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SONGS Compleat,

Pleasant and Divertive ;

SET TO

MUSICK

By Dr. JOHN BLOW, Mr. HENRY PURCELL,
and other Excellent Masters of the Town.

Ending with some ORATIONS, made and
spoken by me several times upon the
PUBLICK STAGE in the THEATER. To-
gether with some Copies of VERSES, PRO-
LOGUES, and EPILOGUES, as well for my
own PLAYS as those of other Poets, being
all Humorous and Comical.

VOL. V.

33722

L O N D O N :

Printed by *W. Pearson*, for *J. Tonson*, at
SHAKESPEAR'S Head, against *Catherine*
Street in the *Strand*, 1719.

Sonnet, Complete

Plum and Whimsy;

to

MUSIC

By the Hon. Henry McHenry, President,
and other Excellent Masters of the Town.

Having with some of the most
renowned of the world, I have upon the
first of January, 1791, to
publish with some of the most
renowned, and I have as well for my
own sake as those of other poets, being
all of them, and I have

VOL. V.

LONDON.

Printed by H. Fisher, for J. Johnson, at
St. James's Place, and against the
Street in the Strand, 1791.



A N

Alphabetical T A B L E

OF THE

SONGS and POEMS

Contain'd in this

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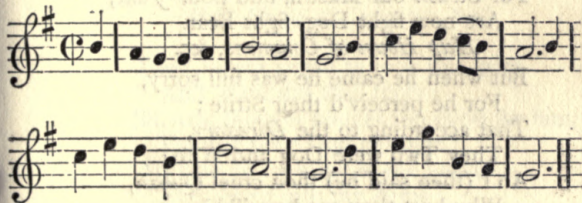
SONGS Compleat,

Pleasant and Divertive, &c.

VOL. V.

*The FOUR-LEGG'D ELDER: Or a Horrible
Relation of a DOG and an Elder's MAID.*

By Sir John Burtonhead.



ALL Christians and *Lay-Elders* too,
For Shame amend your Lives ;
I'll tell you of a Dog-trick now,
Which much concerns you Wives :

VOL. V.

B

An

SONGS Compleat,

An *Elder's* Maid near *Temple-Bar*,

(Ah ! what a *Quean* was she ?)

Did take an ugly *Mastiff* Cur,

Where *Christians* use to be.

Help House of Commons, House of Peers,

Oh now or never help !

Th' Assembly hath not sat Four Years,

Yet hath brought forth a Whelp.

One Evening late she stept aside,

Pretending to fetch Eggs ;

And there she made her self a Bride,

To one that had four Legs :

Her Master heard a Rumblement,

And wonder she did tarry ;

Not dreaming (without his consent)

His Dog would ever Marry.

Help House of Commons, &c.

He went to peep, but was afraid,

And hastily did run,

To fetch a Staff to help his Maid,

Not knowing what was done :

He took his *Ruling Elders* Cane,

And cry'd out *help, help, here ;*

For *Swash* our *Mastiff*, and poor *Jane*,

Are now fight Dog, fight Bear.

Help House of Commons, &c.

But when he came he was full sorry,

For he perceiv'd their Strife ;

That according to the *Directory*,

They Two were Dog and Wife :

Ah ! (then said he) thou cruel *Quean*,

Why hast thou me beguil'd ?

I wonder *Swash* was grown so lean,

Poor Dog he's almost spoil'd.

Help House of Commons, &c.

I thought thou hadst no Carnal Sense,

But what's in our Lasses :

And could have quench'd thy Cupiscence,

According to the *Classes* :

But all the Parish see it plain,
Since thou art in this pickle ;
Thou art an Independent Quean,
And lov'st a Conventicle.

Help House of Commons, &c.

Alas now each *Malignant* Rogue,
Will all the World perswade ;
That she that's Spouse unto a Dog,
May be an *Elder's* Maid :
They'll jeer us if abroad we stir,
Good Master *Elder* stay ;
Sir, of what *Classis* is your Cur ?
And then what can we say ?

Help House of Commons.

They'll many graceless Ballads sing,
Of a *Presbyterian* ;
That a *Lay Elder* is a thing
Made up half Dog, half Man :
Out, out, said he, (and smote her down)
Was Mankind grown so scant ?
There's scarce another Dog in Town,
Had took the *Covenant*.

Help House of Commons, &c.

Then *Swash* began to look full grim,
And *Fane* did thus reply ;
Sir, you thought nought too good for him,
You fed your Dog too high :
'Tis true he took me in the lurch,
And leap'd into my Arms ;
But (as I hope to come at Church)
I did your Dog no harm.

Help House of Commons, &c.

Then she was brought to *Newgate* Goal,
And there was Naked stripp'd ;
They whipp'd her till the Cords did fail,
As Dogs us'd to be whipp'd :

Poor City Maids shed many a Tear,
 When she was lash'd and bang'd;
 And had she been a *Cavalier*,
 Surely she had been hang'd.
Help House of Commons, &c.

Hers was but *Fornication* found,
 For which she felt the Lash:
 But his was *Bugg'ry* presum'd,
 Therefore they hanged *Swash*:
 What will become of *Bishops* then,
 Or *Independency*?
 For now we find both Dogs and Men,
 Stand up for *Presbytry*
Help House of Commons, &c.

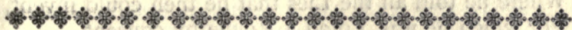
She might have took a *Sow-gelder*,
 With *Synod-men* good store,
 But she would have a *Lay-Elder*,
 With Two Legs and Two more:
 Go tell the *Assembly* of Divines,
 Tell Adoniram blue;
 Tell *Burgess, Marshall, Case* and *Vines*,
 Tell *Now-and-Anon* too.
Help House of Commons, &c.

Some say she was a *Scottish* Girl,
 Or else (at least) a Witch;
 But she was born in *Colchester*,
 Was ever such a Bitch:
 Take heed all Christian Virgins now,
 The *Dog-Star* now prevails;
 Ladys beware your Monkeys too,
 For Monkeys have long Tails.
Help House of Commons, &c.

Bless *King* and *Queen*, and send us Peace,
 As we had Seven Years since:
 For we remember no *Dog-days*,
 While we enjoy'd our Prince:

Bless

Bless sweet Prince *Charles*, Two *Dukes*, Three *Girls*,
 Lord save his *Majesty*;
 Grant that his *Commons*, *Lords*, and *Earls*,
 May lead such lives as *He*.
Help House of Commons, &c.



Plain Proof *Ruin'd* :
Or, a Grand *CHEAT* *Discover'd*.



B Old Impudent *Fuller* invented a Plot,
 And all to discover the Devil knows what ;
 About a young Bantling strangely begot.
Which no body can deny.

The better to cheat both the Fools and the Wise,
 He Impos'd on a Nation a Hundred of Lies ;
 That none but a Knight of the Post could devise.
Which no body can deny.

He tells us he had the Honour to peep,
 In the Warming-pan where the *Welch* Infant did sleep ;
 And found out a Plot which was Damnable deep,
Which no Body can believe.

Then to the Wise Senate he suddenly went,
 Where he told all the Lies that he then could invent,
 For which he was Voted a Rogue by consent,
Which no Body can deny.

And tho' he was Punish'd for that his Offence,
 He has almost forgot it, it was so long since,
 Therefore the whole Game he began to Commence,
Which no Body can deny.

Then he to the Lords his bold Letters did send,
 And told the high Peers, that the Plot he could mend,
 And make it as plain, as he first did pretend,
Which no Body can deny.

He told them his Witnesses were mighty Men,
 That wou'd come to the Town, tho' the Devil knows
 when,
 And make *William Fuller* once famous agen,
Which no Body can deny.

The Lords they were Generous, Noble and Kind,
 And allowed him Freedom his 'Squires to find,
 The which he will do when the Devil is Blind,
Which no Body can deny.

So the Peers they declared him a scandalous Sot,
 And none thinks him fit to manage a Plot,
 If *Newgate* and *Tyburn* does fall to his Lot,
There's no Body will deny.

They gave him no more time than himself did require
 To find out his *Jones* and the wandering 'Squire,
 But the time being come, they were never the nigher,
Which no Body can deny.

The brave House of *Commons* next for him did send,
To hear what the Block-headly Fool wou'd pretend,
Who humbly request, that they wou'd him befriend,
Which no Body can deny.

One day he declar'd they were near *London Town*,
But the very next Day into *Wales* they were flown,
Such nimble Heel'd Witnessess never were known,
Which no Body can deny.

When being Examin'd about his sham Plot,
He answer'd as though he had minded them not,
Perhaps the Young Rogue had his Lesson forgot,
Which no Body can deny.

But after some Study and impudent Tales,
Ask'd for a Commission to march into *Wales*,
And be Chang'd to a Herse, as Rogues goes to Goals,
Which no Body can deny.

But seeing his Impudence still to abound,
To go search for the Men who were not to be found,
They immediately sent him back to *Fleet Pound*,
Which no Body can deny.

From the *Fleet* to the Cart may he quickly advance
To learn the true Steps of old *Oates's* New Dance,
And something beside, or it is a great Chance,
Which no Body can deny.

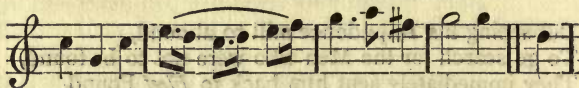
He has made it a Trade to be doing of Wrong,
In Swearing, and Lying, and Cheating so long,
For all his Life time, he's been at it ding dong,
Which no Body can deny.

Welch Taffy he raves and crys Splutterdenails,
He's abused hur Highness with Lies and with Tales,
Hur will hang hur if e'er hur can catch hur in *Wales*,
Which no Body will deny.

SONGS Compleat,

The Woman Warrior.

Who liv'd in COW-CROSS near WEST-SMITH-FIELD ; who changing her Apparrel, entered her self on Board in Quality of a Soldier, and sailed to IRELAND, where she Valiantly behaved her self, particularly at the Siege of CORK, where she lost her Toes, and received a Mortal Wound in her Body, of which she since Died in her return to LONDON.



L Et the Females attend,
 To the Lines which are penn'd,
 For here I shall give a Relation ;
 Of a Young marry'd Wife,
 Who did venture her Life,
 For a Soldier, a Soldier she went from the Nation.

She

She her Husband did leave,
And did likewise receive
Her Arms, and on Board she did enter ;
And right valiantly went,
With a Resolution bent,
To the Ocean, the Ocean her Life there to venture.
Yet of all the Ships Crew,
Not a Seaman that knew,
They then had a Woman so near 'em ;
On the Ocean so deep,
She her Council did keep, [em.
Ay, and therefore, and therefore she never did fear
She was valiant and bold,
And would not be controul'd,
By any that dare to offend her ;
If a Quarrel arose,
She would give him dry Blows, [her.
And the Captain, the Captain did highly commend
For he took her to be,
Then of no mean Degree,
A Gentleman's Son or a 'Squire ;
With a Hand white and fair,
There was none could compare,
Which the Captain, the Captain did often admire.
On the *Irish* Shore,
Where the Cannons did roar,
With many stout Lads she was landed ;
There her Life to expose,
She lost two of her Toes,
And in Battle, in Battle was daily commended.
Under *Grafton* she fought,
Like a brave Hero stout,
And made the proud Tories retire ;
She in Field did appear,
With a Heart void of Fear,
And she bravely, she bravely did charge and give
fire.

While

While the battering Balls,
Did assault the strong Walls,
Of *Cork* and the sweet Trumpets sounded ;
She did bravely advance,
Where by unhappy Chance,
This young Female, young Female alas she was
wounded.

At the End of the Fray,
Still she languishing lay,
Then over the Ocean they brought her ;
To her own Native Shore,
Now they ne'er knew before,
That a Woman, a Woman had been in that Slaughter.

What she long had conceal'd,
Now at length she reveal'd,
That she was a Woman that ventur'd ;
Then to *London* with care,
She did straitways repair,
But she dy'd, oh she dy'd e'er the City she enter'd.

When her Parents beheld,
They with Sorrow was fill'd,
For why they did dearly adore her :
In her Grave now she lies,
'Tis not watery Eyes,
No nor Sighing, nor Sighing that e'er can restore
her.



A Medly, Compos'd out of several SONGS.



S Tate and Ambition, all Joy to great *Cæsar*,
Sawney shall ne'er be my Colly my Cow ;
 All Hail to the Shades, all Joy to the Bridegroom,
 And call upon *Dobbin* with Hi, Je, ho.
 Remember ye Whigs, what was formerly done ;
 And *Fenny* come tye my bonny Cravat,
 If I live to grow old for I find I go down,
 For I cannot come every Day to Wooe.

Fove in his Throne was a Fumbler, *Tom Farthing*,
 And *Fockey* and *Fenny* together did lie ;
 Oh Mother *Roger* : Boys, fill us a Bumper,
 For why will ye die my poor *Celia*, ah why ?

Hark

Hark! how thundring Cannons do roar,
 Ladies of *London* both wealthy and fair;
Charon make hast and Ferry me over,
 Lilli burlero bullen a lah.

Chloris awake, Four-pence-half-penny-farthing,
 Give me the Lass that is true Country bred;
 Like *John* of *Gaunt* I walk in *Covent-Garden*,
 I am a Maid and a very good Maid:
 Twa bonny Lads was *Sawney* and *Fockey*,
 The Delights of the Bottle and Charms of good
 Wine;
 Wading the Water so deep my sweet *Moggy*,
 Cold and Raw, let it run in the right Line.

Old *Obadiah* sings *Ave-Maria*,
 Sing Lulla-by-Baby with a Dildo;
 The old Woman and her Cat sat by the Fire,
 Now this is my Love d'y' like her ho?
 Old *Charon* thus preached to his Pupil *Achilles*,
 And under this Stone here lies *Gabriel John*;
 Happy was I at the fight of Fair *Phillis*,
 What should a Young Woman do with an-old Man?

There's old Father *Peters* with his Romish Creatures,
 There was an old Woman sold Pudding and Pies,
 Cannons with Thunder shall fill them with Wonder,
 I once lov'd a Lass that had bright rowling Eyes:
 There's my Maid *Mary*, she does mind her Dairy,
 I took to my Heels and away I did run;
 And bids him prepare to be happy to Morrow,
 Alass! I don't know the right end of a Gun.

My Life and Death does lye both in your Power,
 And every Man to his Mind, *Shrewsbury* for me;
 On the Bank of a Brook as I sat Fishing,
 Shall I Die a Maid and never Married be:
 Uds bobs let *Oliver* now be forgotten,
Foan is as good as my Lady in the Dark;
 Cuckolds are Christians Boys all the World over,
 And here's a full Bumper to *Robin John Clark*.

The TROOPER Watering his NAGG.



THere was an old Woman liv'd under a Hill,
 Sing Trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo ;
 She had good Beer and Ale for to sell,
 Ho, ho, had she so, had she so, had she so ;
 She had a Daughter her name was *Siss*,
 Sing Trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo ;
 She kept her at Home for to welcome her Guest,
 Ho, ho, did she so, did she so, did she so.

There came a Trooper riding by,
 Sing trolly, &c.
 He call'd for Drink most plentifully,
 Ho, ho, did he so, &c.
 When one Pot was out he call'd for another,
 Sing trolly, &c.
 He kiss'd the Daughter before the Mother,
 Ho, ho, did he so, &c.

And when Night came on to Bed they went,
 Sing trolly, &c.
 It was with the Mother's own Consent,
 Ho, ho, was it so, &c.

Quoth she what is this so stiff and warm,
Sing trolly &c.

'Tis Ball my Nag he will do you no harm,
Ho, ho, wont he so, &c.

But what is this hangs under his Chin,
Sing trolly, &c.

'Tis the Bag he puts his Provender in,
Ho, ho, is it so, &c.

Quoth he what is this? Quoth she 'tis a Well,
Sing trolly, &c.

Where Ball your Nag may drink his fill,
Ho, ho, may he so, &c.

But what if my Nag should chance to slip in,
Sing trolly, &c.

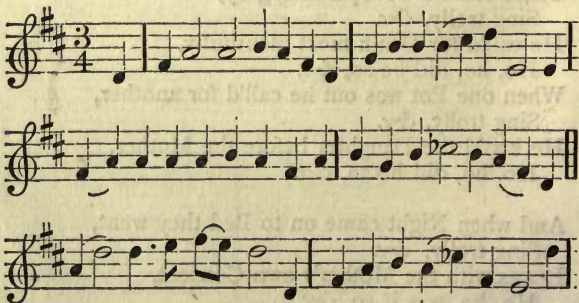
Then catch hold of the Grass that grows on the brim,
Ho, ho, must I so, &c.

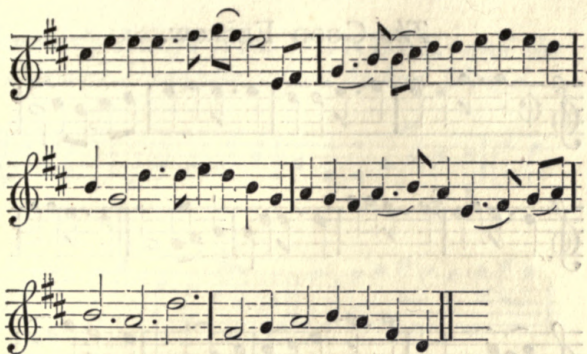
But what if the Grass should chance to fail,
Sing trolly, &c.

Shove him in by the Head, pull him out by the Tail,
Ho, ho, must I so, &c.



*A Trip to the Jubilee. The Tune by Mr.
R. Loe.*





Come bring us Wine in plenty,
We've Money enough to spend ;

I hate to see the Pots empty,

A Man cannot Drink to's Friend :

Then drawer bring up more Wine,

And merrily let it pass ;

We'll drink till our Faces do shine,

He that wont may look like an Ass :

And we'll tell him so to his Face,

If he offers to baulk his Glass,

For we defy all such dull Society.

'Tis drinking makes us merry,

And Mirth diverts all Care ;

A Song of hey down derry,

Is better than heavy Air :

Make ready quickly my Boys,

And fill up your Glasses higher ;

For we'll present with Huzzas,

And merrily all give fire ;

Since drinking's our desire,

And friendship we admire,

For here we'll stay, ne'er call Drawer what's to pay.

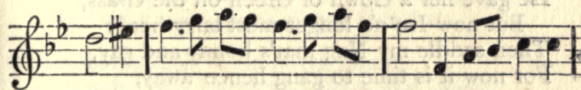
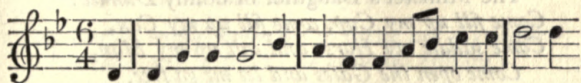
The

The GOOD FELLOW.

Let's be jolly, fill our Glasses,
 Madness 'tis for us to think,
 How the World is rul'd by Asses,
 That o'ersway the Wise with Chink :
 Let not such vain Thoughts oppress us,
 Riches prove to them a Snare ;
 We are all as rich as *Cræsus*,
 Drink your Glasses, take no care.

Wine will make us fresh as Roses,
 And our Sorrows all forgot ;
 Let us fuddle well our Noses,
 Drink ourselves quite out of Debt :
 When grim Death is looking for us,
 Whilst we're singing o'er our Bowls ;
Bacchus joyning in our Chorus,
 Death depart, here's none but Souls.

JOCKEY'S *Escape from DUNDEE*; and the
Parsons Daughter whom he had Mow'd.



W Here gott'st thou the *Haver-mill bonack* ?
 Blind Booby can'st thou not see ;
 Ise got it out of the *Scotch-man's Wallet*,
 As he lig lousing him under a Tree :
 Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,
 Come Saddle my Horse, and call up my Man ;
 Come open the Gates, and let me go free,
 And shew me the way to bonny Dundee.

For I have neither robbed nor stole,
 Nor have I done any injury;
 But I have gotten a Fair Maid with Child,
 The Minister's Daughter of bonny *Dundee*:
Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,
Come saddle my Horse and call up my Man,
Come open the Gates and let me go free,
And Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

Altho' Ise gotten her Maiden-head,
 Geud feth Ise given her mine in lieu;
 For when at her Daddy's Ise gang to Bed,
 Ise mow'd her without any more to do?
 Ise cuddle her close, and gave her a Kiss,
 Pray tell now where is the harm of this,
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
And Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

All *Scotland* ne'er afforded a Lass,
 So bonny and blith as *Fenny* my dear;
 Ise gave her a Gown of Green on the Grass,
 But now Ise no longer must tarry here:
 Then saddle my Nag that's bonny and gay,
 For now it is time to gang hence away,
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
She's ken me no more to bonny Dundee.

In Liberty still I reckon to Reign,
 For why I have done no honest Man wrong;
 The Parson may take his Daughter again,
 For she'll be a Mammy before it is long:
 And have a young Lad or Lass of my breed,
 Ise think I have done her a generous deed;
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
For Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

Since *Jenny* the Fair was willing and kind,
 And came to my Arms with a ready good will;
 A token of love Ise left her behind,
 Thus I have requited her kindness still:

Tho'

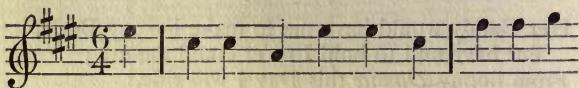
Tho' *Jenny* the Fair I often had mow'd,
 Another may reap the harvest I sow'd,
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
She's ken me no more to bonny Dundee.

Her Daddy would have me to make her my Bride,
 But have and to hold I ne'er could endure ;
 From bonny *Dundee* this Day I will ride,
 It being a place not safe and secure :
 Then *Jenny* farewell my Joy and my dear,
 With Sword in my Hand the passage I'se clear ;
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
For Ise gang no more to Bonny Dundee.

My Father he is a muckle good Leard,
 My Mother a Lady bonny and gay ;
 Then while I have strength to handle a Sward,
 The Parson's request Ise never obey :
 Then *Sawny* my Man be thou of my Mind,
 In bonny *Dundee* we'se ne'er be confin'd,
The Gates we will force to set ourselves free,
And never come more to bonny Dundee.

The *Sawny* reply'd Ise never refuse,
 To fight for a Leard so valiant and bold ;
 While I have a drop of Blood for to lose,
 E'er any fickle Loon shall keep us in hold :
 This Sward in my Hand I'll valiantly weild,
 And fight by your side to kill or be kill'd,
For forcing the Gates and set ourselves free,
And so bid adieu to bonny Dundee.

With Sward ready drawn they rid to the Gate,
 Where being denied an Entrance thro'
 The Master and Man they fought at that rate,
 That some ran away, and others they slew :
 Thus *Fockey* the Leard and *Sawny* the Man,
 They valiantly fought as Highlanders can,
In spight of the Loons they set themselves free,
And so bid adieu to bonny Dundee.

A SONG. Sung by Mr. Dogget.

Let's sing of Stage-Coaches, and fear no Re-



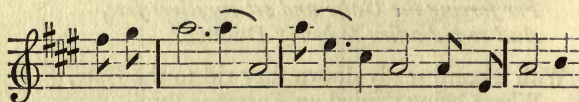
proaches ; for ri - ding in one, but dai - ly be



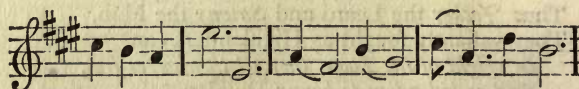
jogging, while whistling, and flogging, while



whistling and flogging, the Coach-man drives on ;



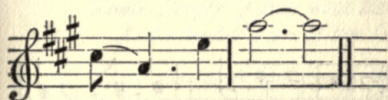
with a hey geeup, geeup hey ho, with a hey gee



Dobin hey ho, hey, geeup, geeup, geeup hey ho,



geeup, geeup, geeup hey ho, with a hey, gee



dobin hey ho.

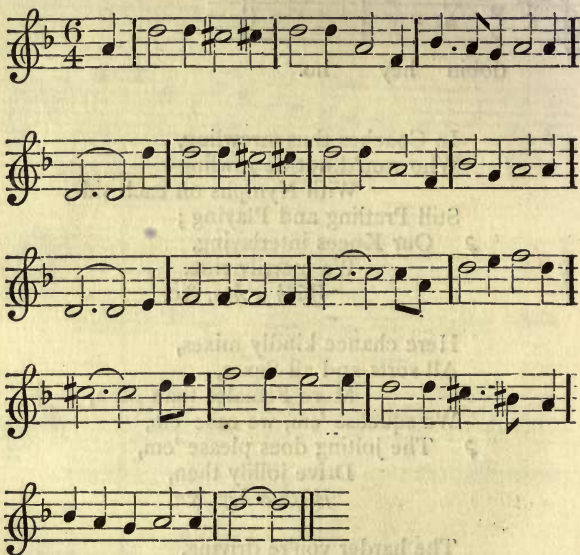
In Coaches thus strowling,
 Who wou'd not be rowling ;
 With Nymphs on each side,
 Still Pratling and Playing ;
 ♪ Our Knees interlaying,
 We merrily ride.
 With a hey, &c.

Here chance kindly mixes,
 All sorts and all Sexes,
 More Females than Men,
 We squeeze 'em, we ease 'em,
 ♪ The jolting does please 'em,
 Drive jollily then,
 With a hey, &c.

The harder you're driving,
 The more 'tis reviving,
 Nor fear we to tell,
 For if the Coach tumble,
 ♪ We'll have a rare Jumble,
 And then uptails all,
 With a hey, &c.



*The Crafty Cracks of East-Smith-Field,
who pick't up a Master Colour upon
Tower-Hill, whom they Plundred of a
Purse of Silver, with above Threescore
Guineas.*



YOU Master Colours pray draw near,
And listen to my Report ;
My Grief is great, for lo of late,
Two Ladies I chanc'd to Court :
Who did meet me on *Tower-Hill*,
Their Beauties I did behold :
Those Crafty Fades have learnt their Trades,
And plunder'd me of my Gold.

I'll tell you how it came to pass,
This sorrowful Story is thus :
Of Guineas bright a glorious Sight,
I had in a Cat-skin Purse :
The Value of near Fourscore Pounds,
As good as e'er I had told,
Those Crafty Fades have learnt their Trades,
And plunder'd me of my Gold.

I saw two poor distressed Men,
VWho lay upon *Tower-Hill*,
To whom in brief I gave Relief,
According to my good VVill :
Two wanton Misses drawing near,
My Guineas they did behold ;
They laid a Plot by which they Got,
My Silver and yellow Gold.

They both address'd themselves to me,
And thus they was pleas'd to say ;
Kind Sir, indeed, we stand in need,
Altho' we are fine and gay :
Of some Relief which you may give,
I thought they were something bold ;
The Plot was laid, I was betray'd,
And plunder'd of all my Gold.

Alas 'tis pity, then I cry'd,
Such Ladies of good Repute,
Should want Relief, therefore in brief,
I gave 'em a kind Salute :
Thought I of them I'll have my VVill,
Altho' I am something old ;
They were I see too wise for me,
They plunder'd me of my Gold.

Then to *East-Smithfield* was I led,
And there I was entertain'd :
With Kisses fine and Brandy Wine,
In Merriment we remain'd :

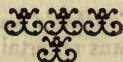
Methought

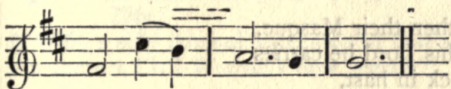
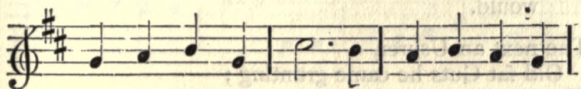
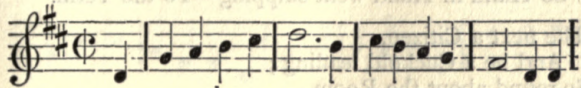
Methought it was the happiest Day,
 That ever I did behold ;
 Sweet Meat alas ! had sower Sauce,
 They plunder'd me of my Gold.

Time after Time to pay their Shot,
 My Guineas I would lug out ;
 Those Misses they wou'd make me stay,
 And rally the other bout :
 I took my Fill of Pleasures then
 Altho' I was something old ;
 Those Joys are past, they would not last,
 I'm plunder'd of all my Gold.

As I was at the wanton Game,
 My Pocket they fairly pick'd ;
 And all my Wealth they took by stealth,
 Thus was a poor Colour trick'd :
 Let me therefore a Warning be,
 To Merchants both young and old ;
 For now of late hard was my Fate,
 I'm plunder'd of all my Gold.

They got three Pounds in Silver bright,
 And Guineas above Threescore,
 Such sharpening Cracks breaks Merchants Backs,
 I'll never come near them more :
 Sure now I have enough of them,
 My Sorrow cannot be told ;
 That crafty Crew makes me look Blew,
 I'm plunder'd of all my Gold.



The Dance of the USURER and the Devil.

LAST *Christmas* 'twas my chance,
To be in *Paris City* ;
Where I did see a Dance,
In my conceit was very pretty— By men of France.

First came the Lord of *Pool*,
And he begun his Measure ;
The next came in a Fool,
And danc'd with him for pleasure— With his Tool.

The next a Knight came in,
Who look'd as he would swagger ;
And after follow'd him
A merry needy Beggar—Dancing in.

The next a Gentleman,
On him a Servant tending,
And there the Dance began,
With nimble Bodies bending— Like two Friends.

Then

Then in a Lawyer came,
 With him a Knave came leaping ;
 And as they Danc'd in Frame,
 So Hand in Hand went skipping—To the Term.

The next a Citizen,
 And he a Cuckold leading ;
 So round about the Room,
 Their Masque they fell a Treading— And fain they
 would.

The next an Usurer,
 Old fat Guts he came grunting ;
 The Devil left all care,
 For joy he fell a Jumping— To see him there.

And ending then their Masque,
 The Fool his Lord he carries
 Upon his Back in hast,
 No longer there he tarries—— But left the place.

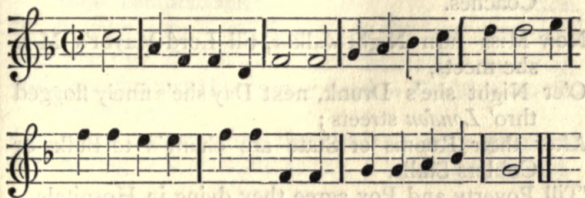
The Beggar took the Knight,
 Who took it in Derision ;
 The Searjeant took in Spite,
 The Gentleman to Prison—For all his might.

The Cuckold, silly Man,
 Altho' he was abhorred :
 He took the Citizen,
 And led him by the Forehead— And out he ran.

The Devil lik'd it well,
 His lot it was to carry ;
 The Usurer to Hell,
 And there with him to tarry.



*The SUBURBS is a fine place : To the Tune
of LONDON is a fine Town.*



THE Suburbs is a fine Place belonging to the City,
It has no Government at all, alack the more the
Pity ;

A Wife, a silly Animal, esteemed in that same Place,
For there a Civil Woman's now asham'd to shew her
Face :

The Misses there have each Man's Time, his Money,
nay, his Heart, [Part.

Then all in all, both great and small, and all in ev'ry

Which Part it is a thorough-fair so open and so large,
One well might sail through ev'ry Tail even in a
western Barge ;

These Cracks that Coach it now, when first they came
to Town, [Gown.

Did turn up Tail for a Pot of Ale in Linsey Wolsey

The Bullies first debauch'd 'em, in Baudy Covent-
Garden,

That filthy place, where ne'er a Wench was ever worth
a Farthing ; [Lords,

And when their Maiden-heads are sold to sneaking
Which Lords are Clapt at least nine-fold for taking of
their Words.

And then my Lord, that many tries, she looks so In-
nocent,

Believing he Infected her, he makes a Settlement ;

These

These are your Cracks, who skill'd in all kind of De-
bauches,
Do daily piss, spue and whore in their own glass
Coaches.

Now Miss turn Night-walker, till Lord-Mayor's Men
she meets,
O'er Night she's Drunk, next Day she's finely flogged
thro' *London* streets ;
After their Rooms of State are chang'd to Bulks or
Coblers Stalls,
'Till Poverty and Pox agree they dying in Hospitals.

This Suburbs gallant Fop that takes delight in Roaring,
He spends his time in Huffing, Swearing, Drinking,
and in Whoring ;
And if an honest Man and his Wife meet them in the
Dark,
Makes nothing to run the Husband through to get the
name of Spark.

But when the Constable appears, the Gallant, let me
tell ye,
His Heart defiles his Breeches, and sinks into his
Belly ;
These are the silly Rogues that think it fine and witty,
To laugh and joak at Aldermen, the Rulers of the City.
They'd kiss our Wives, but hold, for all their plotting
Pates, [Estates ;
While they would get us Children, we are getting their
And still in vain they Court pretending in their Cares,
That their Estates may thus descend unto the Lawful
Heirs.

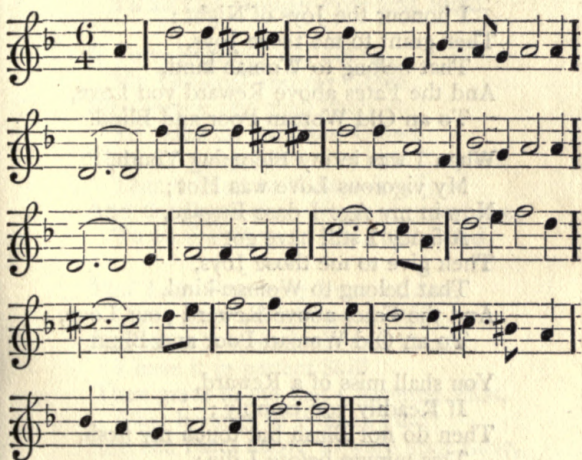
Their Play-houses I hate, are Shops to set off Wenches,
Where Fop and Miss, like Dog and Bitch, do couple
under Benches ;
That I might advise the chiefest Play-house monger,
I have a Sister of my own both Handsomer and
Younger.

She

She lives not far off in the Parish of St. Clements,
 She never liv'd in Cellar nor sold Oranges and Lemons :
 Then why should Play-house Trulls with Paint and
 such Temptations, [Nation.
 Be an Eye sore to me & more to the best part o'th'
 Now you that all this while have listened to my Dity,
 With streightened Hands pray drink a Health unto this
 noble City :
 And let us pray to *Fove*, these Suburb folks to mend,
 And having now no more to say, I think it fit to end.



The Old Woman's WISH.



AS I went by an Hospital,
 I heard an Old Woman cry,
 Kind Sir, quoth she, be kind to me,
 Once more before I Die,

And

And grant to me those Joys,
That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above reward your Love,
To an old Woman Poor and Blind.

I find an itching in my Blood,
Altho' it be something Cold,
Therefore Good Man do what you can,
To comfort me now I'm Old.
And Grant to me those Joys,
That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

Altho' I cannot see the Day,
Nor never a glance of light ;
Kind Sir, I swear and do declare,
I honour the Joys of Night :
Then grant to me those Joys,
That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above Reward you Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

When I was in my Blooming Youth,
My vigorous Love was Hot ;
Now in my Age I dare Engage,
A fancy I still have got :
Then give to me those Joys,
That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

You shall miss of a Reward,
If Readily you comply ;
Then do not Blush but touch my flesh,
This minute before I die :
O let me tast those Joys,
That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

I Forty Shillings would freely give,
'Tis all the Mony I have ;
Which I full long have begged for,
To carry me to my Grave :
This I would give to have the Bliss,
That belongs to Woman kind,
And the Fates above reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

I had a Husband in my Youth,
As very well 'tis known,
The truth to tell he pleased me well,
But now I am left alone ;
And long to tast the good Old Game,
That belongs to Woman-kind :
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

If Forty Shillings will not do,
My Petticoat and my Gown ;
Nay Smock also shall freely go,
To make up the other Crown :
Then Sir, pray Grant that kind Request,
That belongs to Woman-kind ;
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

Tho' I am Fourscore Years of Age,
I love with a Right good Will ;
And what in truth I want in Youth,
I have it in perfect Skill :
Then grant to me that Charming Bliss,
That belongs to Woman-kind ;
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

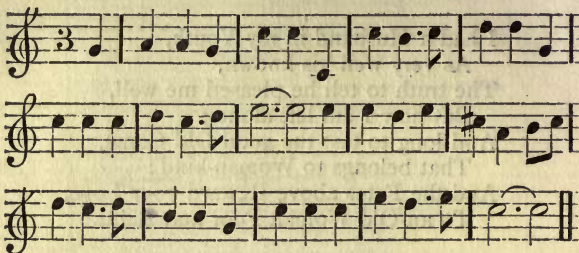
Now if you do not pleasure me,
And give me the thing I crave ;
I do protest I shall not rest,
When I am laid in my Grave :

There-

Therefore kind Sir, grant me the Joys,
That belong to Woman-kind ;
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.



The Mad-Man's SONG.



C H O.



THere can be no Glad-man compar'd to the Mad-
man,
His Mind is still void of Care ;
His Fits and his Fancies, are above all Mischances,
And Mirth is his ordinary Fare.

*Then be thou Mad, Mad, Mad let's be,
Nor shall the foul Fiend be Madder than we.*

The Wise and the Witty, in Court and in City,
Are subject to sorrow and Pain ;
While he that is Mad, knows not why to be Sad,
Nor has any cause to complain :

Then be thou Mad, &c.

We laugh at you Wise Men, that thus do despise Men,
Whose Senses you think to Decline ;
Mark well and you'll see, what you count but Frenzy,
Is indeed but Raptures Divine.

Then be thou Mad, &c.

Let the Grave and the Wise, pluck out their Eyes,
To set forth a Book worth a Groat ;
We Mad-men are quicker, grow Learn'd with good
Liquor,
And Chirp a Merry note.

Then be thou Mad, &c.

Hast thou lost thy Estate Man, why, care not for that
Man,
What Wealth may'st not fancy thy own ;
More than Queen *Dido*, or her Ass-Ear'd *Midas*,
That great Philosopher's stone.

Then be thou Mad, &c.

Pompey was a Mad-man, and so long a Glad-man ;
But at length he was forc'd to flee ;
For *Cæsar* from *Gallia* beat him in *Pharsalia*,
'Cause a madder Fellow then he.

Then be thou Mad, &c.

'Twas this Extasie brave, that the great Courage gave,
If your Eyes were but ope'd and would see ;
To great *Alexander*, that mighty Commander,
As Mad a Fellow as could be.

Then be thou Mad, &c.

Then around goes a Health to the Lady o'th' House,
If any Man here does forsake it ;
For a Fool let him go, we know better Manners,
And so we mean to take it.

Then be thou Mad, &c.

There's no Night Mirth's going, nor any Lad wooing,
But Mad-men are privy unto it ;
For the Stars so peep, into every such thing,
And wink upon us as you do it.

Then be thou Mad, &c.

When the Frost, Ice and Snow, do benumb things below,

We Chirp as merry as Larks ;

Our Sack and our Madness, consumes cold and sadness,

And we are the Jovial Sparks.

Then be thou Mad, &c.

Has thy Mistress frown'd on thee, or thy Rival out-gone thee ?

Let Sober and Wise Fellows pine ;

Whilst bright *Miralind* and goodly *Dulcind*,

And the rest of the Fairies are thine.

Then be thou Mad, &c.

A Mad-man needs baulk no manner of talk,

His Tongues never guilty with Treason ;

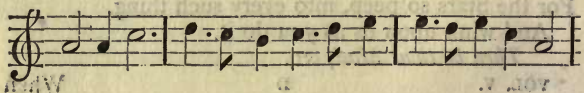
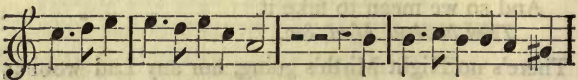
But a Wise Knave would suffer, if the same he should utter,

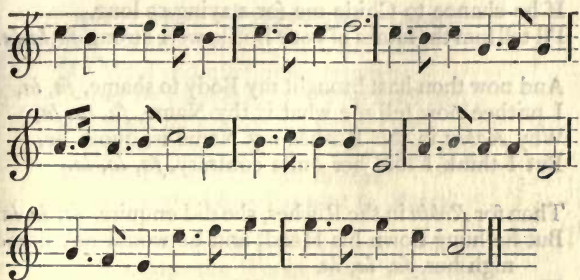
For a wise Man's Guilt is his Reason.

Then be thou Mad, &c.



A SONG.





A Shepherd kept Sheep on a Hill so high, *fa, la, la, &c.*
And there came a pretty Maid passing by, *fa, la, &c.*

Shepherd, quoth she, dost thou want e'er a Wife,
No by my troth I'm not weary of my Life, *fa, la, la, &c.*

Shepherd for thee I care not a Fly, *fa, la, la,*
For thou'st not the Face with a fair Maid to lie, *fa, la,*
How now my Damsel, say'st thou me so,
Thou shalt tast of my bottle before thou dost go, *fa, la.*

Then he took her and laid her upon the Ground, *fa, la,*
And made her believe that the World went round, *fa, la,*
Look yonder my Shepherd, look yonder I spy,
There are fine pretty Babies that dance in the Sky, *fa, la.*

And now they are vanisht, and now they appear, *fa la,*
Sure they will tell Stories of what we do here, *fa, la, la,*
Lie still my dear *Chloris*, enjoy thy Conceit,
For the Babes are too young and too little to prate,
fa, la, la.

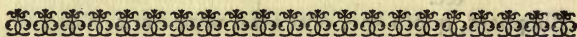
See how the Heavens fly swifter than Day, *fa, la, la,*
Rise quickly, or they will all run away, *fa, la, la,*
Rise quickly my Shepherd, quickly I tell ye,
For the Sun, Moon and Stars are got all in my Belly,
fa, la,

O dear, where am I? pray shew me the way, *fa, la, la,*
Unto my Father's House hard by, *fa, la, la,*

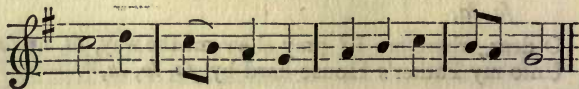
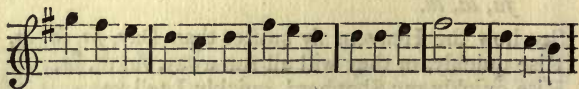
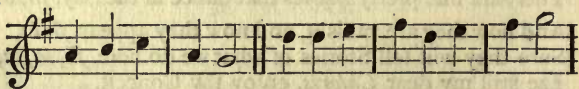
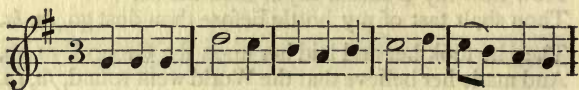
If he chance to Chide me for staying so long,
I'll tell him the fumes of your Bottle were strong, *fa, la, la.*

And now thou hast brought my Body to shame, *fa, la,*
I prithee now tell me what is thy Name, *fa, la, la,*
Why *Robin* in the Rushes my Name is, quoth he,
But I think I told her quite contrary, *fa, la, la.*

Then for *Robin* in the Rushes, she did enquire, *fa, la, la,*
But he hung down his Head, and he would not come
nigh her, *fa, la, la,*
He wink'd with one Eye, as if he had been Blind,
And he drew one Leg after a great way behind, *fa, la, la.*



A SONG.



AS I was a walking under a Grove,
Within my self, as I suppos'd ;
My Mind did oftentimes remove,
And by no means could be disclosed :
At length by chance a Friend I met,
Which caused me long time to tarry ;
And thus of me she did intreat,
To tell her when I meant to Marry.

Sweet-heart, quoth I, if you would know,
Then hear the Words, and I'll reveal it ;
Since in your Mind you bear it so,
And in your Heart you will conceal it :
She promis'd me she'd make no Words,
But of such things she would be wary ;
And thus in brief I did begin,
To tell her when I meant to Marry.

When *Shrove-tide* falls in *Easter* week,
And *Christmas* in the midst of *Fuly* ;
When Lawyers for no Fees will Plead,
And Taylors they prove Just and Truly :
When all Deceits are quite put down,
And Truth by all Men is preferred ;
And *Indigo* dies Red and Brown,
O then my Love and I'll be Married.

When Men and Beasts in the Ocean flow,
And Fishes in green Fields are feeding ;
When Muscle-shells in the Streets grow,
And Swans upon dry Rocks be breeding :
When Cockle-shells are Diamond Rings,
And Glass to Pearl may be compared ;
Gold is made of a Grey-goose Wings,
Oh then my Love and I'll be Married.

When hostesses do reckon true,
And *Dutchmen* leave off drinking Brandy ;
When Cats do bark, and Dogs do Mew,
And Brimstone is took for Sugar-candy :

Or

Or when that *Whitsontide* do fall,
 Within the Month of *January*;
 And a Cobler works without an Awl,
 O then my, &c.

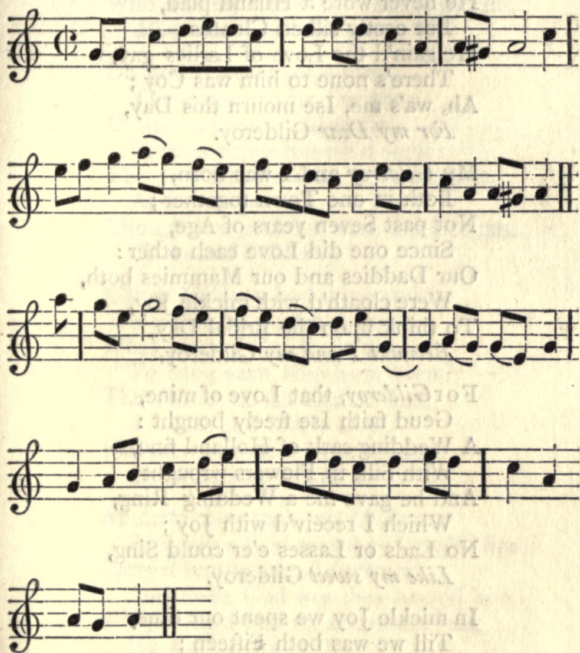
When Women know not how to Scold,
 And Maids on Sweet-hearts ne'er are thinking;
 When Men in the Fire complain of Cold,
 And Ships on *Salisbury Plain* fear sinking:
 Or when Horse-Coursers turn honest Men,
 And *London* into *York* is carried;
 And out of One you can take Ten,
 Oh then, &c.

When Candlesticks do serve for Bells,
 And Frying-pans they do use for Ladles;
 When in the Sea they dig for Wells,
 And Porridge-pots they use for Cradles:
 When Maids forget to go a *Maying*,
 And a Man on his Back an Ox can carry;
 Or when the Mice with the Cat be playing,
 Oh then, &c.

Good Sir, since you have told me when,
 That you're resolv'd for to Marry;
 I wish with all my Heart till then,
 That for a Wife you still may tarry:
 But if all young Men were of your mind,
 And Maids no better were preferred;
 I think it were when the D—I were blind,
 That we and our Lovers should be Married.



Gilderoy's last Farewel. To a New Tune.



Gilderoy was a bonny Boy,
 Had Roses tull his shun,
 His Stockings were made of the finest Silk,
 His Garters hanging down :
 It was a comely sight to see,
 He was so trim a Boy ;
 He was my Joy and Heart's Delight,
 My Handsom Gilderoy.

Oh sike a charming Eye he had,
 A Breath as sweet as a Rose,
 He never wore a Hiland plad,
 But costly silken Cloaths :
 He gain'd the Love of Ladies gay,
 There's none to him was Coy ;
 Ah, wa's me, Ise mourn this Day,
For my Dear Gilderoy.

My *Gilderoy* and I was born,
 Both in one Town together ;
 Not past Seven years of Age,
 Since one did Love each other :
 Our Daddies and our Mammies both,
 Were cloath'd with mickle Joy,
 To think upon the Bridal Day,
Betwixt I and my Gilderoy.

For *Gilderoy*, that Love of mine,
 Geud faith Ise freely bought :
 A Wedding-sark of Holland fine,
 With Silk in Flowers wrought :
 And he gave me a Wedding Ring,
 Which I receiv'd with Joy ;
 No Lads or Lasses e'er could Sing,
Like my sweet Gilderoy.

In mickle Joy we spent our time,
 Till we was both Fifteen ;
 Then gently he did lay me down,
 Amongst the leaves so green :
 When he had done what he could do,
 He rose and he gang'd his way ;
 But ever since I lov'd the Man,
My Handsome Gilderoy.

VWhile we did both together play,
 He kiss'd me o'er and o'er ;
 Geud faith it was as blith a Day,
 As e'er I saw before :

He fill'd my Heart in every Vein,
With Love and mickle Joy ;
Who was my Love and Hearts delight,
Mine own sweet Gilderoy.

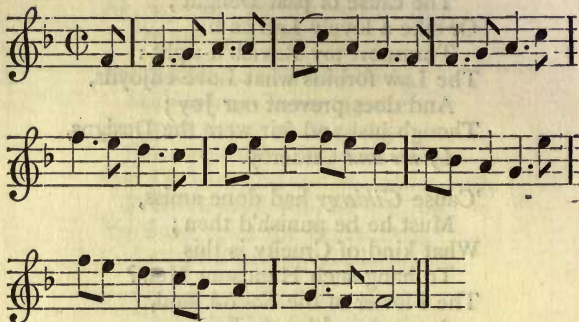
Oh never, never shall I see,
The cause of past Delight ;
Or sike a lovely Lad as he,
Transport my Ravish'd sight :
The Law forbids what Love enjoyns,
And does prevent our Joy ;
Though just and fair were the Designs,
Of me and Gilderoy.

'Cause *Gilderoy* had done amiss,
Must he be punish'd then ;
What kind of Cruelty is this
To hang such Handsom Men ?
The Flower of the *Scotish* land,
A sweet and lovely Boy ;
He likewise had a Lady's Hand,
My Handsom Gilderoy.

At *Leith* they took my *Gilderoy*,
And there God wot they bang'd him :
Carry'd him to fair *Edenburgh*,
And there God wot they hang'd him :
They hang'd him up above the rest,
He was so trim a Boy ;
My only Love and Heart's Delight,
My Handsom Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his Breath,
In *Cypress* he was laid ;
Then for my dearest, after Death,
A Funeral I made :
Over his Grave a Marble-stone,
I fixed for my Joy ;
Now I am left to weep alone,
For my dear Gilderoy.

The SCOTCH Wedding

Between JOCKEY and JENNY.

THEN *Jockey* wou'd a Wooing away,
 On our Feast-day when he was foo ;
 Then *Fenny* put on her best Array,
 VVhen she thought *Jockey* would come to VVoo.

If I thought *Jockey* were come to Town,
 It wad be for the leve of me ;
 Then wad I put on beth Hat and Goown,
 Because I'd seem worstsome in his Eye.

Then *Fenny* prick'd up a brant breeght broow,
 She was as breeght as onny clock ;
 As *Moggy* always used to do,
 For fear her Sweet-heart shou'd her mock.

Then *Fenny* shoo tripped up the Stairs,
 And secretly to shift her Smock ;
 But leard how loud her mother swears,
 O hast away *Fenny*, and come to *Fock*.

Then

Then *Fenny* came tripping down the Stairs,
Oh Leard so nimbly tripped she ;
But oh how *Fockey* began to stare,
VWhen he beheld hur fair Beauty !

Then *Fenny* made a Curtshy low,
Until the Stairs did touch her Dock ;
But Leard how loud her Mother did lough,
VWhen shoo *Fenny* was come to *Fock*.

Then *Fockey* take *Fenny* by the Nease,
Saying my dear Lovey canst thou loof me ?
My Father is Dead and has left me Land,
Some fair ould Houses twa or three.

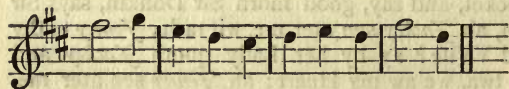
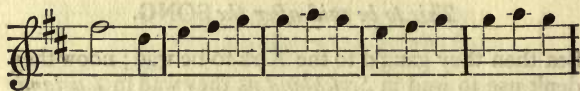
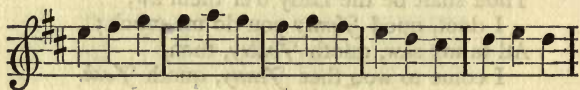
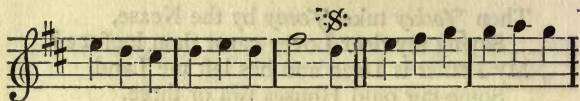
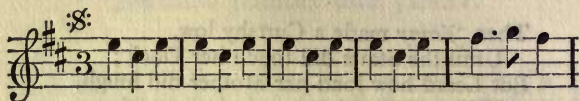
Thou shalt be the Lady o'er them aw,
I doot, quod *Fenny* you do me mock ;
Ad ta my saw, quoth *Fockey*, then,
I come to woo thee *Fenny*, quoth *Fock*.

This to be said after the SONG.

Sea then they gang'd to the Kirk to be wad ; noow they den't use to wad in *Scotchland* as they wad in *England*, for they gang to the Kirk, and they take the Donkin by the Rocket, and say, good morn Sir Donkin, says Sir Donkin, ah *Fockey* sen ater me, wit ta ha *Fenny* to thy wadded VVife ? ay by her Lady quoth *Fockey* and thanka twa, we aw my Heart ; ah *Fenny* sen ater me, wit ta ha *Fockey* to thy wadded Loon, to have and to hold for aver and aver, forsaking aw other Loons, lubber-loons, black Lips, blue Nases, an aw Swiggbell'd caves ? ah, an these twa be'nt as weel wadded as e'er I wadded twa in *Scotchland*, the Deel and St. *Andrew* part ye.



*A Scotch SONG made to the Irish JIGG, and
Sung to the King at Whitehall.*



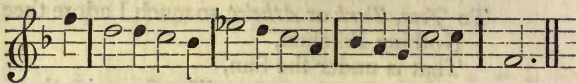
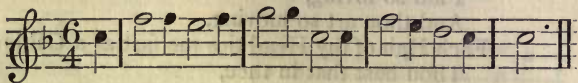
Lately as thorough the fair *Edinborough*,
To view the fair Meadows as I was ganging ;
Fockey and *Moggy* were walking and talking,
Of Love and Religion, thus closely Haranguing ;
Never says *Moggy*, come near me false *Fockey*,
For thou art a *Whig*, and I mean to abhor thee ;
Ize be no Bride, nor will lig by thy side,
For no sneaking Rebel shall lift a Leg o'er me.

Fockey

Fockey. Fairest and Dearest,
 And to my Heart nearest,
 To live with thy Frowns I no longer am able ;
 I am so loving,
 And thou art so moving,
 Each Hair of thy Head ties me fast as a Cable :
 Thou hast that in thee,
 Ise sure to win me,
 To *Few, Turk* or *Atheist*, so much I adore thee ;
 Nothing I'd shun,
 That is under the Sun,
 So I have the pleasure to lift a Leg o'er thee.

Moggy. Plotters and Traytors,
 And Associators,
 In every degree thou shalt swear to oppose 'em ;
 Swimmers and Trimmers,
 The Nations Redeemers,
 And for thy Reward thou shalt sleep in my Bosom ;
 I had a Dad,
 VVas a Royal brave Lad,
 And as true as the Sun to his Monarch before me ;
Moggy he cry'd,
 The same hour that he Dy'd,
 Let no sneaking Rebel e'er lift a Leg o'er thee.

Fockey. Adieu then ye Crew then,
 Of Protestant Blue Men,
 No Faction his *Moggy* from *Fockey* shall sever ;
 Thou shalt at Court,
 My Conversion Report,
 I am not the first VVhig by his VVife brought in
 favour ;
 Ise never deal,
 For the dull Common VVeal,
 To fight for true Monarchy shall be my Glory ;
 Lull'd with thy Charms,
 Then I die in your Arms,
 VVhen I have the Pleasure to lift a Leg o'er thee.

The Fair Lass of ISLINGTON.

THere was a Lass of *Islington*,
 As I have heard many tell;
 And she would to Fair *London* go,
 Fine Apples and Pears to sell:
 And as along the Streets she flung,
 With her basket on her Arm:
 Her Pears to sell, you may know it right well,
 This fair Maid meant no harm.

But as she tript along the Street,
 Her pleasant Fruit to sell;
 A Vintner did with her meet,
 Who lik'd this Maid full well:
 Quoth he, fair Maid, what have you there?
 In Basket decked brave;
 Fine Pears, quoth she, and if it please ye
 A taste Sir you shall have.

The Vintner he took a Taste,
 And lik'd it well, for why;
 This Maid he thought of all the rest,
 Most pleasing to his Eye:
 Quoth he, fair Maid I have a Suit,
 That you to me must grant;
 Which if I find you be so kind,
 Nothing that you shall want.

Thy

Thy Beauty doth so please my Eye,
And dazles so my sight ;
That now of all my Liberty,
I am deprived quite :
Then prithee now consent to me,
And do not put me by ;
It is but one small courtesie,
All Night with you to lie.

Sir, if you lie with me one Night,
As you propound to me ;
I do expect that you should prove,
Both courteous, kind and free :
And for to tell you all in short,
It will cost you Five Pound,
A Match, a Match, the Vintner said,
And so let this go round.

When he had lain with her all Night,
Her Money she did crave,
O stay, quoth he, the other Night,
And thy Money thou shalt have :
I cannot stay, nor I will not stay,
I needs must now be gone,
Why then thou may'st thy Money go look,
For Money I'll pay thee none.

This Maid she made no more ado,
But to a Justice went ;
And unto him she made her moan,
Who did her Case lament :
She said she had a Cellar Let out,
To a Vintner in the Town ;
And how that he did then agree
Five Pound to pay her down.

But now, quoth she, the Case is thus,
No Rent that he will pay ;
Therefore your Worship I beseech,
To send for him this Day :

Then

Then strait the Justice for him sent,
 And asked the Reason why;
 That he would pay this Maid no Rent?
 To which he did Reply,

Although I hired a Cellar of her,
 And the Possession was mine?
 I ne'er put any thing into it,
 But one poor Pipe of Wine:
 Therefore my Bargain it was hard,
 As you may plainly see;
 I from my Freedom was Debarr'd,
 Then good Sir favour me.

This Fair Maid being ripe of Wit,
 She strait Reply'd again;
 There were two Butts more at the Door,
 VVhy did you not roul them in?
 You had your Freedom and your VVill,
 As is to you well known;
 Therefore I do desire still,
 For to receive my own.

The Justice hearing of their Case,
 Did then give Order strait;
 That he the Money should pay down,
 She should no longer wait:
 VVithal he told the Vintner plain
 If he a Tennant be;
 He must expect to pay the same,
 For he could not sit Rent-free.

But when the Money she had got,
 She put it in her Purse:
 And clapt her Hand on the Cellar Door,
 And said it was never the worse:
 VVhich caused the People all to Laugh,
 To see this Vintner Fine:
 Out-witted by a Country Girl,
 About his Pipe of VVine.

The most Famous BALLAD

Of King HENRY the 5th ; his Victory over
the French at Agencourt.



A Council grave our King did hold,
With many a Lord and Knight :
That he might truly understand,
That *France* did hold his Right.

Unto the King of *France* therefore,
Embassadors he sent ;
That he might truly understand,
His Mind and whole Intent.

Desiring him in friendly sort,
His lawful Right to yield ;
Or else he swore by dint of Sword,
To win it in the Field.

The King of *France* with all his Lords,
Did hear this Message plain ;
And to our brave Ambassador,
Did answer with Disdain.

And said our King was yet too young,
And of but tender Age ;
Therefore they pass not for his Threats,
Nor fear not his Courage.

His Knowledge yet in Feats of Arms,
As yet is very small ;
His tender Joints more fitter are,
To toss a Tennis-ball.

A Tun of Tennis-balls therefore,
In Pride and great Disdain ;
He sent unto this Royal King,
To recompence his Pain.

Which Answer when our King did hear,
He waxed wroth in Heart ;
And swore he would provide such Balls,
Should make all *France* to smart.

An Army then our King did hold,
Which was both good and strong ;
And from *Southampton* is our King,
With all his Navy gone.

In *France* he landed safe and sound,
Both he and all his Train ;
And to the Town of *Husle* then
He marched up amain.

Which when he had besieg'd the Town,
Against the fenced Walls ;
To batter down the stately Towers,
He sent his *English* Balls.

When this was done our King did march,
Then up and down the Land ;
And not a *Frenchman* for his Life,
Durst once his Force withstand.

Until

Until he came to *Agencourt*,
Whereas it was his chance ;
To find the King in readiness,
With all the Power of *France*.

A mighty Host he had prepar'd,
Of Armed Soldiers then ;
Which were no less by just Account,
Than Forty Thousand Men.

Which sight did much amaze our King,
For he and all his Host ;
Not passing Fifteen Thousand had,
Accounted with the most.

The King of *France* who well did know,
The Number of our Men ;
In vaunting Pride and great Disdain,
Did send an Herald then :

To understand what he would give,
For Ransom of his Life,
When they in Field had taken him,
Amongst the bloody strife.

And when our King with cheerful Heart,
This answer then did make ;
Before that it does come to pass,
Some of your Hearts will ake.

And to your proud presumptuous King,
Declare this thing, quoth he ;
My own Heart's-blood will pay the Price,
Nought else he gets of me.

Then spake the noble Duke of *York*,
O noble King, quoth he,
The Leading of this Battle brave,
It doth belong to me.

God-a-mercy Cousin *York*, he said,
I grant thee thy Request ;
Then lead thou on courageously,
And I will lead the rest.

Then came the bragging *Frenchmen* down,
With cruel Force and Might ;
With whom our Noble King began,
A fierce and dreadful Fight.

The Archers they discharg'd their Shafts,
As thick as Hail from Skie ;
And many a *Frenchman* in the Field,
That happy Day did die.

Their Horses tumbled on the Stakes,
And so their Lives they lost ;
And many a *Frenchman* there was ta'en,
As Prisoners to their cost.

Ten Thousand Men that Day was slain,
As Enemies in the Field :
And eke as many Prisoners,
Were forc'd that Day to yield.

Thus had our King a happy Day,
And Victory over *France* ;
And brought them quickly under foot
That late in Pride did prance.

God save our King, and bless this Land,
And grant to him likewise ;
The upper-hand and Victory,
Of all his Enemies.



*The Lady ISABELLA'S Tragedy: Or, the
Step-Mother's Cruelty. To the foregoing
Tune.*

There was a Lord of worthy Fame,
And a Hunting he would ride,
Attended by a noble Train,
Of Gentry on each side.

And whilst he did in Chace remain,
To see both Sport and Play;
His Lady went as she did feign,
Unto the Church to pray.

This Lord he had a Daughter Fair,
Whose Beauty shin'd so bright;
She was belov'd both far and near,
Of many a Lord and Knight.

Fair *Isabella* was she call'd,
A Creature Fair was she;
She was her Father's only Joy,
As you shall after see.

But yet her Cruel Step-Mother,
Did Envy her so much;
That Day by Day she sought her Life,
Her Malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the Master-Cook,
To take her Life away;
And taking of her Daughter's Book,
She thus to her did say.

Go home, sweet Daughter, I thee pray.
Go hasten presently;
And tell unto the Master-Cook,
These Words which I tell thee.

And

And bid him dress to Dinner straight,
That fair and milk-white Doe ;
That in the Park doth shine so bright,
There's none so fair to show.

This Lady fearing of no harm,
Obey'd her Mother's Will ;
And presently she hasted home,
Her Mind for to fulfil.

She straight into the Kitchin went,
Her Message for to tell,
And there the Master-Cook she spy'd,
Who did with Malice swell.

Now Master-Cook it must be so,
Do that which I thee tell ;
You needs must dress the milk-white Doe,
Which you do know full well.

Then straight his cruel bloody Hands,
He on the Lady laid ;
Who quivering and shaking stands,
While thus to her he said :

Thou art the Doe that I must dress,
See here, behold my Knife ;
For it is Pointed presently,
To rid thee of thy Life.

O then cry'd out the Scullion Boy,
As loud as loud might be ;
O save her Life, good Master-Cook,
And make your Pies of me ?

For pity sake do not destroy
My Lady with your Knife ;
You know she is her Father's Joy,
For Christ's sake save her Life.

I will not save her Life he said,
Nor make my Pies of thee ;
Yet if thou dost this Deed betray,
Thy Butcher I will be ;
Now when this Lord he did come home,
For to sit down to Meat ;
He called for his Daughter dear,
To come and carve his Meat.
Now sit you down, his Lady said,
O sit you down to Meat ;
Into some Nunnery she's gone,
Your Daughter dear forget.
Then solemnly he made a Vow,
Before the Company ;
That he would neither eat nor drink,
Until he did her see.
O then bespoke the Scullion Boy,
With a loud Voice so high ;
If that you will your Daughter see
My Lord cut up the Pye.
Wherein her Flesh is minced small,
And parched with the Fire ;
All caused by her Step-Mother,
Who did her Death desire.
And cursed be the Master-Cook,
O cursed may he be !
I proffer'd him my own Heart's Blood,
From Death to set her free.
Then all in Black this Lord did Mourn,
And for his Daughter's sake ;
He judg'd for her Step-Mother,
To be burnt at a Stake.
Likewise he judg'd the Master-Cook,
In boyling Lead to stand ;
He made the simple Scullion Boy,
The Heir to all his Land.

A BALLAD

*In Praise of a certain Commander in the
City.*



A Heroe of no small Renown,
But noted for a Man of Mettle ;
Thro' all the Parts of *London Town*,
No Gentleman, nor yet a Clown,
No grave wise man, nor stupid Beetle.

By many Deeds of Prowess done,
He's gain'd a matchless Reputation ;
Perform'd by neither Sword nor Gun,
But by what means you'll know anon,
And how he work'd his Preservation.

Well

Well mounted on a noble Steed,
With Sword and Pistol charg'd before him ;
Altho' we must confess indeed,
Of either Arms there was no need,
His Conduct did alone secure him.

With's Wife upon a single Horse,
T'wards *Eppin* both rid out together ;
But what than ill Luck can be worse,
A High-way-Man of equal Force,
Alass, obstructed both their Pleasure.

With Pistol cock'd he made demand,
And told them he must have their Money ;
The Major wisely would not stand,
Nor on his Pistols clap a Hand,
He was not such a Fighting Tony.

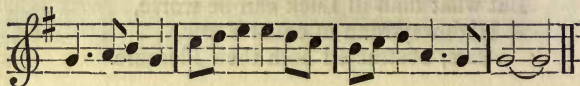
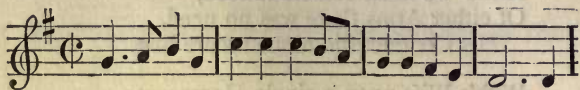
But spur'd away as swift as Wind,
No Elk or Tyger could run faster ;
Was ever Man so stout and kind,
To leave his frighted Wife behind,
Expos'd to such a sad Disaster.

Her Necklace, Cloaths and Diamond Ring,
The greedy Robber quickly fell to ;
One Petticoat he let her bring
Away with Smock, and t'other Thing,
To let her noble Heroe smell to.

This Slight bred sad domestick Strife,
Altho' the Man's to be commended ;
For what's a loving handsome Wife,
To a Man's Money or his Life,
For all is lost when that is ended.



A SONG.



AS the Fryer he went along, and a poring in his Book,
At last he spy'd a Jolly brown Wench a washing
of her Buck,

Sing, *Stow the Fryer, stow the Fryer*
Some good Man, and let this fair Maid go.

The Fryer he pull'd out and a Jolly brown T——d as
much as he could handle,
Fair Maid, quoth he, if thou carriest Fire in thy A——
come light me this same Candle.

Sing, *Stow the Fryer, &c.*

The Maid she sh—— and a Jolly brown T—— out of
her Jolly brown Hole,
Good Sir, quoth she, if you will a Candle light come
blow me this same Cole.

Sing, *Stow the Fryer, &c.*

Part of the Sparks flew into the *North*, and part into
the *South*,
And part of this jolly brown T—— flew into the Fryer's
Mouth.

Sing, *Stow the Fryer, stow the Fryer*
Some good Man, and let this fair Maid go.

The

*The Lass of LYNN'S sorrowful Lamentation
for the Loss of her Maiden-Head.*



I Am a young Lass of *Lynn*,
Who often said thank you too ;
My Belly's now almost to my Chin,
I cannot tell what to do.

My being so free and kind,
Does make my Heart to rue ;
The sad Effects of this I find,
And cannot tell what to do.

My Petticoats which I wore,
And likewise my Aprons too ;
Alass, they are all too short before,
I cannot, &c.

Was ever young Maid so crost,
As I who thank'd him too :
For why, my Maiden-head is lost,
I cannot tell what to do.

In sorrowful sort I cry'd,
 And may now for ever rue ;
 The Pain lies in my Back and Side,
I cannot tell what to do.

Alass I was kind and mild,
 But now the same I rue ;
 Having no Father for my Child,
I cannot, &c.

I took but a Touch in jest,
 Believe me this is true ;
 Yet I have proved, I protest,
And cannot, &c.

He crav'd my Virginity,
 And gave me his own in lieu ;
 In this I find I was too kind,
And cannot, &c.

Each Damsel will me degrade,
 And so will the young Men too ;
 I'm neither Widow, Wife, nor Maid,
I cannot, &c.

A Cradle I must provide,
 A Chair and Posset too ;
 Nay, likewise twenty Things beside,
I cannot, &c.

When I was a Maiden fair,
 Such Sorrows I never knew ;
 But now my Heart is full of Care,
I cannot, &c.

Oh what will become of me,
 My Belly's as big as two ;
 'Tis with a Two-legg'd Tympany,
I cannot tell what to do.

You Lasses that hear my Moan,
If you will your Joys renew ;
Besure, while Married, lye alone,
Or else you at length may rue.

I came of as good a Race,
As most is in *Lynn's* fair Town ;
And cost a great deal bringing up,
But a little Thing laid me down.



The Jovial Tinker.



THERE was a Jovial Tinker,
 Which was a good Ale drinker ;
 He never was a Shrinker,
 Believe me this is true ;
 And he came from the wild of *Kent*,
 When all his Money was gone and spent,
 Which made him look like a *Fack-a-Lent*,
And Joan's Ale is new,
And Joan's Ale is new Boys,
And Joan's Ale is new.

The Tinker he did settle,
 Most like a Man of Mettle,
 And vow'd to pawn his Kettle,
 Now mark what did ensue ;
 His Neighbours they flock'd in apace,
 To see *Tom Tinker's* comely Face,
 Where they drank soundly for a space,
Whilst Joan's Ale, &c.

The Cbler and the Broom Man,
 Came next into the Room, Man,
 And said they would drink for boon Man,
 Let each one take his due ;
 But when good Liquor they had found,
 They cast their Caps upon the Ground,
 And so the Tinker he drank round,
Whilst Joan's Ale, &c.

The Rag-Man being weary,
 With the Burden he did carry,
 He swore he would be merry,
 And spend a Shilling or two ;
 And he told his Hostess to her Face,
 The Chimney-corner was his Place,
 And he began to drink apace,
And Joan's Ale, &c.

The Pedlar he drew nigher,
 For it was his desire,
 To throw the Rags i'th' Fire,
 And burn the bundle blue ;

So whilst they drank whole Flashes,
And threw about the Glasses,
The Rags were burnt to Ashes,
And Joan's Ale, &c.

The Second PART.

AND then came in a Hatter,
To see what was the matter,
He scorn'd to drink cold Water,
Amongst that Jovial Crew ;
And like a Man of Courage stout,
He took the Quart-Pot by the Snout,
And never left till all was out,
O Joan's Ale, &c.

The Taylor being nimble,
With Bodkin, Shears and Thimble,
He did no whit dissemble,
I think his name was *True* ;
He said that he was like to choak,
And he call'd so fast for Lap and Smoak,
Until he had pawn'd the Vinegar Cloak,
For Joan's Ale, &c.

Then came a pitiful Porter,
Which often did resort there,
Quoth he, I'll shew some Sport here,
Amongst the Jovial Crew ;
The Porter he had very bad luck,
Before that it was ten a Clock,
The Fool got Drunk, and lost his Frock,
For Joan's Ale, &c.

The bonny brave Shoe-maker,
A brave Tobacco taker,
He scorn'd to be a Quaker,
I think his Name was *Hugh* ;
He call'd for Liquor in so fast,
Till he forgot his Awl and Last,
And up the Reckoning he did cast,
Whilst Joan's Ale, &c.

And

And then came in the Weaver,
 You never saw a braver,
 With a Silk Man and a Glover,
Tom Tinker for to view ;
 And so to welcom him to Town,
 They every Man spent half a Crown,
 And so the Drink went merrily down,
For Joan's Ale, &c.

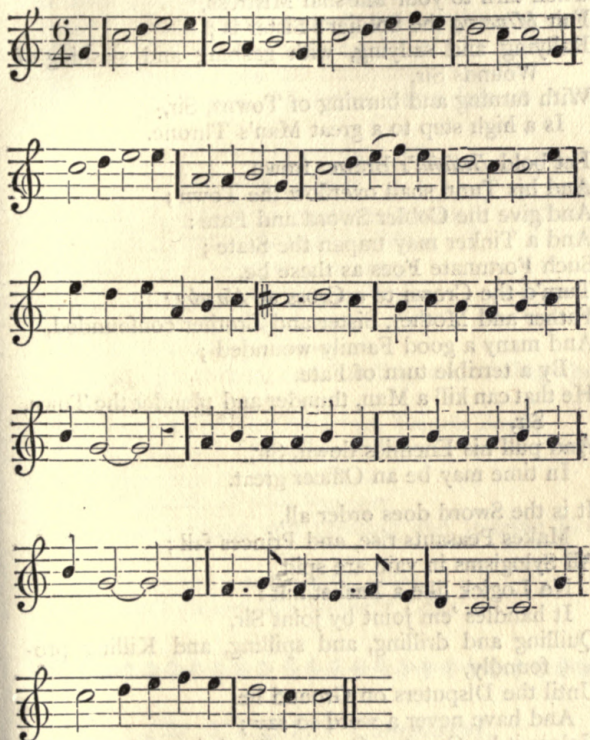
Then came a Drunken *Dutchman*,
 And he would have a touch, Man,
 But he soon took too much, Man,
 Which made them after rue ;
 He drank so long as I suppose,
 'Till greasie Drops fell from his Nōse,
 And like a Beast befoul'd his Hose,
Whilst Joan's Ale, &c.

A *Welchman* he came next, Sir,
 With Joy and Sorrow Mixt, Sir,
 VWho being partly vex'd, Sir,
 He out his Dagger drew ;
 Cuts-plutter-a-nails, quoth *Taffy* then,
 A *Welchman* is a Shentleman,
 Come Hostess fill's the other Cann,
For Joan's Ale, &c.

Thus like to Men of Courage stout,
 Couragiously they drank about,
 Till such time all the Ale was out,
 As I may tell to you ;
 And when the Business was done,
 They every man departed home,
 And promis'd *Joan* again to come,
When she had Brew'd anew.



*The Soldiers Fortune: Or, the taking
Mardyke.*



When first *Mardyke* was made a Prey,
'Twas Courage that carry'd the Fort away,
Then do not lose your Valours Prize,
By gazing on your Mistresses Eyes ;

But put off your Petticoat-parley,
 Potting and sotting, and laughing and quaffing Canary,
 Will make a good Soldier miscarry :

And never Travel for true Renown :
 Then turn to your Marshal Mistress,
 Fair *Minerva* the Soldier's Sister is ;
 Rallying and sallying, with gashing and slashing of
 Wounds Sir,
 With turning and burning of Towns, Sir,
 Is a high step to a great Man's Throne.

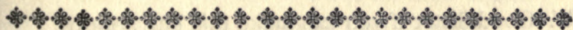
Let bold *Bellona's* Brewer frown,
 And his Tunn shall overflow the Town ;
 And give the Cocker Sword and Fate :
 And a Tinker may trapan the State ;
 Such Fortunate Foes as these be,
 Turn'd the Crown to a Cross at *Naseby* :
 Father and Mother, Sister and Brother confounded,
 And many a good Family wounded ;

By a terrible turn of Fate,
 He that can kill a Man, thunder and plunder the Town,
 Sir,
 And pull his Enemies down, Sir,
 In time may be an Officer great.

It is the Sword does order all,
 Makes Peasants rise, and Princes fall ;
 All Sylogisms in vain are spilt,
 No Logick like a Basket-hilt :
 It handles 'em joint by joint Sir,
 Quilling and drilling, and spilling, and Killing pro-
 foundly,
 Until the Disputers on Ground lie,
 And have never a word to say ;
 Unless it be Quarter, Quarter, Truth is confuted by a
 Carter,
 By stripping and nipping, and ripping and quipping
 Evasions,
 Doth Conquer a Power of Perswasions,
Aristotle hath lost the Day.

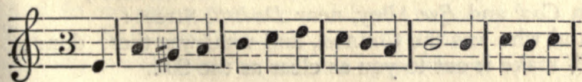
The Musket bears so great a force,
 To Learning it has no Remorse ;
 The Priest, the Layman, the Lord,
 Find no distinction from the Sword ;
 Tan tarra, Tan tarra the Trumpet,
 Now the Walls begin to crack,
 The Councillors struck dumb too,
 By the Parchment upon the Drum too ;
 Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub an Ala-
 rum,
 Each Corporal now can out-dare 'em,
 Learned *Littleton* goes to rack.

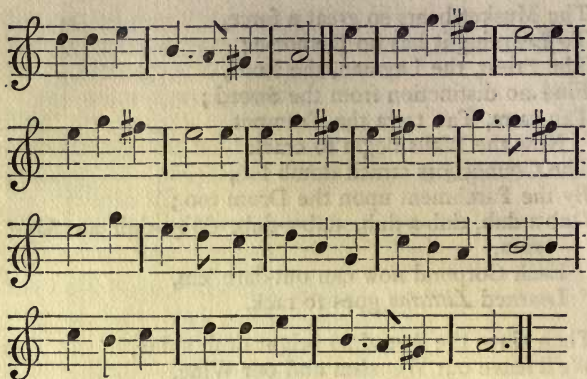
Then since the Sword so bright doth shine,
 We'll leave our Wenches and our Wine,
 And follow *Mars* where-e'er he runs,
 And turn our Pots and Pipes to Guns.
 The Bottles shall be Grenadoes,
 We'll bounce about the Bravado's
 By huffing and puffing, and snuffing and cuffing the
French Boys,
 Whose Brows have been dy'd in a Trench Boys ;
 Well got Fame is a Warriour's Wife,
 The Drawer shall be the Drummer,
 We'll be Colonels all next Summer
 By hilding and tilting, and pointing and jointing like
 brave Boys,
 We shall have Gold or a Grave, Boys,
 And there's an end of a Soldier's Life.



The MISSES Complaint.

Tune, Packington's Pound,





HOW now Sister *Betteris*, why look you so sad?
Gillian. The times are so hard and our trading
 so bad,

That we in our Function no Money can gain,
 Our Pride and our Bravery for to maintain.

Bett. True Sister, *Gillian*, I know it full well,
 But what will you say if such News I do tell?
 And how't will rejoyce you, I'll make it out plain,
 Will make our Trade quick, and more Money will gain.

There's none of the pitiful Tribe we'll be for,
 And Six-penny Customers we will abhor;
 For all those that will our Dominions invade,
 Must pay for their sauce, we must live by our Trade.

Gil. Good Sister if you can make this but appear,
 My Spirit and Senses you greatly will chear,
 But a Famine of Flesh will bring all things to pass,
 Or else we are as bad still as ever we was.

Bett. Lately a Counsel of Bauds there did meet,
 In *Cock* and *Pye* Alley, near *Do-little* Street:
 And who was the Counsel, and what was there done;
 I'll make it out to you as clear as the Sun.

From

From *Ratcliffe-highway*, and from *Nightingale-lane*,
Their Deputies come with a very fine Train :
Unto these two Couple come long sided *Suc*,
Is as good as e'er twang'd, if you give her her due.

Then *Tower-Ditch* and *Hatton-Wall* sent in their Prayers,
And drest as compleatly as Horses to Fairs ;
With them Jumping *Jenny* appear'd, as 'tis said,
Who ne'er in her Life of a Man was afraid.

The two Metropolitans came from the Park,
As arch at the Game, as e'er plaid in the Dark ;
Then *Lutener's-lane* a gay Couple did bring,
Two better, I think, was ne'er stretch'd in hemp-string.

There was many others from Places remote,
The which were too tedious for me here to note ;
And what was their Business I here will declare,
How to keep our Trade in Repute they take care.

And first for those Ladies that walk in the Night,
Their Aprons and Handkerchiefs they should be white,
And that they do walk more in Town than in Fields,
For that is the Place most Variety yields.

And those that are over-much worn by their Trade,
Shall go in a Vessel, their Passage being paid ;
The Venture of Cuckolds, 'tis called by Name,
And this is the way for to keep up our Fame.

And this is the Ship which the Cuckolds have brought,
It lies at their Haven, and is to be fraught :
And thither Whores rampant, that please may repair,
With Master and Captain to truck for their Ware.

And for a Supply that our trade may increase,
For wanton Commodity it will grow less ;
We'll visit the Carriers, and take them up there,
And then for their Tutoring we will take care.

In this we shall ease all the Countries to do't,
And do our selves Pleasure and Profit to boot ;
For one that is crack'd in the Country before,
In *London* will make a spick and span Whore.

There's

There's many more Precepts which they did advise,
But these which I'll give you here shall suffice :
And when you have heard them, I think you will say,
We ne'er were more likely to thrive in our way.

Some Orders agreed upon at a General Consultation of the Sisterhood of Nightingale - lane, Ratcliff - high - way, Tower - Ditch, Rose - mary - lane, Hatton - Wall, Safforn-hill, Wetstone's-Park, Lutener's-lane, and other Places adjacent, for the general Encouragement and Advancement of their Occupation.

I.

T*hat no Night-walker presume to go without a White Apron and Handkerchief, the better to be seen.*

II.

To keep due Time and Hours, for fear of the Constable and his Watch.

III.

That those which are over-worn, cast off and cashier'd, do repair to the Ship called (the Cuckolds Venture) now riding at Cuckolds Haven, thence to be transported over-Sea, to have their Breeches repaired.

IV.

That a due care be taken to visit the Carriers for crack'd Maidenheads, for the use and increase of our Occupation.

V.

That all honest Women belonging to either Wittals or Cuckolds, be admitted to the principal Places in this Ship.

VI.

And lastly, for the better State and Magnificence of the honourable Corporation of W——es, 'tis order'd that a Chariot be made to be drawn by Cuckolds, the Cuckold-makers to drive, and the Wittals to ride.

The

The well approved Doctor :

*Or, an Infallible Cure for CUCKOLDS. To
the foregoing Tune.*

THERE is a fine Doctor now come to Town,
Whose practice in Physick hath gain'd him
Renown,
In curing of Cuckolds he hath the best Skill,
By giving one Dose of his approved Pill.

His Skill is well known, and his Practice is great,
Then come to the Doctor before 'tis too late ;
His Med'cines are safe, and the Doctor is sure,
He takes none in Hand but he perfects, the Cure.

The Doctor himself he doth freely unfold,
That he can Cure Cuckolds tho' never so old ;
He helps this Distemper in all sorts of Men,
At Forty and Fifty, yea, Threescore and Ten.

There was an old Man lived near to the *Strand*,
Decripid and Feeble, scarce able to stand ;
Who had been a Cuckold full Forty long Years,
But hearing of this how he prick'd up his Ears.

Away to the Doctor he went with all speed,
Where he struck a bargain, they soon were agreed ;
He cured his Forehead that nothing was seen,
And now he's as brisk as a Youth of Fifteen.

Now this being known, how his Fame it did ring,
And unto the Doctor much trading did bring ;
They came to the Doctor out of e'ery Shire,
From all Parts and Places, yea both far and near.

Both *Dutchmen* and *Scotchmen* to *London* did ride,
With *Shonny-ap-Morgan*, and Thousands beside ;
Thus all sorts and sizes, both rich Men and poor,
They came in whole Cart-loads to this Doctor's door.
Some

Some whining, some weeping, some careful and sad,
 And some was contented, and others born mad ;
 Some crooked, some straight Horns, and some over-
 grown,
 The like in all Ages I think was ne'er known.

Some rich and brave flourishing Cuckolds were there,
 That came in whole Droves, Sir, as if to *Horn-Fair* ;
 For now there is hopes to be cur'd of their Grief,
 The Doctor declares in the Fall of the Leaf.

Let none be so foolish as now to neglect,
 This Doctor's great Kindness and civil Respect ;
 Tho' rich Men may pay, yet the Poor may go free,
 So kind and so courteous a Doctor is he.

'Tis known he so worthy a Conscience doth make,
 Poor Cuckolds he'll cure them for Charity sake ;
 Nay, farther than this still his Love does enlarge,
 Providing for them at his own Cost and Charge.

But some are so wicked, that they will exclaim
 Against their poor Wives, making 'em bare the Blame ;
 And will not look out in the least for a Cure,
 But all their sad Pains and their Tortures endure.

But 'tis without reason, for he that is born
 Under such a Planet, is Heir to the Horn :
 Then come to the Doctor both rich Men and Poor,
 He'll carefully cure you, what would you have more ?

The Term of his Time here the Doctor does write,
 From six in the Morning 'till seven at Night ;
 Where in his own Chamber he still will remain,
 At the Sign of the *Woodcock* in *Vinegar-lane*.



The Doctor doth here likewise present you with the Receipt of his Infallible Medicine, that those which have no occasion for it themselves, may do good to their Neighbours and Acquaintances : And take it here as followeth.

TAKE five Pound of Brains of your *December* Flies,
And forty true Tears from a *Crocodile's* Eyes ;
The Wit of a *Weasel*, the Wool of a *Frog*,
With an Ounce of Conserve of *Michaelmas* Fog.

And make him a Poultis when he goes to Bed,
To bind to his Temples behind of his Head ;
As hot as the Patient he well can endure,
And this is for Cuckolds an absolute Cure.



A SONG.

GOOD Neighbour why do you look awry,
You are a wond'rous Stranger ;
You walk about, you huff and pout,
As if you'd burst with Anger :
Is it for that your Fortune's great,
Or you so Wealthy are ?
Or live so high there's none a-nigh
That can with you compare ?
But t'other Day I heard one say,
Your Husband durst not show his Ears,
But like a Lout does walk about,
So full of Sighs and Fears :
Good Mrs. *Tart*, I caren't a Fart,
For you nor all your Jears.

My Husband's known for to be one.
That is most Chast and pure ;
And so would be continually,
But for such Jades as you are :

You

You wash, you lick, you smug, you trick,
You toss a twire a grin ;
You nod and wink, and in his Drink,
You strive to draw him in :
You Lie you Punck, you're always Drunk,
And now you Scold and make a Strife,
And like a Whore you run o' th' Score,
And lead him a weary Life ;
Tell me so again you dirty Quean,
And I'll pull you by the Quoif.

Go dress those Brats, those nasty Rats,
That have a Lear so drowzy ;
With Vermin spread they look like Dead,
Good Faith they're always Lousie :
Pray hold you there, and do not swear,
You are not half so sweet ;
You feed yours up with bit and sup,
And give them a dirty Teat :
My Girls, my Boys, my only Joys,
Are better fed and taught than yours ;
You lie you Flirt, you look like Dirt,
And I'll kick you out of Doors ;
A very good Jest, pray do your best,
And Faith I'll quit your Scores.

Go, go you are a nasty Bear,
Your Husband cannot bear it ;
A nasty Quean as e'er was seen,
Your Neighbours all can swear it :
A fulsome Trot and good for nought,
Unless it be to chat ;
You stole a Spoon out of the Room,
Last Christning you were at :
You lye you Bitch you've got the Itch,
Your Neighbours know you are not sound ;
Look how you Claw with your nasty Paw,
And I'll fell you to the Ground ;
You've tore my Hood, you shall make it good
If it cost me Forty Pound.

The Jovial COBLER of St. Hellens.



I Am a jovial Cobler bold and brave,
 And as for Employment enough I have :
 For to keep jogging my Hammer and Awl,
Whilst I sit Singing and Whistling in my Stall,
Stall, Stall, whilst I sit Singing and Whistling in
my Stall.

But there's *Dick* the Carman, and *Hodge* who drives
 the Dray

For Sixteen, or Eighteen Pence a Day,
 Slave in the Dirt, whilst I with my Awl,
Get more Money, sitting, sitting in my Stall, &c.

And there's *Tom* the Porter, Companion of the Pot,
 Who stands in the Street with his Rope and Knot,
 Waiting at a Corner to hear who will him call,
Whilst I am getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's the jolly Broom-man, his Bread for to get,
 Crys Brooms up and down in the open Street,
 And one crys broken Glasses tho' ne'er so small,
Whilst I am getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And

And there's another gang of poor smutty Souls,
Doth trudge up and down to cry Small-coals ;
With a Sack on their Back, at a Door stand and call,
Whilst I am getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's another sort of Notes,
Who crys up and down old Suits and Coats ;
And perhaps some Days get nothing at all,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's the Jolly Cooper with his Hoops at his
Back,
Who trudgeth up and down to see who lack
Their Casks to be made tite, with Hoops great and
small,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's a Jolly Tinker that loves a bonny Lass,
Who trudges up and down to mend old Brass ;
With his long smutty Punch to force holes withal,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there is another old *Tom Terrah*,
Who up and down the City drives his Barrow ;
To sell his Fruit both great and small,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there is the Blind and Lane, with a Wooden Leg,
Who up and down the City they forced are to beg
Some Crumbs of Comfort, the which are but small,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's a gang of Wenches who Oysters sell,
And Powder *Moll* with her sweet smell ;
She trudges up and down with Powder and Ball,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

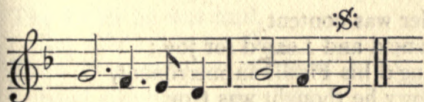
And there's the jovial Girls with their Milking-Pails,
Who trudge up and down with their Draggie Tails :
Flip flapping at their Heels for Custom they call,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

'Tis these are the Gang who take great Pain,
 And it is those who do me maintain ;
 But when it blows and rains I do pity them all,
To see them trudge about while I am in my Stall, &c.

And there's many more who slave and toil,
 Their living to get, but it is not worth while,
 To mention them, so I'll sing in my Stall,
*I am the happiest Mortal, Mortal of them all,
 All, all, I am the happiest Mortal, Mortal of them all.*



The Merchant and the Fidler's WIFE.



IT was a Rich Merchant Man,
 That had both Ship and all ;
 And he would cross the salt Seas,
 Tho' his cunning it was but small.

The Fidler and his Wife,
 They being nigh at hand ;
 Would needs go sail along with him,
 From *Dover* unto *Scotland*.

The Fidler's Wife look'd brisk,
Which made the Merchant smile ;
He made no doubt to bring it about,
The Fidler to beguile.

Is this thy Wife the Merchant said,
She looks like an honest Spouse ;
Ay that she is, the Fidler said,
That ever trod on Shoes.

Thy Confidence is very great,
The Merchant then did say ;
If thou a Wager darest to bet,
I'll tell thee what I will lay.

I'll lay my Ship against thy Fiddle,
And all my Venture too ;
So *Peggy* may gang along with me,
My Cabin for to View.

If she continues one Hour with me,
Thy true and constant Wife ;
Then shalt thou have my Ship and be,
A Merchant all thy Life.

The Fidler was content,
He Danc'd and Leap'd for joy ;
And twang'd his Fiddle in merriment,
For *Peggy* he thought was Coy.

Then *Peggy* she went along,
His Cabin for to View ;
And after her the Merchant-Man,
Did follow, we found it true.

When they were once together,
The Fidler was afraid ;
For he crep'd near in pitious fear,
And thus to *Peggy* he said.

Hold out, sweet *Peggy* hold out,
For the space of two half Hours ;
If thou hold out, I make no doubt,
But the Ship and Goods are ours.

In troth, sweet *Robin*, I cannot,
He hath got me about the Middle ;
He's lusty and strong, and hath laid me along,
O *Robin* thou'st lost thy Fiddle.

If I have lost my Fiddle,
Then am I a Man undone ;
My Fiddle whereon I so often play'd,
Away I needs must run.

O stay the Merchant said,
And thou shalt keep thy place ;
And thou shalt have thy Fiddle again,
But *Peggy* shall carry the Case.

Poor *Robin* hearing that,
He look'd with a Merry-chear ;
His wife she was pleas'd, and the Merchant was eas'd,
And jolly and brisk they were.

The Fidler he was mad,
But valu'd it not a Fig ;
Then *Peggy* unto her Husband said,
Kind *Robin* play us a Jigg.

Then he took up his Fiddle,
And merrily he did play ;
The *Scottish Figg* and the *Horn-pipe*,
And eke the *Irish Hey*.

It was but in vain to grieve,
The Deed it was done and past ;
Poor *Robin* was born to carry the Horn,
For *Peggy* could not be Chast.

Then

Then Fiddlers all beware,
 Your Wives are kind you see ;
 And he that's made for the Fiddling Trade,
 Must never a Merchant be.

For *Peggy* she knew right well,
 Although she was but a Woman ;
 That Gamesters Drink, and Fiddlers Wives,
 They are ever Free and Common.



The Unconstant WOMAN.



D ID you not hear of a gallant Sailor,
 Whose Pockets they were lin'd with Gold ;
 He fell in Love with a pretty Creature,
 As I to you the Truth unfold :
 With a kind Salute, and without Dispute,
 He thought to gain her for his own,
Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
She has gone and left me all alone.

Don't

Don't you remember my pretty *Peggy*,
 The Oaths and Vows which you made to me :
 All in the Chamber we were together,
 That you would ne'er unconstant be :
 But you prove strange Love, and from me range,
 And leave me here to Sigh and Moan ;
Unconstant Woman is true to no Man,
She's gone and left me all alone.

As I have Gold you shall have Treasure,
 Or any dainty kind of thing ;
 Thou may'st command all Delights and Pleasure,
 And what you'd have, Love, I would you bring :
 But you prove shy, and at last deny,
 Him that admires you alone ;
Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
She's left me here to make my moan.

When first I saw your charming Beauty,
 I stood like one all in amaze ;
 I study'd only how to pay Duty,
 And could not speak but only gaze,
 At last said I, fair Maid comply,
 And ease a wretched Lover's Moan ;
Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
She's gone and left me here alone.

I made her Presents of Rings and Jewels,
 With Diamond Stones I gave her too ;
 She took them kindly, and call'd me Jewel,
 And said her Love to me was true :
 But in the end she prov'd unkind,
 When I thought she had been my own ;
Unconstant Woman, &c.

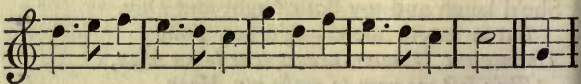
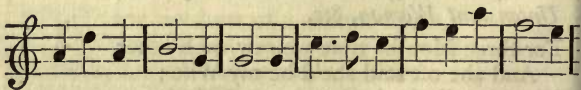
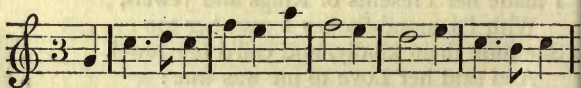
For three Months time we saw each other,
 And she oft said she'd be my Wife ;
 I had her Father's Consent and Mother,
 I thought to have liv'd a happy Life :
 She'd laugh and toy both Night and Day,
 But at length she chang'd her Tone ;
Unconstant Woman, proves true to no Man,
She's left me now to make my Moan.

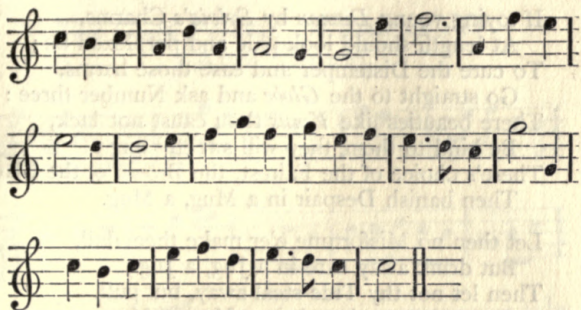
Many a time we have walk'd together,
 Both Hand in Hand to an Arbour green ;
 Where Tales of Love in Sun-shiny Weather,
 We did discourse and were not seen :
 With a kind Salute we did dispute,
 While we together were alone :
*Unconstant Woman she's true to no Man,
 She's gone and left me here alone.*

Since *Peggy* has my kindness slighted,
 I'll never trust a VWoman more ;
 'Twas in her alone I e'er delighted,
 But since she's false I'll leave the Shoar :
 In Ship I'll enter, on Seas I'll venture,
 And sail the VWorld where I'm not known :
*Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
 She's gone and left me here alone.*



*Sorrow banish'd in a MUG. The Words
 by Sir Edward Morgan.*





IF Sorrow the Tyrant invade thy Breast,
 Haul out the foul Fiend by the Lug, the Lug,
 Let nought of to morrow disturb thy Rest,
 But dash out his Brains with a Mug, a Mug.
 If Business unluckily goes not well,
 Let the fond Fools their Affections hug,
 To shew our Allegiance we'll go to the Bell,
 And banish Despair in a Mug, a Mug.

If thy VVife proves not one of the Best, the Best,
 But admits no time but to think, to think ;
 Or the weight of thy Forehead bow down thy Crest,
 Divert the dull *Damon* with Drink, with Drink,
 If Miss prove peevish and will not gee,
 Ne'er pine, ne'er pine at the wanton Pug,
 But find out a fairer, a kinder than she,
 And banish Dispair in a Mug, a Mug.

If dear Assigation be crost, be crost,
 And Mistress go home in a rage, a rage ;
 Let not thy poor Heart like a Ship be tost,
 But with a brisk Brimmer engage, engage :
 VVhat if the fine Fop and the Mask fall out,
 And the one Hug, and t'other Tug,
 VVhile they pish and fie, we will frolick in Stout,
 And banish all Care in a Mug, a Mug.

If toying young *Damon* by *Sylvia's* Charms,
At length should look pale and perplexed be ;
To cure the Distemper and ease those harms,
Go straight to the *Globe* and ask Number three :
There beauties like *Venus* thou canst not lack,
Be kind to them, they will sweetly hug ;
There's choice of the Fairest, the Brown or the Black,
Then banish Despair in a Mug, a Mug.

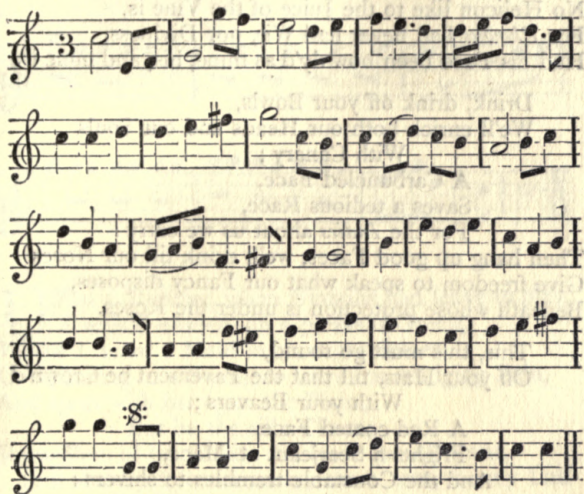
Let then no Misfortune e'er make thee dull,
But drink away care in a Jug, a Jug ;
Then let not thy Tide steal away, but pull,
Carouse away though in a Mug, a Mug :
While others for Greatness and Fortune's doom,
While they for their Ambition tug ;
We'll sit close and snug in a Sea-coal Room,
And banish Despair in a Mug, a Mug.

Let Zealots o'er Coffee new Plots devise,
And lace with fresh Treason the Pagan Drug ;
Whilst our Loyal Blood flows our Veins shall shine,
Like our Faces inspir'd with a Mug, a Mug :
Let Sectaries dream of Alarms, Alarms,
And Fools still for new changes tug ;
While fam'd for our Loyalty we'll stand to our Arms,
And drink the King's Health in a Mug, a Mug.

Come then to the Queen let the next Advance,
And all Loyal Lads of true *English* Race ;
Who hate the stum Poison of *Spain* and *France*,
Or to *Bourdeaux* or *Burgundy* do give place ;
The Flask and the Bottle breeds Ach and Gout,
Whilst we, we all the Season lie snug ;
Neither *Spaniard* nor *Flemming*, can vie with our Stout,
And shall submit to the Mug, the Mug.



*The Good Fellow. Words by Mr.
Alex. Brome.*



STay, stay, shut the Gates,
T'other Quart, faith, it is not so late
As you're thinking,
Those Stars which you see,
In this Hemisphere be,

But the Studs in your Cheeks by your Drinking :
The Sun is gone to Tiple all Night in the Sea Boys,
To Morrow he'll blush that he's paler than we Boys,
Drink Wine, give him VVater, 'tis Sack makes us jee
Boys.

Fill, fill up the Glass,
To the next merry Lad let it pass,
Come away with't :

Come

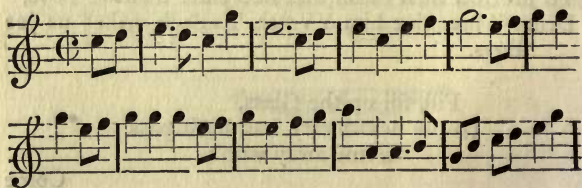
Come Set Foot to Foot,
 And but give our Minds to't,
 'Tis Heretical Six that doth slay Wit,
 No Helicon like to the Juice of the Vine is,
 For *Phæbus* had never had Wit, nor Diviness,
 Had his Face been bow dy'd as thine, his, and mine is.

Drink, drink off your Bowls,
 We'll enrich both our Heads and our Souls
 With Canary ;
 A Carbuncled Face,
 Saves a tedious Race,
 For the *Indies* about us we carry :
 Then hang up good Faces, we'll drink till our Noses
 Give freedom to speak what our Fancy disposes,
 Beneath whose protection is under the Roses.

This, this must go round,
 Off your Hats, till that the Pavement be Crown'd
 With your Beavers ;
 A Red-coated Face,
 Frights a Searjeant at Mace,
 And the Constable trembles to shivers :
 In state march our Faces like those of the *Quorum*,
 When the Wenches fall down and the Vulgar adore'em,
 And our Noses, like Link-boys, run shining before'em.



*The Nymphs Holiday. The Tune of the
 Nightingale.*





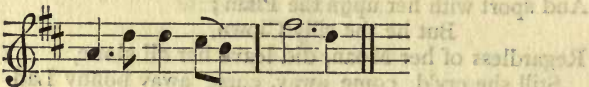
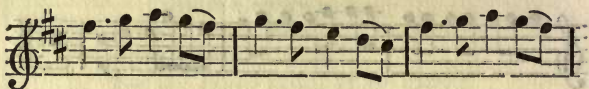
U Pon a Holiday, when Nymphs had leave to play,
 I walk'd unseen, on a pleasant Green,
 Where I heard a Maid in an angry Spleen,
 Complaining to a Swain, to leave his drudging Pain,
 And sport with her upon the Plain ;
 But he the silly Clown,
 Regardless of her Moan, did leave her all alone,
 Still she cry'd, come away, come away bonny Lad
 come away,
 I cannot come, I will not come, I cannot come, my
 Work's not done,
 Was all the Words this Clown did say.

She vex'd in her Mind to hear this Lad's reply,
 To *Venus* she went, in great Discontent,
 To desire her Boy with his Bow ready bent,
 To take a nimble Dart, and strike him to the Heart,
 For disobeying her Commandment :

Cupid then gave the Swain such a Bang,
 As made him to gang with this bonny Lass along,
 Still she cry'd, come away, come away bonny Lad,
 come hither,
 I come, I come, I come, I come, I come, I come,
 So they gang'd along together.

Good

Good Honest Trooper take warning by
 DONALD COOPER. *To the Tune of Daniel*
 Cooper.



A Bonny Lad came to the Court,
 His Name was *Donald Cooper*,
 And he Petition'd to the King,

That he might be a Trooper :

He said that he,
 By Land and Sea,
 Had fought to Admiration,
 And with *Montross*
 Had many blows,
 Both for his King and Nation,

The King did his Petition grant,
 And said he lik'd him dearly,
 Which gave to *Donald* more content,
 Than Twenty Shillings yearly :

This

This wily Leard
Rode in the Guard,
And lov'd a strong Beer Barrel ;
Yet stout enough,
To Fight and Cuff,
But was not given to Quarrel.

Till on a *Saturday* at Night,
He walked in the Park, Sir ;
And there he kenn'd a well fair Lass,
When it was almost dark, Sir ;
Poor *Donald* he
Drew near to see,
And kist her bonny Mow, Sir ;
He laid her flat
Upon her back,
And bang'd her side Weam too, Sir.

He took her by the Lilly white Hand,
And kiss'd his bonny *Mary*,
Then they did to the Tavern go,
Where they did drink Canary ;
When he was Drunk,
In came a Punck,
And ask'd gan he would Mow her ;
Then he again,
With Might and Main,
Did bravely lay her o'er, Sir,

Poor *Donald* he rose up again,
As nothing did him ail, Sir ;
But little kenn'd this bonny Lass,
Had Fire about her Tail, Sir :
When Night was spent
Then Home he went,
And told it with a Hark, Sir ;
How he did Kiss
A dainty Miss,
And lifted up the Sark, Sir.

But

But e'er a Month had gone about,
 Poor *Donald* walked sadly :

And every yeane enquir'd of him,

What gar'd him leuk so badly :

A Wench, quoth he,

Gave Snuff to me,

Out of her Placket box, Sir ;

And I am sure,

She prov'd a Whore,

And given to me the Pox, Sir.

Poor *Donald* he being almost Dead,

Was turn'd out of the Guard, Sir ;

And never could get in again,

Although he was a Leard, Sir :

When *Mars* doth meet,

VVith *Venus* sweet,

And struggles to surrender ;

The Triumph's lost,

Then never trust

A Feminine Commander.

Poor *Donald* he went home again,

Because he lost his Place, Sir ;

For playing of a Game at VVhisk,

And turning up an Ace, Sir ;

Ye Soldiers all,

Both great and small,

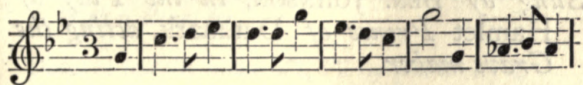
A Foot-man or a Trooper ;

VVhen you behold,

A VVench that's bold

Remember *Donald Cooper*.



The Jovial Drinker.

A Pox on those Fools, who exclaim against Wine,
 And fly the dear sweets that the Bottle doth bring ;
 It heightens the Fancy, the Wit does refine,
 And he that was first Drunk was made the first King.

By the help of good Claret old Age becomes Youth,
 And sick Men still find this the only Physitian ;
 Drink largely, you'll know by experience, the Truth,
 That he that drinks most is the best Politician.

To Victory this leads on the brave Cavalier,
 And makes all the Terrors of War, but Delight ;
 This flushes his Courage, and beats off base Fear,
 'Twas that taught *Cæsar* and *Pompey* to fight.

This supports all our Friends, and knocks down our
 Foes,

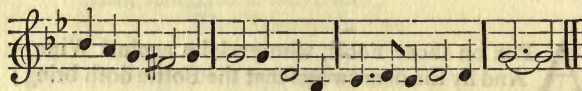
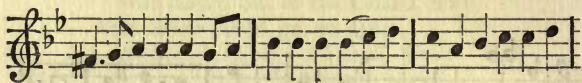
This makes us all Loyal Men from Courtier to Clown ;
 Like *Dutchmen* from Brandy, from this our Strength
 grows

So 'tis Wine, noble Wine, that's a Friend to the Crown.

The

The Sexton's SONG.

Sung by BEN. JOHNSON, in the Play of Hamlet Prince of Denmark, acting the Grave maker.



Once more to these Arms my lov'd Pick-ax and Spade,
 With the rest of the Tools that belong to my Trade ;
 I that Buried others am rose from the Dead,
*With a Ring, a Ring, Ring, a Ring, and Dig a Dig,
 Dig.*

My Thoughts are grown easie, my Mind is at rest,
 Since Things at the worst are now grown to the best,
 And I and the Worms that long fasted shall Feast,
With a Ring, &c.

How I long to be Measuring and cleaving the Ground,
 And commending the Soil for the Sculls shall be found,
 Whose thickness alone, not the Soil makes them sound,
With a Ring, &c.

Look

Look you Masters, I'll cry, may the Saints ne'er me
save,

If this ben't as well contriv'd sort of a Grave,
As a Man could wish on such occasion to have,
With a Ring, &c.

Observe but the make of't, I'll by you be try'd,
And the Coffin so fresh there that lies on that side,
It's Fifty Years since he that owns it has dy'd.
With a Ring, &c.

I hope to remember your Friend in a Bowl,
An honest good Gentleman, God rest his Soul,
He has that for a Duckett is worth a Pistole,
With a Ring, &c.

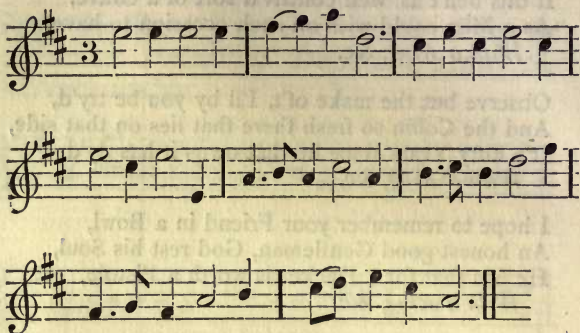
At Marriages next I'll affirm it and swear,
If the Bride would be private so great was my Care,
That not a Soul knew that the Priest joyn'd the Pair,
With a Ring, &c.

When I myself whisper'd and told it about
What Door they'd go in at, what Door they'd go out,
To receive the Salutes of the Rabble and Rout,
With a Ring, &c.

At Chris'nings I'll sit with abundance of Joy,
And Drink to the Health of the Girl or the Boy,
At the same I wish that Fate both would destroy,
That I may Ring, &c.

What e'er's my Religion, my Meaning's to Thrive,
So the Child that is born, to the Font but survive,
No matter how short it's continuance alive,
That I may Ring, &c.

Hear then my good Neighbours attend to my cry,
And bravely get Children, and decently die,
No Sexton now breathing shall use you as I,
With a Ring a Ring, Ring a Ring, Dig a Dig, Dig.
The

The Great BOOBEE.

MY Friend if you would understand,
 My Fortunes what they are ;
 I once had Cattle House and Land,
 But now I am never the near :
 My Father left a good Estate,
 As I may tell to thee ;
 I couzened was of all I had,
Like a great Boobee.

I went to School with a good intent,
 And for to learn my Book ;
 And all the Day I went to play,
 In it I never did look :
 Full seven Years, or very nigh,
 As I may tell to thee ;
 I could hardly say my Criss-Cross-Row,
Like a great Boobee.

My Father then in all the hast,
 Did set me to the Plow ;
 And for to lash the Horse about,
 Indeed I knew not how :

My Father took his Whip in Hand,
And soundly lashed me ;
He called me Fool and Country Clown,
And a great Boobee.

But I did from my Father run,
For I would Plow no more ;
Because he had so lashed me,
And made my sides so sore :
But I will go to *London Town*,
Some Fashions for to see ;
When I came there they call'd me Clown,
And a great Boobee.

But as I went along the Street,
I carried my Hat in my Hand,
And to every one that I did meet,
I bravely Buss'd my Hand :
Some did laugh, and some did scoff,
And some did mock at me ;
And some did say I was a Woodcock,
And a great Boobee.

Then I did walk in hast to *Paul's*
The Steeple for to view ;
Because I heard some People say,
It should be builded new ;
Then I got up unto the Top,
The City for to see ;
It was so high it made me cry,
Like a great Boobee.

From thence I went to *Westminster*,
And for to see the Tombs :
Oh, said I, what a House is here,
With an infinite sight of Rooms :
Sweetly the Abby Bells did Ring,
It was a fine sight to see ;
Methought I was going to Heav'n in a String.
Like a great Boobee.

But

But as I went along the Street,
 The most part of the Day ;
 Many Gallants I did meet,
 Methought they were very gay :
 I blew my Nose and pist my Hose,
 Some People did me see :
 They said I was a Beastly Fool :
And a great Boobee.

Next Day I thro' *Pye-corner* past,
 The Roast-meat on the Stall ;
 Invited me to take a Taste,
 My Money was but small :
 The Meat I pickt, the Cook me kickt,
 As I may tell to thee ;
 He beat me sore and made me roar,
Like a great Boobee.

As I thro' *Smithfield* lately walkt,
 A gallant Lass I met :
 Familiarly with me she talk't,
 Which I cannot forget :
 She proferr'd me a Pint of Wine,
 Methought she was wondrous free,
 To the Tavern then I went with her,
Like a great Boobee.

She told me we were near of Kin,
 And call'd for Wine good store ;
 Before the Reckoning was brought in,
 My Cousin prov'd a Whore :
 My Purse she pickt, and went away,
 My Cousin couzened me,
 The Vintner kickt me out of Door ;
Like a great Boobee.

At the *Exchange* when I came there,
 I saw most gallant things ;
 I thought the Pictures living were,
 Of all our English Kings :

I doft my Hat and made a Leg,
And kneeled on my Knee;
The People laugh'd and call'd me Fool,
And a great Boobee.

To *Paris-Garden* then I went,
Where there is great resort;
My Pleasure was my Punishment,
I did not like the Sport:
The Garden-Bull with his stout Horns,
On high then tossed me;
I did bewray my self with fear,
Like a great Boobee.

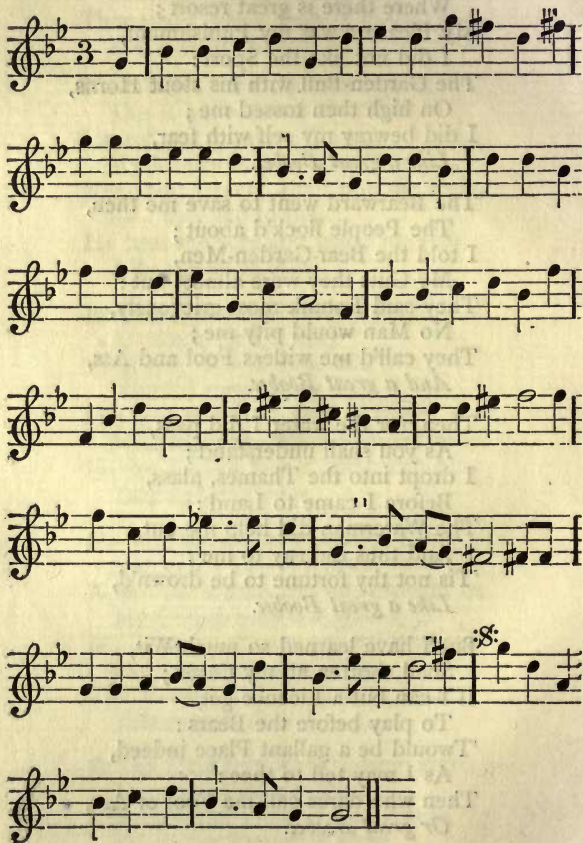
The Bearward went to save me then,
The People flock'd about;
I told the Bear-Garden-Men,
My Guts they were almost out:
They said I stunk most grievously,
No Man would pity me;
They call'd me witless Fool and Ass,
And a great Boobee.

Then o'er the water I did pass,
As you shall understand;
I dropt into the Thames, alas,
Before I came to Land:
The Waterman did help me out,
And thus did say to me;
'Tis not thy fortune to be drown'd,
Like a great Boobee.

But I have learned so much Wit,
Shall shorten all my Cares;
If I can but a Licence get,
To play before the Bears:
'Twould be a gallant Place indeed,
As I may tell to thee:
Then who dares call me Fool or Ass,
Or great Boobee.

Set by Mr. Jeremiah Clark,

Sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



When Maids live to Thirty, yet never repented,
When *Europe's* at Peace and all *England* con-
tented,

When Gamesters won't Swear, and no bribery thrives,
Young Wives love old Husbands, young Husbands old
Wives ;

When Landlords love Taxes, and Soldiers love Peace:
And Lawyers forget a rich Client to Fleece :

When an old Face shall please as well as a new,
Wives, Husbands, and Lovers will ever be true.

When Bullies leave huffing and Cowards their Trem-
bling,

And Courtiers and Women and Priests their Dissem-
bling,

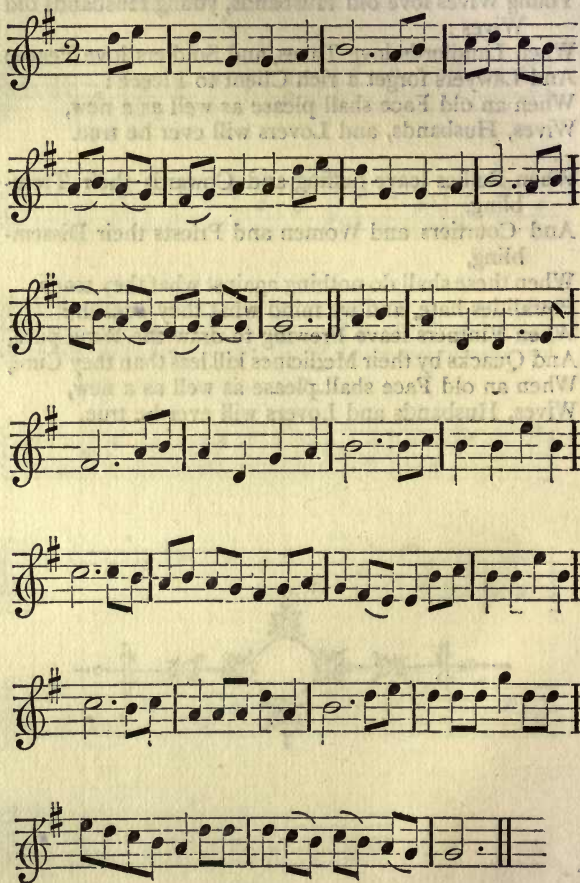
When these shall do nothing against what they teach,
Pluralities hate, and we mind what they Preach :

When Vintners leave Brewing to draw the Wine pure,
And Quacks by their Medicines kill less than they Cure,

When an old Face shall please as well as a new,
Wives, Husbands and Lovers will ever be true.



*Words to a Tune of Mr. BARRET'S, call'd
the CATHERINE.*

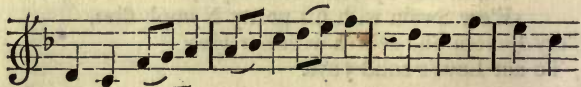
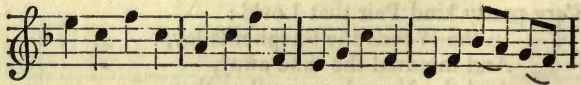
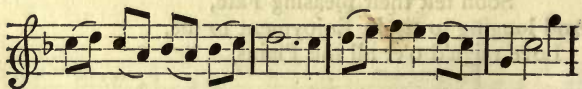
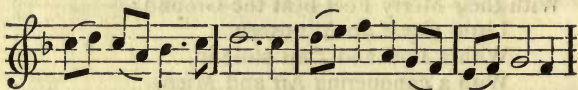
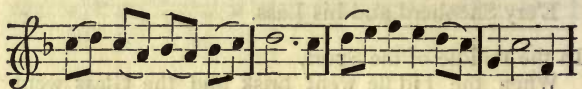
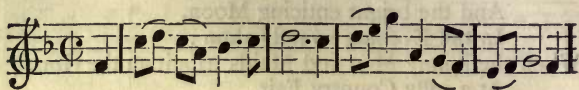


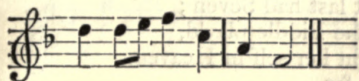
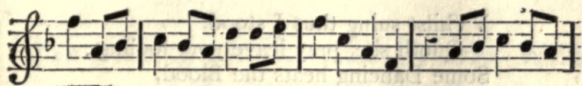
IN the pleasant Month of *May*,
When the merry, merry Birds began to sing;
And the Blossoms fresh and gay;
Usher'd in the welcome Spring,
When the long cold Winter's gone,
And the bright enticing Moon,
In the Evening sweetly shon:
When the bonny Men and Maids tript it on the Grass;
At a jolly Country Fair,
When the Nymphs in the best appear;
We resolv'd to be free, with a Fiddle and a She,
E'ery Shepherd and his Lass.

In the middle of the Sport,
When the Fiddle went brisk and the Glass went
round,
And the Pretty gay Nymphs for Court,
With their Merry Feet beat the Ground;
Little *Cupid* arm'd unseen,
With a Bow and Dart stole in,
With a conquering Air and Mien,
And empty'd his Bow thro' the Nymphs and the Swains;
E'ery Shepherd and his Mate,
Soon felt their pleasing Fate,
And longing to try in Enjoyment to die,
Love reign'd o'er all the Plains.

Now the sighing Swain gave o'er,
And the wearied Nymphs could dance no more,
There were other Thoughts that mov'd,
E'ery pretty kind Pair that Lov'd:
In the Woods the Shepherds lay,
And mourn'd the time away,
And the Nymphs as well as they,
Long'd to taste what it is that their Senses cloy,
Till at last by consent of Eyes,
E'ery Swain with his pretty Nymph flies,
E'ery Buxom She retires with her He,
To act Love's solid Joys.

*A Scotch SONG. Sung by Mrs. LUCAS at
the Old THEATRE.*





BY Moon-light on the Green,
 Our bonny Lasses Cooing;
 And dancing there I've seen,
 Who seem'd alone worth Wooing:
 Her Skin like driven Snow,
 Her Hair brown as a Berry;
 Her Eyes black as a Slow,
 Her Lips red as a Cherry.

Oh how she tript it, skipt it,
 Leapt it, stept it, whiskt it,
 Friskt it, whirl'd it, twirl'd it,
 Swimming, springing, starting:
 So quick, the tune to nick,
 With a heave and a toss:
 And a jerk at parting,
 With a heave, and a toss, and a jerk at parting.

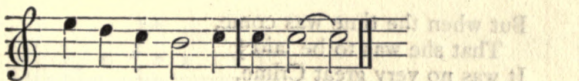
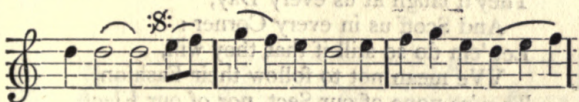
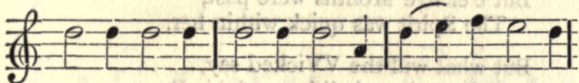
As she sat down I bowed,
 And veil'd my bonnet to her;
 Then took her from the Crowd,
 With Honey words to woo her;
 Sweet blithest Lass, quoth I,
 It being bleaky VVeather:
 I prithee let us try,
 Another Dance together;
 Oh how she, &c.

Whilst suing thus I stood,
 Quoth she, pray leave your fooling;
 Some Dancing heats the Blood,
 But yours I fear lacks cooling:
 Still for a Dance I pray'd,
 And we at last had Seven;
 And whilst the Fiddle play'd,
 She thought her self in Heaven;
Oh how she, &c.

At last she with a Smile,
 To Dance again desir'd me;
 Quoth I, pray stay a while,
 For now good faith ye've tir'd me:
 With that she look'd on me,
 And sigh'd with muckle sorrow;
 Than gang ye'ar gate, quoth she,
 But Dance again to morrow.



*The QUAKER'S SONG. Sung by Mrs. Willis
at the New Play-House.*



Amongst the pure ones all,
 VVhich Conscience doth profess ;
 And yet that sort of Conscience,
 Doth practice nothing less :
 I mean the Sect of those Elect,
 That loath to live by Merit ;
 That leads their Lives with other Mens VVives,
 According unto the Spirit.

One met with a Holy Sister of ours,
 A Saint who dearly lov'd him :
 And fain he would have kiss'd her,
 Because the Spirit mov'd him :
 But she deny'd, and he reply'd,
 You're damn'd unless you do it ;
 Therefore consent, do not repent,
 For the Spirit doth move me to it.

She not willing to offend, poor Soul,
 Yielded unto his Motion ;
 And what these two did intend,
 VVas out of pure Devotion :
 To lye with a Friend and a Brother,
 She thought she shou'd die no Sinner,
 But e'er five Months were past,
 The Spirit was quick within her.

But what will the VVicked say,
 VVhen they shall here of this Rumour ;
 They'd laugh at us every Day,
 And Scoff us in every Corner :
 Let 'em do so still if that they will,
 VVe mean not to follow their Fashion,
 They're none of our Sect, nor of our Elect,
 Nor none of our Congregation.

But when the time was come,
 That she was to be laid ;
 It was no very great Crime,
 Committed by her they said :
 'Cause they did know, and she did show,
 'Twas done by a Friend and a Brother,
 But a very great Sin they said it had been,
 If it had been done by another.



A SONG.



AS Oyster *Nan* stood by her Tub,
 To shew her vicious Inclination ;
 She gave her noblest Parts a Scrub,
 And sigh'd for want of Copulation :
 A Vintner of no little Fame,
 Who excellent Red and White can sell ye,
 Beheld the little dirty Dame,
 As she stood scratching of her Belly.

Come

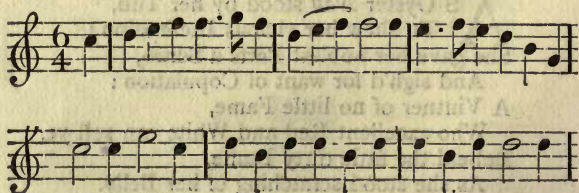
Come in, says he, you silly Slut,
 'Tis now a rare convenient Minute ;
 I'll lay the Itching of your Scut,
 Except some greedy Devil be in it :
 With that the Flat-capt Fusby smil'd,
 And would have blush'd, but that she cou'd not ;
 Alass ! says she, we're soon beguil'd,
 By Men to do those things we shou'd not.

From Door they went behind the Bar,
 As it's by common Fame reported ;
 And there upon a Turkey Chair,
 Unseen the loving Couple sported :
 But being call'd by Company,
 As he was taking pains to please her ;
 I'm coming, coming Sir, says he,
 My Dear, and so am I, says she, Sir.

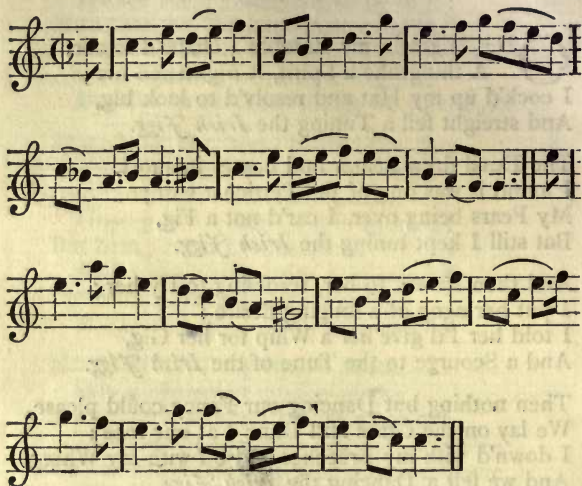
Her Mole-hill Belly swell'd about,
 Into a Mountain quickly after ;
 And when the pretty Mouse crept out,
 The Creature caus'd a mighty Laughter :
 And now she has learnt the pleasing Game,
 Altho' much Pain and Shame it cost her ;
 She daily ventures at the same,
 And shuts and opens like an Oyster.



The IRISH Figg: Or, the Night Ramble.



A SONG.



IT was a happy Golden Day,
 When fair *Althea* Kind and Gay,
 Put all but Love and me away ;
 I arm'd with soft Words did Address,
 Sweet and kind Kisses far express,
 A greater Joy and Happiness.

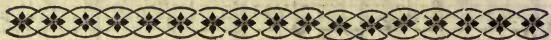
Nature the best Instructor cry'd,
 Her Ivory Pillows to divide,
 That Love might Sail with Wind and Tide ;
 She rais'd the Mast and sail'd by it,
 That Day two Tides together met,
 Drove him on Shore soon dropping wet.

A SONG.

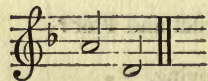
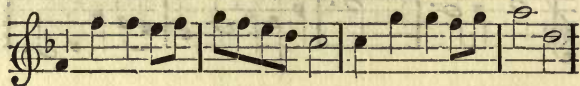
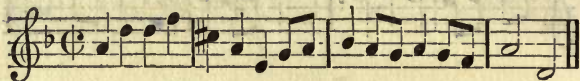


AH! *Cælia* how can you be Cruel and Fair?
 Since removing,
 The Charms that are loving,
 'Twould make a poor Lover Despair;
 'Tis true, I have lov'd you these seven long Years &
 more,
 Too long for a Man that ne'er was in Love before:
 And if longer you my Caresses deny,
 I then am resolv'd to give over my Flames and die.
 Love

Love fires the Heart of him that is Brave,
 Charms the Spirit
 Of him that is merit,
 And makes the poor Lover a Slave ;
 Dull sordid Souls that never knew how to Love,
 Where Nature is plung'd, 'tis a shame to the best
 above :
 And if any longer you my Caresses deny,
 I then am resolv'd to give over my Flames and die.



A SONG.



THERE was a Knight and he was Young,
 A riding along the way, Sir ;
 And there he met a Lady fair,
 Among the Cocks of Hay, Sir :

Quoth

Quoth he, shall you and I Lady,
Among the Grass lye down a ;
And I will have a special Care,
Of rumpling of your Gown a.

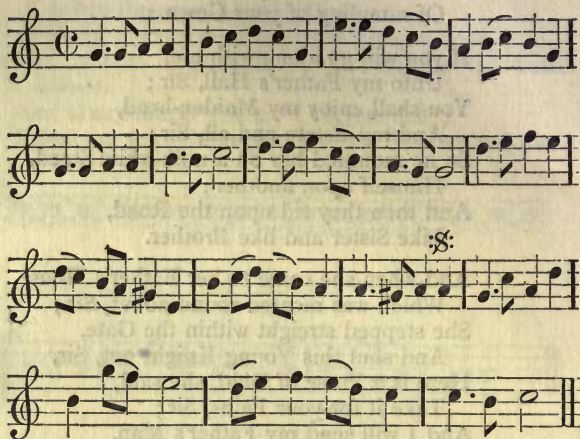
If you will go along with me,
Unto my Father's Hall, Sir ;
You shall enjoy my Maiden-head,
And my Estate and all, Sir :
So he mounted her on a milk-white Steed,
Himself upon another ;
And then they rid upon the Road,
Like Sister and like Brother.

And when she came to her Father's House,
Which was moated round about, Sir ;
She stepped streight within the Gate,
And shut this Young Knight out, Sir,
Here is a Purse of Gold, she said,
Take it for your Pains, Sir ;
And I will send my Father's Man,
To go home with you again, Sir.

And if you meet a Lady fair,
As you go thro' the next Town, Sir ;
You must not fear the Dew of the Grass,
Nor the rumpling of her Gown, Sir :
And if you meet a Lady Gay,
As you go by the Hill, Sir ;
If you will not when you may,
You shall not when you will, Sir.

There is a Dew upon the Grass,
Will spoil your Damask Gown a ;
Which has cost your Father dear,
Many Shilling and a Crown a :
There is a Wind blows from the *West*,
Soon will dry the Ground a ;
And I will have a special Care,
Of the rumpling of my Gown a.

A SONG.

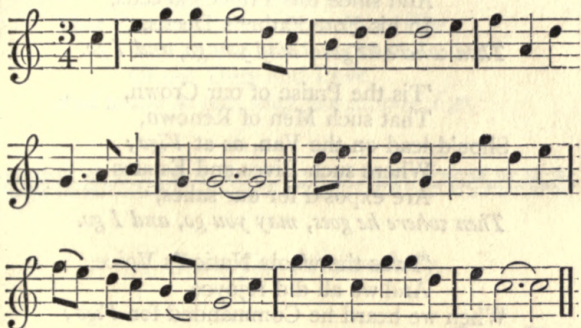


Slaves to *London* I'll deceive you,
 For the Country now I leave you :
 Who can bear, and not be Mad,
 Wine so dear, and yet so bad :
 Such a Noise and Air so smoaky,
 That to stun, this to choak ye ;
 Men so selfish, false and rude,
 Nymphs so young and yet so lew'd.

Quiet harmless Country Pleasure,
 Shall at home engross my Leisure ;
 Farewel *London*, I'll repair,
 To my Native Country Air :
 I leave all thy Pleasures behind me,
 But at home my Wife will find me ;
 Oh the Gods ! 'tis ten times worse,
London is a milder Curse.

The Duke of ORMOND'S March.

Set by Mr. CHURCH.



YE brave Boys and Tars,
 That design for the Wars,
 Remember the Action at *Vigo*;
 And where ORMOND Commands,
 Let us all joyn our Hands,
And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Let Conquest and Fame,
 The Honour proclaim,
 Great ORMOND has gotten at *Vigo*;
 Let the Trumpets now sound,
 And the Ecchoes around,
Where he goes, may you go, and I go,

Let the Glories be Sung,
 Which the ORMONDS have won,
 Long before this great Action at *Vigo*;

They're so Loyal and Just,
And so true to their Trust,
That where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Old Records of Fame,
Of the ORMONDS great Name,
Their Actions, like these were of *Vigo*;
And since this Prince exceeds,
In his Fore-Father's Deeds,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Tis the Praise of our Crown,
That such Men of Renown,
Shou'd lead on the Van, as at *Vigo*;
Where such Lives and Estates
Are expos'd for our sakes,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Twas the whole Nation's Voice,
And we all did rejoyce,
When we heard he Commanded for *Vigo*;
To ANNA so True,
All her Foes to pursue,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Tis the Voice of the Town,
And our Zeal for the Crown,
To serve ORMOND to *France, Spain, or Vigo*;
So Noble and brave,
Both to Conquer and save,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

To the Soldiers so kind,
And so humbly inclin'd,
To wave his Applause gain'd at *Vigo*;
Yet so kind and so true,
He gave all Men their due,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

We justly do own,
All the Honour that's won,
In *Flanders*, as well as at *Vigo*;

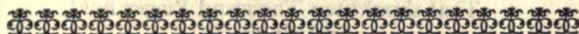
But

Pleasant and Divertive.

117

But our Subject and Theme,
Is of ORMOND's great Name,
And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Then take off the Bowl,
To that Generous Soul,
That Commanded so bravely at *Vigo*;
And may ANNA approve,
Of our Duty and Love,
And where he goes, may you go, and I go.



A Cure for Melancholy.



Are

ARE you grown so Melancholy,
 That you think on nought but Folly ;
 Are you sad,
 Are you Mad,
 Are you worse ;
 Do you think,
 Want of Chink

Is a Curse :
 Do you wish for to have,
 Longer Life, or a Grave,
Thus would I Cure ye.

First I would have a Bag of Gold,
 That should ten Thousand Pieces hold,
 And all that,
 In thy Hat,
 Would I pour ;
 For to spend,
 On thy Friend,
 Or thy Whore :
 For to cast away at Dice,
 Or to shift you of your Lice,
Thus would I Cure ye.

Next I would have a soft Bed made,
 Wherein a Virgin should be laid ;
 That would Play,
 Any way
 You'll devise ;
 That would stick
 Like a Tick,
 To your Thighs,
 That would bill like a Dove,
 Lye beneath or above,
Thus would I Cure ye.

Next that same Bowl, where *Fove* Divine,
 Drank *Nectar* in, I'd fill with Wine ;
 That whereas,
 You should pause,

You

You should quaff ;
 Like a *Greek*,
 Till your Cheek,
 To *Ceres* and to *Venus*,
 To *Bacchus* and *Silenus*,
Thus would I Cure ye.

Last of all there should appear,
 Seven Eunuchs sphere-like Singing here,
 In the Praise,
 Of those Ways,
 Of delights ;
Venus can,
 Use with Man,
 In the Night ;
 When he strives to adorn,
Vulcan's Head with a HORN,
Thus would I Cure ye.

But if not Gold, nor Woman can,
 Nor Wine, nor Songs, make merry then ;
 Let the Batt,
 Be thy Mate,
 And the Owl ;
 Let a Pain,
 In thy Brain,
 Make thee Howl ;
 Let the Pox be thy Friend,
 And the Plague work thy end,
Thus I would Cure you.



To his fairest VALENTINE Mrs. A. L.



COME pretty Birds present your Lays,
 And learn to chaunt a Goddess Praise ;
 Ye Wood-Nymphs let your Voices be,
 Employ'd to serve her Deity :
 And warble forth, ye Virgins Nine,
Some Musick to my Valentine.

Her Bosom is Loves Paradise,
 There is no Heav'n but in her Eyes ;

She's

She's chaster than the Turtle-Dove,
And fairer than the Queen of Love;
Yea, all Perfections do combine,
To beautifie my Valentine.

She's Nature's choicest Cabinet,
Where Honour, Beauty, Worth and Wit,
Are all united in her Breast,
The Graces claim an Interest :
All Vertues that are most Divine,
Shine clearest in my Valentine.



A BALLAD,

Or, COLLIN'S Adventure.



AS *Collin* went from his Sheep to unfold,
 In a Morning of *April*, as grey as 'twas cold,
 In a Thicket he heard a Voice it self spread;
 Which was, O, O, *I am almost dead.*

He peep'd in the Bushes, and spy'd where there lay
 His Mistress, whose Countenance made *April May*;
 But in her looks some sadness was read,
 Crying O, O, *I am almost dead.*

He rush'd in to her, and cry'd what's the matter,
 Ah! *Collin*, quoth she, why will you come at her,
 Who by the false Swain, hath often been misled,
 For which O, O, *I am almost dead.*

He turn'd her Milk-pail, and there down he sat,
 His Hands stroak'd his Beard, on his Knee lay his
 Coat,
 But, O, still *Mopsa* cry'd, before ought was said,
Collin, O, O, *I am almost dead.*

No more, quoth stout *Collin*! I ever was true,
 Thou gav'st me a Handkerchief all hemm'd with Blue:
 A Pin-box I gave thee, and a Girdle so Red,
 Yet still she cry'd, O, O, *I am almost dead.*

Delaying, quoth she, hath made me thus Ill,
 For I never fear'd *Sarah* that dwelt at the Mill,
 Since in the Ev'ning late her Hogs thou hast fed,
 For which, O, O, *I am almost dead.*

Collin then chuck'd her under the Chin,
 Cheer up for to love thee I never will lin,
 Says she, I'll believe it when the Parson has read,
 'Till then, O, O, *I am almost dead.*

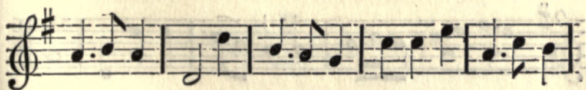
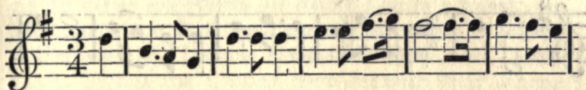
Uds boars, quoth *Collin*, I'll new my shon,
 And e'er the Week pass, by the Mass it shall be done:
 You might have done this before, then she said,
 But now, O, O, *I am almost dead.*

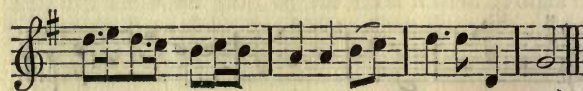
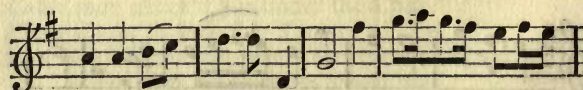
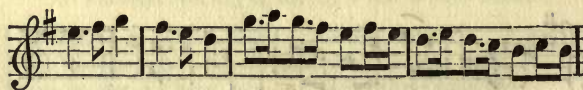
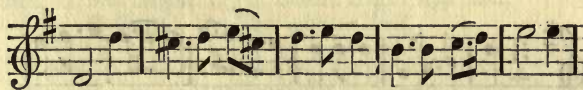
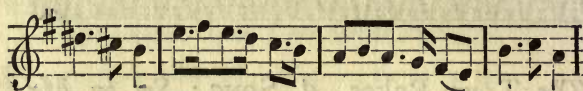
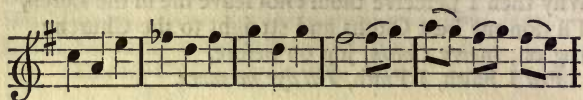
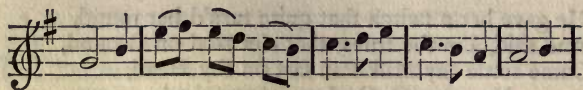
He gave her a twitch that quite turn'd her round,
And said, I'm the truest that e'er trod on Ground,
Come settle thy Milk-Pail fast on thy Head,
No more O, O, *I am almost dead.*

Why then I perceive thoult not leave me in the Lurch,
I'll don my best Cloths and streight to the Church :
Jog on, merry *Collin*, jog on before,
For I Faith, I Faith, *I'll dye no more.*



*The Town-Rakes, A SONG : Set by Mr.
Daniel Purcell : Sung by Mr. EDWARDS.*





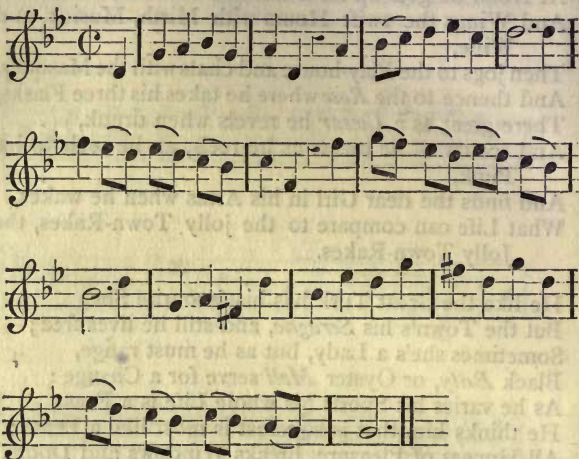
WHat Life can compare with the jolly Town Rakes,
 When in his full swing of all Pleasure he takes?
 At Noon he gets up for a wet and to Dine,
 And Wings the swift Hours with Mirth, Musick, and
 Wine,
 Then jogs to the Play-house and chats with the Masques,
 And thence to the *Rose* where he takes his three Flasks,
 There great as a *Cæsar* he revels when drunk,
 And scours all he meets as he reels, as he reels to his
 Punk,
 And finds the dear Girl in his Arms when he wakes,
 What Life can compare to the jolly Town-Rakes, the
 Jolly Town-Rakes.

He like the Great Turk has his favourite She,
 But the Town's his *Seraglio*, and still he lives free ;
 Sometimes she's a Lady, but as he must range,
 Black *Betty*, or Oyster *Moll* serve for a Change :
 As he varies his Sports his whole Life is a Feast,
 He thinks him that is soberest is most like a Beast :
 All Houses of Pleasure, breaks Windows and Doors,
 Kicks Bullies and Cullies, then lies with their Whores :
 Rare work for the Surgeon and Midwife he makes,
 What Life can Compare with the jolly Town-Rakes.

Thus in *Covent-Garden* he makes his Campaigns,
 And no Coffee-House haunts but to settle his Brains ;
 He laughs at dry Mortals, and never does think,
 Unless 'tis to get the best VVenches and Drink :
 He dwells in a Tavern, and lives ev'ry where,
 And improving his Hour, lives an age in a Year :
 For as Life is uncertain, he loves to make haste,
 And thus he lives longest because he lives fast :
 Then leaps in the Dark, and his *Exit* he makes,
 VVhat Death can compare with the jolly Town-Rakes.



A SONG: Set by Mr. CLARKE.



Young Coridon and Phillis
 Sate in a lovely Grove ;
 Contriving Crowns of Lillies,
 Repeating Tales of Love :
And something else, but what I dare not, &c.

But as they were a Playing,
 She oagled so the Swain ;
 It sav'd her plainly saying,
 Let's kiss to ease our Pain :
And something else, &c.

A thousand times he kiss'd her,
 Laying her on the Green ;
 But as he farther press'd her,
 Her pretty Leg was seen :
And something else, &c.

So many Beauties removing,
His Ardour still increas'd ;
And greater Joys pursuing,
He wander'd o'er her Breast :
And something else, &c.

A last Effort she trying,
His Passion to withstand ;
Cry'd, but it was faintly crying,
Pray take away your Hand :
And something else, &c.

Young *Coridon* grown bolder,
The Minute would improve ;
This is the Time he told her,
To shew you how I love ;
And something else, &c.

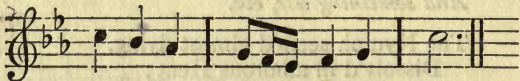
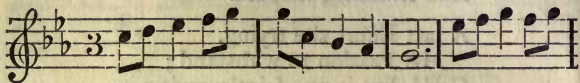
The Nymph seem'd almost dying,
Dissolv'd in amorous Heat ;
She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
My Dear your Love is great :
And something else, &c.

But *Phillis* did recover
Much sooner than the Swain ;
She blushing ask'd her Lover,
Shall we not Kiss again :
And something else, &c.

Thus Love his Revels keeping,
'Till Nature at a stand ;
From talk they fell to Sleeping,
Holding each others Hand ;
And something else, &c.



*The Amorous BARBER'S Passion of Love
for his Dear BRIDGET.*



With my Strings of small Wire lo I come,
And a Cittern made of Wood ;
And a Song altho' you are Deaf and Dumb,
May be heard and understood.
Dumb, dumb,—

Oh ! take Pity on me, my Dear,
Me thy Slave, and me thy Vassal,
And be not Cruel, as it were,
Like to some strong and well built old Castle.
Dumb, dumb,—

Lest as thou passest along the Street,
Braver every Day and braver ;
Every one that does thee meet,
Will say there goes a Woman-shaver.
Dumb, dumb,—

And

And again will think fit,
 And to say they will determine ;
 There goes she that with Tongue killed Clip-Chops,
 As a Man with his Thumbs kill Vermine.

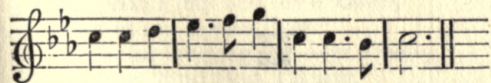
Dumb, dumb —

For if thou dost then, farewell Pelf,
 Farewell *Bridget*, for I vow I'll :
 Either in my Bason hang my self,
 Or drown me in my Towel,

Dumb, dumb —



A BALLAD, made by a Gentleman in Ireland,
 who could not have Access to a Lady
 whom he went to visit, because the Maid
 the Night before had over-laid her pretty
 Bitch. To the Tune of, O Hone, O
 Hone.



OH! let no Eyes be dry,
Oh Hone, Oh Hone,
 But let's lament and cry,
Oh Hone, O Hone,
 We're quite undone almost,
 For *Daphne* on this Coast,
 Has yielded up the Ghost,
Oh Hone, O Hone.

Daphne my dearest Bitch,
Oh Hone, O Hone,
 Who did all Dogs bewitch,
Oh Hone, &c.
 Was by a careless Maid,
 Pox take her for a Jade,
 In the Night over-laid,
Oh Hone, &c.

Oh may she never more
Oh Hone, &c.
 Sleep quietly, but snore,
Oh Hone, &c.
 May never Irish Lad,
 Sue for her Maiden-head,
 Until it stinks I Gad,
Oh Hone, &c.

Oh may she never keep
Oh Hone, Oh Hone;
 Her Water in her Sleep,
Oh Hone, Oh Hone:
 May never Pence nor Pounds,
 Come more within the Bounds,
 Of her Pocket Ad-sounds,
Oh Hone, Oh Hone.



DAMON forsaken. Set by Mr. WROTH.



WHEN that young *Damon* bless'd my Heart,
 And in soft Words did move ;
 How did I hug the pleasing Dart,
 And thank'd the God of Love :
Cupid, said I, my best lov'd Lamb,
 That in my Bosom lives :
 To thee, for kindling this dear Flame,
 To thee, kind God, I'll give.

But prying Friends o'er-heard my Vow,
 And murmur'd in my Ear ;
Damon hath neither Flocks nor Plough,
 Girl what thou dost beware :
 They us'd so long their cursed Art,
 And damn'd deluding sham ;
 That I agreed with them to part,
 Nor offer'd up my Lamb.

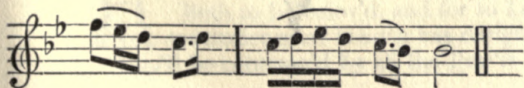
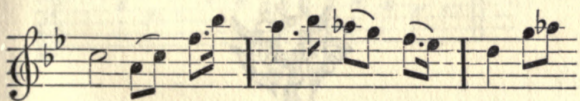
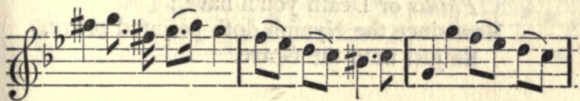
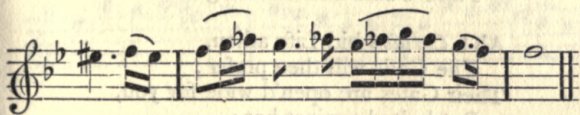
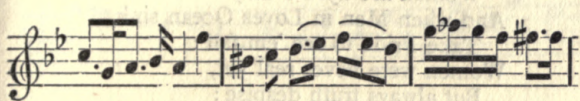
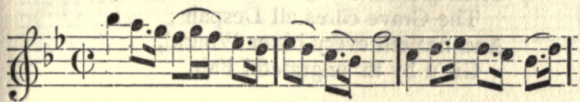
Cupid ask'd for his Offering,
 'Cause I refus'd to pay ;
 He took my *Damon* on his Wing,
 And carry'd him quite away :
 Pitch'd him before *Olinda's* Charms,
 Those Wonders of the Plain ;
 Commanding her into her Arms,
 To take the dearest Swain.

The envy'd Nymph, soon, soon obey'd,
 And bore away the Prize ;
 'Tis well she did, for had she stay'd,
 I'd snatch'd him from her Eyes :
 My Lamb was with gay Garlands dress'd,
 The Pile prepar'd to burn ;
 Hoping that if the God appeas'd,
 My *Damon* might return.

But oh ! in vain he's gone, he's gone,
Phillis he can't be thine ;
 I by Obedience am undone,
 Was ever Fate like mine :
Olinda do, try all thy Charms,
 Yet I will have a part ;
 For whilst you have him in your Arms,
 I'll have him in my Heart.



The Apparition to the Filted Lover. Set
by Mr. WROTH.



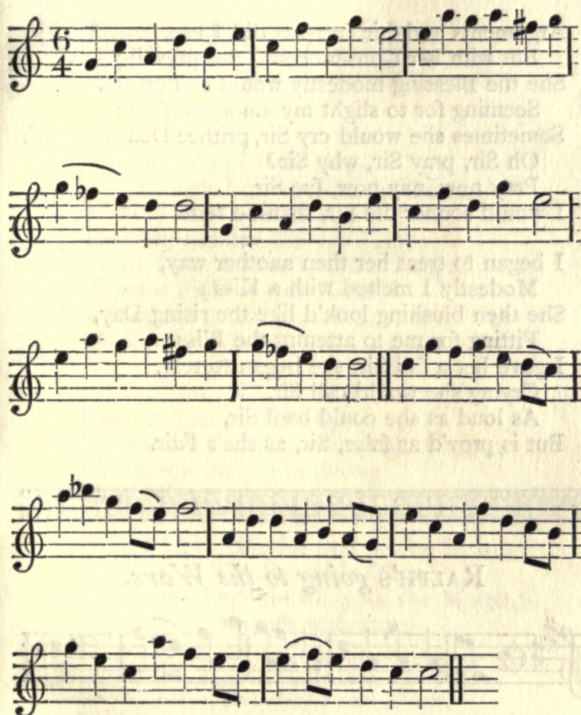
THINK wretched Mortal, think no more,
How to prolong thy Breath :
For thee there are no Joys in store,
But in a welcome Death :
Then seek to lay thee under Ground,
The Grave cures all Despair ;
And healeth every bitter Wound,
Giv'n by th' ungrateful Fair.

How cou'dst thou Faith in Woman think,
Women are *Syrens* all ;
And when Men in Loves Ocean sink,
Take Pride to see 'em fall :
Women were never real yet,
But always truth despise :
Constant to nothing but Deceit,
False Oaths and flattering Lies.

Ah ! *Coridon* bid Life adieu,
The Gods will thee prefer ;
Their Gates are open'd wide for you,
But bolted against her :
Do thou be true, you vow'd to Love,
Phillis or Death you'll have ;
Now since the Nymph doth perjured prove,
Be just unto the Grave.



A SONG.



H Eaven first created Woman to be Kind,
 Both to be belov'd, and for to Love ;
 If you contradict what Heav'n has design'd,
 You'll be contemn'd by all the Pow'rs above :
 Then

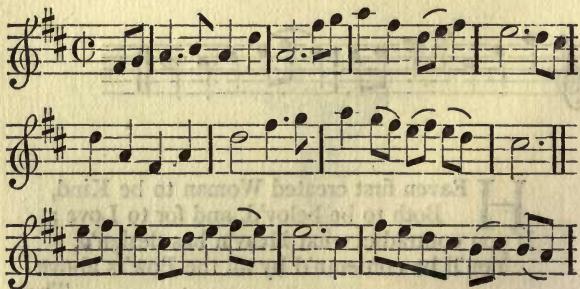
Then no more dispute me, for I am rashly bent,
 To subject your Beauty
 To kind Nature's Duty,
 Let me than salute you by Consent.

Arguments and fair Intreats did I use,
 But with her Consent could not prevail ;
 She the Blessing modestly would still refuse,
 Seeming for to slight my amorous Tale :
 Sometimes she would cry Sir, prithee Dear be good,
 Oh Sir, pray Sir, why Sir?
 Pray now, nay now, fye Sir,
 I would sooner die Sir, than be rude.

I began to treat her then another way,
 Modestly I melted with a Kiss ;
 She then blushing look'd like the rising Day,
 Fitting for me to attempt the Bliss :
 I gave her a fall Sir, she began to tear,
 Crying she would call Sir,
 As loud as she could baul Sir,
 But is prov'd as false, Sir, as she's Fair.



RALPH'S going to the Wars.



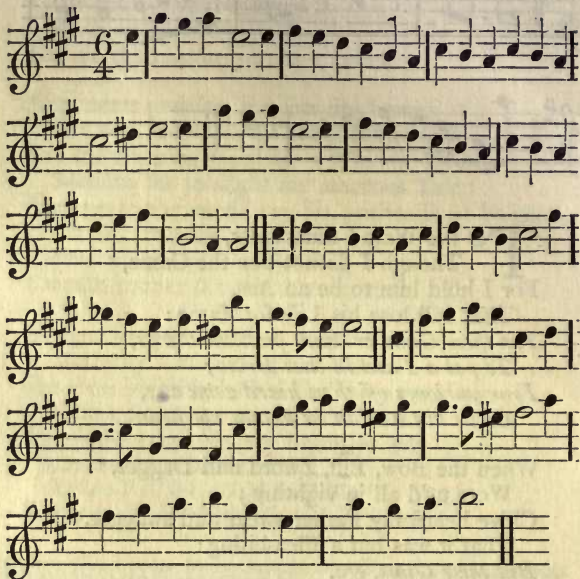


TO the Wars I must alas,
 Though I do not like the Game,
 For I hold him to be an Ass,
 That will lose his Life for Fame :
For these Guns are such pestilent things,
To pat a Pellet in ones Brow ;
Four vurlongs off ch've heard some say,
Ch'll kill a Man he knows not how.

When the Bow, Bill, Zword and Dagger,
 Were us'd all in vighting ;
 Ch've heard my Father swear and swagger,
 That it was but a Flea-biting :
But these Guns, &c.

Ise would vight with the best of our Parish,
 And play at Whisters with *Mary* ;
 Cou'd thump the Vootball, yerke the Morrie,
 And box at Visticuffs with any :
But these Guns, &c.

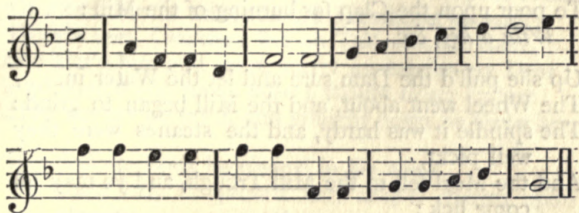
Varewel *Dick, Tom, Ralph and Hugh,*
 My Maypoles make all heretofore ;
 Varewel *Doll, Kate, Zis and Zue,*
 For I shall never zee you more :
For these Guns are such pestilent things,
To pat a Pellet in ones Brow ;
Four vurlongs off ch've heard some say,
Ch'll kill a Man he knows not how.

A SONG in Praise of Punch.

COME fill up the Bowl with the Liquor that fine is,
 And much more Divine is,
 Than now a-days Wine is, with all their Art,
 None here can controul :
 The Vintner despising, tho' Brandy be rising,
 'Tis Punch that must chear the Heart :
 The Lovers complaining, 'twill cure in a trice,
 And *Cælia* disdaining, shall cease to be nice,
Come fill up the Bowl, &c.

Thus soon you'll discover, the cheat of each Lover,
 When free from all Care you'll quickly find,
 As Nature intended 'em willing and kind :
Come fill up the Bowl, &c.

A SONG.



BONNY *Peggy Ramsey* that any Man may see,
 And bonny was her Face, with a fair freckel'd Eye,
 Neat is her Body made, and she hath good Skill,
 And square is her Wethergig made like a Mill :

*With a hey trolodel, hey trolodel, hey trolodel lill,
 Bonny Peggy Ramsey she gives weel her Mill.*

Peggy to the Mill is gone to grind a Bowl of Mault,
 The Mill it wanted Water, and was not that a fault ;
 Up she pull'd her Petticoats and piss'd into the Dam,
 For six Days and seven Nights she made the Mill to
 gang ;

With a hey, &c.

Some call her *Peggy*, and some call her *Fean*,
 But some calls her Midsummer, but they all are mista'en ;
 For *Peggy* is a bonny Lass, and grinds well her Mill,
 For she will be Occupied when others they lay still :

With a hey, &c.

Peg, thee and Ise grin a poke, and we to War will
 leanes,

Ise lay thee flat upon thy Back and then lay to the
 steanes ;

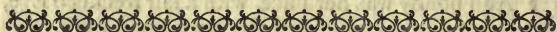
Ise make hopper titter totter, haud the Mouth as still,
 When twa sit, and eane stand, merrily grind the Mill :

With a hey, &c.

Up goes the Clap, and in goes the Corn,
 Betwixt twa rough steans *Peggy* not to learn ;
 With a Dam full of Water that she holdeth still,
 To pour upon the Clap for burning of the Mill :
With a hey, &c.

Up she pull'd the Dam sure and let the Water in,
 The Wheel went about, and the Mill began to grind :
 The spindle it was hardy, and the steanes were they
 well pickt,
 And the Meal fell in the Mill Trough, and ye may all
 come lick :

*With a hey trolodel, hey trolodel, hey trolodel lill,
 Bonny Peggy Ramsey she gives weel her Mill.*



A SONG.

Writ by the Famous Mr. NAT. LEE.

P*hilander* and *Sylvia*, a gentle soft Pair,
 Whose business was loving, and kissing their
 Care ;

In a sweet smelling Grove went smiling along,
 'Till the Youth gave a vent to his Heart with his
 Tongue :

Ah *Sylvia* ! said he, (and sigh'd when he spoke)
 Your cruel resolves will you never revoke ?
 No never, she said, how never, he cry'd,
 'Tis the Damn'd that shall only that Sentence abide.

She turn'd her about to look all around,
 Then blush'd, and her pretty Eyes cast on the Ground ;
 She kiss'd his warm Cheeks, then play'd with his Neck,
 And urg'd that his Reason his Passion would check :
 Ah *Philander* ! she said, 'tis a dangerous Bliss,
 Ah ! never ask more and I'll give thee a Kiss ;
 How never ? he cry'd, then shiver'd all o'er,
 No never, she said, then tripp'd to a Bower.

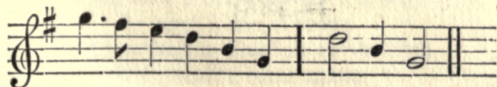
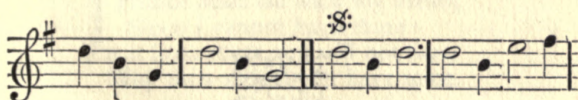
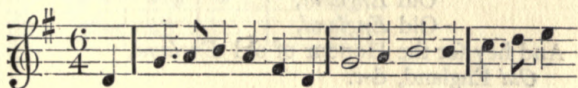
She

She stopp'd at the Wicket, he cry'd let me in,
 She answer'd, I wou'd if it were not a sin ;
 Heav'n sees, and the Gods will chastise the poor Head
 Of *Philander* for this ; straight Trembling he said,
 Heav'n sees, I confess, but no Tell-tales are there,
 She kiss'd him and cry'd, you're an Atheist my Dear ;
 And shou'd you prove false I should never endure :
 How never ? he cry'd, and straight down he threw her.

Her delicate Body he clasp'd in his Arms,
 He kiss'd her, he press'd her, heap'd charms upon
 charms;
 He cry'd shall I now ? no never, she said,
 Your Will you shall never enjoy till I'm dead :
 Then as if she were dead, she slept and lay still,
 Yet even in Death bequeath'd him a smile :
 Which embolden'd the Youth his Charms to apply,
 Which he bore still about him to cure those that die.



A SONG.



Your

YOur Hay it is mow'd, and your Corn is reap'd,
 Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd;
 Come, my Boys come,
 Come, my Boys come,
 And merrily roar our Harvest home:
 Harvest home,
 Harvest home,
 And merrily roar our Harvest home.
Come, my Boys come, &c.

We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him agen,
 For why should a Blockhead ha' One in Ten:
 One in Ten,
 One in Ten,
 For why should a Blockhead ha' One in Ten,
One in Ten, &c.

For prating too long, like a Book learnt Sot,
 'Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot:
 Burnt to Pot,
 Burnt to Pot,
 Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot.
Burnt to Pot, &c.

We'll toss off our Ale till we cannot stand,
 And hey for the Honour of old *England*;
 Old *England*,
 Old *England*,
 And hey for the Honour of old *England*,
Old England, &c.



A SONG.



I Prithee send me back my Heart,
Since I cannot have thine :
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should you have mine.

Yet now I think on't, let it be,
To send it me is vain ;
Thou hast a Thief in either Eye,
Will steal it back again.

Why

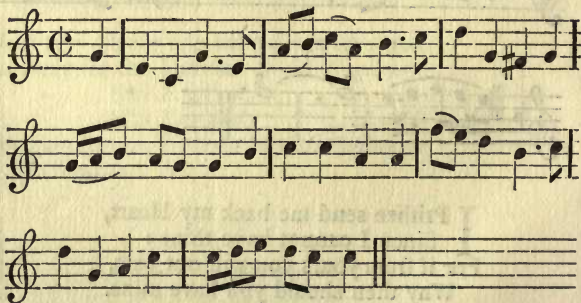
Why should two Hearts in one Breast be,
 And yet not be together ;
 Or Love, where is thy Sympathy,
 If thou our Hearts do sever ?

But Love is such a Mystery,
 I cannot find it out ;
 For when I think I am best resolv'd,
 Then I am most in Doubt.

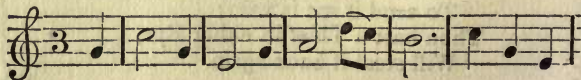
Then farewell Care, then farewell Woe,
 I will no longer pine ;
 But I'll believe I have her Heart,
 As well as she hath mine.



BACCHUS *turn'd Doctor.* *The Words by*
 BEN. JOHNSON.



C H O.





LET Soldiers fight for Pay and Praise,
 And Money be Misers wish ;
 Poor Scholars study all their Days,
 And Gluttons glory in their Dish :
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,
 Therefore give us chearing Bowls.*

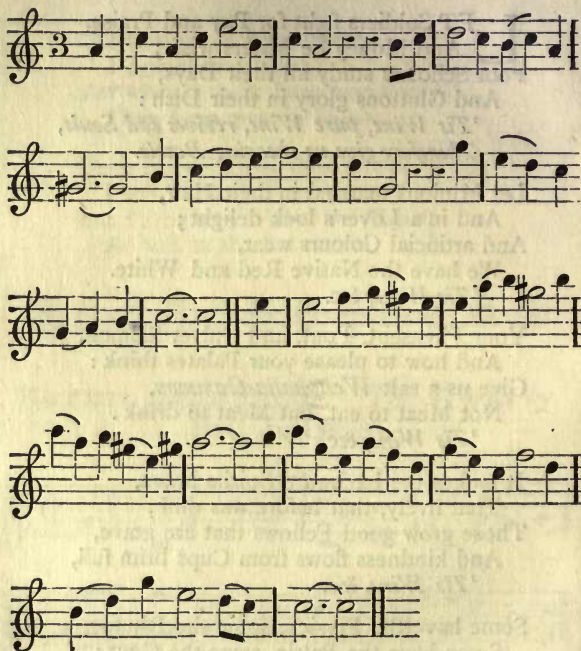
Let Minions marshal in their Hair,
 And in a Lover's lock delight ;
 And artificial Colours wear,
 We have the Native Red and White.
'Tis Wine, &c.

Your Pheasant, Pout, and Culver Salmon,
 And how to please your Palates think :
 Give us a salt *Westphalia-Gammon*,
 Not Meat to eat, but Meat to drink .
'Tis Wine, &c.

It makes the backward Spirits brave,
 That lively, that before was dull ;
 Those grow good Fellows that are grave,
 And kindness flows from Cups brim full,
'Tis Wine, &c.

Some have the Ptysick, some the Rhume,
 Some have the Palsie, some the Gout ;
 Some swell with Fat, and some consume,
 But they are sound that drink all out.
'Tis Wine, &c.

Some Men want Youth, and some want Health,
 Some want a Wife, and some a Punk ;
 Some Men want Wit, and some want Wealth,
 But he wants nothing that is drunk.
*'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,
 Therefore give us chearing Bowls.*

JENNY making Hay.

POOR *Jenny* and I we toiled,
 In a long Summer's Day ;
 Till we were almost foiled,
 With making of the Hay ;
 Her Kerchief was of Holland clear,
 Bound low upon her Brow ;
 Ise whisper'd something in her Ear,
But what's that to you ?

Her

Her Stockings were of Kersey green,
Well sticht with yellow Silk ;
Oh ! sike a Leg was never seen,
Her Skin as white as Milk :
Her Hair as black as any Crow,
And sweet her Mouth was too ;
Oh *Fenny* daintily can mow,
But, &c.

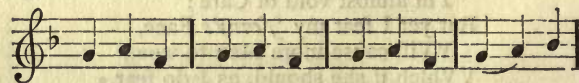
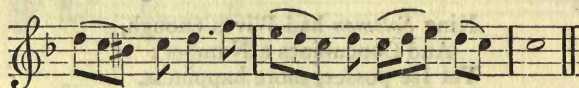
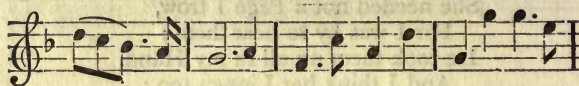
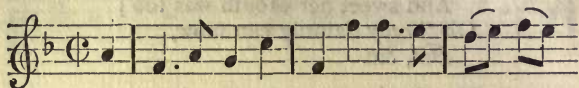
Her Petticoats were not so low,
As Ladies they do wear them ;
She needed not a Page I trow,
For I was by to bear them :
Ise took them up all in my Hand,
And I think her Linnen too ;
Which made me for to make a stand ;
But, &c.

King *Solomon* had Wives enough,
And Concubines a Number ;
Yet Ise possess more happiness,
And he had more of Cumber ;
My Joys surmount a wedded Life,
With fear she lets me mow her ;
A Wench is better than a Wife,
But, &c.

The Lilly and the Rose combine,
To make my *Fenny* fair ;
There's no Contentment sike as mine ;
I'm almost void of Care :
But yet I fear my *Fenny's* Face,
VVill cause more Men to woe ;
VVhich if she should, as I do fear,
Still, what is that to you ?



The Knotting SONG. The Words by Sir
CHARLES SYDNEY.



H Ears not my *Phillis* how the Birds,
Their feather'd Mates salute :
They tell their Passion in their VVords,
Must I alone, must I alone be mute :
Phillis without a frown or smile,
Sat & knotted, & knotted, & knotted, and knotted all the
while.

The God of Love in thy bright Eyes,
Does like a Tyrant Reign ;
But in thy Heart a Child he lies,
VVithout a Dart or Flame.
Phillis, &c.

So many Months in silence past,
And yet in raging Love ;
Might well deserve one word at last,
My Passion should approve.
Phillis, &c.

Must then your faithful Swain expire,
And not one look obtain ;
VVhich to sooth his fond desire,
Might pleasingly explain.
Phillis, &c.





OLD *Lewis le Grand*,
 He raves like a Fury,
 And calls for *Mercury*;
 Quoth he, if I can,
 I'll finish my Days;
 For why should I live?
 Since the Fates will not give
 One affable smile:
 Great *Marlborough* Conquers,
 Great *Marlborough* Conquers,
 I'm ruin'd the while.

The Flower of *France*,
 And Troops of my Palace
 Which march'd from *Versales*
 Who vow'd to Advance,
 With Conquering Sword,
 Are cut, hack'd and hew'd,
 I well may conclude,
 They're most of them Slain:
 Oh! what will become of,
 Oh! what will become of,
 My Grand-Son in *Spain*.

My fortify'd Throne,
 Propt up by Oppression,
 Must yield at Discretion;
 For needs must I own,
 My Glory decays:

Bold *Marlborough* comes
 With ratling Drums,
 And thundering Shot,
 He drives all before him,
 He drives all before him,
 Oh ! Where am I got ?

He pushes for Crowns,
 And slays my Commanders,
 And Forces in *Flanders* ;
 Great Capital Towns,
 For *CHARLES* has declar'd :
 These things like a Dart,
 Has pierced my Heart,
 And threatens my Death ;
 Here do I lye sighing,
 Here do I lye sighing,
 And Panting for Breath.

This passionate Grief,
 Draws on my Diseases,
 Which fatally ceases
 My Spirits in chief,
 A fit of the Gout,
 The Gravel and Stone,
 I have 'tis well known,
 At this horrid News,
 Of *Marlborough's* Triumph,
 Of *Marlborough's* Triumph,
 All Battles I lose.

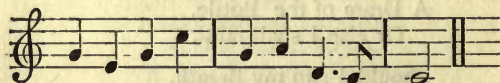
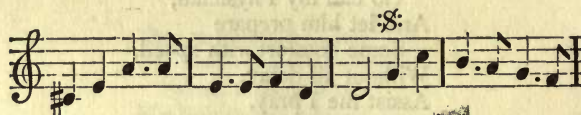
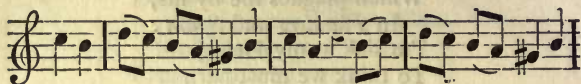
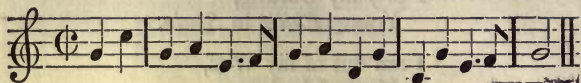
Wherever he comes,
 He is bold and Victorious,
 Successful and glorious,
 My two Royal Thumbs
 With anguish I bite :
 To hear his Success ;
 Yet nevertheless,

My passion's in vain :
I pity my Darling,
I pity my Darling,
Young *Philip* in *Spain*.

I am out of my Wits,
If e'er I had any ;
My Foes they are many,
Which plagues me by fits,
In *Flanders* and *Spain* :
I'm sick at my Heart,
To think we must part,
With what we enjoy'd,
Towns, Castles, are taken,
Towns, Castles, are taken,
My Troops are destroy'd.

I am I declare,
In a weak Condition,
Go call my Physician,
And let him prepare
Some comfort with speed,
Without all delay,
Assist me I pray,
And hear my Complaint,
A Dram of the Bottle,
A Dram of the Bottle,
Or else I shall faint.

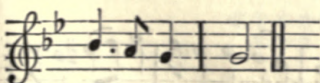
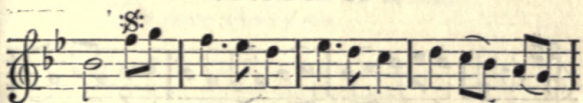
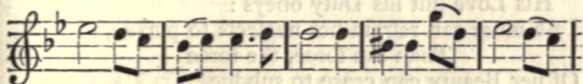
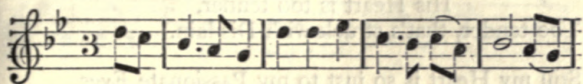
Should I slip my Breath,
At this dreadful Season,
I think it but Reason,
I should lay my Death,
To the daring Foes,
Whose Fire and Smoak,
Has certainly broke,
The Heart in my Breast :
Oh ! bring me a Cordial,
Oh ! bring me a Cordial,
And lay me to Rest.

A SONG. Set by Captain PACK.

Would you be a Man in Fashion?
Would you lead a Life Divine?
Take a little Dram of Passion, (a little dram of Passion)
In a lusty Dose of Wine
If the Nymph has no Compassion,
Vain it is to sigh and groan:
Love was but put in for Fashion,
Wine will do the Work alone.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. THO. FARMER.



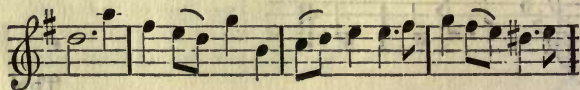
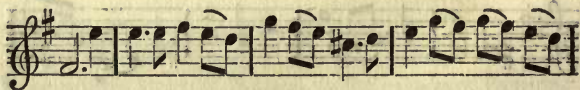
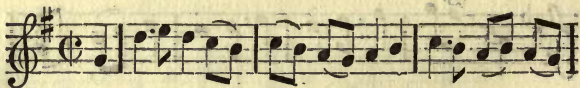
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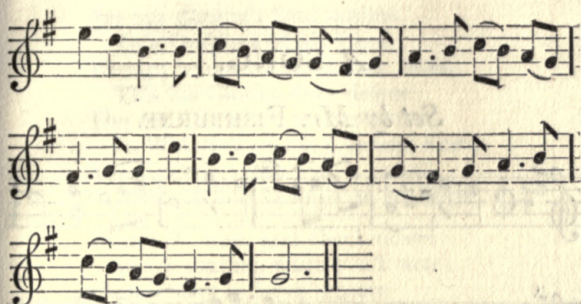
Though the Pride of my Passion fair *Sylvia* betrays,
 And frowns at the Love I impart;
 Though kindly her Eyes twist amorous Rays,
 To tye a more fortunate Heart:
 Yet her Charms are so great, I'll be bold in my Pain,
 His Heart is too tender,
 Too tender, that's struck with Disdain.

Still my Heart is so just to my Passionate Eyes,
 It dissolves with Delight while I gaze:
 And he that loves on, though *Sylvia* denies,
 His Love but his Duty obeys:
 I no more can refrain her neglects to pursue,
 Than the force, the force
 Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.



A SONG.



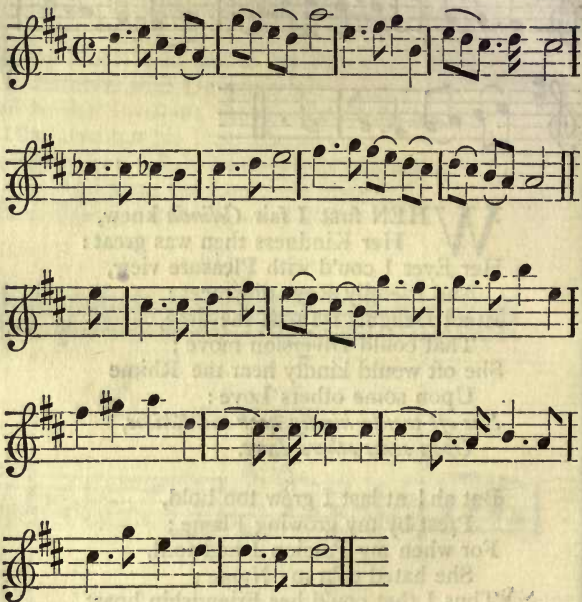


WHEN first I fair *Celinda* knew,
 Her Kindness then was great :
 Her Eyes I cou'd with Pleasure view,
 And friendly Rays did meet :
 In all Delights we past the time,
 That could Diversion move ;
 She oft would kindly hear me Rhime
 Upon some others Love :
She oft would kindly hear me Rhime,
Upon some others Love.

But ah ! at last I grew too bold,
 Prest by my growing Flame ;
 For when my Passion I had told,
 She hated ev'n my Name :
 Thus I that cou'd her Friendship boast,
 And did her Love pursue ;
 And taught Contentment at the cost,
 Of Love and Friendship too.



A SONG.

Set by Mr. FISHBURNE.

L ONG had *Damon* been admir'd,
By the Beauties of the Plain ;
Ev'ry Breast warm Love inspir'd,
For the proper handsome Swain :
The choicest Nymph *Sicilia* bred,
Was won by his resistless Charms :
Soft Looks, and Verse as smooth, had led
And left the Captive in his Arms.

But

But our *Damon's* Soul aspires,
 To a Goddess of his Race ;
 Though he sues with chaster Fires,
 This his Glories does deface :
 The fatal News no sooner blown
 In Whispers up the Chesnut Row ;
 The God *Sylvanus* with a Frown,
 Blasts all the Lawrels on his Brow.

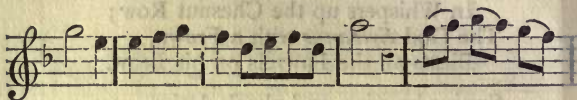
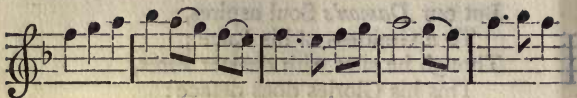
Swains be wise, and check desire
 In it's soaring, when you'll woe :
Damon may in Love require
Thestyles and *Laura* too :
 When Shepherds too ambitious are,
 And Court *Astrea* on a Throne ;
 Like to the shooting of a Star,
 They fall, and thus their shining's gone.



A SONG.

Set by Mr. FISHBURN.





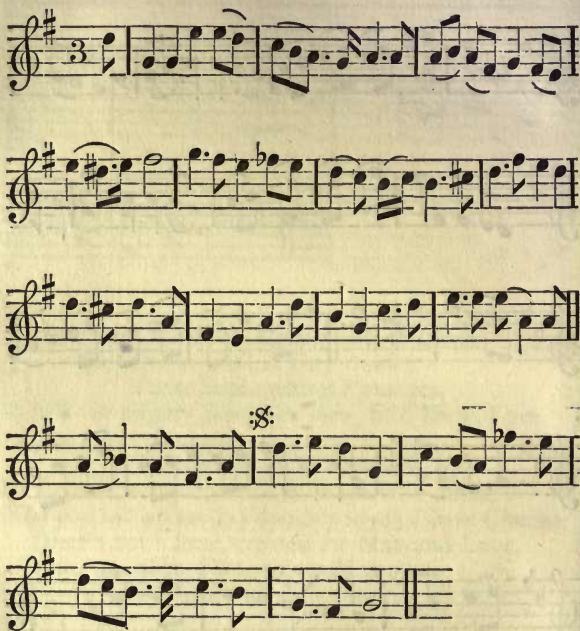
Pretty *Floramel*, no Tongue can ever tell,
 The Charms that in thee dwell;
 Those Soul-melting Pleasures,
 Shou'd the mighty *Jove* once view, he'd be in Love,
 And plunder all above,
 To rain down his Treasure:
 Ah! said the Nymph in the Shepherd's Arms,
 Had you half so much Love as you say I have Charms
 There's not a Soul, created for Man and Love,
 More true than *Floramel* wou'd prove,
 I'd o'er the World with thee rove.

Love that's truly free, had never Jealousie,
 But artful Love may be
 Both doubtful and wooing;
 Ah! dear Shepherdess, ne'er doubt, for you may guess.
 My Heart will prove no less,
 Than ever endless loving:
 Then cries the Nymph, like the Sun thou shalt be,
 And I, like kind Earth, will produce all to thee;
 Of ev'ry Flower in Love's Garden I'll Offerings pay
 To my Saint. Nay then pray
 Take not those dear Eyes away.

A SONG. Set by Mr. ROBERT KING.



BY shady Woods and purling Streams,
I spend my Life in pleasing Dreams ;
And would not for the World be thought
To change my false delightful Thought :
For who, alas ! can happy be,
That does the Truth of all things see ?
*For who, alas ! can happy be,
That does the Truth of all things see.*

A SONG. Sett by Mr. HENRY PURCELL.

IN *Chloris* all soft Charms agree,
 Enchanting Humour pow'rful Wit ;
 Beauty from Affectation free,
 And for Eternal Empire fit :
 Where-e'er she goes, Love waits her Eyes,
 The Women Envy, Men adore ;
 Tho' did she less the Triumph Prize,
 She wou'd deserve the Conquest more.

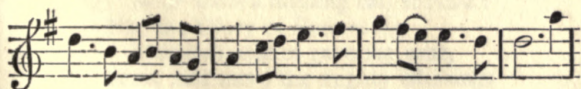
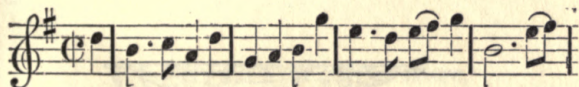
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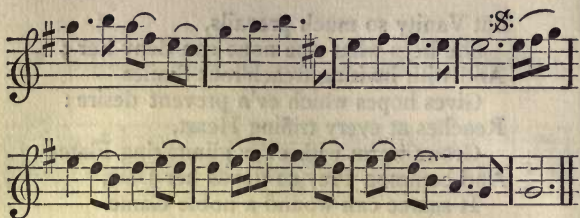
But Vanity so much prevails,
She begs what else none can deny her ;
And with inviting treach'rous Smiles
Gives hopes which ev'n prevent desire :
Reaches at every trifling Heart,
Grows warm with ev'ry glimm'ring Flame :
And common Prey so deads her Dart,
It scarce can wound a noble Game.

I could lye Ages at her Feet,
Adore her careless of my Pain ;
With tender Vows her Rigour meet,
Despair, love on, and not complain :
My Passion from all change secur'd,
Favours may rise, no Frown controuls ;
I any Torment can endure,
But hoping with a crowd of Fools,



A SONG. Set by Mr. THO. FARMER.





WHEN busie Fame o'er all the Plain,
Velinda's Praises rung ;
 And on their Oaten Pipes each Swain
 Her matchless Beauty sung :
 The Envious Nymphs were forc'd to yield
 She had the sweetest Face ;
 No emulous disputes were held,
 But for the second place.

Young *Coridon*, whose stubborn Heart
 No Beauty e'er could move ;
 But smil'd at *Cupid's* Bow and Dart,
 And brav'd the God of Love :
 Would view this Nymph, and pleas'd at first,
 Such silent Charms to see :
 With Wonder gaz'd, then sigh'd, and curs'd
 His Curiosity.



A SONG. Set by Mr. FISHBURNE.

Why am I the only Creature,
Must a ruin'd Love pursue ;
Other Passions yield to Nature,
Mine there's nothing can subdue :
Not the Glory of Possessing,
Monarch wishes gave me ease,
More and more the mighty Blessings
Did my raging Pains encrease.

Nor

Nor could Jealousie relieve me,
Tho' it ever waited near ;
Cloath'd in gawdy Pow'r to grieve me,
Still the Monster would appear :
That, nor Time, nor Absence neither,
Nor Despair removes my Pain ;
I endure them all together,
Yet my Torments still remain.

Had alone her matchless beauty,
Set my amorous Heart on Fire,
Age at last would do its Duty,
Fuel ceasing, Flames expire.
But her Mind immortal grows,
Makes my Love immortal too ;
Nature ne'er created Faces,
Can the Charms of Souls undoe.

And to make my Loss the greater,
She laments it as her own ;
Could she scorn me, I might hate her,
But alas ! she shews me none :
Then since Fortune is my Ruin,
In Retirement I'll Complain ;
And in rage for my undoing,
Ne'er come in its Power again.



A SONG.



L *Aurinda*, who did love Disdain,
 For whom had languish'd many a Swain :
 Leading her bleating Flocks to drink,
 She 'spy'd upon a River's brink
 A Youth, whose Eyes did well declare,
 How much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

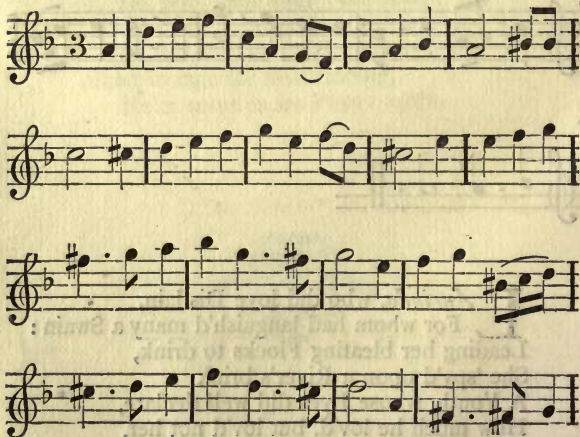
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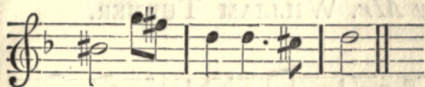
At first she laugh'd, but gaz'd a while,
Which soon it lessen'd to a smile ;
Thence to Surprise and Wonder came,
Her Breast to heave, her Heart to flame :
Then cry'd she out, Ah ! now I prove
Thou art a God most mighty *Jove*.

She would have spoke, but shame deny'd,
And bid her first consult her Pride ;
But soon she found that aid was gone,
For *Jove*, alas ! had left her none :
Ah ! now she burns ! but 'tis too late,
For in his Eyes she reads her Fate.



A SONG.





FAIR *Cælia* too fondly contemns those Delights,
Wherewith gentle Nature hath soften'd the
Nights;

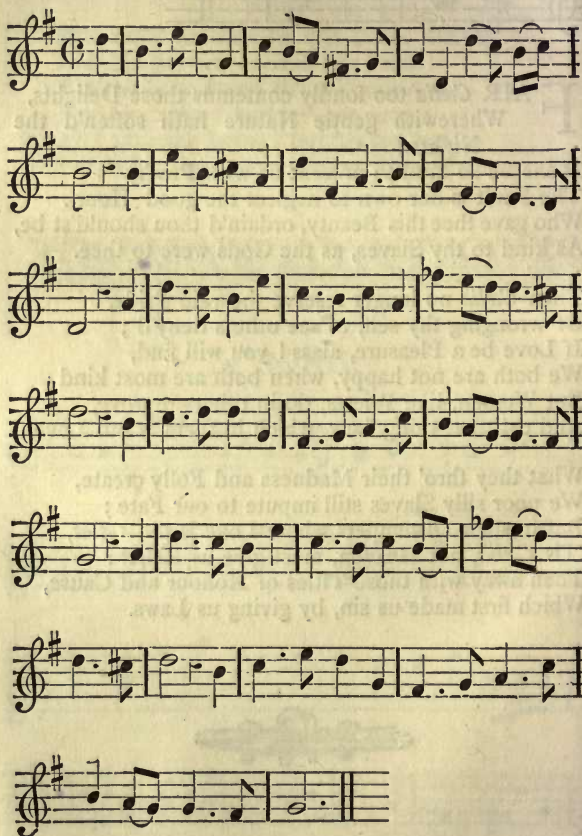
If she be so kind to present us with Pow'r,
The Fault is our own to neglect the good Hour:
Who gave thee this Beauty, ordain'd thou should'st be,
As kind to thy Slaves, as the Gods were to thee.

Then *Cælia* no longer reserve the vain Pride,
Of wronging thy self, to see others deny'd ;
If Love be a Pleasure, alas ! you will find,
We both are not happy, when both are most kind :
But Women, like Priests, do in others reprove,
And call that thing Lust, which in them is but Love.

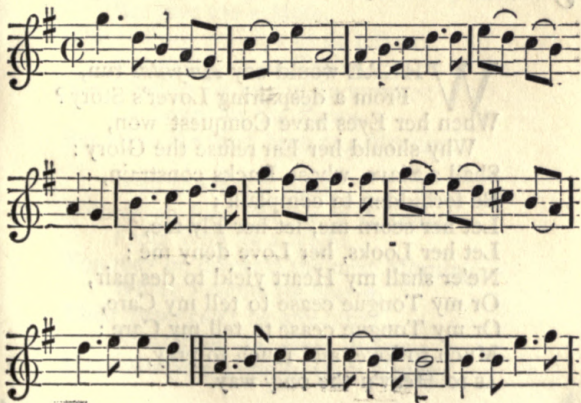
What they thro' their Madness and Folly create,
We poor silly Slaves still impute to our Fate ;
But in such Distempers where Love is the Grief,
'Tis *Cælia*, not Heaven, must give us Relief :
Then away with those Titles of Honour and Cause,
Which first made us sin, by giving us Laws.

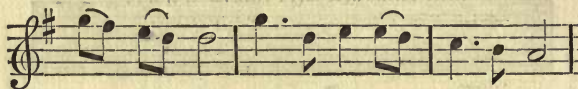
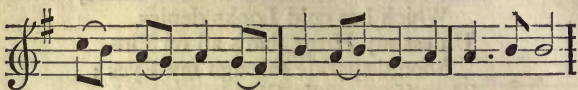
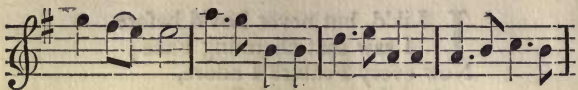


A SONG.

Set by Mr. WILLIAM TURNER.

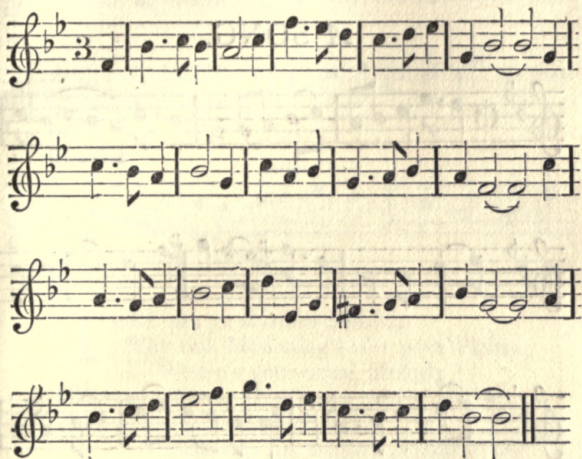
I Lik'd, but never Lov'd before
I saw that charming Face ;
Now every Feature I adore,
And doat on ev'ry Grace :
She ne'er shall know that kind desire,
Which her cold Looks denies,
Unless my Heart that's all on Fire,
Should sparkle through my Eyes :
Then if no gentle Glance return,
A silent Leave to speak ;
My Heart which would for ever burn,
Alass ! must sigh and break.

*A SONG in Valentinian.*



WHERE would coy *Amyntas* run,
From a despairing Lover's Story?
When her Eyes have Conquest won,
Why should her Ear refuse the Glory:
Shall a Slave, whose Racks constrain,
Be forbidden to complain;
Let her scorn me, let her Fly me,
Let her Looks, her Love deny me:
Ne'er shall my Heart yield to despair,
Or my Tongue cease to tell my Care,
Or my Tongue cease to tell my Care:
Much to love, and much to pray,
Is to Heav'n the only way.

A SONG. Set by Mr. Pelham Humphreys.

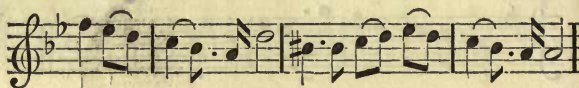
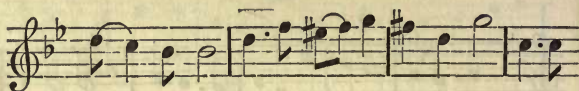
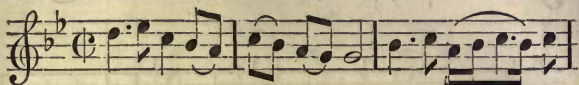


A Wife I do hate,
For either she's False, or she's Jealous;
But give me a Mate,
Who nothing will ask us or tell us :
She stands at no Terms,
Nor Chaffers by way of Indenture :
Or Loves for the Farms,
But takes the kind Man at a Venture.

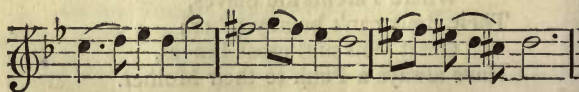
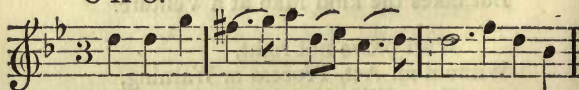
If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Process or Warning,
From Wife for a Night,
You may be divorc'd the next Morning,
Where Parents are Slaves,
Their Brats can't be any other ;
Great Wits and great Braves,
Have always a Punk to their Mother.



A SONG.



C H O.

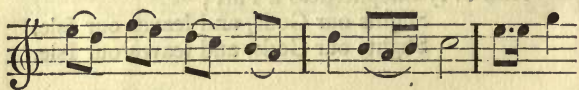
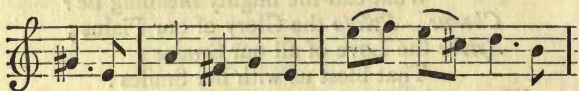
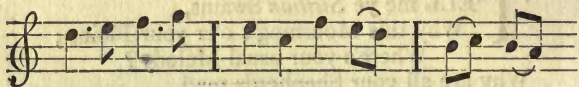
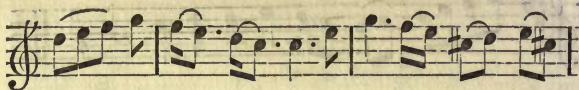
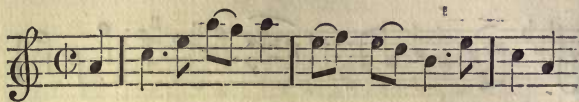




TELL me ye *Sicilian* Swains,
 Why this Mourning's o'er your Plains ;
 Where's your usual Melody ?
 Why are all your Shepherds mad,
 And your Shepherdesses sad ?
 What can the mighty meaning be ?
Chorus. *Sylvia* the Glory of our Plains ;
Sylvia the Love of all our Swains ;
 That blest us with her Smiles :
 Where ev'ry Shepherd had a Heart,
 And ev'ry Shepherdess a Part ;
 Slight's our Gods, and leaves our Isle,
 Slight's our Gods, and leaves our Isle.



A SONG.



WHEN gay *Philander* left the Plain,
The Love, the Life of ev'ry Swain ;
His Pipe the mournful *Strephon* took,
By some sad Bank and murm'ring Brook :
Whilst list'ning Flocks forsook their Food,
And Melancholy by him stood ;
On the cold Ground himself he laid,
And thus the Mournful Shepherd play'd.

Farewel to all that's bright and gay,
No more glad Night and chearing Day ;
No more the Sun will gild our Plain,
'Till the lost Youth return again :
Then every pensive Heart that now,
With Mournful Willow shades his Brow ;
Shall crown'd with chearful Garlands sing,
And all shall seem Eternal Spring.

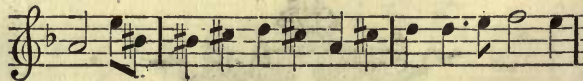
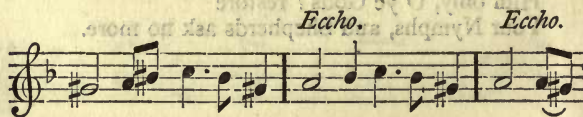
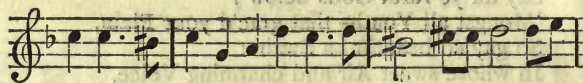
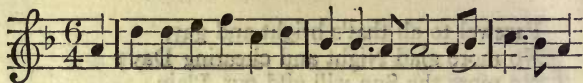
Say, mighty *Pan*, if you did know,
Say all ye rural Gods below ;
'Mongst all Youths that grac'd your Plain,
So gay so beautiful a Swain :
In whose sweet Air and charming Voice,
Our list'ning Swains did all Rejoyce ;
Him only, O ye Gods ! restore
Your Nymphs, and Shepherds ask no more.

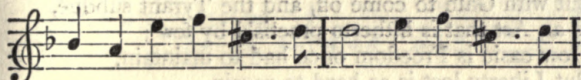




A SONG.

Set by Mr. THO. KINGSLEY.



Eccho.*Eccho.**Eccho.*

HOW Happy's the Mortal whose Heart is his own,
 And for his own Quiet's beholden to none,
 (*Eccho.* Beholden to none, to none ;)
 That to Love's Enchantments ne'er lendeth an Ear,
 Which a Frown or a Smile can equally bear,
 (*Eccho.* Can equally bear, can bear,)
 Nor on ev'ry frail Beauty still fixes an Eye,
 But from those sly Felons doth prudently fly,
 (*Eccho.* Doth prudently, prudently fly, doth fly ;)
 For the Heart that still wanders is pounded at last,
 And 'tis hard to relieve it when once it is fast,
 (*Eccho.* When once it is fast, is fast.)

By sporting with Dangers still longer and longer,
 The Fetters and Chains of the Captive grows stronger ;
 He drills on his Evil, then curses his Fate,
 And bewails those Misfortunes himself did create :
 Like an empty Camelion he lives on the Air,
 And all the Day lingers 'twixt Hope and Despair ;
 Like a Fly in the Candle he sports and he Games,
 'Till a Victim in Folly, he dies in the Flames.

If Love, so much talk'd of, a Heresie be,
 Of all it enslaves few true Converts we see ;
 If hectoring and huffing would once do the Feat,
 There's few that would fail of a Vict'ry Compleat ;
 But with Gain to come off, and the Tyrant subdue,
 Is an Art that is hitherto practis'd by few ;
 How easie is Freedom once had to maintain,
 But Liberty lost is as hard to regain.

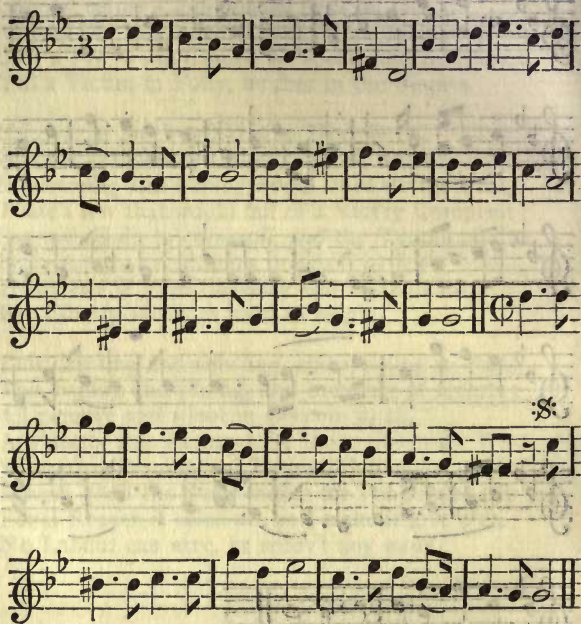
This driv'ling and sniv'ling, and chiming in Parts,
 This wining and pining, and breaking of Hearts ;
 All pensive and silent in Corners to sit,
 Are pretty fine Pastimes for those that want Wit :
 When this Passion and Fashion doth so far abuse 'em,
 It were good the State should for Pendulums use 'em ;
 For if Reason it seize on, and make it give o'er,
 No Labour can save, or reliev't any more.



A SONG. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

A Thousand several ways I try'd,
To hide my Passion from your view ;
Conscious that I should be deny'd,
Because I cannot Merit you :
Absence, the last and worst of all,
Did so encrease my wretched Pain,
That I return'd, rather to fall
By the swift Fate, by the swift Fate of your Disdain.

A SONG.



TO the Grove, gentle Love, let us be going,
 Where the kind Spring and Wind all Day are
 Woing;
 He with soft sighing Blasts strives to o'er-take her,
 She would not tho' she flies, have him forsake her,
 But in circling Rings returning,
 And in purling Whispers Mourning;
 She swells and pants, as if she'd say,
 Fain I would, but dare not stay,

A SONG.

Set by Mr. FISHBURN.



TELL me no more of Flames in Love,
 That common dull pretence,
 Fools in Romances use to move
 Soft Hearts of little Sense :
 No, *Strephon*, I'm not such a Slave,
 Love's banish'd Power to own ;
 Since Interest and Convenience have
 So long usurp'd his Throne.

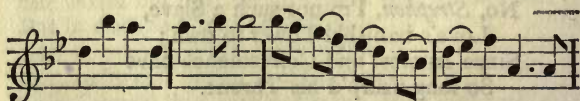
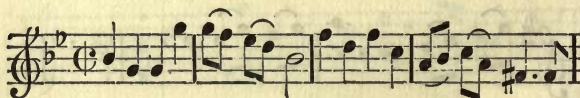
No burning Hope or cold Despair,
Dull Groves or purling Streams,
Sighing and talking to the Air
In Love's fantastick Dreams,
Can move my Pity or my Hate,
But Satyrist I'll prove,
And all ridiculous create
That shall pretend to Love.

Love was a Monarch once, 'tis true,
And God-like rul'd alone,
And tho' his Subjects were but few,
Their Hearts were all his own;
But since the Slaves revolted are,
And turn'd into a State,
Their Int'rest is their only Care,
And Love grows out of Date.

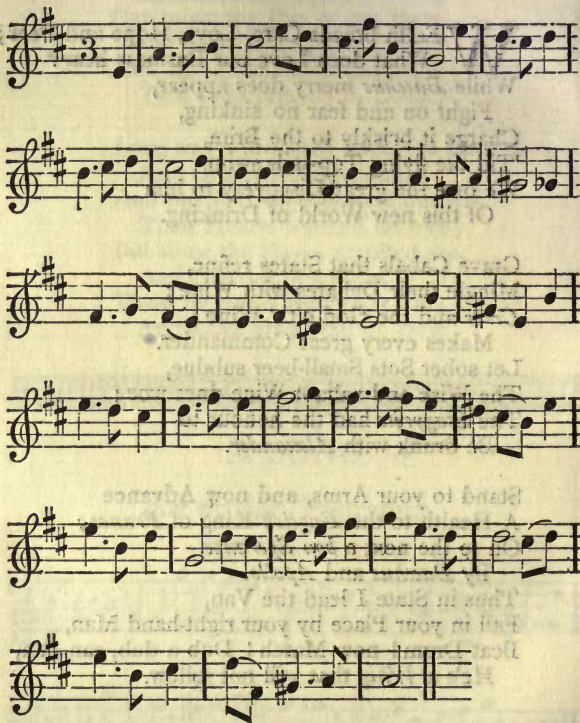


A SONG.

Set by Mr. FISHBURN.



A SONG. Set by Mr. Fishburn.



THO' Fortune and Love may be Deities still,
 To those they Oblige by their Pow'r;
 For my Part, they ever have us'd me so ill,
 They cannot expect I'll adore :

Here-

Hereafter a Temple to Friendship I'll raise,
 And dedicate there all the rest of my Days,
 To the Goddess accepted my Vows,
To the Goddess accepted my Vows.

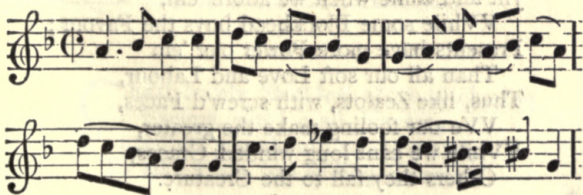
Thou perfectest Image of all things Divine,
 Bright Center of endless Desires,
 May the Glory be yours, and the Services mine,
 When I light at your Altars the Fires.
 I offer a Heart has Devotion so pure,
 It would for your Service all Torments endure,
 Might you but have all things you wish,
Might you, &c.

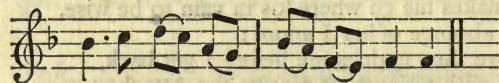
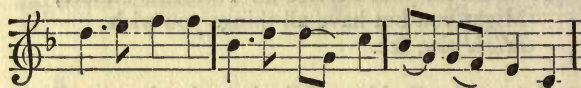
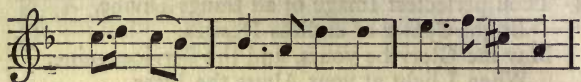
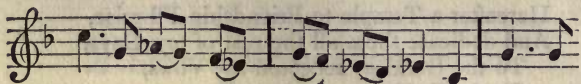
But yet the Goddess of Fools to despise,
 I find I'm too much in her Power ;
 She makes me go where 'tis in vain to be wise,
 In absence of her I adore :
 If Love then undoes me before I get back,
 I still with resignation receive the Attack,
 Or languish away in Despair,
Or languish, &c.



A SONG.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

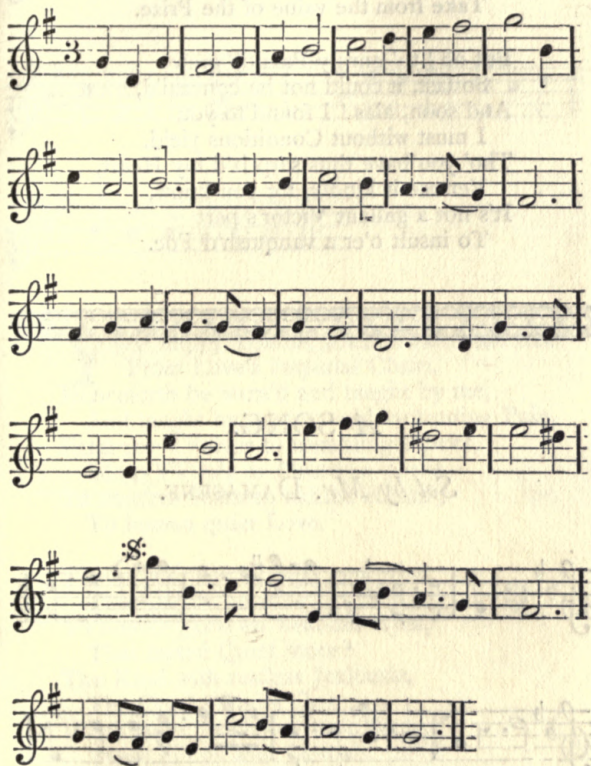




HE himself courts his own Ruin,
 That with too great Passion sues 'em :
 When Men Whine too much in VVooing,
 VVomen with like Coquets use 'em :
 Some by this way of addressing
 Have the Sex so far transported,
 That they'll fool away the Blessing
 For the Pride of being Courted.

Jilt and smile when we adore 'em,
 VVhile some Blockhead buys the Favour ;
 Presents have more Power o'er 'em
 Than all our soft Love and Labour,
 Thus, like Zealots, with screw'd Faces,
 VVe our fooling make the greater,
 VVhile we cant long winded Graces,
 Others they fall to the Creature.

A SONG. Set by Mr. DAMASENE.



Cease lovely *Strephon*, cease to charm ;
Useless, alas ! is all this Art ;
It's needless you should strongly arm,
To take a too, too willing Heart :

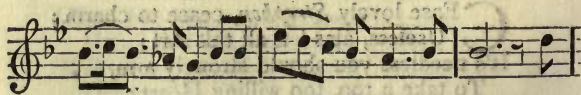
I hid my weakness all I could,
And chid my pratling tell-tale Eyes,
For fear the easie Conquest should
Take from the value of the Prize.

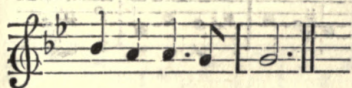
But oh ! th' unruly Passion grew
So fast, it could not be conceal'd,
And soon, alas ! I found to you
I must without Conditions yield,
Tho' you have thus surpriz'd my Heart,
Yet use it kindly, for you know,
It's not a gallant Victor's part
To insult o'er a vanquish'd Foe.



A SONG.

Set by Mr. DAMASENE.

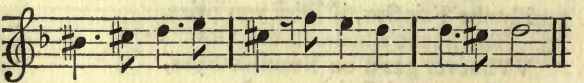
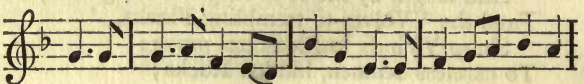
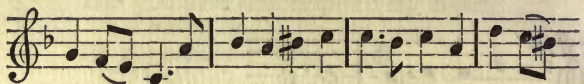
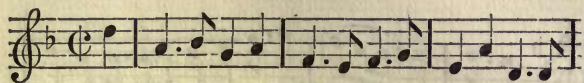




YOU happy Youths, whose Hearts are free
 From Love's Imperial Chain,
 Henceforth be warn'd and taught by me,
 And taught by me to avoid enchanting Pain,
 Fatal the VVolves to trembling Flocks,
 Sharp VVinds to Blossoms prove :
 To careless Seamen, hidden Rocks ;
 To human quiet Love.

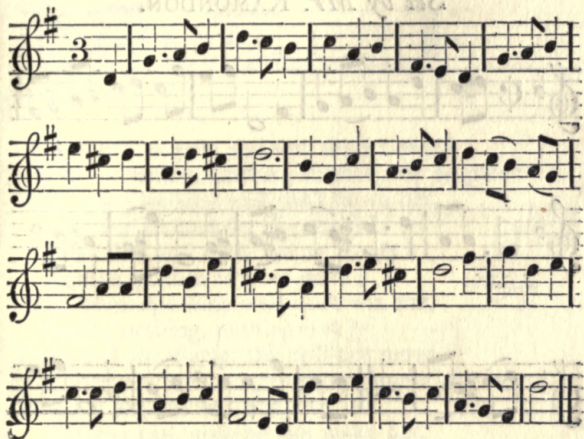
Fly the Fair-Sex, if Bliss you prize,
 The Snake's beneath the Flow'r :
 VVhoever gaz'd on Beauties Eyes,
 That tasted Quiet more ?
 The Kind with restless Jealousie,
 The Cruel fill with Care ;
 VVith baser Falshood those betray,
 These kill us with Despair.



A SONG. Set by Dr. STAGGINS.

WHEN first *Amyntas* charm'd my Heart,
The heedless Sheep began to stray ;
The Wolves soon stole the greatest part,
And all will now be made a Prey :
Ah ! let not Love your Thoughts possess,
'Tis fatal to a Shepherdess ;
The dangerous Passion you must shun,
Or else like me, be quite undone.

A SONG.

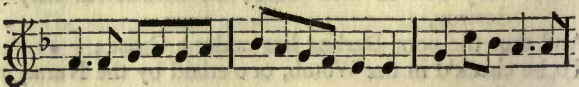
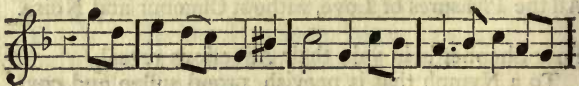
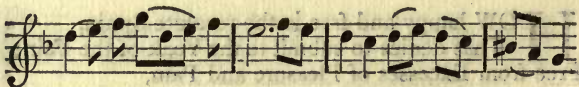
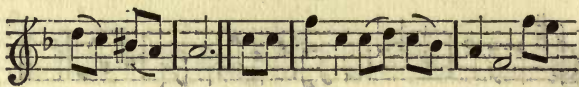
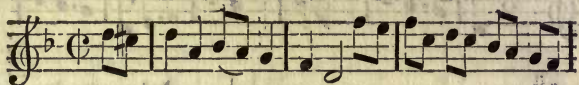
Set by Mr. RICHARD CROONE.

HOW happy and free is the resolute Swain,
 That denies to submit to the Yoak of the Fair;
 Free from Excesses of Pleasure and Pain,
 Neither dazl'd with Hope, nor deprest with Despair.
 He's safe from Disturbance, and calmly enjoys
 All the Pleasures of Love, without Clamour and Noise.

Poor Shepherds in vain their Affections reveal,
 To a Nymph that is peevish, proud sullen and coy;
 Vainly do Virgins their Passions conceal,
 For they boil in their Grief, 'till themselves they
 destroy,
 And thus the poor Darling lies under a Curse:
 To be check'd in the Womb, or o'erlaid by the Nurse.

A SONG.

*Sung by Mrs. Cross in the Mock-Astrologer,
Set by Mr. RAMONDON.*

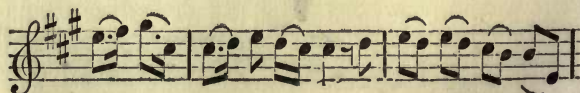
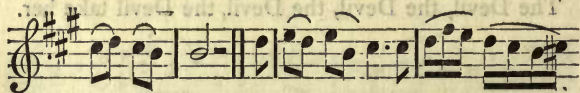
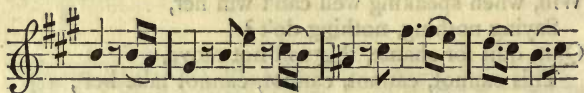
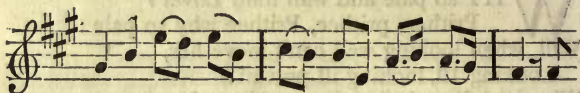
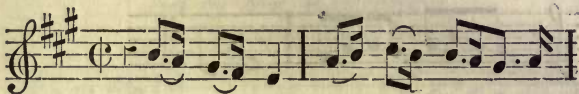


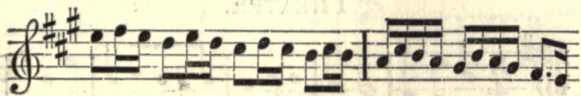


WHY so pale and wan fond Lover?
Prithee, prithee, Prithee why so pale :
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking Ill, looking ill prevail?
Why so dull and mute young Sinner?
Prithee, prithee why so mute ;
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing, nothing do't ?
Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
This cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot take her ;
If of her self she will not love,
Nothing can, nothing can make her,
The Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil take her.



*A SONG occasioned by a Lady's wearing a
Patch upon a becoming place on her Face.
Set by Mr. John Weldon.*

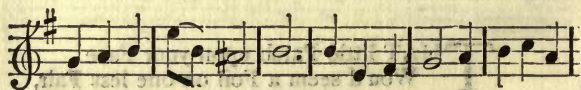
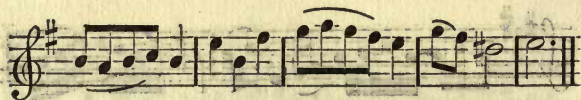
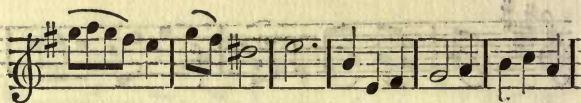




THAT little Patch upon your Face
 Wou'd seem a Foil on one less Fair,
 Wou'd seem a Foil, wou'd seem a Foil,
 Wou'd seem a Foil on one less Fair :
 On you it hides a charming Grace,
 And you in Pity, you in Pity,
 You in Pity plac'd it there ;
 On you it hides a Charming Grace,
 And you in Pity, you in Pity,
 In Pity plac'd it there,
And you in Pity, Pity,
And you in Pity plac'd it there.

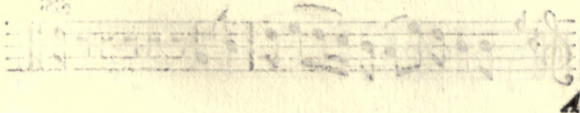
A SONG.

*Set and Sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE at the
THEATER.*





I *RIS* beware when *Strephon* pursues you,
 'Tis but to boast a Conquest won :
 All his Designs are aim'd to undo you,
 Break off the Love he has begun :
 When he's Addressing, and prays for the Blessing,
 Which none but his *Iris* can give alone ;
 O then beware, 'tis all to undo you,
 'Tis but to boast a Conquest won :
 She that's believing, while he is deceiving,
 Like many already, will be undone ;
Iris beware when *Strephon* pursues you,
 'Tis but to boast a Conquest won.



A SONG.

*Set by Mr. RAMONDON, Sung at the
Theatre.*



HOW charming *Phillis* is, how Fair,
 How charming *Phillis* is, how Fair,
 O that she were as willing,
 To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
 And make her Eyes less killing ;
 To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
 And make her Eyes less killing ;
 To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
 And make her Eyes less killing ;
 To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
 And make her Eyes less killing ;
 To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
 And make her Eyes less killing .

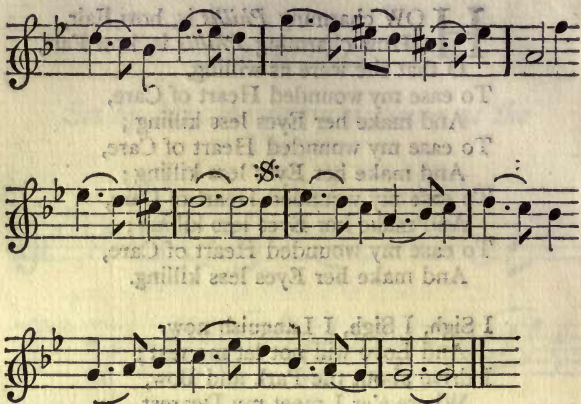
I Sigh, I Sigh, I Languish now,
 And Love will not let me rest ;
 I drive about the Park and Bow,
 Where-e'er I meet my Dearest.



A SONG.

Set by Mr. ANTHONY YOUNG.





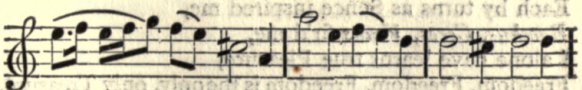
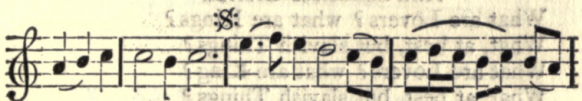
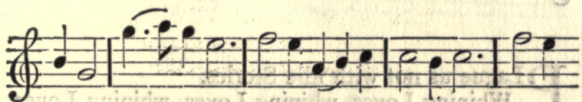
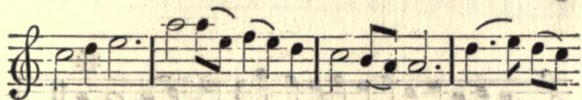
CEASE whining *Damon* to Complain,
Of thy Unhappy Fate;
That *Sylvia* should thy Love disdain,
Which lasting was and great.

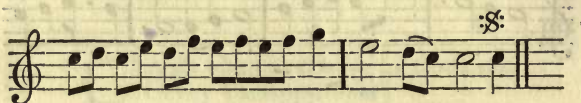
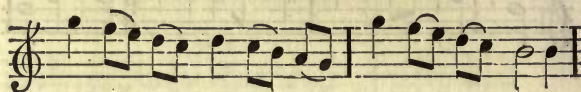
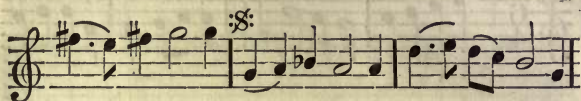
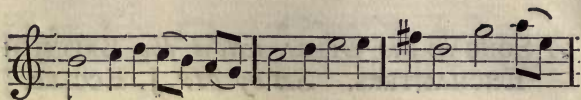
For Love so constant flames so bright,
More unsuccessful prove :
Than cold neglect and sudden slight,
To gain the Nymph you love.

Then only you'll obtain the Prize,
When you her Coyness use ;
If you pursue the Fair, she flies,
But if you fly, pursues.

Had *Phæbus* not pursu'd so fast
The seeming cruel she ;
The God a Virgin had embrac'd,
And not a lifeless Tree.

A SONG in the OPERA call'd the BRITISH
ENCHANTERS. Set by Mr. J. ECCLES.





PLAGUE us not with idle Stories,
Whining Loves, whining Loves, whining Loves,
And Senceless Glories.

What are Lovers ? what are Kings ?

What, at best, but slavish Things ?

What are Lovers ? what are King ?

What, at best, but slavish Things ?

What, at best, but slavish Things ?

Free I liv'd as Nature made me,
Love nor Beauty durst invade me,
No rebellious Slaves betray'd me,
Free I liv'd as Nature made me,
Each by turns as Sence inspired me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus fir'd me,
I alone have learnt true Pleasure,
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom is the only, only Treasure.

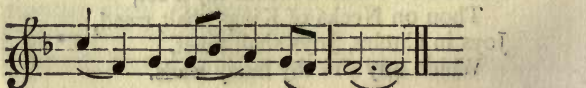
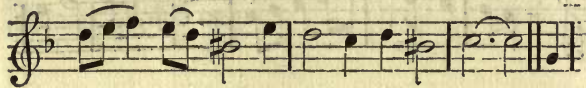
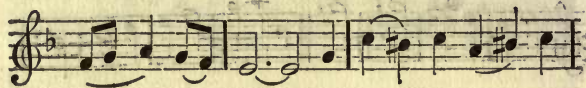
Juno

*JUNO in the Prize.**Set by Mr. JOHN WELDON.*

LET Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Men to Reign ;
Not to follow Flocks design'd,
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain :
Not to follow Flocks design'd,
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread,
Joys in Circles, Joys shall meet,
Which way e're thy fancy leads.

*The Beau's Character in the Comedy call'd
Hampstead-Heath. Set and Sung by
Mr. Ramondon.*

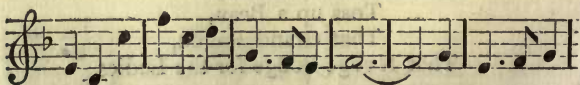
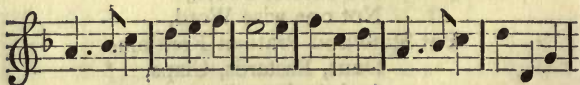
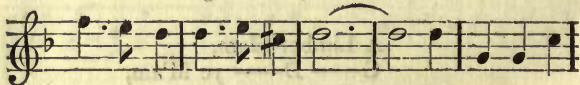
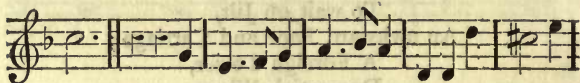
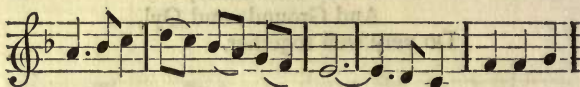
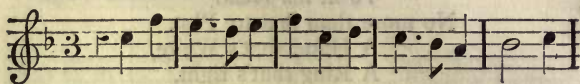


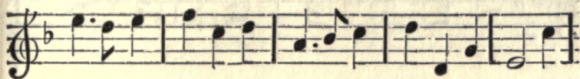
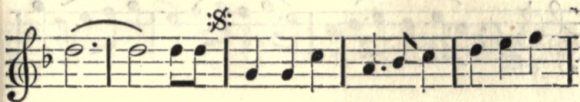
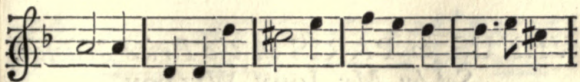
A Whig that's full,
 An empty Scull,
 A Box of *Burgamot*;
 A Hat ne'er made
 To fit his Head,
 No more than that to Plot.
 A Hand that's White,
 A Ring that's right,
 A Sword, Knot, Patch and Feather;
 A Gracious Smile,
 And Grounds and Oyl,
 Do very well together.

A smatch of *French*,
 And none of Sence,
 All Conquering Airs and Graces;
 A Tune that Thrills,
 A Lear that Kills,
 Stolen Flights and borrow'd Phrases.
 A Chariot Gilt,
 To wait on Jilt,
 An awkward Pace and Carriage;
 A Foreign Tower,
 Domestick Whore,
 And Mercenary Marriage.

A Limber Ham,
 G—— D—— ye M'am,
 A Smock-Face, tho' a Tann'd one;
 A Peaceful Sword,
 Not one wise Word,
 But State and Prate at Random.
 Duns, Bastards, Claps,
 And Am'rous Scraps,
 Of *Cælia* and *Amadis*;
 Toss up a Beau,
 That Grand Ragou,
 That Hodge-Podge for the Ladies.

*A SONG in the Innocent Mistress. Set by
Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Hodgson.*





When I languish'd and wish'd you wou'd some-
thing bestow,

You bad me to give it a Name ;

But by Heav'n I know it as little as you,

Tho' my Ignorance passes for Shame :

You take for Devotion each passionate Glance,

And think the dull Fool is sincere ;

But never believe that I spake in Romance,

On purpose to tickle, on purpose, on purpose,

On purpose to tickle your Ear :

To please me than more, think still I am true,

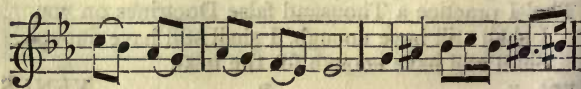
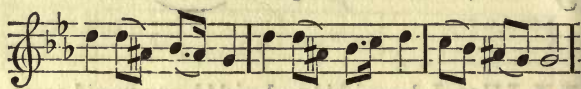
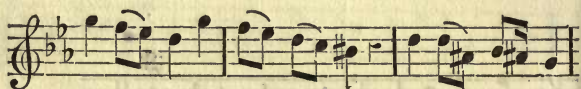
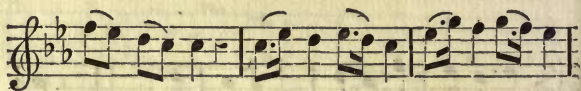
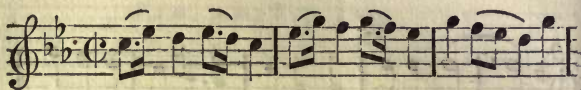
And hug each Apocryphal Text ;

Tho' I practice a Thousand false Doctrines on you,

I shall still have enough, I shall still have enough,

Shall still have enough for the next.

VENUS to PARIS in the Prize Musick.
Set by Mr. JOHN WELDON.





Hither turn thee, hither turn thee, hither turn thee
gentle Swain,
Hither turn thee, hither turn thee, hither turn thee
gentle Swain,

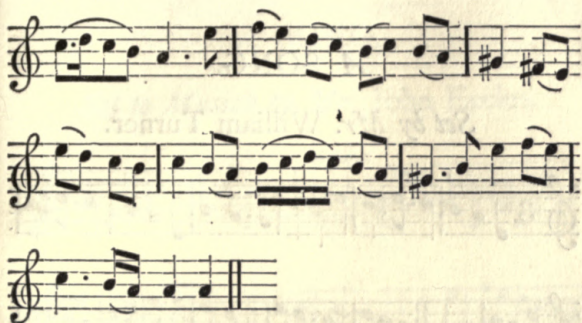
Let not *Venus*, let not *Venus*, let not *Venus* sue in vain;
Venus rules, *Venus* rules, *Venus* rules the Gods above,
Love rules them, Love rules them, Love rules them,
and she rules Love?

Venus rules the Gods above,
Love rules them, Love rules them, Love rules them,
Love rules them, Love rules them, and she rules Love.
Love rules them, and she rules Love.

A SONG.

*The Words by Mr. WARD, Set by Mr.
HARRIS.*



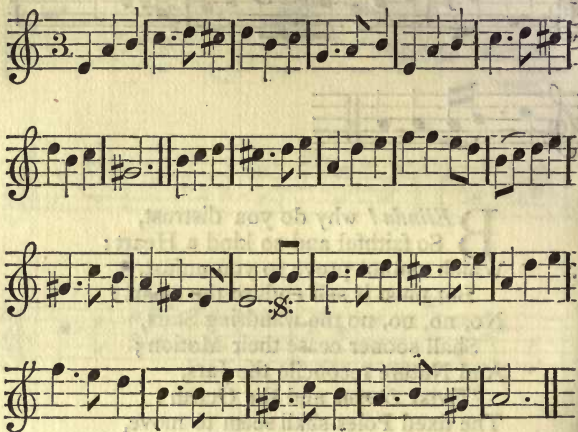


B *Elinda* ! why do you distrust,
 So faithful and so kind a Heart :
 Which cannot prove to you unjust,
 But must it self endure the smart :
 No, no, no, no the wandering Stars,
 Shall sooner cease their Motion ;
 And Nature reconcile the Jars,
 'Twixt *Boreas* and the Ocean :
 The fixed Poles shall seem to move,
 And ramble from their Places ;
 E'er I'll from fair *Belinda* rove,
 Or slight her charming Graces.



A SONG.

Set by Mr. William Turner.



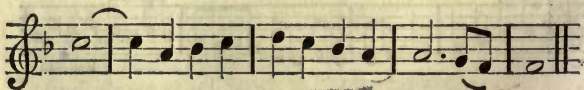
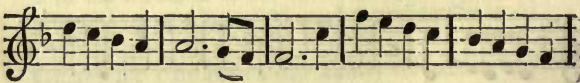
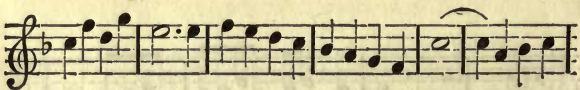
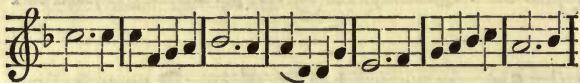
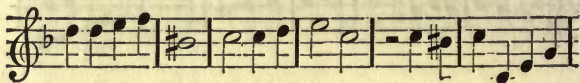
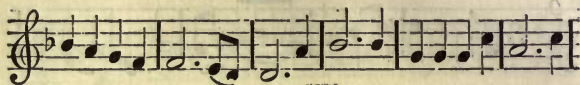
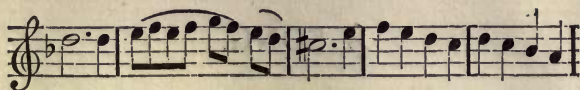
LONG was the Day e're *Alexis* my Lover,
 To finish my Hopes would his Passion reveal ;
 He could not speak, nor I could not discover,
 What my poor aking Heart was so loath to conceal :
 Till the Strength of his Passion his Fear had remov'd,
 Then we mutually talk'd, and we mutually lov'd.

Groves for Umbrella's did kindly o'er-shade us,
 From *Phæbus* hot rages, who like envy in strove ;
 Had not kind Fate this Provision made us,
 All the Nymphs of the Air would have envy'd our
 Love :
 But we stand below Envy that ill-natur'd Fate,
 And above cruel Scorn is happy Estate.

A SONG.

Set to Musick by Mr. John Eccles.





AS *Cupid* roguishly one Day,
 Had all alone stole out to play ;
 The *Muses* caught the little, little, little Knave,
 And captive Love to Beauty gave :
 The *Muses* caught the little, little, little Knave,
 And captive Love to Beauty gave :
 The laughing Dame soon miss'd her Son,
 And here and there, and here and there,
 And here and there distracted run ;
 Distracted run, and here and there,
 And here and there, and here and there distracted
 run :
 And still his Liberty to gain, his Liberty to gain,
 Offers his Ransom,
 But in vain, in vain, in vain ;
 The willing, willing Prisoner still hugs his Chain,
 And Vows he'll ne'er be free,
 And Vows he'll ne'er be free,
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
 No, no, no, no, no he'll ne'er be free again,
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
 No, no, no, no, no he'll ne'er be free again.



Old SOLDIERS.



OF old Soldiers, the Song you would hear,
 And we old Fiddlers have forgot who they were,
 But all we remember shall come to your Ear,
That we are old Soldiers of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldiers.

With

With the *Old Drake*, that was the next Man
 To *Old Franciscus*, who first it began,
 To sail through the Streights of *Magellan*,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

That put the proud *Spanish Armado* to wrack,
 And Travell'd all o'er the old World, and came back,
 In his old Ship, laden with Gold and old Sack,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

With an *Old Cavendish*, that seconded him,
 And taught his old Sails the same Passage to swim,
 And did them therefore with Cloth of Gold Trim,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

Like an *Old Rawleigh*, that twice and again,
 Sailed over most part of the *Seas*, and then
 Travell'd all o'er the World with his Pen,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

With an *Old John Norris*, the General,
 That at old *Gaunt*, made his Fame Immortal,
 In spight of his Foes, with no loss at all,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

Like *Old Brest Fort*, an invincible thing,
 When the old *Queen* sent him to help the *French King*,
 Took from the proud *Fox*, to the World's wond'ring,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

Where an old stout *Fryer*, as goes the Story,
 Came to push of Pike with him in Vain-glory,
 But he was almost sent to his own *Purgatory*,
By this old Soldier, &c.

With an *Old Ned Norris*, that kept *Ostend*,
 A terror to Foe, and a Refuge to Friend,
 And left it Impregnable to his last End,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

That in the old unfortunate Voyage of all,
 March'd o'er the old Bridge, and knock'd at the Wall,
 Of *Lisbon*, the Mistress of *Portugal*,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

With

With an *Old Tim Norris*, by the old *Queen* sent,
Of *Munster* in *Ireland*, Lord President,
Where his Days and his Blood in her service he spent,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

With an *Old Harry Norris*, in Battle wounded,
In his Knee, whose Leg was cut off, and he said,
You have spoil'd my Dancing, and dy'd in his Bed,
Like on old Soldier, &c.

With an *Old Will Norris*, the oldest of all,
Who went voluntary, without any Call,
To th' old *Irish Wars*, to's Fame Immortal,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

With an *Old Dick Wenman*, the first in his Prime,
That over the Walls of old *Cales* did Clime,
And there was Knighted, and liv'd all his Time,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

With *Old Nando Wenman*, when *Brest* was o'er-
thrown,
Into the Air, into the Seas, with Gunpowder blown,
Yet bravely recovering, long after was known,
For an Old Soldier, &c.

When an *Old Tom Wenman*, whose bravest delight,
Was in a good Cause for his Country to Fight,
And dy'd in *Ireland*, a good old Knight,
And an old Soldier, &c.

With a Young *Ned Wenman*, so valiant and bold,
In the Wars of *Bohemia*, as with the Old,
Deserves for his Valour to be Enroll'd,
An old Soldier, &c.

And thus of Old Soldiers, ye hear the Fame,
But ne'er so many of one House and Name,
And all of old *Fohn Lord Viscount of Thame*,
An old Soldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier.

On the Tombs in Westminster Abby.

You must suppose it to be Easter Holy-Days : At what time Sisly and Dol, Kate and Peggy, Moll and Nan, are marching to Westminster, with a Leash of Prentices before 'em ; who go rowing themselves along with their right Arms to make more hast, and now and then with a greasie Muckender wipe away the dripping that bastes their Foreheads. At the Door they meet a crowd of Wapping Sea-men, Southwark Broom-men, the Inhabitants of the Bank-Side, with a Butcher or two prickt in among them. There a while they stand gaping for the Master of the Show, staring upon the Suburbs of their dearest delight, just as they stand gaping upon the painted Cloth before they go into the Puppet Play. By and by they hear the Bunch of Keys, which rejoyces their Hearts like the sound of the Pancake-Bell. For now the Man of Comfort peeps over the Spikes, and beholding such a learned Auditory, opens the Gate of Paradise, and by that time they are half got into the first Chapel, (for time is very precious) he lifts up his Voice among the Tombs, and begins his Lurrey in manner and form following. To the foregoing Tune ; In Imitation of the Old Soldiers.

HERE lies *William de Valence*,
 A right good Earl of *Pembroke*,
 And this is his Monument which you see,
 I'll swear upon a Book,

He was high Marshal of *England*,
 When *Henry* the Third did Reign ;
 But this you take upon my Word,
 That he'll ne'er be so again.

Here the Lord *Edward Talbot* lies,
 The Town of *Shrewsbury's* Earl ;
 Together with his Countess fair,
 That was a most delicate Girl,

The

The next to him there lyeth one,
 Sir *Richard Peckshall* hight ;
 Of whom we only this do say,
 He was a *Hampshire* Knight.

But now to tell you more of him,
 There lies beneath this Stone :
 Two Wives of his, and Daughters four,
 To all of Us unknown.

Sir *Bernard Brockhurst* there doth lie,
 Lord Chamberlain to Queen *Ann* ;
 Queen *Ann* was *Richard* the Second's Queen,
 And was King of *England*.

Sir *Francis Hollis*, the Lady *Frances*,
 The same was *Suffolk's* Dutchess ;
 Two Children of *Edward* the Third,
 Lie here in Death's cold Clutches.

This is the Third King *Edward's* Brother,
 Of whom our Records tell
 Nothing of Note, nor say they whether,
 He be in Heaven or Hell.

'This same was *John* of *Eldeston*,
 He was no Costermonger ;
 But *Cornwall's* Earl, and here's one dy'd,
 'Cause he could live no longer.

The Lady *Mohun*, Dutchess of *York*,
 And Duke of *York's* Wife also ;
 But Death resolv'd to Horn the Duke,
 She lies now with Death below.

The Lady *Ann Ross*, but wot ye well,
 That she in Childbed dy'd ;
 The Lady Marquiss of *Winchester*,
 Lies Buried by her side.

Now

Now think your Penny well spent good Folks,
 And that you're not beguil'd;
 Within this Cup doth lie the Heart
 Of a *French Ambassador's* Child.

But how the Devil it came to pass,
 On purpose, or by chance;
 The Bowels they lie underneath,
 The Body is in *France*.

Dol. *I warrant
 ye the Pharises
 carried it away.*

There's *Oxford's* Countess, and there also
 The Lady *Burleigh* her Mother;
 And there her Daughter, a Countess too,
 Lie close by one another.

These once were bonny Dames, and tho'
 There were no Coaches then,
 Yet could they jog their Tails themselves,
 Or had them jogg'd by Men.

Dick. *Ho, ho,
 ho, I warrant ye
 they did as other
 Women did, ha
 Ralf. Ralf. Oy,*

But woe is me! those high born Sinners;
 That went to pray so stoutly;
 Are now laid low, and 'cause they can't,
 Their Statues pray devoutly.

This is the Dutchess of *Somerset*,
 By Name the Lady *Ann*;
 Her Lord *Edward* the Sixth Protected,
 Oh! he was a Gallant Man.

Tom. *I have
 heard a Ballad
 of him sang at
 Ratcliff Cross.
 Mol. I believe
 we have it at
 home over our
 Kitchin Mantle-
 Tree.*

In this fair Monument which you see,
 Adorn'd with so many Pillars;
 Doth lie the Countess of *Buckingham*,
 And her Husband, Sir *George Villers*.

This old Sir *George* was Grandfather,
 And the Countess she was Granny;
 To the great Duke of *Buckingham*,
 Who often topt King *Fammy*.

Sir *Robert Eatam*, a *Scotch Knight*,
 This Man was Secretary ;
 And scribl'd Compliments for two Queens,
 Queen *Ann*, and eke Queen *Mary*.

This was the Countess of *Lenox*,
 Yclep'd the Lady *Marget* :
 King *James's* Grandmother, and yet
 'Gainst Death she had no Target.

This was Queen *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*,
 Whom *Buchanan* doth bespatter ;
 She lost her Head at *Tottingham*,
 What ever was the Matter.

Dol. *How came
 she here then ?
 Will. Why ye
 silly Oase could
 not she be brought
 here, after she
 was Dead ?*

The Mother of our Seventh *Henry*,
 This is that lyeth hard by ;
 She was the Countess wot ye well,
 Of *Richmond* and of *Derby*.

Henry the Seventh lieth here,
 With his fair Queen beside him,
 He was the Founder of this Chapel,
 Oh ! may no ill betide him.

Therefore his Monument's in Brass,
 You'll say that very much is ;
 The Duke of *Richmond* and *Lenox*,
 There lieth with his Dutchess.

Rog. *I warrant
 ye these were no
 small Fools in
 those days.*

And here they stand upright in a Press
 With Bodies made of Wax ;
 With a Globe and a Wand in either Hand,
 And their Robes upon their Backs.

Here lies the Duke of *Buckingham*,
 And the Dutchess his Wife ;
 Him *Felton* Stabb'd at *Portsmouth Town*,
 And so he lost his Life.

Two Children of King *JAMES* these are,
 Whom Death keeps very chary ;
Sophia in the Cradle lies,
 And this is the Lady *Mary*.

Bess. Good Wo-
 man pray still
 your Child, it
 keeps such a
 bawling, we can't
 hear what the
 Man says.

And this is Queen *Elizabeth*,
 How the *Spaniards* did infest her ?
 Here she lies Buried, with Queen *Mary*,
 And now agrees with her Sister.

To another Chapel now we come,
 The People follow and chat ;
 This is the Lady *Cottingham*,
 And the People cry, who's that ?

This is the Lady *Frances Sidney*,
 The Countess of *Suffolk* was she ;
 And this the Lord *Dudley Carleton* is,
 And then they look up and see.

Sir *Thomas Brumley* lieth here,
 Death would him not reprieve ;
 With his four Sons, and Daughters four,
 That once were all alive.

The next is Sir *John Fullerton*,
 And this is his Lady I trow ;
 And this is Sir *John Puckering*,
 Whom none of you did know.

That's the Earl of *Bridgwater* in the middle,
 Who makes no use of his Bladder ;
 Although his Lady lie so near him,
 And so we go up a Ladder.

Edward the First, that Gallant Blade,
 Lies underneath this Stone ;
 And this is the Chair which he did bring,
 A good while ago from *Scone*.

Kate. He took
 more pains, than
 I would ha done
 for a Hundred
 such.

In

In this same Chair, till now of late,
Our Kings and Queens were Crown'd ;
Under this Chair another Stone
Doth lie upon the Ground.

Ralf. Gad I war-
rant there has
been many a
Maiden-head got
in that Chair.

On that same Stone did *Jacob* sleep,
Instead of a Down Pillow ;
And after that 'twas hither brought,
By some good honest Fellow.

Tom. Gad and
I'll come hither
and try one of
these Days, an't
be but to get a
Prince. Dol. A
Papist I war-
rant him.

Richard the Second lieth here,
And his first Queen, Queen *Ann* ;
Edward the Third lies here hard by,
Oh ! there was a Gallant Man.

For this was his two handed Sword,
A Blade both true and Trusty ;
The *French* Men's Blood was ne'er wip'd off,
Which makes it look so rusty.

Here he lies again, with his Queen *Philip*,
A *Dutch* Woman by Record,
But that's all one, for now alas !
His Blade's not so long as his Sword.

King *Edward* the Confessor lies
Within this Monument fine ;
I'm sure, quoth one, a worser Tomb
Must serve both me and mine.

Harry the Fifth lies there, and there
Doth lie Queen *Eleanor* ;
To our first *Edward* she was Wife,
Which was more than ye knew before.

Henry the Third lies there Entomb'd,
He was Herb *Fohn* in Pottage ;
Little he did, but still Reign'd on,
Although his Sons were at Age.

Fifty six Years he Reigned King,
 E'er he the Crown would lay by ;
 Only we praise him, 'cause he was
 Last Builder of the *Abby*.

Here *Thomas Cecil* lies, who's that?
 Why 'tis the Earl of *Exeter* ;
 And this his Countess is, to Die
 How it perplexed her.

Dol. *Ay, ay, I
 warrant her, rich
 Folks are as un-
 willing to die as
 poor Folks.*

Here *Henry Cary*, Lord *Hunsdon* rests,
 What a noise he makes with his Name ?
 Lord Chamberlain was he unto
 Queen *Elizabeth* of great Fame.

Sisly. *That's he
 for whom our
 Bells ring so of-
 ten, is it not
 Mary? Mol. Ay,
 ay, the very
 same.*

And here's one *William Colchester*
 Lies of a Certainty ;
 An Abböt was he of *Westminster*,
 And he that saith no, doth lie.

This is the Bishop of *Durham*,
 By Death here lay'd in Fetters ;
Henry the Seventh lov'd him well,
 And so he wrote his Letters.

Sir *Thomas Bacchus*, what of him ?
 Poor Gentleman not a Word ;
 Only they Buried him here ; but now
 Behold that Man with a Sword.

Humphry de Bohun, who though he were
 Not born with me i'the same Town ;
 Yet I can tell he was Earl of *Essex*,
 Of *Hertford*, and *Northampton*.

He was High Constable of *England*,
 As History well expresses ;
 But now pretty Maids be of good Chear,
 We're going up to the Presses.

And

And now the Presses open stand,
And ye see them all arow ;
But never no more are said of these
Then what is said below.

Now down the Stairs come we again,
The Man goes first with a Staff ;
Some two or three tumble down the Stairs,
And then the People laugh.

This is the great Sir *Francis Vere*,
That so the *Spaniards* curry'd ;
Four Colonels support his Tomb,
And here his Body's Buried.

That *Statue* against the *Wall* with one Eye, Dick. *I warrant*
Is Major General *Norris* ; *ye he had two, if*
He beat the *Spaniards* cruelly, *he could have*
As is affirm'd in Stories. *but kep'd 'em.*

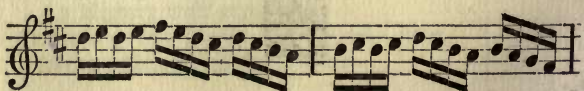
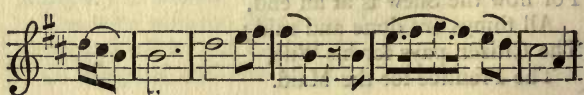
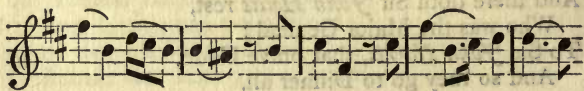
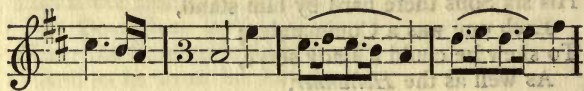
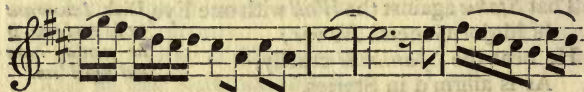
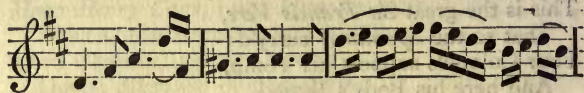
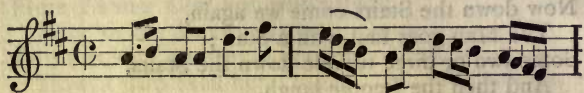
His six Sons there hard by him stand,
Each one was a Commander ;
To shew he could a Lady serve,
As well as the *Hollander*.

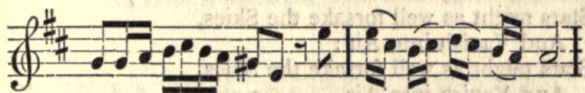
And there doth Sir *John Hollis* rest,
Who was the Major General ;
To Sir *John Norris*, that brave blade,
And so they go to Dinner all.

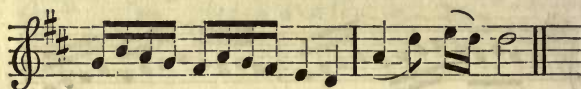
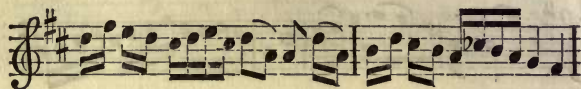
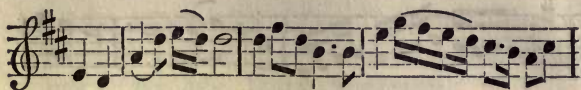
For now the Shew is at an end,
All things are done and said ;
The Citizen pays for his Wife,
The Prentice for the Maid.



*A SONG Sung by Mrs. CAMPION, in the
Comedy call'd, she wou'd and she wou'd
not. By Mr. JOHN WELDON.*





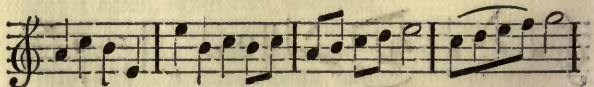
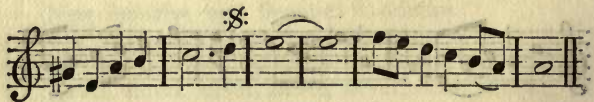
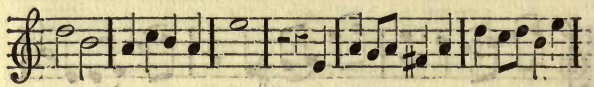
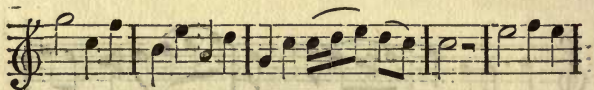
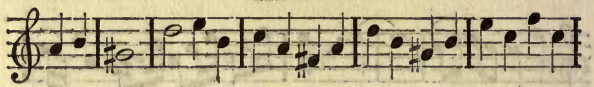
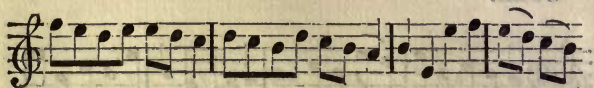
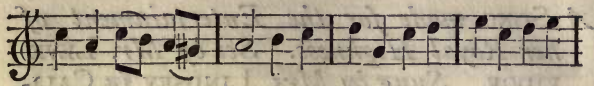


CÆLIA my Heart has often rang'd,
 Like Bees o'er Gaudy Flowers ;
 And many Thousand Loves have chang'd,
 'Till it was fix'd, 'till it was fix'd on yours ;
 But *Cælia* when I saw those Eyes,
 'Twas soon, 'twas soon determin'd there ;
 Stars might as well forsake the Skies,
 And Vanish into Air :
 Stars might as well forsake the Skies,
 And Vanish into Air.

Now if from the great Rules I err,
 New Beauties, new Beauties to admire ;
 May I again, again turn wanderer,
 And never, never, never, never, never, no, never,
 Never, never, never, never, never, never, never,
 Never, never, never, settle more :
 May I again, again turn wanderer,
 And never, never, never, never, never, no, never,
 Never, never, never, never, never, never, never,
 Never, never, never, settle more.

*A SONG made for the Entertainment of
her Royal Highness. Set by Mr. LEVE-
RIDGE. Sung by Mrs. LINDSEY in CALI-
GULA.*







THo' over all Mankind, besides my conquering
Beauty,

Conquering beauty, my conquering beauty Reigns ;

My conquering Beauty Reigns ;

From him I love, from him I love when I meet
disdain,

A killing damp, a killing damp comes o'er my Pride :

I'm fair and young, I'm fair and young,

I'm fair and young in vain :

I'm fair and young, I'm fair and young,

I'm fair and young in vain ;

No, no, no, let him wander where he will,

Let him wander, let him wander,

Let him wander, let him wander where he will,

I shall have Youth and Beauty, Youth and Beauty,

Youth and Beauty,

I shall have Youth and Beauty, Youth and Beauty still ;

I shall have Beauty that can charm a *Fove*,

Can Charm a *Fove*, and no fault,

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no fault, no, no,
no fault,

But constant Love :

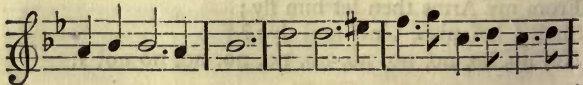
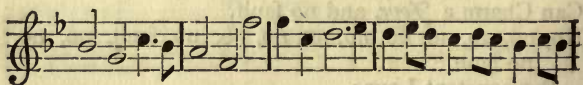
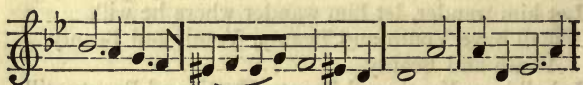
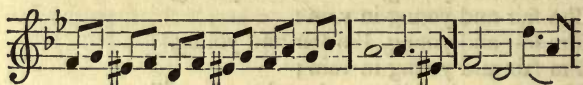
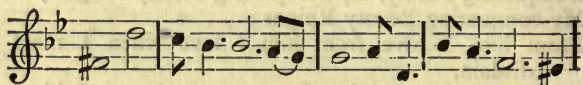
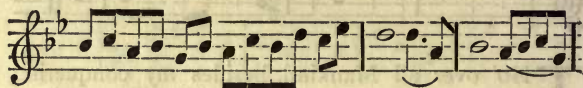
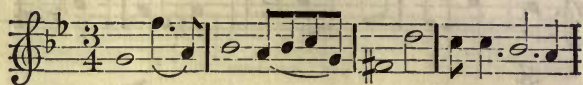
From my Arms then let him fly, fly, fly,

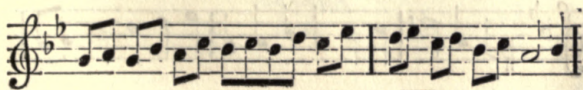
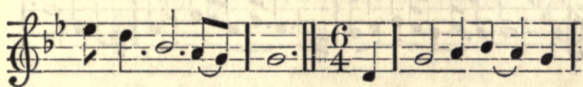
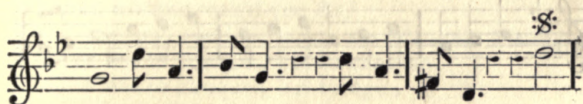
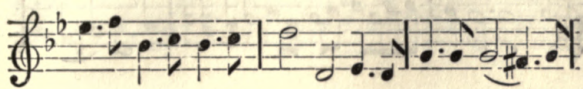
From my Arms then let him fly ;

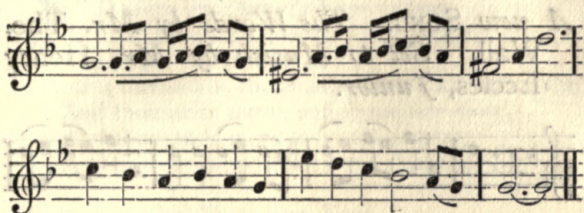
Shall I languish, pine, and dye ?

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no not I.

*A SONG in the Fair PENITENT. Set by
Mr. ECCLES. Sung by Mrs. HUDSON.*





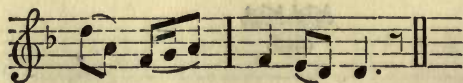
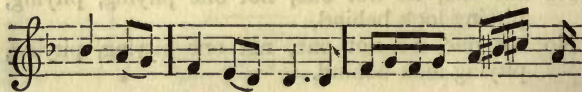
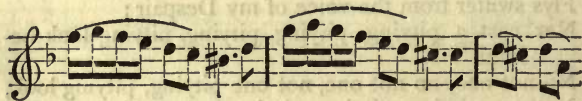
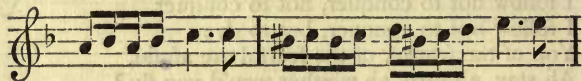
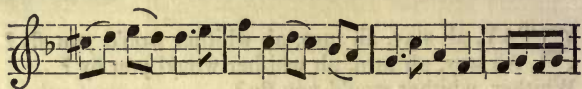
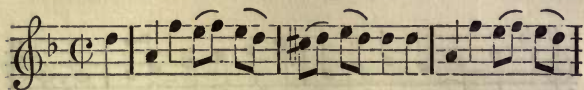


STAY, ah stay, ah turn, ah whither wou'd you fly?
 Ah stay, ah turn, ah whither wou'd you fly?
 Whither, whither wou'd you fly?
 Too Charming, too Charming, too relentless Maid,
 I follow not to conquer, not to conquer,
 I follow not to conquer, but to dye :
 You of the fearful, of the fearful are afraid,
 Ah stay, ah turn, ah whither wou'd you fly?
 Whither, whither, whither, whither, ah whither wou'd
 you fly?

In vain, in vain I call, in vain, in vain I call,
 While she like fleeting, fleeting Air ;
 When press'd by some tempestuous Wind,
 Flys swifter from the voice of my Despair :
 Nor cast a pitying, pitying, pitying, pitying look be-
 hind,
 No not one, no not one, not one pitying, pitying look,
 Not one pitying, pitying, pitying look behind,
 No not one, no not one, not one pitying, pitying,
 pitying look behind,
 No not one, no not one, not one pitying, pitying,
 pitying look behind.



A new SONG. The Words by Mr. Tho. Wall. Set to Musick by Mr. Henry Eccles, Junior.



NO more let *Damon's* Eyes pursue,
 No more let *Damon's* Eyes pursue,
 The bright enchanting Fair ;
Almira thousands, thousands, thousands can undo,
 And thousands more, and thousands more,
 And thousands more may still despair,
 And thousands more may still despair.

For oh her bright alluring Eyes,
 And Graces all admire ;
 For her the wounded Lover dies,
 And ev'ry Breast, and ev'ry Heart,
 And ev'ry Breast is set on Fire.

Then oh poor *Damon*, see thy Fate,
 But never more complain ;
 For all a Thousand Hearts will stake,
 And all may sigh, and all may die,
 And all may sigh and die in vain.



The DEAR JOY's Lamentation.



H O my dear Joy, now what dost thou think ?
 Hoop by my shoul our Country-men stink ;
 To *Ireland* they can never return,
 The Hereticks there our Houses will burn :

Ah hone, ah hone, ah hone a cree.

A Pox on *T——l* for a Son of a W——,
 He was the cause of our coming o'er ;
 And when to *Dublin* we came to put on our Coats,
 He told us his business was cutting of Throats.

Ah hone, &c.

Our Devil has left us now in the Lurch,
 A Plague light upon the *Protestant C——*
 If *P——s* had let but the Bishops alone,
 O then the Nation had all been our own.

Ah hone, &c.

And I wish other Measures had been taken,
 For now I fear we shan't save our Bacon ;
 Now *Orange* to *London* is coming down-right,
 And the Soldiers against him resolve not to Fight

Ah hone, &c.

What we shall do, the Lord himself knows,
 Our Army is beaten without any blows ;
 Our M——r begins to feel some remorse,
 For the Grey Mare has proved the better Horse.

Ah hone, &c.

If the *French* do but come, which is all our Hopes,
 We'll bundle the Hereticks all up with Ropes ;
 If *London* stands to us as *Bristol* has done,
 We need not fear but *Orange* must run.

Ah hone, &c.

But if they prove false, and to *Orange* they scower,
 By G—— all the M—— shall play from the *Tower* ;
 Our Massacree fresh in their Memories grown,
 The Devil tauk me, we all shall go down.

A hone, a hone, a hone a Cree.

*The Character of a Seat's-man ; written by
one of the CRAFT : To be Sung on CRISPIN-
Night. Tune Packington's Pound.*



I Am one in whom Nature has fix'd a Decree,
 Ordaining my Life to happy and free ;
 With no Cares of the World I am never perplex'd,
 And never depending, I never am vex'd :
 I'm neither of so high nor so low a degree,
 But Ambition and Want are both strangers to me ;
 My life is a compound of Freedom and Ease,
 I go where I will, and I work when I please :

I live above Envy, and yet above Spight,
 And have Judgment enough for to do my self right ;
 Some greater and richer I own there may be,
 Yet as many live worse, as live better than me,
 And few that from Cares live so quiet and free.

When Money comes in I live well 'till it's gone,
 So with it I'm happy, Content when I've none :
 I spend it Genteelly, and never repent,
 If I lose it at Play, why I count it but Lent :
 For that which at one time I Lose among Friends,
 Another Night's Winnings still makes me amends :
 And though I'm without the first Day of the Week,
 I still make it out by Shift or by Tick :
 In Mirth at my Work the swift Hours do pass,
 And by *Saturday* Night, I'm as rich as I was.

Then let Masters drudge on, and be Slaves to their
 Trade,
 Let their Hours of Pleasure by Business be stay'd ;
 Let them venture their Stocks to be ruin'd by Trust,
 Let Clickers bark on the whole Day at their Post :
 Let 'em tire all that pass with their rotified Cant,
 "Will you buy any Shoes, pray see what you want ;
 Let the rest of the World still contend to be great,
 Let some by their Losses repine at their Fate :
 Let others that Thrive, not content with their store,
 Be plagu'd with the Trouble and Thoughts to get
 more.

Let wise Men invent, 'till the World be deceived,
 Let Fools thrive thro' Fortune, and Knaves be be-
 lieved ;
 Let such as are rich know no Want, but Content,
 Let others be plagu'd to pay Taxes and Rent :
 With more Freedom and Pleasure my Time I'll employ,
 And covet no Blessings but what we enjoy.

Then let's celebrate *Crispin* with Bumpers and Songs,
 And they that drink Foul, may it blister their Tongues,
 Here's two in a Hand, and let no one deny 'em,
 Since *Crispin* in Youth was a *Seat's-man* as I am.

The Female Scuffle. To the foregoing Tune.

OF late in the Park a fair Fancy was seen,
 Betwixt an old *Baud* and a lusty young *Quean*;
 Their parting of Money began the uproar,
 I'll have half says the *Baud*, but you shan't says the
 Why 'tis my own House, [*Whore* :
 I care not a Louse,
 I'll ha' three parts in four, or you get not a Souse.
 'Tis I, says the *Whore*, must take all the Pains,
 And you shall be damn'd e'er you get all the Gains ;
 The *Baud* being vex'd, straight to her did say,
 Come off wi' your *Duds*, and I pray pack away,
 And likewise your *Ribbons*, your *Gloves*, and your
 Hair,
 For naked you came, and so out you go bare ;
 Then *Buttocks* so bold,
 Began for to Scold,
Hurrydan was not able her *Clack* for to hold.
 Both *Pell-Mell* fell to't, and made this uproar,
 With these Compliments, th'art a *Baud*, th'art a *Whore* :
 The *Bauds* and the *Buttocks* that liv'd there around,
 Came all to the Case, both *Pockey* and *Sound*,
 To see what the reason was of this same Fray,
 That did so disturb them before it was Day ;
 If I tell you amiss,
 Let me never more *Piss*,
 This *Buttocks* so bold she named was *Siss*.
 By *Quiffing* with *Cullies* three Pound she had got,
 And but one part of four must fall to her Lot ;
 Yet all the *Bauds* cry'd, let us turn her out bare,
 Unless she will yield to return her half share ;
 If she will not, we'll help to strip off her Cloaths,
 And turn her abroad with a slit o' the Nose :
 Who when she did see,
 There was no Remedy,
 For her from the Tyranous *Bauds* to get free ;
 The *Whore* from the Money was forced to yield,
 And in the Conclusion the *Baud* got the Field.

An Elegy on MOUNTFORT. To the foregoing Tune.

POOR *Mountfort* is gone, and the Ladies do all
Break their Hearts for this Beau, as they did for
Duvall;

And they the two Brats for this Tragedy damn
At *Kensington* Court, and the Court of *Bantam*,
They all vow and Swear,
That if any Peer,
Should acquit this young Lord, he shou'd pay very dear ;
Nor will they be pleased with him who on the Throne
is,
If he do's not his part to revenge their *Adonis*.

With the Widow their amorous Bowels do yearn,
There are divers pretend to an equal Concern ;
And by her Perswasion their Hearts they reveal,
In case if not guilty, to bring an Appeal :
They all will unite,
The young Blade to indite,
And in Prosecution will joyn Day and Night ;
In the mean time full many a Tear and a Groan is,
Wherever they meet, for their departed *Adonis*.

With the Ladies foul Murther's a horrible Sin
Of one Handsome without, tho' a Coxcomb within ;
For not being a Beau, the sad Fate of poor *Crab*,
Tho' himself hang'd for Love, was a Jest to each Drab ;
Then may *Jering* live long,
And may *Risby* among
The Fair with *Jack Barkley*, and *Culpepper* throng :
May no Ruffin whose Heart as hard as a Stone is,
Kill any of those for a Brother *Adonis*.

No Lady henceforth can be safe with her Beau,
They think if this Slaughter unpunish'd should go ;
Their

Their Gallants, for whose Persons they most are in
Pain,

Must no sooner be envy'd, but strait must be Slain :

For all *B*—— shape,

None car'd for the Rape,

Nor whether the Virtuous their Lust did escape ;

Their Trouble of Mind, and their anguish alone is,

For the too sudden Fate of departed *Adonis*.

Let not every vain Spark think that he can engage,

The Heart of a Female, like one on the Stage ;

His Flute, and his Voice, and his Dancing are rare,

And wherever they meet, they prevail with the Fair :

But no quality Fop,

Charms like Mr. *Hop*,

Adorn'd on the Stage, and in *East-India* Shop ;

So that each from *Miss Felton*, to ancient *Drake Joan* is,

Bemoaning the Death of the Player *Adonis*.

Yet *Adonis* in spite of this new Abjuration,

Did banter the lawful King of this great Nation :

Who call'd God's anointed a foolish old Prig,

Was both a base and unmannerly *Whigg* :

But since he is Dead

No more shall be said,

For he in Repentance has laid down his Head ;

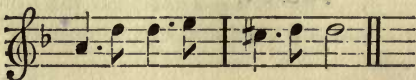
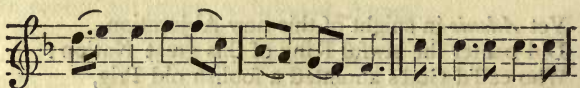
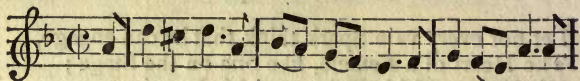
So I wish each Lady, who in mournful Tone is,

In Charity Grieve for the Death of *Adonis*.



A SONG.

Set by Mr. JAMES TOWNSHEND, Organist
of LYN RIGES. The Words by J. R.

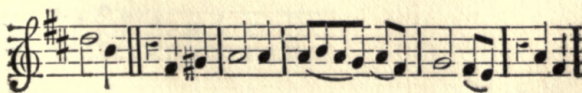


FLY *Damon* fly, 'tis Death to stay,
 Nor listen to the *Syren's* Song;
 Nor hear her warbling Fingers play,
 That kills in Consort with her Tongue :
 Oft to despairing Shepherds Verse,
 Unmov'd she tunes the trembling Strings ;
 Oft does some pitying Words rehearse,
 But little means the thing she Sings.

Cease on her lovely Looks to gaze,
 Nor court your Ruin in her Eyes ;
 Her Looks too's dangerous as her Face,
 At once engages and Destroys :
 Speak not if you'd avoid your Fate,
 For then she darts Resentment home ;
 But fly, fly *Damon* e'er too late,
 Or else be Deaf, be Blind, be Dumb.



MERCURY to PARIS, in the *Prize Musick*,
 Compos'd by Mr. John Eccles.





FEAR not Mortal, none shall harm thee,
 With this Sacred Rod I'll Charm thee ;
 Freely gaze, and view all over,
 Thou mayst every Grace discover :
 Though a thousand Darts fly round thee,
 Fear not Mortal, none can Wound thee ;
Though a thousand Darts fly round thee,
Fear not Mortal, none can Wound thee.



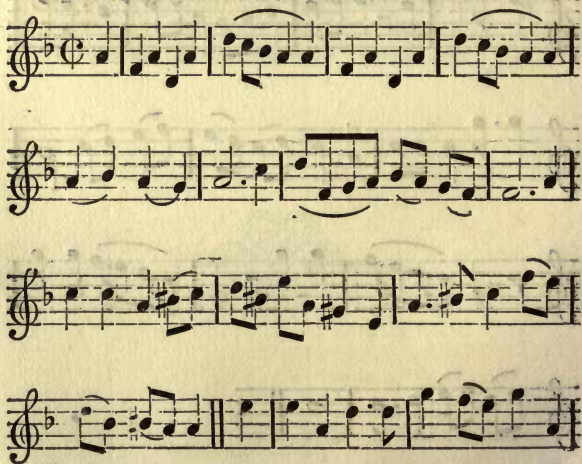
A SONG. Set by Mr. W. Morley.



BORN to surprize the World,
 Born to surprize the World, and teach the Great,
 The slippery Danger of exalted State ;
 Victorious *Marlborough*, Victorious *Marlborough*, to
 Battle flies,
 Arm'd, Arm'd with new Lightning from bright *Anna's*
 Eyes :
 Wonders, Wonders like these no former Age has seen,
 The Subjects Heroes, the Subjects Heroes, and a
 Saint the Queen.



A SONG. Set by Mr. J. ISUM.





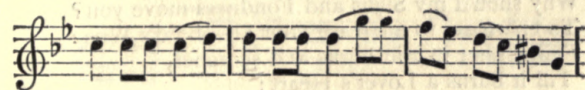
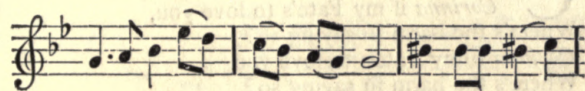
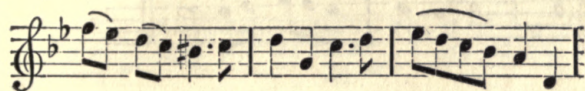
IN vain, in vain, in vain, in vain, in vain,
 In vain the God I ask,
 He'll ne'er remove the Dart ;
 And still I love the pretty, pretty Boy,
 Altho', altho' he wound my Heart :
 Henceforth I'll be contented then,
 No more will I desire ;
 No, no, no more, no, no, no more will I desire,
 To slight her whom I love so much,
 That but creates the Fire :
 Well might I expect the Fate,
 As well as any other ;
 Since he ne'er spares the Gods themselves,
 Nor does he spare his Mother.

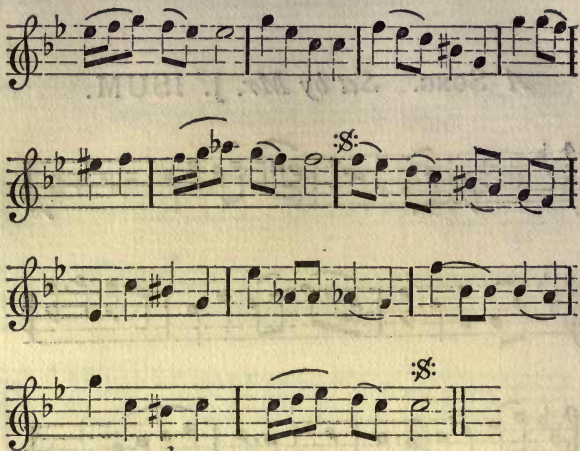
*An Amorous SONG. To the Tune of, The
bonny Christ-Church Bells.*



SEE how fair and fine she lies,
 Upon her Bridal Bed ;
 No Lady at the Court,
 So fit for the Sport,
 Oh she look'd so curiously White and Red :
 After the first and second time,
 The weary Bridegroom slacks his Pace ;
 But Oh ! she cries, come, come my Joy,
 And cling thy Cheek close to my Face :
 Tinkle, tinkle, goes the Bell under the Bed,
 Whilst Time and Touch they keep ;
 Then with a Kiss,
 They end their Bliss,
 And so fall fast asleep.

A SONG. Set by Mr. J. ISUM.

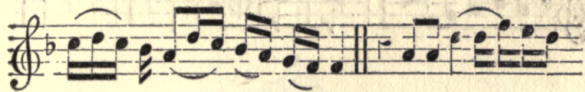
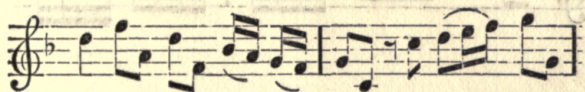
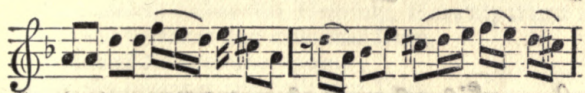
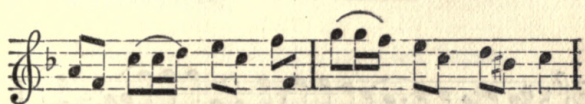
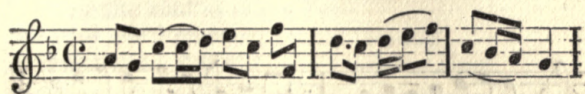


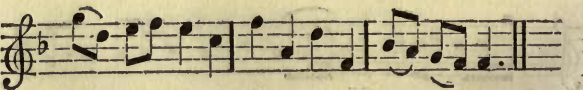
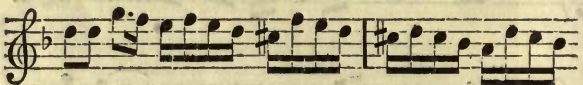
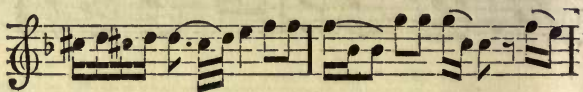
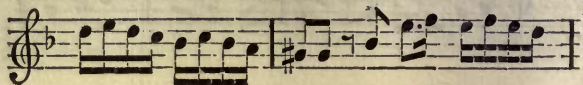
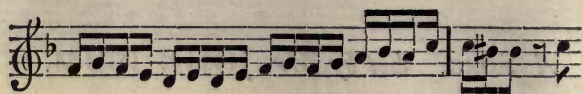


CORINNA if my Fate's to love you,
 Corinna if my Fate's to love you,
 Where's the harm in saying so?
 Corinna if my Fate's to love you,
 Where's the harm in saying so?
 Why shou'd my Sighs, why shou'd my Sighs,
 Why shou'd my Sighs and Fondness move you?
 To encrease, to encrease your Shepherd's Woe:
 Flame pent in still burns and scorches,
 'Till it burns a Lover's Heart:
 Love declar'd like lighted Torches,
 Wastes it self and gives less Pain:
 Love declar'd like lighted Torches,
 Wastes it self, wastes it self,
 -Wastes it self, and gives less Smart.



A SONG. Set by Mr. JOHN ISUM.



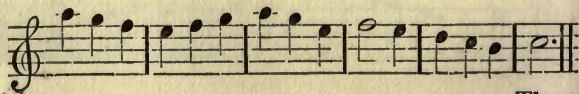
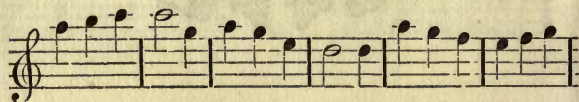
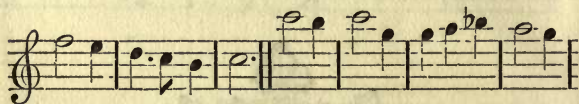
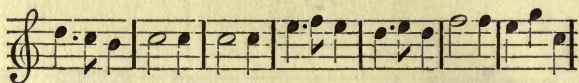
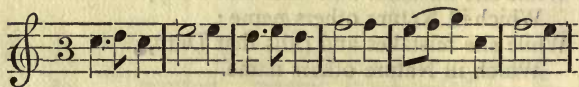


CÆLIA's Charms are past expressing,
Were she kind as she is Fair ;
Cælia's Charms are past expressing,
Were she kind as she is Fair :
Heav'ns cou'd grant no greater Blessing,
Nor Earth a Nymph more worth our Care ;
Heav'ns cou'd grant no greater Blessing,
Nor Earth a Nymph, nor Earth a Nymph more
worth our Care.

But Unkindness, Unkindness mars her Beauty,
And useless makes that Heav'nly,
That Heav'nly, that Heav'nly frame ;
But Unkindness mars her Beauty,
And useless makes that Heav'nly, Heav'nly frame :
While she mistakes and calls that Duty,
Which ill Nature others name :
While she mistakes and calls that Duty,
Which ill Nature others name,



The Hopeful Bargain: Or a Fare for a Hackney-Coachman, giving a Comical relation, how an Ale-draper at the Sign of the Double-tooth'd Rake in or near the new Palace-yard, Westminster, Sold his Wife for a Shilling, and how she was sold a Second time for five Shillings to JUDGE; My Lord—Coachman, and how her Husband receiv'd her again after she had lain with other Folks three Days and Nights, &c. The Tune Lilly Bullero.



There

THERE lives an Ale-draper near *New-palace-yard*,
 Who used to Jerk the Bum of his Wife;
 And she was forced to stand on her Guard,
 To keep his Clutches from her Quoiff:
 She poor Soul the weaker Vessel,
 To be reconcil'd was easily won;
 He held her in scorn,
 But she Crown'd him with Horn,
Without Hood or Scarff, and rough as she run.

He for a Shilling sold his Spouse,
 And she was very willing to go;
 And left the poor Cuckold alone in the House,
 That he by himself his Horn might blow:
 A Hackney Coachman he did buy her,
 And was not this a very good Fun;
 With a dirty Pinner,
 As I am a Sinner,
Without Hood or Scarff, but rough as she run.

The Woman gladly did depart,
 Between three Men was handed away;
 He for her Husband did care not a Fart,
 He kept her one whole Night and Day:
 Then honest *Fudge* the Coachman bought her,
 And was not this most cunningly done?
 Gave for her five Shilling,
 To take her was willing,
Without Hood or Scarff, &c.

The Cuckold to *Judge*, a Letter did send,
 Wherein he did most humbly crave;
 Quoth he, I prithee, my Rival Friend,
 My Spouse again I fain would have:
 And if you will but let me have her,
 I'll pardon what she e'er has done;
 I swear by my Maker,
 Again I will take her,
Without Hood and Scarff, &c.

He sent an old Baud to interceed,
 And to perswade her to come back ;
 That he might have one of her delicate breed,
 And he would give her a ha'p'uth of Sack :
 Therefore prithee now come to me,
 Or else poor I shall be undone :
 Then do not forgo me,
 But prithee come to me,
Without Hood or Scarff, tho' rough, &c.

The Coachman then with much ado,
 Did suffer the Baud to take her out ;
 Upon the Condition that she would be true,
 And let him have now and then a Bout :
 But he took from her forty Shillings,
 And gave her a parting Glass at the Sun ;
 And then with good buyt' ye,
 Discharged his Duty,
And turn'd her a grazing, rough as she run.

The Cuckold invited the Coachman to dine,
 And gave him a Treat at his own Expence ;
 They drown'd all Cares in full brimmers of Wine,
 He made him as welcome as any Prince :
 There was all the Hungregation,
 Which from *Cuckolds-Point* was come ;
 They kissed and fumbled,
 They touzed and tumbled,
He was glad to take her rough as she run.

Fudge does enjoy her where he list,
 He values not the old Cuckold's Pouts ;
 And she is as good for the Game as e'er pist,
 Fudge on his Horns sits drying of Clouts :
 She rants and revels when she pleases,
 And to end as I begun,
 The Horned Wise-acre,
 Is forced to take her
Without Hood or Scarff, and rough as she run.

The

*The MAIDEN LOTTERY: Containing 70
Thousand Tickets, at a Guinea each; the
Prizes being Rich and Loving Husbands,
from three Thousand to one Hundred a
Year, which Lottery will begin to draw
on next VALENTINE'S Day.*

*Then pretty Lasses venture now,
Kind Fortune may her Smiles allow.*



YOUNG

YOUNG Ladies that live in the City,
 Sweet beautiful proper and Tall ;
 And Country Maids who dabling wades,
 Here's happy good News for you all :
 A Lottery now out of hand,
 Erected will be in the *Strand* ;
 Young Husbands with Treasure, and Wealth out of
 measure
 Will fairly be at your Command :
Of her that shall light of a Fortunate Lot,
There's Six of three Thousand a Year to be got.

I tell you the Price of each Ticket,
 It is but a Guinea, I'll vow ;
 Then hasten away, and make no delay,
 And fill up the Lottery now :
 If *Gillian* that lodges in Straw,
 Shall have the good Fortune to draw
 A Knight or a 'Squire, he'll never deny her,
 'Tis fair and according to Law ;
Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lot,
There's Ten of two Thousand a Year to be got.

The number is Seventy Thousand,
 When all the whole Lot is compleat ;
 Five Hundred of which, are Prizes most rich,
 Believe me for this is no Cheat :
 There's Drapers and Taylors likewise,
 Brave Men that you cannot despise ;
 Come *Bridget* and *Fenny*, and throw in your Guinea,
 A Husband's a delicate Prize :
Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lot,
There's Ten of one Thousand a Year to be got.

Suppose you should win for your Guinea,
 A Man of three Thousand a Year ;
 Would this not be brave ; what more would you have ?
 You soon might in Glory appear :
 In glittering Coach you may ride,
 With Lackeys to run by your side ;

For

For why should you spare it? Faith win Gold and wear it ;

Now who would not be such a Bride?

*Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lot,
There's Sixty, Five Hundreds a Year to be got.*

Old Widows, and Maids above Forty,

Shall not be admitted to draw :

There's five Hundred and Ten, as proper young Men,

Indeed, as your Eyes ever saw :

Who scorns for one Guinea of Gold,

To lodge with a Woman that's Old ;

Young Maids are admitted, in hopes to be fitted,

With Husbands couragious and bold :

Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lot,

There are wealthy kind Husbands now, now to be got.

Kind Men that are full of good Nature,

The flaxen, the black, and the brown ;

Both lusty and stout, and fit to hold out,

The prime and the top of the Town :

So clever in every part,

They'll please a young Girl to the Heart ;

Nay, kiss you, and squeeze you, and tenderly please you,

For Love has a conquering Dart :

Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lot,

There are Wealthy kind Husbands now, now to be got.

Then never be fearful to venture,

But Girls bring you Guineas away ;

Come merrily in, for we shall begin,

To draw upon *Valentine's Day* :

The Prizes are many and great,

Each Man with a worthy Estate ;

Then come away *Mary, Sib, Susan, and Sarah,*

Foan, Nancy, and pretty fac'd Kate :

For now is the time if you'll purchase a Lot,

While Wealthy kind Husbands they are to be got.

Amongst you I know there is many,
 Will miss of a Capital Prize :
 Yet nevertheless, no Sorrows express,
 But dry up your watry Eyes :
 Young Lasses it is but in vain,
 In sorrowful Sighs to complain ;
 'Then ne'er be faint hearted, tho' Luck be departed,
 For all cannot reckon to gain :
*Yet venture young Lasses, your Guineas bring in,
 The Lucky will have the good Fortune to win.*



A SONG on the JUBILEE.



Come

COME Beaus, Virtuoso's, rich Heirs and Musicians
 Away, and in Troops to the *Jubile* jog ;
 Leave Discord and Death, to the College Physicians,
 Let the Vig'rous whore on, and the impotent Flog :
 Already *Rome* opens her Arms to receive ye,
 And ev'ry Transgression her Lord will forgive ye.

Indulgences, Pardons, and such Holy Lumber,
 As cheap there is now as our Cabbages grown ;
 While musty old Relicks of Saints without number,
 For barely the looking upon, shall be shown :
 These, were you an Atheist, must needs overcome ye,
 That first were made Martyrs, and afterwards Mummy.

They'll shew ye the River, so Sung by the Poets,
 With the Rock from whence, Mortals were knockt
 o'th' Head ;
 They'll shew ye the place too, as some will avow it,
 Where once a She Pope was brought fairly to Bed :
 For which, ever since, to prevent Interloping,
 In a Chair her Successors still suffer a Groping,

What a sight 'tis to see the gay Idol accoutred,
 With Mitre and Cap, and two Keys by his side ;
 Be his inside what 'twill, yet the Pomp of his outward,
 Shows *Servus servorum*, no hater of Pride,
 These Keys into Heav'n will as surely admit ye,
 As Clerks of a Parish to a Pew in the City.

What a sight 'tis to see the old Man in Procession,
 Through *Rome* in such Pomp as here *Cæsar* did ride,
 Now scattering of Pardons, here Crossing, there
 Blessing,
 With all his shav'd Spiritual Train'd-bans by his
 side ;
 As, *Confessors, Cardinals, Monks* fat as Bacons,
 From Rev'rend *Arch-Bishops*, to Rosie *Arch-Deacons*.

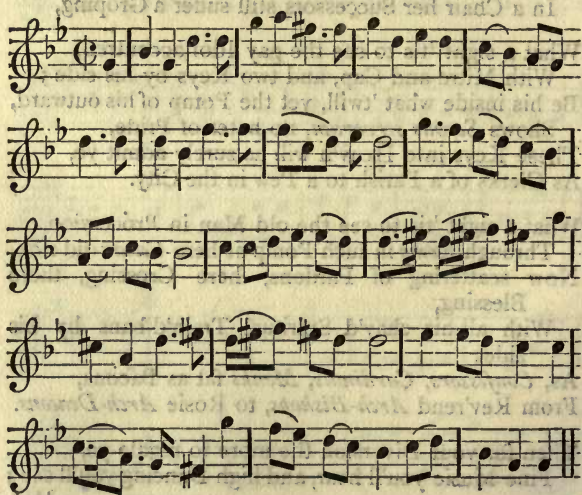
Then for your Diversion the more to regale ye,
 Fine Music you'll hear, and high Dancing you'll see ;
 Men

Men who much shall out-warble your Famous *Fideli*,
 And make ye meer Fools, of *Balloon* and *L'Abbe*:
 And to shew ye how fond they're to Kiss *Vostre Manos*,
 Each *Padre* turns Pimp, all *Nuns* Courtezana's.

And when you've some Months at old *Babylon* been-a,
 And on Pardons, and Punks, all your *Rhino* is
 spent;
 And when you have seen all, that there is to be seen-a,
 You'll return not so Rich, tho' as Wise as you went:
 And 'twill be but small Comfort after so much Ex-
 pence-a,
 That your Heirs will do just so an Hundred Years
 hence-a.



A Young Man's WILL.



A *Young Man* sick and like to die,
 His last *Will* being written found ;
 I give my *Soul* to *God* on high,
 And my *Body* to the Ground :
 Unto some *Church-men* do I give,
 Base Minds to greedy *Lucre* bent ;
Pride and *Ambition* whilst they live,
 By this my *Will* and *Testament*.

Item. Poor folks *brown Bread* I give,
 And eke *bare Bones*, with hungry *Cheeks* ;
Toil and *Travel* whilst they live,
 And to feed on *Roots* and *Leeks* :

Item. To Rich Men I bestow,
 High *Looks*, low *Deeds*, and Hearts of *Flint* ;
 And that themselves they seldom know,
 By this, &c.

Proud stately *Courtiers* do I *Will*,
 Two *Faces* in one *Head* to wear,
 For Great Men *Bribes*, I think most fit,
Pride and *Oppression* through the *Year* :
Tenants I give them leave to lose,
 And *Landlords* for to raise their *Rent* ;
Rogues to *Fawn*, *Collogue* and *glose*,
 By this, &c.

Item. To *Soldiers* for their *Fees*,
 I give them *Wounds* their *Bodies* full ;
 And for to beg on bended *Knees*,
 With *Cap* in *Hand* to every *Gull* :

Item. I will poor *Scholars* have,
 For all their *Pains* and *Travel* spent :
Raggs, *Faggs*, and *Taunts* of every *Knave*,
 By this my *Will* and *Testament*.

To *Shoemakers* I grant this *Boon*,
 Which *Mercury* gave them once before ;
 Altho' they earn two *Pence* by *Noon*,
 To spend e'er *Night* two *Groats* and more :

And

And *Blacksmiths* when the Work is done,
 I give to them incontinent,
 To drink two Barrels with a Bun,
By this my Will and Testament.

To *Weavers* swift, this do I leave,
 Against that may beseem them well :
 That they their good Wives do deceive,
 Bring home a Yard and steal an Ell :
 And *Tailors* too must be set down,
 A *Gift* to give them I am bent ;
 To cut four Sleeves to every Gown,
By this, &c.

To Tavern haunters grant I more,
 Red Eyes, Red Nose, and Stinking Breath ;
 And Doublets foul with drops before,
 And foul Shame until their *Death* :
 And *Gamesters* that will never leave,
 Before their Substance be all spent ;
 The Wooden *Dagger* I bequeath,
By this, &c.

To common Fiddlers I *Will* that they,
 Shall go in poor and thread-bare Coats ;
 And at most places where they Play,
 To carry away more *Tunes* than *Groats* :
 To wand'ring *Players* I do give,
 Before their *Substance* be all spent ;
 Proud Silk'n *Beggars* for to live,
By this, &c.

To *Wenching* Smell-smocks give I these,
 Dead looks, gaunt purrs, and crazy Back ;
 And now and then the foul *Disease*,
 Such as *Gill* gave to *Fack* ;
 To *Parretors* I give them clear,
 For all their *Toil* and *Travel* spent ;
 The *Devil* away such *Knaves* to bear,
By this my Will and Testament.

I *Will* that *Cutpurses* haunt all *Fairs*,
 And thrust among the thickest *Throng* ;
 That neither *Purse* nor *Pocket* spare,
 But what they get to bear along :
 But if they *Falter* in their *Trade*,
 And so betray their bad intent ;
 I give them *Tyburn* for their share,
By this my Will and Testament.

To serving Men I give this Gift,
 That when their *Strength* is once decay'd ;
 The Master of such Men do shift,
 As Horsemen do a toothless *Fade* :
Item. I give them leave to *Pine*,
 For all their *Service* so ill spent :
 And with *Duke Humphry* for to Dine,
By this, &c.

Item. To *Millers* I Grant withal,
 That they *Spare*, nor *Poke*, nor *Sack* ;
 But with *Grist*, so e'er befall,
 They *Grind* a *Strike*, and steal a *Peck* :
 I *Will* that *Butchers* *Huff* their *Meat*,
 And sell a lump of *Ramish* scent ;
 For *Weather Mutton* good and sweet,
By this, &c.

I *Will* *Ale Wives* punish their *Guests*,
 With hungry *Cakes* and little *Canns* ;
 And *Barm* their *Drink* with new found *Yeast*,
 Such as is made of *Pisspot* *Grounds* ;
 And she that meaneth for to *Gain*,
 And in her *House* have *Money* spent,
 I *Will* she keep a pretty *Punck*,
By this my Will and Testament.

To jealous *Husbands* I do grant,
 Lack of *Pleasure*, want of *Sleep* ;
 That *Lanthorn Horns* they never want,
 Tho' ne'er so close their *Wives* they keep :

And

And for their Wives, I *Will* that they;
 The closer up that they are pent;
 The closer still they seek to Play,
By this my Will and Testament.

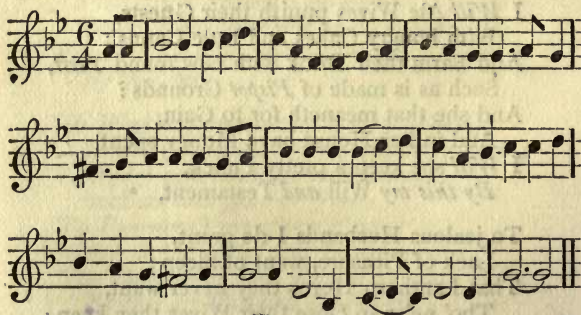
For Swearing *Swaggerers* nought is left,
 To give them for a parting Blow;
 But leaving off of damned Oaths,
 And that of them I will bestow:

Item. I give them for their Pain,
 That when all Hope and Livelihood's spent,
 A Wallet or a Hempen Chain,
By this &c.

Time and longest Livers do I make,
 The Supervisor of my *Will*:
 My Gold and Silver let them take,
 That will dig for't in *Malvein Hill*.



A New SONG, Sung at the Playhouse. By
Mr. DOGGET.



In

IN the Devil's Country there lately did dwell,
 A crew of such Whores as was ne'er bred in Hell,
 The Devil himself he knows it full well,
Which no Body can deny, deny ;
Which no Body can deny.

There were Six of the Gang, and all of a Bud,
 Which open'd as soon as got into the Blood,
 There are five to be hang'd, when the other proves
 good,
Which no Body, &c.

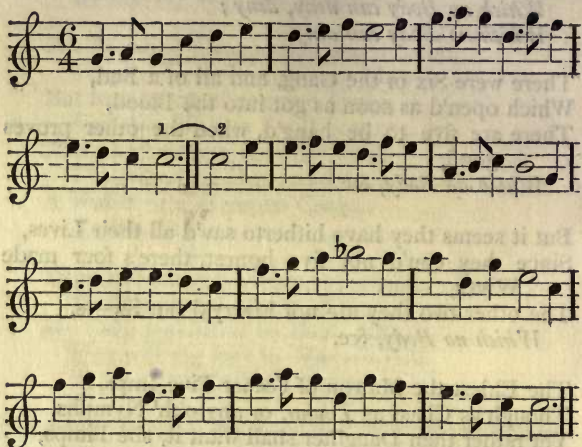
But it seems they have hitherto sav'd all their Lives,
 Since they cou'd not live honest, there's four made
 Wives,
 The other two they are not Marry'd but Sw—s,
Which no Body, &c.

The Eldest the Matron of t'other Five Imps,
 Though as Chast as *Diana*, or any o'th' Nymphs,
 Yet rather than Daughter shall want it, she Pimps,
Which no Body, &c.

Damn'd Proud and Ambitious both Old and the
 Young,
 And not fit for honest Men to come among,
 A damn'd Itch in their Tail, and a sting in their
 Tongue,
Sing tantara rara Whores all, Whores all,
Sing tantara rara Whores all.



A SONG.



MARRIAGE it seems is for Better for Worse,
 Some count it a Blessing and others a Curse;
 The Cuckolds are Blest if the Proverb prove true,
 And then there's no doubt but in Heav'n there's
 enough :
 Of honest rich Rogues who ne'er had got there,
 If their Wives had not sent them thro' trembling and
 fear.

Some Women are Honest, tho' rare in a Wife,
 Yet with Scolding and Brawling they'll shorten your
 Life,
 You ne'er can enjoy your Bottle and Friend ;
 But your Wife like an Imp, is at your Elbow's end :
 Crying fie, fie you Sot, come, come, come, come,
 So these are Unhappy abroad and at home.

We

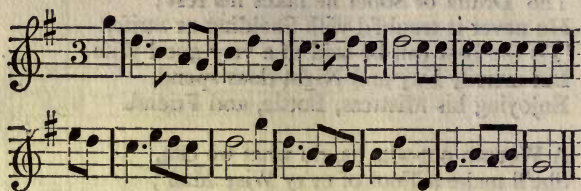
We find the Batchelor liveth best,
 Tho' Drunk or Sober he takes his rest ;
 He never is troubl'd with Scolding or Strife,
 'Tis the best can be said of a very good Wife :
 But merrily Day and Night does spend,
 Enjoying his Mistress, Bottle, and Friend,

A Woman out-wits us, do what we can,
 She'll make a Fool of ev'ry Wise Man ;
 Old Mother *Eve* did the *Serpent* obey,
 And has taught all her Sex that damnable way :
 Of Cheating and Couzening all Mankind,
 'Twere better if *Adam* had still been Blind.

The poor Man that Marries he thinks he does well,
 I pity's Condition, for sure he's in Hell ;
 The Fool is a Sotting and spends all he gets,
 The Child is a Bawling, the Wife daily Frets :
 That Marriage is pleasant we all must agree,
 Consider it well, there's none happier can be.



A SONG.



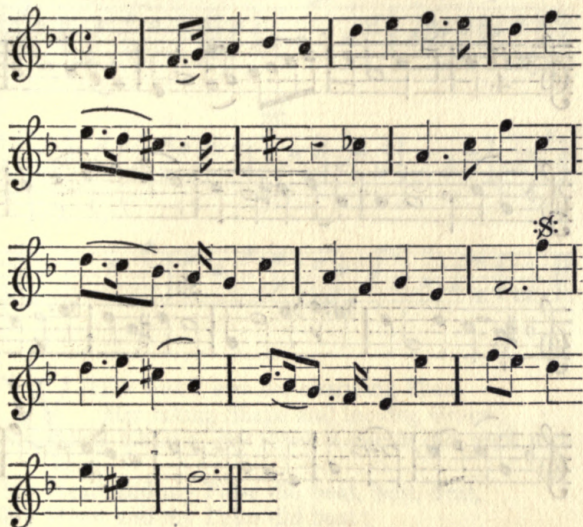
THE *Caffalier* was gone, and the *Roundhead* he
 was come,
 Was the greatest Blessing under the Sun ;
 Before the Devil in Hell sally'd out, and ript the
 Placket of Letter,
 Ay, and take her Money too,
*Cot bless hur Master Roundhead, and send hur well
 to do.*

Now hur can go to *Shrewsperry* her Flannel for to sell,
 Hur can carry a creat sharge of Money about hur,
 Thirty or Forty Groats lap'd in a *Welsh* Carter,
 Ay, and think hur self rich too,
Cot bless, &c.

Now hur can coe to Shurch, or hur can stay at home,
 Hur can say hur *Lord's Prayer*, or hur can let it alone :
 Hur can make a Prayer of hur own Head, lye with
 hur Holy Sister,
 Ay, and say a long Crace too,
Cot bless, &c.

But yet for all the great Cood that you for hur have
 done,
 Would you wou'd made Peace with our King, and let
 hur come home,
 Put off the Military Charge, Impost, and Excise,
 Ay, and free Quarter too.
*Then Cot shall bless you Master Roundhead, and
 send hur well to do.*

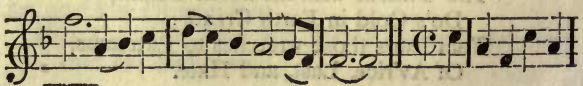
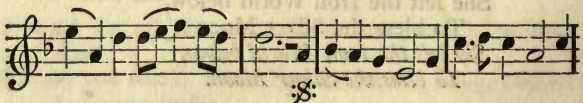
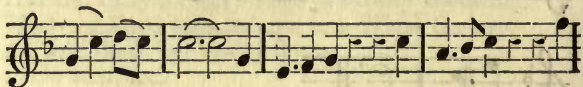
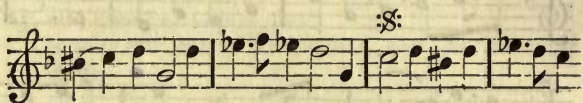
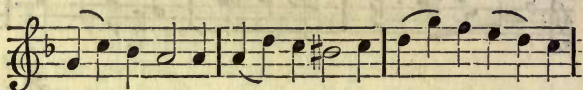
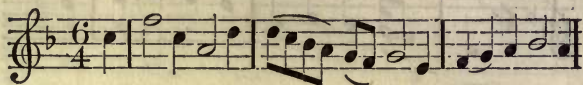
A SONG Sung by Mrs. CROSS. Set by
Mr. JEREMIAH CLARK.

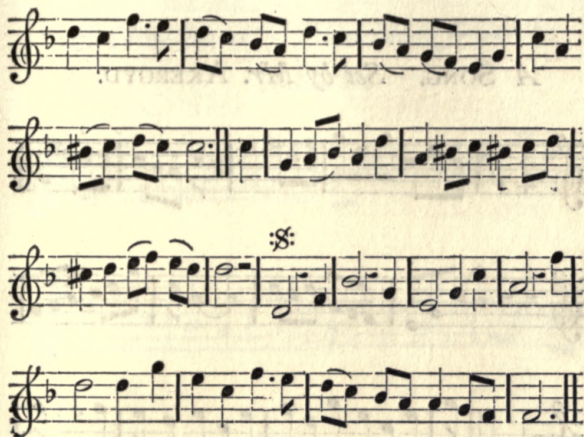


DIVINE *Astrea* hither flew,
To *Cynthia's* brighter Throne ;
She left the Iron World below,
To bless the Silver Moon :
She left the Iron World below,
To bless the Silver Moon.

Tho' *Phæbus* with his hotter Beams,
Do's Gold in Earth Create ;
That leads those wretches to Extreame,
Of Av'rice, Lust, and Hate.

*A SONG in the Surpriz'd Lovers. Set by
Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mr. BOWMAN.*

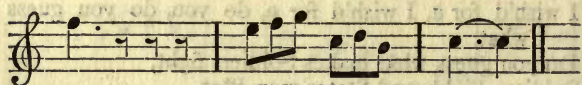
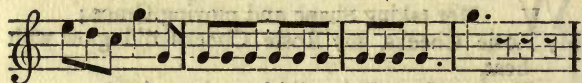
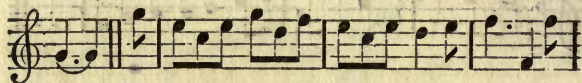
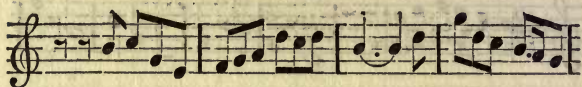
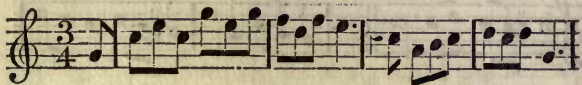




WHEN first I saw her charming Face,
 Her taking Shape and moving Grace ;
 My Rosie Cheeks, my Rosie Cheeks did glow with
 heat,
 My Heart and my Pulse did beat, beat, beat,
 My Heart and my Pulse did beat ;
 I wish'd for a, I wish'd for a, do you, do you guess
 what,
 Do you guess what makes Soldiers fight,
 Soldiers Fight, and States-men Plot.

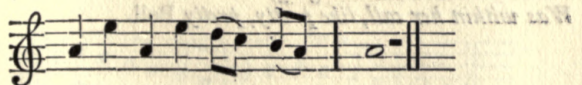
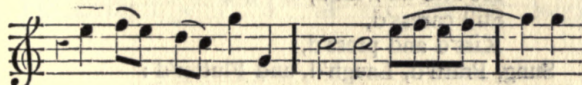
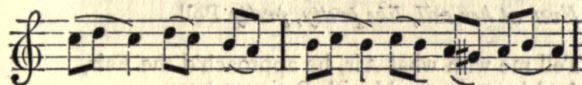
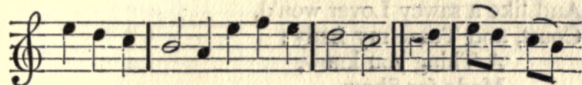
Subdues us all in every thing,
 And makes, makes a Subject of a King ;
 Still she deny'd, and I reply'd,
 Away she flew, I did pursue,
 At last I catch'd her fast ;
 But oh ! had you seen, but oh ! had you seen,
 Had you seen what had past between ;
 Oh ! I fear, I fear, oh ! I fear, I fear, oh ! I fear,
 I fear, I fear, I have spoil'd her Wast.

A SONG. Set by Mr. AKEROYD.



THE *Devil* he pull'd of his Jacket of Flame,
 The *Fryer* he pull'd off his Cowle;
 The *Devil* took him for a Dunce of the Game,
 And the *Fryer* took him for a Fool:
 He piqu'd, and repiqu'd so oft, that at last,
 He swore by the Jolly fat *Nuns*;
 If Cards came no better than those that are past,
 Oh! oh! I shall lose all my *Buns*.

A New SONG. Translated from the
FRENCH.



Pretty

PRETTY Parret say, when I was away,
 And in dull absence pass'd the Day;
 What at home was doing;
 With Chat and Play,
 We are Gay,
 Night and Day,
 Good Cheer and Mirth Renewing;
*Singing, Laughing all, Singing Laughing all, like pretty
 pretty Poll.*

Was no Fop so rude, boldly to Intrude,
 And like a sawcy Lover wou'd,
 Court, and Teaze my Lady:
 A Thing you know,
 Made for Show,
 Call'd a Beau,
 Near her was always ready,
Ever at her call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Tell me with what Air, he approach'd the Fair,
 And how she could with Patience bear,
 All he did and utter'd;
 He still address'd,
 Still caress'd,
 Kiss'd and press'd,
 Sung, Prattl'd, Laugh'd, and Flutter'd:
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Did he go away, at the close of the Day,
 Or did he ever use to stay
 In a Corner dodging;
 The want of Light,
 When 'twas Night,
 Spoil'd my sight,
 But I believe his Lodging,
Was within her call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

A SONG by a Person of Honour. Set by
Mr. JOHN WELDON.



AT Noon in a sultry Summer's Day,
 The brightest Lady of the *May*,
 Young *Chloris* Innocent and Gay,
 Sat Knotting in a shade :
 Each slender Finger play'd its part,
 With such activity and Art ;
 As wou'd inflame a Youthful Heart,
 And warm the most decay'd.

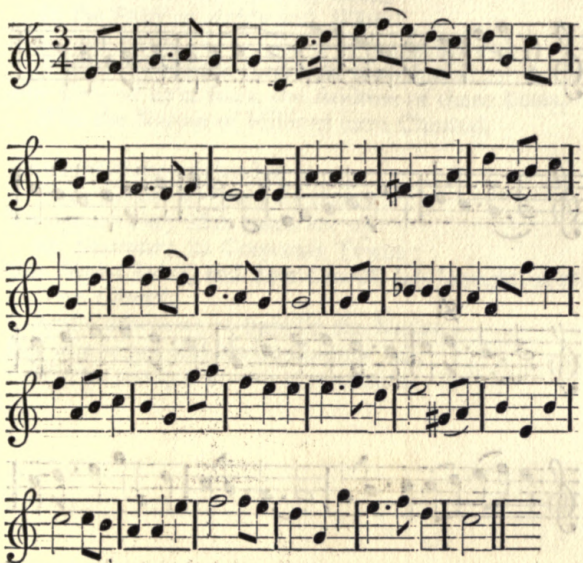
Her Fav'rite Swain by chance came by ;
 She had him quickly in her Eye,
 Yet when the bashful Boy drew nigh,
 She wou'd have seem'd afraid,
 She let her Iv'ry Needle fall,
 And hurl'd away the twisted Ball ;
 Then gave her *Strephon* such a call,
 As wou'd have wak'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth is't none but thee ?
 With Innocence I dare be free ;
 By so much Trust and Modesty,
 No Nymph was e'er betray'd,
 Come lean thy Head upon my Lap,
 While thy soft Cheeks I stroak and clap ;
 Thou may'st securely take a Nap,
 Which he poor Fool, obey'd.

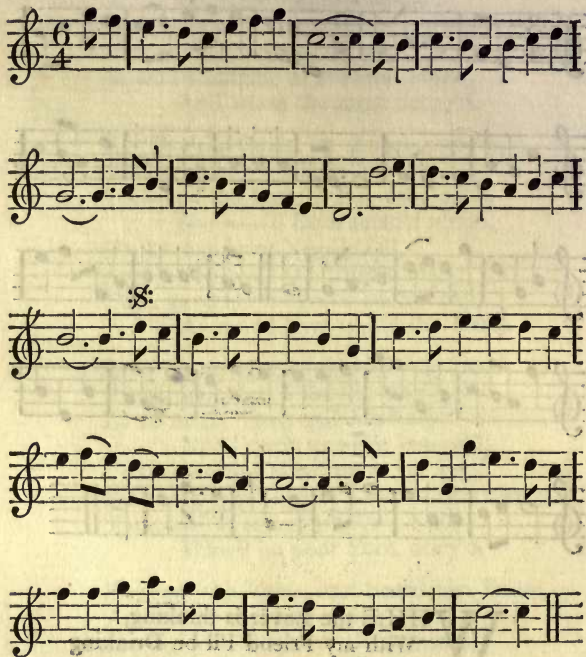
She saw him Yawn, and heard him Snore,
 And found him fast a sleep all o're ;
 She sigh'd—— and cou'd no more,
 But starting up she said,
 Such Vertue shou'd rewarded be,
 For this thy dull Fidelity ;
 I'll trust thee with my Flocks, not me,
 Pursue thy Grazing Trade.

Go milk thy Goats, and Sheer thy Sheep,
 And watch all Night thy Flocks, to keep ;
 Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep,
 By me mistaken Maid.

A SONG, Set by Mr. Jeremy Clark.



WHILE the Lover is thinking,
With my Friend I'll be Drinking
And with Vigour pursue my Delight ;
While the Fool is designing,
His fatal confining ;
With *Bacchus* I'll spend the whole Night :
With the God I'll be Jolly,
Without Madness or Folly.
Fickle Woman to Marry Implore,
Leave my Bottle and Friend,
For so Foolish an end,
When I do, may I never Drink more.

A Health to the TACKERS.

HERE's a Health to the Tackers, my Boys,
 But mine A—se for the Tackers about;
 May the brave *English* Spirits come in,
 And the Knaves and *Fanaticks* turn out:
 Since the *Magpies* of late, are confounding the State,
 And wou'd pull our Establishments down;
 Let us make 'em a Jest, for they Shit in their Nest,
 And be true to the Church and the Crown.

Let

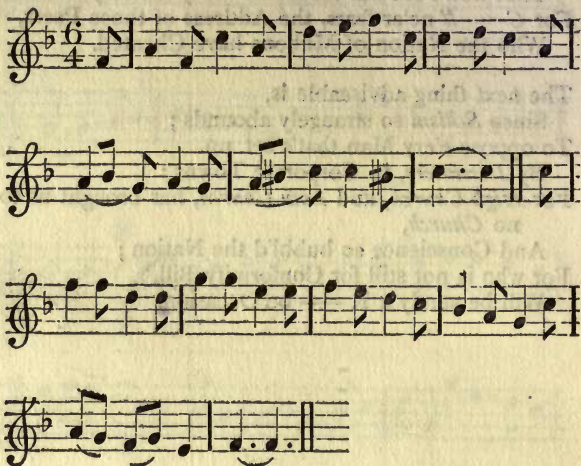
Let us chuse such Parliament Men
 As have stuck to their Principles tight ;
 And wou'd not their Country betray
 In the Story of *Ashby* and *White* :
 Who care not a T——d, for a *Whig*, or a Lord,
 That won't see our Accounts fairly stated ;
 For C——ll ne'er fears, the Address of those Peers,
 Who the Nation of Millions have Cheated.

The next thing adviseable is,
 Since *Schism* so strangely abounds ;
 To oppose e'ery Man that's set up
 By *Dissenters*, in Corporate Towns :
 For *High-Church*, and *Low-Church*, has brought us to
 no Church,
 And Conscience so bubbl'd the Nation ;
 For who is not still for Conformity Bill,
 Will be surely a R—— on Occasion.



A SONG.

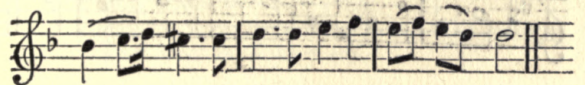
Set by Mr. ANTHONY YOUNG.



SINCE *Celia* only has the Art,
 And only she can Captivate,
 And wanton in my Breast ;
 All other Pleasure I despise,
 Than what are from my *Celia's* Eyes,
 In her alone I'm blest.

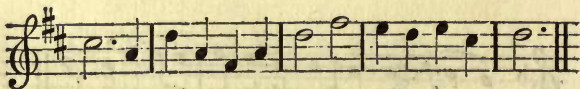
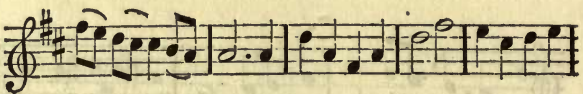
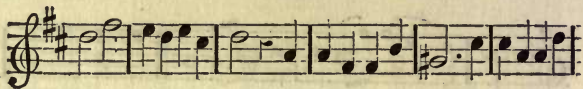
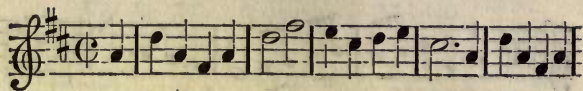
Whene'er she Smiles, new Life she gives,
 And happy, happy who receives,
 From her Inchanting Breath ;
 Then prithee *Celia* smile once more,
 Since I no longer must adore,
 For when you frown 'tis Death.

A SONG.



AH ! how lovely sweet and dear,
Is the kind relenting Fair,
Who Reprieve us in Despair ;
Oh ! that thus my Nymph wou'd say,
Come, come my Dear thy Cares repay,
Be Blest my Love, be mine to Day :
*Come, come my dear, thy Cares repay,
Be blest my Love, be mine to Day.*

A SONG. *Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.*



Advance, advance, advance gay Tenants of the
 Plain,
 Advance, advance, advance, gay Tenants of the Plain,
 Loud Eccho spread my Voice,
 Loud Eccho spread my Voice,
 Loud Eccho, loud Eccho, loud Eccho,
 Loud Eccho, loud Eccho, spread my Voice,
 Advance, advance, advance, gay Tenants of the Plain,
 Advance, advance, advance, gay Tenants of the Plain.

A

*The KING and the Shepherd, and GILLIAN
the Shepherd's Wife, with her churlish
Answer to the KING.*



IN Elder Time, there was of Yore,
When Guides of churlish Glee;
Were us'd among our Country Earls,
Though no such thing now be.

The which King *Alfred* liking well,
Forsook his stately Court;
And in Disguise unknown went forth,
To see that jovial Sport.

How *Dick* and *Tom*, in clouted Shoon,
And Coats of russet Grey,
Esteem'd themselves more brave than them,
That went in Golden ray.

In Garments fit for such a Life,
The good King *Alfred* went,
All ragg'd and torn, as from his Back
The Beggar his Cloaths had rent.

A Sword and Buckler good and strong,
To give *Fack Sauce* a rap;
And on his Head, instead of Crown,
He wore a *Monmouth* Cap.

Thus coasting through *Somersetshire*,
 Near *Newton* Court he met
 A Shepherd Swain of lusty Limb,
 That up and down did jet.

He wore a Bonnet of good Grey,
 Close buttoned to his Chin ;
 And at his Back a leather Scrip,
 With much good Meat therein.

God speed, good Shepherd, quoth the King,
 I come to be thy Guest ;
 To taste of thy good Victuals here,
 And drink that's of the best.

Thy Scrip I know, hath Cheer good store,
 What then the Shepherd said ?
 Thou seem'st to be some sturdy Thief,
 And mak'st me sore afraid.

Yet if thou wilt thy Dinner win,
 The Sword and Buckler take ;
 And if thou canst into my Scrip,
 Therewith an entrance make.

I tell thee, Roister, it hath store
 Of Beef, and Bacon fat ;
 With sheafs of Barly-bread to make
 Thy Mouth to water at.

Here stands my Bottle, here my Bag,
 If thou canst win them Roister ;
 Against the Sword and Buckler here,
 My Sheep-hook is my Master.

Benedicit now, quoth our good King,
 It never shall be said ;
 That *Alfred* of the Shepherd's Hook,
 Will stand a whit afraid.

So soundly thus they both fell to't,
And giving Bang for Bang ;
At every Blow the Shepherd gave,
King *Alfred's* Sword cry'd twang.

His Buckler prov'd his chiefest Fence,
For still the Shepherd's Hook ;
Was that the which King *Alfred* could,
In no good manner brook.

At last when they had fought four Hours,
And it grew just Mid-day ;
And wearied both, with right good Will,
Desir'd each others stay.

King, Truce I cry, quoth *Alfred* then,
Good Shepherd hold thy Hand ;
A sturdier Fellow than thy self,
Lives not within this Land.

Nor a lustier Roister than thou art,
The churlish Shepherd said,
To tell thee plain, thy Thieyish looks,
Now makes my Heart afraid.

Else sure thou art some Prodigal,
Which hast consum'd thy store ;
And now com'st wand'ring in this place,
To rob and steal for more.

Deem not of me, then quoth our King,
Good Shepherd in this sort ;
A Gentleman well known I am,
In good King *Alfred's* Court.

The Devil thou art, the Shepherd said,
Thou goest in Rags all torn ;
Thou rather seem'st, I think to be,
Some Beggar basely born.

But if thou wilt mend thy Estate,
 And here a Shepherd be ;
 At Night to *Gillian* my sweet Wife,
 Thou shalt go home with me.

For she's as good a Toothless Dame,
 As mumbleth on Brown Bread ;
 Where thou shalt lie on hurden Sheets,
 Upon a fresh Straw Bed.

Of Whig and Whey, we have good store,
 And keep good Pease-straw Fires ;
 And now and then good Barly Cakes,
 As better Days requires.

But for my Master which is Chief,
 And Lord of *Newton* Court ;
 He keeps I say, his Shepherds Swains,
 In far more braver sort.

We there have Curds, and clouted Cream,
 Of Red Cows morning Milk ;
 And now and then fine Buttered Cakes,
 As soft as any Silk.

Of Beef and reised Bacon store,
 That is most Fat and Greasy ;
 We have likewise to feast our Chaps,
 And make them glib and easie.

Thus if thou wilt my Man become,
 This usage thou shalt have ;
 If not, adieu, go hang thy self,
 And so farewell Sir Knave.

King *Alfred* hearing of this Glee,
 The churlish Shepherd said ;
 Was well content to be his Man,
 So they a Bargain made.

A Penny round, the Shepherd gave,
In earnest of this Match ;
To keep his Sheep in Field and fold,
As Shepherds use to watch.

His Wages shall be full Ten Groats,
For Service of a Year ;
Yet was it not his use, old Lad,
To hire a Man so dear.

For did the King himself (quoth he)
Unto my Cottage come ;
He should not for a Twelvemonths Pay,
Receive a greater Sum.

Hereat the bonny King grew blith,
To hear the clownish Jest ;
How silly sots, as custom is,
Do discant at the best.

But not to spoil the Foolish sport,
He was content good King ;
To fit the Shepherd's humour right,
In every kind of thing.

A Sheep-hook then, with *Patch* his Dog,
And Tar-box by his side ;
He with his Master, jig by jowl,
Unto old *Gillian* hy'd.

Into whose sight no sooner came,
Whom have you here (quoth she)
A Fellow I doubt, will cut our Throats,
So like a Knave looks he.

Not so old Dame, quoth *Alfred* strait,
Of me you need not fear ;
My Master hir'd me for Ten Groats,
To serve you one whole Year.

So good Dame *Gillian* grant me leave,
 Within your House to stay ;
 For by St. *Ann*, do what you can,
 I will not yet away.

Her churlish usage pleas'd him still,
 Put him to such a Proof,
 That he at Night was almost choak'd,
 Within that smoaky Roof.

But as he sat with smiling cheer,
 The event of all to see ;
 His Dame brought forth a piece of Dow,
 Which in the Fire throws she.

Where lying on the Hearth to bake,
 By chance the Cake did burn ;
 What can'st thou not, thou Lout (quoth she)
 Take Pains the same to turn :

Thou art more quick to take it out,
 And eat it up half Dow,
 Than thus to stay till't be enough,
 And so thy Manners show.

But serve me such another Trick,
 I'll thwack thee on the Snout ;
 Which made the patient King, good Man,
 Of her to stand in Doubt :

But to be brief, to bed they went,
 The good old Man and's Wife ;
 But never such a Lodging had
 King *Alfred* in his Life :

For he was laid in white Sheeps Wool,
 New pull'd from tanned Fells,
 And o'er his Head hang'd Spiders Webbs,
 As if they had been Bells,

Is this the Country Guise, thought he,
Then here I will not stay ;
But hence be gone as soon as breaks
The peeping of the Day.

The cackling Hens and Geese kept roost,
And perched at his side ;
Whereat the last the watchful Cock,
Made known the Morning Tide.

Then up got *Alfred* with his Horn,
And blew so long a Blast,
That made *Gillian* and her Groom,
In Bed full sore agast.

Arise, quoth she, we are undone,
This Night, we lodged have,
At unawares within our House,
A false dissembling Knave ;

Rise Husband, rise, he'll cut our Throats,
He calleth for his Mates,
I'd give old *Will* our good Cade Lamb,
He would depart our Gates.

But still King *Alfred* blew his Horn
before them, more and more,
'Till that a hundred Lords and Knights,
All lighted at the Doot :

Which cry'd all hail, all hail good King,
Long have we look'd your Grace ;
And here you find (my merry Men all)
Your Sovereign in this place.

We shall surely be hang'd up both,
Old *Gillian* I much fear,
The Shepherd said, for using thus
Our good King *Alfred* here :

O pardon, my Liege, quoth *Gillian* then,
 For my Husband and for me,
 By these ten Bones I never thought
 The same that now I see :

And by my Hook, the Shepherd said,
 An Oath both good and true,
 Before this time, O noble King,
 I never your Highness knew :

Then pardon me and my old Wife,
 That we may after say,
 When first you came into our House,
 It was a happy Day.

It shall be done, said *Alfred* streight,
 And *Gillian* thy old Dame,
 For this thy churlish using me,
 Deserveth not much Blame.

For this thy Country Guise I see,
 To be thus bluntish still,
 And where the plainest Meaning is,
 Remains the smallest Ill.

And Master, lo I tell thee now,
 For thy low Manhood shown,
 A Thousand Weathers I'll bestow
 Upon thee for thy own.

And pasture Ground, as much as will
 Suffice to feed them all,
 And this thy Cottage I will change
 Into a stately Hall.

As for the same, as Duty binds,
 The Shepherd said, good King,
 A milk white Lamb once every Year,
 I'll to your Highness bring.

And

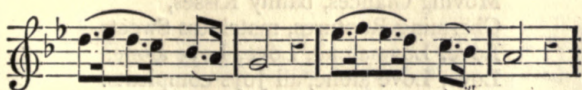
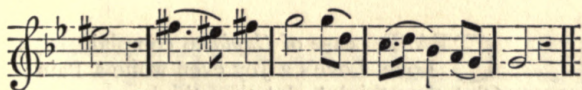
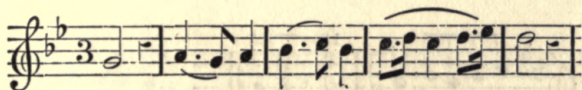
And *Gillian* my Wife likewise,
Of Wool to make you Coats,
Will give you as much at New Year's Tide,
As shall be worth ten Groats :

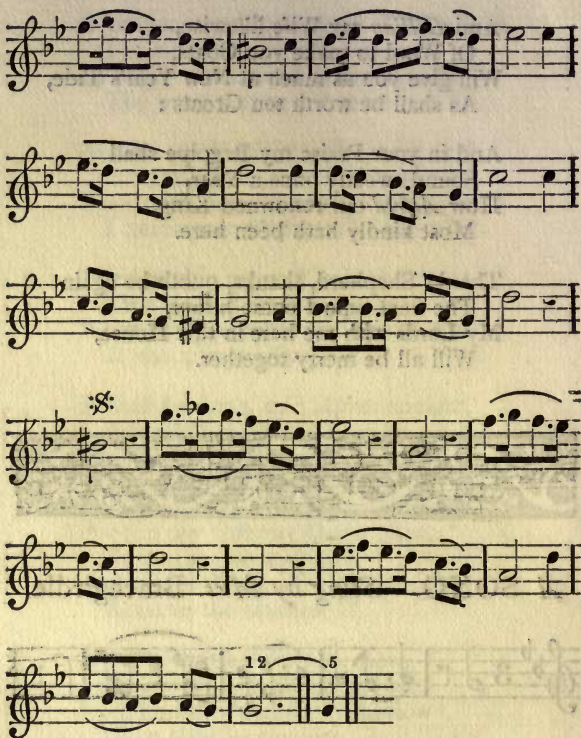
And in your Praise my Bagpipe shall
Sound sweetly once a Year,
How *Alfred* our renowned King,
Most kindly hath been here.

Thanks Shepherd, thanks, quoth he again
The next time I come hither,
My Lords with me here in this House,
Will all be merry together.

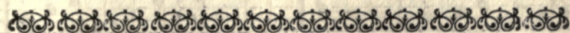


A SONG. *Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.*



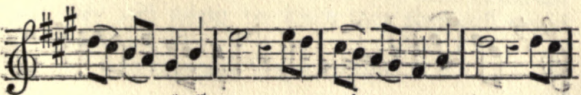
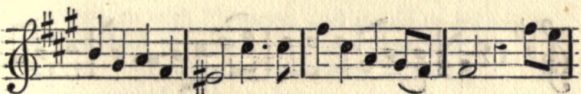
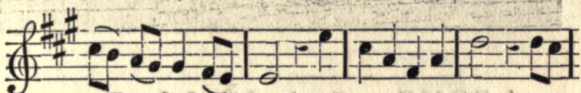
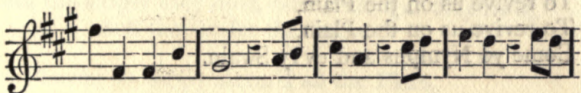
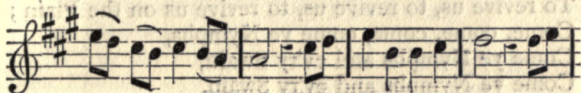
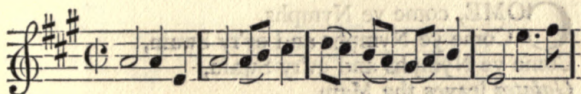


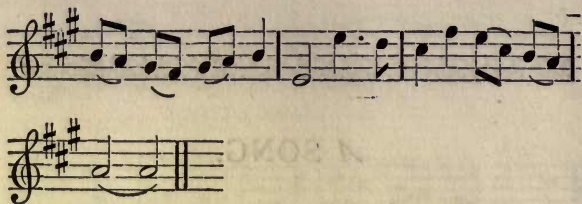
CEASE, cease of *Cupid* to complain,
 Love, Love's a Joy even while a Pain;
 Oh! then think! oh! then think;
 Oh! then think how great his Blissess,
 Moving Glances, balmy Kisses,
 Charming Raptures, matchless Sweets,
 Love, Love alone, Love, Love alone,
 Love, Love alone, all Joys compleats.



A SONG.

Sung by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

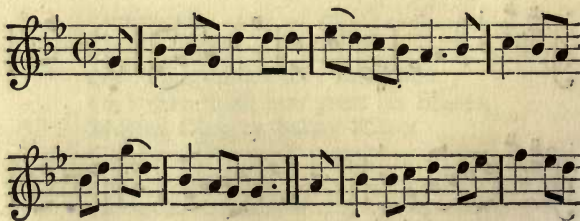


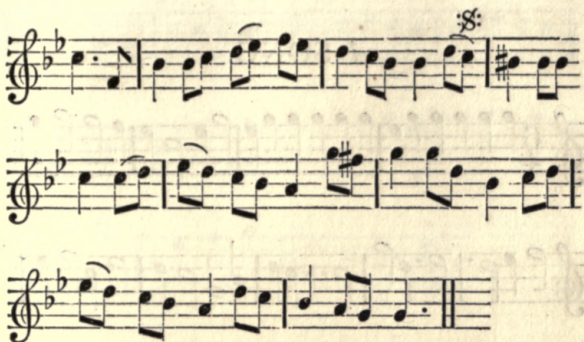


COME, come ye Nymphs,
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Galatea leaves the Main,
 To revive us on the Plain,
 To revive us, to revive us, to revive us on the Plain ;
 Come, come, come, come ye Nymphs,
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Galatea leaves the Main,
 To revive us on the Plain,
 To revive us on the Plain,
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain.



A SONG. Set by Mr. John Barret.





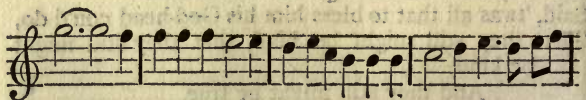
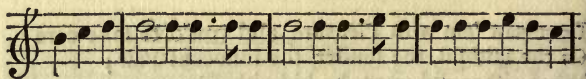
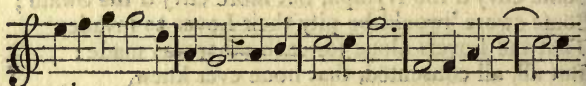
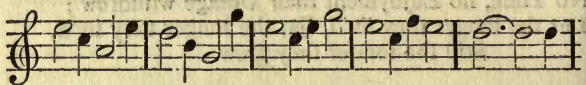
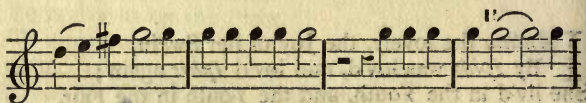
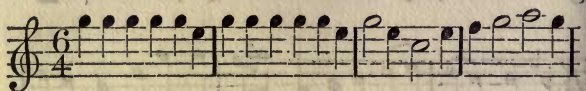
I *Anthia* the lovely, the Joy of her Swain,
 By *Iphis* was lov'd, and lov'd *Iphis* again ;
 She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair,
 Their Pleasure was equal, and equal their Care ;
 No Time, no Enjoyment their Dotage withdrew ;
 But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,
 Still the fonder they grew.

A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain,
 Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain ;
 Some swore 'twould be pity their Loves to invade,
 That the Lovers alone for each other was made :
 But all, all consented, that none ever knew,
 A Nymph yet so kind, a Nymph yet so kind,
 Or a Shepherd so true.

Love saw 'em with Pleasure, and vow'd to take care
 Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent Pair ;
 What either did want, he bid either to move,
 But they wanted nothing, but ever to love :
 Said, 'twas all that to bless him his God-head cou'd do,
 That they still might be kind, that they still might
 be kind,

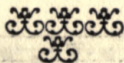
And they still might be true.

A SONG.





B Ring out your Coney-Skins
 Bring out your Coney-Skins Maids to me,
 And hold them fair that I may see,
 Grey, Black and Blue, for the smaller Skins
 I'll give you Bracelets, Laces, Pins,
 And for your whole Coney
 Here's ready Money,
 Come gentle *Foan*, do thou begin
 With thy black Coney, thy black Coney-Skin,
 And *Mary* and *Foan* will follow,
 With their Silver-hair'd Skins and yellow ;
 The White Coney-Skin I will not lay by,
 For tho' it be faint, it is fair to the Eye :
 The Grey it is worn, but yet for my Money,
 Give me the bonny, bonny black Coney ;
 Come away fair Maids, your Skins will decay,
 Come and take Money Maids, put your Wares away :
 Ha'ye any Coney-Skins, ha'ye any Coney-Skins,
 Ha'ye any Coney-Skins here to sell ?



A SONG.

*The Words by Mr. Clossold, Set by Mr.
John WILFORD.*

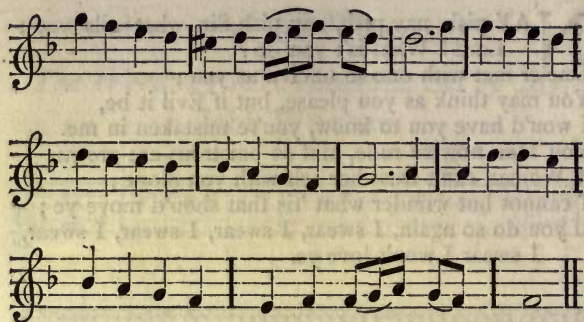


NAY pish, nay pish, nay pish Sir, what ails you ;
 Lord ! What is't you do ?
 I ne'er met with one so uncivil as you ;
 You may think as you please, but if Evil it be,
 I wou'd have you to know, you're mistaken in me.
 You Men now so rude, and so boistrous are grown,
 A Woman can't trust her self with you alone :
 I cannot but wonder what 'tis that shou'd move ye ;
 If you do so again, I swear, I swear, I swear, I swear,
 I swear I won't love ye.



A SONG. Set by Mr. Motley.

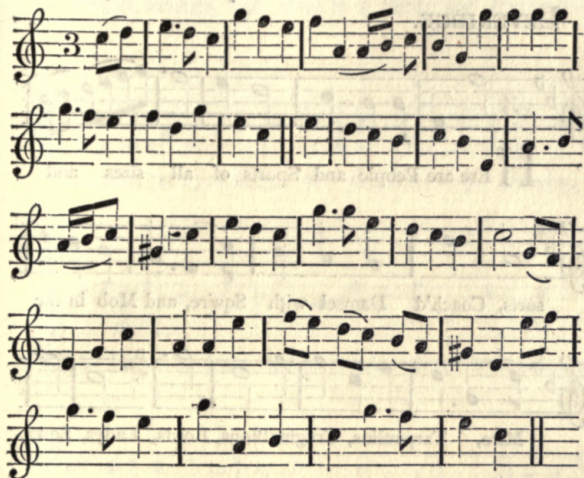




DRAW *Cupid* draw, and make fair *Sylvia* know ;
 The mighty Pain her suff'ring Swain does for
 her undergo ;
 Convey this Dart into her Heart, and when she's set
 on Fire,
 Do thou return and let her burn, like me in chaste
 desire ;
 That by Experience she, may learn to pity me,
 Whene'er her Eyes do tyrannize o'er my Captivity :
 But when in Love we jointly move, and tenderly
 imbrace,
 Like Angels shine, and sweetly join to one another's
 Face.



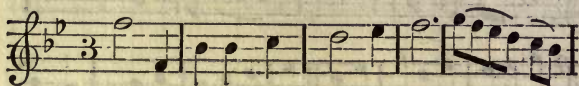
A SONG; *The Words by a Person of a Quality. Set to Musick by Mr. Robert Cary.*



Some brag of their *Chloris*, and some of their
Phillis,
 Some cry up their *Celia*, and bright *Amaryllis* :
 Thus Poets and Lovers their Mistresses dub,
 And Goddesses fram'd from the Wash-bowl and Tub ;
 But away with these Fictions, and Counterfeit Folly :
 There's a thousand more Charms in the Name of my
Dolly.

I cannot describe you her Beauty and Wit,
 Like Manna to each she's a relishing Bit ;
 She alone by Enjoyment, the more does prevail,
 And still with fresh Pleasures does hoist up your Sail ;
 Nay, had you a Surfeit, but took of all others,
 One Look from my *Dolly* your Stomach recovers.

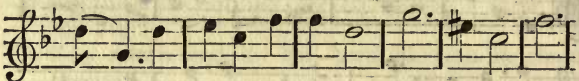
The Mountebank SONG. Sung by Dr. LEVERIGO. and his merry Andrew Pinkanello, in Farewel to Folly. Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



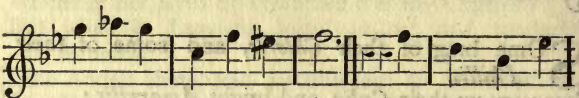
Here are People and Sports of all sizes and



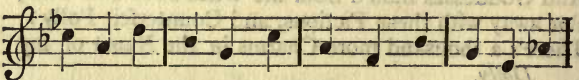
sorts, Coach'd Damsel with Squire, and Mob in the



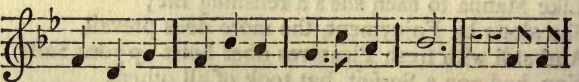
Mire, Tarpaulins, Trugmallions, Lords, Ladys, Sows,



Babies, and Loobys in Scores. Some howling, some



Bawling, some Leering, some Fleering, some Loving, some

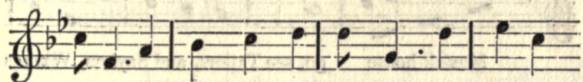


Shoving, with Legions of Furbelow'd Whores. To the

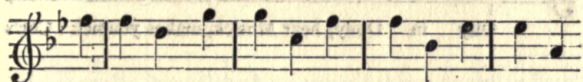
Ta-



Tavern, some go, and some to a Show, see Poppets for



Moppets, Jack-puddings, for Cuddens, Rope Dancing,



Mares Prancing, Boats flying, Quacks lying, Pick-pockets,



pick Plackets, Beasts, Butchers, and Beaus. Fops

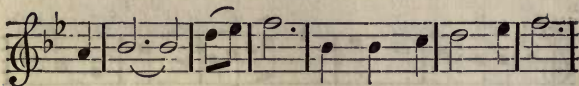


prat'ling, Dies rat'ling, Rooks shaming, Puts Daming,

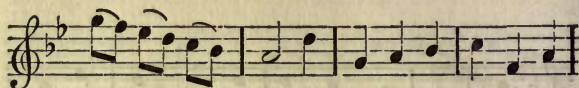


Whores Painted, Mask's tainted, in Tally-mans Furbe—

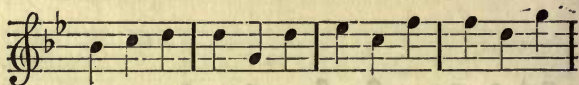
—low'd



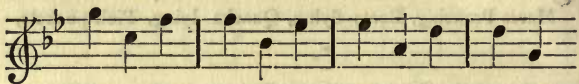
—low'd Cloaths. The Mobs Joys would you know to yon



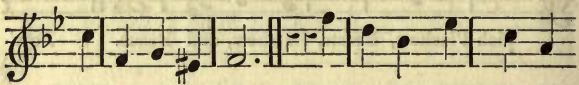
Musick-house go, see Tailors, and Saylors, Whores



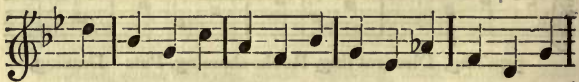
Oily in Doily, hear Musick, makes you sick : Cows



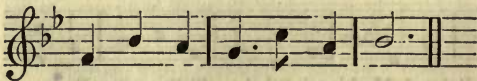
Skiping, Clowns tripping, some Joaking, some Smoaking,



like Spiggit and Tap ; short Measure, strange Pleasure



thus Billing, and Swilling, some yearly, get fairly, for



Fairings Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

The



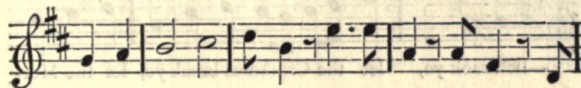
*The Mountebank SONG. Set and Sung by
Mr. LEVERIDGE, in a New Play call'd,
Farewel to Folly.*



SEE, Sirs, see here ! a Doctor rare, who travels



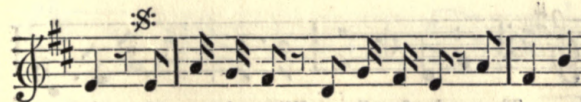
much at home ! Here take my Bills, take my Bills, I



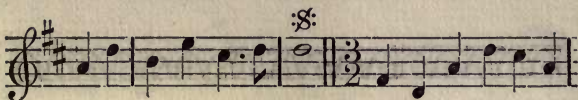
cure all Ills, past, présent, and to come ; the Cramp, the



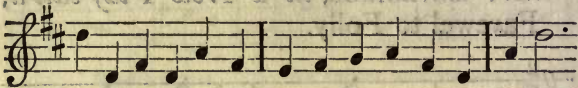
Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch, the Gout, the Stone, the



Pox, the Mulligrubs, the Bonny Scrubs, and all, all,
all



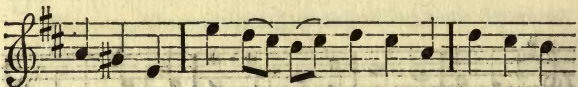
all, all, all, *Pandora's* Box ; Thousands I've Dissected,



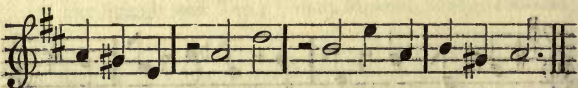
Thousands new erected, and such Cures effected, as none



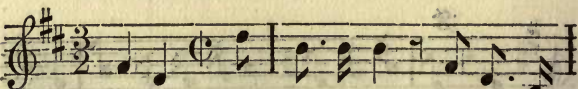
e'er can tell. Let the Palsie shake ye, let the Chol-



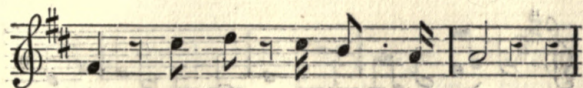
—lick rack ye, let the Crinkums-break ye, let the Mur-



—rain take ye ; Take this, take this and you are well.



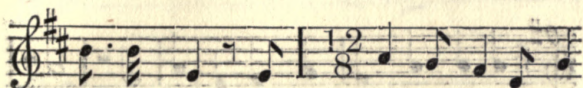
Thousands, &c. Come Wits so keen, devour'd with
Spleen



Spleen ; come Beaus who sprain'd your Backs,



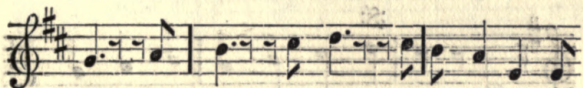
Great-belly'd Maids, old founder'd Jades, and Pepper'd



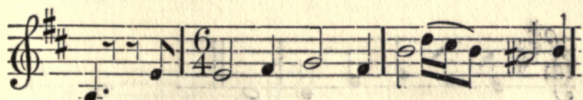
Vizard Cracks, I soon remove the pains



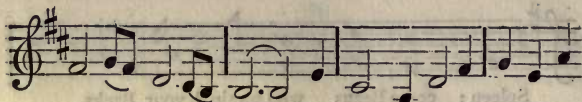
of Love, and cure the Love-sick Maid ; the Hot, the



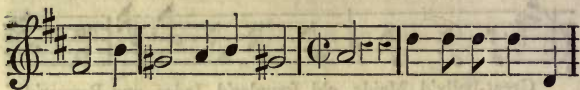
Cold, the Young, the Old, the Living and the



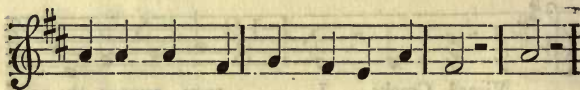
Dead. I clear the Lass with Wainscot Face, and
from



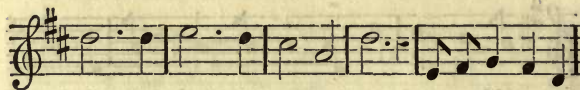
from Pim-ginets free, Plump Ladies Red, like *Saracen's*



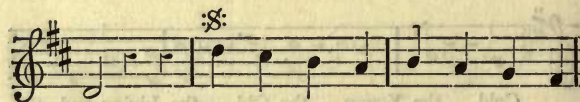
—head, with toaping Rat - ta - — fe. This with a Jirk, will



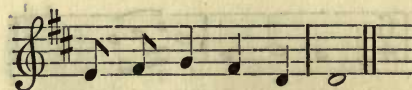
do your work, and scour you o're and o're, Read,



Judge and Try, and if you die, never believe me

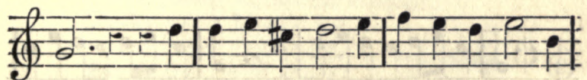
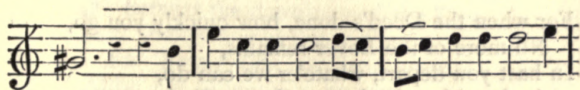
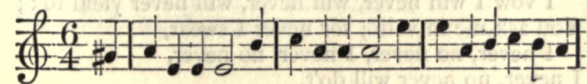


more. never, never, never, never,



never believe me more.

*A SONG in the Mock Marriage. Sung by
Mrs. KNIGHT. Set by Mr. Henry
Purcell.*



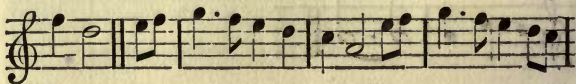
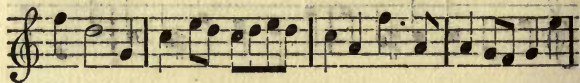
Oh !

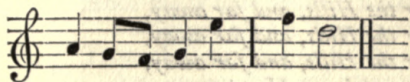
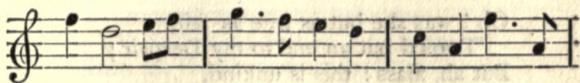
OH ! how you protest and solemnly swear,
 Look humble, and fawn like an Ass ;
 I'm pleas'd, I must own, when ever I see
 A Lover that's brought to this pass.
 Keep, keep further off, you're naughty I fear,
 I vow I will never, will never, will never yield to't ;
 You ask me in vain ; for never I swear,
 I never, no never, I never, no never,
 I never, no never will do't.

For when the Deed's done, how quickly you go,
 No more of the Lover remains,
 In hast you depart, whate'er we can do,
 And stubbornly throw off your Chains :
 Desist then in time, let's hear on't no more,
 I vow I will never yield to't ;
 You promise in vain, in vain you adore,
 For I will never, no never will do't.



JOCKEY'S *Lamentation.*





Jockey met with *Fenny* fair
 Betwixt the dawning and the Day,
 And *Fockey* now is full of Care,
 For *Fenny* stole his Heart away :
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 Yet she, alas, has prov'd unkind,
 That which do make poor *Fenny* rue,
 For *Fenny's* fickle as the Wind :
 And, 'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
 'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
 'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
 The Wind has blown my *Plad* away.

Fockey was a bonny Lad,
 As e'er was born in *Scotland* fair ;
 But now poor *Fockey* is run mad,
 For *Fenny* causes his Despair ;
Fockey was a Piper's Son,
 And fell in Love while he was young ;
 But all the Tunes that he could play,
 Was, o'er the Hills, and far away,
 And, 'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
 'Tis o'er the Hills and far away,
 'Tis o'er the Hills and far away,
 The Wind has blown my *Plad* away.

When first I saw my *Fenny's* Face,
 She did appear with sike a Grace,
 With muckle Joy my Heart was fill'd ;
 But now alas with Sorrow kill'd.

Oh !

Oh ! was she but as true as fair,
'Twou'd put an end to my Despair ;
But ah, alas ! this is unkind,
Which sore does terrify my Mind ;
'Twas o'er the Hills, and far away,
'Twas o'er the Hills, and far away,
'Twas o'er the Hills, and far away,
That Jenny stole my Heart away.

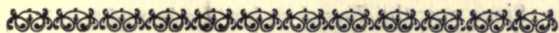
Did she but feel the dismal Woe
That for her Sake I undergo,
She surely then would grant Relief,
And put an end to all my Grief :
But oh, she is as false as fair,
Which causes all my sad Despair ;
She triumphs in a proud Disdain,
And takes Delight to see my Pain ;
'Tis o'er the Hills, &c.

Hard was my Hap to fall in Love,
With one that does so faithless prove ;
Hard was my fate to court the Maid,
That has my constant Heart betray'd :
A thousand times to me she swore,
She would be true for evermore :
But oh ! alas, with Grief I say,
She's stole my Heart, and run away ;
'Twas o'er the Hills, &c.

Good gentle *Cupid* take my part,
And pierce this false one to the Heart,
That she may once but feel the Woe,
As I for her do undergo ;
Oh ! make her feel this raging Pain,
That for her Love I do sustain ;
She sure would then more gentle be,
And soon repent her Cruelty ;
'Tis o'er the Hills, &c.

I now must wander for her sake,
 Since that she will no Pity take,
 Into the Woods and shady Grove,
 And bid adieu to my false Love :
 Since she is false whom I adore,
 I ne'er will trust a Woman more,
 From all their Charms I'll fly away,
 And on my Pipe will sweetly play ;
'Tis o'er the Hills, &c.

There by my self I'll sing and say,
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
 That my poor Heart is gone astray,
 Which makes me grieve both Night and Day ;
 Farewel, farewel, thou cruel she,
 I fear that I shall die for thee :
 But if I live, this Vow I'll make,
 To love no other for your sake.
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
The Wind has blown my Plad away.



The Recruiting Officer: *Or, The Merry*
Volunteers: Being an Excellent New
Copy of Verses upon raising Recruits.

To the foregoing Tune.

HARK ! now the Drums beat up again,
 For all true Soldiers Gentlemen,
 Then let us list, and march I say,
 Over the Hills and far away ;
 Over the Hills and o'er the Main,
 To *Flanders, Portugal and Spain,*
 Queen *Ann* commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills and far away.

All Gentlemen that have a Mind,
To serve the Queen that's good and kind ;
Come list and enter into Pay,
Then o'er the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

Here's Forty Shillings on the Drum,
For those that Volunteers do come,
With Shirts, and Cloaths, and present Pay,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

Hear that brave Boys, and let us go,
Or else we shall be prest you know ;
Then list and enter into Pay,
And o'er the Hills and far away,

Over the Hills, &c.

The Constables they search about,
To find such brisk young Fellows out ;
Then let's be Volunteers I say,
Over the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

Since now the *French* so low are brought,
And Wealth and Honour's to be got,
Who then behind wou'd sneaking stay ?
When o'er the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

No more from sound of Drum retreat,
While *Marlborough*, and *Gallaway* beat,
The *French* and *Spaniards* every Day,
When over the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

He that is forc'd to go and fight,
Will never get true Honour by't,
While Volunteers shall win the Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

What

What tho' our Friends our Absence mourn,
We all with Honour shall return ;
And then we'll sing both Night and Day,
Over the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

The Prentice *Tom* he may refuse,
To wipe his angry Master's Shoes ;
For then he's free to sing and play,
Over the Hills and far away ;

Over the Hills, &c.

Over Rivers, Bogs, and Springs,
We all shall live as great as Kings,
And Plunder get both Night and Day,
When over the Hills and far away,

Over the Hills, &c.

We then shall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,
'That Scold on both Night and Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away :

Over the Hills, &c.

Come on then Boys and you shall see,
We every one shall Captains be,
To Whore and rant as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away :

Over the Hills, &c.

For if we go 'tis one to Ten,
But we return all Gentlemen,
All Gentlemen as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away :

Over the Hills, &c.

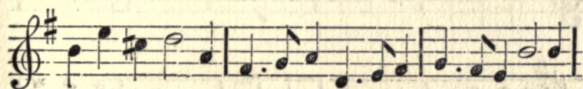
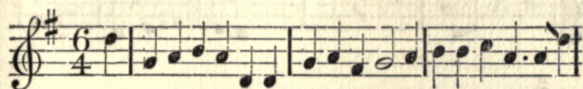


A Scotch SONG. *Set by* Mr. JOHN BARRETT.

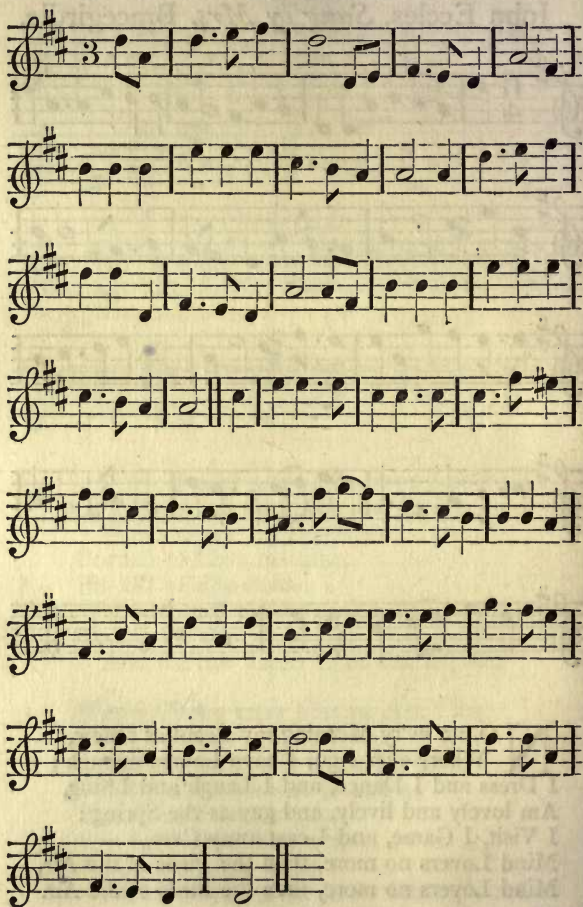
A H! foolish Lass, what mun I do?
 My Modesty I well may rue,
 Which of my Joy bereft me;
 For full of Love he came,
 But out of silly shame,
 With pish and phoo I play'd,
 To muckle the coy Maid,
 And the raw young Loon has left me.

Wou'd *Fockey* knew how muckle I lue,
 Did I less Art, or did he shew,
 More Nature, how bleast I'd be;
 I'd not have reason to complain,
 That I lue'd now in vain,
 Gen he more a Man was,
 I'd be less a coy Lass,
 Had the raw young Loon weel try'd me.

*A SONG in the Comedy call'd Justice Buisy,
or the Gentleman Quack : Set by Mr.
John Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.*



NO, no ev'ry Morning my Beauties renew,
Where-ever I go, I have Lovers enough ;
I Dress and I Dance, and I Laugh and I Sing,
Am lovely and lively, and gay as the Spring :
I Visit, I Game, and I cast away Care,
Mind Lovers no more, than the Birds of the Air,
Mind Lovers no more, than the Birds of the Air.

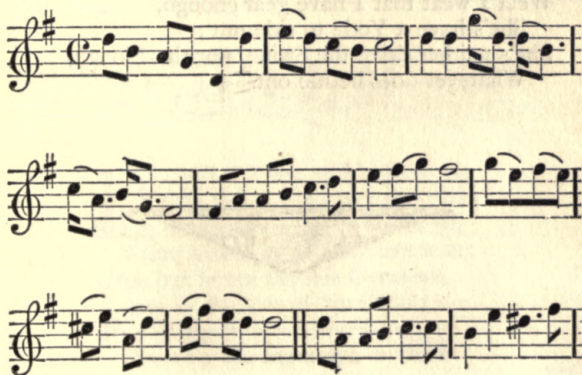
A SONG. Set by Mr. WILLIS.

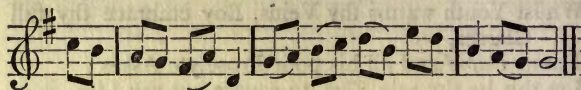
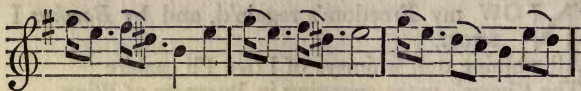
Now

NOW my Freedom's regain'd, and by *Bacchus* I
swear,
All whining dull whimsys of Love I'll cashire :
The Charm's more engaging in Bumpers of Wine,
Then let *Chloe* be Damn'd, but let this be Divine :
Whilst Youth warms thy Veins, Boy embrace thy full
Glasses,
Damn *Cupid* and all his poor Proselyte Asses ;
Let this be thy rule *Tom*, to square out thy Life,
And when Old in a Friend, thou'lt live free from all
Strife,
Only envied by him that is plagu'd with a Wife.



A Scotch SONG, the Words by Mr. Peter
Noble, Set by Mr. John Wilford.





BONNY *Scottish* Lads that keens me weel,
 Lith ye what, ye what good Luck Ise fun ;
Moggey is mine own in spight o'th' De'el,
 I alone her Heart has won :
 Near St. *Andrew's* Kirk in *London* Town,
 There Ise, Ise met my Dearest Joy ;
 Shinening in her Silken Hued and Gown,
 But ne'er ack, ne'er ack she prov'd not Coy.

Then after many Compliments,
 Streight we gang'd into the Kirk ;
 There full weel she tuck the documents,
 And flang me many pleasing Smirk :
 Weel I weat that I have gear enough,
 She's have a Yode to ride ont ;
 She's neither drive the Swine, nor the Plough,
 Whatever does betide ont.



*A New SONG in the Play call'd, a DUKE
and no DUKE. Sung by Mrs. CIBBER.*



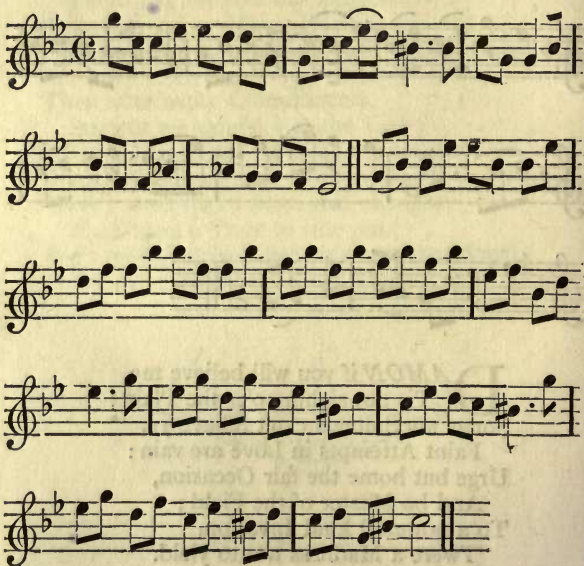
DAMON if you will believe me,
'Tis not sighing o'er the Plain;
Songs nor Sonnets can't relieve ye,
Faint Attempts in Love are vain:
Urge but home the fair Occasion,
And be Master of the Field;
To a powerful kind Invasion,
'Twere a Madness not to yield.

Tho'

Tho' she vow's she'll ne'er permit ye,
 Says you're rude, and much to blame;
 And with Tears implores your pity,
 Be not merciful for shame:
 When the first assault is over,
Chloris time enough will find;
 This so fierce and Cruel Lover,
 Much more gentle, not so kind.



*A SONG. The Words made to a Tune of
 the late Mr. Henry Purcell's.*



DRUNK I was last Night that's poss,
My Wife began to Scold ;
Say what I cou'd for my Heart's Blood,
Her Clack she wou'd not hold :
Thus her Chat she did begin,
Is this your time of coming in ;
The Clock strikes One, you'll be undone,
If thus you lead your Life :
My Dear said I, I can't deny,
But what you say is true ;
I do intend, my Life to mend,
Pray lends the Pot to Spew.

Fye, you Sot, I ne'er can bear,
To rise thus e'ery Night ;
Tho' like a Beast you never care,
What consequence comes by't :
The Child and I may starve for you,
We neither can have half our due ;
With grief I find, you're so unkind,
In time you'll break my Heart :
At that I smil'd, and said dear Child,
I believe your in the wrong ;
But if't shou'd be you're destiny,
I'll sing a merry Song.



*The Gelding the Devil. Set by Mr. Tho.
Wroth.*



I Met with the Devil in the shape of a Ram,
Then over and over the Sow-gelder came ;
I rose and halter'd him fast by the Horns,
And pick'd out his Stones, as you would pick out
Corns ;
Maa, quoth the Devil, with that out he slunk,
And left us a Carkass of Mutton that stunk.

I chanc'd to ride forth a Mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in disguise of a Calf;
I bound him and Gelt him e'er he did any evil,
For he was at the best but a young sucking Devil:
Maa, yet he cries, and forth he did steal,
And this was sold after for excellent Veal.

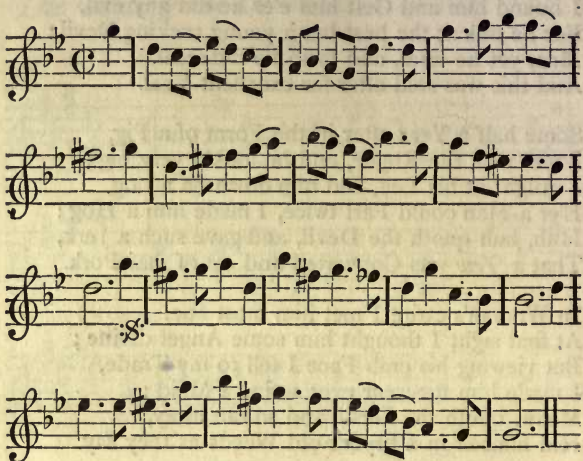
Some half a Year after in the Form of a Pig,
I met with the Rogue, and he look'd very big;
I caught at his Leg, laid him down on a Log,
E'er a Man could Fart twice, I made him a Hog:
Huh, huh quoth the Devil, and gave such a Jerk,
That a *Few* was Converted and eat of that Pork.

In Woman's attire I met him most fine,
At first sight I thought him some Angel divine;
But viewing his crab Face I fell to my Trade,
I made him forswear ever acting a Maid:
Meaw, quoth the Devil, and so ran away,
Hid himself in a Fryer's old Weeds as they say.

I walked along and it was my good chance,
To meet with a Black-coat that was in a Trance;
I speedily grip'd him and whip'd off his Cods,
'Twixt his Head and his Breech, I left little odds:
O, quoth the Devil, and so away ran,
Thou oft will be curst by many a Woman.



A SONG.



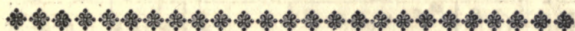
WHEN *Femmy* first began to love,
 He was the finest Swain ;
 That ever yet a Flock had drove,
 Or Danc'd upon the Plain :
 'Twas then that I, woe's me poor heart,
 My Freedom threw away ;
 And finding sweets in every part,
 I could not say him nay.

For ever when he spake of Love,
 He wou'd his Eyes decline ;
 Each Sigh he gave a Heart wou'd move,
 Good faith, and why not mine :
 He'd press my Hand, and Kiss it oft,
 His silence spoke his Flame ;
 And whilst he treated me thus soft,
 I wish'd him more to blame.

Some-

Sometimes to feed my Flock with his,
 Femmy wou'd me invite ;
Where he the finest Songs would Sing,
 Me only to Delight :
Then all his Graces he display'd,
 Which were enough I trow ;
To conquer any Princely Maid,
 So did he me I trow.

But now for *Femmy* I must Mourn,
 He to the Wars must go ;
His Sheephook to a Sword must turn,
 Alack what shall I do ?
His Bagpipes into Warlike sounds,
 Must now converted be ;
His Garlands into fearful Wounds,
 Oh ! what becomes of me ?



A SONG ; to the Tune of Woobourn Fair.
Vol. 4. Pag. 330.

JILTING is in such a Fashion,
 And such a Fame,
 Runs o'er the Nation,
 There's never a Dame
Of highest Rank, or of Fame,
Sir, but will stoop to your Caresses,
If you do but put home your Addresses :
It's for that she Paints, and she Patches,
All she hopes to secure is her Name, Sir.

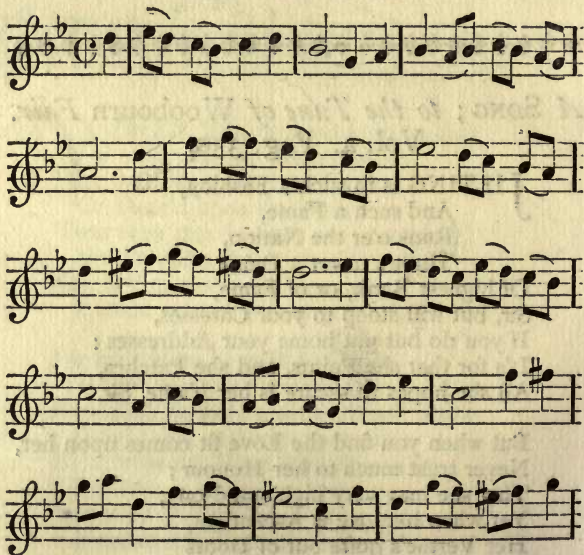
But when you find the Love fit comes upon her,
Never trust much to her Honour ;
Tho' she may very high stand on't,
Yet when her love is Ascendant,
Her Vertue's quite out of Doors

High Breeding, rank Feeding,
With lazy Lives leading,
In Ease and soft Pleasures,
And taking loose Measures,
With Play-house Diversions,
And Midnight Excursions,
With Balls Masquerading,
And Nights Serenading,
Debauch the Sex into Whores, Sir.



A SONG.

Set by Mr. PACK.



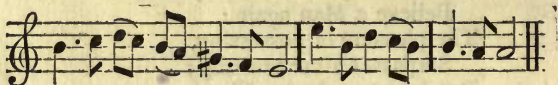
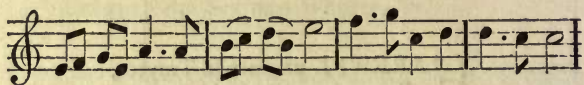
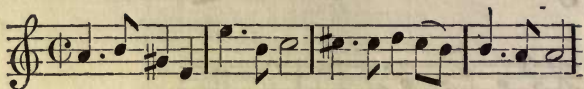


FAREWEL ungrateful Traytor,
 Farewel my Perjur'd Swain :
 Let never injur'd Creature,
 Believe a Man again :
 'The pleasure of possessing,
 Surpasses all expressing ;
 But Joys too short a Blessing,
 And love too long a Pain :
But Joys too short a Blessing,
And Love too long a Pain.

'Tis easie to deceive us,
 In pity of your Pain ;
 But when we Love, you leave us,
 To rail at you in vain :
 Before we have descry'd it,
 There is no Bliss beside it ;
 But she that once has try'd it,
 Will never Love again.

The Passion you pretended,
 Was only to obtain ;
 But when the Charm is ended,
 The Charmer you disdain :
 Your Love by ours we measure,
 'Till we have lost our Treasure ;
 But dying is a Pleasure,
 When living is a Pain.

A SONG.



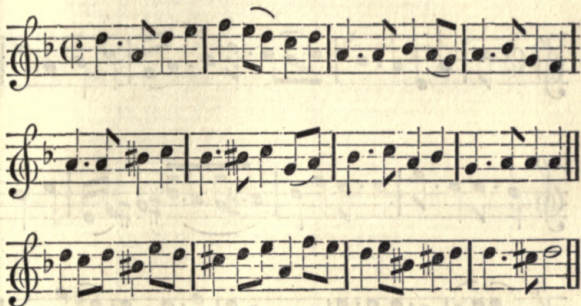
YOU I Love by all that's true,
 More than all things here below ;
 With a Passion far more great,
 Than e'er Creature loved yet :
 And yet still you cry forbear,
 Love no more, or Love not here.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
 Bid the Wretched sigh no more ;
 Bid the Old be young again,
 Bid the *Nun* not think of Man :
Sylvia thus when you can do,
 Bid me then not think on you.

Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate,
 What makes me Love, that makes you Hate :
Sylvia you do what you will,
 Ease or Cure, Torment or Kill :
 Be Kind or Cruel, False or True,
 Love I must, and none but you.

A SONG.

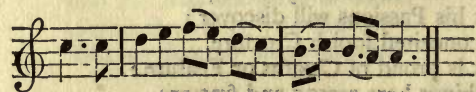
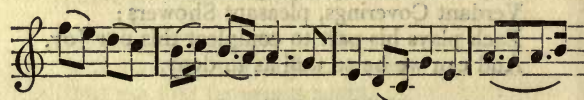
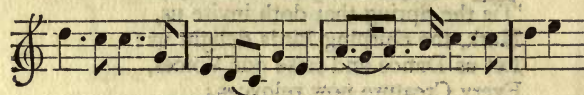
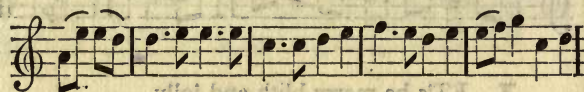
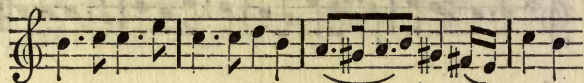
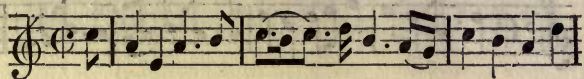
Note : *You must Sing 8 lines to the first Strain.*



LET's be merry blith and jolly,
 Stupid Dulness is a Folly ;
 'Tis the Spring that doth invite us,
 Hark, the chirping Birds delight us :
 Let us Dance and raise our Voices,
 Every Creature now rejoyces ;
 Airy Blasts and springing Flowers,
 Verdant Coverings, pleasant Showers :
 Each plays his part to compleat this our Joy,
 And can we be so dull as to deny.

Here's no foolish surly Lover,
 That his Passions will discover ;
 No conceited fopish Creature,
 That is proud of Cloaths or Feature :
 All things here serene and free are,
 They're not Wise, are not as we are ;
 Who acknowledge Heavens Blessings,
 In our innocent Caressings :
 Then let us Sing, let us Dance, let us Play,
 'Tis the Time is allow'd, 'tis the Month of *May*.

*A New SONG, the Words by Mr. J. C.
Set to Musick by Dr. Prettle.*



NO *Phillis*, tho' you've all the Charms,
Ambitious Woman can desire ;
All Beauty, Wit, and Youth that warms,
Or sets our foolish Hearts on fire ;

Yet

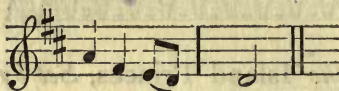
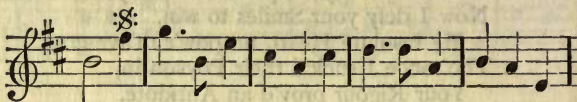
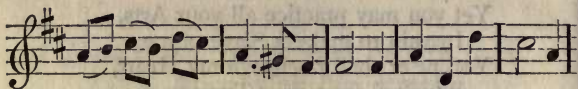
Yet you may practice all your Arts,
 In vain to make a Slave of me ;
 You ne'er shall re-engage my Heart,
 Revolted from your Tyranny :
You ne'er shall re-engage my Heart,
Revolted from your Tyranny.

When first I saw those dang'rous Eyes,
 They did my Liberty betray ;
 But when I knew your Cruelties,
 I snatch'd my simple Heart away :
 Now I defy your Smiles to win,
 My resolute Heart, no pow'r th'ave got ;
 Tho' once I suck'd their Poyson in,
 Your Rigour prov'd an Antidote.



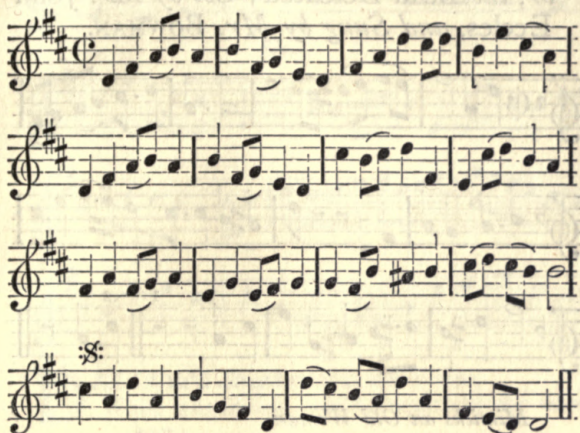
The Epilogue to the Island Princes, Set by
Mr. Clark, Sung by Mrs. Lindsey, and
the Boy.





NOW to you ye dry Wooers,
 Old Beaus, and no doers,
 So doughty, so gouty,
 So useless and toothless,
 Your blindless, cold kindness,
 Has nothing of Man ;
 Still doating, or gloating,
 Still stumbling, or fumbling,
 Still hawking, still baulking,
 You flash in the Pan :
 Unfit like old Brooms,
 For sweeping our Rooms,
 You're sunk and you're shrunk,
 Then repent and look to't ;
 In vain you're so upish, in vain you're so upish,
 You're down ev'ry foot.

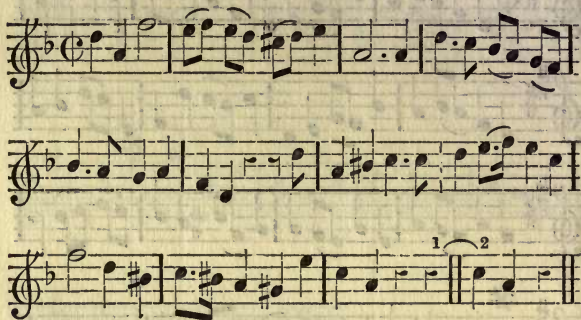
A Scotch SONG, Set by Mr. R. BROWN.



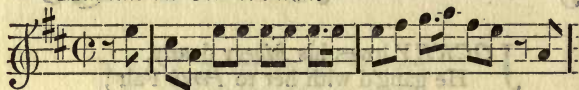
JOCKEY loves his *Moggy* dearly,
 He gang'd with her to *Perth* Fair ;
 There we Sung and Pip'd together,
 And when done, then down I'd lay her :
 I so pull'd her, and so lull'd her,
 Both o'erwhelm'd with muckle Joy ;
Mog. kiss'd *Fockey*, *Fockey Moggy*,
 From long Night to break of Day.

I told *Mog.* 'twas muckle pleasing,
Moggy cry'd she'd do again such ;
 I reply'd I'd glad gang with thee,
 But 'twould wast my muckle Coyn much :
 She lamented, I relented,
 Both wish'd Bodies might increase ;
 Then we'd gang next Year together,
 And my Pipe shall never cease.

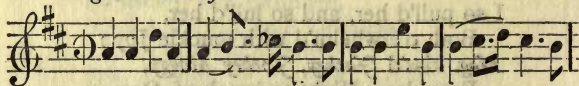
*A SONG, in the Lucky Younger Brother,
or, the Beau Defeated; Set by Mr. John
Eccles, and Sung by Mr. BOWMAN.*



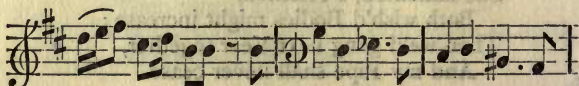
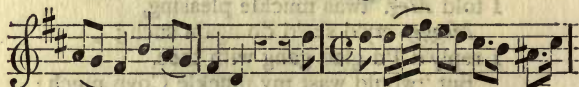
Mimicks an Old Woman.



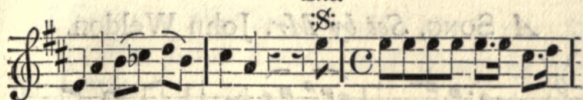
Sings as himself.



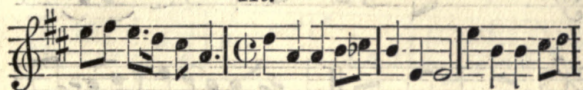
She.



She.



He.



DELIA tir'd *Strephon* with her Flame,
While languishing, while languishing she view'd
him ;

The well dress'd Youth despis'd the Dame,

But still ; still ; but still the old Fool pursu'd him :

Some pity on a Wretch bestow,

That lyes at your Devotion ;

Perhaps near fifty Years ago,

Perhaps near fifty Years ago,

I might have lik'd the Motion.

If you, proud Youth, my Flame despise,

I'll hang me in my Garters ;

Why then make hast to win the Prize,

Among loves foolish Martyrs :

Can you see *Delia* brought so low,

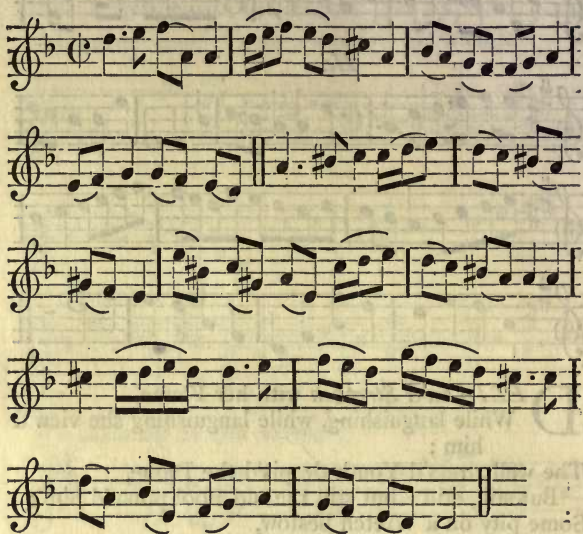
And make her no Requitals ?

Delia may to the Devil go, *Delia* may to the Devil,

Devil go, to the Devil, Devil, Devil, Devil Devil,

Devil go for *Strephon* ;

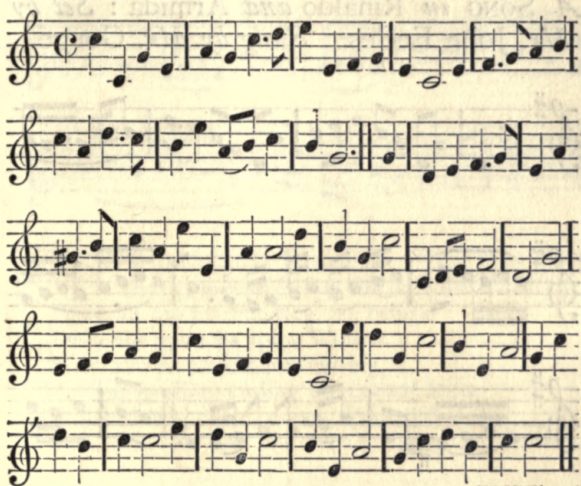
Stop my Vitals, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop my Vitals.

A SONG, Set by Mr. John Weldon.

SWAIN thy hopeless Passion smother,
 Perjur'd *Celia* loves another ;
 In his Arms I saw her lying,
 Panting, Kissing, Trembling, Dying :
 There the Fair deceiver swore,
 As once she did to you before.

Oh ! said you, when She deceives me,
 When that Constant Creatures leave me ;
Isis Waters back shall fly,
 And leave their *Ouzy* Channels dry :
 Turn your *VV*aters, leave your Shore,
 For perjur'd *Celia* loves no more.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd the BITER, Set
by Mr. John Eccles, and Sung by Mr.
Cook.



CHLOE blush'd and frown'd and swore,
And push'd me rudely from her ;

I call'd her Faithless, Jilting VVhore,

To talk to me of Honour :

But when I rose and wou'd be gone,

She cry'd nay, whither go ye ?

Young *Damon* saw, now we're alone,

Do, do, do what you will, do what you will with

Chloe :

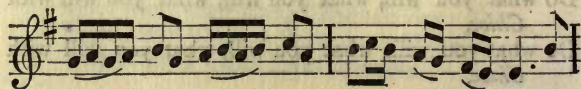
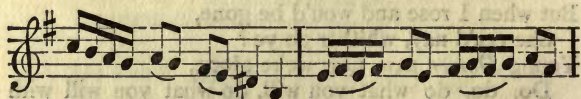
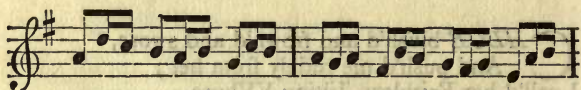
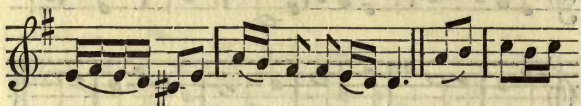
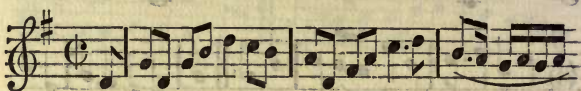
Do what you will, what you will, what you will with

Chloe,

Do what you will, what you will, what you will with

Chloe.

*A SONG in Rinaldo and Armida : Set by
Mr. John Eccles. Sung by Mr. Gouge.*





THE Jolly, Jolly Breeze,
That comes whistling through the Trees ;
From all the blissful Regions brings,
Perfumes upon its spicy Wings :
With its wanton motion curling,
Curling, curling, curling the crystal Rills,
Which down, down, down, down the Hills,
Run, run, run, run, run o'er Golden gravel purling.

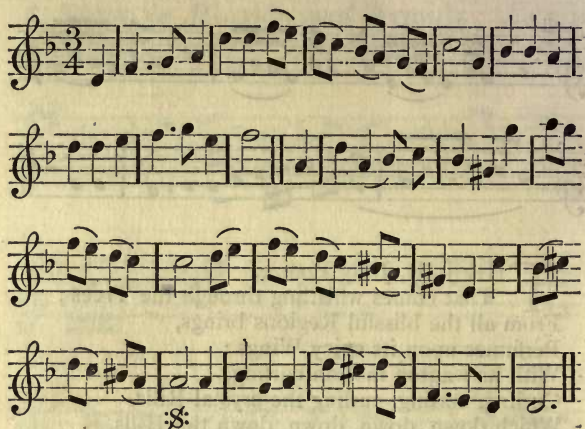


*A SONG on the Punch Bowl. To the fore-
going Tune.*

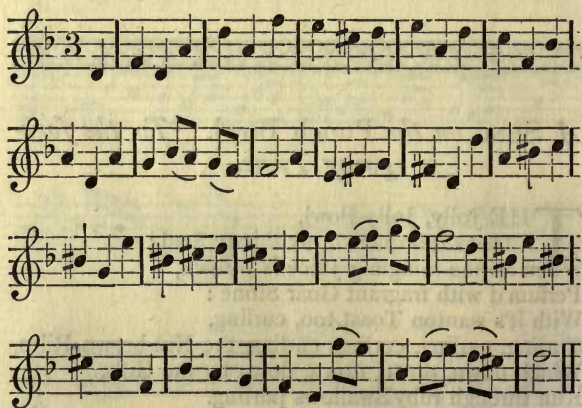
THE Jolly, Jolly Bowl,
That does quench my thirsty Soul ;
When all the mingling Juice is thrown,
Perfum'd with fragrant Goar Stone :
With it's wanton Toast too, curling,
Curling, curling, curling, curling the Nut-brown Riles,
Which down, down, down, down by the Gills,
Run through ruby Swallows purling.

The

*The PROLOGUE in the Island-Princess,
Set and Sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE.*



Brisk.



You've been with dull Prologues here banter'd so long,
They signify nothing, or less than a Song ;
To sing you a Ballad this Tune we thought fit,
For Sound has oft nickt you, when Sence could not hit :
Then Ladies be kind, and Gentlemen mind,
Wit Capers, play Sharpers, loud Bullies, tame Cullies,
Sow grumblers, Wench Fumblers give ear ev'ry Man :
Mobb'd Sinners in Pinnars, kept Foppers, Bench-hoppers,
High-Flyers, Pit-Plyers, be still if you can :
You're all in Damnation, you're all in Damnation for
Leading the Van.

Ye Side-Box Gallants, whom the vulgar call Beaus,
Admirers of Self, and nice Judges of Cloaths ;
Who now the War's over cross boldly the Main,
Yet ne'er were at Seiges, unless at Campaign :
Spare all on the Stage, Love in every Age,
Young Tattles, Wild Rattles, Fan-Tearers, Mask-Fleerers,
Old Coasters, Love boasters, who set up for Truth :
Young Graces, Black Faces, some Faded, some Jaded,
Old Mothers, and others, who've yet a Colt's Tooth :
See us Act that in Winter, you'd all Act in Youth.

You Gallery Haunters, who love to lye snug,
And maunch Apples or Cakes, while some Neighbour
you hugg ;
Ye lofties, Genteels, who above us all sit,
And look down with Contempt, on the Mob in the Pit,
Here's what you like best, Jigg, Song and the rest,
Free Laughers, close Graffers, dry Jokers, old Soakers,
Kind Cousins, by Dozens, your Customs don't break :
Sly Spouses with Blouses, grave Horners, in Corners,
Kind No-wits, save Poets, clap 'till your Hands ake,
And tho' the Wits Damn us, we'll say the Whims take.

*A SONG Set by Mr. JOHN BARRETT, and,
Sung by Mrs. LINDSEY.*



CÆLIA hence with Affectation,
Hence with all this careless Air;
Hypocrisy is out of Fashion,
With the Witty and the Fair:

Nature

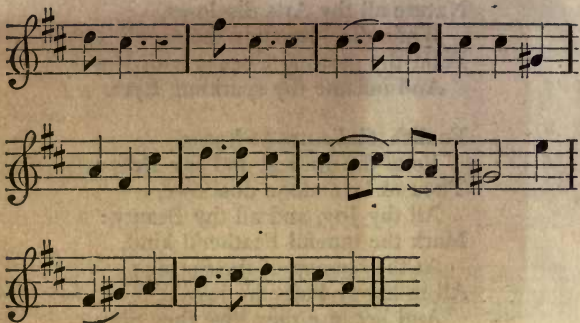
Nature all thy Arts discloses,
While the Pleasures she supplies;
Paint thy glowing Cheeks with Roses,
And inflame thy sparkling Eyes.

Foolish *Cælia* not to know,
Love thy Int'rest and thy Duty;
Thou to love alone dost owe,
All thy Joy, and all thy Beauty:
Mark the tuneful Feather'd kind,
At the coming of the Spring;
All in happy Pairs are joyn'd,
And because they love they Sing.



A SONG, Set by Mr. CLARK.

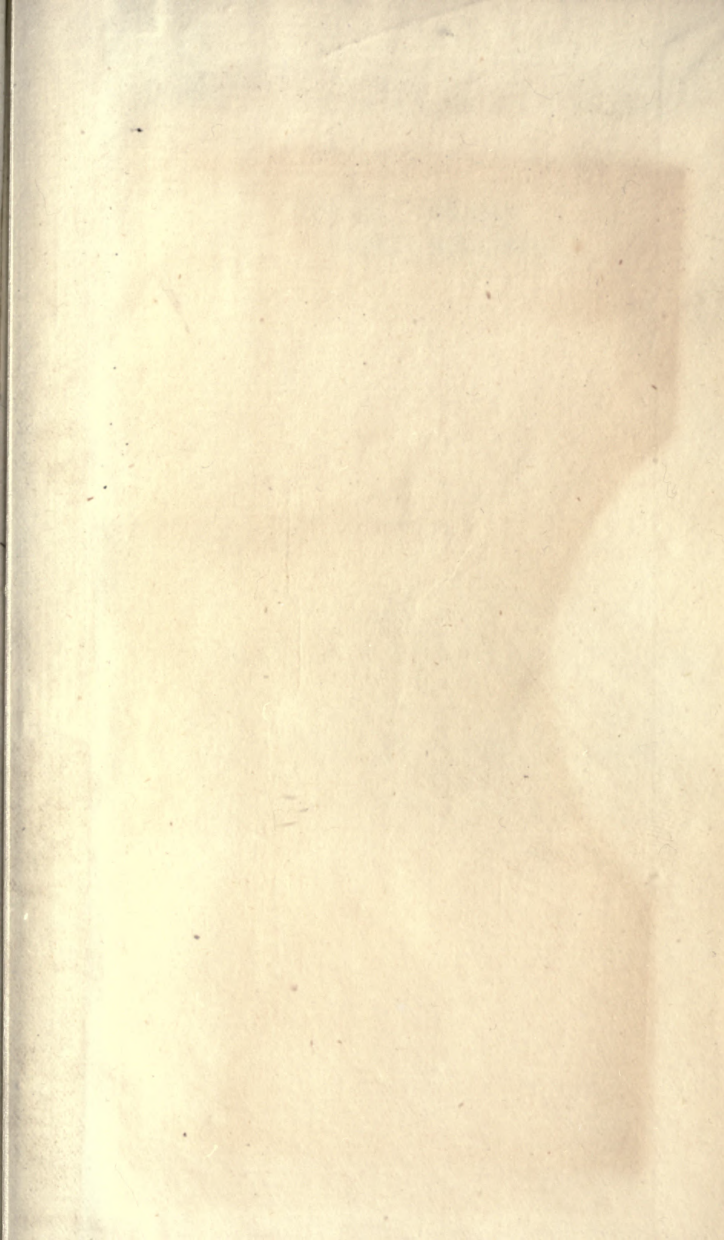




HOW often have I curs'd that sable Deceit,
 For making me wish and admire ;
 And rifle poor *Ovid* to learn to intreat,
 When Reason might check my desire :
 For sagely of late it has been disclos'd,
 There's nothing, nothing conceal'd uncommon ;
 No Miracles under a Mask repos'd,
 When knowing *Cynthia's* a Woman.

Tho' Beauty's great Charms our Sences delude,
 'Tis the Centre attracts our Needle ;
 And Love's a Jest when thought to intrude,
 The design of it to unriddle :
 A Virgin may show strange coyness in Love,
 And tell you Chimera's of Honour ;
 But give her her Wish, the Man she approves,
 No Labour he'll have to win her.

FINIS.



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M.S.C. 11.7-38

D'Urfey, Thomas
Songs compleat

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