

George W. H. ...
THE *Book*

THE

American Musical Miscellany:



COLLECTION

OF THE NEWEST AND MOST APPROVED

S O N G S,

SET TO MUSIC.

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

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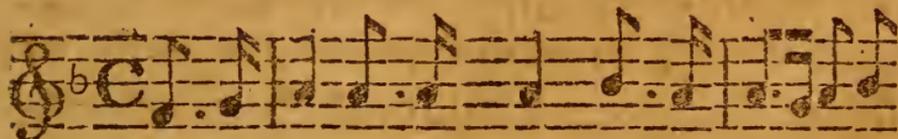
THE

American Musical Miscellany.

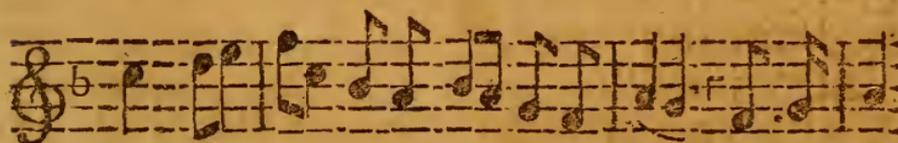
BEING A COLLECTION OF THE MOST APPROVED SONGS AND
AIRS, BOTH OLD AND NEW.

SONG I.

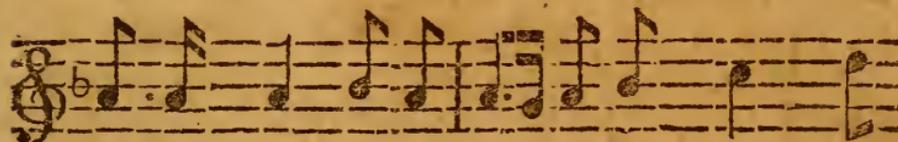
THE LUCKY ESCAPE.



I that once was a ploughman, a sailer am



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



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

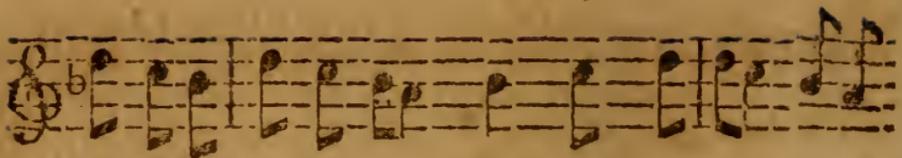


so gay and so careless as I, Was so gay and



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

B



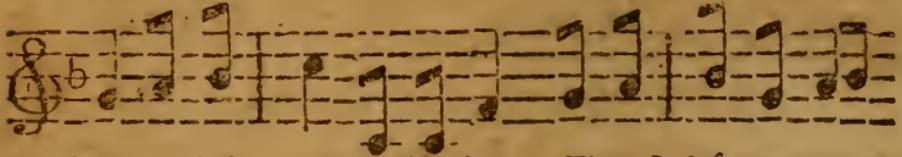
findo-aboard a king's ship, And he ax'd me to



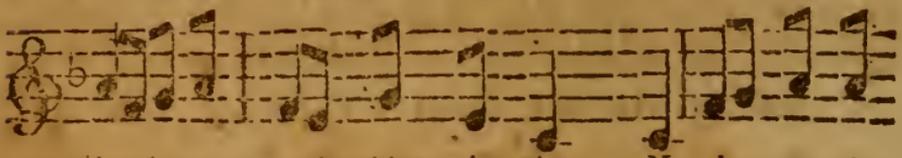
go juft to fea for a trip; And he talk'd of fuch



things as if failors were kings, And fo teasing did



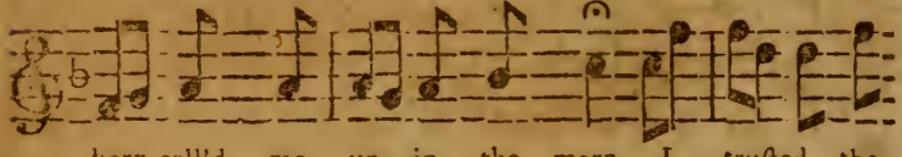
keep, and fo teasing did keep, That I left my poor



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



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



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



carúndo and the inconstant wind, That made me



for to go and leave my dear be - hind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a ship.

When in danger there is no door to creep out ;

I liked the jolly tars, I liked bumbo and flip,

But I did not like rocking about ;

By and by came a hurricane, I did not like that,

Next a battle that many a sailor laid flat ;

Ah ! cried I, who would roarn,

That like me had a home ;

When I'd sow and I'd reap,

Ere I left my poor plough, to go ploughing the deep,

Where sweetly the horn

Call'd me up in the morn,

Ere I trusted the Carfindo and the inconstant wind,

That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At last safe I landed, and in a whole skin,

Nor did I make any long stay,

Ere I found by a friend who I ax'd for my kin,

Father dead, and my wife run away !

Ah who but thyself, said I, hast thou to blame ?

Wives loosing their husbands oft lose their good name.

Ah why did I roam

When so happy at home :

I could sow and could reap,

Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep :

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

Why if that be the case, said this very same friend,
 And you ben't no more minded to roam,
 Gi'e's a shake by the fist, all your care's at an end,
 Dad's alive and your wife's safe at home.

Stark staring with joy, I leapt out of my skin,
 Buss'd my wife, mother, sister, and all of my kin:

Now, cried I, let them roam,

Who want a good home,

I am well, so I'll keep,

Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep;

Once more shall the horn

Call me up in the morn,

Nor shall any damn'd Carfindo, nor the inconstant wind

E'er tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

SONG II.

THE FLOWING CAN.



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



now late now early; Now up and down, new



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



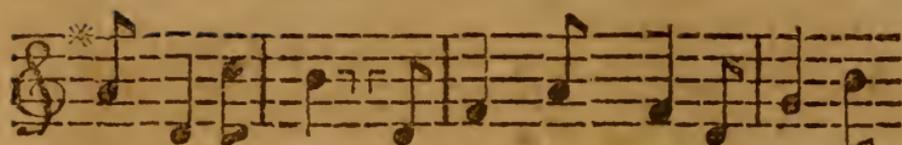
Blest with a smiling can of grog, If duty call,



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



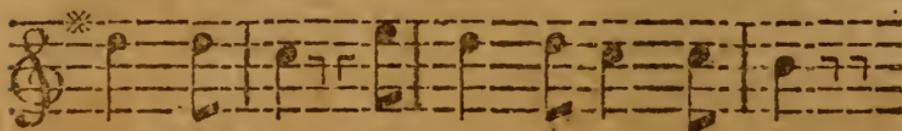
The kedge to weigh, the sheets belay, He does



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



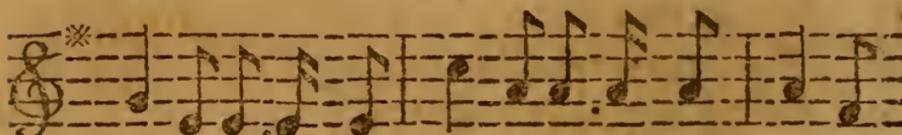
lead the pond'reous anchor fish: For while the



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



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



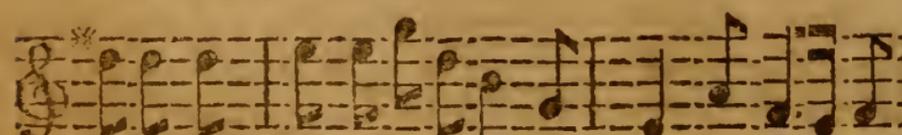
laugh a little, And work a little, And swear a



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



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



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



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



And fwig the flowing can, And fwig the flow-



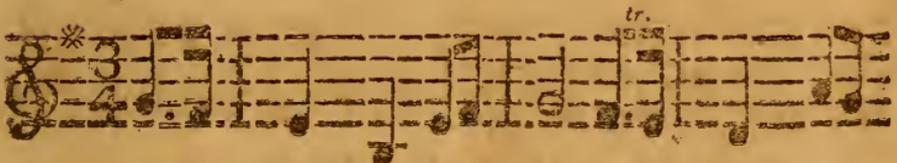
ing can, And fwig the flowing can.

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

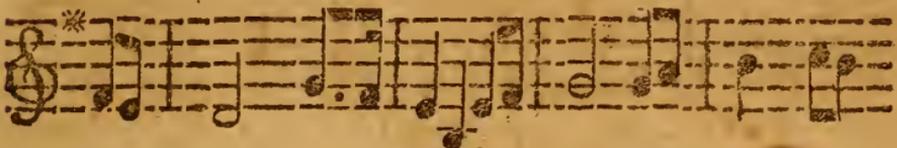
But yet think not our case is hard,
 Though storms at sea thus treat us,
For coming home--a sweet reward,
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us.
Now too the friendly grog we quaff,
 Our am'rous toast,
 Her we love most,
And gayly sing and laugh,
 The fails we furl,
 Then for each girl,
The petticoat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

SONG III.

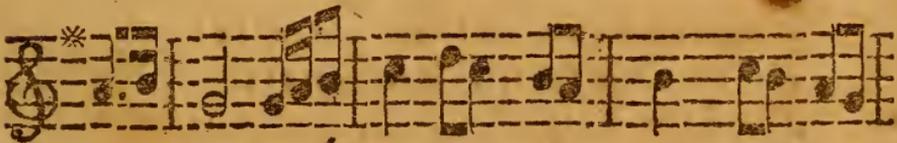
ALLOA HOUSE.



The spring time re - turns, and cloaths the



green plains, And Alloa shines more cheerful



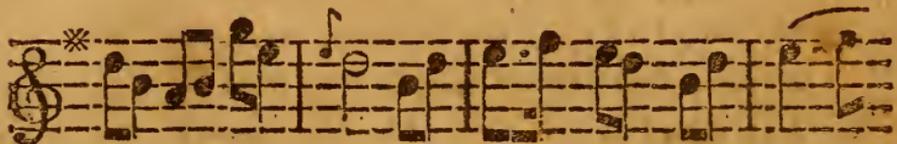
and gay; The lark tunes his throat, and the



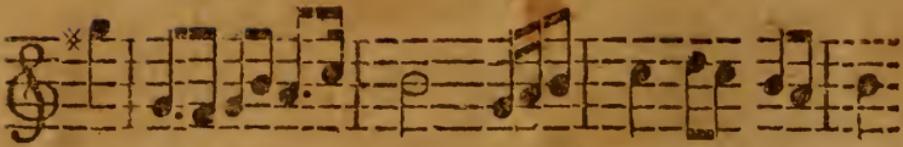
neighbouring swains sing merrily round me where-



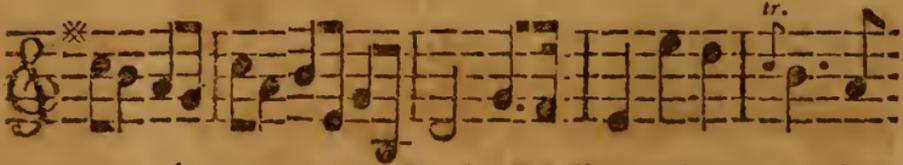
ev-er I stray; But San - dy no more re-



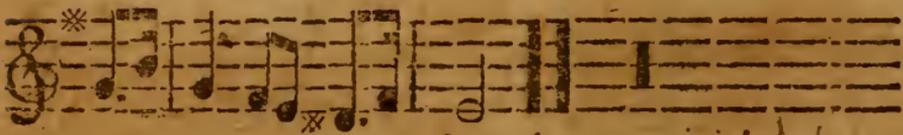
turns to my view! No spring time me cheers,



no mu- sic can charm, He's gone, and I fear



me for - ev - er a - dieu ! A - dieu, ev'ry pleasure



this bo - som can warm !

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

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

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

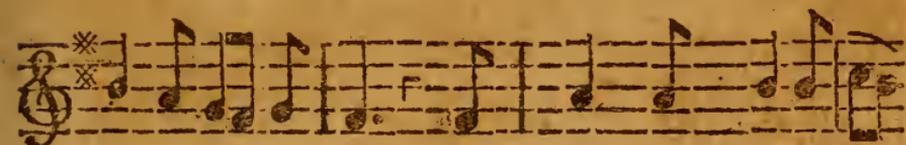
She heard ; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame,
 And will you, my love ! be true ? she reply 'd,
 And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same ?
 Or-dream I that Sandy will make me his bride ?
 O Nelly ! I live to find thee still kind ;
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true ;
 Then adieu !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

Nelly SONG IV.

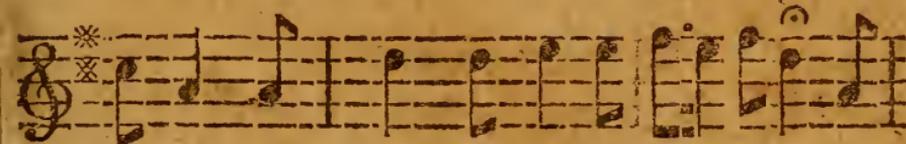
THE DUSKY NIGHT.



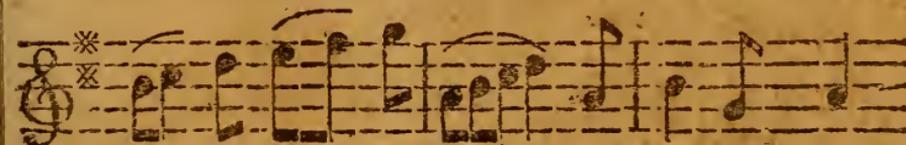
The dusky night rides down the sky, And



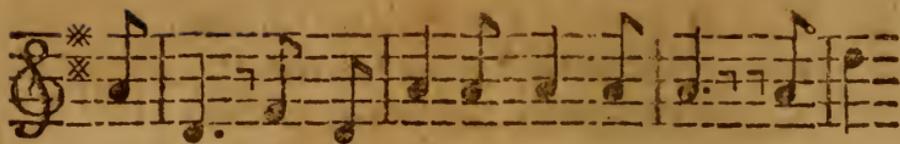
ushers in the morn ; The hounds all join in jo-



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



hunter winds his horn, The hunter winds



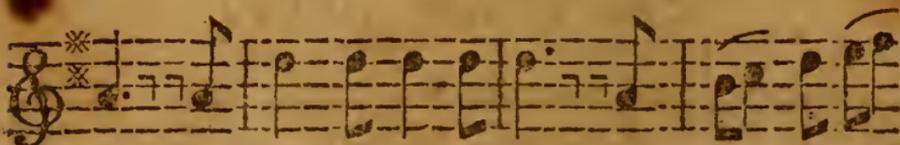
his horn. And a hunting we will go, A hunt-



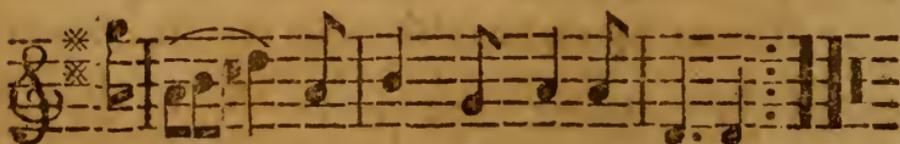
ing we will go, A hunting we will go - - -



A hunting we will go. And a hunting we will



go, A hunting we will go, And hunting we



will go - - A hunting we will go.

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

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

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

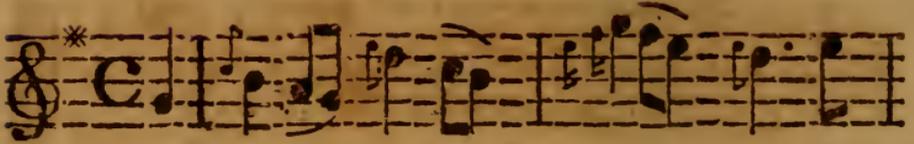
Fond echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry ;
The woods and hills the sound retort,
And music fills the sky,
When a hunting, &c.

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

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

SONG V.

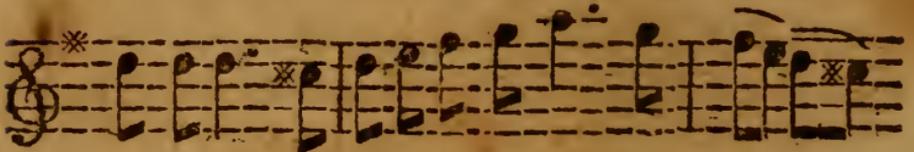
PLATO'S ADVICE.



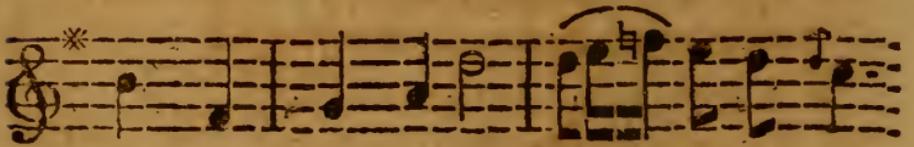
Says Pla-to, why should man be vain? Since



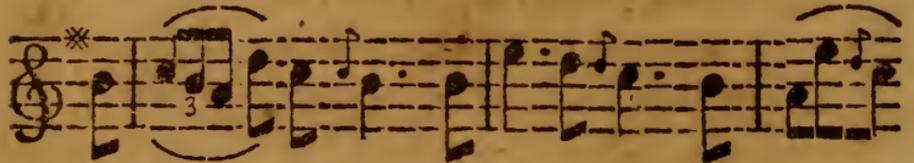
bounteous heaven has made him great; Why



looketh he with insolent disdain On those un-



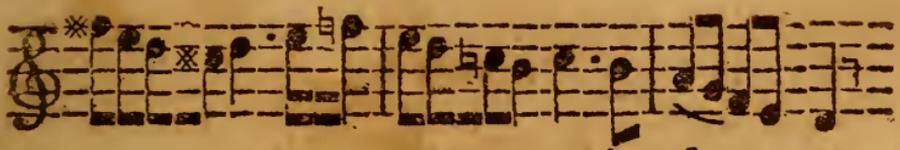
deck'd with wealth or state? Can splendid robes,



or beds of down, Or costly gems that deck



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



ries of a crown,



Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,

The humble, and the haughty, die ;

The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,

In-dust, without distinction, lie.

Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,

Who once the greatest titles bore :

The wealth and glory they possess'd,

And all their honours, are no more.

So glides the meteor thro' the sky,

And spreads along a gilded train ;

But when its short-liv'd beauties die,

Dissolves to common air again.

So 'tis with us, my joyial souls !—

Let friendship reign while here we stay ;

Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls—

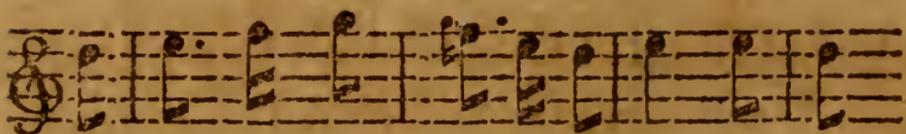
When Jove us calls we must away.

SONG VI.

THE ECHOING HORN.



The echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad



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



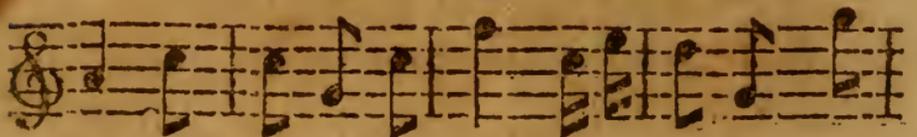
ing is up, and the cry of the hounds Upbraids



our too tedious delay. What pleasure we feel in



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



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



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



..... The traitor is seiz'd on
Chorus.



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



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

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,

Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay;

How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,

And drown the fatigues of the day!

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;

Dull wisdom all happiness fours.

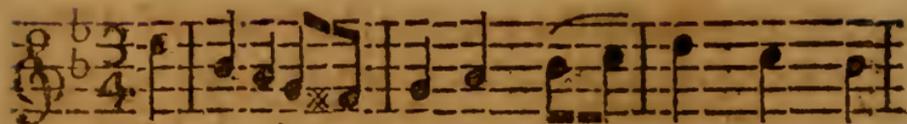
Since life is no more than a passage at best,

Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

With flow'rs; lets strew, &c.

SONG VII.

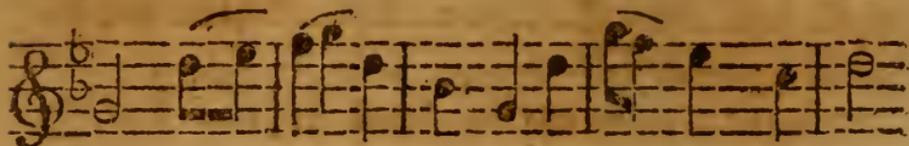
QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.



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



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



tent, Where the fair morning of my clouded day



Shone mildly bright, and temperately gay. Dear



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



can image, and no tongue can tell, The pangs



I feel at that drear word—farewell!

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

SONG VIII.

POOR TOM, OR THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.



Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bow



ling, The darling of our crew; No more



he'll hear the tempest howling, For death



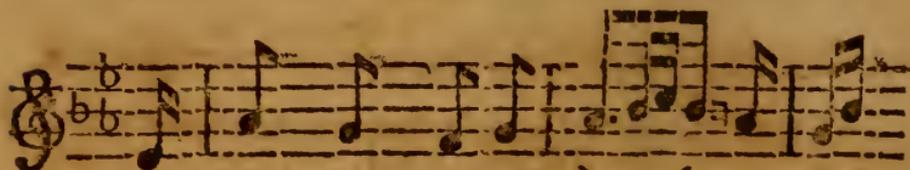
has broach'd him to. His form was of



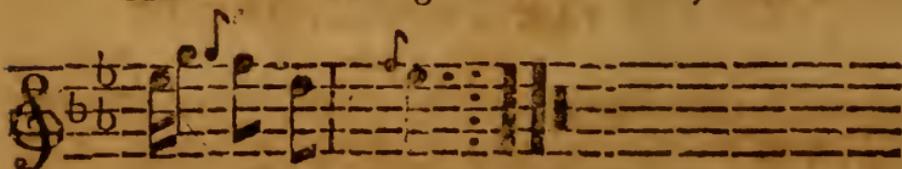
the manliest beauty, His heart was kind and



soft; Faithful below he did his du-ty,



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



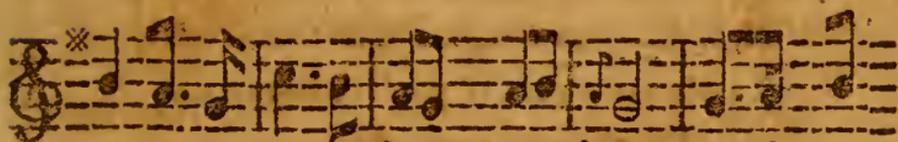
he's gone a - - - loft.

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

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

SONG IX.

NEVER TILL NOW I KNEW LOVE'S SMART.



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



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



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



you'll believe me.

Since that I've felt love's fatal pow'r,
 Heavy has pass'd each anxious hour,
 If not with you, if you'll believe me,

If not with you, &c.

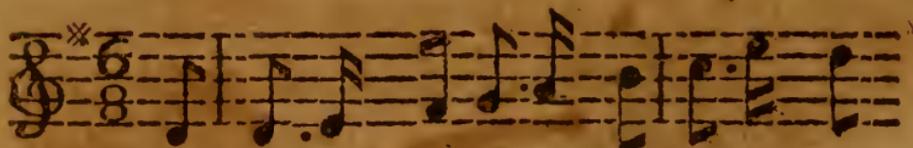
Honour and wealth no joys can bring,
 Nor I be happy tho' a king,
 If not with you, if you'll believe me,
 If not with you, &c.

When from this world I'm call'd away,
 For you alone I'd wish to stay,
 For you alone, if you'll believe me,
 For you alone, &c.

Grave on my tomb, where'er I'am laid,
 Here lies one who lov'd but one maid,
 That's only you, if you'll believe me:
 That's only you, &c.

SONG X.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.



'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were



blowing, And sweetly the nightingale sung from



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



was flowing, I sat myself down on the banks



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



sweet river, Thy banks, purest stream, shall be



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



affection and favour Of Ja - mie the glory and



pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
 ing,

To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he ;
 And ah ! there's no hopes of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud-roaring billows,
 lows,

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
 And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
 The loneliest maid on the Banks of the Dee,

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore
 him,

Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me ;
 And when he returns, with such care I'll watch
 o'er him,

He never shall leave the sweet Banks of the Dee.
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying ;
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing ;
 While I, with my Jamie, am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

ADDITIONS BY A LADY.

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

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

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

'Twas honour and brav'ry made him leave her
 mourning,

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

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

He fell, like brave Wolfe, when the troops were
victorious ;

Sure each tender heart must bewail the decree :

Yet, tho' he is gone, the once faithfullover,

And all our fine schemes of true happiness over,

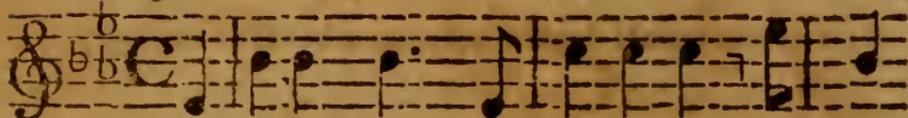
No doubt he implored his pity and favour

For me he had left on the Banks of the Dee.

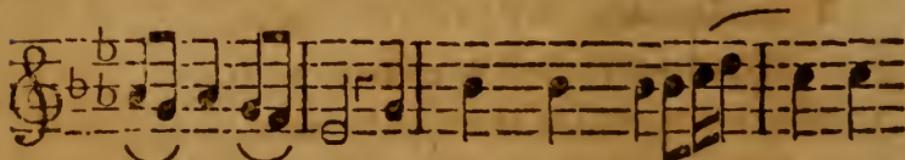
SONG XI.

THE HEAVY HOURS.

Largo andante.



The heavy hours are almost past That part



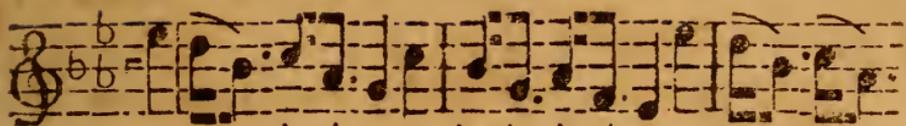
my love and me ; My longing eyes may hope at



last their only wish to see. But how, my De-



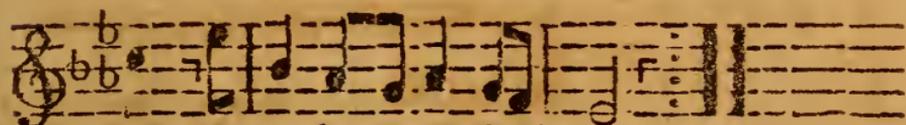
lia, will you meet The man you've lost so long ?



Will love in all your pulses beat, And tremble



on your tongue? Will love in all your pulses



beat, And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare

Your heart is still the same?

And heal each idly anxious care,

Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,

When we shall shortly meet;

And try what yet remains between,

Of loit'ring time to cheat!

But if the dream that soothes my mind,

Shall false and groundless prove;

If I am doom'd at length to find

You have forgot to love:

All I of Venus ask is this,

No more to let us join;

But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,

To die and think you mine.

SONG XII.

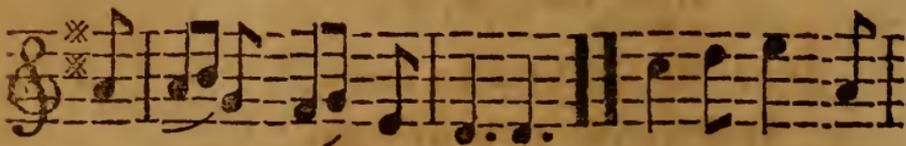
COME NOW ALL YE SOCIAL POW'RS.



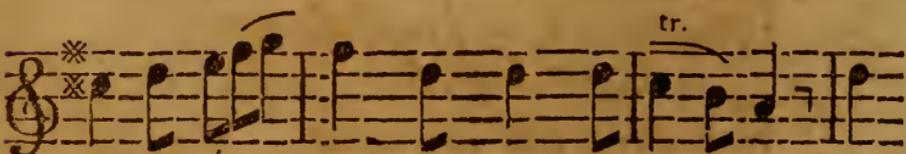
Come now all ye social pow'rs Shed your in-



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



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



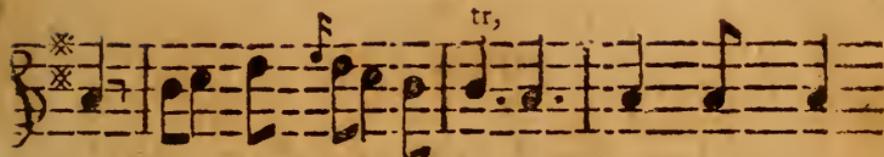
music bring, joy shall quickly find us, Drink



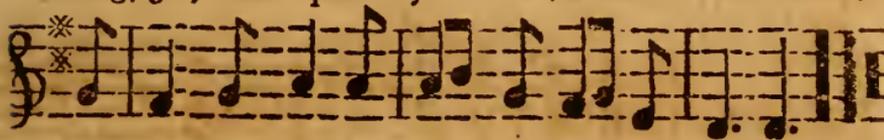
and dance, and laugh and sing, And cast dull



care behind us. Bring the flask, the music



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



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

Friendship, with thy pow'r divine,

Brighten all our features ;

What but friendship, love, and wine,

Can make us happy creatures ?

Bring the flask, &c.

Love, thy Godhead we adore,

Source of generous passion ;

Nor will we ever bow before

Those idols, wealth and fashion.

Bring the flask, &c.

Why should we be dull or sad,

Since on earth we moulder ?

The grave, the gay, the good, the bad,

They every day grow older.

Bring the flask, &c.

Then since time will steal away,

'Spite of all our sorrow ;

Heighten every joy to day,

And never mind to morrow.

Bring the flask, &c.

SONG XIII.

BATCHELORS HALL.



To Batchelors hall we good fellows invite,



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



light : We have spirits like fire and of health such



a flock, That our pulse strikes the seconds as



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



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



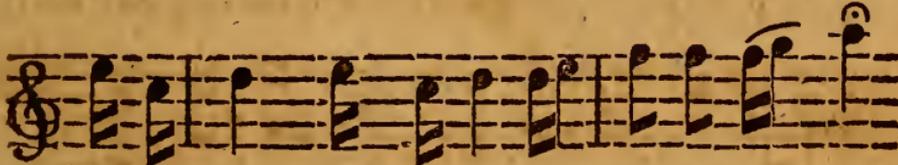
swear, As we mount with a grace, That Di-a-na



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



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



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



And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,

A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back :

Tom Trig rode a bay, full of mettle and bone,

And gayly Bob Buxon rode proud on a roan ;

But the horse of all horses that rivall'd the day,

Was the Squire's Neck-or-nothing, and that was a
grey.

Hark away, hark away,

While our spirits are gay,

Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

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

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

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

SONG XIV.

WOOLF'S ADIEU.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. It consists of ten staves of music, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "Too soon my dearest Sophia, pray take this kind a - dieu, Oh! love thy pains how bit - ter, thy joys how short, how few ; No more those eyes so kill - ing, that gentle glance re - peat, Nor". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals. There are two 'X' marks on the first two staves and one 'X' mark on the third staff. A colon followed by an 'S' (:S:) is placed above the eighth staff.

Too soon my dearest Sophia, pray take this

kind a - dieu, Oh! love thy pains how bit - ter,

thy joys how short, how few ; No more those eyes so

kill - ing, that gentle glance re - peat, Nor



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



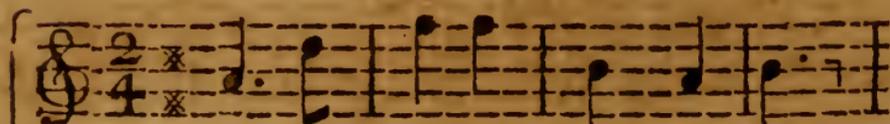
Two passions strongly pleading, my doleful heart divide,
Lo! there's my country bleeding, and here's my weeping bride,
But know thy faithful lover, can true to either prove,
War fires my veins all over, whilst every pulse beats love.

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

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

SONG XV.

MARLBOROUGH'S GHOST.



Awful Hero, Marlboro' rise!





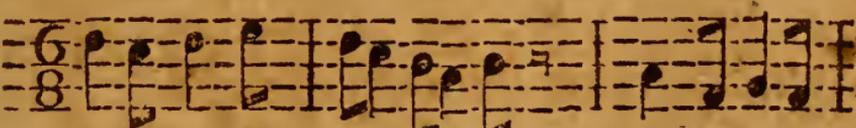
Sleepy charms I come to break ; Hither turn thy



languid eyes, Lo, thy genius calls, awake !



Well survey this faithful plan, Which records thy



life's great name, 'Tis a short but crowded span,

Full of triumph, full of fame.

One by one thy deeds review,
 Sieges, battles, thick appear,
 Former wonders, lost in new,
 Greatly fill each rising year.

This is Blenheim's crimson field,
 Wet with gore, with slaughter stain'd,
 Here retiring squadrons yield,
 And a bloodless wreath is gain'd.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SONG XVI.

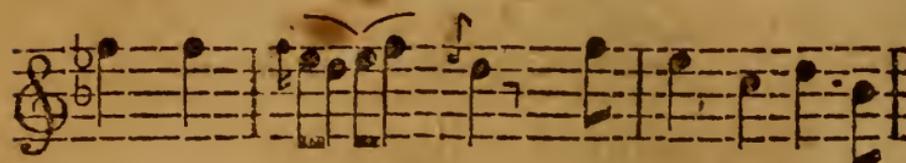
HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.



The fields were green, the hills were gay, And



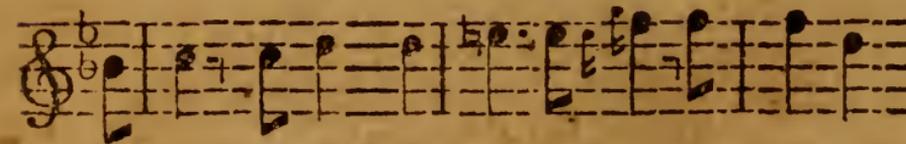
birds were singing on each spray, When Colin



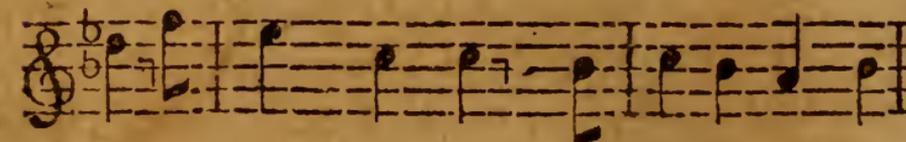
met me in the grove, And told me tender



tales of love. Was ever swain so blithe as he?



So kind, so faithful and so free? In spite of



all my friends could say, Young Colin stole my



heart away. In spite of all my friends could



say, Young Colin stole my heart away.

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

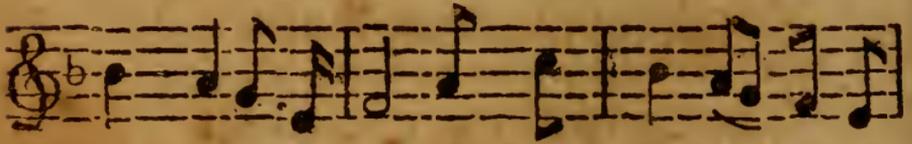
My mother chides whene'er I roam,
 And seems surpris'd I quit my home :
 But she'd not wonder that I rove,
 Did she but feel how much I love.
 Full well I know the generous swain
 Will never give my bosom pain :
 Then, spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.

SONG XVII.

THE STORM.



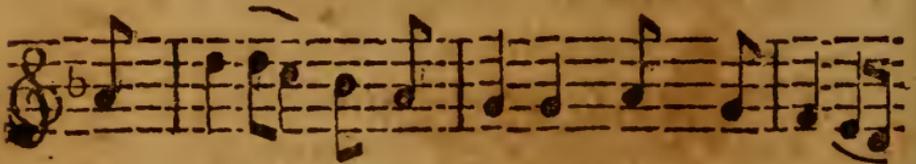
Cease, Rude Boreas, blust'ring railer, Lift ye



landsmen all to me, Messmates, hear a brother



sailor sing the dangers of the sea, From bound-



ing billows first in motion, When the distant



whirlwinds rise, To the tempest-troubled ocean,



where the seas contend with skies.

Lively.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—

By top-sail sheets, and haulyards stand !

Down top-gallants quick be hauling !

Down your stay-fails, hand, boys, hand !

Now it freshens, set the braces ;

Quick the top-sail sheets let go ;

Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces !

Up your top-fails nimbly clew.

Slow.

Now all you on down-beds sporting ;

Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,

Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,

Free from all but love's alarms—

Round us roars the tempest louder ;

Think what fear our mind enthralls.

Harder yet, it yet blows harder ;

Now again the boatswain calls.

Quick.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,

See all clear to reef each course !

Let the foresheets go ; don't mind, boys,

Though the weather should be worse,

Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get ;

Reef the mizen ; see all clear :

Hand up ! each preventer-brace set ;

Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer !

Slow.

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

Quick.

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

Slow.

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

Quick.

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

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

SONG XVIII.

NOTHING LIKE GROG.



A plague of those musty old tubbers, Who

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

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

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

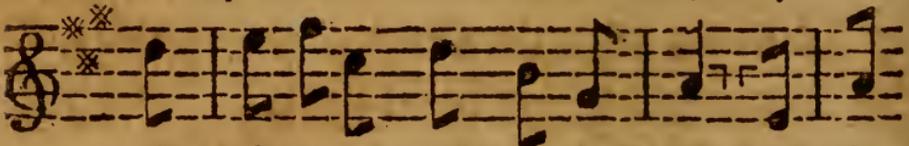
Sick or well, late or early,
 Wind foully or fairly,
 I've constantly fwigg'd it,
 And dam'me there's nothing like grog.

SONG XIX.

POOR JACK!



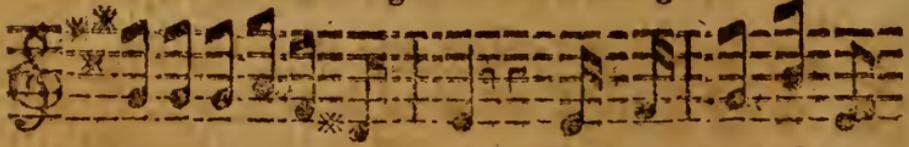
Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,



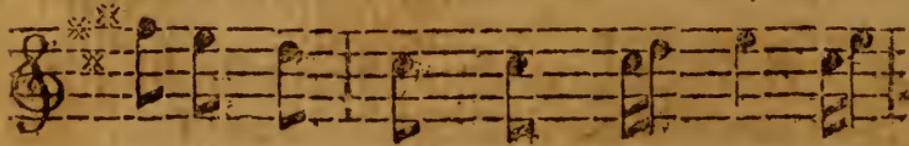
'Bout danger and fear and the like, A tight



water boat and good sea-room give me, And



'ent to a little I'll strike. Tho' the tempest top-



gallant masts smack smooth should smite, And



shiver each splinter of wood, And shiver each

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

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

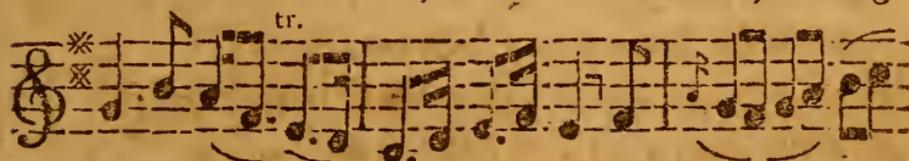
D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a piece of a ship,
 And with her brave the world, without offering to
 flinch,
 From the moment the anchor's a trip :
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, fides, and ends,
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
 For my heart is my Poll's,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

SONG XX.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.



To ease his heart, and own his flame, Young



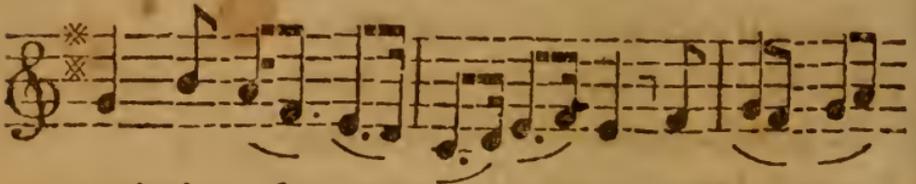
Jockey to my cottage came : But tho' I lik'd



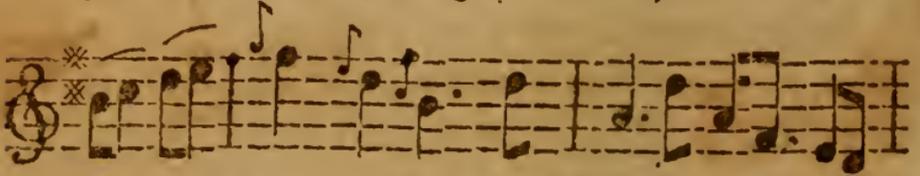
him passing well, I careless turn'd my spinning



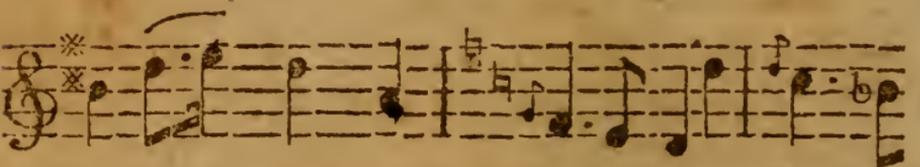
wheel. My milk-white hand he did extol, And



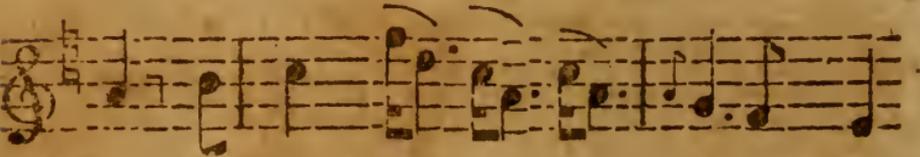
prais'd my fingers long and small, Unusual



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



spinning wheel. Then round about my slender



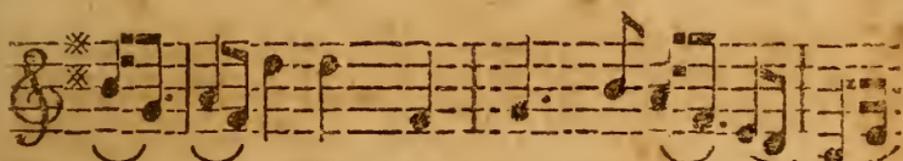
waist He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd,



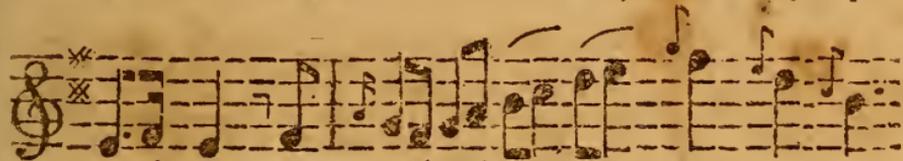
To kiss my hand he down did kneel, But yet



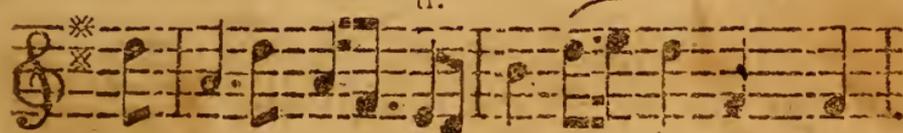
I turn'd my spin-ning wheel. With gentle voice



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



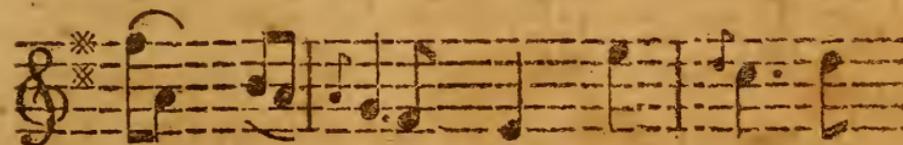
and eyes ; My fondness I could scarce conceal,
tr.



Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel. Till



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



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



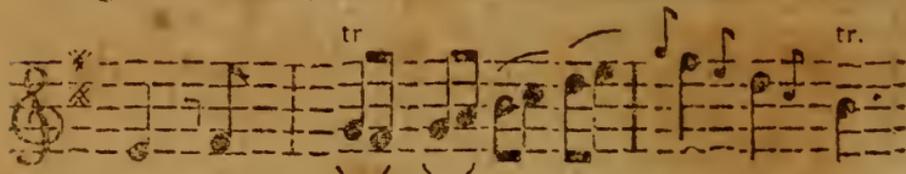
from my rock and reel, And angry turn'd



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



gan to chide, He swore he meant me for his



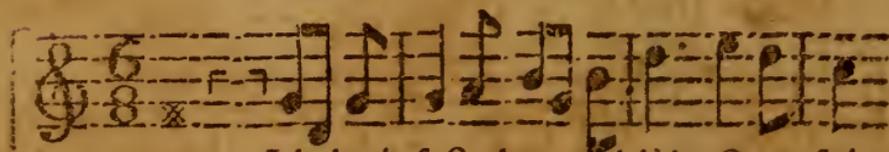
bride: 'Twas then my love I did re---veal,



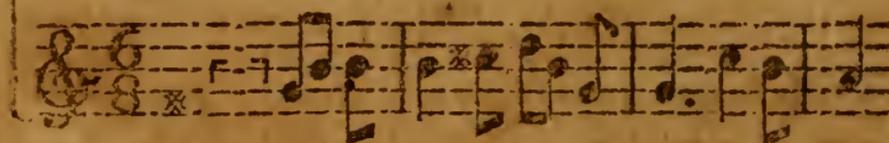
And flung a-way my spinning wheel.

SONG XXI.

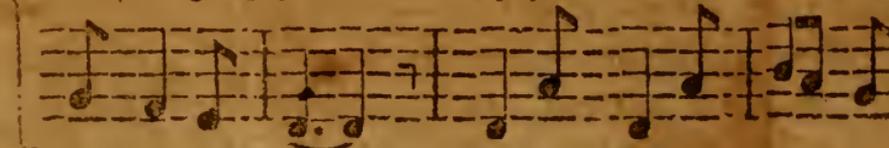
THE GRASSHOPPER.



Little insect that on high, On a spire



of springing grass, Tipsy with the morning



dew, Free from care thy life doth pa - - - - fs.

Sym.
Free from care thy life doth pass.

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

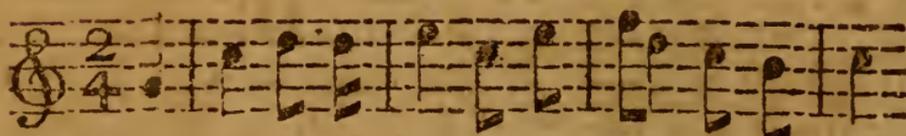
As in chirping plaintive notes
 Thou the hasty sun dost chide,
 And with murm'ring music charm,
 Summer charming to abide.

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

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

SONG XXII.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.



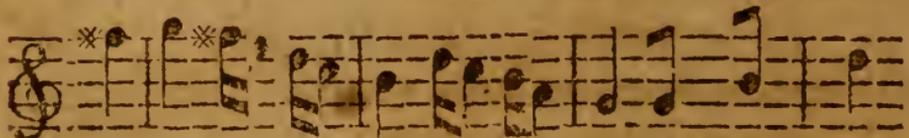
Oh think on my fate once I freedom enjoy'd,



Was as happy as happy could be, But



pleasure is fled, even hope is destroy'd !



A captive, alas, on the sea : I was ta'en



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



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



mind my once happy estate, I sigh, I



sigh as I tug at the oar.

Hard, hard is my fate, oh ! how galling my chain,
 My life's steer'd by misery's chart,
 And though 'gainst my tyrants I scorn to complain,
 Tears gush forth to ease my sad heart ;
 I disdain e'en to shrink, tho' I feel sharp the lash,
 Yet my breast bleeds for her I adore.
 While around me the unfeeling billows will dash,
 I sigh and still tug at the oar.

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

But the wish'd nuptial morn was o'erclouded with
woe,

And, dear Anne, I hurried from you.

Our shallop was boarded and I borne away,

To behold my dear Anne no more ;

But despair wastes my spirits, my form feels decay.

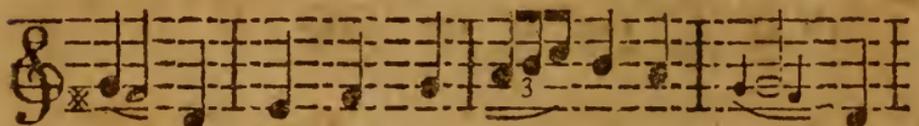
He sigh'd, and expir'd at the oar !

SONG XXIII.

SHEEP IN THE CLUSTERS.



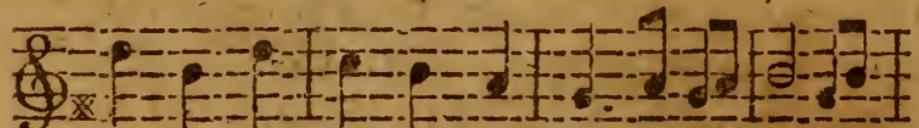
Her sheep had in clusters crept close by the



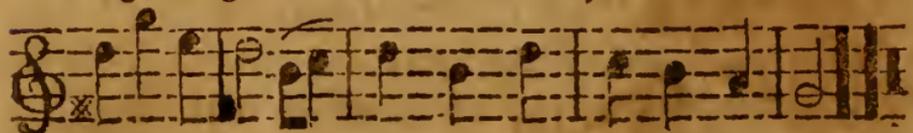
grove, To hide from the rigors of day ; And



Phyllis herself in a woodbine alcove, A-



mong the green vi - o - lets lay.



Among the green violets lay.

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

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

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

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

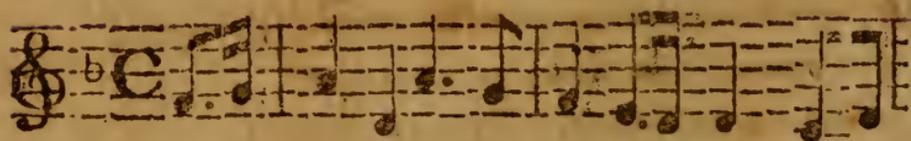
How dares that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid,
Her cheek he mistakes for the rose ;
I'd pat him to death if I were not afraid
That my boldness would break her repose.

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

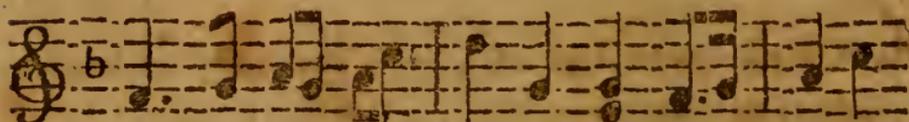
The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
 And plac'd himself close by her side,
And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,
But yesterday made her his bride.

SONG XXIV.

WHEN BIDDEN TO THE WAKE



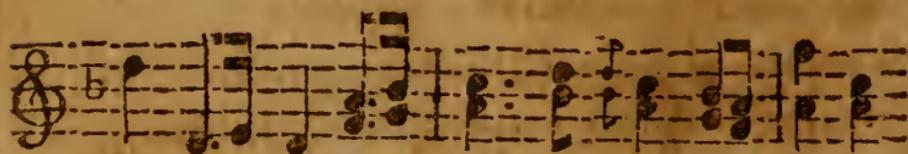
When' bidden to the wake or fair, The



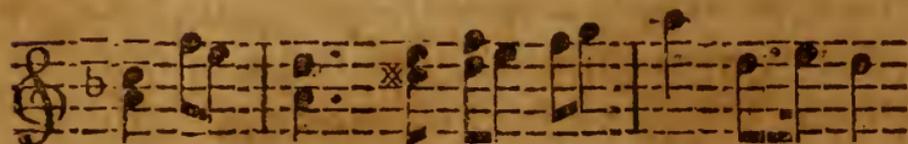
joy of each free hearted swain, Till Phebe,



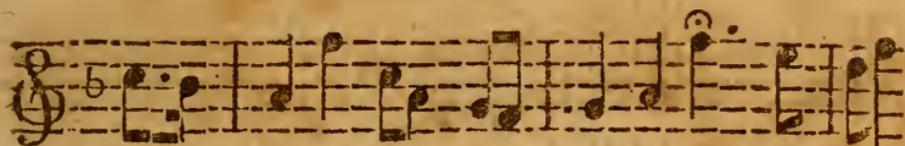
promis'd to be there, I loiter'd last of



all the train. If chance some fairing caught her



eye, The ribbon gay, or silken glove,



With eager haste I ran to buy, For what



is gold compar'd to love.

My posy on her bosom plac'd

Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale,

Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,

And flutter'd in the wanton gale ;

With scorn she hears me now complain,

Nor can my rustic presents move ;

Her heart prefers a richer swain,

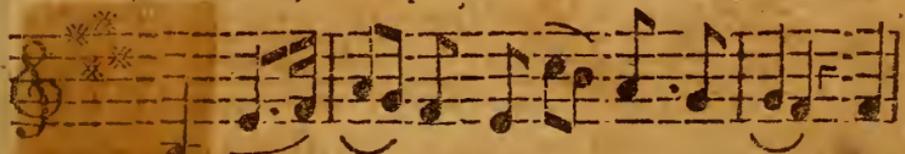
And gold, alas ! has banish'd love.

SONG XXV.

ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.



The day is departed, and round from the



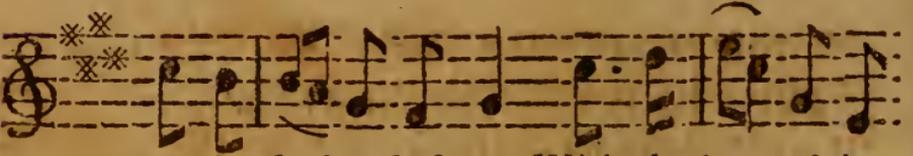
cloud The moon in her beauty appears ; The



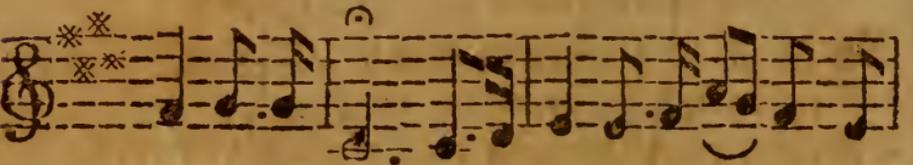
voice of the nightingale warbles aloud The



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



now the season so sweet With the beat of the



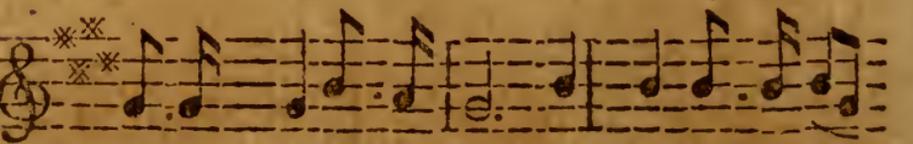
heart is in tune ; The time is so tender for



lovers to meet Alone by the light of the



moon, Alone by the light of the moon, Alone



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



I cannot when present-unfold what I feel ;

I sigh---Can a lover do more ?

Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,

Yet I think of her all the day o'er.

Maria, my love ! do you long for the grove,

Do you sigh for an interview soon ;

Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove,

Alone by the light of the Moon ?

Your name from the shepherds, whenever I hear,

My bosom is all in a glow ;

Your voice, when it vibrates, so sweet thro' mine ear,

My heart thrills---my eyes overflow.

Ye pow'rs of the sky, will your bounty divine

Indulge a fond lover his boon ;

Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine

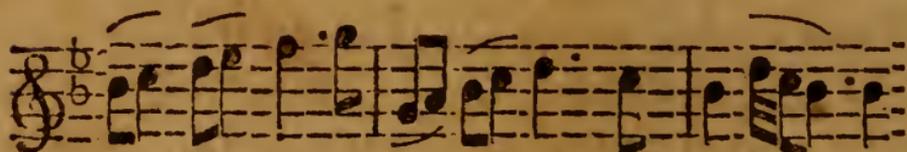
Alone by the light of the Moon ?

SONG XXVI.

AH WHY MUST WORDS.



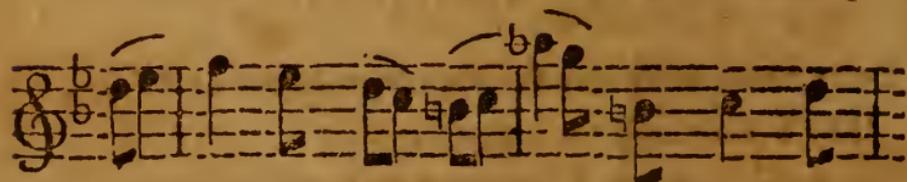
Ah why must words my flame reveal ? What



needs my Damon bid me tell What all my ac-



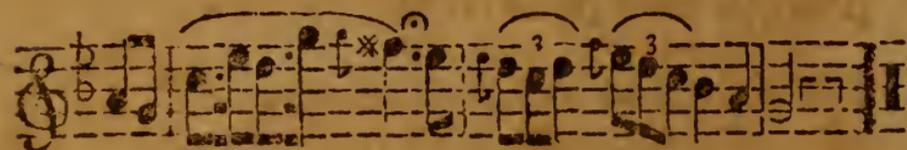
tions prove ? What all my actions prove.



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



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



cret love, betrays my secret love.

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

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

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

But O ! what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect his looks impart
 The least desire to rove.
I hate the maid who gives me pain,
Yet him I strive to hate in vain,
 For ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read my eyes,

Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,

All these my passion prove :

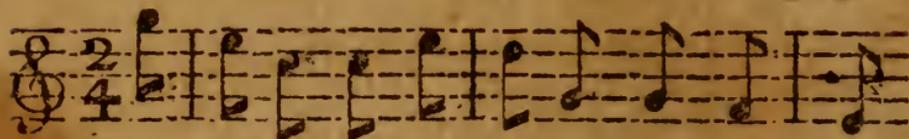
Words may deceive, may spring from art,

But the true language of my heart

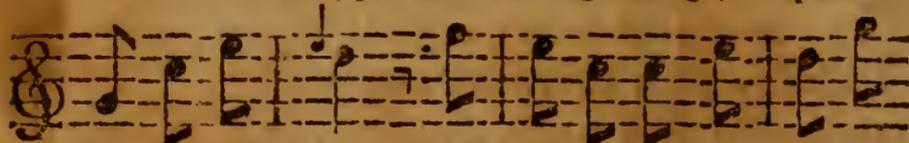
To Damon must be love.

SONG XXVII.

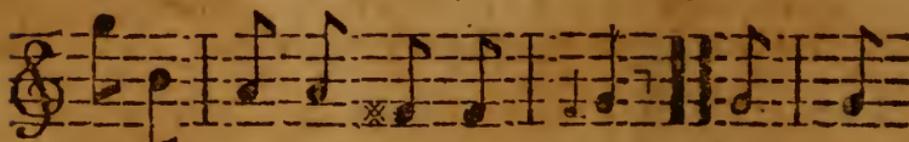
WHEN FIRST I SLIPP'D MY LEADING STRINGS.



When first I slipp'd my leading strings, To please



her little Poll, My mother bought me at the



fair, A pretty waxen Doll; Such floe



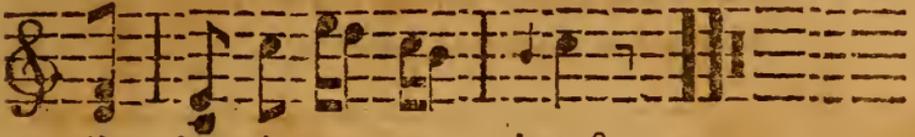
black eyes and cherry cheeks The smiling dear pos-



sess'd, How could I kiss it oft enough, Or hug



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



Or hug it to my breast.

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

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

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

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

SONG XXVIII.

NANCY ; OR, THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.



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



four, By signal I from Nancy parted ;



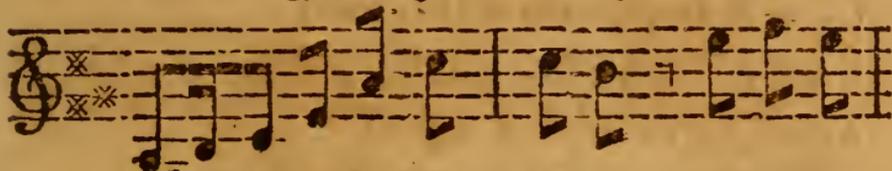
At six she lin - ger'd on the shore,



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



while taughtening the forestay, I saw her



faint, or else 'twas fancy; At eight we



all got under way, And bid a



long adieu to Nancy.

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

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

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

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six, the elements in motion,
Plunged me and three poor Sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean.

Poor wretches ! they soon found their graves—
For me, it may be only fancy,

But Love seemed to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was cleared,
Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,

When a bold enemy appeared,
And, dauntless, we prepared for battle.

And now, while some loved friend or wife,
Like light'ning, rushed on every fancy,

To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,

At three, A. M. discovered day,
And England's chalky cliffs together.

At seven, up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rushed on my fancy,

At twelve I gaily jumped ashore.
And to my throbbing heart pressed Nancy.

SONG XXIX.

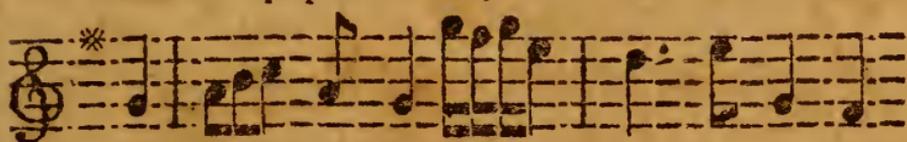
STERNE'S MARIA.



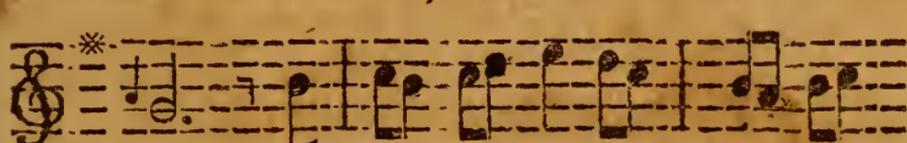
'Twas near a thickets calm retreat, Be-



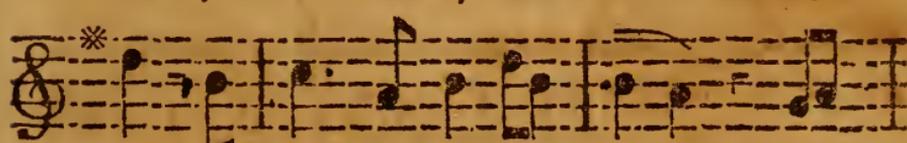
neath a poplar tree, Ma - ri - a chose



her wretched feat, To mourn her sorrows



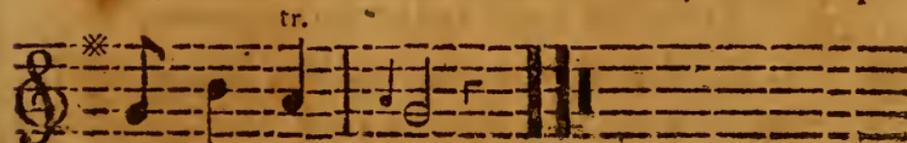
free; Her lovely form was sweet to



view, As dawn at opening day; But



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



her cares a - way.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
 In murmurs smooth along;
 Her pipe which once she tun'd most sweet,
 Has now forgot its song;
 No more to charm the vale she tries,
 For grief has fill'd her breast;
 Those joys that once she us'd to prize,
 Ere love destroy'd her rest.

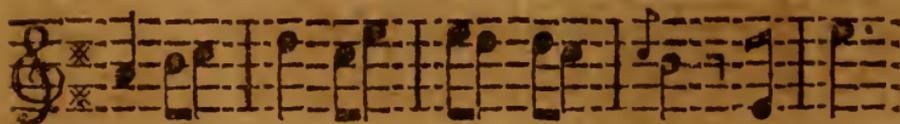
Poor hapless maid! Who can behold
 Thy sorrows so severe?
 And hear thy lovelorn story told,
 Without a falling tear.
 Maria! luckless maid, adieu,
 Thy sorrows soon must cease;
 For Heav'n will take a maid so true,
 To everlasting peace.

SONG XXX.

I SOLD A GUILTLESS NEGRO BOY.



When thirst of gold enslaves the mind, And



selfish views a - lone bear sway, And self-



ish views a-lone bear fway, Man turns a



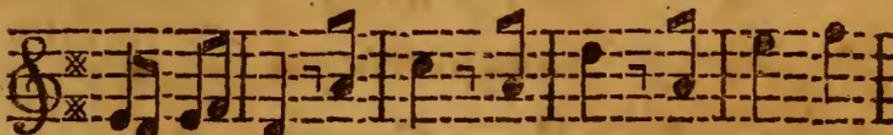
savage to his kind, And blood, and ra - pine



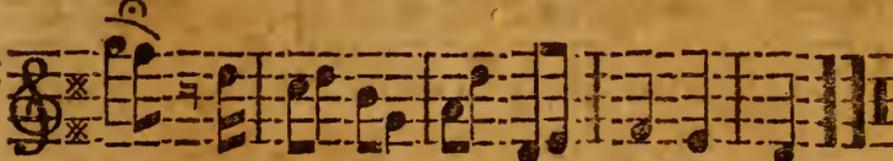
mark his way, And blood and ra - pine mark
tr.



his way, A - - las, for this poor



simple toy I fold a guileless Negro



Boy, I fold a guileless Negro Boy.

His father's hope, his mother's pride,

Tho' black yet comely to the view,

I tore him helpless from their side,

And gave him to a ruffian crew.

Alas, for this poor simple toy

I fold a guileless Negro Boy.

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

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

SONG XXXI.

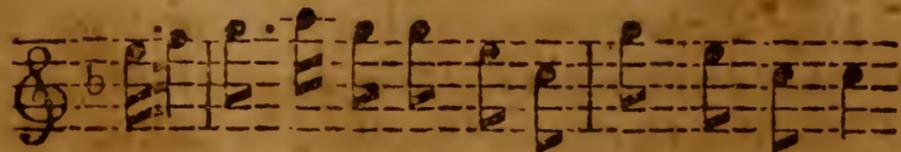
THE HOBBIES.



Attention pray give, while of hobbies I sing,



For each has his hobby from cobbler to king;



On some fav'rite hobby we all get astride,



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



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



All on hobbies, Gee up, gee O!

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

That's their hobby, &c.

The beaux, those sweet gentlemen's hobbies good lack,
 Is to wear great large poultices tied round the neck;
 And think in the ton and the tippy they're drest,
 If they've breeches that reach from the ankle to chest.

That's their hobby, &c.

The hobbies of sailors, when safe moor'd in port,
 Are their wives and their sweethearts to toy with
 and sport:

When our navy's completed, their hobby shall be,
 To show the whole world that America's Free.

That's their hobby, &c.

The hobbies of soldiers, in time of great wars,
 Are breaches and battles, with blood, wounds and scars;
 But in peace, you'll observe that quite diff'rent their
 trade is,

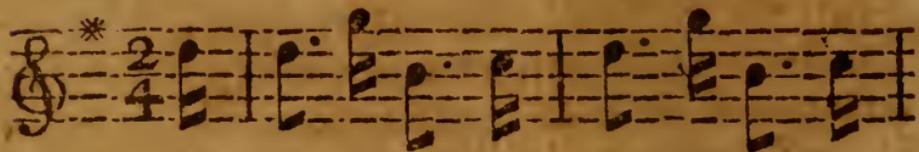
The hobbies of soldiers in peace, are the ladies.
 That's their hobby, &c.

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

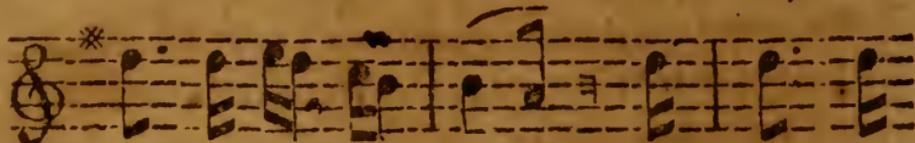
The American's hobby has long since been known,
 No tyrant or king shall from them have a throne;
 Their States are united and let it be said,
 Their hobby is WASHINGTON, Peace and Free Trade.
 That's their hobby, &c.

SONG XXXII.

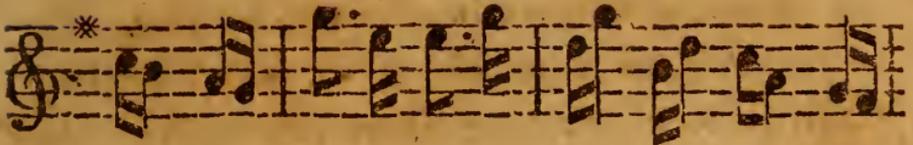
AH DELIA SEE THE FATAL HOUR.



Ah Delia see the fa - tal hour, Fare-



well my soul's de - light; But how shall



wretched Damon live, Thus banish'd from thy



fight, To my fond heart no ri - val



joy Supplies the loss of thee ; But who



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



member me.

D. C.

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

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

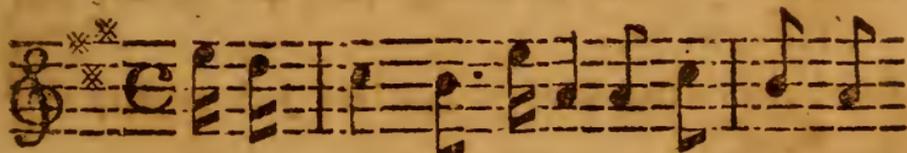
Oft I'll review the smiling scene,
Each fav'rite brook and tree ;
Where gaily pass'd the happy hours,
Those hours I pass'd with thee ;
What painful fond memorials rise
From ev'ry place I see.
Ah, who can tell, &c.

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

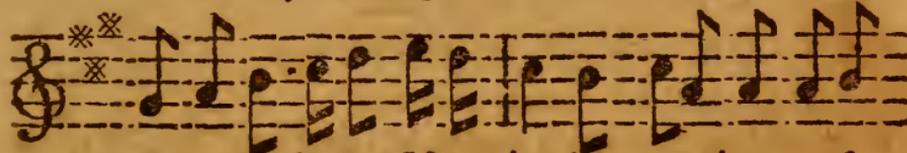
Think, Delia, with how deep a wound
The sweetly painful dart,
Which thy remembrance leaves behind,
Has pierc'd a hopeless heart :
Think on this fatal, sad adieu,
That severs me from thee.
Ah, who can tell, &c.

SONG XXXIII.

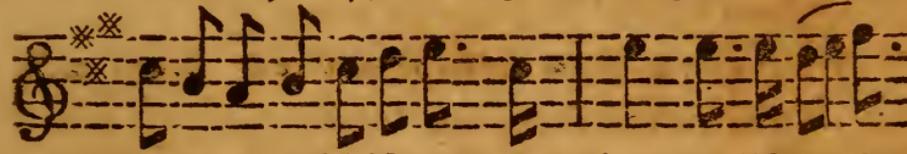
GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.



To my muse give attention, and deem it



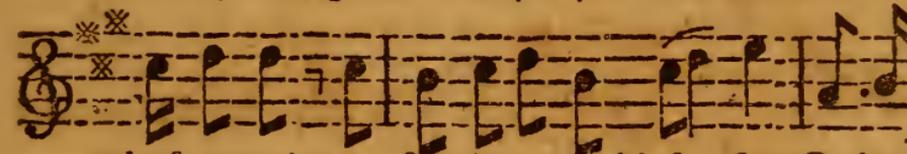
not a mystery, If we jumble together music,



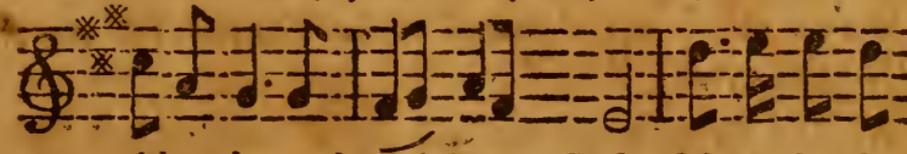
poetry, and history : The times to display in



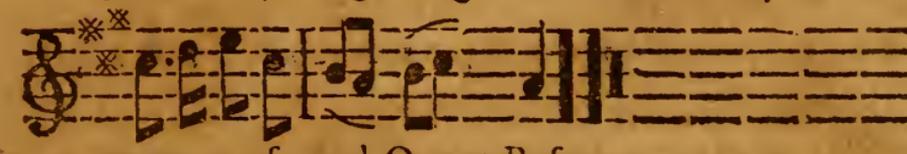
the days of Queen Bess, fir, Whose name and



whose mem'ry po-steri-ty may blefs, fir. O the



golden days of good Queen Bess; Merry be the



memory of good Queen Bess.

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of dons and armadas,
 With their gunpowder puffs, and their blustering
 bravadoes ;

For we knew how to manage both the musket and
 the bow, fir,

And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a
 crow, fir.

○ the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses were
 thatch'd, fir,

Our windows were lattic'd and our doors only
 latch'd, fir ;

Yet so few were the folks that would plunder and
 rob, fir,

That the hangman was starving for want of a job, fir.

○ the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruffs tied round about the
 neck fast,

Would gobble up a pound of beef steaks for their
 breakfast ;

While a close quil'd-up coif their noddles just did
 fit, fir,

And they truss'd up, as tight as a rabbit for the spit,
 fir.

○ the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worsted hose,
fir,

With a huge pair of whiskers, was the dress of our
beaux, fir,

Strong beer they preferr'd to claret or to hock, fir,
And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, fir.

O the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood then was as plenty too as beef,
fir,

And the poor from the rich ne'er wanted relief, fir,
While merry went the mill clack, the shuttle and the
plow, fir,

And honest men could live by the sweat of their
brow, fir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then football, and wrestling, and pitching of the bar,
fir,

Were preferr'd to a flute, to a fiddle, or guitar, fir :
And for jaunting, and junketting, the fav'rite regale,
fir,

Was a walk as far as Chelsea, to demolish buns and
ale, fir,

O the golden days, &c.

Then the folks, ev'ry Sunday, went twice at least to
church, fir,

And never left the parson or his sermon in the
lurch, fir,

For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people to be
good in, fir,

And they thought it Sabbath-breaking if they din'd
without a pudding, fir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men
were great, fir,

And the props of the nation were the pillars of the
state, fir;

For the sov'reign and subject one interest supported,
And our powerful alliance by all powers then was
courted.

O the golden days, &c.

Then the high and mighty states, to their everlasting
stain, fir,

By Britons were releas'd from the galling yoke of
Spain, fir,

And the rous'd British lion, had all Europe then
combin'd, fir,

Undismay'd would have scatter'd them, like chaff
before the wind, fir,

O the golden days, &c.

Thus they ate, and they drank, and they work'd, and
they play'd, fir,

Of their friends not ashamed, nor of enemies afraid, fir,

And little did they think, when this ground they
stood on, fir,

To be drawn from the life, now they're all dead and
gone, fir.

O the golden days, &c.

THE GOLDEN DAYS WE NOW POSSESS.

A Sequel to the favorite Song of Good Queen Bess.

To the foregoing Tune.

IN the praise of Queen Bess lofty strains have been
sung fir ;

And her fame has been echo'd by old and by young,
fir ;

But from times that are past we'll for once turn our
eyes, fir,

As the times we enjoy 'tis but wisdom to prize, fir,

Then whate'er were the days of Good Queen Bess.

Let us praise the golden days we now possess.

Without armies to combat, or armadas to withstand
fir,

Our foes at our feet, and the sword in our hand, fir,

Lasting peace we secure while we're Lords of the
seas, fir,

And our stout wooden walls are our sure guarantees,
fir.

Such are the golden days we now possess,

Whatever were the days of Good Queen Bess.

No Bigots rule the roast, now, with persecution dire,
fir,

Burning zeal now no more heaps the faggot on the
fire, fir ;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SONG XXXIV.

BRIGHT PHŒBUS.



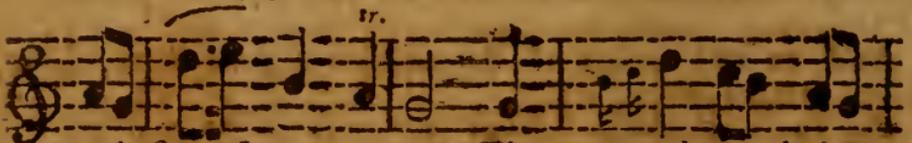
Bright Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,



And the horns and the hounds call each sports-



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



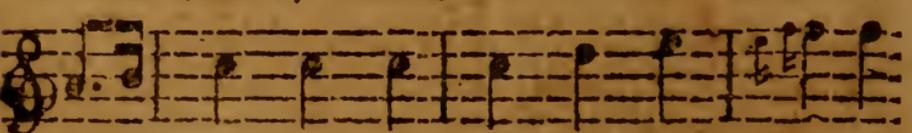
each sportsman away. Thro' woods and thro'



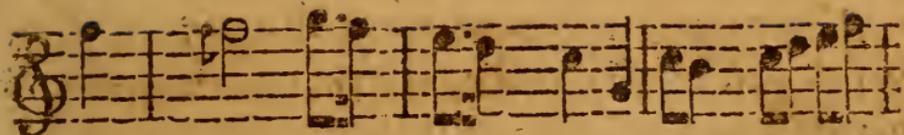
meadows with speed now they bound, While



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



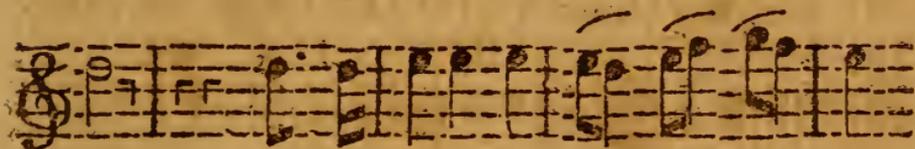
Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now



they bound, While health, rosy health, is in



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



way! Hark away is the word to the sound



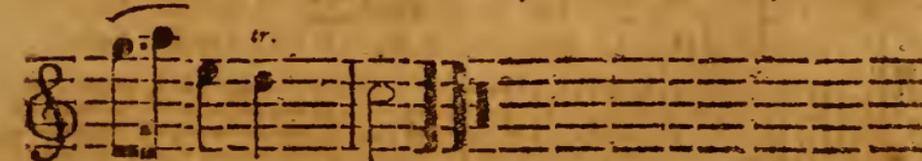
of the horn -



And e - cho and



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



jo- vial the morn.

H

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

Hark away, &c.

At length puss is caught, and lies panting for breath,
 And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for death,
 No joys can delight like the sports of the field;
 To hunting all pleasures and pastimes must yield.

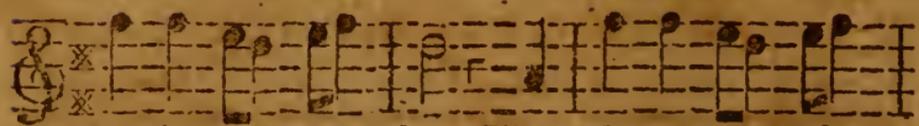
Hark away, &c.

SONG XXXV.

THE ROSARY.



Tho' oft we meet severe distress In



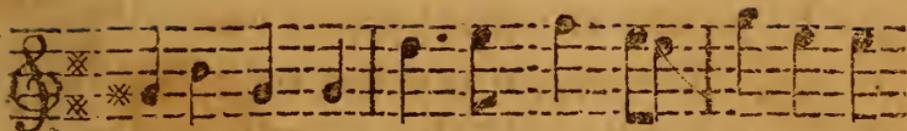
ven'ring out to sea, Tho' oft we meet se-



vere distress in ven'ring out to sea, The



part's of the storm seems less, As we to heav'n our



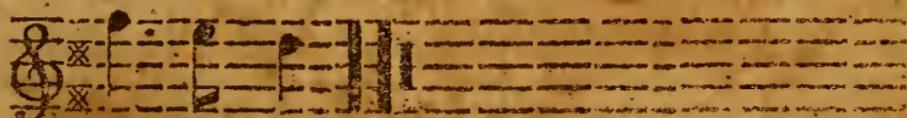
vows address, And sing the cheering Rosary,



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



heav'n our vows address, I sing the cheering



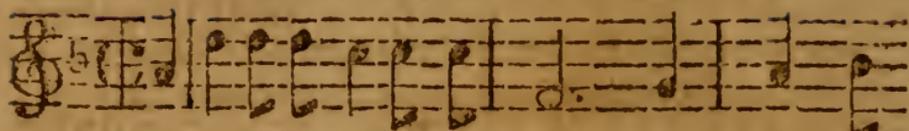
Ro - sa - ry.

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

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

SONG XXXVI.

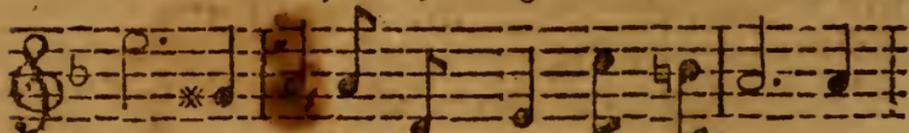
DIOGENES SURLY AND PROUD.



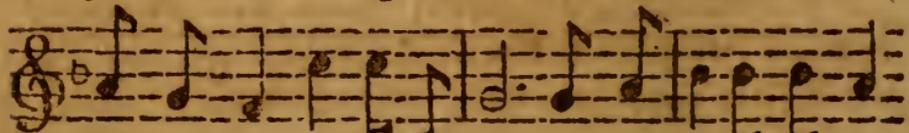
Di-o-ge-nes surly and proud, Who snarl'd at



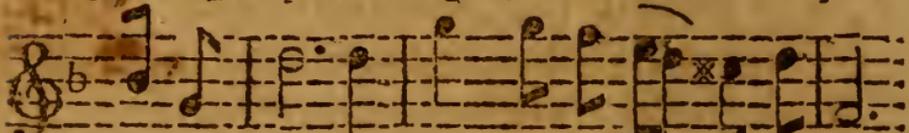
the Macedon youth, Delighted in wine that was



good, Because in good wine there is truth ; But



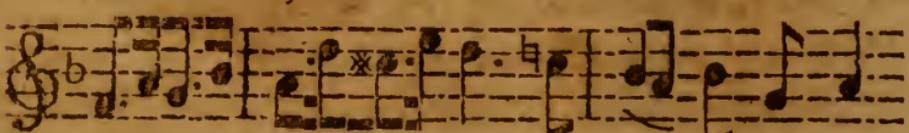
growing as poor as a Job, And un-a-ble to pur-



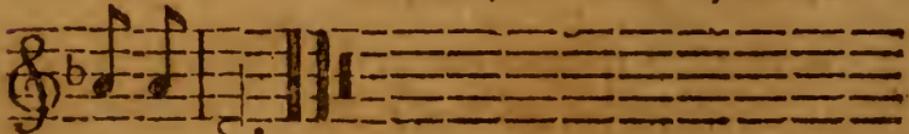
chase a flask, He chose for his mansion a tub,



And liv'd by the scent of his ca-



- - - - - sk, And liv'd by the scent



of his cask.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SONG, XXXVII.

RISE COLUMBIA!

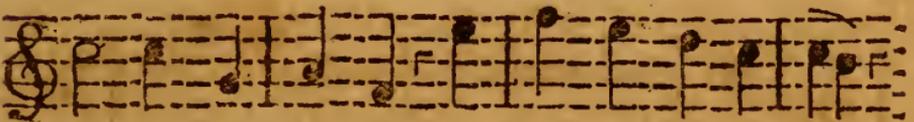
An occasional SONG written by Mr. THOMAS PAINE of BOSTON.



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



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



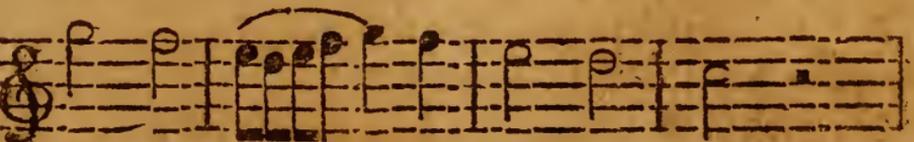
Supreme mid Nature's, mid Nature's vast abode,



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



Rise Columbia, Columbia brave and free,



Poize the globe and bound the sea.

CHORUS.

Rise Columbia, Columbia brave and free,

Poize the globe and bound the sea.

In darkness wrapp'd, with fetters chain'd ;
 Will ages grope, debas'd and blind,
 With blood the human hand be stain'd—
 With tyrant power, the human mind.

Rise COLUMBIA, &c.

But, lo ! across th' Atlantic floods,
 The star-directed pilgrim sails !
 See ! fell'd by Commerce, float thy woods ;
 And cloth'd by Ceres, wave thy vales !

Rise COLUMBIA, &c.

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

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

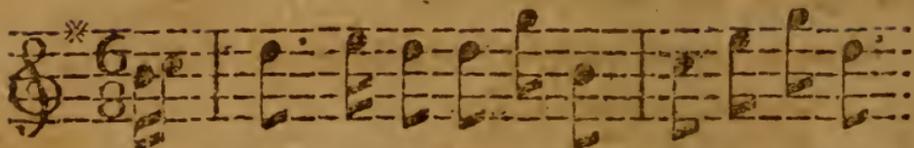
While Fame, for thee, her wreath entwines,
 To BLESS, thy nobler triumph prove ;
 And though the EAGLE haunts thy PINES,
 Beneath thy WILLOWS shield the DOVE.
 Rise COLUMBIA, &c.

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

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

SONG XXXVIII.

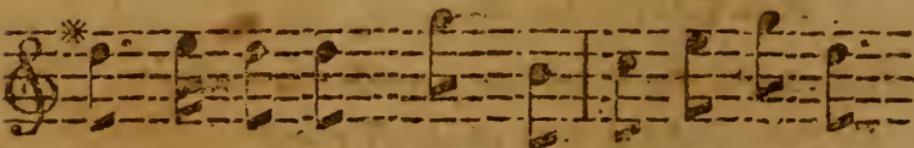
THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL THAT I LOVE.



My friends all declare that my time is mispent,



While in rural re-tirement I rove, I



ask no more wealth, than dame fortune has sent,



But the sweet little girl that I love; The



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



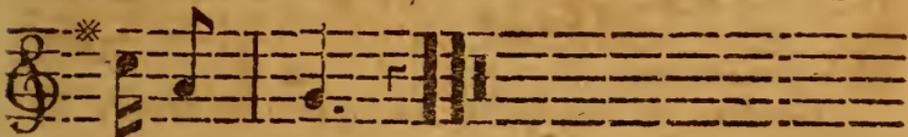
her cheek's my delight. She's soft as the



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



ev-er so white, As the sweet little girl



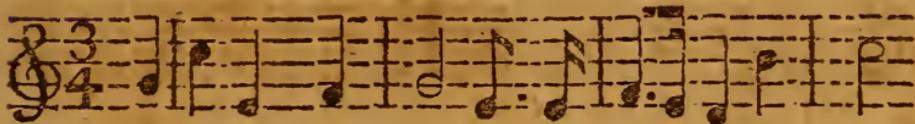
that I love.

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

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

SONG XXXIX.

NEW ANACREONTIC SONG.



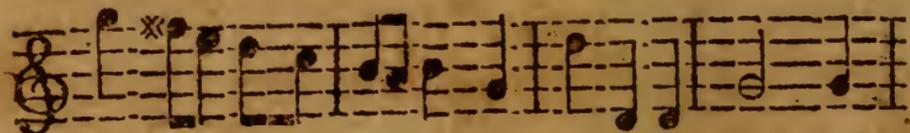
Anacreon they say was a jolly old blade,



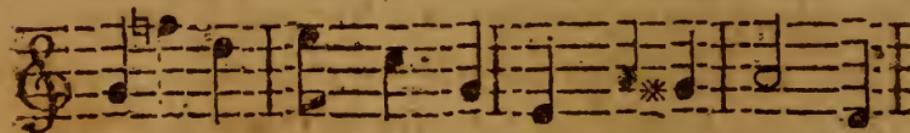
A Grecian choice spirit, and poet by trade. A-



r nacreon, they say, was a jolly old blade, A



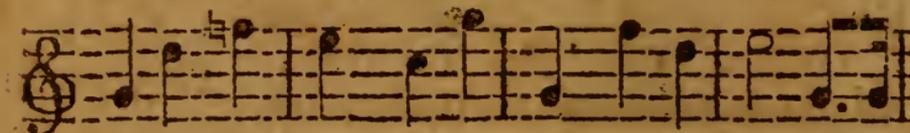
Grecian choice spirit, and poet by trade. To



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



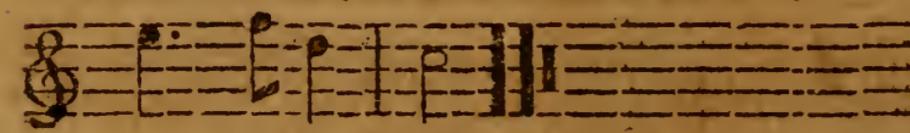
Love and a bumper he sung all his days : To



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



love and a bumper, For love and a bumper he



sung all his days.

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

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

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

To love and be lov'd how transporting the bliss,
 While the heart-cheering glass gives a zest to each
 kifs ;

With Bacchus and Venus I'll ever combine,
 For drinking and kissing are pleasures divine.

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

SONG XL.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.



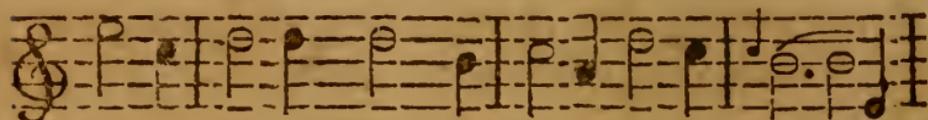
There was a jol-ly miller once Liv'd on the



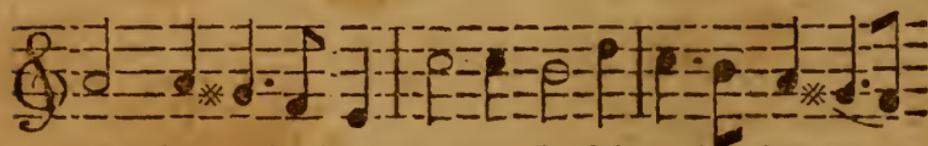
ri-ver Dee, He danc'd and he sung from morn



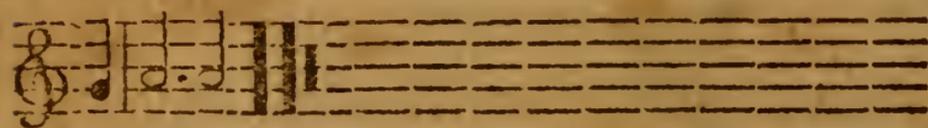
till night, No lark so blithe as he. And this the



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



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



for me.

I live by my mill, God bless her ! she's kindred, child
and wife ;

I would not change my station for any other in life.

No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from
me.

I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

When spring begins its merry career, oh ! how his
heart grows gay !

No summer's drought alarms his fears, nor winter's
fild decay ;

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

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and
sing :

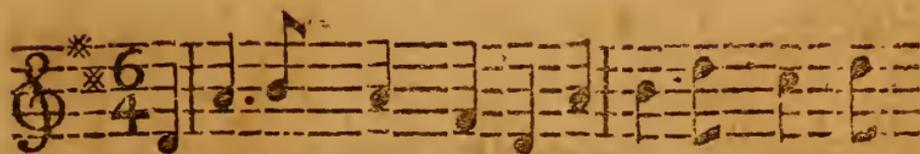
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on
the wing.

This song shall pass from me to thee, along this jovial
ring.

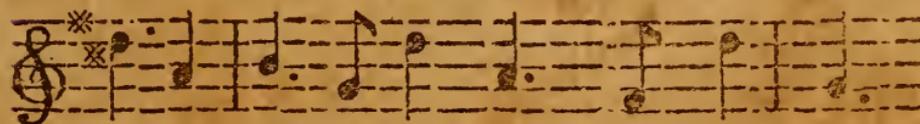
Let heart and voice and all agree, to say,—long live
the King!

SONG XLI.

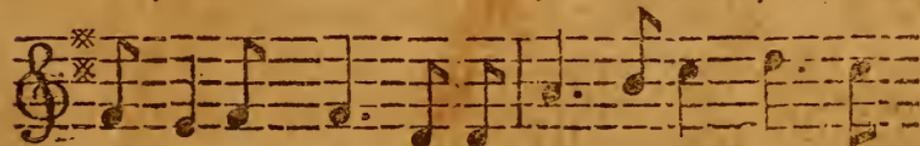
THE TWADDLE.



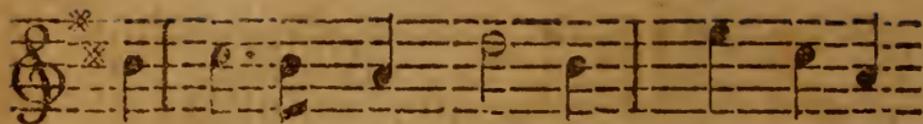
On sturdy stout Dobbin I mounted my sad-



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



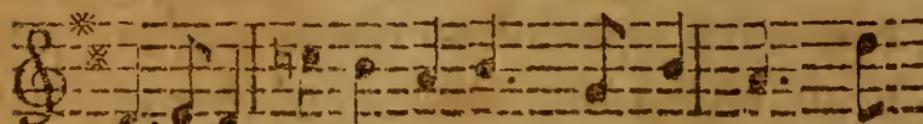
me the twaddle; 'Till I met with a friend by



mere dint of good luck, Who taught me the



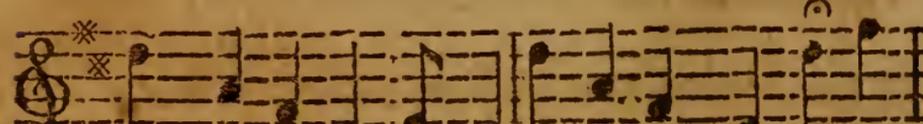
Tippee, And now I'm a buck ! To swallow six



bottles I now dare engage, Then to knock down



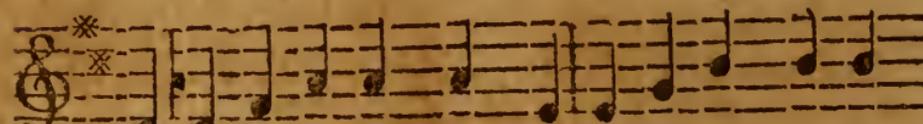
those watchmen bent double with age, And if



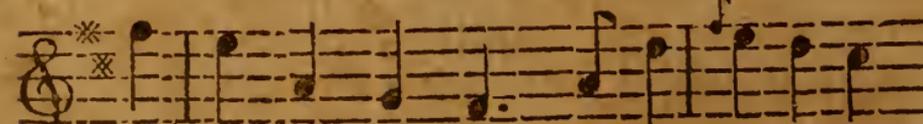
spent with fatigue to St. James's I waddle, To



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



No longer the twaddle, No longer the twaddle,



To shew the beau monde I'm no longer the

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

SONG XLII.

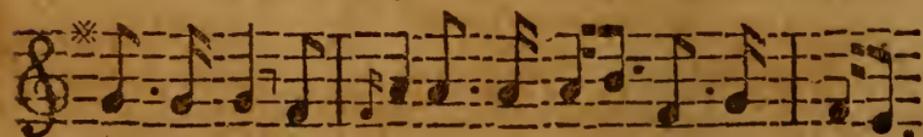
THE INDIAN CHIEF.



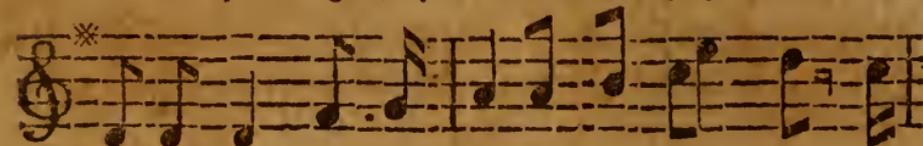
The sun sets at night, and the stars shun



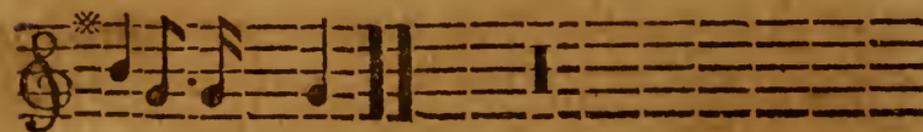
the day, But Glory re-mains when their lights



fade away : Begin, yo tormentors, your threats



are in vain, For the son of Alk-no-mook shall



never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low :
 Why so slow?—Do you wait till I shrink from the
 pain ?

No!—the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

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

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

SONG XLIII.

HOW HAPPY THE SOLDIER.



How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,



And spends half a crown out of sixpence a day ;



Yet fears neither justices, warrants, or bums,



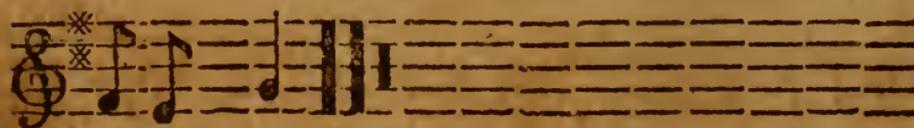
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.



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



dow ; And he pays all his debts with the roll



of his drums.

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

With a row de dow, &c.

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

With a row de dow, &c.

SONG XLIV.

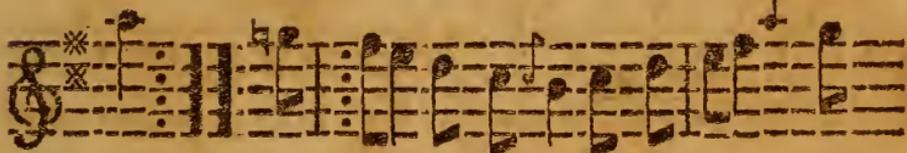
THE LASSES OF DUBLIN.



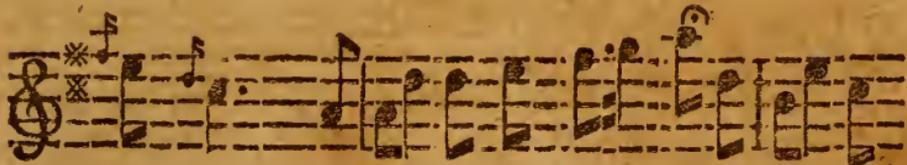
The meadows look cheerful, the birds sweet-



ly sing, So gayly they carrol the praises of



spring ! Tho' Na-ture rejoices, poor No - rah



shall mourn, Until her dear Patrick again shall



return. Tho' gain shall return.

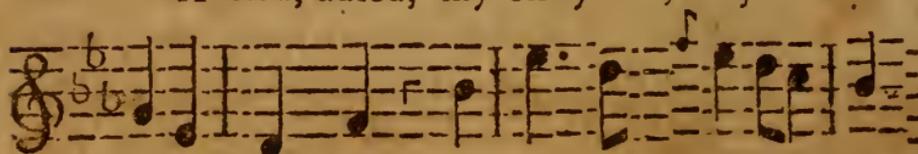
Ye Lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,
 Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms :
 Tho' fattins, and ribbons, and laces are fine,
 They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

SONG XLV.

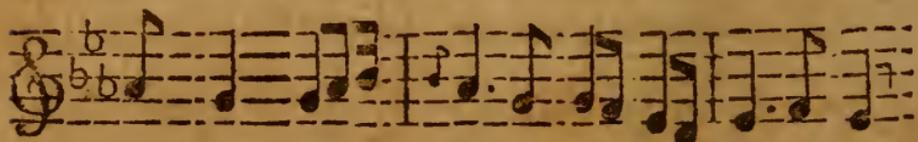
ADIEU, ADIEU, MY ONLY LIFE.



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



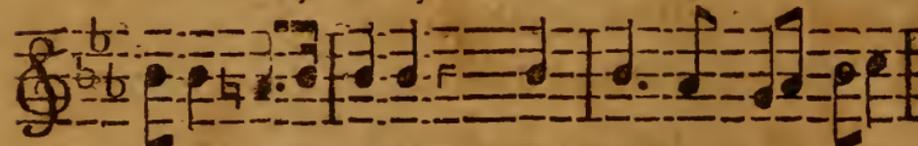
calls me from thee : Remember thou'rt a fol-



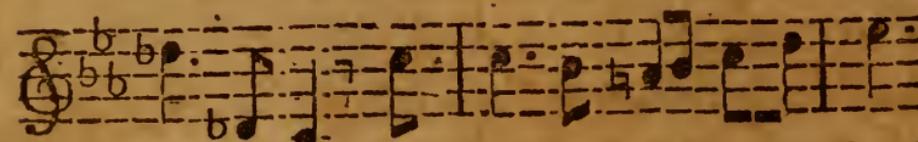
dier's wife, Those tears but ill be - come thee.



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



dering cannons rattle ; Where valour's self might



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



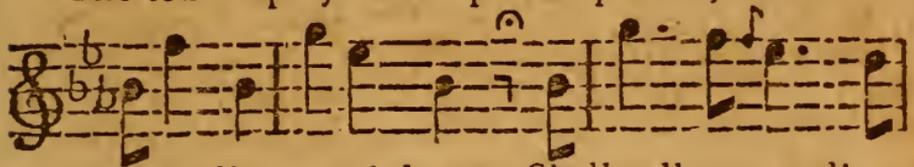
appall'd ; When on the wings of thy dear love,



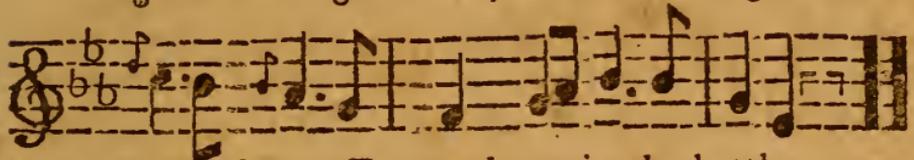
To heaven a-bove thy fervent orisons are flown ;



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



a guardian angel down, Shall call a guardian



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

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving,
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving.

Let peril come, let horror threat,
 Let thundr'ring cannons rattle,
 I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assur'd when on the wings of love,
 To heaven above, &c.

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

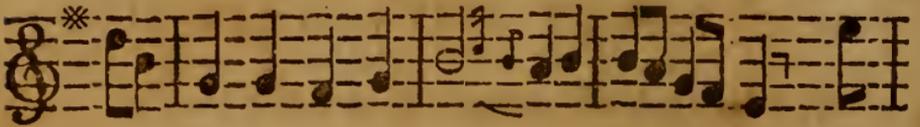
I go, assur'd—my life! adieu,
 Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Tho' murd'ring carnage stalk in view,
 When on the wings of thy true love,
 To heaven above, &c.

SONG XLVI.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.



'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling stars



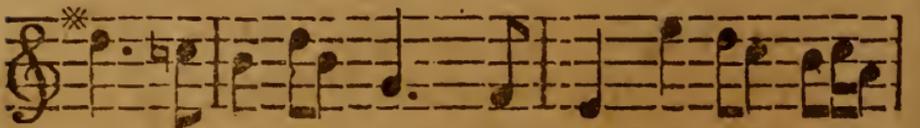
Shone on the rippling sea: No duty call'd the



jo - vial tars, The - helm was lash'd a - - lee,



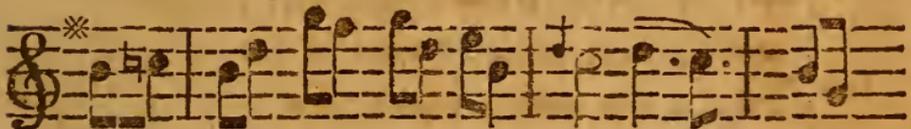
The helm was lash'd a - - lee. The am - ple



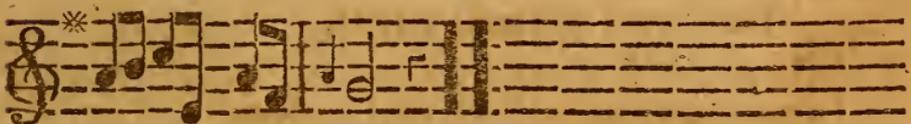
can adorn'd the board, Prepar'd to see it



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



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



the grog a - - bout.

Cried honest Tom, my Peg I'll toast,

A frigate neat and trim,

All jolly Portsmouth's favourite boast :

I'd venture life and limb,

Sail seven long years, and ne'er see land,

With dauntless heart and stout,

So tight a vessel to command :

Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Poll,

Sailing in comely state,

Top ga'nt-sails set she is so tall,

She looks like a first-rate,

Ah ! would she take her Jack in tow,

A voyage for life throughout,

No better birth I'd wish to know :

Then push the grog about,



On thy rock rooted virtue firmly seated sublime,



Below thee break harmless the billows of time :

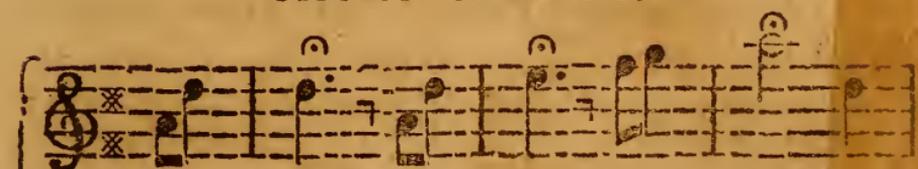


The strip'd flag shall wave still and glory ensue,

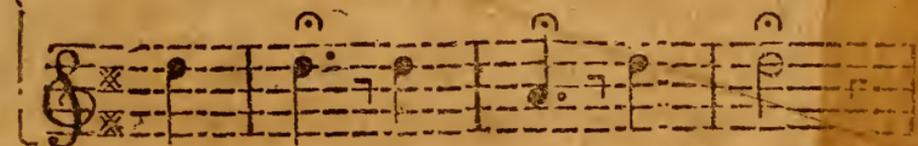


And freedom find ev - er a guardian in you.

CHORO GRANDO.



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



brave A - mer - i - - ca, ~~where freedom is~~



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

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

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

Our bosoms in raptures beat high at thy name,
 Thy health is our transport—our triumph, thy fame :
 Like our fires, with our swords, we'll support thy re-
 nown ;

What they bought with their blood we'll defend
 with our own.

Smile ye Guardians of Freedom your brave sons im-
 plore,

That America may flourish till time be no more.

Huzza, &c.

For the blessings of peace and large commerce are yours.

The muses to thee a glad tribute shall pay,

We flourish with freedom, with freedom decay,

Our hearts faintly murmur, or silently stand,

Should the sword of oppression 'gain wave o'er our
 land.

~~Can the Eagle soar high, Can she dart like the wind,
 When her files are oppress'd, and her pinions confin'd?~~

Huzza, &c.

For a Bowdoin, a Lincoln and Adams are yours.

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

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

SONG XLVIII.

FRESH AND STRONG:

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are grouped together with a brace on the left and correspond to the lyrics 'Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing,'. The next two staves are also grouped with a brace and correspond to the lyrics 'While yon ship at an-chor rides; Sullen'. The notation includes treble clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The notes are primarily quarter and eighth notes, with some rests.

Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing,

While yon ship at an-chor rides; Sullen

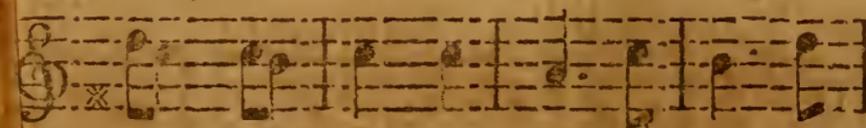
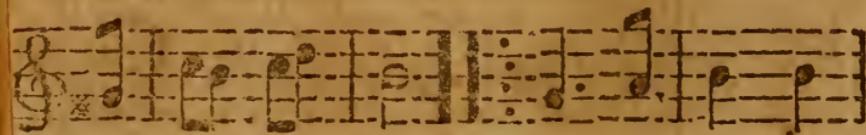
THE AMERICAN



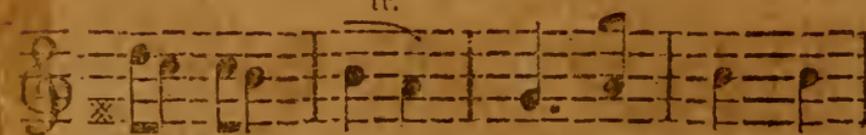
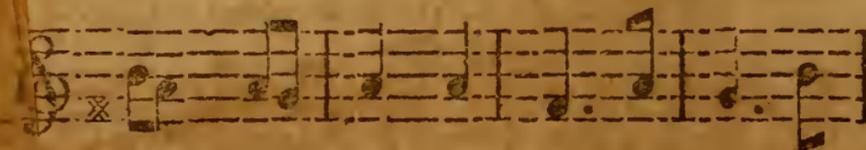
waves in - ces - sant flowing, Rudely dash



a - gainst her fides ; Thus my heart its



course im - ped - ed, Beats in my per-



turbed breast ; Doubts like waves by



waves suc - ceed-ed, Rise, and still de-

ny me rest,

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

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

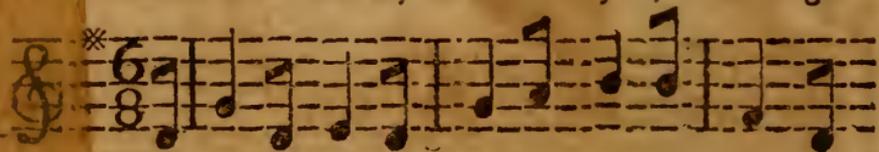
THE AMERICAN

SONG XLIX.

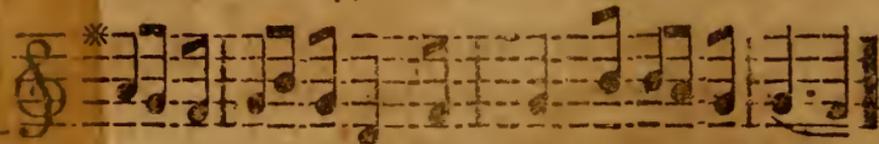
THE COTTAGER.



As on a lonely hill I stray'd, A cottage



in a vale I spy'd, Whereat I ne'er had been ;

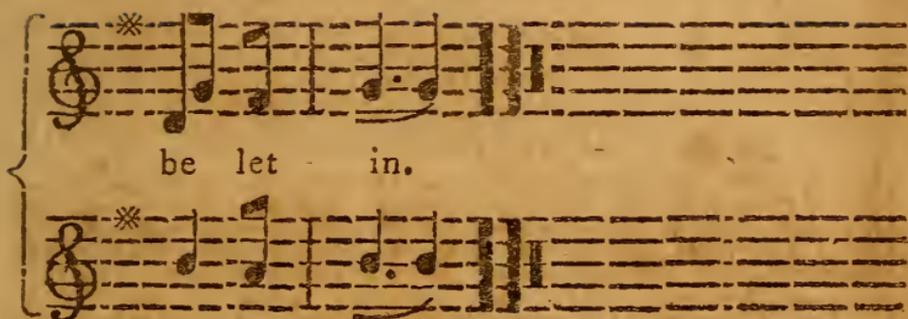


I being lost from town to town, It being



late and the sun was down, I call'd to





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

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

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

See a new empire rise, Bursting with glad surprize

Ty - ran - nic chains.

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

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

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

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

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

SONG LI.

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

To the foregoing Tune.

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

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

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

L

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

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

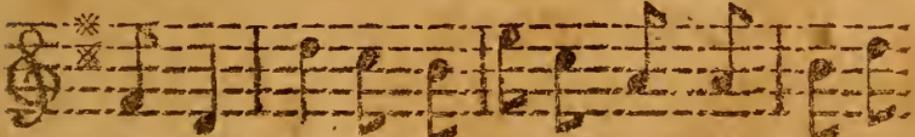
On this blest mountain's head,
The festive board we'll spread,
 With viands high ;
Let joy's broad bowl go round,
With public spirit crown'd,
And consecrate the ground
 To liberty.

SONG LII.

THE SAILOR BOY CAPERING ASHORE.



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



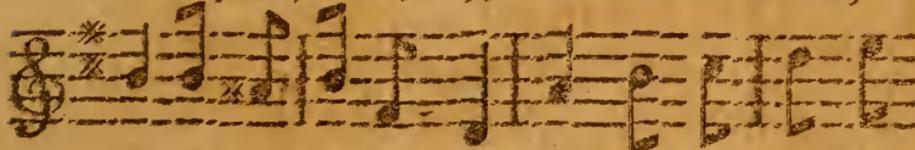
a bufs? Why, what's to do wi' you, Why here's a



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



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



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



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



sailor boy, For capering a-shore.

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

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

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

SONG LIII.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.



Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so



jolly, Though wind blew great guns still he'd



whistle and sing. Jack lov'd his friend and



was true to his Molly, And if honour



gives greatness was great as a king. One night



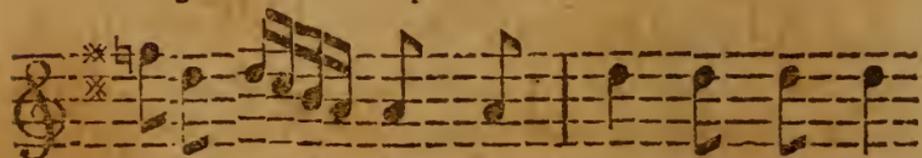
as we drove with two reefs in the mainsail, And



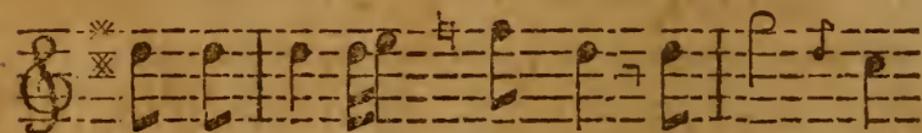
the scud came on lowring up - on a lee-shore,



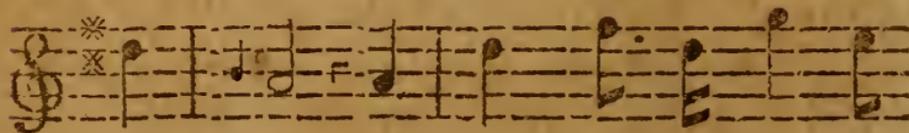
Jack went up aloft for to hand



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



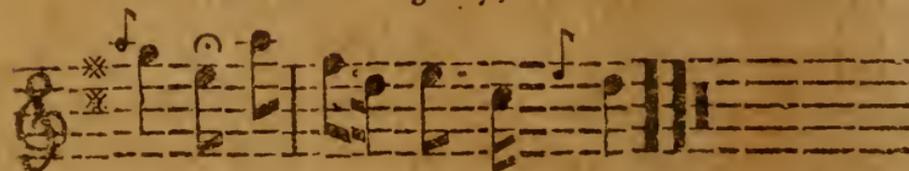
and we ne'er saw him more! we ne'er saw



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



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



sea, boys, We've pleasures ashore.

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

But grieving's a folly, &c.

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

But grieving's a folly, &c.

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

But grieving's a folly, &c.

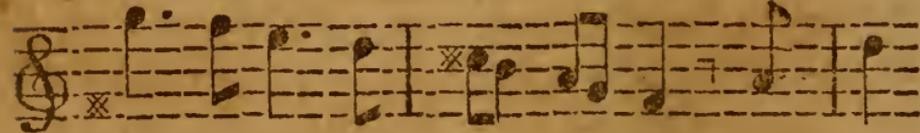
THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.



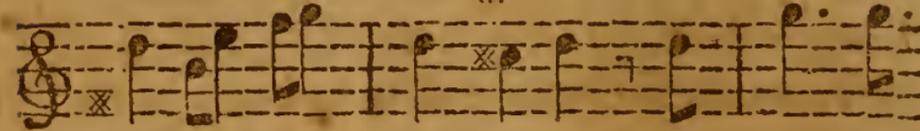
For England when with fav'ring gale,



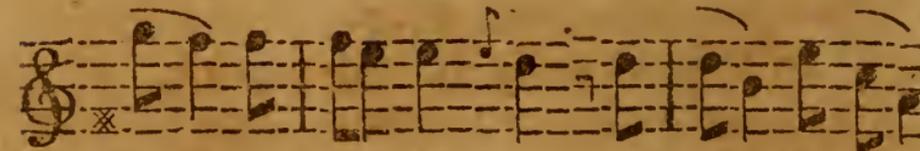
Our gal-lant ship up chan-nel steer'd ; And



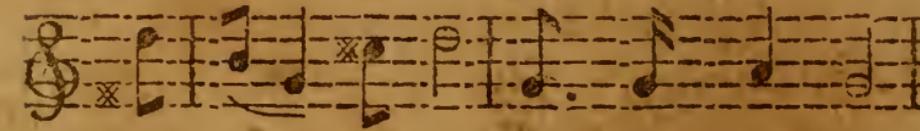
scud-ding un-der ea - sy fail, The high
tr.



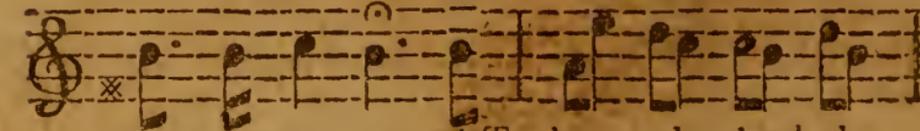
blue western land appear'd : To heave the



Lead the seaman sprung, And to the pi-
ad lib.



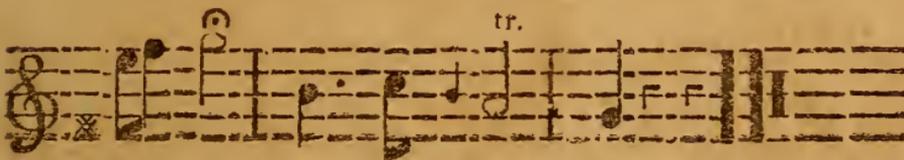
lot cheer - ly sung, BY THE DEEP NINE !



BY THE DEEP NINE ! To heave the lead the



seaman sprung, And to the pi-lot cheer-



ly sung, BY THE DEEP NINE!

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

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

Pia.



Was Independence born: Pro - - pi-tious day!



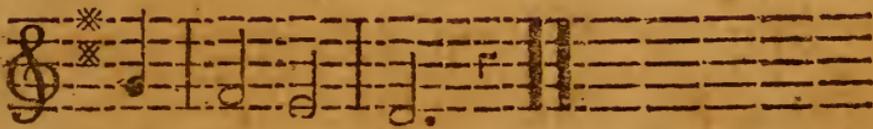
Forte.



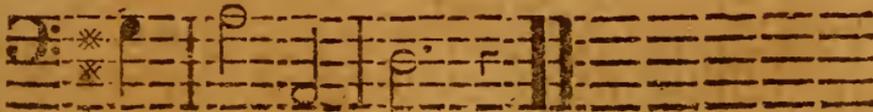
Hail the U-nit-ed States of blest



tr.



A - - mer-i - - ca!



CHORUS.

Fortissimo.

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

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

shore to shore Let can-pons roar; And

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

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

tr.

tr.

Co-lum-bia's name.

M

See haughty Britain, sending hosts of foes,
 With vengeance arm'd, our freedom to oppose ;
 But WASHINGTON, the Great,
 Dispell'd impending fate,

And spurn'd each plan :

Americans, combine to hail the godlike man.

Fly, swift-wing'd Fame, &c.

Let Saratoga's crimson plains declare
 The deeds of Gates, that "thunderbolt of war :"

His trophies grac'd the field ;

He made whole armies yield—

A vet'ran band :

In vain did Burgoyne strive his valor to withstand.

Fly, swift-wing'd Fame, &c.

Now Yorktown's heights attract our wond'ring eyes,
 Where loud artill'ry rends the lofty skies :

There WASHINGTON commands,

With Gallia's chosen bands,

A warlike train ;

(plain.

Like Homer's conq'ring gods, they thunder o'er the

Fly, swift-wing'd Fame, &c.

Pale terror marches on, with solemn stride ;
 Cornwallis trembles, Britain's boasted pride,

He, and his armed hosts,

Surrender all their posts,

To WASHINGTON,

The friend of Liberty, Columbia's fav'rite son.

Fly, swift-wing'd Fame, &c.

Now from Mount Vernon's peaceful shades again,
The Hero comes, with thousands in his train :

'Tis WASHINGTON, the Great
Must fill the chair of state,

Columbia cries :

Each tongue the glorious name re-echoes to the skies,
Fly, swift-wing'd Fame, &c.

Now shall the useful arts of peace prevail,
And commerce flourish, favor'd by each gale ;

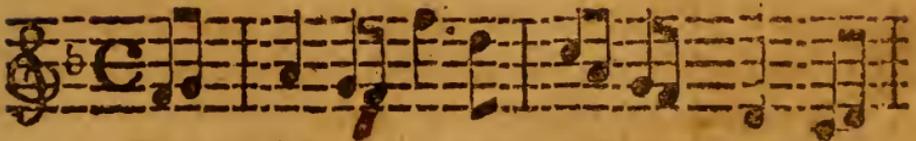
Discord, forever cease,

Let Liberty and Peace,
And Justice reign ;

For WASHINGTON protects the scientific train,
Fly, swift-wing'd Fame, &c.

SONG LVI.

HER ABSENCE WILL NOT ALTER ME.



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

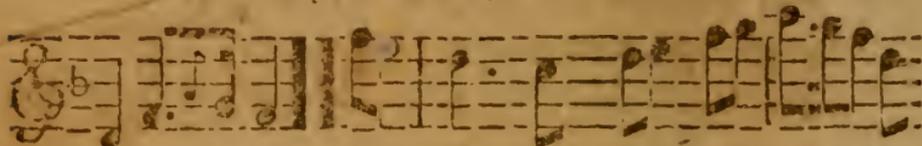


stretch in vain my longing arms, Though-part-

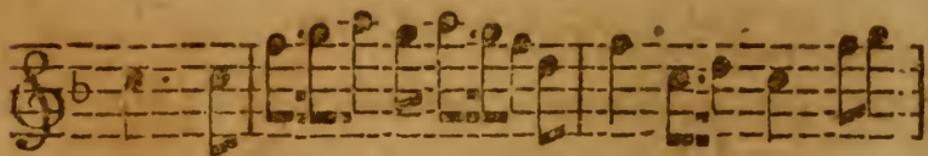
George Hobbes



ed by the depths of sea, Her absence shall not



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



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



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



shall not al - - ter me.

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

See how the flow'r that courts the sun
Pursues him till his race is run !

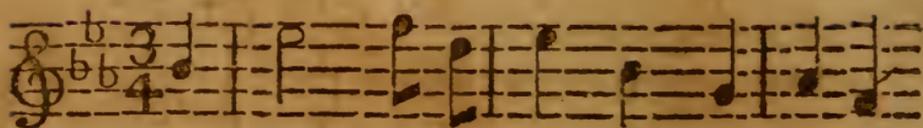
See how the needle seeks the Pole,
Nor distance can its pow'r controul !
Shall lifeless flow'rs the sun pursue,
The needle to the Pole prove true :
Like them shall I not faithful be,
Or shall her absence alter me ?

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

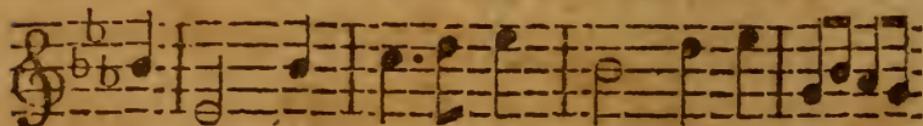
For conqu'ring love is strong as death,
Like vehement flames his pow'rful breath,
Thro' floods unmov'd his course he keeps,
Ev'n thro' the sea's devouring deeps :
His vehement flames my bosom burn,
Unchang'd they blaze till thy return :
My faithful Jessy then shall see,
Her absence has not alter'd me.

SONG LVII.

COME ROUSE BROTHER SPORTSMAN.



Come rouse, brother sportsman, The hunters

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

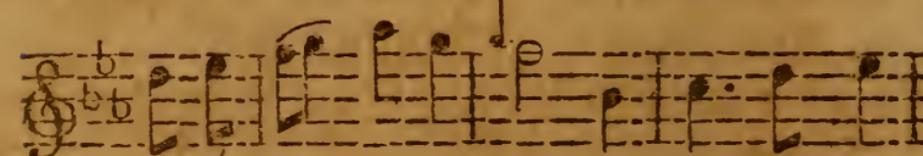
ing sky, We've got a strong scent, we've got



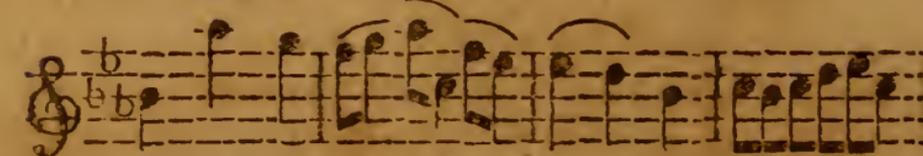
a strong scent, we've got a strong scent and



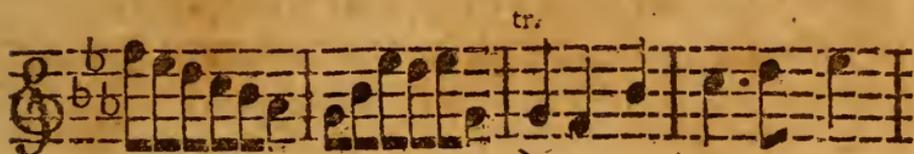
a favoring sky. The horn's sprightly notes,



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



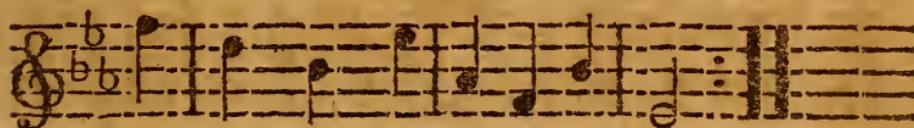
sportsman for sleeping so long, Will chi - - - -



de, Will chide the dull



sportsman for sleeping so long, Will chide the



dull sportsman for sleeping so long.

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

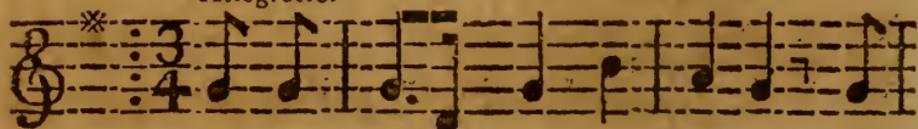
Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,
 And his brush nimble follows brisk Chanter and Fly :

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

SONG LVIII.

THE RACE HORSE.

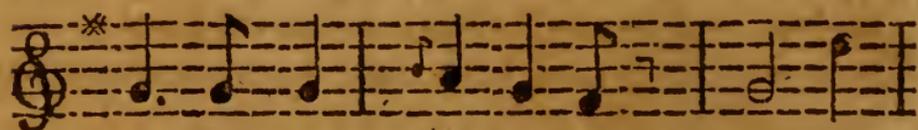
Allegretto.



See the course throng'd with gazers, the



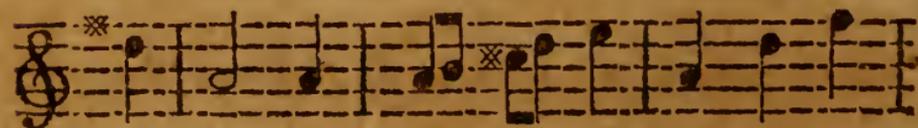
sports are be - gun, The con - fu - sion but



hear, I bet you sir, done, done, Ten



thousand strange murmurs re - sound far



and near, Lords, hawk-ers and jockies af-

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

SONG LIX.

ROMPING ROSY NELL.

Sym.

Let ev'ry Pagan muse

be gone ; I seek no aid from Hel-i-con ;

Sym.

The

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

Sym.

romp-ing ro-fy, romp

ing, ro-fy, romp - - ing, ro - - fy,

Sym.

Nell.

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

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

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

N

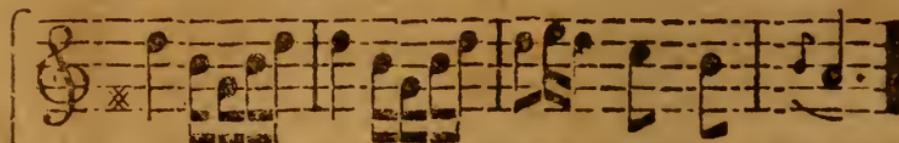
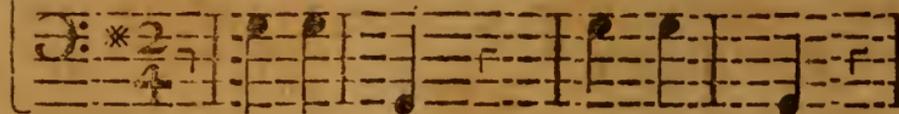
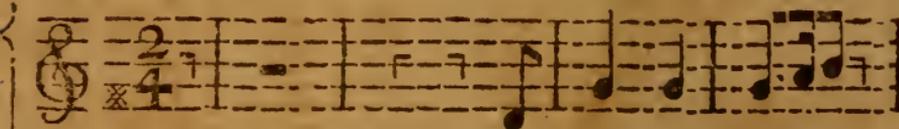
SONG LX.

THE GRACEFUL MOVE.

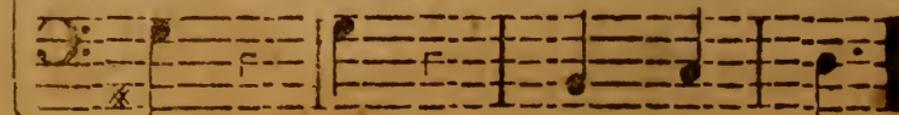
Air. Largo.



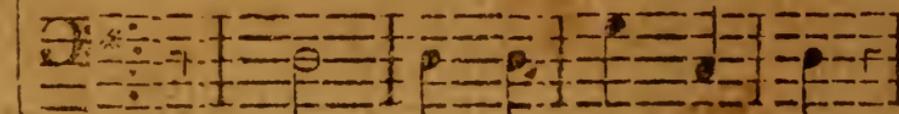
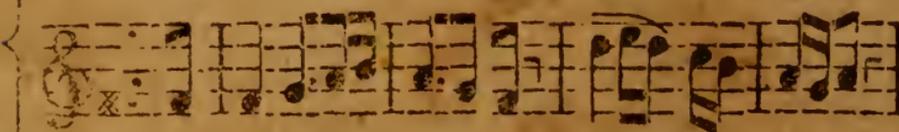
When first I saw thee, Graceful Move,



Ah me! what meant my throbbing breast?



Say, soft con - fu - sion, Art thou love?





With gentle smiles assuage the pain
Those gentle smiles did first create,
And tho' you cannot love again,
In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

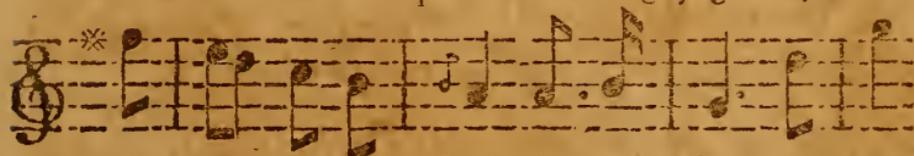
SONG LX

I SIGH FOR THE GIRL I ADORE.

ANDANTINO.



When fairies trip round the gay green, And



all na-ture seems sunk in-to rest, Thro' val-



leys I wander un - seen, My heart with sad

Fair Elean-

or's loss I deplore, As a-lone by the

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

sigh, I sigh for the girl I adore.

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

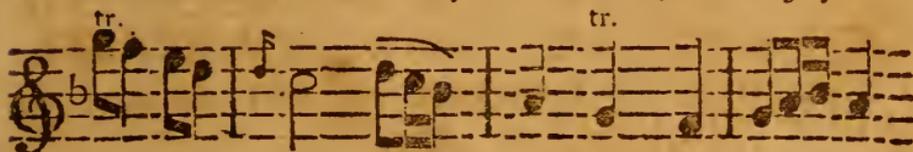
When first I beheld the sweet maid,
 By moonlight, alone in the vale;
 Far, far from the village we stray'd,
 Where I tenderly told the soft tale:
 How long must I wander forlorn,
 Ah! when will my sorrows be o'er;
 Such grief it can never be borne;
 I sigh for the girl I adore.

SONG LXII.

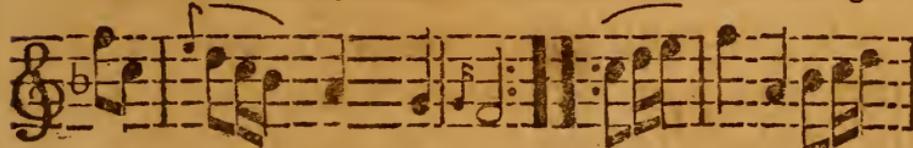
HOW BLEST HAS MY TIME BEEN.



How blest has my time been, what joys



have I known, Since wedlock's soft bondage



made Jes - - - fy my own: So joyful my



heart is, so ea - sy my chair, That freedom

SONG LXIII.

THE JOLLY SAILOR.

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

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

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a sequence of notes: a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a half note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a half note F4. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a sequence of notes: a half note G3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, a half note C4, a quarter note B3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a half note F3. There are three asterisks on the left side of each staff.

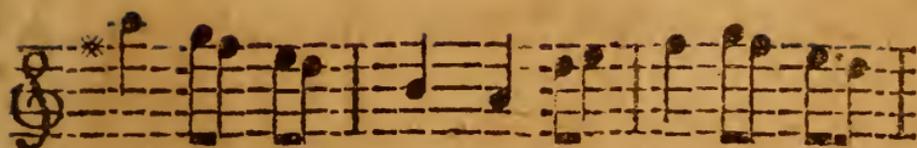
good state of health, Is better than wealth ;

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a sequence of notes: a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a half note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a half note F4. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a sequence of notes: a half note G3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, a half note C4, a quarter note B3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a half note F3. There are three asterisks on the left side of each staff.

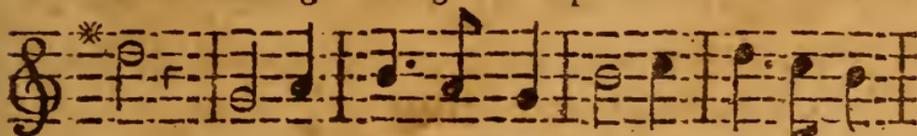
The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a sequence of notes: a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a half note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a half note F4. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a sequence of notes: a half note G3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, a half note C4, a quarter note B3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a half note F3. There are three asterisks on the left side of each staff.

I'll be merry although I am poor.

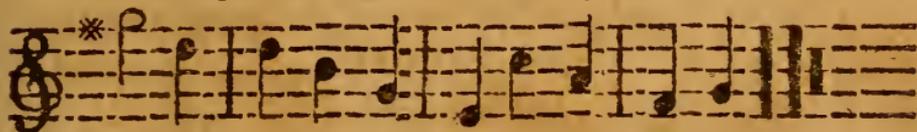
The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a sequence of notes: a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a half note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a half note F4. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a sequence of notes: a half note G3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note B3, a half note C4, a quarter note B3, a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a half note F3. There are three asterisks on the left side of each staff.



dark floating dungeon up -- on the salt



wave, Spare a halfpenny, Spare a halfpenny,



Spare a halfpenny to a poor Negro.

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

Spare a halfpenny, &c.

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

Spare a halfpenny, &c.

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

Spare a halfpenny, &c.

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

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

SONG LXV.

SWEET LILIES OF THE VALLEY.



O'er barren hills, and flow'ry dales, O'er



seas and distant shores, With merry song and



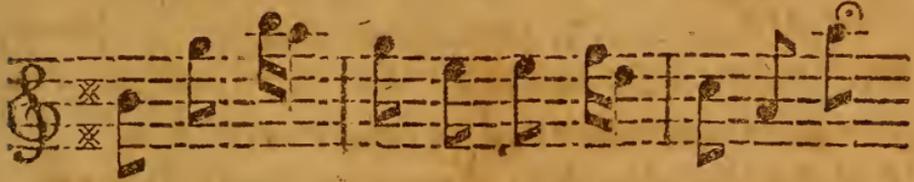
jocund tales, I've pass'd some pleasant hours. Tho'



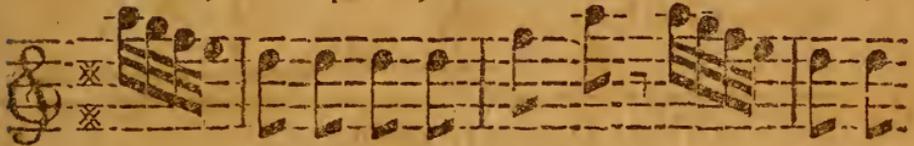
wand'ring thus, I ne'er could find, A girl like



blithsome Sally—Who picks, and culls, and cries



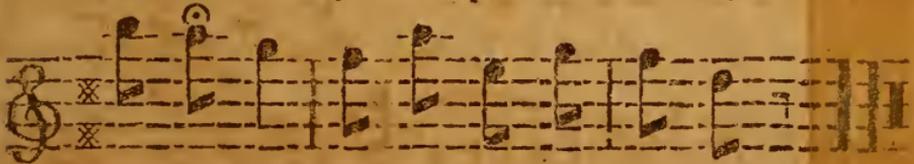
aloud, Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,



Sweet Lilies of the Valley, Sweet Lilies



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



aloud, Sweet Lilies of the Valley.

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,

From nesting of each tree,

I chose a soldier's life to wed,

So social, gay, and free :

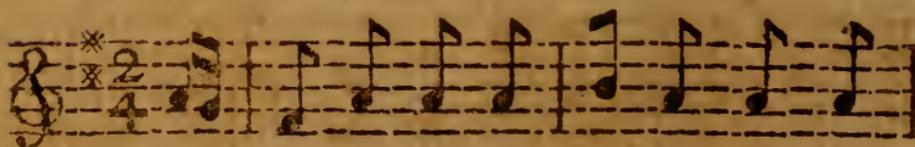
O

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

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

SONG LXVI.

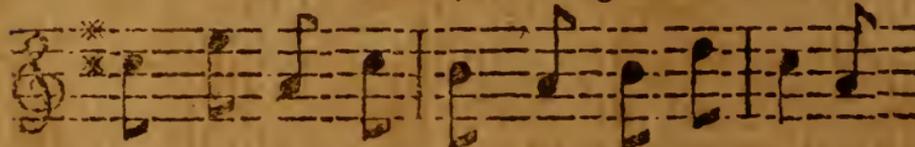
DEAR LITTLE COTTAGE MAIDEN.



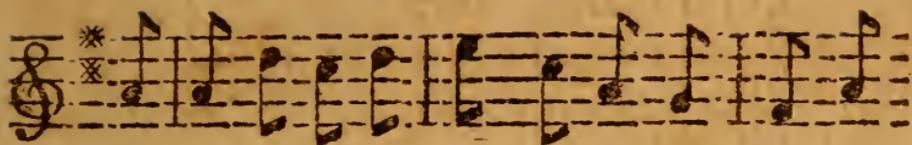
From place to place I travers'd long, De-



void of care or sorrow, With lightsome heart and



merry song, I thought not of tomorrow.



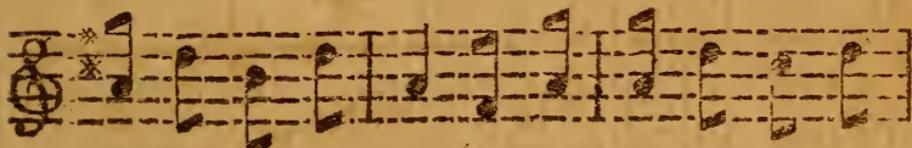
But when Priscilla caught my eye, With ev'ry



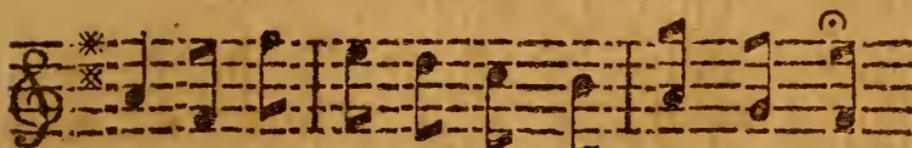
charm array'd in, I sigh'd and sung, I know



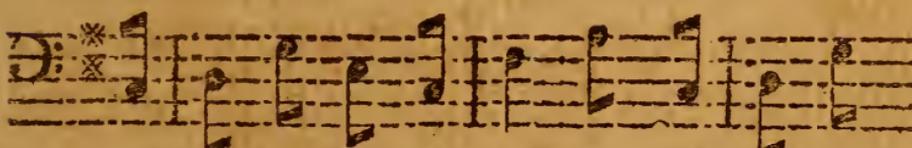
not why, Dear little Cottage Maiden, Dear



little Cottage Maiden, Dear little Cottage



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



Dear little Cottage Maiden, Dear little



Cottage Maiden.

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

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

SONG LXVII.

SOMEBODY.

Was I reduc'd to beg my bread, And

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

where yonder herds are fed, And steal a look

at some-bo-dy, My own dear some-bo-

dy, My constant some-bo-dy, I'd creep

where yon-der herds are fed, And steal a look

at some-bo-dy.

When I'm laid low, and am at rest,
 And maybe number'd with the blest,
 Say will thy artless feeling breast
 Throb with regard for—somebody :
 Thy own dear somebody—
 Thy constant somebody.

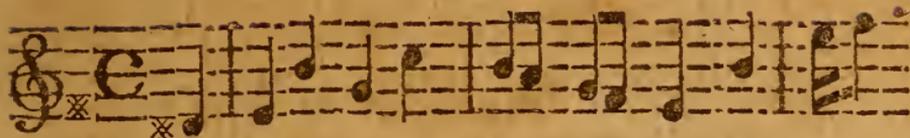
Ah ! will you drop the pitying tear,
 And sigh for the lost—somebody ?

But should I ever live to see
 That form so much ador'd by me,
 Then thou'lt reward my constancy,
 And I'll be blest with—somebody :

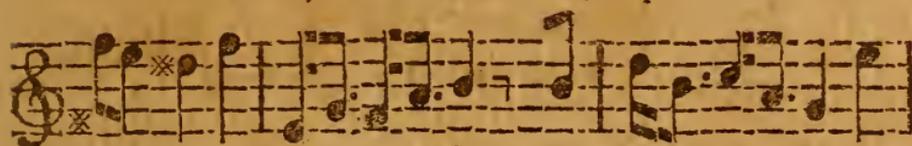
 My own dear somebody—
 My constant somebody.
 Then shall my tears be dri'd by thee,
 And I'll be blest with—somebody.

SONG LXVIII.

FOREVER FORTUNE.



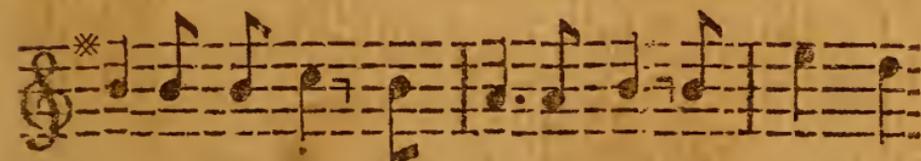
Forever, Fortune wilt thou prove An un-



relenting foe to love? And when we meet a



mutual heart, Come in between and bid us part?



Bid us sigh on, from day to day, And wish and



wish our souls away, Till youth and genial years



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

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

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

SONG. LXIX.

THE CHARMING CREATURE.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The time signature is 6/8. The first system is marked with an asterisk (*). The lyrics for the first system are: "As t'other day in harmless chat, With Syl-". The second system is also marked with an asterisk (*). The lyrics for the second system are: "via I was walking, Ad-mir-ing this, ad-mir-".

As t'other day in harmless chat, With Syl-

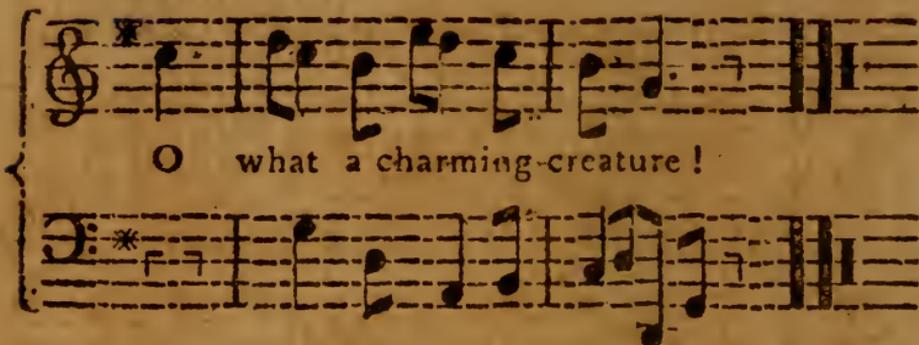
via I was walking, Ad-mir-ing this, ad-mir-

ing that, To-gether sweetly talking; Young

Damon met us in the grove, With joy in

ev'ry feature; He press'd my hand, then whif-

per'd love, O what a charming creature!



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

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

SONG LXX.

THE UNHAPPY SWAIN.

Cease ye fountains, cease to murmur, Balmy

winds your breath forbear : Gent - ly flowing,

soft - ly blowing Zephyrs wake your

ten - der care.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SONG LXXI.

THE STREAMLET THAT FLOW'D ROUND HER COT.

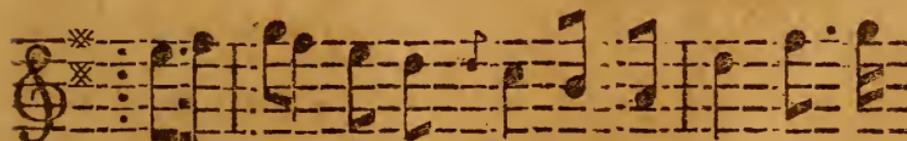
AFFETTUOSO.



The streamlet that flow'd round her cot, All



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



How oft has its course been forgot, While it



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



paus'd her dear image to woo.

P

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

SONG LXXII.

THE BEE.

As Cupid in a garden stray'd,

trans-ported with the damask shade:

A lit - tle BEE, un - seen, a-

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system is in 2/4 time, with a treble clef and a bass clef. The second system is in 4/4 time, with a treble clef and a bass clef. The third system is in 4/4 time, with a treble clef and a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves. There are various musical notations including notes, rests, and bar lines. There are also some markings like 'X' and 'S' on the staves.

mong The filken weeds, his finger stung.

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

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

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

SONG LXXIII.

SOPHRONIA.

Forbear my friends, forbear and ask no

more, Where all my cheerful airs are fled ;

Why will ye make me talk my torments

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SONG LXXIV.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Well met my loving friends of art, Let
 us in concert sing; And let each bear his
 vocal part, And tuneful voices ring: Each

join with me his well tun'd harp, In concert sweet

I say; And let us key on either sharp,

And sing, sol, la, me fa.

Let Will and John the Tenor sound,
 And sing melodiously ;
 While Ben and Jo, the Bass do ground,
 To make sweet harmony :

Let George and James sing Counter sweet,
 In chords that sweetly play ;
 To move all parts, soft and complete,
 We'll sing sol, la, mi, fa.

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

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

SONG LXXV.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Hark ! notes melodious fill the skies !

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature and contains a melody of quarter and eighth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature and contains a corresponding bass line. The lyrics 'Hark ! notes melodious fill the skies !' are written between the two staves.

'From Thetis' lap, Apollo rise! 'Thy swift

wheel'd chariot speed, 'Thy swift wheel'd chariot

speed amain! 'O'er fleeting courfers,

fleeting courfers loose the rein! 'The blush-

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

tient stand ! 'The vir - gin day waits thy

com - mand !

CHORUS.

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

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

'In pomp

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

of bridal joy, the wedded year!

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

Columbia head the high behest,
 Her free born millions smote the breast !
 And silent slept the heav'n strung lyre,
 Till *Freedom* breath'd impassion'd fire ;
 Till *Virtue* form'd the hallow'd sound,
 And *Fame* enraptur'd roll'd it round.

" *All hail to Freedom's, Virtue's, Glory's Son !*
 " *Ye worlds repeat, repeat ! 'Tis WASHINGTON.*"

European kingdoms caught the strain,
 From mount to vale—from hill to plain,
 Triumphant shouts with one acclaim,
 Reechoing swell'd the trump of Fame ;
 All hail ! the *Gallic* peasant cries !
 The cloister'd monk, the nun replies !

Illustrious GEORGE ! Great Patriot Sage ! 'Twas thine !
To pour on France, the flood of light divine !

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

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

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

Oh rapid post ye rolling years!
 Revolving swift thro' a circling spheres,

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

SONG LXXVI.

MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had clim'd the high - est

hill, Which ris - es o'er the source

of Dee, And from the eastern

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "The moon had clim'd the high - est hill, Which ris - es o'er the source of Dee, And from the eastern".

sum-mit shed Her fil-ver light on

tow'r and tree; When Mary laid her

down to sleep, Her thoughts on Sandy

far at sea, When soft and low a

voice was heard, Saying, Ma - ry weep

no more for me.

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

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

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

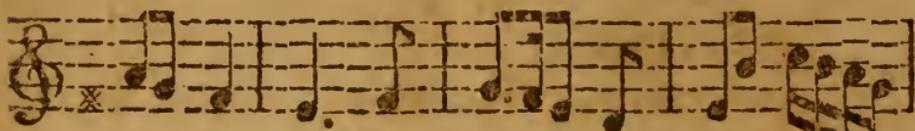
“ O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 “ We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 “ Where love is free from doubt and care,
 “ And thou and I shall part no more.”
 Loud crow’d the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see ;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 “ Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.”

SONG LXXVII:

MAJOR ANDRE.



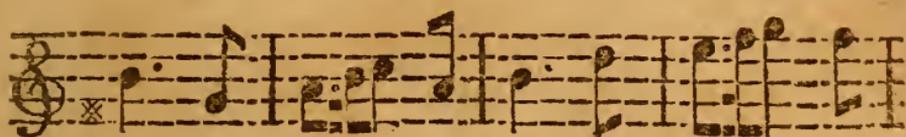
Return en - rap - tur'd hours, When Delia's



heart was mine ; When she with wreaths of



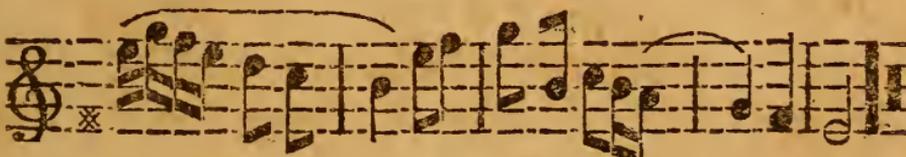
flow'rs, My temples did entwine. Not



jeal - ous - y nor care, Cor - rod - ed



in my breast; But visions light as



air, Pre-sid-ed o——'er my rest.

Since I'm remov'd from state,

And bid adieu to time,

At my unhappy fate

Let DELIA not repine;

But may the mighty JOVE,

Her crown with happiness!

This grant, ye powr's above!

And take my soul to bliss!

Now nightly o'er my bed,

No airy phantoms play;

No flowrets deck my head,

Each vernal holiday.

Far, far from the sad plain,

The cruel DELIA flies,

While rack'd with jealous pain,

Her wretched ANDRE dies,

SONG LXXVIII.

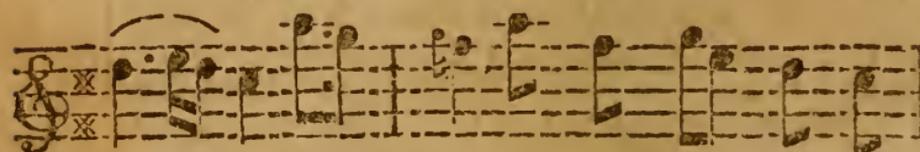
THEN SAY MY SWEET GIRL, CAN YOU LOVE ME?



Dear Nancy I've sail'd the world all



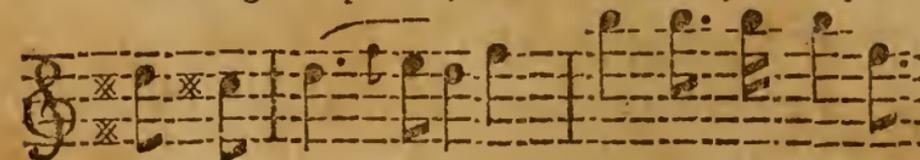
around, And seven long years been a



rover, To make for my charmer each



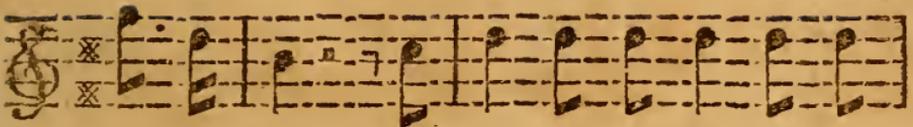
shilling a pound, But now my hard per-



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



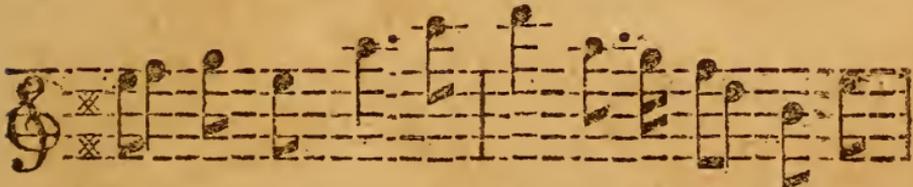
ny hundreds of gold, The comforts of life



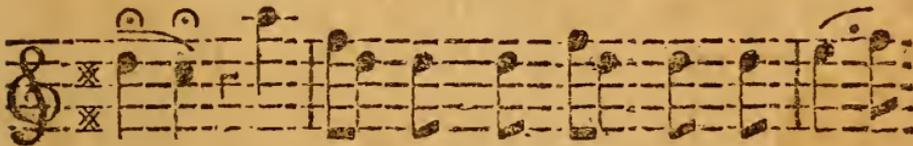
to beget ; Have borne in each climate, the-



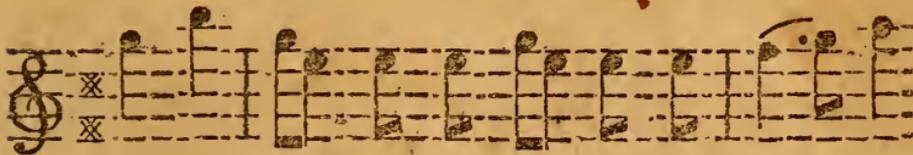
heat and the cold, Have borne in each climate the



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



nette. Then say my sweet girl, Can you love



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



Then say my sweet girl, Can you love me ?

Tho' others may boast of more riches than mine,

And rate my attractions e'en fewer,

At their jeers and ill nature I'll scorn to repine ;

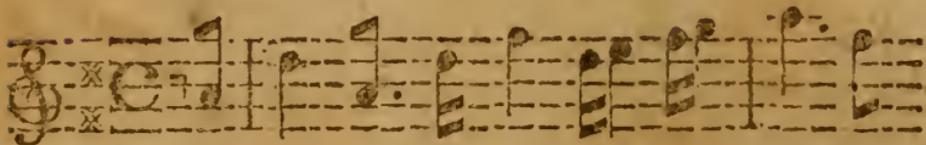
Can they boast of a heart that is truer ?

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

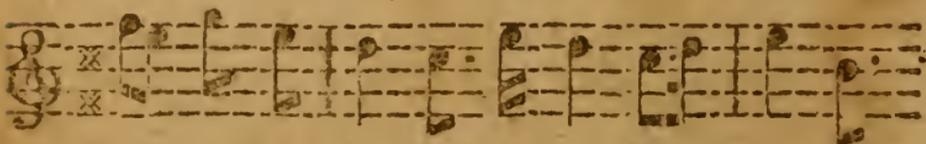
When order'd afar, in pursuit of the foe,
 I sigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
 Which fain would persuade me I might be laid low :
 And ah ! never more see my Nancy.
 But hope like an angel, soon banish'd the thought,
 And bade me such nonsense forget ;
 I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
 And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

SONG LXXIX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.



Come loose ev'ry sail to the breeze, The



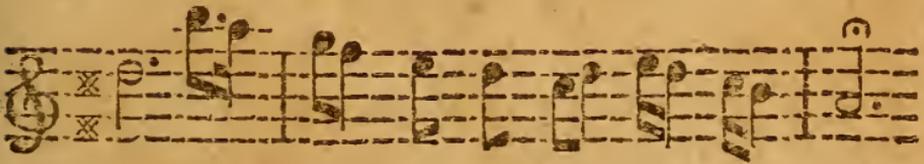
course of my vessel improve, I've done with.



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



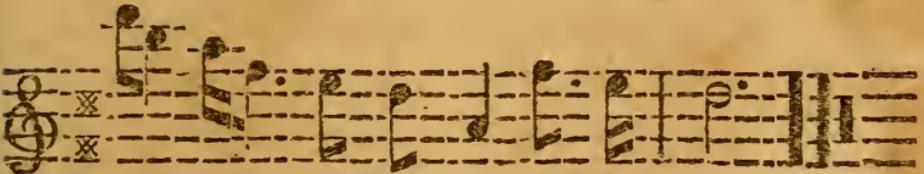
to my love, Ye failors I'm bound to my



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



I've done with the toils of the seas,



Ye fail - ors I'm bound to my love.

Since EMMA is true as she's fair,

My griefs I fling all to the wind;

'Tis a pleasing return for my care,

My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear;

What tropic bird swifter can move,

Who, cruel, shall hold his career,

When he's bound to the arms of his love.

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

SONG LXXX.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the ham-

let was still, And mortals the sweets of for-

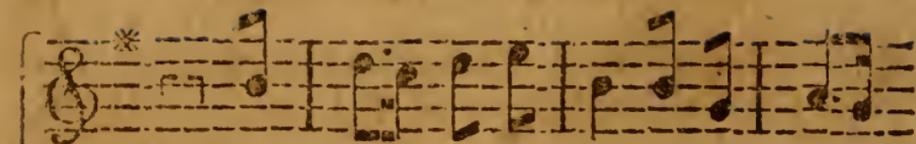
get-ful-ness prove; When nought but the

torrent was heard on the hill, And nought but

the nightingal's song in the grove. 'Twas then

by the cave of a mountain re - clin'd, The

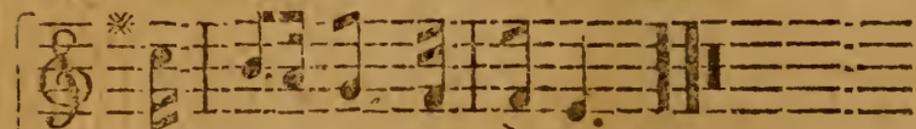
Hermit, his nightly complaint just be-gan ;



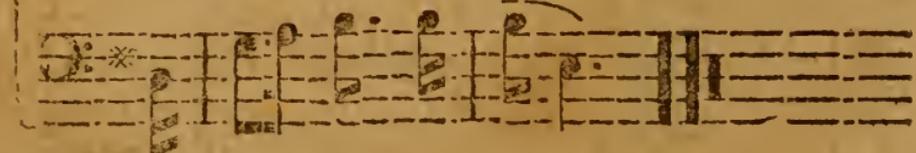
Though mournful his voice, yet his heart



was resign'd, He thought as a sage, though



he felt like a man.



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

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

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more,
 I mourn not, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with
 dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
 Kind nature the embryo's blossom shall save ;
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn,
 Oh ! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave.

SONG LXXXI.

COLUMBIA—BY DR. DWIGHT.

Co-lum-bia, Columbia to glory

a-riſe, The queen of the earth, and the

child of the ſkies ; Thy genius commands thee

with rapture behold, While a-ges on a-ges

thy ſplendor unfold. Thy reign is the laſt, and

the noblest of time, Most fruitful thy soil,

most in - vit-ing thy clime: Let the crimes of

the east, ne'er en-crim-son thy name, Be freedom

and science, and virtue, thy fame.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SONG LXXXII.

ADAMS AND LIBERTY—BY T. PAINE.

ALLEGRETTO.



THE AMERICAN

Ye sons of Co - lum - bia, who bravely

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

your Sires had de-scend-ed, May you

long taste the blessings your valour has

bought, And your sons reap the foil, which you

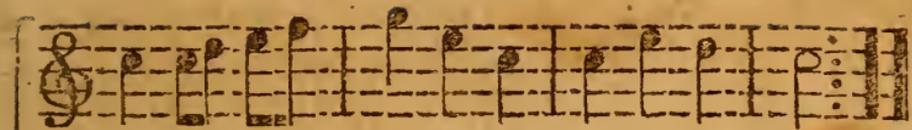
fathers defended, Mid the reign of

mild peace, May your nation in-

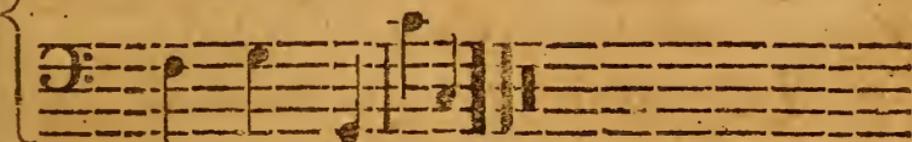
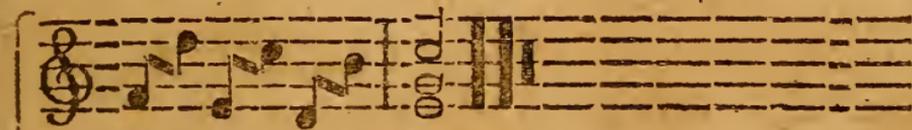
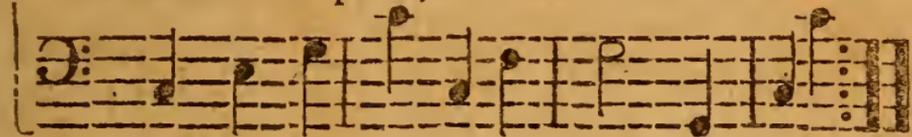
crease; With the glory of Rome, and the

wisdom of Greece; And ne'er may the

sons of COLUMBIA be slaves, While the



earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.



In a clime, whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,

Whose shores are unshaken by *Europe's* commotion,
The *Trident* of Commerce should never be hurl'd,
To incense the *legitimate* powers of the ocean.

But should *Pirates* invade,

Though in thunder array'd,

Let your *cannon* declare the *free charter* of TRADE.

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

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
Till the dark clouds of *Faction* obscur'd our young day,
And envelop'd the sun of American glory.

But let TRAITORS be told,
Who their *Country* have sold,
And barter'd their *God*, for his image in gold—

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

While FRANCE her huge limbs bathes recumbent in
blood,

And *society's* base threats with wide dissolution ;
May PEACE, like the *Dove*, who return'd from the flood,
Find an *Ark* of abode in our mild CONSTITUTION !

But though PEACE is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our SOV'REIGNTY, JUSTICE, or FAME.

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

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

While, with patriot pride,

To our LAWS we're allied,

No foe can subdue us—no faction divide,

For ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,

While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Our mountains are crown'd with imperial Oak,

Whose roots, like our Liberties, ages have nourish'd

But long ere our nation submits to the yoke,

Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourish'd.

Should invasion impend,

Every grove would descend

From the hill tops they shaded, our shores to defend.

For ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,

While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Let our Patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm,

Lest our Liberty's growth should be check'd by *corrosion*;

Then let clouds thicken round us, we heed not the storm;

Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own explosion.

Foes assail us in vain,

Though their FLEETS bridge the main,

For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain!

And ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,

While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Should the TEMPEST of WAR overshadow our land,
 Its bolts could ne'er rend FREEDOM's temple afunder;
 For, unmov'd, at its portal, would WASHINGTON
 stand,
 And repulse, with his BREAST, the assaults of his THUN-
 DER!

His sword, from the scabbard
 Of its scabbard, would leap,
 And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep.

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

Let FAME to the world sound AMERICA's voice;
 No INTRIGUE can her sons from their GOVERNMENT
 sever;

*Her PRIDE is her ADAMS---his LAWS are her CHOICE,
 And shall flourish till LIBERTY slumber forever!*

Then unite, heart and hand,
 Like Leonidas' band,
 And swear to the GOD of the ocean and land,

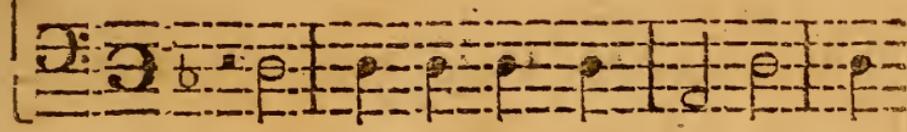
*That ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
 While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.*

SONG LXXXIII.

HERO AND LEANDER.



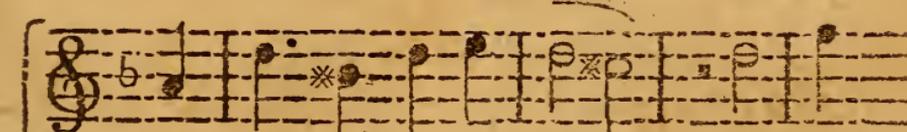
Le - an - der on the bay of Hel-
Im - pa - tient of de - lay. He leap'd




lespont all doubtful flood,
into the fatal flood.



The rageing seas, whom none can please,

'Gainst him their malice show. The heav'ns



lower'd, the rain down pour'd, And loud,

the winds did blow.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE AMERICAN

SONG LXXXIV.

THE BEAUTIES OF FRIENDSHIP.

Young Myra is fair as spring's

ear - ly flow - er, And Lau - ra

sings sweet as the bird in her bow'r ;

Young My-ra is fair as spring's early

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system is in 2/4 time, with a treble clef for the vocal line and a bass clef for the piano line. The second system is also in 2/4 time. The third system is in 6/8 time, with a treble clef for the vocal line and a bass clef for the piano line. The fourth system is also in 6/8 time. The lyrics are: 'Young Myra is fair as spring's ear - ly flow - er, And Lau - ra sings sweet as the bird in her bow'r ; Young My-ra is fair as spring's early'. There are some markings like 'f' and 's:' above the notes.

flower, And Lau-ra sings sweet as the bird

in her bow'r; But friendship is fairer and

sweet - er than they, She looks like the

morning, and smiles like the day..

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

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

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

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

SONG LXXXV.

ANNA'S URN.

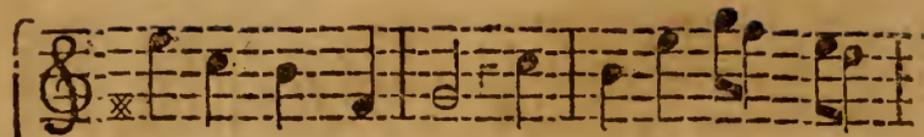
Encompas'd in an angels frame, An

an - gels vir - tues lay ; Too soon did heav'n af-

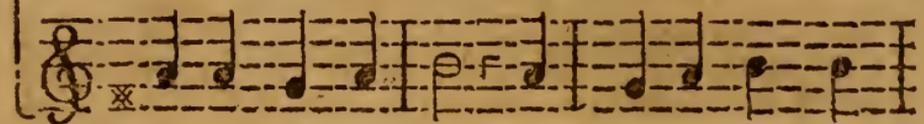
fert its claim, And call'd its own a-

way. And call'd its own a - way.

My An - na's worth, My An - na's charms Can



never more re-tun : Can never more re-



turn : What then can fill these widow'd arms ?



Ah, me! Ah, me! Ah,



me ! my An-na's Urn.



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

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

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

SONG LXXXVI.

CORYDON'S GHOST—BY DR. N. DWIGHT.

What sorrowful sounds do I hear, Move

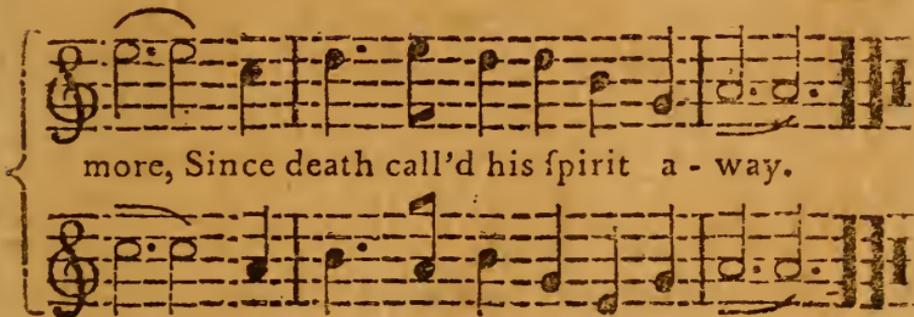
slowly along in the gale; How solemn they fall on

my ear, As softly they pass through the gale.

Sweet Corydon's notes are all o'er, Now lovely he



sleeps in the clay, His cheeks bloom with roses no



more, Since death call'd his spirit a - way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SONG LXXXVII.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.



'Twas with-in a mile of Edinburgh town,



In the ro-sy time of the year, Sweet



flow-ers bloom'd, and the grafs was down,



And each shepherd wooed his dear : Bonny Joc-



key, blyth and gay, Kifs'd sweet Jenny making



hay : The lassie blush'd, and frowning cry'd, No,



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



not, wonnot, mannot, buckle too.

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

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

SONG LXXXVIII.

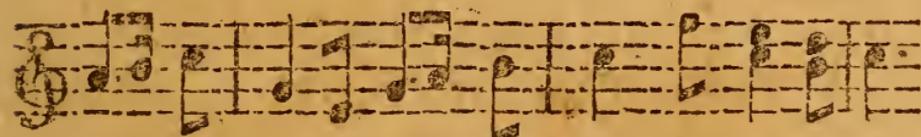
LULLABY.



Peaceful flumb'ring on the Ocean, Sailors



fear no danger nigh; The winds and waves in



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



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



them with their lul-la - by.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing?

Still no danger they descry;

The guileless heart its boon bestowing,

Soothes them with its lullaby.

Lullaby, &c.

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

Lullaby, &c.

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

Lullaby, &c.

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

Lullaby, &c.

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

Lullaby, &c.

SONG LXXXIX.

THE PRIMROSE GIRL.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are: "Come buy of poor Kate, primroses I sell;". The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics: "In London's fam'd city I'm known very well,". The third system has the lyrics: "Tho'my heart is quite sad, yet I constantly". The fourth system concludes with the lyrics: "cry, Primroses, primroses, who'll buy my".

Come buy of poor Kate, primroses I sell;

In London's fam'd city I'm known very well,

Tho'my heart is quite sad, yet I constantly

cry, Primroses, primroses, who'll buy my

primroses, who'll buy primroses, who'll

buy, who'll buy.

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

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

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

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

Each morn when I wake, to my task I repair,
And select my primroses, 'tween hope and despair ;
If I sell them I feast, but if not, O ! I sigh,

O'er my wither'd primroses, neglected primroses,
Poor drooping primroses, who'll buy, who'll buy ?

And when the day's past, whether hungry or fed,
From my task I retire, to procure me a bed ;
But too often, in sorrow, on the cold ground I lie,

Weeping o'er my primroses, poor fading primroses -
Neglected primroses, who'll buy, who'll buy ?

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

SONG XC.

LOVELY STELLA.

Sym. flow.

Bright Sol at

length by Thetis woo'd, Is sunk beneath the

western flood; And now within yon sac - red

grove; I haste to meet, I haste to meet

Sym.

the youth I love.

Reclin'd beneath the beachen shade, While

zephyrs whisper round his head, Methinks I

hear him fight - ing say, Come lovely Stella,

Come lovely, Stella, Come lovely Stella,

come a - way.

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

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

SONG XCI.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'Why should our joys transform to pain? Why' are written between the two staves. The letter 'U' is centered below the bottom staff.

Why should our joys transform to pain? Why

U

gentle *Hymen's* silken chain A plague of

iron prove? BENDISH, 'tis strange the

charm which binds Millions of hands, should leave

their minds At such a loose from love.

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

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

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

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

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

" *This be a match for that ;* (he said)
 " Then down he sent the souls he made,
 " To seek them bodies here :
 " But parting from their warm abode
 " They lost their fellows on the road,
 " And never join'd their hands :
 " Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates !
 " Our *Eastern* souls have dropt their mates
 " On *Europe's* barb'rous lands.

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

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

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

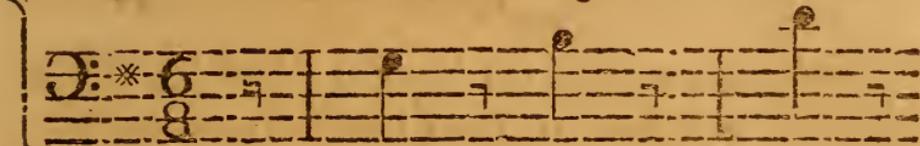
SONG XCII.

THE LIFE OF A BEAU.

Lively.



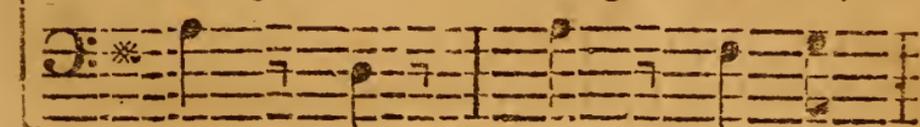
How brimful of nothing's the life of a



beau, They've noth - ing to think of they've



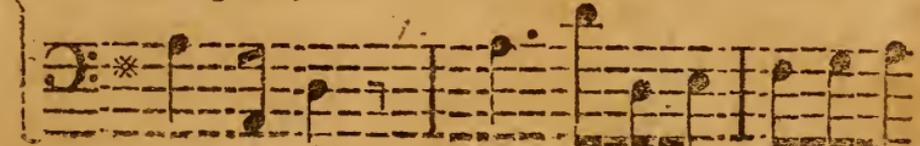
nothing to do, And nothing to talk of, for



CHORUS.



nothing they know, Such, such is the life of a



beau. Such, such is the life of a beau.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air,
 Spend the morning in nothing but curling their hair,
 And do nothing all day, but sing, saunter and stare.

Such, such is the life of a beau !

For nothing at night to the playhouse they croud,
 To mind nothing done there, they are always too proud,
 But to bow and to grin and to talk nothing loud.

Such, such is the life of a beau !

For nothing they run to assembly and ball,
 And for nothing at cards a fair partner they call,
 For they still must be *hasted* who've nothing at all.

Such, such is the life of a beau !

For nothing on Sundays at church they appear,
 They have nothing to hope for and nothing to fear,
 They can be nothing no where, who nothing are here.

Such, such is the life of a beau !

SONG XCIII.

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

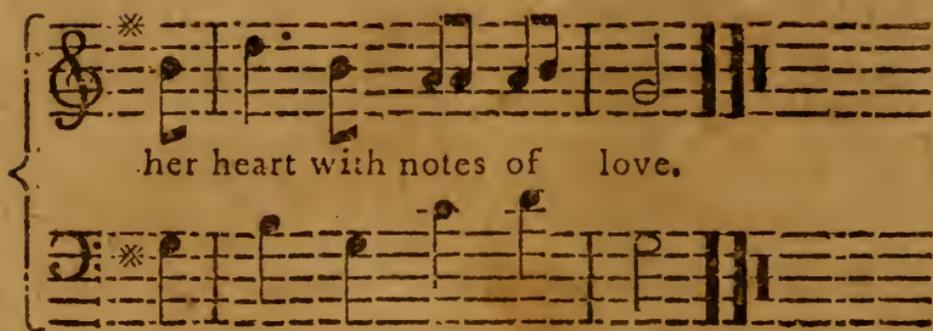
Andante.

Rise, my Delia, heav'nly charmer, Deign my

passion to ap - prove. . . Mu-sick ! of her

pride dis - arm her, Melt her heart with notes of

love. Mu-sick ! of her pride dis-arm her, Melt



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SONG XCIV.

FRIENDSHIP—By *BIDWELL*.

Friendship to ev'ry willing mind Opens a

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics 'Friendship to ev'ry willing mind Opens a' are written below the staves.

heav'nly treasure : There may the sons of for-

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics 'heav'nly treasure : There may the sons of for-' are written below the staves.

row find Sources of re - al pleasure. See

what employments men pursue, Then you will

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

folds to view Sources of re - al pleasure.

Poor are the joys which fools esteem,

Fading and transitory :

Mirth is as fleeting as a dream,

Or a delusive story :

Luxury leaves a sting behind,

Wounding the body and the mind ;

Only in Friendship can we find

Pleasure and solid glory,

Beauty, with all its gaudy shows,

Is but a painted bubble :

Short is the triumph, wit bestows,

Full of deceit and trouble :

Fame, like a shadow, flees away,

Titles and dignities decay :

Nothing but Friendship can display

Joys, that are free from trouble.

Learning (that boasted glittering thing)

Scarcely is worth possessing :

Riches, forever on the wing,

Cannot be call'd a blessing :

Sensual pleasures swell desire,

Just as the fuel feeds the fire :

Friendship can real bliss inspire,

Bliss that is worth possessing,

Happy the man, who has a friend

Form'd by the God of nature,

Well may he feel and recommend

Friendship for his Creator.

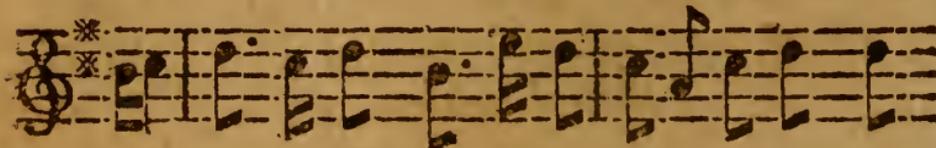
Then as our hands in Friendship join,
 So let our social powers combine,
 Rul'd by a passion most divine,
 Friendship with our Creator.

SONG XCV.

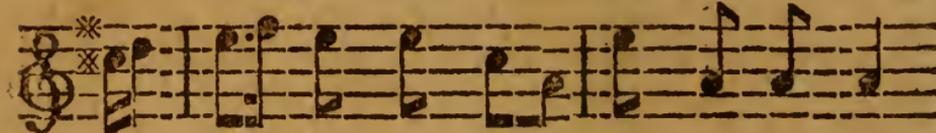
NOBODY.



If to force me to sing it be your intention,



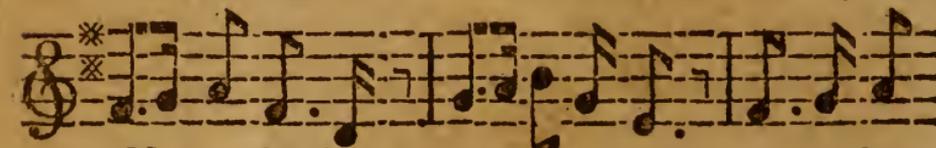
Some one I will hint at, yet nobody mention,



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



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



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



nobody, no-bo-dy, no.

Nobody's a name every body will own,
 When something they ought to be ashamed of have
 done ;

'Tis a name well applied to old maids and young beaux,
 What they were intended for nobody knows.

No, nobody, &c.

If negligent servants should china-plate crack,
 The fault is still laid on poor nobody's back ;
 If accidents happen at home or abroad,
 When nobody's blam'd for it, is not that odd ?

No, nobody &c.

Nobody can tell you the tricks that are play'd,
 When nobody's by, betwixt master and maid :
 She gently crys out, fir, there'll some body hear us,
 He softly replies, my dear, nobody's near us.

No, nobody, &c.

But big with child proving, she's quickly discarded,
 When favours are granted, nobody's rewarded ;
 And when she's examined, crys, mortals, forbid it,
 If I'm got with child, it was nobody did it.

No, nobody, &c.

When by stealth, the gallant, the wanton wife leaves,
 The husband's affrighten'd, and thinks it is thieves ;
 He rouses himself, and crys loudly who's there ?
 The wife pats his cheek, and says, nobody, dear.

No, nobody, &c.

W.

Enough now of nobody sure has been sung,
 Since nobody's mention'd, nor nobody's wro'ng'd;
 I hope for free speaking I may not be blam'd,
 Since nobody's injur'd, nor nobody's nam'd.

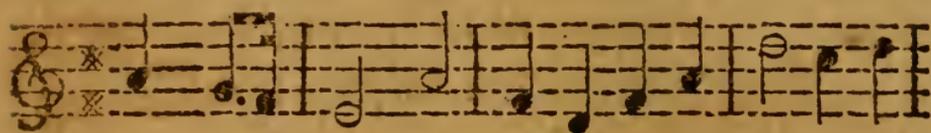
No, nobody, &c.

SONG XCVI.

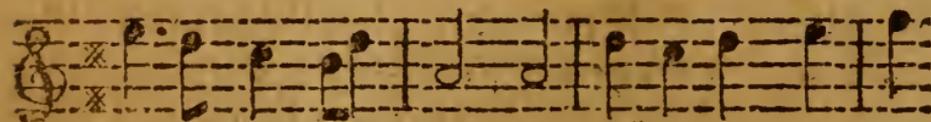
THE DISPAIRING DAMSEL.



'Twas when the seas were roaring With hollow



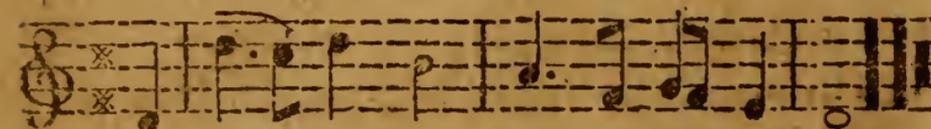
blasts of wind ; A damsel lay deploring, All



on a rock reclin'd. Wide o'er the foaming bil-



lows She cast a wistful look ; Her head was crown'd



with willows That trembled o'er the brook.

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

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

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

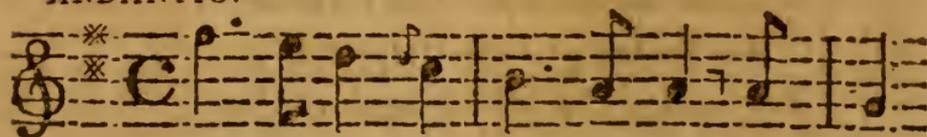
All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear ;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear ;

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

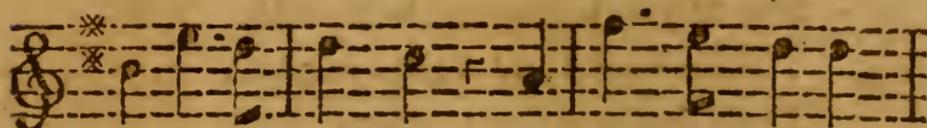
SONG XCVII.

DEATH OR VICTORY.

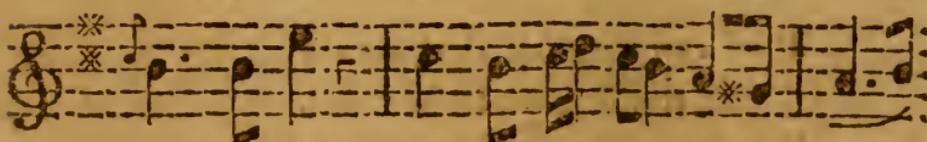
ANDANTIO.



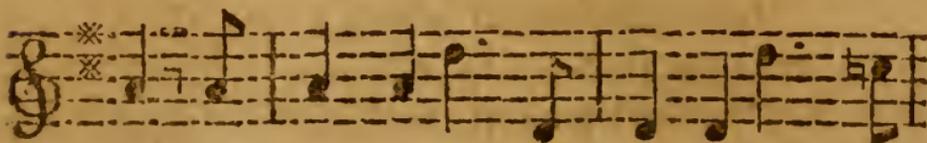
Hark, the din of distant war, How no-



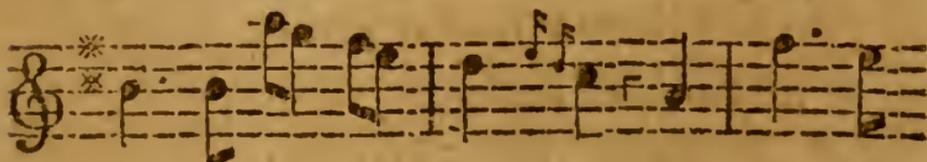
ble is the clangor; Pale death ascends his



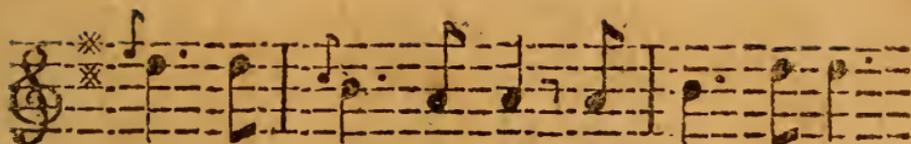
E - bon car, Clad in ter - rif - ic an -



ger. A doubtful fate the soldier tries, Who



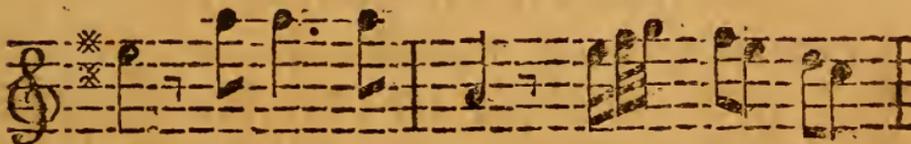
joins the gal-lant quar - rel. Per-haps on



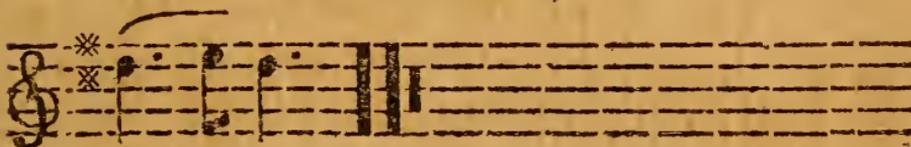
the cold ground he lies, No wife, no friend



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



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



law - rel.

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

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

What nobler fate can fortune give?

Renown shall tell our story.

If we should fall ; but if we live,

We live our country's glory.

'Tis true a doubtful fate he tries,

Who joins the gallant quarrel.

Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,

No wife, no friend to close his eyes :

Tho' nobly mourn'd, perhaps return'd,

He's crown'd with vict'ry's lawrel.

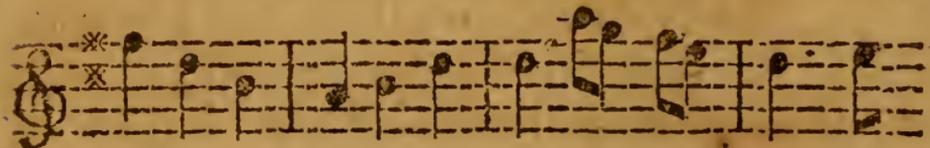
SONG XCVIII.

OH ! SAY SIMPLE MAID.

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



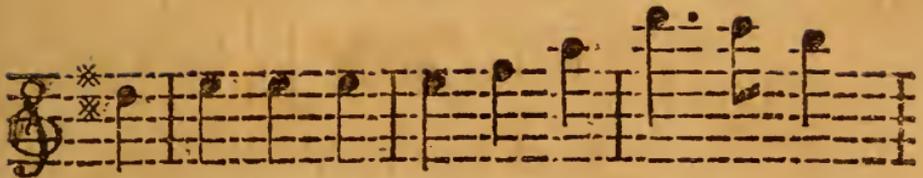
Oh ! say simple maid, have you form'd a-ny



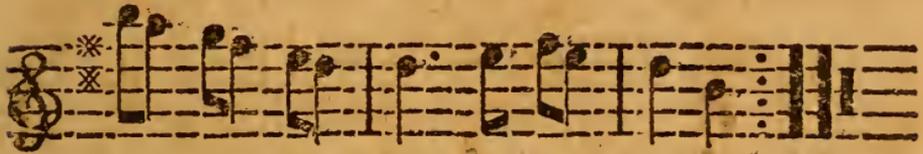
notion, Of all the rude dangers in crossing



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



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



gret for the grot left be-hind you.

YARICO.

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

INKLE.

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

YARICO.

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

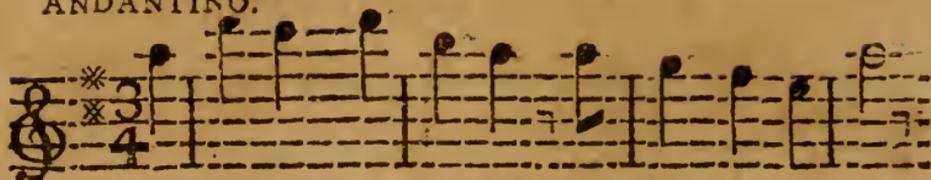
BOTH.

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

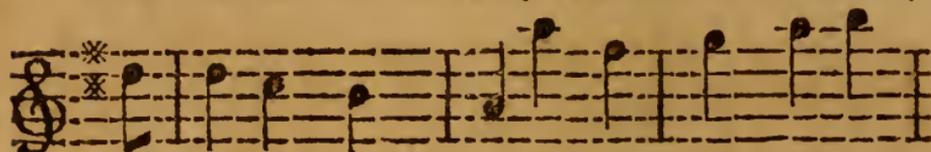
SONG XCIX.

TOM TACKLE.

ANDANTINO.



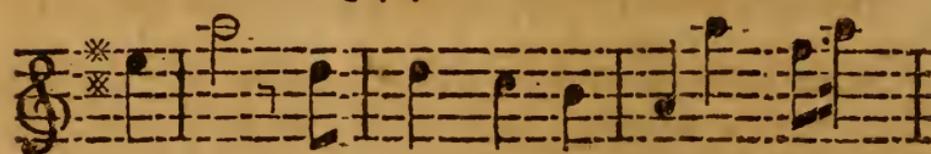
Tom Tackle was no-ble, was true to his word,



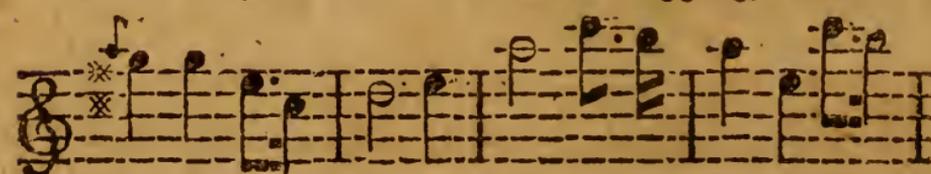
If merit bought titles, Tom might be my



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



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



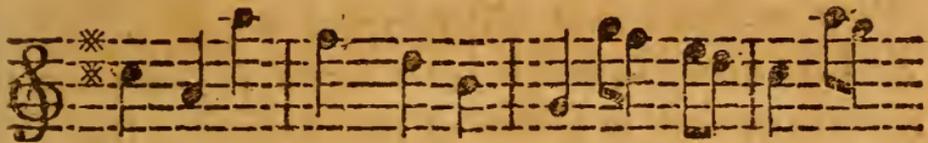
honour the gale : Yet Tom had a failing, if



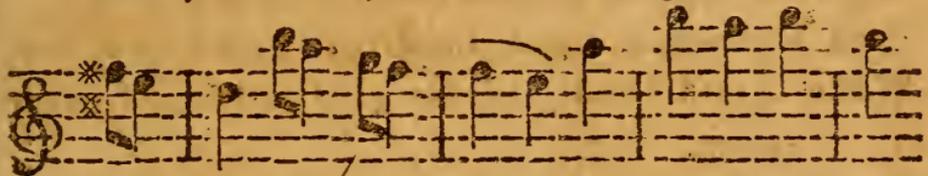
ever man had, That good as he was, made him



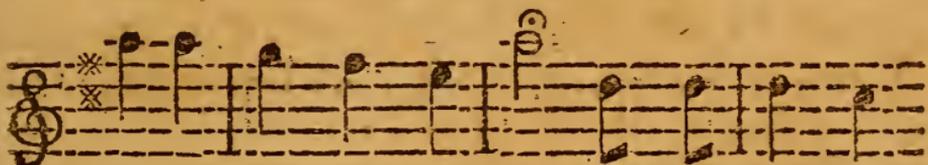
all that was bad ; He was paltry and pitiful,



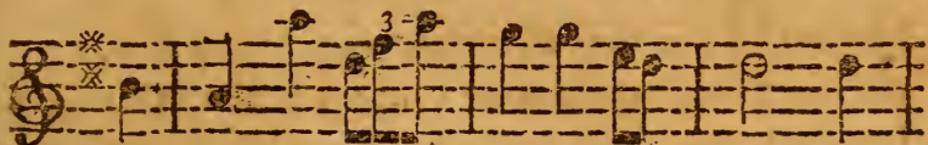
scurvy and mean, And the sniv'-ling-est scoundrel



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



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



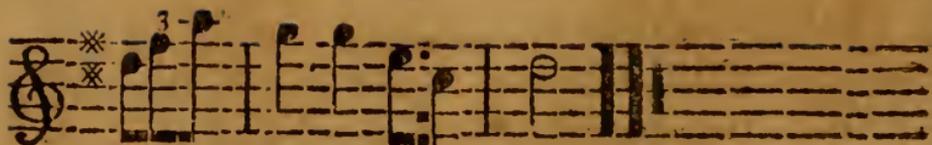
this fault was, Tom Tackle was poor, Tom



Tackle was poor. was poor, Tom Tackle was



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



Tom Tackle was poor.

'Twas once on a time, when we took a galleon,
 And the crew touch'd the agent for cash, to some tune ;
 Tom a trip took to prison, an old mesmate to free,
 And four thankful praters soon sat on each knee :
 Then Tom was an angel, downright from heav'n sent,
 While they'd hands, he his goodness shou'd never
 repent,

Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his hard case,
 To find his dear friend, shut the door in his face
 Why d'ye wonder, cried one, you'r serv'd right to be
 sure,

Once Tom Tackle was rich, now Tom Tackle is poor.

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

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

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

-SONG C.

THE CHARMS OF NATURE.

The cheek en - ros'd with crimson dye,

Detailed description: This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains eight measures of music. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also containing eight measures. A brace on the left side groups both staves together. The lyrics 'The cheek en - ros'd with crimson dye,' are written below the first staff.

The blush of maiden hue, The

Detailed description: This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains eight measures of music, including a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure and a slur over the last two measures. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also containing eight measures. A brace on the left side groups both staves together. The lyrics 'The blush of maiden hue, The' are written below the first staff.

spark that wantons in the eye, And

lip of pear-ly dew.

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

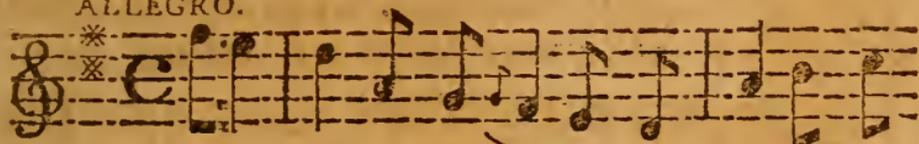
What boots the bloom that pencil lays
 Each morn upon the face ?
 Can that which ere the eve decays,
 Be justly deem'd a grace ?

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

SONG CI.

POLLY PLY.

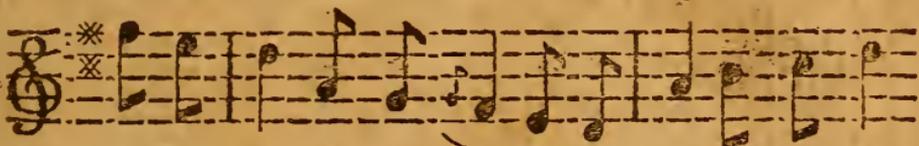
ALLEGRO.



If ev-er a sail-or was fond of good



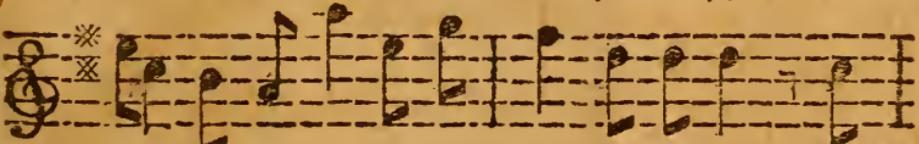
sport 'Mongst the girls, why that sail-or was I:



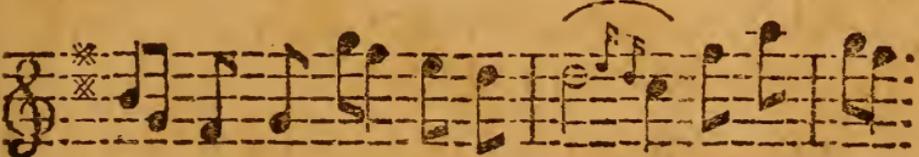
Of all siz-es and forts, I'd a wife at each port;



But when that I saw'd Pol-ly Ply, I



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



swore to bring up once for all, And from that



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

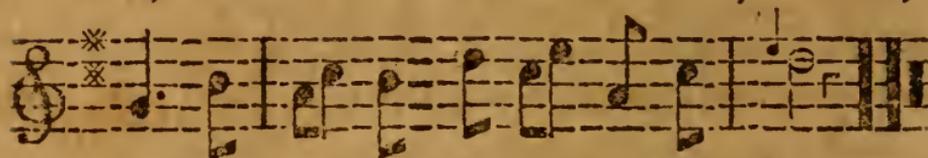
X



that time Black Bar-na-by splic'd us till



this, I've been constant and true to my Poll,



I've been constant and true to my Poll.

And yet now all sorts of temptations I've stood,

For I afterwards sail'd round the world,

And a queer set we saw of the devils own brood,

Wherever our sails were unfurl'd ;

Some with faces like charcoal and others like chalk,

All ready one's heart to o'erhall,

Don't ye go to love me my good girl's said I walk,

I've sworn to be constant to Poll.

I met with a squaw, out at India beyond,

All in glafs and tobacco pipes drest,

What a dear pretty monster ! so kind and so fond,

That I ne'er was a moment at rest ;

With her bobs at her nose, & her quaw, quaw, quaw,

All the world like a Bartle, my Doll,

Says I you miss copperskin, just hold your jaw,

For I shall be constant to Poll.

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

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

SONG CII.

THO' BACCHUS MAY BOAST OF HIS CARE-
KILLING BOWL.



Tho' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing



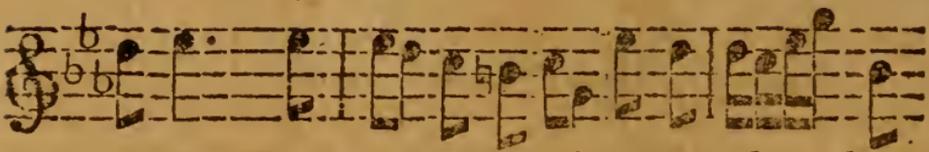
bowl, And Folly in thought-drowning revels



delight, Such worship a-las! hath no charms

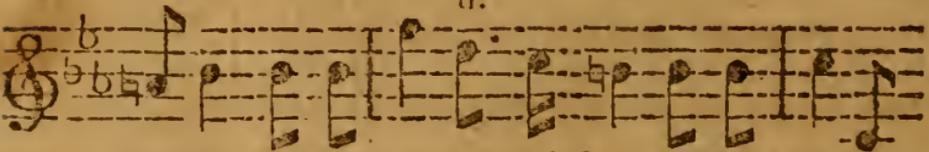


for the soul, When softer devotions the senses

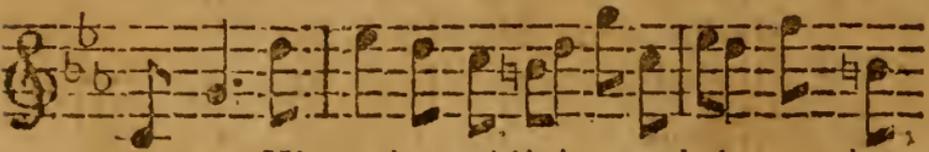


invite: When softer devotions the sen - ses

tr.



invite. To the arrow of fate, or the canker



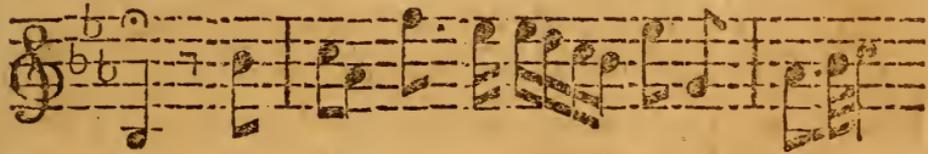
of care, His potions oblivious a balm may be-



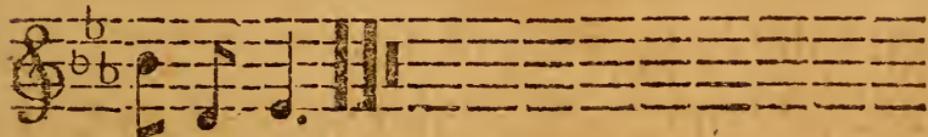
slow : Bnt to Fancy, that feeds on the charms of



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



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



of all woe.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,

With riot would bid the sweet vision begone ?

For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine

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



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

The tender excess which enamours the heart,

To few is imparted, to millions deny'd :

'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,

And fools jest at that for which sages have died.

And fools, &c.

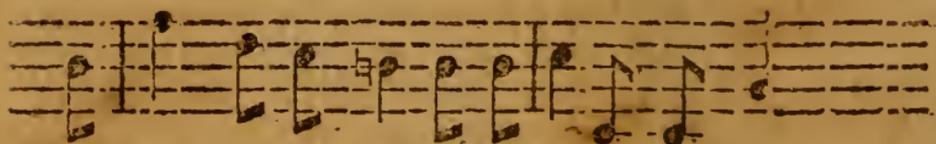
Each change and excess hath through life been my
doom,

And well can I speak of its joy and its strife ;
The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

But love's, &c.

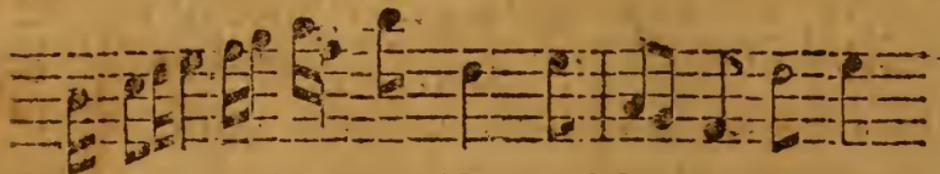
Come, then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight

The magic illusions that ravish the soul :
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.
And drop, &c.



Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,

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



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

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

SONG CIII.

STREW THE SWEET ROSES OF PLEASURE BETWEEN:

Pompoco.

If life's a rough path, as the fages have

said, With flints and with weeds and with briers.

bespread, With flints and with weeds and with

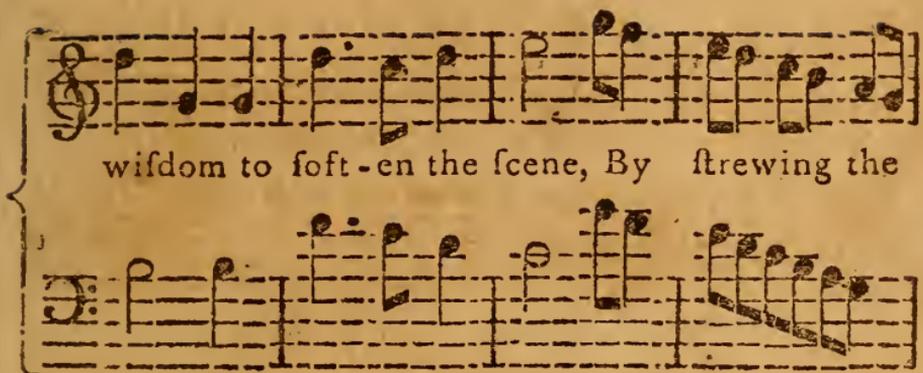
bri-ers be-spread, When the scorpions of

en-vy and adders of hate, Conceal'd in clofe

ambush to wound us a - wait, It sure - ly is

wisdom to soft-en the scene, By strewing the

roses of pleasure between. It sure - ly is



wisdom to soft - en the scene, By strewing the



roses of pleasure between.

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

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

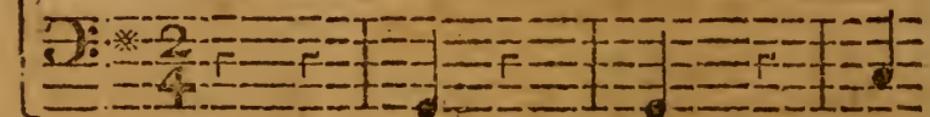
SONG CIV.

WASHINGTON.

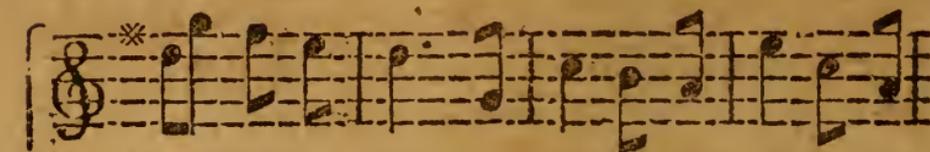
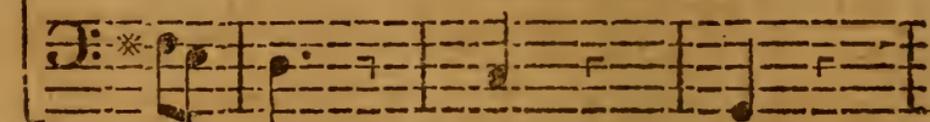
Set to Music by S. Holyoke.



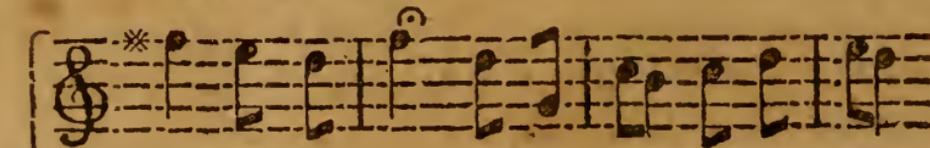
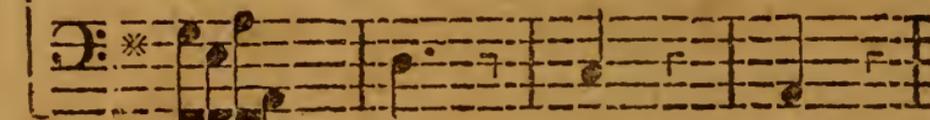
When Al - ci - des, the son of O - lym -



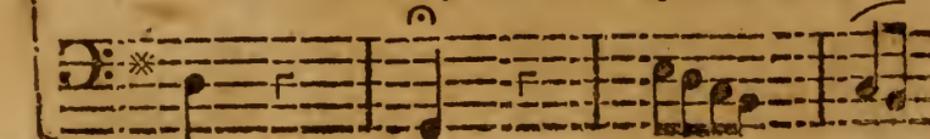
pian Jove, Was call'd from the earth to the



regions a - bove, The fetters grim Tyranny



twist from his hand, And with rapine and mur -



der u-surp'd the command; While Peace, lovely

maiden, was scar'd from the plains, And Liber-

ty, captive, sat wailing in chains; Her

once gallant offspring lay bleeding around,

Nor on earth could a champion to save her be

found. Her once, &c.

Nor on, &c.

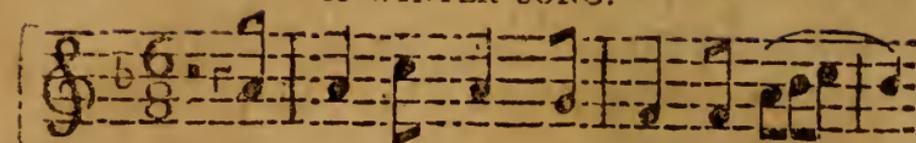
The thunderer, mov'd with compassion, look'd down
On a world so accur'd, from his cryſtalline throne ;
Then open'd the book, in whoſe myſtical page
Were enroll'd the heroes of each future age ;
Read of Brutus and Sidney, who dar'd to be free,
Of their virtues approv'd, and confirm'd the decree :
Then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

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

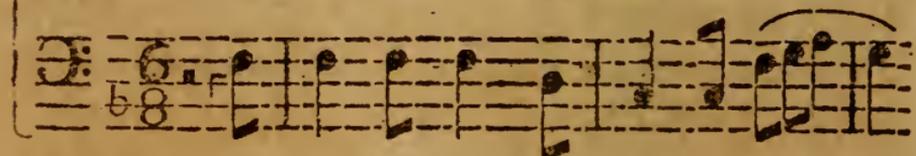
SONG CV.

HOW COLD IT IS!

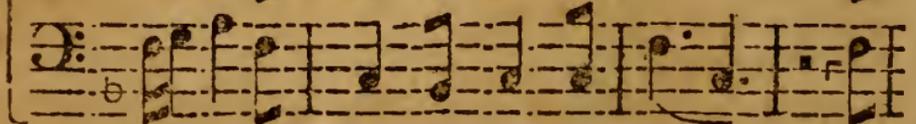
A WINTER SONG.



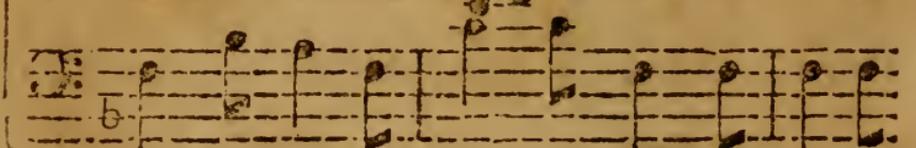
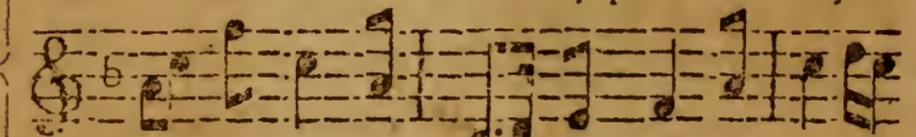
See now the blust'ring Boreas blows,



See all the waters round are froze, The



trees that skirt the dreary plain All day a



murm'ring cry maintain; The trembling forest

hears their moan, And sadly mingles groan with

groan. How dismal all from east to west!

May heav'n defend the poor distress! Such

is the tale, On hill and vale, Each trav'ler,

may behold it is; While low and high

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

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

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

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

Now lisps Sir Fopling, tender weed !
 All shiv'ring like a shaken reed !
 How keen the air attacks my back !
 John place some list upon that crack ;
 Go sand-bag all the sashes round,
 And see there's not an air hole found.
 Ah ! bless me, now I feel a breath,
 Good lack ! 'tis like the chill of death.

 Indulgence pale
 Tells this sad tale,
 Till he in furs infolded is ;
 Still, still complains
 For all his pains,
 Ah ! bless my heart, how cold it is !

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

This was thy cry,
Humanity.

More precious far than gold it is,
Such gifts to deal
When newsmen feel,
All clad in snow, how cold it is!

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

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

Go pity all, but 'bove the rest.

The soldier or the tar distress'd :-

Thro' winter's reign

Relieve their pain

For what they've done, sure bold it is :

Their wants supply,

Whene'er they cry

Ah ! blefs my heart, how cold it is !.

And now ye sluggards, sloths, and beaux,
Who dread the breath that winter blows,

Pursue the counsel of a friend

Who never found it yet offend ;

While Winter deals his frost around,

Go face the air, and beat the ground,

With cheerful spirits exercise,

'Tis there life's balmy blessing lies :

On hill and dale

Tho' sharp the gale

And frozen you behold it is,

The blood shall glow,

And sweetly flow,

And you'll ne'er cry, how cold it is !!

SONG. CVI.

A SHAPE ALONE LET OTHERS PRIZE.

Set to Music by H. GRAM.

Expresively.

shape a - lone let oth - ers prize, And fea-

tures of the fair, I look for spirit

D. C.

in her eyes, And meaning in her air.

D. C.

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

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

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

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

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

SONG CVII.

BRIGHT DAWNS THE DAY:
A HUNTING SONG.

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

RESITATIVE.

Bright dawns the day, with re-sy

face, That calls the hunter to the chace.

Adagio.

With mu-sic-al horn sa-lute the gay morn,

These jolly com-pan-ions to cheer. With en-

liv'ning sounds, encourage the hounds, To

ri-val the speed of the de - - - - er. To

ri-val the speed of the deer.

SONG.—VERSE I.

If you find out his lair, To the wood-

lands re-pair; Hark! hark! he's un-harbour'd

they cry; Then fleet o'er the plain, We'll

gal-lop a - main, All, all is a

tri-umph of joy. All, all is a

tri-umph of joy.

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

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

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

SONG CVIII.

WINTER.



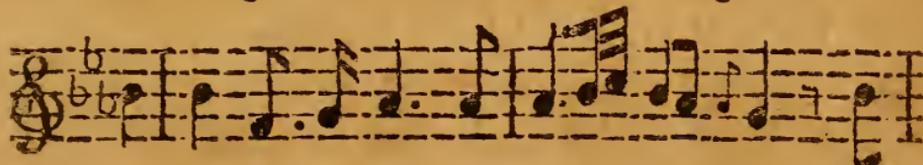
A-dieu, ye groves, a-dieu ye plains, All na-



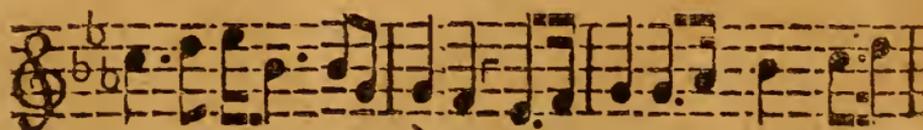
ture mourning lies. See gloomy clouds, and



thick'ning rains Obscure the lab'ring skies.



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



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



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

No more the lambs with gamesome bound,

Rejoice the gladden'd sight :

No more the gay enamell'd ground,

Or sylvan scenes delight.

Thus, lovely Nancy, much lov'd maid,

Thy early charms must fail ;

Thy rose must droop, the lily fade,

And winter soon prevail,

Again the lark, sweet bird of day,

May rise on active wings,

Again the sportive herds may play,

And hail reviving spring,

But youth, my fair, sees no return,

The pleasing bubble's o'er,

In vain it's fleeting joys you mourn,

They fall to bloom no more.

Haste, then dear girl, the time improve,

Which art can ne'er regain,

In blisfull scenes of mutual love,

With some distinguish'd swain ;

So shall life's spring, like jocund May,

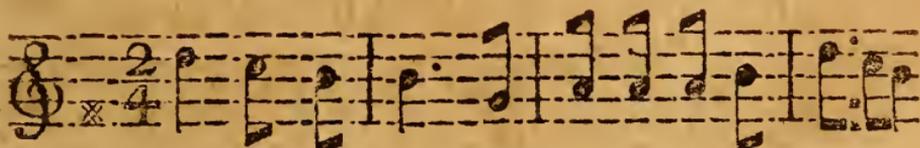
Pass smiling and serene ;

Thus summer, autumn, glide away,

And winter soon prevail.

SONG CIX.

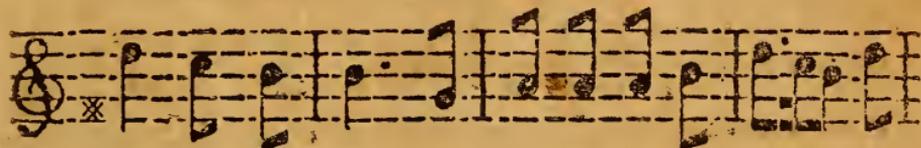
SONG IN THE SPOIL'D CHILD.



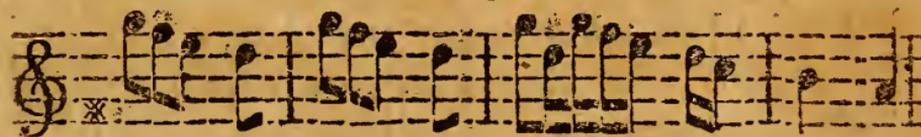
Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,



To quit each object of my infant care ;



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



driv'n the keen-est storms of fate to



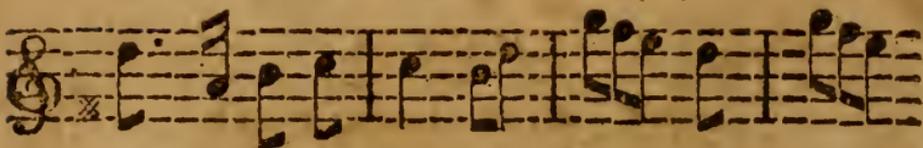
bear: Ah! but for-give me, oh! 'piti'd let me



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



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



piti'd let me part, Your frowns too sure



wou'd break my sinking heart.

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

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

SONG CX.

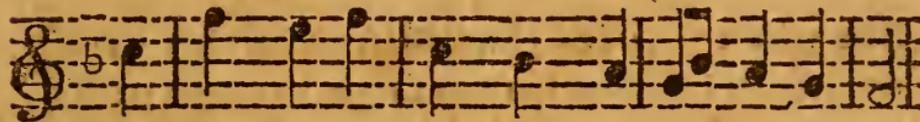
YE MORTALS WHOM FANCIES.



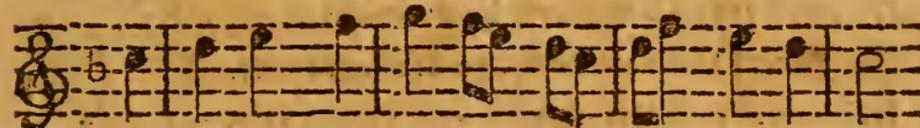
Ye mortals whom fancies and troubles per-



plex, Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex,



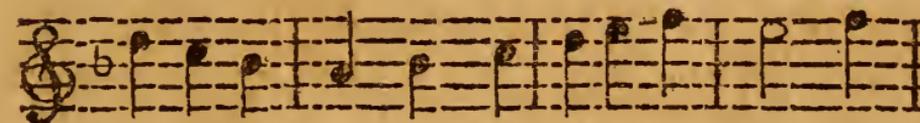
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,



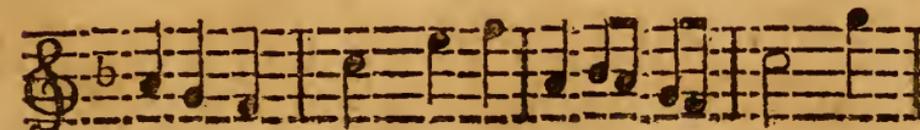
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest,

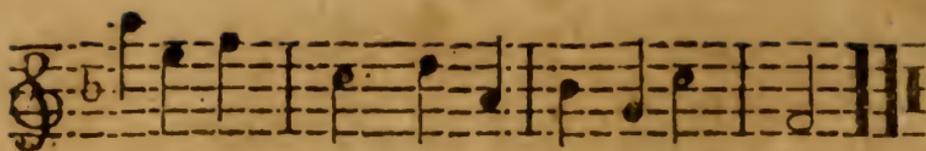


Obey the glad summons, to Lethe re-pair, Drink



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





deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

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

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

SONG CXI.

ON MUSIC:

Largo.

To mu-sic be the verle ad-

drest; To mu-sic, soft-ner of the

breast, And what from woe re-lieves; from

woe re - - lieves; 'Tis music, 'Tis

music, like the Sy-ren's charms, With tend'-

rest love the bo - som warms, With

tend'-rest love the bo - - - som warms,

But not like them de-ceives.

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

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

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

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

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

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

F I N I S.