give such pains and such twitches,
Are nothing, compar'd to the spells and the charms
Recorded of Lancashire witches.

Nor, the manner excepted, to this very day
Have these spells undergone alteration:
For Lancashire females have charms that convey
At this moment the same fascination.
And of yore if their vot'ries through fear took a prance
In the air, over hedges and ditches,
In chase of fond hope, they are now led a dance
By the charms of the Lancashire witches.

The familiars of both vary only in name:
Those sat scowling in plaits and in rimples;
These are sports, loves, and pleasures, that play the same game,
But they revel in smiles and in dimples.

Thus, as hope and as fear the same torment imparts,
When wrought to extremity's pitches,
Let all who are plagued with susceptible hearts
Beware of these Lancashire witches.

The Lancashire witches, their power to keep,
Of the heart at one stroke make a capture:
The charms of old times struck you all of a heap,
Now they strike you with wonder and rapture.
And if old ugly hags made the candles burn blue,
And had night-mares, and heart-aches, and stitches,
So we still have the heart-aches, and e'en night-mares too,
From these beautiful Lancashire witches.

Yet, would ye avert all these spells and these charms,
Sue to Hymen to be your auxiliar;
Let the witchcraft be laid in that circle her arms,
And let love be your mutual familiar.
So delight and enchantment shall grace ev'ry hour,
While contentment each pleasure enriches,
And good-humour and sweetness the magical pow'r
Still confirm of the Lancashire witches.

From Liberty Hall.

[A Comic Opera, first produced at Drury Lane, February 8, 1784, when Dibdin had ceased to have any connection with the Circus. The piece itself was not remarkably successful; but one of the songs, the celebrated 'High-Mettled Racer,' will retain its popularity as long as the language shall be understood in which it is written.]

Opening Chorus—LIGHT AND TRIPPING.

Light and tripping as you tread,
With printless steps, along the mead,
With air ingenuous, open, free,
Hither come, sweet Liberty!
Health waits thee in thy bless'd domain—
Come, and hold thy jocund reign!

Here 's the true seat of liberty;
We sit, sing, chat, and sip our tea,
Discuss the modish topics round,
While jest, and jibe, and joke abound;
Abusing, as it serves our ends,
The state, the weather, and our friends.

Britons, well read in Freedom's lore,
Say all they know, and ten times more.
Cobblers teach kings—and where 's the crime?
Let beards wag freely,—truths sublime
Fall sometimes from the coarsest tongue,
As order out of chaos sprung.

THE WELSH LOVER.

Were Patience kind to me,
Oh he de nos!
Far plyther than a coat I'd be,
Oh he de nos!

Leap, skip, and pound, would poor Ap Hugh,
And capriole and caper too,
And frisk, and chump, and dance, look you,
Oh he de nos!

Put Patience very cruel is,
Oh he de nos!
With chibes, and cheers, and mockeries,
Oh he de nos!
Which makes to sigh and sob Ap Hugh,
And whining his sad fortune rue,
And crieve, and croan, and crunt, look you,
Oh he de nos!

WHO TO MY WOUNDS A BALM ADVISES.

Who to my wounds a balm advises,
But little knows what I endure:
The patient's pain to torture rises,
When med'cine 's tried, and fails to cure.

What can the wisest counsel teach me,
But sad remembrance of my grief?
Alas! your kindness cannot reach me:
It gives but words—I ask relief.

WHEN FAINTLY GLEAMS THE DOUBTFUL DAY.

When faintly gleams the doubtful day,
Ere yet the dewdrops on the thorn
Borrow a lustre from the ray
That tips with gold the dancing corn,—
Health bids awake, and homage pay
To him who gave another morn;
And, well with strength his nerves to brace,
Urges the sportsman to the chase.

Do we pursue the timid hare,
As trembling o'er the lawn she bounds?
Still of her safety have we care,
While seeming death her steps surrounds;
We the defenceless creature spare,
And instant stop the well-taught hounds:
For cruelty should ne'er disgrace
The well-earn'd pleasure of the chase.

Do we pursue the subtle fox?
Still let him brakes and rivers try,
Through marshes wade, or climb the rocks,
The deep-mouth'd hounds shall foll'wing fly;
And, while he ev'ry danger mocks,
Unpitied shall the culprit die:
To quell his cruel artful race,
Is labour worthy of the chase.

Return'd, with shaggy spoils well stor'd,
To our convivial joys at night,
We toast; and first our country's lord,
Anxious who most shall do him right:
The fair next crowns the social board,—
Britons should love as well as fight:
For he who slights the tender race
Is held unworthy of the chase.

NE'ER YET DID LOVER.

Ne'er yet did lover
Hope discover
Till won by sighs and wishes tender,
To reward him,
We accord him
That presage of our hearts' surrender.

Hope 's the reward of faithful hearts,
Herald of ev'ry joy propitious;
The course on which the lover starts,
Eager to reach that goal he wishes.

When you a lover's title prove,
So kind—so true,—well-pleas'd to greet you,
This hope, the harbinger of love,
With winning smiles shall haste to meet you.

JACK RATLIN.

Jack Ratlin was the ablest seaman,
None like him could hand, reef, and steer;
No dang'rous toil but he'd encounter,
With skill, and in contempt of fear:
In fight a lion;—the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit—
Yet did he sigh, and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor—
For none of these had Jack regard;
He, while his messmates were carousing,
High sitting on the pendant yard,
Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
Swear never from such charms to rove:
That truly he'd adore them living,
And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land;
Among the rest, brought Jack some tidings,—
Would it had been his love's fair hand!
Oh fate!—her death defac'd the letter—
Instant his pulse forgot to move;
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a sigh—and died for love!

ANACREONTIC—WHAT IF MY PLEASURES.

What if my pleasures fools condemn,
Because I am not dull, like them;
Because no minute I let pass
Unmark'd by a convivial glass?
Or else, retir'd from strife and noise,
I tempt the fair to softer joys;
A mortal with a soul divine,
Alternate crown'd with love and wine.

These shall on earth my being share:
And when I'm gone, if in my heir
My spirits live, let him not mourn,
But see emboss'd upon my urn

Bacchus and Venus in a wreath,
With this inscription underneath,—
'This mortal had a soul divine,
Alternate crown'd with love and wine.'

THE BRIDE'S PROMISE.

Oh, transports beyond measure!
Oh, extasy of pleasure!
What unknown joys possess me!
The world will now confess me
That honour'd happy thing, a wife!

Should unexpected crosses
Misfortunes breed and losses,
My husband's cares to soften,
I'll tenderly and often
With kisses banish ev'ry strife.

Thus I'll discharge so duly,
So constantly, so truly,
So well, my duty's promise,
That, pain and care far from us,
Sweet shall be our cup of life.

WHEN FAIRIES ARE LIGHTED.

When fairies are lighted by night's silver queen,
And feast in the meadow, or dance on the green,
My Lumkin aside lays his plough and his flail,
By yon oak to sit near me, and tell his fond tale:
And though I'm assur'd the same vows were believ'd
By Patty and Ruth, he forsook and deceiv'd,
Yet so sweet are his words, and like truth so appear,
I pardon the treason, the traitor 's so dear.

I saw the straw bonnet he bought at the fair,
The rose-colour'd ribbon to deck Jenny's hair,
The shoe-ties of Bridget, and, still worse than this,
The gloves he gave Peggy for stealing a kiss:
All these did I see, and with heartrending pain
Swore to part; yet I know, when I see him again,
His words and his looks will like truth so appear,
I shall pardon the treason, the traitor 's so dear.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

See the course throng'd with gazers,—the sports are begun;
The confusion but hear!—'I'll bet you, sir,'—'Done, done:'
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near;
Lords, hawkers, and jockeys, assail the tir'd ear:—
While with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he 's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now Renard 's turn'd out: and o'er hedge and ditch rush
Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;
They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
And 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 stanch 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 gain'd that race,
And what matches he won too the hostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge-alehouse door;
While the harness sore galls, and the spur 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 hourglass stands still;
And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

DO SALMONS LOVE.

Do salmons love a lucid stream?
Do thirsty sheep love fountains?
Do Druids love a doleful theme?
Or goats the craggy mountains?
If it be true these things are so,
As truly she 's my lovey,
And os wit I yng carie I,
Rooi fit dwyn de garie di,
As ein, dai, tree, pedwar, pimp, chweck go,
The bells of Aberdovey.

Do keffels love a wisp of hay?
Do sprightly kids love prancing?
Do curates crowdies love to play?
Or peasants morris-dancing?
If it be true, &c.

HEAR ME, UNKIND AND CRUEL.

Hear me, unkind and cruel, hear me,
In pity to the griefs I feel;
Or kindly turn, and smiling cheer me,
Or here will I for ever kneel.

'Twixt life and death the soul to fetter,—
Ah! who can bear 't?—My sentence speak!
Than love to bear unbless'd, 'twere better
The woe-torn heart at once should break.

FOR PEACE OR WAR.

Prepar'd each army on its way,
Would you hostilities should cease,
Do you the olive-branch display,
I'll smoke the calumet of peace.

But if in arms we must be found,
Haste to the field, and let us see
If your trumpet, or my warwhoop's sound,
Can loudest cry to victory.

NEVER WONDER OR STARE.

Never wonder or stare
That we breathe the free air,
Who from pleasure to pleasure still bound;
Who through life's busy race,
Though we're hot on the chase,
Neither follow the horn nor the hound.

But how to inspire
With my volatile fire
You who slowly existence drag round,
Far from regions of taste,
Who a dull being waste,
'Twixt echo, your horn, and your hound.

My counsel then take,
For propriety's sake,
Nor dare once intruding be found
Into our bright sphere,
But vegetate here,
With your hunter, your horn, and your hound.

Finale.

NO LONGER SLOW-CONSUMING CARE.

Female. No longer slow-consuming care
And grief by turns devour me:
My heart 's grown light, I tread on air,
Delicious joys o'erpow'r me.

Chorus. No low'ring clouds shall overwhelm,
For wary Prudence takes the helm;
No low'ring clouds shall overwhelm
Henceforth our hopes on Folly's sea,
For wary Prudence takes the helm,
To guard the bark of Liberty.

Male. Unceasing blessings may ye prove,
For nobly thou hast won her:
They only pay the price of love,
Who purchase it with honour.

Female. Like this kind creature, prithee, say,
Was ever such another?
Oh! that the sister's love could pay
Thy friendship to the brother!

From Harvest Home.

[A Comic Opera in two acts, first acted at the Haymarket, 1787.]

LET EV'RYTHING WAIT BUT THE ALE.

Wounds, here's such a coil! I am none of your poor
Petty varlets, who flatter, and cringe, and procure;
I'm a freeman, a nabob, a king on his throne,
For I've chattels, and goods, and strong beer of my own:
Besides, 'tis a rule, that good fellows ne'er fail
To let ev'rything wait, but the generous ale.

My int'rest I love; thee I love, too, good wife;
But still I love better a jovial life:
And for thee or my lady, with duty devout,
I'll run to old Nick, when the dobbin 's drunk out;
But 'tis always a rule, that good fellows ne'er fail
To let ev'rything wait, but the generous ale.

Duet—SWEET THE BREEZE OF MORNING.

First. Sweet, oh sweet! the breeze of morning
Passing o'er the new-blown rose;
Where verdant bow'rs, the meads adorning,
Court rustic lovers to repose.
The gay domains of gentle Flora,
And all delights it can impart,
Have not a sweet like my Cleora,
Dearest flower of my heart!

Second. Sweet, oh sweet! the humming liquor
Mantling in the crystal glass!
In which, with rosy gills, the vicar,
Chuckling, toasts his fav'rite lass!
Venus was a buxom hussy,
As Vulcan, Mars, and Jove can tell;
And yet why may not Goody Muzzy,
When one 's sharpset, do as well!

First. Pity from her I love invoking,
To plead my wishes do not fail.

Second. See, with love and thirst I'm choking;—
Smile, and hand the mug of ale!

First. Thus, while I'm to your heart appealing,
Do not my tender suit deny.

Second. Goody, I am tir'd with kneeling;
Therefore, prithee, now comply.

ARRAH, PAT.

Arrah, Pat, did you leave your poor Unah to mourn!
Fait and troth! my dear jewel,
Now was it not cruel?
Oh! come back again, or you'll never return,
To cheer me when I'm broken-hearted.

Straight forward I look, when around me so gay,
I'd a pleasure in toiling
When Patrick was smiling;
The sun shin'd, though 'twas cloudy, the while we made hay,
For den Pat and I had not parted.

Each bird while it's singing may shut up its throat:
I won't look at the thistle,
Where goldfinches whistle;
For though they all stun me, I don't hear a note,—
How can I, while thus broken-hearted?

The cows may courant it, the sheep frisk and play,
Lambs and kidlings be dancing,
And skipping, and prancing;
For though they're beside me they're all gone away,
Since Patrick and Unah are parted.

WHEN ON CLEORA'S FORM I GAZE.

When on Cleora's form I gaze,
Surveying that exhaustless store,
Till then unnotic'd charms I praise,
And those till then prais'd I adore!
And while I look with fond surprise,
And catch soft madness from my fair,
I wish for Argus' hundred eyes,
And wish to gaze for ever there!

But when Cleora's voice I hear,
And when she strikes the trembling strings,
I wish each eye was made an ear,
To list with angels while she sings!
Thus, while in rapture they rejoice,
My senses still her empire own;
And touch her, see her, hear her voice,—
All, all confirm her's, her's alone!

ROUND ME THRONG.

Round me throng each sport and pleasure!
Ceres, bring thy golden treasure!
Hours, that gay delight shall measure,
Sportive spread your flutt'ring wings.
The rural gambols lead up neatly;
Now begin—in measure featly;—
See! they move! while, warbling sweetly,
Hark! the mellow blackbird sings.

GAY AS THE LARK.

Gay as the lark that, early soaring,
Views from on high the glitt'ring streams,
And, while his orisons are pouring,
Basks in Phœbus' cheering beams,—
I knew, at morning, naught but pleasure;
Noon never came to see me grieve;
Nor did delight, far beyond measure,
E'er fail to greet my steps at eve!

DEAR ME! I'M ALL IN A TWITTER.

Dear me! I'm all in a twitter to think on't!
Fine doings, at my age, to have a gallant!
I'm sixty, I think, or not far from the brink on't,—
A fine time of life a spark's heart to enchant!
Set my mouth how I will, when he bows with a grace
His fond wishes presses,
And tells his caresses,
I—ha! ha! ha!—shall laugh full in his face.
His violent love, when my dry shrivell'd hand
He fumbles
And mumbles,
How can I withstand!
With asthmatic lungs, when he fetches a sigh,
And grins in rheumatics, to make me comply,
How can I at such tender ecstasy scoff,
That protests in an ague, and vows in a cough?

WHEN GOODY PLAYS THE DEVIL.

When Goody plays the devil or so,
In midst of scolding, strife, and tears,
Off to the alehouse straight I go,
To drink my pint, and save my ears:
There, for the tuneful nightingale,
Do I exchange the screech-owl's note;
For, as I drink the sparkling ale,
It jug, jug, jug, goes down my throat.

When Goody Muzzy's in a pout,
And scolds and storms, and fleers and flaunts,
Only to send her husband out,
That she may let in her gallants,—
Then, John, in vain thy ale shall foam,
And sparkle in its crystal bounds:
The nightingale's sweet voice at home
Now—jug, jug, jug, in kisses sounds!

LOVE'S THE HARVEST OF THE HEART.

The sultry noon cries—whilst they last,
Seize on pleasures, take repast;
Fortune's fickle,
And Fate's sickle
May surprise us in our prime—
Death's the harvest-home of time!

Fair ones, bless'd with charms and truth,
Reap the profit in your youth:
In that season
Follow reason,
And of pleasure take your part—
Love's the harvest of the heart!

Young men, who all in woman find,
That's good, and beautiful, and kind,
Never grieve 'em,
Vex, or leave 'em,
But treat 'em gently, nobly, kind!—
Truth's the harvest of the mind.

AWAY, PALE FEAR.

Away, pale fear and ghastly terror!
Fly at a parent's voice, away!
Correcting ev'ry youthful error,
She deigns to bid, and I obey:

And oh, my heart! thou murmur'st treason,
Perturb'd and frighten'd thus, to move;
This sacrifice I make to reason,—
Lie still, poor flutt'rer, and approve!

STUDY IN LOVE'S SCHOOL.

The first word I lisp'd, I am told, was love!
High down, derry derry,
Ho down, derry derry,
Let's be merry
In the hawthorn grove;
For there, in the bushes,
The blackbirds and thrushes
Teach you, if you're not a fool,
To study in Love's charming school.

At five years I went in a barn to play,
High down, derry derry,
Ho down, derry derry,
Let's be merry
Among the hay;
For there Ralph and Dolly,
Bumpkin and Molly,
Taught me, or I'd been a fool,
To study in Love's charming school.

WOMEN.

Women, to bless the men design'd,
Are always prudent, good, and kind;
Always fair, and always young:—
'Tis true, a woman has a tongue;
But then, the ill to counterpoise,
It never makes the smallest noise,
Rants, roars, or any scandal tells,
Or with abuse at random runs,
Or wrangling,
Jangling,
The ear stuns,
Ringing a peal like parish bells.

If maids, they all with patience wait,
Nor envy aught the marriage state;
If wives, still faithful to his bed,
They never wish the husband dead;
If widows, they shed tears like rain,
And ne'er were known to wed again:
For, sirs, in this, and all things else,
Charming woman's never wrong,
Nor wrangling,
Jangling,
Wags her tongue,
Ringing a peal like parish bells.

THE EXCHANGE.

As Dermot toil'd one summer's day,
Young Shelah, as she sat behind him,
Fairly stole his pipe away—
O den to hear how she'd deride him!
'Where, poor Dermot, is it gone,
Your lily lily loodle?
They've left you nothing but the drone.
And that's yourself, you noodle.'
Beum bum boodle, loodle loo!
Poor Dermot's pipe is lost and gone,
And what will the poor devil do?

'Fait, now I am undone and more,'
Cried Dermot—'Ah, will you be aesy?
Did not you stale my heart before?
Is it you'd have a man run crazy?
I've nothing left me now to moan;
My lily lily loodle,
That us'd to cheer me so, is gone—
Ah, Dermot! thou'rt a noodle.
Beum bum boodle, loodle loo,
My heart, and pipe, and peace are gone—
What next will cruel Shelah do?'

But Shelah hearing Dermot vex,
Cried she, ''Twas little Cupid mov'd me,
Ye fool, to steal it, out of tricks,
Only to see how much you lov'd me:
Come, cheer thee, Dermot, never moan,
But take your lily loodle;
And for the heart of you that's gone,
You shall have mine, you noodle.'
Beum bum boodle, loodle loo,
Shelah's to church with Dermot gone;
And for the rest—what's dat to you?

FREE FROM STRIFE.

Free from strife, and Love's alarms,
With joyous heart and mind at ease,
Time was, when, with a thousand charms,
Bacchus knew the way to please.

When, while the merry glee went round,
Gaily I saw each moment pass;
Nor ever had I heard a sound
Like the sweet tinkling of a glass

The flask now broke, and spill'd the wine,
For Cupid, Bacchus' joys I quit;
The myrtle kills the blighted vine,
And Love, turn'd Fate, cries out—'Submit!'

TRUE PLEASURE.

[A song which, if it has not gained popularity, deserves it for the sake of the beautiful truth which it inculcates so simply and effectively.]

Though I am humble, mean, and poor,
Yet 'faith! am I disarning:
And one may see the sun shine, sure,
Without the help of larning.
This little maxim, for my sake,
I pray you be believing—
The truest pleasures that we *take*,
Are those that we are *giving*.

Is there a wretch, with all his pelf,
So poor as a rich miser?
Sure, does he not defraud himself?
No maxim can be wiser.
He who is bless'd for his own sake,
'Faith! is himself deceiving:
The truest pleasures that we *take*,
Are those that we are *giving*.

FINALE—SOCIAL PLEASURES.

Cleora. WHO social pleasures love to share,
Where rise nor hall nor costly dome,
Far from the meagre train of care,
Come, smiling, to Love's harvest-home?
Who social, &c.

Unah. Oh! I'll be merry—never fear,
Although I'm sad at heart; but come!
Who knows that we shan't see, next year,
Our Patrick here, at harvest-home!
Who social, &c.

Glan. With chaplets crown'd, and garlands twin'd,
Light, sportive, airy, frolicsome,—
Thus, good and happy, may we find
Elysium in Love's harvest-home!
Who social, &c.

From Broken Gold.

[A Ballad Opera, in two acts, written on the occasion of Lord Nelson's victory and death, and produced at Drury Lane Theatre, 1806. It was a slight piece, taking its title and plot from the custom explained in the last song.]

YOUNG MOGGY MET WILLIAM.

YOUNG Moggy met William beside a clear stream,
Where grew a willow-tree,—
She thought 'twas a phantom, a ghost, or a dream,
While struck all aghast was he;
For Moggy, heart-broken, and sunk in despair,
And slighted by Bob of the lea,
Had noos'd a fine garter, to hang herself there,
Upon the willow-tree.

Now William's surprise was to Moggy's akin,
For Dolly, a false-hearted she,
Had, scouting his love, said, she car'd not a pin
For such a dull lout as he.
So he stole the fine garter she bought at the fair,
And swore, since 'twas Fortune's decree,
He'd seek out the river, and hang himself there,
Upon the willow-tree.

Thus William and Moggy, each garter in hand,
Met under the willow-tree;
And while, like two fools, they were both at a stand,
He was vex'd, and quite daunted was she:
But when in cold blood they consider'd the thing,
They struck up a match frank and free,
And left Dolly and Bob, if they chose it, to swing
Upon the willow-tree.

SINCE JACK, THOU ART A SEAMAN'S SON.

SINCE, Jack, thou art a seaman's son,
And born for the good of the nation,
'Tis pretty near time I begun
To larn thee a tar's edication:
For when out of port
Thou'lt be Fortune's sport,
And taste of sorrow's cup;
Yet in thy pow'r
Is Hope's best bow'r,
When Death shall bring thee up.

Love honour as thy life;
Ne'er do a paltry thing;
Protect thy friend and wife;
Spare foes, and serve thy King!
This lesson larn,
Without consarn
Thou'lt taste of pleasure's cup,
E'en to the dregs,
On thy last legs,
When Death shall bring thee up.

And when thou'st left the sea,
And time has long broke bulk,
Grown old and crank like me,
And laid up, a sheer hulk,
Teach thy young son
This course to run,
To drink of comfort's cup;
Thy eyes thou'lt close
In sweet repose,
When Death shall bring thee up.

WITH WHAT HARD TERMS.

WITH what hard terms fond lovers cope,
That cruel Fate imposes!
Absence and danger banish hope,
And thorns choke up the roses.
Yet that her lover dangers prove,
To earn the hero's name,
Must she suspend the joys of love,
To swell the lists of Fame.

Nor with too timid woman's fears
Let her fond heart be troubled;
The storm appeas'd, a calm appears—
Her transports are redoubled;
Her hero claims a welcome home,
Well earn'd that glorious name;
His brows the laurel well become,
That swells the lists of Fame.

THE CARPENTER AND THE JUDGE.

A CARPENTER, who for two gibbets long us'd
Could never his money obtain,
When order'd to make a third gibbet, refus'd
To work at the job, flat and plain.
The hangman and gaoler, both equally blam'd
That this hanging was thus at a stand,
Laid the fault on the carpenter, who, they exclaim'd,
Had been order'd to do 't out of hand.

'Look you here,' cried the carpenter: 'friends, 'tis no joke,—
Two gibbets already I've made;
And to make you another I'll not strike a stroke,
Till for the first two I've been paid.'

He was brought 'fore the judge, while he shook in his shoes,
Who cried, 'Fellow, 'tis by my command
That this gibbet you make,—then no longer refuse,
But do it at once out of hand.'

'My Lord,' cried the carpenter, ''tis very true,
On the hangman and gaoler's bare word,
Since I had not been paid for the making of two,
I swore that I'd not make a third;
But now 'tis a different thing, quite and clean;—
Had they made me at once understand
That the gallows in point for your lordship had been,
Lord love ye! I'd don 't out of hand.'

'TIS NOT THAT ALL HIS OATHS.

'Tis not that all his oaths were lies,
His faith and truth neglected,—
Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries,
And this in love 's expected:
Nor that he left me, hope grown cold,
In doubt, the lover's limbo;—
'Tis that he gave my broken gold
To Quashee Corrumbimbo.

But does he think that ugly she
Shall share in his caresses,
While thus unworthy he loads me
With numberless distresses?
He of his falsehood shall be told;
I'll set my arms akimbo,
Cry, 'Villain base! thou gav'st my gold
To Quashee Corrumbimbo.'

Duet—DID TEMPESTS HOWL.

Male. Did tempests howl?—thy fancied form
Hush'd into peace the threat'ning storm;
Did cannons roar?—thou wert the guide
That turn'd the murd'rous ball aside:
All peril, labour, toil, and pain,
Essay'd to quell my mind in vain;
In dangers safe, in shackles free,
Still comfort came, led on by thee.

Fem. Did summer parch? Did winter freeze?
Did hurricanes unroot the trees?
Did dread alarms of war increase?—
I thought of thee, and all was peace:
No chance, no fate, no force, no art,
I knew, could shake thy constant heart;
And though from pain no moment free,
I thought of pleasure, love, and thee.

Trio—DEAR ME, HOW SWEET.

Dear me! how sweet a thing is love,
When heart for heart 's the terms!
When wish'd-for bliss the absent prove,
The present joy confirms;
When sorrows ne'er the breast invade,
And hope can pain beguile;
And hours of grief are overpaid
By one returning smile.

A POET FROM RUIN NO REMEDY SAW.

A poet from ruin no remedy saw,
But an opera soon to be play'd:
The op'ra was damn'd, and the merciless law
Away all his chattels convey'd.
A poor rat, that was standing with tears in his eyes,
As about scraps of paper he twirl'd,
In hopes in this chaos to meet with some prize,
Found out an old map of the world.

He soon went to work—ev'ry large commonweal
He tumbled as if he were frantic;
On islands and continents made a full meal,
And drank up the ocean Atlantic.
For some tit-bit he search'd ev'ry cranny and nook,
While kingdoms in ruin he hurl'd,
Till, like Mulgrave, Vancouvre, or Anson, or Cook,
He almost made a voy'ge round the world.

At last, since of feasting he had not enough,
Old England he thought he'd begin;
But he found it a job so confoundedly tough,
That he laid himself down and gave in.
Let the story, then, serve for a sure case in point,
That no effort our island can sever:
Were the whole world dismember'd, and torn joint from joint,
Still should England be England for ever.

WHAT IF THE SAILOR BOLDLY GOES.

What if the sailor boldly goes,
To distant climates bound,—
Braves wind from ev'ry point that blows
The varying compass round?
No longer, when compell'd to rove,
To make him rich amends,
As the needle true, he finds his love,
His country, and his friends.

Thus, ev'ry danger life endures,
May to o'erwhelm him come,
Trouble at sea only insures
Pleasure that waits at home:
He braves the storm, that calm to prove
Propitious Fortune sends;
As the needle true to find his love,
His country, and his friends.

THEN LET US REJOICE.

Then let us rejoice, for old England so glorious
A victory never was seen:
We have often o'er five, nine, elev'n, been victorious,
But now we have beaten nineteen.
Yet 'twas earn'd by a wound that for years will want healing,
A wound that at sea and ashore
Ev'ry Briton shall mourn with one heart and one feeling,—
Our hero, great Nelson, 's no more.

I sail'd with him often in pretty hard service;
More than once saw him wounded, and smile:
I was there when he gain'd such renown under Jervis,
And he pepper'd the French on the Nile:
I heard his last words, that so griev'd each bystander,
Words sounding so mournful and sweet,—
'Twas 'his love and farewell'—damme, there's a commander!—
To each brother tar in the fleet.

But he's gone; and so nobly the French and the Spaniards
Shall be lather'd, fore, aft, back, and sides,
That we'll not leave a rope from the shrouds to the lanyards,
For in fighting we'll work double tides:
And the notion's a right one;—Ah! where's such another?
We 've lost!—why, the 'count 's without end!
The king a great subject, each sailor a brother,
And every Briton a friend.

BROKEN GOLD.

Two real lovers, with one heart,
One mind, one sentiment, one soul,
In hapless hour were doom'd to part,
At tyrant duty's harsh control.
They broke in two a golden coin,
In token that their love should hold,
And swore, when Fate their hands should join,
To join again the broken gold.

A treach'rous friend, who could not brook
That joy which real love imparts,
In evil hour advantage took
To sow dissension in their hearts;—
Engines employ'd, kept spies in pay,
Conjectures rais'd, and falsehoods told,
To prove that each had giv'n away,
To rivals base, the broken gold.

At last, when years elaps'd, they met,
Hush'd ev'ry fear, dead all alarms;
Banish'd each sorrow and regret,
They rush'd into each other's arms:
While to the fond embrace they flew,
Which Love sat smiling to behold,
In token that their hearts were true,
They fondly join'd the broken gold.

FINALE—WHEN NELSON FELL.

WHEN Nelson fell, the voice of Fame,
With mingled joy and pain,
Lamented that no other name
So glorious could remain:—
And worthily is Nelson lov'd;
Yet, ere a short month's dawn,
Fresh glory Britain's sons have prov'd,
Led on by gallant Strachan.

Cornwallis, Smith, and Collingwood,
Fine fellows! still exist;
But to name sailors firm and good
Would take the Navy's List.
Great Nelson with his parting breath
Their character has drawn:
He call'd them brothers; and his death
They 'll emulate, like Strachan.

Then, Britons, be not out of heart,
Like men of hope bereft:
In him did the sheet-anchor part,
Yet is the best bow'r left.
Still Nelson shall inspire renown;
And, though for ever gone,
His spirit shall with smiles look down,
And point to gallant Strachan.

From the Round Robin.

[A Comic Opera in two acts, first acted at the Haymarket, June 21, 1811, being Dibdin's last dramatic production. It was only acted twice. It will appear strange that a piece boasting so many good songs should have been unsuccessful; but it was acted as an afterpiece, by performers who had been recently engaged from the provinces, and who were not then sufficiently popular to attract public attention to the songs which, nevertheless, subsequently became so popular.]

TRIO—DID NOT WE RUN HIM HARD?

DID not we run him hard?
Did not we make a push?
Poor Renard! how he was scar'd,
When, 'Yoics, my joys!
Hark forward, my boys!'
We were all of us hard at his brush.

So eager, so fierce, was the pack,
That all of us panted for breath;
So little did any hang back,
Dogs, horses, and men,
Not one out of ten,
But was merrily in at the death.

THE STANDING TOAST.

THE moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a ripple,
Affording a chequer'd delight;
The gay jolly tars pass'd the word for the tipple
And the toast—for 'twas Saturday night:
Some sweetheart or wife that he loved as his life
Each drank, while he wish'd he could hail her;
But the standing toast that pleas'd the most
Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor!

41. 11. 8. 1166.

Some drank the king and his brave ships,
And some the constitution;
Some, May our foes and all such rips
Own English resolution!
That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
And that they soon might hail her;
But the standing toast, &c.

Some drank our queen, and some our land,
Our glorious land of freedom!
Some that our tars might never stand
For heroes brave to lead 'em!
That beauty in distress might find
Such friends as ne'er would fail her;
But the standing toast, &c.

WOMEN, DEAR SIR, ARE JUST AND TRUE.

Women, dear sir, are just and true,
And tenderness affects 'em;
Dearly they love to give its due
That kindness which protects 'em:
For me, did duty's call impart
An order e'er so hateful,
E'en though the effort broke my heart,
I'd sigh, and yet be grateful.

My youthful friend, whose gen'rous mind
Your goodness taught obedience,
Knows to be dutiful and kind,
And owns his heart's allegiance;
We are your own, sir, heart and hand,
No duty can be firmer;
And, were e'en hard what you command,
We'd sigh, but dare not murmur.

THE IRISH ECHO.

Oh! had you but seen the stone they call Blarney!
The sportsmen set off to the lake of Killarney!
Oh, that was the day—soon the fox was in sight,
And great, oh my soul! was our joy and delight!
We were all in full glee—'twas a beautiful morn;
And echo struck up a duet with the horn:
Cried the horn, 'How d'ye do?'
'Mighty well, I thank you;'
Oh! the glorious duet 'twixt the echo and horn!

Away Paddy Rafferty dash'd o'er the plain;
His fine-mettled horse devil a bit could he rein;
Till the rude vicious beast, by a sly ugly twitch,
Neck and heels sous'd Pat Rafferty into a ditch;
While the oaths and the screams, as he lay there forlorn,
Made a curious duet for the echo and horn:
'Damme! there he lies flat!'
'Fait, and you may say dat!'
Oh! the curious duet 'twixt the echo and horn!

No sportsman e'er saw such a chase—by the pow'rs!
It lasted at least the best part of sev'n hours;
Till, scrambling through bogs, and o'er brambles and rocks,
We were merrily in at the death of the fox.
We laugh'd fear and peril and danger to scorn,
While Echo replied to the sound of the horn:
What a devil of a push!
Fait! I'd hold of his brush!
What a spunky duet 'twixt the echo and horn!

[The last verse of this song is omitted in representation.]

ONE MOUNTAIN NEGER.

One Mountain Neger, he no find,
In ev'ry place him try,
No good, no charity, no kind,
And so him like to die.
One kick, one scold, cry 'Who are you?
Black Neger, villain clan!'
Poor Neger say, he so far true,
But, massa, me be man.

So, when he scarcely eye to look,
Or scalding tear to cry,
Like dat good man in holy book,
One massa kind come by;
Him dry him tears, him make new breath—
Poor Neger can't forget;
Him serve good master till him death,
To pay such mighty debt.

IF WAYWARD GRIEF.

If wayward grief falls to my share,
And I'm my peace resigning,
I know my duty, and can bear
My lot without repining;—
Sweet are our lives; and oh! how far
More sweet the smiles of beauty!
Yet these the very meanest tar
Yields at the call of duty.

We hold existence by a law
That various danger 's bringing
If like to drown, at ev'ry straw
We eagerly are clinging;
But, spite of all, if Fortune frown,
Spite of the tears of beauty;—
'Tis noble, if we must go down,
To sink at call of duty.

Negro Duet—THE SUN GO DOWN.

1st Negro. The sun go down, the world take breath,
The lazy monkey rest him;
Poor working neger tir'd to death,
And so him dance to rest him;
Lilly yam, and Lilly sing,—
He frisk and know no sorrow,
Wid banjer merry as one king,
To drive away to-morrow.

Both. Chingering! chingering! next world come,
Overseer no jerk ye;
Meet tipsy quashy uncle Tom,
No more to workee workee.

2nd Negro. To-morrow come, the sunshine shoot,
Poor neger can't endure him,
He blister all from head to foot,
And so the cart-whip cure him.

Night come again—he frisk, he prance,—
What signify him fretting?
The banjer sound, the neger dance,
And pain him soon forgetting.
Both. Chingering, chingering, &c.

SWEET MOLLY MIZEN.

Sweet Molly Mizen, Toby's wife,
Aboard her cot ashore,
Sat sad and piping for dear life,
Lest he should come no more:
And cause enough—Toby was shot!
Ben went to cheer her, when
She blubber'd, snivell'd, and what not—
Then fell in love with Ben.

Ben was soon her heart's delight,
His droll'ry she ador'd;
But Ben went up aloft one night,
And tumbled overboard:
So Dan was sent the news to tell—
He was a handsome man,—
She fell in fits, but soon got well,
Then fell in love with Dan.

Six times this hapt, as hist'ry quotes,
And hist'ry truth reveals,
Till Jack was sent, who touch'd the totes,
And then tripp'd up her heels;
But, while she liv'd, they both went snacks,
Alike at pleasure's calls,
And if Poll had a dozen Jacks,
Jack had a dozen Polls.

I SAIL'D IN THE TERRIBLE FRIGATE.

I sail'd in the Terrible frigate—
A man at the masthead
Cried, 'A sail!'—We no sooner did twig it,
Than each rag of canvass spread:
She was double our force, we did not mind that—
She'd no more chance with us than a mouse with a cat:—
So she ran,
And we ran,
Nor lagg'd behind;
For the breeze was fair, and we spank'd 'fore the wind:
The engagement began at a famous size;
Many shot hit her hard, wind and water between,
Till the lubbers set fire to her magazine;
So, just as we thought we had made her a prize,
After many a swab had the sea for his grave,
Out boats!—we turn'd to, the remainder to save.
So you see, if a-lee or a-weather,
Where'er the sailor goes,
We always, united together,
Can flog or succour foes;
For a British heart 's in the right place,
As we 're stout, so we 're merciful i' th' chase;—
So we steadily,
Readily,
Nobly inclin'd,
Right astern, on the beam, or the quarter the wind,
They who need our compassion are surely in luck;
For, just as the fame of old England demands,
We turn to, and cherrily pipe all hands,
Till our country's foes to the union have struck;—
So, in chasing the foe, we more glory can share,
Than your lubbers in chasing the fox or the hare.

GOOD MASSA LIEUTENANT.

Good Massa Lieutenant, that true soul of honour,
So Copperkin say all so free,
He heap for such service much money upon her;—
Now dat very well done, a he!
Dear Missy she say, and she alway say true,
For she love kind and good like a me,
To make all too happy, she give money too;
Now dat very well done a she.

This money to thee, Glim, life, soul, heart, and mind,
As air me yield up all so free,
And fondle and love you, much constant and kind;—
Now dat very well done a me.
And if you don't Copperkin never forsook,
But be loving as loving can be,
When you swear afore Parson great oath on a book,
Now, dat very well done a thee.

NE'ER TILL THIS MOMENT.

Ne'er till this moment did I find
Your will could be distressing;
I thought such love, so good, so kind,
Would bring me ev'ry blessing:
That ne'er would pleasure yield to pain,
No day find a sad morrow;
But April sunshine melts to rain,
And I am plung'd in sorrow.

You bred me, made me what I am,—
I thought existence charming;
So sports the unoffending lamb,
Nor dreads a fear alarming:
But while it crops the flow'ry fields,
And gratitude grows stronger,
To violence the trembler yields,
And joy exists no longer.

OF DISCIPLINE TH' OBEDIENT MIND.

Of discipline th' obedient mind
Must study ev'ry part;
Yet is the secret hard to find,
To discipline the heart:—

Thus, lest the passions overwhelm
The judgment, reason court
To rule the heart, for that's the helm
That brings the ship to port.

For, if you give the helm its way,
Unkept the pilot's law,
The ship will neither wear nor stay,
But pitch, and roll, and yaw;—
Then, as the gunner plays his part,
His skill must judgment court,
And safely shall the faithful heart
Convey the ship to port.

THE ROUND ROBIN.

An 't please your bold honour, 'tis nothing to me,
And perhaps we are on the wrong tack;
But your dutiful crew could not quietly see
Your honour so taken aback;
For to go for to splice, and for life and what not,
Sitch a cockboat to one of your bulk!
Why, 'tis just if as how a new beautiful yacht
Was to tow into port a sheer hulk.

We have sail'd with your honour for years, and allow
We never was under restraint;
Our reward has been noble, and never till now
Have we had any cause of complaint;—
And so, if your honour will please to repent,
We 'll serve you, all hands, life, and limbs:
Sam Spunyarn, Kit Call, Harry Hallyard, Ben Bent,
Jack Oakum, Tom Timber, Dick Glims.

Finale—CATCH.

Give for the Commodore three cheers!
May pleasure endless crown his years,
Such as no mortal ever saw;
Gayly put the grog about,—
Let sailors, servants, friends sing out,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

ENTERTAINMENTS

SANS SOUCI.

In the summer of 1788, Dibdin, having fallen out with the managers, determined to go to India, where his brother had lately died, leaving, it was supposed, considerable property, especially a sum, due from the Nabob of Arcot, of £3,500. The vessel in which he set sail was driven by stress of weather into Torbay, where Dibdin found it expedient to abandon his scheme and return to London. Instead, however, of applying to the theatres, he determined, as he says, 'to put himself forward, and try his chance once more with the public.' The result was '*The Whim of the Moment*,' an entertainment consisting of recitations and songs, somewhat after the fashion of Mathews's 'At Home,' but differing in these material particulars, that Dibdin sat to a harpsichord, and himself played the accompaniments to his songs, but did not dress any of his characters, nor attempt a theatrical personation of them, as Mathews used to do in the closing acts of his entertainments.

'The Whim of the Moment' was produced in October, 1788, and acted at intervals till the following April. Dibdin was a prisoner in the King's Bench throughout the period, and could therefore only appear in Term Time, under cover of day-rules. The entertainment was first given at the Lyceum, in the Strand, and afterwards in a room in King Street, Covent Garden, now Stevens's auction-room. The prices of admission were three shillings to the part called the Saloon, and two shillings to the Gallery. 'The Whim of the Moment' was a failure in a pecuniary point of view; but Dibdin saw, from the satisfaction he gave to those who attended him, that it was a kind of entertainment that would gain in popularity as the public became familiarized with it. This expectation was so fully realized, that for about twenty years—generally from October till April—he was induced to pursue the scheme, and produced during that period eighteen entirely original entertainments, of three acts each, besides a number of one act pieces, some occasioned by the events of the day, and others constructed for the purpose of re introducing popular songs from the entertainments of previous seasons. He generally opened with an entirely new three-act piece, which, at or after Christmas, he curtailed, to admit of one of the shorter pieces already described being played after it. For several years, Dibdin repeated the entertainments in the day-time, at the Paul's Head Assembly-Rooms, Cateaton Street, at that time a place of fashionable resort in the City. The admission to the Paul's Head Rooms was by tickets at 4s. each.

Before giving the songs of 'The Whim of the Moment,' it will no doubt be acceptable to our readers to have a few particulars of the subsequent entertainments. In the autumn of 1789, Dibdin produced——

'*The Oddities*,' in three acts, or parts, at the Lyceum. This piece was continued through the spring of the following year.

'*The Wags*,' three acts, was produced in the autumn of 1790, at the same place, in which boxes at 5s. each person were then fitted up, in addition to the accommodation above mentioned.

'*Private Theatricals, or Nature in Nubibus*,' in three acts, was produced in September, 1791, at a place called the Royal Polygraphic Rooms, in the Strand, opposite Beaufort Buildings. These rooms were divided, according to his bills, into *cabins*, at 5s.; area, 3s.; and gallery, 2s. It was here that he first advertised his entertainments as *sans souci*. After this piece had had a considerable run, he acted—

'*The Coalition*,' in the early part of 1792, which was a sort of amalgam from 'The Oddities' and 'The Wags.'

'*The Quizzes, or a Trip to Elysium*,' three acts, was the new piece for the autumn of 1792.

'*Castles in the Air*,' three acts, 1793, was followed by a selection from 'The Wags,' 'The Oddities,' and 'Private Theatricals,' entitled—

'*Nature in Nubibus*,' in March, 1794.

'*Great News, or a Trip to the Antipodes*,' three acts, was produced in the autumn of 1794, with great applause, and was followed in the spring of 1795 by an

'*Ode*' in honour of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

'*The Will o' the Wisp*,' three acts, in 1795, was succeeded, in the latter part of the season, by a one act piece, called

'*Christmas Gambols*.'

'*The General Election*,' in three acts, 1796, was the first piece at the author's new theatre in Leicester Place. This house also had boxes, area, and gallery. Like most of the latter entertainments, 'The General Election' was curtailed after it had run some time, to make room for a one-act novelty,

'*Datchet Mead*,' written in honour of the nuptials of the then Princess Royal of England.

'*The Sphinx*,' 1797, three acts, was followed, at Christmas, by a one-act piece, entitled

'*The Goose and Gridiron*.'

'*The Tour to the Land's End*,' in 1798, three acts, was followed by

'*King and Queen*,' one act.

'*Tom Wilkins*,' three acts, was produced in 1799.

'*The Cake-house*,' in three acts, was the new piece for the season of 1800.

'*A Frisk*,' three acts, for 1801.

'*Most Votes*,' three acts, for 1802.

'*Britons, strike Home*,' was produced in 1803, in three acts. In this piece, Dibdin introduced a series of war-songs, and had the assistance of a military band in the accompaniments.

The entertainments for 1804, with the exception of '*Valentine's Day*,' a pretty one-act piece, produced on Valentine's Day, were all compilations. They consisted, with this exception, of

'*The Election*,' a condensation of 'Most Votes;'

'*The Frolic*,' from 'Britons, strike Home;' and

'*A Trip to the Coast*.'

'*Heads and Tails*,' an entirely new entertainment, in three acts, was produced in 1805; and was succeeded by a one-act trifle, entitled

'*Cecilia, or the Progress of Industry*.'

'*Professional Volunteers*,' three acts, in 1808, derived its title from the author being for the first time supported by *professional* aid. He had at this period been forty-nine years before the public; he nevertheless played the accompaniments to his own songs. This piece was given at the Lyceum during Lent.

'*The Rent-Day, or the Yeoman's Friend*, in three acts, was played at the Sans-Pareil Theatre, now the Adelphi, in the Strand, in 1808.

'*Commodore Pennant*,' the last of these unique and remarkable entertainments, was a slight piece, performed in a room at the back of the author's shop in the Strand, in 1809.

From the Whim of the Moment.

THE INCANTATION.

Spirits of distress, of ev'ry occupation,
Persuasion, mode, complexion, temper, climate, inclination,—
Come here! come here!
Spirit of a friar, oblig'd to go to mass;
Spirit of a sailor, who leaves his pretty lass;
Spirit of a drunkard, deprived of his glass,—
Appear! appear!

Spirit of a virgin, old and antiquated,
Who forty long winters hath sighed out unmated,—
Come here! come here!
Spirit of a Quaker, deceiv'd in pretty Ruth;
Spirit of an old man, who apes the tricks of youth;
Spirit of a hypocrite, oblig'd to speak the truth,—
Appear! appear!

Spirit of a Briton, just arrived gay France in,
Who, 'stead of beef and fighting, meets with naught but frogs and dancing,—
Come here! come here!
Spirit of an alderman, the dinner just thrown down;
Spirit of a lover, who has just receiv'd a frown;
Spirit of a beauty, disappointed of her gown,—
Appear! appear!

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.

'Tis said we vent'rous die-hards, when we leave the shore,
Our friends should mourn,
Lest we return
To bless their sight no more:
But this is all a notion
Bold Jack can't understand,—
Some die upon the ocean,
And some die on the land:

Then, since 'tis clear,
Howe'er we steer,
No man's life's under his command,
Let tempests howl,
And billows roll,
And dangers press:
Of these in spite, there are some joys
Us jolly tars to bless,—
For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Bess.

One seaman hands the sail, another heaves the log;
The purser swops
Our pay for slops;
The landlord sells us grog;
Then each man to his station,
To keep life's ship in trim,—
What argufies noration?
The rest is all a whim:
Cheerly, my hearts,
Then play your parts,
Boldly resolv'd to sink or swim;
The mighty surge
May ruin urge,
And dangers press: Of these in spite, &c.

For all the world's just like the ropes aboard a ship,—
Each man rigg'd out
A vessel stout,
To take for life a trip;
The shrouds, the stays, and braces,
Are joys, and hopes, and fears;
The halyards, sheets, and traces,
Still, as each passion veers,

And whim prevails,
Direct the sails,
As on the sea of life he steers:
Then let the storm
Heav'n's face deform,
And dangers press:
Of these in spite, &c.

THE MELLOW-TON'D HORN.

The gray-eye'd Aurora, in saffron array,
'Twixt my curtains in vain took a peep,
And though broader and broader still brighten'd the day,
Naught could wake me, so sound did I sleep.
At length rosy Phœbus look'd full in my face,
Full and fervent; but nothing would do,
Till the dogs yelp'd, impatient, and long'd for the chase,
And shouting appear'd the whole crew.
Come on; yoics, honies! hark forward, my boys,
There ne'er was so charming a morn;
Follow, follow; wake Echo, to share in our joys—
Now the music, now echo—mark! mark!
Hark! hark!
The silver-mouth'd hounds, and the mellow-ton'd horn.

Fresh as that smiling morning from which they draw health,
My companions are rang'd on the plain,
Bless'd with rosy contentment, that nature's best wealth,
Which monarchs aspire to in vain:
Now spirits like fire ev'ry bosom invade,
And now we in order set out,
While each neighbouring valley, rock, woodland, and glade,
Re-vollies the air-rending shout.
Come on, &c.

Now Renard's unearth'd, and runs fairly in view,—
Now we've lost him, so subtly he turns;
But the scent lies so strong, still we fearless pursue,
While each object impatiently burns:
Hark! Babbler gives tongue, and Fleet, Driver, and Sly;
The fox now the covert forsakes;
Again he's in view, let us after him fly,—
Now, now to the river he takes.
Come on, &c.

From the river poor Renard can make but one push,
No longer so proudly he flies;
Tir'd, jaded, worn out, we are close to his brush,
And conquer'd, like Cæsar, he dies.
And now in high glee to the board we repair,
Where sat, as we jovially quaff,
His portion of merit let ev'ry man share,
And promote the convivial laugh.
Come on, &c.

PLEASURE THE RESULT OF REFLECTION.

From prudence let my joys take birth,
Let me not be passion's slave:
Approv'd by reason, sweet's the mirth;
Vice of pleasure is the grave.
Then still to reason's dictates true,
Select the sweets of life like bees:
Thus, your enjoyments will be few,
But such as on reflection please.

Wine exhilarates the soul,
Inspires the mirth of ev'ry feast;
But gluttons so may drain the bowl,
Till man degenerates to beast:
Then mirth and wisdom keep in view,
And freely on the bottle seize;
What though your pleasures are but few?
They're such as on reflection please.

Love, the source of human joys,
The mind with bliss that sweetly fills,
Too often its own end destroys,
And proves the source of human ills.
Here reason's dictates keep in view,
Or farewell freedom, farewell ease;
The real joys of life are few,
But such as on reflection please.

Then while we meet, let's only own
Joys that do honour to the heart;
And, ceasing to prize these alone,
Deplore our frailty, sigh, and part:
Meanwhile, to reason's dictates true,
Select the sweets of life like bees:
Thus, your enjoyments will be few,
But such as on reflection please.

SAVAGE WAR-SONG.

Arm'd with jav'lin, arm'd with dart,
With mighty arm and steady heart,
We to the battle go;
Yet, ere we part,
We join with all our friends so dear,
And fervent adoration pay
To the bright orb that gave us day.

Then, void of fear,
We rush to meet the foe;
Station'd on impervious ground,
We watch their numbers scatter'd round;
The subtle ambush then prepare,
And see they fall into the snare!
Hid as in the woods we lay,
They tread the unsuspected way;
Sudden and fierce from ev'ry bush,
Upon th' astonish'd foe we rush,
Bold and resolv'd:—and now around,
Hark! the dreadful war-whoop's sound!
Confusion, terror, and dismay,
It scatters as it wings its way:

They fly! confusion in their train,
And slaughter treads the sanguine plain!
Hark, of our friends the welcome cry,
Proclaims for us the victory!

Then fervent adoration pay
To the bright orb that gave us day.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Of all sensations pity brings,
To proudly swell the ample heart,
From which the willing sorrow springs,
In others' grief that bears a part:
Of all sad sympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief,
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief:
Of these would you the feeling know,
Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
That ever taught a heart to glow—
'Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

For hard and painful is his lot;—
Let dangers come, he braves them all;
Valiant, perhaps, to be forgot,
Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall:
Yet, wrapp'd in conscious worth secure,
The world, that now forgets his toil,
He leaves for a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile.
Then, trav'ler, one kind drop bestow,—
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
Naught ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

POOR JACK.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'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 I'll strike:
Though the tempest top-gallant masts smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse 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 aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why, I heard our 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:
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come 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-sails 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 weigh'd 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 go, my dear 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 ev'ry inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without off'ring to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Naught's a trouble from duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the King's:
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

THE TRIUMPH OF WINE.

What though from Venus Cupid sprung,
No attribute divine—
Whate'er the bawling bards have sung—
Had he his bow till Bacchus strung,
And dipp'd his darts in wine:
Till old Silenus plung'd the boy
In nectar from the vine;
Then love, that was before a toy,
Became the source of mortal joy:
The urchin shook his dewy wings,
And careless level'd clowns and kings,—
Such pow'r has mighty wine.

When Theseus on the naked shore
Fair Ariadne left,
D'ye think she did her fate deplore,
Or her fine locks or bosom tore,
Like one of hope bereft?
Not she, indeed: her fleeting love
From mortal turns divine;
And as gay Bacchus' tigers move,
His car ascends amidst a grove
Of vines, surrounded by a throng,
Who lead the jolly pair along,
Almost half-gone with wine.

Ma'am Helen lov'd the Phrygian boy,—
He thought her all his own;
But hottest love will soonest cloy,—
He ne'er had brought her safe to Troy
But for the wife of Thone.
She, merry gossip, mix'd a cup
Of tipple, right divine,
To keep love's flagging spirits up,
And Helen drank it ev'ry sup;
This liquor is, 'mongst learned elves,
Nepenthe call'd; but, 'twixt ourselves,
'Twas nothing more than wine.

Of Lethe and its flow'ry brink
Let musty poets prate,
Where thirsty souls are said to drink,
That never they again may think
Upon their former state.
What is there in this soulless lot,
I pray you, so divine?
Grief finds the palace and the cot,
Which, for a time, were well forgot;—
Come here, then, in our lethe share,—
The true oblivion of your care
Is only found in wine.

THE SAILOR'S SHEET-ANCHOR.

Smiling grog is the sailor's best hope, his sheet anchor,
His compass, his cable, his log,
That gives him a heart which life's cares cannot canker;
Though dangers around him
Unite to confound him,
He braves them, and tips off his grog.
'Tis grog, only grog,
Is his rudder, his compass, his cable, his log;
The sailor's sheet-anchor is grog.

What though he to a friend in trust
His prize-money convey,
Who, to his bond of faith unjust,
Cheats him, and runs away:—
What 's to be done? He vents a curse
'Gainst all false hearts ashore,
Of the remainder clears his purse,
And then to sea for more.
There smiling grog, &c.

What though his girl, who often swore
To know no other charms,
He finds, when he returns ashore,
Clasp'd in a rival's arms:—
What 's to be done? He vents a curse,
And seeks a kinder she;
Dances, gets groggy, clears his purse,
And goes again to sea.

To crosses born, still trusting there,
The waves less faithless than the fair;
There into toils to rush again,
And stormy perils brave—what then?
Smiling grog, &c.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Yanko he tell, and he tell no lie,
We near one pretty brook,
Him flowing hair, him lovely yiel
Sweetly on Orra look:
Him see big world, fine warrior men,
Grand cruel king love blood;
Great king! but Yanko say, What den,
If he no honest good?
Virtue in foe be virtue still;
Fine stone be found in mine;
The sun one dale, as well one hill,
Make warm where'er him shine.

You broder him, him broder you,
So all the world should call;
For Nature say, and she say true,
That men be broder all.
If cruel man, like tiger grim,
Come bold in thirst of blood,
Poor man!—be noble—pity him,
That he no honest good.
Virtue in foe, &c.

HOMER AND I.

Be it known to all those whosoe'er it regards,
That we singers of ballads were always call'd bards:
And from Ida to Grub-street the Muses who follow
Are each mother's son the true spawn of Apollo:
Thus recording great men, or a flea, or a star,
Or the spheres, or a jew's harp, we're all on a par;
Nor in this do I tell you a word of a lie,
For Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Don't you know what the ancients were?—Great things they talk'd,
How they rode upon Pegasus—that's to say, walk'd—
That near kindred gods they drove Phœbus's chariot,
The English of which is—they liv'd in a garret:
And thus they went forward; Diogenes quaff'd,
Heraclitus cried, and Democritus laugh'd;
Menander made multitudes both laugh and cry
But Homer sung ballads,—and so do I.

Thus did they strange whimsical notions pursue,—
Some argu'd on one leg, and some upon two;
To which last my pretensions are not hypothetic,
For it's certainly clear I'm a Peripatetic:
Lycurgus and Solon 'bout laws made a pother,
Which went in at one ear, and then out at t'other;
Old songs, such as mine are, will nobody buy?
Come, Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Historic was Pliny, and Plato divine,—
Ovid wrote about love, and Anacreon wine;
Great Cicero argu'd to ev'ry man's palate,
And when he was out—'twas a hole in the ballad:
Thus to great men of old, who have made such a rout,
My claim to call cousin I've fairly made out;
And if any hereafter my right should deny,
Tell 'em Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

THE PORTRAIT.

Come, painter, with thy happiest sleight,
Portray me ev'ry grace
In that bless'd region of delight,
My charming Sylvia's face;
And hear me, painter,—to enhance
The value of thine art,
Steal from her eyes that very glance
That stole away my heart.

Her forehead paint, in sway and rule,
Where sits, with pleasure grac'd,
A form like Venus beautiful,
And like Diana chaste:
Then paint her cheeks—come, paint and gaze,
Guard well thy heart the while;
And then her mouth, where Cupid plays
In an eternal smile.

Next draw,—presumptuous painter, hold!
Ah! think'st to thee 'twas giv'n
To paint her bosom?—Would'st, so bold,
Presume to copy heav'n?
Nay, leave the task, for 'tis above,
Far, far, above thine art!
Her portrait 's drawn—the painter, Love—
The tablet, my fond heart!

LITTLE NEDDY.

Why I be Square Ned, of Gobble Hall;—
I be come to London town with father,
And they that little I a goose goes to call,
Should call me a fox much rather.
I be silent and sly,
And cunning and dry,
And with a hawk's-eye
To watch what's said and done am ready;
So they that goes to hope
To hang me for a fool,
Will find in the rope
A knave, that he woll:
So you never must
To faces trust,
For I be sly,
And queer, and dry;
And they that thinks to make a fool of I,
Are all deceiv'd in little Neddy.

When the comely captain on his knees I find,
Who to mother has vow'd, and has kiss'd her;
Why 'tis nothing more than kind after kind,
For the dancing-master kisses sister:
So they thinks me to chouse,
While I goes about the house
As tame as a mouse,
By the nickname of simple Teddy;
But 'tis all one to me,—
If in day-time, d'ye see,
They meets their spark,
I kiss maids in the dark:
So you never must
To faces trust, &c.

If father be in love with a bouncing dame,
Thinking I be a lout, and no better,
He spells me out good madam's name,
And gives me a guinea and a letter.
What does I do, d'ye think?
To myself while I wink,
I pockets the chink,
Burns the letter, and makes love to the lady.
Thus, while down to the ground,
I tricks them all round,
Pretty sister and mamma,
And my reverend papa:
So you never must
To faces trust, &c.

THE WORLD'S EPITOME.

I am the world's epitome:—
Look round and then say,
Nature and man may sit to me,
Their likeness to portray:
As Nature, in her motley round,
Oft shifts from day to night,
So fickle man is varying found,
Still changing wrong and right.
The application 's prompt and ripe,
I of all nature am the type,—
So turn me round,
I shall be found,
From right to left, and left to right,
Look how you will,
To vary still,
From white to black, and black to white.

Do but that learned counsel see,
Who proves that wrong is right,
And presently augment his fee,
His argument takes flight:
And now, unswearing what he swore,
The burthen of his song
Reverses what he said before,
And proves that right is wrong.
The application 's prompt and ripe,
I of that lawyer am the type:
For turn me round, &c.

Behold yon lordly statesman frown,
At mention of a bribe,
As if disgrace it had brought down
On him and all his tribe:
But left behind, he'll instant seize
Upon the well-fill'd sack,
Nor could the strength of Hercules
Have pow'r to get it back.
The application 's prompt and ripe,
I of that statesman am the type:
For turn me round, &c.

When basking in prosperity,
Each friend to serve you burns,
And, boasting his sincerity,
The smiling white side turns;

But let uncertain Fortune frown,
And take her blessings back,
Instant the friendly white is flown,
And ev'ry man looks black.
The application 's prompt and ripe,
I of all nature am the type:
For turn me round, &c.

COLIN AND CHLOE.

'What a' plague,' cried young Colin, 'would Chloe be at?
I ne'er will be caught in a noose:
Odds wounds! I'm resolv'd; and who'd wager 'gainst that,
Were it even a guinea, he'd lose.
I told the young baggage, says I, to her face,
Toy as much as you will, but no priest shall say grace.'

Cried young Thyrsis, 'Pray, Colin, this blustering hold;
What you've utter'd is only through fear:
In the absence of danger all cowards feel bold,
But you'd soon change your tone were she near:
She has honour and truth, and I say 't to your face,
With her you'll ne'er toy till the priest shall say grace.'

'Away, then,' cried Colin, 'a soldier I'll go,
In each quarter to find out a wife;
I'll roar and I'll rant, rake a little or so,
But no one shall snap me for life:
For in spite of their fancies, I'll say 't to their face,
Toy as much as you will, but no priest shall say grace.'

As he utter'd these words, charming Chloe came by,
Unaffected and lovely as May:
'Adieu, then, poor Colin!' cried she, with a sigh,—
'While the sun shines, begone and make hay.'
Cried Thyrsis, 'D'ye hear? you may well hide your face!
With such beauty wouldst toy till the priest should say grace?'

'Odd rot it!' cried Colin, 'woot let me alone?
With vexation my heart how it boils!
Why, for her peace of mind I would forfeit my own:
Woot forgive me, sweet Chloe?'—She smiles!
'See, see, glad consent lightens up in her face;
Then let us to church, where the priest shall say grace.'

THE BUMPKIN IN TOWN.

What thof I be a country clown?
For all the fuss you make,
One need not to be born in town
To know what two and two make.
'Squire Fop there thinks his empty pate
Worth all ours put together;
But how can that have any weight,
That 's only made of feather?

Then do not be so proud, d'ye see,
It 'ent a thing that 's suiting;
Can one than t'other better be,
When both are on a footing?

Now here 's a man, who seas and land
Has dream'd that he can cross over;
That all the world 's at his command,
For he 's a great philosopher:
That to each secret he no bars
E'er finds, but can unlock it,
And conjure down the moon and stars,
And put them in his pocket:
But when you've caught him, where's the prize
So mighty to the getter?
For sartain he can make us wise,
But can he make us better?

My lady there, because she 's dress'd
In lappets, frills, and flounces,
See how with pride her flutt'ring breast
Throbs, heaves, and jumps, and bounces:
And then 'tis said they makes a face,
New spick and span each feature,
As if they thought that a disgrace
That 's ready made by nature:
The money for a head so high,
Such scollops and such carving,
Would keep an honest family
A month or more from starving.

As for the doctors and their pill,
Odds wounds! I can't endure them;
For sartin they their patients kill
More oft'ner than they cure them.

And as for master poet here,
Who writes for fame and glory,
I thinks as he 's a little queer,
Poor soul, i' the upper story.
I've yet another wipe to spare,
For, wounds! I'll give no quarter—
Next time you'd find a fool, take care
You do not catch a Tartar.

I AM A JOLLY FISHERMAN.

I am a jolly fisherman,
I catch what I can get;
Still going on my betters' plan,—
All 's fish that comes to net:
Fish, just like men, I've often caught,
'Crabs, gudgeons, poor-john, codfish;
And many a time to market brought
A dev'lish sight of odd fish.
Thus, all are fishermen through life,
With weary pains and labour:
This baits with gold, and that a wife,
And all to catch his neighbour.
Then praise the jolly fisherman,
Who takes what he can get,
Still going on his betters' plan—
All 's fish that comes to net.

The pike, to catch the little fry,
Extends his greedy jaw;
For all the world, as you and I
Have seen your men of law:
He who to laziness devotes
His time, is sure a numb fish;
And members who give silent votes
May fairly be call'd dumb fish:
False friends to eels we may compare,
The roach resembles true ones;
Like gold fish we find old friends rare,
Plenty as herrings new ones.
Then praise, &c.

Like fish, then, mortals are a trade,
And trapp'd, and sold, and bought;
The old wife and the tender maid
Are both with tickling caught:
Indeed, the fair are caught, 'tis said,
If you but throw the line in,
With maggots, flies, or something red,
Or anything that 's shining:
With small fish you must lie in wait
For those in high condition;
But 'tis alone a golden bait
Can catch a learn'd physician.
Then praise, &c.

THE LASSY OF MY HEART.

The spangled green confess'd the morn,
The rosebud dropp'd a tear,
And liquid prisms bedeck'd the thorn,
When Sandy sought his dear:
Sure, never loon was e'er so cross'd—
Ye shepherd-swains, impart,
Where did she gang? Ah me! I've lost
The lassy of my heart.

Her charms are felt as soon as kenn'd,
Eyne bright as brilliant gem;
But of her beauties there's no end,—
Why need I talk of them?
Each shepherd-swain finds, to his cost,
What pow'r they can impart;
But most poor Sandy, who has lost
The lassy of his heart.

But mine's the fault, and mine's the grief,—
How could I rashly dare!
Oh! I have sinn'd beyond relief,
'Gainst all that's sweet and rare!
But see, she comes! cease, heart, to bound;
Some comfort, ah! impart:—
She smiles! ah, shepherds! I have found
The lassy of my heart!

FAIT, HONEY, IN IRELAND.

Fait, honey, in Ireland, I'd find out a flaw
In each capias, each batt'ry, each action;
For dere, oh my soul! satisfaction is law,
And what's better, fait! law 's satisfaction.
When to cut your friend's trote dat affront you's the word,
From that argument none will be shrinking,
For we clear knotty joints by the point of the sword,
And make flaws large enough with our pinking.
And great are the pleasures it yield,
While our seconds are hard at our back,
And boldly they both take the field,
Wid our tierce and our carte—sa, sa, whack!

Arrah, troth! were a jolman pursued at his heel
By a constable, fait! or a baily,
To be sure, in three minutes the taef would not feel
O'er his sconce a tight bit of shelaly.
Den for actions and bonds, and dat charming long list
Of returns that in law cut a figure,
Oh! we make out returns by a turn of the wrist,
And draw bonds by the pull of a trigger.
And great are the pleasures it yield,
When our seconds are hard at our back,
When boldly we both take the field,
Wid our tierce and our carte—sa, sa, whack!

From the Oddities.

THE INVITATION.

Away, and join the rendezvous,—
Good fellowship reigns here,
Joy's standard flying in our view,
T' invite each volunteer:
Hark! pleasure's drum
Cries, Come, come, come;
Obey the kind salute:
The echoing hall
Resounds the call,
To welcome each recruit.

Behold the dinner in array!
A column it appears;
While pyramids of whips display
A corps of grenadiers.
Hark! pleasure's drum, &c.

See rivers, not of blood, pour'd out,
But nectar, clear and strong:
Young Ganymede 's become a scout,
Hebe an aid-de-camp.
Hark! pleasure's drum, &c.

Mow down the ranks;—see, see, they fly;
Attack them glass in hand;
Close quarters, rally, fight, or die,—
'Tis Bacchus gives command.
Hark! pleasure's drum, &c.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

The wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The dingy scud drove 'cross the sky;
All was safe lash'd, the bowl was slung,
When careless thus Ned Haulyard sung:
A sailor's life 's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily:
If winds can whistle, he can sing;
Still faithful to his friend and king,
He gets belov'd by all the ship,
And toasts his girl and drinks his flip.
Down topsails, boys—the gale comes on,
To strike top-gallant yards they run,
And now to hand the sail prepar'd,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard:
A sailor's life, &c.

A leak, a leak!—come, lads, be bold,
There 's five foot water in the hold;
Eager on deck see Haulyard jump,
And, hark! while working at the pump:
A sailor's life, &c.

And see! the vessel naught can save,—
She strikes, and finds a wat'ry grave!
Yet Ned, preserv'd with a few more,
Sings, as he treads a foreign shore:
A sailor's life, &c.

And now—unnumber'd perils past,
On land—as well as sea—at last,
In tatters to his Poll and home,
See honest Haulyard singing come:
A sailor's life, &c.

Yet for poor Haulyard what disgrace!
Poll swears she never saw his face;
He damns her for a faithless she,
And, singing, goes again to sea:
A sailor's life, &c.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

To Bachelor's Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chase that makes up our delight:
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,
That Diana had dubb'd some new gods of the chase.
Hark away, hark away! all nature looks gay,
And Aurora with smiles ushers 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 Buxom rode on a proud roan:
But the horse of all horses that rival'd the day,
Was the Squire's Neck-or-Nothing, and that was a gray. Hark away, &c.

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 will ferret and search,
And beetle-brow'd Hawk's-eye, so dead at a lurch;
Young Sly-looks, who 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'd back,
That all England throughout can't produce such a pack.
Thus, having describ'd you dogs, horses, and crew,
Away we set off, for the fox is in view.
Hark away, &c.

Sly Renard 's brought home, while the horns sound a call,
And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's Hall;
The sav'ry sirloin grateful smokes on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favourite hoard:
Come on, then, do honour to this jovial place,
And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the chase.
Hark away, hark away! while our spirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

THE FLOWING CAN.

A sailor'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:
Bless'd with a smiling can of grog,
If duty call,
Stand, rise, or fall,
To fate's last verge he'll jog:

The cadge 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 drown'd,
We despise it to a man:
We sing a little, we 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.

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 ;
Bless'd with the smiling grog, we fly,
Where now below
We headlong go,
Now rise on mountains high ;
Spite 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 drown'd,
We despise it to a man :
We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our fate 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 drown'd,
We despise it to a man :
We sing a little, &c.

PEGGY PERKINS.

Let bards elate,
Of Sue and Kate,
And Moggy take their fill O,
And pleas'd rehearse,
In jingling verse,
The lass of Richmond Hill O :
A lass more bright
My am'rous flight,
Impell'd by love's fond workings,
Shall loudly sing,
Like any thing ;
'Tis charming Peggy Perkins.

Some men compare
The fav'rite fair
To ev'ry thing in nature :
Her eyes divine
Are suns that shine,
And so on with each feature :—
Leave, leave, ye fools,
These hackney'd rules,
And all such subtle quirkings ;
Sun, moon, and stars,
Are all a farce,
Compar'd to Peggy Perkins.

Each twanging dart
That through my heart
From Cupid's bow has morrice'd,
Were it a tree,
Why I should be
For all the world a forest !
Five hundred fops,
With shrugs and hops,
And leers, and smiles, and smirkings,
Most willing she
Would leave for me,
Oh, what a Peggy Perkins !

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

'Twas Saturday night : the twinkling stars
Shone on the rippling sea ;
No duty call'd the jovial tars,
The helm was lash'd a-lee.
The ample can adorn'd the board :
Prepar'd to see it out,
Each gave the lass that he ador'd,
And push'd the grog about.

Cried honest Tom, 'My Peg I'll toast,
A frigate neat and trim,
All jolly Portsmouth's fav'rite 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 berth 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 fine a ship to man,—
She is my heart's delight !
So well she bears the storms of life,
I'd sail the world throughout,
Brave ev'ry 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 their 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.

MARRIAGE AND MUSIC.

THAN marriage and music can aught be more like?
Both are bound and cemented by strong chords;
Hymen's chains, though they gall, yet with ecstasy strike,
Exactly like discords and concords:
Like hooting of owls and of bats on the wing,
Strife all wedded happiness garbles;
But when hearts born for pleasure in unison sing,
'Tis the mellow-ton'd nightingale warbles.

When the wife or the husband a note sounds too sharp,
In alt both immediately soar;
On family discords they mutually harp,
Nor will either come down a note lower.
Thus, like hooting, &c.

All harmony's powers in wedlock we trace,
Dutch harmony, not Italiano;
She thunders the counter, he grumbles the bass,
And the children squall out the soprano.
Thus, like hooting, &c.

ALAS! WHERE SHALL I COMFORT FIND?

ALAS! where shall I comfort find?
My peace is gone, distress'd my mind;
My heart beats high,
I know not why,—
Poor heart! ah me, ah me!
So tender, artless, and so young,
I listen'd to his flatt'ring tongue,
Nor did I ere
Suspect a snare
From one who went to sea:
For sailors kind and honest are,
They injur'd virtue make their care;
One, only one, did e'er depart
From that prov'd rule; and he—
Ah me!
Was born to break my simple heart.
Alas! &c.

When absent from my longing arms,
Each hour was fraught with new alarms,
Each rising morn beheld my tears,
The softest breeze, in my fond fears,
Did the horizon straight deform,
And zephyr grew into a storm:
Yet to be cheated of my bliss!
And was I then so kind for this?
Alas! &c.

THE MUSICIAN'S LOVE-SONG.

How much I love thee, girl, wouldst know?—
Better than rosin loves the bow,
Than treble shrill the growling bass,
Or spruce guitars a tawdry case.
No more, then, let us solo play—
To Hymen's temple jig away;
There, when we get,
In a duet,
Of pleasure will we take our swing;
Joy's fiddle shall play,
Love's bells shall ring;
And while we celebrate the day,
We 'll frisk away,
And laugh, and play,
And dance, and sing,
And frisk away like anything.

I love thee more, I really think,
Than dancers jigs, or fiddlers drink;
Than dancing-masters love a kit,
Or jolly sailors fal dral tit.
No more, then, &c.

I love thee, Griddy, oh much more
Than singers love a loud encore,
Than curates crowdies love to scratch,
Or roaring drunkards love a catch.
No more, then, &c,

BEN BACKSTAY.

BEN Backstay lov'd the gentle Anna:
Constant as purity was she;—
Her honey words, like succ'ring manna,
Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea.
One fatal morning saw them parting:
While each the other's sorrow dried,
They, by the tear that then was starting,
Vow'd to be constant till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
While howling winds the sky deform,
Ben sighs, and well performs his duty,
And braves for love the frightful storm:
Alas! in vain—the vessel batter'd,
On a rock splitting, open'd wide,
While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,
Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died.

The semblance of each charming feature,
That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art stood substitute for nature,
A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck.
In fervent hope, while Anna, burning,
Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride,
The portrait came—joy turn'd to mourning—
She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died.

TAFFY AND GRIDDY.

ABERGAVENNY is fine, Aberistwith also,
And the lasses are fine when to market they go;
The birds and pretty finches sing fine in the grove,
But the finest bird of all is that little rogue, Love.
Love me, I pray you now; love me as your life,
And Taffy and Griddy shall soon be man and wife.

The mountains are high, and the valleys are low,
And from Radnor to Glamorgan's a long fay to co;
But I'd co, and I'd run, and I'd fly, and I'd rove,
If, when I came there, I could meet with my love.
Love me, &c.

Toil and labour is hard, and the time 's very long,
From the lark's pretty chant to the nightingale's song;
But I'd toil and I'd labour throughout the whole year,
And think it but a day, were I bless'd with my dear.
Love me, &c.

IRISH DRINKING-SONG.

Or the ancients is't speaking, my soul, you'd be after,
That they never got how came you so?
Would you seriously make the good folks die with laughter?
To be sure, their dogs' tricks you don't know.
Wid your smalliliow nonsense, and all your queer bodderns,
Since whisky 's a liquor divine,
To be sure the old ancients, as well as the moderns,
Did not love a sly sup of good wine.

Apicius and Æsop, as authors assure us,
Would swig till as drunk as a beast;
Den what do you tink of that rogue Epicurus?
Was not he a tight hand at a feast!
Wid your smalliliow, &c.

Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank hard,
When he no more worlds could subdue,
Shed tears, to be sure—but 'twas tears of the tankard,
To refresh him—and pray would not you?
Wid your smalliliow, &c.

Den dat t'other old fellow they call'd Aristotle,
Such a devil of a tippler was he,
That one night, having taken too much of his bottle,
The taef stagger'd into the sea.
Wid your smalliliow, &c.

Den they made what they call of their wine a libation,
Which, as all autority quotes,
They threw on the ground—musha, what bodderation!
To be sure, 'twas not thrown down their troats.
Wid your smalliliow, &c.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I sail'd from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she smack'd through the breeze,
She 's a vessel as tight, to my fancy,
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls, and our dear native shore,
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.
But sailors were born for all weathers;
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk;
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,—
Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries,
Brace the foresail athwart, see she quivers,
As through the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky;
When truly a doleful disaster
Befell three poor sailors and I:
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were ev'ry soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cried *Peccavi;*
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
Well, what would you have? we were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
But I, and I think twenty-two.
But sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
Another guess way sat the wind,
For to England I came, and got married
To a lass that was comely and kind:
But whether for joy or vexation
We know not for what we were born;
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
For sailors, &c.

ALL THE WORLD A MASQUERADE.

Sure en't the world a masquerade,
Wid shrugs and queer grimaces,
Where all mankind a roaring trade
Drive underneath bare faces?
Pray, don't the lover, let me ask,
Hid by a fascine batt'ry,
Steal hearts away? and what's his mask?
To be sure, it is not flatt'ry.
Then join the gen'ral masquerade,
That men and manners traces;
To be sure, the best masks dat are made
For cheating en't bare faces.

Weigh yonder lawyer—I'll be bail,
So able are his talents,
The devil himself, in t'other scale,
Would quickly kick the balance.

See that friar to a novice preach,
To holiness to win her ;
Their masks dropp'd off, what are they each ?
He's a taef, and she a sinner.
To be sure, they en't, &c.

For her husband see yon widow cry,
She'll never have another ;
By my soul, she weeps wid but one eye,
For she's leering with the other.
Yon courtier see, who, in a crack,
Will promise fifty places :
By my soul his friends scarce turn their back,
But he laughs before their faces.
To be sure he don't, &c.

LAMPLIGHTER DICK.

I'm jolly Dick the lamplighter,
They say the sun's my dad ;
And truly I believe it, sir,
For I'm a pretty lad.
Father and I the world do light,
And make it look so gay ;
The diff'rence is, I lights by night,
And father lights by day.

But father 's not the likes of I
For knowing life and fun ;
For I queer tricks and fancies spy,
Folks never show the sun :
Rogues, owls, and bats, can't bear the light,
I've heard your wise ones say ;
And so, d'ye mind, I sees at night
Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art,
As quite a useless task,
And many a face and many a heart
Will then pull off the mask :
Each formal prude and holy wight
Will throw disguise away,
And sin it openly all night,
Who sainted it all day.

His darling hoard the miser views,
Misses from friends decamp,
And many a statesman mischief brews
To his country o'er his lamp.
So father and I, d'ye take me right,
Are just on the same lay ;
I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,
And he false saints by day.

SWEET IS THE DEWDROP.

Sweet is the dewdrop on the thorn,
That, like a prism, reflects the morn :
Sweet is the cheering solar ray,
That compasses the ample day :
Sweet is the balmy ev'ning's close,
That shuts the foliage of the rose :
These to creation joys impart
Like those which warm the grateful heart.

The little songsters on the spray
Spontaneous chant their grateful lay ;
Or, to the pebbly riv'let driv'n,
They sip, and lift their heads to heav'n ;
Or, for the worm or insect fly,
To feed their craving progeny :
Feelings a lesson that impart
To stimulate the grateful heart.

Mark vegetation, wondrous sight !
See how the germ breaks into light !
The fruitful show'r the tree receives,
And fresher green adorns its leaves :
Man cultivates the grateful soil,
And flow'rs and fruit reward his toil :
Plants, birds, all nature thus impart
Joys such as warm the grateful heart.

MOCK ITALIAN SONG.

First choose a pretty melody,
To take in all the flats :
Then change your drift,
And suddenly
Prepare to shift
The key ;
Then growl
Like dogs, and miowl
Like cats :
Then chatter like monkeys—now low, and now high ;
Then whine, and then sigh,
And all through the nose,
And then swim and die,
And then come to a close.

Among the flats and sharps now a tedious journey travel,
Then lose yourself in knots of chords,
And then those knots unravel :
Then sigh and die,
And faint in bliss extatic,
And then the half-tones try,
For a touch of the chromatic.
Then where you set out come again,
And now—you're welcome home again.

Then once more the melody,
To take in all the flats :
Then change your drift,
And suddenly
Prepare to shift
The key ;
Then growl
Like dogs, and miowl
Like cats :

Then chatter like monkeys—now low, and now high,
And all through the nose;
And then swim and die,
And then come to a close,
Yet not shabbily,
But with a fine contabile,
In which go high and low, boy,
Still follow'd by the hautboy,
And all through the nose:
And then swim and die,
And then come to a close.

POOR TOM, OR THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempests 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 duty,
But now he 's gone aloft.

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 despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For, though his body 's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

'Twas in the good ship Rover
I sail'd the world around,
And for three years and over
I ne'er touch'd British ground;
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded,
And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore;
And when we'd made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore:
She lay, so did it shock her,
A log upon the main,
Till, sav'd from Davy's locker,
We stood to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
Upon a squally night,
Thunder and lightning hailing
The horrors of the fight,
My precious limb was lopp'd off,—
I, when they eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
And went to sea again.

Yet still am I enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm disabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier:
The King, God bless his royalty!
Who sav'd me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.

CROWN ME, BACCHUS.

Crown me, Bacchus, mighty god!
The victory is thine:
Cupid's bow yields to thy rod,
And Love submits to wine:
Love, the dream of idle boys,
That makes the sage an ass,—
Love cannot vie with those sweet joys
That crown the sparkling glass.

To plunge in care let lovers whine—
Such fools who will be may:
Good fellows glass in hand combine
To drive pale care away.
With grief of heart how many a boy
Goes mad to please some lass!
We, too, go mad, but 'tis with joy,
Fir'd by the sparkling glass.

How many dangle on a tree,
Who buckle to Love's tether!
True to our honest purpose, we
Hang, too—but 'tis together.
The lover numbers, by his sighs,
The moments as they pass:
We count them in a way more wise—
By putting round the glass.

See in his cage the husband sing;
Wife, children, squall sonorous:
We make the air and glasses ring,
While singing Freedom's chorus.
No! never shall presumptuous Love
The joys of wine surpass:
Worn out by bick'rings, even Jove
Seeks Bacchus and his glass.

WIGS, OR THE INUNDATION.

[Feb. 2, 1791, the tide ran so uncommonly high in the Thames, that boats were floated into Westminster Hall.]

Good people, attend to my lay:
I sing of a late inundation,
That had like to have carried away
All the wigs and long-robes in the nation.

While thinking of no harm at all,
But a few wretched people's undoing,
Father Thames enter'd Westminster Hall,
Threat'ning all law and justice with ruin.
But let not their terrors these lawyers confound,—
The old proverb decrees they can never be drown'd.

Of the fright universal it spread,
Conception can ne'er form a notion:
Wigs bristled upright on each head,
And counsellors stood without motion;
The tide that for no man will stay,
While the clamour grew louder and louder,
From ev'ry tie-wig wash'd away
Common-sense, with the curls and the powder:
But why thus should water these lawyers confound,
When the proverb decrees they can never be drown'd?

Cries one, they're found out in their tricks,
No wonder they put such despair on;
They fancy the Thames is the Styx,
And each crazy old waterman Charon:
That they'll soon before Minos be brought,
Where naught avails twisting and turning,
And where they'll in this case be taught:
That drowning 's an alias for burning;
Yet at no rate should water these lawyers confound;
They may burn, to be sure, but they cannot be drown'd.

And now by the current press'd hard,
Each scrambles to enter some boat in,
While scatter'd all o'er Palace Yard,
Wigs, briefs, and long-robes are seen floating;
In this chaos of justice, thieves, clerks,
Jews, counsel, the boats are all trimming,
While a sailor cries, 'Dam'me, these sharks
Are your finest of fishes for swimming!'
Then why should their terrors these lawyers confound,
When, whatever awaits them, they cannot be drown'd?

At length safe arriv'd from the storm,
Without fate or fortune once thanking,
They swore that the city, next term,
They'd indict, for the Thames not embanking:
That the wind that blew nobody good,
Was an ill one—thus parted these brothers,
And, themselves scarce escap'd from the flood,
Went home to brew mischief for others,
And furnish a laugh for the public all round,
That they should fear water who cannot be drown'd.

From the Wags; or, the Camp of Pleasure.

THE WATERY GRAVE.

Would you hear a sad story of woe,
That tears from a stone might provoke;
'Tis concerning a tar, you must know,
As honest as e'er biscuit broke:
His name was Ben Block, of all men
The most true, the most kind, the most brave;
But harsh treated by Fortune, for Ben
In his prime found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more;
His heart was all kindness and love;
Though on duty an eagle he 'd soar,
His nature had most of the dove.
He lov'd a fair maiden nam'd Kate;
His father, to int'rest a slave,
Sent him far from his love, where hard fate
Plung'd him deep in a watery grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues!
A false friend his mild nature abus'd,
And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
To poison Ben's pleasure, accus'd:
That she never had truly been kind;
That false were the tokens she gave;
That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find
In the ocean a watery grave.

Too sure, from this cankerous elf
The venom accomplish'd its end:
Ben, all truth and honour himself,
Suspected no fraud in his friend.
On the yard while suspended in air,
A loose to his sorrows he gave;
'Take thy wish,' he cried, 'false, cruel fair,'
And plung'd in a watery grave.

A DROP OF THE CREATURE.

To ask would you come for to go
How a true-hearted tar you'd discern,
He's as honest a fellow, I'd have you to know,
As e'er stepp'd betwixt stem and stern:
Let furious winds the vessel waft,
In his station, amidships, or fore, or aft,
He can pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halyard and jeer,
And of duty every rig;
But his joy and delight
Is, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

The first voyage I made to sea,
One day as I hove the lead,
The main-top-gallant-mast went by the lee,
For it blew off the Devil's head;
'Tumble up there, bear a hand, turn to,'
While I, the foremost of the crew,
Soon could pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halyard and jeer,

And of duty every rig;
But my joy and delight
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

There was Kit with a cast in his eye,
And Tom with the timber toe,
And shambling Will, for he hobbled awry,
All wounded a fighting the foe:
Three lads, though crazy grown and crank,
As true as ever bumbo drank,
For they'd pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halyard and jeer,
And of duty every rig;
But their joy and delight
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

Then over life's ocean I'll jog,
Let the storm or the Spaniards come on,—
So but sea-room I get, and a skin-full of grog,
I fear neither devil nor don:
For I am the man that 's spract and draft,
In my station amidships, or fore, or aft,
I can pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halyard and jeer,
And of duty every rig;
But my joy and delight
Is, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

SOUND ARGUMENT.

We bipeds, made up of frail clay,
Alas! are but children of sorrow;
And though brisk and merry to-day,
We all may be wretched to-morrow,—
For sunshine 's succeeded by rain:
Then, fearful of life's stormy weather,
Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant, the best blessing we know
Is a friend—for true friendship 's a treasure;
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure:
Thus friendship 's a flimsy affair;
Thus riches and health are a bubble;
Thus there 's nothing delightful but care,
Nor anything pleasing but trouble.

If a mortal would point out that life
Which on earth could be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife
To whom truth and honour are given:
But honour and truth are so rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
That, with all my respect for the fair,
I'd advise him to sigh and live single.

It appears, from these premises, plain
That wisdom is nothing but folly,
That pleasure 's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy;
That all those who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving,
And that since we must all of us die,
We should taste no enjoyment while living.

PATRICK O'ROW.

Patrick O'Row is my name,
My calling 's the trade of a boxer,
I'm a devil of a fellow for fame,—
Why I'm bottom like any game-cock, sir:
Oh! I tips 'em so tight,
Left and right,
And to blind 'em so well I knows how;
To the spine of the back I am blood;
Ah! honey, 'twould do your heart good,
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

I presently knocks down my men,
'Your servant,' says I, 'pray call again;'
Then I close up their peepers, and then
I wish you good night, Mr. Galaghan:
Were alive Master Slack,
On his back
I'd lay him as flat as he 's now;
'Tis my washing, my lodging, and food;
Ah! honey, 'twould do your heart good,
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

There 's Johnson, and George, and Big Ben,
Three bruisers that can well rally you;
Though they thump'd the three Birmingham men,
Says I, 'My lads, little I value you:'
Mendoza and Ward
Can strike hard,
And to stop and put in well know how;
Nay, they're ev'ry taef of 'em blood;
Yet, honey, 'twould do them all good,
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

Wid a handful of fellows like these,
Britannia what glory I'd bring her to;
Let the Spaniards come on when they please,
Devil burn me, we'd teach them a ting or two;
Wid a phalanx of fists
In our lists,
So nately we'd bodder their glow:
We'd presently try if they're blood;
Ah! honey, 'twould do their pride good,
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

Come, all you tight lads that would earn
True fame, in a posse gather ye,
How your country you'd serve would ye learn,
Just only come here till I lather ye:

Oh, I'll make you so tight
Left and right,
And each knock-me-down argument know;
Come here, then, and try if you're blood;
Devil burn me, 'twill do your hearts good
To be lather'd by Patrick O'Row.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

Adieu, adieu, my only life,
My honour calls me from thee;
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,—
Those tears but ill become thee:
What though by duty I am call'd,
Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
Where valour's self might stand appall'd,
When on the wings of thy dear love,
To heav'n above
Thy fervent orisons are flown;
The tender pray'r
Thou put'st up there
Shall call a guardian angel 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 thund'ring cannons rattle,—
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assur'd when on the wings of love,
To heav'n above, &c.

Enough: with that benignant smile
Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
Who knew thy bosom void of guile,
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee;
I go assur'd, my life, adieu!
Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
Though murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
When on the wings of thy true love,
To heav'n above, &c.

NAUTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

I be one of they sailors who thinks 'tis no lie,
That for every wherefore of life there 's a why;
That, be fortune's strange weather a calm or a squall,
Our berths, good or bad, are chalk'd out for us all:
That the stays and the braces of life will be found
To be some of 'em rotten and some of 'em sound;
That the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

When, astride on the yard, the top-lifts they let go,
And I com'd, like a shot, plump among 'em below;
Why I cotch'd at a halyard, and jump'd upon deck,
And so broke my fall, to save breaking my neck:
Just like your philosophers, for all their jaw,
Who, losing a rope, gladly catch at a straw;—
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

Why, now, that there cruise that we made off the Banks,
Where I pepper'd the foe, and got shot for my thanks;
What then! she soon struck; and though crippled on shore,
And laid up to refit, I had shiners galore:
At length, live and looking, I tried the false main,
And, to get more prize-money, got shot at again;—
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

Then just as it comes, take the bad with the good,
One man's spoon 's made of silver, another 's of wood;
What's poison for one man, 's another man's balm;
Some are safe in a storm, and some lost in a calm:
Some are rolling in riches, some not worth a souse,
To-day we eat beef, and to-morrow lobs-scouse:—
Thus the good we should cherish, the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

The sun 's descending in the wave;
I go, I go, my fate to brave:
Ghosts of dead Incas now appear,
Shriek as ye come
Cold from the tomb,
And see if Moniaco knows to fear.
Oh sun, my sire!
Lend me all thy noble fire:
Illia Moniaco to thy tomb,—
Oh, Atabalipa soon shall come;
Cover me with scars!
Naught can control
The dauntless soul,
That shall live among its kindred stars.

What is 't to die? To leave this clay,
And breathe in everlasting day;
For robes celestial shake off dust,
Among the bless'd
From care to rest,
And emulate the virtues of the just:
Then, sun, my sire,
Lend me all thy noble fire,
Illia Moniaco, &c.

Adieu, ye friends; vain world, adieu;
Bliss is for me, but woe for you:
While I, new born, shall go to find
The upper heav'n,
You shall be driv'n,
Like scatter'd chaff, before false Fortune's wind.
Now sun, my sire,
I feel, I feel thy noble fire!
Illia Moniaco, &c.

HAPPY JERRY.

I was the pride of all the Thames;
My name was Natty Jerry;
The best of smarts and flashy dames
I've carried in my wherry:
For then no mortal soul like me
So merrily did jog it;
I lov'd my wife and friend, d'ye see,
And won the prize of Dogget:
In coat and badge, so neat and spruce,
I row'd all blithe and merry,
And ev'ry waterman did use
To call me happy Jerry.

But times soon chang'd: I went to sea,—
My wife and friend betray'd me,
And in my absence treach'rously
Some pretty frolics play'd me.
Return'd, I us'd them like a man;—
But still 'twas so provoking,
I couldn't enjoy my very can,
Nor even fancy smoking.
In tarnish'd badge, and coat so queer,
No longer blithe and merry,
Old friends now pass'd me with a sneer,
And call'd me dismal Jerry.

At sea, as with a dang'rous wound
I lay under the surgeons,
Two friends each help I wanted found
In every emergence.
Soon after my sweet friend and wife
Into this mess had brought me,
These two kind friends, who sav'd my life,
In my misfortunes sought me:
'We're come,' cried they, 'that once again,
In coat and badge so merry,
Your kind old friends, the watermen,
May hail you happy Jerry.

'I'm Peggy, once your soul's desire,
To whom you prov'd a rover,
Who since that time in man's attire
Have sought you the world over.'
'And I,' cried t'other, 'am that Jack,
When boy, you us'd so badly,
Though now the best friend to your back;—
Then, prithee, look not sadly.'
Few words are best: I seiz'd their hands;
My grateful heart grew merry;
And now in love and friendship's bands
I'm once more happy Jerry.

JACK IN HIS ELEMENT.

Bold Jack, the sailor, here I come;
Pray how d'ye like my nib,
My trowsers wide, my trampers rum,
My nab, and flowing jib?
I sails the seas from end to end,
And leads a joyous life;
In ev'ry mess I finds a friend,
In ev'ry port a wife.

I've heard them talk of constancy,
Of grief, and such-like fun;—
I've constant been to ten, cried I,
But never griev'd for one:
The flowing sails we tars unbend,
To lead a jovial life;
In ev'ry mess to find a friend,
In ev'ry port a wife.

I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth gates,
A pigmy at Goree,
An orange-tawny up the Streights,
A black at St. Lucie;
Thus, whatsomdever course I bend,
I leads a jovial life:
In ev'ry mess I finds a friend,
In ev'ry port a wife.

Will Gaft by death was ta'en aback;
I came to bring the news;
Poll whimper'd sore,—but what did Jack?
Why, stood in William's shoes:
She cut, I chas'd, but in the end
She lov'd me as her life;
And so she got an honest friend,
And I a loving wife.

Thus be we sailors all the go;
On Fortune's sea we rub;
We works, and loves, and fights the foe,
And drinks the gen'rous bub:
Storms that the mast to splinters rend
Can't shake our jovial life;
In ev'ry mess we find a friend,
In ev'ry port a wife.

THE JOYS OF THE COUNTRY.

Let bucks and let bloods to praise London agree,
Oh! the joys of the country, my jewel, give me!
Where sweet is the flow'r that the May-bush adorns,
And how charming to gather it, but for the thorns:
Where we walk o'er the mountains, with health our cheeks glowing,
As warm as a toast, honey, when it en't snowing,
Where nature to smile when she joyful inclines,
And the sun charms us all the year round when it shines:
Oh! the mountains, and valleys, and bushes,
The pigs, and the screech-owls, and thrushes!
Let bloods and let bucks to praise London agree,
Oh! the joys of the country, my jewel, for me!

There twelve hours on a stretch we in anglingdelight,
As patient as Jobs, though we get ne'er a bite;
There we pop at the wild ducks, and frighten the crows,
While so lively the icicles hang to our clothes;

There wid aunts, and wid cousins, and grandmothers talking,
We're caught in the rain as we're all out a-walking,
While the muslins and gauzes cling round each fair she,
That they look all like Venuses sprung from the sea.
Oh! the mountains, &c.

Then how sweet in the dog-days to take the fresh air,
Where, to save you expense, the dust powders your hair:
Thus pleasures, like snowballs, increase as they roll,
And tire you to death—not forgetting the bowl:
Where in mirth and good-fellowship always delighting,
We agree—that is, when we're not squabbling and fighting;—
Den wid toasts and pint bumpers we bodder the head,
Just to see who most gracefully staggers to bed.
Oh the mountains, &c.

DEATH OR VICTORY.

Hark! the din of distant war,—
How noble is the clangour!
Pale Death ascends his ebon car,
Clad in terrific anger:
A doubtful fate the soldier tries,
Who joins the gallant quarrel;
Perhaps on the could ground he lies,
No wife, no friend, to close his eyes,
Though nobly mourn'd,
Perhaps, return'd,
He's crown'd with victory's laurel.

How many who, disdaining fear,
Rush on the desp'rate duty,
Shall claim the tribute of a tear
That dims the eye of beauty?
A doubtful fate, &c.

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, &c.

THE VIRTUE OF DRUNKENNESS.

If the beauty of truth unadorn'd is seen best,
The man that is drunk of fair truth is the test;
For liquor man's natural temper assumes,
While ev'ry thing artful flies off with the fumes:
The vizor of life is pull'd off by the bowl,
And the face of a drunkard exhibits his soul:
Then beware all who are in rascality sunk—
You 'll all be detected if once you get drunk.

If contempt of all danger true courage e'er gave,
The man that is drunk as a lion is brave;
For, like any Cæsar he 'll riot and storm,
And talk of great feats he 's too weak to perform:
He 'll utter big oaths, know not what to be at,
Thump his head with his fist—but there's nothing in that:
Then beware, braggadocios, in cowardice sunk—
You'll all be detected if once you get drunk.

If strong ipse-dixit true wisdom implies,
The man that is drunk is like Solomon wise;
For of cocks and of bulls he 'll tell many a tale,
And swear to the truth of 'em rather than fail:
He 'll reconcile opposites, prove false is true,
Vouch he does not know what, of he does not know who:
Then beware, all ye varlets in falsity sunk—
You 'll all be detected if once you get drunk.

Come on,—let us drink, then: right conscious, the bowl,
In each rosy cheek though it light up the soul,
Can nothing of worldly deformity show,
Nor prove that we aught but with honesty glow:
'Tis the ordeal of truth, and of gen'rous delight,
Which, to keep us all honest, we 'll try ev'ry night;
Proving still by our acts in no meanness we 're sunk,
But true honest friends, whether sober or drunk.

BUXOM NAN.

The wind was hush'd, the storm was over,
Unfurl'd was ev'ry flowing sail,
From toil releas'd, when Dick of Dover
Went with his messmates to regale:
'All danger 's o'er,' cried he, 'my neat hearts;
Drown care, then, in the smiling can;
Come, bear a hand; let's toast our sweethearts,
And first I'll give you Buxom Nan.

'She's none of those that 's always gigging,
And stem and stern made up of art;
One knows a vessel by her rigging,—
Such ever slight a constant heart:
With straw hat and pink streamers flowing,
How oft to meet me has she ran;
While for dear life would I be rowing,
To meet with smiles my buxom Nan.

'Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies,—
To see him stare when he came back!
The girls were all off the hinges,
His Poll was quite unknown to Jack:
Tant-masted all, to see who 's tallest,
Breastworks, top-ga'nt sails, and a fan,
'Messmate,' cried I, 'more sail than ballast;'
Ah, still give me my buxom Nan.

'None in life's sea can sail more quicker,
To show her love, or serve a friend:—
But hold—I'm preaching o'er my liquor;
This one word, then, and there 's an end:
Of all the wenches whatsomdever,
I say, then, find me out who can,
One half so tight, so kind, so clever,
Sweet, trim, and neat, as buxom Nan.'

FAMILY LIKENESS.

Lovely woman! pride of nature!
Good, and sweet, and kind, and fair,
Than man a higher style of creature,
Perfect as celestials are!
See Myra come, like stately Juno,
Ever fair, and ever young;
Completely like, as I and you know,—
Myra, like Juno, has a tongue.

Young Celia's charms, that beam so sweetly,
To paint, ah what can words avail?
She 's Venus' self, and so completely,
That Celia is, like Venus, frail:
To woo the charming Gloriana,
Audacity would stand afraid;
She 's chaste and icy as Diana,
And, like Diana, an old maid.

Thus women boast a near relation,
'Tis plain, to the celestial race;
Thus we of their divine creation
A family-resemblance trace:
If, then, some faults of this complexion,
Like spots upon that sun, their fame,
Rust this same model of perfection,
The stars, not women, are to blame.

MORALITY IN THE FORETOP.

Two real tars, whom duty call'd
To watch in the foretop,
Thus one another overhaul'd,
And took a cheering drop:
'I say, Will Hatchway,' cried Tom Tow,
'Of conduct what 's your sort,
As through the voyage of life you go,
To bring you safe to port?'

Cried Jack, 'You lubber, don't you know?
Our passions close to reef,
To steer where honour points the prow,
To hand a friend relief:
These anchors get but in your pow'r,
My life for 't that 's your sort;
The bow'r, the sheet, and the best bow'r,
Shall bring you up in port.'

'Why then you're out, and there 's an end,'
Tom cried out, blunt and rough;—
'Be good, be honest, serve a friend,
Be maxims well enough:
Who swabs his brows at others' woe,
That tar 's for me your sort;
His vessel right a-head shall go,
To find a joyful port.

'Let storms of life upon me press,
Misfortunes make me reel,—
Why, dam'me! what's my own distress?—
For others let me feel:
Ay, ay, if bound with a fresh gale
To heav'n, this is your sort,—
A handkerchief 's the best wet sail
To bring you safe to port.'

THE DUSTMAN.

I'm dashing Dick the dustman;
None my calling can degrade,
For I am not the first man
Who has driv'n a dirty trade:
Dust ho! dust ho! I rings my bell and cries;
My tricks, if you would find 'em,
Pretty early you must rise;
For watch me still,
Howe'er you will,
I bears off many a prize;
And when I wants to blind 'em,
I throws dust in their eyes.

Why, what's your man of honour?
And what's your madam Fame?
A jilt when he has won her,
That proves a dirty name:
Vict'ry! vict'ry! each draws his sword and cries,
In the midst of slaughter find him,
See where the savage flies;
He spares no life,
No friend, nor wife,
Where'er he finds a prize;
Till death at last, to blind him,
Throws dust in his eyes.

The lawyer, the physician,
And e'en the learn'd divine,
Each drives, in his condition,
As black a trade as mine:
Fees ho! fees ho! each draws his purse and cries,
Their consciences can't bind 'em,
The wretched patient dies;
All prayers fail,
While in a jail
The ruin'd client lies;
Unless you throw, to blind 'em,
Gold-dust in their eyes.

And so, d'ye see, men bustle,
To see who's dirty first,
And one another hustle,
And all to raise the dust:
Dust ho! dust ho! each draws his purse and cries,
And he, old Nick behind him
Will take, to mount up tries;
All scrambling go,
Both friend and foe,
To bear away some prize,
And each throws dust, to blind him,
Plump in his neighbour's eyes.

SWIZZY.

If, bold and brave, thou canst not bear
Thyself from all thou lov'st to tear,—
If, while winds war, and billows roll,
A spark of fear invade thy soul,—
If thou'rt appall'd when cannons roar,
I prithee, messmate, stay ashore;
There, like a lubber,
Whine and blubber,

Still for thy ease and safety busy ;
Nor dare to come,
Where honest Tom,
And Ned, and Nick,
And Ben, and Phil,
And Jack, and Dick,
And Bob, and Bill,
All weathers sing, and drink their swizzy.

If, shouldst thou lose a limb in fight,
She who made up thy heart's delight,—
Poor recompense that thou art kind,—
Shall prove inconstant as the wind ;
If such hard fortune thou 'dst deplore,
I prithee, messmate, stay ashore :
There, like a lubber, &c.

If pris'ner in a foreign land,
No friend, no money at command,
That man thou trusted hadst alone
All knowledge of thee should disown ;
If this should vex thee to the core,
I prithee, messmate, stay ashore.
There, like a lubber, &c.

SOLDIER DICK.

Why, don't you know me by my scars ?
I'm soldier Dick, come from the wars ;
Where many a head without a hat
Crowds honour's bed—but what of that ?
Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis glory calls ;
What argufies who stands or falls ?
Lord, what should one be sorry for ?
Life 's but the fortune of the war :
Then rich, or poor, or well, or sick,
Still laugh and sing shall soldier Dick.

I us'd to look two ways at once,—
A bullet hit me on the sconce,
And dowsh'd my eye—d'ye think I'd wince ?
Why, lord, I've never squinted since.
Beat drums, &c.

Some distant keep from war's alarms,
For fear of wooden legs and arms ;
While others die safe in their beds,
Who all their lives had wooden heads.
Beat drums, &c.

Thus gout or fever, sword or shot,
Or something, sends us all to pot :
That we're to die, then, do not grieve,
But let 's be merry while we live.
Beat drums, &c.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Avert yon omen, gracious Heav'n !
The ugly scud,
By rising winds resistless driv'n,
Kisses the flood.

How hard the lot for sailors cast,
That they should roam
For years, to perish thus at last
In sight of home !
For if the coming gale we mourn
A tempest grows,
Our vessel 's shatter'd so and torn,
That down she goes !

The tempest comes, while meteors red
Portentous fly ;
And now we touch old ocean's bed,
Now reach the sky !
On sable wings, in gloomy flight,
Fiends seem to wait,
To snatch us in this dreadful night,
Dark as our fate :
Unless some kind, some pitying pow'r
Should interpose,
She labours so, within this hour,
That down she goes.

But see, on rosy pinions borne,
O'er the mad deep,
Reluctant beams the sorr'wing morn,
With us to weep :
Deceitful sorrow, cheerless light,
Dreadful to think !
The morn is ris'n, in endless night
Our hopes to sink !
She splits ! she parts !—through sluices driv'n,
The water flows ;—
Adieu, ye friends ! have mercy, Heav'n !
For down she goes !

THE NEGRO AND HIS BANJER.

One Negro, wi my banjer,
Me from Jenny come,
Wid cunning yiei
Me savez spy,
De buckra world one hum,
As troo a street a stranger
Me my banjer strum :
My missy for one black dog about the house me kick,
Him say my nassy tawny face enough to make him sick ;
But when my massa he go out, she then no longer rail,
For first me let the captain in, and then me tell no tale :
So aunt Quashy say,
De tabby, brown, or black, or white,
You see um in one night,
Ev'ry sort of cat be gray.
One Negro, &c.

To fetch a lilly money back, you go to law they call;
The court and all the tie-wig soon strip you, shirt and all ;

The courtier call him friend and foe,
And fifty story tell,
To-day say Yes, to-morrow No,
And lie like any hell:
And so, though Negro black for true,
He black in buckra country too.
One Negro, &c.

OLYMPIAN HUNT.

Bards call themselves a heav'nly race,
Topers find heav'n in wine,—
We truly boast, who love the chase,
An origin divine.
The deities all hunters are:
Great Jove, who spends his life
In hunting of the willing fair,
Is hunted by his wife.
Then come and wake the drowsy morn,
While the swift game we follow;
The feather'd throng and tuneful horn
Shall join the hunter's halloo.

Gay Bacchus, on his tun, that hack,
Toasts for view-halloos gives;
While Merc'ry, with his Bow-street pack,
Scours heav'n to hunt for thieves:
Bold Mars, a blood-hound, hunts for fame;
Nor till its latest breath
Will he e'er leave the panting game,
But comes in at the death.
Then come, &c.

Diana, in her sacred grove,
Saw rash Actæon near;
And, though she seem'd to scorn his love,
She took him for her deer:
Yet vex'd to think this hint so sly
On the fool she could not pass,
From his own hounds she made him fly,
And kill'd him for an ass.
Then come, &c.

Great Juno, wretched, restless fair,
On jealous fury bent,
Still in full cry is hunting care,
And still on a wrong scent:
Indeed, the fair oft mount their nag,
By the hunting mania struck;
And if Actæon was a stag,
Poor Vulcan was a buck.
Then come, &c.

THE CAMP OF PLEASURE.

While whim, and glee, and jest, and song,
Display their charming treasure,
Mingling in gay laughter's throng,
Come to the camp of pleasure.
All human beings have their cares—
Life's made of joy and sorrow;
To balance life, then, our affairs
Should of our pleasures borrow:
Youth 's joy's season, so is age;
Each temper, sex, complexion,
In mirth may harmlessly engage,
As well as in reflection.
While whim, &c.

You who proudly roll in wealth,
You whose means are slender,
You whose lungs proclaim your health,
You whose frames are tender,
You who wear grave wisdom's wigs,
You who deal in folly,
You who merry are as grigs,
You who are melancholy:—
While whim, &c.

Where 's 'mongst them all the cynic elf,
Of joy the open scorner,
But doff'd the sage, and to himself
Took pleasure in a corner?
In short, who sets up to despise
Those joys that mirth awaken,
I will not rudely say he lies,
But surely he 's mistaken.
While whim, &c.

DEATH ALIVE.

Since by cutting of trotes all our glories increase,
Of war let us sing, because why?—it brings peace:
Of hacking and hewing, in front and in rear,
Of some kilt by the sword, and some dying through fear.
Death alive! what sweet slaught'ring, and cutting, and scars!
Is it honour you'd seek,—won't you go to the wars?
Where death his long scythe bathes in gore to the hilt,
And whips heads from shoulders so clever;
And where, should you have the good luck to be kilt,
By my soul, you'll be living for ever!

The army's drawn out, the confusion's begun,
While our arms shine so bright that they dazzle the sun;
Oh, the glorious sight! but the best of the joke,
The devil a soul are we seeing but smoke.
Death alive! &c.

Like Will-o'-the-wisp, while our bosoms it fires,
See glory lead on over bushes and briers;
Pass, begone, hiccius doxius, just like cup and ball,
Now 'tis here, and now there, and now no where at all.
Death alive! &c.

That war is delightful, then, who can deny?
To be living for ever, ah who would not die!
Your fame 's up from the moment it puts you to bed,
And you grow a great man by the loss of your head!
Death alive! &c.

IRISH ITALIAN SONG.

To be sure,
I'm not a connoisseur,
Arrah! will you now be aesy?
I don't the op'ra know at all,
And then I have not heard them squall,
From Mingotti to Marchesi!
Wid dere con amore,
Dere il mio cuore,
Dere amorosa,
Dere tormentosa,
Dere occhietti,
Si Furbetti,
Dere amante
Constante,
The padre,
The madre,
The bella
Sorella,
The moglie, the figlio,
Et tutt' il famiglio:
The soft John Bull to take by the ears,
To whom this Babel proves the music of the spheres!
And as they sigh,
And pant, and die,
He joins the roar,
And cries out 'Bravo!' and 'Encore!'

There was silver Lovatini,
And graceful Zamparini,
That bawling tasf Morigi,
Who turn'd monkey to oblige ye;
The mellow Scotti,
The tender Pachierotti,
Manzoli, Guarducci,
Peretti, Tenducci,
And then, O cara,
The wonderful and surprising Madame Mara!
Who pretty well have sack'd the pence,
And sold the Englitch sound for sense.

To be sure,
I'm not a connoisseur,
Arrah! will you now be aesy?
I don't the op'ra know at all,
And then I have not heard them squall,
From Mingotti to Marchesi!
Wid dere con amore,
Dere il mio cuore,
Dere amorosa,
Dere tormentosa,
Dere occhietti,
Si Furbetti,
Dere amante
Constante,
The padre,
The madre,
The bella
Sorella,
The moglie, the figlio,
Et tutt' il famiglio:
The soft John Bull to take by the ears,
To whom this Babel proves the music of the spheres!
And as they go on with their dolce amare,
Their dolce cantare,
Viva l' amore!
Their tombetti sonate
Canoni sparate,
Lara lara la,
Boo, boo, boo,
Astonish'd John Bull cries out 'Bravo! Encore!'
And swears all Englitch music 's a vile bore.

SHENKIN AND WINNY.

Young Shenkin was porn in Glamorganshire,
Ods! will hur poor heart run all upon Winny,
And hur't kiss, and hur't luff, and hur't call her hur tear,
And make her cry,—Shenkin, the tiffle is in ye!
Her preath is as sweet as a leek, or a coat's,
Her 's like a plue mountain, so taper and thin;
Aif her putter and seece would but yield her ten croats,
To-morrow should see Shenkin married to Win.

When the curate at eve on the crowty playt,
Oh te choys of hur heart Shenkin, danc'd with his Winny,
And hur lufft and telighted so in the tear mait,
That she patting hur, cried out, The tiffle is in ye.
You skip like the kits, and you pout like the coats,
To mollify sure enough I shall bekin:
Aif your putter and seece would but yield you ten croats,
To-morrow should see Shenkin married to Win.

Ah! if her coot urship, great Squire Ap Shones,
Could see how hurs creefing, as sure as a kinny,
His powels would yearn with hur crunts and her croans,
Ah no! he'd himself fall in love with sweet Winny.
Thus Shenkin complain'd, as he drove home his goats,
While the squire and his comrades from hunting came in:
He heard the fond tale, kindly paid the ten groats,
And the next morning saw Shenkin married to Win.

CELIA.

Celia's an angel; by her face
The rose and lily 's sham'd;
The tresses of love's queen, for grace,
With her's can ne'er be nam'd:
'The gods,' cried one, 'that face with care
Form'd in their best of humours.'
What pity 'tis! both face and hair
Were bought at the perfumer's.

Celia has sworn to love till death;—
For words so full of bliss,
I could have long'd, but for her breath,
To steal an ardent kiss:

Rapture itself is poor and cold,
To joy that she discovers;
What pity she the same has told
To fifty other lovers.

Celia is young; behold her mien,
Alert from top to toe;
'My aunt,' says she, 'was just fifteen
Some thirty years ago.'
Thus youth and beauty's best delights
Sweet Celia are adorning;
For she a Venus is o' nights,
A sybil in the morning.

THE WOODMAN.

Far remov'd from noise and smoke,
Hark! I hear the woodman's stroke,
Who dreams not, as he fells the oak,
What mischief dire he brews:
How art shall shape his falling trees,
For aid of luxury and ease;—
He weighs not matters such as these,
But sings, and hacks, and hews.

Perhaps, now fell'd by this bold man,
That tree shall form the spruce sedan,*
Or wheelbarrow, where oyster Nan
So runs her vulgar rig;
The stage, where boxers crowd in flocks,
Or else for quacks; perhaps, the stocks;
Or posts for signs, or barbers' blocks,
Where smiles the parson's wig.

Thou mak'st, bold peasant, oh what grief!
The gibbet on which hangs the thief,
The seat where sits the great Lord Chief,
The throne, the cobbler's stall:
Thou pamper'st life in ev'ry stage,
Mak'st folly's whims, pride's equipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
And coffins for us all.

Yet justice let us still afford:
These chairs, and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard,
Confess the woodman's stroke:
He made the press that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the gen'rous wine,
The hall itself, where tipplers join,
To crack the mirthful joke.

NEIGHBOURS' FARE.

[This song was written shortly after the breaking-out of the French Revolution.]

Have you heard, my good neighbours, the wonderful news,—
How the French are no longer to wear wooden shoes?
How the nobles their titles agree to forget?
And with cobbler and prince 'tis hey fellow well met?
Sing kick down distinction, kick off wooden shoes,
Sing brotherly love between Christians and Jews,
Oh rare, O rare!
Yea and nay, thee and thou,
Is now
All the rage,
The year ninety 's the date of the true golden age:
Let ev'ry French frizeur then die in despair,
For freedom 's the word, and a straight head of hair.

The stage for this play (I had almost said farce)
Was, of all other places, the Grand Field of Mars:
They erected their castle of liberty there,
Where Montgolfier went up in his castle of air.
Sing kick down distinction, &c.

So substantial 's become what was formerly froth,
That they, who could never be trusted on oath,
Are now, to the wonder of each other nation,
Like Quakers, believ'd on their bare affirmation.
Sing kick down distinction, &c.

Such virtue as this to the world must be dear,
But woe to us all if it once should come here:
It transforms the most dressy to so many Quakers,
And makes even lords pay their butchers and bakers.
Sing kick down distinction, &c.

Adieu, ye fair dames, to cards, scandal, and tea;
Adieu, Scotch and Welshmen, to proud pedigree;
Madame Virtue is coming to lead Vice a dance,
And all follow fashions imported from France.
Sing kick down distinction, &c.

Ye men of the robe your sad fortune deplore,
Burn your wigs, for your foul occupation 's no more;
Fair truth in each action shall find out a flaw,
And justice, turn'd counsel, shall supersede law.
Sing kick down distinction, &c.

Then publish the tidings through Fame's mighty rolls,
In England and Lapland, and under the poles;
For men are turn'd angels, and brutes are turn'd men,
And Eden, not chaos, is come back again.
Sing kick down distinction, &c.

PEACE AND WAR.

In peace, when sprightly drum and fife
Quick marches sweetly play,
Then charming is the soldier's life,
To lounge it all the day:
How different the trade is
From war's destructive call!
He ogles all the ladies,
And dances at the ball.
The sash so sweet a zone is,
So pow'rful are its charms,
That Mars, become Adonis,
Reclines in Venus' arms.

* *Sedans*, though now so seldom seen, were very much in use among the nobility and gentry at the time when Dibdin penned this song. They were at one time so numerous, that the military were obliged to be called in to quell a serious riot which had been created by the '*chairmen*' who carried them.

No more upon the dang'rous plain
Death grimly stalks abroad;
No more
The gasping and unpiti'd slain,
Welt'ring in gore,
For unavailing help implore:
Their spirits issue with a groan,
Their eyes are clos'd in endless night;
Beholders are with horror aw'd,
And dread a fate, sad fate of woe,
That soon may be their own.
No time for pity now! the fight
Grows hot,
The trumpet sounds a charge,
Soldiers and steeds with ardour glow;
Stern carnage takes the field,
And traverses his bound'ries long and large:
The word is—Die or yield,
And mercy is forgot.—
Such is the dreadful ardour of the war;
Yet diff'rent far
When all these horrors cease,
And soldiers taste the joys of smiling peace.
Sweet peace, &c.

The well-pack'd column, like a rock,
While they the war sustain,
Sternly receive an army's shock,
The glorious terror of the plain:
Advancing near,
The foe is struck aghast,
The panic spreads,
Pale fear
Gains on 'em fast;
To order's post confusion now succeeds,
And now the front becomes the rear!
All resolution's gone,
While wan despair,
Turn'd gen'ral, to destruction leads 'em on:
They fly!
'Follow!' the victors cry;
War's dreadful tempest comes,
Trumpets and drums,
Shouts, groans, and thund'ring cannons, rend the sky!

The banners, flutt'ring late in air,
Now from the bearers' grasp are torn,
And on the spear
Of vict'ry borne:—
The stroke's decisive!—glutted war,
Descending from his sanguine car,
Tir'd soldiers from their post release,
To taste the joys of smiling peace.
Sweet peace, &c.

THE TRUE ENGLISH SAILOR.

Jack dances and sings, and is always content;
In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her;
His anchor 's a-trip when his money 's all spent—
And this is the life of a sailor.

Alert in his duty, he readily flies
Where winds the tir'd vessels are flinging;
Though sunk to the sea-gods, or toss'd to the skies,
Still Jack is found working and singing.

Long-side of an enemy, boldly and brave,
He'll with broadside on broadside regale her;
Yet he'll sigh to the soul o'er that enemy's grave,—
So noble 's the mind of a sailor.

Let cannons roar loud, burst their sides let the bombs,
Let the winds a dread hurricane rattle;
The rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes,
And laughs at the storm and the battle.

In a fostering pow'r while Jack puts his trust,
As fortune comes, smiling he'll hail her;
Resign'd still, and manly, since what must be must,
And this is the mind of a sailor.

Though careless and headlong, if danger should press,
And rank'd 'mongst the free list of rovers,
Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,
And prove the most constant of lovers.

To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
He 's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave,
And this is a true English sailor.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Bless'd friendship, hail! thy gifts possessing,
That happy mortal 's rich indeed:
Thou willing giv'st each earthly blessing
To all, but those who stand in need:
Thy words are sweet as Hybla's honey;
In accents kind, and mild, and civil,
Flows thy advice:—thou giv'st not money,
For money is the very devil:
And rather than the foul temptation
Should into scrapes thy friend betray—
Disint'rested consideration!—
Thou kindly tak'st it all away.

Are his affairs at rack and manger?
Lest a bad world thy friend should chouse,
No time for thee to play the stranger,
Thou deign'st to manage all his house;
To make him thy good pleasure tarry,
To kiss thy feet, to leap o'er sticks,
To run, to hop, to fetch, to carry,
And play a thousand monkey tricks.
Nay, if thy liq'rish chops should water,
To ease him of domestic strife,
Thou ridd'st him of a flirting daughter,
Or, kinder still, thou steal'st his wife.

Come, then, my friend, prevent my pleasure,
And out of doors politeness kick;
With me and mine pray keep no measure,
Drench me with bumpers, make me sick:

My cellar bleed, devour my mutton,
Upon my vitals dine and sup:
Come on, thou kind, thou friendly glutton,
Kill, barbecue, and eat me up.
Then, to the last a friend, desert me,
That, wise by dear experience grown,
And having no kind friend to hurt me,
I may, at last, become my own.

THE DIFFICULT TASK.

What song shall I chant? while I sing Venus' sparrows,
Her cestus, her dove,—
Shall I hold forth on love?
Source of so many blessings and ills,
On which so many Cupids have blunted their arrows,
And so many poets their quills!
All its pains and its pleasures, its mischiefs and joys,
Have been sung o'er and o'er, by fond girls and vain boys;
Not a single new thought the Pierian spring
On love can inspire,—nor of love will I sing.

While I celebrate uproar, and bottles and glasses,
That fools think divine,—
Shall my song be on wine?
Source of so many surfeits and feasts,
Where so many topers have toasted their lasses,
And so many men become beasts!
Let those describe wine, who can drink till they reel,
'Twere folly to write on a theme I can't feel;
How can I, who ne'er drink but what flows from health's spring,
Find words the delight of a drunkard to sing?

While I celebrate men who all comfort and pleasure
Leave at home for a name,—
Shall I descant on fame?
Source of so many murders and woes,
Where so many heroes have plunder'd for treasure,
And so many friends become foes!
A stranger to battles, and all their delight,
Fond of peace and its joys, I can't shudder and write:
The best plume that e'er hero bore off from Fame's wing
Should not tempt me a scene of such horror to sing.

What shall be my song? Shall I celebrate riches?
Whose grasp can combine
Love, glory, and wine!
Source of each mortal man's rise and fall:
That thing youth and age, high and low, that bewitches!
A nothing that comprehends all!
Be the theme these of others, they cannot be mine:
Till love 's led by prudence, by temperance wine,
Till war shall sweet peace, and gold charity bring,
Reason smiles, and forbids me such folly to sing.

CROTCHETS AND QUAVERS.

But, perhaps, while thus boldly exposing each elf,
A dupe to passion, or folly, or pelf,
I the critic severest become of myself,
Presuming to hope for your favours—
What is it to me who sings great, or sings small,
Or whether knave first ev'ry knave likes to call;
Or who's roguish, or honest?—Lord, nothing at all,
But to eke out the crotchets and quavers.

Advice from a lawyer, a smile from his grace,
From a hypocrite treachery with a smooth face,
From a bishop a blessing, a gamester ames ace,
The public receive for their favours:
Thus in their vocation all earnestly join;
For what should a man circulate but his own coin?
Let us humbly entreat, then, you'll not refuse mine,
Though compos'd but of crotchets and quavers.

Ev'ry piece is full weight, nor debas'd by vile art;
Sterling gratitude still will be found in each part;
The lively impression was made on my heart,
For what less can purchase your favours?
Thus I fearless submit to pass through your mint:
When assay'd, should you find there 's no counterfeit in 't,
The stamp of your kind approbation imprint,
To pass current my crotchets and quavers.

THE WILY FOX.

The morning breaks;
Those ruddy streaks
Proclaim the op'ning day;
With glowing health,
The sportsman's wealth;—
Away, boys, come away.
The mellow horn
On the still morn
Pours sounds which echo mocks;
While following bound
Man, horse, and hound,
T' unearth the wily fox.
Hark! echo mocks
The winding horn,
That on th' expanded wing of morn,
Though sweet the sound, in dreadful yell
Tolls out a knell
To the devoted fox.

Now off he 's thrown,
The day 's our own,—
See yonder where he takes;
To cheat our eyes,
In vain he tries
The rivers and the brakes.
The mellow horn
Breaks on the morn,
And leads o'er hills and rocks;
While following bound
Man, horse, and hound,
T' entrap the wily fox.
Hark! echo mocks, &c.

Now, now he' s seiz'd!
The dogs, well pleas'd
Behold his eye-balls roll:
He yields his breath,
And from his death
Is born the flowing bowl.
The mellow horn,
That through the morn
Led over hills and rocks,
Now sounds a call,
To see the fall
Of the expiring fox.
Hark! echo mocks, &c.

SAVAGE LOVE-LONG.

So sweet I'll dress my Zootka fair,
Such pretty toys her charms shall deck!
The nails of foes shall grace her hair,
Their eyes and teeth adorn her neck:
A hut I'll build her of catalps,
And sweetly hang it round with scalps;
And as we frantic skip and sing,
And join to form the mystic ring,
And cymbals twang,
And tymbals bang,
And jump and prance,
And frisk in wedlock's devious dance,
We'll drink and yam,
And make the banjer cry giam, giam.

The rose let Europe's beauties boast,
Asia the saffron's sickly dye;
Let ebon wives grace Afric's coast:—
Can these with lovely Zootka vie?
Her olive cheek the gloss outshines
That decorates the copper mines—
Come then, and frantic, &c.

Some shave their eyebrows for the fair,
Others for love pull out their teeth,
Some by the roots tear up their hair,
To form a pretty marriage-wreath:
My lovely fist at Zootka's nose
Shall aim a hundred tender blows:
And as they frantic, &c.

BONNY KATE.

The wind was hush'd, the fleecy wave
Scarcely the vessel's sides could lave,
When in the mizen-top his stand
Tom Clueline taking, spied the land.
Oh, sweet reward for all his toil!
Once more he views his native soil;
Once more he thanks indulgent fate,
That brings him to his bonny Kate.

Soft as the sighs of Zephyr flow,
Tender and plaintive as her woe,
Serene was the attentive eve,
That heard Tom's bonny Kitty grieve.

'Oh, what avails,' cried she, 'my pain?
He 's swallow'd in the greedy main:
Ah, never shall I welcome home,
With tender joy, my honest Tom!

Now high upon the faithful shroud,
The land, awhile that seem'd a cloud,
While objects from the mist arise,
A feast presents Tom's longing eyes.
A riband near his heart which lay
Now see him on his hat display,
The given sign to show that fate
Had brought him safe to bonny Kate.

Near to a cliff, whose heights command
A prospect of the shelly strand,
While Kitty fate and fortune blam'd,
Sudden with rapture she exclaim'd,
'But see, oh, heav'n! a ship in view,—
My Tom appears among the crew;
The pledge he swore to bring safe home
Streams in his hat—'tis honest Tom!'

What now remains were easy told:
Tom comes, his pockets lin'd with gold;
Now rich enough no more to roam,
To serve his king he stays at home;
Recounts each toil, and shows each scar,
While Kitty and her honest tar
With rev'rence teach to bless their fates
Young honest Toms and bonny Kates.

LITTLE BEN.

Resplendent gleam'd the ample moon,
Reflected on the glitt'ring lee;
The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,
And scarce a ripple shook the sea,
When thus,—for sailors, nature's care,
What education has denied,
Are of strong sense a bounteous share
By observation well supplied,—
When thus, in bold and honest guise,
For wisdom mov'd his tongue,
Drawing from reason comfort's drop,
In truth and fair reflection wise,
Right cheerfully sung
Little Ben, that kept his watch on the main top:—

Why should the hardy tar complain?
'Tis certain true he weathers more
From dangers on the roaring main
Than lazy lubbers do ashore.
Ne'er let the noble mind despair,
Though roaring seas run mountains high;
All things are built with equal care,
First-rate or wherry, man or fly:
If there 's a Pow'r that never errs,—
And certainly 'tis so—
For honest hearts what comforts drop—
As well as kings and emperors,
Why not take in tow
Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main top?

What though to distant climes I roam,
Far from my darling Nancy's charms?
The sweeter is my welcome home,
To blissful moorings in her arms.

Perhaps she on that sober moon
A lover's observation takes,
And longs that little Ben may soon
Relieve that heart which sorely aches:
Ne'er fear; that Pow'r that never errs,
That guards all things below—
For honest hearts, what comforts drop!—
As well as kings and emperors,
Will surely take in tow
Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main top.

From Private Theatricals.

BILL BOBSTAY.

TIGHT lads have I sail'd with, but none e'er so sightly
As honest Bill Bobstay, so kind and so true:
He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot it so lightly,
The forecastle's pride, and delight of the crew!
But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters,
He went, though his fortune was kind without end;
'For money,' cried Bill, 'and them there sort of matters,
What's the good on't, d'ye see, but to succour a friend?

'There's Nipcheese, the purser, by grinding and squeezing,
First plund'ring then leaving the ship, like a rat,
The eddy of fortune, stands on a stiff breeze in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.
My bark, though hard storms on life's ocean should rock her,
Tho' she roll in misfortune and pitch end for end,
No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
When by handing it out be can succour a friend.

'Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, 'Spite of their crosses,
And forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore,
That sailors at sea earn their money like horses,
To squander it idly like asses ashore.'
Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they measure,
By their feelings, the gen'rous delight without end,
That gives birth in us tars to that truest of pleasure,
The handing out rhino to succour a friend.

'Why, what's all this nonsense they talks of, and pother,
About rights of man? What a plague are they at?
If they mean that each man to his messmate 's a brother,
Why, the lubberly swabs, ev'ry fool can tell that.
The right of us Britons we know 's to be loyal,
In our country's defence our last moments to spend,
To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal,
To be true to our wives, and to succour a friend.'

ROSES AND LILIES.

BEAUTY I sell! who'll buy? who'll buy?
Roses and lilies, girls! here am I:
Neither black, brown, nor fair, shall have cause for complaint,
They shall look just like angels, and all without paint:
Who'll buy? who'll buy?
Here am I.

Come, maids, and be beautiful,—easy 's the task;
Use the rouge newly taken from modesty's mask:
As it blooms shall fair truth show your heart in the flush,
And duty's enamel shall polish the blush;
For duty gives charms that will last all your lives:
None but dutiful daughters make beautiful wives.
Beauty I sell, &c.

Now 's your time, all ye wives, would ye beautiful grow,
Draw some drops from content 's lucid fount as they flow;
Take the mildness of love, throw away all the art,
Mix these in endearment's alembic, the heart;
Let the fire of attention the whole gently boil,
Then add nature's best gloss, a perpetual smile.
Beauty I sell, &c.

Come round me; I've wares for maid, widow, and wife:
This essence of truth to the eyes gives a life;
This tincture of sweetness shall lilies disclose;
And from this, virtue's balm, shall spring beauty's best rose:
Then, while art is in fashion, how can you refuse
That which nature and reason permit you to use?
Beauty I sell, &c.

THE ROYAL NUPTIALS.

[Written on the occasion of the marriage of the late Duke of York to the Princess Frederica Charlotte, daughter of the King of Prussia, on Sept. 29, 1794.]

To the plain, to the plain, hark! hark! we are summon'd away;
The birds with new notes thrill the heart through the ear;
The trees and flow'rs fresh liv'ry have put on to-day,
And the sun with new glory begins his career!
Some splendid occasion Arcadia invites
To the court of its lov'd, its illustrious lord,
Where, while pleasures and sports blend their various delights,
Plenty empties her well-loaded horn on the board.
What, what can it mean?
For our hearts' king and queen

May just fate thus each day some new pleasures prepare.
The sports are begun!
'Tis the nuptials propitious of Fred'rick their son;
And the song, and the dance, and the clarion so loud,
And those acclamations we hear from the crowd,
All hail the royal pair.

Now louder it grows! 'tis the bridegroom and bride;
What loyalty rent the glad air as it rung,—
He a Mars, in his car, Venus she, by his side;
He a hero, and she from a hero's race sprung.
Venus here finds her court; three sweet Graces are seen,
Than Cytherea more lovely, more mild than her dove,
The fair stranger to hail, in their hearts to reign queen,
Each a sister in beauty, a sister in love:
And see the glad throng,
For the dance and the song
With eager respectful affection prepare!
The sports are begun;
George sanctions the nuptials of Fred'rick his son:
While the song, &c.

Again a loud burst! What new shouts rend the air?
A fond brother a bride to a fond brother gives!
While a father, a mother, a progeny rare,
Each alike imparts transports, and transport receives.
Long, long may their joys in a tide of love flow,
Pure, unmix'd, from the conjugal fount whence they spring:
The first title of human perfection we know
Is the parent whose virtues illustrate the king.
And see the glad throng,
For the dance and the song
With eager respectful attention prepare!
The sports are begun;
George sanctions the nuptials of Fred'rick his son:
While the song, &c.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

I THAT once was a ploughman, a sailor am now;
No lark, that, aloft, in the sky,
Ever flutter'd his wings to give speed to the plough,
Was so gay or so careless as I:
But my friend was a carfindo* 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 teasing did keep,
That I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep:
No longer the horn
Call'd me up in the morn;
I trusted the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a-ship;—
When in danger there 's no door to creep out:
I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip,
But I did not like rocking about:
By and by comes 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?
Where 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 carfindo aud 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 losing 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 carfindo and the 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 safe at home!'
Stark staring with joy, I leap'd 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 carfindo, nor the inconstant wind,
E'er tempt me for to go, and leave my dear behind.

* Dibdin says that this word, clearly a corruption of carpenter, occasioned him at least forty anonymous letters.

VIRTUE.

THE peasant in his humble cot,
The Ethiope on the sandy Nile,
The mole-like Laplander, whose grot
Boasts little genial Nature's smile:
These, bless'd with virtue, are not poor;
Her cheering voice such thrilling comfort brings,
It throws around the thatch obscure
A joy that shames the palaces of kings.

Oh, virtue! sorrowing man's relief,
In pity by kind Heaven sent,
That tear'st away the thorn of grief,
And plant'st, instead, the rose content!—

Thy smallest spark such lustre owns,
With it such truth and dignity it brings,—
It throws obscurity on thrones,
And beams to dim the diadem of kings!

THE BEGGAR.

Why, good people all, at what do you pry?
Is't the stump of my arm or my leg?
Or the place where I lost my good-looking eye?
Or is it to see me beg?
Lord love you! hard fortune is nothing at all;
And he 's but a fool and a dunce,
Who expects, when he 's running full-butt 'gainst a wall,
Not to get a good rap on the sconce.
If beg, borrow, or steal, be the choice of mankind,
Surely I choose the best of the three;
Besides, as times go, what a comfort to find
That in this bad world there 's some charity.

For a soldier I listed, to grow great in fame,
And be shot at for sixpence a day;
Lord help the poor poultry wherever I came,
For how could I live on my pay?
I went to the wars, to fight the king's foes,
Where the bullets came whistling by,
Till they swivell'd three ribs, broke the bridge of my nose,
Queer'd my napper, and knock'd out my eye:—
Well, what of all this? I'd my legs and my arms,
And at Chelsea to lay up was free;
Where my pipe I could smoke, talk of battles and storms,
And bless his good majesty's charity.

But thinking it shameful to live at my ease,
Away, while the frolic was warm,
In search of good fortune, I sails the salt seas,
And so loses my leg and my arm:
With two strings to my bow, I now thought myself sure;
But such is the fortune of war,
As a lobster at Greenwich they show'd me the door,
At Chelsea they call'd me a tar:—
So, falling to nothing between those two stools,
I, the whole world before me, was free
To ask comforts from misers, and pity from fools,
And live on that air, men's charity.

And what now of all this here patter at last?
How many who hold their heads high,
And in fashion's fine whirligig fly round so fast,
Are but beggars as well as I!
The courtier he begs for a snug sinecure;
For a smile beg your amorous elves;
Churchwardens hand the plate, and beg round for the poor,
Just to pamper and fatten themselves:—
Thus we're beggars throughout the whole race of mankind,
As by daily experience we see;
And, as the times go, what a comfort to find
That in this bad world there 's some charity.

THE RARA AVIS.

Sweet sung the lark, high pois'd in air,
When, on as sweet a morn,
In Hymen's fane, one fate to share,
Anna and I were sworn.
Sweetly the thrush, in varied song,
The vacant joy increas'd,
When kindly came the village throng
To join the marriage feast.
But sweeter sang the nightingale,
Love's herald of the grove,
When Cynthia, through the silver vale,
Led to the bow'r of love!

The lark's sweet morning-song of joy
Is known by that content;
A lovely girl and blooming boy
Are giv'n us to cement:
The thrush still merrily at noon
In varied cadence sings,
When smiling Fortune oft some boon,
To cheer our labour, brings:
Nor, time far distant, shall we grieve,
Though blessing now, and bless'd,
When Philomel, at nature's eve,
Shall lull us into rest.

CONJUGAL COMFORT.

'Dear John, prithee tell me,' cried Ruth,
To Gubbins, her husband, one day,
'Dost not think, in good sooth,
I should swear but the truth,
Did I swear what I'm going to say?
That wedlock 's a state,
In good-humour, that Fate
Contriv'd to bless woman and man,
And that Giles, here, 's an ass,
Who such fortune lets pass?—
All should marry as soon as they can.'

'Why, Goody,' cried Gubbins, 'you know
My thoughts of the thing 'fore to-day;
Nor, as I shall show,
Need one many miles go,
To prove what I'm going to say.
Did wives ever scold,
Were they ugly or old,
A spouse were a mis'rable man;
But smooth is their tongue,
They 're all comely and young!—
Giles, get married as soon as you can.

'If one's children one wish'd in their grave,
Still plaguing one day after day,
The girls fashion's slaves,
The boys puppies and knaves,
One then might have something to say:
But brats are no evil,—
They ne'er play the devil,—
Nor have wives from their duty e'er ran;
Then since, my friend Giles,
Wedlock greets you with smiles,
Get married as soon as you can.'

Cried Ruth, 'Will you let your tongue run?
Here, you scurvy old villain, I rule!'
'Rogues there are,' said the son;
'But, old Quiz, am I one?'
Cried the daughter, 'My father 's a fool!'
'Don't you see,' Gubbins cried,
'I've the tenderest bride,
And best children that ever bless'd man?
Giles, would you be driven
To bedlam or heaven,
Get married as soon as you can!'

LEAP-YEAR.

Won't you hail the leap-year, by that am'rous rogue Janus
Once in ev'ry four years consecrated to Vanus?
Oh, the fine lovely season for frolic and sporting,
When the men are made love to, the girls go a-courting!
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it,
Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat!
(To be sure, dere won't be some fine fun and gig going forward!)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.

Mister Vanus, come put on a masculine air,
Throw yourself on your knees, curse your stars, lie and swear;
Perfection, says you, to your beauty's a quiz,
Cries Miss Mars, 'Do you love me?'—'I do, damme, whiz!'
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it,
And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing Smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat!
(To be sure, dere won't be fine sighing and dying—ah, 'faith and lying too!)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.

Rich young ladies of sixty, new-born to love's joys,
Shall hobble, and mumble their courtship to boys;
Girls shall court from the shiners of old men assistance,
With their eye on a handsome tight lad in the distance!
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it,
And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat!
(To be sure they won't make the best use of their time, honey!)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.

Miss Maypole shall stoop to the arms of an imp;
And the tall Lady Gawky shall court my Lord Shrimp;
Miss Pigmy shall climb round the neck of a tall man,
And the rich Widow Mite court a big Irish jolman.
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it;
And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat!
(To be sure, the little devils won't ogle, as if they had not an hour to live!)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.

Miss Champansy, whose monkey has so many charms,
Of a fine powder'd coxcomb shall rush to the arms;
To court Mister Sciatic Miss Spasm shall hop,
And Miss Chevaux-de-frise shall address Mr. Crop.
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it,
And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat!
(To be sure, the bold little devils won't put the fellows in a fine flusteration!)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.

Thus you've nothing to do, jolmen all, but sit still,
And 'faith ev'ry Jack will soon find out a Jill;
Come on, ye bold devils, swear, lie, and make speeches,—
'Tis leap-year, and the petticoats govern the breeches!
Then come round me, dear creatures, and frolic and frisk it,
And dance it, and whisk it,
Sing smallilow, batheshin, ah arroo Pat!
(Ah, the dear creatures! to be sure, they won't cut a comical figure when they are dressed in their inexpressibles!)
'Faith and conscience, and you may say dat.

TANTIVY.

Let sons of sloth dream time away,
Regardless what may follow,
And rail at us who wake the day
With horn, and hound, and halloo:
We their pursuits should find the same,
To their secrets were we privy;
Each man to hunt some fav'rite game
Through life goes on tantivy.

The book-worm hunts the ancient schools,
And walks with Aristotle;
Black-legs and ladies hunt for fools;
The toper hunts his bottle.

Thus should we find, whate'er the name,
To their secrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

When doctors come in at the death—
For true-bred hunters these are—
The patient cries, with his last breath,
'*Et tu, Brute!*—then fall Cæsar.'
Thus we with safety might proclaim,
To their secrets were we privy,
Mankind to hunt, &c.

The misanthrope hunts out for woes;
Muck-worms are gold pursuing;
While neck-or-nothing, as he goes,
The spendthrift hunts his ruin,
Thus, &c.

Bold tars for honour hunt the wind;
Outrageous saints hunt sinners;
While with round belly, capon-lin'd,
Fat Aldermen hunt dinners.
Thus should we find men's views the same,
To their secrets were we privy,
All, all to hunt, &c.

Fame courtiers hunt from place to place;
Rakes hunt new sets and features;
While gen'rous hearts urge on the chase,
To relieve their fellow-creatures:
Let us, while to our actions' aim
Regardless who are privy,
In chase of pleasure, as fair game,
Through life go on tantivy.

POOR PEG.

Poor Peggy lov'd a soldier-lad,
More, far more, than tongue can tell ye;
Yet was her tender bosom sad,
Whene'er she heard the loud reveillez:
The fifes were screech-owls to her ears,
The drums like thunder seem'd to rattle;
Ah! too prophetic were her fears,—
They call'd him from her arms to battle!
There wonders he against the foe
Perform'd, and was with laurels crown'd;
Vain pomp! for soon death laid him low
On the cold ground.

Her heart all love, her soul all truth,
That none her fears or flight discover,
Poor Peg, in guise a comely youth,
Follow'd to the field her lover.
Directed, by the fife and drum,
To where the work of death was doing,—
Where of brave hearts the time was come,
Who, seeking honour, grasp at ruin,—
Her very soul was chill'd with woe!
New horror came in ev'ry sound,
And whisper'd death had laid him low
On the cold ground.

With mute affliction as she stood,
While her woman's fears confound her,
With terror all her soul subdu'd,
A mourning train came thronging round her:
The plaintive fife and muffled drum
The martial obsequies discover;
His name she heard, and cried, 'I come,
Faithful to meet my murder'd lover!'
Then, heart-rent by a sigh of woe,
Fell, to the grief of all around,
Where death had laid her lover low,
On the cold ground!

NOTHING BUT DRUNK.

Mankind all get drunk, ay, and womankind, too,
As by proof I shall presently show you:—
See that upstart, to pow'r who unworthily grew,
With good-fortune so drunk he don't know you.
Then round with the bowl,—the tree 's known by its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
And pow'r as completely can make a man drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.

Why reels that poor wretch? Why his eyes does he roll?
Why mutter and storm in that fashion?
What wine has he drunk? How oft emptied the bowl?
Not at all, sir; the man 's in a passion!
Then round with the bowl,—the tree 's known by its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
And passion as easy can make mortals drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.

See that whimsical creature now cry, and now laugh,
Now rave, and now storm, and now fidget!
He 's not drunk, sir, for all he's so like a great calf;
'Tis jealousy makes him an idiot!
Then round with the bowl,—the tree 's known by its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
And love as completely can make a man drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.

See those beautiful creatures like angels come on,
Form'd us fellows to keep to our tether;
Say, en't it a pity they are all half gone?
Not with wine, but a cap and a feather!
Then round with the bowl,—the tree 's known by its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary;
And fashion as easy can make ladies drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.

Thus passion, or power, or whim, or caprice,
Poor mortals can make *non se ipse;*
We swill like a sponge, or a may'r at a feast,
The men drunk, and the ladies all tipsy!

Then round with the bowl,—the tree 's known by its trunk,—
'Tis not liquor our natures can vary ;
And folly as easy can make mortals drunk,
As claret, or sack, or canary.

JACK'S GRATITUDE.

I've sail'd round the world without fear or dismay ;
I've seen the wind foul, and I've seen the wind fair ;
I've been wounded, and shipwreck'd, and trick'd of my pay ;
But a brave British sailor should never despair.

When in a French prison I chanc'd for to lie,
With no light from the heavens, and scarce any air,
In a dungeon, instead of in battle, to die,
Was dismal, I own ; but I did not despair.

But, Lord ! this is nothing—my poor upper works
Got shatter'd, and I was oblig'd to repair ;
I've been shot by the French, and a slave 'mongst the Turks ;
But a brave British sailor should never despair.

But for all these misfortunes, I'd yet cut a dash,
Laid snug up my timbers, and never known care,
If the agent had not run away with the cash,
And so many brave fellows plung'd into despair.

So coming long-side of our bold royal tar,*
I told him the rights on't,—for why should I care ?
Of my wrongs and my hardships, and wounds in the wars,
And if how he would right me, I should not despair.

Says his Highness, says he, 'Such ill treatment as thine
Is a shame, and henceforward thy fortune's my care :'
So now blessings on him sing out me and mine ;
And thus British seamen should never despair.

So straightway he got it made into a law,
That each tar of his rhino should have his full share ;
And so agents, d'ye see, may coil up their slack jaw,
For the Duke is our friend, and we need not despair.

Then push round the grog : though we face the whole world,
Let our royal tar's pennant but fly in the air,
And the sails of our navy again be unfurl'd,
We'll strike wond'ring nations with awe and despair.

THE DRUMMER.

Dapper Ted Tattoo is my natty name,
For a roll or a trevally ;
Among the girls loud sounds my fame,
When I their quarters rally.

For with fife and drum
I smirking come,
Leer, cock my hat,
Swear, and all that ;
Nor ever dread
A broken head
Where the cause of strife 's a doxy :
But as for wars,
And wounds, and scars,
And fighting foes,
And thumps, and blows,
I'd rather fight by proxy.

When chiefs and privates mingled lie,
And gasp without assistance,
In baggage-wagon perch'd up, I
Stand umpire at a distance :
And with fife and drum
I smirking come
'Mongst soldiers' wives,
Who lead merry lives ;
Nor ever dread
A broken head
Where the cause of strife 's a doxy :
Let their husbands go,
And, 'gainst the foe,
Gain glory's scars
In honour's wars :
I'd rather fight by proxy.

Yet think ye I am not renown'd
In foreign wars and civil ?
Why, sir, when safe at home and sound,
Zounds, I could fight the devil !
And with fife and drum
Can smirking come,
And cock my hat,
Leer, and all that ;
Nor ever dread
A broken head
When the cause of strife 's a doxy :
Let others go,
And, 'gainst the foe,
Gain glory's scars
In honour's wars :
I'd rather fight by proxy.

Thus through the world I make a noise,
Where'er I'm a sojourner,
The mighty wonder and surprise
Of ev'ry chimney corner !
Where with fife and drum
I smirking come,
And rap out Zounds !
And talk of wounds,
Nor ever dread
A broken head
Where the cause of strife 's a doxy :
They're fools who go,
And, 'gainst the foe,
In glory's wars
Gain honour's scars :
I'm wise, and fight by proxy.

* His late Majesty, King William IV., is here alluded to, who at that time was an officer in the Royal Navy.

THE BEAU.

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm a beau,—
A beau I have been all my life;
And yet may the devil fetch me, if I know
How I, whose whole trade is
To tickle up the ladies,
Have never yet got me a wife.
I started in life 'bout the year sixty-two;
My small-clothes were scarlet, my stockings were blue,
My shoes were half-boots; pudding-sleeves, too, I wore;
My hat in the true pistol cock; and the more
O'er the fair to prevail,
I sported a fine ramillies for a cue,—
For what 's a beau or a monkey without a tail?

Fashion thus yields to fashion, as night yields to day:
The huge hat, that was cock'd with an air,
Soon was kick'd out of doors; of the smart Nivernois
The charm'd world sung the praises,
The belles put on jazies,
And the beaux sported now their own hair.
By that time it came to the year sev'nty-two:
The fashions a mixture of old were and new;
Your hair like a bushel might look, or a wig,
Or nine hairs of a side, with the tail of a pig;
For me, o'er the fair to prevail,
I'd sev'n yards of ribbon to make me a queue;
For what 's a beau or a monkey without a tail?

Again with the varying modes did I jump,—
Of fashion I gave the grand pas:
My coat hung to my heels, or was tuck'd to my rump;
In all circles shoving,
A beau, or a sloven
With a slouch, or a chapeau-de-bras.
Thus I sported my figure about eighty-two:
Drove a two-story gig, that four pony rats drew;
Wore a coat with sev'n capes, thirteen waistcoats in one;
And, that I might ne'er be in folly outdone,
With the fair to prevail,
A large porter's knot would have scarce held my queue;—
For what 's a beau or a monkey without a tail?

Thus in all sorts of modish assemblies the first,
Have my purse, health, and spirits, been hack'd;
But the polish worn off, nothing left but the rust,
I of fashion's strange stages,
Like Shakspeare's Sev'n Ages,
Play the farce, though I'm in the last act.
Arriv'd to the year of our Lord ninety-two,
I dress, and I coax, and I flirt, but 'twont do:
At a hundred-and-one I should still be a fop;
But done up, and nick-nam'd by the world the Gray Crop,
Can I hope to prevail?
To play gallantry's part I have now lost my cue,—
For what 's a beau or a monkey without a tail?

THE SOLDIER'S LAST RETREAT.

Alas! the battle 's lost and won:
Dick Flint 's borne off the field
By Death, from whom the stoutest run,—
Who makes whole armies yield!
Dick well in honour's footsteps trod,
Brav'd war and its alarms;
Now death beneath the humble sod
Has grounded his arms!

Dick 's march'd before us, on a route—
Where ev'ry soldier 's sent;
His fire is dead, his courage out,
His ammunition spent:
His form, so active, 's now a clod;
His grace no longer charms;
For death beneath the humble sod
Has grounded his arms!

Come, fire a volley o'er his grave;
Dead-marches let us beat;
War's honours well become the brave,
Who sound their last retreat.
All must obey Fate's awful nod,
Whom life this moment warms;
Death, soon or late, beneath the sod
Will ground the soldier's arms!

TACK AND TACK.

Adieu, my gallant sailor! obey thy duty's call,—
Though false the sea, there 's truth ashore;
Till nature is found changing, thou'rt sure of constant Poll:
And yet, as now we sever,
Ah! much I fear that never
Shall I, alas! behold thee more!

Jack kiss'd her, hitch'd his trowsers, and hied him to begone,
Weigh'd anchor, and lost sight of shore:
Next day a brisk south-wester a heavy gale brought on:
'Adieu,' cried Jack, 'for ever,
For much, I fear, that never
Shall I, sweet Poll, behold you more.'

Poll heard that to the bottom was sunk her honest tar,
And for a while lamented sore;
At length, cried she, 'I'll marry; what should I tarry for?
I may lead apes for ever;—
Jack 's gone, and never, never
Shall I, alas, behold him more!'

Jack safe and sound returning, sought out his faithful Poll:
'Think you,' cried she, 'that false I swore?
'I'm constant still as ever,—'tis nature 's chang'd, that 's all;
And thus we part for ever,
For never, sailor, never
Shall I behold you more!'

'If, as you say, that nature, like winds, can shift and veer
About-ship for a kinder shore;
I heard the trick you play'd me, and so, d'ye see, my dear,
To a kind heart for ever
I've splic'd myself, so never
Shall I, false Poll, behold you more.'

THE REWARD OF FIDELITY.

The storm had ceas'd, the vessel, striving,
Lay on the frightful breakers, torn,
When, scarcely the drown'd crew surviving,
Jack pin'd his destiny forlorn:
'Where are those friends whom late I cherish'd,
That manly, noble, honest band?
Ah! do I live, my messmates perish'd,
To wail them in a foreign land?

'Where is my love, my charming Kitty?
Alas! unmindful of my grief,
To others' woes she gives her pity,
Nor thinks her Jack most wants relief.
But see what numbers curious thronging,
To view our mis'ry, crowd the strand!
Hard fate 's perhaps my life prolonging,
For murder in a foreign land.

'But do my flatt'ring eyes deceive me?
Or, if they do, what out-stretch'd arms
Are these thus tender'd to relieve me?—
'Tis she! 'tis she! in all her charms.
My faith and truth, to so much beauty,
Fate, to reward, with partial hand
This pattern sends of love and duty,
To save me in a foreign land!'

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
Though winds 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 main-sail,
And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee shore,
Jack went up aloft, for to hand the top-ga'ant sail,
A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him more:—
But grieving 's a folly,
Come, let us be jolly,
If we've troubles at sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

Whistling Tom still of mischief, or fun in the middle,
Thro' 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 whistling 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-natur'd 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 davit to weigh the cadge-anchor,
Ben went in the boat on a bold craggy shore;
He over-board tipt, when a shark, and a spanker,
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 safe moorings 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 damn'd thing or other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more!—
But grieving 's a folly, &c.

MEUM AND TUUM.

Arrah if 'tis no lie in this world we are living,—
And it en't, for it's seen ev'ry day,—
That the truest of joys honest hearts are receiving
Are those they are giving away:
Sure men are all sisters, and cousins, and brothers;
And 'tis clear to the stupidest elf,
That the best kind of comfort a man gives to others,
Is that which he takes to himself:
Thus this bodder and game, this same meum and tuum,
Means the devil a meaning but suum.

For your friend's peace of mind should you let your mouth water,
And be getting the wish you obtain;
In possessing his purse, or his wife, or his daughter,
What delight would the joy be but pain!
Then let knav'ry alone, the vain work's useless labour,
Be 't for love, or for pow'r, or for pelf;
For every wrong that a man does his neighbour,
Sure is he not doing himself?
Thus this bodder, &c.

If I'm rich, and should choose to do good to another,
Arrah 'fait for the selfish design
Devil tank me; for if you allow I'm his brother,
'Fait and conscience sure isn't he mine?

'But,' says musty Morality, 'choose objects fitting:'
Just your sermons lay by on the shelf;
Why, you stupid old big-wig, arrah! sure, en't I getting,
For one joy of his, ten for myself?
Thus, this bodder, &c.

Then from such botheration in pity release us;
Fortune all you bestow will repay;
And though poor as Job, you'll all be rich as Crœsus,
For you'll keep what you've given away:—
The fine gen'rous maxim then while you're pursuing,
Spend your all to hoard mountains of pelf;
Soar high while you're sinking, be prosp'rous in ruin,
And give joy, to enjoy it yourself.
And thus have I prov'd, &c.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

[In some publications, Dibdin entitled this song 'William and Nancy.']

Bleak was the morn when William left his Nancy!
The fleecy snow frown'd on the whiten'd shore,
Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
While she her sailor from her bosom tore:
To his fill'd heart a little Nancy pressing,
While a young tar the ample trousers ey'd,
In need of firmness, in this state distressing,
Will check'd the rising sigh, and fondly cried:
'Ne'er fear the perils of the fickle ocean,
Sorrow 's all a notion,
Grief all in vain;
Sweet love, take heart,
For we but part
In joy to meet again.'

Loud blew the wind, when, leaning on that willow
Where the dear name of William printed stood,
Poor Nancy saw, toss'd by a faithless billow,
A ship dash'd 'gainst a rock that topp'd the flood:
Her tender heart, with frantic sorrow thrilling,
Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore,
No longer could resist a stroke so killing,—
''Tis he!' she cried, 'nor shall I see him more!
'Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean?
Sorrow 's my portion,
Misery and pain!
Break, my poor heart,
For now we part,
Never to meet again.'

Mild was the eye, all nature was smiling,
Four tedious years had Nancy pass'd in grief,
When, with her children the sad hours beguiling,
She saw her William fly to her relief!
Sunk in his arms with bliss he quickly found her,
But soon return'd to life, to love, and joy;
While her grown young ones anxiously surround her,
And now Will clasps his girl, and now his boy:
Did not I say, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
Sorrow 's all a notion,
Grief all in vain?
My joy how sweet!
For now we meet,
Never to part again!

LIFE 'S A PUN.

'Life 's a jest,' says the poet; arrah! sure, 'tis a pun—
Men call black for white through some quibbling pretence,
And expressions still use where the sound is all one,
Tho' as distant as London from Dublin the sense.
Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun,—
This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun,
Where men play on our passions to turn us all fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that we may make bulls.

That he 's o'er head and ears the fond lover declares,
And must marry or hang: the dear creature, beset,
Consents, little dreaming he puns while he swears,
For the taef does not mean he 's in love, but in debt.
Then let them now just go their gig and their fun,—
This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun,
Where fine dashing lovers fond widows turn fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make bulls.

'That sweet babe,' says old Bolus, 'I'll quickly restore
To that mother from whom the dear creature had birth;'
Punning rogue! by and by, sir, the child is no more;
So he lies and speaks truth, for he meant mother earth!
Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun,—
This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun;
And thus learned physicians their patients turn fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make bulls.

Says the courtier, 'My friend, you shall have a snug place,—
A douceur or two more, and your suit cannot fail!'
The dear punning courtier gets into disgrace,
And you get, sure enough, a snug place in a jail!
Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun,—
This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun;
And thus courtiers turn their dependants and fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make bulls.

Thus one thing they say, and another express;
Thus feathers cut throats, thus are sycophants civil;
Don't bishops and ladies say No, and mean Yes?
Don't we call women angels for playing the devil?
Then let 'em now just go their gig and their fun,—
This life, by my soul, 's nothing more than a pun:
Thus men laugh in their sleeves, while they turn their friends fools,
And make puns and quibbles, that they may make bulls.

TRUE WISDOM.

Who calls?—Who calls?
Who Wisdom calls by Momus' name?
Who needs a sample of my quality?
Momus and Wisdom are the same;
Wisdom's god 's the god of jollity.
Let the dark sage who low'rs and scowls,
And broods o'er melancholy,
Seek creeping snakes and hooting owls,
And call all pleasure folly:
If this be truth, truth speaks in lies;
This axiom naught can vary—
If to be merry 's to be wise,
To be wise is to be merry.
Who calls? &c.

Be mortals' motives what they may,
Pow'r, love, ambition, treasure;
In spite of all wise fools can say,
The end propos'd is pleasure.
That truth which contradicts me, lies;
This axiom naught can vary—
If to be merry 's to be wise,
To be wise is to be merry.
Who calls? &c.

See, Laughter at my beck appears,
And holds up men and manners;
Haste, Joy's recruits, Whim's volunteers,
List under Momus' banners:
I Folly dress in Wisdom's guise,
Nor can my maxims vary—
If to be merry 's to be wise,
To be wise is to be merry.
Who calls? &c.

THE APPLICATION.

A mighty sultan once, for fun,
Indulg'd an inclination,—
'Tis odds by then my story 's done
You'll ask its application:—
A wag he sent for to his court,
Who, each way you can mention,
To furnish whim, and fun, and sport,
Still tortur'd his invention.
To please this sultan, &c.

'Mongst Folly's sons and daughters too
With Satire did he wander;
And still attempting something new,
Relying on the candour
Of this mighty sultan, &c.

At length, his frolics at an end,
Cried one, 'I do not bam you;
But as you merit, my good friend,
He 'll either save or damn you,
Will this mighty sultan, &c.

'But, for your comfort, he is just,
And easily contented;
Nor to him e'er did any trust,
Who afterwards repented.
You are the sultan who, for fun,
Indulge an inclination;
I am the wag—my story's done—
Now make its application.'

ALL THE BIRDS IN THE AIR.

In the motley feather'd race,
Mankind you may distinctly trace:
Evermore on pleasure's wing,
Idly roving,
Fighting, loving,
They chatter, croak, and hoot, and sing.
Nor is my simile unfair:
Among the people of the air
Are birds of night, and birds of day;
Birds that on each other prey;
Birds that whistle, birds that croak;
Birds that are a standing joke;
Birds that decoy, and mock, and call;
So like to birds are mortals all:
Thus in the motley feather'd race
Mankind you may distinctly trace:
Evermore on pleasure's wing,
Idly roving,
Fighting, loving,
They chatter, croak, and sing.

Thou hast seen, upon the prowl,
Grave as any judge, an owl
On birds and mice at random seize,
For wren or linnet
Watch the minute,
And make a snatch, by way of fees:
Lawyers, who deal in froth and words—
What are they all but humming-birds?
Geese are those who go to law;
A hoarding miser 's a jackdaw;
Fond doves, like lovers, kiss and toy;
A bullfinch is an Irish joy;
Neglected worth 's the humble wren;
While corm'rants are all aldermen!
Thus in the motley feather'd race, &c.

Vain peacocks thou hast seen, who hide
Their ugly feet, though puff 'd with pride;
Thus, while they bask in sunshine's hour,
Specious wonders
Hide the blunders
Of gaudy peacocks plum'd with pow'r;
Fools so love knaves, one can't descry
The dove-house from the rookery;
The merest dolt can tell you who
Are like the wagtail and cuckoo;
And all know those who swear and lie
Are like the noisy chatt'ring pie;
A hen 's a flirt, with frizzled top;
And what 's the duck-tail'd jay?—A crop!
Thus in the motley feather'd race, &c.

THE WAGONER.

When I comes to town with a load of hay,
Mean and lowly though I seem,
I knows pretty well how they figures away,
While I whistles and drives my team:
Your natty sparks and flashy dames
How I do love to queer!
I runs my rigs,
And patters, and gigs,
And plays a hundred comical games
To all that I comes near:
Then in a pet
To hear 'em fret;
A mobbing away they go—
['The scoundrel deserves to be horse-whipp'd!'
'Who? me, ma'am?']
Wo, Ball, wo!
So to mind 'em I ne'er seem,
But whistles and drives my team!

So, as I seems thinking of nothing at all,
And driving as fast as I can,
I pins a queer thing against the wall,
Half a monkey, and half a man!
The mob come round him to put up his blood,
While he 's trembling from top to toe;
My whip it goes spank,
I tips Ball on the flank;
Ball plunges, and paints him all over with mud,
Queers his stockings, and spoils the beau!
Then the sweet pretty dear
Ah! could you but hear!
['"Od curse you! I'll make you know,
You infernal villain!'
'Lord bless your baby face, I would not hurt your spindle-shanks for the world!']
Wo, Ball, wo!
So to mind 'em I ne'er seem,
But whistles and drives my team.

And so I gets the finest fun
And frisk that ever you saw:
Of all I meets I can queer ev'ry one
But you gemmen of the law;
Though they can scarcely put me down.
Says I, to their courts when I'm led,
Where their tails of a pig
They hide with a wig,
'How many ways in London town
They dresses a calf's head!'
Then every dunce
To hear open at once!
Like mill-clacks their clappers go;—
['Oh! that's the fellow I saw grinning through a horse-collar in the country.'
'I fancy you're the fellow I saw grinning through the pillory in London!']
Wo, Ball, wo!
So to mind 'em I ne'er seem,
But whistles and drives my team.

TIGHT LADS OF THE OCEAN.

I sing of that life of delight beyond measure,
That tars calmly lead on the boisterous main;
Where toil is enjoyment, where trouble's all pleasure,
And where men lose their lives, a sure fortune to gain;
Where you fear no diseases but sickness and scurvy;
Where the water stinks sweetly by way of a zest;
Where you walk on your legs, when you're not topsy turvy;
And where, though you sleep soundly, you're never at rest!
Then push round the can—oh! you have not a notion
Of sailors, their grog, and their sweethearts and wives!
Ah! give me, my soul, the tight lads of the ocean,
Who, though they're so wretched, lead such happy lives.

Then you're always of billows and winds in the middle,
That so dash, and so whistle, and bodder your ears,
And play a duet with the tar's song and fiddle,
So sweetly that sounds, and that nobody hears:
Then to see the tight lads, how they laugh at a stranger,
Who fears billows can drown, and nine-pounders can kill!
For you're safe, sure enough, were you not in such danger,
And might loll at your ease, if you could but sit still. Then push round the can, &c.

What of perils that, always the same, are so various,
And though shot-holes and leaks leave wide open Death's doors?
Devil a risk 's in a battle, were 't not so precarious;
Storms were all gig and fun, but for breakers and shores:
In short, a tar's life—you may say that I told it,—
Who leaves quiet and peace, foreign countries to roam,
Is, of all other lives, I'll be bound to uphold it,
The best life in the world, next to staying at home.
Then push round the can, &c.

HONESTY IN TATTERS.

This here's what I does—I, d'ye see, forms a notion
That our troubles, our sorrows, and strife,
Are the winds and the billows that ferment the ocean,
As we work through the passage of life:
And, for fear on life's sea lest the vessel should founder,
To lament, and to weep, and to wail,
Is a pop-gun that tries to out-roar a nine-pounder,
All the same as a whiff in a gale.

Why now I, though hard fortune has pretty near
starv'd me,
And my togs are all ragged and queer,
Ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend that had
serv'd me,
Or caus'd ruin'd beauty a tear.

Now there, t'other day, when my messmate deceiv'd
me,
Stole my rhino, my chest, and our Poll,
Do you think in revenge, while their treachery
griev'd me,
I a court-martial call'd?—Not at all.
This here on the matter was my way of arg'ing,—
'Tis true, they ha'n't left me a cross;
A vile wife and false friend, though, are gone by the
bargain,
So the gain, d'ye see, 's more than the loss.
For though fortune 's a jilt, &c.

The heart's all;—when that 's built as it should,
sound and clever,
We go 'fore the wind like a fly;
But if rotten and crank, you may luff up for ever,
You'll always sail in the wind's eye:
With palaver and nonsense I'm not to be paid off;
I'm adrift—let it blow, then, great guns,
A gale, a fresh breeze, or the old gemman's head off,
I takes life rough and smooth as it runs.
Content, though hard fortune, &c.

GENERAL FROG AND GENERAL MOUSE.

RECITATIVE.

Behold two mighty chiefs come on!
Not Hector, nor yet Telamon,
Who, 'stead of fists, cuff'd foes with rocks,—
But two tom-tits, or bantum-cocks:
Not like two combatants of yore,
Who slew the foe, and drank the gore,
Like tigers, or fierce mastiff-dogs—
But chiefs from Homer's mice and frogs;
Lank both in form and voice, and taper,
Like an eel-skin, or a thread-paper;
Who ammunition draw from lungs,
And wield not swords nor spears, but tongues.
Suppose them enter'd in the list;
Their cause of quarrel, who was hiss'd
Or groan'd at most at either house:
Says General Frog to General Mouse;—

AIR.

'Signor Pantheon,
Vat ting you play on,
To give Mister John Bull delight?'
'Monsieur Haymarket,
Pray don't you bark yet,
Nor show your toose, for you can't bite.'
'My great big house make people stare'—
'Vat use great house, nobody dare?
I do de op'ra, you must sing song.'
'Ninety foot wide, hundred yard long,
And den great many much foot high,—
De chandelier he touch de sky.'
'You Sadler-vells, Astley, Foxhall,
All derry down, tit fol de rol.'
'Your house make mine one servant-hall.'
'I license get, you none at all.'
'Fire and fury! dev'l in hell!
Oh! vat disgracia!
To my facia,
'Tis ferry fell,—
Fiddler, singer, dancer, quick
To assist your gen'ral rush;
Make haste, shoulder your fiddlestick,
And all to piece dis nutshell crush.'
'Nutshell he full, he bring some meat a,
Your fiddlestick no good to eat a.'—
'Oh zounds! Cot tam!
Vat rage I am!
I could my flesh for anger eat.'
'Ah! do,—you'll get not other meat.'—
'Shades of creat musicians all,
In heav'n, in hell, or on the deep,
'Quick appear, obey my call!'
'He won't appear, he fast asleep.'
'Bononcini,
Farinelli,
Piccini,
Iomelli,
And all de elli,
And nelli,
And rini,
And cini,
Great fiddling quire,
Appear at sound of David's lyre:
Come, drive dis rogue from English land!
Fat, short, and tall a men,
Come, follow, follow, men,
David and Solomon;—
One sing, and toder lead de band!'
'Ah! you may bawl,—
'You cini he vont come at all.'
'I'll stop your mouth, you villain taef!'
'All dis fine nize dome get roast beef!
Come, dome be fool,
But let us join
Your force and mine,
And den dome fear
But, the next year,
Wid your fine hell,
Your tund'ring swell,
May he, and ha,
Mister John Bull
Shall cry Hoora!
Vive l'Opera!'

From the Quizzes.

ETYMOLOGY OF QUIZ.

THE word Quiz is a sort of a kind of a word
That people apply to some being absurd;
One who seems, as 'twere, oddly your fancy to strike,
In a sort of a fashion you somehow don't like;
A mixture of odd, and of queer, and all that,
Which one hates, just, you know, as some folks hate a cat;
A comical, whimsical, strange, droll—that is,
You know what I mean; 'tis—in short, 'tis a quiz!

It matters but little, by what I can hear,
What a quiz's endowments are, so he's but queer;
As order from chaos, they tell us, began,
So a very queer quiz may be yet a good man:
A parson, for instance, tho' pure word and thought,
Mild as mercy, and good as the truths he has taught,
Should he wear a strange wig, or possess an odd phiz,
He 'll be scouted at once for a monstrous quiz.

At this same play of quiz each loses and wins,—
Ins are quizzes to outs, and outs quizzes to ins;
Honest men are all quizzes to rogues:—then again,
All rogues appear quizzes to all honest men.
Beaux are quizzes to slovens, and slovens to beaux,
Rich to poor, poor to rich, and 'tis thus the world goes;
In short, ev'ry creature to some other is—
The present comp'ny excepted—a monstrous quiz.

But lest, having chanted of quizzes so long,
You begin to think this but a quiz of a song,
While your suffrage to-night I most humbly implore,
I conclude, with your leave, pointing out one quiz more.
About two hours hence, if any one here
Strong symptoms of yawning begin to appear,
The nat'ral conclusion in such a case is,
That he—oh! no—I—must be set down a quiz.

HINT TO THE LADIES.

PRAY, ladies, think not I presume
The art of love to teach you;
Proficients long ago become,
My counsel could not reach you:
A hint I offer, nothing more,
For your determination,—
Love's mysteries would you explore,
Observe the feather'd nation.
As in a mirror, may you there
Of love make your elections,
As you choose ribands at a fair,
To suit with all complexions.

The cuckoo, that one fulsome tale
Vaunts over so, and over,
May sooner than the dove prevail,
With some, by way of lover:
But I have heard, the laughing Loves
More truly aim their arrows
When Venus harnesses her doves,
Than when she 's drawn by sparrows:
But if the smallest hint by you
To this should be objected,
With deference, so much your due,
I soon shall stand corrected.

The peacock, with such stately pride
His haughty bosom throbbing,
May scorn, while hopping by his side,
The bless'd, though humble robin:
But sparingly true joy is lent
To envy, pride, and malice;
'Tis said, a cottage and content
Sometimes outweigh a palace:
Yet may, against my playful verse,
No fit of anger seize you:
I would not, for the universe,
Do aught that could displease you.

Jays, pies, and all the chatt'ring crew,
To folly giv'n and pleasure,
May turn to jest the chosen few,
Who love by virtue's measure:
Not so the grateful nightingale,
Who, soon as ev'ning closes,
His orgies offers, in the vale,
To heav'n, ere he reposes.
Of this you 'll judge, as of the rest;
Yet, while the smile 's beginning,
Ere you turn counsel to a jest,
Take care that laughing 's winning.

WELSH LOVE-SONG.

WHEN Winifred 's gone far away,
Her 's peevish, and her pouts;
Long, very long 's the live-long day,
And then her clours and clouts,
And feels, look you, her can't tell how:
And as her vents and heaves her sighs,
Softly to her poor heart her cries,
'Lie still, poor heart, I pray you now.'
But when her skips amongst her coats,
And Shenkin hears her voice's notes,
Sweet voice, on which so much her dotes,
Again her feels her can't tell how:
The flutt'ring fool within her breast
Is joyful, gay, and also bless'd;
And vain her cries, to make it rest,
'Lie still, poor heart, I pray you now.'

'Tis strange, and it is also odd,
And 'tis moreover sad,
That Cupid 's such a dev'lish god,
To drive poor lovers mad
With grief, to feel her can't tell how:
'Tis melancholics, and 'tis smart,
And fain her whispers to her heart,
'Lie still, poor heart, I pray you now.'

But soon this urchin, and this boy,
That makes fond lovers' hearts his toy,
Turns melancholy into joy;
And then her feels her can't tell how:
Oh! 'tis a palsam to her smart,
To hold her to her flutt'ring heart,
And cry, at ev'ry peat and start,
'Lie still, poor heart, I pray you now.'

THE COMPACT OF FREEDOM.

When heav'n-born Freedom hail'd this happy isle,
The first emporium in her wide domain,
This great behest, with a celestial smile,
She will'd—and ne'er may Freedom will in vain—
'Would ye possess the sweets of liberty,
Britons, be loyal; so shall ye be free.

'A Briton blind to duty's pleasing force!
'Tis as if spirits should from bodies stray;
Or erring planets, wander'd from their course,
Eclipse the influence of the solar ray.
Would ye possess, &c.

'Such duty from the grateful heart as flows
To bounteous Heav'n, for benefits that fall;
Such duty as the son the father owes,—
Owe you your king, the father to you all.
Would ye possess, &c.'

Rejoice, ye Britons!—Freedom's sons, rejoice!
Laud in your grateful lays a patriot king:
Fir'd with one soul, one sentiment, one voice,
To ratify the glorious compact sing.
So may we taste the sweets of liberty;
As we are loyal, so may we be free.

THE FAIR.

Would ye see the world in little,
Ye curious, here repair;
We'll suit you to a tittle,
At this our rustic fair:
We've glitt'ring baits to catch you,
As tempting as at court;
With whim for whim we'll match you,
And give you sport for sport.
From a sceptre to a rattle,
We've ev'ry thing in toys,
For infants that scarce prattle,
To men who still are boys.
Cock-horses and state-coaches
In gingerbread are sold;
Cakes, parliament, gilt watches,
And horns all tipp'd with gold.
Then if for fine parade you go,
Come here and see our puppet-show.
[Walk in here, ladies and gentlemen; here you may see the Queen of Sheba, and King Solomon in all his glory; you think that figure's all alive, but he is no more alive than I am!]
While the pipes and the tabors rend the air,
Haste, neighbours, to the fair.

What's your sweepstakes and your races,
And all your fighting-cocks,
To our horse-collar grimaces,
And girls that run for smocks?
Our Hobs can swivel noses,
At single-stick who fight,
As well as your Mendozas,
Though not quite so polite:
In their deceptions neater
Are your keen Rooks allow'd,
Than is yonder fire-eater,
Who queers the gaping crowd?
Then boast not tricks so noxious,
That genteel life bespeak;
Our juggler's hixius doxius
Shall distance ev'ry Greek.
Can Pharaoh and his host be found,
To match our nimble merry-go-round?
[Put in here, put in, put in!—every blank a prize!—down with it and double it; twenty can play as well as one!] While the pipes, &c.

Hear yon mountebank assure ye,
Of diseases, by the score,
A single dose shall cure ye:
Can Warwick Lane* do more?
Vid virligigs, tetotums,
Yon Jew's imposhing faish
Shall cheat you here in no times,
All one as in Duke's Place.†
Hark! yonder, making merry,
Full many a happy clown!
For champagne who drink perry,
As good as that in Town.
Then for sights, we've apes and monkeys,
Some on four legs, some on two;
Tall women, dwarfs, cropp'd donkeys,
For all the world like you.
Then would ye Ranelagh find out,
What think ye of our Roundabout?
[Walk in, ladies and gentlemen! the only booth in the fair; here ye may make the whole tower of the world: would ye ride in the caravan, the expedition, the land frigate, or the dilly? fourteen miles in fifteen hours, ladies and gentlemen!]
While the pipes, &c.

MOGGY.

Young Mog, arriv'd at woman's growth,
Felt something in her bosom move:
'Twas neither joy nor pain, yet both;
Young Ralph o'th'wood-land said 'twas love.
Ralph lov'd young Moggy as his life;
Was wealthy, warm, and well to do:
But Moggy saw the soldiers come;
Beheld the glitt'ring arms so gay;
Was charm'd with the loud trumpet's bray;
Delighted with the sprightly fife,
And deafen'd with the thund'ring drum,

* The College of Physicians is here alluded to, whose hall formerly stood in Warwick Lane.
† A celebrated Jewish mart, near Houndsditch.

While soldiers march'd to the loud tattoo:
And though to honest Ralph still true,
She listen'd to the loud tattoo.

I've said that Mog was debonair;
Nor was their admiration small:
She was thought artless, young, and fair,
By the reg'ment, pioneers and all;
Each would have ta'en her for his wife,
A la militaire, as soldiers do:
The smock-fac'd ensign nam'd his sum;
The sergeant promis'd, swore, and pray'd;
The trumpeter her praises bray'd;
To charm her loudly squeak'd the fife;
The drummer brac'd his thund'ring drum,
To win her heart with a loud tattoo.
Thus strove, to make young Mog untrue,
Pike, trumpet, fife, and loud tattoo.

Mog soon found reason to condemn
The nonsense of each blust'ring elf;
And, looking with contempt on them,
Some little shame took to herself.
Determin'd now to be the wife
Of honest Ralph, so kind and true,
Cried she to the ensign, 'Child, go home
To your mamma—For you, old Bluff,
Your trumpet's like yourself, a puff!
I'll not be whistled after, fife;
Nor, drummer, shall your hollow drum
To me beat wedlock's loud tattoo:
True to my Ralph, to honour true,
Hence trumpet, fife, and loud tattoo.'

HUMANITY'S COT.

Of horns and of echoes, that thro' the woods ring,
And of lads full of spunk and of soul,
And of gay sporting-boxes, let other bards sing,
Merely built for the chase or the bowl:
I bring you of sportsmen a true and tried knot,
Who sport a snug box, called Humanity's cot.

Is honour in danger, worth sunk by its fears,
On those coursers, their wishes, they're borne,
To hunt vice to the toils, and to dry virtue's tears,
As the sun melts the dew of the morn:
Then join of true sportsmen so noble a knot,
The good lads that inhabit Humanity's cot.

What chase a delight can more glorious yield,
Than to hunt in so noble a track?
Vice and folly the game, wide creation the field,
And the vot'ries of honour the pack.
Rejoice then, ye sportsmen, who're thown, by Fate's lot
'Mongst the lads that inhabit Humanity's cot.

Return'd from their toil, with life's comforts well stor'd,
Reflection their food gives a zest:
Health seasons the viand that smokes on their board,
A clear conscience invites them to rest;
And sweet sre the slumbers that fall to the lot
Of the lads that inhabit Humanity's cot.

Then let each English sportsman these maxims embrace,—
Who the spoils of true honour would share,
All that's noxious to hunt to the toils in life's chase,
All that's harmless and useful to spare:
So the blessings of thousands shall make up their lot,
And each sporting-box vie with Humanity's cot.

NONE SO PRETTY.

This life is like a country-dance,
The world a spacious ball-room,
In which so many take a prance,
They scarcely find for all room.
Fiddlers and pipers, in a row,—
See how the ranks are closing—
Each strives his neighbour's faults to show,
While he 's his own exposing.
['Pray, ma'am, what dance have you called?'—'Matrimony, ma'am. The figure is extremely easy; you turn single, run away with your partner, lead up the middle, back to back, part, and change partners.']
Thus busied in the fond turmoil,
They time by folly measure,
Turn all their pleasure into toil,
And fancy toil a pleasure.

Some in full dance with ardour burn,
And swim, and glide, and wander;
While others, waiting for their turn,
Sneer, smile, and deal out slander.
'And so the Count must run away!'
'Why, really I'm afraid so;
His flirt has ruin'd him at play.'
'Poor man! I always said so.'
['Oh! no doubt about it:—kept by a physician before she came to the Count!—duel with a young apothecary!—syringes loaded with analeptic pills!——'Tis your turn to begin, sir.'—'Sir, I beg your pardon.'] Thus busied in the fond turmoil, &c.

Away they prance it, small and big,
Brown, ginger, fair, and grizzle:
'Lord, ma'am, you disconcert my wig!'
''Twas you, sir, tous'd my frizzle!'
'Right hand and left, the figure mind;
Lord what are you about, ma'am?
My dear Miss Giggle, you are blind:
My Lady Fuzz, you're out, ma'am!'
['Lord, ma'am, you should consider that the dance is My Lord Mayor's Feast:—it begins with a set-to, and finishes with a reel.']
Thus busied in the fond turmoil, &c.

Thus dance succeeding after dance,
As if Old Nick had got 'em,
They scandal vent, and flirt and prance,
And foot it to the bottom.

Thus having made for others sport,
In regular rotation,
With swingeing int'rest they retort
On them the obligation.

[' Lord, did you ever see such a fright as that woman! rubbed it all off one side of her face! But look at that man, with his false calves turned before!—Come, come, ladies and gentlemen, a new dance.—Strike up "None so Pretty." ']
Thus busied in the fond turmoil, &c.

THE SAVOYARD.

From the cold snowy mountains of Savoy,
Fine music to grind, to dance, and to sing,
I come in this country a little boy.—
My cymbal go ting a ring ting.
Wid the dancing-dogs in the street I go,
The magic-lantern, gallantee-show;
I dance, I sing,
My cymbal go ting a ring ting.
All the trick and de fancy de Englitch I know.
I see all ting pass, but I noting say,
To ev'ry rig toujours au fait,
[Ah! mon Dieu, c'est me qui sçai le façon!]
De picka de pockee.

So den I come to Westminster Hall,
Fine music to grind, to dance, and to sing,
Where de peepel all go to law vat ye call,—
My cymbal go ting a ring ting.
The counsellor say he his client relieve,
While he laugh toder side in his pudding-sleeve;
I dance, I sing,
My cymbal go ting a ring ting:
Great many much guinea I see um receive,
I see all ting pass, but I noting say,—
Give me one little trifle, Monsieur, s'il vous plait.
[Ah! mon Dieu, donnez moi un peu de ça que avez gagner si honnettement!]
De picka de pockee.

Den I come to the window of vat you call Greek,
Fine music to grind, to dance, and to sing;
My dog he dance, my puppet he squeak,
My cymbal go ting a ring ting:
De dice he rattle, de game begin,
Great many rouleau some lose, some win:
I dance, I sing,
My cymbal go ting a ring ting:
De pigeon swear dam, vile de rook he grin;
I see all ting pass, but I noting say,
There's a shilling, you scoundrel—Bien obligé,
[Oh! mon Dieu, comme vous êtes genereux de me donner un peu de ça que vous avez gagne!]
De picka de pockee.

NEIGHBOUR SLY.

The passing bell was heard to toll,
John wail'd his loss with bitter cries;
The parson pray'd for Mary's soul,
The sexton hid her from all eyes.
'And art thou gone!'
Cried wretched John;
'Oh dear! 'twill kill me—I am dying!'
Cried Neighbour Sly,
While standing by,
'Lord! how this world is giv'n to lying!'

The throng retir'd, John left alone,
He meditated 'mongst the tombs,
And spelt out on the mould'ring stone
What friends were gone to their long homes:
'You're gone before,'
Cried John, 'no more—
I shall come soon, I'm almost dying:'
Cried Neighbour Sly,
While standing by,
'Lord! how this world is giv'n to lying!'

'Here lie the bones (Heav'n's will be done!)
Of farmer Slug:—reader, wou'dst know
Who to his mem'ry rais'd this stone?
'Twas his disconsolate widow.'
Cried John, 'O, ho!
'To her I'll go,—
No doubt, with grief the widow's dying:'
Cried Neighbour Sly,
Still standing by,
'Lord! how this world is giv'n to lying!'

Their mutual grief was short and sweet;
Scarcely the passing-bell had ceas'd,
When they were sped;—the fun'ral meat
Was warm'd up for the marriage feast!
They vow'd and swore
Now, o'er and o'er,
They ne'er wou'd part till both were dying:
Cried Neighbour Sly,
Still standing by,
'Lord! how this world is giv'n to lying!'

Again to hear the passing-bell
John now a sort of hank'ring feels;
Again his helpmate brags how well
She can trip up her husband's heels:
Again to the tomb
Each longs to come,
Again with tears, and sobs, and sighing,
For Neighbour Sly
Again to cry,
'Lord! how this world is giv'n to lying!'

THE QUIETUS.

[A fine anacreontic, and as original as it is excellent.]

Rail on at joys that are not thine;
That thus thou leer'st with Envy's blink,
'Tis not because we drink good wine,
But 'tis that thou hast none to drink.
What though two roads before us lie?
We on no crooked path shall fall;
For that we may not walk awry,
We'll drink till we can't walk at all.

Thou say'st that wine 's the cause of strife;
That to the brain when it ascends,
We quarrel: so do man and wife;
And then, like them, we're better friends:
But here thou shalt not have thy will,
Nor coax good fellows to a brawl;
Rather than of our friends think ill,
We'll drink till we can't think at all.

Thou call'st the glass a foe to love;
Why, fool! 'tis Cupid's dearest boast,—
What fair did celebrated prove,
Till celebrated as a toast?
But imperfections should there be,
That sometimes to their lot may fall,
Rather than faults in ladies see,
We'll drink till we can't see at all.

Thou say'st that treason lurks beneath,
And our convivial pleasure sours;
Thou liest! that monster does not breathe,
That dares profane a king like ours:
But our firm loyalty to prove,
And choke thee with thy ranc'rous gall,
Rather than in a faction move,
We'll drink till we can't move at all.

Yet, after all, abuse our joy,—
Indulge this cynic spite of thine;
When thou hast said thy worst, old boy,
Thou canst not say we drink bad wine.
We envy no man's pleasure, we
Still ready at each gen'rous call;
Nay, rather than speak ill of thee,
We'll drink till we can't speak at all.

THE GRECIAN HISTORY.

I SING of the Greeks, both the present and past,
And of Cecrops their first king, and Pharaoh their last;
Both monarchs who boast the same birth and descriptions,—
Arrah, sure, were not Cecrops and Pharaoh Egyptians?
Thus the Greeks are all gipsies, if truth we must speak;
Ah, how many a sweet little gipsy 's a Greek!
Then let loose the four kings, let the box and dice jar;
When the Greeks fight the Greeks 'tis the true tug of war.

Next we come to King Codrus, what dignification!
Like a hero who died for the good of the nation;
What of that? I'll a bundle of Codruses bring,
Who their country to serve went to heav'n in a string.
Thus, compar'd to our actions, their virtues were transient,
And thus modern Greece has out-hero'd the ancient:
Then let loose the four kings, let the box and dice jar;
When the Greeks fight the Greeks 'tis the true tug of war.

Then we go to Lycurgus, a hero so sage,
To the world who again brought the true golden age;
But his gold was all iron, if truth we are told,
While our Greeks, more expert, all their brass turn to gold.
He, his country to serve, into banishment went;
Our patriot Greeks never go—they're all sent!
Then let loose the four kings, let the box and dice jar;
When the Greeks fight the Greeks 'tis the true tug of war.

Old Solon was told, though so wonderful wise,
That his fam'd code of laws was but nets to catch flies;
Our Greeks, free and easy 'bout laws and religions,
Can make nets, by my soul, large enough to catch pigeons!
Thus, if such vartuous men aid from laws us'd to call,
Sure those men must be angels who have no laws at all!
Then let loose the four kings, let the box and dice jar;
When the Greeks fight the Greeks 'tis the true tug of war.

Alexander, though brave, was so tender and mild,
He kill'd thousands, and afterwards cried like a child:
But he only kill'd lives: less accustom'd to fear,
Our Greeks kill your peace, without shedding a tear!
Thus let Macedon's son then kill widows and wives,
We destroy all their comfort, and then spare their lives!
Then let loose the four kings, let the box and dice jar;
When the Greeks fight the Greeks 'tis the true tug of war.

But were I of all their achievements to speak,
'Twould bodder your patience, my soul, for a week:
To begin to conclude, then, you'll find, should you read 'em,
As in old Mother Greece Honour liv'd after Freedom,
So her daughter, Miss Greece, has improv'd so upon her,
That amongst modern Greeks Freedom lives after Honour!
Then let loose the four kings, let the box and dice jar;
When the Greeks fight the Greeks 'tis the true tug of war.

THE MISERIES OF WAR.

WHAT art thou, fascinating war,
Thou trophied, painted pest!
That thus men seek, and yet abhor,
Pursue, and yet detest?
Are Honour and Remorse the same?
Does Murder laurels bring?
Is Rapine glory? Carnage fame?
Flies Crime on Vict'ry's wing?
Their wrongs, who never shall return,—
Their woes, that but survive to mourn—
E'en when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets strike the ear—
Shall from the bravest wrest the sigh
That starts soft Pity's tear.

Where will Ambition's folly reach?
Sure, Nature ne'er design'd
Her noble gifts an art should teach
To man, to thin his kind.
Well they deserve their country's care
In its defence who fight,
Who bulwarks of their nation are,—
Its glory, its delight:
Yet, for their wrongs who ne'er return—
Their woes who but survive to mourn—
E'en when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets cleave the air,
The truly brave shall heave a sigh—
Shall vent kind Pity's tear.

Then do not, for an empty name,
A phantom thus pursue:
Think that, if Glory mark thy fame,
Murder shall mark it too.
Reason, and Peace, and Love, dwell here;
And, if for others' woe
We heave the sigh and start the tear,
From guilt they never flow.
Ah! stay, lest thou shouldst ne'er return,
Lest I should but survive to mourn;
Lest, when the battle rages high,
When to the charge the legions fly,
And trumpets cleave the air,
Thy fate demand the gen'rous sigh,
And mine the pitying tear.

THE BLIND SAILOR.

Come, never seem to mind it,
Nor count your fate a curse;
However sad you find it,
Yet somebody's is worse:
In danger some must come off short,
Yet why should we despair?
For if bold tars are Fortune's sport,
Still are they Fortune's care.

Why, when our vessel blew up,
A-fighting that there Don,
Like squibs and crackers flew up
The crew, each mother's son:
They sunk;—some rigging stopp'd me short,
While twirling in the air;
And thus, if tars are Fortune's sport,
Still are they Fortune's care.

Young Peg of Portsmouth Common
Had like to have been my wife;
Long-side of such a woman,
I'd led a pretty life:
A landsman, one Jem Davenport,
She convoy'd to Horn Fair;
And thus, though tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

A splinter knock'd my nose off:
'My bowsprit's gone,' I cries;
Yet well it kept their blows off,—
Thank God 'twas not my eyes;
Chance if again their fun's that sort,
Let's hope I've had my share;—
Thus, if bold tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

Scarce with these words I'd outed,
Glad for my eyes and limbs,
When a cartridge burst, and douted
Both my two precious glims:
'Why, then, they're gone,' cried I, in short:
'Yet fate my life did spare;—
And thus, though tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

'I'm blind, and I'm a cripple;
Yet cheerful would I sing,
Were my misfortunes triple,—
'Cause why, 'twas for my king;
Besides, each Christian I exhort,
Pleas'd, will some pittance spare;—
And thus, though tars are Fortune's sport,
They still are Fortune's care.

JACK AT THE WINDLASS.

Come, all hands, ahoy to the anchor,
From our friends and relations to go;
Poll blubbers and cries—devil thank her!
She'll soon take another in tow.
This breeze, like the Old One, will kick us
About on the boist'rous main;
And one day, if death should not trick us,
Perhaps we may come back again.
With a will-ho, then pull away, jolly boys!
At the mercy of Fortune we go;
We're in for't—then, damme! what folly, boys,
For to be down-hearted, yo ho!

Our boatswain takes care of the rigging,
More 'speciously when he gets drunk;
The bobstay supplies him with swigging,
He the cable cuts up for old junk:
The studding-sail serves for his hammock,
With the clue-lines he bought him his call,
While ensigns and jacks in a mammock
He sold to buy trinkets for Poll.
With a will-ho, &c.

Of the purser this nere is the maxim,
Slops, grog, and provision he sacks:
How he'd look if you was but to ax him,
With the captain's clerk who 'tis goes snacks.
Oh! he'd find it another guess story,
That would bring his bare back to the cat,
If his Majesty's honour and glory
Was only told just about that.
With a will-ho, &c.

Our chaplain 's both holy and godly,
And sets us for heaven agog;
Yet, to my mind, he looks rather oddly,
When he 's swearing and drinking of grog:
When he took on his knee Betty Bowser,
And talk'd of her beauty and charms,
Cried I, ' Which is the way to heav'n now, sir?'
' Why you dog,' cried the chaplain, 'her arms.'
With a will-ho, &c.

The gunner 's a devil of a bubber;
The carfindo can't fish a mast;
The surgeon 's a lazy land-lubber;
The master can't steer if he 's as't;
The lieutenants conceit are all wrapt in;
The mates scarcely merit their flip;
Nor is there a swab, but the captain,
Knows the stem from the stern of the ship.
With a will-ho, &c.

Now fore and aft having abus'd them,
Just but for my fancy and gig,
Could I find any one that ill us'd them,
Damn me, but I'd tickle his wig:
Jack never was known for a railer,—
'Twas fun ev'ry word that I spoke;
And the sign of a true-hearted sailor
Is to give and to take a good joke.
With a will-ho, &c.

THE CAMP.

Oh! the camp's delightful rigs,
At which such crowds are peeping,
Where chaises, dillies, carts, and gigs,
Serve both to ride and sleep in.
Oh! the joys that there abound,
Where, lur'd by the fine weather,
Warriors of ev'ry rank are found,
Who, higgledy piggledy, on the ground,
Like gipsies pig together.
The morning-gun
Begins the fun,
Reveillez next the drum beats;
The sprightly fife,
So full of life,
And then the silver trumpets.
And these, with all their might,
Announce a fine sham fight;
Marches, retreats, attacks, and routs,
Proclaim'd by guns, and shrieks, and shouts,
The air with various clangours fill;
While ranks of foot, and troops of horse,
Resistless in their headlong course,
Bear down, while sliding, shifting, trimming,
Beaux, belles, Jew pedlars, and old women;
Who, left in topsy-turvy plight,
Exhibit, O ye gods! a sight
That beggars Greenwich hill!
Now either army stilly stands,
The neighing horses cease to prance,
The trumpet, that erst cried Advance,
Now sounds retreat;
Drums cause to beat;
Foes, turn'd to friends, eager to shake hands;
On neither side the winner:
No longer arm'd for a sham fight,
They tooth-and-nail unite
To exterminate—the dinner.
Oh! the camp's delightful rigs, &c.

Oh! for a muse of fire, to sing
The conflict of the day!
Upon a plain, in form a ring,
The foe within entrenchments lay;
A cover'd way
Hid each division:—At the sight,
The heroes, eager for the fight,
Arm, and the enemy invest.
Each charge fresh vigour brings:
They thin the ranks,
Attacking flanks
And wings:
Legs, heads, and carcasses around
They in one shapeless heap confound;
And, ris'n to such a savage heat,
Not only kill, but all they kill they eat!
And see, to urge their furious course,
Light troops the foe now reinforce;
On the instant, as they stand amaz'd,
New works are rais'd,
Like magic, to their wond'ring eyes;
Bastions, redoubts, and rav'lins rise.
Again the signal 's giv'n;
Again with headlong fury driv'n,
Comfits, now discomfited,
Lie in promiscuous ruin spread;
Trifles, blanc-mange, and jellies quake,
While, as with rage they teem,
Whole islands they devour of cake,
And drink whole seas of cream.
Again the gen'ral cries, ' Charge all!'
The word 's The King!
Forward they spring,
And drink in savage joy the blood
Drawn from the grape, in purple flood,
And strew with mangled heaps the plain,
And fight the battle o'er again,
And slay the slain!
And now, the foe all kill'd or fled,
While those that can walk off to bed,
The solemn trumpet 's slowly sounded,
Leave 's giv'n to carry off the wounded,
And bury all the dead.
Oh! the camp's delightful rigs, &c.

THE CONCERT OF THE SENSES.

While woman, like soft music's charms,
So sweetly bliss dispenses,
Some fav'rite part each fair performs
In the concert of the senses,

41. 12. 8. 120.

Love, great first-fiddle in the band,
Each passion quells and raises,
Exploring with a master's hand
Nice modulation's mazes;
Till the rapt soul, supremely bless'd,
Beams brightly in each feature,
And lovely woman stands confess'd
The harmony of nature.

Hark! with the pensive, in duet,
The sprightly how it mingles!
The prude 's the flute, and the coquette
The lively harp that tingles:
One boldly sweeps the yielding strings,
While plaintive t' other prates it;
Like Cæsar, this to vict'ry springs,
Like Fabius, that awaits it.
With various gifts to make us bless'd,
Love skills each charming creature:
Thus, lovely woman stands confess'd
The harmony of nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,
Widows the growling tymbal;
Scolds are the shrill and piercing pipe;
Flirts are the wiry cymbal.
All wives piano-fortes are;
The bass, how old maids thump it!
The bugle-horn are archers fair;
An amazon 's a trumpet.
Thus, with rare gifts to make us bless'd,
Love skills his fav'rite creature;
And thus sweet woman stands confess'd
The harmony of nature.

NINETY-THREE.

[This song was evidently written for the purpose of checking the spread, in this country, of revolutionary opinions, which had been productive of so much bloodshed in France. Louis XVI., who, with his queen and the other members of the royal family, had been imprisoned from Sept. 14, 1792, was beheaded on Jan. 21, 1793—only a few days after this song was penned. The queen was also barbarously beheaded on the 16th of October following, amid the savage exultations of the Parisian populace.]

All true honest Britons, I pray you draw near,
Bear a bob in a chorus to hail the new year;
Join the mode of the times, and with heart and voice sing
The good old English burden of God save the King.
Let the year ninety-three
Commem'rated be,
To time's end; for so long loyal Britons shall sing,
Heart and voice, the old chorus of God save the King.

See with two diff'rent faces old Janus appear,
To frown out the old, and smile in the new year;
And thus, while he proves a well-wisher to crowns,
On the loyal he smiles, on the factious he frowns:
For in fam'd ninety-three
Britons all shall agree
With one face and one heart in a chorus to sing,
Drowning faction and party in—God save the King.

Some praise a new freedom, imported from France;
Is liberty taught, then, like teaching to dance?
They teach freedom to Britons! our own right divine!
A rushlight may as well teach the sun how to shine.
In fam'd ninety-three
We 'll convince them we 're free;—
Free from ev'ry licentiousness faction can bring,
Free with heart and with voice to sing—God save the King.

Thus, here, though French fashions may please for their day,
As children prize playthings, then throw them away;
In a country like England they never do hurt,—
We improv'd on the ruffle, by adding the shirt.
Thus in fam'd ninety-three
Britons all shall agree,
While with one heart and voice in loud chorus they sing,
To improve Ça Ira into—God save the King.

THE BOWMEN OF KENT.

'Twas one day at a fête giv'n at Jove's Sans Souci,
The gods drinking nectar, the goddesses tea,
While many a whim did their pleasures beguile,
They at last talk'd of Britain, their favourite isle;
Of its loyalty, whence all its blessings increase;
Of its glory in war, of its splendour in peace:
Cried Jove, 'We 'll revive one accomplishment more,
Thro' which Britain's sons gather'd laurels of yore;
When Fame led her archers wherever they went,
Proudly perch'd on the plume of the Bowmen of Kent.'

'Come, name your endowments,' cried Mars: 'for my meed,
I courage could give, if of courage they 'd need.'
'And I,' cried out Vulcan, 'will gladly bestow,
Of well-temper'd steel, an old tough English bow.'
The bold archers all offer'd some gift to adorn:
Cynthia gave, as her meed, a superb bugle-horn;
Mer'cry skill and address, Momus mirth, Bacchus wine;
'The care of their dress,' cried gay Iris, 'be mine.'
Thus, no trophy that fancy or taste could invent
Was neglected to grace the bold bowmen of Kent.

Cried Venus, her words sweetly kissing the air,
'Gift you your bold bowmen, while I gift the fair:
And, first, of my cestus each fair shall be queen,
Who sports a gay sash of Toxopholite green;
Next, my son from his quiver an arrow shall draw,
Such as wounded my heart when Adonis I saw;
His bow shall he lend, and a lesson impart,
Expertly to shoot at that target, the heart:
Thus the trophy of Love, that by Venus was sent,
Shall reward the brave faith of the bowmen of Kent.'

Thus bestow'd each celestial some tribute of worth,
And Merc'ry descended triumphant to earth;

New Edwards and Henrys, that swarm'd on the plain,
New Cressys and Agincourts conquer'd again;
And many a fair, darting love from her eyes,
As captain of numbers, soon bore off the prize.
Favour'd thus by the gods, by your king, by the fair,
May ye Britons have peace;—yet should trumpets speak war,
Of a nation united beware—the bow 's bent;—
Then make from the shaft of the bowmen of Kent.

ELYSIUM.

While Fancy, as she rules the mind,
Sits cock-horse on the brain,
A thousand methods mortals find
Elysium to obtain.
'Tis found, by soldiers, in brave deeds;
Tars trust it to the breeze;
Wives hope to find it in their weeds,
Physicians in their fees:
Thus expectation in us plants
Alternate hope and fear,—
I know of one whose bosom pants
To find elysium here.

The toper fancies he pursues
Elysium in the bowl;
The hunk, in pelf he dares not use,—
No, not to save his soul:
The sland'rer, when he can revile;
The churl, when he can warn;
The lover in his mistress' smiles,
The parson in his barn.
Thus, as they rule the mind by turns,
Hope soars above the fear;—
I've half a mind to tell who burns
To find elysium here.

I can't resist—hence prudence' laws!
I 'll finish the dispute;
Of that Elysium, your applause,
I'm now in warm pursuit.
But then, you say, to gain this heav'n,
What right can you assert?
Let it be by your goodness giv'n,—
It can't by my desert.
So shall ye bid my labours live;
So shall each foll'wing year,
While you confer, and I receive,
Both find Elysium here.

THE RECOMPENSE OF CONSTANCY.

The surge hoarsely murm'ring, young Fanny's grief mocking,
The spray rudely dashing, as salt as her tears;
The ships in the offing, perpetually rocking,
Too faithful a type of her hopes and her fears:
'"Twas here,' she cried out, 'that Jack's vows were so many,
Here I bitterly wept, and I bitterly weep;
Here heart-whole he swore to return to his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that nods over the deep.

'Ah! mock not my troubles, ye pitiless breakers;
Ye winds, do not thus melt my heart with alarms:
He is your pride and mine; in my grief, then, partakers,
My sailor in safety waft back to my arms.
They are deaf and ungrateful:—These woes are too many;
Here, here will I die, where I bitterly weep.
Some true lover shall write the sad fate of poor Fanny,
On the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.'

Thus, her heart sadly torn with its wild perturbation,
No friend but her sorrow, no hope but the grave,
Led on by her grief to the last desperation,
She ran to the cliff, and plung'd into the wave.
A tar sav'd her life:—the fond tale shall please many;
Who before wept her fate, now no longer shall weep.
'Twas her Jack, who, returning, had sought out his Fanny,
Near the trembling pine that hangs over the deep.

WIT AND BEAUTY.

As Wit and Beauty for an hour,
The other day, were jarring,
Which held o'er man superior pow'r,
They almost came to sparring.
Cried Reason, 'Wit! you 're grown a fool;
You look quite ugly, Beauty!
Come take me with you,—both be cool;
Some mortals know their duty.
To them submit,
Whether 'tis Wit
They most admire, or Beauty.'

So said, so done; out they both set,
With reason to protect 'em,
Resolv'd that the first men they met
Should to the truth direct 'em.
Instant they ask'd a midnight throng,
Who to Bacchus paid their duty.
'Wit,' cried out they, 'teems in our song,
But 'tis inspir'd by Beauty.
Learn wisdom, Wit;
Like us, submit
To the sweet pow'r of Beauty.'

Cried Wit, 'No tricks on trav'lers here,—
I saw you smile, you gipsy;
'Twas brib'ry and corruption clear;
Besides, the rogues were tipsy.
Yon bard the truth will quickly hit:
Come, poet, do your duty;
Do you not owe your fame to Wit?'—
'To Wit! fool?—no! to Beauty.
Adieu to Wit,
When men submit
To be the slaves of Beauty.'

'Quaint rogue! with his satiric page;
The fellow is a lover:—
If I'm condemn'd by yonder sage,
I'll give the matter over.
Didst not the world,—say, Hermit,—quit,
Imposing this hard duty,
Better to contemplate on Wit?'
'No!—to reflect on Beauty.'
Then, in fond fit,
He turn'd from Wit,
And squeez'd the hand of Beauty.

'Wit rules the mind, Beauty the heart,
Friend one, and wife the other;
Thus, cleaving to the better part,
Men leave friend, father, brother.
Hence!' cried the sage, 'my presence quit;
Adieu, friend,—know thy duty:'
Then, shutting rude the door on Wit,
Was left alone with Beauty!
Since when, poor Wit,
Glad to submit,
Has own'd the pow'r of Beauty.

From Castles in the Air

THE PLEASURES OF THE CAMP.

Except the folks that 's left at home,
All London now is gadding;
My soul! to Bagshot how they roam,
Through dust and sunshine padding!
Hark! how the trumpets, fifes, and drums,
Platoons and cannons, mines and bombs,
Incessant, morning, noon, and night,
Men-milliners and tailors fright:
Who scamper, run, and ride, and tramp,
T' enjoy the pleasures of the camp.

How sweet the cooling swamps to fill;
Of war to taste a sample;
You're roll'd like footballs down a hill,
While horses on you trample.
Sure, who the dev'l would stay at home,
That to the charming camp can roam?
Are either comfort, sleep, or ease,
Comparable to joys like these?
Horses may roll you in a swamp,—
Yet great 's the pleasure of the camp.

Then when your hunger 's at its pitch,
Which there 's no hopes of quelling,
When, like old Tantalus, you itch
To taste what you are smelling:
Musha, my soul! are peace and ease
Comparable to joys like these?
Though hot as fire, and chok'd with dust;
Though tir'd to death, and parch'd with thirst:
Like asses, though you thistles champ
Still great 's the pleasure of the camp.

Then in your shops 'bout ranks and lines,
Your neighbours how you jeer 'em,
And tell what counterscarps and mines
You'd seen, had you got near 'em.
Talk not of London's busy joys,—
The camp 's the only place for noise:
Be buggies overthrown, and gigs,—
Be shopmen squeez'd to death, and pigs,—
Though, wedg'd in whiskies, you've the cramp;—
Still great 's the pleasure of the camp.

NAPPY.

Though pleasure's easily defin'd,
Droll mortals so employ it,
Scarce any two among mankind
Go the same way t' enjoy it.
With some, a dying parent's groan,
With others ill-got treasure,
A friend betray'd, a widow's moan,
An orphan's tears, are pleasure.
From no such source my pleasures flow!
Unfashionably happy,
Reason supplies the joys I know,
Their zest a jug of Nappy.

Their country's downfall, Faction's elves,
For fun, would be pursuing,
Though, Samson like, they were themselves
Crush'd in the mighty ruin.
Let them go on; they doubtless see,
Congenial to their natures,
Some pleasure in that misery
They wish their fellow-creatures.
For me, protected while I sing,
My wife and children happy,
My fav'rite toast, Church, State, and King,
Shall sweeten my brown Nappy.

Love, as facetiously we're told,
Has blessings out of measure;
And hearts put up, and bought, and sold,
Confer a world of pleasure.
Then for the joys that wine promotes,—
Who dares, a lie presuming,
Deny that brawls and cutting throats
Are something more than human?
Why, love and drink 's the zest of life,
When Reason bids be happy;
With hallow'd lips when a lov'd wife
Blesses the smiling Nappy.

Yet ev'ry mortal to his taste:
O'er others no dominion
Do I usurp,—I've only trac'd,
With def'rence, my opinion:
And if mankind, in folly sunk,
Find glorious fun in treason,
In vicious love, in getting drunk,
And taking leave of reason;

E'en let them think so, since they will,—
My own way I'll be happy;
Of Reason's pleasures take my fill,
And drink my jug of Nappy.

THE JOLLY RINGERS.

Oft has the world been well defin'd,
By sayers and by singers;
I call 't a belfry,—and mankind
I call the jolly ringers.
Through major-bobs, and triple-bobs,
Each emulously ranges;
And while each anxious bosom throbs,
All try to ring the changes.

These College youths are sent to school,
And afterwards to College;
And thence return by square and rule,
Well vers'd in worldly knowledge.
As genius leads, to cram his maw,
Each art's close lab'rinth ranges,
And on religion, physic, law,
Completely rings the changes.

The fortune-hunter swears and lies,
And courts the widow's jointure;
Then with a richer heiress flies,
Nor minds to disappoint her.
The widow, too, has her arch whim,
Nor thinks his conduct strange is;
A titled heir succeeds to him,
And thus she rings the changes.

The waiter pillages the Greek,
The Greek the spendthrift fleeces;
The spendthrift makes dad's fortune squeak,
Dad rack-rents and grants leases:
The tenants break, gazette reports
Each difference arranges;
Till, pro and con, through all the courts,
The lawyers ring the changes.

Thus, like the bells, each fear and hope
Hangs wav'ring and suspended:
All tug away, while some a rope
Get more than they intended.
In merry cadence, as they roll,
We'll rove where reason ranges;
Nor shall the bell of sadness toll,
Till death shall ring the changes.

THE TOKEN.

The breeze was fresh, the ship in stays,
Each breaker hush'd, the shore a haze,
When Jack, no more on duty call'd,
His true-love's tokens overhaul'd:
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto, writ so fair,
Upon his 'bacco-box he views,—
Nancy the poet, Love the muse:
'If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two.'

The storm—that like a shapeless wreck
Had strew'd with rigging all the deck,
That tars for sharks had giv'n a feast,
And left the ship a hulk—had ceas'd:
When Jack, as with his messmates dear
He shar'd the grog, their hearts to cheer,
Took from his 'bacco-box a quid,
And spelt, for comfort, on the lid,
'If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two.'

The battle—that with horror grim
Had madly ravag'd life and limb,
Had scuppers drench'd with human gore,
And widow'd many a wife—was o'er:
When Jack to his companions dear
First paid the tribute of a tear,
Then, as his 'bacco-box he held,
Restor'd his comfort, as he spell'd
'If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two.'

The voyage—that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward;
That brought each sailor to his friend,
Happy and rich—was at an end:
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the shore;
He then the 'bacco-box display'd,
And cried,—and seiz'd the willing maid,—
'If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two.'

JACK'S FIDELITY.

If ever a sailor was fond of good sport
'Mongst the girls, why that sailor was I:
Of all sizes and sorts, I'd a wife at each port;—
But, when that I saw'd Polly 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 Barnaby splic'd us, to this,
I've been constant and true to my Poll.

And till now all sorts of temptations I've stood;
For I afterwards sail'd round the world,
And a queer set we saw of the devil's own brood,
Wherever our sails were unfurl'd:
Some with faces like charcoal, and others like chalk,
All ready one's heart to o'erhaul;
'Don't you go to love me, my good girl,' 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 dress'd;—
What a dear pretty monster! so kind and so fon!,
That I ne'er was a moment at rest.

With her bobs at her nose, and her quaw, quaw, quaw,
All the world like a Bartlemy doll;
Says I, 'You Miss Copperskin, just hold your jaw,
'I've sworn to 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 can't frighten me,
You don't catch a gudgeon this haul;
If I do take your ratsbane, why then, do you see,
I shall die true and constant to Poll.'

But I 'scap'd from them 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 venture no more,
For you know, being rich, I've no call;
So I'll bring up young tars, do my duty ashore,
And live and die constant to Poll.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

The martial pomp, the mournful train,
Bespeak some honour'd hero slain;
The obsequies denote him brave;
Hark! the volley o'er his grave:
The awful knell sounds low and lorn;
Yet cease, ye kindred brave, to mourn.
The plaintive fife and muffled drum
The man may summon to his silent home!
The soldier lives!—his deeds to trace,
Behold the seraph Glory place
An ever-living laurel round his sacred tomb.

Nor deem it hard, ye thoughtless gay,—
Short 's man's longest earthly stay;
Our little hour of life we try,
And then depart:—we're born to die.
Then lose no moment dear to fame,—
They longest live who live in name.
The plaintive fife, &c.

TACK AND HALF TACK.

The Yarmouth Roads are right ahead,
The crew with ardour burning;
Jack sings out as he heaves the lead,
On tack and half-tack turning;
By the dip eleven!
Lash'd in the chains, the line he coils,
Then round his head 'tis swinging;
And thus to make the land he toils,
In numbers quaintly singing,
By the mark seven!
And now, lest we run bump ashore,
He heaves the lead, and sings once more,
Quarter less four!
About ship, lads—tumble up there—can't you see?
Stand by, well; hark, hark! helm's a-lee!
Here she comes, up tacks and sheets, haul mainsail, haul,
Haul of all!
And, as the long-lost shore they view,
Exulting shout the happy crew;
Each singing, as the sail he furls,
Hey for the fiddles and the girls!

The next tack we run out to sea,
Old England scarce appearing;
Again we tack, and Jack with glee
Sings out, as land we're nearing,
By the dip eleven!
And as they name some beauty dear,
To tars of bliss the summit,
Jack joins the jest, the gibe, the jeer,
And heaves the pond'rous plummet;
By the mark seven!
And now, while dang'rous breakers roar,
Jack cries, lest we run bump ashore,
Quarter less four!
About ship, lads, &c.

Thus tars at sea, like swabs at home,
By tack and tack are bias'd,—
The furthest way about we roam,
To bring us home the nighest;
By the dip eleven!
For one tack more, and 'fore the wind
Shall we, in a few glasses,
Now make the land both true and kind,
To find our friends and lasses.
By the mark seven!
Then heave the lead, my lad, once more;
Soon shall we gaily tread the shore,
And a half four!
About ship, lads, &c.

THE HARE-HUNT.

Since Zeph'rus first tasted the charms of coy Flora,
Sure Nature ne'er beam'd on so lovely a morn;
Ten thousand sweet birds court the smile of Aurora,
And the woods loudly echo the sound of the horn:
Yet the morn 's not so lovely, so brilliant, so gay,
As our splendid appearance, in gallant array;
When, all ready mounted, we number our forces,
Enough the wild boar or the tiger to scare;
Pity fifty stout beings, count dogs, men, and horses,
Should encounter such peril—to kill one poor hare!

Little wretch, thy fate 's hard!—thou wert gentle and blameless;
Yet a type of the world in thy fortune we see;
And Virtue, by monsters as cruel and shameless,
Poor, defenceless, and timid, is hunted like thee.
See! vainly each path how she doubles and tries:
If she 'scape the hound Treach'ry, by Slander she dies!

To o'ercome that meek fear for which men should
respect her,
Ev'ry art is employ'd, ev'ry sly subtle snare—
Pity those that were born to defend and protect her
Should hunt to her ruin—so timid a hare!

Thus it fares with poor Merit, which mortals should
cherish,
As the heav'n-gifted spark that illumines the mind;
As Reason's best honour, lest with it should perish
Ev'ry grace that Perfection can lend to mankind.
Hark! Envy's pack opens; the grim lurcher Fear,
And the mongrel Vexation, skulks sly in the rear:
The rest all rush on; at their head the whelp Slander,
The fell mastiff Malice, the greyhound Despair!
Pity beings best known by bright Truth and fair
Candour
Should hunt down—shame to manhood!—so
harmless a hare.

Their sports at an end, harsh Reflection's beguiler
To some thoughtless oblivion their souls they
resign;
The seducer takes pleasure, revenge the reviler;
The hunter's oblivion, more harmless, is wine.
Thus, having destroy'd every rational joy
That can dignify Reason, they Reason destroy:
And yet not in vain, if this lesson inspirit
Aught of rev'rence for Genius, respect for the
Fair;
So the tear of lost Virtue and poor ruin'd Merit
The sad manes shall appease of the innocent hare.

NO GOOD WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

The world 's a good thing;—ah! how sweet and
delicious
The bliss and delight it contains!
Devil a pleasure but joy Fortune crams in our dishes,
Except a few torments and pains.
Then wine's a good thing,—the dear drink 's so in-
viting,
Where each toper each care sweetly drowns,
Where our friends we so cherish, so love, and de-
light in,
Except when we're cracking their crowns.
Sing didderoo whack, take the good with the bad,
So put round the claret and sherry;
If the cares of this world did not make us so sad,
'Twould be easy enough to be merry.

'Fait! a wife's a good ting, sure, to charm and con-
tent ye;
To cherish and love you she 's born;
Show'ring joys on your brow, like the goddess of
plenty,
So sweet, just excepting the horn.
Arrah, fait! the dear law a nice good ting to trust is,
Just your all to its mercy devote;
You'll be sure to get bed, board, and clothing from
Justice,
Except when she strips off your coat.
Sing didderoo, &c.

En't a place a good thing? where the loaves and
the fishes
So neatly are handed about;
Where you turn while you're in till you get all
your wishes,
Except when they're turning you out.
Is not fame a good thing? Ah! her trump sounds
so glorious,
And so sings forth the deeds of the brave!
Nothing hinders their living long, great, and
notorious,
Except when they're snug in the grave!
Sing didderoo, &c.

Then a friend 's a good ting;—ah! he soothes all
your sorrows,
And softens each care of your life:
And nothing, kind soul, in return ever borrows,
Except just your purse or your wife.
By comparison, then, since each good ting's a trea-
sure,
As the foil shows the diamond's true glare,
Let us in this life cherish only the pleasure,
Except when we're tasting the care.
Sing didderoo, &c.

TAFFY AND THE BIRDS.

Be quiet, that blackbird and thrush,
So gallanting,
And chanting,
And bristling,
And warbling your song in the grove.
That goldfinch and linnet, pray hush;
Poor Taffy is sighing,
And also is crying,
And moreover dying
For love.
What a noise,—only hark!
Why, you impudent lark!
The loud little devils to hear
Gives her torture, and torment, and smart;
For though honey their notes to her ear,
They are bitter as gall to her heart:
Her cannot for her soul be glad
When Winifred 's away;
Yet it is wrong and it is bad
To chide their pretty lay;
That love that makes poor Taffy sad
Makes all the grove so gay.

Pipe on, merry blackbird and thrush;
Sing your ditty,
So pretty,
And whiver it,
And quiver it;
Nature smiles, and the spring 's in its prime:
From each spray, and each tree, and each bush,
Your madrigals pouring,
Some hopping,
Some soaring,
Your song will be o'er in
Good time.

What a noise,—only hark!
Now's your time, Mr. Lark;
When to-morrow sweet Win shall appear,
You'll not make this noise and this stir;
Then a much sweeter ditty to hear,
You'll leave singing, and listen to her.
Then, Taffy, be no longer sad,
Though Winifred 's away,
But smile with Nature, and be glad,
And like the grove be gay;
To-morrow pleasure 's to be had,
Then do not grieve to-day.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Come away, then, at my call,
High, low, rich, poor, fat, lean, short, tall;
I undertake to furnish all
A panacea to cure care.
Would the old renew their youth,
Would Falsehood learn to charm like Truth,
Would Honour in Life 's game be winner,
Or modest Merit find a dinner,
To Hope still turning black Despair,
Come build castles in the air.

Here the cit, through clouds of smoke,
In coffee-house who cracks his joke,
Whom, at his desk, the cobwebs choke,
Still imitates the spider's care;
Of ton the very life and soul,
Near some Hockley-in-the-Hole,
To all the guttling city beastes
Shall give such monstrous sumptuous feastes,
Genteel as any dancing-bear,
In his castle built of air.

Would spendthrifts ne'er put down their gigs,
Would needy curates count tithe-pigs,
Would Gout dance rigadoons and jigs,
Would Greeks play only on the square;
Would guilt a waking conscience blind,
Would tabbies handsome husbands find,
Would lawyers fight poor orphans' battles,
Preserving them their goods and chattels,
Would pigeons 'scape a well-laid snare,
Come, build castles in the air.

Would country hicks become polite,
Would Av'rice give, would cowards fight,
Would Envy praise, would dunces write,
Would Fraud fair Honour's vestments wear,
Would misers know when they'd enough,
Would gluttons roots and water stuff,
Would gambling cease to be alarming,
Worth to be priz'd, or Beauty charming,
Would lovers cease to lie and swear,
Come, build castles in the air.

In short, all those who Nature force,
Who put life's cart before the horse,
Turn times and seasons from their course,
Build hopes by Folly's rule and square—
For instance, now, did I appear,
From conscious diffidence, or fear,
T' indulge one moment such a slander
That any here were void of candour,
My hopes ought all to be despair,
And all my castles built in air.

THE WHISTLING PLOUGHMAN.

Lord, what be all the rich and great,
The pride of courts and cities?
Their fuss, and rout, and pomp, and state,
Lord! how a body pities.
The gouty 'squire, in coach and six,
My lady with her phthisic,
His worship with the rheumatics,
All sick from sloth and physic,—
How different we ploughmen be,
Through bog, o'er brier, and thistle,
Who work with health, and strength, and glee,
And o'er the furrow whistle.

That thing, the young 'squire, my landlord's heir,
You 'd for a doll mistake it,
Set on a shelf, like China ware,
For fear the maids should break it.
Then Miss loves scandal, cheats at play,
Gets tonnish, bold, and spunky,
Hates nasty man, then runs away,
To prove it with a monkey.
How diff'rent from these imps so spruce,
With pride that swell and bristle,
Are ours, form'd ploughmen to produce,
Who o'er the furrow whistle.

A nabob, dress'd in stars, comes down,
T' our village, worth a million;
His villa 's here, his house in town,
By the sea-side his pavilion.
Poor man, he'd thank his stars to seize,
For his, my humble station;
Why, he 's dying of a new disease
They calls a complication.
With sickness, then, what 's high degree?
What Garter, Bath, and Thistle?
O! that the nabob could, like me,
Blithe o'er the furrow whistle!—

Thus honest Clump, severe, though kind,
Did wit with pity season;
Bless'd with that manly strength of mind,
Taught by content and reason.
In artless wit, unconscious sense,
He pitied imperfection!
Not rancour, but beneficence,
Inspiring each reflection.
My wish 'gainst haughty pomp, cried he,
At the poor who puff and bristle,
Is—May they taste such joys as we,
Who o'er the furrow whistle!

THE AUCTIONEER.

The auctioneer mounts, and—first hawing and hemming—
Addresses his audience with—Ladies and gemmen,
Permit me to make on this sale a few strictures,—
'Tis compris'd of some choice allegorical pictures.
Lot One, is a portrait of Truth:—bid away!
For Truth, la'es and gentlemen, what shall we say?

[Suppose we say twenty thousand pounds for Truth: ten thousand: five: one: five hundred: one hundred: twenty guineas: one guinea. Nobody put in for Truth? No lover nor lawyer in company stand in need of a little Truth? Any thing to begin with. Sixpence! 'And a halfpenny!' Thank you, sir.
A going, a going, a going—come, spirit, bid on;
Will nobody bid more? A going—gone.
Set down Truth to the gentleman in the ragged cassock.]

Lot Two is Frugality, modest and meek;
Mild content in her eye, the fresh rose on her cheek;
The offspring of Prudence, the parent of Health,
Who, in Nature's scant wishes, finds Crœsus's wealth.
What d'ye say for Frugality, ladies? O fie!
What nobody bid? Nobody!!—John, put Frugality by.

[Lot Three: Dissipation. That 's engaged: I could have sold them if I had had a thousand. Lot Four: Crim. Con. O Lord! that is disposed of by private contract. Lot Five: Fashion. Come, ladies, what shall we say for Fashion? 'Twenty thousand pounds.'—Thank you, Ma'am.—'Twenty-five.'—'Thirty.'—
A going, a going, a going—come, spirit, bid on—
What nobody bid more?
'Mr. Smiler, to save trouble, you may send Fashion to my house upon your own terms.' Much obliged to your Ladyship.
Going—gone.
Set down Fashion to Lady Kitty Cockahoop.]

Next lot is the Cardinal Virtues:—Why, John,
Some strange metamorphose they've all undergone:
Why Fortitude trembles, and looks like a sheep!
While Temp'rance is tipsy! and Justice asleep!
And as for Ma'am Prudence, she's quite in her airs!
Here, John, kick the Cardinal Virtues down stairs.

[Let me see, what have we else? Conscience. Oh, Lord! Honour. Worse and worse! A parcel of antiquated stuff. What's this? Anarchy! Why, John, what business has Anarchy here? I thought you knew that it was sold, long enough ago, for exportation. And now you talk of exportation, you know this portrait of Popularity is to be sent, as a public gift, to the Royal Brothers, upon the Continent.—Loyalty! A hundred thousand pounds—two hundred thousand—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—a million—two million—three million—
A going, a going, a going—come, courage, bid on:
A going, a going—
Ten million in five hundred places! O! I knew it was utterly impossible ever to find a *single* purchaser for Loyalty.
Going—gone.
Set down Loyalty to the whole nation.]

What remains there is little occasion to heed;
Of Honour and Worth you have none of you need;
Good-humour, and Frolic, and Laughter, so plump,
I've sold you again and again, in a lump.
The last lot 's Content, of sweet Pleasure the twin;
Come, purchaseContent, and I'll throw Pleasure in.

[Come, ladies and gentlemen, what shall we say for Content? It is your interest to buy Content. What beauty can smile, what alderman guttle, without Content? I had once an idea of buying it in, but my content receives all its value from the reflection of yours. Come, I'll take nods and smiles for money. Much obliged to you, sir:—particularly favoured, ma'am;—highly honoured, sir:—you flatter me exceedingly, miss!
A going, a going, a going—come, courage, bid on:
A going, a going—
Infinitely above the full value! I am overwhelmed with gratitude!
A going—gone.
Set down Content to the present company.]

THE TEAR OF SENSIBILITY.

When to man the distinguishing form
And the nature of angels were giv'n,
His mind was imbued with a charm
That mark'd him the fav'rite of Heav'n
'Twas smiling Benignity's grace,
To the warm throbbing bosom so dear,
That celestially beam'd in his face,
As he shed Sensibility's tear.

Ye who Nature have learn'd to subdue,
Who your hearts 'gainst compassion can steel,
Who know not the joys of the few,
Who are happy because they can feel,—
In lux'ry and ease as ye roll,
Learn that bliss to the bosom so dear,
'Tis the lux'ry supreme of the soul
To indulge Sensibility's tear.

THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

The village was jovial, the month was May,
The birds were sweetly singing;
Of Numps and Madge 'twas the wedding-day,
The bells were merrily ringing.
The bridegroom came in his holiday clothes,
The bride with ribands as red as a rose:
Never did revelry so abound,
The drums beat, and the joke went round:

All manner of instruments loudly play'd,—
The hautboy squeak'd, and the bassoon bray'd.
Then to see them all foot it, and jig it, and prance,
Stump, fidget, and reel, in the mazy dance:
Thus, from when the lark rose, till the stocking was thrown,
The fun, and the frisk, and the pastime went on.
Such whim and such frolic, sure, never was seen;
Till, wond'ring so long they had tarried,
Young Ralph of the village, and Sue of the green,
Cry—What a rare thing to be married!

Now scarcely past the honey-moon,
Still Numps and Madge are singing;
But not exactly the same tune,
For the bells her clapper 's ringing.
The 'Squire steps in,—Numps smells a rat;
Love and dear are chang'd to dog and cat;
Their love's turn'd hate, and grief their joys;
Contentment 's strife, and pleasure noise:
'Say a crooked word, and I'll kill you!' cries he:
'Rams' horns, if I die for't!' cries out she.
Night and day thus, at victuals, or up, or abed,
He curries her hide, and she combs his head;
In torment, vexation, and mis'ry they dwell,
Converting that heaven, call'd marriage, to hell,—
The neighbours maliciously viewing the scene;
While, charm'd that so long they had tarried,
Young Ralph of the village, and Sue of the green,
Cry—What a queer thing to be married!

At length, to make sport of the bridegroom and bride,
Whose jars in droll ditty they're singing,
The wags of the village now skimmington ride,
While backward the bells they are ringing.
The ladles, the skimmers, the broomsticks they wield,
The porringer helmet, the potlid shield,
The ample ram's horns that so grace the parade,
And the petticoat rampant so gaily display'd,
Denote jars domestic and family strife,
Where the dolt takes the distaff, the cudgel the wife.
Thus hissing, and hooting, and grunting of hogs,
And squalling of children, and barking of dogs,
And shrill penny-trumpets, salt-boxes, and bells,
And drums, and cow-horns, and a hundred things else,
Compose of confusions the drollest e'er seen;
While, charm'd that so long they had tarried,
Young Ralph of the village, and Sue of the green,
Cry—What a damn'd thing to be married!

THE MERRY ARCHERS.

Link'd in Pleasure's sweet communion,
Put around the sparkling wine,—
Glory's laurel, charming union,
With Love's myrtle shall intwine:
Spread around the archer's fame;
Catch th' enthusiastic spark;
Give the toast its due,—a brimmer;
Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
The King! and may each Briton aim
To hit fair Duty's loyal mark!

Our sport 's a type of life's condition;
True archers are the supple bow,
That takes Truth's even, round position,
But bends to nothing mean and low:
Then bend the bow—that merit claim
Impell'd by Honour's fervid spark;
Again the toast—come, fill a brimmer;
Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
May knaves, that would at Virtue aim,
Disgrac'd, hit Shame's reproachful mark.

The bowstring is that due subjection
Which our various passions reins,
And guides the bent of our affection,
Till Worth the prize of Virtue gains.
Draw the string—the bowman's fame
Acquire, through Emulation's spark;
Give the toast its due,—a brimmer;
Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
May Mirth at Honour's target aim,
And hit fair Pleasure's golden mark!

Our various fortunes are the arrow,
Which let careful Prudence hold
In even mean, nor wide nor narrow,
And hit the target in the gold:
Let fly,—deserve the bowman's fame,
Impell'd by Perseverance' spark;
Round with the toast,—fill up a brimmer;
Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
May Industry at Honour aim,
And hit fair Fortune's golden mark!

Then careful brace the bow, and bend it;
Prudent draw the string, and wise;
The arrow pois'd, like lightning send it,
Hit Honour's mark, and gain Life's prize.
Spread around the archer's fame;
Catch th' enthusiastic spark;
Give the toast its due,—a brimmer;
Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
The Fair! and may each bowman aim
To hit, in love, fair Honour's mark!

TOM TACKLE.

Tom Tackle was noble, was true to his word,—
If merit bought titles, Tom might be my lord;
How gaily his bark through Life's ocean would sail!
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'lingest scoundrel that ever was seen:

For so said the girls, and the landlords 'long shore;
Would you know what his 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 gaol, an old messmate to free,
And four thankful prattlers soon sat on his knee:
Then Tom was an angel, down-right from heav'n sent!
While they'd hands, he his goodness should never repent;—
Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his sad case,
To find his dear friend shut the door in his face!
'Why d'ye wonder?' cried one; 'you're serv'd right, to be sure,'—
Once Tom Tackle was rich—now Tom Tackle is poor!

I ben't, you see, vers'd in high maxims and sitch;
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 if e'er tar had a good heart, dam'me!'twas Tom.
Yet, some how or 'nother, 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 Commodore's life—then he made such rare flip!
And yet, for all this, no one Tom could endure:
I fancies as how 'twas—because he was poor!

At last an old shipmate, that Tom might hail land,
Who saw that his heart sail'd too fast for his hand,
In the riding of Comfort a mooring to find,
Reef'd the sails of Tom's fortune, that shook in the wind:
He gave him enough through Life's ocean to steer,
Be the breeze what it might, steady, thus, or no 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!

FATHER AND MOTHER AND SUKE.

Says my father, says he, one day, to I,
Thou know'st by false friends we are undone:
Should my lawsuit be lost, then thy good fortune try
Among our relations in London.
Here 's Sukey, the poor orphan child of friend Grist,
Who once kept thy father from starving,
When thy fortune thou 'st made, thou shalt take by the fist
For a wife,—for she 's good and deserving.
But mind thee in heart this one maxim, our Jack;
As thou 'st read thy good fate in a book,—
Make honour thy guide, or else never come back
To Father, and mother, and Suke.

So I buss'd Suke and mother, and, greatly concern'd,
Off I set, with my father's kind blessing,
To our cousin, the wine-merchant, where I soon learn'd
About mixing, and brewing, and pressing.
But the sloe-juice, and ratsbane, and all that fine joke,
Was soon in my stomach a-rising:
'Why, dom it!' cried I, 'would you kill the poor folk?
I thought you sold wine, and not poison.
Your place, my dear cousin, won't do, for you lack,
To make your broth, another guess cook;
Besides, without honour, I cannot go back
To Father, and mother, and Suke.'

To my uncle, the doctor, I next went my ways:
He teach'd me the mystery, quickly,
Of those that were dying to shorten the days,
And they in good health to make sickly.
'Oh, the music of groans!' cried my uncle, 'dear boy;
Vapours set all my spirits a-flowing;
A fit of the gout makes me dancing for joy;
At an ague I'm all in a glowing!'
'Why, then, my dear uncle,' cries I, 'you're a quack;
For another assistant go look;
For, you see, without honour, I munna go back
To father, and mother, and Suke.'

From my cousin, the parson, I soon com'd away,
Without either waiting or warning;
For he preach'd upon soberness three times one day,
And then com'd home drunk the next morning.
My relation, the author, stole other folks' thoughts,
My cousin, the bookseller, sold them;
My pious old aunt found in innocence faults,
And made Virtue blush as she told them!
So the prospect around me quite dismal and black,
Scarcely knowing on which side to look,
I just sav'd my honour, and then I com'd back
To father, and mother, and Suke.

I found them as great as a king on his throne,—
The lawsuit had banish'd all sorrow:
'I'm come,' said I, 'father, my honour's my own:'
'Then thou shalt have S ey to-morrow.
But how about London?'—''Twon't do for a clown:
There Vice rides with Folly behind it;
Not, you see, that I says there's no honour in town,
I only says I cou'd not find it:
If you sent me to starve, you found out the right track;
If to live, the wrong method you took;
For I poor went to London, and poor I'm com'd back
To father, and mother, and Suke.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

As dulcet sound on ether floats,
In soft melodious measure,
Smoothly glide the even notes
That lull the soul to pleasure.
Plung'd in Care, beset with Pain,
Hunted by Misery's fell train,

Still with each varying passion Sound shall following go
Through all the wide vicissitudes of Joy and Woe:
Shall laugh with Mirth, with Anger dare;
Shall shriek with Fear;
With Caution creep;
With pitying Sympathy shall weep;
Intrude where Melancholy pensive sits;
Mock Jealousy, that loves and hates by fits,
And into Madness urge Despair!
Then, while th' extremes of Joy and Misery
Clash madly, like an agitated sea,
O'er the smooth senses shall she shed a balm,
The storm of Passion lulling to a calm.
Her mighty magic mark!
Hark! As dulcet sound on ether floats, &c.

When Music's pow'rful charms excite,
The poorest passion grows delight:
Wine is not mirth, the lyre unstrung;
Beauty 's not beauty, if unsung.
Mark! how the organ's solemn air
Adds piety to pray'r!
Without the aid of willing sound,
Joy is not pleasure—pomp not state,
Love tender, nor ambition great:
Without it, what were heroes found,
Who seek for glory, and meet fate?
What consecrates their deeds and name,
But Music's trumpet, lent to Fame?
Nor will the meanest hero fight,
If Music lend not her delight.
Let but the drum and cheerful fife
Assail his ear,
He knows not fear;
The sound inspires him with new life:
Fir'd with the sprightly martial band,
The foe he charges hand to hand;
Rushes resistless through the ranks,
With glory fir'd!
And takes those thanks
Due to that valour Music had inspir'd.
Sweet Music! take me to thy care;
Breathe in my soul thy vital air;
That, when unruly thoughts transform
My mind with Passion's swelling storm;
Conflict on conflict as they swell,
And make my tortur'd mind a hell—
As dulcet sound on ether floats, &c.

THE WATCHMAN.

A WATCHMAN I am, and I knows all the round,
The housekeepers, the strays, and the lodgers;
Where low devils, rich dons, and high rips, may be found,
Odd dickies, queer kids, and rum codgers:
Of money and of property I'm he that takes the care,
And cries, when I see rogues go by,—'Hey! what are you doing there?'

['Only a little business in that house: you understand me?' 'Understand you!—Well, I believe you are an honest man. Do you hear?—bring me an old silver candlestick.']

Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast asleep.
Saint Paul's strikes one:—
Then, after all the mischief's done,
I goes and gives them warning;
And loudly bawls,
As strikes Saint Paul's,
Past one o'clock, and a cloudy morning!

Then, round as the hour I merrily cries,
Another fine mess I discover;
For a curious rope-ladder I straightway espies,
And Miss Forward expecting her lover.
Then to each other's arms they fly—
My life! my soul!—'Ah! ah!
Fine work, Miss Hot-upon't,' cries I,—
'I'll knock up your papa.'

['No, no, you won't.' 'I shall; worthy old soul, to be treated in this manner.' 'Here, here, take this.' 'Oh! you villain, want to bribe an honest watchman!—and with such a trifle, too!' 'Well, well, here is more.' 'More! you seem to be a spirited lad—now, do you make her a good husband—I am glad you tricked the old hunks—good night—I wish you safe at Gretna Green!']

Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast asleep.
Saint Paul's strikes two:
The lovers off, what does I do,
But gives the father warning,
And loudly bawls, &c.

Then towards the square, from my box as I looks,
I hears such a ranting and tearing;—
'Tis Pharaoh's whole host, and the pigeons and rooks
Are laughing, and singing, and swearing.
Then such a hubbub and a din,
How they blaspheme and curse!
'That thief has stole my diamond pin;
Watch, watch, I've lost my purse!'

['Watch, here, I charge you;' 'And I charges you.' ''Tis a marvellous thing that honest people can't go home without being robbed: which is the thief?' 'That's the thief that tricked me out of two hundred pounds this evening.' 'Ah! that, you know, is all in the way of business; but which is the thief that stole the gentleman's purse?' 'That's him.' 'What, Sam Snatch? Give it to me, Sam. He has not got your purse—you are mistaken in your man. Go home peaceably, and don't oblige me to take you to the watchhouse.']

Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast asleep.
Saint Paul's strikes three—
Thus from all roguery I gets free,
By giving people warning,
And loudly bawls, &c.

BEAUTY'S DONATION.

[This song refers to a public subscription, which was laudably set on foot by the ladies, for the purpose of supplying flannel to the British troops employed in the celebrated expedition to Holland, under the command of the late Duke of York, the first detachment of which embarked at Greenwich on Feb. 25, 1793, in the presence of his late Majesty, King George the Third, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, great numbers of the nobility, and many general officers. The queen, the three eldest princesses, and the Duke of Clarence, also witnessed the march of the troops from St. James's Park.]

Come on, jolly lads! to the drum-head repair;
I beat up for recruits, in the name of the fair;—
Britain's fair, who, to beauty to add a new charm,
Send good wishes, and flannel, our soldiers to warm.
At the sound of the fife, and the roll of the drum,
Come away, my lads, come;
At the sweet call of Beauty to duty repair,
And worthily merit the gift of the fair:
What but vict'ry complete can result from those wars,
Where the cestus of Venus encircles each Mars!

At old Troy, some kind goddess, by spell or by charm,
Condescending, preserv'd votive warriors from harm;
So Britons shall boast the same tut'lary care,
Invuln'rable grown by the gift of the fair.
At the sound of the fife, &c.

England's armour 's her commerce—the woolsack is known
To take place, in this kingdom, of all but the throne:
The pow'r of our arms, then, what force can withstand,
When wool 's form'd to armour by Beauty's fair hand? At the sound of the fife, &c.

'Tis allow'd through the world, as this nation's proud meed,
That the Beauties of Britain all beauty exceed!
How, then, must that beauty each Briton enslave,
When it tenders its influence to succour the brave?
At the sound of the fife, &c.

Complete, then, the work: for the brave and the bold
Let no fair in this land her assistance withhold;
What pow'r to attack British soldiers shall dare,
Who are arm'd, cap-a-pie, by a generous fair?
At the sound of the fife, &c.

Finale—THE TRIAL.

And now being come to your bar to be tried,
'Tis the wish of my heart, my ambition, my pride,
By your sentence, as jury and judge, to decide;
To you, then, my case is submitted.
The indictment runs thus—If it plainly appears,
That said Dibdin, of critics despising all fears,
Hath corrupted your hearts, while he tickled your ears,
He stands guilty—if not, he 's acquitted.

But to clear me, I trust, of all dulness prepense,
I'll examine each witness by way of defence:
In his bulls shall my Irishman blunder good sense,
Nor be even by ploughman omitted;
Tom Tackle humanity's duty shall teach;
My Soldier your hearts through compassion shall reach;
My Parson shall pray, and my Gipsy beseech,
That I may be fairly acquitted.

The evidence clos'd, listen now to your charge:
If having discuss'd all these matters at large,
You incline on the merits the rule to discharge,
If the plea of appellant 's admitted;
If, in short, on your candour still charm'd to rely,
I have shown myself anxious new whim to supply,
Or at men and at manners as fair game to fly,
You are just—and I must be acquitted.

From the Coalition & Nature in Nubibus.

[As already stated, *The Coalition* and *Nature in Nubibus* consisted of selections from previous entertainments; and we therefore collect under the above heading a few songs that Dibdin sang in more than one of his pieces, although he has not stated for which they were written, the Finale excepted, which concluded *The Coalition*.]

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE.

Except the folks that's fast asleep,
All nature now is waking;
Aurora at the world a peep
Is in her nightcap taking.
Hark! all the rory-tory boys
Making a devil of a noise,
To cure the head-ache of last night,
The peaceable King's subjects fright,
And helter-skelter come apace,
T' enjoy the pleasures of the chase.

How sweet to be, as on we rush,
By the pigtail entangling,
Amidst a lovely thorny bush,
Or on the tree left dangling!
Ah, musha gra! than wine and love
The joy of hunting 's far above!
Can either Cupid or the bowl
Such pleasures give?—Ah, by my soul!
Let muddy ditches wash your face,
Still, great's the pleasure of the chase.

Then, when our mettle's at its pitch,
While tally-ho we're bawling,
Safe landed in a muddy ditch
To be genteelly sprawling!
Ah, musha gra! than wine or love
The joy of hunting's far above:
Can either Cupid or the bowl
Such pleasure give? Ah, by my soul!
Let muddy ditches wash your face,
Still great's the pleasure of the chase.

Then, dripping like a drowning rat,
At night—you would not think it—
What glorious wine! if it were not,
We're too fatigued to drink it.
Ah! bodder not of love and war,—
The joy of hunting's greater far:
Hark! echo, in melodious tones,
Halloos and whistles, and sings and groans;
While many a broken sconce and face
Proclaim the pleasures of the chase.

VAUXHALL BALLAD.

Time was—for, oh! there was a time—
Sweet Phœbe by my side,
The softest verse I sung in rhyme,
Where falling pools do glide:
But, Phœbe hence, I'm left alone,
Nor verse nor rhyme can please;
And pools stand still, to see me moan
In whispers through the trees.

The pride of laughing Nature stood
In fertile heaths confess'd,
When birds in yon impervious wood
With Phœbe saw me bless'd.
But laughing Nature's now in tears;
The heaths begin to mourn;
Birds hoot in my melodious ears,
For Phœbe's glad return.

To shun fierce Sol's meridian heat,
Upon yon verdant green
How oft, at close of eve, I'd meet
Sweet Phœbe, beauty's queen!
But, lost the sunshine of her charms,
The verdant green 's all brown;
And I, with nothing in my arms,
Lie hard on beds of down.

Then come, sweet fair, and leave behind
All sorrow, pain, and woe:
The birds shall smile, and the north wind
Like Boreas gently blow:
So shall the daisy-mantling green,
The cowslip-studded brook,
In sable robes all crimson seen,
Reflect each azure look.

THEY TELL ME I'M MAD.

They tell me I'm mad—that in cells on straw bedding
In my crack-brain'd condition 'twere fittest to lie;
Thus, sland' ous reports at each minute are spreading:—
In this world there are thousands far madder than I.
I'd a friend I betray'd, and a mistress I slighted,
I had pow'r, and I made my dependents my tools;
In the mis'ry of others I daily delighted;—
And this they call madness—poor ignorant fools!

Why, vices like these are but common disasters,
Decreed to try patience by wise Nature's law:
Come, join, then, the throng,—'tis a mad world, my masters;
On down some are frantic, and some upon straw.

For the loaves and the fishes eternally craving,
Now blessing their stars, now arraigning their fate,
Now fawning, now threat'ning, now sighing, now raving,—
What but madmen inhabit that Bedlam, the State?
At two to high 'Change but transport a mere stranger,
Where to cunning superior the subtle Jew yields,
Where always, though safe, the poor nation's in danger,
He would instantly ask if it was not Moorfields.
Is it madness to say, then, that these are the castors
On which the earth rolls by immutable law?
Come on, join the throng,—'tis a mad world, my masters;
On down some are frantic, and some upon straw.

See that miser, who, deaf to the soft calls of nature,
And, flint to the core, will unkindly refuse,
Though the trifle were life to a poor fellow creature,
To broach that vile hoard he wants spirit to use;
Not griev'd for his soul, but his cash, see him dying!
And then see his heir at hilarity's board,—
The curmudgeon lies safe, while his guineas are flying,
For spendthrifts to lavish and misers to hoard.
Why, vices like these, &c.

BROWN POLL.

T'other side of the gutter, when sweetly brown Poll
Bore a bob, none e'er chivey'd so blithesome as me;
She sung foll de roll tit, and I tit foll de roll,
And your trills and your quavers were nothing to we:
But she 's gone! and I now sings a solo alone;
No longer I shakes with a grace and a hair;
But, instead of cantabiles, tips 'em a groan,
Because I'm depriv'd of brown Polly the fair.

'Happy Hours' was my song, and 'Waft Care to the Wind;'
And 'Merrily, merrily, shall we live now;'
And 'Give me the Lass that is tender and kind;'
And 'My heart danc'd with joy, but I won't tell you how.'
Now, 'Death and the Lady,' and 'Margaret's Ghost,'
'Come all wretched Lovers, grown wan with Despair,'
And dismallest ditties all pleases me most,
Because why?—I'm depriv'd of brown Polly the fair.

With my chin cock'd up high, and my hand on my cheek,
They might 'Dust ho!' 'Old clothes!' or 'Chairs to mend!' call;
When I sung with my Poll, you'd been stunn'd for a week,
Had you heard how completely I distanc'd them all.
Now 'Razors to grind!' 'Sweep soot ho!' and all that,
Beats me hollow,—and so my fine song I'll all tear;
There's a hole in the ballad; I'm as hoarse as a cat,
Because why?—I'm depriv'd of brown Polly the fair.

FINALE.—LAWYERS PAY YOU WITH WORDS.

LAWYERS pay you with words, and fine ladies with vapours;
Your parsons with preaching, and dancers with capers;
Soldiers pay you with courage, and some with their lives;
Some men with their fortunes, and some with their wives;
Some with fame, some with conscience,—and many throw both in;
Physicians with Latin, and great men with nothing;
I, not to be singular in such a throng,
For your kindness pay you with the end of a song.

But pleading, engrossing, declaring, and vap'ring,
And fighting, and hect'ring, and dancing, and cap'ring,
And preaching, and swearing, and bullying, prescribing,
And coaxing, and wheedling, and feeing, and bribing,
And ev'ry professional art of hum-drumming,
Is clearly in some sort a species of humming;
Humming!—Nay, take me with you, the term's very strong,—
But I only meant humming the end of a song.

To all who this ev'ning have paid me attention,
I would I had language of some new invention
My thanks to return; for where's the expression
Can describe of your kindness the grateful impression?
May ev'ry desire of your hearts be propitious!
Be lasting success the result of your wishes!
Unimpair'd be your joys,—your lives happy and long!—
And now I am come to the end of my song.

From Great News.

BUY MY STRAW.

COME, buy my straw, and I'll give you a song:
I don't say my song any satire contains,—
I don't say it touches on physic or law,
The knave's cunning thrift, or the usurer's gains;
I don't say it execrates cheating at play,
Or points out to scorn every knave in life's throng,
Or despises the sland'rer; the utmost I say,
Is, Buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.

I don't say the man who disseminates strife
Through a land; the world's wonder, rich, prosp'rous, and brave,
That protection affords to his children and wife,
Is a good deal a fool, and a little a knave:
I don't say the thief, who your purse steals away,
Is more honest than t'other, who does you foul wrong
Under friendship's fair vizard; the utmost I say,
Is, Buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.

I don't say, young gentlemen, 'cause 'tis the rage
To be renderd, notorious by public eclat,
While poor beauty and youth lose their pow'r to engage,
Are wrong, to steal off with some spruce grandmamma:
'Gainst monkeys and apes I don't mean to inveigh;
Nor do I assert that their feelings are wrong,
Who wish worth at the devil; the utmost I say,
Is, Buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.

I don't say that honour, fair dealing, and truth,
Are better than fraud, and chican'ry, and lies,—
That the mastiffs of age, and the puppies of youth,
Howe'er we may pity, we still must despise.
Nay, did one whip Folly, even though one should flay
Her own back for materials to furnish the thong,
Do I say she'd be callous; the utmost I say,
Is, Buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

BESEECH you, would ye, gentle folks,
Dame Fortune's gifts reveal;
I can at will turn all the spokes
That guide her fickle wheel:
Nor dregs of tea, nor coffee-grounds,—
That mystic apparatus,
Need I, to show life's ups and downs
To ev'ry Fortunatus:
The smiling road to human bliss
Would you pursue,—the myst'ry's this—
He that's content hath Fortune found;
Cheerly with him her wheel goes round.

Gluttons blame Fortune for that gout
They from intemp'rance feel,
While yonder iron-muscled lout
Enjoys his scanty meal:
The indolent poor Fortune curse,
To fill up life's hiatus;
While the industrious find the purse
And cap of Fortunatus.

The smiling road to human bliss
Thus courts your steps,—the myst'ry's this—
He that 's content, &c.

Then, custom's idiots, do not say
Fortune can blindly err;
If to her fane you miss the way,
'Tis you are blind,—not her.
The even path before us lies
To where her gifts await us;
And he, contentment hath made wise,
Is the true Fortunatus.
The smiling road to human bliss
Come, then, and tread,—the myst'ry 's this—
He that 's content, &c.

THE SMILE OF BENEVOLENCE.

Inspir'd by so grateful a duty,
In terms strongest art can devise,
Bards have written those raptures on beauty,
That lovers have wafted on sighs:
I, to fill the sweet theme more completely,
Sing the beauty of goodness the while;
For every face is dress'd sweetly,
Where beams a benevolent smile.

While the heart some beneficent action
Contemplates, with joy the eyes speak;
On the lip quivers mute satisfaction,
And a glow of delight paints the cheek.
Bliss pervades ev'ry feature completely,
Adding beauty to beauty the while;
And the loveliest face looks more sweetly,
Where beams a benevolent smile.

LOVELY NAN.

Sweet is the ship, that, under sail,
Spreads her white bosom to the gale;
Sweet, oh! sweet 's the flowing can;
Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar,
That tugs us to our native shore,
When the boatswain pipes the barge to man;
Sweet, sailing with a fav'ring breeze;
But, oh! much sweeter than all these,
Is Jack's delight—his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
To show of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man:
The needle time may rust,—a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can:
My love in worth shall higher rise!
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
And ev'ry creature from me ran;
No ship performing quarantine
Was ever so deserted seen,—
None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man;
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,—
To moan their loss, who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,—
Love beauty, with a spotless heart,—
By manners love to show the man;
To sail through life by honour's breeze;—
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

THE SPORTSMAN IN STYLE.

Don't you see that as how I'm a sportsman in style,
All so kickish, so slim, and so tall;
Why, I've search'd after game, and that many's the mile,
And seed no bit of nothing at all;
My license I pockets, my poney I strides,
And I pelts through the wind and the rain,
And if likely to fall, sticks the spurs in the sides,
Leaves the bridle, and holds by the mane:
To be sure, dad at home kicks up no little strife;
But, dabby! what's that? en't it fashion and life?

At sporting I never was know'd for to lag,
I was always in danger the first;
When at Epsom last Easter they turn'd out the stag,
I'm the lad that was roll'd in the dust;
Then they calls me a Nincom: why? over the fields
There, a little beyond Dulwich Common,
I a chick and a goose tumbled head over heels,
And two mudlarks besides an old woman:
Then let miserly dad kick up sorrow and strife;
I'm the lad that's genteel, and knows fashion and life.

But don't go for to think I neglects number one:
Often, when my companions with ardour
Are hunting about with the dog and the gun,
I goes and I hunts in the larder;
There I springs me a woodcock, or flushes a quail,
Or finds puss, as she sits under cover,—
Then so ho! to the barrel, to start me some ale;
And when I have din'd and fed Rover,
Pays my landlord his shot as I ogles his wife,
While the daughter cries out, 'Lord! what fashion and life.'

Then I buys me some game, all as homeward we jog;
And when the folks ax how I got 'em,
Though I shooted but once, and then kill'd the poor dog,
I swears, and then stands to 't, I shot 'em.

So come round me, ye sportsmen that 's smart and what not,
All stylish and cutting a flash,—
When your piece won't kill game, charg'd with powder and shot,
To bring 'em down, down with your cash;
And if with their jokes and their jeers folks are rife,
Why, dabby! says you, en't it fashion and life?

LIFE'S MASQUERADE.

See! see! to join the revel rout,
All hopping, skipping, prancing,
With squeak and squall, and shriek and shout,
All sorts and sizes prancing.
As old as poles and big as tuns
Three graces lead the revels;
Then devils tame as lambs, and nuns
As impudent as devils.
['Do you know me?'—'Oh! yes, excellent well—you are a fishmonger:'—'No, I en't; I am a Methodist preacher.'—'Then I would you were so honest a man.']
Thus leaving ev'ry care behind,
The pack, stale reason scorning,
Chase pleasures of the night to find
The head-ache of the morning.

See all conditions, sexes, years,
Unite to keep the farce on;
A swearing quaker next appears,
And next a drunken parson;
Beaux chatt'ring nonsense loud in peals,
Belles furnish'd well with clappers,
Tumblers and dancers without heels,
And lawyers without nappers.
['Do you know me?'—'Oh! yes, very well—you are Venus.'—'Will you be my Mars?'—'With all my soul.'—'Come, unmask, and let me behold the beauties of the Cyprian queen.'—'Let us unmask together.'—'Agreed.'—'Oh! plague and misfortune, my husband!'—'Oh! hell and the devil, my wife!']
Thus leaving every care behind, &c.

At last, to close their noisy mirth,
As finis to this kick-up,
From the supper-room they issue forth,
And roar, and rant, and hiccup;
'My angel!'—'Whau—zounds! pull his nose,'—
'Sir, do you mean to bam me?'
'I've lost my wig.'—'He's spoil'd my clothes'—
'A ring, boo, scoundrel, damme.'
['An old clothes-man to call the grand Turk a scoundrel!—Satisfaction!'—'A ring!' 'Dabby! I never boxes.' 'Kick him out.' 'Yea, I will.' 'I was never see any thing so droll in my life.' 'Ah! there'll be murder.' 'Arrah, fait that's right—exchange addresses.' 'I'll eat him up alive—I'll maul the villain.' 'Hark forward—Oh! it's a fine row—dabby! I love a row.']
The pack thus leaving care behind, &c.

THE VETERANS.

Dick Dock, a tar at Greenwich moor'd,
One day had got his beer on board,
When he a poor maim'd pensioner from Chelsea saw;
And all to have his jeer and flout—
For the grog once in, the wit's soon out—
Cried—'How, good master lobster, did you lose your claw?
Was't that time in a drunken fray?
Or t'other, when you ran away?'
'But hold, you Dick, the poor soul has one foot in the grave;
'Fore slander's wind too fast you fly;
D'ye think it fun?—you swab, you lie!
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.'

Old Hanibal, in words as gross,
For he, like Dick, had got his dose,
To try a bout at wrangling, quickly took a spell;
'If I'm a lobster, master crab,
By the information on your nab,
In some scrimmage, or other, why they crack'd your shell;
And then why do you hobbling go
On that jury-mast, your timber toe?
A nice one to find fault, with one foot in the grave!
But halt, old Hanibal, halt, halt!
Distress was never yet a fault;
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.'

'If Hanibal's your name, d'ye see,
As sure as they Dick Dock call me,
As once it did fall out, I ow'd my life to you;
Spilt from my horse, once, when 'twas dar ,
And nearly swallow'd by a shark,
You boldly plung'd in, sav'd me, and pleas'd all the crew.'
'If that's the case, then cease our jeers:
When boarded by the same Mounseers,
You, a true English lion, snatch'd me from the grave,
Cry'd—"Cowards, do the man no harm;
Dam'me! don't you see he's lost his arm?
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave."

'Then broach a can before we part,—
A friendly one, with all my heart;
And as we put the grog about, we'll cheerly sing,
At land and sea may Britons fight,
The world's example and delight,
And conquer ev'ry enemy of George our King:
'Tis he that proves the hero's friend;
His bounty waits us to our end,
Though crippled and laid up with one foot in the grave;
Then tars, and soldiers, never fear,—
You shall not want compassion's tear;
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

CLEMENCY.

Say, soldier, which of glory's charms,
That heroes' souls 'nflame,
Gives brightest lustre to their arms,
Or best insures their fame?
Is it her lion-mettled rage,
Let loose from ardour's den,
Legion with legion to engage,
And make men slaughter men?
Is it to a defenceless foe
Mild mercy to forbear,
And glut the call of vengeance? No!
The brave delight to spare:
'Tis clemency, pale mis'ry's friend,
Foremost in glory's van;
To dry the starting tear, and blend
The hero with the man.

Then on the wretch fall double shame,
Who, in foul slander lor'd,
Knows war alone by murder's name,
The soldier by the sword:
As blessings out of evils come,
Let once the conflict cease,
The eagle brings the halcyon home,
War courts the smiles of peace:
Yet he to higher merit vaults,
Who glory's track hath trod;
Great gen'rous merit, that exalts
A mortal to a god.
'Tis clemency, pale mis'ry's friend,
Ever in glory's van,
To dry the starting tear, and blend
The hero with the man.

RAMBOOZE.

Anacreon tells us, that mortals, mere clods,
By the drink they love best are exalted to gods;
And, fait! there's no lie in the truth on't;—don't wine,
Though as beastly as devils, make topers divine?
Three threads in a trice makes a god of poor Snip;
Tars are ev'ry one Neptunes whene'er they drink flip;
To be Jove, or Apollo, or Mars, would ye choose,
Ah! you've nothing to do but get drunk with Rambooze.

Then—a nat'ral transition—from heav'n if you go
Down to hell, ah! you'll find them all drinking below:
Each striving in Lethe to bury his care,
The seducer forgets when he ruin'd the fair;
Greeks the pill'ry forget they so richly deserve;
The us'rer forgets when he let the man starve;
The perj'rer forgets that he died in his shoes;—
But let us all such rascals forget in Rambooze.

Our Shelah cried out, one day, making her moan,
From my arms, where I held him fast, Taddy's gone;
And though in my presence he always will stay,
For ever the wanton young rogue's fled away.
I'm dead, and I'm kilt, and shall never recover;
Heav'n take me! or give me that heaven, my lover;
Teach me how to be mad, or my senses to lose:
'My dear creature,' cried I, 'just get drunk with Rambooze.'

When hard at the whiskey an Irishman pulls,
In search of Europas, he rides upon bulls;
Of liquors large libations Italians scarce swallow,
But ev'ry Squallini becomes an Apollo;
Then each fair one 's a goddess,—don't every she,
Like an angel talk scandal whene'er she drinks tea?
You must Helicon sip, would you turn to a muse;
And if you'd be Bacchus, get drunk with Rambooze.

But did I not stop I should never have done!
In me all the deities centre in one:
I'm as valiant as Mars, and as mighty as Jove;
As cunning as Merc'ry, as am'rous as Love;
I'm Apollo and Momus together for wit,
And I boast an Olympus my godship to fit;
For what better heav'n upon earth can I choose,
Than good health, a kind wife, a true friend, and Rambooze?

FISH OUT OF WATER.

Were a learned physician, who writes for all ills,
'Stead of taking a guinea, oblig'd to take pills,
Or compell'd to examine mortality's bills,
For his own and his brethren's slaughter;
Were an ideal widow, her spouse given over,
At the moment a promise she made to her lover
Advertis'd that her husband began to recover,—
Both these would be fish out of water;
Odd fish, queer fish, strange fish, droll fish—
In short, they'd be fish out of water.

Did a methodist preacher leave fleecing his flock;
Did witlings let in common sense, should she knock;
Did a toper reel homewards before three o'clock;
Did puppies find taste when they sought her;
Were a rook by a pigeon chous'd out of his booty;
Did a wife, kind and handsome, and true to her duty,
Meet a brute, unattracted by goodness or beauty,
All these would be fish out of water;
Odd fish, &c.

Should true limbs of the law, while extending their palms,
From honour or conscience be troubled with qualms;
Should spendthrifts grow prudent, or misers give alms,
Or honesty tempt a defaulter;
Did a lover, in high expectation, when ready,
At the place of appointment, sequester'd and shady,
Encounter a broomstick instead of the lady,
All these would be fish out of water;
Odd fish, &c.

Did a tar, or in private or public strife,
For his king, or his friend, fear to venture his life;
Did a jolman, from Ireland, in search of a wife,
Expect fortune, and meet with her daughter;
In short, from mankind did one strip off the vizard,
Without fear of passing for witch or for wizard,
One might see 'twould so cursedly stick in each gizzard,
That they'd all appear fish out of water;
Odd fish, &c.

SCUG.

The squirrel, that jingles his bells in his cage,
Is the type of that folly and strife,
Call'd the fashion, the ton, or the kick, or the rage,
That makes up the bustle of life:
On the wheel of Dame Fortune, now high, and now low,
As they amble, and gallop, and pace,
While in search of that phantom call'd pleasure, they'd go,
Each strives to be first in the chase:
So round, round, round, goes Scug in his cage,
And jingles his bells with a fuss and a rage,
Still turning about and about;
And when tir'd with his journey remains in the place,
Exactly where first he set out.

In search after knowledge, the bookworm explores
Where Nature's wide regions expand;
But tho' fancy conducts him to numberless shores,
He never once touches on land:
His bark 's toss'd in storms of opinions that rage;
Nor truth's trackless path can he trace,
Till error and doubt bring the night of old age,
Fair certainty's day to deface.
So round, &c.

The novice goes forward in search of a friend,
To share both his heart and his pelf;
Till, humbled and tir'd with his toil without end,
He at last makes a friend of himself.
One who fairness profess'd, pick'd his pocket at play;
One deceiv'd him, and laugh'd in his face;
One he show'd to his mistress, soon stole her away;
One was mean, and another was base.
So round, &c.

Thus men miss the substance, and grasp at the name;
Thus projectors find midnight at noon;
Thus heroes chase bubbles, and fancy them fame;
And thus children cry for the moon.
Those are pleasures alone, that lead reason's fair train,—
The rest bring but shame and disgrace;
And though you may start them again and again,
Vex'd and tir'd, you'll give over the chase.
So round, &c.

JACK JUNK.

'Twas one day at Wapping, his dangers o'erhauling,
Jack Junk cock'd his jemmy, and broach'd a full can,
While a posse of neighbours, of each diff'rent calling,
Cried—'Only but hear! what a marvellous man:'
'Avast!' cried out Jack, 'what's there marvellous in it?
When our time's come, the stoutest of hearts must comply.'
['Why, now, you master Tallow-chandler, by way of throwing a little light upon the subject, don't you think 'tis better to be extinguished when one's fighting in defence of one's king and country, than to stay at home, lingering, and go out like the snuff of a candle?']
Then like men do your duty; we have all our minute,
And at sea, or ashore, we shall live till we die,
Hurra! hurra! hurra! boys, let's live till we die.

'Why, now, you master Plumber, that marvels at billows,
I shall founder at sea, and you'll die in your bed;
What of that? some have sods, and some waves, for their pillows,
And 'tis likely enough we may both die of lead.
And as for the odds, all the diff'rence that's in it,
I shall pop off at once, and you'll lingering lie.'
['Why, smite my crooked timbers! who knows but master Snip, there, may slip his cable, and break his back with taking the ninth part of a fall off the shop-board into his own hell!']
Then like men, &c.

'As for you, master Bricklayer, to make out your calling,
A little like mine, en't a matter that's hard:
Pray, mayn't you from a ladder or scaffold be falling,
As easy as I from a rattling or yard?
Then for you its commission a tile may bring in it,
As soon as a shot or a splinter for I.'
['As for master Doctor, the Undertaker, and Sexton, they don't want no wipe from me: they sends too many folks contented to their long home, not to know how to go there contentedly themselves.']
Then like men, &c.

And when Captain Death comes the reck'ning to settle,
You may clear ship for action as much as you like,
And behave like a man; but he's such weight of metal,
At the very first broadside the bravest must strike.
And when you have said all you can, what's there in it?
Who to scud 'gainst the storm but a lubber would try?
[For as to qualms of conscience, cheating customers, betraying friends, and such like, being a set of honest tradesmen, I dare say you are perfectly easy about they sort of things.
Then like men, &c.

A PLAY UPON WORDS.

When I first went to school, it was all my delight
To con something or other from morning till night:
I would never conform, nor confess, nor consent;
And however conjur'd, I was never content.
But so well I'd confuse, and conceal, and contrive,
And conspire, and concert, and control, and connive,
And confute, and contest, and confound, and so on,
No boy in the school was so pat at a con.

Scarcely did I emancipate, manners to know,
But a strange predilection I cherish'd for pro:
I proceeded with care; would propose, and protest;
And promoting but little, a great deal profess'd.
Procur'd rich connexions, old friends to provoke;
With a titter provided, prolong'd my lord's joke,
And pronounc'd each man's friend; and producing no foe,
I left little con, and stuck tightly to pro.

Thus well with the world, my next thought, after this,
Was to yield to the ton, and to keep a fine miss.
But here I miscarried; was after misled,
Mismatch'd, and mistaken, and ev'ry way sped.
Miss's conduct misgave me; and, full of mistrust,
I set my miss down where I took her up first;
Glad I'd met no mishap, nor worse mischief than this,
And resolv'd my next frolic should not be a miss.

Still playing on words, and resolv'd to get rich,
I learn'd there were hows—but then how to find which?
Fortunes were to be nabb'd, I found out now and then,
And knew something of where, but I could not tell when.
Scarce an if had form'd hope, when a but produc'd fear;
Then in searching out there, I soon lost myself here:
Till betwixt and between this and that, somehow, I,
In search of the wherefore, lost sight of the why.

Thus ringing the changes on life's wordy war,
I found its sheet-anchor existed in for;
And by prudence forwarn'd folly's joys to forbear,
Soon did I all nonsense forsake and forswear.
For the world, for society, destin'd to live,
When by any one wrong'd, I forget and forgive;
Keep my fortune in petto for hon'rable ends,
Just enough for myself, and the rest for my friends.

PHILANTHROPY.

Tell me not of men's follies, their whims and caprices:
That the sum of their vices each moment increases;
That, like monsters of prey, ev'ry friend his friend fleeces,
Still striving to cheat, to cajole, and trepan:
If nature implanted the passions that rule us,—
If custom, her shadow, delude us and fool us,
Acquitted by candour where rigour would school us,
Laythe blame on the manners, and not on the man.

Should a beauty, involv'd in the vortex of pleasure,
Where of bliss flimsy fashion supplies the gay measure,
Yield some villain accomplish'd her virtue's sole treasure,
And in that abyss plunge that no ray of hope cheers,—
While you grieve that simplicity's charms were denied her,
That of innocence little she e'er had to guide her,
Though fall'n ne'er to rise, do not scorn nor deride her,
But, forgetting her errors, ah! pity her tears.

Should a youth, for an opulent station intended,
On whom lavish parents large sums have expended,
'Stead of virtues and talents, distinguish'd and splendid,
Confirm vice at college imbib'd when at school;
Low his mind, with no firmness, no discrimination;
From Pieria's fount 'stead of making libation,
Should he roll down the torrent of wild dissipation,
In his loss to society pity the fool.

These, these, as I look through the world, are my feelings;
For, deal with mankind on a par with their dealings,
From accus'd and accuser, the eternal appealings
Soon justice would wreck on chicanery's shelf;
Then hypocrites pity, the saint hides a sinner;
Of the poet buy nonsense, the man wants a dinner;
Thus, lose whoe'er may, still shall you be a winner.
For in pitying others you honour yourself.

TOM TRUELOVE'S KNELL.

Tom Truelove woo'd the sweetest fair
That e'er to tar was kind:
Her face was of a beauty rare,—
More beautiful her mind.
His messmates heard, while with delight
He nam'd her for his bride:
A sail appear'd,—ah! fatal sight!
For grief his love had died;
'Must I,' cried he, 'those charms resign,
I lov'd so dear, so well?
Would they had toll'd, instead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

'Break, heart! at once, and there 's an end,
Thou all that heav'n could give:—
But hold!—I have a noble friend,—
Yet, yet for him I'll live.'
Fortune, who all her baleful spite
Nor yet on Tom had tried,
Sent news, one rough tempestuous night,
That his dear friend had died.

'And thou, too! must I thee resign,
Whom honour lov'd so well?
Would they had toll'd, instead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

'Enough! enough! a salt-sea wave
A healing balm shall bring:'—
'A sailor you,' cried one, 'and brave?
Live still to serve your king:
The moment comes,—behold your foe;'
'Thanks! gen'rous friend,' he cried:
The second broadside laid him low;—
He nam'd his love and died.
The tale, in mournful accents sung,
His friends still sorrowing tell;
How sad and solemn three times rung
Tom Truelove's knell!

HOME'S HOME.

I've thought, and I've said it, sin' I were a boy,
That what folks get too easy they never enjoy.
Why, I was the same,—at what's homely I'd scoff;
But how fine! if it com'd a good many miles off.
So big with this fancy, though but a poor clown,
I hied me away for to see the great town,
Where they push'd me and throng'd me all one as a fair:
Then they'd titter, and snigger, and laugh,—then I'd stare.
'Why, bumpkin, didst e'er see such fin'ry as this
In your place?' cried a monkey in trousers; 'Why, yes!—
You'd your joke, master coxcomb, and now I'll have mine;
I've zeed peacocks and goldfinches ten times as fine.'
So I left master Whiffle, and whistled along,
Then humm'd to myself the fag-end of a song.
The good that we wish for mayn't match what we've got;
Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleas'd with their lot;
And to whatever place discontented folks roam,
At last they'll be forc'd to say this of their home:
Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely,
And, damn it! home 's home, be it ever so homely.

So since, for strange sights, I to town took my range,
Faith! I zeed sights in plenty, and all of them strange:
I zeed folks roll in riches, who pleasure ne'er knew;
I zeed honest poverty rich as a Jew;
Time and oft dress'd lamb-fashion I zeed an old ewe;
I zeed madam's monkey as smart as her beau;
I zeed beauty and virtue, that never knew shame,
And I zeed vice caress'd under modesty's name;
I zeed a fine head-dress, worth more than the head;
I zeed folks with their brains out before they were dead;
I zeed rogues of their knavery making their brags;
And I zeed fools in coaches, and merit in rags;
And still through the crowd as I whistled along,
I humm'd to myself, &c.

But what sicken'd me most was, one day in the Park,
As the guns were all firing, a queer-looking spark
Cried 'What nonsense and stuff with their fuss and parade;
'Stuff and nonsense,' said I, 'Oh! what 's that that you said?
Why they fire for a victory, and you have your choice
To go home, or with all honest subjects rejoice;'
'Mighty well,' cried my spark, 'but a word in your ear,
The affairs of the nation are cursedly queer;
Nay, 'tis true we're done up, 'twill be seen by and by.'
'How much did they give you to catch me,' said I:
'The country's a good one, all good men perceive it,
And they that don't like it, why, damn't! let them leave it.'
So I left my queer spark, and went whistling along,
Then I humm'd to myself, &c.

THE RAREE SHOW.

Now you shall see what you shall see—
Lady, gemmen, come,—
One very great curiosity,
What makes to speak de dumb;
Vat green, and red, and brown, and blue,
And black, and white, can paint;
Vat make Jew Christian, Christian Jew;
Make good come out of evil;
Vat make a devil of a saint,
And of a saint a devil!
['Peep troo dat little hole, Sir—Vat you see there? Eh!'—'What do you say, master Shewman, it will make black white?—The devil's in it if it won't!—Why, it is a large purse of money!']
Now you shall see vat you see, fine ting before you go;
Come, gentlemen and lady, see my Raree Show.

Now you shall see vat you shall see,—
Please to look in there:
One very great curiosity,
Vat make the people stare;
One terrible, one shocking ting,
In horror dat abound:
Before your face I go to bring
One horrible production—
Look quick, and you shall be surround
Vid death, and vid destruction.
['Vele, Saar, vat you see now? Eh!' 'Ah! master Shewman, you be a wag—Death and destruction with the devil to't!—Why, it be a Poticary's shop.'] Now you shall see, &c.

Now you shall see vat you shall see,—
Please to put your eyes:
One very great curiosity,
Vat give you great surprise
More shocking as the toder sight,
You never have see such;
Come look, make haste, don't you be fright,—
You shall see one place spacious,
All fill up vid great many much
Strange animal voracious.

['Why, master Shewman, this be a 'cuter joke than the tother—I wish I may die if it be'nt the Lord Mayor and Aldermen at dinner!']
Now you shall see, &c.

Now you shall see vat you shall see,—
Please to look once more;
Vat give you more delight and glee
As all you see before;
Great pleasure and great bliss vat give
To all the Englitch race;
Vat make them all so happy live,
Vat blessing can impart,
Vat make the smile in all the face,
The joy in all the heart.

['Ah! master Showman, you did never say a truer thing in your life—Why, Lord love him, 'tis the King's Majesty!'] Now you shall see, &c.

POOR OLD ENGLAND.

[As we are publishing for a generation in which the use of hair-powder is scarcely known, it may be well to state here, that the practice of wearing it was universal among both females and males, till Mr. Pitt, in the year 1795, introduced what at that time was in truth a *poll*-tax, under the designation of a tax on hair-powder. The Rainbow alluded to in one of the verses, is a tavern in Fleet Street, then a celebrated resort for the servants of the nobility.]

Have you heard of the tax, that such strange consternation
Has spread through Old England, that poor helpless nation?
'Tis hair-powder; oh! downfall of guinealess beaus,
Who, unlicens'd, will all look like so many crows.
'Hark!' the frizeurs exclaim, as distracted they roam
'Mongst the knights of the curling-irons, 'Chaos is come!'
Sing and cry, cry and sing, mingle mis'ry and fun;
England 's never so happy as when 'tis undone.

The hunk, who can boast but a single colt's tooth,
Who, weigh'd down with age, apes the fopp'ries of youth,
Says to some Dulcinea, 'My hairs are all gray,
So I can't be tax'd:' cries the syren, 'Nay, nay,
Not all gray—they're half black:'—'Ah! you dear coaxing ninny!
Well, I'll purchase a license, and pay *half* a guinea.'*
Sing and cry, &c.

Then the Knights of the Rainbow—'I say, my lord duke,
On hair-powder a tax!—take the news there, and look;
I forgot, you can't read—the ridiculous fuss:
Why, what are such trifles as guineas to us?
Nunky pays for we footmen—I'll sport a spruce nab,
And Old Quibus come down for 't, or, demme! Ill blab.'
Sing and cry, &c.

* The *whole* tax was a guinea.

But the drollest expedient was that of a fop,
A man-milliner, where there were four in a shop;—
'I've hit upon 't, demme! as lawyers coach call,
And drive four for a shilling to Westminster Hall,
Five-and-threepence a-piece, lads, advance—hand it out;
We'll purchase a license, and lend it about.'
Sing and cry, &c.

Then the tea-table see—'I declare, then, I'm vex'd,'
Cries out old Lady Piebald: 'our teeth they'll tax next,—
I should trick 'em at that tho', I have but one tooth:'
''Tis quite right,' cried a beauty, all sweetness and truth;
'Take the tax, take each feather that plays on my head,
I shall dress the more plain—but the poor will get bread.'
Sing and cry, &c.

Then, my countrymen, emulate this charming fair,—
Deck the heart, nor regret how neglected the hair;
While frizeurs, and footmen, and fops, cry peccavi,
We shall all dress more decent, and they'll man the navy:
Let our rulers go on, then, of honour secure;
Each tax upon luxury 's bread for the poor;
Then hold all this croaking and grumbling as fun,—
By such nonsense Old England can ne'er be undone.

LONG LIVE THE KING.

Let none of these our sports profane;
But come, all ye of reason's train,
Who freely cherish faultless mirth,
That from reflection takes its birth:
To joy's gay banners gaily come,—
Hark, hark! her merry fife and drum!
And, as her strains your minds unbend,
Fair loyalty with pleasure blend:
Still mindful, in enjoyment's course,
Whence all your blessings have their source;
Come, smiling come, and loudly sing,
With grateful hearts—Long live the King!

For me, while truly I expose
To open day fair virtue's foes,
And folly send to reason's school,
By force of biting ridicule,
My mirror polishing anew
To point out moral truth to view,
Harmless and rational my wit,—
So long may you my lays permit,
So long may I those lays employ,
The humble medium of your joy;
My own and your first wish to sing,
With grateful heart—Long live the King!

For you, whose smiles my verse inspire,—
Who, if I sing, support the lyre,—
Who shape my ore from out the mass,
Stamp it, and bid it current pass,—

Who give each worthy effort fame,—
Who love to praise, and grieve to blame,—
Long may you ev'ry blessing meet!
Long may your wishes be complete!
Long may you, with becoming zeal,
Britons, the pride of Britons feel!
Long, long, that best of burthens sing,
With grateful hearts—Long live the King!

THE ANTIPODES.

As a plain case in point 's the best mode of explaining,
To make my position to each judgment clear,
Without further a tip-toe your patience detaining,
I shall ton at Antipodes show, and ton here:
Here conscience for gold
Ne'er was known to be sold;
There to sale they expose it,
And ev'ry one knows it,
For the matter to mince might a good market spoil:
Thus, what 's meant by reports, which are variously spread,
That we the feet stand on, and they on the head,
Will turn out to be this, without cavil or coil,
We 're the gem, and the Antipodeans the foil.

Is a treaty of marriage on foot?—the dear lady
Here never to talk of her int'rest is heard;
Full of love, she ne'er asks if the writings are ready,
Nor thinks of a second spouse, much less a third:
Is a counsellor learn'd
In a law-suit concern'd,
He gives you his trouble
For nothing; to double
His fee would that instant the whole bus'ness spoil:
There still topsy-turvy we diff'rent modes see,—
Love obeys the best bidder, and law the best fee;
And thus, clear as day, without cavil or coil,
We're the gem, and the Antipodeans the foil.

Would you wish further proof? as a prominent feature,
Take this, though 'twill keen sensibility shock:
At Antipodes they have a beautiful creature,
A fine stately bird very like our game-cock;
Inflaming its blood,
They mix drugs in its food,
And arm it for fighting;
Then stand round delighting,
While these birds of their plumage each other despoil:
You wonder and gaze, yet 'tis truth I report;
But since England disdains so unmanly a sport,
No reflection on us from their vice can recoil,—
We're the gem, and the Antipodeans the foil.

But to bring the case home, let us speak of their writers,
Who, having such food for their frolicsome Muse,
Are in satire and ridicule terrible biters,
And though none they point out, all the cap fit abuse;
Their case touches me
But was I e'er so free,
In my silly labours,
To laugh at my neighbours?
No: a fair wholesome moral's the jet of my toil:
Besides, here no fault could they find, did they try;
No! I'd have them to know that my audience and I,
Whate'er, out of envy, their cavil and coil,
Are the gem, and the Antipodeans the foil.

VARIETY IN ONE.

'In one shouldst find variety,'
Cried Dick, 'wouldst thou on wedlock fix:'
'I rather should expect,' cried I,
'Variety in five or six;
But never was thy counsel light:
I'll do't, my friend'—so said, so done;
I'm noos'd for life, and Dick was right,—
I find variety in one.

Her tone has more variety
Than music's system can embrace;
She modulates through ev'ry key,
Squeaks treble, and growls double-bass.
Divisions, runs, and trills, and shakes,
Enough the noisy spheres to stun!
Thus, as harsh discord music makes,
I find variety in one.

Her dress boasts such variety,
Such forms, materials, fashions, hues,
Each animal must plunder'd be,
From Russian bears to cockatoos.
Now 'tis a feather, now a zone;
Now she 's a gipsy, now a nun;
To change like the chameleon prone!—
En't this variety in one?

In wedlock's wide variety,
Thought, word, and deed, we both concur;
If she 's a thunder-storm to me,
So I'm an April day to her.
Devil and angel! black and white!
Thus, as we Hymen's gauntlet run,
And kiss, and scold, and love, and fight,
Each finds variety in one.

Then cherish love's variety,
In spite of ev'ry sneering elf,—
We 're Nature's children; and en't she,
In change, variety itself?
Her clouds and storms are will'd by Fate
More bright to show her radiant sun;
Hail, then, bless'd wedlock! in whose state
Men find variety in one.

THE TELEGRAPH.

If you'll only just promise you'll none of you laugh,
I'll be after explaining the French telegraph!
A machine that 's endow'd with such wonderful pow'r,
It writes, reads, and sends news fifty miles in an hour.

Then there 's watch-words, a spy-glass, an index or hand,
And many things more none of us understand;
But which, like the nose on your face, will be clear,
When we have, as usual, improv'd on them here.

Oh! the dabblers in lott'ries will grow rich as Jews:
'Stead of flying of pigeons, to bring them the news,
They 'll a telegraph place upon Old Ormond Quay;
Put another 'board ship, in the midst of the sea;
And so on to town each to tell through the rank,
The first thousand-pound prize was that morn drawn a blank:
And thus, if the air should but chance to be clear,
In two hours will the news of dear Dublin fly here.

When the Newmarket squad to the races go down,
By confed'rates and telegraphs, station'd in town,
They'll get news long before the mail-coaches come in,—
Plates, matches, and sweepstakes, who lose and who win:
And how, after crossing, and jostling, head heat,
That Black-Legs and Rooks were by Belzebub beat;
Ah! just let them alone: by my soul, there's no fear,
But the turf will improve on the telegraph here.

Ah! then, what a sure guide will the telegraph prove
To promote their designs who are dying for love?
If an old married lady should court a young man,
Can't she make a spy-glass with the sticks of her fan?
Then suppose an appointment,—the hour be two,—
Cant' the index point thus, and the watch-word be boo?
Sure didn't I tell you I'd make it appear,
'Twill be mighty convenient, improv'd upon here.

Adieu, penny-posts! mails and coaches, adieu!
Your occupations gone, 'tis all over wid you.
In your place, telegraphs on our houses we'll see,
To tell time, conduct lightning, dry shirts, and send news.
Then while signals and flags stream on top of each street,
The town to a bird will appear a grand fleet:
And since England's grand fleet to the French conveys fear,
Sure, shan't we improve on their telegraph here?

From the Will o' the Wisp.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

I NEVER shall survive it! (cried Lumkin, in despair;)
She's gone, and I shall ever wail and cry;
I've lost my charming Cælia, the fairest of the fair:
Will no one comfort send me?
Why then these hands shall end me,—
Hung by that garter on this tree I'll die;
Let none my fame be mangling,
While dangling, dangling, dangling,
On yon tree I die.

Young Kitty of the cottage, and Jenny of the mill,
And bonny Suke, and sprightly Peggy Sly,
And Fan, and Nan, and Poll, and Doll, I know will try their skill,
Trick'd out in all their beauty,
To lure me from my duty:
But I can tell them they're deceiv'd—I'll die!
These girls will all be angling:
'Twon't do! for dangling, dangling,
All for love I'll die.

I own that Kitty's eyebrows some trait of Cælia's bear:
Suke has her nose, and Peg her sparkling eye;
Both Fan and Nan her dimples, and Poll and Doll her hair;
But these shall all be slighted:
For Cælia's charms united
Not all her sex combin'd can boast—I'll die!
Then let them all be wrangling,
And pulling caps, for dangling
They shall see me die.

And yet, on recollection, young Dælia, form'd to please,
Her dimples has, her hair, and sparkling eye;
Nay, Dælia is like Cælia as ever were two peas;
Has all those charms that won me;
Would she take pity on me?
But, lord, she'd never think of me—I'll die!
While hopes and fears are jangling,
I'll dangling, dangling, dangling,
All for Cælia die.

'Twixt hanging and 'twixt marriage, still doubtful which to choose,
As Lumkin paus'd, came Dælia tripping by:
'Ods wounds!' cried he; 'wouldst thou consent to tie the other noose?'
She smiles. 'Good by, poor Cælia,—
I go to marry Dælia,
Not in a halter, but her arms, to die:
Better in wedlock wrangling,
Than, dangling, dangling, dangling,
On a tree to die.'

THE SYMBOL OF LIFE.

ON Olympus' blue summit, as loud vacant mirth
Shook with laughter the sides of the gods,
'Were not nectar,' cried Bacchus, 'forbid sons of earth,
'Twere rare sport to celestialize clods:
Say, shall they a nectar possess of their own,
That like ours with delight shall be rife?
I've hit it;—let Punch, by my fiat, be known,
A liquor the Symbol of Life.

'Of the elements four, that the universe sway,
Our nectar celestial we make;
So Punch, that henceforward shall moisten man's clay,
Of the passions of man shall partake:

The sweet that from godlike benevolence flows
Shall correct the sharp acid of strife,
While the spirit of rage temperance' mean shall compose;
So shall Punch be the Symbol of Life.

'Punch shall be the first fiddle in life's motley band,
That, untun'd, scrapes harsh discords and hoarse;
But when screw'd to its pitch by a masterly hand,
Shall most excellent music discourse:
Punch, unmade, will a chaos misshapen disclose,
Rude atom with atom at strife;
But which, temper'd, to beauty and symmetry grows:
Thus is Punch the true Symbol of Life.

'When in sloth, life's warm water, mankind are immers'd,
And sweet luxury 's sought from afar,
Rage, and sour heart-burnings, by indolence nurs'd,
Blaze in all the dread fury of war;
But when temp'rate reflection takes rule in the mind,
Cruel war is disarm'd of his knife,
And the blessings of peace shed their balm on mankind;
And thus Punch is the Symbol of Life.

'As pleasure on pleasure in wedlock you meet,
If, thoughtless, you surfeit and feed,
Sullen, sour discontent shall corrode ev'ry sweet,
And lukewarm indiff'rence succeed:
But when wedlock's ingredients, in mean true and even,
Are blended in husband and wife,
Such a pair, so well mated, on earth find a heaven,
And thus Punch is the Symbol of Life.

'Thus, in all their concerns, shall this liquor divine
Some moral instruction impart,
That the medium of truth may correct and refine
Each crude feeling that springs from the heart:
Be your lives, then, nor mawkish, strong, sour nor yet sweet,
But a mixture of all, to shun strife;
So men's joys shall be next to celestials complete,
So shall Punch be the Symbol of Life.'

WHO CARES.

If lubberly landsmen, to gratitude strangers,
Still curse their unfortunate stars,
Why, what would they say, did they try but the dangers
Encounter'd by true-hearted tars?
If life's vessel they put 'fore the wind, or they tack her,
Or whether bound here, or bound there,
Give 'em sea-room, good fellowship, grog, and tobacker,
Well then, damme! if Jack cares where.

Then your stupid old quid-nuncs, to hear them all clatter,
The devil can't tell you what for,
Though they don't know a gun from a marlinspike, chatter
About and concerning of war:
While for King, wife, and friend, he's through ev'ry thing rubbing,
With duty still proud to comply;
So he gives but the foes of Old England a drubbing,
Why then, damme! if Jack cares why.

And then, when good-fortune has crown'd his endeavours,
And he comes home with shiners galore,
Well, what if so be he should lavish his favours
On ev'ry poor object 'long shore?
Since money's the needle that points to good-nature,
Friend, enemy, false or true,
So it goes to relieve a distress'd fellow-creature,
Well then, damme! if Jack cares who.

Don't you see how some diff'rent thing ev'ry one's twigging,
To take the command of a rib;
Some are all for the breast-work, and some for the rigging,
And some for the cut of her jib;
Though poor, some will take her in tow, to defend her;
And again, some are all for the rich;
As to I, so she's young, her heart honest and tender,
Why then, damme! if Jack cares which.

Why now, if they go for to talk about living,
My eyes—why a little will serve;
Let each a small part of his pittance be giving,
And who in this nation can starve?
Content 's all the thing—rough or calm be the weather,
The wind on the beam or the bow;
So, honestly, he can splice both ends together,
Why then, damme! if Jack cares how.

And then for a bring-up, dy'e see, about dying,
On which such a racket they keep;
What argufies if in a church-yard you're lying,
Or find out your grave in the deep?
Of one thing we're certain,—whatever our calling,
Death will bring us all up—and what then?
So his conscience's tackle will bear overhauling,
Why then, damme! if Jack cares when.

THE DREAM.

'Twas a hundred years ago,
Or there-about, I believe,
Liv'd a wife, you must know,
As I quickly shall show,
A true-bred daughter of Eve:
For this wife, though spouse was civil,
For so the story ran,
Was tempted to evil,
But not by the devil,
But a devilish handsome young man.

This young man was an officer gay,
With a mien so militaire,
An ensign on half-pay;
Though no colonel, some say,
Had so fierce and so noble an air:

Now the husband had but one eye;
And for this his crafty bride
Chose him out, by the by,
Half her faults to espy,
And to catch him upon the blind side.

The husband was gone from home,
She trick'd out smart and neat;
Now the officer 's come,
Cupid braces his drum,
And a parley is presently beat:
When Betty, who closely watch'd,
Cried out, as she came unawares,
'If a lie can't be hatch'd,
We are all of us catch'd,
For my master 's a-coming up-stairs.'

Cried the wife, 'I have hit on it, sure;
Come, come, 'tis no time to flinch!
We're from danger secure,—
Get behind the door,—
Wit never left wife at a pinch:'
Then the husband came in sight:
Cried she, in a counterfeit scream,
'What joy and delight
Does your presence excite!—
Dear husband, I dream'd a dream—

'A dream so extraordinary and rare,
Pray heaven it prove not a lie!
I dream'd in that chair,—
'Tis as true as you're there,—
That fate had restor'd your blind eye.'
Cried he, 'What a rout and a pother!'
'Nay, nay, at my hopes do not scoff;
The blind eye 's like its brother,
Let me cover t'other:'
This doing, the lover stole off.

Her Mars safe retreated, she cried,
'Well, love, is the sight wholly lost?'
'Yes, wife, your dream lied;
Though till doomsday you tried,
I should yet see no more than a post.'
'Then the devil take dreams, I say,
For I'm more disappointed than you.'
Quoth the husband, 'Nay, nay,
When next I'm away,
Let us hope all your dreams may come true.'

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

While music lends its heav'nly art,
And banners are unfurl'd,
Hail, hail the first commercial mart
Throughout the peopled world:
See its chief magistrate, to grace
London in pomp and show;
The source of its great riches trace
To all the winds that blow.
The Companies to silver Thames
Move on in slow parade,
Each bearing, as its banner names,
A pageant of its trade:

Then, while sweet music lends its art,
And banners are unfurl'd,
Hail, hail the first commercial mart
Throughout the peopled world.

First, minstrelsy and loud acclaim,
That sweet musicians bring,
Musicians of fair London's fame,
Still emulous to sing:
And, hark! the Armourers cleave the wind,
By one in armour led;
While mem'ry tells the patriot mind,
At Agincourt who bled:
Then, while sweet music, &c.

Nor let the Shipwrights by us slip,
In high commercial fame
First in the rank, for from a ship
Fair London took its name:
Now, while the crowd each trade surrounds,
That joy and use supplies,
Hark! where the massy anvil sounds,
See! where the shuttle flies:
Then, while sweet music, &c.

These fit with art the even joint,
Those dress the supple skin,
Others th' industrious needle point,
Or decorative pin:
Some sing of Blaze, and dress the wool;
Some shape the wheels of time;
The ever-lengthening wire some pull;
Some teach the bells to chime:
Then, while sweet music, &c.

Those, friendship's emblem, bring the square;
These bear the Gordian ring;
And now, while trumpets rend the air,
And sweet musicians sing,
Haste to the feast, where, while the band
The social hour prolong,
The loyal toast from plenty's hand
Relieves the loyal song:
Then, while sweet music, &c.

Last, at the ball-room see the fair,
Each fair a British toast,
Lovely in charms, in virtue rare,
Bless'd England's pride and boast:
But did I to my theme give way,
By fancy led along,
Soon were the poet's teeming lay
A hist'ry, not a song:
Yet, while sweet music, &c.

PADDY O'BLARNEY.

Is't my country you'd know? I'm an Irishman born,
And they christen'd me Paddy O'Blarney;
In haymaking time I stepp'd over one morn,
All the way from the Lakes of Killarney:
Turn'd my hand to just whatever came in my way;
To be sure, while the sun shin'd, I did not make hay.

[Well, then, you know the wives and daughters;
of the farmers won't—well, they won't—]
Have plenty of cause to remember the day,
When first they saw Paddy O'Blarney.

Then what does I do the next calling I seeks,—
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Killarney!
I cries mack'rel alive that were caught for three weeks,—
Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.
Then fresh-gather'd strawberries, so sound and sc sweet,
With just half-a-dozen a-top fit to eat—
['Ah! madam, you need not examine them; bless your two good-looking eyes, they are full to the bottom, paper and all.' 'Well, I'll trust to you—I dare say you won't cheat me.']
So I coaxes her up, and herself makes her cheat,
Ah! 'fait, let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Next I turn'd to a chairman, and got a good job,—
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Killarney!
I harangu'd at a famous election the mob,—
Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.
Then to see how his Honour and I did cajole,—
He knock'd down his flats with words, and I mine with my pole—
[Then, you know, when they came to chair him, I was no longer, you see, an odd man,—there was a pair of chairmen.]
And sure such a pair was ne'er seen, by my soul!
As his Honour and Paddy O'Blarney.

But this notion of greatness was none of the worst,—
Oh! the world for the Lakes of Killarney!
Having play'd second fiddle, I thought I'd play first,—
Can't you let alone Paddy O'Blarney?
So, swearing to plunder, and never to squeak,
I my qualification took out, and turn'd Greek.
[Ah! to be sure, we did not make a pretty dove-house of our Pharaoh Bank. Let me see, we pigeon'd,—ay, fait! and pluck'd them completely, too—]
Four tradesmen and six bankers' clerks in one week,—
Will you let alone Paddy O'Blarney?

A big man in all circles so gay and polite,—
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Killarney!
I found one who larnt grown-up jolmen to write,
Just to finish gay Paddy O'Blarney:
I first larnt my name, till so fond of it grown,—
I don't say I'd better have let it alone—
[But, by my soul and conscience, it had like to have finish'd me in good earnest, for you see, I just wrote—]
Another jolman's signature 'stead of my own,—
What a devil of a Paddy O'Blarney!

But since Fate did not choose for to noose me that day,—
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Killarney!
With a Venus of ninety I next ran away,—
What a fine dashing Paddy O'Blarney!
So marriage turn'd out the best noose of the two,
The old soul 's gone to heav'n,—I'm as rich as a Jew—
[So that, if any jolman has an occasion for a friend, or a lady for a lover,—or, in short, if any body should wish to be disencumbered of the uneasiness of a wife, or a daughter, or a purse, or any such kind and civil service that can be performed]
By a gentleman at large that has nothing to do,
Let me recommend Paddy O'Blarney.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'Twas post meridian half-past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted;
At six, she linger'd on the shore,
With uplift hands, and broken-hearted;
At sev'n, while taught'ning the forestay,
I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bade a long adieu to Nancy!

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While careless sailors, ever cheery,
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 arriv'd that jovial night,
When ev'ry 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,
Plung'd 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 seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy!

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,
When a bold enemy appear'd,
And, dauntless, we prepar'd for battle:
And now, while some lov'd friend or wife,
Like lightning, rush'd on ev'ry fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a pray'r, and thought of Nancy!

At last,—'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three, A.M. discover'd day,
And England's chalky cliffs together;

At sev'n, up Channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy;
At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,
And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy!

THE IRISH WAKE.

Life's as like as can be to an Irish wake,
Where their tapers they light,
And they sit up all night,
Wid their—Why would you leave your Poor Paddy to moan?
Arrah! how could you be such a cake?
Musha, what will I do?
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo!
Oh hone!
'Fait, we're left all together alone:
But when the grief the liquor puts out,
The fun is all chang'd in a crack;
Away like smoke goes the whiskey about,
And they foot it, cross over, and back to back,
With their tiptelary whack.

Poor miss, bolted safe wid a good lock and key,
Like Thisbe, may call
Through the hole in the wall,
How hard's my misfortune—I'm left here to moan!
Will no one take pity on me?
Musha, what will I do?
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo!
Oh hone!
I shall be after lying alone.
But when the rope ladder affords her relief,
And she turns on her mother her back,
'Mong her friends and relations she leaves all her grief,
And away to Scotland they trip in a crack,
With their tiptelary whack.

The toper, next morning, low, sick, and in pain,
The glasses all breaks,
Beats his head 'cause it aches,
And wishes that wine may to poison be grown,
If e'er he gets tipsy again:
With his—What will I do?
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo!
Oh hone!
From this moment I'll drinking disown:
But when, in a posse, come Bacchus's troop,
He changes his tone in a crack;
They drink, and they sing, and they halloo, and whoop,
Till they don't know the colour of blue from black,
And it 's tiptelary whack.

And so 'tis through life; widows left in the nick,
Dying swains in disgrace,
Patriots turn'd out of place,
Don't they, cursing their stars, make a horrible moan,
Just like when the devil was sick?
Wid their—What will I do?
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo!
Oh hone!
'Fait, we're left all to grunt and to groan:
But when the widow gets married again,
When the lover is taken back,
When the patriot ousted a place shall obtain,—
Away to the devil goes care in a crack,
And 'tis tiptelary whack.

ALL GIRLS.

No more of waves and winds the sport,
Our vessel is arriv'd in port;
At anchor, see, she safely rides,
And gay red ropes adorn her sides:
The sails are furl'd, the sheets belay'd;
The crimson petticoat's display'd;
Deserted are the useless shrouds,
And wenches come a-board in crowds.
Then come, my lads! the flip put round:
While safely moor'd on English ground,
With a jorum of diddle,
A lass, and a fiddle,
Ne'er shall care in the heart of a tar be found:
And while upon the hollow deck
To the sprightly jig our feet shall bound,
Take each his charmer round the neck,
And kiss in time to the merry sound.

Bess hears the death of honest Jack,
Who swore he'd safe and sound come back;
She calls him scurvy lying swab,
And then she kindly takes to Bob:
Ben asks the news of bonny Kate,
Who said she'd prove a constant mate:
But winds and girls are false; for she
Took Ned the morn Ben went to sea.
Welcome! says Ben; the flip put round:
While safely moor'd, &c.

By will and pow'r, when last ashore,
His rhino Tom to Poll made o'er;
Poll touch'd the prize-money and pay,
And with the agent ran away.
And Jenny, just as 'cute a trick,
His back once turn'd, play'd whistling Dick:
Dick left her clothes to cut a flash,—
She sold 'em all, and spent the cash.
'But come,' says Dick, 'the flip put round,
While safely moor'd, &c.

While feet and tongues like lightning go,
With—'What cheer, Suke?'—and 'How do, Joe?'
Dick Lanyard chooses Peg so spruce,
And buxom Nell takes Kit Caboose.
Thus, 'mongst the girls they left behind,
A lot of true and false they find;
While these bewail those shot or drown'd,
And welcome home the safe and sound:
Still thankful, while the flip goes round,
They're safely moor'd, &c.

MODERN GALLANTRY.

I AM one of those pretty tonnish smarts, my good old man,
Who under love's sweet contribution lay all the fair O:
I make them die, and sigh,
And consent, and repent,
With a ran, dan, dan—
Why, I have a hundred times had the felicity, so sweet,
Of seing some yielding easy daughter, or wife,
Begging, and imploring at my feet:
'Hey, sir!—how often did you say you had this felicity?'
'Never, in the whole course of my life,
With a ran, dan, dare O.'

Then, since amours are nothing without confidants, my good old man,
How oft, when bursting with good fortune and success, so rare O,
Have I, to my friends, told stories of yielding nieces and aunts,
With a ran, dan, dan,—
Dress'd out in all their fascinating charms,
With all their simperings
And whimperings,
Their fond love to disguise,
While they were longing to fly to my arms:
'And, pray, was all this truth that you told your friends?'
'Oh, no, a parcel of infernal lies!
With a ran, dan, dare O.'

Why, would you believe that with the lovely Myrtilla
It chanc'd to hap, my good old man,
Who seem'd as if all the powers of virtue made her their care O,
That I should contrive, while those pretty watchful guardians were taking a nap,
With a ran, dan, dan—
To kneel, pant, entreat, implore, heave sigh, start tear,
And address, with all the force of eloquence and grace,
Till, struggling in my arms, at last she—Oh dear!
'Well, what did she do?'
'Why, gave me a slap in the face!
With a ran, dan, dare O.'

Another time, when I was flatly refus'd, my good old man,—
Oh, 'tis a business that will make you stare O!
Every one of the family round I fairly abus'd,
With a ran, dan, dan—
Hamstrung the pigs, pull'd the spiggot out of the ale,
Poison'd the lapdog, kill'd the canary-birds, put jalap in the tea,
Threw the cat out of the window, cut off the monkey's tail—
'Go on, sir, go on.'
'Kick'd the husband—Oh no, damme, he kick'd me!
With a ran, dan, dare O.'

MOORINGS.

'I've heard,' cried out one, 'that you tars tack and tack,
And at sea what strange hardships befall you;
But I don't know what's moorings.'—'What! don't you?' said Jack;
'Man your ear-tackle then, and I'll tell you:—
Suppose you'd a daughter quite beautiful grown,
And, in spite of her pray'rs and implorings,
Some scoundrel abus'd her, and you knock'd him down,
Why, d'ye see, he'd be safe at his moorings.

'In life's voyage should you trust a false friend with the helm,
The top-lifts of his heart all a-kimbo,
A tempest of treach'ry your bark will o'erwhelm,
And your moorings will soon be in limbo:
But if his heart's timbers bear up against pelf,
And he 's just in his reck'nings and scorings,
He'll for you keep a look-out the same as himself,
And you'll find in his friendship safe moorings.

'If wedlock 's your port, and your mate, true and kind,
In all weathers will stick to her duty,
A calm of contentment shall beam in your mind,
Safe moor'd in the haven of beauty:
But if some frisky skiff, crank at every joint,
That listens to vows and adorings,
Shape your course how you will, still you'll make Cuckold's Point,
To lay up like a beacon at moorings.

'A glutton's safe moor'd, head and stern, by the gout;
A drunkard 's moor'd under the table;
In straws, drowning men will Hope's anchor find out;
While a hair 's a philosopher's cable:
Thus mankind are a ship, life a boisterous main,
Of Fate's billows where all hear the roarings,
Where for one calm of pleasure we've ten storms of pain,
Till death brings us all to our moorings.'

BACHELORS' WIVES.

Look all over the world, round and square, and throughout,
We all know that best we know nothing about;
Don't ignorant gipsies pretend to teach Fate?
And pray who now like cobblers can tinker the state?
Blind as mill-posts ourselves, we can all guide a friend,
Because why?—'tis more easy to find fault than mend;
In short, no sweet creatures lead such happy lives,
Or are half so well-manag'd, as bachelors' wives.

If I'd this man's fortune, or t'other man's wit,
Unnotic'd d'ye think I'd so quietly sit?

No! my cash should do good, and my writings should be,—
Ah! 'fait, Shakspeare himself should be nothing to me.
Thus we all to mend merit of others are prone,
And how nobly we spend that that's none of our own;
Who the reins has not got, always furiously drives,
And thus none are manag'd like bachelors wives.

That battle that made such a devil of a rout,
Why don't you and I know they were all of them out?
Had this gen'ral advanc'd, and that troop come in play,
'Twould have been, by myconscience, a glorious day:
Thus at home we best know how abroad matters pass,—
Ah! give me a brave battle fought over the glass!
Threaten'd people live long, and the envied man thrives,
Just as none are so manag'd as bachelors' wives.

What we have we don't want, because why that we've got;
Your true style of enjoyment 's to have what you've not:
What eats so delicious as fish not yet catch'd,
Or as fruit in the blossom, or chicken not hatch'd?
'Ten't the dinner to-day, 'tis the pleasure I borrow
While I think on the dinner I'm eating to-morrow;
What's the present, my soul, till the future arrives?
Arrah! give me for management bachelors' wives.

To do what we're able 's a thing so absurd,
Arrah! who'd walk on foot that could fly like a bird?
Don't we see ev'ry moment that lordly thing, man,
Do each nonsense in nature except what he can?
In short, our desires, look from Ireland to Rome,
Are the harvest that 's growing, the cloth in the loom,
The honey we've taken before we've bought hives;
And who'll after this rail at bachelors' wives?

THE CATERER.

I'm a cook for the public,—can suit ev'ry palate
With some sav'ry bonne-bouche, from the soup to the salad;—
Are you partial to fish? I've for dunces cods' joles,
Carp and crabs for plain-dealers, for topers good soles.
I thought I'd some maids, but I made a mistake,—
I've a rich liq'rish old wife for any poor rake;
I've a plaice for a courtier, for jokers I've grigs;
I've gudgeons for quacks, and I've flounders for Teagues,
Coming, coming!—you'll see that I've told you no fable,—
This way, if you please, gemmen, dinner's on table.

I've some fine devil'd lawyers, some sinners disguis'd,
Some patriots stew'd, and some gen'rals surpris'd;
Then, if cayenne you love, and would wish something nice,
Lord, I'll roast you a nabob, dear sir, in a trice.
Then for fops, who to make themselves fools take such pains,
I've a fine thick calf's head, with the tongue and the brains;
I've mushrooms for upstarts, for Welshmen I've leeks,
Ducks and drakes for stock-jobbers, and pigeons for Greeks. Coming, coming, &c.

And then the dessert—I have all sorts of cakes;
I've islands of moonshine, in syllabub lakes;
I've a fig for ill-nature, I've raisins in gluts;
And then, for all those fond of secrets, I've nuts.
Such as through fashion's maze pass their lives in a dream,
May sicken on trifles, and ice, and whipt-cream;
Vain coxcombs on flumm'ry may feast till they burst;
Then I've got, for your true snarling critic, a crust.
Coming, coming, &c.

THE SPECTACLES.

You have heard of the man who such virtues possess'd,
That he wish'd a glass window were plac'd at his breast,
To the world all his actions as plain to display
As the nose in your face, or the sun at noon-day.
So I put on my spectacles, look mighty wise,
And read in a trice people's hearts thro' their eyes;
While the catalogue large of their whims I run over,
And of life's motley crew the deceptions discover.
Though my questions are mal-apropos and uncouth,
I, in spite of their teeth, make their tongues to tell truth.

When a flirting coquette, for fresh conquests agog,
One who loves and adores her treats worse than a dog,
Gives him rivals she hates, appears vex'd when she's glad,
For the dear harmless pleasure of making him mad,—
I put on my spectacles, look mighty wise,
Read her whimsical heart thro' her beautiful eyes:
'As you hope to be married, ma'am, quick answer me;—
Do you hate this man?' 'Lord, what a creature!' cries she:
'Must I, then, be sincere? Well, I love the sweet youth
As dear as my life, sir; and now you've the truth.'

To follow up next the coquette with the prude,
Who pretends ev'ry man that regards her is rude;
Who can't abide flirts; rails at each am'rous elf;
Who flirts never, except in the corner, herself;
I put on my spectacles, look mighty wise,
Read her warm yielding heart through her cold frigid eyes;

'Are you the man-hater, good ma'am, you pretend?'
' And pray who gave you leave to school me, my good friend?
D'ye expect I shall own that I've yet a colt's tooth?
Well, I do love young fellows, and that is the truth.'

I could instance a thousand things, various and true,
Where one thing men say, and another thing do;
Nay, I could dispel all my own anxious fear,
But there is no occasion for spectacles here;
Nay, were I to wear them, to look e'er so wise,
I could then, but as now, read your hearts in your eyes;
' Mister Dibdin,' says you, ' we're here on your behalf,
And, while your wit 's harmless, and you make us laugh,
You may banish each fear from your mind, for, in sooth,
We shall willing applaud you, and that is the truth.'

LOVE'S LIKENESS.

The Poet says that love 's like fire,
Which kindly heat and joy imparts
For ev'ry purpose and desire
That warms and that expands our hearts:
But, trust this fire, where is the bound
That shall its devastation stay?
Relentless ruin stalks around,
And horror marks its trackless way:
Thus both we dread, and both admire;
Thus poets say that love 's like fire.

The toper says that love 's like wine,
And that its pow'r, 'bove human ken,
Can lift the soul, and so refine
Our joys, that gods might envy men:
But, from this elevation sunk,
The moment reason leaves the feast,
His godship finds a god, when drunk,
Is little better than a beast:
Thus both are beastly, both divine;
Thus topers say that love 's like wine.

Your sportsmen say, love 's like the chase,
That leads us many a weary mile,
Through many a rude and dang'rous place,
O'er mound, and hedge, and ditch, and stile:
But when his pleasures with his toil
Are fairly counted, what 's the gain?
Fatigued and tir'd, he makes a coil,
And puts up game not worth the pain:
Thus love 's without a goal a race;
Thus sportsmen say, love 's like the chase.

True lovers say, love 's like the devil,
Who turns a hundred devious ways,
With saint-like face, and heart of evil,
And smiles the most when he betrays:
Does not the devil take ev'ry hue,
And in all forms and fashions move?
Is not he black, and white, and blue,
And hot, and cold?—and so is love:
And thus to love are lovers civil,
As Indians court from fear the devil.

Let carping idiots still condemn,
Where reason bids them most rejoice;
For if they err, the fault's in them,
And in the objects of their choice:
The lover that shall all excel,
Let him but choose a faithless fair,
His love shall prove a very hell,—
No Lethe to relieve his care:
Let him of reason take advice,
And love shall be a paradise.

LIFE'S HARKAWAY.

Life's a general chase, and the world is the field,
Where friends friends hunt, and brothers hunt brothers;
Where to-day, fairly hunted, to us others yield,
And to-morrow we're hunted by others:
Through calling, profession, and trade, to get rich,
All wrangle, and squabble, and scramble;
Through wood, dale, and bottom, o'er hedge, stile, and ditch,
Through bush, and through brier, and through bramble:
Then come round me, all hunters—in Life's hark-away,
We have portions of pleasure and sorrow;
And the man after game that 's a hunter to-day
May be game for some hunter to-morrow.

The poor poet, of virtue who'd fain be the friend,
Cries the age is corrupt, and he'll show it;
But while hunting his brains the world's manners to mend,
Pale poverty hunts the poor poet:
While hunting in battle for glory and fame,
Grim death hunts the soldier and sailor;
And the heir out of cash, who can start no more game,
Is at last hunted down by his tailor:
Then come round me, &c.

Country 'squires dash away, nor their noddles concern
'Bout the world, or its jostlings and crosses;
Till, at length, to die bottom, Actæons they turn,
Eaten up by their dogs and their horses:
Indiscriminate pleasures who chases in view,
Will to pleasure in time fall a martyr;
And the bold fortune-hunter, who ran down a shrew,
Will find he was caught by a Tartar:
Then come round me, &c.

The hunk, who hunts riches, is hunted by care;
Those who joy hunt are hunted by trouble;
The chymist hunts gold, through fire, water, and air,
And is run down at last by a bubble:

Folly hunts the sour misanthrope close at the heels,
In the moment of folly he 's scoffing;
And e'en the death-hunter, in coffins who deals,
Is at last hunted into a coffin·
Then come round me, &c.

Virtuosos hunt butterflies, courtiers levees;
Patriots hunt for the good of the nation;
Hungry gluttons hunt turtle, physicians hunt fees,
And are chas'd, in return, by vexation:
A reciprocal chase are mankind and their joys,
And this maxim obtains the world over;
Then with reason in view, let 's hunt pleasure, my boys,
Till by time we are hunted to cover:
Then come round me, &c.

PERFECTION.

A Bard in yonder corner see:
There 's something in this man, says he,—
'Tis true, he cannot write like me,
His wit won't bear inspection,—
'To hit the foolish times was right,
When men neglected genius slight,—
My play, for instance, damn'd first night,—
The manners want correction!'
[Certainly they do; and, therefore, so far this man's attempt is meritorious, to be sure. If I had handled the subject, it would have been done in a different sort of a manner; but his bungling wit only proves that his own position is truth—]
For when he takes such foolish fits,
To rail and scoff at would-be wits,
He proves, as hard himself he hits,
That he's not all perfection.

An alderman, 'gainst fools in rage,
Cries, 'Lord, he 's right to lash the age;
Old Shakspere said the world 's a stage,—
He merits our protection.'
I lik'd to hear him laugh at fops,
And waists cut short, and flirts, and crops,
Intrigues in churches and at hops,
And Fashion's strange collection:
[And then how I did laugh about the fellows giving a dinner with nothing to eat, ha! ha! ha! —and then he passed a compliment on the City. He ought to be encouraged.]
But when he rails at hoarded pelf,
And turtle-feasts—the stupid elf!
He 's wrong: but then he owns, himself,
We can't be all perfection.

Miss Twinkle cries to sister Tab,
'I'm pleas'd he 's giv'n you prudes a dab;
But of coquettish airs to blab,
'Twas done without reflection:'
'Well, now,' cries Tab, 'then I protest,
I likes about coquettes the best;
But when of prudes he makes a jest,
The man deserves correction.'
['Well then, now, fait and troth!' said an Irishman, ''tis all mighty well with his mixture, and his hope, his good rascal, his honest flatterer, and the rest of it. Oh! it is all fair game.']
But when he talks, the sland'rous rogue,
That cards and dice are all the vogue,
Fait! tis too much upon the brogue,—
But no one 's all perfection.

The will, then, taken for the deed,
I fancy in each face I read
I shall, as heretofore, succeed,
And without much objection.
When I was in the scribbling fit,
Had with my zeal kept pace my wit,
E'en Shakspere's self had nothing writ
More worthy of protection.
[Nay, big with emulation to merit your applause, had my ability kept pace with my inclination, I should have given my own thesis the lie, and produced a perfect entertainment—]
But ardent wishes will not do:
I, therefore, must rely on you;
And should some little praise be due,
Pass by each imperfection.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL AND RETURN.

Though hard the valiant soldier's life,
They some sweet moments know;
Joy ne'er was yet unmix'd with strife,
Nor happiness with woe.
'Tis hard, when friend, when children, wife,
Reluctant from him part;
While fancy paints the muffled drum,
The mournful fife,
And the loud volley o'er his grave,
The solemn requiem to the brave!
All this he hears,
Yet calms their fears
With smiles, while horror 's in his heart:
But when the smiling hour shall come,
To bring him home at last,
How sweet his constant wife to greet!
His children! friends!
And in their circling arms to find amends
For all his suff'rings past.

'Tis hard, when, desolation spread,
Death whirls the rapid car,
And those invaded hear and dread
The thunder of the war:
Ah! then, indeed, friend, children, wife,
Have you true cause to fear,—
Too soon, alas! the muffled drum,
The mournful fife,
And the loud volley o'er the grave,
Shall sound sad requiems to the brave,
While those alive,
Faint joy revive,
And blend hope's smile with pity's tear:
But when the smiling hour, &c.

MAD PEG.

The gloomy night stalk'd slow away,
The twilight spoke the doubtful day,
When on a rock poor Peg reclin'd,
Mad as the waves, wild as the wind.
'Give me my love!' she frantic scream'd;
'I saw his ghost as by it gleam'd;—
I'll dive, I'll search the briny gloom,
And snatch him from his coral tomb:
Ah! let me, Fate, his relics save,—
True lovers should find out one grave.'

And now the tempest dims the sky,—
How many ways poor sailors die!
See, see! the stagg'ring vessel splits!
She 's lost, like Peg's poor shipwreck'd wits:
No, 'twas in battle that he died;
Would no pow'r turn the ball aside?
I saw it as it rent his heart;
I heard him cry—'And must we part?
For Peggy, ah! these relics save,—
True lovers should find out one grave.'

Where on the deep the cavern yawn'd,
Now, as the purple morning dawn'd,
The surge, in breakers loud and hoarse,
Her love cast up a lifeless corse:
She raves! she screams! her hands she wrings!
The shock returning reason brings;
Reason returns, alas! too late,—
She clasps her love, and yields to fate!
Their mourning friends their relics save,
And these true lovers find one grave.

FASHION'S FOOLS.

The world still judges by the mien;
For habit holds the yellow glass,
And, through that jaundic'd medium seen,
Shall Wisdom's self for Folly pass.
'Tis not because yon vapid smart
Strays, carelessly, from Reason's rules,
That he hates reason, has no heart;—
'Tis that he's one of Fashion's fools.

The toper, o'er the bowl, his joke
Who vents against his dearest friends,
Next morn would fain the bowl were broke,
And he'd been dumb, to make amends:
For honour well his heart can touch;
He well knows golden Friendship's rules;
His fault is that he drinks too much,—
And thus he's one of Fashion's fools.

The bouncer swears that brown is blue,
And moulds at will dame Nature's law;
And talks of joys he never knew,
And fancies charms he never saw:
'Tis not that he would fain renounce
Fair Truth, and all her sacred rules;
But 'tis that it 's genteel to bounce,—
And thus he 's one of Fashion's fools.

If merit pine away, forgot,
If rakes at sacred honour sneer,
If wedlock prove no Gordian knot,
And lovers dread to be severe:
'Tis not that men so much delight
To deviate from Honour's rules;
But that it 's vulgar to be right,—
And thus they all are Fashion's fools.

Say, what conclusion 's to be drawn?
Are we to fancy or to feel,
To live awake or in a yawn,
To be consistent or genteel?
Soon the election may be made—
Let's square our lives by Reason's rules;
So far be Fashion's modes obey'd,
But let us not be Fashion's fools.

THE CRIER.

O yes! O yes! O yes!
Lost, or mislaid,
Or stolen, or stray'd,
The character, the decency, the duty of a youth,
Who was fam'd, till this sad accident, for probity and truth;
Who assuag'd his parents' sorrows, alleviated their cares,
And who, with spotless honour, regulated their affairs:
[This young man, as he came out of his father's banker's, was beckoned by a lady in a hackney-coach.—He drove to a jeweller's, where he bought a diamond necklace. He dined with a roaring party at a tavern; and, in the evening, was heard to talk very loud at the Opera. He was next introduced to a house, not a hundred miles from St. James's, where it is supposed he could get no supper, for he was seen at three o'clock in the morning voraciously to swallow dice and eat cards.]
Who to his wretched parents this misguided youth will bring,
Besides the satisfaction
Of doing a good action,
Shall receive a sum far more than Indian mines could e'er afford;—
They shall see the peace and comfort of a family restor'd—
God save the King!

O yes! O yes! O yes!
Lost, or mislaid,
Or stolen, or stray'd,
The tears of a widow, young, wealthy, and fair,
Who nurs'd a rich old husband half a year with tender care,
Who lov'd him not for either her convenience or his pelf;
All which is very true, for she told him so herself.
[This unfortunate young lady was seen, about three hours after her husband's death, to go to the

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Commons to prove his will, where meeting with a very handsome young proctor, it is supposed the fire of his glances absorbed and dried up the tears of this disconsolate widow; for she has never been seen to cry since but once, and then she was detected with an onion in her pocket-handkerchief.]

Who to this wretched mourner these same precious
drops will bring,
Besides the satisfaction
Of doing a good action,
Shall receive a gracious smile, which is all that can
be proffer'd,
For they'll be cried no more, nor no greater reward
offer'd—
God save the King!

O yes! O yes! O yes!
Lost, or mislaid,
Or stolen, or stray'd,
The knife and fork of an alderman, a counsellor's
wig,
The dice-box of a Grecian, a parson's tithe-pig,
The fan of a beauty, her false tooth also,
And a hair-powder license belonging to a beau.

[As these poor sufferers are ruined and deprived of their livelihood by the loss of these respective articles, they being their working-tools, the charitable and humane are humbly requested to take into consideration their forlorn condition.]

And, whoever to these poor people these articles
will bring,
Besides the satisfaction
Of doing a good action,
Many thanks shall be given to the charitable
donors,
For they're of very little use to anybody but the
owners—
God save the King!

From Christmas Gambols.

JACKY AND THE COW.

There were Farmer Thrasher, and he had a cow,
And Gammer were very fond on 'un;
And they'd a son Jacky that made a fine bow,
So they sent 'un a prentice to Lonnon.

Jacky's master a barber and hair-dresser were,
Than some 'squires, 'cod! he thought himself
bigger;
In the day through the town he would dress and
cut hair,
And, dress'd out at night—cut a figure.

To ape Jacky's master were all his delight,
The soap-suds and razor both scorning;
He 's been tookt by the nose by the same fop at
night,
That he tookt by the nose in the morning.

Now to see the cow moan would have made a cat
laugh,—
Her milk were his food late and early;
And even if Jacky had been her own calf,
She could not ha' lov'd 'un more dearly.

She moan'd, and she groan'd, nor knew what she
did ail,
To heart so she took this disaster;
At last, roaming about, some rogues cut off her tail,
And then sent her back to her master.

'Here 's the kiaw come home, Gammer; come bring
out the pail.—
Poor creature, I'ze glad we have found her:'
Cried Dame, 'Ten't our kiaw,—she's got never a
tail;
Here, Roger, goo take her and pound her.'

''Tis our kiaw, but you zee she's been maim'd by
some brute.
Why, dame, tho'rt a vool—give me patience!'
So to squabbling they went; when, to end the
dispute,
Came home Jacky to see his relations.

His spencer he sported, his hat round he twirl'd,
As whistling a tune he came bolt-in,
All bedock'd and belopp'd,—zounds! he look'd
all the world
Like trimm'd bantums, or magpies a moulting.

'Oh dear! 'tis our Jacky; come bring out the ale!'
So Gammer fell skipping around un:
'Our Jacky! why, dam't, he's got never a tail—
Here, Roger, goo take un and pound un.'

''Tis the kick, I say, old one, so I brought it down,
Wore by jemmies so neat and so spunky.'
'Ah, Jacky! thou went'st up a puppy to town,
And now thee be'st come back a monkey.'

Gammer storm'd, Gaffer swore, Jacky whistled;
and now
'Twas agreed, without any more passion,
To take Jacky in favour as well as the cow,
Because they were both in the fashion.

ENGLAND'S TREE OF LIBERTY.

When Freedom knew not where to rove,
From conquer'd Greece and groaning Rome
At random driv'n, like Noah's dove,
Without a shelter or a home,
Th' expanded world she view'd, where best
She might repose her weary foot;
Saw this our isle, set up her rest,
And bade the spreading oak take root;
Bade it adorn the land, and be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

Thus spoke the goddess—This fair tree,
The tow'ring forest's kingly boast,—
Let my behests kept sacred be,—
This tree shall guard your sea-girt coast:

Freedom's behests are these—To know
No faction, no cabal, no cause,
From whose pestif'rous breath may grow
Aught 'gainst the monarch, or the laws;
Keep sacred these, the oak shall be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

Its friendly arms, that, on their way,
Those succour who its aid implore,
A faithful portrait shall display
Of England's hospitable shore:
Of England's courage this fair tree,
A great example to impart,
To succour law and liberty,
Shall make a rampart of its heart:
Hail, sacred oak! then; deign to be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

Then catch th' enthusiastic strain;
Hail Freedom's tree in fervent hymns,
That freely, on the awful main,
Launches in Britain's cause its limbs
That mighty walls and bulwarks forms,
Whence England's thunder shall be hurl'd;
And, spite of battles and of storms,
That bears our commerce through the world:
Hail, Freedom's shrine! still deign to be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

LOVE AT FIFTY.

When I told you your cheeks wore the blush of the rose,
That the spring was the type of your youth,
That no lily a tint like your neck could disclose,
I made love in the language of truth:
Yet the loveliest rose, once the summer away,
Of its bloom leaves no vestige behind;
But your bloom, when the summer of life shall decay,
Fresh as ever shall glow in your mind.

See the bee, as from flower to flower he roves,
The sweets of the garden explore,
And, in winter to feast on the banquet he loves,
Lay in his industrious store:
So all your employment, through life's busy day,
Is the sweets drawn from goodness to find;
Reason's feast to supply, and cheat winter away,
From that source of perfection, your mind.

And thus, as the seasons of life pass away,
We enjoy ev'ry various scene;
The spring all expanding, the summer all gay,
The autumn all mild and serene:
You are yet in your summer; but, when on your head,
While from all admiration you find,
Silver winter its honours shall sacredly shed,
Still summer shall bloom in your mind.

THE PEDLAR.

Come here, come here, my pretty dear,
Leave bus'ness, care, and labour;
Christmas comes but once a year,—
Come, lads and lasses, come, and hear
My merry pipe and tabor:
I sell all sorts of curious wares,
Tapes, garters, ribands, laces;
That give the form enchanting airs,
And set off pretty faces.
And then I've philters, drugs, and charms,
That, when the nymph's deserted,
Shall lure the shepherd to her arms,
And make him tender-hearted.
Come here, come here, &c.

This wonderful love-powder see:
Though ever so hard-featur'd,
To a Venus that converts each she,
By making her good-natur'd:
This eye-water can pow'r dispense
To cure each jealous blindness,
And turn, by gen'rous confidence,
All jarring strife to kindness.
Come here, come here, &c.

When clouds shall wedlock's sky deface,
And dim that brilliant heaven,
Upon your lips this padlock place,
By wary prudence given:
But when, from storms and tempests free,
Th' horizon looks propitious,
From kindness' hand take pleasure's key,
And open scenes delicious.
Come here, come here, &c.

THE MARGATE HOY.

Standing one summer's day on the Tower Slip,
Careless how I my time should employ,
It popp'd in my head that I'd take a trip
Aboard of a Margate hoy:
I took a few slops, such as shirts and a coat,
For of prog I knew well they'd be stor'd;
Then I hail'd a pair of oars, shov'd off my boat,
And away I dash'd aboard.

['Ah, my dear Commodore! who thought of seeing you?' 'What, Mrs. Garbage! How is the Alderman?' 'There is my husband, sir.' ''Pon my word; and Dicky, I declare.' 'Give me leave, Commodore, to introduce you to my friends: Mr. Shadrack, Commodore Kelson—Commodore Kelson, Mr. Shadrack.' 'Very much at your sharvice, sir.' 'Miss Minnikin, Commodore Kelson—Commodore Kelson, Miss Minnikin.' 'Very happy to have the pleasure of knowing you, sir.' 'Dr. Quibus, Commodore Kelson—Commodore Kelson, Dr. Quibus; Captain Squash, Commodore Kelson—Commodore Kelson, Captain Squash; Sir Phelim O'Drogheda, Commodore

Kelson—Commodore Kelson, Sir Phelim O'Drogheda.'—Hollo there! Cast off the painter.—Sit still, ladies and gentlemen.']

So off we went with a flowing jib,
Full of merriment and joy,
The Alderman munching, and prattling his rib.
Sing who so blithe as we,
Who take a voyage to sea,
Aboard of a Margate hoy.

Then such glee and good humour, our joy to prolong,
Pervaded us fore and aft;
Some were telling a story, some whistling a song,
As we turn'd in and out 'mongst the craft:
Then we'd talk of our danger, and then we were gay,
Then how we'd astonish the folks
When at Margate arriv'd; then cut out of our way,
To laugh at the watermen's jokes.

['Ho! the ship ahoy!' 'Ay, ay!' 'Pray, have you one Wiseman aboard?' 'No, no.' 'Then you are all fools, heh? 'Ha, ha, ha!' went Miss Minnikin. 'Dat is very coot chokes,' said the Jew. 'Why, I say, Moses,' said the man that was affronted, 'are you a bull or a bear? damme, I thinks you look more like a monkey. And you, Miss Dolly Drylips, take a reef in your periwig, and clap a stopper on your muzzle; clue up the plaits in your jaw-bags, and give your tongue leave of absence. About ship—helm's alee—here she comes.']

So we made t'other tack, and lay gunnel-to,
Which soon gave a damp to our joy;
Miss Minnikin squall'd—'Mine Cot!' cried the Jew.
Sing who so blithe as we,
Who take a voyage to sea,
On board of a Margate hoy.

The company's merriment now out of joint,
And their tattlers not moving so quick,
Scarce right a-head did we twig Cuckold's Point,
But the Alderman 'gan to be sick:
Then we'd like to fall foul of an oyster-smack,
The wind freshing towards the Nore;
Then, stretching too far on the larboard tack,
By and by we came bump ashore.

['Ah, we shall all be cast away! My poor dear pattern cap.' 'Cash'd away! What shall I do to be shaved?' 'Why, faith!' said I, 'I fancy we shall have a touch of the salt water before we get to Margate.' 'Yes, sir,' said the Doctor; 'not that I have any quarrel with death; but I am afraid we shall take in too large a dose.' 'How do you do, Sir Phelim?' 'Arrah! I should be well enough if I was not so cursedly sick.' She rights, she rights!]

Next a gale coming on, we did preciously kick,
Which finish'd completely our joy!
'Twas, 'Madam, how d'ye do?'—'Oh! I am monstrously sick.'
Sing who so blithe as we,
Who take a voyage to sea,
Aboard of a Margate hoy.

And now 'twould have made a philosopher grin,
To have seen such a concourse of muns;
Sick as death, wet as muck, from the heel to the chin,
For it came on to blow great guns;
Spoil'd clothes and provisions now clogg'd up the way,
In a dreary and boisterous night;
While apparently dead ev'ry passenger lay
With the sickness, but more with the fright.

['Oh, oh! I wish I was at home in my bed!' 'Oh, that I was a hundred miles off!' 'Mashy upon my shins.' 'Oh, oh! will nobody throw me overboard!' 'Avast, there.' 'Ah, my poor dear pattern cap's blown into the pond!' 'Oh, my soul! what a devil of a sickness!' 'Arrah, stop the ship!—let me out!' 'Sir, would you be so kind as to be after handing me a caudle-cup?' 'Land! land! upon the starboard bow.'

At last, after turning on two or three tacks,
Margate lights soon restor'd all our joy;
The men found their stomachs, the women their clacks.
Sing who so blithe as we,
Who take a voyage to sea,
Aboard of a Margate Hoy.

NED THAT DIED AT SEA.

Give ear to me, both high and low;
And while you mourn hard Fate's decree,
Lament a tale, right full of woe,
Of comely Ned that died at sea.

His father was a commodore;
His King and country serv'd had he;
But now his tears in torrents pour,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

His sister Peg her brother lov'd,
For a right tender heart had she;
And often to strong grief was mov'd,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

His sweetheart, Grace, once blithe and gay,
That led the dance upon the lea,
Now wastes in tears the ling'ring day,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

His friends, who lov'd his manly worth,—
For none more friends could boast than he,—
To mourn now lay aside their mirth,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

Come, then, and join, with friendly tear,
The song that, 'midst of all our glee,
We from our hearts chaunt once a year,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

THE LADS OF THE GLEN.

My grandfather's grandfather, valiant and stout,
A Briton, ere lux'ry imported the gout,
In the field, in the ball-room, or scamp'ring o'er rocks,
Could give chase to the foe, or the fair, or the fox:

A band of choice friends, at the sound of his horn,
Sallied forth, blithe and buxom, to hail the fair morn;
All lusty, and noble, and true and tried men,
And call'd, for distinction, the Lads of the Glen.

Shall I tell you their names? There was bold Alfred Howe,
Sprung from Guy Earl of Warwick, who hunted a cow;
And then, on his courser, came valiant Sir Hugh,
Born from that London 'prentice two lions that slew:
Next that there devil, Hengist, with target and gorge,
Worn, his ancestors write, by the mighty St. George;
Then Owen ap Rice, who again and again
Had been in at the death with the Lads of the Glen.

Next Percy came on, born of that noble race
Who accomplish'd such wonders at fam'd Chevy Chase;
Then Orson the jolly, a bold daring elf,
Sprung from Arthur—nay, some say, from Nimrod himself;
Edwin, Glanville, and Huntingdon, sound men and good,
The last the great-grandson of bold Robin Hood:
To these add my ancestor, making just ten,
And you'll get the whole list of the Lads of the Glen.

'Tis writ in fair characters, now, in the hall,
What a chase they were led the sly fox to inthral!
He ran 'em at length, and then hard at a push,
And now they're miles from him, and now at his brush:
Till the dogs are so weary, that, panting for breath,
They o'ertake him, but cannot accomplish his death.
Britons spare prostrate foes,—so they loos'd him again,
To afford future sport for the Lads of the Glen.

Thus, rational pleasure was all their delight:
They'd hunt in the morning, and revel at night;
Fair truth and pure honour dwelt proud in each breast,
And kind hospitality set up her rest;
And from their gay board never yet was the day
When the poor and the hungry went empty away.
Britons all have true hearts; yet 'tis hard to say when
We shall e'er see the like of the Lads of the Glen.

Then charge high your bumpers,—in chorus loud sing;
Like true subjects, let 's all drink a health to the King;
He 's a sportsman himself, and long, long may the chase
Give him health to behold his illustrious race:
And would ye, ye Britons, your honour insure,
As firm as your courage, your rectitude pure,
His virtues but emulate; soon shall, again,
Return the good times of the Lads of the Glen.

LEAP-YEAR.

Come round me, ye lasses, and lend me an ear,—
The almanack says, ninety-six is leap-year.
'Leap-year,' cries our Margery, 'well, numskull, what then?'
'Why, wounds, don't the women go courting the men?
And they 'll make the best o'nt, and not stand hum drum,
For they won't get another for eight years to come.
Come, ladies, a truce to each maidenish fear,—
Kiss the fellows, and wish them a happy new year.'

See the sly little toads, how they ogle and grin,—
'That 's right, squeeze his hand, chuck un under the chin;'
See that shrimp with that giant there prattle and toy—
'You're a dev'lish fine fellow—nay, don't be so coy:'
Then she smirks, and she pats him, and so this the trade is;
'Cod, these leap-years be nice times for the ladies.
That's right—how they snigger, and simper, and leer!
Kiss 'em up, girls, and wish 'em a happy new year.

Then as there's no Jack but he finds out his Jill,
Who knows, heh! but I may of love get my fill.
Let 'em come—who 's afraid! wounds, as stout as they be,
I should like for to catch them a courting of me.
She that chooses me out as a person of taste,
I can tell her, will find me not very sham'd-fac'd,—
'What dost tell me?' says I,—'that thou lov'st me, my dear?
Ge 's a buss, then, and wish me a happy new year.'

But, wounds! while I jokes so in this merry fit,
I maunt let my tongue, d'ye see, run 'fore my wit;
For, howe'er one may laugh 'bout the girls and be free,
They have more sense by half in these matters than we.
Give a woman her way, and I'll wager upon her,
She leaves fopp'ry and nonsense, to choose truth and honour;
And he may well brag, and his head high up rear,
Whom she kisses, and wishes a happy new year.

Then as each British beauty be constant and loyal;
So much do they dote on his Majesty royal,
That now they got leave for to do what they pleases,
'Cod! if 'twere not for shame, they'd all kiss un to pieces.
So, as loyalty, truth, and each generous duty,
Be learnt to we men-folks by sweetness and beauty,
Let us not be out-done in our own proper sphere,
But let love merit love, and each year be leap-year.

KICKARABOO.

Poor negro say one ting—you no take offence,
Black and white be one colour a hundred years hence;
For when massa Death kick him into the grave,
He no spare negro, buckra, nor massa, nor slave.

Then dance, and then sing, and the banjer thrum thrum,
He foolish to tink what to-morrow may come;
Lily laugh and be fat, de best ting you can do,—
Time enough to be sad when you Kickaraboo.

One massa, one slave, high and low, all degrees,
Can be happy, dance, sing, make all pleasure him please;
One slave be one massa, he good, honest, brave;
One massa, bad, wicked, be worse than one slave:
If your heart tell you good, you all happy, all well;
If bad, he plague vex you, worse and a hell:
Let your heart make you merry, then, honest and true,
And you no care no farthing for Kickaraboo.

One game me see massa him play, him call chess,
King, queen, bishop, knight, castle, all in a mess;
King kill knight, queen bishop, men castle throw down,
Like card-soldiers him scatter, all lie on a ground.
And when the game over, king, bishop, tag, rag,
Queen, knight, all together him go in a bag:—
So in life's game at chess, when no more we can do,
Massa Death bring one bag, and we Kickaraboo.

Then be good, what you am never mind de degree;
Lily flow'r good for somewhat as well as great tree:
You one slave be no use to be sulky and sly;
Worky, worky, perhaps you one massa by'm by.
Savee good and be poor make you act better part,
Than be rich in a pocket and poor in a heart;
Though ever so low, do your duty for true,
All your friend drop one tear when you Kickaraboo.

FINALE.

Come, all who love
Through pleasure's grove
To take your merry rambles,—
Whose hearts so free
Confirm your glee,—
Join in our Christmas gambols.
See the lads and lasses wind
In mazy lab'rinth dancing,
The harmless feelings of the mind
The gen'ral joy enhancing.
The world's vicissitudes they trace,
As they the figure measure;
Variety and change of place
Still giving zest to pleasure.
Come all who love, &c.

The merry hunters and the horn
That oft have wak'd Aurora,
T' unlock the treasures of the morn
Through the domain of Flora;
Next in quaint form, and vestments gay,
Comes many a morris-dancer;
While bells that ring, and flutes that play,
In merry cadence answer.
Come all who love, &c.

The pipe and tabor's sprightly tone,
The organ's sound sonorous,
The comic bagpipe, and the drone,
Shall join the swelling chorus.
The piercing fife and deafening drum,
For honest hearts recruiting,
To join the mingling sound shall come,
Of singing, fiddling, fluting.
Come, then, who love, &c.

At length the trumpet's cheerful call
Sounds to the feast of pleasure,
When in the hospitable hall
Plenty unlades her treasure.
See Father Christmas pleas'd appear,
To crown our institution;
While circling goes the humming beer,
In sportive revolution.
Come, then, who love, &c.

From the General Election.

[The cellars of the premises which Dibdin had hitherto occupied in the Strand, were let to a wine-merchant; whose barrels and cellarmen were so sore an annoyance, that, after vainly endeavouring to cure the evil by indicting the whole troop of bottle-washers for a gross assault upon his people, Dibdin determined to remove his quarters altogether. Leicester Place was then just completed, excepting a chasm which seemed exactly fitted for the site of the kind of theatre he desired. In twelve weeks from the laying the first stone, the building was ready for occupation; and on the 8th of October, the season commenced with an entertainment called 'The General Election,' which contained the following songs.]

LOVE'S LESSON.

Nay, never upbraid me that false was each oath,
When to cherish love's flame and be constant I swore:
You say I meant neither;—I say I meant both;
So our quarrel's the sense of a word, nothing more.
On a moment's reflection, you'd surely have found
That love's flame is but lambent, and puff'd out at will:
Nay, the great globe itself, that so long has turn'd round,
When time shall have stopp'd its career, will stand still.
Never ask, then, when lovers tell tales in your ear,
Who is rapt'rous or ardent, but who is sincere.

If the nonsense of love by the letter you take,
Like ideas in dreams, that bewilder the mind,
The undeceiv'd senses, once fairly awake,
Those which substances seem'd flitting shadows shall find:
Eyes are stars, charms are heav'n! hear him swear it aloud
That his love shall, ye gods, to eternity last;
Stars and heav'n are eclips'd by inconstancy's cloud,
And in one little month love's eternity's past.
Take heed, then, when lovers tell tales in your ear,
Not who's rapt'rous or ardent, but who is sincere.

To be honest, I'm chang'd, since the truth I must
own:
I at least speak sincerely, and so you shall find;
*What was madness in love now to reason is grown;
What enslav'd my fond heart now imprisons my
mind;
What was passion's now prudence; what frenzy,
delight;
What transient, will now last till sense is no more;
And all those sweet charms in your mind which
unite,
And that once I but ardently lov'd, I adore.
Ye fair! would ye prize, then, this lesson ye hear,
Believe no protestations but what are sincere.

THE IRISH WEDDING.

Sure, won't you hear
What roaring cheer
Was spread at Paddy's wedding, O!
And how so gay
They spent the day,
From the churching to the bedding, O!
First, book in hand, came Father Quipes,
With the bride's dadda, the bailey, O!
While all the way to church the pipes
Struck up a lilt so gayly, O!

Then there was Mat,
And sturdy Pat,
And merry Morgan Murphy, O!
And Murdock Mags,
And Tirlogh Skaggs,
Macloclan, and Dick Durfey, O!
And then the girls, dress'd out in wipes,
Led on by Tad O'Reilly, O!
All jigging, as the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gayly, O!

When Pat was ask'd
Would his love last?
The chancel echoed wid laughter, O!
'Arrah, fait!' cried Pat,
'You may say dat,
To the end of the world and after, O!'

Then tenderly her hand he gripes,
And kisses her genteelly, O!
While all in tune the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gayly, O!

Now a roaring set
At dinner are met,
So frolicksome and so frisky, O!
Poratoes galore,
A skirraig or more,
And a flowing madder of whisky, O!
To the bride's dear health round went the swipes,
That her joys might be nightly and daily, O!
And still, as they guttled, the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gayly, O!

And then, at night,
O what delight
To see them all footing and prancing O!
An opera or ball
Were nothing at all,
Compar'd to the style of their dancing, O!
And then to see old father Quipes
Beat time with his shelaly, O!
While the chanter wid his merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gayly, O!

And now the knot
So tipsy are got
They'll all go to sleep without rocking, O!
So the bridemaids fair
Now gravely prepare
For throwing of the stocking, O!
And round, to be sure, didn't go the swipes
At the bride's expense so freely, O!
While to wish them good night the merry pipes
Struck up a lilt so gayly, O!

JACK'S CLAIM TO POLL.

Wouldst know, my lad, why ev'ry tar
Finds with his lass such cheer?
'Tis all because he nobly goes,
And braves each boist'rous gale that blows,
To fetch, from climates near and far,
Her messes and her gear.
For this around the world sails Jack,
While love his bosom warms;
For this, when safe and sound come back,
Poll takes him to her arms.

Ere Poll can make the kettle boil
For breakfast, out at sea
Two voyages long her Jack must sail,
Encount'ring many a boist'rous gale,—
For the sugar to some western isle,
To China for the tea.
To please her taste, thus faithful Jack
Braves dangers and alarms;
While grateful, safe and sound come back,
Poll takes him to her arms.

* They who love to trace 'parallel passages,' may not object to the insertion in this place of Moore's beautiful song, 'Oh, no! not e'en when first we lov'd,' in which the idea embodied in these two last verses is very tenderly and sweetly expressed and exemplified:

'Oh, no! not e'en when first we lov'd,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art,—
Thy beauty then my senses mov'd,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but passion's sigh before,
Has since been turn'd to reason's vow;
And though I then might love thee more,
Trust me, I love thee better now.

Although my heart, in earlier youth,
Might kindle with more wild desire
Believe me, it has gain'd in trut
Much more than it has lost in fire
The flame now warms my inmost core
That then but sparkled on my brow;
And though I seem'd to love thee m re
Trus me, I love thee better now.'

Morocco shoes her Jack provides,
To see her lightly tread;
Her petticoat, of orient hue,
And snow-white gown, in India grew;
Her bosom Barcelona hides,
Leghorn adorns her head.
Thus round the world sails faithful Jack,
To deck his fair one's charms;
Thus grateful, safe and sound come back,
Poll takes him to her arms.

NANCY DEAR.

Why should the sailor take a wife,
Since he was born to roam,
And lead at sea a wand'ring life,
Far from his friends and home?
When fate comes riding in the gale,
And dreadful hurricanes assail
The tar's astonish'd ear;
How could he resolution form,
How, whistling, mock the roaring storm,
But for his Nancy dear?

For battle should the ship be clear'd,
As death when all is still,
Save from some tar a murm'ring 's heard,
Who sighs and makes his will.
'My watch, my 'bacco-pouch, I give
To Tom for her, should I not live,
To my fond heart so near.'
Nor could he smile, the fight grown hot,
And, whistling, mock the flying shot,
But for his Nancy dear.

When hissing flames now reach the sky,
Now in the ocean dip,
And, as to climb the shrouds they fly,
Grasp the devoted ship;
How, while a yawning wat'ry grave,
Sole chance from fire the crew to save,
Threats, could he calm appear;
How quit the vessel scarce afloat,
How, whistling, board the crowded boat,
But for his Nancy dear?

When shipwreck'd, many leagues from home,
The remnant of the crew
Bewail some Dick, or Jack, or Tom,
Who well they lov'd and knew;
And while by strangers kindly fed,
Who, as they hear the story, spread
Their hospitable cheer,—
How could he on such mis'ry think,
Yet, whistling, put about the drink,
But for his Nancy dear?

And last, when hungry, faint, and sore,
Through danger and delay,
Forc'd, hard extreme, from door to door
To beg his vagrant way:—
But see! his toils are all forgot:
Hark, hark! within her humble cot
In accents sweet and clear,
She sings the subject of her pain,—
He, whistling, echoes back the strain
He taught his Nancy dear.

IRISH ECHO.

'Gentle echo, I'd fain have you to chant wid me.'
'Well, mister stranger, and what do you want wid me?'
'I'm dying for love; will the nymph be complying?'
'Fait! dere 's many in love, but dere 's few that are dying.'
'Will the girl that I marry have plenty of rhino?'
'Fait and troth, now, my soul! how the devil do I know?'
'Oh, fie! stupid echo! you're greatly to blame,
To let me go back just as wise as I came.

'Will you give me an answer? I've questions in plenty.'
'One by one, all together, my soul! were there twenty.'
'I shall tempt her, d'ye see, wid my parson, my honey!'
'Don't you think that 'twere better to tempt her wid money?'
'If I marry, d'ye think I'll wear horns on my mazzard?'
''Fait and troth! Paddy Whack, now, and that's all hap-hazard.'
'Indeed! stupid echo! you're greatly to blame,
To let me go back just as wise as I came.

'If I marry my love, ah! how bless'd will it make me!'
'Arrah! is 't for a conj'ror, my soul! that you take me?'
'Shall I wed, or do worse? come, once more will I try you.'
'Fait! that 's just as you please, but do worse I defy you.'
'If a devil, shall I quickly to t'other world drive her?'
'Why, she'll die before you, if you chance to survive her.'
'What a taef of an echo! you're greatly to blame,
Still to let me go back just as wise as I came.

'You're a devil of an echo!' 'You're a troublesome stranger!'
'Could I find you, I'd beat you.' 'Arrah, fait! there's no danger.'
'Why, you've giv'n me no answer.' 'Yes, ten metaphorical.'
'Phoo! phoo! you're quite stupid.' 'I say I'm an oracle!
From whom you would learn, did you reason inherit,
Not to trust to a sound, but rely on your merit.'
'Thanks, thanks, gentle echo! you've not been to blame,
For now I go back much more wise than I came.'

THE TIE-WIG VOLUNTEERS.

Don't I sing of the lawyers in penalties bound,
'Stead of stretching of necks, to cut throats?
Don't you know they have thrown off the wig and black gown,
And manfully put on red coats?
Sing boderum schite, and big wigs with three tails,
Still action and batt'ry 's the word;
Poor blind Justice they first swindled out of her scales,
Now they've swindled her out of her sword.

If the more suits you have the more naked you are,
Nabb'd at law, and you lose though you win;
Should a lawyer but once nab a pris'ner of war,
Slips of parchment he'd make of his skin.
Sing boderum schite, and big wigs with three tails,
Still cutting and slashing 's the word:
Poor blind Justice, &c.

Then should he a pris'ner become in war's strife,
Oh, for pleading, fait! let him alone;
'Twould be strange he that 's pleaded for many a queer life,
Should not know how to plead for his own.
Sing boderum schite, and big wigs with three tails,
Still cunning and craft is the word;
Poor dear Justice, &c.

Then for risks, 'fait! the devil a diff'rence I spy;
Both are tutor'd to fight at the leg;
To be sure, a good bullet may knock out an eye,
And fait! so may a good addled egg:
Sing boderum schite, and big wigs with three tails,
Still pepp'ring and pelting 's the word:
Poor dear Justice, &c.

And then what a glorious ting, if these elves,
Sent on service, beyond sea should roam!
They 'd not only, you know, be transported themselves,
But fait! so would all those left at home:
Sing boderum schite, and big wigs with three tails,
Still ejecting and ousting 's the word:
Poor dear Justice, &c.

Then beat up for recruits in this hon'rable corps,—
Let me tell you none at it should scoff;
Our property will be secure more and more,
As the lawyers, my soul, are kill'd off.
Sing boderum schite, and big wigs with three tails,
Still action and batt'ry 's the word;
Not contented with swindling poor Justice's scales,
Now they 've swindled her out of her sword.

NEGRO PHILOSOPHY.

One Negro come from Jenny land,
Buckra say he buy um,
Give twenty Joe de owner hand,
Take um home and try um.

Chingaring, chingaring, never mind,
No friend, no kind relations,
One creber fellow, for mankind,
First invented patience.
De overseer wid one cart-whip
So hard he fum and jerk ye,
Like pea on drumhead make you skip,
You no worky, worky.

Massa one bit of ground bestow,
Make negro work a Sunday;
Soon something good begin to grow,
Take it away a Monday.
Chingaring, chingaring, never mind,
No use to fret about it;
Buckra yam, but negrokind
Forc'd to go widout it.
Nothing to do but lie down flat,
While overseer he jerk ye;
No peace, no sleep, no yam, get fat,
And after worky, worky.

Cudgo for wife young Quashy take,
She got bamboo for all clothes;
Lily cuckold massa make,
Quashy wear a small clothes.
Chingaring, chingaring, never mind!
What done can't be prevented:
Buckra, well, a negrokind
Wear horns and be contented.
As much you please you go to play,
Overseer no jerk ye,
So four-and-twenty hours a day
Hard you worky, worky.

Then, 'cause so sweet he lead him life,
Poor negro come from Jenny,
Get cruel massa, scolding wife,
And squalling pickaninny.
Chingaring, chingaring, never mind!
No use to make a pother:
If he can't peace in this world find,
Some time he go a t'other.
Then let um wait till that world come,
Where overseers no jerk ye,
Meet sissy Quashy, uncle Tom,
Nor more to worky, worky.

THE SAILOR'S MAXIM.

Or us tars 'tis reported again and again,
That we sail round the world and know nothing of men;
And if this assertion is made with a view
To prove sailors know naught of men's follies, 'tis true:
How should Jack practise treach'ry, disguise, or foul art,
In whose honest face you may read his fair heart;
Of that maxim still ready example to give—
Better death earn'd with honour than ignobly to live?

How can he wholesome truth's admonitions defy,
On whose manly brow never sat a foul lie?
Of the fair born protector, how virtue offend?
To a foe how be cruel? how ruin a friend?
If danger he risk in professional strife,
There his honour is safe, though he venture his life;
Of that maxim, &c.

But to put it at worst: from fair truth could he swerve,
And betray the kind friend he pretended to serve,
While snares laid with craft his fair honour trepan,
Man betray him to error, himself but a man,—
Should repentance and shame to his aid come too late,
Wonder not if in battle he rush on his fate;
Of that maxim, &c.

CHEAP EXPERIENCE.

I WERE but in our village a country clown,
A lout for the folks all to mock at;
So I runn'd away, and I com'd to town
With a guinea that burn'd in my pocket.

For they told me in Lunnun—'tis true now, indeed,—
They have guineas so rife and so plenty,
That he that were cunning could make them breed,
Till out of one he hatch'd twenty.

With one in the street I went halves in a ring,
So my guinea I gov'd to have all on't;
I thought at least ten pounds 'twould bring,
But they would not give nothing at all on't.

'Here's your guinea,' said one. 'For what?' cried I:
Would ye think it? the reprobate sinner
Said, if I would be guilty of perjury,
That guinea should buy me a dinner.

'You're a nice one,' said I, 'and that I do say;
Why it only myself would be cheating;
You do want for to take my stomach away,
And then for to set me to eating.'

Another com'd by,—'tis true, on my life,—
Said he now, no worse nor no better,
'I'd fain run away with my neighbour's wife,—
Take this guinea, and gove her a letter.'

'Thou'rt a rogue and a fool, and so there's an end;
Where the dickens thy consience didst harden?
Thoud'st give me a guinea to cheat thy friend
Of a woman that en't worth a varden.'

One would give me a guinea for slipping a card,
To be roguish so much all their boast is;
And one fellow said I mun rob a church-yard,—
Wounds! I trembled for fear of the ghostes.

So the more one zees the more one may
Of good folks that the wicked make fun on;
And, i'cod! ten't for nothing that people do zay,—
'As sure as the devil 's in Lunnun.'

So at last I come back, and I know'd they'd all laugh:
'Good folks,' said I, 'though but a ninny,
Better come home a fool than a knave by half,—
My experience has cost but a guinea.'

MEG OF WAPPING.

'TWAS Landlady Meg that made such rare flip,—
Pull away, pull away, hearties!
At Wapping she liv'd, at the sign of the Ship,
Where tars meet in such jolly parties.
She'd shine at the play, and she'd jig at the ball,
All rigg'd out so gay and so topping;
For she married six husbands, and buried them all,
Pull away, pull away, pull away!
I say;
What d'ye think of my Meg of Wapping?

The first was Old Bluff with a swingeing large purse;
Pull away, pull away, jolly boys!
He was cast away;—said Meg, 'Who cares a curse?
As for grieving, why, Lord! that's a folly, boys.'
The second in command was blear-ey'd Ned;
While the surgeon his limb was a lopping,
A nine-pounder came, and smack went his head,—
Pull away, pull away, pull away!
I say;
Rare news for my Meg of Wapping!

Then she married to Sam, and Sam lov'd a sup,
Pull away, pull away, brother!
So groggy Sam got, and the ship blew up,
And Meg had to look for another:
The fourth was bold Ben, who at danger would smile,
Till his courage a crocodile stopping,
Made his breakfast on Ben on the banks of the Nile,—
Pull away, pull away, pull away!
I say;
What a fortunate Meg of Wapping!

Stay,—who was the fifth? Oh, 'twas Dick so neat;
Pull away, pull away, so merry!
And the savages Dick both kill'd and eat,
And poor Meg she was forc'd to take Jerry!
Death again stood her friend; for, kill'd in a fray,
He also the grave chanc'd to pop in;
So now with my song I shall soon belay,—
Pull away, pull away, pull away!
Belay!
The six husbands of Meg of Wapping.

But I did not tell you how that she married sev'n,
Pull away, pull away, so neatly!
'Twas honest Tom Trip, and he sent her to heav'n,
And her strong-box rummag'd sweetly:
For Meg, growing old, a fond dotard prov'd,
And must after a boy needs be hopping;
So she popp'd off—and Tom, with the girl that he lov'd,—
Pull away, pull away, pull away!
I say,—
Spent the shiners of Meg of Wapping.

THE RUSTIC ORPHEUS.

I IN music delighted e'er sin' I could speak:
Did a hautboy but hoot, or a fiddle but squeak,
I was all, as a body may say, in alarms;
But when the loud trumpet to our town com'd,
And the soldiers all march'd, and they fif'd and they drumm'd,
And the sun shone so woundily bright on their arms:
Odds niggers! how grand and howglorious the sight!
One was deafen'd and stunn'd with the very delight:
Row dow went the drum, the trumpet cried toot,
And then they'd make ready, and fire, and shoot.
But more it does my fancy suit
To hear the murm'ring dove,
Or else the notes of the charming flute,
That featly,
Sweetly,
So makes a body think of love.

I loves horritories, and solos, and tones,
And concertos, and crashes, and bagpipes, and drones;
Then for uproars and jews-harps I'm all in a rage!
Then I likes, when with trumpets, salt-boxes, and drums,
So droll and so 'cute Mister Merryman comes,
And the mountebank doctor appears on the stage:
When to call back the bees, they the frying-pans thrum,
Or the bells loud proclaim that the 'squire's just come;
I so joyous could listen from morning to night,
And so 'tis but music, be stunn'd with delight.
Yet more, &c.

The music of birds calls me up in the morn;
The huntsman' shark-forward is join'd by the horn;
Then scarcely the organs at church cease to play,
When a hugeous crack'd trumpet, and drum hard at strife,
Says the show-folks, and droll Master Punch and his wife,
For three-pence a-piece are just showing away:
In short, I be nothing but music all o'er;
From a pig in a gate, to the creak of a door,
Or a three-penny whistle, or bladder and string,
So 'tis music, I always am bless'd as a king.
Yet more, &c.

ANNE HATHEAWAYE.

[We need hardly remind the reader that Anne Hatheawaye was the maiden name of the wife of Shakspeare. The song was probably written for the Stratford Jubilee, if not actually performed there.]

WOULD ye be taughte, ye feather'd thronge,
In love's sweet notes to grace your song,
To charme the harte in thrilling lay,
Listen to my Anne Hatheawaye:
She hathe a way to singe so cleare,
Phœbus might wond'ring stop and hear;
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Anne Hathe a waye,
She hathe a waye,
Anne Hatheawaye;
To breathe delyght Anne Hathe a waye.

When envie's breathe and rancour's toothe
Do soil and bite faire worth and truthe,
And merite to distress betraye,
To soothe the soule Anne Hathe a waye:
She hathe a waye to chase despaire,
To heale all griefe, to cure all care,
Turne fouleste night to fairest daye;
Thou know'st, fonde harte, Anne Hathe a waye,
She hathe a waye,
Anne Hatheawaye;
To make grief bliss Anne Hathe a waye.

Talk not of gemmes the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyste,
The emeralde milde, the rubie gaye,—
Talke of mye gemme, Anne Hatheawaye:
She hathe a waye, with her bright eye,
Their various lustres to defie;
The jewel she, and the foile they,
So sweete to looke Anne Hathe a waye;
She hathe a waye,
Anne Hatheawaye;
To shame bryghte gemmes Anne Hathe a waye.

But to my fancie were it given
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven;
For, thoughe a mortal mayde of claye,
Angels might love Anne Hatheawaye:
She hathe a waye so to controule,
To rapture the imprison'd soule,
And sweeteste heaven on earth displaye,
That to be heaven Anne hathe a waye;
She hathe a waye,
Anne Hatheawaye;
To be heaven's self Anne Hathe a waye.

THE GOOD OF THE NATION.

AN Englishman's courage, his honour, his fame,
Like his own and the land's constitution,
Are in health so robust, and so apt to inflame,—
We quacks, to prevent involution,
Claim a privilege humours to thin and deterge,
By a nostrum yclept botheration,
And this plethoric habit to bring to death's verge,
And all for the good of the nation.

Should smiling prosperity beam through the land,
Golden Ceres profuse in her treasure,
We bother them with mildews, and blights at command,
And can vermin create at our pleasure:

Then our murrain and rot bother oxen and sheep,
And, that plenty may ne'er have duration,
We have bothering storms that sink ships in the deep,
And all for the good of the nation.

In circles domestic, lest bliss and content
Should make our good neighbours too happy,
We have philters and drugs ready mix'd up for vent,
To bother their wine and their nappy:
We attack their opinions, endanger their wits,
And by hint, shrug, and prognostication,
We bother old women, throw children in fits,
And all for the good of the nation.

Nor melody, harmony, unison, tune,
In the music of nature excites us;
When for both'ring we're in for't, we'd put out the moon,
And extinguish the sun 'cause he lights us:
So we thus bother on, till sometimes, do you see,
We make for our zeal expiation;
Why, sir, one 'Squire Ketch very near bother'd me,
And all for the good of the nation.

POPE JOAN.

The board is dress'd; come, deal away:
The trump's a club; come, who's to play?
'You're eldest hand, Miss Griskin!'—'Stay,
I'll play, sir, in a minute;
The three of hearts, and four and five,
And that's a stop, as I'm alive;
And now the nine, and then the ten,
And that I vow's a stop again.
I certainly shall win it;
The king of trumps,—let's see, what's there?—
I take up four;
And now the knave;—well, I declare,
That's just ten more;
I'll win the church, or lose the steeple.'

['Well, now, did you ever see anything like this? Ten upon the knave!' 'Lord, Miss, did you ever know a knave that was not rich?' 'Oh, well, if that's the case—]

I'll play the deuce, and that's a stop;
The four and five, and six and pop,—
I'm out! and so pay the people.'

'Now let me try if I can win;
The trump's a heart,—you're to begin;—'
'The four and five,'—'I can't come in,
'Tis really provoking;
I not a single thing can play;
I shall have for all my hand to pay;
Never was any thing so hard,—
I have not e'en a leading card!'
'Nay, 'tis no time for joking.'
'Well, I should like to change my place,—
I've not play'd one;
Eight cards, and ev'ry card an ace!
Of ill-luck what a run;
I shall be a bankrupt, I know.'

['Well, then, I have not a single card in my hand!' 'Lord, Madam, you have as many cards as any body else.' 'How can you joke so, did you ever see such luck in your life?' 'Well, my love, bad luck at cards, good luck in a husband.' 'Oh, now you talk of husbands, who did you say, Madam, was the happiest couple in the nation?']

'The King and Queen, and that's a stop;
The ace, and deuce, and tray, and pop,—
I'm out! so hand the rhino.'

'Come, don't despair, but try again;
The trump's a spade,—the nine and ten,—
You'll come in soon.'—'The Lord knows when!'
'That venture was a bold one!
'Tis now my turn,—the two, the three.'—
'Well, that's a charming thing for me:
The four, five, six, and seven, and eight.'
'You'll be out quickly at this rate,'—
'Oh, she deals, sir, with the Old One!'
'The game, in spite of all I try,
So turn'd about,
That I can see, with half an eye,
That to be out
I never shall be able.'

['Well, I had matrimony last time,—I shall have intrigue next, I suppose.' 'The natural consequence, ma'am.' 'I beg your pardon, but what unfortunate old gentlewoman were you talking about?']

'The Pope, ma'am, and that's a stop;
And now the two, and three, and pop,—
I'm out, and clear the table.'

THE MAD LOVER.

What if I'm mad! what if, in pain,
I rave, and rage, and reel;
What if my tears, like scalding rain,
Count ev'ry pang I feel;
Hadst thou fall'n victim to the art
Of some false lovely she,
Heav'n in her face, hell in her heart,
Thou hadst been mad like me.

I'm Ætna now,—my bowels burn,—
Demons the lava blow;
And now I'm Caucasus, and turn
A chilling mass of snow.
Fool! why dost laugh? where is the wit
With torture that makes free?
If hapless love thy brain had split,
Thou'dst freeze and burn like me.

On death's dread verge what though I stand,
Yet hold my hated life;
To dash me down no pitying hand,
No poison, cord, or knife;—
Strike to my heart! ah, treach'rous friend,
That wilt not set me free;
Didst thou thus linger near thy end,
Thou 'dst long to die like me.

MOUNSEER NONGTONGPAW.

John Bull for pastime took a prance,
Some time ago, to peep at France;
To talk of sciences and arts,
And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts.
Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,
And answer'd John in heathen Greek;
To all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw,
'Twas, *Monsieur, Je vous n'entends pas.*

John to the Palais Royal come,—
Its splendour almost struck him dumb;
I say, whose house is that there here?
Hosse! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur:
What Nongtongpaw again! cries John,—
This fellow is some mighty Don;
No doubt, h' as plenty for the maw:
I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw.

John saw Versailles from Marli's height,
And cried, astonish'd at the sight,
Whose fine estate is that there here?
Stat! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur:
His? What! the land and houses too?
The fellow 's richer than a Jew;
On ev'ry thing he lays his claw:
I should like to dine with Nongtongpaw.

Next tripping came a courtly fair;
John cried, enchanted with her air,
What lovely wench is that there here?
Ventch! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur:
What! he again? Upon my life!
A palace, lands, and then a wife
Sir Joshua might delight to draw:
I should like to sup with Nongtongpaw.

But hold,—whose fun'ral 's that? cries John:
Je vous n'entends pas: What! is he gone?
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
Poor Nongtongpaw, then, from the grave:
His race is run, his game is up;
I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup:
But since he chooses to withdraw,
Good night t'ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw.

From the Sphinx.

A SALT EEL FOR MYNHEER.

Why, Jack, my fine fellow, here 's glorious news!
Lord, I could have told 'em as much;
That the devil himself durst not stand in their shoes,
If Duncan fell in with the Dutch!
What heart in the kingdom can now feel dismay?
Nine sail of the line!—not amiss:
While they shrug up their shoulders and snuff it away,
How the Mounseers will jabber at this:

No! while English bosoms boast English hearts,
We'll tip 'em all round a touch;
While with ardour each starts that nothing can quench,
We'll bang the Spaniards,
Belabour the Dutch,
And block up and laugh at the French.

Now the French, while in harbour so snug and so sly,
'Bout their courage they make a fine rout;
If they'd have the whole world not believe it a lie,
Then, damme! why don't they come out?
Because, though they brag that so boldly they feel,
They are all of them trembling for fear,
Lest from Bridport they get such another salt eel,
As brave Duncan prepar'd for Mynheer.
No, while, &c.

Let French, Spanish, and Dutch lay together their heads,
And of beating the English brag;
That they'll sail up the Thames, take us all in our beds,
And hoist on the Tower their flag:
'Oui, oui,' cries Mounseer; 'Si Signor,' says the Don;
Mynheer smokes his pipe and cries, 'Yaw;'
But when Jervis, or Duncan, or Bridport come on,
They are damnably sick in the craw.
No, while, &c.

Your true honest maxim I've heard them commend,
Is the nation you live in to sing:
Where your property, children, your wife, and your friend,
Are the care of their father the king:
The man then, so bless'd, who disseminates strife,
Deserves, while he sinks in disgrace,
Neither king to protect him, to love him a wife,
Nor children to smile in his face.
No, while, &c.

DUNCAN AND VICTORY.

Again the willing trump of fame
Receives from bounteous Heav'n a claim
Around glad Nature's sons to call,
And wake with wonder the terrestrial ball:
Strike shudd'ring France, and harrow'd Spain,
With Duncan's thunder, and Britannia's reign,
Confirm'd, anew, her empire o'er the main.
Sing, Britons, sing, prizing what Fate has giv'n,
Union, content, and gratitude to Heav'n.

October the eleventh, at nine,
Neptune beheld the British line:
And lest his honours, so long worn,
Should from our ever-conquering flag be torn,
Dismay to France, horror to Spain,
Bade Duncan's thunder great Britannia's reign
Proclaim anew—the sov'reign of the main.
Sing, Britons, sing, &c.

Fate warred on that momentous day,—
Three hours nine ships saw captur'd lay:
Vain Holland's dream of pow'r 's no more!
Her conquer'd fleet shall grace the British shore.
Droop, fearful France,—sink, trembling Spain,
Duncan in thunder great Britannia's reign
Proclaims anew—the sov'reign of the main.
Sing, Britons, sing, &c.

THE NANCY.

MAYHAP you have heard that, as dear as their lives,
All true-hearted tars love their ships and their wives;
To their duty like pitch sticking close till they die,
And whoe'er wants to know it, I'll tell 'em for why:
One through dangers and storms brings me safely ashore,
T'other welcomes me home when my danger is o'er;
Both smoothing the ups and the downs of this life,
For my ship's call'd the Nancy, and Nancy 's my wife.

When Nancy, my wife, o'er the lawn scuds so neat
And so light, the proud grass scarcely yields to her feet;
So rigg'd out and so lovely, t'ent easy to trace
Which is reddest—her top-knot, her shoes, or her face:
While the neighbours, to see her, forget all their cares,
And are pleas'd that she's mine, though they wish she was theirs.
Marvel not, then, to think of this joy of my life—
I my ship calls the Nancy, for Nancy 's my wife.

As for Nancy, my vessel, but see her in trim,
She seems through the ocean to fly, and not swim;
'Fore the wind, like a dolphin, she merrily plays,—
She goes any how well, but she looks best in stays.
Scudding, trying, or tacking, 'tis all one to she,
Mountain high, or sunk low in the trough of the sea:
She has sav'd me from many hard squeaks for my life,
So I call'd her the Nancy, 'cause Nancy 's my wife.

When so sweet in the dance careless glides my heart's queen,
She sets out, and sets in, far the best on the green;
So, of all the grand fleet my gay vessel 's the flow'r,
She outsails the whole tote by a knot in an hour.
Then they both sail so cheerful through life's varying breeze,
All hearts with such pilots must be at their ease;
Thus I've two kind protectors to watch me through life,
My good ship the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

Then these hands from protecting them who shall debar?
Ne'er ingratitude lurk'd in the heart of a tar;
Why, ev'rything female from peril to save
Is the noblest distinction that honours the brave.
While a rag, or a timber, or compass, I boast,
I'll protect the dear creatures against a whole host;
Still grateful to both to the end of my life,—
My good ship the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

THE LYRIC TEST.

COME, poet, come, thy song rehearse;
Bid the Pierian quire,
With all their magic pow'r of verse,
Supply thy playful lyre.
Delight me, poet! sing away;
Nor, in thy ardour, heed
Whether thy song be grave or gay:
Yet, wouldst thou boast my meed,
See that thy theme fair truths impart,
To sacred honour dear;
Give me the song that finds the heart
Transported through the ear.

It must have love, soft, tender, kind;
Love, true as truth can be;
Love, sweetest essence of the mind,
Or 'tis no song for me.
Let heav'nly friendship swell thy strain,
That cheers our little span;
The link in fair creation's chain
That man unites to man.
Whate'er thy theme, see it impart
Truths to fair honour dear;
Give me the song that finds the heart
Transported through the ear.

Come, sing of wine,—fill up the bowl;
Nor stinted, nor confin'd,
So wine exhilarate the soul
To humanize the mind.
And sing of war; paint the red field
Where thousands bite the dust,
To stern necessity that yield,—
But see thy quarrel 's just;
That so thy theme may truths impart,
To sacred honour dear:
Give me the song that finds the heart
Transported through the ear.

And let me laughter round me trace,
Care's menace to beguile;
There 's nothing calls the human face
Celestial, like a smile.
Nay, move the passions! do not fear,
In humour quaint and droll,
Till laughter's self a gen'rous tear
Force from the pitying soul.
Laugh, poet! laugh; but yet impart
Truths to fair honour dear:
The song for me must win the heart
In transport through the ear.

TRUE GLORY.

What is glory? what is fame?
That a shadow, this a name,
Restless mortals to deceive:
Are they renown'd, can they be great,
Who hurl their fellow-creatures' fate,
That mothers, children, wives, may grieve?
Ask smiling honour to proclaim
What is glory, what is fame;
Hark! the glad mandate strikes the list'ning ear;
'The truest glory to the bosom dear
Is when the soul starts soft compassion's tear.'

What are riches, pomp, and pow'r?
Gewgaws that endure their hour,
Wretched mortals to allure;
Can greatness reach the idly vain,
Indulging in the princely fane,
Deaf to the mis'ries of the poor?
Ask smiling reason to proclaim
What is glory, what is fame;
Hark! the sweet mandate strikes the list'ning ear:
'The truest glory to the bosom dear
Is when the soul starts soft compassion's tear.'

ALL'S ONE TO JACK.

Though mountains high the billows roll,
And angry ocean 's in a foam,
The sailor gaily slings the bowl,
And thinks on her he left at home.
Kind love his guardian spirit still,
His mind 's made up, come what come will:
Tempests may masts to splinters tear,
Sails and rigging go to rack,
So she loves him he loves so dear,
'Tis all one to Jack.

His friend in limbo should he find,
His wife and children brought to shame,
To ev'rything but kindness blind,
Jack signs his ruin with his name.
Friendship the worthy motive still,
His mind 's made up, come what come will;
The time come round, by hell-hounds press'd,
Goods, clothes, and person, go to rack;
But, since he succour'd the distress'd,
'Tis all one to Jack.

Once more at sea prepar'd to fight,
A friendly pledge, round goes the can;
And though large odds appear in sight,
He meets the danger like a man.
Honour his guardian spirit still,
His mind 's made up, come what come will;
Like some fierce lion, see him go
Where horror grim marks the attack!
So he can save a drowning foe,
'Tis all one to Jack.

And when at last—for tars and kings
Must find in death a peaceful home—
The shot its sure commission brings,
And of poor Jack the time is come,—
Cheerful his duty to fulfil,
His mind 's made up, come what come will;
The cannon 's pois'd, from its fell jaws
A fatal shot takes him aback;
But, since he died in honour's cause,
'Twas all one to Jack.

SMITHFIELD BARGAINS.

Come round me, ye husbands—come round me, ye wives,—
The thing's settled and done for the rest of your lives:
No more shall ye wedlock a slavery call,—
Little Smithfield, my soul, shall unmarry you all.
Come away, then, in troops, without further haranguing;
The same destiny waits upon marriage and hanging:
Then our minds from what torment the news must relieve!
When your neck 's in the halter you'll get a reprieve.

Ye young people who post to the blacksmith have been,
And, the honeymoon over, your folly have seen,
If the fetters of Hymen he forg'd you'd fain doff,
Come to Smithfield, my soul, and we'll soon knock 'em off.
What 's the fun of that pleasure for ever that 's smarting?
Sure, when folks live asunder, they 'd better be parting.
Just come and be sold, all your strife 'twill relieve,—
Tho' your neck 's in the halter, you'll get a reprieve.

See old Gripus and Hunks lay together their pates;
Let's marry our children,—I mean our estates;
These they call Smithfield bargains; and shall I be told,
That where anything's bought it ought not to be sold?
Then, if fair and above board the sale we connive at,
En't it better than sell it by contract in private?
Come, then, wives, and be sold; great 's the joy you 'll receive,
When your neck's in the halter, to get a reprieve.

No more the learn'd counsel lamenting, we 'll see,
Those profligate manners that bring him his fee;
Doctors' Commons, my soul, now hard commons affords,
And Smithfield shall kick out a bill in the Lords.
Let them all 'bout crim. con. and their damages battle,—
Smithfield 's sure the true place for the sale of horn'd cattle:
Come, then, wives, and be sold,—great 's the joy you 'll receive,
Tho' you 've mounted the ladder, to get a reprieve.

Marriage sometimes, I own, has delight without end:
This I 've nothing to do with; I only contend
In this traffic of carcasses truth says, we ought
That at Smithfield to sell that at Smithfield was bought.
If in wedlock you 're pleasure and comfort possessing,
As dear as your vitals, ah, cherish the blessing!
If a halter alone can your mis'ries relieve,
Come to Smithfield, my soul, and you 'll get a reprieve.

TOL DE ROL.

[This song is sometimes call'd—'Well, it's no worse.']

I WENT to sea all so fearlessly,
Broach'd my grog all so carelessly;
By and by, in a brush, I lost my arm,
Tol de rol, de rol de ri!
So says I,—
'T'was well 'twas no worse harm,—
Man 's but man, and there 's an end;
And since 'tis so,
E'en let it go;
I ne'er shall lift it 'gainst a friend.'

Next, a squall a tempest led off,
Enough to blow the devil's head off;
I got spilt, and that way lost my leg:
Tol de rol, de rol de ri!
So says I,—
'I must now be forc'd to beg:
Well, man 's but man,—that 's all I say;
So, in this plight,
If I can't fight,
For certain I can't run away.'

So, as if Old Nick was in it,
Something happen'd ev'ry minute;
Till, at last, poor I! they dous'd my glims;
Tol de rol, de rol de ri!
So says I,—
'Why, I've lost my eyes and limbs:
Well, the sails of life by time are furl'd!
'Twas Fate's decree,
That I mayn't see
The treach'ry of this wicked world.'

Things grew worser still, and worser;
Fortune, I had cause to curse her;
Coming home, I found I'd lost my wife:
Tol de rol, de rol de ri!
So says I,—
'I'd rather lost my life;
But we're all mortal—she was old:
Then why take on?
If so be she 's gone,
I ne'er again shall hear her scold.'

Now laid up in Greenwich quarter,
Chatham chest my right, by charter,
Being old, I've lost all but my tongue;
Tol de rol, de rol de ri!
So says I,—
'Twas not so when I was young;
But then,' says I again, 'you dunce!
Be fear afar
From ev'ry tar,—
Damme! a man can die but once.'

THE LABOURER'S WELCOME HOME.

THE ploughman whistles o'er the furrow,
The hedger joins the vacant strain,
The woodman sings the woodland thorough,
The shepherd's pipe delights the plain:
Where'er the anxious eye can roam,
Or ear receive the jocund pleasure,
Myriads of beings thronging flock,
Of Nature's song to join the measure;
Till, to keep time, the village clock
Sounds sweet the lab'rer's welcome home.

The hearth swept clean, his partner smiling,
Upon the shining table smokes
The frugal meal; while, time beguiling,
The ale the harmless jest provokes:
Ye inmates of the lofty dome,
Admire his lot—his children, playing,
To share his smiles around him flock;
And faithful Tray, since morn, that straying,
Trudg'd with him, till the village clock
Proclaim'd the lab'rer's welcome home.

The cheering fagot burnt to embers,
While lares round their vigils keep,
That Pow'r that poor and rich remembers,
Each thanks, and then retires to sleep:
And now the lark climbs heav'n's high dome,
Fresh from repose, toil's kind reliever;
And furnish'd with his daily stock,—
His dog, his staff, his keg, his beaver,—
He travels, till the village clock
Sounds sweet the lab'rer's welcome home.

CAPTAIN WATTLE AND MISS ROE.

DID you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love, and a little for the bottle.
We know not, though pains we have taken to inquire,
If gunpowder he invented, or the Thames set on fire;
If to him was the centre of gravity known,
The longitude, or the philosopher's stone;
Or whether he studied from Bacon or Boyle,
Copernicus, Locke, Katerfelto, or Hoyle;—
But this we have learn'd, with great labour and pain,
That he lov'd Miss Roe, and she lov'd him again.

Than sweet Miss Roe none e'er look'd fiercer:
She had but one eye, but that was a piercer.
We know not, for certainty, her education,—
If she wrote, mended stockings, or settled the nation;
At cards, if she lik'd whist and swabbers, or voles,
Or at dinner lov'd pig, or a steak on the coals;

Whether most of the Sappho she was, or Thalestris;
Or if dancing was taught her by Hopkins, or Vestris:
But, for your satisfaction, this good news we obtain,
That she lov'd Captain Wattle, and he lov'd her again.

When wedded, he became lord and master, depend on't;
He had but one leg, but he'd a foot at the end on't,
Which, of government when she would fain hold the bridle,
He took special caution should never lie idle;
So, like most married folks, 'twas 'My plague!' and 'My chicken!'
And sometimes a-kissing, and sometimes a-kicking;
Then, for comfort, a cordial she'd now and then try,
Alternately bunging, or piping her eye;—
And these facts of this couple the hist'ry contain;
For when he kick'd Miss Roe, she kick'd him again.

LOVE'S PROBATION.

'Tis said that love, the more 'tis tried,
Grows firmer, and lasts longer;
And when distress the knot has tied,
'Tis closer knit, and stronger.
She who with love's best joys would fain
That Fate should thus regale her,
Must share the peril and the pain
That mark the gallant sailor.

To hope in vain, in vain to sigh,
Deep sorrow to dissemble,
To shudder at each low'ring sky,
At ev'ry breeze to tremble,
While neither wishes, pray'rs, nor tears,
To ease her mind avail her,—
These dreadful trials speak her fears
Who loves a gallant sailor.

And now, her mis'ries to refine,
To Fate she 's forc'd to yield him;
For, with swoll'n eyes, she spells the line
Where newspapers have kill'd him:
This is the last of her alarms;
Cease, lovers, to bewail her;—
He comes! and in her trembling arms
She holds her gallant sailor.

THE ADVANTAGES OF TOPING.

Some say topers should never get mellow,
That a drunken man 's a stupid fellow;
For if 'tis true that he always sees double,
He 's twice his neighbour's portion of trouble.
But an argument soonest admits of digestion,
When you take the pleasant side of the question;
And if our lives by this standard we measure,
He 's twice his neighbour's portion of pleasure.
Then all get drunk if you wish to be happy,—
To shun pleasure that courts you is stupid and sappy.
Drink away! you'll be nobly repaid for your labour,—
Why, 'twill make you as happy again as your neighbour.

Suppose, while you're racking your piamater,
You've not cash enough to pay the waiter;
Why, what 's to do? get drunk, you ninny,—
'Twill make ten and sixpence appear like a guinea.
Then, if to do good you receive satisfaction,
How charming to think that, for ev'ry kind action,
Of conferring two you 'll have the employment:
And can any man show me a sweeter enjoyment?
Then all get drunk, &c.

Since friendship 's so rare and so bright a jewel,
To the fire of life that so kindly adds fuel,
With wine make your clay so moist, and so supple,
Instead of one friend, why you 'll meet with a couple;
Then, when you come home with the drink in your nappers,
How sweet of two wives to hear the clappers!
But that would be covetous out of season;
For one wife at a time is enough, in all reason.
Then all get drunk, &c.

Thus, were the world drunk, 'twould double their pleasure:
The drunken miser would double his treasure;
A city feast would have double the covers;
And ladies would double the list of their lovers:
With two sparks would miss be to Scotland eloping:
Parsons find two tithe-pigs, could we catch them a-toping;
The drunkard two bowls, as he 's drinking and roaring;
And if you were all drunk, you'd my song be encoring. Then all get drunk, &c.

THE COUNTRY CLUB.

Now we're all met here together,
In spite of wind and weather,
To moisten well our clay,
Before we think of jogging,
Let's take a cheerful noggin,—
Where's the waiter? ring away;
Bring the glees and the catches,
The tobacco-pipes and matches,
And plenty of brown stout;
Get the glasses: ere we start 'em,
Let's proceed secundem artem,—
Let the clerk all the names read out.

['Gentlemen of the Quizzical Society, please to answer to your names—Farmer Scroggins:' 'Why, I be here.' 'Dr. Horsleach:' 'Here.' 'Parson Paunch:' 'Here.' 'Tailor Tit:' 'Here.' So he goes on for about twenty. At last, you hear,—'Are you all assembled?' 'All, all, all, all, all.']

'So, here 's to you, Mister Wiggins;
Here 's to you, Mister Figgins;
So put the beer about.

'Come, tell us what the news is,
Who wins and who loses;
Of the times, what do people say?'
'Hard, hard, the landlord racks us,—
Then we've such a load of taxes.'
'Indeed! well! and how goes hay?'
'Why, now, there's Master Wise nan,
He told the exciseman,
That the cause of this pother and rout'—
'Order! order! and sobriety!
The rules of the society,
Let the secretary read 'em ou.'

['Every member of this society that spills his liquor in his neighbour's pocket shall forfeit twopence. Every member of this society that singes his neighbour's wig with his pipe shall forfeit twopence. Every member of this society that refuses to laugh at a good joke shall forfeit twopence. Every member of this society who reproaches his neighbour with coming to distress by unavoidable misfortunes shall forfeit twopence.' 'Mr. President, I move that this forfeit be a shilling.' 'And I second the motion.' 'Are you all agreed?' 'I am, unanimously.' 'A noble resolution.' 'D'ye think so?']

'Why, then, here's to you, Mr. Figgins;
Here 's to you, Mr. Higgins;
So put the beer about.'

And now the potent liquor
Not even spares the vicar,
But in all their noddles mounts;
While, among this set of queerers,
All talkers and no hearers,
Each his fav'rite tale recounts;—
The soldier talks of battle,
The grazier sells his cattle,
Conversation to provoke;
Till the juice of the barrel
Begets some curious quarrel,
While the company 's lost in smoke.

['Upon my soul, neighbour, I had no hand in the death of your wife; it was all in the way of business.' 'Nay, but, doctor, 'twere a cursed unneighbourly thing of you; not that the woman were any sitch great things, but to put a body to sitch an expense.' 'Why, you don't tell me so! killed fifteen with your own hand!' 'Fifteen, by my laurels.' 'D'ye hear that, butcher?' 'Hear it, yes: but I'll lay un what he dares, he has not killed so many as I have, by hundreds.' 'Powder my whiskers!' 'Come, come, gentlemen,' says the bellows-maker, 'no breezes!' 'Let me exhort you to temperance,' says the parson. 'Amen,' says the clerk. 'That's right,' says the undertaker; 'let us bury all animosity.' 'Now, that 's what I like,' said the fiddler; 'I like to see harmony restored.' 'D'ye, though? You like to see harmony restored—why then—']

'Here's to you, Mr. Higgins;
Here's to you, Mr. Wiggins;
So put the beer about.

GIVE AND TAKE.

True friendship, my jewel, 's but little defin'd;
But the devil a bull you'd be making,
If 'twere measur'd and squar'd by that rule of the mind,
That the people call giving and taking:
If you tell me I've humour, and wit, and all that,
D'ye think in your praise I'll be colder?
Arrah, fait! if for scratching my back you'd be at,
To be sure, I won't tickle your shoulder:
Sure, mutual indulgence true pleasure secures,—
If you joke, fait! why should I not banter?
Get astride of my hobby-horse—I shall mount yours,
And at a rare rate,
For the give and take plate,
Full gallop we'll go in a canter.

Arrah, nonsense! says you, with your bodder and game,
D'ye fancy that I'll be believing?
Night and day, black and white, fire and frost, are the same,—
How de devil can taking be giving?
Why suppose, now, Dame Fortune should choose, in her mirth,
To heap on you more than your measure;
Give the surplus away to some person of worth,
And you'd take—fait! a great deal of pleasure.
Through the world give and take all true pleasures combine;
For a joke, fait! I'll give you a banter;
Let me ride your hobby-horse, you shall mount mine, &c.

Why, en't give and take, with the fair, a fair tax?
If she 's cooing, fait! you must be billing;
And it's nat'ral enough: just permit me to ax,
Sure, en't twelvepence the change for a shilling?
You must praise this man's telegraph—that man's balloon,
If you'd have your due share of carney;
A true friend, without stockings, would walk to the moon,
If you'd feed him with plenty of blarney.
And the maxim 's the same, fait! with every quiz;
In my joke, by my troth! there 's no banter:
Let him ride your hobby-horse, you shall mount his, &c.

Take and give, give and take, ev'ry man has his price,
And you'll buy him, fait! if you're but trying;
And buying and selling, however you're nice,
After all, is but selling and buying.
Take and give, give and take, then, my soul! while you live,
But don't a mistake now be making,—
Only get the consent of your heart when you give,
And, fait! great 's the delight you'll be taking.
Observe, then, this rule in all human affairs,—
The rest is but bodder and banter;
Let them mount your hobby-horse, you shall ride their's, &c.

FREEDOM'S CONTRIBUTION.

[This song refers to the memorable public contribution, raised, after the failure of the then recent treaty for a peace with Napoleon Bonaparte, in order to carry on the war with vigour and efficiency. It was commenced at a public meeting convened in the Royal Exchange, Feb. 9, 1798, by Edward Kemble, Esq., an eccentric but highly respectable merchant, the father of the present member for East Surrey. For several weeks, he attended daily at an elevated desk in the Quadrangle of the Exchange for the purpose of receiving subscriptions. Being an ultra-Royalist, the Republicans of that day much ridiculed his zeal. He was a very tall fat man, and they sometimes, in derision, called him '*Baby*' Kemble, and sometimes '*Elephant*' Kemble. The contribution eventually amounted to 2,826,823*l.* exclusive of 139,332*l.* 15*s.* transmitted from the British Settlements in the East and West Indies, America, &c.]

All who of Britons bear the name,
And love the constitution,
Rank forward in the list of fame,
And join our contribution.
Round with the glass! let ev'ry health
Show frantic France her error,
Now, while our courage and our wealth
Her threats convert to terror.
Hark! union's drum, with cheerful sound,
Cries, 'Join the contribution!
Let ev'ry Briton rally round
The King and Constitution.'

Health to the King, the Lords, and those
Who represent the nation;
Nor may the trust we there repose
Experience variation:
But of their government display
Proportion in each feature:
True as the elements, that sway
The government of nature.
Hark! union's drum, &c.

To the army health! their pay who yield,
In this their country's quarrel,
To purchase nobly, in the field,
A never-fading laurel.
Health to our tars! who gave so free
Their mite,—while they defy 'em,—
To drive the French into the sea,
And all that may stand by 'em.
Hark! union's drum, &c.

Health to those churchmen! from these Turks
To save the constitution,
Who to their faith have added works,
And join'd the contribution.
Health to each lawyer who bestows
His fees with satisfaction,
Forcible entry to oppose
With battery and action!
Hark! union's drum, &c.

Health to the merchants of this land!
To stem this rude commotion,
Who nobly give, with lib'ral hand,
Still to command the ocean:
And health to ev'ry artisan,
And ev'ry child of labour,
Who, in this crisis, to a man,
Joins to protect his neighbour!
Hark! union's drum, &c.

Then, Britons! join with hand and heart,—
Come, trample on oppression;
To save the whole, bestow a part
Of each man's fair possession:
Till vict'ry ample justice brings,
Of joy to fill our measure;
And lovely peace, with silken wings,
Returns with ev'ry pleasure.
Hark! union's drum, &c.

MISS MUZ THE MILLINER, AND BOB THE BARBER.

Noted for lasses kind and sweet,
The neighb'ring hamlets us'd to name us;
And then, good-natur'd, trim, and neat,
Our little town for lads were famous.
All went on quietly and well;
We dress'd on holydays and highdays,
And listen'd careful to church-bell,
On Sundays, Saints' days, and Good Fridays:
Till, on a sudden, came from town—
I wonders how we gave um harbour—
Two toads, to turn us upside down,—
Miss Muz the milliner, and Bob the barber.

Away these devils went to work:
The men this fine Miss Muz run arter;
And as for Bob, the terrible Turk!
He courted ev'ry mother's dartur.
For Miss were dress'd, from head to feet,
So white, and slim, and fine, and smirking,
Zummut, d'ye zee, like a white sheet,
That I have zeed um stand at kirk in.
Then he 'd so dress, and zing, and play,
That ev'ry creature gov'd um harbour;
Till through the town 'twas who but they,
Miss Muz the milliner, and Bob the barber.

Short coats and trowsers now must deck
The clumsy limbs of ev'ry bumpkin,
While a towel form'd about the neck
A double chin, just like a pumpkin;
Till all the stumping awkward boors
Became such cap'rers and such jig-tails!
I've heard of dancing-dogs for sures,
But we have dancing clowns with pigtails.
Such stuff might make the devil sick;
I wonders how they gov'd um harbour;
But all the tippy and the kick
Were Miss Muz the milliner, and Bob the barber.

The women's hair seem'd gnaw'd by rats,
Instead of ringlets, careless flowing;
The pretty streamers on their hats
Were turn'd to posies all a blowing:

With flurigigs, beflounc'd and twirl'd,
See, while in crowds their fans they dandles,
So white, they look for all the world
Just like a walking pound of candles.
And then to see each bumpkin gape,
Agog such stupid stuff to harbour;
Dear! dear! 'tis so genteel to ape
Miss Muz the milliner, and Bob the barber.

At last we found that all this pride,
These flappets, trinkets, beads, and lockets,
Were not fit sport for clowns;—beside,
It fairly emptied all our pockets.
And so the plough that had stood still,
The wheat in barn that wanted thrashing,
The lazy team, the idle mill,
We took to as a better fashion.
The nine days' wonder o'er, each clown
Resolv'd no more reproach to harbour:
And so we hooted out of town
Miss Muz the Milliner, and Bob the barber.

THE KISS.

Though, ladies, to you I my verses inscribe,
Yet the kiss that I sing my fair truth should not bribe;
Prepare, then, a few honest strictures to hear,
On that theme that you ought both to love and to fear:
'Twixt nature and honour, that causes such strife,
Lest your bliss it destroy, or insure it for life;
As reason you hold, or from prudence depart,
For, remember, a kiss is the seal of the heart.

While your joy I promote, and your int'rest revere,
Let me warn you 'gainst those who at virtue can sneer;
Whose motives no firm bond of honour secures,—
A reproach to their own sex, who vilify yours.
Of this precipice rude should you stand on the brink,
Lest you luckless leap forward, ah! tremble and think;
From the flattering ruin indignantly start,
Nor sign with your lips, lest you seal with your heart.

But when delicate passion, attentively kind,
Alive in the heart, and confirm'd in the mind—
When, open as day, manly love stands reveal'd,
You gain in concession, and triumph to yield;
Hesitation were prudery,—your happiness sign;
Honour sanctions the terms, and the contract 's divine:
While Cupid cries slyly, still topping his part,
'Add a generous kiss—'tis the seal of the heart.'

MAIDS AND BACHELORS.

Ye maids and ye bachelors, come in a ring,—
My ditty to you I'm addressing:
Arrah! join me in rapturous chorus, and sing
That life you have found such a blessing:
Of wedlock, my soul, to keep out of the snares,
Oh, ye devils, you're getting a treasure;
For since staying single gets rid of the cares,
Never seem to be minding the pleasure:
Then far from your bosoms may sorrow be hurl'd!
What though in your views you've miscarried?—
A single life 's the best life in the world,
When the people won't let you get married.

How charming, in search of delight while you roam,
On others' delight to be pond'ring;
For you've pleasure enough, and are always at home,
Except that you're wretched and wand'ring:
Then you know dere 's no envy nor malice that lurks
To give your kind neighbours a handle;
Maids and bachelors, always the devil and his works
May defy to accuse them of scandal:
Then far from your pillows may sorrow be hurl'd;
For though in your views you've miscarried,
A single life 's the best life in the world,
When the people won't let you get married.

There 's a bachelor,—ax him to whisper aloud
With the ladies sure what was the matter:
This was poor, that was ugly, conceited, and proud;
And for t'other, he could not come at her.
And then he'll be talking of foxes and grapes,
And then of the devil and the water;
Fait! each offspring of Adam his grandsire apes,
And each woman 's her grandmother's daughter:
Well, then, far from your pillows may sorrow be hurl'd;
What though in your views you've miscarried?—
A single life 's the best life in the world,
When it is not your fate to get married.

Ye maidens, with you, fait! I'll never dispute,—
I know that our sex are uncivil;
That each man 's an ape, and a bear, and a brute,
And into the bargain a devil:
And that being the case, my advice is to you,
With hopes and with fears while you tingle,
If you've tried to be married, and find it won't do,
Sure, had not ye better live single?
Arrah! far from your pillows may sorrow be hurl'd;
Never mind that your views have miscarried;—
A single life 's the best life in the world,
If they'd only just let you get married.

Then don't be attempting your reasons to bring,
In this case to prove me a ninny;
Fait and troth! now, a shilling 's a very good thing,
When a jontleman can't get a guinea.
And just on this principle I ground my song,
As a tribute to Venus's myrtle:
A hungry alderman, fait! won't be wrong,
To eat steaks when he cannot get turtle.
Then far from your pillows may sorrow be hurl'd,
Even though in your views you've miscarried;—
A single life 's the best life in the world,
If you'll only except being married.

A LAUGH AT THE WORLD.

THEIR risible muscles in action to keep,
As bowls of rich nectar they quaff'd,
Lest the fumes of the liquor should lull them asleep,
The Celestials form'd Momus, and laugh'd:
Scarcely out of his egg-shell, he set them in glee,
While bon-mots, jests, and quibbles, he hurl'd;
Nor mortal, nor god, from his ridicule free,
He took a fair laugh at the world.

So henceforward will I, when old Gripe I behold,
Brooding, guinea to guinea to add;
I'll encourage his heir to purloin all his gold,
And laugh as the miser grows mad:
Since Time's leaden dart, from which none shall go free,
We know not how soon may be hurl'd;
No moment to lose, while the world laughs at me,
I'll merrily laugh at the world.

At the poor ruin'd spendthrift, so weak and absurd,
I'll laugh as I see him despond;
I'll laugh at the idiot who took his friend's word,
When he ought to have taken his bond:
At each age, sex, condition, at ev'ry degree,
Shall my arrows sarcastic be hurl'd;
And still, as the tittering world laughs at me,
Will I merrily laugh at the world.

THE GARDENER.

A GARD'NER I be, and that is my trade:
I sells all sorts of vegebles ready made,—
Rare garden stuff, yarbs, flowers, and fruit,
Ev'ry taste, and fancy, and palate, to suit;
As through the streets with my cart I go,
Gee up, gee ho!
'I say,' cries one, 'you fellow, hip!'
I twigs un quickly for a snip.
'What d'ye sell? my friend,' cries he;
'Cut out and make up, to fit me,
Something to suit my palate.' 'Why,
Let's see what I ha' got,' says I:
[I don't know, Master Tailor;]
'I've cabbages ho! for a gard'ner be I,
And cabbages I cry.'

I sells you fine posies to set out the shops;
I've cockscombs for ladies, and daisies for fops;
For fashion's gay train I've the flow'r of a day,
And for truth, sempervivum, that ne'er shall decay:
Come buy, as through the streets I go,
With my gee up, gee ho!
A counsellor comes, and he looks so big,
I twigs un quickly by his wig;
'Of nosegays, friend, what are your sorts?
I wants to take one to the courts;
Something that suits me I 'd fain buy.'
'Something that suits you, sir?' says I.
[Why, I supposes you means when you get your wig on.]
'I've devils-in-the-bush! for a gard'ner be I,
And posies I cry.'

Then for all sorts of dishes, in all sorts of garbs,
To deck out the table, I've plenty of yarbs:
I've sav'ry for aldermen, sage for their wives,
Balm for mis'ry, and thyme to amend all your lives.
Come buy, as through the streets I go,
With my gee up, gee ho!
The 'poticary comes, with a simpering phiz;
By his big wig and his cane I know the quiz;
He shakes his head, his shoulders shrugs:
'I wants some yarbs to mix with drugs,
Some new experiment to try.'
'Why, doctor, I've nothing new,' says I:
[Only the old story over again.]
'Deadly nightshade, ho! for a gard'ner be I,
And nightshade I cry.'

Then I've every fruit, as in season it comes:
I've apples for Eves, and for citizens plums;
For false friends I have medlars, a fig for disgrace,
And sour grapes for patriots turn'd out of place.
Come buy, as through the streets I go,
Gee up, gee ho!
Then round me they come as blithe as grigs,—
What suits 'em all I quickly twigs:
For cherries, lovers crowd my cart;
I've black-heart, white-heart, bleeding-heart.
Then here 's an article to buy!
The picture of his Majesty,—
Nonpareils, ho!
A good subject be I, and I loves his Majesty;
And his picture, the nonpareil, I cry.

From the Tour to the Land's End.

[This piece was the result of a tour which the author took, partly for pleasure, and partly to popularize his songs in the provinces. While Dibdin's active mind gathered materials for a new entertainment, the trip was profitable to him in other respects.]

NELSON AND WARREN.

[The battles referred to in this song were, that of the Nile, Aug. 1, 1798, and that fought by Sir John Borlase Warren, off Tory Island, on the north coast of Ireland, on Oct. 12, 1798. The song tells the number of ships of the line taken, &c. in the former battle: in the latter, the French squadron destined for the invasion of Ireland was defeated, and the Hoche, of 84 guns, and five frigates, were captured. The two ships which escaped at the battle of the Nile, were the Genereux, of 74 guns, and the Guillaume Tell, of 86 guns. Both of them were afterwards taken in the Mediterranean: the first on Feb. 18, 1800, and the other on the 31st of March following, by portions of the fleet which Nelson commanded.]

I SAY, my heart, why, here's your works!
The French have it now with the gravy;
Why, what between the English and Turks,
They'll lose both their army and navy.
Bold Nelson went out with determinate view
To keep up our national glory;
So of thirteen large ships he left Mounseer two,
Just to tell the Direct'ry the story.

Then of England, and England's brave tars, let us sing,
As true as the keel to the kelson;
Let 's be loyal to honour, to truth, and the king,
And drink to the Navy and Nelson.

To destroy, burn, and sink, his orders were;
And by heart he so perfectly got 'em,
That some he took, some blow'd up in the air,
And some he sent to the bottom:
So you see the despatches was easily stow'd,—
'Twas no use with a hist'ry to charge 'em;
He'd occasion for only the old-fashion mode,—
Taken, burnt, and destroy'd, as per marjum.
Then of England, &c.

So 'Ship to ship' was next the word;
Master Brueys, how sweet they did sarve him!
For when a bold Briton sits down to his bird,
He pretty well knows how to carve him:
Thus with one of his precious limbs shot away,
Bold Nelson know'd well how to nick 'em;
So as for the French, 'tis as much as to say,—
We can tie up one hand, and then lick 'em.
Then of England, &c.

But with France 'tis all up,—they are meeting their fate;
They've thrown down their basket of crock'ry;
And vengeance like this will o'ertake, soon or late,
All who make of religion a mock'ry.
Then of England, that wonderful country, sing;
Where we've thousands of joy, if we need 'em;
Mild laws that protect us, a Protestant King,
Lovely women, grog, biscuit, and freedom.
Then of England, &c.

But while we're about it, let 's loudly blend
The names of bold Nelson and Warren;
And be thankful to Heav'n there must soon be an end
To wars, both domestic and foreign.
While Fame shall sing out the glad news with a smile,
Let the thundering roar of our cannon
Speak our valorous acts, from the mouth of the Nile
All the way to the banks of the Shannon.
Then of England, &c.

YO HEAVE HO!

My name, d'ye see 's Tom Tough, I've zeed a little service,
Where mighty billows roll and loud tempests blow:
I've sail'd with gallant Howe, I've sail'd with noble Jervis,
And in valiant Duncan's fleet I've sung out—
Yo heave ho!
Yet more ye shall be knowing:
I was coxen to Boscawen,
And even with brave Hawke have I nobly fac'd the foe.
Then put round the grog,
So we 've that and our prog,
We 'll laugh in Care's face, and sing—Yo heave ho!

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was sniv'ling seed on the beech below,
I 'd like to cotch'd my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see, to thank her,
But I brought my sorrows up with a—Yo heave ho!
For sailors, though they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go;
So I seiz'd the capstan bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And, in spite of tears and sighs, sung out—Yo heave ho!

But the worst on't was that time when the little ones were sickly,
And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know;
The word was gov'd to weigh, so sudden and so quickly,
I thought my heart would break as I sung—Yo heave ho!
For Poll 's so like her mother,
And as for Jack her brother,
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly face the foe;
But in Providence I trust,
For you see, what must be must;
So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out—Yo heave ho!

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
For I 've only lost an eye and got a timber toe;
But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,
Nor again the anchor weigh with a—Yo heave ho!
So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs:
My boys shall well revenge my wrongs,
And my girls shall breed young sailors nobly for to face the foe;
Then to country and king
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of Old England sing out—Yo heave ho!

BEAUTY'S BANNER.

Since love is the hero's best duty,
And the brave fight to merit the fair,
How sweet, when commanded by beauty,
He flies, ev'ry danger to dare:
Hark! hark! the loud drum
Cries,—Come, come, come, come!
Another Britannia appears;
And while England's banners she gracefully rears,
And sweetly addresses the band,
And beauty and brav'ry salute,
And the flute mocks the trumpet—the trumpet the flute,
The heroes receive the dear pledge from her hand,
And swear that they'll well
Hostile boasters repel,
Till honour and safety give peace to the land.

Thus the hero may well wear his armour,
And, patient, count over his scars;
Venus' dimples, assuming the charmer,
Shall smooth the rough furrows of Mars.
Hark! hark! &c.

Then round with the health of the donor,
While angels might look and approve;
Since love is the hero's best honour,
Let each hero do honour to love.
Hark! hark! &c.

THE LADIES' DIARY.

Lectur'd by Pa and Ma o'er night;
Monday, at ten, quite vex'd and jealous;
Resolv'd in future to be right,
And never listen to the fellows:
Stitch'd half a wristband, read the text,
Receiv'd a note from Mrs. Racket:
I hate that woman!—she sat next,
All church-time, to sweet Captain Clacket.

Tuesday, got scolded, did not care;
The toast was cold, 'twas past eleven;
I dream'd the captain through the air
On Cupid's wings bore me to heaven:
Pouted and din'd, dress'd, look'd divine,
Made an excuse, got Ma to back it;
Went to the play,—what joy was mine!
Talked loud, and laugh'd with Captain Clacket.

Wednesday, came down, no lark so gay,—
'The girl's quite alter'd,' said my mother;
Cried Dad, 'I recollect the day
When, dearee, thou wert such another:'
Danc'd, drew a landscape, skimm'd a play;
In the paper read that widow Flacket
To Gretna Green had run away,
The forward minx! with Captain Clacket.

Thursday, fell sick—'Poor soul, she'll die!'
Five doctors came, with lengthen'd faces;
Each felt my pulse; 'Ah me!' cried I,
'Are these my promis'd loves and graces?'
Friday, grew worse: cried Ma, in pain,
'Our day was fair—Heav'n! do not black it;
Where 's your complaint, love?'—'In my brain.'
'What shall I give you?'—'Captain Clacket.'

Early next morn a nostrum came,
Worth all their cordials, balms, and spices;
A letter,—I had been to blame;
The captain's truth brought on a crisis.
Sunday, for fear of more delays,
Of a few clothes I made a packet,
And, Monday morn, stepp'd in a chaise,
And ran away with Captain Clacket.

THE WIG GALLERY.

Walk in, walk in, each beau and belle;
Here wisdom, virtue, truth, we sell;
Nay, think not I a falsehood tell,—
I deal not, sir, in raillery;
I deal in wigs, a curious ware,
In which gray, red, black, brown, and fair,
May suit their features to a hair,
In this our gay wig gallery.

The wig's the thing,—the wig! the wig!
When portly parsons claim their pig,
Or guttling aldermen look big,
I do not say they are not wise,—
I only say, in vulgar eyes,
The wisdom 's in the wig.

See in this jazy what a twirl,—
'Twill suit a young or ancient girl;
Sly Cupids lurk in every curl;
The riband Venus' zone is:
Rouse then, old man, throw by your staff!
Regard not how your neighbours laugh,
When but a guinea and a half
Can make you an Adonis.
The wig's the thing,—the wig! the wig!
Be of the ton a natty sprig,
The thing, the tippy, and the twig,
Nor heed who are the truly wise;
For, after all, in vulgar eyes,
The wisdom 's in the wig.

Cries Verjuice, pointing at the play,
'Is that your wife intriguing, pray?'
'Oh no! my lovey's hair is gray,—
That woman's hair is flaxen:'
Then say, who would not be a wife,
To lead an unsuspected life,
And cure all foul and jealous strife,
By wearing of a caxen?
The wig 's the thing,—the wig! the wig!
Then hey for fun, and rig, and gig,—
Who for dull morals cares a fig?
'Tis useless to be truly wise,
For, after all, in vulgar eyes,
The wisdom 's in the wig.

Thus arm'd, your lovers do not spare:
At will a hedgehog or a bear,
A Friesland hen, a Flanders mare,
Whate'er you wish, will suit us;
The lawyer's flaws shall find a patch,
A bob the knowing head shall thatch,
The hen-peck'd husband wear a scratch,
His wife a monstrous Brutus.
The wig 's the thing,—the wig! the wig!
Who'd in the mines of learning dig,
Or Heliconian potions swig,
Or study to be truly wise?
When, after all, in vulgar eyes,
The wisdom 's in the wig.

ADVICE.

Old Mary, her poor husband dead,
And buried but a week,
Tir'd of her fate, with hobbling gait
The parson went to seek.
'I'll tell you, sir,' says she, 'the truth:
My poor man 's dead and gone;
Our servant John 's a comely youth,—
Ought I to marry John?'

The parson cried, who quickly knew
She'd not his counsel hear,
'The proverb tells you what to do,
This knotty point to clear.
'As the fool thinks,
So the bell tinks:'
So, when the bells shall ring anon,
Take care you don't mistake the sound;
They'll tell you, as the peal goes round,
If you should marry John.'

Now Mary listens to each bell:
'Hey! that's a knell that toll'd;
'Tis not for me, thank Heav'n!—Well, well,
I'm not yet quite so old.
But of a burying should you think,
They say a wedding's near:
I hope the bells will sweetly tink
That I should wed my dear.'
At length the ringers rouse her hopes,
And all her senses charm;
And as they singly pull the ropes,
Her aged blood gets warm:
But 'as the fool thinks,
So the bell tinks:'
And now the sprightly peal comes on,
While Mary, as they tug away,
Cries, 'Lovely bells! how plain they say,
Do, Mary, marry John.'

Now at both ends the candle 's burn'd;
She 's beggar'd to a souse;
Each thing is topsy-turvy turn'd,
Out of the window goes the house.
'I cannot this distress survive;
What scandal and disgrace!
Would my first husband were alive,
Or I were in his place!
A curse upon the fatal day
I listen'd to the bells,
That took my reason quite away,
Just like so many spells;
But 'as the fool thinks,
So the bell tinks:'
Why, what must I be thinking on,
To fancy, as they rang away,
The bells so stupid were, to say
That I should marry John!'

Straight to the parson Mary goes,
And thickly lays it on:
'You are the cause of all my woes,—
You married me to John.'
'Nay, nay, to lay the blame on me,
Good Mary, is unkind;
I never yet advis'd the sea,
A woman, or the wind.
Hark, hark, the bells are ringing now!
They sound with might and main;
I what they say can hear—Canst thou?'
'I hear 'em, sir, too plain:
But 'as the fool thinks,
So the bell tinks;'
But folly 'twas that set me on,
Intent upon my foolish freak;—
They cry, as plain as they can speak,
Don't, Mary, marry John.'

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

The Titans are conquer'd: fair Virtue, that wept,
Is releas'd, and foul Vice fled away;
'Let a being,' cried Jove, 'be created, yclept
Mighty Fame, to commem'rate the day:
To her let the trumpet of Clio be giv'n,
The glad news to the world to proclaim;
On that land that in virtue best emulates heav'n,
Be erected the Temple of Fame.'

With the mandate her car cut through ether like light,
She proclaiming aloud, as she drove,
'Stop where wisdom, and goodness, and courage unite;
Nor till then, says the fiat of Jove:'
Hard, hard was the task; neither country nor clime
Could this heavenly union claim:
And she saw that remote were the space and the time
To erect the fair Temple of Fame.

Greece and Rome had their Temples to Fame in their day;
But their reign, that soon came, as soon pass'd;
Nations born but to flourish, and then to decay,
Boast not fanes that for ever shall last.
Egypt, India, Chaldea, and others around,
That for science and arts had a name,
Claim'd aright, but materials were not to be found
To erect the fair Temple of Fame.

At length our fair island appear'd to her sight,
As mists grow to land from the sea;
She cried, as its bosom she press'd with delight,
'This henceforward my dwelling shall be.
Wisdom, courage, and worth, thy inheritance giv'n,
In a line from the gods hither came;
On this isle, that in virtue best emulates heav'n,
Be erected the Temple of Fame.'

LAUGHING PROHIBITED.

To prove pleasure but pain, some have hit on a project,
We're duller, the merrier we grow;
Exactly the same unaccountable logic,
That talks of cold fire and warm snow:
For me, born by nature
For humour and satire,
I sing, and I roar, and I quaff;
Each muscle I twist it,—
I cannot resist it,
A finger held up makes me laugh;

For since pleasure 's joy's parent, and joy begets mirth,
Should the subtlest casuist or soph upon earth
Contradict me, I'd call him an ass and a calf ;
And boldly insist, once for all,
That the only criterion of pleasure 's to laugh,
And sing toll de roll loll de roll loll.

Vainly bountiful Nature shall fill up life's measure,
If we're not to enjoyment awake ;
Churls that cautiously filtrate and analyze pleasure
Deserve not that little they take.
For me, who am jiggish,
And funny, and giggish,
Such joys are too formal by half:
I roar and I revel,
Drive care to the devil,
And hold both my sides while I laugh.
For since pleasure 's, &c.

I hate all those pleasures we're angling, and squaring,
And fitting, and cutting, by rules ;
And, damme! — dear me, I beg pardon for swearing,—
All that follow such fashions are fools.
They may say what they list on't:
But of life I insist on't
That pleasure's the prop and the staff,
That sets every muscle
In a comical bustle,
And tickles one into a laugh.
For since pleasure 's. &c.

THE CONVERTED RAKE.

Dick Hopeful, from an honest stock
Born, his kind parents' hopes to mock,
Who chose him out a lovely mate,
But he, resolv'd to brave his fate,
Spurn'd at content, and went to sea:
'Damme,' says Dick, 'no wife for me!
'Twere better brave the tempest's strife ;—
Who's such a fool to value life?'

Mad as the winds, to sea he went;
Nor was there danger ever sent,
By sickness, water, fire, or air,
Combin'd, but he'd a precious share:
Till shipwreck'd, flush'd with drink, at night,
He saw a female and a light ;
'Twas her who long'd to be his wife ;—
'For once,' said he, 'I value life.'

The thankless wretch next swore, and reel'd,
That night he'd die, or she should yield ;
And now, on force and outrage bent,
Her window scal'd ; but mark th' event!
He found her on her knees at prayer
That Heav'n might make him still its care,
Protect him from the tempest's strife,
And teach him how to value life.

Confounded at the scene he saw,
He stood immoveable with awe ;
And he, before who knew not shame,
A contrite penitent became.
Next morn he led the nuptial band,
She yielded up her willing hand:
She's call'd the pattern of a wife,
And Dick knows how to value life.

THE ANCHORSMITHS.

Like Ætna's dread volcano see the ample forge
Large heaps upon large heaps of jetty fuel gorge,
While, salamander-like, the pond'rous anchor lies,
Glutted with vivid fire through all its pores that flies:
The dingy anchorsmiths, to renovate their strength,
Stretch'd out in death-like sleep, are snoring at their length,
Waiting the master's signal when the tackle's force
Shall, like split rocks, the anchor from the fire divorce ;
While, as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil bang,
In deaf'ning concert shall their pond'rous hammers clang,
And into symmetry the mass incongruous beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant British fleet.

Now, as more vivid and intense each splinter flies,
The temper of the fire the skilful master tries ;
And, as the dingy hue assumes a brilliant red,
The heated anchor feeds that fire on which it fed.
The huge sledge-hammers round in order they arrange,
And waking anchorsmiths await the look'd-for change,
Longing with all their force the ardent mass to smite,
When issuing from the fire, array'd in dazzling white ;
And, as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil bang,
To make in concert rude their pond'rous hammers clang,
So the misshapen lump to symmetry they beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant British fleet.

The preparations thicken! with forks the fire they goad ;
And now twelve anchorsmiths the heaving bellows load,—
While, arm'd from ev'ry danger, and in grim array,
Anxious as howling demons waiting for their prey.
The forge the anchor yields from out its fiery maw,
Which, on the anvil prone, the cavern shouts— Hurraw!
And now the scorch'd beholders want the pow'r to gaze,
Faint with its heat, and dazzled with its pow'rful rays ;

While, as old Vulcan's Cyclops did the anvil bang,
To forge Jove's thunderbolts, their pond'rous hammers clang:
And, till its fire's extinct, the monstrous mass they beat,
To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant British fleet.

MAGNANIMITY.

When once the din of war 's begun,
That heroes so delight in,
Armies are conquer'd, cities won,
By bloodshed and brave fighting.
The trumpet sounds! the columns march;
Friends from dear friends are sunder'd;
Prepar'd is the triumphal arch,
And the fall'n foe is plunder'd.
All this, I own, deserves a name,
And truly in the rolls of Fame
Pourtrays a marking feature:
Yet give me brav'ry from the heart,
From self divested, and apart,
Exceeding mortal nature;
That rushes through devouring waves,
And, like a guardian angel, saves
A sinking fellow-creature.

In equal balance to maintain
The barriers of each nation,
Thus ever did stern Fate ordain
Slaughter should thin creation.
The trumpet sounds! his native land
Each tries to save from slav'ry;
While in the contest, hand in hand,
Walk clemency and brav'ry.
All this, I own, deserves a name,
And stands in the records of Fame
A truly marking feature:
Yet give me brav'ry from the heart,
From self divested, and apart,
Type of celestial nature,
That rushes, &c.

SMILES AND TEARS.

The weather, the land, and all those that dwell in it,
Like our minds, that are chequer'd by hopes and by fears,
In rapid succession change every minute,—
A constant rotation of smiles and of tears.
But the smiles and the tears, the same motive revealing,
Though opposite, similar passions excite;
One the offspring of bounty, the other of feeling,
Take different tracks to the road of delight.

When pants the parch'd earth, as its wounds require healing,
For the show'r to put forward fresh blossoms and leaves,
Nature, parent to all, with affectionate feeling,
Benignly shed tears as its wants she relieves:
And when kindly refresh'd, as new beauties are springing,
And the sun in rich smiles glads the gratified sight,
Thankful birds on the glistening verdure are singing,
And the smiles and the tears expand equal delight.

And so, 'twixt friend and friend; when a heart-wounding sorrow
Resolution o'ercomes, and sinks deep in the mind,
From the tears of a friend flatt'ring comfort we borrow,
For the motive 's sincere, and the action is kind:
Nor when friendship's warm efforts o'ercome the vexation,
Do our smiles, howe'er grateful, more pleasure excite;
For they both have their source in the same sweet sensation,
And convey to the mind the same gen'rous delight.

THE CORNISH MINERS.

Why, measter, damn tha! whoa beest thee?
Doan't titter, zur, but hire ma:
I wedden't a bin so plain and vree,
But thy discourse do tire ma.
Great as thee beest, tha canst not doine
At veasts in London zitty,
Or zlobber zaace, or guzzle wine,
Till zitch as I parmitty.
Then zee me, doant dispoise a frind,
Akiaze theeist little higher,—
The oak 's best kept away from wind,
That 's shelter'd by the brier.
But when tha com'st to London town,
And art lavishun thy shiners,
Tell um zum vartie thee's left down
'Mongst sturdy Cornish miners.

Now who be I, and who beest thee?
The coal that 's dug to warm tha,—
The tar that shippen zends to zee,
That voreign voe may'nt harm tha,—
The tin that makes thy pots and pans,
Thy cullinders and kettles,
Thy snuffers, candlesticks, and cans,
And kivvers for thy victuals,—
Who digs vor 't, does thee think, but I?
Don't grin—theest not become it!
No varsel mite below the sky
But dammut 's good for zummut.
So when, &c.

If thee of sweethearts hast a score
To pamper up thy fally,
Why I 've a hundred, zur, and more,
And aal in lovely Mally.
But, vaith and saule! I be so loath
To treat thee naulens vaulens,
Theed'st knaw else, He that made us boath
Made happiness vor all on's.

Then haume, and tell 'em, vaath and suare,
All they that gold bewitches,
That zum be richer, thof they 'm poor,
Than zum that rauls in riches.
So when, &c.

THE BARREL-ORGAN.

I go in London about de street,
Wid my organ all so ready;
I look at de window where dey meet,
De gentleman and de lady.
De midshipman wid de pretty girl,
He say for a tune are you willing;
So I pull out de stop, and I grind and I twirl,
And all to get an odd chilling.
[*Plays the Sailor's Journal.*]
So I play de tune you see just do,
To set dem a cooing and billing;
So I leave 'em togeder to bill and coo,
And walk off wid de chilling.

Den I come and I hear a corset nize,
De hose all hell and te devel;
I find out some roaring ranting boys,
Dat holloa, and hoop, and revel:
To give all de vine and de money away,
For a tune I find 'em so willing:
So I pull out de stop, and I chrind, and I play,
And all for to get an odd chilling.
[*The Advantage of Toping.*
So dey cry out 'Bravo, sharming, fine,'
And to come down de cash they so willing;
So into my mouse I pote de vine,
And into my pocket de chilling.

Den de hoseband so fond, and so kind de vifes,
Dey say mine tear and mine tarling;
Den presently turn de fondness to strifes,
And dey cross, and scolding, and snarling.
I try vat I can some tune to find,
To set 'em a cooing and billing:
So I pull out de stop, and I chrind, and I chrind,
And all for to get an odd chilling.
[*Captain Wattle and Miss Roe.*]
So ven dey hear Captain Wattle Miss Roe,
It set dem a cooing and billing:
Den in search of some oder away I go,
But first I pocket de chilling.

STRAWBERRIES.

Sure, don't they call me Strawberry Pat?
And don't I cry to give folks pleasure?
I packs them neat, and you may say dat,
For a pint of them fills a pottle measure;
And then, to be sure, I lets pass by
The world, and all its curious bobberies.
Ah, see that lover there so sly!
[Ah, by my soul! and it 's one of my own countrymen; to be sure, they don't make love in all manner of shapes.—Strawberries, my dear Madam! dey are like your own sweet face, the true maiden's blush. 'Get along with yourself, Sir, will you?' 'Arrah! it 's get along I must! Oh, de taef! he has not a shilling to pay for the pottle.' 'What 's that you are saying, Sir?']
What am I saying? Arrah! strawberries!
Fine strawberries!
And they 're all so round,
So fine, so sound,
They 're all my scarlet strawberries.

See Pat Mac Farlin, as he sings,
And swears, and flatters, the rogue so neat is!
'Ten't long, fait! since they clipp'd his wings,
And drumm'd him out of the land of poratees.
By my soul! and Pat 's grown no small fool,—
He's up to the world, and all its bobberies.
See that romp, there, from the boarding-school.—
[Ah, the taef! he'll be after running away widge her to Gretna Green. The poor baby! and the papa will so pity her, and the maiden aunt so abuse her! Ah! why the devil would you be turning the people's house topsy-turvy? Had not you better, Lovey, go home to your mamma?' 'What's that you are saying, Sir?']
What am I saying? Arrah! strawberries, &c.

Look at Murdock Murphy, all so gay,
A dasher amongst the host of Pharaoh;
Arrah, fait! 'twas only t'other day
That he cried—'Live pigeons all so rare O!'
But times are alter'd: Murdock now
With other pigeons makes fine bobberies;
To that widow hear him swear and vow:
[Oh, by my soul! and he lays it on pretty tick. 'Ah! don't now be boddering about your first husband; sure, en't I worth nineteen of the likes of him?'—'But, my dear Sir Murdock!'—'Sir Murdock! Oh, the taef! if he has not benighted himself! I'll tell you what it is, my sweet lady: he'll be squandering away all the fortune your first husband was so long squeezing up and scraping together.' 'Take that, you scoundrel!' 'Now, does he mean the blow that he gave me, or the guinea? Fait! I tink I may as well take both of them.' 'What are you saying, Sir?' 'I say, are you sure it's a good one?']
What am I saying? Arrah! strawberries! &c.

TRUE COURAGE.

Why what 's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping?
A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way;
'Tis nonsense, for trifles, I own, to be piping,
But they that ha'n't pity, why I pities they.
Says the captain, says he—I shall never forget it—
'If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from the sham,
'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it;
But, duty appeas'd, 'tis in mercy a lamb.'

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the old one not caring,
Helter skelter, to work, pelt away, cut and drive;
Swearing he, for his part, had no notion of sparing,
And as for a foe!—why he'd eat him alive.
But when that he found an old pris'ner he'd wounded,
That once sav'd his life, as near drowning he swam;
The lion was tam'd, and, with pity confounded,
He cried over him just all as one as a lamb.

That my friend, Jack or Tom, I should rescue from danger,
Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,
Is nothing at all;—'tis the poor wounded stranger;
And the poorer, the more I shall succour distress:
For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
And peril defy, as a bugbear, a flam;
Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
He 'll feel more by compassion, when turn'd to a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion,
And if both shed their drops, 'tis all to the same end:
And thus 'tis that ev'ry tight lad of the ocean
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend.
If my maxim 's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,—
You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn!
In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,
But the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

NANCY.

You ask how it comes that I sing about Nancy
For ever, yet find something new;—
As well may you ask why delight fills the fancy
When land first appears to the crew.
When, safe from the toils of the perilous ocean,
In each heart thanks of gratitude spring;
Feel this, and you'll have of my joy a faint notion,
When with rapture of Nancy I sing.

You and I Nature's beauties have seen the world over,
Yet never knew which to prefer;
Then why should you wonder that I am no rover,
Since I see all those beauties in her?
Why, you'll find about ships all you've known and been hearing,
On their different bearings to bring;
Though they all make their ports, they all vary in steering;—
So do I, when of Nancy I sing.

Could a ship round the world, wind and weather permitting,
A thousand times go and come back,
The ocean 's so spacious, 'twould never be hitting
For leagues upon leagues the same track:
So her charms are so num'rous, so various, so clever,
They produce in my mind such a string,
That, my tongue once let loose, I could sing on for ever,
And vary the oft'ner I sing.

Shall I tell you the secret? You've but to love truly,—
Own a heart in the right place that's hung;
And, just as the prow to the helm answers duly,
That heart will lend words to the tongue:
No art do I boast of, no skill I inherit,—
Then do not of my praises ring;
But to love and to nature allow all the merit
That taught me of Nancy to sing.

LOVE TURNED MUSIC-MASTER.

Love great Achilles taught to sew,
Made Bully Hercules turn spinner,
And Proteus Jove a-courting go,
Who knew so well the way to win her:
For me, though mad for all the fair,
Not one would pity my condition,
Smile on my fate, or chase my care,
Till, taught by Love, I turn'd musician.

Now, gods and men surpassing all,
I tip them pretty well the go-by;
Lead yielding females at the call
Of my flute, my trumpet, horn, or hautboy.
The blacksmith's daughter's heart I got;
For while Love blew the flame, to warm her,
I the iron struck while yet 'twas hot,—
On the anvil play'd, and won the charmer.

With a devotee I fell in love,
With heav'nly mind, and face of Gorgon;
And, while her thoughts were plac'd above,
To win her heart I play'd the organ:
To win Doll Gob, the cook, for life,
The salt-box, lord! how I did thump it!
Then for the trumpeter, and his wife,—
He play'd the horn, and I the trumpet.

The sexton's daughter lov'd me well,
And oft my am'rous song kept time in;
For none like me e'er toll'd a knell,
Or set the merry bells a chiming.
Miss Hop would foot it, toe and heel,
And in the ball-room toil and labour;—
So, to win her heart, a highland reel
I learn'd upon the pipe and tabor.

Welsh Win to gain, the harp I'd strum;
The bagpipes conquer'd Irish Katty;
And 'twas the sprightly fife and drum
That won the heart of lovely Patty.
Then, lovers, try no other wit,
Success in courtship to insure you:
By the tarantula, Love, when bit,
Sweet music shall completely cure you.

THE CHRISTENING.

Gustavus Frederick Richard 's young Newcome's name;
The sponsors have promis'd that, while he is young,
They 'll teach him the devil and his works to shame,
And, when he grows up, the vulgar tongue;
And, see! the procession from church the street fills,
Led on by the parson with his rosy gills;
And now they're come home, and the wit flies about,
Old niggardly Care by Good-Humour 's kick'd out.

['Let me look at the pretty little creature—Oh! bless his innocent heart; mammy's eyes and daddy's nose to a T. I never saw such a sensible little creature in my life.' 'Why, yes: I think he'll make a very good match for my Georgina Carolina Helena Virginia Gridelina Cosmopolita Maria Mopsy.' 'La! Madam, why what a vast number of children you must ha' got!' 'Goth, Vandal, and Hottentot.' 'What's that? more of 'em?' 'No, no, Neighbour: it is my wife's only daughter.' 'What, with all that string? Why, if I was the girl, and people were to go droo sitch a catalogue with me, I wish I may die, if I should not think they were calling me names. Liddle, liddle, liddle, liddle! Oh! the dear little creature! Oh! I wish I was married, and had such a sweet little child as you.']

So at it go the clacks, not a tittle heard that's spoke,
And he's the greatest wit who can crack the loudest joke;
All talking away, and nobody listening,—
Who so merry and so cherry as people at a christening!

Now the fiddles are tuning, and up stand the throng:
Miss calls a cotillon, her ma an alemong;
In a jig Madame Lump wants her limbs to reveal,
And Alderman Ninepin would fain take a reel;
Widow Hobble a minuet begs she may walk:
Thus they glide, and they hop, and they skip, and they stalk,
Till—Silence there! silence! they twenty times bawl,
And a country dance quickly reconciles all.

['Stay, stay, stay, stay! Before the dance begins, I move that all the gentlemen salute the ladies.' 'Lord, now, what a parcel of nonsense! how can you be so stupid! I beg you won't come near me.—Well, then, better give a fool a kiss than be troubled with him.' 'My dear Miss, shall I have the inexpressible and undescribable pleasure, honour, felicity, delight, and satisfaction?'—'No, Sir: I desire you 'll get about your business. I did not know I came here to be affronted.' 'Lord, Miss, how can you be so frumpish?—the Captain only asked you for a civil salute.—I assure you I shall not make such a fuss about it.'—'Places! places!']

Figure in, hands across, right and left, and now hey!
So they skip, and they jump, and they foot it away,
Nor to fiddles, nor themselves, nor to anything listening,—
Who so merry and so cherry as people at a christening!

Now the fans and the handkerchiefs soon go to pot:
'I'm all in a muck'—'I'm prodigiously hot;'
'Some hartshorn and water! I'm fainting, I vow;'—
So they give her the brandy—'Well, how are you now?'
'I'm prodigiously better,—you are a good soul!—
'Wash it down with some negus'—'Well, give me the bowl.'
And now the gay dance to the supper gives place;
The guests take their seats, and the parson says grace.

['I move that every gentleman sits next his partner.—Come, Miss Clack, what shall I help you to?—Shall I add a little to your abundance?' 'Now, you think I have a great deal of tongue.' 'Oh no, my love, I meant brains.' 'Miss Jazey, the Doctor drinks your health.' 'Lord, how could you do so?—pulling me by the sleeve.—I've thrown the mustard into the gooseberry tart.' 'Thank you, Doctor.' 'Pray, Sir, is there any public news?'—'I tell you it's all a parcel of nonsense and stuff—eighteen thousand killed and wounded!—For my part, I have too much charity to believe it.' 'Well, these are excellent puffs.' 'Oh, Sir, the newspapers are full of them.' 'Upon my word, Ma'am, you make capital punch. I propose a toast: Here 's the young Christian's health, and may he give us as good punch as this at the christening of his first boy.'—'And as handsome a fee!'—'That of course.' 'And now Doctor Drencher's health and song.' 'I'll give you, Gentlemen, Death and the Lady!' And thus the song and the glass and the jest go round,—]

Till in 'Old Care begone,' 'Hearts of Oak,' 'Derry down,'
And 'If Love's a sweet Passion,' their cares they all drown;
Singing, bellowing, and laughing, and nobody listening,—
Who so merry and so cherry as people at a christening.

THE INQUEST.

The inquest is set; for the tea-things they call;
Miss Crab gave the kind invitation:
Miss Verjuice, Miss Razor, Miss Spleen, and Miss Tiff,
Miss Hartshorn, Miss Scowl, and Miss Mump, and Miss Miff,
Miss Cholic, Miss Nose, and Miss Nerves, and Miss Gall,
As a jury, delib'rate in grand consultation,
Not over such stuff as affairs of the nation.
But over their neighbours' reputation.

['Silence! You declare, by your forewoman, that you will, without hesitation, fear, or favour,

rend, tear, split, tatter, fritter, transmogrify, torture, and disjoint the reputations, indifferently, of friends, foes, strangers, neighbours, young, old, rich, poor, married, single, handsome, ugly, short, or tall; and that you return an account of all the vices, absurdities, failings, caprices, follies, foibles, faults, weaknesses, attachments, hobby-horses, wanderings, and backslidings, without hesitation, fear, favour, partiality, or affection, as aforesaid. And this you, by your forewoman, say, and so you say all.']

Take the oath, kiss the cup,
And thus, at each sup,
As of folly, and whim, and caprice make a handle,
While round go the muffins, the tea, and the scandal.

Like a torrent let loose, now away go their tongues,
Swift as winds, and as light as a feather;
New bonnets, the opera, Bath waters, the hour,
The auctions, the nation, the beasts in the Tower;
And as, in succession, they stretch out their lungs,
The country, black pins, matadores, and the weather,
In glorious confusion they jumble together,
And scandal let go to the end of its tether.

['How d'ye like your tea?' 'Vastly good—where do you buy it?' 'I buy it at Congo's.' 'Oh, yes, I recollect—the people that broke. Sad business that of the wife!' 'Oh terrible!—shocking woman for intrigues—I knew her from a girl, always as amorous as a cat upon pantiles.—And it is impossible to find her out: she has as many wigs as would serve to disguise a highwayman between Hounslow and Bagshot. Sad example for the daughter! Great pity, pretty girl.' 'Pretty!—why, Lord, Ma'am, she's flat-footed and hopper-hipped. Sad thing for the father, if you will.' 'Very true; but Lord, Ma'am, what can you expect from such people,—no fashion in life. The fellow was porter to an oil-shop,—used to carry out train oil, pickled herrings, zoobditty match, and wax flambeaux. I'll tell you a comical circumstance.' 'No! true; well, that's delightful! ha, ha, ha, haw!' and—]

Thus they sip and they sip,
Have their friends on the hip,
And of foibles, and faults, and caprice make a handle,
While round go the muffins, the tea, and the scandal.

The tea is remov'd;—and now, grave and demure,
The case-bottles are rang'd so judicious:
Noyeau, ratifie, à la teinture vermeille,
Eau d'or, de mille fleures, fleur-de-lis, sans pareille,
And every scarce and expensive liqueur,
They sip, and they sip, and each sip find delicious,
Till they get rather whimsical, queer, and capricious,
And their tongues, if 't be possible, grow more malicious.

['Bless me, I don't know what I was thinking of. I have a sort of vertigo,—only look at Miss Cholic—she certainly had a little drop before she came out, otherwise you see it is impossible. As for me, now, who am not accustomed to these things, a thimbleful turns me quite topsy-turvy.' 'Well, Ladies, suppose we go to cards?' 'With all my heart; but I shall insist upon your keeping your foot in your shoe. I don't name any body, but I know people that hold up their fingers behind their fans.' 'And I, Madam—for I plainly see you mean me—I know of people too, that when they are a little non se ipse'—'I desire, Ma'am, you'll make no reflections. I never indulge myself to an improper degree. I have heard of your huskyba, to be sure.' 'Yes, Ma'am, and tasted it, too.' 'Why, yes, I once took a tea-spoonful, just to oblige you.' 'Yes, and a bumper just to oblige yourself.' 'Well, I declare this is beyond bearance.—Huskyba! indeed.' Here Miss Nerves declared she should go into hysterics. At last the company interfered: Miss Crab said there was nothing sour in her disposition; Miss Gall said she did not like bitter invectives; Miss Cholic said it gave her pain that her friends should fall out in this manner; at which Miss Razor entreated leave to notice, that if she had said anything keen or cutting, she begged pardon, and was sorry for it. This was accepted as an apology, and the company resumed their good-humour.]

And they sip and they sip,
Have their friends on the hip,
And of foibles, and faults, and caprice make a handle,
While round goes the room, the liquor, and the scandal.

THE ITALIAN MUSIC-MASTER.

Io sono moosic maestro, jose come de St. Fiorenza:
Che sell de English poples ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la;
Che teash de pretty laty de shak and de cadenza,
Che mak so moshe astonitch de papa and de mamma.
I teash all de sort to surprize de grand mato,
L'aria si dolce, il flauto obligato;
De recitativa accompagnamenti,
Che kive soshe great telight to all te cognoscenti.
De capricio ad libitum, il pensoroso,
De presto, and den alla larga doloroso;
De noisy bravura so tintamar keeping,
And den d'adagio che set you all a sleeping.
L'allegro si gai, le grand maestuoso,
Pastorelle si gentil, te mad furioso;
And good many more ting for fee in de mano,
That give good English cash for bad note Italiano.

And den dey sob and sigh avay,
And faint avay and die avay,
And faint and sob and sigh,
And turn up de vite of de eye,
Like de dying magpie.

[So, ven he very great rapture look ope to heaven can't see no more, I take the opportunity squeeze the young laty by te hand; I say, 'My tear angel,

you most smile telight a fool in my eye. It is impossible to resist a me fu, my lofe, you see.]
Io sono, &c.

So den there come de fist, de turtle, and de pies,
And laugh and hollow, and make some noise;
The goose and the mustard,
The boobun, de custard,
And den after dey dine
They drink all sort de vine.
So the alderman wid him jelly
He stuff his great belly
We go at it ding dong;
'Monseer, I knock you down for song;'
'Si Signor, vat sall I sing?'
'Any ting you please:'—'Vat any ting?'
[I cot soshe a crate cold, I too my pest. John, don't make so noise.]
I meet one pretty kirl; I say, 'Mine lofe and mine tear,
I vish you please little vipster in your ear;'
So she say, 'Outlandish fellow!' vid an air so scornfool,
'I von't love you at all, Sir,—I shall lofe mine Jacky Bull.
Den I say, 'Mine lofe and mine life, consent to ko wit me,—
I show you von grand ting so fine in my countree,
Vid my friend Italiano, who always make a rule
To spend the English guinea, and laugh at Jacky Bull.'
Vat you tink te little devil say?—She won't take such a prance,
'Whereabout, Sare, your contree, since Italy gone to France?
Beside, you cheat, you leach che trop of when you full;—
Little England I say for ever, and honest Jacky Bull.'
Den come again de noise bravo! encore!
De Italian set de table in a roar,
While English merit he stay out de door.

[Yes, to be sure, for you see by dis time I ket very goot foot de family. I bring de letter to de gentleman from de French danseuse, and to de lady from de fine flashy beau; but one day you see devilish pad ting, de monkey pick out my pocket in de presence de shentelman de letter address to de laty. Oh diavolo! he kick me out of de house, swear I was de worse moosic maestro che ever compose. Bote I don't mind dis; I ket to anoder family, where I shake de shentelman by de hand, salute de laty, shoke de shambermaid under de shin, introduce master Jacky to de opera-girl. To be sure, it is all very true, every body know dis. I make de hose my home, I too vat I please; how can it be otherwise? Because
Io sono, &c.

From the King and Queen.

THE INVASION.

[The allusions of this song are to the threatened invasion of England by Bonaparte. It was in anticipatory commemoration of this event, that the column at Boulogne was erected, which was recently surmounted by the statue of Bonaparte, amidst a series of fêtes perfectly *à la Française*.]

The French are all coming, for so they declare;
Of their floats and balloons all the papers advise us:
They 're to swim thro' the ocean and ride on the air,
In some foggy ev'ning, to land and surprise us.
Their army 's to come and plant liberty's tree,
Call'd the army of England,—what matchless presumption!
Let them come; those who meet not with agues at sea
Will on shore first get fevers, and then a consumption.
Poor fools! by the finger of Fate they 're invited:
For our freedom and laws,
Come on, in this cause;
They no longer are Britons who are not united.

The old women and children report such strange things
Of their grand preparations, their routs, and their rackets;
One army, they tell us, is furnish'd with wings,
And another's accoutred, they say, in cork jackets!
Well, so much the better,—their luck let 'em try;
Come here how they will, we shall damnably nim 'em:
Ten't the first time, my lads, we have made the French fly;
And as to their jackets, we 'll curiously trim 'em.
Poor fools! &c.

Then they 'll fasten a rope from the Land's End to France,
On which, when their wonderful project 's grown riper,
They 'll all to the tune of the carmagnol dance,
Determin'd to make Jack Rosbiff pay the piper.
But let 'em take care we don't come athwart hause;
If we should, they 'll just fancy the devil has got 'em;
For they 'll get from their horses so decent a toss,
That capsiz'd will soon send them a dance to the bottom. Poor fools! &c.

Yet who knows how far their mad liberty scheme
May succeed? of man's wrongs the suppos'd panacea:
They have often come here, kill'd us all—in a dream,
And afterwards ate us all up—in idea.
And let 'em dream on, that they 're cutting our throats;
Till, devoted to danger they 're little aware on,
They wake from their sleep, change their flat-bottom'd boats
For a voy'ge o'er the Styx in the boat of old Charon.
Poor fools! &c.

But jesting apart, we their pride must chastise;
Tho' we'd no other hold on our hearts and our duty
Than their insolent boast that they 'll seize, as their prize,
In their purse English gold—in their arms English beauty.
English beauty for them!—The infernals scal'd heaven,
That soon hurl'd to fate their audacious malignity;
So shall they, to their fate by a virtuous frown driven,
Own that females of Britain possess British dignity. Poor fools! &c.

Then rouse, Britons, rouse! while this vapouring crew
Are deluding their own and belying our nation,
Let us, noble, unanimous, loyal, and true,
To their folly give pity, their threats indignation.
Our freedom 's not riot, nor uproar run wild,
To honour, to virtue, to dignity treason;
A rational blessing, just, temp'rate, and mild;
The freedom of England 's the freedom of reason.
Poor fools! &c.

THE FLOWING BOWL.

Of all Heav'n gave to comfort man,
And cheer his drooping soul,
Show me a blessing, he who can,
To top the flowing bowl.
When am'rous Strephon, dying swain,
Whose heart his Daphne stole,
Is jilted, to relieve his pain,
He seeks the flowing bowl.

When husbands hear, in hopeless grief,
The knell begin to toll,
They mourn awhile, then, for relief,
They seek the flowing bowl.
The tar, while swelling waves deform
Old Ocean as they roll,
In spite of danger and the storm,
Puts round the flowing bowl.

The miner, who his devious way
Works like the purblind mole,
Still comfort for the loss of day
Finds in the flowing bowl.
It gives to poets lyric wit,
To jesters to be droll:
Anacreon's self had never writ,
But for the flowing bowl.

Moisten your clay, then, sons of earth;
To Bacchus, in a shoal,
Come on, the volunteers of mirth,
And by the flowing bowl
Become immortal, be ador'd,
'Mongst gods your names enrol:
Olympus be the festive board,
Nectar the flowing bowl.

CHANGE FOR A GUINEA.

Jack Binnacle met with an old shipmate,
That sail'd with him 'board of the Thunder;
And they talk'd of their pranks at a pretty round rate,
And made all the hearkeners wonder:
For though brave at sea, when you get him ashore
A tar often turns out a ninny;
For now he must jog,
His leave 's out with his grog;
Here, house, what 's to pay? come, sport us the score;
Hand us over the change for a guinea:
For a sailor's life is a roaring life,—
He laughs while the winds and the waves are at strife,
So safe on shore
He can pay his score,
And sport the splendid guinea.

The landlord's sweet daughter now comes in his view,
Up to tars when they get into harbour;
Her shoes are morocco, her petticoats blue,
Her wig 's just come home from the barber:
Jack stares in her face with a whimsical phiz,
Reviews her, and looks like a ninny;
For each chalk on his score
She counts two or more;
He's fix'd on her eyes, while she penetrates his,
And cheats him while changing his guinea:
For a sailor's life is a careless life,—
He sings while the waves and the winds are at strife,
To be cheated on shore,
While to pay his score
He sports the splendid guinea.

Here's two eighteen pen'orths, that's five and a kick;
Three pen'orths of 'bacco, a shilling;
For a sixpenny 'bacco-box, quite span and spick,
Half-a-crown, and a tizzy the filling:
Jack hears not a word, chucks her under the chin,—
Lord, how can you be such a ninny?
Let me reckon your score,—
For two sixpen'orths more,
Two hogs and three simons for what's to come in,
So there 's three shillings out of a guinea:
For a sailor's life is a roaring life,—
He whistles while billows and winds are at strife,
From the landlords 'long shore,
For a five-shilling score,
To get three shillings out of a guinea.

'Well, well,' cries out Jack, 'you know figures and such,—
I dare say you're right, Mistress Moggy;
All my wonderment is we should tip off so much
In the time, and yet never get groggy:

But no sailor at toss-pot e'er yet play'd amiss,—
Then he's cunning, and never a ninny:
Come put round the grog,
For away we must jog;
So now, my dear girl, if you'll give me a kiss,
You may pocket your change for a guinea:
For a sailor's life is a careless life;
He minds neither billows nor winds at strife,
But pays his score
With spirit on shore,
And that 's all the use of a guinea.

A DRINKING-SONG FOR THE LADIES.

Let topers drain the flowing bowl,
And tipsy get for me;
I ne'er their orgies shall control,
So I've a bowl of tea:
And let them jest, and drink, and smoke,
And stir up mirth and glee;
I'll stir up, pleasure to provoke,
A smoking cup of tea.

When round the board the old and young
With characters make free,
The pivot of the prattling tongue
What oils so well as tea?
By sorrow bid, should we take down
Noyau, or ratafie,
What can the fumes so fairly drown,
As qualifying tea?

The type of life, its joys and cares,
This beverage we see:
The vital stream the water wears;
The bitters are the tea;
West India's produce are the sweets;
And while they thus agree,
In cream the happy medium meets
That life corrects and tea.

Then let the great and rich give way,—
Pomp, pride, and pedigree;
We find distinctions ev'ry day
Level'd by death and tea:
From gipsies underneath the hedge,
To the grand coterie,
Kind females still each other pledge
In bowls of social tea.

GRIZZLE.

'Twas one morning in May, the weather but queer,
Rather hazy, a sort of a mizzle,
When with a love-song I was shot through the ear
By a maid, and her name it was Grizzle:
The Graces might dance to the tune of her song,
All warbling and running her rigs,
With a bucket of wash as she tripp'd it along,
Just going to feed the pigs—tig, tig, tig:

Then to hear the old sow ask the little pig,
'My love, have you got enough?'
And the little pig crying out 'Oui, oui, oui,'
Speaking French, to show her breeding, d'ye see:
Why a bench of judges might have shook their wigs
To hear the likes of the fun and the rigs,
While lovely Grizzle was feeding the pigs.

The next time I saw her was at the barn-door,
Dress'd in petticoat, sleeves, and a boddice;
'What art thou,' said I, 'for I'm not very sure,—
Art a fairy, a witch, or a goddess?'
The Muses in vain would describe her in song,
'Stead of nine had they seventy pens,
As graceful the barley she scatter'd along,
All feeding the cocks and the hens.
Coop biddy, coop biddy, cup!
Then to see all the chickens come tumbling up,
While Chanticleer cried to his hens, Clook, clook, clook, clook, clook, clook,
Took, took, took, took, took, took, took, took, took.
Not the hens and the cocks, nor the cocks and the hens,
Though their tails and their wings were all made into pens,
Could e'er describe Grizzle while feeding the hens.

To Grizzle I'm married,—so bless'd ne'er was man!
We have children the best part of twenty;
So we try to maintain 'em as well as we can,
While content turns our pittance to plenty.
If the great their dependents and parasites own,
So do we; for the dogs and the cats
Come flattering round for a scrap or a bone,
While we 're feeding our sweet little brats.
Diddle, liddle, liddle, come then in lap;
Then I awkwardly burn the child's mouth with the pap;
Then to hear the sweet music, Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah,
Hush, hush, hush, hush, hush, come to mamma.
['Maiw, bow wow,'—oh! he has let his sister fall; you little dog, I'll knock your brains out.]
Bless'd with children and wife, and my dogs and my cats,
Throw settlements, titles, and deeds to the rats!
Give me my sweet little Grizzle while feeding her brats.

THE LOVER.

Long by some fair one was I trick'd,—
Deceiv'd by Amaryllis,
By Cælia maul'd, by Daphne kick'd,
And cuff'd about by Phillis.
Whene'er, to tell my dying tale,
Some Chloe I'd run after,
'Tis strange, but never did I fail
To make her die—with laughter.

I lov'd sweet Hebe fair and young;—
'Be of your raptures thrifty,'
Cried tattling Clamour's busy tongue,
'Why she has lovers fifty!'

Resolv'd to try, I quickly prov'd
'Twas false, by reasons plenty;
For soon I found she dearly lov'd
But me—and five and twenty.

To self-denying Delia win,
I various presents sent her;
All gold could buy I sent her in,
But nothing would content her.
I sent her trinkets without end,
Gems, pearls, to make her civil;
Till, having nothing more to send,
I sent her—to the devil.

Yet, after all, I am in love,
Mad, tipsy, all on fire;
No minion of the Cyprian grove
E'er rag'd with passion higher.
My head turns round, I'm in a flame,
I love like any dragon:
Say, would you know my mistress' name?
Oh 'tis a smiling flagon.

Thus we've of tars a story told,
Of fabulous production,
To Syrens list'ning, who, of old,
Went headlong to destruction:
The song, alas! was but a lure,
To make a wave their pillow;
And those Charybdis 'scap'd, were sure
To tumble—into Scylla.

From Tom Wilkins.

THE RAGE.

[It seems to have been Dibdin's object, in the following song, to ridicule the quackeries of the day, one of the most prominent of which was Packwood's Razor-Strops, which were then puffed to an extent hardly excelled in these days of puffing pre-eminence.]

Example is all; 'tis not that which we say,
But that which we do is the matter;
And tho' wisdom her precepts may preach ev'ry day,
They pass for impertinent chatter:
But those things we do so the fancy bewitch,
If fashion but sanction the pother,
Helter skelter we go, over hedge and o'er ditch,
As sheep follow after each other.

[I'll give you an instance—Arriving among some gentlemen, 'Ah!' said I, 'how are you, my fine fellows? here, see how punctual I am to a moment.—There's a watch for you!' 'A Tompion, I suppose, sir. I have a namesake of his here, given me by my grandfather.' 'Oh, damme! what signifies talking about your watches,—here, look at mine! Corrects the sun; all stop by it at Newmarket.' 'Talk of a watch! indeed; here—horizontal, capped, and jewelled; shows minutes, moments, days of the month, and plays chimes; goes like clockwork!' 'Well, but I tell you, if you talk of a watch, here's the watch!' 'Your watch!' 'Watch! zounds!' said I, 'if you are not quiet, the watch will come and take you in a minute.']

So while the example, like magical sound,
Or quick electricity, catches,
Soon one after t'other, the company round,
Instinctively pull out their watches.

If broadsword's the fashion, and cutting of throats,
The English are full of them fencers;
For a whim if lords cut off the skirts of their coats,
They are deck'd out in so many spencers.
Thus fashion mankind so completely commands,
Like hounds when they hear the view-halloo;
And if but five people would walk on their hands,
Five hundred would instantly follow.

[One day I had a mind to see what a length this sort of fun would go. It is an old trick, but so much the better. 'Bless my soul,' said I, 'I beg pardon, I did not know there were to be any ladies here; I forgot to get shaved. I am very seldom so thoughtless—I am sure I have no occasion—I have a very fine concave razor.' 'Razor! that's of no consequence at all; have you got one of Packwood's strops? takes a notch out of a penknife.'—'Oh, damn your strops! I always strop my razor upon an old jack-boot.' 'Well, but I tell you stropping has nothing in the world to do with it—it entirely depends upon the soap; get the true essential oil, your razor will shave you like a feather.' 'Feather! if you had been as many campaigns as I have, you'd be glad to do as the negroes do,—shave yourself with a broken glass bottle, and make use of a bulk-head for a looking-glass.' 'Well, but I tell you about the soap, the razor, the strop.']

So like magic, when once the example begins,
About soapsuds and razors they're raving;
And all, while they're talking and stroking their chins,
Instinctively seem to want shaving.

Thus the rage is the rage; if it hides or reveals,
So 'tis jemmy, and natty, and knowing,
Whether up to the shoulders or down to the heels,
The way is to set it a going.
Be't to bam or to hoax, or to queer or to quiz,
Or, howe'er in the ton you are flashing,
The toss up of a pin, it don't matter what 'tis,
So 'tis stupid, and useless, and dashing.

[But the strongest instance I know of the prevalence of example, is to set people yawning. One night I wanted the company to break up,—'Twas a cursed thing of that fellow, Sir Harry—aw—to keep me up till six o'clock—aw—in the morning; and then there was that stupid beast the Deputy—aw—the fellow—aw—was asleep—aw—without—aw—paying attention to—aw—all those witty things that—aw—I was uttering with—aw—so much—aw—sprightliness.' 'Zounds! sir, I wish

you would not yawn so,—you make me as bad as yourself.' 'Oh, sir, yawning 's catching,—I cannot help it, upon my soul.']
Thus one after t'other, the company all,
This somniferous vortex are drawn in,
Till, ready to sleep, for their nightcaps they call,
And presently all go off yawning.

RATIONAL VANITY.

Man, poor forked animal! why art thou vain
Of thy form, that, so matchless, the Deity owns?
Where beauty, proportion, and symmetry reign,
Adding grace to distinction, and splendour to thrones?
While by folly and fashion this form so divine
Is abus'd, till all figures fantastic it wears,
Till, worn by diseases, and bloated by wine,
Men, the Deity's image, turn monkeys and bears:
A mass of remorse, of reflection, of pain,
Man, poor forked animal! why art thou vain?

Art vain of thy mind? still the Deity's there;
Where virtues angelic their natures impress,
Pale anguish to chase, smooth the brow of despair,
And with Charity's hand dry the tear of distress.
While this generous mind, on beneficence bent,
Fair gratitude's height shall in vain strive to climb,
And those lavished riches, so lib'rally meant,
'Stead of virtue rewarding, shall sanctify crime.
While philanthropy gives disappointment to gain,
Man, poor restless animal! why art thou vain?

Take the rational mean:—if thou'rt proud of thy form,
Let health given by temperance glow in thy face;
Let simplicity's hand, as it decks ev'ry charm,
To decorum add neatness, to decency grace.
Then to temper thy mind neither tower nor stoop,
Nor with sordidness grovel, nor arrogance ride;
Be not niggard nor lavish, a churl nor a dupe,
But let prudence the hand of benevolence guide.
Thus in form and in heart shall the Deity reign;
Thus reason shall teach, and thus man shall be vain.

THE BLACK PIG.

Love 's a flame—a sigh excites it—
A flame hearts play like moths about;
A brçath—a very nothing lights it,
A very nothing puts it out:
For this a case in point I 've ready,
Well known, yet with importance big;
'Tis of a dame a little heady,
Who cock-horse rode on a black pig.

Her lord and master, rude and jealous,
Gave great annoyance to this dame;
He routed all her pretty fellows,
And scolded when the Captain came:
Each harmless joy, to her delicious,
Her birds, her lap-dog,—nay, her wig,
Kept him on tenterhooks suspicious;
He e'en suspected the black pig.

Call'd out, and forc'd to leave this beauty,
John with despatches was sent home,
To charge her, on her bounden duty,
Never to let the Captain come:
John, knowing human nature clearly,
The consequence began to twig,
And said her lord's commands were merely
She might not ride on the black pig.

His bus'ness done, and home returning,
The dame to meet her husband rose:
'What 's happ'd?' cried he, with passion burning;
'Why, madam, you have broke your nose!'
'What happ'd?' cried she; 'you see the token,
Fool! with your jealous follies big!
My promise and my nose I've broken
By riding on the great black pig.'

'Master,' cried John, 'I'm in the right on't:
Had I obey'd, sure as you 're there,
The Captain here had made a night on't,
And sent you gadding to Horn Fair.'
Each now took shame; with whim capricious
Vow'd ne'er again to run such rig;
He swore no more to be suspicious,
She ne'er to ride on the black pig.

NATURE AND NANCY.

Let swabs, with their wows, their palaver, and lies,
Sly flatt'ry's silk sails still be trimming,
Swear their Polls be all angels dropp'd down from the skies;—
I your angels don't like,—I loves women.
And I loves a warm heart and a sweet honest mind,
Good as truth, and as lively as fancy;
As constant as honour, as tenderness kind;—
In short, I loves Nature and Nancy.

I read in a song about Wenus, I thinks,
All rigg'd out with her Cupids and graces;
And how roses and lilies, carnations and pinks,
Was made paint to daub over their faces.
They that loves it may take all such art for their pains;
For mine, 'tis another guess fancy:
Give me the rich health, flesh and blood, and blue veins,
That paints the sweet face of my Nancy.

Why, I went to the play, where they talk'd well, at least,
As to act all their parts they were trying:
They were playing at soldiers, and playing at feast,
And some they was playing at dying.

Let 'em hang, drown, or starve, or take poison,
d'ye see,
All just for their gig and their fancy;—
What to them was but jest is right earnest to me,
For I live and I'd die for my Nancy.

Let the girls, then, like so many Algerine Turks,
Dash away, a fine gay-painted galley,
With their Jacks, and their pennants, and ginger-
bread works,
All for show, and just nothing for value,—
False colours throw out, deck'd by labour and art,
To take of pert coxcombs the fancy:
They're all for the person, I'm all for the heart,—
In short, I'm for Nature and Nancy.

BULLS AND BLUNDERS.

An Irishman's tongue is so long and so thick,
And it makes in his mouth such a pother,
That the words blunder out so fast and so quick,
They are tumbling one over the other.
Such a quarrel there is 'twixt his tongue and his
heart,
That for ever they're making some blunder;
For though in the main they are never apart,
Fait and conscience! they're always asunder.
Then arrah! be aesy, you comical rogues—
I'll soon be the matter explaining:
Devil a bull you'd perceive in my blunders or
brogues,
If you'd only just find out the maning.

Like a horse and a dog, cheek by jole as they trot,
Though Tray measures ten times the gravel;
For when to the end of their journey they're got,
Fait and troth! they've no further to travel:
Or two buckets, when into a well they are thrown,
As together they flounder and spatter,
This down t'other up, and this up t'other down,
Don't they both of them bring up the water?
Then arrah! &c.

See two counsel at law, with their tongues as they
fight,
And bother each other so civil,
One proving white 's black, and t'other black 's
white,—
En't they both of them both'ring the devil?
But to put a strong case, that will bear greater
stress—
When we speak of the family royal,
Though in ten thousand fashions our words we
express,
Don't we mean that we're all of us loyal?
Then arrah! &c.

Then don't, of your fun and your frolic so full,
Pretend at the diff'rence to wonder;
For though, by my soul! ev'ry blunder 's a bull,
'Tis not ev'ry bull that 's a blunder.
So you see, once for all, don't such curious pains
To laugh at our blunders be taking;
For though Paddy, my soul! never speaks what
he means,
Sure enough, fait! he means what he 's speaking.
Then arrah! &c.

THE LAST SHILLING.

As pensive, one night, in my garret I sat,
My last shilling produc'd on the table,
'That advent'rer,' cried I, 'might a hist'ry relate,
If to think and to speak it were able.'
Whether fancy or magic 'twas play'd me the freak,
The face seem'd with life to be filling,
And cried, instantly speaking, or seeming to speak,
'Pay attention to me, thy last shilling.

'I was once the last coin of the law a sad limb,
Who in cheating was ne'er known to falter;
Till at length, brought to justice, the law cheated
him,
And he paid me to buy him a halter:
A Jack Tar, all his rhino but me at an end,
With a pleasure so hearty and willing,
Though hungry himself, to a poor distress'd friend
Wish'd it hundreds, and gave his last shilling:

''Twas the wife of his messmate, whose glistening
eye
With pleasure ran o'er as she view'd me;
She chang'd me for bread, as her child she heard cry,
And at parting with tears she bedew'd me.
But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way,
Pale want their poor families chilling;
Where rakes, in their revels the piper to pay,
Have spurn'd me, their best friend and last
shilling.

'Thou thyself hast been thoughtless,—for profli-
gates bail;
But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury,
When my little hist'ry thou off'rest for sale,—
In the int'rim, spend me and be merry!'
'Never! never!' cried I: 'thou'rt my Mentor! my
muse!
And grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,
I'll hoard thee in my heart: thus men counsel
refuse,
Till the lecture comes from the last shilling.'

A SUPPLICATION FOR PEACE.

Hark! hark! of war the dreadful clangour!—
Oh! that men, who brothers are,
With no one private cause of anger,
Dire Fate should force to murd'rous war!

See! see! those heaps of dead and dying!
Hark! what shrieks are heard afar!
No quarter suffer'd for the flying,—
Oh! the horrid trade of war.

Yet think not, with thy blood-stain'd laurel.
Bellona, long to hurl thy car;
Time soon shall heal the sanguine quarrel,
And stay the fell effects of war.

Soon lovely peace, her balm applying,
Of suff'ring hearts shall close each scar;
The living cheer, lament the dying,
And rid the world of cruel war.

NAVAL VICTORIES.

[Dibdin is by no means correct, either in his dates or as to the results of some of the actions referred to in the following song. For instance:—those with the celebrated Van Tromp were in 1652 and 1653, instead of 1662 and 1663, and were rather drawn battles than victories. The phrase 'Mynheer went to pot' alludes to the death of Van Tromp, who, while gallantly animating his brave comrades, was shot through the heart by a musket-ball, on July 29, 1653. His son afterwards became an admiral, and emulated his father in skill and bravery. The term '*spawn*,' which Dibdin has rather oddly used, refers to him. It is worthy of remark, that the assumed success of the English, in the engagements of 1666, is attributed by Dibdin to the use of *chain-shot*. It is true, according to the authority of historians, that chain-shot was first used at this period: but it happens to have been used *against* the English, instead of *by* them; the destructive invention being ascribed to the celebrated De Wit, one of the admirals of the Dutch fleet in these desperate conflicts. It was very soon, however, appropriated by the English. The action in which the 'gallant Sandwich *lay flat*,' was any thing but a victory over the Dutch; it is not likely, therefore, that they cried 'Peccavi!' The Earl of Sandwich, however, exhibited the most astonishiug feats of bravery; and instead of being '*laid flat*,' the ship which he commanded was *blown up*, and he and all on board, perished. The actions fought by Warren, Anson, and Hawke, were in 1747—not in 1744. The '*victories*' of Cornwallis and Bridport, in 1795, were very minor affairs; and it is strange that Jervis's celebrated victory off Cape St. Vincent, which had occurred such a short time before this song was written, is stated to have taken place the 'next year'—it was on Feb. 14, 1797. If the song has little merit as a piece of chronology, it has still iess as poetry. Such doggrel must have cost the facile Dibdin marvellously little labour.]

Why, I'm singing of French, Dutch, and Spanish bravada,
And going to give you each regular date,
Since the year that we conquer'd the famous Armada,
Which happ'dfifteen hundred and eightyand eight.
Queen Elizabeth, bless the old girl! was plac'd ready,
If they landed, to show 'em some true English sport;
But their whiskers were sing'd by bold Drake, brave and steady,
Just to save them a licking at Tilbury Fort;
Then hurra for the tars of old England so free,
The pride of the world, and the lords of the sea!

In ninety-six following, Raleigh and Howard,
Off Cadiz, with their cannon, so pepper'd the Dons,
That the smell of the powder made each man a coward,
And they call'd on their saints as they fled from their guns.
Sixteen hundred and sixty and two, with his besom
Van Tromp swore he'd sweep the whole sea, or be shot:
But Blake beat him twice; and next year, just to please him,
He'd two actions with Monk, and Mynheer went to pot. Then hurra! &c.

In sixty and five, the Dutch Admiral Opdam
Swore, der Tiaple, he'd eat up the brave Duke of York!
But his highness so merrily pepper'd and popp'd 'em,
Though their ships were like lead, their heels were like cork.
Next year, for four days, Albemarle and his sailors
The spawn of Van Tromp beat, weather and lee;
For chain-shot was first us'd: they all scamper'd like tailors,
And our tars from that moment were lords of the sea. Then hurra, &c.

In seventy-two, the Mynheers cried 'Peccavi,'
When, his fatal time come, gallant Sandwich lay flat!
But 'twas fam'd ninety-two made the pride of the navy;—
Don't you know there's a glorious song about that?
To sev'nteen hundred and two in my hist'ry next I go,
When the English and Dutch, under bold Sir George Rooke,
Beat the Spaniards and French in the harbour of Vigo,
Forty-eight sail, in all, blow'd up, sunk, and took. Then hurra, &c.

In the year forty-four Admirals Warren and Anson
Beat the French*—so did Hawke—only two ships remain'd;†
Boscawen's proud fleet fifty-five saw advancing,
And in fifty-eight Pococke two vict'ries obtain'd.‡
But the year fifty-nine was the noblest then going,
When an English invasion was all the world's talk;
Then La Clue off the Straits was well bang'd by Boscawen,
And Conflans run on a lee-shore by bold Hawke.§ Then hurra, &c.

In eighty bold Rodney well tickled Langarry;‖
Eighty-one saw Hyde Parker so gloriously shine;¶
But next year Count de Grasse, in the Villy de Parry,**
Was took, when so gallantly we broke the line.

* Off Cape Finisterre
† Off Belleisle.
‡ In the East Indies.
§ Off Quiberon Bay.
‖ Near Cape St. Vincent.
¶ Off the Dogger Bank.
** In the West Indies.

But all this to this war is nothing comparable,
Though we beat Dons, Mounseers, and Mynheers,
to some tune;
*My Lord Howe led the way by a victory tearable,
Off Ushant, in the morn, ninety-four, first of June.
Then hurra, &c.

In June, ninety-five, brave Cornwallis did service,†
So did ‡Bridport, and all on't was done in a week;
§But Valentine's Day, the next year, and great Jervis
No pen can describe, nor no lingo can speak.
Yet October the 'leventh, same year, for hard fighting,
Was the best brush of all; when from ‖Camperdown's shore
Brave Duncan so nobly, Dutch treach'ry requiting,
Brought their fleet to an anchor all snug at the Nore. Then hurra, &c.

But as if English tars, to their country so hearty,
Were determin'd still honour on duty to pile,
¶Ninety-eight, first of August, did up Boneparty,
By the wonders that Nelson perform'd at the Nile.
But, Lord, how I talk! arn't the nation bestowing
A pillar, to tell about tars and their lives?
And 'tis gloriously done! for to them 'tis all owing
That we've laws, and religion, and children, and wives. Then hurra, &c.

THE OLD-CLOTHES' MAN.

Shoes, hats, and old clothes;
Hare-skin,
Rabbit-skin,
Come, my pretty maid, old clothes.

About the squares
I cry my vares,
When to open the findow the maid begin;
So den I vait,
At the airy-gate,
And coax 'em, and chuck 'em under the shin.

['Vat you cot for me diss time, mine dear? Ah, vat is tiss? Ah, tiss is de coat, de plack coat; de plack coat is ferry koot coat; but, ven he get shabby, he get ferry shabby. Besides, nobody vear de plack coat but de parson, and de master parson pye de new coat, and the churnyman parson can't afford to pye any coat at all: I kiff you tree shilling for de plack coat.'—'Nonsense, ket afay, I vant to talk diss laty 'bout de kishen-stofe.'—'Vell, vell, I kiff you fife, but den you mosse kiff me dat shoe, dat handkerchief, dat stocking. Ah, dat is fer pret girl! koot morning, my lofe, I fish you great luck vid de kishen-stofe.']

So I trick all de flat again and again;
Till by dat time I come to Rosemary Lane,
Like a snow-ball still bigger and bigger I krows,
While loudly I cry, Shoes, hats, and old clothes.

So I tink no sin
To take 'em in;
Shoe, stocking, ev'ry ting make my own.
As I trick de flat,
One, two, three hat,
I look like the pope with my triple crown.

['Ah, Monsier le valet! vat you cot tiss morning? Ah! vat is de preeches, de small-clothes, de inexpressible. Ah, tiss te preeches! de fine

* In consequence of a scarcity of grain in France, a great number of vessels had been sent to America for a supply; a large fleet of merchantmen, laden with the principal produce of the French West India Islands, were expected to arrive at the same time: and to protect both, the Brest fleet, commanded by Rear-Admiral Villaret, was ordered to sea. Admiral Howe put to sea early in the month of May, '94, to intercept the convoy. The hostile fleets met on the 28th, and an engagement took place, in which no great advantage was gained on either side. On the 29th the battle was resumed, and the conclusion was equally indecisive. Nothing was done the two next days in consequence of a thick fog; but on the 1st of June a terrific battle took place, in which the English were the victors. The killed on board the French ships which were taken, amounted to 690 men; 580 were wounded, and it was computed that 320 perished in a seventy-four, La Vengeur, that went down during the action. The loss of the English was 281, and 788 were wounded.

† The 'service' was merely effecting his escape, by great skill and bravery, from the French fleet by which his squadron had been surrounded.

‡ Lord Bridport pursued the same fleet after Admiral Cornwallis had cut his way through, and succeeded in taking three of the enemy's ships.

§ The French republic having meditated an invasion of the British Islands, issued directions for the junction of the Fleets of Holland and Spain with that of France, at Brest. Sir John Jervis was directed to cruize off Cape St. Vincent, with a view to intercept the Spanish fleet. On the 14th of February, 1797, just as day was breaking, 27 Spanish sail of the line were discovered, and Sir John Jervis determined immediately to make the attack, although his force consisted but of fifteen sail of the line and some frigates. The skilful seamanship of Jervis, seconded by the daring of Commodore Nelson, who did good service in the action, more than counterbalanced the disparity of numbers, and the Spanish Admiral was compelled to return to Cadiz, after losing four of his ships, and about 300 seamen. In commemoration and reward of this victory, Sir John Jervis was honoured with the rank and title of Earl St. Vincent.

‖ On the 11th of October, 1797, Admiral Duncan encountered the Dutch fleet under Admiral De Winter, between Camperdown and Egmont. The two Admirals fought ship to ship, the battle terminating in favour of Duncan. It is said that De Winter was the only man on the quarter deck of his vessel who remained alive and unhurt. The carnage on both sides was dreadful. Admiral Duncan arrived at the Nore on the 16th of October, with his captures, consisting of seven ships of the line and one 56-gun ship. The Admiral was afterwards created a Peer by the title of Viscount Duncan of Camperdown.

¶ The great victory of the Nile took place on the 1st of August. The French fleet consisted of thirteen sail of the line and four frigates, having on board 1200 guns and between ten and eleven thousand men. It was commanded by Admiral Brueys. The British fleet, under the command of Admiral Nelson, consisted of 13 sail of the line, and a fifty gun ship, carrying in all a thousand guns, and having on board 8000 men. The French lost two Admirals besides Admiral Brueys, and three captains, and between seven and eight thousand men. Of the ships, nine sail of the line were taken, and two were burnt; one of the frigates was sunk, and another was burnt. The killed and wounded of the British amounted to 900. Admiral Nelson was advanced to the Peerage by the title of Lord Nelson of the Nile. The British Parliament voted him a pension of £2000 per annum; the Irish Parliament added a pension of £1000; and the East India Company presented him with a sum of £10,000.

dashing fellow stare de laty de face, knock down de fatchman, ket his nose pull a little sometime; ferry bad stain all over de fine; ah, noting coot put de pocket; ferry coot pocket, coot as new: never ket no money to put in um, and so never fare um ote. Stay, let me look de faiscoat: vat is tiss? Oh, it is de tayler bill, damme! so long aysh my arm: tiss is te fay te young shentelman alfay sell his clothes afore he pay for um.—Vel, I kiff you tree sixpence.' 'Oh, Moses, you must stand my friend,—I fant a guinea.' 'A kinny!' 'Yes, I cot my master fatch, I take to te fatch-make, I kiff you for little pawn. I kot an appointment tiss even—tam fine kirl, Moses.' 'Fell, fell, I take de fatch.—Dam fool! vorte fifty pone I ket all his kuts out before he come home again: but, pon my shole, you ferry great rogue pawn your master fatch! You moshe not keep company with man my character.'] So I tricks, &c.

For de last ting of all,
On de dasher I call,
Dat take genteel airing upon the highway:
He fake in a fright,
I soon set him right,
So of de bus'ness terectly we talk afay.'

['Fell, you cot koot booty?' 'Oh, fine booty!' 'Ah! vat is tiss?' 'Ah! fill you have a sup, Moses? I rop an old maid: I ax her for te vatch, she kif me te pocket-pistol—tam coot brandy, Moses—have a sup.' 'Ah! an is tiss all?' 'All? oh no: I make mistake, and ko into nudder shentelman hosse stid my own; mak free wid a few spoon, faiter, candlestick; all tiss is ferry coot; te silvers he fill melt done, make into ferry fine vite soup.' 'Vat you ax for, altoketer?' 'Foife kinny, Moses.' 'Foife kinny! I kiff dirty shilling.' 'Tam your dirty shilling! I font have it.' 'Ferry fell, ferry fell! stay, be fone out; get hang.' 'Oh, te tam shew dog, he fill peach!' 'Vat you say dare?' 'I say, Moses, I believe you mose have it; tam shew villain!' 'Ah! dat is right; co on and prosper.']
So I tricks, &c.

LEGERDEMAIN.

I snow, you see, de sloight de hand,—
No sheet, all ev'ry ting fair:
Put money, put ring,
Put every ting,—
Hey, pass, presto, be gone, at command;
Look here, look there, look every vare,
You don't find noting dere.
The lawyer tell you he gain your suit,
Vid vat you call rhino come down;
The court he meet, de counsel dispute,
Stun every body round;
The judge sum up, in your favour he go:
O very fine ting dese laws!
You strip yourself to de top to de toe,
And so you get your cause.
So de lawyer, you see,
So vell as me,
Can play de sloight de hand;
Put money, &c.

Den you go to de gaming-house, you call—
He ten times vorse den de court,
Where de lord and de lady, de devil and all,
Make people ruin his sport;
While dey laugh in your face, and vin every game,
De dam Greek he pocket your pelf;
You bite dice, eat card, and fortune call name,
Just ready to hang yourself.
So de people de fashion, so vell as me, &c.

But look de vorld around all troo,
All sheet, bamboozle for gain,
All crafty, cunning as a Jew,
Play trick de legerdemain.
De poet sheet you your good sense,
De doctor of your lifes,
Your bosom friend steal vay your pence,
And often steal your vifes.
So all de world, so vell as me, &c.

MADAME VANDERCROUT.

Ma'am Vandercrout, her weeds quite new,
Fifty, and richer than a Jew;
With voice of raven, and an eye
Might with the coddled gooseberry vie;
Fair as bull-beef; and then a form
Lovely as porpoise in a storm;
A ton of flesh with gold-hoops bound;
Just four feet high, and six feet round:
Thus form'd, thus featur'd, and thus fac'd,
Her person and her purse thus grac'd,
No wonder lovers swarm'd about
The charming Madame Vandercrout.

A lawyer begg'd his cause to plead;
Said, if he lik'd each title-deed,
'Twixt Hymen, him, and her, that night,
He'd draw indenture tripartite.
'Come, come,' said she, 'my man of law,
In your proceedings there 's a flaw.
My goods and chattels you'd convey?
Please to convey yourself away.
You plead in vain,—the trial 's pass'd;
You're nonsuited, ejected, cast;
You're ignoramus'd, and thrown out:
Then sue not Madame Vandercrout.'

An Irish jolman swore away
He'd love for ever and a day;
And, if she'd him for husband have,
Her lord and master were her slave.

'Paddy, you've made a bull,' cried she;
You want to make a slave of me:
I'm his who for my person seeks;
Sure, en't you Irishmen all Greeks?
Nothing but loss with you I'd gain;
No, never, wid your "Seven 's the main,"
'Mongst Pharaoh's host shall fly about
The cash of Madame Vandercrout.'

An auctioneer,—a cunning dog!
Of her charms had made a catalogue:
With small-talk keeping still a din,
Said he should like to buy her in.
'Indeed!' cried she, 'by fortune cross'd,
Must I then wed to who bids most?
My person to the hammer brought,
And put up like a scurvy lot?
Be going, sir! lest, with a frown,
Without reserve, I knock you down.
'Tis heart for heart, you babbling lout!
Must purchase Madame Vandercrout.'

Thus lover after lover came,—
The fortune courting—not the dame;
Which fortune rather than enthral,
She vow'd she would not wed at all.
This conduct 's given a hundred names;
Some say she drinks, some say she games:
But none have hit the truth, not one,—
The fact is, she has married John.
John 's tall and comely; and beside,
She knew him ere her husband died.
And now the hist'ry 's fairly out
Of lovely Madame Vandercrout.

THE IRISH DRUMMER.

Sure, en't I the drummer that goes to the fight?
Only hear me with joy, you'll be stunn'd with delight;
The likes of my fame, sure! no mortal enjoys,
For there 's nobody makes such a devil a noise,
With my rub a dub, row de dow, rattle away,—
See the army all drawn out in battle array;
How sweetly they come to the sound of my drum!
With my rub a dub, &c.

Advancing the last, and retreating the first,
When we're cover'd with smoke, and with glory, and dust,—
'Mongst heroes that follow, and heroes that fly,
If a devil of a thund'ring you hear, why, that's I!
With my rub a dub, &c.

Then the fun that you'd see, wid delight and surprise,
If the devilish smoke did not put out your eyes,
In the lovely Dutch concert of shrieks and dismay;
Sure, en't it, my soul! the first fiddle I play?
With my rub a dub, &c.

Then, like herrings all smok'd, from the field when we're come,
And our battles abroad we are fighting at home,
My share I contend for, wid body and breath,—
Though I nobody kill'd, fait! I stunn'd them to death. With my rub a dub, &c.

THE PORTRAIT OF HUMANITY.

Hence, fell discontent, and its murmuring train,
To darkness and Erebus hurl'd,
That brood over grief, and for mis'ry and pain
Shun the rational joys of the world.
The brilliant existence to prize at its worth,
Let joy all our moments beguile;
And that nothing fallacious may sully our mirth,
Let it light up the face with a smile.

The titter convulsive may turn to a tear
The grin that displays even teeth;
The giggle and simper seem mirth to the ear,
While a heart-ach corrodes underneath:
But a generous smile none of these can control,—
Free from passion, from sorrow, from guile,
'Tis a prompt emanation that springs from the soul,
Whose joys are best known by a smile.

Be it ours, then, with smiles to illumine the face,—
Given ev'ry delight to enhance,
And irradiate the mind, as the sun, in its race,
Irradiates wide nature's expanse:
Let the day of fair reason succeed envy's night,
Ev'ry trace of pale care to beguile;
And prove, as the soul the glad features shall light,
Humanity's portrait's a smile.

DOGS.

Ingenious bards have often tried
Man's best resemblance to define;
I hold—(nor startle, child of pride!)
Our likeness is the race canine.
'Gainst this let no one set his face,—
I go on sure and certain ground:
Where can, throughout the human race,
More strict fidelity be found?
The dog, if needful, to his death,
Demonstrating what honour is,
For his protector yields his breath,
And saves that life which cherish'd his:
Nor can this any stigma fix,
At which the nicest ear may start;
But shows, that though they play dogs' tricks,
Men have fidelity at heart.

Sly dogs, queer dogs, mankind we name,—
Then who my thesis shall condemn?
For if their titles are the same
They must ape us, or we ape them:

Pug dogs, that amble through the street,
To crops we aptly may compare;
And ev'ry female that you meet
Can tell you who the puppies are;
For mad dogs one can scarcely stir;
Of spaniels there's a catalogue;
The dogged cynic is a cur;
A tar 's the English mastiff dog.
Nor can, &c.

With dogs, such dashing sportsmen suit
As instinct use, but never think;
And yet the dog 's the wiser brute,
For he can neither smoke nor drink:
Bullies are whelps that growl and snarl,
And quarrel loud, but never fight;
Mongrels are Envy's sons, that snarl
And show their teeth, but cannot bite;
The terrier the undertaker hits;
The Greek 's a fox, that slips and cogs;
Comical dogs are smarts and wits,
And topers are all jolly dogs.
Nor can, &c.

BOTTOM.

[This song is also sometimes entitled 'Tol de Rol.']

Of all the lives that e'er was liv'd,
A sailor's life for I;
Hap what hap may, he 's never griev'd,
But works and bungs his eye.
To do his duty never loth,
In danger's face he 'll fly,
Though certain sure to get popp'd off—
Tol de liddle liddle tol tol lol tol diddle liddle liddle li.

Why when to hand that sail we'd got
All shiver'd by the foe,
Scarce up aloft, a second shot
Masts, yards, and all, laid low.
At the risk of ev'ry precious neck,
By the run we com'd, but I
Only broke my arm against the deck,—
Tol de liddle, &c.

Now there, when I left Poll ashore,
Well stor'd with togs and gold,
And went to sea to fight for more,
A jolly tar and bold,—
A wounded pris'ner soon I lay;
In a dismal plight was I;—
Com'd home, I found Poll flow'd away,—
Tol de liddle, &c.

Then when my precious leg they lopp'd,
Just for a bit of fun
I took it up, on t'other hopp'd,
And ramm'd it in a gun.
'What 's that for?' cries my messmate Dick;
'What for? you fool!' said I;
'Why, to give Mounseer another kick!'
Tol de liddle, &c.

I owns this crazy hull of mine
At sea has had its share;—
Shipwreck'd three times, and wounded nine,
And blow'd up in the air!
But somebody must pay the cost,—
I've yet my leg and my eye;
The rest I for my country lost,—
Tol de liddle, &c.

THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

[A Parody on the celebrated 'High-Mettled Racer.]

See the shore lin'd with gazers! the tide comes in fast;
The confusion but hear! bear a hand there! avast!
The blocks and the wedges the mallets obey,
And the shores and the stanchions are all cut away;
While with head like a lion, built tight fore and aft,
Broad a midships, lean bows, and taper abaft,
In contempt of all danger from quicksands and rocks,
The Pride of the Ocean is launch'd from the stocks.

Now the signal is flying, and, fleet in her course,
She chases a sail far superior in force;
And now the brisk broadside is merrily pour'd,
And splinters, cut ropes, and masts, go by the board:
Next yard-arm and yard-arm entangled they lie,
The tars loudly swearing to conquer or die;
Till, hull'd and cut up, getting more than she likes,
To the Pride of the Ocean the enemy strikes.

The prize is sent home, and alert, in a trice,
They make gaskets and points, and they knot and they splice:
While knowing Jack-tars of their gallantry talk,—
Tell who serv'd well—Boscawen, and Anson, and Hawke;
Till, all of a sudden, a calm, then a scud,
A tempest brings on, that the face of the flood
The thunder and lightning, and wind, so deform,
The Pride of the Ocean scarce lives out the storm.

And now, having nobly defended the cause
Of the nation, of freedom, religion, and laws,—
Her timbers all crazy, all open her seams,
Torn and wounded her planks, and quite rotten her beams,—
To the last, humbly fated her country to aid,
Near the very same slip where her keel was first laid,
No trace of her rate but her ports and her bulk,
The Pride of the Ocean's cut down,—a sheer hulk!

THE LAKE OF WINDERMERE.

Slipp'd from her mother's apron string,
Miss Pat, the 'prentice for her dear,
For love and Gretna Green took wing,
And pass'd the Lakes of Windermere.

Cried dad, 'My boots! bring out the shay!
Up! love,—we'll catch 'em, never fear!
To Kendal come, they're flown away,—
[What shall we do now?]
Let's see the Lakes of Windermere.'

'See! see! of Lakers what a mob!
I declare 'tis delightful to come here;
And yonder 's Captain Thingumbob,—
Oh! charming Lakes of Windermere!
Why aye, the grouse, and potted char,
And trout, and eels, are noble cheer;
But, to my mind, Greenwich Hill is far,—
[Upon my word I think so,]
Beyond the Lakes of Windermere.'

'Servant, dear Ma'am,—ah! how d'ye do?'
'Ah, Captain! pray what brought you here?'
'Your letter: on Love's wings I flew
To see the Lakes of Windermere.'
'Zounds! there 's the 'prentice and our Pat!
I'll rate 'em soundly,—stay you here.'
The Captain now, in am'rous chat,
['You see, my angel, I was punctual to my appointment,']
Beguiles the time at Windermere.

'Dear Pa!'—'You hussey! hold your tongue,—
No single syllable I'll hear;'
'Pity a pair so fond and young,
And make us bless'd at Windermere.'
'What says your mother?'—'In my sight
Let not the wicked wretch appear;
Would she had never seen the light!
[A little devil to interrupt us,]
Or these sweet Lakes of Windermere.

'My virtuous feelings thus to wound!
Begone, vile wretch!'—'Ma'am, in your ear:
By accident this note I found,
Here, at the Lakes of Windermere:—
'I've but a moment's time to write,—
That brute, my husband, is so near:
Dear Captain, instant take your flight,—
[You see, Ma'am, you are discovered,]
On Cupid's wings, to Windermere.'

'Dear mother, are you cruel still?'
'She pleads her cause so well, my dear,
Let's pardon her.'—'Well, so we will,
And enjoy ourselves at Windermere.'
Dad takes the qualms away they call;
Captain and all get glorious cheer;
And enjoy, while Nunky pays for all,
[Poor easy contented dupe!]
The pleasures of gay Windermere.

THE FAMILY CONCERT.

RECITATIVE.

SHON, pring te tesk, te moosic-pook;
Sholter your muskit, Master Shacky;
Alderman, for your rosin look,—
Fy, vat dam lazy tog, dat lackey!
Stupid sir, will you fetch te arp,
To kief your sweet yong laty?
Come, tune, now—not too flat, ne sharp.

[Stay, stay! Alderman, poise your fittlestick. Shacky, poot your flute your mout—take care your embrasseur—cock ope your nose; ah! leetle more. Come, leetle miss! Ah! la jolie petite Savoyarde, vere is your triangle? Very well. Now, mine ainchel, your arp—ah, que des graces! Come, Madame la mere, pox about your tambourine. Ah, vous êtes charmante! young, comme your daughter, except bote forty yare.—Well, tash afay now,—are you retty?]

CHORUS.

To make up this harmonious scene,
Miss strums the harp so mellow;
Mamma loud thumps the tambourine,
And dad the violoncello;
While Master Jacky puffs the flute,
Miss Suke bangs the triangle;
While squeak and squal, and howl and hoot,
Join the delightful wrangle.
Come, Alderman, now play your part,—
Dash away, my noble fellow;
Play up von leetel solo part
Upon de violoncello.

[Eh! vat de deffle is dis? Oh, zoun! he let fall de pook 'pon his kouty toe. I tink de deffle was coming—done you stoop, Alderman. Shon, pick ope your master pook. Dere, ko de vik now. Pick ope de pook a de fik. Once more, piano. Bless my soul!] To make up, &c.

[Ferry fell, indeed. No, messe, mine life, your leetle solo vid my vice.]
Chently clyte the popeling strim
Wid your image as it play,
Till, like telusive morning trim,
De preze come snotch it kavite away.
[Oh, charmante! teliteafool! Come, now, pianissimo!]
Piano, piano, gust' Italiano,
Let de note sweetly preathe as so chently you play;
Now forte e forte, vid force de toon porte,
While lout as de deffle you fire away.

[Ha, vat deffle nise—vat it is? Oh, 'tis de maid pring de shildins from Bartlemy fair; vid de trum, de trumpet, de penny fissel. Ah! stop all de shidins.] Pianissimo, piano, piano, &c.

Now arp and de floot,
Twang, twang—toot, toot.

[Ah, vat terrible deffle ting diss? Oh dam! 'tis Shon,—he tret pon de cat a de kitten. I wish he bite um. Vell, never mind, 'tis all de family concert; come, farry koot poys and kals; once more, and ten I kif you holyday.

Pianissimo, piano, piano, &c.

ODE TO GRATITUDE.

[Allusive, no doubt, to the attempt on the life of the King (George III.) by Hatfield the lunatic.]

He lives! propitious powers, he lives!
What though the tear
From ev'ry eye involuntary start!
Indulgent Heav'n, continually that gives
New blessings to delight this happy land,
Has snatch'd from the assassin's hand
That life to ev'ry Briton dear!
That source from whence life flows to ev'ry heart.
Britons, exult, and rally round the throne,
To pious airs
Breathe grateful prayers—
Your monarch's safety is your own.

Of joy and horror what a scene!
Behold the King
In fortitude and virtue find a host!
Heaven beaming comfort on the pious Queen,
And her angelic progeny around;
Dire murder and fell treason to confound,
See Providence like lightning spring!
Be cherish'd in each heart the loyal boast;
Britons exult, &c.

To Heaven, that still persists,
For mortals' good,
Now pour we out our grateful hearts in pray'r:
And as each virtue, high enthron'd that sits
In his great mind, has long transcended praise,
So be the hour, in calendars, and lays
To unborn Britons understood,
That prov'd great George high Heaven's especial care. Britons, exult, &c.

ROWDYDOWDYDOW.

Thus, my lads, we soldiers live:
We live a life
Like man and wife,
Now making love, now in a row;
A noble glorious trade we drive:
From morn to night,
We love and fight,
And follow the noisy rowdydowdydow.

Now courting honour in some trench,
And now some willing comely wench;
To vict'ry leading now the way,
Now leading at some ball the hey;
To the fair now kneeling for some boon,
Now at the head of a platoon;
Ever equally delighting,
Now in love, and now in fighting.

[Charge the enemy's right flank!—My dear angel, how I adore you!—They fly! follow up the pursuit.—My life, my love, my soul! permit me to lay my laurels at your feet.]
Thus, my lads, &c.

In peace the sprightly fife and drum
Diffuse delight where'er we come;
The serjeant first, neat as my nail,
With brandish'd cane and dangling tail,
Careless around, saluting all
With te di reto ree, and tol, lol, lol,
While wonder sits on ev'ry face,
Throughout th' astonish'd market-place.
'Did you ever see the like of this?'
To mamma, in raptures cries out miss;
While Clodpole cries, with chizzl'd phiz,
'What a nice way of walking marching is!'

['I zay, zorgint, if it were not for the wooden legs and arms, I wish I may die! if I don't think I should list.' 'Wooden legs and arms! my fine fellow; what signifies such trifles as those? why you have made a shift all your life with a wooden head. Come, my angel, prevail upon your sweetheart to go with us. Come, my lads, if you are for honour and fame, follow us to the field; where you shall be all covered with wounds and glory; and where, if you should chance to get killed, damme! you shall live for ever.'
Thus, my lads, &c.

But when the trumpet sounds afar,
And we let slip the dogs of war,
Then to see the dead and dying,
Hear bullets whistle as they're flying;
Oh, what delights so sweet, so glorious,
That proudly cover the victorious!
Hacking, hewing, cutting, slashing,
Killing, wounding, mincing, smashing;
While drums, and fifes, and cannons loud,
Upon the astonish'd senses crowd,
And strike the ears with hideous yell,
As if it were the yawn of hell,
Of the dying to sound out the knell.

['Ods wounds and fire! sarjint, what comical things you soldiers do see!' 'See! why, sir, I once saw a cannon-ball take off a steeple with eight men ringing the bells.' 'Cannon! dom't I do believe that cannon be a gun.' 'But the drollest thing I ever saw in my life, was a lawyer's head that was knocked off and placed upon a tailor's shoulders; ruined poor dear snip—the poor devil has never spoken a word of truth since.']
Thus, my lads, &c.

TOM WILKINS' PORT.

The conclusion is this:—who in nubibus tread—
Who should walk on the feet, but who stand on the head—
Who quarrel thro' poison imbib'd from their wine,
Have never yet tasted our liquor divine;
But the smiles of fair prudence and reason who court,
Are accustomed to tipple Tom Wilkins' port.

Thus, if belles should, down fashion's gay tide as they roll,
Show too much of the arms, or the neck or the poll;
If beaux in the rage crop their hair to the roots,
Or wear pucker'd sleeves, or great fishermen's boots,
Of reason the pity of satire the sport,
Send them here for a glass of Tom Wilkins' port.

For you, of your generous kindness so free,
Who have shown so much patience in list'ning to me,
If here you've found nothing that honour offends,
Let me beg our specific you'll praise to your friends,
So ev'ry exertion your favour shall court,
And gratitude season Tom Wilkins' port.

From the Cakehouse.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

Cælia, eighteen her next birth-day,
Accomplish'd at her fingers' ends,
Had read, could sing, and dance, and play,
And scandalize her dearest friends:
Secure she never should grow old,
For looking-glasses all tell truth;
And she had by her glass been told
She should enjoy Perpetual Youth.

Lovers in shoals came to her net;
Not one her fickle mind could guess:
She'd giggle, simper, and coquette,
And love, but never would say Yes:
For love brings wedlock, wedlock strife,—
Not always, but too oft a truth;
And Cælia thought to be a wife
Would not insure Perpetual Youth.

Her faithful mirror now grew rude,—
Told her her features were decay'd;
That the coquette would turn a prude,
And youthful Cælia an old maid:
She curs'd the glass, and curs'd the hour
She falsely thought it told her truth:
'Teach me,' she cried, 'some pitying pow'r,
How to obtain Perpetual Youth!'

'Hold!' cried a sprite she now saw pass,
'I come to tell you what's amiss;
You had from Vanity that glass,
And now from Reason's hand take this:
It tells you, in life's varying day,
Faces are frail, minds fix'd like truth;
That charms are transient, and decay;
That sweetness is Perpetual Youth;

That reason's morn is beauty's eve,
That of the dimpled smiles supply;
When loss of teeth the lips bereave,
With smiles the mind adorns the eye:
Thus females shall the men adore,
While bless'd with gentleness and truth
For whether twenty, or fourscore,
Good-nature is Perpetual Youth.'

THE LOTTERY OF WEDLOCK.

This life is a lottery, wives are the prizes;
For every bachelor chooses a blank:
And as the premium lowers and rises,
According to goodness and virtue they rank.
That giggling thing there will turn up a fifty;
That flirt will no more than a twenty be found;
Not so yon wife, so prudent and thrifty,—
She'll prove a prize of full ten thousand pound.
Then round with the wheel; no gold shall ye find—
The wealth of our lott'ry 's confin'd to the mind:
Adventure then boldly, ill fortune despise;
Tis the lott'ry of wedlock, and woman's the prize.

Should sometimes appear trifling failings, congenial
To fond inexperience, in minds immatur'd,
If vice have no share, and the failings are venial,
By kindness and sense be that ticket insur'd:
Do not ever by beauty alone be invited,
Which too oft with conceit and with vanity's found;
But be beauty and goodness together united,—
'Tis a capital prize, and the ten-thousand pound.
Then round, &c.

Much faith for good luck to odd numbers is given;
But advent'rers for this may credulity thank:
'Tis the temper gives value, and that must be even,
Else 'twere better your ticket had turn'd up a blank.
Number three, I acknowledge, comprises the Graces,
But so will the Furies and Harpies be found:
If the mind ev'ry virtue domestic embraces,
Even or odd, high or low, you've the ten-thousand pound. Then round &c.

ANNA, ANNE, NAN, NANCE, OR NANCY.

My love's a vessel trim and gay,
Rigg'd out with truth, and stor'd by honour;
As through life's sea she cuts her way,
All eyes with rapture gaze upon her:
Built ev'ry wond'ring heart to please,—
The lucky shipwrights Love and Fancy;
From stem to stern she moves with ease,
And at her launch they call'd her Nancy.

When bearing up against life's gales,
So well she stems the dang'rous trouble,
I call her Anna,—as she sails,
Her form 's so grand, her air so noble:
When o'er the trembling wave she flies,
That plays and sports as she advances,
'Well said, my Nan!' I fondly cries,
As my full heart in concert dances.

In studding sails before life's breeze
So sweetly gentle is her motion,
She 's Anne,—for as she moves with ease,
She seems the queen of all the ocean:
But when, on Sundays, rigg'd in stays,
Like beauty gay, and light as fancy,
She wins my heart a thousand ways;
I then delight to call her Nancy.

When laying on a tack so neat,
The breeze her milk-white bosom filling,
She skims the yielding waves so fleet,
I call her Nance, my bosom thrilling.
Thus is she precious to my heart,
By whate'er name comes o'er my fancy;
Graceful or gay, grand, neat, or smart,
Or Anna, Anne, Nan, Nance, or Nancy.

LOVE AND REASON.

A WOMAN grown, with sparkling eyes,
High health, and easy carriage,
Doll felt her anxious bosom rise,
Whilst something whisper'd marriage;
But, ere she leap'd, took, to her praise,
This maxim from her mother:
'Ne'er wed, dear girl, while reason says
One thing, and love another.'

This golden rule to guard her heart,
She went to see her cousins,
Where many a fop came round, so smart,
Till Doll had counted dozens:
But still the more the tim'rous maid
Was teas'd with all this pother,
She found grave reason one thing said,
And sprightly love another.

'I've lov'd you long,' cried out a smart;
'For weeks and months I've watch'd you,—
You, and you only, have my heart:'
Cried Doll, 'I've fairly catch'd you;
I've left, good Sir, but three short days
My native place and mother,
Who truly told that reason says
One thing, and love another.

'In this short time I've look'd around;—
Those things I fancied real,
On close inspection, I have found
Illusive and ideal;
I've heard false vows, I've seen mean pride,
I've known vice virtue smother,
Wise reason taking still one side,
And silly love another.

'This having seen, I'll hie me home,
By prudence now grown wiser,
And while I vow no more to roam,
Hoard wisdom like a miser;
Wed honest Ned, who loves me well,
With glad consent of mother;—
So shall no longer reason tell
One tale, and love another.'

THE POET AND THE PAPER.

We poets, with more in the head than the purse,
To raise hunger's supplies while we 're fretting,
Not only must write what we can, but, what 's worse,
On whatever materials we're getting:
Backs of letters from Celias, from booksellers, duns,
Denote the finances are taper;
And whoever 's sagacious may read, as he runs,
The state of the mind by the paper.

Of Billingsgate's Naiads it struck me to write,—
To describe this vociferous Babel:
I snatch'd up a scrap, when—oh, horrible sight!
Of my tragedy damn'd 'twas the play-bill.
I on Liberty's joys wrote an ode on a writ,
For a draft Snip endors'd to his draper;
But I scratch'd it, and scrawl'd it, so blunt was my wit,
That I drew prison-bars on the paper.

Well brib'd t'other day, yielding virtue to blame,
While reward beyond equity bore me,
Chance, entreated by Pity, my purpose to shame,
Blotting-paper extended before me.
Astonish'd, I cried, 'Gracious powers, what 's here?
Each word disappears like a vapour;'
May all who write thus to cause beauty a tear,
Be reproach'd and disgrac'd by the paper.

The state's ways and means to describe, and the loan,
An enigma I thought would just hit it:
The wants of the nation were typ'd by my own,
For I found on the milk-score I'd writ it.
Then give me a patron, dear Ida's fair throng,
That with joy I may once cut a caper;
'Pay the bearer,' shall then, the sweet theme of my song,
Flow Pactolian on witty bank paper.

BROTHER JACK.

If the good old maxim 's true,
That sons of Eve should all be brothers,
Tars have it to their hearts in view,
For their first good 's the good of others;
Nay, Jack such narrow love derides,
'Midst ev'ry danger still contented,
He the whole family provides
With ev'ry good that Heav'n invented;
And, leaving caution to the wind,
Risks ev'ry chance to serve mankind.

'Away to India,' cries the fair;
To Beauty's voice obedient listen!
The vessel cuts the yielding air,
And muslins wave, and diamonds glisten.

Should winter, in its bleak array,
With chilling frosts and winds alarm her,
Jack points the prow to Hudson's Bay,
And comely furs both deck and warm her;
And, gaily leaving care behind,
Ransacks the world to serve mankind.

Would cits the rich voluptuous treat,—
Amidst the bustle and the hurry,
To make the bill of fare complete,
Jack brings the turtle and the curry.
He fetches tea for maiden aunts,
Fin'ry and fashion for our spouses,
Feeds, clothes us, and supplies our wants,
And even furnishes our houses:
What thanks for those, then, shall we find,
Who thus adventure for mankind?

Then be the friendly toast we pass,
As honest hearts and nature's freemen,—
Excluding daylight from the glass,—
'Prosperity to English seamen!'
On danger's brink who careless found,
For others make their lives a slavery;
The very wine that now goes round
We owe to their advent'rous bravery:—
Then drink to those, with grateful mind,
Who risk their lives to serve mankind.

FILIAL LOVE.

What charm adds sweetest grace to beauty,
And meaner virtues soars above,
Approaching to religious duty,
And heav'n-fraught joy?—'Tis filial love.
Ye loveliest objects of creation,
Whose charms can ev'ry heart control,

Who pleasure turn to fascination,
And mould at will the yielding soul,—
Hope not true joys, that ne'er can vary,
With all your beauty, all your youth;
Unless your hearts, warm, voluntary,
Can ask and answer this great truth.
What charm, &c.

Vain are those beauties, vain those graces,
Where reason no kind welcome finds:
What are sweet forms and lovely faces,
With thoughtless and unfeeling minds?
Mothers! should you that mental beauty
Have known that filial love secures,
You shall, as parents, that bless'd duty
Receive, which you have paid to your's.
What charm, &c.

THE THING, THE KICK, AND THE GO.

From extraneous ideas since fashions derive,
They 're adopted by beings that breathe, but don't live:
Thus involv'd in a something 'twixt twilight and dawn,
The sprig of the day glides through life in a yawn;
And those joys that bless others, to him quite unknown,
Make a sort of existence expressly his own:
As a snail's, or a worm's, or an oyster's can bring;
And therefore is call'd, very justly—the Thing.

Immensely, curse catch him, attach'd to the fair,
He can whistle, eat cheesecakes, see nothing, and stare;
Be most monstrously fond, and to wit know no bounds,
And swear fury, and devils, and damme, and zounds.
In company forward, his story he tells,
And knows ev'ry thing better than ev'ry one else;
Till at last, by a hint taught good manners to know,
He the title obtains of the Kick and the Go.

At random he talks, without foresight or thought,
Of women ne'er seen, and of duels ne'er fought;
And while crowds of companions flock round without end,
Knows not either to be, or to cherish, a friend:
The natural prey of the gambling throng,
Sings away all his fortune, and whistles a song;
And while purses of rooks by this pigeon grow big,
He is wound round their fingers, and so call'd the Twig.

Then let all this cap fits a new being project,
And exact from the world not contempt, but respect;
Let them kick at dull sloth, human nature's worst foe,
And like shunning a pest, far from vanity go:
In short, let them nobly from prudence derive
Ev'ry rational joy, for which Heav'n bids them live;
So shall they of existence fulfil the best ends,
Not merely beings, but men, husbands, fathers, and friends.

JACK AT GREENWICH.

We tars are all for fun and glee,—
A hornpipe was my notion;
Time was I'd dance with any he
That sails the salt sea ocean:
I'd tip the roll, the slide, the reel,
Back, forward, in the middle;
And roast the pig, and toe and heel,
All going with the fiddle.
But one day told a shot to ram,
To chase the foe advancing,
A splinter queer'd my larboard gam,
And, damme! spoil'd my dancing.

'Well, I'm,' says I, 'no churlish elf,—
We messmates be all brothers;
Though I can't have no fun myself,
I may make fun for others:

A fiddle soon I made my own,
That girls and tars might caper;
Learn'd 'Rule Britannia,' 'Bobbing Joan,'
And grow'd a decent scraper:
But just as I'd the knack on't got,
And did it pretty middling,
I lost my elbow by a shot,
And, damme! spoil'd my fiddling.

So sometimes, as I turn'd my quid,
I got a knack of thinking
As I should be an invalid,—
And then I took to drinking:
One day call'd down my gun to man,
To tip it with the gravy,
I gave three cheers, and took the can
To drink the British Navy:
Before a single drop I'd sipp'd,
Or got it to my muzzle,
A langridge off my daddle whipp'd,
And, damme! spill'd the guzzle.

So then I took to taking snuff,—
'Cause how, my sorrows doubled;
And pretty pastime 'twas enough,
D'ye see, when I was troubled:
But Fortune, that mischievous elf,
Still at some fun or other—
Not that I minds it for myself,
But just for Poll and mother—
One day, while lying on a tack,
To keep two spanking foes off,
A broadside comes, capsizes Jack,
And, damme! knocks my nose off.

So in misfortune's school grown tough,—
In this same sort of knowledge,
Thinking, mayhap, I'd not enough,
They sent me here to college:
And here we tell old tales, and smoke,
And laugh, while we are drinking;—
Sailors, you know, will have their joke,
E'en though the ship were sinking:
For I, while I get grog to drink
My wife, or friend, or king, in,
'Twill be no easy thing, I think,
Damme! to spoil my singing.

HIGHGATE PROBATION.

Scarce come to London, a country lout,
From father's snug cottage at Ryegate,
To qualify I in the world to set out,
I went to be sworn at Highgate:
So I took't an oath that I thowt mighty queer,
But I said that I'd keep't by the letter,
That all my life through I'd prefer strong beer,
Unless I lik'd small beer better.

I saw'd what it meant, though I be but a clown;
The oath you see meant self-denial;
And 'tis proper enough, for when folk come to town,
Their honesty 's put to the trial:
Now, you see, to be honest 's the small beer of life,—
'Tis poor, but one's conscience 'twont fetter;
So who wool may drink strong beer, and get into strife,—
I likes quiet and small beer better.

'Fore now I've been offer'd both money and gear,
My neighbour to cheat of his treasure;
But diamonds and gold may be purchas'd too dear,—
And with pain we often buy pleasure:
I do like pleasure too,—but, softly and fair,
Don't of Honesty be the forgetter;
But take her advice, and of strong beer beware,
When she bids you like small beer better.

So in this 'varsal world, you do see, ev'ry man
Maunt guzzle as thof he were bursting;
But drink of his own what he honestly can,
And not for another's be thirsting:
Ods wounds! if a man gets a thousand a-year,
Let un spend ev'ry doit to the letter;
But if more than his own it would cost for strong beer,
Let un smile, and like small beer better

ANOTHER CUP AND THEN.

Mat Mudge, the sexton of our town,
Though oft a little heady,
The drink not so his wits could drown,
But some excuse was ready.
Mat said the parson lov'd a sup,
And eke also the clerk;
And then it kept his spirits up,
'Mongst spirits in the dark:
Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault,—
A cursed drunken fellow!
The very bells to ring he taught,
As if they all were mellow:—
'Hark! hark!' cried he, 'in tipsy peal,
Like roaring topers as they reel;
Hark! what a drunken pother!
Another cup, and then—What then?—Another.'

For good news Mat got drunk for joy,
If he could beg or borrow;
Did any thing his mind annoy,
He drunk to drown his sorrow:
Thus he'd rejoice, or he'd condole;
Cried Mat, 'Be't joy or grief,
As the song says, the flowing bowl
Still gives the mind relief.
'Twas all my predecessor's fault,' &c.

Were peace the theme, and all its charms,
Mat fill'd the sparkling noggin:
If war, he drank, 'May British arms
Still give the foe a flogging.'

The parson once took Mat to task,—
Bid him beware the bowl!
'Your pardon I most humbly ask,'
Cried he, 'but, 'pon my soul,
'Twas all my predecessor's fault,' &c.

And then no liquor came amiss,
Wherever he could forage:
That gave him spirits,—wisdom, this,—
And t'other gave him courage.
Thus was he merry and jocose,
If Fortune smil'd or frown'd;
And when he'd fairly got his dose,
And all the things turn'd round,
Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault, &c.

A LITTLE.

Wid my Lor Anglois I come over un valet,
From my own country to 'scape the galley;
By'm by, grow rich, I teach the ballet,
All while I play mine fittle.
A little I earn, a little I sheat,
A little sometime I lodge in the Fleet,
A little I roll in my shariot the street,
And I ogle the girls a little.

I go de governess de school—
I want to teach, you know, de rule;
I find de governess no fool,—
She say, 'Vell, pring your fittle:'
A little I go and I teach de dance;
A little they jompe, a little they prance;
By and by, when I took a little entrance,
The governess touch a little.

To the dinner they ask this man such merit,—
I stuff the turtle, the beef, and the carrot;
And with the ale, the punch, and the claret,
I figure away the first fittle:
A little give toast,—'bout politic bawl,
A little they sing, tol lol de rol lol;
So my ticket I sell, while I sing small,
And pocket de ginnay a little.

By'm by, he come grand benefice,
Where the aunt, and the mother, the daughter, the niece;
Ev'ry body good-nature, so come to be fleece,
While I scrape away de fittle:
A little they jompe, a little they jig,
A little de lady sometime lose his wig;
While their head grow empty, my purse he grow big,
And I take in the flat a little.

So den, at last, my scholar he flock,
That I get my banker, and puy de stock;
And their head for good sense in vain they may knock,
I drive it all out with my fittle:
A little I flash at de opera—de play,
In my shariot a little I figure away;
And keep, like mineself, un damn'd rogue de valet,
To laugh at the English a little.

THE CANARY BIRD.

Since fate of sailors hourly varies,
Lest doubts should wound my anxious breast,
This pretty bird, from the Canaries,
Jack brought, to set my heart at rest:
'His life is charm'd,—and when with sadness,'
Cried he, 'his notes he mournful gives,
Then cherish care,
Indulge despair;
But sweetly, if they thrill with gladness,
Rejoice, and know your lover lives:
Attentive mark!
Hark! hark!
Rejoice, and know your lover lives.'

Each hour, while my poor bosom flutters,
Relying on my lover's word,
Anxious to hear the song he utters,
I listen to my pretty bird:
But, thanks to Heav'n! never with sadness
Has he yet mourn'd; e'en now he gives
(To silence care,
And chase despair,)
His sprightly notes, with joy and gladness;
And thus I know my lover lives.
Attentive mark!
Hark! hark!
'Tis thus I know my lover lives.

But see, he's here! my heart's contented,—
Sweet warbler, truly didst thou speak.
'Dear love!' cried Jack, ''twas all invented,
Lest thy poor heart my fate might break.
Love taught the cheat, to cheer thy sadness,—
And cheats of love true love forgives;
This anxious care
Heal'd thy despair;
Birds always sing with joy and gladness;
Thy love to thee and honour lives:
Attentive mark!
Hark! hark!
Thy love to thee and honour lives.'

ECHO.

When from the glowing blush of morn
The sober night's retreating,
And jocund nature, newly born,
Her children all are greeting,
Ten thousand sounds on ether float,
And ev'ry being's grateful note
Awakens Echo, blithe Echo, blithe Echo.
And ev'ry, &c.

But loudest sound the hunting crew,
When horn and hound are vieing,
And man and horse, the game in view,
O'er hedge and ditch are flying;
Then, to exhilarate the pack,
Each jocund accent is sent back,
By merry Echo, blithe Echo, blithe Echo.
Each jocund, &c.

The love-struck shepherd seeks her cave,
When Cælia bids him languish,
And fears that nothing but the grave
Can ease his hopeless anguish:
He vainly for relief may call;
He finds his expectations all
An empty Echo, mere Echo, sad Echo.
He finds, &c.

Not so the sturdy woodman's sound,
When oaks and elms he 's felling,
The forest's pride extended round,
To rear some lordly dwelling:
While at each stroke his hatchet rings,
In ev'ry cheerful note he sings,
Joins merry Echo, sweet Echo, blithe Echo.
In ev'ry, &c.

The miser, would he hide his store,
Seeks out for close recesses,
Lest any should that hoard explore,
Withheld from man's distresses:
Himself, still needing most relief,
Fears ev'ry breeze, and dreads a thief
In murm'ring Echo, sad Echo, vex'd Echo.
Fears ev'ry, &c.

Not so gay Bacchus' laughing train,
Of joy that fill the measure,
That sport the jest, and troll the strain,
And know no end of pleasure:
They, dull advice and care asleep,
Rouse, as their merry rites they keep,
The jolly Echo, sweet Echo, blithe Echo.
Rouse, as, &c.

Our actions Echo then reflects,
As mirrors show our faces;
Which, broken, multiply defects,
As well as charms and graces.
On all who are to honour blind,
The execrations of mankind
Shall tire the Echo, harsh Echo, shrill Echo.
The execrations, &c.

But ye, who, friends to social mirth
And rational enjoyment,
Seek out and nurture private worth,
Pursue your sweet employment:
Go on,—of truth redress the wrongs,
Till blessings from a thousand tongues
Shall sweetly Echo, bless'd Echo, sweet Echo.
Till blessings, &c.

THE UNION.

[The reader will scarcely need telling that this song refers to the Union of Ireland with England, Jan. 1, 1801.]

Come, join ev'ry heart, let the air loudly ring,—
Of a people united and mighty we sing;
To the ends of the earth while the tidings are heard,
Be their fame, like Fate's fiat, applauded and fear'd.
Now that joy ev'ry bosom receives and imparts,
Come, join this bless'd union of hands and of hearts:
St. George and St. Andrew St. Patrick shall join,
The league fix'd as fate, and the compact divine;
While the world's admiration and fear are excited,
To see Ireland, and Scotland, and England united.

The Tripod of old had the pow'r to inspire
The priests with poetic and national fire;
On the pivot of commerce our tripod shall move,
Whence we prophesy plenty and brotherly love.
Now that joy ev'ry bosom receives and imparts,
Come, join this bless'd union of hands and of hearts:
The Thames, and the Tweed, and the Shannon shall join,
And myriads of ships to each other consign;
While the world's admiration and fear are excited,
To see Scotland, and England, and Ireland united.

Old Shakspeare predicted we nothing could rue,
While England resolv'd to herself to prove true;
Come against us the world, then;—what risk can we run,
Now that England, and Scotland, and Ireland are one?
Now that joy ev'ry bosom receives and imparts,
Come, join this bless'd union of hands and of hearts:
The rose, thistle, and shamrock, as graceful they join,
The fair in a wreath for each hero shall twine;
While the world's admiration and fear are excited,
To see England, and Ireland, and Scotland united.

THE SPECTRE.

Cosmelia the fair,
Of the virtues the care,
Lov'd a youth who her passion return'd;
But his dear country's wrongs call'd him forth to the field!
He swore he'd her portrait with life only yield,
And the oath on her lips with a fervency seal'd,
As with love and with glory he burn'd.

'And I,' cried the dame,
'If I sully my fame,
Or of love list to any advance,
Or e'er to another my tender love plight,—
Of my infamous nuptials, oh, may the vile night
Be despair and fell horror instead of delight,
Worse than damsel e'er knew in romance.

42.2.8.127.

'When the cock crows away,
And the morning looks gray,
May thy spectre come on thy white steed,
Surrounded by fairy, hobgoblin, and sprite,
That to scare and to terrify, torment and fright,
And to torture false lovers, take horrid delight,
Tear my form, to requite the vile deed.'

Her love rode away,—
Oh! ominous day!
As she bade him ten thousand adieus,
The curfew and the bittern with dissonance fell,
Through cranny, and cavern, and hollow, and cell;
From the shore to the church-yard re-echo'd the yell
Of the screech-owl, that scream'd in the yews.

A Baron of land,
Who had long sought her hand,
To trouble her peace Fortune sent:
Her father she fear'd, as the eagle the dove—
He swore no entreaties his purpose should move:
Oh! pity the conflict 'twixt duty and love!—
She wept, and she gave her consent.

Now the fatal night came,—
Oh! pity the dame!
She shriek'd and lamented aloud:
And now, by her side as her proud husband slept,
With horror and loathing at distance she crept,
And she moan'd, and she cried, and she wail'd, and she wept,
And wish'd herself laid in her shroud.

The cock crew away,—
The morning was gray!—
She utter'd a horrible scream,
And flew to the window, where, on his white steed,
No goblin nor ghost, but her lover indeed,
Sat prepar'd his dear bride to the altar to lead:—
'Oh, Heaven!' cried she, ''twas a dream!'

The bridemaids so gay
Now to church lead the way,—
And now with you the moral pray take:
All your vows, oh, ye maidens, religiously keep,
Nor heed how ye moan, and ye wail, and ye weep,
For inj'ries and wrongs done to lovers asleep,
So you're constant and true when awake.

THE GRAND BALLET.

One, two, tree, ha,
Ta da dal lal la;
La figure garde bien, ma belle
Take a time look me,
Come one, two, tree,—
Ha—la—extremely well.

[Easy—mignome—take a time—look a me—done hurry—then vas it is diss—Entrechats—six—ha!]

Now, my lofe, de minuet if you please.
Taw, law, don't be lazy,
La prends bien de place,
Ti da, les bras easy,
Oh che de grace!
La, be no so heavy,
Dance comme vous êtes et svimming,
Le tête bien levée,
Plus charmante de women!

Taw law, don't be lazy;
Keep de body straight, taw law,
Daw, law de lu lu, easy,
Posé les bras.
All ma chere vous êtes charmante.

[I could kiss you for dis Hilesburh Parisot! All dese people noking to you.—Come, now de contre-dance.—Where is all de popals.—John, Bob, Dick, Molly, Billy, every body, come, come—place au place—taw a dance.]

Come, listen to de fiddle:
Numps, strike hand with Doll;
Now lead up de middle,
And foot it over to Poll.
Lol de diddle, a diddle, &c.

John, you stupid looby,
Now mind strike de hey,—
Ah! you clumsy booby!
Why don't you foot it away?
[Very well—right and left—set out—set in.]
Come, quick,—don't so stump it!
Now take hands around;
Foot it, kick it, and stump it,
And lightly trip de ground.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

RECITATIVE.

The cloth was ta'en away; the jovial band
Prepar'd to toast the King, bumper in hand,
Which given with three times three loyal and strong,
My neighbour Snip was call'd on for a song.

AIR.

Oh Clovy! sweet Clovy! no fair is like Clovy!
So tall, so genteel, so comely, so showy;—
You may talk of your Cælias,
And your Dælias,
Your Pollies, and your Dollies,
With their lips red as cherries, and their skins all so snowy,
The girlde
In the worlde,
To my taste, is Clovy.

RECITATIVE.

'Oh bravo! bravo!—Sir, your toast.'
'Shame to all those who kiss and boast!'
'Now who d'ye call on, Neighbour Snip?'
'I'll beg the favour of Miss Pip.'
'I never sings:' 'Nay, Miss!'—''Tis true;
'You wants to affront me, so you do.'
'Excuse her, Sir,—the tender thing
Is young and frightful—come, I'll sing.'

AIR.

When I was a sprightly miss in my teens,
To those fops who 'mong deities rank you,
Though they call'd me a hundred Cyprian queens,
I always said,—'No, I thank you.'

By all sorts and sizes I've been harang'd,
Short, tall, fat, crooked, and lanky;
And often, when fairly I've wished it hang'd,
Have I cried out—'No, I thank you.'

At last young Stephen, with freedom and ease,
Cried, 'Since long as a toast I have drank you,
Will you be my wife?' I cried, 'Yes, if you please,
And so left off—No, I thank you.'

RECITATIVE.

'Oh, charming! she's as young as ever;—
When will you, daughter, be so clever?'
'A friend, Sir, we're a toast behind;
I'll give the friend of all mankind:'
'Indeed! is't any one that I know?'
'Both you and all, 'tis ready rhino.'
'Bravo! here, Mr. Money—halt;
A glass of water and some salt.'
'No, no, we're all in liberty-hall here.'
'Come, Ma'am, a song,—you are the caller.'
'I'll beg a song from Mr. Bawler.'

AIR.

Gentle god of love!
Lend me every art
To sooth, to please, to move,
To win my Dælia's heart:

So whisper in her ear,
That she, as well as I,
May start the anxious tear,
And heave the doubtful sigh;

That she, at last, like me,
May feel love's ardent pain,
And grieve so long that she
Has let me sigh in vain.

RECITATIVE.

'What a bass singer!'—'Thank you, sir.'
'Come, sir, to give our mirth a spur,
A sentiment.'—'With all my heart:
May each man meet with his desert.'
'What, you won't sing, Miss?'—'Pray don't ruffle her;
'Call on your neighbour, Mr. Snuffler;
He's of our mirth the very fiddle:
Come, Snuffler, give us "High-down diddle!"'

AIR.

As I was a-walking one morning in May,
High-down, diddle dee,
I met with a damsel so buxom and gay,
High-down, diddle diddle,—
Come, let us all be in glee.

'You love me,' said I, 'I can see by your eyes,'
With my high-down, diddle dee.
Cried she, 'Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies,'
With my high-down, diddle diddle,—
Come, let us all be merry.

'I've seen you before,' said I; 'will you be kind?'
With my high-down, diddle dee.
She, turning, cried out, 'Now you see me behind;'
With my high-down, diddle diddle,—
Come, let us all be jolly.

So when I expected to lead her to church,
With my high-down, diddle dee,
She, running away, left me quite in the lurch,
With my high-down, diddle diddle,—
Come, let us all be funny.

And now, of this song, though I've verses a score,
With my high-down, diddle dee,
Since I can't make you laugh, I shall sing you no more;
With my high-down, diddle diddle,—
Come, let us all comical be.

RECITATIVE.

'For one more toast, Sir, I'll beg leave to press:—
Here 's liberty without licentiousness.'
'Bravo! and now I call on any three
To oblige the company who can chant a glee.'

GLEE.

Which is the noblest passion of the mind
That best can captivate the soul,
The senses rule at its control,
And lift to bliss celestial human-kind?

'Tis wine,—whose merry clarion's sound
Such festive mirth that spreads around;
While Comus' crew perform those rites
In which gay Bacchus so delights.

'Tis war,—whose glorious trumpet's sound
Such noble ardour spreads around;
While sons of Mars perform those rites
In which Bellona so delights.

'Tis love,—whose flute's mellifluous sound
Such melting raptures spreads around;
While Cupid's vot'ries do those rites
In which sweet Venus so delights.

From the Frisk.

THE VICISSITUDES OF GLORY.

Though forward stands the soldier's name,
'Midst prospects rude and sterile,
To where high tow'rs the fane of Fame,
The steps are toil and peril:
How keen the pang when friends must part!
Fierce glory's fire suspending,
An angel wife pours out that heart
Which killing fears are rending;
But vain are sympathetic sighs,
Uplifted hands, and streaming eyes!
Beckon'd by Fate, behold the bands,—
The drums at distance rattle;
Hark! the charge! 'tis honour commands;
The trumpets sound to battle.

Death's work's begun; in honour's bed
Promiscuous heaps are lying;
Appall'd the living, and the dead
Lamented by the dying;
While mem'ry added torture gives,
That tend'rest thoughts awaken,
See groups of mothers, children, wives,
By feeble hope forsaken:
But vain are sympathetic sighs,
Imploring hands, and streaming eyes!
Again appear the martial bands,
The drums at distance rattle, &c.

Avaunt, grim war! sweet peace is ours,
The hero's noblest capture;
Joy gayly leads the dancing hours,
And mis'ry 's lost in rapture:
Beneath her horn gay Plenty bends;
Proud bards record the quarrel;
And in her temple Fame attends
To place the well-earn'd laurel.
Yet but in trust he holds this meed;
For should his aid his country need,
Then shall he cry, Draw out the bands,
When drums at distance rattle, &c.

THE NEW YEAR.

The gods on Olympus so high, and so blue,
Were making libations the year to renew;
When Venus enchantingly cried to old Jove,
'Be it mine to preside o'er the empire of love.'
Mark! mark! how the sparrows bill, chirp, sport, and play,
For the new year is come, and the old gone away,
And young Love and kind Venus propitiate the day.

Cried the thundering god to the sweet queen of smiles,
''Tis ordain'd, with thy simpers, and dimples, and wiles,
Thou shalt own ev'ry sway, and exert ev'ry charm;
For what can in winter like love keep us warm?
Mark the pigs in their straw, how they grunt as they lay.' For the new year, &c.

But see double-fac'd Janus, half cold and half warm,
Tho' shrowded with icicles, yield to love's charm;
For, while on the old year he frowns and looks blue,
Renovation, love's spark, makes him smile on the new.
Mark! mark! through the ice how the ducks quack away, For the new year, &c.

THE MANES OF THE BRAVE.

Now that war has in human distress done its best,
Now that, glutted with mischief, fell slaughter 's at rest,
Now that smiling content crowns the peasant's clean board,
And th' industrious ploughshare takes place of the sword, —
In this season what care o'er the fancy shall brood,
What sigh press for vent, or what tear shall intrude?
Ah! indulge and reflect on each glorious grave!
A sigh and a tear to the manes of the brave!

Now that loud acclamations expand thro' the air,
And the brows of the brave are adorn'd by the fair,
Now that bands of musicians so gayly advance
In the concert to join, or enliven the dance,—
At one grateful idea the tumult shall end;
The soft flute the sad cadence alone shall suspend;
And while Fancy leads on to the cold hallow'd grave,
Shall echo a sigh to the manes of the brave.

Proud award of those heroes for glory who burn,
Alike nobly honour'd the arch and the urn,
Surviving, or dying, such fame who achieve,
'Tis joy to regret, and 'tis pleasure to grieve.
Then our rapturous bosoms let gratitude swell,
While those sons of renown, who so gloriously fell,
Shall from heav'n cheer those mourners who throng near each grave,
And dry up their tears for the manes of the brave.

THE CUCKOO.

Hail, autumn, ev'ning of the year!
Friend, mild, and sober, and sincere;
Like that serene and calm content
That contemplates a life well spent:
And yet I hail thee with a sigh,
That summer 's gone and winter 's nigh;
For my delight 's the cuckoo, on its dewy wings,
That all the fragrant sweets of balmy summer brings.

See winter now the world invest,
And vegetation 's sunk to rest;
Dogs bay the moon, and foxes prowl,
And wisdom seeks Minerva's owl,
Explores new worlds, counts stars that shine,
And from this owl learns truths divine:
Yet my delight's the cuckoo, on its dewy wings,
That all the fragant sweets of balmy summer brings.

But, night and winter from us borne,
Hail, youthful spring, blithe nature's morn!
Hail, sportive lambs, and tender sheep,
And blossoms that begin to peep!
No joy I've found to please me yet,
For March is cold, and April 's wet;—
No: my delight 's the cuckoo, on its dewy wings,
That all the fragrant sweets of balmy summer brings.

Hail, lovely summer, nature's noon!
Hail, sportive May and teeming June!—
Yet shall July the palm dispute,
Young April's blossoms form'd to fruit.

Hail, lovely solace of the mind!
Type of each pleasure, ripe and kind;
And hail the merry cuckoo, on its dewy wings,
That all the fragrant sweets of balmy summer brings.

JACK AT THE OPERA.

At Wapping I landed, and call'd to hail Mog;
She had just shap'd her course to the play:
Of two rums and one water I order'd my grog,
And to speak her soon stood under way;
But the Haymarket I for old Drury mistook,
Like a lubber so raw and so soft,
Half a George handed out, at the change did not look,
Mann'd the ratlins, and went up aloft.

As I mounted to one of the uppermost tiers,
With many a coxcomb and flirt,
Such a damnable squalling saluted my ears,
I thought there 'd been somebody hurt;
But the devil a bit—'twas your outlandish rips
Singing out with their lanterns of jaws;
You'd a swor'd you 'd been taking of one of they trips
'Mongst the Caffres or wild Catabaws.

'What 's the play, ma'am?' says I, to a good-natur'd tit.
'The play! 'tis the *uproar*, you quiz.'
'My timbers!' cried I, 'the right name on't you've hit,
For the devil an uproar it is:
For they pipe and they squeal, now alow, now aloft;
If it wan't for the petticoat gear,
With their squeaking, so mollyish, tender, and soft,
One should scarcely know ma'am from mounseer.'

Next at kicking and dancing they took a long spell,
All springing and bounding so neat;
And spessiously one curious Madamoselle,—
Oh, she daintily handled her feet!
But she hopp'd, and she sprawl'd, and she spun round so queer,
'Twas, you see, rather oddish to me;
And so I sung out, 'Pray, be decent, my dear,—
Consider, I'm just come from sea.'

Ten't an Englishman's taste to have none of these goes,
So away to the playhouse I'll jog,
Leaving all your fine Bantums and Ma'am Parisoes,
For old Billy Shakspeare and Mog.
So I made the theatre, and hail'd my dear spouse;
She smil'd as she saw me approach;
And when I'd shook hands, and saluted her bows,
We to Wapping set sail in a coach.

THE ORIGINAL AND THE PICTURE.

A virtuous and a comely dame,
With no desire or passion
But honour's self might proudly claim,
Was borne away by fashion;
'Midst crowd of lovers, one sincere
Dar'd 'gainst this tide endeavour,
And though in heart she held him dear,
Was soon dismiss'd for ever.

His portrait she to keep had sworn,
That he might have no quarter,
She now, with ev'ry mark of scorn,
Deliver'd to her porter;—
Cried she, 'Sir, as you prize your place,
Or hope to be thought clever,
Let in the man who owns this face,—
I'll turn you off for ever.'

The lover,—ne'er was one so fond,
So heart-broke, so afflicted,
Though hope of pardon gone beyond,
Dismiss'd, and interdicted,—
The porter brib'd; wide flew the gate,—
His fortune now or never:
I come,' cried he, 'to know my fate,—
Perhaps, to part for ever.'

Her kindled anger to assuage,
In vain did he implore her;—
She rang the bell, and, in a rage,
The porter call'd before her;—
'Say, where 's the portrait, drunken fool?
Did I not tell thee never
To admit this man?' 'Dear Ma'am, be cool'—
'Out of my sight for ever!'

'They 're no more like;—the picture looks
Young, healthy, full of gumtion,—
That skinny gemman's off the hooks
For love, in a consumption;—
Look here, Ma'am!' ''Tis, alas! too true;
Such love how could I sever!
Vile folly, hence; vain world, adieu;
Come to my heart for ever!'

LOVE AND MADNESS.

Her form was celestial, her face wore a smile,
More sprightly than joy, yet more modest than mirth;
Like some harbinger, air-born, sent down to beguile
Ev'ry mortal distress, and spread joy through the earth:
Such perfection, with love like its own to ensure,
On love's altar I offer'd, and fann'd, with my sighs,
Each degen'rate idea, each passion impure,
That a phœnix of truth from the ashes might rise.
The form was complete,—I rejoic'd I was born;
My bliss was extatic,—I danc'd in the air;
How severely to fall, chas'd at once by her scorn,
The visions all fled, and I sunk in despair.
They call me a madman: such pangs did they prove,
They 'd find my disease is not madness,—'tis love.

I sent her a letter; compos'd was the ink
From fond hearts burn'd to ashes and temper'd with tears;
Cupid's bandage purloin'd, while the rogue did but wink,
Form'd the paper, blurr'd o'er with my hopes and my fears.

Then the force of my ne'er-ending passion to sing,
And those pangs that my heart in my bosom so scorch,
The pen at one effort I pluck'd from his wing,
And the sealing-wax caught as it fell from his torch;—
This done, from his quiver an arrow I drew,
Plac'd the scroll on its point, pierc'd, like me, to the core;
His bow I extended,—like lightning it flew,
And like lightning expir'd, for I saw her no more.
Then mock not my sighs, nor my anguish reprove:
My cruel disease is not madness,—'tis love.

I'll tear her to pieces! despoil her fine form;
And, dissecting her heart, find the witchery there
That has pow'r in fond bosoms to raise such a storm,
And thus no future fools shall be driv'n to despair.
But no,—that were madness! love asks from my hand
A sacrifice of a more pitiless kind;—
I'm a lover! young Cupid, come, take thy demand;
Give thy shrine a torn heart and a desperate mind.
Yes, my measures all must be sober and sane;—
Near yon tree, on whose face I trac'd her's with a sigh,
Runs a stream, where fond wretches may finish their pain,—
There, there, her false name will I utter, and die;
And thus my last sigh shall reluctantly prove
My cruel disease is not madness,—'tis love.

THE WIFE ELECT.

Come, come away,—come, come away,
'Tis Hymen greets you;—
See the pleasures in his train,
With smiles
And wiles,
While Cupid meets you,
Love and Graces guard the fane.
The breeze is fair, the voyage for life,
The silken sails the wind is kissing,
Nothing but the pilot 's missing;—
Where 's he whose rare desert
Deserves a tender heart?
Behold me here—a willing wife.

Yet much the terms on which I yield,
Such love as tongue ne'er yet reveal'd;
Constant, though boundless as the sea;
Expansive, yet confin'd to me;
The heart an empire, mine the throne;—
Ye who such love as mine have felt and known—
Come, come away, &c.

Yet, yet on wedlock ponder well;
No mean it knows, 'tis heaven or hell:
Her would you treat with cold neglect
You 've sworn to honour and protect?
Hence! nor our holy rites profane,
But let Love head Reason's train—
Come, come away, &c.

TRUE DELIGHT.

Oh! the delight of a copious libation,
With spirits like fire, and a union of hearts,
Where ev'ry free pulse beats in gen'rous vibration,
And the toast to the wine higher flavour imparts;
True toper, regale; in thy bins deeply burrow,
Thy enjoyments so godlike, thy orgies divine,
Yet one single round drop, wip'd from care's aged furrow,
Shall more rapture impart than an ocean of wine.

Oh the delight, fresh and fragrant the morning!
While hounds snuff the air, and the fox pants for breath,
High health and fierce spirits, all obstacles scorning,
Till the horn winds his knell as we 're in at the death.
True sportsmen, hark forward, let all vermin perish;
Reason sanctions the sport, yet improve on thy art:
To hunt vice to the toils, and fair honour to cherish,
Is Virtue's true chase and the health of the heart.

Oh, the delight to accumulate treasure!
Dear gold, loaded bags, in large masses that lie;
That of all human wishes replenish the measure,
And that place, power, and fame, and even conscience can buy.
True muckworm, gold's tempting; yet, miserable sinner,
Poor Mammon, mean Crœsus, thou indigence self,
Broach thy heart and thy bags, give the hungry a dinner,
Or thou'lt never taste joy in thy ill-gotten pelf.

To know true delight is to know no excesses,
But to give mutual aid in this world where we're thrown;—
'Tis in morals a theft, while the world know distresses,
To withhold other's due and to lavish our own.
Ne'er be toper from reason by drunkenness hurried,
Hunt villainy, sportsmen, or take leave of mirth;
Turn generous, hunks; for, if gold must be buried,
'Twere better ne'er dug from the bowels of earth.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

A voyage at sea, and all its strife,
Its pleasure and its pain,
At ev'ry point resembles life—
Hard work for little gain.

The anchor 's weigh'd, smooth is the flood,
Serene seems every form,
But soon, alas! comes on the scud,
That speaks the threat'ning storm.
The tow'ring masts in splinters shiv'ring!
The useless sails in tatters quiv'ring!
Thunder rolling, lightning flashing,
Waves in horrid tumult dashing
Foam along the dreary shore!
Still, while tars sit round so jolly,
The sprightly flute calls care a folly.
Aloft, alow, afloat, aground,
Let but the smiling grog go round,
And storms are heard no more.

The voyage through life is various found,
The wind is seldom fair;—
Though to the straits of pleasure bound,
Too oft we touch at care.
Impervious dangers we explore;
False friends, some faithless she:
Pirates and sharks are found on shore
As often as at sea.
A low'ring storm, from envy brewing,
Shall at a distance menace ruin;
While slander, malice, and detraction,
A host of fiends shall bring in action,
And plant care's thorns at ev'ry pore.
Yet, rous'd to sweet domestic duty,
Some manly imp, or infant beauty,
Clings round his neck, or climbs his knees,—
Each thorn 's pluck'd out, pain 's turn'd to ease,
And storms are heard no more.

The ship tow'rs gayly on the main,
To fight its country's cause,
And bids th' obedient world maintain
Its honours and its laws;
Nor from surrounding danger shrinks,
Till, sacrifice to fame,
Death dealing round, she nobly sinks
Only to live in name.
And so the man—his ample measure
Fill'd with alternate pain and pleasure,
Till, long in age and honour living,
Life's strength worn out, a lesson giving
To those he leaves his well-got store.
Mild hope and resignation greeting,
The playful soul, in circles fleeting,
Makes onward to its native skies;
While gasping nature pants and dies,
And storms are heard no more.

THE DINNER.

[Sir Michael and my Lady, Miss Squash, Miss Niggle, Captain Spanks, Mr. Sligo.]

'Show 'em up.'

'How d'ye do? how d'ye do? Servant, Captain,—servant, Miss:'

Lady Ballywaggon's rout! bless my soul! all invited!

Such hours! seven o'clock! the drawing-room like this!

Reels, waltzes, and strathspeys! so oblig'd and so delighted.'

'Did you sup?'

[Sir Jeremiah Goggle, Lady Goggle, Miss Goggle, Master Goggle, and the lap-dog.]

'Show 'em up.'

'How d'ye do? how d'ye do? Oh, the pretty little rogue!'

'Wow, wow, wow!' 'How go mulbers in the alley?'

'A secret!'—'Don't say so!'—'Why, zounds! they're all the vogue.'

'My Higgle, you're an angel!'—'Oh, you devil! how you rally.'

'When does she pup?'

[Mr. Fraction, Mr. Cypher, Mr. Knit, Mr. Lustent, Messrs. Decimal and Slate.]

'Show 'em up.'

['Well, now I believe we are all pretty well assembled.'—'I don't know what you've got for dinner.'—'Upon my soul! and as I hope to be favoured with the bliss of angels in being favoured with your smiles'—'Hold your nonsense!'—'What for the loan?'—'Yes; but between ourselves.'—'Walked over the course; pocketed a cool hundred.'—'Now I hope there's a good dinner.'—'A lame duck!'—'No!'—''Tis true!' 'Oh yes, her ladyship brought me home in her ladyship's tub.'—'Pray'—(whispers.) 'No, no! I don't believe that! damned dull day—stupid—tiresome as the devil.—Sported my curricle.' 'See any body?'—'No—went a shopping.'—'Any thing pretty?'—'Nothing at all.'—'Terrible headache.' Dinner 's on table.

'Dinner 's on table,—you 're a fine fellow, John.
Your little finger, Lady Goggle, permit me to lead on;
So to ev'ry thing in life there must be a beginner,—
Sans ceremony, ladies, to the dinner, to the dinner.'

['Captain Spanks and Mr. Sligo, sit by me and Lady Goggle.—Now what shall I send you—fish? Have you got what you like? anchovy? quin-sauce? Ivy, zoobditty match,—what's that you're bringing?
With such plenty and variety one can't be at a loss.'

'A little of the liver.'—'Wife, I likes the inging.'

'Take the fish.'

[There 's Burgundy, and claret, port, hock, and Madeira, perry, cider, right Nantz.]

'Bring that dish.'

'Hobbernob, hobbernob, your sweetheart and mine.'

'Mr. Cypher, cut a figure,—crack a bottle, Mr. Fraction.'

'This ragout is delicious; this every 's divine.'

'Seven thousand! 'tis impossible, Sir; I was in the action.'

'Change the dish.'

[Place the whips and the moonshine; the pyramids, the jellies, the comfits.]

'Have you ev'ry thing you wish?

[What shall I send you? Come, there's the cream of the jest.'—'What's Latin for fish?' 'Brandy, ma'am—I'll pledge you.' 'Miss Squash is going to help you, Captain Spanks; she says you want a little reason.' 'Very well, very well.' 'Here are some heart-cakes for you, Mr. Sligo,—you are a lover.—Or what do you think of some caraway comforts?'—'The type of yourself, my love! for you are all my comfort, and the delight of my life would be to carry you away.'—'Ha! ha! ha! what a delightful punster!'—'Red, sir, if you please.'—'Charge, gentlemen.—What's that?' 'Here comes Mr. Column.' 'Ha! sit down; I was just going to give the King.'—'I move an amendment.'—'An amendment!—how can that be?'—'An addition, then.']

The King, and God bless him! may his honours increase,
Now our tongue and our hearts feel the blessings of peace.'
Peace! true—a gazette—preliminaries* sign'd.
[Put about the bottle.] The King, &c.
Thus of pleasure and delight each doubly is a winner;
So glorious a toast suits so plentiful a dinner.

THE LETTER N.

Up from a loblolly-boy none was so cute,—
Of knowing things most sort I follard;
Ben Binnacle larn'd me to read and dispute,
For Ben was a bit of a scholard.
Of the whole criss-cross row I in time know'd the worth—
But the dear letter N for my fancy;
For N stands for nature, and noble, and north,
Neat, nimble, nine, nineteen, and Nancy.

She soon was my wife, and I sail'd round the world
To get prize-money where I could forage;
And for love, wheresoever our jack was unfurl'd,
I daunted them all with my courage:
For I now read in books about heroes and fame,
And for all sorts of rows got a fancy;
Sticking still to dear N, for N stands for name,
Note, novel, neck, nothing, and Nancy.

In the midst of this bustle I lost my poor friend,
And each object around me grew hateful;
For I know'd not false heart with a fair face to blend,
Nor had larning yet made me ungrateful.
I lik'd my friend well, and deplor'd him—what then?
My wife was the first in my fancy;
For though B stands for buck, brother, bottom, and Ben,
Yet N stands for needle and Nancy.

Well, I've weather'd life's storms, and till laid a sheer hulk
Will my absence again never shock her;
Thanks to Fortune, at sea I've no need to break bulk,
For I've plenty of shot in the locker.
Our kids play around us, and still to pursue
The letter so dear to my fancy,
Though nineteen twice told, noons and nights but renew
The nice natty notion of Nancy.

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

To his sons cried old Gripe, 'Be my last words obey'd
Ere I'm giv'n to the grim undertaker:
Thou wert, Timothy, bred a miller by trade,—
Tom 's a farmer, and Robert a baker;
Do you three bound in one, like the bundle of sticks,
Though various the fortunes you weather,
Take my blessing, and swear, lads, whatever your tricks,
To death that you 'll all hang together.'

Possess'd of the gran'ry, the oven, and the mill,
To profit of this manumission,
They vow'd to obey their dear father's last will,
And to cherish his kind admonition.
Good man! he had taught them that prudence was gold;
That no one should lavish a feather;
That conscience brought thousands, when once it was sold;
And that brothers should still hang together.

Thus Tim, Tom, and Bob, on remorse shut the door:
The baker to trade paid attention;
The miller kept grinding the face of the poor;
The farmer sow'd wheat and dissension.
Each shut up his heart as he shut up his purse,
Both made of good strong sticking leather;—
Their large fortunes were branded with ev'ry man's curse,
Who wish'd they were all hang'd together.

And thus they went on in the good common cause,
In each other still placing reliance,
To good-fellowship, feeling, religion, and laws,
Firm and manfully bidding defiance:

* The preliminary articles of peace were signed in London, Oct. 1, 1801, by Lord Hawkesbury (afterwards the Earl of Liverpool), and the celebrated Citizen Otto; and on the 10th, General Lauriston arrived in London with the ratification of the French government. Such was the joy of the English public on the occasion, that the French general was drawn in his carriage by the populace. On the meeting of Parliament, however, in the early part of November, violent debates arose on these preliminaries: but in the House of Lords they were approved by 114 votes against 10; and by a large majority in the House of Commons, notwithstanding Mr. Fox strongly protested against calling the peace *glorious*, contending that a glorious peace could only be the result of a glorious war. A general negotiation was afterwards entered into at Amiens, between England, France, Spain, and Holland; and the final treaty of peace was ratified on the 25th March, 1802. Unhappily, the peace was but of short duration; for on the 16th of March, following, hostilities were renewed between Great Britain and France, and war formally declared on the 18th of May. Its lamentable results are too well recollected, and too severely felt, to make it necessary here to go into further detail.

But perjury never was one of their crimes;
For to prove that they outwent their tether,
On a gibbet, by way of a touch on the times,
Though they 're dead, yet they all hang together.

TRAY.

In a snug quarter, Grub Street hight,
A bard from attic story
To kindred gods oft took a flight,
Wing'd by poetic glory.
One only friend had poet Fag,—
Such comes not ev'ry day,—
His love not poverty could flag;
Kind friend! his name was Tray.

Unwilling to become a clog
Upon a purse so slender,
A thousand ways this faithful dog
His services would tender:
Would fetch Fag's slippers, watch below
Lest catchpoles might betray;
While devils, from Paternoster Row,
Were all caress'd by Tray.

Thus useful at each call and beck,
Pleas'd at each task allotted,
Fag tied a basket round his neck,
And Tray to market trotted:
Anxious to go and to return,
Ne'er loiter'd by the way;
And servants were enjoin'd to learn
Fidelity from Tray.

Fag lov'd on eel-pies to regale;—
To have was but to ask it:
Poor Tray was call'd; he wagg'd his tail,
While Fag tied on the basket.
But who the sequel shall, alas!
Relate without dismay?
Two hungry mongrels soon the pass
Disputed with poor Tray.

Determin'd, though torn limb from limb,
To guard his master's dinner,
Yet what to do?—the foe look'd grim,
And strength must name the winner.
Thus while at this he snapp'd and growl'd,
The other seiz'd the prey,
Till in the dirt, dogs, eel-pies roll'd,
The basket, and poor Tray.

They lick'd their chops,—he desp'rate grew,
Till, midst this desolation,
Himself he 'twixt the champions threw,
And ate for mere vexation.
Fag saw the scene; sat down and wrote
Th' adventures of the day;—
The poem sells, and people quote
The deeds of honest Tray.

THE SWEETS OF LOVE.

Oh, did you never hear of natty Watty Walter?
He was a citizen, a Common-councilman, and a dry-salter;
And he 'd a prodigious inclination, after kicking up a hundred rows, his condition to alter;—
Oh, the sweets of love!
'For,' says Watty, says he, 'I've heard that a wife
Is the delight of a man's life,
Except, indeed, according to the vulgar phrase,
The cat 's a top of the house, and the house thrown out of the window, and people tug different ways;
Yet, who 's afraid? my fate cries do not falter;
And, since destiny decides in the choice of a wife or a halter,
I'll marry, and that's flat,' cried natty Watty Walter.
Oh, the sweets of love!

Oh, did you never hear of pretty Kitty Twisskin?
Her father kept a porkshop, and she was all over red and white like a pork griskin;
And the loves and the graces in her eyes and her nose, and every one of her dimples, were perfectly frisking:—
Oh, the sweets of love!
But poor dear Kitty began to be horribly afraid
That she should die what people generally understand by the term an Old Maid;
So, after turning the subject in all manner of shapes,
She could not bear the idea of going to the devil and leading apes;
So up her features with a little of the right French rouge she began to be brisking,
And cock'd up her nose, and set her cap, and was perpetually frisking;
For determin'd to have a husband was pretty Kitty Twisskin:
Oh, the sweets of love!

Oh, did you never hear that people eat and drink in the city?
And that they sing songs, and give toasts, all so smart and so witty?
And that the husbands get money to dress out their wives and their daughters so neat and so pretty?
Oh, the sweets of love!
Well, you are to know that the Lord Mayor gave a ball,
And Watty and Kitty happen'd to be there, thinking of nothing at all;
So Cupid let fly an arrow, which hit Wat in a zig-zag direction, like an izzard,
And, rebounding, enter'd Kitty's heart as she was swallowing the devil in the shape of a turkey's gizzard;
And from that moment she thought him so genteel, and he thought her so witty,
And she could think of nothing but Watty, and he of nothing but Kitty;
And these were the delicious effects of eating and drinking in the city:—
Oh, the sweets of love!

Oh, did you never hear of a place call'd Doctors' Commons?
Where, for births, and deaths, and marriages, and hanging, and divorces, they issue their summons;
Where the wife's heart is considered first her own, afterwards her husband's, then her gallant's, and at last no man's?
Oh, the sweets of love!
Well, you see Watty call'd upon one of the proctors,
A set of gentlemen, who, in all family complaints, are a set of quack-doctors;
And that he was a bachelor, and Kitty a maid, he roundly swore,
And that they were both at years of discretion, and a great deal more;
So after some scribbling, and a great many goings and comings,
And questions and answers, and inquiries, and haaings and hummings,
The priest confirm'd the fiat issued out at Doctors' Commons.
Oh, the sweets of love!

Oh, did you never hear of a ceremony call'd throwing the stocking?
Which some people think so delicious, and others so shocking:—
Well, the bridemen and maids, to wish the bride and bridegroom a good night, had all been flocking:
Oh, the sweets of love!
After which they return'd to drink, in possets and wine,
Their wishes that Hymen's torch on their joys might ever shine;
All which wishes prov'd so propitious, that, as the sun smiles at noon,
Unless it should happen to be cloudy, and the loves and the pleasures decorate nature in June;
Their hours pass'd so sweetly throughout their lives—oh no, throughout the honey-moon—
That a crowd of delights in their minds were perpetually flocking,
And they declar'd there was never so pretty a ceremony as throwing of the stocking:—
Oh, the sweets of love!

THE LADIES.

There was a lady, a lady, a pretty lady,
The pride of Aurora!
Such a string of relations! a string of relations!
[*Ad libitum.*]
First cousin to Narcissus, Hyacinthus' cousin-german,
Heliotropus' niece, the sister of Myrtillos,
And the grand-daughter of Flora!
Alike she delighted the eyes and the nose,
She out-blush'd the belles, and she charm'd all the beaux,
And thus we smelt out that her name was Rose.
And though she alternate gave pleasure and smart,
In my bosom I plac'd her, and nearest my heart:—
Half-seas over in love, of no danger afraid,
I thought, not rememb'ring that roses would fade,
That for ever now fix'd, I had done with my rambles.
But, alas! Heaven knows, this delicate rose,
Alas! Heaven knows, this delicate rose,
In Hymen's soft fetters I scarcely had bound,
When by symptoms of scratching I presently found
That roses have brambles, have brambles, have brambles!
That roses have brambles!
Thus, my pretty Rose,
When I put her to my nose,
Scratch'd my face with her beautiful brambles!

There was a lady, a lady, a pretty lady,—
Not the same, but another;
Oh, such an extraction! oh, such an extraction!
[*Ad libitum.*]
She could count by the father's side all the way back to Noah—nay, farther, to Methuselah and Adam,—and to Eve by the mother;
Call'd a phœnix by bards, by her godmother Grace:
But, as if Madame Nature, in making her face,
Had got drunk, and so happen'd her charms to misplace,
Though she gave wherewithal admiration to get,
For she 'd no want of ruby, or lily, or jet;
But her teeth were the jet in irregular rows,
Her lips were the lily, the ruby her nose.
Yet love attempts all things,—I swore that I'd win her;
And this Madame Grace,
With her whimsical face,
A bride to the altar I surely had led,
Had she not bless'd a rival, who never had said
Grace before dinner, before dinner, before dinner!
Grace before dinner!
What a pity such a Grace,
With such a queer face,
Could not wait to say grace before dinner.

There was a lady, a lady, a Spanish lady,
A lovely Blondinella!
And they call'd her for shortness, they call'd her for shortness,
[*Ad libitum.*]
Signora Flora di Guzman y Plata de Bazalos, Pintenda d'Arangues Montagna
Yolante Isabella!
So numerous the charms of this heavenly belle,
They bewitch'd my fond heart like a conjuror's spell;
Had she been Orpheus' wife, he 'd have fetch'd her from hell.
The lily, the rose, and the stars in the skies,
Were eclips'd by her lips, and her cheeks, and her eyes;
No peacock so stately, more graceful no swan:
Thus full gallop my love and my raptures went on!

Her charms and her graces so filling my napper.
Yet my charming belle,
How it pains me to tell,
Had one little blemish,—a sort of a speck,
A kind of deduction, a drawback, a check;—
My bell had a clapper, had a clapper, a clapper!
My bell had a clapper!
Oh, the pretty belle,
I'd have lov'd her very well,
If she hadn't such a devil of a clapper!

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PILOT.

I WAS saying to Jack, as we talk'd, t'other day,
About lubbers and sniveling elves,
That if people in life did not steer the right way,
They had nothing to thank but themselves.
Now when a man's caught by those mermaids the girls,
With their flatt'ring palaver and smiles,
He runs, while he 's list'ning to their fal-de-rals,
Bump ashore on the fam'd Scilly Isles.
Thus, in steering in life, as in steering with us,
To one course in your conduct resort,—
In foul winds, leaving luff and no near, keep her thus;
In honour's line ready,
When fair keep her steady,
And neither to starboard incline nor to port.

If he's true in his dealings, life's wind to defy,
And the helm has a trim and right scope,
Not luffing, but keeping the ship full and by,
He may weather the Cape of Good Hope.
But if he steers wide in temptation's high sea,
And to pleasure gives too much head-way,
Hard-a-port goes the helm, the ship's brought by the lee,
And she founders in Botany-Bay.
Thus in, &c.

In wedlock so many wrong courses are made,
They part convoy so oft and so fast,
Till so fond they are grown of that same Guinea-trade,
Cape Farewell is their anchorage at last.
Some men, I must own, to be dubb'd may be born;
But this, for the wives, I will say,
They seldom or ever bear down for Cape Horn
Till the husbands have shown them the way.
Thus in, &c.

As to mutinous spirits that through the world roll,
If we had 'em aboard, Jack, with we,
They should make No Man's Land, and skulk thro' Lubber's Hole,
And at last be laid in the Red Sea;
But fine honest fellows, to honour so dear,
Shall, in this world by nothing perplex'd,
Of False Bay get to windward, bring up in Cape Clear,
And bespeak a snug berth in the next.
Thus in, &c.

IN VINO VERITAS.

COME, let the bottle go round!
A plague of dull fellows that think!
In our wine will such virtue be found,
Would ye wish to drive mis'ry and care from life's portal,
Take a trip up to heav'n, and be dubb'd an immortal,
You have nothing to do but to drink.
Those who try in the lott'ry* their fortunes to mend,
To change money for blanks, all they can rap and rend;
Who gamble at starting ten thousand to one,
Rich as Crœsus to-day, and to-morrow undone;
By advertisements gull'd, who their pockets turn out,
And are tickled by flatt'ry like tickling a trout;
Come, let the bottle go round!
Let the glasses be fill'd to the brink!
In our wine will such virtue be found,
Would advent'rers insure the full sum of their wishes,
All the capital prizes at Pope's and at Bish's,†
They have nothing to do but to drink.

Ye bold sons of Mars, who just vengeance have hurl'd
On the foes of your country all over the world;
Who volunteer courage your rights to defend,
And who war, in a peace that your labours may end;
As your country's true int'rest in clusters who cling,
From this chaos of strife that fair order may spring;
Come, let the bottle go round,
And fill ev'ry glass to the brink!
In our wine shall such virtue be found,
In the fall of the Dutch would ye gloriously revel,
Beat the Spaniards, and kick all the French to the devil,
You have nothing to do but to drink.

And ye, pretty Strephons, such torments who prove,
Who vanity cherish, and fancy it love,

* The first public lottery in England was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, on Jan. 23, 1569. It consisted of 40,000 ten-shilling lots, and was for the purpose of raising a fund for repairing the fortifications on the English coast. In the course of time, lotteries became part of the ways and means for raising the yearly supplies for carrying on the government of the country. Within the last thirty or forty years, however, they were strongly opposed by many members of the Senate, on the ground of their demoralizing tendency, and at length they were totally abolished; the last State lottery having been drawn on the 18th of October, 1826. Besides the *State* Lotteries, Acts of Parliament were occasionally obtained for others of a less public character. That for the British Museum was in 1753; for Cox's Jewellery, in 1774; for the Leverian Museum, in 1784; for the Poets' Gallery of Pictures, in 1798; for the Pigot Diamond, in 1801; for Boydell's Collection of Pictures and Prints, in 1805; in 1808, the City State Lottery, for the disposal of the then recently erected houses in Pickett Street, Temple Bar, Skinner Street, and Snowhill. The last lottery of all was drawn April 17, 1833, and was called the Glasgow Lottery, having for its object the disposal of house property in that city. The Act of Parliament for this lottery was obtained by stratagem, the Legislature having passed it in ignorance of its provisions.

† Noted lottery-office keepers.

Who think ev'ry folly 's permitted to youth,
Who propagate lies till you fancy them truth,—
And yet, so does prudence make virtue its care,
Who are only despis'd by the hon'rable fair;—
Come, let the bottle go round,
And fill ev'ry glass to the brink!
In our wine shall such virtue be found,
Would you fancy all those to whom nonsense you've written
With your sweet-scented persons are all of them smitten,
You have nothing to do but to drink.

And last, ye young virgins about fifty-three,
Who so languish and leer as you're sipping your tea;
Who would fain the young men from the girls take away,
Tho' the first to confess you have all had your day;
Who as gaudy as butterflies trip it about;
Who dress naked with spasms, and who strip in the gout;—
Come, let the bottle go round!
Let the glasses be fill'd to the brink!
In our wine will such virtue be found,
Would ye low at your feet see Adonises plenty,
And be deck'd with the bloom and the graces of twenty,
You have nothing to do but to drink.

FATHER AND I.

Mother were dead, and sister were married,
And nobody at home but father and I;
So I thought, before I longer tarried,
To get a good wife my fortune I'd try:
But I swore she the moral should be of my mother,
For ne'er was a better wife under the sky;
So we mounted our nags to find out such another,
And we set out a courting, Father and I.

Farmer Chaff have a datur that 's famous for breeding;
She do daunce, and do play, and do zing, and do write;
But she never would talk—she were always a reading
'Bout ravishments, devils, and ghostes in white.
'Woons!' says I, 'at that fun you won't find me a good one;
To be mine, girl, far other guess fish thou must fry:
The wife for my money must make a good pudding;
So we'll wish you good morning, Father and I.'

As to Lunnun, to manage like other folks scorning,
They sat down to breakfast when we went to sup;
At midnight they din'd, and they supp'd in the morning,
And went to bed just at the time we got up:
Then so poor—but that I had no heart to make fun on,
They could not afford any cov'ring to buy;
So shivering with cold we the girls left in Lunnun,
And came back to country, Father and I.

But, Lord! farmers' girls be as bad as their betters,
Poor prudence and decency left in the lurch:
They paints pictures and faces, writes stories and letters,
And dresses like sheets standing up in a church.
'Stead of sitting at home, shirts and table-cloths darning,
Or pickling of cabbage, or making a pie,
All the clodpoles are standing astound at their larning,—
Sad wives for the likes of Father and I.

So just as we did not know what to be atur,
'Ods wouns!' cried out Father, 'a neighbour of mine
Died a twelvemonth ago, left a sister and datur,
And they both can milk cows and make gooseberry-wine.'
On to see 'em we went—this fell out on a Monday—
Neither stood shilly shally, look'd foolish or shy;
The license were bought, and the very next Sunday
They were both of them married to Father and I.

From Most Votes.

[Dibdin produced this entertainment after he had made a tour through England and Wales; and in the preface to his published book of songs, he expatiates on the value of the materials for his entertainment that he had gleaned in the course of this tour.]

THE POET TO HIS PEN.

Since for need, or my sins, or some motive as hard,
Fate has will'd, hapless fortune! that I should turn bard;
Since thy tongue, little engine! my verses must sing,
May some merciful pow'r take thee under its wing:
That from honour's fair dictates I never may swerve;
That the int'rest of truth I may seize and preserve;
That, sportive or grave, I may never depart
From those morals that mend while they pleasure the heart:
So, though boldly delineated manners and men,
Shall nothing unworthy escape from my pen.

Thus protected, watch every sentence and word;
For the pen of a poet 's a maniac's sword:
And whenever my wits toward phrenzy are gone,
The strait-waistcoat of prudence be sure to put on.
For instance,—if goaded by foul Envy's fang,
Should my hand direct thee to give Virtue a pang,
All feeling grown callous, and candour forgot,
Deface the foul thought with a generous blot:
So that while I delineate manners and men,
Nothing vile or unworthy escape from my pen.

If impell'd by those feelings, to Honour so dear,
That extol worth and genius, or dry Virtue's tear,
Be prompt,—quick as thought the ideas impart,
As spontaneous they emanate warm from my heart.
Should my fancy be flippant, and saucily wag,
Blur the sentence, get tardy, and linger, and lag,
Till the tint in my face call up thousands of shames,
And the scrawl I indignant commit to the flames.
Thus that, while I delineate manners and men,
No unworthy idea may fall from my pen.

In fine, to thy pow'r since I must be resign'd,
Fairly ransack at will the whole store of my mind;
Seize each myst'ry, idea, and thought to be found;
Of each whim and each fancy the changes ring round:
Yet, till sanction'd by prudence, for all the world's worth
Dare not give e'en the trace of a sentiment birth;
Pride and honour content, bare the wound all you can,
So you cut at the folly to better the man:
Thus, though boldly delineated manners and men,
Shall nothing unworthy escape from my pen.

ONE.

Up the Mediterranin,
One day was explaining
The chaplain and I about poets and bards;
For I'm pretty disarning,
And loves about larning
To know, and all notions that such things regards:
Then to hear him sing out 'bout the islands around,
Tell their outlandish names, call them all classic ground,
Where the old ancient poets all formerly mess'd,
And wrote about love, and the girls they caress'd;
Swore they thought 'em all goddesses—creatures divine,—
I thinks that he said each old gemman had nine.
Cried I, 'Well said, old ones!
These poets were bold ones;
But ev'rything's vanity under the sun.
Love 's as good sport as any,
But nine 's eight too many;—
I have one worth all nine, and my Nancy's that one.

Then we read, for their wishes,
They turn'd to queer fishes,
To cocks and to bulls, in some verses they call
Ovid Metaramorphus,
And one Mr. Orphus
Went to hell for his wife—but that's nothing at all.
Some figary, each hour, set these codgers agog:
Old Nackron swigg'd off his allowance of grog;
Master Jove had his fancies and fine falderals,—
What a devil that god was for foll'wing the gals!
But what makes the curiest part of their lives,
They were always a chasing of other men's wives.
What nonsense and folly!
'Tis quite melancholy,
That a man can't be bless'd till his neighbour's undone;
Why, 'tis wicked to ax um;—
Take the world, that's my maxum,
So one be left me, and my Nancy that one.

Then we'd hot work between us,
'Bout Graces and Wenus,
With their fine red and white, and their eyes full of darts:
To be sure, pretty faces
Be well in their places;
But, your Rev'rence, in love there be such things as hearts.
'Tis unmanly to chatter behind people's back
But 'tis pretty well known that the lady 's a crack;
Besides, if these things about beauty be true,
That there is but one Wenus, why I says there's two;
Say there is but one Nancy, you'll then not mistake,
For she 's mine, and I'd sail the world round for her sake.
Then no further norations,
Or chatterifications,
'Bout Wenus, and Graces, and such pretty fun,
That so runs in your fancy;—
Just see but my Nancy,
You'll find all their charms splic'd together in one.

THE TOAST.

Various ways wits have tried the word toast to explain,
The nymph in the bath, and the rest:
I define it a pat jeu-d'esprit of the brain,
To give to the wine a new zest.
The spirits are up; cock'd and prim'd is each glass;
Mortal pleasures are chang'd to divine;
The lover fills high to his favourite lass,
And delicious indeed tastes the wine:
Thus, whatever the vot'ries of Bacchus may boast,
The true zest of drinking is giv'n by the toast.

The dinner just finish'd, the glasses we charge,
In succession as round as a ring;
Yet no social pleasures our bosoms enlarge,
Till a brimmer we fill to 'The King.'
'The Land that we live in' next goes round, with three;
'The Beauties of Britain,' with nine;
And though glass should hunt glass till no longer we see,
'Tis the toast makes us drunk, not the wine.
Thus, whatever, &c.

See the tar sling the bowl,—yet his rapt'rous delight
It is not the grog that inspires;
Tis the sweetheart he drinks, on a Saturday night,
His bosom with ardour that fires:

That excites him of valorous actions to sing,
While of prowess he honestly boasts;
And the duty he pays to his country and King
Is inspir'd by her beauty he toasts.
Thus, whatever, &c.

Let a Jew toast the moneysh, a placeman the court,
Or whatever men wish to obtain;
Fine claret and Burgundy grow from sour port,
And perry is turn'd to champagne.
In short, to the sentiment, not to the drink,
Is the essence of toping confin'd:
As exactly, in writing, convey'd by the ink,
Is the fire and the wit of the mind.
Thus, whatever, &c.

THE INVISIBLE PIG.

While astonishment shall from your head lift your wig,
Come here, and behold our Invisible Pig;
Whose wonderful wit is allow'd, on all hands,
To be ready at questions as well as commands.
Of pigs' whistles we often have heard people speak,
And of pigs that could grunt, and of pigs that could squeak;
The Learned Pig was an extraordinary thing,—
But till now we ne'er heard of a pig that could sing.

DIALOGUE.

Then let showmen show off their mechanical actors,
From phantasmagorias, to metallic tractors;
I defy them all round to produce you a rig,
Like our pig of all pigs, the Invisible Pig.

But cease your surprise,—the discov'ry 's not new;
Each pig holds a devil, if you'll credit a Jew:
Thus they're held in abhorrence, as tending to evil;
For Jews have already enough of the devil.
Yet they've nothing malignant: that pigs can do good,
More than troops of physicians, is well understood;
The Bath waters, so oft that make cripples dance jigs,
King Bladud discover'd by means of his pigs.
Then let showmen, &c.

Then as patriots show me the turbulent Whig,
That the voice of the people admits like a pig.
Pigs are Hampdens and Russells; and should there be need,
For the good of their country they're ready to bleed.
Nay, when they're no more, for the national good,
Still our courage to rouse, for our tars they make food,
And their bodies give up to aid human affairs;
Which good-will to repay, men entomb them in theirs.
Then let showmen, &c.

WATER-CRESSES.

Jack come home, his pockets lin'd,
In search of Poll, his only pleasure,
To Pickle-Stairs his course inclin'd,
In her fair lap to pour his treasure:
But scarce arriv'd at fam'd Rag-fair,
Where the keen Jew the clodpoll fleeces,
His whistle turn'd into a stare,
At 'Come, who'll buy my water-cresses?'

He starts and trembles at the sound,
Which now is heard, and now obstructed;
And now his hopes are all aground,
And now 'tis to his ear conducted:
'Zounds!' cried out Jack, 'I know that phiz,—
But then, such togs—they're all to pieces!
Why, it can't be! damme! it is—
'Tis Poll a-bawling water-cresses!'

And now she 's in his arms, while he
Bids her relate fortune's reverses;
The world finds faithless as the sea,
And loads false friends, in troops, with curses.
'They took,' cried she, 'my very bed;
The sticks they seiz'd, and sold in pieces;
So, to get a bit of honest bread,
I cries, Who'll buy my water-cresses?'

'Still art thou rich, my girl,' cried Jack;
'And still shall taste each earthly pleasure;
Thou'rt true, though rags are on thy back,
And honour, Poll, 's a noble treasure:
In this gay tog-shop, rigg'd so neat,
Ill-fortune from this moment ceases.'
This said, he scatter'd in the street
Basket, and rags, and water-cresses.

DOLLY OF THE DALE.

In the charming month of May,
When the flow'rs are springing,
The birds are singing,
And Nature's face looks gay,
Upon her head her pail,
More sweetly, I'll be bail,
Sings Dolly of the dale.

At the jolly harvest-home,
Where the clowns, so merry,
Drink mum and perry,
And dance till they're all in a foam;
Not these, nor cakes and ale,
The bumpkin can regale
Like Dolly of the dale.

Were I a man of arms,
Of fame and glory,
I'd tell you a story
In honour of her charms:
I'd num'rous troops assail,
And walls and ramparts scale,
For Dolly of the dale.

I 'll diamonds buy, and pearls,
All India's treasure,
For the pleasure
Of this gem of girls;
And if Fortune should turn pale,
I'll swing; and my ghost, all pale,
Shall haunt Dolly of the dale.

THE HARMONY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

True music 's but enchanting sounds,
Though in sweet succession,
Simplicity prescribes the bounds
To feeling and expression;
Though fancy soar, in rapid flight,
O'er tow'ring reason's fences,
Truth speaks, and from their topmost height
The heart calls home the senses.

The hawk, though hid from mortal sight,
Exploring Nature's commons,
Scarce shall the falconer's lure invite,
Like thought obeys the summons:
So stray'd afar on folly's tour,
While pleasure the pretence is,
The falconer heart to reason's lure
Calls home the giddy senses.

Thus, since we 're born in love to live,
To be a band of brothers,
Each well-earn'd blessing to receive,
And work the good of others,
What if from reason's path we stray?
If venial the offence is,
Soon tir'd of folly's flutt'ring day,
The heart calls home the senses

THREE CHEERS.

When to weigh the boatswain 's calling,
The tops all mann'd,
The fading land
Throng'd with hearty friends appears,
Then the sailor, though on duty,
Seeks fondly for some distant beauty,
Whose token on his heart he wears;
Nor can his moisten'd eye withdraw:
But rous'd, his courage overhauling,
The grog goes round,
He hails the sound;
The toast—A prosp'rous voyage—three cheers!
And jolly tars sing out—Hurrah!

When lightning, winds, and waves are jarring,
And madly rove,
Enough to move
Aught but a British seaman's fears;
Then the tar, on duty flying,
The yards, the shrouds, the pump is plying—
Belay, casts off tacks, halliards, jears;
Watches each cranny and each flaw:
But, ceas'd this elemental warring,
The grog goes round,
He hails the sound;
The toast—Great Britain's fleets—three cheers!
And jolly tars sing out—Hurrah!

When the wild tumultuous battle,
With horrid roar
Laves decks with gore—
When ranks the raking broadside clears—
The tar, his country's cause espousing,
Feels in his veins the lion rousing;
And, as he Freedom's standard rears,
He gorges Death's insatiate maw;—
But, quell'd the foe, ceas'd the loud rattle,
The grog goes round,
He hails the sound;
The toast—Humanity—three cheers!
And jolly tars sing out—Hurrah!

But when, his various perils ended,
He views the shore,
All hands to moor
With more than mortal bliss he hears:
A heav'n on earth the sailor fancies,
Hails little Toms and little Nancies;
And realiz'd he feels and hears
Her truth he in his dreams foresaw.
To Fate thus grateful, thus befriended,
The grog goes round,
All hail the sound;
The toast—Jack's welcome home—three cheers!
And jolly tars sing out—Hurrah!

THE THREE SISTERS.

To three sisters I long wish'd to tender my duty,
Whom the world I had often heard name;
And to trumpet whose fortune, and merit, and beauty,
Was acknowledg'd but justice in fame.
[For the youngest was stately and majestic; the second was a jolly, boon companion; and the eldest was prudent, and discreet, and demure.]
But first I should tell you, tho' naught in a woman
E'er through life my aversion begat,
I'd a mortal dislike to a goose on a common,
A pig in a high wind, and a cat.

The youngest, Miss Oca, who gracefully waddled,
In my raptures I warmly address'd;
So stately her form, her head niddledy noddled,
With her neck half a mile from her breast.
[Struck with her extraordinary charms, 'My dear Miss,' said I, 'will you be mine?' 'Thuiss!']
Cried I to myself, 'What a plague ails the woman?
What mummery would she be at?
She 's been told I could ne'er bear a goose on a common,
A pig in a high wind, and a cat.'

Miss Porcina, the second, next claim'd my attention:
Cried I, 'Could I once call you mine,
I'd provide you more dainties than fertile invention
To feast a Lord Mayor can divine.'
['Enough! enough!'—'Enough! my love; why I have not told you half.'—'Enough! enough!'—'Will you love me, my angel?'—'Oui, oui, oui!']
'Zounds!' cried I, 'on this fortune I never once reckon'd,—
I'm now, I think, smelling a rat:
The first was a goose, now a pig is the second,
And the third will no doubt prove the cat.

'I'll venture, however: 'Miss Tab, once permit me
My faith and my honour to prove;
Of unkindness you ne'er shall have reason to twit me,
So pure my designs and my love.'
'Ma love!—Ma, la, la, la, love!'
'I thought so!—Why, what a strange house have I enter'd,
To hit all my aversions so pat:
On the goose, or the pig, I perhaps might have ventur'd,
But, damme! I can't stand the cat!'

Here they all just like so many furies fell on me,—
Ne'er did mortal sustain such abuse;
For I found they'd been laughing and playing upon me,
With their cat, and their pig, and their goose.
['Thuiss!—Enough! Oui!—Ma love!'—Oh, zounds! how shall I appease them? 'My dear Miss Oca, I am sorry I mistook you for a goose.'—'Thuiss!'—'Miss Porcina, pardon my unfortunate mistake.'—'Enough! enough! Oui! oui!'—'And as for you, Miss Tabitha, I am sure'—'Ma love! ma love!'—'Oh, damme! I can't stand it any longer! Ladies, you are a heavenly race, and if you were mine, I would give the devil one to fetch the other two.']
So said, for the first time I e'er slighted woman,
I decamp'd without taking my hat;
My aversion increas'd for a goose on a common,
A pig in a high wind, and a cat.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

Amphion's lute and Orpheus' lyre
Pleas'd amateurs of yore,—
Our amateurs loud harps inspire,
And those we heard no more:
Harps that assist each female charm,
The snowy hand and rounded arm;
That turn, with more than mortal grace,
The stately neck and lovely face,
As rapidly the fingers trace
Each nat'ral, flat, and sharp:
But most the senses to insnare,
Give me the soft, celestial strain,
That gently floats upon the air,
That all can feel, but none explain;
In sounds the ear so smoothly greet,
From the seraphic, self-play'd, sweet
Æolian harp.

The love-sick maid her anxious pain
Vents from yon tow'r above,
And to the harp pours forth the strain
Sacred to night and love;
Now, while the lover scales the gates,
Disdaining watch-dogs or spring-guns,
The hour of assignation waits,
And into ev'ry danger runs,—
Nor father, brother, husband shuns,
Their weapons e'er so sharp:
The open'd window lulls his fears,
While, softly riding on the breeze,
The well-known signal to his ears
Is gently wafted through the trees;
Sounds the charm'd ear so smoothly greet,
From the seraphic, self-play'd, sweet
Æolian harp.

Each belle thus, holding in disdain
Apollo and his lyre,
Thumps, as she harps on the same strain,
The catgut and the wire;
The Irish harp, Scotch harp, Welsh harp,—
The mania naught can stop;
The cords they ransack, strain, and warp,
Range from the bottom to the top,
And shift, and turn, and change, and chop
Each nat'ral, flat, and sharp.
Yet naught the senses can insnare
Like the dear soft, celestial strain,
That gently floats upon the air,
That all can feel, but none explain;
In sounds the ear so smoothly greet,
From the seraphic, self-play'd, sweet
Æolian harp.

JOLTERING GILES.

Hark! with what glee yon merry clown
Reasons, remarks, and sows;
To pain and care alike unknown,
He whistles as he goes.
From nature's lore to reason taught,
He knows not subtle rules,
But ventures oft some pithy thought
That might instruct the schools.
'This ground 's just like the world,' cries he,
And thezum zeeds its cares;'
'How's that?' cries one—'Why, can'te zee
As I be a zowing o' tares?
Taw law rum low, de lo, de lo:
For drill, or broadcast, none do know
Better than Jolt'ring Giles to sow:
Be 't beans, or wheat, or whuts, or rye,
Or barley, you mun come to I.
Taw lull drull, lull drull, li.'

Thus Jolt'ring Giles, the merry clown,
Reasons, remarks, and sows;
To pain and care alike unknown,
He whistles as he goes.

One day some dashing sprigs came by,
Imported neat from town;
As they pass'd on, Giles heard them cry—
'I say, let's quiz the clown!'
And just as they their fun began,
An ass was heard to bray
'Ichaw!'—'Here, fellow, clown!'—'Anon!
One at a time, zur, pray.'
'We reap the fruit of all that 's sown
By fellows of your stamp:'
'That 's very likely, zur, I own,
Vor I be a zowing o' hamp!' Taw law, &c.

'A vrend to all the country round,
My labours all regale:
'Twas I the barley put i' the ground,
That brew'd th' exciseman's ale;
The wheat I zow with even hand
To thousands shall give bread:—
Why there 's no king or 'squire o' the land
Zo many mouths ha' ved.
I zaves zum souls, vor aught I know—
If how thou'dst wish to larn—
The tithe of ev'ry grain I zow
Goes to the parson's barn. Taw law, &c.

'But what at last be all my pains?
Just like to wheat or rye,
A man comes vorward, counts his gains,
And holds his head up high:
And scarcely full and ripe he 's grown,
However great he be,
Death with his zickle cuts un down,
And there be an end o' he!
Zo, while a body 's here below,
Clean hands be zure to keep;
For, zure as death, as we do zow
We zartainly shall reap!' Taw law, &c.

THE SAPLING.

In either eye a ling'ring tear,
His love and duty well to prove,
Jack left his wife and children dear,
Impell'd by honour and by love;
And as he loiter'd, wrapp'd in care,
A sapling in his hand he bore,
Curiously carv'd, in letters fair—
'Love me, ah! love me evermore!'

At leisure to behold his worth,
Tokens, and rings, and broken gold,
He plung'd the sapling firm in earth,
And o'er and o'er his treasure told;
The letters spelt, the kindness trac'd,
And all affection's precious store,
Each with the fav'rite motto grac'd,—
'Love me, ah! love me evermore!'

While on this anxious task employ'd,
Tender remembrance all his care,
His ears are suddenly annoy'd,—
The boatswain's whistle cleaves the air:
'Tis duty calls,—his nerves are brac'd;
He rushes to the crowded shore,
Leaving the sapling, in his haste,
That bids him love for evermore.

The magic branch thus unreclaim'd,
Far off at sea, no comfort near,
His thoughtless haste he loudly blam'd,
With many a sigh and many a tear;—
Yet why act this unmanly part?
The words the precious relic bore,
Are they not mark'd upon my heart?—
'Love me, ah! love me evermore!'

Escap'd from treach'rous waves and winds,
That three years he had felt at sea,
A wondrous miracle he finds,—
The sapling is become a tree!
A goodly head that graceful rears,
Enlarg'd the trunk, enlarg'd the core!
And on the rind, enlarg'd, appears
'Love me, ah! love me evermore!'

While gazing on the spell-like charms
Of this most wonderful of trees,
His Nancy rushes to his arms,
His children cling about his knees.
Increas'd in love, increas'd in size,
Taught from the mother's tender store,
Each little urchin, lisping, cries,
'Love me, ah! love me evermore!'

Amazement seiz'd the admiring crowd;—
'My children!' cried a village seer,
'These signs, though mute, declare aloud
The hand of Providence is here—
Whose hidden, yet whose sure decrees
For those its succour who implore,
Can still the tempest, level seas,
And crown true love for evermore.'

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

'Twas Saturday night,—six went the clock,
Spruce was the barber's shop;
Wigs decorated ev'ry block,
From scratch to Tyburn-top.
Membrino's helmet, scour'd so bright,
Smil'd to receive the suds;
And lab'rers flock'd to shave o'er night,
To grace their Sunday's duds;
Who each Saturday-night,
To get decent in plight,
Get shav'd, fit for church on the Sunday,
Of their transgressions sore
To pay off the week's score,
The better to sin on the Monday.

'First come, first serv'd—neighbour Eelskin, sit—
You 're summon'd to the chair.'
The customers thicken, while round goes the wit,
Above-board all, and fair:
'Well, Joe, and how does the world wag?
How 's wife, and cats, and dogs?'
'Fairly, I thank thee, Master Sprag.'
'That 's well! and how goes hogs?'—
Thus the laugh grows loud
'Mong the village crowd,
Who get shav'd fit for church on Sunday,
Of their transgressions sore
To pay off the week's score,
The better to sin on the Monday.

Now nothing escapes—the tax-man they rate,
They roast and baste the cook,
The butcher cut up, the fisherman bait,
And the schoolmaster bring to book;
And many a random point they hit,
To give their sallies birth,
And make up what they want in wit
By noise and vacant mirth.
Thus the laugh grows loud, &c.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.

All nature was sportive, serene was the morning,
The pilgrim arose from his pillow of moss,
And sadly bewailing the day he was born in,
His way he explor'd with his staff and his cross.
The atmosphere thicken'd; at noon lightning vivid
In flashes and starts rent the welkin in twain;
The horizon grew angry, the clouds appear'd livid,
And at eve loudly rattled the wind and the rain.

Alas! wretched pilgrim! at random so driven,
Cold, shiv'ring, and hungry, and wet to the skin,
The elements warring—in pity, kind Heaven,
For some hovel, or hut, to take shelter within!
See yonder a light—the door opens—a woman!
'Whoever thou art, let me succour obtain!'
'Come, and welcome!' she cried; 'how on this dreary common
Was 't thy fortune to stray in the wind and the rain?'

''Tis a type of my story—my morn was unclouded;
Distinguish'd by pleasure, I knew not to grieve;
But scarcely came noon, when my joys were all shrouded,
And my tears, like the rain, overwhelm'd me at eve!'
'Hail, brother in woe!' cried the fair one, afflicted;
'My story's like thine—let us mingle our pain;
This relief to my sorrows my poor heart predicted,
When I first saw thee drench'd in the wind and the rain.'

She threw back her mantle, her face to uncover,—
He clasp'd her—she struggled—'Nay, be not afraid;
Behold thy once wretched, now too happy lover!'
'Oh, Heav'n! what unlook'd-for delight!' cried the maid.
Each began to relate a long hist'ry of wonder,
Of parents so cruel, and wishes so vain,
Till their ears were no longer alarm'd at the thunder,
Nor could music delight like the wind and the rain.

THE PARACHUTE.

[In this song Dibdin alludes to the celebrated parachute descent of M. Garnerin, September 21, 1802, near St. Pancras Church. Being the first exhibition of the kind ever witnessed in England, it excited public attention in an extraordinary degree. Garnerin had however, practised the experiment on four previous occasions in France; and this was his thirty first ascent.]

Draw near, I pray, nor what I sing
To aught amiss impute,—
'Tis of a most ingenious thing,
Yclept a parachute;
Kindly brought over late from France,
In fashion whilst we sprawl,
To teach us, in life's giddy dance,
To guard against a fall.

From France are all our fashions brought—
And 'tis but fair to note,
That those who have the poison taught
Should teach the antidote;
And lest in fancy's air-balloon
We for assistance call,
'Twas kind from th' influence of the moon
To guard us 'gainst a fall.

Let them our fashions then correct,
As far as follies reach,
But let them nothing else expect
To Englishmen to teach;
Nor fondly think they can dispute
With us fair freedom's ball:
Our union's the true parachute
To guard against a fall.

How to be cautious in this sort,
We need not to be bid;
And yet we kindly thank them for 't,
As much as if we did:
For disaffection long time, now,
Thank Heav'n! has ceas'd to bawl—
Experience well has taught us how
To guard against a fall.

Then, fellow-subjects, neighbours, friends,
United be and true:
So shall you ne'er the private ends
Of the world's empire rue;
So, by no foreign arts insnar'd,
Your freedom to inthral,
Shall good old England be prepar'd
To guard against a fall.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

Father one day to the mill were gone,
Mother were out at the village,
I by myself were left all alone,
To look a'ter the house and the tillage:
But I've heard, when as how a young man's by his self,
The devil begins to be busy—
The bureau were quite handy that held father's pelf,
And my head at the sight becom'd dizzy:
But I thought 'twould make mother to sob and to cry—
'Begone,' said I, 'Satan! thy works I defy!'

There were Mally Pentoite without morsel or sup,
For Mall lost her father and mother;
So being at our house like childer brought up,
We were all one as sister and brother:
But whenever one 's good, in the devil he hops—
Not consid'ring on what I were doing,
I coax'd her one day to the midst of a copse,
And were bent upon mischief and ruin:
But the poor thing begun for to sob and to sigh—
'Begone,' said I, 'Satan! thy works I defy!'

To pay landlord his rent, I trudg'd me to town;
The girls they were I dun'na howish,
Their clothes, what they had, were so queerly put on,
So naked, and so all a squowish:
Then the devil his old tricks soon began for to play,
For the toads they did look so delightful;
But they gav'd me no time for to make love to they,
Till at last I began to be frightful—
For one of them, 'cod! she had most ravish'd I;—
'Begone,' said I, 'Satan! thy works I defy!'

I'd now got enough, for I'm natural good;
And since this temptation to evil,
So manly and firm, I'd till that time withstood,
At last I outwitted the devil.
We be now man and wife—we've a girl and a boy,
For I thought it were nonsense to dally;
And when they praise honour and rational joy,
Folks do talk about I and our Mally.
To serve friends and beat foes we be ready to fly;
And the Pope, and the French, and the devil, we defy.

THE UNION OF LOVE AND WINE.

Bacchus and Venus, once, in heav'n,
Kept up clamorous war;
She wonder'd for what wine was giv'n,
And he what love was for:
He swore love's enervating joys
A foe to wine must prove;
And she, who health by drink destroys,
Unfitted is for love.
At length, t' appease these scolds divine,
A fiat came from Jove,
That love should be the friend of wine,
And wine the friend of love:
Since when, all songs for jovial souls
Have nothing thought divine,
Till stuff'd with bottles, Cupids, bowls,
And hopes and fears,
And sighs and tears,
High bumper'd glasses
Pretty lasses,
Piercing darts,
And bleeding hearts,
Bacchus, Venus, love, and wine.

A HISTORY OF THE WAR.

'Twas all how and about and concerning the war,
And the glory of Britain's bold navy;
And the different brushes, and what 'twas all for,
That the whistle of Fame has sung out sea and shore:
For when British bull-dogs begin for to roar,
French, and Spaniards, and Dutch, cry Peccavi.
For the war, how it happen'd, and what 'twas about,
That's nothing to we—tars must do what they're bid;
So all I can tell you, the war once broke out,
They told us to lick 'em, and lick 'em we did.
As to order and such, you don't get that from me;
I shall just, as they come, speak of actions that's past:
So they did us but honour, as lords of the sea,
It don't matter a damn which came first or which last.

Why, now, there was Howe and the glorious first of June; then there was Jarvis, when he beat the Spaniards fifteen to twenty-seven; Duncan, with his hard blows with the Dutch; Nelson, and the Nile; but, lud! 'tis nonsense to tell you about the grand affairs. Our great-grandchildren and their great-grandchildren will read about it, you know, in almanacks and things, just as people read of the hard frost and the fire of London. It is the neat little brushes that I intends to talk to you about. There was Pellew and the Hamphin: don't you remember pegging away at that seventy-four, just for all the world like two school-boys licking a great hulking fellow? Then there was Fawkener: who would not have died like Fawkener? And then there was Cooke, in the East Indies—he fell nobly, too; damme if I would not as soon be Cooke as Fawkener! But avast! avast! there was another brave fellow—indeed, there was plenty of brave fellows, if that was all,—but I mean Hood, in the Mars; just saw the Hercules strike, and died. Hollo! zounds, I shall be swabbing my bows if I go on at this rate; stay—what was there else? Oh, there was the brush with the La Pomone; and then, you know, Sir Sidney,—he did some neat things; and then there was Trollope, in the Glatton; and there was, you know, there was—damme if I know what there was, but—

'Twas all how, &c.

As to me, I en't learnt, for I can't read or write :
But what's writing or reading, or any such arts ?
To find their due praise, for their country that fight,
We must read from our mem'ries what's writ on our hearts.
Not that heroes e'er brag, or for flattery sue,—
True brav'ry was never yet known to be vain ;
And the thanks and the honours, so nobly their due,
By deeds, not by words, gallant Britons obtain.

Why, what could be so glorious, you know, as Pellew,* when he took the Cleopatra, boarded her, and struck her colours? Then there was Saumarez, off Cherbourg, took the Reunion, killed and wounded a hundred and twenty, without the loss of a single British seaman. Both knighted and barow-knighted ; that's right : some sense to fight for a country like this. In short, we worked them ; we took Neptune, and Fortune, and Victory ; but, for the matter of that, we had all this on our side before. Then we took Liberty—that was just bringing coals to Newcastle, you know ; Glory, ditto repeated ; after that, we took Immortality, but they did not care much about that ; and then, at last, we took their Constitution,—that was nonsense—we had a good constitution of our own. Then we took Resistance, and Freedom, and Fame, and Concord;—damme! we took almost every thing from them but the palarver, and that they are welcome to. Well, then we took all the Saints from the Spaniards, and then we took from the Dutch—I don't know what the devil we took from the Dutch, with their cursed hard names, but—

'Twas all how and about and concerning the war,
And the glory of Britain's bold navy ;
And the different brushes, and what 'twas all for,
That the whistle of Fame has sung out sea and shore :
For when British bull-dogs begin for to roar,
The prettiest shall soon cry Peccavi.

THE COMMITTEE.

Bring the books! let's examine the state of the poll !
At present we're in a minority :
Then muster your troops ! swear to lengthen the roll,
Thick and thin, to procure a majority.

Are the voters all staunch ? will they all roundly swear ?
Steady—true to the letter ?—All steady.
Are the wigs and disguises all manag'd with care ?
The rouleaus and the purses ?—All ready.

HARANGUE.

Bubbleum for ever ! huzza ! huzza !
Bubbleum for ever ! to the hustings away !

Are the cards all despatch'd ? Is the dinner prepar'd,
That our honest adherents may revel ?
Are the squibs thrown about ? Is nobody spar'd ?
Are our foes made as black as the devil ?
Are the phalanx tremendous plac'd throughout the town,
At every street, lane, and border,
To riot, break nappers, and knock people down,
Just to show that we keep peace and order ?
Bubbleum for ever, &c.

Finale.—THEN WHILE I BOAST.

Then while I boast, in this election,
With spirits light and heart so gay,
That first of joys, your kind protection,
Let most votes carry the day.

That here will aught be found to savour
Of brib'ry I've no idle fears ;
Though 'tis but truth, that, for your favour,
To gain your hearts I brib'd your ears.
Then while, &c.

Then poll away,—you're my dependence ;
Three nights a week you'll find me here ;
And let me beg a full attendance,
While on these hustings I appear.
Still boasting, while in this election, &c.

Britons strike Home.

[This piece was written, as its title imports, to keep up the enthusiasm against our Gallic neighbours, that had been in part excited by the previous publication of our author's 'British War-Songs.' In the preface to his published book of the songs in this entertainment, he says, 'I have introduced characters of every country appertaining to Britain, and have made the drift of my doctrine union and concillation.']

THE CALL OF HONOUR.

Come, brother soldiers, join the cause !
At Honour's call your swords display,
And swear, till Freedom bids you pause,
The scabbard shall be thrown away.

Bright Glory's ensign streams in air ;
Yet, ere proud Gallia bite the dust,
To Heav'n prefer a fervent pray'r
To conquer, as our cause is just.

* Sir Edward Pellew, in La Nymphe, of 36 guns, took the Cleopatra, of 40 guns, on June 18, 1793, off Portland ; and Sir James Saumarez, in the Crescent, of 36 guns, captured the Reunion, of 36 guns, off Cherbourg, Oct. 20, 1793. The heroes of all these 'little brushes' were a set of skilful and desperately courageous officers, in whom the Admiralty had such confidence, that they were mostly entrusted with roving commissions, that they might not be cramped when opportunities offered for injuring the enemy in any quarter.

In Honour's quarrel, oh how sweet
To taste the joys that vict'ry brings!
Trampling indignant under feet
Those slaves who threat to tread on kings.

Come, brother soldiers, give the word!
Fate lures them here to find their graves;
The sword is drawn—fair Freedom's sword,
And fatal may it fall on slaves!

Hark how, with loud and hurried yell,
They seek destruction on our shore!
But pallid fear their din shall quell—
Wolves cease to howl when lions roar.

Not, then, to fight, but to chastise,
Arm, arm, at Liberty's command;
Britons! at Freedom's bidding rise,
And lash the cowards from the land!

Come, brother soldiers, give the word!
While shouts victorious rend the air,
The sword is drawn—fair Freedom's sword;—
Let Frenchmen tremble at its glare!

High Heav'n in this may ruin urge;
And Britain, eminently great,
Vile slav'ry from the world to scourge,
May be the instrument of Fate.

Come on! to fill Fame's ample page,
Be vengeance on these miscreants hurl'd:
The day that gives them to our rage
Shall peace restore to all the world.

Come, brother soldiers, seek the trench!
To hostile hearts be vengeance driv'n;
Your foes are the insidious French,
Your quarrel is the cause of Heav'n!

A TRIP TO THE CAMP.

[At the period of our warfare with France, when the invasion of this country by Bonaparte was apprehended, the enthusiasm of the people manifested itself in the formation of volunteer corps, to such an extent as at this day would be scarcely credited, were the fact at all questionable. The total effective strength of the volunteers of the United Kingdom amounted, at the beginning of 1804, to 460,300 men. The City of London alone furnished no less than eleven infantry regiments, under the name of the City of London Loyal Volunteers, besides a numerous regiment of light horse. The Bank of England, the East India Company, and the Custom House, also had their respective corps. Numerous camps were maintained about the coast at the cost of the volunteers themselves, and visits to these camps became as general and as fashionable as to race-courses in these more quiet times.—It is to excursions of this sort that the following song jocularly alludes.]

I GETS up by the crow of the cock,—
My foll'wers I find steady all at their post;
Battalion! attention! 'tis past four o'clock;
To the right face about, and quick march to the coast. Fidda rum tum tum tum tum.

Caparison Vict'ry, Britannia's dam;
Bring the sociable out, and accoutre the gig;
Dick and Bet, at your post, guard the chickens and ham;
Lady Threadneedle, your's to take care of my wig.
Fidda, &c.

So off we all marches: I mounts Brigadier;
My wife and the infantry brings up the rear;
And, in spite of rheumatics, spasms, and cramp,
Rank and file we all dashes away for the camp.
Fidda, &c.

We meets a detachment, a yeomanry corps,—
We passes, salutes, and files off to the right;
Then we talks about ambushes, sly counterscarps,
And gins to catch Frenchmen like rats in the night.
Fidda, &c.

Then we meets some recruits; I the word gives to halt:
To bear down on their ranks I brings up my right wing,
And gives 'em some money the foe to assault,
And I bids 'em to fight for their country and king.
Fidda, &c.

Then away we all marches: I spurs Brigadier;
My wife and the infantry bring up the rear;
And, in spite of rheumatics, and spasms, and cramp,
Rank and file we all dashes away to the camp.
Fidda, &c.

'Now, lovey,' says I,' you shall see your three sons
Fall into the ranks, so alert and so glad;
For their mother and sister they take up their guns,
And to cheer the gray hairs of their happy old dad.'
Fidda, &c.

See! see! the dear boys our arrival proclaim!
To demand our credentials the sentinel comes;
The password is 'Conquer,' the countersign 'Fame,'
And we 're welcom'd with music, and trumpets, and drums. Fidda, &c.

Then we goes a slow march, prancing on Brigadier;
My wife and the infantry bring up the rear;
Forgetting my rheumatics, spasms, and cramp,
And enjoying the glorious delights of the camp.
Fidda rum tum tum tum tum;
And enjoying the glorious delights of the camp.

THE POET TO HIS LYRE.

WHY, with thy seductive strain,
Didst thou, oh lyre, my senses lure?
Since Fame 's still lambent like the vane,
And hapless poets all are poor?
But, tempter, thou didst swear to bend
Nature and fate to my desire,
And that my joys should never end—
Oh! thou abominable lyre!

You swore a work that you devis'd
  Should bring the public to my hook,
And I should be immortaliz'd—
  Why, fool, I've scarcely sold a book!
And I, in spite of all you swore,
  Unconstellated shall expire,
The same dull clod I was before;—
  Oh! what a devil of a lyre!

Thou bad'st me Folly's haunts invade,
  And mend the age, and make a fuss;
And what a tinker's job I made!
  Why, zounds! the age grew ten times worse!
Swor'st that thou friends to friends wouldst add,
  If once 'gainst vice I would conspire;
And so I lost the few I had;—
  An't you asham'd? you monstrous lyre!

Once, I confess, thou told'st me truth;—
  Through thee, for solace of my life,
I wrote her praise in early youth
  Who long has prov'd my constant wife:
But then thou undertook'st to prove
  That I a fortune should acquire
To make me worthy of her love—
  Was ever such a shabby lyre!

Yet are we friends.—If hard my lot,
  While struggling with the world's despite,
Still let me own, thy faults forgot,
  Thou 'st giv'n me, oh! what sweet delight!
And might I find, deriv'd from thee,
  Fuel to feed old age's fire,
Thou 'st lied like truth, and thou shalt be
  My oracle, my hallow'd lyre!

NANCY'S THE NAME.

One Shakspeare, a bard and a poet of fame,
  Of women likes only the phiz,
And says that there's nothing at all in a name;—
  With submission, now, I think there is:
Only mention a rose, soon an odorous treat
  Will come alongside of your fancy;
So, when I talks of beauty and ev'ry thing sweet,
  What name should I think of but Nancy?

Why, now, Bett 's a bold name, and a common one
  Poll;
  One 's stunn'd when one thinks upon Bell;
Paint and patch comes athwart our ideas in Doll,
  And fish, when one thinks upon Nell;
Tab somehow sounds cattish; Prue's prim; Patty's
  tame;
  But yet ev'ry one to their fancy:
In my simple thoughts, now, the onliest name
  That means ev'ry thing lovely is Nancy.

I once of my mind box'd the compass around,
  For a rhyme to the name of my love,
And for a long spell naught but *fancy* I found,
  That my notions of sounds could approve.
At last, 'Avast heaving,' I cried, 'soft and slow;
  Here 's a flow'r, and they call it a *pansy*,
But the true name, d'ye see, is heartsease—and so
  'Tis the best rhyme that can be for Nancy.'

Master Shakspeare 's a much bigger poet than I,
  For with wonder he lays us all flat;
Commands all our passions, makes folks laugh and
  cry,
  Perfect godlike, or something of that:
But in this petickler I thinks as he 's wrong;
  And had it once come in his fancy
To feel just as I do, oh! what a sweet song
  He'd a giv'd us, and all about Nancy!

A WELCOME TO THE FRENCH.

[Written during the short peace in 1802.]

Since united we are, one and all, hand and heart,
And our union nor French nor the devil can part,
Come on, plagues of Egypt, and lean kine of Pharaoh,
The Irish shelaly, Scotch Andrew farara,
An English oak towel shall bodder your breath
Wid a hug so paternal, 'twill hug you to death.
Come on, thick as locusts and swarms of muskatoes;
  Since we 're one band of brothers and true to our
  troth,
You're welcome, mounseers, to the land of potatoes,
  Roast beef and plum-pudding, and Scotch bar-
  ley-broth.

Is it mad that the French are?—Hut! honey, be easy;
Fait and conscience! dere not only mad but dere
  crazy;
And as larned physicians, long life to insure 'em,
Prescribe bleeding to madmen, to kill 'em or cure 'em,
So, prepar'd well to physic their whole common-
  wealth,
We'll bleed 'em to death for the good of their health.
  Come on, &c.

See their puppet of state, full of sin unexampled,
At Boulogne kiss that cross which in Egypt he
  trampled;
Wid their 'Vive Bonaparte,' and 'My dear Mister
  Mayor,
You shall plunder de English'—'Mush oblige to
  you, sare!'
Thus Jack Ketch to the taef, as the mob he ha-
  rangu'd,
Cried, 'Long life to you, Paddy! come here and
  be hang'd.' Come on, &c.

We 're in arms, little Boney; and as for the rest,
Fait! when we 're in earnest we 're not us'd to jest;
Besides, were a bridge built from Calais to Dover,
The devil a Frenchman alive should come over;—
Then turn men and good Christians, repenting
  what's past,
Or the very first word that you speak is your last.
  Come on, &c.

PEACE AND WAR.

Sweet peace, that kindly sheds around
The bosom's dearest calm,
Benignly on each rankling wound
To pour a healing balm;
That leads to nature's jubilee
The pleasures in its train;
While plenty, joy, and industry,
Assume their smiling reign.
But when, in glorious freedom's quarrel,
War raises its gigantic arm,
A leaf to pluck from honour's laurel,
The meanest Briton sounds th' alarm.
War, for security, for dignity—
War, that for ever war may cease—
War, that deplores, with sweet benignity,
Those ravages that purchase peace.
Sweet peace, &c.

Forc'd into war by fiends malignant,
Who Nature and her laws reject,
Each sail of honour swells indignant,
The daring insult to correct;
To follow up with matchless bravery
Just rage, till this vile race shall cease;
Till Freedom's hand shall humble slavery,
To glad the world with smiling peace.
Sweet peace, &c.

ERIN GO BRA.

Since 'Erin go bra' is the song of the sod,
And adds zest to each Irishman's toast,
Let our land in proud duty be consciously trod,
And be patriot virtue our boast:
United and firm, each attempt to oppose
From allegiance our minds that would draw,
Of duty the friend, of sedition the foes,
So shall honour sing 'Erin go bra.'

Than in Ireland where nobler accomplishments meet,
Let them show me the country who can:
'Tis the region of wit, hospitality's seat,
And for courage they'll fight to a man.
But, as health breeds excrescences, spots dim the sun,
And the diamond exhibits a flaw,
By indulgence to errors our hearts shall be won,
While old England sings 'Erin go bra.'

Ye deluded, turn back, in a profligate crew
Who seek mis'ry and shame without end;
Shake off disaffection, to duty be true,
And cherish your natural friend.
Be your only contention which fortunate isle
Shall our mutual enemies awe;
True glory shall court you, gay commerce shall smile,
And the world shall sing 'Erin go bra.'

THE GENERAL LOVER.

I'm what the world calls, Sir, a general lover,
Yet no torments my bosom perplex;
And even caprice cannot call me a rover,
For I'm constant to all the whole sex.
With me the word beautiful signifies woman;
They are all deck'd in Venus's zone;
And, that we may possess our dear wishes in common,
The toads never let me alone:
At Bath now, last season, three dozen Marias,
Five Silvias, nine Chloes, and fifteen Sophias,
A bundle of Tabbies, while each lovely she
Was willing at my beck and call,
Were ev'ry dear devil of 'em dying for me,
And I was in love with them all.

With me, cheeks are roses, teeth pearls, and lips cherries;
Then there cannot be bad-coloured hair;
Black as crows, gray as badgers, or e'en brown as berries,
For distinction they're all call'd the fair.
Some complain of their talking, but that 's a wrong notion;
Since one day I must yield up my breath,
So their lips and their eyes their dear tongues set in motion,
They are welcome to talk me to death.
Now at Margate, last summer, nine couple of Delias,
Six Margeries, twelve Gridelines, seventeen Celias,
Of Deborahs a dozen, and Phillises three,
Still willing at my beck and call,
Were ev'ry dear devil of 'em dying for me,
And I was in love with them all.

When Mahomet's tribe were a paradise giv'n,
From women he swore 'twould have birth;
Thus they 're angels — the place they inhabit is heav'n—
And England's a heav'n upon earth.
The prophet is right, and all else are deceivers;
I 'll credit whatever he saith;
Our religion is pleasure, we're Love's true believers,
And, for me, I shall die in the faith.
Why, last autumn, at Brighton, a score of Camillas,
Six Rachels, twelve Claras, and nineteen Myrtillas,
A large mob of Marys, so kind and so free,
All willing at my beck and call,
Were ev'ry dear devil of 'em dying for me,
And I was in love with them all.

A SEAMAN'S DITTY.

Come, listen to a seaman's ditty,—
Tom Taffrail was the hero's name;
His tale shall start that tear of pity
The brave and good from virtue claim.

Tom went to sea; duty inclin'd him
His king and country to defend;
But how in grief to leave behind him
A lovely wife and faithful friend?
Kind hearts may dwell in bosoms homely;
Nothing can virtue's impulse check:
At sea, trick'd out a tar so comely,
Tom met his friend upon the deck;
And see his wife, by love directed,
In man's attire Tom's steps attend:
Thus was he bless'd, when least expected,
With his dear wife and faithful friend.

True pleasures are for no one mortal:
A storm arose no skill could mock;
Tore masts away, strain'd ev'ry portal,
And bilg'd the vessel 'gainst a rock.
Torn the dear objects he had cherish'd,
His own life ebbing near its end,
He smil'd, in death, that he had perish'd
With his dear wife and faithful friend.

ANCIENT BRITONS.

If you of ancient Britons speak,
The hardy sons of Gaul,
So, of all Britons, you will seek
Most ancientest of all;
And Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Picts,
And Normans eke also,
Ne'er from their mountains could unfix
So tough and prave a foe:
As pards, and priests, and seers, of old,
With crowdies, harps, and lyres,
Have sung, and have, moreover, told
About their kitchen fires.
And when, at last, by Longshanks won,
For sureties and for pails,
They bow'd not, till he made hur son,
Got pless hur! Prince of Wales.

You've peradventure heard, with choys,
At Cressy and at France,
That many hardy Monmouth poys
Made Frenchmen skip and prance.
'Twas in a garden,—creens did crow,
And plums and pears, perhaps,
And leeks most plentiful also,
To crace their Monmouth caps;
Quivers of arrows they let fly,
And also us'd the sling,
As you shall hear, and by and by
Took pris'ner the French King.
Why was the tay, I pray you, won?
Why turn'd the French their tails?
Because Plack Edward led them on,
The gallant Prince of Wales.

At Agincourt was laurels won,
When Henry took the field,—
Henry, a Welshman pred and porn,
That thousands made to yield.
But Henry, as with rage he purn'd,
Did fall, and also lay,
When David Gam came in, and turn'd
The fortune of the tay.
Then should the French put up our plood,
We're sons of David Gam;
And they'll find they might provoke as good
The devil and his tam.
Then strike the harp, and peat the string,
The French shall turn their tails;
For George, Got pless hur! is hur King,
And hur son is Prince of Wales.

THE BRITISH HEROES.

The war 's begun,—the British fair,
All weakness overcome,
The harp and lyre beneath their care,
Now hail the sprightly drum:
Like Sparta's matrons, nobly great,
Wives, mothers, daughters, vie
Who most shall heroes animate
To conquer or to die.
Sound the trumpet loud!
Bid the minstrel join
The pray'r of yonder lovely crowd;
For our sons of Fame,
In sounds divine,
Invoking each auspicious name
In battle to defend them;
'Hail!' they exclaim, rending the air,
'O! listen to our fervent pray'r,—
May victory attend them!'

See, with delight, some lovely fair
Her parting hero deck;
A laurel-wreath adorn his hair,
Her portrait grace his neck:
Thus arm'd, he pants to join th' attack;
She firmly bids him go,
And warns him soon to bring her back
Some trophy from the foe.
Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

A mother cries, 'My love's first joy,
Go,—fame and honour bring;
From me thou hold'st thy life, dear boy,
In trust, to serve thy king:
Yet, from the reeking slaughter come,
Whatever chance betide,
In safety bring thy father home,
Or perish by his side.'
Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

Thus shall the lovely British dame
To latest times be sung;
Great, brave, and noble, as the fame
And honour whence she sprung.
Thus heroes perils shall survive,
Shall love and glory share;
And, angel-guarded, shall derive
Protection from the fair.
Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

THE FALSE ALARM.

What a glorious sight! why, it glads my old heart,
When posterity once shall be told
To the proud goal of vict'ry how Britons shall start,—
'Twill eclipse our achievements of old.
What are Henries, and Edwards, and Richards, and Johns,
Who their foes beat again and again;
In all their grand battles with Frenchmen and Dons,
Could they muster two millions of men?
Sound the trumpet and drum!
Let 'em come, let 'em come!

[Eh, zounds! what's that?—they are certainly coming! Oh no! 'tis only a drove of pigs.]

Let them come, let them come, if they dare:
While our trumpets and drums cleave the air,
And strike them with mortal alarms,
How the mounseers will tremble and stare
To see a whole nation in arms!

In a quarrel like this, each alert artisan
Shall all occupation forego,
And of trade ev'ry implement turn, to a man,
Sure destruction to hurl on a foe.
Knock 'em down, in large lots, shall our brave auctioneers;
Hack and hew 'em shall each brother chip;
Our farmers shall thrash 'em; the bold tailor's shears
Their thread of existence shall snip.
Sound the trumpet and drum!
Let 'em come, let 'em come!

[Eh, hark! here they come—stand to your arms!—No! 'twas only the mail-coach.]

Let them come, let them come, &c.

Each age and condition the conflict shall join,
To deserve well posterity's thanks;
Lords, knights, 'squires, and tradesmen, 'gainst France to combine,
Shall manfully fall in the ranks.
Of youth and of strength ev'ry sinew and nerve
Shall be strain'd, hostile projects to mar;
While those, old, like me, and unable to serve,
Strain their purses, the sinews of war.
Sound the trumpet and drum!
Let 'em come, let 'em come!

[What's that?—Well, then, now they are certainly coming!—Oh no! damme! there was nothing French in that.]

Let them come, let them come, &c.

THE SUBSCRIPTION AT LLOYD'S.

[As this Subscription was the origin of that noble institution which was afterwards denominated 'The Patriotic Fund,' in which our suffering tars and their distressed families so largely participated, we think it right to insert, at length, the advertisement which preceded the list of contributions received on the 20th July, 1803, that being the day on which the first public meeting for promoting the humane object had been convened. The meeting was held in the rooms belonging to the Subscribers to Lloyd's, then situated over a portion of the late Royal Exchange, which was totally consumed by fire on the night of Wednesday, January 10, 1838. The advertisement fully explained the objects of the Subscription. It was as follows:—

'Lloyd's, London, July 20, 1803.

'The Merchants, Underwriters, and other Subscribers to this House, having this day met for the purpose of setting on foot a General Subscription, on an extended scale, for the encouragement and relief of those who may be engaged in the defence of the country, and who may suffer in the common cause; and of those who may signalize themselves during the present most important contest;

'And feeling confident, that when our very existence, as a Great and Independent Nation, is at stake, it only becomes necessary to point out any means by which the exertion of our native spirit, and the application of our powerful resources, may receive an additional stimulus, they beg leave to submit to the liberal consideration of their fellow-subjects the following Resolutions, which have been unanimously passed at this Meeting, and presume to hope that the object of this Subscription will be so promoted and sanctioned by Public Bodies in general—by the Higher Ranks, and Opulent Classes of Society—and by individuals of every description, that the mite of the labourer, combining with the munificent donation of the noble and the wealthy, shall be the best pledge of our unanimity—shall inspire our seamen, our soldiers, our countrymen at large, with a well grounded confidence in the liberality and gratitude of the community; and shall impress on the minds of our enemies the appalling conviction, *That the energies of this great Empire are irresistible, as its resources are incalculable.*

'Brook Watson, Esq. in the Chair.

'The following Resolutions were unanimously passed:

'"That in a conjuncture when the vital interests of our country, when the peculiar blessings which, under our beloved Sovereign and happy Constitution, endear our social state, are involved in the issue of the present contest; when we are menaced by an enemy, whose haughty presumption is grounded only on the present unfortunate position of the Continental Powers; and when we seem to be placed, for the moment, as the last barrier against the total subjection of Europe by the overbearing influence of France—it behoves us to meet our situation as Men—as Freemen—but, above all, as Britons! On this alone, with the Divine aid, depends our exemption from the yoke of Gallic Despotism—on this alone depends, under the same Protecting Power, whether this empire shall remain, what it has for ages been, the strenuous supporter of religion and morals, the assertor of its own and the guardian of the liberties of mankind, the nurse of industry, the protector of the arts and sciences, the example and admiration of the world or whether it shall become an obsequious tributary, an enslaved, a plundered, and degraded department of a Foreign nation.

'"That to give more effect and energy to the measures adopted by Government for the defence of our liberties, our lives, and property—to add weight to those personal exertions we are all readily disposed to contribute,—it behoves us to hold out every encouragement to our fellow-subjects, who may be in any way instrumental in repelling or annoying our implacable foe, and to prove to them that we are ready to drain both our purses and our veins in the great cause which imperiously calls on us to unite the duties of loyalty and patriotism, with the strongest efforts of personal exertion.

'"That to animate the efforts of our defenders by sea and land, it is expedient to raise, by the patriotism of the community at large, a suitable fund for their comfort and relief—for the purpose of assuaging the anguish of their wounds, or palliating in some degree the more weighty misfortune of the loss of limbs—of alleviating the distresses of the widow and the orphan—of smoothing the brow of sorrow for the fall of their dearest relatives, the props of unhappy indigence or helpless age—and of granting pecuniary rewards, or honourable badges of distinction, for successful exertions of valour or merit.

'"That a Subscription, embracing all the objects in the foregoing Resolution, be now opened; and to set an example to the Public Bodies throughout the United Kingdom and its Dependencies, and to our fellow-subjects of every class and denomination, that, independently of our individual contributions, the sum of Twenty Thousand Pounds, Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities, part of the funded property of this Society, be appropriated to this purpose."'

Resolutions were then passed for appointing a Committee, Receivers of Subscriptions, &c.; and, finally,

"'That all sums, however small which shall be offered by the patriotism of the poorer classes of our fellow-subjects, shall be accepted—the cause affecting equally the liberties and lives of persons of every description.'"

It was computed that about 5000 persons attended this memorable meeting, and no less than ten individuals or firms contributed £1000 each before it broke up. In the course of about a month, upwards of £150,000 had been subscribed; and, at the end of about six years,—

At a meeting of the Subscribers to the Fund, held on Aug. 24, 1809, Sir Francis Baring, Bart., in the chair, it was stated that the sum received up to that period, including collections at churches and chapels, theatrical contributions, &c. &c., amounted to about £350,000; which had been increased by interest, and by the profit on stock sold from time to time, to the total amount of £424,832. 16*s*. 7*d*. The disbursements had been as follows:—£250,000 to the wounded, and to the families of those who had been killed; £40,000 to the Naval and Military Asylum; £16,000 to British prisoners in France; £16,000 in honourable badges, &c., as rewards of merit; and about £11,000 in advertising, printing, and other unavoidable expenses. Thus (to use Dibdin's expression), *magnificently* responded to was the appeal of the benevolent originators of this splendid contribution!]

If the world ever saw a magnificent act,
That time might on adamant write,
Sons of Commerce, 'tis yours—that mankind shall attract—
Astonishment mix'd with delight.
With a spirit so noble, so hon'rably giv'n,
That all ostentation avoids;—
Oh! of thousands the pray'r shall be put up to Heav'n
For the gen'rous subscribers at Lloyd's!

When the Briton stands forth for each Englishman's right,
Such encouragement mis'ry beguiles;
And, though crippled and maim'd in the glorious fight,
Pain's appeas'd, and calamity smiles.
In his country's defence though he risk limb and life,
He uneasy reflection avoids;
Ensur'd ev'ry wish of his children and wife
By the gen'rous subscription at Lloyd's.

Then France, drunk with rage, to thy destiny start,
For plunder and riot grown warm;
Benevolence' voice shall appal every heart,
And Humanity wither each arm.
Though thy turbulent leader no bounds can control,
Though all reason and truth he avoids,
Let him consciously dread, and be struck to the soul
By the glorious subscription at Lloyd's.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The sailor is the soldier's friend,
The soldier is the sailor's,
Though, just for gig, time without end,
They're 'gainst each other railers.
But let 'em moor 'longside a foe
In Freedom's cause to mawl 'em,
I only should be glad to know
Which best would overhaul 'em.
For, though they spar like man and wife,
And brother fights with brother,
Yet foes of one must take the life
Ere they can harm the other.

To have each other on the hip,
Once, when a storm was gath'ring,
Jack swore he would the lobster tip
A little decent lath'ring.
A spray spill'd one, to end their strife,—
The other never stands on't,
But over jumps and saves his life,
And so they both shook hands on't.
And thus they spar, &c.

Cried Jack, 'French treach'ry to repay,
Fate and the times decree it;
England shall arm in proud array,
And glorious 'tis to see it!
But should this harvest come about,
Though both have the same meanings,
Why, we must keep a bad look-out,
Or you'll but thrash the gleanings.'
And thus they spar, &c.

How can these thieves themselves persuade
That they a scheme have hit on,
A coast so glorious to invade,
Where every man 's a Briton?
They know our deeds, for all the world
Still wonder as they read 'em,
When English banners are unfurl'd,
And Britons fight for freedom.
Then let them come! in friendly strife
While brother vies with brother,
Our foes of one shall take the life
Ere they can harm the other.

CA N'IRA PAS; A SEQUEL TO CA IRA.

Monsieur, mon general, first consul,
I vill not tell no lie;
I come de English Johnny Bull
And all his trick to spy.
First, ven I get from sea-sick free,
Just after Dover cliff,
I spy, vat I have never see,
One charmant piece rosbif.
Ta ra la, la, la,
Arette ton bras;
Ca n'ira pas, ça n'ira pas—Ma foi, ça n'ira pas!

I spy von people grand, so good,
De lamb is no so mild
If unprovoke—put up his blood,
De tiger 's no so vild.
I spy de men so bold advance,
For honour risk his lifes;
And, vat I never spy in France,
The vomen all good vifes.
Ta ra la, la la, &c.

We say de English dog is spawn
De mastif—dat is right;
For though like us he never fawn,
Upon my soul he bite.
That all your scheme vill be forsake,
I know by vat I've spied;
So, as you 'll not de lion take,
You must not sell his hide.
Ta ra la, la la, &c.

They glory have not moche to seek,
For freedom haf soche charm!
Tout la canaille, in 'bout six veek,
Ave hero all in arms.
You must not think you can prevail;
They 're fortified all parts;
And, if you come, you'll have to scale
A vall of English hearts.
Ta ra la, la la, &c.

Thus, my commission to fulfil,
I spy vat vill be found;
One half your army vill be kill,
The 'tother vill be drown'd.
So, if in France he 's all go mad,
He may expect to come;
If in his vit, he vould be glad
Better to stay at home.
Ta ra la, la la, &c.

THE AULD PIBROUGH.

Allan Ramsay and Burns
Ha cheerly sung, by turns,
The deeds of the crouse, bonny, bra Scottish man;
Wi' his arms awe sae sheen,
As they glisten'd in the een;
While the canty pipe sae gay
The auld pibrough did play—
'There never was a Scot but was true to his Clan.'

Frae Ossian to Bruce,
The bra deeds to produce,
Would take monny and monny a long hour to scan;
For mickle were the bairds
Sung the feats of Scottish lairds,
When, the swankies in array,
The canty pipes did play—
'There never was a Scot but was true to his Clan.'

With the bonnet aw so blue,
And the nimble dirk in view,
While the Andrew Farraro each arm shall bravely span;
For the cause each bosom warms,
And they 're awsome in arms,
While, the foe to dismay,
The warlike pipe shall play—
'There never was a Scot but was true to his Clan.'

From Egypt's burning sands,
Made red by Scottish hands,
The invincible Skybalds fled, aw to a man;
For the standard that they bore
From its keeper's grasp we tore,
And the French were all dismay'd,
As the pibrough we play'd—
'There never was a Scot but was true to his Clan.'

Of that tune the second part
Shall fash each bangster's heart;
For if they dare approach we 'll their rear make their van:
Sons of Wallace and Bruce,
Mighty vengeance let loose;
Ancient courage display,
While the canty pipes shall play—
'There never was a Scot but was true to his clan.'

THE GOOD SINGER.

Cælia, Cælia, Cælia, Cælia, Cælia.

(DIALOGUE.)

With the hound and the horn
Awaken the morn;
Tally-ho! hark forward, my boys!
While the birds in the woods,
And the fish in the floods,
Are amaz'd at the glorious noise.
Sly Renard appears,
And pricks up his ears,
While Echo peeps out of her den,
Astonish'd to see,
In high spirits and glee,
Such a troop of dogs, horses, and men.
While the horn and the hound,
And the hound and the horn,
And Echo, sly Renard, the birds, and the morn,
And the horses, and—the dogs, and Echo, and Renard, and—

(DIALOGUE.)

See the battle rages high, and heroes nobly dare;
And the trumpet, sounding loud, pierces the yielding air;
And, hark! the thund'ring drum succeeds the cannon's roar,
While fierce Bellona wades through streams of foaming gore.
Hark! hark! the loud clangour!
A nation in anger

The heart of each patriot warms;
While, the foe struck with wonder,
Drums' and trumpets' loud thunder
Excites ev'ry hero to arms.

(DIALOGUE.)

Gay Bacchus, riding on his tun,
One morning took the air;
The Loves and Graces join'd the fun,
And Venus, too, was there,
With her tiddle liddle liddle liddle lido.

And Momus join'd the noisy crew,
Nor car'd who took offence;
But soon about his wit he threw
At ev'ry god's expense—
With his tiddle, &c.

He Vulcan quizz'd, he bullied Mars,
And fulminated Jove;
Swore Venus' charms were all a farce,
And even laugh'd at Love.
With his tiddle, &c.

Meanwhile they made, with zeal devout,
The sparkling nectar foam;
Till, though they sober had set out,
They tipsy all came home.
With their tiddle, &c.

VICTORY, AND GEORGE THE THIRD.

WHEN Dryden wrote, and Purcell sung,
'Britons! strike home!'
The patriot sounds, re-echoing, rung
The vaulted dome.
To George, a soldier and a saint,
To consecrate his lay
The poet pray'd; his numbers paint
Our prayer of this day.
To George, our theme, a Briton born,
No less be honours giv'n,
Whose various virtues might adorn
The registers of heav'n.
Rise, all who hear me—rise, and sing
Our hearts' dear chorus, 'God save the King!'
General Chorus—God save the King!

Since Heav'n first made Britannia sway
The ample main,
And will'd the wondering world t' obey
Her mighty reign,
From pow'r to pow'r, the great behest
By time was handed down,
That fame and glory might invest
The splendid British crown.
George was the boon by nature will'd,
Now sov'reign of the waves,
Who the conditions well fulfill'd—
Britons should ne'er be slaves!
Chorus—Rise, all who hear me, &c.

Ye Britons! bear in soul and mind
The glorious term,
And what your ancestors enjoin'd
Do you confirm;
Steady in Freedom's glorious cause,
United heart and hand,
Fighting for honour and the laws,
Chase slav'ry from the land.
In Arthur's reign their swords they drew,
'Heav'n and St. George, the word,—
Arm! arm! and be the word from you
'Vict'ry, and George the Third!'
Chorus—Rise, all who hear me, &c.

From Valentine's Day.

THE COMPLAINT.

O LOVELY day! ah me! the while
How hard, alas! to see
That Nature should so sweetly smile
On all the world but me!
Hark! the gay tenants of the air,
How gratefully they sing!
And hail by instinct, as they pair,
The harbinger of spring!
O lovely day! &c.

As twilight brings, in streaks so gay,
Aurora bright and clear,
So, child of promise, is this day
The twilight of the year.
O lovely day! &c.

VALENTINE'S TRAIN.

SAYS the parson of the parish, all rosy his gills,
'To increase and to multiply Scripture fulfils:
I shall take this young damsel to have and to hold—
She 's the loveliest lambkin in all my whole fold;
With her fortune and int'rest once added to mine,
I shall soon be a bishop—oh rapture divine!
Of my lordly induction I long for the day,
While the organ an anthem so sweetly shall play.'

Says the lord of the manor, 'No poaching, d'ye hear;
For my own proper sport I have turn'd out this deer;
I shall dodge her and watch her from woodland to field,
Till, panting and tir'd, to my mercy she yield;
When once she's run down, leave you all in the lurch,
And in splendid procession appear at the church,
The hounds and the horses in order so gay,
While the mellow-ton'd hornthe tantivy shall play.'

Says Sir Morgan ap Evans, 'Odds splutter hur nails!
'Gainst hur pirths and extractions yours nothing avails;
Hur can poast a fine, large, and long pedicree,
Where hur ancestors crew like the poughs on a tree
Hur to pleasant Glamorgan will carry hur pride,
And hur 'll skip like the coats, and the keffels beside;
And hur 'll sing, and moreover hur'll tance through the tay,
While the harps and the dulcimers sweetlyshall play.'

Cries the rapturous lover, 'Go! quickly resign
Charms celestial, like hers, to a passion like mine;
He for beauty and sweetness alone has desert,
Who riches despises, and seeks heart for heart:
Were my love stripp'd of fortune, deserted, unknown,
In our cottage's threshold I'd fancy a throne;
With tenderness mutual beguiling the day,
While the riv'let in murmurs so sweetly should play.'

Says Alderman Stuffit, 'I'm worth a whole plum;
What girl in her wits but would yield to that sum?
Her charms are all turtle, and ven'son, and wine;
Then say grace, my good Domine, that I may dine.'
Says a warrior, 'I love the dear creature, oh far
More than death, or the noble destruction of war;
O'er her charms what a vict'ry to carry the day,
While the drums and the trumpets so loudly shall play!'

'Sure as death,' cried the doctor, 'her pulse I shall feel:'
'To me,' cried the lawyer, 'she 'll sign and she 'll seal:'
Cried the gamester, 'I'll win her, or else I'm undone:'
'She 'll be mine,' cried the sportsman, 'as sure as a gun:'
Hold your tongues,' cried the poet; you can't have her all;
For me, to whosever kind lot it should fall,
So you pay me, I 'll sing both the song and the day,
While the Loves and the Graces so sweetly shall play.'

EVERY MAN'S FRIEND.

Come, all jolly topers, the toast as ye pass,
Who have sworn to keep Bacchus's laws,
The conditions repeat, lay your hands on the glass,
And vindicate wine and its cause.
So long as the power of generous wine
Shall the practice of honour inspire,
Our affections and passions to rule and refine,
As gold issues pure from the fire;
So long o'er the mind may its empire extend,
And the generous bottle be ev'ry man's friend.

While in brisk circulation it genially glows
Through each sluice of the heart in full speed,
Turning sourness to milk in the veins as it flows,
The children of sorrow to feed;
While its liberal influence, to honour so dear,
With such pity the heart shall impress,
As with Charity's hand to wipe off the sad tear
That glistens to mark out distress;
So long o'er the mind may its empire extend,
And the generous bottle be ev'ry man's friend.

But when in the glass the fiend Envy shall lurk,
Her foul train waiting near at her call,
On the credulous mind to achieve her fell work,
And the milk of the heart turn to gall;
Then may wine change to poison, and each cank'rous elf,
Detected, asham'd, and alone,
Despis'd by the world, and despis'd by himself,
By death for his errors atone.
So shall wine to the last serve humanity's end,
And the generous bottle be ev'ry man's friend.

THE SHIPWRECK'D TAR.

Escap'd with life, in tatters,
Behold me safe ashore;
Such trifles little matters,
I 'll soon get togs galore:
For Poll swore, when we parted,
No chance her faith should jar;
And Poll 's too tender-hearted
To slight a shipwreck'd tar.

To Poll his course straight steering,
He hastens on apace;
Poor Jack can't get a hearing,—
She never saw his face!
From Meg, Doll, Sue, and Kitty,
Relief is just as far:
Not one has the least pity
For a poor shipwreck'd tar.

This, whom he thought love's needle,
Now his sad mis'ry mocks;
That wants to call the beadle
To set him in the stocks:
Cried Jack, 'This is hard dealing!
The elements at war
Than this had kinder feeling,—
They spar'd a shipwreck'd tar.'

But all their taunts and fetches
A judgment are on me;
I, for these harden'd wretches,
Dear Nancy, slighted thee:
But see, poor Tray assails me!
His mistress is not far;
He wags his tail and hails me,
Though a poor shipwreck'd tar.

'Twas faithful love that brought him,—
Oh lesson for mankind!
''Tis one,' cried she, 'I taught him;
For on my constant mind
Thy image dear was graven;
And now, remov'd each bar,
My arms shall be the haven
For my poor shipwreck'd tar.'

Heaven and my love reward thee!
I'm shipwreck'd, but I'm rich
All shall with pride regard thee;
Thy love shall so bewitch
With wonder each fond fancy,
That children near and far
Shall lisp the name of Nancy,
That sav'd her shipwreck'd tar.

THE TAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

THE Tailor's fair daughter of our gay town,
As a body may say, was a wag;
She had not the heart on a lover to frown,
Though of lovers in plenty she'd brag:
With her father's whole shopboard she'd toy and she'd laugh,
Of their torment and pain making fun:
'Fie, wench!' cried the aunt, 'you're too forward by half,—
You should never encourage but one.'

Cried Miss, 'My dear Aunt, as they sit in a row,
Can weak females beware of their hearts?
Their legs graceful bending are Cupid's cross-bow,
And their needles are so many darts:
Did Venus this troop of Adonises see,
They'd all win her as sure as a gun;
Then how, my dear Aunt, can a mortal like me
Resolve to encourage but one?

'There 's the polish'd Joe Thimble, the neat Tommy Tit,
And Frank Finedraw, of love know the art;
Of Tom Sheers, and Ned Needle, might soon the keen wit
Cut out work for a duchess's heart:
Then on Goose, Snip, and Cabbage, with raill'ry so neat,
Does Will Whipstitch so quibble and pun,
That in happiness how could my hopes be complete,
From this set did I choose out but one?

Cried the Aunt, 'Do you think, Miss, I've not had my day?
There was Hobnail the smith, and Tom Slough;
And Slaughter the butcher, so tender and gay;
And then Guzzle, that kept the Dun Cow;
Then the sexton and clerk would have led me to church;
Sudds the barber, and Bob at the Tun:
But your uncle I saw, left them all in the lurch,
And e'er since have been constant to one.'

Then cried Miss, 'We're agreed, and I'll soon tell you how,
For the maxim on't none can deny;
At your feet, in the dumps, sigh, and promise, and vow,
Nine lovers you've had, so have I:
But your case, my dear Aunt, is quite diff'rent to mine,—
Yours were men, mine but ninths only run;
So, d'ye see, even though I should wed the whole nine,
I should still be but constant to one.'

THE PATENT COFFIN.

[There were two descriptions of these *patent* receptacles for the dead: one of them was the invention of Messrs. Richard Jarvis and Son, of Piccadilly; the other, altogether made of iron, that of a tallow-chandler in Goswell-street-road, of the name of Bridgman, who subsequently removed to Fish-street-hill, and opened his house as 'The Patent Iron Coffin Manufactory.' They were intended as protections against the depredations of a class of traders called '*resurrection-men*,' or, more correctly, though less classically, '*body-snatchers*;' whose frequent robberies of the graves at that period, for the purpose of supplying the surgeons with '*subjects*' for dissection, had created very general alarm among the living. They were so constructed, that when once the lid was closed, it was so firmly fixed by springs in the inside, that it could not be opened till the coffin had been broken to pieces. The durability and unyielding quality of the metal was, however, an objection to their adoption: for the persons who were interested in the profits derived from burial-grounds almost universally prohibited their reception.]

EACH age has boasted curious elves,
By patent notoriety,
Whose inventions have enrich'd themselves,
For advantage of society:
I an immortal artisan—
Pray, gents, forbear your scoffing—
Produce to-night—Muse! sing the man
That made the Patent Coffin:
Then toll the knell;—
Each passing-bell
Shall of the mighty name
Of this wondrous man be talking,
While foremost in the ranks of fame
His coffin shall be walking.

We've patent legs, and patent eyes,
And many other fallacies:
And next shall patent pillories
Succeed to patent gallowses:
Ephemerons of art, away!
In trifles only clever:
Your labours may exist their day,
But his shall last for ever.
Then toll, &c.

Yet to take heed you must not fail,
Lest to the grave they hurry you,
If you're not dead as a door-nail
Before you let them bury you:
Though waking from a trance when in,
You cry, and rave, and shout again,
Caught fairly in our patent gin,
The world can't let you out again.
Then toll, &c.

Resurrection-men! your fate deplore,—
Retire with sore vexation;
Your myst'ry 's gone, your art 's no more,
No more your occupation:
Surgeons! no more shall ye ransack
The grave, with feelings callous;
Though on the Old Bailey turn'd your back,*
Your only hope 's the gallows.
Then toll, &c.

Death-hunters! mutes shall sing my verse,
The wondrous man applauding;
And sable plumes on many a hearse
For joy shall fall a nodding:

* This is an allusion to the hall in Warwick Lane, immediately at the *back* of Newgate, in which the College of Surgeons formerly met.

Hatchments and tombs his name shall raise,
Clerks, sextons, undertakers;
While graves shall open in the praise
Of this Prince of Coffin-makers.
Then toll, &c.

A DOSE FOR THE DONS.

DEARLY as the stream that guides its vital motion,
Be cherish'd by each grateful British heart
The great event that gave the lordly ocean
To English tars fresh laurels to impart:
Valentine's Day in smiles came on,
Love fill'd the seaman's anxious mind,
Delighted with past scenes so sweet,
While ardent hope kept ev'ry pulse alive,
Sweet hope some glorious moment might arrive,
To serve the wife and king and friend he left behind,
When Jervis, with his gallant fleet,
Discover'd the proud Don.

Strange signal-guns all night distinctly hearing,
When day's faint dawn presented first the shore,
We, anxious, on the starboard tack were steering,
While east-by-north, eight leagues, Cape Vincent bore:
Near ten, propitious hope came on;
Our signal for a large fleet flew;
When instant, with a press of sail,
Form'd in two lines, onward we gaily stood;
Till boldly dashing through the yielding flood,
While honour fir'd each ship's determin'd crew,
We proudly bore up within hail
Of the astonish'd Don.

Ships twenty-seven now bid a bold defiance;
Fifteen our number, and of smaller size:
So tow'ring elephants look down on lions,
Till of their courage they become the prize:
For now the trying hour came on,
That each must act a gallant part;
Fate on one grand manœuvre hing'd,—
One mighty stroke, prompt, dangerous, and bold:
But what of English tars the courage can withhold?
We broke their straggling line, scar'd ev'ry heart,
And Jack the tawny whiskers sing'd
Of the astonish'd Don.

Here might I dwell on this unequal'd action,
That soars beyond example out of sight,—
That gain'd four ships,—that broke a dang'rous faction;
But English seamen never brag—they fight.
Then let perfidious France come on,
Aided by Holland and by Spain,
In the deep a wat'ry grave to meet:
Fair England proudly with one voice shall sing
The worth and virtues of a patriot king;
While some such heroes lead the glorious strain
As Jervis and his gallant fleet,
That humbled the proud Don.

JERVIS FOR EVER.

[The Notes appended to the song entitled 'Naval Victories' (pp. 197, 198) will explain of the occurrences referred to in this and the preceding song.]

I'VE sail'd the salt seas pretty much,
And rough'd it in all weathers,
The French, the Spanish, and the Dutch,
To buckle to their tethers:
And in these voyages I must need,
You see, have known some service;
But all I've know'd, and all I've seed,
Is now outdone by Jervis.

You've heard, I s'pose, the people talk
Of Benbow* and Boscawen,

* In November, 1693, Benbow sailed with a squadron of twelve men of war, four bomb-ketches, and ten other vessels, to the coast of St. Malo, and anchoring within half a mile of the town, cannonaded and bombarded it for three successive days. On the 19th, taking advantage of a dark night, a fresh gale, and a strong tide, he sent in a fire-ship, called the Infernal, in order to burn the town; but she struck upon a rock before she arrived at the place, and the engineer was obliged to set her on fire and retreat. She at length blew up with such an explosion as shook the whole town like an earthquake, unroofed three hundred houses, and did great mischief for three leagues round. A capstan that weighed 2001bs. was thrown upon a house, and levelled it to the ground; the greater part of the wall towards the sea fell down, and the inhabitants were so overwhelmed with consternation, that a small number of troops might have taken possession without resistance, but there was not a soldier on board. The sailors, however, took and demolished Quince Fort, and did much damage to the town of St. Malo, which had been a nest of privateers that greatly infested the English commerce.

On August 19, 1702, Benbow discovered the French squadron near the island of St. Martha, steering along the shore: it consisted of ten ships, and was commanded by Admiral du Casse. Benbow immediately formed the line, and an engagement ensued; but he was very ill-seconded by some of his captains. Nevertheless, the battle continued till night, and he determined to renew it the next morning, when he perceived all his ships at the distance of three or four miles astern, except the Ruby, commanded by Capt. Walton, who joined him in plying the enemy with chase-guns. On the 21st, these two ships engaged the French squadron; and the Ruby was so disabled, that the admiral was obliged to send her to Jamaica. Next day the Greenwich, commanded by Capt. Wade, was five leagues astern; and the wind changing, the enemy had the advantage of the weather-gage. On the 23rd, the admiral renewed the battle with his single ship, unsustained by the rest of the squadron. On the 24th, his leg was shattered by a chain-shot; notwithstanding which, he remained on the quarter-deck in a cradle, and continued the engagement. One of the largest ships of the enemy lying like a wreck upon the water, four sail of the English vessels poured their broadsides into her, and then ran to leeward, without paying any regard to the signal for battle. The French then bearing down upon Benbow with their whole force, so much crippled him that he was obliged to lie by to refit, while they took their disabled ship in tow. During this interval, Benbow called a council of his captains, and expostulated with them on their behaviour: but they observed that the French were very strong, and urged him to desist. He now plainly saw that he was betrayed, and with the utmost reluctance returned to Jamaica; having not only lost a leg, but also received a severe wound in his face, and another in his arm, while he in person boarded the French admiral. Exasperated at the treachery of his captains, he granted a commission to Rear-Admiral Whetstone and other officers to hold a court-martial, and try them for cowardice. Capt. Hudson, of the Pendennis, died before

Of Anson, Pocock, Vernon, Hawke,
And many more then going:
All pretty lads, and brave, and rum,
That seed much noble service;
But, Lord! their merit 's all a hum,
Compar'd to Admiral Jervis!

Now there 's the famous ninety-two,
That made so great a bustle,
When the Rising Sun and her whole crew
Were all sent down by Russel:*
A glorious sight, I've heard them say,
And pretty was the service;
But not like that on Voluntun's Day,
Led on by valiant Jervis!

Bold Rodney did the kingdom thank,
For that brush in the West Indies;
And Parker, on the Dogger-Bank,
The Dutch beat off the hinges:
Van Tromp said how he'd sweep the sea,
Till Blake show'd him some service:
Fine fellows all,—but don't tell me
That they're the likes of Jervis!

Howe made the Frenchmen dance a tune,
An admiral great and glorious:
Witness for that the first of June,—
Lord! how he was victorious!
A noble sight as e'er was seen,
And did the country service;
But twenty-seven beat with fifteen
None ever did but Jervis!

As for that same equality,
That this battle well was fighted,

his trial; Captains Kirby and Wade were convicted, and sentenced to be shot; and Capt. Constable, of the Windsor, was cashiered and imprisoned. Capt. Vincent, of the Falmouth, and Fogg, the captain of the admiral's own ship, the Breda, were convicted of having signed a paper that they would not fight under Benbow's command: but the Court inflicted no other punishment than that of a provisional suspension. Capt. Walton, of the Ruby, had likewise joined in the conspiracy while in a state of intoxication, but afterwards repented, and fought with great courage until his ship was disabled The offensive manners of Benbow had caused this base confederacy. He was a rough seaman, but remarkably brave, honest, and skilful. He took this affair so much to heart, that he became melancholy; and his grief co-operating with the fever occasioned by his wounds, he put a period to his life.—Wade and Kirby were sent home in the Bristol, and, on arriving at Plymouth, shot on board of the ship, by virtue of a dead-warrant for their immediate execution, which had been in waiting for them. The same precaution had been taken in all the western ports, in order to prevent applications for the remission of their sentences. There are two anecdotes connected with this engagement which ought not to be omitted.—When one of the lieutenants expressed his sorrow for the loss of the admiral's leg, 'I am sorry for it too,' replied the gallant Benbow; 'but I would rather have lost them both, than have seen this dishonour brought upon the English nation.—But, do you hear? If another shot should take me off, behave like brave men, and fight it out.' When Du Casse arrived at Carthagena, he wrote to Benbow to this effect:—'Sir, I had but little hope, on Monday last, but to have supped in your cabin; but it pleased God to order it otherwise: I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up: for, by God! they deserve it.

'Yours, Du Casse.'

* On May 18, 1692, Russel, having been joined by three Dutch squadrons, set sail for the coast of France with a fleet of ninety-nine ships of the line, besides frigates and fire-ships. Early the next morning he discovered the enemy, commanded by M. Tourville, and by eight o'clock the line of battle was formed. The French fleet did not exceed sixty-three ships of the line; and, as they went to windward, Tourville might very easily have avoided an engagement: but he had received positive orders to fight, on the supposition that the Dutch and English squadrons had not joined. The French king was, however, apprized of their junction before they were descried by his admiral, to whom he despatched countermanding orders by two different vessels: but one of them was taken by the English, and the other did not arrive till the day after the battle. Tourville, therefore, in obedience to his first orders, bore down on Russel's own ship, which he engaged at a very short distance. He fought with great fury till one o'clock, when his rigging and sails being considerably damaged, his ship, the Rising Sun, which carried 104 guns, was towed out of the line in great distress. Nevertheless, the engagement continued till three, when the fleets were parted by a dense fog. When this abated, the enemy were discovered flying off to the northward, and Russel made the signal for chasing. Part of the fleet came up with the enemy about eight in the evening, and engaged them half an hour, when Admiral Carter was mortally wounded. Finding himself in extremity, he exhorted his captain to fight as long as his ship could swim, and expired with great composure. At length the French bore away, having lost four ships in this day's action. Next morning they were discovered crowding away to the westward, and the combined fleets chased with all the sail they could carry, until Russel's fore-topmast came by the board. Though retarded by this accident, the fleet still continued the pursuit, and anchored near Cape La Hogue. On the 22nd, early in the morning, part of the French fleet was perceived near the Race of Alderney, some at anchor, and some driving to the east with the flood tide. Russel and the ships near him immediately slipped their cables, and gave chase. The Rising Sun, having lost her masts, ran ashore near Cherbourg, where she was *burnt* [It will be observed that Dibdin says she was 'sent down'] by Sir Ralph Delaval, together with the Admirable, another first-rate, and the Conquerant, of eighty guns. Eighteen other of the French ships ran into La Hogue, where they were attacked by Sir George Rooke, who destroyed them and a great number of transports laden with ammunition, in the midst of a terrible fire from the enemy, and in sight of their camp. Sir John Ashby, with his own squadron and some Dutch ships, pursued the rest of the French fleet, which escaped through the Race of Alderney by such a dangerous passage, that the English could not attempt to follow them without exposing their ships to the most imminent danger. It was alleged, by some, that Russel did not follow up his victory by all the advantages that might have been obtained. It was also said that his regard to the service was in a great measure cooled by the disgrace of his friend, the then Earl of Marlborough; that he hated the Earl of Nottingham, through whom he received his orders; and that he adhered to the letter, rather than to the spirit, of his instructions. 'But this,' says Hume, 'was a malicious imputation, and a very ungrateful return for his manifold services to the nation. He acted in this whole expedition with the genuine spirit of a British admiral. He plied from the Nore to the Downs with a very scanty wind, through dangerous sands, contrary to the advice of all his pilots; and by this bold act effected a junction of the different squadrons, which otherwise the French would have attacked singly, and perhaps defeated. He also behaved with great gallantry during the engagement, and destroyed about fifteen of the enemy's capital ships: in a word, he obtained such a decisive victory, that during the remainder of the war the French would not hazard another battle by sea with the English.' The Queen (Mary II.) was so pleased with this victory, that she ordered £30,000 to be distributed among the sailors. She also caused medals to be struck in honour of the action, and the bodies of Admiral Carter and Captain Hastings, who had been killed in the battle, to be interred with great funeral pomp.

In England, high and low degree
Are equally delighted:
'Tis in the mouths of all one meets,—
All praise this noble service;
And ballad-singers in the streets
Roars—'Admirable Jervis!'

They say that he's become a *lord*,
At his Majesty's desire;—
He always was a *king* a-board,—
How can they lift him higher?
'Tis noble, that must be confess'd,
And suits such worthy service;
But the title he'll be known by best
Will be—Gallant Admiral Jervis!

To Thompson let the bumbo pass,
Grey, Parker, Walgrave, Caulder,—
Nelson, that took St. Nicholas,—
My timbers! how he maul'd her!
But we a freight of grog might start,
To drink all on that service;
Here 's blessings on each noble heart
That fought with valiant Jervis!

And bless the king, and bless the Queen,
And bless the fam'ly royal;
Let Frenchmen come,—'twill soon be seen
That British hearts are loyal:
Let Dutch and Spaniards join their hosts,—
They'll see some pretty service;
Zounds! who 's afraid, while England boasts
Such admirals as Jervis?

VALENTINE'S DAY.

Then since this is the day love and nature invite
Males and females in wedlock to pair,
May it here be the source of unceasing delight,
Show'ring joy on each youth and each fair;
While the birds gay and jocund so sweet swell their throats,
Their kind mates to delight on the spray,
To creation may happiness thrill in their notes,
To celebrate Valentine's Day.

May each husband and wife, while in love they exult,
Strive to make of each other a friend;
And while mutually prudence they court and consult,
May their happiness be without end:
Though pure inclination should pleasure increase,
While Cupid shall Hymen obey,
Inclination to cherish that springs from caprice,
Would dishonour sweet Valentine's Day.

Be but these, then, the terms: may in wedlock your joys
With each blessing terrestrial be crown'd;
Be your girls good and lovely, a comfort your boys
For truth and fair honour renown'd:
May the smiles in which each happy face shall be dress'd
Of the heart the sweet transport display.
May the single be married! the married be bless'd!—
So all hail to sweet Valentine's Day!

From New Year's Gifts.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Since custom commands us to give
Some wish to our friends at this season,
And of those by the public who live
Is requir'd all they can give in reason,—
For me, I'd bestow ev'ry good
That can fall on child, woman, and man;—
But since I can't give what I would,
You'll permit me to give what I can;
And while your protection my mind nobly lifts,
Like friends let us give and receive new year's gifts.

If I could, I'd to lovers impart
That condition, so sweet and delicious,
That as they hold honour at heart,
So might all their hopes be propitious:
To those who to merit are blind,
Common sense should recover the sight;
And in those who distress human kind,
Remorse should turn crime to delight:
'Twas for this wholesome end, that the mind nobly lifts,
Sprung the custom to give and receive new year's gifts.

Public speakers, a sound pair of lungs;
To guttlers, a choice of rich dishes:
To the ladies, the sweet gift of tongues;
And to placemen, the loaves and the fishes:
I'd give prudence to those who to sail
Down the torrent of folly are bent;
And on those who at Providence rail
I'd bestow the sweet balm of content.
Twas for this, &c.

As to us, while discussion and wars
By the roots we're effectually grubbing,
Old England's brave soldiers and tars
Shall the Spaniards and French give a drubbing;
And who knows, since in dignified ire
Our banners are nobly unfurl'd,
We, before the new year shall expire,
May give freedom and peace to the world.
'Twas for this, &c.

MANNERS.

The same fidgety manners and whimsical taste,
The same April and changeable weather,
Mark the fashions in England, adopted in haste,
And that last not three hours together.
The same folly 's encourag'd, frivolity priz'd,
The same imposition protected;
The same sober advice is contemn'd and despis'd,
The same genius and merit neglected:—

42. e. 14. 46.

Yet 'tis only in fools all this nonsense has birth;
By the worthy, the wise, and the clever,
The genuine offspring of honour and worth
Is as heartily cherish'd as ever.

The same ewes, dress'd lamb-fashion, cough, ogle, and leer,
Of palsy and love in possession;
The same beaux, beyond fifty by many a year,
Will be never at years of discretion.
The same dream of existence, call'd fashion and life,
Puts the vot'ries of ton in the vapours;
The same puffs, for a nostrum, a horse, or a wife,
Are daily held out in the papers.
Yet 'tis only, &c.

Yet a genius appears, whose desert none can miss,
And in whom no one's judgment 's mistaken,
By Providence giv'n to no country but this,
As in Newton, or Shakspeare, or Bacon.
All superior gifts of the mind neatly plac'd,
One beautiful casket well pack'd in,
Nature, anxious for England in matters of taste,
Sent young Roscius* to renovate acting.
Thus 'tis only, &c.

THE WIFE.

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

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

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

* The celebrated Master Betty, who was denominated '*The Young Roscius*,' made his first appearance on the stage at Covent Garden Theatre, on Dec. 1, 1804, being then but a lad. He was undoubtedly possessed of considerable talent, and for his years his acting was extraordinary; but not to such a degree as to justify the *furor* that seized all classes to attend his performances, or such hyperbolical rhapsodies as the one contained in the line above.

All true honest tars have their duty at heart;
Their country and king they defend;
They spare foes, they love honour, and never depart
From their post as a Briton and friend.
But how, were their courage so kept up by love,
They'd indulge in the generous fancy!
They'd fight like the lion, forgive like the dove,
If, like me, they'd a wife such as Nancy!

DISCIPLINE.

Since discipline 's the strongest cord
That ties the martial ranks,
Attention be the soldier's word,
To win his country's thanks.
Each cannot be a general,
Nor lead the glorious van:
To be a hero, stand, or fall,
Depends upon the man.
Let all, then, in their station stand;
Each point of duty weigh!
Rememb'ring those can best command,
Who best know to obey.

In wide creation's stock, the mite,
However low its birth,
With just regard in Heaven's sight,
Holds estimated worth.
Thus glory will its radiance shed
With energy divine,
Nor more on gen'rals at the head,
Than privates in the line.
Let all, then, &c.

Obedience ev'ry worth combines;
Diffuses to each part
That ardour which the mind refines,
Expands and mends the heart;
For honour, glory, and the laws,
Is native courage giv'n;
And he who fights his country's cause
Fights in the cause of Heav'n.
Let all, then, &c.

Thus, made of parts, each grand machine
Moves on as by one will;
For were the least obstruction seen,
The fabric would stand still.
So armies, with one mind that act,
In duty to their king,
Move in a column close, compact,
Their courage the mainspring.
Let all, then, &c.

YOUR GOOD KIND OF MAN.

Through nature just show me, my soul, if you can,
Such a blessing in life as your good kind of man;
Who, while he the midway in life's road always chooses,
Still cherishes most the dear friend he abuses.

'Tis true, he's as mawkish as water lukewarm,
And never does good—but he never does harm;
So gen'rous, he'll give you—advice by the hour;—
As to more, he has neither the will nor the pow'r:
But since no kind of friend can give more than he can,
Give me, my dear jewel, your good kind of man.

He is often officious, impertinent, rude;
And risks an offence,—but 'tis all for your good;
And who now would be so fastidious and nice,
An insult to check that was meant for advice?
He'll show you to keep your false friends at a distance,
Which were all mighty kind, if they had but existence;
In a constant alarm he'll instruct you to live,
And forewarn you of dangers that ne'er can arrive;—
Yet his friendly anxiety blame if you can:
No! give me, my dear jewel, your good kind of man.

All his senses are your's, which were all very well,
If, like any one else, he could see, hear, and smell;
But he smells out a plot none would dare to attempt,
And he hears people talk of what no one e'er dreamt:
Then he sees all the world to his merits are blind,
Plain as cats in the night, or as pigs in the wind;
And thus cautiously warn'd in no snare to be caught,
If you won't be unhappy, it is not his fault.
Ah! such friendly anxiety blame if you can:
No! give me, my dear jewel, your good kind of man.

I confess, though he bores you with counsel, this elf
Is the last man on earth to take counsel himself;
For though 'gainst friends and foes all his scandal is hurl'd,
He's so pure, that he has not a fault in the world.
Besides, since your good he has always in view,
Were he black as the devil, pray what's that to you?
Can't you let him go on, and his nonsense endure?
Does not Nature give poisons distempers to cure?
Thus nothing you've said, when you've said all you can,—
Ah! give me, my dear jewel, your good kind of man.

THE FRENCH CALENDAR.

Ben Bouse and Kit Capstan, two whimsical dogs,
Were sporting their gibes and their jeers,
And pretty well handling the nation of frogs,
And all the whole race of Mounseers.
'Why their months be all alter'd throughout the whole year!
Then they count by ten days!—I say, Kit,
Just tell us the go of this calendar here—
You jabbers that lingo a bit.'

['And a sweet lingo it is—why don't they talk English, like other people?—but they don't do anything like anybody else. Why can't they reckon by the week, as we do? I said they would go headlong to the devil when they left out Sunday.'—'Yes, yes! the old gemman has got pretty fast hold of them with his grappling-irons; and so, to keep 'em sure, he has sent them one of his imps for an Emperor.']

Yet 'tis pity such millions to slav'ry to bring—
Poor devils! I wish that, like us, they'd a king!

'Well about and concerning their months,—let us see;
How they rule these poor ignorant slaves!—
Why, I should not have know'd what they very well be,
But I sav'd a Mounseer from the waves.
Why, Nivose is snowy, and Pluvoise is rain,
And Trimaire is frost, Ventose wind;
Germinal 's about sowing of seed and of grain;
Fructidore means all fruits in their kind.'

'Well, as they sow, so they may reap; but I fancy, sow how they will, we shall reap the fruits of their labours.'—'Why, damme! what a vain and impudent set of monkeys they are, to think the elements have nothing else to do than to please their fancies! Honest Englishmen be contented with what sort of weather 'tis the will of Providence to send 'em; but they arn't satisfied with trying to capsize all Europe—they want to capsize the world.'—'Damme! let 'em take care we don't capsize them.'] Yet 'tis pity, &c.

'Well, Prairial's green fields, and Thermidor's heat,
And Messidor's when they make hay;
And Florial 's all about flow'rs that smell sweet,
When their frolics and gambols they play:
Then Brumaire means a fog, when they can't steer at sea;
Vendemaire is concerning of grapes;
But the grapes will be sour if they falls foul of we,—
My glims! what a nation of apes!'

['Why, it puts me in mind of a thing in a story-book, where there is a sort of an amphibious animal, that had somewhat of a monkey, and somewhat of a cat, and somewhat of a tiger, and somewhat of a fox; and with all these pretty innocent gifts, he managed to gain over the beasts well enough: and this, you see, so puffed up his pride, that he thought he could be a match for the lion, and so he affronted him. Lord help the poor stupid monster of a thing! the lion, just for the good of the other beasts, only put his paw upon him, and he lay stretched in a moment. Now, you see, the little Corsican may play his monkey tricks upon the Continent, and frighten, and tease, and coax, and threaten, as much as he pleases;—only let him take care of the lion, that's all I say. Why 'what idiots these French be!']

Yet 'tis pity, &c.

THE FINISHED TRAVELLER.

I've rang'd o'er creation,
Each climate and nation,
That knowledge to gleam for which travellers roam;
Yet I found, by men's actions,
Those manly attractions
That visit the world are in England at home;
For jewels and treasure,
A store beyond measure
From all corners of earth our wide commerce shall draw!
To prove, while each blessing
We thus are possessing,
No nation like Britain the sun ever saw.

As to men, all inherit
Some suitable merit:
In Germany science; in Italy parts;
In Portugal meekness;
In Spain fear and weakness;
In France they have tongues; and in England they 've hearts,
And in manners and features
Heav'n's perfectest creatures,
Who honour observe, and obey reason's law;
They proclaim their own nation,
Throughout all creation,
Most happy and great that the sun ever saw.

As to women, sweet faces
And exquisite graces,
To complete that dear race, in each country abound;
But their heav'nly commumion,
In true perfect union,
Nowhere in the world but in England is found.
Then be vice of all nations,
Like foul exhalations,
Absorb'd in our minds by truth's lenient law;
So, our right thus awarded,
Shall be England recorded
The happiest land that the sun ever saw.

THE RED-COATS.

When the soldiers so gaily march into a town,
The market-place, lin'd with these sons of renown,
Gives new life to the fair, while each wondering clown
With surprise and delight is struck dumb:
The billets are sign'd; to their quarters convey'd,
They instantly set up the foraging trade;
From roll-call at morning and ev'ning's parade,
Till Go-to-bed Tom beats the drum.

The officers pay their devoirs to the fair,
And make good their quarters their favours to share;
They attend the 'Squire's lady and spruce Mistress Mayor,
And they vacantly whistle and hum;
And they simper and leer, and they lounge and they loll,—
For they all wear red coats, and are handsome and tall;
And they follow the fiddle all night at the ball,
And next morning they follow the drum.

The sergeants the chambermaids try to seduce;
Molly Bar wins the corp'ral, so neat and so spruce;
While the clowns'wives and daughters, inclined to a truce,
With the soldiers to parley soon come:
Entertainments go forward, joy lights up each face,
For they march with a strut, and they dance with a grace;
Martial law now acknowledg'd throughout the whole place,
They to nothing attend but the drum.

Now the rout is arriv'd, and the raptures all cease;
Farmers, glad to their souls they have got a release,
Go, and carefully lock up their daughters and geese,
While the females look ev'ry where glum;
Strange vows and quaint oaths join the kind parting cup,
While sighing and blubb'ring are mix'd with each sup;
And the officers spruce to the windows look up,
And march off to the sound of the drum.

VIVE LA PESTE.

'Vive l'Empereur!' vocif'rates a true Paris parrot;
So a magpie near Wandsworth bawls out;
While the Emp'ror of France, and the Emp'ror of Garratt,*
About pedigree make the same rout:
For both are rank scrubs in their titles and names:
Garratt's millions are vermin and fleas,
And the Empereur des Galles the French language proclaims,
As the chief of a shabby disease.

* The origin of the mayor and members of Garratt was thus:—About 1750, several persons who lived near that part of Wandsworth which adjoins Garratt Lane, had formed a kind of club, not merely to eat and drink, but to concert measures for removing the encroachments made on that part of the common, and to prevent any others being made for the future. As the members were most of them persons in low circumstances, they agreed, to contribute at every meeting, a trifle in order to make up a purse for the defence of their collective rights. When a sufficient sum of mony was subscribed, they applied to a worthy attorney in that neighbourhood, who brought an action against the encroachers, in the name of the president (or, as they called him, the Mayor) of the club. They gained their suit with costs; the encroachments were destroyed; and, ever after, the president, who lived many years, was called 'The Mayor of Garratt.' This event happening at the time of a general election, the ceremony, upon every new parliament, of choosing out-door members for the Borough of Garratt, has been constantly kept up, and is still continued.

Let the French, in their raptures so vapid and vague,
This mock emp'ror with honours invest;
So the thieves, as they plunder'd a house in the plague,
To each other cried out—'Vive la Peste!'

But who shall deny that the Corsican hero
Has as ancient a house as you'll see?
Dionysius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero,
Were all men of blood—so is he;
And in murder and plunder he'll still take the lead,
Like them, a fierce blood-hound, full bred;
Only let him, while safe in fond fancy, take heed,
Lest he pull this old house on his head.
Let the French. &c.

The fly, born to flutter about and expire,
Boasts from Phœbus' bright radiance he sprung;
But the upstart forgets, that, whoe'er was his sire,
He issued from carrion or dung.
So Napoleon is right to high birth to pretend,—
Lord knows who his great father to call!
Lest he, like Prince Prettyman, prove, in the end,
The son of no father at all.
Let the French, &c.

The first hangman of France was a thief nam'd Bourreau;
The worst stigma the state could invent,
'Twas decreed that the name and the office should go
Through his race in a lineal descent:
Then let all in whom malice and mischief unite
Have the curse of each man true and hearty;
So shall, e'en from this hour till the world sinks in night,
Ev'ry villain be called Bonaparte.
Let the French, &c.

MRS. O'LEARY.

From the gridiron of love I'm come off piping hot,—
Ne'er so pepper'd was any fond lover;
Cupid's darts so flew round me, like large red-hot shot,
That I'm kilt, and can never recover:
So murd'rous he look'd, as he play'd in her eyes,
That I thought him the Corsican fairy—
Devil a bit! 'twas young Cupid, hid snug in disguise
In the twinklers of Mistress O'Leary.

'Oh! Mistress O'Leary! most heavenly fair!'
Cried I, 'I'll be your's from this hour;
For I'd not give a rap for your lovers that swear
To do anything out of their pow'r:
They must eat up a crocodile, swallow the sea,
As neat as a glass of Canary,
And do each uncomatable thing that can't be,
For such a sweet Mistress O'Leary!'

Cried Mistress O'Leary, 'My heart would you gain,
You must stick you just kneeling before me;
And, while tortur'd, declare there's no pleasure like pain,
And you did it becase you adore me.'
'Devil fire you!' cried I; 'would you kill me outright?
Sure, you're always at some new vagary:—
En't I mad all the day, and distracted all night,
For the charms of sweet Mistress O'Leary?'

Do you think she was cruel?—The devil a bit!
In boldness there's nothing forbidding:
She was pleas'd with my person, and charm'd with my wit,
And we talk'd of the feast and the wedding.
The colcannon went forward, the pipes and the whisky,
And we danc'd till the bridemaids were weary;
And now, my dear jewel! to Mistress O'Frisky
Is transmogrified Mistress O'Leary.

THE NAUTICAL ANATOMIST.

Jack Jigger, a curious and whimsical tar—
For a sort of a genus was Jack,
One day with the French, in a bit of a spar,
By a small shot was taken aback;
It swivel'd his fingers, and splinter'd the bone,
And the arm about pretty well knock'd:
'Now,' cried he, with a damme instead of a groan,
'I suppose I must go and be dock'd!'
The surgeon with feeling made Jack understand
That the arm must come off—'Why then, brother,
Man the nippers and knife,—for we tars understand
In misfortune to serve one another.'

As he saw in his berth, in the cockpit below,
That blood which his messmates had spilt,
Of the doctor poor Jack was vast curious to know
In what manner a seaman was built.
The surgeon held forth about art'ries and veins,
About muscles, and sinews, and limbs,
While Jack all his lingo took in with great pains,
His mouth open, and staring his glims;
And as he replied to each curious demand,
Call'd the doctor a friend or a brother,
And swore that all weathers all tars bear a hand,
Just only to serve one another.

'Why if this is the maxim, by all that I sees,
A man's built just the same as a ship:
From the keel, the backbone, to the tops and cross-trees,
To take in life's ocean a trip.
A muscle and sinners, a brace and a stay;—
And as for men's fears and their hopes,
They're the masts, and the fibres his frame, that belay
Running rigging, and all the small ropes.

And as all in their station in full understand,
Take the part of a friend or a brother,
To their duty turn in, and like tars lend a hand,
Just only to serve one another.

'His senses and feeling, his lingo and wit,
The complement make of his crew;
And ships knock'd about must come in to refit,
All as one as I now comes to you.
Then as ships by the wind, if a breeze or a gale,
Venture either for life or for death,
So a man through the ocean of life could not sail,
Were he not kept afloat by his breath:
And as men who sail under Ma'am Fortune's command
Are all kind, like a friend or a brother,
So from cables to ratlines the ropes lend a hand,
Just only to serve one another.

'The heart is the rudder, the bowsprit the head;
Ship and man at fair weather rejoice;
Man struggles through life, just like heaving the lead;
The bold speaking-trumpet's the voice;
And when wore to a hulk, or by storms took aback,
To the dregs Fate has emptied his can—
The lot of all vessels, as well as poor Jack—
The ship founders, and so does the man.
Let each man, then, that sails under Heaven's command,
Still turn out a friend and a brother,
And faithful to honour, like tars lend a hand,
Just only to serve one another.'

THE PARROT.

Old Quibus, with yet a colt's tooth,
Was tied to a lass of sixteen,
Who to charm him not only had youth,
But such beauties as rarely are seen:
But the neighbours, who always a rout
Love to make about people's affairs,
In Quibus's absence watch'd out,
And saw a gallant brought up stairs.
'You're abus'd,' cried a very kind friend,—
'Her treach'ry I saw from my garret;
All your comfort and hope's at an end—
If you won't believe me, ask the parrot.
Cunning devil! he knows 'tis all truth;
Why, bless you! he saw and heard all;—
Poll, did you not see a fine youth
In this room?'—'Room for cuckolds,' cried Poll.

Thus, much mischief accomplish'd, the door
Was scarce shut on this meddling elf,
When Quibus, to go slow and sure,
Cried, 'I'll talk to the parrot myself:—
'Pretty Poll, when I was away,
Did you e'er see my wife toy and kiss?'
Ha, ha, ha!' cried the parrot; 'Nay—nay,—
Do you think I'm a—you know what?'—'Yes!'
'And is the dog handsome?'— Yes!'—'Young?'
'Yes!'—'Is't true he came here in a chariot?'
'Coach for Poll!'—''Twas a raven that sung!
Shall I then pin my faith on a parrot?
Curs'd bird, and fond idiot I!
Ere thus I my happiness thrawl,
To the world's furthest verge will I fly
To find peace!'—'Room for cuckolds!' cried Poll.

The wife, struck with an excellent thought,
Thinking on a sure footing to go,
To be even with Quibus, next taught
Meddling Poll to say nothing but 'No.'
Cried he, 'I'll make one more essay:
Tell me, devil, what said my false wife
When her spark ask'd to kiss her?'—'No!'—
'Hey!
Does she love him?'—'No!'—'Thou givest me life!'
'Did she flout him?'—'No!'—'Bid him not come?'
'No! no.'—'Shut the portal, and bar it?'
'No!'—The wife now burst into the room:
'Mighty well, sir, to credit a parrot!
My virtue suspected!—Is't thus
I am treated and vex'd, after all?
My happiness turn'd to a curse!
Begone!'—'Room for cuckolds!' cried Poll.

In hysterics she now sigh'd and sobb'd,
And shed a few crocodile tears,
Till in concert old Quibus' heart throbb'd,
And he begg'd her to banish her fears;
Said her tears would but spoil her sweet face;
Naught his heart of its pleasure should chouse;
That he'd leave such a scandalous place,
And instantly take a new house.
'Twas envy, and malice, and spite;
His happiness nothing should mar it;
And he'd now, to ensure his delight,
Sue the neighbours, and part with the parrot.
He next, not to lengthen his stay,
Pack'd up wife, goods, and chattels, and all;
While in fun, as they took her away
To be sold—'Room for cuckolds!' cried Poll.

THE PUFF DIRECT.

[The present generation will look with astonishment on a lottery puff delivered from the stage: but at the time when these very questionable sources of revenue were at their zenith, no expedient or expense was spared to excite public attention to them; and none seemed to feel abased in co-operating to the same purpose, provided they were well paid for their services. An enumeration of the principal lotteries will be found at page 210 of this work.]

A Jack-tar had receiv'd a large sum
At Lloyd's, for a valorous deed;
Which, summon'd by duty from home,
With Poll he entrusted to breed.
She kept a small pothouse at Wapping,—
For from trifles we fortune begin;
But Jack, on the Portsmouth road stopping,
Found Poll had set up a large inn.

For, Jack gone, Poll, determin'd to nick it,
And cut in the world a fine dash,
Had purchas'd a lottery ticket,
[At Pope's, near the Royal Exchange, close to the Bank,]
And got a large prize with Jack's cash.

A farmer in Yorkshire to ruin
Went, spite of his labour and care;
For the fool, still resolv'd to be doing,
Betted high on the Thornton* affair.
The law did his property rifle;
But, one day, of a fellow in need
Some papers he bought for a trifle—
For the beggar could not write or read.
What he'd lost by the faucet, the spigot,
By this chance, had most luckily found:—
He had purchas'd a lottery-ticket,
[Sold at Bish's establish'd lottery-office, No. 4, Cornhill,]
That turn'd up the ten thousand pound!

A poor woman, with tears her eyes swimming,
Torn with mis'ry, that worst of all sores,
By her husband, who follow'd bad women,
Was shamefully turn'd out of doors.
One morn, near the Serpentine straying,
She had made up her mind to jump in:
But 'twas shallow; and something was playing,
That, bobbing about, hit her chin.
Whate'er Fortune sends, always nick it:
The poor wretch, scarce believing her eyes,
Soon found 'twas a lottery-ticket,
[Sold at Hazard's and Co., under the piazza of the Royal Exchange,]
And it turn'd up a capital prize.

Thus, unless some adventure surprising
Should fall out, 'twill not merit your thanks;
For if purchas'd by fair advertising,
Lott'ry-tickets will all turn up blanks;
But if, as the monkey is playing,
They are almost destroy'd by his paw,—
Or if fishermen, near the shore straying,
Find 'em hid in a crocodile's maw,—
Hail the chance! for then sure shall ye nick it;
Then the day of your fortune shall dawn;
For ev'ry such fortunate ticket,
[Either bought at Richardson and Goodluck's, or Branscomb's, or Hodson's, or Swift's, in the Poultry, or any other of the lucky lottery-offices in London and Westminster,]
Will turn up a prize as first drawn.

THE SHEEP AND THE WOLVES.

Two farmers a right were determin'd to try
About a few sheep that were mark'd,
Thick here with an U, and thick here with an I;
And in a fine mess they embark'd.

They'd employ'd a poor fool that could not read or write,
To dab 'em with ochre and pitch;
But he did 'em all wrong: now I know'd, by their breed,
Without any marks, which were which;—
But as dull as their sheep, when they bleated out ba,
Naught these farmers would serve but they mun go to la.

We were brought up to'zize, and the counsel their rigs
And their fun did not lay on by halves;
And zo zimple they look'd, with their cauliflower wigs,
The sheep zeem'd to be tried by the calves.
I were first cross-examin'd,—a pretty good name,
For cursed ill-natur'd they grew;
But, for all their fine larning, I thought 'twere a shame
That they could not find out I from U.
Foolish neighbours! thought I, as your sheep that cry ba,
To fatten such cattle by going to la!

Zo cried one, 'You know sheep, Sir, and things of that zort,
And can tell us about I and U;'
'Yes, I can, Sir; and, zince I've been brought up to court,
I have larn'd to know sheep and wolves too.'
'Well, among all our gowns in that room that there lie,
Could you one in particular hit?'
'No, no! Mister Counsel! for, 'twixt you and I,
Your gowns be'nt like sheepskins a bit.'
So they laugh'd like so many sheep that cry ba,
Though 'tis no laughing matter when folks go to la.

At last, being told that they'd each of 'em win,
And the parties were both zet agog on't,
'Bout these sheep, when the jury their verdict brought in,
They neither could make hog or dog on't.
Zo the farmers came home just as wise as they went.
To take care of the ditches and fences;
Obligated to lessen their next Christmas rent,
To pay for the lawyers' expenses.
And it com'd a by-word, when the sheep cried out ba,
For friends to live quiet, and ne'er go to la.

* This alludes to the wonderful performance of a celebrated race-horse, the property of the no less celebrated Colonel Thornton.

THE YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE.

I was spoil'd by my mother in youth;
Had a vicious old devil of a tutor,—
Who, however, had yet a high tooth,
And 'twas plain to mamma was a suitor.
A shame to his cloth and his age,
He encourag'd each scandalous passion,
And did all he could to engage
My mind to the vices in fashion.

For my mother, her husband now dead,
The old lad had some influence upon her;—
But my father, upon his death-bed,
Cried, 'Dear Tom! never part with your honour!'

Put up to all manner of tricks,
Of their virtue the girls to be bilking,
I stroll'd in the farms, 'mongst the ricks,
And saw pretty Dolly a milking.
She told such a pitiful tale
Of her poor aged friends and lame brother,
That I cried, 'My dear girl, mind your pail,
And give this to your father and mother.'
No, no! it shall never be said
That I meanly and dastardly won her!
'Twas my father said, on his death-bed,
'Dear Tom! never part with your honour!'

Scarcely out of this hobble I'd got,
With a comfort so pure and so winning,
When I peep'd in a neat little cot,
And saw comely Jenny a spinning.
My heart throbb'd; but of Robin she talk'd,
And true love mix'd with sighing and sobbing,
That I cried, though confoundedly balk'd,
'Jenny, give these five guineas to Robin.'
And I felt nothing like so dismay'd
As I should had my flattery won her;—
For my father, upon his death-bed,
Cried, 'Dear Tom! never part with your honour!'

The cots of Mog, Cicely, and Sue—
For in beauties our village abounded—
I entered as rich as a Jew,
And came away poor and confounded.
At length, my whole fortune my own,
Of my will having now no disputer,
Of my conduct I alter'd the tone,
Fix'd my mother, and turn'd off the tutor.
A sweet prudent helpmate I wed,—
Kindness, truth, and fidelity won her;—
Thus my father's words, on his death-bed,
Are obey'd, for I still keep my honour.

MRS. RUNNINGTON'S WIG.

Mrs. Runnington wore a wig,
Contriv'd to peep at a man,
And every feature to twig,
As commode as the sticks of a fan;
For the book of her labour and cares
Now drew pretty near the last page;
And this twig had a few grizzly hairs
That escap'd from the ravage of age.
Mr. Doddington—ah! a nice man!
Rather old, and a little a prig,
Fell in ecstacy, stark staring mad,
With sweet Mistress Runnington's wig!

Mr. Doddington wore a wig,
To hide his poor head so crazy,—
'Twas neither too little nor big,
Nor so much a wig as a jasey:
But he wheez'd pretty much with a cough,
And, being long since past his prime,
He look'd, when the jasey was off,
Exactly the figure of Time.
Mrs. Runnington fell in the snare,
Thus laid by this amorous sprig,
Believing 'twas natural hair,
As did he Mrs. Runnington's wig.

He kiss'd her, the bargain to strike,—
For they both had agreed on the match,
When the wirework of her vandyke
Caught the buckle that fasten'd his scratch.
In vain they both struggled and grinn'd,—
'Twas useless to labour and pull:
Their nappers as tightly were pinn'd
As the dog at the nose of a bull.
At length both the fabrics crazy,
By a resolute effort and big,
Down fell Mr. Doddington's jasey,
And poor Mrs. Runnington's wig.

Now, as bald as my hand, or two coots,
They stood petrified at the disaster;
But it soon finish'd all their disputes,
And tied their affection the faster.
Each, admiring the other's good sense,
Made the best of their dismal miscarriage,
And alleg'd, in their mutual defence,
Secrets e'er should be kept before marriage.
Though they look'd like two monkeys run crazy,
While they laugh'd at the frolicsome rig,
She restor'd Mr. Doddington's jasey,
And he Mrs. Runnington's wig.

THE SAILOR'S WILL.

The network stow'd with hammocks all,
To arms had beat the drum,
To quarters pip'd the boatswain's call,
The threat'ning danger come;
The handspears, spunges, hammers, crows,
Lay well arrang'd about;
And, to annoy old England's foes,
The great guns were run out.
While all the ship, firm in the cause,
Silent as death was still,
Each tar employed the awful pause
To whisper out his will.

'I have a friend, who to distress
Did ne'er in kindness fail;
He sav'd my life, gave half his mess,
And took me out of gaol;—
Give him this watch:—when I was sick
From his own hands it came;
And say, whene'er I heard it tick,
I thought upon his name.
He 's call'd Will Worthy, I Ben Breeze,
My mind his merits fill;
And 'tis to noble hearts like these
True tars should make their will.'

'I have a wife;—this picture here
She hung about my neck,
And seal'd it with a parting tear,
When forc'd to leave the deck.
Tell her the ties with mine to furl,
Safe stow'd till her last breath—
Then give it to our little girl,
When we are join'd in death;—
Thou'lt find her—she 's call'd constant Nan.
This duty then fulfil,
And let the world say thou'rt the man
To guard a sailor's will.'

'I no relations have myself,
But those that honour bring:
So prize-money, and all my pelf,
In trust, I give the King!
His Majesty!—God bless his heart!
When my poor hulk 's at rest,
With int'rest will each tar give part,
Or swell the Chatham chest.
My name 's Tom Loyal; and I know
Each duty to fulfil:—
Where can I, then, so well bestow,
In trust, my dying will?'

A broadside 's giv'n!—we hear no more;
The sanguine fight comes on;
And, lifeless, stretch'd in clotted gore,
Lies many a proud Don.
The vic'try 's gain'd! the can goes round;
The strife no longer glows;
And English tars, now safe and sound,
Hail friends, and succour foes.
Ben's friend, Tom's King, and William's wife,
Yet do their bosoms fill:
They swear to honour 'em through life,
And, dying, in their will.

THE MASQUERADE.

See! see! see!
The jolly train advancing,
As blithe as blithe can be,
All fiddling, piping, dancing:
As old as Poles, and as big as tuns,
Three graces lead the revels;
Then devils tame as lambs, and nuns
As impudent as devils.
[Conversation among the characters.]
Thus leaving every care behind,
The pack, dull reason scorning,
Chase pleasures of the night, to find
The headache of the morning.

See! see! see!
The motley crew advancing,
As mad as mad can be,
All hopping, frisking, dancing:
See all conditions, sexes, years,
Unite to keep the farce on;
A swearing Quaker next appears,
And next a drunken parson.
[Observations from the characters.]
Thus, leaving ev'ry care behind &c.

See! see! see!
They riot, frisk, and revel;
While, mad as mad can be,
They row and play the devil:
Beaux chatt'ring nonsense loud in peals;
Belles furnish'd well with clappers;
Tumblers and dancers without heels,
And lawyers without nappers.
[Confused conversation of the characters.]
Thus, leaving ev'ry care behind, &c.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

While our minds are expanded,
And the glass widely handed,
No face on this day but in smiles shall appear;
And since men, all related,
Were brothers created,
Let us wish all creation a happy new year.

No climate so rigid,
So frozen, so frigid,
But of sweet love and friendship possesses some spark;
Those in deserts so burning,
The night once returning,
By the light of good fellowship welcome the dark.
Then our pleasures expanded, &c.

All climates inherit
Some portion of merit,
That no vice can eclipse, or atrocity quench;
Nay, their virtue resuming,
Did reason illumine,
Their stray'd minds, our good wishes we'd give to the French.
Then our pleasures expanded, &c.

Heads or Tails.

[Feeling that the infirmities of age were coming on, Dibdin, although he did not adhere to his resolution, had determined to close his entertainments with the piece that follows; and accordingly, on the last night on which he performed it, April 12, 1805, he took leave of his audience in the following feeling and appropriate address:

'The moment is at length arrived when I must dismiss these imaginary characters, and bid adieu to my generous friends. A very few words will answer every purpose. I have now remained before the public more than 45 years; and it is with infinite pleasure I reflect that, during the whole of that period, I have not made a single apology for absence, inattention, or neglect, or received the smallest disapprobation. I now retire; and I flatter myself I bear with me, from the candid and the liberal, the same hearty and sincere good wishes that, out of affection to my fellow subjects, and duty to my king, I have uniformly manifested for every individual of this prosperous and happy country. Nothing now remains but to entreat you to accept my warmest acknowledgments for the marked and kind applause I have had the honour to receive this evening.']

PROLOGUE—ALL THE WORLD 'S A SONG.

While truth upon his accents hung,
The bard of Avon sweetly sung
That all the world 's a stage;

And, e'en from infancy's first dawn
To seventy, when the grave shall yawn,
Men act from age to age.
Songs are epitomes of plays;
And equal merit, equal praise,
In place, to both belong;
And, this position made appear,
No axiom ever was more clear,
That all the world 's a song.

From earliest melody of birds,
It needs but little stretch of words
Its ancient claim to prove:
Echo repeated to the plains
The various pleasures, various pains,
That shepherds sung of love;
Love Persian beauties paints like snakes:
The rose the fond Sicilian takes,
To show his passion strong;
At length appear'd the sacred Nine;
And, whether love, war, hunting, wine,
All poetry was song.

To fields of death when heroes come,
The clanging trumpet, rattling drum,
The song can tune and brace,—
Can cheer the hound, and wind the horn,
When Echo calls the rosy morn
To urge the fleeting chase.
Wine has produc'd a wit more keen
Than Helicon or Hippocrene!
What can the time prolong?
What lift mere mortal, plodding clods,
To emulate the joys of gods,
Like a convivial song?

As centres broadly scatter rays,
Hence spreading in a thousand ways,
Times, manners, customs, men;
Lottery-tickets, party jars,
The pangs of love, or feats of tars,
Employ the lyric pen.
For me, inoffensiue mirth,
True to the land that gave me birth—
Heav'n only knows how long—
An honest public zeal I'll pay,
To show that vile men act a play,—
Their actions are a song.

THE WORLD AS IT GOES.

Give me leave, Mr. President, first to present
A kind friend, who lends money at fifty per cent:
What then! 'tis no ugly resource, by my soul!
Fait! logicians explain a part 's more than a whole!
And though, what with large profits of tradesmen that call,
And high int'rest, the borrower gets nothing at all,
When poverty presses, and friends are but few,
The best-hearted Christian you'll find is a Jew.
Then put round the bottle, to no creature foes,
Let us pleasantly picture the world as it goes.

Sir, this jolman 's a hero: pray ven'rate his scars,
For no peace could we have if we did not have wars;
When he leads to the battle his glorious band,
Death and he are such friends that they walk hand in hand.
He 's the foremost in danger, and first in a scrape,
For, you know, death and tars no soul can escape;
But if kilt, in the large bed of honour he'll lie,
And for ever to live, ah! now who would not die?
Then put round the bottle, &c.

This bard, sir, 's a bard to whom none can compare:
In his garret he lives, like chameleons on air;
On fanciful nothing he guttles and doats,
The horse beating hollow that liv'd without oats:
With Apollo his friend, and the Muses his wives,
Just as parrots live cen'tries, or cats have nine lives,
His fame 's up; and though supperless he goes to bed,
Fait! he'll feast like an alderman after he 's dead.
Then put round the bottle, &c.

EYES.

What victims are lovers! some heavenly charm,
Like Fate, still presides in each feature,
That gives to the bosom some dang'rous alarm,
And with cruelty arms the dear creature.
Chins and lips, teeth and hair, cheeks, mouths noses, and ears
Are all batt'ries well arm'd for surprise;
But the source would you know of your hopes and your fears,
You have only to guard against eyes.

Thence the enemy fair their artillery dart,
Rang'd in tactical bold evolution;
While that coward besieger, the timorous heart,
Feels the force of their whole execution.
Whole volleys of ogles and broadsides of leers,
Well aim'd, and puff'd forward by sighs,
While spong'd, as recharg'd, by a sprinkling of tears,
Are sent forth from those batt'ries, their eyes.

The languishing eye through the eyelash that peeps;
The eye downcast, that timidly glimmers;
The twinkler that laughs; or the falt'rer that weeps;
The gogglers, the starers, the swimmers;
The fierce swivel eye, the sheep's eye, sleepy eye,
All some hidden destruction disguise;
For 'twas only a cat's sleep, and, their power let fly,
Trusting lovers fall victims to eyes.
The words of command are 'T' th' right cock your eye,
I' th' left blink, point your glance, eyelid crinkle;
Pupil roll, ground your sight, cornea still, tunics sly,
Eye advance, eyelid raise, iris twinkle.

Thus are eyes drill'd in order, the same as the fan,
With manœuvring each skill can devise;
And she 's a poor gunner who can't kill her man,
If she levels his fate from her eyes.

Shall this be submitted to?—Lovers, to arms!
Sally forth in a quarrel so glorious;
Your terror shall vanish, subside your alarms,
And the vanquish'd shall soon be victorious;
While you firm, yet not bold, look the foe in the face,
In nothing fair honour disguise;
A surrender on both sides shall nobly take place,
The mutual conquest of eyes.

WUISHLA MA CREE.

An ignorant peasant, call'd Murdoch Macmora,
To the woods and the bogs sung the charms of his Norah;
But Norah, hard-hearted, repuls'd each advance,
And swore she'd ne'er love him till he'd learn'd to dance.
What could poor Murdoch do, of his comfort bereft?—
He dance!—he knew not his right foot from his left;
But Love, mighty Love, did his rhet'ric so ply,
That heart-broken Murdoch determin'd to try.
To the piper he went, who, to touch the right key,
As the properest tune, play'd up Wuishla ma Cree;
Which Love's inspiration he knew must impart,
For Wuishla ma Cree means the pulse of my heart.

Now, tuning his chanter, the bagpiper play'd,
While Murdoch stump'd on, half asham'd, half afraid;
The more he persisted, the worse was his plight,
How the plaguey left foot to find out from the right.
A remedy quickly the piper applied:
A large wisp of straw on the left foot he tied,
Which Soocan he call'd; while its unmuffled brother
He call'd Gad, that poor Murdoch might know one from t'other. To the piper, &c.

Now the piper cried out, as he stump'd on like mad,
'Arrah! rise upon Soocan, and sink upon Gad;'
What art, urg'd by love, will not nature find out?
Taught by Cupid and time, Murdoch caper'd about.
No longer was beautiful Norah a jilt;
Twas the love of her charms that taught Murdoch a lilt;
Till, her whole train of lovers now left in the lurch,
They both in a lilt danc'd together to church.
To the piper, &c.

NANCY AND HOME.

If 'tis true what wise ones tell us,
That pleasure 's bought with pain,
What mortals can excel us,
Who 'tempt the boist'rous main?
We kick about all weathers,
Brave battle, quicksand, storm;
And buckle to our tethers,
If climes burn, freeze, or warm.
Why, 'tis all a joke
With hearts of oak!
We dance and sing,
And drink the King,
Whatever chance may come;
Bless'd with a store
Of joys ashore,
In Nancy and home.

For me, all parts I've sounded,
As a tar would wish to see;
At Minorca I was wounded,
And shipwreck'd at Goree.
But on Afric's coast if burning,
Or numb'd with Greenland's frost,
Of fame my pittance earning,
No toil my patience cross'd.
Why, 'twas all a joke!
True hearts of oak,
I'd dance and sing,
And drink the King,
Whatever chance might come:
To taste a store
Of joys ashore,
In Nancy and home.

Then, for a chance of dying,
Why should a tar complain?
All sorts of death are flying
Ashore as on the main:
Some strike to a consumption,
Some are took back by a rope—
To murmur is presumption;—
The best bower-anchor 's hope.
Then, 'tis all a joke!
True hearts of oak,
Let us dance and sing, &c.

THE PULLET.

Young Guillot, a poor simple swain,
Yet with some little cunning at least,
When his conscience no more would contain,
To relieve it would hie to his priest.
'Well, son, what d'ye care to confess?
These young sinners are always in harm!'
'Why, Sir, I'm in mighty distress—
I have pilfer'd some eggs from a farm.'
'Oh! shameful! and where were they laid?'
'In the hen-house, upon the high shelf.'
Cried the priest, 'I must stop this vile trade;'—
So the next time took the eggs for himself.

When again to confession he went—
'Well, my son, what has happen'd afresh?'
'Why, you know, Sir, we all should repent,
When we're carnal, and giv'n to the flesh;—

Now, my neighbour's sweet daughter'—'Oh! oh!
This sweet daughter!—Well?'—'when I would see,
Unknown to her father I go;
For I love her—and, Sir, she loves me.'
'And pray is she handsome?'—'O, dear!
She 's an angel!—has plenty of pelf!'
'I charge you, no more interfere;'
For, thought he,—'I'll have her to myself.'

'These crimes from your heart you must wean;
You must penance perform, and let blood:—
What 's her age?'—'Sir, she 's just seventeen.'
'Seventeen, and an angel!—that 's good!
O you wicked young dog! for this fault
Absolution I never can give,
Till to proper repentance you're brought:—
And, pray, whereabouts does she live?'
'A good joke,' cried out Gillot, 'Ifegs!
Master Priest, I'm not quite such an elf;—
You must e'en be content with the eggs,—
For the pullet I'll keep for myself.'

THE GRASSHOPPER.

The Alax, a river, serene and at peace,
That winds round proud Locris and Rhegium, in Greece,
Oft bore the rich galleys with lyrists well stor'd,
As gay city-barges their bands take on board.
A bard, born in Rhegium, waving his quill,
One of Locris provok'd to a trial of skill:
Cried the Locian, 'Vain boast! that from vanity springs;
For at Locris the grasshopper merrily sings.'

'On that score,' cried the challenger, 'need we no jar—
Come to Rhegium, we soon shall be both on a par;
For there, though no grasshopper music inspires,
Our plectrums are bold, and well corded our lyres.
All the modes we explore, and the passions excite,
As the Phrygian, the Darian, or Lydian delight;
Each mortal affection is mov'd by our strings,
Though no silly grasshopper merrily sings.'

The challenge accepted, the air loudly rang,
And the hearts of the hearers were rais'd by each twang;
Till the Locian, ev'ry way thwarted and cross'd,
Snapp'd a cord, and the prize was giv'n over for lost.
At this moment a grasshopper—hear and admire—
That had follow'd the bard, proudly perch'd on his lyre;
The prize is obtain'd by the succour it brings,
And thus nature the grasshopper merrily sings.

GRECIAN LYRES.

This is the lyre of Mercury, form'd from a tortoiseshell;
This Orpheus' lyre by which he fetch'd Eurydice from hell,—
And which inspir'd bears, lions, wolves, and elephants to prance,
While, hand in hand, the trees and rocks join'd in the merry dance. Tol de rol, &c.

To Hercules 'twas giv'n, when he slew the Nemean lion,
And afterwards a present made politely to Amphion;
He tun'd its seven strings to odes so musical and witty,
As made old Thebes, with seven gates, a great and mighty city. Tol de rol, &c.

This lyre, improv'd with three strings more, was given to Terpander,
Together with Timotheus, who charm'd great Alexander;
But Sparta, fearing of its pow'r, of such improvement grew sick,
But not till all Lycurgus' laws Terpander set to music. Tol de rol, &c,

This lyre, when Alexander once was flush'd with wine and ire,
So wrapt, he set, at Lais' suit, Persepolis on fire;
But poor Terpander rued the day that thus he had provok'd him,
For, gaping wide, a wag a fig threw down his throat, and chok'd him. Tol de rol, &c.

Anacreon, Linus, Chiron, Pindar, join'd the ancient quires,
And odes and dithyrambics were all spread by other lyres;
Till, swallowed in the gen'ral ruin, never to recover,
Sparta and Athens, Greeks and lyres, together were done over. Tol de rol, &c.

THE LOOK-OUT.

[The last verse of this excellent song is so inappropriate to the age in which we live, and so far from essential to the theme, that every vocalist of good taste will omit it in singing.]

Old Cunwell, the pilot, for many a year
Had plenty of vessels in charge;
And knew of each sandbank and shoal to steer clear,
Whether sailing close-haul'd or at large:
At last, safely moor'd, with a well-timber'd purse,
Heart and house open'd wide to his friend,
With old Poll, once a dasher, now turn'd to a nurse,
He had bought a snug berth at Gravesend.

From a kind of poop-lantern, plac'd over the Thames,
Where he took with his messmates his grog,
Bound outward or homeward, the ships and their names
They spied as they guzzled their grog.
Now cocking the spy-glass, and clearing the Nore,
'Why, Jack! there they come without end!
There 's the Neptune, the Glory, and, further in shore,
Fame and Liberty making Gravesend.

'And see where the river in branches divides,
Cut in two all the same as a fork;
How proubly the Commerce with Industry rides,—
Then the Blarney—O, she 's bound to Cork.
There 's the homeward-bound fleet from the Downs—only see!
So stor'd, their top-gallant masts bend;
There 's the Silkworm, the Beaver, the Ant, and the Bee,
And all standing on for Gravesend.

'There 's the Fortitude yonder, at danger that mocks;
The Nimble, that swims like a tench;
The bold Resolution that steers clear of rocks;
The Britannia, that laughs at the French.
Thus a magnet old Thames firmly holds in his mouth
To which all sorts of merchandise tend;
And the trade of all nations, west, north, east, and south,
Like the needle, points right to Gravesend.

'Let the French plant their liberty's tree here and there,
With their fine gewgaw ensign unfurl'd;—
Damme! we're a whole forest, and plenty to spare,
That our commerce conveys round the world.
And would Corsican Boney from folly awake,
His dream of false fame at an end,
How the dear little monster would tremble and quake
As he counted the ships at Gravesend.'

PEG OF PEPPER ALLEY.

[You've heard of Venus?—Yes, you've heard of Venus. She sprang from the sea—had a cockle-shell for her cradle—married old Vulcan—fell in love with Adonis—]

You've heard of Venus?—how her charms
Among the gods so play'd the devil,
When Mars was taken in her arms,
That made Olympus roar and revel.
This Venus can no more compare,
Nor with the various beauties tally,
Than thorns to roses to my fair,—
Sweet smirking Peg, of Pepper Alley!

[You've heard of eyes?—Eyes, you know—the peepholes of the mind—the doors of the heart—the little babbling devils that say Yes, when they mean No—]

You've heard of eyes, stuck in the head,
With brows unconscious of a wrinkle,
That slily, from their humid bed,
Dart death to lovers in a twinkl
Her eyes, like Phœbus' pointed rays,
That deal fell death at ev'ry sally,
Like Argus, look a hundred ways,—
O murd'rous Peg, of Pepper Alley!

[You've heard of music?—Music, you know—the music of the spheres—music of the hounds—warlike music, accompanied by cannons, drums, groans, and shrieks—music of the nursery—music of the cats upon the pantiles;—there are a great many sorts of music, you know. Well—]

You've heard of music, how its might
Can soften brutes, set rocks in action;
To men past hope convey delight,
And drive the happy to distraction.
Let her melodious tongue once run,
Whether she scold, or rail, or rally,
Its music all the senses stun,—
Harmonious Peg, of Pepper Alley!

[You've heard of charms?—Charms, you know—not witches' charms, or charms for the ague or toothache; but female charms—such as teeth, cheeks, noses, chins, and elbows;—well—]

You've heard of charms like steels and flints,
That fire poor hearts in quick collision,
Convey'd by grins, or leers, or squints,
And lovers leave in sad condition.
A fine grog-blossom on her nose
Bids lovers not with danger dally;—
O, I shall never know repose
Without sweet Peg, of Pepper Alley!

LOVE.

The lover, wrapt in the fair he addresses,
Her affection his empire, her wishes his throne,
His heart, mind, and soul, and each good he possesses,
To her will so gives up he has none of his own.
The tall are majestic, the dumplings are pretty;
The weak claim compassion, the strong knock us down;
The silent are prudent, the prattlers are witty;
Some murder with smiles, and some kill with a frown:
So love, love is delightful!
Such pleasure, such rapture, such bliss it imparts,
That, whether the objects are lovely or frightful,
They some way or other can pilfer our hearts.

The toper, refus'd, has recourse to his bottle,
Snd swears never fair shall attack him by stealth,
Or else with the very first glass may he throttle,
Then fills to the brim his adorable's health;

And, however relief in his liquor he fancies,
And declares never beauty triumphant shall prove,
At each amorous song with delight his heart dances,
And the longer he tipples the more he 's in love.
So love. &c.

The bachelor swears that he single will tarry,
And the widower too—but the men will all fib;
For in one little month shall the bachelor marry,
And the widower lead to the church a new rib.
The soldier swears glory, the prudent man riches,
Shall engross their attention, possess all their their care;
But what 's there in glory or gold that bewitches,
When no lovely partners their influence share?
Thus love, &c.

HIS WORSHIP.

His worship, Justice Gander, sworn newly of the peace,
Resolv'd to set the neighbours together by the ears,
Of the half-crowns and the shillings their pockets well to fleeee,
Regardless of the public, their praises or their sneers.
Master Matthew was his clerk, a keen and cunning wight,
Studied Cunningham and Burn, for the law has various meanings:
'Remember,' cried his worship, 'when I'm wrong to set me right,
For you 're my representative, factotum, locum tenens.'

Fomenting litigation, the neighbours flock around;
One came to get a warrant—a shilling was the cost;
'Here, Matthew, bring the book.'—'Sir, 'tis nowhere to be found;'
'Zounds! he'll repent—what shall we do? the shilling will be lost.
Swear, damme! and pay sixpence—I fancy that's the rule;
Those who can't get the harvest must set down with the gleanings;
How could you be so careless? you dolt! you stupid fool!'
'Your worship's representative, factotum, locum tenens?'

A rich lady 'gainst a helpless girl most loudly did complain;—
'Here, Matthew, make her mittimus, ne'er mind how she cajoles—'
'We must not, Sir, commit her—the law we cannot strain,
And the superior courts would haul your worship o'er the coals.
I could not for the soul of me distress so sweet a lass;
For justice sake, to equity the heart should have these leanings;'
'You 're not proper for your place, Sir,—you're a goose, an oaf, an ass—'
'Your worship's representative, factotum, locum tenens.'

Next day this pretty damsel was walking in a field;
His worship pass'd by too, and began to toy and play;
'You were yesterday my prisoner—to-day to you I yield;'
She ran for life, while he pursued, and begg'd of her to stay.
'Sir, is this justice? O for shame!'—''Tis justice, lovely fair—
For justice on the bench and in love has diff'rent meanings;—
Nay, struggle not!'—'Is there no friend? no hope?'
'None;—Zounds! who 's there?'
'Your worship's representative, factotum, locum tenens.

'You hir'd me, Sir, to set you right whenever you were wrong;
For once, then, justice practise, Sir, since justice you dispense;
Give me this pretty damsel—we 've lov'd each other long,—
And ne'er oppress those honest hearts that merit your defence.'
Cried Gander, 'Matthew, I'm the goose, the ass, and have been blind;
I now see law and equity have very diff'rent meanings:
Henceforth the poor shall bless me; and may each great man find
As able, as upright, and as just a locum tenens.'

THE PERPETUAL MOTION.

Lord help you poor lubbers ashore!
How should you know the joys of the ocean?
We 're the lads sail the world o'er and o'er
And keep up the perpetual motion;
Box the compass like true jolly souls,
And in every part find a wench;
Kick about just to both the two poles,
And bother the Spaniards and French.
And what of this here, after all?
While the globe turns round like a ball,
All weathers afloat or aground,
Try again shall the lads of the ocean;
While, to keep up the farce,
The moon and the stars,
The night and the day,
Round and round glide away;

The flip, the prog,
Our heads, and the grog,
And the world turns round,
To keep up the perpetual motion.

Your trav'lers odd fancies will meet,
Strange sights to all curious beholders:
Men that walk on their heads, not their feet;
Men with nappers plac'd under their shoulders.
But trav'lers are given to lie:
Except drunkards, that reel to their beds,
I never, betwixt you and I,
See'd people that walk'd on their heads.
And what of this here, &c.

As to love, why, 'tis ev'ry where known,
Be the climate warm or else rigid;
And lovers at the torrid zone
Are all monkeys, and bears at the frigid:
And then, as to finding a friend,
Were there ten globes of earth 'stead of one,
Whatever some people pretend,
Why, there's no such a thing to be done.
And what of this here, &c.

If we sink among Christians or Moors,
We're pick'd up by some true-hearted brother;
If not, our time 's come—so will yours,
Mister landlubber, some time or other.
Then another strange country we see,
When come home, and our cares left behind;
For the fashions so alter'd all be,
Topsy-turvy Old England we find.
And what of this here, &c.

THE CAT.

A poor Irish priest who could well bait his hook,
'Mongst a throng at the barber's one day his post took,
And cried out, as they gabbled their scandal and news,
'What you give me, good Christians, you'll none of you lose:
In charity's game 'tis the loser that wins,—
Besides, don't it cover an ocean of sins?
Four to one you'll all gain by each threepence that 's given—
Then earn a thirteen* for the dear love of heaven.'

For the whim of the thing, they soon put round the hat,
And a decent collection was gathered for Pat:
'Come, barber,' cried one—'Nay, on him do not call;
His charity, fait! shall cost nothing at all.'
'Well, what is't you want? Am I thus to be brav'd?'
'What is it I want?—Don't I want to be shav'd?'
'Who 's to pay me?'—'For that, fait! our odds are all even—
Arrah! shave me, good Sir, for the dear love of heaven.'

The barber, this boldness resolved to repay,
With a razor all notch'd on his chin work'd away;
Till, pretty well flay'd, and half mad with the pain,
Thought he, Master Priest, you'll not come here again.
Next, on top of the house they all heard such a strife—
'What the devil 's all that?'—'O, 'tis nothing in life
But a poor dear Tom Cat, with a razor uneven,
That somebody shaves for the dear love of heaven'

* Some of our readers may not be aware that, prior to the Act for the assimilation of the currency of the two kingdoms, (6 Geo. IV. cap. 79,) the English shilling passed, in Ireland, for thirteen-pence; it was therefore commonly called a '*thirteen*.'

THE CHARMS OF NATURE.

I sing of plains,
And nymphs and swains;
And walks and mazes,
And pinks and daisies;
The milkmaid's pail,
The thrasher's flail,
The nut-brown ale,
The nightingale;
The church-yard yew,
The morning dew,
The misty view,
The blithe cuckoo;
Each hill, dale, thing, and creature:
From when Aurora 's up and dress'd,
Till Phœbus' beams point to the west,
Streams flow,
Flowers blow,
Herds low,
Cocks crow,
The ploughman whistles,
The ass eats thistles!—
O the charms of nature!

Of swains that woo,
And doves that coo;
The sportive kidling,
The curate fiddling;
Bird, man, and brute
And owls that hoot,
And flowers and fruit,
And Strephon's flute;
The waving corn,
The day new-born
The rosy morn,
The mellow horn;
Each hill, dale, thing, and creature:
From when Aurora pins her cap,
Till Phœbus sinks in Thetis' lap,
Birds sing,
Woods ring,

Bees sting,
Briers cling,
The aspen quivers,
The angler shivers;—
O the charms of nature!

Of louts that quaff,
And clowns that laugh;
Frogs all croaking,
Dunghills smoking;
Archers' arrows,
Meads and farrows,
Ploughs and harrows,
Chirping sparrows;
The luscious fig,
The tonish gig,
The funny rig,
The grunting pig;
Each hill, dale, thing, and creature:
From when Aurora shows her face,
Till Phœbus to the night gives place,
Hodge calls,
Will bawls,
Bet squalls,
Ned sprawls,
As they are playing
The new-mown hay in;—
O the charms of nature!

TOM TRANSOM.

Tom Transom, a seaman, sound to the backbone,
With a heart loyal, friendly, and true,
Married one Peg of Dover, sweet, tight, and well-grown,
And she choos'd him from all the whole crew.
Peg brought him three sons, Thomas, William, and Jack,
When ashore that he danc'd on his knee;
And delighted to think, when with age taken back,
How they'd all serve their country at sea.

Tom, pretty well dock'd, on the books was he run,
Having lost a spare daddle and leg;
But a friend and a comforter prov'd ev'ry son,
And a kind handy nurse turn'd out Peg.
'Well,' cried he, 'never mind: though the branches are gone,
Heart of oak is the rest of the tree;
Come, my lads, to revenge me, to danger rush on,
And be true to your country at sea.'

Tom first went aboard—was capsiz'd in a thought;
Will shar'd the same dolorous fate;
And while by his brothers, like lions that fought,
Poor Jack by a shot lost his pate.
Old Tom, now laid up, when he heard of their death,
Cried, 'The King, Peg, will take care of thee;
And now I bless Fate, as I draw my last breath,
I'd three sons serv'd their country at sea.'

THE JEW PEDLAR.

Come, puy my botens—come, puy my bockles,
My chewels, and rings, and dings, come puy e
From te sword of te prave to Fame tat trokles,
I have all sort de vare,
To de needle of de fair,
More sharp py haf dan her rokish eye.

Come all, to me, ye lads and lasses,—
I'll show you te fay to lead happy lifes,
By te filty defices
Before te day passes,
Tat fifes ket hosebands, and hosebands ket fifes.
Te plack, te prouwn, and te fair, and te kray,
To puy my fine valentines all come afay.

[Come to me, mine maids, mine fifes, and feedows. I kot someting vat please you all: I kot te shain of pershasion vat leat te lofer apout like te tame monkey; make him fetch, carry, leap ofer te stick; make him play, too, all manner stupit trick. Vat you puy? vat you puy? I kot te coshmetic te coot nature—vat make tomebel off all te wrinkle; make te old look young; te ugly look pootiful;—vat you puy? vat you puy? Cure you dat nasty shellasy, corset pad ting in a family, dat tevelish evil; make you look old, ugly, efery ting vat is pad—vat you puy? vat you puy?]

I've te powknot of mariche vat naught can untie,
While for petter for furse, as you pake as you prew,
Take afay vat you please vat shall last till you tie,
Unless pefore dat you should cut it in two,
If te heart and te tart
Dat cause to make smart,
While with art te fonde lofer so fell play his part.

[See te vicket rake! how he kneel at her feet! swear, jump, kick apout, tell te corset lie vat make all te fimmen so happy, you. Den he say te sheek pe rose, te lips pe roopy, te eye pe timent,—all dis nonsense. Den she say, 'Indeed! is it possible you can lofe me so mosh tan all tiss?' Den he swear tammy; den she ploshe; den rafish von leetel kiss; den he produshe te fedding-ring, vat make her so happy, so comfurtaple; after teece come vat you call te honey-moon; he ko; te lofe and te teer he ko afay; te toke and te cat come te place; scold, scratch, knock apout, pull teffel pull paker!]

From Professional Volunteers.

[In the preface to this entertainment, which is dated March 1, 1808, Dibdin tells us that he was induced by circumstances to bring it out after he had professedly retired from the stage. He had published 'The Musical Mentor' for the use of young ladies, and had projected a work 'for the amusement and instruction of agricultural labourers,' to be entitled 'The Yeoman's Friend.' Some portions from each of these, with some songs that he had by him, and a few that he wrote for the occasion, enabled him to make up an entertainment, which, upon the strenuous advice of some zealous friends, he produced. Thinking himself, however, unequal to the fatigue of a whole evening's performance, he enlisted some professional aid; and hence the piece was designated '*Professional Volunteers*.' The names of his coadjutors were Grey, Mason, Desborough, and Lee. By some mismanagement, on the night announced for the first performance of 'Professional Volunteers,' these auxiliaries did not arrive at the theatre. Under these awkward circumstances, Dibdin not only undertook to return the money which had been received at the doors, but that the company might not go away without amusement, he offered to give them such portions of the entertainment as he could perform alone; and so well pleased were the audience with the new songs thus introduced to their notice, that they, with one accord, took orders for another night instead of their money. In each of his few subsequent entertainments, Dibdin had professional aid, Broadhurst being one of the number, who assisted him at his house in the Strand. 'The Little Bark,' 'Distress on Distress,' 'The Choice of Minerva,' and some other songs from other entertainments, were also sung in this.]

Glee—PROFESSIONAL VOLUNTEERS.

Come, come away, our revels join,
And in each other trust;
A band of brothers, we combine,
Our cause and quarrel just,
Of volunteers to raise a host,
For service of the fair:
Then, as we gaily pass the toast,
Allegiance let us swear.

Glee—THE MUSTER.

Welcome, welcome, at our call,
Each member of our band;
In honour's cause be one and all
United, heart and hand.
A fervent wish that war may cease
Let ev'ry bosom fire,
That sprightly songs of lovely peace
May string Britannia's lyre.

THE VETERAN IN RETIREMENT.

Though laid up in port, I am not outward bound;
In my upper works there 's nothing ailing;
My rudder and compass are both safe and sound,
And, if call'd on, I'm ready for sailing.
I am decently stor'd with the comforts of life;
Have of friends just what number I fancy;
And, what 's more, I've a berth in the heart of my wife,—
My lovely, my valuable Nancy

I well know that weevils and rats* play me pranks,
At my cost who are eating and drinking;
This nibbles my biscuit, that gnaws at my planks,
And would fly off at once were I sinking;
Lord help the poor things!—they can't hurt my good name;
Let them pilch, then, away to their fancy:
They may pilfer my money, may injure my fame,
But they never can rob me of Nancy.

As well may the French kick against Dover rock,
That keeps ev'ry threat at a distance:
All folly I pity, at slander I mock,
And I envy no one in existence.
And when I am boarded by grim Captain Death,
No sorrow shall trouble my fancy;
I'll strike like a man, and yield up my last breath,
In a prayer for the health of my Nancy.

THE PARTING VOLUNTEER.

The beacon 's fir'd! the busy coast
Announces an infuriate foe!
The soldier feels himself a host,
And to the conflict longs to go.
'Hark!' cries the gallant volunteer,
'I come, to conquer or to fall,
For those than life I hold more dear,
Firm at imperious Honour's call!

'Dear to the heart is filial love;
Dear a gen'rous friend's embrace;
Dear to know our perils move
Tears that dim a lovely face:
Yet cannot these the danger shield;
Father, friend, wife, children—all
Must to a manly effort yield,
Made at imperious Honour's call.

'Without this noble feeling found,
What are of men the best deserts?
Children are rebels, friends unsound,
And lovers little merit hearts.
Let me this proud distinction prove;
Your sighs let me deserve them all,
And tear myself from those I love,
Firm at imperious Honour's call.

THE IRISH SAILOR.

O to hand, reef, and steer, is the thing sailors prize;
When we 'd toast Bet and Poll on some sham-mock,
I'd hand round the glass, take a reef in my eyes,
And steer in short trips to my hammock.

* Dibdin here alludes to some of the ungenerous scribblers of his day, who were guilty of defrauding him by the most unblushing plagiarisms. While this song displays Dibdin's extraordinary sarcastic powers, when called into exercise, it does much honour to his feelings.

Fait! honey, they'd call me the pride of the ship,
Wid my hornpipe so nate and so frisky;
Then on Saturday night, fait! I'd make 'em such flip—
Oh! the best in the world except whisky!
Sing the perils of tars, that lead such happy lives,
Wid their foes and their friends, and their sweethearts and wives!

You'd be charm'd to the life, were it not for your fears,
Though of danger and death in the middle,
To hear the sweet billows so bodder your ears,
As they play a duet with the fiddle.
Then, though shot-holes and leaks leave wide open Death's doors,
And the chances against you are various,
Storms are all gig and fun—but for breakers and shores;
Fights are safe—were they not so precarious.
Sing the perils, &c.

Why, one day, as I tumbled down plump from the shrouds,
As neat as a bird or a fairy,
'Where the devil did you come from?' cried one—'from the clouds?'
'Did I come from?—Arrah, fait! Tipperary.'
Then that time when we sail'd wid the wind in our mouth,
Old Boreas to keep to his tether,
Fait! the compass I cunningly nail'd to the south,
That we always might sail in fine weather.
Sing the perils, &c.

BRITISH WIVES.

'Tis allow'd, the world over, the pride of our lives,
There 's no country like this for industrious wives:
In France they are shameless—at morals they blench;
Indeed, all the Continent now ape the French.
Yet for such innovations our wives are too nice,—
They ape sometimes the follies, but never the vice.
Then cherish, ye Britons, the best joy of life,—
Fair, prudent, and good, is a true British wife!

Our dear lovely neighbour, as harden'd as rocks,
With the heart of a tiger, the mind of a fox,
The mischief of monkeys, the eye of a lynx,
The hyena's pity, the guile of a sphinx;
Who all over Europe disseminates fear,
But who knows and regrets he can never come here;
Such a foe to destroy we'll devote ev'ry life,
To preserve such a friend as a true British wife!

For she, if the war aught that 's foreign denies,
From resources at home ev'ry want well supplies;
If silk she 's depriv'd of, she feels no alarms,
But in Manchester muslin she decks out her charms.
Thus their stupid embargo 's as well let alone,—
We have good manufactures enough of our own;—
But the best manufacture, to charm us through life,
Is that made by Heav'n—an industrious wife!

Depriv'd of our Burgundy, claret, and port,
To our wives for some substitute soon we resort;
Nor can aught but a churl at the diff'rence repine,
While we've cowslip, and currant, and gooseberry wine.
These are wholesome! they're English! can hold out no snare!
And, what 's better, they're made by the hands of the fair:—
Thus the joy, the delight, the solace of life,
Is to every Briton a true British wife!

WILLIAM AND JESSE.

The whiten'd breakers lash'd the shore,
When William did from Jesse part;
And, as the surge heav'd more and more,
So swell'd with grief her bursting heart.
The ev'ning held its peaceful reign,
Then gently melted into night;
Soon did the sky shut in the main,
And William's ship was out of sight.

The whistling winds the billows jar;
Now William pulls the yielding rope;
No friendly moon, no twinkling star,
To lend a single glimpse of hope:
And now, a thousand leagues apart,
For many a mournful morn and night
Was tender Jesse sick at heart,
That William's ship was out of sight.

The radiant sun dispell'd the dew:—
Two ling'ring years had pass'd, and more,
When Jessie paid, to William true,
Her morning visit to the shore.
She saw a ship, at random driv'n;
Sweet hope created new delight:
And, as she pour'd her thanks to Heav'n,
Her William's vessel hove in sight!

LIFE.

The shepherd whistles on his way;
The morning smiles, all nature 's gay:
Soon angry clouds fly wild and rude;
The mountains smoke; the vale 's a flood
The scatter'd flocks no shelter find;
The tempest rides upon the wind:
Yet shall the pelting storm subside,
When at his smiling fireside.

The sailor goes, his heart at ease,
And takes in health at ev'ry breeze:
The boatswain pipes; 'A storm!' 's the cry!
Yet Jack disdains to pipe his eye:
The thunder rolls, the storm comes on;
Masts, yards, and rigging, all are gone:
Yet Jack sings loud, sweet hope his guide,
Once more to view his fireside.

The miner sinks beneath the ground,
And like a mole explores around:
A shaft takes fire! in rapid whirl
Of flame and smoke large volumes curl!
He sinks, as if in endless night:
The rope is pull'd,—he views the light!
And, as the fears of death subside,
Thinks of his smiling fireside.

Thus does the day of life come on
To ev'ning, from its smiling dawn;
For soon the world our minds deforms,
And we are caught in passion's storms:
Yet pilot Honour shall not fail
To weather ev'ry dang'rous gale;
And, to old age as we subside,
Delight our smiling fireside.

LUMKIN AND HIS MOTHER.

'Thou know'st, my dear Lumkin, my own darling son,
That thee and thy mother must part;
And if London's temptations my boy should not shun,
Dear soul! thou wilt break my poor heart!
I do know that girls will be setting their caps,
In love with thy sweet pretty face;
With their tricks will the men lead thee into their traps,
And bring us all into disgrace.
Then thy parentage honour, and turn out a man!
And the bells shall so merrily,
Merrily, cherrily,
Tell all the village thou'rt married to Fan.'

'I do thank thee, dear mother,' cried Lumkin; 'good bye;
I can tell thee I'm not such an elf:
He must early rise up that 's too cunning for I—
I knows how to take care of myself.
And as to the girls, I fears them least of all;—
They scare I!—that would be a strange thing!
If the prettiest with Lumkin in love were to fall,
Cod! I'd give them as good as they bring.
No! I'll make, like my father that 's gone, a good man;
And the bells shall so merrily,
Merrily, cherrily,
Tell all the village I'm married to Fan.'

They parted: to town Lumkin hasten'd away;
Fan and mother retir'd in the dumps;
On the road he consider'd his cards how to play,
And how he should manage his trumps.
The ring-droppers, gamblers, the misses and all,
Did in vain to entangle him try;*
For though quizz'd, hoax'd, and humm'd, in no nets did he fall,
But gave to each wherefore a why.
So Lumkin wrote word he'd behav'd like a man,
And the bells should so merrily,
Merrily, cherrily,
Welcome him home to be married to Fan.

At last, to return Lumkin made his best speed:
'Pratty soul! how dost do?' cried old dame;
'And where hast thee been, lad? and what hast thee zeed?
En't town diff'rent from here?'—'Just the same!
Just like us, they've in London their sweets and their sours;
They have angels that dresses and paints;
If their lawyers and doctors take fees, so do ours;
And I don't see our angels are saints.'
So they went to the church;—the glad news quickly ran;
And the bells all so merrily,
Merrily, cherrily,
Rang for the marriage of Lumkin and Fan.

THE JEW IN GRAIN.

The little poy, apout the street,
The monish all my care,
I cry to ev'ry one I meet,
The rollar for the hair.
The shoe-strings, shealing-wax, I call,—
Four, six, eight—dat 's too dear;
Well, twelve! so when they have it all,
Eleven pence I clear.

[So from my cradle I was a Jew; and my grandfather, Shadrach, was a Jew; and my grandmother, Rebecca, was a Jew; and my uncle, Zebulun, and my aunt, Bethsheba, and my cousins, Absalom, and Nathan, and Jeroboam, and Eleazer, and Gibeon, and Manasseh, and Joshua, was all Jew; and all teach me to give up father, mother, wife, cousin, and sell my life, and pody, and soul—every ting in the world, and trick the very tevil himself, for the monish.]

So a very apt scholar I pretty well prove;
I ket hold of the cash, and the timand and pearl,
And peg, porrow, and steal,—for the monish I love
More petter as any one ting in the world.

To cry old cloash I go my rounds,
I cheat 'um all so clean;
The coat what cost a tousand pounds,
I puy 'um for fifteen.
I sell a vatch, for moshe good deal,
With fine gay seal and chain;
I ket a tief de vatch to steal,
And puy 'um pack again.

* It would be well for them, if our country *bumpkins* more frequently imitated the caution and the firmness displayed by our wary friend *Lumkin*.

[So by this time I come on pretty well. I take in the pawn, and I get the silver melted down in Duke's Place, and purn the gold lace in Rosemery Lane; and I play the kinny, and I sweat the kinny; and I make hole in the shilling, and say he all so lucky; and I make little tye for the coin, and the water-mark for the pank-note; but I take care never to be fone out,—let who will hang, I keep my neck ote de halter. I kive pail. I was the very Jew my lord judge say he will purn for the monish. I suppose he mean ko to the tevil, but I don't care moshe for dat.]

So true to my int'rest, I what you call prove;
I finger the cash, and the timand and pearl,
And peg, porrow, and steal,—for the monish I love
More petter as any one ting in the world.

A creat man crave, I take mosche care
Upon the monish spent;
On Stock Exchange the pull and pear,
What yield me cent per cent.
I kit my filla, cut a tash,
Crow purse-proud, rich, and creat;
To the plack-leg I lend my cash,
Then mortgage their estate.

[So all my life I never tink of anyting but the monish. When I sold the roller, and the shealing-wax, I was ket cent per cent; when I have cry old cloash, I was ket cent per cent; when I hoax the spendthrift, sell the lottery-ticket, feed the gaming-table, the hazard, the faro—all these tings was ket cent per cent; and now I roll in luxury, cheat all the people, take in the flat, let out my pretty kall, my little decoy-duck.—Ah, dis is the fay to make de monish!]

And as to my int'rest, so constant she prove,
I kive her the cash, and the timand and pearl;
And, the monish excepted, my charmer I love
More petter as any one ting in the world.

LOVELY FAN AND MANLY BEN.

Ah! listen to a hapless story
Of lovely Fan and manly Ben!
In goodness she her sex's glory,
In honour he the first of men.
So kind, so good, so tender-hearted,
Their love from infancy they bore;
Yet would she fear, if once they parted,
That she should never see him more!

His country all her youth requiring,
To fight her battles, to a man,
Ben's heart was patriot, hope inspiring;
He lov'd his country, lov'd his Fan.
Oh! such a parting! such sad faces!
Fond terror her sad bosom tore:
She cried, while sunk in his embraces,
'Alas! I ne'er shall see thee more!'

Each glad express some news repeated,
That Ben was foremost in the fight;
That glory in the field he courted,
The army's pride, his friends' delight:
Yet, dove-like, did sad fears surround her,
While fancied dangers she'd deplore;
Her sole reply to those around her,—
'Alas! I ne'er shall see him more!'

The foe at ev'ry point was routed;
Of hero Ben had earned the name;
England rejoic'd—the people shouted—
As home the conqu'ring hero came.
But where was Ben?—Fan sought him duly—
His friends did ev'ry rank explore:
Her fatal fears had told her truly!
Alas! she never saw him more!

THE ARMOUR OF ÆNEAS.

[This song, although written and published as part of this entertainment, was not sung in it; probably on account of the number of other songs.]

Old Vulcan forging bolts for Jove,
And pointing arrows tipp'd with love,
Was in Ætna's smithy toiling,
When his lovely dame,
Sweet Venus, came,
With a leer voluptuous smiling.

'Well, what news now? What curious farce?
Where's your Adonis and your Mars?
What frolic are you after?
I dare say you remember yet,
When snug I caught you in a net,
And vast Olympus rung with laughter?'

She swore she lov'd him as her life,—
His loyal and obedient wife;
That Mars, Adonis, and the rest,
'Twas true for whim
She lov'd—but him
She always had lov'd best.

'I did!' cried she, 'by this sweet kiss!'
'And what am I to do for this?'
Cried Mulciber, 'bewitching charmer!'
'I want,' cried she, 'a polished armour,
For sweet Æneas, lovely boy!
Next to my husband all my joy?
Come, do it neatly,—
I'll look sweetly,
And give you kisses till you cloy!
Now, won't you, Vul?
'Go, you're a fool.'
'Dear Vul!' 'Sho, sho!'
'Say Yes, now.' 'No!'
'Cruel, to bid me thus be gone!
Now, art, assist me,—
Now resist me!
See Venus with her cestus on!'

'I'm off the hooks—
How the jade looks!
My mind she 's wound to such a pitch—
I'm murder'd, ravish'd, flung in a ditch!'
Her fond caresses now confound him;
He eager calls the Cyclops round him:
'By Styx, it shall be done—never fear me;
Ye one-eyed rascals! don't you hear me?'

Old vaulted Ætna now rebounds;
Echo the hoarse sledge-hammer sounds,
Repeating ev'ry stroke and clang,
As brawny Cyclops loudly bang.

'Thou'lt forge it daintily,' said she,
'True to a thought; now give it me:
Thus am I arm'd!' And now we see
Minerva in the Queen of Love:
The ægis in her brilliant eyes;
And in her hair while Cupids rove,
She proudly bears away the prize.

THE BEST BOWER-ANCHOR.

I HAVE oftentimes thought it a wondersome thing
That landsmen should pity us tars,
And talk of the hardships that hurricanes bring,
And quicksands, and tempests, and wars:
The idiots forget they're as bad off as we;
That they run as much danger, or more;—
In what respect safer than we are at sea,
I'd ask, are your lubbers ashore?
No, no: when Death comes, we shall all hear him call;
What then? the same Providence watches for all.

Mayn't a tile from a house, or a tumble down stairs,
Or a fall from a horse, or a blow,
Or a surfeit, you know, take him back unawares,
More specious, when groggy or so?
Mayn't fevers and agues, and gout, and they things,
Prove than battles more worse, or as bad?
We hearties at sea are as happy as kings,—
We've no sickness;—besides, if we had,
Death will come when he will; what then? Let him call:
The same gen'rous Providence watches for all.

We all of grim Death shall some time make the port;
He'll be sure to fetch up our lee way;
And little it matters if life's long or short,—
Whether seven years hence, or to-day.
We are all born to die; there's no harm to be said;
'Tis he who dies best is the thing;
And I ax which is noblest—to die in one's bed,
Or while fighting for country and king?
Only just do your duty, you'll find, should Death call,
The same merciful Providence watches for all.

THE SHEEPSHEARERS.

OUR sheepshearing over, surround the gay board,
With hearts full of pleasure and glee!
And while we partake of its plentiful hoard,
Who so blithe and so happy as we?
From that staple, the wool, all our consequence springs;—
The Woolsack is next to the Throne;*
It a freedom secures both to peasants and kings,
Which in no other country is known;
It guards us awake, and preserves us asleep:—
Night and day, then, thank Heaven, that gave us the sheep.

When bleak piercing winter comes on with a frown,
Frost and snow clogging hedge, ditch, and stile,
Annoying alike both the 'squire and the clown,
Wrapt in wool, we look round us and smile.
Did we sing of its praises from ev'ning till morn,
'Twould our gratitude only increase:
The dying old man and the infant new-born
Are both kept alive by the fleece.
Then how with the truth a fair pace can we keep,
When in warmest expressions we speak of the sheep?

No words are sufficient, whate'er can be said,
To speak out its uses aloud;
For it never forsakes us,—nay, after we're dead,
It furnishes even our shroud.
Nay, more: if the sheep, while it ranges our fields,
For our wants all these comforts supplies,
Faithful still to the last, to the butcher it yields,
And for our daily nourishment dies.
Thus, living or dead, we its benefits reap;—
Then, ye sheepshearers, sing your true friend, the poor sheep!

GALLANT TOM.

IT blew great guns, when gallant Tom
Was taking in a sail;
And squalls came on in sight of home,
That strengthen'd to a gale:
Broad sheets of vivid lightning glar'd,
Reflected by the main;
And even gallant Tom despair'd
To see his love again!

The storm came on! each rag aboard
Was into tatters rent;
The rain through ev'ry crevice pour'd;
All fear'd the dread event:
The pumps were chok'd! their awful doom
Seem'd sure, at ev'ry strain;
Each tar despair'd,—e'en gallant Tom,
To see his love again!

* We are confident that our more intelligent readers will excuse our informing those who may not be aware of the fact, that the Lord Chancellor, whose seat is on the *Woolsack*, always stands on the right of the *Throne* when the Sovereign in person opens or closes the session of Parliament.

The leak was stopp'd! the winds grew dull;
The billows ceas'd to roar;
And the torn ship, almost a hull,
In safety reach'd the shore.
Crowds ran to see the wondrous sight:
The storm had rag'd in vain!
And gallant Tom, with true delight,
Beheld his love again.

FINALE.

Now let the joys our hearts expand
Pervade our bless'd communion;
So shall we ev'ry foe withstand,
Thus one and all in union.

Round with the glass, and be the toast
The navy and the army;
Nor, while we fearless guard the coast,
Ye fair! shall aught alarm ye.

In safety to possess your charms,
We bid the world defiance;
While commerce, courage, arts, and arms,
March forward in alliance.

The Kent Day; or, the Yeoman's Friend.

[In this, the last-written of Dibdin's Entertainments, (*Commodore Pennant* being merely a compilation from previous pieces, with the addition of two or three new songs that appear in our subsequent collection of *Miscellaneous Songs*,) a number of glees and catches were sung between the songs by professional singers, as in the entertainment called *Professional Volunteers*. They were generally selected from some of his operas; we have therefore introduced only those that he wrote purposely for this piece.]

GLEE—HEALTHS.

HERE 's a health to good Sir Thomas,—
Joy without end!
Who keeps all care and sorrow from us;
By all the county,
For his bounty,
Call'd the Yeoman's Friend.
Round with the horn! our worthy host
In his own stingo let us toast!

On each soldier and each seaman
May health attend;
Who fight the cause of ev'ry freeman,
The admiration
Of the nation,
The jolly Yeoman's Friend.
Soldiers and sailors, where'er found,
This is the toast,—then put it round.

Here 's the King! and may his glory
O never end,
While truth and goodness live in story!
Our hearts' elector,
The poor's protector,
And the Yeoman's Friend.
Soldiers and sailors, where'er found,
This is the toast,—then put it round.

Here 's the King! and may his glory
O never end,
While truth and goodness live in story!
Our hearts' elector,
The poor's protector,
And the Yeoman's Friend.
The King! Great Britain's pride and boast!
Come, heart and hand, put round the toast.

THE LION, THE PUPPY, AND THE MASTIFF.

THOU think'st thou 'rt mighty witty;
But when such fools come on,
My anger 's turn'd to pity,
And all my fury 's gone.

Mean things, like thee, the lion,
As I have heard 'em say,
Nobly disdains to fly on,
But proudly walks away.

So honest Tray, to wound him
When yelping curs assail,
In scorn just looks around him,
Walks on, and wags his tail.

THE CLOWN TURNED SEAMAN.

LIKE other lubbers, struck with dread,
I fear'd to go to sea;
For I had heard, and I had read,
From risk no tar is free.
With visage grim,
Death looks at him,
As mountain high he goes;
On horses standing,
Topsails handing,
Billows rattling,
Thunders clatt'ring;
Yet Jack, advancing,
Singing, dancing,
Roaring, ranting,
Is always panting
To drub old England's foes.

A friend had money got, and fame:
'Wouldst thou, my lad,' cried he,
'Earn riches and a glorious name!
Just make a voy'ge with me:—
What though, so grim,
Death looks at him,
As the bold sailor goes?
On horses,' &c.

I went aboard, to work turn'd to,
T' enrich my friends and wife,
And now am foremost of the crew
To praise a sailor's life:

What though, so grim,
Death looks at him,
As mountain high he goes
On horses, &c.

WIDOW WALMSLEY'S SHINERS.

Widow Walmsley, scarce her husband cold,
A little worn, and rather old,
But rolling in her dearee's gold,
Was open to designers:
The first week, like th' Ephesian dame,
She sunk in grief; the next, the same;
The third, a troop of lovers came
To touch Widow Walmsley's shiners.

The neighb'ring 'squire chas'd her in view,
Whose fortune out at elbows grew;
And Irish jolmen, not a few,
All sapp'd the fort like miners:
They ogled, blarnied, sung, and dress'd;
She swallow'd ev'ry fulsome jest;
Till 'twas a bet, who flattered best
Would touch Widow Walmsley's shiners.

A painter knew what to be at:
He drew her squirrel and Tom-cat,
A Cupid made her ugly brat—
An adept 'mongst designers;
Gave to each wrinkle in her face
A softness, symmetry, and grace,
Turn'd rough to smooth at ev'ry trace,
To touch Widow Walmsley's shiners.

Vermilion grac'd her sallow cheek;
On the canvass, lovely, fair, and sleek,
A living Venus seem'd to speak;
Till this pattern of designers,
When he had won the jolly dame,
Like hook-nos'd Cæsar great in fame,
With his veni, vidi, vici, came,
And touch'd Widow Walmsley's shiners.

DUET BETWEEN A TAR AND A CLOWN.

Clown. Tell us, for I have understood
That the advent'rous sailor's life
Be mortal full of wounds and blood,
And danger, peril, noise, and strife.
Sailor. A sailor's toil 's not quite so sweet
As the stout labourer's ashore:
Yet is his pleasure as complete
As yours can be, perhaps, and more.
Clown. Why! don't you venture? don't you fight?
Don't danger every moment press?
Sailor. To do his king and country right,
What honest Briton would do less?
Both. No mortal is from danger free:
Life's sweets and sours to all are giv'n?
Whether ashore or out at sea,
Our lives are in the hands of Heav'n!

Clown. Father, this honour warms my heart:
I long to go and see these sights;
We have of pleasures but a part,—
Bold sailors seem to have delights.
Sailor. Yet let me tempt you not to roam:
True happiness to all is sent:
Be useful, harmless, stay at home,
Share peaceful bliss, and court content.
Clown. A nobler thought my bosom warms,—
I long of deeds of arms to sing!
Sailor. Well said, lad! glory has its charms,
And he dies well who serves his King!
Both. No mortal is from danger free, &c.

Glee—THE LABOURERS.

The ploughman makes the furrows;
The sower spreads the grain;
Which grain the harrow burrows,
That it may spring again.
The reaper's sickle reaps it,
When yellow ears appear;
With flail the thrasher heaps it.
For the winnower to clear.
The miller aids his neighbour,
For the baker to make bread;
How many men must labour
Ere one man can be fed!
Then sing the ploughman, and sing the sower;
The harrower give his due;
The reaper, thrasher, and winnower roar,
And dusty miller, too;
Who could do nothing without each other:
But when they 're all combin'd,
Like Englishmen, or friend or brother,
Can succour all mankind!

JOAN IS AS GOOD AS MY LADY.

Neat Nelly the milkmaid, in short-waisted gown,
All the airs of the fashion puts on,
And emulates all the fine ladies in town,
As she flirts and coquets it with John;
Has the same vapid stare, the same slide, the same bob,
The same sigh without feeling or passion;
With the same rise and fall bids her bosom to throb,
As the rantipole woman of fashion.

To dress fine and showy, the men to entrap,
They both have an equal regard:
The lady owes only ten pounds for her cap,
While the milkmaid pays ten pence a yard—
So that, when at a distance, they've both the same charms
To excite in the fellows a passion;
The same fine display of bare necks and red arms,
Both in Nell and the lady of fashion.

Thus the proverb's revers'd: 'twas the former remark,
And I b'lieve the thing's pretty near right,
As my lady as Joan was as good in the dark,
Now Joan is as good in the light.
So I'd have the fine ladies about them to look,
And to feel for themselves some compassion,
Lest the beaux should mistake the pert housemaid or cook
For the rantipole woman of fashion.

THE PEASANT'S FUNERAL.

HARK! hark! 'tis Goodman Hearty's knell!
The village are in tears!
From youth his neighbours lov'd him well,
To a ripe length of years.
As mercy meek, and free from guile
E'en as his fleecy fold,
His looks diffus'd a gen'ral smile,—
But now his knell is knoll'd.
Awful and solemn was the call;
Yet shall it loudly tell
A lesson, grave, though sweet, to all
Who heard Will Hearty's knell!

'My life was happy, hale, and strong;
Then do not wail or cry:
The man who knows he's done no wrong,
E'en with a smile can die.
My frame's worn out, yet I survive,—
I've that Death cannot kill;
Th' immortal soul shall ever live
Of him who knows no ill.'
These were his words;—his friends and wife
These truths remember well,
That not to death, but to new life,
Toll'd out Will Hearty's knell.

This was the man they lay in earth,—
The flow'r of rustic pride,
Who lov'd his friend, lov'd harmless mirth;
Who, even when he died,
Could lay his hand upon his heart,
And with clear conscience cry,—
'Oh! Death! thou hast for me no dart;
Thou, grave! no victory!'
This was the man once ev'ry year
Of whom the peasants tell,
While all the country flock to hear
Of Goodman Hearty's knell.

THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

JACK vow'd, old England left behind,
To hold his Nancy dear in mind;
And this kind vow did he so keep,
He nightly saw her in his sleep:
'Midst roaring thunder, raging seas,
His cheerful mind was still at ease:
Nor seas nor thunder made him start,—
He held his Nancy to his heart:
But sudden as the lightning's gleam,
He woke and found 'twas but a dream.

Wak'd from his dream and Nancy's charms
By the loud drum that beat to arms,
Jack rous'd from so much sweet delight,
And took his station in the fight.
The French were thrash'd; night clos'd the main;
Jack dream'd the battle o'er again:
Then Fancy play'd her usual part,—
He held his Nancy to his heart:
Alas! things are not what they seem!
He woke, and found it but a dream.

One night, a foul malicious fiend,
Like a nightmare, across him lean'd,
Stole Nancy's picture, and the charm
That she had brac'd upon his arm;
Then, as she seem'd to breathe her last,
A frightful monster held her fast,
Threat'ning he should from Nancy part,
No more to press her to his heart:
Jack gave in agony a scream,
Then smil'd, to find 'twas but a dream.

Next morn a vessel hove in sight;
An enemy!—Hot grew the fight!
She struck,—a brig of largest size,—
And Jack made England with the prize;
Reach'd home, where Nancy long had wept,
And, sore fatigu'd, turn'd in and slept:
But truth, assuming Fancy's part,
He held his Nancy to his heart;
Nor as at sea did these things seem,—
He woke, and found 'twas not a dream.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE.

You have all of you heard about Bays's eclipse,
Which, he says, by invariable law
Is perform'd by the sun, moon, and earth, as each trips
In a kind of celestial pas-trois.
Now the sun hides the earth, now the earth hides the moon,
Till they chassée and pass various ways;
While the spheres, as their fiddler, strike up a quick tune,
Till they're all of them dancing the hays.

So Miss Dimple's three lovers laid claim to her heart,—
Captain Squeak, Poet Scrawl, and Beau Frill:
Eclipsing each other, they each danc'd a part,
To gain the dear creature's good will.
The captain vow'd, swore, pick'd his teeth, loung'd, and loll'd;
The bard cried her up in his lays;
The beau her fine head-dress and necklace extoll'd;
Of affection all dancing the hays.

As they swore, and wrote sonnets, and ogled and
dress'd.
No method nor art was untried;
They left her at no single moment at rest,
Each cock-sure he should make her his bride.
In their amorous frolics she let them go on,
Let them promise, and flatter, and gaze;
Till, in total eclipse, she elop'd with big John,
And left them all dancing the hays.

BRITANNIA'S NAME.

Britannia's name, from age to age,
Has like her cliffs stood fast,
And promises, in hist'ry's page,
In honour long to last.
Her sailors, rulers of the sea,—
Her soldiers, of that soil
On which th' industrious peasantry,
To give it value, toil;—
All, all shall hail Britannia's name,
By glory handed down to fame!

Then sing our tars, who boldly roam
Our glory to insure;
And sing our soldiers, who at home
That glory well secure;
And sing our peasants, at a word
Who, of mankind the friend,
Would turn each ploughshare to a sword,
Their country to defend.
All, all shall sing Britannia's name,
As glory hands it down to fame!

THE DINNER-PARTY.

The dinner-party now arrive;
The dinner-hour is four;
They court'sy, bow; the clock strikes five;
The crowd grows more and more;
The sweet Miss Ghastly, Mr. Lungs,
Miss Giggle, Mr. Squeak,
Begin to exercise their tongues,
And all together speak.

[Description of the conversation before dinner.]

Their mirth and their spirits are now all gone;
To chatter no longer they 're able;
And just as they're ev'ry one yawning, John
Announces that dinner 's on table.

Now listen to the motley group:
They taste of ev'ry dish;
Nice curry mac'roon! delicious soup!
Fine ven'son! charming fish!
Some accidents their pleasures cross,
As wit and bumpers fly,—
Will Whiffle spills the lobster-sauce
In Miss Wriggle's gooseberry-pie.

[Description of the conversation at dinner.]

Thus in health and good wishes the time steals on,
All talking and nobody thinking;
The gentlemen rise,—the ladies are gone;
And ev'ry one sets into drinking.

Six bumper toasts, with three times three,
Checquer the jovial song;
The sentiment, the catch, the glee,
Till nine the time prolong.
Healths, speeches, politics, and noise,
Pervade the glorious sport;
And, as they boast, these jovial boys
Pass Burgundy and port.

[Description of the conversation after dinner.]

Thus they drink and they revel, and riot and roar,
Till pretty near gone each blade is;
And when they have swallow'd a few bumpers
more,
They all stagger in to the ladies.

THE THRASHER.

[Although this song was introduced into this entertainment, it was written for the Jubilee in honour of Shakspeare, held at Stratford-upon-Avon, on Sept. 6, 1769, under the auspices of David Garrick. The intended pageant was, however, in a great measure frustrated by the unpropitious state of the weather.]

Can any king be half so great,
So kind, so good, as I?
I give the hungry food to eat,
And liquor to the dry.
My labour 's hard: but still 'tis sweet,
And easy to endure;
For, while I toil to thrash the wheat,
I comfort rich and poor.
And I merrily sing, as I swing round the flail,
My reward, when work 's over, a jug of brown ale.

If from wheat the bread is born,
Our miseries to cheer,
'Tis merry Sir John Barleycorn
Supplies us with the beer:
Besides, while thus I thrash the corn,
Our pleasures to insure,
I for my neighbours' good was born
A baker and a brewer;
For I bake, and I brew, as I swing round my flail,
To provide them with bread and a mug of brown ale.

'Tis for myself, when all is said,
I work thus with such glee;
For if for others I make bread,
My labour 's bread to me.
For other mouths I must provide;
My children must be fed;
My wife, and some sick friend beside,
Who cannot earn his bread.
With these notions I merrily swing round my flail,
My reward, when work 's over, a mug of brown ale.

And when, my mortal race near run,
All toil and labour vain,
A jolly thrasher, shall my son
His crazy dad maintain.
Thus will I work, and laugh, and sing,
And at my thrashing toil,
Unless I'm call'd on by my king
To guard my native soil;—
Then, accustom'd to thrashing, I'll swing round my flail,
And thrash the proud foe, to secure my brown ale.

THE LAUDABLE CONTENTION.

We are all of us lab'rers, and smack of the soil,
In life's vineyard by Providence destin'd to toil;
The diff'rence scarce more than 'twixt two grains of sand,—
We tars plough the ocean, while you plough the land.
For the produce of distant possessions we roam,—
You 're content to improve our possessions at home;
Thus man should to man, like a friend and a brother,
Prove the comfort, protector, and friend of each other.

Under life's heavy burden if any one groans,
And would mutiny—for in all hives there are drones,
Spare his life out of pity, but turn out the man,
A more bless'd constitution to find—if he can;
But let us, who, industrious, are willing to thrive,
Seek the sweets of creation, to nurture the hive;
Hail with rev'rence the earth as our natural mother,
That gives us to comfort and cherish each other.

By industrious exertions we both of us live;
We in England with stores of all countries arrive;
You freight us from England, our sails are unfurl'd,
And we bear our own produce to cherish the world.
Thus, whether we labour at sea or ashore,
Ev'ry man lends his mite to the general store;
And if Discord's fell brats in the cradle you'd smother,
Heart and hand be united, and cherish each other.

NOSES.

I forget what Sterne says in his Chapter of Noses,
With laughter to make our sides ache;
But I think, like Lavater, he aug'ring supposes
Good or ill from their shape and their make.
But I'll let both alone, with each skit or reflection,
As they spar or together agree;
And explain the effect, in my own recollection,
These same noses have had upon me.

Cock'd-up noses are pert, and some say not too civil;
Some have none, like a bear when a cub;
A fine stately nose may sometimes hide a devil,
And an angel may beam in a snub:
The flat nose, like a platter, is scarcely worth naming;
The sharp nose is a pretty good sort;
The mulberry nose, that like Bardolph's is flaming,
Makes one think of good claret and port.

Your fine Grecian nose, about which they so tease us,
Is admir'd; but from this some will swerve:—
For a nose should be beautiful, if it would please us,
And the true line of beauty's a curve.
The old Romans' hook'd noses were guards to their peepers,—
They therefore were men of renown;
For their sickle-like noses arm'd them all so like reapers,
They cut all their enemies down.

After all, a good nose is a generous feature,—
To the face gives an elegant air;
It lends grace to men, is the type of good-nature,
And is not much dislik'd by the fair.
But the mind is the thing: for though noses are hook'd,
Pale, ruby, depress'd, or elate,
As a razor as sharp, as a billhook as crook'd,
Never mind, so the heart is but straight.

THE CONCERT OF NATURE.

From the lark's playful notes in the morning,
To the nightingale's warble at eve,
What charms are the country adorning!
What joys we from Nature receive!
In her concert, though simple yet glowing,
Bird and beast bear a principal part;
While their harmony sweetly is flowing
To ev'ry recess of the heart.

Musicians are learnedly talking
Of the air, and of sixes, and thirds;
How much richer our music, while walking
To the air of the fields and the birds!
Music 's but imitation of nature:
Then be silent, each mimicking elf;
For while we admire ev'ry creature,
We listen to Nature herself.

THE SAILOR'S BRING-UP.

What chance, my face set to the weather,
That if so be as I
In life takes roughs and smooths together?
We all of us must die.

And, since each subject in the nation
One common lot must share,
What argufies consideration
Of how, or when, or where?
Then sport the grog, and laugh at sorrow!
Let ev'ry heart be sound;
Nor care a rope's-end, though to-morrow
We all are outward bound.

Just hear the chaplain's story, glowing
With all that's good and wise;
He swabs his bows, while tears are flowing—
The scuppers are his eyes.
He talks in terms to melt a lubber;
And then he'll preach and pray,
So moving, one could almost blubber;—
But that 's all in his way.
Come, sport the grog, &c.

Now, we 'd a chaplain, rum and jolly,
And holy, too, though free,
That said all grieving is a folly;
And said besides, says he,
'That tar, though he may love droll stories
Of fun, and gig, and sport,
In 's king, and wife, and friend who glories,
Will find in heav'n a port!'
Then sport the grog, &c.

A messmate now, should breakers catch him,
And gasping should he lay,
To whimper, or from death to snatch him,
Pray which is the best way?
No! lads: in spite of ev'ry railer,
Who succours all he can
Will prove not only the best sailor,
But, I say, the best man.
Then sport the grog, &c.

Mercy is nature in a tar,
And best becomes the brave;—
He 'll rush where death and danger jar,
And conquer but to save.
You'll hear from ev'ry one you meet
The blow on France we've hurl'd;—
They're drubb'd; we've nabb'd the Russian fleet,
And sav'd, perhaps, the world.
Then sport the grog, &c.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE BRAGANZAS.*

Ye Britons, rejoice! let thanksgiving prevail,
That the star of the despot begins to grow pale;
That the wrong'd Portuguese will their honour regain,
Once more the ally and the brother of Spain.
We can conquer a foe, our just rights to defend;
But we can do better—can succour a friend.
Thus the trumpet of Fame shall sound sweet to the brave;
For, though noble to vanquish, 'tis nobler to save.

* This song must have been written shortly after the convention of Cintra, Sept. 3, 1808. The events referred to are altogether of so remarkable a character, that we think we shall be pardoned, particularly by our younger readers, if we notice them at some length.

The circumstances which led to the flight of the royal family of Portugal to the Brazils, (for that is what is meant by 'The *Preservation* of the *Braganzas*,') were these. Napoleon, after an astonishingly rapid succession of victories over the Prussians, entered their capital on the 28th of October, 1806—only nineteen days after the commencement of hostilities between France and Prussia. It was here that he divulged his grand project for humiliating and enfeebling Great Britain, by endeavouring effectually to cripple its commerce. He accordingly, on the 19th of November, issued the celebrated Berlin Decree, declaring the British Islands to be in a state of blockade; and interdicting the whole world from holding any species of communication with them. On the 14th of October, 1807, Napoleon issued a second decree on the same subject; whereby he renounced all connection, whether political or commercial, with those continental powers which were at amity with England: he also threatened the Prince Regent of Portugal with dethronement. Three days afterwards, an army of 27,000 men, under Junot, commenced its march from Bayonne for Portugal, in order to compel that power to abide by the continental system which had been established: in consequence of which, the Prince Regent ordered all the ports in his dominions to be shut against the English. On the 27th of the same month, a secret treaty was also ratified at Fontainbleau, between France and Spain, whereby it was stipulated that an army of 20,000 men should immediately enter that country, and co-operate with the Spaniards in the conquest of Portugal; and on Nov. 14, Napoleon declared that the House of Braganza had for ever ceased to reign. The feeble government of Lisbon, menaced by France, and intimidated by England, was fearful of joining either of these powers, who were alike dissatisfied with its indecision. The French army, under Junot, at length advanced into her territory, and reached Abrantes, only sixty miles from the capital; the Portuguese government being ignorant of its approach, until they became aware of their alarming situation, by receiving the *Moniteur* newspaper, which had been conveyed to Lisbon by a vessel sent expressly by England to her Ambassador at that court. The consequence of this intelligence was, the projected flight of the royal family to the Brazils. The following particulars of this interesting event are from the official communications to the British government.

Extracts from the Despatch of Lord Viscount Strangford, his Majesty's Plenipotentiary at the, Court of Lisbon, to the Right Hon. Geo. Canning his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

His Majesty's ship Hibernia, off the Tagus,
Nov. 29, 1807.

Sir,—I have the honour of announcing to you that the Prince Regent of Portugal has effected the wise and magnanimous purpose of retiring from a kingdom which he could no longer retain, except as the vassal of France; and that his royal highness and family, accompanied by most of the ships of war, and by a multitude of his faithful subjects and adherents, have this day departed from Lisbon, and are now on their way to the Brazils, under an escort of a British fleet.

A decree was published yesterday, in which the Prince Regent announced his intention of retiring to the city of Rio Janeiro until the conclusion of a general peace, and of appointing a regency to transact the administration of government at Lisbon during his royal highness's absence from Europe.

This morning the Portuguese fleet left the Tagus. I had the honour to accompany the Prince in his passage over the bar. The fleet consisted of eight sail of the line, four large frigates, several armed brigs, sloops, and corvettes, and a number of Brazil ships, amounting, I believe, to thirty-six sail in the whole. They passed through the British squadron: and his Majesty's ships fired a salute of twenty-one guns, which was returned with an equal number. A more interesting spectacle than that afforded by the junction of the two fleets has been rarely beheld.

Only picture the fact;—A wrong'd nation of friends
To our honour appeals, on our courage depends:
We fly to their succour! our flag is unfurl'd,
And we guide a whole people to seek a new world:

We their kingdoms protect, clear from pirates their shore,
And in triumph again the same people restore!
Thus the trumpet of Fame shall sound sweet to the brave;
For though noble to conquer, 'tis nobler to save.

On quitting the Prince Regent's ship, I repaired on board the Hibernia; but returned immediately, accompanied by Sir Sidney Smith, whom I presented to the Prince, and who was received by his royal highness with the most marked and gracious condescension.

I have thought it expedient to lose no time in communicating to his Majesty's government the important intelligence contained in this despatch.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.
STRANGFORD.

Admiralty Office, Dec. 21, 1807.

Despatches, of which the following are extracts, were received at this office on Saturday last, by Captain Yeo, of his Majesty's sloop the Confiance, from Rear-Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith, addressed to the Hon. William Wellesley Pole.

His Majesty's ship Hibernia, 22 leagues west of the Tagus, Dec. 1, 1807.

Sir,—In a former despatch, dated the 22nd and 26th November, I conveyed to you, for the information of my lords commissioners of the Admiralty, the proofs contained in the various documents, of the Portuguese government being so much influenced by the terror of the French arms, as to have acquiesced to certain demands of France operating against Great Britain. The distribution of the Portuguese force was made wholly on the coast, while the land-side was left totally unguarded. British subjects of all descriptions were detained; and it therefore became necessary to inform the Portuguese government, that the case had arisen which required, in obedience to my instructions, that I should declare the Tagus in a state of blockade: and Lord Strangford agreeing with me that hostility should be met by hostility, the blockade was instituted, and the instructions we had received were acted upon to their fullest extent. Still, however, bearing in recollection the first object adopted by his Majesty's government, of opening a refuge for the head of the Portuguese government, menaced as it was by the powerful arms and baneful influence of the enemy, I thought it my duty to adopt the means open to us, of endeavouring to induce the Prince Regent of Portugal to reconsider his decision, 'to unite himself with the continent of Europe,' and to recollect that he had possessions on that of America, affording an ample balance for any sacrifice he might make here, and from which he would be cut off by the nature of maritime warfare, the termination of which could not be dictated by the combination of the continental powers of Europe.

In this view, Lord Strangford having received an acquiescence to the proposition which had been made by us, for his lordship to land and confer with the Prince Regent under the guarantee of a flag of truce, I furnished his lordship with that conveyance and security, in order that he might give to the prince that confidence which his word of honour as the King's plenipotentiary, united with that of a British admiral, could not fail to inspire towards inducing his royal highness to throw himself and his fleet into the arms of Great Britain, in perfect reliance on the king's overlooking a forced act of apparent hostility against his flag and subjects, and establishing his royal highness's government in his ultramarine possessions, as originally promised.

I have now the heartfelt satisfaction of announcing to you, that our hopes and expectations have been realized to the utmost extent. On the morning of the 29th ultimo, the Portuguese fleet came out of the Tagus with his royal highness the Prince of Brazil and the whole of the royal family of Braganza on board, together with many of his faithful counsellors and adherents, as well as other persons attached to his present fortunes. This fleet of eight sail of the line, four frigates, two brigs, and one schooner, with a crowd of large armed merchant ships, arranged itself under the protection of that of his Majesty, while the firing of a reciprocal salute of twenty-one guns announced the friendly meeting of those who but the day before were on terms of hostility; the scene impressing every beholder (except the French army on the hills) with the most lively emotions of gratitude to Providence, that there yet existed a power in the world able, as well as willing, to protect the oppressed.

I have transmitted a list of the Portuguese fleet that came out of the Tagus, which I received from the admiral commanding it when I went on board the Principe Reale to pay my visit of respect and congratulation to his royal highness the Prince of Brazil, who was embarked in that ship. I also enclose the list of those left behind. The absence of but one of the four is regretted by the Portuguese, (the Vasco de Gama,) she being under repair; her guns have been employed to arm the Freitas, 64, a new ship, and one of those which came out with the prince. The other three are mere hulks; and there is also one ship on the stocks, the Principe Regente, but she is only in frame.

The prince said every thing that the most cordial feelings of gratitude towards, and confidence in, his Majesty and the British nation, might be supposed to dictate.

I have by signal (for we have no other mode of communicating in this weather) directed Captain Moore in the Marlborough, with the London, Monarch, and Bedford, to stay by the body of the Portuguese fleet, and to render it every assistance: I keep in the Hibernia, close to the prince's ship.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.
W. SIDNEY SMITH.

It should be noticed, that the French took possession of Lisbon on the very day after the Prince Regent quitted it; and that the Portuguese fleet safely arrived at Rio Janeiro on the 27th of January, 1808.

Thus the kingdom of Portugal, as well as that of Spain, now became entirely subject to the will of Napoleon, who made Junot its governor. In a very short time, however, both of those nations grew heartily tired of the degrading situation in which they were placed, and of the oppressions which they had to endure. At length the inhabitants of both kingdoms had recourse to arms. On the 6th of June a French squadron of five ships of the line and one frigate was taken possession of by the Spaniards, in the harbour of Cadiz; the junta of Seville having formerly declared war against France. On the 16th of the same month a formidable insurrection of the Portuguese also broke out at Oporto, headed by the bishop of that city, which spread with such rapidity through the northern provinces of the kingdom, that they were speedily evacuated by the French troops.

The British government, encouraged by the spirit of resistance manifested both by the Spaniards and the Portuguese, promptly determined on sending out an expedition to their assistance; and on the 12th of July a body of about 10,000 men, under the command of the then Sir Arthur Wellesley, (now the Duke of Wellington,) set sail from Cork, and arrived at Corunna on the 20th. Finding, however, that the Spaniards were so powerful in that quarter as not to require assistance, he proceeded to Oporto: but as the Portuguese force in that district was also sufficiently strong to deter the French from making any attack, or, if made, effectually to repel them, he went on to confer with Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, who commanded off Lisbon, as to the practicability and prudence of forcing the entrance to the Tagus, and attacking the forts in the vicinity. Sir Arthur here received a letter from Gen. Spencer, who was then off Cadiz with about 6,000 men, stating that the junta of Seville declined to receive the aid of the British, as they felt themselves strong enough to expel the enemy without it. He therefore ordered Gen. Spencer and his troops to unite with his own, and resolved on attempting the total expulsion of the French from Portugal. Accordingly, having made himself acquainted with the strength and disposition of

Then from Arthur's round table, so famous for fights,
Let posterity sing of our true British knights,—
What exploits they've perform'd, and what victories won!
For Sir Arthur achiev'd what Sir Sidney begun!
Then our children, through time, as each hero they name,
Smith and Wellesley shall rank in the records of fame;
And that page in our annals shall best please the brave,
In which Heav'n gave us vict'ry a people to save.

FINALE.

All you who have light heels,
Dance to the pipe and tabor;
At country dances and at reels
Try how well you can labour.
The ploughshare, scythe, and flail,
Lay by till to-morrow:
Put round the humming ale,
And laugh away all sorrow;
Time with the minutes flies,—
Then care and trouble bury;
Though we should be merry and wise,
'Tis sometimes wise to be merry.

To-morrow's a new day,
That may some sorrow be bringing;
Then frolic and foot it away,
And spend this in dancing and singing.
Come, lads, we 've nothing to do
Than to be blithe and jolly;—
Thomas shall foot it to Sue,
And Hodge shall cross over to Molly.
Time with the minutes flies, &c.

the French army, he determined on landing his forces at Mondego Bay. Before the disembarkation, he received intelligence from the British government that a corps of 5,000 men, under General Anstruther, was proceeding to join him, and that 12,000 more, under Sir John Moore, would speedily follow. The troops having effected a landing, the advanced guard, on the 9th of August, marched forward on the road to Lisbon. On the 12th the army reached Leiria; and on the 15th the advanced guard came up with a party of the French at Obidos, and drove them in. On the 16th the army halted, and the general determined on attacking the enemy at Roleia on the following day. Their force amounted to about 6,000 men, of whom about 500 were cavalry, with five pieces of cannon. They were commanded by General Laborde; and there was reason to believe that General Loison, who, with his troops, was at Rio Major on the 16th, would join Laborde by his right in the course of the night. The plan of attack was arranged accordingly. An engagement ensued, and the enemy was defeated with a loss of about 1,500 men, and three pieces of cannon. On the 18th the British army moved to Lourinha, to protect the landing and effect the junction of the troops under General Anstruther; after which they resumed their march towards Lisbon. Junot, having been informed of the large reinforcement expected under Sir John Moore, determined to attack the British prior to its arrival. For this purpose, he left Lisbon, with nearly the whole of the forces under his command, and fell in with Sir Arthur at Vimeira on the morning of the 21st, when a hard-fought battle took place. The French, with fixed bayonets, attacked the British with their usual impetuosity: they were also met with the bayonet, and vigorously repulsed. They renewed their attacks again and again were as often driven back, and at last fled from the charge. In this battle the French lost thirteen pieces of cannon, twenty-three ammunition wagons, and about 3000 men, in killed, wounded, and missing. One general officer was killed, and another wounded and taken prisoner. The English loss amounted, in the whole, to nearly 1,000 men. Such was the result of the battle of Vimeira.

After the dispositions for the battle had been made, Sir H. Burrard arrived at the scene of action, but declined taking upon himself the command of the army. On the 22nd Sir Hew Dalrymple, who had been called from his situation of lieutenant-governor of Gibraltar to take the command of all the British troops sent out to Portugal, reached Cintra, the place to which the army had moved after the battle. Within a few hours after his arrival, a flag of truce came from Junot, proposing a cessation of hostilities, in order that a treaty might be entered into, by which the French should evacuate Portugal. The celebrated Convention of Cintra was then concluded, by which the French were allowed to retire from Portugal without further molestation. The terms were, that they should retain all their arms, baggage, horses, artillery, ammunition, &c.; that the English government, at its own expense, should provide transports for the conveyance of the whole to one of the ports between Rochefort and L'Orient; and that the French troops, on being landed, should be immediately empowered again to serve against the British.

After the expectations which had been raised by the news of the defeat of the French at the battle of Vimeira, this convention was in England considered disgraceful in the extreme. Violent debates on the subject took place in both houses of Parliament; and such was the dissatisfaction created throughout the country, that a court of inquiry was appointed by the government to investigate all the circumstances connected with so humiliating a treaty. The court met at Chealsea on the 17th of November; and the result was that Sir Hew Dalrymple was reprimanded.

Dibdin was certainly rather premature, in so soon assuming the tone of exultation by which the whole of this song is so strongly characterized. Portugal was, to use his own words, 'cleared from pirates' but for a very short period; for on March 12, 1809, it was again invaded by the French under Marshal Soult: and it took 'Sir Arthur' some years of excessive labour and vigilance, at the expense of much British blood and treasure, again to expel them. As to the 'restoration' of the Braganzas, Dibdin never lived to see it effected: indeed, it did not take place till nearly seven years after his death. The Portuguese royal family did not quit the Brazils till the year 1821; and never set foot in Portugal again till the 6th of July in that year, when they landed at Lisbon, after an absence of nearly fourteen years.

ODES, &c.

IN COMMEMORATION OF PUBLIC EVENTS.

Ode

IN HONOUR OF THE NUPTIALS OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

[Sung in April, 1795, after the entertainment of *Great News, or a Trip to the Antipodes.*]

DESCEND, and consecrate, ye sacred Nine,
The nuptial rites of George and Caroline!
Nor courted, nor invok'd; but wing your way,
Yourselves inspir'd, my mighty theme t'obey.
And first, sweet Polyhymnia, muse of sound,
Vibrate thy lyre; and while thou spread'st around,
Trembling ether sweetly filling
Thy rapt'rous airs, so soft, so thrilling,
Possess me! rule each sense at thy control!
Strain following strain,
Again and yet again!
Come! with thy melody entrance my longing soul.
In gliding measure charm to thee
The playful nymph, Terpsichore;
With ease, and grace, and look askance,
Her panting bosom burning,
As, twining, twisting, turning,
In winning guise she leads the mazy dance.

Now soft and soothing be thy strain,
To ease the fond Erato's pain;
Whisper, that in her realm no more
False, fickle love, shall she deplore.
Bid her behold, with glad surprise,
Her mistress in Love's tender arts;
A princess comes to bless our isle,
Whose form shall captivate all eyes,
And whose example fix all hearts!
Bid her the trembling tear to dry;
To dissipate the deep-heav'd sigh;
To smooth her low'ring brow, and smile,
And join, accompanied by thee,
The playful nymph, Terpsichore.

Now change the strain, and to thy spell
Mighty Calliope compel,
Displaying ample hist'ry's page;
Bid her Urania bring,
A virgin and a sage,
Who, skill'd in science' wondrous lore,
Can suns, and worlds, and heav'ns explore;
And a triumvirate to fill,
Bid Clio her celestial skill,
To aid the glorious purpose, join;
And, while the trumpet's silver notes proclaim
So great, so mighty, so august a name,
Bid them transmit to Fame those truths divine,
That speak the glory of the Brunswick line.

But hark! upon the ear what rustic strain
Cleaves the free air?—'Tis gay Euterpe's train!
That sylvan faun and hamadriade lead,
With horn, and flageolet, and oaten reed.
And first, the horn, whose mellow sound
Wakes Echo in the hollow rocks
T' inspire the fleet sagacious hound,
Where, to unearth the subtle fox,
The flageolet shall imitate
The feather'd songster, by his mate
Sequester'd in the conscious grove,
Impervious to all eyes but Love.

And now, as the lorn nightingale
Mourns sadly in the pensive vale,
Day's labour at an end,
Rustics the winding dance shall lead,
To the cadence of Euterpe's reed,
And mirth with sadness blend.

And thou, Melpomene, appear,
Whose woes find no relief,
Whose mind's best joy 's the social tear,
Whose luxury is grief.

Behold her!—dim each sorrowing eye—
But let the torrent flow;
Be hallow'd that sweet sympathy
That mourns for others' woe!

Nor thou, Thalia, gay and trim,
Skulk where behind thy mask thou'rt peeping;
Come forth, with frolic, wit, and whim;
Rouse sluggard Dullness, as he 's sleeping.

With honest gibe and moral jeer,
And humour, honour's cause adorning,
Come, dissipate thy sister's tear,
As cheers the sun an April morning.

Say, as her grief thou bid'st her dry—
Each passion 's virtue in its season—
That, as 'tis folly loud to cry,
So, laughing loud is sometimes reason.

Begone! disperse like air;
To blue Olympus fly;
There, plac'd on high,
As the celestials, in their roseate bow'rs,
Play with the smiles, and count the dancing hours,
Strike the loud spheres,
And charm their captur'd ears,
Proclaiming Caroline's unequall'd praise!
Her wisdom let Minerva fear;
Bid her who young Endymion embrac'd,
Blush, and resign the name of chaste;
Tell lovely Venus, and the dimpled Graces,
To yield to truth, and own,
All sweet, all beautiful as are their faces,
Her face perfection boasts alone.

All, while sitting in celestial state,
That which they cannot equal, bid them wonder at;
And, as your mandate they attend,
And from the silver clouds astonish'd bend,
Bid them behold, with a benignant smile,
The rapture that pervades Great Britain's happy isle.
Fir'd with my theme, thus gave I nature law,
Will'd at a wish, and what I fancied saw:—

Gods in troops attending,
Well pleas'd from high Olympus bending;
While sportive Nereides gayly gave
The splendid yacht to Neptune's wave.
I heard old Jove by Styx declare
He ne'er saw mortal half so fair;
While Juno own'd he'd ne'er known strife,
Could she like her, have prov'd a wife:
Minerva said, proud to extol her,
She'd always been her aptest scholar:
Again her mirror, and again,
Venus regarded, but in vain;
Then rubb'd the surface—'twas not right,—
And rubb'd, and rubb'd,
And rubb'd, and rubb'd,—
At last she broke it, out of spite.
One call'd for nectar—'Go and sip,'
Cried Hebe, 'nectar from her lip;'
Mars proudly said he saw a race
Of future heroes in her face;
While rough-hewn Neptune, smiling, swore
Ne'er had his billows borne, before,
A lovelier Venus to a happier shore;—
And truly Ocean swore! scarce smil'd the fair,
To thank Old Neptune for his anxious care,
But troops of bards burst forth in one fond lay,—
For light is light, and day we still call day;
And as the obvious truth fell from each tongue,
By each proud heart inspir'd they felt and sung—

Hail, lovely wonder! honour's meed!
Rule ev'ry heart that virtue prizes;
Eclipse each fair, as stars recede
When from old Ocean Venus rises.

Haste with sacred love and truth,
Grace smiling, Hymen's bless'd communion!
Haste, and reward the only youth
Whose virtues mer t such a union.

See pictured in her face her mind,
Beauty and goodness ne'er asunder;
While Envy now, no longer blind,
Grows kindness, and subsides to wonder.

Roses bloom beneath her feet;
Cupids for a smile implore her;
While Zephyr steals a kiss so sweet,
It perfumes all the way before her.

Mute Admiration, that had hush'd the crowd,
Yielded to acclamations warm and loud;
For lo! a sight that ever shall impart
Strongest emotions to each British heart!
Scarce had the Princess, on the peopled strand,
Admir'd the beauty of fair Freedom's land,
When in majestic grandeur stood reveal'd,
Bright as her crest, refulgent as her shield,
Britannia! with a tender zeal impress'd,
As tutelary guardian of her lovely guest!
And, oh! ineffable was the angelic smile
That bid the glorious stranger welcome to her isle!
Nor ended there
Those shouts that rent the air;
For as distinction's honours on the way
Still courted some solicitous delay,
Their longing eyes pursu'd the splendid train,
Nor lost them till they reach'd fair Hymen's fane,
Whom they address'd in fervent prayer—

Sacred Hymen! on this night
Thy torch with fire celestial light;
And in thy smiling crown of flow'rs
Symbol this pair's delicious hours.

Let Flora's rose the wreath adorn,
Depriv'd of each intruding thorn;
Let the fond heliotrope be there,
And Venus' myrtle fresh and fair.
Sacred Hymen, &c.

Mars for his laurel next invoke,
And blend it with the civic oak:
So, bliss, fame, constancy, shall prove
Their lot bestow'd by thee and Love.
Sacred Hymen, &c.

And let me pause, ye pow'rs! or let me claim
Than inspiration some superior name:
Give me to speak the force of ev'ry grace
Perfection e'er bestow'd on form and face;
With all the gifts concentred in the mind,
When gods their essence blend with human kind.
So my strong zeal shall disappoint despair;
So shall I sing the worth of this illustrious pair;
So shall I paint, in conflict tender,
As fear and joy alternate strove,
That form that bid her heart surrender,
While burning blushes spoke her love:

Not Sol, that Belvidere delighted,
Nor yet Alcides of Farnese,
A form more perfect, that united
Superior strength with nobler ease.
Nor shall my glowing mind its ardour cease,
Till, as I paint, their happiness increase.
In willing numbers, no less warm than true,
I lay futurity to open view;
And, while a people join in loud acclaim,
Tell to the universe the prophecy of Fame:—
Long on this isle the solar ray,
Benignant eye of fav'ring Heav'n,
Shall beam, to consecrate the day
That saw a Brunswick to a Brunswick giv'n.
Swell, ev'ry voice!—beat, ev'ry heart!
All in the gen'ral bliss bear part—
While the loud trumpet's notes proclaim
Fate's fiat by the mouth of Fame.
In other states, while will and pow'r,
That strut, the pageant of an hour,
Treason destroys, and time absorbs,—
Like circling planets in their orbs,
Here shall a happy people's joys
Revolve in one grand equipoise;
While time and virtue shall endure,
Their honour safe, their rights secure;
Confirm'd to this bless'd race alone,
England's hereditary throne!

From Datchet Mead; or, the Fairy Court.

[Dibdin wrote this little piece in honour of the nuptials of the then Princess Royal and the Hereditary Prince of Wirtemberg, and entitled it a Serenata. He performed it at the theatre in Leicester Place. He had concluded his usual season, but re-opened for the purpose of presenting this piece to the public. He reduced his entertainment of the season, *The General Election*, to two acts, and wrote an interlude called *Mæcenas the Second*, by way of prelude to the piece that follows. We give the words entire.]

Bright gleam'd the moon! Zephyr, in am'rous gale,
Breathed perfume o'er Datchet's charming vale,
Where Windsor's turrets kiss the ample sky,
Shrowding from mortal sight that family
So dear to ev'ry British heart,—who prove
To honour dear, to goodness, and to love;
When fairy Mab, virtue and truth her care,
Blessings to show'r upon the royal pair
Ere morn should summon them to Hymen's fane,
Thus from their lurking-places call'd her train.

'Elfin Filma, hither trip—
Leave those acorns, whence ye sip
Drops of rich nectareous dew;
Leave those flow'rs of roseate hue,
That bloom in yon impervious glade,
For fairy elves to form a shade,
Where, thick as clust'ring bees on wing,
They sit around in mystic ring,
Still feasting on some tiny berry,
Titt'ring, frisking, making merry.

'Mote and Umbra, come away,
From where you've kept since break of day,
Like sentinels, your faithful watch,
From the waning moon to catch
Crystal drops of precious use,
O'er mortal eyelids to diffuse
A stupor dull and melancholic;
While you play, and frisk, and frolic,
Through gimlet-hole and crevice peeping,
And quaintly tease them while they're sleeping.'

Her fiat heard, in crowds the fairy band,
Like thought or lightning, came at her command,—
When thus her royal train the queen address'd:—
'To-morrow's dawn shall see a nation bless'd,
When of a prince to the expecting arms
Great George shall yield his royal daughter's charms!
Say, fairies, what perfection have ye wrought?
What to add beauty still to beauty brought?'

'I've brought the petals of a rose,
The thistle's down so fair;
To match her cheeks so healthful those,
And these her silver hair.'

'I've coral brought, in which to set
Those orient pearls, her teeth;'
'And I a sprig of mignionette,
Less fragrant than her breath.'

'One of those spirits, in my road,
All virtues that confer,
I met, and ask'd him for his load;—
He gave it me for her.'

'I of that sprite to sons of earth
That spreads delight around,
Have brought the store; for so should worth
With happiness be crown'd.'

'That's well, my sprightly elves! I laud your zeal,
Loyal, though useless, wishing as ye feel.
Can snow be purified? can earth reach heav'n?
Can to what's perfect be perfection giv'n?
No! all these gracious charms and gifts, and more,
The bounteous Gods provided her before:
But see where comes the laughter-loving Fub,
The fairy Momus!—Well, you chuckling cub!
What news with you? and why, my merry mate,
When call'd by me, are you return'd so late?'

'Return'd so late? rather, so soon;—
Oh! what a jaunt! Why, I've been to the moon!
I own I was tempted to make a short stay,
A syllabub to sip at the milky way:
With the Virgin in the signs I of tea took a dish,
Eat rumpsteaks off the Bull, and drank tea with the Fish.

[Away I went, spanking through all the constellations; till, being almost overtipp'd in the Balance, having saluted the Lion, danc'd with the Bear, kicked up a riot in the Seven Stars, and alarmed the Great Dog by setting fire to an Aurora Borealis—]

With my nutshell gig, and my pony flies,
Like a cit on a Sunday I dash'd through the skies,
I call'd at Mount Ida, where, 'midst flats and sharps,
The Muses were tuning and tinkling their harps;
And Phœbus, as stately through ether he rode,
On the joyful occasion was writing an ode;
Then an epithalamium rang in my ears,
The choruses join'd by the band of the spheres.

[Oh! such a crash! you never saw such fun in your life! The Fixed Stars were so shooting about! the Comets so jigging their tails! and as to the Planets, why they were all dancing the hays, trying all they could to eclipse one another; and then, for the Loves and the Graces—why, you would have sworn they were going to be married themselves—they were so happy. So, you see, when I had amused myself a little at the sight—]

With my nutshell gig, and my pony flies,
Like a cit on a Sunday I dash'd through the skies.

Then the Gods on Olympus how they did carouse!
Mars swore he'd protect the illustrious house;
On which to confer sacred honours and love,
Jove promis'd his Eagle, and Venus her Dove.
Mirth, whim, joy, and pleasure were all their employ;
And for Bacchus—he fairly got tipsy for joy!

[So I took a sup of nectar with them, to the health and happiness of the royal bride and bridegroom; then I whisked away, and went—Oh, Lord! it is impossible to tell you where I went;—but this I can tell you, that all the universe is delighted upon the happy occasion. So, hearing your dear little shrill pipe, and determined to get back as fast as possible—]

With my nutshell gig, and my pony flies,
Like a cit on a Sunday I dash'd through the skies.

Now haste, for morn comes on—your stations take,
And bid each Briton with new pleasure wake;
Electric joy let each to each impart,
While pride and pleasure speak the honest heart.
Meanwhile I bring, to swell the loyal stream,
Fit artists to describe th' exalted theme,
Which, while delight and admiration spring,
All know to feel, and all delight to sing.

Shepherds! bring the oaten reed,—
The pipe and tabor bring;
Ye pleasures! to the altar lead
The daughter of a King,
Who honour on a prince confers,
Already dear to Fame;
Her wishes his, his pleasures hers,
Their wedded hearts the same.
Sound the trumpet loud,
Bid the minstrels play,
While a willing people round her crowd,
As they approach the nuptial bow'r,
Invoking each auspicious pow'r
To bless and to befriend her;
'Hark!' they exclaim, rending the air,
'O listen to our fervent pray'r,—
May ev'ry bliss attend her!'

Graces! bring the dulcet flute;
The mellow clarion bring,
The tinkling harp, the tender lute,
The lovely theme to sing:
In some sweet strain that ardour moves,
Now paint her form and face,
Till Venus, and the laughing Loves,
Praise her superior grace.
Sound the trumpet, &c.

Sages! bring the sacred lyre;
The corded magic bring,
The graces that her mind inspire
So fitly form'd to sing:
And while in concert as you join,
Propitious pow'rs to laud,
May Phœbus and the tuneful Nine
Fair Wisdom's strain applaud.
Sound the trumpet, &c.

Cecilia next, to bear thy part
In the sacred theme we sing,
To portray the goodness of her heart,
The solemn organ bring;
And, as the senses wing their flight
To the realms of bliss above,
Like her, whose worth's our best delight,
Inspire celestial love.
Sound the trumpet, &c.

The world's awake! each sense imbibes delight!
Sweet to the ear, and glorious to the sight,
Shall be the joy and splendour of this day!
In mirth and pleasure shall it wear away;
While hearts and voices in the loyal sport
Shall join the revels of the fairy court.

The fairy flute, with tiny voice,
Shall rouse a people to rejoise!
Come on! come on! with heart and voice
Let loyal Britons now rejoice!
The myrtle and the laurel bring,
And mingle in the mystic ring,
Which to this wedding's joy shall tend,
Circling to flow and never end:
Myrtle and laurel garlands bring,
While merry bells shall sweetly ring,
And drums shall beat, and trumpets play,
And acclamations rend the air,
That Fate may listen to the pray'r
Of a people loyal, heart and voice,—
Be blessings shower'd on this auspicious day!

A Thanksgiving.

FOR THE NATIONAL JUBILEE, OCTOBER 25, 1809.

[Sung after the entertainment of *The Rent Day*, in 1809.]

THE grateful thanks that Britons pay,
O, Heav'n! vouchsafe to hear:
Now mighty George begins, this day,
His fiftieth regal year.
This loyal praise shall latest times
Record, with one consent,
That to the Throne Almighty climbs
With general content.

The theme is not the loss or gain
Sustain'd, that Britons sing:
The pleasure is, that such a reign
Was grac'd by such a King;
And had our ills been more unkind,
More hard, of greater length,
Where had been found a kingly mind
So good, or of such strength?

Thus, of more happiness are we
Than all the world possess'd:
While we've our isle, and rule the sea,
Did others rule the rest,
Still should we hold a larger space
On the terrestrial globe;
Which loyal Britons shall embrace,
Like an imperial robe.

Then let us one and all obey,
As we to truth submit!—
He who on Britain frowns to-day
This happy land should quit;
Nor, while our loyal hearts rejoice,
Should discontentment lour:
Banish'd be he, whose treas'nous voice
Disturbs this happy hour!

Hail, hail, the land that gave us birth!
Here Heav'n its blessings show'rs!
Where is the nation on the earth
So great, so safe, as ours?
Hence, then, all murmurs; hence dispute:
Let no one voice be heard,
That dares the sacred theme pollute
With e'en a single word.

If to our marts the wond'ring world
Brings still increasing store;
By vict'ry if our flag 's unfurl'd,
What churl dare ask for more?
No: let us bow this day to Heav'n,
Thanksgivings loud to sing;
In mercy that this land has giv'n
A great, a Christian King.

O! may he live to heal our woes;
And may his precepts rest,
Long, long, beyond frail nature's close,
Within each grateful breast!
And when of England's Kings men speak,
In angel strains be heard
Shall sweet Religion, mild and meek,
Preferring George the Third.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Songs written during the Author's Sojourn in France.

I MADE A PROMISE TO BE WISE.

I MADE a promise to be wise,
But 'twas a promise out of season;
So much so, that I'm sure he lies
Who says he always follows Reason.

I soon grew tir'd of Wisdom's dream,
And, turning from pale Melancholy,
Fell on the opposite extreme:
But I at last grew tired of Folly.

Thus sep'rate, what was next to do?
Perhaps 'twould keep them to their tether
If I could work upon these two,
To live in harmony together.

After, of course, a little strife,
'Twas settled, without further pother,
One should be treated as a wife,
And only as a mistress t'other.

Her portion of my joys and cares
Now each, by my appointment, measures:
Reason conducts all my affairs,
And Folly manages my pleasures.

FAR FROM STRIFE.

Far from strife and love's alarms,
With joyous heart and mind at ease,
Time was, when, with resistless charms,
Bacchus knew the way to please.

When, while the merry glee went round,
Gaily I saw each minute pass;
Nor had I ever heard a sound
Like the sweet tinkling of the glass.

My flask now broke, and spill'd my wine,
For Cupid, Bacchus' joys I quit:
The myrtle kills the blighted vine,
And Love, turn'd Fate, cries out—'Submit.'

Glee.

WE, ON THE PRESENT HOUR RELYING.

We, on the present hour relying,
Think not of future nor of past,
But seize each moment as 'tis flying,—
Perhaps the next may be our last!
Perhaps old Charon, in his wherry,
This moment waits to waft us o'er;—
Then charge your glasses, and be merry,
For fear we ne'er should charge them more.

With brow austere, and head reclining,
Let envy, age, and haggard care
Grow sour, and, at our joy repining
Blame pleasures which they cannot share.
Put round the glasses, and be jolly,
In spite of all such idle stuff;—
Whether 'tis wisdom or 'tis folly,
'Tis pleasure, boys—and that's enough!

IN WHICH OF ALL THY VARIOUS JOYS.

In which of all thy various joys
The tongue of Fame so much employs,
Didst thou best taste—say, mighty Jove,
The pure unmix'd delights of love?
Not with Europa;—there recourse
Thou boldly hadst to brutal force:
Her wishes took with thee no part,—
She gave her person, not her heart.

Not with the beauteous Theban dame,
When thou assum'dst her husband's name:
For, though ingenious was the whim,
She knew not thee, but thought of him.
Not then, when, in a glittering show'r,
Thou visit'dst Danae in the bow'r:
The gold prevail'd, 'tis true, and she
Yielded to int'rest, not to thee.

Nor Semele, whom to obey
Thou cam'st in terrible array:
She, proud one, yielded not to love,
But to ambition, and to Jove.
No: 'twas Mnemosyne, sweet fair!
Thy joys, indeed, were perfect there:
Joys hadst thou not no bard had sung?
For thence th' immortal sisters sprung.

DEVOTED TO CELIA.

Devoted to Celia, and bless'd in her arms,
How I thrill'd with delight as I ran o'er her charms:
When methought on each grace, as I gaz'd with surprise,
For pre-eminence pleaded her mouth and her eyes;
Like counsel this open'd, and t'other replied,
Appealing to me, as the judge, to decide.

Her mouth, op'ning sweetly, thus said with a smile—
''Tis I who the torments of lovers beguile;
I can speak, I can sing, I can vent the fond sigh,
And vain may eyes promise, if I should deny;
Then while rows of pearls vermiel lips sweetly hide,
On our different charms 'twere not hard to decide.'

With ineffable sweetness, while looking me through,
Her eyes careless cried—'Why I can speak too!
And in such charming language, so made to control,
That of sensible lovers it goes to the soul:
Mouths may fib; but while eyes to the heart are the guide,
Twere no difficult task on our charms to decide.'

Transported with rapture, I cried with an oath,
'Charming eyes! charming mouth! I'm in love with you both:
To express your sweet influence no language has terms,—
One makes me a promise, which t'other confirms:
Your words and your looks are my joy and my pride!
On your diff'rent claims then how can I decide?'

THE CURSE OF GOLD.

Curs'd be the sordid wretch of yore,
Who from the bowels of the earth
First drew crude heaps of shining ore,
Stamped the rude mass, and gave it worth:
Ere yet distinctions and degrees
In lovers' wishes bore a part,
Truly to love was then to please,
And heart was made the price of heart.

Henceforth, ye lovers, nothing hope,—
Your fire is dead, your ardour cold!
Love has no influence, pow'r, or scope,
But that which it derives from gold.
Long may you languish, long expect,
Vows lavish, wishes, sighs employ,
A brittle temple to erect,
Which gold can in an hour destroy.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

Propitious gods, that rule our fate,
Whose ears are tir'd with idle pray'rs,
To banish ills that men create,
And chase imaginary cares:
And first they ask, in rank and pow'r,
A fate from ev'ry care exempt:
Vain hope!—ambition lasts its hour,
Then dwindles into just contempt.

Next, reputation in the field,
Renown, and to be great in story:—
I all such horrid honours yield—
No brother's blood shall buy my glory.
A sumptuous palace, gorgeous board,
A train of followers, next they crave:
Poor fool! his guests retir'd, the lord
Is but a solitary slave.

Next to their mem'ries they'd erect
A statue, lasting fame to give:—
I ask but reason, and expect
My little pleasures while I live.
Happy in honours, power, wealth,
If you but grant my fond desire—
A blameless heart, unshaken health,
My friends, my bottle, and my lyre!

SUCH LOVE AS HOLY HERMITS BEAR.

Such love as holy hermits bear
The shrine where they put up their pray'r,
As love the feather'd race the air,
Or sportive fish the sea—
Such as in breasts of seraphs spring,
When on th' expanse of heav'n they wing,
To greet that Power by whom they sing,—
Such love I bear to thee!

Such thankful love as warm must glow
In those who, sunk in night and snow,
When welcome beams first faintly show
The long-lost sun they see—
As pleasure Youth, comfort the old,
Virtue the good, or fame the bold,
As health the sick, or misers gold,—
Such love I bear to thee?

AN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

'Cupid,' cried Vulcan, "'tis no jest,—
I'll forge thy darts no longer, boy!
I cannot get a moment's rest,
Thy folly gives me such employ.
Not against Pallas—no, nor Mars—
My worn-out patience so revolts,
To furnish arms for all their wars—
Nor e'en to forge Jove's thunderbolts;
'Their conscience is in their demands:
But thou wouldst tire me out, in sooth,
Had I Briareus' hundred hands—'
Cries Cupid—'Dad, wilt hear the truth?
The darts thou mak'st so blunt are found,
Scarce do I draw my bow at men,
But instantly heals up the wound,
And all my work 's to do again.

'Vainly I lavish heaps of darts,
And empty quiver after quiver;
Which while they guard their well-arm'd hearts,
These lovers into atoms shiver.
Find out some surer temper new—
So shall, like Jove's resistless fiat,
My power grow fix'd as fate—and you
Will henceforth live a little quiet.'

Old Mulciber began the work—
Forg'd dart the first—Quoth Love, 'Let's see!'
Then pois'd his bow, and with a jerk
He made his *coup-d'essai* on me.
The stroke had pow'r each wav'ring trace
Of folly from my mind to sever;
And now, I feel, one lovely face
Has fix'd my willing heart for ever.

Glee—BACCHUS, COME.

Bacchus, come, thy vot'ry own me,—
'Tis said that thou all cares canst end;
A perjur'd fair has basely flown me,
Fled with a false perfidious friend.

Let 's drink!—'Tis true: my sorrows pass;
New joys exhilarate my soul;—
I find a friend in ev'ry glass,
And a kind mistress in the bowl.

Catch—HERE LIES A PHILOSOPHER.

Here lies a philosopher, knowing and brave,
From whom Madame Nature ne'er hid the least wonder;
Who, looking to heav'n, tumbled into his grave,
And disdain'd that same earth which he rotting lies under.

[The following six Songs were written for *The Quaker*, but are not always used on the stage.]

I SAID TO MYSELF.

I said to myself, 'Now, Floretta,' says I,
'Supposing the case were your own,—
Would you not be the first ev'ry method to try,
To get rid of this canting old drone?

British War Songs.

[In 1803, Dibdin was engaged by the government to write a series of songs, to keep up the national feeling against the French. He sang them in turns in the entainment called *Britons Strike Home*, and published them under the title of '*British War Songs*.' The series consisted of but five, his engagement ceasing with the war he thus assisted in bringing to a glorious close. The set consisted of—

No. 1.—*Fall or Conquer;* a Parody on Bruce's Address to the Scots, the Words by a gentleman, and the Music by Dibdin, as he states; but he can only mean that he arranged the Music of Burns's celebrated poem for his own use.
No. 2.—*The British Heroes.*
No. 3.—*A Song of Death.*
No. 4.—*The Soldier's Oath of Allegiance.*
No. 5.—*The Song of Acre.*

The words of No. 1. not being Dibdin's, cannot properly have a place in this work. No. II., *The British Heroes*, we have printed among the songs of *Britons Strike Home*, presuming, from finding it so printed in the author's published book of the words, that he sang it on every night of representation; and the other three are the songs that follow.]

A SONG OF DEATH.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now bright with the broad setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
Our race of existence is run:

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave,—
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou for the brave.

Thou strik'st the poor peasant: he sinks in the dark,
Nor leaves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save,
Whilst victory shines on life's last-ebbing sands,
Oh! who would not die with the brave?

THE SOLDIER'S OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

The standard of Freedom 's display'd:
Ye Britons, your all is at stake;
Then sacredly, under its shade,
The firm oath of allegiance take.
While angels strong zeal shall impart,
Let these words through the ranks loudly ring:
'I swear—and may Heav'n judge my heart,—
To fight for my country and king!'

By the shades of those heroes of old,
While inspiring the deeds of the brave,
With benignity now that behold
This struggle our country to save,
In their glorious career to take part,
So that fame my achievements may sing,—
I swear—and may Heav'n judge my heart,—
To fight for my country and king!'

For those friends that commend me, and sigh,—
Those dear comforts, my children and wife,—
And every relative tie
That invig'rates the springs of my life;—
In a word, that our deeds may impart
Those joys peace and liberty bring;—
'I swear—and may Heav'n judge my heart,—
To fight for my country and king!'

THE SONG OF ACRE.

Acre! thou saw'st th' exulting foe
In fancied triumphs crown'd;
Thou heard'st their frantic leader throw
These vaunting taunts around:—
'Make now your choice—the terms we give,—
Desponding victims hear!
These fetters on your hands receive,
Or in your hearts the spear.

'And is the conflict o'er?' we cried;
'And lie we at your feet?
And dar'st thou, Corsican, decide
The contest we dare meet?
A brighter day we soon shall see,
Though now the prospect lours;
And conquest, peace, and victory,
Shall gild our future hours!'

The foe advanc'd:—in firm array
Stood Britain's chosen band,
And gallant Sidney led the way
O'er Syria's smoking sand.
Then as they writh'd in death's cold grasp,—
We cried—'Our choice is made:
Our hands the sabre's hilt shall grasp,—
Your hearts shall have the blade!'

Written for the New Belle Assemblée,

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

DURING THE YEARS 1811—1812.

LIFE'S WEATHER-GUAGE.

I'm for Tom Tiller's golden maxim,
Who studies life in ev'ry stage:
He'll tell you plainly, if you axe him,
Content 's this life's best weather-guage.
I own Tom had but little learning,
Such as you flats pick up at school:
Yet is he cunning and discerning;
And though no conj'rer, Tom 's no fool.

'A tar,' cried Tom, 'to peace a stranger,
'Fore Fortune's tempest cuts and drives.
No single moment free from danger,—
The same as ev'ry man that lives:

In toil and peril he his part takes,
Stands fire, and hurricane, and shot;
He has his qualms, his headaches, heartaches;—
And where 's the lubber that has not?

'The gold he gets does good to others,
Though he at random lets it fly;
For, as mankind are all his brothers,
He keeps it in the family:
Hair-breadth escapes each hour he weathers,—
No moment he can call his own;
And thus are men put to their tethers,
Up from the cottage to the throne

'The thing is this;—in ev'ry station
We 're born for pleasure and for trouble;
And if you strike to each vexation,
Good Hope's true Cape you'll never double:
But take the good and evil cheerly,
And sum up creditor and debtor;—
If in this world they use you queerly,
Be honest, and you'll find a better.'

ALL WEATHERS.

We came into this world to know trouble and pleasure,
All as one as tars venture to sea;
Where of all life's vagaries we taste the full measure,
And sometimes come off by the lee.
Now lashing the helm, we scarce feel any motion!
Now drifting like cork 'fore the wind;
But the perils and joys both on land and the ocean,
Are the calms and the storms of the mind.

Life's winds are the passions: through these as we 're steering,
Though at odds, you must make them agree:
Thus the port you are bound to you soon will be nearing,
And that 's the true maxim at sea.
When we want to bring up in some giv'n destination,
And the wind from the shore kicks us back,
By gentle degrees, to get into our station,
We traverse and try on a tack.

To guard against elements, crying and wailing
May do for dissatisfied elves;
But those who would over life 's ills be prevailing,
Must lend a stout lift for themselves;
If a piercing north-easter at Christmas is sudden,
And chills us with terror and fear,
We ward it all off with roast-beef and plum-pudding,
And plenty of generous cheer.

But when spring brings on summer, cold blasts no more pester,
And March gales are all blown away,
The wind chops about, and an April's south-wester
Brings forward the flowers of May.
Then blow, my good breeze; set each face to the weather:
Be the gale either temp'rate or rough,
Content 's our sheet-anchor; we 're met here together,
And we taste of life's comforts enough.

FRIENDSHIP PUT TO THE TEST.

[A narrative of an incident that occurred with the Barfleur man-of-war.

The courage of true British tars
Gives their country a glorious name:
If they float, they are famous in wars,—
If they sink, they are floating in fame.
Two sailors aboard the Barfleur—
One Tom Tough, and Jack Lifeboat the other—
Were accustom'd hard toils to endure,
And to each be a friend and a brother.

Tom was plac'd on the top on a search—
None to look more cunning than he,
When a wave gave the ship a lee lurch,
And tumbled him into the sea.
'All hands, and out boats!' was the cry;
Ropes were thrown, ev'ry tar tried to save him;
But in vain ev'ry art did they ply,—
No effectual assistance they gave him.

Jack Lifeboat, by energy drawn,
Watch'd lest poor Tom's suff'rings should end;
When Tom, his spent breath almost gone,
Most piteously look'd at his friend:
The glance all Jack's timbers soon shook,
And he cried, while he mock'd at the weather,
'By heav'n! Tom, I can't bear that look—
Thou shalt live, or we'll perish together!'

In a moment see Jack by Tom's side—
Fresh boats their wish'd safety insure;
While the sailors sing out, with true pride,
'By this action shall live the Barfleur!'
What more anxious attention could draw?—
On the deck, by Jack Lifeboat Tom stands;
And the world such a scene never saw,
As these true and tried friends shaking hands!

CONVERSATION BETWEEN MALPLAQUET AND HOCKSTEL, THE OLD PENSIONERS, ON OUR RECENT SUCCESS.

[The battle of Barossa, in which General Graham so much distinguished himself, is particularly alluded to in this song. It took place on the 5th of March, 1811, when Marshal Victor was defeated, with the loss of 3000 men: that of the British was 1169 in killed and wounded.]

'Why, Neighbour Malplaquet! these deeds of renown
Are enough to revive our old blood;
But I've not heard the rights on't—you've just come from town,
And have better the thing understood:

By what I can learn, noble Graham, so brave,
Made the French first our bayonets feel;
His words were,—"My lads, you your powder may save,
But let 'em have plenty of steel."'

'Master Hockstel, I'll tell you: the Frenchmen, you know,
Would fain make the world understand,
That though we at sea prove a pretty tight foe,
Yet we never can beat them on land.
All the world knows they're liars: to this last affair
For the truth we may boldly appeal,
And prove British troops, though their powder they spare,
Can treat 'em with plenty of steel.

'Bold Wellington finish'd what Graham began,
Whose words and whose actions accord:
He said he would conquer!—and Graham's a man
That 's always as good as his word.
So Wellington came, a man equally brave,
His duty who nobly can feel;
Says he, "My good lads, you your powder may save,
But give it 'em home with your steel."

'The Frenchmen, whose brags British troops laugh to scorn,
And who none but an idiot believes,
In this bus'ness a conduct so savage have borne,
They have prov'd they're a nation of thieves:
No wanton excess did the cowards forbear,
Nor a spark of humanity feel;
So our soldiers were order'd their powder to spare,
But to treat them with plenty of steel.

Then let them decamp, in a panic-struck flight,—
We'll beat 'em again and again;
And while Graham and Wellington put 'em to flight,
Some settle the bus'ness of Spain:
And the brave Portuguese, now our Regent's kind care,—
Who compassion so nobly can feel,—
Let them, taught by our tactics their powder to spare,
But give the French plenty of steel!'

JACK'S ALIVE.

Sweet Nancy Nouse and Jack Jibboom
Had long been man and wife;
And Envy's self could find no room
To blame their happy life.
Each girl who would a husband find,
Each tar who fain would wive,
These words would always bear in mind,—
'Nan 's bless'd—for Jack 's alive!

One Pest, a knowing and false friend,
When Jack was out at sea,
Laid siege to Nancy to no end,—
For a true wife was she:
He teas'd her with each doubt and fear,
That his vile suit might thrive;
Yet Hope still whisper'd in her ear,
'Tis false,—for Jack 's alive!'

He kept Jack's letters back—forg'd news,
Her virtue to ensnare,
And did her patient ear abuse,
To drive her to despair:
He swore Jack had fallen overboard,
And never would arrive;
When a hoarse voice like thunder roar'd,—
'You lie, friend—Jack 's alive!'

'Twas Jack!—he chas'd all her alarms;
He kick'd Pest down the stairs;
Then hast'ning to her longing arms,
He banish'd all her cares:
His children to his heart he press'd,
Bid Joy again revive;
While Nancy cried—'I'm truly bless'd,—
Thank Heav'n! my Jack 's alive!'

FRENCH CRUELTY AND BRITISH GENEROSITY.

[This song was written in the summer of 1811, after the French army, under Massena, had been driven from Portugal into Spain; which was the termination of the third campaign undertaken by Napoleon against Portugal, for the purpose of expelling the adherents of the house of Braganza. The repeated rapacities of the French had created such severe distress among the Portuguese, that the British Parliament, on the 5th of May in that year, voted £100,000 for their relief; and public subscriptions, which produced a very large additional sum, were set on foot throughout England for the same laudable object. The battle Dibdin alludes to, in which Marshal Sir W. C. Beresford commanded the British army, was fought at Albuera, on the 16th of May. The attack was made by the French, under Marshal Soult, who were repulsed with the loss of 9,000 men. The British loss, however, amounted to about 5,000 men; and that of the Spaniards and Portuguese, who were allied with them, to nearly the same number.]

What period of glory shall Englishmen sing,
Their country to laud, and to honour their King?
What more noble than this, when, on each coming morn,
New motives for proud exultation are born?
When the cannon's loud sound admiration begets,
And the press willing teems with Gazettes on Gazettes,
Spreading widely the contrast, all envy to quench,
'Twixt the generous Britons and barbarous French.

The great and the various proofs that our name
Ev'ry day is diffus'd on the broad wings of Fame,
Is so known and acknowledg'd, that one recent trait
The essence of all our exploits may convey:
The despatches of Beresford hold out a gleam
Which may serve to expatiate well on the theme;
Who, utt'ring strong truths, envy's rancour to quench,
Paints the generous Britons and barbarous French.

As one proof of our brav'ry, he tells you to note
An act through the world which for ever shall float;

The brave fifty-seventh,* who in flight stood the brunt,
Fell in ranks, as they'd fought, their wounds all in front;—
So the matrons of Greece own'd their sons acted well,
If no mark of dishonour appear'd when they fell:
And this serves to show, ev'ry envy to quench,
Our brav'ry, compar'd with the dastardly French.

But, to sum up the praise on our valour that show'rs,
Let mankind fairly look at their conduct and ours:
When, panic-struck, they from our troops ran away,
They madness committed, and scatter'd dismay;
While we the bless'd feeling of clemency shar'd,
And French violence Britons in pity repair'd;—
This shall hand to posterity, envy to quench,
The generous Britons and barbarous French.

JACK'S DISCOVERIES.

On a discov'ry north about
For many years had ventur'd Jack;
But no discov'ries he found out
Like those he made when he came back:
His wife, when first he went to sea,
Hung out no lights the flats to trap,
But neat and modest garments wore—
Round-robbin tucker and close cap.

Expos'd no beauty but her face,
So closely all her togs were furl'd:
When he came home, she'd not a grace
But was expos'd to all the world;
But what 'bove ev'ry thing beside
Did Jack most furiously displease,—
No pockets did she wear, to hide
Her pin-case, wife, and bunch of keys.

Thus harum-scarum would she fling
Her gear at random, without rule;
Her handkerchief cramm'd in a thing
The women call a ridicule.
As to the ridicule, Jack said
He wish'd each girl who such things chose,
Might have the snuffles in her head,
No muckinger to blow her nose.

'I tell you what, Poll;—I'll be kind,
If you'll but change your course,' cried Jack:
'When vessels wo'nt go 'fore the wind,
We make 'em try upon a tack;
Douse your fallals, take up and mend,
With all this stuff and nonsense part;
So ev'ry one will be your friend,
And you'll secure a constant heart.'

Poll took the hint, reef'd in her sails,—
No modest Quaker half so prim,—
And with her Jack weather'd life's gales,
He true to her—she true to him;
For faithful love gave up her pranks,
Soon set a fashion not quite common,
Gain'd of each worthy wife the thanks,
And Jack discover'd—a good woman!

THE TIZZIES.

Sam Splint, Dick Douse, Ben Brace, Tom Tow,
Four lads of worth and merit,
Were friends and messmates, who the foe
Would fight with spunk and spirit.
Sall Snags, Poll Plump, Bet Bounce, Nan Neat,
Were smart and handsome quizzes:
For these they fought, and O how sweet
To bring 'em home the tizzies!

'Board of a smiling cot, so fair,
Longside of Southsea Common,
These jolly sailors married were,
Each to his fav'rite woman:
They kept the honey-moon with glee;
At last, with lengthen'd phizzes,
The signal giv'n, they went to sea,
To get their wives the tizzies.

In ev'ry danger did they roam,
And cheerfully would risk it;
While, short allowanc'd, they at home
Had neither beef nor biscuit.
Where dang'rous shoals and rocks abound,
And where the bullet whizzes,
Our sailors storms and shipwrecks found
And ev'ry thing but tizzies.

Meantime each wife, to honour true,
Labour'd in her vocation,
And round the happy cottage grew
Young tars to guard the nation:
At last the tide to turn began,—
Success each sailor busies:
They took an Acapulco-man,*
And brought their wives the tizzies.

And now was crown'd each sailor's joys,—
The foe had cried peccavi;
And all the wives, some girls, some boys,
Had launch'd a growing navy:—
Their labour done, they dance and sing,
And shout, with smiling phizzes,
'Huzza! my lads! God save the King!
Who freights his tars with tizzies.'

THE RIDDLE.

Miss Arabella Brilliant boasted beauty and good sense;
But she was most admir'd because her fortune was immense:

* The following is a literal extract from Marshal Beresford's despatches:—'It was observed that our dead, particularly the 57th regiment, were lying, as they had fought, in ranks; and every wound was in front.'

* Though the term *Spanish galleon* will be familiar to our readers, some of them will probably not be aware that an '*Acapulco-man*' means the same thing. It was one of these vessels, on its return from Acapulco to Manilla, laden with silver, that Commodore Anson took, in 1743, which made him so popular on his return to England, after his disastrous voyage round the world.

She cut her various lovers short, as they were on her gazing;
Cried she—'Explain what I propound, or take yourselves a grazing:—
What thing is that which small begins, then grows complete and round,
Then by degrees shrinks and recedes, and then no more is found?
He who shall to its full extent this riddle understand,
Shall be the happy lover, to possess my heart and hand.'

I see your drift,' cried Harry Hope; 'your riddle is the Moon,
That a mere nothing shows itself, and then enlarges soon;
Then, at the full, by slow degrees it lessens our delight,
Till, losing e'en the smallest ray, at length is out of sight.'
'Pray stand aside,' cried ardent Ned: 'I say the riddle's Fire,
That from a spark expands itself, and soon grows higher and higher;
When engines to extinguish it employ the utmost pain,
Till their exertions conquer it, e'en to a spark again.'

'You're wrong,' cried she, 'both wrong; nor can my cunning drift explain:
'Tis not the Moon, nor is it Fire—you'd better guess again.
Your moon 's i' the wane, your fire 's gone out, nor have you yet divin'd
The truth that fondly speaks itself in my expecting mind.'
'Sweet!' cried Will Worthy, 'I'll be bound your meaning well to prove:
That thing that comes, increases, and then dies away, is Love;
Death only can extinguish it—say, do I understand?'
'You! you!' cried she, 'and only you; then take my heart and hand!'

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

AN IRISH SONG FOR THE LADIES.

O NEAT is the cot of sweet Kathline the fair!
Do you love Nature's beauties?—you 'll find them all there:
Sweet flow'rs, warbling birds, and clear rivulets, try
To regale ev'ry heart and delight ev'ry eye.
But the cot of all cots, that gives joy to the heart,
Where Nature 's but little indebted to art,—
For the ear, eye, and mind, where all pleasures are seen,
Is the beautiful cottage of lovely Nanine.

The dwelling of Unah, where each rustic clod
With his lilts and his chanters enlivens the sod,
Where the rivulet gurgles the pebbles among,
And the sweet feather'd warblers all join in the song,
Where Pat, Teague, and Dermot, their partners take out,
And neatly and handily foot it about,
Has its pleasures and pastimes; but better are seen
At the beautiful cottage of lovely Nanine.

Thus of pleasures fair Kathline and Unah take part:
But Nanine has a Patrick, and Pat has a heart;
And the villagers say that they all understand,
The next May-day morning she gives him her hand.
Then hey for the wedding, Teague, Dermot, and Pat,
There 'll be pleasure in plenty—fait! you may say dat;
For the hostess all gaily will then be hail'd Queen,
At the beautiful cottage of lovely Nanine.

THE CABIN BOY.

POLL Pennant's father was a tar;
Her uncle smuggled tea;
And her relations, near and far,
Had bus'ness with the sea.
She married Jack, pride of the crew,
One to her bosom dear,
And 'mongst these sailors quickly knew
To hand, and reef, and steer.

That Jack was off, the ship unmoor'd,
She heard with silent joy;
And cunningly repair'd on board,
Dress'd like a cabin-boy.
Whene'er to danger he would rush,
Jack still a helpmate found;
And were he hurt in any brush,
She kindly dress'd his wound.

The cruise was out; from her disguise
Poll now with pleasure burst,
Then took her passage in a prize,
And to their home came first:
Jack chas'd her soon; in eager gaze
Unloaded all his joy,
And presently sung out the praise
Of the kind Cabin-Boy:—

How he had watch'd him; how his care
Had nicely dress'd his prog;
How sung him some delightful air,
As they tipp'd off their grog:
'Twas I,' cried Poll; 'that messmate who
In all your toil took part!'
'You? my sweet Poll!' Jack cried out,—'You?
Come to my faithful heart."

VALOUR, AND ITS REWARD.

THE gallant soldier joyly comes,
'Midst piercing fifes and rattling drums,
His helmet grac'd with nodding plumes,
Deck'd like another Mars:
His trembling love, sunk in alarms,
And veil'd in fear her pallid charms,
He presses in his willing arms,
And hurries to the wars.

A charm 'gainst death they take and give,
That they may ev'ry stripe survive,—
'Tis hope! in which they vow to live,
And ev'ry fear beguile:
Sweet hope! that soothes the constant heart,
When lovers from each other part;
That comfort brings with wondrous art,
And makes e'en mis'ry smile.

Bless'd with a guardian pow'r like this,
They fondly trace each future bliss,
Rememb'ring ev'ry parting kiss,
And conqu'ring all alarms.
The battle o'er, he leaves the plain,—
He comes to banish ev'ry pain;
They meet in smiles, and soon again
Rush to each other's arms!

The Passions,

In a Series of Ten Songs.

LOVE.

The Passions by nature to mortals were given,
Each temper'd with some base alloy;
And then do we emulate angels in heaven,
When we time to refine them employ.
Love! first of the Passions, gives pleasure or pain,
As its influence we variously prove;
'Tis the source of delight, or of comfort the bane,
As we wisely or foolishly love.

'Tis a bev'rage delicious, to poison that turns;
A demon, a god that appears;
A flame that first warms, and then scorches and burns;
A garden that 's water'd with tears:—
But let prudence and truth on our wishes but smile,
'Tis the joy of celestials above;
And our essence to hold it were scarcely worth while,
Unless cherish'd and nurtur'd by Love!

MIRTH.

From Mirth, that seems a harmless thing,
The worst of human ills may spring;
Deep anguish, wretchedness, and care,
The gloomy race of wan despair.
Mirth, when true merit we oppress,
And taunt and scorn at man's distress,
From some foul demon takes its birth,
And Folly leads the train of Mirth.

But when, to truth and goodness dear,
Mirth's smile can start the gen'rous tear,—
When proud in conscious goodness grown,
We make our neighbour's joy our own,
The loudest mirth no pain derides,
And Laughter then may hold his sides;
Then Pleasure bears the stamp of worth,
And Wisdom leads the train of Mirth!

GLORY.

Give me the hero greatly brave,
Who risks for fame a glorious grave;
Who, for achievements nobly born,
Danger alike and fear can scorn;
Who, lion-mettled, seeks the field,
To crush the foe, but ne'er to yield;
Forming for Fame a deathless story,
Well to adorn the page of Glory.

But let this well-earn'd Glory be
Nearly allied to Clemency;
Nor let a drop of human blood
Be spill'd, but for his country's good:
That thus a never-ending fame
May grace and dignify his name,
And Clemency record the story
That loves to praise unsullied Glory!

COURAGE.

Glory and Courage have a claim
To honour and a deathless name;
Both earn'd, that story may proclaim
In place their various deeds afar:
But glory dies if kept unknown;
Courage may, humble and alone,
Find in good hearts a glorious throne—
Witness the meanest British tar.

The British tar undaunted goes
Through India's heat, or Lapland's snows,
T' exterminate his country's foes,
Where elements unruly jar:
But he can private woes redress;
Can gen'rously relieve distress;
And thus each feeling heart shall bless
The Courage of the British tar!

FEAR.

The Passions to honour in place are all dear;—
The ancients erected a temple to Fear,
That when any foul action that Reason condemn'd,
That Justice derided, or Goodness contemn'd,
Took possession, or warp'd from its duty the soul,
The Deity such vile desires might control:
Thus, to deprecate evils, an altar they'd rear,
And, trembling, some sacrifice offer to Fear.

From motives so just that we never depart,
Let us such a temple erect in the heart;
That bold in fair hope, and in confidence strong,
We're annoy'd by no Fear but the fear to do wrong.
Let us shun all that's sland'rous, malevolent, vile;
Let us court no man's frown, and deserve each man's smile;—
So of mists shall our smiling horizon grow clear,
And Reason dispel ev'ry vestige of Fear!

HOPE.

Lovely Hope! the child of Pleasure!
That well can banish ev'ry care;
The sick man's health, the poor man's treasure;
That mocks at grief, and kills despair;
Come! with joy my mind possessing,
Teach me with misery to cope,
To feel that ev'ry blessing
Lies within the pow'r of Hope.

Yet let me not do ill to others,
Envy desert, or covet pelf:
With mind content, all men are brothers,
And serving them, I serve myself:—
But let me rather thy protection
Worthily court through Reason's scope;
Eager to prove, on sweet reflection,
A worthy votary of Hope.

SPORT.

As toil and fatigue make the body inert,
So the mind pants for pastime, its cares to divert;
And pleasures most frolicsome ne'er can do harm,
While Reason stands by, Folly's darts to disarm.
Let the time teem with cheerfulness, wanton, and play,
And the foul phantom Sorrow be driven away;
And so long as fair Prudence guards Momus's court,
Let the heart free and playfully frolic and sport.

Pass the bottle; then sportively follow the chase,
And let ev'ry delight be indulg'd in its place;
Let each hour pass on briskly, be mirth our employ,
Full of careless hilarity, pleasure, and joy:
With this special commission,—Put on a tight curb,
Whenever our pastimes may honour disturb;—
Thus the mind shall relax, yet receive, for support,
An incentive to worth, as we frolic and sport.

CHEERFULNESS.

Sorrow and joy, the mind's relief,
From folly may have birth;
Tears are not always signs of grief,
Nor laughter proof of mirth:
But a just harmony between
Can dearly care beguile,
And Cheerfulness holds out that mean
In the benignant smile.

One sage at the world's folly cried,
By gen'rous pity mov'd;
Another laugh'd, yet inward sigh'd,
While Folly he reprov'd;—
Thus, to be happy, steer between,
Nor laugh nor cry the while;
And Cheerfulness holds out that mean
In the benignant smile.

PLEASURE.

Thus may be all changes rung,
In number beyond measure;
But when we've ev'ry passion sung,
Its gen'ral name is Pleasure.

Mirth may turn sadness, Hope despair,
Fear brings a joy delicious;
Our task 's to separate, with care,
The good from the pernicious.

Love, Hope, and Mirth, the senses seize,
Enhancing each affection;
But never did a pleasure please,
But pleasure on reflection.

FRIENDSHIP.

Of the various passions such joys that impart,
Sweet Friendship most worthily int'rests the heart:
Love's flame never equal, but wav'ring burns;
Love often capricious and turbulent turns;
Neither Fear nor yet Hope a delicious dream,
Neither founded in reason, nor built on esteem:
But on Friendship so many perfections attend,
That the rational comfort of life is a Friend.

Each joy and content to its aid it can call;
Best of passions! or rather the essence of all:
It can Fear turn to Hope, and to Bliss convert Care,
Soften Mis'ry to Pleasure, and banish Despair:
Possessing all others, a pow'r from above,
It can e'en to tranquillity regulate Love;
Nor can wedlock's delights in disgust ever end,
When husband and wife add the title of Friend.

Written for Bannister's Budget.

THE PLAINS OF CALABRIA.

[The battle of Maida, situate almost at the southern extremity of the kingdom of Naples, forms the subject of this song. It was fought on July 4, 1806; when General Sir John Stuart, with 5000 British troops, after a desperate conflict, totally defeated General Regnier, who commanded 8000 French.]

The glorious plains of Calabria I sing:
Rejoice! brother soldiers, rejoice!
Thro' the land let each mess-room with joy loudly ring,
While the heart we all blend with the voice!
Sound the fife and the drum!
That the French we 've o'ercome
Shall be handed by Fame to each age;
That those who would view
What our soldiers can do
May turn to this glorious page.

This vict'ry, so brilliant, can scarce be believ'd,—
Transcendent it well may be term'd;
For in Egypt what great Abercrombie achiev'd,
In Calabria great Stuart confirm'd.
Sound the fife, &c.

The French swore, when we should their bayonet feel,
We should shudder; but, spite of their arts,
The English have prov'd, though 'tis made of good steel,
'Tis not guided by our hands and hearts.
Sound the fife, &c.

Throughout the whole world they have made it their boast,—
The impudent braggarts! that we,
While we tremble and quake at their terrible host,
Can only be conq'rors at sea.
Sound the fife, &c.

But the trophy we rais'd on Calabria's plains
From the world lasting praise shall command;
And give this report, which they've rais'd with such pains,
The broad lie,—for we've beat them by land.
Sound the fife, &c.

The wondering world, when our Nelson we lost,
Invasion pronounc'd at an end;
The French, in their consciences let down and cross'd,
Know with us 'tis in vain to contend.
Sound the fife, &c.

For if at a distance we thus could imprint
On their minds such a lesson severe,
Let them now, from this victory, just take a hint,
How we'd work them if once they came here!
Sound the fife, &c.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Be the great twenty-first of October recorded,
In the mem'rable year eighteen hundred and five;
May each hero that fell his true praise be awarded,
While one single oak on this isle shall survive!
Nelson led the gallant van;
Nelson France and Spain defied;
Nelson spoke—the fight began;
Nelson, matchless hero! died!
Commemorate this first of men!
Hang laurels on the cypress-bough!
Each Briton did his duty then,—
Let Britons do their duty now!

The bold Royal Sov'reign, with best satisfaction,
The admiring fleet saw all others outstrip;
Cried our hero, 'How gallantly first into action
That fine fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship!'
And now the Spanish line was broke;
Destruction all around was hurl'd;
The Vict'ry's fire involv'd in smoke
The largest ship* in all the world.
The British lion left his den;
And from the taffrail to the prow
Each Briton did his duty then,—
Let Britons do their duty now!

* The Santissima Trinidada, which had four decks, and carried 136 guns.

Ne'er with such fatal fury did devastation rattle!
Yards, masts, and rigging, reeling hulls, and ev'ry hold,
Felt English vengeance, as, through this dreadful battle,
Our murd'rous double-shotted broadsides told.
At length a cloud involv'd the day!—
A cloud that might to all impart
Dread fear, could Britons know dismay,—
A bullet reach'd our hero's heart!
And now the battle rag'd again;
Revenge was seated on each brow:
Each Briton did his duty then,—
Let Britons do their duty now!

Fierce rage and noble vengeance each bosom inspiring,
Dress'd out in grizzly terrors, pervaded the decks;
And while the wondering Fates were each hero admiring,
Eighteen crippled vessels were little more than wrecks.
And now, from friends and country torn,
Great Nelson's spirit takes its way,
On wings of fame and glory borne
To mansions of eternal day!
Commemorate this first of men!
Hang laurels on the cypress-bough;
Each Briton did his duty then,—
Let Britons do their duty now!

THE COMICAL FAMILY.

My father and Humphrey Hum were like brothers;
And when father departed this life,
To keep up the friendship, I chose, 'fore all others,
Hum's daughter, sweet Margery, to wife.
To pay the first visit I made no delay;
But such people did ne'er mortal see!
Humphrey's neck was awry; his wife had a hare-lip;
Deb squinted; Tom stutter'd; Mog rose in the hip!
What a whimsical, strange, odd, queer, out-of-the-way
Set of frights were this comical family!

Of some different liquor did ev'ry one guzzle:
Humphrey, hot-pot; his wife, with a grace,
Toss'd off cherry-bounce till she foam'd at the muzzle:
With brown stout Deb grew black in the face;
Tom a fine foaming tankard of ale did display;
Sweet Margery drank nothing but tea:
So I drank with them all!—hot-pot, meat, tea, and beer,
Cherry-bounce, and three-threads, and looked almost as queer
As this whimsical, strange, odd, queer, out-of-the-way,
This quizzical comical family!

Next we talk'd about cards:—one proposed Whisk
and Swabbers,
And began to slide, shuffle, and cut:
They cheated like devils, or gamblers, or robbers
Some at Cribbage, and others at Put.
To be mighty agreeable, I was to play
At each game recommended to me:
I play'd at Pope Joan, Cribbage, Put, and All Fours,
Whist, Commerce, Piquet, Beat the Knave out of
Doors,
With this whimsical, queer, strange, odd, out-of-
the-way,
This quizzical comical family.

Next the company each his own song must be sing-
ing:—
This snuffled, that squeak'd, t'other squall'd;
One halloo'd till every glass began ringing,
While Shock howl'd, as so loudly he bawl'd.
I was ask'd for my song, so delightful and gay,
Or to join in a catch or a glee:
So I tun'd up 'Rude Boreas,' 'Tom Stitch,' 'Gram-
machree,'
'Stony Batter,' 'The Dargle,' 'Green Peas,' 'Lan-
golee,'
To keep time with this queer, strange, odd, out-of-
the-way,
This quizzical comical family.

At last, 'twas all settled that I the next morning
Should marry this elegant bride;
Out set our community, mockery scorning,
And two thousand neighbours beside.
Home to dinner we came, all so blithe and so gay,
As merry as merry could be:
We ate, danc'd, and drank, till the stocking was
thrown;
And quite us'd to the queer tricks and fancies I'm
grown
Of this whimsical, strange, odd, rum, out-of-the-
way,
This quizzical comical family.

Songs

PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION, FOR THE BENEFIT OF DIBDIN'S WIDOW AND DAUGHTER, MAY, 1816.

TIMOTHY TOUGH.

Timothy Tough had eleven wives,
And buried 'em ev'ry one;
Hard were their lots, and brief their lives—
Tim said 'twas glorious fun!
Kitty Clack, to eleven mates
Who'd married been, like him,
To try her luck, swore, 'Please the Fates,'
That she would marry Tim.

They kiss'd and squabbled, parted, met.
And made the usual rout;
And 'twas pronounc'd an equal bet
Who'd see the other out.
The strife was well kept up, and long,—
Each sounded war's loud tucket;
He fought, she scratch'd—but she'd a tongue,
And poor Tim kick'd the bucket.

PEGGY TAYLOR.

The girl of girls was Peggy Taylor:
Her jabbering-tacks were always loose;
Dearly as life she lov'd a sailor,
And his name was Kit Cabouse.
All hands to sea, the gold was parted;
Peg, in the dismals, pip'd her eye;
Kit told her not to be downhearted,
And swore for her he'd live and die.

Now see the force of bad example:
The ship was order'd up the Straits;
And ne'er of gig was such a sample
As roaring Kit and his messmates.
They dash'd away—the shiners sported,
And steer'd for vice on ev'ry tack;
And, as all sorts of girls they courted,
They play'd the devil and turn'd up Jack.

They, as all order they confounded,
Chas'd pleasure with a flowing sail;
Till Kit one night, poor, groggy, wounded,
Was taken up and sent to gaol.
There forc'd, in grief, to bite the bridle
Upon a cold and flinty bed,
Rumour, that's not a moment idle,
Inform'd him that poor Peg was dead.

One night, without health, food, or rigging,
Upon the ground, to comfort lost,
He thought his wond'ring eyes were twigging
Either the devil, or Peggy's ghost:
His courage gone, each whisper fearing,
He saw, and gave a dismal cry!
A figure to his mind appearing
At least sev'n feet six inches high!

Kit sunk in fear of what might follow,
And almost fell into a fit;
Then, with a solemn voice and hollow,
The spectre cried, 'Oh! Kit! Kit! Kit!
From crimes like thine men should take warning!
Your wicked deeds brought this disgrace;
And I, before to-morrow morning,
Will snatch you to another place!'

'Then I am lost—oh! day of evil!'
Cried Kit, and on his knees he gets:
'Why!' cried the sprite, 'I'm not the devil!—
But Peggy, come to pay your debts.'
'Peggy! and has your heart relented?
Can you forgive?'—'Yes! that I can!'
He clasp'd her hand,—Peg was contented,
And Kit turn'd out an honest man.

THE MYRTLE AND THE VINE.

[A shorter version of this song is given at p. 275. As that appears at an earlier stage of Dibdin's writings than this, we conclude that the popularity of the theme, or its felicity, induced him at a subsequent period to enlarge it into the song that follows.]

FAR from strife and love's alarms,
With jovial heart, and mind at ease,
Time was, when, with resistless charms,
Bacchus knew the way to please;
When, while the merry glee went round,
Gaily I saw each minute pass,
Nor ever had I heard a sound
Like the sweet tinkling of the glass:
Toast, song, and bumper, my delight,
The ivy did my brows entwine,—
I revell'd all the live-long night,
And spurn'd the myrtle for the vine.

Far from those who join the roar
Where Bacchus' sons are loth to part,
The revel rout now please no more,
And Cupid's joys possess my heart:
The flute succeeds the timbrel's sound,—
Harsh clanging cymbals do but jar;
Joy 's only in the hautboy found,
The tinkling harp, or spruce guitar.
Sigh, leer, and ogle, my delight,
The joys of love are only mine;—
I wish and sigh the livelong night,
And for the myrtle spurn the vine!

THE CHASE.

ERE yet the day is dawning,
To light the spangled brake—
While sons of sloth are yawning,
Their senses scarce awake,
We mount our steeds so steady,
They snuff the breezing air;
Man, horse, and dog, all ready,
For starting we prepare.
Then off we go; the woods resound,
And wake the ruddy morn—
The concert sweet 'twixt deep-ton'd hound,
The echo, and the horn.
Each object in creation
Smiles in the sportsman's face,
Nor is there recreation
So manly as the chase.

We soon unearth the subtle fox,
And now he takes the plain;
Now climbs almost impervious rocks,
And now he skulks again.
A hound gives tongue that nothing shuns —
The woods the note resound;
The loud full cry faint Echo stuns,
And Renard now is found:
Then eager at full speed we go,
All toil and danger scorn;
While answering notes so sweetly flow,
'Twixt Echo and the horn.

Thus sluggard sons of leisure,
Who time by dullness trace,
Know nothing of a pleasure
So manly as the chase.

Now quickly ends our trouble,—
He 's hunted to the toil;
No longer he can double,
And measure back the soil.
He faints, he pants, no more can push,
Exhausted quite his breath;
The hounds are almost at his brush,
And now he yields to death.
Then home we go to sing and quaff—
The spoils are proudly worn!
While mimic well the vacant laugh
The echo and the horn.
Thus if vile vermin to destroy,
That annoy the human race,
Is manly, then no sweet employ
Is like the manly chase!

FARMER SOD AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

FARMER Sod had three daughters—Bet, Nancy, and Sue,
And he zed, that as how he loik'd I;
Zo zed he, 'My voine lad, thou hast nothing to do
But their different tempers to try.'
I conzented, you zee; for I well loik'd my man,
Zo I went without making a pother:
Sue were dancing, Bet zinging away; but for Nan,
She were tending upon her zick mother.
'I can tell thee,' zed I, 'farmer, that's a good zoign;
I do zomehow or other think Nan will be moine.'

They zeem'd all of 'em stroiving to master my heart:
Bet and Sue were dress'd out—Nan were toight;
To the farmer I whisper'd, 'That gooseberry-tart
Nan did make?' Cried the farmer, 'Thou'rt roight.'
Next toime vor the purpose my stocking I toare;
Zo it vell out just as I intended:
No needle had Bet, Sue no thread, but a stoare
Nan zoon vound, and the stocking were mended.
Zo I zed to the farmer, 'That daughter of thoine,
Zweet Nan, I do verily think, will be moine.'

Then I made to the ladies a zort of a speech:—
'Sue! thou dancest with spirit and loife;
Bet! thou warblest as if thou the blackbirds wouldst teach—
But I want, do you zee, girls—a woife:
Now, thof I like dancing, and zinging, and zuch,
And always good stoare zet by beauty,
I do still vancy better—ay, that I do, much—
Good housewif'ry, prudence, and duty.
Zo, Nan! if thou canst to my humour incloine,
I'll make a good husband, and thou shalt be moine!'

Written for Various Occasions,

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

THE THREE CATALANIS.

[Sung in different Entertainments of the Sans Souci.]

Miss Swivel, Miss Gobble, and pretty Miss Prim,
Laid siege to my heart pretty strong;
They attack'd me with singing this little French hymn
With all their best powers of song:—
'Dear cruel Cupid! like a bee
That hover'st on the wing,
Reserve thy honey all for me,
And take away thy sting.'
'Bravo!' cried I; 'I am conquer'd—I yield!
Ma'am! you beat Catalani quite out of the field.'

First, Miss Swivel—her eyes were not fairly a pair—
One aspir'd, while the other look'd down;
What was meant for an ogle was only a stare,
That contracted her brow to a frown.
Dear cruel Cupid! &c.

Miss Gobble, with flounder-like mouth, sung so queer,
And burlesqu'd what was meant for precision;
Not let out on a lease, but just from year to year,—
Not a month, but a kind of incision.
Dear cruel Cupid! &c.

The mouth of Miss Prim, as she sung, purs'd up grew,
As if nerves had been harden'd to gristle;
Her small pucker'd lips, like a sieve filter'd through,
Not a tone, but a kind of a whistle.
Dear cruel Cupid! &c.

THE WAR IS OVER.

Come, come, my lads! the war is o'er;
The ships all off are paying:
Sheets, cables, haulyards, us'd no more,
Are up in ord'n'ry laying.
The fearful dangers of the main
Give way to bowls and glasses;
And jolly sailors once again
Are sporting with their lasses.

The boatswain, who so shrilly pipes,
No longer are we hearing:
In dock he tosses off his swipes,
At landlord hoarsely swearing.
The battle wars not, nor the main,
Except while, o'er our glasses,
We count our dangers once again,
To please our pretty lasses.

Come, then, my hearts! we've prov'd, in war,
We dare meet ev'ry trial:
In peace, by our demeanour fair,
Let's show we're subjects loyal.
And when the duties of the main
Demand us from our glasses,
We'll sigh, as we prepare, again,
To leave our pretty lasses!

TRUE CHARITY.

Be others' the ungracious task
Of judging my too thoughtless sex,
By Envy dress'd in Candour's mask,
That even Virtue's self suspects.

Mine be the better, kinder part,
While I examine well my own,
To pity and forgive the heart
That has transgress'd from love alone.

Stern Justice, with unshaken hand,
Sprung from necessity and time,
That laws be kept which rule mankind,
To fix the forfeit-price of crime.

But judges of a softer kind
Frail error well has reason giv'n;
Pity—perfection of the mind!
And Mercy—fav'rite child of Heav'n!

Duet—LOOK ROUND THE EARTH.

FEMALE.

Look round rhe earth, nor think it strange
To doubt of you when all things change:
The branching tree—the blooming flow'r—
Their form and hue change ev'ry hour:—
Whilst all around such change I see,
Alas! my heart must fear for thee.

MALE

Blighted and chill'd by cruel frost,
Their vigour droops—their beauty 's lost;
My cheek may change by your disdain—
To change my heart all pow'r is vain:
Look round the earth!—Each flow'r you see
To Nature true as I to thee.

FEMALE.

Look up to heav'n, nor think it strange
To doubt of you when all things change;
Sun, moon, and stars—those forms so bright
Are changing even to the sight:—
While in the heav'ns such change I see,
Alas! my heart must fear for thee.

MALE.

Clouded or bright, the moon and sun
Are constant to the course they run;
So, gay or sad, my heart as true
Rises and sets to love and you:
Look in the heav'ns—each star you see
True to its orb as I to thee.

[Repeated together.]

NEVER PLAY WITH FIRE.

Through all our hearts, philosophers have taught,
A subtle vapour flies;—
Warm'd in the veins, it kindles quick as thought,
And sparkles in the eyes.

Be warn'd, ye fair, and retire;
Fly from the flash,
You'll repent if you're rash,
Oh! never play with fire!

If a youth comes with a grace and a song,
Like Phœbus deck'd in rays,
Then to your hearts the fiery atoms throng,
And set it in a blaze.
Be warn'd, ye fair, &c.

But should the youth come with honour and truth,
Fly not your lover's rays;
His heart in a flame, let your's be the same,
And make a mutual blaze!
Be warn'd, ye fair, &c.

From him we need not retire,—
If such can be found,
We may stand our ground,—
Oh! then we may play with fire.
Be warn'd, ye fair, &c.

WISDOM GET.

Young man, young man, be this your plan,—
Wisdom get where'er you can;
See, see, the humble bee
Draws wealth from the meanest flowers,
Then hies away with his precious prey,
No passion his prudence sours.
Wild youth, passion, and truth,
So opposite, never agree;
Be prudent—sage,
Draw wit from old age,
And be wise as the humble bee.

THE DELIGHTS OF KNIGHT-ERRANTRY.

Oh! the delight
To be an errant knight;
O'er mountain, hill, and rock,
In rain, and wind, and snow,
Shiv'ring and shaking,
All danger he must mock,
And must with pleasure go,
Quiv'ring and quaking.
Dismal nights,
Horrid sprites,
Lions roaring,
Castles tumbling,
Oh! the delight
To be an errant knight.
Masters snoring,
Thunder grumbling,
Damsels squeaking,
Devils shrieking,
Clubs and giants
Hurl defiance;
Night and day,
Lose the way;
Spirits sinking,
Beat and beating,
Nothing drinking,
Little eating,
Bed of stones,
Broken bones,
Oh! the delight to be an errant knight.

SPIRITS' SONG.

By my faith and wand,
Gracing now my hand,
I'm at your command,
For ever and for aye.
Heart within my breast
Never can have rest,
Till of your's possess'd,
Heigho, alackaday!

Do you want a knight,
Ready, brisk, and tight,
Foes and fiends to fight,
For ever and for aye;
If you want a slave,
Whom you will not save,
Send me to my grave—
I'm dead—alackaday.

POLL AND MY PARTNER JOE.

[When Dibdin was selling off all his compositions, preparatory to his going to India, he disposed of this favourite song, which he says certainly cleared the publisher £200, for two guineas.]

I was, d'ye see, a waterman,
As tight and spruce as any;
'Twixt Richmond town
And Horselydown
I earn'd an honest penny;
None could of Fortune's favours brag
More than could lucky I,—
My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,
My grunter in the sty:
With wherry tight,
And bosom light,
I cheerfully did row;
And, to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend and wife
Like my Poll and my partner Joe!

I roll'd in joys like these awhile,—
Folks far and near caress'd me,
Till, woe is me!
So lubberly,
The pressgang came and press'd me:
How could I all these pleasures leave?
How with my wherry part?
I never so took on to grieve,—
It wrung my very heart:
But when on board,
They gave the word
To foreign parts to go,
I ru'd the moment I was born,
That ever I should thus be torn
From my Poll and my partner Joe!

I did my duty manfully
While on the billows rolling,
And, night or day,
Could find my way
Blindfold to the main-top bowling:
Thus, all the dangers of the main,
Quicksands, and gales of wind,
I brav'd, in hopes to taste again
The joys I left behind:
In climes afar,
Mid hottest war,
Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
In hopes these perils to relate,
As by my side attentive sat
My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his Majesty
To give peace to the nation,
And honest hearts
From foreign parts
Came home for consolation:
Like lightning—for I felt new life!
Now safe from all alarms—
I rush'd, and found my friend and wife
Lock'd in each other's arms!
Yet fancy not
I bore my lot
Tame, like a lubber;—No!
For, seeing I was finely trick'd,
Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
My Poll and my partner Joe.

THE VICTORY OF TRAFALGAR.

[This is one of the greatest and most important naval victories on record. The British fleet, under the immortal Nelson, consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, three frigates, and two schooners, carrying 2286 guns. The united fleet of France and Spain consisted of thirty-three ships of the line, seven frigates, and three corvettes, and carried 2930 guns. Nineteen sail of the line of the latter were taken or destroyed: but the triumph was alloyed by the loss of the gallant Nelson, who, to the poignant grief of his countrymen, was killed at the moment of victory. The last signal that he sent round the fleet, prior to the commencement of the battle, was—'England expects that every man will do his duty!' The result proved that the expectation had been justly formed. This illustrious hero was perhaps the most skilful, brave, and successful naval commander that even England ever possessed. He was born on the 29th of September, 1758, and killed shortly after he had obtained the age of forty-seven: as the ever-memorable battle of Trafalgar was fought on the 21st of October, 1805. The corpse of the lamented admiral having been brought to England, it was entombed in St. Paul's Cathedral with extraordinary splendour, and at the national expense, on Jan. 9, 1806.]

Come, messmates, rejoice! for old England, so glorious
A victory never was seen:
We've often o'er five, nine, eleven, been victorious,
But now we have taken nineteen:
Yet 'twas earn'd by a wound that for years will want healing—
A wound! that on sea or on shore
Ev'ry Briton shall mourn, with one heart and one feeling,—
Our hero, great Nelson, 's no more!

I sail'd with him often in pretty hard service,—
More than once saw him wounded*, and smile:
I was there when he gain'd such renown under Jervis,
And he pepper'd the French on the Nile.
I heard his last words, that so griev'd each by-stander—
Words sounding so mournful and sweet,—
'Twas his 'Love and farewell'—Damme! there 's a commander!—
'To each brother tar in the fleet.'

But he 's gone! and so nobly the French and the Spaniards
Shall be lather'd, fore, aft, back, and sides,
That we'll not leave a rope from the shrouds to the lanyards,—
For in fighting we'll work double tides.
And the notion 's a right one;—oh! where 's such another?
We've lost—why, the 'count 's without end!—
The King a great subject, each sailor a brother,
And every Briton a friend!

Not that one of our leaders to honour wants pressing;
For wherever our jack is unfurl'd,
'Tis on all hands allow'd, as this country's best blessing,
England's tars are the pride of the world.
See the diff'rence in men!—Nelson, manly and hearty,
Is mourn'd through the land by each voice;—
Had the shot been commission'd to strike Bony-parte,
Oh, how ev'ry land would rejoice!

THE ARRIVAL OF NELSON'S CORPSE.

Ah, hark! the signals round the coast
Proclaim the great event
That gave all hearts to grieve and boast,
To joy and to lament:
Great Nelson's corse arrives in sight,
Victorious e'en in death!
Who, living, did his country right,
Who, dying, gave her breath.

For did not Fame the tidings tell
That laid him on his bier,
The foe, whom nothing could repel,
Had ventur'd to come here:
But now may peace, that balm devout,
Be laid to ev'ry breast;
His mighty deeds have fear and doubt
For ever set at rest!

* Lord Nelson was severely wounded three times: first, in August, 1794, at the siege of Calvi, in the island of Corsica, when he lost the sight of his right eye; next, in July, 1797, in a desperate but unsuccessful attack on Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe, when he lost his right arm; and lastly, at the battle of the Nile, on August 1, 1798, when he was so severely wounded in the forehead, that it was for some time feared the injury would prove fatal.

BLOW, BOREAS, BLOW.

Blow, Boreas, blow! thy surly winds
May make the billows foam and roar;—
Thou breed'st no fear in valiant minds,
For, spite of thee, we'll find a shore!
Then cheer, my hearts! and be not aw'd,
But keep the gun-room clear:
Though all the devils roar abroad,
We've sea-room, boys, and never fear.

See how she tosses up! how far!
The mounting topmast touch'd a star!
The meteors blaz'd as through the clouds we came,
And, salamander-like, we live in flame!
But now we go:—
See! see! we go
To the deepest shades below!
Alas! where are we now?
Oh! who can tell?
Sure, 'tis the lowest room in hell,
Or where the sea-gods dwell!—

With them we'll live and reign,
With them we'll drink and sing, and dance amain.
But see! see! see! we mount again!
Still, though flashes of lightning and tempests of rain
Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the air,
Though the captain his pray'r
Doth lustily swear,
And the seas are on fire by the fiends of the air,
We drink and defy
The mad spirits that fly
From the deep to the sky,
And sing, though loud thunder should bellow!
For Fate will still have
A rich berth for the brave,
And ne'er make his grave
Of a salt-water wave;—
No! a sailor 's too honest a fellow!
Then cheer, my hearts, &c.

THE JOYS OF THE VINE.

The joys of the vine, and its virtues, I sing,—
To bards more inspiring than Helicon's spring;
No poet that 's sober good verse ever writ—
'Tis the juice of the grape that enlivens his wit!
Atoms first reel'd into order, we 're told;
'Twas the doctrine of sage Epicurus of old;
And hence the whole sect of that staggering school
The maxim observe, and adhere to the rule.

Let Hercules boast of his conquests in vain—
Of Hydras destroy'd, and of Amazons slain:
More monsters the juice of the grape has o'erthrown,
More Hydras laid low than great Jupiter's son.
No longer shall Circe rejoice in her spells,—
Our magical bottle her bottles excels;
More powerful changes its nectar produces
Than all her enchantments of drugs and of juices.

When wine gives the animal spirits to flow,
The dunce is a wit, and the sloven 's a beau;
The cobbler 's a king, and the drab is a queen;
The lawyer 's a judge, and the curate a dean.
'Tis said, when as drunk and as great as a king,
If by chance you should kill, when you're sober you'll swing:—
Then take the advice that I soberly give,
And be drunk, if you're wise, all the days that you live.

Thy orgies, boon Bacchus, some monarch obtain'd,
And long has thy wide celebration obtain'd:
All states and all nations submit to thy sway,
And reel from their centre, and totter away.
Then let all who are friends to the grape-loving god
Drink deep of the vine that encircles his tod;—
What mortal existing his influence denies?
Then drink a full glass for each minute that flies!

PUT ROUND THE BOWL.

[Sung at Vauxhall.]

'Gainst toping and topers those wise ones inveigh
Who time by sobriety measure;
But when they have said all they can have to say,
I defy 'em to prove 'tis not pleasure.
Bards sit up to study, and patriots to talk,
Projectors to plan and to think,
Still balk'd of their object—but nothing can balk
Our object, when gayly we drink!
Then put round the bowl or the bottle with spunk,
Whether punch, claret, bumbo, or nappy:
It may make us all mad, noisy, boist'rous, or drunk,
But it never can make us unhappy.

What are gods without nectar?—A jolly red face
Makes their godships more fear'd and ador'd:
Mars fights and Jove thunders with ten times more grace,
When they've taken their nectar aboard:
By the very same rule, what are tars without flip?
'Gainst its pow'r winds and waves can't prevail,—
'Tis a regular maxim, 'More gayly the ship
Goes, when under a flowing wet sail.'
Then put round the bowl, &c.

On their legs rhetoricians their theme work away,
And on every argument bawl;—
We the most wit and eloquence always display
When, well in for 't, we 've no legs at all.
'Tis true, we next morning have pains in the head,
That bad liquors will always impart;
But how many sly codgers sneak sober to bed
Who next morning have pains in the heart!
Then put round the bowl, &c.

His familiar old Socrates always call'd in,
To inspire him with notions divine;
To be wise and more knowing would topers begin,
They invoke their familiar. good wine.

Thus, dull earth-born mortals are mere plodding clods,
Born to labour, to fidget, and think;
But the bottle put round, they 're translated to gods,
And immortal the moment they drink!
Then put round the bowl, &c.

LOVE AND GLORY.

[This song was written at the beginning of the year 1804, which was about the period when the military mania, which was so prevalent throughout the nation, had risen to its highest pitch. See the introductory remarks to the song entitled '*A Trip to the Camp*, p. 229.

Proud honour and stern fate combining,
The soldier to the battle goes;
His country's heroes nobly joining,
T' avenge and succour human woes:
Nor till the public safety greet him,—
Safety the wond'ring world approves,
Sweet Venus' family shall meet him,—
The smiles, the graces, and the loves.

The war's begun! the British fair,
All weakness overcome,
The harp and lyre beneath their care,
Now hail the sprightly drum.
Like Sparta's matrons, nobly great,
Wives, mothers, daughters, vie
Who most shall heroes animate
To conquer or to die.

Sound the trumpet loud!
Bid the minstrel join
The pray'r of yonder lovely crowd
For our sons of fame, in sounds divine,
Invoking each auspicious name
In battle to defend them,—
'Hail!' they exclaim,
Rending the air;
'Oh, listen to our fervent pray'r,—
May victory attend them!'

See with delight some lovely fair
Her parting hero deck;
A laurel-wreath adorn his hair,
Her portrait grace his neck:
Thus arm'd, he pants to join th' attack;
She firmly bids him go,
And warns him soon to bring her back
Some trophy from the foe.
Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

A mother cries—'My love's first joy!
Go!—fame and honour bring;
From me thou hold'st thy life, dear boy,
In trust, to serve thy king!
Yet from the reeking slaughter come,
Whatever chance betide,
In safety bring thy father home,
Or perish by his side!'
Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

Thus shall the lovely British dame
To latest times be sung;
Great, brave, and noble, as the fame
And honour whence she sprung.
Thus heroes perils shall survive;
Shall love and glory share;
And, angel-guarded, shall derive
Protection from the fair.
Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

WAYS AND MEANS.

Since variety sweetens our lives,
And fills of existence the measure;
Since each sweet from some bitter derives,
And who never felt pain feels not pleasure;
Since all the enjoyments we know
Are caus'd by betwixts and betweens,
What mortal so rich can you show,
As he whose estate 's ways and means?

In all we enjoy and are taught,
No positive good has existence;
Each measure, act, deed, word, and thought,
Like motion 's kept up by resistance.
To sameness life's thread 's slowly drawn,
Where no friendly care intervenes;
Nor could even the nation go on,
Were it not for the state's ways and means.

As to us who are put to our shifts,
Ev'ry joy is enhanc'd by some sorrow;
And the ruin of to-day only lifts
Flutt'ring hope for some sunshine to-morrow:
From hank'ring for other men's pelf,
Reflection the mind kindly weans;
If content with enough for yourself,
You've the world, and may find ways and means.

With vicissitudes, then, let us sport,—
You'll be happy, and nothing can mar it;
The heartache is felt in a court,
And delight may reside in a garret.
He is bless'd who life's harvest bears off,
So is he but the refuse who gleans:
Then at care and its crew learn to scoff,—
The mind will supply ways and means.

A TOUCH AT THE IRON CROWN.

[Written expressly for the German Theatre, and sung by Master Frederick Schimer. The action referred to occurred off Ferrol, on July 22, 1805, when Sir Robert Calder, who commanded a far inferior force, encountered the combined fleets of France and Spain, commanded by Admirals Villeneuve and Gravina, and captured two ships of the line.]

Why, they 've got it at last, I say, Jack, hip and thigh,
As the devil got hold of the ague:
I told you, mounseers, though you 're cursedly shy,
We one day or other should plague you.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Poor Boney! not even the devil, his crony,
Can save him—his pride must come down;
We'll, in spite of his hope
From the devil and the Pope,
Take a touch at his iron crown.

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

Well, what did they do? They arriv'd in full sail,
Victorious, to their way of thinking!
But the name of bold Nelson soon made 'em turn tail,—
So home they came, ev'ry one shrinking.
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

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

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

The thing is this here: Master Boney, on land,
Has a pretty shrewd bit of a notion;
But the dear little Corsican can't understand
How we manage the thing on the occean.
Then hurrah, &c.

Then here's to the King, and here's to the Queen,
And here's to the Family Royal;
We've hearts sound as biscuits, our conscience is clear,
And ev'ry man's honest and loyal.
Then hurrah, &c.

* It will be observed that Dibdin here refers to Julius Cæsar, who in one of his despatches to the Roman Senate, used the phrase 'Veni, vidi, vici;' that is, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.'

TARRY HERE, WITH ME AND LOVE.

[Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the 'Comedy of Errors,' 1765—6.]

Stray not to those distant scenes,—
From thy comfort do not rove;
Tarry in these peaceful glens,—
Tread the quiet paths of Love.
Is not this sequester'd shade
Quieter than the proud alcove?
Tarry in this peaceful shade—
Tarry here, with me and Love.

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

HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

Gay Bacchus, and Merc'ry, and I,
One ev'ning a strange frolic took,
And left the queer dons of the sky,
To take at queer mortals a look:
But our visit ne'er alter'd the scene;
The same folly, the same senseless mirth,
We still found; and 'tis this mortals mean,
When they tell us of heaven upon earth.

We join'd a convivial crew,
Who push'd round the claret with spunk;
Bacchus swore it was nectar, and grew
Like a lord or a tinker soon drunk.
To their concerts, that tortur'd my ears,
Noise and discord so fairly gave birth,
That I thought 'twas a crash of the spheres;
And thus music is heav'n upon earth.

At Faro* we punted and cock'd,
Till we such an example were made,
That Merc'ry retired quite shock'd,
To be foil'd at his own proper trade.
In love mortals all riot run:
Beauty, honour, esteem, private worth,
Politely give place to crim con;
And thus love is heav'n upon earth.

As to me, my poor portion of wit
In two minutes was knock'd out of joint,
By pun, jeu-d'esprit, lucky hit,
And quibble, conundrum, and point.
Thus below they act o'er the same scene
We play here, the same clamour and mirth:
And this is the nonsense they mean,
When they tell us of heav'n upon earth.

* The uninitiated reader is informed that *Faro* is a game at cards, in which much cheating is frequently practised. It will be recollected that Mercury is denominated the god of *robbery*.

FORGET AND FORGIVE.

I went to sea with heavy heart,
Of her I lov'd the scorn;
Yet from my thoughts did ne'er depart
Her image, night or morn:
Storms lour'd, waves roll'd, and lightning flew,
Yet did I wish to live,—
Still willing, for my heart was true,
To forget and to forgive.

The first word, when on English ground,
I spoke, was her false name;
And soon upon inquiry found—
For scandal flies—her shame:
She lov'd a youth, before the wind
Who cut and let her drive:
'Avast!' cried I; 'twere now too kind
To forget and to forgive.'

While of these thoughts my mind was full,—
  While adverse hopes and fears,
Like winds, did this and that way pull,—
  She came to me in tears:
Down went my colours, and I swore
  For her alone I 'd live!
Kiss'd her, and promis'd o'er and o'er
  To forget and to forgive.

JACK'S ADVICE TO HIS FRIEND.

Why, Tom, thou 'rt a seaman; and may ev'ry wind
  That thy wishes can prosper and favour
Still sit in thy soul, that each port thou mayst find
  While honour shall guide thy behaviour;
While good, true, and hearty, the stays of thy mind
  Are steadily brac'd by thy duty,—
While to king, wife, and friend, thou art constant and kind,
  And thou driest up the sorrows of beauty.

But may all thy tackles, grown rotten, give way;
  Thy vessel—may leaks fairly fill her;
Thy timbers all splinter'd, no rope to belay,
  Broke thy compass, and shatter'd thy tiller,
When shook in the winds are the sails of thy heart,
  And thou 'rt false to thine honour and duty;
When from king, wife, and friend, thou wouldst basely depart,
  And thou mock'st at the sorrows of beauty.

SERENITY.

[Dibdin set to music 'Hope, Revenge, and Cheerfulness,' from Collins's Ode to the Passions; and wrote the following Ode to Serenity, to complete the series.]

Near a stream, so smoothly flowing,
  Th' expanded ether seems to float;
Serenity, the clarions blowing,
  Sweetly blends her even note.
Her lily hand her cheek supporting,
  Where the fresh carnations bloom;
While Negligence, around her sporting,
  Adds grace to her celestial mien.

GIVE ROUND THE WORD.

[Written for a Pantomime at Covent-Garden Theatre.]

Give round the word—'Dismount! dismount!'
  While, echo'd by the sprightly horn,
The toils and pleasures we recount
  Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.
'Twas glorious sport! none e'er did lag,
  Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand;
  But all as firmly kept their pace
As had Acteon been the stag,
  And we had hunted by command
  Of the goddess of the chase.

The hounds were all out, and snuff'd the air,
  And scarce had reach'd th' appointed spot,
But pleas'd, they plainly heard a lair!
  And presently drew on the slot.
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets!
  The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl,
And echo note for note repeats,
  While sprightly horns resound a call.
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace;
  And while 'War-haunch!' the huntsman cries,
His bosom swells, tears wet his face;
  He pants, he struggles, and he dies!
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

THE PROMPTER'S WHISTLE.

I 've made to marches Mars descend,
Justice in jigs her scales suspend,
Magicians in gavots portend,
  And furies' black wigs bristle;
To prestos Pallas' ægis blaze,
Snakes twist to fugues a thousand ways,
And Jove whole towns with lightning raze,
  At sound of the prompter's whistle.

I 've made a sun of polish'd tin,
Dragons of wood, with ghastly grin,
A canvass sea, the which within
  Did leather dolphins caper;
I 've strung with packthread Orpheus' lyre,
Made sheep and oxen dance with wire;
And have destroy'd with painted fire
  Grand temples of cartridge-paper.'

I 've made a swain, his love asleep,
Chide warbling birds and bleating sheep;
While he himself did bawling keep,
  Like boatman at a ferry:
I 've racks made that no blood could spill,
Foul poison that could do no ill,
And daggers queens and princes kill,
  Who are alive and merry.

Glee—FREEDOM'S DWELLING-PLACE.

Would you know where Freedom dwells?
  Where jovial hearts carouse and sing?—
Haunt these grots, explore these cells;
  Here ev'ry subject is a king!
Sprightly mirth inhabits here,
  And joy that knows no listless pause;
For how should we dull sorrow fear,
  Who square our lives by pleasure's laws?
What's fortune?—Is it chance or worth?
  Peasant and Prince their race must run:
Nor is there that poor spot on earth
  But's cherish'd by the genial sun.

THE BAG AND THE MONEY.

When last from the straits we had fairly cast anchor,
I went bonny Kitty to hail,
With quintables stor'd,—for our voyage was a spanker,
And bran new was every sail:
But I knew well enough, how with words sweet as honey,
They trick us poor tars of our gold;
And when the sly gypsies have finger'd the money,
The bag they poor Jack give to hold.

So I chas'd her, d'ye see, my lads, under false colours,—
Swore my riches were all at an end,
That I'd sported away all my good-looking dollars,
And borrow'd my togs of a friend:
Oh then had you seen her! no longer, 'My honey!'
'Twas—'Varlet! audacious and bold,
Begone from my sight!—Now you 've spent all your money,
For Kitty the bag you may hold.'

With that I took out double handfuls of shiners,
And scornfully bid her good-by!—
'Twould have done your heart good had you seen her fine airs,
How she 'd leer, and she 'd sob, and she 'd sigh:
But I stood well the broadside,—while 'Jewel' and 'Honey!'
She call'd me, I put up the gold;
And bearing away as I sack'd all the money,
Left the bag for Ma'am Kitty to hold!

THE MUSICAL LOVERS.

I thought we were fiddle and bow,
So well we in concert kept time;
Not to strike up a part bass and low,
Without either reason or rhyme:
What a natural was I, so soon
With pleasure to quaver away!
For I'm humm'd, I think, now, to some tune,—
She has left me the piper to pay.

I plainly perceive she's in glee,
And thinks I shall be such a flat
As to shake; but she's in a wrong key,—
For she never shall catch me at that.
Whoe'er to the crochets of love
Lets his heart dance a jig in his breast,
'Twill a bar to his happiness prove,
And shall surely deprive him of rest.

THE COMPLIMENTARY LOVER.

Like a very gallant will I compliment all:
I'll leer at and ogle the pretty,
Tell the short ones they're neat, the majestic they're tall,
And call all the homely ones witty.

Thus, agreeable falsehood still passing for truth,
I shall tickle their vanity snugly;
Talk of prudence to age, and of pleasure to youth,
And console with a fortune the ugly.

To the pale I'll on delicate lilies begin;
To the florid I'll hold forth on roses;
Call squinting a leer, find a smile in a grin,
And proportion where chins kiss with noses:
Thus, agreeable falsehood still passing for truth,
I'll their vanity tickle so snugly,
That I'll please tall and short, fat and lean, age and youth,
And reconcile even the ugly.

THE SAILOR'S DEFENCE.

If tars of their money are lavish,
I say, brother, take this wipe from me,—
'Tis because we 're not muckworms, nor slavish,
Like lubbers who ne'er go to sea:
What's your cunning, and such quivication,
And them sly manœuvres, to we?—
To be roguish is no valuation
To the hearties who plough the salt sea.

As for cheating, light weights, and short measures,
And corruption and bribery, d'ye see,
These never embitter the pleasures
Of good fellows who plough the salt sea:
You 've ashore, actions, writs, cesseraries,
And a regiment of counsel to fee;
Jack knows not of such like vagaries—
We never trust lawyers at sea.

'Tis said that, with grog and our lasses,
Because jolly sailors are free,
That money we squander like asses,
Which like horses we earn'd when at sea;
But let them say this, that, or t'other,
In one thing they 're forc'd to agree,—
Honest hearts find a friend and a brother
In each worthy that ploughs the salt sea.

THE WOUNDED HEART.

To a slight common wound it is some diminution,
Diverting its throbbing, to smile at the smart;
But where 's the firm mind can boast such resolution,
On the face to wear smiles when the wound's in the heart?
The wand'rings and errors of folly are treason,
And should be condemn'd as disloyal to love:
But rev'rence is due to the errors of reason,
Which, though they 're a weakness, we 're forc'd to approve.

Then pray cease to jest: were my griefs superficial,
Unconcern'd, like yourself, Sir, I merry might be;
But such cruel jests can but prove prejudicial,
And, tho' pastime to you, may be mortal to me.—

Yet let me not wrong you by any rude mention,
Or word that the fairness of candour might blot;
But, gratefully just, may alone the intention
In my mem'ry be cherish'd—the action forgot!

NOSEGAYS.

Nosegays I cry! and, though little you pay,
They 're such as you cannot get every day.
Who 'll buy? who 'll buy?—'tis nosegays I cry.
Who 'll buy? who 'll buy?—'tis nosegays I cry.
Each mincing, ambling, lisping blade,
Who smiles, and talks of blisses
He never felt, is here pourtray'd
In form of a narcissus.
Nosegays I cry, &c.

Statesmen, like Indians, who adore
The sun, by courting power,
Cannot be shown their likeness more
Than in the humble sunflow'r.
Nosegays I cry, &c.

Poets I 've here, in sprigs of bays;
Devils-in-the-bush are friars;
Nettles are critics, who damn plays;
And satirists are briers.
Nosegays I cry, &c.

I PRAY YOU WHEN YOUR SWEETHEART POUTS.

Welsh Ballad.

I pray you, when your sweetheart pouts,
And fleers and flouts,
And glours and glouts,
Ne'er mind the pursing of her prow,
Put pout akain, I pray you, now:
Is it not true, that females vex,
Plague and perplex
The other sex
With whimsies in their heads that crow,
And fantasies—I pray you, now?

Tack poor men's powels, prains, and hearts;
Do not their arts,
And whims and starts,
Plue tiffles in their heads that crow,
And jealousies,—I pray you, now?
Then mind not nonsense of the fair,
Put change your air,
And shake off care;
Nor to their tricks and fancies pow,
Put let them ko, I pray you, now.

SOUNDING THE BOWL.

If, my hearty, you'd not like a lubber appear,
You must very well know how to hand, reef, and steer:
Yet a better manœuvre 'mongst seamen is found,—
'Tis the tight little maxim, to know how to sound,
Which a sailor can tell from a bay to a shoal;—
But the best sort of sounding is sounding the bowl!

I 've sounded on land, and I 've sounded at sea;
I 've sounded a-weather, and I 've sounded a-lee;
I 've sounded my quine at the randivoo house,
And I 've sounded my purse without finding a souse:
What then? We 've a brother in each honest soul;
And sailors can ne'er want for sounding the bowl.

All men try for soundings, wherever they steer:
Your nabobs for sounding strive hard in Cape Clear;
And there is not a soul, from the devil to the pope,
That could live, but for sounding the Cape of Good Hope:
No fear then, nor danger, our hearts shall control—
Though at sea, we 're in soundings while sounding the bowl!

THE BYSTANDER.

[This was written for the *Bystander*, a literary miscellany, which Dibdin published in weekly numbers, till it amounted to a quarto volume.]

Look fairly all the world around,
And as you truth deliver,
Tell me what character is found
A real *savoir vivre?*
Who truly merits sober fame
To find you need not wander—
None can detect life's fraudful game
So well as the Bystander.

The lover cogs, and palms, and slips,
The easy fair to buffle;
And still to win that stake, her lips,
Will deal, and cut, and shuffle:
Still will he ply each subtle art,
Till he has quite trepann'd her;
And then is sure to trump her heart,
If absent the Bystander.

Preferment is a bowling-green,
Where plac'd in each position,
Bowls jostling in and out are seen,
To reach the jack, Ambition:
The bias inter'st still they try,
Twist, turn, and well meander;
Yet their manœuvres, rub or fly,
Are known to the Bystander.

The law's a game at whist, wherein
The parties nine, are both in,
Where tricks alone the game can win,
And honours go for nothing:
And while they, a sure game to nick,
Their clients' money squander,
Full many more than one odd trick
Discovers the Bystander.

The coxcomb plays at shuttlecock,
The wit commands and questions,
The carping cits to commerce flock,—
Each follows his suggestions:
Yet he alone who merits fame,
Who blunts the shafts of slander,
And on the square life's motley game
Best plays, is the Bystander.

COTCHELIN SAT ALL ALONE.

[Written for Sadler's Wells.]

Cotchelin sat all alone,
Devil a soul beside her,
While from Taddy, who was gone,
Oceans did divide her.
His pipes, which she'd been us'd to hear,
Careless left behind him,
She thought she 'd try, her woes to cheer,
Till once again she 'd find him.
It will not do, you loodle-loo;
Arrah! now be aesy:
Tad was born, with grief to make
Cotchelin run crazy.

She takes them up, and lays them down;
And now her bosom's panting,
And now she'd sigh, and now she'd frown,—
'Caze why?—Dere's something wanting.
And now she plays the pipes again,
The pipes of her dear Taddy,
And makes them tune his fav'rite strain,
Arrah! be aesy, Paddy;
Ah! 'twill not do you, loodle-loo;
Arrah! now be aesy:
Tad was born, with grief to make
Cotchelin run crazy.

Taddy, from behind a bush,
Where he 'd long been a-list'ning,
Now like lightning forth did rush,
His eyes with pleasure glist'ning:
Snatching up his pipes, he play'd,
Pouring out his pleasure;
While half delighted, half afraid,
Pat the time did measure.
Ah! well will do this loodle-loo;
Arrah! now be aesy:
Tad was born with joy to make
Cotchelin run crazy.

POOR CHARLES.

[Written as a tribute of respect to the memory of Charles Bannister, and introduced in the 'Frolic.']

My lyre! once again the sad note,
The tribute of gratitude lend;
'Poor Tom' on my brother I wrote,—
'Poor Charles' I now write on my friend.
I first introduc'd him to fame—
Pride prompted the friendly design;
For if I established his name,
The act threw a lustre on mine.

Vain the praise! how the sounds can I match,
So mellow, that fell from his tongue?
These words his fine cadence should catch,—
These accents he ought to have sung!
And did this inadequate song
The praise of some other impart,
The effect his sweet voice would prolong,
From the kindness that glow'd in his heart!

Perhaps, sober prudence dismiss'd,
High applause on his judgment might seize;
Alas! where's the heart can resist
The dangerous power to please?
But should any one, jaundic'd and blind,
Dare to blame, tell the cankerous elf,
His merits delighted mankind,
His errors recoil'd on himself.

Poor Charles! many worthier muse,
Less worthy than thou wert, has wept;
Ah! let not thy shade, then, refuse
This tribute of truth to accept.
A brother, a friend among men,
Did I once fitting honours decree;
Be this effort sincere of my pen,
A memorial of friendship to thee!

A NATIONAL SONG.

Come, Britannia, shake thy lance;
Plume thyself in martial pride;
Haste! thy glorious shield advance;
Take again thy gallant stride.
Think! oh think on all thy noble story!
Rouse thee! rouse thee to thy ancient glory!

Hasten! hasten! hence away;
All thy martial ardour show;
Clad in terrible array,
Thou shalt vanquish ev'ry foe.
Think! oh think, &c.

BASQUE ROADS.

[The action to which this song refers took place on April 12, 1809, when Lord Cochrane, after displaying the most intrepid conduct, totally destroyed four ships of the line, together with some of the batteries on the French coast.]

I say, you Jack! this here last brush
Is just like all the rest;
What ail'd the French, to make a push
When they were safe at Brest?
Did they not know our orders ran
To burn, destroy, and sink?
And when, since first the world began,
Did tars their orders blink?
No, no! resistance is in vain!
Then sing our tars, and Lord Cochrane.

Our fleet's their fate,—at it they look
With danger and with dread;
At sea they 'd ev'ry one been took,
And brought in to Spithead:
But they preferr'd to slink and skulk,—
One of their coward modes;
So we made ev'ry ship a hulk,
And sunk them in Basque Roads.
'Gainst us, resistance, &c.

If they won't come to us, and fight
Like men, and danger stem,
But, snug in port, lay out of sight,
Why we must go to them.
The thing is this: the devil they serve,
Well pleas'd at their undoing,
Deceiv'd them, as they well deserve,
And lur'd them to their ruin.
No, no, resistance, &c.

'Tis plain that France has gone to pot,—
She'll never save her bacon;
Her ships must lay in port and rot,
Or be destroy'd or taken.
Then let not strife or discontent
With giant strides advance;
Nor let us Britons e'er lament,
While we can laugh at France.
No, no, resistance, &c.

THE LONG TROT.

Here I am, my good masters! my name's Teddy Clinch;
My cattle are sound, and I drives to an inch;
From Hyde Park to Whitechapel I well know the town,
And many's the time I 've took up and set down
In short, in the Bills,* I'll be bound fort't, there's not
A youth, who, like Teddy, can tip the long trot.

Oh! the notions of life that I see from my box!
While flats of all kinds come about me in flocks;
The sot, whom I drive home to sleep out the day,
The kind one, who plies for a fare at the play,
Or your gents of the law, there, who, four in a lot,
To Westminster Hall I oft tip the long trot.

My coach receives all, like the gallows and sea,—
So I touch but my fare, you know,'s all one to me:
The men of the gown, and the men of the sword,
A ma'am, or a gambler, a rogue, or a lord:
To wherever you 're going I well know the spot,
And, do you tip a tizzy, I 'll tip the long trot.

YEO HEAVE HO!

The boatswain calls! the wind is fair:
The anchor heaving,
Our sweethearts leaving,
We to duty must repair,
Where our stations well we know.
Cast off haulyards from the cleets!
Stand by well! clear all the sheets!
Come, my boys!
Your handspikes poise,
And give one general huzza!
Yet, sighing, as you pull away,
For the tears ashore that flow,
To the windlass let us go,
With Yeo heave ho!

The anchor coming now a-peek,
Lest the ship, striving,
Be on it driving,
That we the tap'ring-yards must seek,
And back the fore top-sail, well we know;—
A pleasing duty! from aloft
We faintly see those charms, where oft,
When returning,
With passion burning,
We fondly gaze on eyes that seem,
In parting, with big tears to stream.
But come! lest ours as fast should flow,
To the windlass once more go,
With Yeo heave ho!

Now the ship is under way,
The breeze so willing
The canvass filling,
The press'd triangle cracks the stay,
So taught to haul the sheet, we know.
And now in trim we gaily sail,—
The massy beam receives the gale;
While, freed from duty,
To his beauty,
Left on the less'ning shore afar,
A fervent sigh heaves ev'ry tar,
To thank those tears for him that flow,
That from his true love he should go,
With Yeo heave ho!

FOX-HUNTING.

At the sound of the horn
We rise in the morn,
And waken the woods as we thunder along:
Yoix, Yoix! tally-ho!
After Renard we go,
While echo on echo redoubles the song.

Not the steeds of the sun
Our brave coursers outrun!
O'er the mound, horse and hound, see us bound,
In full cry.
Like Phœbus, we rise
To the heights of the skies,
And, careless of danger, five bars we defy.

At eve, Sir, we rush,
And are close to his brush!
Already he dies!—See him panting for breath!
Each feat and defeat
We renew and repeat,
Regardless of life, so we 're in at the death!

With a bottle, at night,
We prolong the delight;
Much Trimbush we praise, and the deeds that were done:—
And, Yoix! tally-ho!
The next morning we go
With Phœbus to end, as we mount with the sun!

* That is, in the district comprised in what is termed 'The Bills of Mortality.'

FATE NOT TO BE EXPLORED.

WHAT of fortune wouldst tell me?—I know all the past,
Am content with the fate I'm at present possessing;
And if for the future our lots are all cast,
We might there find a curse, where we hop'd for a blessing.
What's hid in the stars, then, is not worth our care,—
We shall know it too soon if 'tis any vexation;
If 'tis good fortune, pleasure's a little too rare
To rob ourselves of it by anticipation.

Then curiously seek not the myst'ries of Fate
To explore, by a vain idle passion directed:
The knowledge of ill cannot lessen its weight,
And joy is most welcome when least 'tis expected.
What's hid in the stars, &c.

MISS WIGLEY.

MISS WIGLEY her lovers call'd first of the fair:
The pride of her heart was called Deputy Dent;
She admir'd his sound teeth, he her fine head of hair;
He talk'd about marriage—she gave her consent.
It happen'd, unluckily, both in a breath
Made a vow, sober, serious, without fun or gig—
She never to marry a man with false teeth,
And he any woman that sported a wig.

Now Miss Wigley a fever had had in her youth
That completely had left her dear head without hair;
And a fall from a horse had dislodg'd ev'ry tooth
Of poor Deputy Dent, and his jaws were quite bare.
One day at her toilet, he knock'd at the door,
She bareheaded: cried Betty, 'Well, here's a fine rig!'
'What to do,' cried Miss Wigley, 'I don't know, I'm sure:
He must not, at all events, find out the wig.

'Bless my soul! is there nothing? lud! what shall we do?
I have it—a good thought! I don't care a pin;'
So under the toilet her caxon she threw,
And manfully cried out, 'Sir, you may come in.'
He started, drew back, gave a kind of a hoot!
Did fond lover ere such an accident twig?
She bridled and curtsied, as bald as a coot,
In her flutter forgetting her head had no wig.

With gravity he was no longer endued;
His risible muscles unmasterable grew;
And while a loud volley of laughter ensued,
His jaws he so stretch'd, that out ev'ry tooth flew!
Distress on distress! what will these lovers do?
Though neither could laugh, they both relish'd the rig,
And somewhat consol'd, while each vow'd to be true,
She pick'd up his teeth, and he search'd for her wig.

RONDEAU—LOVE'S AN APRIL'S DAY.

LOVE's an April's doubtful day:
Awhile we see the tempest lour,
Anon the radiant heav'n survey,
And quite forget the flitting show'r.

The flow'rs that hung their languid heads
Are burnish'd by the transient rains;
The vines their wasted tendrils spread,
And double gladness fills the plains.
Love's an April's doubtful day, &c.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,
In ev'ry raptur'd note express
The joy I feel when thou art kind!
Love's an April's doubtful day, &c.

THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

[This was a very sanguinary conflict, in which our army suffered immense loss; and although the battle terminated in the temporary repulse of the French, the British troops were obliged to use the utmost expedition in getting on board the ships which had been provided for their reception, or the whole army must have inevitably surrendered to the enemy. It fortunately happened that the wind was favourable for the sailing of the vessels; for they had no sooner put to sea, than the French army, which was continually receiving reinforcements, made its appearance. The battle was fought on the 16th of January, 1809; and the French entered the town two days afterwards. Had no other account of this hard-fought engagement appeared than that which is given by Dibdin, it would be supposed that the British had obtained a most signal triumph; but it was his practice to put the best face on our national disasters; his great object having been to inspire our sailors and our soldiers with confidence and resolution, and to confirm them in the belief in the tale they had so often been told by their grandmothers, that 'one Englishman could easily beat four or five Frenchmen!']

BROTHER soldiers! drink about;
And let us toast the news so glorious,
That sets at rest all further doubt.
That when the French are three to one,
The bayonet can make them run,
Dismay'd, from British arms victorious.
That England is from danger free,
Is render'd sure
By gallant Moore,—
Fallen! fallen! fallen! in the arms of victory!

The battle at Corunna fought
Shall henceforth make the Frenchmen tremble
At Britons, by experience taught
That they can never make a stand
'Gainst us, by either sea or land,
Howe'er the braggarts may dissemble.
That England, &c.

Portentous was the fearful chance,—
Tremendous was the mighty danger!
To see three times our force advance,
'Gainst troops exhausted, tir'd, subdu'd,—
Yet zealous for their country's good,
Who, to a man, held fear a stranger.
That England, &c.

Yet when their leader was laid low,
Grief all their ardent rage suspended
One moment only,—for the foe
With double vengeance felt each arm:
They fled in fear and dread alarm,
And soon the sanguine conflict ended.
That England, &c.

No sooner had malignant chance
Of Moore and gallant Baird* bereft us,
But all were eager to advance:
Our valiant gen'rals led the way,
As hungry lions seek their prey;
For Heav'n was kind, and Hope had left us!
That England, &c.

Now to those glorious chiefs on high
The hero's spirit is ascending,—
That hero who wish'd thus to die,
Wish'd in his country's cause to fall,—
Wolfe, Abercrombie, Nelson, all
Who died Great Britain's rights defending.
That England, &c.

Then in thanksgiving let us bend,
That Providence vouchsaf'd to hear us;
That doubts and fears are at an end;
That should the tyrant venture here,
'Twill prove the end of his career;
While wond'ring worlds shall love and fear us!
That England, &c.

* Sir David Baird's left arm was shot away a short time before Sir John Moore received his fatal wound, which was supposed to have been inflicted by a chain-shot; as the ribs were broken from his chest to his hip, and a part of his side carried away: he did not expire, however, till near midnight. By the deeply deplored death of that brave and highly distinguished general, Sir David Baird succeeded to the command of the army: and although he was so severely wounded, the official despatch transmitted to the Government, giving an account of the battle, bore his name. Sir David survived his wound for rather more than twenty years; as he died April 13th, 1829. His despatch was as follows:—

'Ville de Paris, at Sea, Jan. 18, 1809.

'My Lord,—By the much-lamented death of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who fell in action with the enemy on the 16th instant, it has become my duty to acquaint your lordship, that the French army attacked the British troops in the position they occupied in front of Corunna, at about two o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

'A severe wound, which compelled me to quit the field a short time previous to the fall of Sir John Moore, obliges me to refer your Lordship for the particulars of the action, which was long and obstinately contested, to the inclosed report of Lieutenant-General Hope, who succeeded to the command of the army, and to whose ability and exertions, in the direction of the ardent zeal and unconquerable valour of His Majesty's troops, is to be attributed, under Providence, the success of the day, which terminated in the complete and entire repulse and defeat of the enemy at every point of attack.

'I have the honour to be, &c.
'D. Baird, Lieut.-Gen.'

'The Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Castlereagh.'

Sir John Hope is alluded to by Dibdin, in the line in which he says,—

'For Heaven was kind, and *Hope* had left us;'

that is, Heaven had been so kind as to leave Hope with them, though Moore and Baird had been removed. The able report transmitted to Sir David Baird by this gallant officer, who subsequently succeeded to the title of Earl Hopetoun, was as follows:—

'Audacious, off Corunna, Jan. 18, 1802.

'Sir,—In compliance with the desire contained in your communication of yesterday, I avail myself of the first moment I have been able to command, to detail to you the occurrences of the action which took place in front of Corunna on the 16th instant.

'It will be in your recollection, that about one in the afternoon of that day, the enemy, who had in the morning received reinforcements, and who had placed some guns in front of the right and left of his line, was observed to be moving troops towards his left flank, and forming various columns of attack at that extremity of the strong and commanding position, which, on the morning of the 15th, he had taken in our immediate front. The intimation of his intention was immediately succeeded by the rapid and determined attack which he made upon your division, which occupied the right of our position. The events which occurred during that period of the action you are fully acquainted with. The first effort of the enemy was met by the commander of the forces and by yourself, at the head of the 42nd regiment, and the brigade under Major-General Lord William Bentinck.

'The village on our right became an object of obstinate contest.

'I lament to say, that soon after the severe wound which deprived the army of your services, Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who had just directed the most able disposition, fell by a cannon-shot. The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed; but by the most determined bravery not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire, although he had brought up fresh troops in support of those originally engaged.

'The enemy finding himself foiled in every attempt to force the right of our position, endeavoured by numbers to turn it. A judicious and well timed movement, which was made by Major-General Paget, with the reserve, which had moved out of its cantonments in support of the right of the army, by a vigorous attack defeated this intention. The Major-General having pushed forward the 95th (rifle corps), and the first battalion of the 52nd regiment, drove the enemy before him, and in his rapid and judicious advance, threatened the left of the enemy's position. This circumstance, with the position of Lieutenant-General Fraser's division (calculated to give still further security to the right of the line), induced the enemy to relax his efforts in that quarter.

'They were, however, more forcibly directed towards the centre, where they were again successfully resisted by the brigade under Major-General Manningham, forming the right of your division, and a part of that under Major-General Leith, forming the right of the division under my orders. Upon the left, the enemy at first contented himself with an attack upon our piquets, which, however, in general maintained their ground. Finding, however, his efforts unavailing on the right and centre, he seemed determined to render the attack upon the left more serious, and had succeeded in obtaining possession of the village through which the great road to Madrid passes, and which was situated in front of that part of the line. From this post, however, he was soon expelled with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2nd battalion of the 14th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholls. Before five in the evening, we had not only successfully repelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points, and occupied a more forward line than at the commencement of the action, whilst the enemy confined his operations to a cannonade, and the fire of his light troops, with a view to draw off his other corps. At six o'clock firing entirely ceased. The different brigades were re-assembled on the ground they occupied in the morning, and the piquets and advanced posts resumed their original stations.

'Notwithstanding the decided and marked superiority which at this moment the gallantry of the troops had given them over the enemy, who, from his numbers and the commanding advantages of his position, no doubt expected an easy victory, I did not, on reviewing

WAIT TILL ANOTHER YEAR.

WHAT mean those wishful looks and sighs?
A little further off, I pray!
I cannot bear those tell-tale eyes,—
It is too soon to name the day.
You must not ask me where or when!
The swains begin to laugh and sneer:
Before they 'd have me think of men,
They bid me wait another year.

Have patience till next coming May,
Nor fill my head with love too soon;
I will go turn the new-mown hay,—
You keep your flocks from scorching noon;
In village cares I 'll pass the time—
You need no spiteful rival fear;
I may be nearer to my prime
By waiting till another year.

'Twere shame, while hardly in its bud,
To pluck the rose through too much haste,—
The ripen'd vine alone is good,
To cool the thirst and please the taste:
And love is like the growing flow'r,
Nor should be cropp'd till in its bloom,
And like the grape should wait its hour,
For balmy sunshine yet to come.

Then tease me, Damon, thus no more,—
For when I ought, I will be kind:
Come to me when a twelvemonth's o'er,
Unless ere that you change your mind.
I now must go my mates among,—
Nay, keep me not—I can't stay here:—
If then you think me not too young,
I will be your's another year.

all circumstances, conceive that I should be warranted in departing from what I knew was the fixed and previous determination of the late commander of the forces, to withdraw the army on the evening of the 16th, for the purpose of embarkation; the previous arrangements for which had already been made by his order, and were, in fact, far advanced at the commencement of the action. The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order which did them credit. The whole of the artillery that remained unembarked having been withdrawn, the troops followed in the order prescribed, and marched to their respective points of embarkation in the town and neighbourhood of Corunna. The piquets remained at their posts until five of the morning of the 17th, when they were also withdrawn with similar orders, and without the enemy having discovered the movements.

'By the unremitted exertions of Captains the Hon. H. Curzon, Gosselin, Boys, Ranier, Serret, Hawkins, Digby, Carden, and Mackenzie, of the Royal Navy, who, in pursuance of the orders of Rear-Admiral De Courcy, were entrusted with the service of embarking the army, and in consequence of the arrangements made by Commissioner Bowen, Captains Bowen and Shepherd, and the other agents for transports, the whole of the army was embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled. With the exception of the brigades under Majors General Hill and Beresford, which were destined to remain on shore until the movements of the enemy should become manifest, the whole was afloat before daylight.

'The brigade of Major-General Beresford, which was alternately to form our rear-guard, occupied the land front of Corunna; that under Major-General Hill was stationed in reserve on the promontory in rear of the town.

'The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour. But notwithstanding this circumstance, and the manifold defects of the place, there being no apprehension that the rear-guard could be forced, and the disposition of the Spaniards appearing to be good, the embarkation of Major-General Hill's brigade was commenced and completed by three in the afternoon; Major-General Beresford, with the zeal and ability which is so well known to yourself and the whole army, having fully explained, to the satisfaction of the Spanish Governor, the nature of our movement, and having made every previous arrangement, withdrew his corps from the land front of the town soon after dark, and was, with all the wounded that had not been previously moved, embarked before one this morning.

'Circumstances forbid us to indulge the hope that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army, can be attended with any very brilliant consequences to Great Britain. It is clouded by the loss of one of her best soldiers. It has been achieved at the termination of a long and harassing service. The superior numbers and advantageous position of the enemy, not less than the actual situation of this army, did not admit of any advantage being reaped from success. It must be, however, to you, the army, and to our country, the sweetest reflection, that the lustre of the British arms has been maintained, amidst many disadvantageous circumstances. The army, which had entered Spain with the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources. The advance of the British corps from the Duero afforded the best hope that the south of Spain might be relieved; but this generous effort to save the unfortunate people also afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources, for the destruction of the only regular force in the north of Spain. You are well aware with what diligence this system has been pursued. These circumstances produced the necessity of rapid and harassing marches, which had diminished the numbers, exhausted the strength, and impaired the equipment of the army. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, and those more immediately attached to a defensive position, which the imperious necessity of covering the harbour of Corunna for a time had rendered indispensable to assume, the native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous, and must have exceeded what even your own experience of that invaluable quality, so inherent in them, may have taught you to expect.'

Sir John Hope then warmly commends the conduct of the officers and troops who had been engaged; laments the loss of those who had fallen; and apologizes for not being able to present a return of the losses sustained, in consequence of the various regiments being so much mixed on board the vessels in their precipitate embarkation, so as to prevent the account being so soon made out. His report concludes thus:—

'To you, who are so well acquainted with the excellent qualities of Sir John Moore, I need not expatiate on the loss the army and his country have sustained by his death. His fall has deprived me of a valuable friend, to whom long experience of his worth had sincerely attached me. But it is chiefly on public grounds that I must lament the blow. It will be the conversation of every one who loved or respected his manly character, that, after conducting the army through an arduous retreat with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honour, by a death that has given the enemy additional reason to respect the name of a British soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his country at an early period of a life spent in her service; like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded by the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamations of victory; like Wolfe, also, his memory will ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served.

'It remains for me only to express my hope that

POMPOSO.

[Written for the purpose of deriding the Italian singers of the time, whose various styles were imitated and caricatured in singing the song.]

You must begin pomposo,
Then incline to th' affetuoso;
Then of the furioso
A little touch,
And then so much
For the motivo.
Further in your progression,
No matter for expression,
So that for relievo
You ha, and he,
And la, and mi,
And sink, and break,
And trill, and shake!
Then on a long division soar—
'Twill set the audience in a roar!

Now get into a flat key,
And now have done with that key;
Now give us that once more,
And take it a note lower,—
The flutes obligato,
The fiddles pizzicato:
And now a long serenato;
Then to the subject come again,
And after the motivo be sure repeat that hum again,
Of ha, and he,
And la, and mi,
And sink, and break,
And trill, and shake;
Then you must go low,
That the horns may have a solo;
Then on a long, &c.

you will speedily be restored to the service of your country, and to lament the unfortunate circumstance that removed you from your station in the field, and threw the momentary command into far less able hands. 'I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN HOPE, Lieut.-Gen.'

'To Lieut.-Gen. Sir David Baird.'

The following are extracts from the despatches of Rear-Admiral De Courcy, who was entrusted with the management of the embarkation of the army: they contain some additional particulars, which will perhaps be thought interesting.

Jan. 17, 1809.

'In the vicinity of Corunna, the enemy have pushed upon the British in great force. The embarkation of the sick, the cavalry, and the stores, went on. The night of the 16th was appointed for the general embarkation of the infantry; and mean time, the enemy prepared for attack. At three, P. M., an action commenced; the enemy, who had been posted on a lofty hill, endeavouring to force the British on another hill of inferior height, and nearer the town.

'The enemy was driven back with great slaughter; but very sorry am I to add, that the British, though triumphant, have suffered severe losses. I am unable to communicate further particulars, than that Sir John Moore received a mortal wound, of which he died at night; and Sir David Baird lost an arm; that several officers and many men have been killed and wounded; and that the ships of war have received all such of the latter as they could accommodate, the remainder being sent to transports.

'The weather is now tempestuous, and the difficulties of embarkation are great. All except the rear-guard are embarked; consisting, perhaps, at the present moment, of two thousand six hundred men. The enemy having brought cannon to a hill overhanging the beach, have forced a majority of the transports to cut or slip. Embarkation being no longer practicable at the town, the boats have been ordered to a sandy beach, near the light-house; and it is hoped that the greater part, if not all, will still be embarked, the ships of war having dropped out to facilitate the embarkation.

'January 18.

'The embarkation of the troops having occupied the greater part of last night, it has not been in my power to detach the Cossack (the vessel carrying the despatches) before this day; and it is with satisfaction I am able to add, that in consequence of the good order maintained by the troops, and the unwearied exertions of Commissioner Bowen, the captains and other officers of the British navy, the agents, as well as the boats' crews, many of whom were for two days without food and without repose, the army have been embarked to the last man, and the ships are now in the offing, preparatory to steering for England. The great body of the transports, having lost their anchors, ran to sea without the troops they were ordered to receive, in consequence of which there are some thousands on board the ships of war. Several transports, through mismanagement, ran on shore. The seamen appeared to have abandoned them; two being brought out by the boats' crews of the men of war, two were burned, and five were bilged.'

A more detailed narrative of the sufferings and heroic death of Sir John Moore having been given by Col. Napier, in his History of the Peninsular War, we give the following passages therefrom:—

'Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon-shot; the shock threw him from his horse with violence; he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiment engaged in his front: no sigh betrayed a sensation of pain: but in a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt: the shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain (now Sir Henry) Hardinge, a staff officer, who was near, attempted to take it off; but the dying man stopped him, saying, 'It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me: and in that manner, so becoming a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight. * * * The blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound increased; but such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery. Hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, 'No! I feel that to be impossible.' Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle; and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound; but there was no hope: the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten; and, addressing his old friend Col. Anderson, he said, 'You know that I always wished to die this way.' Again he asked if the enemy were defeated; and being told they were, observed, 'It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French.' His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated. He inquired after the safety of his friends, and the officers of his staff; and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

[Sung by way of exordium to the author's entertainment in the provinces, entitled *Readings and Music.*']

When impell'd by my fortune new worlds to explore,
I shall cheerfully leave the diminishing shore,
Each hour bearing gratefully, proudly, in mind,
How nobly a generous public was kind;
How freely they'll give to their kind wishes scope,
As gayly I double the Cape of Good Hope.

When from perils of dangerous Neptune set free,
Trade-winds and monsoons left behind me at sea,
I make rajahs and nabobs in harmony chime,
And gay palanquins march in regular time;
Through the wishes to which you shall then give a scope,
I shall double with ease Fortune's Cape of Good Hope.

When by dint of my crotchets, my catches, and glees,
I have chang'd current notes into sterling rupees,
Sighing still for that pow'r of attraction, sweet home,
I'm no longer impell'd by a motive to roam;
I shall still to my strong grateful feelings give scope,
That through you I first doubled the Cape of Good Hope.

strength was failing fast, and life was just extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, 'I hope the people of England will be satisfied: I hope my country will do me justice.' The battle was scarcely ended, when his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff, in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours; and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory.'

The melancholy incidents of Sir John Moore's fate gave rise to the celebrated Ode, written by the Rev. C. Wolfe, which was for a length of time the theme of so much literary contention. In a book of national songs, it cannot be out of place:—

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast;
Not in sheet or in shrould we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billows!
Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

THE JEW MONEY-LENDER.

Ye jobbers, underwriters, ye tribes of pen and ink,
Vid my fa lal de ra, de lara lara la,
Who on te Alley's gay parterre your tea and coffee drink,
Vid my fa lal de ra, de lara lara la;
Rattling up your yellow-boys, come hither at my call,
I'm puyer, and I'm sheller, and I can sherve you all,
Vid my fa lal de ra, de lara lara la,
Vid my fa lal de ra, de lara lara la.

Ye pulls, ye pears, ye lame ducks, and all ye faddling crew, Vid my fa lal, &c.
If 'twas not for us smouches, I don't know fat you 'd do! Vid my fa lal, &c.
'Tis fee dat kives shecurities, 'tis fee dat fing koot pails,
Our frients tey lend te monish, but ten tey shumtimes fails. Vid my fa lal, &c.

If noblemen should fant rouleaus, and all tare monish spent, Vid my fa lal, &c.
My heart relents, I traw te pout, and lend for shent per shent; Vid my fa lal, &c.
Or if a life you foot enshure tat's olt and crashy crown,
Tee fays and means I'll let you know, to get tee bus'ness tone. Vid my fa lal, &c.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant random gun
That the foe was suddenly firing.
Slowly and sad we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carv'd not a line, and we rais'd not a stone,—
But we left him alone with his glory!

As already stated, the above is the production of the Rev. C. Wolfe: it found its way to the press without the concurrence or knowledge of the author. It was recited by a friend travelling towards the north of Ireland, who was so much struck with it, that he requested and obtained a copy; and immediately afterwards it appeared in the *Newry Telegraph*, with the initials of the author's name. From that it was copied into most of the London prints, and thence into the Dublin papers; and subsequently it appeared, with some considerable errors, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, which contained the narrative that first kindled the poet's feelings on the subject, and supplied the materials to his mind. It remained for a long time unclaimed; and other poems in the meantime appeared, falsely purporting to be written by the same unknown hand, which the author would not take the pains to disavow.

The following is the passage in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, which so strongly moved the mind of Mr. Wolfe as to give birth to this deathless ode:—

'Sir John Moore had often said, that if he were killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadal of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th regiment, the aids-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack was made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth.'

Ye captains and ye colonels, ye chointer'd fidows all,
Vid my fa lal, &c.
To little Izaac come fen your shtocks begin to fall;
Vid my fa lal, &c.
If dare be poshibilities for you I'll raise te tust,
But ten you must excuse me if I sherve myself te first. Vid my fa lal, &c.

Ye parsons fit koot livings, ye courtiers fit koot place,
Vid my fa lal, &c.
Adfice I'll kive you kratish, and tink upon your case;
Vid my fa lal, &c.
To blief Moshes and te prophets te church will not refuse,
And courtiers, all te forld knows, are little elsh dan chews. Vid my fa lal, &c.

I kive adfice to ev'ry tribe but physic and te law,
Vid my fa lal, &c.
But tey outfit te chews temselves, for bill at sight tey traw. Vid my fa lal, &c.

Fee, fen fee lend te monish, run some risk, to 'tis but shmall,
But tey take all te monish—and run no risk at all.
Vid my fa lal, &c.

A LEGAL ARGUMENT.

[The following scene is supposed to pass between Ulysses and a lawyer that had been metamorphosed into a wolf, and whom Ulysses had offered to restore to his pristine condition.]

RECITATIVE.

Ulys. What beast art thou, my good friend Hardphiz?
Wolf. I am a Wolf, Sir, at your sarvice.
Ulys. Poor devil!
Wolf. Pray, friend, how art
Sure I am a poorer devil than thou art?
Ulys. I'm a man!
Wolf. Which thou art vain of.
Ulys. Why! is 't a matter to complain of?
Wolf. This same conceit is out of season:
Think'st thou, vile biped, with thy reason—
Or folly rather—thou shalt not droop head,
Truckle, and bow to me, a quadruped?
Ulys. But this is matter of suggestion.
What man wast thou?—Answer that question.
Wolf. Why, Sir, I was a man-destroyer.
Ulys. Ah! What! a general?
Wolf. No! a lawyer.
I kept a coach—liv'd in a palace—
Ulys. What couldst thou fear, then, wolf?
Wolf. The gallows.
Lawyer or wolf, I do not alter—
But here hangs no impending halter;
For members of the wolf community
Ransack the fold, Sir, with impunity.
Ulys. Suppose, with power for the sconce, I wish you
To become man—
Wolf. I'll not join issue.
To conscience or remorse a stranger,
Here will I pillage out of danger.

AIR.

By roguery, 'tis true,
I opulent grew,
Just like any other professional sinner:
An orphan, d'ye see,
Would just wash down my tea,
And a poor friendless widow would serve me for dinner.

I was, to be sure,
Of the helpless and poor
A guardian appointed, to manage the pelf;
And I manag'd it well—
'But how?'—say you; 'tell.'
Why, I let them all starve, to take care of myself.

With these tricks I went on,
Till, 'faith, Sir, anon,
A parcel of stupid, mean-spirited souls,
As they narrowly watch'd me,
Soon at my tricks cotch'd me,
And—in their own words—haul'd me over the coals.

In the pill'ry—that fate
For rogues, soon or late—
I stood, for the sport of a dissolute mob;
Till my neck Master Ketch
Was so eager to stretch,
That I gave the thing up as a dangerous job.

Now a wolf, from their dams
I steal plenty of lambs,
Pamper'd high and well fed—an insatiable glutton;
In much the same sphere,
When a man, I move here;
Make and break laws at pleasure, and kill my own mutton.

Then since, for their sport,
No one here moves the court,
Nor am I amenable to an employer,
I shall ever prefer,
With your leave, my good Sir,
The life of a wolf to the life of a lawyer!

OF RACE DIVINE.

Of race divine thou sure must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee!
For Heaven's sake, O favour me,
Who only lives to love thee!
The Gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save:
O for their sakes support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee!

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for thy sake;
What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee!

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till Fates my thread of life have spun,
With breathing out I'll love thee.

Like bees, that suck the morning dew
From flow'rs of sweetest scent or hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' the mou',
And gan the Gods envy me.
Sae langs I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in soft whispers waste the night,
I'd tell how much I lov'd thee.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,—
In shining youth let's make our hay!
Since love admits of nae delay,
O let nae scorn undo thee:
While Love does at thy altar stand,
Hae there's my heart, gie me thy hand;
And with ilk smile thou shalt command
The will of him who loves thee.

BUT ONE EYE.

Ye nymphs and ye shepherds, attend my complaint;
So hard is my lot, it would vex e'en a saint:—
The girl I adore is as handsome as May,
Good-natur'd, and witty, and easy all day!
But with my own wishes I fear to comply,
For, alas! the dear creature has got but one eye!

Her forehead is seldom disguis'd by a frown,
And her cheeks are more blooming than ever was known;
A more delicate form you'll ne'er see in the street;
She's charming to follow;—but, ah me! to meet!
Then each soft intention must wither and die,
For the dear lovely creature has got but one eye!

But still I must give the dear creature her due:
With one eye she can see more than many with two;
So clear and so bright, and so languishing sweet,
That she seems with one eye most divinely complete;
And my reason confesses the truth with a sigh,
Yet still I lament that she has but one eye!

Then, prithee, advise me what 'tis I must do,
Ye sweet pretty maidens! so happy with two;—
Yet, hang it! ye only still laugh at my pain,
And to ask your assistance I find is in vain:
I'll e'en please myself, since my passion's so high,
And marry the lass, though she has but one eye!

OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
Though they return with tears?
These are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars.

Welcome, my Varro, to my breast!
Thy arms about me twine;
And make me once again as bless'd
As I was auld lang syne.

Methinks around us, on each bough,
A thousand Cupids play;
Whilst through the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay.
Since you return, the sun and moon
With brighter glory shine;
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
As they did auld lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;
Let that to their share fall
Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball.
But sunk in love upon my arms,
Let your brave head recline;
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did auld lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air
And signs of gen'rous love
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above.
With glad consent and haste, next day
They knelt before the shrine;
And now the hours pass smooth away,
In laughing at lang syne.

I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD ON'T.

That all the world are up in arms,
And talk of naught but Celia's charms;
That crowds of lovers, near and far,
Come all to see this blazing star,
Is true—who has not heard on't?
But that she all at distance keeps,
And that her virtue never sleeps—
I don't believe a word on't!

That for one lover had she ten,—
In short, did she from all the men
Her homage due each day receive,
She has good sense, and, I believe,
Would never grow absurd on't;
But for soft dalliance she'd refuse
Some favourite from the crowd to choose—
I don't believe a word on't!

That in the face of standers by
She's modesty itself, 's no lie:
That then were men rude things to say
'Twould anger her—O, I would lay
A bottle and a bird on't;
But to her bedchamber, d'ye see,
That Betty has no private key—
I don't believe a word on't!

WARDLE'S DOWNFALL; OR, WELL DONE MRS. CLARKE.

[Perhaps few events in modern times have excited greater interest throughout the nation, than the investigation which took place in February, 1809, in which Col. Wardle and Mrs. Clarke were such prominent characters,—the first as the accuser of the late Duke of York, and the other as the principal witness against him. As a new generation has sprung up since that period, we presume that a few particulars relative to these celebrated personages will not be unacceptable to many of our readers. Gwyllym Lloyd Wardle, Esq. was then member of parliament for Oakhampton, one of the Cornish boroughs since disfranchised by the Reform Act. Though commonly called *Colonel* Wardle, he held no rank in the regular army: he had been, to the best of our recollection, the colonel of one of the volunteer corps of past days. Mrs. Clarke descended from parents of a very humble station in life: she was the daughter of a journeyman printer (a compositor) of the name of Farquhar, who resided in an obscure alley leading from Fetter Lane to Cursitor Street. She here became acquainted with Joseph Clarke, an apprentice to a mason in the immediate neighbourhood, who seduced, but afterwards married her. They did not, however, long continue to live together; in consequence, it was stated, of his ill usage of her. Mrs. Clarke was naturally of a very lively disposition, and possessed considerable personal attractions; and having succeeded in gaining the attentions of some of the leading men of fashion of that day, she was thus introduced to the gayest circles in the upper classes of society, where she attracted the notice of the Duke of York; who became so much infatuated with her, as to take her under his own immediate protection. She gradually obtained the greatest influence over the mind of the royal duke, and induced him, as Commander-in-Chief, to confer promotions in the army, for which she, unknown to the duke, received pecuniary compensation. At length, however, a rupture took place between them, which led to their separation. Col. Wardle, panting for popularity, and having heard some rumours of promotions having been improperly conferred, seized with avidity the opportunity which was now presented of gratifying his thirst, and took every means of ingratiating himself with Mrs. Clarke, as the most effectual means of accomplishing his object. He therefore instituted proceedings in the House of Commons against the duke, charging him with corrupt motives in the distribution of his patronage, and praying for his dismissal from the command of the army; Mrs. Clarke appearing from day to day at the bar of the house as a witness, and astonishing all present at the perfect ease of her manners, her great self-possession, and the ability she displayed in answering the questions put to her by the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, and by the other members. The result of the inquiry was, that a very large majority of the house acquitted the duke of having been influenced by corrupt motives in the promotions he had made. So many unpleasant circumstances were, however, brought to light in the course of the inquiry, that the duke thought it right voluntarily to relinquish the command of the army. He was succeeded in his office by Sir David Dundas.—On whatever terms of intimacy Colonel Wardle and Mrs. Clarke may have lived for some time previous to this memorable investigation, it appears that he, as well as the Duke of York, subsequently had great cause to regret his want of discretion in forming such a disreputable acquaintance; for, about three months after its close, an action was brought against the colonel, which is thus briefly spoken of in the *London Chronicle* of July 4, 1809:—'The Court of King's Bench yesterday exhibited the extraordinary spectacle of Mr. Wardle endeavouring to discredit Mrs. Clarke, and Sir Vicary Gibbs defending her. This scene was displayed upon the trial of an action against Mr. Wardle, brought by Mr. Wright, an upholsterer, to recover the value of furniture, for the lady's house in Westbourne Place. A full report of this interesting trial, the result of which was a verdict against Mr. Wardle, is given in our subsequent columns. When we recollect the evidence given at the bar of the House of Commons, on the Duke of York's case, and Mr. Wardle's speeches at public dinners, and compare them with the facts disclosed yesterday upon the trial, we are struck with astonishment. Mr. Wardle then repeatedly asserted that he knew nothing of Mrs. Clarke, but as a witness, whom he had sought out in consequence of having learned that she was in possession of facts that would assist in establishing his charges against the Duke of York.—From the trial and verdict of yesterday, we find that he contracted a considerable debt for the furniture of this *strange* lady's house, in Westbourne Place. Was this in payment for her person, or for her testimony? And if not, was Mr. Wardle only the tool and agent of another!—We have heard something that favours this latter idea. We always thought there was an excuse for Mrs. Clarke's hostility to the Duke of York—

"Hell has no fury like a woman scorn'd."

But what can we say in defence of Mr. Wardle? His popularity has been short-lived indeed!'—Our readers will now fully understand the circumstances which induced Dibdin to write this song. They should also understand that Sir Vicary Gibbs was the Attorney General at the time of the investigation in the House of Commons, and that he then did everything in his power to invalidate Mrs. Clarke's testimony. Such were the extravagant habits of this famed lady, that, notwithstanding the large sums of money she must from time to time have received from those who had the misfortune of becoming entangled in her snares, she was in continual pecuniary difficulties; and in a very short time after the action against Col. Wardle, all her effects were sold off for the benefit of her creditors. The sale, which took place on March 21, 1810, was attended by nearly 3000 visitors, who began to assemble early in the morning, in order to secure the best seats; but it was soon discovered that the house would not contain one-tenth part of the company; in consequence of which, the pleasure-garden was carpeted all over, and forms and seats were placed in all directions for their accommodation. The first lot was the lease of the house, which was purchased by *Mr.* Wardle—*not* by *Col.* Wardle. The circumstance, however, was announced to the company by Mr. Robins, the auctioneer, as a strange coincidence, and excited their risible faculties to a very great degree. As a proof of the rage for the possession of a portion of the property, catalogues to the amount of £104 were sold at Mrs. Clarke's house on the preceding day; and her ordinary wine-glasses produced a guinea each at the sale. They were purchased by Mr. Walter Smith, the brother of the celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert.]

My dear Mister Wardle, what is it you're after?
In your nastiness are you caught out, after all?
Don't you know that the folks are all splitting with laughter,
And gravely pronounce this last blow your downfall?
After saying, so grave, you'd no communication
With the fam'd Mistress Clarke, but the good of the nation
You alone had in view, you still kept in the dark
That you furnish'd a house for this Mary Ann Clarke.

Why, what d'ye expect that your friends will say?
—Faith! man,
You have got them in scrapes that they'll never forget;
They all must sing small—Harvey Combe and great Waithman,
Cobbett, Whitbread, and Tooke, and Sir Francis Burdett:
When they spoke and made speeches, and common sense burnish'd,
They all must have known of the house you had furnish'd;—
You could not have kept such kind friends in the dark,
'Bout the carpet* of sweet Mistress Mary Anne Clarke!

* Mrs. Clarke had chosen some Turkey carpets, the patterns of which were *blue* and *white;* but Colonel Wardle objected to them, as he greatly preferred *scarlet* and *bronze*. Though this did not suit Mrs. Clarke's

And what can you say to the boroughs and counties?
You must give back their freedoms, each box and each cup;
They must unsay their thanks, and withdraw all their bounties,
And confess, with the world, that you're fairly done up.
At all their town-halls, at their dinners and meetings,
Sighs and groans must go round, 'stead of toasts and of greetings—
Their only excuse, 'They were kept in the dark
That you'd furnish'd a house for sweet Mary Ann Clarke.'

Then as for revenge, and your threating of perjury,
All bodder and game! arrah, let it alone;
'Stead of prating 'bout conscience of this famous Margery,
My dear Mister Wardle! take care of your own.
To begin to conclude, then: all young men, be wary,
Lest you're brought to sad shame by some infamous Mary;
And, 'bove all, never keep your kind friends in the dark,
Nor furnish a house for some Mary Ann Clarke.

DUET.

WRITTEN FOR THE DESERTER.

[Margaret knitting and spinning at a cottage door. Simpkin and other Villagers enter with baskets of fruit.]

Sim. I can't for my life guess the cause of this fuss:
Why, there's pipers and fiddlers; while Robin and Harry,
And Clodpole and Roger, and ten more of us,
Have pull'd as much fruit as we're able to carry.

Mar.—Why, numskull! that's nothing; her ladyship's wine,
All over the village, runs just like a fountain;
And I heard the folks say, ev'ry dish, when they dine,
Will be swimming with Claret, Madeira, and Mountain.

Jen.—Then for poultry and such like—good lord! what a store!
I saw Goodman Gander six baskets-full cramming;
Then such comfits and jellies! why one such feast more
Would certainly breed in the village a famine.

Chorus.—What the meaning can be
We shall presently see,
For yonder's old Russet, who certainly knows;
But be what it will,
Our wish shall be, still,
Joy and health to the Duchess, wherever she goes!

taste, she gave way; observing, that as Colonel Wardle was to pay for them, he should have his choice,—and the scarlet and bronze were selected accordingly. It was the proof of this fact that, in a great measure, influenced the jury in their verdict against the colonel in the action brought by Mr. Wright.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

SIMPLICITY! bless'd Nature's child!
In numbers sweetly strong,
That warblest tones so true, yet wild,
With all the pow'rs of song;
Possessing still unfading youth,
Thy sisters by thy side,
Gay fancy, pleasure, native truth,
Each thy unerring guide!

Self-taught, yet vers'd in ev'ry art
That to perfection leads,
When science fails to win the heart,
Simplicity succeeds.
Come, then, and prove thy Tyrian star;
That, when from truth astray,
Thy cheering rays may beam afar,
To light me on the way!

MAKE MUCH OF TO-DAY.

LET those who would wish to hear reason,
Attend to the lesson I give:—
As to-day is for pleasure the season,
O seize the dear moments, and live.
'Tis a proverb we all must remember,—
'While the sun shines, be sure to make hay;'
Which reminds us, from June to December,
That we ought to make much of to-day.

Away, then, with care and with sorrow,
And with all which may burden the mind:
He who mirth can put off till to-morrow
Loses that which he wishes to find.
The present for mirth is the hour,
The present's the time to be gay;—
With haste let us take, then, the flow'r
Which can only be gather'd to-day.

Our condition as quickly may vary
As the tide, or the wind, or the moon;
Our schemes and our projects miscarry;—
Nay, e'en Death may o'ertake us as soon.
Then since life is no more than a bubble,
Enjoy all its gifts while you may;
To-morrow may enter with trouble,—
O at least be secure of to-day!

We must own that all human reflection
Is shallow, and so out of date;
To my counsel, then, make no objection,
But leave all the future to Fate:
How absurd must be their disposition
Who seek fame which may never decay;
But I own I have no such ambition,—
'Tis enough, if I please you to-day!

THE END.

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END OF THE INDEXES.

MUSEUM

ERRATA.

At p. 38 of the Songs, for Dr. Arnold read Dr. Arne.

The Shepherd's Artifice was produced in 1762, not 1764, as stated at p. 1. The error was copied from Dibdin's Autobiography, who therein mistates the date of his first dramatic piece!

The words of the 'Irish Drinking-Song,' p. 87 of the Music, are on page 95, not 75, of the Songs.

The words of 'Come, come, my Lads,' p. 237 of the Music, are on p. 288, not 297

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