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Fellow of Clare Hall

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by Charles Hague Mus. Doc.

and Professor of *MUSIC* in the *UNIVERSITY* of Cambridge

But is amusement all? Studious of Song,
And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,
I would not trifle merely, tho' the World
Be loudest in their praise who do no more. Cowper's Task B.II.

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INTRODUCTORY LETTER

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DR. HAGUE.

DEAR SIR,

HIGHLY, and deſervedly, as your character ranks in the world as a Muſician, I ſhould not trouble you upon the preſent occaſion, had I not a better opinion of your heart as a Man, than of your talents as a Compoſer. When Agamemnon ſet out for Troy, Homer tells us, he committed his Wife to the care of a *Muſician*, as the beſt of guardians and preceptors. Nor could the adulterer Ægyſthus ſeduce her, till he had taken off the Muſician, whoſe inſtruction, while he lived, kept the Princeſs in the path of virtue. (Odyſs. III. 267.) "How different in thoſe days, (ſays Bp. Horne, in his Eſſays and Thoughts on various ſubjects—ſee his Life by Jones, p. 347.) muſt the character of a Muſician, and the uſe of Muſic have been, from their character and uſe at preſent."

I flatter myſelf, however, that I have found a Muſician of ancient days, to whoſe fidelity I may with confidence entruſt the object of my care and affection; ſince it is for the preſervation of the purity of *my Pariſh*, that I apply to your talents as a Muſician, to your integrity as a Man.

Knowing that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," it is a grief to me whenever I ſee mirth carried on in any way other than innocent. When I have been preſent at the feſtive meetings in my pariſh, (at the Harveſt Home of my truly excellent Squire,* and at the Friendly Society,) I am always grieved to ſee

* It is with inexpreſſible concern that I add the name of the *late* EDWARD GREEN, Esq. A gentleman who by his example, his perſonal aſſiſtance, and money, was ever forward to promote any plan for the bettering the morals or adding to the comforts of the parish. I had the happiness of reading this Letter to him, and receiving his ſuffrage for the utility of the design.—*Nov.* 1804.

how little real mirth is underſtood. Drunkenneſs ſeems to be the end of drinking, and noiſe of ſinging; and the ſongs, if not improper, are ſeldom either amuſing or inſtructive. How is this? Is it that the uſe of liquor and of ſinging is incompatible with innocence, that men cannot be "merry and wiſe?" or is it that the *uſe* is grown into *abuſe*, and that we do not take care to regulate theſe things? This is the buſineſs, Sir, in which I want your aſſiſtance. "The power of muſic is but too well known by fatal experience, when it is miſapplied—applied to cheriſh and call forth the evil that lies concealed in the corrupt heart of fallen man; to recommend and excite in him all the follies of levity and diſſipation, of intemperance and wantonneſs. What are we to do in this caſe? Are we to renounce and diſclaim Muſic? No; let us employ Muſic againſt Muſic."*

The celebrated Alexander Fletcher, of Saltoun, a wiſe and able politician, in his "Account of a converſation concerning a right regulation of governments for the common good of mankind," complains that "the poorer ſort of both ſexes are daily tempted to all manner of wickedneſs by infamous ballads ſung in every corner of the ſtreets. I knew," ſays he, "a very wiſe man, that believed, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who ſhould make the laws of a nation. And we find, that moſt of the ancient legiſlators thought they could not well reform the manners of any city without the help of a lyric, and ſometimes of a dramatic poet."‖ (See his Political Works, Lond. 1737. p. 372. and the Spectator, No. 502.)

An eminent philanthropiſt and writer upon the ſubject of Police, of the preſent day,—it is ſcarcely neceſſary to add the name of Patrick Colquhoun, Eſq.—in his Treatiſe on the Police of the Metropolis, (p. 348. ſixth edition,) conſiders the ballads of a nation as an object of legiſlative interference. "Since recreation is neceſſary to civilized ſociety, all Public Exhibitions ſhould be

* See Bp. Horne's Vol. of 16 Sermons, p. 314. See also an admirable Sermon "On the Nature and Excellence of Music," by the Rev. Wm. Jones, of Nayland, in his Works, Vol. VI. Serm. 5.

‖ I have been informed by a gentleman, who had heard Mr. DIBDIN's songs sung on board a ship, that he has done much good amongst the sailors, in giving them better principles. Mr. D. says, in his Professional Life, vol. I. p. 8. "I have learnt that my songs have been considered as an object of national consequence; that they have been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, in battle; and that they have been quoted in mutinies, to the restoration of order and discipline."

rendered ſubſervient to the improvement of morals, and to the means of infuſing into the mind a love of the Conſtitution, and a reverence and reſpect for the Laws. How eaſy would it be under the guidance of an appropriate Police, to give a right bias through the medium of public amuſements to the diſpoſitions of the people. How ſuperior this to the odious practice of beſotting themſelves in ale-houſes, hatching ſeditious and treaſonable deſigns, or engaged in purſuits of the vileſt profligacy, deſtructive to health and morals.

"Even the common ballad-ſingers in the ſtreets might be rendered inſtruments uſeful under the controul of a well-regulated Police, in giving a better turn to the minds of the loweſt claſſes of the people. They too muſt be amuſed; and why not, if they can be amuſed innocently? If through this medium they can be taught loyalty to the Sovereign, love to their Country, and obedience to the Laws, would it not be wiſe and politic to ſanction it?

"If in addition to this, moral leſſons could occaſionally be conveyed, ſhewing in language familiar to their habits, the advantages of *Induſtry* and *Frugality* —the pleaſure of living independent of the Pawnbroker and the Publican—the diſgrace and ruin attached to drunkenneſs and diſhoneſty, and the glory and happineſs of a *good Huſband*, a *good Father*, and *an honeſt Man*, might it not reaſonably be expected, that in a religious, as well as a moral point of view, advantages would be gained, while the people were both inſtructed and amuſed?

"Crimes have been generated in a conſiderable degree both by immoral and ſeditious books and ſongs. It is true the laws are open to puniſhment. The road however to juſtice, with reſpect to the former, is circuitous and difficult, while in the latter caſe their execution is felt to be *harſh*, *ſevere*, and *ultimately ineffectual:* hence licentious and miſchievous publications prevail, and Ballad-ſingers are ſuffered often to inſult decency, and to diſſeminate poiſon* in every ſtreet in the Metropolis.

* In my way this day from Hinxton to Cambridge, I found, by the road side, a parcel of Ballads tied together, which were much dirtied, and had evidently fallen from the basket of some Hawker. I had, about three quarters of a mile back, passed an old woman, who has sometimes called at my house, and to whom I have given Repository Tracts to sell again, with advice respecting what she bought for sale. I took the Ballads up, and, on examining them, found them nearly all objectionable, and some highly so. One is the history of a young woman, who, having a child without being married, poisons herself. It does not contain one word, by way of antidote, to

"Like many other evils they remain in ſpite of the ſtatutes made to prevent them.—They were evils ſuffered centuries ago, where the laws proved equally unavailing: but the ſtate of ſociety and manners rendered them leſs dangerous." (See alſo p. 625.)

As the Clergyman of a pariſh, I muſt own it is not a matter of indifference to me, what ſongs are ſung at the feſtive meetings. I know from experience the effect which ſinging has upon a company of perſons, even of education, and of a ſerious turn; what muſt it be then upon perſons of no education, guided almoſt entirely by paſſion and example? Were a Clergyman to preach, with the energy and eloquence of a Horne or a Jones, againſt the ſin of drunkenneſs, if the ſong, the following evening, aided by liquor and company, were to be "True joy is drinking," or "All get drunk if you wiſh to be happy," it would, I fear, go far, very far, to do away any good impreſſions which the ſermon might have left.*

cenſure her want of chaſtity, and the act of ſuicide. Such a ballad, falling into the hands of a young woman in that predicament, might be the means of inſtigating her to the ſame horrid crime.

Before I reached Cambridge I met an old Sailor, begging his way to London. I asked him if he had not any thing to ſell? "He had a few *Godly Books*." I deſired to ſee them. He took them out. Some Ballads were on the outſide of them, which he tried to put away, as if conſcious they were bad. I took them away from him, but they were only ſtupid. He said he ſeldom ſold Ballads, for he did not think them quite the thing; but he was often asked for them in ale-houſes.

October 31, 1804.

* The late HUGH KELLY, who was one of the moſt moral of our dramatic writers, in the periodical publication of the Babbler, wrote a paper on the ſubject of Moral Songs, and gave a ſpecimen of one: as the work is not perhaps in every body's hands, and as it is directly to our purpoſe, it ſhall here be ſubjoined as a note.

The BABBLER, No. 30.

"There is nothing at which I am more offended, than the unpardonable vein of ignorance and brutality ſo generally introduced in our drinking ſongs; nor any thing, in my opinion, which throws a greater reflection upon the underſtanding of a ſenſible ſociety. If we examine the principal number of theſe pretty compoſitions, we ſhall find that abſolute intoxication is recommended as the higheſt felicity in the world, and receive the moſt poſitive aſſurances of being upon an equality with angels, the very moment we ſink ourſelves into a ſituation conſiderably lower than men.

"To look back to the original deſign of all poetical compoſition is needleſs, ſince every body knows that it was to praiſe and honour the Supreme Being with a fervency of devotion, which could not be found in the common form of words. This glorification of the Deity, and the inſtruction of his creatures, appearing therefore to be the grand view of poetry, how much is it to be lamented, that a ſcience of ſo ſublime a nature ſhould be proſtituted to ſuch infamous ends; and, inſtead of being applied to the purpoſes of religion and virtue, be directed to the ſupport of a vice, productive of innumerable ills.

"It has been juſtly obſerved, that every nation, in proportion as it is civiliſed, has abolished

I wiſh, therefore, Sir, that you would furniſh us with a Collection of Songs for ſuch occaſions, which ſhall be at once cheerful, inſtructive, and innocent. Such are, no doubt, to be found; though I fear they are not ſo numerous as might be wiſhed and expected. Our ſingle ſongs being many of them drinking, hunting, or ſailors' ſongs filled with oaths, or love ſongs full of impiety and nonſenſe; and thoſe in our Operas often being upon the ſame ſubjects, and often forming a part of the narrative, or dialogue of the drama, are not fit for ſelecting as independent ſongs; but yet I can point out ſome, that I think are unexceptionable, and others which may be made ſo with only a little correcting.*

intemperance in wine, and consequently must be barbarous in proportion as it is addicted to excess. The remark I am rather apprehensive will be found no very great compliment to the people of this kingdom; we are apt to place good fellowship in riot, and have but too natural a promptitude in imagining, that the happiness of an evening is promoted by an extravagant circulation of the glass; hence are our songs of festivity (as I have already taken notice) fraught with continual encomiums on the pleasures of intoxication, and the whole tribe of Bacchanalian Lyrics perpetually telling us how wonderfully sensible it is to destroy our senses, and how nothing can be more rational in a human creature, than to drink till he has not left himself a single glimmer of reason at all.

"But if, abstracted from the brutal intention of our drinking songs in general, we should come to consider their merit as literary performances, how very few of them should we find worth a station on a cobler's stall, or deserving the attention of an auditory at Billingsgate; the best are but so many despicable strings of unmeaning puns and ill-imagined conceits, and betray not more the ignorance of their encouragers, than the barrenness of their authors. Let me only ask the warmest advocate for this species of composition, what, upon a cool reflection, he thinks of the following song:

"By the gaily circling glass
"We can see how minutes pass:
"By the hollow cask we are told
"How the waining night grows old:
"Soon, too soon, the busy day
"Calls us from our sports away.
"What have we with day to do?
"Sons of Care, 'twas made for you".

"The foregoing little song, though one of the least offensive in the whole round of a bon vivant collection, has neither thought nor expression to recommend it, and can, when sung, be termed no more than an agreeable piece of impertinence, calculated to supply a want of understanding in a company. I forbear to mention the Big-bellied Bottle, and a variety of similar productions, which are universally known, and deserve to be as universally despicable; but I shall conclude this paper, however, with a song, which I would recommend as an example to such gentlemen as are fond of celebrating the grape, though no way ambitious to do it at the expence of good sense and morality." This song is given in this work under the title of The Bottle; or, The Judicious Bacchanal.

* Mrs. TRIMMER, in the person of Richard Bruce, has said that she "thought it a great pity some good person would not look over ballads, for there were a great many that wanted but little alteration to make them very pretty: but now-a-days a man was afraid to lay out a halfpenny in

It is ſaid of our countrymen, that they will not ſing till they are half drunk; and indeed ſuch are the ſongs uſually ſung, that no man in his ſober ſenſes can ſing them; but ſongs of the deſcription I mean, might be made a part of an evening's amuſement for company where no drinking was going forward.*

We are told by St. Paul,—ſtart not, Sir, at my quoting ſuch frequent and ſuch high authorities; the ſubject is of conſequence, and I wiſh to ſupport my own opinions by thoſe of abler, better, and higher authority than my own—St. Paul orders, (Cor. x. 31.) that "whether we eat or drink, or whatſoever we do," we ſhould "do all to the glory of God." "Religion then, is to guide us by its good precepts, and to govern all our actions. Our lives are made up of actions. One action ſucceeds another, and yet in all this courſe of actions, there is hardly one, trifling as we may think it, which has not its faulty extreme, and which we may not make either right or wrong. In ſhort we may turn almoſt every action of our lives into religion, by giving it a religious motive, and acting with a view to pleaſe God."

"Nothing ſeems to have leſs of a religious caſt about it, than eating and drinking; and yet the text plainly aſſerts, that we may turn eating and drinking to the glory of God—that is, if we eat and drink under ſuch rules of temperance as the Scriptures give us, and *practiſe* theſe rules *with a view to pleaſe God*, we may make even eating and drinking acts of religion." (Gilpin's Sermons, Vol. I. Serm. 16.)

Thus religion is not only to be brought into the neceſſary buſineſs and concerns of life, but "it is to be brought into our *pleaſure* alſo, and he, who is really a Chriſtian, muſt be a Chriſtian in his very diverſions."

By this criterion, then, let us try ſome of our favourite ſongs, and ſee how

songs, lest half of his bargain should be wickedness or trash." See The Two Farmers, an Exemplary Tale, p. 114.

* Some years ago, at the suggestion of a friend, I accompanied him to a Catch Club of some eminence. I had heard much of the delights of such meetings. As soon as dinner was over, all the company stood up, and *Non Nobis* was sung. I wish I could always see grace said at the tables of even serious people with so much attention and seeming devotion. After this the Catches and Glees began, and the bottle moved round; the singing—I mean the words of the songs—growing worse and worse, till that, which began with Non Nobis, ended like the orgies of Bacchus.

they will ſtand the teſt. I do not mean our worſt ſongs; but ſuch as ſome, who paſs for ſober good people, will not be aſhamed to ſing.

Mrs. Hannah More, in the 6th part of The Two Shoemakers, which is a Dialogue "On the Duty of carrying Religion into our Amuſements," (ſee her Works, vol. 5.) has already done this to our hands, and I cannot do better, than in quoting that admirable performance. After mentioning profane and indecent ſongs, ſhe obſerves, "But there are other things as bad as wicked words, nay worſe perhaps, though they do not ſo much ſhock the ear of decency. Wicked *thoughts*, when they are covered over with ſmooth words, and dreſſed out in pleaſing rhymes, ſo as not to ſhock modeſt young people by the ſound, do more harm to their principles than thoſe ſongs of which the words are ſo groſs and diſguſting, that no perſon of common decency can for a moment liſten to them. Immodeſt expreſſions, though they offend the ear more, do not corrupt the heart, perhaps, much more than ſongs of which the words are decent, and the principle vicious. In the latter caſe, becauſe there is nothing that ſhocks his ear, a man liſtens till the ſentiment has ſo corrupted his heart, that his ear grows hardened too, and by long cuſtom he loſes all ſenſe of the danger of profane diverſions; and I muſt ſay, I have often heard young women of character ſing ſongs in company, which I ſhould be aſhamed to read by myſelf. But come, as we work, let us talk over this buſineſs a little; and firſt let us ſtick to this ſober ſong of yours that you boaſt ſo much about.

"Since life is no more than a paſſage at beſt,
"Let us ſtrew the way over with flowers."

Now what do you learn by this?

Will. Why, maſter, I don't pretend to learn much by it. But 'tis a pretty tune and pretty words.

Stock. But what do thoſe pretty words mean?

Will. That we muſt make ourſelves merry becauſe life is ſhort.

Stock. Will, of what religion are you?

Will. You are always aſking one ſuch odd queſtions, maſter; why a chriſtian, to be ſure.

Stock. If I often aſk you, or others, this queſtion, it is only becauſe I like to know what grounds I am to go upon when I am talking with you or them. I

conceive that there are in this country two ſorts of people, Chriſtians, and no Chriſtians. Now, if people profeſs to be of this firſt deſcription, I expect one kind of notions, opinions, and behaviour from them; if they ſay they are of the latter, then I look for another ſet of notions and actions from them. I compel no man to think with me. I take every man at his word. I only expect him to think and believe according to the character he takes upon himſelf, and to act on the principles of that character which he profeſſes to maintain.

Will. That's fair enough, I can't ſay but it is, to take a man at his own word, and on his own grounds.

Stock. Well then, of whom does the Scripture ſpeak when it ſays, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?"

Will. Why of Heathens to be ſure, not of Chriſtians.

Stock. And of whom, when it ſays, "Let us crown ourſelves with roſe-buds before they are withered?"

Will. O that is Solomon's wordly fool.

Stock. You diſapprove of both then?

Will. To be ſure I do. I ſhould not be a Chriſtian if I did not.

Stock. And yet, though a Chriſtian, you are admiring the very ſame thought in the ſong you were ſinging. How do you reconcile this?

Will. O there is no compariſon between them. Theſe ſeveral texts are deſigned to deſcribe looſe wicked Heathens. Now I learn texts as part of my religion. But religion, you know, has nothing to do with a ſong. I ſing a ſong for my pleaſure.

Stock. In our laſt night's talk, Will, I endeavoured to prove to you that religion was to be brought into our *buſineſs*. I wiſh now to let you ſee that it is to be brought into our *pleaſure* alſo. And that he who is really a Chriſtian, muſt be a Chriſtian in his very diverſions.*

Will. Now you are too ſtrict again, maſter; as you laſt night declared, that in our buſineſs you would not have us always praying, ſo I hope that in our pleaſure you would not have us always pſalm-ſinging. I hope you would not have all one's ſinging to be about good things.

* "A man has no time for which he is not accountable to God. If his very diversions are not governed by reason and religion, he will one day suffer for the time he has spent in them." Bp. Wilson's Maxims of Piety and Christianity, p. 252. See also some excellent remarks on Diversions in Lucas's Enquiry after Happiness. Vol. I. Pt. II. p. 115.

Stock. Not ſo, Will; but I would not have any part either of our buſineſs or our pleaſure to be about evil things. It is one thing to be ſinging *about* religion, it is another thing to be ſinging *againſt* it. Saint Peter, I fancy, would not much have approved your favourite ſong. He, at leaſt, ſeemed to have another view of the matter, when he ſaid, "The end of all things is at hand." Now this text teaches much the ſame awful truth with the firſt line of your ſong. But let us ſee to what different purpoſes the apoſtle and the poet turn the very ſame thought. Your ſong ſays, becauſe life is ſo ſhort, let us make it merry. Let us divert ourſelves ſo much on the road that we may forget the end. Now what ſays the apoſtle—"Becauſe the end of all things is at hand, be ye therefore ſober and watch unto prayer."

Will. Why, maſter, I like to be ſober too, and have left off drinking. But ſtill I never thought that we were obliged to carry texts out of the bible to try the ſoundneſs of a ſong; and to enable us to judge if we might be both merry and wiſe in ſinging it.

Stock. Providence has not ſo ſtinted our enjoyments, Will, but he has left us many ſubjects of harmleſs merriment; but, for my own part, I am never certain that any one is quite harmleſs till I have tried it by this rule that you ſeem to think ſo ſtrict. There is another favourite catch which I heard you and ſome of the workmen humming yeſterday.

Will. I will prove to you that there is not a word of harm in *that;* pray liſten now. (Sings.)

"Which is the propereſt day to drink—Sunday, Monday, Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday, Friday, Saturday?"

Stock. Now, Will, do you really find your unwillingneſs to drink is ſo great, that you ſtand in need of all theſe incentives to provoke you to it? Do you not find temptation ſtrong enough without exciting your inclination, and whetting your appetite in this manner? Can any thing be more unchriſtian than to perſuade youth by pleaſant words, ſet to the moſt alluring muſic, that the pleaſures of drinking are ſo great, that every day in the week, naming them all ſucceſſively, by way of fixing and enlarging the idea, is equally fit, equally proper, and equally delightful—for what?—for the low and ſenſual purpoſe of getting drunk. Tell me, Will, are you ſo *very* averſe to pleaſure? Are you naturally ſo cold and dead to all paſſion and temptation, that you really find it neceſſary to inflame your imagination, and diſorder your ſenſes, in order to excite a quicker reliſh for the pleaſures of ſin?

Will. All this is true enough, indeed; but I never ſaw it in this light before.

Stock. As I paſſed by the Greyhound laſt night, in the way to my evening's walk in the fields, I caught this one verſe of a ſong which the club were ſinging:

" Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
" Joy ſhall quickly find us;
" Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
" And caſt dull Care behind us."

When I got into the fields I could not forbear comparing this ſong with the ſecond leſſon laſt Sunday evening at church; theſe were the words: " Take heed leſt at at any time your heart be overcharged with drunkenneſs, and ſo that day come upon you unawares; for as a ſnare ſhall it come upon all them that are upon the face of the earth."

Will. Why, to be ſure, if the ſecond leſſon was right, the ſong muſt be wrong.

Stock. I ran over in my mind alſo a compariſon between ſuch ſongs as that which begins with

" Drink and drive care away,"

with thoſe injunctious of holy writ, " Watch and pray, therefore, that you enter not into temptation;" and again, " Watch and pray, that you may eſcape all theſe things." I ſay I compared this with the ſong I allude to:

" Drink and drive care away,
" Drink and be merry;
" You'll ne'er go the faſter
" To the Stygian ferry."

I compared this with that awful admonition of ſcripture how to paſs the time, " Not in rioting and drunkenneſs, not in chambering and wantonneſs; but put ye on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and make not proviſion for the fleſh to fulfil the luſts thereof."

Will. I am afraid, then, maſter, you would not much approve of what I uſed to think a very pretty ſong, which begins with,

" A plague on thoſe muſty old lubbers,
" Who teach us to faſt and to think."

Stock. Will, what would you think of any one who ſhould ſit down and write a book or a ſong to abuſe the Clergy?

Will. Why I ſhould think he was a very wicked fellow, and I hope no one would look into ſuch a book, or ſing ſuch a ſong.

Stock. And yet it muſt certainly be the Clergy who are ſcoffed at in that verſe, it being their profeſſed buſineſs to teach us to *think*, and be ſerious.

Will. Aye, maſter, and now you have opened my eyes, I think I can make ſome of thoſe compariſons myſelf between the ſpirit of the Bible and the ſpirit of theſe ſongs.

" Bring the flaſk, the goblet bring,"

won't ſtand very well in company with the threat of the prophet: " Woe unto them that riſe up early, that they may mingle ſtrong drink."

Stock. Aye, Will; and theſe thoughtleſs people, who live up to their ſinging, ſeem to be the very people deſcribed in another place, as glorying in their intemperance, and acting what their ſongs deſcribe:—" They look at the wine and ſay it is red, it moveth itſelf aright in the cup."

Will. I do hope I ſhall for the future not only become more careful what ſongs I ſing myſelf, but alſo not to keep company with thoſe who ſing nothing elſe but what, in my ſober judgment, I now ſee to be wrong.

Stock. As we ſhall have no *body* in the world to come, it is a pity not only to make our pleaſures here conſiſt entirely in the delights of animal life, but to make our very ſongs conſiſt in extolling and exalting thoſe delights which are unworthy of the man as well as of the chriſtian. If, through temptation or weakneſs, we fall into errors, let us not eſtabliſh and confirm them by picking up all the ſongs and ſcraps of verſes which excuſe, juſtify, and commend ſin. " That time is ſhort," is a reaſon given by theſe ſong-mongers why we ſhould give into greater indulgencies. " That time is ſhort," is a reaſon given by the Apoſtle why we ſhould enjoy our deareſt comforts as if we enjoyed them not.

Now, Will, I hope you will ſee the importance of ſo managing, that our diverſions (for diverſions of ſome kind we all require) may be as carefully choſen as our other employments. For to make them ſuch as ſhall effectually drive out of our minds all that the Bible and the Miniſter have been putting into

them, ſeems to me as imprudent as it is unchriſtian. But this is not all. Such ſentiments as theſe ſongs contain, ſet off by the prettieſt muſic, heightened by liquor, and all the noiſe and ſpirit of what is called jovial company; all this, I ſay, not only puts every thing that is right out of the mind, but puts every thing that is wrong into it. Such ſongs, therefore, as tend to promote levity, thoughtleſſneſs, looſe imaginations, falſe views of life, forgetfulneſs of death, contempt of whatever is ſerious, and neglect of whatever is ſober, whether they be love ſongs, or drinking ſongs, will not, cannot be ſung by any man or any woman who makes a ſerious profeſſion of chriſtianity."*

Having ſeen what ſongs are improper, it will not be ſo difficult to determine what are proper. Of theſe, in the firſt place, I would inſtance ſuch as teach us to "Fear God and Honour the King:" ſuch as teach us to reverence God either in his word or works. Theſe we ſhall find in our Oratorios, particularly thoſe compoſed by Handel, and in the ſhorter poems of our moſt pious authors; and which, if not already ſet to muſic, might be adapted to ſuch tunes, the words of which might not anſwer our purpoſe. Alſo loyal and patriotic ſongs —Songs on the ſeaſons, circumſtances, incidents, objects, and characters of rural life—Soldiers' and Sailors' ſongs—ſome few drinking ſongs—ſongs on the paſſions, as Friendſhip, Love and Marriage, Contentment, and ſongs which contain any generous ſentiments, or give inſtruction in any way.

The old common-place nonſenſe of Strephon and Chloe, and Amaryllis and Daphnis, I would wiſh to explode; and have the characters, manners, and ſentiments more nearly allied to the preſent exiſting circumſtances of rural life. I am afraid likewiſe that I ſhall object to all *derry downs*, and *toll de rolls*, as unmeaning impertinence. The laſt line of a verſe ſhould contain ſome valuable ſentiment or point, and to repeat this is to enforce the ſentiment; but a chorus of derry down is merely an apology for noiſe and riot.

We ſhall frequently meet with a ſong the general tendency of which is moral,

* "It is with regret I have lately observed, that the fashionable author and singer of songs more loose, profane, and corrupt than any of those here noticed, not only received a prize as the reward of his important services, but received also the public acknowledgement of an illustrious Society, for having "contributed to the happiness of their country!"

but which is, at the ſame time, diſgraced by ſome improper alluſion, ſome profane oath or curſing, or ſome mixture of heatheniſm. I ſhould, in ſuch a caſe, have no ſcruple whatever of altering it. To do ſo may perhaps incur the cenſure of ſqueamiſhneſs from ſome, and of impertinence and conceit from others: but, with me, the cauſe of morality and piety is paramount. I would not only wiſh for my own writings to contain

"No line, which, dying, I would wiſh to blot;"

but I would thank the friend who would point out to me any paſſage the tendency of which might be bad, and think he had done me a real and a laſting kindneſs.

If beings in the other world are conſcious of what is going forward in this, and ſhould ſee the tendency, the ravages, which ſome of the writings they have left behind them are making among the morals of their fellow creatures, they muſt deem every endeavour to impede the progreſs of the ſpreading poiſon an act of kindneſs, as it is an act of duty. I know it is ſaid that oaths, particularly in our ſoldiers' and ſailors' ſongs, are characteriſtic; and that if we do not make them ſwear, they will ceaſe to be ſailors' ſongs. I hope *all* ſailors and ſoldiers do not ſwear,* and I would rather copy the beſt originals; or, like a flattering

* Dr. DODDRIDGE, in his Life of Colonel GARDINER, mentions the great reverence that brave and "devout soldier" had for the name of the Deity, "and the zeal with which he endeavoured to suppress, and if possible to extirpate, that detestable sin of swearing and cursing, which is every where so common, and especially among our military men." "He often declared his sentiments with respect to this enormity, at the head of his regiment; and urged his captains and their subalterns to take the greatest care, that they did not give the sanction of their example to that which by their office they were obliged to punish in others. And indeed his zeal on these occasions wrought in a very active, and sometimes in a remarkably successful manner, not only among his equals, but sometimes among his superiors too. An instance of this in Flanders I shall have an opportunity hereafter to produce; at present I shall only mention his conduct in Scotland a little before his death, as I have it from a very valuable young minister of that country, on whose testimony I can thoroughly depend; and I wish it may excite many to imitation.

"The commanding officer of the King's forces then about Edinburgh, with the other colonels, and several other gentlemen of rank in their respective regiments, favoured him with their company at Bankton, and took a dinner with him. He too well foresaw what might happen, amidst such a variety of tempers and characters: and fearing, lest his conscience might have been ensnared by a sinful silence, or that, on the other hand, he might seem to pass the bounds of decency, and infringe upon the laws of hospitality, by animadverting on guests so justly entitled to his regard, he

painter, leave out their deformities; and, as Goldſmith ſays of Mr. Cumberland,

"Draw men as they ought to be, not as they are."

But the queſtion is not about characteriſtic, but propriety, and if the thing is wrong, no plea of character can ſanction it. Perhaps many a youth, who had otherwiſe been ſober and pious, has learnt to ſwear from ſuch characteriſtic and otherwiſe pleaſing ſongs: let our ſong writers think on this!!*

On the ſubject of heatheniſm I would wiſh to refer you to Mr. Jones's admirable "Reflections on the Growth of Heatheniſm, among modern Chriſtians,

happily hit on the following method of avoiding each of these difficulties. As soon as they were come together, he addressed them with a great deal of respect, and yet at the same time with a very frank and determined air; and told them, that he had the honour in that district to be a justice of the peace, and consequently that he was sworn to put the laws in execution, and amongst the rest those against swearing: that he could not execute them upon others with any confidence, or by any means approve himself as a man of impartiality and integrity to his own heart, if he suffered them to be broken in his presence by persons of any rank whatsoever: and that therefore he entreated all the gentlemen who then honoured him with their company, that they would please to be upon their guard; and that if any oath or curse should escape them, he hoped they would consider his legal animadversions upon it, as a regard to the duties of his office and the dictates of his conscience, and not as owing to any want of deference to them. The commanding officer immediately supported him in this declaration, as entirely becoming the station in which he was, assuring him, that he would be ready to pay the penalty, if he inadvertently transgressed; and when Colonel Gardiner on any occasion stepped out of the room he himself undertook to be the guardian of the law in his absence; and as one of the inferior officers offended during this time, he informed the colonel, so that the fine was exacted, and given to the poor,† with the universal approbation of the company. The story spread in the neighbourhood, and was perhaps applauded by many, who wanted the courage to 'go and do likewise.' But it may be said of the worthy person of whom I write, with the utmost propriety, that he feared the face of no man living where the honour of God was concerned. In all such cases he might be justly said, in scripture phrase, to 'set his face like a flint;' and I assuredly believe, that had he been in the presence of a sovereign prince, who had been guilty of this fault, his looks at least would have testified his grief and surprise, if he had apprehended it unfit to have borne his testimony any other way."

* Gay, in his Fable of the Cook-maid, the Turnspit, and the Ox, with singular propriety writes,

"Thus *said* (for sure you'll think it fit
"That I the Cook-maid's oaths omit.)"

"† It is observable, that the money, which was forfeited on this account by his own officers, whom he never spared, or by any others of his soldiers, who rather chose to pay than to submit to corporal punishment, was by the Colonel's order laid by in a bank, till some of the private men fell sick; and then it was laid out in providing them with proper help and accommodations in their distress."

in a letter to a Friend at Oxford. Humbly recommended to the ſerious conſideration of all thoſe who are entruſted with the EDUCATION of YOUTH."* I cannot, however, forbear quoting two paſſages directly touching our preſent ſubject. After remarking, "in the ages before the Reformation, the ſubjects of the ornamental arts, which are now ſo univerſally taken from the Heathen Mythology, were then generally borrowed from the Holy Scripture, and had ſome pious relation to the doctrines of Chriſtianity;" he ſays further, "I ſhall not ſtop here to diſpute which of theſe two ſources, Paganiſm or Chriſtianity, will furniſh the beſt ſubjects for poets, painters, and ſculptors to work upon: but I cannot help obſerving, that the general ſtate of religion and manners may be judged of by the ſtyle and taſte adopted in the ornamental arts. There might be a faulty ſuperſtition, with a mixture of ſimplicity bordering upon ignorance, in the works of former ages; but the ſtyle of them ſhewed that Chriſtianity was the religion of the country, and that the ſeveral particulars of the ſacred hiſtory were then held in honour, as the objects moſt worthy to be offered for admiration, and recommended by all the efforts of human ingenuity."

"This was certainly the perſuaſion of thoſe times: but in the preſent age the public taſte can ſeldom find any thing but heathen matter to work upon: from which it is natural to infer that Heatheniſm is in better repute than formerly; and thence it will follow that the public regard to Chriſtianity, and all that relates to it, is proportionably declined."

After ſhewing how Heatheniſm has gained the aſcendency in the ornaments even of our churches, in gardens, our places of public amuſement, in the ſciences, in politics, in morality, he proceeds,

"But in poetry the ſervility of chriſtians is moſt notorious of all. Here they follow as implicitly as if the Heathen Muſes had deprived them of their wits. If any machinery is to be introduced, it muſt all be according to the Heathen model, by a law as invariable as that of the Medes and Perſians. But it ſhould be conſidered, that when a Heathen poet made uſe of his divine machinery, he only ſpoke to be believed, introducing ſuch powers into his verſe as he profeſſed to worſhip in proſe. After he had been offering ſacrifices in the temple of

* Published as a Pamphlet in 1776 and 1794, and again in his Works, Vol. III.

Minerva, it was natural for him to bring her in to the aſſiſtance of his hero; but when a Chriſtian Moraliſt does the ſame, propoſing a pattern of virtue on the Heathen plan for the purpoſes of education, he goes out of his way, to adopt what he knows to be as abſurd in itſelf as it is contrary to his profeſſion. If there is a natural oppoſition between truth and falſhood, we are now as irrational in betraying a partiality to the profane objects of Heatheniſm, as the Heathens themſelves would have been, had they ſhewn the like regard to the ſacred objects of the Bible; only with this difference, that they would have taken up what was better than their own, whereas we incline to that which is worſe: their choice would have brought them nearer to God, ours brings us nearer to the Devil. How ſtrange would it have been, if while their temples were dedicated to Venus, to Mars, and to Bacchus, their gardens had been adorned with ſtatues of Moſes and Aaron, the walls of their houſes painted with the deſtruction of Sodom, the overthrow of Pharaoh, the delivery of the two tables at Mount Sinai, and ſuch like ſubjects of ſacred hiſtory! Who would not have inferred in ſuch a caſe, that their temples were frequented out of form, while their inclinations were toward the law of Moſes, and the God of the Hebrews? The Heathen prieſts would never have been ſilent on ſuch an occaſion: they would have exclaimed againſt this double-faced diſaffection, and have given the alarm againſt all that were guilty of it, as perſons ready to apoſtatize from the religion of their anceſtors. But alas! no Heathens were ever found to be thus inconſiſtent: they were faithful to their profeſſion, and with one mind abominated every thing that was Jewiſh, for the relation it bore to the Jewiſh worſhip; always railing againſt their nation as low and contemptible, and their religion as fooliſh and ſuperſtitious. We alſo ſhould be as ſincere in our profeſſion as they were in theirs, and expreſs our averſion againſt folly and profaneneſs wherever they occur, unleſs our intellects were vitiated with falſe wiſdom from the common forms of education. To take little things for great, and great things for little, is the worſt misfortune that can befal the human underſtanding. The machinery of Heatheniſm appears great to ſcholars, becauſe it has been deſcribed by great wits of antiquity with great words and muſical verſes; and being offered very early to the mind at ſchool, there is a natural prepoſſeſſion in favour of it. But is there really any thing great in the character of Æolus ſhutting up the winds in a den? In Vulcan, the blackſmith, hammering thunderbolts with his one-eyed journeymen? In Neptune, a man living under water like a fiſh, and flouriſhing a pitch-fork to ſtill the raging of the ſea? If theſe things are taken literally,

according to that poetical character in which the ancient writers uſed them, and in which only they are adopted by the moderns, they are ſo mean and ridiculous, that when the Heathens were preſſed with them after the commencement of the Goſpel, they could find no way of upholding their dignity, but by reſolving them into their phyſical character; that is, by accommodating them to the powers and operations of nature, to which they alluded with a ſort of myſtical reſemblance."

In Dr. Watts's Eſſays and Compoſures on various ſubjects, No. III. printed at the end of the 2d vol. of his admirable work on the Improvement of the Mind, are ſome remarks on this ſubject, ſo very much to the purpoſe, that though I have already greatly ſwelled theſe pages with quotations, yet I truſt they cannot but prove acceptable in this place.

"It is a piece of ancient and ſacred hiſtory which Moſes informs us of, that when the tribes of Iſrael departed from the land of Egypt, they borrowed of their neighbours gold and jewels by the appointment of God for the decoration of their ſacrifices and ſolemn worſhip when they ſhould arrive at the appointed place in the wilderneſs. God himſelf taught his people, how the richeſt of metals which had ever been abuſed to the worſhip of idols, might be purified by the fire, and being melted up into a new form, might be conſecrated to the ſervice of the living God, and add to the magnificence and grandeur of his tabernacle and temple. Such are ſome of the poetical writings of the ancient *Heathens;* they have a great deal of native beauty and luſtre in them, and through ſome happy turn given them by the pen of a chriſtian poet, may be transformed into divine meditations, and may aſſiſt the devout and pious ſoul in ſeveral parts of the chriſtian life and worſhip.

"Amongſt all the reſt of the *pagan* writers, I know none ſo fit for this ſervice as the odes of *Horace*, as vile a ſinner as he was.—Their manner of compoſure comes nearer the ſpirit and force of the pſalms of *David* than any other; and as we take the devotions of the *Jewiſh* king, and bring them into our chriſtian churches, by changing the ſcene and the chronology, and ſuperadding ſome of the glories of the goſpel, ſo may the repreſentation of ſome of the heathen virtues, by a little more labour, be changed into chriſtian graces, or at

leaſt into the image of them, ſo far as human power can reach. One day muſing on this ſubject, I made an experiment on the two laſt ſtanzas of Ode xxix. Book 3d.

"The British Fisherman.

"Let Spain's proud traders, when the maſt
Bends groaning to the ſtormy blaſt,
Run to their beads with wretched plaints,
And vow and bargain with their ſaints,
Leſt Turkiſh ſilks or Tyrian wares
Sink in the drowning ſhip,
Or the rich duſt Peru prepares,
Defraud their long projecting cares,
And add new treaſures to the greedy deep.

"My little ſkiff, that ſkims the ſhores
With half a ſail and two ſhort oars,
Provides me food in gentler waves:
But if they gape in wat'ry graves,
I truſt th' eternal pow'r, whoſe hand
Has ſwell'd the ſtorm ſo high,
To waft my boat and me to land,
Or give ſome angel ſwift command
To bear the drowning ſailor to the ſky."

Such, Sir, are my views in this work. In ſuch an undertaking, however, there will be many difficulties to encounter. By profane people we ſhall be branded as Methodiſts, and by Methodiſts, probably, as profane. And perhaps, if we can but incur this cenſure, we ſhall not be very far from that happy medium that is ſo deſirable, but ſo difficult to attain; that we ſhould be ſo fortunate as to hit it exactly, would perhaps be an unreaſonable hope. By ſome we may be charged with trifling: For a Profeſſor of Muſic and a Clergyman to compile a *Book of Songs* for the lower claſſes, may be thought *infra dignitatem.* But I hope, Sir, I ſhall ever think to promote the cauſe of *morality* is the beſt uſe of *learning.* "Abilities of

every kind," ſays Bp. Horne,* "are never ſo well employed as in the ſervice of him who gave them;" and to "condeſcend to men of low eſtate," (Rom. XII. 16.) perhaps requires more true greatneſs of ſoul, than "minding high things."

The preſumption and folly of attempting to reform the world may poſſibly be charged againſt us by others.† But if we can render feſtive meetings more innocent in only a few instances, I ſhall not think our time thrown away; and there is reaſonable hope that it may be effected in many, if perſons of a cheerful and ſober turn will but lend us their aſſiſtance. That ſomething may be done in this way, I already know from experience; and I ſhould not think the taſk very difficult, were it ſet about with good humour, ſincerity and earneſtneſs. The church ſingers in a pariſh are generally the ſingers alſo at the convivial meetings. With theſe the Clergyman has naturally ſome influence, and one copy given away amongſt them, handed from one to another, with the ſongs beſt ſuited to the circumſtances of the place, and to the talents of the ſingers, pointed out to them, would go very far towards furniſhing a pariſh with excellent ſongs.

In the houſes of gentlemen and gentlemen farmers, at the Harveſt Home,

* In his Commentary on Psalm XXXIII.

† 'Twere well, says one sage erudite, profound,
Terribly arch'd, and aquiline his nose,
And overbuilt with most impending brows,
'Twere well, could you permit the world to live
As the world pleases. What's the world to you?—
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk,
As sweet as Charity, from human breasts.
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How then shall I and any man that lives
Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimson stream meand'ring there,
And catechise it well; apply the glass,
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood,
Congenial with thine own: and, if it be,
What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose
Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common Maker bound me to the kind.

COWPER'S TASK, B. 3.

where the company from the parlour ſometimes go amongſt the ruſtic feaſters for a ſhort time, much good might be done, if the ſuperiors would not only join in the ſongs, but occaſionally ſing a ſingle ſong; it would recommend the beſt ſongs, and teach them a better mode of ſinging and articulation. And were the ſongs properly ſelected, timed, and called for, the mirth of the evening might be prolonged, and the circulation of the liquor impeded, till the time for breaking up was come, and all might depart ſober, in good humour, certainly not the worſe for their entertainment, and perhaps the better;* for if the words of any of the ſongs had made an impreſſion on the memory of any of the company, ſuch ſentiments *running in his head* as,

" I found myſelf ſtill rich enough
" In the joys of an humble ſtate:"

" He dying bequeath'd to his ſon a good name,
" Which unſullied deſcended to me;
" For my child I've preſerv'd it unblemiſh'd with ſhame,
" And it ſtill from a ſpot ſhall be free:"

" Nature, all her children viewing,
" Kindly bounteous is to all:"

" Dear to him his Wife, his home, his Country, and his King:"

* See an account of the manner in which a Harvest Home might be conducted, in Mrs. TRIMMER's Tale of the Two Farmers, p. 113. quoted before, p. 5. Note.

Mrs. H. MORE, in the 2d part of Tom White, gives an account of his Sheep Shearing, which is very pleasing, and worthy of imitation. She makes him, however, have the 65th Psalm sung. Desirable as I should think it to have our Sheep-shearings and Harvest-homes conducted in such a way, as that a Psalm might be sung at them without profanation, yet, from what I have myself seen of such meetings, I should scarcely think it desirable or practicable. The introducing cheerful proper songs seems to be a middle step, and might be the means of purifying singing, and in time lead to so desirable an end. A Psalm at such a time would be equally appropriate with *Non Nobis* after a meal; but, unless it were more seasonably introduced, than in the instance before mentioned, it were better omitted. (See Mrs. H. MORE's Works, vol. 5. p. 256. and the Cheap Repoſitory Tracts, sold either single or in volumes.)

The account of a Harvest Home by our Rural Bard, ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, seems to demand our attention in this place. It is given in a Note at the end of this letter.

might awaken the ſame feelings in his heart, and in time bring forth good fruit abundantly.

Were I ever myſelf to be The Lord of the Harveſt, when Providence was "crowning the year with his goodneſs," I ſhould think it ingratitude and profaneneſs to let my Harveſt feaſt be a meeting of drunkenneſs and riot. I would on that day myſelf preſide at the table, with my labourers round me, (who ſhould all have been hired on the expreſs condition that no drunkenneſs would be ſuffered) they ſhould enjoy the bounty of Providence in the plentiful meal, and in the liquor "which maketh glad the heart of man;" and I would promote the harmleſs jeſt and the cheerful ſong:* but the man who violated decorum ſhould be ſent off, and never ſit down with me again, unleſs on proper contrition for his exceſs.

Having mentioned the ſubject of ſinging and articulation, I cannot forbear ſaying a few words reſpecting an impoſition, which you great Muſicians and Singers ſometimes practiſe upon us poor creatures, who enjoy only a plain taſte. I muſt own the firſt thing I look for is good words. Every ſong ſhould be a good poem; if not, it is not worth the muſician's trouble of ſetting to muſic.

* Mr. Gilpin, in his Dialogues on the Amusements of Clergymen, says, "I should be pleased to meet a set of virtuous, well-bred young men, or a mixed company, either at dinner or supper; and if their chief end were either conversation, or innocent amusement, I should do the best in my power to amuse and enliven them. Nor should I expect them all to be men of agreeable manners, ingenuity and information. I should only indulge the hope of their having the same dislike, that I had, to transgress the rules of decency and propriety. But as for Clubs met together on set purpose to be joyous—to drink, and to rattle—to sing songs and catches—to roar, and stagger, as the evening gets late—I hold them in abhorrence. No clergyman should ever join in such orgies; and I should think very meanly of him, if he should frequent a company, that had the least tendency to that riotous mirth, which produces these improprieties of behaviour.

"You seemed to mention, said I, Sir, with a mark of disapprobation, songs and catches. Do you see any thing particularly mischievous in them?

"By no means, replied the Dean, when they are not found in bad company, and when the words are such as neither countenance vice, nor violate decorum. If the select assembly we just left dancing, chuse to amuse themselves after their dance, or after supper, with singing, I should not only approve it, but beg leave to listen to them. Even the Clergyman I will allow to sing at such an assembly, though I should warmly reprove him if he should sing for the entertainment of a mixed company, or at a public meeting.

"* * * * * * As to *Catches*, I know little of them: but from what I do know, they make no attempt either at sense or sentiment. The harmony may be good; and if the words, though senseless, have no ill meaning, I shall not reprobate, though I cannot commend them." P. 140. &c.

When this poem is obtained, then I am pleaſed to have the force and beauty of it heightened by all the charms of muſic. But if, when this poem is ſet to muſic, the ſinger does not articulate the words, it might as well not have any; the labour of the poet might have been ſpared, and a ſtring of *fal lal la's* and *lira lira lira's*, might as well be the words, as the exquiſite poem of The Roſe, by Cowper, or the divine words extracted by Handel for his Meſſiah. So conſtant is this practice, that the words of the ſongs of our Oratorios, Concerts, and Operas, are always printed for the auditor to accompany the ſinger with his eye. What ſhould we ſay, Sir, of a Preacher, who was obliged to print his ſermon, and diſperſe it over the church, that the congregation might be able to make out the ſentences as he delivered them from the pulpit? So much does this contempt of ſenſe grow upon us, that it is a very common thing to ſee in a Lady's muſic book, the muſic, and the words of the firſt ſtanza only written out with it, while the remainder of the ſong, which generally contains the eſſence of it, is thrown by as refuſe. Such perſons, I ſhould ſay, have only "itching ears;"* for it is only the ear that can thus be tickled, not the underſtanding that can be delighted and improved. There is this, however, to be ſaid in their defence, that the words of many ſongs are better thus ſuppreſſed; our ſong-weavers only

> tie up nonſenſe for a ſong;
> Song, faſhionably fruitleſs! ſuch as ſtains
> The *fancy*, and unhallow'd *paſſion* fires;
> Chiming her ſaints to Cytherea's fane.
>
> Night Thoughts, N. 2.

I ſhall no doubt impeach my own taſte in muſic in what I am about to ſay; but it is the truth, and perhaps hundreds agree with me in their opinions, and

* Dr. Aikin, in his Essays on Song Writing, p. 11. says, "The luxury of artificial harmony, taking place of the simple graces of melody, rendered instrumental music chiefly sought after, and the assistance of poetry in consequence unnecessary. The present age is characterised by a languid indolence, averse even in its pleasures to any thing that requires attention of the mind. The ear, instead of being an avenue to the heart, expects to be gratified merely as an organ of sense, and the heroine—Poetry, must give place to the harlot—Music. And when the latter has deigned to borrow the vehicle of words, she has shewn by her choice that she has regarded poetry rather as a burden upon her exertions than an assistant."

would ſay the ſame, if they dared thus ſpeak againſt the tyrant Faſhion. It is now nearly fifteen years ſince I heard Mr. Collins give his "Evening Bruſh," and ſing "Date obolum Beliſario," and my mind ſtill dwells on it with pleaſure. Thoſe exquiſitely pathetic words,

"By his poor faithful dog, blind and aged was led, Sir,
"With one foot in the grave, forc'd to beg for his bread, Sir,
"Date obolum, Date obolum,
"Date obolum Beliſario;"

ſtill ſound in my ears; there was a pathos in his manner, a ſimplicity, and an articulation of every ſyllable, that no ſong, ſung by our beſt ſingers, ever gave me equal pleaſure.*

It may perhaps be thought that the preſent time, a time of alarm and pecuniary difficulty, is unfavourable to literary productions; and I fear, in ſome meaſure, that it is ſo. But, as perſons will probably go on feaſting and ſinging, and as times of public calamity and viſitation for our offences, amongſt which we muſt rank luxury and exceſs, ſhould be times of public reformation, the work is perhaps more particularly neceſſary now, than to wait for a ſeaſon of public tranquility and literary leiſure.

Let us then, Sir, exert our endeavours, however feeble, and however humble, to make Muſic what it ought to be, the "voice of joy and health in the dwellings of the righteous;" and that the youth of the riſing generation may be able to ſay with our pious Bard,

* I am happy to find my own simple opinion confirmed by Mr. DIBDIN, whom we must rank as a poet as well as a musician. Speaking of Miss DECAMP, Mrs. MOUNTAIN, and Mrs. BLAND, who received their musical education under him at the Circus, he says "they are deservedly favourites, as singers, merely because I took care they should be taught nothing more than correctness, expression, and an unaffected pronunciation of the words; the infallible and only way to perfect a singer." In a note, he adds, "Those who get at the force and meaning of the words, and pronounce them as they sing with the same sensibility and expression, as it would require in speaking, possess an accomplishment in singing beyond what all the art in the world can convey; and such, even, when they venture upon cantabiles and cadences, will have better, because more natural, execution than those who fancy they have reached perfection in singing, by stretching and torturing their voices into mere instruments." Prof. Life, Vol. II. P. 113.

"Never yet
Lur'd I the popular ear with gibing tales,
Or ſacriſic'd the modeſty of ſong,
Harping lewd madrigals at drunken feaſts
To make the vulgar ſport and win their ſhout."
(See Cumberland's Calvary, B. 5. L. 34.)

Such an attempt may at leaſt cauſe the ſubject to be conſidered with greater ſerioufneſs; and ſome abler and happier genius may take it in hand, and do important ſervice to his country, and the cauſe of good morals and piety. Should our endeavour even be fruitleſs, yet the reflection of having intended well cannot fail to be a ſource of conſiderable and permanent ſatisfaction to our minds.

I am, Dear Sir,

With great eſteem and reſpect,

Yours very truly and ſincerely,

J. PLUMPTRE.

HINXTON VICARAGE,
Sept. 7, 1803.

The following extract from The FARMER'S BOY, a Poem, by ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, is the passage alluded to in p. 20. Note.

"Now, ere sweet Summer bids its long adieu,
And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew,
The bustling day and jovial night must come,
The long accustom'd feast of HARVEST-HOME.
No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,
Can give the philosophic mind delight;
No triumph please while rage and death destroy:
Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.
And where the joy, if rightly understood,
Like cheerful praise for universal good?
The soul nor check nor doubtful anguish knows,
But free and pure the grateful current flows.
"Behold the sound oak table's massy frame
Bestride the kitchen floor! the careful dame
And gen'rous host invite their friends around,
While all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground,
Are guests by right of custom—old and young;
And many a neighbouring yeoman join the throng,
With artizans that lent their dext'rous aid,
When o'er each field the flaming sun-beams play'd.
"Yet Plenty reigns, and from her boundless hoard,
Though not one jelly trembles on the board,
Supplies the feast with all that sense can crave;
With all that made our great forefathers brave,
Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavours try'd,
And cooks had Nature's judgment set aside.
With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic lore,
The mansion echoes when the banquet's o'er;
A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound,
As quick the frothing horn performs its round;
Care's mortal foe; that sprightly joys imparts
To cheer the frame and elevate their hearts.
Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's produce lies
In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter rise,

And crackling Music, with the frequent *Song*,
Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.
" Here once a year Distinction low'rs its crest,
The master, servant, and the merry guest,
Are equal all; and round the happy ring
The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
And, warm'd with gratitude, he quits his place,
With sun-burnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,
Refills the jug his honour'd host to tend,
To serve at once the master and the friend;
Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.
" Such were the days—of days long past* I sing,
When Pride gave place to mirth without a sting;
Ere tyrant customs strength sufficient bore
To violate the feelings of the poor;
To leave them distanc'd in the mad'ning race,
Where'er Refinement shews its hated face:
Nor causeless hated—'tis the peasant's curse,
That hourly makes his wretched station worse;
Destroy's life's intercourse; the social plan
That rank to rank cements, as man to man:
Wealth flows around him, fashion lordly reigns;
Yet poverty is his, and mental pains.
" Methinks I hear the mourner thus impart
The stifled murmurs of his wounded heart:
' Whence comes this change, ungracious, irksome, cold?
' Whence the new grandeur that mine eyes behold?
' The wid'ning distance which I daily see,
' Has Wealth done this?—then wealth's a foe to me:
' Foe to our rights; that leaves a powerful few
' The paths of emulation to pursue:—

* This expression seems to be much too general and unqualified. That luxury and refinement have, in some measure, and in some places, made this distinction between the labourer and his employer, is, I fear, the case; but I trust we have still much old English hospitality left amongst us. It is, however, " devoutly to be wished," that the Farmer, the Gentlemen, and the Clergyman would ever keep in mind, that *personal intercourse*, at times, with their inferiors, upon free, but not too familiar a footing, tempered with cheerful and innocent mirth, is not only a *duty*, but their *interest*, and would tend to attach the labourer to his master and his native spot, and be one great means of civilizing and purifying Society. J. P.

'For emulation stoops to us no more:
'The hope of humble industry is o'er;
'The blameless hope, the cheering sweet presage
'Of future comforts for declining age.
'Can my sons share from this paternal hand
'The profits with the labours of the land?
'No; tho' indulgent Heaven its blessing deigns,
'Where's the small farm to suit my scanty means?
'Content, the Poet sings, with us resides;
'In lonely cots like mine, the damsel hides;
'And will he then in raptur'd visions tell
'That sweet Content with Want can ever dwell?
'A barley loaf, 'tis true, my table crowns,
'That fast diminishing in lusty rounds,
'Stops Nature's cravings; yet her sighs will flow
'From knowing this—that once it was not so.
'Our annual feast, when Earth her plenty yields,
'When crown'd with boughs the last load quits the fields,
'The aspect still of ancient joy puts on;
'The aspect only, with the substance gone:
'The self-same Horn is still at our command,
'But serves none now but the plebeian hand:
'For *home-brew'd Ale*, neglected and debas'd,
'Is quite discarded from the realms of taste.
'Where unaffected Freedom charm'd the soul,
'The *separate* table and the costly bowl,
'Cool as the blast that checks the budding Spring,
'A mockery of gladness round them fling.
'For oft the Farmer, ere his heart approves,
'Yields up the custom which he dearly loves:
'Refinement forces on him like a tide;
'Bold innovations down its current ride,
'That bear no peace beneath their shewy dress,
'Nor add one tittle to his happiness.
'His guests selected; rank's punctilios known;
'What trouble waits upon a casual frown!
'Restraint's foul manacles his pleasures maim;
'Selected guests selected phrases claim:
'Nor reigns that joy when hand in hand they join
'That good old Master felt in shaking mine.

'Heaven bless his memory! bless his honour'd name!
'(The poor will speak his lasting worthy fame:)
'To souls fair-purpos'd strength and guidance give;
'In pity to us still let goodness live:
'Let labour have its due! my cot shall be
'From chilling want and guilty murmurs free:
'Let labour have its due;—then peace is mine,
'And never, never shall my heart repine.'"

POSTSCRIPT

ADDRESSED

TO THE READER.

THE foregoing letter will give the Reader an idea of the origin of this work, and the principles upon which it was undertaken. In the ſummer of 1793, when the nation was up in arms, in expectation of invaſion, and when the firſt Geniuſes did not diſdain to employ their pens in writing *Songs* to excite the latent ardour of Britons, which were recommended for general diſtribution in every "City, Town, Village, Camp, and Cottage of the United Kingdom," I employed my own humble pen in the ſervice, and witneſſed the effects of all this on the nation, at leaſt upon the little nation around me. The ſubject of our rural feſtive Songs had often before occupied my thoughts; and now, uniting with the Patriotic ardour, I conceived the idea of a Collection like the following.—If men were to be inſpired with loyalty by Songs, why might they not be animated to virtue by the ſame means? But it appeared to me that it was deſirable to accompany them with the muſic; as, without it, they were not likely to be ſung, or at leaſt to but indifferent tunes. Unable to execute this part myſelf, I applied to Dr. Hague, who obligingly aſſented to my propoſition; and I deſired, if any profit ſhould ariſe from the work, that he would take it for his trouble. This Dr. H. generouſly declined. And, as the work and its circulation were the objects I had in view, I conſidered, that if the profits were devoted to ſome charitable uſe, it would, with reſpect to myſelf, do away all delicacy on the ſcore of applying to my friends to encourage it, and thus give it greater reſpectability and circulation. The Society for the Suppreſſion of Vice was then in its infancy, and as this work was deſigned to *ſuperſede* ſome of thoſe publications, which it is their buſineſs to *ſuppreſs*, I thought the profits, if any, could not be devoted to a better purpoſe; and with Dr. H.'s aſſent, the Propoſals were iſſued out accordingly. The utility of the

plan ſeemed to be generally acknowledged, and I found a numerous ſet of friends ready in all reſpects to forward the deſign.

At the time the Propoſals were iſſued out, the number of ſongs which I had collected was not very great. I had however ſufficient for a ſmall collection, if more had not occurred. But freſh ſources opened upon me almoſt daily, through the kindneſs of my friends; and, firſt and laſt, the volumes, the volumes of *traſh* which I have turned over have been very conſiderable. Each book has afforded me ſome ſongs, but it has rarely happened that one volume has afforded many. Upon the whole, I have had the ſatisfaction to obſerve, that, however reprehenſible and uninſtructive our Song Books in general may be, yet thoſe of the preſent time are far purer than thoſe of the middle of the laſt century and the times preceding. One work has lately fallen into my hands, which, if I had ſeen at firſt, would have ſaved me much trouble, both in collecting and correcting; the Family Magazine, in 3 vols. publiſhed by Mrs. Trimmer in 1788 and 1789, in which there are many, both Songs and Ballads, as well as other pieces of Poetry, of a very excellent tendency.*

As Mr. Dibdin's Songs are very popular, and, many of them, of a moral caſt; but being unwilling either to be expoſed to the fear of law for invading his property, or to do that, which, although it might not be amenable to the letter of the law, might yet be unhandſome, I wrote to him, requeſting to know which of his Songs were already become public property, and of thoſe which were ſtill his own, whether he had any objection to ſome of them being inſerted; and expreſſing a wiſh, in ſome inſtances, to correct them, particularly by expunging all oaths; ſending him a liſt of about twenty-four Songs which ſeemed beſt to anſwer our purpoſe.

To this Mr. D. returned an immediate and obliging anſwer, concurring in the intention of the plan; but ſaying, that he found himſelf obliged to reſiſt the application; that he lived by his exertions, and that they comprized the whole of his fortune, which he felt himſelf bound to preſerve entire; and that none of his Songs, which had been publiſhed within twenty-eight years, were

* In the Cheap Repository are some excellent Ballads, but they are rather of the kind for reading and pasting upon the walls of a Cottage, than for singing at a festive entertainment.

public property. He wiſhed well to the ſcheme, and it would give him pleaſure to forward it in any way that would not militate againſt his own intereſt.

As the words of the Songs, particularly in an altered ſtate, were, in my eſtimation, of prior conſequence to the muſic, I thought perhaps that Mr. D. might have no objection to the words being inſerted, with the reaſon for omitting the muſic; this I fancied would in ſome meaſure ſerve him, as perſons might then apply to him for the muſic. Having ſeen ſome of Mr. D.'s ſongs in almoſt every collection,* I concluded he could have no objection to this, unleſs it were to my making the propoſed alterations. Neither to this requeſt would Mr. D. aſſent; ſaying, that wherever his ſongs were ſo introduced, they were piracies. Mr. D. then moſt obligingly preſented me with his Profeſſional Life, juſt publiſhed in 4 vols. which contain ſix hundred ſongs; ſaying that his publication would convince me how material it was to him, that he ſhould continue in full poſſeſſion of his property, as far as it appeared to be ſo by every criterion of legal and honourable conſtruction.† Having been for ſome time paſt out of the way of our public amuſements and the ſinging world, this book firſt introduced to my knowledge many of Mr. D.'s ſongs with which I was not before acquainted, and ſome of thoſe his beſt, which only increaſed my regret at not being able to give them to the public again in a more convenient form; as, with all my faſtidiouſneſs, there are above an hundred and ten, out of the ſix hundred, which, upon the whole, I highly approve. And I muſt not omit this opportunity of bearing teſtimony to the value of his writings, by ſaying, that I do not think, that in any collection there are in proportion ſo few exceptionable ſongs to be found. We have, however, with ſuch of Mr. D.'s ſongs as have already become public property, and with the muſic of two, which are the property of Mr. Preſton in the Strand, and with which he moſt generouſly obliged us for this work, been enabled to enrich this collection, and ſhould have done it farther, had we not been obliged to contract the number of ſongs as far as poſſible.

* In the Elegant Extracts, (Ed. 1801) between twenty and thirty of Mr. D.'s songs are given. But, in my estimation, Dr. Knox has not done him justice, as he has not extracted either the most elegant or most moral of his compositions.

† Had I been inclined to avail myself of it, Lord Ellenborough's late decision respecting the property of single songs, would, I believe, in very many cases of Mr. D.'s publications, have secured us from the fear of the law.

I conſider it, however, as my duty to the public, from the part which I have undertaken in this work, to give a liſt of ſuch of Mr. D.'s ſongs as deſerve more particular approbation, and to make ſome remarks upon his ſongs in general. Mr. D. if he cannot be called the *Father* of genuine Engliſh ſong, is, at any rate, the *Head* or *Repreſentative* of the preſent family of ſong writers. His works circulate through all ranks, from the elegant drawing room to the humble cottage, and the veſſel upon the ocean. I have myſelf converſed with ſailors, who were perfectly acquainted with them, and ſeemed to be well aware of their intention. They are not therefore a matter of indifference; and as what will be here advanced, will, I think, be founded in *truth*, and guided by *candour*, I truſt that Mr. Dibdin himſelf will excuſe me, though I may not be ſo fortunate as to convince him. To theſe remarks Mr. D.'s own ſentiments ſeem to invite me:

"Criticiſm, conceived with judgment, and exerciſed with candour, is a glorious tribute to ingenuity. It enlightens and directs the public; it ſtrengthens energy and leads to perfection. It is a compliment to taſte, and an honour to the preſs. I have, therefore, always courted to be ſpoken of as I am; and, if kings have added to their dignity by requiring truth of their courtiers, ſo no man of genius was ever loaded with unmerited flattery, but, ſooner or later, he felt the folly as a conſiderable deduction from his fame." Profeſſional Life, vol. III. p. 219.

In his ſong of "The Poet to his Pen," he profeſſes his wiſh, that

"—— though boldly delineated manners and men,
Shall nothing unworthy eſcape from my pen."

And again:

"Thus protected, watch every ſentence and word,
For the pen of a poet's a maniac's ſword;
And whenever my wits towards phrenzy are gone,
The ſtrait waiſtcoat of prudence be ſure to put on.

"For inſtance, if goaded by foul envy's fang,
Should my hand direct thee to give virtue a pang,

"All feeling grown callous and candour forgot,
Deface the foul thought with a generous blot;

"So that, while I delineate manners and men,
Nothing vile or unworthy eſcape from my pen."

It has already been mentioned, that of Mr. D.'s ſongs there are about one hundred and ten, which, with alteration, may be conſidered as excellent; and out of theſe, I would more particularly ſelect the following, which may be thus arranged:

As Introductory Songs: The Lyric Teſt—the Difficult Taſk.

Patriotic: Long live the King—the Compact of Freedom.

Rural: Come here ye Rich—The Whiſtling Ploughman—Joltering Giles—The Labourer's Welcome Home.

Soldiers': The Miſeries of War—Clemency—The Soldier—True Glory—Magnanimity.

Sailors': When laſt in the Dreadful—Bill Bobſtay—Jack's Gratitude—Honeſty in Tatters—Tom Tackle—Lovely Nan—The Sailor's Maxim—True Courage—The Sapling.

Drinking: Nappy.

Hunting: Humanity's Cot—The Hare Hunt—Life's Hark-away.

Paſſions, affections, &c.: Friendſhip—Valentine's Day—Love and Reaſon—The Harmony of the Affections—The Lottery of Wedlock—Father and I—Love at Fifty—Filial Love—The converted Rake.

Miſcellaneous: Roſes and Lilies—The Devil Outwitted—Cheap Experience Miſs Muz the Milliner and Bob the Barber—Faſhion's Fools—A play upon words—Rational Vanity—The Laſt Shilling—The Fortune Teller—The Portrait of Humanity—The Smile of Benevolence—Smiles and Tears—Trueſt Pleaſures—Gratitude—Buy my Straw—The Poet to his Pen.

I have myſelf lent ſome of theſe amongſt my muſical friends, having firſt corrected with a pen what I conſidered as objectionable. The Introductory Letter will ſhew of what nature theſe corrections would be. A few ſhall be inſtanced. They relate chiefly to oaths, which I am ſorry to ſay very frequently occur in Mr. D.'s ſongs, or to ſome alluſion to heatheniſm.

In "The Compact of Freedom," the ſentiments of which are otherwiſe patriotic and excellent, Freedom is repreſented with more than a perſonification; ſhe is made a deity who *wills*. We have actually ſeen in France a *Goddeſs* of Reaſon *worſhipped*: let us ſhrink from the moſt diſtant idea of imitation with abhorrence. It will, perhaps, be ſaid, Why all this preciſeneſs about *a Song*, which, after all, is only an effuſion of fancy? But this effuſion, from conſtant repetition, becomes transfuſed into the ſyſtem, and changes the nature of the whole maſs. A breath of contagious air may be imbibed in the perfumed palace, or the joyous theatre, as well as in the lazar-houſe or the gaol; the ſingle touch of a lancet infected with contagious matter, may ultimately ſpread diſeaſe to thouſands; and though the one was only the cuſtomary operation of exiſtence, and the other a ſimple touch, which, had it been uncontaminated, had perhaps never been perceived, yet the end thereof may be diſeaſe, peſtilence, and death. In "The Labourer's Welcome Home," v. 3. the heathen *lares* are mentioned, in the place where *angels* only ſhould be conſidered as our "miniſtering ſpirits." In the ſong of "Clemency," the third ſtanza of the ſecond verſe, he "exalts a mortal to a *God*," which is ſurely too high. The utmoſt perhaps that we can ſay with propriety is, "*nearer* God." In the ſong which begins "When laſt in the Dreadful," and I think likewiſe in others, the Devil is called by the familiar term of the *old gemman*, and in "True Courage," the *old one*; which is making light of that which we ſhould only think of with horror and deteſtation. In "True Courage," v. 4 the Sailor ſays, "I don't care a d—m!" which I would alter to, as equally appropriate and leſs objectionable, "I don't mind your *bam!*" or banter. "The Hare Hunt opens with alluſions to the heathen Zephyrus and Flora and Aurora, which, however, *may* be conſidered as only other names for, or perſonifications of, the gentle breezes of the morning, the flowers, and the morning itſelf. But in v. 4. "The Hunter's Oblivion" of "*wine*" is mentioned as "more harmleſs" than the "pleaſure" of "the ſeducer" or the "revenge" of the "reviler." The manner in which wine is generally taken as an oblivion by the hunter, I fear, is too often accompanied with the *ſin* of *drunkenneſs*, and therefore not to be conſidered as *harmleſs*; how far *more* ſo than ſeduction or revenge, as I do not think it adviſeable to form a ſcale of the degrees of vices, I will not pretend to ſay; but as all of them are *ſins*, I would generally condemn them. In the ſong of "Father and I," in the firſt verſe, the young man *ſwore* when he had much better only have *ſaid*. In v. 2. is the word *woons*, which occurs again in v. 5. with *odds* before it; which, as it is a corruption, or

rather alteration, of *God's wounds*, an old mode of ſwearing by our Saviour's wounds, is certainly profane. *But* might be ſubſtituted in the firſt place, and "*I've thought me*, cried father," in the ſecond. In the 4th v. is the exclamation of *Lord*, for which, as the name is too ſacred to be uſed on common occaſions, I would put *now*. This exclamation occurs again twice in the firſt verſe of "The Whiſtling Ploughman;" *Why* in the firſt inſtance, and *O* in the ſecond, would render the ſong leſs objectionable. In the "Converted Rake," v. 1. is *d— m me*, for which we had much better read *thank ye*. In "Cheap Experience," v. 9. is *I cod*, which, like a former word, is an alteration of the mode of ſwearing by the name of the Deity, and a plain *indeed* would be better.

But, in ſome of Mr. D.'s other ſongs, there are things more objectionable than theſe. To point out all would be contrary to the plan I propoſe to myſelf; but it ſeems neceſſary to mention a few, as a caution to the reader or ſinger, and to make good my remarks. In a ſong in "The Shepherdeſs of the Alps," a wife mourning for her huſband is made to ſay,

"So much I *ador'd him, heav'n envied my love;*"

which is, I think, profane. In a glee in "The Iſlanders," ſome perſons are repreſented as looking to a mortal for a ſmile, as if to Heaven:

"That Hylas to whom we look'd up for a ſmile,
As we bleſſings from Heav'n would obtain."

In another, women are repreſented as the *deities*: men were all *born to adore;*" and in another to be

"Perfect as celeſtials are."

And in another, a painter pourtraying a lady, is reproved for preſumption:

"would'ſt ſo bold
Preſume to copy heaven!"

Woman was given to man as "an help meet for him," as the partner of his joys and ſorrows, "to love her, comfort her, honour, and keep her in ſickneſs,

and in health; and forſaking all other, to keep only unto her, ſo long as they both ſhall live;" not as his deity to adore. In another ſong, a *flowing bowl* is repreſented as the greateſt bleſſing heaven has given to man. And in another,

" The beſt employ's to puſh about the bowl."

In the ſong of " True Delight," the enjoyments of the *Toper* are mentioned as *Godlike*, and his *orgies* as *divine*. And yet this ſame ſong contains many excellent ſentiments. I muſt quote the laſt verſe:

" To know true delight is to know no exceſſes,
" But to give mutual aid in the world where we're thrown;
" 'Tis in mortals a theft, while the world know diſtreſſes,
" To withhold others' due, and to laviſh our own.

" Ne'er be, Toper, from reaſon by drunkenneſs hurried,
" Hunt villainy, Sportſman, or take leave of mirth;
" Turn generous, Hunks, for if gold muſt be buried,
" 'Twere better ne'er dug from the bowels of earth."

There are other of Mr. D.'s drinking ſongs which I conſider as objectionable.

In " Philanthropy" we hear of " the *paſſions* that *rule us*;" whereas *we* are to *regulate our paſſions*.

Some of the ſongs in Annette and Lubin I conſider as indelicate. And however true it may be, that ſailors find " in every port a wife," and a ſoldier " in each town, to ſome new wife, ſwears he'll be ever true," yet it is not that part of their character which I would mention at all, or at leaſt without cenſure.

In the ſong of " The Lucky Eſcape," which, in other reſpects, is good, and the muſic moſt beautiful, the Carſindo is called *d—mn'd*, and a *curſe* is invoked upon him. We are told to " *bleſs* and *curſe* NOT."

In a ſong in " The Benevolent Tar," the doctrine of Fataliſm is introduced, and we are told

"Each bullet has got its commiſſion,
"And when our times come we muſt go."

In other ſongs, however, the doctrine of a ſuperintending Providence is ſtrongly inculcated, though often in terms of too light a nature for ſo ſerious a ſubject; as in the two very popular ſongs of "Poor Jack" and "Tom Bowling." In "Poor Jack" we hear of a *ſweet little cherub* that *ſits perch'd up aloft;* and in "Tom Bowling" the ſounding of the laſt trumpet at the awful Day of Judgment is compared to the boatſwain "piping all hands!" This, however, is better managed, though perhaps not altogether unexceptionably, in the ſong of "Little Ben:"

"Never fear, that power that never errs,
That guards all things below,—
For honeſt hearts what comforts drop—
As well as Kings and Emperors,
Will ſurely *take in tow*
Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main top.

Yet again in "The Watery Grave," the ſame Providence ſeems to be forgotten, and Ben Block is repreſented as

——"harſh treated by *fortune*, for Ben
"In his prime found a watery grave."

And again, in "The Blind Sailor,"

"For if bold Tars are *Fortune's ſport*,
"They ſtill are *Fortune's care*."

And in "The Royal Nuptials" a wiſh is expreſſed that ſome new pleaſures may be prepared each day by "*juſt Fate*." And in "The Soldier's laſt Retreat" we are told,

"All muſt obey *Fate's* awful nod."

In the very beautiful ſong of "The Soldier's Adieu," "*ſome* kindred *god*" is repreſented as *inſpiring* with a benignant ſmile. But, then, in "The Shipwreck," the ſailor calls, "Have mercy, Heav'n!" In ſome of the ſongs the ſacred inſtitution of Marriage is treated with levity, and in others the Clergy are placed in a diſreſpectful light.

But, to leave the ungrateful taſk of finding fault, for the pleaſing one of pointing out beauties and perfections. If, in ſome inſtances, I have noticed ſentiments which ſeem contrary to true religion and morality, there are others which are in uniſon with them. In the Opera of "Harveſt Home" Mr. Dibdin introduces an Iriſhman, ſaying,

"The trueſt pleaſures that we take,
"Are thoſe that we are giving."

Which is agreeable to Shakſpeare's account of Mercy, that

——— "it is twice bleſt:
"It bleſſeth him that *gives*, and him that takes."

And both accord with that moſt delightful truth, that "it is *more* bleſſed to *give* than to receive." Again in "Morality in the Fore-top:"

"Let ſtorms of life upon me preſs,
Misfortunes make me reel,
Why, d—'me, [truly] what's *my own diſtreſs?*
For *others* let me feel.

In "When laſt in the Dreadful" is that noble ſentiment that "The nobleſt of glory's to ſpare." And again in "Clemency," "The brave delight to ſpare." The burden of "The Veterans" is, "Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave." The firſt verſe of "True Courage" is ſo beautiful, I muſt quote it entire:

"Why, what's that to you, if my eyes I'm a wiping,
A tear is a pleaſure, d'ye ſee, in its way;
'Tis nonſenſe for trifles, I own, to be piping,
But they that han't pity, why I pities they:
Says the Captain, ſays he, I ſhall never forget it,
'If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from the ſham,
'Tis a furious lion in battle—ſo let it—
But duty appeas'd, 'tis in mercy a lamb.' "

And the burden of another is "To forget and to forgive."

The "Soldier's Adieu," except in the inſtance before quoted, is beautiful and pious. A faithful wife is repreſented as putting up her prayers for her huſband, and being the means, through Providence, of preſerving him in battle:

"When on the wings of thy dear love,
To Heav'n above
Thy fervent oriſons are flown,
The tender prayer
Thou putt'ſt up there
Shall call a guardian angel down,
To watch me in the battle."

In "Bill Bobſtay," the true uſe of money is again beautifully treated:

"For money, cried Bill, and them there ſort of matters,
"What's the good on't, d'ye ſee, but to ſuccour a friend?"

And "Tom Tackle" is deſcribed viſiting a jail to free an old meſſmate, and having

"Juſt enough to be generous—too much to be poor."

"A play upon words" ends with,

"For the world, for ſociety, deſtin'd to live,
When by any one wrong'd, I forget and forgive;
Keep my fortune in petto for honourable ends,
Juſt enough for myſelf, and the reſt for my friends."

In "The Difficult Taſk" are the two following excellent ſtanzas, one in the ſecond, the other in the fourth verſe:

"Let thoſe deſcribe wine, who can drink till they reel,
'Twere a folly to write on a theme I can't feel;
How can I, who ne'er drink but what flows from health's ſpring,
Find words the delight of a drunkard to ſing?

"Be the theme thoſe or others, they cannot be mine:
Till love's led by prudence, by temperance wine,
Till war ſhall ſweet peace, and gold charity bring,
Reaſon ſmiles, and forbids me ſuch folly to ſing."

"Nothing but drunk" is a very excellent ſong, ſhewing that *power*, *paſſion*, *jealouſy*, and *vanity* can make perſons drunk as well as wine; except that in the firſt verſe it is affirmed "'Tis not liquor *our natures can vary*;" which certainly is not true, as we daily ſee inſtances of drunkenneſs eſtranging a man from every moral and religious principle, and plunging him into ſottiſh inſenſibility or deſpair: we might ſay "'Tis not liquor *alone makes us vary*."

Some of Mr. Dibdin's hunting ſongs are in a very admirable ſtile, uniting the cheerful ſpirit of that kind of muſic with good ſenſe and morality. "Humanity's Cot" is one of theſe, which ends with the following verſe:

"Then let each Engliſh Sportſman theſe maxims embrace,
Who the ſpoils of true honour would ſhare,
All that's noxious to hunt to the toils in life's chaſe,
All that's harmleſs and uſeful to ſpare:
So the bleſſings of thouſands ſhall make up their lot,
And each Sporting-box vie with Humanity's Cot."

"The Hare Hunt," after the uſual account of the morning, and the hunters' "Splendid appearance in gallant array;"

"When all ready mounted, they number their forces,
Enough the wild boar or the tiger to ſcare:"

takes the following delightful turn—

"Pity fifty ſtout beings, count dogs, men, and horſes,
Should encounter ſuch peril—to kill one poor hare!"*

Mr. D. then proceeds to ſhew how Virtue and Merit are often hunted down in the ſame manner. "Life's hark-away" is of the ſame kind. "The Benevolent Smile" beams benevolence; ſo does "Humanity's Portrait," and "Smiles and Tears." "The Labourer's Welcome Home" is a delightful picture of happy and religious rural life; for, at night,

* I once repeated this to *a mighty hunter*, who exclaimed, "*Fifty!* why there's sometimes *three hundred* of us!"

"That Power, that poor and rich remembers,
Each thanks, and then retires to ſleep."

The ſame happy domeſtic circle is again introduced in "The Soldier." "The Converted Rake" is an admirable leſſon, and ſo is "The Devil Outwitted." "The Lottery of Wedlock," "Love at Fifty," and "Filial Love," are the ſame.

Some of Mr. Dibdin's comic ſongs are excellent in their way, as "Bachelors' Wives." "Miſs Muz the Milliner and Bob the Barber," "Father and I," with the exceptions I have before made, and "Mounſeer Nongtongpaw." In the laſt the following exquiſitely pathetic reflection is introduced. John Bull, after viewing Nongtongpaw's palace, eſtate, and beautiful wife, ſees a funeral, which he ſuppoſes to be his, and exclaims,

"What, is he gone?
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not ſave
Poor Nongtongpaw, then, from the grave."

In a review of Mr. D.'s ſongs his loyalty muſt not be paſſed over. "Long live the King," and "The Compact of Freedom," already mentioned, are of this deſcription, and ſeveral beſides; and in ſome of his other ſongs there are occaſional touches, which are excellent. In "The Raree Shew" is the following:

"Now you ſhall ſee vat you ſhall ſee,
Pleaſe to look once more,
Vat give you more delight and glee
As all you ſee before;

"Great pleaſure and great bliſs vat give
To all the Englitch race,
Vat make them all ſo happy live,
Vat bleſſing can impart,
Vat make the ſmile in all the face,
The joy in all the heart.

"Ah! maſter ſhew-man, you did never ſay a truer thing in your life—Why, Lord love him! 'tis the King's Majeſty!"

In "The Auctioneer" *Loyalty* is, with a ſingular happineſs of manner, "ſet down to the whole nation." In "Pope Joan," "Now you talk of huſbands, who did you ſay, Madam, was the happieſt couple in the nation?

"The King and Queen, and that's a ſtop."

And in "The Gardener:"

"Then here's an article to buy,
The picture of his Majeſty,
Nonpareils, ho!
A good ſubject be I, and I loves his Majeſty,
And his picture, the *Nonpareil*, I cry."

Having thus freely remarked upon Mr. Dibdin's writings, I have only again to intereſt his candour in my behalf, and to aſſure him, that nothing but my reſpect for the public and himſelf, and I hope an honeſt zeal in the cauſe of morality and religion, could have impelled me to the unpleaſing taſk of finding fault: and if in any inſtance, I ſhould ſeem

"To feeling grown callous, and candour forgot,"
He'll "efface the foul thought with *a generous blot*."

And I further hope, as I cannot myſelf have the pleaſure of preſenting a collection of his beſt ſongs, refined, to the public, in a cheaper and more convenient form, that *he* will take the ſubject into conſideration, and do it himſelf. Such a work I ſhould eſteem a valuable national gift.

But to return to the hiſtory of this work. In the month of January, 1804, there were ſubſcribers ſufficient to pay the expence of publication; and accordingly I applied to a printer to print it with types, not expecting to meet with difficulties, as muſic printed with types is not uncommon; witneſs Mr. Ritſon's collections of Engliſh and of Scotch Songs; but I was informed that there was only one fount of muſic types in London, and that almoſt worn out, and not ſuitable to our purpoſe. A perſon was recommended who could caſt a new fount, which would render the work more handſome. This indeed would have been attended with conſiderable expence, in the firſt inſtance; but if the work ſhould ever come to a ſecond edition, or a ſecond volume ſhould be called for,

it would well anſwer in the end; this, after ſome heſitation, was agreed to; and the fount was promiſed to be ready by the end of April. But making allowance for the want of punctuality in tradeſmen, I propoſed that we ſhould conſider it as the end of May, and then we ſhould be certain of not being diſappointed. The types were accordingly promiſed, and we waited patiently till the time fixed; but, when it arrived, they were not completed; yet were they promiſed from week to week, and from month to month, till, at the beginning of October, there ſeemed as little probability of obtaining them as at firſt. It appeared to be a point of importance to have the work in circulation by the following ſpring. I wiſhed alſo to diſcharge my mind from the debt which I had contracted with the public, and from the dead weight which the delay occaſioned; and it was a material object to Dr. Hague, that he ſhould be executing his part of the work during the winter, his ſeaſon for being at home, and for ſtudy and buſineſs. We reſolved, therefore, to wait no longer; and, as types were not to be procured, to have the muſic engraved on plates; on account of which, though the work would be rendered more handſome, the expence would be greater; that is, as the price was fixed in the propoſals, leſs could be afforded for the money; and, accordingly, in November, the engraving and printing of the work was begun.

The long interval which had taken place afforded me time to collect more ample materials; and as, at firſt, it was difficult to obtain ſongs, ſo was it now to ſelect them, particularly as the number of ſongs was to be more limited; and indeed the preciſe number could not be aſcertained till a conſiderable quantity of the muſic was engraved. As the original deſign was more particularly to aſſiſt the humbler claſs of ſongſters, they have been principally kept in view in the following collection. If a ſecond volume, at a future period, ſhould be deſirable, perhaps it would then be adviſeable rather to keep in view the more elegant taſte of the parlour or drawing-room; yet ſo that either the one or the other might be eligible for all claſſes. The ſubſcribers are, however, deſired to conſider this work as perfect in itſelf; I merely mean, not to be neceſſarily connected with any future publication, nor to be ſuperſeded by any future edition. Should additions ever be made, they ſhall be printed and ſold ſeparately to the ſubſcribers who wiſh to purchaſe them; for, though a very common, yet it is a very unfair practice, by unneceſſary additions and variations, to render a work leſs valuable to its original friends and patrons. In ſome caſes this is

not to be avoided; but where it can, it ought. Neither has it been thought right to depart from the original promiſe to the ſubſcribers with reſpect to the price, which is far below the uſual ſtandard; but a certain plan was already ſketched out, which it ſeemed deſirable to execute; and it is hoped they will not think their money thrown away. A ſingle ſong is commonly ſold for one ſhilling. The purchaſer has here above eighty ſongs, about thirty of which are original, together with ſeveral original tunes, beſides all the letter-preſs.

But ſelection has not been the only difficulty to encounter; the property of the ſongs or muſic was to be conſidered, and alſo, in ſome meaſure, the taſte of the muſician, and even the length of the muſic for the engraver. In one inſtance a ſong of only eight ſhort lines was obliged to be rejected, as the muſic would have occupied above nine pages. In another, having obtained permiſſion from the author to inſert his words,* the muſic was found to be the private property of a muſic ſeller.

I have apologies to make to many friends, who have obliged me with original ſongs, for their not appearing in this collection, but the narrow limits and particular deſign would not admit of them; I intend that they ſhall enrich ſome future publication. I have only to ſay in extenuation of ſome of my own compoſitions appearing in the places where theirs would have given greater luſtre, that it has not been private partiality, but the ſubjects which have determined my preference. Moſt of thoſe of my own writing which are inſerted, were written purpoſely for this work, upon ſubjects which I conſidered as important; and I have omitted more of my own than of my friends', in proportion to their number. It was our intention to give a few of Handel's ſongs, ſelected from his oratorios, and a few other ſacred ſongs, which the alteration of the plan has prevented.

In this collection ſomething like arrangement has been attempted, the book being intended almoſt as much for the Reader as the Muſician; ſo that one ſong may in ſome meaſure lead to another, and one claſs to the next. This perhaps will be beſt diſcovered in the Rural and in the Sailors' ſongs. But it

* The very excellent song of "The Model," which begins with "My friend is the man I would copy through life," by Miles Peter Andrews, Esq. published by Bland, in Oxford-street. "Tomorrow, or the Prospect of Hope," by Collins, is another which is private property.

was often difficult to determine exactly to which claſs a ſong more particularly belonged. And here, again, the engraver has interfered with the author; as it was deſirable, wherever it could be effected, that a ſong of two pages ſhould be finiſhed on the ſame plate, ſo that the whole ſhould lay open at one view before the muſician or reader; ſome tranſpoſitions have taken place; but theſe I have again endeavoured to ſet right in the Liſt of the Songs according to their Titles.

Of the corrections it is not my intention to enter into particulars. The principles upon which they have been made are fully detailed in the Introductory Letter, and in the former part of this Poſtſcript. I would have pointed them out in their reſpective places, by printing the paſſages in a different character; but to ſhew where exceptionable ſentiments had exiſted, might have induced curioſity to turn to the originals, which would be better conſigned to oblivion. In ſome caſes a verſe has been added: this, I believe, has always been acknowledged. I ſhall not I hope be accuſed of having done either an impertinent or unprecedented thing. We have ſeen the plays of Shakſpeare altered for leſs important ends; our old plays are ſometimes purified, though not ſufficiently; and the Poet Burns, for a collection of Scotch tunes, wrote new words to ſome, and corrected the words of others.

With reſpect to the Music, I am no judge, but by a very indifferent ear; to Dr. Hague therefore I applied for aſſiſtance, and on him I have implicitly relied. His known taſte and ſcience I knew could not fail to give the work reſpectability far above the generality of ſuch compilations. By him I am deſired to ſay, "That he has adapted ſeveral ſongs to beautiful and popular airs, ſuppoſed to be generally known, that the words might be ſung with leſs trouble; as, where the ſubject and meaſure are ſimilar to the original, they may be applied with good effect." But Dr. Hague has gone farther, and enriched the collection with ſeveral of his own compoſitions. Nor muſt I omit to mention the youthful genius of Miſs Harriet Hague, who, at the age of twelve years, has, with ſingular felicity, compoſed the ſong on *Happineſs*. To the taſte of Mr. Wheeler, of Cambridge, we are indebted for two more; and Mr. Carnaby obligingly contributed another, which, though before publiſhed, was ſtill his own private property. We feel grateful for the kind intentions of other

friends to the work, whoſe obliging communications muſt remain for inſertion at a future opportunity, ſhould that ever occur.

Before I cloſe this addreſs, I muſt beg leave to notice an objection or two, which have been alledged againſt the work. The firſt is, That it is not likely to have much or any good effect; that perſons will ſtill go on ſinging in the uſual way. To this it is only neceſſary to anſwer, that we cannot tell that till we try. It *may* not; but unleſs the attempt is made it *cannot*. After the huſbandman has ſown his ſeed, froſt, flood, or mildew, may ſpoil his hopes; and, if he ſleep, the enemy may ſow tares. Yet ſtill he ſows, and he truſts for a crop to that Providence, who has promiſed, that "while the earth remaineth, ſeed-time and harveſt, and cold and heat, and ſummer and winter, and day and night, ſhall not ceaſe." My firm belief is, that wherever good is ſincerely intended, and purſued by pure means, good effects never fail to enſue. As Dr. Johnſon acknowledged, that the reading of Law's "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," "was the firſt occaſion of his thinking ſeriouſly of Religion, after he became capable of rational inquiry;" ſo I am free to confeſs, that the reading of Mrs. H. More's Dialogue on "The Duty of carrying Religion into our Amuſements," was the firſt occaſion of my thinking ſeriouſly upon that ſubject; and Mr. Jones's ſentiments on the growth of heatheniſm amongſt modern chriſtians, firſt induced me to conſider that point; and the effects which theſe books have had upon myſelf may be extended, by means of this work, to many. *A Song Book* is certainly conſidered as *a trifle*. And ſo is the acorn which falls from the tree in the path as we walk along; but ſet in a good ſoil, and attended with care for a few years, it afterwards maintains its own place, and, in time, heart of oak is the ſtrength of our houſes, our commerce, our defence.

The charge of *trifling* is alſo, in ſome meaſure, attached to the Editor. And I muſt own I would gladly have been ſpared the trouble, even at firſt, when I expected it would occupy only a few of my leiſure hours. It has now been purſued amid buſineſs, ſickneſs, and ſorrow. But as no one elſe ſeemed inclined to undertake it, I do not repent of my trouble. As a literary work it is nothing, I never looked for reputation from it in *that* light; my only hope is—though it is ſcarcely my expectation—not to incur cenſure. But if it prove *uſeful*, I ſhall not have to bear the mortification

"of dropping buckets into empty wells,
"And growing old in drawing nothing up."
Cowper's Taſk, B. 3.

I might, however, plead precedent in my behalf. The dignified ſtations now held by the refiner of Cowley's works, and by the Collector of the "Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry," ſhew me, that a taſte for ſuch writings is not incompatible with a due diſcharge of the more important duties of my profeſſion:* I am no ſportſman, I am no *Bon Vivant:* my pen is my amuſement, and even that is now rarely uſed on theſe lighter ſubjects. It is true that, in one reſpect, I have certainly conſidered myſelf as but too well qualified for the preſent undertaking. An early and long attachment to the Drama had made me particularly converſant with our beſt ſongs and operas; theſe I had ſome time relinquiſhed for purſuits and amuſements more conſonant to the duties of my profeſſion; which, in return, enabled me to apply the principles of Chriſtian Morality to correcting ſuch productions. Here it ſeems neceſſary to explain an expreſſion which was uſed in the firſt Propoſals iſſued out, and which ſome perſons have miſunderſtood: "And it is hoped it will form a volume, which a religious Parent need not ſcruple to put into the hands of his children; or which the Squire or Clergyman of a country pariſh may put into the hands of his pariſhioners, to regulate and promote, in a more innocent manner, the feſtivity which prevails at the Harveſt Home or The Friendly Society." From my uſe of the term *religious*, many have apprehended, that the Collection was to conſiſt of Pſalms and Hymns, whereas it was merely introduced in oppoſition to heathen morality; as the ſongs might have been conſiſtent with that, and yet not ſuch as a chriſtian parent would wiſh to put into the hands of his children. The ſongs were not to be *about* religion, but only *not in oppoſition* to it; as has been explained in the Introductory Letter.

* Since the press was set for this sheet, a friend has sent me the following extract from a letter in the 3d. vol. of Cowper's Life, p. 186. which I cannot forbear adding: "We have many excellent ballads, not inferior perhaps in true poetical merit to some of the very best odes that the Greek or Latin languages have to boast of. It is a sort of composition I was ever fond of, and if graver matters had not called me another way, I should have addicted myself to it more than any other. * * * * I have been informed, that the most celebrated association of clever fellows this country ever saw did not think it beneath them to unite their strength and abilities in the composition of a song."

Another objection has been, that the profits, if any, arising from the sale of the work, were to be given to THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE. To an objection, not against the work itself, but against the Society, whose views it aims to assist, in its humble way, I cannot better reply than by quoting a passage from the Bishop of Llandaff's eloquent and energetic Sermon, preached in May last before that truly respectable Body. Long may Providence prosper their endeavours!

"This Society will be spoken against by those whom it actually brings, or who are in hourly apprehension of being brought by it, to shame and punishment. These, unhappily, constitute a numerous band, which, being hardened in Impiety, will be loud in Calumny: but their Abuse is your Praise.

"It will be spoken against by those whom it deprives of sensual Gratifications in Gin-shops and Brothels; by those who delight in the prurient pleasures of an heated Imagination. What then? In lessening the Fuel of the Passions, you pluck a Faggot from the Fire of Hell; in withdrawing from the Eye (and *Ear*) of Youth every Incentive to unchaste Desire, you keep the Mind pure and the Body unpolluted; you prepare an holy Temple, in which the Spirit of God may not disdain to dwell for ever.

"It will be spoken against by those who think it sufficient for every Man to take care of his own salvation, deeming it Impertinence, if not Persecution, to attempt interfering with the Morals, though to the amending of the Lives, of other Men. "Ye, Brethren, have not so learned Christ;" every approach towards Persecution is, I am confident, and always will be, far from you; but you rightly conceive it to be your duty, as Servants of Him who "went about doing Good," to promote, as far as you are able, the Spiritual Good of your Fellow Christians.

"I have heard it objected to this and a similar Society, that the individuals composing them affect Puritanical Principles, and are swollen with the Pharisaical Pride of being thought more righteous than their neighbours. What! is the world then at length so much at enmity with God, that the "perfecting Holiness in the fear of God" is become a matter of reproach? are we so rapidly ripening to Destruction, that to be zealous in winning Men from the Dominion

of their Lufts and the Snares of the Devil, is to be interpreted into Pride of Heart and Hypocrify of Conduct?"

To a numerous and moft refpectable Lift of Subfcribers, and to all thofe friends who have in any way contributed to forward this work, our warmeft thanks are due.

I conclude in the words of the Author of the Seafons, applied in the fame manner as by the amiable Prelate I have fo often quoted in the Introductory Letter: (See Bp. Horne's Effays, &c. p. 351.)

> "Be gracious, Heav'n! for now laborious Man
> Has done his part. Ye foftering breezes, blow!
> Ye foftening dews, ye tender fhowers, defcend!
> And temper all, thou world-reviving fun,
> Into the perfect year!"
>
> Thomfon's Spring, l. 48.

CLARE-HALL, *Jan.* 3, 1805.

LIST OF SONGS,

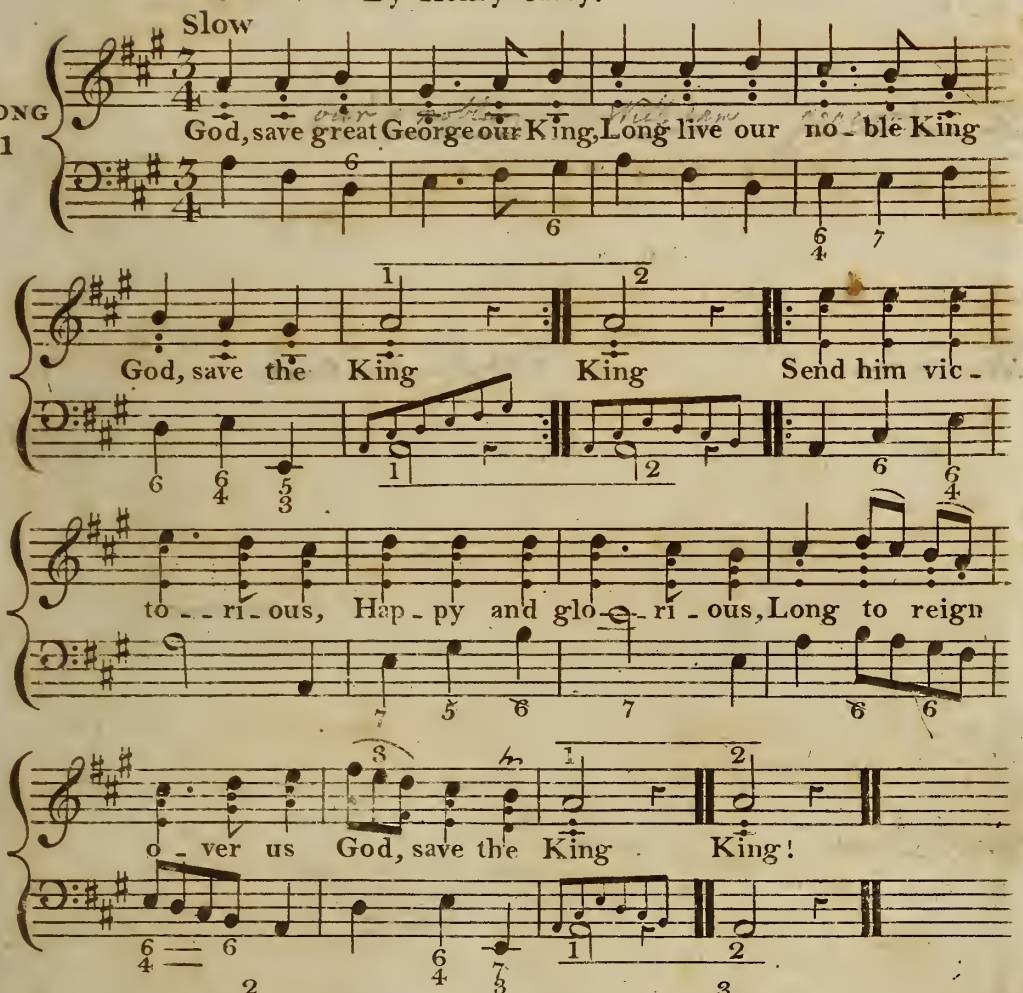
ACCORDING TO THEIR SUBJECTS AND TITLES.

In this Index O stands for where the Song is original, O V where an original verse is added, and O M for original music.

[For an Index of the first lines of the Songs, and the Names of Authors and Composers, see the end of the Volume.]

GOD SAVE THE KING

By Henry Carey.



2

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his Enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their Politics,
Frustrate their Knavish Tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
O save us all!

3

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our Laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!

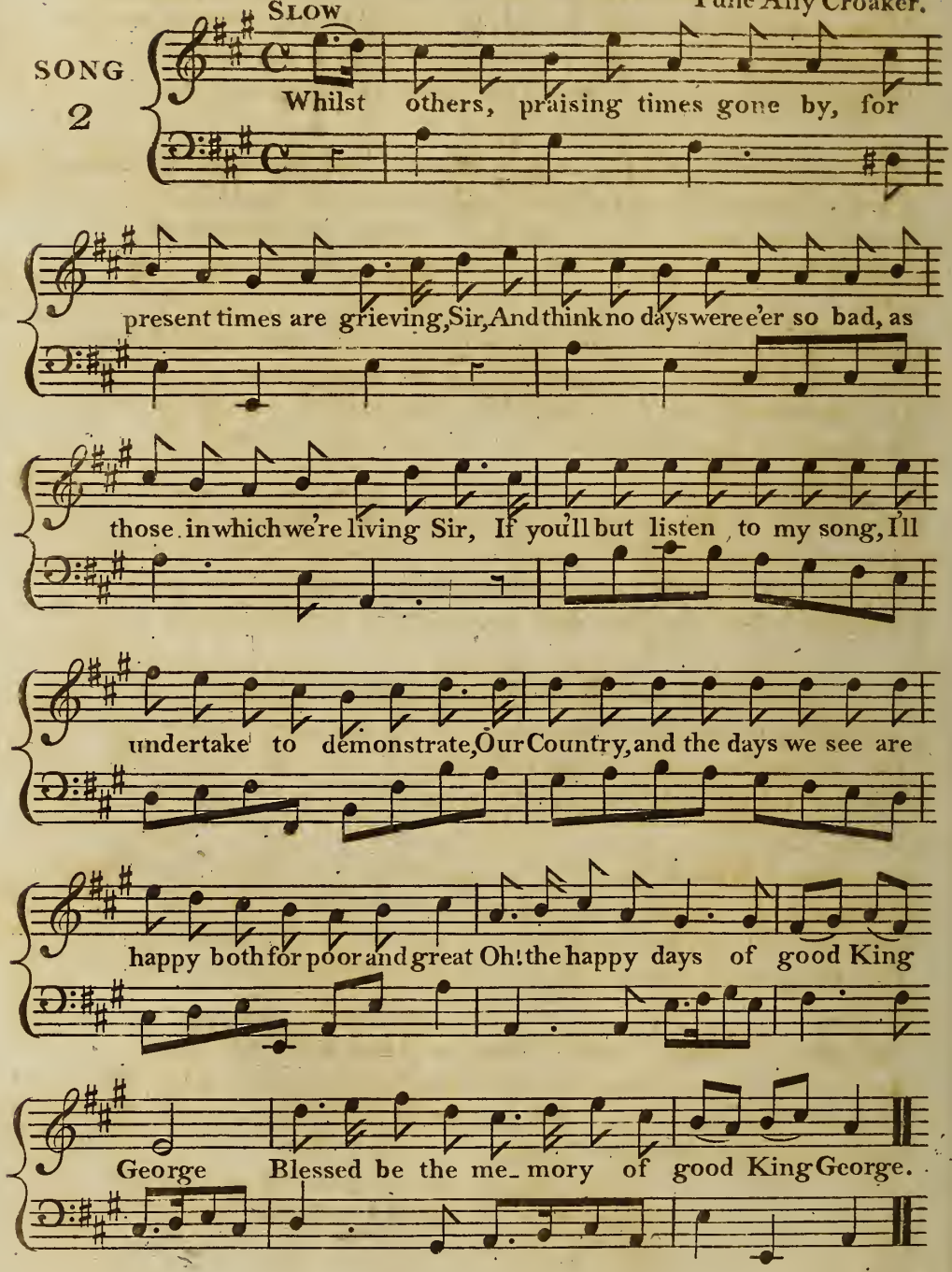
4

O grant him long to see,
Friendship and unity,
Always increase;
May he his sceptre sway,
All loyal souls obey,
Join heart and voice, huzza!
God save the King!

The HAPPY DAYS of good KING GEORGE.

Tune Ally Croaker.

SONG 2



2

While all the world is up in arms and war has laid the nations waste,
When murders, masacres and spoils, combine each social joy to blast,
Altho' we've heard afar the noise, amid the dread alarm, Sir,
Compar'd with them, our Island has enjoy'd a happy calm Sir.

3

With equal laws our rights to guard, the rich and poor together meet,
For Law protects the injur'd poor, and punishes the wicked great,
It guards the palace of the rich from robbers and banditti, Sir,
And makes the cottage of the poor, strong as a walled city, Sir.

4

Upon the sea our Navy rides, while winds from ev'ry corner, Sir,
In triumph bear her o'er the world, no foe presumes to scorn her, Sir,
Our Merchants unto ev'ry clime for commerce do resort, Sir,
And bear the treasure of each land in plenty to our ports, Sir.

5

'Tis true our Taxes are become a burden very heavy, Sir
And much we dread th' Assessor's face whene'er he comes to levy, Sir,
But we should roll in luxury, without some check in trading, Sir,
And, like a ship, the State sails on, the better for the lading, Sir.

6

Then o'er our land the Harvest smiles, and waves with golden grain, Sir,
And flocks and herds in plenty stray along each fertile plain, Sir;
The lab'ring Swain to toil inur'd, than his no days are calmer, Sir,
Here ev'ry Farmer is a King, the King himself a Farmer, Sir.

7

Our Church is good, her faith is pure, her rites, in happy plainness,
'Twixt Papish pageantry she keeps and Puritanic meanness,
Tho' firm her polity to guard, each sect we deem a brother, Sir,
The King her nursing father is, the Queen her nursing mother, Sir.

8

That Providence gave such a King, we'll ever bless the day, Sir,
And for his life and happiness, with grateful hearts, will pray, Sir,
To prove that we deserve such good, we'll strive that we grow better, Sir,
And, under Providence, to George, will rest a cheerful debtor, Sir.

Oh! the happy days of good King George.
Blessed be the memory of good King George.

J. P.

THE PATRIOT KING

From the Masque of Alfred

By Thomson and Mallett.

Song 3. Composed by Oswald

With Spirit

O joys of joys, to lighten woe! Best pleasure pleasure to bestow! Best pleasure, pleasure to bestow! What raptures then his heart expand, Who lives to bless a grateful land, who lives to bless a grateful land.

For him ten thousand bosoms beat,
His name consenting crouds repeat;
From soul to soul the passion runs,
And subjects kindle into sons

MY NATIVE SPOT

Composed by ARNE

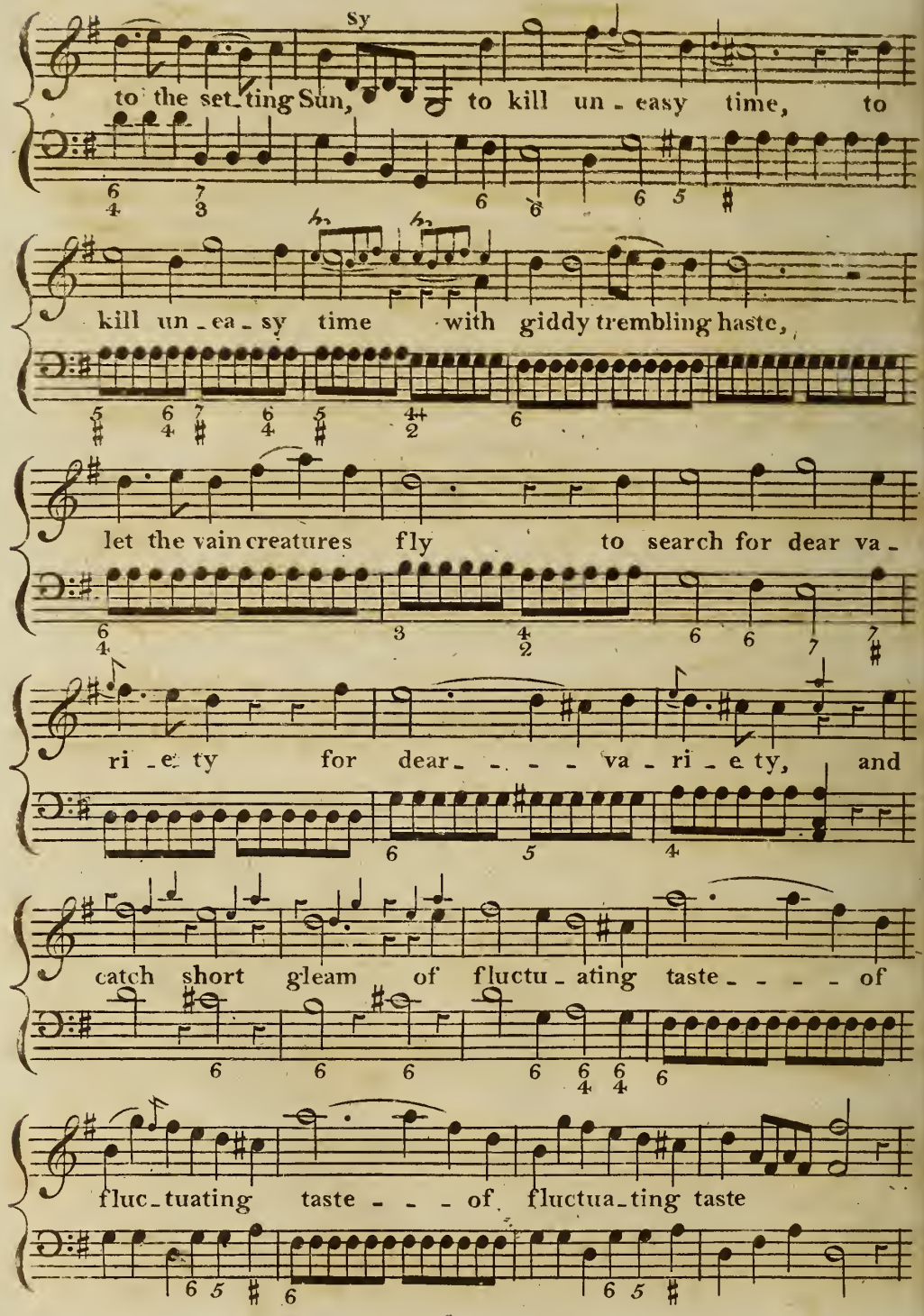
From the Musical COMEDY of the SUMMER'S TALE

By R.d Cumberland Esq.r

SONG 4

Moderatcly

From clime to clime let o_ _thers run; from ris - - - - ing


Sy
to the set_ting Sun, to kill un_easy time, to
kill un_ea_sy time with giddy trembling haste,
let the vain creatures fly to search for dear va_
ri_e ty for dear_ _ _ _ va_ri_e ty, and
catch short gleam of fluctu_ating taste_ _ _ _ of
fluc_tuating taste_ _ _ of fluctua_ting taste

Fix'd to my native spot, with ease & plenty crown'd, Con-

tent I look a - - round nor ask of heav'n a

fair - - - - er lot, nor ask of

heav'n a fair - - er lot

Gently

No vineyards here demand my care, No spicy gales per-

- fume the air no citron groves a - - rise - - - - - - -

The rugged soil, hard - ly obedient to the Pea - sant's

toil, such soft Lux - u - riance de - nies - - - de - ni -

Lively

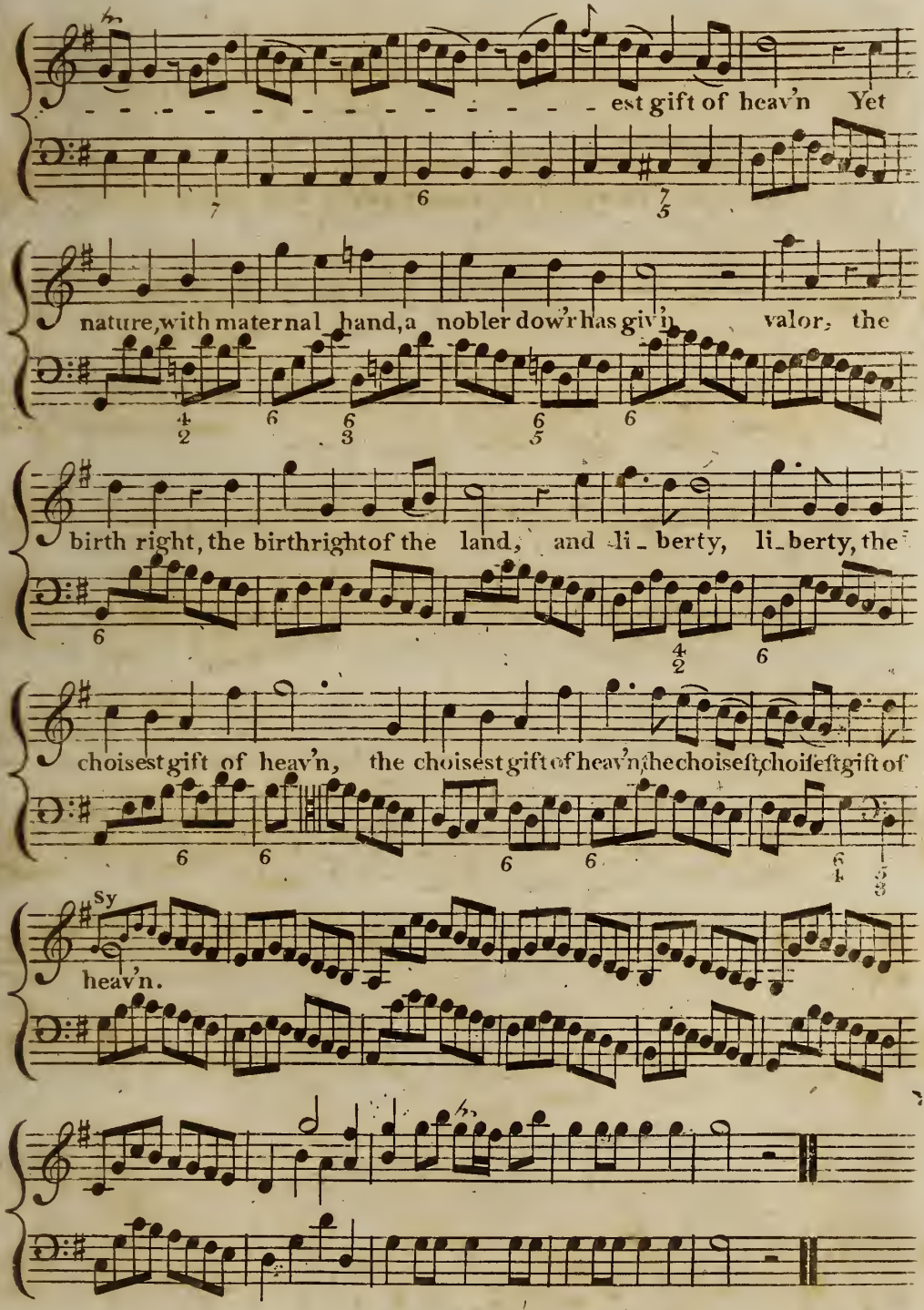
- es Yet nature with maternal hand a nobler dow'r has giv'n a

Lively

nobler a nobler a nobler dow'r has giv'n valor

valor the birth right of the land and liberty the

choisest gift of heav'n the chois - - - - - - - - -


est gift of heav'n Yet
nature, with maternal hand, a nobler dow'r has giv'n valor, the
birth right, the birthright of the land, and li_berty, li_berty, the
choisest gift of heav'n, the choisest gift of heav'n, the choiseft, choiseft gift of
Sy
heav'n.

SONG 5

Majestically

Whilst happy in my Native Land I boast my Country's charter, I'll

never basely lend my hand, her Liberties to bar_ter

The no_ble mind is not at all, by Poverty degraded, 'tis guilt alone can

make us fall and well I am per_swaded, each free born Briton's Song should be, or

Cho.

give me Death or Liberty, or give me Death or Liberty, or give me Death or

Unison

Liberty, or give me Death or Liberty.

Tho.

small the pow'r which fortune grants, and few the gifts she sends us, the Lordly hireling

often wants, that freedom which de fends us. By

Law se_ cur'd from Law less strife, our house is our Cas_tellum, thus bless'd with all that's

dear in Life, for lucre shall we sell 'em? No ev'ry Briton's Song should be, or

Cho.s

give me Death or Liberty, or give me Death or Liberty, or give me Death or

Liberty, or give me Death or Liberty.

HAPPY NATION

From the Summer's Tale.

Richter

SONG 6

Happy nation, who possessing nature's gifts in full encrease, Sees a-round thee ev'ry blessing, scenes of Plen-ty, scenes of Peace

Chorus

Happy nation, who possessing natures gifts in full encrease, Sees a-

Happy nation, who possessing natures gifts in full encrease, Sees a-

Happy nation, who possessing natures gifts in full encrease, Sees a-

Happy nation, who possessing natures gifts in full encrease, Sees a-

Happy nation, who possessing nature gifts in full encrease, Sees a-

round thee ev'ry blessing scenes of Plen_ty scenes of Peace

round thee ev'ry blessing scenes of Plen_ty scenes of Peace

round thee ev'ry blessing scenes of Plen_ty scenes of Peace

round thee ev'ry blessing scenes of Plen_ty scenes of Peace

round thee ev'ry blessing scenes of Plen_ty scenes of Peace

Fields where gol_den har_ _vest wav_ing, glis_tens

in the ripening sun, streams their fertile borders

laving, scattering rich_es as they run, streams their

fertile borders laving, scattering rich_es as they run.

Meads where flocks and herds dis_porting, gay_ly paint the chequer'd

vale, Groves where hap_py Shepherds courting, Soft_ly

breathe their am'rous tale, groves where hap_py Shepherds

Chorus

courting, soft_ly breathe their am'rous tale, Cooling Ze_phirs

gently blowing, fragrance from the flow'ry plains, temperate

Chorus repeated

skies, Serene_ly glowing, virtuous nymphs and valiant swains.

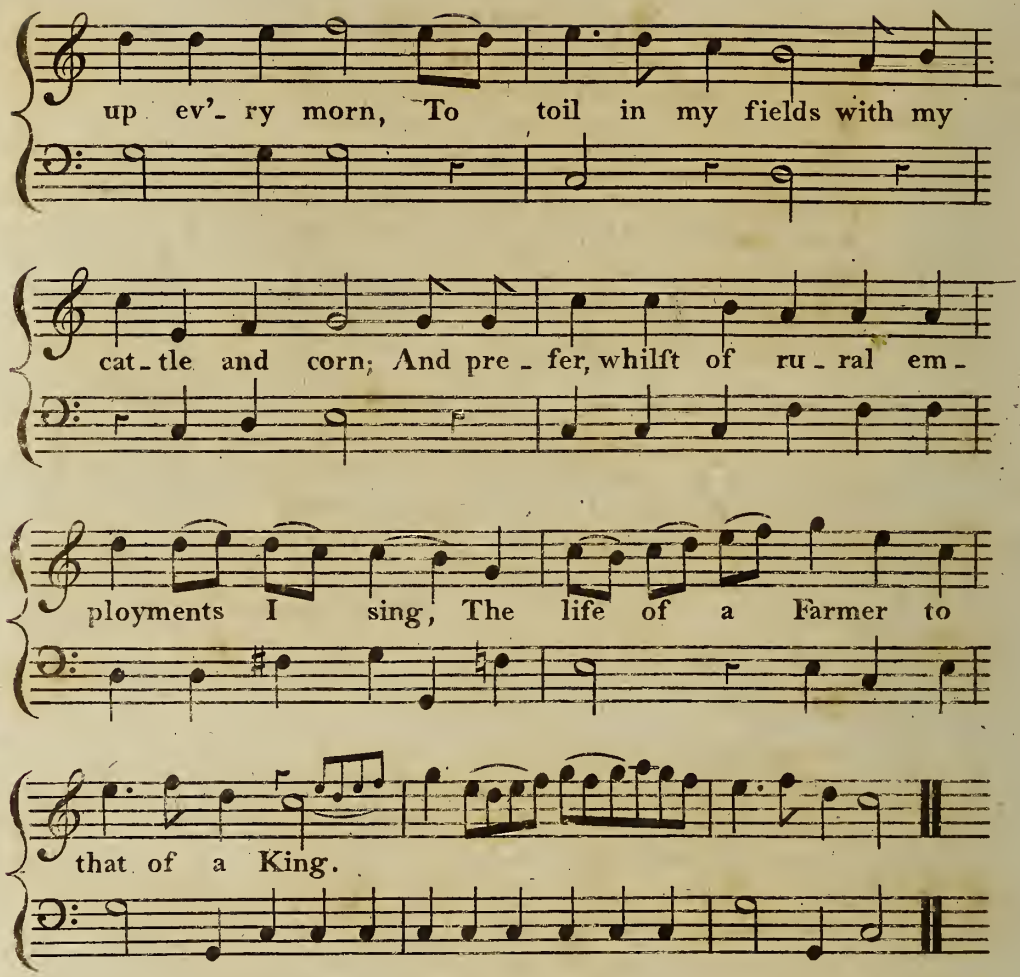
THE HAPPY FARMER

By Edward Williams.

Tune The Anacreontic

SONG 7

I live on a Farm in a beau_ti_ _ful vale, Ye lo_vers of Na_ture, at_tend to my tale; No pride or am_ _bi_ tion find room in my breast, Those ve_ _nomous foes of con_ _tent_ment and rest From sound healthy sleep I rise



2

On the fruits of my labour I look with delight,
My meadows are weedless, and gladden the sight;
The flocks in my pastures are fair to behold,
Fine cows, with large udders replenish my fold;
My fields yield abundance, in tillage compleat,
Good barley, rich clover, and excellent wheat;
I the seasons attend, thro' their changeable round,
In toils that with plenty's rich bleſsings are crown'd.

3

My house is convenient, and whiten'd all o'er,
An arbour of jessamine fronting the door;
My flourishing orchard abundantly bears
Fine plumbs, golden pippins and bergamot pears
The rose, the sweet pink, in my garden are found,
Where dainties of health for my table abound;
My mind, when fatigued, here I often unbend,
Peruse a good book, or converse with a friend.

4

Where flocks and large herds in my pastures are seen,
The cowslip, or daisy, bespangle the green,
I view my gay lambs nimbly frolic and play,
Whilst under their feet spring the beauties of May;
Whilst joyful observing the flourishing corn,
The blackbird and linnet sing loud on the thorn:
Nor would I my peaceful employments lay down,
Or quit my green fields for the cares of a crown.

5

To providence grateful, I pity the poor,
Nor drive them in sadness away from my door;
Befriending my neighbours, I do all I can
To act the good part of a sensible man:
But should my griev'd conscience with hold its applause,
And blame me for trampling on charity's laws;
Then I mourn and am pensive, upbraiding myself,
But not like the Miser, that whines for his pelf.

6

Let Lords of their high sounding titles be vain,
Let slaves of mean av'rice in cities remain,
Let those that court fame ramble wantonly far,
And seek it in fields of detestable war;
Let others go combat the rage of the seas,
And barter for lucre contentment and ease,
Whilst I live in innocence, shelter'd from harm,
With Plenty and Peace on my flourishing FARM.

THE VOLUNTEERS

From the Masque of Britannia

By Mallett

SONG 8.

Composed by Dr Hag

With Spirit

A_dieu for a while to the town and its trade, A_

dieu to the meadow and rake, Our Country, my Boys, calls a

loud for our Aid, and shall we that Country for_sake, It

never was known that true hearts like our own from hardship or hazard wo'd

flinch, let our foes then unite, we will shew them in fight, what

Britons can do at a pinch. A slave must he be, who

will not a_gree to join with his neighbours and sing that the

Brave and the Free, such, Britons are we, Live but for our Country and

King., It never was known that true hearts, like our own, from

hardship or hazard wo'd flinch let our foes then unite we will

shew them in fight, what Britons can do at a pinch

A WINTER SONG

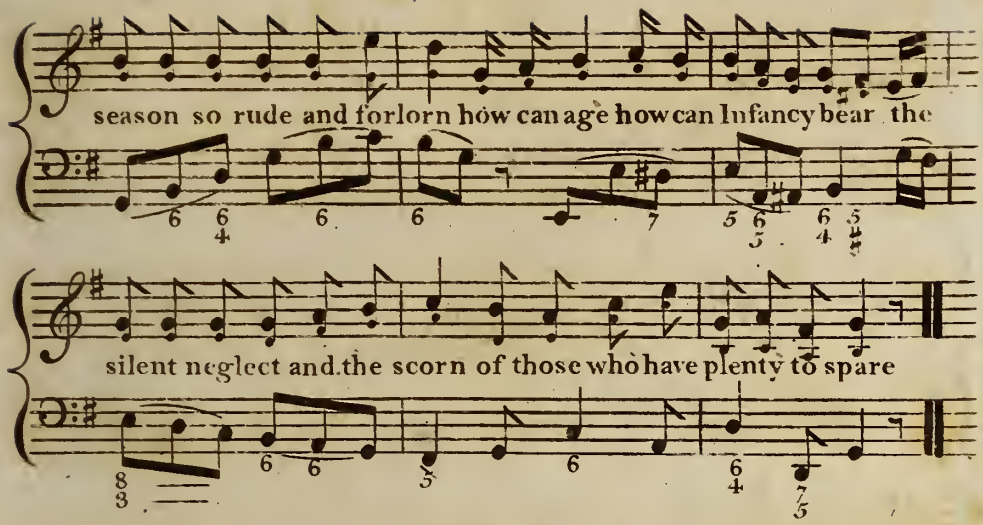
By Robert Bloomfield

Composed by Dr. Hague

SONG 9

Not too fast

Dear Boy throw that Ice - icle down, And sweep the deep snow from the door, Old win - ter comes on with a frown a ter - ri - ble frown, for the poor In a sea - son so rude and for - - lorn How can age how can in - fan - cy bear The si - lent neglect and the scorn of those who have plenty to spare, In a



2

Fresh broach'd is my cask of old ale,
  Well-tim'd, now the frost is set in;
Here's Job come to tell us a tale,
  We'll make him at home to a pin.
While my wife and I bask o'er the fire,
  The roll of the seasons will prove,
That time may diminish desire,
  But cannot extinguish true love

3

O the pleasures of neighbourly chat,
  If you can but keep scandal away,
To learn what the world has been at,
  And what the great orators say,
Tho' the wind thro' the crevices sing,
  And hail down the chimney rebound,
I'm happier than many a King,
  While the bellows blow bass to the sound.

4

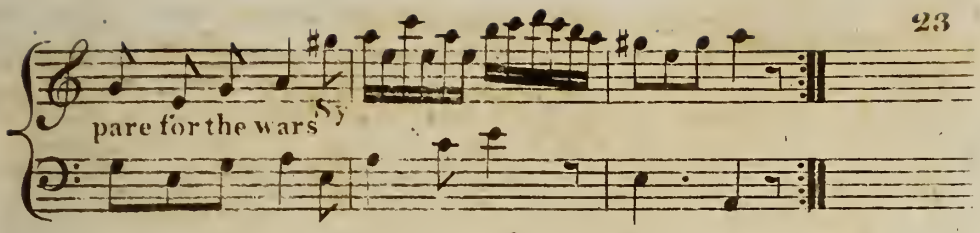
Abundance was never my lot:
  But out of the trifle that's giv'n,
That no curse may alight on my cot,
  I'll distribute the bounty of heav'n:
The fool and the slave gather wealth;
  But if I add nought to my store,
Yet while I keep conscience in health,
  I've a mine that will never grow poor.

THE FLOWERS OF OUR PARISH

Not too Quick

Ye Wives and ye Mothers, ah! cease your lamenting nor fill Hinxton street with your sighs and your tears Ah why, gentle dames, would you thus be preventing the Flow'rs of our Parish turning out Volunteers? Ah no, rather smile, be no longer affrighted and banish at once both your sighs and your fears, 'Tis rather a cause that your hearts be delighted when the Flow'rs of our Parish prepare for the wars 'Tis rather a cause that your hearts be delighted when the Flow'rs of our Parish pre

Bassoon



2

'Tis for You for, your Babes, for your Homes, for your Kindred,
For your COUNTRY, your KING, your RELIGION, and all,
Tis the cause of the WORLD, that th' Invader be hinder'd,
Nor under his Yoke that OLD ENGLAND should fall.
Oh then bid them go as your GALLANT DEFENDERS,
And nightly remember them all in your pray'rs,
That Heav'n with its blessings may ever befriend us,
Should the Flowers of the Parish repair to the wars.

3

And oh! may we see, and the day not far distant,
When the haughty Invader confounded shall be,
If he dares to embark, may he perish that instant,
O'erwhelm'd with his host by the waves of the sea;
But if on our coast he should e'er gain a footing,
Our brave British Soldiers will cherish no fears,
Ev'ry inch of the ground in their valour disputing,
May the Flow'rs of our Parish still stand in the wars.

4

But if haply it please Him that ordereth all,
Whilst for ev'ry thing sacred and dear we contend,
In the Battle's dread rage that your Hero should fall,
And far off he should meet with an untimely end:
Yet, know, that your Orphans a Father will find HIM,
The sorrowing Widow a Friend in her cause,
A Protector Almighty to all left behind him,
Should one Flower of our Parish thus die in the wars.

5

And at length, when the foe is expel'd from our Island,
And brave British hearts under Providence sav'd,
Wave their banners triumphant from some favour'd highland,
Songs of gratitude sing for our land not enslav'd;
Marching home, ye will hasten to give them your greeting,
And pleas'd shall behold, and be proud of their scars;
Love and joy shall prevail then at that happy meeting,
When the Flowers of our Parish return from the wars.

6

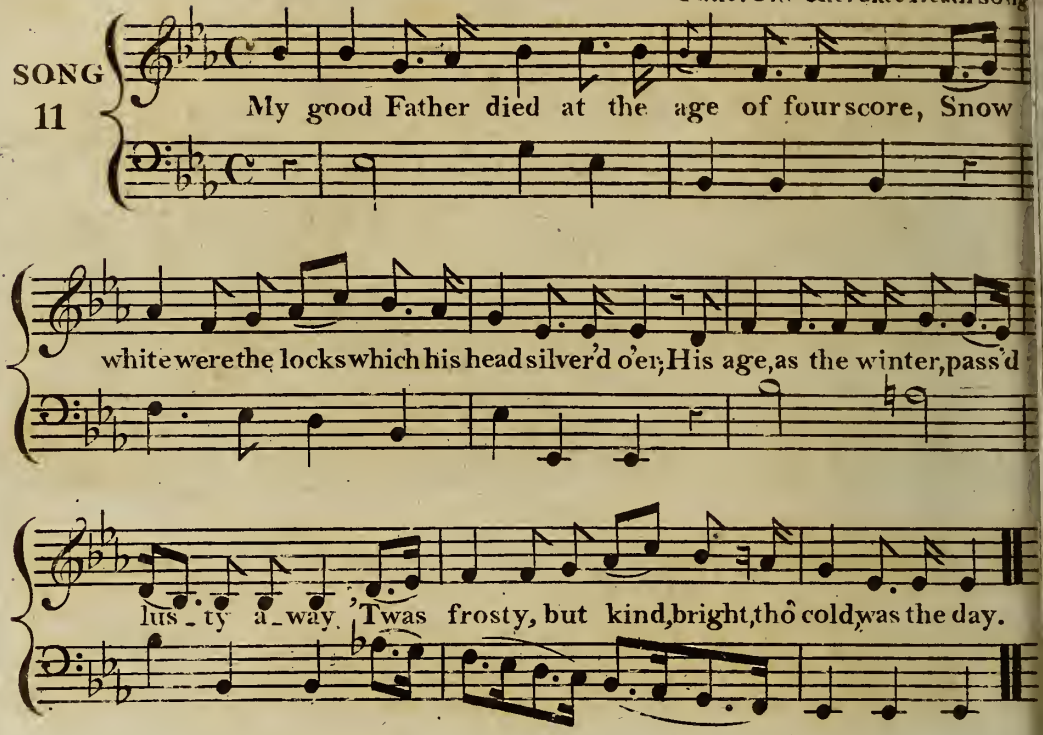
Arriv'd at your homes, round your fire sides so cheering,
While your Children croud round them and hang on their knees,
Impatient to give to their story a hearing,
A plain tale of Valour, ah! how will it please.
When the clangour of War in our land has subsided,
And Plenty and Peace o'er our Country appears;
Oh! then you'll rejoice, under Heav'n, you confided,
In the Flowers of our Parish, who turn'd out VOLUNTEERS.

J.P.

MY FATHER

Tune: The Cherokee Death Song

SONG 11



2

For ne'er, in his youth, had he rashly applied
Hot liquors to quicken his bloods even tide,
Nor, with forehead unbashful, had woo'd to his shame
The means that debilitate man's lusty frame.

3

His temper was mild as the sun's setting beam,
When it plays on the top of some soft flowing stream;
Religion to him was the balm of his mind;
To his Maker's good will he was ever resign'd.

4

With a numerous offspring encircled around,
At length, like a shock of ripe corn, to the ground
He came, an example to all who survive,
Who, to die such a death, such a life must they live.

See "As you like it." Act II. Scene 3. J.P.

SONG. 12.

Slow

Tune Tweed Side

What's the spring breathing Violet and Rose, what's the summer wit all its gay train, or the plen_ty of Autumn to those who have barterd their freedom for gain? Then let love of our King's le_gal right to our love of our Country succeed, And let Friendship and honor u__nite, And flourish on both sides the Tweed.

2

No sweetness the senses can cheer,
That corruption and bribery bind;
No brightness the gloom ever clear,
For honours the sun of the mind.
Then let &c.

3

Let Virtue distinguish the brave,
Place riches in lower degree,
Think him poorest who dares be a slave
And him rich who dares to be free,
Then let &c.

4

Let us think how our Ancestors rose
Let us think how our Ancestors fell
'Tis the rights they defended; 'tis those
They bought with their blood, that we sell.
Then let &c.

SONG 13 — In Opposition to The New Rights of Man — By Mrs. H More

Chearfully — By A Journeyman Carpenter — Tune Liberty Hall

What fol_lies what falshoods were ut_ter'd in vain, To de_

troy our repose, by that Ja_cobin, Paine! But if, for a while, a few

fools were perplext, The Crimes of the French have explain'd Tommy's

Text, The Crimes of the French, The Crimes of the French, The

Crimes of the French have ex_plain'd Tommy's Text

2

That the rich do not work some pretend to complain,
While they hint that the poor do but labour in vain;
But is there no labour then, let me demand,
But the march of the foot, or the work of the hand?

3

'Tis the head that directs, 'tis the heart that supplies
Life, vigour, and motion, to hands, feet, and eyes,
Tho' diff'rent our stations, some great and some small,
One labours for each, and each labours for all,

4

That some must be poorer, this truth I will sing,
Is a law of my Maker, and not of my King.
And the true Rights of Man, and the life of his cause,
Is not equal possessions, but equal just laws

5

If accus'd, I am try'd, to my peers I appeal;
Not smuggled, unheard, to some dismal Bastile.
Nor, like the new French, popp'd off to Cayanne,
Without any chance to be heard of again.

6

If I'm wrong, to the laws I am bound to submit;
If I'm right, oh! how glad are those laws to acquit!
If the right to correct to my judges belong,
I've a right to avoid it by doing no wrong.

7

If sickness o'ertake me, the laws of the land,
Hold out to my wants a compassionate hand,
Should some churlish churchwarden presume to oppress,
At the next justice-meeting I straight get redress.

8

If I scrape up but forty good shillings a year,
I help govern the land, as I'll make it appear;
For the makers of laws, my brave lads do you see,
Are elected by folks not much richer than me.

9

From the parliament man, if he proves a turn-coat,
I've a right to withhold, or to give him my vote,
And if British laws I'm obliged to respect,
Those laws, in return, will my substance protect.

10

As long as I work I've a right to full pay,
I've a right to my Bible, to read, and to pray;
Then I'll pray with such fervour and fight with such glee,
As if the whole contest depended on me.

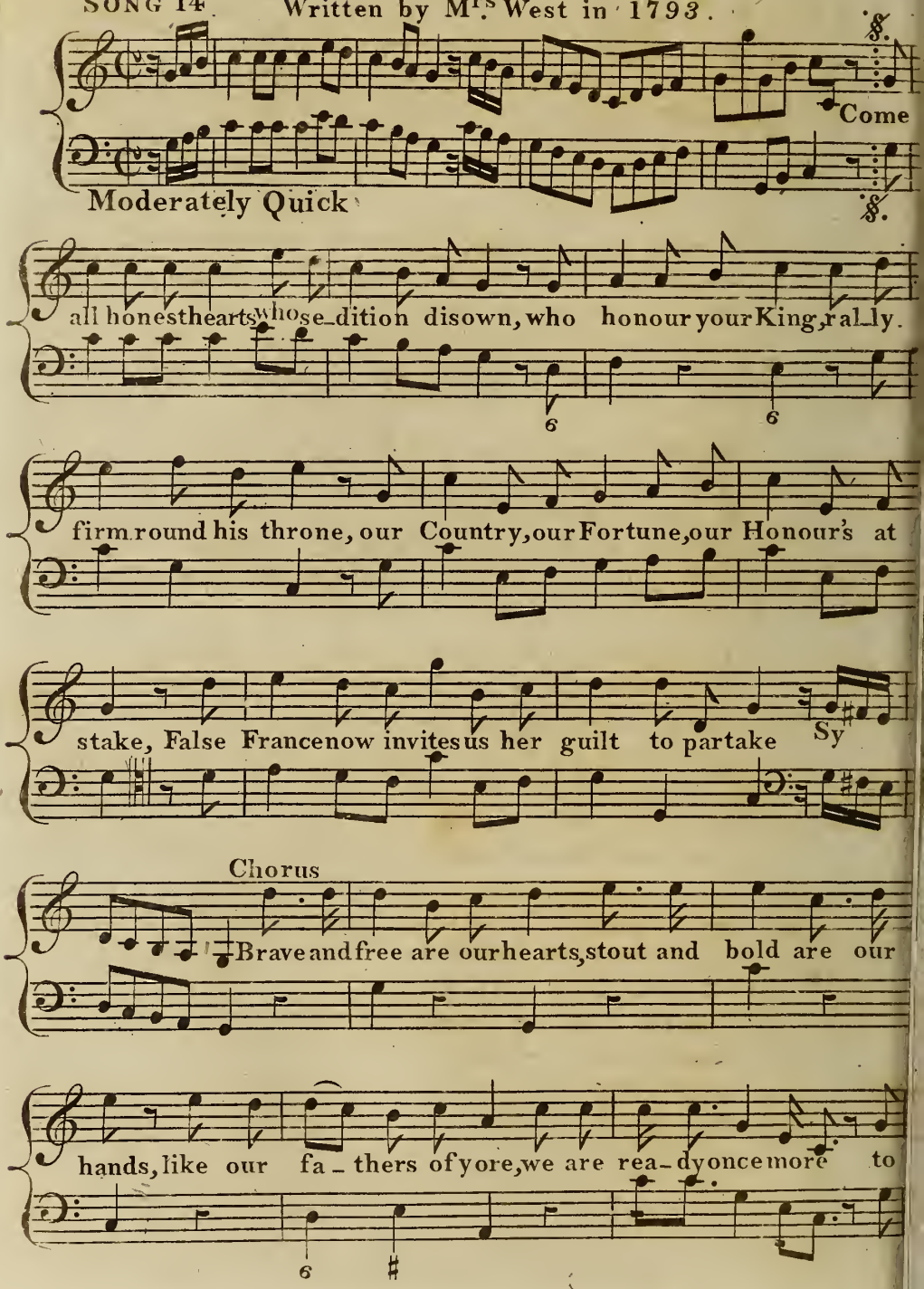
11

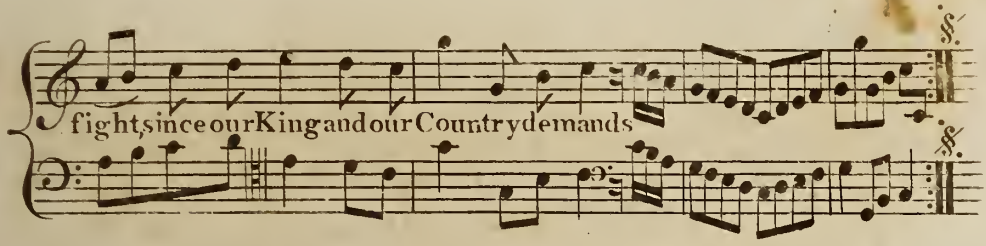
Equal rights, equal freedom all Britons possess,
The richest not more, and the poorest not less;
But all rights have their bounds, for the right to do evil,
Is no rights of man, but the rights of the devil.

12

Then away with contention, no other we'll know,
But who'll have the honour to strike the first blow;
And let each brave Briton join chorus with me,
We will die with the brave, or we'll live with the free.

SONG 14. Written by Mrs. West in 1793.





Let Her plant Trees of Freedom in whimsical mood,
Paled round with rebellion, and wet them with blood;
We boast the true plant of undoubted renown,
It shelters the Church, and o'er shadows the Crown.
Cho: Brave and free &c.

By Her let each badge of distinction be torn,
The soul of true honour injustice will scorn;
Let Her talk of the rights we by nature deserve,
Our law gives us rights which we'll strive to preserve.
Cho: Brave and free &c.

Our Fathers, whom Tyrants could never enchain,
Procur'd the great Charter our swords shall maintain;
They gave us a King all our feuds to unite,
And a band of firm nobles our battles to fight.
Cho: Brave and free &c.

That our Pastors might never their duty neglect
They founded Religion in decent respect
Shall France and Tom Paine these lov'd treasures defile?
No, we'll guard well our hearts, and defend our Lov'd Isle.
Brave and free are our hearts,
Stout and bold are our hands,
Let Traitors advance,
With the ruffians of France,
We'll fight since our King and our Country demands.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S DITTY.

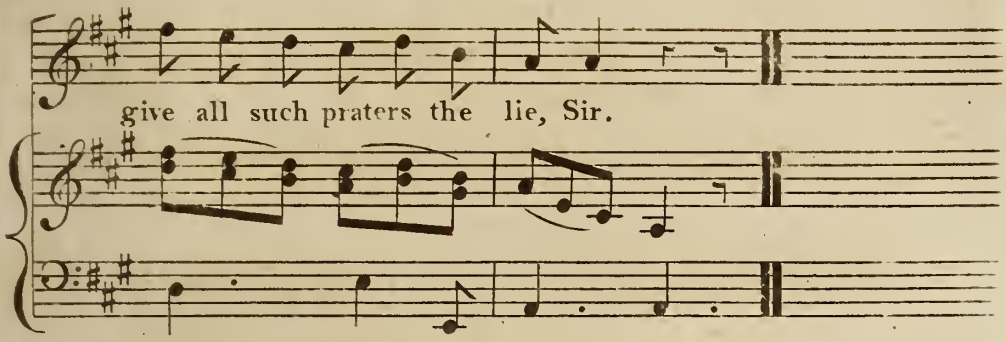
By M.rs H. More

Composed by a Lady

Being an answer to that foolish question,
"What have the Poor to lose?"

SONG 15.

Because I'm but poor, And slender's my store, That I've nothing to lose is the cry, Sir; Let who will declare it, I vow I can't bear it, I give all such praters the lie, Sir, I



2

Tho' my house is but small,
Yet to have none at all
Wou'd sure be a greater distress, Sir;
Shall my garden so sweet,
And my orchard so neat
Be the prize of a foreign oppressor?

3

On Saturday night,
'Tis still my delight
With my wages to run home the faſter;
But if Frenchmen rule here,
I may look far and near,
For I never shall find a paymaster.

4

I've a dear little wife
Whom I love as my life,
To lose her I shou'd not much like, Sir;
And 'twou'd make me run wild
To see my sweet child
With its head on the point of a pike, Sir.

5

I've my Church, too, to save,
And I'll go to my grave,
In defence of a Church that's the beſt Sir:
I've my King, too, God bless him,
Let no man oppress him,
For none has he ever oppress'd, Sir.

6

British laws for my guard,
My cottage is barr'd,
'Tis safe in the light or the dark, Sir
If the squire shou'd oppress
I get instant redress
My orchard's as safe as his park, Sir

7

My cot is my throne,
What I have is my own,
And what is my own I will keep, Sir:
Should Boni, come now,
'Tis true I may plough,
But I'm sure that I never shall reap, Sir

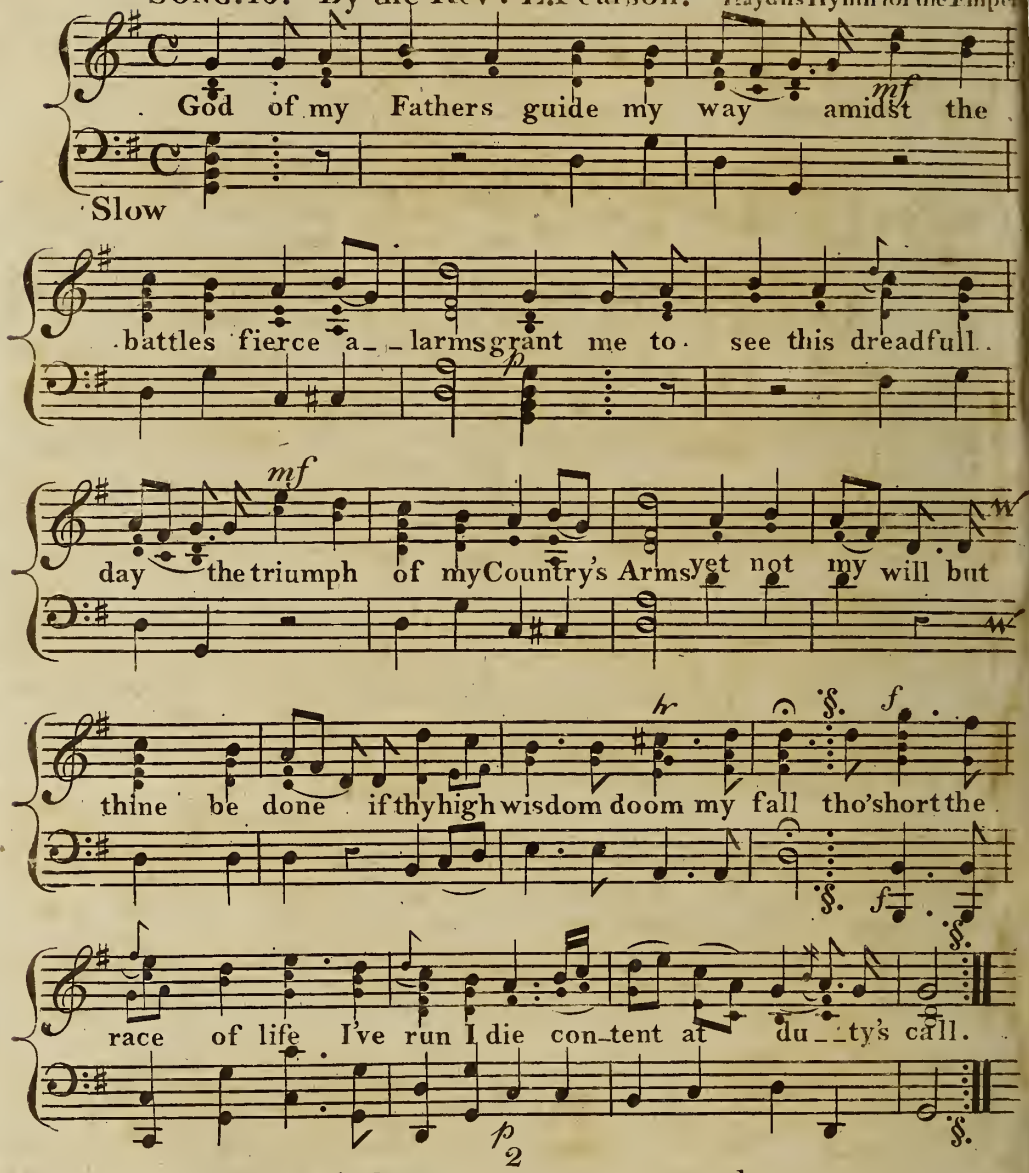
8

Now do but reflect
What I have to protect,
Then doubt if to fight I shall chuse, Sir
King, Church, babes, and wife,
Laws, liberty, life
Now tell me I've nothing to lose, Sir.

9

Then I'll beat my ploughshare
To a sword or a spear,
And rush on these desperate men, Sir:
Like a lion I'll fight,
That my spear, now so bright,
May soon turn to a ploughshare again, Sir.

SONG. 16. By the Revd E. Pearson. Haydn's Hymn for the Empe



Then, if thy grace my prayer accord,
Th'expression of my parting breath,
Grateful, I'll bless thy goodness, Lord!
And smile amidst the pangs of death
May my transgressions of thy will
Find mercy thro' my Saviours name
May my lov'd Country, freed from ill,
Long flourish in unbounded fame".

From the Pantomine of Mago and Dago.

HARVEST HOME ROUNDELAY

Composed by Mr. Atterbury

SONG 17

P F

When the Farmer has fallow'd and till'd all his land, And

scatter'd the grain from fair industry's hand,

And the team that assisted the harrow and

plough has convey'd the rich produce safe home to the mow

then what shall we do

what shall we do what shall we do what shall we do

sf sf

sing Harvest home harvest home rend the wide welkin with harvest

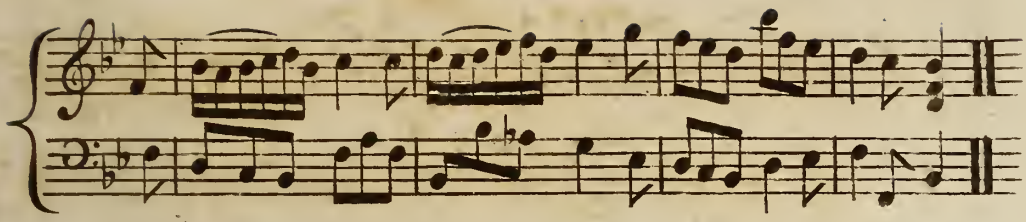
sing Harvest home harvest home rend the wide welkin with harvest

sing Harvest home harvest home rend the wide welkin with harvest

home harvest home harvest home rend the wide welkin w harvest home.

home harvest home harvest home rend the wide welkin w harvest home.

home harvest home harvest home rend the wide welkin w harvest home.



2

When Harry has whisper'd our Dol in the ear,
With ditties of love, the whole round of a year,
And she has consented his wish to fulfill,
The Priest asks the question—both answer I will.
Then what do they do?

Chorus

Sing Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
For wedlock is ever Love's Harvest Home.

3

When soldiers and sailors return from the wars,
Recount all their dangers, and boast of their scars,
While beauty rewards them with kisses and smiles,
Midst the blessings of Peace they forget all their toils.
Then what do they do?

Chorus

Sing Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
Each conquest to Britain is Harvest Home.

4

When our master, at length, aged three score and ten,
By his own honest care and his own honest men,
Has a competence gain'd, and enrich'd by his smiles,
Himself and his men reap reward of their toils.
Then what should we do?

Chorus

Sing Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
The rich and the Poor echo Harvest Home.

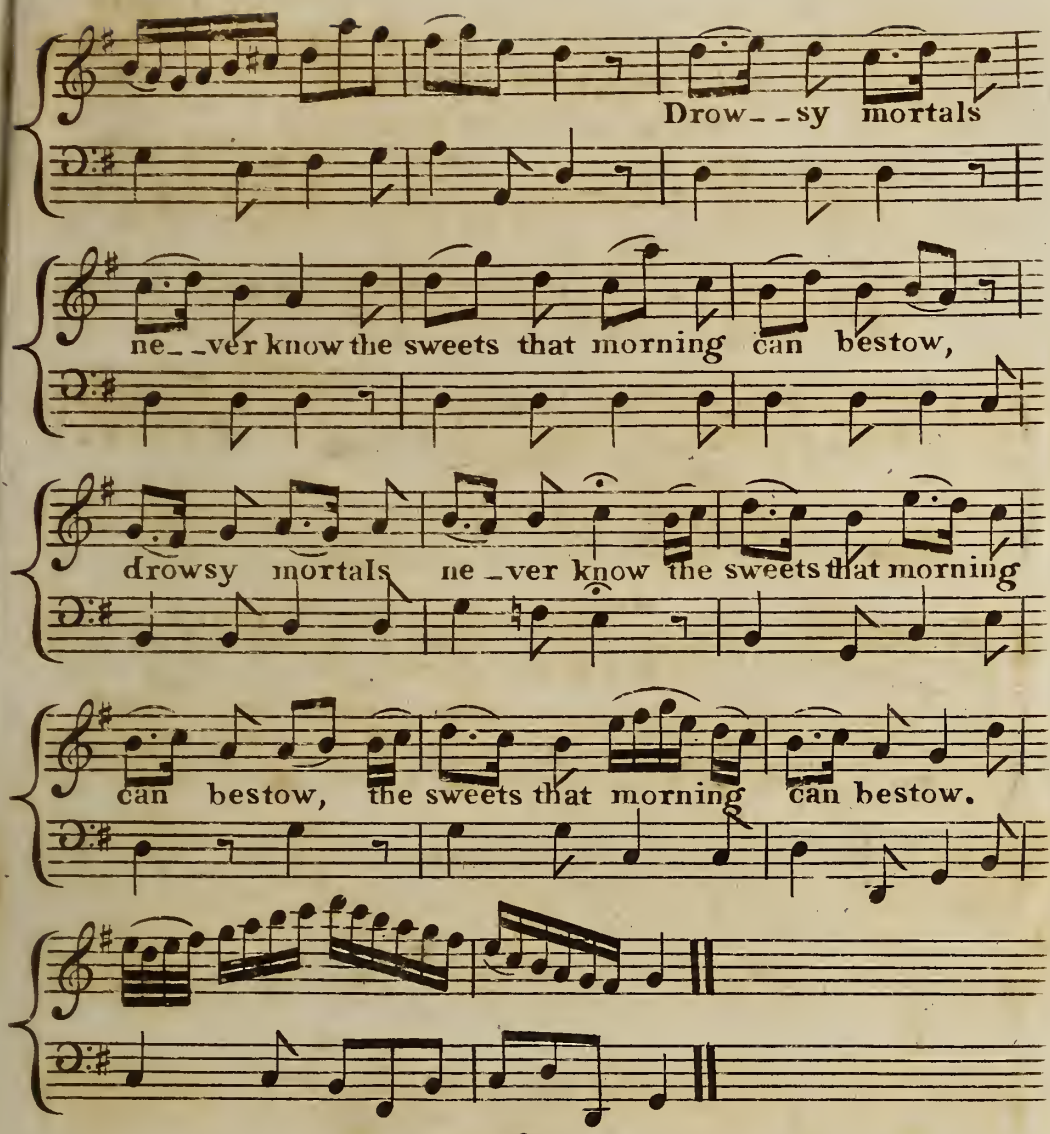
J.P.

THE SWEETS OF MORN

The Words by Mr. Bicknell.

SONG 18

How sweet the dew - y breath of morn, How chearing blows the gen - tle gale, What beauteous streaks the Sky a - - dorn, What o - - dours from the earth ex - hale. Sy



2

Morning on her balmy wings,
From ev'ry flow'r that blows around,
To those a grateful tribute brings,
Who early trod th'enamel'd ground
Drowsy mortals never know
The sweets that morning can bestow.

THE HAY MAKER'S ROUNDELAY

From the Battle of Hexham.

By G. Colman Jun.r Dr. Arnold

SONG 19

Drifted snow no more is seen,

P

Blustring winter passes by, Jocund spring comes clad in green while

woodlarks pour their melody their me - - - - - - -

Sy

lody woodlarks pour their melody

S.

I hear him, hark,

S.

I hear him, hark,

S.

P

the merry lark calls us to the new mown hay,

the merry lark calls us to the new mown hay,

V. 2.

piping to our roundelay Chorus in unison

piping to our roundelay I hear him, hark! the merry lark

F

call us to the newmownhay, piping toourroundelay, piping toour

Fine

roundelay

When the golden sun appears on themountain's surly brow,

When his jolly beams he rears, darting joy, behold him now, darting

joy - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - beholdbehold him now.

What are honours, what's a court, calm content is worth them all, our

honour is to drive the cart, our brightest court the harvest hall.

THE BLIND BOY

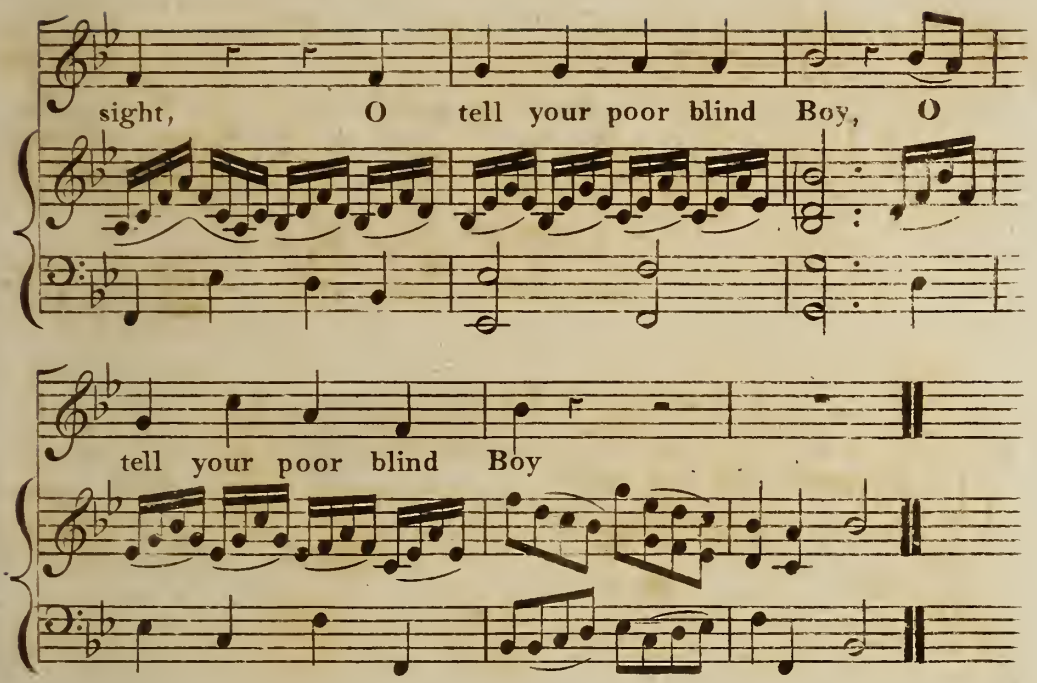
Composed by M.rs B. Montagu.

The words by Cibber

SONG 20

Andante

O say what thing is that call'd light Which I must ne'er en - - joy, What are the Blessings of the sight, What are the Bless - ings of the



2

You talk of wondrous things you see,
  You say the Sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
  Or make it day or night?

3

My day or night myself I make,
  When e'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
  With me 'twere always day.

4

With heavy sighs I often hear
  You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
  A loss I ne'er can know.

5

Then let not what I cannot have
  My cheer of mind destroy,
Whilst thus I sing I am a King,
  Although a poor Blind Boy.

THE SHEPHERD

Composed by Dr. Hague

SONG 21

Accomp

Blithe I carol to the day As my flocks from fold I lead, cheering, as we on-ward stray, The mountain's brow or dappled mead When the star of eve doth shine from his station in the west Pleas'd the meadows I resign for my

Chearful

fz

lowly Cot and rest. Sweet is day, and sweet is night,

Each their seprate joys impart, Ev'ry sea_son brings de_light

Sweet is day and sweet is night, Each their seprate joys im

part, Ev'ry season brings delight, If content is in the heart.

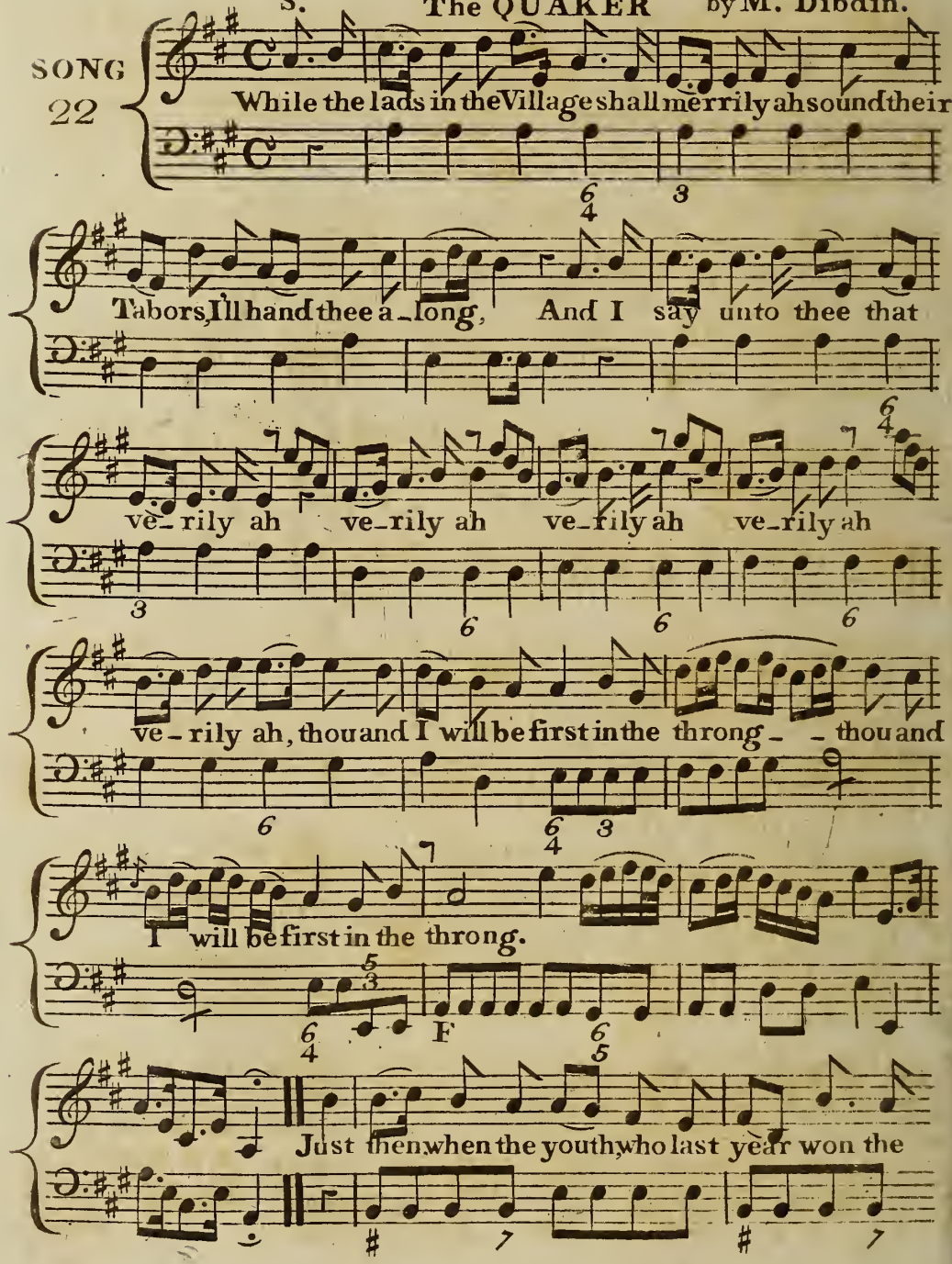
cres

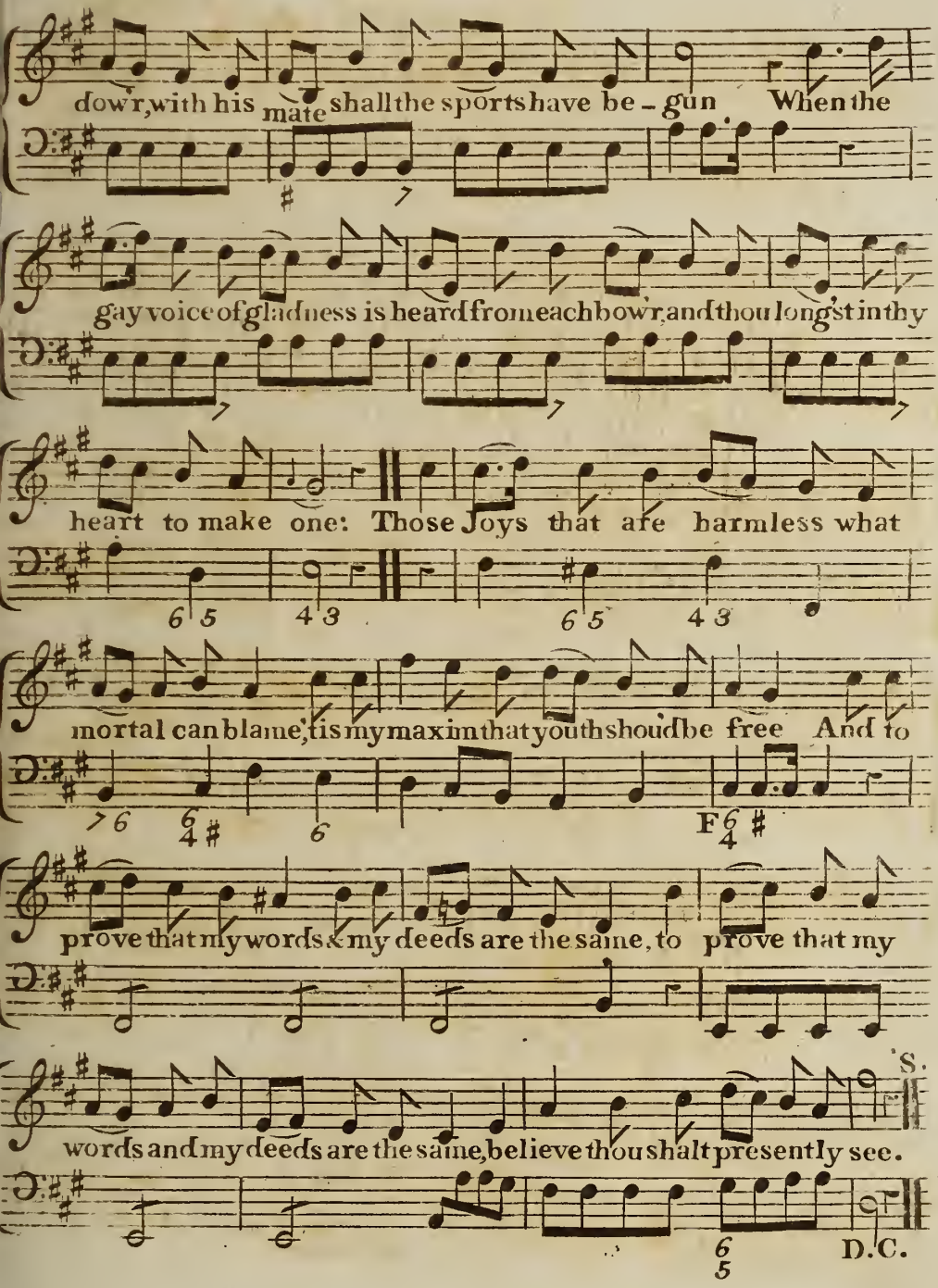
J.P.

THE LADS IN THE VILLAGE

from the Opera of
The QUAKER by Mr. Dibdin.

SONG 22




dowr, with his mate shall the sports have be - gun When the
gay voice of gladness is heard from each bowr, and thou long'st in thy
heart to make one: Those Joys that are harmless what
mortal can blame, tis my maxim that youth shoud be free And to
prove that my words & my deeds are the same, to prove that my
words and my deeds are the same, believe thou shalt presently see.
S.
D.C.

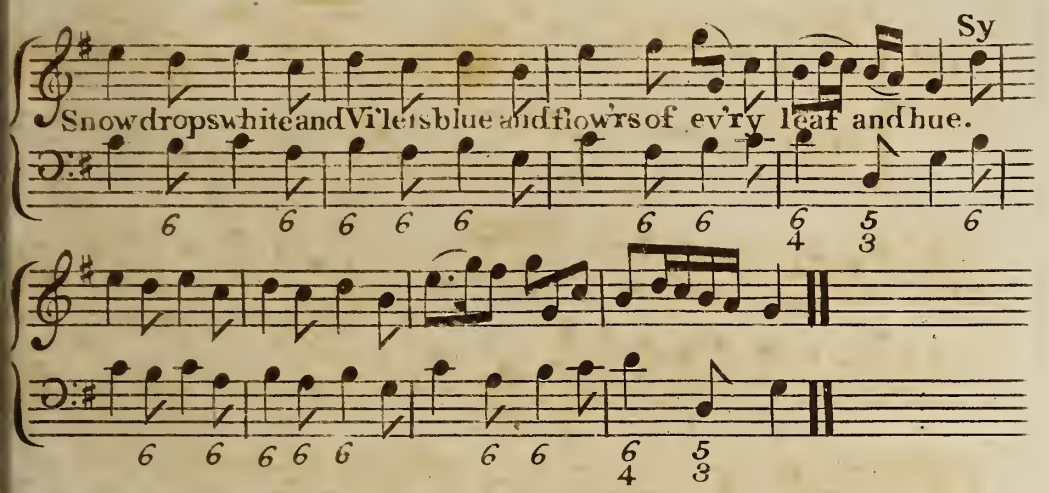
SPRING

Dr. Arne

SONG 23

Decrepit winter limpt away, now youthfull spring all trim and gay – – – – – Comes tripping o'er the sunny plain with health and pleasure in her train

She comes, and lo where e'er she treads soft cowslips lift their velvet head – – – – – – s With



2

Hail! smiling Season, woo'd by thee,
Town has no longer charms for me;
Sated with folly, smoke, and noise,
I pant for calmer purer joys.
Lead me, some gentle rustic, where
The balmy, cool, and fragrant air.
Fresh breathing from Hill, Mead, and Grove,
Inspires festivity and love.

3

Thrice happy man, whose friendly fate
Affords a pleasant country seat,
Secure retirement, and defence
From bus'ness and impertinence.
There he may stretch beneath the shade,
For ease and contemplation made;
And neither spy, nor whisp'rer near,
Enjoy the beauties of the year.

From the Opera of Rosina

Mr. Shield

SONG 24

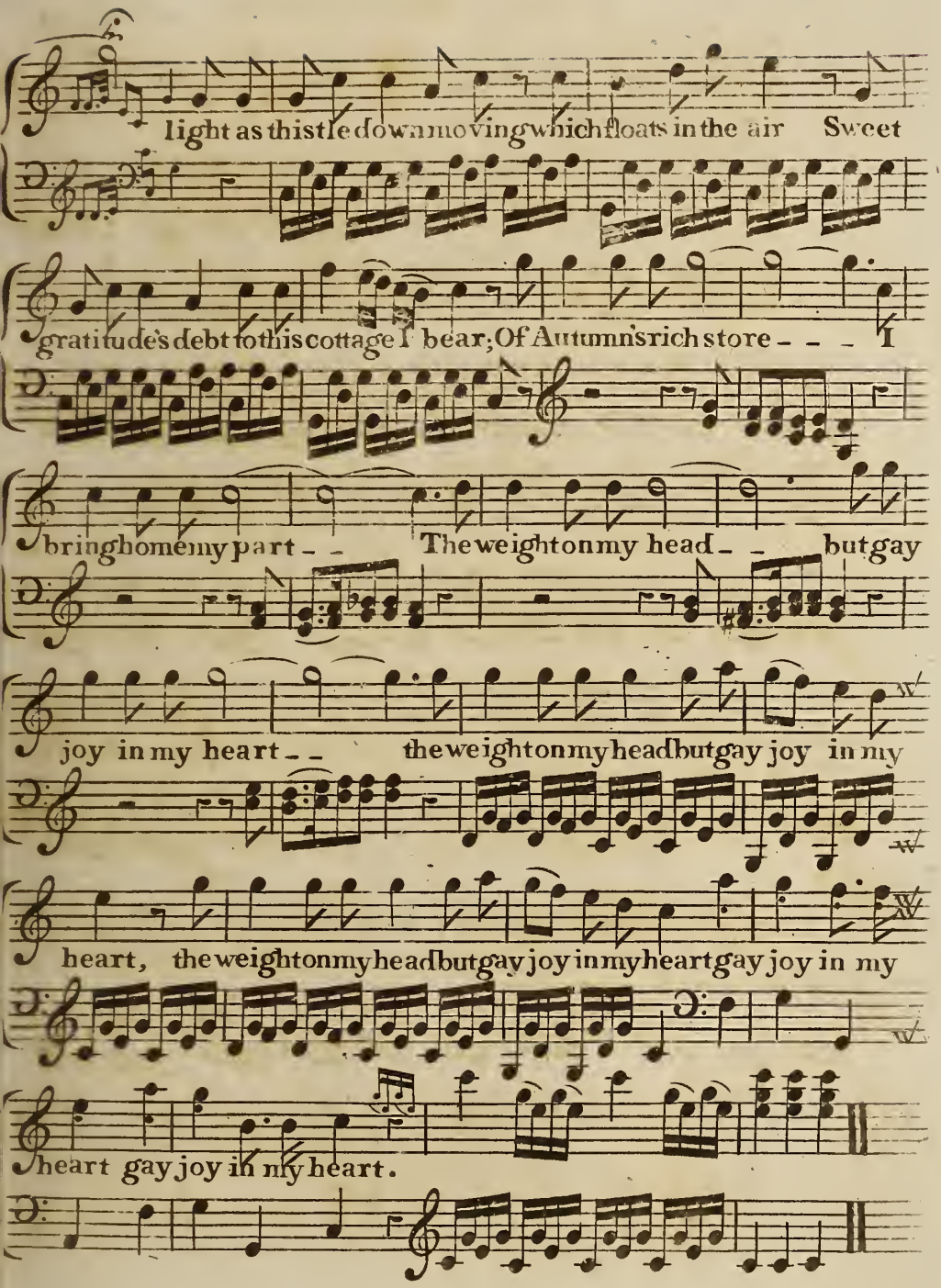
Quick

Light as thistle down

moving, which floats in the air, Sweet gratitude's debt to this

Cottage I bear; Of Autumn's rich store I bring home my

part The weight on my head but gay joy in my heart

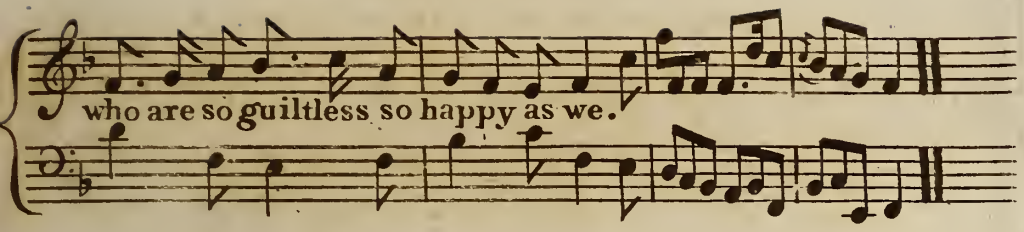

light as thistle down moving which floats in the air Sweet
gratitude's debt to this cottage I bear; Of Autumn's rich store - - - I
bring home my part - - The weight on my head - - but gay
joy in my heart - - the weight on my head but gay joy in my
heart, the weight on my head but gay joy in my heart gay joy in my
heart gay joy in my heart.

THE SHEEP SHEARING

Written by Garrick
and introduced in the Winter's Tale.

SONG 25

Come, come, my good Shepherds, our Flocks we must Sy shear; In your holiday suits with your Lasses appear: Sy The happiest of folk are the guilltless and free, and who are so guilltless so happy as we? who are so guilltless so happy as we, the happiest of folk are the guilltless and free, guilltless and free, guilltless and free, and



2

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,
We practice no arts with hypocrisy fraught;
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,
For knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

3

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
But we as the children of nature are bred;
By her hand alone we are painted and drest,
For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in the breast

4

That giant, ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

5

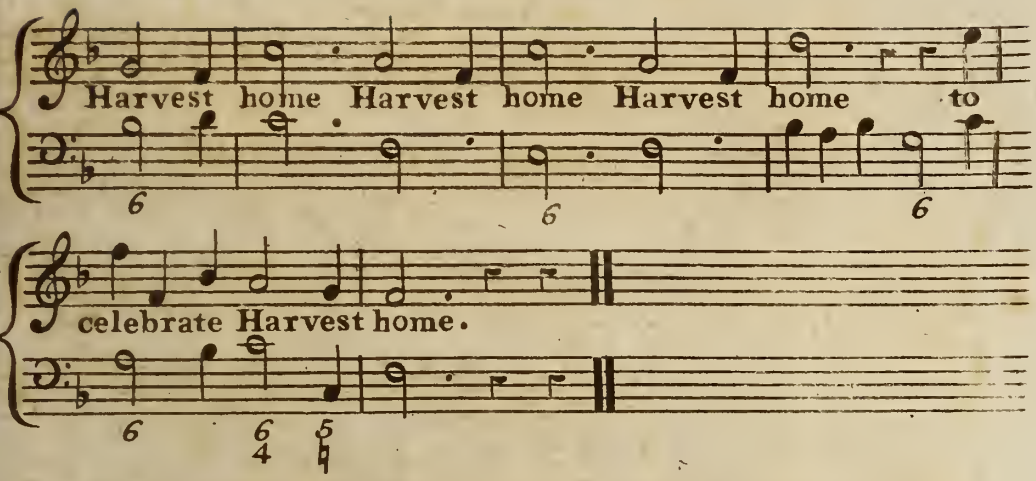
When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed, are the passions we feel;
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

HARVEST HOME

From Harlequin Sorcerer
By Lewis Theobald

SONG 26

Come Robin and Nell, come Richard and Bell each
Lad with his Lass hither come, With singing and dancing in
pleasure advancing, to celebrate Harvest home. For Cho.s
now we may play, and keep ho-li-day, to ce-lebrate



2

Our labour is o'er, and our barns in full store,
Now swell with rich gifts of the land,
Let each man then take, for his Prong and his Rake,
His Can and his Lass in his hand:
Cho: For now we may play

3

No Courtiers can be so happy as we
In innocent pastime and mirth,
While thus we carouse with our Sweetheart or Spouse,
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.
Cho: When thus we may play

4

As our bread then we eat, our thanks we'll repeat,
To Him that gives plenty and peace;
And still will we strive, that so well we may live,
That the blessing of Harvest ne'er cease.
Cho: That still we may play

J. P.

THE SHEEP

Tune: Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree

Dibdin

SONG 27

Rather Slow

Since finish'd our shearing, in feasting we're, met and our

master before us this plen - ty has set, While gai - ly and

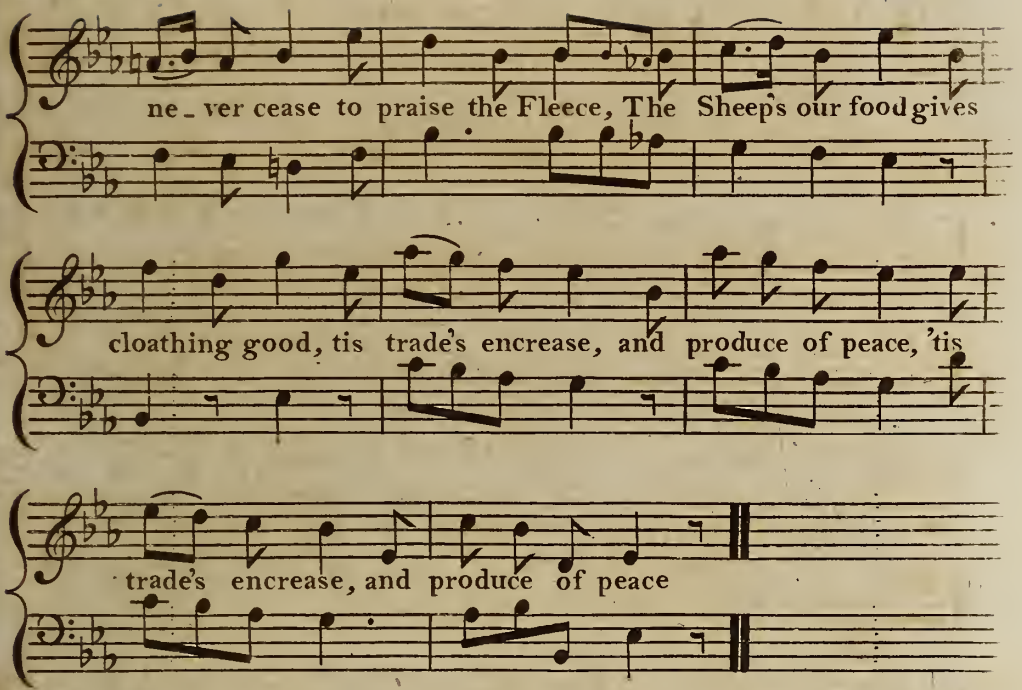
gladsome we ho - liday keep, let us give the praise due to the

Fleece and the Sheep, Let us give the praise due to the Fleece & the Sheep

Chorus

All shall sing of the white wealthy Fleece, all shall sing of the

white wealthy Fleece, ne - ver cease to praise the Fleece,



2

For carding, and combing, and spinning at home,
For the warper and weaver to put to his loom,
For the bed, or the back, when their labour is done,
For wear and for warmth, what can vie with home spun.
Chorus

3

Altho' France and Spain of their climate may boast,
And England be blam'd for its fogs and its frost,
Its damp and its cold too I never shall dread,
With a warm flannel waistcoat and rug to my bed
Chorus

4

What food is so light so delicious to taste,
At the board of the poor, or the wealthy man's feast;
For, whether he purpose plain fare or a treat,
You are always invited "your mutton to eat."
Chorus

5

The skin affords parchment for wills and for deeds,
The carpenter's glue is boil'd down from the shreads,
The leather book-binders and glovers most use
For binding of books, for gloves, doublets and hose.
Chorus

6

We've buttons and handles to knives from the horn,
The jest of the fool, but the wiser man's scorn;
Its feet being prest will afford a good oil,
And its dung is the best of manure to the soil
Chorus

7

In the light of a friend, then, we'll ever regard
The sheep, and in kindness its merits reward,
It's days, as would we_shall it pass still in peace
And mercy and mirth reign at shearing the fleece.
Chorus

J. P.

HONEST WILL

By the Revd C. Buckle.

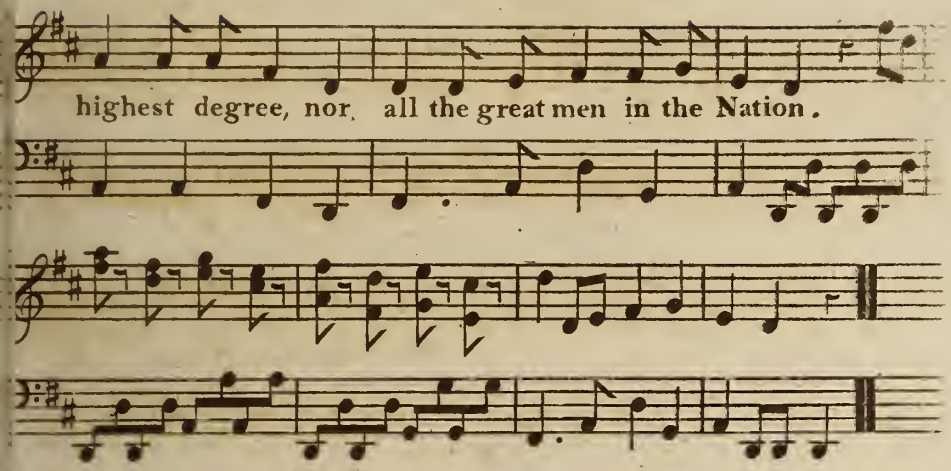
Tune: A Tinker I am
Composed by Mr Dibdin

SONG 28

My Name's honeſt Will, I live under the hill, after bus'ness I rise very ear-ly; Then re-turning at noon to my children and wife, Each object looks ſmiling and cheerly

Chorus

A Farmer I am, and a Farmer I'll be, and I think myſelf bleſt in my station, I envy not Lords of the



2

I can pay ev'ry due that my Landlord may ask,
With the Parson I ne'er had a quarrel,
The Poor I oppress not by labour or task,
For my friend I have ale in my barrel
A Farmer I am, and a Farmer I'll be,
And I think &c.

3

When distress cries aloud, I can never deny;
That relief which to spare I am able;
How unfeeling those hearts which refuse to comply,
How unworthy the meat at their table.
A farmer I am, and a farmer I'll be,
And I think &c.

4

With the INS and the OUTS I have nothing to do,
To the courtier's alarms I'm a stranger
Yet I'll pray that our statesmen may ever prove true,
And never our freedom endanger
A farmer I am, and a farmer I'll be,
And I think &c.

5

Fill your glasses, my Friends, let King George be your toast,
Each true Briton to drink it is ready,
"Rule Britannia's" our motto, which we ne'er will forego,
And our watch word is STEADY, BOY'S, STEADY.
A farmer I am, and a farmer I'll be,
And I think &c.

MUTUAL LOVE

From the LAKERS

Tune Gramachree

Slow

SONG 29

When two fond hearts in mutual Love their fortunes firm unite, Dear

is the bliss they then approve, Unruffled their delight: For

reason then, with sanction wise, Reverses their plighted troth, And

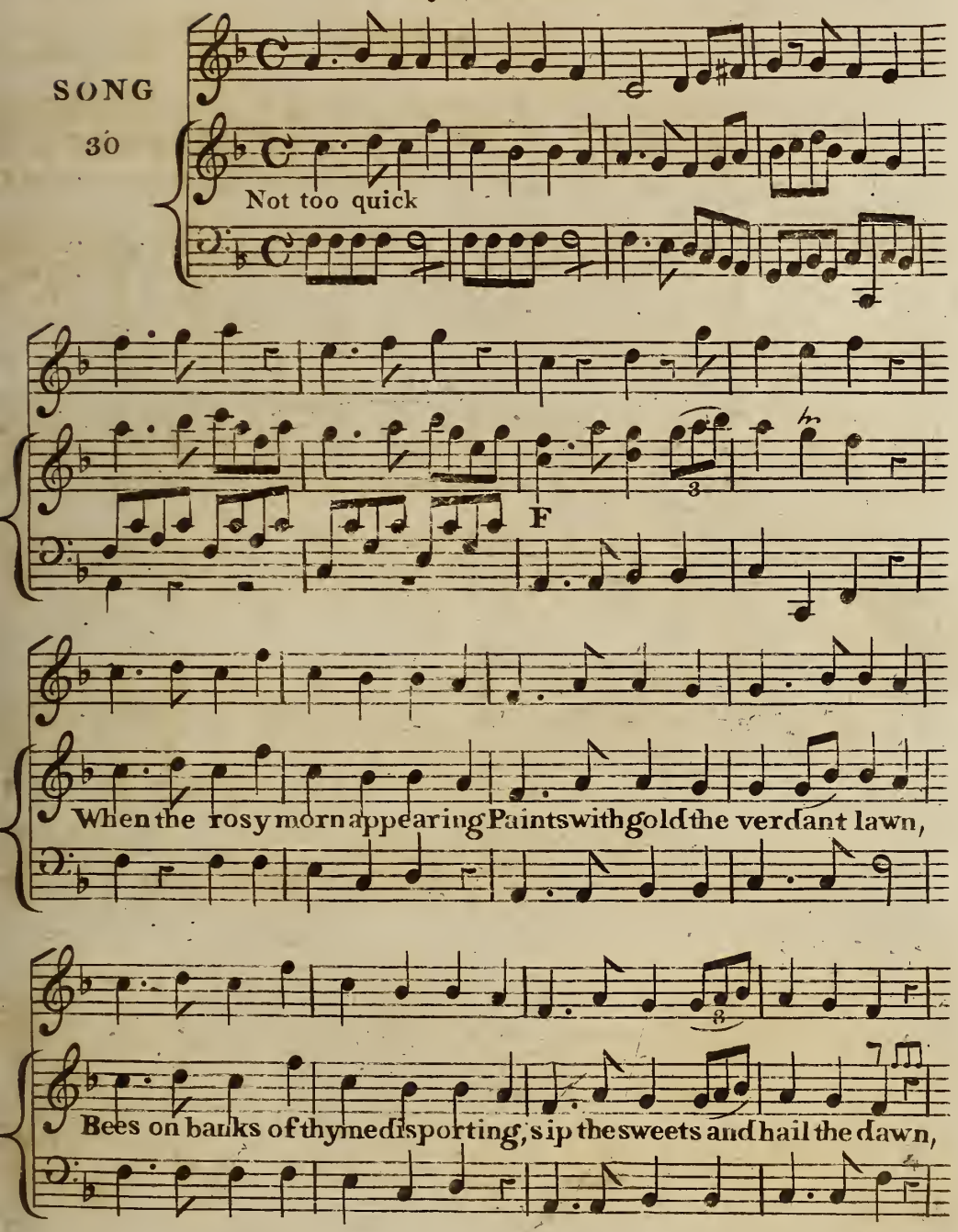
Angels, bending from the skies, are witness to their oath.

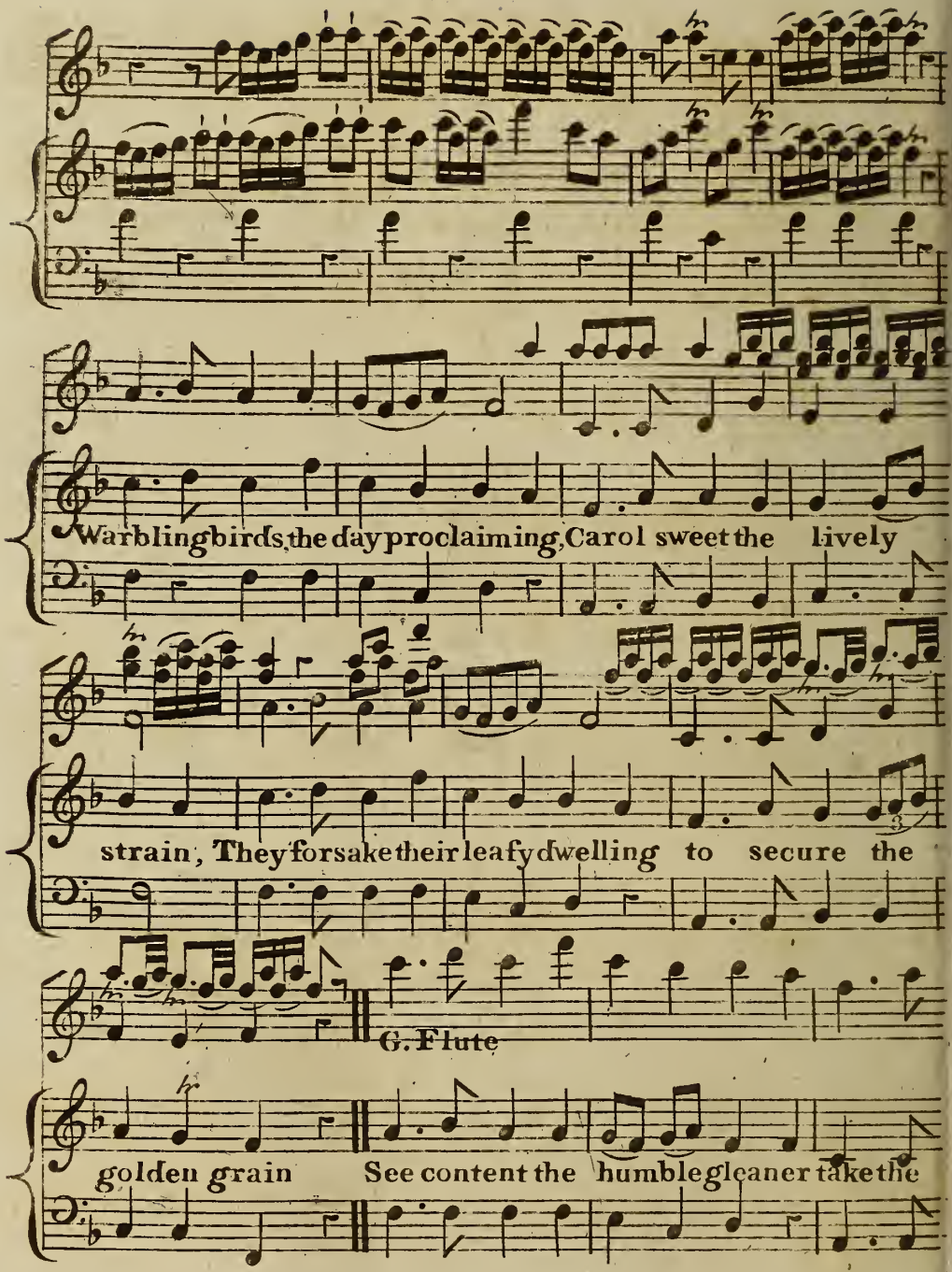
A HARVEST MORNING

From the Opera of Rosina

by Mrs Brooke.

SONG 30




Warbling birds, the day proclaiming, Carol sweet the lively
strain, They forsake their leafy dwelling to secure the
G. Flute
golden grain See content the humble gleaner take the

scatter'd ears that fall; Nature, all her Children viewing, kindly

When the rosy morn appearing Paints with

When the rosy morn appearing Paints with

bounteous cares for all When the rosy morn appearing Paints with

gold the verdant lawn, Bees on banks of thyme disporting,

gold the verdant lawn, Bees on banks of thyme disporting,

gold the verdant lawn, Bees on banks of thyme disporting,

Sip the sweets and hail the dawn Warbling birdsye day proclaiming

Sip the sweets and hail the dawn Warbling birdsye day proclaiming

Sip the sweets and hail the dawn Warbling birdsye day proclaiming

Carol sweet the lively strain They forsake their leafy dwelling

Carol sweet the lively strain They forsake their leafy dwelling

Carol sweet the lively strain They forsake their leafy dwelling

To secure the golden grain.

To secure the golden grain.

To secure the golden grain.

said to be written by a Norfolk Farmer.

SONG 31

Lively

Now we have crown'd our harvest home,

And all our welcome guests are come, Set open ev'-ry door

Call in the neighbring poor, of heavens bounty give them some.

2

With joyful hearts our corn we view
With pleasure see our neighbours too
See how the fruitful earth
To ev ry thing gives birth,
See life supported by the plow.

3

Let us, my friends, ourselves re-gale
And push about the nut brown ale,
Drink a good price to grain,
Barley at nine or ten,
And peace and plenty ne'er to fail.

4

See yon tinsel'd coxcomb beau
Prides himself in his dres's and shew,
Yet, for all his gaudy dress,
He wants the happiness
Of those who drive the cart and plow.

5

Come, fill a glass, and put it round,
And let this night with mirth crown'd be,
All peace and happiness,
Content and joyousness,
Are in a Farmer's Cottage found.

A SHAKE BY THE HAND

Animated

Dr. Hague

SONG 32

When my hand thus I proffer, your

fz

own O deny not, Nor offer it cold nor a finger extend, It

freezes my blood when I find a man shy o't, 'Tis de-

-lightful when shook with the warmth of a friend:

For the hand of the heart is the

Index, declaring, the hand of the heart is the Index, de-

-claring If well or if ill, if well or if ill, If

well or if ill, how its master will stand, I heed not the

tongue of its friendship that's swearing, I judge of a

friend by the shake of his hand.

2

Yet it is not with each new comrade I wou'd shake me,
Be mine the tried friend, whose warm heart shall expand;
Who in wealth or in sorrow will never forsake me,
And the truth of whose heart I shall feel in his hand.

For the hand of the heart &c.

3

Oh! I hate for to see it abus'd at election
In a canvas of votes from each holder of land;
The purpose when gain'd, you shall meet with rejection,
Seven years it will be ere again you've his hand.

For the hand of the heart &c.

4

Then for Friends, and Friends only, this token reserving,
For them be it ever at will to command,
But let each be thy Friend who at all is deserving,
And give him thy heart, with a shake by the hand.

For the hand of the heart &c.

J.P.

A GOOD NAME

From the OPERA of the FARMER
by Mr. O' Keefe

Composed by Mr. Shield

SONG 33

Slow

'Ere a-

round the huge Oak that o'er shadows yon Mill the fond Ivy had dar'd to en-

pia

twine, 'ere the Church was a ru-in that nods on the hill, or the

Rook built his Nest on the Pine, or the Rook built his Nest on the

Pine

mf mf dim.o

2

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
Since my Fore-fathers toil'd in this field;
And the Farm I now hold on your honor's Eſtate,
Is the same that my Grandfather till'd.

3

He, dying, bequeath'd to his Son a Good Name,
Which, unsullied, descended to me;
For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall be free.

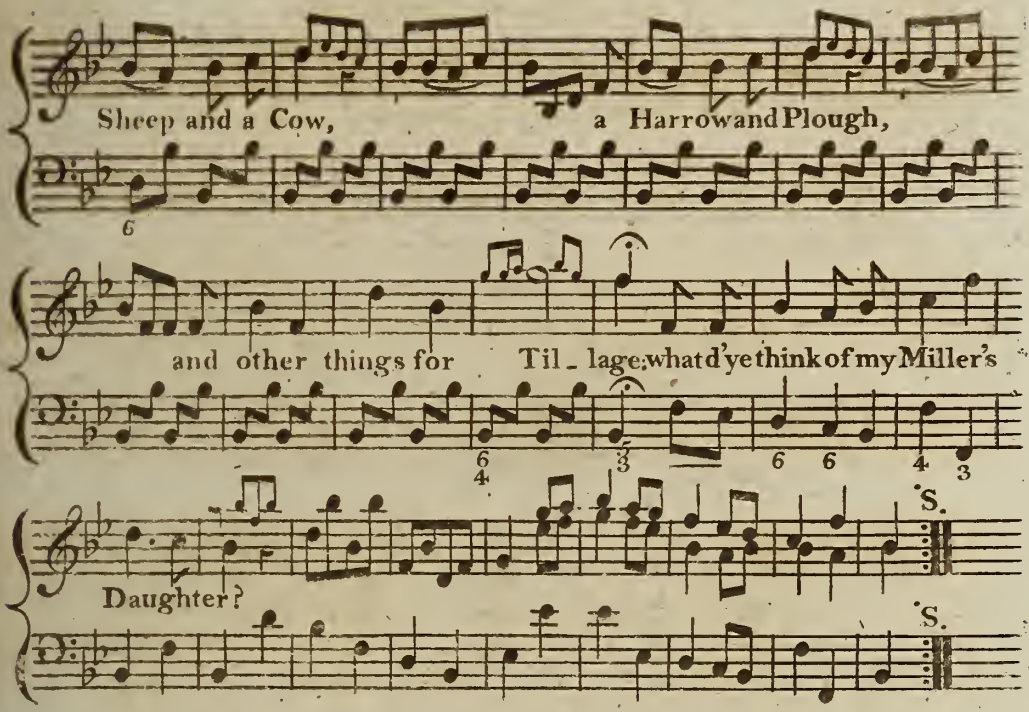
The MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

From the Opera of the Deserter.

by Mr. Dibdin

SONG 34

There was a Miller's Daughter liv'd in a certain Vil - lage, who made a mighty Slaugh - ter For I'd have you to know, both friend and foe, the Clown and Beau, She always said no; and her portion, as I under ſtand, was six Acres of Land, besides a Mill, that never ſtood still some



2

This pretty miller's daughter
Was a damsel of such fame, sir;
That knights and squires sought her
But they soon were told,
That some were too bold,
And some too cold,
And some too old,
And she gave them to understand,
That tho' they were grand,
She was not to be sold,
For says, Betty, says she;
My virtue to me,
Is dearer than gold,

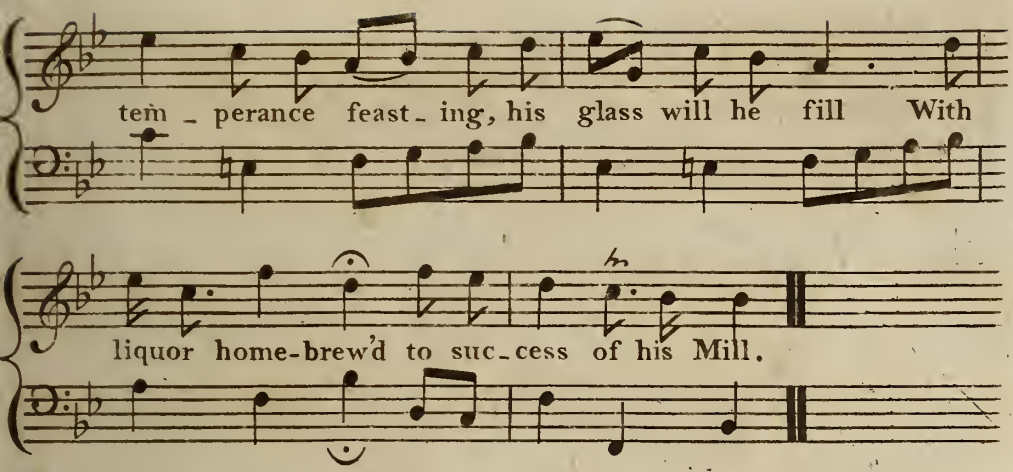
3

But when this Miller's daughter,
Saw, Ned, the morris dancer,
His person quickly caught her;
For who so clean
Upon the green,
As Ned was seen,
For her his queen:
Then blythe and merry as a king,
His bells he'd ring,
And dance and sing,
Like any thing.
Says he, my life,
Wilt' be my wife?

So you may go from whence you came, sir. A blush, and yes, was Betty's answer,
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter? What d'ye think of my miller's daughter?

SONG 35

Near the side of a pond, at the foot of a hill, A true hearted fel_low at_tends on his mill Fresh health blooms her strong ro_sy hue o'er his face, And hones_ _ty gives e'en to awk_wardness grace. Be flower'd with his meal, does he la_bour and sing, And re_ga_ling at night, he's as blest as a King; In



2

So nice is his scruple in toll for his trade,
He takes but the due to his Industry paid;
His conscience is free, and his income is clear,
And he envies not them of ten thousand a year.
He's a freehold sufficient to give him a vote,
At Elections he scorns to accept of a groat,
He dislikes all corruption, and do what you will,
You ne'er can seduce the stanch Man of the Mill.

3

On Sunday he talks with the barber and priest,
And hopes that our Statesmen do all for the best:
That Frenchmen shall ne'er interrupt our free trade,
Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid
He fears the French navy and commerce encrease,
And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace:
Tho' old England he knows may have strength and skill,
To protect all her Manors, and save his own Mill.

4

With this honest hope he goes home to his work,
And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,
And over the meadows he scatters his hay
Or with the stiff plow turns up furrows of clay.
His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee,
That his Country may ever be happy and free,
With his hand and his heart to King George does he fill,
And may all loyal souls act the Man of the Mill.

WILL HEARTY

From the OPERA of the LAKERS

Scotch-Tune
Old Rob Morris

SONG 36

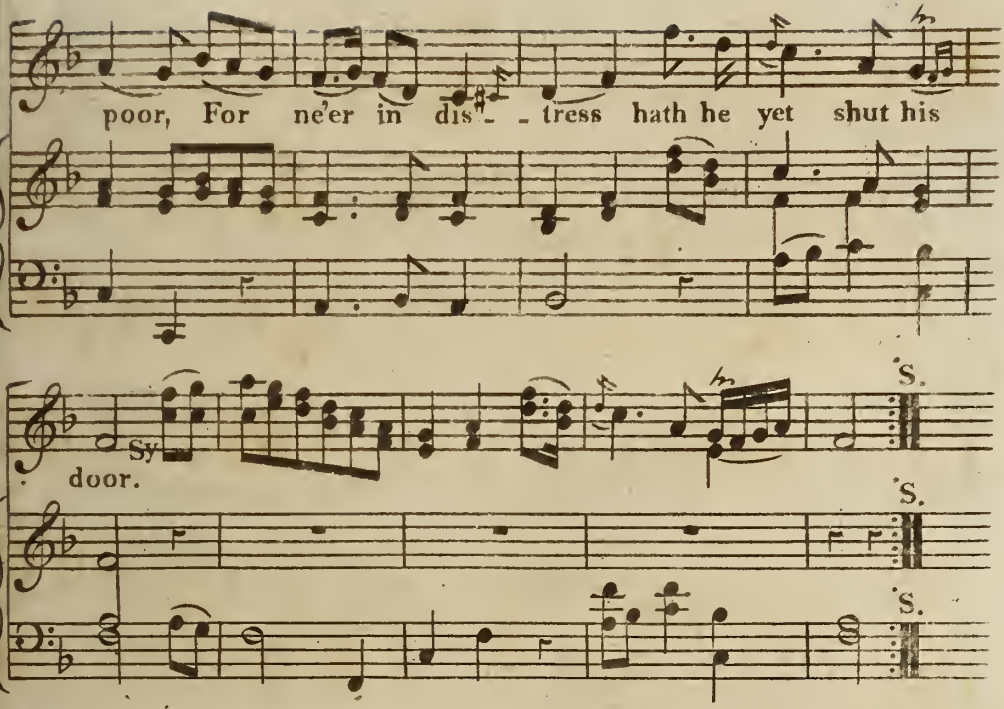
p

S.

Beneath the tall beech that grows hard by the

tide, WILL HEARTY a plain honest soul, does re

side, He's a friend to the rich, he's a friend to the



2

He's a board that is spread with his plain wholesome fare,
And a cellar affording a jug of good beer;
If themselves thirst or hunger before him present,
WILL HEARTY will always their wishes prevent.

3

But if by the rich or the Noble he's sought,
His choicest of dainties before him are brought,
And, while they thus honour his plain friendly board,
WILL HEARTY is happy, and great as a Lord.

The PLOUGHMAN'S WIFE.

Brisk — Altered from the Scotch

SONG 37

The Ploughman he's a blithsome Lad, and all his work's a pleasure, but when that he comes home at e've, he sings in lively measure

O my blithsome Ploughman Lad, O happy blithsome Ploughman, of all the Lads that e'er I saw commend me to the Ploughman.

2

Now that the blooming spring comes on
He'll rise to labour early
And whistling o'er the furrow'd land,
He goes to fallow chearly
O my blithsome &c.

3

When home my Ploughman comes at e've
He's often wet and weary,
Pull off the wet, put on the dry,
The hearth shall blaze so cheery
O my blithsome Ploughman Lad,
O happy blithsome Ploughman,
Of all the Lads that eer I saw
Commend me to the Ploughman.

4

Right glad I'll wash my Ploughman's hose,
And I will wash his linnen,
And well I'll make my Ploughman's shirt,
Of cloth of my own spinning
O my blithsome &c.

5

He ploughs up hill & ploughs up dale,
And ploughs up fold and fallow,
Who does not wish the Ploughman well,
Is but a sorry fellow.
Merry go, and merry come,
And merry is my Ploughman,
Of all employs tho' wearisome
Commend me to the Ploughman.

The COTTAGE of THATCH.

Composed by
Mr. Carnaby

SONG 38

Animated

f

With a heart light and gay, in a

p

Cottage of thatch, let me live, with Con_tent for my

guest

f

with Con

tent for my guest let me live - - -, in a Cottage of

thatch, Where the cank - er of care ne - ver rus - ted the

latch, And where grief shall be strange to my breast, Where the

can - ker of care ne - ver rus - ted the latch, And where

grief shall be strange to my breast.

2

There joy'll be repeated, yet never shall cloy,
While the object is peace to the mind,
And the rapid succession of uniform joy,
Shall leave no discomfort behind.

3

There the hours all shall fly, like the blossoms of spring,
With the promise fresh beauties to prove,
Ev'ry season revolving, its pleasures shall bring,
And the harvest of joy shall be love.

THE BLACK SMITH

Composed by Mr. Wheeler

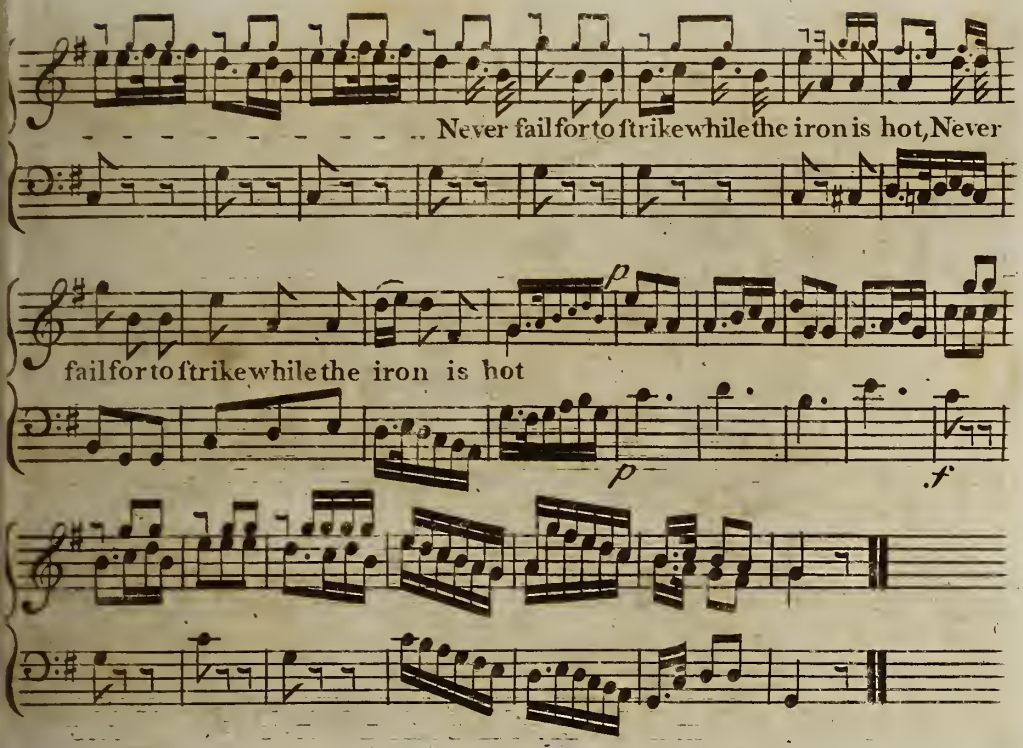
SONG 39

Slow

As oft in my smithy I'm blowing the fire, And of air earth and water am making my shoes, All the world like the sparks, I see upward aspire, And to draw this re flection I cannot but chuse, When once on the anvil your work you have got, Never fail for to strike when the iron is hot, Never fail for to strike - -

Quick

p



2

Should a friend ever purpose to do a good turn,
And of friendship and service an offer should make;
O cherish the fire that makes his zeal burn,
Nor fail of the moment advantage to take;
And, lest his good purpose and you be forgot,
Never fail &c.

3

And, on searching your heart, should you find you intend
Some good to yourself or another to do,
To relieve the distress'd, or yourself to amend,
O watch the bright time when the purpose shall glow,
For happiness hangs on that moment, I wot,
If you fail not &c.

4

Then whene'er by a smithy you happen to pass,
And hear on the anvil the hammer's loud clang,
This truth in your mind do not fail to rehearse,
That you heard from a Blacksmith as blithly he sang,
If but good be your aim, be whatever your lot,
Never fail &c.

J. P.

THE HEALTH

SONG 40

Not too fast . Chorus, to be sung in unison

With grateful hearts we'll drink the health of him who gives this cheer, May Pro__vi - dence en - - crease his wealth, may Providence encrease his wealth, may Pro - vi - dence encrease his wealth, with ev'-ry coming year, with ev'-ry coming year, with ev'-ry coming year, may Pro - vi - dence encrease his wealth with ev'-ry coming year.

2

Ourselves, our wives and children dear,
Beneath his smiles have sped;
May ev'ry good he gives us here
Be doubled on his head.

J.P.

Another

Chearfully

Chorus, to be sung in unison

Here's a health to the Master, the founder of the feast, here's a health to the Master the founder of the feast; God bless him, and grant that his wealth may encrease, That his blessings may improve still with e - ve - ry year, So God bless our good Master and thanks for his cheer, thanks, thanks.

Another

Rather Quick

Come, let us drink Mister ✢ good health, And raise our gladsome voice, Come let us drink Mister ✢ good health, and raise our gladsome voice, His crops are housd and our labour's past, his crops are housd and our labour's past, Rejoice - - rejoice - - rejoice, rejoice, rejoice.

THE STORM

SONG 41 Written by George Alexander Stevens.

Slow

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring Railer, list, ye Landsmen all, to me, Mefsmates, hear a Brother Sailor, sing the dangers of the Sea: from bounding billows firſt in motion; when the distant Whirlwinds rise, to the Tempeſt-troubled Ocean where the Seas contend with Skies.

Lively 2

Hark! the Boatswain hoarsely bawling-
"By topsail-sheets, and haulyards stand,
Down top-gallants quick be hawling
Down, your stay sails, hand, Boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the Braces,
Now the top-sail Sheets let go,
Luff, Boys, luff, don't make wry Faces,
Up, your top-sails nimbly clew.

Slow 3

Now, all you, at home in safety,
Shelter'd from the howling storm,
Tasting joys by heav'n vouch saft ye,
Of our state faint notions form.
Round us roars the Tempeſt louder
Think what fears our minds enthrals;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the Bo'sen calls!

Quick. 4

The top-sail yards point to the wind, Boys,
  See all clear to reef each course —
Let the foresheets go, don't mind, Boys,
  Tho' the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the Spritsail yard get —
  Reef the Mizen-see all clear —
Hands up, each preventer-brace, set —
  Man the foreyard-Cheer, Lads, cheer.

Slow. 5

Now the dreadful Thunder roaring,
  Peal, on Peal 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;
Different Deaths at once surround us —
  Hark!-what means that dreadful Cry.

Quick. 6

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 encreases
  Four feet Water in the Hold!

Slow. 7

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

Quick. 8

O'er the lee-beam is the Land, Boys.
  Let the Guns o'er board be thrown —
To the Pump come ev'ry 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 rigg a jury-foremast —
  See rights, she rights, Boys, wear off shore.

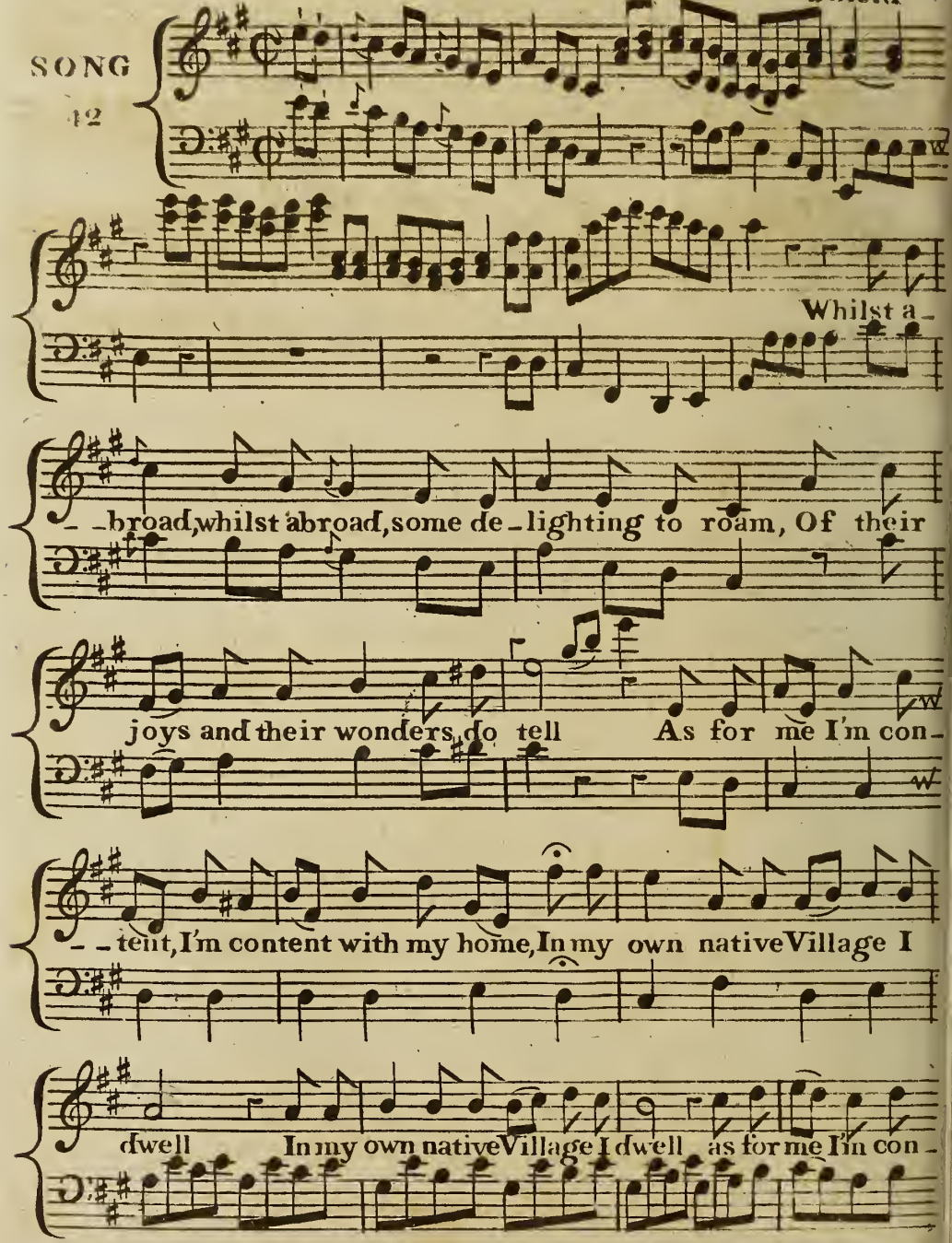
Joyous. 9

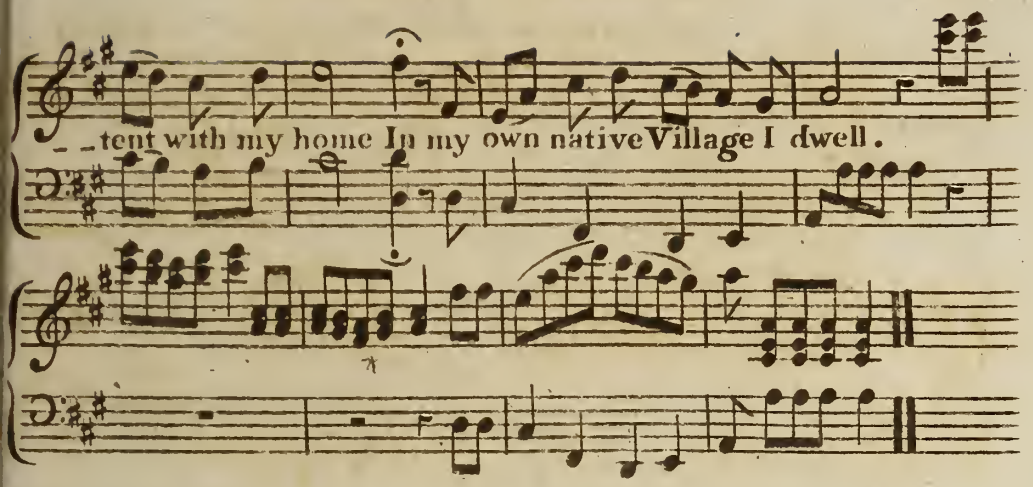
Now, once more, peace round us beaming,
  Since kind heav'n has sav'd our lives,
From our eyes joy's tears are streaming,
  For our children and our wives:-
Grateful hearts now beat in wonder
  To him, who thus prolongs our days; —
Hush'd to rest the mighty thunder,
  Ev'ry voice bursts forth in praise!!!

MY NATIVE VILLAGE

Tune: In the Opera of the Woodman Shield

SONG 42





Of new friendships they're boasting forsooth,
Of new friends that all others excel
But to me give the friends of my youth
In my own native Village that dwell.

Respecting my Neighbours, their respect
I enjoy in return but too well;
From no friends e'er I suffer'd neglect
In my sweet native Village that dwell.

Ev'ry scene here recalls to my mind
Happy days that my youth still befell;
And to change I shall ne'er be inclin'd,
In my sweet native Village I dwell.

THE NEGLECTED TAR

Written by a Gentleman of Liverpool.

SONG 43

I

sing the British seaman's praise; a theme renown'd in sto - ry; It

well deserves more polish'd lays; Oh! 'tis your boast and glo - ry, when

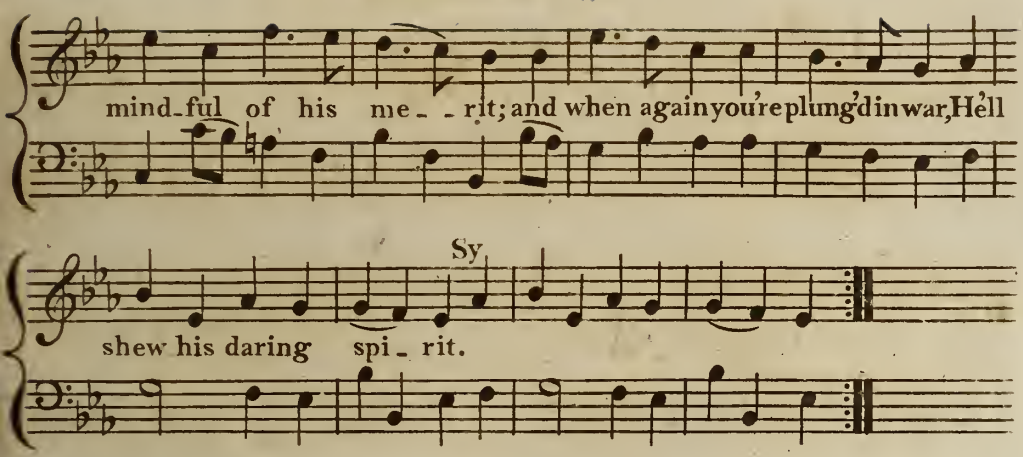
mad-brain'd War spreads death around, by them you are pro - tected; but

when in peace the Nation's found, these bulwarks are ne - glected.

Sy

Chorus

Then, oh! protect the har - dy tar; be



2

When thickest darkness covers all,
Far on the trackless ocean;
When lightnings dart—when thunders roll
And all is wild commotion;
When o'er the bark the white-topp'd waves,
With boist'rous sweep, are rolling,
Yet coolly still, the whole he braves,
Serene amidst the howling
Then, oh! protect, &c.

3

When deep immers'd in sulphrous smoke,
He feels a glowing pleasure;
He loads his gun, right heart of oak,
Elated beyond measure.
Though fore & aft the blood-stain'd deck,
Should lifeless trunks appear;
Or should the vessel float a wreck,
The sailor knows no fear.
Then oh! protect, &c.

4

When long becalm'd, on southern brine,
Where scorching beams assail him;
When all the canvas hangs supine,
And food and water fail him;
Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
Where plenty still is reigning;
They call the watch—his rapture's o'er,
He sighs, forbears complaining.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

5

Or burning on that noxious coast,
Where death so oft befriends him;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,
True courage still attends him:
No clime can this eradicate;
He's calm amidst annoyance;
He fearless braves the storms of fate,
On heav'n is his reliance.
Then, oh! protect, &c.

6

Why should the man who knows no fear
In peace be then neglected?
Behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected!
Behold him begging for employ!
Behold him disregarded!
Then view the anguish in his eye,
And say, are Tars rewarded?
Then, oh! protect, &c.

7

To them your dearest rights you owe;
In peace then would you starve them.
What say ye, Britain's sons? oh! no!
Protect them, and preserve them.
Shield them from poverty and pain,
'Tis policy to do it;
Or when grim war shall come again,
Oh; Britons, ye may rue it!
Then, oh! protect, &c.

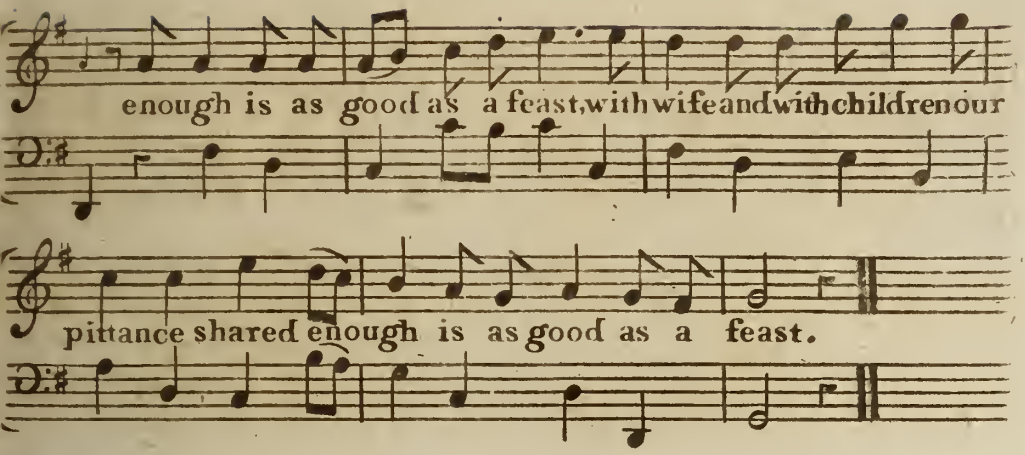
THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR

SONG 44

Lively

Tune: The Beggar and Queen

There's a dif__fe_rence, most sure, twixt the rich man and the poor, and I'll tell you the reason why, The rich man has more cares, the more weighty his affairs, Nor is half so happy as I. Tho' we toil and we labour hard hard hard, the bread that is honest is best, with wife and with children our pittance shared, enough is as good as a feast



2

The rich man he may feast,
'Till he hurt his health at least,
In all sorts of riot engage:
But, how costly so e'er
His good living and his fare,
Thirst and hunger he can but assuage.
Chorus

3

He may lay himself down
On a bed of fine down,
But never his eyelids may close;
The poor and healthy clown,
Who has plow'd and who has sown,
On his bed of sweet straw finds repose.
Chorus

4

And perchance if his coat
Should be finer, I wot,
Or be garnish'd with silver and gold
From the rain and the wind,
Coarse cloth will yet befriend,
And keep out the rough winter's cold.
Chorus

5

His riches 'tis confest,
Well used, will make him blest,
As they blessings to others shall prove:
But the poor man's little hoard
Its mites may yet afford,
And as great be his labour of love
Chorus

THE GENEROUS SOUL.

SONG 45

Let E_picures boast of their de_li_cate

Feafts, let Drunkards en_joy their full bowl; If my

Cho:

feast gives con_tent, tho' but home_ly the fare, I'll

stile it the feast of the Soul. Sy

2

If pleasure result from an earnest desire
To amuse and enliven the whole:
That pleasure is mine, and I'll strive to inspire
The same in each Generous Soul.

3

The musty pedantic may boast of his power,
Each generous thought to controul;
'Tis but Stoical apathy, reason ne'er checks
The social delights of the Soul.

4

The beneficent hand of kind nature has spread
A profusion of sweets thro' the whole:
And who wou'd refuse of her bounties to taste,
But a sour and splenetic Soul?

5

Be our Passions the Gale, and let reason but steer,
Then safe down the stream shall we roll:
And enjoy in the passage each pleasure that springs,
Each social delight of the Soul.

6

With reason we'll taste of the pleasures of life,
With reason partake of the Bowl:
And the blessing of health love and friendship shall crown,
From whence spring the joys of the Soul.

7

Let us cherish the gift as a bounty most rare,
Let us cherish old time as it roll:
And when nature forbids it, let's calmly resign
The social delights of the Soul.

NANCY OF THE DALE

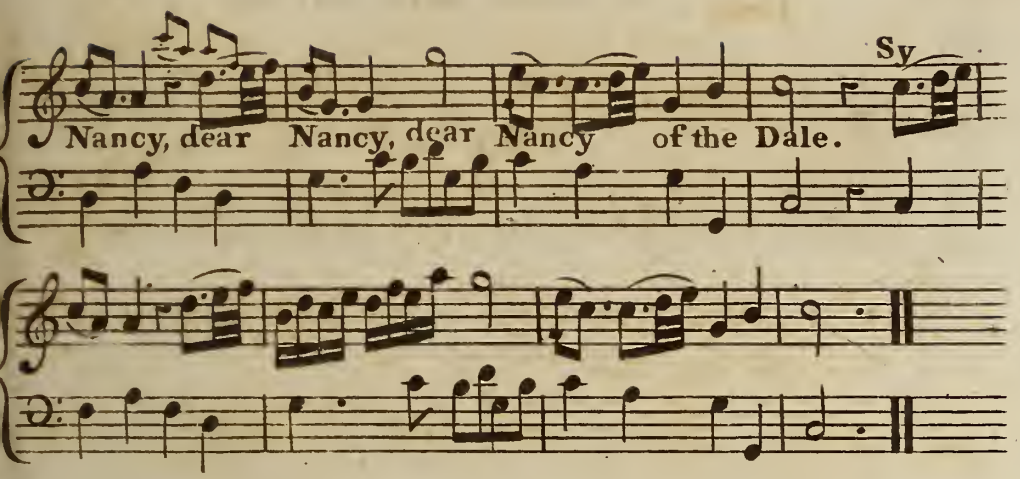
From the Entertainment of the Camp

By R.B. Sheridan Esq.r

M.r Linley

SONG 46

My Nancy leaves the rural train a Camp's distress to prove: all other ills she can sustain but liv - - ing from her love: yet dearest, tho' your Soldier's there, will not your spirits fail To mark the hardships you must share dear Nancy of the Dale, Dear



2

Or should you, love, each danger scorn,
Ah! how shall I secure
Your health,—'mid toils which you were born
To sooth—but not endure:
A thousand perils I must view,
A thousand ills assail;
Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
Dear Nancy of the Dale.

3

[But happy in each others love,
One fortune will we share,
Hope shall our surest anchor prove,
Our trust against despair:
On Heav'n alone we will rely,
Whose mercies never fail,
Altho' that one or both should die,
Dear Nancy of the Dale.

J. P.]

THE HUMBLE ROOF

From the Lord of the Manor

by Wm Jackson of Exeter

Pastoral

SONG 47

When first this humble Roof I knew, With various cares I strove, My Grain was scarce, my Sheep were few, My all of Life was Love: By mutual toil our board was dress'd, the Spring our drink be stow'd; But when her Lip the brim had press'd, the Cup with Nec - tar flow'd - - - - with Nec - tar flow'd.

2

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd, No value has a splendid lot,
No other Guest came nigh; But as the means to prove
In them was giv'n, thô gold was spar'd, That from the Castle to the Cot,
What gold could never buy The ALL of LIFE is LOVE.

THE JOYS OF AN HUMBLE STATE

From the Opera of No song no Supper.

Storace

SONG 48

How happily my life I led without a day of sorrow, To plow and sow, to reap and mow, no care beyond to morrow, no care beyond to morrow: In heat or cold, in wet or dry, I never grumbled, no not I: my

wife, tis true, loves words a few, my wife, tis true, loves words a few; what

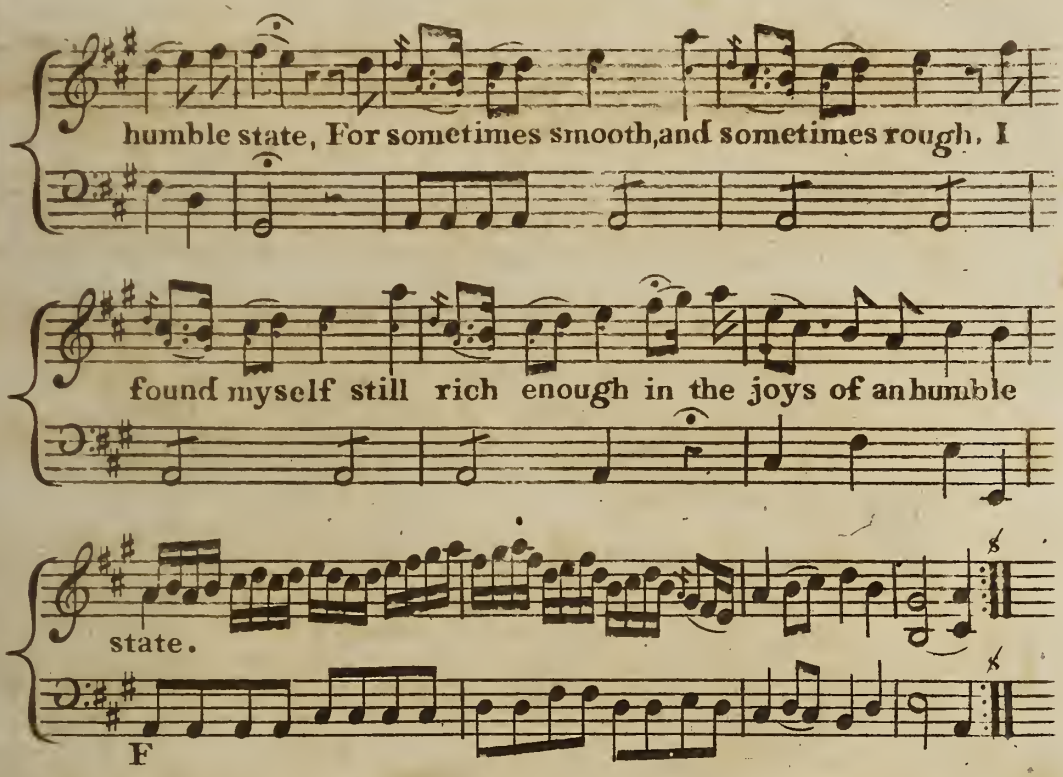
mF mF F

then? I let her prate, what then, I let her prate: For

mF mF F

sometimes smooth, and sometimes rough, I found myself still

rich enough in the joys of an humble state, in the joys of an



But when with law I crazd my head,
I lost both peace and pleasure,
Long says to hear,
To search and swear,
And plague beyond all measure;
One grievance brought another on,
My debts increase my stock is gone,
My wife she says
Our means 'twill raise,
What then? 'tis idle prate,
For sometimes smooth &c.

LOVE

A Duett from the Pantomime of Oscar and Malvina.

Tune: Kauld Kale of Aberdeen.

SONG 49

Lively

O ever in my bosom live thou source of endless pleasure, Since nothing else on earth can give So dear so rich a treasure. True love perhaps may bring alarms, but if the child of reason, It adds to Summer greater charms & cheers the wintry season.

2

The lustre of the great and gay
Is transitory fashion:
Whilst pure and lasting is the ray
Of unaffected passion:
When danger threats the peasants cot
And cruel cares assail it:
Affection's smiles shall soothe his lot
Or bid him not bewail it.

3

Then let us each on each rely,
A mutual transport borrow:
The slavish forms of life defy,
And artificial sorrow.
Content we'll sport and laugh and sing,
Grow livelier and jocoser:
While Time, that flits on envious wing
Will bind our hearts the closer.

THE WANDERING SAILOR

From the Opera of Summers Amusement
by W.m A. Miles and M.P. Andrews Esq.rs

SONG 50

F P

F

The wand'ring Sailor ploughs the main, A competence in

P

life to gain, Undaunted braves the stormy seas, To find at

last content and ease, to find at last content and ease, In

hopes, when toil and danger's o'er, to anchor on his native

PP

shore, in hopes, when toil and danger's o'er, to anchor on his native

shore, to anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard and mountains roll, and thunders

P F P

shake from pole to pole, tho' dreadful waves surrounding

P F P

foam, still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home, still flatt'ring fancy

F P

wafts him home, In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er, to anchor

on his native shore, in hopes, when toil and danger's o'er, to anchor

Sy

on his native shore, to anchor on his native shore.

mF FF

When round the bowl the jovial crew the early

scenes of life renew, tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast, this is the

u-niversal toast, this is the u-niversal toast, may we, when

PP

toil and danger's o'er, cast anchor on our native shore, may we, when

toil and danger's o'er, cast anchor on our native shore, cast anchor

on our native shore.

CHASTE LOVE

From the Honest Yorkshire man.

written by H. Carey

Joys in gen'rous

Handel

SONG 51

Gently

Love's a gentle gen'rous passion, source of all sublime de_lights. Which, with mutual incli_ _ _na_tion, Two fond hearts in one u_ _nite; which with mutual inclination, two fond hearts in one unite.

Fine

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
If compar'd with true content,
That false joy, which now bewitches,
When obtain'd, we may repent?

Lawless passion brings vexation;
But a chaste and constant love
Is a glorious emulation
Of the blissful state above.

THE GOOD OLD SOLDIER

Tune: When my money was gone.

Composed by Mr. Hook.

SONG 52

Andante

I have heard a complaint, when we've bled in the wars, that the world always frowns on our fate, that ne-lect is the meed of our honored scars, and indifference stands at each gate.

2

It is true that I something of this kind have seen,
Tow'rds my brethren return'd from the wars;
And I set me to think what such conduct could mean,
Why they slighted their honored scars.

3

It is not the scar nor the soldier that's scorn'd,
For I many have seen most rever'd;
But he who should be by fair virtue adorn'd,
For his vices, too often, is fear'd.

4

If in innocence bred, from his parish he hies,
And for virtue the army's no school;
He learns there to drink to blaspheme and tell lies,
And returns but to kick at all rule.

5

Instead of protecting the fearful and good,
By the good he, alas! is but fear'd;
And mischief has oft to his neighbours accrued,
When by virtue, he'd been most endear'd.

6

It was my happy lot in a village to dwell,
Where true goodness is ever esteem'd,
I was taught in my youth to discern good from ill,
And my soul the most precious part deem'd.

7

At the call of my King I repair'd to the wars,
To chastise the presumptuous foe,
And with victory crown'd, but all cover'd with scars.
Pleas'd, I bore them my friends for to shew.

8

When my wife and my children embalm'd them with tears,
In each neighbour I found a true friend;
Each envies my fate, when my story he hears;
E'en our Pastor well pleas'd will attend.

9

In places remote many ways have I learn'd,
Which I thought might our 'vantage produce,
These, to better their states, to their good I have turn'd,
And of money and time made some use.

10

While absent, my wife and my children contriv'd,
From the parish allowance to stay;
And remittances duly I sent, as I liv'd
The nearest, and hoarded my pay.

11

Thus, by kindred belov'd, and respected by all,
In peace wears the eve of my days;
And I trust, that when Providence hence me shall call,
To breathe out my last in his praise.

LOVELY MARY

Tune: Sally in our Alley

by H. Carey

SONG 53

Of all the girls that I have seen, there's none I would compare ye to her who is my lovely queen, her name is pret_ty Mary. Whilst other girls were drest out smart, so flaunting and so ai_ry, the maid, who won my simple heart, was lovely modest Mary.

She never went to feasts and fairs,
Her time and money wasting,
In learning foolish fleeting airs,
Neglecting joys more lasting.
Oh! no – the course my charmer took
To this was quite contrary,
And simple truth was in each look
Of lovely modest Mary.

At household work so apt and clean,
None ever kept things tighter,
In sightly rows the pewter seen,
No silver e'er was brighter.
But of all other things her pride,
The neatest was her dairy,
No cheese or butter ever vied
With that of lovely Mary.

When all the lads around her came,
Beseeching her to marry,
She said she'd seek an honest fame,
Or else that she would tarry.
The idle, drunken and profane
She still refus'd, most wary,
For wickedness was still the bane
Of lovely modest Mary.

At length, when I had sought to gain
Her by obsequious carriage,
Coquetish airs she did disdain,
Consenting to our marriage:
And from her goodly way of life
I've never known her vary,
A loving mother and a wife
Is still my charming Mary.

Ah! thus thro life still may we keep,
In loves soft bonds agreeing,
And as we sow so may we reap,
Our children's children seeing;
In death each other may sustain,
When gone our children bear me,
Bewept unto one peaceful grave
Along with lovely Mary.

J. P.

THE BOTTLE

Chearful. By Hugh Kelly

SONG 54

While the bot-tle to hu-mour and so-cial de--light the smallest as-sis-tance can lend, While it hap--pi--ly keeps up the laugh of the night, or en-li-vens the mind of a friend, or en-li-vens the mind of a friend.

O let me enjoy it, thou bountiful powr!
That my time may deliciously pass;
And should care ever think to intrude on the hour,
Scare the haggard away with a glass.

But instead of a rational feast of the sense,
Should discord preside o'er the bowl,
And folly, debate, or contention commence,
From too great an expansion of soul,

Should the man I esteem, or the friend of my breast,
In the Ivy feel nought but the rod,
Should I make sweet religion a profligate jest,
And daringly sport with my God,

From my lips dash the poison, O merciful powr!
Where the madness or blasphemy hung;
And let evry word, at which virtue should lour,
Parch quick on my infamous tongue.

From my sight let the curse be eternally driv'n,
Where my reason so fatally strayd;
That no more I may offer an insult to Heav'n
Or give man a cause to upbraid.

TOBACCO

SONG 55

To-bac-co is an Indian weed, grows green in the morn, cut down at eve. It shows our de-cay, Man's life is but clay, Think of this when you smoke To-bacco.

The pipe that is so lilly white,
In which so many take delight,
Is broke with a touch, Man's life is but such,
Think of this when you smoke Tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within,
It shows man's soul is stain'd with sin,
And therefore does require for to be purgd with fire,
Think of this when you smoke Tobacco.

The smoke that does so high ascend,
It shows man's life must have an end,
When the vapour it is gone, man's life it is done,
Think of this when you smoke Tobacco.

The ashes which are left behind,
They serve to put us all in mind,
That we came from the dust, return there we must,
Think of this when you smoke Tobacco.

Composed by Michael Este

56

GLEE

How happily we live that brothers be, that

How happily we live

How happily we

brothers brothers be, how happily we live that brothers

that brothers be, how happily we live that brothers

live that brothers be how happily we live that brothers

be, that brothers be, round the board, round the board, round the

be, that brothers be round the board, round the

be, that brothers be_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

board, round the board, round the

board, round the board, round the board, round the board,

_ _ _ round the board, round the board, round the

board, thus, we sit in harmless glee, round the board, thus, we

thus, we sit in harmless glee, round the board, thus, we

board thus we sit in harmless glee thus we

1 2 Fine

sit in harmless glee, glee at our daily toil al-

sit in harmless glee, glee at our daily toil al-

1 2

sit in harmless glee, glee at our daily toil al-

-tho' we labour hard, at our daily toil al-tho' we labour

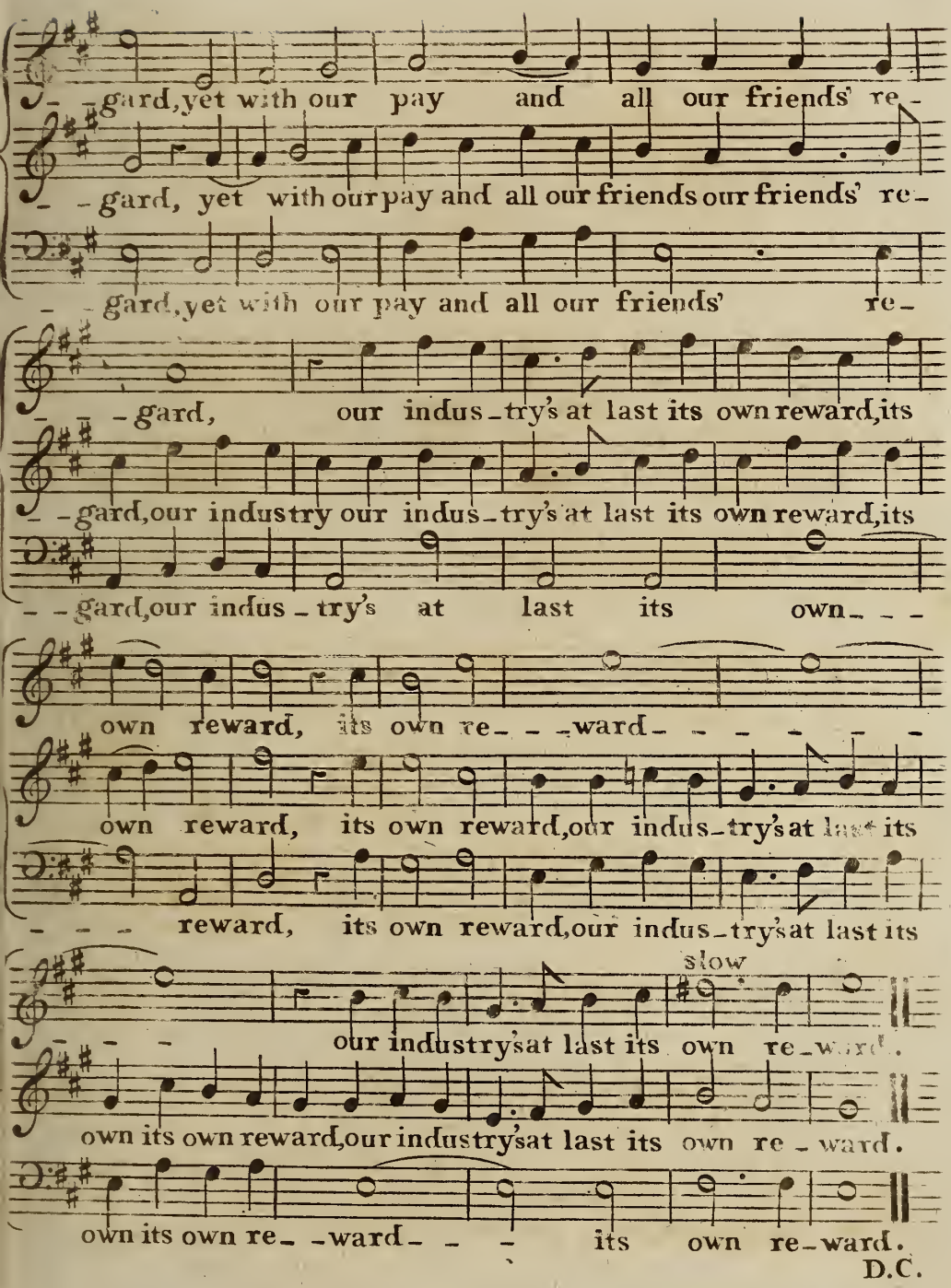
-tho' we labour hard, at our daily toil altho' we labour

-tho' we labour hard, at our daily toil al-tho' we labour

hard, yet with our pay, and all our friends' re-

hard, yet with our pay, and all our friends our friends' re-

hard, yet with our pay, and all our friends' re- - -


gard, yet with our pay and all our friends' re-
gard, yet with our pay and all our friends our friends' re-
gard, yet with our pay and all our friends' re-
gard, our indus-try's at last its own reward, its
gard, our industry our indus-try's at last its own reward, its
gard, our indus-try's at last its own
own reward, its own re-ward
own reward, its own reward, our indus-try's at last its
reward, its own reward, our indus-try's at last its
slow
our industry's at last its own re-ward.
own its own reward, our industry's at last its own re-ward.
own its own re-ward its own re-ward.
D.C.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE

SONG 37

Tenderly

Dr. Hague

My Edward was the sweetest youth that e'er our Villag

knew, Renown'd for manly sense and truth For

ne'er was lad so true. From Childhood's days to-

- - - gether bred, Our friendship turn'd to love, Our parents

said that we should wed, The match was made a - bove.

But soon by Discord's dread alarms,
The world was fill'd with wars,
My Edward he was call'd to arms,
To fight his Country's cause.
Without a friend to share his heart,
And sooth him in his woe,
Ah! could I let my true love part,
And lose his Sue? ah, no!

With him I cheerly join'd the band;
And bade our friends adieu:
I left my happy native land, —
The Seas to me were new.
The thunders roll'd the light'nings flash'd,
The Sea heav'd mountains high,
And as the stately Vessel dash'd,
I thought we touchd the Sky.

The hardy Tar's undaunted breast
Was still 'midst these alarms,
And even I enjoy'd my rest, —
While in my true love's arms.
And now we left the troubled strand,
I thought our strife would cease;
But, ah! we found the hostile Land
As troubled as the Seas.

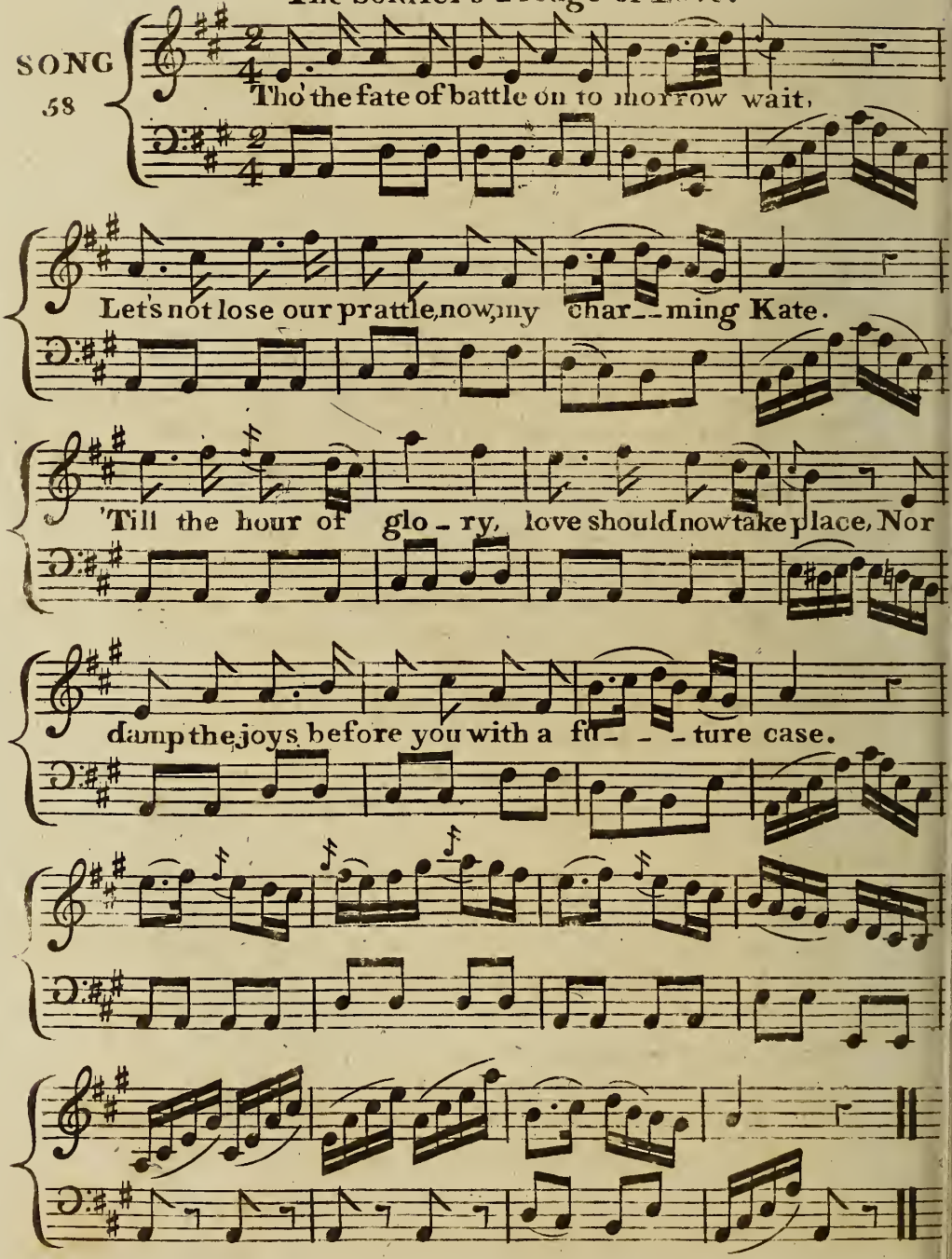
But as the armies onward press'd,
From far I watch'd the strife,
A fervent pray'r to Heav'n address'd,
To save my Edward's life.
And when the routed foe had fled,
I sought the bloody field,
My true love on the ground was laid,
About his life to yield.

He had but time my hand to press,
And raise him on his side,
We chang'd alas! a clay cold kiss, —
And in my arms he died.
And now his soul is fled above,
I'll guard our spotless fame,
Tho' widow'd from my Edward's love,
I'm wedded to his name.

J. P.

THE TOBACCO BOX
or
The Soldier's Pledge of Love.

SONG 58



Kate

Oh! my Thomas, still be constant, still be true,
Be but to your Kate as she is still to you;
Glory will attend you, still will make us blest;
With my firmest love, my dear, you're still possest.

Thomas

No new beauties toasted, I'm their arts above;
Three Campaigns are wasted, but not so my love;
Anxious still about thee, thou art all my care,
No beauty shall seduce me, to me but Kate is fair.

Kate

Constant to my Thomas I will still remain,
Nor think that I will leave thy side the whole Campaign,
But I'll cherish thee, and strive to make thee bold,
May'st thou share the vict'ry! may'st thou share the gold!

Thomas

Here, Kate, take my 'bacco box, 'tis a soldier's all;
If by Frenchmen's blows your Tom shall chance to fall,
When my life is ended, thou may'st boast and prove
Thou'dst my first, my last, my only pledge of love.

Kate

Here, take back thy 'bacco box, thou art all to me,
Nor think but I'll be near thee, dearest love, to see;
In the hour of danger let me always share,
I'll be kept no stranger to my soldier's fare.

Thomas

Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling tear,
Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear;
But may Heav'n befriend us! hark! the drum's command;
Now I will attend you. – Love, I kiss your hand.

Kate

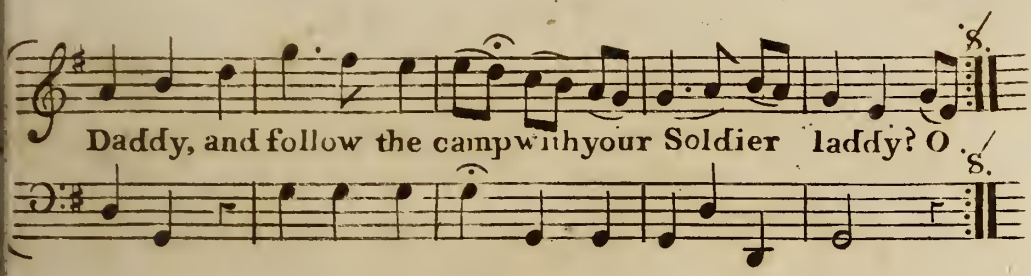
These tears I cannot conquer, tho' crying I disdain;
But, must own 'tis trying hard the point to gain.
May good Heav'n defend thee! conquest on thee wait!
One kiss more, and then I give thee up to fate.

Both repeat this verse, only Thomas says { conquest on me wait! / yield myself to fate.

O SAY BONNY LASS

SONG 59

O say bonny lass will you lye in a barrack, and marry a Soldier, and car-ry his wallet, O say wou'd you leave both your Mammy and Daddy, and fol-low the camp with your Sol- -dier lad-dy? O say wou'd you leave both your Mammy and



O yes, bonny lad, I could lye in a barrack,
And marry a Soldier and carry his wallet;
I will but ask leave of my Mammy and Daddy,
And follow my dearest my Soldier laddy.

O say, bonny Lass, would you go a campaigning;
And bear all the hardships of battle and famine,
When wounded and bleeding, then wouldst thou draw near me.
And kindly support me, and tenderly chear me?

O yes, bonny lad, I will think nothing of it;
But follow my Harry and carry his wallet;
Nor danger, nor famine, nor wars can alarm me,
My Soldier is near me, and nothing can harm me.

THE BONNY SAILOR

Composed by Dr. Green

SONG 60

Fair Sally lov'd a bonny Seaman, With tears she sent him out to roam, Young Thomas lov'd no other woman, But left his heart with her at home She view'd the sea from off the hill, And as she turn'd the spinning wheel, Sung of her bonny Seaman

2

The winds blew loud, and she grew paler,
To see the weather cock turn round,
When lo! she spied her Bonny Sailor
Come singing o'er the fallow ground:
With nimble haste he leap'd the style,
And Sally met him with a smile,
And hugg'd her Bonny Sailor.

3

Fast round the waist he took his Sally,
But first around his mouth wip'd he:
Like home-bred swains, he could not dally,
But kist and prest her with a glee:
"Thro' winds and waves and dashing rain,"
Cried he, "thy Tom's return'd again,
And brings a heart for Sally."

4

"This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,
I still have kept for thy dear sake,
A thousand times in am'rous folly,
Thy name has carv'd upon the deck;
Again the happy pledge returns,
To tell how truly Thomas burns,
How true he burns for Sally."

5

"This thimble did'st thou give to Sally;
When this I see, I think of you;
Then why does Tom stand shill I, shall I,
While yonder steeple's in our view."
Tom never to occasion blind,
Now took her in the coming mind,
And went to church with Sally.

WHEN IN WAR ON THE OCEAN

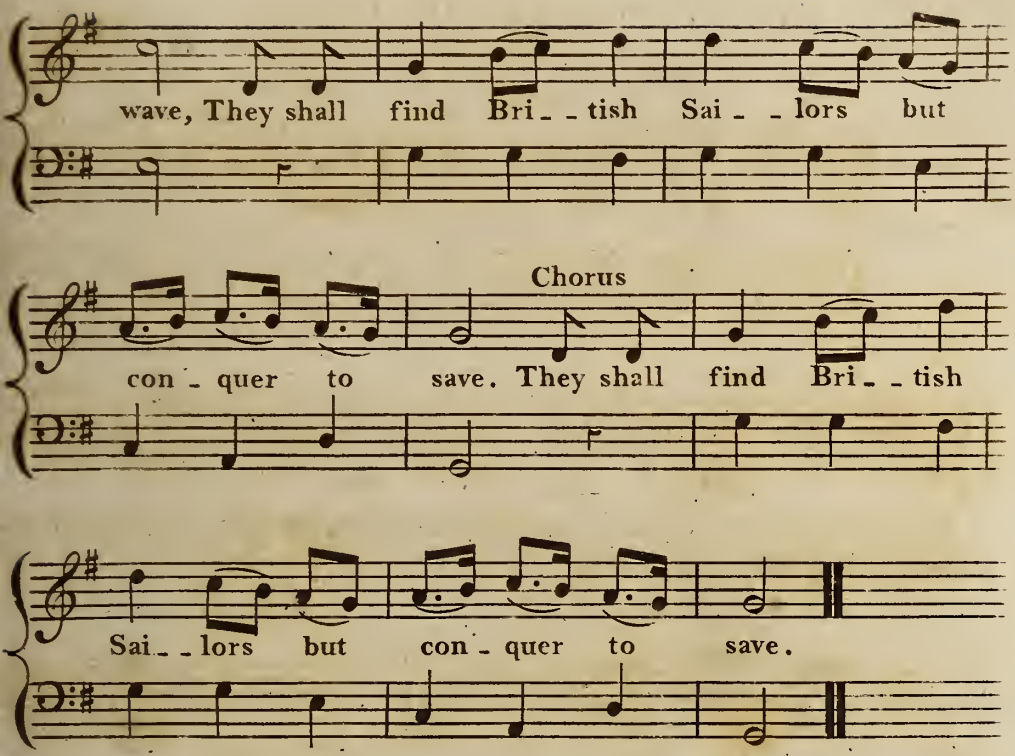
SONG 61

When, in War, on the O - - cean, we

meet the proud Foe, Tho' with ar - - dour for

Con - quest our bo - soms may glow, Let us

see on their Vessels old En - - gland's Flag



2

And now their pale Ensigns we view from afar,
With three Cheers they are welcom'd by each British Tar,
Whilst the spirit of Britons still bids us advance,
And our Guns hurl in Thunder defiance to France.

3

But mark our last Broadside! she sinks, down she goes,
Quickly man all our Boats, they no longer are Foes,
To snatch a brave Fellow from a wat'ry Grave,
Is worthy a Briton, who conquers to save.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL, OR BLACK EY'D SUSAN

written by Gay

Composed by Mr. Leveridge

SONG 62

All in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd, The streamers

waving in the wind. When black ey'd Susan came on

board, Oh! where shall I my true love find. Tell me, ye

jovial Sailors, tell me true, If my sweet William,

If my sweet William sails among your Crew.

William, who, high upon the yard,
Rockd with the billows too and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly thro his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poisd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mates shrill-call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest:
The noblest Captain in the British Fleet
Might envy William's lips those Kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain:
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again:
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithfull Compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee Sailors, when away,
In ev'ry Port a Mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's Coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is Ivory so white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The Sails their swelling bosoms spread,
No longer must she stay on board,
They kissd: she sighd: he hung his head:
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

THE MID WATCH

SONG 63

When 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come, And chilling mists han

o'er the dark'ned main then Sailors think of their far distant

home, And of those Friends they ne'er may see again but

when the Fight's begun, Each serving at his Gun Should

any thought of them come o'er our mind, we think but should the

day be won, how 'twill cheer their hearts to hear, that their

Chorus

old companion he was one. How 'twill cheer their hearts to hear

How 'twill cheer their hearts to hear

How 'twill cheer their hearts to hear

that their old companion he was one.

that their old companion he was one.

that their old companion he was one.

2

Sister.

Or, my Lad, if you a Mistress kind
Have left on shore, some pretty Girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sighs to think how it may fare with you:
Oh when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his Gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind;
Think only, should the day be won
How 'twill cheer
Her heart to hear,
That her own true Sailor he was one.

3

And when Peace returns to bless the land,
Bought with the blood of many a hardy Tar;
When war shall cease, restrain'd by Heav'n's high hand,
And we return our hard earn'd wealth to share:
Oh! when we reach our home,
No more abroad to roam,
And social love is then our only care;
Recounting of the feats we've done,
How 'twill cheer
Our friends to hear,
That their old Companion he was one. J. P.

THE FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Tune: From the Battle of Hexham

Composed by Dr. Arnold

SONG 64

Come, come brother members, both lit_tle and great, who in friendship partake of our an_nual treat while happy and chearful we sit here and sing each tradesman and labourer's great as a king

Then attend to the health that with pleasure I give may we ever a friendly soci_e_ty live, friendly may live

Friendly may live, may we e-ver a friendly so-ci-e-ty

Cho.s

live Friendly may live, friendly may live, may we

may live, may live, may we

may live, may live, may we

e-ver a friendly so-ci-e-ty live.

e-ver a friendly so-ci-e-ty live.

e-ver a friendly so-ci-e-ty live.

But altho we are happy in this our good feast,
Of the ends of our meeting perhaps 'tis the least:
To our praise be it said, 'tis by all understood,
Our chief friendly design is to meet to do good.
Then attend &c.

3

On Gospel and Law such Societies stand:
And together may both preservere hand in hand!
Under one common Lord to our Church we repair,
To attend to his Word, to Thanksgiving and Pray'r.
Then attend, &c.

4

What tho' in our means we are all of us poor
Yet each, weekly, lays by him a little in store;
Like good Christians of old, who, as one friendly flock,
Laid their treasures together and liv'd from the stock.
Then attend, &c.

5

Our Fund thus collected becomes a blest store,
And converts into rich those who once were so poor.
Thus, in health, we the sorrow of sickness assuage,
And the Summer of Youth cheers the Winter of Age.
Then attend, &c.

6

How delightful to think, if, in anguish and grief,
A Brother, in sickness, should ask our relief,
We visit his mansion our aid to impart,
And bid health and joy live again in his heart.
Then attend, &c.

7

The House of the Mourner to feating I've heard
By men of true wisdom, is justly preferr'd;
And happy indeed as we are in our feast,
Yet to visit a Brother in sorrow is best.
Then attend, &c.

8

Should our Friend's dearest Friend, an affectionate Wife,
Be snatch'd from his arms, and be taken from life,
If our Money and Friendship can lighten his care,
We, with both, to the sorrowing Husband repair.
Then attend, &c.

9

But if a dear Brother himself should e'er die,
For his Widow and Orphans we've still a supply;
And this last debt of love let his memory crave,
That, in Friendship, we follow his corpse to the grave.
Then attend, &

10

Thus in sorrow and joy, and in sickness and health,
Our Money and Love are a mine of rich wealth:
While thro' life we in acts of benevolence strive,
May we ever a FRIENDLY SOCIETY live!

Chorus. While thro' life we in acts of benevolence strive,
May we ever a FRIENDLY SOCIETY live!
Friendly may live,
Friendly may live,
May we ever a FRIENDLY SOCIETY live!

J. P.

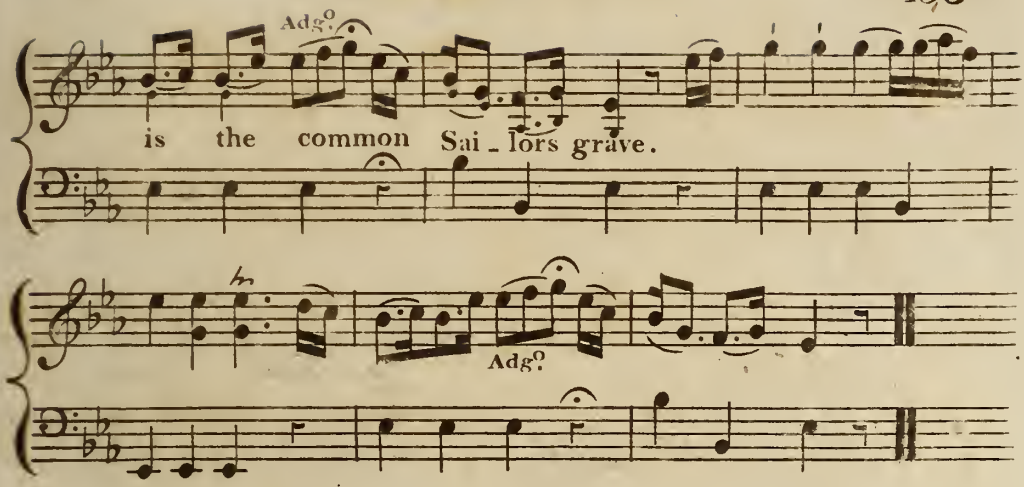
THE SAILOR'S GRAVE

Tune Mary's Dream
Composed by Relfe

SONG 65

Very Slow

Oh! ye, who sleep on beds of down, Who ne - ver feel the sting of woe whom fortune greets with happiest smiles, whose hours of va - ried plea - sure flow; Ab - sent yourselves from joy awhile, And vi - - sit yonder troubled wave There view with pain that fa - - tal place, It



2

Surely to him a sigh, a tear,
And some few tender thoughts are due;
Think that he left the sweets of life,
To fight-to bleed-to die for you:
His wife, perhaps, (ah! wife no more!)
Is list'ning to the hollow blast,
While hope is whispering his return,
Nor knows the hour of death is past.

3

Perhaps his little orphans too,
While playing round his mother's knee,
Have cried, "Tomorrow he shall come;"
Oh! ne'er will sun that morrow see!
When they shall hear—"He comes no more!"
What bitter moments will they spend!
Tis your's to soothe the widow's grief,
To be the helpless orphan's friend.

4

Heedless of danger to the scene
Of war the lowly hero come;
There fell unnotic'd, and unknown,
The world's a stranger to his name!
Scorn not to think on one so poor;
Worth oft adorns the humble mind;
Oft in a common sailor's heart
Dwell virtues of no common kind.

NEER BE DRUNK AGAIN

SONG 66

Come, come, my hearts of gold,

Let us be merry and wise, It is a proverb of old Sus-

-picion hath double eyes: What e'er we say or do, Let's not

drink to disturb the brain, Let's laugh for an hour or two, And

ne'er be drunk a--gain.

2

A cup of old ale is good,
To drive the cold winter away,
'Twill cherish and comfort the blood
Most, when a man's spirits decay:
But he that drinks too much,
Of his head he will complain,
Then let's have a sober touch,
And ne'er be drunk again.

3

Good ale it was made for man,
But man was not made for it:
Let's be merry as we can,
So we drink not away our wit:
Good fellowship is abus'd,
And ale will infect the brain,
But we'll have it better us'd,
And ne'er be drunk again.

4

When with good fellows we meet,
A pint apiece not more,
'Twill let us stand on our feet,
While others lie drunk on the floor
Then prithee go fill us a quart,
And let it be ale in grain:
'Twill cherish and comfort the heart
But we'll ne'er be drunk again.

5

Here's a health to our noble King,
And to the Queen of his heart:
Let's laugh and merrily sing,
But ne'er from reason depart;
Here's a health to our worthy Squire
And all who good maintain,
Their good favour we desire,
And we'll ne'er be drunk again.

6

Enough's as good as a feast,
If a man had but reason to know,
A drunkard's worse than a beast,
For he'll drink till he cannot go.
If a man could time recall
In an ale-house that's spent in vain,
We'd learn to be sober all,
And we'd ne'er be drunk again.

SONG 67

We are met, my good friends, here, and now for my story, I have lit-tle to tell you of wars or of glory My de-signs are more peaceful, then such be my lay, While I sing a new song in just praise of Club Day, while I sing a new song in just praise of Club Day.

We are all met together. for what do you think?
Not to rail at our neighbours, to eat and to drink;
Were such our sole purpose is't likely, I pray,
We could ever sincerely rejoice in Club Day?

Would our heads be so clear, would our hearts be so light
Would our betters unite and rejoice in the sight,
Should we thus throw our time and our money away,
And neglect to regard the true end of Club Day?

Oh! no, my good fellows, our first and best aim,
Is to succour the sick, feed the old, help the lame;
In a cause such as this, e'en the poorest would pay,
And work hard to provide against such a Club Day.

Our society's friendly, our hearts are the same;
Let us prove that indeed we preserve this good name;
And whilst on this earth we're permitted to stay
Let's endeavour to profit from this our Club Day.

Are we blest with good health, have we comforts & friends
Let us ne'er forget those on whom sorrow attends,
Let us spare from our little, whilst spare it we may,
What may help to fulfill the designs of Club Day.

When the scene is revers'd, when, with sickness oppress'd
Our pleasures are flown, and ourselves are distrest,
We shall then find such comfort, as well will repay
All the money bestow'd in support of Club Day.

Then still, my good friends, or in sickness or health,
Whether blest with a little, or very great wealth,
Since to do good to many we've found out the way
Both the rich and the poor may rejoice in Club Day.

Then let us rejoice, but we'll never presume,
The Great Giver of all his best gifts may resume;
And should He see good, e'en to take all away,
He still can provide us a better Club Day.

Then since we're thus met, let us join heart and hand
To defend all we love in our dear native land,
Should it ever want soldiers, we'll neer run away,
But fight to the last for our King and Club Day.

FRIENDSHIP

J. Gerard

SONG 68

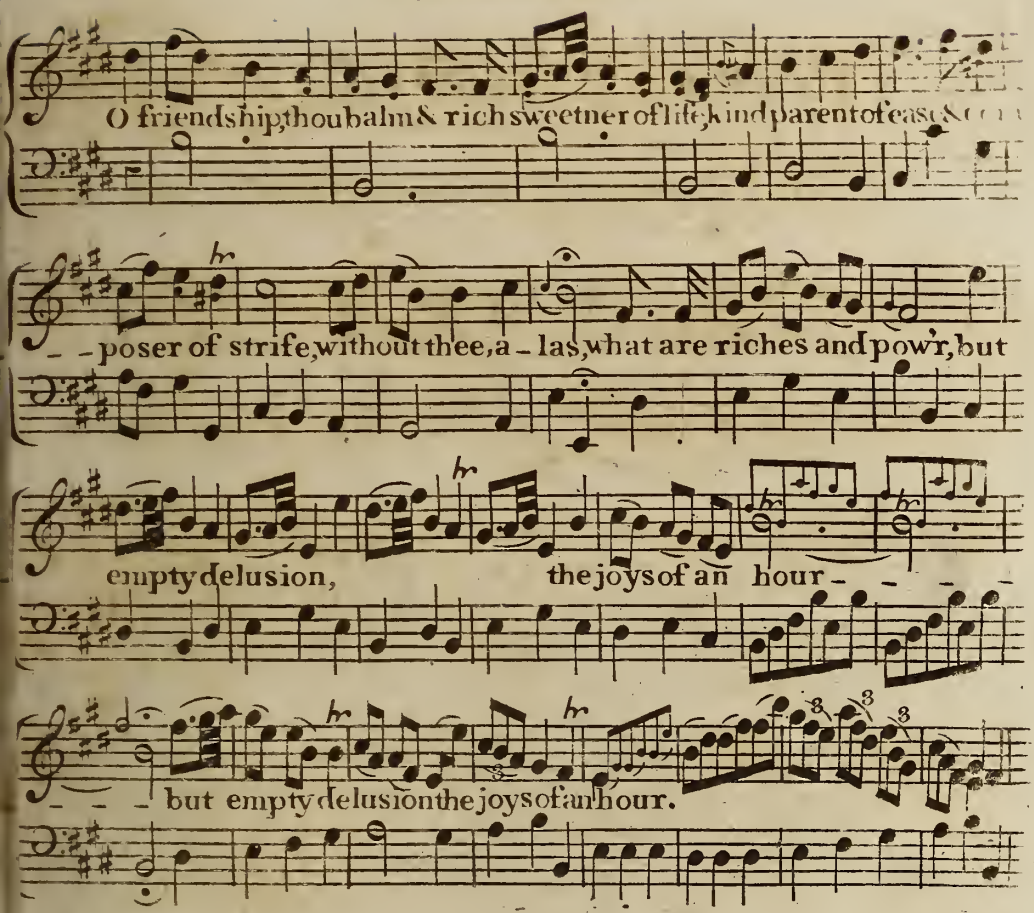
Moderately brisk

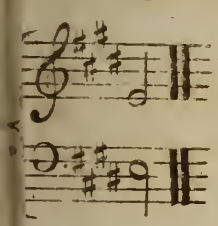
The world, my dear Mary, is full of de-ceit, And

friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet How strange does it

seem, that in searching around, This source of content is so

rare to be found



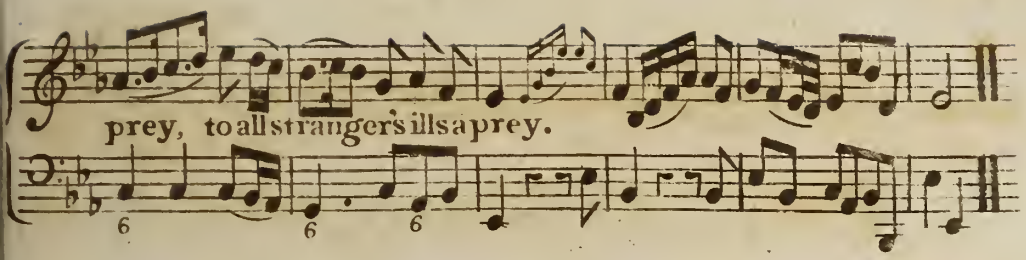


How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with safety depend;
Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.
When fortune is smiling, what crouds will appear.
Their kindness to offer and friendship sincere;
Yet, change but the prospect, and point out distress,
No longer to court you they eagerly press.

Tune: Poor Tom
by Dibdin

SONG 69

Thro' many a land & clime a stranger, with
toilsome steps, I've led my way, a lonely unpro-tected
stranger, to all the stranger's ills a prey. Thro' many a
land and clime a stranger, with toilsome steps, I've led my
way, a lonely un-protected stranger, to all stranger's ills a



While steering thus my course precarious,
My fortune still has been to find,
Men's hearts and dispositions various,
But gentle woman ever kind.

Alive to ev'ry tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy always prone,
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing,
With soft compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,
Stints the free bounty of their heart,
They turn not from the sad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay and mild,
Woman's the same endearing creature,
In courtly town and savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, by hunger wasted,
Nor friendly hand refreshment gave,
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted,
What cordial in the simple wave.

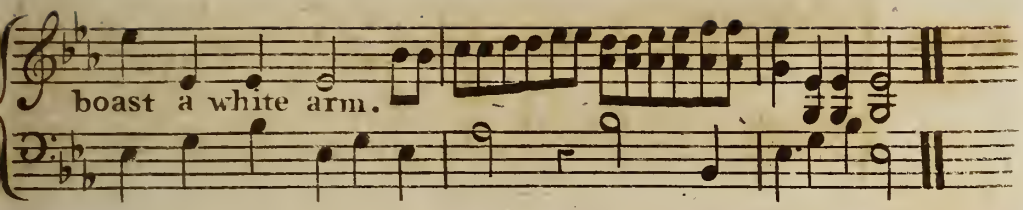
Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul,
Woman's the stranger's general blessing,
From sultry India to the pole.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE

Tune: From the Agreable Surprize — Dr. Arnold

SONG 70

In the choice of a wife to three things I object, And each forms to my mind a most mighty defect, To beauty, to fortune, and greatness of birth, As such modern graces shews of ancient a dearth, And to these I would add, but for fear of a-larm, that the la-dy I seek must not



Oh! methinks I at once hear the world all exclaim,
Each Belle and each Beau with their eyes in a flame,
Leave Beauty, and Fortune, and Birth, out sight,
And Marriage from Britain is banished quite;
And pray, my good Sir, say, wherein is the harm,
If a Lady should happen to have a white arm?

Why oft have I seen that a beautiful face
Is not anxious to add to the mind's purer grace,
"The outward adorning of plaiting the hair"
Then occupies all the chief thoughts of the fair:
Stead of meekness and quiet the mind to adorn,
The heart is puff'd up with conceit and with scorn.

So with Fortunes it fares, save with one in a croud,
If the husband were poor, why the wife is purse proud:
And to feed her own follies, her vile trash of pelf
Is all claim'd by the wife to lay out on herself:
Nay perhaps her profusion still farther extends,
And her own mighty store and her husband's expends.

And tho' all are sprung from one good mother, earth,
If the lady imagines shes better in birth,
She upbraids her poor partner with being a clown,
And complains, that in marriage she let herself down:
And rather I'd wed ruddy health from a farm,
Than conceit, chicken gloves, and a sickly white arm.

But if spite of this, should a Beauty be meek,
Should sense and good nature bloom bright in her cheek,
Should a Fortune be frugal; a Peeress not proud:
Her arm white, but healthy, I have not yet vow'd, —
I'd endeavour, if she a good Wife would but prove,
To make a good Husband, and give love for love.

WEDDING SONG

SONG 71

May joy and har - mo - ny inspire The fes - - tive mirth, and tune the lyre on this aus - - picious day, on this auspicious day. And while soft ma - tri - mo - nial bands, u - nite their hearts and join their hands, let us our homage pay, let us our homage pay.

Twas God ordaind the marriage state,
And who shall dare depreciate,
What he did institute?
The sacred honour'd nuptial tie
Contemn or scorn or vilify,
Or captiously dispute?

In Eden's hallowd, blissful shade
A partner was for Adam made,
The boon of bounteous Heavn:
'T increase the happiness of life,
To man in Paradise a wife
By God himself was givn.

Jesus, who dwelt with men below,
His approbation deign'd to shew,
At Cana's marriage feast:
Exerted there his pow'r divine,
And turning water into wine,
The institution blest.

Come, virtue, from thy sacred shrine,
Descend, and bless, and claim for thine,
The dedicated pair:
And while we at the altar bow,
To solemnize the marriage vow,
With all thy train be there.

Repress the burst of nature's joy:
Conjugal bliss, too apt to cloy,
Ennoble and refine:
And may their mutual union prove
A scale that leads to joys above:
Immortal and divine.

WEDDING SONG

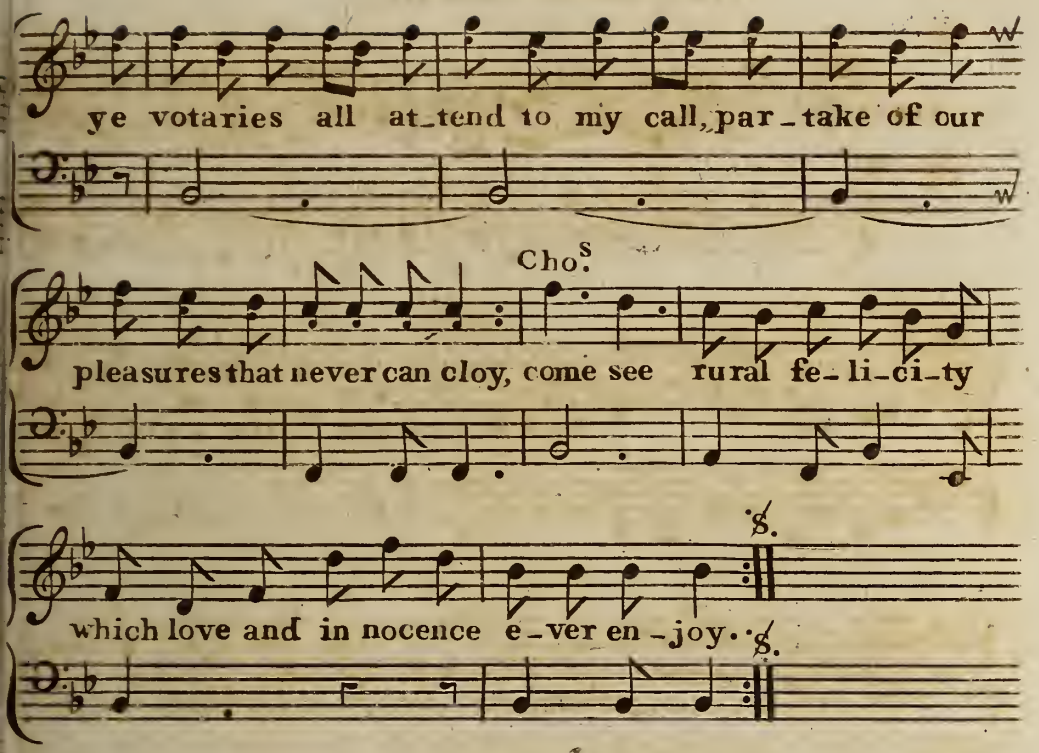
SONG 72

Come, haste to the wedding, ye

friends and ye neighbours, the lovers their bliss can no

longer de - lay, Forget all your sorrows your care and you

labours, and let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to day:



Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition
Still croud to and beat at the breast of the great,
To such wretched passions we give no admission,
But leave them alone to the wise ones of state;
We boast of no wealth,
But contentment and health,
In mirth and in friendship our moments employ,
Cho.s Come see &c.

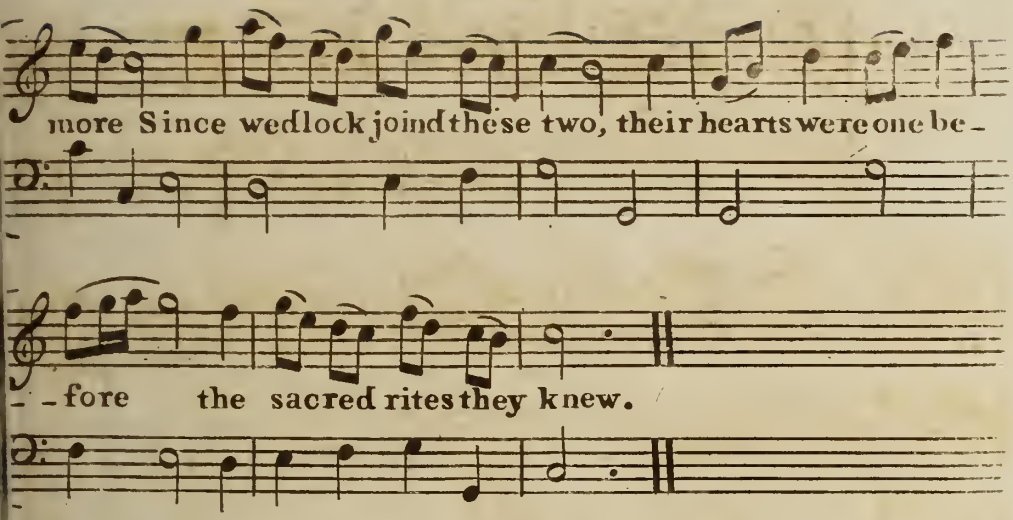
With reason we taste of each heart stirring pleasure,
With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl,
Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
For fatal excess will enslave the free soul:
Come, come, at our bidding
To this happy wedding,
No care shall intrude here our bliss to annoy,
Cho.s Come see &c.

THE HAPPY COUPLE

SONG 73

Lively

At Up - ton on the hill there lives a happy pair, the Swain his name is Will, and Mol - ly is the fair. Ten years are gone and



Since which auspicious day
Sweet harmony doth reign,
Both love, and both obey,
Hear this each Maid and Swain
If haply cares invade,
As who is free from care?
The burden's lighter made
By bearing each a share.

Pleas'd with a calm retreat,
They've no ambitious view,
In comfort live, not state,
Nor envy those that do.
Sure pomp is empty noise,
And cares increase with wealth
They aim at truer joys,
Tranquility and health.

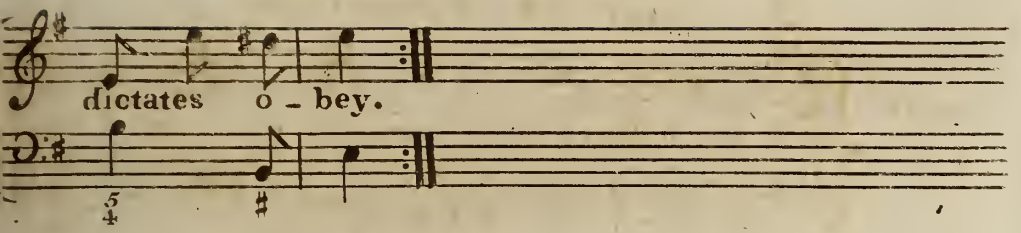
With safety and with ease,
Their present life doth flow,
They fear no raging seas,
Nor rocks that lurk below.
May still a steady gale
Their little bark attend,
And gently fill each sail,
Till life itself shall end.

DARBY AND JOAN

Attributed to Mathew Prior

SONG 74

Dear Mary, while thus, beyond measure, you treat me with doubts and disdain, You rob all your youth of its pleasure, And hoard up an old age of pain. Your max - im, that love is ill founded On charms that will quickly de - cay, You'll find to be ve - - ry ill ground - - - - ed When once you its



The love, that from beauty is drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve,
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruitions the sunshine of love.
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness obscure all the skies,
You ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby with Joan by his side
You've often regarded with wonder,
He's dropsical, she is dim-eyed,
Yet they're always uneasy asunder.
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door,
And at night when old Darby's pot's out
His Joan will not smoak a whif more.

No beauty nor wit they possess
Their several failings to smother,
Then what are the charms, can you guess
That make them so fond of each other.
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth;
The endearments that youth did bestow:
The thoughts of past virtue and truth
Are among our best blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last
No sickness or time can remove,
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows
By reviews of such pleasures as these,
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

A Cottage and Content.

Song 75. Composed by Mr Wheeler.

With a - ny so hap - py in this hap - py

Nation, I would not change place, if to change I were

free, Whate'er be their talents, of what occu - pation, If poor or if

rich, high or low their degree, Tho' slender my fortune, of want I'm not

speaking, I've that which a bounteous Heav'n hath sent, For other or

better I am not for seeking, I live in a Cottage, I live in a

Cottage, I live in a Cottage, I'm blest with Content, I live in a

Cottage, I'm blest with Content.

2

What tho' I have cares, which, my mind oft oppressing,
Have pain'd me at times since the day of my birth;
Yet, to lighten my sorrow, I've many a blessing,
And the Man without care does not live on this earth.
Are others more learned? e'en knowledge brings sorrow,
My talents are such as kind Heav'n hath sent;
My wisdom's sufficient this lesson to borrow,
A COTTAGE is ample enjoy'd with CONTENT.

3

At peace with all round me, I've many acquaintance,
One Friend I enjoy, and perhaps I've but one;
But those who are blest with a greater abundance,
More needing a Friend, ah! perhaps may have none.
My Wife was no beauty, nor yet was an Heiress,
For better or worse, I receiv'd her as sent;
Tho' homely her Person, to me She's the fairest,
And the Dow'r that she brought to our COT was CONTENT.

4

Our Children are many, all sizes and ages,
Ten in number, like steps, round our table they rise;
They are healthy and good, and my fond mind presages,
If learning they miss, they at least may be wise.
Of all that I've seen for none other I'd change them,
So well am I pleas'd with my blessings thus sent,
No joys of the world from our love can estrange them,
For the lesson they learn in our COT is CONTENT.

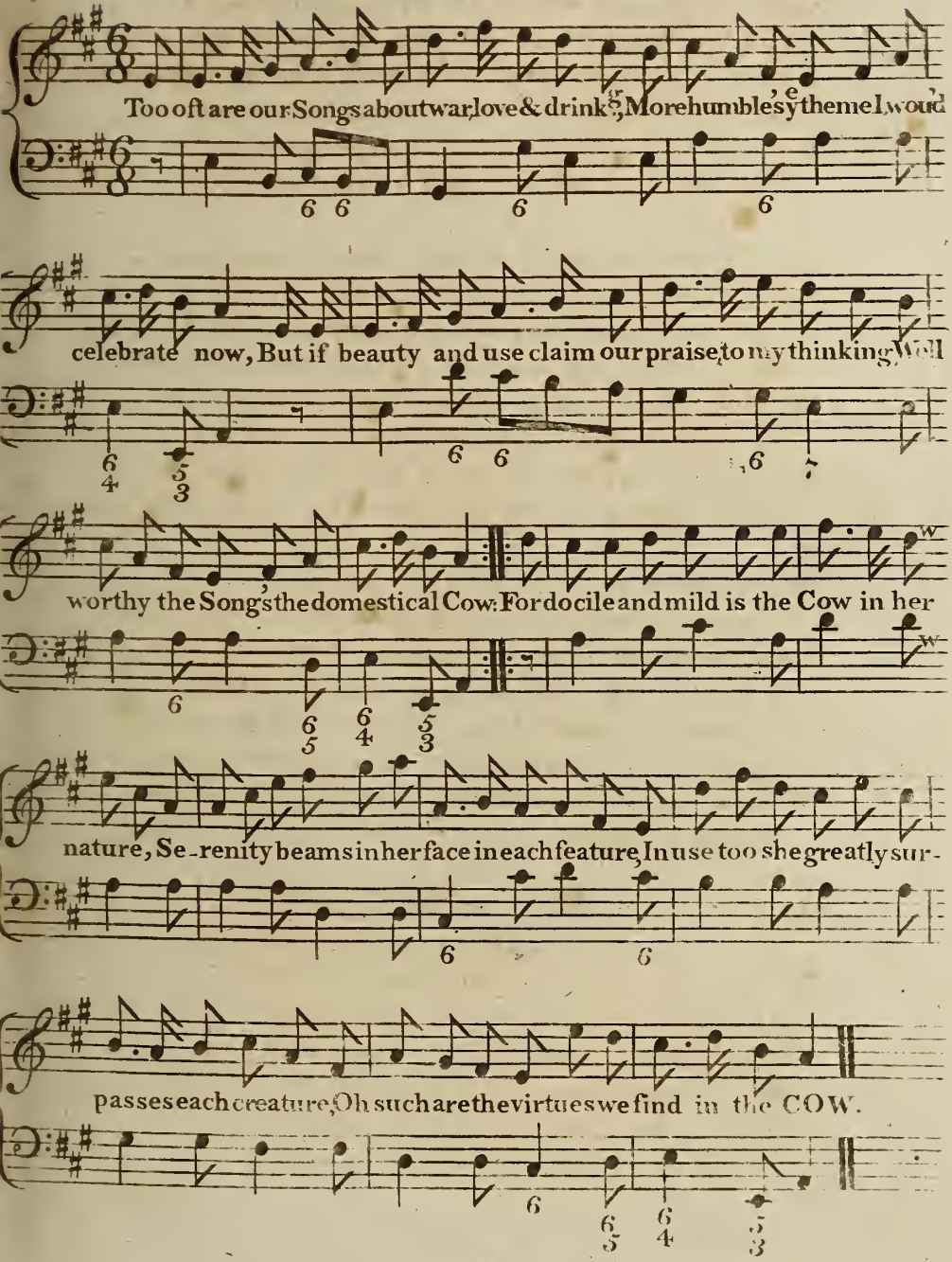
5

To see them all settled and blest, if permitted,
'Tis surely my wish Heav'n grant me my life;
Yet my eldest by age and by temper is fitted
To father my Babes and to husband my Wife.
But as all, in this world, for the best is ordained,
Good or ill, life or death, all by Heav'n are sent,
Oh! may it be said, that I never complained,
To live, or to die, I'm for either CONTENT.

J.P.

THE COW.

Song 76. Tune the Banks of the Dee.



2

How balmy her breath as the flowers she feeds on,
As fragrant to smell as the newly-cut Hay,
How steady her step in the Meadow she treads on,
How instructive to Man on the ground as she lay:
For there, as the Cud o'er again she is chewing,
She teaches me just what I too should be doing
O'er my reading and thoughts, that more good be accruing,
O this is the lesson I learn from the COW.

3

The Milk, twice a day, from her bag that is flowing,
Pure fountain of health both for Man and for Child!
O yet, while your Children to manhood are growing,
Thus form them mild tempers by food that is mild:
But yet, while mild Milk for the Babe we are boasting,
Strong food too she gives for maintaining our Host in,
For from her spring the Oxen, which give Beef for roasting,
For English roast Beef we're in debt to the COW.

4

Long time the Small-Pox o'er world has been raging,
Sweeping thousands and thousands betimes to the Grave,
But Providence, kindly, it's rigour assuaging,
Has pointed the means from it's fury to save.
For our own useful Cow a distemper has often,
No infection it gives ne'er was life by it lost one,
Yet this will the rage of Small-Pox always soften,
For none e'er have Small-Pox after this from the COW.

5

Oh! spurn not the gift, both so simple and safe too,
Despise not, because 'tis deriv'd from a Beast;
'Tis a blessing that Heav'n itself has vouchsaft you,
And in Med'cine's great round, tho' the last, not the least:
So clean is the Cow, and so pure is her feeding,
Her breath, Milk and Flesh, we are all so agreed in,
To prevent the Small-Pox we are one and all needing:
Before Man's distempers, O give me the COW'S.

6

Nor think it presumption to bring one disease in,
To exterminate that by a Providence sent,
Both the scourge, and the means he affords for releasing,
By the same dreadful, merciful Father are lent.
Against it to reason would stop e'en our eating,
All other diseases prevent us from treating
Lest thus Heav'n's ways we were boldly defeating,
Then we'll hail our Physician with joy in the COW.

7

O cherish the Cow, then, and give her protection,
Be her's the rich Meadow wherein she may roam,
The sweetest of Hay claims for her your selection,
And fodder her kindly at night at your home:
Be the Maid, or the Boy, that shall milk her humanest,
Should they dare to ill use her, be sure thou restrainest,
Thy hopes in her profit be none of the vainest,
Thy food, thy Physician thou'lt find in thy COW.

J.P.

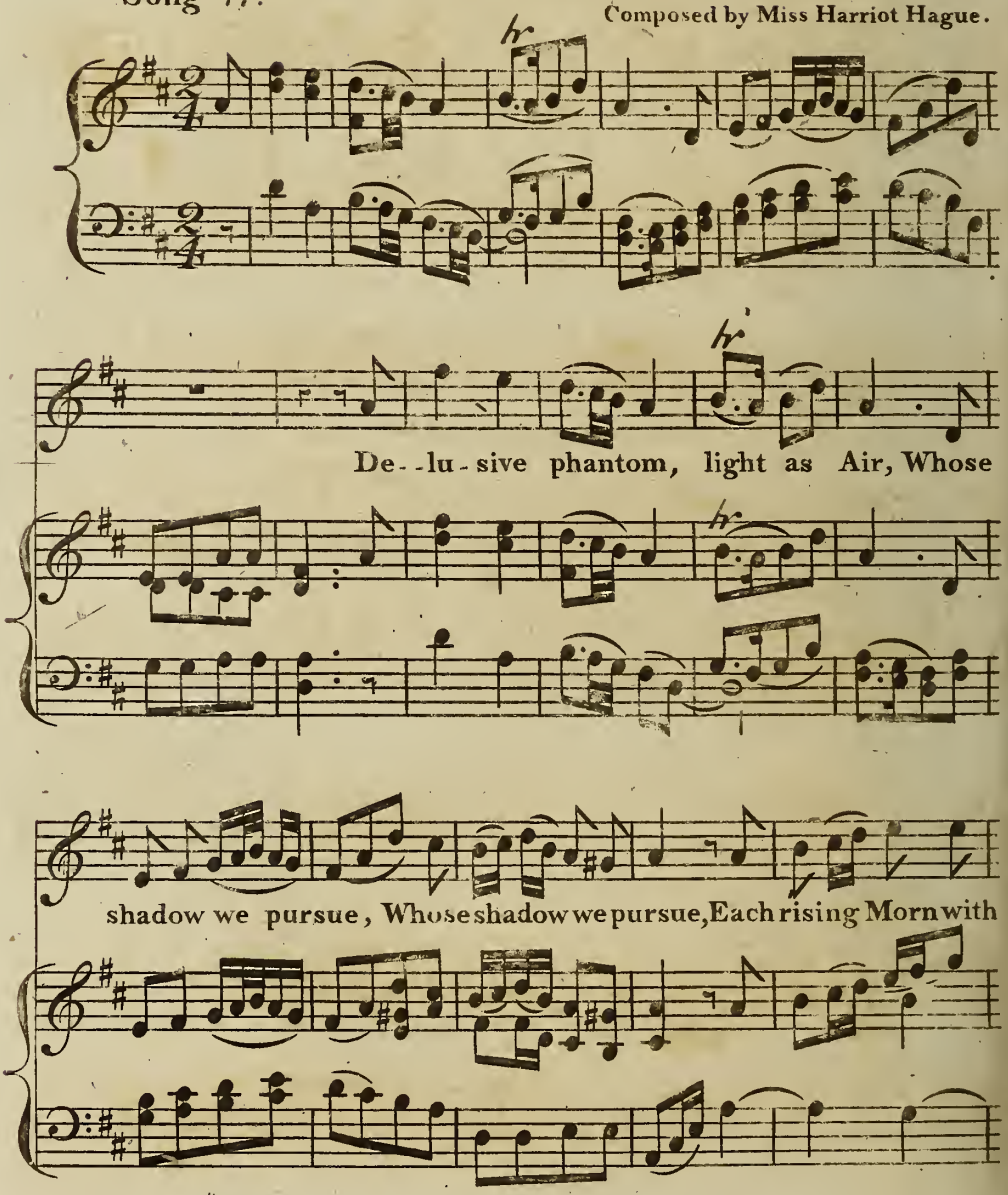
HAPPINESS.

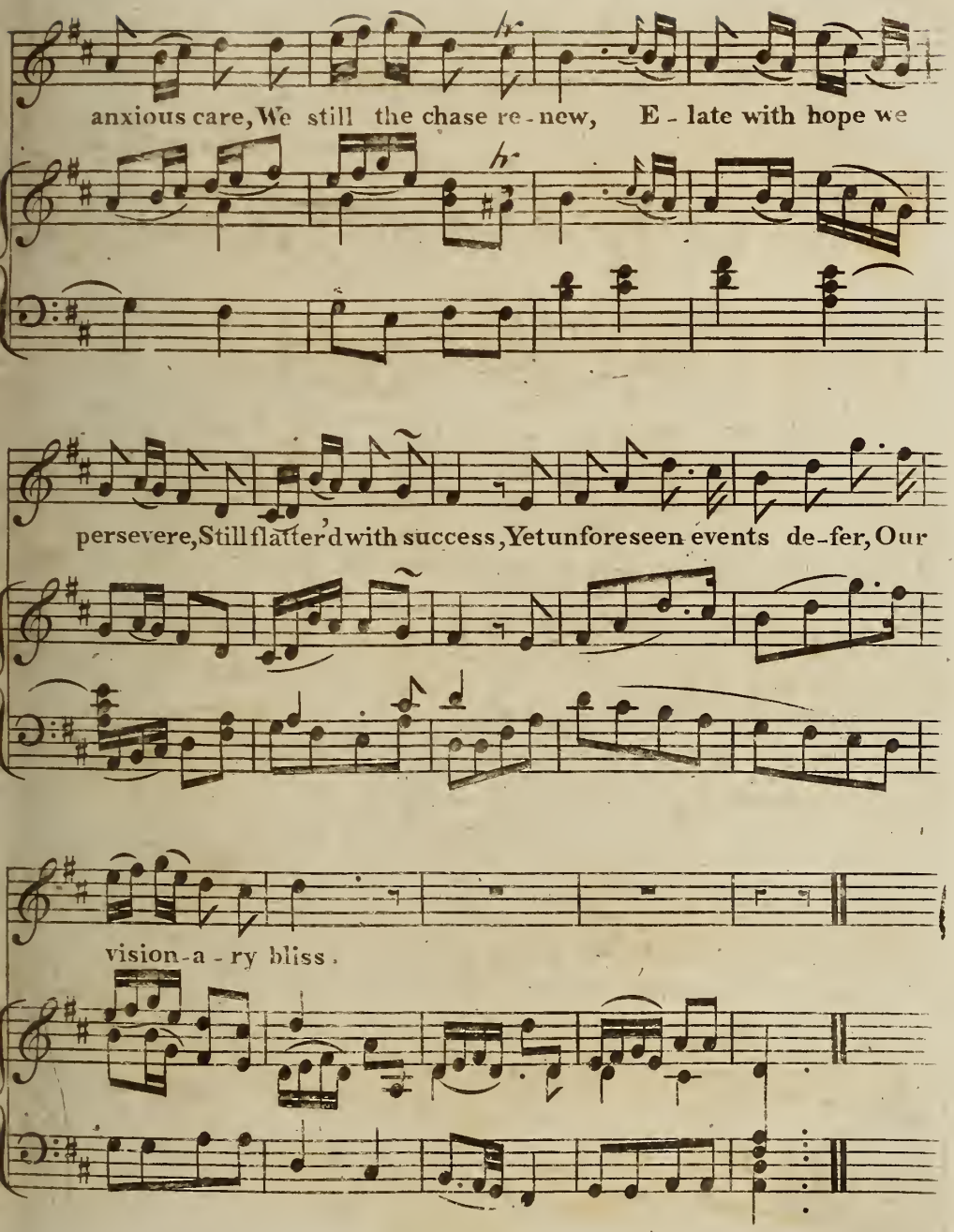
By Ann Candler,

A Suffolk Cottager.

Song 77.

Composed by Miss Harriot Hague.




anxious care, We still the chase re - new, E - late with hope we
persevere, Still flatter'd with success, Yet unforeseen events de - fer, Our
vision - a - ry bliss.

2

Or fruitless toil augments our pain;
Our hopes flit swiftly by:
We sigh, despairing to obtain
The transitory joy.

Can Gold untainted pleasure give?
Can we depend on pow'r?
Can fame the sick'ning heart relieve,
Or bring one happy hour?

3

Will titles, birth, or pompous shew,
Youth, beauty, wit combin'd,
Will these, I ask, avert the woes,
Entail'd on human kind?

Yet still our wish we may effect,
Substantial blessings know:
What from the shadow we expect,
The substance will bestow.

4

With wisdom dwells our dearest bliss,
Abounding with increase;
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."

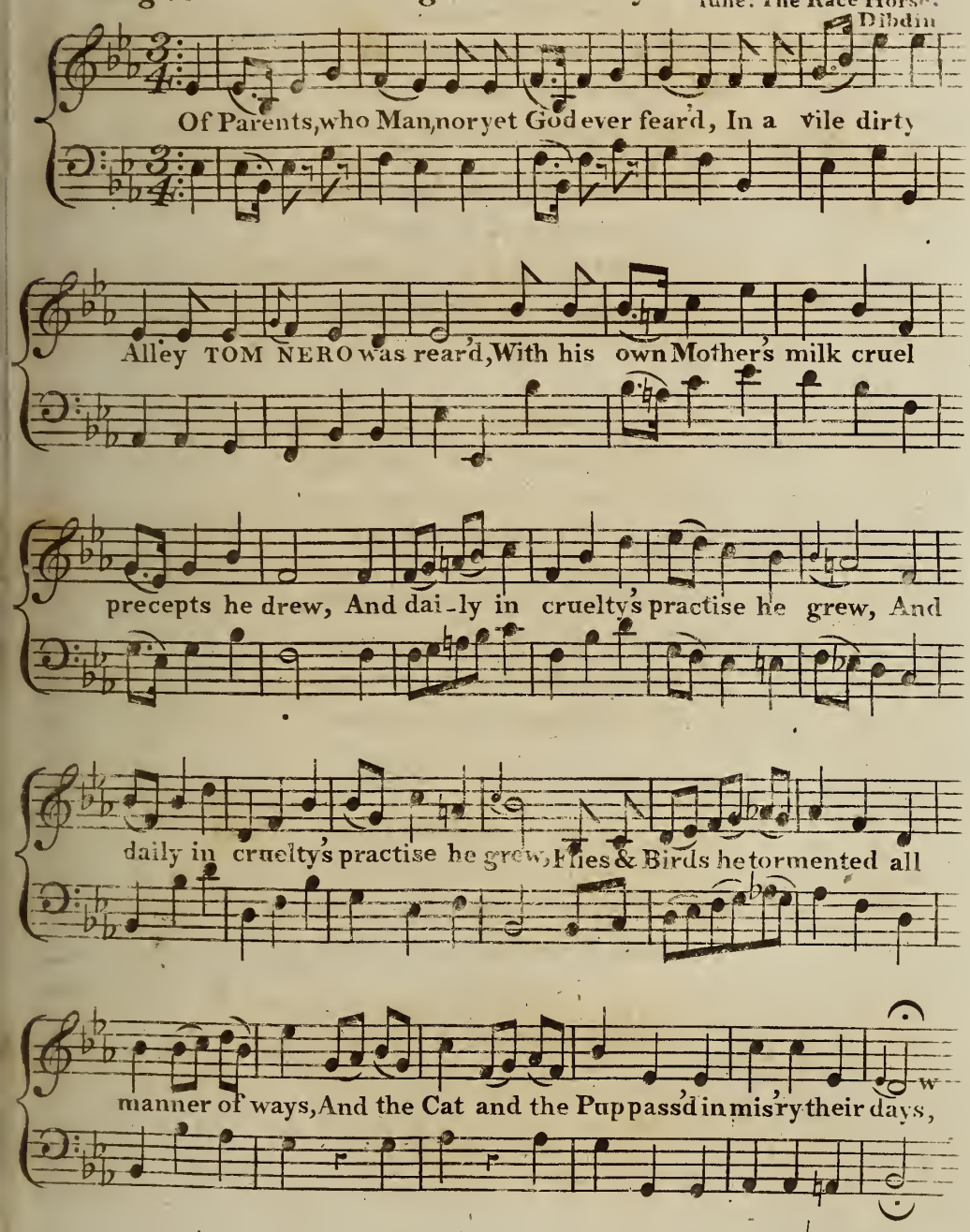
Lay hold on her, and you'll possess,
The treasure you have sought;
Her price beyond the ruby is,
Or Gold from Ophir brought.

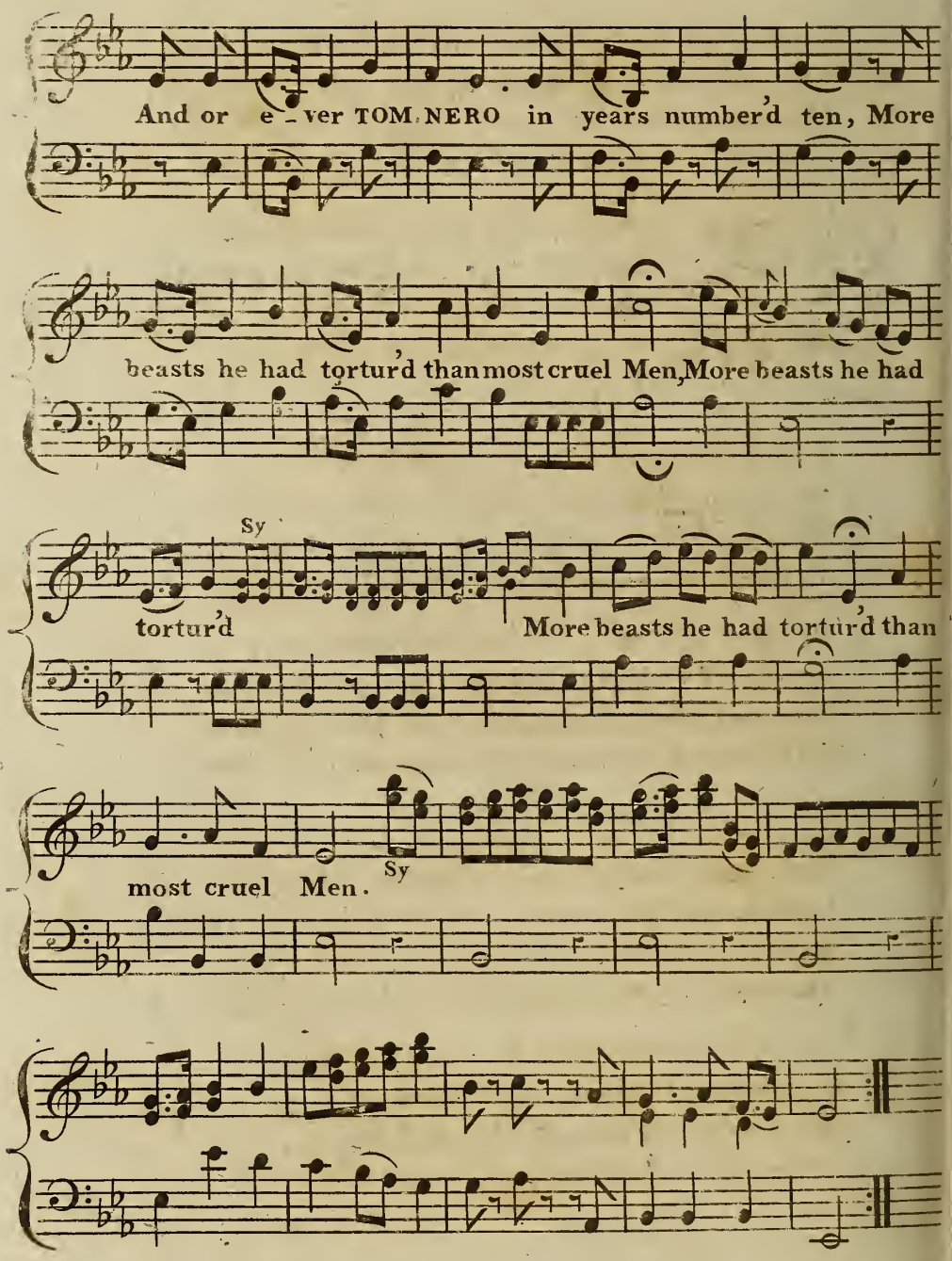
TOM NERO,

or

Song 78. The Progress of Cruelty.

Tune: The Race Horse. Dibdin




And or e - ver TOM NERO in years number'd ten, More
beasts he had tortur'd than most cruel Men, More beasts he had
Sy
tortur'd
More beasts he had tortur'd than
most cruel Men.
Sy

2

Of his Play-mates he next was the terror and bane,
The meek harmless Boy begg'd for mercy in vain;
Like Horses he'd drive them, he'd beat, and he'd fight,
Not with true English spirit, but malice and spight.

Where cruelty rag'd, and in worst form appear'd,
At the cock-pit, cock-throwing, bull-bait, or bear-yard,
In riots, at cudgels, at boxings between,
There still, in his glory, TOM NERO was seen.

3

With no honest labour a living to gain,
Nor gaming, nor theft could his vices maintain;
From one step to another the tempter will goad,
And at length he resolv'd to subsist on the road.

He a Traveller stopp'd, no resistance was made,
But he fell'd him to earth by a blow on the head;
And tho' yet but a Youth, lost to all sense of good,
TOM NERO his hands then embru'd in his blood.

4

By the kind hand of justice o'ertaken at first,
In his hearts bitter pangs, his bad Parents he curst,
After lying in Prison, at length he was try'd;
And, without faith or hope, at the gallows he dy'd.

And now, an example to Parents most dear,
In humanity's kindness their Children to rear;
The prey of the Flies, Birds, Worms, Winds and the Rains,
TOM NERO, unburied, still hangs in his chains.

J. P.

TRUE JOY.

From an Air in the Dramatic Romance of Richard Cœur de Lion.

Song 79. Cheerful By Gretry.

Tho' the Toper love his Glass, And the Rake ex-tol his Lass, The

Glutton feast at steaming board, And the miser hug his hoard, tho' excess of ev'ry

kind, Be the joy of half mankind, Yet I've always understood TRUE

Chos

JOY is DOING GOOD, TRUE JOY is DOING GOOD, Yet I've always under-

stood, TRUE JOY is DOING GOOD, TRUE JOY is DOING GOOD.

2

Tho' the Sportsman ride his Horse,
From Morn to Eve without remorse,
And the guiltless life will take,
For nought, but mere amusement's sake,
Tho' he waste his time and wealth,
And urge the plea that 'tis for health,
Yet I've always understood
TRUE JOY is DOING GOOD.

3

Then again the Gamester see,
Weary days and nights has he,
See his pale and wrinkled brow,
Hear him storm, and curse, and vow,
Sure the Miner's hard employ,
More the semblance has of joy?
But I've always understood
TRUE JOY is DOING GOOD.

4

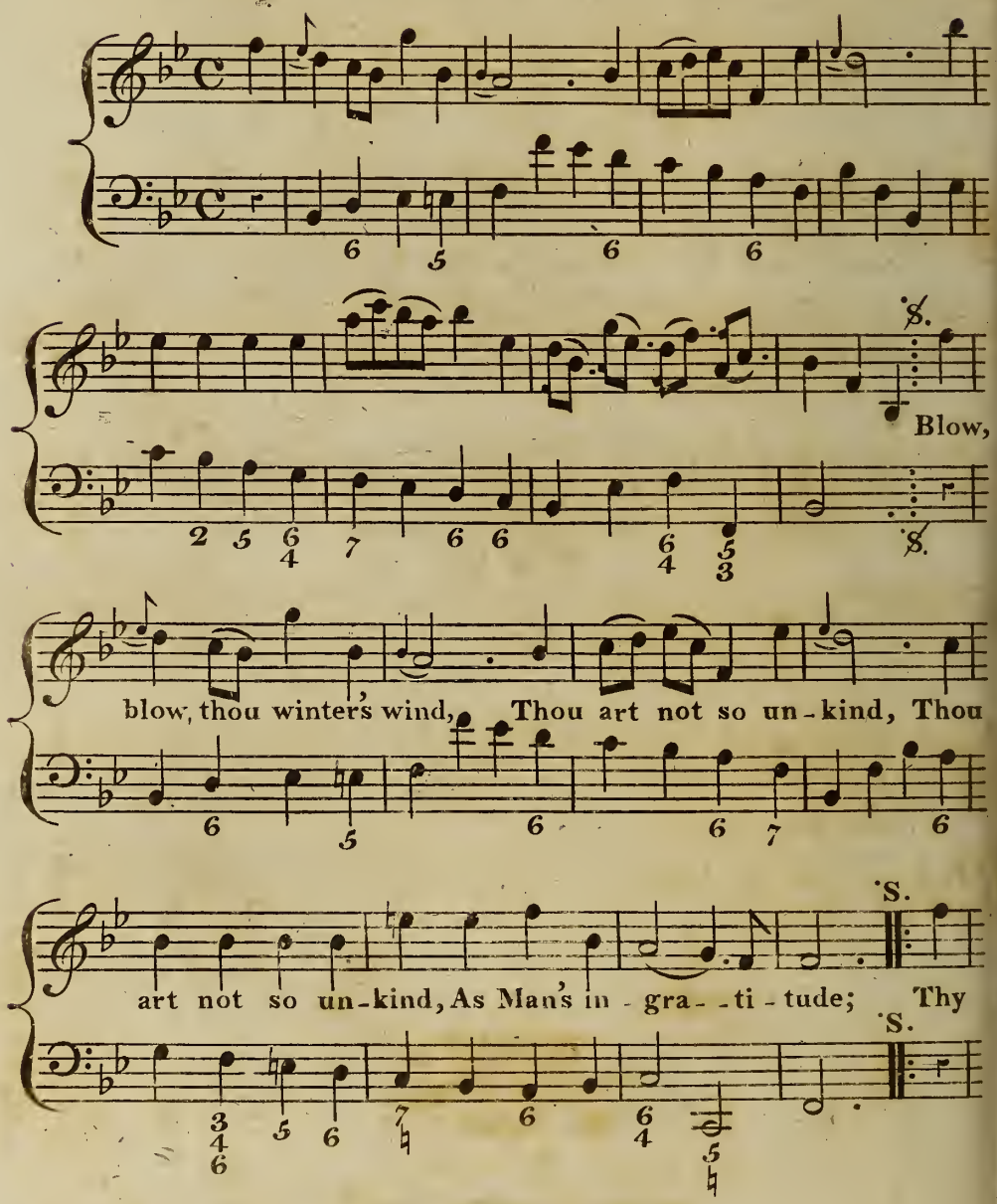
Sure to wipe the Widow's Eye,
And to hush the Orphan's cry,
To give to him that is in want,
And cloath the Wretch of raiment scant,
To feed the soul with hunger prest,
And to succour the distrest,
This I've always understood
Is TRUE JOY ——'tis DOING GOOD.

J. P.

INGRATITUDE,

By Shakespeare,

Song 80. Compos'd by Dr Arne.



tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not seen, Thy

tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not seen, Al-

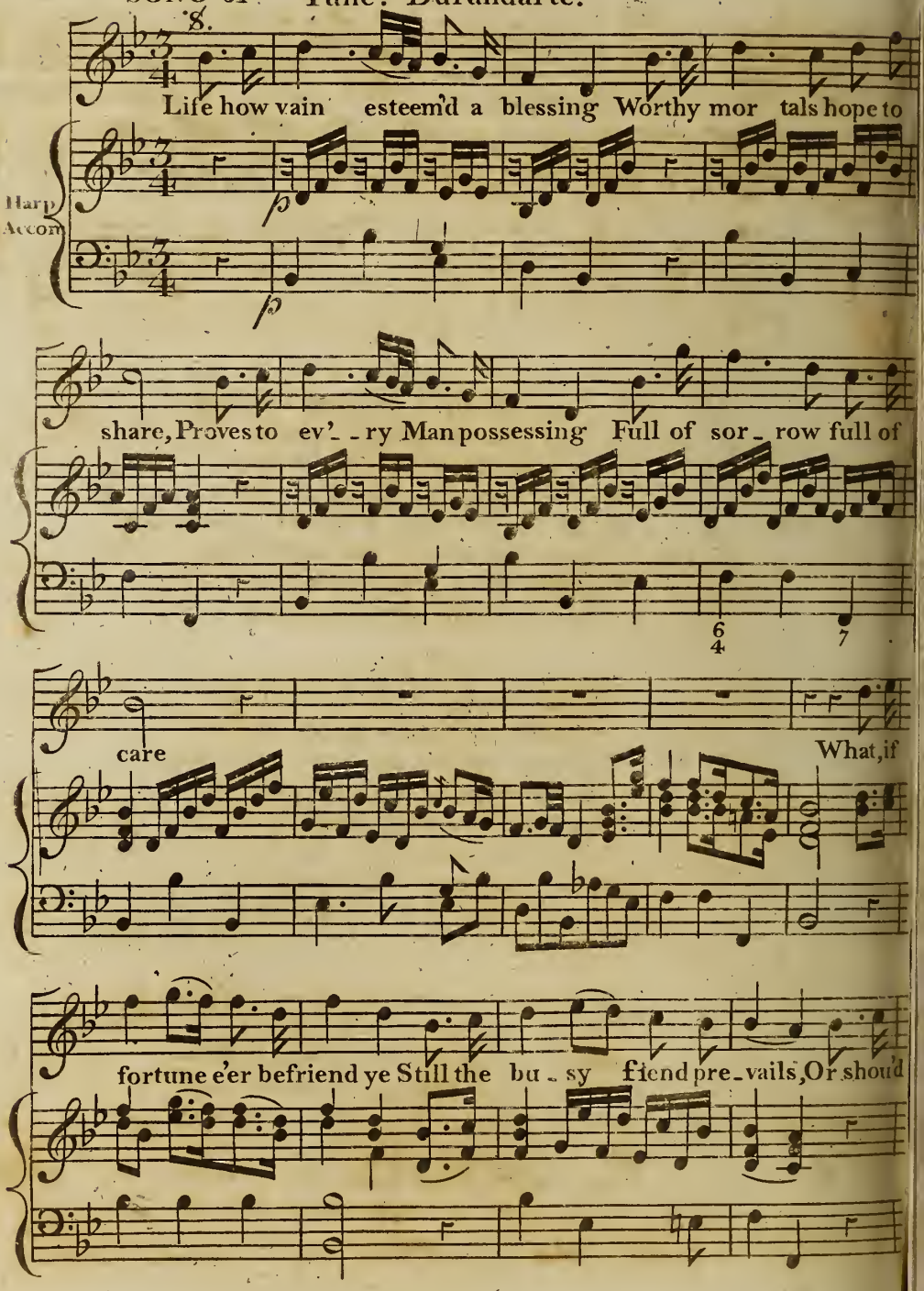
- tho' thy breath be rude, Altho' thy breath be rude, - - Al-

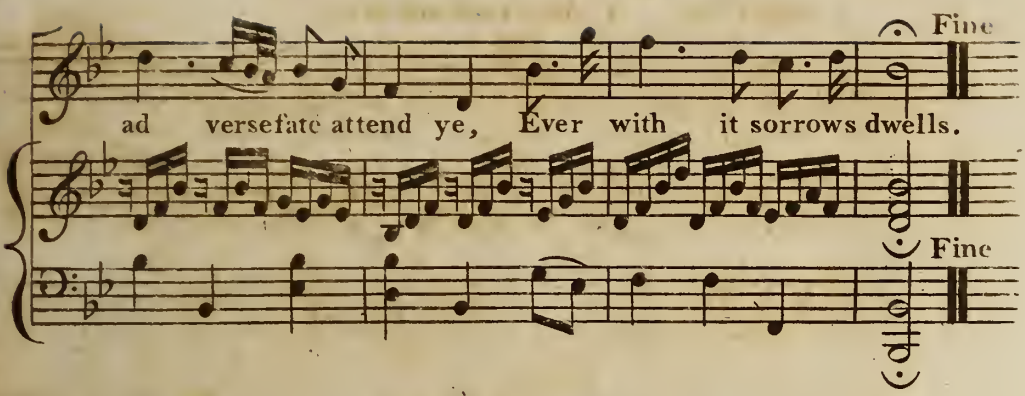
Sy.

- tho' thy breath be rude

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter Sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot,
Tho' thou the Waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not:

SONG 81 Tune: Durandarte.





2

See the Beau, in chariot lolling,
All without a gaudy scene;
Take him on his pillow rolling,
Slave to tyrant thought within.
Grant the fawning courtier favour,
Give him all his hopes pursue,
Still you hear him craving ever,
Still he pines for something new.

3

Fill the Miser's bags with treasure,
Spread the Hero's glory round
Fear out weighs the scale of pleasure,
Envy tramples honour down.
Places, Titles, pomp and riches,
Sweets, imbitter'd are by pain,
Thus experience daily teaches,
Life and all it's joys are vain.

4

Mark the way that Wisdom teaches,
Ever all her precepts heed;
Sweet the strains religion preaches,
Safe alone where she shall lead.
If perchance, with her you sorrow,
And endure short days of pain,
Joys shall dawn upon the morrow,
And thy life hath not been vain.

The HYMN of EVE,

From the Oratorio of Abel.

Nr 82

Dr Arne

Siciliano

p

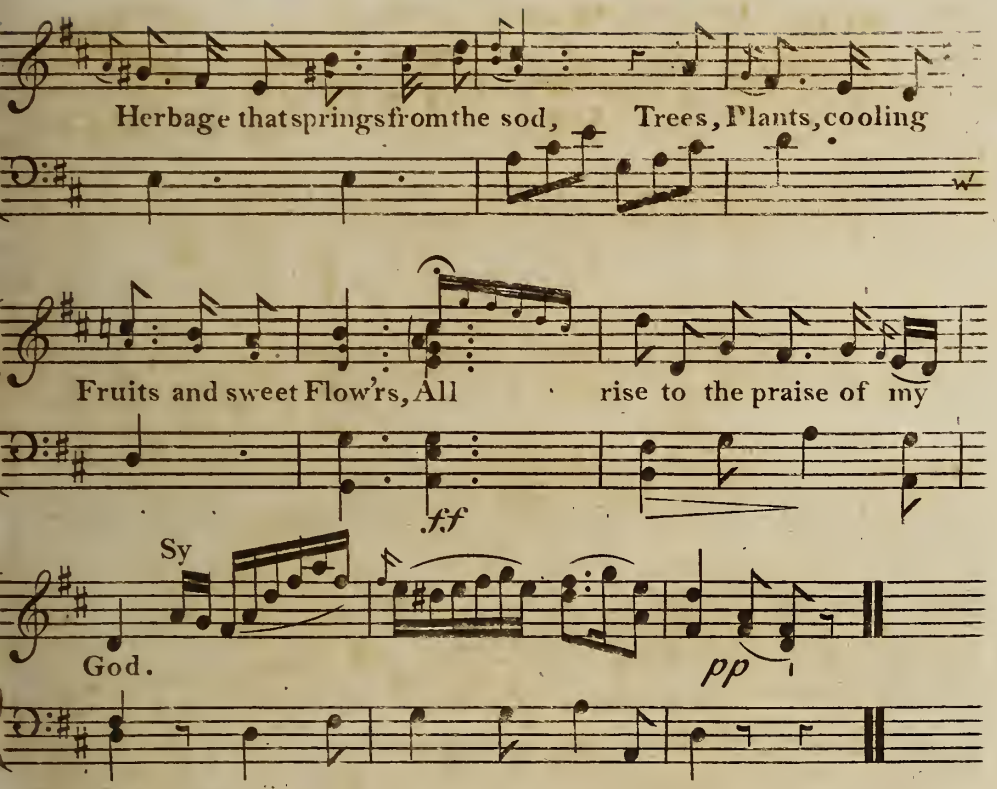
How chearful a_long the gay

Mead, the Daisy and Cowslip ap__pear, the

Flocks as they carelessly feed, Rejoice in the spring of the

p

year, The Myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs, The



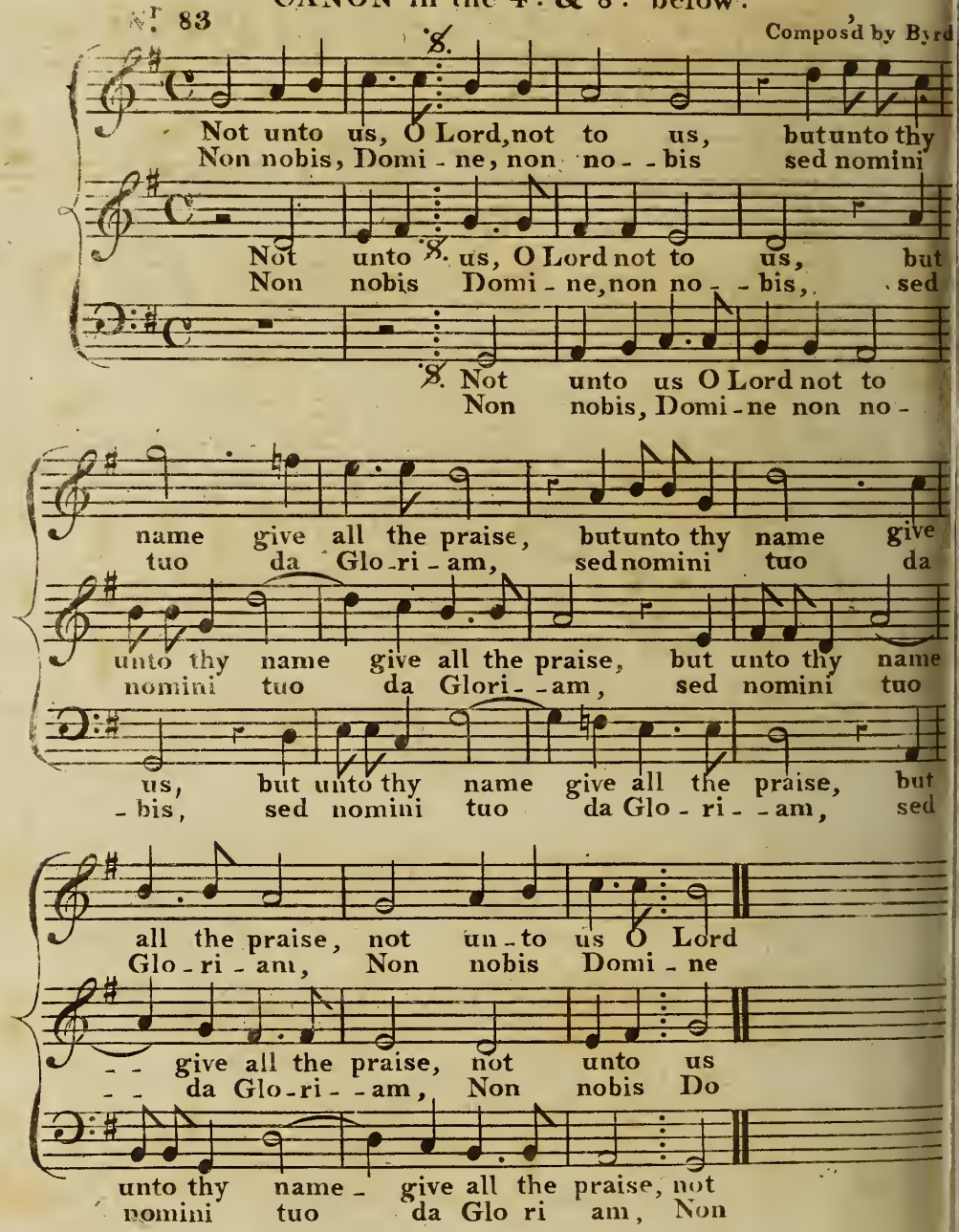
2

Shall Man the great Master of all
  The only insensible prove?
Forbid it fair Gratitude's call,
  Forbid it, Devotion and Love:
Thee, Lord, who such wonders can'st raise,
  And still can'st destroy with a nod,
My Lips shall incessantly praise,
  My Soul shall be wrapt in my God.

Non nobis Domine.

From Psalm 115

CANON in the 4th & 8th below.



A GRACE

Nr. 84.

Composed by Mr. Carnal

1 For these and all other his mercies God's

2 For all his mercies

3 For these and all his mercies God's holy

holy Name be bless'd and prais'd! For these and all other his

God's holy Name be prais'd! For all his

Name be bless'd and prais'd! For these and all his

mercies God's holy Name be bless'd and prais'd 2

mercies God's holy Name be bless'd and prais'd 3

mercies God's holy Name be bless'd and prais'd 1

The small Notes must be sung the last time.

HYMN

Nr. 85.

Sicilian Mariner's Hymn

Sing my Soul his wond'rous Love who from

Sing my Soul his wond'rous Love who from

that bright throne a - - bove E - ver watchful o'er our

that bright throne a - - - bove E - ver watchful o'er our

Race Still to Man ex - tends his Grace

Race Still to Man ex - tends his Grace

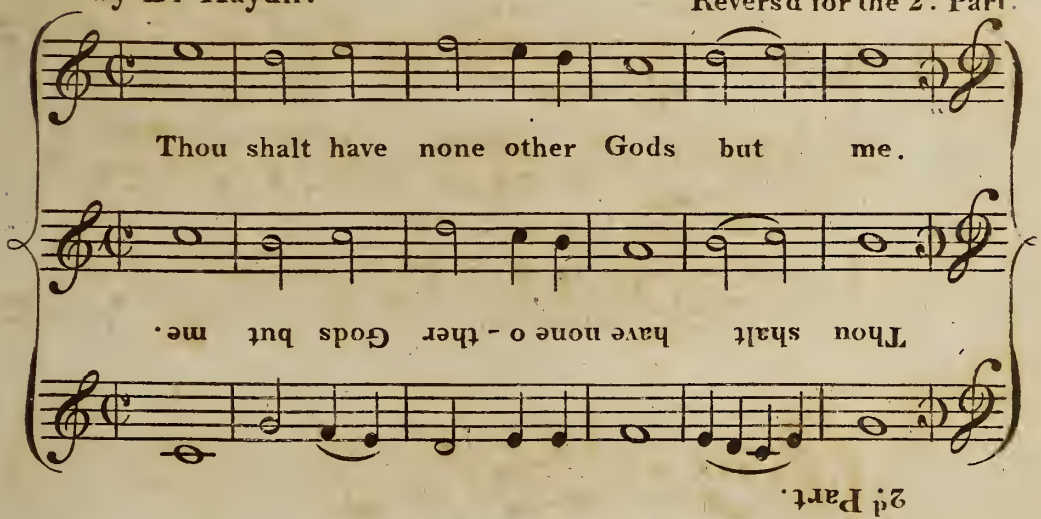
THE FIRST COMMANDMENT.

A CANON

No 86

Compos'd and presented to the Society of Musical Graduates by Dr Haydn.

Revers'd for the 2d Part.



This Canon should be sung forwards and backwards, then invert it and do the same, then D.C. & finish.

APPENDIX,

Containing SONGS, the Music to which has been given before.

SONG 87.

GLEANING.

Tune, "*The Dusky Night.*" See No. 40. p. 82

1.

THE village bell the hour proclaims,
The morning ſhines, how fair!
The Children all, and careful Dames,
To yonder field repair:
And a gleaning we will go:
Each grateful feels
To him who deals
Supplies to high and low.

2.

How bounteous kind is Providence
To yield this plenteous ſtore,
On all his favours to diſpenſe,
Nor e'er forget the poor:
For a gleaning now we go, &c.

3.

The Landlord, truly, has his rent,
The Farmer reaps his grain,
But ſtill a pittance God has ſent
The Pooreſt to maintain:
For a gleaning now, &c.

4.

Nor rent, nor taxes do we pay,
Nor till, nor ſeed we ſow;
We wait alone the happy day
When others reap and mow:
For a gleaning do we go, &c.

5.

Of land if poor men were poſſeſt,
Of ſelling there were fear;
This, an eſtate, as held in truſt,
Well ſown returns each year:
For a gleaning ſtill we go, &c.

6.

Then let us not profane His laws,
Whoſe goodneſs thus we feel,
Revere the gen'rous Farmers' cauſe,
Nor e'er preſume to ſteal:
When a gleaning thus we go, &c.

7.

Still round the year we'll bear in mind
How much to him we owe,
Beg Providence that we may find
We reap as we ſhall ſow:
And a gleaning we will go:
Each grateful feels
To Him, who deals
Supplies to high and low. J. P.

SONG 88.

HARVEST HOME.

Tune, "*Come, come, my good Shepherds.*" See No. 25. p. 52.

1.

WHEN white unto Harveſt the fields all appear,
And the plump golden grain bends to earth in the ear,
As the Farmers, elate, o'er their premiſes roam,
With hope they look forward to *Harveſt Home.*

2.

And, at length, when arriv'd is that fair ſmiling morn,
When their ſickles the Reapers firſt put to the corn,
Whilſt, ſmiling, amongſt them their Maſters then roam,
With joy they look forward to *Harveſt Home.*

3.

Next follow the Gleaners, who pick ear by ear,—
Many *littles* make *mickles* to crown their good year,—
'Midſt the ſheaves and the teams they with gratitude roam,
And with joy they look forward to *Harveſt Home.*

4.

When gather'd the grain, and the laſt load appears,
And the Farmer then welcomes it home with three cheers;
Well repaid for his care, thro' his fields when he'd roam,
With his Men and his Neighbours he ſings *Harveſt Home.*

5.

With hearts fill'd with praiſes to Him that thus gives
All the fruit of the year for ſuſtaining our lives,
After riot and madneſs our hearts ſhall not roam,
But ſing cheerful praiſe for our *Harveſt Home.* J. P.

SONG 89.

NANCY.

Tune, "*Sally in our Alley.*" See No. 53. p. 108.

1.

THO' in our town there's many a laſs,
Yet none is like my Nancy;
Not ladies fine can her ſurpaſs,
At leaſt ſuch is my fancy.
She's freſh and fair, and always tight,
She's nimble in her walking,
Whene'er we meet her eye ſhines bright,
And cheerful is her talking.

2.

There's madam's maid comes from the hall,
Dress'd in the height o' th' faſhion,
And holds her head above them all,
Which puts me in a paſſion.

For why ſhould folks of low degree
Like fools their betters follow;
No, plain and neat's the thing for me,
There Nancy has it hollow.

3.

There's Bet that lives with Farmer Prog,
She's mad when there's a dancing;
And ev'ry ſight ſets her agog,
And out ſhe comes a prancing.
But woe to him that has a wife
For gadding ever ready;
Give me a partner true for life,
Like Nancy, briſk, but ſteady.

4.

She's kept her place theſe five long years,
And high ſhe is in favour,
But when next Martlemas appears,
I tell her I muſt have her.
For I have call'd her long my love,
And faithful ever found her,
And ſuch, no doubt, ſhe ſtill will prove,
When wedlock mine has bound her. J. D.

SONG 90.

THE ONION.

Tune, "*Cauld Kale in Aberdeen.*" See No. 49. p. 100.

1.

A plant there's in my garden grows,
In all my taſte a ſharer,
Its ſcent to me outvies the roſe,
The lily is not fairer:
My food, my phyſic, my delight—
No longer for to *fun ye on*,
My rhyme and reaſon ſhall unite
In praiſing of the Onion.

2.

I envy not the great man's meal,
French cookery and *kickſhaws*,
Diſguiſing mutton, beef and veal,
His diſhes I'd not lick thoſe.
The Onion is the poor man's ſauce,
With that he ne'er can do ill,
A reliſh 'tis to bread and cheeſe,
And e'en to water-gruel.

3.

Tom Soaker takes his morning dram
'Ere he to work is going,
But of this truth I certain am,
It tends to his undoing.
But all the warmth my ſtomach wants,
In freezing or in blowing,
My rope of Onions freely grants,
And ſets my heart a glowing.

4.

'Tis true the labourer does not want
A doſe to ſet him ſleeping,
For labour was the gracious grant
In peace and health to keep him:
And yet I find, no fancy 'tis,
My maxim ne'er did founder,
With Onion to my bread and cheeſe,
I always ſleep the founder.

5.

If cold* I have, my Onion's roaſt;
Are boils and blains tormentors,
No poultice can the doctors boaſt,
Like theſe, for their fomenters.
In dropſies too they have their uſe,
And for the ſtone or gravel,
Diſtill'd, a liquor they produce
To better thoſe who have ill.

* A cold, or cough.

6.

O then the Onion will I ſing,
The pride of all my garden,
'Fore that I prize no other thing,
A penny to a *farden:*
For that my richeſt bed ſhall have,
To muck it I'll ſpend money on,
And round the year I only crave
To cheer my meal an Onion.

J. P.

SONG 91.

BENEVOLENCE.

Altered from a Song of PAUL WHITEHEAD'S, sung at the Annual Meeting of the President, Vice-Presidents, Governors, &c. of the London Hospital.

Tune—either, "*Will Chip,*" see No. 13. p. 26.
Or, "*Club Day.*" No. 67. p. 138.

1.

OF trophies and laurels I mean not to ſing,
Of brave Britiſh Princes, or Britain's good King:
Here the Poor claim my ſong; then the art I'll diſplay
How you all ſhall be gainers—by giving away.

2.

The cruſe of the widow, you very well know,
The more it was emptied, the fuller did flow:
So here, with your purſe, the like wonder you'll find,
The more you draw out ſtill the more's left behind.

3.

The Prodigal here without danger may ſpend;
That ne'er can be laviſh'd to Heav'n we lend;
And the Miſer his purſe-ſtrings may draw without pain,
For what Miſer won't give, when his giving is gain.

4.

The Gameſter, who ſits up all night and all day,
To hazard his health and his fortune at play;
Much more to advantage his bets he may make,
Here, ſet what he will, he will double his ſtake.

5.

The Fair-One, whoſe heart the four aces controul,
Who ſighs for *ſans-prendre*, and dreams of a vole,
Let her here ſend a tithe of her gains at Quadrille,
And ſhe'll ne'er want a friend in victorious ſpadille.*

6.

Let the Merchant, who trades on the perilous ſea,
Come here and inſure, if from loſs he'd be free;
A policy here from all danger ſecures,
For ſafe is the venture which Heav'n inſures.

7.

If from Charity then ſuch advantages flow,
That you ſtill gain the more—e'en the more you beſtow:
Here's the place will afford you rich profits with eaſe:
When the baſon comes round—be as rich as you pleaſe.

* See some excellent "Hints addressed to Card-parties," in Dr. LETTSOM's "Hints, designed to promote Beneficence, Temperance, and Medical Science." Vol. iii. p. 81.

SONG 92.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

By ELIZABETH BENTLEY.

Owing to a mistake the following Song was not composed, or adapted, to be inserted with the Music: it is here given, as being on an important subject, and intimately connected with Song 78. p. 163. which it was intended to precede: and it may likewise introduce an humble Genius to some of our readers, particularly our rural ones.

1.

SAY, lordly Man, of pow'rs poſſeſt,
That no inferior creatures know;
Say, can the mind with reaſon bleſt,
Relentleſs fury ſhow?

To thy domain ſhall beaſts belong,
  Yet why ſo mercileſs thy ſway?
Why to the harmleſs, uſeful throng
  Such cruelty diſplay?

2.

Juſt accuſations all may bring,
  Againſt imperious Man complain,
Whatever ſpreads in air its wing,
  Or grazes on the plain:

The bird laments its plunder'd neſt,
  Her mate ſhot, breathleſs, at her ſide;
A pair, ſhe cries, thus fondly bleſt,
  Shall ſportive hands divide?

3.

The labouring Ox that ploughs the ſoil,
  Muſt feel th' unpitying drover's rage;
A life of never-ceaſing toil
  Might kinder fate engage.

The patient aſs, or noble horſe,
  Who ne'er to Man their aid refuſe;
Can tyrant Man, without remorſe,
  Unfeelingly abuſe?

4.

Nor theſe alone their claims aſſert;
  Each guiltleſs creature we oppreſs
Appeals to every feeling heart
  For pity and redreſs.

Is't not enough, vain mortal, ſay,
  Their lives to feed thee myriads give?
But muſt thou, with unlenient ſway,
  Diſtreſs them whilſt they live?

5.

'Tis not for this the Lord of all
  His creatures to thy pow'r ſubjects;
For thy revenge, or ſport, to fall,
  As Folly's choice directs.

Whence could that paſſion firſt ariſe,
  Which from the mind in tranſport breaks?—
The thoughtleſs child, on birds, or flies,
  His infant vengeance wreaks.

6.

If no correcting care reſtrains,
  Th' exulting tyrant makes no ſtand,
No creature in his pow'r he gains,
  But feels his tort'ring hand.

Now fierce revenge his mind enſnares,
  Each tender ſentiment is loſt;
His fellow-beings ſcarce he ſpares,
  By whirls of fury toſt.

7.

Then o'er the young, unbias'd race
  Celeſtial Mercy's reign extend;
Leſt what in heedleſs ſport takes place,
  In ſerious crimes ſhould end.

Let all thy kind compaſſion ſhare,
  Through Nature's univerſal frame;
Whatever breathes thy kindred air,
  Or feels the vital flame.

NOTES.

Song 2. p. 2.

V. 6. "Here ev'ry Farmer is a King, the King himself a Farmer, Sir."

"In China, once in every year, on a stated day, the Emperor, with all the pomp of Eastern Magnificence, ploughs with his own royal hands a certain portion of ground; every Vice-roy in his principality, every Mandarin in his lesser district, is enjoined to do the same, and with the same solemnities; thus the greatest compliment that can be paid to Agriculture is practised by that wise people, for the encouragement of this, the first and most useful of all the Arts." See Mr. Willett's Account of The Library at Merly in Dorsetshire, p. 5.

"Such themes as these the *rural* Maro sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The Kings, and awful Fathers of Mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd."

Thomson's Spring, l. 55.

Song 9. p. 20.

For the information of my Rural Readers, who perhaps may not before have heard the name of Robert Bloomfield, the author of this song, and of the description of an Harvest Home in the note at the end of the Introductory Letter, I will add a few particulars of this extraordinary and pleasing writer.

Robert was the younger child of George Bloomfield, a taylor, at Honington, near Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk. He was born in the year 1766. His father died of the Small-Pox when he was an infant under a year old, as he beautifully and pathetically describes in his Poem on the Cow-Pock. His Mother, a very religious member of the Church of England, was a school-mistress, and instructed her own children with the others, and took all the pains she could to make him pious; and as his reason expanded, his love of God and man increased with it. He attended another school about three months to be improved in writing. When about eleven years old he went to live with a farmer of very respectable character. His Brother, who was a shoe-maker in London, offered to

clothe him, and teach him his trade; which offer his Mother accepted, and took him up to London in the year 1781. Having a great fondness for reading, he had here an opportunity of indulging it, and here he met with the Poem of PARADISE LOST, by MILTON, and THE SEASONS, by THOMSON, with which he was particularly pleased. In the year 1784 he returned to his old master, the farmer in the country. And here, with his mind glowing with the fine descriptions of rural scenery which he found in THOMSON'S SEASONS, he again retraced the very fields where he first began to think. Here, free from the smoke, the noise, and the contention of the city, he imbibed that love of rural simplicity and rural innocence, which fitted him, in a great degree, to be the writer of *The Farmer's Boy;* and after a stay of two months he returned to London. In the year 1790 he married; and after this, in a garret, amid six or seven other workmen, his active mind employed itself in composing the Poem of *The Farmer's Boy,* which appeared in 1799. Since that he has published a volume of *Rural Tales and Ballads,* and *Good Tidings; or, News from the Farm,* being a Poem on the *Cow-Pock.* Some extracts from this are given in a subsequent note. The following testimony is given to Mr. Bloomfield's character: "I never knew his fellow for mildness of temper and goodness of disposition. Universally is he praised by those who know him best, for the best of Husbands, an indulgent Father, and a quiet Neighbour."

This short account is taken chiefly from the Preface to *The Farmer's Boy.*

Song 10. p. 22.

This Song was written in August 1803, and is one of those alluded to in the Postscript, p. 29.

Song 22. p. 46.

V. 2. "Just then when the Youth, who last year won the *dower.*"

"A portion given every May-day to a damsel, as a reward for her sweetheart's ingenuity.—That Villager who can boast of having done the most ingenuous thing, claims a right to demand a Farm, containing sixty acres, rent free for seven years, and an hundred pounds to stock it, together with whatsoever maiden he chuses, provided he gains her consent: and it is a good custom; for the young men, who formerly used to vie with one another in feats of strength, now, as I may say, vie with one another in feats of understanding and goodness." (See "The Quaker.") It is much to be wished that there was in every village A Squire with the means and heart to put this in practice. Small means and a benevolent heart, however, may effect much.

There is a very pleasing account of the manner in which one of these Festivals might be conducted, in Mrs. Trimmer's Family Magazine, vol. 1. p. 461.

Song 31. p. 65.

Of this Song I have met with no printed copy. A friend repeated it to me from memory, who had learnt it about fifty years ago.

Song 32. p. 66.

V. 3. "Yet it is not with each new comrade I would shake me."

The line originally stood thus:

"Yet 'tis not with each new-hatch'd comrade I'd shake me."

But it was necessary to alter it on account of the tune: the original reading is here noticed for the sake of introducing the following lines from Shakspeare.

"Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of *each new-hatch'd,* unfledg'd *comrade.*" Hamlet, A. 1. S. 3.

Song 40. p. 82.

In some places it is customary at the Harvest Home (or, as it is often called, the Hawkey†) to drink the Master's health, immediately after supper, in some kind of verse. This was written for the purpose, as an improvement upon the usual healths. The * is put for the name of the person at whose house it shall be sung.

Song 67. p. 138. CLUB-DAY.

This Song was written by a Friend at my particular desire, and a very good one it is. I could have wished only that the *burden* had been different. A *Club* does not so well express the purpose of these Societies, particularly in these times, when Jacobin Clubs have overthrown all order and charity in France, and endeavoured to do the same here; whereas FRIENDLY SOCIETY carries in its name the benevolent purposes of the institution.

Song 69. p. 142.

This character of Woman is taken from the Account of Ledyard, in the Proceedings of the Association for making Discoveries in the interior parts of Africa. London 1790. 4to. p. 44. See also Gisborne's Duties of Women, p. 23. Note.

Farther testimonies in proof of this character of Women may be seen in Commodore Byron's Narrative of his Sufferings on the coast of Patagonia.

Song 76. p. 157. THE COW.

When this Song was written the Author was aware that Mr. Bloomfield had written a Poem upon the same subject, but he had not then seen it. It seems necessary to state this, as it might otherwise appear to the Reader that two passages in the Song were borrowed from "Good Tidings."

Nor mead at dawning day, nor thymy heath,
Transcends the fragrance of the heifer's breath:

Compare this with v. 2.

And childhood's thousand thousand swept away;

which is certainly more poetically expressed than the same idea in v. 4.

The address to Parents in behalf of the Cow-Pock is too much to the purpose to be omitted in this place:

† The derivation of this word is not exactly known. The phrase is sometimes "Calling Hawkey;" as, "When do you *call Hawkey?*" I am informed that in the North of England there is a Song which is sung as the last load goes through the village, which begins, "*Hark ye, hark ye,* neighbours all;" and thence it is termed *calling hark ye,* or *hawkey.*

Love ye your Children?—let that love arise,
Pronounce the sentence, and the serpent dies;
Bid welcome a mild stranger at your door,
Distress shall cease, those terrors reign no more.

Love ye your Neighbours?—let that love be shown,
Risk not *their* children, while you guard your own;
Give not a foe dominion o'er your blood,
Plant not a poison, e'en to bring forth good;
For, woo the pest discreetly as you will,
Deadly infection must attend him still.

* * * *

Mothers! the pledges of your loves caress,
And heave no sighs but sighs of tenderness.
Fathers, be firm! keep down the fallen foe,
And on the memory of domestic woe
Build resolution;—Victory shall increase
Th' incalculable wealth of private peace;
And such a victory, unstain'd with gore,
That strews its laurels at the cottage door,
Sprung from the farm, and from the yellow mead,
Should be the glory of the pastoral reed.

Song 77. p. 160.

This beautiful little Poem is taken from a small volume published in the year 1803.

Ann Candler is, in the plainest and humblest sense of the word, *a Cottager*: she has never had a higher station, or, in this world, a higher aim; but, if virtuous principles, pure and modest manners, a deep sense of religion, and steady unaffected christian faith, are the best guides to a happy immortality, she will not be the least or lowest in the *mansions* of the *blessed.*

She was the daughter of William More, of Yoxford, in the county of Suffolk, a working glover; her mother was the daughter of Thomas Holder, formerly of Woodbridge, Surveyor of the window lights for that part of the county. She was born in November 1740. Her mother died when she was about eleven years of age, leaving her to the care of her father, with whom she continued till she married, which was in the twenty-second year of her age. After some time her husband left her as a soldier, and after many misfortunes, she was obliged to seek an asylum in Tattingstone House of Industry with her children. She early evinced a fondness for reading, and though without a guide or instructor in the paths of literature, she frequently found acquaintances who could furnish her with books to her taste.

It is very remarkable that she had a great dislike to poetry, and could scarcely prevail on herself to read any, yet frequently found an inclination to write in verse. Her first attempt of this kind was addressed to her patron, Dr. J——n, of Sproughton, merely as an effusion of honest gratitude; and nothing could equal her surprise on finding that it was made the subject of public notice and admiration. The account that she herself gives of this to two Ladies, is truly interesting.

"The Rev. Dr. J——n at Christmas time was pleased to distribute very liberal gifts to the Poor; the generosity of the action struck me very much, and I ventured to address a few lines to him, returning thanks in a manner quite unexpected by the worthy gentleman. The next day I heard a rap at my door; I opened it—but my surprise and terror were indescribable on the appearance of Dr. J——n, for I dreaded a severe reprimand for my presumption. My confusion was too great to escape his observation, and the natural goodness of his heart induced him to dispel my fears, by addressing me with the greatest affability and condescension. He was pleased to take a seat, and conversed with me a considerable time. From this hour, the most fortunate of my life, I may date every act of kindness I have since experienced; for he was pleased to recommend me to his friends, and shewed them some of my writings, which, but for his endeavours to bring them into notice, would certainly have been buried in oblivion, as I wrote them merely for my own amusement. Death only can efface him from my remembrance, or cancel the obligations I am under to that best of men! Think what were my sorrows when this dear and valuable friend left the village, and I was at once deprived of his assistance, and also of his conversation, which was at once affable and kind!"

At the time of writing the above, Mrs. Candler had not a hope of being enabled to remove out of the House of Industry; but, about eight or nine months after, several of her Poems having been read and approved, in polite and literary circles, it was suggested, by the ladies to whom her letter was addressed, that, if she could publish a small volume by subscription, she might raise a sum sufficient to furnish a room, and place herself, in a state of comparative happiness, near a married daughter, where she might spend the evening of her days in peace, supported by her own industry, and occasionally assisted by those friends who know and respect her unobtrusive good qualities. Part of this plan is already put in execution. Her friends have procured and furnished a lodging for her at Copdock, where her daughter lives, and not far from her favourite village of Sproughton.

This account is taken from the Narrative prefixed to the Volume of Poems.

Song 78. p. 163. TOM NERO.

The intelligent reader will of course immediately call to mind Hogarth's Prints of "The four stages of Cruelty." The author of this Song has, however, varied from his original in the third verse, in making Tom Nero murder the traveller on the road, and in the fourth in being hanged in chains, instead of dissected at Surgeon's Hall, as being, though equally awful, yet a less disgusting incident, and better calculated for the purpose in view, that of singing, or perhaps still better for pasting against the walls of a cottage, as a warning both to Parents and Children.

Song 83. p. 174. NON NOBIS.

As Non Nobis is frequently sung at public dinners, as mentioned in the Introductory Letter, (p. 6. Note) it is here given. The English words, with some trifling variations to adapt them to the music, are added, that singers of an humbler cast may adopt them, if they please, and wish to "sing with the understanding."

Song 87. p. 179. GLEANING.

"The village bell the hour proclaims."

It is the custom in some parishes for the Church-bell to ring at six or seven o'clock in the

morning, as a notice to the Gleaners that they may go into the field; and to ring again, at a corresponding hour in the evening, that they may leave off. It gives all—particularly those who have a family to attend upon at home—a more equal chance, and prevents that temptation to steal which early and late gleaning afford.

Song 92. p. 185.

Elizabeth Bentley is another of those extraordinary geniuses which have arisen in humble life without education, merely by the force of their own native talents. In the year 1791 a volume of her Poems was published at Norwich, with a list of 1935 subscribers' names prefixed. By the profits of this an annuity was purchased for herself and her mother. In a letter to the Rev. Mr. Walker of Norwich, who kindly undertook to edit her Poems, she gives the following account of herself:

"Reverend Sir—In compliance with your request, I write the few particulars of my life, which are as follow:—I was born at Norwich, in the parish of All Saints, in November, 1767, and was the only child of my parents. My father's name was Daniel Bentley, by trade a journeyman cordwainer; who, having received a good education himself, took upon him to teach me reading and spelling, but never gave me the least idea of grammar. Being naturally fond of reading, I used to employ my leisure hours with such books as were in the house; which were chiefly a spelling-book, fable-book, dictionary, and books of arithmetic; and with such little pamphlets as I could borrow of my neighbours. When I was about ten years of age, my father was afflicted with a paralytic stroke, which took from him the use of one side, and disabled him from working at his business; but still retaining the use of his right hand, and his disorder not affecting his mental faculties, he taught me the art of writing, from copies in the spelling-book. My father was now obliged to go about selling garden-stuff for a living, till (a few months before his death) he obtained the place of book-keeper to the London Coach, which then set out from the King's Head, in the Market-place. His lameness continued till his death, which happened by a second stroke of the same disorder, on the 25th of January, 1783, in the 48th year of his age, I being then about fifteen years old. My father died in the parish of St. Stephen, in which place my mother and I have continued ever since. About two years after my father's death, I discovered in myself an inclination for writing verses, which I had no thought nor desire of being seen; but my mother shewing my first productions to some acquaintances, they encouraged me to proceed. Soon after I purchased a small grammar-book, second-hand, from which I attained the art of expressing myself correctly in my native language. My mother's maiden name was Lawrence; her father, when living, kept a cooper's shop in St. Stephen's parish.

This, Sir, is the short history of my life; from which you will be pleased to select such passages as you may think proper for the information of the Public.

I remain, with gratitude and respect,

Your obliged servant,

July 23, 1790." ELIZABETH BENTLEY."

INDEX TO THE SONGS,

ACCORDING TO THEIR FIRST LINES.

NAMES OF AUTHORS,

WITH REFERENCES TO THEIR SONGS.

NAMES OF COMPOSERS,

WITH REFERENCES TO THEIR MUSIC.

ERRATA

IN THE INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

Page 2	Line	13	for Alexander	read	Andrew.
26	Note.	l. 4	Gentlemen		Gentleman.
29		3	1793		1803.

Some alterations having taken place with respect to the Songs intended to be inserted, since the Postscript was printed off, additional thanks are due to Mrs. MONTAGU for the pathetic Air of THE BLIND BOY, and to Mr. CARNABY for his GRACE. It was an omission, likewise, the not acknowledging in the proper place our obligations to Mr. PRESTON for permission to insert THE HARVEST HOME ROUNDELAY.

In some of the copies of the Songs,

Page 32	line	2	for alarm	read	alarms.
52		2	our		your.
57		1	in		on.
112		9	within		with sin.
144		2	before "From the Agreeable Surprize," read TUNE.		
162		13	for ye	read	yet.
170		4	Friend		Fiend.

The following Subscribers' Names came too late to be inserted in the list:

The Rev. John Dudley. 2 copies additional.
——— Edward Edwards, Lynn, Norfolk.
——— Robert Hankinson, do.
Mrs. Sleath, Scraptoft, Leicestershire.
Miss Watts, Leicester.

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