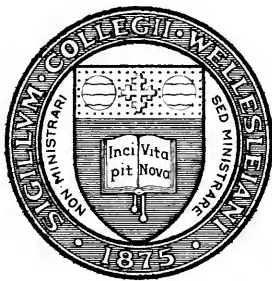


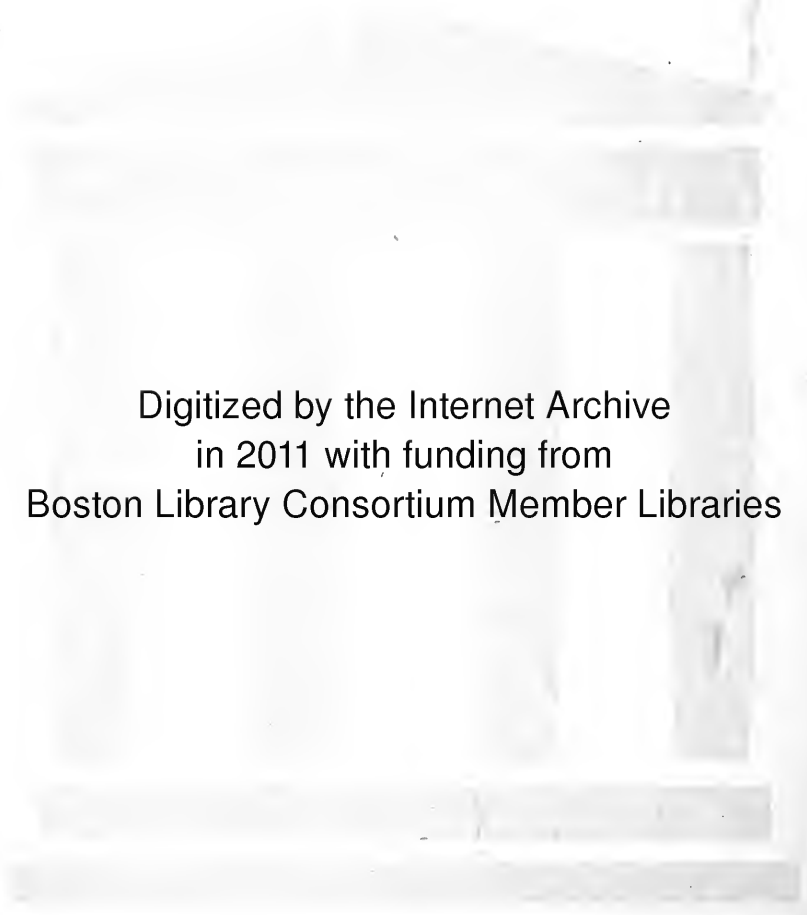


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**WIT and MIRTH:
or
PILLS TO PURGE
MELANCHOLY**



*Whilst D'urfey's voice his verse do's raise,
When D'urfey sings his Tunefull Lays,
Give D'urfey; Lyrick-Muse the Bayes*

E. G.

WIT and MIRTH:
OR
PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY

EDITED BY
THOMAS D'URFEY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
CYRUS L. DAY

IN SIX VOLUMES
VOLUME I

FOLKLORE LIBRARY PUBLISHERS, INC.
NEW YORK
1959

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INTRODUCTION

The successive volumes of *Wit and Mirth: Or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, — D'Urfey's *Pills*, as they are commonly called, — edited originally (1698-1706) by Henry Playford, and in a final six-volume edition (1719-1720) by Thomas D'Urfey, occupy a unique position in the history of English songs and vocal music. They mark the close of an area of intellectual contempt for popular literature, and the beginning (faintly perceptible in 1720) of an era of antiquarian retrospection and appreciation.

From one point of view they may be regarded as the last of the seventeenth-century drolleries;¹ from another, as the first of the eighteenth-century vocal miscellanies.² Their immediate progenitor was a drollery entitled *An Antidote against Melancholy*, published by Henry Playford's father, John Playford, in 1661. Their lineal descendants are the collections of songs and ballads edited by antiquaries like Percy and Ritson and by scholars like Child and Rollins.

Playford and D'Urfey, of course, were neither antiquaries nor scholars. They were aware of the difference, later stressed by Child, between folk ballads and street ballads, and between ballads (stories told in song) and theatre songs; but it is clear that they were not interested in the authenticity of their texts, or in popular literature as a phenomenon deserving of critical and philosophical analysis. Their aim was, simply and without self-consciousness, to give the public the songs the public wanted.

In Shakespeare's day, all sorts of songs, both literary and sub-literary, were handed down by oral

tradition from generation to generation, hawked about on the streets by professional ballad-singers, and sung in taverns by good fellows who liked to "turn upon the toe" and make merry and drink. Men of letters despised "base balladry," as Michael Drayton called the songs of the people. Philip Sidney admitted that his heart was moved "more than with a trumpet" by the ancient ballad of Percy and Douglas (*Pills*, IV, 289), but he felt constrained, at the same time, to apologize for the "Barbarousnes" of his taste. Nevertheless, for every connoisseur of the musically sophisticated madrigals of Byrd, Morley, Dowland, and other Elizabethan composers, there must have been a dozen Philistines of the stamp of Sir Toby Belch, who made the midnight welkin ring with popular love songs and cozier's catches, and who vowed he would drink to his niece as long as there was a passage in his throat and drink in Illyria.

Charles II, three quarters of a century later, was as fond of "slight songs"³ as Sir Toby Belch. The extent of his influence on the musical taste of the nation is difficult to estimate, but it must have been considerable. Certainly he put the weight of his social prestige behind the sort of musical fare that Playford and D'Urfey later served up in their *Pills*. He was so charmed, for example, by little Molly Davis's singing of "My lodging it is on the cold ground" that he "Rais'd her from her Bed on the Cold Ground to a Bed Royal."⁴ "I myself," Addison remarked in 1713, "remember King *Charles* the Second leaning on Tom D'Urfey's Shoulder more than once, and humming over a Song with him."⁵

Henry Purcell was the foremost English composer in Charles' time; and yet, despite his immense con-

temporary reputation, his posthumous *Orpheus Britannicus*, a two-volume folio of his "Choicest Songs for One, Two, and Three Voices," could not compete in popularity with Playford's *Pills*. The first volume of *Orpheus Britannicus* and the first volume of *Pills* were published, both by Playford, in the same year (1698), but not more than 500 copies of the former are believed to have been printed as compared with 1500 copies of the latter.⁶ New editions and volumes of *Pills*, furthermore, were issued at frequent intervals, whereas a second edition of *Orpheus Britannicus* was not called for until 1706. The public, as usual, preferred "slight songs" to the compositions of a master.

The critics did not share the enthusiasm of the public. Arthur Bedford, an authority on religious music, devoted two chapters of *The Great Abuse of Musick* (1711) to a denunciation, on moral grounds, of the *Pills*. John Playford's *Musical Companion*, he said, had encouraged drunkenness and lechery, and now "Son Henry comes up in his Father's stead, and in Publishing of Profaneness and Debauchery, excells all that went before him. The Volumes sold by him, intitul'd *Wit and Mirth, or, Pills to Purge Melancholy*, might properly have been call'd *Profaneness for Diversion, or, Hot Irons sear the Conscience*; and a Poet gives them this character in Front of one of the Volumes, That they will never bring a Man to Repentance, but always have the contrary Effect. In the Preface he informs us, as his Father before him spar'd no Cost nor Pains to oblige the World with Smut and Profaneness; so he would make it his Endeavour to come up to his Example; and indeed he hath done it."

D'Urfey, the most prolific single contributor to the *Pills*, knew well enough what the highbrows thought of him, but he does not appear to have been disconcerted; for (as he said) "The Town may da-da-damn me for a Poet, but they si-si-sing my Songs for all that."⁷ D'Urfey stuttered except when singing or swearing.

Alexander Pope 'damned him with sardonic praise both in prose and verse. The following letter, written by Pope to Henry Cromwell in 1710, is a masterpiece of irony, but a testimonial, also, to D'Urfey's popularity.

"I have not quoted one *Latin* Author since I came down, but have learn'd without Book a Song of Mr. *Thomas Durfey's*, who is your only Poet of tolerable Reputation in this Country. He makes all the Merriment in our Entertainment, and but for him, there wou'd be so miserable a Dearth of Catches, that I fear they wou'd (*sans ceremonie*) put either the Parson or me upon making some for 'em. Any Man, of any Quality, is heartily welcome to the best Topping-Table of our Gentry, who can roundly hum out some Fragments or Rhapsodies of his Works: so that in the same Manner as it was said of *Homer*, to his Detractors; What? Dares any Man speak against him who has given so many Men to eat? (meaning the Rhapsodists who liv'd by repeating his Verses) So may it be said of Mr. *Durfey*, to his Detractors; Dares any one despise him, who has made so many Men drink? Alas, Sir! This is a Glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to. Neither you, with your *Ovid*, nor I with my *Statius*, can amuse a whole Board of Justices and extraordinary 'Squires' or gain one Hum of Approbation, or Laugh of Admiration!

These Things (they wou'd say) are too studious, they may do well enough with such as love Reading, but give us your antient Poet Mr. *Durfey*.”⁸

The future translator of Homer, twenty-two years old, a glass in one hand and a volume of *Pills* in the other, carousing with Queen Anne's provincial gentry, must have been a spectacle worth contemplating.

The German George I succeeded Anne on the English throne, the German Handel succeeded Purcell as the leading English composer, — and the Philistines went on singing the “light and airy” English ballads they had always known and loved. Fielding's Squire Western, to cite an example from fiction, made his daughter play “Old Sir Simon the King,”⁹ “St. George he was for England,”¹⁰ and “Bobbing Joan,”¹¹ on the harpsichord every afternoon “as soon as he was drunk.” Her personal preference, since she was a young lady of refined taste, was for the compositions of Mr. Handel. This was in 1745, when the first two of the Squire's favorites were at least a hundred and fifty years old, and the third was at least a hundred.

The Beggar's Opera (1728) did much to make such compositions respectable. Gay's purpose, as far as the music of his comedy was concerned, was to ridicule Italian opera. He succeeded, unwittingly, in making people aware of the charm of native English airs, thirty-seven of which in *The Beggar's Opera*, and over a hundred and thirty in subsequent ballad operas, were from D'Urfey's *Pills*. Other sources used by authors of ballad operas were broadsides, music sheets, folio song-books, and collections of dance

tunes. D'Urfey's *Wonders in the Sun* (1706), incidentally, is sometimes regarded as the first ballad opera.

It was the philosophers of the Romantic revolution, however, rather than D'Urfey and Gay, who provided the rationale for the serious study of popular literature. Among publications that exemplify the Romantic admiration for the common man and his culture, the three volumes of Percy's *Reliques* (1765) contain twenty-two songs previously printed in the *Pills*; Ritson's *Select Collection* (1783) and his *Ancient Songs* (1790) contain forty-nine; Child's *Popular Ballads* (1882-1898) contain seven.¹²

The six volumes of the 1719-1720 edition of the *Pills* contain 1144 songs and poems, of which 350, assembled in Volumes I and II, were written by D'Urfey.¹³ The remaining 794 in Volumes III, IV, V, and VI are a *pot-pourri* of poems, songs, and ballads of varying theme, mood, age, and merit. A few date from the Elizabethan period or earlier; the majority were written during the second half of the seventeenth century. Some are the work of well-known authors and composers; others are by anonymous hacks. Many, perhaps most, had already appeared in print as broadsides and engraved single songs, or in plays, drolleries, courtesy books, music books, song books, and books of poems.

Notable Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan songs in the *Pills* include Sir Edward Dyer's "My mind to me a kingdom is" (IV, 88), from Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonets, & Songs* (1588), with a new musical setting by Samuel Ackroyde; Nicholas Breton's "In the merry

month of May" (III, 51), from *England's Helicon* (1600) and Este's *Madrigals* (1604), with a new setting by John Wilson; Wither's "Shall I wasting in despair" (IV, 120), from *Faire-Virtue* (1622); Suckling's "Why so pale and wan fond lover" (V, 194), from *Aglaura* (1638), and Ben Jonson's "Cutpurse" (IV, 20), from *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), and "The Jovial Bear-ward" (IV, 38), from *The Mask of Augurs* (1622). Shakespear is not represented, nor are Donne, Herrick, and Milton.

Among Restoration songs we find Dorset's "To you fair ladies now at land" (VI, 272), with an anonymous tune that was later used in at least ten ballad operas; Wycherley's "A wife I do hate" (V, 173), with a setting by Pelham Humphrey; Rochester's "All my past life is mine no more" (IV, 306), with a setting by Dr. John Blow; Lee's "Blush not redder than the morning" (VI, 195), from *Caesar Borgia* (1680), with a setting by Thomas Farmer; Sedley's "Hears not my Phyllis how the birds" (V, 148), with a setting by Henry Purcell; Congreve's "A soldier and a sailor" (III, 220), from *Love for Love* (1695), with a setting by John Eccles; Dryden's "Calm was the evening" (III, 160), with a setting by Alphonso Marsh; and D'Urfey's "Cold and raw the north did blow" (II, 167), which became so popular that the tune, previously known as *Stingo, or Oil of Barley*, was always known in the eighteenth century as *Cold and Raw*.

Most of the songs in the *Pills*, D'Urfey's excepted, are anonymous. The present writer and E. B. Murrie, however, have identified and indexed the authors and composers of a considerable number of them in their bibliography of Restoration song-books.¹⁴ Ninety-six

composers, all told, are represented, and nearly as many old and not-so-old ballad tunes. Henry Purcell set over seventy of the songs in the *Pills to music* — far more than any other composer. John Eccles, Samuel Ackroyde, John Blow, Richard Leveridge, Jeremiah Clarke, Daniel Purcell, and Thomas Farmer set from twenty to twenty-five each.

Henry Playford and Thomas D'Urfey, the two men who, as we have seen, were responsible for the publication of the *Pills*, were conspicuous personalities in the life of seventeenth and eighteenth-century London.

Playford assumed control of the music-publishing business of his father, John Playford, in 1684, and carried it on with every appearance of success until after the turn of the century. His most distinguished publications were the two volumes of Purcell's *Orpheus Britannicus* (1698 and 1702) and Dr. John Blow's *Amphion Anglicus* (1700). These handsome folios were the last of a long succession of song-books which had been inaugurated by John Playford in 1651 with his now rare and unobtainable *Musicall Banquet*, and which included such famous books as Henry Lawes' *Ayres and Dialogues* (1653), as well as many later collections of dance tunes, sacred songs, and instrumental music. After 1700, Henry Playford was obliged to compete with a new and enterprising generation of publishers, and he soon lost the supremacy that he had inherited from his father. His name disappears from the records in 1707, and it is surmised that he died in that year or soon thereafter.

D'Urfey, with his long nose, his bass voice, and his facetious, impudent, vulgar wit, was the indispens-

able entertainer of the gentry and nobility, for nearly forty years, at their banquets, festivals, and birthday celebrations. Born in Devonshire in 1653, of English and French descent, he sang his songs in the presence of Charles II, James II, William and Mary, Anne, and the Prince of Wales (afterwards George II) and the Princess Caroline of Anspach. Caroline, an emancipated woman, as we know from other evidence, owned several volumes of *Pills* (now in the British Museum), expensively bound, with red and gilt tooling, and with her coat of arms impressed on the leather covers.

D'Urfey died in 1723, full of years if not of sanctity. In addition to nearly five hundred songs, he wrote thirty-two plays – more than Dryden or any other Restoration dramatist – as well as many prologues, epilogues, narrative poems, and verse satires, none of them memorable for their artistic excellence, but all of them infallibly symptomatic of the literary fashions of the moment. Whether D'Urfey's wealthy patrons laughed *at* him or *with* him when he sang them his songs is, perhaps, a moot question; but indisputably they laughed. And to have made three generations of one's fellow countrymen laugh is cause enough for a man's memory to be held in some sort of esteem by posterity.

All the early volumes of *Pills*, like most of the song-books published by the Playfords, are more rare today than, for example, the first four folios of Shakespeare's plays.¹⁵ They are unobtainable, moreover, in the rare-book market.

The final edition of *Pills* (1719-1720) is also rare. Edited by D'Urfey and published by Jacob Tonson,

it consisted at first of five volumes, and the first issue had a new and rather commonplace title: *Songs Compleat, Pleasant and Divertive*. D'Urfey filled Volumes I and II with his own songs, about a hundred of which had never been published before, and he included a portrait of himself in Volume I by way of frontispiece. His name appears as author on the title-pages of Volumes I and II and also, erroneously, on the title-page of Volume III.

A second printing was almost immediately called for, and it appeared under the time-tested title *Wit and Mirth: Or Pills to Purge Melancholy*.¹⁶ A sixth and final volume was added in 1720.

The six volumes of the 1719-1720 *Pills* were reprinted anonymously (presumably by Farmer) in 1876. This edition is a hybrid, Volumes I, III, IV, and V being of the *Songs Compleat, Pleasant and Divertive* variety, and Volumes II, and VI of the *Wit and Mirth: Or Pills to Purge Melancholy* variety. Except that the long "s" is abandoned, the pages look almost exactly like the pages of the original edition. The text, though not impeccable, is extraordinarily accurate.

The present edition is a facsimile reprint, bound in three volumes, of the 1876 edition. Its aim is to make the *Pills* available to readers who do not have access to a library in which either the 1719-1720 edition or the 1876 edition can be consulted. It is my hope and the hope of the publishers that it will be of value to scholars in the fields of folklore, literature, history, music, and musicology.

CYRUS L. DAY
March, 1959

FOOTNOTES

- ¹ E.g. *Choyce Drollery* (1656) and *Merry Drollery* (1661).
- ² E.g. *The Vocal Miscellany* (1734) and *A Complete Collection of Old and New English and Scotch Songs* (4 volumes, 1735-1736).
- ³ Roger North, *The Musical Grammarian*, ed. Andrews, 1925, p. 27.
- ⁴ John Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708, p. 24.
- ⁵ *The Guardian*, no. 67, May 28, 1713.
- ⁶ Day and Murrie, *The Library*, March 1936, pp. 356-401, and March 1937, pp. 427-447.
- ⁷ *The Fourth and Last Volume of the Works of Mr. Thomas Brown*, 1715, p. 117.
- ⁸ *Miscellanea*, I (1727), 29-30.
- ⁹ *Pills*, III, 143.
- ¹⁰ *Pills*, III, 116.
- ¹¹ *The English Dancing Master*, 1651, p. 7.
- ¹² Child Nos. 1, 45, 112, 162, 191, 276, and 284. Two versions of No. 112 are printed in the *Pills* (III, 37, and V, 112). Child No. 284 is in the 1699, 1707, and 1714 editions of the *Pills* (I, 25), but not in the 1719-1720 edition.
- ¹³ "Chloe found Amyntas lying" (I, 328), erroneously grouped with D'Urfey's songs, is by Dryden.
- ¹⁴ C. L. Day and E. B. Murrie, *English Song-Books 1651-1702: A Bibliography with a First-Line Index of Songs* (London: The Bibliographical Society, 1940).

¹⁵ The only extant copies of *Pills*, Volume I (1698, post-dated 1699) are preserved in the British Museum and the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College in Cambridge. No copies of the second edition (1702) appear to be extant, but W. N. H. Harding, Esq., owns a copy dated 1705. Mr. Harding owns two of the three known copies of the third edition (1707); the British Museum owns the third copy. Harvard and the British Museum own copies of the fourth edition (1714).

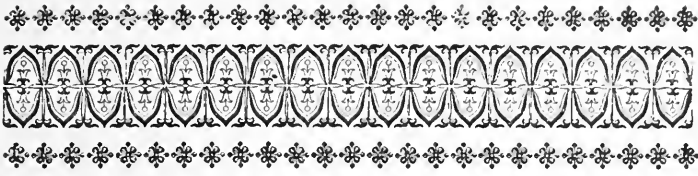
Volume II is equally rare. The British Museum owns the only known copy of the first edition (1700). The British Museum and Mr. Harding own copies of the second edition (1707). Harvard and the British Museum own copies of the third edition (1712).

The first edition of Volume III (1702) is no longer extant. The British Museum and Mr. Harding own copies of the second edition (1707). The British Museum, Mr. Harding, and Harvard own copies of the third edition (1712).

Mr. Harding owns a copy of the first edition of Volume IV (1706), and Mr. Harding and Harvard own copies of the second edition (1707). The British Museum, Trinity College (Cambridge), the New York Public Library, and Mr. Harding own copies of the third edition (1709).

Volume V was issued in 1714. The British Museum, Harvard, and Mr. Harding own copies.

¹⁶ For a history of the title "Pills to Purge Melancholy," which goes back at least as far as Sir John Harington's prologue to *The Metamorphosis of Ajax* (1596), and was used repeatedly throughout the seventeenth century, see C. L. Day, "Pills to Purge Melancholy," *The Review of English Studies*, VIII (1932), pp. 1-8.



*To the Right Honourable the
Lords and Ladies, and also
to the Honoured Gentry of
both kinds, that have been so
Generous to be Subscribers
to these Volumes of SONGS ;
which end with some Ora-
tions, Copys of Verses, Pro-
logues and Epilogues.*

My Lords, Ladies and Gentry,

I Once thought to have been particular
in my *Dedication*, and have assign'd
it to one or two of the Nobility or
Gentry ; but considering that it would
lessen

Dedication.

lessen the Value I have for the rest of my Noble *Subscribers*, I have desisted in that particular ; and hope this General Address will more exert my Duty, and increase your Favour.

I am oblig'd first then to acknowledge my Obligations for your ready and willing Compliance : And also secondly to declare, that to oblige ye, and compleat your Diversion, I have added above a Hundred new Pieces to the *Publick Stock*, and hope, as the rest have generally had Applause above others of this kind, they will happily be receiv'd by you when read or perform'd in your merry and vacant Hours.

I have (with a great deal of Trouble and Pains) made some part of this Collection, and render'd ye many of the Old Pieces which were thought well of in former Days, and consider'd for their Pleasure
and

Dedication.

and Hardness of their Composition ; being written, and difficultly made apt, and proper to wonderful and uncommon Tunes, which the best Masters of Musick were then famous for : And I must presume to say, scarce any other Man could have perform'd the like, my double Genius for *Poetry* and *Musick* giving me still that Ability which others perhaps might want ; nor was the Encouragement inconsiderable ; for as well as obliging the Nobility, Gentry, and Commonalty, I had the Satisfaction of diverting Royalty likewise with my Lyrical Performances : And when I have perform'd some of my own Things before their Majesties King *CHARLES* the IId, King *JAMES*, King *WILLIAM*, Queen *MARY*, Queen *ANNE*, and Prince *GEORGE*, i never went off without happy and commendable Approbation. The Remembrance of my Success at that time, makes me hope the present *Affair*,

Dedication.

My Noble Lords, Ladies and Gentry, will add to your Pleasure, and divert your Hours, when your Thoughts are unbended from the Times, Troubles, and Fatigues ; to be assur'd of which, will be a perpetual Satisfaction to

Your most Humble,

Oblig'd, and

Devoted Servant,

T. D'URFEY.



AN



AN
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SONGS




SONGS Compleat,

Pleasant and Divertive, &c.

A Mad SONG.

By a Lady distracted with LOVE. Sung in one of my Comedies of Don QUIXOTE: The Notes to it done by the late famous Mr. HENRY PURCELL; which, by reason of their great Length, are not Printed in this Book, but may be found at the Musick Booksellers singly, or in his Orpheus Britannicus; performing in the Tune all the Degrees of Madness.

[*Sullenly Mad.*]

*  *
* Rom rosie Bowers, where sleeps the *
* God of Love, *
* Hither, ye little waiting Cupids, fly, *
* fly, fly, *
* Hither, ye little waiting Cupids, fly. *

Teach me in soft melodious Strains to move
In tender Passion my Heart's darling Joy.
Ah, let the Soul of Musick tune my Voice,
To win dear *Strephon*, who my soul enjoys.

[*Mirthfully Mad. A Swift Movement.*]

Or if more influēcing,
 Is to be Brisk and Airy ;
 With a Step and a Bound,
 And a Frisk from the Ground,
 I'll trip like any Fairy.
 As once an *Ida* dancing
 Were three Cœlestial Bodies,
 With an Air, and a Face,
 And a Shape, and a Grace,
 I'll charm, like Beauties Goddess,
With an Air, &c.

[*Melancholly Madness.*]

Ah, 'tis in vain, 'tis all, 'tis all in vain ;
 Death and Despair must end the fatal Pain :
 Cold, cold Despair, disguis'd like Snow and Rain, }
 Falls on my Breast, bleak Winds in Tempests blow,
 My Veins all shiver, and my Fingers glow ;
 My Pulse beats a dead March, for lost Repose,
 And to a solid lump of Ice my poor fond Heart is froze.

[*Fantastically Mad.*]

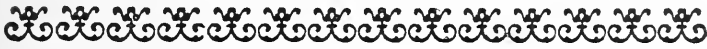
Or, say ye Powers, my Peace to crown,
 Shall I thaw my self, and drown
 Amongst the foaming Billows ;
 Increasing, all with Tears I shed
 On Beds of Ooze, and Chrystal Pillows.
 Lay down, lay down my lovesick Head.
 Say, say, ye Powers, my Peace to crown,
 Shall I, shall I thaw myself, and drown ?

[*Stark Mad.*]

No, no, no, no, I'll straight run mad,
 Mad, mad, mad, mad, that soon my Heart will warm ;
 Whene'er the Sense is fled, is fled,
 Love has no Power, no Power to charm.

Wild

Wild, thro' the Woods I'll fly, I'll fly,
Robes, Locks—shall thus—be tore ;
A thousand, thousand Deaths I'll Dye,
E'er thus, thus, in vain—e'er thus in vain adore.



A Country Dialogue. Set by Mr.
DANIEL PURCELL.

He.

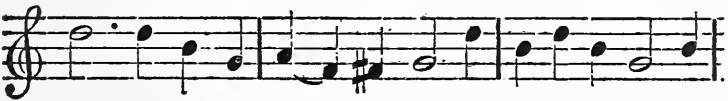


She.



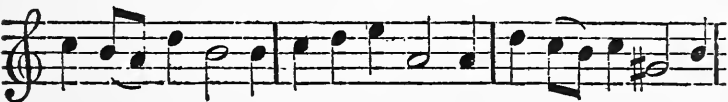
He.

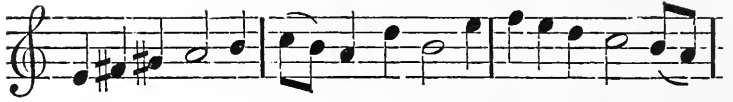
She.



He.

She.



*He.**She.*

He **W**Here Oxen do Low,
 And Apples do grow,
 Where Corn is sown,
 And Grass is mown ;
 Where Pigeons do fly,
 And Rooks Nestle high ;
 Fae give me for Life a Place :
She Where Hay is well Cock'd,
 And Udders are Strok'd !
 Where Duck and Drake,
 Cry quack, quack, quack ;
 Where Turkeys lay eggs,
 And Sows suckle Pigs,
 Oh ! there I would pass my Days.
He On nought we will feed,
She But what we do breed ;
 And wear on our backs,
He The wool of our flocks

She

- She* And tho' Linnen feel
Rough, Spun from the wheel,
'Tis cleanly tho' course it comes.
- He* Town follies and Cullies,
And Molleys and Dolleys,
For ever adieu, and for ever ;
- She* And Beaus that in Boxes
Lie smuggling their Doxies,
With Wigs that hang down to their Bums.
- He* Good b'uye to the Mall,
The Park and Canal ;
St. *James's* Square,
And Flaunters there :
The Gaming house too,
Where high Dice and low,
Are manag'd by all degrees :
- She* Adieu to the Knight,
Was bubled last Night,
That keeps a Blowz,
And beats his spouse ;
And now in great haste,
To pay what he's lost,
Sends home to cut down his Trees :
- He* And well fare the Lad,
She Improves e'ry Clad,
He That ne'er set his hand,
To Bill or to Bond.
- She* Nor barter his Flocks,
For Wine or the Pox,
To chouse him of half his Days :
- He* But Fishing and Fowling,
And Hunting and Bowling,
His Pastime is ever, and ever ;
- She* Whose Lips when you buss 'em,
Smell like the Bean-blossom,
Oh, he 'tis shall have my praise !

He

He To Tavern where goes,
 Sow'r Apples and Sloes,
 A long adieu !
 And farewell too,
 The House of the Great,
 Whose Cook has no Meat,
 And Butler can't quench my Thirst.
She Good b'uye to the Change,
 Where Rantepoles range ;
 Farewel cold Tea,
 And Rattafee,
Hide-Park too, where Pride
 In Coaches do ride,
 Altho' they be choak'd with Dust.
He Farewel the Law-Gown,
She The plague of the Town,
He And Foes of the Crown,
 That should be run down,
She With City-Jack-daws ;
 That make Staple Laws,
 To Measure by Yards and Ells.
He Stock-Jobbers and Swobbers,
 And Packers and Tackers,
 For ever adieu, and for ever ;

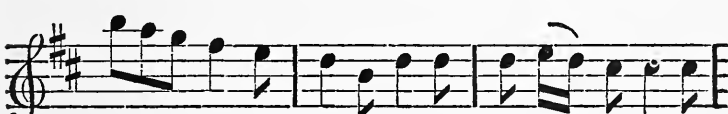
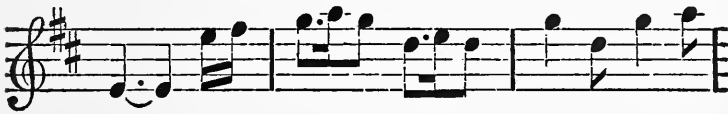
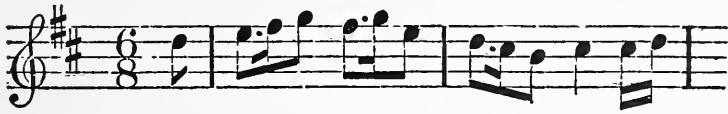
CHORUS.

*We know what you're doing,
 And home we're both going,
 And so you may ring the Bells.*



The Moderate MAN.

*To a pretty Tune. By the famous Signior
Corelli.*





A Tory, a Whig, and a Moderate Man,
 O'er a Tub of strong Ale
 Met, in *Ailesbury* Vale,
 Where there liv'd a plump Lass they call'd buxom *Nan*;
 The Tory a *Londoner* proud and high,
 The Whig was a Tradesman plaguy sly;
 The Trimmer a Farmer, but merry and dry,
 And thus they their Suit began:
 Pretty *Nancy* we're come to put in our Claim,
 Resolv'd upon Wedlocks pleasing Game;
 Here's *Jacob* the Big,
 And *William* the Whig,
 And *Roger* the Grigg,

Jolly

Jolly Lads, as e'er were buckled in Girdle fast ;
Say which you will chuse,
To tye with a Noose,
For a Wife we must carry what e'er comes on't,
Then think upon't,
You'll never be sorry when y'have don't,
Nor like us the worse for our Wooing so blunt,
Then tell us who pleases best.

The Lass who was not of the motion shy,
The ripe Years of her Life
Being Twenty and Five :
To the Words of her Lover straight made reply,
I find you believe me a Girl worth Gold,
And I know too you like my Cobby-hold ;
And since Fortune favours the brisk and the bold,
One of ye I mean to try.
But I am not for you nor *S*——'s Cause,
Nor you with your *H*——'s Hums and Hawes ;
No *Jacob* the Bigg,
Nor *William* the Whigg,
But *Roger* the Grigg,
With his Mirth and mildness happily please me can ;
'Tis him I will choose,
For th' Conjugal Noose ;
So that you the Church Bully may rave and rant,
And you may Cant,
'Till both are Impeacht in Parliament ;
'Tis Union and Peace that the Nation does want,
So I'm for the Moderate Man.



The Saint at St. James's Chappel.

A New SONG.

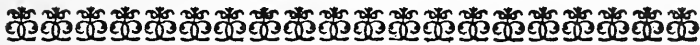


O Ne Sunday at St. *James's* Prayers,
 The *Prince* and *Princess* by,
 I dress'd with all my Whalebone Airs,
 Sate in the Closet nigh.
 I bent my Knees, I held my Book,
 I read the Answers o'er,
 But was perverted by a Look,
 That pierc'd me from the Door.

High

High thoughts of Heaven I came to use,
And blest Devotion there,
Which gay young *Strephon* made me loose,
And other Raptures share.
He watch'd to lead me to my Chair,
And bow'd with courtly grace,
But whisper'd Love into my Ear,
Too warm for that grave place.

Love, Love, cry'd he, by all Ador'd,
My fervent Heart has won ;
But I grown peevish at that Word,
Desir'd he would be gone :
He went, whilst I, that lookt his way,
A kinder Answer meant,
And did for all my sins that day,
Not half so much repent.



A New SONG. Translated from the Italian.

Cant.

Cant. Italian.

GIOVANI amanti voi chi Sapete,
L'Arte secreti d'un crudo Amor;
in Cortesia scoltato un puoro,
L'Ardente fuoco chi marde il Cor.

Egia tre mesi ch' una sitella,
Le giadra Bella ch'ogni lo sa;
Quel sua bel chilio cosci Gallante,
Mi feci amanti di sua bella.

*In English.*

YE Beaus of Pleasure,
 Whose Wit at Leasure,
 Can Count Loves Treasure,
 It's Joy and Smart ;
 At my desire,
 With me retire,
 To know what fire,
 Consumes my Heart :
 At my desire,
 With me retire,
 To know what fire,
 Consumes my Heart.

Three Moons that hasted,
 Are hardly wasted,
 Since I was blasted,
 With Beauty's Ray :
Aurora shows ye,
 No Face so Rosie,
 No *Fuly's* Posie,
 So fresh and gay,
Aurora, &c.

Her

Her Skin by Nature,
No *Ermin* better,
Tho' that fine Creature,
 Is white as Snow ;
With blooming Graces,
Adorn'd her Face is,
Her flowing Tresses,
 As black as Sloe.
With, &c.

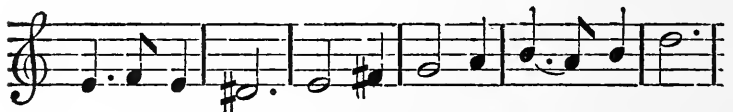
She's Tall and Slender,
She's Soft and Tender,
Some God commend her,
 My Wit's too low :
'Twere Joyful plunder,
To bring her under,
She's all a wonder,
 From Top to Toe.
'Twere joyful, &c.

Then cease, ye Sages,
To quote dull Pages,
That in all Ages,
 Our Minds are free :
Tho' great your Skill is,
So strong the Will is,
My Love for *Phillis*,
 Must ever be.
Tho' great, &c.





*A Ditty on a high Amour at St. James's.
Set to a Comical Tune.*



Great Lord Frog to Lady Mouse,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
Dwelling near St. *James's* house,
Cocky mi Chari she ;
Rode to make his Court one day,
In the merry Month of *May*,
When the Sun Shon bright and gay,
Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Lord

Lord Frog.

Countess, y'have three Daughters fine,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
I'd fain make the youngest mine,
 Cocky mi Chari she :
I'm well made as ever was Male,
Only bating one simple aile ;
Pox upon't, I've never a Taile,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Lady Mouse.

Welcome Noble Peer to Town,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
I'll strait call my darling down,
 Cocky mi Cari she :
So much wealth will sure prevail,
Yet I wish that you might not fail ;
Your fine Lordship had a Tail,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Lord Frog.

Here She comes shall be my Spouse,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
If she'll design to grace my house,
 Cocky mi Cari she ;
I've a head where Love can plant ;
Tho' a trifling Tail I want ;
Will you fair one liking grant,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Miss Mouse.

I can ne'er to one consent,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
Wants that needful ornament,
 Cocky my Cari me :
Uncle Rat too so well known,
That a swinger has on's own ;
Ne'er will let me wed to none,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Lord

SONGS *Compleat,**Lord Frog.*

Sing I can't, my Voice is low
 Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
 But for Dancing dare *Santlow*,
 Cocky mi Chari she :
 Than altho' my Bum be bare,
 All must own 'tis smooth and fair ;
 I've no Scars of *Venus* there,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Miss Mouse.

When we treat you at our Cheese,
 Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
 All that naked part one sees,
 Cocky mi Chari me :
 Cover'd close we creep and crawl,
 When you swim or diving fall :
 Fy for shame, you shew us all,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Lord Frog.

Since y'are on these lofty strains,
 Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
 I'll get one shall value brains,
 Cocky mi Chari she :

Miss Mouse.

Now your Lordship idle prates,
 Those that will have constant mates,
 Must have Tails as well as Pates,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.



OCEAN'S GLORY :

Or, *A Parley of the Rivers. A Royal ODE or CANTATA; made in Honour of King GEORGE'S Coronation. Set to Musick by Dr. PEPUSCH, after the Italian manner.*

[*Recitative.*]

F *Ame* and *Isis* joyn'd in one,
 Flowing with *Cenubial* Pride,
 Late by fam'd *Augusta* ran ;
 Posting to the *Ocean* they
 To great *Neptune* seem'd to pray
 To send in the happy *Tide*.

Haughty grown, they seem'd to slight
 Ancient *Humber*, *Sabrine* fair,
 Boasting, now they were to bear
 Such a blest, and glorious *Weight*,
 As never prest their *Waves* before :
 And thus their *Joy* resounded to the *Shore*.

[*Aire.*]

Let your *Streams* be clearly waving,
GEORGE is come, Great *Britain* saving ;
 Dance, ye *Fish*, both great and small ;
 Pretty *Birds* in *Groves* be singing,
 Active *Deer* in *Lawns* be springing ;
 Joyn in *Pleasure* with us all.

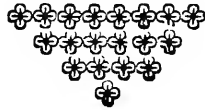
[*Recitative.*]

Humber renown'd, and bright *Sabrine* reply'd,
 The *Ocean* sends the *Loyal Tide*,
 And *Fate* does you the greatest *Honour* shew :

We'll make our firm Allegiance good,
 With you, or any other Flood,
 To shame the Parties High and Low :
 Unite large Rivers with each struggling Spring,
 And shew great *GEORGE* the way to make
 a Glorious King.

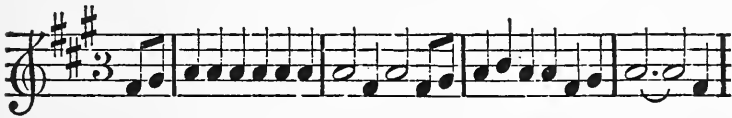
[*Aire.*]

Plants and Flowers, the Sweets of Nature,
 Cheering now each mortal Creature,
 Blest with bright *Apollo's* Beams ;
Spring and *Summer* fair and lasting,
 All forget the *Winter's* blasting,
 Mounts of Snow, and frozen Streams.



TWANGDILLO.

*A New Ballad. The Words made to the
Tune of a pretty Country Dance, call'd
the Hobby-horse.*



Jolly Roger *Twangdillo* of *Plouden Hill*,
In his Chest had two thousand good Pounds,
Fat Oxen and Sheep, and a Barn well fill'd,
And a hundred good Acres of Ground ;
Which made ev'ry Maiden with Maiden-heads laden,
And Widows, tho' just set free,
To wrangle and fret, and pump up their Wit,
To train to the Net, *Twangdillo*, *Twangdillo*,
Twangdillo, *Twangdillo*, young lusty *Twangdillo*,
Twangdee.

The first that brake Ice was a Lass had been
 Born of a good House, but decay'd ;
 Her Gown was new Dy'd, and her Night-trail clean,
 And to sing and talk French had been breed ;
 She'd dance *Northern Nancy*,
 Ask'd *Parler vous Fransay*,
 That *Hodge* might her breeding see,
 She'd rowl her black Eye,
 Breath short with a sigh,
 When e'er she came nigh *Twangdillo, Twang, &c.*

The next was a Sempstress of Stature Low,
 That fancy'd she wanted a Male,
 Her Hair as black as an *Autumn Sloe*,
 And hard as a Coach-horses Tail :
 She'd Oagle and Wheedle,
 And prick with her Needle ;
 What d' lack, what d' buy, cry'd she ?
 But now the brisk Tone,
 Is chang'd to a Groan,
 Ah ! pity my moan, *Twangdillo, Twang, &c.*

A musty old Chamber-maid lean and tall,
 The next as a Suitor appears,
 With a Tongue loud and shrill, but no Teeth at all
 For time had drawn them many Years :
 Cast Gowns and such Lumber,
 Old Smocks without number,
 She bragg'd should her Dowry be,
 Forty pair of Lac'd Shoes,
 Ribbons Green, Red and Blews,
 But all would not Noose *Twangdillo, Twang, &c.*

The next was a Lass of a Popish strain,
 That *Jesuite* Whims had been taught,
 She bragg'd they shou'd soon have King *J——s*
 again,
 Tho' her Spouse was late hang'd for the Plot ;
 The *French* would come over,
 And land here at *Dover*,

And

And all as they wish'd, would be ;
The *Jacobite* Jade,
Talk'd as if she was mad,
In hopes to have had *Twangdillo*, *Twang*, &c.

A Vintner's fat Widow then straight was view'd,
Whose Cuckold had pick'd up some Pelf :
He had kill'd half his Neighbours with Wine he'd
brew'd,
And lately had Poyson'd himself.
With Bumpers of Claret,
No Souse paying for it,
She'd *Roger's* Companion be ;
Strike Fist on the Board,
Huzza was the Word,
Come Kiss me ador'd *Twangdillo*, *Twang*, &c.

But *Roger* resolv'd not to be her Man,
And so gave a loose to the next,
The Niece of a Canting Bleer-Ey'd *Non Con*,
That stily could canvass a Text.
A Dame in *Cheapside* too,
Would fain be his Bride too,
And make him of *London* free ;
But no Lass wou'd down
In Country or Town,
So purse-proud was grown, *Twangdillo*, *Twang*, &c.

Till at last pretty *Nancy*, a Farmer's Joy,
That newly a Milking had been,
Round-fac'd, Cherry-cheek'd, with a smirking Eye,
Came tripping it over the Green :
She mov'd like a Goddess,
And in her lac'd Bodice,
A Span she could hardly be ;
Her Hips were plump grown,
And her Hair a dark Brown ;
'Twas she that brought down *Twangdillo*, *Twangdillo*,
Twangdillo, *Twangdillo*, young lusty *Twangdillo*,
Twangdee.

A DIALOGUE *in the Opera for Mr. Leveridge and Mr. Edwards; representing two Country Boors arguing about the War.*

Coridon.

Welfare Trumpets Drums and batling too, *Colin* lay,

lay down thy Spade, and ne - ver more fol - low

Adam's old Trade; But come on to the War, where

Swords and Guns are ratling, now, whilst we

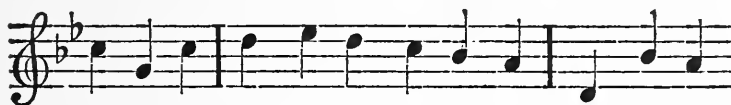
March with *Hoboys* merrily; free Hunters of Honour,

Thour't slave to the Pride of some Boar of a Man-nor;
Colin.

Colin.



Well, what then, much better is brown Bread and



Water, with Bacon that's Rusty, and Beef, tho' 'tis



damnable Musty, in course wooden Platters, and



cook'd up by our country Sluts; than Slashes and

Bruises, and Holes made by *Fuzees*; or feeding on

Fame, when I'm Crippl'd and Lame, or sent packing



with a broad Sword thro' my Guts, Z—ns, with

Our wishes we Crown,
When we enter a Town
That is Rich, where the Lasses are kind,
And the Plunder's refreshing and Cool.

Colin.

But what if foul weather
Won't let us come thither,
The Trench full of Water,
Then is it not better,
Lye safe at home, and our Plowjobbers rule.

Coridon.

Gad zooks you're a Cowardly Fool.



*A New SONG. On the happy Accession to
the Crown, and coming in of our Gracious
Sovereign, King GEORGE.*





B *Ritains* now let Joys increase,
 Revel all in happy days,
 Royal *George* has crost the Seas,
 Ye Natives homage tender ;
 Fate to save us made him hast,
Britains Genius doubly Blest,
 And renown'd as was e'er in Ages past,
 The Saint our Isles defender.

Halcyon Peace that all must grant,
 Has been so long the Nations want,
 Glorious and brave some people vaunt,
 Has lately fill'd our story ;
 But kind Stars so well provide,
 And this grand truth will soon be try'd,
 For a *Monarch* is Reigning that will decide
 What is for *Britains* glory.

By our late most Zealous Aid
 The *French* a lucky game have play'd,
 'Tis now high time to help our Trade,
 And mend our bad condition ;
 You the scoundrels charm'd with hope,
 To gain by *Mounseieur*, or the *Pope*,
 At this Juncture much sooner may find a Rope,
 Reward for vile Ambition.

Gentle winds have swell'd his Sails,
 Blest the *King* with happy gales,
 And the darling Prince of *Wales*,
 Our second Faiths defender ;

Now

Now let jarring discords cease,
Now we're sure of lasting Peace,
Since the Right must set all our minds at ease,
And baulk the false *Pretender*.



*A SONG. Design'd to be Sung between the
Acts in the Modern Prophets. To the
foregoing Tune.*

Now, now comes on, the Glorious Year,
Britain has hope, and *France* has fear ;
Lewis the War has cost so dear,
He slyly Peace does tender :
But our two *Heroes* so well know
The breach of his Word some years ago,
They resolve, they will give him another blow,
Unless he *Spain* Surrenders.

Health to the *Queen* then straight begin,
To *Marlborough* the great, and to brave *Eugene*
With them let Valiant *Webb* come in,
Who late perform'd a wonder :
Then to the Ocean an offering make,
And boldly Carouze to brave Sir *John Leak* ;
Who with Mortar and Cannon *Mahon* did take,
And made the *Pope* knock under.

Beat up the Drum a new Alarm,
The foe is cold, and we are warm ;
The *Mounsieur's* Troops can do no harm,
Tho' they abound in Numbers :
Push then once more and the War is done,
Old Men and Boys will surely run ;
And we know we can beat 'em if four to one ;
Which he too well remembers.

The

The FART;

*Famous for its Satyrical Humour in the
Reign of Queen ANNE.*



YE *Facks* of the Town,
And *Whiggs* of renown,
Leave off your Jars and Spleen,
And hast to your Arms
All thronging in swarms
Be ready to guard the *Queen*;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

For last LORD'S-day,
at St. *James's* they say,
A strange odd thing did chance,
Which put into the News,
All *Holland* would amuse,
But would make 'em rejoyce in *France*;
With a hum, &c.

Each Commoner and Peer,
Of both Houses were there,

And

And folks of each rank and Station,
Had thither free recourse,
From the Keeper of the Purse,
To the Mayor of a Corporation ;
With a hum, &c.

When at Noon as in State
The *Queen* was at Meat,
And the Princely *Dane* sat by Her,
A *Fart* there was hear'd,
That the Company scar'd,
As a Gun at their Ears had been fir'd ;
With a hum, &c.

Which Irreverent Sound
Made 'em stare all around,
And in each Countenance lower,
Whilst judgment thereupon
Said, it needs must be done,
As affronting the Sovereign pow'r ;
With a hum, &c.

The Chaplain in place
Had but just said Grace,
And then cringing behind withdrawn,
When they call'd back,
To examine if the Crack,
Came from him or the Lords in Lawn,
With a hum, &c.

For just by the Chair,
Some fat *Bishops* were there,
Whom the *Whigg* boys fain would bespatter,
Who with a Sober look,
Declar'd upon the Book,
That the Clergy knew nought of the matter ;
Of the hum, &c.

But

But they would not swear,
 For the Parties were there,
 Of the High *Church* and the Low,
 Who from a mighty Zeal,
 For good o' th' commonweal
 Might let some of their Bagpipes blow ;
With a hum, &c.

At this when heard,
 Late Comptroler strokt his Beard,
 And declar'd with an Antique bow,
 He tho' of some nothing knew,
 Yet he would vouch for two,
 Himself, and his Brother *John How* ;
For the hum, &c.

For the Squire was well bred,
 And his Key might have had,
 But refus'd for an old State Trick,
 And that he that had made Sport,
 With Places of the Court,
 Now resolv'd upon *Wharton's* white stick ;
With a hum, &c.

When this was done,
 And the Crime not yet known,
 Came a Law Peer to plead the Case,
 How they had no intent,
 To affront the Government
 Nor had he to regain the Mace ;
With a hum, &c.

A Garter and Star,
 Next censure did bear,
 Who for all he lookt so high,
 And carry'd it so great,
 In Intrigues of the State,
 Yet might condescend to let fly
A hum, &c.

But

But he, in a heat,
Said the thing in debate,
Impos'd on Each sex might be,
And would have made it clear,
That some Dutchesses there,
Were as likely to do't as he ;
With a hum, &c.

The Colour then rose,
'Mongst the noble Furbelows,
Of Honour, and most too, Wives,
Who declar'd upon their rep,
They ne'er made such a 'scape,
Nor e'er did such a thing in their lives
As a hum, &c.

But the Gigling rout,
That were waiting round about,
'Twas likely were heedless Jades,
So that saving their own fame
They agreed upon the sham,
To have turn'd it upon the poor Maids ;
With a hum, &c.

Who all drown'd in Tears,
Charg'd the Ladys there in years,
To tell truth if that hideous rore,
So Thunder-like sent,
From Audacious Fundament,
Could consist with their Virgin bore ;
With a hum, &c.

Who answering no,
All disputes fell too,
For now they believ'd it was reason,
To pass the matter of,
As a Joke, and in a Laugh,
Since they ne'er could make it High Treason ;
With a hum, &c.

So

So that turning the Jest,
 They agreed it at last,
 That nought from the Presence did come,
 But the noise that they heard,
 Was some Yeoman o' the Guard,
 That brought Dishes into the next Room ;
With a hum, &c.

But the truth of the sound
 Not at all could be found,
 Since none but the doer could tell,
 So that hushing up the Shame,
 The Beef-eater bore the blame,
 And the *Queen*, God be prais'd, din'd well ;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.



The Second Part of the FART ;
Or the Beef-eaters Appeal to Mr. D'URFEY.
 [To the same Tune.]

YE *Peers* that in State,
 Now with *Commons* are met,
 To right both the Weak and the Strong,
 Prepare to redress
 A poor *Beef-eater's* Case,
 Who has had a most damnable wrong ;
By a hum, &c.

Strange Jarring I know,
 'Twixt the *High-Church* and *Low*,
 Does your dear valu'd hours ingross,
 Yet mine is such a case,
 That I beg it may take place,
 As soon as the *Speaker* is chose,
With a hum, &c.

For

For tho' I'm no Lord,
Nor to *Senate* preferr'd,
Yet my Priviledge I'll maintain,
And as free-born of the Land,
You my wrong shall understand,
Which I here will undaunted explain ;
Of a hum, &c.

The *Fart* you late heard,
Laid to one of the Guard,
That of late did the *Court* Surprise,
'Tis prov'd was not his,
As Informers did guess,
But a *Females* of his Jolly size ;
With a hum, &c.

The thing came out thus,
Near to *Buckingham* House,
And the *Motto* all Fancies excelling,
Near the Ancient *Pall-mall*,
The *Park*, and *Canal*,
Two Buxom young *Ladies* were dwelling ;
With a hum, &c.

Related so near,
It does plainly appear,
That they both from one Bottom did come,
The one thin and lean,
As a Garden French Bean,
And the tother as round as a Drum ;
With a hum, &c.

The Elder when dress'd,
And her Belly straight lac'd,
If she stoop'd from behind must Roar,
The Younger as frail,
If she laugh'd at any Tale,
Could not keep in the *Juices* before ;
With a whisse, hum, &c.

Strange quarrels had past,
 'Twixt the first and the last,
 And many Tongue combats had been,
 For the Youngest well knew,
 'Twas her Sister that *Blew*,
 The late *Blast* as she stood by the *Queen* ;
With a hum, &c.

But letting that go,
 Since Winds pass too and fro,
 As Fate soon the Case made plain,
 By a Visit they made,
 To a haughty *Court Jade*,
 Who a Page had to hold up her Train ;
With a hum, &c.

Who when at her Gate,
 She the Sisters had met,
 Bowing low with her back-bone crump,
 As she gave a Salute,
 Tother stooping to do't,
 Gave a proof she was loose in her Rump ;
By a hum, &c.

Which unfortunate noise,
 Made her Sister rejoyce,
 And as nothing more pleasing could come,
 With a laugh screw'd so high,
 She was ready to die,
 As she follow'd her into the Room ;
With a hum, &c.

But oh, dismal lot,
 Her own Case she forgot,
 For just as a filly Foal pisses,
 When she romping does pass,
 O'er the gay springing grass,
 So the Room was Embroyder'd with S S.
And a whisse, hum, &c.

The Dame of the House,
That perceiv'd this abuse,
From Passion could not refrain,
As knowing what was dropp'd,
Could not easily be mopp'd,
Being mixt with a Stercus humain ;
And a hum, &c.

And strongly perfum'd,
To Inform her presum'd,
How the Nymphs in the days of Yore,
Who were cleanly inclin'd,
Us'd a *Cork* for behind,
And a *Spung* for the Cranny before ;
With a whisse, &c.

Come *Ractcliff*, come *Hans*,
From the *Vine*, or from *Manns*,
Come *Morley*, to mend this matter,
And if these prove vain,
Come Occult *Chamberlain*,
Deep learn'd in the Secrets of Nature ;
And a hum, &c.

Come *Blackmore*, come *Mead*,
Come Sir William *Read*,
Of late by the *Sovereign* grac'd,
And peeping in their Tails,
Quickly cure these Sisters ails,
Some five Inches under the wast,
Of a whisse, hum, &c.

And the Secret to trace,
Manage both private ways,
Tho' I mean not the ways of a Sinner,
That she who does Trump,
Through defect in her rump,
Never more may Perfume the *Q——ns* dinner ;
With a hum, &c.

And she that is found,
 To be Juicy and sound,
 And each Night fills her two white Pots,
 May no more by a gush,
 That has oft made her blush,
 Deck the Room with her true Lovers knots ;
And a Whisse hum, whisse hum.



The NORTHERN Resenter.

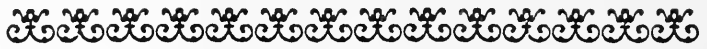
A SONG, made to a Scotch Tune call'd
Robin the Highlander.





YE *Brittons* aw,
 Who are moulding the Law,
 For your use as occasion is fitting ;
 What a Deel did you gain,
 By late muckle pain,
 When our Peers were outvoted from Sitting :
 Woons, dant we know,
 That a few Years ago,
 Ere ye twin'd the Rose with the Thistle ;
 Yead a gin any Flower,
 That ye had in your pow'r,
 Tho' we now are scarce worth a Whistle.

Gud feth we see,
 Like a Lass that too free,
 Has bin bob'd of her Maidenly treasure ;
 That instead of regard,
 For a bargain so hard,
 You think you may Slight us at pleasure :
 But woons, take heed,
 Say our Loons near the *Tweed*,
 For if no brave *Caledonian* ;
 Made a Lord by the Queen,
 Mayn't do like the Sixteen,
 Deel awa with the rest of the U——n.



The Parson among the Peas. A New SONG.

A musical score for a single melodic line, consisting of eight staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The notation includes various note values such as quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and bar lines. The music is written in a clear, legible style typical of 18th-century printed music.

A New HEALTH to the Duke of Marlborough, with three Glasses; ending with a Stanza in Honour of the Prince of Hanover, and Prince Eugene; made on the occasion of the late Glorious Victory at Audenard.



Sing mighty *Marlborough's* Story,
Mars of the Field,
 He passes the *Scheld*;
 And to increase his Glory,
 The *French* all fly or yield:

Vendosme

Vendosme drew out to spite him,
Th' Houshold Troops to fright him,
Princes o' th' Blood,
Got off as they cou'd,
But ne'er durst return to Fight him.

This is the year of Wonders,
The Gen d'arms Gor'd,
With Bullet and Sword,
Quake when the General Thunders :

Almanza was the Word ;
Sound the Trumpet Sound Boys,
Take the first This to his Health be crown'd Boys,
Glass Circle his Brows
With fresh *Oaken* boughs,
And thus let the Glass go round Boys.

Take the 2nd Now we made a Motion,
Glass and put *Eugene* the Brave
into the first. A Second shall have,
And could we tope an Ocean,
His due we hardly give :
Still there's one more must be Boys,
Hannover makes 'em up three Boys,
Three in a hand,

Drink the 3rd I'll drink to my Friend,
Glass. And so let us all agree Boys.



*A New SONG in Honour of the Glorious
Assembly at Court, on the Queens Birth-
day; made to a pretty Scotch Tune.*

Musical score for a song in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of eight staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the eighth staff.

WHEN

WHEN Love fair *Psyche* made his Choice,
Jove sent *Mercury* from the Skies ;
To summon all the Deities,
 To a Divine Collation :
Sol with sweet *Aurora* came,
Vulcan with his charming Dame,
And *Iris* put on a Robe of Flame,
 Streakt with a fresh Carnation :
Funo had a Mantle full of Moons and Stars,
And *Venus* had a Trophy Gown a present made by
 Mars,
Embroyder'd o'er with Swords and Guns and Imple-
 ments of Wars,
 With Triumphs of many a Nation.

Yet tho' adorn'd in their bright Aray,
Shining Glorious, fresh and Gay,
'Twas a trifle all to Queen *Anns* Birth-day,
 Should they compare in Splendor :
Every Duke and Dutchess here,
Sham'd each God and Goddess there,
Nor could their Joy with ours compare,
 Shewn to our Faiths Defender :
The States-man that talks on the Wool-sack big,
Could bustle to the Opera, as merry as a Grig,
To Oagle there a Tory tall, or a pretty little Whig,
 Defying the Pretender.

The great *Eugene*, whose renown does soar,
Well deserving the * Sword he wore,
Were Diamonds valu'd at ten times more,
 Thought he beheld a wonder ;
Senates Jars he late has seen,

* *A Sword presented him by the Queen of great Value.*
High

High and Low exalt their Spleen,
 But here in Reverence to the Queen,
 Both sides truckle under :
 Joy, from this Minute shall each hour increase,
 And *Europe* find the Benefit of Honourable Peace,
 And he like *Jove* the dire effect of bloody War must
 cease,
 And lay aside his Thunder.



CONJUGAL LOVE.

*Made on a Man of Quality and his Lady,
 to an Air in Pyrrhus.*





I N *Kent* so fam'd of Old,
 Close by the famous *Knoll*,
 A Swain a Goddess told,
 An Am'rous story :
 In *Kent* so fam'd of Old,
 Close by the famous *Knoll*,
 A Swain a Goddess told,
 An Am'rous story :
 Cry'd he, these Jarring Days,
 When Kings contend for Bays,
 Your Love my Soul does raise,
 Beyond their Glory ;
 Cry'd he these Jarring Days,
 When Kings contend for Bays,
 Cry'd he these Jarring Days,
 When Kings contend for Bays,
Your Love my Soul, &c.

My Life my Lovely dear,
 Whil'st you are Smiling here,
 The Plants and Flow'rs appear,
 More Sweetly charming :
 The Sun may cease to Shine,
 And may his pow'r resign,
 Your Eyes give rays Divine,
 All nature warming :

The

The Sun may cease to Shine,
 And may his pow'r resign,
 The Sun may cease to Shine,
 And may his pow'r resign,
Your eyes give, &c.

She made a kind return,
 That nothing had of scorn,
 This Youth, thought I, does burn,
 To bring her under :
 But as they homeward mov'd,
 And walk'd, and talk'd and Lov'd,
 I found his Spouse she prov'd,
 That was his wonder ;
 But as they homeward mov'd,
 And walk'd, and talk'd, and Lov'd,
 But as they homeward mov'd,
 And walk'd, and talk'd, and Lov'd,
I found his Spouse, &c.



*A Dialogue in the Comedy of the Bath, or
 the Western Lass : Sung by Mr. Burdon
 and Mrs. Lucas. The Tune by Mr.
 Akeroyde.*

He. **W**Hat Beauty do I see,
 That Heart and Soul commands,
 Sweet Madam, honour me,
 with leave to kiss your Hand.

She

She. Oh good, a Man, I swear !
and begs my Hand to kiss,
Methinks I'm pleas'd to hear
he does not call me Miss.

He. Your Eyes, sweet Lady shine so bright,
And I'm so wounded at first Sight,
My Heart does throb,
I sigh and sob,
And am like one just slain,
Unless you Pity show,
And Life restore again.

She. Nay, pray Sir, good Sir go,
I know not what you mean.
You may talk of a Wound
By my Eyes you have found ;
But I cannot believe
Any Hurt they can give :
For I look in your Face,
And it is as it was,
And your Body is sound and whole.

He. Loves Wounds are all within,
whose Pangs the Breast controuls,
Like Lightning pass the Skin,
and blast the very Soul.

She. Why sure, this Love, this dreadful Word,
Is then some sharp and pointed Sword :
Or is't a Snake, Or is't a Bird,
That will pick out my Eyes.

He. Go with me, you'll perceive
in Love a Treasure lies,

She. I'll ask my Mother leave,
and follow in a Trice.

He

He. No, no, no not a Word,
 I can better afford
 You the Love, if you'll go
 Where your Mother don't know ;
 For if she should be crost,
 All the Treasure is lost,
 And I conjure for Love in vain ;
 The Circle you embrace
 Is where it must be done.

She. Oh Lard, the Devil you'll raise,
 But catch me if you can.



Let the dreadful Engines. *In Orph. Britt.*

A SONG. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

LET the dreadful Engines of eternal Will,
 The Thunder roar, and crooked Lightning kill,
 My Rage is hot, is hot, is hot as theirs, as fatal to,
 And dares as horrid, and dares as horrid, horrid
 Execution do.

Or let the frozen North its Rancour show,
 Within my Breast far, far greater Tempests grow,
 Despair's more cold, more cold than all the
 Winds can blow :

Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
 Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
 yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's* Eyes,
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's* Eyes ;
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's* Eyes,
 there, there, there, there, there *Etna*,
 there, there, there, there, there *Vessuvio* lies,
 To furnish Hell with Flames, that mounting,
 Mounting reach the Skies.

Can

Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
 yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's* Eyes,
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's* Eyes,
 yes, yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's* Eyes.
Ye Pow'rs, I did but use her Name,
And see how all the Meteors flame ;
Blue Lightning flashes round the Court of *Sol*,
And now the Globe more fiercely burns,
Than once at *Phostons* Fall.

Ah, ah, where, where are now,
Where are now those flow'ry Groves,
Where Zephirs fragrant Winds did play ;
Ah, where are now, where are now,
Where are now those flow'ry Groves,
Where Zephirs fragrant Winds did play,
Where guarded by a Troop of Loves,
The fair, the fair *Lucinda* sleeping lay,
There sung the Nightingale and Lark,
Around us all was sweet and Gay,
We ne'er grew sad 'till it grew dark,
Nor nothing fear'd but shortning Day.

I glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate,
Why must I burn, why must I burn,
Why must I burn for this ingrate,
Why, why must I burn for this ingrate ;
Cool, cool it then, cool it then, and rail,
Since nothing, nothing will prevail,
When a Woman Love pretends,
'Tis but till she gains her Ends,
And for better and for worse,
Is for Marrow of the Purse,
Where she jilts you o'er and o'er,
Proves a Slattern or a Whore,
This Hour will tease, will tease and vex,
And will cuckold you the next ;

They were all contriv'd in Spight,
 To torment us, not delight,
 But to scold, to scold, to scratch and bite,
 And not one of them proves right,
 But all, all are Witches by this Light,
 And so I fairly bid 'em and the World good night,
 Good night, good night, good night,
 Good night, good night.



A New Ode, or Dialogue, between Mars the God of War and Plutus, or Mammon God of Riches ; made for the Entertainment of his Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, and General Officers, by the Right Honourable Sir Robert Bedingfield, then Lord-Mayor, and the Honourable the Court of Aldermen in the City : Set to Musick by Mr. Weldon, and perform'd by Mr. Elford and Mr. Leveridge, Decemb. —, 1706.

Mars. From Glorious Toyls of War,
 With dazzling Banners brought from far,
 Behold, behold,
First Thou potent God of Gold,
Movement My Hero by the Warriours follow'd, comes ;
with Prepare a Royal Feast
Violins. To treat the Noble Guest ;
 Thy gorgeous Purse unty,
 Let shining Medals fly,
 To give 'em joyful Welcome to their Homes.
 If

If *Mammon* e'er unlocks the Store, *Mammon.*
And deals to mortal Hands the sacred Ore,
The Soul of all things here below ;
That baffles Crowns, *2d Move*
And raises Towns, *ment.*
The Will controuls, and makes a Friend a
Foe.

He first must know for what he pays,
Since for Desert alone he turns the Keys ;
Let Merit then inspire each Voice and
Tongue,
Prepare to hear, for charming is the Song, *Mars.*
Prepare to hear, &c.
[*Here both sing the two last Lines.*]

The Power of *Gallia* shaken, *Mars.*
Ramilies Trophies taken,
Proud *Flanders* too subjected, *3d Move*
And *Belgian* States protected, *ment with*
With daily Wonders still more strange and *Trumpets.*
great,
Too high for Praise, too numerous to repeat.

As Noble Merit claims Regard, *Mammon.*
To prove I always am prepar'd ;
Remember the renown'd *Eugene* ;
I do, *Mars.*
How speedy Bounty did your Wish pursue, *Mammon.*
And golden Seraphs to his Succour flew,
That sav'd the sinking Cause ;
I do, I do, *Mars.*
All this ador'd, Divinity is true.

Beyond the *Alpine* Mounts of Snow, *Mammon.*
Far as the Banks of ancient *Po*,
The Cordial Coyn was sent, O happy Chance,
To heal their fainting Troops, and send a
Plague to *France* ;
Mars.

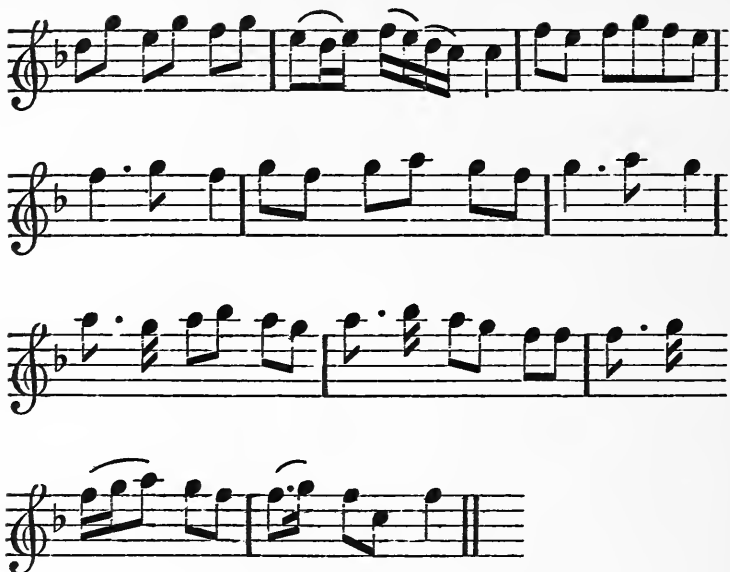
Mars. Blest be the happy Hour the News was
brought,
Mammon. Blest be the Great *Eugene* that bravely fought,
Mars. The happy Hour,
Mammon. The Great *Eugene*,
Mars. The happy Hour,
Mammon. The Great *Eugene*;
Blest be the happy Hour, &c.
[*Both sing the two last Lines.*]
Mammon Now Sons of Art, ye tuneful Muses call,
and And sing the *Gallick* Tyrant's Fall,
Mars In soaring Alts his Grand Ambition shew,
together. Then let your Bases sink him down as low :
In Consort next Celestial Voices raise,
And be the *Chorus* still, our God-like
Generals Praise ;
In Consort next, &c.
[*Here's a General Chorus of Voices and
Instruments.*]

Mars. By him, to my Prophetick Soul appears
A lasting Joy, that crowns succeeding Years,
The valiant, the successful Deeds
Of him, and the Renown'd he leads
Will be eterniz'd, to the utmost Shore,
Mammon. Then to regale the Chiefs, take all my Store,
All, all my Wealth, is a Reward too poor.

Another Sweet Peace like Paradice is blooming,
Movement And *Halcyon* Days in Prospect coming ;
with The rural Swains, with War affrighted,
Flutes With rosie Nymphs shall sing delighted ;
And whilst their harmless Flocks are bleating,
Soft Tales of Love be still repeating.

Mars. But first bring *Gallia* down,
Mammon. And fix the *Spanish* Crown :
Mars. From *Bourbon* keep the *Swede*,
Mammon. Drive *Philip* from *Madrid* :

Mars.



WOe is me, what mun I doe,
 Drinking waters I may rue ;
 Since my heart soe muckle harm befel,
 Wounded by a bonny Lass at Epsom well.
 Ise ha bin at *Dalkeith* Fair,
 Seen the Charming Faces there,
 But all *Scotland* now geud feth defye,
 Sike a lipp to shew, and lovely rowling Eye.

Jennys skin was white, her fingers small,
 Moggy she was slender straight and tall,
 But my Love here bears away the Bell from all ;
 For her I Sigh,
 For her I dye,
 In a Wild dispair :
 Never Man in Woman took such joy,
 Never Woman was to man so coy,
 She'll not be my hony,
 For my Love or mony,
 Welladay, what Torment I mun bear.

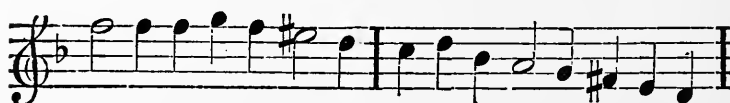
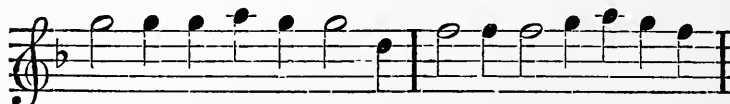
When

When Ise to the Lottery gang,
Where the Ladds and Lasses throng ;
What I lose alas, I never care,
All my heart, and soul, were won before by her :
 Or when Raffling is her choice,
 For the pretty Silver Toyes ;
Then I wish, the Dice may all run low,
Glad of losing that I may oblige her so :
Ah, what muckle difference is there found
In the pliant Girles of *London* Toon,
 Besse, and *Pegg*, and *Moll*,
 And *Kate*, and *Sue*, and *Doll*,
 The fair and small,
 The Brown and tall ;
 Will aw come too :
Nean will boggle at five hundred Pound,
Nean refuse a fine embroyder'd Goon,
 Aw will shew their nature,
 But this Cross grain'd creature,
Deel en take her, friend—what mun I do.





*A SONG in my Play call'd the Richmond
Heiress : Sung by Mr. Pack.*





M Aiden fresh as a Rose,
 Young buxome and full of jollity,
 Take no Spouse among Beaux,
 Fond of their Raking quality ;
 He who wears a long bush,
 All powder'd down from his Pericrane,
 And with Nose full of Snush,
 Snuffles out Love in a merry vein.

Who to Dames of high place,
 Do's prattle like any Parrot too,
 Yet with Doxies a brace,
 At Night, piggs in a Garret too ;
 Patrimony out-run,
 To make a fine shew to carry thee,
 Plainly Friend thou'rt undone,
 If such a Creature Marry thee.

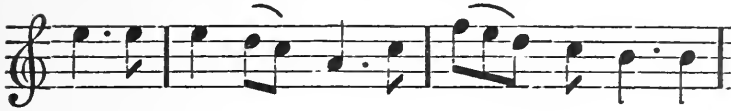
Then for fear of a bribe,
 Of flattering noise and vanity,
 Yoak a Lad of our Tribe,
 He'll shew thee best humanity ;
 Flashy, thou wilt find Love,
 In civil as well as secular,
 But when Spirit doth move,
 We have a gift particular.

Tho' our graveness is pride,
 That boobys the more may venerate,
 He that gets a Rich Bride,
 Can jump when he's to Generate ;
 Off then goes the disguise,
 To bed in his Arms he'll carry thee,
 Then to be happy and wise,
 Take *Yea* and *Nay* to Marry thee.

A New SONG.

Made on the late Glorious Battle and Victory gain'd over the French by the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene; and also the taking of Mons.





Now Cannon smoke clouds all the sky,
 And through the gloomy wood ;
 From ev'ry Trench the bougers fly,
 Besmeer'd with dust and Blood :
 Whilst valour's palm, is ours in fight,
 And *Mons* to terms we bring ;
 Let Bragging *Boufflers* vainly write,
 False wonders to the *King* :
 Fate resolves to end the war,
 And *Lewis* like a falling star,
 Though late he sate on high,
 A meteor of the sky,
 Shall from his place remove,
 Whilst *Europe* o'er does rove
 With welcome olive branch, the Peaceful Dove.
 Hail

Hail mighty *Marlborough*, great *Eugene*,
 Thanks for your glorious toile ;
 And 'mongst the best of Marshal men,
Nassau and brave *Argyle* :
 Warriours in honours bed who lye,
 Whose fame shall ever spring,
 Take for reward perpetual joy ;
 Whose great renown we sing :
Mounsieur, Mounsieur, leave off *Spain*,
 To think to hold it is in vain,
 Thy Warriours are too few ;
 Thy Martials must be new,
 Worse losses will ensue :
 Then without more ado
 Be wise, and strait call home, *Petite Anjois*.

Forty long years thou hast in gore
 Been dabling up and down ;
 Seek now Imperial Crowns no more,
 But plot to save thy own :
Sweden the buckler to thy arm,
 Fomenter of the war ;
 Who kept thy blind Ambition warm,
 Flyes from the frozen Czar :
 Fill then a glass each *Brittish* heart,
 From this great Health let no one start ;
 Here's to our happy Queen,
 To *Marlborough* and *Eugene* :
 And those that shortly mean,
 To wade the River Sein,
 'Tis, 'tis a Cordial rare to cure the Spleen.



Lyrical VERSES ;

*Made in honour of the Nobility and Gentry
Assembling on the first day of March
17 $\frac{1}{4}$. Being the Anniversary of St.
DAVID : Also the Birth-day of Her Royal
Highness the PRINCESS ; Written, Set to
Musick, and humbly Address'd by T.
D'URFEY.*

AS far as the glittering God of day
Extends his radiant light ;
Old *Britain* her Glory will display,
In every Action bright :
The *Fleur de lise*, and English *Rose*,
May boast of their Antique tales ;
But the *Leek* with the greatest honour grows,
For the lasting renown of *Wales*.

In vain all our Musical Bards did seek,
To know whence this glory sprung ;
For time out of mind has the famous *Leek*
In Tuneful Verse been sung :
By the *Tentons* allow'd, and victorious Rome,
And the brave *Black Prince* ne'er fails ;
The Battle of old by this *Signal* o'rcome,
To exalt the renown of *Wales*.

The brave British Heroes did often appear,
Recorded in Golden lines,
Cadwallader first led the van without fear,
With whom *Conan* and *Griffieth* joyns :
We'll give them their due,
But must now find out new,
And our valiant young *Prince* bring in play ;
Who by pow'r divine,
Proves, he's fated to shine,
In a sphere, as serene as they.

Let

Let *Cynthia* give up her Reign of the Night,
 And abscond in the foamy seas ;
 The *Princess* that power must claim as her right,
 If Beauty has power to please :
 The Goddess confest,
 All our hearts has possess ;
 And will more every Age o'ercome,
 By her temper that charms,
 And adorably warms,
 And her brace of young Angels at home.

Shine out then bright Star, and whilst Nations from far,
 All unite to applaud thy worth ;
 We sounding our joys,
 With a general voice,
 Bless the *Day* that first gave the *Birth* :
 To *George* and his race,
 Let Pretenders give place,
 Wheresoe'er they are known or seen,
 And when he soars on high, twill to them be some joy ;
 Who survive to see thee a *Queen*.



*An ODE on the Anniversary of the Queens-
 Birth. Set to Musick by Mr. Henry
 Purcel, April 30th, 1690.*

A Rise my Muse, and to thy tuneful Lyre,
 Compose a mighty Ode :
 Whose Charming Nature may Inspire
 The Bosom of some listning God
 To Consecrate, thy bold Advent'rous Verse,
 And *Gloriana's* Fame disperse
 O're the Wide Confines of the Universe ;
 Ye Sons of Musick raise your Voices high :
 And like your Theme be your blest Harmony :
Sound

Sound all your Instruments & charm the earth ;
Upon this Sacred day of *Gloriana's* Birth.

[*Second Movement.*]

See how the Glittering Ruler of the Day,
From the cool Bosom of the Sea,
Drives, Drives with speed away,
And does attending Planets all
To wanton Revels Call.

Who from the Starry East and West ; }
To Celebrate this day make hast, }
And in new Robes of Glory drest }
Dance in a Solemn Ball,

Chorus. Hail gracious *Gloriana* Hail ;
May every future year

Rowl on, unknown to Care ;
May each propitious Morn arise
Bright as your vertue, charming as your Eyes,
And each succeeding hour new pleasures bring,
To make the Muses yearly sing :

All Hail, All Hail,

Brightest and best of Queens, *all Hail.*

And though the times distress, to Wars alarms
Calls the lov'd Monarch from your Arms ;
Your *Phæbus* does to lower Spheres decline,
Only to Rise again, and with more Lustre shine.

[*Third Movement.*]

To quell his Countries Foes
Behold, the God-like Hero goes,
Fated and born to Conquer all,
Both the great, vulgar and the small,
To hunt the Savages from Dens : }
To teach 'em Loyalty and Sence : }
And sordid Souls of the true Faith Convince. }

* *The* But ah, I see **Eusebia* drown'd in Tears ;
Church. The sad *Eusebia* mourning Wears,

And

And in dejected State
 Thus moans her hapless Fate ;
 Ah wretched me, must *Cæsar* for my sake,
 These fatal dangers undertake.
 No, no, ye awful Powers, no, no,
 Fate must some meaner force Employ.

Fate must not let him go ;
 But Glory cries go on ;

On, on, Illustrious Man ;
 Leave not the Work undone,
 Thou hast so well begun.
 Go on, great Prince go on.

Chorus. See, See, all *Europe* bend their eyes
 On thy great enterprize :
 Advance thy dazling Shield,
 And hast then to the Field ;
 Hast, hast, to Honour and Renown,
 Honour, that on a Heroe's brow shines brighter
 than a Crown.

Chorus of *All.*

*Exalt, exalt, your Voices high,
 And with your skilful melody :
 Raise Gloriana's grief to Foy :
 Bring warbling Lutes to hush her Cares,
 Bring moving Flutes to Charm her ears.
 Ah ! may their softning Influence
 Each passion Calm, please every sence :
 And never, never, let her Mourn ;
 Great Cæsar's Absence short will be, and Glorious
 His Return.*





A Mock Address to the French KING.

A SONG. Occasioned by the two Glorious Victories at Donawert, and Hochstet, by his Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH and Prince EUGENE. The Tune by Mr. Corbet.





Old *Lewis* must thy Frantick Riot
 Still all *Europe* vex?
 Methinks 'tis high time to be quiet,
 Now at Sixty Six :
 Thou late hast Acted, as Distracted,
 Placing *Phillips* Crown,
 And faith if that I, can Prophecy,
 Thy own is tumbling down :
 For now thy Flower of Arms are lost,
 Of Empire dream no more,
 Thy trembling *Gensd'arms* off will post,
 When English Cannons roar :
 And whilst *Tallard* and others frown,
 To play their captive Scene,
 The fates with Oaken Garlands crown
 Great *Marlborough* and *Eugene*.

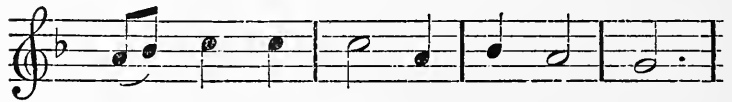
Rebellious

Rebellious, vile, and abject state,
In lost *Bavaria* see,
From Princely station forc'd of late,
To serve now basely thee :
His scatter'd Race to corners fled,
Scarce having means for Life,
And he for their poor distressful bread,
Beholding to his Wife :
The Bann inrag'd, his Country gon,
Thy Plots too all unhing'd,
The baseness to our Kingdom shewn,
In proper time reveng'd ;
And all by Wars renown'd alarms,
Made by our Glorious Queen,
For who can e're oppose in arms,
Brave *Marlborough* and *Eugene*.

Pharsalia, where fames golden book,
Shews *Cæsar's* glorious Theme,
Must yield to her, whose *Hero* took,
An Army at *Blenheim* :
Landau retriev'd, and *Traerbach* gain'd,
Do's next years fate presage,
And end the most Renown'd Campaign,
E're known in any Age ;
Yet *Lewis*, pray be sure for this,
Te-Deums loud you roar,
And let your Cousin the Arch-Bish,
Appoint 'em as before :
Whilst we that with good Reason think,
Our Joys are now serene,
Extol when flowing Bowls we drink,
Great *Marlborough* and *Eugene*.



LOVE of *no Party* : A New SONG.





O Ne *April* Morn, when from the Sea,
Phœbus was just appearing ;
Damon and *Celia* young and gay,
 Long settled Love indearing :
 Met in a Grove to vent their spleen,
 On Parents unrelenting ;
 He bred of *Tory* race had been,
 She of the Tribe *Dissenting*.

Celia, whose Eyes outshone the God,
 Newly the hills adorning ;
 Told him Mamma wou'd be stark mad,
 She missing Pray'rs that morning :
Damon, his Arm around her wast,
 Swore tho' nought shou'd 'em sunder ;
 Shou'd my rough Dad know how I'm blest,
 Twou'd make him roar like Thunder.

Great ones whom proud Ambition blinds,
 By Faction still support it ;
 Or where vile money taints the mind,
 They for convenience court it :
 But mighty Love, that scorns to shew,
 Party shou'd raise his glory ;
 Swears he'll Exalt a Vassal true,
 Let it be *Whigg*, or *Tory*.

An ODE

For the Anniversary Feast of ST. CÆCILIA,
On the 23^d Day of *November*, 1691.

Set to Music by Dr. *John Blow*.

THE *Glorious Day* is come, that will for ever be
Renown'd as MUSIC'S greatest *Fubilee* :
The Spheres, those Instruments Divine,
Tun'd to *Apollo's* Charming Lyre ;
The Sons of all the Learned Nine,
With soft Harmonious Souls Inspire ;
Behold, around *Pernassus* Top they sit,
And Heavenly Music now, vies with Immortal Wit.
Warm'd by the *Nectar* from the *Thespian* Spring,
Of bright *Cæcilia* they sing ;
Admir'd *Cæcilia* that informs their Brains :
Their awful Goddess, that their Cause maintains ;
And with her sacred Pow'r supplies,
The Artful Hand and tuneful Voice,
And gives a taste of *Paradice*, in more than mortal
Strains.

And first the Trumpets Part
Inflames the Heroe's Heart ;
The Martial Noise compleats his Joys,
And Soul Inspires by Art :
And now he thinks he's in the Field,
And now he makes the foe to yield ;
Now Victory does eagerly pursue,
And Music's warlike Notes make every fancy true.

The Battle done, all loud alarms do cease,
Hark how the charming Flutes conclude the Peace ;
Whose softening Notes make fiercest Rage obey :
If *Pan*, beneath the famous Mirtle's shade,
To *Midas* half so well had Play'd,
The *Delphian* God himself had lost the Day.

Ex-

Excesses of Pleasure now crowd on apace ;
How sweetly the Violins sound to each Bass :
The ravishing Trebles delight ev'ry Ear,
And Mirth in a Scene of true Joy does appear :
No Lover of *Phyllis's* rigour complains ;
None mourn for their losses, or laugh for their gains ;
But lost in an Extasie publish their Joy,
Whilst the Name of *Cæcilia* resounds to the Sky.

Ah Heaven ! what is't I hear ?
The Warbling Lute Inchants my Ear :
Now Beauty's Pow'r Inflames my Breast again ;
I Sigh, and Languish with a pleasing Pain.
The Notes so soft, so sweet the Air,
The Soul of Love must sure be there,
That mine in Rapture charms, and drives away
Despair.

Musick ! Celestial Musick ! what can be,
On this side Heaven, compar'd to thee ?
Thou only Treat, fit for a Deity :
Monarchs by Flattery or Fame,
May Arrogate a Glorious Name,
But in each Soul Delighting Symphony,
Address'd to bright *Cæcilia's* Royalty,
Are Sacred Honours fit for none, but for Divine
degree.

This that blest King, and God-like Prophet knew,
That oft from Worldly Joys withdrew ;
From Glittering Pomp, and all the Courtly Throng ;
And to th' Eternal King of Kings,
To the sweet Harp's well govern'd Strings,
Paid best Devotion in Seraphick Song.

CHORUS.

*And thus by Musicks Pow'r,
Above dull Earth we soar ;
Exalt our Chorus to the Skie,
And in Transporting Melody
Cæcilia's Name Adore.
Divine Cæcilia, whom we all confess
Our Arts Inspire ; Musick's Patroness.*

A SONG *in* Don Quixote.

*Sung by one representing Foy. Set to
Musick by Mr. Ralph Courtivill.*

VICTUMNUS *Flora* you that bless the fields,
Where warbling *Philomel*,
Warbling *Philomel* in safety builds ;
And to the Nymphs, to the Nymphs and Swains,
That Revel, Revel, Revel o're these plains,
That Revel o're these plains :
Dispose the Joy, dispose the Joy,
Dispose the Joys that Heav'n and Nature yields.

Call *Hymen*, call *Hymen*, call, call, call, call ;
Call *Hymen* from his merry, merry, merry, merry,
merry, merry home ;
From his merry, merry, merry, merry home ;
From his merry, merry, merry, merry home :
Call *Hymen*, call, call *Hymen* from his merry, merry,
merry, merry, merry home ;
Bid him prepare, prepare, bid him prepare,
Bid him prepare, prepare, prepare his Torch,
And come to Sing and Drink, to Sing and Drink,
To Sing and Drink full Bowls ;
Call, call, call loud, call, call, call loud, loud,
Call loud, and say, 'tis Beauty's feast, 'tis Beauty's
feast,
'Tis Beauty's feast, *Quitera's* Wedding Day ;
'Tis Beauty's feast, *Quitera's* Wedding Day,
Quitera's Wedding Day.



A Mad DIALOGUE.

Sung in my Play, call'd the Richmond Heiress, by Mr. Leveridge and Mrs. Lynsey; Set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell. In Orph. Britan.

He. **B**Ehold, behold the Man that with Gigantick
Might,
Dares, dares, dares Combat Heav'n again ;
Storm *Foves* bright Palace, put the Gods to flight ;
Chaos renew, and make perpetual Night ;
Come on, come on, come on ye Fighting, Fight-
ing Fools,
Come on, come on, come on ye Fighting, Fight-
ing Fools,
That petty, petty Jars maintain,
That petty, petty Jars maintain ;
I've all, all the Wars of Europe,
All the Wars of Europe in my Brain,
I've all, all, all the Wars of Europe in my Brain.

She. Who's he that talks of War ?
When charming, charming Beauty comes,
Whose sweet, sweet, sweet Face divinely Fair,
Eternal pleasure, eternal pleasure, eternal
pleasure blooms ;
When I appear, the Martial, Martial God a con-
quer'd Victim lyes ;
Obeys each glance, each awful Nod,
And dreads the lightning of my killing Eyes ;
More, more than the fiercest, the fiercest,
The fiercest Thunder in the Skies.

He. Ha ! ha ! now, now, now, now we mount up high,
Now, now we mount up high,
The Sun's bright God and I,
Charge, charge, charge on the *Azure*,
Charge on the *Azure* downs of ample Sky.

See

See, see, see, see, see, see, see, see,
 See, see, see, see, see, see, see, see,
 How th' immortal Spirits run,
 See, see, see, see, see, see, see, see,
 How th' immortal Spirits run ;
 Pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue,
 Pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue,
 Drive 'em o'er the burning Zone ;
 Drive 'em o'er the burning Zone,
 From thence come rowling down,
 Come rowling down, and search the Globe below,
 With all the Gulphy Main, to find my lost,
 My wandring Sense, my wandring Sense again.

She. By this disjoynted matter,
 That crouds thy Pericranium,
 I nicely have found
 That thy Brain is not sound,
 And thou shalt be,
 And thou shalt be my Companion.

Come, come, come, come, come, come,
He. Let us plague the World then,
 I embrace the blest Occasion ;
 For by instinct I find
 Thou art one of the Kind,
 Thou art one of the Kind,
 That first brought in,
 That first brought in Damnation.

She. My Face has Heaven enchanted
 With all the sky born Fellows,
Jove press'd to my Breast, and my Bosom he
 kiss'd,
 Which made Old *Funo* Jealous.

He. I challeng'd grisly *Pluto*,
 But the God of Fire did shun me,
 Witty *Hermes* I drubb'd, round the Pole with my
 Club,
 For breaking Jokes upon me.

Chorus

[*Chorus of both.*]

*Then mad, very mad, very mad let us be,
For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
And all Things in Nature are made too as we.*

She. I found *Apollo* singing,
The Tune my Rage increases,
I made him so blind with a Look that was kind,
That he broke his Lyre to pieces.

He. I drank a Health to *Venus*,
And the Mole on her white shoulder ;
Mars flinch'd at the Glass, and I threw't in his
Face,
Was ever Hero bolder ?

She. 'Tis true, my dear *Alcides*,
Things tend to Dissolution ;
The charms of a Crown, and the crafts of the
Gown,
Have brought all to Confusion.

He. The haughty *French* begun it,
The *English* Wits pursue it.

She. The *German* and *Turk* still go on with the
Work,

He. And all in Time will rue it.

CHORUS.

*Then mad, very mad let us be,
Very mad, very mad let us be,
For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
And all Things in Nature are mad too as we.*

*A SONG by a Mad Lady in Don Quixote.
Set by Mr. John Eccles.*

I Burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn,
I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn,
My Brain consumes to Ashes,
Each Eye-ball too like Lightning flashes,
Like Lightning flashes ;
Within my Breast there glows a solid Fire,
Which in a thousand, thousand Ages can't expire.

Blow, blow, blow,
Blow the Winds, great Ruler blow,
Bring the *Po* and the *Ganges* hither,
'Tis sultry, sultry, sultry Weather ;
Pour 'em all on my Soul, it will hiss,
It will hiss like a Coal,
But never, never be the cooler.

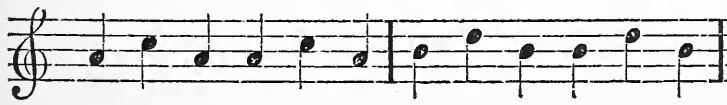
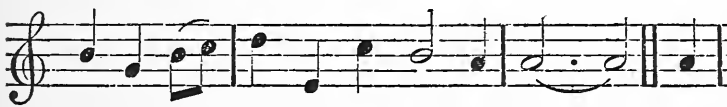
'Twas pride, hot as Hell, that first made me rebel,
From Love's awful Throne a curst Angel I fell ;
And mourn now the Fate,
Which my self did create,
Fool, Fool, that consider'd not when I was well ;
And mourn now the Fate,
Which my self did create,
Fool, Fool, that consider'd not when I was well.

Adieu, adieu transporting Joys,
Adieu, adieu transporting Joys ;
Off, off, off, ye vain fantastick Toys,
Off, off ye vain fantastick Toys,
That drep'd this Face and Body to allure,
Bring, bring me Daggers,
Poyson, Fire, Fire, Daggers, Poyson, Fire,
For Scorn is turn'd into Desire ;
All Hell, all Hell feels not the Rage,
Which I, poor I, which I, poor I endure.



Remarks for the French KING.

*A SONG Occasioned by the taking of Lisle
and that Glorious Campaign.*





Grand *Lewis* let pride be abated,
 Thy Marshals have all had a foyle ;
Boufflers like *Tallard* is ill Fated,
 And *Vendosme* remembers the *Dyle*.
 Thy hand is quite out at Invasions,
 And spite of thy Fortifications,
 Brave *Eugene* has taken *Lisle* :
 Tho' one day *Burgundy*,
 Was merry with *Berry*,
 And bragg'd the Queens Troops he would scourge,
 Make *Britains*, and great ones,
 This Summer run from her,
 And own *Chevalier de St. George* ;
 Tho' the Crump too that Season,
 Got *Bruges* and *Ghent* by Treason,
 We'll make him e'er long disgorge.

A Pox of your race of high Flyers,
That late on the Battlements stood ;
Who shew'd to get out of the Bryers,
What Princes you had of the Blood ;
And welfare the Gallant *Hanover*,
Who late his high Birth to discover ;
Charg'd as a young Hero shou'd :
'Tis said too, who fled too,
Were snapt so, and cropt so,
They never could face us again ;
That cunning, or running,
Won't better the matter,
They shun mighty *Marlborough* in vain,
And *Monsieur* t'alarm ye,
If once more he *Hockstets* your Army,
We'll give ye no thanks for *Spain*.

Thy Troops can do nothing but rattle,
Brave *Webb* the discovery begun ;
Who prov'd at the *Wynendale* Battle,
How fast thy Mob Army could run :
His valour shall flourish in Story,
And thus while he adds to our Glory,
His own will out-Post the Sun.
Forgetting that beating,
A hearty bold party,
Late Marcht towards *Brussels* fair Town,
There bouncing and clattring,
With Cannon for battring,
The *Electoral* Hotspur sate down ;
But when some time after,
Our Generals cross'd o're the water,
Away the wild Goose was flown.

Bavaria this shameful disaster,
Not half yet repays thy past ill,
For first being base to thy Master,
And afterwards false to King *Will*;

And

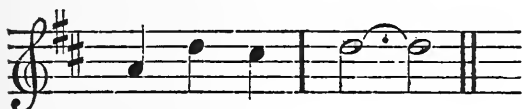
And if 'tis thy simple Opinion,
Le Roy can restore thy Dominion,
Parblew thou art frantick still :
 Pursuing his Ruin,
 We're Marching and Charging,
 Resolv'd on a winter's Campaign,
 Cold Snowing, and Blowing,
 In Terrour are shewing,
 Great *Marlborough* and Glorious *Eugene*.
 We'll Storm too like Thunder,
 Vile Towns that are Fated for Plunder,
 And take 'em *L'Espee a la main*.



A SONG.

*Sung by Mr. Pack in the OPERA call'd the
 Kingdom of the Birds, to the Dance be-
 tween the High and Low Flyers.*





WHat are these Ideots doing,
 That daily their Feuds advance ;
 As if they were pursuing,
 New ways to favour *France* ?
 For shame give over your Dancé ;
 Your National danger see ;
 No longer forfeit your sense,
 But agree, ye rash *Britains*, agree.

Whilst strange and trivial Reasons,
 The whimsical Brain allures ;
 You lose the happy Season,
 That shou'd encourage your Powers.
 The *Monsieur* is at your Doors,
 And if he received must be ;
 The Shame and the Scandal is Yours :
 Then agree, ye Rash *Britains* agree.

Ye Soaring High-flown People,
 In Politicks so profound,
 You climb so high on your Steeple,
 It makes your Brain turn round.

Consider how you lose Ground,
 If Foreigners Master be,
 Whilst you with Maggots abound ;
 Then agree, silly *Britains*, agree.

And you, whose senseless Jargon,
 Contentious Night and Morn,
 Declaims against an Organ,
 As 'twere a Sow-gelder's Horn :
 Let Concord's Power adorn
 Your Hearts, if wise you'll be,
 Nor longer merit a Scorn ;
 But agree, silly *Britains*, agree.

'Tis known you are richly landed,
 And you have a place at Court ;
 And you the *Bank* have commanded,
 And you have two Ships in Port,
 Yet still ye Reason retort ;
 And if ye ruin'd must be,
 'Tis all rank Folly in short ;
 Then agree, silly *Britains*, agree.

Religious Safety doubted
 Still makes the Nation groan,
 You make such Stirrs about it,
 Some Wise Heads think you have none ;
 But all is for Interest done,
 As faith it likely may be,
 Let that Point stated be known,
 And agree, ye rash *Britains*, agree.



The NIGHTINGALE.

*Sung by Mrs. Balwin, in the Kingdom of
the Birds.*





*On the Affairs Abroad, and King
WILLIAM'S Expedition.*

Set by Dr. Blow.

The image displays a musical score for a song. It consists of six staves of music, all written in treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a single melodic line. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a sharp sign, and a common time signature. The melody starts on a middle C and proceeds with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The second staff continues the melody with more eighth notes and a dotted quarter note. The third staff shows a change in rhythm with some quarter notes and a half note. The fourth staff features a more active melody with many eighth notes and some beamed sixteenth notes. The fifth staff continues with a similar active melody. The sixth staff concludes the piece with a final cadence, ending on a whole note G#.

A DIALOGUE.

Highly diverting Queen Mary, in the 4th Act of the second Part of DON QUIXOTE; for a Clown and his Wife. Sung by Mr. Reading and Mrs. Ayliff. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell

In Orph. Britan.

He. SInce Times are so bad, I must tell you
Sweet-Heart,
I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my Cart ;
And to the fair City a Journey will go,
To better my Fortune as other folk do :
Since some have from Ditches,
And course Leather Breeches,
Been rais'd, been rais'd to be Rulers,
And wallow'd in Riches ;
Prithee come, come, come, come from thy Wheel,
Prithee come, come, come, come from thy Wheel,
For if Gypsies don't lye,
I shall, I shall be a Governor too, e're I dye.

She. Ah ! *Collin* ah ! *Collin*, by all, by all thy late
doings I find,
With sorrow and trouble, with sorrow and trouble
the pride of thy Mind :
Our Sheep now at random disorderly run,
And now, and now Sundays Jacket goes every
day on ;
Ah ! what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost
thou mean ?

He. To make my Shooes clean,
And foot it, and foot it to the Court,
To the King and the Queen,
Where shewing my Parts I Preferment shall win.
She

She. Fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, fye, 'tis
better,
'Tis better for us to Plough and to Spin :
For as to the Court when thou happen'st to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou can'st
Buy ;
For Money, the Devil, the Devil and all's to be
found,
But no good Parts minded, no, no, no, no good
Parts minded without the good Pound.

He. Why then I'll take Arms, why then I'll take
Arms, I'll take Arms,
And follow, and follow Alarms,
Hunt Honour, that now a-days plaguily charms :

She. And so lose a Limb, by a Shot or a Blow,
And curse thy self after, for leaving, for leaving
the Plough.

He. Suppose I turn Gamester ?

She. So Cheat and be Bang'd :

He. What think'st of the Road then ?

She. The High-way to be Hang'd ;

He. Nice Pimping however yields Profit for Life,
I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife :

She. That's dangerous too, amongst the Town Crew,
For some of 'em will do the same thing by you ;
And then I to Cuckold ye may be drawn in,
Faith, *Collin*, 'tis better I sit here and Spin,
Faith, *Collin*, 'tis better I sit here and Spin.

He. Will nothing Prefer me, what think'st of the Law ?

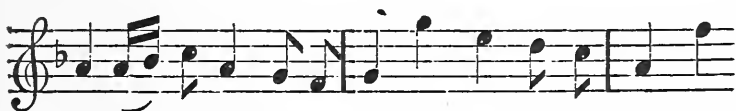
She. Oh ! while you live, *Collin*, keep out of that Paw :

He

A Humorous SONG, Sung at Mary the Buxom's Wedding, in my Play of Don Quixote.



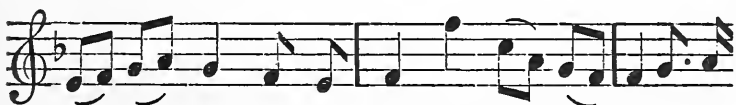
Come all, great, small, short, tall, away to Stoolball ;



Down in a Vale on a Summers day, all the Lads and



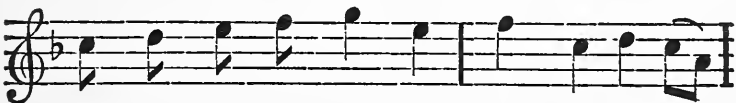
Lasses met to be Merry, a match for Kisses at



Stoolball play, and for Cakes and Ale, and Sider and



Perry. *Will and Tom, Hall, Dick and Hugh, Kate,*



Doll, Sue, Bess and Moll, with Hodge, and Briget,

and



and *James*, and *Nancy*; but when plump *Sis* got the



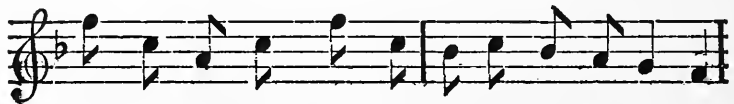
Ball in her Mutton Fist, once fretted, she'd hit it



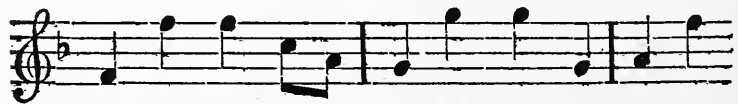
farther than any; Running, Haring, Gaping, Staring



Reaching, Stopping, Hollowing, Whooping; Sun a



setting, all thought fitting, by consent to rest 'em ;



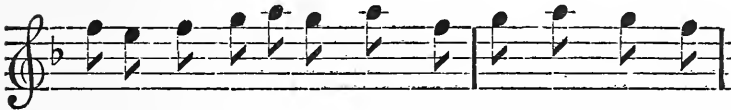
Hall got *Sue*, and *Doll* got *Hugh*, all took by
turns



turns their Lasses and Buss'd 'em. Jolly *Ralph* was



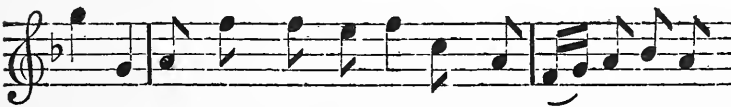
in with *Peg*, tho' freckl'd like a *Turkey Egg*, and



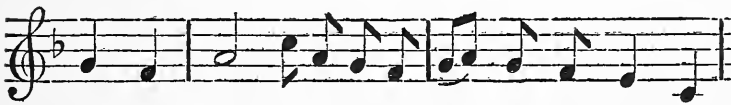
she as right as is my Leg, still gave him leave to



towze her. *Harry* then to *Katy*, swore, her Duggs were

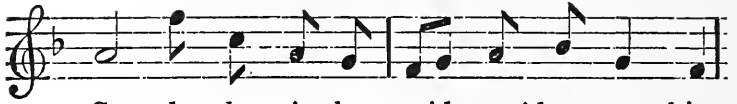


pretty, tho' they were all sweaty, and large as any

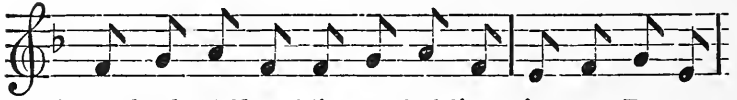


Cows are. *Tom Melancholy* was with his Lass ; for

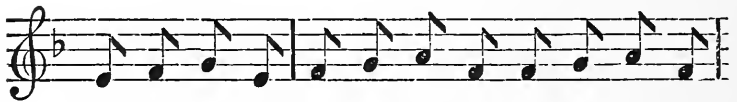
Sue



Sue do what e'er he cou'd, wou'd not note him.



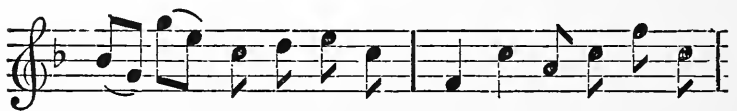
Some had told her, b'ing a Soldier in a Party,



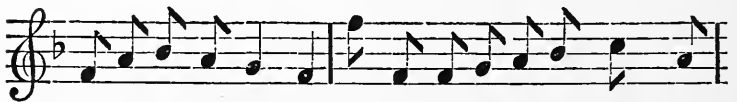
with *Mac-carty* at the Siege of *Limrick*, he was



wounded in the *Scrotum*. But the cunning *Philly*



was more kind to *Willy*, who of all their Ally,



was the ablest Ringer; He to carry on the Jest, be-
gins

The STORM :

*Set to Music by Mr. Henry Purcell. To
be found in his Orph. Britt.*

BLow, blow *Boreas*, blow, and let thy surly Winds
Make the Billows foam and roar ;
Thou can'st no Terror breed in valiant Minds,
But spight of thee we'll live, but spight of thee we'll
live and find a Shoar.

Then cheer my Hearts, and be not aw'd,
but keep the Gun-Room cleer ;
Tho' Hell's broke loose, and the Devils roar abroad,
Whilst we have Sea-room here :
Boys, never fear, never, never fear.

Hey ! how she tosses up ! how far,
The mounting Top-mast touch'd a Star ;
The Meteors blaz'd, as thro' the Clouds we came,
And *Salamander*-like, we live in Flame ;
But now, now we sink, now, now we go
Down to the deepest Shades below.

Alas ! alas ! where are we now ! who, who can tell !
Sure 'tis the lowest Room of Hell,
Or where the Sea-Gods dwell :
With them we'll live, with them we'll live and reign,
With them we'll laugh, and sing, and drink amain,
With them we'll laugh, and sing, and drink amain,
But see we mount, see, see we rise again.

[*Second Movement.*]

*Tho' flashes of Lightning, and Tempests of Rain,
Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the Main ;
Tho' the Captain does swear, instead of a Pray'r,
And the Sea is all Fire by the Damons o' th' Air ;
We'll drink and defie, we'll drink and defie
The mad Spirits that fly from the Deep to the Sky,*

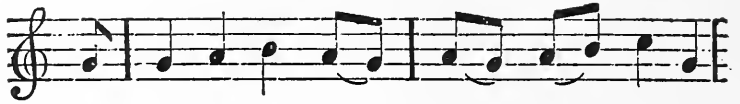
That

*That fly, fly, from the Deep to the Sky,
And sing whilst loud Thunder, and sing whilst loud
Thunder does bellow ;
For Fate will still have, a kind Fate for the Brave,
And ne're make his Grave of a Salt-water Wave,
To drown, to drown, no, never to drown a good Fellow ;
No, never, no, never to drown a good Fellow ;
No, never, never to drown, no, never, never to drown a
good Fellow,
No, never, no, never to drown a good Fellow.*



*A Poole at Piquette. The Words made,
and set to a Tune by Mr. D'Urfey ; made
at Ramsbury Mannor.*





Within an Arbour of Delight,
 As sweet as Bowers Elisian,
 Where famous *Sidney* us'd to write,
 I lately had a Vision ;
 Methought beneath a Golden State,
 The Turns of Chance obeying,
 Six of the World's most noted great,
 At *Piquette* were a playing.

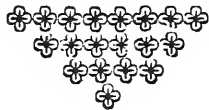
The first two were the brave *Eugene*,
 With *Vendosme* Battle waging,
 The next a Nymph, who to be Queen,
 Her *Mounsieur* was engaging :
 The *Fleur de-lis*, old *Maintenon*,
 With sanctified *Carero* ;
 And next above the scarlet *Don*,
 Queen *Anne*, and *Gallick Nero*.

The

The Game between the Martial braves
Was held in diff'rent Cases,
The Frenchman got Quatorze of Knaves,
But Prince *Eugene* four Aces :
And tho' the 'tothers eldest Hand
Gave Hopes to make a Jest on't,
Yet now the Point who soonest gain'd,
Could only get the best on't.

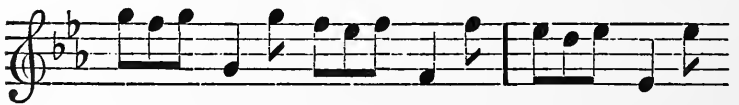
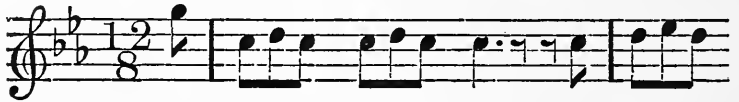
From them I turn'd mine Eyes to see
The Churchman and the Lady,
And found her pleas'd to high degree,
Her fortune had been steady ;
The Saints that cram'd the *Spanish* Purse,
She hop'd would all oblige her,
For he had but a little *Terse*,
When she produc'd *Quint-Major*.

But now betwixt the *King* and *Queen*
An Empire was depending,
Within whose mighty Game was seen
The Art of State-contending :
The *Monsieur* had three Kings to win't,
And was o'er *Europe* roaming,
But her full Point, *Quatorze* and *Quint*,
Won all, and left him foaming.





A Dialogue between Mr. Pack and Mrs. Bradshaw, in the Opera call'd, The Kingdom of the Birds.





She. **O**H Love if a God thou wilt be,
 Do Justice in Favour of me
For yonder approaching I see
 A Man with a Beard,
 Who as I have heard,
 Has often undone
 Poor Maids that have none,
 With sighing, and toying,
 And crying, and lying,
And such kind of Foolery.

He. Fair Maid by your Leave,
 My Heart does receive
Strange Pleasure to meet you here,
 Pray tremble not so,
 Nor offer to go,
I'll do ye no Harm, I swear,
I'll do ye no Harm, I swear.

She. My Mother is spinning at Home,
 My Father works hard at his Loom,
And we here a milking are come,
 Their Dinner they want,
 Pray Gentlemen don't
 Make more ado on't,
 Nor give us Affront,
 We're none of the Town
 Will lie down for a Crown,
Then away, Sir, and give us Room.

By

He. By *Phæbus*, by *Jove*,
 By Honour, by Love,
 I'll do ye dear sweet no harm,
 Y're as fresh as a Rose,
 I want one of those,
 Ah, how such a Wife would charm,
 Ah, how such a Wife would charm.

She. And can you then like the old Rule,
 Be Conjugal, honest, and dull,
 And marry, and look like a Fool,
 For I must be plain,
 All Tricks are in vain,
 There's nothing can gain
 The Thing you'd obtain,
 But moving, and proving,
 By Wedding, true Loving,
 My lesson I learnt at School.

He. I'll do't by this Hand,
 I've Houses, I've Land,
 Estate too in good Free-hold,
 My Dear, let us joyn,
 It all shall be thine,
 Besides a good Purse of Gold.

She. You make me to blush, now I vow,
 Oh Lord, shall I too baulk my Cow,
 But since the late Oath you have swore,
 Your Soul shall not be,
 In danger for me,
 I'll rather agree,
 Of two to make three,
 We'll Wed, and we'll Bed,
 There's no more to be said,
 And I'll ne'er go a Milking more.

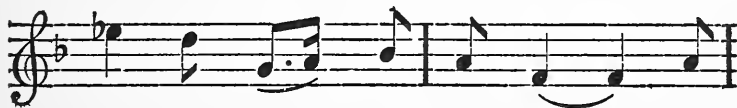


AS the *Delian* God, to fam'd *Halcyon*,
 From Heavens high Court descended down,
 There the Tuneful *Muse's* playing he found,
 A *Sonata* Divinely rare :
 When *Thalia* touch'd the charming Flute,
Errato Struck the warbling Lute ;
 And *Clio's* Treble joining to't,
 Made the Harmony beyond compare.

Then *Euterpe's* full Bass, the sweet Consort did raise,
 And with pleasure each Sence alarm'd,
 E'ry Note was enjoy'd, e'ry Hand was imploy'd,
 With sounds of Joy the Flowery Valley rung :
Apollo gaz'd, and silent was his Tongue,
 But when his dear *Calliope* Sung,
 Ah, then the *God* was charm'd.



A SONG in the Modern Prophets.



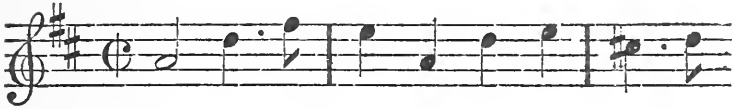


WE *Prophets of the Modern Race,*
 To hide rebellious Evil,
 Pretend we all excel in Grace,
 And fight against the Devil :
 We range, we roam, we quake, we foam,
 We breed by Inspiration,
 We own the Call the Spirit moves,
 And then the chosen Sister proves
 By frequent Agitation.

Strange Miracles we ne'er unfold,
 We scorn to understand 'em,
 Those shewn the Mob in Days of Old,
 Provok'd, but did not mend 'em ;
 We Cant in Tone,
 We sigh, we groan,
 Nor do our Whimseys tire us ;
 And tho' our Preaching be hum drum,
 And writing senseless as *Tom Thumb,*
 We still have Fools admire us.



*An Epithalamium on the Marriage of the
Honourable Charles Leigh.*





Draw, draw the Curtain, fye, make hast,
 The panting Lovers long to be alone,
 The precious Time no more in talking wast,
 There's better Business going on :
 Our Absence will their Wishes crown,
 The next swift Moment's not too soon,
 Our artful Song sounds like a Drone,
 For now all Musick, but their own,
 Is harsh, and out of Tune.

Now Love inflames the Bridegroom's Heart,
 How weak, how poor a Charmer is the Flute ;
 And when the Bride's fair Eyes her Wishes dart,
 How dully sounds the warbling Lute.
 If this Divine, harmonious Bliss
 Attends each happy Marriage Day,
 Who such a blessed State would miss,
 And such a charming Tune as this,
 Who would not learn to play ?

Oh, Joy too fierce to be exprest,
 Thou sweet Atoner of Life's greatest Pain,
 By thee are Men with Love's dear Treasure blest,
 And Women still by losing gain.
 Smile then divine, propitious Pow'rs,
 Upon this Pair let Blessings flow,
 Let Care mix with their Sweets, not Sowers,
 But may succeeding Days and Hours
 Be charming all as now.

A New DIALOGUE : Set by Mr. Henry Purcell, Sung by a Boy and Girl at the Play-house.

He. **C** *Elemene*, pray tell me,
Pray, pray tell me *Celemene*,
When those pretty, pretty, pretty Eyes I see,
Why my Heart beats, beats, beats, beats in my
Breast,
Why, why it will not, it will not, why, why, it
will not let me rest :
Why this trembling, why this trembling too all
o'er ?
Pains I never, pains I never, never, never felt be-
fore :
And when thus I touch, when thus I touch your
hand,
Why I wish, I wish, I wish, I was a Man ?

She. How shou'd I know more than you ?
Yet wou'd be a Woman too.
When you wash your self and play,
I methinks could look all day ;
Nay, just now, nay, just now am pleas'd, am
pleas'd so well,
Shou'd you, shou'd you kiss me, I won't tell,
Shou'd you, shou'd you kiss me, I won't tell.
No, no I won't tell, no, no I won't tell, no, no I
won't tell,
Shou'd you kiss me I won't tell.

He. Tho' I cou'd do that all day,
And desire no better play :
Sure, sure in Love there's something more,
Which makes *Mamma* so bigg, so bigg before.

She. Once by chance I hear'd it nam'd,
Don't ask what, don't ask what, for I'm asham'd :
Stay but till you're past Fifteen,
Then you'll know, then, then you'll know what
'tis I mean,

Then

Then you'll know what, then you'll know, what
'tis I mean.

He. However, lose not present bliss,
But now we're alone, let's kiss :
But now we're alone let's kiss, let's kiss.

She. My Breasts do so heave, so heave, so heave,

He. My Heart does so pant, pant, pant ;

She. There's Something, something, something more
we want,
There's Something, something, something more
we want.



*The Happy Country Gentleman ;
a New SONG.*

*The Words made to a pretty Italian Air :
Sung by Nicolini, in the opera of Rinaldo.
Il tricerbero humiliato, &c.*

ALL the World's in Strife and hurry,
And the Lord knows when 'twill cease ;
Some for Interest, some for Glory,
Tho' their Tongues run all of Peace :
Since the High-Church then and Low,
Make our daily Mischiefs grow,
And the Great, who sit at the Helm in doubt,
Are not sure, how quickly they may turn out :
How blest is the happy he,
Who from Town, and the Faction that is there, is
free ;
For Love and no ill ends,
Treats his Neighbours and his Friends,
He shall ever in the Book of Fame,
Fix with Honour a glorious Name.

He that was the High Purse-bearer,
At his Levy no Crowds you see ;

He

He that was the Grand Cause hearer,
Now no longer makes Decree :
Nay, to prove her wavering evil,
And that Fortune is the Devil,
The Hero leading our Arms abroad,
Whom they late did Celebrate like a God,
Scarce has any to Drink his Health,
If a Friend does not kindly put it round by stealth ;
 A *Whigg* is out of grace,
 And a *Tory* in his place :
Riddles all, and something is amiss,
What a Whimsical world is this.



A Pindarick ODE, on New Years-Day :
Perform'd by Vocal and Instrumental
Musick, before their Sacred Majesties
King WILLIAM and Queen MARY. Set
by Dr. John Blow.

BEHOLD, how all the stars give way ;
Behold, how the Revolving Sphere,
Swells to bring forth the Sacred Day,
That ushers in the mighty Year ;
Whilst *Fanus* with his double Face
Viewing the present Time and past,
In strong Prophetick Fury sings,
Our Nation's Glory and our King's.

See *England's* Genius, like the dazling Sun,
Proud of his Race, to our Horizon run
To welcome that Cœlestial Power,
That of this Glorious Year begins the Happy Hour :
 A Year from whence shall Wonders come ;
 A Year to baffle *France* and *Rome*,
And bound the dubious Fate of Warring *Christen-*
 dom.

}
Move

Move on with Fame, all ye Triumphant Days,
 To *Britain's* Honour, and to *Cæsar's* Praise ;
 Let no short Hour of this Year's bounded Time,
 Pass by without some Act sublime :
Great William, Champion of the Mighty States,
 And all the Princes the Confederates :
 Ploughs the Green *Neptune*, whilst to waft Him o'er,
 The Fates stand smiling on the *Belgick* Shore ;
 And now the *Gallick* Genius Trembles,
 How e'er she Pannick Fear dissembles ;
 To know the Mighty League, and view the Mighty
 Pow'r :

So when the *Persian* Pride of old,
 Disdain'd their God the Sun,
 With Armies, and more powerful Gold,
 Did half the World o'er run,
 Brave *Alexander* chang'd their Scorn to Awe,
 And came and fought, and Conquer'd like *Nassau*.

Then welcome Wondrous Year,
 More Happy and Serene,
 Than any ever did appear,
 To bless *Great Cæsar* and his Queen :
 May every Hour encrease their Fames ;
 Whilst Ecchoing Skies resound their Names :
 And when Unbounded Joy, and the Excess }
 Of all that can be found in Human Bliss, }
 Fall on 'em, may each Year be still like this, }
 Health, Fortune, Granduer, Fame, and Victory,
 And Crowning all, a Life, long as Eternity.

CHORUS.

Come ye Sons of Great Apollo,
Let your Charming Consorts follow ;
Sing of Triumph, sing of Beauty,
Sing soft Ayres of Loyal Duty ;
Give to Cæsar's Royal Fair,
Songs of Foy to Calm her Care ;
Bid the less Auspicious Year Adieu,
And give her joyful Welcomes to the New.

The

The first SONG in the first Part of Massaniello, Sung by Mr. Pate, Representing Fate.

From Azure Plains, blest with Eternal day,
Celestial flow'ry Groves, that ne'er decay ;
From Lucid Rocks that *Sol's* bright Rays let in,
Where, with unclouded Brow,
I sate and view'd the deeps below,
And saw my Female drudges Spin ;
I Fate am come, thy Courage to improve,
'Tis the Eternal's Doom, Engrav'd in Adamant above ;
And oh ! thou drowzy Deity,
That dost in slumbers bind,
The Body of Mortality,
And calm the Stormy Mind ;
No more, no more his Brain possess,
With the soft charm of gentle Peace,
He must awake to bloody Wars,
Unbounded Fury, civil Jars,
And is by Heav'ns decree for wonderous deeds design'd.

St. Genaro, Protector of Naples, descends and Sings.

St. Gen. Tho' mighty Fate all must obey,
And conq'ring Hero's greatest King,
Amongst the rest of human things,
Yield to his dreadful sway ;
Yet view thy Book of Dooms once more,
Thou there wilt find one happy hour,
When *Naples* shall be free from Rebel power,
'Tis sure as the revolving year,
And I her darling Saint appear
To stop thy fury, least it should exceed,
And tell thee tho' permission of this ill
Is sacred mystery, and th' Eternal's Will ;
Yet he that does the deed,
For doing it, must bleed.

Ascends.
Who

Fate. Hear each Neighbouring Destiny.

Who the Souls of Mortals free,
 Hear my Voice and straight obey,
 Heaven Commands, the Work must stay.
 Such a number, and no more,
 Must Encrease your fatal store,
 And he must die the task being o'er ; }
 Remember all 'tis so decreed,
 That he that does this mighty deed,
 For doing it must bleed.



An ODE on the Assembly of the Nobility and Gentry of the City and County of York, at the Anniversary Feast, March the 27th. 1690. Set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell. One of the finest Compositions he ever made, and cost 100l. the performing.

OF Old, when Heroes thought it base
 To be confin'd to Native Air,
 And Glory brought a Martial Race,
 To breath their towring Eagles here,
 The Sons of Fam'd **Brigantium* stood }
 Disputing Freedom with their blood ; }
 Undaunted at the Purple flood,
Brigantium honour'd with a Race Divine ;
 Gave Birth to the Victorious *Constantine*.
 Whose Colony whilst Planted there,
 With blooming Glories still renew'd the Year,
 The bashful *Thames* for Beauty so renown'd,
 In hast ran by her Puny Town ;
 And poor †*Augusta* was asham'd to own.
Augusta then did drooping lye,
 Though now she rears her towring front so high,

* York. *Anciently so call'd.* † London.

The

The Pale and Purple * Rose,
That after cost so many Blows
When *English* Barons fought ;
A Prize too dearly bought :
By the fam'd Worthies of that Shire,
Still best by Sword and Shield defended were.
And in each Tract of Glory since,
For their Lov'd Country and their Prince ;
Princes that hate *Rome's* Slavery,
And join the Nations Right with their own Royalty,
None were more ready in distress to save,
None were more Loyal, none more Brave.

* *The Houses
of York, and
Lancaster.*

And now when the Renown'd *Nassau*
Came to restore our Liberty and Law,
The work so well perform'd and done,
They were the first begun ;
They did no storms or threatenings fear,
Of Thunder in the grumbling Air,
Or any Revolutions near :
The Noble work large hopes of freedom told,
Freedom Inspir'd their minds and made 'em bold,
And gave them *English* Hearts like those of Old,
To welcome their Redeemer when he came,
Whose Vertue and whose Fame,
Made our long smother'd Joys burst into brighter flame.
So when the Glittering Queen of Night,
With black Eclipse is shadow'd o're,
The Globe that swells with sullen Pride,
Her dazling Charms to hide,
Does but a little time abide,
And then each Ray is brighter than before,

CHORUS *of all.*

*Let Musick joyn in a Chorus Divine,
In praise of all, of all, of all,
That Celebrate, that Celebrate,
This Glorious Festival.
Sound Trumpets sound, beat every Drum,
Till it be known through Christendom ;*

*This is the Knell of falling Rome,
To him that our Mighty Defender has been,
Sound all,
And to all the Heroes invited him in,
Sound all,
And as the chief Agents of this Royal Work,
Long flourish the City and County of York.*



VIVE le ROY.

*The Poet's humble Address to the King.
The Words made to a pleasant Tune.*

NOW over *England* Joy to express,
 Sing, sing *vive le Roy* ;
 The Town and the Countrys have made an Address,
 And sing *vive le Roy*.
 For Loyalty many, and many for Place ;
 True Hearts duty employ,
Whiggs, now Publish your Joy ;
High-Church and *Low-Church*,
 The True *Church*, and No *Church*,
 All Sing, sing *vive le Roy*,
 All Sing *vive le Roy*.

A Glorious Feast *Great Britain* may boast,
 Sing, sing *vive le Roy* ;
 Where since Royal *George*, Treat us all at his cost,
 Who sing *vive le Roy* :
 The Muses 'tis hop't, may have share of the roast,
 Sound, sound far as the Sky ;
 Fame, fame never to dye,
 For the Cause Royal, Obedient and Loyal :
 They Sing, sing *vive le Roy*,
 All Sing &c.

Poets

Poets affirm to fix their renown,
Sing, sing *vive le Roy* ;
In all *Revolutions*, some up and some down,
Sing, sing *vive le Roy* :
Not one out of *Forty*, was false to the *Crown*,
Rare, rare carols of joy ;
Bear, bear fancys on high,
Common-wealth haters, Abhorring all *Traitors* :
They sing, sing *vive le Roy*,
All sing &c.

Humours go round the *Town* at each meal,
Sing, sing *vive le Roy* ;
And if we in *Wit*, as in *Metals* may deal,
Sing, sing *vive le Roy* :
Tho' some are of *Lead*, yet the best are in *Steel*,
Round, round *Europe* they fly ;
Wide, wide *Nations* supply,
Loyal Spectators, with *Morals* and *Satyr*s :
Still sing, sing *vive le Roy*,
Sing, sing &c.

If the wise *Members* ripe for a *Fray*,
Would Sing *vive le Roy* ;
And take my *Advice* in a moderate way,
Or sing *vive le Roy* :
Chuse quiet two *Bottles*, and three *Meals* a day,
No more *Strife* would destroy,
No more *Malice* supply ;
Virulent stories, the *Whiggs*, and the *Tories*,
Would end all, *vive le Roy*,
All, all &c.

But if vile humours lasting and long,
Wont sing *vive le Roy* ;
Both sides to support it, with *Libel* that's strong,
To sing *vive le Roy* :

Must

Must hire *Tom Durfey* to make a smart Song,
 Where, where, as in a glass,
 They'll see plainly each face ;
Lyrick, and *Crambo*, to *vy el de Gambo*,
 Would soon sing, &c.

Thus mighty Sir, thus finishing all,
 Sing, sing *vive le Roy* ;
 I wish you long Life, and your Fame to extol,
 And sing *vive le Roy* :
 You'd throw down *Mardyke*, and you'd build up
Whitehall,
 Hark, hark Muses on high,
 Chant loud Carols of Joy :
Britain's Reliever, Reign o're us for ever,
 And long, long *vive le Roy*,
 Long, long *vive le Roy*.



A New SONG on the late Peace, and the present turn of Times. The Words made to a pretty Playhouse Tune.

NOW some Years are gone,
 Since you saw *Apollo* smiling,
Britain's cares exiling ;
 When the Dove was flown :
 To crop the Branch, the sign of Peace,
 Then flew o're the Nation,
 A Royal Proclamation ;
 Human gore,
 Should flow no more,
 Nor Crimson o're,
 The *Flemish* shore :
 All hated feuds abroad, should ever cease,
[*Second*

[*Second Movement.*]

Above twenty Years did France oppose,
With hopes of Empire blinded ;
Castile, to frighted Peace with blows,
Tho' now they think fit to mind it :
The *Hogan* that plunder'd our Fishing before,
Tho' grumbling agreed to secure his gain :
And the greedy *Spread-Eagle* that gap'd to have
Spain
At last too was forc'd to come o'er.

But if this sham Peace do at last bring
France upon us ;
High-Church has undone us,
That caused War to cease :
Had ruin'd else the *Monsieur* quite :
Then if Forces slender,
Can bring in the *P——r* :
Waft him here,
Thro' plains of Air,
And turn the State,
In spight of Fate :
You may affirm, the *Tories* plotted right.

[*Third Movement.*]

But let Royal *George* live long in Health,
He'll prop the sinking Nation ;
If Peace don't bring us Fame and Wealth,
Mardyke shall have small Cessation :
Our Council are wise, and their Policy sure,
That against all our fears, will our Rights maintain ;
By *Marlborough's* Arms, and the *Chancellor's* Brain,
Our Country shall still be Secure.



*The Coronation HEALTH; the Words made
to a pretty new Tune.*

Great *Cæsar* is Crown'd,
To the Skies let it sound ;
Tho' the *Tories*, the *Tories*, the *Tories*, the *Tories*
With Malice, do grumble and lower :
Whilst *Whiggs* raise their Joys,
With a general Voice ;
And with Boo, huzza boo, huzza boo, huzza,
The great Cannon go off at the *Tower*.

Prince *Wallia* along,
Gave such Grace through the throng ;
That you'd fancy, you'd fancy, you'd fancy, you'd fancy,
Some God had descended :
His Goddess look'd on,
And with joy heard each Gun ;
Give a boo, huzza a boo, huzza a boo, huzza,
By her brace of young Angels attended.

Then fill Glasses high,
For methinks I am dry,
'Till I'm toping, I'm toping, I'm toping, I'm toping,
Success to the King and the Nation :
'Twill wit too Inspire,
And we'll second the Fire ;
Of the boo, huzza boo, huzza boo, huzza,
Never was a more Glorious occasion.



MUSIDORA :

*A New SONG. The Words made to a
pretty Scotch Ayre.*

O Penning Budds began to shew
The Beauty of their vernal Treasure,
Spring had routed Frost and Snow,
Obeying *Flora's* Pleasure :
Damon by a River's side,
Whose silver Streams did gently glide,
Compar'd his Blessings to the Tide,
That flow'd beyond all Measure.

Musidora Fair and Young
With panting Rapture still alarms me,
Motion, Shape, or Charming Tongue,
All raise a Flame that warms me :
Eyes excelling *Titan's* Ray ;
But when she's most divinely gay,
And kindly designs to sing and play,
Oh *Venus* ! how she charms me.

Sylvia, dearest of all Dears,
Charm'd by Nature to content ye,
In her Face the Figures wears
Of Pleasure, Joy, and Plenty :
Kindling Hopes, and Doubts, and Fears,
The Young inchant, the Old she cheers,
So well she makes dull seventy Years,
Grow brisk as Five and Twenty.



*On the Warwickshire Peers. A New Sonnet.
The Words made to a pretty Tune.*

Ride all *England* o'er,
East and West, South or Nore,
And try every *British* Peer ;
The *Warwickshire* Lords
Will excel what affords,
Any other remaining Shire.
Peer *Den—gh* is kind,
And a hearty true Friend,
Lord *Cr—n* the same we know,
He'll still hold ye to't,
From the Dram to the Flute,
And ne'er give ye a Hint to go.

North—ton of Fame
Should have first here a Name,
Whose Deserts great Applause have gain'd,
His brave Loyal Race,
To their Country a Grace,
In Old Times the Crown's Right maintain'd :
Lord *Brook* by his Choice
Would make *Warwick* rejoyce,
Would his Spleen let him Harbour there,
But since that plagues his Head,
For his Cure let him read
* *Le Malade Imaginaire.*

Lord *Willoughby's* Old,
But couragious and bold,
For the Rights of the Church and Crown,
Who though ninety Odd,
Was freezing his Blood,
For the Cause would rise post to Town :
But, oh, to its Shame,
There is one without Name,

* *A Play of Molieres.*

Tho'

Tho' the *French* have it plain, *un fou*,
I say nought of his Face,
But his stigmatiz'd Dress,
You'll find is a *Coventry* Blue.

And now this is past,
To dear *Stonely* I hast,
That its Patron my Praise may share,
Spite do what it can,
He that looks like a Man,
May still find a Welcome there :
The Queen still goes round,
And the Warriours renown'd,
The Church too, and all its Sons,
Who cry, let's go there,
Some good News we shall hear,
Lord *Thomas* has fir'd his Guns.

Lord *Digby* of late
Is so wondrous sedate,
That 'tis counted a kind of Crime,
Condemn'd to his house,
Without sometimes a Loose,
He'd be sainted before his time ;
A regular Life,
Free from Faction and Strife,
Gains Applause still amongst the Wise ;
But who shuns all Converse,
Lives as 'twere in a Hearse,
And is dead now, before he dies.



The Brisk COMPANION.

Reflecting on the Party Humours and Discourse of WHIGG and TORY. A New SONG; Written in the Great Snow. The Words made to a pretty New Minuet.

FLow the flowry Rain,
 That blanches round the Plain,
 Filling the Hills and the Dales so fast,
 Snow will soon be gone ;
 Then, then the vernal Sun
 Brightly will right ye
 From Troubles past,
 When his Glory does restore me,
 Wine his Creature,
 Charms my Nature,
 Drink, drink then to the Wise and Brave ;
 Torys raise your little King,
 Whiggs, let all the *Tories* swing,
 I, a Club more brisk will have.

 Rot 'em, crys the *Whigg*,
 Steeple Rogues grow so big,
 To their New *Perkin* they roar a Song ;
 Oh, says *High-Church* Brood,
 We can't be understood,
 They take a King that can't speak our Tongue ;
 This a Canter,
 This a Ranter ;
 One for true Kings,
 One for New Kings ;
 Stark Mad, they often fall to Blows,
 Whilst our jolly Beaus esprits
 Drink, o're Wit and Harmony,
 Hang the Sect can be our Foes.

LOVE and GRATITUDE : Or, *The* PARALELL;
A Lyrical ODE, taken from a Chapter
in the famous Italian Boccace.

I N Old *Italian* Tales we read
A Youth, by Riot, and fond Love undone,
Had yet a Faulcon left of famous Breed,
His sole Companion in his fatal Need,
And chief Diversion when he left the Town.

The Saint that did his Soul possess,
Touch'd with a generous Sense of his Distress,
Made him a Visit at his poor Retreat,
Whom his Heart nobly feasted, but alas,
His empty Purse could get ;
Nothing was good enough for her to eat :

'Till rack'd with shame, and a long fruitless Search ;
He, more to make his perfect Love appear,
His darling Hawk snatch'd from the Pearch,
And dress'd it for his Dear ;
Which generous Act did so entirely gain her,
She gave him all her Love and Wealth,
And nobly paid her Entertainer.

PARALELL.

So when my Love, with Fate at Strife,
In hope was lost to gain the Fair,
And Nature's darling Hawk, my Life,
Was doom'd a Feast for sad Despair.
Divine *Olympia* chang'd the sad Decree,
And with infallible Divinity,
Gave a new Being to my Soul and me.

The

The Yeoman of Kent, A BALLAD.

*Relating how the Parson of S——b finding
long George in his Shirt under his
favourite Maid's Bed, beat him, and
turn'd him home without his Cloaths.*



IN *Kent* I hear, there lately did dwell
Long *George*, a *Yeoman* by trade,
Plump, lively and young, brisk, jolly and strong,
Who fugell'd the Parson's fine Maid,
And her Ruffdom, Ruffdom, frizledom Madg,
Her Hey Rump, frizlerump de,
Rowze about, towze about, seek all the House about,
Under the Bed was he.

It once fell out, a Moon-shiny Night,
It seems his Passion did move,
He thought fit to woee her, and do something to her,
So great was the Power of his Love,
To her Ruffdom, &c.

At Window then he softly did call,
Sweet *Amber Mary* pray rise,
Since *May-day* our dancing, Love has been advancing,
And thou art my beautiful Prize ;
With thy Ruffdom, &c.

Fye *George*, she crys, these Words are but Toys,
My Master sleeps in his Bed,
The Door it is lock'd, and I'm in my Smock,
Be gone, there's no more to be said
To my Ruffdom, &c.

The God of Love, says he, wounded me,
And bade me fly to thy Arms,
I must, and I will, this night have my Fill,
And tast of the luscious Charms

Of thy Ruffdom, &c.

Did Love command, dear *Georgy*, thy Hand?
For then it can be no Sin;

He scrawling, she tugging, with hawling and lugging,
Through Window at last he got in

To her Ruffdom, &c.

They were so fierce, they made the Bed squeak,
The Parson heard them, as 'tis said,
Who Marriage obeying, and with his Wife praying,
Found one did the same to his Maid

In her Ruffdom, &c.

Then both soon rose, but *Georgy* was gone,
Who heard the Noise that they made,
That they might not find him, and afterwards bind him,
He screw'd himself under the Bed

From her Ruffdom, &c.

But 'twould not do, the Wife found him out,
Brown Bum blaz'd under the Bed;
Oh *Mary*, she swore, Odswoons y'are a Whore,
And soon you in Jayl shall be laid,

With your Ruffdom, &c.

The Parson crys, ye wicked young Dog,
How durst you do such a Folly?
For tho' to save Strife, I may preach with my Wife,
I sometimes sing Anthems with *Molly*,

And her Ruffdom, &c.

Then out he pull'd Tall *George* in his Shirt,
And gave with Bedstaff some Blows,
Then sent him away to his Farm before Day,
But without ever a Rag of his Clothes,
From the Ruffdom, Ruffdom, frizledom Madg,
The Hey Rump, frizlerump Dee,
Rowze about, towze about, seek all the House about,
Under the Bed was he.

The

The Courtier and Country Maid. A Ballad.

[CHORUS first.]

[*Second Movement, like a Chorus.*]

*'Twas in the flowry Spring,
The Linnet, Nightingale and Thrush,
Sate on the fresh green hawthorn Bush,
And Jug, jug, jug, and twee, twee, twee,
Most sweetly they did sing.*

[*Bombuy and Doppa.*]

Bom. ALL you that either hear or read,
This Ditty is for your Delight :
Dop. 'Tis of a pretty Country Maid,
And how she served a courtly Knight.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Bom.

Bom. This courtly Knight, when Fields were green,

Dop. And *Sol* did genial Warmth inspire,

Com. A Farmer's Daughter late had seen,
Whose Face had set his Heart on Fire,

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Dop. Oft to her Father's House he came,

Bom. And kindly was receiv'd there still,

Dop. The more be added to his Shame,
Since only 'twas to gain his Will.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

One Evening then amongst the rest

He came to visit the good Man,

But needs must know where *Clara* was,

And heard she was a milking gone.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Then call'd he for his pamper'd Steed,

With Pistols at his Sadle Bow,

And to the Meadow rode with Speed,

Where she was milking of her Cow.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Her pretty Hands that stroak'd the Teats,

From whence the Milk down streaming came,

Inform'd his Thoughts of other Sweets,

That more increas'd his raging Flame.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Then off he lights, and tyes his Horse,

And swore she must his Pain remove,

If not by fair Means, yet by Force,

Since he was dying for her Love,

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

The pearly Tears now trickling fall,

That from her bashful Eyes do flow,

But that he heeded not at all,

But does her strait his Pistols shew.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

But first pull'd out a fine gay Purse,
 Well lin'd within, as she might see,
 And cry'd, before it happens worse,
 Be wise, and take a Golden Fee.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Oh keep your Gold, reply'd the Maid,
 I will not take your golden Fee,
 For well you hope to be repay'd,
 And greater Treasure take from me,
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

A thundering Oath then out he sent,
 That she should presently be dead ;
 For were his Heart not eas'd, he meant
 Point blank to shoot her thro' the Head.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Then making hast to seize her, went
 And laid the Fire-Arms at her Feet,
 Whilst *Clara* seeing his Intent,
 Has no recourse to Aid, but Wit.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

She feigns a Smile, and clinging close,
 Cry'd out, I've now your Courage try'd,
 Y'have met no simple Country Mouse,
 My Dear, you shall be satisfied.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

My Father takes me for a Saint,
 Tho' weary of my Maiden Geer,
 That I may give you full Content,
 Pray look, Sir Knight, the Coast be clear.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Look out, and see who comes and goes,
 And you shall quickly have your Will ;
 For if my Father nothing knows,
 Then I shall be a Maiden still.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

The witless Knight peeps o'er the Hedge,
As one well pleas'd with what he heard,
Whilst she does both the Pistols snatch,
And boldly stood upon her Guard.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Keep off, keep off, Sir Fool, she cry'd,
And from this Spot of Ground retire,
For if one Yard to me you stride,
By my sav'd Maiden-head I fire.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

My Father once a Soldier was,
And Maids from Ravishers would free,
His Daughter too, in such a Case,
Can shoot a Gun as well as he.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

For Sovereign too, when Foe invades,
Can on Occasion bravely kill,
Not shoot, like you, at harmless Maids,
That wont obey your Savage Will.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Who when the good old Man, whose Cheer
Shew'd welcome, tho' of little cost,
A Rape thought on his Daughter dear,
Most grateful way to pay your Host.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Go home, ye Fop, where Game's not dear,
And for half Crown a Doxiey get,
But seek no more a Partridge here,
You could not keep, tho' in your Net.

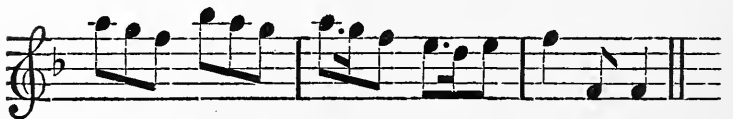
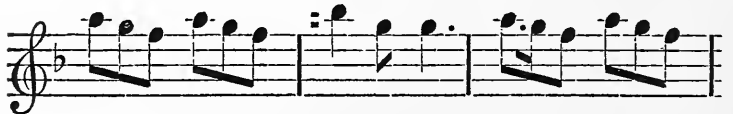
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

At this the Knight look'd like a Mome,
He sues and vows, but vain was all,
She soon convey'd the Trophies home,
And hung up in her Father's Hall.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.



*A SONG in the last Act of the Modern
Prophets. Sung by Mr. Pack.*

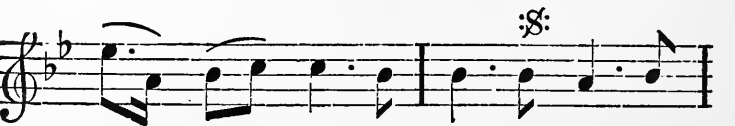
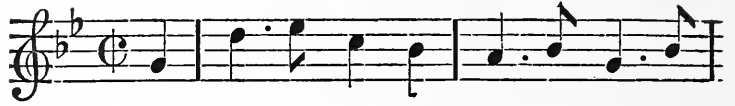


Would ye have a young Virgin of fifteen Years,
You must tickle her Fancy with sweets and
dears,
Ever toying, and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
Sing a Love Sonnet, and charm her Ears :
Wittily, prettily talk her down,
Chase her, and praise her, if fair or brown,
Sooth her, and smooth her,
And teaze her, and please her,
And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a Widow well known in a Man ?
With a front of Assurance come boldly on,
Let her rest not an Hour, but briskly, briskly,
Put her in mind how her Time steals on ;
Rattle and prattle although she frown,
Rowse her, and towse her from Morn to Noon,
Shew her some Hour y'are able to grapple,
Then get but her Writings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a Punk of a Humour free,
That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality,
You must rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her
Pleasure's best Charm is Variety,
Swear her much fairer than all the Town,
Try her, and ply her when Cully's gone,
Dog her, and jog her,
And meet her, and treat her,
And kiss with two Guinea's, and all's your own.



A SONG. On Young Olinda.



When Innocence, and Beauty meet,
To add to Lovely Female Grace,
Ah, how beyond Expression sweet
Is every Feature of the Face :

By Vertue, ripened from the Bud,
The flower Angelick Odours breeds,
The fragrant Charms of being good,
Makes gawdy Vice to smell like Weeds.

Oh Sacred Vertue, tune my Voice,
With thy inspiring Harmony ;
Then I shall sing of rapturing Joys,
Will fill my Soul with Love of thee.

To lasting Brightness be refin'd,
When this vain Shadow flies away,
Th' eternal Beauties of the Mind
Will last, when all Things else decay.



*An ODE on Musidora, walking in the
Spring - Garden. The Tune by Mr.
Croft.*

The musical score is written in G minor (one flat) and 3/4 time. It consists of seven staves of music. The first staff begins with a repeat sign (double bar line with dots) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in a single treble clef. The piece concludes with a final repeat sign on the seventh staff.



AH, how sweet are the cooling Breez,
 And the blooming Trees,
 When into his Bower Love guides *Musidora*,
 When we meet there, the Nightingales sing pretty Tales,
 Mistaking my Dear for the Goddess *Aurora*,
 Jessamines and Roses,
 A thousand pretty Poses,
 The Summer's Queen discloses,
 And strews as she walks.

Oh *Venus*, oh, how sweet are the cooling Breez,
 And the blooming Trees,
 When into his Bower Love guides *Musidora*,
 Passion, Devotion, she gains with each Motion,
 Lutes too, and Flutes too, are heard when she talks.
 Oh *Venus*, oh, how sweet are the cooling Breez,
 And the blooming Trees,
 When into his Bower Love guides *Musidora*.

*A Farewel to the Town.**A New SONG.*

Farewel the Towns ungrateful Noise,
 Hurry, Strife, that damps all Joys,
 Where Reason proud Ambition blinds,
 Frenzy of unquiet Minds,
 Ease and Pleasure,
 Blest with Leasure,
 In sweet Groves my Choice shall be,
 Cælia smiling,
 Time beguiling,
 Dear Content's a World to me.

Late manag'd Peace does nought avail,
 Lawyers bawl, and Parsons rail,
 A Friend against a Friend must be,
 And darling Brothers disagree ;
 Yet their Stories,
 Whiggs and *Tories*,
 Both would change did gain appear,
 Charming Graces
 In a Place is
 Of a thousand Pound a Year.

Great *Pan* has left his foreign Powers,
 Where Peace sat smiling crown'd with Flowers,
 To govern *Albion's* stubborn Flocks,
 Whose Hearts are harder than their Rocks ;
 He that's Royal
 Loves all Loyal
 Hearts like mine, from Treason free,
 Peace when lasting,
 Love ne'er wasting,
 Is a World to him and me.

Oh, State and Glory unconfin'd,
 Thou burning Feaver of the Mind,

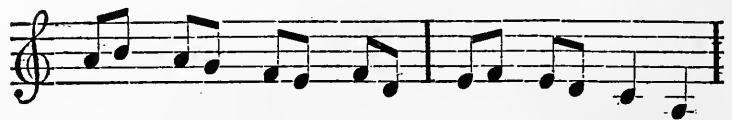
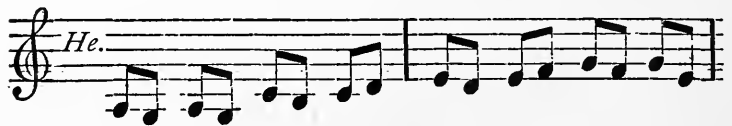
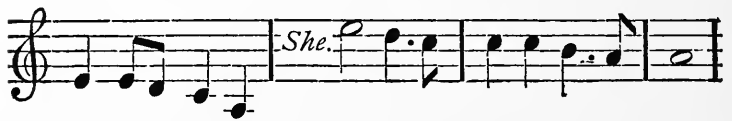
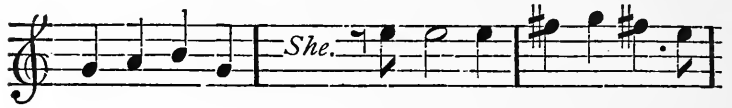
I, midst the Grandeur thou dost bear,
In Content more blest appear ;
 Flowers when springing,
 Birds when singing,
In my Rural Shade I see,
 Plots ne'er making,
 Heart ne'er aking,
Dear Content's a World to me.

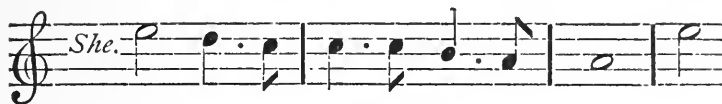


*A Dialogue in the Kingdom of the Birds,
to the famous Cebell of Signior Baptist
Lully.*

She.







She. **P**Ray now *John*, let *Fug* prevail,
 Doff thy Sword and take a Flail,
 Wounds and Blows, with scorching Heat,
 Will abroad be all you'll get.

He. Zooks y'are mad, ye simple Jade,
 Begone and don't prate ;

She. How think ye I shall do with *Hob* and *Sue*,
 And all our Brats, when wanting you :

He. When I am rich with plunder,
 Thou my Gain shalt share, *Fug*.

She. My Share will be but small, I fear,
 When bold Dragoons have been pickering there,
 And the Flea flints, the *Germans* strip 'em bare.

He. Mind your Spinning,
 Mend your Linnen ;
 Look to your Cheese too,
 Your Piggs and your Geese too :

She. No, no, I'll ramble out with you ;

He. Blood and Fire,
 If you tire,
 Thus my Patience,
 With Vexations, and Narrations,

Thumping, thumping, thumping
 Is the fatal Word, *Joan* ;

She. Do, do, I'm good at thumping too.

He. *Morableau*, that Huff shall never do.

She

She. Come, come *Fohn*, let's buss and be Friends,
Thus still, thus Love's Quarrel ends ;
I my Tongue sometimes let run,
But alas, I soon have done.

He. 'Tis well y'are quash'd,
You'd else been thrash'd,
Sure as my Name's *Fohn* :

She. Yet fain I'd know for what
Y'are all so hot,
To go to fight where nothing's got.

He. Fortune will be kind,
And we shall then grow great too ;

She. Grow Great,
Yet want both Drink and Meat,
And Coin, unless the pamper'd *French* you beat ;
Ah, take care *Fohn*, take care,
And learn more Wit.

He. Dare you prate still,
At this rate still,
And like a Vermin,
Grudge my Preferment ;

She. You'll beg, or get a wooden Leg.

He. Nay if Bawling, Caterwawling,
Tittle tattle, prittle prattle,
Still must Rattle,

She. I'll be gone, and straight aboard,
Do, do, do, and so shall *Hob* and *Sue*,
Fugg too, and all the ragged Crew.



The Play-house Saint; Or, Phillis unmasked.

A New Ballad.

Near famous *Covent-Garden*
A Dome there stands on high ;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Where Kings are represented,
And Queens in Metre dye ;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

The Beaus and Men of Business
Diversions hither bring,
To hear the wanton Doxies prate,
And see 'em dance and sing ;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Here *Phillis* is a Darling,
As she her self gives out,
For a fa, la, la, la,

As tight a Lass as ever
Did use a Double Clout,
On her fa, la, la, la, &c.

She's brisk and gay, and cunning,
And wants a Wedlock Yoke,
Her Mother was before her

As good as ever strook
For a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Young Suitors she had many,
From 'Squire, up to the Lord,
For her fa, la, la, la, &c.

And daily she refus'd 'em,
For Vertue was the Word ;
With her fa, la, la, la, &c.

A Saint she would be thought,
And dissembled all she could,
But jolly Rakes all knew she was
Of Play-house Flesh and Blood,
And her fa, la, la, la, &c.

Her

Her Mother when encourag'd
 With warm *Geneva* Dose,
 And a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 Still cry'd, take care dear *Philly*,
 To keep thy Hanches close,
 And this fa, la, la, la, &c.
 This made her stand out stoutly,
 Opposing all that come,
 Though twenty Demi-Cannon
 Still were mounted at her Bum,
 And her fa, la, la, la, &c.
 The Knight and Country Squire
 Were shot with her disdain,
 And her fa, la, la, la, &c.
 The Lawyer was outwitted,
 The hardy Soldier slain,
 By her fa, la, la, la, &c.
 The bluff Tarpolian Sailor
 In vain cry'd hard a Port,
 She buffed Shirks at Sea,
 As the Country, Town, and Court ;
 With her fa, la, la, la, &c.
 The God of Love grown angry,
 That *Phillis* seemed so shy,
 Of her fa, la, la, la, &c.
 Resolv'd her Pride to humble,
 And rout her pish and fie ;
 He sent a splayfoot Taylor,
 Who knew well how to stitch,
 And in a little time had found
 A Button for her Britch,
 And her fa, la, la, la, &c.
 Yet was it not so close,
 But 'tis known without all Doubt,
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 A little humane Figure
 Has secretly dropp'd out,
 From her fa, la, la, la, &c.

And

And tho' some petty Scandal
 Pursue this Venial Fact,
 Her Mother she swears Zoons and C——t
 Her Honour is intact,

And her fa, la, la, la, &c.

Oh *Phillis*, then be wise,
 And give Ease to Lover's rack'd,
For your fa, la, la, la, &c.

Let Coyness be abated,
 You know the Pitcher's crack'd,
By a fa, la, la, la, &c.

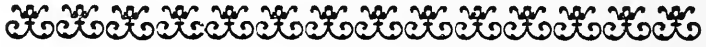
For shame, let lowsie Taylors
 No more your Love trapan,
 Since nine of 'em, you know 'tis said,
 Can hardly make a man ;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.



*A SONG, in my Comedy of the Marriage
 Hater match'd : Set by Mr. Henry Pur-
 cell. The Tune to be found prick'd in
 his Orph. Brit.*

AS soon as the *Chaos* was turn'd into Form,
 And the first Race of Men knew a Good from a
 Harm,
 They quickly did joyn
 In a Knowledge divine,
 That the World's chiefest Blessings were Women and
 Wine :
 Since when by Example, improving Delights,
 Wine governs our Days, Love and Beauty our Nights ;
 Love on then, and drink,
 'Tis a Folly to think
 On a Mystery out of our Reaches ;
 Be moral in Thought,
 To be Merry's no Fault,

Tho' an Elder the contrary preaches ;
 For never my Friends,
 Never, never my Friend,
 Never, never my Friends, was an Age of more Vice,
 Then when Knaves would seem pious, and Fools
 would seem wise.



*The Queen's Health : Or, New Gillian of
 Croydon. The Remarks of three Jolly
 Lasses over a Bottle, on the present
 Affairs, and News.*

FAME loudly thro' *Europe* passes,
 And sounds of many a Wound and Bruise,
 Once more then *Croydon* Lasses
 Were met to settle the foreign News,
 The same that the Healths began,
 In Master *Willy's* late Reign,
 Brown *Nelly*, black *Foan*, and *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Gillian, young *Gillian*, plump *Gillian*, bold *Gillian* of
Croydon, fill a new Glass cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
 Here's to our new Mistress *Nan*.

What ails this mad *Bavary*,
 Crys *Nell*, Old *Nick's* in that beaten Duke,
 For playing a strange Vagary,
 For which he lately had found Rebuke ;
 And they'll ferret him in the Ban,
 Let the Bishop relieve if he can,
 A Brace of false Loons, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
Gillian of *Croydon*, *Gillian*, blunt *Gillian*, jolly *Gillian* of
Croydon, let 'em be damn'd, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croydon*,
 Fill round to our Mistress *Nan*.

Nell dress'd as sprunt as a Daizy,
 Cry'd, what a Plague ails our King of *Spain*,
 That getting Ground he's so lazy,
 And what's become of brave Prince *Eugene* ?

Who

Who the Marshall you know did trapan,
And snapt like a Frog by a Swan ;
'Twill ne'er be forgot, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*,
Gillian of Croydon, *Gillian*, pert *Gillian*, merry *Gillian of Croydon*,
take off your glass, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*,
A Bumper to Mistress *Nan*.

Dutch Hums our Health may wish too,
We sav'd their Herrings with Pain and Toyl,
For had we not cook'd their fish so,
Their Butter all had been turn'd to Oyl ;
I'll pawn all the Things in my Room,
To welcome the General home,
And I my best Smocks, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*,
Gillian of Croydon, *Gillian*, blunt *Gillian*, frolick
Gillian
Of *Croydon*, but the mean time, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*,
Put round to our Mistress *Nan*.

Proud *Lewis*, for all his Incomes,
Says Nell, now finds that his Hands are full,
The Old Queen too has got the Crincums,
And her Advices now prove but Dull :
Then hey for the Squabble in *Spain*,
When both the Boys meet on the Plain,
Fight Dog and fight Bear, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*,
Gillian of Croydon, *Gillian*, stout *Gillian*, shrew'd
Gillian
Of *Croydon*, brim it then round, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*,
Long Life to our Mistress *Nan*.

Thus settling of foreign Matters,
They top'd till Civil Wars broke at home,
Foan lisp'ing her Liquor scatters,
And *Nelly* hiccuping calls her Mome,
Then told her of *Robin* and *Fohn*,
Till strait the Quoif tearing began ;
Y'are two drunken Jades, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*,
Gillian of Croydon, *Gillian*, sly *Gillian*, bowzy *Gillian of Croydon*,
but to make Friends, cry'd *Gillian of Croydon*,
Once more to our Mistress *Nan*.



MAD Loons of *Albany*, what is't you do ?
 You'll find your wrangling, and your jangling,
 Playing aw the Foo ;
 Bread, why dee heed the *Mounsieur's* wily Tales ?
 Or plague your Noddles to bring in the Prince of *Wales*.
 Wiser Pates than yours have laid Succession right,
 And aw the bonny Highlanders for that should fight ;
 Unite then as one Man,
 And leave what you began,
 To gang to *Kirk*, and beg long Life for geud Queen *Ann*.

Well aided *Portugals*, our Allie true,
 Our High and Mighty,
 Friends to right ye,
 Will send *Quota's* too,
 Aw joyn'd in muckle Power the *French* pursue ;
 Geud Feth 'tis fit the doughty Scot should do so too.
 In Cabals no more than let your Bosoms swell,
 But sing with Joy, for glorious things have late befel,
 Nor raise the jarring Vein,
 Who shall hereafter Reign,
 But gang to *Kirk*, and beg long Life for geud Queen
Ann.



A New SONG.

Made in honour of the Worthy Society of Archers, meeting the 11th of January, Anno 1711. By T. D'Urfey. The Words made to a pretty Tune; She turns up her Silver hair.

O F all noble Sports
 Us'd in Country or Court,
 For our Health or our true Delight,
 The Wise have confest
 That an Archer's is best,
 As 'tis also the noblest Sight;
 He firmly does stand,
 And looks like a Man,
 When the Shaft strongly drawn does go:
 Drink away then my Boys,
 And to heighten our Joys,
 Sing in praise of the brave long Bow.
Britain's Father's did chuse,
 E'er damn'd Guns were in use,
 With this Weapon to end their Frays;
 Fam'd *Agin* Court,
 Shews at this Royal Sport,
 How we conquer'd in *Henry's* Days;
 The *Monsieur* was mawl'd,
 And the *English* extoll'd,
 From the *Thames* to the Gallick *Sein*:
 And were Guns laid aside,
 And our Archers were try'd,
 We are sure we could do't again.
 Health that we gain to our Body and Brain,
 To the World has been clearly shewn;
 Who e'er can say,
 He that shoots e'ry Day,
 Has the Strangury, Gout, or Stone?
He firmly does stand, &c.

A DIRGE.

*Sung in the First Part of Don Quixote by
a Shepherd and Shepherdess. Set by
Mr. Eales.*

Sleep, sleep poor Youth, sleep, sleep in Peace,
Reliev'd from Love, and mortal Care,
Whilst we that pine in Life's Disease,
Uncertain, blest less happy are.

Couch'd in the dark and silent Grave,
No Ills of Fate thou now canst fear,
In vain would Tyrant Power enslave,
Or scornful Beauty be severe.

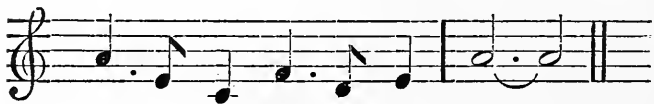
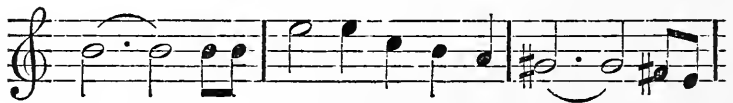
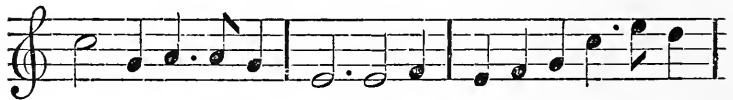
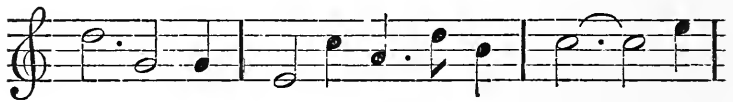
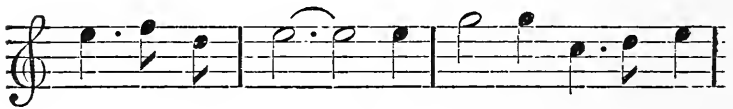
Wars that do fatal Storms disperse,
Far from thy happy Mansion keep,
Earthquakes that shake the Universe,
Can't rock thee into sounder Sleep.

With all the Charms of Peace possest,
Secure from Life's Tormentor, Pain,
Sleep and indulge thy self with Rest,
Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.

CHORUS.

*Past is the Fear of future Doubt,
The Sun is from the Dial gone,
The Sands are sunk, the Glass is out,
The Folly of the Farce is done,
The Folly of, &c.*

*A Satyr, or Ditty upon the jarring of the
Two East-India C——ys.*



ONE Morn as lately musing,
I went to the City to Poll,
Where Members then were a chusing,
I chanc'd to take up a Scrowl ;
A stinging Jest by my Soul,
It afterwards happen'd to be,
For the first Words as I unroul'd
Were, *Agree, you rich Cuckolds, agree.*

Tho' the Author's Brains did ramble,
The Sence was poynant and strong,
I soon found by the Preamble,
'Twas made of the Trading Throng,
That to *East India* belong,
As by the matter you'll see,
For the Burthen still of the Song
Was, *Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.*

Their golden Bags increasing,
The Old Company purse proud grew,
Till at last two Million raising,
Some others set up a New :
And they were for Trafficking too,
And cheating by Land and by Sea,
And swore they'd t'other undo,
Come agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

Resolv'd to be thought thrifty,
They got Subscriptions like mad,
Some wrote Ten Hundred and Fifty,
A Thousand more than they had :
I thought 'em bewitch'd be gad,
Or that I some Vision did see,
But the Old to truckle they made ;
Come agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

A thousand Rogues and Cheaters,
In *Cornhill*, you'd hear them call,
The *Tories*, and the *Tub-Meeters*,
That roosted near *Leadenhall*.

Oh how *Cheapside* too did bawl
 At those in the *Poulterey*,
 For shame, leave acting your Droll,
And agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

To the Senate then with Vigour,
 The Old soon after address'd,
 Tho' half were chous'd by the Tyger,
 That wondrous politick Beast.
 The whilst the unfortunate Rest,
 In course outvoted must be,
 Was ever known such a Jest,
Come, agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

Tho' baulk'd by this Digression,
 Yet moving another Spring,
 They made amends the next Session,
 And clearly carried the Thing :
 To Court their Case then they bring,
 And Reverence made on the Knee,
 But the Answer got from the K——
Was, Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

Tho' kept a while at Distance,
 Yet least they should totally drop,
 They got a legal Existence,
 And then were strait cock-a-hoop :
 But when the New ones did stoop,
 The t'other as huffing would be,
 For now again they got up,
Come agree, stubborn Cuckolds, agree.

The New with false, sham Storys,
 Of which each Noddle was full,
 Equip'd Sir *W. N——*
 An Envoy to the Mogul :
 And he did the Colony fool,
 With Tydings that never will be,
 Were e'er Stockjobbers so dull,
Come agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

The

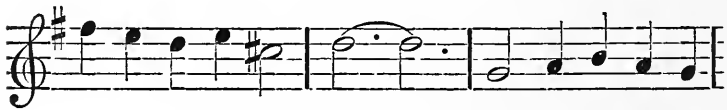
The Old that knew this Passage,
And what Commission he bore,
A jolly Lad, with a Message,
To contradict it sent o'er :
Another Packet he wore,
Five Hundred Pounds was his Fee,
It should have been as much more,
Come agree to that, Mizers, agree.

Ye jarring Powers that rule us,
What foolish doings are here ?
Whilst these two Factions fool us,
No honest Man can appear,
No Major be chose for the year,
But that some Trick in't will be,
Nor Knight can stand for the Shire,
Come agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

What hopes to have free Senates,
Whilst you are playing this Game,
And bribe the Boors and Tenants
Thro' Spite, each other to tame :
The Church too, Faith, has a Maime,
Whilst *Whiggs*, and High *Tories* there be ;
Reform, reform then for shame,
And agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.



*A SONG in my Comedy, call'd the Bath, or
the Western Lass. Set by Mr. Jeremy
Clark. Sung by Mrs. Lucas.*





Lord ! what's come to my Mother,
 That every Day more than other,
 My true Age she would smother,
 And says I'm not in my Teens ;
 Tho' my Sampler I've sown too,
 My Bib and my Apron out-grown too,
 Baby quite away thrown too,
 I wonder what 'tis she means ;
 When our *John* does squeeze my Hand,
 And calls me sugar sweet,
 My Breath almost fails me,
 I know not what ails me,
 My Heart does so heave and so beat.

I have heard of Desires,
 From Girls that have just been of my Years,
 Love compar'd to sweet Bryers,
 That hurts, and yet does please :
 Is Love finer than Money,
 Or can it be sweeter than Honey,
 I'm poor Girl such a Toney,
 Evads that I cannot guess,
 But I'm sure I'll watch more near,
 There's something that Truth will shew,
 For if Love be a Blessing,
 To please beyond Kissing,
 Our *Jane* and our Butler does know.

A SONG in praise of Soldiery, sung in Don Quixote, and set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell, which is compos'd in his Orpheus Britannicus.

Sing, sing all ye Muses, your Lutes strike around,
 When a Souldier's the Story, what Tongue can
 want Sound ?
 Who Danger disdains,
 Wounds, Bruises, and Pains,
 And the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains ;
 Rich Profit comes easy in Cities of Store,
 But the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do rore ;
 Yet see how they run
 At the storming a Town,
 Thro' Blood, and thro' Fire, to take the Half-moon ;
 They scale the high Wall,
 Whence they see others fall,
 Their Heart's precious darling, bright Glory pursuing,
 Tho' Death's under foot, and the Mine is just blowing ;
 It springs, up they fly,
 Yet more will supply,
 As Bridegrooms to marry, they hasten to die,
 'Till Fate claps her Wings,
 And the glad Tydings brings,
 Of the Breach being enter'd, and then they're all Kings ;
 Then happy's she, whose Face
 Can win the Soldier's Grace,
 They range about in State
 Like Gods, disposing Fate.
 No Luxury in Peace,
 Nor Pleasure in Excess,
 Can parallel the Joys the Martial Heroes crown,
 When flush'd with Rage, and forc'd by Want, they
 storm a wealthy Town.



The P E R O Q U E T T E.

An ODE; occasion'd by the seeing a very beautiful one, belonging to the Right Honourable the Earl of Leicester; with a small Remark upon his Lordship's fine Seat at Penshurst.

WELL mayst thou prate with mirthful Cheer,
And pick thy plummy green,
Who in delightful *Penshurst* here,
Art seated like a Queen.

Thou call'st upon a Widow oft,
Tho' few of them are known ;
With Look so sweet, and Touch so soft,
Dear Creature, as thy own.

Thus too in Groves, and Gardens fair,
Of Old, the *Sylvan* Gods,
Perfum'd with Breeze of fragrant Air,
Contriv'd Divine Abodes.

Others, *sic siti*,* may express,
Possess'd with Fancy vain,
Thou, only in thy Bower of Bliss,
That Phrase canst well maintain.

* *Sic siti letantur Lares.*

*A SONG, occasion'd by the speedy Addition
of two Million, made to the Bank of
Great Britain. Sung in the Modern
Prophets.*

The musical score consists of six staves of music, all in a single system. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a treble clef. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a B-flat key signature, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some slurs and accents. The second staff continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns. The third staff features a double bar line in the middle, indicating a section change or a repeat. The fourth staff continues the melody with some slurs. The fifth staff shows a change in the melody with some slurs and accents. The sixth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

M Ounsieur looks pale, and *Anjou* quakes,
Weakly stands the Thrones they sit on,
Dull is *Versailles*, th' *Escorial* shakes,
Hearing of the *Bank of Britain*.
Lewis storms to think the Foe,
Instead of sinking down grows stronger,
Morbleu, says he, their Millions grow,
'Tis in vain to fight 'em longer.

When K. of *Spain*, I crown'd young *Phill*,
And to fix him made such Offers,
Fernie, thought I, the *Bullion* will
All be cram'd now in my Coffers :
But these *Bougers* drink and whore,
And riot on each small Occasion,
And yet *begar* will ne'er be poor,
Le Grand Diable's in *de* Nation.

The *Spanish* Indies I possess,
Yet they bear a Purse above me,
And that I no Bank can raise,
Shews how well my People love me :
Former grand Success is gone,
Bruges, *Ghent*, and *Lisle* is taken,
Then whilst my Capital's my own,
I'll make Peace, and save my Bacon.





The fond Keeper's RELAPSE :

A New SONG.

*Inscrib'd to all whom it may concern : The
Words made to a pretty Play-house Tune,
call'd, Pretty Poll.*

C *Eladon* the gay,
In the merry, merry Month of *May*,
When the gawdy Flowers enamell'd lay,
Was with *Cælia* walking,
She to move
Talk'd of Love,
What could prove
Fitter for the Season, or the Theam of talking ;
Celadon was angry, you may guess,
He return'd no amorous Look nor Kiss,
But thus teas'd pretty Miss,
But thus, &c.

Go Seducer, go——
Let the World no more my folly know,
Nor let odious Names of Miss and Beau
Shame succeeding Ages ;
Hast away,
Nothing say,
I'll go pray,
Reason now at Folly past my Soul enrages :
I have been your Cully, Slave and Beast,
Thrown away ten Thousand Pound at least,
On pretty, pretty Miss,
On pretty, &c.

Rich

Rich Brocadoes so fine,
Phæbus never did so gayly shine,
And luxurious Flasks of *Cyprus* Wine
Swallow'd at our feasting ;
Curse on Pride,
Lets divide,
I a Bride

Now resolve on chusing, thus a Joy more lasting :
You have drain'd my Purse, and rais'd my Sins,
I have given Five Hundred Pound for Pins,
For pretty, pretty Miss,
For pretty, &c.

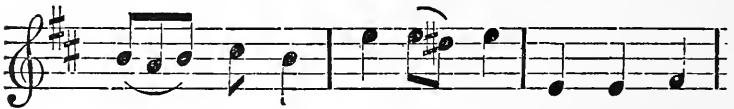
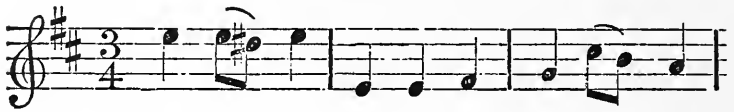
Farewel *Venus* Joys,
That my Heart so long did vainly prise,
Welcome Wedlock now to close my Eyes,
Never loud nor craving ;
Skin like Snow,
Eyes like Sloe,
And will go

In Callicoe, or lowly Chinse, to be more saving :
Can there any Life compare with this ?
Yet methinks I long for one more Kiss
From pretty, pretty Miss,
From pretty Miss, &c.

She t' improve the Mood,
Seeing like a Fool he gazing stood,
Peeping first, then turning up her Hood,
Runs in t' embrace him ;
Young and sly,
Had by th' By,
I'en scay quoy,

An Artifice that never, never fails caressing :
Soon was now forgot the Wedlock Bliss,
He that was subdu'd with one false Kiss
Went home with pretty Miss,
With pretty, pretty Miss.

*The first SONG to a Minuet of Don Quixote,
in the first Act.*



IF you will love me, be free in expressing it,
 And henceforth give me no cause to complain ;
 Or if you hate me, be plain in confessing it,
 And in few Words put me out of my Pain.
 This long delaying, with sighing and praying,
 Breeds only decaying in Life and Amour,
 Cooing and wooing,
 And daily pursuing,
 Is damn'd silly doing, therefore I'll give o'er.

If

If you'll propose a kind Method of ruling me,
 I may return to my Duty again ;
 But if you stick to your old way of fooling me,
 I must be plain, I'm none of your Men ;
 Passion for Passion on each kind Occasion,
 With free Inclination does kindle Love's Fire,
 But tedious prating,
 Coy folly debating,
 And new Doubts creating still make it expire.



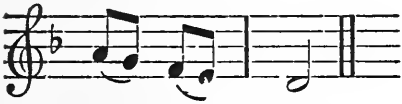
The Lady's Answer. The second Song to a Minuet, at the Duke's Entertainment of Don Quixote in the first Act.

[*To the same Tune.*]

YOU love, and yet when I ask you to marry me,
 Still have recourse to the Tricks of your Art,
 Then like a Fencer you cunningly parry me,
 Yet the same time make a Pass at my Heart.
 Fye, fye deceiver,
 No longer endeavour,
 Or think this way ever the Fort will be won ;
 No fond caressing
 Must be, nor unlacing,
 Or tender embracing, 'till th' Parson has done.
 Some say that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,
 Pleasing their Humours to rail at their Wives ;
 Others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,
 Comfort's Destroyer, and Plague of their Lives :
 Some are affirming,
 A Trap 'tis for Vermin,
 And yet with the Bait tho' not Prison agree,
 Ventrung that chouse you
 Must let me espouse you,
 If e'er my dear Mouse you will nibble at me.

LOVE

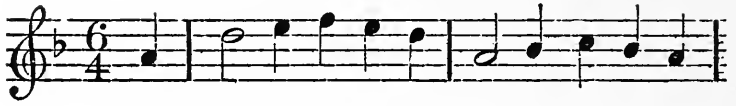
LOVE *and* SATYR.*A New* SONG.



When *Phœbus* does rise, the Flow'rs raise their
 Heads,
 And charm'd by his Influence, smile o'er the Meads,
 When *Cælia's* bright Eyes with kindness meet mine,
 New Hopes and new Raptures, my Joys make divine.
 We laugh and we sing, the Hours fly with Pleasure,
 Affairs abroad we care not to know,
 In Youth at our Leisure,
 Loves happy Treasure,
 Makes Blessings flow,
 Mortally averse to Brawlings of *High-Church* and *Low*.

Ye Wits of the Town,
 Ye Chiefs of the Gown,
 Ye Law-making Sages that flatter the Crown,
 How dare you address?
 How can you profess?
 To honour your Sovereign, yet still make her less,
 Whilst Factions reign of *Whigg* and of *Tory*,
 Your Zeal's a Banter to all Men of Sence ;
 'Tis Gain moves your Fury,
 And not her Glory,
 Nor our Defence,
 And the solemn Word, *Religion*, is merely Pretence.

The

The Second Movement.

No Feuds desiring,
 From Town retiring,
 Let's hast then, and share in the flourishing Bloom,
 Where Noise and Cares never come,
 Nor the jarring
 Of National warring,
 That yearly is plaguing all Christendom.

The



The Willoughby WHIM.

A Scotch SONG.

In a DIALOGUE between two Sisters.

Molly. O H *Fenny, Fenny*, where hast thou been?
Father and Mother are seeking for thee,
You have been ranting, playing the Wanton,
Keeping of *Fockey* Company.

Fenny. Oh *Molly*, I've been to hear Mill clack,
And grind Grist for the Family,
Full as it went I've brought home my Sack,
For the Miller has taken his Toll of me.

Molly. You hang your Smickets abroad to bleach,
When that was done, where could you be?

Fenny. I slipt down in the quickset Hedge,
And *Fockey* the Loon fell after me.

Molly. My Father you told you'd go to Kirk,
When Prayers were done, where could you be?

Fenny. Taking a Kiss of the Parson and Clerk,
And of other young Laddys some two or three.

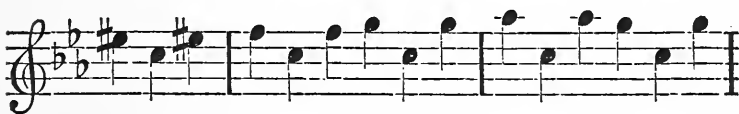
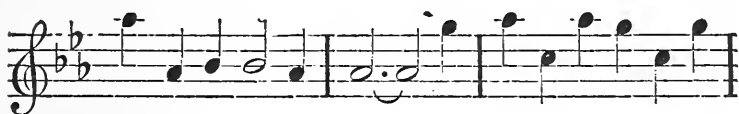
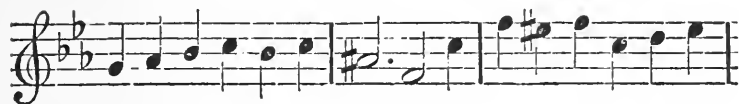
Molly. Oh *Fenny, Fenny*, what wilt thou do,
If Belly should swell, where wilt thou be?

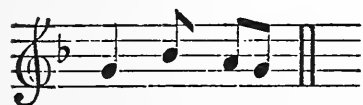
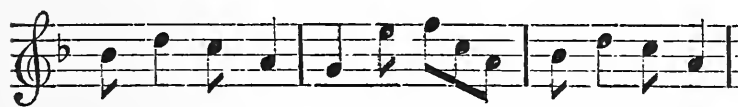
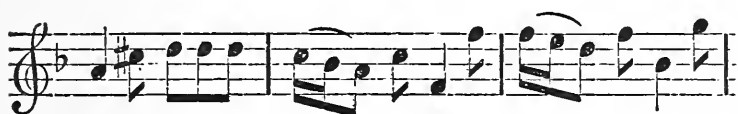
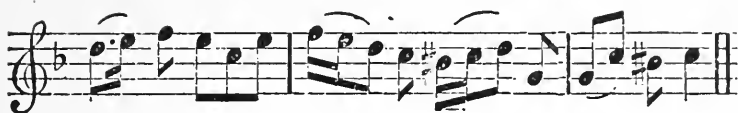
Fenny. Look to your self for *Fockey* is true,
And whilst Clapper goes will take care of me.

The

Pleasant and Divertive.

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WE *London* Valets all are Creatures,
No Modern Beau can live without,
Who tho' the Devil be in our Natures,
Divinely bring Intrigues about :

We

We wait, we run, cajole each Dun,
 Who threatens with the Laws Disasters,
 In Taverns snore, on Bench 'till four,
 Then bring the Miss for Morning Bliss,
 And often snack her with our Masters.
 And often snack her with our Masters.

At Seasons when the Senate's sitting,
 We mimick each Law-maker there,
 Without Doors those within outwitting,
 And act the Speaker in the Chair ;
 With Votes and Pleas,
 And Means and Ways,
 We ape the Legislative Jurys,
 At th' end o' th' Day
 We see a play,
 There full of Ale
 The Gallery scale,
 And roar, and clatter like the Furies.

Oft-times by Order 'tis our Duty,
 To go to the Play-house and take Rooms,
 There cheek by jole we sit with Beauty,
 And out-do clearly all Perfumes,
 Or if no Play
 Will please that Day,
 We're hurried strait to *Hide-Park* Corner,
 There Crambo sing
 Of all the Ring,
 What wanton Wives
 Lead Modish Lives,
 And who's the Cuckold, who's the Horner.



The Bell ASSEMBLY,

An ODE, occasion'd by K. William's entertaining the Ladies at Court every Wednesday. The Words made to a pretty New Ayre.

FOR too many past Years with *Belonia's* Alarms,
 Has poor *England* been made a meer stranger to
 Bliss,
 But the Goddess of concord now spreads her soft
 Charms,
 And new Gallantry shews us the Fruits of a Peace ;
 Mighty *William* fast binds
 The Hearts of both Kinds,
 Either Sex so oblig'd makes his Foes turn his Friends ;
 When our Land he releas'd,
 Then all Mankind he eas'd,
 But now far greater reigns, since the Ladies are pleas'd.
 As the Offspring of Light new adorning the Night,
 With their glittering Blaze make the Firmament bright,
 All the Nymphs shon so gay on great *Nassau's* Birthday,
 Had *Apollo* been there, had out-dazled each Ray,
 Which the Sovereign so fir'd,
 He nobly desir'd,
 To shew how Love and Beauty Valour inspir'd,
 And tho' Glory in view,
 He like *Cæsar* pursue,
 That he could, when he pleas'd, be *Mark-Anthony* too.
 So the fam'd *Macedon*, that the World overran
 With the Terour of Arms, and his Wonders in Fight,
 When the Ladies came down his new triumphs to crown,
 By their Beauty subdu'd gave a Loose to Delight ;
 All the Toyls of past Days
 The great *Mars* of the Battle unarms him and plays,
 Court Gallantry own'd,
 Jolly Revels went round,
 And the Captives late sorrow new pleasure soon drown'd.



I Hate a Fop that at his Glass
Stands prinking half the Day,
With a sallow frowzy olive colour'd Face,
And a powder'd Peruke hanging to his Wast,
Who with ogling imagines to possess,
And to shew his Shape does cringe and scrape,
But nothing has to say ;
Or if the Courtship's fine,
He'll only cant and whine,
And in confounded Poetry,
He'll Goblins make divine ;
I love the bold and brave,
I hate the fawning Slave,
That quakes and crys,
And sighs and lyes,
Yet wants the Skill,
With Sence to tell,
What 'tis he longs to have.

*A SONG, Sung by Mr. Leveridge in the
Comedy call'd, The Country Miss with
her Furbelow.*



*A drinking SONG, in praise of our Three
fam'd Generals.*



QUE chacun remplisse son verre,
 Pour boire a nos trois Generaux,
 Par tout ou marchent ces Heros,
 Ils menent a pres eux la victoire,
 Que chacun remplisse son verre,
 Pour boire a nous trois Generaux.

Que jamais Brille dans l'histoire
 La Glorie du brave *Marlborough* ;
Que jamais, &c.
 Auxson des verres et des Pots,
 Celebrons ici sa victoire ;
Que jamais, &c.

Beuvons a se Grand Capitaine
 Eugene, l'amour des ces Soldats ;
 Beuvons, &c.
Si tost qu'il paroît an Combat,
Tourjours le victoire est certain ;
 Beuvons a se, &c.

A *D'Auverquerque* en pleinetasse,
 Qu'on fasse raison pour ces exploits ;
 A D'Auverquerque, &c.
Sil n'est pas la premier des trois,
En Zele aucun nelny surpasse ;
 A D'Auverquerque, &c.

Que chacun devous a la ronde,
 Reponde et fasse comme moi ;
 Que chacun, &c.
C'est a la Reine que je bois,
Quelle reigner sur tout le monde ;
 Que chacun, &c.

Le pretendu Prince de *Galle*,
 De Batte soy disant notre Roi ;
 Le pretendu, &c.
Comme en *Eccosse* en diserroy,
A fuis d'une Ardeur sans *Esgale* ;
 Le pretendu, &c.

Si nous Amions autant la Glorie,
 Qua boire nous serrions des Heroes ;
 Si nous, &c.
Car parmi les verres le Pots,
Nous sommes seurs de la victoire ;
 Si nous, &c.

Translated from the *French*.

Fill every Glass, and recommend 'em,
 We'll drink our three Generals Healths at large,
 For whereso'er these Heroes march,
 Conquest renown'd is sure t'attend 'em ;
 Fill every Glass, and recommend 'em,
 We'll drink our Three Generals Healths at large.

What ever shone so bright in Story
As Fame, that adorns brave Marlborough ;
What ever shone, &c.
Shocking our Glasses that o'erflow,
Celebrate then his lasting Glory ;
What ever shone, &c.

Drink next then to that Grand Commander
Eugene, the Delight of all the Brave ;
Drink next, &c.
Who laurel Wreaths is sure to have,
Where e'er he comes, like Alexander,
Drink next, &c.

To Auverquerque exalt your Glasses,
And just to his Valour let us be,
To Auverquerque, &c.
Who tho' not youngest of the Three,
For brave Exploits there's few surpasses ;
To Auverquerque, &c.

But now around Boys, Foy maintaining,
Fill, fill 'em like mine up to the Brink ;
But now around, &c.
Health to the Glorious Queen I drink,
Let her d'er all the Globe be reigning,
But now, &c.

The

*The sham Pretender Prince of W——
The Prig, they sent o'er to be our K——
The sham, &c.
When the bold Scots own'd no such thing,
Fled like a Devil home to Gallia ;
The sham, &c.*

*Did we love Honours kind Caresses,
Like toping we all Heroes should be ;
Did we love, &c.
For 'mongst our Cups perpetually,
We should be sure of grand Successes ;
Did we love, &c.*



The Solemn LOVER. *A New SONG, made to entertain the Persons of Quality, and other my Friends at my Play. The Words made to a pretty Minuet, Compos'd by Mr. Hendell.*

WHEN the *Spring* in Glory,
Fragrant and flowery,
Just had thrust Winter out, storming and showery,
Celladon gallanting
Celia, was chanting
A pleasant Tale of his Fortunes past ;
Ah ! my dearest Pleasure,
Joy beyond Measure,
Richer than all the Jems of *India's* Treasure :
When alluring Beauty
Prostrates my Duty,

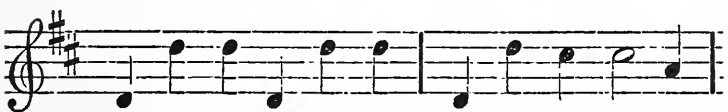
Ah,

Ah, then I own my self wholly blest
 State Affair Simplicity
 Has my Felicity,
 Robb'd to a high Degree of sweet Delight,
High, Low, jangling all in a hurry,
 Nothing witty, nothing gay,
 Politicks rule e'ry Day,
 Nor can the dear Bottle relieve the Night.

He to Court that wanders
 Walks in Meanders,
 Treading the Maez of Detraction and Slanders ;
 In the Hall the News is
 Hot from both Houses,
 Some Statesman snapt to his Tryal comes,
 Coffee Citts do prattle,
 Smoak, Tope, and Tattle,
 Telling a foreign Lye of some great battle ;
 Of the Czar's prevailing,
 Who we taught Sailing,
 And gave a Rod to lash all our Bums,
Poland's Ability,
Prussia's Hostility,
 Make no Account of bold *Sweden's* Frowns,
 War, War, regale the Glory Lover,
 Let but my *Calia* be mine,
 Happiness I'll ne'er resign,
 Or change for the State of the Northern Crowns.



The Folly Miller.





THE old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter,
 To grind her Grist quickly, and so return back,
 The Miller so work'd it, that in eight Months after
 Her Belly was fill'd as full as her Sack ;
 Young *Robin* so pleas'd her, that when she came home,
 She gap'd like a stuck Pigg, and star'd like a Mome,
 She hoyden'd, she scamper'd, she hollow'd and hoop'd,
 And all the Day long,
 This, this was her Song,
 Was ever Maiden so lericompoop'd.

Oh *Nelly*, cry'd *Celie*, thy Cloths are all mealy,
 Both Backside and Belly are rump'd all o'er,
 You moap now and slabber, why what a pox ail you ?
 I'll go to the Miller, and know all ye Whore :
 She went, and the Miller did grinding so ply,
 She came cutting Capers a Foot and half high,
 She waddled, she straddled, she hollow'd and whoop'd,
 And all the Day long,
 This, this was her Song,
 Hoy, were ever two Sisters so lericompoop'd.

Then

Then *Mary* o'th' Dairy, a third of the Number,
Wou'd fain know the Cause they so jigg'd it about,
The Miller her Wishes long would not incumber,
But in the old manner the Secret found out.
Thus *Celie* and *Nelly*, and *Mary* the mild,
Were just about Harvest Time all big with Child,
They danc'd in the Hay, they hallow'd and whoop'd,
And all the Day long,
This, this was her Song,
Hoy, were ever three Sisters so lericompoop'd.

And when they were big they did stare at each other,
And crying, Oh Sisters, what shall we now do,
For all our young Bantlings we have but one Father,
And they in one Month will all come to Town too :
O why did we run in such hast to the Mill,
To *Robin*, who always the Toll Dish would fill,
He bump't up our Bellies, then hallow'd and whoop'd,
And all the Day long,
This, this was their Song,
Hoy, were ever three Sisters so lericompoop'd.



A New SONG,

*Made in Honour of the Renown'd Prince
Eugene of Savoy, and to welcome him to
England.*

The Words made to a pretty Tune.

NOW is the Sun
From the Horizon gone,
That the Empire so long did cheer,
Weak stands the Court
Without wonted Support,

We

We have got the main Pillar here :
 To Sea from the Shoar
 Let loud Cannons roar,
 Let the Trumpet too sound between,
 Whilst from each *Brittish* Voice
 We are venting our Joys,
 In honour of great *Eugene*.

Hail mighty Prince,
 Whose bright Glory from hence
 Soon will spread o'er the wandring Isle,
 You we possess,
 Should we ne'er see your Face,
 Who remember *Turin* and *Lisle* :
 Your Twin, Brother Star,
 The Soul of the War,
 Bright as *Phæbus* was always seen,
 For search all *Europe* o'er,
 Never Heroes before
 Shone like *Marlborough* and great *Eugene*.

Each Day and Night,
 To promote your Delight,
 Let the Muses their Art employ ;
 Janglings are guest
 From the Dome in the West,
 That I wish may not curb your Joy ;
 Jarrs have long while
 Been the Plague of our Isle,
 The Effects of our Wealth and Spleen ;
 May they fly like the Wind,
 And let all be enclin'd
 To sing Welcome to Great *Eugene*.



CHANSON *en* Francois.

L *E printems, r'apelle aux armes, Couller mes larmes ;*
Le printems, r'apelle aux armes, ah quel tourment,
Grand Dieu parris, tant d'allarmes, epargnezmon,
Cher amant bis.

Ne revenez point encore Charmante Flora,
Ne revenez point encore tendre Zephire,
Chaque fleur qu'on voit eclore,
Me causer mille soupirs.

Arbre dont l' epaix feulage former ruiage,
Arbre dont l' epaix feulage cacher le jour,
Emittee par ton ombrage le devil,
De mon tendre amour.



Translated from the French.

Spring invites, the Troops are going, let Tears be
flowing,
Spring invites, the Troops are going, ah, cruel smart,
Midst alarming, dreadful harming,
Spare him Fate, who charms my Heart.

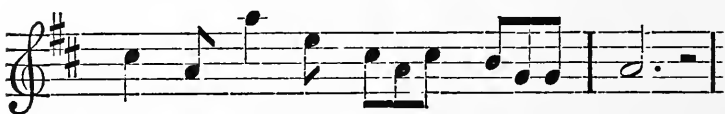
Flora, bring no more with Pleasure, thy gaudy Treasure,
Zephire, bring no more with Pleasure, refreshing Joys,
Each Flower growing, sweetly blowing,
Make me vent a thousand Sighs.

Ye tall Trees, whose gloomy shading, the light invading,
Ye tall Trees, whose gloomy shading, the day conceal,
Shew by Sorrow, Night and Morrow,
Cloudy Woes, like those I feel.

The

The Italian SONG,
Call'd Pastorella ; made into an English
Dialogue.

He.

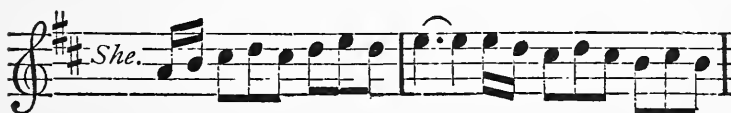
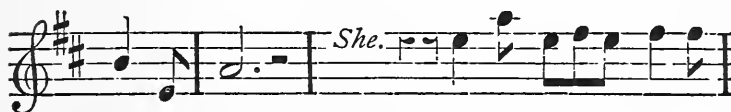


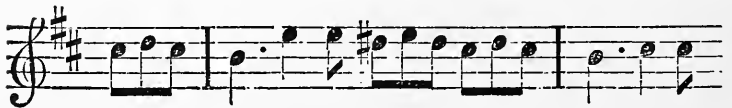
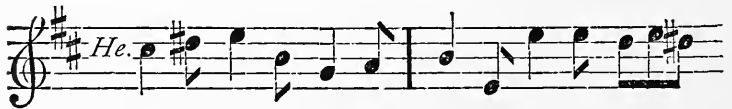
She.

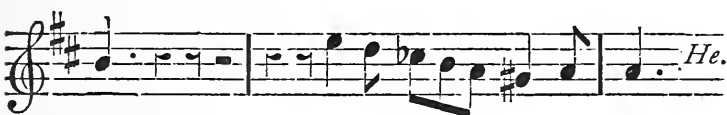
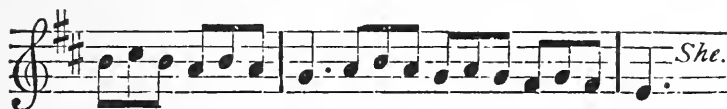


Pleasant and Divertive.

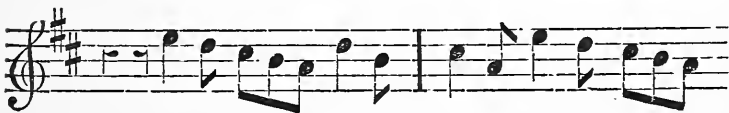
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CHORUS of both.





B *Lowzabella* my bouncing Doxie,
 Come let's trudge it to *Kirkham* Fair,
 There's stout Liquor enough to Fox me,
 And young Cullies to buy thy Ware.
She. Mind your Matters ye Sot without meddling
 How I manage the sale of my Toys,
 Get by Piping as I do by Pedling,
 You need never want me for supplies.
He. God-a-mercy my Sweeting, I find thou think'st
 fitting,
 To hint by this twitting, I owe thee a Crown ;
She. Tho' for that I've been staying, a greater Debt's
 paying,
 Your rate of delaying will never Compound.
He. I'll come home when my Pouch is full,
 And soundly pay thee all old Arrears ;
She. You'll forget it your Pate's so dull,
 As by drowzy Neglect appears.
He. May the Drone of my Bag never hum,
 If I fail to remember my *Blowze* ;
She. May my Buttocks be ev'ry ones Drum,
 If I think thou wilt pay me a Souse.
He. Squeakham, Squeakham, Bag-pipe will make 'em,
 Whisking, Frisking, Money brings in ;
She. Smoaking, Topping, Landlady groping,
 Whores and Scores will spend it again.
He. By the best as I guess in the Town,
 I swear thou shalt have e'ery Groat ;
She. By the worst that a Woman e'er found,
 If I have it will signify nought ;

He

He. If good Nature works no better,
Blowzabella I'd have you to know,
Though you fancy my Stock is so low,
I've more Rhino than always I show,
For some good Reasons of State that I know.

She. Since your Cheating I always knew,
For my Ware I got something too,
I've more Sence than to tell to you.

He. Singly then let's employ Wit,
I'll use Pipe as my gain does hit,

She. And If I a new Chapman get,
You'll be easy too,

He. Easy as any worn out Shoo.

[CHORUS of both.]

*Free and Frolick we'll Couple Gratis,
Thus we'll show all the Human Race;
That the best of the Marriage State is,
Blowzabella's and Collin's Case.*



A Serenading ODE ;

*The Words made to the foregoing Italian
Pastorella, and humbly Dedicated to the
Right Honourable the Earl of FINGALL.*

P*Astorella*, Inspire the Morning,
Your bright Eyes will create a Day ;
Envious *Phæbus* is just returning,
Shame him back with a brighter Ray,
A brighter Ray, Ray, each adorer with flaming heart,
Before thy beauty Divine does kneel ;
With Devotion in every part,
Much stronger than any *Persian* Zeal.

Arise, then sweet Angel arise,
 A Lover despairing relieve ;
 Who values a Smile from your Eyes,
 More than all the worlds Treasure can give.
 Thus let Man do,
 What he can do, can do, can do ;
 Mighty Love will for ever be,
 Mighty Love will for ever be
 Potent Lord of our Liberty,
 Potent Lord of our Liberty.
Pastorella, let Day break,
 On thy Votary pity take ;
Venus rising from out the Sea,
 Will be foil to thee :
 Charm the World then, and Ravish me,
 Charm the World and Ravish me.



An ODE on Queen ANN.

*The Words Made to an Excellent Tune of
 Mr. Henry Purcell's.*

SOUND, Fame thy Golden Trumpet sound,
 SOUND, sound thy Golden Trumpet sound ;
 Fly from the Arches of the Firmament,
 Inspire the Muses all around :
 To Sing of Peace and then disperse,
 In Artful numbers and well chosen Verse ;
 Great *Albiona's* Story,
 Great *Albiona's* Glory.

The

The Occasional BALLAD.

Being a Supplement to the last, on the Occasional Bill; And upon the Bishops and Parsons preaching down the Play-houses: The Words fitted to a Comical Tune, call'd Hobb's Wedding.

S Ince long o'er the Town
My Fame has been blown
For Sonnets, that suit with each Palate;
Tho' I dare not maintain
Ye Wits, your bold Strain,
I can add an *Occasional Ballad*.
For as you were right
In a Satyr to bite,
When the Cause was so near Desolation,
So mine is a Theam
Of as great an Extream,
The confounding all Wit in the Nation.
But I am, you must know,
Not for *High-Church* nor *Low*,
A *Medium*, my Intelect chooses;
And some think it wou'd
Do the Nation much good,
If ye all trimm'd like me, in both Houses.
For by moderate Sense,
That can Reason dispense,
Sullen *Britains* are soonest confuted,
As a mild gentle Breez
Still refreshes the Trees,
That by wild roring Tempests are rooted.
Calm Wit will prevail
More in a smooth Tale
Then lashing Reproof, that sounds louder,
Better ways we may use
Oft, to quench a fir'd House,
Than by blowing up all with Gunpowder.

And

And therefore my Song
 None o'th' Senate shall wrong,
 Nor I'll ruffle no Collars of Esses,
 But with Royal *Anne*,
 A renown'd happy Reign,
 And a hundred Year more than Queen *Besses*.

No Peers grown too great,
 Nor no *Commons* Wit
 Shall swell up my Lines to the Margent,
 Since the first at their Nod
 Have a swinging black Rod,
 And the last, a rough thing call'd a Serjeant.

No Statesman that rise
 By Publick Employs
 With Offence, here shall trouble the Reader,
 No takers of Bribes,
 Nor potent State Scribes
 Low as Shrubs, or as tall as a Cedar.

I'll not search into Ills
 Of *Occasional Bills*,
 Nor the Gain, or the Loss of the Nation,
 Nor scan the moot Case
 Of the Snake in the Grass,
 Late imagin'd in point of Succession.

Great Ladies at Court
 That make Profit their Sport,
 When lucky at *Ombre* or *Bassett*,
 Who in Benefits swim,
 So well I can trim,
 To wish much Good do her that has it.

Old Dames boasting youth
 Without e'er a tooth,
 And *Beaus*, that have Breaths that can Purge ye
 In short, a meer Ape
 That's a Layman shall 'scape,
 But I wont part so fair with the *Clergy*.

A Rabby of which
Who was fated to Preach,
When the Fast-day Ingag'd all our Prayers ;
As his Zeal did provoke,
Gave a terrible stroke,
To knock down the *Poets* and *Players*.

Another Church Wit
Who near Woolpack did sit,
Shew'd a Play too, to prove their vile sinning,
Tho' 'twere better some thought,
That his Lordship had brought,
A good *Homily* of his own Penning.

But a Pamphlet late spread
Had charm'd his Wise head,
Wrote by one who well knew the Stage evil ;
Some *Collier*-like Saint,
Who to publish the Cant,
Had rak'd a hodg podg for the Devil.

A Jargon of Phrase
Cull'd out of lewd Plays,
And patcht into Form by the vermin ;
Just in such a way
As with dull hum— and ha,
Some of them use to Patch up a Sermon.

The Tempest long made
And by accident play'd,
Might shame them, that made such a pother ;
Since no one can think,
That's not Mad or in Drink,
'Twas e'er done in Contempt of the t'other.

And tho' that abuse
I'll in Canters excuse,
Who good Music, or Wit never heard on ;
Yet the *B——ps* those Rocks,
Of our sence Orthodox,
Who could second such Stuff, I wont Pardon.
They

They should favour the Age
 That does cherish the Stage,
 Since kind to their Ghostly performance ;
 Remembring late days
 When *Lawn Sleeves*, and Plays,
 Were cry'd down, an equal enornance.

But see the result
 Of their *quicunque vult*,
 Her Majesty made Proclamation ;
 'Twixt the Scenes that none stay,
 That all Bullies should pay,
 And sponge no more for Recreation.

That no Plays be rude
 Immoral or lewd,
 In *Betterton's* Province or *Riches*,
 All Masque's lay'd away,
 Which is done since that day,
 For now they come mobb'd up like Witches.

All this being obey'd
 Is still of our side,
 Since the Profit is our chiefest matter ;
 But of all that have been,
 The commands of the *Queen*,
 She has not forbid us our Satyr.

Which is a new * Case [* *Doyley's Case*
 We may properly raise, *late try'd.*]
 Where a Gown-man did furnish the matter ;
 For proof of it all
 Ask at *Westminster Hall*,
 How the *Clergyman* Marry'd his Daughter.

Good sence that is shewn
 Without Blunder or Tone,
 Preach'd by heart too, to make it more Charming ;
 A Devout sober life,
 Never stirring up strife,
 All prejudice must be disarming.

But

But if o'er the Town
I observe a Black Gown,
Who is proper to make a fine Farce on ;
As they late made Essays,
To Preach down all the Plays,
I shall make bold to Act up the Parson.

Thus changing advice
With the Grave and the Wise,
Let each one reform in his station ;
And so I shall cease,
In the laudible phrase,
Of Bless the good *Queen* and the Nation.



*The Mournful and Passionate Complaint
or Petition of Mademoiselle Gallia, or the
Statue of France, plac'd amongst the other
Nations, before the Cathedral of St. Paul's
in London, to the Statue of our late Sove-
raign Lady Queen ANN, now Expos'd to
view in Honour of her Majestys coming
to Hear the Te Deum for the Glorious
Peace. The Words made in Fargon of
English and French, to a Pretty St.
Germain's Air.*

M Adam *je vous prie* you will right me,
Injurys maka me cry ;
Do late you had reason to spite me,
Now Ime your ver good Ally :
Aw, let not your Vassal den slight me,
Now, now in dis Grand season of Joy.

De

De Carver (*Fernie* me want Patiance)
 Shewing your Sovereign rule ;
 In spite to dese happy occasions,
 With his base Hammer and Toole
 Among all de rest of de Nations,
 Make, make, maka me look like one fool.

De East and Nort *Britains* are merry,
 Dresse and dere humours are fitt ;
 De *Irish* Smile as if down derry,
 Newly had tagg'd her great Witt ;
 But me, as if past *Charons* ferry,
 Look, look just as if me were Besh—t.

Brave Peace our Grand Monarch does give you,
 Blessing your Subjects at home ;
 And derefore me tink it should greive you,
 Seeing me look like a Mome ;
 Strong *Dunkirk* does likewise receive you,
 Which, which is begar ver pretty Plum.

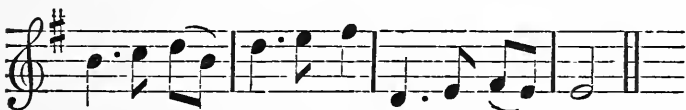
Rare Mirth your wise Land is enjoying,
 Finding *mon Grand Maitre* true ;
 De Army he keep all defying,
 Give cause ver me to Laugh soe ;
 Yet here in dis Posture of crying,
 Mine Phiz lowrs as 'twould make a Dog spew.

In fine den me humbla Petition,
 Vor Majesty would appear ;
 And order one better Incission,
 Min cloudy visage to clear ;
 For in dis confounded condition,
Mort dieu me have Grand shame for sit here.



MAC BALLOR.

*A comical Ditty, in Imitation of the Irish
Stile.*



IF a woful sad Ditty to know thou art willing Man,
 Open thy Ears Joy, and then thou shalt see ;
 To London, *Mac Ballor* a stout *Iniskilling* Man,
 To seeking *Brown Kate*, by my Shoul am come eey ;
 My Heart is sore wounded, sore wounded, sore,
A la Boo, boo, boo, boo, hone, Oh hone, hery Morah.
 When

When the Valiant King *William* cross'd over the *Boyn*
 Joy,
 And with broken Pates, made *Fack Papishes* flee ;
 Of Dragoons a brave Troop made a Gallop to joy'n
 Joy,
 And march with the foremost by Chreest did come
 eey ;
 They were beaten sore, Curst and Swore, and did roar,
A la Boo, boo, boo, &c.

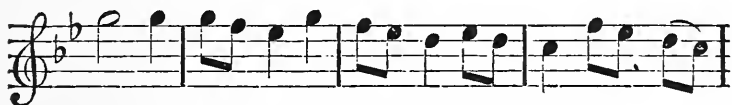
When I went on a Party, I Sung and was merry too,
 Tho' Hunger gives small occasion to Laugh ;
 I without any Grumbling, fought in *London-Derry* too,
 Without one Dram of Snush or Usquebaugh,
 Where fed on Roots, stinking Fruits, old Jack-Boots.
A la Boo, boo, &c.

In a Skirmish near *Limerick*, on the Bank of the *Shan-*
non there
 Many stout *Teagues* were slain in time of Yout ;
 And at *Agrim* I narrowly scap'd the damn'd Cannon
 there,
 Catching the Balls by my Shoul in my Mout,
 But tho' the Guns spar'd my Bones, Love Gad Zoons,
A la Boo, boo, &c.

The Bully-God *Mars*, tho' a Bug-bear they make him,
 All arm'd like a Gun-smith, with Bullets and Fire,
 I defy, but the little Whelp *Cupid*, plague take him,
 Make me snort and grunt like a Hog in the Mire :
 She had *Irish* Size, *English* Eyes, fat *Dutch* Thighs.
A la Boo, boo, &c.

Heav'n make me a Cobler, or make me a Broom-man,
 Or cry Pudding, what a Plague call ye it i' th' Street ;
 So I may no more pogue the Hone of a Woman,
 Deel tauk me 't has har'd me quite out of my Wits :
 For when I get drunk, toap a Funk, in comes Punk,
A la Boo, boo, boo, hone, Oh hone, herry morah.

*A new Health to Prince Eugene: A
Triumphant ODE upon his return to
Vienna. Sung by Mr. Leveridge in the
Play call'd the Country Miss with her
Furbelow.*





THE Valiant *Eugene* to *Vienna* is gone,
 And since deny'd,
 To be supply'd,
 All his Troops are undone ;
 For the haughty *Vendosme*,
 New Recruits being come,
 So proud is grown,
 Of two to one,
 He Revenge swears to push home :
 And late Losses,
 Disgraces and Crosses,
 Will soon retaliate now the General is gone ;
 Oh *Leapold*, Oh *Baden*,
 What Fiend was perswading,
 Your Priest-ridden Clan,
 Simply to baulk so rare a Man.

Tho' *Carthage* grew proud, when story once shew'd,
 How well the Grand,
 Blind Affrican,
 O'er the Alps hew'd out his Road ;

All

All the Rocks in his way,
Were but Puff-past and Clay,
To those were seen,
When great *Eugene*,
Made his rugged Essay ;
Where no Storm nor
Loud Thunder, this Wonder,
Could ever from his Purpose cause to halt or stay :
Tho' Watches, dispatches,
And lying their Frying,
His Youth did so decay,
Sable Locks turn'd into Grey.

Then *Latium* give o'er, name *Cæsar* no more ;
Nor the *Macedon*,
Whose high renown,
Were so blaz'd on before ;
But let Glorious *Eugene*,
That August Man of Men,
Be sounded high,
As far as Sky,
Or the Globe can contain ;
For a braver,
Or bolder,
Good Soldier,
Did never on the bloody Field maintain his Ground :
Hell take those remove him,
And here's to those love him,
Drink, drink Boys around,
And his Foes *Pluto* confound.



*The new Blackbird; A Satyr Musical.
Being Remarks on some of our Allies,
Occasioned by the States Deputys late re-
fusing to assist the Duke of Marlborough.*

Monsieur grown too mighty,
Made half *Europe* grown;
Who for Causes weighty,
Joyn'd to pull him down
The *Spread Eagle's* glory,
Long Eclips'd had been,
Portugals John Dory
Gladly too, came in;
Hogan mogan biters,
Who our Fish devour,
Promis'd Troops of Fighters,
To compleat the Power:
Whilst in the Hawthorn Tree,
Terry, terry rerry rerry, sung the Blackbird,
Hey, terry rerry rerry, sung the Blackbird,
Oh what Allies have we.

Now their Word and Honour,
How these Chiefs regard;
Pray Sirs note the manner,
'Twill good mirth afford;
First the *Imperial* Widgeon,
Lately gone to rest,
Was for *Romes* Religion,
Fool'd by each sham Priest;
Schemes of War were Riddles,
Anxious to his Poll,
Whilst *Cremona* fiddles,
Charm'd his thoughtless Soul;
Then in the Hawthorn Tree, &c.
He that rules at *Lisbon*,
In next Scene survey;
Plagu'd ('tis said) in his Bone,
The Venereal way;

Austerian

Austrian Charles inviting,
To recover *Spain* ;
He performance slighting,
Forc'd him off again ;
Arms we sent and Mony,
English Boys to Horse,
But the Devil a Penny,
Did they so disburse :
Whilst in the Hawthorn Tree, &c.

Prussia bravely true is,
As in Action bold ;
But the Godson *Lewis*,
Gobbles up *French* Gold ;
One great *Marlborough* aiding,
Makes his Glory swell ;
T'other Fight evading,
Stinks on the *Mosselle* ;
Shame pursue the great Ones,
Who from Honour fall,
Fame renown the *Britains*
Bear the brunt of all :
Whilst in the Hawthorn Tree, &c.

Lucky War maintaining,
Pray observe the rest ;
Bleinhim's Battle gaining,
All the General blest ;
Belgian Troops admiring,
Court'd his Command ;
Conquest still acquiring,
Through the *German* Land ;
Hemskirk yet and *Shagen*,
Baulk'd him late through fear,
Oh rare *Hogan Mogan*,
Who shall lead next Year,
When in the Hawthorn Tree, &c.

Britains gain new Glory,
 Joyn like those of Old ;
 'Tis too plain a story,
 We are bought and sold ;
Belgians still uniting,
 Mighty Sums have won ;
 Whilst pretending Fighting,
 Friendly Trade goes on :
 Now to leave off writing,
Skellums pine and grieve,
 When we're next for Fighting,
 We'll not ask you leave,
When in the Hawthorn Tree,
Terry, terry rerry rerry, Sings the Blackbird,
Hey, terry rerry rerry, Sings the Blackbird,
Then Folly Boys we'll be.



*A Satyr upon London, and in Praise of
 the Country. The Words made to a pretty
 New Tune.*

WHO in Old *Sodom* would live a Day,
 Grow Deaf with Rattling of Coaches ;
 Where Folly and noise is call'd brisk and gay,
 And Wit lyes in studying Debauches.

With Stinks, which Smoke and rank Foggs display,
 Who'd be offending their Noses ;
 That in the sweet Shades of the Country may,
 Sit Cool under Bushes of Roses.

Town Fops in Riot consume every Day,
 The Citt will Cheat his own Brother ;
 And the Ladys haunt the Park and the Play,
 To Laugh, and Rail at each other.

Our

Our Funds are wanting, our Credit decays,
The *French* are publickly Arming ;
And for all the daily noise is of Peace,
It never comes to confirming.

But we that Breath in a Fragrant Air,
From News, Street noise, and such Howling ;
Our innocent Pleasures each Day prepare,
With Fishing, and Shooting, and Bowling.

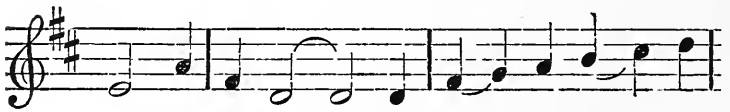
Some Mornings early we Hunt a Hare,
Who Life to Pleasure us looses ;
Or else if the Weather proves not fair,
At home we Regale on the Muses.

The charming Raptures of Beauty and Love,
Sweet *Cloris* freely affords too ;
When we meet each Evening in a lone Grove,
And sing and bill as the Birds do.

She feeds on Jessamin, and spring Nectar drinks,
Whilst she we call a Town Madam ;
Is infected still with a foul Suburb stinks,
And Damns her self in old *Sodom*.



*The Dame of Honour or Hospitality, Sung
by Mrs. Willis in the OPERA call'd the
Kingdom of the Birds.*



I still preserv'd my Maiden fame,
 In spight of Oaths and Lying ;
 Tho' many a long chinn'd Youngster came,
 And fain would be enjoying :
 My Fan, to guard my Lips I kept,
 From *Cupid's* lewd o'errunner ;
 And many a *Roman* Nose I rapp'd,
 When I was a Dame of Honour.

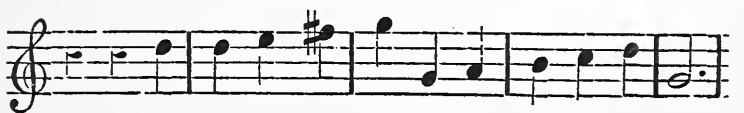
My Curling Locks I never bought
 Of Beggar's dirty Daughters ;
 Nor prompted by a wanton thought,
 Above Knee ty'd my Garters ;
 I never glow'd with Painted Pride,
 Like Punk when the Devil has won her :
 Nor prov'd a cheat to be a Bride,
 When I was a Dame of Honour.

My Neighbours still I treated round,
 And Strangers that come near me ;
 The Poor too always Welcome found,
 Whose Prayers did still endear me ;
 Let therefore who at Court would be,
 No Churl, nor yet no Fawner :
 Match in old Hospitality,
 Queen *Besses* Dame of Honour.



*The 6th SONG in the last Act of the 2d Part
of Don Quixote, Sung by Mr. Freeman
and Mrs. Cibber. Set by Mr. Purcell.*

The musical score is written on seven staves of five-line treble clefs. The first six staves are grouped together, and the seventh staff is on a new line. The time signature is common time (C). The music consists of a single melodic line. The first six staves contain the main body of the song, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The seventh staff begins with a key signature change to one sharp (F#) and continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The piece ends with a double bar line.





Mr.

Mr. *Freeman.*

Genius of *England*, from thy pleasant Bow'r of
bliss,
Arise and spread thy sacred Wings ;
Guard, guard from Foes the *Brittish* State,
Thou on whose smiles does wait,
Th' uncertain happy Fate of Monarchies and Kings.

Mrs. *Cibber.*

Then follow brave Boys, then follow brave Boys to the
Wars,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow
Follow, follow, follow brave Boys to the Wars,
Follow, follow, follow brave Boys to the Wars ;
The Lawrel you know's the Prize,
The Lawrel you know's the Prize :
Who brings home the Noblest, the noblest,
The noblest Scars looks finest in *Celia's* Eyes ;
Then shake off the Slothful ease,
Let Glory, let Glory, let Glory inspire your Hearts ;
Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace,
Remember a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace,
Is the noblest of all other Arts :
Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace,
Remember a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace,
Is the noblest of all other Arts.



SON-

SONNET *Royal, made for one Voice to
Instruments.*

THE Infant blooming Spring appears,
Sol has his way through *Aries* made ;
 And now this Wond'rous of all Years,
 The Prize of *Europe* must be play'd.

Crested *Belona* shakes her Lance,
 Her Sister *Britain* to defend ;
 Whilst *Mars* of Old, in League with *France*,
 Dares proudly against both contend.

[*Second Movement.*]

But Rouze valiant *Britains*, and fear quite remove,
 You cannot of Victory fail ;
 Our Goddess below, and our Goddess above,
 By force of their Charms,
 As that of their Arms,
 Have a right still to conquer the Male.

[*Third Movement.*]

March on then brave souls,
 You're sure of your Pay ;
 And toping full Bowls,
 Warm valours allay,
 This wish to the *Queen*, daily chant by the way :
 In wealth may she flow
 May she *Lewis* bring low,
 May her Fame spread and grow,
 Whilst Sun shines, or Wind blows,
 And Hang up Her foes.
In Wealth &c.

English *Words made to a Famous Italian*
Ayre, call'd Scoca puero.

L ife's short Hours, too fast are hasting
Sweet Amours, can never, never be lasting ;
Care and sorrow,
May to morrow,
Hinder the dear design of Pleasure,
Nor grant the happy leasure,
To count our darling Treasure ;
Time, time *Celia* is flying,
Whilst you are denying,
Dissolution, and Confusion
The passing Bell tolling,
Relations condoling
Horror will soon be surrounding,
Nature confounding ;
Make then amends whilst you may,
My dear for that sad Day,
Our Loves kind advances,
Our Songs and our Dances,
Age will conclude, and Amorous trances ;
Beauty with all 'tis charms,
Oh pitty, oh pitty will freez in my Arms.



Cursory Remarks on some Few, and parti-
cularly the No Beauty of Tunbridge Wells.

T O shew *Tunbridge* Wells,
Other Waters excells,
In the various effects of the blessing ;
I can prove without pain,
They can work on the Brain,
As well as the Bladder by P—sing.

For

For as they can Heal,
 With the Iron and Steel,
 And the Wretch, Paralitick recover ;
 They can make lewd Dice Players,
 Go to Chappel to Prayers,
 And a Brazen Physitian turn Lover.

They can make him disgrace,
 A most Beautiful Face,
 And adore a thing, Frowzy and Cloudy ;
 Witness a brown Girl,
 Counted here for a Pearl,
 Whom we all thought at *Clapham* a Dowdy.

A Face turn'd four-square,
 Full of aukwardly Air,
 Ne'er design'd for nice beauty's *Regalia* ;
 With a Mouth, which each laugh,
 Spreads two Inches and half,
 And a Skin like a Ham of *Westphalia*.

Then tho' Grazzet she wears,
 Through her Sisterly fears,
 Of what her whole Lineage may come too ;
 Since her Daddy despairs,
 Yet she gives her self Airs,
 And has got the Town Jett with her Bum too.

They can make the Precise,
 The Demure and the Wise,
 Applaud this fine Method of living ;
 Tho' you never can keep
 Out the *Wolves* from the *Sheep*,
 And it all ends, in Cheating and Thieving.

In short to conclude,
 Without being rude,
 They can give such a Tincture to Nature ;
 They Fat Bawds can inure,
 To sell Fruit, and Procure,
 In spight of the Jerks of a Satyr.

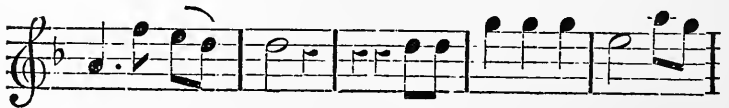
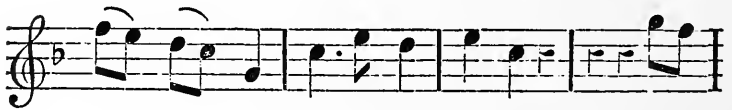
A SONG, Made on the happy Occasion of
our late Forcing the French Lines. The
Words made to a pretty new Minuet.

Grand *Louis* falls head-long down,
G Since *Luxemburg's* Death, the Witchcraft is gone;
No Planet durst for him appear,
At *Helisheim* now, nor *Blenheim* last Year :
 Th' Arm's shouting,
 Bavaria's routing,
Shews just Fate too, that Rebel resigns,
 Once more flying,
 Hark how he's crying,
Jernie bleau, they have forc'd our strong Lines.

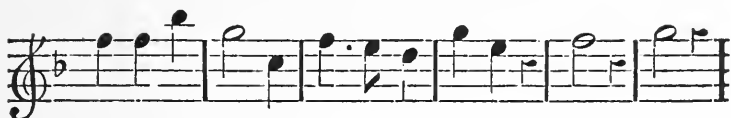
Sing *Muses*, the General's praise,
Baulk'd at the *Mosselle*, but not at the *Maes* ;
Whilst Volumns with scandal are full,
On *Lewis* the Craz'd, and *Lewis* the Dull :
 One oppressing,
 Feigning redressing,
Seises Crowns without Title or Law ;
 T'other marches,
 Very rarely charges,
Witness late, the long Siege at *Landau*.

Crown bowls then each *Brittish* brave Son,
Let *Bourbon* dispair, and *Baden* doze on,
Tell all who proud *France* dare defend ;
What *Brabant* begins all *Flanders* shall end,
 Antwerp surrender,
 What can defend her,
Millian yield too, to Glorious *Eugene* ;
 When that's gone too,
 Vendosme, *Vendosme* too,
Hey, for *Paris* next Summer's Campaign.

*A New SONG by way of Congratulation to
her Majesty, on the Happy Frustrating
the late French Invasion.*



From



From *Dunkirk* one Night, they stole out in a fright,
 To Insult our Faith's Royal Defender ;
 Butsome *Dæmon* in th'dark, made'em out-run the mark,
 And so baulk the invading *Pretender* :
 Whilst the *Mounsieur* in heat, sent Express to each State,
 That in *Scotland* he straight should be Crown'd ;
 But instead of that Reign, he must take him again,
 Laugh Jolly bold *Britains*, laugh, laugh,
 Laugh at him *Europe* all round.

Would my Country-men know, how this comes to be so,
 And how He and his Slaves are so hearty ;
 Be ye Commons or Lords, in a few honest words,
 'Tis explain'd they are all of a Party :
 And tho' poor as Rats, without Coyn or Estates,
 Only what the most *Christian* will spare ;
 They Unite against the Foe, ah, let us do but so,
 Ye Jolly bold *Britains* then, then,
 Then let 'em come if they dare.

Long live Gracious *Ann*, let her flourishing Reign,
 Give her safety and Glory for ever ;
 Let no more *Northern* Scribes, sell her Kingdom for
 bribes,
 Nor the *Brittish* to plague it endeavour :
 Let the *Dutch* Troops obey, and give *Marlborough* his way,
 Let great *Hannover* mind his Affair ;
 Let brave Prince *Eugene*, lead his Troops once again,
 Ye haughty *French* boasters then, then,
 Then stand your Ground if you dare.

The Court LUNATICKS, or Reflections on the late Changes. The Words made to the Tune of a pretty Country Dance, call'd Hedg Lane.

S NUG of late, the Barons sate
 With Northern *Brittons* bonny,
 Commons they, were every Day,
 On Ways and Means for Mony :
 But there's now, the Devil to do,
 The high built *Tory* rory ;
 Plots maintain 'gainst Moderate Men,
 But have faln down a story :
Greg's harangu'd, but yet unhang'd,
 They want some more discovery ;
H—ly's out, there's none can doubt,
 And *St—ns* past recovery :
M—hams Plot is piping hot,
 And all to change the Ministry ;
 They only mean, t' abuse the *Q—n,*
 With Loyal sham pretences,
 Fie, *Tories* fie, you soar so high,
 Y' have all quite lost your Senses.

Who would put the General out,
 That is not strangely Frantick ?
 Who'd defame *Godolphins* name,
 That is not simply antick ?
 Who'd displace the Purse and Mace,
 That value Law or Reason ?
 Who'd discard the *Q—ns* best Guard,
 That is not fond of Treason ?
 Yet the Muse, can some produce,
 Who 'tis believ'd are much to blame ;
 Some who hope, to climb the top,
 And are too Great for me to name :
 Who pretend, the Church to mend,
 Yet only do confound the same :

And

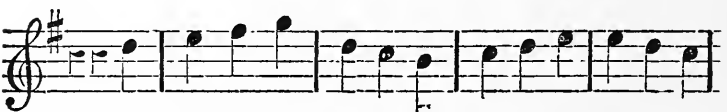
And meerly mean, to abuse the *Q—n*,
With Loyal sham pretences ;
Fie, Tories *fie*, &c.

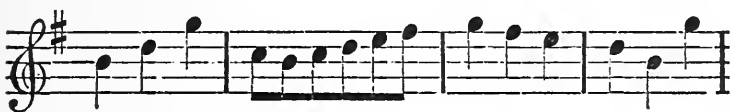
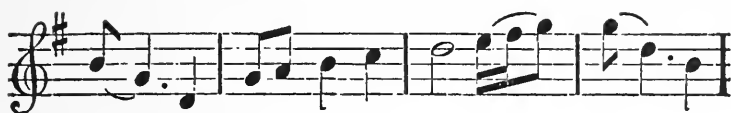
H—t's Gown, is now laid down,
The Court for't is in Mourning ;
Yet the Cross, gives little loss,
His Coat so well bears turning :
In all Reigns, his working Brains,
Both sides have oft been trying ;
Passive fear, he well could bear,
But never self denying :

M—sell too, who all Men knew
Of late, so wise and Politick ;
Swears to joyn the Grand design,
In spite of his Comptroling stick :
Several more were late brought o'er,
But all were routed in the nick ;
The Snake was seen the Flow'rs between,
For all their Grave pretences ;
Fie, Tories *fie*, &c.

Then in short 'tis well the Court,
Can great Preferments vary ;
Since they've chose, all now suppose,
An honest Secretary :
One too Just a Knaves to trust,
Tho' Language he pronounces,
Or to make his Judgment weak,
Employing Factious Dunces :
Let this Year our Ships of War,
Be worth an able Penmans care ;
Let the Plots of raving Sot,
Ne'er draw our Party to a snare ;
Nor the kind indulgent *Q—n*,
Afflict with Heart disturbing care :
By doubts that rise, and Tales and Lies,
And Loyal sham pretences ;
Fie, Tories *fie*, you Soar so high,
Y'have all quite lost your Senses.

*A SONG for Sancho in the Fourth Act of
Don Quixot. Set by Mr. John Eccles.*





'Twas early one Morning, the Cock had just crow'd ;
Sing hey ding, hoe ding, langtridown derry ;
 My Holiday Cloaths on, and face newly Mow'd,
with a hey ding, hoe ding, drink your brown Berry ;
 The Sky was all Painted, no Scarlet so Red,
 For the Sun was just then getting out of his Bed,
 When *Teresa* and I went to Church to be sped ;
With a hey ding, hoe ding, shall I come to Woose thee,
Hey ding, hoe ding, will ye buckle to me ;
Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding derry, derry,
Derry ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, hey lantridown derry.

Her Face was as fair, as if't had been in Print,

Sing hey ding, &c.

And her small Ferret Eyes, did lovingly Squint ;

With a hey down, &c.

Yet her mouth had been damag'd with Comfits &
 plumbs,

And her Teeth that were useless, for biting her Thumbs,
 Had late, like ill Tennants, forsaken her Gums ;

With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.

But

But when Night came on, and we both were a Bed,
Sing hey ding, &c.

Such strange things were done, there's no more to be
 said.

With a hey down, &c.

Next Morning her head ran of mending her Gown,
 And mine was plagu'd how to pay Piper a Crown,
 And so we rose up the same Fools we lay down,

With a hey ding, hoe ding, &c.



*The Wedding, or the Farmers Holliday ;
 A New SONG. The Words made to a
 Pleasant Tune.*





Say's *Roger to Will*, both our Teams shall lye still,
 And no Hay shall be carry'd to make the Mow ;
 For what e'er betide, we must see the new Bride,
 And the Lads and the Lasses, and all the Show :
 Such fine folk never were seen,
 For all the Country comes in,
 To Day, let's leave then our *hoy gee hoa*.

There's Flaxen, and Brown, and Slim, and full grown,
 There's Tall for your liking, and others low ;
 There's some that can Skip, and there's others can trip,
 There's grey Eyes, and Hazel, and black as Sloe :
 Their looks so pleasing and kind,
 They're sure all, all of one mind ;
 Zooks think no more then of *hoy gee hoa*.

There's Widdows and Maids, with their high cocking
 heads,
 Tho' some are unskilful, yet others know ;
 There's Batchelors brisk, who can Caper and Frisk,
 And the Art of fine footing can nimbly shew :
 When blood warms, Matches are made,
 Thus on goes love Jolly trade,
 Then who'd be sweating at *hoy gee hoa*.

Windsor

Windsor Tarrass. *A New SONG.*

M Using I late,
 On *Windsor* Tarras sate ;
 And hot, and weary,
 Heard a merry,
 Am'rous couple chat ;
 Words as they go,
 The Nymph soon made me know,
 And t'other was,
 Tho' gay in dress,
 A blund'ring Country Beau.

He

He had shown her all
The Lodgings, great and small ;
 The Tower, the Bower,
 The Green, the Queen,
And fam'd St. *George's* Hall :
 Lastly brought her here,
To court her for his Dear ;
 To Wed and Bed,
 And swore he had,
A thousand Pound a Year.

Mony the crew
Of Sots, think all must do ;
 And now this Fool,
 Unlearn'd at School,
It seems believes so too :
 But the rare Girl,
More worth than Gold or Pearl,
 Was Nobly got,
 And brought, and Taught,
To slight the sordid World.

She then brisk and gay.
That lov'd a Tuneful Lay,
 In hast pull'd out,
 Her little Flute,
And bad him Sing or Play ;
 He both Arts defy'd,
And she as quickly cry'd ;
 Who learnt no way,
 To Sing nor Say,
Shou'd ne'er make her a Bride.



*An ODE, or Lyrical Elegy, or Funeral
ODE, Written in Sorrow ; on the Death
of the late most Excellent and much La-
mented Prince GEORGE of Denmark.*

S *Ilvander*, Royal by his birth,
Divinely good, as well as great ;
'Mongst all the Kingdoms of the Earth,
Chose happy *Albion*, for his seat :
The Queen of Hearts, and Queen of Isles,
Possess him of their Fertile store ;
The first endear'd him with her smiles,
The last gave Ease, and wealthy Ore :
Fame, he had purchas'd long before,
Say *Cherubins* that sit on high,
Ye radiant Inmates of the Sky,
Did Heavn e're give a Mortal more.

Hark, the Celestials answer no,
None, more the powers above could bless ;
Nor 'mongst the human Race below,
E'er stood desart in higher place :
'Twould pose the *Muses* to extend,
On such extream of worth their praise ;
The noblest Master, truest Friend,
The tend'rest Husband, Ancient days
Replete, with Conjugal Essays,
Can scarce so just a pattern shew,
Much less, Licentious rovers now,
To vertuous Love, such Altars raise.

The Gracious *Flora*, pain'd with fear,
Who knew all days had Mortal date ;
That he might stay for ever here,
Made league with every Power, but Fate,

That

That barbrous Tyrant, Foe to th' Good,
The Wise, the Vertuous, and the Brave ;
Her pious Zeal, and Prayers withstood
And still the more she press'd to crave
A Grant, might lov'd *Silvander* save :
The more was urg'd to a degree,
His doom of frail Mortality,
That sunk his Glory to the Grave.

The dark recess, to which all go,
That breathe upon this Earthly ball ;
And now the Royal *Flora's* woe,
Admits no Patient interval :
Tears from her Eyes incessant fall,
The State affairs too, weigh her down ;
To none, she can for comfort call,
The Partner of her Cares is gone,
Who caus'd her oft to cease her moan,
Whilst Grief, that precious Life decays,
And Sighs, such storms in *Britain* raise,
As shakes the Nation from the Throne.

Rest then great Prince, Sleep, sleep in peace,
Reliev'd from Vice, and Mortal care :
Whilst we, that pine in Life's disease,
Our fading Joys, less happy are :
Translated thus, from Earth to Heaven,
Thy blissful Transports hourly grow,
Whilst we by Passions toss'd and driven,
Live wretched in this Vale of woe :
But if our State, some glimpse of Comfort shew,
We're only blest, since so much Worth must die,
To have the skill, in sacred Verse, still to preserve thy
Memory.



*A DIALOGUE Sung at a Play, by a Eunuch
Boy, and a Girl.*

She. FLY, fly from my sight, fly far away,
My scorn thou'lt only purchase by thy stay,
Away, away, away fond Fool away.

He. Dear, dear Angel no,
Here on this place i'll rooted grow,
Those pretty, pretty Eyes,
Has charm'd me so,
I Cannot, cannot stir, I cannot, cannot go.

She. Thou Silly, silly creature, be advis'd,
And do not, do not stay to be despis'd ;
By all my Actions, thou may'st see,
My Heart can spare no room for thee.

He. Why, why dost thou hate me, ah, confess
Thou sweet disposer of my Joys ?
Why I can Kiss, and I can play,
And tell a thousand pretty tales ;
Can Sing, can sing the livelong day,
If any other Talent fails.

She. Boast not thy Musick, for I fear,
Thy singing Gift, has cost thee dear ;
Each warbling Linnet on the Tree
Has far a better Fate than thee :
For they Life's happy pleasures prove,
As they can sing, so they can Love.

He. Why so can I,

She. No, no, no poor Boy :

He. Why, why cannot I ?

She. The reason is, I only guess
There's something in thy Face and Voice,
That thou'rt not made like other Boys,
No, no poor Boy.

He. Pray do but try, do but try, &c.
I know no reason, no reason why ?

She. You know, you know, you know you Lye.

YE Nymphs and *Sylvian* Gods,
 That love green Fields and Woods ;
 When Spring newly blown,
 Her self does adorn,
 With Flowers and blooming buds :
 Come sing in the praise,
 Whilst Flocks do graze,
 In yonders pleasant Vale ;
 Of those that choose,
 Their Sleep to lose,
 And in cold Dews,
 With clouted Shoes,
Do carry the Milking Pail.
 The Goddess of the Morn,
 With blushes they adorn ;
 And take the fresh Air,
 Whilst Linnets prepare,
 A consort on each green Thorn :
 The Blackbird and Thrush,
 On every bush,
 And the charming Nightingale ;
 In merry vein,
 Their throats do strain,
 To entertain,
 The jolly train,
That carry the Milking Pail.
 When cold bleak Winds do roar,
 And Flowers can spring no more ;
 The Fields that were seen,
 So pleasant and green,
 By Winter all candid o'er :
 Oh how the Town Lass,
 Looks with her white Face,
 And her Lips of deadly pale ;
 But it is not so,
 With those that go,
 Thro' Frost and Snow,
 With Cheeks that glow,
To carry the Milking Pail.

The

The Miss of Courtly mould,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold ;
 With washes and Paint,
 Her Skin does so taint,
She's wither'd before she's Old :
 Whilst she in Commode,
 Puts on a Cart load,
And with Cushions plumps her tail ;
 What Joys are found,
 In Russet Gown,
 Young, plump and round,
 And sweet and sound,

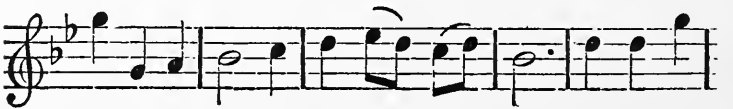
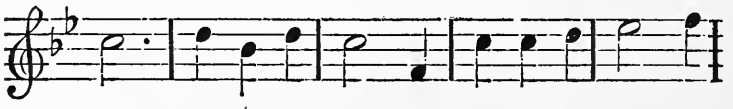
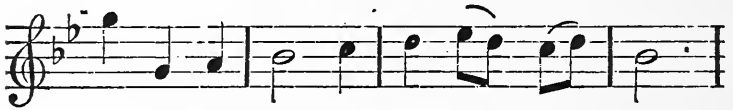
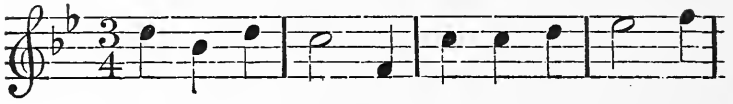
That carry the Milking Pail.

The Girls of *Venus* Game,
That ventures Health and Fame ;
 In practising feats,
 With Colds and with Heats,
Make lovers grow Blind and Lame :
 If Men were so Wise,
 To value the prise,
Of the Wares most fit for Sale ;
 What store of *Beaus*,
 Would daub their Cloaths
 To save a Nose,
 By following those,

That carry the Milking Pail.

The Country Lad is free,
From fears and Jealousie ;
 When upon the Green,
 He is often seen,
With his Lass upon his Knee ;
 With Kisses most sweet,
 He does her greet,
And swears she'll ne'er grow stale ;
 Whilst the *London* Lass,
 In e'ery place,
 With her brazen Face,
 Despises the grace,

Of those with the Milking Pail.

A Rapture on Albion and Cælia.

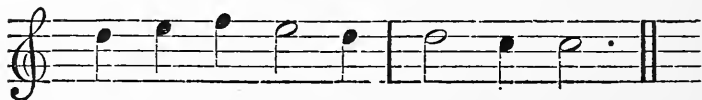
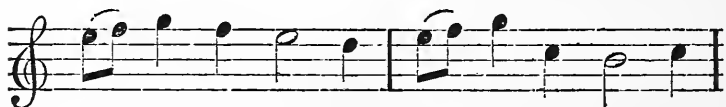
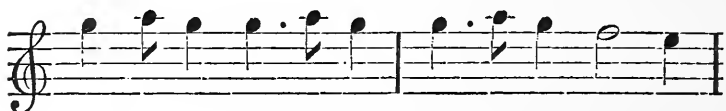
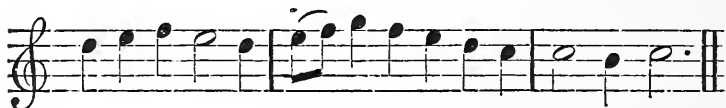
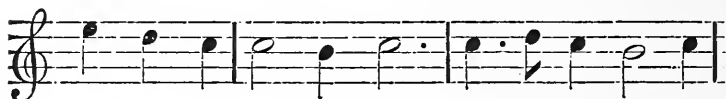
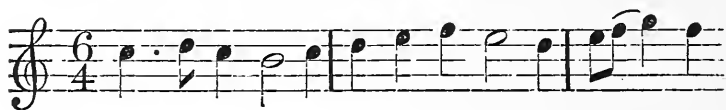


Raptures attending dwellers Divine,
 Can ne'er be transcending *Albion's* and mine ;
Fame's noble story Charms her fair Isle,
 And I as much Glory in *Cælia's* smile ;
Victory rears her conquering Cross,
 Whilst *France* in Tears bewails her sad loss.

Raptures attending dwellers Divine,
 Can ne'er be transcending *Albion's* and mine ;
 Conquest Triumphant too, comes from the Sea,
 Thus *Fate* blesses *Albion*, and *Cælia* me.
 Raptures attending dwellers Divine,
 Can ne'er be transcending *Albion's* and mine.



*On the Glorious Victory lately won by that
Wond'rous Hero Prince Eugene, over
the Turkish Army.*



Fate

FATE had design'd this worst of all Ages,
For *Christian* Valour a glorious doom ;
This the *Grand Signior's* prowess intrages,
Who thought a Million would soon o'ercome :
Mahomet sent the great *Mufti* a Vision,
How all the *Germans* bemoan'd their Condition,
Squadrons were scanted,
Officers wanted,
Only *Eugene* for *Christendom*.

Two Hundred thousand made the *Turks* Army,
Three quarters more then in Fight prevail ;
Not so the *Germans* who could alarm ye,
Only with Valour when forces fail :
Now the Grand *Vizier* his Musselmen treating,
Swore the poor handfuls were scarce worth his beating,
But not performing,
Brave *Eugene* storming,
All ran away from proud Horse-tails.

Now soars the Cross, and now flies the Cressent,
Thousands now wait the Victorious prize ;
Now bloody Wounds and groans are incessant,
Now the bold *Vizier* despairing dies :
Farewel the Grandure of *Ottoman* power,
Thinking the brightness of *Christians* to lower
Brave *Eugene's* story,
Blooms with fresh Glory,
Whilst *Christendom* old Faith enjoys.



A Dialogue between Teague an Irish Priest and the Arch-bishop of Paris, on the taking of Tournay, and the State of the French affairs. The Words made to an Irish Tune.



Teague.

HARK *Lewis* groans, good Fador wat ailsh him,
 None of our loud *Te-Deums* availsh him ;
 Creesh shave my Showl by Trumpets and Drumming,
 The Raison's plain now great *Marlborough* is coming :
Yough hone o hone.

Bishop.

Leave off your howle you seemple Bogtrotter,
 Vat can me do in tings of dis nature ;
 Get you to Mass and dose matters handle,
 To Curse him back vid your bell Book and Candle :
Ah Fernie bleiw.

Teague

Teague.

Patrick our Shaint successes delaying,
Curshing will do no more good than Praying ;
Dreadful *Eugene* the Deevil sure carrys,
Now *Tournay's* taken he'll soon come to *Paris* :
Yogh hone o hone.

Bishop.

If dey go on as now dey'r beginning,
Routing our Troops and Towns daily winning ;
If in dey'r Lines our Army lyes Sleeping,
Adiew de Gold we so long have been heaping :
Ah Fernie bleiw.

Teague.

Dis by my Showl's de fruit of Ambition,
Wee'r by his Pride in woful condition ;
He must be making Kings of *Welch* Princes,
A plague upon't he has quite lost his Shences :
Yogh hone o hone.

Bishop.

Dis comes of Plots with *Sweden* combining,
And of proposing Peace and not signing ;
Dey'r Gen'rs now such Anger discover,
Dey'l sure demand both *Versails* and de *Louvre* :
Ah Fernie bleiw.

Teague.

Burgundy's Mad dat Fool has undon us,
Savoy's the same who now seems to shun us ;
Berwick is sent out to seek his undoing,
Tallard strong Ale for *Villiers* is Brewing :
Yogh hone o hone.

Ad-





Remember ye *Whiggs* what was formerly done,
 Remember your Mischiefs in *Forty and One* ;
 When Friend oppos'd Friend, and Father the Son,
 Then, then the Old Cause, went rarely on ;
 The Cap sat aloft, and low was the Crown,
 The Rabble got up, and the Nobles went down :
 Lay Elders in Tubs,
 Rul'd *Bishops* in Robes,
 Who mourn'd the sad Fate,
 And dreadful disaster,
 Of their Royal Master,
 By Rebels betray'd.

*Then London be wise and baffle their Power,
 And let them play the old game no more ;
 Hang, hang up the Sherriffs those Baboons in pow'r,
 Those popular Thieves, those Rats of the Tower ;
 Whose Canting tale the Rable believes in a hurry,
 And never sorry, merrily they still go on ;
 Fie for shame, we're too tame, since they claim
 The combat, Tan ta ra ra ra, tan ta ra ra ra,
 Dub, a dub, a let the Drum beat, the strong Militia
 Guards the Throne.*

When Faction possesses the popular voice,
 The cause is supply'd still with nonsense and noise,
 And *Tony*, their Speaker, the Rable leads on,
 He knows if we prosper that he must run ;
Carolina must be his next station of ease,
 And *London* be rid of her worst disease ;

From

From Plots and from Spies,
From Treason and Lies,
We shall ever be free ;
And the Law shall be able,
To punish a Rebel,
As cunning as he :

Then London, &c.

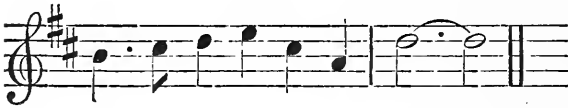
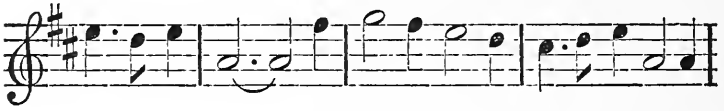
Rebellion ne'er wanted a Loyal pretence,
These Villains swear all's for the good of their Prince ;
Oppose our Elections, to shew what they dare,
And loosing their Charter Arrest the Mayor ;
Fool *Fe—ks* was the first o' th' Cuckoldly crew,
With *Ell—s* and *Fea—kll* and *Hub—lnd* the *Few* ;
Fam'd Sparks of the Town,
For Wealth and Renown,
Give the Devil his due,
And such as we fear,
Had their Sovereign been their,
Had Arrested him too :

Then London, &c.



*The MOUSE Trap. Made to a comical Tune
in the Country Wake.*



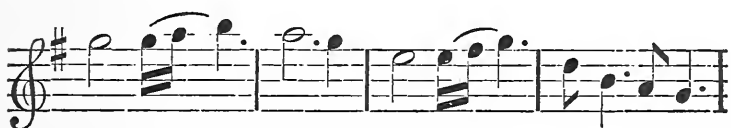
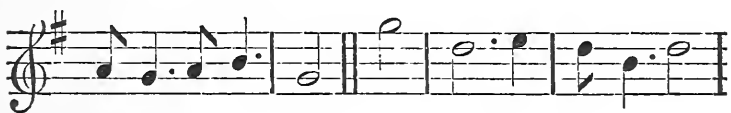


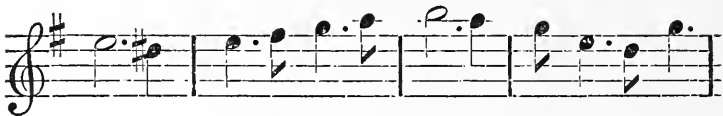
OF all the simple things we do,
 To rub over a Whimsical Life ;
 There's no one Folly is so true,
 As that very bad Bargain a Wife ;
 We'er just like a Mouse in a Trap,
 Or Vermin caught in a Gin ;
 We Sweat and Fret, and try to Escape,
 And Curse the sad Hour we came in.

I Gam'd and Drank, and play'd the Fool,
 And a Thousand Mad frolicks more ;
 I Rov'd and Rang'd, despis'd all Rule,
 But I never was Married before ;
 This was the worst Plague could ensue,
 I'm Mew'd in a smoky House ;
 I us'd to Tope a Bottle or two,
 But now 'tis small Beer with my Spouse.

My darling Freedom crown'd my joys,
 And I never was vext in my way ;
 If now I cross her Will her Voice,
 Makes my Lodging too hot for my stay ;
 Like a Fox that is hamper'd in vain,
 I fret out my Heart and Soul ;
 Walk to and fro the length of my Chain,
 Then forc'd to Creep into my Hole.

A Scotch SONG, Sung by Mr. Leveridge.

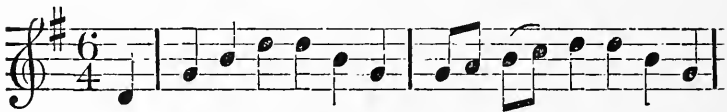




FAreweel my Bonny, bonny witty, pretty *Moggy*,
 And aw the Rosie Lasses, Milking on the Down,
 Adiew the flow'ry Meadows, late so dear to *Fockey*,
 The sports and merry glee of *Edinborough* Town :
 Since *French* and *Spanish* loons, stand at Bay,
 And Valiant Lads of *Britain* hold 'em play,
 My Reap-huke, I mun throw quite away ;
 And Fight too like a Man,
 Among 'em for our Royal Queen *Ann*.

Each Carl of *Irish* mettle battles like a Dragon,
 The *German* waddles, and straddles to the Drum ;
 The *Italian* and the butter bowzy *Hogan Mogan*,
 Gud feththen *Scottish Fockey* may not ligg at home ;
 For since their ganging to Hunt renown,
 And swear they'll quickly ding the *Mounsieur* down ;
 Ise follow for a pluck at his Crown,
 To shew that *Scotland* can,
 Excel 'em for our Royal Queen *Ann*.

2d Movement.





THEN welcome from *Vigo*,
 And Cudgeling *Don Diego*,
 With bouger Rascallion,
 And Plund'ring the Galleons ;
 Each brisk Valiant fellow,
 Fought at *Rodondellow*,
 And those who did meet,
 With the *Newfound-Land* Fleet ;
 Then for late Successes,
 Which *Europe* Confesses,
 At Land by our galliant Commanders ;
 The *Dutch* in strong Beer,
 Shou'd be Drunk for one Year,
 With their General's Health, in *Flanders*.

The

*The Scotch Cuckold: A New SONG to a
Northern Tune.*



TWanty Years and mear at *Edinborrow Fockey*
liv'd Unmarry'd,
At last he would to *London* gang, and there the silly
Loon miscarry'd ;

Whily

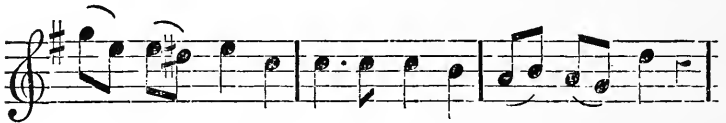
Whily *Kate* the Brown, the Plump,
The Frowzy Browzy,
Hoyty Toyty,
Covent-Garden Harridan,
Soon made poor *Fockey's* Head to Ake,
And spoyl'd him for a merry Man.

Wae is me he cry'd, that ever I should change my free
Condition,
The Quean my Wife will gad abroad, whilst I meet
e'ry where Derision ;
I may sigh and Pine and Whine,
And run about,
The Town about,
Each Hour crying Welladay,
With roaring Boys she diverts her time,
And all the Week makes Holliday.



*The First SONG in the Third Act, Sung
by Altisidora to Don Quixote.*





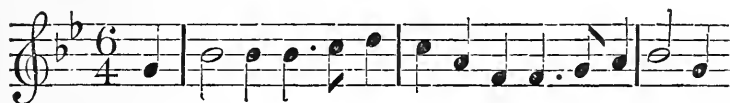
Damon turn your Eyes to me,
 Wither simply wou'd you, wou'd you lead 'em ;
 Can you, can you think another she,
 Has more Charms, has more Charms than I to
 feed 'em :

He that leaves a Rosie, rosie Cheek,
 Lips Vermillion like a Ruby ;
 Blindly coarser fare to seek,
 Pox, pox upon him for a Booby.

If a smile the Lover's joy,
 Can allure, i'll do't divinely ;
 Or d'ye love a Sleepy Eye,
 Here is one can Oagle finely,
 Charms wou'd make another Man,
 Gaze an age, I'll shew to win ye ;
 And when I've shewn all I can,
 If you go, the Devil's in ye.



*The Poet's Lyrical Address to the QUEEN.
With Remarks on the present Affairs, and
the Happy UNION; brought to perfection
by Her Majesty, being on Force on May
the First, 1717. To be Said, or Sung to
a Humiourous Tune call'd Green Sleeves,
and is also Set to other Musick, by One of
our Best Masters.*



W Hilst favour'd Bishops new Sleeves put on,
 And Toleration has each *Non Con* ;
 And Courtiers get places of Gracious Queen *Ann*,
 All bustling in every Station :

A Son of *Phæbus*, whose Muse oft sings
 Our Nation's Glory, with other Things,
 A stanch Loyal Lover of Queens, and of Kings,
 To make this Address takes Occasion :

Oh long and bright may your Glory shine,
 Great Patroness of the Tuneful Nine,
 Who all, like the Vision of *Pharoah's* Lean Kine,
 Late mourn'd on a sad Desolation :

But now they flourish in Golden Days,
 And Bounty shows on *Apollo's* Race,
 Let me too be happy in Sovereign Grace,
 Now *Britain* is made a blest Nation.

Great *Marlborough*, who for the Field prepares,
 And Loads of Lawrel through *Flanders* bears ;
 Yet are not in weight like his Annual Cares,
 To crown his late Deeds is contriving.

Then, whether Mounsieur can well maintain
 What to half *Europe's* against the Grain,
 His Grandson young *Philip*, to King it in *Spain*,
 You'll find at our Forces arriving.

For tho' we late into Feuds did grow,
 Some for the *High-Church*, and some the *Low*,
 We now must unite to drive out such a Foe
 By Aids, to support the Invasion.

Dull *Baden*, Fate, has casheer'd at last,
 Had brave *Eugene* on the *Rhine* been plac'd,
 One Hour had atton'd for an Age that has past,
 And given for new Trophies Occasion.

The

The Crown's Succession is past all fear,
Great *Britain's* Kingdoms have fix'd an Heir,
And Princess *Sophia* runs glib in Church-Prayer,
Defying all Chances hereafter :

France must forgive the *Welsh* Prince's Score,
For him to bring new Pretensions o'er ;
Now politick *Scotland* has shut her Back-door,
I think is a thing worthy Laughter.

Since Happy *Union*, all Hearts commands
The Plads, and Bonnets, and Cloak, and Bands,
With long pleated Cassock must join and shake Hands,
Most Friendly in every Station.

Oh *Scotland, Scotland*, old Faults we wave,
Thank Royal *Ann* for the Prize She gave,
Prove Loyal, and truly we know you are brave,
Then *Britain* will be a blest Nation.

Rejoice then, *Caledonian* Sons,
Sound loud your Trumpets, and fire your Guns,
Whilst Dutyful Thanks the swift Season out-runs,
In Volumes of Loyal Addresses.

Let *Edinburgh* with Praise abound,
The Kirk dole Sanctified Hymns around,
Whilst *Pauls* with its Organ in ravishing Sound,
Cælestial Devotion expresses.

Tell both the *Poles* how our Glorious *Ann*,
A Labour several Kings began,
Yet fail'd to effect, has concluded, and done,
T' Eternize her wonderful Story.

With *Albany* a blest *Union* made,
Increas'd our Power, improv'd their Trade,
And taken from Mounsieur the Means to invade,
Eclipsing his dazling Vainglory.

Some say that *Belgia* mislikes our Dish,
 The *Union* relishes not their Wish,
 Who lately by provident catching our Fish,
 Defray'd all Dragooning Expences.

For fear vile Int'rest the League should spoil,
 Since Malice Butter can turn to Oil,
 And Honour don't grow in a plashy, cold Soil,
 Let Prudence take care of Defences.

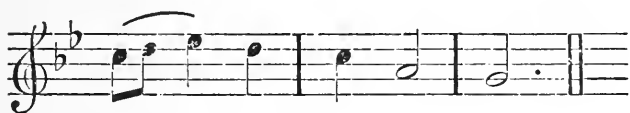
Th' *Hibernian* Wits, who no Statesmen are,
 Depend upon the new Viceroy's Care,
 And now, mighty Queen, as a finishing Prayer,
 Long Live in your Royal Vocations ;

And when you e'er a State Game begin,
 May then your Trumps come all pouring in,
 For never had Gamester a harder to win,
 Then who has *United* these Nations.



A SONG.





B Right was the Morning, cool was the Air,
 Serene was all the Sky ;
 When on the Waves I left my dear,
 The Center of my joy :
 Heaven and Nature smiling were,
 And nothing sad but I.

Each Rosie Field did Odours spread,
 All Fragrant was the shore ;
 Each River God rose from his Bed,
 And sigh'd and own'd her power :
 Curling their Waves they deck'd their heads,
 As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair *Egyptian* Queen,
 Her Heroe went to see ;
Cidnus swell'd o'er his Banks in pride,
 As much in Love as he :
Cidnus swell'd, &c.

Glide on ye waters, bear these lines,
 And tell her how distress'd ;
 Bear all my sighs ye gentle winds,
 And waft 'em to her Breast :
 Tell her if e'er she prove unkind,
 I never shall have rest.

The DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE Clock had struck, faith I cannot tell what,
 But Morning was come as Grey as a Cat ;
 Cocks and Hens from their Roosts did fly,
 Grunting Hogs too had left their sty ;
 When in a Vale,
 Carrying a Pail,
Sissy her new Lover met, *Dapper Harry* ;
 First they Kiss'd,
 Then shook Fist,
 Then talk'd as Fools do that just were to Marry.

Zooks

Zooks cry'd *Hall*, I can't but think,
Now we are come to Wedlock brink ;
How pure a stock 'twill be how fine,
When you put your good mark to mine ;
 Siss at that,
 Glowing hot,
Buss'd him as if she'd have burnt him to Tinder ;
 Thus they Woo,
 But see how,
Damn'd Fate contriv'd now the Bargain to hinder.

Sissly had got a Cold I suppose,
And 'twixt her Fingers was blowing her Nose ;
Harry, that Linnen too wanted I doubt,
Lent her his Glove, to serve for a Clout ;
 Scraping low,
 Manners to show,
And tell her how much he was her adorer :
 Pray mark the Joke,
 Leather thong broke,
And Breeches fell down to his Ancles before her.

Sissly who saw him thus distrest,
Pulls of her Garter of woolen List ;
And with a sly and leering look,
Gave it to mend up what was broke ;
 Fumbling he,
 Could not see,
What he discover'd, tho' e'er he had ty'd all :
 For just before,
 Shirt was tore,
And as the Devil would have't she had spy'd all.

She gave him then so cold a Look,
Discontent it plainly spoke ;
And running from him near a Mile,
He overtook her at a stile ;
 Too much hast,
 Milk down cast,
And topsy turvy she fell on her Pole with't :

He

He seeing that,
 Runs with's Hat,
 But could not Cover her C—— for his soul with't.

Have you not seen at Noon of Day,
 The Sun his glorious Face display ;
 So *Sissly* shone with Beauty's Rays,
 Reflecting from her Postern grace ;
 Till at last
 Strugling past,
 Wide sprawling Legs were again set in order :
 But poor *Hall*,
 Since her fall,
 Stood just like one was found guilty of Murder.

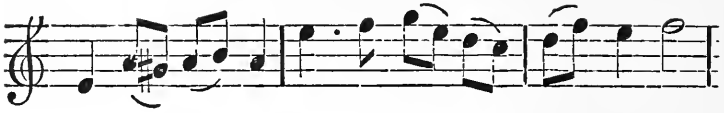
The God of Love, or else old Nick,
 Sure had design'd this Devilish trick,
 To make the Bridegroom and the Bride ;
 With themselves dissatisfy'd ;
 She grown coy,
 Call'd him Boy,
 He getting from her cry'd Zoons you'r a rouzer :
 Foh, she cry'd,
 By things spy'd,
 She had as live a meer Baby should espouse her.



THE
SONGS
AND
DIALOGUES

*In the First and Second Part of Mas-
saniello. The First SONG Set by Mr.
Daniel Purcell.*





YOung *Philander* woo'd me long,
 I was peevish and forbid him ;
 Nor would hear his loving Song,
 And yet now I wish, I wish I had him :
 For each Morn I view my Glass,
 I perceive the Whim is going ;
 For when Wrinkles streak the Face,
 We may bid farewell to Wooing.
 For when Wrinkles streak the Face,
 We may bid farewell to Wooing.

Use your time ye Virgins fair,
 Choose before your days are Evil ;
 Fifteen is a Season rare,
 Five and Forty is the Devil :
 Just when Ripe consent to do't,
 Hug no more the lonely Pillow ;
 Women like some other Fruit,
 Loose their relish when too Mellow.



*The Fisherman's SONG, In the First Part,
of Massaniello. Set by Mr. Leveridge.*



CHO



OF all the World's Enjoyments,
 That ever valu'd were ;
 There's none of our Employments,
 With Fishing can Compare :
 Some Preach, some Write,
 Some Swear, some Fight,
 All Golden Lucre courting,
 But Fishing still bears off the Bell ;
 For Profit or for Sporting.

*Then who a Folly Fisherman, a Fisherman will be ?
 His Throat must wet,
 Just like his Net,
 To keep out Cold at Sea.*

The Country Squire loves Running,
 A Pack of well-mouth'd Hounds ;
 Another fancies Gunning
 For wild Ducks in his Grounds :
 This Hunts, that Fowls,
 This Hawks, *Dick* Bowls,
 No greater Pleasure wishing,
 But *Tom* that tells what Sport excells,
 Gives all the Praise to Fishing,
Then who, &c.

A good *Westphalia Gammon,*
 Is counted dainty Fare ;
 But what is't to a *Salmon,*
 Just taken from the Ware :
 Wheat Ears and *Quailes,*
 Cocks, Snipes, and *Rayles ;*
 Are priz'd while Season's lasting,
 But all must stoop to Crawfish Soop,
 Or I've no skill in tasting.
Then who, &c.

Keen Hunters always take too
 Their prey with too much pains ;
 Nay often break a Neck too,
 A Penance for no Brains :

They

They Run, they Leap,
Now high, now deep,
Whilst he that Fishing chooses ;
With ease may do't, nay more to boot,
May entertain the Muses.

Then who, &c.

And tho' some envious wranglers,
To jeer us will make bold ;
And Laugh at Patient Anglers,
Who stand so long i' th' Cold :
They wait on Miss,
We wait on this,
And think it easie Labour ;
And if you'd know, Fish profits too,
Consult our *Holland* Neighbour.

Then who, &c.

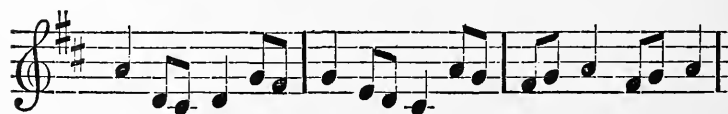
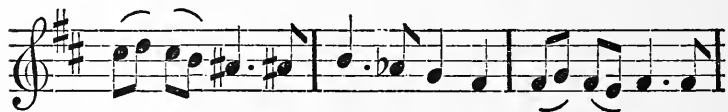


*A New SONG, Made in honour of his Grace
the Duke of Marlborough, and the General
Officers, upon the Glorious success of this
last Campaign. Set by Mr. J. Weldon.*

Beat the Drum, Beat, beat the Drum,
Let Martial Trumpets sound ;
The jolly Bowl prepare,
With fragrant Roses Crown'd :
The Grand *Leviathan* of *France* is Tumbling down,
Tumbling down, is tumbling, tumbling down ;
Lawrel wreaths for Glorious pains,
Once more great *Marlborough*, great *Marlborough* Gains :
Thus whilst Conquer'd, whilst conquer'd *Flanders* falls,
Proud *Orleans*, from *Turin's* Walls,
Is like a Vapour gone.
The *Mounsieur's* mawl'd by Sea and Land,
Then take six Bumpers in a Hand ;
To each brave *Brittish* Son,
They, they the Work have done,
They, they the Work have done.

A DIALOGUE between a Town Sharper and his Hostess, Sung by Mr. Leveridge and Mr. Pate; in the first Part. Set by Mr. Daniel Purcell.

Sharp.



Pleasant and Divertive.

271

Host.



Sharp.

Sharp. **W**Hilst wretched Fools sneak up and down,
 Play hide and seek about the Town ;
 Deprest by Debts, and Fortune's Frown,
 By Duns to keep in awe :
 When ever my occasions call,
 And 'mongst my Creditors I fall ;
 I've one fine Song that Pays 'em all,
Fa, la, &c.

Host. Good Morrow Sir, I'm glad to see,
 Your Humour is so brisk and free ;
 I hope the better 'tis for me,
 If you your Purse will draw :
 Y'have been two Years at Bed and Board,
 And I, Lord help me, took your Word ;
 But now must have what here is scor'd,
 For all your *Fa, la, la, la, &c.*

Sharp. My Purse sweet Hostess is but lank,
 But I have something else in Bank ;
 And you at Home I'll kindly thank,
 With charming sweet *Sol fa* :
 We'll sit and Chaunt from Morn to Noon,
 No Nightingale in *May* or *June* ;
 Did ever Sing so fine a Tune,
 As *Fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

Host. You take me for an Ideot sure,
 Will this fine Tune my Debt secure ;
 Or Pay my Baker and my Brewer,
 Or keep me from the Law :
 To buy your Shirts there's Money lent,
 Besides in Meat and Drink more spent ;
 And can you think I pay my Rent,
 With *Fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

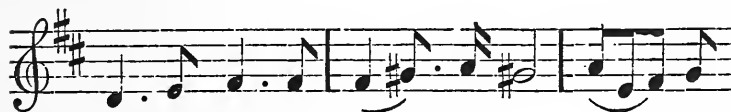
Sharp. I'll teach thee such a pretty Song,
 Shall please the Rich, Poor, Old, and Young ;
 Get thee a Husband Stout and Strong,
 Some Country Rich Jack-Daw :

Nay

Nay, more I'll bring to quitmy Scores,
 A crew of Topping Sons of Whores,
 Shall Drink all Night and charm the Hours,
 With *Fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

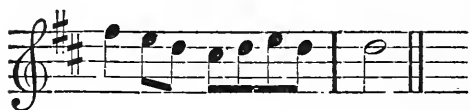
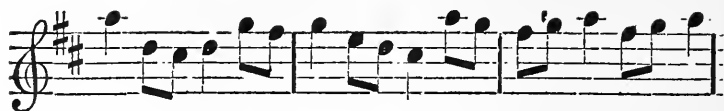
Host. Ye cunning Rogue this weeding talk,
 You fancy will rub out my Chalk ;
 But I your sly design will baulk,
 When you to Jayl I draw :
 Your boasted Song's a foolish thing,
 For do but you the Money bring ;
 You'll find I can already Sing,
Fa la, la, la, la, la, &c.

Sharp.



Host.





Sharp. Well since Dame Fortune is my Foe,
 And that I must to Prison go;
 Let's have a Neat frisk or so,
 And then rub on the Law:

Host. Well since you're on the merry Pin,
 And make so slight the Counter-Gin;
 I'll do't, and let the Tune begin,
 With *Fa, la, &c.*

They DANCE.



Sharp.

Sharp. *Host.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with eighth and sixteenth notes. The second and third staves continue the melody with similar rhythmic patterns. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a final note and a double bar line.

Sharp. Has not my Dance ill Humour Charm'd,

Host. I must confess my Blood is warm'd :

Sharp. And Heart I hope by Love alarm'd,

To Laugh *Ha, ha, ha, ha :*

Host. You think you've catch'd me now I smile,

Sharp. No that it'll do at Night dear Child ;

Host. Well I'll the Bayliffs stop a while,

To try your *Fa, la, la, &c.*



The Winchester Wedding ; or Ralph of Redding, and black Bess of the Green.

The musical score consists of six staves of music in a single system. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written on a treble clef staff. The first five staves contain the main melody, and the sixth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

AT *Winchester* was a Wedding,
 The like was never seen,
 Twixt lusty *Ralph* of *Redding*,
 And bonny black *Bess* of the *Green* :

The

The Fiddlers were Crouding before,
Each Lass was as fine as a Queen ;
There was a Hundred and more,
For all the Country came in :
Brisk *Robin* led *Rose* so fair,
She look'd like a Lilly o'th' Vale ;
And Ruddy Fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,
And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*.

With *Tommy* came smiling *Katy*,
He help'd her over the Stile ;
And swore there was none so pretty,
In forty, and forty long Mile :
Kit gave a Green-Gown to *Betty*,
And lent her his Hand to rise ;
But *Fenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
For looking blue under the Eyes :
Thus merrily Chatting all,
They pass'd to the *Bride-house* along ;
With *Fohunny* and pretty fac'd *Nanny*,
The fairest of all the throng.

The Bride came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the Dinner was spoil'd ;
And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With *Bak'd*, and *Roasted*, and *Boil'd* :
The Lads were so frolick and jolly,
For each had his Love by his side ;
But *Willy* was Melancholy,
For he had a Mind to the Bride :
Then *Philip* begins her Health,
And turns a Beer Glass on his Thumb ;
But *Fenkin* was reckon'd for Drinking,
The best in *Christendom*.

And now they had Din'd, advancing
Into the midst of the *Hall* ;
The Fiddlers struck up for Dancing,
And *Feremy* led up the *Brawl* :

But

But *Margery* kept a quarter,
 A Lass that was proud of her Pelf,
 Cause *Arthur* had stolen her Garter,
 And swore he would tie it himself :
 She struggl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,
 And ready with Anger to cry ;
 'Cause *Arthur* with tying her Garter,
 Had slip'd his Hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
 The Bride away was led ;
 The Bridegroom got Drunk and was knocking,
 For Candles to light 'em to Bed :
 But *Robin* that found him Silly,
 Most friendly took him aside ;
 The while that his *Wife* with *Willy*,
 Was playing at *Hoopers-hide* :
 And now the warm *Game* begins,
 The *Critical Minute* was come ;
 And chatting, and Billing, and Kissing,
 Went merrily round the Room.

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,
 And blith as a Bird in the Spring ;
 And *Tommy* was so to *Katy*,
 And Wedded her with a *Rush Ring* :
Sukey that Danc'd with the *Cushion*,
 An Hour from the Room had been gone ;
 And *Barnaby* knew by her Blushing,
 That some other Dance had been done :
 And thus of Fifty fair Maids,
 That came to the Wedding with Men ;
 Scarce Five of the Fifty was left ye,
 That so did return again.



A SONG, Sung by a Fop newly come from
France.



AH! *Phillis* why are you less *tender*,
To my despairing *Amore*!
Your Heart you have promis'd to *tender*,
Do not deny the *Retour* :
My Passion I cannot *defender*,
No, no Torments encrease *tous les Four*.

To forget your kind Slave is *cruelle*,
Can you expect my *Devoir* ;
Since *Phillis* is grown *infidelle*,
And wounds me at every *Revoir* !
Those Eyes which were once *agreeable*,
Now, now are Fountains of black *Des espoire*.

Adieu to my false *Esperance*,
Adieu *les Plaisirs des beaux Fours* ;
My *Phillis* appears at *distance*,
And slights my unfeigned *Efforts* :
To return to her Vows *impossible*,
No, no adieu to the Cheats of *Amours*.

A SONG.



Great *Fove* once made Love like a Bull, (a Bull)
 With *Leda* a Swan was in Vogue ;
 And to persevere in that Rule, (that Rule)
 He now does Descend like a Dog :

For

For when I to *Celia* would speak,
And on her Breast sigh what I mean ;
My Heart-Strings are ready to break,
For their I find Mounsieur *Le Chien*, (*Le Chien*,)
Le Chien, Mounsieur, Mounsieur *Le Chien*).

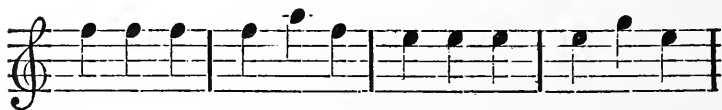
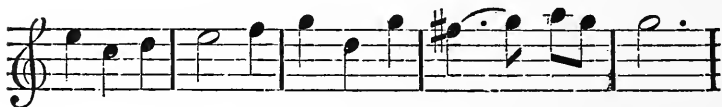
For knowledge of Modish Intrigues,
Or managing well an Amour ;
I defie any one with two Legs,
But here I am Rivall'd by four :
Distracted all Night with my Wrongs,
I cry, Cruel Gods ! what d'ye mean !
That what to my Merit belongs,
You bestow upon Mounsieur *Le Chien*.

For Feature, or Niceness in Dress,
Compare with him surely I can ;
Nor vainly my self should express,
To say, I am much more a Man ;
To th' Government firm too as he,
The former I cunningly mean ;
And if he Religious can be,
I've as much sure as Mounsieur *Le Chien*.

But what need I publish my Parts,
Or Idly my Passion relate ;
Since Fancy that Captivates Hearts,
Resolves not to alter my Fate :
I may Sing, Caper, Ogle, and Speak,
And make a long Court, *Ausi bien*,
And yet with one Passionate Lick,
I'm out-Rivall'd by Mounsieur *Le Chien*.



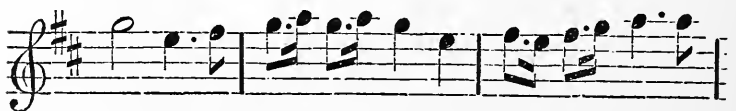
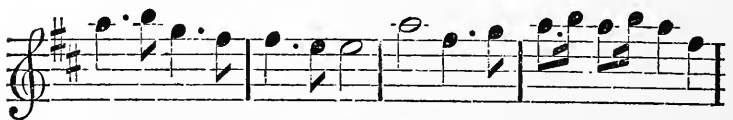
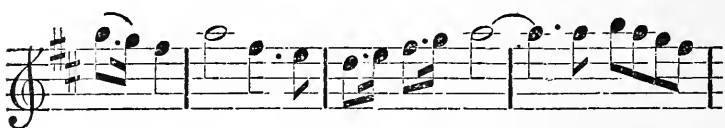
A SONG.



*A two Part SONG: Being part of an ODE,
Made to Entertain the Nobility and
Gentry of the County of York. Set by
Mr. Henry Purcell.*



A Prophetick SONNET, On the Ensuing Campaign: Made to encourage the Officers and Soldiers. To a pretty Trumpet-Tune.





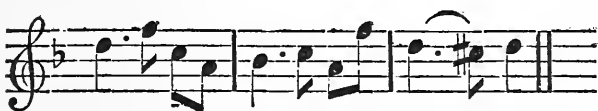
NOW, now Winter is retreating,
 Hark, hark the Martial Drum is beating ;
 Fate smiles upon the Glorious Year,
 Predestin'd for Proud *France* to fear :
Flanders shall shake with *Marlborough's* Thunders,
Spain too where *Staremburg* did Wonders,
 Spight of some late unlucky blunders ;
 And the taking of *Girrone* March,
 March, begin the Seige of *Arras*,
 Then, then lead on your way to *Paris* ;
Monsieur you'll confound,
 And *Philip* must in course go down.

Cease, cease *Brittish* Men your jangling,
 Great harms befall us by your wrangling ;
 Rank feuds encourage still the Foe,
 You else might quickly overthrow :
 Joyn all, let Royal *Anna* charm ye,
 Use means to pay the Fleet and Army ;
 No pow'r of bragging *France* will harm ye,
 Tho' *Te Deums* never cease ;
 Tho' tho' with Boyish crowds they threaten,
 All know their *Marshalls* can be beaten ;
 Conquests will increase,
 And soon we shall command a Peace.

Second Movement.



A SONG.



Jockey was a dawdy Lad,
 And *Femmy* swarth and Tawney ;
 They my Heart no Captive made,
 For that was Prize to *Sawney* :
Fockey Woes, and Sighs and Sues,
 And *Femmy* offers Money ;
 Weel I see they both love me,
 But I love only *Sawney*.

Fockey high his Voice can raise,
 And *Femmy* tunes the Viol ;
 But when *Sawney* Pipes sweet Lays,
 My heart kens no denial :
 One he Sings, and to'ther Strings,
 Tho' sweet, yet only tease me ;
Sawney's Flute, can only do't,
 And Pipe a Tune to please me.

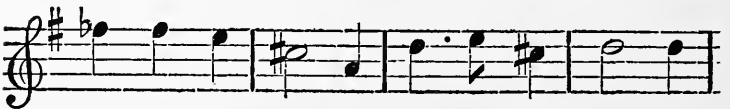


Young *Collin*, cleaving of a Beam,
 At ev'ry Thumping, thumping blow cry'd hem ;
 And told his Wife, and told his Wife,
 And told his Wife who the Cause would know,
 That Hem made the Wedge much further go :
 Plump *Foan*, when at Night to Bed they came,
 And both were Playing at that same ;
 Cry'd Hem, hem, hem prithee, prithee, prithee
 Collin do,
 If ever thou lov'dst me, Dear hem now ;
 He laughing answer'd no, no, no,
 Some Work will Split, will split with half a blow ;
 Besides now I Bore, now I bore, now I bore,
 Now, now, now I bore,
 I Hem when I Cleave, but now I Bore.

A SONG.

He.*She.*

CHORUS.





Fohn. **C**ome *Fug*, my Honey, let's to bed,
 It is no Sin, sin we are wed ;
 For when I am near thee by desire,
 I burn like any Coal of Fire.

Fug. To quench thy Flames I'll soon agree,
 Thou art the Sun, and I the Sea ;
 All Night within my Arms shalt be,
 And rise each Morn as fresh as he.

CHO. *Come on then, and couple together,
 Come all, the Old and the Young,
 The Short and the Tall ;
 The richer than Crœsus,
 And poorer than Job,
 For 'tis Wedding and Bedding,
 That Peoples the Globe.*

Fohn. My Heart and all's at thy command,
 And tho' I've never a Foot of Land,
 Yet six fat Ewes, and one milch Cow,
 I think, my *Fug*, is Wealth enow.

Fug. A Wheel, six Platters and a Spoon,
 A Jacket edg'd with blue Galloon ;
 My Coat, my Smock is thine, and shall
 And something under best of all.

CHO. *Come on then, &c.*

A Scotch SONG.

A musical score for a Scotch song, consisting of seven staves of music in treble clef and common time. The score begins with a repeat sign. The melody is characterized by rhythmic patterns of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

De'll

DE'll take the War, that hurry'd *Willy* from me,
Who to love me, just had sworn,
They made him Captain sure to undoe me,
Woe is me, he'll ne'er return ;
A thousand Loons abroad will Fight him,
He from thousands ne'er will run ;
Day and Night I did invite,
To stay safe from the Sword and Gun :

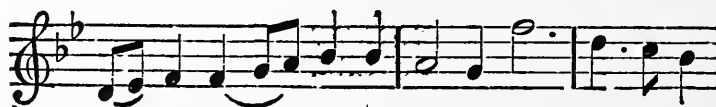
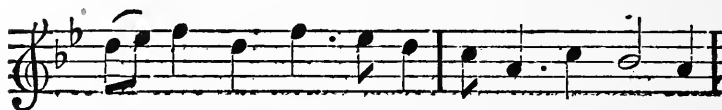
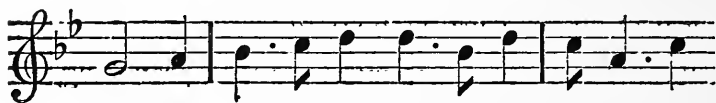
I us'd alluring Graces,
With muckle kind Embraces,
Now sighing, then Crying, Tears dropping fall ;
And had he my soft Arms,
Preferr'd to Wars alarms :
By Love grown Mad, without the Man of Gad,
I fear in my fit, I had grented all.

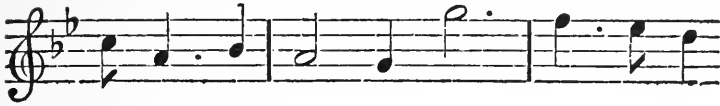
I Wash'd and Patch'd to make me look provoking,
Snares that they told me wou'd catch the Men ;
And on my Head a huge Commode sat cocking,
Which made me shew as Tall agen :
For a new Gown too, I paid muckle Money,
Which with golden Flowers did shine ;
My Love well might think me gay and Bonny,
No *Scotch* Lass was e'er so Fine.

My Petticoat I Spotted,
Fring too with Thread I Knotted,
Lace Shoes, and Silk Hose, Garter full over Knee ;
But oh ! the fatal thought,
To *Willy* these are nought,
Who rid to Towns, and Riffled with Dragoons,
When he silly Loon might have Plunder'd me.



A SONG.





HOW vile are the Sordid Intrigues of the Town,
 Cheating and Lying continually sway ;
 From Bully and Punk, to the Politick Gown,
 In Plotting and Sotting, they waste the Day :
 All their Discourse is of Foreign Affairs,
 The *French* and the Wars is always the cry ;
 Marriage alas is declining,
 Nay, tho' a poor Virgin lies pining,
 Ah Curse of this Jarring, what luck have I.

I hop'd a rich Trader by Ogling Charms,
 Into my Conjugal Fetters to bring ;
 I planted my snare too, for one lov'd Arms,
 But found his design was another thing :
 From the Court Province, down to the dull Cites,
 Both Cully and Wits of Marriage are shy ;
 Marriage alas is declining,
 Nay, tho a poor Virgin lies pining,
 Ah pox of the *Mounsieur*, what luck have I.



Hampton Court, a new Song. *To a pretty new Tune, made by a Person of Quality.*





WHere divine *Gloriana*, her Palace late rear'd,
 And the choicest delights, Art and Nature
 prepar'd,
 On the bank of sweet *Thames*, gently gliding along ;
 The Love-sick *Philander* sate down and thus Sang :
 More happy than yet any place was before,
 Thou dear blest resemblance of her I adore ;
 All Eyes are delighted with prospect of thee,
 Thou charm'st ev'ry Sense, thou charm'st ev'ry Sense,
 Ah ! just so does she.

As the River's clear Waves *Zephyr* softly does rowl,
 So her breath moves the Passions, that flow in my Soul ;
 As the Trees by the Sun, feel a nourishing joy ;
 So my Heart is refresh'd by a glance from her Eye :
 The Birds pretty Notes, we still hear when she speaks ;
 And the sweetest of Gardens, still blooms in her Cheeks ;
 Had I that dear bliss, for no other I'd sue ;
 Who enjoys this sweet *Eve*, who enjoys this sweet *Eve*,
 Has all Paradise too.

A SONG on the Victory over the Turks.

H Ark the thundring *Cannons* roar,
 Ecchoing from the *German* shore,
 And the joyful News comes o'er ;
 The *Turks* are all confounded ?
Lorrain comes, they run, they run,
 Charge your Horse thro' the grand half Moon,
 We'll Quarter give to none,
 Since *Staremburg* is wounded.

Close your rank, and each brave soul
 Take a lusty flowing bowl,
 A grand carouse to the *Royal Pole*,
 The Empires brave defender ;

No Man leave his post by stealth,
Plunder the *Grand Visier's* wealth,
But drink a Helmet full to th' Health,
Of the second *Alexander*.

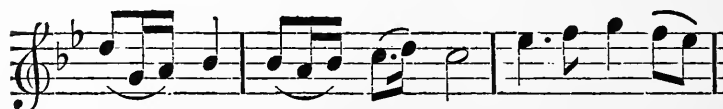
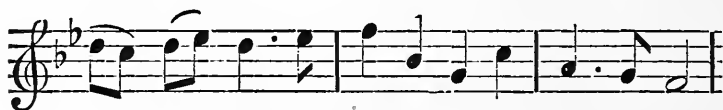
Mahomet was a sober dog,
A *Small-beer*, drowzy, senseless *Rogue*,
The juice of the *Grape* so much in vogue,
To forbid to those adore him ;
Had he but allow'd the *Vine*,
Given 'em leave to carouse in *Wine*,
The *Turk* had safely past the *Rhine*,
And conquer'd all before him.

With dull *Tea* they fought in vain,
Hopeless Vict'ry to obtain,
Where sprightly *Wine* fills ev'ry Vein ;
Success must needs attend him ;
Our *Brains* (like our Cannons) warm,
With often firing feels no harm,
While the Sober sot flies the alarm,
No *Laurel* can befriend him.

Christians thus with conquest crown'd :
Conquest with the *Glass* goes round,
Weak *Coffee* can't keep its ground,
Against the force of *Claret* :
Whilst we give them thus the Foil,
And the *Pagan Troops* recoyl,
The Valiant *Poles* divide the spoil,
And in brisk *Nectar* share it.

Infidels are now o'ercome,
But the most *Christian Turk's* at home,
Watching the fate of *Christendom*,
But all his hopes are shallow ;
Since the *Poles* have led the Dance,
Let English *Cæsar* now advance,
And if he sends a Fleet to *France*,
He's a *VVig* that will not follow.

An ODE to Cynthia walking on Richmond-Hill. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.





ON the Brow of *Richmond Hill*,
 Which *Europe* scarce can parallel,
 Ev'ry Eye such Wonders fill,
 To view the Prospect round ;
 By whose fair Fruitful side,
 The Silver *Thames* does softly glide,
 Meadows dress'd in Summers Pride,
 With verdant Beauties crown'd :
 Lovely *Cynthia* passing by,
 With brighter Glories blest my Eye,
 Ah ! then in vain, in vain said I,
 The Fields and Flowers do shine :
 Nature in this Charming Place,
 Created Pleasure in Excess,
 But all are Poor to *Cynthia's* Face,
 Whose Features are Divine.

See

See the Beautious River run,
 See every Billow Rowling on,
 Trees and flowers Court the Sun,
 In yonder shady Wood,
 But when *Cynthia* does appear,
 To bless my Eyes with all that's fair,
 Ah ! what Beauty can compare
 To Charming Flesh and Blood ;
 Nature all her Rural Joys,
 At large exposes to our Eyes,
 But Hills and Valleys, Air and Skyes
 Henceforth let fools admire ;
Cynthia that my Life may be,
 Crown'd with true felicity,
 Let my Prospect still be thee
 No other I'll desire.



A Scotch SONG.

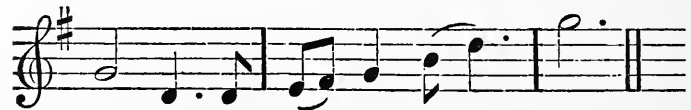
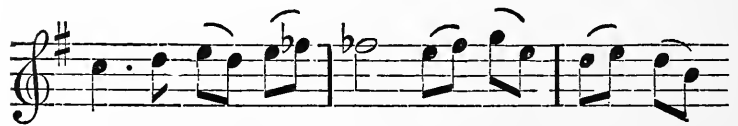
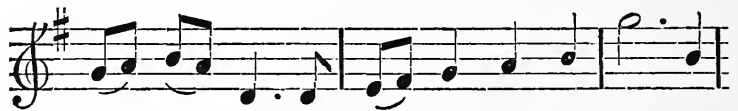




L Ads and Lasses Blith and Gay,
 Hear what my Song discloses,
 As I one Morning sleeping lay,
 Upon a bank of Roses :
Willy ganging out his Gate,
 By geud luck chanc'd to spy me ;
 And pulling Bonnet from his Pate,
 He softly lay down by me.

Willy tho' I muckle priz'd,
 Yet now I wou'd not know him ;
 But made a Frown my Face disguis'd,
 And from me strove to throw him :
 Fondly he still nearer prest,
 Upon my Bosom lying ;
 His beating Heart too thump'd so fast,
 I thought the Loon was dying.

But resolving to deny,
 An angry Passion feigning ;
 I often roughly push'd him by,
 With words full of disdain :
Willy baulk'd no favour wins,
 Went off so discontented ;
 But I geud faith for all my Sins,
 Ne'er half so much Repented.

A Scotch SONG.

IN *January* last, on *Munnonday* at Morn,
 As I along the Fields did pass to view the
 Winter's Corn ;
 I leaked me behind, and I saw come over the Knough,
 Yan glenting in an Apron with bonny brent Brow.

I bid gud morrow fair Maid, and she right courteouslie,
Bekt lew and fine, kind Sir, she said, gud day agen to
ye ;
I spear'd o her, fair Maid quo I, how far intend ye now ?
Quo she, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny brow.

Fair Maid, I'm weel contented to have sike Company,
For I am ganging out the Gate that ya intend ta be ;
When we had walk'd a Mile or twa, Ize said to her,
my Doe,
May I not dight your Apron fine, kiss your bonny brow.

Nea, gud Sir, you are far misteen, for I am nean o'those,
I hope ya ha more Breeding then to dight a Womans
Cloaths ;
For I've a better chosen than any sike as you,
Who boldly may my Apron dight and kiss ma bonny
brow.

Na, if ya are contracted, I have ne mar to say,
Rather than be rejected, I will give o'er the play ;
And I will chose yen o me own that shall not on me
rew,
Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kiss her bonny
brow.

Sir, Ize see ya are proud-hearted, and leath to be said
nay,
You need not tall ha started, for eight that Ize ded say ;
You know Wemun for Modestie, ne at the first time boo,
But, gif we like your Company, we are as kind as you.



The Nurses SONG.

MY dear Cock adoodle,
 My Jewel, my Joy ;
 My Darling, my Honey,
 My Pretty sweet Boy :
 Before I do Rock thee,
 With soft Lul-la-by ;
 Give me thy sweet Lips,
To be Kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss.

Thy Charming high Fore-head,
 Thy Eyes too like Sloes ;
 Thy fine Dimple Chin,
 And thy right *Roman* Nose :

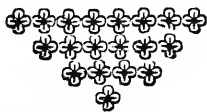
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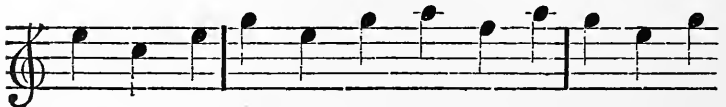
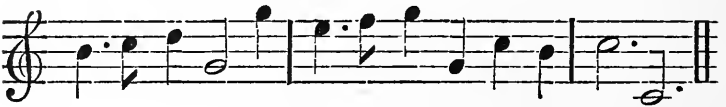
With some pretty marks,
That lie under thy Cloaths ;
Sure thou'lt be a rare one,
To Kiss, kiss, &c.

To make thee grow quickly,
I'll do what I can :
I'll Feed thee, I'll Stroak thee,
I'll make thee a Man :
Ah ! then how the Lasses,
Moll, Betty and Nan ;
By thee will run Mad,
To be Kiss, kiss, &c.

And when in due Season,
My *Billy* shall Wed ;
And Lead a young Lady,
From Church to the Bed :
A Welfare the loosing,
Of her Maiden-Head ;
If *Billy* come near her,
To Kiss, kiss, &c.

Then Welfare high Fore-head,
And Eyes black as Sloes ;
And Welfare the Dimple,
And Welfare the Nose :
And all pretty Marks,
That lie under the Cloaths ;
For none is more hopeful,
To Kiss, kiss, &c.



A New SONG.*Set by Mr. J. Clarke.*

A SONG.

A musical score for a song, consisting of seven staves of music. The music is written in a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The score begins with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with various rests and phrasing slurs. The piece concludes with a final cadence marked by a repeat sign and a double bar line.

Rise

R ISE Bonny *Kate*, the Sun's got up high,
The Fiddlers have play'd their last merry Tune ;
Let's give 'em a George and bid 'em god b'w'y,
And gang to the Wells before 'tis noon.

There to thy Health ize drink my three quarts,
Then raffle among the Beauties divine ;
Where tho' some young Fops may chance to lose hearts,
Assure thy self *Fockey's* shall still be thine.

When we come home we'll kiss and we'll bill,
And Feast on each other as well as our meat ;
Then saddle our Nags and away to Box-hill,
And there, there, there, consummate the Treat.

And when at Bowls I chance to be broke,
Smile thou, and for losses I care not a pin ;
I'll push on my Fortune at Night at the Oak,
And quickly, quickly, quickly, recov'r all agen.

For thy diversion coud'st thou but think,
Why here all degrees cold Bumpers take off ;
Or why all this croud come hither to drink,
In spight of the Spleen twou'd make thee laugh.

Courtiers and Plough-men, States-men and Citts,
The Men of the Sword, and Men of the Laws ;
The Virgin, the Punck, the Fools, and the Wits,
All tope off their Cups for a different Cause.

New Marry'd Brides their Spouses to please,
Each Morning quaff largely in hopes to conceive ;
The Bully too drinks to wash off his Disease,
Still fearing the Fall of the Leaf.

Old musty Wives take Nine in a hand,
The Maiden takes five too, that's vex'd with her
Greens ;
In hopes they'll have pow'r to prepare her for Man,
When ever she comes to her Teens.

A SONG.

The musical score for "A SONG" is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The second staff continues the melody with a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The third staff features a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4, followed by a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The fourth staff begins with a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4, followed by a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The fifth staff starts with a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4, followed by a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The sixth staff concludes the piece with a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4, followed by a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4.



ROyal and fair, great *Willy's* dear Blessing,
 The Charming Regent of the Swains ;
 Heavy with Care, thus sadly expressing
 Her Grief, sat weeping on the Plains :
 Why did my Fate exalt me so high,
 If fading State must deprive me of Joy ;
 Since *Willy* is gone,
 Ah ! How vainly shines the Sun,
 'Till Fates decree, the Winds and Sea,
 Waft, waft him to me.

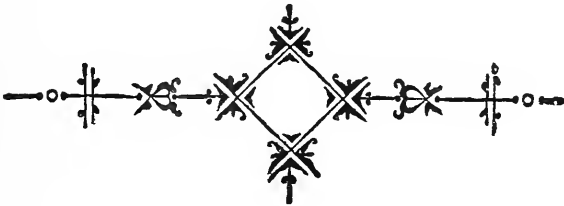
Large are my Flocks, and flowry my Pastures,
 Worth Treasures vast of Silver and Gold ;
 Where ravenous Wolves too fain would be Masters,
 Devour all my Lambs, and break down my Fold :
Willy, while here, secur'd me from fear,
 All the *Wild* Herd stood in awe of my Dear ;
 But poor helpless I,
 Mourning Sigh and hourly Cry,
 Let Fates decree, the Winds and Sea,
 Waft *Willy* to me.



Sawney was tall and of Noble Race,
And lov'd me better than any eane ;
But now he ligs by another Lass,
And *Sawney* will ne'er be my love agen :
I gave him fine *Scotch* Sarke and Band,
I put 'em on with mine own hand ;
I gave him House, and I gave him Land,
Yet *Sawney* will ne'er be my Love agen.

I robb'd the Groves of all their store,
And Nosegays made to give *Sawney* one ;
He kiss'd my Breast and feign would do mere,
Geud feth me thought he was a bonny one :
He squeez'd my fingers, grasp'd my knee,
And carv'd my Name on each green Tree,
And sigh'd and languish'd to lig by me,
Yet now he wo'not be my Love agen.

My Bongrace and my Sun-burnt-face,
He prais'd, and also my Russet Gown ;
But now he doats on the Copper Lace,
Of some leud Quean of *London* Town :
He gangs and gives her Curds and Cream,
Whilst I poor Soul sit sighing at heam,
And near joy *Sawney* unless in a Dream,
For now he ne'er will be my Love again.



A SONG.





'T Was when the Sheep were Shearing,
 And under the Barly Mow ;
Dick gave to *Doll* a Fairing,
 As she had milk'd her Cow :
 Quoth he, I fain wou'd Wed thee,
 And tho' I cannot Wooe ;
 I've Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and hey for a Boy ;
 Sing, shall I come Kiss thee now,
 Sing, ah ! shall I come, shall I come Kiss thee now ?
 I long Sweet-heart to Bed thee,
 And merrily Buckle too,
 With Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and hey for a Boy ;
 Sing, shall I come Kiss thee now,
 Sing ah ! shall I come, shall I come Kiss thee now ?
Doll seem'd not to regard him,
 As if she did not care ;
 Yet Simper'd when she heard him,
 Like any Miller's Mare :
 And cunningly to prove him,
 And Value her Maiden-head,
 Cry'd fie, nay Pish, nay fie, and prithee stand by,
 For I am too young to Wed ;
 She said, she ne'er cou'd Love him,
 Nor any Man close in Bed ;
 Then fie Pish, fie, nay Pish, nay prithee stand by,
 For I am too young to Wed.
 Like one that's struck with Thunder,
 Stood *Dickey* to hear her talk ;
 All hopes to get her under,
 This sad resolve did baulk :

At

At last he swore, grown bolder,
 He'd hire some common Shrew ;
 For hey pish, hey fie, hey for a Boy,
 Sing, shall I come Kiss thee now?
 In Loving Arms did fold her,
 E'er Sneak, and Cringe, and Cry ;
 With hey pish, hey fie, hey for a Boy,
 Sing, shall I come Kiss thee now.

Convinc'd of her Coy folly,
 And stubborn Female will ;
 Poor *Doll* grew Melancholy,
 The Grist went by her Mill :
 I hope, she cry'd, you're wiser,
 Then credit what I have said ;
 Tho' I do cry nay fie, and pish, and prithee stand by,
 That I am too young to Wed ;
 Bring you the Church adviser,
 And dress up the Bridal Bed ;
 Then try, tho' I cry, fie and pish, and prithee stand by,
 If I am too young to Wed.



A SONG.



The

THE Sun had loos'd his weary Team,
And turn'd his Steeds a grazing ;
Ten Fathoms deep in *Neptunes* Stream,
His *Thetis* was embracing :
The Stars they tripp'd in the Firmament,
Like Milkmaids on a *May-day* ;
Or Country Lasses a Mumming sent,
Or School Boys on a Play-day.

Apace came on the grey-ey'd Morn,
The Herds in Fields were lowing ;
And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn,
The Ploughman's Cock sate crowing :
When *Roger* dreaming of Golden Joys,
Was wak'd by a bawling Rout, Sir ;
For *Cisly* told him, he needs must rise,
His *Fuggy* was crying out, Sir.

Not half so quickly the Cups go round,
At the tapping a good Ale Firkin ;
As *Roger*, Hosen and Shoon had found,
And Button'd his Leather Jerkin :
Gray Mare was saddl'd with wondrous speed,
With Pillion on Buttock right Sir ;
And thus he to an old Midwife ride,
To bring the poor Kid to light, Sir.

Up, up dear Mother, then *Roger* cries,
The Fruit of my Labour's now come ;
In *Fuggy's* Belly it sprawling lies,
And cannot get out till you come :
I'll help it, crys the old Hag, ne'er doubt,
Thy *Fug* shall be well again, Boy ;
I'll get the Urchin as safely out,
As ever it did get in, Boy.

The Mare now bustles with all her feet,
No whipping or Spurs were wanting ;
At last into the good House they get,
And Mew, soon cry'd the bantling :

A Female Chit so small was born,
 They put it into a Flagon ;
 And must be Christen'd that very Morn,
 For fear it should die a *Pagan*.

Now *Roger* struts about the Hall,
 As great as the Prince of *Conde* ;
 The Midwife crys, her Parts are small,
 But they will grow larger one day :
 What tho' her Thighs and Legs lie close,
 And little as any Spider ;
 They will when up to her teens she grows,
 By grace of the Lord lie wider.

And now the merry Spic'd-bowls went round,
 The Gossips were void of shame too ;
 In butter'd Ale the Priest half drown'd,
 Demands the Infant's Name too ;
 Some call'd it *Phill*, some *Florida*,
 But *Kate* was allow'd the best hin't ;
 For she would have it *Cunicula*,
 Cause there was a pretty Jest in't.

Thus *Cunny* of *Winchester* was known
 And famous in *Kent* and *Dover* ;
 And highly rated in *London* Town,
 And courted the Kingdom over :
 The Charms of *Cunny* by Sea and Land,
 Subdues each human Creature ;
 And will our stubborn Hearts command,
 Whilst there is a Man in Nature.



A SONG



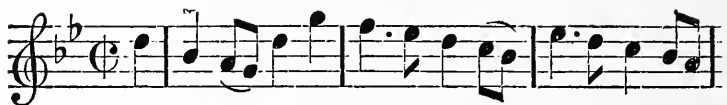
Joy to the Bridegroom ! fill the Sky
 With pleasing sounds of welcome Joy :
 Joy to the Bride, may lasting Bliss,
 And every Day still prove like this.
 Joy to the, &c.

Never were Marriage Joys Divine,
 But where two constant Hearts Combine ;
 He that proves false, himself doth cheat,
 Like sick Men tasts, but cannot eat.
 He that, &c.

What is a Maiden-head ? ah what ?
 Of which weak Fools so often prate ?
 'Tis the young Virgin's Pride and Boast,
 Yet never was found but when 'twas lost.
 'Tis the, &c.

Fill me a Glass then to the brink,
 And its Confusion here I'll drink ;
 And he that baulks the Health I nam'd,
 May he die young, and then be D——
 And he that, &c.

A SONG.



THE Night her blackest Sable wore,
 And gloomy were the Skies ;
 And glitt'ring Stars there were no more,
 Than those in *Stella's* Eyes :
 When at her Father's Gate I knock'd,
 Where I had often been,
 And Shrowded only with her Smock,
 The fair one let me in.

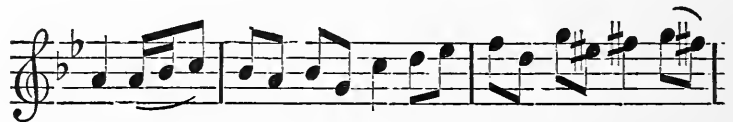
Fast

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
She trembling lay asham'd ;
Her swelling Breast, and glowing Face,
And every touch inflam'd :
My eager Passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the Fort to win ;
And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

Then ! then ! beyond expressing,
Immortal was the Joy ;
I knew no greater blessing,
So great a God was I :
And she transported with delight,
Oft pray'd me come again ;
And kindly vow'd that every Night,
She'd rise and let me in.

But, oh ! at last she prov'd with Bern,
And sighing sat and dull ;
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd then just like a Fool :
Her lovely Eyes with tears run o'er,
Repenting her rash Sin ;
She sigh'd and curs'd the fatal hour,
That e'er She let me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from such Beauty part ;
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart :
But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,
Thus all was well again ;
And now she thanks the blessed Hour,
That e'er she let me in.

A Scotch SONG.

'Twas

'T Was within a Furlong of *Edinburgh* Town,
 In the Rosie time of year when the Grass was
 down ;

Bonny *Fockey* Blith and Gay,
 Said to *Fenny* making Hay,
 Let's sit a little (Dear) and prattle,

'Tis a sultry Day :

He long had Courted the Black-Brow'd Maid,
 But *Fockey* was a Wag and would ne'er consent to Wed ;
 Which made her pish and phoo, and cry out it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, monnot Buckle too.

He told her Marriage was grown a meer Joke,
 And that no one Wedded now, but the Scoundrel Folk ;

Yet my dear, thou shouldest prevail,

But I know not what I ail,

I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Dogs,

With Bottles at their Tail ;

But I'll give thee Gloves, and a Bongrace to wear,
 And a pretty Filly-Foal, to ride out and take the Air ;
 If thou ne'er will pish nor phoo, and cry it ne'er shall do,
 I cannot, cannot, &c.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she, I believe,
 But ah ! what in return must your poor *Fenny* give,

When my Maiden Treasure's gone,

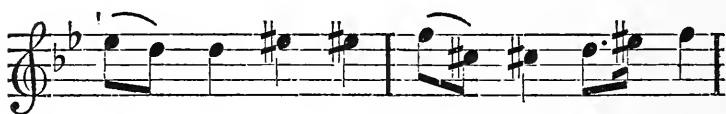
I must gang to *London* Town,

And Roar, and Rant, and Patch and Paint,

And Kiss for half a Crown :

Each Drunken Bully oblige for Pay,
 And earn an hated Living in an odious Fulsom way ;
 No, no, it ne'er shall do, for a Wife I'll be to you,
 Or I cannot, cannot, &c.

A SONG.

*Chloe*

Chloe found *Amyntas* lying,
All in Tears upon the Plain :
Sighing to himself and crying,
Wretched I to love in vain !
Kiss me, kiss me, Dear, before my Dying ;
Kiss me once and ease my pain.

Sighing to himself and crying,
Wretched I to love in vain ;
Ever scorning and denying,
To reward your faithful Swain :
Kiss me, Dear, before my Dying,
Kiss me once and ease my pain.

Ever scorning and denying,
To reward your faithful Swain ;
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he Lov'd in vain ;
Kiss me, Dear, before my Dying,
Kiss me once and ease my pain.

Chloe laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain ;
But repenting and Complying,
When He Kiss'd, She Kiss'd again :
Kiss'd him up before his Dying,
Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.





*A New Scotch SONG, or a Game at
Pam.*



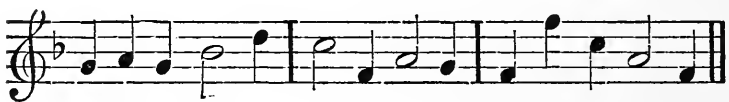


WHEN *Phillida* with *Fockey* play'd at *Pam*,
 The bonny Lad nea whit cou'd heed his Game ;
 But sighing in his doleful dumps,
 Leuk'd at her and lost his Trumps,
 Ah ! a blither sport was *Fockey's* chief Aim :
 Those bright Eyes,
 The Loon Heart wounded cries,
 Ah welladay, dear *Phillida*,
 Joy, and yet destroy me,
 I'se ne'er win by Mournival or blaze,
 Or conquering Knave whilst on my Queen I gaze.

Thus *Phillida* with Beauty, Wit, and Art,
 His Money won, who had before his Heart ;
 Until the laughing God of Love,
 Pack'd the Cards and made 'em prove,
 All combin'd to take poor *Fockey's* weak part :
 No kind Knave,
 The Charmer now cou'd have,
 Her Lover too, Recover'd too,
 More than lost before too,
 Till to please them love chang'd the wrangling Game,
 To Wedlock Joys, and *Fockey* was her *Pam*.



A SONG.



To

TO Horse, brave boys of *Newmarket*, to Horse,
You'll lose the Match by longer delaying ;
The Gelding just now was led over the Course,
I think the Devil's in you for staying :
Run, and endeavour all to bubble the Sporters,
Bets may recover all lost at the Groom-Porters ;
Follow, follow, follow, follow, come down to the Ditch,
Take the odds and then you'll be rich.

For I'll have the brown Bay, if the blew bonnet ride,
And hold a thousand Pounds of his side, Sir ;
Dragon would scow'r it, but *Dragon* grows old ;
He cannot endure it, he cannot, he wonnot now
run it,
As lately he could :
Age, age, does hinder the Speed, Sir.

Now, now, now they come on, and see,
See the Horse lead the way still ;
Three lengths before at the turning the Lands,
Five hundred Pounds upon the brown Bay still :
Pox on the Devil, I fear we have lost,
For the Dog, the *Blue Bonnet*, has run it,
A Plague light upon it,
The wrong side the Post ;
Odszounds, was ever such Fortune.





A SONG.





WHEN first *Amyntas* su'd for a Kiss,
 My innocent Heart was tender ;
 That tho' I push'd him away from the bliss,
 My Eyes declar'd my Heart was won ;
 I fain an artful Coyness wou'd use,
 Before I the Fort did Surrender :
 But Love wou'd suffer no more such abuse,
 And soon, alas ! my cheat was known :
 He'd sit all day, and laugh and play,
 A thousand pretty things would say ;
 My hand he'd squeez, and press my knees,
 Till farther on he got by degrees.

My Heart, just like a Vessel at Sea,
 Wou'd toss when *Amyntas* was near me ;
 But ah ! so cunning a Pilot was he,
 Thro' Doubts and Fears he'd still sail on :
 I thought in him no danger cou'd be,
 Too wisely he knows how to steer me ;
 And soon, alas ! was brought to agree,
 To tast of Joys before unknown :
 Well might he boast his Pain not lost,
 For soon he found the Golden Coast ;
 Enjoy'd the Oar, and 'tach'd the shore,
 Where never Merchant went before.

*A Mock to the foregoing SONG: When first
Amyntas su'd for a Kiss, &c.*

A *Minta* one Night had occasion to P——ss,
Foan reach'd her the Pot that stood by her ;
 In the next Chamber could hear it to hiss,
 The Sluice was small, but Stream was strong :
 My Soul was melting, thinking of bliss,
 And raving I lay with desire ;
 But nought could be done,
 For alas she P——d on,
 Nor car'd for Pangs I suffer'd long :
Foan next made hast,
 In the self same Case ;
 To fix the Pot close to her own A—— ;
 Then Floods did come,
 One might have swom,
 And puff a Whirl-wind flew from her B——.

Says *Foan*, by these strange Blasts that do rise,
 I guess that the Night will grow windy ;
 For when such Showers do fall from the Skies,
 To clear the Air the North-wind blows ;
 Ye nasty Quean, her Lady replies,
 That Tempest broke out from behind ye ;
 And though it was decently kept from my Eyes,
 The troubled Air offends my Nose :
 Says *Foan* 'ods-heart,
 You have P——d a Quart,
 And now you make ado for a F——t ;
 'Tis still your mind,
 To squeeze behind,
 But never fell Shower from me without wind.



Orations, Poems, Prologues, and Epilogues, on several Occasions.



A Poetical Oration,

Written in Queen ANN's Reign, in Honour of the Ladies, intended for a New Comedy call'd, a Wife worth a Kingdom: And Spoken by me on the Publick THEATRE in DRURY LANE, June the 7th, 1714.

IN this wise Town two Games precedence get,
 The Game of Politicks, the Game of Wit ;
 The first, the Heads profound, with Art pursue,
 But since with State Affairs, I've nought to do,
 I leave that Winning for the Lord knows who :
 The Game of Wit suits more my own Affair,
 Time was an Author in an Elbow Chair,
 Sate on the Stage as Judge, find fault, who dare ?
 But now ('tis hard) that things should alter so,
 Poor I stand here, with Posture humbly low :
 To beg each Tyrant Critick, not to be my Foe. }
 In my own Person sue, to change the mood,
 Which truly I should blush for, if I could :
 Yet Parent *Thespis*, oft harangu'd the Throng,
 And to *Augustus*, tuneful *Ovid* sung ;
 Nor did fam'd *Shakespear* Buskin'd here, his noble
 Genius wrong,
 In honour of bright Beauty then I come,
 To entertain the Fair, now thus presume ;
 Smile you, and dart an influencing Ray,
 I shall perform as once, when Young and Gay :
 Oh Heaven ! that Ray's enough to fix Renown,
 On envious Carpers now I dare look down ;

Y'have wrought a Miracle upon my Tongue,
 From charming Eyes, first Elocution sprung :
 I, that through Imperfection, Fear, or Shame,
 Could never utter to Great *CHARLES* my Name ;
 Oh pow'r of Beauty ! now my Soul can raise,
 To speak a long *Oration*, in your Praise :
 The Play too will I hope, meet some Esteem,
 One thing I'm sure of, 'tis a glorious Theam ;
 A Wife, in full perfection of the sort,
 It reaches the bright *Zenith* of the Court :
 Puts ye in mind of Sacred Majesty,
 Who wears that Title, in most high degree ;
 For search the spacious *Globe*, there will be seen,
 Never a better Wife, never so good a Queen :
 You Ladies the next Prize your own may call,
 Since with her Lustre guilt, you glitter all,
 Transfixt in that bright Sphere, and ne'er to fall ; }
 So when the dazzling Sovereign of the Night,
 Decks the Horizon with her glorious Light :
 Th' attending Planets round her brightly burn,
 And by Example glitter in their turn ;
 So much that part, now to another thing, }
 A brace of Fops too here I nicely bring,
 One has a Trick to Lisp, and one to Sing : }
 Full of themselves, think half the World adore 'em,
 And that all Womankind must fall before 'em ;
 When simple Creatures the good Housewife hear,
 Values a sneaking look, a subtle Tear,
 A Feast of Oaths, and Vows, cook'd up with Art,
 With a neat Dish of Lyes for a Desert ;
 No more than a grand Courtier, high in Grace,
 A Complimenting Friend, that wants a Place :
 Yet must dear Self-conceit, frail Nature share,
 How many frowzy Pates, Humps, Scrubs, alas there }
 are,
 Who vainly think themselves like these, the Victors }
 of the Fair.
 With them some other Comick parts you'll view,
 Pleasant I think, would you would be so too ;

'Tis

'Tis then on generous Favour I rely,
 And since the Winter of my time draws nigh :
 That can't such Fruits and Flowers to treat ye bring,
 As us'd to deck my Summer, and my Spring ;
 Accept with Candor now this mean repast,
 Add one Indulgence more to Crown the rest,
 With this regard, that it may be your last. }



An ORATION

*Address'd to the KING, the PRINCE and
 PRINCESS : And on the glorious Advan-
 tage of UNION and AMITY, Written and
 spoken by me on the Publick Theatre in
 DRURY LANE, June the 3d, 1714.*

WHEN the new World, all Laws divine with-
 stood,
 And Heaven to purge it of that Impious brood,
 Show'd down it's Vengeance in th' o'erwhelming
 Flood, }
 Submissive Duty in the few were spar'd,
 Whose constant Prayers and Vows were daily heard ;
 Found gracious means to quel Celestial Rage,
 And Time and Nature form'd a Golden Age :
 Then *Bards* and *Prophets*, that from Heroes sprung,
 A Sacred Genius all Inspiring sung ;
 So since Indulgent Heaven has once again, }
 Decreed our future Blessings to maintain,
 In a long Series of great *George's* Reign. }
 Amongst the rest that sound his Praise with Joy, }
 Proud that I can so well my Verse employ,
 With Loyal grateful duty Charm'd am I : }

I that my comick Prose and Lyrick Rhime,
 Had quite resign'd to the decays of Time ;
 Now prune my drooping Wings that flagg'd before, }
 By his great Theam inspir'd, aloft I soar. }
 And with new Vigour court the *Muse* once more : }
 The *Muse* that Sings, how *Britain* in distress,
 Has in her Royal Guardian found redress ;
 Sees a fam'd Heroe, in her awful Lord, }
 Ready in shining Arms to weild his Sword, }
 In brave defence of Right, by Providence restor'd : }

And as in Fable, when the *Brutes* made War,
 When stubborn Factions with Intestine Jar ;
 Rashly resolv'd each other to oppose, }
 Tumultuous crowds about Succession rose : }
 But when they would a lawless Heir impose, }
 The Sovereign Lion, the bold Parties aw'd,
 Controul'd his Foes at home, and those abroad ;
 Proclaim'd his Right, prov'd his vindictive Power,
 And made the growling Herd, all tremble at his Roar :

The Paralell is plain, and clear the Case, }
 Nor must the *Muse* cease here her noble Chace, }
 This hunt of Fame, fix'd in the Royal Race. }
 The *Prince* is next, and by Eternal doom, }
 Fated for Greatness in the Years to come, }
 Whose florent Spring, now bears delightful Bloom : }
 Upon that glorious Subject how my Song,
 Could here dilate, but oh ! my trembling Tongue,
 Desponding faulters, when I Thought renew,
 And still a brighter Glory in the *Princess* view ;
 Oh let that gracious Planet ! whose blest Charms,
 Still new Creates the Subject that she warms :
 Forgive a Reverence, that transports so far,
 To call her *Britain's* most indulgent Star ;
 Sent from the Pow'r that guards our grand Affairs,
 That no more Strifes be for Pretending Heirs :
 Let her be ever blest who doles such Joy,
 And blasts aspiring Hopes that would destroy ;
 Fill'd with Seraphick Love does timely breed,
 And bears a Race of Angels to succeed :

Thus

Thus as some desert Land, whose wild distress,
 Seems wanting Providential Care to bless ;
 Where the coy *Sun* ne'er darts a genial Ray,
 But cold bleak Frosts blasts each returning Day ;
 Prayers of some fav'rite Votaries Shipwreck'd there, }
 Having with pious Toyl exacted heavenly Care,
 And chang'd rough Seasons to serene and fair. }
 Great Goddess Nature proves her kindly force,
 Turns to prolifick Heat their steril Course ;
 Relieves all Wants caus'd by Celestial doom, }
 Gives Fruit and Grain to crown the Years to come,
 And now fresh buds and plants appear, and }
 princely Roses bloom.

So beauteous *Albion* wouldst thou happy be,
 Happy thy Natives all, could they agree ;
 But baneful Feuds prevent that valued Lot,
 And hateful Jarrs about the Lord knows what :
 Right and Religion, the great Cause they feign, }
 Yet tho' that specious Maxim some maintain, }
 There is a sly and subtile Devil called Gain ; }
 That oft unstedfast Nature does surprize,
 And turns to mischievous the Grave and Wise :
 Else we're all guided by calm Reason's Rules,
Tory and *Whig* were only Terms for Fools.

Oh sacred Union ! could thy Charm command,
 The Erring stubborn Factions of the Land ;
 We need not shrink for fear of Foreign harms,
 Or value *Southern* Heats, or *Northern* Storms :
 But arm'd with Amity, Victorious be,
 Securely Proud, we're circl'd round with Sea.

And now methinks I see the Dove appear,
 Soaring with Argent Plumes, to settle here ;
 A virdant Olive branch, he bears t'express,
 The Emblem of soft Union, Love and Peace ;
 The joyful Natives all with general Joy, }
 That for their Country's Aid, their Force employ, }
 Resolve to banish Discord, with a *Vive le Roy*.

The Singers Defence ; A POEM.

The Author answers his Friend, who blames him for not Singing when desir'd : He contradicts the Third Satyr of HORACE, beginning with Omnibus hoc vitium est Cantoribus, &c. He defends TIGELLIUS, and proves that HORACE had no actual Skill in Vocal MUSICK.

IF this strange Vice in all good Singers were,
 As the admir'd *Horace* does declare ;
 That if, when ask'd* tho' blest with *Health and Ease*,
Their choicest Friends, they still deny to Please :
And yet unask'd, will rudely Sing so long,
To tire each Friend, with each repeated Song :
 I strongly then, should take his Satyr's part,
 Lash the Performers, and despise their Art ;
 But having studied long enough to be
 A small Proficient in that Faculty :
 I found, when I that rigid Version met,
 'Twas more from Prejudice, than Judgment writ ;
 And *Horace* was in his Reproof more free,
 Because *Tigellius* was his Enemy :
 Whose frequent Vices caus'd that fierce Assault,
 And all the rest are lash'd for one Man's fault ;
 Satyr should never take from Malice Aid,
 For, with due Reverence to *Horace* paid ;
 Who rails at Faults, through Pers'nal Prejudice,
 Shews more his own, than shame another's Vice :
Tigellius, as his Character is plain,
 Was of a Humour most absurd and vain,
 Fantastick in his Garb, unsettled in his Brain : }
 And if (as once great *Cæsar* he deny'd)
 When ask'd to Sing, 'twere the effect of Pride ;

* *Horace's own Words.*

Lictors and *Fasces* should have bluntly taught
 The Fool to know th' Obedience, that he ought :
 But if *Augustus*, his Commands did lay,
 When the Genius was not able to Obey ;
 As oft with Singers it will happen so,
 According as their Joys or Troubles grow ;
 'Twas no Offence then to excuse his Art,
 The Soul untun'd, makes Discord in each part :
 And Monarchs can no more give Vocal Breath,
 Than they can hinder when Fate Summons Death.

A Pleasure lov'd by one, is lik'd by more,
 Suppose Sir, I have Sung too much before ;
 Made my self Hoarse, and even rack'd my Throat,
 To please some Friend, with some fine Treble Note :
 Chance does me then to you and others bring,
 The second Compliment is—Pray Sir, Sing ;
 I swear I can't, then Angry you retort,
 All you good Singers are so hard to court :
 To make Excuse, then modestly I tell
 How hoarse I am, with what that Day befel ;
 Yet all's in vain, you rail, I'm thought a Clown,
 And (*Omnibus hoc vitium*) knocks me down :

I often have, (I own) to Sing deny'd,
 But not through resty Peevishness, nor Pride ;
 But that perhaps I had been tir'd before,
 Weary, or Ill, unable to Sing more :
 Or that some Hour of Infelicity,
 Had robb'd my Soul of usual Harmony ;
 Yet all's the same, th' old Saw is still repeated,
 You Singers, long to be so much Intreated :
 Tho' at that time, to me no Joy could fall
 Greater, than not to have been ask'd at all ;

Th' Harmonious Soul, must have it's humour free,
 Consent of parts still crowns the Harmony :
 We read the *Fetish* Captives could not Sing,
 In a strange Land rul'd by a Foreign King ;
 Contentment, the melodious Chord controuls,
 And Tunes the *Diapazon* of our Souls :
 What makes a Cobler chirp a pleasant Part,

At

At his hard Labour, but a merry Heart ;
 He Sings when ask'd, or bluntly else denys,
 According to his share of Grief or Joys ;
 Thus the same Accidents to us befall,
 And that which Tun'd the Cobler, tunes us all :
 But if against our Will, we thrash out Songs,
 For Singing then, is thrashing to the Lungs,
 The blast of Airy Praise we dearer get,
 Than Peasants do their Bread with toyl and sweat :
 To Sleep at your command, is the same thing,
 As when being Tir'd, or vex'd in Mind, to Sing :
 And tho' Performance, ne'er so easie shew,
 As it has Charms, it has Vexations too, }
 And the Singer's plague, 'tis none but Singers know. }
 How often have I heard th' unskilful say,
 Had I a Voice, by Heaven I'd Sing all Day ;
 But with that Genius, had he been Endow'd,
 And were to Sing when ask'd, or be thought Proud :
 When weary, vex'd, or Ill, not to deny, }
 But at all Seasons, with all Friends comply, }
 He'd then blame *Horace*, full as much as I : }
 Whose want of Knowledge in the Vocal Art,
 Made him lash all, for one Man's mean desert ;
 For had he the Fatigue of Singers known,
 And judg'd their Inconvenience by his own ;
Tigellius only had Correction met,
 And *Omnibus hoc vitium* ne'er been writ.



VERSES

Made in Honour of, and most humbly address'd to her Grace the DUTCHESS of SOMERSET, as a grateful Acknowledgment of the Favour she did me to Her Majesty.

AS when some mighty Monarch born to sway,
Ready to fix his Coronation Day ;
Renown'd by Fame a Diamond has got,
Through distant Climes with Care and hazard brought :
Whilst skilful Artists all with Wonder gaze,
Sets it in his Imperial Crown to blaze ;
Which on the Day of Pomp he means to wear,
The Greatest, Noblest, and the Brightest there :
So Madam, shining in your Lofty place,
Replete with dazling Vertues is your Grace ;
So gain'd our Sovereign *ANN*, the Jewel rare,
Which having purchas'd, she resolv'd to wear :
And in her Heart, as t'other in the Crown,
Inclose a Temper found so like her own ;
Grooms of the Stole, my Eyes have seen before,
But blind with Wealth, or else disguis'd with Pow'r :
Whose Opticks rais'd, nought but the Stars could see,
Too far aspiring to look down on me ;
But you, whose Clemency still cleers your sight,
Could know your Suppliant, even in shades of Night :
And in few Hours a noble Action do,
That might whole Years have tir'd me to pursue ;
Sacred Humility the Learn'd confess,
Beyond all Jems in a great Lay's Dress :
Small Merit Self-opinion still does guide,
The truly Great, are ever free from Pride ;
This last your Grace's Character is known,
Long may you Live then to exalt Renown :
From loud Applause, to reap your Yearly due,
You, in the Gracious Sovereign blest, the Sovereign
blest in you.

Strat-

STRATFIELDSEA;

*Or the CANAAN of HAMPSHIRE, a POEM :
Humbly addressd to the highly Honour'd
and worthy GEORGE PITT, Esq; and
his good LADY.*

AS when repentant *Israel* once distrest,
Reliev'd by a peculiar Grace from Heaven,
Was far beyond the Neighb'ring Nations blest,
When *Canaan* was the happy Portion given.

Who through long tedious Years of toyl and care,
Tho' toyl th' effect of erring Duty was ;
At last, by Providence, was brought to share
The darling Pleasures of that Blessed place.

The gay enamell'd Fields were gladly seen,
Where plenteous Crops in fruitful Acres grow ;
And lofty Trees were flourishing and Green,
Where Fruit abounds, and chrystal Rivers flow.

So when the Genius of the *British* Land,
First in our *Hampshire* Interest did appear ;
It seem'd as Magisterial to Command,
That *Stratfieldsea* should be the *Canaan* here.

On you, most worthy Sir, the Lot was thrown,
A Guerdon for the Vertuous and the brave ;
And in Felicity still equal known,
With that blest Land that Milk and Honey gave.

Delicious Seat that treats the wond'ring Eye,
With all that Nature for Delight can give ;
And when Art therefore would new Methods try,
Not Worthy, seems nor willing to receive.

The Park, that fam'd *Elizium* imitates,
With spacious Arms expanding to your view ;
As Heir to th' old brisk Fancy here creates,
The beautiful resemblance of a New.

Here

Here happy herds of Dear we feasting see,
That pass in joyful Peace succeeding Days ;
Emblems of Innocence and Amity,
All inwardly their great Creator praise.

Their Benefactor too that comes to view,
They seem to bless with large uplifted Eyes ;
No turns of State, or War, their fears renew,
Nor sting of Conscience sprung from mortal Vice.

But well contented with what each enjoys,
They waste the Year in that delightful place ;
And now let the Viator turn his Eyes,
And varying Pleasure, on the Garden gaze.

Here Nature's *Cornucopia* open shews,
Repleat with Flowers and Fruits, for use of Man,
Here too a chrystal River sweetly flows,
Just so through Paradise *Euphrates* ran.

The wanton Fish their choice Delights pursue,
Themselves affording what all Sports excel ;
From the cleer Stream uprais'd the Dome they view,
Where second *Jacob* and *Rebecca* dwell.

Forgive me, Madam, if my grateful Soul,
In worth applauding Rhimes, is here exprest ;
Or tell my honour'd Patron 'mongst the whole
Of his excelling Comforts, you are best.

Your Soul, where Vertue and Discretion joyn,
Appearing still in both serenely great,
Thus makes in him the Joys of Life divine,
And gives Perfection to the Wedlock state.

The beauteous Offspring too, that grace your Board,
Like charming *Cupids* in a painted Heaven ;
Amongst the rest Addition large affords,
To all the Blessings plentifully given.

Oh

Oh Happiness! too great for Verse to shew,
 And only in the joyful Parents breast ;
 Whose innate Comforts do from Nature flow,
 And from no artful Pen can be exprest.

Live then 'till Time grow old, as well as you,
 Whilst choice of Happiness each Year renews ;
 And whilst I Sing in tuneful Verse your due,
 Accept my Duty, and forgive my *Muse*.



A PROLOGUE,

For the first Part of DON QUIXOTE :
Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

IN hopes the Coming Scenes your Mirth will raise, }
 To you, the Just Pretenders to the Bays,
 The Poet humbly thus a Reverence pays. }
 And you, the Contraries, that hate the Pains.
 Of Labour'd Sence, or of Improving Brains :
 That feel the Lashes in a well-writ Play,
 He bids perk up and smile, the Satyr sleeps to Day.
 Our *Sancho* bears no Rods to make ye smart,
 Proverbs, and merry Jokes, are all his Part.
 The Modish Spark may Paint, and lie in Paste, }
 Wear a huge Steinkirk twisted to his Waste,
 And not see here, how Foppish he is Dress'd. }
 The Country Captain, that to Town does come, }
 From his Militia Troop, and Spouse at home,
 To beat a *London* Doxy's Kettle-Drum : }
 One, who not only th' whole Pit can prove,
 That she for Brass Half-crown has barter'd Love,
 But the Eighteen-penny Whore-masters above : }
 With his Broad Gold may treat his Pliant Dear,
 Without being shown a Bubbled Coxcomb here.

Grave

Grave Dons of Bus'ness may be *Bulker's* Cullies, }
 And Crop-ear'd Prentices set up for Bullies, }
 And not one Horse-whip Lash here, flog their Follies; }
 Nay, our hot Blades, whose Honour was so small,
 They'd not bear Arms, because not Col'nels all :
 That wish the *French* may have a mighty Slaughter,
 But wish it safely—On this side o'th' Water.
 Yet when the King returns, are all prepar'd,
 To beg Commissions in the Standing-Guard ;
 Even these, the Sons of Shame and Cowardice,
 Will 'scape us now, tho' 'tis a cursed Vice.
 Our Author has a famous Story chose, }
 Whose Comick Theme no Person does expose, }
 But the Knights-Errant ; and pray where are those? }
 There was an Age, when Knights with Launce and
 Shield,
 Would Right a Lady's Honour in the Field :
 To punish Ravishers, to Death would run,
 But those Romantick Days—Alas, are gone, }
 Some of our Knights now, rather would make one, }
 Who finding a young Virgin, by Disaster,
 Ty'd to a Tree, would rather tie her faster.
 Yet these must 'scape too, so indeed must all, }
 Court-Cuckold-makers now no Jest does maul, }
 Nor the horn'd Herd within yon City Wall. }
 The Orange-Miss, that here Cajoles the Duke,
 May sell her Rotten Ware without rebuke.
 The young Coquet, whose Cheats few Fools can dive
 at,
 May Trade, and th' Old Tope Kniperkin in private ;
 The Atheist too, on Laws Divine may Trample,
 And the Plump Jolly Priest get Drunk for Church-
 Example.



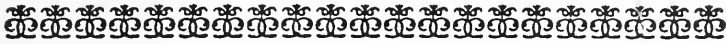
An EPILOGUE

To the first Part of DON QUIXOTE. By
SANCHO, Riding upon his Ass.

'MONGST our Fore-fathers, that pure Wit profest,
There's an old Proverb, *That two Heads are best.*
Dapple and I have therefore jogg'd this way,
Through sheer good Nature, to defend this Play :
Tho' I've no Friends, yet he (as proof may shew)
May have Relations here for ought I know.
For in a Crowd, where various Heads are addle,
May many an Ass be, that ne'er wore a Saddle.
'Tis then for him that I this Speech intend,
Because I know he is the Poet's Friend ;
And, as 'tis said, a parlous Ass once spoke,
When Crab-tree Cudgel did his Rage provoke ;
So if ye are not civil, 'dsbud, I fear,
He'll speak again——
And tell the Ladies every *Dapple* here.
Take good Advice then, and with kindness win him,
Tho' he looks simply, you don't know what's in him :
He has shrewd Parts, and proper for his Place,
And yet no Plotter; you may see by's Face ;
He tells no Lyes, nor does Sedition vent,
Nor ever Brays against the Government.
Then for his Garb he's like the *Spanish* Nation,
Still the old Mode, he never changes Fashion ;
His sober Carriage too you've seen to Day,
But for's Religion, troth, I cannot say
Whether for *Mason, Burgis, Muggleton,*
The House with Steeple, or the House with none :
I rather think he's of your Pagan Crew,
For he ne'er goes to Church no more than you.
Some that would, by his Looks, guess his Opinion,
Say, he's a *Papish* ; others, a *Socinian*,
But I believe him, if the Truth were known,
As th' rest of the Town-Asses are, of none ;

But

But for some other Gifts : Mind what I say, }
 Never compare, each *Dapple* has his Day, }
 Nor anger him, but kindly use this Play : }
 For should you with him, conceal'd Parts disclose,
 Lord ! how like Ninnies would look all the *Beaus*.



A PROLOGUE,

To the Massacre of PARIS: For Mr.
 BETTERTON.

BRAVE is that Poet that dares draw his Pen, }
 To expose the nauseous Crimes of guilty Men, }
 As once did our Immortal Patron, *Ben*. }
 And Wise are they that can with Patience bear, }
 And just Reflections moderately hear, }
 Unmov'd by Passion, as unsway'd by Fear : }
 These we present a Tragick piece to Night,
 That has some Years been banish'd from the Light ;
 Hush'd and imprison'd close, as in the *Tower*,
 Half press'd to Death by a dispensing Power :
Rome's Friend, no doubt, suppos'd there might be
 shown,
 Just such an Entertainment of their own,
 The Plot, the Protestants, the Stage, the Town :
 But no such Fears our *Hugenots* alarm'd,
 True *English* Hearts are always better Arm'd ;
 For if the Valiant in a little Town,
 Batter'd and starving their brave Cause, durst own,
 And now to take a Tryal for it's fact,
 Is just come out by th' *Habeas Corpus* Act.
 If Peasants scorning Death can guard their Walls,
 And the mild Priesthood, turn to Generals ;
Britains look up, and this blest Country see, }
 In spite of byass'd Law serene and free, }
 Cleer'd from it's choaking Foggs of *Poper*y. }
 No Massacres or Revolutions fear,
 Affairs are strangely alter'd in one Year :

Lord

Lord what a Hurry was there here one Night,
 The *Irish* come, they Burn, they're now in sight ;
 A city Taylor swore, with Fear grown Wild,
 He saw a huge Tall *Teague* devour a Child ;
 We have no *Nuncio* in our Councils now,
 Nor pamper'd *Fesuites* with our Heifers Plough :
 Infallibility himself does run,
 The Garden's Weeded, and the Moles are gone ;
 The barbarous *French* too that *Thuanus* quotes,
 Of old so diligent in cutting Throats :
 Which as Example to Posterity,
 To Night you'll here this dreadful Mirrour see,
 Must be remember'd in their Progeny :
 A spurious Race now on our Seas are steering,
 And beat us by the way of Buccaneering ;
 Not Gold to Lawyers, to th' Ambitious Power,
 Not lusty *Switzer* to a lustful Whore :
 To Gamesters Luck, to Beauty length of Days,
 Nor to a wrinced wither'd Widow Praise ;
 Could give such Joy as to our Country-men,
 To see great *Orange* seize his own again :
 This glorious Chace, no doubt, you'll all pursue,
 Mean while our Author begs a Favour too ;
 You that his Merit and Distress have known,
 To guard him from the Criticks of the Town :
 That this will be the *Poet's* Prophecy,
 The *Poets* all were Voters formerly ;
 To encourage then give ours to Night his due,
 His Tale is somewhat Bloody, but 'tis true,
 A moral Truth shown to an honest End,
 And can the Good or Wise of neither Sect offend :
 Fancy and Stile far as the rest excel,
 In our deliverance Year let no Tongue tell, }
Poets the only Curst, on whom no *Manna* fell. }
 Plead therefore that they may by *Cæsar's* influence
 breath,
 And mix a Lawrel with his Oaken Wreath ;
 So shall his Glory flourish to the height,
 Then every Pen in leaves of Brass shall write :

This

This, this was he, that blest by sacred Power, }
 To England its Religion did Restore, }
 So firm, that *Rome* could never hurt it more. }



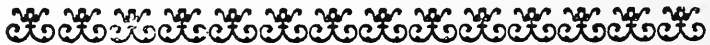
An EPILOGUE.

For CRAB and GILLIAN: *In one of my Comedies.*

Crab. C Ome Spouse, to talk in Mode now like
 the Great,
 We'll pack up Stuff, and home to our Estate :
 But First, before we come to *Taunton* Steeple,
 Prithee let's have one word, with these good People ;
 Thou know'st we've promis'd to befriend the Play,
Gill. Well, what of that, what would you have me say ?
Crab. Why? set thy Face, and thy best Curchy make, }
 And then desire the Wits here for thy sake, }
 To spare the *Poet*, that his Whim may take. }
Gill. Who I, Lord, Lord, d'ye think they'll do't for me,
 No, no, dan't think zo Man,
Crab. Why not for thee ? thou art a Woman ;
 Thou'rt of a Kind, that ne'er can fail to Please,
Gill. No zure, I am not vine enough for these :
 My Vace is tann'd, and I've no White nor Red,
 Nor e'er a ruffled Cap upon my Head ;
 I'm a loyn of Mutton plainly dress'd,
 And these nice volk, love all their Mutton lac'd.
 Besides yon Gentlewomen* that sit by,
 That gave their twanking Cuffs on to, to vly, }
 Can do the Business better much than I. }
 Let them speak first,
Crab. Odrabit it, they Pay,
 And all are Benefactors to the Play :

* *Pointing to some at the Play.*

No, we must do't, come, here's my Cap off taken,
Gill. My Curchy then as well as che can make one ;
Crab. Be pleas'd good Sirs to praise what makes ye
 laugh?
Gill. And chear the *Poet* with a Smile and half
Crab. *Crab* then at Home with Stout shall make ye
 merry,
Gill. And *Gillian* bid ye welcome to her Dairy ;
Crab. I'll grubble all my Jokes up to Delight ye,
Gill. And I'll divert ye with my Hoyty toyty ;
 With Fortune's choicest Blessings may regale ye,
 And Wealth, and Wine, and Women, never fail ye.



A PROLOGUE.

To my Play, the French COQUET.

AS in Intrigues of Love we find it true,
 Stale Faces pall, whilst we are charm'd with new
 Our *Poet* thinking tho' some in Wit prevails.
 Fearing to tire ye with more *English* 'Tales,
 Has laid his Scene in the *French Court Versailles* :
 Thus chang'd your Diet for Variety,
 From Cheese and Butter of our dull degree,
 To fragrant *Angelote*, and *cher fromage de Brie* :
 He doubts not, many that sit here to Day,
 That have observ'd the Title to his Play,
 Suppose it for some Politick Essay.
 'Gainst that he says a Proverb gives him Rules,
 'Tis never safe to meddle with edg'd Tools ;
 For Railery, a Comick Theam is best,
 War's but a Dull Occasion for a Jest :
 And as in Cudgel Play, there comes no Joke,
 From either Party when both Heads are broke ;
 But then perhaps it may expected be,
 That he should fall upon *French* Foppery ;
 'Tis true, they have Fools, egad, and so have we.

In

In Apish Modes they naturally shine, }
 Which we Ape after them to make us fine, }
 The late Blue Feather was charmant divine ; }
 Next then the slouching Sledo, and our huge Button,
 And now our Coats, flanck broad, like Shoulder Mutton :
 Fac'd with fine Colours, Scarlet, Green and Sky,
 With Sleeves so large, they'll give us Wings to Fly ;
 Next Year I hope they'll cover Nails and all,
 And every Button like a Tennis-Ball :
 Nor on their Industry can he here reflect,
 Cause, to our own there must be some respect, }
 Our Ills come by Misfortune, not Neglect ; }
 And that they outwit us, we will ne'er agree,
 Tho' they have damn'd Luck with our Ships at Sea :
 How shall the Satyr then his Venom shed,
 Their Heads are full of Air, and ours are full of Lead ;
 Their hot Brains make 'em swear in *Ela's* somes,
 We in dull *Gamut* roar out Blood and Worms :
 They to grow cool, from Herbs still seek Relief,
 We to grow Hot, deboash our selves in Beef ;
 And for the Bore, when we to Battle run,
 Priests of both kinds ne'er fail to Hiss us on :
 To Trim the Matter, and use a Mean,
 Our cautious Author in each coming Scene,
 Resolv'd to baulk both sides, has us'd to Day,
 No Plot, but Love Intrigues quite through his Play,
 Yet that 'tis Good, I dare be bold to say :
 The *Jacks* are fierce, and *Williamites* are flesh'd,
 The *Poets* not so bold, but may be dash'd,
 Wit has no Armour proof, 'gainst being thrash'd ;
 Therefore in Terror of the Warriours Trade,
 Suspends all Satyr 'till the Peace me made.

An EPILOGUE.

A MONGST all Characters nearest Divine,
 You that are Witty-men, should cry up mine ;
 And of all Bargains that are daily driven,
 Ours is the most ingaging under Heaven :
 Whose Souls in a Seraphick station move,
 As all must do who Marry, Love for Love.
 Sir *Sampson* here, a strange Old sordid Sot,
 Meaning by Candle Inch to buy my Lot,
 Would settle on me, Oh! the Lord knows what ;
 He for a Purchase the old way takes Care,
 And like a Higler in a Country Fair
 Bawls out aloud, take Money for your Mare :
 Or Brother like Stockjobbing cheat would make,
 My Friend so much you give, so much you take ;
 But *Valentine*, whose Person, Wit and Art,
 Pleads fairer Title to a tender Heart ;
 With an endearing Claim, fine Words address,
 A Graceful Person, and a taking Face :
 A solid Judgment that can stand the test,
 Trick humour gay—I fancy'd all the rest ;
 Compell'd my Love—The Passion strong did grow,
 Whither all this, a Woman's Heart should bow,
 Your Pardon Ladies, I am sure you know :
 Besides by Subtilty I Tryal made,
 Found out his Haunts, and Snares each way I laid ;
 Mark'd, tho' the frolick Widows—City Dames,
 Inmates of *Leicester-field, Pall-Mall, St. James* :
 The Tall, the Short, the Freckl'd—Fair and Brown,
 The straight-lac'd Maiden, and the Miss o'th' Town ;
 We're sure to work on in Adversity,
 Yet still what Stock he had was kept for me :
 And for such Love, if we should Love allow,
 Your Pardon Ladies, I am sure you know ;
 I took Compassion on the Bankrupt Debtor,
 He had no Money, But had something better :
 Faith like a generous Girl, I paid his worth,
 For I had Honour in me from my Birth ;

I paid him well——A Wife that's Fair and Young,
 Discreet and Kind, and Forty Thousand strong:
 Is no bad Consolation sure——In Life.
 How would some snigger here, for such a Wife ;
 Then if this part I Play be rare or no ?
 Your Pardon Gentlemen——You likewise know :
 The Author of the Scenes appear to Day,
 Draws every Figure justly through his Play ;
 Mind, Sence and generous Humour, seems to hit,
 Let Beauty grant him then superior Wit, }
 Since by the Boxes it was chose and Writ. }



VERSES *Congratulatory*

To the Honourable William BROMLEY, Esq.

AS when *Hiperion* with Victorious Light,
 Expels invading Powers of gloomy Night ;
 And vernal Nature youthful drest and gay,
 Salutes the Conqueror that forms the Day :
 The mounting Lark exalts her joyful Note,
 And strains with Harmony her warbling Throat ;
 So now my *Muse* that hopes to see the Day,
 When cloudy Faction that does *Britain* sway, }
 Shall be o'ercome by Reasons peircing Ray : }
 Applauding Senates for their prudent choice,
 The Will of Heaven, by the Peoples Voice ;
 First greets ye Sir, then gladly does prepare,
 In tuneful Verse, your welcome to the Chair.

Awful th' Assembly is, August the Queen,
 In whose each Day of Life, are Wonders seen ;
 The Nation too, this greatest of all Years,
 Who watch to see blest turns in their Affairs :
 Slighting the *Hydra* on the *Gallick* shore,
 Hope from the Senate much, but from you more ;
 Whose happy Temper Judgment cultivates,
 And forms so fit to Aid our three Estates.

The

The change of Ministry late order'd here,
 Was fated sure for this Auspicious Year ;
 That you Predestin'd at a glorious hour,
 To be chief Judge of Legislative Power :
 Might by your Skill that Royal right asserts,
 Like Heaven reconcile the Jarring parts ;
 Nor shines your Influence Sir, here alone,
 The Church must your unequal'd Prudence own, }
 Firm to support the Cause, but rough to none : }
Eusebia's Sons in Law divine profest,
 May learn from you, how Truth should be exprest ;
 Whither in Modest Terms, like Balm, to heal,
 Or raving Notions falsly counted Zeal.
 Oh sacred Gift in vulgar matters great,
 But in Religious Tracts divinely sweet ;
 Which ancient *Bagington* can witness well,
 And the rich Library before it fell :
 Your Rural Hours amongst wise Authors past,
 Your Soul with their unvalued Wealth possess ;
 And well may he to heights of Knowledge come,
 Who learning *Pantheon*, always kept at home :
 Thus once Sir you were blest, and sure the Fiend,
 That first Intail'd a Curse on humankind ;
 A second Time a dire unequal'd Cross,
 Design'd the Publick, by your private loss :
 Oh who had seen that love to learning bore,
 The Matchless Authors of the Days of Yore,
 The Fathers, Prelates, Poets, Books where Arts
 Renown'd, Explain'd the Men of rarest Parts :
 Shrink'd up their shrivell'd Bindings, scorch their Names,
 And yield Immortal worth to Temporary Flames :
 That would not Sigh to see the Ruins there,
 Or wish to quench them with a falling Tear :
 But as in Story where we Wonders view,
 As there were Flames, there was a Phænix too ;
 An Excellence from the burnt Pile did rise,
 That still atton'd for past Calamities :
 So my Prophetick Genius—In its height,
 Viewing your Merit, Sir, foretels your Fate ;

Your

Your valiant Ancestor that bravely fought,
 And from the Foe, the Royal Standard got,
 Which nobly now Adorns, your houshold Coat : }
 Denotes the Ancient Grandeur of yōu Race,
 As present Worth, fits you for present Grace.
 The Sovereign must Esteem, what all admire,
Bromley shall rise, and *Bagington* aspire. }
 Fate oft contrives Magnificence by Fire. }



To his Grace the Duke of Bedford.

VERSES Congratulatory, on the Birth of
 his Son the Marquess of TAVISTOKE.

I N sweet Retirement, freed from anxious Care,
 From Court Delusions and the noisy War ;
 From business that disturb the tranquil State,
 And palls the best Contentment of the Great :
 From Town Disorders, and infectious Wine,
 From Libertines who live by base Design ;
 Wisely your Grace, and worthy of best Praise,
 Has chose to Consecrate your happy Days :
 Oh lucky change, a Blessing only due,
 By Heavens peculiar bounty, to a Few.

Here in Ambrosial Bowers you entertain,
 With varied Joys, the Body, and the Brain ;
 Sweet Contemplation gains the foremost place
 Whilst Books Instructively do Science raise :
 Sports too, for Relaxation of the Mind,
 The Seasons fit, are proper in their kind ;
 Nor is the Blessing only on your part,
 But shar'd by her, that wholly shares your Heart :
 Your vertuous Consort of Elizium Dreams,
 Here, Pregnant with Conubial love, she Teems ;
 And, that Concoring Comfort may not fail,
 T'inlarge your noble Race, brings forth a Male :

Thus

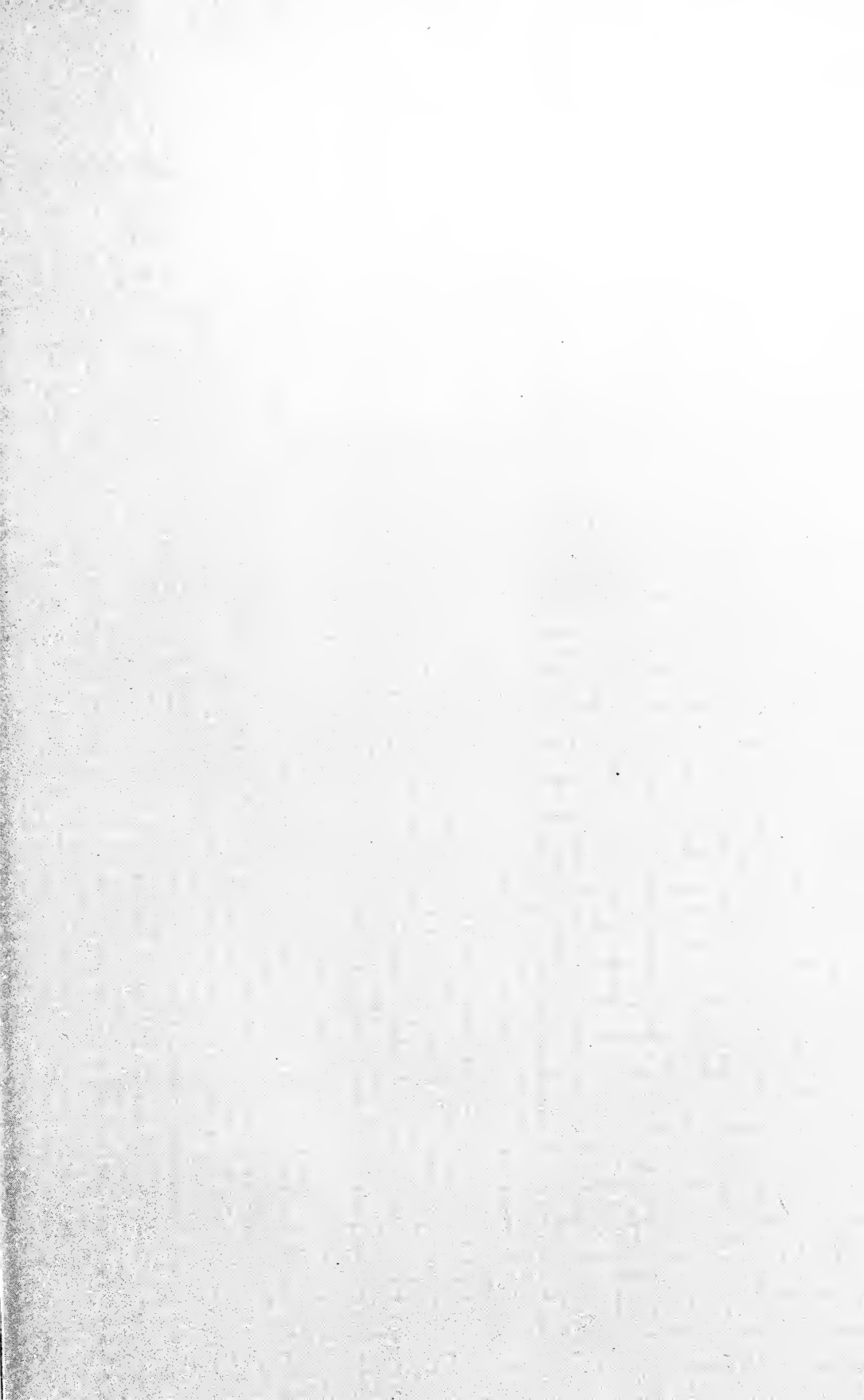
Thus has Eternal Providence decreed,
 To grant the only Blessing you could need.
 Take it my Lord, as 'tis divinely meant,
 A Gift peculiar from Heaven sent ;
 A Sanction to promote your Happiness,
 And crown your Solitude with lasting Bliss :
 To please a Parent, Plants may kindly shoot,
 But Children are the Quintiscential Fruit ;
 The charming Prattle, and the Tales they tell,
 By Nature taught, all Musick far excel.

May then, th' Illustrious Babe with speedy growth.
 Stretch out his Infancy, and hast to Youth ;
 From Youth to Manhood, may his Years improve, }
 Blest with a Father's Joy, a Mother's Love, }
 And sacred Gifts descending from above. }
 Th' Eternal in your Favour does bestow,
 A Comfort glittering Courts, but seldom know ;
 A quiet Life, from Proud Ambition free,
 An Heir too, to support your Family :
 Sent to Exalt, and make your Pleasures great,
 In the calm *Halcyon* Days of your retreat.

So in the *Roman* State, when Civil War,
 Harrass'd the Natives, by Intestine Jarr ;
 When rage in Triumph rode through every Street,
 And he whose Arm was strongest, had most Wit :
 The noble * *Atticus* in Rural Bowers,
 Past with selected Friends, and Books, his Hours ;
 Sometimes his beauteous Spouse too, would improve,
 The Day, with Tales of Constancy and Love :
 But yet no Males could bring, 'till *Funo* prone }
 To pity, summ'd at last all Joys in one, }
 Heard her devoted Prayers,
 And blest her with a Son. }

* *Pomponius Atticus.*

FINIS.

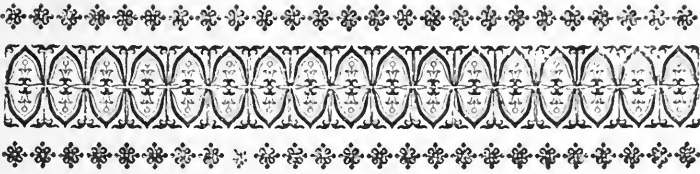


WIT and MIRTH:
OR
PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY

EDITED BY
THOMAS D'URFEY

IN SIX VOLUMES
VOLUME II

FOLKLORE LIBRARY PUBLISHERS, INC.
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1959



T H E
DEDICATION.

TO the Right Honour-
able the *Lords* and
Ladies; and also to the
Honoured *Gentry* of both
kinds that have been so
Generous to be *Subscribers*
to this *Second* Volume of
SONGS; which end with
some *Oration*s spoken by me
in the *Theatre*: Which are
With

Dedication.

with the Copys of Verses,
Prologues and *Epilogues*, most
humbly Dedicated by

Your most Oblig'd,

And

Devoted Servant,

T. D'Urfey.





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SONGS



Pills to Purge Melancholy.

VOL. II.

CAPONIDES;

Or Lyrical remarks Made on the famous Signior Cavaliero Nico — Grimaldi, Knighted by the Doge of VENICE, and Signior Gallapo Frisco, Caprioli Frontini the Horse: Made a Consul by the Roman Emperor CALLIGULA. Set to a Tune in the OPERA of ANTIOCHUS.

* S OME blooming Honour get
* By Valour, some by Wit,
* And some have Titles met
* By the way of *Guinny*;
* But two, most fam'd I shew,
* One long since, and one now,
* Who if you don't allow,
* The Devil's in ye :
* Of Creatures I discourse,
* Who must your liking force :
* They must your liking force,
* As well as my discourse,
* *Calligula's* fine Horse,
* And *Nicol*—

Ni, *hi, hi, hi, hi, hi, hi* —colini.

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

A Senator some say,
 He made his Dapple grey,
 For his *Italian* Neigh,
 A Crack-brain'd Ninny ;
 A *Doge* too, as appears
 With Squeaking, caught by th' Ears,
 Amongst the *Chevaliers*,
 Plac'd *Nico*—— :
 And as the Horse did bear,
 That Honour many a Year,
 For squaling Notes so Cleer,
 As you shall seldom hear,
 So does our Capon dear,
 Dear *Nicol*——,
De, he, he, he, he, he, he —ear *Nicol*——.

Yet Criticks bold and plain,
 As Envy still will reign,
 For Head and comely Main,
 Cry up *Frontini* ;
 They say for Shapes before,
 Good qualitys some score,
 He merits Honour more,
 Then *Nicol*—— :
 Besides *un autre* chose,
 More blest they him suppose,
 More blest they him suppose,
 For tho' the Grooms give blows,
 They have not cut out those,
 Like *Nicol*——,
Ni, hi, hi, hi, hi, hi —colini.

But yet by Vocal strain,
 And subtle dint of Brain,
 'Mongst *English* Gentry vain,
 He gets the Penny,
 He Trills, and Gapes, and Struts,
 And Fricassee's the Notes,
 Our Crew may crack their Gutts,
 They ne'er will win ye :

For

For Quavering like a Lark,
 This rare disabled Spark,
 Gets Ladies too i'th dark,
 Who tho' 'tis bungling work,
 Will hug this Knight of Mark,
 Smooth *Nicol*——,
 Ni, *hi, hi, hi, hi, hi,* —colini.

But now to cause our Woe,
 Why Chanter will you go,
 Fop Bounty still may flow,
 And many a Guinny ;
 You leave us, some do guess,
 To Build a sumptuous place,
 To Seat your Noble Race,
 Like *Valentini* :
 But tho' we to our shames
 Have Paid ye in Extrems,
 When e'er you leave the *Thames*,
 To rowl on Ocean streams,
 Pray don't you call us Names,
 Sweet *Nicol*——,
Swee, he, he, he, he, he, hee Nicol.





WHEN *Harrold* was Invaded,
 And falling lost his Crown ;
 And *Norman William* waded
 Through Gore to pull him down :
 When Countys round with fear profound,
 To mend their sad Condition ;
 And Lands to save, base Homage gave,
 Bold *Kent* made no Submission.

CHORUS.

Sing, sing in Praise of Men of Kent,
So Loyal brave and free ;
'Mongst Britain's Race, if one surpass,
A Man of Kent is he.

The hardy stout Free-holders,
 That knew the Tyrant near ;
 In Girdles, and on Shoulders,
 A Grove of *Oaks* did bear :
 Whom when he saw in Battle draw,
 And thought how he might need 'em ;
 He turn'd his Arms, allow'd their Terms,
 Compleat with noble Freedom :
Then sing in Praise, &c.

And when by Barons wrangling,
 Hot Faction did Increase,
 And vile Intestine Jangling,
 Had banish'd *England's* Peace,
 The Men of *Kent* to Battle went,
 They fear'd no Wild confusion ;
 But joyn'd with *York*, soon did the work,
 And made a blest conclusion :
Then sing in Praise, &c.

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

At Hunting, or the Race too,
 They sprightly Vigour shew ;
 And at a Female Chase too,
 None like a *Kentish* Beau :
 All blest with Health, and as for Wealth,
 By Fortunes kind embraces ;
 A Yeoman grey shall oft out-weigh,
 A Knight in other places :
Then sing in Praise, &c.

The Generous, Brave and Hearty,
 All o'er the *Shire* we find ;
 And for the *Low-Church* Party,
 They're of the Brightest kind :
 For King and Laws, they prop the Cause,
 Which *High-Church* has confounded ;
 They love with height the Moderate right,
 But hate the Crop-Ear'd *Round-head* :
Then sing in Praise, &c.

The promis'd Land of Blessing,
 For our Forefathers meant ;
 Is now, in right Possessing,
 For *Canaan* sure was *Kent* :
 The Dome at *Knoll*, by Fame enroll'd
 The Church at *Canterbury* ;
 The Hops, the Beer, the Cherrys here,
 May fill a famous Story.
Then sing in Praise of Kentish Men,
So Loyal, Brave and Free ;
'Mongst Britain's Race, if one surpass,
A Man of Kent is He.



An ODE on Queen MARY: Set by Mr. Henry Purcell, and the Notes to be found in his Orpheus Britannicus.

HIGH on a Throne of glittering
 Exalted by Almighty fate ;
 Out-shining the bright Jem she wore,
 The Gracious *Gloriana* sate.

The dazzling Beams of Majesty,
 Too fierce for mortal Eyes to see ;
 She veil'd, and with a smiling Brow
 She taught th' admiring World below.

Since Vertue is the chiefest good,
 Gay Power should only be her Dress ;
 Which often taints the purest blood,
 Free Conscience is the solid Peace.

Glory is but a Flattering dream
 Of wealth, that is not, tho' it seem ;
 False Vision whose vain Joys do make
 Poor Mortals poorer, when they wake.

The fawning croud of Slaves that Bow,
 With praise could ne'er my Sence controul ;
 Vast Pyramids of State seem low,
 So much above it sits my Soul.

She spoke, whilst Gods unseen, that stood
 Admiring one so Great, so Good ;
 Flew straight to Heaven, and all along,
 Bright *Gloriana* was their Song.

Ladies of *London*, both Wealthy and Fair,
 Whom every Town Fop is pursuing ;
 Still of your Purses and Persons take care,
 The greatest Deceit lies in Wooing :
 From the first Rank of *Beaux Esprits*,
 Their Vices therefore I discover,
 Down to the basest Mechanick degree,
 That so you may chuse out a lover.

First for the Courtier, look to his Estate,
 Before he too far be proceeding ;
 He of Court Favours and Places will prate,
 And settlements make of his Breeding :
 Nor wear the Yoak with dull Country Souls,
 Who though they are fat in their Purses ;
 Brush with Bristles and Topping full Bowls,
 Make Love to their Dogs and their Horses.

But above all, the rank Citizens hate,
 The Court, or the Country choose rather ;
 Who'd have a Block-head that gets an Estate,
 By Sins of the Cuckold his Father :
 The sneaking Clown all Intriguing does Marr,
 Like Apprentices Huffing and Ranting ;
 Cit puts his Sword on without *Temple-Bar*,
 To go to *White-Hall* a Gallanting.

Let no spruce Officer keep you in awe,
 The Sword is a thing Transitory ;
 Nor be blown up by the Lungs of the Law,
 A World have been cheated before you :
 Soon you will find your Captain grown bold,
 And then 'twill be hard to o'ercome him ;
 And if the Lawyer touch your Copy-hold,
 The Devil will ne'er get it from him.

Fly, like the Plague, the rough Tarpawling Boys,
 That Court you with lying Bravadoes ;
 Tiring your Senses with Bombast and Noise,
 And Stories brought from the *Barbadoes* ;

And

And ever shun the Doctor, that Fool,
 Who seeking to mend your condition ;
 Tickles your Pulse, and peeps in you Close-stool,
 Then sets up a famous Physician.

But if your Humour have such roving fits,
 As must upon Wedlock be treating ;
 Step to *Will's Coffee House* you'll find some Wits,
 Who live upon Sharping and Cheating :
 They wear good Cloaths, and Powder their Whiggs,
 And Swear y'are a Dear and a Honey ;
 And their whole Lives spend in rampant Intrigues,
 Oh, they are the Men for my Money.



*Advice to the Beaus ; To the foregoing
 Tune.*

ALL Jolly Rake-hells that Sup at the *Rose*,
 And Midnight Intrigues are contriving ;
 Courtiers, and all you that set up for *Beaus*,
 I'll give ye good Council in Wiving ;
 Now the fair Sex, must pardon my Verse,
 If once I dare swerve from my Duty ;
 Old *Rosa crucians*, found spots in the Stars,
 Then why not I Errors in Beauty.

Shun the Cits Daughter whom a Gentleman got,
 Whilst he the Old Cause was revenging ;
 Bred up at School to Sing, Dance, and wot not,
 Yet walks as she mov'd with an Engine :
 Nor be by the *Orphans* Treasure provok'd,
 The Chamber is empty you see, Sir ;
 Ne'er hope to keep a fine Cabinet lock'd,
 When every Furr'd Gown has a Key, Sir.

The

The Country Nymph that looks fresh as a Rose,
 Whose Innocent Grace does o'er rule ye ;
 Hobbles in Gate, and treads in with her Toes,
 Ah, take a great care least she fool ye :
 She looks as if she knew not what's what,
 Yet bring her to Town to a Play, Sir ;
 Soon you'll perceive, that she'll fall from her Trott,
 And Modishly come to her Pace Sir.

The Buxom Widdow with Bandore and Peak,
 Her Conscience as black as her Cloathing ;
 If in a Corner you ever make Squeak,
 I'll give you her Joynture for nothing :
 She still will plague ye with her Law smiles,
 She'll answer your Court by Attorney ;
 If you love riding in others old Boots,
 For God's sake make hast with your Journey.

But above all Sirs, despise the *Coquett*,
 She'll Sacrifice Love to Ambition ;
 Who takes a Wife that but thinks she's a Wit,
 Is in a most woful condition :
 She'll make her Conscience stretch like her Glove,
 And now, tho' she vows equal Passion ;
 Perjur'd next moment, forswear all her Love,
 And make a meer Jest of Damnation.

The Maids of Honour, like fortifi'd Towns,
 Will give you Repulse if you venture ;
 Bulwark'd by Vertue and stiff bodied Gowns,
 The Devil himself cannot enter :
 But if by Love's dear Bribe you get in,
 And for fatal Wedlock importune ;
 If you don't straight go to Law with the *Queen*,
 You'll ne'er get one Groat of their Fortune.

But if your Zeal for a Wife be so strong,
 That nothing can cool the fierce Passion,
 Step to the *Rose*, and steal out Mrs. *Long*,
 She'll make the best Spouse in the Nation :

She

She sounds the Brains of all the young Sotts,
 That come their to tast her *Elixir* ;
 Little Flask bottles, and leaking Pint pots,
 Are framing a fine Coach and six, Sir.



*The wanton Virgins frighted: To the last
 Tune.*

YOU that delight in a Jocular Song,
 Come listen unto me a while, Sir ;
 I will engage you shall not tarry long,
 Before it shall make you to smile, Sir :
 Near to the Town there liv'd an old Man,
 Had three pretty Maids to his Daughters ;
 Of whom I will tell such a story anon,
 Will tickle your Fancy with Laughter.

The old Man had in his Garden a Pond,
 'Twas in very fine Summer Weather ;
 The Daughters one Night they were all very fond,
 To go and Bath in it together :
 Which they agreed, but happen'd to be,
 O'er heard by a Youth in the House, Sir ;
 Who got in the Garden, and climb'd up a Tree,
 And there sate as still as a Mouse, Sir.

The Branch where he sat it hung over the Pond,
 At each puff of Wind he did totter ;
 Pleas'd with the Thoughts he should sit abscond,
 And see them go into the Water :
 When the Old Man was safe in his Bed,
 The Daughters then to the Pond went, Sir ;
 One to the other two laughing she said,
 As high as our Bubbies we'll venture.

Upon

Upon the tender green Grass they sat down,
They all were of delicate Feature ;
Each pluck'd off her Petticoat, Smock, and Gown,
No sight it could ever be sweeter :
Into the Pond then dabling they went,
So clean that they needed no Washing ;
But they were all so unluckily bent,
Like Boys they began to be dashing.

If any body should see us, says one,
They'd think we were boding of Evil ;
And from the sight of us quickly would run,
And avoid so many white Devils :
This put the Youth in a merry Pin,
He let go his hold thro' his Laughter ;
And as it fell out, he fell tumbling in,
And scar'd them all out of the Water.

The old Man by this time a Noise had heard,
And rose out of Bed in a Fright, Sir ;
And comes to the Door with a Rusty old Sword,
There stood in a Posture to fight, Sir :
The Daughters they all came tumbling in,
And over their Dad they did blunder ;
Who cry'd out aloud, Mercy, good Gentlemen,
And thought they were Thieves came to Plunder.

The Noise by this time the Neighbours had heard,
Who came with long Clubs to assist him ;
He told them three bloody Rogues run up Stairs,
He dar'd by no means to resist them :
For they were Cloathed all in their Buff,
He see as they shov'd in their Shoulders ;
And black Bandaleers hung before like a ruff,
Which made them believe they were Soldiers.

The Virgins their Cloaths in the Garden had left,
And Keys of their Trunks in their Pockets ;
To put on the Sheets they were fain to make shift,
Their Chest they could not unlock it :

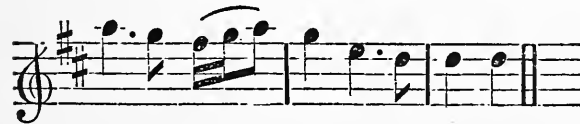
At



Royal *Flora* dry up your Tears,
 To cheer the *Allies*, no longer sigh and Mourn ;
 Providence blesses your happy Affairs,
 And resolves for your Loss to make return :
Albion's Trophies flourish each Hour,
 There Glory by Fame inspir'd gives ravishing sound ;
Flora, whilst *Marcian* disposes her Pow'r,
 Is the Umpire of Arms, all *Europe* round ;
 Thus the *Muse*, tho' ill rewarded and unregarded,
 Sings loud with Prophetical hope ;
 Great *Britain's* fears are over,
 We'll soon Recover,
 Our dangerous Malady,
Gallia shan't profit by *Ottoman* Unity,
Sweden shall fly before Bears of Cold *Muscovy*,
 Spight of Bravadoes of *Orleans*, and *Burgundy*,
Boufflers or *Vendosme*,
 Or late baffled Troops of the *Pope*.



The PARALLEL: The Words made to a
Tune of Mr. Eccles's.



THE *Sages* of Old,
 In Prophecy told,
 The cause of a Nations undoing ;
 But our new *English* breed,
 No Prophets do need,
 For each one here seeks his own Ruin.

With grumbling and Jarrs,
 We promote Civil Wars,
 And Preach up false Tenets too many ;
 We Snarl, and we Bite,
 We Rail, and we Fight
 For Religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,
 That's true to his Friend,
 And the Church, that the Senate does settle ;
 Who delights not in Blood,
 But draws when he shou'd,
 And bravely ne'er Shrinks from the Battle.

Who rails not at Kings,
 Nor at Politick things,
 Nor Treason will speak when he's Mellow ;
 But takes a full Glass,
 To King *George's* Success,
 This, this is the honest brave fellow.



A BALLAD of Andrew and Maudlin.



Andrew and Maudlin, Rebecca and Will,
 Margaret and Thomas, and Fockey and Mary;
 Kate o'th' Kitchin, and Kit of the Mill,
 Dick the Plow-man, and Joan of the Dairy,
 To solace their Lives, and to sweeten their Labour,
 All met on a time with a Pipe and Tabor.

Andrew was Cloathed in Shepherd's Grey;
 And Will had put on his Holiday Jacket;
 Beck had a Coat of Popin-jay,
 And Madge had a Ribbon hung down to her Placket;
 Meg and Mell in Frize, Tom and Fockey in Leather,
 And so they began all to Foot it together.

Their

Their Heads and their Arms about them they flung,
 With all the Might and Force they had ;
 Their Legs went like Flays, and as loosely hung,
 They Cudgel'd their Arses as if they were Mad ;
 Their Faces did shine, and their Fires did kindle,
 While the Maids they did trip and turn like a Spindle.

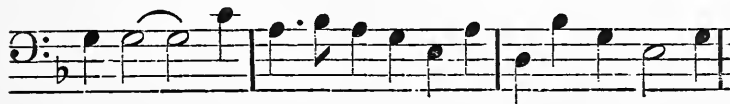
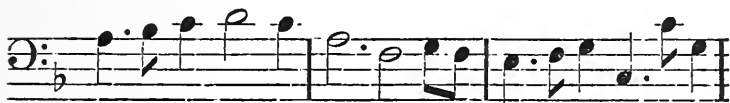
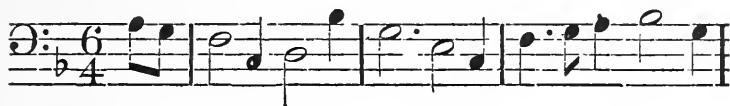
Andrew chuck'd *Maudlin* under the Chin,
 Simper she did like a Furmity Kettle ;
 The twang of whose blubber lips made such a din,
 As if her Chaps had been made of Bell-metal :
Kate Laughed heartily at the same smack,
 And loud she did answer it with a Bum-crack.

At no *Whitsun-Ale* there e'er yet had been,
 Such Fraysters and Friskers as these Lads and Lasses ;
 From their Faces the Sweat ran down to be seen,
 But sure I am, much more from their Arses ;
 For had you but seen't, you then would have sworn,
 You never beheld the like since you were Born.

Here they did fling, and there they did hoist,
 Here a hot Breath, and there went a Savour ;
 Here they did glance, and there they did gloist,
 Here they did Simper, and there they did Slaver ;
 Here was a Hand, and their was a Placket,
 Whilst, hey ! their Sleeves went Flicker-a-flacker.

The Dance being ended, they Sweat and they Stunk,
 The Maidens did smirk it, the Youngsters did Kiss 'em,
 Cakes and Ale flew about, they clapp'd hands and drunk ;
 They laugh'd and they gigl'd until they bepist 'em ;
 They laid the Girls down, and gave each a green Mantle,
 While their Breasts and their Bellies went Pintle a
 Pantle.

A SONG, Sung by a Galley-Slave in Don Quixote. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Pretty KATE of Windsor: A new
BALLAD.



Near to the Town of *Windsor*, upon a pleasant
Green,
There liv'd a Miller's Daughter, her Age about
Eighteen.

A Skin as white as Alabaster, and a killing Eye,
A round Plump bonny Buttock joyn'd to a taper Thigh;
Then ah! be kind, my Dear, be kinder, was the Ditty still,
When pretty Kate of Windsor came to the Mill.

To treat with her in Private, first came a Booby Squire,
He offer'd ten broad Pieces, but she refus'd the hire;
She said his Corn was musty, nor should her Toll-dish
fill,

His Measure too so scanty, she fear'd 'twould burn her
Mill. *Then ah! be kind, &c.*

Soon after came a Lawyer, as he the Circuit went,
He swore he'd Cheat her Landlord, and she should pay
no Rent;

He question'd the Fee simple; but him she plainly
told,

I'll keep in spite of Law Tricks, mine own dear Copy-
hold. *Then ah! be kind, &c.*

The next came on a Trooper, that did of Fighting prate,
Till she pull'd out his Pistol, and knock'd him o're the
Pate.

I hate, she cry'd, a Hector, a Drone without a Sting,
For if you must be Fighting Friend, go do it for the
King. *Then ah! be kind, &c.*

A late discarded Courtier, would next her favour win,
He offer'd her a Thousand when e'er King *James* came in;
She laugh'd at that extremly, and said it was too small,
For if he e'er comes in again, you'll get the Devil and all.

Then ah! be kind, &c.

Next came a strutting Sailor that was of Mates degree,
He bragg'd much of his Valour in the late Fight at Sea;

A

She told him his Bravado's but lamely did appear,
 For if you had stood to't, you Rogues, the *French* had
 ne'er came here. *Then ah ! be kind, &c.*

A Shopkeeper of *London* then open'd his Love Case,
 He told her he was Famous for Penning an Address ;
 She told City-wisdom was known by their Affairs,
Guild-Hall was full of Wit too in choice of Sheriffs
 and Mayors.
Then ah ! be kind, &c.

Next came a smug Physician upon a Pacing Mare,
 But she declar'd she lik'd him much worse than any
 there ;
 He was so us'd to Glisters, she told him to his Face,
 He always would be bobbing his Pipe at the wrong
 place.
Then ah ! be kind, &c.

The Parson of the Town then did next his flame
 reveal,
 She made him second Mourning, and cover'd him
 with Meal ;
 The Man of God stood fretting, she bid him not be
 vext,
 'Twill serve you for a Surplice to Cant in *Sunday* next.
Then ah ! be kind, &c.

Now if you'd know the reason she was to them
 unkind,
 There was a brisk young Farmer that taught her still
 to grind ;
 She knew him for a Workman that had the ready
 skill,
 To open well her Water-gate, and best supply her
 Mill.
*Then ah ! be kind, my Dear, be kinder, was the
 Ditty still,
 When pretty Kate of Windsor came to the Mill.*

Tom

WHEN the Kine had giv'n a Pail full,
 And the Sheep came bleating home ;
Doll who knew it would be healthful,
 Went a walking with young *Tom* :
 Hand in hand Sir,
 O're the Land Sir,
 As they walked to and fro ;
 Tom made jolly Love to *Dolly*,
 But was answer'd, *No, no, no, no, no, &c.*

Faith, says *Tom*, the time is fitting,
 We shall never get the like ;
 You can never get from Knitting,
 Whilst I'm digging in the Dike :
 Now we're gone too,
 And alone too,
 No one by to see or know ;
 Come, come, *Dolly*, prithee shall I ?
 Still she answer'd, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

Fie upon you Men, quoth *Dolly*,
 In what snares you'd make us fall ;
 You'll get nothing but the folly,
 But I shall get the Devil and all :
 Tom with sobs,
 And some dry Bobs,
 Cry'd *you're a fool to argue so* ;
 Come, come, *Dolly*, shall I ? shall I ?
 Still she answer'd *No, no, no, no, &c.*

To the Tavern then he took her,
 Wine to *Love's* a Friend confest
 By the hand he often shook her,
 And drank brimmers to the best, &c.
 Doll grew warm,
 And thought no harm ;
 Till after a brisk pint or two,
 To what he said the silly Maid,
 Could hardly bring out, *No, no, no, no, &c.*

She

She swore he was the prettiest Fellow
 In the Country or the Town,
 And began to grow so mellow,
 On the Couch he laid her down ;
 Tom came to her,
 For to woe her
 Thinking this the time to try :
 Something past so kind at last,
 Her no was chang'd to *I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.*

Closely then they joyn'd their Faces,
 Lovers you know what I mean ;
 Nor could she hinder his Embraces,
 Love was now too far got in ;
 Both now lying,
 Panting dying,
 Calms succeed the stormy Joy,
 Tom wou'd fain renew't again,
 And she consents with *I, I, I, I, I, I, &c.*



The Lovers' Whims. A New SONG.





When I make a fond Address,
 Then *Phillis* seems cruel ;
 Tho' I talk of sad Distress,
 Yet she still frowns ;
 But the coyness that she shews,
 Increases my Fewel.
 What in others stops repose,
 My Delight crowns :
 When she makes the house Ring,
 Then a Bottle I bring ;
 And if her Voice is,
 Swell'd with Noises,
 Tope my glass and Sing.
 Ever have I lov'd a Lass
 Of *Phillis's* Humour ;
 Let her Scold and Screw her Face
 Twenty Thousand ways,
 With the Frolicks I return,
 I'll always o'come her,
 And the more she seems to Scorn,
 Me the more she'll please :
 Take the softly she,
 Tamely then agree,
 The Spritely speaking,
 Not the sneaking,
 Is the Lass for me.

A Scotch SONG, sung to the King at Windsor.

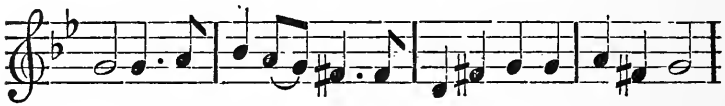
The image displays a musical score for a song. It consists of seven staves of music, all written in a single treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is characterized by a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often grouped in pairs or small runs. There are several instances of beamed eighth notes and sixteenth notes, as well as some dotted rhythms. The overall style is that of a traditional Scottish folk song. The score is presented in a clean, black-and-white format on a white background.



Just when the young and blooming Spring
 Had melted down the Winter Snow ;
 And in the Grove the Birds did Sing,
 Their charming Notes on ev'ry Bough :
 Poor *Willy* sate bemoaning his fate,
 And woful state,
 For loving, loving, loving,
 And despairing too ;
 Alas ! he'd cry, that I must dye,
 For pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough*.

Willy was late at a Wedding house,
 Where Lords and Ladies danc'd all arow ;
 But *Willy* saw nene so pretty a Lass,
 As pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough*.
 Her bright Eyes, with smiling Joys,
 Did so surprise ;
 And something, something, something
 Else that shot him through :
 Thus *Willy* lies entranc'd in Joys,
 With pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough*.

The God of Love was *Willy's* friend,
 And cast an Eye of Pity down ;
 And straight a fatal Dart did send,
 The cruel Virgin's Heart to wound.
 Now every Dream is all of him,
 Who still does seem
 More lovely, lovely, lovely,
 Since the Marriage Vow :
 Thus *Willy* lies entranc'd in Joys,
 With pretty *Kate* of *Edenbrough*.

*The JILTS; a SONG.**Sung to the KING at Winchester.*

ON a Bank in flowry *Fune*,
 When Groves are green and gay;
 In a smiling Afternoon,
 With *Doll* young *Willy* lay:
 They thought none were to spy 'em,
 But *Nell* stood list'ning by 'em;

Oh

Oh fye ! *Doll* cry'd, no, I vow, I'de rather dye ;
 Than wrong my Modesty :
 Quoth *Nell*, that I shall see.

Smarting pain the Virgin finds,
 Although by Nature taught,
 When she first to Man inclines ;
 Quoth *Nell* I'll venture that.
 Then who would loose a Treasure
 For such a puney Pleasure ?
 Not I, not I, no, a Maid I'll live and dye,
 And to my Vow be true :
 Quoth *Nell*, the more fool you.

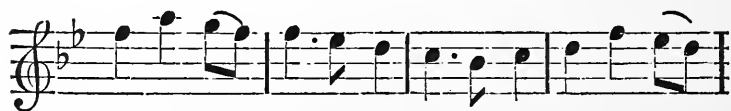
To my Closet I'll repair,
 And Godly Books peruse ;
 Then devote my self to Pray'r,
 Quoth *Nell*, and —— use ;
 You Men are all perfidious,
 But I will be Religious.
 Try all, fly all, whil'st I have Breath deny ye all,
 For the Sex I now despise :
 Quoth *Nell*, by G—d she lies.

Youthful Blood o'respreads her Face,
 When Nature prompts to Sin :
 Modesty ebbs out apace,
 And Love as fast flows in :
 The Swain that heard this schooling,
 Asham'd, left off his fooling ;
 Kill me, kill me, now I am ruin'd, let me dye :
 You have damn'd my Soul to Hell ;
 Try her once again, cries *Nell*.



To SYLVIA.

A SONG set to a New Playhouse Tune.





State and Ambition, alas ! will deceive ye,
 There's no solid Joy but the Blessing of Love ;
 Scorn does of Pleasure fair *Sylvia* bereave ye,
 Your Fame is not perfect till that you remove :
 Monarchs that sway the vast Globe in their Glory,
 Know Love is their brightest Jewel of Pow'r ;
 Poor *Philemon's* Heart was ordain'd to adore ye,
 Ah ! then disdain his Passion no more.

Jove on his Throne was the Victim of Beauty,
 His thunder laid by, he from Heaven came down ;
 Shap'd like a Swan, to fair *Leda* paid Duty,
 And priz'd her far more than his Heav'nly crown :
 She too was pleas'd with her beautiful Lover,
 And stroak'd his white Plums, and feasted her Eye ;
 His cunning in Loving knew well how to move her,
 By Billing begins the business of Joy.

Since Divine Powers Examples have given,
 If we should not follow their Precepts, we sin :
 Sure 'twill appear an Affront to their Heaven,
 If when the Gate opens we enter not in.
 Beauty my Dearest was from the beginning,
 Created to calm our Amorous Rage ;
 And she that against that Decree will be sinning,
 In Youth still will find the Curse of old Age.



WE all to conqu'ring Beauty bow,
 Its pleasing Pow'r admire ;
 But I ne'er knew a Face 'till now,
 That like yours could inspire.
 Now I may say, I met with one,
 Amazes all Mankind ;
 And like Men gazing on the Sun,
 With too much light am blind.

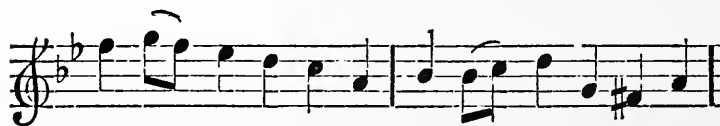
Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
 When longing Lovers meet ;
 Like the dividing Prophets wise,
 And like blown Roses sweet :
 Modest, yet Gay ; Reserv'd, yet Free ;
 Each happy Night a Bride ;
 A Mein like awful Majesty,
 And yet no spark of Pride.

The Patriarch, to gain a Wife,
 Chast, Beautiful, and Young :
 Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
 And never thought 'em long.
 Ah ! were you to reward such Cares,
 And Life so long couldst stay ;
 Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,
 Would seem but as one Day.



The DISTRUST.

A New SONG, set to Musick by
Mr. John Lenton.





NO, silly *Cloris!*
 Tell me no such Stories,
 True gen'rous Love can never undo ye ;
 When I desert ye,
 Let affected Virtue,
 Charm ev'ry Fop that now does pursue ye :
 Search all human Nature,
 Try ev'ry Creature,
 Study all Complexions,
 Ev'ry Face and Feature ;
 And when e're I dye,
 You'll too late descry,
 None ever yet did Love so well as I.

Curse on Ambition,
 What a bless'd condition
 Lovers were in, not aw'd by that *Dæmon*;
 Then cruel *Cloris!*
 Careless of Vain-Glories,
 Would reap more Bliss than Pride e'er could dream on :
 We should have no dying,
 No Self-denying,
 Sighings or Repulses,
 When the Soul is flying ;
 But truly wise,
 Dirt she would despise,
 And own her Love the Crown of all her Joys.



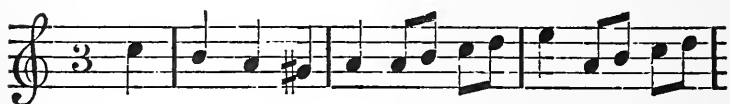
BY all the Pow'rs ! I love you so,
 Nothing's so dear to me below ;
 And when I would your scorn forsake,
 Some Angel turns, and brings me back :
 Altho' my Heart's not fool'd with ease,
 Yet you may break it when you please ;
 'Tis noble, and does rather dare to dye,
 Than languish and despair.

Ah ! tell me not that Men deceive,
 But if you'd be believ'd, believe ;
 My Heart, like Tapers shut in Urns,
 Whilst Love gives matter ever burns :
 Since kindness has resistless Charms,
 And Beauty, wanting Youth, decays ;
 Make hast, and fly into my Arms,
 And crown my bless'd remaining Days.



Joy after Sorrow.

A New SONG. The Words made to the Duke D'Aumonds Minuet.

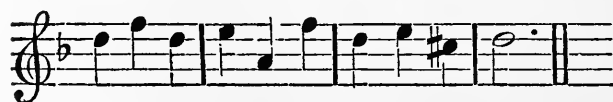
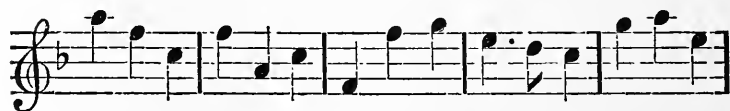




LET *Burgundy* flow,
 Let the Glass run o'er, let the Glass run o'er
 boys,
 To cure all our Woe,
 Let the Glass run over the Brim,
 Though *Anna* is gone,
 Think of it no more, think of it no more boys,
 Great *George* now comes on,
 Toast away your Bumpers to him,
 Tho' the Feuds were so big
 'Twixt the *Tory* and *Whigg*,
 That the Mischiefs pursuing prov'd almost our Ruin,
 Like a Prophet I know,
 They will be no more so,
 We've a King will unite now both *High-Church* and *Low*.

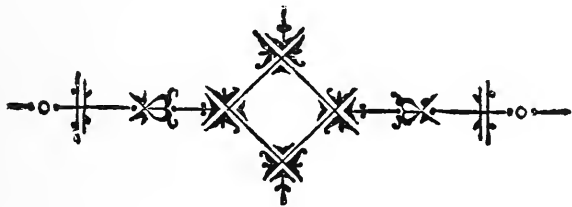
And now your Hand's in
 Fill it up again, fill it up again there,
 To all these brave Men,
 Who their Hate to *Lorrain* bear strong,
 Who frentick with Pride
 Boldly durst defend, lately the *Pretender*,
 And if I'm not wide,
 Will be sure to pay for't e'er long,
 Nor a less Glass let's have
 To the *Catalans* brave,
 Who held out with a Glory, not equall'd in Story,
 For not *Cæsar* in *Gaul*,
 Nor the great *Hannibal*,
 Ever equall'd their Chief, with a number so small.

A SONG, sung in my Play of the Campaigners,
 extremely divertive, just after Mr. —
 C——t's vile Satyr upon Poets and the Stage.
 Set to a Tune of Mr. Henry Purcell's.



NEW Reformation begins thro' the Nation,
 And our grumbling Sages, that hope for good wages,
 Direct us the way :
 Sons of the Muses, then cloak your Abuses,
 And least you shou'd trample on pious Example,
 Observe and obey.
 Time frenzy Curers, and stubborn *Nonjurors*,
 For want of Diversion, now scourge the lead Times :
 They've hinted, they've printed, our vein it profane is,
 And worst of all Crimes ;
 Dull clod pated Railers, Smiths, Coblers and Colliers,
 Have damn'd all our Rhimes.

Under the Notion of Zeal for Devotion,
 The Humour has fir'd em, or rather inspir'd 'em,
 To tutor the Age :
 But if in Season, you'd know the true Reason ;
 The hopes of Preferment, is what make the Vermin,
 Now rail at the Stage.
 Cuckolds and Canters, with Scruples and Banter ;
 The Old Forty-one Peal, against Poetry ring :
 But let State Revolvers, and Treason Absolvers,
 Excuse me if I sing,
 The Rebel that chuses to cry down the Muses,
 Wou'd cry down the King.



Gillian of Croyden, a New Ballad: *The Words made to the Tune of a Country Dance, call'd Mall Peatly.*

The musical score consists of seven staves of music in G major, 3/4 time. The melody is written in a single treble clef. The first staff begins with a half rest followed by a dotted half note G4. The second staff continues with quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The third staff features a dotted quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B4. The fourth staff has a quarter note C5, a dotted quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The fifth staff contains a quarter note G4, a dotted quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The sixth staff shows a quarter note D4, a dotted quarter note C4, and a quarter note B3. The seventh staff concludes with a quarter note A3, a dotted quarter note G3, and a final double bar line.

ONE Holiday last Summer,
 From four to seven by *Croyden Chimes*,
 Three Lasses toping Rummers,
 Were set a prating of the Times,
 A Wife call'd *Foan* of the Mill,
 A Maid they call'd bonny brown *Nell*,
 A Widow mine Hostess *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian* of
Croyden, *Gillian*, young *Gillian*, *Jolly Gillian* of *Croyden*,
 Take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
 A Health to our Master *Will*.

Ah! *Foan*, cry'd the Maiden,
 This Peace will bring in Mill'd Money store,
 We now shan't miss of Trading,
 And Sweet-hearts will come on thick ye Whore :
 No more will they fight and kill,
 But with us good Liquor will swill :
 These will be rare Times, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Gillian of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, young *Gillian*, plump
Gillian of *Croyden*, take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian*
 of *Croyden*,
 A BUMPER to Master *Will*.

We've now right Understanding,
Hans, Dick, and *Mounsieur* shakes Hands i'th' Streets,
 Dragoons too are disbanding,
 Gadzooks, then *Nelly* let's watch our Sheets,
 For a Red-coat you know that has Will,
 Can plunder and pilfer with Skill ;
 I'll look to my Smocks, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Gillian of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, bold *Gillian*, wary *Gillian* of
Croyden, take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
 A Health to our Master *Will*.

Nell, then with Arms a-Kembo,
 Cry'd News from Sea not so well does come ;
 For want of Captain *Bembo*,
 The Chink and *Ponti* are safe got home :

Tho'

Tho' he could not help that Ill,
 The Fault lies in some Body still,
 Wou'd that Rogue were hang'd, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
Gillian of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, plump *Gil.*, Loyal *Gil.* &c.

Strange Lords will now come over,
 And all our Bells will ring out for Joy :
 The Czar of *Muscovet*
 Who is, Lord bless him, some ten Foot high :
 I'll see whate'er comes o'th' Mill,
 Wou'd our Lads were like him, cry'd *Nell*,
 Great pity they an't, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian* of
Croyden, *Gillian*, young *Gillian*, Tall *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
 Nevertheless, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
 A Bumper to Master *Will*.

Strange News, the *Facks* of the City
 Have got, cry'd *Foan*, but we mind no Tales ;
 That our good King thro' wonderful Pity,
 Will give his Crown to the Prince of *Wales*,
 That Peace may the stronger be still,
 And that they may no longer rebel,
 Pish! pox tis a Jest, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian* of
Croyden, *Gillian*, bold *Gillian*, witty *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
 Take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
 A Health to our Master *Will*.

So long top'd these Lasses,
 Till Tables, Chairs, and Stools went round,
 Strong Wine, and thumping Glasses,
 In three short Hours their Senses drown'd :
 Then home to her Grannum reel'd *Nell*,
 And *Foan* no more Brimmers could fill,
 And off from her Chair drop'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian*
 Of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, plump *Gillian*, drunk *Gillian* of
Croyden, here's the last drop, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
 A Bumper to Master *Will*.

A SONG to CELIA, who was forc'd to Marry another, her Lover being absent: Made to the Amiable Vanqure.





AH, tell me no more of your Duty or Vow,
 That Change of Condition no Love can allow ;
 I still must Importune,
 For what my curst Fortune,
 Lost I know not how !

And since such ill chances have often been Common,
 That Wealth or Women we're fated to lose ;
 'Tis fit we our selves should mend such abuse ;
 And make with our fetters,
 The best of bad matters ;
 In Wedlocks Trappan,
 By taking occasion,
 To ease our wrong'd Passion
 As well as we-can.

NEWMARKET:

A SONG, sung to the King there.

The musical score consists of seven staves of music in 3/4 time, written in treble clef. The first staff begins with a repeat sign (double bar line with dots) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some slurs and accents. The second staff ends with a repeat sign. The remaining staves continue the melody with various rhythmic patterns and phrasing.

THE Golden Age is come,
The Winter Storms are gone ;
Flowers spread and bloom,
And smile to see the Sun :

Who daily gilds the Groves,
And calms the Air and Seas ;
Nature seems in love,
When all the World's in peace.

Ye Rogues go saddle *Ball*,
I'll to *Newmarket* scour ;
You never mind when I call,
You should have been ready this hour :

For there are the Sports and the Games,
Without any plotting of State ;
From Treason, or any such shame,
Deliver us, deliver us, Oh Fate !

Let's be to each other a Prey,
To be cheated be ev'ry ones lot ;
Or chows'd any sort of way,
But by another Plot.

Let Cullies that lose at a Race,
Go venture at Hazard and win ;
And he that is bubbled at Dice,
Recover it at Cocking again.

Let Jades that are founder'd be bought,
Let Jockeys play Crimp to make sport ;
For faith it was strange methought,
To see *Tinker* beat the Court.

Each corner of the Town
Rings with perpetual noise,
The Oyster-bawling Clown
Joyns with Hot Pudding-pies :

Who

Who both in Consort keep,
 To vend their stinking Ware ;
 The drowzy God of Sleep,
 Has no Dominion here.

Hey-boys, the Jockeys roar,
 If the Mare and Gelding run ;
 I'll hold ye five Guineas to four,
 He'll beat her and give half a Stone.

Gad Dam-me cries Bully, 'tis done,
 Or else I'm the Son of a Whore ;
 And would I could meet with a Man
 Will offer it, will offer it once more.

See, see the damn'd Vice of this Town,
 A Fop that was starving of late,
 And scarcely could borrow a Crown,
 Puts in to run for the Plate.

Another makes Racing a Trade,
 And dreams of his Projects to come ;
 And many a crimp Match has made,
 By bubbing another Man's Groom.

The Townsmen are Whiggish, God rot 'em,
 Their Hearts are but Loyal by fits ;
 For if we should search to the bottom,
 They're nasty as their Streets.

But now all Hearts beware,
 See, see on yonder Downs,
 Beauty triumphs there,
 And at this distance wounds.

In the *Amazonian* Wars,
 Thus all the Virgins shone ;
 Thus like glittering Stars,
 Paid Homage to the Moon.

Love proves a Tyrant now,
 And here does proudly dwell ;
 For each stubborn Spirit must bow,
 He has found out a new way to kill :

For ne'er was invented before,
 Such Charms of additional Grace ;
 Nor had Divine Beauty such Power,
 In every, in every fair Face.

Udsbows, cries my Country-man *Fohn*,
 Was ever the like before seen ?
 By Hats and the Feathers they'd on
 I took 'em all for Men :

Embroider'd and fine as the Sun,
 On Horses in Trappings of Gold,
 Such a Show I shall ne'er see again,
 Should I live to a hundred years old.

This, this, is the Country Discourse,
 All wond'ring at the rare sight,
 Then *Roger* go saddle my Horse,
 For I will be there to night.





MY Life and my Death were once in your pow'r,
 I languish'd each moment, and dy'd ev'ry hour ;
 But now your ill usage has open'd my Eyes,
 I can free my poor Heart, and give others Advice :
 By Dissembling and Lies the Coquet may be won,
 But he that loves faithfully will be undone.

Time was, false *Aurelia*, I thought you as bright
 As Angels adorn'd in the Glories of Light ;
 But your Pride and Ingratitude now, I thank Fate,
 Have taught my dull Sence to distinguish the Cheat :
 And now I can see in your face no such Prize,
 No Charms in your Person, no Darts in your Eyes.

Fain, fain for your sake my Amours I would end,
 And the rest of my days give my Books, and my Friend ;
 But another kind Fair calls me fool, to destroy,
 For the sake of one Jilt, my whole Life's greatest Joy :
 For tho' Friends, Wine, and Books, make Life's Dia-
 dem shine,
 Love, Love is the Jewel that makes it so fine.



*The STORM :**Set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell.*

The musical score consists of six staves of music, all in G minor (one flat) and 3/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature 'C'. The melody is characterized by a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The second staff continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns. The third staff features more complex rhythmic figures, including sixteenth-note runs. The fourth staff shows a continuation of the melodic line with some chromaticism. The fifth staff maintains the melodic flow. The sixth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and the word 'CHO.' written on the staff.

CHORUS.



Farewel

Farewell ye Rocks, ye Seas, and Sands,
 Green *Neptune* I despise ;
 I'll rather court the pleasant Strands,
 Then all his watry Joys :
 Inconstant Bliss our Fate beguiles,
 The Sea like Love we find ;
 Where Calms are like fair *Cynthia's* Smiles,
 And frowns like gusts of Wind.

C H O R U S.

Hear the noise of the Tarpawlian Boys ;
Port, Port, Port,
Luff hawl aft the Sheet is the Mariner's Wit :
A plague of their ignorant Prattle,
And send me to land, and send me to land,
Where I may command,
A pretty kind Wench,
A pretty kind Wench, and a Bottle.

With all God's Miracles at Land
 Let me acquainted be ;
 Let Fools that would understand,
 Go find them out at Sea.
 His mighty Works I'll praise on Shore,
 And there his Blessings reap ;
 But from this moment seek no more,
 His Wonders in the Deep.

CHO. *Port, Port, &c.*

The Merchant, when his Sails are furl'd,
 Glides o're the foamy Main ;
 And ploughs with ease the watry World,
 So great a Charm is Gain :
 When Avarice has any Bounds,
 If his contented were ;
 I'd wage a hundred thousand Pounds,
 He never would come there.

CHO. *Port, Port, &c.*

A Dialogue betwixt ALEXIS and SYLVIA :
Set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell.

Alexis. **S** It down my dear *Sylvia*,
 And then tell me, tell me true,
 When we the fierce pleasure of Passion first
 knew ;
 What Senses were charm'd,
 And what Raptures did dwell,
 Within thy fond Heart, my dear Nymph,
 prithee tell !
 That when thy Delights in their fulness are known,
 I may have the joy to relate all my own.

Sylvia. Oh fye, my *Alexis* !
 How dare you propose,
 To me silly Girl, things immodest as those !
 Nice Candor and Modesty glow in my Breast,
 Whose Virtue can utter no Words so unchast ;
 But if your impatience admits no delay,
 Describe your own Raptures,
 And teach me the way.

Alexis. A pain mix'd with Pleasure my Senses first
 found,
 When crouds of Delight strait my Heart did
 surround ;
 A Joy so transporting, I sigh'd when it was done :
 And fain would renew, but alas ! all was gone :
 Coy nature was treacherous, when first she ment,
 A Treasure so precious so soon should be spent.

Sylvia. This free kind Confession does so much prevail,
 That I in your bosom would blush out my Tale ;
 But Dearest, you know, 'tis too much to declare,
 The Joys that our Souls, when united, do share.
 Let this then suffice, if the Pleasure could last,
 A Saint would leave Heav'n, still so to be blest.

On

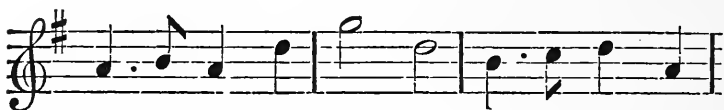
On AUGUSTUS and SOPHRONIA :

*Set to Musick by Senior Baptist. On King
Charles the II^{d.} and the Dutchess of —*



A *ugustus* crown'd with Majesty,
His weighty Cares removing ;
Beheld his World, but nought could spye,
Worth Royal Thought but Loving :
A Synod of the Gods appear,
And vote their Sacred Sence ;
That none but the divinest Fair,
Should bless the greatest Prince.

So



THo' *Cælia* Art you shew,
 It must not pass upon me now ;
 The bright Smiles grace your Brow,
 Deceit has Gilded o'er
 Your soft Words, when I woove,
 To prove your Love is firm and true,
 Depend on't never shall do,
 Unless you grant me more :

You

You, Sharper-like, shew Wit,
And cunningly all my Coyn you get,
Throw false Dice when I Sett,
And never play me fair ;
But now to overreach you,
By a subtle care,
I am resolv'd to teach you,
To Play upon the Square.

You Sing, Dance, finely you Play,
A thousand Pretty Things you say ;
And then in niggardly way,
You give a Lenten Treat :
The cold Tast favours your wish,
And oft you highly praise the Dish ;
But I have hatred to fish,
My Stomach craves some Meat.

Leave this Coquettish blind,
The Subtlety of your Serpent kind ;
Plain dealing let me find,
Attoning for late mishaps :
My hungry Love in quiet,
Can't be with Cordial Drops ;
It wants substantial Dyet,
And cannot feed on Scraps.



*The Church Jockey, a Comick SATYR. The
Words made to a pretty Play-house Tune.*

THE Parliament sate
 As snug as a Cat ;
 In Old loyal Brome you may read,
 And ours in their House,
 Were as close as a Mouse,
 Legislating the Nation with Speed.
 Peace sounded by Fame,
 Whether true, or a Shame,
 Still puzzled the People to know ;
 But the Lottery went right,
 Which some thought a Bite,
 Tho' the Money at last came but slow.
 The Price of Corn fell,
 And all Matters look'd well,
 For none State Proceedings could blame,
 When a hot headed Priest
 Gave a plaguy Distast,
 That has put all the Town in a flame.
 Whose raving uncouth,
 Even foaming at Mouth
 Was Interest, as each one believes ;
 Not a jot of true Zeal
 For the good Common-weal,
 But to get a good pair of lawn Sleeves.
St. Peter and Paul
 Gave with mildness a Call,
 To such as they found wanted Grace ;
 But our *Rabbi* Lords,
 If you won't take their Words,
 Like the Furies, shall fly in your Face.
 A-duce take their Chat,
 Can't they eat and grow fat,
 We know well their Stripends are large,
 But with jangling debates
 They must plague three Estates,
 Besides putting the Queen to such Charge.

Yet

Yet this the New Case
 Of our Soul-mender was
 Who rank in the *Tory* Affair ;
 With his Tongue did so charm,
 (Heav'n keep us from Harm)
 He was like to draw in my Lord M——r.

But my Lord having Grace,
 As you see in his Face,
 Did strait to uphold him refuse,
 And at last being own'd,
 As a member renown'd
 Made a shift to slip out of the Noose.

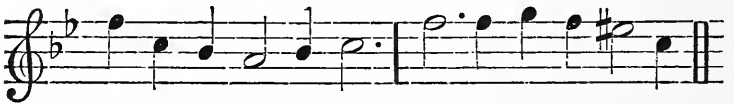
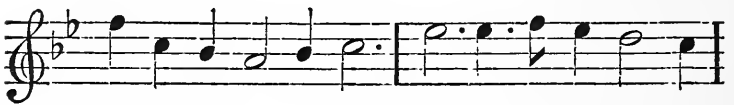
In the good days of old,
 When the Doctrine worth Gold,
 Do devout Congregations oblige ;
 The Priest honour gain'd,
 If i'th' Church he might stand,
 But now they will ride on the Ridge.

Like Jockeys they whirr,
 With a whip and a Spurr,
 That ambitious designs mayn't be crost ;
 Tho' by running at all,
 They oft lose by a fall,
 Or by blundering the wrong side the Post.

Ye Elders in black,
 Sober counsel pray take,
 Cease railing, for which y'are so fam'd ;
 For if that be your way,
 You may Preach, you may pray,
 If the Wise ever heed, I'll be D——d.

For if they teach right,
 Jarring minds to unite,
 And Angel-like, that man is blest ;
 The contrary's good,
 That who stirs them to feud,
 The Devil must be of a Priest.

*The Country SHEEP-SHEARING : Made to the
Watermens Dance.*



J *Enney and Molly, and Dolly,*
When young Lambs were a Roaring ;
Robin and Willey, and Harry,
Met all at a Sheep-Shearing :

Lately

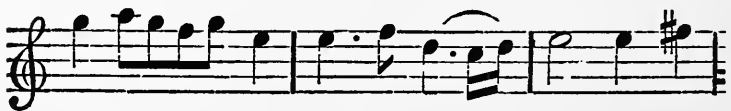
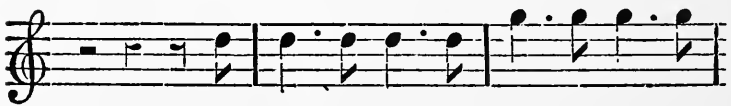
Lately a Match was made,
 Plump *Fone* of the Valley,
 Simper'd till Grace was said,
 With *Roger* the Jolly :
Hodg the brisk and strong,
 Could well give her a Fairing ;
Foan the fresh and Young,
 The best at the Sheep-Shearing.

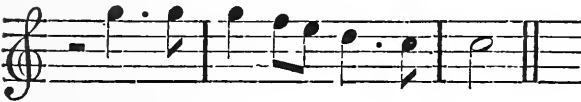
Kissing and Pressing, the Blessing
 Went round, none did resist 'em ;
 Sherry, brown Berry and Perry,
 They drank till they bepist 'em :
Phillip some Fish had brought,
 That newly were taken,
Kitt too had Coleworts bought,
 For *Barnabys* Bacon.
 Curds and Cream Divine,
 The kind Lasses indearing,
 Never Feast so fine,
 Was known at a Sheep-shearing :

But whilst they trolling down derry,
 Were all Eating and Drinking ;
 Never were Creatures so merry,
 Faith, to e'ry ones thinking ;
Georgy came Jumping in,
 Without any bidding,
 He had a Rival been,
 And swore at the Wedding,
 Cuffs and Kicks went round,
 No speaking or hearing,
 Thus in brawl was drown'd
 Our Jolly Sheep-shearing.



*An ODE, On the King's happy Return
from abroad: To a Sebell of Mr. Henry
Purcell's.*





Crown your Bowls Loyal souls,
Cesar to his Home returns ;
 From the Shore, Cannons roar,
England Smiles and *Holland* mourns :
 Malecontents in Mischief failing,
 Changing notes now leave off railing ;
 Now the Vipers hide their stings,
 Fill, fill then high, proclaim, proclaim your joy ;
 And now in a Chorus sing, welcome best of Kings,
 Noble Boys here's to thee,
 Look on my Glass and me,
 Here's the way,
 We this happy day,
 Make as fam'd as the *Fubilee*.
 Make as fam'd as the *Fubilee*.



LEWIS upon the fret; A Satyrical ODE,
upon the French King's huffing Threat on
the English Addresses: With some Re-
marks upon his Character.

L *Ewis le Grand,*
With Coquet *Maintenon,*
Upon a Bed of State were laid along,
One Hand around,
About his Neck was thrown,
The tother gently scratching his bald Crown;
London's News
Just then perus'd,
He cry'd, *Le Diable*, was e'er seen such dam Abuse;
Dat Papier dere
From *Angleterre,*
Foulieu Adresse,
Dat croud the Presse,
Begar make me de monster worst of Jews.
My Old Trick,
And noted Politick,
Dat what I vow and swear am sure to break;
Though 'tis true,
Vat have de Mob to do,
Avec les Rois, and State *Affaire Morbleau;*
Laws me take,
Or else forsake,
Comme proprement le fine of my Designs dey make;
Dam gilling Whore,
Et Louis d'or
Dat bubl'd le langue
Des Parliament,
Fernie make two Fool of late King *Charle* and *Faque.*
Charle and de Queen,
Louis and *Mazarine,*
Still play'd de Game where I was sure to win,
He feed de Ducks,
And speak de merry Jokes,
Whilst I was building Ships with *English Oakes;*
Faque

Faque dat reign'd,
 De next I gain'd,
Bougre my shaven Crowns his Purse and Senses drain'd,
 'Till like a Sot,
 I turn'd Bigot,
 And for de Fault
 A way must trot,
 Since when de whole Brood begar me have maintain'd.

Now mark de Jest,
 Old *Faque* is gone to rest,
 And I have make de King of my Welch Guest,
 Tho' some dat speak
 Of dat *Italian* Trick
 Will swear his true Papa did make de Brick ;
 Be't what 'twill,
 Good or Ill,
Morbleu, dis is de way for him to pay my Bill :
 And now dey rore,
 Like Son of Whore,
 And make Address
 Dat scratch my Face,
 Me will chastise 'em, *Morbleu*, me will.

Scarce had de Boast
 From *France* come over Post,
 When he de *Blenheim* Field to *Marlborough* lost,
 And soon again,
Rammille and *Turin*,
 With Victory conclude de glorious Campaign,
 Whish sad Blow
 Perplex'd him so,
 I cry'd, Jilt Fortune now is turn'd my Foe,
Marsin is dead,
Bavarre is fled,
 (Here *Maintenon*)
 Vat must be done,
 Me sal be L'Emperour le *Diable* know when.

The Franck LOVER; a New SONG.

The musical score consists of seven staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes), rests, and dynamic markings such as *mf* and *f*. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



Dear est believe without a Reservation,
 What neither Time nor Fate shall e'er controul;
 Be you but kind and constant to your Passion,
 No stormy chance shall e'er disturb my Soul;
 Jealousie, the bane to Lovers pleasures,
 Far from our Hearts for ever we'll remove;
 My full Joy, what Mortal then can measure,
 Happy in my charming *Musidora's* Love.

When with a Friend abroad I take a Bottle,
 Over your *Tea* regale with who you can;
 Or if you find me with a Vizard prattle,
 Do you the same with any other Man;
 For *Chloe's* Face when Ogling I shew Passion,
 'Tis all but feign'd, I can ne'er inconstant be;
 And when at large I tope the red Potation,
 'Twill but more inflame my Heart with Love of thee.



The National Quarrel ; a New BALLAD.

The musical score consists of seven staves of music in treble clef. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The second staff continues the melody with some slurs. The third staff shows a continuation of the rhythmic pattern. The fourth staff features a double bar line and a key signature change to two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The fifth staff continues with slurs and various note values. The sixth staff shows a steady eighth-note rhythm. The seventh staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

Shone

S *Hone* a *Welch* Runt, and *Hans* a *Dutch* Boor,
 As they one Ev'ning for Air did employ ;
 Found *Teague* and *Sawney* just walking before,
 A bonny *Scotch* Loon, and an *Irish* dear Joy :
 They all four ne'er saw a Windmill,
 Nor had they heard of any such Name ;
 But as they were walking, and merrily talking,
 It happen'd by chance to a Windmill they came.

The Chorus goes to the last Part of the Tune.

*Hey down derry, ho down derry,
 Mirth is better than Sorrow by half ;
 Listen to my Ditty, 'tis merry, 'tis Witty,
 And if ye an't Sullen 'twill make ye Laugh.*

Bread, cry'd *Sawney*, what do ye caw * that ?
 To tell its good Name I am at a loss ;
Teague then readily answer'd the *Scot*,
 By *Creesht*, my dear Joy, 'tis *St. Patrick's* Cross :
Woons, cry'd *Sawney*, y'are mistaken,
 For 'tis *St. Andrew's* Cross that I swear ;
 For there is his Bonnet, and Plad lying on it,
 The muckle gud Saint did at *Edinburgh* wear.
Sawney, *Sawney*, *weel said* *Sawney*,
This Affair *Sawney* notably hit ;
Let aw discover that pass the Tweed over,
If Scotland e're bred so bonny a Wit.

Hans with a Belch gave vent in his turn,
 † *Ick sall now spraeken den vaght it dos mean ;
 et ben ods* *Sacrament* a grought *Dutch* Churne,
 And they are now making the Butter within :
 This device so tickled his fancy,
 He swore by the *States* he'd go in for some ;
 And sell his blue Jerkin, but he'd have a Firkin,
 To carry his Wife and his Family home.

* *Pointing to the Windmill.* † *Mimicks Dutch.*
 Hogan

Hogan, Hogan, Mogan, Mogan,
 Sooterkin Hogan, Herring Vandunck ;
For as it happen'd the Miller with's Cap on,
He thought a fat Froe, a white Dairy Punk.

Hot pated *Shone* cry'd splut and look'd pig,
 You fools was alter your minds when hur speaks ;
 St. *Taffy* cawd this her crete Whirligig,
 And made it to scare away Crows from her Leeks,
 Proof to shew, see where they Grow,
 Then pointed his Finger over the hedge,
 Where Nettles and Thistles, with Prickles and Bristles,
 Grew thick in a field grown over with sedge.
Shone ap Shinkin Rice ap Tavy,
Shentlemen Kindred aw come away ;
Tomas ap Morgan swear loud as an Organ,
And pawn all your Honours to what hur does say.

By good St. *Patrick*, *Teague* once more replies,
 I say 'tis his Cross, for there is his Coat ;
 I met him in *Dublin* a buying the Frize,
 And gud I will swear, 'tis the same that he bought :
 He's a better Shaint than ever *Holland*, or *Walsh*, or
Scotland, can breed,
 And by my Showlwasion he was my Relation,
 And had for stout *Teague* great kindness indeed.
Lero, lero, lero, lero,
Lilly Burlero Bullen a-la ;
By my Showlwasion he was my Relation,
Chreesht save thy sweet Face St. Patrick Agra.

Each gave his mind, but neither agreed,
 The *Welshman* grows hot, and the *Irishman* huffs ;
 The bonny bold *Scot* told the *Dutchman* he ly'd,
 A Word and a Blow, and so all went to Cuffs :
 Coats were torn, and Heads were broken,
 Noses were Mawl'd, and Thumping went round ;
 But in a while after, were forc'd to give quarter,
 And so went four Fools well beaten to Town.
Coats were torn, &c.

An

An ODE,

*Aluding to the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.**Set to Musick in two Parts.*

A *LBA* Victorious, *Alba* fam'd in story,
 Still renown'd rightful Glory ;
Alba Triumphant, Princes can Enthroned,
 Hindred of their Lawful own :
 So her Genius bright is soaring,
 So confirm'd to her restoring.

Alba's Heroes conquer there,
 Chiefly one beyond compare ;
 He that wonders he was Born,
 To make blest, an Age forlorn :
 Make his Native Land at home,
 Ballance of all *Christendome*.

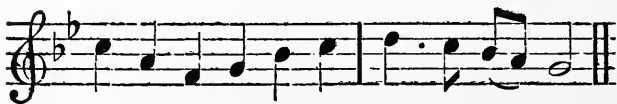
Thus as his sprightly Infancy was still inur'd to harms,
 So was his Noble figure still adorn'd with double charms ;
 A gracious Aspect to subdue the Fair,
 And Manly vigour to controul in War :
 To crown the whole with blest Successes stor'd,
 Divinely wise his Conduct still, and keen as Fate his
 Sword.





TO Cullies and Bullies
 Of Country and Town,
 To Wearers and Tearers
 Of Manteau and Gown ;
 All Christian good People, that live round *Paul's*
 Steeple :
 I'll tell you a pleasant Case :
 Hot headed I wedded
 At Age of threescore,
 A flaunting young Wanton,
 Eighteen and no more ;
 Of Parents I sought her, and Money soon bought her,
 I well might have had more Grace ;
 For daily at Table
 She'd pout and She'd squabble,
 And this still was all I got ;
 When e're I ask'd why,
 She'd cry pish, fie,
 For Gold nor Apparel
 I never did Quarrel,
 But only you starve my Cat.

A pretty young Kitty,
 She had that could Purr ;
 'Twas gamesome and handsome,
 And had a rare Furr ;
 And straight up I took it, and offer'd to stroake it,
 In hopes I should make it kind :
 But lowting and powting,
 It still was to me,
 Tho' Nature the Creature,
 Design'd should be free,
 I play'd with its Whiskers and would have had dis-
 course,
 But ah ! it was dumb and blind :
 When *Cloris* unquiet, who knew well its diet,
 And found that I wanted that :
 Cry'd pray, Run, fetch *Fohn*,
 He's the Man that can,
 When it does need it,
 Best knows how to feed it,
 Or gad you will starve my Cat.
 As fleet as my Feet
 Could convey me I sped,
 To *Fohnny* who many
 Times Pussey had fed ;
 I told him my Errand, he wanted no Warrant,
 But hasted to shew his skill :
 He took it to stroak it,
 And close in his Lap,
 He laid it to feed it,
 And gave it some Pap,
 And with such a passion it took the Collation,
 Its Belly began to fill ;
 And now within door is, so merry my *Cloris*,
 She Laughs and grows wonderous Fat :
 And I run for *Fohn*,
 Who's the Man that can,
 Tho' I'm at distance,
 Give present assistance,
 To please her, and feed her Cat.



Now

NOW the ground is hard Froze, and cawd Winter
 is come,
 And our Master great *Willy* from *Holland's* got home ;
 Now the Parliament Leards are set down to command,
 Ise gang o're the *Tweed* into bonny *England* :
 Ise oft heard of *Willy* in *Edinburgh* Town,
 Of his muckle great Deeds, and his gallant Renown ;
 But I ne'er saw his Face yet, nor kiss'd his fair Hand,
 So I'se gang for that Honour to bonny *England*.

To save us in season he cross'd o'er the Seas,
 Turn'd out Popish Rats that were Eating our Cheese ;
 Reliev'd us from *Rome* when we aw were trapann'd,
 'Twas weel he came hither for bonny *England* :
 He Fought for our Freedom, and finish'd the work,
 He rooted out Mass, and he Licens'd the Kirk ;
 He Peace too secur'd spight of all durst withstand,
 For th' Profit and Honour of bonny *England*.

He Valourously, Valourously Life did expose,
 Then generously, generously Guard him from Foes ;
 Nea near o'th' Army send heam, and disband,
 Ye Deaughty Law makers of bonny *England* :
 But merry, merry be, very merry ye Lads of *Whit-Hall*,
 Sing derry, derry down, derry, derry down, derry,
 derry down all ;
 And to Royal *Willy* take six in a Hand,
 Ye Jolly brave Topers of bonny *England*.



A New SONG.

*Made on the Nine and Twentieth of May,
at the raising the Maypole at — in
honour of the Memory of K. Charles the
Second's Restauration, and of the present
Peace made by Her Sacred Majesty Queen
ANNE; In three Movements.*

F *Lora*, beauteous Queen of *May*,
All the sprightly, fair and gay,
Summons this auspicious Day,
Here to act a Scene of Joy,
Ancient as the Siege of *Troy*,
So long renown'd in Story;
Grateful on a double score,
Since 'tis known in Times of *Yore*,
This blest Day did *Charles* restore,
And rais'd Triumphant *England's* Glory.

So in *Anna's* happy Reign
Glorious, far as flows the Main,
We a second Blessing gain;
Peace, our welcome Easer comes,
Round us verdant Olive blooms:
This Day once more renowning,
Peace should all with Joy inspire,
May it prove what we desire,
Praise shall charm each tuneful Lyre,
And Doubt for ever cease from frowning.

[*Second Movement; swift.*]

Then come merry boys,
Sing, dance, and rejoyce,
The *May-pole* let's raise
In honour of Peace,
And gratefully using the Blessings in store,
Remember the Rites of the Day heretofore.

As *Phillida* and *Fohnny*
 With Kisses sweet as Honey,
 And others brisk and bonny,
 Made loud their Joy at *Charles's* Restauration :
 So let young *George* and *Fenny*,
 And Lads and Lasses many,
 To Peace, and Royal *Nanny*,
 Devote the same, and crown the blest Occasion.



The Pigg's MARCH.

A SONG for Mr. Dogget, in the Comical
 OPERA.

TRooping with bold Commanders,
Dub, dub a dub, dub a dub, dub, dub,
 To charge our Foes,
 In Frost and Snows,
 With hopes of Plunder big,
 Late as we march'd thro' *Flanders*,
Tantarra, rara, tantarra,
 Hunger and Cold
 Having made me bold,
 In Knapsack I cramm'd a Pig a,
Weeck, Weeck, Weeck, squeak'd the Pig,
Ogh, Ogh, Ogh, grunts the Sow,
 And tho' swift away I fly,
 Yet she ran too as fast as I,
 Scowring into an Alehouse,
Dub, dub a dub, dub a dub, dub, dub,
 Where I for Shot
 Paid many a Pot,
 And many had left on Score
 Amongst my Comrades and Fellows ;
Tantarra, rarra, tantarra,
 Scarce

Scarce with my Prize
 Had I blest their Eyes,
 But the Sow too was at the Door,
Weeck, Weeck, Weeck, squeaks the Pig,
Ogh, Ogh, Ogh, grunts the Sow,
 Such Noises never heard before,
 Set the House in a foul uproar.

Mawdlin the bouncing Hostess,
Dub, dub a dub, dub a dub, dub, dub,
 Presently puffing came,
 With a Face inflam'd,
 And as red as a Rump of Beef,
 Threatens me with a Justice,
Tantara, rara, tantarra,
 'Till flat on the Ground,
 I thump'd her down,
 For daring to call me Thief,
Then Weeck, Weeck, loud she squeak'd,
 Then *Ogh, Ogh*, like the Sow,
 'Till at last in the woful fray,
 My Pig too got quite away.



A New SONG.

Set to Musick by Mr. Thomas Farmer.





WHy! why! oh ye Pow'rs that rule the Sky!
 Must the lovesick *Damon* dye?
 When the Nymph is at ease, he admires;
 She that causes my groaning,
 And kills with frowning,
 For Love her hard Heart could never inspire:
 Ah! leave me to pain, still since 'tis in vain,
 Still to perswade, or change the fair cruel Maid.
 Like Men gazing on the Sun,
 With too much Light am blind.

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
 When longing Lovers meet;
 Like the divining Prophets wise,
 And like blown Roses sweet:
 Modest, yet gay; reserv'd, yet free;
 Each happy Night a Bride;
 A Mein-like awful Majesty,
 And yet no spark of Pride.

The Patriarch, to gain a Wife,
 Chast beautiful, and young,
 Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
 And never thought 'em long.
 Ah! were you to reward such Cares,
 And Life so long could stay;
 Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,
 Would seem but as one Day.

A Satyrical DITTY.

*Being the Poet's and Musician's Complaint
against the Lord Scrape, occasion'd by his
hindring the Performance of a Musical
ODE, made in Honour of King GEORGE,
and set by Dr. Pepusch, as well as other
tuneful Entertainments in the Hall on
the great Coronation-Day. The Words
made to a pretty Scotch Tune, call'd,
The Lass with the Golden Hair.*

KING *GEORGE* was crown'd with much Glory,
And wonderful Joy did flow,
But yet I'll tell you a Story,
Will scandalize all the Show :
The Peers, those Props of the Nation,
In order all took their Post,
The Parties quite thro' the Nation,
That Day neither gain'd, nor lost.

CHORUS.

*But great Lord Scrape was a Winner,
Some threescore Pounds, or more,
For the King had no Musick at Dinner,
The like never known before.*

Apollo strictly commanded,
And Muses their Duty shew'd,
The Poet too had intended
To publish a Royal *Ode*;
The Masters all had a meeting,
With Voice, and *Treble*, and *Bass* :
But great Lord *Scrape* thought it fitting
To let out for hire their place.

For

*For he that hop'd to be Winner
Of Threescore Pounds, or more,
Let the King have no Musick at Dinner,
The like was ne'er known before.*

Each Sheriff of the Town half fluster'd,
Here's daily a tuneful Noise,
And the Mayor sits down to his Custard,
With Musick to raise his Joys ;
Nay, each dull Feast in the City
The Fidlers will largely pay,
But the King had no Musick nor Ditty,
On his Coronation Day ;
*For great Lord Scrape would be winner
Of Threescore Pounds, and more,
So the King had no Consort at Dinner,
The like was never before.*

For which confounded Abuses,
To all that write, play, or sing,
He'll still be scorn'd by the Muses,
As well as the Court and King :
Love send his Wife more Caresses,
Her Beauty was prais'd of late,
And nought but the Horn that she places
Can suit his unmusical Pate ;
*Since great Lord Scrape would be winner
Of Threescore Pounds and more,
And the King had no Musick at Dinner,
Was ever the like before.*

Whose chief Diversion neglected,
We now the true Reason find,
What Musick can be expected
From one of his *Tory* kind ;
*For he resolv'd to be Winner
Of Threescore Pounds, and more,
So the King had no Musick at Dinner,
Was ever the like before.*

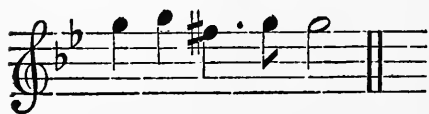
The KING's Health,

*An ODE; Perform'd before His Majesty
King William at Montague-house. The
Words made to an Excellent Tune of
Mr. Peasibles.*





94 PILLS *to Purge Melancholy.*



Loyal

Loyal *English* Boys, sing and Drink with pleasure,
 Bid your happy Land banish former fears ;
 Revel in your Joys, give your Cups full measure,
Cæsar's Fate commands all our future Years.

Jove and he govern the Affairs below here,
 Earth and Sea own the force of their united power ;
 Sound, sound Fame, through the spacious Universe his
 glory,
Cæsar's Name will for ever be the best in story.

Follow, follow, follow Sons of *Mars*,
 Bright Trophies of Honour reward ye ;
 Follow, follow, follow to the Wars,
 Heav'n still will Guard ye,
 Through the spacious Element of Air.

Hark, hark ! how each Voice is extolling,
 How they Eccho from afar proud *France* is falling ;
France, France is falling, *France, France* is falling,
 Pride will soon, will soon, soon tumble down.

Alass, how frail is Human pow'r ;
 Founded on the moving Sands of vain Ambition,
 When perhaps the next sad hour
 Tyrants feel the dreadful stroak of Revolution.

Ah ! how Happy then were *England's* jolly Swains,
 That liv'd here at ease, when *Cæsar* took the Pains ?
Cæsar is the Star of our Renown,
Cæsar is our safety and our Wealth ;
 Fill then, fill up mighty Bowls all *Europe* round,
 And Kneel, and Drink his Health.

Pass about the Royal Bumper round,
I O still to Godlike *Cæsar* sing ;
 Whilst repeating Eccho's have no other sound,
 But long, long live the King,
 Long, long, long live the King.

A SONG.

Set to Musick by Dr. Crofts.

YE pretty Birds that Chirp and sing,
 Ye Trees and Plants that bud and grow,
 Ye fragrant Flowers that bless the Spring,
 Tell me whence comes it you do so hark,
 They answer, 'tis Cælestial Fire,
 The Gods call Love, the Gods call Love,
 That does us all inspire.
 That Sacred Flame that sweetly charms
 My Soul, when lovely *Cynthia* sings,
 That all Creations Labour warms,
 And Nature to Perfection brings :

The buisy, useless Sun may cease to shine,
 'Tis Love, 'tis Love, that sheds the Influence divine,
 Then Lovers love on, and get Heaven betimes,
 He that loves well atones for the worst of his Crimes ;
Jove locks up his Gate on the sordid and Base,
 But the generous Lover is sure of a place ;
 And the Nymph her Elizium need question no more,
 When her Saint has a Key that can open the Door.

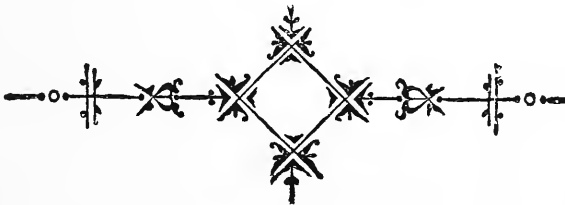


The Country Lass.

A New SONG.

DEar *Femmy* when he sees me upon a Holiday,
 When bonny Lads are easy, and all a dancing be
 When Tiptoes are in fashion, and Loons will jump
 and play,
 Then he too takes Occasion to leer and ogle me,
 He'll kiss my Hand with squeezing, whene'er he takes
 my part,
 But with each Kiss
 He crowns my Bliss,
 I feel him at my Heart.

But *Fockey* with his Cattle, and pamper'd Bags of Coyn,
 Oft gave poor *Femmy* Battle, whom feth I wish were
 mine,
 He tells me he is richer, and I shall ride his Mare,
 That *Femmy's* but a Ditcher, and can no Money spare ;
 But welladay, my Fancy thinks more of *Femmy's* Suit,
 I take no Pride,
 To Kirk to ride,
 I'll gang with him a Foot.



*Memorials of London and Westminster;
A Comical SATYR. The Words made to
a famous Tune, call'd, Cook Laurel.*



Come hither all you that love musical Sport,
Ye Dons of the City, and Beaus of the Court,
I'll give ye a touch of my Lyrical Vein,
If you value plain Dealing shall entertain :

C H O R U S.

*Oh London, consider the blest Days of old,
When Labour brought Plenty, and Trading brought Gold,
When Ten Thousand Pounds was a King's Daughter's
pay,
And Beef was a Feast on a Lord-Mayor's Day.*

I sing ye no News of what's won, or what's lost
Abroad, or what Wonders came over last Post,
Our Wars here are ended, and Peace now atones,
That Plague is blown off to the Northern Crowns ;
*Then welfare the Court, and our Parliament-Men,
Our Patrons at the Helm, who are now, or have been,
Whilst th' Sword, Law, and Clergy, take Glasses in
hand,
A Health to our King, to our Church and Land.*

My

My Muse of the Gentry now chants out her Lay,
 A Touch of the City Wits to by the way ;
 She shews in a Comical Method unus'd,
 How three Generations have both produc'd ;
Oh London, consider, &c.

The Citizen he for his Son buys up Lands,
 The Fop grows extravagant, drinks, whores and spends,
 'Till dwindling at last the Estate is decay'd,
 And his sneaking Heir forc'd to take a Trade ;
Then welfare the Court, &c.

Tho' brisk City Dames too the Courtier oft gets,
 The Wittals still wriggate into their Estates,
 Whose Offspring degrade from the Gentleman's Stem,
 Whilst tothers turn Courtiers, and cuckold them ;
Oh London, consider, &c.

Since Difference so little then lyes on Record,
 'Twixt those of the Apron, and those of the Sword,
 Let's canvass their Humours, from great to the small,
 We sprung from Old *Adam*, the Gardener all ;
Then welfare the Court, &c.

Great Noblemen, Commoners, Lawyers, and Priests,
 You daily may find in the Court of Requests,
 All buzzing about in that great Hive of Bees,
 With different Intentions to lade their Thighs ;
But welfare the Court, &c.

What News is the quæry, what Factions oppose,
 What Places are vacant, and when the King goes ;
 How far he has Power in the Grants of his Land,
 And if they may take without Reprimand ;
Then welfare the Court, &c.

But now, as 'tis reason, let's cry up each House,
 For Justice late done a great Peer and his Spouse,
 The D—— from the Bar a brisk Batchelor's gone,
 And she's a pure Virgin for all Sir *John* ;
Then welfare the Court, &c.

The City's disturb'd too, and Anger does rowse,
 About an Elopement of one from her Spouse,
 What Wives are cry'd down, and what happens thereon,
 You'll certainly hear in the next Post-Man ;
Then welfare the Court, &c.

And now we're in *London* let's pass this Affair,
 And praise the good Prætor now sits in the Chair ;
 Tho' stubborn Opinions late pester'd the Hall,
 Our Orthodox Party now graces *St. Paul's* ;
Oh London, consider, &c.

Not so was **Sir Numps*, whom I owe an old Score,
 For basely affronting me once at his Door ;
 The Poet was routed because of his Pen,
 For fear he should lampoon his Tribe within ;
Oh London, consider, &c.

The Chandlers he mawl'd, and the Bakers he stript,
 Damn'd Rogues he conniv'd at, the Beggars he whipt,
 The Meeting fill'd, and by Law made it out,
 But the honest old Custard Cap fac'd about ;
Oh London, consider, &c.

But now we all hope we shall see a glad Day,
 When *Church* and *Dissenters* in Union obey ;
 The City's well Ruler his Time well employs,
 In a Work that would make all the Land rejoyce ;
Oh London, consider, &c.

Our Sheriff had late in his Scutcheon a Blot,
 By some who imagin'd his Purse was too fat ;
 The Scale was just turn'd up by one honest Peer,
 The Poor else had lost a good Friend this Year ;
Then welfare the Court, &c.

* *Sir H. E.*

His Colleague too, who is oft given to treat
 His Country Men *Britains* with Wine and good Meat,
 Had late an odd Compliment, scarce for his Ease,
 For touching the Province of Leeks and Cheese ;
But welfare the Court, &c.

The next let us give the Exchange a dry Bob,
 Where Fools manage Bargains by way of Stock-jobb,
 When all their whole Profit at last they will find,
 They may put in their Eyes, and yet ne'er be blind ;
Oh London, consider, &c.

The Companies, who so much Bustle have made,
 Which has the best Right in *East-Indja* to trade,
 The one, a Success that they ever might boast,
 The baiting the Tyger most wisely lost ;
Oh London, consider, &c.

The tother who jocundly laugh'd at that sport,
 Were lately too baulk'd of their Fancy at Court ;
 The King who for Union had set down his Rules,
 In short bid 'em quarrel no more like Fools ;
Then welfare the Court, &c.

And thus I think proper to finish my Shew,
 For now methinks *Pegasus* gallops but slow ;
 Be loyal and wise, and like Friends all agree,
 Your Airs are *safe by your Fleet at Sea ;
*Then welfare the Court and our Parliament-Men,
 Our Patrons at Helm, who are now, or have been ;
 Let the Sword, Law, and Clergy take Glasses in hand,
 A Health to our King, our Church and Land.*

* *Bishop of Salisb.*

The New Windsor BALLAD.

*The Muse complaining and making Satyri-
cal Remarks upon Sir Jan Brazen, a
Man in Office there. The Words made
in Imitation of the Old famous Ballad of
King Arthur and his Knights, viz. St.
George he was for England, &c.*



TO tell a Tale of *Windsor* my Muse is now inclin'd,
 Where who will choose his Company may
Whigg and Tory find,
 But that I pass at present by to treat of other News,
 How Sir *Fan*, Sir *Fan*, no dinner gave a Muse.

C H O R U S.

*The rest treat all Men civilly, Sir Jan has no such
 Sence,*

Sing *honi Soit qui mal y pense.*

The Queen, th' Almighty bless Her, the Purse does
 open wide,
 And with good store of Dishes for the Greencloth
 does provide,
 To treat all Strangers heartily, *Turk, Christian, or the
 Jews;*

But Sir *Fan*, Sir *Fan*, &c.

The rest treat all Men civilly, &c.

The Gentlemen the Waiters gave all a chearful Look,
 And *Lowman* kindly ordered well the Butler and the
 Cook,

Nor 'mongst their Favour did I want my good Old
 Friend *Randues;*

The rest treat all Men civilly, &c.

Perhaps tho' in another Case this may be taken right,
 That he would shew no Countenance, least he a Bard
 should fright;

It must be so, no other way he can himself excuse;
 Since Sir *Fan*, Sir *Fan*, &c.

The rest treat all Men civilly, &c.

A Muse a sort of Creature is that likes not every head,
 A therefore as some Courtiers think not worthy to be
 fed,

A Head I mean, with Face that wears red Pimples,
 green and blews,

Like Sir *Fan*, Sir *Fan*, &c.

The rest treat all Men civilly, &c.

To

To mend this damn'd Complection then I'd have him
 get it sowct,
 For if the Flame increases still 'twill shortly burn each
 Toast,
 And then each Pen that dips in Ink will scrawl in
 sharp Abuse,
 On Sir *Fan*, Sir *Fan*, &c.
The rest treat all Men civilly, &c.

This Knight but little is we find oblig'd to Nature's
 Care,
 In Youth a nauseous flashy Fop, in elder Days a Bear,
 Who if he is not burnishing thinks he all's Time does
 lose,
 For Sir *Fan*, Sir *Fan*, &c.
The rest treat all Men civilly, &c.

He freely told his Friends at Court no Place for him
 was fit,
 But where he still might cram his Mace, and have no
 use of Wit,
 And now he sits from Morn to Night, and gorges till
 he spews,
 Where Sir *Fan*, Sir *Fan*, &c.
The rest treat all Men civilly, &c.

Instead of Conversation good that should be there
 serene,
 He eats and drinks, and puffs and stinks in honour of
 the Queen ;
 And if he's ever civil, 'tis to those with ruby Heroes
 But Sir *Fan*, Sir *Fan*, &c.
The rest treat all Men civilly, &c.

So Knight farewell, and prithee hast down to Old
Nick thy Uncle,
 Where thou a Title new shalt have, *The Knight of the*
Carbuncle ;

'Tis

'Tis thine as soon as of thy coming there they hear
 the News,
 Because *Fan*, Sir *Fan*, no Dinner gave a Muse ;
The rest treat all Men civilly, Sir Jan he has no Sense,
 Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*



*A SONG in a New Opera : The Words
 alluding to the happy Conjugal Love be-
 tween Her Majesty, and the P—— of
 Denmark.*

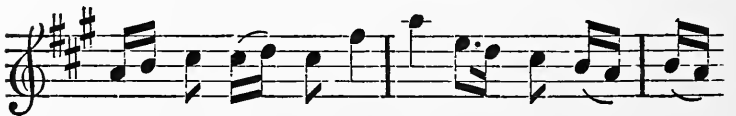
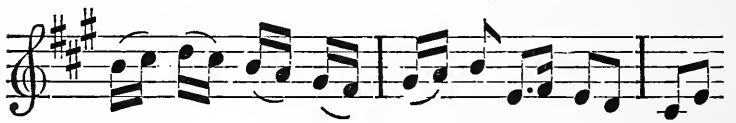
M *Irtillo* Darling of kind Fate,
 Dear *Mirtillo*, good as great ;
 And what's wond'rous as 'tis true,
 Darling of my People too :
 Ever, ever has been known,
 Kind to me, and Me alone.

Many pledges of our Love,
 Giv'n and since receiv'd by *Fove* ;
 Made our Constant passion strong,
 Firm and perfect as 'twas long :
 But what most my Joy did crown,
 He was Mine, and Mine alone.

Tho' grand Cares disturb'd my peace,
 Still *Mirtillo* gave me ease ;
 Were he Sick, I lost all Joy,
 Were he Well, still so was I :
 And what's dearer than My Throne,
 Mine He was, and Mine alone.

Gloriana's *Resentment*, for her Lord's going
so often to the Wars.

A SONG.



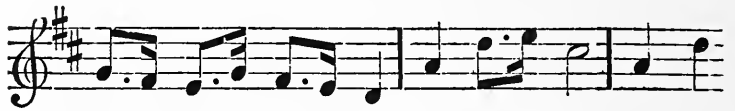


High Renown and Martial Glory,
 Fate all owes this happy Year,
 To fill the Leaves of *Britain's* Story,
Victoria lays before ye Oaken Boughs,
 Form'd into Wreathes to crown great *Strepthon's* Brows ;
 Yet though Wars alarming
 Please the Sons of Fame,
 Conquest too be charming,
 Sounding *Strepthon's* Name ;
 Fear blasts my Joys,
 And fills with Tears my Eyes,
 To know and grieve me,
 He so soon must leave me.



A Welcome to the Happy Peace,

A New SONG.



NOW comes joyful Peace,
 And happy Days the Times will turn,
 Nor shall we mourn
 In Doubt forlorn,
 But live at Ease.
 Drums and Trumpets sounds,
 With War and Wounds,
 That us'd to rore,
 And soil with Gore,
 The *Flemish* Shore,
 All now must cease ;
 Fate does smile at last,
 Whilst we find Joy
 Attoning for the Troubles past.

When the *German* Head,
 His Eagle spread,
 With *Spanish* Loggs,
 And *Hogan* Hoggs,
 With all their Froggs
 Seem to oppose :
 We who still advise
 With some as wise,
 If Queens can tell,
 What Heads excell,
 And counsel well,
 Must think 'em Foes.
 Fears will end at last,
 Whilst we find Joy
 Attoning for the Troubles past.



The Female Quarrel :

*Or a Lampoon upon Phillida and Chloris.
The Words made to the Tune of a Country
Dance, call'd, A Health to Betty.*



OF all our modern Storys
To Minuets sung, or Borees,
None stir the Mood,
As late the Feud,
'Twixt *Phillida* and *Chloris*.

Two Lasses brisk and young, Sir,
And dear Companions long, Sir,
As News now goes,
Turn mortal Foes,
About a bawdy Song, Sir.

'Twas *Phillida* the Airy,
Well fac'd, but wondrous hairy,
This Sonnet sent,
With kind Intent,
To make her Neighbour merry.

But

But *Chloris* on th' Occasion,
 Believing Reputation
 Was stabb'd and gor'd,
 And prick'd and bor'd,
 Thus broke out into Passion.

Chloris.

I know thou hast been watching,
 And this Affront been hatching,
 Long time with Shame
 To blast my Fame,
 And hinder me from matching.

Your proud, ill Nature,
 Which slights each Creature,
 Yet all suppose,
 In Corner close,
 No Doxy likes Man better.

And tho' you seem'd to drive all,
 And of Embrace deprive all,
 Old thirty five
 Had got a Wife,
 But for the Lap-dog Rival.

Affection had been dawning,
 And he e'er this been spawning,
 Like Am'rous Frog,
 Had not Sir Dog
 With licking charm'd, and fawning.

But Fortune was his Debtor,
 And since has sped him better,
 Whilst frekish Shrew,
 And foolish Beau,
 Put on the Wedlock Fetter.

And tho' you think there's scarce one
 For me to wipe mine A—— on,
 To purge my Sins,
 And buy me Pins,
 I've nigled an Old Parson.

My

My Coach he does provide too,
 In which at Ease we ride too,
 Whilst you can't eat,
 You lace so strait,
 To shew a Shape as I do.

This Lash that deep did come Sir,
 Poor *Philly* cut so home Sir,
 She swell'd her Lungs,
 And vow'd her Wrongs
 Not longer should be dumb Sir,

Ye Jilt, she cry'd, what Pother
 You make your Tricks to smother,
 If any Wrong
 Be in the Song,
 Go home and ask your Mother.

It might, though you are sullen,
 Be sung by *Anna Bullen*,
 Ask Father *Wise*,
 That Bedrid lyes,
 Or else dear Draper Woolen.

Whose Yard, when she's at leasure,
 Is us'd her Cloth to measure,
 And often try'd,
 Sometimes for Pride,
 And sometimes for her Pleasure.

Enquire of Husband *Testy*,
 Or Son-in-Law that kiss'd ye,
 Who boldly swears
 He'll get him Heirs,
 Whene'er his Dad grows resty.

For Learning well may lack too
 A Cullise for the Back too,
 And ne'er prevail,
 To cure thy Ail,
 Tho' he's both Priest and Quack too.

But

But Fame no more is reaching,
Then you will dance with teaching,
 As much you'll get
 With your splay Feet,
As he with bungling Preaching.

His Precept, or his Potion,
Is sure to give a Motion,
 Yet all his Skill
 You'll find is still,
A meer, and empty Notion.

And thus concludes the Tattle,
Which o'er the Town did rattle,
 Two Days, perhaps,
 If they relapse,
May bring it to a Battle.



Mr. DOGGETT's 2d Song in the
Comick Opera.





M *Undunga* was as feat a Jade,
 As e'er was in our Town ;
 And I a Jolly lusty Lad,
 As e'er mow'd Clover down :
 So close three Years we ty'd the Knot,
 Our thumping Hearts went pit, pit pat,
 And mine so pleas'd with you know what,
 We thought of nothing else :
Sing whim wham, whim wham, whim wham sing,
Whilst ding dong, ding dong, ding dong ding,
Ding, ding dong rung the Bells.

Her Nose was long, and stood awry,
 A goodly fruitful sign ;
 Nor blam'd I rotten Teeth close by,
 Because the case was mine :
 Her feet were Splay, my Leggs were Warpt,
 We were so match'd we never Carpt,

Whilst merrily Blind *Tom* that Harp'd,
 In Tune our story tells :
Sing whim wham, whim wham, whim wham sing,
Whilst ding dong, ding dong, ding dong ding,
Ding, ding dong rung the Bells.

Brave times were these, but ah ! how soon,
 Do Wedlock Comforts fall ;
 The days that then were hony Moon,
 Are Wormwood now and Gall :
 Her Tongue clacks louder then a Mill,
 No longer do we Buss or Bill,
 But Jangle like two Fiends of Hell,
 Broke out from flaming Cells :
And whim wham, whim wham, whim wham sing,
Nor ding dong, ding dong, ding dong ding,
No longer ring the Bells.



*The Second SONG in the Second Act ; Sung
 by one Representing Hymen. Set by
 Mr. Courtivil.*





HERE is *Hymen*, here am I,
 Some Mens Grief, and some Mens Joy ;
 Here's for Better and for Worse,
 Many Bless, and many Curse.

Tender Virgins soft and young,
 You that to be Mothers long ;
 By my aid Love's raptures try,
 Save your Blushes, save your blushes,
 Save your Blushes and enjoy.



A New DIALOGUE: Set to the Tune of Cavililly Man. Between Tom stitch the Taylor, and Kate Stroaker Dairy-maid: To be Sung by Mr. Pinkethman, and Mrs. Willis, He carrying a pair of Shears, and she her Knitting work.



Tom. **B** Right Honour provokes me, farewel jolly
Kate,
 For to morrow I must to the Wars begone;
 Such noble Cunnundrums do buz in my Pate,
 I must lay by my Shears, and turn Gentleman.

Kate. You promis'd me Marriage, you scoundrel ye did,
 And swore by your Goose, it should soon be
 done;

Tom. What, do as the Taylors do, Heaven forbid,
 I must now break my Oath, like a Gentleman.

Kate. Well, nothing comes on't, and I care not a Louse,
 For I'll soon be a very good Maid again;
 With *Ralph, Kit,* and *Harry,* sing dance &
 carouse,
 The whilst you turn a wooden legg'd Gentle-
 man.

Tom.

Tom. I'll meet with three Boys too that make the
World ring,

Bold *Marlborough*, brave *Stanhope*, and great *Eugene*;
I'll go to their Tents, and I'll dine like a King,
And then who knows *Tom* stich from a Gentleman.

Kate. Good lack, who's that *Marlbrough* that makes
such a rout,

And what's that same *Hugeone*, the Volk so praise ;
Tom. Two that chop up more kickshaws at one Fighting
bout,

Then a Taylor at dinner can Beans or Peas ;

Kate. The Fame of this *Marlbrough* all *Kersendom* fills,
And that *Hugeone* too, ever renown'd will be ;

Tom. That can Climb over Mountains, o'er Rocks and
high Hills,
Just as quick as a Cat up a Walnut Tree.

Kate. He can leap up to Honour as high as the Moon,

Tom. Ay, and down through the Deeps of the Sea
below ;

Like a Dragon spit fire on the Ships at *Thoulon*,
And confound all the *French* at one fatal blow.

Kate. The *Mounsieur* still brags that he'll lead 'em a
dance,

But that's the *French* Maggot well known before ;

Tom. Whilst we with our Troops are invading of *France*,
Th' old Fool with *Te Deums* makes *Paris* roar.

Kate. Adzooks 't has half made me wish I were a Man,
To be bouncing and handling of Balls of Lead ;

Tom. Dar'st thou prate of venturing to let off a Gun,
Why a Pistol thus long, Fool, would fright thee dead.

Kate. You talk like a Novice, faith *Tomas* you do,
A yard Musquet would scarce be an Inch too long ;

To prove't I'll get Arms, and go ramble with you,
And then down with the *French* shall be all our Song.

Tom.

Tom. If this thou canst do Girl, I'll prime thy Fire-lock.

Kate. And I'll empty your Bandaleers soon again ;

Tom. I'll put thee on Breeches, and tuck up thy Smock,
And we'll March both together like Gentlemen.

Tom. O'er Mountain o'er Valley, *French* bougers to fight,

Kate. All day with our Snapsacks we'll trudge along ;
We'll seek out a Barn,

Tom. And we'll pig there at night,

And still down with the *French* shall be all our Song.

Tom. Let's Dance then for Joy of merry new match,

Kate. What could we do else that are brisk and young ;

Tom. And tho' with our Mirth we a little One hatch,

Kate. Yet still down with the *French* shall be all our
song.

C H O R U S of both.

And tho' with our Mirth we a little One hatch,

Yet still down with the French shall be all our Song.



*A SONG, being a Musical Lecture to my
Countrymen. Sung in my last benefit
Play by Mr. Birkhead ; the Tune within
the Compass of the Flute.*





YE *Britains*, how long shall I tire my Brains
 With Politick study, the worst of all Pains?
 To teach ye Uniting,
 From Jarring and Fighting,
 And crown all your days with Peace :
 I've shewn in some Rhimes that have made ye laugh,
 More truth then some Black-coats have Preach'd by
 half ;
 Who still are assisting,
 To vouch non-resisting,
 From whence all our feuds increase.

But

But if ye all raving Confusion made,
 And nothing but Discord saw ;
 Y'are roaring and yelling,
 And daily Rebelling,
 Without any Reason or Law :
 For all that the rule of our Monarch evade,
 Who is Protestant honest and true ;
 Will Moaning, and Groaning, see Asses, sing Masses,
 When ever they bring in a New.

Yet lately we saw the rough *H—land* Bears,
 All clattering their Targets about our Ears ;
 All Union rejecting,
 So long in effecting,
 Inflam'd with a Frantic Zeal :
 They want a new King, that will mend their fare,
 That Butter no longer may choak with Hair ;
 Their Oatmeal and Water,
 And what follows after,
 Coarse Bannocks of Barly meal.

But for all they were baffled, our hopeful Land,
 That ever will Faction breed ;
 To keep up the story,
 Of High-flying *Tory*,
 Have brought on the Crazy brain'd *S—d* :
 Whose Ministry whom the Pretenders maintain'd,
 By thousands from such as Rebel ;
 To mend the disaster,
 Of bringing their Master,
 Wou'd bring in the Devil of Hell.



The Consolatory Muse, to a great Lady at Court, a SONNET : Occasion'd by the scurrilous affrontive Papers, lately cry'd up and down the Streets. The Words fitted exactly to the Italian Air of fair Dorinda, in the Opera of Camilla.

S Mile *Lucinda*, Revel with thy happy Race,
 Great *Clorona*, ne'er will fail to do thee grace ;
 Wisely slight,
 The vulgar's spight,
 For the Trifle of their hate,
 All must suffer, who are destin'd to be great.

 Just and Loyal,
 Render duty more and more ;
 Great as Royal,
 She has new rewards in store :
 Tho' the Crowd
 Do rail aloud,
 Nought thy pleasure shall untune ;
 Smile *Lucinda*, envious Currs will bay the Moon.

 Thus with Glory,
 Sounded by the Trump of Fame ;
 Shall your story,
 Flourish with your Hero's name :
 You and he,
 By Fates decree,
 And Divine *Clorona's* grace ;
 Shall the Favourites of all former times surpass.





N *Eptune* frown, and *Boreas* roar,
 Let thy Thunder bellow ;
 Noble *ORMOND's* now come o'er,
 With each gallant *English* fellow :
 Then to welcome him a shore,
 To his Health a brimmer pour,
 Till every one be mellow,
 Remembering *Rodondello*, remembering *Rodondello*,
 Remembering, remembering *Rodondello*,
 Remembering, remembering *Rodondello*.

Tho' at *Cales* they scap'd our Guns,
 By strong wall'd umbrello;
 Civil Jarrs and Plundring Dons,
 Curse upon the metal yellow :
 Had the valiant Duke more Men,
 He a Victor there had been,
 As late at *Rodondello*,
As late, &c.

Mounsieur and *Petite Anjou*,
 Plot your state Intrigo :
 Take new Marshall *Chateaurenault*,
 Then consult with *Spanish Deigo* :
 And new Glory to advance,
 Sing *Te Deum* through all France,
Pour la Victoire at *Vigo*,
Pour la, &c.

We

We mean while to crown our Joy,
 Laughing at such folly,
 To their Health full Bowls employ,
 Who have cur'd our Melancholy :
 And done more to furnish Tales,
 Now at *Vigo*, then at *Cales*,
 Fam'd *Essex* did, or *Rawleigh*,
Brave Essex, &c.

Great *Eliza* on the Main,
 Quell'd the Dons Boastado ;
 In Queen *ANN's* Auspicious Reign,
 Valour conquers, not Bravado :
 Come but such another Year,
 We the spacious Sea shall clear,
 Of *French* and *Spains* Armado,
Of French, &c.

Once more then tho' *Boreas* roar,
 And loud Thunder bellow ;
 Since Great *ORMOND* is come o'er,
 With each gallant *English* fellow :
 Let us welcome all a Shore,
 To each Health a brimmer pour,
 Till every one be mellow,
 Remembring *Rodondello*, &c.



A DIALOGUE between a French Beau, and a
 Coquett de Angletere.

Beau. WHEN vile *Stella* kind and *tendre*,
 Recompense *five le Amour* ;
 You mine Heart have made me *rendre*,
 If yours come not in *Retour* :
 Black despair I can't *defendre*,
 No, no, no I can't *defendre*,
 Grief must kill me *tout les Fours*.

Coq.

- Coq.* How can *Damon* Love another,
 Who believes himself so fine ;
 He may talk and keep a pother,
 But to change can ne'er incline :
 So much Charm must slight all other,
 Ay, ay, ay must slight all other,
 He believes himself so fine.
- Beau.* Then adieu false *Esperanza*,
Tout les Plaisirs de Beau Fours ;
Stella's Heart keeps at distance,
 And disdains *le Cher* effort :
 She *mon Ame* will ne'er advance,
 No, no, no will ne'er advance,
 Cruel Death then *prend mon Ceur*.
- Coq.* You a *Beau*, and talk of dying,
 'Tis a Cheat I'll ne'er believe ;
 You've such Life in Self enjoying,
 Death's a word you can't forgive :
 Go improve Deceit and Lying,
 Ay, ay, ay but name no dying,
 That's a Cheat I'll ne'er believe.

CHORUS.

- He.* When, when will you prove me, to know
 The truth of a Passionate *Beau* ;
- She.* How, how shall I prove ye, to know
 The truth of a flashy Town *Beau* ;
- He.* By the Sighs, and the Tears, of the wretch,
- She.* By his Paint, and his Powder and Patch ;
- He.* By his Mouth, and his very good Teeth,
- She.* By his Nose, and his very bad Breath ;
- He.* By his Eyes, and the Air of his Face,
- She.* When he Oagles, and looks like an Ass ;
- He.* *Par Dieu ma Avere*, each part my truth will shew,
- She.* *Morbleau mon fou*, I never can think so.

Pretty

Pretty PEGG of Wandsor.

THE Infant Spring was shining,
 With Greens and Cowslips gay,
 The Sun was just declining,
 To Bath him in the Sea :

When

When as o'er *Wandsor* Hill I pass'd,
 To view the prospect rare,
 A lovely Lass sat on the Grass,
 Whose Breath perfum'd the Air.
 No more let Fame advance, Sir,
 In *London Fenny's* praise ;
 For pretty *Pegg* of *Wandsor*,
 Excels her a Thousand ways :
 For Face, for Skin,
 For Shape, for Mein,
 For Charming, charming Smile ;
 For Eye, and Thigh,
 And something by,
 A King would give an Isle.
 The Courtier for her favour,
 Would slight his Golden claims ;
 The *Jacobite* to have her,
 Would quite Abjure King *FAMES* ;
 The ruddy plump Judge,
 That Circuit's do's trudge,
 Would managing Tryals defer ;
 Post-poner a Cause,
 And wrest the Laws,
 To get but the managing her.
 The General would leave Bombing,
 Of Towns in hot Campaigns ;
 The Bishop his vum and Thumbing,
 And plaguing his Learned Brains :
 One fighting would mock,
 And tother his Flock,
 A pin for Religion or *France* ;
 This shun the Wars,
 And that his Prayers,
 If *Peggy* but gave a Glance.
 The powder'd Playhouse Ninny,
 With much less Brains than Hair,
 That deals with *Moll* and *Fenny*,
 And tawdry common Ware :

If *Peggy* once he,
 Saw under a Tree,
 With rosie Chaplets crown'd ;
 He'd roar, and scow'r,
 And Curse the hour,
 That e'er he saw *London* Town.

The Sailor us'd to Slaughter,
 In Ships of Oak strong wall'd ;
 Whose Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,
 The *French jam foutres* mawl'd :
 If *Peggy* once there,
 Her Vessel should steer,
 And give the rough Captain a blow ;
 He'd give his Eyes,
 And next *French* Prize,
 That he might but thump her so.

The Doctor her half Sainted,
 For Cures controuling Fate ;
 That has warm Engines planted,
 At many a Postern gate :
 If *Peggy* once were ill,
 And wanted his Skill,
 He'd soon bring her to Death's door :
 By Love made blind,
 Slip from behind,
 And make his Injection before.

The Cit that in old *Sodom*,
 Sits Cheating round the Year ;
 And to my Lord, and Madam,
 Puts off his Tarnisht ware :
 This sneaking young Fop,
 Would give his whole Shop,
 To get pretty *Peggy's* good will ;
 To have her stock,
 So close kept Lock'd,
 And put in a Key to her Till.

Yet

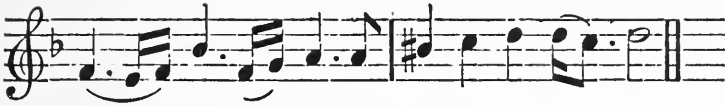
Yet tho' she Hearts disposes,
 And all things at her point ;
 Tho' *London Fenny's* Nose is,
 Like others out of Joynt :
 Yet she has one fault,
 Which *Fenny* has not,
 Who Loves happy Laws has obey'd ;
 For *Peggy* does slight,
 And starve her delight,
 To keep the dull Name of a Maid.



*A SONG : To a young Lady, Affronted by
 an Envious old Woman.*

IN vain, in vain fantastick Age,
 Thou seek'st such Virtue to abuse ;
Ophelia does Mankind engage,
 Each valiant Sword, each noble Muse :
 Frantick with spite, let crazy Time,
 Take pleasure to ingender strife ;
 Whilst blooming Beauty in her Prime,
 Takes with a Gust the Joys of Life.

Each shameful word that Malice speaks,
 Adds, dearest Charmer, to your Fame ;
 Each hallow'd Grove loud Eccho makes,
 Resounding fair *Ophelia's* Name :
 Old age does Beauty still prophane,
 Age ever did good Nature want ;
 By Scandal you more Glory again,
 'Tis Persecution makes the Saint.



Rouse up great Genius of this potent Land,
 Lest Traytors once more get the upper hand ;
 The Rebel crowd their former Tenets own,
 And Treasons worse than Plagues infect the Town :
 The sneaking *May'r*, and his two pimping *Sheriffs*,
 Who for their Honesty no better are then Thieves ;
 Fall from their Sov'raign's side to court the *Mobile*,
 Oh ! *London, London*, where's thy Loyalty ?

First, *Yorkshire Patience* twirls his Copper Chain,
 And hopes to see a *Commonwealth* again ;
 The sneaking Fool of breaking is afraid,
 Dares not change sides for fear he loose his Trade :
 Then Loyal *Slingsby* does their *Fate Divine* —
 He that Abjur'd the *King*, and all his Sacred Line ;
 And is suppos'd his Father's Murd'rer to be,
 Oh ! *Bethel, Bethel*, where's thy Loyalty ?

A most notorious Villain late was caught,
 And after to the Bar of Justice brought ;
 But *Slingsby* pack'd a Jury of his own,
 Of worsor Rogues then e'er made Gallows groan :
 Then *Dugdale's* Evidence was soon decry'd,
 That was so just and honest, when old *Stafford* dy'd ;
 Now was a Rogue, a perjurd Villian and he ly'd,
 Oh ! Justice, Justice, where's thy Equity ?

Next *Cl—ton* murmurs Treason unprovok'd,
 He supp'd the King, and after wish'd him choak'd ;
 'Cause *Danby's* Place was well bestow'd before,
 He Rebel turns, seduc'd by Scarlet Whore :
 His sawcy Pride aspires to high Renown,
 Leather Breches are forgot in which he trudg'd to
 Town ;
 Nought can please the scribling Clown but th'
 Treasury,
 Oh ! *Robert, Robert*, where's thy Modesty ?

Pl—er

Pl — *er* now grows dull, and pines for want of
Whore,

Poor *Creswel*, she can take his word no more ;
Three hundred Pounds is such a heavy Yoke,
Which not being paid, the worn-out Baud is broke :
These are the Instruments by Heaven sent,
These are the Saints Petition for a *Parliament* ;
That would for Int'rest-sake destroy the Monarchy,
Oh ! *London, London*, where's thy Loyalty ?

Heaven bless fair *England*, and its Monarch here,
And *Scotland* bless your High Commissioner ;
Let *Perkin* his ungracious Error see,
And *Tony* 'scape no more the Triple-Tree :
Then Peace and Plenty shall our Joys restore,
Villains and Factions shall oppress the Town no more ;
But every Loyal Subject then shall happy be,
Nor need we care for *London's* Loyalty.



*The Law of Nature ; A SONG Set to an
Excellent new Tune.*

W Hilst their Flocks were feeding,
Near the foot of a flowry Hill ;
Celladon complaining of his Fate,
Thus to *Astrea* cry'd ;
Hear my gentle pleading,
Ah ! cruel Nymph forbear to kill
A Shepherd with disdain and hate,
Whom you have once enjoy'd ;
There is a Sacred pow'r in Love,
Is beyond all Moral rules :
Follow the Laws of Nature,
For the Divine Creator
Did produce,
And for Human use,
Did Beauty choose,
Who deny themselves are Fools :

Every

Every Heart is pair'd above,
 And Ingratitude's a Sin :
 To all the Saints so hateful,
 She that is found ingrateful,
 May too late,
 In a wretched State,
 Knock at Heaven's Gate,
 But shall never enter in.

Had our first made Father,
 Lord of the whole Creation,
 Done such a Crime as could have damn'd us all,
 In trespassing on his Wife :
 Heaven, no doubt, had rather,
 When it the ill design had known,
 Have plac'd his Angel ere the Fall,
 Guarding the Tree of Life ;
 But he that well knew *Adam's* Breast,
 Whom Nature learnt to woove,
 Never intended Damming,
 Nor did the Serpents shamming,
 Edifie ;
 For the Bone of his side,
 That was made his Bride,
 Taught him what he was to do :
 Nor was the Maker e'er possess'd,
 With Rage that he did enjoy ;
 But the Reflection hated,
 What he with pains Created,
 Should be thought,
 Such a cowardly Sot,
 To be poorly caught,
 In such a sneaking Lye.



He.



She.



He. **O**F all Comforts I miscarried,
When I play'd the Sot and married ;
'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on't,
Those that are in't will fain get out on't :

She. Fye, my Dear, pray come to bed,
That Napkin take and bind your Head,
Too much drink your Brain has dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. Oons, tis all one, if I'm up or lye down,
For as soon as the Cock crows I'll be gone,

She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,
Was I, was I made a Wife to lye alone.

He. From your Arms my self divorcing,
I this Morn must ride a Coursing,
Sport that far excels a Madam,
Or all Wives have been since *Adam*.

She. I

She. I, when thus I've lost my due,
Must hug my Pillow wanting you,
And whilst you tope all the Day,
Regale in Cups of harmless Tea.

He. Pox what care I, drink your Slops 'till you dye,
Yonder's Brandy will keep me a Month from home,

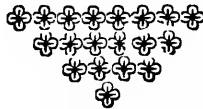
She. If thus parted, I'm broken hearted,
When I, when I send for you, my dear pray come.

He. E're I'll be from rambling hindred,
I'll renounce my Spouse and Kindred,
To be sober I have no leasure,
What's a Man without his Pleasure.

She. To my Grief then I must see,
Strong Ale and Nantz my Rivals be,
Whilst you tope it with your Blades,
Poor I sit stitching with my Maids.

He. Oons you may go to your Gossips you know,
And there if you can meet a Friend, pray do ;

She. Go you Joker, go Provoker,
Never, never shall I meet a Man like you.



A Royal SONG.

On the King of Great Britian's going: In two Movements. The Words Set to a Tune of my own.

S Teer, steer the Yacht to reach the strand,
 Since *Cæsar* will be gone ;
 And proclaims our cloudy Land,
 So long to lose the Sun.

Now, now Great *Wallia* brightly shine,
 And with sole order sway ;
 To shew with Royalty divine,
 What comes another day.

Whilst Royal *GEORGE* on foaming Seas,
 To give his harrass'd Empire ease,
 Consulting Foreign Kings,
 Will do us Glorious things,
 Which timely shall appear,
 As well abroad as here,
 When *Hanover* regales this happy Year.

[*Second Movement.*]

Whilst the gay Summer cloys us with Roses,
 Woodbine and Jessamine feast the Sence ;
 Whilst the Rebellion's gone, each supposes,
 Tho' some *Scotch* Loons they say make pretence :
Mackintosh, Mackintosh, Rebel and Looby,
 Bring again home again, *Foster* the Booby ;
 Think there's a Season,
 Once to do reason,
 Then for your sakes, we'll clear the rest.



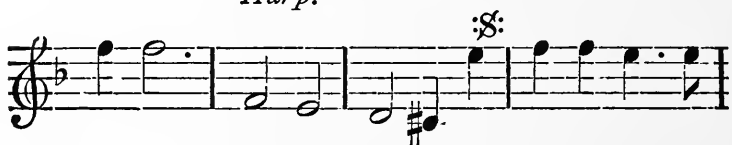
The Authentick Letter of Marshal de Boufflers, to the French King, on the late unfortunate, but glorious Battle (as he calls it) near Mons, paraphrastically done into Metre in broken English. Set to a famous Tune on the Welch Harp.



Harp.



Harp.



ME send you, Sir, one Letter,
 Me vish it were a better,
 And here me write
 Of our last Fight,
 And who vas Conquest getter.

Dame

Dame Fortune was a Jilt, Sir,
Dat so much Blood is spilt, Sir,
 We own our Loss,
 But yet it was
A noble, glorious Tilt, Sir.

And do de Field by deys, Sir,
As now it plain appears, Sir,
 So brave and stout,
 De *French* ne'er fought,
Morbleu dis Hunder Years, Sir.

Villars and I long stood, Sir,
Encamp'd within a Wood, Sir,
 He Left, I Right,
 Where we did fight,
As long as e'er we could, Sir.

And to affright, like Giants,
And offer dire Defiance,
 Fearless to dye,
 In Works Nose high,
We ventur'd bold as Lyons.

But d' Enemy broke troo, Sir,
As dey are us'd to do, Sir,
 And made us finch
 From treble Trench,
Begar, me tell you true, Sir.

And manfully retiring,
To scape de plaguee Firing,
 We wheel'd about,
 And sav'd a Rout,
To all de Warlds admiring.

Villars i'th' Knee vas wounded,
By Horse and Foot surrounded,
 And of my Hurt
 You'll have Report,
As soon as me have found it.

In Heel, dey say's my Blow, Sir,
Achilles vas hurt so, Sir,
 De Deevil and all
 Vas in dat Ball,
 Being arm'd from Top to Toe, Sir.

But 'twas by wise retreating,
 When Orders were repeating,
 For when all's done,
 De Warld must own,
 We had victorious beating.

For dey've lost twice our Men, Sir,
 If you'll believe my Pen, Sir,
 And since a Wood
 Dos so much Good,
 We'll ne'er fight on a Plain, Sir.

Four times we made 'em run, Sir,
 And yet dey would come on, Sir,
 'Twas well deyr Foot
 Stood boldly to't,
 Dey els had been undone, Sir.

Artagnan charm'd his Forces,
 He lost one two tre Horses,
 De Duc de *Guich*
 Shot near de Breech,
 Deserve Heroick Verses.

St. *George* in monstrous Passion,
 Attack'd his rebel Nation,
 Begar *Mounsieur*,
 He hope next Year,
 You'll make a new Invasion.

For do de Odds must be, Sir,
 Vid us as all might see, Sir,
 Yet me have swore,
 Deyr Troops were more,
 To infinite Degree, Sir.

Or if you will make Peace, Sir,
 For fear our Luck decrease, Sir,
 Dere ne'er was known,
 Since War begun,
 So fit a time as dis, Sir.

All, all our Troops did Wonders,
 And of more Martial Thunders,
 I'll write again,
 But now in Pain,
 Leave off for fear of Blunders.



*A Dialogue Sung by a Boy and Girl, sup-
 pos'd a Brother and Sister. Set by Mr.
 Akeroyd.*

He. **A**H! my dearest, my dearest *Celide*,
 Tother Day I ask'd my Mother,
 Why thy Lodging chang'd must be,
 Why not still lye with thy Brother ;

She. I remember well you did,
 And I know too what she said,
Lissis is a great Boy, great Boy grown,
 Therefore now must lye alone.

CHORUS.

He. *To part us the Custom of Modesty votes,*
 Unless you had Breeches,

She. *Or you had long Coats.*

He. I wonder what's in my little tiny Breeches,
 Sure there's some Witchcraft in the Stitches.

She. Or what Devil here resides,
 That my Petticoats thus hides,
 For I long for a Kiss,

He. So do I.

She.

She. Mother laughs an Hour or two, when I
 Sometimes ask to know why,
 A He and a She may not bed at our Size,
 As well as two Girls,
 Or as well as two Boys :

He. I will, since I am kept from you,
 Get a Wife as soon as may be ;

She. And I'll get a Husband too,
 Three times bigger than my Baby.

CHORUS.

*Let's laugh then, and follow our innocent Play,
 And kiss when Mamma is gone out of the way ;
 'Tis I fear we shall cry, when we know
 For all that a Brother and Sister may do.*



*The last SONG in the Masque. Set by
 Mr. Courtivill.*

CEASE *Hymen*, cease thy Brow,
 Let Discord awe thou heavy Yoke,
 Where Fools with trouble draw ;
 I'm sworn Foe to all thy Law does bind,
 Marriage from first Creation was design'd,
 A Curse intail'd on wretched human kind.

Cease *Hymen*, cease thy Brow,
 Let Discord awe ;
 'Tis noble Discord, gen'rous Strife,
 That gives the truest Tast of Life ;
 Marriage first made Man fall,
 Had I been in the Garden plac'd,
 The Woman ne'er had made him tast,
 'Twas foolish Loving damn'd us all.

A SONG.

A *Pelles* told the Painters fam'd in *Greece*,
 To draw true Beauty was the hardest piece ;
 And now, alas, the same defect we see
 Descend, from Painting into Poetry :
 Divine *Olympia's* Face no Skill can take,
 Each Feature does the feeble Artist blind,
 And ah, what Muse a just Applause can make
 Of all the Charms in that Angelick kind.

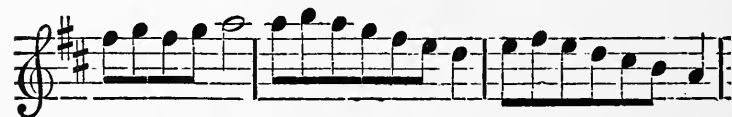
Some are for pleasing Features far renown'd,
 Others with Wit, or charming Voices wound ;
 Many for Mein and Shape fond Lovers Prize,
 And many make vast Conquests with their Eyes :
 But ne'er were these Perfections found in one,
 But in the fair *Olympia* alone ;
 The fair *Olympia* Phœnix-like appears,
 Wonder seen once in a Thousand Years.

[*Second Movement.*]

Then shew thy Power, great God of Love,
 That Laughs at Womans Craft ;
 Make all her Charms less strongly move,
 And make her Heart more soft :
 Ah, why should Beauty first ordain'd to please,
 Consume and Kill,
 And do such fatal Ill,
 Since only she can cure, which causes the disease.



An ODE on the Union of the King and Parliament. The Tune by Mr. Jer. Clarke.





Whilst the *French* their Arms discover,
 By the Troops abroad they bring ;
 We with Joy can send 'em over,
 Tidings that can make all *Europe* Ring :
English boys renown'd for warring,
 As Fame's glorious Records shew ;
 Blest by Fate now leave off Jarring,
 And resolve to joyn 'gainst the common Foe :
 No more frowning, *Batavians* think of drowning,
 But to *Spaniards* this jolly Ditty sing ;
England's Senate now agrees,
Cæsar can secure your Peace,
 Chant it at the Crowning
 Of their Infant King.

Britain's Sons no danger fear,
 Whilst their Royal Fleet's well mann'd ;
 Know tho' yet no Storms appearing,
 Peace is always best with the Sword in hand :
 Honour's but an empty notion,
 As our plotting Neighbour shews ;
 Breach of Faith may raise commotion,
 And in proper Season may come to blows :
 Great five hundred, pray let us not be Plunder'd,
 Save our Lands then, and all unite at home ;
 Guard the Crowns prerogative,
 Boldly vote and nobly give,
 Then let any insolent Invader come.



A LAD of the Town.

A Lad o'th' Town thus made his moan,
 One Winter Morning early ;
 Alas, that I must Lie alone,
 And *Moggy's* Bed so near me :
 All Night I toss, I turn and sigh,
 Nor ever can I close my Eye ;
 Thinking that I lig so nigh,
 The Lass I Love so dearly.

She's

She's all Delight from foot to crown,
 And just Eighteen her Age is ;
 And that she still must lie alone,
 My Heart and Soul intrages :
 I'd give the World I might put on
 Each Morn her Stocking or Shoon,
 If I were but her Serving Loon,
 I'd never ask for Wages.

If *Moggey* would but be my Bride,
 I'd take no Parents warning ;
 Nor value all the World beside,
 Nor any Lasses scorning :
 My Love is grown to such a height,
 I prize so much my own delight,
 I care not, had I her one Night,
 If I were hang'd i'th' Morning.



To Chloris : A SONG.

I F my Addresses are grateful,
 Shew it in granting my Suit ;
 Or if my Passion be hateful,
 Leave me and end the dispute :
 I hate your doubling and turning,
 Like a cours'd Hare in a Morning ;
 Either comply as you should,
 Or leave me to others that would.

A Scotch SONG in the Trick for Trick.



A Broad as I was walking, upon a Summer's day,
 There I met a Beggar-woman cloathed all in Gray;
 Her Cloaths they were so torn, you might have seen
 her Skin,

*She was the first that taught me to see the Golin,
 Ah, see the Golin my Jo! see the Golin.*

You Youngsters of Delight, pray take it not in scorn,
 She came of *Adam's* Seed, tho' she was basely born;
 And tho' her Cloaths were torn, yet she had a Milk-
 white Skin,

She was the first, &c.

She had a pretty little Foot, and a moist Hand,
 With which she might compare to any Lady in the
 Land;

Ruby Lips, Cherry-cheeks, and a dimpled Chin,

She was the first, &c.

When

When that Ay had wooed, and wad her twa my will,
 Ay could not then devise the way to keep her Baby
 still ;
 She bid me be at quiet, for she valued it not a pin,
She was the first, &c.

Then she takes her Bearn up, and wraps it weel in
 cloaths,
 And then she takes a Golin and stuck between her
 Toes ;
 And ever as the Lurden cry'd, or made any din,
She shook her Foot, and cry'd my Jo, see the Golin :
And see the Golin, my Jo, see the Golin.



To CYNTHIA.

IF Beauty by Enjoyment can
 Reward a Love that's true,
 To bless our Patience or our Pain,
 All I deserve from you.

But oh, to Love too well's a Curse,
 Of such a strange degree ;
 Were my Fidelity far worse,
 Much happier should I be.

Sad Recompence, relentless Fate,
 To faithful Love does give ;
 You're pleas'd in being obstinate,
 Whilst I in Tortures live.

Like wretches gull'd to Foreign Shores,
 I cruelly am serv'd ;
 Instead of Loves dear promis'd Stores,
 Am made a Slave, and starv'd.

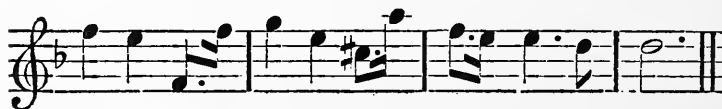
The

*The KING's Health : Set to Farinel's
Ground. In Six Parts.*

First Strain.



Second Strain.



Third Strain.

The Third Strain consists of five staves of music in G minor. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The music is written in a single melodic line. The first four staves contain continuous eighth-note patterns, while the fifth staff concludes with a final cadence.

Fourth Strain.

The Fourth Strain consists of three staves of music in G minor. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The music is written in a single melodic line. The first two staves contain eighth-note patterns, and the third staff concludes with a final cadence.

Figg.*The Sixth Strain.*

The First Strain.

J OY to Great *Cæsar*,
 Long Life, Love and Pleasure ;
 'Tis a Health that Divine is,
 Fill the Bowl high as mine is :
 Let none fear a Feaver,
 But take it off thus Boys ;
 Let the King Live for ever,
 'Tis no matter for us Boys.

The Second Strain.

Try all the Loyal,
 Defy all,
 Give denyall ;
 Sure none thinks his Glass too big here,
 Nor any *Prig* here,
 Or Sneaking *Whig* here,
 Of Cripple *Tony's* Crew,
 That now looks blue,
 His Heart akes too,
 The *Tap* won't do,
 His Zeal so true,
 And Projects new,
 Ill Fate does now pursue.

The Third Strain.

Let *TORIES* Guard the King,
 Let *Whigs* in Halters swing ;
 Let *Pilk* and *Shute* be sham'd,
 Let Bugg'ring *Oats* be damn'd :
 Let Cheating *Player* be Nick'd,
 The turn-coat Scribe be Kick'd ;
 Let Rebel City Dons,
 Ne'er beget their Sons :
 Let ev'ry *Wiggish* Peer,
 That Rapes a Lady fair,
 And leaves his only Dear,
 The Sheets to gnaw and tear,

Be punish'd out of hand,
 And forc'd to pawn his Land
 T' attone the grand Affair.

The Fourth Strain.

Great CHARLES, like *Jehovah*,
 Spares those would Un-King Him ;
 And warms with his Graces,
 The Vipers that sting Him :
 Till Crown'd with just Anger,
 The Rebel he Seizes ;
 Thus Heaven can Thunder,
 When ever it pleases.

Figg.

Then to the *Duke* fill, fill up the Glass,
 The Son of our *Martyr*, belov'd of the King ;
 Envy'd and Lov'd,
 Yet blest from above,
 Secur'd by an Angel safe under his Wing.

The Sixth Strain.

Faction and Folly,
 And State Melancholy,
 With *Tony* in *Whigland* for ever shall dwell ;
 Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty,
 Then teach us our Duty,
 For none e'er can Love, or be Wise and Rebel.



A Royal ODE, Congratulating the Happy Accession to the Crown, and Coronation of our most Gracious Sovereign Lady Queen ANN. The Words in Imitation of the foregoing SONG, and fitted to some Strains of the same Ground.

MARS now is Arming,
 The War comes on Storming ;
 All *Europe* is viewing,
 What *England* is doing :
 The slighted (1) Memorial, (1) *The French*
 In *France* and th' *Escorial*, *Memorial.*
 Has baulk'd (2) Gallick *Nero*, (2) *The French K.*
 And *Porto* (3) *Carero* ; (3) *The new K. of*
Britains cease weeping, *Spain's chief Min.*
 For (4) *Pan* that lies sleeping ; (4) *King Will.*
 Tho' *Fove* us denies him,
 Yet (5) *Pallas* supplies him. (5) *Q. Ann.*
 Then Sing out ye Muses,
 What *Phæbus* infuses ;
 Divine is the occasion,
 Queen *ANN's* Coronation.

The Second Strain.

Pair your Hearts and joyn,
 For now the Rightful Line
 Has left you no Excuse,
 For Jarring or abuse :
 The thought of Right and Wrong,
 That plagu'd ye all so long ;
 No more be now let in,
 To raise the *Senate's* Spleen :
 Nor simple Feuds let grow,
 'Twixt the *High-Church* and the *Low* ;

But

But all resolve to go,
 To one at least for show :
 And then made happy so,
 Direct your Anger's blow ;
 Against the Common Foe.

The Third Strain.

Divine *Gloriana*,
 Now Rules the glad Nation ;
 Mild, Prudent, and Pious,
 Without Affectation :
 Sence, Justice, and Pity,
 Her Life still renewing ;
 And Queen of all Hearts,
 E'er the Pageant of Crowning.

The Fourth Strain.

All the Radiant Court of Heaven have blest Her,
 Bright *Astrea* leaves the Sky to assist Her ;
 Whilst on her from all,
 Revolves the Sacred praise,
 Of fam'd *Eliza's* Days.

Sing then ye Muses,
What Phœbus infuses ;
Divine is the Occasion,
Queen ANN's Coronation.

This *Chorus* may be sung to the Ground-Bass.



The Scotch Lasses SONG.

W A e is me, what ails our Northern Loons,
 That with jangling make the Times so baddy,
 Snarling like a breed of hungry Hounds,
 Welladay, they must be aw drunk or maddy ;
 But tho' Peace they destroy,
 I have still some Joy,
 Since I wed a bonny young Highland Laddy.

London's wily Lads are all at Strife,
 High and Low Boys daily new Fears are bringing,
 Whilst there they lead a woful Life,
 In a Meadow *Fockey* and I sit singing ;
 A sweet Hornpipe he plays
 To my Roundelays,
 Whilst the merry *Edenbrough* Bells are ringing.

See the Daizy, and the gay Primrose,
 Merry Spring is coming to make us gladdy,
 Winter's vanish'd with its Frost and Snows,
 And no Storm will gar me to be saddy,
 For when the Wind blows,
Fockey wraps me close,
 From the Cold within his Highland pladdy.

Who would pine to have high place at Court,
 Out, away, 'tis but a fleeting Vision,
 Who would leave the Jolly Country Sport,
 For the Gown or Sword Man's gay Condition ;
 Give me ten Mark a Year,
 And my Highland dear,
 And adieu to Pride, and all Ambition.



The Crafty Mistriss's Resolution.

ALL the Town so lewd are grown,
 Hereafter you must excuse me ;
 If when you discover your self a Lover,
 I think it is all a Lye ;
 Oaths and Sighs, and melting Eyes,
 You'll sacrifice to seduce me,
 The silly poor Women are often undone,
 And happily warn'd am I.

Excuse me for flying, and for denying,
 For Faith, Sir, I must refuse you,
 Excuse me for knowing the Cheats of your Wooing,
 And for the Request excuse me :
 Excuse me if when you vow'd and swore,
 I thought you design'd to deceive me ;
 But now who makes Love 'till his Eyes run o'er,
 Shall never hereafter abuse me.

Wit and Youth did once invade
 My Heart, e'er I was twenty,
 And I silly Creature, thro' meer good Nature,
 Believ'd him what e'er he swore.
 Young, and unpractis'd in the Trade
 Of Love, I was not scanty ;
 But he who my Innocence then betray'd,
 Shall never deceive me more.

For now tho' he flatter, and ogle and chatter,
 And still in the Dance will chuse me,
 Then argue the Case too, and look like an Ass too,
 He after all this shall lose me :
 For now I will Female-Cunning use,
 And all our stock of Revenge produce,
 The Rebel to Honour has broke the Truce,
 And all Mankind shall excuse me.

His soft Words I will not mind,
 Wherewith he strives to amuse me ;
 Nor to his feign'd Passion, so much in Fashion,
 Will I at all give heed.

Tho' with Sighs he swears he dies,
 And vows he can't live if he lose me,
 Yet to his Tale I'll be deaf as the Wind,
 And never will let him speed.

And by my so doing, I'll fit him for wooing,
 With an intent to abuse me :
 He that wou'd not marry, I'faith now shall tarry,
 And for not yielding, excuse me :
 By Man, I'll be decoy'd no more,
 My Passion no more it undoes me :
 Once I believed what the false one had swore,
 But yet for all that, he shall lose me.

Tho' Wit and Youth they do plead,
 And with new Charms present me,
 And tho' he flatter, he's never the better,
 For I'll believe him no more :
 No more to Love I'll be betray'd,
 But shun the Danger it meant me,
 'Tis happier far for to live a Maid,
 If there were no more Men in store.

But since there are many, and I can have any,
 Whose Honesty will not abuse me,
 I'll find one that's true to, and so bid adieu to
 The Man that could once refuse me :
 'Twas at my Honour it seems you aim'd,
 But your Intent too soon you proclaim'd,
 For which by the Virtuous you must be blam'd,
 Whilst all Mankind shall excuse me.



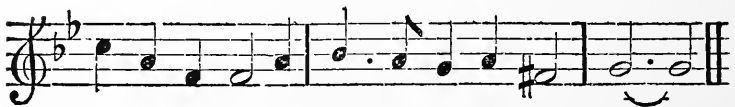
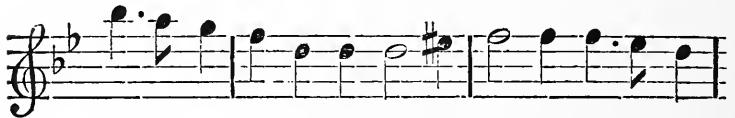
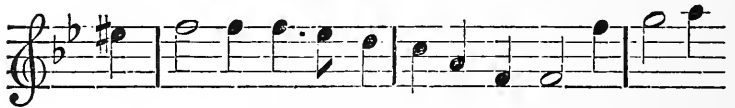
*The Folly Topper, that wont leave his Bottle
to get the best Wife in Christendom.*

The TOPER.

P Rattles and Tattles,
O'er Bottles,
Shall still cherish my Fancy,
Better, and sweeter,
And greater,
Than dull Tea with *Nancy*.
She has forbid me Wine,
Or else she'll not marry,
But were she all Divine,
A Maid she should tarry ;
Flouts, and Lowers, and Frowns,
Cross Wives thus e'ery Day mingle,
Wine that Care confounds,
We share that are single.

Harry and Jerry
The merry,
Are both Boys of good Mettle.
Sprightly and tightly,
And nightly,
The whole Nation we settle.
Nancy ne'er hurts my Brain,
No wishing, nor hoping,
Tho' she now thinks to raign,
And hinder my toping,
Says, whene'er I ask,
A Sot will never be civil,
Boy bring tother Flask,
And let her go to the Devil.

The Politick CLUB.



Citiz. But let us look within our Doors,
 How Backs and Bellies exhaust our Stores,
 Let's take up our Wives, & let's take down our
 Whores.

 We've enough for another Campaign Boys.

Courtier. Tho' Cits cry out that they are undone,
 A Cuckold's Profit can ne'er be gone ;
 Their Wives are well rigg'd, and gold Laces still on.

 Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

Lawyer. Tho' Goldsmith's break too, and shut up Door,
 'Tis more to cheat ye, than want of Ore,
 For Rogues will be Rogues, whether wealthy or poor.

 Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

Citizen. Great Joy will come from the Chequer Board,
 When true Effects all our Tallies afford,

Court. And all our new Medals come out of their Hoard.

 That, that will be great Consolation.

Vicar. When each Man's Purse to our Party leans,
 And Senates study right ways and means,

Farmer. And large Sums of Gold comes from Bishops
 and Deans.

 Then, then will be true Reformation.

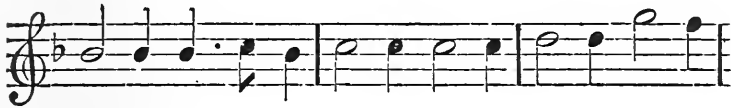
Lawyer. Tho' foreign Gamesters our Ruin plot,
 And in our Tables perceive a Blot,
 We'll win the Game afterwards, with a why not.

 Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

Poor *Britain's* Troubles then soon relieve,
 And in our stead, make our Enemies grieve,
 The Peace will be settl'd, the Muses will live.

 Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

The Farmer's Daughter : A SONG.



COLD and Raw the North did blow,
Bleak in the Morning early ;
All the Trees were hid in Snow,
Dag'd by Winter yearly :
When come Riding over a Knough,
I met with a Farmer's Daughter ;
Rosie Cheeks and bonny Brow,
Good faith made my Mouth to water.

Down I vail'd my Bonnet low,
Meaning to shew my breeding ;
She return'd a graceful bow,
A Visage far exceeding :

I ask'd her where she went so soon,
 And long'd to begin a Parly ;
 She told me unto the next Market Town,
 A purpose to sell her Barly.

In this purse, sweet Soul, said I,
 Twenty pounds lie fairly ;
 Seek no farther one to buy,
 For I'se take all thy Barly :
 Twenty more shall buy Delight,
 Thy Person I Love so dearly ;
 If thou wouldst stay with me all Night,
 And go home in the Morning early.

If Twenty pound could buy the Globe,
 Quoth she, this I'd not do, Sir ;
 Or were my Kin as poor as *Job*,
 I wo'd not raise 'em so, Sir :
 For should I be to Night your friend,
 We'st get a young Kid together ;
 And you'd be gone ere the nine Months end,
 And where should I find a Father ?

I told her I had Wedded been,
 Fourteen years and longer ;
 Or else I'd choose her for my Queen,
 And tie the Knot much stronger :
 She bid me then no farther rome,
 But manage my Wedlock fairly ;
 And keep Purse for poor Spouse at home,
 For some other shall have her Barly.



*A little of one with t'other ; A New SONG,
to the Scotch Tune of Cold and Raw.*

A Beau dress'd fine met Miss divine,
 Resolv'd to Court and wooe her,
 With Kiss and Hat, yet she all that
 Thought little good could do her :
 She gave a Frown, but would not own
 His Love for all that pother ;
 Her Brain did soar at something more,
 A little of one with t'other.

You may Sir skip my Hand and Lip,
 That bear your idle Kissing ;
 Your Barren suit will yield no Fruit,
 If something else be missing :
 I wont dispute, you may Salute
 Your Sister, or your Mother ;
 But who'll refine his Joys, must joyn
 A little of one with t'other.

To cheat me thus like *Tantalus*,
 It makes me Pine with Plenty ;
 With shadows store, and nothing more,
 Your Substance is too dainty :
 A flow'ry Tree is like to thee,
 And but a blooming Lover ;
 Flowers get Fruit, or else be mute,
 A little of one with t'other.

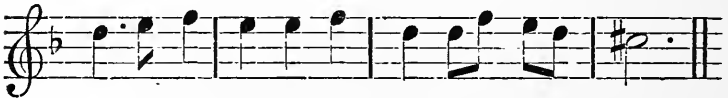
Sharp joyn'd with Flat, there's Mirth in that,
 A low Note and a higher ;
 The Alt and Mean, with Fuge between,
 Such Musick we desire :
 All of one String does loathing bring,
 Change is good Musick's Mother,
 Then leave my Face, and sound my Bass,
 A little of one with t'other.

No warmth desire without a Fire,
 No bargain without Writing ;
 In Rapture then clap too your Pen,
 You were before Inditing :
 And if I take the Lines you make,
 As from a willing Lover ;
 Like Lawyers deal, first Write, then Seal
 A little of one with t'other.

No greater truth cou'd warm the Youth,
 The Lady's Breath was rosie ;
 He laid her down on flow'ry ground,
 To treat her with a Poesie :
 And whilst in hast he claspt her fast,
 And did with Kisses smother,
 She cry'd my Heaven, your sweetly given,
 A little of one with t'other.



A SONG.





MAKE your Honour Miss, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Now to me Child, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Airy and easie now, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Very well done Miss, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Raise up your Body Child, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Then you in time will Rise, *hoh, tholl la.*

Hold up your Head Miss, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Wipe your Nose Child, *tholl loll,*
 When I press on ye, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Fall back easie Miss, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Keep out your Toes too, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Then you'll learn presently, *hoh, tholl la.*

Bear your Hips swimmingly, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Keep your Eyes languishing, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Z— where's your Ears now? *tholl loll, loll,*
 Leave off your Jerking, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Keep your Knees open, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Else you will never do, *hoh, tholl la.*

If you will Love me Miss, *tholl loll, loll, loll,*
 You shall Dance rarely Child, *tholl loll, loll,*
 You are a Fortune Miss, *tholl loll, loll,*
 And must be Married Child, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Give me your Money Miss, *tholl loll, loll,*
 Then I will give you my *hoh, tholl la.*

A SONG.

Harp.

OF noble Race was *Shinking*,
 The Line of *Owen Tudor*,
Thum, thum, thum, thum,
 But her Renown is fled and gone,
 Since cruel Love pursu'd her.
 Fair *Winnies* Eyes bright shining,
 And Lilly Breasts alluring ;
 Poor *Fenkins* Heart with fatal Dart,
 Have wounded past all curing.
 Her was the prettiest fellow,
 At Foot-ball or at Cricket ;
 At Hunting Chace, or nimble Race,
 Cots-plut how her cou'd prick it.
 But now all Joys are flying,
 All Pale and wan her Cheeks too,
 Her Heart so akes, her quite forsakes,
 Her Herrings and her Leeks too.
 No more must dear *Metheglin*,
 Be top'd at good *Montgomery* ;
 And if Love sore, smart one week more,
 Adieu Creem-Cheese and Flomery.

A SONG.

F^Orc'd by a Cruel lawless Fate,
 I lov'd a Nymph with Passion ;
 But found alas, I came too late
 To sway her Inclination :
 Her Heart was given a Coxcomb's fee,
 Whose Face had Introduc'd him ;
 Though not one grain of Sence had he,
 To know how well she us'd him.

I try'd if worth could make her kind,
 And hourly made advances ;
 But who can e'er the Charm unbind,
 In Womans stubborn Fancies :
 I calmly did her foible shew,
 Where e'er he came, abus'd him ;
 I call'd him Fool, I prov'd him so,
 Yet she the better us'd him.

I hate, she cry'd, your God of Wit,
 Our Sex should all oppose him ;
 'Tis he that Charms my Appetite,
 Shall sleep upon my Bosom :
 This senseless stuff my Love withdrew,
 And cur'd my Melancholy ;
 I kick'd her Brute, then bid adieu,
 To every Female folly.



A SONG; on a Lady's going into the Bath.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. It consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and accents. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The second staff continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns. The third staff shows a continuation of the melody, with some notes beamed together. The fourth staff features a more complex rhythmic pattern with sixteenth notes. The fifth staff continues the melody with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The sixth staff concludes the piece with a final cadence.



WHEN *Sylvia* in Bathing, her Charms does
 expose,
 The pretty Banquet dancing under her Nose ;
 My Heart is just ready to part from my Soul,
 And leap from the Ga—'ry into the Bowl :
 Each day I provide too,
 A bribe for her Guide too,
 And gave her a Crown,
 To bring me the Water where she sat down ;
 Let crazy Physitians think Pumping a Cure,
 That Virtue is doubtful, but *Sylvia's* is sure.

The Fiddlers I hire to play something Sublime,
 And all the while throbbing my Heart beats the Time ;
 She enters, they Flourish, and cease when she goes,
 That who it is address'd to, straight ev'ry one knows ;
 Wou'd I were a Vermin,
 Call'd one of her Chairmen,
 Or serv'd as a Guide ;
 Tho' show'd as they do a damn'd tawny Hide,
 Or else like a Pebble at bottom cou'd lye,
 To Ogle her Beauties, how happy were I.

A SONG.



UPON a sunshine Summers day,
 When every Tree was green and gay ;
 The Morning blusht with *Phæbus* ray,
 Just then ascending from the Sea :
 As *Silvia* did a Hunting ride,
 A lovely Cottage he espy'd ;
 Where lovely *Cloe* Spinning sat,
 And still she turn'd her Wheel about.

Her Face a Thousand Graces crown,
 Her curling Hair was lovely brown ;
 Her rowling Eyes all Hearts did win,
 And white as Down of Swans her Skin :

So

So taking her plain Dress appears,
 Her Age not passing Sixteen Years ;
 The Swain lay sighing at her Foot,
 Yet still she turn'd her Wheel about.

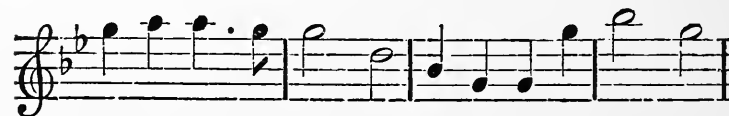
Thou sweetest of thy tender kind,
 Cries he, this ne'er can suit thy Mind ;
 Such Grace attracting noble Loves,
 Was ne'er design'd for Woods and Groves :
 Come, come with me, to Court my Dear,
 Partake my Love and Honour there ;
 And leave this Rural sordid rout,
 And turn no more thy Wheel about.

At this with some few Modest sighs.
 She turns to him her Charming Eyes ;
 Ah ! tempt me Sir, no more she cries,
 Nor seek my Weakness to surprise :
 I know your Art's to be believ'd,
 I know how Virgins are deceiv'd ;
 Then let me thus my Life wear out,
 And turn my harmless Wheel about.

By that dear panting Breast cries he,
 And yet unseen divinity ;
 Nay, by my Soul that rests in thee,
 I swear this cannot, must not be :
 Ah ! cause not my eternal woe,
 Nor kill the Man that Loves thee so ;
 But go with me, and ease my doubt,
 And turn no more thy Wheel about.

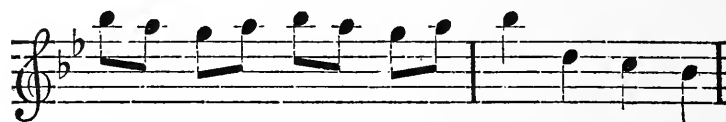
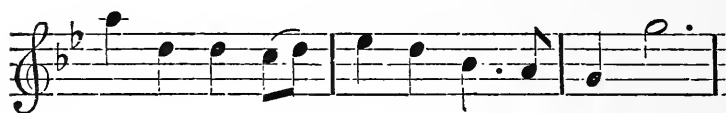
His cunning Tongue so play'd its part,
 He gain'd admission to her Heart ;
 And now she thinks it is no Sin,
 To take Loves fatal poison in :
 But ah ! too late she found her fault,
 For he her Charms had soon forgot ;
 And left her e'er the Year ran out,
 In Tears to turn her Wheel about.

A SONG, to a Ground of Dr. John Blow's.



PILLS to Purge Melancholy. 179





S Tubborn Church-division,
 Folly and Ambition,
 Caus'd with great Derision,
 Poor *England's* sad condition ;
 Princes leave their Stations, by strange Abdications :
 New ones come to ease us,
 Yet nothing e'er can please us,
 Happy's the Man then that shuns the Great,
 That pleaseth himself in a Rural State.

With ease and in a sweet retreat,
 Avoids all Jarrs and Faction,
 In his small Dominions,
 Vents no false Opinions,
 Nor deserts the true, for *Papist*, or *Socinian* :
 But sits down with his Friends around,
 Whilst the Glass is crown'd,
 And the Healths abound,
 To the King and the Queen the best in the Town.

The Fleet or Armies Action,
 Argues still with reason,
 Speaks nor hears no Treason ;
 Nor Arraigns the Sence,
 Of five Hundred Heads to please one :
 Plaintiff or Defendants,
 Ne'er get his attendance,
 He wishes well to all, that are at *White-Hall*,
 But he Loves no Court dependance.

Books admires when Witty,
 Good Musick and a Ditty,
 And takes a Spouse, to adorn his House,
 That's Rich and kind, and pretty ;
 Merry, merry, merrily discards all sorrow,
 Warily does never, never lend nor borrow,
 Generously entertains his Friends to day,
 And is the same to Morrow.

The Moderator's Dream; in an Harangue between the Ghost of Queen BESSE, and the Genius of GREAT BRITAIN: Occasioned by the Disappointment of the Burning the Pope, and the Mobb's Procession on the 17th of November. The Words made to a pretty Tune, call'd Chimney Sweep.

WHEN Soll to Thetis Pool,
 Save the Queen, save the Queen,
 Rode down his Head to cool,
Save the Queen:
 Close by a purling Stream,
 That might give a Poet Theam;
 I Slept, and had a Dream,
Save the Queen, save the Queen.

Methought Queen BESSE arose,
Save the Queen, &c.
 From Mansion of Repose,
Save the Queen:
 The Genius of our Land
 Came in too at her command,
 And thus Harangue maintain'd,
Save the Queen, &c.

Genius.

What mean you, awful Shade,
Save the Queen, &c.
 When such Results are made?
Save the Queen:
 When Concord is confest,
 And comes Post from East to West,
 What makes you leave your Rest?
Save the Queen, &c.

The

The Queen's Speech.

The Sovereign then reply'd,
Save the Queen, save the Queen,
 E'er since the time I dy'd,
Save the Queen :
 My Praise aloft did mount,
 Till now late on strange Account,
 I've had a vile Affront ;
Save the Queen, &c.

The Day of high Renown,
Save the Queen, &c.
 That long my Fame did Crown,
Save the Queen ;
 My Friends old *Rome* to shame,
 A most glorious show did Frame,
 In Honour of my Name ;
Save the Queen, &c.

A *Pope* did Gay appear,
Save the Queen, &c.
 St. *George* was likewise there,
Save the Queen :
 A Dev'l of graceful Size,
 Like himself without disguise,
 Stood by to give Advice ;
Save the Queen, &c.

Four Cardinals in Caps,
Save the Queen, &c.
 Four Monks with bloated Chaps,
Save the Queen :
 Four Capuchines in Bays,
 And to make the People gaze,
 Two Hundred Lights to blaze ;
Save the Queen, &c.

But when 'twas to be shown,
Save the Queen, &c.
 In Splendour o're the Town,
Save the Queen, &c.

A Troop of Grenadiers,
 Put 'em all in Panick Fears,
 By Order of some P——s ;
Save the Queen, save the Queen.

They Seiz'd my Puppets all,
Save the Queen, &c.
 And bore 'em to *Whitehall,*
Save the Queen, &c.
 St. *George*, who look'd so great,
 With the *Pope* and Dev'l his Mate,
 Were Pris'ners made of State ;
Save the Queen, &c.

My Glory thus they Cloud,
Save the Queen, &c.
 And disoblige my Croud,
Save the Queen :
 Who would have shewn that Night,
 By the Power of Zealous might,
 A Cause most pure and bright ;
Save the Queen, &c.

But Property must be,
Save the Queen, &c.
 Allow'd in each Degree,
Save the Queen :
 And some were there that saw,
 Who have sworn to mend this flaw,
 By force of Common Law ;
Save the Queen, &c.

A P——r of Noble Hope,
Save the Queen, &c.
 Lays Claim unto the *Pope,*
Save the Queen :
 A Doctor of Esteem,
 And Religious to the brim,
 Swears Dev'l belongs to him,
Save the Queen, &c.

A Female W——g in Town,

Save the Queen, &c.

Does the Pretender own,

Save the Queen :

She says his Coat was gay,
And since thus 'tis took away,
The Government shall pay ;

Save the Queen, &c.

Great Reason too they have,

Save the Queen, &c.

Some think, whose Heads are Grave,

Save the Queen :

Since all that was aim'd at,
Was to shew a Mob as great,
As High-Boys did of late ;

Save the Queen.

The Genius Answers.

The *Genius* Answer made,

Save the Queen, &c.

With Reverence to your Shade,

Save the Queen :

When Mobs in Tumult swell,
'Tis the same as Fiends in Hell,
Remember * *Massinell* ;

Save the Queen, &c.

* A Fisherman
of *Naples*, that in
five days Time
rais'd such a Mob,
that he Insulted
the Viceroy and
Nobles, and over-
turned the whole
Government.

The *Tory* Mob that's past,

Save the Queen, &c.

Were timely well suppress'd,

Save the Queen :

You Cits the Guards may thank,
For had one day more grown rank,
Reform'd had been your Bank ;

Save the Queen, &c.

A People train'd to Grace,

Save the, &c.

Deserve undoubted Praise,

Save the Queen :

But

But Morals that belong
 (I must Question) to a Throng,
 Two Hundred Thousand strong ;
 Save the Queen, &c.

Methinks I see 'em meet,
 Save the, &c.
 And fill up *Lombard-street,*
 Save the, &c.
 Each Banker standing bare,
 That his Bags they will not spare,
 An Ague has for fear ;
 Save the Queen, &c.

A Noble Lord at home,
 Save the, &c.
 Saluting Captain *Tom,*
 Save the, &c.
 Half melted with his fears,
 Forc'd to Treat in Elbow Chairs,
 A Rabble rout of Bears ;
 Save the Queen, &c.

This was the Case we read,
 Save the, &c.
 With * *Tyler* and *Fack Cade,*
 Save the, &c.
 And might as well be so,
 Had you made Procession now,
 And gone on with your show ;
 Save the Queen, &c.

* Two Notorious
 Rebels, that raised
 prodigious Tumults
 in *England.*

Not that there's real Fear,
 Save the, &c.
 Of Mobs whilst I am here,
 Save the, &c.
 But still where Reason rules,
 The old Proverb wisely Schools,
 No Jesting with Edge Tools ;
 Save the Queen, &c.

Let Moderation guide,
Save the Queen, save the Queen;
And lay such Jest aside,
Save the Queen:
For Trivial things like these,
Oft make fatal Feuds Increase,
And are no Friends to Peace,
Save the Queen, save the Queen.

Let then the Scarlet Whore,
Save the, &c.
In Rags burn as before,
Save the, &c.
Let Satan close his Jaws,
And for the Pretender's Ca
Let's leave it to our Laws,
Save the, &c.

And so Majestick Spright,
Save the, &c.
I bid your Grace good Night,
Save the Queen:
I've now no more remains,
But to cease Poetick Pains,
And guard the *Saint* that Reigns,
Save the Queen, save the Queen.



A SONG.



BOAST no more fond Love, thy Power,
 Mingling Passions sweet and sower ;
 Bow to *Cælia*, show thy Duty,
Cælia sways the World of Beauty :
Venus now must kneel before her,
 And admiring Crowds adore her.

Like the Sun that gilds the Morning,
Cælia shines, but more adorning ;

She

She like Fate, can wound a Lover,
 Goddess like too, can recover :
 She can Kill, or save from dying,
 The Transported Soul is flying.

Sweeter than the blooming Rose is,
 Whiter than the falling Snow is ;
 Then such Eyes the Great Creator
 Chose his Lamps to kindle Nature ;
 Curst is he that can refuse her,
 Ah, hard Fate, that I must loose her.



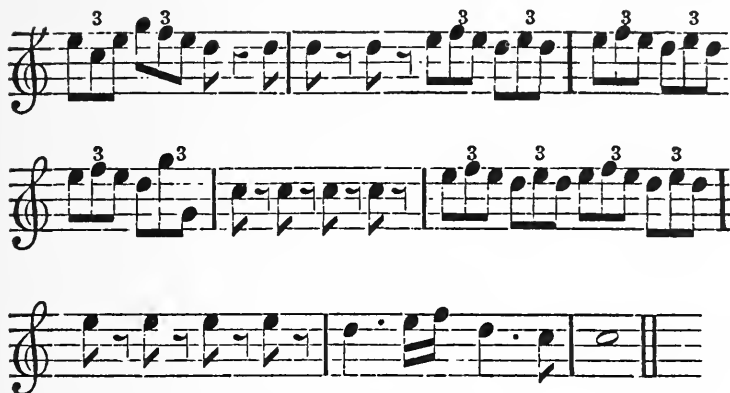
*Brother Solon's Hunting SONG. Sung
 by Mr. Dogget.*

TAntivee, tivee, tivee, tivee, High and Low,
 Hark, hark how the Merry, merry Horn does
 blow,
 As through the Lanes and Meadows we go,
 As Puss has run over the Down ;
 When Ringwood and Rockwood, and Jowler & Spring,
 And Thunder and Wonder made all the Woods ring,
 And Horsmen and Footmen, hey ding, a ding ding,
 Who envies the Pleasure and State of a Crown.

Then follow, follow, follow, follow Jolly boys,
 Keep in with the Beagles now whilst the Scent lies,
 The fiery Fac'd God is just ready to rise,
 Whose Beams all our Pleasure controuls ;
 Whilst over the Mountains and Valleys we rowl,
 And *Wat's* fatal Knell in each hollow we toll ;
 And in the next Cottage tope off a full Bowl,
 What Pleasure like Hunting can cherish the Soul.

*A SONG Representing the going of a
Pad.*

The musical score consists of seven staves of music in treble clef, common time (C). The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed pairs. The second staff continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns. The third staff concludes the first phrase with a double bar line. The fourth staff begins a new phrase with a series of eighth notes, some of which are beamed together. The fifth staff continues this phrase with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The sixth staff continues the melody with eighth notes. The seventh staff concludes the piece with a final phrase that includes four triplet markings (indicated by the number '3' above the notes) over groups of three notes.



WHEN for Air
 I take my Mare,
 And mount her first,
Walk. She walks just thus,
 Her Head held low,
 And Motion slow;
 With Nodding, Plodding,
 Wagging, Jogging,
 Dashing, Plashing,
 Snorting, Starting,
 Whimsically she goes :
 Then Whip stirs up,
Trot. Trot, Trot, Trot ;
 Ambling then with easy slight,
Pace. She riggles like a Bride at Night ;
 Her shuffling hitch,
 Regales my Britch ;
Trott. Whilst Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,
 Brings on the Gallop,
Gallop. The Gallop, the Gallop,
 The Gallop, and then a short
Trott. Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,
 Straight again up and down,
Gallop. Up and down, up and down,
 Till she comes home with a Trott,
Trott. When Night dark grows.

Just

Just so *Phillis*,
 Fair as Lillies,
Walk. As her Face is,
 Has her Paces ;
 And in Bed too,
 Like my Pad too ;
 Nodding, Plodding,
 Wagging, Jogging,
 Dashing, Plashing,
 Flirting, Spirting,
 Artful are all her ways :

Trott. Heart thumps pitt, patt,
 Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott :

Pace. Ambling, then her Tongue gets loose,
 Whilst wrigling near I press more close :
 Ye Devil she cries,
 I'll tear your Eyes,

Trott. When Main seiz'd,
 Bum squeez'd,

Gallop. I Gallop, I Gallop, I Gallop, I Gallop,
Trott. And Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,
 Streight again up and down,

Gallop. Up and down, up and down,
 Till the last Jerk with a Trott,

Trott. Ends our Love Chase.



A DIALOGUE *between a Town Spark
and his Miss.*

She. DID you not promise me when you lay by me,
That you would marry me, can you deny me ?

He. If I did promise thee, 'twas but to try thee,
Call up your Witnesses, else I defie thee.

She. Ah, who would trust you men that swear and vow
so,
Born only to deceive, how can you do so ?

He. If we can swear and lye, you can dissemble,
And then to hear the Lye, would make one
tremble.

She. Had I not lov'd, you had found a Denial,
My tender Heart, alas, was but too real ;

He. Should a new Shower encrease the Flood,
Too soon would overflow.

He. Real I know you were, I've often try'd ye,
Real to forty more Lovers besides me.

She. If thousands lov'd me, where was my Trans-
gression,
You were the only He, e'er got Possession ?

He. Thou could'st talk prettily, e'er thou could'st go
Child ;
But I'm too old and wise to be sham'd so, Child.

She. Tho' y'are so cruel you'll never believe me,
Yet do but take the Child, all I forgive thee.

He. Send your *Kid* home to me, I will take care on't,
If't has the Mother's Gifts, 'twill prove a rare one.



Willey's *Intreague*: A New SONG.



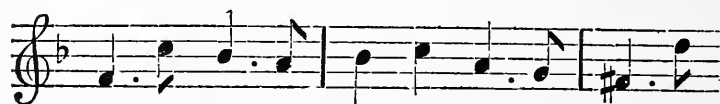
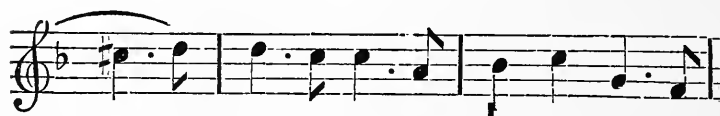
'T WAS when Summer was Rosie,
 In Woods and Fields many a Poesie ;
 When late young Flaxen-hair'd *Nelly*,
 Was way-ly'd by bonny black *Willey* :
 He Oagled her, and Teiz'd her,
 He Smuggled her, and Squeez'd her,
 He Grabbled her too very near the Belly ;
 She cry'd I never will hear ye,
 Oh Lord ! oh Lord ! I can't bear ye,
 Ye tickle, tickle so, tickle, tickle so *Willey*.

Soon the fit tho' was over,
 And *Nelly* her Breath did recover ;
 When *Willey* bated his Wooing,
 And cooly prepared to be going :
 When *Nelly* tho' he teiz'd her,
 And Grabbled her and Squeez'd her,
 Cry'd, stay a little, I vow and swear I could kill ye,
 Another touch I can bear ye,
 Oh Lord ! oh Lord ! I will hear ye,
 Then tickle me again, tickle me again, *Willey*.



The SERENADE,

A SONG in the *Injur'd Princess or a Fatal Wager*, Set by Colonel Pack.





THE Larks awake the drowzy morn,
 My dearest lovely *Chloe* rise,
 And with thy dazzling Rays adorn,
 The ample World and Azure Skies :
 Each Eye of thine out-shines the Sun,
 Tho' deck'd in all his Light ;
 As much as he excells the Moon,
 Or each small twinkling Star at Noon,
 Or Meteor of the Night.

Look down and see your Beauty's power,
 See, see the Heart in which you reign ;
 No Conquer'd Slave in Triumph bore,
 Did ever wear so strong a Chain :
 Feed me with Smiles that I may Live,
 I'll ne'er wish to be free ;
 Nor ever hope for kind Reprieve,
 Or Loves grateful bondage leave,
 For Immortality.

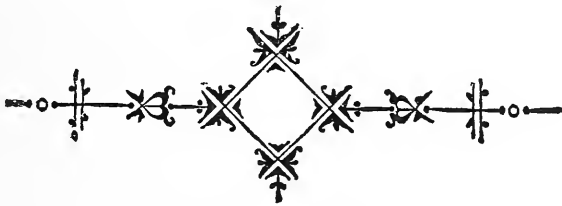


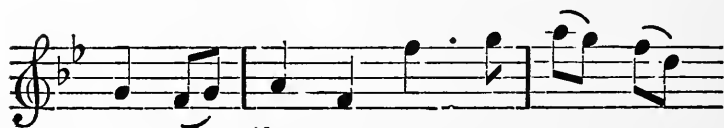
A SONG.

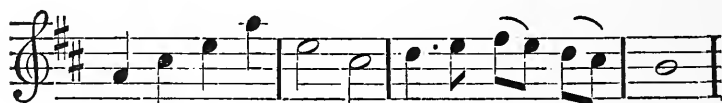




WHY are my Eyes still flowing,
 Why do my Heart thus trembling move?
 Why do I sigh when going
 To see the darling Saint I Love?
 Ah! she's my Heaven, and in her Eyes the Deity;
 There is no Life like what she can give,
 Nor any Death like taking my leave:
 Tell me no more of Glory,
 To Court's Ambition I've resign'd;
 But tell a long, long story,
 Of *Celia's* Face, her Shape and Mind;
 Speak too of Raptures, that wou'd Life destroy to enjoy:
 Had I a Diadem, Scepter and Ball,
 For one happy Minute I'd part with them all.



A New Scotch SONG.

The Scotch Parson's Daughter.

PEGGY in Devotion,
 Bred from tender Years ;
 From my Loving motion,
 Still was call'd to Prayers :
 I made muckle bustle,
 Love's dear Fort to win ;
 But the Kirk Apostle,
 Told her 'twas a Sin.

Fasting

Fasting and Repentance,
And such Whining Cant ;
With the Dooms-day sentence,
Frighted my young Saint :
He taught her the Duty,
Heavenly joys to know ;
I that lik'd her Beauty,
Taught her those below.

Nature took my part still,
Sence did Reason blind ;
That for all his Art still,
She to me inclin'd :
Strange delight hereafter,
Did so dull appear ;
She as I had taught her,
Vow'd to share 'em here.

Faith 'tis worth your Laughter,
'Mongst the canting Race ;
Neither Son nor Daughter,
Ever yet had Grace :
Peggy on the Sunday,
With her Daddy vext ;
Came to me on Monday,
And forgot his Text.



The BLACKBIRD : A New SONG.

R Oom, room, room for a Rover,
 Yonder Town's so hot ;
 I a Country Lover
 Bless my Freedom got :
 This Celestial Weather
 Such enjoyment gives,
 We like Birds flock hither,
 Browzing on green leaves :
 Some who late sate Scowling,
 Publick Cheats to mend ;
 Study now with Bowling,
 Each to Cheat his Friend :

*Whilst on the Hawthorn Tree, Terry rerry, rerry, rerry,
 rerry,
 rerry, rerry, sings the Blackbird, Oh what a World
 have we.*

In

In the Eastern Regions,
 Cannibals abound ;
 Eas'd of all Religions,
 Man does Man confound :
 But our worser Natives,
 Here Church-Rules obey ;
 Yet like Barb'rous Caitiffs,
 Gorge up more than they :
 In the Town, hot Follies,
 Fools to Faction draw ;
 Nonsense, Noise and Malice,
 Passes too for Law :
Whilst in the, &c.

The old Game's again on Trial,
 As our Church-men guess ;
 Some write We most Loyal,
 Yet mean nothing less :
 Ev'ry Factious Teazer,
 Proudly Votes his Will ;
 Praise be then to *Cæsar*,
 Who sits Patient still :
Chanc'ry wants a Ruler,
 Justice Scales to guide ;
S——ts want a cooler,
 Who like *Fehu* Ride :
Whilst on the, &c.

Give me then a Bottle,
Musidora by ;
 Wine that warms the Noddle,
 Does all Cares defy :
Sol has enter'd *Aries*,
 Summer Sweets do fall,
 Pleasures new and various,
 Let's enjoy 'em all ;

So

So adieu, State Janglers,
 Our whole Winters Curse ;
 Farewel to Law wranglers,
 That so plague the Purse :
Hark in the, &c.



The New BLACKBIRD :

*A SONG, in the Wonders of the Sun, or, the
 Kingdom of Birds : To the foregoing
 Tune.*

WHilst Content is wanting
 In the World below ;
 We in freedom chanting,
 Life's true pleasure know :
 Cloy'd with care and duty,
 To Superiour sway ;
 They ne'er see the Beauty,
 Of one happy Day :
 Profits Golden Follies,
 Half the Globe infest ;
 Faction, Pride, and Malice,
 Governs all the rest :

*Whilst in eternal Day ; Terry, rerry, rerry, rerry,
 Hey, Terry rerry, Sings the Blackbird,
 Ah ! what a World have they ?*

Giant Limb'd Ambition,
 Like a Tyrant Reigns ;
 Forming new Division
 Hourly in their Brains :
 Sometimes Peace enjoying,
 Some they a League begin ;

But

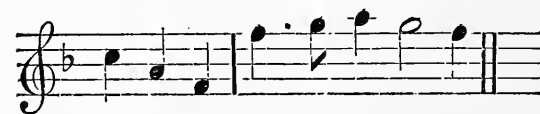
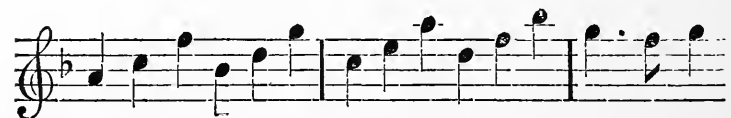
But one *Mouarch's* dying,
 Breaks 'em all again ;
 Then the grave State-menders,
 For Religion Fight ;
 Tho' the hot Pretenders,
 Never had a doit :
Whilst here in lasting Day ; Terry, &c.

Warriors all are Princes,
 When their Aid they want ;
 Armies for defences,
 Present Pay they grant :
 But the work once ended,
 They the Chiefs disown ;
 Who in hast disbanded,
 Loudly are cry'd down :
 Thus uncur'd they Nourish,
 Whimseys worse Disease ;
 Whether lose or Flourish,
 Never are at ease :
Whilst here in lasting Day ; Terry, &c.

The fat Pamper'd City,
 Grumbling at the Tax ;
 Think to stint, 'tis pitty,
 Bellies or their Backs :
 The Rich Country Booby,
 Brooding o'er his Ground ;
 Low'rs and wondrous Moody,
 Grudges four in the Pound :
Gospel Fermentation, banters all our Souls ;
 And to Fire the Nation,
Blackcoats blow the Coals :
Whilst here in lasting Day,
Terry, terry, terry rerry, Sings the Blackbird ;
Oh ! What a World have they.

The CAMBRIAN Glory.

*An ODE: Or; Memoirs of the Lives and
Valiant Actions, of the Ancient Britains;
to be Sung every St. David's Day.*



BRUTE * who descended from *Trojan* stem,
 First Ancient *Albion* alarm'd with his Forces ;
 From whom their Ancestors raise their Name,
 Of whose brave Deeds are so many discourses :
 And when *Rome's* Eagles aloft did soar,
 Valiant † *Caractacus* with Conduct glorious ;
 Fought 'em till Fate envying *Britain* power,
 Gave up her Hero a Prize to || *Ostorius*.

CHORUS.

England take Caution,
 By this fam'd Nation ;
 All agree, whilst your are free,
 And Rich and able :
 Friendly treat, you'll be great,
 Quarrel on, you're undone,
 Think on the bundle of Rods in the Fable.

Fatal Division first chang'd their Case,
 Jealousie needless, and Fears beyond measure ;
 Had they combin'd, *Rome* had conquer'd less,
 Nor had § *Casibelan* sold them to *Cæsar* :
 But since that Change they can ne'er retrieve,
 Leave we it here for Example in Story ;
 And now to Honour those since did Live,
 Charm the sweet Lyre with the *Cambrian* Glory.
 England take Caution, &c.

Of *Wales* and her noble Sons I Sing,
 To whom my Muse has his Trophy erected ;
 Who, when the first mighty (a) Conquering King,
 All others quell'd, yet remain'd unsubjected :
 Freedom and Right they all held so dear,
 Rather than yield up the Glory of either ;

* Brute *Invaded Britain Anno Mun. 2855.* † *King of Britain.* || *Lieutenant in Britain for Claudius Imp.* § *Sir Wm. Temples Introduct. to Hist. of England.* (a) *vid. Stows Annals of Wm. the Conqueror. Anno 1074.*

Handfuls of Men against Crowds appear,
 Stoutly resolving to Dye all together.
 England *take Caution, &c.*

Rufus the next o'th' Conquering Line,
 Spoyl'd a great Monarch by being a Miser ;
 He heavy Taxes * the *Welch* assign'd,
 Which, than to Pay him, 'tis known they were wiser :
 Bravely they fought, tho' at last home fled,
 Yet had the Victors no wonder to brag on ;
 For still on the Mountains an Egg was laid,
 That some Years after grew up to a Dragon.
 England *take Caution, &c.*

† *Stephen* and || *Henry* the first of the Name,
 Did in each Reign prove the *Griffiths Welch* mettle,
 And brave *Cadwallader* lost no fame,
 Tho' by base Treachery slain before Battle :
 Valiant *K. John* § too by force of Arms,
 Threatn'd bold *Conan* to lessen his Bravery ;
 Yet thought fit after to come to terms,
Welchmen were never yet huff'd into slavery.
 England *take Caution, &c.*

But what no force then could do on Earth,
 Policy in the next Reign well affected ;
 For at *Carnarvan*, (a) a Prince had Birth,
 To whom as Country-men they all subjected :
 (b) Am'rous *Lewellen* too Charm'd with Love,
 Chang'd his Renown for a Wedded condition ;
 Beauty's soft Joy did so powerful prove,
 That paying Tribute, he veil'd his Ambition.
 England *take Caution, &c.*

* *Vid.* Stow 7 year of K. Wm. Rufus, Anno 1094.
 † Anno. R. Steph. 1st. 1136. || Hen. 2. Anno. R. 26.
 Anno Dom. 1180. § K. John. Anno. 1212. (a) *vid.*
 Stow. Anno R. Ed. 1st. 12. Anno Dom. 1284. (b) *vid.*
 Baker R. K. Ed. 1st.

Fierce *Owen Glendower* * did Annals fill,
 When the fourth *Henry* the Hot-spur Infested ;
 And in three Battles such numbers did kill,
 He like a Fury was fear'd and detested :
 Nor was bold *Teuther* † behind in Fame,
 When Glory call'd him, or Freedom excited ;
 Who for espousing the Royal Dame,
 Soaring too high had his Lustre benighted.
 England take Caution, &c.

Undaunted *Vaughn* is ne'er forgot,
Meridith Fenken, nor *Morgan ap Reuther* ;
 All Slain at *Edgcott* || that fatal sport,
 Whilst others follow'd the Fortune of *Teuther* :
 With many more of Renown'd account,
 Who prov'd that Day by their Valiant endeavour ;
 None, *British* Valour could e'er surmount,
 None ne'er in Battle behav'd themselves braver.
 England take Caution, &c.

And now at last I must boldly sing,
 Of the fam'd Leek so renown'd in old story ;
 First wore in Fight § as a famous thing,
Wales to distinguish in Conquering Glory :
 Coxcombs may Laugh at they know not what,
 Whilst to the Wise I affirm this Relation ;
Roses (a) for Trifles great fame have got,
 Onyons (b) been Deified on less occasion.
 England take Caution, &c.

* *Vid.* Stow. Anno R. Hen. 4th. Anno Dom. 1492.
 † *vid.* Baker. Hen. 6th. Beheaded for Marrying the
 King's Mother. || Battle at Edgcott 9. Ed. 4th. Anno.
 1469. § Leeks first worn in Honour of a great Victory
 won by the Welch. When each by wearing one in his
 Hat, was distinguish'd from their foes. (a) Badges of
 the *Farrs* 'twixt York, and Lancaster. (b) Onyons
 ador'd by Egyptians as Gods.

Merlin * the Fam'd who her Native was,
 Prophecy'd still the true worth of this Nation ;
 Equal to all if they not surpass,
 For Honour, Courage, and Arts in each station :
 Had their cross Stars made 'em e'er unite,
 And against Foes jointly done their endeavour ;
England's proud Name had ne'er seen the Light,
 But *Britain* held up her Title for ever.

Therefore take Caution,
By this brave Nation ;
All agree, whilst you are free,
And Rich and able :
Friendly treat, you'll be great,
Quarrel on, you're undone,
Think on the Bundle of Rods in the Fable.

* *Merlin the Miracle of his Time born in Britain.*



A SONG.

I Follow'd Fame and got Renown,
 I rang'd all o'er the Park and Town ;
 I haunted Plays, and there grew Wise,
 Observing my own modish Vice :
 Friends and Wine I next did try,
 Yet I found no solid Joy ;
 Greatest Pleasures seem too small,
 Till *Sylvia* made amends for all.

But see the state of humane Bliss,
 How vain our best Contentment is ;
 As of my Joy she was the Chief,
 So was she too my greatest Grief :
 Fate, that I might be undone,
 Dooms this Angel but for one ;
 And, alas, too plain I see,
 That I am not the happy he.

Against

Against Free-Will:

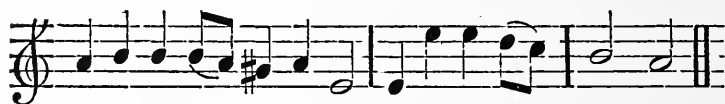
A SONG.

GO silly Mortall, and ask thy Creator,
 Why thy short Life is Tormented with Care ;
 Why thou art Slave to the Follies of Nature,
 Why for thy Plague he made Woman so fair ?
 If *Chloes* Glances
 Can charm thy Sences,
 And Beauty force thee into her snare ;
 What's this *Free-Will*, of which Gownmen so prate,
 When none, none have power to controul their Fate.

If Man be Monarch of all the Creation,
 Women in Reason should stoop to his sway ;
 Fair, Rich, or Witty, by free Inclination
 Owing his Priviledge, calmly obey ;
 Else every Brute is
 More blest with Beauties,
 The Horse or Stag, each can seize his Prey ;
 Who e'er i'th' Grove saw the Lordly Bull,
 Sigh to the fair, She like a loving Fool.



*A SONG in the Opera call'd, The Kingdom
of the Birds. Sung by Miss Willis.*



IN the Fields in Frost and Snows,
 Watching late and early ;
 There I keep my Father's Cows,
 There I Milk 'em Yearly :
 Booming here, Booming there,
 Here a Boo, there a Boo, every where a Boo,
*We defy all Care and Strife,
 In a Charming Country-Life.*

Then

Then at home amongst the Fowls,
 Watching late and early ;
 There I tend my Fathers Owls,
 There I feed 'em Yearly :
 Whooping here, Whooping there,
 Here a whoo, there a whoo, every where a whoo,
We defy all Care and Strife,
In a Charming Country Life.

When the Summer Fleeces heap,
 Watching late and early ;
 Then I Shear my Father's Sheep,
 Then I keep 'em Yearly :
 Baeing here, Baeing there,
 Here a Bae, there a Bae, every where a Bae,
We defy all Care, &c.

In the Morning e'er 'twas light,
 In the Morning early ;
 There I met with my Delight,
 Once he Lov'd me dearly :
 Wooeing here, Wooeing there,
 Here a woee, there a woee, every where a woee,
Oh ! How free from Care, &c.

E'er the Light came from above,
 In the Morning early ;
 There I met with my true Love,
 There I met him early :
 Wooeing here, Wooeing there,
 Here he woee, there he woee, every where he woee,
Oh ! How free from Care, &c.

In the Morn at six of the Clock,
 In the Morning early ;
 There I fed our Turkey-Cock,
 There I fed him yearly, cou, cou, goble, goble, goble !
 Couing here, Couing there,
 Here a cou, there a cou, every where a cou,
Oh ! How free from Care and Strife,
Is a Pleasant Country-Life.

In the Morning near the Fens,
 In the Morning early ;
 There I feed my Father's Hens,
 There I feed them Yearly :
 Cackle here, Cackle there,
 Here a cack, there a cack, every where a cack,
Oh ! How free from Care and Strife,
Is a Pleasant Country Life.

In the Morning with good speed,
 In the Morning early ;
 I my Father's Ducks do feed,
 In the Morning early :
 Quacking here, Quacking there,
 Here a quack, there a quack, every where a quack,
Oh ! How free from Care, &c.

In the Morning fair and fine,
 In the Morning early ;
 There I feed my Father's Swine,
 There I feed them Yearly :
 Grunting here, Grunting there,
 Here a grunt, there a grunt, every where a grunt,
Oh ! How free from Care and Strife,
Is a Pleasant Country Life.



To CHLORIS :

An ODE set to the New Riggadoon.

I Love thee well,
But not so well to wed thee,
Lest Blood rebel,
And Appetite should cloy :
Whilst free and kind,
Each Hour I long to bed thee :
But if confin'd,
Should scarce believ't a Joy.

[*Second Movement.*]

In Earth and Air
All Creatures else possess
Their pleasing Liberty ;
Then why should Man,
The Lord of all the Universe,
Less happy be.

[*Third Movement.*]

Bring Musick then, and Wine still,
And every one his Dear,
That Friendship most divine still,
That treats with *Cher entier*.

[*Fourth Movement.*]

The Wise think all those very dull,
To Marriage Yokes incline ;
But if e'er I do play the Fool,
Dear *Chloris* I am thine.

A SONG made upon a New Country Dance
at Richmond, call'd, Mr. Lane's Maggot.



STrike up drowsie Gut-scrapers ;
 Gallants be ready,
 Each with his Lady ;
 Foot it about,
 'Till the Night be run out,
 Let no ones humour pall :
 Brisk Lads now cut your Capers ;
 Put your Legs to't,
 And shew you can do't,
 Frisk, frisk it away
 'Till break of Day,
 And hey for *Richmond* Ball !
 Fortune-Biters,
 Hags, Bum-fighters,
 Nymphs of the Woods,
 And stale City Goods ;

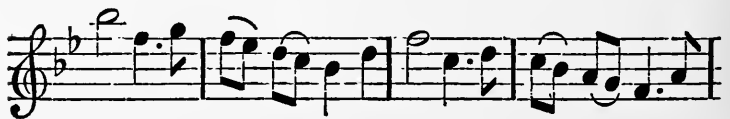
Ye Cherubins,
 And Seraphins,
 Ye Caravans,
 And Haradans,
 In Order all advance :
Twittenham Loobies,
Thistleworth Boobies,
 Wits of the Town,
 And Beaus that have none ;
 Ye Jacobites as sharp as Pins,
 Ye Mounsiours, and ye Sooterkins,
 I'll teach you all the Dance.

The DANCE.

Cast off *Tom* behind *Fohunny*,
 Do the same *Nanny*,
 Eyes are upon ye ;
 Trip it between
 Little *Dickey* and *Fean*,
 And set in the Second Row :
 Then, cast back you must too,
 And up the first Row ;
 Nimbly thrust thro' ;
 Then, then turn about,
 To the left, or you're out,
 And meet with your Love below.
 Pass, then cross,
 Then *Fack's* pretty Lass,
 Then turn her about, about and about ;
 And *Fack*, if you can do so too,
 With *Betty*, whilst the time is true,
 We'll all your Ear commend :
 Still there's more
 To lead all four ;
 Two by *Nancy* stand,
 And give her your Hand,
 Then cast her quickly down below,
 And meet her in the second Row :
 The Dance is at an end.

The

*The Three Goddesses: Or, The Glory of
Tunbridge Wells. Made to a Tune of
Mr. Barret's.*

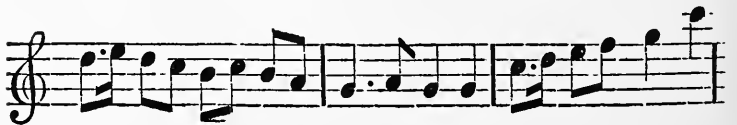
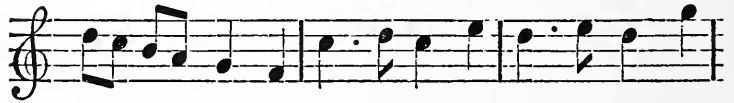


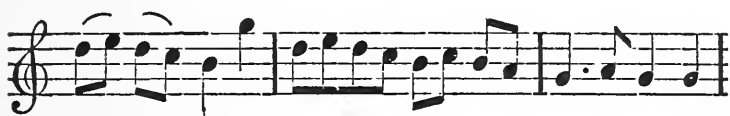


L Eave, leave the drawing Room,
 Where Flowers of Beauty us'd to bloom,
 The Nymph fated to o'ercome,
 Now triumphs at the Wells ;
 Shape, Air, and charming Eyes,
 Her Face the gay, the grave, and wise,
 The Beaus spite of Box and Dice,
 Acknowledge all excels ;
 Cease, cease to ask her Name,
 The crown'd Muses noblest Theam,
 Whose Graces by immortal Fame,
 Should only sounded be :
 But if you long to know,
 Look round yonder dazzling Row,
 And who does most like an Angel show,
 You may be sure is she.

See near the Sacred Springs,
 That cure to fell Diseases brings,
 As loud Fame of Idea sings,
 Three Goddesses appear,
 Wealth, Glory too possest,
 The third with charming Beauty blest,
 So rare Heav'n and Earth confest,
 She conquer'd every where :
 Like her this Charmer now,
 Makes all Love-sick Gazers bow,
 Nay, even Old Age the Flame allow,
 That influences all,
 Wealth can no Trophy rear,
 Nor bright Fame the Garland wear,
 To beauty every *Paris* here,
 Devotes the Golden Ball.

*A Health to the Imperialists; Or, An In-
vective ODE on the Treachery of the
Elector of Bavaria. To a Tune of
Mr. J. C.*

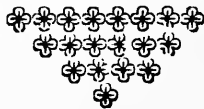




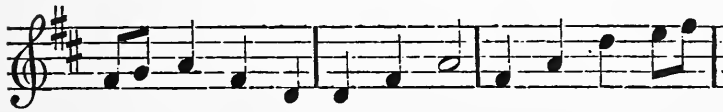
ULM is gone,
 But basely won,
 And treacherous *Bavaria* there has buried his Renown ;
 That stroling Prince,
 Who few Years since,
 Was cramm'd with *William's* Gold :
 Pension lost,
 And hopes too crost,
 Of having more
 From *Brittish* store,
 To keep his wonted post ;
 To aid in vain,
 Usurping *Spain*,
 Himself to *France* has sold :
 For 'tis plain,
 Tho' Plots were vain,
 That *Ausburgh* was th' intended Project of his Brain ;
 The

The Mem'ry of *Nassaw*,
 Was valu'd not a Straw,
 Had *Mounsieur* reliev'd *Landau* ;
 Let him go,
 A worthless Foe,
 And whilst the Princes round resolve his overthrow ;
 A jolly Bottle bring,
 Great *Baden's* Praises sing,
 And th' *Roman's* valiant King.

Lost in Fame,
 Involv'd in Shame,
 Thou odious Scandal to the noble *Maximilian's* name,
 Who durst debase,
 Imperial Grace,
 And thus provoke the *Ban*,
 Honour slight,
 And Royal Right,
 Expected daily by the Circles on their sides to fight ;
 For *Spain's* ill Cause,
 And *French* Kickshaws,
 Turn basely cat in Pan ;
 But go on,
 Forlorn undone,
 And e'er his yearly Course around has rowl'd the Sun ;
 Deserted and disgrac'd,
 Still routed too and chac'd,
 In Chains thou may'st grown thy last :
 Or may Fate,
 To prove her Hate,
 Thy Falshood to the Misery of War translate ;
 And there so low appear,
 A Fuzee may'st thou bear,
 Like some poor Musqueteer.



*Prince Eugene's Health. A SONG set by
Mr. John Barret.*





YOU the glorious Sons of Honour,
 That each Hour your Fame advance ;
 Pray take notice in what manner,
 Lewis prizes it in *France* :
 In the *Reswick* Charte remember,
 He great *William* lawful names ;
 But grown doating last *September*,
 Loudly sounds, loudly sounds up another *James* :
 Routs our Trade too,
 And wou'd no doubt invade too ;
 Could he turn the *Oglio*
 Into *Seine*, which our Boys in *Italy*,
 All resolve shall never be,
 Drink, drink, drink, drink we then a flowing Glass
 to Prince *Eugene*.

Like

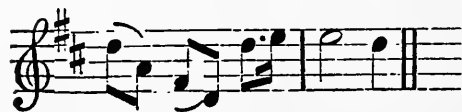
Like the Peasant in the Fable,
 As we read in times of old,
 Rated from the Satyrs Table,
 For his blowing hot and cold :
 From his own, and every Nation,
Mounsieur should be rated so :
 Who on every vile Occasion,
 With all sorts of Winds can blow :
 Sign a Peace too,
 And break it with as much Ease too,
 Take an Oath now, and strait deny't again ;
 But that this and all that's past,
 May come home to him at last,
 Prosper may the conquering Arms of Prince *Eugene*.

With despotick Resolution,
 He from Subjects Gold can tear ;
 Praise be to our Constitution,
 We have no such doings here :
 Government in blest Condition,
 When to just Law 'tis confin'd ;
 But tyrannick Disposition,
 Ne'er yet agreed with the *English* kind ;
 Whilst *Carero*,
 Combin'd with Gallick *Nero* ;
Anjou's Crown then unjustly would maintain,
 And th'Imperial Claim controul ;
 Cheering still each Heart and Soul,
 Let us see the Glass go round to Prince *Eugene*.



The Scotch VIRAGO.

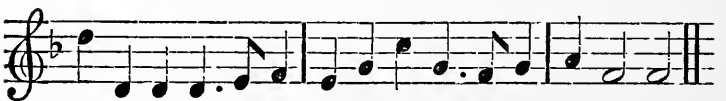
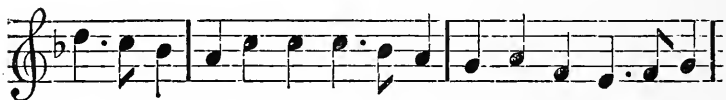
*A SONG Sung to the Queen at Kensington.
The Words made to a pretty New Scotch
Tune.*



VAliant *Fockey's* march'd away,
 To fight the Foe with brave *Mackay*;
 Leaving me, poor Soul, forlorn,
 To Curse the Hour when I was Born;
 But, I've sworn Ise follow too;
 And dearest *Fockey's* Fate pursue;
 Near him be to Guard his precious Life,
 Never *Scot* had such a Loyal Wife:
 Sword Ise wear,
 Ise cut my Hair,
 Tann my Cheeks, that once were thought so fair;
 In Souldier's Weed,
 To him I'll speed,
 Never sike a Trooper cross'd the *Tweed*.

Trumpet sound to Victory,
 Ise kill (my self) the next *Dundee*;
 Love, and Fate, and Rage, do all agree,
 To do some glorious Deed by me:
 Great *Bellona*, take my part,
 Fame and Glory, charm my Heart;
 That for Love, and bonny *Scotland's* good,
 Some brave Action may deserve my Blood:
 Nought shall appear,
 Of Female fear,
 Fighting by his Side, I Love so dear;
 All the *North* shall own,
 There ne'er was known
 Such a sprightly Lass, this thousand Years.



On the Queen's Progress to the BATH.

DEar *Jack* if you mean
 To be cur'd of the Spleen,
 Or know any Neighbour that has it ;
 Tho' ill Humours sway
 From a *Hypocondra*,
 You may do it by reading the *Gazette*.

The Q——n you know late,
 Made a Progress in state,
 From whence may come wonderful matter :
 And furnish fine Tales,
 When a New P—— of *Wales*,
 Proceeds from the happy *Bath-waters*.

But this is not it,
 That the flatus will fit,
 Or make the dull Reader grow merry :
 Nor to tell the Renown
 Of Old *Oxford's* fine Town,
 And how they did chant it down derry.

For should I bring in
 The grave Vice, or the Dean,
 Or at School-boys Verses should nibble ;
 Or the Presents that serv'd,
 So pat I deserv'd,
 To have my Head broke with the Bible.

Nor Mirth can we raise
 Upon *Badminton* place,
 Nor rally his Grace's good Table :
 Nor on *Gloucestershire* Knights,
 Who the News-monger writes,
 Were preferr'd by the Right Honourable.

Nor make we Remarks
 On the bluff Country Sparks,
 Who gallop'd, no Fury cou'd stop 'em :
 All ty'd to their Swords,
 Like so many Lords,
 Being led up by *Blathwait* and *Popham*.

But

But it's here you will laugh,
 For a Mile and a half,
 Coming near to *Bath's* flourishing City ;
 There appear'd such a Rout
 From the Sheds round about,
 Gave occasion to furnish my Ditty.

Some 200 young Jades,
 Jolly bouncing Cook-maids,
 Came romping to taste the Q——s Bounty ;
 All Virgins we hear,
 From the false *Gazetteer*,
 When by G—— there's scarce five in the County.

But such as they were
 They in Order appear,
 Tho' no *Cynthia* there, nor *Astrea* ;
 For with Arrows and Bows,
 Each look'd like a Blouze,
 Instead of a *Penthesilea*.

The Kitchens in Town
 Were all left alone,
 And on the Stairs Cobwebbs were hanging ;
 When *Sue*, *Kate*, and *Doll*
 Were imping *Whitehall*,
 Before an old Crowd that stood twanging.

Then plump bobbing *Foan*,
 Strait call'd for her own,
 And thought she frisk'd better than any ;
 'Till *Sisly* with Pride,
 Took the Fiddler aside,
 And bid him strike up Northern *Nanny*.

Who in Country Fairs
 Had e'er seen the Bears,
 Hop round when the Keeper does strike 'em ?
 For Airs, and for Steps,
 For Faces and Shapes,
 These Virgins would fancy just like 'em.

Thus

Thus hot with Renown,
They come dancing to Town,
All full of their highly deserving ;
Each freckl'd Face Jade,
Upon Royalty fed,
Whilst the Lodgers at home were a starving.

The Piggs were scarce turn'd,
And the Turkeys half burn'd,
To add to the Fame of the Nation ;
The Mutton half boyl'd,
And the Pullets all spoil'd,
For the Turnspits were all in Procession.

But here comes the Cross,
For the Jackets that cost
Forty Pounds, for loyally shewing,
As some Authors say,
The good Queen is to pay,
Or must to the City be owing.

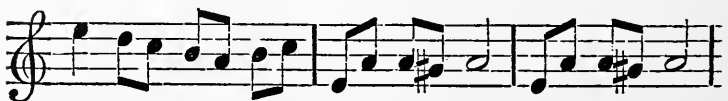
Which Scandal profound
Made 'em stir their Strumps round,
Whilst each Lass her Courtier engages ;
For should they be slow,
And Sir *Ben.* should say no,
The poor Jades must do't out of their wages.

Who glowing with Heat,
So rosie, so neat,
Each look'd as to Marriage she'd chose one :
And some that can tell,
Say they danc'd too as well,
As the famous *Subligny*, or *Dowson*.



A New ODE

On the Bel Assembly in Kensington Garden, one Summer Evening, when the Princess was there.





NOW the Summer solstice does scorching come,
 Dust gives Air no room,
 Roses scarce can bloom,
 Of all famous Gardens by Nature blest,
 Beauty has confest *Kensington* the best :
 Bright *Belviaera*, with gracious Airs,
 With the Angels, who born from her,
 The sweetest of all Fairs,
 Thither oft repairs ;
 Then thro' the Walks, if you cast your Eyes,
 You will think the bright Stars descended with all
 rapting Joys,
 Did your Soul surprise,
 Did your Soul surprise.

When the glorious *Phæbus* declining shews
 See the splendid Rows,
 Gawdy Nymphs and Beaus,
 See the beauteous Labrynth where Lovers meet,
 And with Voices sweet,
 Amorous Songs repeat,
 Vows to each Mistress, Gallants pursue,
 And the Nymphs there to answer them
 Shew Passion, but not true,
 As their Lovers do.
 Thus the World's Genius Intreague invades,
 And Mankind, when Love makes 'em fond,
 Court in these pleasant Shades,
 Widows, Wives, and Maids.



The Comical Dreamer.

LAST Night a Dream came into my Head,
 Thou wert a fine white Loaf of Bread ;
 Then if *May* Butter I cou'd be,
 How I wou'd spread,
 Oh ! how I wou'd spread my self on thee :

This

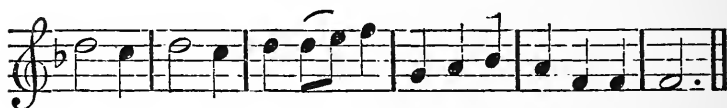
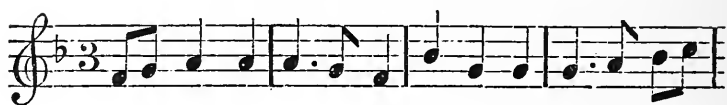
This Morning too my Thoughts ran hard,
 That you were made a cool Tankard ;
 Then cou'd I but a Lemon be,
 How I wou'd squeeze,
 Oh ! how I wou'd squeeze my Juice in thee.

Lately when Fancy too did roam,
 Thou wert my dear, a Honey-comb ;
 And had I been a pretty Bee,
 How I wou'd suck,
 Oh ! how I wou'd creep, creep into thee :
 A Vision too I had of old,
 That thou a Mortar wert of Gold ;
 Then cou'd I but the Pestle be,
 How I wou'd pound,
 Oh ! how I wou'd pound my Spice in thee.

Once too my Dream did Humour take,
 Thou wert a Bowl of *Hefford's* Rack ;
 Z—— cou'd I then the Ladle be,
 How wou'd I pour,
 Oh ! how wou'd I pour out Joys from thee.
 Another time by Charm divine,
 I dreamt thou wert an Orchard fine ;
 Then cou'd I but thy Farmer be,
 How I wou'd plant,
 Oh ! how I wou'd plant my Fruit in thee.

Soon after Whims came in my Pate,
 Thou wert a Pot of Chocolate ;
 And cou'd I but the Rowler be,
 How wou'd I rub,
 Oh ! how wou'd I twirl, and froth up thee :
 But since all Dreams are vain my Dear,
 Let now some solid Joy appear ;
 My Soul still thine is prov'd to be, let body now,
 Let Body now with Soul agree.

*A SONG in the fourth Act of the
Modern Prophets.*





E Levate your joys, ye inspir'd of the Town,
 The *Camizars* are come, are come ;
 To Instruct and confute the black Gown,
Germany and *France* have been dancing the Jigg :
 And now they fain, they fain, they fain,
 Would new model the *Tory* and *Whigg* ;
 They Preach and they Pray, the Spirit moves,
 And then they shake, and quake, and *Gambols* they
 play,
 This Divine they call,
 And gathers up the Mob, the Devil and all.

Pillorys we laugh at, and Infamy there,
 The loss of Ears, and Lash
 We Frantickly think is an Honour to bear ;
 Round about the Nation thus Madly we go,
 And where we find the Fools
 Are most Fertile, our Tenets we sow :
 A change we'd obtain,
 Which to effect we hum and ha, and Proselytes gain :
 Eagerly they come,
 And Joyn to promote Rebellion at home.



Salley's Answer to Sawney : A New SONG.

AS I gang'd o'er the Links of *Leith*
 One Morn, was fresh and rosie ;
 The Birds did sing, the Flowers did breath
 So sweet, I sought a Poesie :
 I thought I heard one Sing my praise,
 And found 'twas sweet and bonny ;
 And sounded *Sally* with such grace,
 It must be Charming *Sawney*.

His Daddy, was a Farmer grey,
 That lov'd the Barn and Mow, Sir ;
 Brisk *Sawney* train'd another way,
 Can Pipe, as well as Plough, Sir :
 He'd touch a Flute, and play a Tune
 So soft, so sweet and bonny ;
 Each *Philomel* that heard fell down,
 And died to Eccho *Sawney*.

I often went to Milk our Kine,
 Inspir'd with Love and Folly :
 And there he'd Chant a song Divine,
 And close with Lovely *Sally* :
 The Teats I stroak'd, whence Milk did flow,
 His words too drop'd down Honey ;
 And ev'ry Note did charm me so,
 I ran half Mad for *Sawney*.

He press'd my Hand and hugg'd my Wast,
 A Kiss did then avail too ;
 And often he my Labour eas'd,
 With carrying home my Pail too :
 He ask'd my Dad, for me to Wife,
 Who said, to have more Money ;
 A Neighbouring Loon should ease that strife,
 But I resolv'd for *Sawney*.

Then

Then soon my Mother took my part,
 This Girl we must not baulk so ;
 There's something sad, grows near her Heart,
 Her Face is Pale as Chalk too :
 And now 'tis done, the Steeple rings,
 We each call Joy and Honey ;
 Whilst I despise the Crowns of Kings,
 I'm pleas'd so well with *Sawney*.



To CHLORIS.

A SONG.

C*hloris*, for fear you should think to deceive me,
 Know all my Life I have studied your kind ;
 Learn'd in your *Grammar*, I'd have you believe me,
 And all your Tricks in my Practice you'll find :
 Ogling and Glances,
 Sighs and advances,
 Poor Country Cully no more shall ensnare ;
 Pantings and Tremblings,
 Fits and Dissemblings,
 Now you must leave, and Intrigue on the Square.

Give me the Girl that's good natur'd and Witty,
 Whose pleasant Talk can her Friend entertain ;
 One who's not Proud, if you tell her she's Pretty,
 And yet enough to be Honest and Clean :
 Pox on Town Cheatings,
 Jilts and Cognettings,
 I my Dear *Chloris*, will bring up by Hand,
 Tears and Complaining's,
 Breed but Disdainings,
 Those still Love best that are under Command.

A SATYR Sung in Parts : Being the Widow Tickle-Toby's Model to the Common Council, and Livery-men of London. Humbly recommending to their Choice : And giving a true and Ingenious Character of Four Worthy Candidates for the next ensuing Parliament, Viz. Sir Tho. Ab—y, Sir Rob. Cl—n, Sir Wm. A—t, and G. He— Esq.

C H O R U S.

*These, these are fit Members my Brethren, don't lose 'em,
But if you'd be sure of good Patriots, Chuse 'em.*

Right Thrifty, and wisely Honest Brethren,

FULL Forty long Years as a Freeholder's Wife,
I led in the City a Conjugal Life ;
As Honest as Wise, you may take't on my Word,
And Smock still up lifted, in fear of the Lord :
We our *Consciencs* settled too, at the first Greeting,
So he went to Chappel, and I to the *Meeting* ;
Thus Cunningly saving our Bacon both ways,
We still made the Best of late Troublesom Days :
And as a right Conjugal Tempter oft learns,
By loud Curtain Lectures, or Pillow Concerns,
Her Husband's best Secrets, so I for a Kiss,
Whene'er I thought fitting to Pump him, knew his :
No matter pass'd in *Common-Council*, of weight,
So private in th' Morn, but I knew it at Night ;
At the Pricking of Sheriffs, I could tell who would Sign,
To the chargeable Office, or else pay the Fine :
Of chusing Lord Mayors too, I found the Intrigue,
And knew which would carry't, the *Tory* or *Whigg* ;
What Tricks on the Hustings *Fanaticks* would play,
And how the *Church* Party were still kept at Bay :
With Bribery Cheats and perverting the Law,
From the First of King *JAMES* to the 12th of *Nassau*.

Now

Now having some Reason to think I am Wise,
 I hope my good Brethren you'll take my Advice ;
 Who still fancy'd Business e're Years I knew Ten,
 And have ever since been a Dealer with Men :
 Know Court Spies as well as the Fathers that got 'em,
 And who 'mongst the Crowd will prove good at the
 bottom ;

In Naming Four Patriots worth the perusing,
 This Juncture whilst now you are Candidates chusing :
 Whose Worth the most Famous of Poets should Sing,
 Whose Vertue, Wit, Learning, and Zeal for the King ;
 Were never outvy'd since Furr'd Gowns sat in Chairs,
 At the End of large Halls, or *London* had Mayors :
 Or since Eighty Three with a Plot at the End on't
 Or th' first bold *Church Prætor*, to the last *Independant*.

The Character of Sir Rob. Cl—n.

The First I present, is a Reverend Knight,
 Who tho' of small reading 'tis well known can Write
Noverint Universi, done in a fair Hand,
 Having chow'd many Fops both of Money and Land :
 Obliging himself still as well as the Nation,
 By Art of Procuring, and Continuation ;
 With *Conscience* strait-laced the Grave Justice of Peace,
 Has oft let out Money the Needy to ease :
 But never was known, search the City quite round,
 For Interest to take above Ten in the Pound ;
 Or if the poor Unthrift in Payment was dodging,
 Refus'd to provide him the Counter for Lodging :
 By which, and by what for Forbearance was given,
 He grew mighty Rich in the Service of Heaven ;
 Tho' as to his Church some will tell you this Tale,
 He's right Linsey Wolsey, half Mild and half Stale :
 So Mixt he shall go with Sir *Charles* to *St. Paul*,
 Next Day with Sir *Humphry* to *Pin-makers Hall* ;
 'Tis true in the Days of King *CHARLES*'twas all clear,
 When this worthy Magistrate sate in the Chair :
 When Baits for the Treasury Banquets were made,
 And Beautiful Dame was in Scarlet Array'd ;

Then High *Tory* Interest shone plainly at Home,
 No properer Emblem was nearer than *Rome* :
 But now the neglect of known Merit which sways }
 The Hearts of the Zealous, these *Sanctified* Days, }
 He turns Cat in Pan, and new Glory to raise ;
 Tho' both in his Sense, and his Loyalty limber,
 Resolves to do Mischief, and stand for a Member.

Chorus of Stationers, Tally-men, Pawn-brokers,
 Bayliffs, and their Wives and Families.

*These, these are the Members my Brethren, don't lose 'em,
 But if you'd be sure of good Patriots, Chuse 'em.*

Character of Sir Wm. Ash—t.

The next, is one, late took the Prætors grand Oath,
 O'th' top of Professions too, dealing in Cloth ;
 Looks great as a Baron in *Westminster* Dome,
 As proudly too sits on the Wool-packs at Home :
 Austere in his Method, Phantastick in Gate,
 Conceited of Parts, like that Maggot *Will. P—*
 And with a Thumb'd *Horace* still shewn from his Pocket,
 Makes all the Wise laugh at the *Classical* Blockhead :
 Who tho' he has umbrage of Shop and a Trade,
 Detraction, and Impudence still gets his Bread ;
 This Patron of Clothiers late plac'd in the Chair,
 Resolv'd to give proof of a Wonderful Mayor :
 Beginning with strange Orders to grace his high Station,
 And plant in the City severe Reformation ;
 And tho' Law and Justice were of slender growth,
 Within his Quag Brain being ignorant of both :
 He soon got a Clark, by whose Faculties strong,
 All matters were done, which confirms the old Song ;
*That Honour's but Air, and proud Flesh but Dust is,
 'Tis the Commons make Laws, as th' Clark makes the
 Justice :*

Bluff Constables were his best Favourites still,
 Who daily and hourly brought Grist to the Mill ;
 My Lord I affirm, this Man Thirteen Oaths swore,
 That's Thirteen good Shillings you know to the Poor :
 That

That *TORY* was Drunk, and (oh Monstrous !) pray
note,

Here's one, tho' 'tis Sunday prophaning a Boat ;
At which the grave Magistrate twirling his Chain,
Delinquent too standing by fretting with Pain ;
Crys out to his Clark, with a Voice full of Awe,
Here turn to the Statute, and shew him the Law :
To sit in the Stocks, or pay Fine of a Crown,
He also for the Twelve-pence more must lay down, }
Thus Sentence is past, and away Struts the Gown. }
Whilst the Money that this way was stripp'd from the
Donor,

Went part to th' *Informet*, the rest to his Honour ;
Thus, thus was the Year of his Dignity past,
By which may be well his Integrity guest :
And if of's Religion, and Wisdom you'll speak,
The one is Wool-gathering, the other to seek ;
Yet fancy's he should be a Chief amongst those,
Who serve their Dear Country with Ays, & with No's.

Chorus of Clothiers, Packers, Taylors, Botchers, their
Wives, Sisters, and Daughters.

*These, these are fit Members my Brethren don't lose 'em,
But if you'd be sure of good Patriots, Chuse 'em.*

The Character of Sir Tho. Ab—y, a Linnen-Drapeer.

The next altho' he give out in the Bill,
He's Loyal a *Church-man*, and able at VVill ;
Yet is as most think, who his Inside have scann'd,
A rank *Independent*, as ever wore *Band* :
And tho' some *Sect* Brewers to new make the Man,
VVould fain boil him down to a *Presbyter John* ;
Yet he holds his own still, nor lessens at all,
From ways of Fore-Fathers, in Days of old *Holl* ;
He lately was Mayor too, Sir *Charles* to bereave,
Tho' never at *Church* till then, since he was Sheriff ;
Nor never intends it whilst *Meetings* look Trim,
Or th' *Sisters* wear Lockram, and buy it of him :
Unless

Unless to be Qualified just in this Minute,
 To sell all new Shirts to the Dons of the Senate ;
 For his Understanding by Ell and by Yard,
 Far more than by Politicks finds a Regard :
 And yet he wou'd fain be a Patriot too,
 Tho' Voting for Candles is all he could do ;
 So vile is the Obstinate Will of the Creature,
 In thwarting of Providence, Reason, and Nature :
 Who all did concur he should get an Estate,
 Vend Smocks to the Fair, and propitiously Cheat ;
 But never design'd him to be a Law-mender,
 No more than a True *Church of England* Defender.

Chorus of Pedlars, Choiresters, Cooks, Butlers, Inn-keepers, and their Wives and Families.

*These, these are fit Members my Brethren, don't lose 'em,
 But if you'd be sure of good Patriots, Chuse 'em.*

*The Character of G. Heath Esq; one of the New
 E. India Company, and Bank.*

The last I present, is a Teazer o'th' Nation.
 Wove fast in the New *India* Association ;
 'Twin Brother with *Sh—p—d*, of late so ill fated,
 And narrowly 'scap'd too, like him to be baited :
 For he was as deep in the Bribing Abuse,
 For getting false Patriots into the House :
 And cram'd full of Wealth, hop'd to gild o're his Crimes
 With Metal that all human Mischief sublimes :
 'Tis said having store of that cause of all Ills,
 Not gain'd by Uprightness, but *Exchequer* Bills ;
 When poor Paper Credit, was forc'd on poor Men,
 Who Trading for Twenty, were glad to take Ten :
 Then, then was his Harvest to Reap, as to Sow,
 And rais'd him to stand for a Candidate now ;
 For Money can make what you wish, or can think,
 And him a Law-maker, who once bore a Link :
 Oh happy the Sages that liv'd in old Times,
 E'er Faction and Knavery spread into Crimes ;

No Members were then, but of Candor and Worth,
 In Learning Exemplary, honour'd in Birth :
 Now the Boys can the Suffrages get of the People,
 That only talk Bawdy, and know how to Tipple ;
 And tho' they both Beardless, and Brainless appear,
 Are Dignified oft to be Knights of the Shire :
 If Mortals then so Insignificant may,
 On greatest Affairs of the Land make Essay ;
 Appear in the Senate, nay, offer a Speech,
 A known Wealthy Citizen sure that is Rich :
 And one whose small Faults were but Trifles to teaze ye,
 As paying in Paper, what should have been Specie ;
 Or else with two Thirds, and Discounting the rest,
 May sit in the House yet as well as the rest.

*Chorus of India Traders, Exchequer-Men, Bank-
 Officers, Tally-Men, &c.*

*These, these are fit Members my Brethren, don't lose 'em,
 But if you'd be sure of good Patriots, Chuse 'em.*



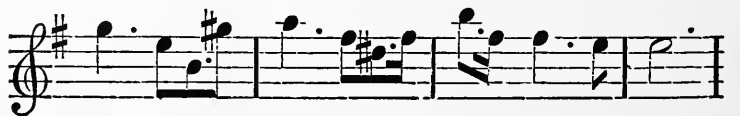
A SONG : *Occasion'd by a broken String of
 Mrs. M—— S—— Viol.*

THE Instrument with which to Sing
Romana, oft my Ears did bless ;
 Neglected now with broken String,
 Deny'd the long'd-for Happiness.

Till I resolv'd to lose no part
 Of Joy, and taught by Love the way ;
 Devoted one that Strung my Heart,
 Provided she would Sing and Play.

Then Musick sweeter than the Spheres,
 That from her Hands and Lips did fall ;
 My Soul so Ravish'd through my Ears,
 My Heart ne'er felt its loss at all.

To PHILLIS; upon her Complaint for
being Lampon'd.





P*Hillis* when your ogling Eye
 Betrays your wanton Vanity,
 Rail not if a Stander by,
 Does all your Thoughts explain :
 When you prim or screw your Face,
 Or flutter in fantastick Dress,
 Blame not Wit if Rhimes express,
 The Vice of things so vain :
 If you wou'd be fam'd for Sence,
 And scrupe Severity of Pen,
 Lay by your Pride, and still provide
 For Graces of the Mind :
 For let Vertue like the Sun,
 Extend its Rays when all is done,
 'Tis very rare the Wise and Fair,
 To meet in Woman-kind.



Another



YET we Love ye most,
 When with Satyrs we move ye most ;
 All the parts of our Hearts,
 Are most fond when we
 Seem to reprove ye most ;
 'Tis a Vanity that belongs to Humanity,
 To think Railing prevailing,
 And proper to bring you to Lenity.

Hold your own a while,
 And defend but the Town a while,
 Now Smile, and then cunningly,
 Cunningly, cunningly Frown a while ;
 The masculine Creature,
 Will be a slave to your Feature still,
 And you all wear a Charm to impose,
 Upon humane Nature still.



A DIALOGUE

Between PHILANDER, and SYLVIA.*Philan.*

Philan. I N a Desart in *Greenland*,
 Where the Sun ne'er cast an Eye ;
 In Contempt of all the World,
 I wou'd live with thee my Joy.

Sylvia. On the Sands of scorcht *India*,
 Where the Sun-burnt Natives fry,
 Blest with thee, my dear *Philander*,
 I do chuse to live and dye.

Philan. No nymph with her sly charming Art,
 E'er shall have pow'r to steal my Heart ; }
 Thou art all in all in every part,
 Each Vein of me shall ever be,
 Panting with Love of thee.

Sylvia. No Swain with his Wealth, Wit or Art,
 E'er shall have power to storm my Heart.
 Thou art all in all in every part,
 Each Vein of me will ever be,
 Panting with Love of thee.

Philan. Let the Monarch's Ambition,
 Seek new Empire to obtain,
 Let the Miser sell his Soul,
 To encrease his slavish Gain.

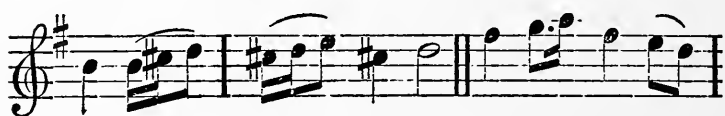
Sylvia. Let the politick Gown-man,
 Tread the Mazes of the State,
 Let the Reverend Divine,
 Teach Mankind decrees of Fate.

Philan. Give me the dear Nymph I adore,
 Happy or Unlucky, Rich or Poor,
 Of bounteous Heaven I'd ask no more,
 Nor ever care who's Rich or Fair,
 There's all the World in her.

Sylvia. Let no Cloud of Ill Fortune rise,
 To shade me from *Philander's* Eyes,
 Farewel ye World deluding's Joys,
 No charm would seem worth my esteem,
 I have all I wish in him.

The Dissapointed BEAU.

Made for the Right Honourable and Incomparable the Lady Emillia Taffe.





STELLA, with Heart controlling Grace,
 Young *Hylas* at first sight surpriz'd ;
 The Beau that knew his Luckless Face,
 Runs to his Glass to be advis'd :
 Tell me, said he, what I shall wear,
 How Curl, or how adorn my Hair,
 This Charmer to Command :
 What taking Dress shall I put on,
 To bring this Tassel gently down,
 And Lure to my Hand.

The God of Love that heard, reply'd,
 Fond Fool, aspire not to possess ;
 Her Angel Mind averse to Pride,
 Desert Esteems, and not the Dress :
 To thee she will no more Incline,
 The mighty *Fove* the Joys Divine,
 That Crown'd his Paradise ;
 To him that hopes to be a Saint,
 By Powdering, Patching, and by Paint,
 Instead of Sacrifice.



On a Beautiful Young LADY, walking in
HAM-WALKS.



WAS it some Cherubin,
 Sent down my Soul to win ;
 Or was it Beauties Queen,
 Blessing the Grove :
 Was it a Star from high,
 Dropp'd from the Gallery :
 Or some Divinity,
 Ranging above.
 No, no, no, ah ! no, no, no,
 'Twas Soul delighting *Celemene* ;
 She whose Grace,
 And Charming Face,
 Inspires all with Love.

*The KING's Health :**A CATCH Sung in Parts.*

NOW Second *Hannibal* is come,
 O'er frozen Lakes and Mounds of Snow,
 To found our Faith on conquer'd *Rome*,
 And give Proud *France* a fatal Blow.

Well may our *Phæbus* disappear,
 And set his Glory in the Sea ;
 If Planets of a lower Sphere,
 Can give us greater light than he.

Fryars and Monks, and all those bald-pate Fools,
 With VVafers, Oyntments, Beads and Shams,
 Pardons, and Antichristian Bulls,
 Must yield to *Belgick* battering Rams.

Infallibility is gone,
 And Judges of dispensing Powers,
 That had their Country quite undone,
 VVas ever known such Sons of VVhores ?

Drink all around, then by consent,
 Health to the Monarch of the Land,
 The Queen, and healing Parliament ;
 Pledge me Six Bumpers in a Hand.

And when the Jesuits you see,
 Dangling upon the Tripple Tree,
 Fill up Six more, and Sing with me,
 A Plague on senseless Popery.

LYRICAL VERSES : *Set to a pleasant Aire,
made for the Entertainment, and most
humbly Dedicated to the Honourable and
Worthy Members of the OCTOBER CLUB.*

THE Thundring *JOVE*,
In his Radiancè above,
Looking down from the lofty Skies ;
To hear how the Peace,
Britains comforts increase,
By the Echoes of Sounding Joys :
All Parties he view'd,
Both the Bad and the Good,
Like himself then, his Voice did raise ;
I think fit you should know,
Of all Clubs here below,
The *October* deserves most praise.

Apollo stood by,
Who the hint took with Joy,
And the *Muses* did strait Command ;
The Members there met,
Loyal, Honest and Great,
Should be foremost all o'er the Land :
An Order was made,
And as soon was obey'd,
Whilst in tuneful Poetick Lays,
They Harmoniously shew,
Of all Clubs here below,
The *October* deserves most Praise.

Let Fame tell the Queen,
Ever Great and Serene,
When these true *Brittish* Sons appear ;
Whose Hearts firm have stood,
For their Country's good ;
All that's Loyal and Brave is there :

Succession

Succession they Joyn,
To the *HANNOVER* Line,
Yet the Queen wish long Happy Days :
Thus perpetually shew,
Of all Clubs here below,
The *October* deserves most Praise.



To the Beauty of New BAGINGTON,
Dear Miss BROMELY :

A Billet doux in Return of her Verses.

YOU Write of Rural Springs
And Groves, and name such pretty things,
That Kings would wish t' Enjoy 'em ;
Besides, you spread such Beauty there,
That could I Pens from Muses share,
I'm sure I should Employ 'em.

You seem methinks to speak my Praise,
And Write in Verse, but my Young Days,
Ne'er learnt a Stile so Civil,
Nor could I think you had the power,
But to my head comes Mrs. —
And she's in Rhime the Devil.

Yet when I answer you, dear Heart,
It must be Verse in every Part,
And hear I let you try me ;
Tho' she's a Devil, I shall not care,
My Lines shall Sing y'are Kind, Sweet and Fair,
For *D'Urfey* now stands by me.



The Second SONG in the Second MASQUE.

*Set to an Aire, the Character, A Maid of
HONOUR.*

A Virgin's Life who would be leaving,
 Free from Care and fond Desire,
 Ne'er deceiv'd, or e'er deceiving,
 Loving none, yet all Inspire :
 We sit at Home, and Knot the Live-long Day,
 A Thousand pretty harmless things we say,
 But not one Word of Wedlock's frightful Noose,
 For fear we chance to think what we must lose.

Our Souls are free from dire revenges,
 Bosoms Mischief never owns,
 Our Wit's Employ'd in making Fringes,
 And Embroidering our Gowns,
 If any Lover comes to play the Thief,
 Our Natural dear cunning gives relief,
 We Sing, we Dance, the tedious Hours away,
 And when we've nothing else to do, we pray.





A SONG in the Fifth MASQUE.

The Character, A Jolly Topping Country Gentleman.

WHEN I Visit Proud *Cælia* just come from my
 Glass,
 She tells me I'm Fluster'd, and look like an Ass,
 When I mean of my Passion to put her in Mind,
 She bids me leave Drinking or she'll ne'er be Kind :
 That she's charmingly Handsom, I very well know,
 And so is my Bottle, each Bumper so too,
 And to leave my Soul's Joy, oh ! tis Nonsense to ask,
 Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil, bring the tother
 half Flask.

Had she tax'd me with Gaming and bad me forbear,
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an Ear,
 Had she found out my *Chloris* up three pair of Stairs,
 I had baulk't her, and gone to St. *James's* to Prayers,
 Had she bid me read Homilies three times a Day,
 She perhaps had been humour'd with little to say,
 But at Night to deny me my Flask of dear Red,
 Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil, there's no more
 to be said.



The

The fond SHEPHERDESS's *Huy-and-
Cry after her Heart.*

A SONG. *Set to a Pleasant Aire.*

OH yes! Oh yes! Oh yes! I cry,
Pray tell you gentle Swains hard by,
If you a Roving Heart have met,
Did lately from my Bosom get.

Some Marks to know it I'll Express,
It comes of Loyal Honest Race,
By Nature kind, and prone to Love,
And Constant as the Turtle-Dove.

Upon the outside of the same,
You'll find the Charming *Damon's* Name,
By Love Ingrav'd and plain to show,
From which fresh drops of Gore do flow.

Tis tender as soft down can be,
Or Beauty in its Infancy,
No Wealth can make it e'er untrue,
Such Hearts as mine you'll find but few.

That 'twas Confin'd I late was told,
Amongst the Lambs in *Cupid's* Fold ;
If so, pray seek that Deity,
And carry this Resolve from me.

If he'll restore my Heart again,
I'll keep it from deceits of Men,
From wily Wits and Am'rous Tongues,
And all that to their Sex belongs.

But if this Heart he'll me refuse,
For 'tis a Jewel few would lose ;
Pray let him tell dear *Damon* this,
And in Exchange command me his.

EPITALAMY on the Marriage of the
Right Honourable the Lady ESSEX
 ROBERTS.

RUN Lovers, run before her,
 Kneel once more and adore her,
 The Hour is posting on,
 When all our Joy
 Below the Sky,
 Will be for ever gone.

Tho' Sighs inflame the Air,
 And a thousand Eyes are Raining,
 No Art nor no Complaining
 Can now retrieve the Fair ;
 She's gone, alas, she's gone,
 Then welcome sad Despair.

See, *Hymen* there attending,
 The God of Love descending
 In *Sylvia's* Fetters lies,
 Not all his Art,
 Could guard his Heart
 From her victorious Eyes :
 Whose Fair, but cruel Breast,
 Refus'd each Shepherd's Passion,
 A Torment like Damnation,
 To make *Philander* blest,
 Whilst he, the happy he,
 Of Heaven is sole possesst.

Hail then belov'd *Philander*,
 Thou blest, thou glad Commander,
 Of all the World holds rare,
 Innobled Blood,
 The Wise, the Good,
 The Vertuous and the Fair.

The

The Choice of Heavens store
 Is thrown to thy Embraces ;
 Such Beauty, Wit, and Graces,
 Ne'er deck'd our Plains before,
 Nor could Fate study how
 To bless a Mortal more.

The HEALTH.

[*Second Movement.*]

A DIEU to Virginity,
 That silly strange nothing, that Maids are so
 fond of,
 Room, Room, for the Bridegroom, he,
 All Beauties dear Trophies has now the command of ;
 Banish all thoughts of resty *Diana*,
 Crown the full Bowl, a Health to *Lucina*.
 VVho e'er the Year be run, }
 Gives the fair Bride a Son, }
 Able, able, to pledge his own. }



A Comical DIALOGUE

Between blunt English JOHNNY, and his Wife Scotch GIBBY, about Modern Affairs: Introduced by way of Prologue; in Prose.

Enter *Gibby*, and *Johnny* after her.

Johnny. **H**Oyday, why wither away so vast I wonder?

Gibby. Gud seth Johnny een back to Edinbrough, Ise stay no longer amongst your Squablers, Gin I do, I shall Scawld like a Fish-Wife: So Ise gang quietly heam to a Bannock of Barly.

Johnny. You shant go Gibby.

Gibby. Introth Johnny but I will.

Johnny. You shant ye Fool, I'll Sing ye out of your Humour.

Gibby. Weel, weel, I can Sing too, but for aw that, Ise een do what I please.

The DIALOGUE.

Johnny. **W**HAT ails the foolish Woman,
I think thou'lt be rul'd by no Man;
Is any thing more common,
The Jarring in *Kirk* and State:

Gibby. That, *Johnny* has undone ye,
Weez ne'er get a sock of Money,
And ere worse Plagues light on ye,
To *Scotland* Ise gang my gate.

Folk by the Ears are a falling, falling,
Folly and Mischief are bawling, bawling;
Hey marry where's the Peace,
How mun I do to lig here at Ease?

Johnny. Look to your Butter ye Jade, and Cheese.

If

If thou dost prate of Ruin,
 Each Party has long been brewing,
 What this mad World is doing,
 Be sure thou wilt feel the Lash ;

Gibby. I've got a Stinging matter,
 That over the Town I'll scatter,
 Gud feth a bonny Satyr,
 Oh how it shall Cut and Slash.

Fohnny. Hussy, some Spy may be near us, near us,
 Lyons have Ears, and may hear us, hear us ;
 Not for your Life so bold,
 Least the blind Justice hard by, be told.

Gibby. Deel o' my Saul, I can hardly hold.

Fohnny. Our Foes have long been Humbling,
 And one another Mumbling,
 But now we must have our Grumbling,
 And a very bold Assault ;

Gibby. Well *Fohnny*, if th' Occasion,
 Of Peace, can serve the Nation,
 Let Union be in Fashion,
 Tho' gud I dant like the Mault.

Fohnny. Silence ye Baggage, no Prattle, prattle,
 Kiss me, weez have a brisk Bottle, bottle,
Gibby and I wont part, Love's too well settled,
 so soon to start,

Gibby. *Fohnny* weel knows how to win my Heart.



*A Politick DIALOGUE between a Noble Lord
belonging to the — Club, and his fine
Lady: Concerning the late publick Rumour
of the Q—ns Sickness, and Death at
WINDSOR. The Words made to a Pretty
Ayre.*

MY Dear, I've sent the Letter,
I never yet wrote a better,
You hear how People scatter
Abroad the good *Windsor* News ;
My Fortune I'll advance so,
And baulk the Tricks of *France* too,
I'll make the Lady Dance too,
When she shall my Lines Peruse.

Lady.

As you have done, I have Penn'd another,
Ready dispatcht to her Grace, my Mother,
Who I am sure wont Cry,
She'll take a Dram that shall Grief defy ;

Lord.

All our whole *Club* too, are Drunk for Joy.



The Honest HIGHLANDER'S new Health to the QUEEN : Occasion'd by a Debauch made by some Members of a certain Club, upon hearing of the late Lying News of Her Majesties Sickness and Death, the Words Made and Set to a pretty SCOTCH Ayre.

Fockey. F Riend Sawney come sit near me,
 And lend me thy Luggs to hear me,
 Thou hast no cause to fear me,
 Like some of the Loons I know ;
 Ise tell thee sike a Story
 Gud feth I'm wondrous sorry,
 To find that *Britains* Glory,
 Should knavishly dwindle so :
 News was of late the gud Q — n was Dying,
 Spread by the — and their Partys lying ;
 When we should Wail and Cry,
 Then our Crew were all Drunk for Joy.

They scrawl'd a Thousand Letters,
 Containing doleful Matters,
 Our Ministry in Fetters,
 Were all to receive their Dues ;
 They hop'd to have a Chance too,
 To baffle the Peace with *France* too,
 And make the Lady Dance too,
 When she should their Lines peruse :
 But on a sudden the Talk was over,
 Providence did Royal *ANN* recover ;
 Winter brings on the Green,
 Agues then Physick are for a Q — n.

Then spite of their Endeavour,
 That Loyal Zeal would sever,
 Live, live oh Queen, for ever !
 In Glory without Eclipse ;

The Vipers here all routed
 E're long will be, ne'er doubt it,
 As *Teagueland* have out-voted,
 The Baiters of Honest *Phipps* :
 In the mean while tho' base Humour ranges,
 We're not Ambitious of Foreign changes ;
 Drink then a Health Sublime,
 Flourish Great *ANN*, to the end of Time.
Flourish Great ANN, to the end of Time.



The FOX-Hunter :

A SONG in my New Comedy of the BATH.

AWAY, ye brave *Fox* hunting Race,
 Away, away to a bourn Chace ;
 Let *Ashton* Park alone to Day,
 For here will be the Royal Play :
 See yonder's the Covert, to Horse let's be going,
 Throw, throw off the finders then, honest *Will. Owen*.
Away ye brave, &c. [Bugles sound.]

Unkennel quick, yon blaky Ground,
 They'll have a touch for Fifty Pound ;
 Hark, hark to *Soundwell*, thats a noble Dog,
 Cross him my Jolly Lads, heux, heux the Drag :
 The *Fox* has broke Covert, let none lag behind,
 We've had an Entappesse, she runs up the Wind ;
 Off with the Chace Hounds hoa,
 Now, now the Sportsmen shew :
 Let *Lillywhore* and *Cæsar* run ;
 Tosspot and *Ruler*,
 Capper and *Cooler*,
Pompey and *Gallant*, Low 'em on.

Spurr

Spurr, Switch, and then away, o'er Hedges, and
 Ditches,
 Without fear of Necks, or Gauling your Breeches :
 Blow a Retreat blow, blow, Tantivee, tivee, tivee, tivee,
 If she runs down the Wind she may chance to deceive
 ye* ;
 A Recheat, a Recheat, Tivee, tivee, tivee, tivee,
 Pox on't we're baulk'd, for by my Soul,
 The vixen's just now Earth'd, see here's the Hole ;
 Put in the Tarriers, Faith 'tis so,
 She's crept at least five Yards below ;
 They're working, hark, and lay at her so well,
 They'll make her bolt, tho 'twere as deep as Hell ;
 'Tis done, 'tis done, she's snapp'd, she's kill'd,
 Hollow brave Boys then from the Field,
 And Jolly Huntsman blow poor *Reynards* Knell †.

* *Horns Sound again.*

† *Bugles sound the Death of the Fox.*



The Mistress : A New SONG.

C *Hloe's* a Nymph in flowry Groves,
 A *Nereid* in the Streams ;
 Saint-like she in the Temple moves,
 A Woman in my Dreams.

Love steals Artillery from her Eyes,
 The *Graces* point her Charms ;
Orpheus is Rivall'd in her Voice,
 And *Venus* in her Arms.

Never so happily in one,
 Did Heaven and Earth combine ;
 And yet 'tis Flesh and Blood alone,
 That makes her so Divine.

She

She looks indeed like other Dames,
 With *Atlas* cover'd o'er ;
 But when undress'd she meets my Flames,
 A Mortal she's no more.



*To a Lady that would allow all Favours,
 but One. A SONNET.*

'TIS not a Kiss, or gentle Squeez,
 A Compliment or smiling Eye ;
 That can my Anxious Bosom ease,
 Or quell the Flame that soars so high :
 Each welcome Favour giving hope,
 Dear *Cælia* swell'd my Joys at first ;
 But stinted is but like a drop
 That's given to one, that dies with Thirst.

Fool'd *Tantalus* in Days of Old,
 Had greatest Torment for his Sin,
 Doom'd not to Taste, yet still behold
 The Fruit was bobbing at his Chin :
 Such Luscious Plums, and Grapes I view,
 Whilst all by me are highly priz'd ;
 Can you a Guest, Invited too,
 Think fit then should be Tantaliz'd.

Who lets his Friend but only sip
 His Wine, is Niggard of his store ;
 So tho' I tast your Rosie Lip,
 'Tis nothing, if you grant no more :
 With Fragments some the Stomach please,
 And small repast, the Humour fits ;
 But Love's a Lord of Noble Race,
 And cannot Dine on Scraps and Bits.

DAMON'S

DAMON'S Retirement.



Damon fond of his Peaceful retirement far from
the Town,
With sweet *Cloris* upon the fresh Bank of *Avon* sate
down :

Folding Arms there about her soft Neck, ye Pow'rs
Divine,

He cry'd, how vain are the Worlds gaudy Trifles
when *Chloris* is mine.

Poor

Poor *Augusta* each Hour thou survivest new Troubles
 still brings,
 Tost and tumbled, and banded about, 'twixt *Senates* and
 Kings ;
 Time revolving thou ne'er art secure of what is thine,
 Then ah, how happy am I? that am sure that dear
Chloris is mine.

View the Court and the Rays that shine, they are dimm'd
 with a Cloud,
 View the Country in spite of the Peace, complainings
 are loud ;
 View the City, they'll swear their unhappy Trades
 decline,
 Then blest am I that can say, Health, a Bottle, and
Chloris are mine.



*Young GUSTAVUS, or the King of SWEDEN'S
 Health: Dedicated to all the Swedish
 Merchants in London. To a March of
 Mr. Jeremy Clark's.*

Sing the 1st. 8 lines to the 1st. Strain, and the rest to the last.



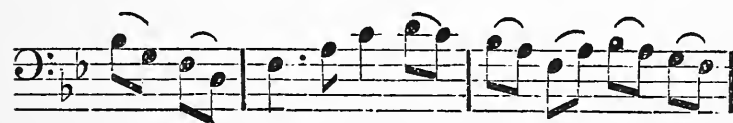
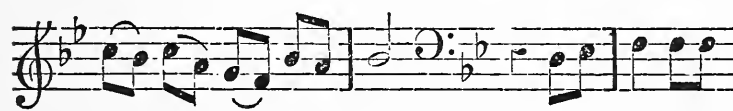
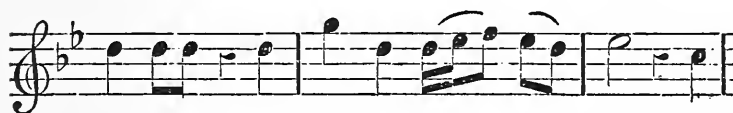


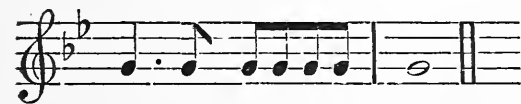
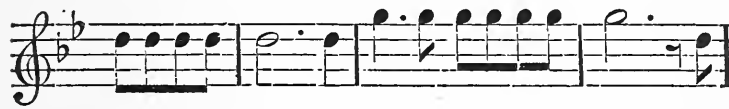
DRINK, my Boys, Drink and rejoyce,
 There never was this Hundred Years,
 For *Europe* better Cause ;
 The *Czar* is maul'd,
 His Foxes hol'd,
 In Shoals the Bears do fly :
 Tho' tis clear,
 His sneaking here,
 Was sliely to be taught of us the Policy of War :
 Yet who'd have thought the Frantick Sot,
 Durst fall on our Ally :
 But he's gone,
 He's quite undone,
 His Money and Artillery the *Swede* has won;
 French Measures now will fail,
 And *Spanish* wont prevail,
 This Action has turn'd the Scale ;
 Follow then thou Flow'r of Men,
 The Spirit of thy Ancestor revive again ;
 And whilst they howl and rave,
 A Bumper we will have,
 A Health to Young *Gustave*.



An ALLEGORY.

Set to MUSICK by Mr. Henry Purcell.





CHORUS.

So Rebel *Jemmy Scot*,
So Rebel *Jemmy Scot*,
That did to Empire soar ;
His Father might be the Lord knows what,
His Father might be the Lord knows what,
But his Mother we knew a whore, a whore, a whore,
a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore ;
His Father might be the Lord knows what,
But his Mother we knew a whore, a whore, a whore,
a whore.

An ODE

On the QUEEN'S Birth-day.

'TIS gone, the Black and Gloomy Year,
 When *Britain* her sad Sables wore,
 And Bright *Urania* with a Tear,
 Saluted every dawning Hour,
 Whilst Sorrow Triumph'd o'er her Rest,
 And Joy was Stranger to her Breast.

Then welcome to the Rising Sun,
 New usher'd by the Blushing Morn,
 That now her Birth-day has begun,
 To give us Comfort in our turn ;
 This, after Woe, Heaven Joy assigns,
 This, after-Tempest *Phæbus* Shines.

Urania then for ever Live,
 The Joy of Hearts, and *England's* Bliss,
 Whose Virtues only can retrieve,
 Our long-griev'd Nation's Happiness,
 And Render to each Mourning Muse,
 The Treasures they so late did lose.

Ye happy Nine now chant your Lays,
 Joyn Instruments with Voices Right ;
 This Day in Tuneful numbers Praise,
 That brought *Urania* to the Light,
 The Soul of Arts and Sciences,
 And Charming Musick's Patroness.

Good, tho' in this Corrupted Time,
 When Vice has such Aluring Ways,
 Humble, tho' by Dēscēt Sublime,
 As Providence had Power to raise,
 Pious as Angels, Kind to the Distrest,
 Bane to the bad, and Pattern to the best.

Oh !

Oh! that as here our Beauteous Thames,
 Profound and smoothly flows along,
 I could in clear Poetick Streams,
 Raise to Fames highest Pitch my Song,
 Since lov'd *Urania* is the Theam,
 Unblasted Vertue in Extream.

Then would she most wondrous things,
 Nature is doing and has done,
 Of forming Heroes Infant Kings.
 Theams for fam'd Bards to write upon,
 I'd Sing of *England's* Royal Bud,
 Fated for our hereafter Good.

That lovely Plant which now does shoot,
 In fibious Twigs and Branches small,
 Will when full Grown and fix'd at Root,
 Protect from storms and shade us all,
 Whilst highly we Heaven's Gift Esteem,
 And bless *Urania's* Name for him.

For ever then upon this Day,
Apollo shew thy Glorious Face,
 Grant every Muse a Golden Ray,
 Whilst such Exalted worth they Praise,
 And still thro' Ages all along,
Urania be the Poet's Song.



A PINDARICK ODE, On NEW-YEAR'S-DAY : Perform'd by Voca l and Instrumental Musick, before their SACRED MAJESTIES K. WILLIAM and Q. MARY.

Set by Dr. JOHN BLOW.

*Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum primos, vitaque labores
Instituunt, (sic Dis placitum) tu Carminis esto
Principium, ————— Horace.*

BEHOLD, how all the Stars give way ;
Behold, how the revolving Sphere,
Swells to bring forth the Sacred Day ;
That ushers in the Mighty Year ;
Whilst *Fanus* with his double Face
Viewing the present Time and past,
In strong Prophetick Fury sings,
Our Nation's Glory and our King's.

See *England's* Genius, like the dazzling Sun,
Proud of his Race, to our Horizon run
To welcome that Cælestial Power,
That of this Glorious Year begins the Happy Hour :
A Year from whence shall Wonders come ;
A Year to baffle *France* and *Rome*,
And bound the dubious Fate of Warring *Christendom*.

Move on with Fame, all ye Triumphant Days,
To *Britain's* Honour, and to *Cæsar's* Praise ;
Let no short Hour of this Year's bounded Time,
Pass by without some Act sublime :
Great WILLIAM, Champion of the Mighty States,
And all the Princes the Confederates :
Ploughs the Green *Neptune*, whilst to waft him o'er,
The Fates stand smiling on the *Belgick* Shoar :

And

And now the *Gallick* Genius Trembles,
 How e'er she Pannick Fear dissembles ;
 To know the Mighty League, and view the Mighty
 Pow'r.

So when the *Persian* Pride of old,
 Disdain'd their God the Sun,
 With Armies and more powerful Gold,
 Did half the World o'er-run,
 Brave *Alexander* chang'd their Scorn to Awe,
 And came, and Fought, and Conquer'd like *NASSAU*.

Then welcome Wondrous Year,
 More Happy and Serene,
 Than any ever did appear,
 To bless *Great Cæsar* and his Queen :
 May every Hour encrease their Fames ;
 Whilst Ecchoing Skies resound their Names :
 And when Unbounded Joy, and the Excess
 Of all that can be found in Humane Bliss,
 Fall on 'em, may each Year be still like this,
 Health, Fortune, Grandeur, Fame, and Victory,
 And Crowning all, a Life, long as Eternity.

CHORUS.

*Come ye Sons of Great Apollo,
 Let your charming Consorts follow ;
 Sing of Triumph, sing of Beauty,
 Sing soft Ayres of Loyal Duty ;
 Give to Cæsar's Royal Fair
 Songs of Foy to Calm her Care,
 Bid the less Auspicious Year adieu,
 And give her joyful Welcomes to the New.*



The HAPPY MAN,

*A SONG. The Words made to a pretty
Tune.*

WHilst abroad Renown and Glory,
 Are Mankind diminishing ;
 A Fate, a rugged Master,
 Still decides the Strife :
 To swell our future Story,
 When the VVar is finishing,
 How this and that Disaster,
 Cost many a Heroes Life ;
 With a Book in Contemplation,
 In a Corner of the Nation,
 In a Bower of Bliss,
 Near a Grove of Trees,
 VVhere a Brook runs purling down :
 VVith a Conscience free,
 A Friendly he,
 And one kind she,
 That's true to me,
 And hates the noisy Town :
 For VVrong or Right,
 Let Nations Fight,
 My chief Delight,
 Shall be Content alone.



OLD Tony,

A SONG. The Tune, *How happy is PHILLIS in Love.*



L Et *Oliver* now be forgotten,
 His Policy's quite out of Doors ;
 Let *Bradshaw* and *Hewson* lie rotten,
 Like Sons of *Fanatical* VVhores :
 For *Tony's* grown a Patrician,
 By Voting Damn'd Sedition,
 For many Years
 Fam'd Politician,
 The Mouth of all *Presbyter*-Peers.

Old

Old *Tony* a Turn-coat at *Worc'ster*,
 Yet swore he'd maintain the King's Right ;
 But *Tony* did swagger and bluster,
 Yet never drew Sword on his side ;
 For *Tony's* like an old Stallion,
 He has still the Pox of Rebellion,
 And never was sound,
 Like the *Camelion*,
 Still changing his Shape and his Ground.

Old *Rowley's* return'd (Heav'ns bless Him)
 From Exile and danger set free :
 Old *Tony* made haste to address Him ;
 And swore none more Loyal than he :
 The King who knew him a Traytor,
 And saw him Squint like a Satyr ;
 Yet, thro' his Grace,
 Pardon'd the matter,
 And gave him since the *Purse* and the *Mace*.

And now little Chancellor *Tony*
 With Honour had feather'd his VVing,
 He carefully pick'd up the Money,
 But never a Groat for the King :
 But *Tony's* luck was confounded,
 The Duke soon smoak'd him a *Round-head*,
 From Head to Heel
Tony was sounded,
 And great *York* put a Spoke in his VVeel.

And now little *Tony* in Passion,
 Like Boy that had nettl'd his Breech,
 Maliciously took an occasion
 To make a most delicate Speech ;
 He told the King like a Croney,
 If e'er he hop'd to have Money,
 He must be rul'd :
 Oh fine *Tony* !
 Was ever Potent Monarch so school'd ?

The King issues out Proclamation
 By Learned and Loyal Advice ;
 But *Tony* possesses the Nation
 The Council will never be wise :
 For *Tony* is madder and madder,
 And *Monmouth's* blown like a Bladder,
 And *L——ce* too,
 Who grows gladder,
 That they the great *York* were like to subdue.

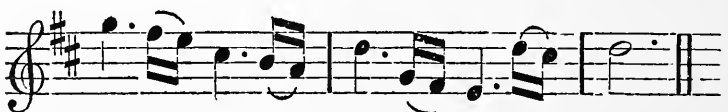
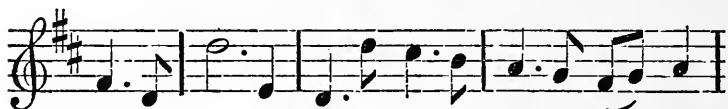
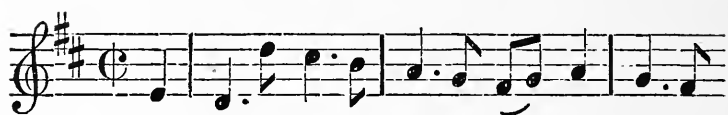
But Destiny shortly will cross it,
 For *Tony's* grown Gouty and Sick ;
 In Spight of his Spiggot and Fawset,
 The States-man must go to old *Nick* :
 For *Tony* rails at the *Papist*,
 Yet he himself is an *Atheist*,
 Tho' so precise,
 Foolish and Apish,
 Like holy *Quack*, or *Priest* in disguise.

But now let this Rump of the Law see,
 A Maxim as Learned in part,
 Whoe'er with his Prince is too sawcy,
 'Tis fear'd he's a Traytor in's Heart :
 Then *Tony* cease to be witty
 By buzzing Treason i'th' City,
 And love the King ;
 So ends my Ditty ;
 Or else maist thou die, like a Dog in a string.



The WHIGS EXALTATION.

To an old Tune of Forty One.



Now, now the *Tories* all shall stoop,
 Religion and the Laws,
 And *Whigs* on *Commonwealth* get up,
 To Tap the *GOOD OLD CAUSE* :
Tantivy-boys shall all go down,
 And haughty *Monarchy*,
 The *Leathern Cap* shall brave the *Throne*,
 Then hey *Boys up* go we !

When

When once that *Antichristian* Crew,
 Are crush'd and overthrown,
 We'll teach their *Nobles* how to bow,
 And keep their *Gentry* down.
 Good manners has a bad repute,
 And tends to Pride we see ;
 We'll therefore cry all Breeding down,
Then hey Boys up go we.

The name of Lord shall be abhorr'd,
 For ev'ry Man's a Brother ;
 What reason then in *Church* or *State*
 One Man should rule another ?
 Thus having peel'd and plunder'd all,
 And levell'd each degree,
 We'll make their plump young Daughters fall,
And hey Boys up go we.

What tho' the *King* and *Parliament*
 Cannot accord together,
 We have good cause to be content
 This is our Sun-shine weather ;
 For if good *Reason* shou'd take place,
 And they should both agree,
 'Dzounds wou'd be in a *Round-head's* case ;
For hey then up go we.

We'll down with all the '*Versities*
 Where *Learning* is profest :
 For they still Practice and Maintain,
 The *Language of the Beast* ;
 We'll Exercise in every Grove,
 And Preach beneath a Tree,
 We'll make a *Pulpit* of a *Tub*,
Then hey Boys up go we.

The *Whigs* shall rule *Committe-chair*,
 Who will such Laws invent,
 As shall Exclude the Lawful *Heir*
 By *Act of Parliament* :

We'll

VVe'll cut his *Royal Highness* down,
 Ev'n shorter by the *Knee*,
 That he shall never reach the *Throne*,
Then hey Boys up go we.

VVe'll smite the *Idol* in *Guild-Hall*,
 And then (as we were wont,)
 VVe'll cry it was a *Popish-Plot*,
 And swear those Rogues have don't,
 His *Royal Highness* to *Unthrone*
 Our *Interest* will be,
 For if he e'er enjoy his own
Then hey Boys up go we.

VVe'll break the *VVindows* which the *VVhore*
 Of *Babylon* has painted ;
 And when their *Bishops* are pull'd down,
 Our *Elders* shall be *Sainted* :
 Thus having quite enslav'd the *Throne*,
 Pretending to set free,
 At length the *Gallows* claims its own,
Then hey Boys up go we.



To the KING :

An ODE on his Birth-Day.

C Lowdy *Saturnia* drives her Steeds apace,
 Heaven-born *Aurora* presses to her place ;
 And all the new-dress'd Planets of the Night,
 Dance the gay Measures with unusual Grace,
 To usher in the happy Morning's Light,
To usher in, &c.

Now blest *Britannia*, let thy Head be crown'd,
 Now let thy joyful Trumpets sound ;
 Into the late enslav'd **Augusta's* Ears, * *London.*
 The Triumphs of a Day renown'd :
 Beyond the Glories of all former Years,
 A Day when Eastern Kings to kneel forbore,
 And end the Worship they begun ;
 Dazl'd with rising Glories from the *British* Shore,
 No longer they ador'd the Sun.
Chorus. A Day when, &c.

[*Second Movement.*]

The *Belgick* Sages saw from far
 The glittering Regal Star,
 That blest the happy Morn,
 When great *Nassau* was born :
 They heard besides a Cherub sing,
 Haste, haste without delay,
 To *Albion* haste away,
 Revenge their Wrongs, and be a King :
 Before thy Sword, and awful Frown,
Rome's Pagan Gods shall tumble down ;
 Haste to oppose *Britannia's* Foes,
 And then to wear her Crown.
 And now the Day is come,
 So dreadful to Proud *Rome* ;

The Day when *Gallia* shakes,
 And *England's* Genius wakes ;
 To call her Sons to fight,
 And guard **Eusebia's* Right ; * *The Church.*
 Hark, hark, I hear their loud Alarms,
 And what was sold for tempting Gold,
 Retriev'd again by Arms.
Chorus. Guard, guard *Eusebia's* Right,
 Call, call her Sons to fight ;
 Hark, hark, &c.

[*Third Movement.*]

Go on, admir'd *Nassau*, go on,
 To Fame and Victory go on,
 Recover *Britain's* long lost Glory ;
 Reflect on former Battles won,
 And what by *English* Monarchs done,
 In *Edward's* and Great *Henry's* Story ;
 Whilst we in lofty Song, and tuneful Mirth,
 Each Year sing loud, to Celebrate his Birth ;
 Whom bounteous Heaven, with Paternal Hand,
 Sent as a Second Saviour to this groaning Land.

CHORUS of all.

Glad Albion, let thy Foy appear,
Restor'd is now thy happy State ;
The greatest Blessings are most dear,
When we atchieve 'em late :
And whilst in a Jubilee Triumph we sing,
All Hail, Great Nassau, all Foy to the King,
Let a Chorus of Thunder in the loud Consort play,
To inform the vast Globe this is Cæsar's Birth-Day.





Ban. 1. THE Joys of Court, or City,
 The Fame of Fair, or Witty,
 Are Toys to the *Banditti*,
 Whilst our Cups we drein ;
Ban. 2. We love, we laugh, we lie here,
 We eat, we drink, we die here,
 And valiantly defie here,
 All the Power of *Spain*.

But when by our Scout, a Prize we find,
 We all run out to seize him,
 Stand, stand we cry, or ye Dog, ye die,
 Without any more ado ;
 All this brings us no Slander,
 Each Conquering great Commander,
 And mighty *Alexander*,
 Were *Banditties* too.

Ban. 1. Some we bind, and some we gag,
 Some we strip and plunder,
 Some that have store of Gold,
 Into our Cave we draw ;
 Thus like first moulded Matter,
 Our Principles we scatter,
 'Twas Folly made good Nature,
 And Fear that first made Law.

Ban.

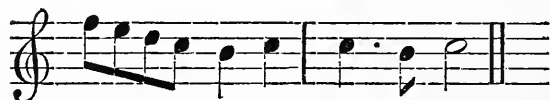
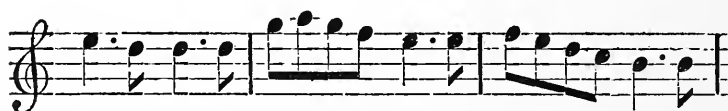
Ban. 2. And when we come home, our Doxies run,
 To bid us kindly Welcome,
 Plump, Fresh, and Young, all down do lye
 On Beds of Moss, to Sport ;
 Thus every valiant Ranger,
 Lies at rack and Manger,
 And he that's past most Danger,
 Has most Kisses for't.

Ban. Fools do whine, and sigh, and pine,
 Fools fall sick of Fevers,
 Fools doat on fleeting Joys,
 That oft does Ruin bring ;
 Whilst without begging Pity
 Of the Wise, the Fair, or Witty,
 The Brave, the bold *Banditti*,
 Has the self-same thing.



*Sir Rob. Bedingfeild the Lord-Mayor's
 Health.*





Monsieur now disgorges fast
 The Towns were lately won ;
 Cloudy Days clear up at last,
 The Crust is off the Sun :

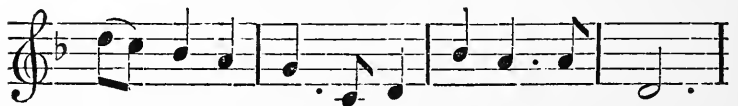
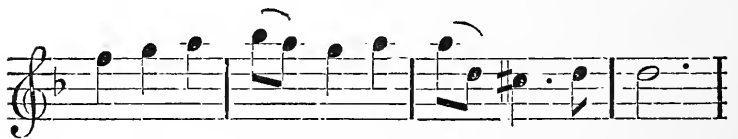
Brit.

British Heroes prove they can,
 Their former Credit raise ;
 Conqu'ring now for glorious *ANN*,
 As in great *Henry's* Days :
Marlbrough and renown'd *Eugene*
 Inspir'd by 'our Auspicious Queen :
 The *Empire* late did save,
 To *Savoy* Freedom gave,
 Which makes Old *Bourbon* rave,
 That meant it to enslave,
 'Twill punish him with Death,
 Beyond the Grave.

Great *Augusta* † fill thy Baggs, † *London.*
 And revel in thy Furrs ;
 Since with Conquest glorious Flaggs,
 Free happy Trade concurs :
Italy and *Flanders* now,
 Ope' wide their Gates to Peace ;
Spain and th' *Indies* soon must bow,
 And Wealth from all increase.
 Jarrs no more shall Plague the Town,
 The *Kirk* no more pull Steeples down ;
 Then cease all needless Fear
 Or Doubts, the coming Year,
 And brimming Bowls prepare,
 For all true Hearts to share,
 A joyful Health to him that fills the Chair.



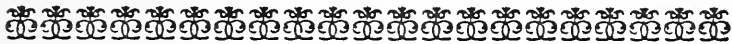
BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR, a Catch: Set to
Musick by Dr. JOHN BLOW.





HERE is the Rarity of the whole *Fair*,
Pimper-le-pimp, and the wise Dancing Mare ;
 Here's valiant St. *George* and the *Dragon*, a Farce,
 A Girl of Fifteen with strange Moles on her A—.

Here is *Vienna* Besieg'd, a Rare thing,
 And here's *Punchinello* shown thrice to the King ;
 Then see the Masks to the *Cloister* repair,
 But there will be no Raffling, a Pox take the May'r,

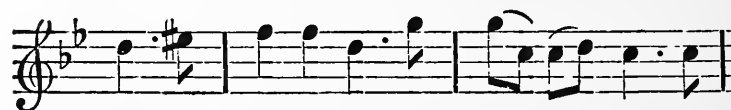
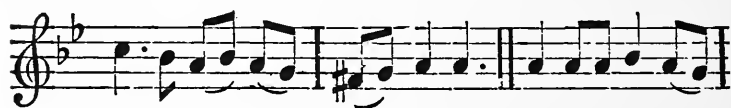


A CATCH set by Doctor BLOW.

IN a Seller at *Sodom*, at the Sign of the T—,
 Two buxom young Harlots were drinking with L—;
 Some say they were his Daughters, no matter for that,
 They're resolv'd they would souse their old Dad with
 a Pot :

All fluster'd and bousie, the Doting old Sot,
 As great as a Monarch between 'em was got ;
 Till the Eldest and Wisest thus open'd the Plot,
 Pray shew us dear Daddy how we were begot :
 Godzoukes, you young Jades, 'twas the first Oath I wot,
 The Devil of a Serpent this Humour has taught ;
 No matter, they cry'd, you shall Pawn for the shot,
 Unless you will shew us how we were begot.

A SONG.



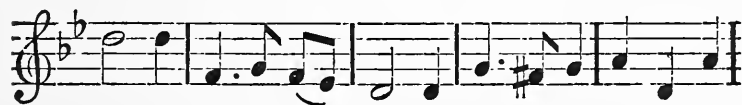
THERE's such Religion in my Love,
It must like Vertue have Reward ;
And *Strephon's* Faith will from above,
Tho' not below, find due regard :

Tell

Tell me no more of Friends or Foes,
 That hinder'd what your Heart design'd ;
 No Parents can your Love dispose,
 No more than they beget your Mind.

Great *Love* ! the Monarch of our Wills,
 When I am lost by your Disdain ;
 Will doom that Scorn your Lovers kills,
 To be your fatal Beauty's bane :
 You, like a Bee, has stung my Heart,
 Yet there the avenging Dart does lye ;
 Which gives you in my Fate a part,
 And you are undone as well as I.

CHORUS.





KIND Heaven no Peace to the Perjur'd allows,
 In Fate's gloomy Book keeps account of all
 Vows ;

And *Fove* that does view the false and the true,
 Knows who kept their Promise, and who deceiv'd who :
 Will swear by the Skies, and *Ganimede's* Eyes,
 No Woman that mingles Affection with Art ;
 And here in the Farce of the World plays a part,
 Shall ever hereafter, shall ever hereafter,
 Shall ever hereafter break a fond Heart,
 Shall ever hereafter break a fond Heart.



To pretty Mrs. H. D. upon the sight of
her Picture standing amongst others at
Mr. Knellers.

C *Orrinna* when you left the Town,
My Heart secure I thought to find ;
But found alas new Chains put on,
By your bright Image left behind.

Your Picture now the Conquest has,
To my fond Soul new Flame returns ;
Like Rays contracted in a Glass,
Though distant, your Reflection burns.

Had Paradise for you been lost,
Like *Adam* I had suffer'd too ;
What must that Fruit be to the Taste,
That is so Tempting to the View.

Your Graces shining at full length,
Subdue each Souls devotest Skill ;
When Beauty Charms beyond our Strength,
Where is the use of our Free-Will ?

Like that Astronomer I gaze,
That his propitious Star had found ;
Fixing my Eyes upon your Face,
I slight the glittering Planets round.

And as to Shrines when Pilgrims go,
Such awful Reverence I feel,
That though I'm sure 'tis only show,
I scarcely can forbear to kneel.

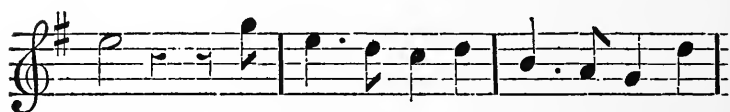
The



HAVE you seen Battledore play,
 Where the Shuttlecock flies to and fro One?
 Or, have you noted an *April* day, now Raining,
 Now Shining, now warming, now Storming?
 Ah! just, just such as these is a Woman.

Love and true Merit do seldom prevail,
 For always we hold a wet Eel by the Tail;
 Their Tongues ne'er are Idle, the Humour's a Riddle,
 They prick with their Needle, and ogle and wheedle;
 And if they have Charms,
 'Tis rarely that Beauty is true t'ye,
 For few or none you are sure are your own,
 But in your Arms.

A SONG upon Mrs. Brace-girdle's Acting
 Marcella, in DON-QUIXOTE. Set by Mr.
 Fingar.



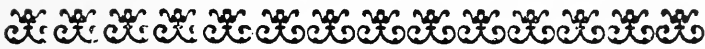
While I with wounding Grief did look,
 When Love had turn'd your Brain ;
 From you the dire Disease I took,
 And bore my self your pain,

Marcella

Marcella then your Lover prize,
 And be not too severe ;
 Use well the Conquests of your Eyes,
 For Pride has cost ye Dear.

Ambrosio treats your Flames with scorn,
 And racks your tender Mind ;
 Withdraw your Frowns, and Smiles return,
 And pay him in his kind.

Yet Smile again where Smiles are due,
 And my true Love esteem ;
 For I much more do rage for you,
 Than you can burn for him.



Love's Revenge. A SONG.

THE World was hush'd, and Nature lay
 Lull'd in a soft Repose ;
 As I in Tears reflecting lay
 On *Chloe's* faithless Vows :
 The God of Love all gay appear'd,
 To heal my wounded Heart ;
 New pangs of Joy my Soul indear'd,
 And pleasure charm'd each part :
 Fond Man, said he, here end thy Woe,
 Till they my Power and Justice know,
 The foolish Sex will all do so.

But for thy Ease believe, no Bliss
 Is perfect without Pain :
 The fairest Summer hurtful is
 Without some Showers of Rain :
 The Joys of Heaven, who would prize,
 If Men too cheaply bought ;
 The dearest part of Mortal Joys,
 Most charming is when sought :

And though with Dross true Love they pay,
 Those that know finest Metal say,
 No Gold will Coyn without allay.

But that the Generous Lover may,
 Not always sigh in vain ;
 The Cruel Nymph that kills to Day,
 To-morrow shall be slain :
 The little God no sooner spoke,
 But from my sight he flew ;
 And I that groan'd with *Chloe's* Yoke,
 Found Love's Revenge was true:
 Her proud hard Heart too late did turn
 With fiercer Flames than mine did burn,
 Whilst I as much began to scorn.



The Moralist. A SONG.

WHAT's the worth of Health or Living,
 If we stint our selves of Bliss ;
 Grief is but a self-deceiving,
 Chusing may be for what is :
 Dos'd all Night, and daily weeping,
 Zealots think to Heaven to climb ;
 Thus with Canting and with Sleeping,
 The poor Sots lose all their Time.

Give me Love, and give me Wine too,
 For Life's Cares to make amends ;
 Wit and Poetry Divine too,
 And a charming Female Friend :
 In a Moral honest Station,
 To my Grave in Peace I'll go ;
 Let the bug *Predestination*,
 Fright the Fools no better know.



To CYNTHIA.

A SONG.

BORN with the Vices of my kind,
I were Inconstant too ;
Dear *Cynthia*, could I rambling find
More Beauty than in you.

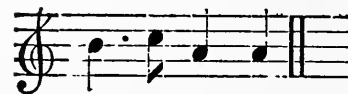
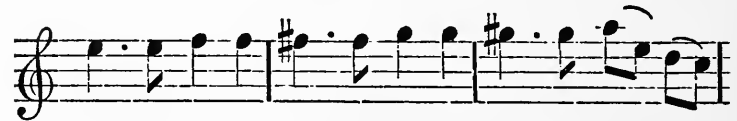
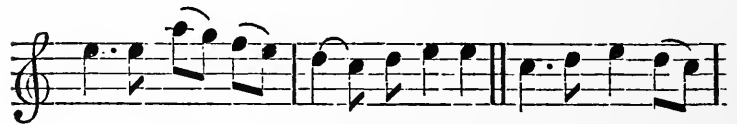
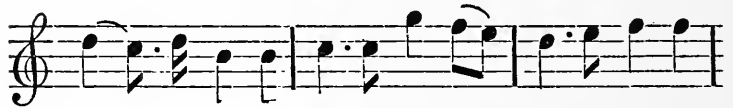
The rowling Surges of my Blood,
By Virtue now ebb'd low ;
Should a new Shower encrease the Flood,
Too soon would overflow.

But Frality when thy Face I see,
Does modestly retire ;
Uncommon must her Graces be,
Whose look can bound desire.

Not to my Virtue, but thy Power,
This Constancy is due ;
When change it self can give no more,
'Tis easie to be true.



*The two following SONGS, Sung in my Play
call'd, the Commonwealth of Women.*



Liberty's the Soul of Living,
 Ev'ry hour new Joys receiving ;
 No sharp Pangs our Hearts are grieving,
 Liberty's the Soul of Living :
 Here are no false Men presuming,
 Youth or Beauty to its Ruin ;
 Murm'ring Sighs, like Turtles cooing,
 Nor the bitter Sweets of wooing.

C H O R U S.



CHORUS.

Then since we are doom'd to be Chast,
And Loving is counted a Crime ;
Let's do what we can, not to think of a Man,
But make the best use of our Prime.



A SONG.



Cynthia with an awful Power,
 On all Hearts extends her sway ;
 Did the Eastern Natives know her,
 They'd less prize the God of Day :
 On her Brow Night shady lies,
 Whilst Morning breaks from her fair Eyes ;
 On her Brow Night shady lies,
 Whilst Morning breaks from her fair Eyes.

An



An ODE.

From ANACREON.

IF Gold could lengthen Life, I swear,
 It then should be my chiefest Care;
 To get a heap, that I may say,
 When Death came to Demand his Pay,
 Thou Slave, take this, and go thy way.

But since Life is not to be bought,
 Why should I plague my self for nought,
 Or foolishly disturb the Skies,
 With vain Complaints, or fruitless Cries,
 For if the fatal Destinies
 Have all decreed it shall be so,
 What good will Gold or Crying do.

Give me to ease my thirsty Soul,
 The Joys and Comforts of the Bowl;
 Freedom and Health, and whilst I live,
 Let me not want what Love can give:
 Then shall I die in Peace, and have
 This Consolation in the Grave,
 That once I had the World my Slave.



The



The Old Fumbler.

A SONG: Set by Mr. Hen. Purcell.

SMug, rich and fantastick old Fumbler was known,
 That Wedded a Juicy brisk Girl of the Town;
 Her Face like an Angel, Fair, Plump, and a Maid,
 Her Lute well in Tune too, cou'd he but have plaid:
 But lost was his Skill, let him do what he can,
 She finds him in Bed a weak silly old Man;
 He coughs in her Ear, 'tis in vain to come on,
 Forgive me, my Dear, I'm a silly old Man.

She laid his dry Hand on her snowy soft Breast,
 And from those white Hills gave a glimpse of the Best;
 But ah! what is Age when our Youth's but a Span,
 She found him an Infant instead of a Man,
 Ah! Pardon, he'd cry, that I'm weary so soon,
 You have let down my Base, I'm no longer in Tune;
 Lay by the dear Instrument, prithee lie still,
 I can play but one Lesson, and that I play Ill.



Orations, Poems, Prologues, and
Epilogues: on several Occasions.

An ORATION,

*Address'd to the PRINCE and PRINCESS; and
spoken to divert the Nobility and my
Friends, by me; upon the Publick Stage
at the Theatre, May 27, 1717.*

A S some stout Warriour Valour to advance,
From fate has long had glorious Circumstance,
* Finding another Cause, tho' Years enlarge,
By Honour fir'd, resolves again to charge:
So I, that late my happy Verse did raise,
And with your generous Favour made Essays;
Oblig'd by your indulgent Grace before,
And blest by Time, Address to speak once more.

† Sovereign Remarks then my first Theam shall be,
A Monarch's Instance must take Place with me:
All kingly Mysterys are nicely shewn,
Yet still I hope they will my Candor own, }
Who keep State Places, or who lay 'em down. }
Shine then my Muse, with Radiance like the Sun,
That I may blaze some Acts by *Cæsar* done:
First, The dear Clemency to that bad Race,
Who durst deserve his God-like Act of Grace:
Then let the Triple-league be understood,
So greatly signal for the Kingdom's Good;
As if he meant, surmounting humane Praise,
T'o'ermatch the Zenith of Great *William's* Days.
Yet

* *The Poet's Remarks on himself.* † *Remarks on the King, and those that have left their Places.*

* Yet tho' his Royal Absence gave us Pain,
 We must admire the Prince's happy Reign ;
 Whose awful Sway prov'd so divinely well,
 The want of *Cæsar* we could scarcely tell :
 And prov'd, tho' warm'd in Youth's propitious Prime,
 The Sence of fifty Years, in half the Time.

Yet Fate, alas ! that points not always fair,
 Had nearly finish'd his indulgent Care ;
 † The charming Princess, Soul of Beauty's Grace,
 Joy of his Heart, and all our loyal Race,
 Near Death was drawn — But oh, no more of that,
Apollo sacred o'er the Palace sate,
 The Muses a rejoycing Consort give,
 And *Esculapius* brought the grand Reprieve :
 Then from the dark Abyss succeeding Light came on,
 And from her black Eclipse again divinely *Cynthia* shon ;
 For her the dreadful Winter fiercely binds ;
 For her came Frosts and bleak tempestuous Winds :
 But when she heal'd, Earth did new Order bring,
 And by her Graces form'd came in the Spring.

|| *Albion* shall now no more *Pretenders* try,
 Transported with her heavenly Progeny ;
 For as some Desart Land, whose wild Distress
 Seem'd wanting Providential Care to bless ;
 Where the coy Sun ne'er darts a genial Ray,
 But stormy Snows blast each returning Day :
 Prayers of some favour'd Objects, shipwreck'd there,
 Having with pious Toyl exacted heavenly Care :
 Great Goddess, Nature, proving kindly Force,
 Turns to proliffick Heat their steril Course.
 So *Frederick*, with his Sisters, heavenly fair,
 Where'er they move perfume the Ambient Air.

Oh

* *On the Prince.* † *On the Princess.* || *On her Royal Family.*

* Oh Beauty! lend my *Autumn* thy Support,
 How shall I else do Right to yon bright Court?
 Exalt th' Inspirers that direct my Tongue,
 And give me all the Flame that charms my Song;
 Exert your Grace, each bright Angelick Power,
 Disperse your Beams, Oh spread your sacred Store,
 For if you cease to smile, I am no more. }

† Each Goddess thus I leave in her Degree,
 And now descend to you the Beaus Esprits,
 A bold Invasion threatned your Estates,
 Fierce Bug-bears bound, to fright our Candidates
 Resolv'd in Jerkins buff, and black Cravats. }

This fruitful Land strange foreign Foes will haunt,
 Some lanch to fight for Fame, and some for Want;
 Wild, Crack-brain'd Hotspurs too fierce Quarrels breed,
 Like the mad Pagod of the North, the *Swede*;
 From whose Excursions, tho' he toil with Pains
 And fights, and flys, his Head small Plaud it gains,
 The *Russian* got Dominion of his Brains;
Besides, our Ladies here have Scorn design'd,
For he's so barb'rous, he hates Woman-kind:
Thus Angel Amazons to War will go,
The very Devil to them is not so great a Foe.

|| To vary Subjects, News is next design'd,
 News, that into a Sweat puts half Mankind;
 The *Whig* and *Tory* must be here enroll'd,
 Two Names that fright the Town with being told,
 Worse than the *Guelphs*, and *Gibellins* of old.
The City Tribe with State Effects are stor'd,
And every Coffee-Room's a Council-board:
The Taylor with grub Beard and Crimson Nose,
The King and Parliament together sows;

The

* On the Court Ladys. † The Pit on the Invasion,
 and the Swedes. || On News, and the Town Whig and
 Tory.

*The snip-snap Barber, lathering Spain's Condition,
Affirms the League not good as the Partition :
The Cutler swears, more Troops well-arm'd should meet,
The Crop-ear'd Crispin stitches up the Fleet ;
Apollo's only Race unbyass'd joyn,
Whose loyal Hearts wish Britain's Fame, like 'mine.*

As Spots in Stars, so Faults in Wit may be,
But Faction and rebellious Villany,
Ne'er taints the soaring Muse, aloft she sings,
On Theams of Glory, and great Deeds of Kings.

And now to end, since Spring has spread her Bloom,
And welcome Summer to endear is come ;
Since on our Sea each gawdy Streamer soars,
And the stout Army guards our happy Shores ;
Like my blest Genius, fated to oppose,
Oh let your Union joyn to rout our Foes.

* Then let the *Goths* and *Vandals* dare invade,
Let *Rome* and *Sicily* advance their Aid ;
Let the Grand Minister, to *Plimouth* sent,
Obstructed and imur'd, new Plots invent ;
Let him his witty Treasons there make good,
Get Freedom by a second Riding-hood.

Great *Britain*, whilst its Genius keeps her Shore,
To seize all Traytors shall exert its Power,
So guard the King, and *Albion's* Isle, 'till time shall
be no more.

* *On the Swede's late Minister ; with a concluding
Note on the King and Prince.*

An ORATION,

Address'd to the PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES, and the COURT; Spoken by me at a great Audience at the THEATRE ROYAL in DRURY LANE, MAY 29, 1716.

When *Britain's* prosperous Fortune was decay'd,
 And *France* oblig'd by the late Peace we made,
 Controuling Fate a mighty Death decreed,
 To puzzle all the Mischief should succeed :
 Then our propitious Genius rose, and far
 Brought from the *German* Regions prone to War, }
 The gracious Aid of mighty *Hanover* :
 But his bright Foot had scarcely touch'd our Land,
 And blest the Soil which nauseous Error stain'd ;
 But the North Crew would do our Nation Right,
 Loons bred in craggy Cliffs, but yet could fight :
 Who o'er their Targets did a General gain,
 Who was the Devil for Backsword, and for Brain ;
 At *Preston* too, they made a bold Essay, }
 Two Seasons had, the Kingdom to dismay,
 Yielded the first, the last, they ran away. }
 Among themselves let them that Grandeur right,
 Success gave Trophies to our Monarch's Might,
 Who did the Fate of his new Reign disclose,
 And prove th' inveterate Weakness of his Foes.
 His Troops but view'd, could poor Insulters aw,
 'Tis Fate enough to see the Lyon's Claw.
 So when *Fove's* Thunder does the Globe alarm, }
 Vile Creatures fly to holes, and 'scape the harm, }
 Dissolv'd with fear of the Ætherial Storm :
 Thus then Rebellion fell, and thus the Race
 Of Glorious *Cæsar* shall have awful Grace.
 The *Persian* Sage, who finds when Morn comes on,
 A dark Eclipse invade his God the Sun ;

Di-

Distorts his trembling Limbs, his Nerves are sore, }
 Staring his Eyes, and cold his vital Gore, }
 As having never seen the like before :
 But when the Orb is mov'd, and *Sol* appears,
 The glimmering of brisk Light his Reason cheers ;
 He slights his Fear, and as the Sun displays,
 Thinks it has given more Lustre to its Rays.
 So mighty Sir, * you by this Tumult late, [* *The Prince*.
 May timely reckon your Degrees of State ;
 Some Treasons hoodwinkt, Fortune must infuse,
 As Poysons are in Med'cines that we use :
 But both in their exalted kind excel,
 One brings ye Fame, as t'other makes ye well.
 Glory thus finish'd, Beauty must ensue,
 In state of which, Ladies† I bow to you ; [† *The Ladies*.
 You, whose Divinity the Art does take,
 To teach me how to write, and how to speak ;
 The World's chief Blessing in its best Degree,
 As Genius of what is, or is to be ;
 Yet as some grave Astronomer that has
 To search a Planet, found a noted Cause :
 The Time in some Distress does form Degrees,
 And in the Blaze a Speck disorder'd sees.
 So tho' a dazzling Lustre charms around,
 A casual Speck within the Ray is found ;
 A Graveness palls the *Cupid*. Some don't use
 To ask what Fashion's now ; but ask what News ?
 What Projects ? has no other Lady stood, }
 T'outwit the Court and Tower, nor Plot pursu'd ; }
 Has there been ne'er a second Riding-hood ? }
 Their Brains, instead of Billets, Treason quotes, }
 All am'rous Songs have lost their tuneful Notes, }
 And leaving sacred Verse, they read the Votes : }
 But oh, what Horror does our Passions draw,
 When Ladies cease to charm, to model Church and
 Law.

And now ye sprightly Wits, ye modern Beaus,
 That here descend from those Angelick Rows,

Some

Some of your Tenets late did faintly spring,
 Which stanch Religion so deprav'd did bring,
 Some would have lost it quite, with a New King ; }
 Fresh Legislature had supply'd their Will,
 And baulk'd the Force of our septennial Bill.

If fatal Mischiefs in our Isle commence,
 We've still the starry Grace of Providence :
 This shon when Patriots confirm'd in Grace,
 All wise and loyal brought that Law to pass ;
 When two to one the Kingdom's Good decreed,
 And proud Rebellion dar'd, that durst succeed :
 Oh, may they ever shine, who broke our civil Wars,
 And Nature ceasing, blaze among the Stars.

Whene'er our Sovereign's Regal Genius soars,
 And potent *Marlborough* leads his conqu'ring Powers,
 Arch Rebels no Subversion here can breed,
 The Regent's double Note we ne'er shall heed, }
 Nor fear the boisterous Navy of the *Swede*.

This glorious Theam, so tow'ring and sublime,
 Inspir'd aloft, retrieves my fading Time ;
 I think this Hour most happy to rehearse
 Our Monarch's Character in tuneful Verse :
 Mild, yet August, Goodness th' Almighty gave,
Just as his Laws, and without Passion brave.

On then, ye sovereign Party with Applause,
 Fight for your sacred King, and sacred Cause ;
 'Gainst all Pretenders let your Valour shine,
 To strengthen *Cæsar* and his Sacred Line :

Whilst I, that in my former springing Hours, }
 Saw Plants without Produce, and wither'd Flowers,
 When fatal Plots obstructed regal Powers,
 Do in my plenteous, fruitful *Autumn* raise,
 On *Albion's* Wealth and Fame triumphant Praise ;
 And with due Fame of its Restorer sing,
 Th' inspiring Annals of our glorious King.

The NITHISDALE :

*Vulgarly call'd a Riding-hood. A POEM.
On the sudden, Timely, and Incomparable
Purpose of the Countess of Nithisdale ;
who frustrated the dreadful Judgment and
Sentence of the Lord High Steward, and
sav'd her Husband's Neck from the Block.*
Feb. 25, 1715.

OH every tuneful Bard that Sings,
Of Ladies Wits and Ladies Things ;
Of Moulding Face, or Teeth, or Hair,
Design'd to make 'em Young and Fair :
Let Iron Hoops not made for shew,
Nor Whale-bone Fardingales below,
No more in Praise be understood ;
But now Exalt the Riding-hood,

Our Hats with Feathers they inclose,
Our Coats they wear, and ride like Beaus,
Our Breeches too they'll quickly find,
And set up then to Ape Mankind :
But since to take they are so bold
Our Cloaks, that shade from Rain and Cold,
I'll study now the Nation's good,
And thus Expose the Riding-hood.

It first does Cleanliness decay,
And proves a thousand Sluts a Day ;
Their Linnen too all ill may be,
They hide it so, as none can see.
Then let the Husband, who with strife,
Perceives a Gallant loves his Wife ;
Think 'tis for Cuckold-making good,
No cover like a Riding-hood.

Thus

Thus in our Days of Life 'twill raise,
 A hundred Tricks, a hundred Ways ;
 And now my Story to pursue,
 You'll see what it in Death can do :
 'Tis call'd a *Nithisdale*, since Fame
 Adorn'd a Countess with that Name ;
 Whose Wit surmounting firmly stood,
 All Creatures with a Riding-hood.

Her Lord for Treason all deter,
 Who had been dead were't not for her ;
 King, Lords and Commons doom'd his Fate,
 The Tower his Goal, the Warders set,
 Petitions could no Mercy draw,
 And Ladies Tears Impeached the Law ;
 All this the *Heroine* withstood,
 And baffled by a Riding-hood.

Saturnia gave with Closing Light
 The Criminal, his last sad Night.
 When th' Sprightly Countess did the Deed,
 She weept, she had all in her Head.
 She dress'd her Lord, inform'd his Mind,
 Made Soldiers dumb, and Warders blind ;
 And all the Nation prais'd her Mood,
 For the Enchanted Riding-hood.

In spite of Ears, in spite of Eyes
 Of Power and Wealth, that Crowns our Joys,
 This Rarity of Women's Mould,
 With female Jerking then Controwl'd
 The great Lieutenant bold and Gay,
 That has good Judgment, as some say,
 Must think his prudent part not good,
 Out-witted by a Riding-hood.

Observe this Rule, you that have Power,
 From *Newgate's* Mansion to the *Tower*,
 No more engage with Female Wit,
 Nor seek to find out their Deceit :

For take this grave Advice from me,
You shall not hear, you shall not see,
Till they their rare Design make good,
As now they've done the Riding-hood.

Let Traitors against Kings conspire,
Let secret Spies great Statesmen hire,
Nought shall be by Detection got,
If Women may have leave to Plot :
There's nothing clos'd with Bars or Locks
Can hinder Nightrayls, Pinner, Smocks,
For they will every one make good,
As now they've done the Riding-hood.

Oh thou, that by this Sacred Wife
Hast sav'd thy Liberty and Life,
And by her Wits immortal Pains,
With her quick Head hast sav'd thy Brains :
Let all Designs her Worth Adorn,
Sing her an Anthem Night and Morn,
And let thy fervent Zeal make good
A Reverence for the Riding-hood.



An EPILOGUE to HENRY the Second;
Intended for ROSAMOND.

IN this Grave Age, Improv'd by Statesmen's Art,
 What hopes have I, that you should like my part;
 Time was, when *Rosamond*, might shine at Court;
 These are no Days for Misses of my Sort;
 Your Bags for better Uses are prepar'd,
 Beauty must now retrench, the Times are hard,
 Whilst what should be a Bounty for the fair,
 Is sav'd to beat the *French* in vig'rous War.
 Had they expected something should be got
 Our Scriblers sure, had chose another Plot;
 And not thus heedlessly have found Occasion
 To shew again the Grievance of a Nation.
 All Mistresses were long since left in th' Lurch
 You Lovers now are fighting for your Church;
 Saints Militant, who devoutly have agreed,
 To stand by Doctrine that you never read.
 How strangely Time does Human things decay, }
 Four Centurys past, as Ancient Writers say, }
 She that I represent, bore mighty Sway: }
 Her Beauty wonder'd at, her Wit Extoll'd:
 Her yellow Locks were call'd, too, Threads of Gold,
 But now should that Complexion use the Trade, }
 Each little Fop the Town has newly made, }
 Would Cry, Confound the Carrot Pated Jade. }
 A Miss in Days of War and Jeopardy, }
 Like Armourers in Times of Peace must be }
 Their Swords and Helmets rust, and so will she. }
 What sort of Criticks then shall I endear,
 To favour my abandon'd Character?
 The *French* fatigue too much to mind Amour;
 The *German* bigotted, the *Spaniard* poor;
 The *Belgick* Lover, with his Northern Sense;
 Would have the *Yofrow*, but would spare the Pence,
 Ravenous of Beauty, but when Purse should open,
Myn Heer is either deaf or Drunk a *stopen*;

'Thus o'er all *Europe*, as the Scenes are laid,
 War and Religion have quite spoil'd Love's Trade ;
 Since then from Court, my part must hope no Pity,
 I'll try the *English* Lovers in the City ;
 Kind Souls, who many a Night o'er Toast and Ale ;
 Have wept at Reading *Rosamond's* fam'd Tale ;
 And will, I hope, for Beauty's sake to Day ;
 Confront these Beaus, and save an honest Play.
 So may you Thrive, your Wagers all be won ;
 So may your wise Stock-jobbing Crimp go on,
 So may your Ships return from the Canaries,
 And no damn'd *Dunkirk* Shark snap up their *Johns*
 and *Marys*,
 Stand Buff once for a Mistress, think what lives
 Some of you daily Live with Scolding Wives ;
 For though I fell by Jealous Cruelty,
 For venial Sin, 'twas pity I should dye ;
 Ah ! should your Wives and Daughters so be try'd, }
 And with my Dose their failings purify'd }
 Lord, what a Massacre would maul *Cheapside* ! }



A PROLOGUE,

*At the Opening of the Play house, Spoken
by Young POWEL.*

A Tragick Scene of Woe, which long did last,
 Has Acted been this fatal Winter past ;
 This, on the World's great Stage, all find too true, }
 Ours, the Epitome, resents it too }
 With double Grief, for th' general Loss, and you : }
 Besides, strange Jarrs, are now amongst us grown,
 One Mischief very seldom comes alone :
 Strifes are pursued with such Impetuous Rage,
 The *Muses* dread the downfall of the Stage ;
 Our Grandees too, that wrangling Cases try,
 Fatten with Feuds, but starve the lesser Fry :
 To you, we therefore (the poor forlorn) Petition, }
 You only can relieve our sad Condition, }
 And save us from the Wrack of their Division ; }
 Whilst they for Rights and Titles hotly strive, }
 In different Partys, and Rencounter drive, }
 We would but Live, we dare not think to Thrive : }
 Let not their Quarrels push our Ruin on,
 Pray let us be too Mean to be undone ;
 When the Finny Warriors of the Ocean made
 A scaly War, a watry Cavalcade ;
 The great one's the fierce Combat did endure,
 The Smelts and petty Prawns were all secure.
 The Ladys Smile, thence I date good Success,
 Smiles look most lovely in a Mourning Dress ;
 And you our Patrons, tho' your Habits shew
 The solemn Mode, yet wear no Cloudy Brow :
 Tho' outward Sables seem like gloomy Night, }
 Your Pockets Argent, comforts us like Light, }
 Money has Rays superlatively bright ; }
 And whilst with that our heavy Hearts you cheer,
 In any Colour you are welcome here :

Ah,

Ah! would your favour Diligence befriend,
 We'd strive to please, and every Minute mend,
 Pray use no Rod, before we do offend; }

For tho', as formerly (when we all joyn'd
 To make Wit's Banquet proper to your Mind)
 We can't in such fine Dishes bring our Cates,
 We'll serve ye up a pretty Treat in Plates;
 Some Actors we have still, some New ones got, }
 Young Tits extreamly willing to be taught,
 A silly Bashfulness is all their fault: }

That once Remov'd, as in our hopeful Clime, }
 They'll soon Instructed be in Prose or Rhime, }
 No doubt' the Girls will come to good in Time; }
 But as they are, if Truth must be express'd, }
 They Caw, and Gape, like Birds just fledg'd }
 in th' Nest, }
 And Blush at the meer hinting of a Jest. }

You lik'd new Faces Sirs, not long ago,
 Pray come and see these, try what they can do;
 For tho' an Actress, if I take it right,
 Can't like a Mushroom sprout up in a Night;
 Yet if you influence her Inclination,
 She may divert with other Conversation:
 However, we shall always play our Parts,
 Industrious strive to gain your Hearts;
 With utmost Diligence your Pleasure serve,
 Nor spare our Pains, but study to deserve.



An EPILOGUE,
For Mrs. VERBRUGGAN.

PISH, I had e'en as good go out again,
 I see our Fate, you are in your Damming Vein ;
 And every Critick looks so like a Devil,
 'Twill be Time lost, to beg you to be Civil :
 Yet hang't, I'll try for once, what I can say,
 'Twill be at worst, but a Speech thrown away ;
 Thus then I sue to all, Dukes, Lords, Knights & Squires,
 Gentlemen, Jokers, sellers of Wit, and buyers :
 Beaus of the Court, and Bullys of the Fryers,
 True Wits, and no Wits, Tartars tilting Heroes,
 Poets, Pimps, Prentices, and poor Piacros ;
 Sharks, Shagraggs, Shatter-brains, Panders, Purse-takers,
 Citts, Country Cullys, Cuckolds, Cuckold-makers :
 All you that in this lower Row are Noted,
 And you that yonder are so high Promoted ;
 Be pleas'd to lay your thumping Anger by,
 And spare the Carkass of the Comedy :
 You too the charming Sex, Ladies well known,
 You that have Titles, you too that have none ;
 You in whose youthful Cheeks the Blood does lye,
 And you that use fine Tinctures to supply :
 Fortunes high flyers, you that mount our Boxes,
 And you low Tire, Cracks, Harridans and Doxies ;
 Of all Degrees, a favour I implore,
 Old young, fat lean, straight, crooked, rich or poor :
 That you would curb the Humour in to Day,
 And for this once like an indifferent Play ;
 Not for its Merit, can I beg your Grace,
 But only for my Sake, pray let it pass :
 Consider faith, how hard it is to please,
 And how unequal each Man's Humour is ;
 Just as the present Weather, that we see,
 Now treats our Spring, you treat our Poetry :
 When you should kindly Rain, you roughly blow,
 And when your Sun should shine on us, you Snow ;
Blast

Blast all our Buds, when you should clear and warm,
 And when your Breezes should refresh, you Storm :
 Some fancys Rhiming Plays to Mirth provoke,
 Others there are that like a smutty Joke ;
 That way my Talent lies, if I have any,
 And will I hope Diversion give to many :
 But to please all, one Woman can't engage,
 Tho' the best Actress that e'er trod the Stage.



A PROLOGUE.

For CAVE UNDERHILL.

THE humerous Author of this comick Play,
 Gives me the Name o' *Follyman* to Day ;
 And some Years since, in good King *Charles's* Reign,
 Who Wit and Womens Right did well maintain :
 When Courtiers, and almost all other folks,
 Kissing and tipling liv'd the Life of Ducks ;
 'Tis known, tho' now there's one Leg in the Grave,
 Mankind in general call'd me *Jolly Cave* :
 The Women too, thought me a proper Fellow, }
 Well limb'd, tho' Phiz was bord'ring upon Yellow, }
 And pleasant, tho' oft tempted to be mellow ; }
 Then Audiences too were seldom thin, }
 My Action from the Court Applause could win, }
 The Pit would laugh, the upper Gallerys grin : }

But long was I not blest, e'er I miscarry'd,
 I play'd my worst part of a Fool, I Marry'd ;
 A Wife must settle, with a Murrain to me,
 The only solid Curse, that could undo me :
 But she an easy Life best to secure,
 At last chang'd for a better, much good do her ;
 And left me here, Prince of true Comedy,
 To reap the Fruits of your Civility,

I've

I've strove to reap, but barren is the Mould,
 Besides my Hook is rusty grown, and old :
 In Soil not well Manur'd, no Grain will grow,
 How should I reap, alas, unless you Sow ?
 And whether the kind Crop will hold out well,
 This Day I think does but too sadly tell :
 Yet one thing makes me laugh, tho' Wit and Sence, }
 And pleasing Humour is quite gone from hence, }
 And Foreign *Sol fa*, grubbles up the Pence ;

Tho' all the Beaus are from our Boxes fled,
 And our two Houses scarce can get us Bread :
 A third is building to insult our Woes,
 But who will fill't, the Lord of *Oxford* knows ;
 As for the Masques, my old Acquaintance there,
 They have my Acting try'd before, elsewhere,
 Applause from them at least I shall procure
 Their Claps are very frequent, that I'm sure ;
 Only this comfort still there's left in store,
 I'll labour to refine the ruggid Ore, }
 I'll strive to please, and wish I cou'd do more. }



A PROLOGUE.

For the BASSET-TABLE. Spoken by Mr.
 PINKETHMAN, *acting a Footman in a*
Lac'd Livery.

OUR Poetess, designing to expose,
 The Gaming Vice, amongst the Bel's and Beaus ;
 T'illustrate wisely her dramattick Art,
 Has strove to hit my fancy, in my part :
 For tho' you think my Figure now a Jest, }
 'Mongst all Employments, in the Town possest, }
 A Footman's and a Drawer's, I think are best ; }
 The Drawer as he supports the Topping vice,
 By force your Bounty does monopolize :

And

And tho' the Reck'ning be five Pound, or ten, }
 If there's no Spill allow'd besides for *Ben*, }
 Y'are surely Poison'd if you come again ; }
 His Days are gainful, by your Idle Hours, }
 I knew a Drawer, from hence not many Doors, }
 That kept two Geldings, and a Leash of Whores : }
 Thus getting the Ascendant o'er your Brains,
 The Man increases, tho' the Master wains ;
 Like his, the Footman's happy state is try'd,
 But then, 'tis true, he must be qualify'd :
 A jantee Air, a bold assuring Face,
 And must be a good Pimp, in the first place ;
 Then likewise, as in Trust he higher grows, }
 Must know a Dun, with genuine suppose, }
 As Spannels do their Masters, by the Nose : }
 Who if he knocks, and asks, and asks again,
 The cue is ready, *Sir, he's not within ; * *All'ring his*
 When 'Squire above, sits Shivering in the cold, (*Voice.*
 Numb'ring the change of the last piece of Gold :
 Cards, he must know too, and to cog a Dye,
 He may spare Swearing, but must naturally Lye ;
 With mean beginning Grandeur oft is nurst,
 The greatest Rivers were small Springs at first :
 And as the scribbling Clark does often vary, }
 Rising by Fate, to Mr. Secretary, }
 From thence to Office Extraordinary ; }
 So *Fohn* the Footman, from Industrious use }
 Of shaking Flambeau, and of cleaning Shoes ; }
 Steps to be Butler, from whose sprightly Juice }
 He Steward turns, then carrying all before him,
 Is made soon after Justice of the *Quorum* ;
 Things being thus, spite of this † Pye bald geer,
 This Ominous Cord, upon my Shoulders here :
 And other Equipage || this part to Day, }
 I like as well, as any in the Play, }
 And if you please to laugh at me, you may. }

 † *Pointing to his lac'd Coat.*

 || *Lac'd Hat.*

The FABLE

Of the LADY, the LURCHER, and the Marrow-PUDDINGS. *Aluding with Topical hints to some late Senatorical Occurrences.*

IN Days when Birds and Beasts did prate,
 And human Understanding own ;
 A Lyonsess in *Parthia* late,
 Who had a plentiful Estate,
 There liv'd in great Renown.

Well stor'd with Lands and Tenements,
 And was for Riches and for Rents,
 By various Suitors follow'd ;
 She still with all things Treated well,
 But *Marrow-Puddings* in her Cell,
 The best that e'er were swallow'd.

For which her Guests were seldom few,
 The Four legg'd Brutes, and those with Two,
 Came thick as 'twere for Places ;
 But 'mongst the crowd that made their Courts,
 The Race of *Dogs*, as Fame reports,
 Stood best in her good Graces.

My great Lord Mastiff, round and squat,
 And lank Sir Greyhound soon grew fat,
 The *Puddings* nourish'd rarely ;
 Neat Spanniel 'Squires and combing Shocks,
 With deep mouth'd Jowlers too, and Rocks,
 Were at her Leve early.

Whence many went well pleas'd away,
 Regail'd and pamper'd Sleek and gay,
 Most better fed than taught ;
 One *Lurcher* only rough and lean,
 With Acid Humours and the Spleen
 Had yet no *Pudding* got.

He

He being too voracious known,
 Had soon devour'd all his own,
 At least all those of *Marrow* ;
 And being in a desp'rate case,
 Long knew not how to help Distress,
 Nor how to Beg, or Borrow.

The Dame too, who right Merit weigh'd,
 Knew no just cause he should be fed,
 Or fatten'd by her Bounty ;
 Who us'd to give by Barking, helps,
 And was the Mouth of all the Whelps,
 Against her in the County.

Desert she knew, she oft had paid,
 And some too *Marrow-Puddings* had,
 Tho' their pretence was small ;
 Which more inflames the *Lurcher's* care,
 Who now resolves with them to share,
 Tho' he has none at all.

And to proceed in't, on a Time,
 When *Phæbus* from the *East* did climb,
 To his Meridian Station ;
 Accosting one of his own Crew,
 Whom he of the right Kidney knew,
 He thus begin's Narration.

A *Marrow-Pudding* 'mongst our Race,
 You know's the same thing as a Place,
 'Mongst Humans by Court dunning ;
 And since the Dame so close is grown,
 And thinks it fit to give me none,
 I'll make her do't by cunning.

Thou know'st my way of Barking well,
 I'll give out such a hideous yell,
 Our Tribe oft urge me to it :
 Shall give the Matron such small ease,
 She shall not eat her Meat in Peace,
 She knows that I can do it.

And

And soon shall find by subtile Arts,
What 'tis to slight a Dog of Parts,
Or when I sue, deny it ;
For be my Reasons false or true,
I'll have a *Marrow-Pudding* too,
Or she ne'er be at quiet.

I know she soon must keep a Court,
Where all her Tenants will resort,
Her Steward too be there ;
Whom with my din I'll so Torment,
I'll make 'em grudge to pay their Rent,
And all their Leases tear.

I'll howl aloud to every one,
Who knows her that she is undone,
Dire Ruin is her Lot ;
Nay, I'll send Printed Scrowls beyond,
To Neighbours o'er the Herring Pond,
That she's not worth a Groat.

And tho' my Country suffer in't,
Z—ns I shall see my Name in Print,
By bellowing Hawkers cry'd ;
Whilst by exposing thus my Wit,
The one gives a Revenge that's sweet,
And t'other feeds my Pride.

I'll Bark that tho' we've taken *Lisle*,
Bruges and *Ghent*, with all the Spoil,
And baulk'd the hot *Pretender* ;
He's coming to renew his Claim,
With solid hopes t'affront the Dame,
When no one will Defend her.

I'll Bark that all our Losses come,
From great Ones Treachery at home,
Who hope to gain their ends ;
And tho' our Conquests gain Renown,
The *Mounsieur's* not the weaker grown,
VVhilst here he has such Friends.

I'll Bark that many Ships at Sea,
 By Cowardice are made a Prey,
 To the aforesaid Neighbours ;
 That vile Deceit their Rulers sway,
 And those who Contributions pay,
 Do all but lose their Labours.

I'll roar againt one Noble Peer,
 With all my Tribe to prove it cleer,
 That he's the Nation's Curse ;
 I'll call him *Fudas*, void of Grace,
 A pox on Manners in this case,
 Because he bears the Purse.

And tho' the Dame's great Men at Arms,
 Last Year gave *Mounsieur* such alarms,
 His Crown was thought unstable ;
 Her General's Glory I'll make less,
 And Bark in spite of Services,
 We're all most Miserable.

I'll rail at all in noted rank,
 But most severely 'gainst the Bank,
 The Pest of our Diseases ;
 Nay, I'll Invetreacy advance,
 And swear the Bully Rock of *France*,
 Can break 'em when he pleases.

'Gainst *Northern* great Ones held to Bail,
 I'll whet my Tongue and loudly rail,
 In a most hedious Tone ;
 And swear tho' we don't hit the blots,
 Their Treason was amongst the *Scots*,
 Yet they were let alone.

And lastly I'll discourage all,
 Who bring the Bags to *Grocers Hall*,
 By a subtle Play ;
 Whilst I'm insinuating a Fear,
 Of *Mounsieur's* Second coming here,
 I'm guiding him the way.

I'll Howl against her Favourites,
Denouncing one there is that gets,
 Heaps, to immense degree ;
Nor shall I fail to gain my ends,
For when I've Bark'd off all her Friends,
 She must take up with me.

Thus did the *Lurcher* vent his Mind,
Nor fail'd, but what he had design'd,
 He puts in Practice straight ;
The Lady and her best Allies,
Were daily vex'd with horrid noise,
 And Nightly at her Gate.

The Times were bad by Fortunes course,
But he took pains to make 'em worse,
 And every ill encrease ;
And tho' his bawling did no good,
Till *Pudding* in Possession stood,
 Resolv'd it should not cease.

Whilst she with general good to all,
Scarce gave one Hour an interval,
 VVithout indulgent care :
Tho with Seraphick Patience blest,
VVould often enquire what the Beast,
 Meant to be so severe.

Her Friends to answer her Complaint,
Told her, a *Marrow-Pudding's* want,
 Had made him late grow bolder ;
And yet they could not stint his noise,
Because the Creature had a Voice,
 As being a Freeholder.

But that there would be matter soon,
The Scandal of his Tongue to prune,
 If once more he harangu'd ;
And that ill Manners be reform'd,
He should for the past fault be VVorm'd,
 And for the next be H—d.

A PROLOGUE.

To the KING at the Masque at Court.

WHEN Wit and Science flourish'd in their Bloom,
 Combin'd to grace the State of ancient *Rome* ;
 Thus shon the Court from Peace, thus Pleasure sprung,
 And thus * *Augustus* look'd, when *Ovid* sung :
 Joy uncontroll'd and free possess each Mind,
 And with good Humour, Loyalty was joined ;
 Instructive Poetry was nobly prais'd,
 Dull Ignorance scorn'd, and artful Merit rais'd :
 Thus *Cæsar's* smile each Genius did sublime,
 And thus does our Inspirer bless our Time ;
 Thro' Clouds of anxious State and regal Care,
 Shine out to make the Muses Region fair.
 Sing then ye Sons of Wit and Harmony,
 The Theme is glorious, raise your Voices high ;
 Renown, the happy Omen, Arts are grac'd,
 And the glad Kingdom, consequently bless'd :
 Let joyful *Britains* grateful Thanks ne'er cease,
 Restor'd to her Religion, and her Peace,
 In spite of Native sullen Humour, own
 The wondrous Work, as wonderously done ;
 Yet should Ingratitude vile Parties sway,
Apollo's Race shall constant Duty pay,
 And from Oblivion's Rust secure that glorious Day ; }
 Let Malecontents in Joy be tardy found,
 The Muses loyal Song shall give perpetual Sound,
 And spacious *Europe's* Happiness proclaim,
 In her immortal Arbitrators Fame.

Let rash tarpawling *Czars* swell future Story,
 By surreptitious Ways of seeking Glory ;
 With sly Designs, tho' like themselves, half froze, }
 From *Russian* Isicles, *Muscovian* Snows,
 Sneak here to learn how our Ship-forest grows ; }

* *Bowing to the King.*

To glean fall'n Ears of *England's* Grandeur come,
 And make a fancy'd Harvest on't at home ;
 Let th' Savage Race, their Furrs about their Ears, }
 Scarcely distinguish'd from their Native Bears, }
 With crowds Undisciplin'd cause petty Fears. }
 The Maiden Charge of one young Brave Allie, }
 O'th' Lion strain, tho' we aloof stand by, }
 To Holes can make the filching Foxes fly : }
 So one Young *Ammon*, with a well Train'd few,
 Did *Persian* Ignorance in Shoals subdue.

Let our aspiring Neighbour too forget
 His solemn Act, when *Europe's* Council met ;
 'Gainst Right and Honour let Ambition plead,
 And pull more Curses on his Hoary-head :
 Let him the Breach of Royal Faith think wise,
 And shame a King with base *Plebian* Vice.
 Blest *Albion's* Guardian, fated to redress
 Injurious Ills, wherever they oppress ;
 Prompted by Justice soon to *Austrian* Land,
 Could fierce as *Fove*, reach his deciding Hand :
 And as of late, when War's rude Tempest reign'd,
 The Royal Umpire their sunk State maintain'd :
 When *Mammon* that in Golden Ingots shines,
 Undug lay useless in their *Western* Mines.

Britannick Vertue, where true Valour lyes,
 Inspir'd our glorious Troops to fight their Prize :
 That Vertue once revers'd, their Sails can lower,
 And fix in juster Hands their lawless Power ;
 Ah ! would our Patriots their Feuds give o'er,
 And make true use of their extensive Pow'r :
 Fit Aids without a Niggard's Caution give,
 Advise the King, not touch Prerogative :
 Do publick Justice without private Picks,
 For th' general, not by Ends, learn Politicks :
 Would they with moderate Calmness make Report,
 Their Country serve without Offence at Court ;
 Council, not curb, stretch, and not break the strings,
 In short would they be Senates, and not Kings ;
 If twenty Infant Dukes abroad should Reign.
 As many perjur'd Sires, his Spurious Right maintain :

Whilst the old Bulwark *Ocean* round us runs,
 If Union arm'd the Hearts of *Britain's* Sons,
 'Twould still be in our Pow'r, to right each wrong,
 And crush the Viper e'er he grew too strong :
 But this, oh *Albion!* is too great a Grace,
 Too rich a Cordial for thy squeamish Race.
 Instead of Concord, needless Doubts and Fears,
 Deludes thy Sence, malicious Lyes thy Ears :
 The various Weather just thy Humour hits,
 Now hot, now cold, it storms and shines by fits,
 And grave State-menders now sprout up from Cits. }
 The Apron Tribe with Politicks are stor'd
 And every *Coffee Room's* a Council board ;
 Where Publick News in Print each Day's convey'd,
 And all Court Mystery's are open lay'd :
 This Man's a Lord, the King perhaps ne'er thought on,
 T'other a Place has given him, or has bought one ;
 Such Courtiers mov'd, such Captains by are lay'd,
 Disbanded too, e'er they're so much as pay'd :
 On this straight all degrees discanting prate,
 And Canvass grand *Arcana's* of the State :
 The Taylor with Grub Beard, and Crimson Nose,
 The King and Parliament together sows :
 The Snipsnap Barber, lathering *Spain's* Condition,
 Severely marks the breadth of the Partition :
 The Cutler swears more Troops well Arm'd should
 meet,
 The Cropeard Cobler stitches up the Fleet ;
 And all the rest, as Interest sways the Mood,
 Rail on, or Praise, pretending general Good ;
 The *Muses* only Tribe unbyass'd joyn,
 Recording Good and Ill, without design ;
 Great Heroes Actions Sing, for little gain,
 And Earn a trifling Praise with solid Pain :
 If with Dramaticks we to please pretend :
 We're said to sooth the Vices we should mend,
 The Zealous Crew from *Jubs*, bark senceless Fury,
 And th' dullest of all Cuckolds, a *Grand Fury* :
 Or else the absolving Hypocrite stands by,
 And drolling Mirth makes Immorality ;

Stage

Stage Wantonness, a Damning fault is shewn,
 But Treason and Rebellion must be none ;
 Well then since Spight, not Zeal, this Reprehension
 draws,
 We to a higher Court remove our Cause :
 We may have Errors, and may Errors mend,
 When just Reproof is given us like a Friend ;
 As spots in Stars, so faults in Wit may be,
 But Faction or Rebellious Villany ;
 The Loyal *Muse* ne'er taint, aloft she sings,
 On Themes of Glory and Immortal things ;
 Fame's deathless Race, as far as Heaven renown'd,
 And whilst *Apollo* smiles, her Joys are Crown'd.



A PROLOGUE,

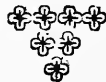
*Made to Entertain her ROYAL HIGHNESS,
 at Her coming to the Play, call'd, IBRA-
 HIM 13, Emperor of the Turks. Spoken
 by Mrs. CROSS.*

EACH Critick here, methinks, puts on a Face, }
 As when in Prologues in my Childish Days, }
 I was sent simp'ring out to sue for Grace : }
 When I was forc'd, (to get the House some Guineas)
 To Praise for Wits, a Pit half full of Ninnys ;
 But Sparks, those Poppet Hours are wasted now, }
 I'll Sneak and Cringe no more—I'd have you know, }
 I've more respect for my Fourteen then so. [*Proudly.*] }
 If you believe it, you'll not find me apt,
 I am not now so fond of being Clapt :
 More Years, more Knowledge—And for all your
 Humming,
 Look to't, ye Beaus, my Fifteen is a coming.
 That happy Age, which you so dearly prize,
 I'm pleas'd to think, how I shall Tyrannize ;

For I intend to Murder—Kill and Slay,
 An Army of Young Coxcombs every Day :
 'Tis Comical to tell how two short Years,
 Alters the Turn and Shape of my Affairs.
 In those Days, a Pert, Modish, Mealy Fop,
 White as a Sack in a Corn-chandler's Shop,
 Us'd to Perfume with Snuff our Dressing-Rooms,
 And Treat me—As most fit—With Sugar-Plumbs,
 But now Smiles, Struts—Looks in my Eyes—and
 Combs ;

Whispers for Secrets, what I knew long since,
 And further of strong Passion to convince.
 The soft Court-Tongue, crys—'Gad,* it does adore me,
 And Feather Blue—Veils its Campaign—† before me.
 But this shan't do, Sirs,—My reserv'd Behaviour
 Shall shew ye now, I'll not provoke your Favour,
 Nor feed ye with false Hopes—To gain a Smile,
 But to the Darling Genius of our Isle,
 I turn my Duty, as I change my Stile.

Madam, At your Blest Feet, her Prostrate Muse,
 The Author lays—And for your Favour sues :
 Your Presence fills her with so true a Joy,
 'Tis not in Criticks Power to destroy.
 Ill-natur'd Envy cloudy Censure bears,
 But Fogs still vanish, when the Sun appears.
 Now pleas'd, the *Helliconian* Dwellers sing,
 To see your *Highness* Consecrate their Spring,
 And *Pegasus* prepares to mount the Wing,
 To Celebrate through Heaven, and Earth, and Sea,
 The Sacred Patroness of Poetry.

* *Speaking affectedly.*† *Speaking roughly.*

A PROLOGUE,

*Spoken by a Comedian who lately left the
IRISH THEATER, at his return thither.*

AS some Deserter mutining for Pay, }
 Who rashly has from Colours gone astray, }
 Spying by chance a Gallows in his way ; }
 The fatal Object terrifying his sight,
 Returns with Shame, back to his Post to Fight :
 So I, on thought of you——
 Back to my Comick Post again dispatch me ; }
 E'er the vile sound of Renegado reach me }
 Or the dire Halter of your Anger catch me ; }
 Which would inflict my Punishment much more,
 Having so oft, your Favours found before :
 But know, 'twas not to slight your generous Love,
 I've thus Elop'd, but only to improve :
 I thought I wanted something, so sheer'd off,
 To stock me with new Whims, to make ye laugh ;
 And as the Country sordid rich Wiseacres,
 Who dully think all Foreigners Man-makers,
 Send out their Booby Sons to *France*, to Dress,
 Or to suck Doctrine from his Holiness :
 So I to practice the true Playhouse Maggot, }
 Have been initiating, I ought to brag it, }
 In *London Town*, with *Pinkethman* and *Dogget*. }
 For your Diversion, thus I've taken care, }
 And brought ye o'er a Sample of their Ware, }
 Not that the *Muses* flourish more than here. }
 For they're still Witty at their own Expencc,
 A Pound of Faction, to an ounce of Sence ;
 But to regale ye with some new Grimaces,
 Queint ways of speaking Jokes, and making Faces ;
 In which to please ye, I'll my best employ,
 Incourag'd to't this time of general Joy ;
 A time when you, your long'd for Hopes obtain,
 Whilst lasting Bliss crowns your brave Viceroy's }
 And *Albion's* loss is blest *Hibernia's* gain. [Reign, }
An

An EPILOGUE.

For Mrs. LUCAS.

Y'HAVE seen me Dance, and ye have heard me
 Sing,
 But now I'm put upon another thing ;
 By way of *Epilogue* to make a Speech,
 If I can Frame my Mouth for't, I'm a Witch :
 Nor that I find there's ought that can Provoke in't,
 But should there chance to be a smutty Joke in't,
 Any Reflection, or the least word of Bawdy,
 That should disgust a Gentleman, or Lady :
 What case were I in then, what Desolation ?
 Would that be to my Virgin Reputation ?
 A great huge Girl, to blirt out a Paw word,
 Nay, tho' twere Privileg'd and on Record :
 I would not such a Thing, by me were said,
 For fifty Pistoles, as I am a Maid.
 Or should the Plaguy *Poet* in his Rhimes,
 Give some unlucky bob upon the Times ;
 As——Heaven help us, those that use his way,
 In this fine World——May have enough to say ;
 And so to punish me for Faults, are his,
 I should be fetch'd to come upon my Knees :
 Me——On my Knees ! amongst a throng this Weather,
 Ivads no——I an't such a Baby neither ;
 So I'll speak none on't——But say I'm asham'd,
 And let him take his Paper——And be Damn'd :
 I'm for no Jerking *Epilogues*, not I,
 Unless the words are chopt—Like Mince-meat for
 a Pye, }
 But stay, since honest *Bourdon* here stands by,
 And that I may more handsomely get rid on't,
 We'll sing the last new* Dialogue instead on't.

* *Sings and Exit.*

Whose Valour puts a stop to *Gallick* Fame,
 Whilst wavering *Portugal* comes in for shame ;
 Welcome to *England*, to your Native Shore,
 Honour'd with Science—But with Valour more :
 Ah ! could my Wishes your Deserts pursue,
 As you have Praise——You had got Plunder too, }
 Your *Jesuits* Bark had prov'd a Golden bough. }
 The Campaign Snuff, which every Box incloses,
 Had turn'd Gold Dust, to gratifie your Noses,
 For well I know, tho' Honour's the main story,
 A little Gain suits well a little Glory :
 Courage improves, when Fortune's open handed,
 I'm sure I should think so if I Commanded ;
 For 'tis past doubt, not the kind Maid undrest,
 With flowing Hair, bright Eyes and Snowy Breast :
 To her hot Lover can be thought so dear,
 Nor to the famish'd Glutton lusty chear ;
 Not Gold to the Mitre, Flattery to the Proud,
 Gay dress to Beauty——Faction to the Crow'd :
 Attracts the Soul——Nor half so much does Charm,
 As luscious Plunder, when a Town we Storm ;
 But Sirs, I hope that good amends is mking,
 In the now design'd *West-India* Undertaking :
 That Colonels, Captains, and the rest will find,
 The Golden Fleece, Fate for the brave design'd ;
 Nay, th' Vulgar too——You Lads——Each honest Fellow,
 That sit there——Cloth'd in Grey, Blue, Green and
 Yellow :
 List but your selves among the Grenadiers,
 No more Hoof beating——Banish all those fears,
 But home next Winter come, and ride in Chairs.



An EPILOGUE for Mrs. VERBRUGGAN.

AT this odd Time of Bustle and of hurry,
 'Tis wonderful to find ye Sirs so merry ;
 Why, see now what a Country Lass can do,
 When would they e'er be tickled so by you* ?
 You that are plying for Sheepbiters here,
 And hope to sell your Mutton Loyns so dear :
 No, no, those Rampant Days are gone good Folk,
 Your *India* Ware's forbid, your *China's* broke, }
 Or if some little Sport, should their wise Heads pro- }
 voke,
 Some Freeholder's fresh Spouse, some Rosebush *Dolly*
 Must do't, no *Covent-Garden Trolly Lolly* ;
 Your Pardon Gentlemen, for my blunt Jest,
 I take ye all for Patriots at least :
 I know they're chosen all the Nation o'er,
 From the *Lands End*, home to our Churches door ;
 Where lately trudging to make sound and whole, }
 Some broken matters, that concern'd my Soul, }
 A Grave face ask'd me, if I came to—Poll. }
 To Poll cry'd I—What's that—As hot as Embers ?
 Zoons Mistress, said he bluff, to give your Vote for
 Members :
 I Blush'd, for as I'm a right Homespun Lady,
 I thought the Man had Jeer'd me—And spoke Bawdy ;
 Ha, ha, ha, ha—Well I'll again to School,
 Ads life a Player—Yet be such a Fool :
 That's pretty—For with my Poetick Gleanings,
 I sure might know that Word had several Meanings :
 Without Instruction—By your Pardon—Pray,
 And from henceforward every one in's way :
 I'll leave th' hard Word for you, when y'are together,
 And study merry Jokes, 'gainst you come hither ;
 With Comick Mirth I'll calm your Jarring strain, }
 And shew in Farce, some *Frenchified* hot Brain : }
 That pause in his Credentials, brought in vain, }
 That *England* sooner will be *France* retaking,
 Than take a Master of their Master's making.

* Pointing to the Vizard Masks.

A PROLOGUE.

For ESTCOURT'S Benefit Day.

Enter Pinkethman finely Drest, pushing in Lee before him, Drest like a Fat Fellow.

*To make a Prologue, we've two Seasons chose,
'Tis New and Comical we may suppose,
Pray listen Ladys, pray be silent Beaus.*

- Pin.* **O**N *Estcourt's* Day, and to such Company, }
Dare you Pricquister *Prologue* speak with }
me, }
Lee. Leanman, I dare——And do't *Extempore*.
- P.* Good, what's your Subject——What will you be ?
For my own part I'll chuse——Stay let me see ;
Come——I'll be *Lent*, as Lean as a starv'd Rat,
- L.* Than I'll be *Easter*——Jolly, Fair and Fat :
- P.* Proceed then come, me *Lent* begins the Jest,
- L.* And let the Audience hear whose hint is best :
We'll make our Speeches, let them judge the whole,
I for the Body argue,
- P.* I the Soul. *Hum* [Pauses.
Lent was ordain'd, to leave our Sins i'th' lurch,
There's for you Rogue, that never go to Church ;
- L.* You can't make proof of that, nor any Man,
And so pray mind your Text Friend and go on ;
- P.* *Lent* still is dear to him, good life that leads, }
To the true *Protestant* that Prays and Reads, }
And *Popish* Saints, that rattle o'er their Beads. }
- L.* *Easter* comes briskly in——When *Lent* is gone——
First nimble cheers us with the dancing *Sun* :
The *Sun*, that we suppose by ancient story,
To be the first that ever Danc'd a Boree ;
- P.* Flesh, *Lent* debars us in each Houshold dish, }
What's wholesome should be grateful to our wish, }
Our very Consciences——Should be all——Fish ; }
And

- And taught by Rules that Decency does bring,
 Bear part with good fresh Cod, and fragrant Ling :
- L.* *Easter* for jolly chear more Praise deserves,
 Indulging these, Penurious *Lent* half Starves ;
 In *Easter* time we sit with Female Cousins,
 And Cakes and Custards, swallow down by Dozens :
- P.* Then *Lent* does weekly give two Holidays,
 For all that will be Good, to make Essays, }
 Keeps also from the Town two wicked Plays ; }
 Where Fops and Strumpets, and Mohocks might be,
- L.* And Rakehells, just like *Pinkethman*
- P.* And *Lee*.
Lent, from all Seasons of the Year does vary,
 Keeps back the forward Ass—Resolv'd to Marry ;
 Thus may Young Wiseacres, advantage reap,
 And timely learn to Look before they Leap :
 That trouble mayn't by a rash Act appear,
 And dire Repentance close the ending Year :
- L.* Ah—How much better *Easter* does provide,
 When Doubts are vanisht, for the buxome Bride ;
 When tedious Time has fixt the happy Day,
 Lover sticks close—And Mamma says you may :
 Late Fasting meals allows but slender Food,
 Some Flesh now Child will do thy Stomach good :
- P.* Well, well, for all your sly and Roguish Rhime, }
 If vulgar things may mix with those sublime, }
 For Fishmongers and Parsons, *Lent's* the time ; }
 The first grows Rich by vending watry Diet,
 As the last by Preachments—Little for our Quiet :
- L.* If Fishmongers so lucky you affirm,
 Zoons what are Lawyers in an *Easter* Term ;
 Who buz like Bees—'Till they go laden home,
 And smiles to find their Time of Roguery come.



A PROLOGUE Spoken like a SCOTCH HIGHLANDER with a Sword and Target.

I Am a Thing, yet drest in *Northern* Clothing,
 A Man my say as I appear, I'm nothing ;
 Yet late at angry *Preston*—Stoutly taking,
 The Rebels part I came, a new King making :
 Held up my Target, for that Blustering trash,
 Surnam'd the bold *Maclando MACKINTOSH*;
 Some we would have pack'd off, some here remain, }
 The Crucifixes are a peaceful Train, }
 They've little in their Hands—But much in Brain : }
 Proud *Preston*, 'till 'twas Plunder'd by the Rout, }
 To make new *Saints*, drop'd fragrant Beads about, }
 But when bold *Wills* came in—Woons we went out ; }
 Down went my broad Sword—Here's my Coat—To
 charge,

And a new Song to save me—Of *K. George* : *Song*.
 What 'tis we Play, is Song and Dance, and Shew,
 The Theme, the Devil take me if I knew ;
 Yet this I dare affirm 'gainst all Bravadoes,
 Our Songs will baulk the *Latin Nicoladoes* :
 Here's Sence and Humour, and with free Twangdilloes,
 We shall not choak ye with *Italian* Trilloes ;
 And as for me if I don't make ye Laugh,
 You're Sick of the *Catarrah*, and of the Cough :
 The *Hay-Market* does jingle to incite me,
 Sirrah go fetch my Cloak—The Cold does fright me ;
 All Nonregardoes like my Female Noise,
 They've Money, and can pay my squeaking Voice :
 So in a Village have I seen a Clown,
 With broken Noddle lay the Cudgels down ;
 And sneer to feel his Bloody mangled Scull,
 As if the Blow had dignified the Fool.
 But now 'tis plainet——'Tis a Loyal thing,
 I turn my Quarters——And I praise the King :
 Hey, hey—Here's a Musical Lecture,
 To my Countrymen—[*Here several come in to hear,*
Ye Brittons how long, &c.

FINIS





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Wit and mirth: or, Pills to purge melanc

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