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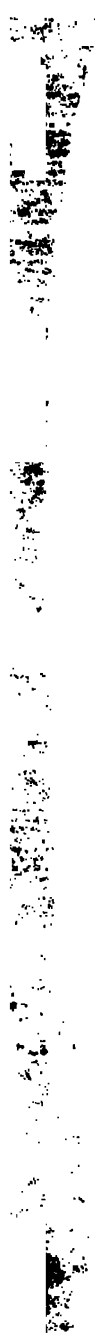




L. Jolley 1823

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A  
COLLECTION

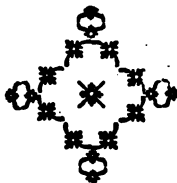
O F

*Miscellaneous Essays.*

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By T. M O Z E E N.

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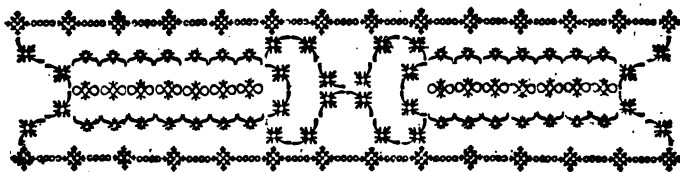
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M.DCC.LXII.

JNE



MADE WITH  
DUSTY  
MACHINE



To the Honourable

Richard Mountney, *Esq;*

ONE OF

His Majesty's Barons of the Court of  
Exchequer in the Kingdom of *Ireland.*



*S I R,*

*I* Platter myself that you will have the Good-  
ness to receive the following *Essays*, (*trifling*  
*as they are*) with the same indulgent Conde-  
scension and Affability which the Author of them bath  
in Person so frequently experienced from your Beha-  
viour to him; and who begs Leave to assure you, Sir,  
that no Motive of any kind whatever incited him to  
this Dedication, more than the just Sense of common  
Gra

*Gratitude, which wou'd by no Means permit him to slip so fair an Opportunity of publicly testifying the many Obligations he thinks himself under to you, and all your worthy Family, for the Treatment he received from them during his two years Residence in Dublin; Obligations, such as nothing, except Time itself that reduceth all Things, hath Power to erase the Memory of.*

*A sincere and frank Acknowledgment, Sir, of all your Favours, with unfeigned Wishes for your own and your Family's tranquil Enjoyment of all the Happiness that Heaven hath in its Power to bestow on the real Great and Meritorious, is as much as his confined Circumstance hath left him at Liberty to offer to you, and which, with the greatest Degree of Respect and Humility, he most sincerely prays your Acceptance of, requesting, at the same Time, Sir, your Pardon for this Freedom and Leave to profess himself ever,*

S I R,

*Your most obliged,*


*Most devoted,*

*And obedient Servant,*

*Thomas Moxeen.*



TO THE  
P U B L I C.

 O many of the most excellent, learned, and famous Authors, as well antient as modern, sacred as prophane, have distinguished themselves in the *Lyric* Way of Writing; and many others have spoke so highly in favour of it, that it would be needless to waste Time in the expatiating on a Subject so generally known and approved

I have only to make <sup>the</sup> World acquainted then with my Reasons for presuming to lay before it an Undertaking of this nature, and with which, I hope, it will not be entirely dissatisfied.

My

My first and principal motive for collecting and printing the inclosed ESSAYS, derived itself from the same Source whereby all Mankind are actuated to proceed in, in their different Pursuits and Avocations, *viz.* the Hopes of Advantage.

The next was the Encouragement given me by my Friends to pursue the intended Plan, in the Prosecution of which they promised to assist me : they have been as good as their Words : I make them this public Acknowledgment for Favours I shall remember with indelible Gratitude.

A third Reason that excited me to this Publication was, a Certainty of Relief from Requests for Copies of Songs, &c. a Compliance with which hath, (besides taking up a good deal of my Time) been attended with Inconveniences that I have neither Room or Inclination to speak of at present.

A fourth is founded on the Success met with by each of the Productions of the novel Kind, which I have ~~as~~ as yet taken the Liberty of presenting to the World : it is very well known that they have answered the Ends proposed better than many, and full as well as any of later Date, some few very particular ones excepted ; which, beside their having a vast deal of intrinsic Merit, had also the additional Advantage of appearing under the Sanction of Names, well established thro'

thro' the whole book-selling Trade; an Advantage over the obscure Pen, too sufficiently understood to stand in need of Elucidation.

That the Ballads I have occasionally wrote for the Use of the Theatres, Gardens, and *Sadler's Wells*, have met with a much greater Portion of the public Indulgence, than their Merit warranted, I am perfectly conscious, and most ready to allow; and had they not found such a favourable Reception from the *Vox Populi*, backed by the Opinions of some of the first Class of modern Writers, I should not have presumed to have imposed them on Mankind in general, my Friends in particular.

The Farce entitled *The Heiress*, or *Antigallican*, was wrote with Design to have been played for the Benefit of a principal Actress in *Drury-Lane* Theatre, and the M. S. presented to her and her Husband, for their own and their Friend's Inspection and Opinions of it; soon afterwards the Copy was returned me by the Husband, with just Objections to its Length, to some particular Characters throughout, and to several entire Speeches in different Scenes: These Faults corrected, and every Alteration made, that that Actor's long Experience of the Stage had qualified him to judge necessary, the Piece was laid before the Managers for Approbation; when an  
un-



unforeseen Accident intervening prevented its being performed, as intended, for the Benefit of the Actress aforesaid ; but in the *May* following it was represented to a very crowded Audience ; and although it appeared under all those numerous (and indeed unavoidable) Disadvantages behind the Curtain, common to Pieces that make their Appearances at that unseasonable Time of Year, yet notwithstanding it met with uncommon Approbation, and not one single Token of Dislike shewn throughout the Performance : And here I should be extremely culpable, could I forget mentioning the Obligations due to the Performers in general, but in particular to Messieurs *Beard, Yates, Palmer, Packer,* and Miss *Isabella Young,* who were all excessively ready to get up the Farce, and the principal Means of securing the Applause it met with.

All that I have to alledge in Defence of the said Farce, in answer to a Gentleman's Objection concerning the Plan's being unnatural, is, that I submit to his better Judgment, having neither Capacity or Desire to dispute with him ; and yet I cannot help thinking but such an Affair might probably happen. The Fable was entirely of my own Construction, without Assistance of any kind whatever, which I have always hitherto thought the most eligible Way of working.

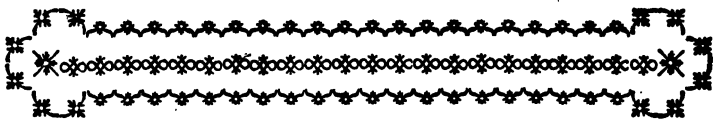
The abovefaid Gentleman, who has the general Reputation of being one of the best Judges we have of Acting and Composition for the Stage, thought proper, at the same Time that he condemned the Plan, to exprefs himself well pleased with the Dialogue, in which he did me Honour, and I think myself greatly obliged to him.

Unnatural as it might have been thought, not to have taken some Notice of the Pieces that go to the Composition of this Volume, by way of introducing them to the World, I would rather have let them pass quite neglected, than wish to be thought too sanguine in their Behalf.

I am well aware that numberless Errors may be detected through the Course of the following Sheets; yet, however unfortunately limited in my Abilities to delight, I think I have strictly endeavoured not to offend; and that under whatever Denomination Faults may be perceived, (which I hope however the Reader will not search after with an Eye too severely scrutinous) I am sure none will be met with that may fall under just Contempt for an intentional Breach of the Rules of Decency and good Manners.

There

There are a certain Set of People to be found in all Communities, and dispersed through all Situations in Life, possessed of Principles composed of the true genuine diabolical Matter, such as never will permit them to be easy and happy in themselves, but at the Losses, Disappointments, and Mortifications of others, who cannot be persuaded to think with the least Degree of Favour, or indeed good Nature, of any Thing, or any Body : I challenge every single Soul upon that Jury, and against all groundless and malicious Prejudices I throw my Cause on the impartial Protection of the generous, the candid, the benevolent, and chearful : Such are the Persons from whose Determination I expect my Sentence, and shall abide by it with the most chearful Resignation, be it as it may ; happier even under Condemnation from their Verdict, than in a free Acquittal from those of the contrary Stamp ; from whom it would be highly inconsistent to expect any Favour, unless obtained by the worst Species of Bribery ; I mean at the Expence of Honour, Integrity, Plain-dealing, and every good Quality that Mankind ought to preserve inviolable.



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A

COLLECTION

OF

ESSAYS.



*Friendly Advice to Miss F———T, on seeing  
her Advertisement of the 24th of March,  
1759.*

I.

**T**HE abject Trash of venal Things,  
With Justice you despise;  
Accurs'd the Pen, that means to bring,  
A Tear from K——y's Eyes.

II.

Yet, brighter than the radiant Morn,  
Or Poet can conceive;  
Most Angel-like, tho' mortal born,  
A friendly Truth believe.

B

III.

III.

A Time will come, be sure, dear Maid,  
 When you no more shall run,  
 The giddy Circle now you tread,  
 Nor Swains be more undone.

IV.

We have *Charlotte, Betsy, Harriot* known,  
 Attract the Crowd by Turns;  
 But ah!—how alter'd now, and down!  
 How low Love's Fire burns!

V.

To hoard with Care the glittering Dirt,  
 All other Thoughts expel;  
 And when nor Pique, or Vogue can hurt,  
 Say I advis'd you well.



A DUETTE



D U E T T E,

*Between a Sailor and his Wife.*

S H E.

\* \* \* \* \* O W loth am I still to believe you! ———  
\* \* \* \* \* H \* \* \* \* \* Again to the dangerous Deep?  
\* \* \* \* \* Blow the Gale e're so mild---how 'twill grieve me!  
Think then if *Susannah* can sleep!

H E.

Sweet *Sussey* forbear, my dear Child;  
Can a Coward e'er merit thy Charms?  
Shall my King by the *French* be beguil'd!  
Whilst I sleep at ease in thy Arms?

S H E.

No, no, my dear *Robin*, conceive me,  
To *George* I wou'd still have you true;  
Yet may be for ever you leave me,  
And shall not Tears trickle for you?

H E.

Cheer up, you Fool, sure you don't know  
How trifling the Dread of To-day;  
Don't we sail with *Boscawen* and *Howe*?  
They'll be d——d e're they come in our way.

S H E.

Nay, *Robin*, if that be the Case,  
We've little Occasion to fear;  
Then let's have one parting Embrace,——  
Adieu to thee, *Robin*, my Dear!

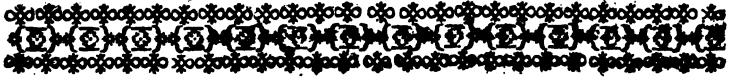
S H E.

One other,——one other Embrace! ——  
Adieu to thee, *Robin*, my Dear.

H E.

One other,——one other Embrace! ——  
Adieu to thee, *Sussey*, my Dear.






*Lucy of the Village, &c.*

The Music by Mr. Pattersall.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks.

1759.

I.

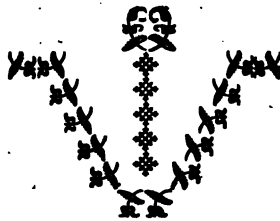
 **A** **GAIN** the blooming Month of *May*  
Calls the Swains to sport and play;  
While wanton Birds, on every Spray,  
Stretch their Throats to praise the Day:  
And *Lucy* of the Village Queen,  
Smiling trips it o'er the Green.

II.

But Nymph, without Exception Fair,  
What mean those Flowrets in thy Hair?  
O lovely Child of Nature's Care,  
Who stript for Thee the Graces bare,  
Such trivial Ornaments displace,  
What Flower can add to *Lucy's* Face?

III.

No threatenng Clouds, no lowering Skies,  
Are e'er beheld in *Lucy's* Eyes :  
Nor can her Bosom Spleen devise,  
In that soft Bed, good Humour lies ;  
And all must own the Truths I tell,  
Whoever saw my charming Belle.






*The Recluse.*

Sung by Mr. *Mattocks*.

I.

 T Eve with the Woodlark I rest,  
I rise on each Morn with the same ;  
By the Note of the Nightingale blest,  
I laugh at the Trumpet of Fame.

II.

My Meals without Riches are crown'd,  
Fair Temperance comes in their Stead ;  
At my Table, tho' Plenty be found,  
Excesses shall never be bred.

III.

From the Top of my Primrosy Hill,  
How many proud Buildings I see !  
The Lords of them, envy who will ;  
My Ease and my Cottage for me.



IV.

I labour, but leave when I please ;  
I study,——but not to my Hurt ;  
Revere my great Maker's Decrees,  
And avoid all political Dirt.

V.

I smile at my Country's Increase  
In Commerce, Religion and Arms :  
My Heart and my Hand are for these ;  
A *Briton*, whom Liberty warms.

VI.

No Mortal one Penny I owe,  
I stick to each scriptural Text ;  
Wou'd all in this World but live so,  
How fearless they'd go to the next.



A New EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Miss *Pitt*, in the Character of one of the Boys of the School on *St. Augustine's Back, Bristol*; endowed by the late charitable *Edward Colston, Esq;*

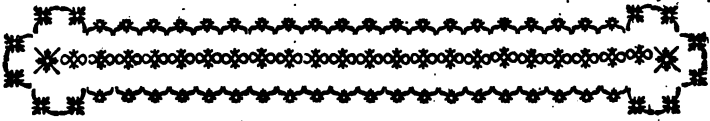
Avours too oft at random Fortune pours;  
 F Now swells the Cheats, anon the Miser's Stores;  
 Now rules the Horse-match, — now presides at  
 Drums,

And most resorts where Reason seldom comes.  
 It was not so of old — or Sages ly'd;  
 Fortune and Truth once journey'd Side by Side;  
 Perhaps they parted when our *Colston* dy'd!  
 And now in sad Despair a Son to find  
 His Like, among the Race of human Kind,  
 Chance wildly wanders; torturing wretched Elves,  
 And keeps us still at Variance with ourselves.  
 Is there a Way the Goddess to regain,  
 Or must our Labour, Labour be in vain?  
 Methinks our honour'd Founder, from the Skies,  
 A Way there is, my gentle Child, replies;  
 Pursue those Tracts I study'd for your School,  
 Engraft your Heart with each digested Rule,  
 Till Time's all ripening Hand shall bring you forth,  
 To grace my Memory, and assert your Worth.

Then,

Then, in whatever Sphere you're doom'd to live,  
 Be pious, modest :——diligently strive  
 To gain good Men ; ——remember, not desert,  
 But public Love first led thee where thou art.  
 Avoid the Proud, the Coxcomb, and the Fool,  
 The common Buts of grinning Ridicule.  
 The Wanton's well dissembled Lures detest,  
 That Bane of Youth, that universal Pest.  
 The Idler scorn ; ——some Business always find ;  
 Abhor a Lie, ——worst Meanness of the Mind.  
 But little speak, ——and be that little right,  
 For Folly's Phrases Wisdom's Ears affright.  
 Be true to Trust, to friendly Acts incline,  
 So shalt thou live a much-lov'd Son of mine,  
 Avoid the Bad, ——and fix good Fortune thine.





*Time took by the Forelock, at Kiltiernan, the  
Seat of John Adair, Esq; in the County  
of Dublin.*

I.

I like not my Song, though 'tis to an old Tune,  
D No melting *Italian*, or *French* Rigadoon;  
The *French* are made 'up with Intrigue and  
Design,  
And please me in Nought but their Absence and Wine.  
*Derry down, &c.*

II.

With Ruin fatigu'd, and grown quite melancholic,  
I'll sing you how old Daddy Time took a Frolic,  
By the Help of good Claret, to dissipate Cares;  
The Spot was *Kiltiernan*, the House was *Adair's*.  
*Derry down, &c.*

III.

Not us'd to the Sight of the soberer Race,  
With the Door in her Hand, the Maid laugh'd in his Face  
For she thought by his Figure he might be at best,  
Some plodding *Mechanic*, or Prig of a Priest.  
*Derry down, &c.*

IV.

But soon as he said that he came for a Glass,  
Without farther Reserve she reply'd he might pass :  
Yet smook'd his bald Pate, as he totter'd along,  
And despis'd him, as Moderns despise an old Song.  
*Derry down, &c.*

V.

*Jack Adair* was at Table, with Six of his Friends,  
Who for making him Drunk, he was making Amends :  
Time hop'd at his Presence none there were affronted ;  
Sit down Boy, says *Jack*, and prepare to be hunted.  
*Derry down, &c.*

VI.

They drank Hand to Fist for Six Bottles and more,  
Till down tumbled Time, and began for to snore ;  
Five Gallons of Claret they pour'd on his Head,  
And were going to take the old Soaker to Bed.  
*Derry down, &c.*

VII.

But *Jack*, who's possess'd of a pretty Estate,  
And wou'd to the Lord it was ten times as great,  
Thought aptly enough, that if Time didn't wake,  
He might lose all he had, by the World's running back.  
*Derry down, &c.*

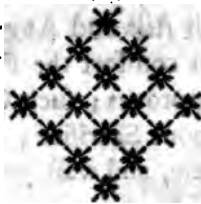
VIII.

witching his Forelock, Time open'd his Eyes,  
staggering, star'd, with a deal of Surprize ;  
th he, I must mow down Ten Millions of Men,  
e'er you drink thrice, I'll be with you again.

*Derry down, &c.*

IX.

your Claret, my Boy, give me hold of your Fist ;  
you'ret as honest a Fellow as ever yet p—ft.  
in with your Bumpers, your Beef, and good Cheer,  
the Darling of Time shall be *Johnny Adair*.





An EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. Green, at the Theatre, Bristol, after  
the Play of the *Conscious Lovers*; acted for the  
Benefit of the *Bristol Infirmary*.

AN cannot change severe Decrees of Fate,  
M But blest the Hand, that strives to mitigate;  
The truly wise,——the charitable Heart,  
That deigns its Store so freely to impart,  
Erects a Base no Envy can annoy,  
No Malice shake, nor Time itself destroy.  
With Eyes enraptur'd, Bosoms fraught with Glee,  
We own thy Power, O heaven-born Charity!  
Dejected Minds, with Ails and Anguish torn,  
Thus to relieve, thus comfort the Forlorn;  
Nature's great Sire approves; such Odours rise  
Superior to the pompous Sacrifice;  
Adorn the mortal State, and waft ye to the Skies.





A B A L L A D.

Set by Mr. Pattersall.

I.

W H A T now serve soft Beds of gay Flowers to  
me ?

What now serve the Plains, once productive of  
Glee !

Why shines the bright Sun on a Wretch, but alas !  
To recall to *Alexis*, how happy he was ?  
Each Violet I smell to, says, Such was her Breath ;  
Each Step thro' the Glen's, a Step nearer to Death ;  
Since *Phœbus*, who witness'd our Tenderness there,  
Tells the wondering World, she's as false as she's fair.

II.

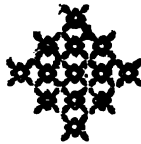
When Ev'ning to roost on the Beech brings the Dove,  
I sigh, and look up,——such our Lessons of Love ;  
The Tear trickles then ; and my Dog seems to say,  
Whence happens this Change ?——Ar't offended with  
*Tray* ?

Not so, my poor Faithful, my well-belov'd Brute,  
Such Crimes as I mourn for, with thee do not suit ;  
Tho' I chide thee, thou lov'st me ; I am ever thy Care ;  
So *Polly* once said,——but she's false as she's fair.



## III.

Fellow Swains be advis'd, nor the Knee to her bend,  
 Who is not her own, can be no Shepherd's Friend;  
 Tho' true she be blest with each personal Grace,  
 As hateful her Manners, as lovely her Face;  
 From an Angel-like Form, who such Harm cou'd suppose,  
 Her Heart's a foul Canker, that preys on a Rose;  
 Like *Syren* she'll sing ye to Rocks and Dispair,  
 But despise her, as I do; ——— she's false as she's fair.





*The* **BEDLAMITE.**

I.

**I**S not on the Face display'd,  
"T' What I suffer, cruel Maid!  
**A** burning Poison lurks unseen :  
O ease me ; ease my sad Chagrin !  
thro' yon fiery Lake, yon flaming Flood,  
erce Dragons come to drink my Blood.  
Why *Jove* dost thou thus set them on ?  
O what have I done,  
My dear, dear, dazzling Sun,  
That no Wind from the Sea  
Blows Tidings to me,  
Whilst the Tyrant frowns on my Throne ?

II.

all we to the Meadows go,  
Where the Butter-flowers blow,  
and the dainty Daizies grow ?  
I say No, no, no, no, no, no.

For lend me a while your Ear ;  
    How can I be merry,  
    Whilst you guzzle Sherry,  
And I must sip Small Beer ?——

III.

    Give me the Reward,  
    Give me the Reward ;  
And fill the Goblet high :  
I now the Traitor spy ;——  
    Tread soft and fair,  
    All light as Air,  
    'Tis my Belief,  
    Yon Plantane Leaf,  
Conceals him from your Eye.

IV.

'Tis a *Spaniard* on my Life !——  
    Tawny Face,——bloody Knife !——  
But let the Bells merrily ring ;  
    We have Store of great Guns,  
    And fine *Chelsea* Buns,  
    And the *Burgundy* runs ;  
And we love, and we honour the King.

V.

Nay be not so harsh with your Smiles ;  
    Your Frowns are more pleasant to me.  
Hark ! hearken to Puffs on the Tiles !——  
    She's just such a Lady as thee.

VI.

Ah *Fanny!* Why dost thou so sadly complain?  
Thou can't not sure envy my temperate Brain.  
Off, off the Course,  
That damn'd trotting Horse:  
I'll hold Six to Four  
You hear on't no more;  
For *Prussia* has beat them again. ———

VII.

Of Reason I held a Lease,  
But long, very long 't has been out:  
O Landlord, renew, if you please!  
Help Counsellor, ———bring it about.  
What! ———Nothing without your Fees? ———  
Ah tickle me not for a Trout. ———

VIII.

How now, saucy *Jack*;  
Why appear'st thou in Black? ———  
A Packet to me say'st directed;  
Ha! ha! ha! ha!  
Bow Enemies, bow!  
Or I'll harras you now:  
'Tis the Comet so long we've expected. ———

IX.

Nay, sooth me not ; for well I know,  
To cure my tortur'd Heart of Woe,  
Is not to Mortal given :  
She only can my Sense restore,  
Who robb'd me of it once before ;  
An Angel, now in Heaven.





*The* TUTOR.

A BALLAD.

Sung by *Andrews*, at *Sadlers Wells*.

I.

W H E N *Jenny* the gay I first courted to wed,  
Whole Reams I of Love to her sent;  
But back she return'd them, and scornfully said,  
That she cou'dn't tell what the Fool meant.

II.

Resolv'd not to give up the Matter so tame,  
I follow'd wherever she went;  
At the Park,—at the Play,—at the Route 'twas the same;  
Still she cou'dn't tell what the Fool meant.——

III.

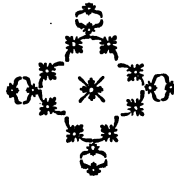
Her Maid was my Friend; and advis'd me to hope;  
Or else I had quitted the Scent;  
For my Tale she wou'd stop, if my Lips I did ope,  
With——She cou'dn't tell what the Fool meant.

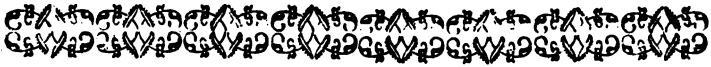
IV.

But *Molly*, in lieu of a Handful of Gold,  
In the Chamber of *Jenny* me pent ;  
Three long Hours and more I lay shiv'ring with Cold,  
That the Girl might know what the Fool meant.—

V.

But what are <sup>three</sup> ~~three~~ Hours, nay Threescore and Three,  
To be crown'd at the last with Content ;—  
Young *Jenny's* no longer hard-hearted to me,  
Since I shew'd her what 'twas the Fool meant.





*A Welcome Home to the brave General*  
CLIVE.

A BALLAD.

RECITATIVE.

FROM barbarous Climes, and Nations far re-  
F mote,  
O'er Sands, and Rocks, and Seas she's wing'd  
her Way;  
Fair Fame behold, with Aspect heavenly bright;  
And in her Hand she brings our Eastern Chief!

AIR.

When *Clive* is repeated, what Bosom but warms,  
Who, whilst yet but a Youth, gave all *Asia* Alarms.  
Who, to court rough Encounters, stept out of his Way;  
Obtain'd a Command; but rejected the Pay.  
Such noble Examples, ye *Britons*, pursue;  
And welcome to *Britain*, a *Briton* like you.



II.

His Orders scarce ta'en e'er he *Arkat* subdu'd ;  
Yet suffer'd no pillaging, cruel and rude :——  
The Poor he protect'd ; the Province he spar'd ;  
But shov'd back with Scorn the sparkling Reward.  
The noble Example ye *Britons* pursue ;  
For *Clive* is a *Briton*, a *Briton* like you.

III.

Some few Forts reduc'd on *Aran's* wide Plains,  
The Foe he espies, but their Number disdains ;——  
An obstinate Action five Hours was held,  
When a total Defeat gave to *Clive* the red Field.  
An Action as noble, as gallant as true,  
And *Britons* 'twas done by a *Briton* like you.

IV.

At *Kaveri Pakam* he forc'd them retire ;  
(The *Frenchmen* can never stand long *British* Fire)  
With those he took Prisoners, and those were o'erthrown,  
An Army he beat twice as large as his own.  
With Acts many more, wise, firm, gallant and true ;  
Then welcome to *Briton*, a *Briton* like you.





*The Lover's Resolve.*

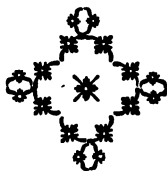
A B A L L A D.

I.

**T**HE Nymph that I love is a dangerous Fair ;  
Her Eyes dart so fiercely ; her Breasts do so  
heave ;  
Whenever I speak, she's so cross, I declare ;  
I do nought all the Day but torment me, and  
grieve.——  
But if once I shou'd get,  
My fair one, my *Bett*,  
To yonder's green Arbor, surrounded with Sweets ;  
Where Violet and Primrose,  
And Woodbine there too grows ;  
Let her frown as she will,——I'll feel how her Heart  
beats.

II.

If gently she take it, I'll ply her more close :—  
Young Cupid, play round, and excite her to Love ;—  
Shou'd she taste kind my Vow, I'll double the Dose,  
And pres her of Joys the sublimest to prove.—  
For the Slight and the Pain,  
That I late did sustain,  
I seek from the Wanton an ample Return ;  
No Time to be cruel,  
I'll give my dear Jewel ;  
But lay on thy Altar the Maid 'till she burn.






*The Militia-Man.*

A B A L L A D.

Sung at *Sadlers Wells.*

 Y our Conduct Abroad, and our Councils at  
Home,  
We've so cow'd the poor *French*, and so humbled  
proud *Rome*,  
That they dare n't look up : why let's keep 'em still down,  
For the Honour of *Britain*,—the Right of the Crown.  
They are rascally Foes ;  
Then, O follow them close ;  
And second the Blow,  
That lately you know,  
Was dealt them by *Prussia*, that Son of Renown :  
Their dastardly Bands,  
Shrink under our Hands ;  
To no gallant Deed can their Armies be stirr'd :  
Triumphant then sing,  
And make the Air ring,  
With blefs, blefs the King !  
Our Guardian!—our Father!—our Friend *George* the  
Third !

II.

We are *Britons* free born, and as such let's behave,  
With Hearts, Hands, and Purfes, 'gainst Fool, Tool, and  
Knave.

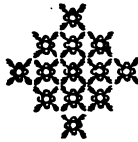
O Pope! O Pretender! O Monarch of *France!*  
Where, where are you now? Are ye sick of the Dance?  
In our Sovereign's Right,  
We prepare for the Fight,  
E'er our Liberties fall,  
Be Militia-Men all.

Turn our Plough-shares to Swords, and to meet ye advance.  
Sound Trumpet! Beat Drum!——

Come, *Frenchmen!* Come! Come!——

Yet hear from a Foe the Advice of a Word;  
Starv'd Scoundrels beware,  
For your Souls have a Care;  
He dies, who first dare

Set a Foot on the Bounds of great King *George* the Third.






Amyntor *and* Solon.

A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

 WITH Eye severe, and four contracted Brow,  
The gay *Amyntor*, rigid *Solon* fought;  
Him found supinely stretcht on roseate Bed,  
And thus the enamour'd Indolent bespoke.----

A I R.

Deaf to Honour, deaf to Fame,  
To thy great Forefather's Name;  
He whose Counsels *Britain* steer'd,  
He whose Valour *Belgia* fear'd;  
Fond Love, and its inglorious Charms,  
Quit thee! nor slight a World in Arms.

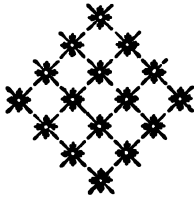
R E C I T.

A conscious Sigh, *Amyntor's* Bosom heav'd;  
Shame for a While, the Flow of Utterance stopt;  
The Conflict past, his drooping Eye-lids rear'd,  
In Tone submissive, he the Sage address.

A I R.

AIR.

Thy wholesome Dictates I obey ;  
For ever just, and good ;  
To serve my King I'll strait away,  
And risque my vital Blood.  
Yes, *Lucy*,—dearest Maid, I go ;  
Excuse the fond Adieu.——  
Since, shou'd I see,——too well I know,  
How hard to part from you.



*A sea-*



*A sea-faring* BALLAD.

Introduced by Mr. *Beard*, in the Character of a Sailor, at the last Revival of the Comedy of *The Fair Quaker of Deal*, at *Drury-Lane* Theatre ; accompanied by the Boat's Crew.

I.

OW little do the Landmen know  
H Of what we Sailors feel ;  
When Waves do mount, and Winds do blow :  
But we have Hearts of Steel.  
No Danger can affright us,  
No Enemy shall flout ;  
We'll make the Monfieurs right us ;  
So——toss the Can about.

GRAND CHORUS.

*No Danger can affright us, &c.*

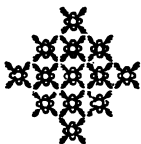


II.

Stick stout to Orders Mefs-mates ;  
We'll plunder, burn and sink ;  
Then *France* have at your first Rates ;  
For *Britons* never shrink.  
We'll rummage all we fancy,  
And bring them in by Scores ;  
And *Moll*, and *Kate*, and *Nancy*,  
Shall roll in Louis d'Ors.

III.

While here at *Deal* we lie, Boys,  
With our noble Commodore,  
We'll spend our Wages freely, Boys ;  
And then to Sea for more.——  
In Peace, we'll drink, and sing, Boys,  
In War we'll never fly ;——  
Here's a Health to *George* our King, Boys,  
And the royal Family.





*A Description of a Fox-Chase,*

That happened in the County of *Dublin*, 1744,  
with the Earl of *Meath's* Hounds.

**A B A L L A D.**

Tune, *Sbelab Nagirab.*

I.

**H**ARK, hark, jolly Sportsmen, a while to a Tale,  
Which, to pay your Attention, I hope, will not  
fail :

'Tis of Lads, and of Horses, and Dogs, that ne'er tire  
O'er Stone Walls, and Hedges, thro' Dale, Bog and Briar :  
A Pack of such Hounds, and a Set of such Men,  
'Tis a shrewd Chance if ever ye meet with again.  
Had *Nimrod*, the mightiest of Hunters, been there,  
'Fore gad he had shook like an Aspen for Fear.

*La, la, la, &c.*

D

11.

## II.

In Seventeen Hundred and Forty and Four,  
 The Fifth of *December* —— I think 'twas no more ;  
 At Five in the Morning, by most of the Clocks,  
 We rode from *Kilruddery*, to try for a Fox ; ——  
 The *Laughlin's* Town Landlord, the bold *Owen Bray*,  
 With 'Squire *Adair*, sure were with us that Day ;  
*Joe Debill*, *Hal Preston*, that Huntsman so stout,  
*Dick Holmes* (a few others) ; and so we set out.

*La, la, la, &c.*

## III.

We had cast off the Hounds for an Hour or more,  
 When *Wanton* set up a most tuneable Roar :  
 Hark to *Wanton* ! cry'd *Joe* —— and the rest were not slack,  
 \* For *Wanton's* no Trifler esteem'd by the Pack :  
 \* Old *Bonny* and *Collier* came readily in ;  
 And every Dog join'd in the musical Din.  
 Had *Diana* been there, she'd been pleas'd to the Life,  
 And some of the Lads got a goddess to Wife. ——

*La, la, la, &c.*

---

\* Favourite Hounds of Lord *Meath's*.

## IV.

Minutes past Nine was the Time o' the Day,  
 n *Reynard* unkennell'd, and this was his Play;  
 rong from *Killeagar*, as tho' he cou'd fear none;  
 he brush'd round by the House at *Kiltiernan*;  
*arrick Mines* thence, and to *Cherrywood* then;  
*Shank Hill* he climb'd, and to *Ballyman Glenn*.  
*Common* he past; leap'd Lord *Anglesea's* Wall;  
 seem'd to say, Little I value you all.

*La, la, la, &c.*

## V.

In Bushes, Groves, up to *Carbury Bourns*;  
*Debill*, and *Preston*, kept leading by Turns;  
 Earth it was open,——but *Reynard* was stout;  
 he cou'd have got in, yet he chose to keep out:  
*Salpass's* Summits away then he flew;  
*Dalkey's* Stone Common, we had him in View.  
 Not on thro' *Bullock* to *Sbrub Glenagary*;  
 So on to *Mount Town*, where *Larry* grew weary.

*La, la, la, &c.*

## VI.

*Roche's* Town Wood, like an Arrow he past,  
 came to the steep Hills of *Dalkey* at last;  
 gallantly plung'd himself into the Sea,  
 aid in his Heart, Sure none dare follow me.  
 on, to his Cost, he perceiv'd that no Bounds  
 stop the Pursuit of the staunch mett'l'd Hounds.  
 Policy here didn't serve him a Rush:  
 Couple of Tartars were hard at his Brush.

*La, la, la, &c.*

## VII.

To recover the Shore, then again was his Drift :  
 But e're he cou'd reach to the Top of the Clift,  
 He found both of Speed and of Cunning a Lack ;  
 Being way-laid, and kill'd by the rest of the Pack.  
 At his Death there were present the Lads that I've sung,  
 Save *Larry*, who, riding a Garron, was flung.  
 Thus ended, at length, a most delicate Chace,  
 That held us five Hours and ten Minutes Space.

*La, la, la, &c.*

## VIII.

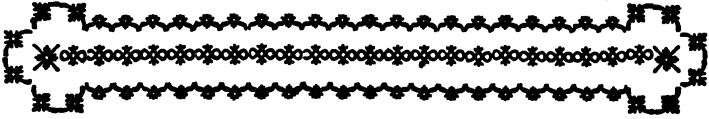
We return'd to *Kilruddery's* plentiful Board,  
 Where dwells Hospitality, Truth, and my Lord ———  
 We talk'd o'er the Chace, and we toasted the Health  
 Of the Man who ne'er vary'd for Places or Wealth.  
*Owen Bray* baulk'd a Leap ; said *Hal Preston*, — 'twas odd ;  
 'Twas shameful, cry'd *Jack* ——— by the great living G—d !  
 Said *Preston*, I halloo'd, Get on, tho' you fall ;  
 Or I'll leap over you, your blind Gelding and all.

*La, la, la, &c.*


## IX.

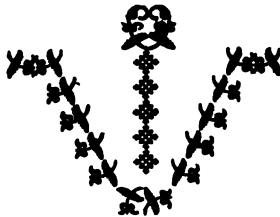
Each Glas was adapted to Freedom and Sport ;  
 But party Affairs we consign'd to the Court.  
 Thus we finish'd the rest of the Day, and the Night,  
 In gay flowing Bumpers, and social Delight.  
 Then till the next Meeting, bid Farewel each Brother ;  
 For some they went one Way, and some went another.  
 And as *Phabus* befriended our earlier Roam,  
 So *Luna* took Care in conducting us Home.

*La, la, la, &c.*



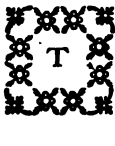
*An ÆNIGMA solv'd.*

 **W**HAT Things most hurt, yet least displease ;  
Who tells, obtains a Prize :  
Then give it me ;——I'll do't with Ease ;  
My lovely *Lucy's* Eyes.





*On seeing a young Lady play with a*  
**BUTTERFLY.**

 **H A T** pretty Insect view with Care ;  
And then inform me true,  
If in your Frame there's ought more rare  
Than in its gilded Hue ?

Each Wing, with various Colours fraught,  
Ah, how divinely bright!——  
And yet how soon, alas, when caught,  
They vanish from the Sight.——

No more (the beauteous Tints once gone)  
The Butterfly we prize ;  
But, from each Hand neglected thrown,  
Th' unpity'd Reptile dies.

Take heed, Miss *Nanny*, lest your Case  
Too near resemble this :  
Be not too fond of that fair Face,  
Nor check the proffer'd Blifs.——

You'll

You'll find your now all-powerful Charms,  
By Length of Time decay'd;—  
In ~~vain~~ you'll then unfold your Arms,  
All fly a poor old Maid.







To L A U R A.

LD and coarse, yet still a Rover ;  
O Prone to change ; fantastick Dame !——  
In thy Thought, why lives the Lover ?  
Wrinkl'd Madam——fie, for Shame ! ——


At Fifteen Years the blooming Maid,  
With every Glance a Swain disarms :  
But cool'd by Threescore Summers Shade,  
'Tis Time to lay down uselefs Arms.

Then fling your Wash and Paint aside ;  
You never more can Man controul.——  
Go, say your Pray'rs, discard your Pride ;  
And cheat the D——l of a Soul.





A S O N G.

 Alternately, my Day and Night,  
In *Harriot's* Face I see —  
By ten times than the Sun more bright;  
Whenever we agree. —

Her dimpl'd Cheeks, her faithless Breast,  
All Nature's Pride outvie;  
The Rose, and Pink, their Shame confest;  
At her Appearance die. —

Calm and serene, her Looks appear;  
And charm'd — the Swains obey;  
But ah, alas! there's Danger near:  
Avoid ye Swains her Way! —

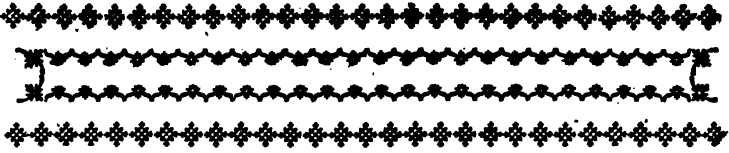
Ruff'd, she knows no Reason why  
The quick reverted Scene,  
Shifts to a gloomy low'ring Sky,  
Of Horrors, and Chagreen. —

Her


Her Eyes, with fiery Passion red,  
Their wonted Softness lose ;  
Far from her Brow is Sweetness fled,  
And from her Cheek, the Rose.

Shepherds, Companions of my Youth,  
Avoid a Nymph so gay ;——  
And think upon this certain Truth,  
That Night succeeds the Day.——






E P I G R A M.

 N *Chloe's* Absence I'm' at Ease;  
Her Presence gives me Pain.——  
Grant me, great Jove, 'mongst your Decrees,  
Never to see her Face again.



A N O T H E R,


On a young Lady's being angry that she was discovered as she was cutting a Corn.

 E A R Miss, you needn't thus have put  
Yourself into so vile a Passion:  
What saw I, pray, except your Foot?——  
And that by *Chance*,——not Inclination.——



On CONTENT.

An EPIGRAM.

 T is not Youth can give Content,  
Nor is it Wealth can see ;  
It is a Dower from Heaven sent,  
Tho' not to thee, or me.

It is not in the Monarch's Crown,  
Tho' he'd give Millions for't ;  
It dwells not in his Lordship's Frown,  
Or waits on him to Court.

It is not in a Coach and Six ;  
It is not in a Garter ;  
'Tis not in Love or Politics,  
But 'tis in *Hodge* the Carter.





## The F A G G O T.

A FABLE from *Æsop*.

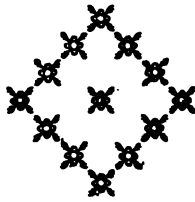
**H**E who neglects Advice from hoary Head,  
**H** Deserves whate'er ill Fortune may succeed ;  
 For none the Paths of Joy, or Grief can shew,  
 'Till sound Experience teach them first to know.

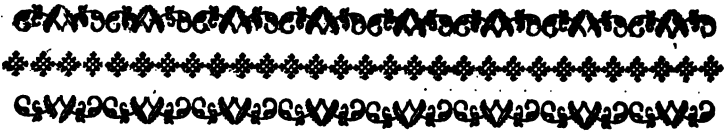
*Roger*, a Hind, who six-and-fifty Years  
 Had view'd the World, and bustl'd thro' its Cares ;  
 Seen Knavery prosper, Honesty degraded ;  
 Vice ever brilliant, Virtue ever shaded :——  
 That Gold cou'd only furnish Wit, and Grace,  
 Sense, Beauty, Merit, Modesty and Place ;  
 Retir'd for Life, unto his little Farm ;  
 There dwelt secure from Envy, and from Harm :——  
 Yet meagre Sickness found out his Abode ;  
 (In vain Secretion from the Hand of God.)  
 His Wife and Children all around him prest ;  
 The Pillow rais'd, he thus the Boys address'd ;——  
 Weep not, my Sons, that I expiring lie ;  
 Now we exist ;——To-morrow, and we die.——  
 But weep, ye that are yet constrain'd to live,  
 And thro' a dangerous World with Hardship strive.  
 Ye now are healthy, strong, and all together :  
 Heaven keep you so ;—reach me that Faggot hither ;—  
 Take each a Stick, and let me see ye break it ;——  
 Nothing more easy ;—that other yonder—take it !——

Try at it as 'tis bound ;—'twill never do ;——  
 The Moral's easy ;— *Thomas*, what think you ?——  
 Search round the Globe, you'll find you never can  
 Fix on a Beast so merciless as Man.——

For Brutes at least on different Species prey,  
 But Men more savage, more of Brutes than they,  
 Practise all Arts each other to betray.——


If sever'd in your Principles you steer,  
 Think on each single Stick, and justly fear :  
 But as the Faggot with the Withy bound,  
 So if Accordance in your Wills be found,  
 If strictly join'd you lean to Reason's Side,  
 Oppose Oppression, Folly, Art and Pride,  
 Who shall your Conduct, or your Thoughts disjoint ?  
 Firm Unanimity gains every Point.





EPIGRAM,

On a certain Congregation.


**I** all are doom'd who at their Prayers  
 Mind little what they say ;  
 (Intent on sublunary Cares),  
 Or whisper, laugh and play :

If Men are doom'd to heavy Curse  
 For gazing on the Fair ;  
 Or (what, alas ! is ten times worse)  
 The Ladies may not stare ;

If Piety will not allow  
 Of *Cupid's* gentle Dartings ;  
 O my good G—d, I pray thee now,  
 Have Mercy on *St. M——*'s.



A S O N G.





A S O N G.

THE Truant-Boy, I own, I lov'd ;  
T My Conduct cease to blame ;——  
For had he woo'd with equal Fire,  
Each Nymph had done the same.——

His Tongue wou'd melt the hardest Heart ;  
His Eyes the chastest She :  
No wonder in the Conquest then,  
Obtain'd o'er filly me.——

A courtly Dame cou'd scarce withstand  
His soft beguiling Tale ;  
Ah ! how shou'd I, who never saw  
Beyond our flowery Vale ?——

He swore that all I did was right ;  
And I, alas, believ'd :  
Yet something wrong I acted sure,  
And therefore was deceiv'd.——

Ten Thousand Times I call him false ;  
As many wish him here :  
Pay, Sisters, pay a hapless Maid  
The tributary Tear.

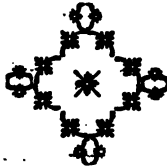
*An* E P I T A P H.

S
 TOP, laughing Passenger, and turn thine Eye,  
 On that may change thy Mirth into a Sigh.  
 When thou consider'st he who five Feet deep,  
 Lies a cold Lump, in an eternal Sleep,  
 Was Yesterday as gay a Thing as thou ;  
 As little car'd for Promise, or for Vow.  
 If rich thou art, he neither wanted Pelf,  
 Was more content, it may be, than thyself.  
 Art young ?—art strong ?—art am'rous ?—art brave ?—  
 Such was the Tenant of this gloomy Grave.—  
 Art faithful to thy Friend ?—art frank and free ?  
 Impatient of Controul ?—just so was he.  
 Yet, art thou good and mild ?—he too was such.—  
 Art thou forgetful of the snarling Grutch ?  
 That Quality he had ; and every Grace  
 That need adorn Successors of his Race.  
 The Wheel of Fortune Men capricious deem :  
 None better understood the Wheel than him.  
 And the same steady Principles appear'd,  
 When in the Vale, as on the Summit rear'd.—  
 Art thou a Drunkard ?—to thy Shame remember,  
 From *January's* Month unto *December*,


\*He ne'er was so, tho' living among Sots;  
A turnspit Dog——and own'd by *Roger Watts*.

---

\* *Poor Sharper!* (the Memory of whom I have, from a Principle of Gratitude endeavoured to perpetuate, as having been helped to many a good Dinner through his Means) was, at the Time of his Death, and had been for some Years before, the Property of Mr. *Roger Watts*, who, at that Time, kept the Sign of the *Cock*, in *Corn-street, Bristol*.



*To a young Lady, with a Pocket-Book, on  
Valentine's Day.*

 S fair as are the Leaves of this,  
A Where ne'er appear'd a Speck amiss;  
So artless, and without Design,  
Appears to me my Valentine.

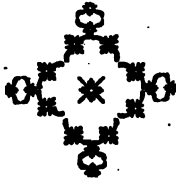
Youth, Innocence, and Gaiety,  
Wit, Prudence, and Sobriety,  
Their Aids together kindly join,  
To decorate my Valentine.

May every Blessing, every Grace  
Of Mind, of Person, and of Face,  
Increase still more, and all combine,  
To make thee lov'd, my Valentine.

Crowding Joys around thee wait,  
Blasting every evil Fate;  
And that thou ne'er have Cause to pine,  
Is my Soul's Wish, my Valentine.

At Length, when riper Years demand,  
The Comforts of the nuptial Band ;  
May every Virtue in him shine,  
Whole happy Lot's my Valentine.————

May every Day new Pleasures yield ;  
Long may she sport in Plenty's Field :  
And when her Breath she shall resign,  
Angels receive my Valentine.





A BALLAD.

THE Tales of your Loves, fellow Shepherds,  
I've heard ;  
How one has been slighted, while t'other dis-  
pair'd :

But your Griefs, and your Transports to me were the  
same :

To the Passion a Stranger, I laugh'd at the Flame.

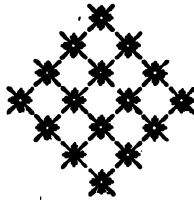
My Flock, or my Flute, was my only Employ ;  
The first claim'd my Care, and the latter my Joy :  
Each Minute was jocund, each Sentiment free ;  
Cou'd a Swain upon Earth be more happy than me ?

I ne'er till this Morn felt a Pain at my Heart :  
What shou'd be the Cause of it, *Thyrsis* impart ?  
Unpleasant my Meals are, my Slumbers unfound ;  
And wherever I wander, no Rest can be found.——

To conquer my Anguish, I have ev'ry Way strove ;  
Ah me ! but I fear it is what they call Love ;——  
Since the Blest are less happy when *Harriot* is by ;  
And when absent, the D—n'd feel less Torments than I.

What Crimes am I guilty of? tell me, O Fate;  
That you doom me to Love, where I rather shou'd hate.  
For *Harriot's* a Friend's, and I must not complain,  
Lest a Victim I fall to a prudent Disdain.

Approach Resolution, and lend me thy Aid ;——  
I ne'er had Occasion so great, I'm afraid.  
What in Fact I can't be, yet, oh teach me to seem,  
That tho' she can't love me, she yet may esteem.





*The Faithful Maid.*

A B A L L A D.

Set by Signior *Pasquali*.

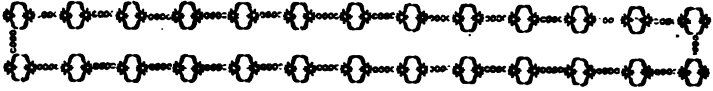
Orbear, fond Youths, the guileful-Tale,  
F The trickling Tear ;——they'll nought avail.  
The gaudy Present moves not me ;  
My Heart's for one,——with *Amberst* he.——

The pleading Look, th' infectious Sigh,  
Pass ever me unheeded by :  
Tho' parted by the cruel Main,  
My Love will soon return again.——

In kind Compassion urge no more  
A Suit so oft deny'd before :  
Inconstant, tho' you say he be,  
'Tis false I'm sure ;——he dotes on me.——

E'er unrelenting Storms appear,  
Haste over then, my All that's dear :  
Dispel the Clouds, and bring the Day :  
The World's eclips'd while you're away.

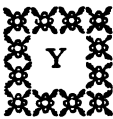





A B A L L A D.

Sung at the Theatre Royal in *Dublin*,

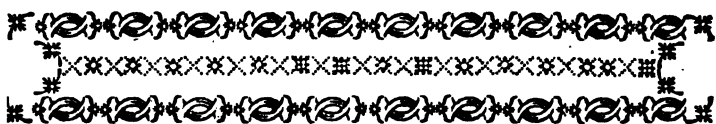
By *Mr. Sullivan*.

 Oung *Kitty*, blooming, gay and fair,  
Y Has drove Five Hundred to Dispair :  
 Where'er the Wanton darts her Eyes,  
Down drops the bleeding Sacrifice.——


E'en hoary Sages, they too feel  
She Stabs with something worfe than Steel ;  
But practise freely Rules I give,  
And spite of *Kitty* you shall live.——

No longer think on such a Face,  
Completely form'd to d——n your Race :——  
The Playhouse, Ball, and Route refrain ;  
They but augment the Lover's Pain.

Were *Kitty* kind it soon might end :  
A Bottle is a lasting Friend.  
Ten Thousand Cupids shou'd she call,  
In Claret you may drown them all.——



Wrote in the Gardens of *Brackenstown*,  
A Seat of Lord *Molesworth's*, near *Dublin*.

 *Brackenstown*!—delightful Seat!  
O oft frequented, dear Retreat!—  
How shall I paint thy Scenes of Bliss?  
Thou lovely second Paradise!—

Of *Dryden's* Muse had mine the Scope,  
With all the nervous Strength of *Pope*;  
Like *Shakespear* cou'd I Nature draw;  
Whose Pencil scorn'd poetic Law,  
Immortal shou'd thy Beauties flow,  
At least go Hand in Hand with \* *Stowe*.—

An ancient Rookery's social Noise  
Proclaims the hospitable Joys,  
That *Bacchus* join'd with *Ceres*, sends,  
To bless the best of Men, and Friends.——

Here may you unmolested rove,  
Thro' flowery Lawn, or mossy Grove:  
Where Art and Nature strongly vie,  
And doubtful hangs the Victory.

Here thickning Honeyfuckle Bowers,  
Repel the Rage of Mid-day Hours;

---

\* The Seat of Lord *Cobham*, so finely spoken of by Mr. *Pope*.

And

And court the Mind to contemplate  
The Smiles and Frowns of fickle Fate.  
Whilst sportive Birds on every Tree  
Enchant with vernal Melody.

Th' industrious Bee exerts her Strength ;  
Indeed she journeys no great Length :  
For every Sweet that she can crave,  
In her own Garden she may have.  
Her Labours here intently view ;  
'Twere not amiss to copy too.——

Here waves the Elm's aspiring Head,  
Beneath it creeps the Strawberry Bed.  
Promiscuous spread the Fruits and Flowers,  
As in the World's first happy Hours.——  
Deck'd with a Margin Ever-Green ;  
A River bounds the charming Scene.——

The bleating Sheep, the lowing Steer,  
The brouzing Goat,—the friendless Hare,  
Familiar, find a Shelter here.

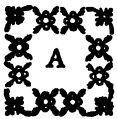
Adept in all, but to deceive,  
Match'd with the fairest Child of *Eve*.  
Here *Molefworth* dwells :——my Task is done,  
I fain wou'd soar, but dread the Sun.——





*An Invitation to Owen Bray's, at Laughlin's  
Town.*

I.



**R E** ye landed from *England*, and sick o'the Seas,  
Where ye rowl'd, and ye tumbld all manner of  
Ways?

To *Laughlin's Town* then without any Delays,  
For you'll never be right till you see *Owen Bray's*.

With his *Ballen a Mona, Orab,*  
*Ballen a Mona, Orab,*  
*Ballen a Mona, Orab!*

A Glas of his Claret for me,

II.

Were you full of Complaints from the Crown to the Toe,  
A Visit to *Owen's* will cure you of Woe;

A Buck of such Spirits ye never did know;

For let what will happen, they're always in Flow,

When he touches up *Ballen, &c.*

The Joy of that Fellow for me.

III.

You may talk of *Italians* whatever you will,  
I'd not give a Curse to be crown'd with their Skill.  
Nay sooner than hear them, I'd gulp down a Pill ;  
For who wou'd compare a d——n'd unmeaning thrill  
    To *Ballen a Mona*, &c.  
The Grounds of a Ballad for me.

IV.

Fling Leg over Garron, ye Lovers of Sport ;  
Much Joy is at *Owen's*———tho' little at Court.  
'Tis thither the Lads of brisk Metal resort ;  
For there they are sure that they'l never fall short,  
    Of good Claret, and *Ballen a Mona*, &c.  
The Eighty-fourth Bumper for me.

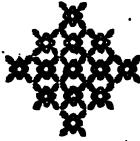
V.

The Days in *December* are dirty and raw,  
But when we're at *Owen's* we care not a Straw :  
We bury the Trades of Religion, and Law,  
And the Ice in our Hearts, sure we presently thaw,  
    With good Claret, and *Ballen a Mona*, &c.  
The quick-moving Bottle for me.

VI.

VI.

Can spirited Reptiles deservedly sink,  
That *Owen* shall live, and shall hunt, and shall drink,  
The Boy that from Bumpers yet never did shrink,  
Or till Threescore and Ten shall he venture to think  
Of leaving off *Ballen a Mona, &c.*  
*Ballen a Mona Orab!*  
Long Life to gay Fellows for me.



An irregular ODE on the Departure  
of my Friend Tafwell from Chester,  
where he had resided for the Summer  
Season, 1749.

~~W~~ELL then! it seems a little Space  
~~W~~ Shall rob me of thy much lov'd Face,  
~~W~~ Of jocund Tales what Tongue shall talk,  
~~W~~ Or how shall ~~Jane~~ employ his Chalk?

Poor Invalids, drop'd in by Chance,  
Shall chat of *Marlborough* and *France*;  
Complain the Ale is flat or four,  
And sip a Pennyworth in an Hour.

Whilst † *Jane*, for ever on the Hoof,  
Peevish and grumbling stands aloof;  
Eyes Honour's Sons with high Disdain,  
And wishes *Tafwell* here again.

---

\* The Landlord of the Publick-House where my Friend *Tafwell* lodg'd, during his Stay in *Chester*.

† The Landlady.

Soon shall we miss thee, jolly Boy! ———  
 That Face, the Harbinger of Joy ;  
 That Heart, the Fountain whence hath sprung  
 Such Tales as suit not every Tongue ;  
 Tales worthy of an Ear that feels,  
 Worthy to box with Care, and kick up Sorrows Heels.

Away my antique Friend is flown,  
 The Silver-headed Rake is gone :  
 And what in *Chester* now remains :  
 But nauseous, melancholy Strains. ———

\* The Balls, that skim along the Court,  
 Of Beaus, and Belles, the late Resort ; ———  
 Seem to explain that swift as they,  
 Time flies, and moulders all away,  
 We die To-morrow ; ——— so we'll drink To-day. }

The Man, who by the River *Dee*,  
 His own Estate can fit, and see ;  
 Whom Health, all cheering Blessing, deigns  
 To visit, ——— he 'tis gives the Reins  
 To Pleasure, and the Plagues of Care disdains. }

No dismal Vapours hurt the Breast,  
 That is of Honesty possess'd ;  
 Fearless the Owner walks, and free ;  
 For dirty Bailiffs what cares he ?  
 O Honesty ! — thou blest, thou pleasing Sound,  
 So often talk'd of, and so seldom found !

---

\* The Tennis-Court, wherein the Company of Players from  
*London* performed in the Summer Season of the Year 1749, under  
 the Direction of Mr. *Macklin*.



In Danger, if my Friend should be,  
 And fly for Safety unto Thee ;  
 Tho' late, perhaps the Recreant comes,  
 Thou'lt save him from the cruel \* Bums.  
 His wonted Quiet, to his Mind restore,  
 And see him safe on Week-days as before.——

The gloomy Dungeon I defy,  
 That last Retreat of Misery ;—  
 I smoke my Pipe, I drink my Glafs,  
 And ne'er forget my Sleep inspiring Lafs.——

Dispos'd to chat with pleasant Brock,  
 I curse the Time-devouring Clock ;  
 And now attentive, hear the Tale  
 Of merry *Moll*, who comes for Ale.——

If *Jones*, Nestorian Sage ! shou'd please  
 To speak of *Anna's* Victories ;  
 Inebriated with vast Delight,  
 I hear the Cannons ;——see the Fight !——  
 And curse the Land ingrate, that let's a Man,  
 Who fill'd the Trench with Blood,——now fill with Beer  
 the Can.——

The Walls, the constant Ev'ning Walk,  
 I oft frequent ;—I ogle,—talk ;—  
 There steps the Nymph, whose cruel Eyes,  
 Dooms every Heart a Sacrifice :  
 Whose Smile, whose Frown, Speech, Silence, all alike,  
 With certain Death, inevitably strike.

---

\* A cant Term for Bailiffs.

Ladies, your Leave——the squeamish Prude,  
 Who construes every Freedom lewd,  
 I hate :——I hate too the Coquet,  
 Who fancies every Charm, and Wit,  
 Center in her ;——but heav'nly C——k !——  
 Sparkles like Meteors from the Dark.  
 She to the Public lost,——*Corinna* now  
 Reigns Goddess of the Wall, the Street, the Row.—

Paunch-pamper'd *Bacchus* 'tis commands,  
 Away with Love ;——the Bottle stands !——  
 The Bowl majestic,——that improves  
 The palid Cheek, and warms us as it moves ——

What gen'rous Heat !——'fore gad I'm drunk !—  
 I'm fit for Stratagem, or Punk ;—  
 The Half-pint Glasses !—thus we drink,  
 While puny whey-fac'd Puppies shrink.  
 And fearing Spots, and ruby Noses,  
 Miscall our honest Bumpers, Doses.—

Of Avarice, what high Disdain,  
 Foments thro' ev'ry joyous Vein !——  
 We covet but the brightest Lads ;  
 Behold my gay o'erflowing Glas !  
 I give you lovely *Lucy*——let it pass.——

The Scene is chang'd,——and now I go  
 Where never enters anxious Woe.  
 Me \* *Stanley* calls——and say, my Muse,  
 The Call of *Stanley*, who'd refuse?——  
 I go to what we rarely see,  
 Content and Hospitality ;  
 To Lady——truly good, and Brethren that agree.——

Sweetly the Hours at † *Hooton* glide,  
 Harmonious, gentle, free from Pride ;——  
 No sulken Humours harbour there,  
 Or fawning Tongue, or carping Care ;—  
 No wayward Passions vex the Mind ;  
 But each is bounteous, good, and kind.——

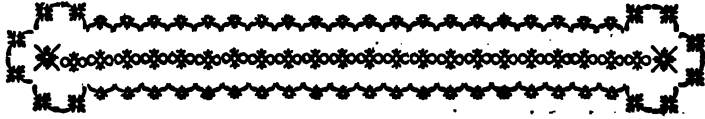
Bright Liberty ! with smiling Face,  
 Augments the Beauties of the Place ;  
 You sing—you drink—you walk—you chat——  
 And none are blam'd for this or that.——  
*Stanley* with grateful Heart receives,  
 And frankly shares what Heaven gives.——

While some contemptuous Honours prize,  
 And cram their worthless Hearts with Lies ;  
 More happy his untainted Mind ;  
 So justly valu'd by Mankind.—  
 Thro' Life I envy *Stanley's* Part ;—  
 An Innocence that conquers Art.

---

\* *Sir Rowland Stanley, Knt.*——Elder Branch of an ancient and honourable Roman Catholic Family, in the Neighbourhood of *Chester*.

† The Seat of *Sir Rowland*.



*A Description of* **ALTIDORE,**

A Seat in the County of *Wicklow.*

**W**HY wou'd, *O'Farrell*, you,  
Impose a Task so hard?—  
A Task that might subdue  
*Apollo's* favourite Bard.—

How hard, alas! for one,  
With rough untutor'd Pen,  
To paint the rising Sun;  
Or sing the best of Men?—

But, Sir, since you command,  
Tho' sure to be undone;  
I'd take the flaming Stand,  
And fall with *Phaeton*.—  
Yet, where shall I commence?  
I cannot bear the Sight;  
Joys crowd on ev'ry Sense,  
And torture with Delight.—

The Swain, who *Cooper's* Brow  
Sang sweetly heretofore;  
Had stood amaz'd, I trow,  
At Sight of *Altidore*.

In *Windsor's* Praise the Muse  
 Hath oft been known to soar ;  
 A nobler Theme they chuse  
 Who speak of *Altidore*.

Methinks I hear them say,  
 Your rapt'rous Stuff give o'er ;  
 And in plain Terms, I pray  
 Describe us *Altidore*.  
 On Top of Eastern Hill,  
 With Heath all cover'd o'er ;  
 Enrich'd with many a Rill,  
 Stands beauteous *Altidore*.

Your Eye commands a Plain  
 Of twice Three Miles and more ;  
 Where bask the Sheep, the Swain,  
 At lovely *Altidore*.  
 When Novelty prevails,  
 And Fields delight no more ;  
 Survey the Clifts of *Wales*,  
 From heavenly *Altidore*.

No Music there is heard,  
 Save Beagles twice a Score ;  
 And *Robin*, pretty Bird !  
 That warbles *Altidore*.——  
 There Nature, bounteous Dame,  
 Unbosoms all her Store,  
 And Art with conscious Shame  
 Abandons *Altidore*.

No griping Cares approach ;  
No Want attends the Door ;  
Or on the Joys encroach,  
Encircling *Altidore*.  
And he whose godlike Heart,  
Possesses all this Store,  
So tops the generous Part,  
None envy *Altidore*.——





*The Invitation to Dr. Le Hunt's,*

In the County of *Dublin.*

WAS early I rose, so resplendent the Day,  
The Birds were deluded, and took it for *May*.  
The Throftle's clear Note, eccho'd loud thro'  
the Groves,  
And the Wood-quefts all round me fat cooing  
their Loves.

The Lambs newly drop'd, tho' scarce able to stand,  
Yet strove to evade the fond Touch of my Hand ;  
By Instinct directed, so early to ken,  
No Foes can approach 'em more hurtful than Men.

A Train of Reflections soon busy'd my Mind,  
On Reason, the bubling Boast of Mankind ;  
Who tear the poor Dupe, whilst they seem to carefs,  
And accumulate Wealth, by each other's Distrefs.

With

With Musing fatigu'd, on the Grass I reclin'd,  
 Where a Brook thro' the Glen doth invitingly wind.  
 And as o'er the smooth Pebbles it gently did creep,  
 The musical Murmur compos'd me to sleep.

When strait by my Side there appear'd a fair Maid,  
 In Vestments as white as the Lilly array'd ;  
 Whose ruddy Complexion, and Glee of whose Face,  
 Shew'd Health had a soveraign Sway in the Place.

Your Censures are rash, said she ; Why for a few,  
 Should you judge the whole World to be false and untrue ?  
 Come to \**Branenstown* House, at the Top of the Hill,  
 And your splenatic Humours we'll teach you to kill.

With all that the Eye can take in of Delight ;  
 With all that the Heart conceives virtuous and right ;  
 With all that brings Mirth, and gives Vapours the Rout,  
 I'll engage you'll be pleas'd, both within and without.

I thank'd her ; but told her, I cou'dn't that Day,  
 For I din'd with the 'Squire and good Mrs. *Bray*.  
 Be it soon, she reply'd, or I take an Affront,  
 Content is my Name, and I live with \**Le Hunt*.

---

\* *Branenstown*, a Seat in the County of *Dublin* ; the Property of *Dr. Le Hunt*, formerly a Physician of great Eminence, but who had retir'd from Practice some Years before the above was wrote : a Gentleman, who, from his extensive Charities, Benevolence, and great Affability, rendered himself justly beloved by every Person happy enough to be acquainted with him.—He is since dead, when the many who stood in need of his Assistance lost a most valuable Benefactor ; and those who did not, a sincere Friend and amiable Companion.





A S O N G.

Y O U N G, healthy, brisk, and gayly free,  
The spritely Swain sung Liberty.  
He sung—and laugh'd at Beauty's Bloom ;  
Poor Boy !—his Hour was not come.

The fair—the black—the easy Shape,  
Unheeded, did his Eyes escape.  
*Lucinda* caus'd no love-sick Gloom :  
For why ? his Hour was not come.

With *Sappho*, oft in Complaisance,  
Of Love he'd chat—with *Chloe* dance ;  
Yet cold as Ice, or marble Tomb——  
The fated Hour was not come.

From Opera, Route, Assembly, Play,  
He bore his Heart unhurt away.  
Till on a late too hapless Roam,  
He *Bella* saw ;——his Hour's come.——

He flies his Friends, his Bottle now,  
Detefts his Food,—contracts his Brow;  
Those sad Effects of *Cupid's* Doom,  
Too plain evince—the Hour's come.

*Bella!*—avow your Sexes Wrong;  
Despise his Sighs, his Smart prolong.  
For so shou'd each be serv'd, who dare  
Profanely slight the lovely Fair.—

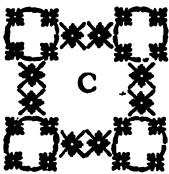




*An* EPILOGUE,

In the Character of a Lieutenant of a Privateer  
regailing his Crew.

Spoke by Mrs. Green, at her Benefit at *Jacob's*  
*Well Theatre, Bristol, 1759.*



OME, bear a Hand—and put the Lade  
round,——

Yo-ho! the t'other Bowl!——we're all  
aground.

Health to great *George*, and *Prussia's* valiant  
King:

A Cheer my Lads, and make the Ceiling  
ring.

*Huzza! Huzza!*

Well play'd, my Hearts of Oak, my *Bristol* Boys!——  
To scare a *Frenchman*!——that's your only Noife.  
Long have we reign'd the Sov'reigns of the Main;  
Oft have we thump'd the Fleets of *France* and *Spain*;  
And when they dare come out,——we'll do't again.

) for an *Indiaman* now, Homeward bound !——  
 And down the Dog that finches 't'other Round——  
 Till *British* Colours stream from *Gallic* Staff.  
 And we, as Winners, have a Right to Laugh.——

Laden with Plunder, then we'd boldly come,  
 To our own \* *Marshstreet*, and carouse at Home.  
 Full Bowls——full Dishes——Jollity and Fun ;  
 Safe from the Chain Shot, or the Swivel Gun.

Such is the Life we jovial Sailors lead :  
 Freely we drink and love ;——as freely bleed.  
 When Merchants need us, that are just and kind,  
 And brave Commanders,——who wou'd lag behind?——

Each fills his Keg, and to the † *Gib* he scowers ;  
 Gives *Moll* a Smack, and tips her Will and Powers.  
 She, blubbering, begs a little longer Stay ;  
 Off goes the Boat,——and we are under Way.——

Come fill us round,——and leave no Room for Lip,——  
 Luck to the *Bristol* ;——she's a gallant Ship !——  
 To ‡ *Dipden* Fortune wherefoe'er he steers ;  
 And may *France* dread the *English* Privateers.

*Huzza ! Huzza !*


\* A Street, with regard to *Bristol*, as *Wapping* and *Rotherhitb* are to *London*,——for the Reception of Sailors, &c. and supplying them with Slops.——

† The *Gib*,——a Ferry at the End of *Prince's-street*, where Sailors, &c. take Boat, to go on Board their Ships in *Kingroad*.

‡ The Commander, at that Time, of the *Bristol* Privateers.



A B A L L A D.

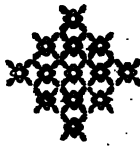
 T is not for *Polly*, it is not for *Ann*,  
I It is not for *Marg'et*, it is not for *Fann* ;  
It is not for *Lucy*,——for *Sally* I vex,  
But the *Je ne scai quoi* that belongs to the Sex.

The Pride of *Amanda* I view with an Eye,  
That laughs at the Puppies, who whimper and sigh.  
For Reason thus dictates,——be frolic, my Boy ;  
Grief is not the Passport to *Je ne scai quoi* !

The Witty, the Pretty, the Wanton, the Prude,  
The dignify'd Lady, the Villager rude,  
My passionate Raptures coequal employ,  
For all are Dispensers of *Je ne scai quoi* !

Ye Dabblers in Metre, Retailers of Dreams,  
With your Garlands of Willow, and murmuring Streams ;  
A Plague o' your Nonsense, such Dampers of Joy  
Ought never to taste of the *Je ne scai quoi*.

Are ye fearful to fail, when the Fair ye pursue?  
Call o' *Tombins*, and throw down a Bumper or Two.  
Dull Meagrims, there's nought like *Champagne* to  
destroy;  
'Tis the shortest of Cuts to the———*Je ne scai quoi*.





*On seeing a Group of Ladies*

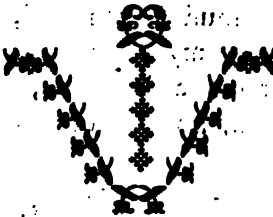
Very curious in their Inspection of the Mechanism of Mr. *Ladd*, of *Trowbridge*, his Machine, constructed to travel without Horses, by the Means of what he term'd an *Endless Chain*; exhibited at *Cock's Auction Room, Spring Garden, 1759*; and allowed by the Nobility, Gentry and Mechanics, who came in great Numbers to see it, to be the most compleat Piece of Mechanism they had ever met with: The Chain (for which Mr. *Ladd*, the Inventor, hath obtained his Majesty's Patent for Fourteen Years) being applicable to Cranes, Sugar-Mills, and many other Purposes, in order to save Labour, both with Regard to Men and Cattle, &c.



HEN no Recess I find's secure,  
Not even the scientific ~~Scene~~ *Scene*,  
'Gainst Beauty's bright transporting Lure;  
The Ladies crowd to *Ladd's* Machine.

Sage *Ladd*, resolve whate'er they ask ;  
For know each Eye contains an Elf,  
Shall find it but a trifling Task  
To turn thy Force against thyself.——

With Smiles they now can push us on,  
And back us with their Frowns again ;  
But one Point more, and we're undone :  
They only want the endless Chain.——







## A BALLAD.

Sung by *Mr. Vernon.*

WAS underneath a *May*-blown Bush,  
'T Where Violets sprang, and sweet Primroses;  
With Voice melodious as the Thrush,  
So *Johnny* sung, collecting Poesies.

These to the Breast must be convey'd,  
Of her, who sways my warmest Fancy;  
The tender, blooming, artless Maid,  
My smiling, mild, good-natur'd *Nancy*.—

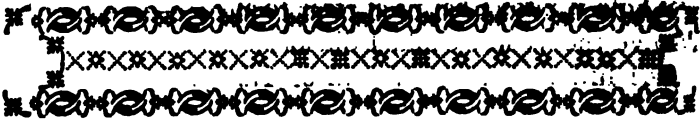
I know the Suburb Youths will jeer,  
And call me witlefs Oaf and Zany;  
That I from constant Heart declare,  
I ne'er will love, except my *Nanny*.

I envy them nor Pomp nor Dress,  
Or Conquests gain'd, o'er Hearts of many:  
The Study of my Life's to bless,  
And please my dear, my grateful *Nanny*.—

Oh ! how unlike, my Fair, to those  
Whose wanton Charms are free to any ;——  
Pd give the World could I disclose  
One fiftieth Part the Worth of *Nanny*.——

Let Bucks, and Bloods, in burnt Champagne,  
Toast *Lucy, Charlotte, Poll* or *Fanny* ;  
At Notions, so absurdly vain,  
I smile, and clasp my blameless *Nanny*.





## A BALLAD.



E T *Hayman, Hudson, Worlidge* paint  
The Dames of Town or Valley ;  
Their warmest Beauties are but faint,  
Compar'd to those of *Sally*.

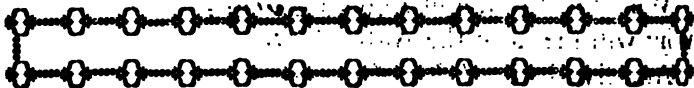
Ye Bucks and Beaux, with jemmy Cloaths,  
Who rant, and rake, and rally ;——  
With *Nell* and *Poll*, and *Drabs* like those,  
You'll never do for *Sally*.

Her Eyes are black, and pierce so quick,  
'Tis dang'rous Work to dally ;——  
I'm sure I ne'er was half so sick  
As I've been made by *Sally*.

Her Shape is strait, her Bosom white :  
Describe her full, how shall I ?  
All that can give supreme Delight,  
Exists at once in *Sally*.

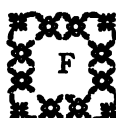
Life on Fortune's fickle Plan,  
fit Kings might Fight for *Sally*;  
Will she keep the *Naked Man*,  
live in *Black Boy Alley*?—





*On being present at a great Meeting of*  
**PSALM-SINGERS,**

To perform at *O——e*, near *B——l*, on *Sunday*,  
the 29th of *June*.

 **F**ROM social *D——s* friendly Farm,  
To *O——e*'s Church we rode ;  
Where, to protect our Souls from Harm,  
We heard the Word of God.—

Chaunters, from far and near, that Day  
Had been for Months expected ;  
And *Jobs* and *Joans*, as blith as *May*,  
In Crowds were there collected.

On Horses lame and blind they came,  
And some on Foot did run ;  
And there was Ale, and Cakes, and Game :  
'Twas to a Wake *ale one*.

—'s rev'rend Substitute was dull ;  
 The C——k had bung'd his Eyes ;  
 he Weather hot, the Church brimfull :  
 I thought 'twas Time to rise.

o, whisper'd *Ben*, altho' I'm toir'd  
 Of Stuff not worth a Farthing ;  
 may'nt go out ; 'twull be admoir'd,  
 Becafe I'm now Churchwarden.

it look amangst our Pews, and zay,  
 If in ale *Bristol Zitty*,  
 irls may be vound zo brisk, and gay,  
 Zo taper, and zo pretty ?——

round I threw my wand'ring Eyes,  
 And tho' in Courts they've been,  
 there declare without Disguise,  
 More charming was the Scene.

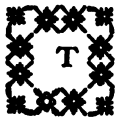
native Innocence there reign'd  
 In ev'ry blooming Face :  
 perior Praises none obtain'd,  
 For each had equal Grace.

re never were so fair a Set,  
 Assembl'd in a Ring ;  
 or e'er before such Angels met,  
 To hear such Mortals sing.



To my B E D.

Translated from the *French*.



Heatre of Smiles and Tears,  
Where first began, where end our Cares,  
Well thou shew'st us how near Neighbours  
Are our Pleasures and our Labours.




the never to the  
attempts a  
for ever before  
to hear from

*Advice to Mr. Benjamin Sedgely,*

At the Time these Lines were first wrote, Master of the *Ship and Anchor* Alehouse at *Temple-Bar*, who subscribed himself Author of a Poem on seeing a Collection of Pictures done by Mr. *Worlidge*; and likewise of a Pamphlet against that of Mr. *Fielding's*, relative to *Street-Robbers*.

*By Mr. Solomon Lanham,*

At the same Time Master of the *Blue Posts* Alehouse, *Covent-Garden*.


 HO wou'd his Patron's Intellects degrade,  
 And blast his Folly, while he eats his Bread?—  
 Or with the learned Counsel of his Plea,  
 Contest the Justice of the well-known Fee?

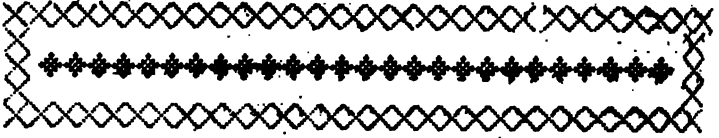
Who, rising from right reverend Table, full,  
 Wou'd tell his Lordship his Discourse was dull?  
 Or, with the Ladies hopes to make his Way,  
 By censuring all they act, and all they say?  
 In Shape imperfect,—or if Reason halt;  
 Sage *Ben*, be hush!—none love to hear the Fault.—  
 So tender is the Age;—and 'tis but Sport,  
 Who thinks, by Truth, to raise himself at Court.——



Even Panygeric shou'd with Art be fram'd,  
 And not with fulsome Hyperbolics cramm'd.——  
 Great Souls by Flatt'ry cannot be misled,  
 They loath the Dunghil where the Maggot bred.  
 Hark to thy Good!—mistaken Man, —— attend  
 The warm Remonstrance of a Brother—Friend,——  
 Who hopes no Inter'st from his Care may flow,  
 More than thy Safety from impending Woe.——  
*Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam*, you know,  
 Directs each Man how far he ought to go ;  
 And when they step beyond such stated Brink,  
 Like you they flounder, 'till like you they sink.——  
 O had you but your Name-sake's Share of Glee,  
 Well might'st thou then contend in Poetry :  
 Or had the *Irisb* Deans vast Store of Wit  
 Supply'd thee from its Sweepings, simple Cit,  
 Much from thy Works, and justly might we hope ;  
 And Fifty *Sedgley's* might compose a *Pope*.  
 But as Things are, nor Satyrs Depth explore,  
 Nor aim at Wit ;——but take your Chalk and score ;——  
 Let *Worlidge* paint, and *Fielding* write in Peace ;  
 Blunder you on, in Ignorance, and Grease.——  
 The greatest Bards their ill Success have had ;  
 What can'st thou hope, so execrably bad ?——  
 Froward the Muses, ——to thy Suit unkind,  
 Push up to Fortune, she, good Lady's blind ;  
 And, haply may give Ear ;——quit humorous Strôkes,  
 And cut Rump-steaks, instead of cutting Jokes.——  
 To force the Smile, or draw the tender Fear,  
 Is not for thee, *Ben*, ——stick to drawing Beer,  
 And fix thy Anchor of Dependance there.  
 When thou hast Time for't, hear what others say ;  
 Some Salt here, Boy !——You've Twenty-pence to pay.  
 You're welcome, Sir !——Walk, Gentlemen, this Way. }

e Mutton-pies, you Rascal ;—how you stare !—  
Rabbit ?—Yes, Sir ;—*Molly*—mind the Bar ;  
*Adams*, Sir, was hang'd with Lawyer *Carr*.—— }  
is enough for you and I, d'ye see ;  
x, O ! Science——and Philosophy:——  
commend the Modes myself have try'd,  
see Wits walk, whilst I triumphant ride.





*On seeing the* PATENT MACHINE,

Now exhibited at *Cock's* Auction Room, *Spring Gardens*, invented by Mr. *John Ladd*, of *Trowbridge*.

✻✻✻ A R, far away, Rancour!---Stupidity dream on;  
✻ F ✻ Foul Envy avant! thou implacable Doemon!--  
✻✻✻ Your Powers connected, he need not to fear,  
Whose Carriage is blameless, from Principles clear.  
So well think Mankind of the Patent Machine;  
The Odds, among Sporters, run high against \* *Green*.  
Full well they're convinc'd of its winning the Day,  
Since Merit gives Motion, and Fame clears the Way.

---

\* Mr. *Green* of *Maidenhead*; with whom Mr. *Ladd* had made a Bett of 200 *l.* that his Machine should run One Hundred Miles in less Time than Mr. *Green* should perform it with a Post-Chaise and a Pair of the ablest Horses he could put to it.



A B A L L A D,

Wrote immediately after the Engagement at *St. Cas*,

YE Soldiers and Sailors, to both I indite,  
As Children of *Britain*, be Brethren in Fight ;  
Let Jealousies die, and no more disagree,  
Ye Lords of the Land, and ye Lords of the Sea.  
For such are the Titles each Annal bestows,  
On the Bulwarks of *Britain*, and Scourge of her Foes.

Remember the Gallantry shewn at *St. Cas*,  
A parallel Action the Sun never saw ;  
Where about Fifteen Hundred of stout Grenadiers,  
Fill'd the whole *Gallic* Army with ague-like Fears :  
As impregnable Forts, by each other they stood,  
'Till disfigur'd with Wounds, and half drowned in Blood.

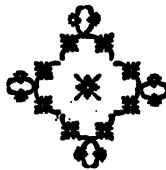
With Grief let me add, O perpetual Shame  
To a barb'rous Nation, the Outcast of Fame !—  
O'erpower'd and broke, when for Quarter they su'd,  
*French* Swords to the Hilts in their Hearts were embru'd.  
Remember this, Soldiers, the next Time you meet,  
And second them well, ye brave Boys of the Fleet.

Our young gallant \* Prince was on Shore all the while,  
Experienc'd an Enemy savage and vile ;——  
He saw his best Troops, (Want of Powder and Ball) . . .  
All scatter'd like Sheep——saw their General fall † ;  
Your Favourite, ye Guards !---O may Peace ne'er be made,  
'Till his Blood, and your own, at *St. Cas* be repaid.

---

\* His royal Highness *Edward Duke of York*.

† General *Dury*, who fell by a Musket Shot, in his Retreat to the Boats.





An EPILOGUE,

After appearing in the Character of the Mock  
DOCTOR, at *Jacob's Well Theatre, Bristol.*

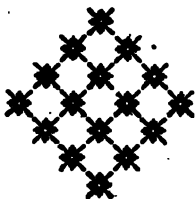
HIS Night you have seen me, fore against my  
 Will,  
 Severely drubb'd into a Man of Skill;  
 From Faggot-binder, Lud!—how quick I've sped,  
 Restor'd the Sick, the Lame, the Blind, the Dead;  
 Or, if I have not, it has so been said:  
 And that's sufficient——many a daring Man,  
 Now boasts a Fortune from the self-same Plan;  
 Puffs well prepar'd are of amazing Use;  
 Where One rejects, ten swallow the Abuse.  
 Hence the Increase of rev'rend *W*——*d*'s Stores;  
 And hence licentiate *R*——*ck* in gilded Chariot snores.  
 A Doctor now, without the Aid of Rules,  
 The Pedantry of Colleges or Schools,  
 Have at another Trade, without the Tools.  
 I'll Poetry commence, turn Mind's Director,  
 And rival Brother *John*, the learn'd Inspector:  
 Keen cutting Satyr write; but first I'll hie  
 Far, far from *Bristol*;——hear the Reason why!——  
 Whilst Industry appears in every Face;  
 Whilst Truth your Men, Virtue your Women grace;

}

}

Whilst

Whilst Friendship, Honour, Loyalty and Love,  
Are the main Springs by which your Actions move;  
Whilst Avarice, Sloth, Hypocrisy and Lies,  
With every Crime, obnoxious to the Wise,  
Ye are known to abhor, what Room for Satyr here?  
Truth must expunge, tho' Rancour shou'd besmear.  
Yet e're I go, — permit me take my Leave ;  
With these, my Thanks, for Favours past, receive;  
Acknowledgment, the Player's all, — I give ——— }  
May Heaven increase your Wealth, your Peace, your  
Stores ;  
The greatest Good to me, will be to hear of yours.



A B A L L A D.

SWEEETER than the sweetest Muse,  
Breaths the Maid whom *Damon* sues.  
Than Snow her whiter Bosom heaves;  
*Damon* swears,——the Maid believes.

Straiter than the Mountain Pine  
Is her Shape; her Air divine;  
Eyes more piercing than the Sun;  
*Damon* swears?——the Maid's undone.——

Innocent, and youthful Fair,  
Objects of my tenderest Care:  
O beware the flattering Smile;  
Of trickling Tear, the study'd Guile.

Him suspect that wou'd persuade,  
Ye are more than mortal made;  
Weigh your Men by Virtue's Rules,  
Think who break them, worst of Fools.







*On a MILLER,*

In Love with Two pretty young Ladies.

O Tool of State,  
G And scratch thy Pate,  
And tear thy Lungs to Tatters :  
Now in, now out,  
Take t'other Bout ;  
I sing of Country Matters.

The Court, 'tis true,  
Has Charms for you ;  
But take it not in Joke, Sir ;  
When I declare,  
Your String and Star  
Mere Baubles are at S——ke, Sir.

Ambition here,  
Did ne'er appear ;  
Your Sun-shine we despise, Sir ;  
We have all we ask,  
When we can bask  
In *Poll* and *Beisfey's* Eyes, Sir.

Those lovely Maids,  
To Masquerades,  
Altho' they've not been bred, Sir ;  
In rural Dance,  
Might challenge *France*,  
And put their Dames to Bed, Sir.

Like Light'ning shine  
Their Eyes divine,  
They're strait and handsome grown, Sir ;  
And tho' you see,  
No Lady B———,  
Their Faces are their own, Sir.

At M———'s Stream,  
They're still my Theme ;  
And in the 'Squire's Park, Sir,  
To give me Ease,  
I spoil the Trees,  
By carving it on Bark, Sir.—

O V———t why  
Are not you I ?  
For then I cou'd go boldly ;———  
But old and poor,  
They'd shut the Door,  
And use the Miller coldly.—

When \* Flagellet,  
Tell *Poll* and *Bet*,  
The Priest has done his Duty ;  
Their Court'fies made,  
Each killing Jade  
Removes her Fund of Beauty :

I stay behind,  
I gaze on Wind ;——  
Till blind as Ma—d—'s Thiller ;——  
Then, bang the Gate,  
And curse the Fate,  
Of feeble *Mull* the Miller.

---

\* The Instrument made use of to play the Congregation out  
Church, instead of an Organ.





A B A L L A D.

I.

☞ I S T E R Nymphs, by a Maiden forlorn,  
Disdain not Example to take;—  
Since a Swain sure yet never was born,  
So true as I late did forsake.—

II.

oft has he, all the Day long,  
Love in soft Accents me press'd;—  
the Lark, stopping short at his Song,  
Youth's softer Notes hath confess'd.—

III.

How blest had I been at this Time,  
Had I not fell a Victim to Pride?—  
Take heed whilst you bloom in your Prime,  
And remember the Cause that I dy'd.—

IV.

To become a gay Toast of the Town,  
My poor Shepherd and Lambs I forfook ;  
My Cot, and my grey ruffet Gown ;  
My Innocence, Dog, and my Crook,

V.

To another now *Damon* is flown,  
Whose Faith is superior to mine ;  
Fate blefs them——whilst round my sad Stone,  
The Willow and Cypress entwine.





A N O T H E R.

I.

DECLIN'D on a Hillock of wild Thyme so sweet,  
My Kids nibling round me, my Dog at my Feet;  
The Sky-lark and Thrortle beguil'd me of  
Pains,  
my Pipe I laid by to attend to their Strains.

II.

What Joys are complete, when my *Peggy's* away?  
I sigh'd, and I languish'd for thee, as I lay!—  
Temples the Sun-beams most sorely did heat;  
God perhaps anger'd I wish'd his Retreat.

III.

w'd thus in Mid-day, to *Somnus* I pray'd,  
on as invok'd, he flew swift to my Aid;—  
Is next to Heaven disclos'd to my View,  
with him he brought the Resemblance of you.

IV.

But long I enjoy'd not the sweetest of Scenes,  
Too rudely disturb'd by the cruel't of Means ;  
A Wolf lank with Famine from Forest there came,  
And bore off thy Gift—my poor favourite Lamb.

V.

As quick as the Light'ning, I chas'd the foul Thief,  
By Passion inflam'd, and prick'd forward by Grief ;  
The dear little Bleater I rescu'd from Death,  
And left its grim Foe without Motion or Breath.

VI.

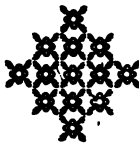
Impute not my Absence to any false Tale,  
Might escape to the Brow, from the Buz of the Vale ;  
Believe it rank Envy at Sight of such Twain,  
The fairest of Fair, and the faithfullest Swain.





*seeing Mr. Ladd's Machine to go without  
Horses.*

✻ A Y S Fortune to Time, prithee what art about ?  
S This *Trowbridge* Machine makes a terrible Rout.  
✻ We mustn't thus suffer, my politic Brother,  
One Tradesman so much to annoy all the other.  
h thy Scythe prithee stop his intended Career,  
e'll steal all the Arts, one by one, we may fear.  
Virtue that dotes on a Heart without Crime,  
I support thee, O *Ladd*, against Fortune and Time.







*On the sudden Death of Mr. DRAPER,*  
Late Bookfeller in the *Strand.*

ESTEEM'D by Strangers, and by Friends belov'd;  
E By Merit's Touchstone, G——k's self approv'd;  
Sought by the Wretched, as a sure Relief;  
And by the Happy, as a Foe to Grief;—  
On whose frank Brow still grew the honest Smile,  
Fruit of a Heart incapable of Guile;—  
Sage were his Sentiments,—his Dictates mild;  
Of Spirit harmless, as the new-born Child;  
So *Draper* liv'd, and as he liv'd he dy'd,  
Not roughly torn, but gently drawn aside.  
Heaven wou'd his spotless Sail shou'd rest close furl'd,  
E're Billows boil, Rocks rend, and Flames be hurl'd;  
To scourge the black Remains of an ungrateful World }






A B A L L A D.

ung at *Sadler's Wells*, ——— the Music by Mr.  
*Patterfal*.

I.

 O yonder Beech's friendly Shade  
Repair, fair *Aura*, lovely Maid,  
And whilst our Lambkins frolick make,  
My rural Presents dein to take.

II.

Were to my Wish thy Temples bound,  
How Eastern Gems should blaze around? ———  
Set Wishes are but idle Breath,  
In lieu, behold a Primrose Wreath! ———

III.

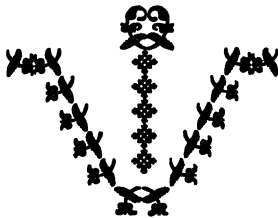
Were both the *Indies* at my Beck,  
'd ransack both my Nymph to deck.  
But as it is, vouchsafe to wear  
What once enwrapt my fleecy Care.

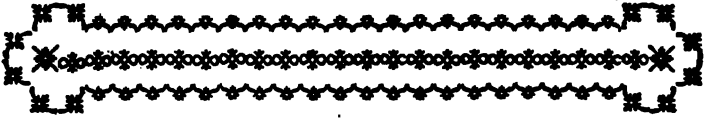
IV.

Of burnish'd Gold, or Silver fair,  
Those Feet of thine shou'd Sandals bear ;  
But all I have I offer now,  
The Hide of *Dap*, my favourite Cow !

V.

Said *Aura*, Sandals, Robes, and Crowns,  
Are slender Proofs 'gainst Fortune's Frowns ;  
We've Health and Ease ;——is Heaven scant ?——  
Here——take my Hand——we've all we want.





*On seeing a Bust of the Marquis of Granby,  
at Mr. Rackstrow's, Statuary, in Fleet-  
street.*


WHEN such Resemblance of their Chief they see,  
W Loud roar the uncap'd Crowd, and bend the  
Knee ;  
Revere the good,—the loyal,—brave and just,  
The generous honest Marquis !—'tis his Bust :  
But well may they mistake a nice Design,  
That wants but Breath, O Jove, to stamp it thine.





*Pastoral* D U E T.

H E.

 O U D proclaims the Blackbird's Note,  
Rigid Winter's chang'd his Coat ;  
The Thrortle, Linnet, Finch and Dove,  
On budding Sprays renew their Love.

Sweet *Philomel* begins to sing,  
And every Fly on gilded Wing,  
Hails the bright Sun, and each upbraid  
Thee, too reserv'd hard-hearted Maid !——

S H E.

The Birds from whom your Proofs you take,  
Love, I grant,——but ne'er forsake ;  
Poor *Philomela's* plaintiff Cry,  
Bears Record of Man's Perfidy ;  
Your painted Flies of various Hue,  
Are wavering spotted Types of you ;  
And Eccho, loudly as she can,  
Sobs horrid Tales of cruel Man.——

H E.

*H E.*

orse than Steel, ah, do not strike  
; to others most unlike ;  
s of Art, I ne'er cou'd say ;  
iph but you, e'er heard me pray ;—  
by this extorted Tear—  
—You know my Soul sincere.—

*S H E.*

nt as Ship-mocking Gale,  
: as a Fairy Tale ;  
ill esteem'd the idle Breath,  
in'd out Daggers, Darts, and Death ;  
xcombs ever did offend ;  
not make a Fool, a Friend ;  
dence takes thy honest Part,  
Virtues yield my Heart.





## A BALLAD.

LAY, and dream'd on *Polly's* Face,  
 I For which e'en *Jove* might quit his Place;  
 Her charming Shape, her cruel Eye,  
 Disdainful of the Lover's Sigh;  
 When whisper'd Time,——Thou Fool take Heart,  
 My Sand repels the Urchin's Dart.——

I'll sweep the Bloom from off the Fruit,  
 The Roses scatter dead and pale;  
 Too late then each revolted Suit,  
 She shall bemoan, when Beauties fail.——  
 The Magic broke, she soon shall be  
 Despis'd by All,——but most by thee.——

I'woke, I found my Heart at rest;  
 I now discharge thee from my Breast;  
 Proceed awhile to vex Mankind,  
 But, perjur'd fair One, hope to find  
 No more Dominion o'er my Mind,  
 I take my last Adieu!

I now can smile at all your Arts,  
 Defy the keenest of Love's Smarts,  
 And hence will try Ten Thousand Hearts  
 E're dote again on you.



A BALLAD,

ung by *Andrews*, in the Character of a *Somersetshire* Farmer's Son,

I.

**C**OME *Realph*, come *Robin* and *Zue*,  
And list to the Words I do zoy ;  
A Stary I'll tell you as true  
As the Bible wherein ye do proy.  
Ve veather to *Lunnun* ye kna  
I been to zell Bearly and Kine ;  
and I dan't keare how aft I do go,  
The Pleace be zo woundily vine.

II.

he Mearketing aver and done,  
A Butcher as vine as a Lord,  
ware damun he'd zhaw us zome Vun,  
And 'ifaith ware as good as his Word.  
e took us whare Lions do lie,  
At a Heause that Valks kaled the Tower,  
Wee rauring they terrify'd I,  
ware glad to get out again, zhower.



## III.

From thence to Pallace we went,  
 And his Majesty, God blefs his Greace,  
 Ware gawing to his Parliament,  
 Zo I gut'n a Zoight of his Feace.  
 Awoy then to *Westminster Abbey*,  
 Where ale the dead Quality loies ;  
 And a Vellow, tho' clathed but zhabby,  
 Zung Histories wondrous woife.

## IV.

To Dinner we afterwards went ;  
 Best Drink ware as plenty as Whoy :  
 And to stich up the whole Merriment,  
 They zhaw'd me a Pleace kal'd a Ploy.  
 And there ware a Mon in Disguise,  
 A little \* old zorrowful King,  
 That made the Valk cry out their Eyes,  
 Thof they knew he ware no sick a thing.

## V.

The next Day my jolly good Vrends,  
 Had us up unto *Zadler's Wells* ;  
 Whare no Mon need gride what ah spends,  
 Cafe it ale other Peastime excells.  
 Lads and Lasses do deance on a Coord,  
 And tumble, and plazay ye sick Tricks,  
 Methough astentime by the Loord,  
 The Taads wou'd ha braken their Necks.

---

\* *King Lear.*

VI.

Wawnds and Blid! they do keaper zo hoigh,  
O Laud!—'tis amezing to think;—  
And if you do chance to be droy,  
You may ha whatsomdever you'll drink.  
If e'er ye to *Lunnun* do gaw,  
Zee *Zadler's Wells*, I do proy;  
You'll loike it, I very wele know;  
'Tis better by Half nor the Ploy.



of the  
A



A S O N G.

○ N the Bank of the *Iffs* she sat,  
*Maria*, the much injur'd Fair;  
Who too soon by the Caprice of Fate,  
Had fallen to *Lycidas*' Share.

To the Clouds the sad Plaintive address'd,  
The Mountains re-eccho'd her Moan;  
And *Juno*, the Queen of the Blest,  
Deep felt for those Partgs off her own. —

To the Nymph strait her Sister she sent,  
*Minerva*, the Chaste, and the Wise;  
And with her she carry'd *Content*,  
The only true Balm of the Skies.

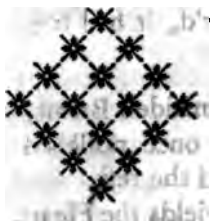
What Time that the love-sick poor Maid,  
Thought Poison she'd reach'd to her Lip,  
In lieu of't the Goddess convey'd  
Her Tincture, which *Polly* did sip. —

To her Eyes then did Slumber return;  
The faithless ones brought to her View;  
She saw the vile Perjurers burn,  
And saw them with Carelessness too.

Black


Peace in her Bosom she wak'd,  
Dream like a Babe newly born ;——  
no more of her Tenderneſs wreck'd,  
t 'tis with Horror and Scorn.——

ſees now Mankind as they are ;  
ſees *Lycidas*' Plain ;  
ſets but her Prudence and Care,  
loſt on ſo worthleſs a Swain.——





A S O N G.

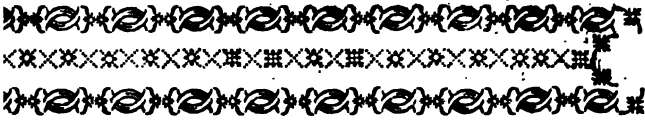
 O T. by bleak Winds or nipping Frost,  
Or ruder Hand of clownish Swain,  
My fav'rite Rose, I lately lost ;  
No fairer Flower grac'd the Plain.——

In vain the Dews of fragrant Morn,  
Besprinkl'd o'er its drooping Head ;  
E're Noon it fell,—was scatter'd,—torn,——  
By Reptile murder'd, it had bred.——

So doth it fare with maiden Breast,  
Where Love hath once possess'd a Part ;  
A cruel Task to guard the fest,  
The Traitor Pity yields the Heart.


She, who ne'er knew what Passion meant,  
But Lambkins tends in rural State ;  
Must keep out Love, or sweet Content ;  
Abandons, aye, her Father's Gate.





# CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

Sung by Mr. *Atkins* at *Sadler's Wells*.


 IN various Shapes I have oft been known,  
 To please your Ears and Eyes;  
 I Nor I the only one in Town,  
 That wears the black Disguise.  
 Sweep! Sweep! —  
 Sweep, Soot ho!

te of Mocks, or Flouts, or Fleers,  
 Truth I must impart;  
 chimney half so foul appears,  
 doth the human Heart.  
 Sweep! Sweep! &c.

learned Lawyers cou'd I win  
 give their Briefs to me;  
 foul Demurs, and many a Sin,  
 Brush shou'd set them free.  
 Sweep! Sweep! &c.

Observe the Doctors as they roll,  
To scrape from all Degrees ;  
Much Sweeping wants each footy Soul,  
All clogg'd with filthy Fees.

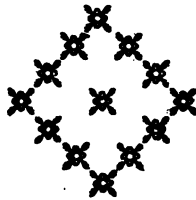
Sweep! Sweep! &c.

Beyold yon Priest, so neat and trim,  
That vicious reverend Beau !——  
There's no such Thing as cleansing him,  
The Devil and I do know.

Sweep! Sweep! &c.

The Statesman with that Brow severe,  
Had been as well forgot ;——  
His Conscience is as Ermin clear,  
And therefore needs me not.

Sweep! Sweep! &c.





The JOLLY TAR.

Sung at *Sadler's Wells*.

HY not to the \* Bridge Foot venture?—  
W Rot the Gang!—odsblood, I'll enter ;  
Not like lazy Lubbard roam,  
To cheat the King, and skulk at Home.—  
*Lal, lal, &c.*

To gallant *Gilchrist*, now on Shore,  
I'll take myself, and twenty more.  
Ye, *Watson*, and *Boscarwen* too,  
They know full well what we can do.—  
*Lal, lal, &c.*

What, *Harry!* *Jack!*—I'm glad you're come ;  
*Moll*, bear a Hand, and fetch the Rum ;—  
Thou'rt almost gone, my honest Kag ;  
Here's to *Britannia's* flying Flag.  
*Lal, lal, &c.*

---

\* The Sign of the *Bear*, at the Foot of *Westminster* Bridge, a  
house of Rendezvous.

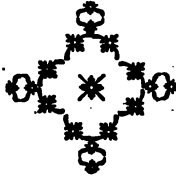


And to each Captain bold and true,  
Who stands by us, as I by you.  
We'll lump them all who bear Command ;  
But; pox o'Cowards, Sea and Land.

*Lal, lal, &c.*

Here's to the never-flinching Tar,  
And to a smart and glorious War ;  
And to each kind good-natur'd Wench :  
O blefs the King !——and d——n the *French.*

*Lal, lal, &c.*





*The* R E S O L V E .

A B A L L A D .

OR ever accurst may I wander forlorn,  
F Nor dare to look up to the Face of the Morn;  
If e'er I repeal the determin'd Adieu——  
What a Wretch must he be who can dote upon  
you?——

Whoe'er hath observ'd a poor Linnet distress'd,  
Her young ones scarce fledg'd, newly stole from the Nest?  
Such Pangs felt my Heart at our final Adieu;  
What a Wretch was I then so to dote upon you?—

But Wisdom appear'd, and bade Folly be gone,  
Brought Smiles to my Brow, and far chas'd away Moan;  
A lovely one gave me, sweet temper'd and true,  
And we laugh at the Dupe that can dote upon you.——

By Fancy misled, ah! how simple are those,  
Who smell to the Crocus, and spurn at the Rose?  
Such a Thing was myself, till you forc'd the Adieu;  
And such must be each who can dote upon you.



*A Hunting* S O N G.

Introduced in the last new Pantomime at *Sadler's Wells*, called *Harlequin Desferter*.

Sung by *Mr. Andrews*.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE whistling Ploughman hails the blushing Dawn,  
T The Thrush melodious joins th' uncooth Salute;  
Loud sings the Blackbird thro' refounding  
Groves ;  
High soars the Lark to meet the rising Sun.—

A I R.

Away to the Copse, lead away,  
And now, my Boys, throw off the Hounds ;  
I warrant he shews us some Play ;  
See yonder he skulks o'er the Grounds !——  
Give your Coursers the Spur then, and smoke 'em, my  
Bloods,  
'Tis a delicate Scent-lying Morn ;  
What Concert is equal to this of the Woods,  
'Twixt Eccho, the Hound, the Horn.  
What Concert, &c.  
'Twixt Eccho, &c.

*Each*

Each Earth, see, he tries at in vain ;

The Covert no safer can find ;

so he breaks it, and scowers amain.

And leaves us a Distance behind.——

O'er Rocks, Hills and Hedges, and Rivers, we fly,

All Hazards and Dangers we scorn ;

Stout *Reynard* we'll follow until that he die :——

Cheer up the good Dogs with the Horn.——

And now he scarce creeps thro' the Dale ;

See his Brush, how it drops !——see his Tongue !——

His Speed can no longer avail ;

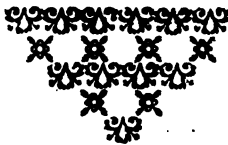
Who of late was so cunning and strong.——

From our staunch and fleet Pack, 'twas in vain that he fled,

See they tear him,—bemir'd—forsorn——

The Farmers, with Pleasure, behold him lie dead,

And shout to the Sound of the Horn.





*The Country Wife.*

A S O N G.

I.



IRTUE dost thou praise, and Truth?  
Simple, inconsistent Youth!  
Prudence tells me, little loth  
Wou'dst thou be to ruin both.——

II.

Waste not then thy Time on me ;  
Too, too plain the Hook I see ;  
But know, a Wish yet never stray'd,  
Beyond my Shepherd, Flock, and Shade.

III.

What the Boast of Wealth, and Race,  
Of Pride, of Luxury, and Place ;  
When Conscience inward turns the Eye,  
Nor lets one Act uncensur'd by ?——

IV,

thou Ambition's Lot,  
I prize within my Cot;  
the tinnell'd Dames at Court,  
of them, and thee, my Sport.

V.

from plighted Vow sincere;  
oft you strove my Soul to tear?  
me Justice then, and tell,  
much unlike a modern Belle!





A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE Sun had flipt behind the Western Hill ;  
THE ruddy Swain had penn'd the bleating Lambs ;  
THE Lark had funk to rest, the Doves were perch'd,  
When the Grove eccho'd with sad plaintive Notes.

A I R.

Indulge my Prayer immortal *Love!*  
For me and all my Virgin Throng ;  
Bright Wisdom send, to banish Love :  
Such was the soft *Licetta's* Song.

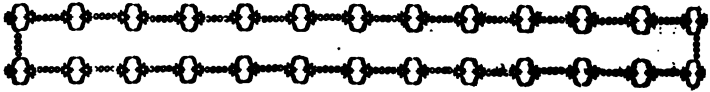
R E C I T.

Left Heaven shou'd grant a Suit so well prefer'd,  
The *Paphian* Boy, adept in subtle Wiles,  
Sent young *Lyfander*, Swain of pleasing Form,  
Who thus, with soothing Air, the Maid address'd.

A I R.

Milder than the *April* Morn,  
Than Lillies fairer, sweet thou art ;  
Teach not to thy Brow a Scorn,  
That Nature never meant thy Heart.  
Let me lead thee from a Place,  
Fit only for the Soul diseas'd ;  
Joys on Joys await that Face —  
She smil'd Assent ——— and Love was pleas'd.





A S O N G,

Sung by Mr. *Atkins* at *Sadler's Wells*, in the Character of *Charon*.

I.

Plague on the *English* Commanders, for me,  
A North and South, East and West, from the Land  
and the Sea,  
They mow down such Heaps of the rascally *French*,  
I'm as sick of my Boat, as a Judge of his Bench.

II.

I wish on their Swords I cou'd fix but a Spell ;  
There isn't a Grain of true Comfort in Hell.  
In such Shoals they arrive, and make such a d—n'd Riot,  
One can't take a Sup of one's Brimstone in Quiet.

III.

Whole Armies come yonder, as I am alive,  
Of Blacks and Mulattoes, from thundering *Clive*.  
I wish his good King wou'd command him to *Britain*,  
Or else this d——n'd Fufs we shall never be quit on.

IV.

IV.

Ay!—rose till your Hearts ake, I'm deaf as the Tide,  
Neither I or my Wherry, such Toil can abide ;  
And if *Pluto* don't ease me of some o'this Pother,  
Let his Devilship row, or else get him another.

V.

Odsb!—a good Thought is just come in my Head,  
To *Louis* young *Mercury* strait shall be sped ;  
His flat-bottom Boats sure he will not refuse,  
He may very well spare, what he never can use.





*Extempory* EPIGRAM,

To Miss *Kitty F*—*r*, on seeing a pretty Chamber-maid of the Name of *Day*, at the Sign of the *Angel* at *Spinbam Land*, on *Wednesday*, the 10th of *September*, 1760.

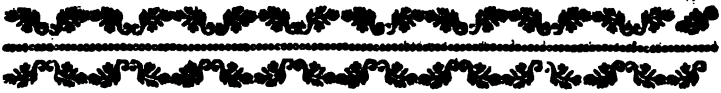
THE lesser Light  
T To rule the Night,  
Heaven gave to Man's revolving Years;  
Kit, hide thy Face,  
( 'Tis no Disgrace )  
Thou art but *Night* when *Day* appears.



Another, on the State of *Drury-lane Theatre*, 1760.

HAT *M*—*k*—*n* too, and Daughter gone?  
W Poor *Drury*!—Thou'lt be hard put to't,  
Can *G*—*k* satisfy the Town?  
I hear he means to push a *Foot* ●.

\* *Push a Foot* is a common cant Phrase for running away ; but in the above Epigram hints at an Engagement Mr. *G*—*k* was said to have made at that time with Mrs. *Foot* for the ensuing Season.



## The COACHMAN.

### I.

\* \* \* \* \*  
A \* \* \* \* \* Long Fare, my Mistress, and to a Nick done,  
\* \* \* \* \* For you see that they have but this Moment  
\* \* \* \* \* begun :

\* \* \* \* \* My Beasts are not such as are ey'd with a Grin,  
I drive like a Devil, thro' Thick and thro' Thin :  
With a Jayheu !—and a Lick at their Skin,  
And away they do merrily skip,  
With Cits and Wits,  
And dainty Bits,  
With Beaux and Belles,  
To *Sadler's Wells* :  
O! sweet, sweet is the Smack of the Whip.

### II.

As sure as I stand here, in this shabby Coat,  
I was bred up at School, and learned Latin by rote,  
My Dad would a Parson fain had me a been,  
But I was for driving thro' Thick and thro' Thin,  
With a Jayheu !—and a Lick at their Skin,  
And away do they merrily skip,  
With Wits and Cits,  
And dainty Bits,  
And Beaux and Belles,  
To *Sadler's Wells* :  
O! sweet, sweet is the Smack of the Whip.

III.

My Mother and I too were still at hot War,  
For she said I must soon to the Court or the Bar;  
But say what she would, tho' I car'd not a Pin,  
For I was for driving thro' Thick and thro' Thin;  
With a Jayheu, &c.

IV.

To Physic they urg'd me, and talk'd of a Wife,  
But why hurt my own, or another Man's Life?  
To settle, my Mind by no means they could win,  
For I was for driving thro' Thick and thro' Thin;  
With a Jayheu, &c.

V.

Fix your Point first, said Dad, and let Fate do the rest,  
I'm glad that so early you think for the best,  
For now a days few Men can hide a bare Skin,  
Except 'tis by driving thro' Thick and thro' Thin;  
With a *John* go on—ait, Jayheu, says *John*,  
And away flap-dab to his Grace,  
The Tye-wig and Bag,  
The Long-lawn and Shag,  
The Fops and the Fools,  
The knaves and the Tools,  
O sweet, sweet is the Hopes of a Place!

VI.

'Tis an Argument, Sir, that's too true, I reply'd,  
But thy Dirt and my Dirt lie far enough wide;  
Thine's bred in the Heart, mine but sticks to the Skin;  
*Excuse me* ~~for~~ driving the Road that I'm in;  
With a Jayheu, and a Lick at their Skin, &c.



*The* S H E P H E R D.

I.

TURN your Eye upon yonder fair Ground,  
T And there a thatch'd Cot you may see,  
Which the Jess'mine and Woodbines surround,  
And Fate hath bestow'd upon me

*Variation.*

Tho' thou hast lost a Lamb or Cow,  
Smooth, O smooth that Pensive brow;  
Tho' thy Nymph prove fallly bent,  
Come with me, and find Content ;  
For there she revels fair and free.

II.

'Tis the Sky-lark shrill Note's all my Clock,  
My Care for my Kids and my Sheep ;  
In my Dog, Crook, and Pipe lie my Stock,  
My Brook doth compose me to Sleep.

Give, give, to those, their tinsell'd Toys,  
Those who know not Good to prize,  
Those who dream of golden Joys,  
And wake to clasp what we despise,  
Whom Health abandons, us to keep.

III.

Tho' our Paint's the fresh air of the Morn,  
Our Wash the pearl Dew of the Sky;  
Tho' no Silks do our Lasses adorn,  
Their Bloom the Town-dames doth defy.

Away then, Truth, and tell the Cause;  
Nor Hate, nor Pride, we Shepherds feel;  
Of Love and Mirth we keep the Laws;  
Sweet Peace attends our ev'ry Meal,  
And stops all Harm from sliding by.





*A Loyal BALLAD.*

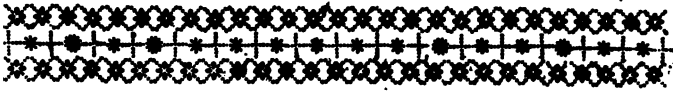
I.

●●●●● E Free-born of Britain, rejoice ye, rejoice,  
Y ●● Shout, shout, O ye Millions, as 'twere with a  
●●●●● Voice,  
Till the clamorous Croud  
Be so joyously loud,  
That great *Lewis* the proud,  
That Monarch of Shadows, be scar'd at our Joys ;  
When at length from his Fear,  
He recovers, and dare  
Demand from what Quarter the Noise,  
Then O say, say, ye Slaves,  
From the Sons of the Waves,  
From the brave, from the brave, from the brave *British* Boys.  
Brave *British* Boys,  
Brave *British* Boys,  
From the brave, from the brave, from the brave *British* Boys.



## II.

Then tell to your Tyrant, O tell him the Cause ;  
 Say our Church and our Wealth, our Freedom and Laws,  
     Have been so preferr'd  
     By King *George the Third*,  
     With Zeal we are stirr'd  
 His Rights to protect, and his Honour to raise ;  
     And that therefore we'll roar  
     On the Protestant Shore,  
 Till we strain all our Throats to his Praise ;  
     To the Monarch 'tis due,  
     To our Countryman too ;  
 He's our first *English* King, for these many fair Days ;  
     Many fair Days,  
     Many fair Days,  
 He's our first *English* King, for these many fair Days,



A BALLAD.

I.

WHY turn those damask Roses pale?  
W O see young *Jenny* trips the Vale!  
Their Red the neighb'ring Lillies wear,  
They blush with Envy, she's so fair.

II.

Sun, bright Ruler of the Day,  
As short his Coursers on their Way;  
Scarce a Minute dare he gaze,  
Her more potent, piercing Rays.

III.

King can copy *Jenny's* Grace,  
Queen e'er boasted such a Face;  
Hark, she warbles, feather'd Choir,  
And Angels must admire.

IV.

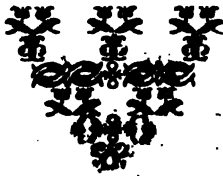
Longst matchless Beauties, Charms she wears,  
Ill dare the roughest Shock of Years;  
Free from vicious Thoughts as Deeds,  
As artless as the Lambs she feeds.

V.

With one from all the World beside,  
The fair reserv'd one deigns to hide ;  
To all but him as Darknes blind,  
Happiest he of human Kind.

VI.

Each Morn they rise at Peep<sup>d</sup> o' Dawn,  
To chase the Lev<sup>r</sup>ret o'er the Lawn,  
To hook the Fish, to search the Nest.  
Produce me Courts a Pair so blest.



A BALLAD.

I.

Y a Prince *British* born we are sway'd,  
B With a Statesman all-wise at our Helm ;  
Rise Liberty, Honour, and Trade,  
The Props of this fortunate Realm.

II.

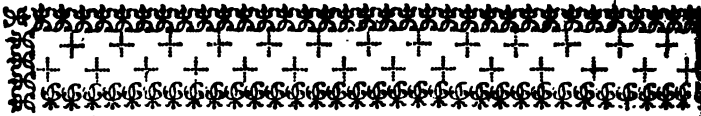
Ver a scandalous Train of foul Deeds,  
Religion, fair Victor, I see ;  
And wou'd smile, but my poor Bosom bleeds :  
All, all can be happy but me !

III.

Breath, yet oh Time ! — yet, oh ! hence  
I am torn with these teat-redn'd Eyes :  
I fight against Nature and Sense  
A Skirmish that staggers the Wise.

IV.

'Tis not that I go for my King,  
One Pang yet hath enter'd my Heart ;  
But *Sally* ! — there breaks every String !  
Ah *Sally* ! I die when we part.



## A PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Miss *Pitt*, at the Theatre *Jacob's Well*  
on *Wednesday* the 19th of *August*, 1761; in Re-  
commendation of a young Actress to the Pro-  
tection of the Public.

\* \* \* \* \* HE tragic Muse, in glittering Pomp array'd,  
\* \* \* \* \* T Join'd by her blooming Sister, lovely Maid!  
\* \* \* \* \* With Harmony and Dance, and decent Jest,  
\* \* \* \* \* Thro' me thus hail their Patrons of the *West*.

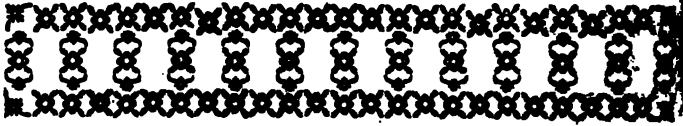
To some grave Ears 'tis Death to name a Play;  
Too dull to mend, such leave I to their Way,  
And thus address the Wise, the Learn'd, the Gay.  
To agitate the generous Mind with Scorn  
Of tyrant Loads, disgustful to be borne;  
Traitors to scourge, and Pride and lawless Sway,  
And such who dare their native Land betray,  
To stigmatize the Coward, fix the Blot  
On Men whose Crimes shou'd never be forgot:  
To paint Love's Perjuries, till the Heart sincere  
Heaves with fond Sobs, and trickling falls the Tear;  
To punish Vice, to stem Corruption's Tide,  
Howe'er it be adorn'd or dignify'd;  
True Merit to reward, on any Ground,  
Whether in Temple, Court, or Hamlet found;

Such

Such shou'd be all Mens Study, such their Care,  
 Whose wills *Melpomene*; —so speaks the *PLAYER*.  
 But if too formal shou'd the Maid appear,  
 Whose bounds her sprightly Sister, light as Air!  
 Whose Paths, tho' pleasanter they seem to wind,  
 Alike to Good excite each well-turn'd Mind.  
 From Misers, Jilts, Reformers, Fribbles, Bucks,  
 Jobbers and Gulls, the motly Mask she plucks.  
 Of Mates morose she blabs; of much wrong'd Spoufes;  
 Of boozing 'Squires, their Kennels and their Houses;  
 Of Wives provok'd, and careless Husbands tells,  
 And peeps in ev'ry Nook where Folly dwells.  
 Exposes all her Tribe to open Weather,  
 And fairly shews you who and who's together.

Late (as I dream't) Fame whisper'd in my Ear,  
 Such are the Walks design'd for you, my Dear:  
 The Scepter, Ermine, Dagger, and the Bowl,  
 Early reject; be thine to cheer the Soul  
 With dimpl'd Smiles, quick Repartee and Jest,  
 To Nature stick, and leave to me the Rest.  
 Be emulous to please a generous Town,  
 That saw thy Dawn, and mark'd thee for it's own.  
 Young as I am, and unexperienc'd, yet  
 I can but promise, and enhance the Debt:  
 Will ye then wait with Patience till you see  
 How truly grateful I shall strive to be,  
 Till from your kindly Warmth I by degrees  
 Ripen to Worth perhaps, perhaps to please?  
 O! still regard me with those Looks so mild,  
 And for the Parent's Sake indulge the Child.





## A BALLAD.

Sung by Mrs. *Dennis* at *Sadler's Wells*.

### I.

BY the Light of the Moon t'other Ev'ning I stray'd  
A Mile by the Side o'the Brook ;  
When *Roger* stept up with, how do you, fair  
Maid ?  
I peevishly answer'd, go look—go look—  
I peevishly answer'd, go look.

### II.

Nay, nay, he reply'd, why so angry with me ?  
I know you meet *Robin* the Cook ;  
It may be you now are a waiting for he.  
In Passion I answer'd, go look—go look—  
In Passion I answer'd, go look.

### III.

Quoth he, you love Music, I've heard them to say ;  
And out he an Instrument took ;—  
D'ye think, said he, *Bob* or I better can play ?  
I answer'd him, Fellow, go look—go look—  
I answer'd him, Fellow go look.

IV.

But resolute grown, he seiz'd fast o'my Hand,  
And forc'd me sit down in the Nook ;  
And Sweet, said he, tell me what Tunes you command.  
You Puppy, I answer'd, go look—go look—  
You Puppy, I answer'd, go look.

V.

But soon, with his Flute, he so ravish'd my Heart,  
That I never dreamt more of the Cook ;  
And those who imagine I've told but a Part,  
For the rest of the Story may look—may look—  
For the rest of the Story may look.



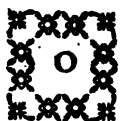




*A Loyal S O N G.*

Sung by Mr. Green at Sadler's Wells.

I.



OUR Glory renown'd on the Ocean and Shore,  
To Ages, for aye, shall be told ;  
*Hawke, Howe and Boscawen, Wolf, Ambers and*  
*Moor,*

In the List of fair Fame be inroll'd .  
In Praise of such Leaders, then open your Throats,  
And laugh at the *French,*  
Laugh at the *French,*  
Laugh at the *French,* and their flat-bottom'd Boats.

II.

While *Barrington* swift off the Table *Bas'terre,*  
At *Minden* we got the odd Trick ;  
Shew'd *Conflans* a Trump or two, made him look queer,  
And won all they had at *Quebec.*

Then sing and be jolly, Boys, open your Throats,  
And laugh at the *French,*  
Laugh at the *French,*  
Laugh at the *French,* and their flat-bottom'd Boats.

III.

We're ignorant what may betide the new Year,  
But certain of this we are all ;——  
Her Course how she will let kind Providence steer ;  
For Freedom we fight, and we'll fall.——  
For King *George*, and Prince *George*, then open your Throats,  
And laugh at the *French*,  
Laugh at the *French* ;——  
Laugh at the *French*, and their flat-bottom'd Boats.

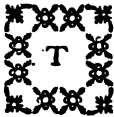
IV.

Like Greyhounds half starv'd they squint at our Food,  
And fain from our Beef wou'd be fed ;  
Ye're welcome, *Monfieurs*, if you'll wade to't in Blood ;  
I see you are far better bred.——  
Poltroons !—how they run !—then open your Throats,  
And laugh at the *French*,  
Laugh at the *French* !  
Laugh at the *French*, and their flat-bottom'd Boats.





A S O N G.

 O the Wood Robin Red Breast is flown,  
The Dairy he visits no more ;  
The Violets and Cowslips are blown,  
The Cuckoo's heard e'ery Field o'er.

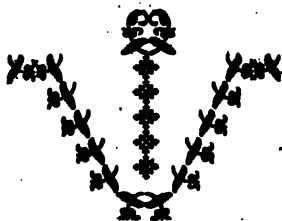
Thro' the Grove swells the Blackbird's strong Note,  
In Concert with softer ton'd Thrush ;  
The Lark stretches wide his shrill Throat,  
And Linnets are heard on each Bush.

The Hawthorns are powder'd with May,  
The Meadows array'd are in Green,  
The Ewes, with their Lambs, are at Play ;  
Ah, Nature! how lovely each Scene !

Yet, alas! what the Beauties of Spring  
For my Ease, ah, too soon are they come ;  
They bring the Commands of the King,  
To march after Bagpipe and Drum.

And

And *Donald*, my Darling, must go ;  
It may be for ever we part ;  
But when that sad Tale I shall know,  
That Moment breaks *Annie's* Heart.






*The Loyal* F A R M E R,

Sung by Mr. *Andrews*, and others, at *Sadler's Wells*.

I.

 O W the Cuckoo, from Climate remote,  
Returns to our neighbouring Groves ;  
And the Icicles wat'ry Coat,  
Hath sunk from the Perch of the Doves.  
By the Beams of the Sun will we warm us ;  
Old Beer, Songs and Dances, shall charm us ;  
At *Easter* what Evil can harm us ?  
Each light as a Fawn or a Bird,  
Jolly Neighbours set to't,  
With Heart, Hand and Foot ;  
Here's a Brusher to *George* the Third.

*Drinks.*

II.

II.

Again thro' the Air,  
Soft Warblers appear;  
longer pent up are the Bees:  
The sweet Nightingale  
Is return'd to the Vale,  
and the Buds are restor'd to the Trees.—  
By the Beams of the Sun will we warm us,  
Old Beer, Songs and Dances shall charm us;  
At *Easter* what Evil can harm us?  
As light as a Fawn or a Bird;  
Jolly Neighbours set to't,  
With Heart, Hand and Foot;  
the Mother of *George* the Third.

*Drinks.*

III.

Warm Sillabub now,  
Milk'd under the Cow;  
and Cream Cheese the Dairy supplies;  
At Foot of each Oak,  
We frisk it, and joke,  
and Love as we live, without Lies.—  
By the Beams of the Sun will we warm us,  
Old Beer, Songs and Dances shall charm us;  
At *Easter* what Evil can harm us?  
As light as a Fawn or a Bird;  
Jolly Neighbours set to't,  
With Heart, Hand and Foot;  
the Brother of *George* the Third.

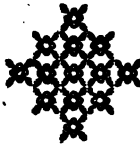
*Drinks.*

IV.

The Corn's above Ground,  
So strike up a Round ;  
*At Easter* such still be our Guise ;  
And this we can do,  
All Holidays too ;  
Because we are merry and wise,  
By the Beams of the Sun will we warm us,  
Old Beer, Songs and Dances shall charm us ;  
*At Easter* what Evil can harm us ?  
Each light as a Fawn or a Bird ;  
Jolly Neighbours set to't,  
With Heart, Hand and Foot ;  
*Great Britain* and *George* the Third,

*Drinks.*

Grand Chorus of Farmers and their Wives, at the last  
Line of each Verse.





An Albion S O N G.

I.

**W**HEN *England's* free Scepter *Elizabeth* sway'd,  
Then prosper'd our Armies, then flourish'd our  
Trade.

The *Frenchmen* then swagger'd, but swagger'd in vain,  
And bang came the thund'ring *Armado* of *Spain*.  
Oh, how did the mighty *Invincible's* jeer ;  
But she sent the Don back with a Flea in his Ear :  
And *George*, our young Monarch, the Third of that Name,  
Her Equal in Spirit shall equal her Fame.

II.

'Gainst *Howard* and *Raleigh*, *Frobisher* and *Drake*,  
*Terke*, *Anson*, *Hawke*, *Saunders*, and *Pococke*, we stake ;  
For *Essex* and *Cecil* we've *Granby* and *Pitt* ;  
And *Britain*, as usfal, triumphant shall fit ;  
Her Soldiers and Sailors, commanded aright,  
Are able and eager as ever to fight,  
That *George* their young Monarch, the Third of that Name,  
As gallant in Spirit, be equal in Fame.



## III.


The hardy bold *Albions* are still what they were,  
 Th' Assertors of Right, the Contemners of Fear.  
 When Country and King, and Religion invoke,  
 Like their Bull Dogs they fight, and they stand like their  
 Oak.

Then *Gallia*, your haughty Bravados, have done ;  
 Our Annals can shew what our Princes have won.  
 And *George*, our young Monarch, the Third of that Name,  
 Their equal in Spirit, shall equal their Fame.

## IV.

At *Agincourt*, *Cressley*, *Anjou* and *Poitiers*,  
 Our *Henrys* and *Edwards* once cow'd ye with Fears ;  
 The Force of those Leaders, forget if ye can,  
 With *Ramilies*, *Blenbeim*, brave *Marlbro'* and *Anne* :  
 Late, *Minden*, *Quebec*, *Senegal* and *Gorcee* ;  
 And say, who shou'd laugh then ? is't you, Sirs, or we ?  
 Great *George*, our young Monarch, the Third of that Name,  
 Shall conquer what's left ye, and fix his fair Fame.





*In Honour of the King of Prussia.*

A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE thick'ning Bands in terrible Array,  
T Like baneful Locusts spread the hostile Plain ;  
As a foul Blight, the num'rous Vermin swarm'd,  
And blasted all the Beauties of the Year.

A I R.

In quest of royal Game,  
The savage Hunters came ;  
Inglorious were the Fame,  
Had they obtain'd the Fight !

C H O R U S.

But what are Millions 'gainst the Rod  
Of an incens'd avenging God !  
vain proud Priests to paltry Idols sing ;  
ie God of Gods is with the *Prussian* King.

R E C I T.

R E C I T.

The Scourge of foul Idolaters behold,  
*Frédéric* the just, the clement Hero, see!—  
Smiling, serene amidst surrounding Storms,  
Whilst well-train'd Chiefs, attend his lov'd Commands.

A I R.

And now flies the Ball ;  
See, they bleed !——see they fall !——  
The Steeds how they curvet and bound ;——  
Hark, the terrible Roar !——  
See a Deluge of Gore.——  
They flee, and the King keeps the Ground.  
*Huzza ! Huzza !*  
They flee, and the King keeps the Ground.

R E C I T.

Perfidious *France*, and *Hungary's* cruel Queen,  
With all the Aid of their combin'd Allies,  
Now find their subtle Wiles of slender Force,  
Against a Sovereign Piety protects.——

A I R.

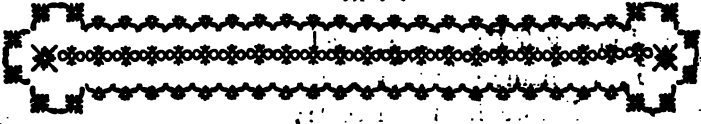
A I R.

Their vast Battalions, see !  
How shamefully they flee,  
Before his rapid Arm ;  
Who plotted his Disgrace,  
Now dare not view his Face ;  
So awful Virtues charm.

C H O R U S.

Nations unborn his wond'rous Acts shall sing,  
And Worlds on Worlds adore the *Prussian* King.





A S O N G.

I.

FAREWEL lovely Queen of 'Cares,  
In vain thy Son his Bow prepares ;  
Too lazy *Pappos*, from thy Shore  
I fly ; and trust thy Nymphs no more.——

II.

A deadly Poison lurks unseen  
In Breast so white, in Eye so keen ;  
By stormy Tempests rather whirl'd,  
I court the Wave ;——the Sail's unfurl'd.

III.

*Britannia's* free-born Sons to save,  
From those who wou'd the World enslave ;  
My trusty Blade shall soon be drawn,  
And *Frenchmen's* Blood besmear the Lawn.

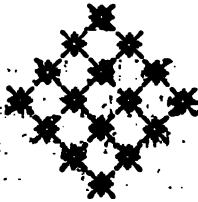
IV.

IV.

re our King shall lose his Right,  
I crowd with *French* the Realms of Night;  
ite of Saints, ten thousand Score,  
D—l, Pope, and *Pompadour*.

V.

haughty *Louis*, Cap in Hand,  
s all we ask, by Sea and Land;  
roaring Cannons shall not cease;  
7 best can fix the Terms of Peace.





A N O T H E R.

I.

**S** I at *Fanny's*, t'other Day,  
**A** Sat gazing of my Soul away ;  
**S**he ask'd a Knife, I fetch'd a Chair ;  
**G**ood Lord ! what Fools we Lovers are.——

II.

She said, too high her Goldfinch hung ;  
I curst the Bird, but blest her Tongue.  
My Answer made her laugh and stare ;  
Good Lord ! what Fools we Lovers are.——

III.

She told me plainly I was mad ;  
And troth, if 'twere so, I'd be glad ;  
For now I pine and droop with Care ;  
Good Lord ! what Fools we Lovers are.——

IV.

IV.

I mope and lounge about the House,  
And hate e'en Dog, or Cat, or Moufe,  
That chance in *Fanny's* Face to leer.  
Good Lord! what Fools we Lovers are.

V.

O *Fanny!* ease my raging Pain!  
O bind me with the Marriage Chain.  
When will you name the Day, my Dear?—  
O Lord! what Fools we Lovers are.








*A Pastoral* S O N G,

Introduced in the Character of a Hay-maker  
*Harlequin Deforger.*

The Music by Mr. *Pasterfal.*

I.

HILE Southern Breezes blefs the Morn,  
And fan the Dew from off the Thorn;  
And foaring Larks with early Notes,  
To hail the Day, rattle their Throats,  
Full of Play,  
Bliſſful May,  
We trip to make the new mown Hay.—

II.

Full lightly skim we o'er the Mead,  
With Cowſlips and with Dazies ſpread;  
Primroſes, Violets, white and blue,  
And Butterflowers of golden Hue,  
Bright and gay,  
Sweet as they,  
Appear our Girls amongſt the Hay.

who more happy are than we?  
no can boast a Life so free?  
know no Guile, we know no Pain;  
ough at Sorrow; Care disdain.—

Kiss and play,  
Homage pay,  
ove on Altars made with Hay.

IV.

think not, Friends, by what we sing,  
lean to skulk from *George*, the King;  
you'd the Foe his Realms invade,  
quit the Rake, and wield the Blade.

Give up Play,  
*French* to slay;  
rave the Girls to make the Hay.





A S O N G.

I.

AY, jeer ye not, Sisters, by Love unbetray'd,  
N But pity a fond, yet an innocent Maid ;  
I step'd but with *Johnny* to yonder Hedge-row ;  
And which of ye all, pray, wou'd not have done so ?

II.

If with him, he said, to the Coppice I'd stray,  
He'd gather me Violets, and Bloom of the *May* ;  
Then kiss'd me so sweetly, I cou'd not but go ;  
And which of you all, pray, had answer'd him, No ?

III.

At the Foot of a wide swelling Oak we reclin'd ;  
I lean'd on his Breast while he whisper'd his Mind ;  
His Offer was Marriage, I cou'dn't say, No ;  
Pray which of ye all is't that wou'd have done so ?

IV.

the Ivy around this stout Oak doth entwine,  
Sweeting, said he, thou must do when thou'rt mine,  
en clasp'd me close to him,—I begg'd I might go,  
he press'd me still closer, and cry'd, my Dear, No.—

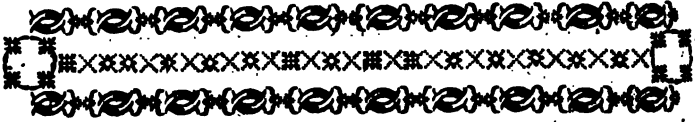
V.

s, gentle *Johnny* ! sweet *Johnny* ! I said,  
remember your Promise, nor hurt a poor Maid ;  
consider my Virtue, and pray let me go ;  
he kiss'd me still warmer, and cry'd, my Dear, No.

VI.

er thought *Johnny* as mild as the Dove ;  
how weak is the Heart that gives Sanction to Love ?  
he swears that To-morrow to Church he will go ;  
shall ne'er get me out again till he does so.

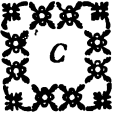




*A Drinking* S O N G.

Sung by Mr. *Atkins*.

I.

 *UPID*, you sneaking young Dog, I despise you,  
Fly from this Spot—like a Friend I advise you;  
Pox o' your Quiver, you Fool, we don't fear it;  
We are defended by Punch, Wine, and Claret.  
Sing, Huzza, be jolly, be frolicksome here,  
We've nothing to think of, so nothing to fear.

II.

He that is heavily laden with Sorrow,  
Adds to the Burden by Thoughts of To-morrow.  
Reason and Gravity buckle behind ye,  
Tricks of the Sophisters only to blind ye.—  
Sing, Huzza, be jolly, &c.  
We've nothing to think of, &c.

III.

Look at our Motto there, *Nunc est Bibendum* ;  
For those that are sick, why the Bottle must mend 'em ;  
That's a Bankrupt, why let him heed nought on't ;  
This is the Centre to bury the Thought on't.—

Sing, Huzza, be jolly, &c.

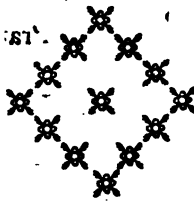
We've nothing to think of, &c.

IV.

Now, charge for a Toast now, my Choice, merry Souls ;  
O Lord ! how I love to see Bumpers and Bowls !—  
Here's a Health to King *George* the Third ere I depart,  
For he that won't pledge me's a Dog in his Heart.

Sing, Huzza, be jolly, &c.

We've nothing to think of, &c.





*The Prudent Fair.*

A S O N G.

I.

**H**A T serious Look,—that pensive Air,  
**T** Reason whispers, Maid beware !  
You pine with Love ;——you say you'll die.  
You have Art——but Virtue I.

II.

My Face, my Shape, my simple Lays,  
Attract, you swear, your warmest Praise.  
Ruin lurks in either Eye ;  
Thou hast Art——but Virtue I.

III.

Gentle Wanton tempt me not ;  
To Grove's Recess, or gloomy Grot ;  
I've just the Skill to Vice defy ;  
Art thou hast——but Virtue I.

IV.

IV:

public be our Walk;  
Love, of Marriage talk,  
our changes, I defcry;  
blefs Youth! ——— for aye good bye.









*The Invitation to Sadler's Wells,*

On their Opening, in 1759.

Sung by Mr. *Atkins*.

I.

 E wise ones abandon the Cynical Rules,  
 Y Infipid, and fit but for Friery Cells!  
The nauseous dry Food of pedantical Fools.  
Come, come ye away to *Sadler's Wells* ;  
And revel——drink, and dance, and bufs,  
And keep your Holidays with us.

II.

Ye Lads, and ye Lasses, why waste ye your Prime ?  
Why languid in Health, and in Vigour why pine ?  
Why wou'd you affront your poor old Daddy Time ?  
Who loves at his Heart the fat God of the Vine.  
Then revel——drink, and dance and bufs,  
And keep your Holidays with us.

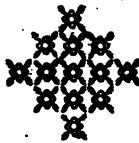
III.

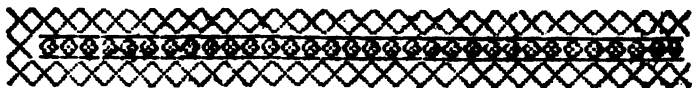
With sprightly Variety, 'tis that we mean,  
To hit off the Tastes of all Sorts and Degrees ;  
With moral, and frolic, and gay gilded Scene,  
And every Amusement that's likely to please:  
Then revel—drink, and dance, and bufs,  
And keep your Holidays with us.

IV.

See, see the fair Nymph\* all suspended in Air ;  
See *Harlequin* neat, and the blundering Clown ;  
See the Graces, the Loves, and the Wood-nymphs appear ;  
No Cost shall be spar'd to give Joy to the Town.  
Then revel—drink, and dance, and bufs,  
And keep your Holidays with us.

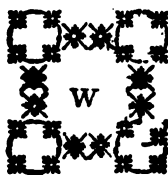
\* Miss *Wilkinson*.





*For the KING's Birth-Day, 1761.*

RECITATIVE.



WITH Glee unusual *Phœbus* mounts his Car,  
Before him skims the Goddess, spouts  
Fame;  
She sounds the natal Day of *George* the  
Third,  
And clust'ring Subjects hail their much-  
lov'd King.

AIR.

Care avault the regal Brow,  
Fate preserve it, mild as now; ———  
Ne'er, O Time, a Thought impart,  
From *Dolour's* Cell to *George's* Heart;  
But keep it still in pleasant Tune,  
The royal Role of fragrant *June*.

Come, let's make the Welkin ring  
With, Live great *George!* Long live the King!  
Let's raise the Voice, and touch the String;  
And still remember whilst we sing,  
A *Briton* born is *Britain's* King. ———

RECIT.

( 171. )

R E C I T.

To Blood and Slaughter, not by Madnefs stir'd,  
As once the hot brain'd *Macedonian* Youth ;  
But Freedom to secure, fair Faith and Truth.  
Great *George's* Thunder awes the Vassal World.

A I R.

But soon shall fair Peace come again,  
The richest of Diadems worn ;  
Our Trade then shall flourish amain,  
And our Youth be as gay as the Morn.


And in the mean while will we drink, roar and sing ;  
The Cannon shall play, and the Bonfires blaze ;  
'Tis the Birth-day of *George* the Third, *England's* King.  
May Heaven direct him,  
Enfold, and protect him ;  
And send him a Reign made of all happy Days.





*A Hunting* S O N G.

R E C I T A T I V E.

 **T**HE high-pois'd Lark, salutes the opening Dawn;  
The dripping Cowslips rear their dewy Heads;  
Across the Copse the ruddy Milkmaid chants,  
And *Phœbus* tints with Gold his *Richmond* Hill.

A I R.

With well scented Hounds, and with jolly-ton'd Horn,  
We'll rouse the proud Stag with the first of the Morn.  
See, see from the Covert, how stoutly he springs:  
Hark! hark! the Pack opens;—'tis Music for Kings.  
With Scorn and Disdain how he snuffs up the Wind,  
He leaps the Park Wall, and he throws us behind.  
No more he perceives us, gets rid of his Pain;  
Tan ta ra, says Eccho!—They're with you again.

Thro' Woodlands then he leads the Sweep,  
He fords the *Tbames*, he climbs the Steep ;  
The Brow he gains,——he stops,——he turns,  
He fears,——he pants——he chills——he burns !

To the Herd then he scowers amain ;  
His Suit to the Herd proves in vain ;  
He faints !——he drops !——the Huntsman cries  
Dead ! dead ! ware Haunch !——he dies, he dies.





## A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

**C**OME bind my Brows, ye Wood-nymphs fair,  
With Ivy Wreaths come bind my Brows ;  
Hence Grief and Woe, and Pain and Care,  
To *Bacchus* I devote my Vows.——

Dull *Cynic* Rules,  
Are fit for Tools ;  
Let those digest the Food who can :  
But Love and Wine  
Shall still be mine ;  
O let me laugh out all my Span.

No Wounds, O Love, e'er let me feel,  
But such as spring from Eyes and Shapes ;  
A Curse on those that come by Steel ;  
I hate all Blood, but Blood of Grapes.

Then fill up high  
The Bowl, that I  
May drink and laugh at Fools of Sense.  
Why need we fear  
To want next Year ;  
'Twill be all one a Hundred hence.

E P I G R A M,

On the Death of Mr. *Edward Berry*, late of *Drury Lane Theatre*.

WHEN Heaven sent Death honest *Ned* to en-  
gage,  
He knock'd at the Door, but was told in a  
Rage,  
That he cou'dn't get up;—*Ned* took him for *Page* †:  
Death popp'd in his Head with a Grin, and reply'd,  
Your Tragedy, Comedy, Farce throw aside;  
It is now to rehearse before *Jove* you're requir'd:  
I've been perfect these twelve Years, said *Ned*, and expir'd.

---

† The Porter of the House, a principal Part of whose Business it is to summon the Performers every Morning to the Rehearsal.







## TOTTERDOWN-HILL:

### A S O N G.

#### I.

✿✿✿ T *Totterdown-bill* there dwelt an old Pair,  
✿ A ✿ And it may be they dwell there still ;  
✿✿✿ Much Riches indeed didn't fall to their Share,  
They kept a small Farm and a Mill.

#### II.

But fully content with what they did get,  
They knew nought of Guile or of Arts ;  
One Daughter they had, her Name it was *Bet*,  
And she was the Joy of their Hearts.

#### III.

Nut-brown were her Locks, her Shape it was strait,  
Her Eyes were as black as a Sloe,  
Her Teeth were milk-white, full smart was her Gait,  
And as sleek was her Skin as a Doe.

IV.

dark were the Clouds, and the Rain it did pour,  
No Bit of true Blue cou'd be spy'd ;  
Child numb'd with Cold came and knock'd at the Door,  
It's Mam it had lost, and it cry'd.

V.

young *Bet* was as mild as a Morn of sweet *May*,  
The Babe she hugg'd close to her Breast ;  
he chaf'd him all o'er, and he smil'd as he lay,  
She cuddl'd and lull'd him to Rest.

VI.

What do you think was this very fine Prize ?  
Why, Love, the young Master of Arts :  
As soon as he wak'd he shook off his Disguise,  
And shew'd her his Wings and his Darts.

VII.

Altho' he, I am *Cupid*, but be not afraid,  
Tho' all I make shake at my Will ;  
So good and so kind is your Heart, my fair Maid,  
No Harm shall you feel from my Skill.

VIII.

My Mother ne'er dealt with more Fondness by me ;  
As such I shall look on you still :  
Take my Bow and my Darts, and be greater than she,  
The *Venus* of *Totterdown-bill*.



A S O N G.

I.



N yon Grot my Lover lies,  
Sleep has clos'd his godlike Eyes;  
Weary'd with the blood-stain'd Chace,  
Let him rest a little Space.  
Ye whom Chance may bring that way,  
Soft, O soft ye tread, I pray;  
Fall not rude your rustic Feet,  
For there lies all that's good and great.

II.

Mild as is the Morning Sun,  
Fond as is the Turtle Dove,  
Fleet as Ball from loaded Gun,  
Certain as the Bolt of *Jove*.  
Now tell, and tell true, ye Nymphs of the Plain,  
Shou'd such a Man love, could you love him again?  
If you cou'd then be tender, and do not me blame,  
Love ever hath had the Advantage of Fame.





Good Linen and Cloaths,  
With Hats, Shoes and Hose,  
For a Gentleman Soldier fit every Thing;  
To my Quarters then come,  
And of Brandy and Rum  
Swig till your Belly's full : God save the King.

*(Drum beats.)*

*Harlequin sings.*

Serjeant, thou'rt an honest Fellow,  
Blood let's go, and get us mellow;  
I do loike a Life so funny,  
Gi's thy Hond,—I'll take the Money:  
Who a Pleague wud vollow ploughing.  
Reap and thresh and go to mowing?  
When he might be Pleasure teaking,  
Drinking, dancing, rawring, reaking.  
I do loike a loife so funny,  
Gi's thy Hond, I'll teake the Money.

Tol de rol.

*As Harlequin is receiving the Money, Colombine advances  
and sings.*

Stop, stop, you foolish Ninny,  
Give him back his paltry Guinea,  
Thou'lt repent it by and by;  
What! my sapskull Brother too,  
Prythee *Hodge* be quiet, do,  
I'll vetch Feyther, let me die.

*(To Harlequin.)*

Tho' I gave, the other Day, *(To Harlequin, crying—)*  
To Dick, a Bowl of Curds and Whey,  
It was; my Heart, indeed but Play;  
Therefore do not hence away.

*Roger sings.*

Of Feyther pray who be avroid,  
Or who be avroid of Moother ;  
Il list with the Sarjeant, you Jade,  
As zure as that I am thy Brother.

The Devil uh bides in the Wench,  
Daunt we go for King *George* our Defender,  
To keep out the damnable *French*,  
The Papists, and bloody Pretender ?

*Enter Farmer and sings.*

Thowts misgove me when I mist'n !  
Sarjant, Sarjant, daun'tee list un :  
Hast uh don't ?—Then here's the Money,  
To discharge the simple Tony.

*( Returns the Money to the Sarjant. )*

Happy for him that they're parted,  
Ere yon Dog had got him carted ; *( Pointing to Harlequin. )*  
Deed of his I will not alter,  
Shot perhaps may save the Halter.

*( Exeunt Father and Son. )*

*Columbine advances and sings.*

Why then, my dear Father and Mother, adieu !  
My Cot and my Flock I'll abandon for you ;  
To march with my Harley shall still be my Pride,  
And I'll sleep, and I'll walk, and I'll fight by thy Side.

*Harlequin sings.*

Now lovely, charming, faithful Dear,  
It is not safe to loiter here :  
Already we have stay'd too late,  
I'll meet you at your Quarters strait.      *(To the Sergeant.)*

*Sergeant.*

Duke *William's* Head without the Gate.  
*Exeunt separately, Drum beating.*

*During the Course of the Entertainment, Harlequin, having deserted from his Regiment, is discovered at a Tavern with Columbine, and made Prisoner by the Sergeant.*

*Sergeant sings.*

Run-away Dog! have I caught you?  
You and your trolloping Beauty?  
Better Things soon shall be taught you,  
Hand-cuff, and drag him to Duty.

*As the Soldiers are about to band-cuff him, Colombine beckons the Sergeant, and shews a Purse; on which the Sergeant sends off the Men, takes the Purse from her, and sings.*

Heartily thank you, my Dear,  
Sorry so far that we jested;  
Harly, my Lad, you are clear,  
You have n't as yet been attested:  
*(Harlequin and Colombine go off.)*

*Sergeant*

*Sergeant sings.*

Is there a Man you can bring,  
Wou'dn't do thus for the Pelf, Sir? (*Shakes the Purse.*)  
One I hold tight for the King,  
Three I let go for myself, Sir.

*Exit singing* Tol, tol, tol, &c







*A Loyal SONG.*

I.

\* \* \* \* \* O Peace with the *Frenchmen*, were I to direct,  
N But bang 'till you've bang'd them to proper  
\* \* \* \* \* Respect.

\* \* \* \* \* To the Gates of *Versailles* should our Cannon  
advance,

And the Grenadier's March shou'd frighten all *France*.

This *British* Boys wou'd do with Glee,

For royal *George* and Liberty, &c.

*George* the Third and Liberty.

Come fill your Glasses—drink with me,

'The Words are *George* and Liberty.

II.

Let's pay 'em and slay 'em on Land and on Main,

We have, my Lads, often, and why not again?

Their *Cressy* and *Poitiers* and *Agincourt* shew

What *Britons*, when pitted with *Frenchmen*, can do.

To Action then, brave Boys, with Glee,

For royal *George* and Liberty, &c.

III.

How oft we've been cheated by Art and Chicane,  
It now we can tell 'em such efforts are vain :  
That Feuds are destroy'd, and that Party's a Joke,  
And all *England* united, as not to be broke.

But one and all will fight with Glee,  
For royal *George* and Liberty, &c.

IV.

Whene'er the King pleases to say do it now,  
*Awake, Saunders* and *Pocock*, brave *Granby* and *Howe*,  
Shall burn, sink, and plunder, and lower their Notes,  
In spite of *Pope*, *Devil*, and flat-bottom Boats.

To Deeds like these they'd go with Glee,  
For royal *George* and Liberty, &c.

V.

See our Rocks that defend us and taunt 'em with Scorn;  
See our prudent young Monarch, an *Englishman* born;  
See, of Traytors regardless, he smiles on his Throne,  
For he knows that each Heart in his Kingdom's his own.

And that each Arm would strike with Glee,  
For royal *George* and Liberty, &c.





*The* G O O D F E L L O W .

A S O N G .

I.

**D** I S T A N T fly thee, carking Care,  
From the Spot where I do dwell;—  
Rigid Mortals come not there;  
Frowns begone to Hermit Cell.——  
But let me live the Life of Souls,  
With Love, and Laugh, and flowing Bowls:

II.

Miser, with thy paltry Pelf,  
I give 'gainst thee my Hate its Scope;  
Wretch, that liv'st but for thyself,  
With Heart of Rust that cannot ope.——  
Fly, Bird of Night, from Sun and Souls,  
That love and laugh o'er flowing Bowls.

III.

Who can let the Pensive go,  
Or the Eye that drops a Tear;  
And not weed their Minds of Woe,  
May not dare to peep in here.——  
Who can't be Friends can ne'er be Souls,  
Nor e'er shall quaff our flowing Bowls.——

IV:

Joys on Joys, O let me taste;  
Health and Mirth, dwell in my Gate;  
Whilst with Ease my Sand doft waste,  
Whilst I bless the Book of Fate.——  
That let's me live the Life of Souls,  
With Love and Laugh, and flowing Bowls!





A S O N G

I.

\* 產 產 \* O Reason, ye Fair Ones, assert your Pretence,  
 \* 重 重 \* T Nor hearken to Language beneath common  
 \* 重 重 \* Senses, which you will not own;  
 When Angels Men call ye, and Homage wou'd  
 pay, to please you will consent to do;  
 If you credit the Tale, you're as faulty as they.—

II.

Ten thousand gay Scenes are presented to View,  
 Ten thousand Oaths sworn, but not one of them true:  
 Such Passions, O heed not, unless to deride,  
 Lest a Victim you fall to an ill-grounded Pride.

III.

Prefer ye the Dictates of Virtue to Sound,  
 True Blessings can ne'er without Goodness be found:  
 Leave Folly and Fashion, Misguiders of Youth,  
 And stick to their Opposites, Freedom and Truth.





## A S O N G,

Sung by Mr. *Lowe* at *Vauxhall*.

### I.



IN the white Clifts of *Albion*, see Fame where she stands,  
And her shrill swelling Notes reach the neighbouring Lands.

Of the Natives free born, and their Conquests, she sings:  
The happiest of Men, with the greatest of Kings.—

### II.

*George* the Third she proclaims, his vast Glory repeats,  
His undismay'd Legions, invincible Fleets;  
Whom nor Castles or Rocks can from Honour retard,  
Since e'en Death for their King, they with Scorn disregard.

### III.

O, but see a Cloud bursts, and an Angel appears;  
'Tis peace, lovely Virgin, dishevell'd!—in Tears!  
Say, Fame, cry'd the Maid, is't not Time to give o'er,  
With Sieges, and Famine, Explosions, and Gore?

### IV.

IV.

His just Right to assert, hath the King amply try'd,  
Nor his Wisdom or Strength can Opponents abide;  
Then no longer in Rage let dread Thunders be hurl'd,  
But leave him to me, and give Ease to the World.

V.

'Tis done,——and great *George* is to Mercy inclin'd;  
The blest Word is gone forth for the Good of Mankind:  
'Tis the Act of a *Briton* to beat, then to spare;  
And our King is a *Briton*; ——deny it who dare.

VI.

Charge your Glasses Lip high, and drink Health to the  
King,  
To the Duke and the Princess, and make the Air ring;  
May the Days of great *George* be all happy and long,  
And the \* Man still be right, who yet never was wrong.

\* Mr. Secretary Pitt.





*The* G I P S E Y.

I.



O W the Meads are all clad with fresh Verdure  
again,  
And the Hawthorns are powder'd with White,  
And Cowslips and Daizies enamel the Plain,  
And the Notes of the Cuckoo delight.  
Come small ones and great ones, ye low and ye high,  
And cross a young Gipsy who ne'er told a Lie.

II.

Be assur'd that our King will be blest all his Days,  
In his Confort and Progeny fair ;  
That Commerce shall flourish, and Glory shall blaze,  
And *Great Britain* be Heaven's chief Care.  
And of this I am certain, 'tis all in my Eye,  
Believe a young Gipsy who ne'er told a Lie.

III.



III.

Whilst the great ones at Helm keep their Matters all right  
Why your Soldiers and Sailors must beat :  
Let a Chief they love head 'em, I warrant they fight,  
Both the Lads of the Camp and the Fleet.

And of this I am certain, &c.

Believe a young Gipsy, &c.

IV.

For the Law and the Gown, true Respect we owe both  
And the Faults are their own if unpaid ;  
But tho' never so queer some will swallow the Oath,  
And some make a Jest of their Trade.——

And of this I am certain, &c.

Believe a young Gipsy, &c.

V.

If Mechanics who sot at the Alehouse all Day,  
And rail at they cannot tell what,  
Wou'd think more of their Labour, and less of their Pay  
They'd be happier, I promise them that.——

And of this I am certain, &c.

Believe a young Gipsy, &c.

VI.

Ye fair Maids of the Isle, of all States and Degrees,  
Think the Season as fatal as gay ;——  
Beware whom you sip with, your Wines, and your Tea  
And remember that Men will betray.——


And of this I am certain, &c.

Believe a young Gipsy, &c.



*A New* S O N G.

I.

 N the reaching a Goldfinch's Nest,  
*Lysetta*, the young and the fair,  
A Thorn hap't to run in her Breast,  
Her Neighbour—the Shepherd was there.

II.

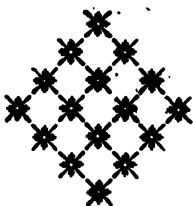
Pale and trembling he flew to her Aid;  
She sweetly her Eyes on him fix'd ;——  
His Hand on the Wound he soft laid,  
Where Roses and Snow-drops were mix'd.

III.

But how fatal that Pity might prove,  
He knew not ; for, ah, he'd no Art ;  
Till snapt by the crocodile Love,  
His Tenderness cost him his Heart.——

IV.

E're the Village Cock wakens the Morn,  
The Woodlands he pines thro' alone ;  
To free the Maid's Breast from the Thorn,  
Far deeper he wounded his own.





*An Occasional* P R O L O G U E,

Wrote at the Request of the Master of a capital Boarding School near *London*, for one of the young Gentlemen to speak before the Representation of the *Recruiting Officer*, at which were present a numerous and elegant Auditory, 1762.

\*\*\* M \*\*\*  
A Y Health, Wealth, Pleasure, join exhaustless  
Stores,  
To gild, O blooming Fair, your circling Hours !  
And may ye never taste one Heart felt Care,  
To rob your Cheeks of those sweet Smiles they wear.  
By those, our throbbing Fears are chas'd away ;  
And thus embolden'd we submit our Play ;  
Rememb'ring still, that every Merit shewn,  
Is to our Tutor due ;——each Fault, our own.  
Most welcome all, to this our friendly Treat :  
Expect not, Gentles, here, high relish'd Meat,  
Dainty Exotics brought from *Rome* or *France*,  
The warbling Signior, or the unmeaning Dance ;  
Or that we call to Aid our well-wrought Scenes,  
Gay tinsell'd Robes, or patch'd Coat Harlequins :  
To feast your Minds,——there centers all our Cares ;  
All else the Task of mercenary Players,

For Bread oblig'd to break thro' Reason's Rules,  
 And please with Puppet-Shews an Age of Fools ;  
 Who, scarcely warm'd by *Shakespear's* hallow'd Fire,  
 At *Tiddidol's* and *Jonathan's* admire ; }  
 Burst at the Wicker Egg,— and dote upon the Wire. }  
 To such dull Stuff we here wave all Pretence,  
 And decorate with Nature, Wit, and Sense ;  
 In these our Bard excell'd; and from his Plays,  
 On this we fix'd, as fittest for these Days.  
 Since now, as when 'twas wrote, our Arms advance,  
 Again to curb the dastard Slaves of *France*.  
 Ne'er cou'd we boast more gallant Deeds than now;  
 Laurels on Laurels see entwine the Brow .  
 Of your lov'd Monarch, *Britons*, *George* the Third :  
 Oh, on my Friends, by Emulation stirr'd,  
 Join to recruit him; Men and Money bring,  
 And bravely risque your all, to serve your King.






## C O N T E N T,

Where most likely to be found.

### I.

T is not Youth can give Content,  
Nor is it Wealth can see ;  
It is a Dower from Heaven sent,  
But not to thee, or me.——

### II.

It is not in the Monarch's Crown,  
Who wou'd give Millions for't ;  
It dwells not with his Grace's Frown,  
Or waits on him to Court.——

### III.

It is not in a Coach and Six,  
It is not in a Garter ;  
'Tis not in Love or Politics,  
But 'tis in——*Will* the Carter:






*The* COMPLAINT.

A S O N G.

I.

HEN *Pbillis* first, in homespun Gray,  
Her Lambkins white cou'd feed,  
With us cou'd innocently play,  
Or dance, or sing, or read.——

II.

I priz'd her far above the Earth,  
Nor wou'd have ever chang'd;  
But soon she scorn'd my humble Birth,  
And from the Cottage rang'd.——

III.

My Crook and Flock she once did love,  
Nay vow'd for them she'd scorn  
Vain Pomp or Shew, nor quit the Grove;  
But *Pbillis* is forsworn.

IV.

Tempted by Giggaws, Balls and Plays,  
She flies left guilty Scenes ;  
Contemns my Pipe for *Stanley's* Lays,  
For Routes, our Wakes and Greens.——

V.

Our Sports by Moon-light she forfakes,  
For Flambeaux, Crowd and Noise ;  
Barfers, for flimsy worthless Rakes,  
The Sweet that never cloys.

VI.

Yet, *Phyllis*, tho' you revel now,  
Too soon, fond *Maid*, you'll find  
The Difference 'twixt that thing a Beau,  
And *Strepbon's* steadier Mind.





## A S O N G.

Set by Mr. C. Festing, and sung by Mrs. Storer, at  
Ranelagh.

### I.

W E L C O M E Sun! and southern Showers!  
W Harbingers of Buds and Flowers;  
Welcome Grots, and cooling Shades!  
Farewel Balls, and Maquerades!

### II.

Blooming *May* approacheth near,  
The Lowing of the Herds we hear;  
The fat'ning Lambs around us bleat,  
Whilst Daizies spring beneath their Feet.

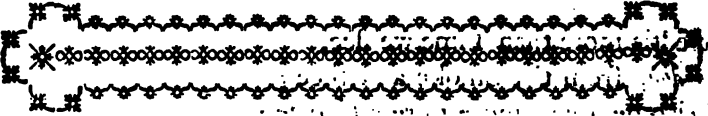
### III.

Perch'd are the Birds on every Spray,  
Stretching their Throats to praise the Day;  
A thousand Herbs their Fragrance yield,  
And Cowslips cover all the Field.

IV.

Safe 'tis more than Time we flee,  
*London*, from thy Smoke and thee ;  
Welcome Joys, more pure and true ;  
Drums and Routes, adieu ! adieu !





*On the Marriage of the Right Honourable  
the Earl of Kildare with Lady Caroline Lenox,  
Daughter of his Grace the Duke of Richmond.*

NATURE hath long been ransack'd of her Store,  
For *Phyllis, Chloe*, and ten thousand more;  
Rose,--Lily, ~~Pink~~,--been stript from native Bed,  
To deck the Wench of each fantastick Head.

But now they droop; their various Colours gone;  
*Lenox* appears! with Beauties all her own.——

Her charming Face——incomparable Maid,—  
Disdains to seek their unavailing Aid.

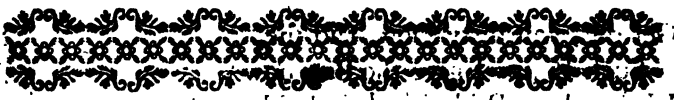
So noble,—virtuous,—witty, and so fair,

So good, so perfect are the happy Pair;

Rancour stands mute, when Fame presents *Kildare*. }

20





PATTY JENKINS.

A SONG.

Tune, *Daniel Cooper.*

HO d'ye think I met last Night,  
 W In all her Airs and Prinkings,  
 With Tippet rough, and Velvet Muff,  
 But blonzy *Patty Jenkins*;  
 Tho' now a Belle, I know her well,  
 When Butter-milk she carried ;  
 Her Father cry'd round Tan to sell ;  
*Ned Flabarty* she married.

II.

Ved ran to Sea, and then with me,  
 Or any one that catch'd her,  
 For Chink and Fame she'd play a Game,  
 At which few over-match'd her.  
 Presuming on the ancient Scheme,  
 And being somewhat fiskey,—  
 I took a Whim to stop the Brim,  
 And booze a Coguc of Whiskey.

III.

Get out, you dirty Dog, said she,  
Such Pimps I give the Bag now;  
With gallant Pride in Chair I ride,  
And Sattin wear, and Shag too.  
In Box I sit, and twig the Pit:  
My Keeper's Colonel *Rafe*, Sir;  
And if with me you dare make free,  
His Man shall crack your Chake, Sir.

IV.

Said I, my Dear, be not fevere,  
Good Faith, I meant to plaife you;  
But since so high you throw your Eye,  
Why *Bryant's* Heart is aisy.—  
Sure I'm as free as you, d'y'fee,  
I'll morris to my Drinkings;  
As Money's scarce,—there a Kick o'the A—  
And your Servant, Madam *Jenkyns*.






## H I B E R N I A.

An O D E.

1 Compliment to the original Promoters of, and Contributors to the Premiums given annually for the Encouragement of Trades, Arts and Sciences, as it was to have been performed at the Music-Hall in *Fishamble-street*, for the Benefit of the poor Lunatics in the Hospital founded by the late Dean *Swift*.—The Music compos'd by Mr. *Broadway*, Organist of *Christ-Church* and *St. Ann's, Dublin*.

### R E C I T A T I V E.

 H blooming Circle!—O enchanting Fair!  
O Whose beauteous Bosoms heave at Pity's Call,  
What Praise can paint enough, your gentle Care  
Of real Objects,—helpless and forlorn?—

### A I R.

Destin'd for ever to remain,  
By keenest Woes oppress'd ;  
Till Death dissolves the cruel Chain,  
And gives eternal Rest.

R E C I T.

R E C I T.

The baneful Clouds of Indolence dissolv'd,  
Industry rears her modest awful Head;  
And thus she chaunts;—but first, from brimmin  
The Pearl parental wipes—the exulting Tear.

A I R.

I joy to behold the new Edifice rise,  
The Helpless to succour, to soften their Cries;  
In Times yet to come, may the innocent Race,  
Upheld by Compassion, your Tenderness grace.  
Soldiers, to enhance your Glory;  
Clerks profound, to pen your Story;  
Tradesmen, to enrich the Nation;—  
O how worthy Preservation!—

R E C I T.

Encouragement,—the great Support of Trade,  
Of scientific Skill, and liberal Arts,  
With undissembled Joy we mean to sing,  
Accept a Tribute to your Bounty's due.

G R A N D C H O R U S.

O may glorious Rays divine,  
Round each Brow eternal shine;  
Who by Premiums given for Toil,  
First rais'd our late dejected Isle.

R E C I T.

Where lofty Vessels once securely rode,  
Whilst bounding Billows brav'd the azure Sky,  
The Peasant stalks, elate with jocund Glee,  
To view the Fruits of his assiduous Care,  
The golden, waving, gay, luxuriant Field.——

A I R.

Old *Dermot* planted on the Plain  
What *Ted* enjoys;—a jolly Swain,  
Rich Cyder tops the Bowl:  
To *Sbelab* seated on his Knees,  
He boasts his Lands, his Herds, his Trees,  
And opens all his Soul.

G R A N D C H O R U S.

O may glorious Rays, &c.

R E C I T.

The wide, extensive, dry, and barren Waste,  
The rocky Clift, the dreary pathless Dale,  
O blest Transition! we at length behold,  
Grac'd with the Charms of Plenty's beauteous Train.

A I R.

The gladsome Eye with Wonder sees,  
New Groves around of thick'ning Trees;  
The Meadows rich with bleating Sheep,  
While wanton Kids the Summits skip,



( 208 )

All along the flowery Glen,  
Sport the Nymphs, and happy Men!  
Who'd not wish a Life like this,  
To fold the Flock, and then to kiss?

C H O R U S.

O may glorious Rays, &c.

R E C I T:

Ye truly wise! whose hospitable Cares,  
Thro' Labour's Road point out the Path to Blifs.  
Your rich, your vast Increase, each annual Round  
Shall strike, and emulate the neighbouring States.

A I R.

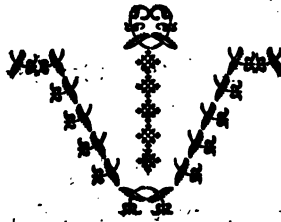
Mechanics of this happy Isle,  
Just Heaven implore with grateful Heart:  
To bless those Hands that crown your Toil;  
The great Rewarders of your Arts.  
Firm Patriots who their Country prize,  
Beyond extremest earthly Boon,  
Who Wealth import from distant Skies,  
And teach ye to improve your own.

R E C I T,

Proud, avaritious, unrelenting Souls,  
Who never knew what soft Compassion meant,  
Find no Employment here; but stand aloof,  
And swell with Envy, at your Virtue's Tale.

A I R.

Sound, sound thy Trumpet, immortal Fame! —  
*Hibernia* through the World proclaim;  
All friendly, good and kind;  
Who Balm applies to each Disease,  
And whilst the shackl'd Corpse she frees,  
She captivates the Mind.



P

From



From a SAILOR on board the *Bridgwater* Man of War, Lord *George Graham* Commander, to a former Mess-mate at *Chatham*, on their sinking, and driving on Shore seven of the Enemies Ships, with three only in Company, in the Year 1744.

A S O N G.

Tune, *Abbot of Canterbury.*

I.

THE News you may credit, dear *Jack*, that I send,  
T 'Tis of an Engagement we've had at *Offend*;  
Where, glorious Recital!—the Truth I advance,  
Three Ships of *Old England* beat seven of *France*.  
*Derry down, &c.*

II.

With haughty Bravados, boast *Gallia* no more;  
We have thumpt you at Sea, and we'll thump you on  
Shore.  
You'll never find *Britain* in haste to agree,  
Whilst *William's* in *Flanders*, or *Graham* at Sea.  
*Derry down, &c.*

III.

III.

At *Tournay* ye beat us ; 'twill do ye no good,  
For each Spoonful we lost, we'll have Gallons of Blood;  
Till the *English* are hurt they are always too civil ;  
But sting 'em once home, and they'll fight like the D—l.  
*Derry down, &c.*

IV.

Your Puffs are all Wind, and no Merit enhance ;  
Tho' ye open'd the Ball, yet we'll have the last Dance.  
Ye've hoisted your Flag, but we'll make ye soon strike it ;  
Or play such a Jig, 'tis a Chance if you like it.  
*Derry down, &c.*

V.

Thus the *Bridgewater* spoke, and went to it pell-mell ;  
And *Gordon* and *Ferguson* fought too like H——l ;  
Arms and Legs flew about like a Shower of Hail,  
And what Heads were left on——thought it best to turn  
Tail.

*Derry down, &c.*

VI.

Most Christian-like King ! had your Majesty seen  
An Action like this, 'twou'd have fill'd you with Spleen ;  
From our Scoopers ran Blood of your Subjects so rare,  
Who are now cutting Caprioles Heaven knows where.  
*Derry down, &c.*

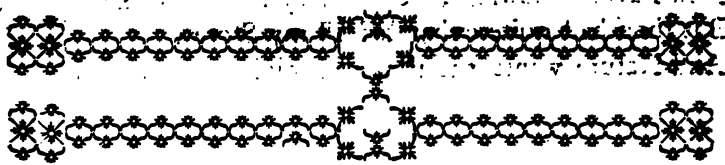
VII.

With the Old *British* Spirit we drove three ashore ;  
Took and sunk all the rest, and what cou'd we do more?  
At Sight of this,—drink to Lord *Graham* all good,  
And wish their whole Navy as fast in the Mud.

*Derry down, &c.*



*Nature*



Nature *against* G-----k, *for stealing her Beauties.*



H A T! shall Ingratitude, detested Weed!—  
 On thy fair Stem, my favorite Blossom feed?—  
 Was it for this I fashion'd thee with Care,  
 Gave thee a Tinct of every thing that's rare ;  
 Taught thee to smooth the harras'd Statesman's Frown,  
 T'amaze the Bar, the Senate, and the Gown ;  
 T'instruct and model a licentious Town,  
 The Cit, the Wit, the Coxcomb, and the Clown.——  
 Review'd with Caution every human Breast,  
 And where I found superior Worth possess'd,  
 That Worth I cull'd ;——I robb'd it of its due,  
 To make an estimable Boon for you.  
 Envy and Malice stand aghast to see  
 What Heaps of Favours I've bestow'd on thee ;  
 Have I deny'd you any thing you su'd?——  
 Why then this Treatment barbarously rude ?  
 Why purloin Helps you might be sure I'd give :  
 Why to delude thy tender Parent strive?——  
 Wretch as thou art!——

( 214 )

I came to chide thee, *David*; but how wild  
Are Mother's Threats, when doting on the Child!  
Perhaps, in lieu of Anger, thou might'st see  
New Favours flowing;—cou'd they flow from me!  
But thou hast quite exhausted all my Store;  
And Nature wants the Power of giving more.



T H



T H E  
F R O L I C K S *of* M A Y.


An Interlude of Singing and Dancing.

*The Music by Mr. Patterfal.*

*Scene, an open pleasant Country. Numbers of Shepherds and Shepherdeses appear at some Distance, preparing to dance round their May-pole.*

*Enter Spring hastily — Winter, following feebly, and in a supplicating Manner, sings.*

A I R.

 A Y, dear Partner, Spring, be not angry, I pray,  
That once in this 'Island I've made such a Stay:  
But the Wood-Nymphs so trim, the Shepherds  
so gay,  
I long'd for a Peep at the Frolicks of *May*.





## A HUNTING SONG.

### RECITATIVE.

OW peeps the ruddy Dawn o'er Mountain  
N Its different Notes each feather'd Warbler t  
The Milkmaid's Carrol glads the Plough  
Ear,  
The jolly Huntsman winds his chearful Horn,  
And the staunch Pack return the lov'd Salute.

### A I R.

The Hounds are unkennel'd, and now,  
Thro' the Copsé and the Furze will we lead,  
Till we reach yonder Farm on the Brow,  
For there lurks the Thief that must bleed.  
I told you so, didn't I?—see where he flies :  
'Twas *Bellman* that open'd, so sure the Fox dies.  
Let the Horn's jolly Sound  
Encourage the Hound,  
And float thro' the ecchoing Skies.

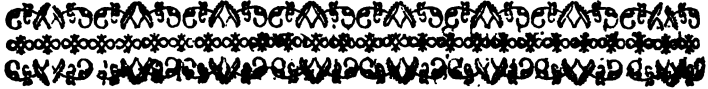
### RECITATIVE.

The Chace began, nor Rock, nor Flood, nor Swan  
Quickset, or Gate, the thundering Course retard ;  
Till the dead Notes proclaim the fallen Prey,  
*Then—to the sportive 'Squire's capacious Bowl.*







A I R.

O'er that and old Beer of his own,  
That is found, bright, and wholesome we'll sing,  
Drink Success to great *George* and his Crown,  
For each Heart to a Man's with the King.  
And next will we fill to *Jove's* favorite Scene,  
The rich Isle of *Britain*, *Great-Britain* I mean;  
Where Men, Horses and Hounds,  
Can be stopt by no Bounds,  
For no Spot on the Earth e'er bred Sporters so keen,





**A BACCHANALIAN SONG.**

 \*  TRANGER to the pensive Brow,  
 S  To the Bosom damp'd with Care,  
 \*  To the languid love-sick Vow,  
 All the Plagues that great ones share ;  
 Waiter, bring me t'other Flask,  
 'Twill make but fix, a slender Task.

II.

Bane to me the plaintive Sigh,  
 I doat on jolly Cheek and red,  
 Hence, far hence, the woe worn Eye,  
 And come, brisk Laughter, in its Stead.  
 Away and crown our Flasks and Bowls,  
 For Night's the Holiday of Souls.

III.

*Jove* may give to whom he will,  
 Treasures of the golden Mine ;  
 Devotee to *Bacchus* still,  
 I'll never seek another shrine ;  
 But sing and dance and kifs and quaff,  
 And make the World a World of Laugh.



A S O N G.

I.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

OR me, O Tyrant, Love, thy Snare,  
F And all thy Baits delusive cease ;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Thou art the Fountain-head of Care,  
The Murderer of Sleep and Peace.

II.

fell Hyena to the Heart,  
That lulls us on but to destroy ;  
A ill-far'd Canker-worm thou art,  
That blights our Years of Ease and Joy.

III.

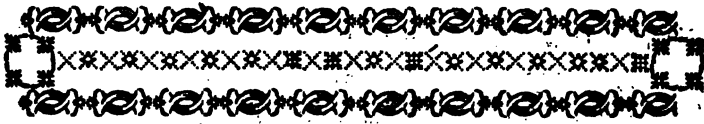
To me, O Goddess sage, thine Ear  
To me, *Minerva*, deign to lend ;  
What Ills betide me, let me ne'er  
To cruel *Cupid's* Power bend.

IV.

IV.

My Suit is granted, and I now  
Am light as Air, am gay and free ;  
Blind Boy, I scorn thy fatal Bow,  
I laugh at *Damon's* Arts and thee.





The EASTER-HOLIDAYS:

A S O N G .

As now sung by Mr. *Andrews*, at *Sadler's Wells*.

I.

**H**ITHER, hither, young and gay,  
Hither, hither, haste away ;  
Now's the Time to sport and play,  
When all the World keep Holiday.  
Holiday, Holiday,  
When all the World keep Holiday.

II.

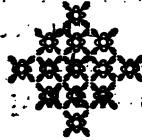
Now the Lasses, mild as *May*,  
Will not, cannot answer *Nay*,  
They mind not what the old ones say,  
For all the world keep Holiday.  
Holiday, Holiday,  
For all the World keep Holiday.

III.

Blackbirds whistle from the Spray,  
Merry, merry sounds the Lay  
Of Swain, who lets the Lambkins stray,  
While all the World keep Holiday.  
    Holiday, Holiday,  
    While all the World keep Holiday.

IV.

Shepherd, welcome do we pay,  
Strike up rural Roundelay,  
Whisk it, frisk it, Girls away,  
For all the World keep Holiday.  
    Holiday, Holiday,  
    For all the World keep Holiday.






*On her Majesty, Queen CHARLOTTE's  
Arrival in England.*

A S O N G.

R E C I T A T I V E.

HEN *Neptune* late to royal *George* convey'd  
Thro' briny Surge the princely blooming Maid,  
On Sight of *Albion*, with pacific Stroke,  
The swelling Waves he calm'd, and thus he  
spoke.

I.

To *Great Britain*, Isle of mine,  
Gladly bring I Boon divine,  
Send forth your clustring Bands to greet  
The Fair that makes their Blifs complet.

II.

Where's the Nation else can boast  
Of a Freedom ne'er yet lost?  
Of such a Monarch, young and great,  
So priz'd by Subjects and by Fate?

Q

III.



III.

Where can Statesmen such be found ?  
Soldiers, Sailors, brave and found ?  
Where else doth Science rear its Head ?  
Or where can Art so well be fed ?

IV.

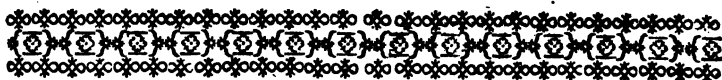
In what Forests say where grows  
Oaks like *Britain's*? Dread of Foes :  
Of Flocks such Numbers where else shorn ?  
Or where such golden Fields of Corn ?

V.

Yet a Wanting still was here ;  
*George* your Monarch heav'd with Care ;  
A Wife of peerless Worth he fought,  
And see young *Charlotte* safe I brought.



JOHNN



## JOHNNY *and* BETSY.

Sung this Season at *Sadler's Wells*.

### I.

Y Daddy was gone to the Market a Mile,  
M My Mammy was gone to the Miller's the while,  
In came my dear *Johnny*, and such was his  
Saying,  
Lay by your Wheel, *Betsy*, come with me a Maying.

### II.

I answer'd him no, 'twas a Folly to ask,  
My Mammy had set me to spinning a Task :  
Quoth he cut the Tether, Girl, set the Cow straying  
We'll tye her up somewhere, whilst we go a Maying.

### III.

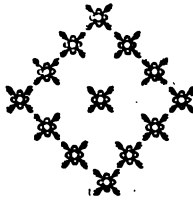
His Method I took,—ah how cou'd I forbear ?  
I lov'd him too well to think falsly he'd swear ;  
He pres'd my Lips gently, the Fool fell to playing,  
The Time slipt so nimble, we didn't go Maying.

### IV.

My Daddy ne'er ask'd me a Word where I'd been,  
My Mammy I told I'd the Cow to fetch in,  
She said she was sure I'd been somewhere delaying,  
But never suspected that I'd been a Maying.

V.

If *Jobnny* prove's true, as I think that he will,  
The Market I'll blefs, and I'll honour the Mill,  
That kept my old Daddy and Mammy fo staying,  
When I was perfuaded by *Jobnny* a Maying.





*A Loyal S O N G,*

Sung this Season at *Sadler's Wells.*

I.

◆◆◆◆ IS the Genius of *Britain*, ye *Britons*, that calls;  
◆ 'T ◆ Quit your Glasses and Lasses for Powder and Balls;  
◆◆◆◆ To the lovesick Guittar be the Trumpet preferr'd;  
And thresh well the Foes of your King, *George* the Third:

The Work was well done,  
And made excellent Fun,  
In Seventeen Hundred and Sixty-one.  
Be as gallant and true,  
And I warrant you'll do,  
In Seventeen Hundred and Sixty-two.

II.

'Tis the Thundring of Cannon, the Rattle of Drums,  
The Destruction of Cities, the routing of Scums;  
'Tis your Freedom to save, and your Rights, now at stake,  
That all summon ye hence a due Vengeance to take:

The Work was well done,  
And made excellent Fun,  
In Seventeen Hundred and Sixty-one.  
Be as gallant and true,  
And I warrant you'll do,  
In Seventeen Hundred and Sixty-two.

III.


See the Marquis, how bold and how noble he stands !  
For his Orders how quiet, how ready the Bands !  
See his flashing Steel drawn, and hark how the Air rings !  
With Shouts of Revenge 'gainst the league-breaking Kings !  
The Work was well done,  
And made excellent Fun,  
In Seventeen Hundred and Sixty-one ;  
Be as gallant and true,  
And I warrant 'twill do  
In Seventeen Hundred and Sixty-two.





ON THE  
ORATORIO *of* JOSHUA.

I.

 ON *Wednesday* last *Jupiter* taking his Rounds,  
O And with Care reconnoitring his heavenly  
Bounds,  
A Harmony sweeter than that of the Spheres,  
Ascended from Earth to the Thunderer's Ears.

II.

I cannot imagine, said he, why *Apollo*,  
This sneaking, this pitiful Custom will follow ;  
His Music, his Wit, and his Company's given  
To the Clods o' the Earth, whilst we want it in Heaven.

III.

Old *Momus*, the Joker, a Pardon desir'd,  
Then told him the Sounds which he heard and admir'd  
Came not from *Apollo* he very well knew,  
And if he'd step down, he'd convince him 'twas true.

## IV.

*Jove* seldom was out at a Frolic as yet,  
 And slap they appear'd in the Midst of the Pit ;  
 But when of bright Beauties he saw such a Throng,  
 He wonder'd that *Britain* had 'scap'd him so long.

## V.

In the Form of an Orange he thought he might venture  
 To the Lips of my Lady, who sat in the Centre ;  
 But found 'em so chaste, that, repenting his folly,  
 His Shape he resum'd. and attended to *Galli*.

## VI.

Enraptur'd he sigh'd, then to *Mercury* said,  
*Calliope's* nothing, compar'd with this Maid ;  
 Or sweet *Cassarini*, whose warbling Strains  
 Might surely footh *Sisyphus* out of his Pains.

## VII.

And prithee what's *Orpheus*, when mention'd with *Lowe* ?  
 'Tis true at his Voice and the Touch of his Bow  
 He made Pebbles dance ; but *Lowe's* silver Tone  
 The *Thracian* himself wou'd have chang'd to a Stone.

## VIII.

For *Handel*, his Music so highly I prize,  
 I'll send *Phæbus* here, and take him to the Skies ;  
 The Difference Men may not easily find,  
 Since Gods to such Merit so long have been blind.



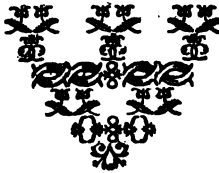
## EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Master ———, who play'd the Part of  
*Silvia* in the *Recruiting Officer*, at ——— Boarding-  
School, the Night before breaking up for the  
Holidays.

Make no doubt ye have felt, so need not ask,  
I The Joy resulting from the finish'd Task ;  
At mine, of course, well qualified to guess,  
You can't but think I taste it to Excess :  
How my poor Heart hath all this Ev'ning beat !——  
Tho' conscious of the Candor we shou'd meet.  
As Actor first full many a Scruple rose ;  
Then to appear drawn forth in Womens Cloaths :  
Such unmatched Sweetness dwells in Female Features,  
That when we ape them, sure we are horrid Creatures.  
But to Necessity the wisest bend,  
And wink on the Omissions of a Friend.  
Right noble Spirits ne'er in question call  
The Gift, tho' poor, that is the Giver's All.  
On these trite Maxims here we rest our Cause ;  
What says our Counsel, learned in the Laws ? ——  
Stand we acquitted of all wilful Errors ?  
Be hush'd, my Heart, I see no Brow of Terrors :  
We'll think we've pleas'd ye then ; yet let me say,  
We'll please you better still another Day.



By constant Practice 'tis Men master Arts;  
So, mellow grown, and easier in our Parts,  
These Scenes at our Return we shall repeat;  
The self-same Audience hope again to meet:  
Faults of this Night we'll study to retrieve;  
For Favours past our general Thanks receive:  
Ladies and Gentlemen, we take our leave.





## A BALLAD.

Wrote soon after the Declaration of War against  
*Spain.*

Sung this Season at *Sadler's Wells.*

### I.

**F**OUND out on a Cruise, no Tar wou'd refuse,  
**B** I've stow'd in compleatly my Store ;  
Two Hundred bold Men I command once again,  
And shall shortly fall down to the *Nore.*  
I've Room for a Score or two, enter, Boys, quick ;  
A Pound to a Shilling we make the Dogs sick.

### II.

On Days of Queen *Bess*—we now are no less,  
*Spain's* vaunting Armado we beat ;  
And at it poor *France* fell into a Trance,  
That she hasn't recover'd of yet ;  
The Puffs only Rich, of her Treasure she's rid,  
We'll deal the same Cards to the Dons at *Madrid.*

### III.

III.

Midst Fire and Smoke, when we give 'em a Stroke,  
The tawney Bravadoes shall fly ;  
Nor Priest, Bell, or Book, shall secure 'em good Luck  
As sure as they face us they die.  
Saints, Wafers and Rags shall be blown into Air,  
When once we have brought but our great Guns to t

IV.

Safe anchor'd, my Boys, in Port of our Joys,  
Snug under the Guard of our Guns,  
Their Convents we'll strip, and freight home the rich  
With the Plunder of Priests and of Nuns.  
Then speed *The New Terrible* well, and Hurra!  
And send her safe into the the proud *Panama*.

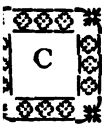




## A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Sung by Mrs. *Atkins* at *Sadler's Wells*.

### I.

OME booze, my Lads, booze ; puff the Bottle  
about,  
Ye Ninnies, for whom wou'd you save ?  
Your Wife, with her Fondness who makes such  
a Rout,

She'll laugh 'ere you're cold in your Grave.  
Mankind are mere Shams wear what Vizors they please  
The only true Friends are fair Bumpers and Ease.

### II.

Do you scrape for a Son, whom with Cost and with Care  
You have hitherto anxiously bred ?  
The first in the Chamber shall be the young Heir,  
To Pluck Pillow from under your Head.  
*Nunc, nunc est bibendum*, our Motto you see,  
Stick, stick to it close, and be happy as we.

### III.

III.

For Friend, or for Mistrefs ar't heaping thy Store ?

Ah Trifler ! —but little you know !

An Ear-ring perverts your bright Saint to a W——e ;

Distrefs of your Friend makes a Foe.

What need of Advice against hoarding of Pelf ?

A Bumper, a Bumper will speak for itself.

IV.

Haste, haste ye to us, and but do as we do,

I warrant you ne'er will repent :

The Tale of a Tub is both merry and true,

I ne'er knew what other Tales meant.

Let 'em preach, let 'em fight, let 'em cavil and brawl,

A Bumper and Ease I prefer to 'em all.

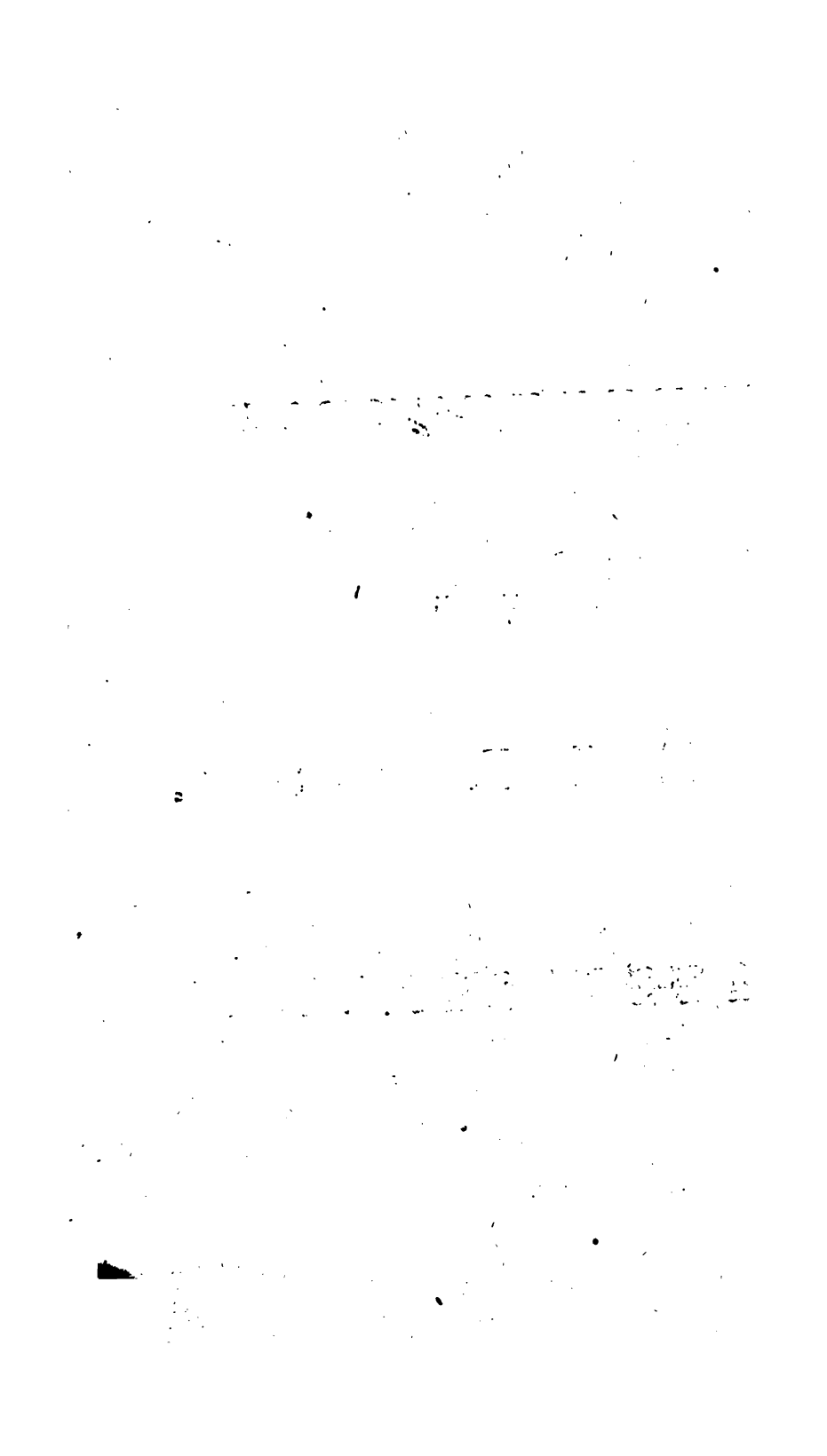




T H E

E I R E S S.





THE  
F E I R E S S ;

O R,

ANTIGALLICAN.

A

F A R C E.



## Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

<i>B</i> riton, sen. a Country Gentleman,	<i>Mr.</i> Burton.
<i>Briton</i> , jun. (his Son) bred in Town,	<i>Mr.</i> Packer.
<i>Dash</i> , a Coxcomb,	<i>Mr.</i> Palmer.
Capt. <i>Hardy</i> , a Sea Officer,	<i>Mr.</i> Yates.
<i>Wortby</i> , his Purser,	<i>Mr.</i> Beard.
<i>French</i> Valet,	<i>Mr.</i> West.
<i>English</i> Servant to <i>Briton</i> , jun.	<i>Mr.</i> Grey.
<i>English</i> Servant to Lady <i>Everbloom</i> .	<i>Mr.</i> Watkins.

## W O M E N.

Lady <i>Everbloom</i> , Sister to Capt. <i>Hardy</i> ,	<i>Mrs.</i> Simpson.
<i>Mrs. Spruce</i> , a Milliner,	<i>Mrs.</i> Bradshaw.
<i>Harriot</i> (the Heiress) disguis'd as a Boy on a Family Affair, in Love with <i>Briton</i> , jun.	} <i>Miss</i> Barton.
<i>Letitia</i> , Daughter to Mr. <i>Briton</i> , in Love with <i>Harriot</i> , being ignorant of her Sex,	
<i>Miss Dolly</i> and <i>Miss Pen</i> ,	} Apprentices to <i>Mrs. Spruce</i> ,
<i>Miss Belmont</i> ,	
<i>Miss Languish</i> ,	} Visiting Ladies, {
<i>Miss Giddy</i> , &c.	
	{ <i>Miss</i> Arabella Young.
	{ <i>Mrs.</i> Smith.
	{ <i>Miss</i> Mills.



T H E  
H E I R E S S .




A C T I .

S C E N E, *A Parlour.*

*Enter Mr. Briton, sen. with his Hat, Gloves, Cane and Sword,  
as just come in ; Mrs. Spruce following him.*

*Briton, sen.*

 AND where are our young Folks, pray Madam?

*Mrs. Spruce.*

Abroad, Sir ; I think I heard 'em mention the Park.

*Briton, sen.*

It's very fine Weather, and they are quite right to take the Benefit of it.

*Mrs. Spruce.*

I hope, Sir, you have met with things answerable to your Expectations, at least——

*Briton, sen.*

I thank you, Madam, I have ;——I believe I shall now, very shortly, see an End to my Affair ; the Earl is most certainly a worthy Nobleman, when once you can get at him ; but there is such a Gulph of Ignorance, Impertinence and Adulation to wade through, before one can be admitted to the Ears of the Great, as makes it very fatiguing to a plain Man like myself, to have any Sort of Business to transact with them.

*Mrs. Spruce.*

Undoubtedly right, Sir ; but those who have Occasion to solicit their Favours, must put up with such Inconveniences.

*Briton, sen.*

I thank Heaven, my Estate, though small, is entirely free from Dependence ; but to serve an Orphan intrusted to one's Care, is a Duty so incumbent on a Man of Principle, that he would undertake any reasonable Task (however unpleasant) rather than leave such Business unsettled.

*Mrs. Spruce.*

Certainly, Sir.

*Briton,*

*Briton, sen.*

That once done, I don't care how soon I turn my Back upon *London*: I want my usual Study and Exercise. Town Life is a miserable one to me.

*Enter Briton, junior.*

Oh, *Bob*! where have you left your Companions?

*Briton, jun.*

At the next Door, Sir, buying some Toys.

*Enter Miss Pen.*

You are wanted in the Shop, Madam. [*To Mrs. Spruce*]

*Mrs. Spruce.*

Gentlemen, your Servant. [*Exit Mrs. Spruce*]

*Briton, sen.*

Madam, your most obedient——Well, and what have you been, *Bob*, ha?

*Briton, jun.*

In *Hydepark*, Sir; there was Abundance of Companions. Coming back we call'd in at *Cock's*, and look'd at the Machine that goes without Horses: there were several People of Quality there; and I assure you, our young Gentleman made no insignificant Figure among 'em from

Questions that he ask'd Mr. *Ladd* the Proprietor, in regard to his new invented Mechanism.

*Briton, sen.*

O! he has been bred with great Care; and, though never before from Home, has had the best Tuition the Country afforded.

*Briton, jun.*

He seems very fond of my Sister *Letty*, I think.

*Briton, sen.*

Ay: [*sighing*] it is some time since that I have observ'd it, not without Compunction; and have used all the Means in my Power to damp, in the Kindling, a Flame that may one Day prove fatal in its Consequences; but the Nearness of our Neighbourhood, with the great Intimacy between Sir *Aston* and myself, hath hitherto render'd it impracticable.

*Briton, jun.*

Did you never drop a Hint, Sir, of any Surmise you had concerning the growing Passion between 'em?

*Briton, sen.*

O! yes! often: but whenever I did, the Knight used to turn it off with some pleasant Conceit, as a Subject not worth Notice: I had some Thoughts once of removing to a more distant Part of the Country; but he insisted on my staying where I was. The Business that call'd me to *London*, furnish'd me with a good Pretence to bring the the Girl off, by way of satisfying her Curiosity, and leaving her behind me; but Sir *Aston* insisted so strongly upon  
his

his Son's keeping us Company, that there was no denying him ; and——

*Briton, jun.*

Suppose, Sir, as you design writing to *Newgrove* this Afternoon, you were to touch upon the Matter a little stronger than you have hitherto done ; and hear what he'll say upon it.

*Briton, sen.*

I did mention it in my last, to which I am surpriz'd I have had no Answer yet ; a Repetition this Evening wou'd n't be amiss, as you say. You cannot be insensible, *Bob*, of the wide Disparity of Fortune between the Families ; and if any Accident shou'd happen that might cause my Honour, or Reputation, to be suspected, it wou'd be worse than Death to me.

*Briton, jun.*

By the strictest Observation I have been able to form, Sir, I see nothing in either of their Conducts likely to feed such Suspicion ; but on the contrary, a regardful Deportment scarcely consistent with their times of Life.

*Briton, sen.*

The Manner of their Education, and the little Variety of Company they have had the Opportunity to converse with, accounts for that ; but——

*Briton, jun.*

I have sometimes wonder'd indeed, that Sir *Aston* cou'd so readily trust an only Son and Heir, so little acquainted with more than the Theory of Men and Things, so far distant

distant without him, and especially to a Town crowded with Temptations, as this is ; but when I have considered the Openness of his Temper, the Security reposed in his Principles, and the strict Ties of a long and sincere Friendship between you, that Wonder has subsided.

*Briton, sen.*

His Coming was but weakly urg'd on my Side, but the young Spark had the Address to make his Father believe that it was for your Sake entirely he wanted to see London. Those Letters of your's, he had often heard me read, so much charm'd him, he pretended, that he long'd for an Opportunity of seeing you : on that Account a Gift was given, which, as I said before, I heartily wish I never hear repented.

*Briton, jun.*

Don't suffer yourself to be too much alarm'd, Sir; your fashion'd Dispositions seldom submit to Meaneffes. I shall however make it my principal Concern to regulate their Behaviours, and if I find the Affair we suspect to go forward, shall endeavour to turn the Tide of his Passion into another Channel, which, at his Age, and with a proper Management, may be easily effected.—— O ! here it comes.

*Enter Harriot, in Boys Cloaths, and Letty.*

Well, Sister, have you and Mr. *Bellmour* adjusted your Dispute amicably ?

*Letty.*

We never quarrel, Brother; however, I can't give up the Argument.

*Briton, sen..*

What was it concerning, my Dear?

*Letty.*

Why, Sir, Mr. *Bellmour* wou'd have it that Lady *Sparkle* is much handsomer than Mrs. *Pool*, and I can't allow it; that's all.

*Briton, sen.*

You know I am a Stranger to the fine Ladies of the present Age, and so can say nothing to it; both reigning Toasts, I suppose.

*Letty.*

Yes, Sir, so I have heard; but I don't perceive much Beauty in either of them for my Part, except what they are indebted to Art for.

*Harriot.*

O! fye! never let Prejudice get the better of Understanding; they are certainly both of 'em exceeding fine Women; I hardly know which to give the Preference—but of the two, Lady *Sparkle*—what think you, Sir?

[To *Briton, jun.*

*Briton, jun.*



*Briton, jun.*

I am of your Opinion, Mr. *Bellmour*; *Lady Sparkle* is indeed the most agreeable. *Letty* is right, however, in her Observation, that they both assist Nature; but that Vice, amongst the many others for which we are indebted to *French* Luxury, is now so universally practised, that it is no longer look'd on as an Indiscretion, except by the inspired Few, still *English* enough to avow an Esteem for the Customs and Manners of their Forefathers, and pay due Regard to Religion and Modesty.

*Enter a Servant.*

Mr. *Dash*, Sir, is below.—

*Briton, jun.*

Desire him to walk up—

[*Exit Servant.*

*Briton, sen:*

I'll step as far as *Chancery-Lane*; you'll all dine at Home, I suppose.

*Briton, jun.*

O, yes, Sir.

*Briton, sen.*

Well, your Servant—

[*Exit. Briton, sen.*

*Letty.*

*Dasb.*

Then we shall have Miss *Bellmont* ; O ! a sweet Wench, and the most exquisite Singer ! ah !—all your Thrushes, Goldfinches, Woodlarks and Nightingales, are no more to compare to her, my little Queen of the Meadows, than a Screech Owl is to a *Canary* Bird, or a Crab to a Pippin.

*Briton, jun.*

Will Lady Dowager *Layman* be there, Sir ?

*Dasb.*

Lady *Layman*, O ! fie ! how cou'd you think of such an Indecency ? why she hasn't been out of her Apartment these four Days ; takes no manner of Diet, but Conservees and Jellies ; and sees no Soul living but the Priest ; have not you heard of her Loss ?—

*Briton, jun.*

Not I, truly.—What has it been, pray ?

*Dasb.*

Then positively you amaze me !——I thought all the World had heard on't.—Her favourite rough Lap-dog, *Jock*, that Father *Kelley* brought her from *Naples*—

*Briton, jun.*

May one depend upon this ?——you'll excuse me ; but really there is so much false Intelligence propagated, one d oesn't know whom to credit.

*Dasb.*

*Dasb.*

A Fact, upon my Honour!—choak'd himself last *Saturday* Morning at Supper, with the Wing of an *Ortolan*.

*Briton, jun.*

And the poor Lady's inconsolable!

*Dasb.*

Upon the Margin of Madnes.—Then we shall have Mrs. *Potipbar* from *Duke's-place*; a Woman of no great Entertainment, but as she always visits with her Purse full of Money——is immoderately fond of Play, knows nothing of the Matter, and never wrangles; bearable enough.

*Briton jun.*

My Lady expects a great deal of Company——

*Dasb.*

O, yes! Coming down *Pall Mall* just now, who d'ye think pop't upon me out of Sir *Marmaduke Funlove's*? only 'Squire *Sam*, as gay as a Gambler upon a good Run; or a *French* Milliner on the fifth Sale of her vestal Incumbrance——ha, ha, ha.

*Briton, jun.*

*Sam Hand!*——I thought he had not been in Town; I haven't see him at *George's* lately.——

*Dasb.*

*Dasb.*

May be he came last Night ;——so I made him promise to be there too, and to bring his Friend *Outré*, the Mimic, with him ; he tells me he has pick'd up some excellent new Characters——*Sam's* a good natur'd Fellow, but such a maggotty Dog there's no great Dependence upon him. [*Pulls out his Watch.*] Odsso! I must run up to Doctor *Gimcrack's*, or I shall be too late for the Sale:

*Briton jun.*

Of what, pray ?

*Dasb.*

The best private Collection of Pictures, Shells, Prints, Butterflies, and other Foscets, perhaps, in *Europe*, that the Reverend deceased had been making with great Study and Pains for these forty Years——Well, your Servant.

[*Going.*

*Briton jun.*

Sir, I am your most Obedient——

*Dasb.*

[*Returning.*] Ha, ha, ha, I had forgot one thing—— I must make you laugh!——do you know that that stupid Dolt of a Fellow, Parson *Slubber-Fext* has had the Assurance to send a Card to *Lady Dorothy Dawdle*, to inform her that if she does not put off her *Sunday Night's* Card-playing, he shall exclaim against her from the Pulpit: only think o'that; did you ever hear any thing to come up to't ?

*Briton jun.*

Very impudent, indeed!

*Dash.*

Imprudent, say you! scandalous! wicked!——but Lady *Dolly's* Hand and Glove, with his Patron, Lord *Worthless*; the Fellow didn't know a Word o'that, I suppose: ah! a little Stripping and Starving will be absolutely necessary for the Doctor upon this Occasion;—— a blessed Time on't, indeed, we should have, if People of Quality's Amusements were to be curtail'd and interrupted at every officious Puppy's Pleasure, that had a Mind to set up for the Reformation of Manners—— Ha, ha, ha,——well——*au Revoir*——your Servant.

[*Exit Dash, singing.*

*Harriot.*

What an insignificant rattling Puppy 'tis.

*Briton jun.*

The Town swarms with 'em——

*Harriot.*

But I wonder, Sir, that you, who are so much the Reverse in your own Disposition, can bear the Mixture of such Reptiles among your Acquaintance?

*Briton*

*Briton jun.*

It is impossible to avoid it, unless you were resolv'd to turn Hermit at once, sequester yourself in some obscure Nook, and live at open War with Society.

*Harriot.*

But I shou'd think now, that serious Admonitions from Men of your Understanding, might go a great Way towards the Reformation of such superficial Creatures; and if there are any amongst 'em possess'd of some shining Qualities, it would be Charity in you to endeavour to remove the Clouds that interpose, and prevent the World the Benefit of their Lustre.

*Briton jun.*

There is no pretending to correct Errors, without first bringing your Pupil to be sensible that they are so; and that we may set down as a more than *Angian* Task, with regard to a Coxcomb; since the best Authors have hitherto proved it an unfurmoutable one——A Coxcomb is a Being compos'd from every thing contemptible, and yet so well satisfied, that, deaf to Conscience, Censure, or Precept, he continually runs counter to Reason, and has no one thing to value himself upon, but what every body despises.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Servant.*

Sir, my Master is just come in, and Dinner is ready to be served up.

*Briton jun.*

Very well—Come, Sir.

*[Leads his Sister off.  
Exeunt.]*

*Scene changes.*

*Miss Pen and Miss Dolly meeting.*

*Dolly.*

Well, Miss Pen, how do you like this young Gentleman, our new Lodger?

*Pen.*

I don't know; I like him well enough. *[Carelessly.]*

*Dolly.*

Well enough! is that all? why—ar'n't you in love with him?

*Pen.*

In<sup>l</sup> Love with him! for what?—not I indeed: I could venture through an Army of Twenty Thousand such

such pretty Masters as he, and bring my Heart safe to its Quarters—No, no; the God must rumage his Quiver afresh; this Arrow hath no Point for me, I promise you.

*Dolly.*

You are a strange mad Girl: But what Objections can you have to him?

*Pen.*

Many, many, my Dear, many; but the main is that I think he looks too much like one of us. My Man now (if ever I should be entrusted with a Man) must be of a quite different Structure. I abominate your Shivers at the Morning-Air, as the Song calls them.

*Dolly.*

That he has a good Complexion; I grant you; and a soft Manner of Expression: But his Deportment is far from effeminate, and——

*Pen.*

Well! I don't admire him.

*Dolly.*

That may arise from his not admiring you, perhaps.



*Pen.*

Oh, dear Miss! —why I am neither old, deformed, nor ugly—and why not admire me, pray? He has n't told you any thing to the contrary, I suppose: — You are not so familiar together yet, are you?

*Dolly.*

Not I, indeed; but there is some little Judgment, you know, to be made from Eyes: I observed no Glances fly towards your Part of the Counter.

*Enter Mrs. Spruce.*

*Mrs. Spruce.*

Come, come, Girls, pray get to work; you know Lady *Squeamish* expects her Childbed-linen home To-morrow; and People of her Quality are seldom certain themselves at what Time they may have Occasion for't. —And then there's Captain *O'Rowry* mus'n't by any Means be disappointed; for if he misses the Brewer's widow, I may whoop for my Money, I'm sure o' that.— What is it you have been chattering about, prithee?

*Dolly.*

Why, Madam, Miss *Pen* won't allow Mr. *Bellmour* handsome, and so we have been disputing about it, — that's all.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Spruce.*

Oh fie upon't! fie upon't! — I think such young Girls as you might find themselves something else to talk of. — I'm asham'd of ye, absolutely asham'd of ye.

*Dolly.*

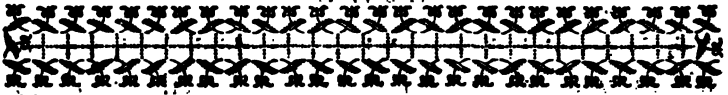
Lard, Maam, is there any Harm in saying that one thinks a Person handsome?

*Mrs. Spruce.*

Yes, Miss, a great deal of Harm. — When I was at your Age I have heard my Mama say, it was very impudent to look a Man in the Face long enough to know whether he was handsome or ugly. — Go, go into the Shop, and mind your Business *Exit.*

*Miss Pen.*

I don't know how ignorant of Mankind your Mama might keep you whilst you was under her Care, but you're vastly improved in the Study since, or I'm much out of my Judgment. *Exeunt.*



A C T II.

*A Side-board—A Servant attending at it—Desert upon the Table as after Dinner.*

*Lady Everbloom, Miss Languish, Miss Bellmont, Briton jun. Letty, Harriot, Daffy, and others, walking about.*

*Lady Everbloom.*

Have you seen an Opera yet, Sir? *[To Harriot.]*

*Harriot.*

No, an please your Ladyship.

*Lady Everbloom.*

No! —I'm astonish'd! What in *London* near three Weeks and not seen an Opera!

*Harriot.*

I am not fond of Mr. *Briton's* Character of 'em, Madam; he seems to think 'em but an insipid kind of Entertainment at best, and they must be particularly so to me, *who understand not Italian.*

*Dasb.*

*Italian!* — You have Eyes and Ears, my dear *Belmour*: You can understand that there are Angels in the Boxes, Harmony to its highest Pitch in the Orchestra, and ten Thousand Transports in every thrilling Note of the divine *Mattei*! Oh! I doat upon Operas! — Don't you, Miss *Languish*?

*Miss Languish.*

No, Sir, upon my Word; nor can I help thinking with this Gentleman, that neither Benefit or Pleasure can possibly be reap'd from any Matter one's at a Loss for the Sense of.

*Dasb.*

My Stars! — Here's a Rout about Sense, indeed! — Give me a good-humour'd, whimsical, outé, rattling kind of a Blood now, that runs about here and there, and sees and hears all that is to be seen and heard, but never troubles his Head about Reasons or Consequences at all; who has always a droll Story ready, no matter at whose Expence, or whether it be true or false, so it diverts his Acquaintance; this is the Man for me. Damn your Hum-drums: People of great Sense and Understanding, (as they are call'd) are the most stupid, gloomy Beings under the Sun to me.

*Briton jun.*

I remember to have seen you at *Sheridan's* Lectures, as well as at *King's* and *Demainbray's*; and I have often heard you say that you never miss a Performance of *Mr. Garrick*; now if the hopes of being seriously and well

enter

entertain'd, carries you not to those Places, I should be glad to know what it is that does.

*Dasb.*

Vogue, vogue, my Dear, vogue; the self-same Thing that carries *Lady Sprightly* to Church, and *Baron Bubble* to Auctions; though all the World knows that the one hasn't a single Grain of Religion, nor the other an Atom of Judgment.—Ha, ha, ha!

*Lady Everbloom.*

Pray, Mr. *Dasb*, (now you mention Auctions) who purchas'd that Piece of Painting that was put up just as I left the Room.

*Dasb.*

Does your Ladyship mean the Herd possess'd —— by *Snider*? ——

*Lady Everbloom.*

Yes.

*Dasb.*

It was knock'd down to Mr. *Ruben Isachar of Hackney*, Madam, at one Hundred Guineas———He didn't much admire the Subject, I believe; but he said it was so finely executed, he could not let it go by him.

[ *A Crash of breaking China within.*

*Captain*

*Captain Hardy.*

[*Within*

You Rascal! you Villain!----come along, you sneaking Scoundrel.

*(Enter Captain Hardy, leading in a beery looking Servant by one Hand, and with the other a French Valet ridiculously dressed.)*

Ha! ha! ha! Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm your humble Servant.-----Here's a Contrast for you----ha! ha! ha!-----Whoever this honest Fellow belongs to, I regard their Understanding; Downright *English* from Top to Toe, by the Lord-----Which is your Master, Friend?

*Servant.*

That's my Lady, Sir.

*Captain Hardy.*

Why then I'm sure she's an *Antigallican* by her Choice of thee; and as such I respect her.-----Give me leave, Madam, to have a Smack at your lovely Lips, and to assure you that I honour your Judgment in this Man; 'tis sound and orthodox.-----Here, my Son of Beef and Beer, here's a Crown for thee to drink the King's Health-----and now you may go where your Duty calls you-----but hear me!

*Servant.*

*Servant.*

Sir.

*Captain Hardy.*

Do you take good notice of this pimping, flimsy, gew-gaw, whip-sillabub Son of a Whore——this Disgrace to an honest Family——this Type of the magnanimous Enemies of *Great Britain*; and whenever you meet ~~him~~ him in your Walks, kick him, kick him, kick him lustily, for the Honour of a true-born *Englishman*, and the Good of your fellow Subjects.

*Servant.*

Shall I kick him now, Sir?

*Captain Hardy.*

No, not now——any other Time.

*Servant.*

Why then, Sir, I owe him a Crown's Worth; and I'll be not if I die in his Debt.

*Captain Hardy.*

Right *Englisb*——wants, but a little setting too;——the best Fellows in the whole World; well commanded——by the Lord *Harry* they are.

*Lady*

*Lady Everbloom.*

I was in hopes my Brother had been engaged for the Evening; he is in one of his Vagaries, I see; [*aside to Briton*] What is amiss now Sir, pray?

*Captain Hardy.*

Now, Sir? why the same that was then, Sir, and always will be, Sir——while you maintain such Vermin as these are in your House——Does n't this Hound look like a fine Tutor for a young *Everbloom*? —— a Fellow that's fit for no earthly Thing, except to disguise Faces, and turn whom Heaven design'd Men into Owls; ——or to supply the vacant Parts of an indispos'd Monkey, or air the Dogs in *Bloomsbury Fields*.

*Lady Everbloom.*

Pray, Brother, be quiet.

*Captain Hardy:*

I sha'nt be quiet; nor I won't let you be quiet, till I see you quit of your Trash.——I met the Fellow at the Door that runs about with his spaniel Puppies, white Blackbirds, Parroquets, Mocaws, and *Guiney Hens*; who because he has no Nose himself, is for biting off every Body's else that has more Money than Wit; but I sent him packing. He has touch'd you for too much already —— That Rascals Bills are like Bills of Honour, contracted without Thought, laden without Mercy, and paid without Delay; while those of an honest Tradesman may go to the Devil.

*Lady*



*Lady Everbloom.*

Fie, Brother, fie! I'm ashamed.

*Captain Hardy.*

And so you well may—— I tell you I'll have a Reformation in this Family; I'll weed it of its Rankness: And I'll begin with Monsieur here—— Sirrah—— O you Dog! —— I wish Sir *Toby* was alive for your Sake; he'd reward you for teaching his Son to wash, patch, paint and perfume himself—Why, you Rascal, he'd skin you alive——Here, here, my Lady, here's your hopeful Son's whole Study now—here is his *Locke*, his *Boyle*, his *Euclid*, his *Newton*, his every Thing.

[*Shewing a Bill of Articles.*

*Lady Everbloom.*

Nay, but Brother——

*Captain Hardy.*

Nay, but Sister—hear your Son's curious Collection—do, 'tis worth while. [*Reads*] “The best Rouge from *Montpelier*—Lip-salve a la *Pompadour*—The royal beautifying Fluid—Eau de Luce, so much esteemed in *France*, that the Nobility never go without it in their Pockets—A most excellent Lotion for the speedy Removal of all Heats, Morpew, Pimples, &c.”——I wish we had some Invention for the Removal of all Puppies and Cox-combs, with all my Heart.

[*Looking at Dash.*

*Dash.*

*Deaf.*

Ah! that Stroke was levell'd at me now——It should not pass unanswer'd, but that he is such an infernal Bruté there's no dealing, with any Degree of Decency, with him; for he pays no Regard at all to Wit; but upon the most insignificant Rub in the whole World talks of a great Stick and a Tilter——Now as good Breeding will not permit me to carry the one, so a good Estate with good Discretion, prevents my making use of the other——No, no, he may play by himself for me, I am no Match for the Captain,

*Captain Hardy.*

These are part of the Stock in trade of my Nephew; the Lad that you have heard me say had a mind to go a Voyage with us to the *East Indies, Wortby*——he'd make a fine Sailor, to be sure, and be damn'd to him.

*Lady Everbloom.*

Do, Brother, have a little Patience in Regard of the Company.

*Captain Hardy.*

Faith I think I have shewn a very great Regard for you and the Company too, to leave a banging Bowl brim full of Rack, and eight or nine of the jolliest Dogs in the Navy round it, to come to ye.

*Deaf.*

I wish you were with your jolly Dogs again, with all my Heart, or any where else, so we were rid of you. [*Aside.*  
*Lady.*

*Lady Everbloom.*

! We are oblig'd to you; Brother, but why wou'dn't you bring your good Temper along with you?

*Captain Hardy.*

Temper! by the Lord *Harry* I was in as good a Temper as any Man in the Kingdom could be; till I went into the Back-Parlour, and found your Son sitting there, wrapt up in a Sheet like *Margaret's* Ghost, or a *Scotch* Whore doing Penance; and this *Dainty Davy* here tickling him up with his Pincers, Pencils, Puffs, and Brushes——Damme if I knew the Lad, he was so transmogrified; however, seeing me look musty, he cut and run, as we say, and very well for him that he did so; for when I was demolishing his Toilet (which I have done pretty effectually) 'tis Odds if he had 'scap'd without a few Marks of my Favour.

*Dasb.*

To be sure he's vastly oblig'd to you.

[*Aside.*

*Captain Hardy.*

Here, Fellow!

[*The French Valet runs to him, he pushes him down.*

Not you, you Rascal!——Who waits?

*Enter*

*Enter a Servant*

Ay, why this Fellow looks like a Christian——Where's my Nephew?

*Servant.*

Gone out, Sir, ever since you came in, almost.

*Captain Hardy.*

Ay, I frighten'd him out of his Wits; I reckon we shall see him no more to Night——Well, it's no Matter——Give me a Glas of Wine——

*Servant.*

Wou'd your Honour please to drink *Claret? Champagne? Burgundy? Frontiniac*——

*Captain Hardy.*

No, you Puppy, none of 'em——No; damn your Balderdash, frothy as the Rascals that make 'em——No, no, Give me a Bumper of sound, honest *Port*, and I'll drink a Health to the best King in *Christendom*. —— [*Servant gives Wine*] —— King *George's* Health, with all my Heart —— Success to his Arms by Sea and Land, and may Confusion light upon all his Enemies —— [*Drinks*] —— I'll tell you what, Sister——Do but break your Son of being a Coxcomb, and we shall never quarrel.

*Lady Everbloom.*

Nay, you shall have him entirely under your own Management, Captain, upon that Condition, and I dare say he will be conformable; for notwithstanding your Roughness at Times, he has a great Regard for you.

*Captain Hardy.*

Why, the Whelp has no other Reason, that I know of——You Scoundrel, come hither!

*[To the Valet.*

*Valet.*

Monfieur!

*[Comes cringing towards him.*

*Captain Hardy.*

Don't Mounfeer me, you Puppy, don't Mounfeer me——Prithee what Place is it that you occupy in this Family?

*Valet.*

Je ne scai pas occupy——vat is you mean occupy, Sire? I no understant occupy!——

*Captain Hardy.*

Why, what do you call yourself, Fool? what do you call yourself?

*Valet.*

*Valet.*

Mon-sire, I be ga Pardonne—en la Famille, en dis Famille, Sire; Je suis, me am Cornfiture, me makea de grande Sweeta-meats, et de fine riche Cordiels, pour ma chere Dame, my deara good Lady; et autretemps, me am la Valet, a Monsieur, le young Squire.

*Captain Hardy.*

Why then, take this from me, that the young Squire shall run no further Risque of being made ten Times a greater Fool by you, than he has been by Nature; go you and tell him I say so: And that if he doesn't immediately change himself from the hobgoblin Figure I saw him cut just now, pay you your Wages, and send you packing, he has no further Pretensions to my Favour.

*Valet.*

I fall takea de particular Care, Sire, to be sure; and I hope, Sire; your Honour, Capitaine, vil not hinder Monsieur, my Maître, de leave to giva me one Character.

*Captain Hardy.*

A Character, ha! — Ay, that he shall, and in two Words——A *Frenchman*——that's Character sufficient; you'll find Fools enough ready to receive you upon it——he more's the Pity——About your Business, go, turn out.

*Dafß.*

You are too hard upon the poor Fellow, Captain.

*Captain Hardy.*

Damn such poor Fellows——What are you one of their Advocates, ah!—Ay, you look like such a one—I don't know any Business they have here, especially at this Time, unless it be to debauch us with Foppery, undermine us with Hypocrisy, and over-run us with Popery——But come, I thought we were to have had some of the Choice-Spirits here this Afternoon, and thrown off afore now—Where's this *Sam Hand*, and the Fellow that takes all the Players off, that you talk'd about?

*Lady Everbloom.*

We expect them, Brother, every Minute.

*Captain Hardy.*

Nay 'tisn't a Pin matter whether they come or not; for I think there's no great Merit in encouraging a Member of any Profession to ridicule and expose the rest——Why let's have a Song then——Here's *Jack Wortby*, worthy *Jack*, as I call him, my Purser, as merry, as honest, and as brave a Fellow as ever stood true to the Flag of *Great Britain*——None of your *Si vous plaise*, none of your *Je vous remercie Men*——He shall give you one in turn, and he's no bad one I promise you.

*Lady Everbloom.*

Miss *Bellmont*, will you grant us the Favour of the last new Ballad?

*Miss Bellmont.*

With Pleasure, Madam.

Miss

*Miss Belmont sings.*

## I.

Nay urge me not, Hope, my fond Flame to reveal,  
With an Angel's soft Face, her Heart's harder than Steel;  
'Tis there that black Winter eternally reigns:  
Love's Godhead she scoffs at, his Temple disdains.

## II.

'Twere safer at Midnight thro' Desarts to stray,  
Where prowls the fierce Tyger in quest of his Prey,  
Than the Eyes of that Basilisk, *Sylvia*, abide;  
Who ne'er look'd on Swain, but so surely he died.

## III.

Sweet Boy, ever wont to make Mortals thy Care,  
No longer the cruel'st of Tyrants forbear;  
Thy best pointed Arrow—Oh! draw to the Head,  
And pierce a proud Heart, for which Millions have bled.

*Captain Hardy.*

My little Bud of Beauty, I'm oblig'd to you  
—— But to be plain with you, I don't like  
your Song——I don't like it at any Rate; it's too fine  
for me by a League: Damme, I hate your Hearts, and  
Darts, and Swains, and Pains, and Loves, and Doves;  
I'd rather hear the *American War-whoop* by half—No, no,  
give me *The glorious Ninety-two*, or *Jolly Bacchus one Day*  
*gaily striding his Ton*: They are the Songs for me——  
*Jack*, my Boy, touch us off that that *Ralph Tier*, the



Boatwain made upon *Cherbourg*— Damme I like that  
because 'tis a good Subject, and a true Subject.

*Purser sings.*

I.

'Twas *August* the Seventh, at Three in the Morning,  
Our Cannon 'gainst *Cherbourg* began for to rear ;  
Never struck Colours, our Courage adorning,  
Grenadiers hasted away to the Shore.

*Chorus.*

Such is the Sport that *Britons* delight in ;  
Lead 'em well on, and they'll never fear fighting.

II.

'Midst Fire and Smoke stood our bold Commodore,  
Balls flew around him—yet ne'er did he wince ;  
Serene were his Orders on every Score,  
And close by my Lord fought brave *Edward* the Prince.

*Chorus.*

Such is the Sport that *Britons* delight in ;  
Lead 'em well on, and they'll never fear fighting.

III.

No more the *French* Monarch his *Cherbourg* can boast,  
So hurtful to *England* for many a Year ;  
The Shipping all burnt, the Works shatter'd and tost,  
And drove by Explosion into the Air.

*Chorus.*

Such is the Sport that *Britons* delight in ;  
Lead 'em well on, and they'll never fear fighting.

IV.

IV.

Some say that our Prince was too gallantly bold,  
A Fault, we must own, but a Fault we approve ;  
It runs in the Family, as I've been told,  
And that has secur'd 'em *Great Britain's* true Love:

*Chorus.*

Such is the Sport that *Britons* delight in ;  
Lead 'em well on, and they'll never fear fighting.

V.

Firm in the Praise of your worthy Commanders,  
Soldiers and Sailors, O make the Air ring ;  
*East or West Indies, French Coast, or in Flanders,*  
Revenge the brave *Dury*, and honour the King.

*Chorus.*

Such is the Sport that *Britons* delight in,  
Lead 'em well on, and they'll never fear fighting.

*Captain Hardy.*

Well, what d'ye think of that now ?

*Lady Everbloom.*

A most excellent Song, indeed, Brother.

*Miss Languish.*

And charmingly sung.

*Purser.*

Your most obedient, Madam.

*Captain Hardy.*

And so it was, Miss *Barbara*, and he's a good tight handsome Fellow too, isn't he? Let me recommend him to you for a Husband: Damme, he'll kiss you out of your Senses, and kiss you into 'em again; he's worth a Thousand of such poor emaciated Mummies as *Obadiab* the Wine-merchant in *Mincing-Lane*. What say you? Can you fancy him?

*Miss Languish.*

You are too hasty; Captain, too hasty by half.

*Captain Hardy.*

Not at all, Miss *Barbara*——When young Folks seem to be made for one another, 'tis a Christian-like Part to bring 'em together at once. 'Twould be a good Match; the Fellow's got Money. [*Aside to her.*] *Jack*, I'd have you make up to her, I'll be damn'd if she don't like you. [*To him.*]

*Purser.*

Do you think so, Sir?

*Captain*

*Captain Hardy.*

Think so!—I know so———Make Hay while the Sun shines, I tell you; she won't stay long for you: She comes from a warm climate—She's none of your Chalk-eaters—None of your Cynder-scranchers. —— Who is that little smirking Wench, do you know, *Briton?*  
[*Afide to Briton.*

*Briton jun.*

My Sister, Sir.

*Captain Hardy.*

Your Sister! You don't tell me so!

*Briton jun.*

Fact upon my Honour.

*Captain Hardy.*

Why, how long has she been in Town?

*Briton jun.*

About three Weeks, Sir——— She came up with my Father and that young Gentleman, a Neighbour of his.

*Captain*

*Captain Hardy.*

Why you surprife me!——my old Friend *Briton* in Town three Weeks, and I know nothing of the Matter! Why, Sir, your Father and I have, I warrant, drawn half a Grofs of Corks together formerly: odds, my old Friend *Jerry Briton* in Town; I'll go and pay my Refpects to him directly——Where does he lodge?

*Briton jun.*

In the fame Houfe with me: you have been there, haven't you?——

*Captain Hardy.*

Mistrefs *Spruce's* in the next Street?—ay, ay, I know it.

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.*

Every thing's ready in the Temple, Madam, as your Ladyship order'd.——

*Lady Everbloom.*

Very well; we'll play at Cards there then; 'tis cool and pleasant; we are all for the Play, Brother, to-night, and thence to Lady *Brag's* Route;—I fuppose we must expect you for one of the Party.

*Captain Hardy.*

Not I, faith; I wou'dn't defer myself the Pleasure of taking an old Friend by the Fift for all the Plays in the  
Uni-

Universe: but I'd have you go, *Jack*; you're a Woman's Man [*To Purser*] and as to Routes, I abominate all Routes but a *French* Route. If a Body now could see twenty thousand brave resolute *English*, Sword in Hand, at the Heels of treble the Number of run-away *French*; that wou'd be a Route, something like a Route, a Route worth the Talking of.—Well—I wish you well diverted—Gentlemen and Ladies your Servant.—

*All.*

Your Servant, Sir.

[*Exit Captain Hardy.*]

*Dash.*

Your most obedient Servant, Sir——I wish you was just now doubling the *Cape*, with all my Heart—I wonder how your Ladyship does to bear with the Captain, for you are the very Quintessence of good Breeding yourself, and he's as indelicate as a *Hottentot*.——Will your Ladyship do me the Honour——

[*Exeunt, Dash leading Lady Everbloom.*]

SCENE changes to *Mr. Briton's Apartment.*

*Enter Harriot and Letty.*

*Harriot.*

If you have any Consideration yet left for yourself, or me, abate this Violence of Temper; how can you urge me thus with Reprôaches you cannot but be sensible are unjust and groundless.——

*Letty.*

*Letty.*

Wou'd I were not too sensible of the Reverse ; I am neither deaf nor blind, Sir, whatever you may imagine me ; and surely I must have been both, not to have observed your very particular Behaviour with Miss *Languish*, a Creature that has nothing in the World to recommend her, except Money.

*Harriot.*

Miss *Languish* !

*Letty.*

I said, Sir, Miss *Languish* ; and though my Brother and you have taken such mighty Pains to conceal the Matter, I am not at a Loss for Intelligence ; it is no Secret to me that it has been, by his Advice, you address her ; and that from his Introduction and Sollicitation in your Favour you are to expect your Encouragement.

*Harriot.*

That I have some Expectations from your Brother's Affection for me, I confess ; tho' not of the Kind your ridiculous Jealousy prompts you to fancy, I assure you——hush——your Father——

*Enter Briton sen. Briton jun. and Captain Hardy.*

*Briton sen.*

Your Servant, Mr. *Bellmour*, how does my Girl ? Your Brother tells me you have been indispos'd, which brought you Home earlier than you expected.

*Letty.*

*Letty.*

We had a great deal of Company at my Lady's——  
The Heat of the Room overpower'd me a little, and occasion'd a slight Head-ach, but 'tis gone off——I thank you, Sir.

*Briton, sen.*

That's well——

*Harriot.*

I am not forry it happen'd now, as it furnish'd us with a good Excuse to come Home, without being lugg'd to the Route ; which, as I never play, would have afforded me but dull Entertainment.

*Captain Hardy.*

Never game, Sir, do you ?

*Harriot.*

Never had the least Propensity to it, Captain ?

*Captain Hardy.*

I am glad of it, Sir ; and I wish all the young Fellows in *England* were of your Opinion, with all my Heart. A Pox on't——it's a curs'd Itch, a curs'd Itch indeed !——an Itch, Sir, that has been the Ruin of many a fine Gentleman ; and, (by the bye) many a fine Lady too, to my Knowledge——I am amaz'd People of any Share of Understanding will give into't ; for it is certainly the most absurd, and most defenceless of all human Extravagancies.

Enter



*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.*

A Letter, Sir——

[*To Briton, sen.*

*Briton, sen.*

From Sir *Aston*, Sir, [*To Harriot*] —with your Leave,  
Captain—you are all Friends—

*Captain Hardy.*

No Apology, good Sir——

*Briton sen. reads.*

*Friend Briton,*

“ Your Scruples are honourable, but needless, on ac-  
“ count of an Error incumbent on me to clear; a youth-  
“ ful Connection occasion'd an Agreement between a  
“ Friend and I never to marry; the Survivor to become  
“ the other's sole Executor; Affection for my late Lady  
“ made me propose disannulling the Contract; he con-  
“ sented, but declared it still binding with him whilst he  
“ continued single. A few Months afterwards a violent  
“ Fever carried him off, and indeed left me worth all  
“ he died possess'd of. At my Decease, however, (if  
“ without Male Issue) the Whole to descend to a Ne-  
“ phew, his only Relation, who likewise dying a Batche-  
“ lor, the suppos'd Youth, now under your Care, whom,  
“ as we never had a Son, we thought it necessary to im-  
“ pose on the World as such, became, not Heir indeed;  
“ but Heirefs to one of the finest Estates in the West; it  
“ is

“ is fit the Amour shou’d be drop’d between *Aston Bell-*  
“ *mour* and your Daughter ; but if any Engagement shall  
“ be propos’d to *Harriot Bellmour*, that her Prudence di-  
“ rects her to accept, her Will is her own, and I shall  
“ be ready to ratify it.”

*Aston Bellmour.*

*Harriot.*

All Matter of Fact ! I plead guilty ; and thereupon  
freely relinquish the Title of *Aston Bellmour*, Esq; for that  
of *Harriot Bellmour*; Spinster, and submit myself to the  
Mercy of the Court. ———

*Captain Hardy.*

Egad, a fine Wench !—a fine Wench indeed ! upon my  
Soul a fine Wench !—fine Face, fine Limbs—fine—but  
how in the Name of Wonder—

*Harriot.*

You have heard the Reasons assign’d for my early Dis-  
guise as a Boy ; and as such I have been bred and edu-  
cated ; and though there has been no Danger in the Dis-  
covery for these two Years past, yet it had still remain’d  
a Secret, had not the frequently repeated Eulogiums on  
your Character, Sir, from both our Fathers, excited my  
Curiosity to become a nearer Witness of Deserts, which I  
am now convinced their Praises were scarcely adequate to.

*Briton jun.*

You over-rate my poor Endeavours to merit your  
Esteem. Permit me, Madam, however, to assure you,  
on my Credit, that from the first Sight of you, a secret  
*Impulse* actuated upon my Heart, with a Degree of  
Fond-

Fondness beyond Description; a Tenderness unfelt, unknown, till then; something above the Friendship due from Man to Man, tho' at that time not to be accounted for.

*Harriot.*

Then I shall indeed be happy!——for after what I have already said, nothing remains more for me to say, but that I pride myself in the avowing an honourable Passion for a meritorious Object; and here divest myself of that over-scrupulous (and too often affected) Reserve of my Sex, whilst I assure Mr. *Briton*, that my Person and Fortune, such as they are, if they may be deem'd agreeable to him, are entirely at his Acceptance.

*Briton jun.*

Agreeable!——O! my Soul! shall I ever be able, with all the Gratitude I am Master of, to convince you how much I esteem the Blessing?——Fortune, I thank thee! O! thou hast cast a Jewel in my Way, long, long search'd in Vain——a Woman truly valuable:

*Harriot.*

[*To Letty.*] Come, cheer up, my Dear:——I might have undeceiv'd you sooner, but I was willing to make sure of my Mark——tho' I can't marry you, I shan't go out of the Family you see. As Sisters we may agree perhaps better than as Husband and Wife.

*Captain Hardy.*

Let who will doubt that——for I am sure I don't.  
——She must needs make you a very good Wife,  
*Briton.*

*Briton*—for she's damn'd tir'd of wearing the Breeches, I see that.

*Harriot.*

In some Degree to make Amends for my long Abuse of your Credulity, I shall (with your Brother's Leave, to whom all I have now belongs) add so considerably to your Fortune, as, with your own natural Perfections, cannot fail to procure you a good Husband.—Upon this Condition, that you upbraid me no more with Miss *Languish* tho' [Smiling.]

*Briton jun.*

My Leave! — Generous Creature! — I have no Leave — no Will — no Wish but your's — your Pleasure shall always constitute my Happiness.

*Briton sen.*

A Change of Affairs so sudden, who cou'd have suspected — but Providence orders all things for the best. My Children, I give you my Blessing, and wish you all the Joy and Happiness your Qualifications merit.

*Captain Hardy.*

Why that's as it shou'd be, now; but d'ye hear; we must not let this poor Wench be disappointed neither. Why, my old Friend, you'll have your Sheets gnaw'd to Pieces; you won't have a whole Pair in your Stock shortly: we must look out for a Husband for her, by the Lord *Harry*, we must, we must, efaith!

*Letty.*

*Captain Hardy.*

Pshaw! she has nothing to say against it, I am sure; and it shall be so; and we'll have a jolly Day, and a jolly Night; and ah, my old Friend, you and I have sat Foot to Foot e're now, and crack'd half a Dozen Bottles of good old Port together; han't we Boy!

*Briton sen.*

Ay, sure, and may again, Sir.

*Captain Hardy.*

May again, Sir! ay, and again and again, Sir; and who's to hinder us? And to-morrow Night, Sir, after we have put the young Folks to Bed, we'll have one thorough Soaking till we are as red, and as greasy as a Brace of mendicant Fryars, just come from regaling their Noses at the charitable Expences of the miserable Bigots that harbour them.

*Briton sen.*

I am glad to see you so merry, Captain——

*Captain Hardy.*

Damn it, I'm always so; there's nothing like it, Master *Briton*; who can be sad, and live in *England*? none, but damn'd sad Fellows indeed—We have Peace and Plenty at Home at least, let things go how they will Abroad; and good Laws, and Liberties, and Properties well protected; and what Reason have *Englishmen* to be sad, I

want

want to know then—Well! what says your Lady to my Proposal for to-morrow? [To Briton jun.

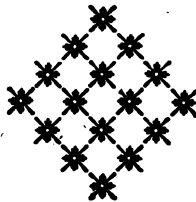
*Harriot.*

For my Part I am now under Mr. *Briton's* Conduct; Sir; he is to do as he thinks proper; it is my Duty to be conformable.

*Briton jun.*

My sweet obliging Girl—why then, Sir, be it as you say—and now—nothing shall part us whilst Heaven continues our Lives. [Takes her Hand.

The Cement good, and the Foundation sure,  
Such Edifice must doubtless long endure.  
Let us then hope, since Virtue, Health and Youth,  
Compose the Cement, and we build on Truth.







A S O N G.

Sung this Season at *Sadler's Wells*, by Mr. *Andrews*.

I.

FROM the Projects so vain,  
Of *France* or of *Spain*,  
Britannia's brave Sons shall defend her:  
I'm a Protestant born,  
And of consequence scorn  
The Devil, the Pope, and Pretender.  
A Pox o'their Friars, Books, Candles, and Bells,  
Their Bulls, Absolutions, their Saints, and their Cells.

II.

We're surely undone,  
If once over-run  
By Priests, Papists, *Rome*, and starv'd Bullies,  
Who never yet eat  
An Ounce of good Meat,  
Or know what a Belly brim-full is.  
Our Grounds with the Locusts wou'd soon be o'erspread,  
Our selves, Wives, and Children be knock'd on the Head.

III.



III.

For Corn-fields so rich,  
Poor Dogs, how they itch;  
A Blessing they ne'er shall obtain:  
Good Hearts and great Guns  
Tell run-away Dons

We will not be brow-beat by *Spain*;  
He must be a Wretch who refuses to fight  
For Religion, for Freedom, his King, and his Right.

IV.

By the Pope and his Tools,  
The great Bugbears of Fools,  
False Whims they've been led to pursue;  
Whilst the *British* Designs  
Shall be paid by the Mines  
Of *Cbili, Potosi, Peru*:

The proud Priests shall be stript of their ill-gotten Gain,  
And our Tars return greater than Grandees of *Spain*.





## The MISTAKE.

Sung this Season at *Sadler's Wells* by Mr. *Andrews*.

### I.

◆◆◆ N *Tuesday*, the fourth of sweet *May*,  
◆ ○ ◆ I first met young *Sophy* the clever ;  
◆◆◆ Thought I, cou'd I wed but a Nymph half so  
gay,  
I sure shou'd be happy for ever.

### II.

I watch'd the Fair home, and on *Wednesday* address'd,  
I found her quite pleasant and clever ;  
A Passion for me she as frankly express'd ;  
I thought myself happy for ever.

### III.

On *Thursday* I ask'd of her Aunt her Consent,  
She gave it free, easy and clever ;  
I thought I indeed had too much of Content,  
And sure to be happy for ever.

### IV.

IV.

On *Friday* all day thro' the City we drove,  
To lay in the Properties clever ;  
Silks, Ribbands, and Lace, as the Proofs of my Love;  
I thought myself happy for ever.

V.

The Ring and the License on *Saturday* bought,  
And all Things made ready and clever,  
To change with a Duke I'd not given a Groat ;  
I thought myself happy for ever.

VI.

As pert as a Monkey, and as gay as a Lark,  
On *Sunday* I drest me full clever ;  
Sure never was half so conceited a Spark,  
I thought myself happy for ever.

VII.

But e're we had past than a month little more,  
Things alter'd that late were so clever ;  
In Debt upon Debt I was plung'd o'er and o'er,  
And found myself ruin'd for ever.

F I N I S.



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