

WIT and MIRTH:
OR
PILLS
TO PURGE

Melancholy;

BEING

A Collection of the best Merry BALLADS
and SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their proper
TUNE for either Voice, or Instrument:
Most of the SONGS being new Set.

The Sixth and Last VOL.



LONDON:

Printed by *W. Pearson*, for *J. Tonson*, at
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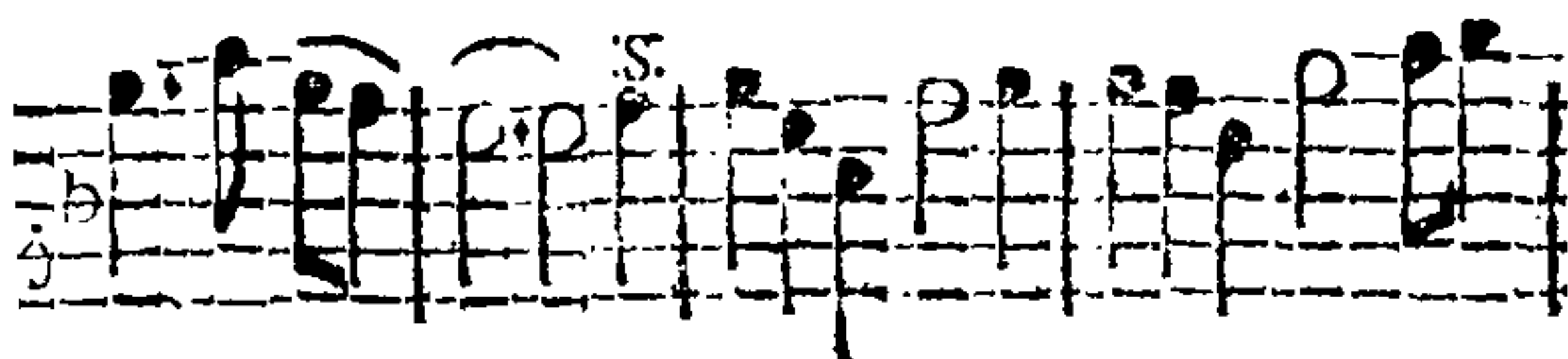
PILLS



Pills to Purge Melancholy.

VOL. VI.

A BALLAD on the Battle of AUDENARD.
Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



Y E Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your Ears,
I'll Sing you a Song if I can;
How *Lewis le Grand*,
Was put to a Stand,
the Arms of our Gracious Queen ANN.

How his Army so great,
 Had a total Defeat,
 Not far from the River of *Dender* :
 Where his Grand-Children twain,
 For fear of being slain,
 Gallop'd off with the Popish Pretender.

To a Steeple on High
 The Battle to Spy,
 Up Mounted these clever young Men ;
 And when from the Spire
 They saw so much Fire,
 They cleverly came down again.

Then a Horse-back they got
 All upon the same spot,
 By advice of their Cousin *Vendosme* ;
 O Lord ! cry'd out he
 Unto young *Burgundy*,
 Wou'd your Brother and you were at Home.

Just so did he say
 When without more delay,
 Away the young Gentry fled ;
 Whose Heels for that Work
 Were much lighter than Cork,
 But their Hearts were more heavy than Lead.

Not so did behave
 The young *Hannover* brave
 In this bloody Field I assure ye ;
 When his War-Horse was shot,
 Yet he matter'd it not,
 But charg'd still on Foot like a Fury.

When Death flew about
 Aloud he call'd out
 Ho ! you Chevalier of St. GEORGE ;
 If you'll never stand
 By Sea nor by Land,
 Pretender, that Title you forge.

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

3

Thus boldly he stood,
As became that high Blood,
Which runs in his Véins so blue;
This Gallant young Man
Being kin to Queen ANN;
Fought, as were she a Man, she wou'd do.

What a Racket was here,
(I think 'twas last Year)
For a little ill Fortune in Spain;
When by letting 'em Win,
We have drawn the Putts in
To lose all they are worth this Campaign.

Tho' *Bruges* and *Ghent*,
To the Monsieur we lent,
With Interest he soon shall repay 'em;
While *Paris* may Sing
With her sorrowful King
De Profundis, instead of *Te Deum*.

From their Dream of Success,
They'll awaken we guess
At the Sound of Great *Marlborough's* Drums;
They may think if they will
Of *Almanza* still,
But 'tis *Blenheim* wherever he comes.

O *Lewis* perplex'd,
What General's next?
Thou hast hitherto chang'd 'em in vain;
He has beat 'em all round,
If no new ones are found,
He shall Beat the old over again.

We'll let *Tallard* out
If he'll take t'other bout;
And much he's improv'd let me tell ye
With *Nottingham Ale*,
At every Meal,
And good Pudding and Beef in his Belly.

As Losers at Play,
 Their Dice throw away,
 While the Winner he still Wins on;
 Let who will Command,
 Thou hadst better Disband,
 For Old Bully thy Doctors are gone.



A Happy Memorable BALLAD, *On the Fight near Audenard, between the Duke of Marlborough, of Great-Britain; and the Duke of Vendosme, of France. As also the strange and wonderful Manner how the Princes of the Blood Royal of France, were found in a Wood. In allusion to the Unhappy Memorable SONG commonly call'd CHEVY-CHACE.*



GOD Prosper long our Gracious Queen,
 Our Lives and Safeties all;
 A woful Fight of late their did
 Near *Audenard* befall.

To drive the *French* with Sword and Gun,
 Brave *Marlborough* took his Way;
 Ah! woe the Time that *France* beheld
 The Fighting of that Day.

The Valiant Duke to Heaven had swore,
Vendosme thou'd pay full dear,
 For *Ghent* and *Bruges*, e'er his Fame
 Should reach his Matter's Ear.

And now with Eighty Thousand bold,
 And chosen Men of Might;
 He with the *French* began to wage
 A sharp and bloody Fight.

The Gallant *Britains* swiftly ran
 The *French* away to Chase;
 On *Wednesday* they began to fight,
 When Day-light did decrease.

And long before high-Night, they had
 Ten Thousand *Frenchmen* slain;
 And all the Rivers Crimson flow'd,
 As they were dy'd in grain.

The *Britains* thro' the Woods pursu'd,
 The nimble *French* to take;
 And with their Cries the Hills and Dales,
 And every Tree did shake.

The Duke then to the Wood did come,
 In Hopes *Vendosme* to meet;
 When lo! the Prince of *Carignan*
 Fell at his Grace's Feet.

Oh! Gentle Duke forbear, forbear,
 Into that Wood to shoot;
 Ever pity mov'd your Grace,
 But turn your Eyes and look:

Where the Royal Line of *France*,
 Great *Lewis's* Heirs do lie;
 And sure a Sight more pitious was
 Ne'er seen by Mortal Eye.

What Heart of Flint but must relent,
Like Wax before the Sun ;
To see their Glory at an end,
E'er yet it was begun.

Whenas our General found your Grace,
Wou'd needs begin to Fight :
As thinking it wou'd please the Boys,
To see so fine a Sight.

He straightway sent them to the Top
Of yonder Church's Spire ;
Where they might see, and yet be safe
From Swords and Guns, and Fire.

But first he took them by the Hand,
And kiss'd them e'er they went ;
Whilst Tears stood in their little Eyes,
As if they knew th' Event.

Then said, he would with Speed return,
Soon as the Fight was done ;
But when he saw his Men give Ground,
Away he basely run,

And left these Children all alone,
As Babes wanting Relief ;
And long they wandred up and down,
No Hopes to chear their Grief.

Thus Hand in Hand they walked, 'till
At last this Wood they spy'd ;
And when they saw the Night grow dark,
They here lay down-and cry'd.

At this the Duke was inly mov'd,
His Breast soft Pity beat ;
And so he straightway ordered
His Men for to Retreat.

And now, but that my Pen is blunt,
I might with ease relate;
How Fifteen Thousand *French* were took,
Besides what found their Fate.

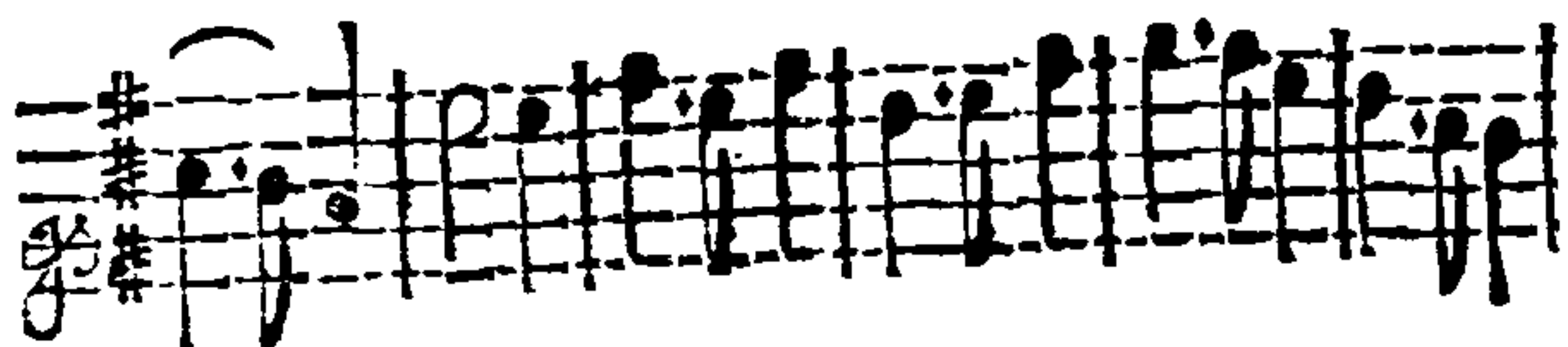
Nor shou'd the Prince of *Hannover*
In Silence be forgot;
Who like a *Lyon* fought on Foot,
After his Horse was shot.

And what strange Chance likewise beset,
Unto these Children dear;
But that your Patience is too much
Already tir'd, I fear.

And so God bless the Queen and Duke,
And send a lasting Peace;
That Wars and foul Debate henceforth
In all the World may cease.



*The Duke of Marlborough's Health. Set by
Mr. R. Cox.*



COME, here's a good Health, the Duke I do mean,
 That bravely Fought, that bravely Fought for
 May his Fate still be, (his Nation and Queen,
 That Conquer shall he
 'Till the Nation with Peace it be Crown'd;
 Come Lads never think,
 But his Health let's Drink,
 And Sing his Great Praise, and Sing his Great Praise
 (whilst Bumpers pass Round

The Duke of Marlborough's HEALTH.

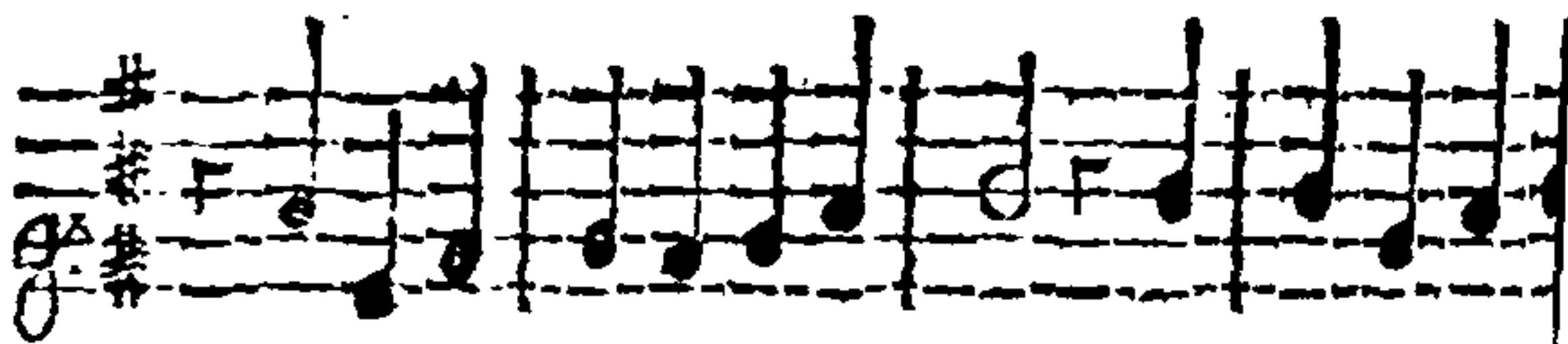
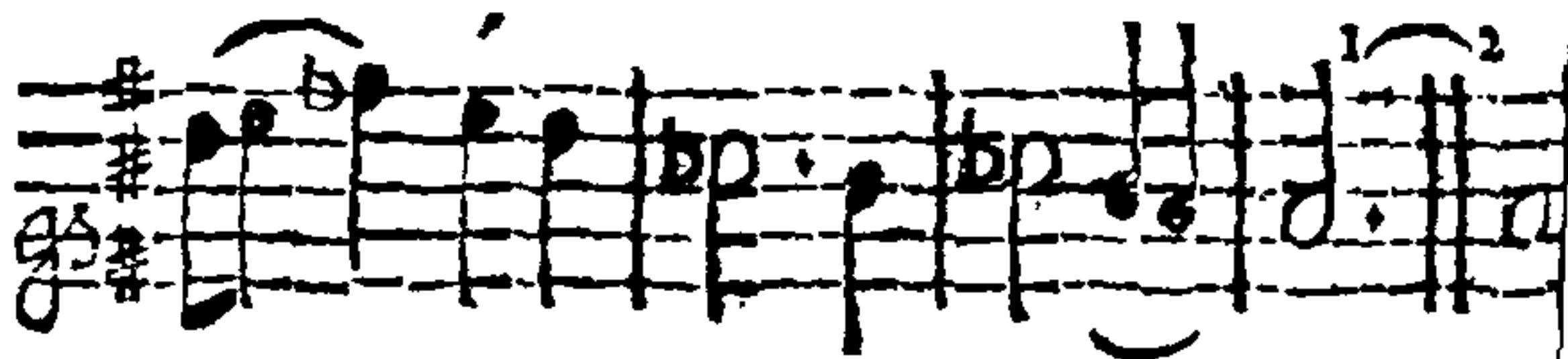
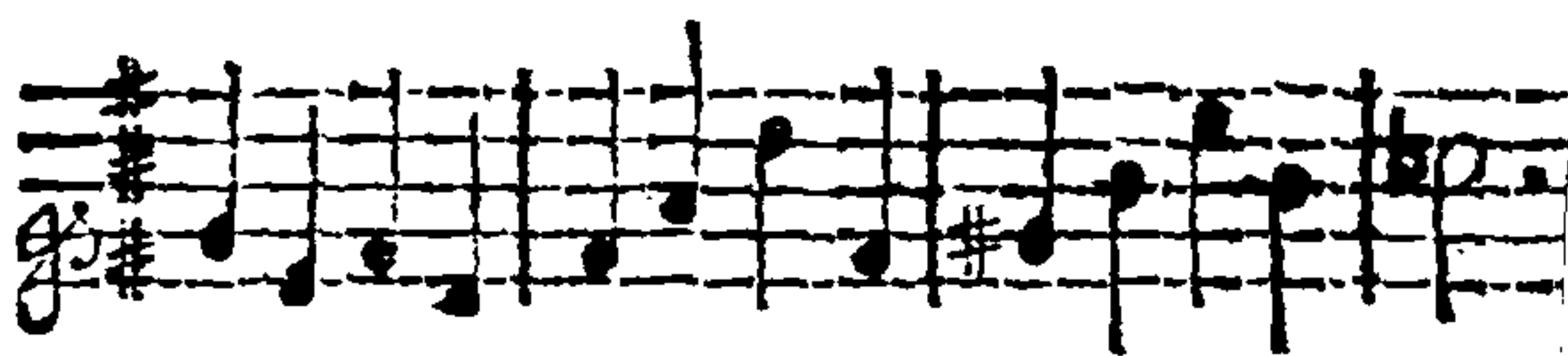
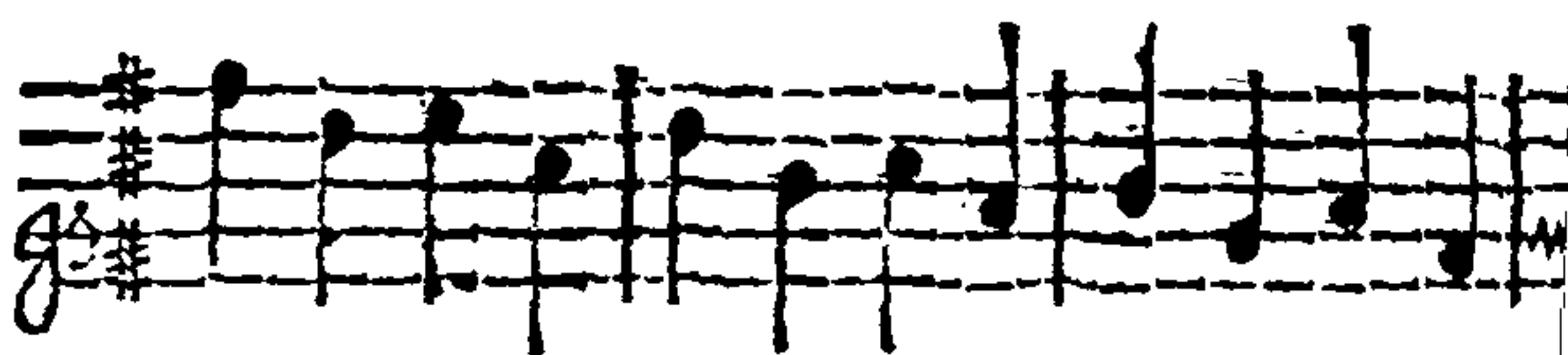
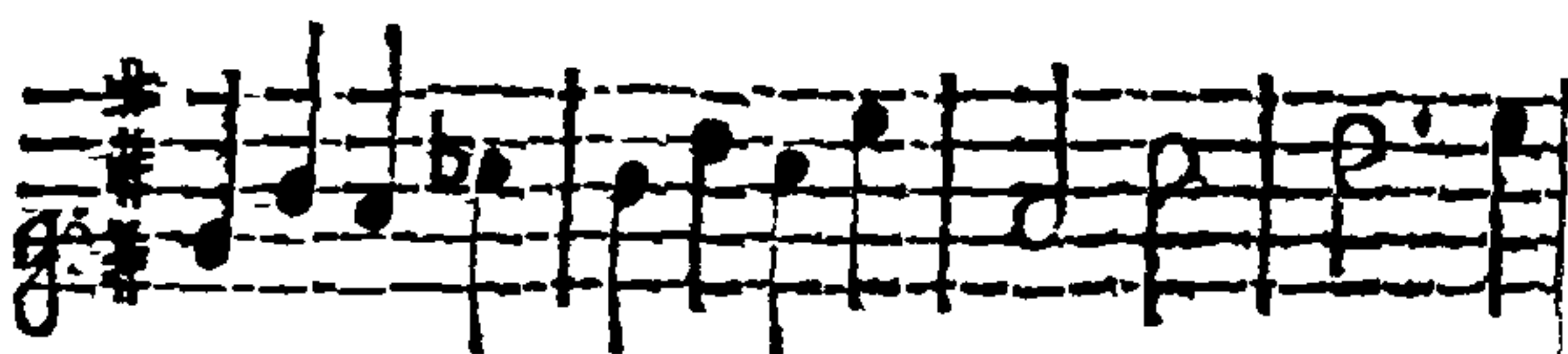
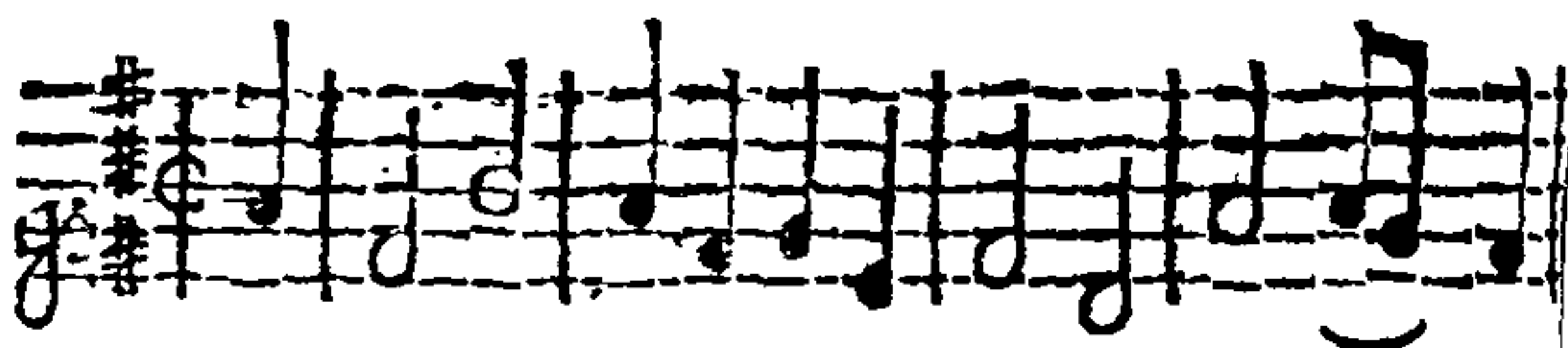


Marlborough's a brave Commander,
 He Conducts us into the Field;
 As bold as *Alexander*,
 He'll Dye Before he'll yield:

Sound the Trumpet Sound, Boys:
 Let each Man stand his Ground, Boys;
 Ne'er let us flinch, nor give back an Inch;
 And so let his Health go round, Boys.

A S O N G

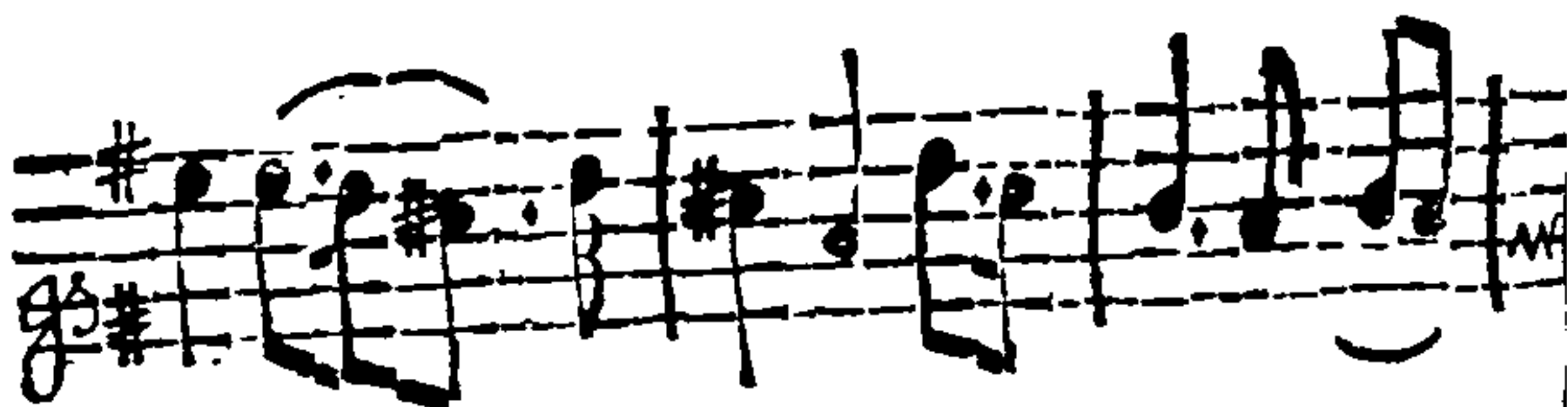
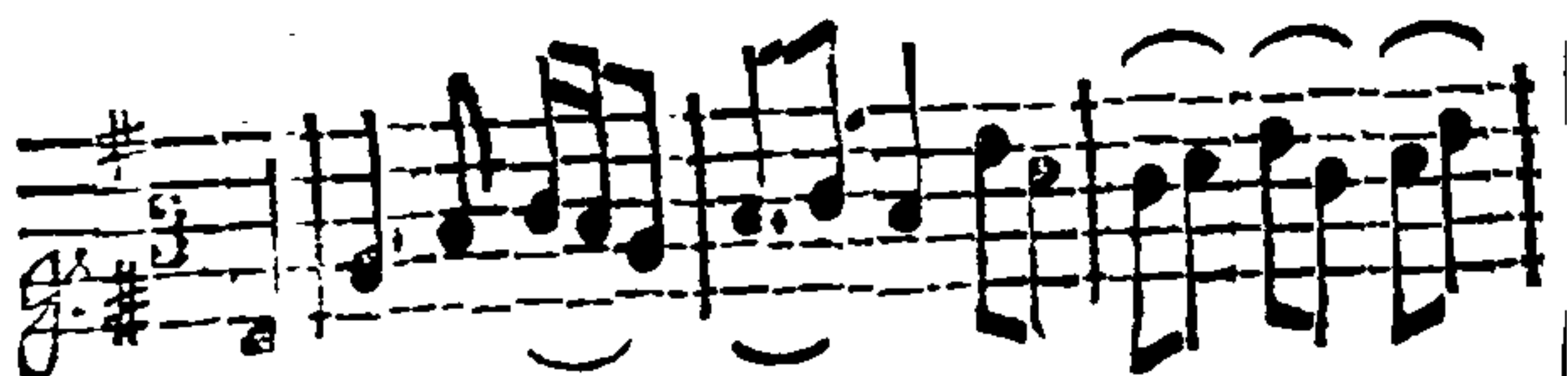
Set by Mr. JOHN ECCLES, and Sung by Mr.
GOUGE, in the Farce call'd, Women will
have their Wills.

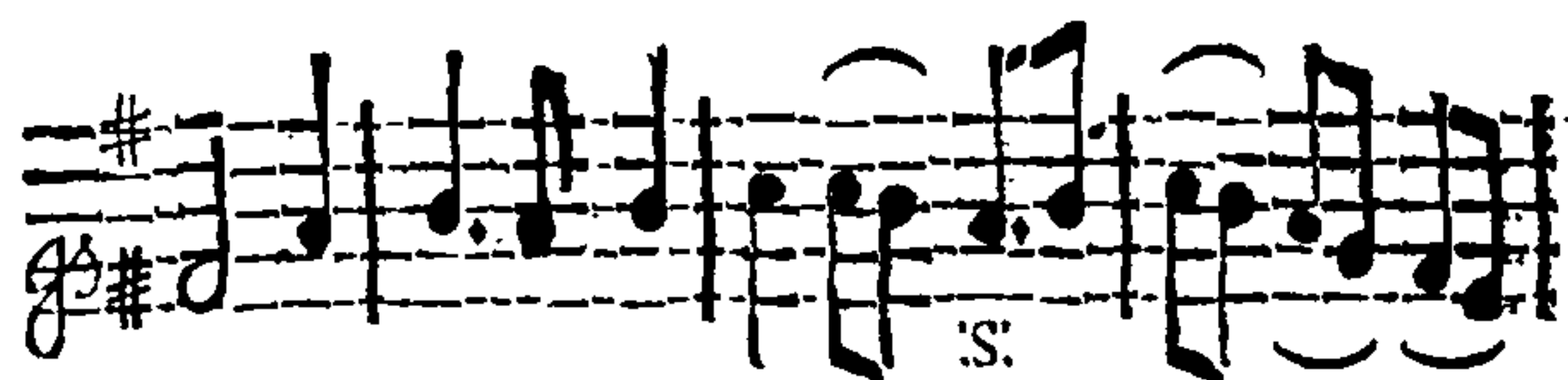




BELINDA's pretty, pretty, pleasing Form,
Does my happy, happy, happy, happy Fancy charm:
Her prittle-prattle, tittle-tattle's all engaging, most
(obliging;

Whilst I'm pressing, clasping, kissing,
Oh! oh! how she does my Soul alarm:
There is such Magick in her Eyes,
Such Magick in her Eyes, in her Eyes,
Does my wond'ring Heart Surprise:
Her prinking, nimping, twinkling, pinking,
Whilst I'm courting, for transporting,
How like an Angel She panting lies, She panting lies.

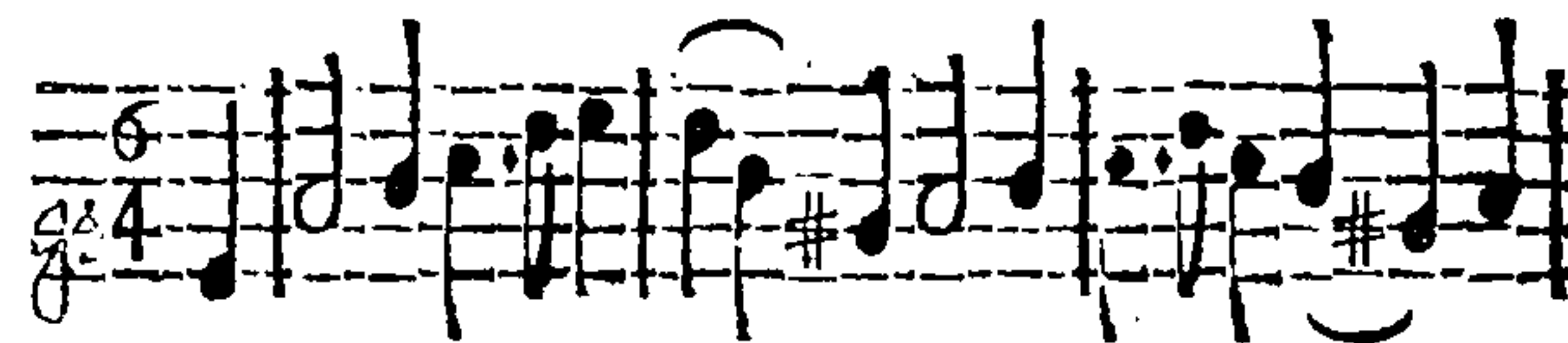
A SONG on a Ladies Drinking.

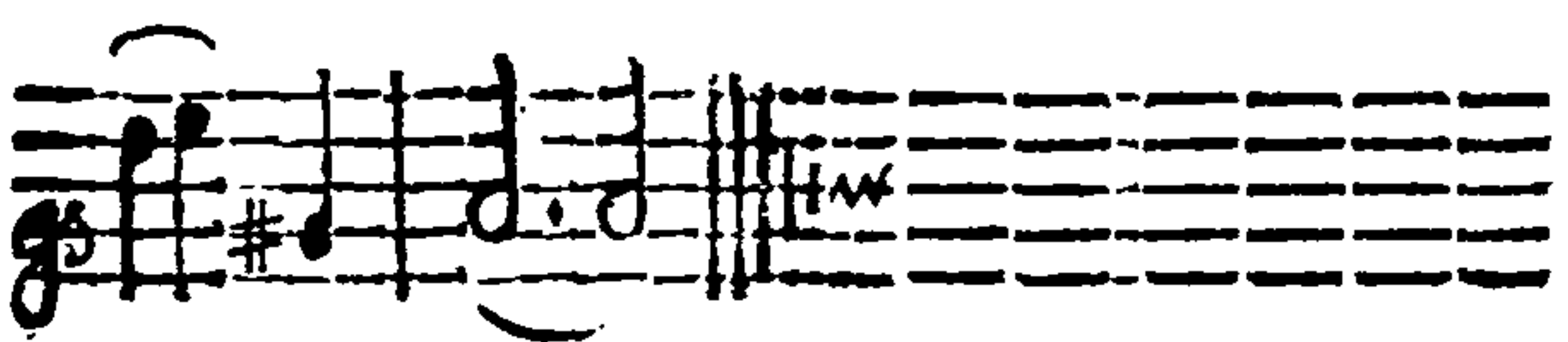
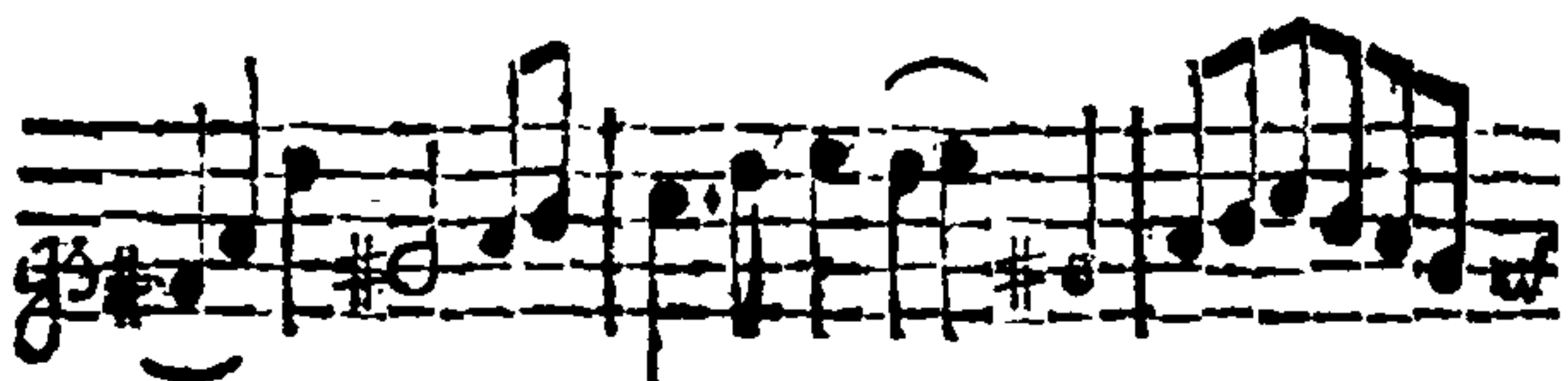
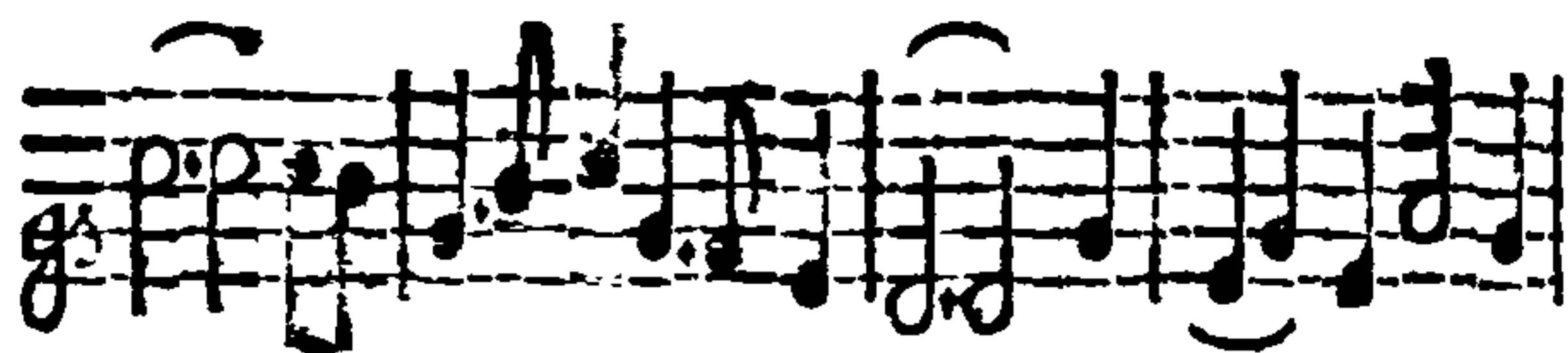


WHilst *Phillis* is Drinking, Love and Wine in alliance;
 With Forces United, bids resistless defiance;
 Each touch of her Lip, makes Wine sparkle Higher,
 And her Eyes by her Drinking, redouble the Fire:
 Her Cheeks grow the Brighter, recruiting their Colour,
 As Flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh Odour;
 Each Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
 And the Liquor like Oil makes the flame more enduring.



The first SONG, Sung by Mr. PRINCE, in the
 Maid in the Mill.





HOW long, how long shall I pine for Love?

How long shall I sue in vain?

How long, how long like the Turtle Dove,

Must I heavily thus complain?

Shall the Sails of my Love stand still,

Shall the grist of my Hopes be unground?

Oh fye, oh fye, oh fye, oh fye let the Mill,

Let the Mill go round, let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

A SONG Sung at HOLMSE's Booth in
Bartholomew Fair, Set by Mr. JOHN
BARRETT.



WAR, War and Battle now no more,
Shall your thun'dring Cannons roar;
No more, no more of War complain,
Peace begins, Peace begins her Halcyon Reign:
For now the Tow'ring Bird of Jove,
Stoops, stoops to the gentle Billing Dove.

*A SONG Set by Mr. Daniel Purcell, and Sung
at the Theatre Royal in D R U R Y - L A N E.*



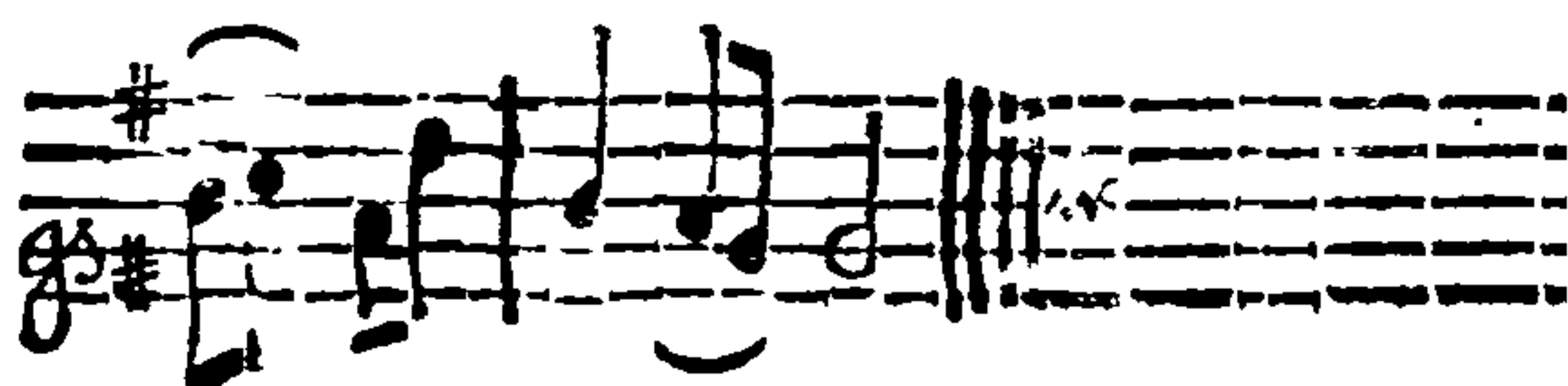


CUPID make your Virgins tender,
 Make 'em easy to be won;
 Let 'em presently surrender,
 When the Treaty's once begun:
 Such as like a tedious Wooing,
 Let 'em cruel Damsels find:
 But let such as wou'd, as wou'd be doing,
 Prithee, prithee, prithee Cupid make 'em kind,
 Prithee, prithee Cupid make 'em kind.



A Scotch SONG, Sung by Mrs. Willis at the
 THEATRE.

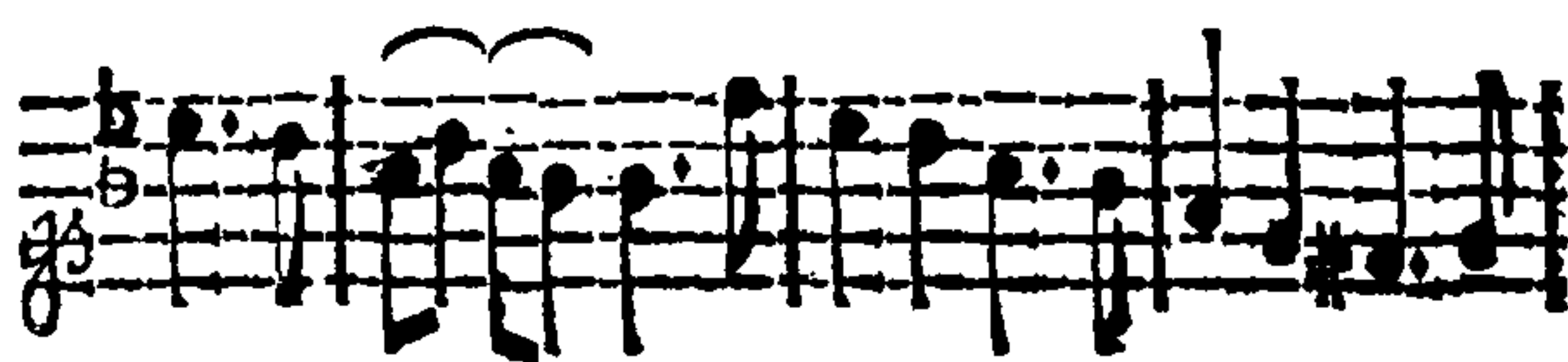




KEN you, who comes here,
 The Laird of aw the Clan ;
 Whom Ise Love but fear,
 Becauie a muckle Man :
 But what if he's Great,
 He descends from his State,
 And receive him, receive him as you can.

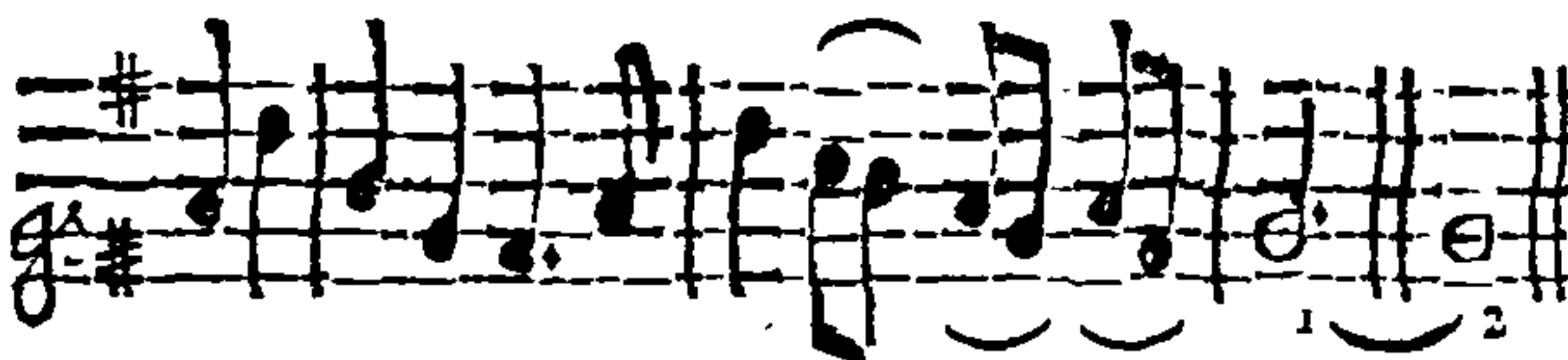
Come my Bonny Blith Lads,
 Shew your best Lukes and Plads,
 Our Laird is here ;
 Whom we shou'd Love,
 And who shou'd approve,
 Our Respect as well as Fear,
 For the Laird is here whom we Love and Fear.

*A SONG in the Loves of MARS and VENUS, Set
by Mr. J. Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Hudson.*



TO meet her *Mars* the Queen of Love,
Comes here adorn'd with all her Charms;
The Warriour best the Fair can move,
And crowns his Toils in Beauty's Arms:
The Warriour best the Fair can move,
And crowns his Toils in Beauty's Arms.

*A SONG in the Comedy call'd Love betray'd, Sung
by Mrs. Bracegirdle, Set by Mr. John Eccles.*

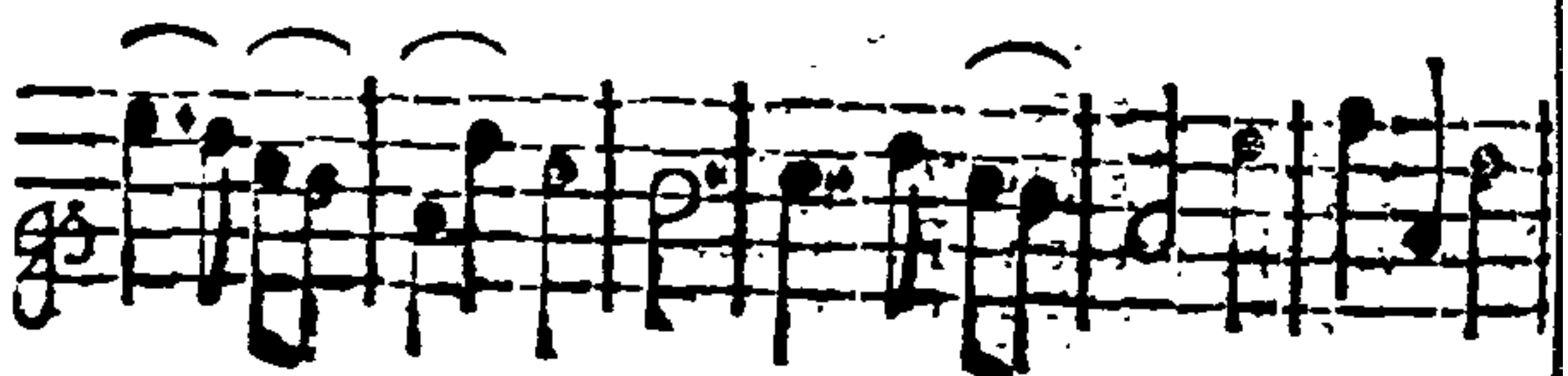
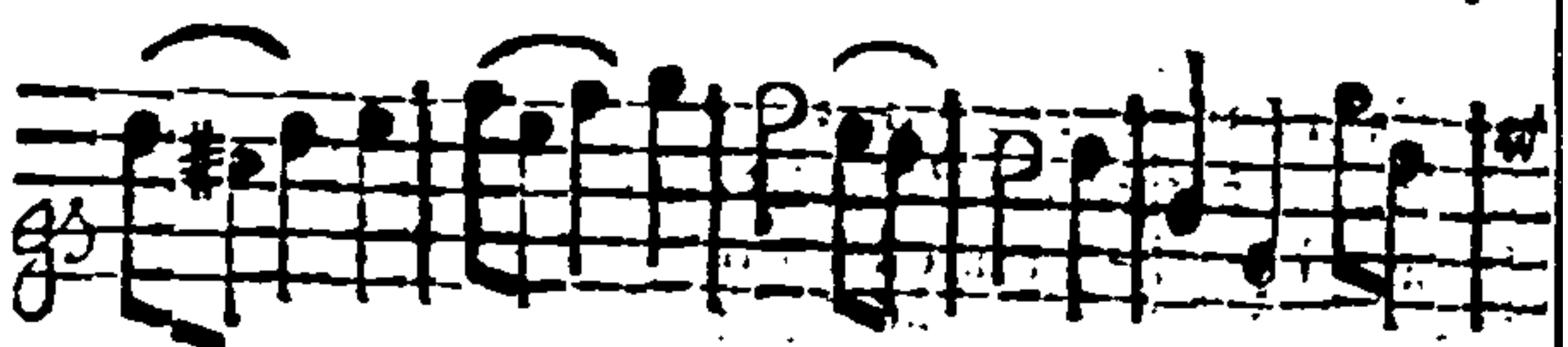
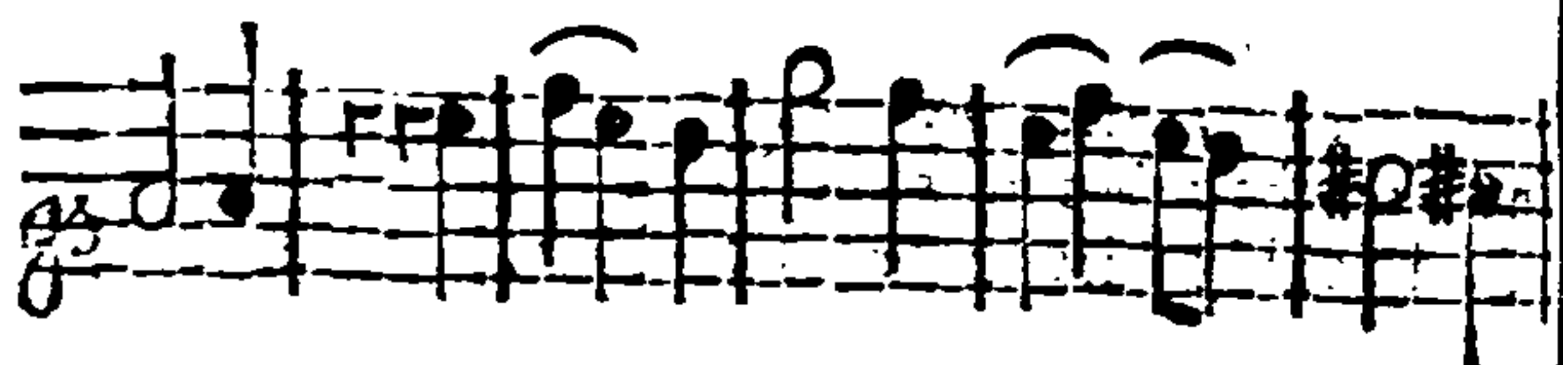
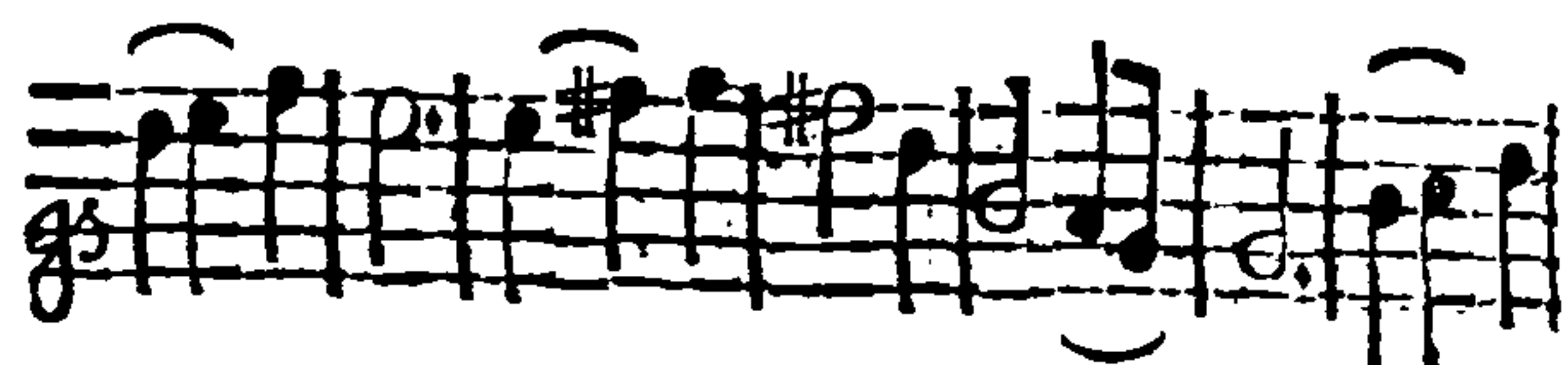
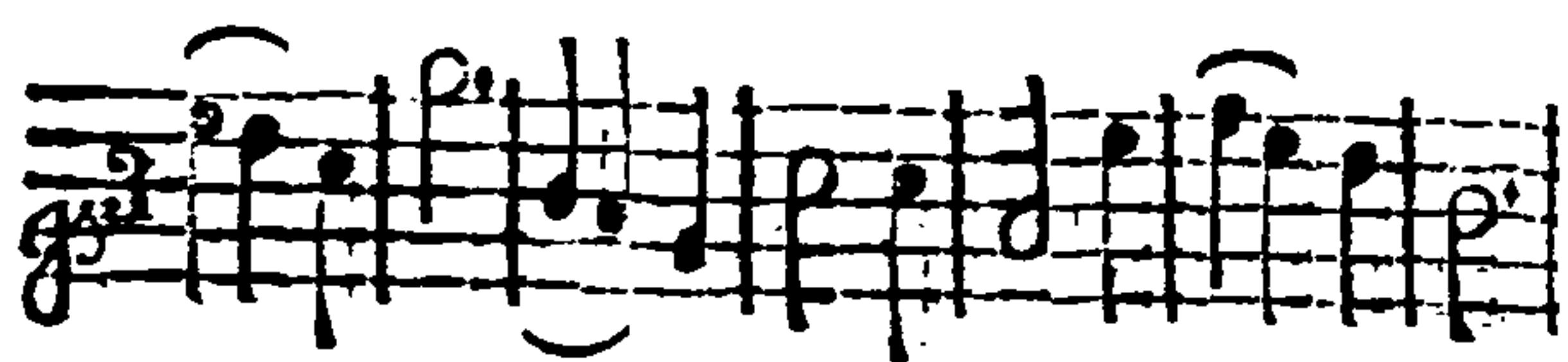




If I hear Orinda Swear,
 She cures my Jealous Smart;
 If I hear Orinda Swear,
 She cures my Jealous Smart:
 The Treachery becomes the Fair,
 And doubly Fires my Heart;
 The Treachery becomes the Fair,
 And doubly Fires my Heart.

Beauty's Strength and Treasure,
 In Falshood still remain;
 She gives the greatest Pleasure,
 That gives the greatest Pain,
 That gives the greatest Pain:
 She gives the greatest Pleasure,
 She gives the greatest Pleasure,
 That gives the greatest Pain:
 She gives the greatest Pleasure,
 She gives the greatest Pleasure,
 That gives the greatest Pain,
 That gives the greatest Pain.

*A SONG in the Funeral, Sung by Mrs. Harris,
Set by Mr. Daniel Purcel.*



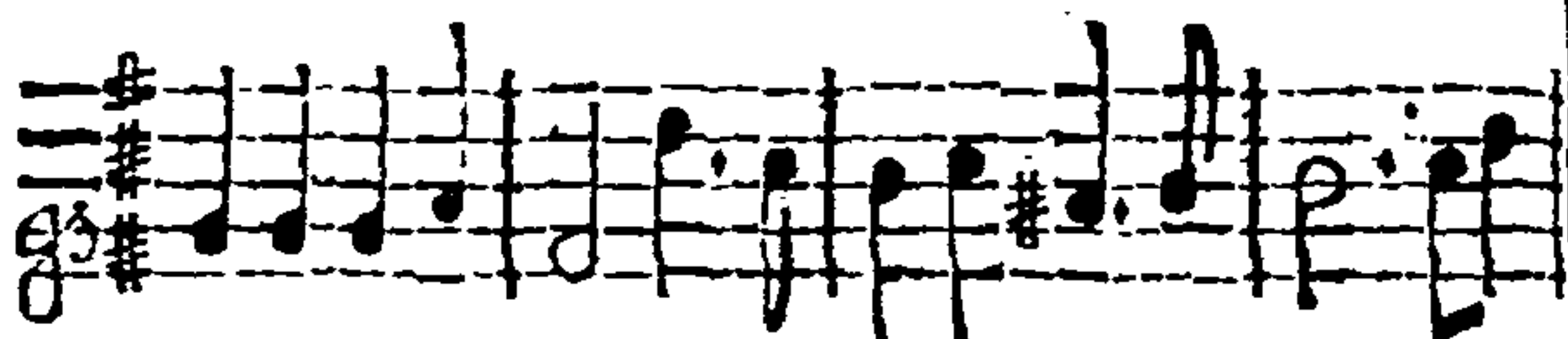


LET not Love, let not Love on me, on me bestow,
 Soft Distress, soft Distress and tender Woe ;
 I know none, no, no, no, none but substantial Blisses,
 eager Glances, eager Glances, solid Kisses :

I know not what the Lover feign,
 Of finer Pleasure mixt with Pain ;
 When prithee, prithee give me gentle Boy,
 None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, but all, all, all
 (all, all, all the Joy ;
 but all, all, all, all, all, all the Joy.

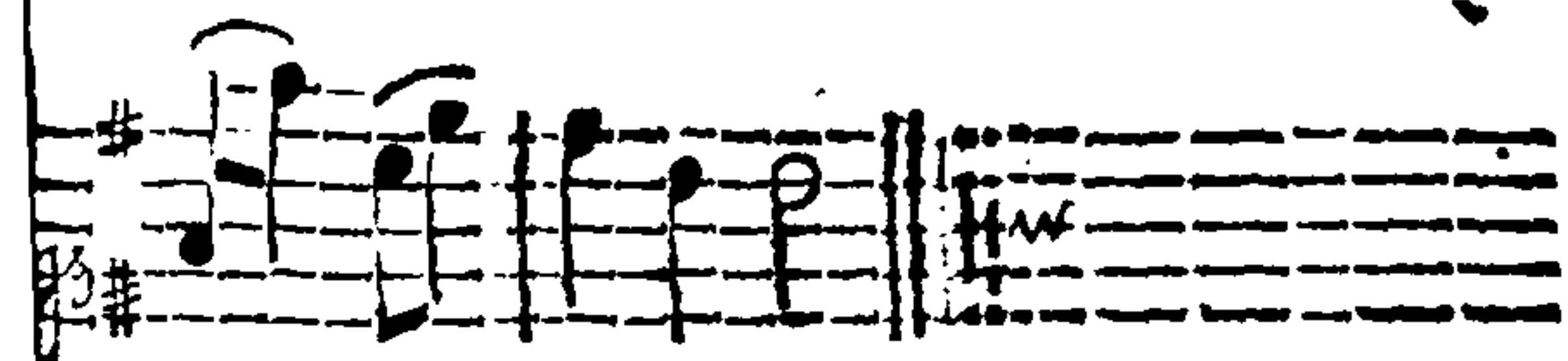
prithee give me, prithee give me gentle Boy,
 None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, but all, all, all,
 (all, all, all the Joy,
 but all, all, all, all, all, all the Joy.

A SONG in the Loves of MARS and VENUS
Set by Mr. J. ECCLES, Sung by Mr. Morgan



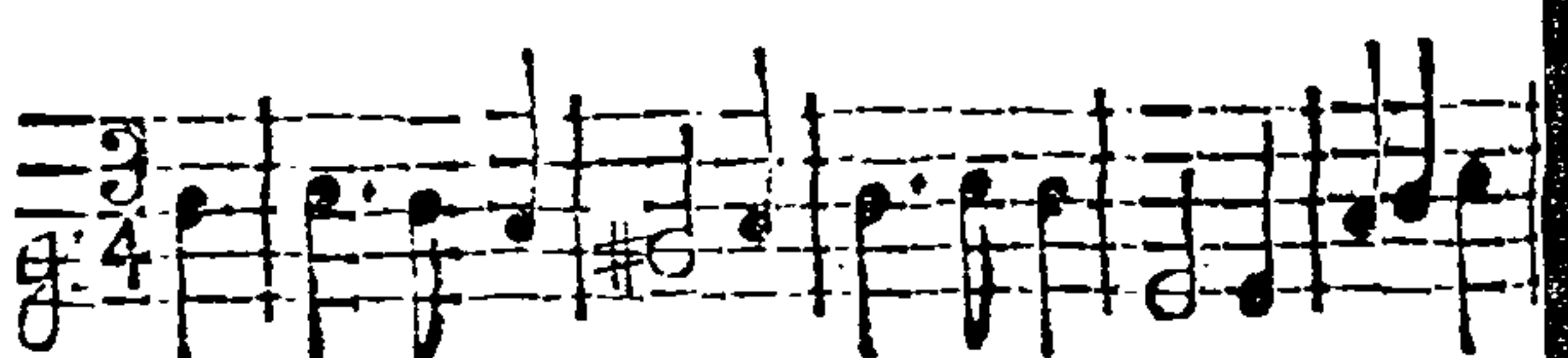
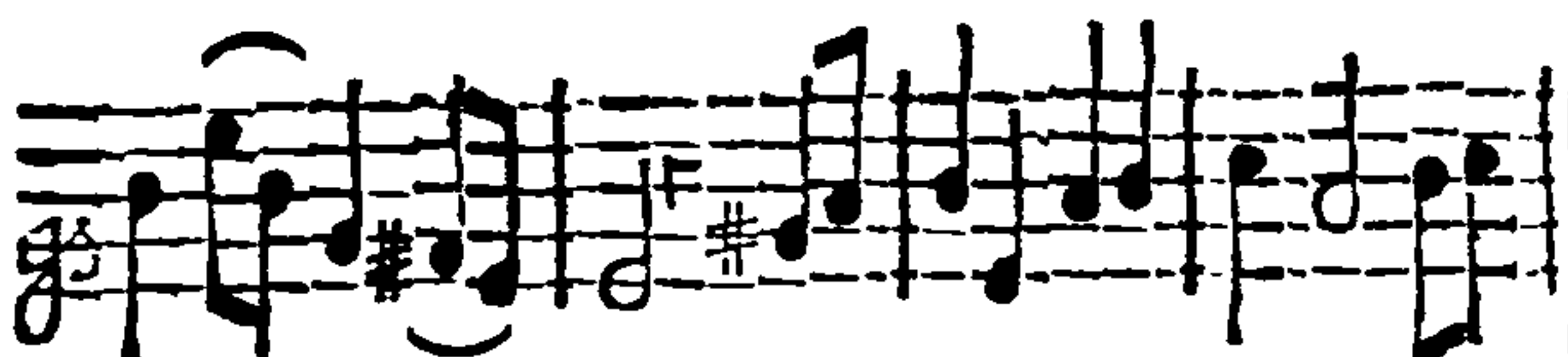
FLY, fly ye lazy Hours, hast, bring him here,
Swift, swift as my fond Wishes are;
When we Love, and Love to Rage,
Ev'ry Moment seems an Age:
When we Love, and Love to Rage,
Ev'ry Moment seems an Age

A Scotch S O N G, Sung by Mrs. BALLDEN.



O H! my Panting, panting Heart,
 Why so Young, and why so sad?
 Why does Pleasure seem a Smart,
 Or I wretched while I'm Glad?
 Oh! Lovers Goddess, who wert form'd,
 From Cold and Icy, Icy Seas;
 Instruct me why I am thus warm'd!
 And Darts at once can wound and please.

A SONG Set by Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mrs.
HODGSON.



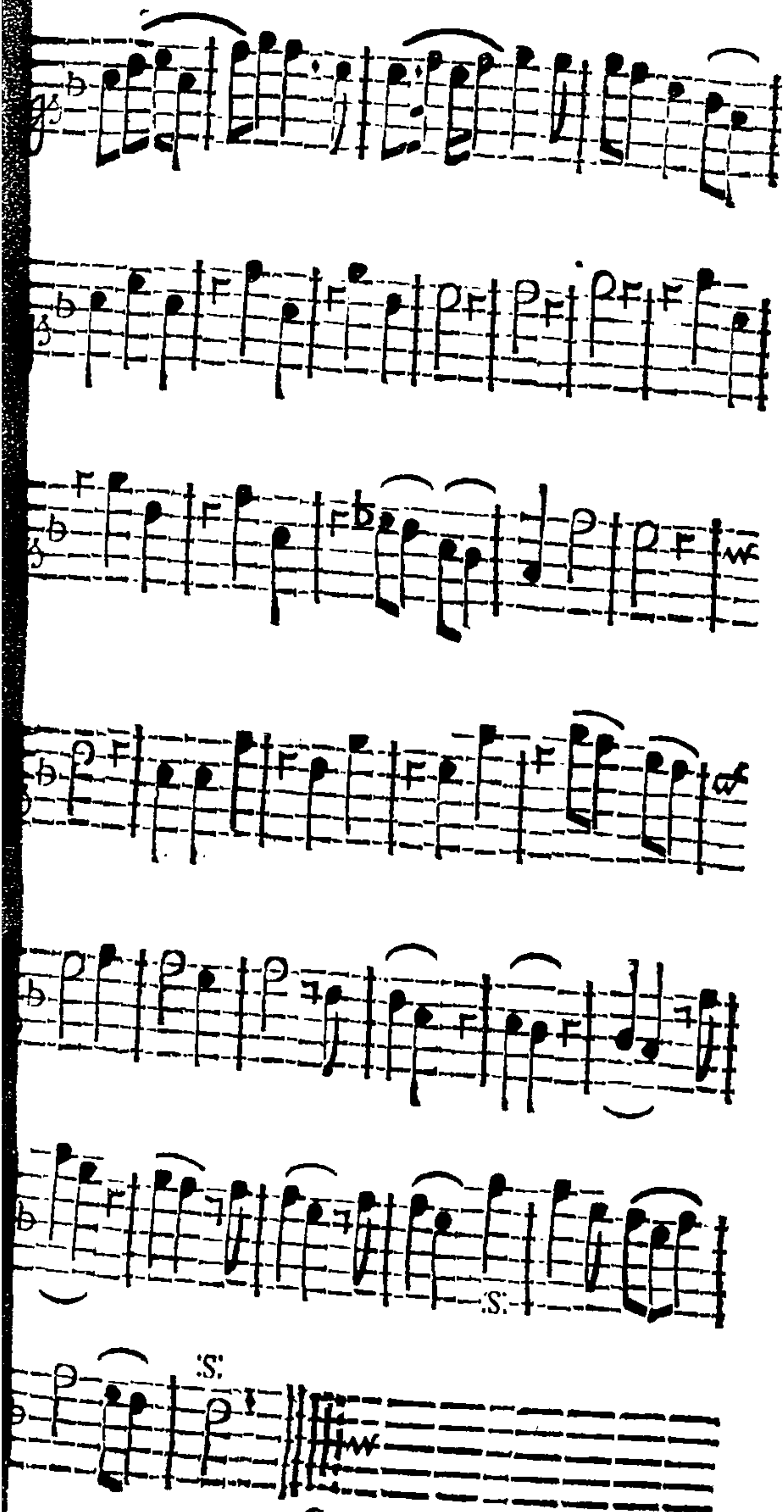


FYE *Amarillis*, cease to grieve,
 Eye, fye, fye, fye cease, cease to grieve,
 Eye, fye, fye, fye, cease, cease to grieve,
 For him thou never canst retrieve ;
 Wilt thou Sigh for one that flies thee,
 Wilt thou Sigh for one that flies thee,
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, Scorn the wretch,
 Scorn the wretch, that Love denies thee,
 Scorn the wretch, scorn the wretch,
 That Love, that Love denies thee.

Call Pride to thy aid, and be not afraid,
 Of meeting a Swain that is kind ;
 As handsome as he, perhaps he may be,
 At least, at least a more Generous Mind:
 As handsome as he, perhaps he may be,
 At least a more Generous Mind,
 At least a more Generous Mind.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd, The Old Batche-
lour, Set by Mr. HENRY PURCELL.





A S *Amoret* and *Thyrsis* lay,
 As *Amoret* and *Thyrsis* lay ; (play,
 Melting, melting, melting, melting the Hours in gentle
 Joyning, joyning, joyning Faces, mingling Kisses,
 Mingling kisses, mingling kisses, and exchanging harm.
 (less Blissess:

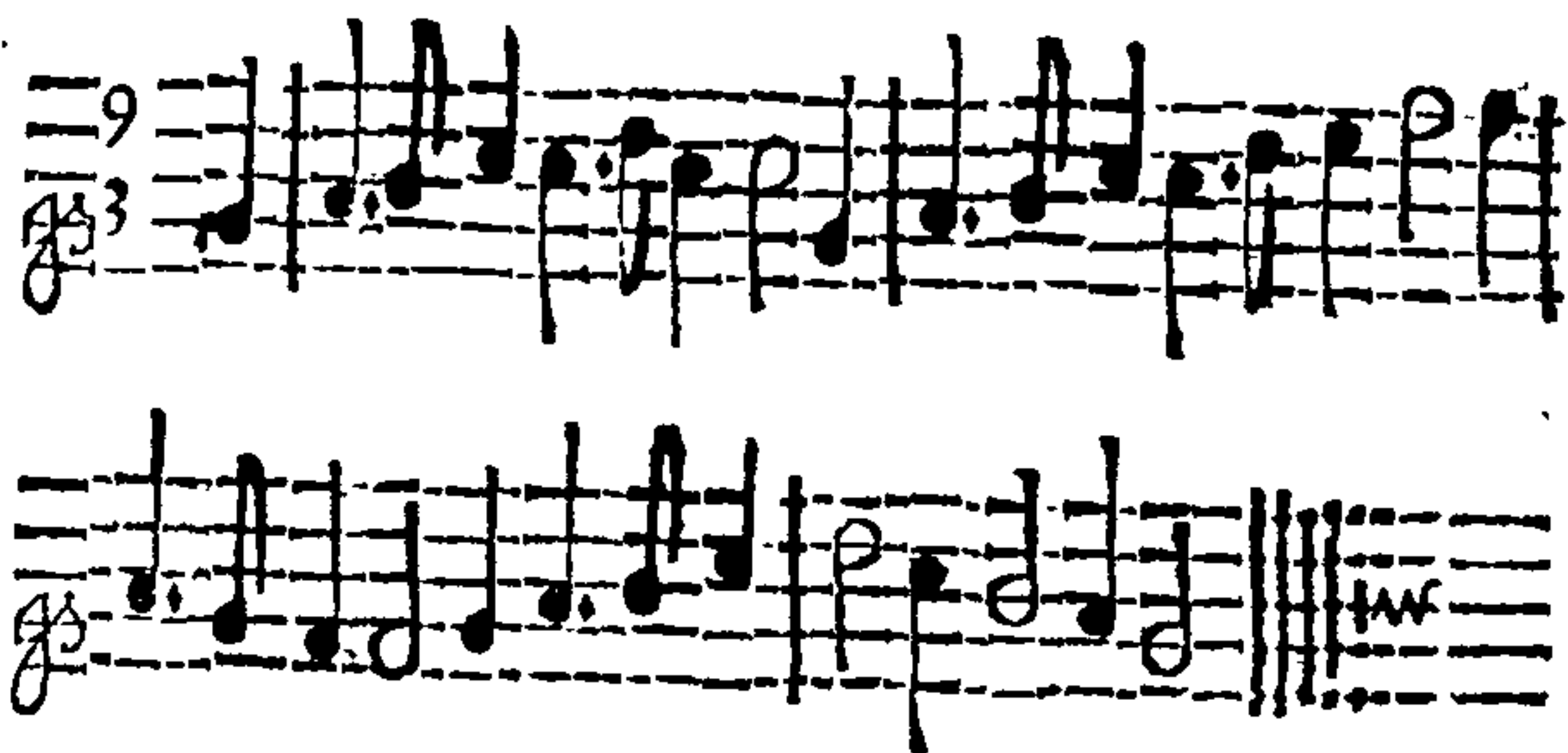
He trembling cry'd with eager, eager haſt,
 Let me, let me, let me feed, oh! oh! let me, let me,
 Let me, let me feed, oh! oh! oh! oh! let me, let me,
 (let me, let me Feed as well as Taſt,
 I dye, dye, dye, I dye, dye, I dye,
 I dye, if I'm not wholly Bleſt.

The fearful Nymph reply'd forbear,
 I cannot, dare not, muſt not hear ;
 Deareſt *Thyrsis* do not move me,
 Do not, do not, if you Love me:
 O let me ſtill, the Shepherd ſaid,
 But while the fond reſiſtance made,
 The haſty Joy in ſtruggling fled.

Vex'd at the Pleaſure ſhe had miſs'd,
 She frown'd and bluſh'd, and ſigh'd and kiſs'd,
 And ſeem'd to moan, in ſullen Cooing,
 The ſad miſcarriage of their Wooeing :
 But vain alaſs! were all her Charms,
 For *Thyrsis* deaf to Love's Alarms,
 Baffled and ſenceleſs, tir'd her Arms.



A S O N G.



SHE met with a Country-man,
 In the middle of all the Green ;
 And *Peggy* was his Delight,
 And good Sport was to be seen.

But ever she cry'd brave *Roger*,
 I'll drink a whole Glas to thee ;
 But as for *John* of the Green,
 I care not a Pin for him.

Bulls and Bears, and Lyons, and Dragons,
 And O brave *Roger* a *Cauverly* ;
Piggins and *Wiggins*, Pints and Flaggon,
 O brave, &c.

He took her by the middle,
 And taught her by the Flute ;
 Well done brave *Roger* quoth she,
 Thou hast not left thy old Wont.
 But ever she cry'd, &c.

He clap'd her upon the Buttock,
 And forth she let a Fart ;
 My Belly quoth she is eased by thee,
 And I thank thee *Roger* for't.

Love's Conquest.

I unconcern'd and free as Air,
 I did retain my Liberty;
 Laugh'd at the Fetters of the Fair,
 And scorn'd a beauties Slave to be:
 Till your bright Eyes surpriz'd my Heart,
 And first inform'd me how to Love;
 When Pleasure did invade each Part,
 Yet to conceal my Flame I strove.

As Indians at a distance pay,
 Their awful reverence to the Sun;
 And dare not 'till he'll bless the Day,
 Seem to have any thing begun:
 Thus I rest, 'till your Smiles invite,
 My Looks and Thoughts I do constrain;
 And tremble to exprefs Delight,
 Unless you please to ease my Pain.



S O N G in the Comedy call'd, the Wife's Ex-
 cuse. By H. P.

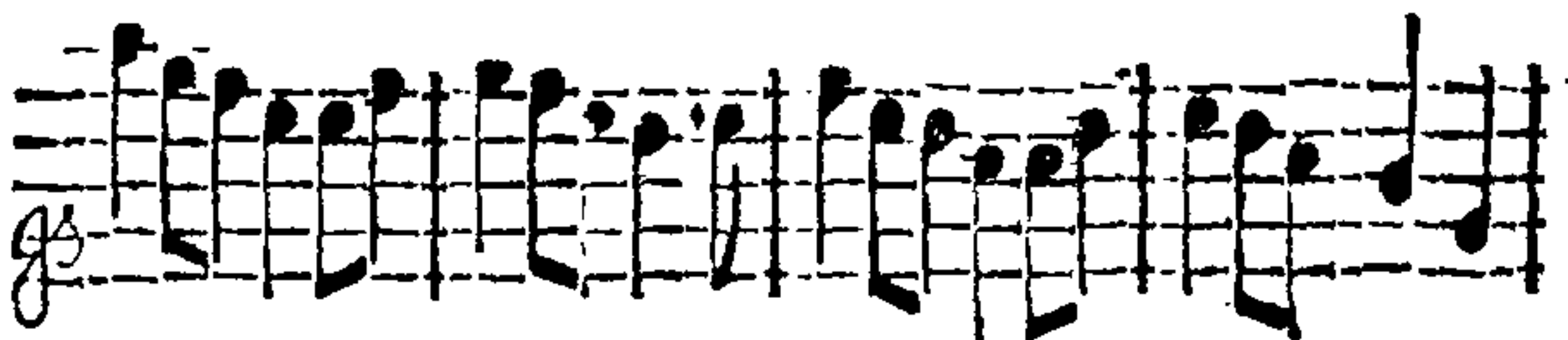




CORINNA I excuse thy Face,
 Those erring Lines, which Nature drew ;
 When I reflect that ev'ry Grace,
 Thy Mind adorns, is just and true :
 But oh ! thy Wit what God hast sent,
 Surprising, Airy, unconfin'd ;
 Some wonder sure *Apollo* meant,
 And shot himself into thy Mind.



*The Sailors SONG in the Subscription Musick,
Set by Mr. Weldon, Sung by Mr. Dogget.*



JUST coming from Sea, our Spouſes and we,
We Punch it, we Punch it, we Punch it,
We Punch it, we Punch it a Board with Couragio;
We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing,
And Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey my brave Boys Bonviago :
We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing,
We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing,
And Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, my brave Boys Bonviago.

*The Serenading S O N G in the Constant Couple,
or a Trip to the Jubilee; Written by Mr.
G. FARQUHAR, Set by Mr. D. Purcell, Sung
by Mr. FREEMAN.*





THUS *Damon* knock'd at *Cælia's* Door,
 Thus *Damon* knock'd at *Cælia's* Door;
 He sigh'd and begg'd, and wept and swore,
 The sign was so, She answer'd no,
 The sign was so, She answer'd no, no, no, no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,
 No *Damen* no, no, no, no, no, I am afraid;
 Consider *Damon* I'm a Maid,
 Consider *Damon* no, no, no, no, no, no, no, I'm a Maid.

At last his Sighs and Tears made way,
 She rose and softly turn'd the Key;
 Come in said she, but do not, do not stay,
 I may conclude, you will be rude;
 But if you are you may:
 I may conclude, you will be rude,
 But if you are you may.

*A 'Squire's Choice; or the Coy Lady's Beauty by
him admir'd.*



THE World is a Bubble and full of Decoys,
Her glittering Pleasures are flattering Toys;
The which in themselves no true Happiness brings,
Rich Rubies, nay Diamonds, Chains, Jewels and Rings:
They are but as Drops, and in Time will decay,
So will Virgin Beauty, so will Virgin Beauty,
Tho' never so gay,

Then

Then boast not young *Phyllis* because thou art Fair,
Soft Roses and Lillies more beautiful are,
Than ever thou wast, when they in their Prime,
And yet do they fade in a very short time :
All temporal Glories in time will decay,
So will Virgin Beauty, so will Virgin Beauty,
Tho' never so gay.

Since all things are changing and nothing will last,
Since Years, Months, and Minutes thy Beauty will blast,
Like Flowers that fade in the fall of the Leaf,
Afford me thy Favour and pity my Grief :
E'er thy Youth and Beauty does clearly depart,
For thou art my Jewel, for thou art my Jewel,
The Joy of my Heart.

I value not Riches, for Riches I have,
I value not Honour, no Honour I crave ;
But what thou art able to bless me withal,
And if by thy Frowns to Despair I should fall :
Then Farewel those Joys which so long I have fought,
To languish in Sorrow, to languish in Sorrow,
Alas! I am brought.

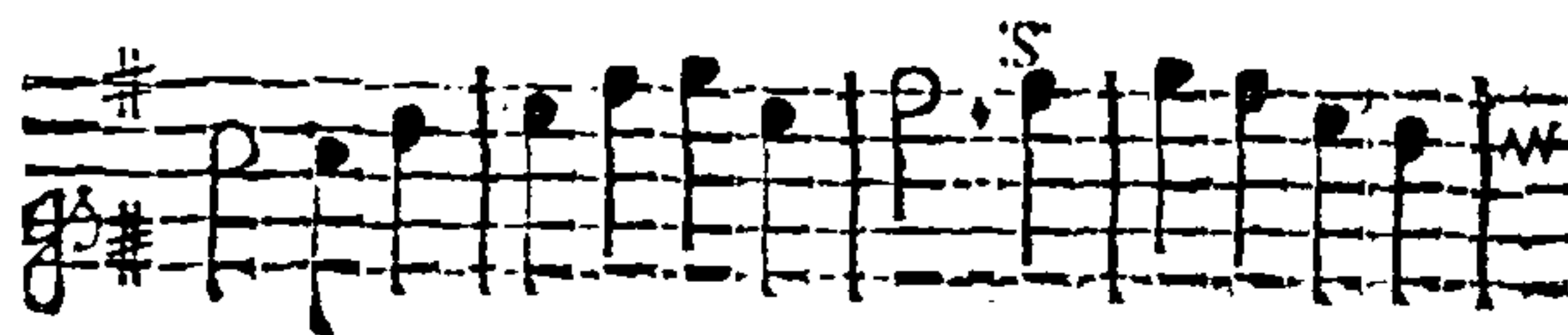
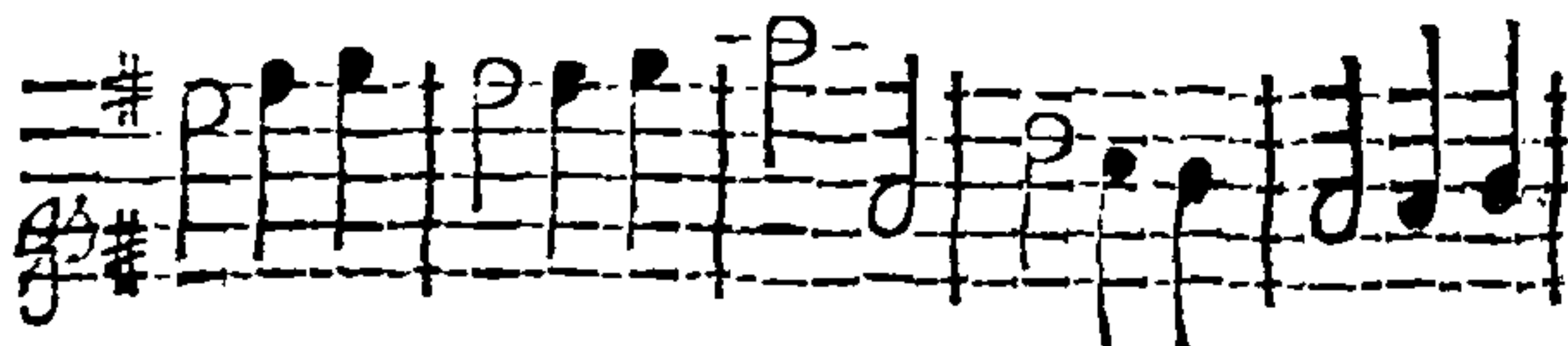
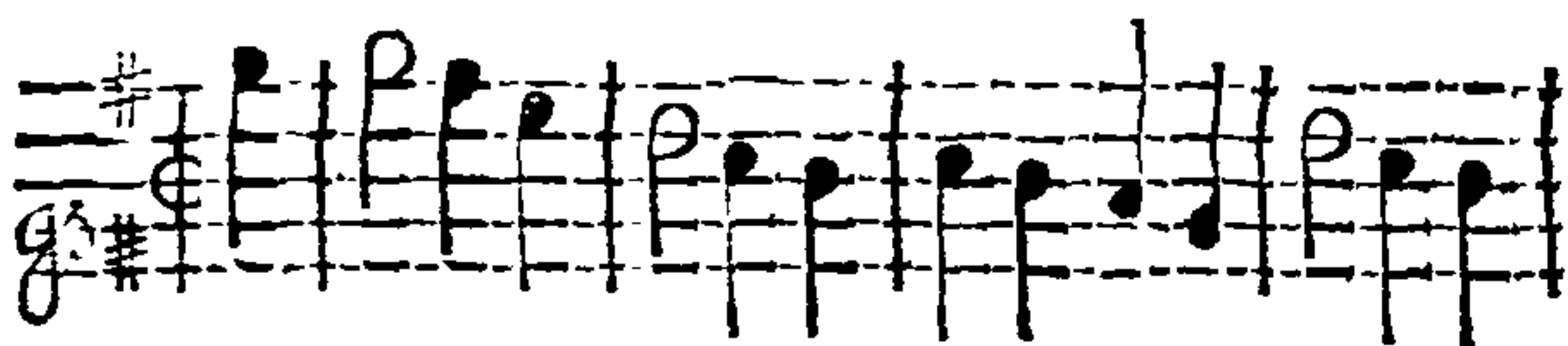
I come not to flatter, as many have done,
Afford me a Smile, or my Dear I shall run
Distracted, as being disturbed in Mind,
Then now, now, or never be loving and kind :
This Day thou canst cherish my sorrowful State,
To morrow sweet Jewel, to morrow sweet Jewel,
It may be too late.

You know that young Women has rail'd against Men,
And counted them false and base flatterers, when
We find that your Sexs are as cruel to us,
Or else you would never have Tortur'd me thus :
As now you have done by your Darts of Disdain,
You know that I love you, you know that I love you,
Yet all is in vain.

The Damsels Answer, To the same Tune.

NOW dry up thy Tears, and no longer exclaim,
 Against thy Fair beautiful *Phillis* by Name;
 Who never as yet was acquainted with Love,
 Yet here I declare by the Powers above:
 I cannot be Cruel to one that is True,
 Wherefore bid thy Sorrows, wherefore bid thy Sorrows
 For ever adieu.

With all the Affections that Words can express,
 I freely surrender, and can do no less;
 When as I consider in e'ery Degree,
 How loyal and faithful thou hast been to me,
 I cannot be Cruel to one that is True,
 And so bid thy Sorrows, and so bid thy Sorrows
 For ever adieu.

*The Jolly SAILOR's Resolution.*



AS I am a Sailor, 'tis very well known,
 And I've never as yet had a Wife of my own;
 But now I am resolved to Marry if I can,
 To show my self a Jolly, Jolly brisk young Man,
 Man, Man,
 To show my self a Jolly, Jolly brisk young Man.

Abroad I have been, and since home I am come,
 My Wages I have took, 'tis a delicate Sum;
 And now Mistress Hostess begins to flatter me,
 But I have not forgot her former Cruelty,
 ty, ty,
 But I have not forget her former Cruelty.

Near *Lymehouse* she liv'd, where I formerly us'd,
 I'll show you in brief how I once was abus'd,
 After in her House I had quite consum'd my store,
 But kick me if I ever, ever feast her more,
 more, more,
 But kick me if I ever, ever feast her more.

I came to her once with abundance of Gold,
 And as she that beautiful Sight did behold;
 She said with a Kiss thou art welcome *John* to me,
 For I have shed a Thousand, Thousand Tears for thee,
 Thee, thee,
 For I have shed a Thousand, Thousand Tears for thee.

Her flattering Words I was apt to believe,
 And then at my Hands she did freely receive;
 A Ring which she said she would keep for *Johnny's* sake,
 She wept for Joy as if her very Heart wou'd break:
 Break, break,
 She wept for Joy as if her very Heart wou'd break.

We feasted on Dainties and drank of the best,
 Thought I with my Friends I am happily blest;
 For Punch, Beer and Brandy they Night and Day did
 And I was honest *Johnny*, *Johnny* pay for all: (call

All, all,
 And I was honest *Johnny*, *Johnny* pay for all.

They ply'd me so warm, that in troth I may say,
 That I scarce in a Month knew the Night from the Day;
 My Hostess I kiss'd, tho' her Husband he was by,
 For while my Gold and Silver lasted, who but I:

I, I,
 For while my Gold and Silver lasted, who but I.

They said I should Marry their dear Daughter *Kate*,
 And in Token of Love I presented her strait:

With a Chain of Gold, and a rich costly Head,
 Thus *Johnny*, *Johnny*, *Johnny* by the Nose was lead:

Lead, lead,
 Thus *Johnny*, *Johnny*, *Johnny* by the Nose was lead.

This Life I did lead for a Month and a Day,
 And then all my Glory begun to decay:

My Money was gone, I quite consum'd my Store,
 My Hostess told me in a Word, she would not Score.

Score, Score,
 My Hostess told me in a Word, she would not Score.

She frown'd like a Fury, and *Kate* was Coy,

A Kiss or a Smile I no more must enjoy,

Nay, if that I call'd but for a Mug of Beer,

My Hostess she was very Deaf and could not hear,
 hear, hear,

My Hostess she was very Deaf and could not hear,

But that which concern'd me more than the rest,

My Money it was gone, and she'd needs have me Prest;

Aboard of the Fleet, then I in a Passion flew,

And ever since I do abhor the Canting Crew,

Crew, Crew,

And ever since I do abhor the canting Crew.

Now

Now having replenish'd my Stock once again,
My Hostess and Daughter I vow to refrain
Their Company quite, and betake my self to a Wife,
With whom I hope to live a sober Life,
Life, Life,
With whom I hope to live a sober Life.

Then in came a Damsel as fresh as a Rose,
He gave her a Kiss, and began for to close,
In Courting, and said, canst love an honest Tar,
Who for this Six or Seven Years has travell'd far,
Far, far,
Who for this Six or Seven Years has travell'd far.

His offer was noble, his Guineas was good,
And therefore the innocent Maid never stood
To make a Denial, but granted his Request,
And now she's with a jolly Sailor, Sailor blest.
Blest, blest,
And now she's with a jolly Sailor, Sailor blest.



CUPID's Courtesie.



THROUGH

THROUGH the cold shady Woods,
 As I was ranging,
 I heard the pretty Birds,
 Notes sweetly changing:
 Down by the Meadow's side,
 There runs a River
 A little Boy I spy'd
 With Bow and Quiver.

Little Boy tell me why
 Thou art here diving?
 Art thou some Run-away;
 And hast no abiding?
 I am no Run-away,
Venus my Mother,
 She gave me leave to play,
 When I came hither:

Little Boy go with me,
 And be my servant,
 I will take care to see
 For thy preferment:
 If I with thee should go,
Venus would chide me,
 And take away my Bow,
 And never abide me.

Little Boy let me know,
 What's thy Name termed,
 That thou dost wear a Bow,
 And go so armed:
 You may perceive the same,
 With often changing;
Cupid it is my Name,
 I live by ranging.

If *Cupid* be thy Name,
 That shoot at Rovers;
 I have heard of thy Fame,
 By wounded Lovers:
 Should any languish that
 Are set on fire;

By such a naked Brat,
I much admire.

If thou dost but the least,
At my Laws grumble ;
I'll pierce thy stubborn breast,
And make thee humble,
I with Golden Dart,
Wound thee but surely,
There's no Physicians Art,
That e're can cure thee.

Little Boy with thy Bow,
Why dost thou threaten ;
It is not long ago
Since thou wast beaten :
Thy wanton Mother, fair
Venus will chide thee ;
When all thy Arrows are gone,
Thou may'st go hide thee.

If powerful shafts you see,
I am well stored ;
Which makes my Deity,
So much adored :
With one poor Arrow now,
I'll make thee shiver ;
And bend unto my Bow,
And fear my Quiver.

Dear little *Cupid* be,
Courteous and kindly ;
Know thou can'st not see,
But shootest blindly :
Tho' thou call'st me blind,
Surely I'll hit thee ;
That thou shalt quickly find,
I'll not forget thee.

When little *Cupid* caught,
His Bow so nimble ;
And shot a fatal shaft,
Which made him tremble :

Go tell thy Mistress dear,
Thou canst discover;
What all the Passions are,
Of a dying Lover.

And now this gallant Heart
Sorely lies bleeding;
He felt the greatest smart,
From Love proceeding;
He did her help implore,
Whom he affected,
But found that more and more,
Him she rejected.

For *Cupid* with his Craft,
Quickly had chosen,
And with a Leaden shaft,
Her Heart had frozen:
Which caus'd this Lover more,
Daily to languish;
And *Cupid's* Aid implore,
To heal this Anguish.

He humble pardon crav'd
For his Offence past;
And vow'd himself a Slave,
And to love stedfast;
His Prayers so ardent were,
Whilst his Heart panted,
That *Cupid* lent an ear,
And his suit granted.

For by his present plaint,
He was regarded;
And his adored Saint,
His Love rewarded:
And now they live in Joy,
Sweetly embracing,
And left the little Boy,
In the Woods chafing.

The Duke of GLOUCESTER's March,
Set by Dr. BLOW.



AND now, now the Duke's March,
 Let the Haut-boys play ;
 And his Troops in the Cloſe,
 Shall Huza, Huza, Huza :
 And now, now the Duke's March,
 Let the Haut-boys play ;
 And his Troops in the Cloſe,
 Shall Huza, Huza, Huza.

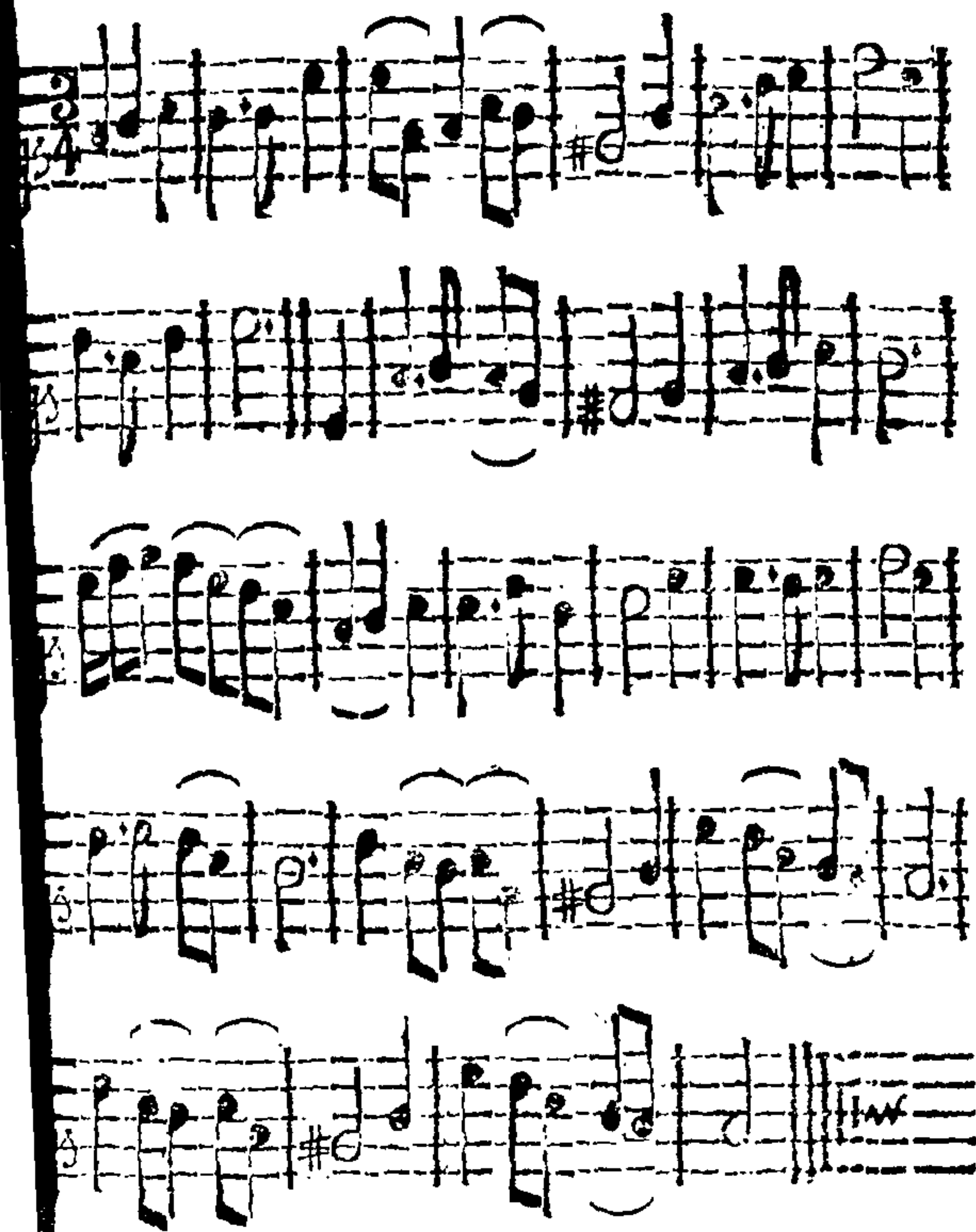
A SONG Sung at RICHMOND New Wells, &c.
Words by M. S. Set by Mr. MORGAN.



A *URELIA* now one Moment lost,
 A thousand Sighs may after cost;
 Desires may oft return in vain,
 But Youth will ne'er return again:
 Desires may oft return in vain,
 But Youth will ne'er return again.

The fragrant sweets which do adorn,
 The glowing blushes of the Morn;
 By Noon are vanish'd all away,
 Then let *Aurelia* live to Day,

A SONG Sung by Mrs. PRINCE in the Agreeable Disappointment. Sett by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.



CHLOE found Love for his *Psyche* in Tears,
 She play'd with his Dart, and smil'd at his Fears,
 Till feeling at length the Poison it keeps, (fears;
 Cupid he smiles, and *Chloe* she weeps:
 Till feeling at length the Poison it keeps,
 Cupid he smiles, and *Chloe* she weeps,
 Cupid he smiles, and *Chloe* she weeps.

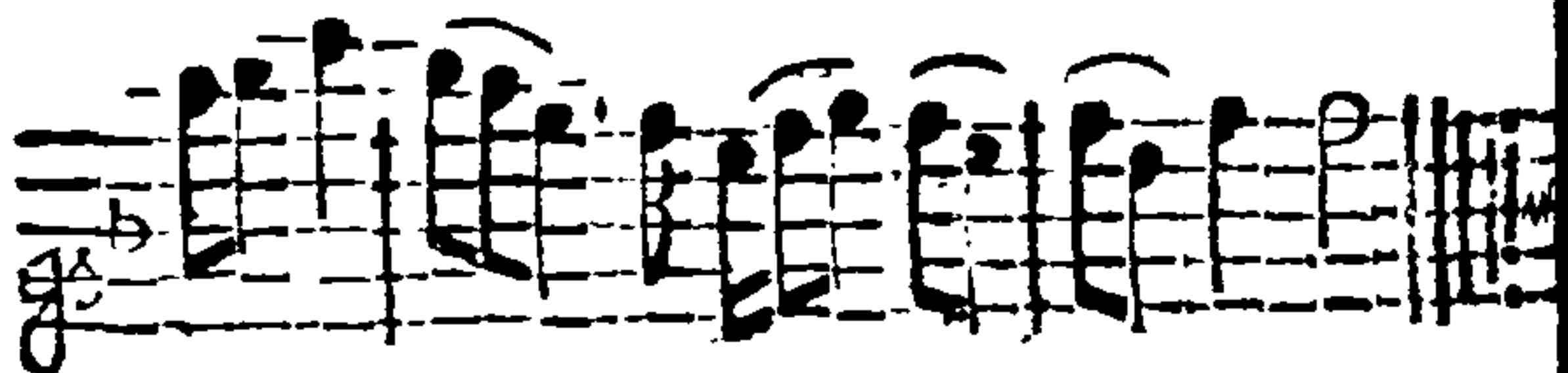
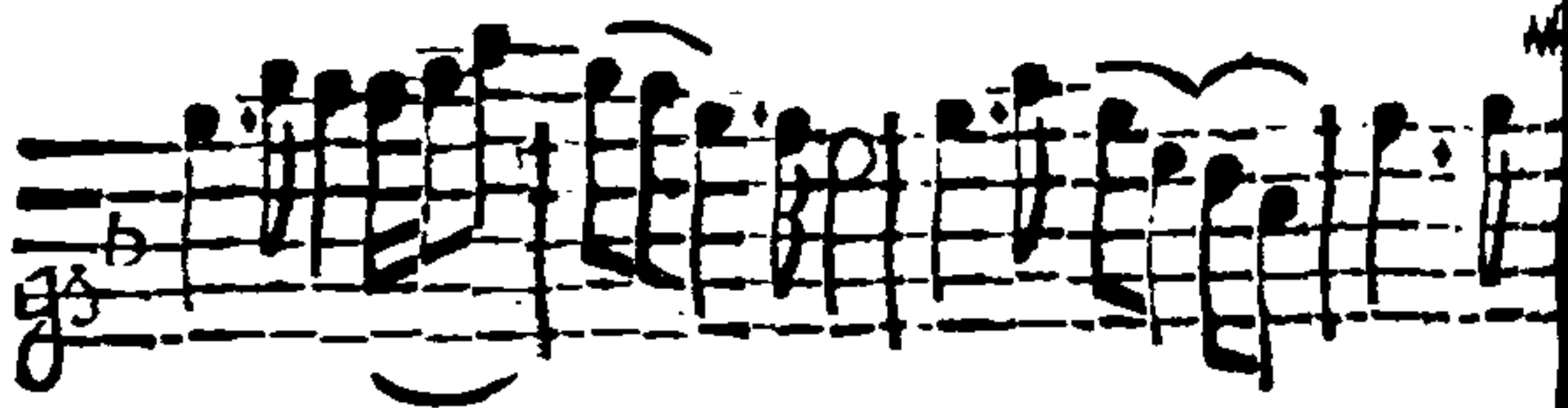
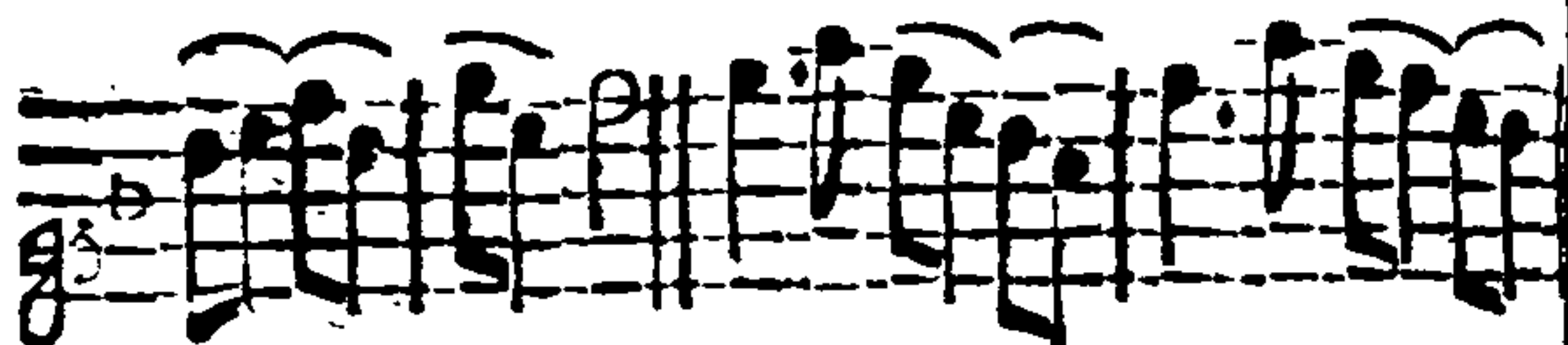
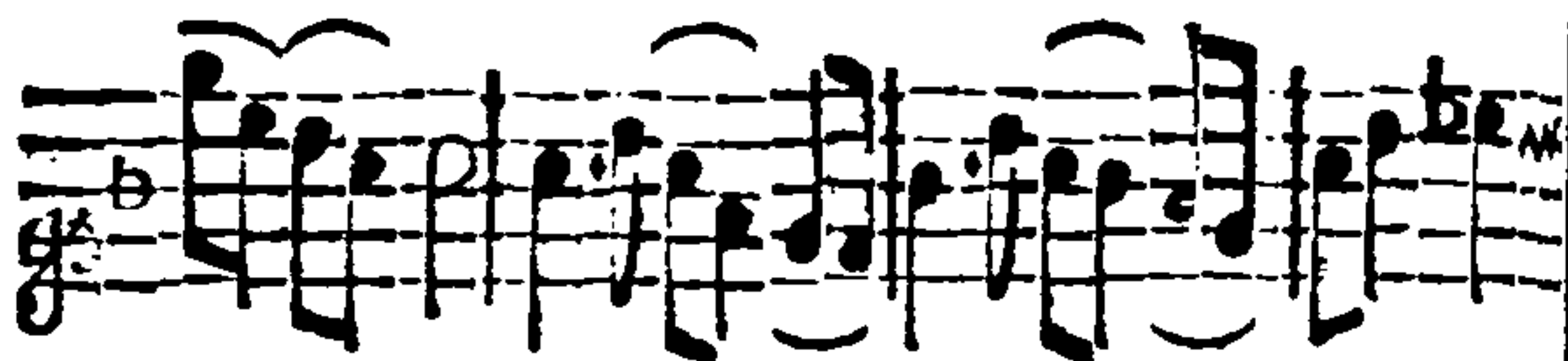
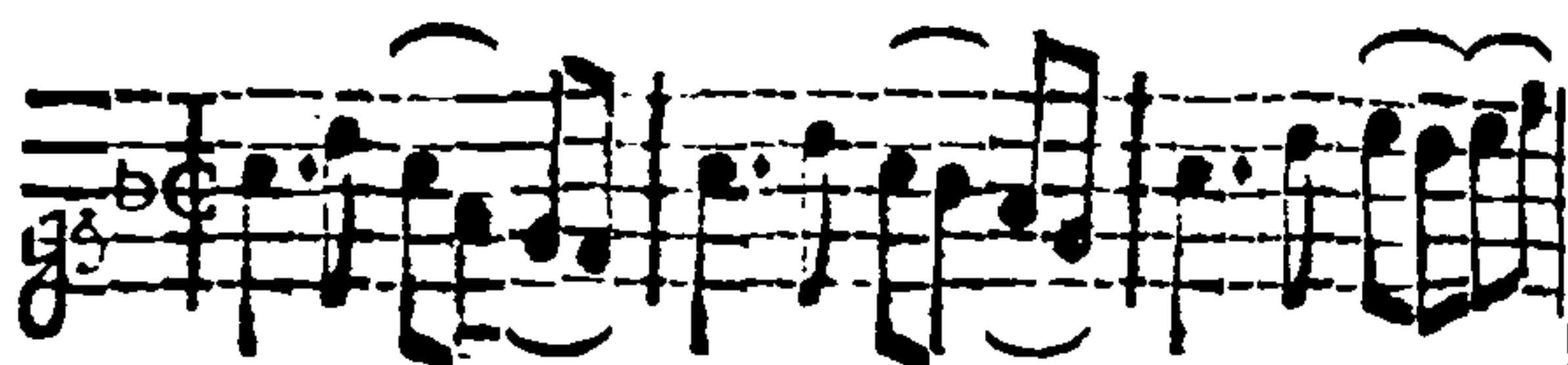
A SONG. Set by Mr. JOHN BARRETT.





LIBERIA's all my Thought and Dream,
 She's all, all, all, she's all, all, all, my Pleasure and
 Liberia's all that I Esteem, (my Pain :
 And all I fear is her Disdain,
 Wit, her Humour and her Face,
 Please beyond all I felt before :
 ! Why can't I Admire her less,
 Or dear *Liberia*, or dear *Liberia* love me more!

Let Stars all other Female Charms,
 Ne'er touch my Heart, but Feast my Eyes;
 She's the only Sun that Warms,
 With her alone I'd live and dye :
 Mortal Pow'rs whose Work Divine,
 Inspires my Soul with so much Love;
 Let your *Liberia* may be mine, (your Joys above.
 And then, then, then, then, and then, then I share

Coy BELINDA, and False AMINDOR.

COY *Belinda* may discover,
 Love is nothing but a Name;
 'Tis not Beauty warms the Lover,
 When he tells her of his Flame:
 But she keeps a greater Treasure,
 Bills and Bonds inflame his Heart;
 Charms that flow with rides of Pleasure,
 More obey'd than *Cupid's* Dart.

False *Aminor* leave Dissembling,
 Tell her plainly you are Poor;
 Hence are all your Sighs and Tremblings,
 When you talk of your Amour:
 Tho' you Sigh, and tho' you Languish,
 'Till she gives her self away;
 Then you soon forget your Anguish,
 And *Belinda* must obey.



An Amorous Address to the charming CORINNA.

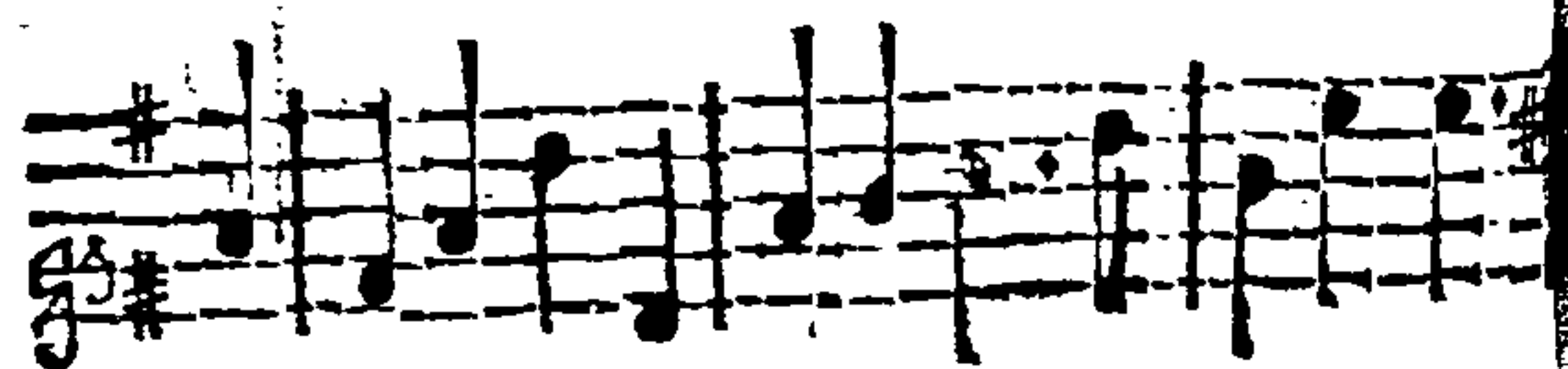


CORINNA 'tis you that I Love,
 And love with a Passion, a Passion so great ;
 That death a less Torment would prove,
 Than either your Frown or your hate :
 So soft and prevailing your Charms,
 In vain I should strive to retreat ;
 Oh! then let me live in your Arms,
 Or dye in Despair at your Feet.

In vain I may pray to Love's Powers,
 To ease me and pity my Pain ;
 Since the Heart that I sue for is yours,
 Who all other Powers disdain :
 Like a Goddess you Absolute reign,
 You alone 'tis can save or kill ;
 To whom else then should I complain,
 Since my fate must depend on your will.



*The Coy Lass dress'd up in her best Commode and
 Top-knot.*





DO not rumple my Top-knot,
 I'll not be kiss'd to Day;
 I'll not be hawl'd and pull'd about,
 Thus on a Holy-day:
 Then if your Rudeness you don't leave,
 No more is to be said;
 See this long Pin upon my Sleeve,
 I'll run up to the Head:
 And if you rumple my head Gear,
 I'll give you a good flurt on the Ear.

Come upon a Worky-day,
 When I have my old Cloaths on;
 I shall not be so nice nor Coy,
 Nor stand so much upon:
 Then hawl and pull, and do your best,
 Yet I shall gentle be:
 Kiss hand, and Mouth, and feel my Breast,
 And tickle to my Knee:
 won't be put out of my rode,
 You shall not rumple my Commode.

*A SONG in the Dramatick OPERA of KING ARTHUR.
Written by Mr. DRYDEN.*



FAIREST Isle, all Isles excelling,
Seat of pleasures, and of Love;
Venus here, will chuse her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian Grove.

Cupid from his fav'rite Nation,
Care and Envy will remove ;
Jealousy that poisons Passion,
And Despair that dies for Love.

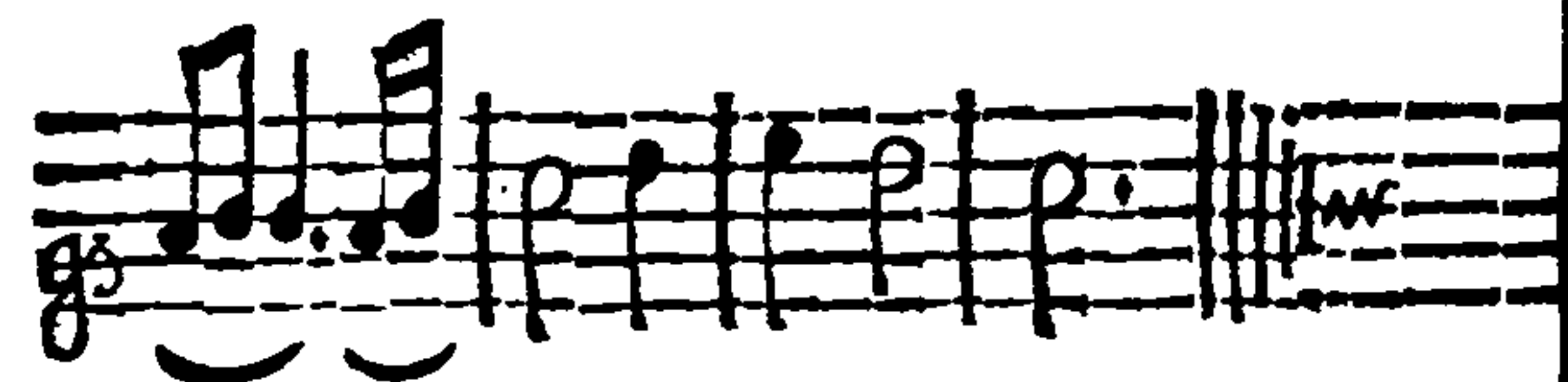
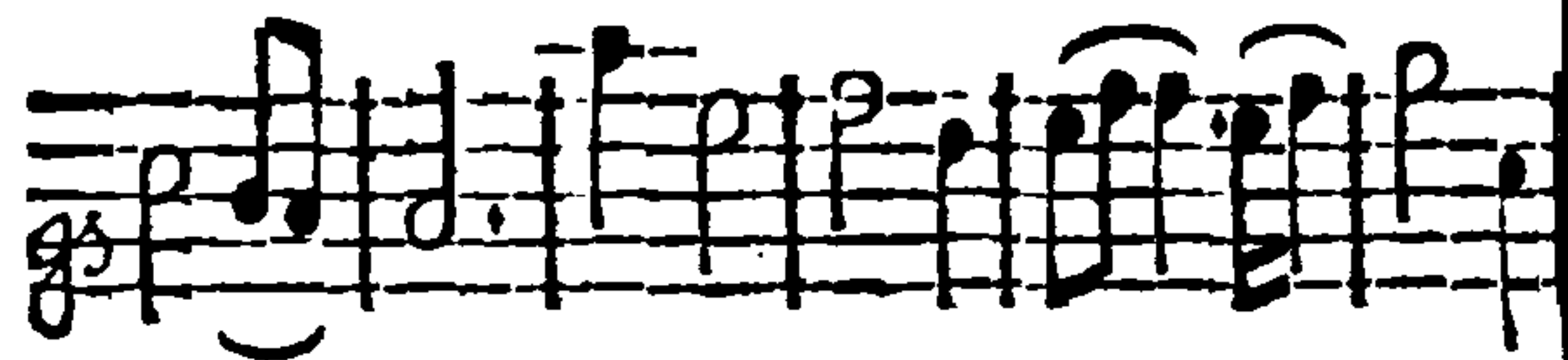
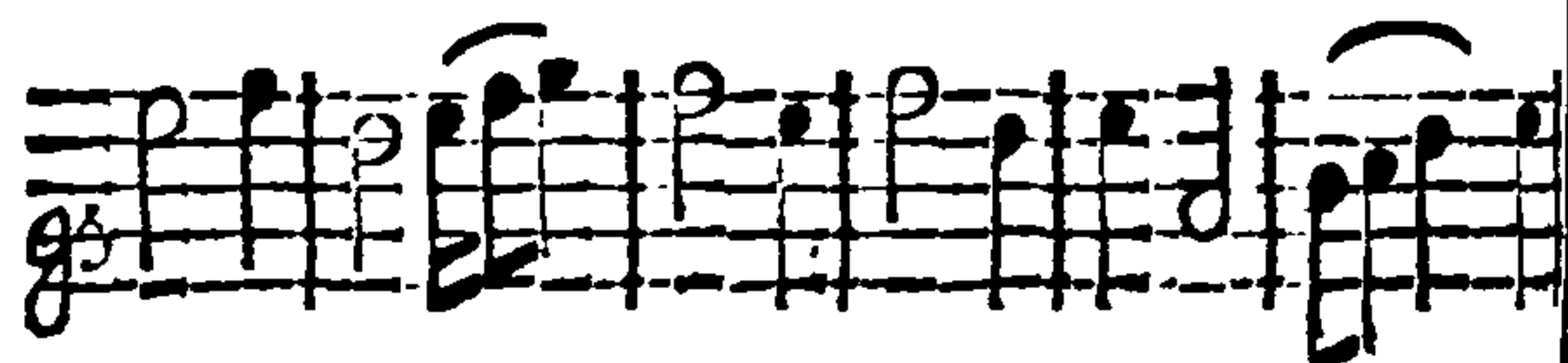
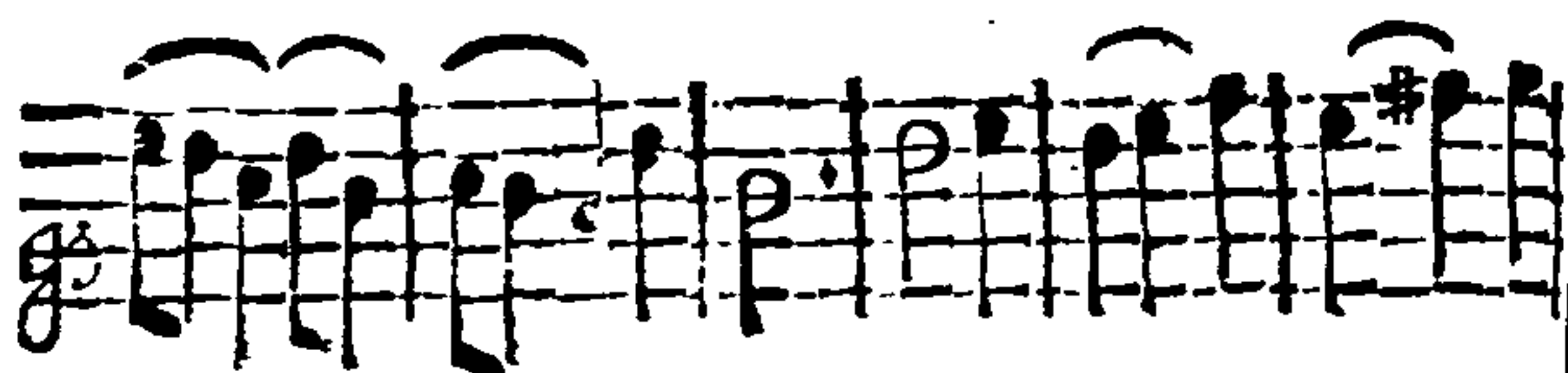
Gentle murmurs sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of Love ;
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.

Every Swain shall pay his Duty,
Grateful every Nymph shall prove ;
And as these excel in Beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for Love.



*A SONG in the Comedy call'd the (Wives Excuse:
Or, Cuckolds make themselves.) Sung by
Mrs. BUTLER.*





HANG this whining way of Wooing,
 Loving was design'd a sport;
 Sighing, talking without doing,
 Makes a sily Idol court:
 Don't believe that words can move her,
 If she be not well inclin'd;
 She herself must be the Lover,
 To perswade her to be kind:
 If at last she grants the Favour,
 And consents to be undone;
 Never think your Passion gave her,
 To your wishes, but her own.

*A SONG in the Opera call'd the (Fairy Queen,)
Sung by Mr. PATE.*



HERE's the Summer sprightly, gay,
Smiling, wanton, fresh and fair:
Adorn'd with all the Flowers of *May*,
Whose various sweets perfume the Air,
Adorn'd with all the Flowers of *May*,
Whose various sweets perfume the Air.

A D O G of W A R:

Or, The Travels of DRUNKARD, the famous Curr of the Round WOOLSTAPLE in WESTMINSTER. His Services in the NETHERLANDS, and lately in FRANCE, with his return home.

The A R G U M E N T.

AN Honest, Well-knowing, and well-known Souldier, (whose Name for some Reasons I conceal) dwelt lately in Westminster, in the round Woolstaple, he was a Man only for Action. but such Actions as Loyalty did always justifie, either for his Prince, Country, or their dear and near Friends or Allies, in such noble designs he would and did often with Courage, and good Approvement employ himself in the Low-countries, having always with him a little black Dog, whom he called Drunkard; which Curr would (by no means) ever forsake or leave him. But lately in these French Wars, the Dog being in the Isle of R H E A, where his Master (valiantly fighting) was Unfortunatly slain, whose death was griev'd for by as many as knew him; and as the Corps lay dead, the poor loving Masterless Dog would not forsake it, until an English Souldier pull'd off his Masters Coat, whom the Dog followed to a Boat, by which means he came back to Westminster, where he now remains. Upon whose Fidelity, (for the love I owed his deceased Master) I have writ these following Lines, to express my Addition to the Proverb, Love me and Love my Dog.

To

To the Reader.

READER if you expect
from hence,
An overplus of Wit
or Sence,
I deal with no such

Traffique:

Heroicks and
Iambicks I,
My Buskinde Muse bath
laid them by,
Pray be content with
Saphicke.

Drunkard the Dog my
Patron is,
And he doth love me
well for this,
Whose Love I take for
Guerdon;
And he's a Dog of Mars
his Train
Who bath seen Men and
Horses slain,
The like was never
heard on.

DRUNK

DRUNKARD or the faithful Dog of War.



Stand clear, my Masters
 'ware your Shins,
 For now to Bark my
 Muse begins,
 'Tis of a Dog, I
 write now:
 Yet let me tell you
 for excuse,
 That Muse or Dog, or
 Dog or Muse,
 Have no intent to
 bite now.

In Doggrel Rhimes my
 Lines are writ,
 As for a Dog I thought
 it fit,
 And fitting best his
 Carkass.
 Had I been silent as
 a Stoick,
 Or had I writ in
 Verse Heroick,

Then had I been a
Stark Ass.

Old *Homer* wrote of
Frogs and Mice,
And *Rabblaies* wrote of
Nits and Lice,
And *Virgil* of
a Flye:
One wrote the Treatise
of the Fox,
Another prais'd the
Frenchman's Pox,
Whose praise was but
a Lye.

Great *Alexander* had
a Horse,
A famous Beast of
mighty force
Yecleap'd *Buce-*
phalus:
He was a stout and
sturdy Steed,
And of an exc'lent Race
and Breed,
But that concerns
not us.

I list not write the
Baby praise
Of Apes, or Owls, or
Poppingeys,
Or of the Cat
Grammalkin:
But of a true and trusty
Dog,
Who well could fawn,
but never cog,
His Praise my Pen must
walk in.

And

And Drunkard he is
 falsey nam'd,
 For which that Vice he
 ne'er was blam'd,
 For he Loves not God

Bacchus :

The Kitchen he esteems
 more dear,
 Than Cellars full of
 Wine or Beer,
 Which oftentimes doth
 wreck us:

He is no Mastiff, huge
 of Lim,
 Or Water-spaniel, that
 can Swim,
 Nor Blood-Hound nor
 no Setter:
 No Bob-tail Tyke, or
 Trundle-tayl,
 Nor can he Partridge spring
 or Quail,
 But yet he is much
 better.

No Dainty Ladies
 fisting-Hound,
 That lives upon our
 Britain Ground,
 Nor Mungrel Cur or
 Shogn
 Should Litters or whole
 Kennel dare,
 With Honest Drunkard
 to compare.
 My Pen writes, *merry*
fugh.

The Otter-Hound, the
 Fox-Hound nor
 The swift-foot Grey-Hound
 ead he for,

Not

Nor *Cerberus* Hell's
 Bandogg ;
 His Service proves them
 Curs and Tikes,
 And his Renown a
 Terror strikes,
 In Water-Dog and
 Land-Dog.

'Gainst brave *Buquoy*, or
 stout *Dampiere*,
 He durst have Bark'd
 without Fear,
 Or 'gainst the hot
 Count Tilly :
 At *Bergen Leaguer* and
 Bredha,
 Against the Noble
 Spinola,
 He shew'd himself not
 filly.

He serv'd his Master
 at commands.
 In the most Warlike
 Netherlands,
 In *Holland. Zeeland*,
 Brabant :
 He to him still was
 true and just,
 And if his fare were but
 a Crust,
 He patiently would
 knab on't.

He durst t'have stood
 Stern *Ajax* Frown,
 When Wife *Ulysses*
 talk'd him down
 In grave *Diebus*
 illis ;
 When he by cunning
 prating won

The

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

The Armour from
fierce Tellamon,
That 'longed to
Achilles.

Brave Drunkard, oft on
God's dear Ground,
Took such poor Lodging
as he found,
In Town, Field, Camp
or Cottage ;
His Bed but cold, his
Dyet thin,
He oft in that poor case
was in,
To want both Meat and
Pottage.

Two rows of Teeth for
Arms he bore,
Which in his Mouth he
always wore,
Which serv'd to fight and
feed too :
His grumbling for his
Drum did pass,
And barking (lowd) his
Ordnance was,
Which help'd in time of
need too.

His Tail his Ensign
he did make,
Which he would oft display
and shake,
Fast in his Poop
uprear'd :
His Powder hot, but
somewhat dank,
His Shot in (scent) most
dangerous rank,

Which

Which sometimes made him
feared.

Thus hath he long serv'd
near and far,
Well known to be a
Dog of War,
Though he ne'er shot with
Musket:
Yet Cannons roar or
Culverings,
That whizzing through
the welkin sings,
He slighted as a
Puf-Cat.

For Guns, nor Drums,
nor Trumpets clang,
Nor hunger, cold, nor
many a pang,
Could make him leave his
Master:
In Joy, and in
Adversity,
In Plenty, and in
Poverty,
He often was a
Taster.

Thus serv'd he on the
Belgia Coast,
Yet ne'er was heard to
brag or boast,
Of Services done by
him.
He is no Pharisee
to blow
A Trumpet, his good
Deeds to show,
'Tis pity to bely
him.

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

At last he Home return'd
 in Peace,
 Till Wars, and Jars, and
 Scars increas'd
 'Twixt us, and *France*,
 in malice:
 Away went he and
 cross'd the Sea,
 With his Master, to the
 Isle of *Rhea*,
 A good way beyond
Catise.

He was so true, so good,
 so kind,
 He scorn'd to stay at Home
 behind.
 And leave his Master
 frustrate;
 For which could I like
Ovid write,
 Or else like *Virgil* could
 indite.
 I would his Praise
 illustrate.

I wish my Hands could
 never stir,
 But I do love a
 thankful Curr,
 More than a Man
 ingrateful:
 And this poor Dog's
 Fidelity,
 May make a thankless
 Knave descry,
 How much that Vice is
 hateful.

For why, of all the
 Faults of Men,
 Which they have got from
 Hell's black Den,

Ingrate.

Ingratitude the
worst is:
For Treasons, Murders,
Incests. Rapes,
Nor any Sin in
any shapes,
So bad, nor so
accurst is.

I hope I shall no
Anger gain,
If I do write a word
or twain,
How this Dog was
distressed;
His Master being
wounded dead,
Shot, cut and slash'd, from
Heel to Head,
Think how he was
oppressed.

To lose him that he
loved most,
And be upon a Foreign
Coast,
Where no Man would
relieve him:
He lick'd his Masters
Wounds in Love,
And from his Carcass
would not move,
Altho' the sight
did grieve him.

By chance a Souldier
passing by,
That did his Masters
Coat espy,
And quick away he
took it:

But

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

But *Drunkard* followed
 to a Boat,
 To have again his Master's
 Coat,
 Such Theft he could not
 brook it.

So after all his wo
 and wrack,
 To *Westminster* he was
 brought back,
 A poor half starved
 Creature;
 And in remembrance of
 his cares,
 Upon his back he
 closely wears
 A Mourning Coat by
 Nature.

Live *Drunkard*, sober
Drunkard live,
 I know thou no offence
 wilt give,
 Thou art a harmless
 Dumb thing;
 And for thy love I'll
 freely grant,
 Rather than thou shouldst
 ever want,
 Each Day to give thee
 something.

Thou shalt be *Stellifide*
 by me,
 I'll make the *Dog-star*
 wait on thee,
 And in his room I'll
 seat thee :
 When *Sol* doth in his
 Progress swing,
 And in the Dog-days
 hotly sing,

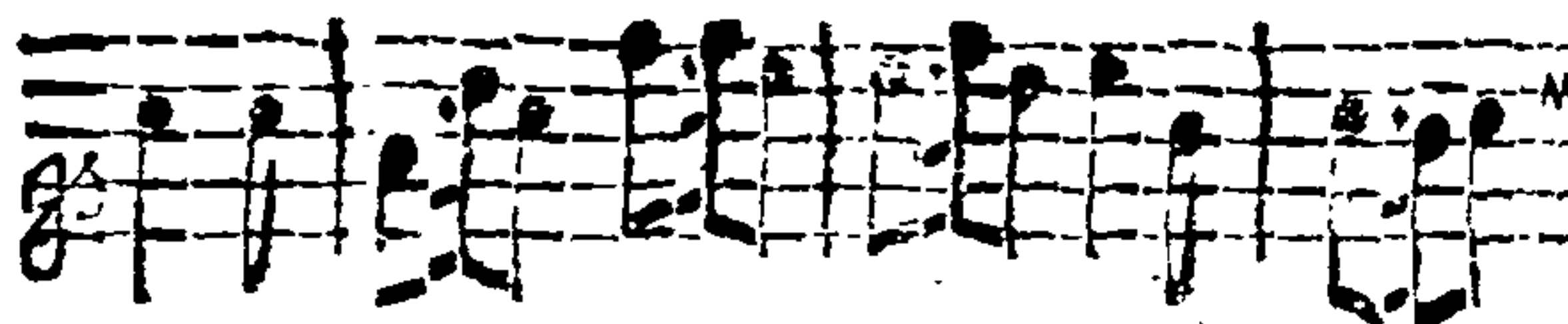
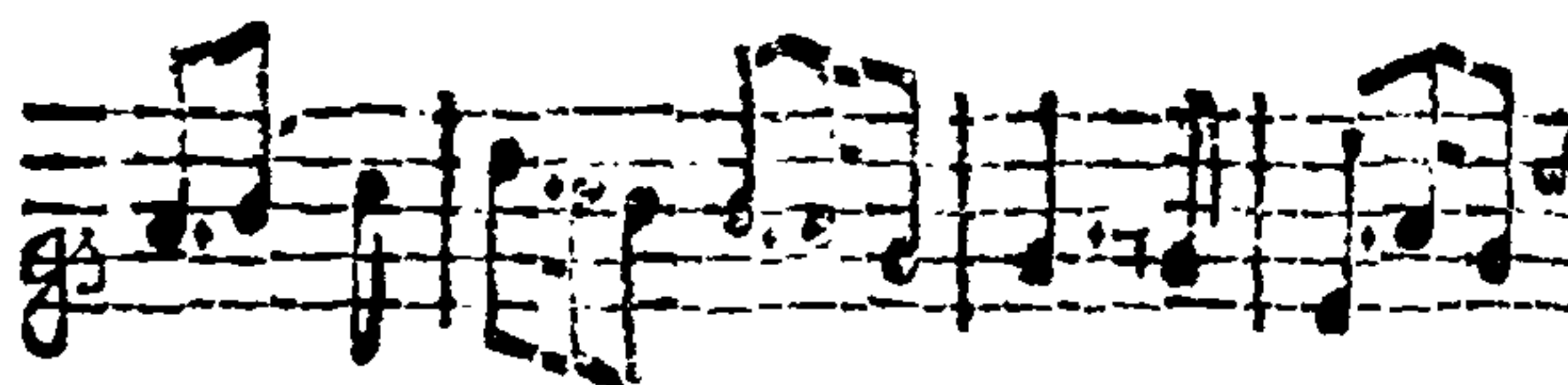
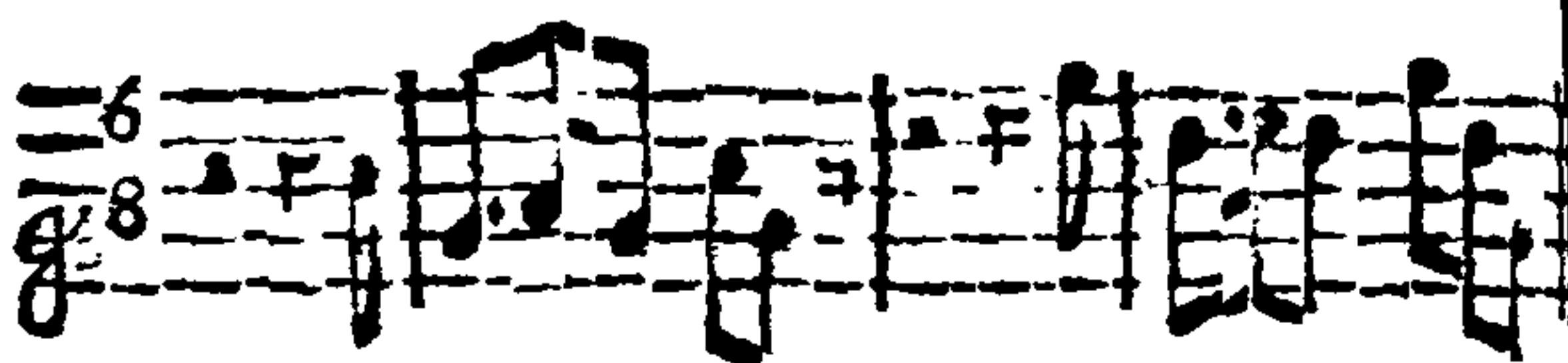
He shall not over-
heat thee.

I lov'd thy Master, **♣**
did all
That knew him,
great and small,
And he did well
deserve it:
For he was Honest,
Valiant, Good,
And one that Manhood
understood,
And did till Death
preserve it.

For whose sake, I'll
his Dog prefer,
And at the Dog at
Westminster,
Shall *Drunkard* be a
Bencher;
Where I will set a
work his Chops,
Not with bare Bones, or
broken scraps,
But Victuals from my
Trencher.

So honest *Drunkard*
now adieu,
Thy Praise no longer
I'll pursue,
But still my Love is
to thee:
And when thy Life is
gone and spent,
These Lines shall be thy
Monument,
And shall much Service
do thee.

A SONG Sung by Mrs. AYLIFF in the Play call'd
Love Triumphant: Or, Nature will Prevail
Sett by Mr. HENRY PURCELL.



A New SONG, to the Tune of the Old Batchelor.



If ever you mean to be kind,
 To me the Favour, the Favour allow;
 For fear that to Morrow should alter my Mind,
 Oh! let me now, now, now,
 If in Hand then a Guinea you'll give,
 And swear by this kind Embrace;
 That another to Morrow, as you hope to live,
 Oh! then I will strait unlace:
 For why should we two disagree,
 Since we have, we have opportunity.

A SONG, Set to Musick by Mr. Will. Richardson.



I know her false, I know her base,
 I know that Gold alone can move;
 I know she Jilts me to my Face,
 And yet good Gods, and yet good Gods I know I Love.

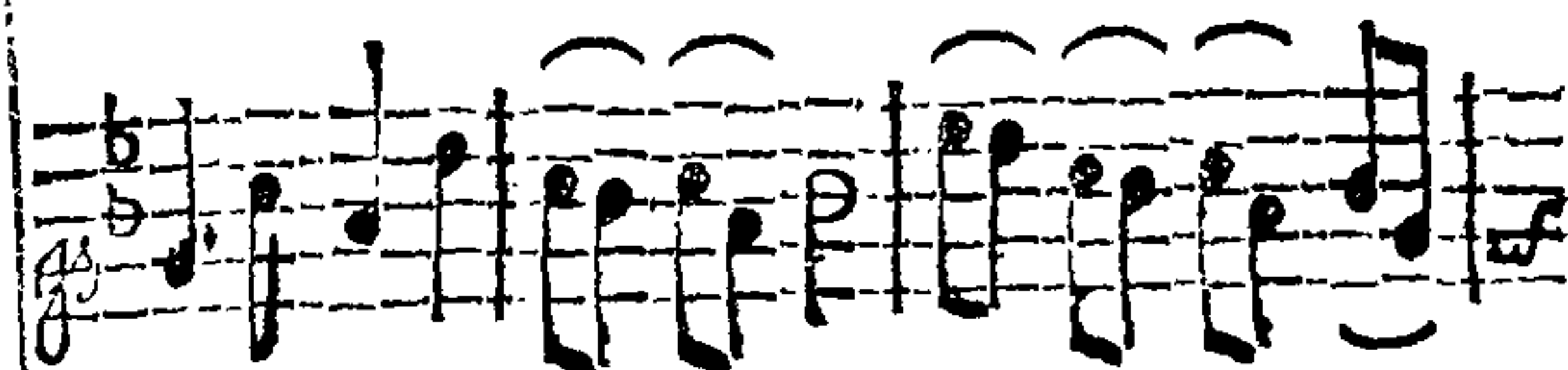
I see too plain and yet am Blind,
 Wou'd think her true, while she forsooth;
 To me and to my Rival's kind,
 Courts him, courts me, courts him, courts me, and
 (Jilts us both.

A Scotch S O N G.



FYE Jockey never prattle more so like a Loon,
 No Rebel e'er shall gar my Heart to Love:
 Samney was a Loyal Scot tho' dead and gone,
 And Jenny in her Daddy's way with muckle Joy shall move
 Laugh at the Kirk-Apostles & the Canting swarms, (King
 And fight with bonny Lads that love their Monarchy and
 Then Jenny fresh and blith shall take thee in her Arms
 And give thee twanty Kisses, and perhaps a better thing

A SONG in the Fairy Queen. Sung by Mrs. Dyer.



I Am come to lock all fast,
 Love without me cannot last:
 Love, like counsels of the Wise,
 Must be hid from vulgar Eyes;
 'Tis holy, 'tis holy, and we must, we must conceal it,
 They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it,
 They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it,

A New SONG, Set to the FLUTE.

AFTER the pangs of fierce Desire,
 The doubts and hopes that wait on Love;
 And feed by turns the raging Fire,
 How charming must Fruition prove:
 When the triumphant Lover feels,
 None of those Pains which once he bore;
 Or when reflecting on his Ills,
 He makes his Pleasure, Pleasure more,
 He makes his Pleasure, Pleasure more.

*A SONG in the Comedy call'd Sir Anthony
Love: Or, The Rambling Lady, Set by Mr.
HENRY PURCELL.*



IN vain *Clemene*, you bestow,
 The promis'd Empire of your Heart;
 If you refuse to let me know,
 The wealthy Charms of every part.

My Passion with your kindness grew,
 Tho' Beauty gave the first desire,
 But Beauty only to pursue,
 Is following a wandering Fire.

As Hills in perspective, suppress,
 The free enquiry of the sight:
 Restraint makes every Pleasure less,
 And takes from Love the full delight.

Faint Kisses may in part supply,
 Those eager Longings of my Soul;
 But oh! I'm lost, if you deny,
 A quick possession of the whole.



A SONG, Set to Musick by Mr. GRAVES.





MY dear Corinna give me leave,
 To gaze, to gaze on her I Love;
 The Gods cou'd never, never yet conceive,
 Her Worth, tho' from above;
 There's none on Earth can equalize,
 So sweet, so sweet a Soul as she;
 Who ever gains so great a Prize,
 Has all, has all that Heav'n can be.

curse on my Fate, who plac'd me here,
 In a Sphere, a Sphere, so much below,
 My Love, my Life, my all that's dear;
 And yet she must not know:
 The torment for her I sustain,
 Shall ill, shall ill rewarded be;
 When loving, when loving, and not Lov'd again,
 Does prove, does prove, a Hell to me.

A Mock Song to If Love's a sweet Passion.

IF Wine be a Cordial why does it Torment?
 If a Poison oh! tell me whence comes my Content
 Since I drink it with Pleasure, why should I complain
 Or repent ev'ry Morn when I know 'tis in vain:
 Yet so charming the Glass is, so deep is the Quarrel
 That at once it both drowns and enlivens my Heart

I take it off briskly and when it is down,
 By my jolly Complexion I make my Joy known;
 But ch! how I'm blest when so strong it does prove
 By its soveraign heat to expel that of Love:
 When in quenching the Old, I creat a new Flame
 And am wrapt in such Pleasures that still want a Name

The LOYAL Subject's WISH. By Mrs.
ANNE MORCOTT.



LET

LET *Mary* live long,
 She's Vertuous and Witty,
 All charmingly Pretty;
 Let *Mary* live long,
 And Reign many Years:
 Wou'd the Cloud was gone o'er,
 That troubles us fore,
 When the Sun-shine appears;
 We shall be deliver'd,
 We shall be deliver'd,
 From fury and fears.

Heavens send the King home,
 With Laurels to crown him,
 Each Rebel to own him;
 And may he live long,
 And Reign many Years:
 When the Conquest is plain,
 And three Kingdoms regain'd;
 Let his Enemies fall,
 Then *Cæsar* shall flourish,
 Then *Cæsar* shall flourish,
 In spite of them all.

All glorious and gay,
 Let the King live for ever:
 May he languish never, never:
 Like Flowers in May,
 His Actions smell sweet;
 When the Wars are all done,
 And he safe in his Throne;
 Trophies lay at his Feet,
 With loud Acclamations,
 With loud Acclamations,
 His Majesty greet.

The Shepherdess LERINDA'S Complaint, by
Walter Overbury, Gent.



LERINDA complaineth that *Strephon* is dull,
And that nothing diverting proceeds from his Skull;
But when once *Lerinda* vouchsafes to be kind,
To her long Admirer she'll then quickly find:
Such strange alteration as will her confute,
That *Strephon's* transported, that *Strephon's* transported,
That *Strephon's* transported, and grown more acute.

Love

Love will find out the Way.



OVER the Mountains,
 And over the Waves ;
 Over the Fountains,
 And under the Graves :
 Over Rocks which are steepest,
 Which do *Neptune* obey ;
 Over Floods which are the deepest,
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place,
 For the Glow-worm to lie :
 Where there is no space,
 For receipt of a Flye :
 Where the Gnat she dares not venture,
 Lest her self fast she lay :
 But if Love come he will enter,
 And will find out the way.

You may esteem him
 a Child by his force ;
 Or you may deem him
 A Coward, which is worse :

But

But if he whom Love doth Honour,
Be conceal'd from the Day;
Set a Thousand Guards upon him,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind;
And some do suppose him,
Poor Heart to be Blind:
But if ne'er so close you wall him,
Do the best that you may;
Blind Love, if so you call him,
Will find out the way.

Well may the Eagle
Stoop down to the Fift;
Or you may inveagle,
The Phenix of the East:
With Tears the Tyger's moved,
To give over his Prey;
But never stop a Lover,
He will post on his way.

From *Dover* to *Barwick*,
And Nations thro'out;
Brave *Guy* of *Warwick*,
That Champion stout:
With his Warlike behaviour,
Thro' the World he did stray;
To win his *Phillis*'s Favour,
Love will find out the way.

In order next enters,
Bevis so brave;
After Adventures,
And Policy grave:
To see whom he desired,
His *Josian* so gay;
For whom his Heart was fired,
Love found out the way.

The Second Part, To the same Tune.

THE gordian Knot,
 Which true Lovers knit ;
 Undoe you cannot,
 Nor yet break it :
 Make use of your inventions,
 Their Fancies to betray ;
 To frustrate your intentions,
 Love will find out the way.

From Court to Cottage,
 In Bower and in Hall ;
 From the King unto the Beggar,
 Love conquers all :
 Tho' ne'er so stout and Lordly,
 Strive do what you may ;
 Yet be you ne'er so hardy,
 Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over Princes,
 Or greatest Emperor ;
 In any Provinces,
 Such is Love's Power :
 There is no resisting,
 But him to obey ;
 In spite of all contesting,
 Love will find out the way.

If that he were hidden,
 and all Men that are ;
 Were strictly forbidden,
 That place to declare :
 Winds that have no abiding,
 Pitying their delay ;
 Will come and bring him tydings,
 And direct him the way.

If the Earth should part him,
 He would gallop it o're ;
 If the Seas should overthwart him,
 He would swim to the Shore :
 Should his Love become a Swallow,
 Thro' the Air to stray ;
 Love would lend Wings to follow,
 And would find out the way.

There is no striving,
 To cross his intent ;
 There is no contriving,
 His Plots to prevent :
 But if once the Message greet him,
 That his true Love doth stay ;
 If Death should come and meet him,
 Love will find out the way.



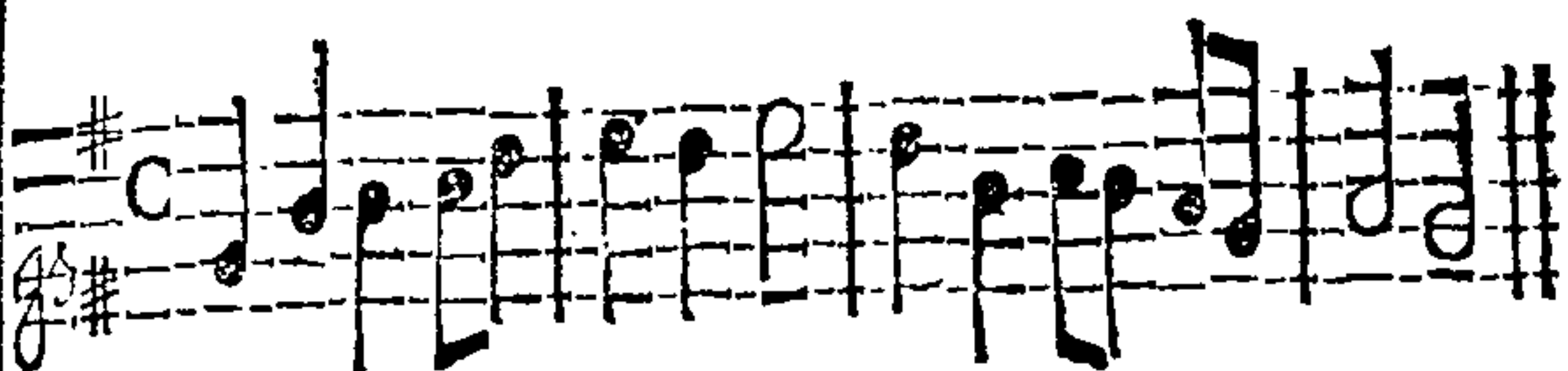
*A SONG, in the Play called the Tragedy of
 CREOMENES the Spartan Heroe : Sung by Mrs.
 BUTLER, Set by Mr. H. PURCELL.*





NO, no, poor suffering Heart, no change endeavour,
 Chuse to sustain the smart rather than leave her:
 My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charms about her,
 I can Dye with her, but not Live without her :
 One tender Sigh of her to see me Languish ;
 Will more than pay the price of my past Anguish,
 Beware, oh cruel Fair how you smile on me,
 'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy Minute,
 And she will end my Pain who did begin it ;
 Then no Day void of Kifs and Pleasures leaving,
 Ages shall slide away without perceiving :
 Cupid shall guard the Door, the more to please us,
 And keep out Time and Death when they would seaze us ;
 Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying ;
 Love has found out a way to Live by Dying.

The Jolly Trades-men.

SOMETIMES I am a Tapster new,
 And skilful in my Trade Sir,
 I fill my Pots most duly,
 Without deceit or froth Sir :
 A Spicket of two Handfuls long,
 I use to Occupy Sir :
 And when I set a Butt abroach,
 Then shall no Beer run by Sir.

Sometimes I am a Butcher,
 And then I feel fat Ware Sir ;
 And if the Flank be fleshed well,
 I take no farther care Sir :
 But in I thrust my Slaughtering-Knife,
 Up to the Haft with speed Sir ;
 For all that ever I can do,
 I cannot make it bleed Sir.

Sometimes I am a Baker,
 And Bake both white and brown Sir ;
 I have as fine a Wrigling-Pole,
 As any is in all this Town Sir :

But

52 *PILLS to Purge Melancholy.*

But if my Oven be over-hot,
I dare not thrust it in Sir ;
For burning of my Wrigling-Pole,
My Skill's not worth a Pin Sir.

Sometimes I am a Glover,
And can do passing well Sir ;
In dressing of a Doe-skin,
I know I do excel Sir :
But if by chance a Flaw I find,
In dressing of the Leather ;
I straightway whip my Needle out,
And I tack 'em close together.

Sometimes I am a Cook,
And in *Fleet-street* I do dwell Sir :
At the Sign of the Sugar-loaf,
As it is known full well Sir :
And if a dainty Lads comes by,
And wants a dainty bit Sir ;
I take four Quarters in my Arms,
And put them on my Spit Sir.

In Weaving and in Fulling,
I have such passing Skill Sir ;
And underneath my Weaving-Beam,
There stands a Fulling-Mill Sir :
To have Good Wives displeasure,
I would be very loath Sir ;
The Water runs so near my Hand,
It over-thicks my Cloth Sir.

Sometimes I am a Shoe-maker,
And work with silly Bones Sir ;
To make my Leather soft and moist,
I use a pair of Stones Sir :
My Lasts for and my lasting Sticks,
Are fit for every size Sir ;
I know the length of Lasses Feet,
By handling of their Thighs Sir.

The Tanner's Trade I practice,
 Sometimes amongst the rest Sir;
 Yet I could never get a Hair,
 Of any hide I dreis'd Sir:
 For I have been Tanning of a Hide,
 This long seven Years and more Sir;
 And yet it is as hairy still,
 As ever it was before Sir.

Sometimes I am a Taylor,
 And work with Thread that's strong Sir;
 I have a fine great Needle,
 About two handfulls long Sir:
 The finest Sempster in this Town,
 That works by line or leisure;
 May use my Needle at a pinch,
 And do themselves great Pleasure.



*The slow Men of LONDON: Or, the Widow BROWN;
 To the same Tune.*

T H E R E dwelt a Widow in this Town,
 That was both Fair and Lovely;
 Her Face was comely neat and brown,
 To Pleasure she would move thee:
 Her lovely Tresses shin'd like Gold,
 Most neat is her Behaviour;
 For truth it has of late been told,
 There's many strove to have her.
 There were three Young Men of this Town,
 Slow Men of *London*;
 And they'd go Wooe the Widow *Brown*,
 Because they would be undone.

The one a Taylor was by Trade,
 An excellent Occupation;
 But Widows Love doth waste and fade,
 I find by observation:
 The second was a Farrier bold,
 A Man of excellent Metal;

His

His Love to her was never cold,
So firm his Thoughts did settle,
There were, &c.

The third a Weaver was that came,
a Suitor to this Widow ;
Her Beauty did his Heart inflame,
Her Thoughts deceit doth shadow,
Widows can dissemble still,
When Young Men come a Wooing;
Yet they were guided by her Will,
That prov'd to their undoing.
There were three, &c.

This Widow had a dainty Tongue,
And words as sweet as Honey ;
Which made her Suitors to her throng,
Till they had spent their Money :
The Taylor spent an Hundred Pound,
That he took up on Credit ;
But now her Knavery he hath found,
Repents that ere he did it.
These were three, &c.

Threescore Pounds the Farrier had,
Left him by his Father ;
To spend this Money he was mad,
His Dad so long did gather :
This Widow often did protest,
She lov'd him best of any ;
Thus would she swear, when she did least,
To make them spend their Money.
These were three, &c.

The Weaver spent his daily gains,
That he got by his Labour ;
Some thirty Pounds he spent in vain,
He borrow'd of his Neighbour :
She must have Sack and Muscadine,
And Claret brew'd with Sugar ;
Each Day they feed her chops with Wine,
For which they all might hug her.
These were three, &c.

The Second Part, To the same Tune.

HE went Apparell'd neat and fine,
 People well might wonder;
 To see how she in Gold did shine,
 Her Fame abroad did thunder:
 A water'd Camlet Gown she had,
 A Scarlet Coat belaced
 With Gold, which made her Suitors glad,
 To see how she was graced.
 These were, &c.

The Taylor was the neatest Lad,
 His Cloaths were oft Perfum'd;
 Kind Entertainment still he had,
 Till he his 'state consum'd:
 The Farrier likewise spent his 'state,
 The Weaver often kiss'd her;
 But when that they in 'state were Poor,
 They sought but still they miss'd her.
 These were, &c.

The Farrier and the Weaver too,
 Were fain to fly the City;
 The Widow did them quite undoe,
 In faith more was the pity:
 She of her Suitors being rid,
 A Welchman came unto her;
 By Night and Day his suit he ply'd,
 Most roughly he did Woo her:
 For wooing tricks he quite put down,
 The Slow-men of *London*;
 He over-reach'd the Widow *Brown*,
 That had so many undone.

He swore he was a Gentleman,
 Well landed in the Country:
 And liv'd in Reputation there,
 His Name Sir Rowland *Humphry*:

96 **PILLS to Purge Melancholy.**

The Widow did believe him then,
 And Love unto him granted ;
 Thus he her Favour did obtain,
 Welchmen will not be daunted.
 By cunning tricks he quite put down,
 The Slow-men of *London* :
 That came to Woo this Widow *Brown*,
 Because they would be undone.

The Welchman ply'd her Night and Day,
 Till to his Bow he brought her ;
 And bore away the Widow quite,
 From all that ever fought her :
 She thought to be a Lady gay,
 But she was sore deceiv'd ;
 Thus the Welchman did put down,
 The Slow-men of *London* :
 For they would Woo the Widow *Brown*,
 Because they would be undone.

Thus she was fitted in her kind,
 For all her former Knavery ;
 The Welchman did deceive her Mind,
 And took down all her Bravery :
 It had been better she had ta'en,
 The Weaver, Smith, or Taylor ;
 For when she fought for State and Pomp,
 The Welchman quite did fail her :
 Then learn you Young Men of this Town,
 You Slow-men of *London* :
 Which way to take the VVidow *Brown*,
 For least you all be undone.



The ROYAL Example. By Mr. Henry Purcell.

MAY her blest Example chace
 Vice, in Troops out of the Land;
 Flying from her awful Face,
 Like trembling Ghost when Day's at Hand:
 May her Hero bring us Peace,
 Won with Honour in the Field;
 And our Home-bred Factions cease,
 He still our Sword, and she our Shield.

The ROYAL Triumph of BRITAIN's Monarch.

NEW

NEW Pyramid's raise,
 Bring the Poplar and Bayes,
 To Crown our Triumphant Commander ;
 The *French* too shall run,
 As the *Irish* have done,
 Like the *Persians*, the *Persians* ;
 Like the *Persians*, the *Persians*,
 Like the *Persians* before *Alexander*.

Had the *Rabicon* been,
 Such a Stream as the *Boyn*,
 Not *Cæsar*, not *Cæsar* himself had gone on ;
 King *William* exceeds, great *Cæsar* in Deeds,
 More than he did, more than he did,
 More than he did, great *Pompey* before.

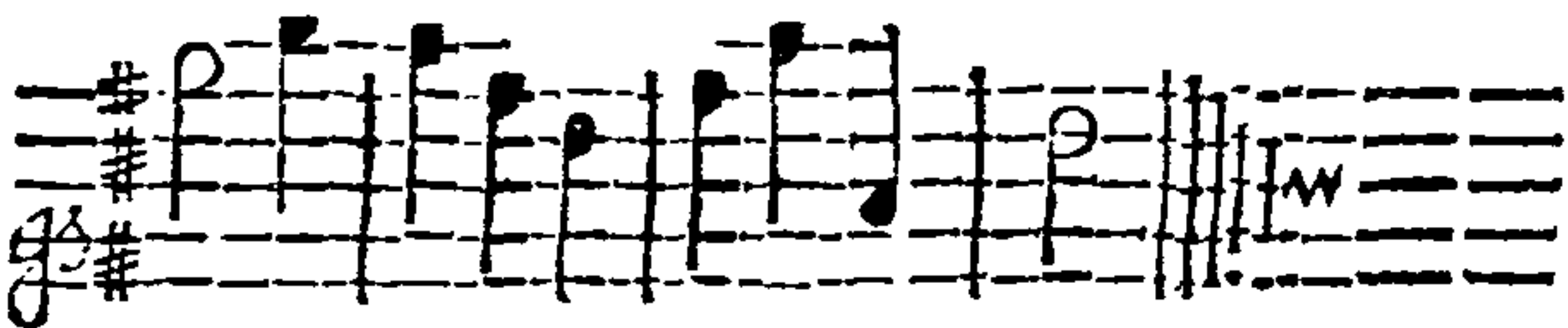
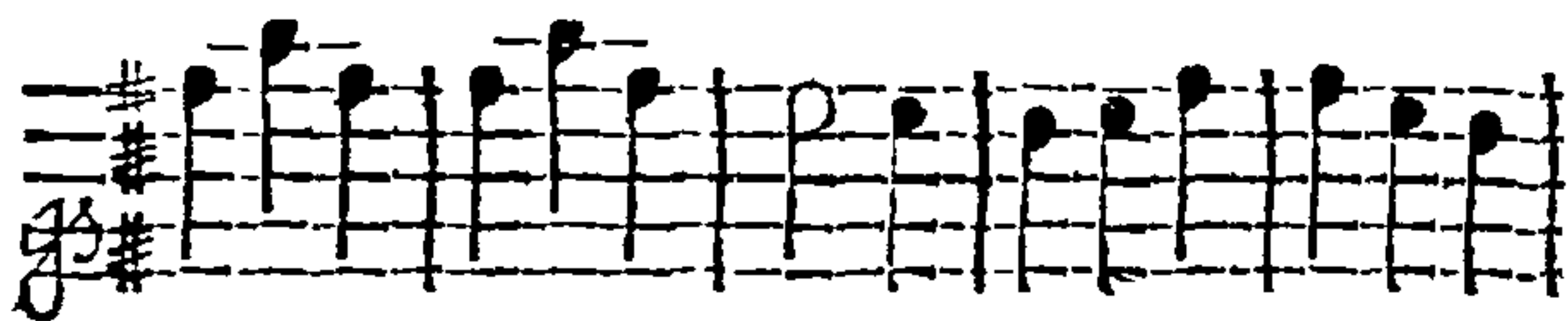
Tho' born in a State,
 Fore-told was his Fate,
 That he should be a Monarch ador'd ;
 One Globe was too small,
 To contain such a Soul,
 New Worlds must submit to his Sword.

So Great and Benign,
 Is our Sov'reign Queen,
 Made to share his Empire and Bed ;
 May she still fill his Arms,
 With her lovely soft Charms,
 And a Race of King *William*'s succeed.



100 PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

*The Jolly BROOM-MAN: Or, the unhappy BOY
turn'd Thrifty.*



THERE was an Old Man, and he liv'd in a Wood,
and his Trade it was making of Broom,
And he had a naughty Boy, *Jack* to his Son,
and he lay in Bed till 'twas Noon, 'twas Noon,
and he lay in Bed till 'twas Noon.

No Father e'er had, so lazy a Lad,
with Sleep he his Time did consume,
In Bed where he lay, still every Day,
and would not go cut his green Broom, green Broom,
and would not go cut his green Broom.

The Father was vext, and sorely perplext,
with Passion he enter'd the Room;
Come Sirrah, he cry'd, I'll liquor your Hide;
if you will not go gather green Broom, green Broom,
if you will not go gather green Broom.

Jack lay in his Nest, still taking his rest,
and valu'd not what was his Doom,
But now you shall hear, his Mother drew near,
and made him go gather green Broom, green Broom,
and made him go gather green Broom.

Jack's Mother got up, and fell in a Rage,
and swore she would fire the Room,
If *Jack* did not rise, and go to the Wood,
and fetch home a Bundle of Broom, green Broom,
and fetch home a bundle of Broom.

This wakened him straight, before it was late,
as fearing the terrible Doom,
Dear Mother, quoth he, have pity on me,
I'll fetch home a Bundle of Broom, green Broom,
I'll fetch home a Bundle of Broom.

Then *Jack* he arose. and he slipt on his Cloaths,
and away to the Wood very soon;
To please the Old Wife, he took a sharp Knife,
and fell to the cutting of Broom, green Broom,
and fell to the cutting of Broom.

Jack follow'd his Trade, and readily made,
his Goods up for Country Grooms;
This done honest *Jack*, took them at his Back,
and cry'd, will you buy any Brooms, green Brooms;
and cry'd, will you buy any Brooms.

Then *Jack* he came by a Gentleman's House,
in which was abundance of Rooms;
He stood at the Door, and began for to roar,
crying, Maids will you buy any Brooms, green Brooms,
crying, Maids will you buy any Brooms.

I tell you they're good, just fetch'd from the Wood,
 and fitted for sweeping of Rooms;
 Come handle my Ware, for Girls I declare,
 you never had better green Brooms, green Broom,
 you never had better green Brooms.

The Maiden did call, the Steward of the Hall,
 who came in his Silks and Perfumes,
 He gave *Jack* his Price, and thus in a trice,
 he sold all his Bundle of Brooms, green Brooms,
 he sold all his Bundle of Brooms.

Likewise to conclude, they gave him rich Food,
 with Liquor of Spicy Perfumes;
 The hot Boyl'd and Roast, did cause *Jack* to boast,
 no Trade was like making of Brooms, green Brooms,
 no Trade was like making of Brooms.

For first I am Paid, and then I am made,
 right Welcome by Stewards and Grooms,
 Here's Money, Meat and Drink, what Trade do you think
 compares with the making of Brooms, green Brooms,
 compares with the making of Brooms.

I have a good Trade, more Goods must be made,
 to furnish young Lasses and Grooms,
 Wherefore I shall lack a Prentice, quoth *Jack*,
 I'll teach him the making of Brooms, green Brooms,
 I'll teach him the making of Brooms.



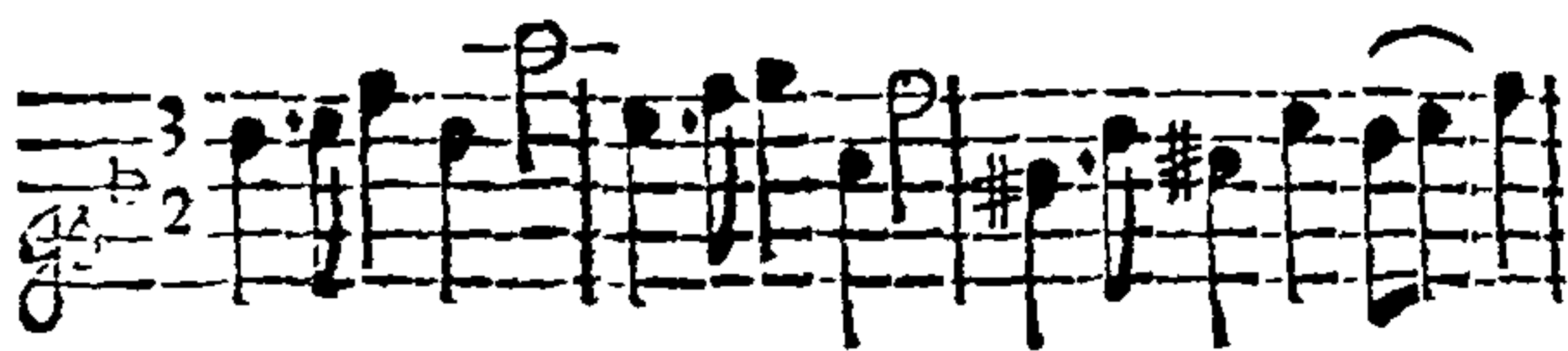
A SONG, the Words and Tune by Mr. Witt Green.



NEVER sigh, but think of kissing,
 More, and more, and more of Wishing;
 To possess the mighty Blessing,
 While they enjoy it they are true,
 They'll hug, they'll cling, and heave up too,
 But Liberty when once regain'd,
 The Favour's to another feign'd.

Why should we then the Sex admire,
 For 'twas never their desire,
 To maintain a constant Fire;
 If oagling, wheedling you'll believe,
 They'll hourly study do deceive,
 But we will find out better ways,
 In Musick, Singing, spend our Days.

*The LOTAL Delights of a Contented Mind. The
Words by Mr. Mumford, Set by Mr. H. Purcell.*



OH how Happy's he, who from Business free,
 Can Enjoy his Mistress, Bottle, and his Friend:
 Not confin'd to State, nor the Pride of the Great;
 Only on himself, not others doth depend:
 Change can never vex him, Faction ne'er perplex him;
 If the World goes well, a Bumper crowns his Joys,
 If it be not so than he takes of two;
 Till succeeding Glasses, Thinking doth destroy.

When his Noddle reels, he to *Calia* steals;
 And by Pleasures unconfin'd runs o'er the Night;
 In the Morning wakes, a pleasing Farewel takes,
 Ready for fresh Tipling, and for new Delight:
 When his Table's full, oh, then he hugs his Soul;
 And drinking all their Healths, a Welcome doth express:
 When the Cloth's removed, then by all approv'd,
 Comes the full grace Cup, Queen *Anna's* good success.



A RIDDLE.





THERE is a Thing which in the light
 Is seldom us'd, but in the Night,
 It serves the Maiden Female crew,
 The Ladies, and the good Wives too:
 They us'd to take it in their Hand,
 And then it will uprightly stand;
 And to a Hole they it apply,
 Where by it's good will it could Dye:
 It waits, goes out, and still within,
 It leaves it's Moisture thick and thin.



*On a LADY Drinking the Waters, The Words
by Sir GEORGE ETHERIGE, Set by Mr.
JAMES HART.*



P HILLIS lay aside your Thinking,
Youth and Beauty shou'd be Gay,
Laugh and talk, and mind your Drinking:
Whilst we pass the Time away,
Laugh and talk, and mind your Drinking,
Whilst we pass the Time away.

They ought only to be pensive,
Who dare not their Grief declare,
Lest their story be offensive,
But still languish in Despair,
Lest their, &c.

Yet what more torments your Lovers,
They are Jealous, they obey,
One whose Restless Minds discovers,
She's no less a Slave than they,
One whose, &c.

The Lascivious Lover and the coy Lass.

PISH fye, you're rude Sir,
 I never saw such idle fooling ;
 You're grown so lewd Sir,
 So debauch'd I hate your ways;
 Leave, what are you doing ?
 I see you seek my ruin,
 I'll cry out, pray make no delay,
 But take your Hand away ;
 Ah ! good Sir, pray Sir, don't you do so,
 Never was I thus abus'd so,
 By any Man, but you alone,
 Therefore Sir, pray begone.

Advice to a Miser. Set by Mr. James Graves.



RETIRE old Miser, and learn to be wiser,
In looking o'er Books ne'er spend all thy Time;
But rather be thinking, of roaring and drinking,
For by those to Promotion thou'lt speedily climb.

Then prithee be Jolly, desert this thy Folly,
Make welcome thy Friends, and ne'er repine;
For when thou art hurl'd into the next VWorld,
Thy Heir I'll engage it in Splendor will shine.

VWhen thy Breath is just vanish'd, his care will be banisht,
And scarce will he follow thy Corps to the Grave;
Then be cautious and wary, for nought but Canary,
He's a Fool that for others himself do's enslave.

A SONG in the Play call'd, Rule a Wife and have Wife. Set by Mr. HENRY PURCELL. Sung by Mrs. HUDSON.

THERE's not a Swain on the Plain,
 VVou'd be blest like me, (smile;
 Oh! cou'd you but, cou'd you but, cou'd you but, on me
 But you appear so severe,
 That trembling with fear,
 My heart goes pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat, all the while.

If I cry must I die, you make no reply,
 But look shy, and with a scornful Eye,
 Kill me by your cruelty;
 Oh! can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be,
 can you be, can you be, can you be, can you, can you,
 can you be too hard to me.



A SONG in the Play call'd the LANCASHIRE WITCHES. Sung by Mrs. HUDSON, and Set by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.





TORMENTING Beauty leave my Breast,
 In spite of *Cloe* I'll have rest;
 In vain is all her Syren Art,
 Still longer to hold my troubled Heart:
 For I'm resolv'd to break the Chain,
 And o'er her Charms the Conquest gain,
 And o'er her Charms the Conquest gain.

Insulting Beauty I have born,
 Too long your Female Pride and scorn;
 Too long have been your Publick Jest,
 Your common Theme at ev'ry Feast:
 Let others thee, vain Fair, pursue,
 VVhilst I for ever bid adieu,
 VVhilst I for ever bid adieu.

A S O N G in the Comedy call'd, The Wives Excuse: Or, Cuckolds make themselves. Sung by Mr. Mountford. Set by Mr. HENRY PURCELL.

SAY cruel *Amoret*, how long, how long,
 In Billet-doux, and humble Song;
 Shall poor *Alexis*, shall poor *Alexis*, poor *Alexis* woo?
 If neither VVriting, Sighing, Sighing, Dying,
 Reduce you to a soft complying,
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, when will you come too.

Full Thirteen Moons are now past o'er,
 Since first those Stars I did adore,
 That set my Heart on fire:
 The conscious Play-house, Parks and Court,
 Have seen my sufferings made your sport,
 Yet I am ne'er the nigher.

A faithful Lover shou'd deserve,
 A better Face, than thus to starve:
 In sight of such a Feast;
 But oh! if you'll not think it fit,
 Your hungry Slave shou'd taste on bit;
 Give some kind looks at least.



The Double Lover's Request.

Such command o'er my Fate has your Love or your hate,
 That nothing can make me more wretched or great;
 Whilst expiring I lie, to live or to die,
 Thus doubtful the Sentence of such I rely:
 Your Tongue bids me go, tho' your Eyes say not so,
 But much kinder Words from their Language do flow.

Then leave me not here, thus between Hope and Fear,
 Tho' your Love cannot come, let your pity appear;
 But this my request, you must grant me at least,
 And more I'll not ask, but to you leave the rest;
 If my fate I must meet, let it be at your Feet,
 Death there with more joy, than else-where I wou'd greet.

A SONG, Set by Mr. ROB. KING.

TELL me why so long you try me,
 Still I follow, still you fly me;
 Will the race be never done,
 Will it be ever but begun :
 Cou'd I quit my love for you,
 I'd ne'er love more what e'er I do ;
 When I speak truth, you think I lie,
 You think me false, but say not why.

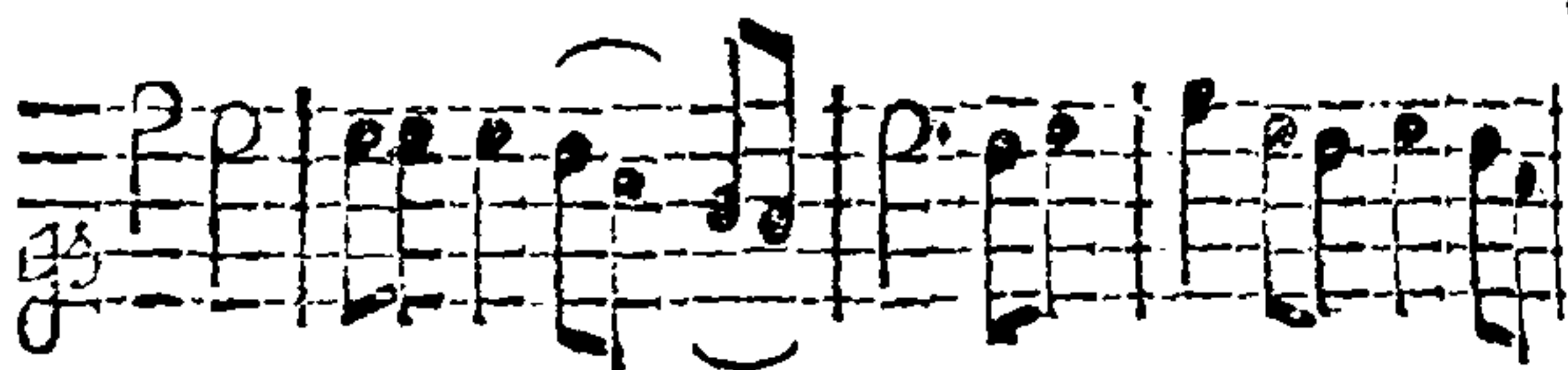
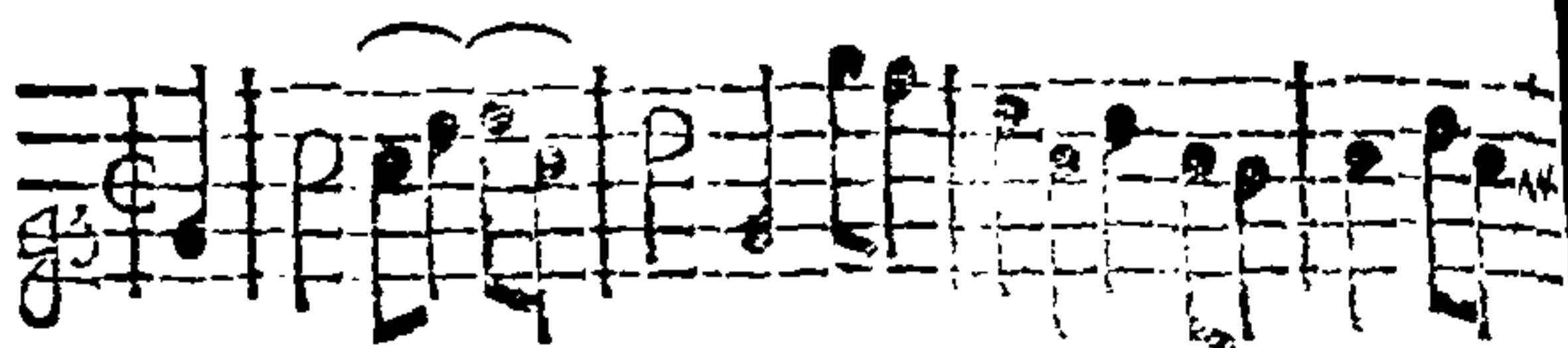
A SONG, Set by Mr. BARINCLOF.

'TIS a foolish mistake,
 That Riches can speak,
 Or e'er for good Rhetoric pass;
 To a Fool I confess,
 Your Gold may address,
 Or else where the Master's an Ass:
 To a VWoman of Sense,
 'Tis a fordid pretence,
 That a Golden Effigies can move her;
 No Face on the Coin,
 Is half so Divine,
 As that of a faithful young Lover.

But Men when they Love,
 Their Passion to prove,
 From the Court to the dull Country Novice;
 To the Fair they're so kind,
 First to fathom their Mind,
 Next search the Prerogative Office:
 No *imprimis* I give,
 Then the Fair one they give,
 Notwithstanding their strong Protestations;
 Till the Lady discover,
 No Fortune, no Lover,
 Then draws off her fond Inclination.



*The valiant SOLDIER's, and SAILOR's Loyal
Subjects Health, to the QUEEN, PRINCE and
Noble COMMANDERS.*



N O W, now the Queen's Health,
And let the Haut-boys play ;
Whilst the Troops on their March shall huzza, huzza,
Now now the Queen's Health, (huzza,
And let the Haut-boys play,
Whilst the Drums and the Trumpets,
Sound from the Shore, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now now the Prince's Health,
And let the Haut-boys play, (huzza:
Whilst the Troops on their March, shall huzza, huzza,

Now

Now now the Prince's Health,
And let the Haut-boys play;
Whilst the Drums and the Trumpets
Sound from the Shore huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now the brave *Eugene's* Health,
Who shews the *French* brave play;
And does March over Rocks, let's huzza, huzza, huzza;
Now the brave *Eugene's* Health,
And let the Haut-boys play;
Whilst the Drums and the Trumpets
Sounds as they March, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now now the Duke's Health,
Brave *Marlborough* I say,
Whilst the Cannon do roar, let's huzza, huzza, huzza;
Now now the Duke's Health,
And let the Haut-boys play;
Whilst the Drums and the Trumpets
Sound from the Shore, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now brave *Ormond's* Health Boys,
Whilst Colours do display:
And the *Britains* in Fight, shall huzza, huzza, huzza;
Now brave *Ormond's* Health Boys,
Whilst Colours do display:
And the Drums and the Trumpets
Sound from the Shore huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now Sir *Cloudsly's* Health Boys,
And Trumpets sound each Day,
Whilst the Tars with their Caps shall huzza, huzza,
Now Sir *Cloudsly's* Health Boys, (huzza:
And Trumpets sound each Day,
Whilst the Thundring Cannon
Loudly do roar huzza, huzza, huzza.

Brave *Peterborough's* Health Boys,
Who boldly makes his way,
While the *French* run let's huzza, huzza, huzza;

Brave *Peterborough's* Health Boys,
And let the Haut-boys play,
While the Drums and the Trumpets
Sound as they March huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now now brave *Leak's* Health,
Who is failed away,
For to find the *French* Fleet, let's huzza, huzza, huzza;
Now now brave *Leak's* Health,
Who'll shew the *French* fair play,
While the Drums and the Trumpets
Sound from on Board, huzza, huzza, huzza.



The BEAU's Ballad. Occasioned by the fight of a
White Marble SIDE-TABLE.



A Pox on the Fool,
Who could be so dull,
To contrive such a Table for Glasses:
Which at the first sight,
The Guests must affright,
More by half than their Liquor rejoyces.

'Tis so like a Tomb,
That whoever does come,
Can't look on't without thus reflecting;
Heaven knows how soon,
We must lye under one,
And such Thoughts must needs be perplexing.

Then away with that Stone,
Break it, throw it down,
To some Church or other, else fling't in:
'Tis fitter by far,
To have a place there,
Than stand here to spoil Mirth and good Drinking.

There Death let it show,
To those who will go,
And Monuments there gaze and stare at;
We come here to live,
And sad Thoughts away drive,
With good store of immortal Claret.

Tho' the Glasses stand there,
They shan't do so here,
'Tis the only kind Lesson that teaches;
Whilst it seems to say,
Life's short, Drink away,
No time o'er your Liquor to Preach is.

Then fill up the Glass,
About let it pass,
Tho' the Marble of death doth remind us;
The Wine shall ne'er die,
Tho' you must and I,
We'll not leave a drop of't behind us.

A SONG.



Underneath the Castle Wall, the Queen of
 Love sat mourning,
 Tearing of her golden Locks, her red Rose,
 Cheeks adorning ;
 With her Lilly white Hand she smote her Breasts,
 And said she was forsaken,
 With that the Mountains they did skip,
 And the Hills fell all a quaking.

Underneath the rotten Hedge, the Tinkers
 Wife sat shiting,
 Tearing of a Cabbage Leaf, her shitten A—
 A wiping ;
 With her cole black Hands she scratch'd her A—,
 And swore she was beshitten,
 With that the Pedlars all did skip,
 And the Fidlers fell a spitting.

The unfortunate Lover. Set by Mr. WILLIS.



WHAT shall I do, I am undone,
Where shall I fly my self to shun;
Ah! me my self, my self must kill,
And yet I die against my Will.

In starry Letters I behold,
My death is in the Heavens inroll'd,
There find I writ in Skies above,
That I, poor I, must die for Love.

'Twas not my Love deserv'd to die,
Oh no, it was unworthy I;
I for her Love should not have dy'd,
But that I had no worth beside.

Ah me! that Love such Woe procures,
For without her no Life endures;
I for her Virtues did her serve,
Doth such a Love a Death deserve.

A S O N G.



MY Dear and only Love take heed,
 How thou thy self expose;
 And let not longing Lovers feed,
 Upon such looks as those:
 I'll Marble Wall thee round about,
 And Build without a Door;
 But if my Love doth once break out,
 I'll never love thee more.

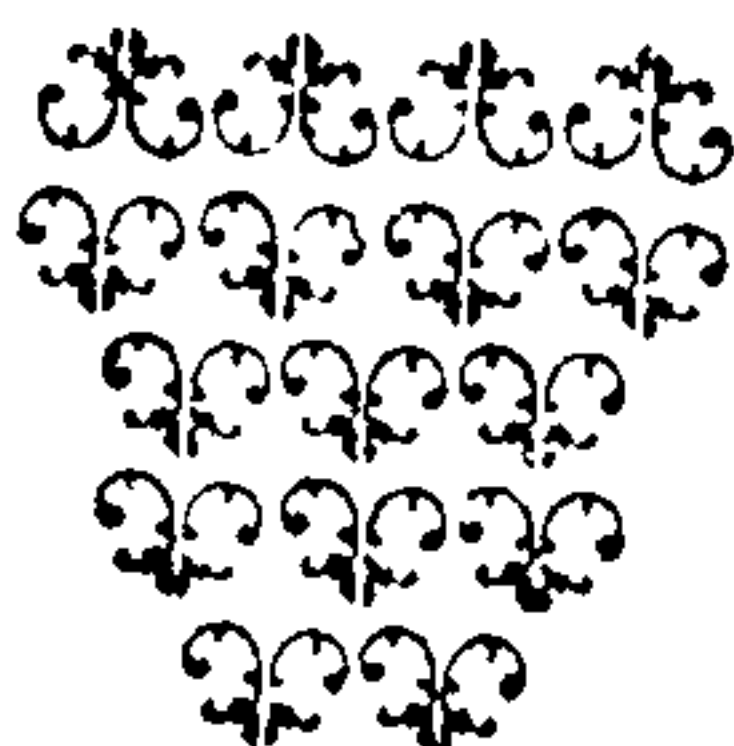
If thou hast love that thou refine,
 And tho' thou seest me not;
 Yet paralell'd that Heart of thine,
 Shall never be forgot:
 But if Unconstancy admit,
 A Stranger to bear sway;
 My Treasure that proves counterfeit,
 And he may gain the Day.

I'll lock my self within a Cell,
And wander under Ground ;
For there is no such Faith in her,
As there is to be found :
I'll curse the Day that e'er thy Face,
My Soul did so betray ;
And so for ever, evermore,
I'll sing Oh well-a-day !

Like *Alexander* I will prove,
For I will reign alone ;
I'll have no Partners in my Love,
Nor Rivals in my Throne :
I'll do by thee as *Nero* did,
When *Rome* was set on fire ;
Not only all relief forbid,
But to the Hills retire.

I'll fold my Arms like Ensigns up,
Thy falshood to deplore ;
And after such a bitter Cup,
I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the Love I bore thee once,
And lest that Love should die ;
A Marble Tomb of Stone I'll write,
The Truth to testifie :
That all the Pilgrims passing by,
May see and so implore ;
And stay and read the reason why,
I'll never love thee more.



*The Second Part of the Trader's Medly: Or,
The Crit^s of LONDON.*



COME buy my Greens and Flowers fine,
 Your Houses to adorn;
 I'll grind your Knives, to please your Wives,
 And bravely cut your Corns:
 Ripe Straw-berries here I have to sell,
 With Taffety-Tarts and Pies;
 I've Brooms to sell will please you well,
 If you'll believe your Eyes.

Here's

Here's Salop brought from Foreign parts,
 With dainty Pudding-Pyes;
 And Shrewsbury-Cakes, with Wardens bak'd,
 I scorn to tell you Lies:
 With Laces long and Ribbons broad,
 The best that e'er you see;
 If you do lack an Almanack,
 Come buy it now of me.

The Tinker's come to stop your holes,
 And Sauder all your Cracks;
 What e'er you think here's dainty Ink,
 And choice of Sealing-Wax:
 Come Maids bring out your Kitchen-stuff,
 Old Rags, or Women's Hair;
 I'll sell you Pins for Coney-skins,
 Come buy my Earthen-ware.

Here's Limmons of the biggest size,
 With Eggs and Butter too;
 Brave News they say is come to Day,
 If *Jones's* News be true:
 Here's Spiggot and fine Wooden-wares,
 With Fosslets to put in;
 I'll Bottom all your broken Chairs,
 Then pray let me begin.

A Rabbit fat and plump I have,
 Young Maidens love the same;
 Come by a Bird, I'm at a word,
 Or Pullet of the Game:
 I sell the best spice Ginger-Bread,
 You ever did eat before;
 While Madam *King* her Dumplings,
 She crys from Door to Door.

Come by a Comb, or Buckle fine,
 For Girdle of your Lafs;
 My Oysters too are very new,
 With Trumpet sounding glafs:

Your Lanthorn-horns I'll make them shine,
 And mend them very well;
 There's no Jack-line so good as mine,
 As I have here to sell.

Come buy my Honey and my Book,
 For Cuckolds to peruse;
 Your Turnip-man is come again,
 To tell his Dames some-News:
 I've Plumbs and Damsons very fine,
 With very good mellow Pears;
 Come buy a charming Dish of Fish,
 And give it to your Heirs.

Come buy my Figs, before they're gone,
 Here's Custards of the best;
 And Mustard too, that's very new,
 Tho' you may think I Jest:
 My Holland-socks are very strong,
 Here's Eels do skip and play;
 My hot grey-pease buy if you please,
 For I come no more to Day.

Old Suits or Cloaks, or Campaign Wigs,
 With Rusty Guns or Swords:
 When Whores or Pimps do buy my Shrimps,
 I never take their words:
 Your Chimney clean my Boy shall sweep,
 While I do him command;
 Card Matches cheap by lump or heap,
 The best in all the Land.

Come taste and buy my Brandy-Wine,
 'Tis newly come from *France*:
 This Powder now is good I vow,
 Which I have got by chance;
 New Mackerel the best I have,
 Of any in the Town;
 Here's Cloath to sell will please you well,
 As soft as any Down.

Work for the Cooper, Maids give ear,
 I'll hoop your Tubs and Pails:
 And if your sight it is not right,
 Here's that that never fails:
 Milk that is new come from the Cow,
 With Flounders fresh and fair;
 Here's Elder-buds to purge your Bloods,
 And Onions keen and rare.

Small-coal young Maids I've brought you here,
 The best that e'er you us'd;
 Here's Cherries round and very found,
 If they are not abus'd;
 Here's Pippings lately come from *Kent*,
 Pray taste and then you'll by;
 But mind my Song, and then e'er long,
 You'll sing it as well as I.



The Lover's CHARM.





TELL me, tell me, charming Fair,
 Why so cruel and severe;
 Is't not you, ah! you alone,
 Is't not you, ah! you alone,
 Secures my wandering Heart your own:
 Change, which once the most did please,
 Now wants the power to give me ease;
 You've fixt me as the Centure fure,
 And you who kill alone can cure,
 And you who kill alone can cure.

If refusing what was granted,
 Be to raise my Passion higher;
 Nymph believe me, I ne'er wanted,
 Art for to inflame desire:
 Calm my Thoughts, serene my Mind,
 Still increasing was my Joy,
 Till *Lavinia* prov'd unkind,
 Nothing could my Peace destroy.

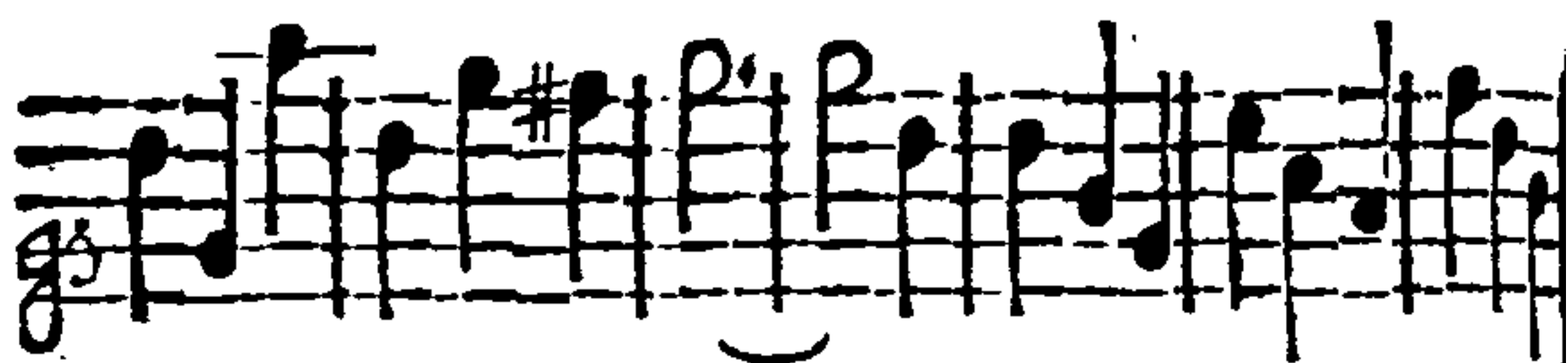
A SONG in the Royal Mischief. Set by Mr.
John Eccles. Sung by Mr. Leveridge.



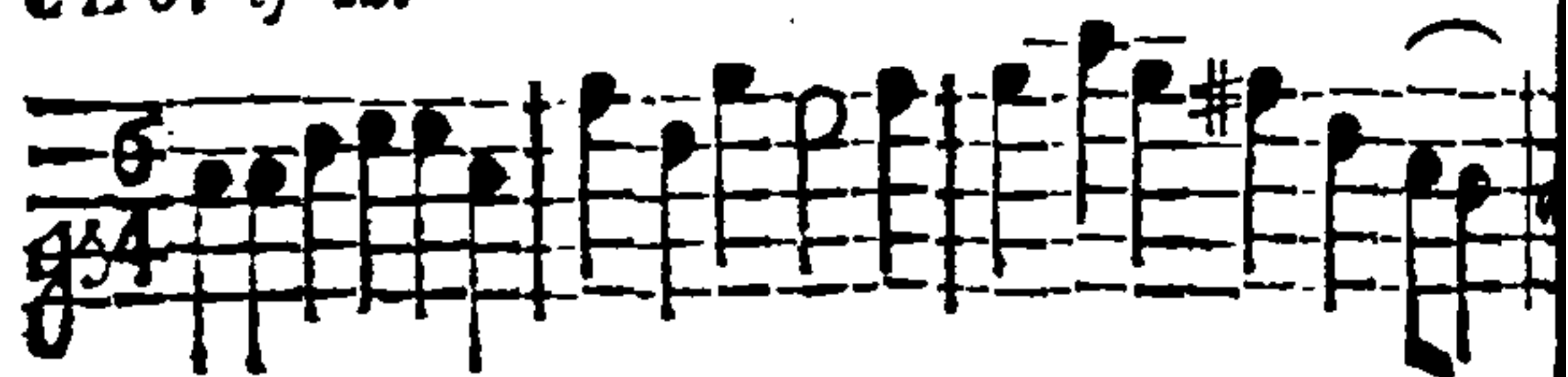
UNGUARDED lies the wishing Maid,
Distrusting not to be betray'd;
Ready to fall with all her Charms,
Shining Treasure to your Arms:
Who hears this Story must believe,
No Heart can truer Joy receive;
Once to take Love and give it too,
All that Love for hearts can do.

*A Ligg of good Noses set forth in a Jest.
Most fitly compared to whom you think best.*

First Nose.



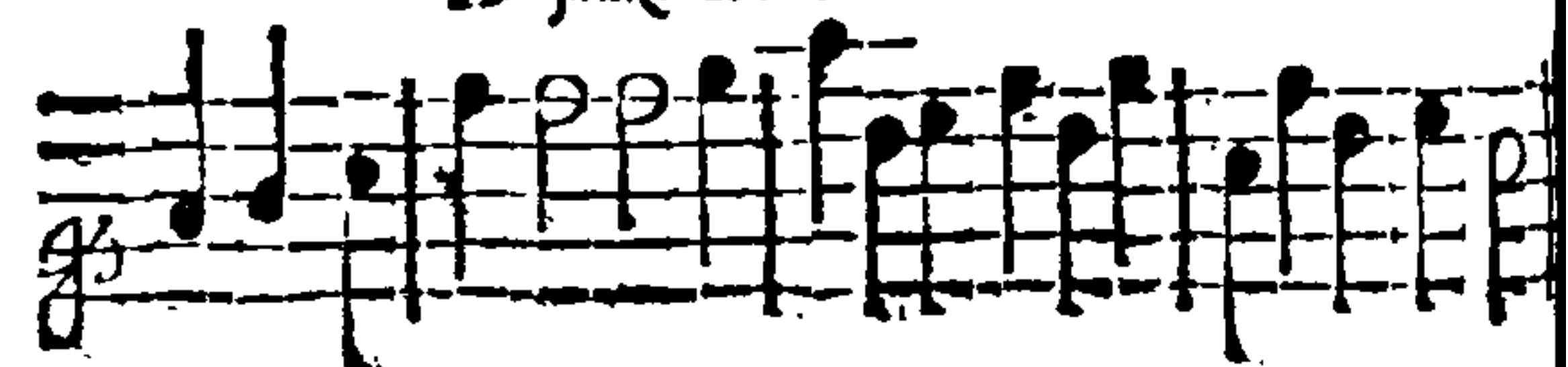
CHO. of all:



I N. 2d. 3d. 4th.



All shake Hands.



The LARGEST.

MY Nose is the largest of all in this place,
Mark how it becometh the midst of my Face;
By measure I take it from the end to the Brow,
Four Inches by compass, the same doth allow.

Likewise it is forged of passing good Metal,
All of right Copper, the best in the Kettle;
For redness and Goodness the virtue is such,
That all other Metal it serveth to touch.

Old smug, nor the Tinker that made us so merry,
With their brave Noses more red than a Cherry;
None here to my Challenge can make a denial,
When my Nose cometh thus bravely to Tryal.

All Sing.

Room for good Noses the best in our Town,
Come fill the Pot Hostess, your Ale it is brown;
For his Nose, and thy Nose, and mine shall not quarrel,
So long as one Gallon remains in the Barrel.

The LONGEST.

My Nose is the Longest no Man can deny,
For 'tis a just handful right, mark from mine Eye;
Most seemly down hanging full low to my Chin,
As into my Belly it feign would look in.

It serves for a Weapon my Mouth to defend,
My Teeth it preserveth still like a good Friend;
Where if so I happen to fall on the Ground,
My Nose takes the Burthen and keeps my Face sound.

It likewise delighteth to peep in the Cup,
Searching there deeply 'till all be drank up;
Then let my Nose challenge of Noses the best,
The longest with Ladies are still in request.

All Sing.

Room for, &c.

The THICKEST.

My Nose it is Thickest and Roundest of all,
 Enriched with Rubies the great with the small ;
 No Goldsmith of Jewels can make the like shew,
 See how they are planted here all on a row.

How like a round Bottle it also doth hang,
 Well stuffed with Liquor will make it cry twang ;
 With all, it is sweating in the midst of the Cold,
 More worth to the Honour than ransoms of Gold.

You see it is gilded with Claret and Sack,
 A Food and fit cloathing for belly and back ;
 Then let my Nose challenge of all that be here,
 To sit at this Table as chiefest in cheer.

All Sing.

Room for, &c.

The Second Part.

*We have the best Noses that be in our Town,
 If any bring better come let him sit down.*

The FLATEST.

MY Nose is the Flatest of all that be here,
 Devoid of all Danger and bodily fear ;
 When other long Noses let fly at a Post,
 My Nose hath the advantage, well known to my Host.

For 'tis of the making of *Dunstable* way,
 Plain without turning as Travellers say ;
 Though no Nose but approveth to some disgrace,
 It bringeth less trouble unto a good Face.

Then let me do homage to them that have best,
 For all Nose and no Nose, are both but a Jest ;
 Yet my Nose shall challenge although it be flat,
 A place with my Neighbours at whipping the Cat.

All

All Sing.

Room for good Noses the best in our Town,
Come fill the Pot Hostess, your Ale it is Brown:
For his Nose, and thy Nose, and mine shall not quarrel;
So long as one Gallon remains in the Barrel.

The SHARPEST.

My Nose is the Sharpest good Neighbours mark well,
The smoak of a Banquet three Mile I can smell;
Forged and shaped so sharp at the End,
Makes known that I pass not what others do spend.

Yet must my Nose spiced most orderly be,
With Nutmegs and Ginger, or else 'tis not for me;
And so to the bottom the same I commit,
Of every Man's cup whereas I do sit.

My Nose is the foremost you see at each Feast,
Of all other Noses the principal Guest:
Then let my Nose challenge as sharp as it shows,
The cheifest of every good and bad Nose.

All Sing.

Room for, &c.

The BROADEST.

My Nose is the Broadest how like you Sir, that,
It feeds on good Liquor and grows very fat;
For like to a Panack it covers my Face,
To make other Noses the more in disgrace.

And look how it glisters like Copper-smith's-Hall,
To which our good Noses are summoned all;
When if that the Colours hold out not good red,
A Fine must be levied and set on their Head.

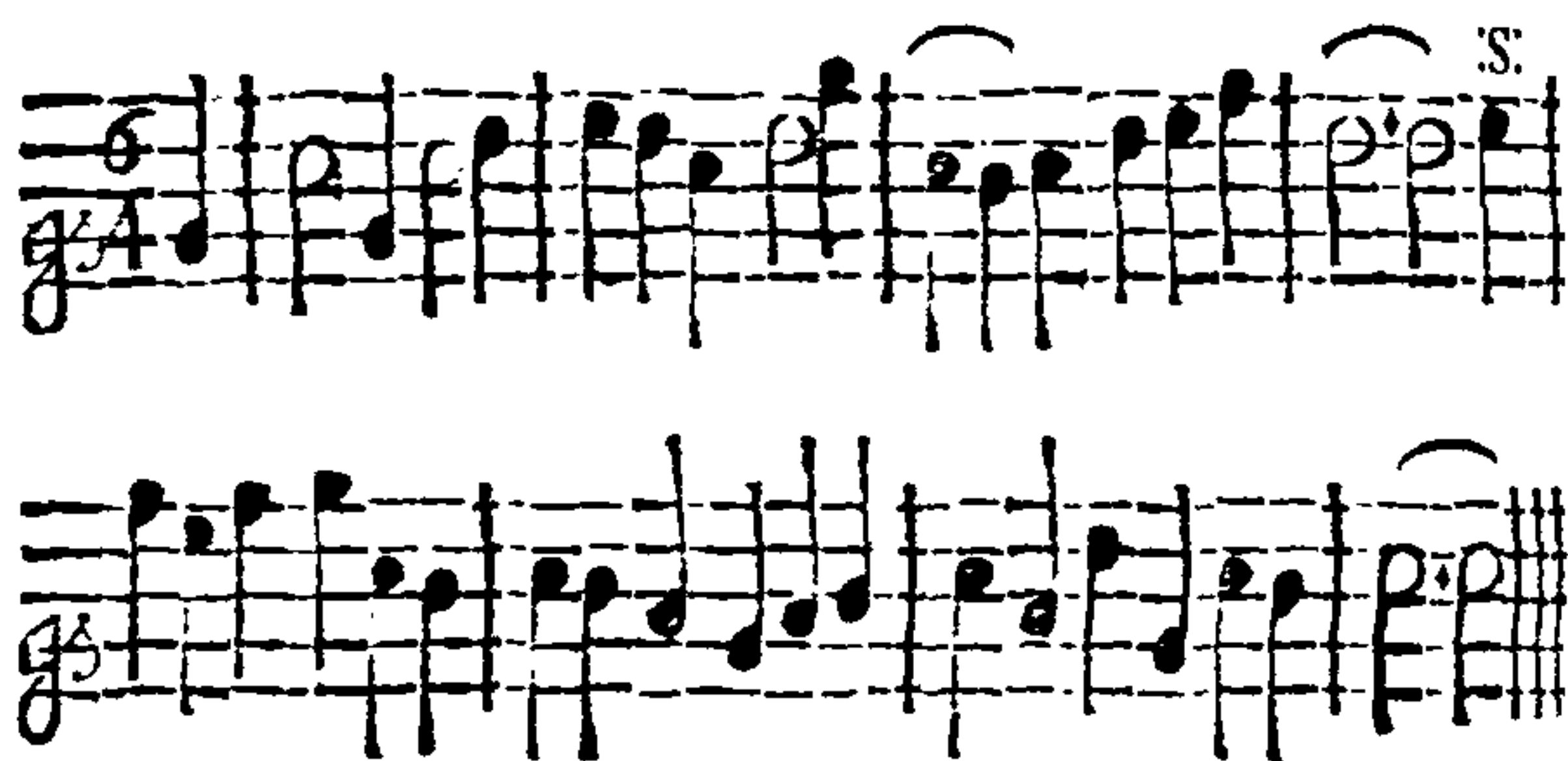
For having the Broadest and fairest to the Eye,
The Sergeant of Noses appointed am I;
Then let my Nose challenge the chieftest from the rest,
Of all other Noses the Broadest is best.

All Sing.

Room for good Noses the best in our Town,
 Come fill the pot Hostess, your Ale it is Brown;
 For his Nose, and thy Nose, and mine shall not quarrel.
 So long as one Gallon remains in the Barrel.



The LUDGATE Prisoners.



NOBLE King *Lud*,
 Full long hast thou stood,
 Not framed of Wood, but of Stone:
 Of Stone sure thou art,
 Like our Creditors Heart,
 That regards not our sorrowful Moan.

Within the Gate,
 They cry at the Grate,
 Pray Remember our Fate and shew Pity;
 The poor and distress'd,
 Who in Bonds are oppress'd,
 Entreat the relief of the City.

In Threadbare Coats,
 We tear our Throats,
 With pitiful Notes that would move.

All Creatures, but Brutes,
To give ear to our Suits,
And themselves like true Christians approve.

But in vain we cry,
With a Box hanging by,
Good Sirs cast an Eye on our Case;
No Beau nor Town Mistrefs,
Are touch'd with our Distrefs,
But hold up their Nose at the Place.

The Lawyer jogs on,
Without looking upon
Th' afflicted, whose Moans he gives being;
Nor thinks on us Cits,
But Breviates and Writs,
And demurrs on Exorbitant-Feeing.

The *Serieants* and *Yeomen*,
Who seek to undo Men,
Though Good-men and True-men ne'er mind us;
But rejoyce they get,
By our being in Debt,
And that where they have brought us, they find us.

The Merchant alone,
Makes our sorrows his own;
And allows there is none but may fail;
Since that is free,
By losses at Sea,
May be immurr'd in a Goal.

His Purse and his Board,
With Plenty are stor'd,
Due Relief to afford to the Needy;
While the Priest in his Coach,
Joggs on to Debauch,
To cloath us or feed us too Greedy.

Others go by,
And hearing our cry,
They cast up their Eye in Dildain;

Affirming

Affirming that we,
If once get free,
Should quickly be Prisoners again.

But let 'em take heed,
That reproach us indeed,
And thus at our need go by grinning ;
Since it is so Man,
That there is no Man,
Knows his End, that may know his Beginning.



Room for Gentlemen.



ROOM for Gentlemen, here comes a Company,
Room for Gentlemen, here comes my Lord-Mayor ;
You Barons, you Knights, and also you 'Squires,
Give Room for Gentlemen, here comes my Lord Mayor.

First comes the Worshipful Company,
Of Gallant *Mercers* into this Place ;
With their worthy Caps of Maintenance,
Upon their Shoulders to their great grace :
Side by side do they go as you see here,
Room for, &c.

Next to them here comes the *Grocers*,
A Company of Gallants bold;
Who willingly do give Attendance,
As all the People may behold:
In their Gowns and their Caps with gallant Cheer,
Room for, &c.

Then the *Drapers* they come next,
With their Streamers flying so fair;
And their Trumpets sounding most loudly,
Attending still upon my Lord Mayor:
Their Whiffers, their Batchelors, and all they have there,
Give Room, &c.

Then comes the Company of gallant *Fishmongers*,
Attending his Lordship's coming here;
As duty bindeth they do still wait,
Until his Lordship doth appear:
Then they rise and go with lusty cheer,
With loving Hearts before the Lord Mayor.

The *Goldsmiths* they are next to them,
A braver Company there cannot be;
All in their Liveries going most bravely,
And Colours spread most gallantly:
They do wait, they attend, and then they stay there,
Until the coming of my Lord Mayor.

The *Merchant-Tailors* now they come in,
A Company both stout and bold;
Most willing to perform their Duties,
Scorning of any to be controul'd:
In their Gowns and their Caps, and ancient Affairs,
All attend, &c.

The *Haberdashers* a Company be,
Of Gentlemen both Grave and Wise;
To all good Orders they do agree,
For the City's good they still devise:
They set to their helping as you may hear,
Still to the comfort of City and Mayor.

The *Skinners* they a Company be,
 As gallant Men as be the rest ;
 Their Duties they perform truly,
 As honestly as do the best :
 Their Antients, then Drums, then Trumpets be there,
 Attending still, &c.

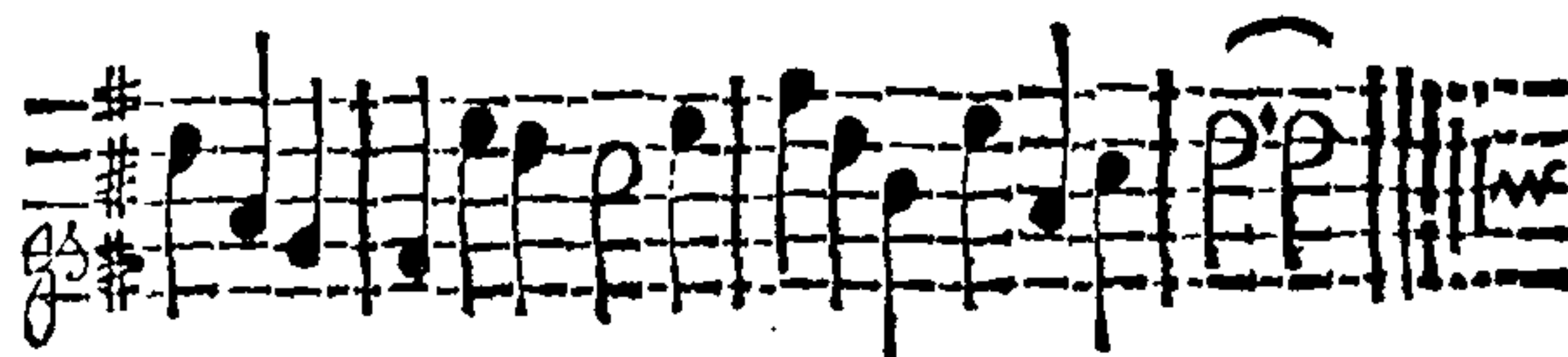
Truly the *Salters* a Company Grave,
 Of Understanding be good and Wise ;
 And to perform all godly Orders,
 Within the City they devise :
 When occasion doth serve they present themselves there,
 With all the Company, &c.

The *Iron-mongers* a Company be,
 Who know their Duties every one ;
 And willingly they do Obey,
 And wait his Lordship still upon :
 From the Morning they rise they still do stay there,
 Until the departing of, &c.

The Company of worthy *Vintners*,
 His Lordship still do wait upon ;
 With all their Furniture along most gallantly,
 In order they go every one :
 Until the Companys do appear,
 And then they go before, &c.

A Company there is of worthy *Cloth-workers*,
 Who wait and give Attendance still ;
 When his Lordship hath any occasion,
 They ready are to obey his Will :
 For fear any Service should be wanting there,
 They will present themselves before the Lord Mayor.

God bless our King and Counsel all,
 And all his true Subjects in this Land ;
 And cut down all those false Hereticks,
 That would the Gospel still withstand :
 God prosper this City, and all that are here,
 And I wish you to say God bless my Lord-Mayor.

The Batchelor's Choice.

I Fain wou'd find a passing good Wife,
 That I may live merry all Days of my Life,
 But that I do fear much sorrow and strife,
 Then I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
 And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If I should Marry a Maid that is Fair,
 With her round cherry Cheeks and her flaxen Hair,
 Many close Meetings I must forbear,
 And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry a Maid that is Foul,
 The best of my Pleasure will be but a Scoul,
 She'll sit in a Corner like to an Owl,
 And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
 And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If I should Marry a Maid that's a Slut,
 My Diet a dressing abroad I must put,
 For fear of Distempers to trouble my Gut,
 And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
 And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If I should Marry a Maid that's a Fool,
 To learn her more Wit I must put her to School,
 Or else fool-hardy keep in good rule,
 And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry a Maid that's a Scold,
 My Freedom at home is evermore fold,
 Her Mouth is too little her Tongue for to hold,
 And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that's a Whore,
 I must keep open for her my back Door,
 And so a kind Wittal be called therefore,
 And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry a Maid that is Proud,
 She'll look for much more than can be allow'd,
 No Wife of that making I'll have I have vow'd.
 And I'll, &c.

~~If~~ I should Marry a Maid that is meek,
 The rule of my Household I might go seek,
 For such a kind Soul I care not a Leek,
 And I'll, &c.

I would have a Wife to come at a Call,
 Too fat, nor too lean, too low, nor too tall,
 But such a good Wife as may please all,
 Else I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
 Else I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

The Second Part.

IF I should go seek the whole World about,
To find a kind and loving Wife out,
That labour were lost, I am in great doubt,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If I Marry with one that is Young,
With a false Heart and flattering Tongue,
Sorrow and Care may be my Song,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that is Old,
I never should have the Pleasures I would,
But Arm full of Bones frozen with Cold,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that is Poor,
By me my best Friends will set little store,
And so go a Begging from door to door,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that is Rich,
She'll ever upbraid me she brought me too much,
And make me her Drudge, but I'll have none such;
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that is Blind,
All for to seek and worse for to find,
I then should have nothing to please my Mind,
And I'll, &c.

If I should marry with one that is Dumb,
How could she welcome my Friends that come,
For her best Language is to say Mum,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If I should Marry with one that is Deaf,
Hard of Belief, and Jealous 'till death,
To the Jawm of a Chimney spend I my Breath,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that is Fine,
She will spend all in Ale and in Wine,
Spend the her own, she shall not spend mine,
And I'll, &c.

If I should Marry with one that is Tall,
I having but little she would have it all,
Then will I live single, whate'er it befall,
And I'll, &c.

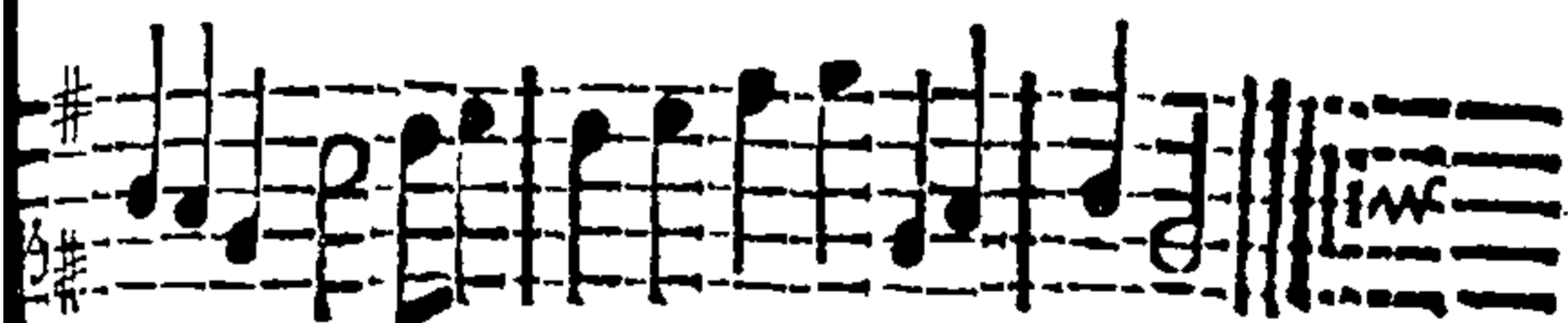
For when I am Married I must be glad,
To please my Wife though never so bad,
Then farewell the Joys that lately I had,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

*Maids that will not when you may,
When you would, you shall have nay.*



The Power of Verse.





THOU' thou'rt ugly and Old,
 A damn'd Slut and a Scold,
 Let if you will tip me a Guinea;
 By the help of my Rhimes,
 To the latest of Times,
 Thou shalt have thy Adorers dear Jenny.

We Bards have a knack,
 To turn White into Black,
 And make Vice seem Vertue, which odd is;
 True Poetical Cant,
 Dubbs a Rebel a Saint,
 And refines a Jilt into a Goddeffs.

These trick Rhiming Sages,
 Observ'd in all Ages,
 Dress naked Truth in a Fable;
 And tho' ev'ry story,
 Out-did Purgatory,
 They still were believ'd by the Rabble.

Pray what was *Acteon*,
 Whom Dogs made a Prey on,
 A Sportsman undone by his Chasing;
 Or the fam'd *Diomede*,
 On whom his Nags fled,
 A Jocky quite ruin'd by racing?

Medea, 'tis sung,
 Could make old Women Young,
 'Tis no' she nought but a true waiting-Maid is;
 Who with Comb of black Lead,
 With Paint white and Red,
 With Patch and wash, vamps up grey Ladies.

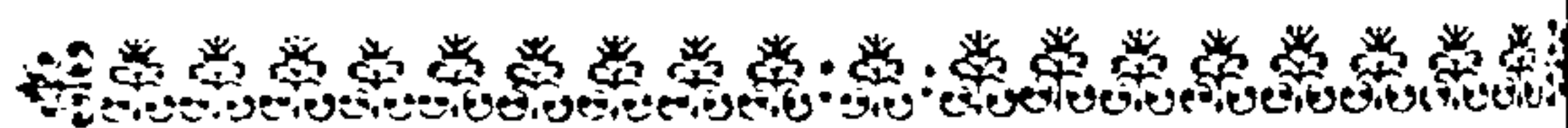
144 PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

Vulcan left the Bellows,
And *Sooty* left good Fellows,
That he might take of *Nectar* a Cann full;
Venus was a gay Trull,
To the Cuckoldly Fool,
Mars a Bully that beat on her Anvil.

Neptune was a Tarpawling,
And *Phæbus* by calling,
A Mountebank, Wizard, and Harper;
Jolly *Bacchus* a Lad,
Of the Wine-drawing Trade,
And *Mercury* a Pimp and a Sharper.

Pallas was a stale Maid,
With a grim *Gorgon's* head,
Whose ugliness made her the Chaster;
A Scold great was *Juno*,
As I know or you know,
And *Jove* was as great a Whore-master.

Then prithee dear Creature,
Now show thy good nature,
This once be my Female *Mecænas*;
And Times yet unknown,
My *Jenny* shall own,
Chast as *Pallas*, but fairer than *Venus*.



The Bonny Lads: Or, the Button'd S M O C K



SIT you merry Gallants,
 For I can tell you News,
 Of a Fashion call'd the Button'd Smock,
 The which our Wenches use:
 Because that in the City,
 In troth it is great pity;
 Our Gallants hold it much in scorn,
 They should put down the City:
 But is not this a bouncing Wench,
 And is not this a Bonny;
 In troth she wears a *Holland* Smock,
 If that she weareth any.

A bonny Lass in a Country Town,
 Unto her Commendation;
 She scorns a *Holland* Smock,
 Made after the old Fashion:
 But she will have it *Holland* fine,
 As fine as may be wore;
 Hem'd and stitch'd with *Naples* Silk,
 And button'd down before:
 But is not, &c.

Our Gallants of the City,
 New Fashions do devise;
 And wear such new found fangle things,
 Which country Folk despise:
 As for the Button'd Smock,
 None can hold it in scorn;
 Nor none can think the Fashion ill,
 It is so closely worn:
 Although it may be felt,
 It's seldom to be seen;
 It passeth all the Fashions yet,
 That heretofore hath been.
 But is not, &c.

Our Wenches of the City,
 That gains the Silver rare;
 Sometimes they wear a *Canvass* Smock,
 That's torn or worn Thread-bare:

Perhaps a Smock of Lockrum,
 That dirty, foul, or black:
 Or else a Smock of Canyass course,
 As hard as any Sack.
 But is not, &c.

But she that wears the *Holland Smock*,
 I commend her still that did it;
 To wear her under Parts so fine,
 The more 'tis for her Credit:
 For some will have the out-side fine,
 To make the braver shew;
 But she will have her *Holland Smock*
 That's Button'd down below.
 But is not, &c.

But if that I should take in hand,
 Her Person to commend;
 I should vouchsafe a long Discourse,
 The which I could not end:
 For her Vertues they are many,
 Her Person likewise such;
 But only in particular,
 Some part of them I'll touch.
 But is not, &c.

Those Fools that still are doing,
 With none but costly Dames;
 With tediousness of wooing,
 Makes cold their hottest flames:
 Give me the Country Lass,
 That trips it o'er the Field;
 And ope's her Forest at the first,
 And is not Coy to yield.

Who when she dons her Vesture,
 She makes the Spring her Glasse;
 And with her Comely gesture,
 Doth all the Meadows passe:
 Who knows no other cunning,
 But when she feels it come;
 To gripe your Back, if you be slack,
 And thrust your Weapon home.

'Tis not their boasting humour,
 Their painted looks nor state;
 Nor smells of the Perfumer,
 The Creature doth create:
 Shall make me unto these,
 Such slavish service owe;
Give me the Wench that freely takes,
 And freely doth bestow.

Who far from all beguiling,
 Doth not her Beauty Mask;
 But all the while lye smiling,
 While you are at your task:
 Who in the midst of Pleasure,
 Will beyond active strain;
 And for your Pranks, will con you thanks,
 And cursey for your pain.

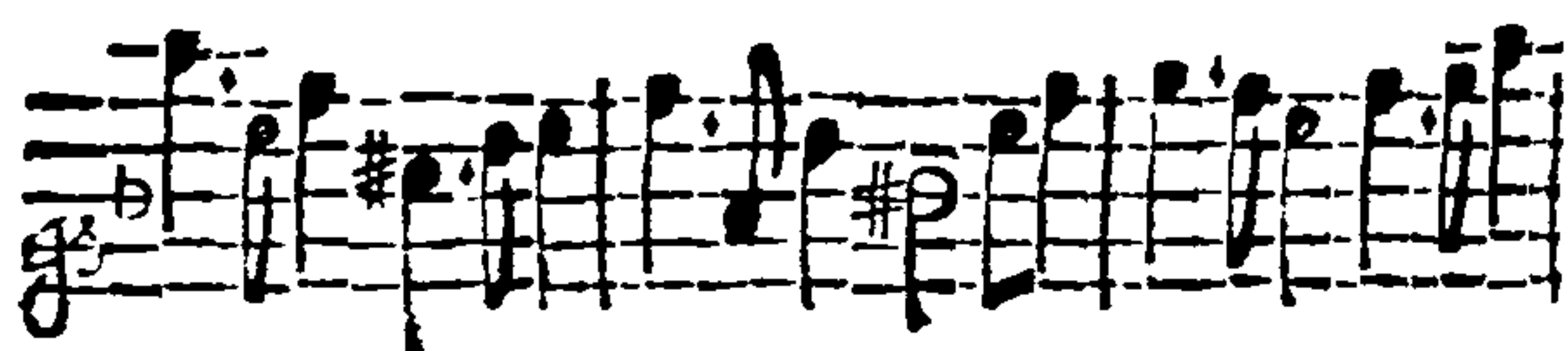
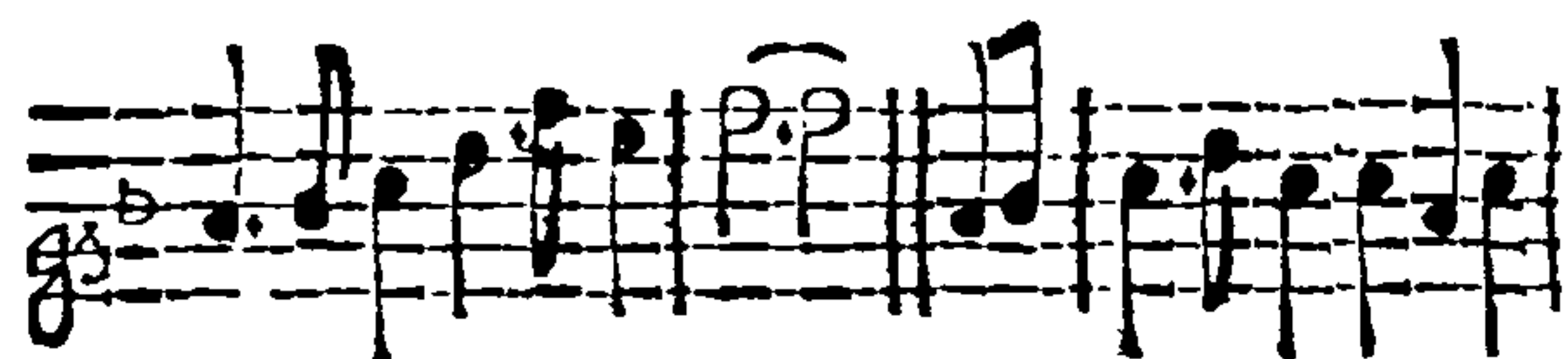
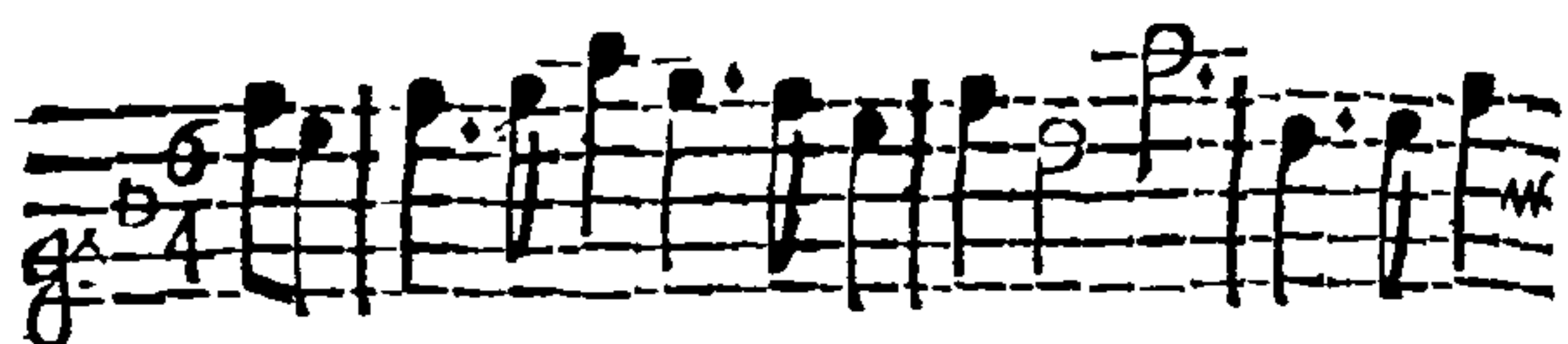


A SONG. Set by Mr. ACKEROYD.

Z — — DS Madam return me my Heart,
 Or by the Lord *Harry* I'll make ye;
 Tho' you sleep when I talk of my smart,
 As I hope to be Knighted I'll wake ye;
 If you rant, why by *Jove*,
 Then I'll rant as well as you;
 There's no body cares for your puffing,
 You're mistaken in me;
 Nay prithee, prithee, prithee pish,
 We'll try who's the best at a huffing.

But if you will your Heart surrender,
 And confess yourself uncivil;
 'Tis probable I may grow tender,
 And recal what I purpos'd of evil:
 But if you persist in rigour,
 'Tis a thousand to one but I teeze you;
 For you'll find so much heat and such vigour,
 As may trouble you forfooth or please you.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd The Maid's last Prayer: Or, Any thing rather than fail.



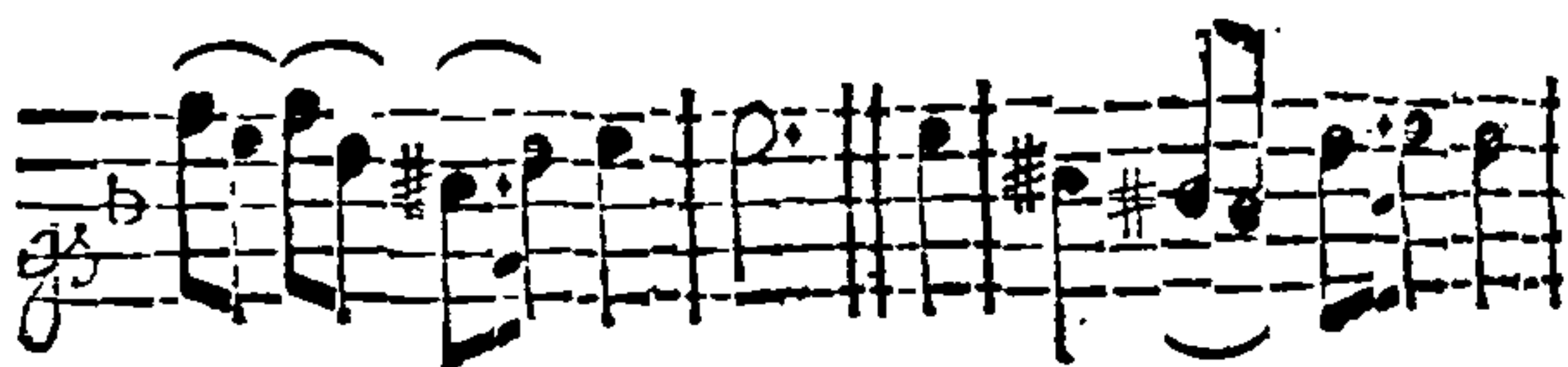
THO:

THO' you make no return to my Passion,
 Still, still I presume to adore ;
 'Tis in Love but an odd Reputation,
 When faintly repuls'd to give o'er :
 When you talk of your duty,
 I gaze at your Beauty ;
 Nor mind the dull Maxim at all,
 Let it reign in *Cheapside*,
 With the Citizens Bride :
 It will ne'er be receiv'd, it will ne'er, ne'er, it will
 ne'er be receiv'd at *White-hall*.

What Apochryphal Tales are you told,
 By one who wou'd make you believe ;
 That because of *to have* and *to hold*,
 You still must be pinn'd to his Sleeve :
 'Twere apparent high-Treason,
 'Gainst Love and 'gainst Reason,
 Shou'd one such a Treasure engross ;
 He who knows not the Joys,
 That attend such a choice,
 Shou'd resign to another that does.



*The Cruel Fair requited, Written by J. R. Set by
Mr. JAMES HART.*



WHEN

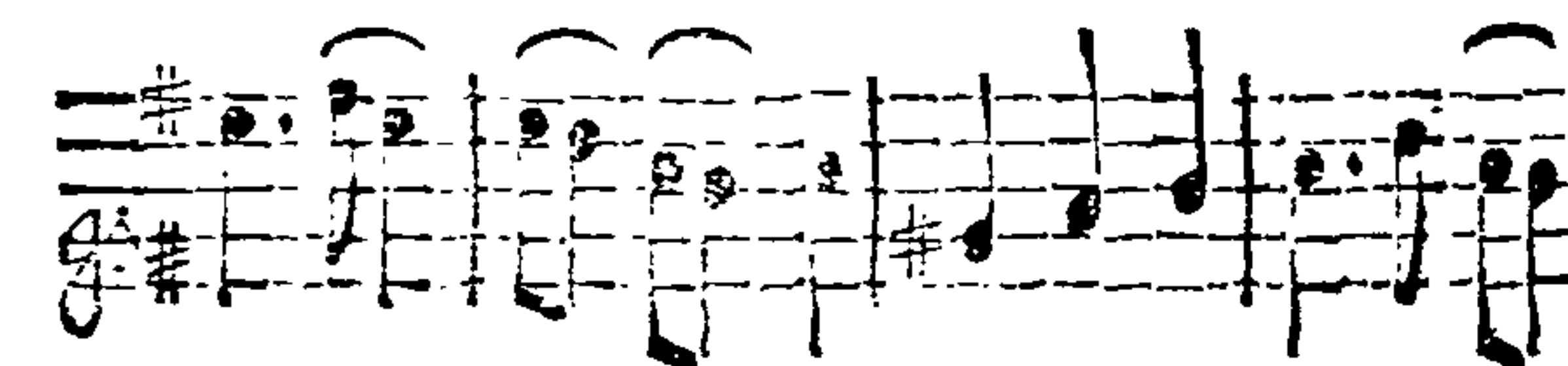
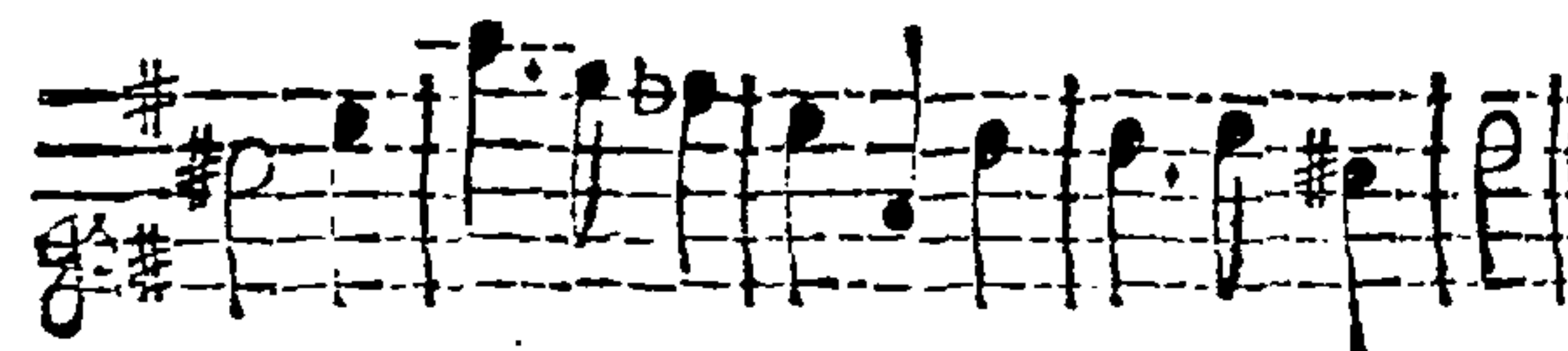
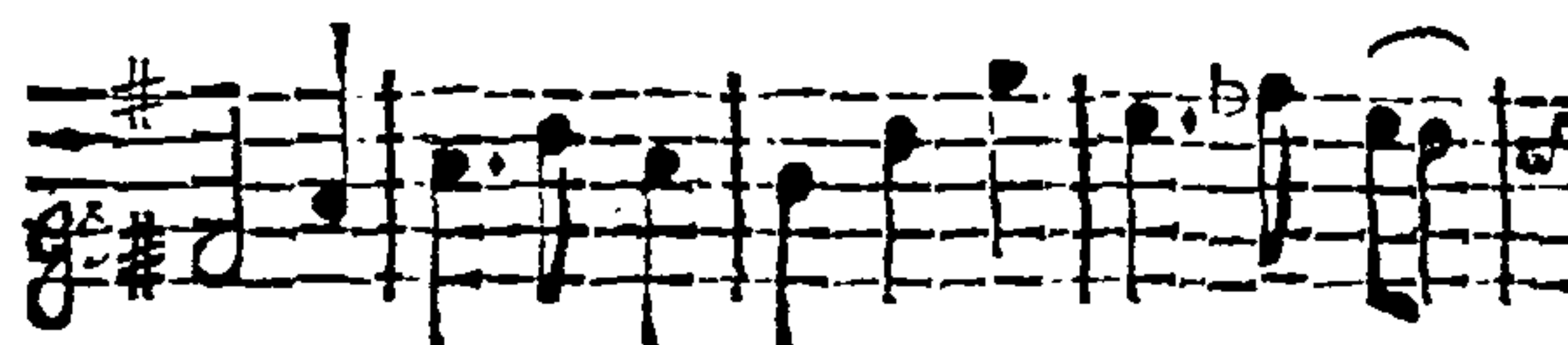
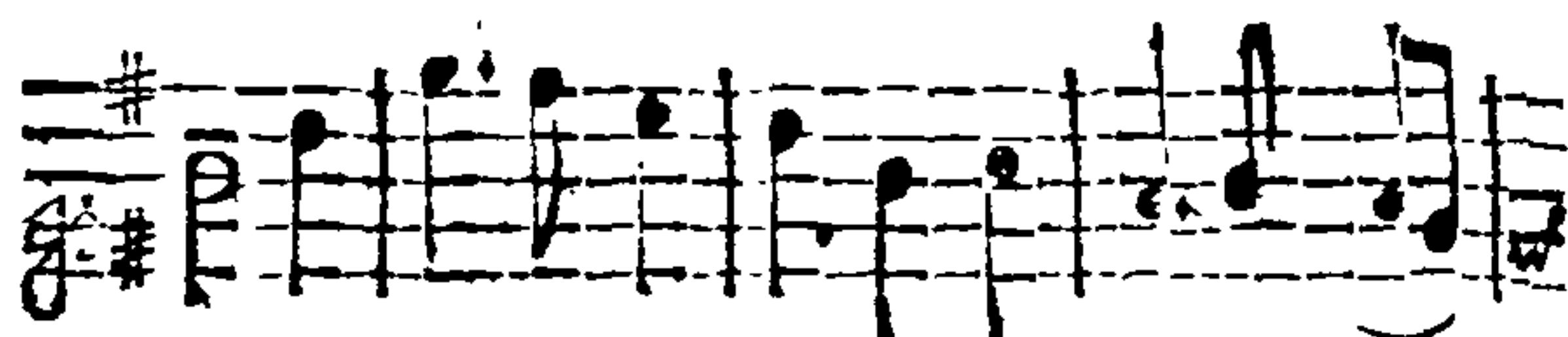
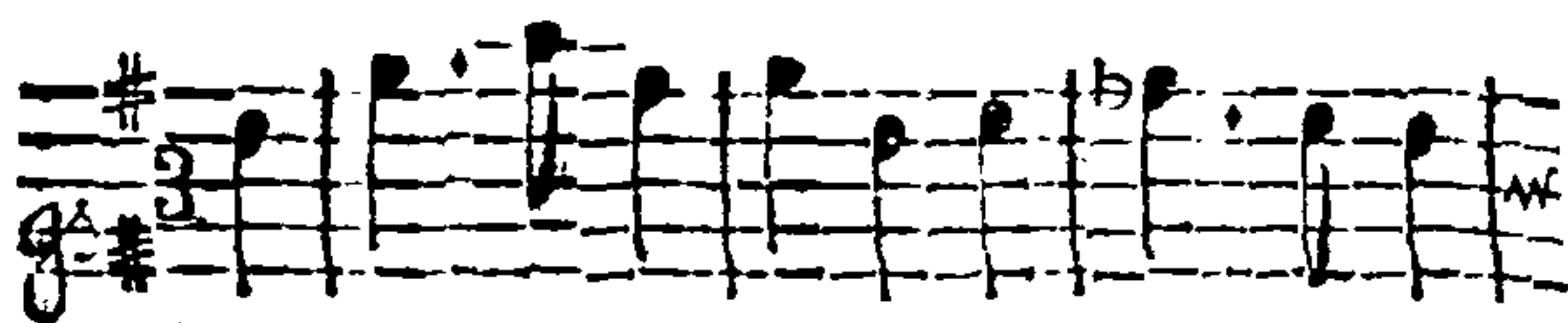
WHEN Wit and Beauty meet in one,
 That acts an Amorous part;
 What Nymph its mighty Power can shun,
 Or 'scape a wounded Heart:
 Those Potent, wondrous Potent charms,
 Where-e'er they bless a Swain;
 He needs not sleep with empty Arms,
 He needs not sleep with empty Arms,
 Nor dread severe disdain,

Astrea saw the Shepherds bleed,
 Regardless of their Pain;
 Unmov'd she hear'd their Oaten Reed,
 They Dance and Sung in vain;
 At length *Amintor* did appear,
 That Miracle of Man;
 He pleas'd her Eyes and charm'd her Ear,
 He pleas'd her Eyes and charm'd her Ear,
 She Lov'd and call'd him P A N.

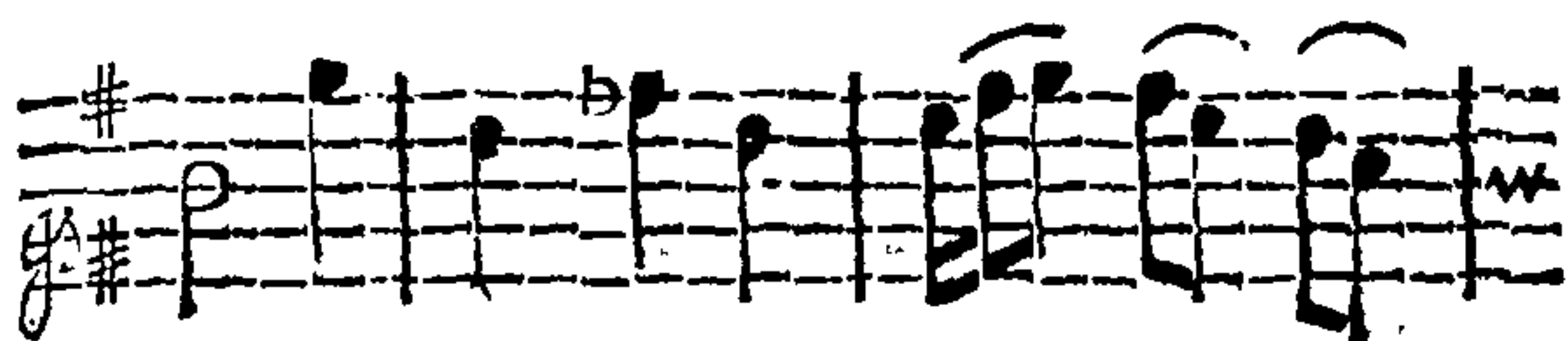
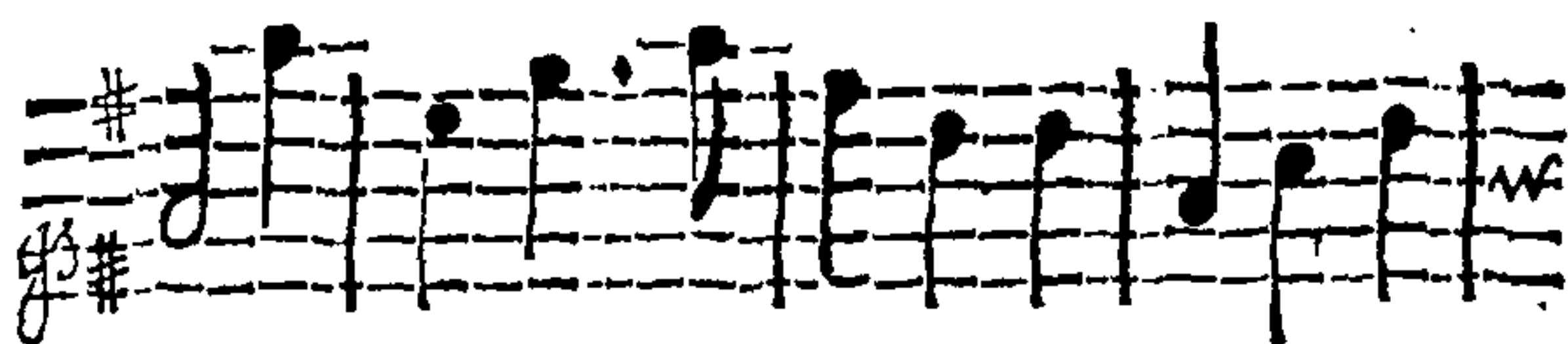
But he as tho' design'd by Fate,
 Revenger of the harms,
 Which others suffer'd from her hate,
 Risl'd and left her Charms;
 Then Nymphs no longer keep in pain,
 A plain well-meaning Heart;
 Lest you shou'd joyn for such disdain,
 Lest you shou'd joyn for such disdain,
 In poor *Astrea's* smart.



A SONG, Sung at the THEATRE-ROYAL, in the
Play call'd ALPHONSO King of NAPLES.
Set by Mr. EAGLES.



WHEN

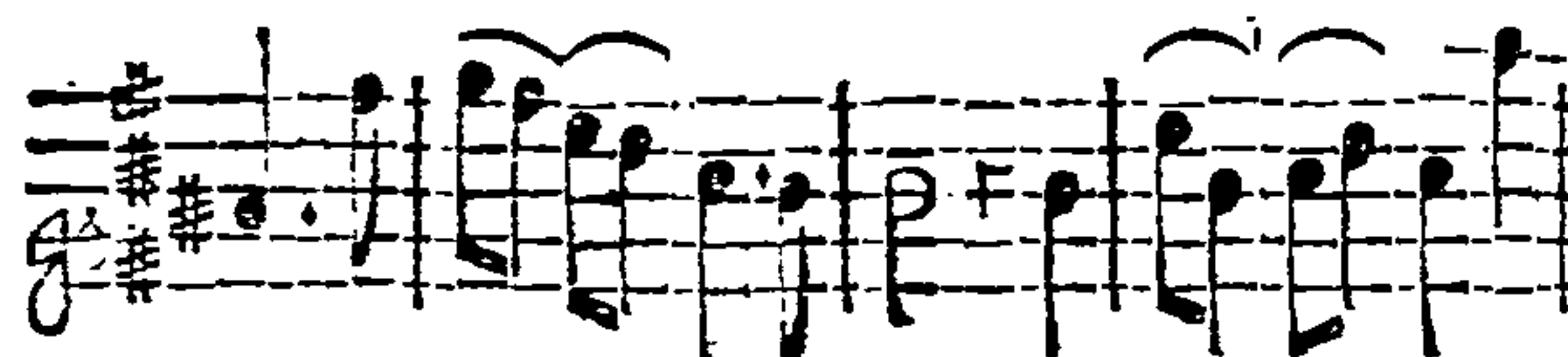


WHEN *Sylvia* was kind, and Love play'd in her Eyes,
 We thought it no Morning till *Sylvia* did rise;
 Of *Sylvia* the Hills and the Vallies all Rang,
 For she was the Subject of every Song.

But now, oh how little her Glories do move,
 That us'd to inflame us, with Raptures of Love;
 Thy Rigour, oh *Sylvia*, will shorten thy Reign,
 And make our bright Goddess a Mortal again.

Love heightens our Joys, he's the ease of our Care,
 A spur to the Valiant, a Crown to the Fair;
 Oh seize his soft Wings then before 'tis too late,
 Or Cruelty quickly will hasten thy Fate.

'Tis kindness, my *Sylvia*, 'tis kindness alone,
 Will add to thy Lovers, and strengthen thy Throne;
 In Love, as in Empire, Tyrannical sway,
 Will make Loyal Subjects forget to Obey.

The SHEPHERD's Complaint. Set by Mr. Williams.

WHAT, Love a crime, Inhumane Fair?
 Repeal that rash Decree,
 As well may pious Anthems bear;
 The Name of Blasphemy:
 'Tis Bleeding Hearts and Weeping Eyes,
 Uphold your Sexes Pride;
 Nor cou'd you longer Tyrannize,
 My Fetters laid aside.

Then

Then from your haughty Vision wake,
And listen to my Moan ;
Tho' you refuse me for my sake,
Yet pity for your own :
For know proud Shepherdess you owe,
The Victim you despise,
More to the strictness of my Vow,
Than glories of your Eyes.



A SONG in the OPERA call'd The Fairy Queen.
Sung by Mrs. BUTLER. Set by Mr. H. Purcell.



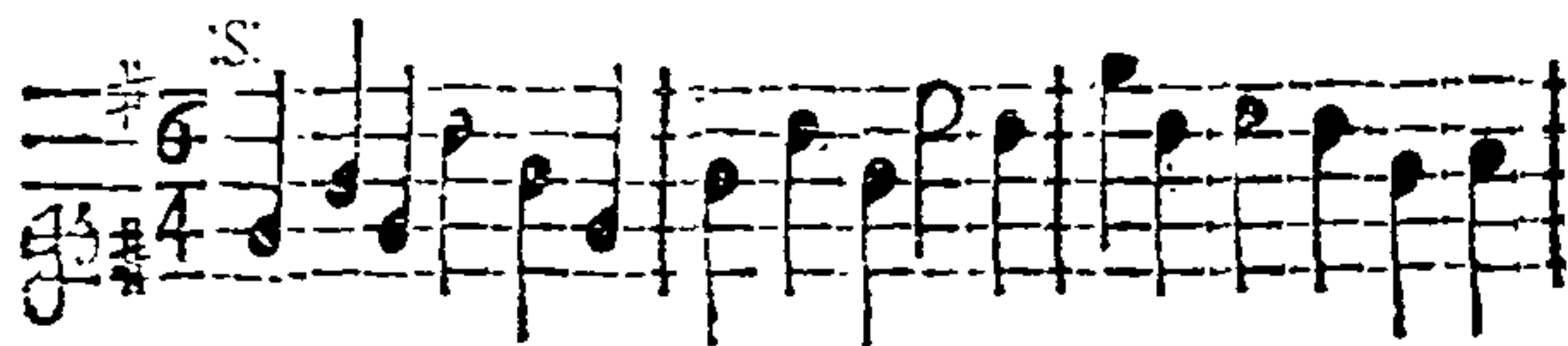


WHEN I have often heard young Maids complaining,
 That when Men promise most they most deceive;
 Then I thought none of them worthy my gaining,
 And what they swore I would never believe:
 But when so humbly one made his Addresses,
 With Looks so soft, and with Language so kind,
 I thought it a Sin to refuse his Caresses,
 Nature o'ercame, and I soon chang'd my Mind.

Should he employ all his Arts in deceiving,
 Stretch his Invention, and quite crack his Brain,
 I find such Charms, such true Joys in believing,
 I'll have the pleasure, let him have the pain:
 If he proves perjur'd, I shall not be cheated,
 He may deceive himself, but never me;
 'Tis what I look for, and shan't be defeated,
 For I'm as false, and inconstant as he.



A SONG. *The Words and Tune by Mr. Edward Keen. Sung by Mrs. Willis, in the Play call'd The Heirefs: Or, The Salamanca Doctor.*

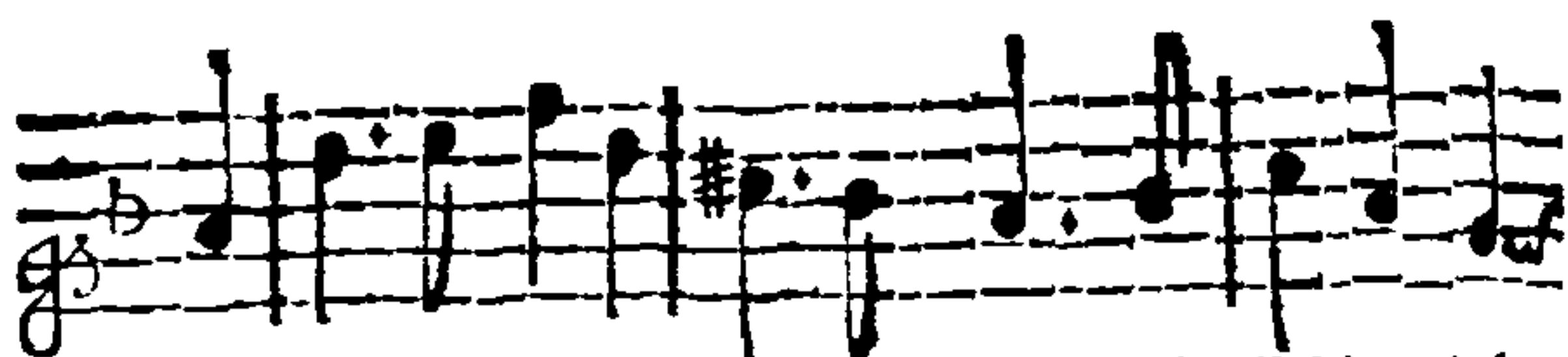




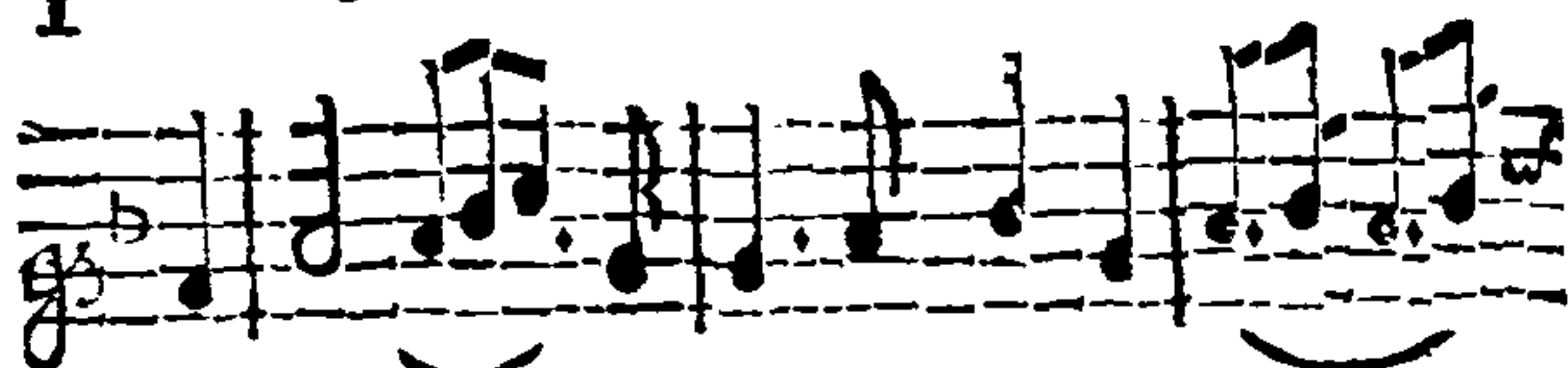
CÆLIA's bright Beauty all other transcend,
 Like Lovers Sprightly Goddess she's flippant and gay;
 Her rival Admirers in crouds do attend,
 To her their devoirs and Addresses to pay:
 Pert gaudy Coxcombs the Fair one adore,
 Grave Dons of the Law and quere Prigs of the Gown;
 Close Misers who brood o'er their Treasure in store,
 And Heroes for plundering of modern renown,
 But Men of plunder can ne'er get her under,
 And Misers all Women despise,
 She baulks the pert Fops in the midst of their hopes,
 And laughs at the Grave and Precise.

Next she's caress'd by a musical crew,
 Shrill Singing and Fidling, Beaus warbles o'th' Flute,
 And Poets whom Poverty still will pursue,
 That's a just cause for rejecting their suit:
 Impudent Fluters the Nymph does abhor,
 And Lovers with Fiddle at neck she disdains;
 For these thought to have her for whistling for,
 They courting with guts shew'd defect in their brains
 And to the pretender to make her surrender,
 By singing no favour she'll show;
 For she'll not make choice of a shrill Capons voice,
 For a politick reason you know.

A SONG.



THE King is gone to Ox-on Town, with all his might



and main a; the Nobles they at-tending



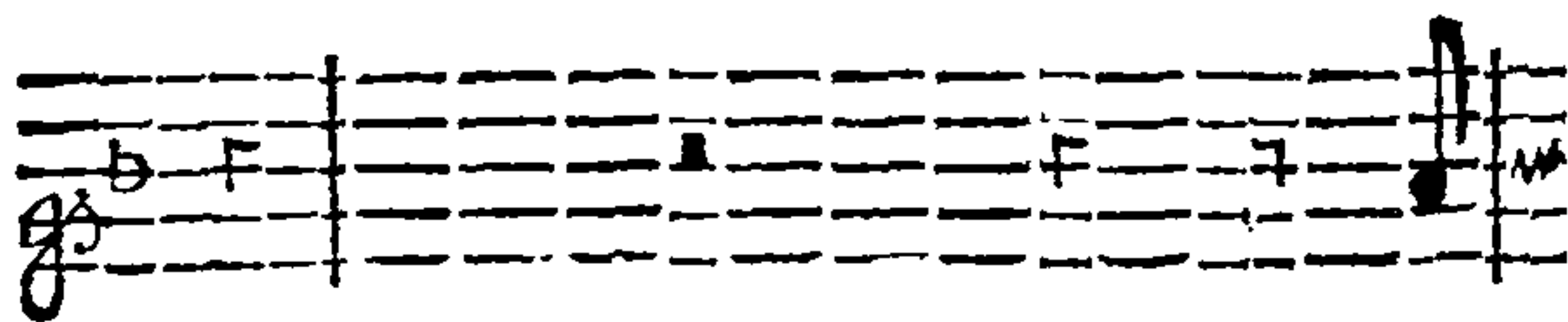
on, with all their gallant train a: The May'r



of the Town in his Furr Gown, gave the

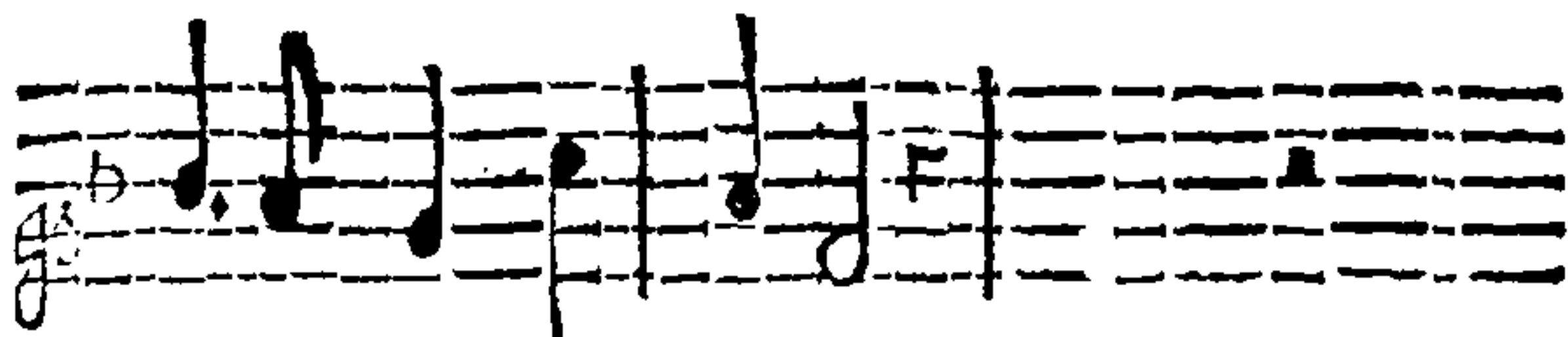


King such a thing, the like was never seen;

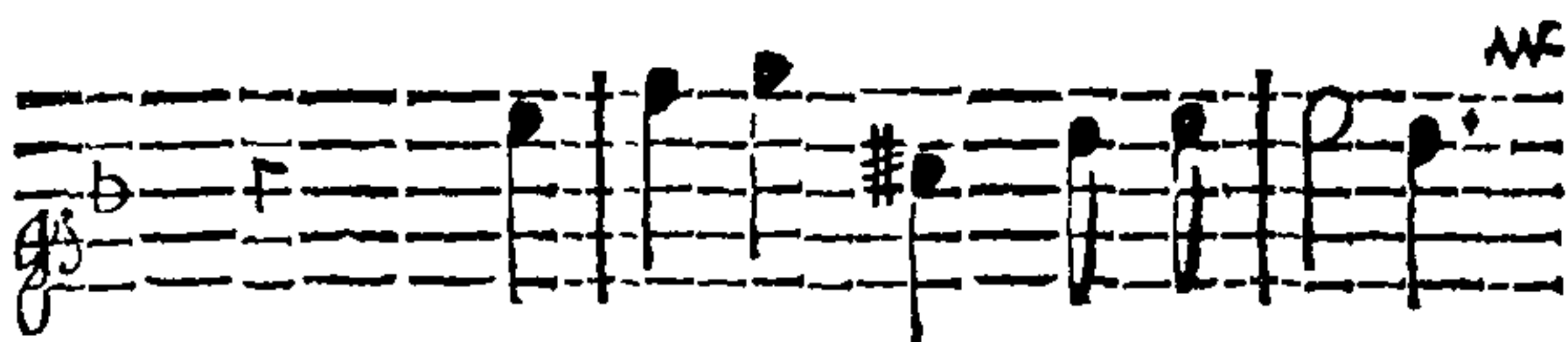


A pair of Gloves, I say a pair of Gloves, made

of



of the Stags good Leather: *A pair of gloves I say,*



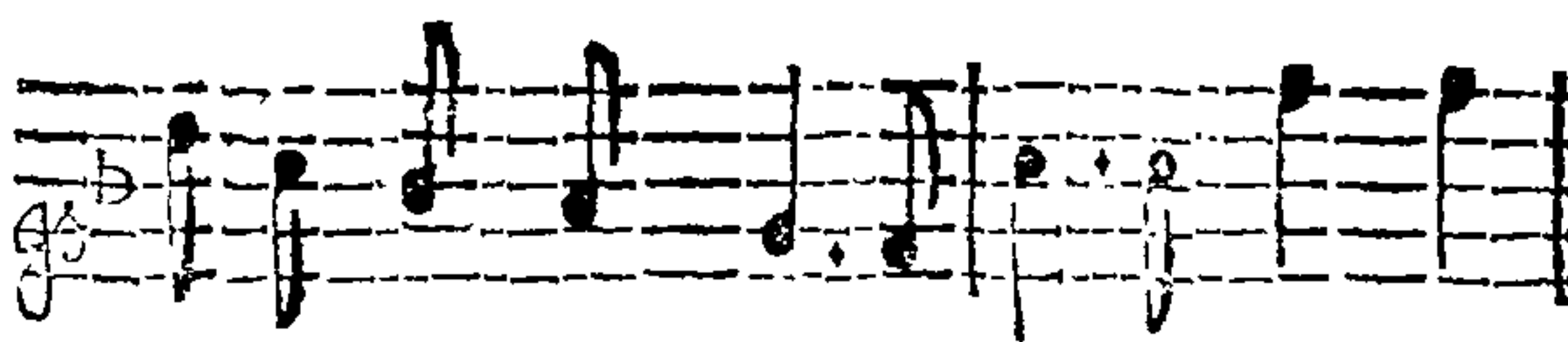
a pair of Gloves, to keep his hands from the Weather;



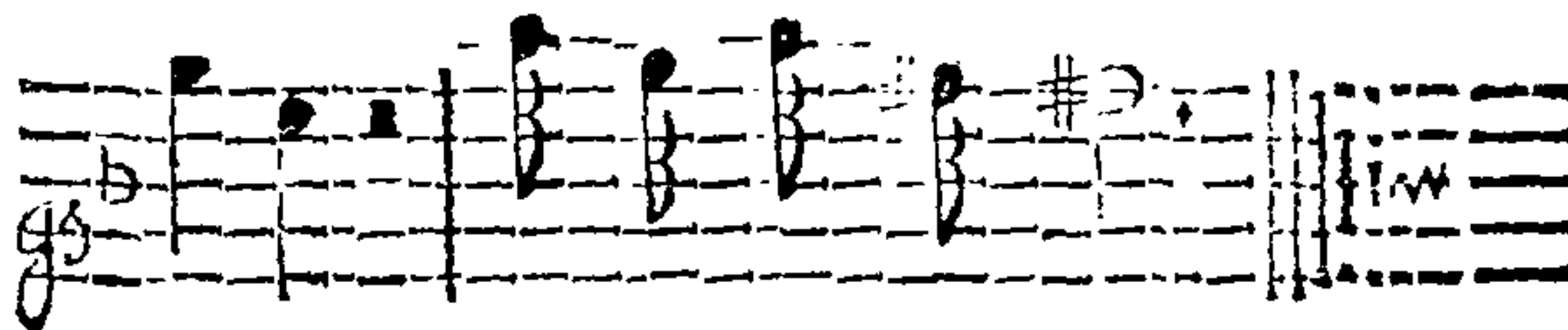
Nay, some do say they gave him Gold, *That's a lye,*



then said I, as soon as I heard it told; for why shou'd



they go give their Gold a-way, to him that



has so much of his own a?

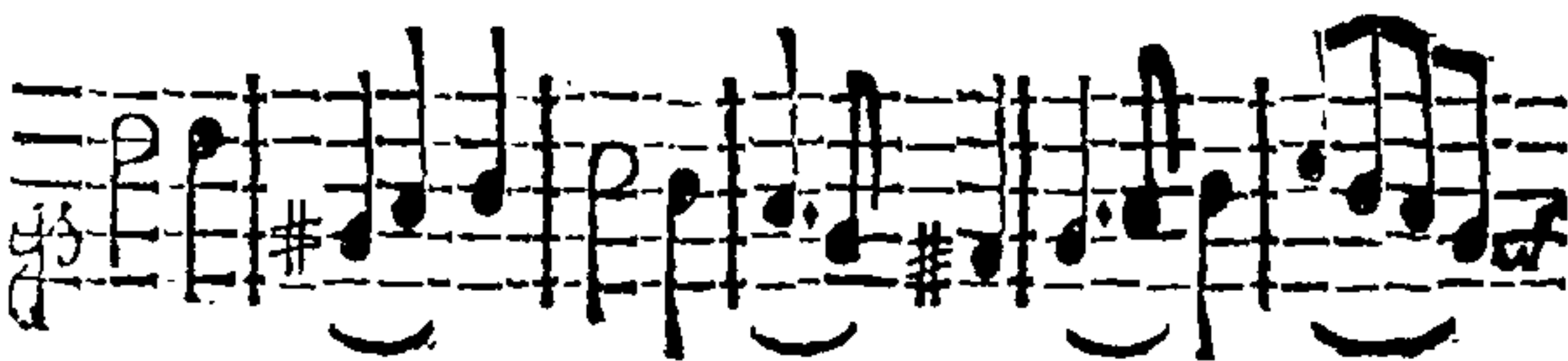
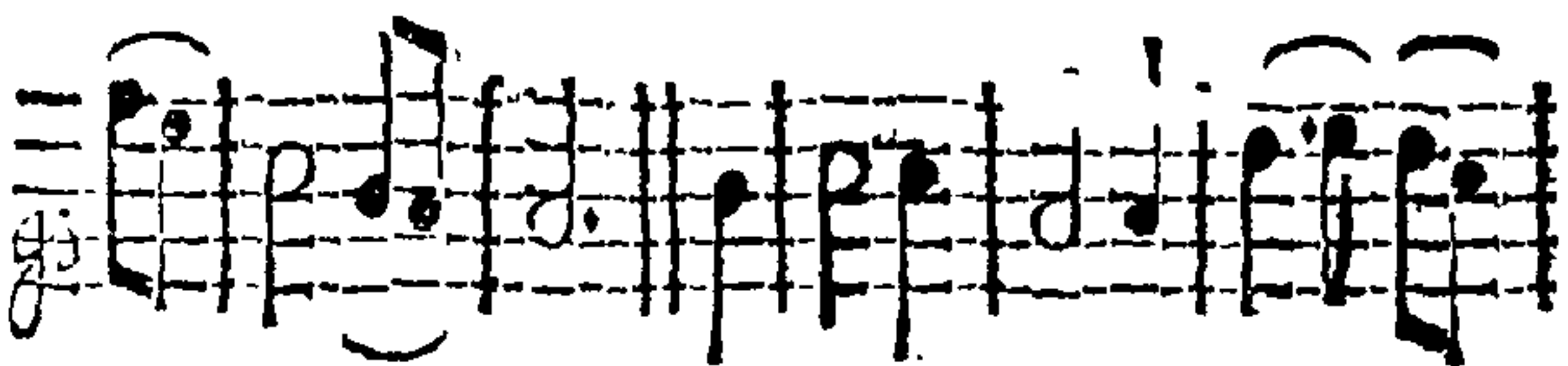
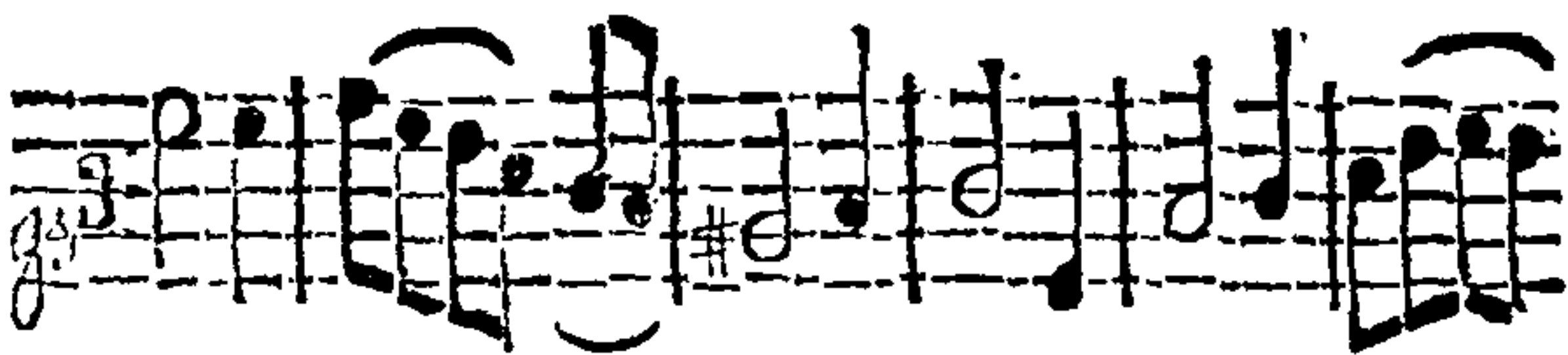
A SONG in Love's a Jest. Set by Mr. JOHN ECCLES. Sung by Mrs. HUDSON.

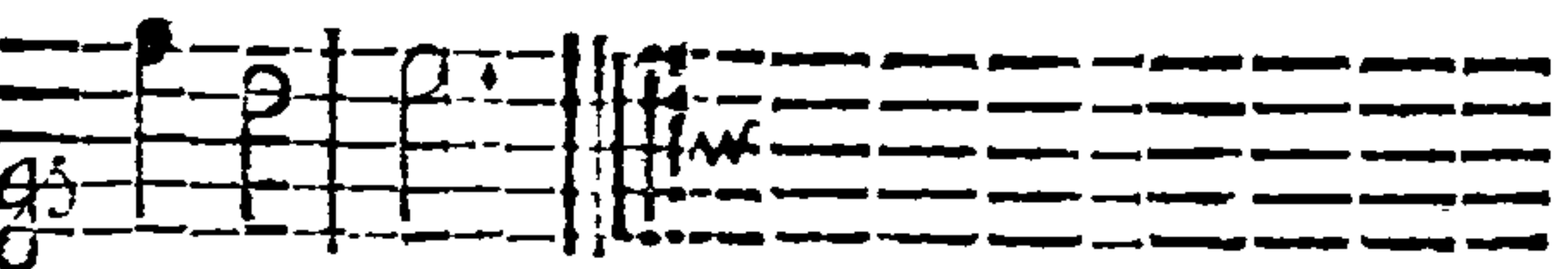
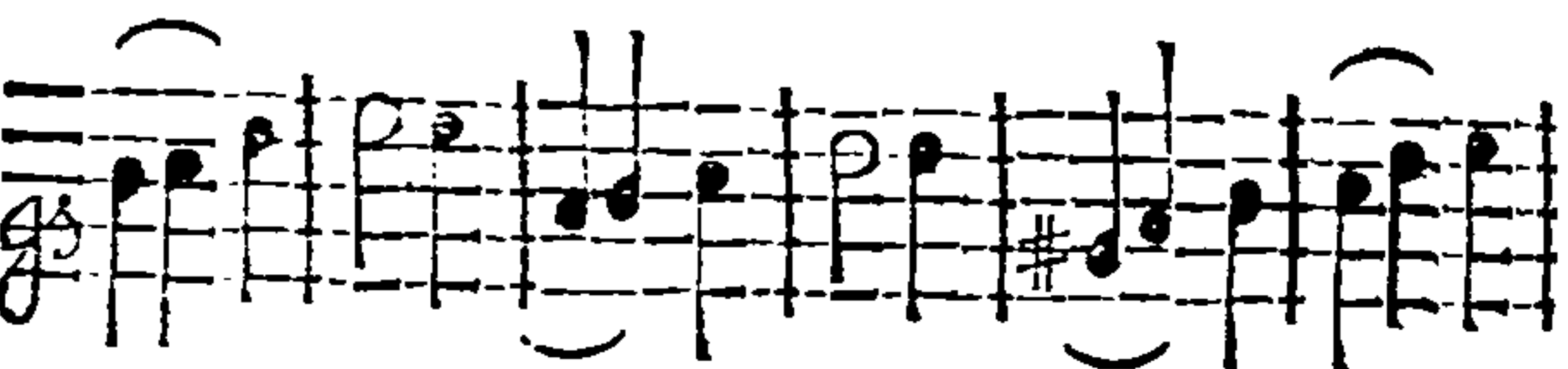
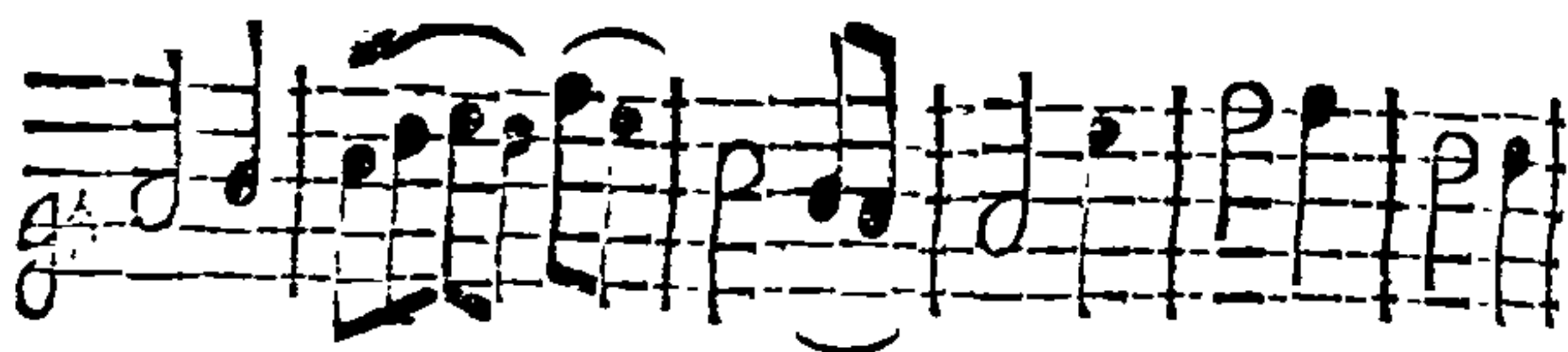


MORTAL's learn your Lives to measure,
 Not by length of Time, but Pleasure;
 Now the Hours invite comply,
 Whilst you idly pass they flye:
 Blest whilst a nimble pace they keep,
 But in torment, in torment when they creep,
 Mortals learn you Lives to measure,
 Not by length of Time, but pleasure;
 Soon your Spring must have a fall,
 Losing Youth is losing all;
 Then you'll ask, but none will give,
 And may linger, but not live.



*A SONG, in the Play call'd Self-Conceit: Or,
 The Mother made a Property. Set by Mr.
 John Eccles. Sung by Mrs. Bowman.*





OH! the mighty pow'r of Love,
 What Art against such Force can move;
 The harmless Swain is ever blest,
 Beneath some silent, shady Grove;
 Until some Nymph invade his Breast,
 And disapprove his eager Love.

Oh! the mighty power of Love,
 What Art against such Force can move;
 The Greatest Hero who in Arms,
 Has gain'd a thousand Victories:
 Submits to *Celia's* brighter Charms,
 And dreads a killing from her Eyes.

A S O N G, Sung by Mrs. HUDSON, in the Play
call'd Love Triumphant: Or, Nature will
prevail. Set by Mr. JOHN ECCLES.

W H A T state of Life can be so blest,
As Love that warms a Lover's Breast ;
Two Souls in one the same desire,
To grant the Bliss and to require :
But if in Heaven a Hell we find,
'Tis all from thee, oh Jealousy !
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! Jealousy, thou Tyrant, tyrant
Jealousy, thou tyrant Jealousy, oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! Jea-
lousy, oh ! oh ! oh ! Jealousy, thou tyrant of the mind.

All other ills tho' sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and sweeten Love ;
In abience or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieves the Lovers pain:
But oh ! no cure but death we find,
To set us free from Jealousy,
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! &c.

False in thy Glass all objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far ;
Thou art the fire of endless Night,
The fire that burns and gives no light,
All torments of the damn'd we find,
In only thee, oh Jealousy !
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! &c.



564 PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

A Scotch SONG. Set by Mr. ROBERT COX.



WHEN Jockey first I saw, my Soul was charm'd,
To see the bonny Lad so blith, so blith and gay ;
My Heart did beat it being alarm'd,
That I to Jockey nought, nought could say :
At last I courage took and Passion quite forsook,
And told the bonny Lad his Charms I felt ;
He then did smile with a pleasing look,
And told me Jenny in his Arms, his Arms should melt.



A Song. Sung by Mrs. Temple. Set by Mr. J. Clark.

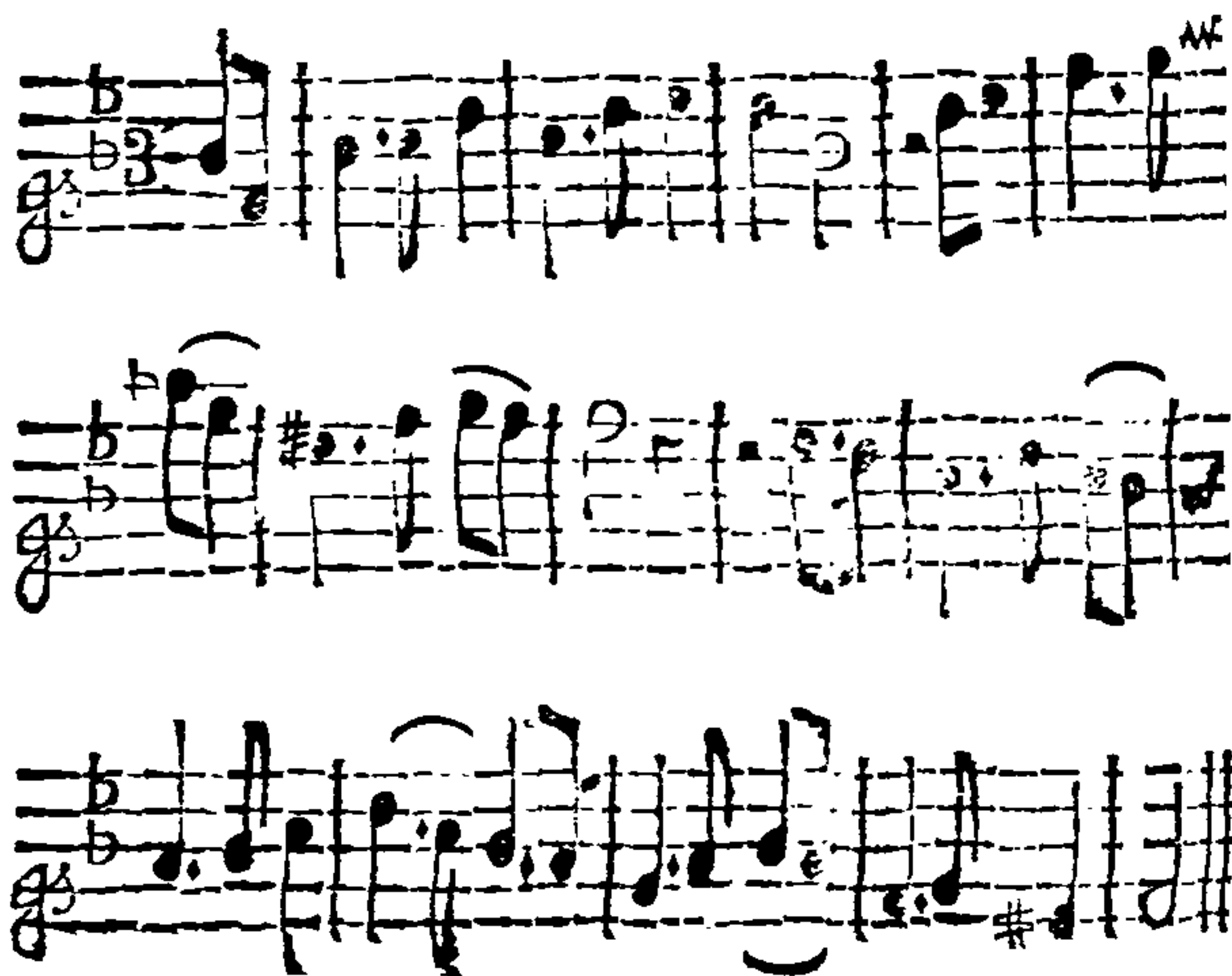


I Seek no more to shady coverts,
Jockey's Eyn are all my Joy;
 Beauty's there I Ken, that cannot,
 Must not, shall not, steal away:
 What wou'd *Jockey* now do to me,
 Surely you're to me unkind;
 Ife ne'er see you, nay you fly me,
 Yet are ne'er from out my Mind.

Tell me why 'tis thus you use me,
 Take me quickly to your Arms;
 Where in blisses blithly backing,
 Each may rival others Charms:
 Oh but fye. my *Jockey* pray now,
 What d'ye; do not, let me go;
 O I vow you will undoe me,
 What to do I do not know.



A S O N G. Set by Mr. PHILL. HART.



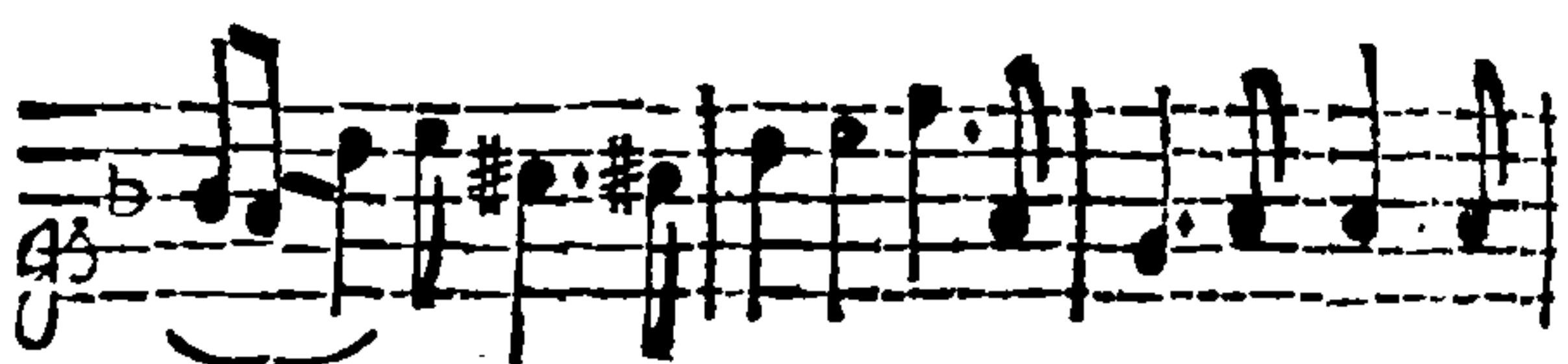


TH O' I love and she knows it, she cares not,
 She regards not my Passion at all;
 But to tell me she hates me she spares not,
 As often as on her I call:
 'Tis her Pleasure to see me in pain,
 'Tis her pain to grant my desire;
 Then if ever I Love her again,
 May I never, never, never, never, may I never, be
 free from Love's fire.



MIRTILLO.

MIRTILLO. A SONG. Set by Mr. Tho. Clark.



MIRTILLO, whilst you patch your Face,
 By Nature form'd so fair,
 We know each Spot conceals a Grace,
 And wish, and wish to see it bare:
 But since our Wish you've gratifi'd,
 We find, we find, 'twas rashly made,
 And that those Spots were but to hide, to hide
 Excess of Lustre laid:
 And that those Spots were but to hide, to hide
 Excess of Lustre laid.



The Rambling R A K E.



HAVING spent all my Coin,
 Upon Women and Wine,
 I went to the C — h out of spite;
 But what the Priest said,
 Is quite out of my Head,
 I resolv'd not to Edify by't.

While he open'd his Text,
 I was plaguily vext,
 To see such a fly Canting Crew,
 Of *Satan's* Disciples,
 With P——r Books and B——s,
 Enough to have made a Man Spew.

All the Women I view'd,
 Both Religious and Lewd,
 From the Sable Top-knots to the Scarlets;
 But a Wager I'll lay,
 That at a full Play,
 The House does not swarm so with Harlots.

Lady F—— there sits,
 Almost out of her Wits,
 'Twixt Lust and Devotion debating;
 She's as Vicious as Fair,
 And has more Business there,
 Than to hear Mr. *Tickle-text's* prating.

Madam L—— I saw,
 With her Daughters-in-law,
 Whom she offers to Sale ev'ry Sunday;
 In the midst of her Prayers,
 She'll negotiate Affairs,
 And make Assignations for Monday.

Next a Lady much Fam'd,
 Therefore must not be nam'd,
 'Cause she'll give you no trouble in Teaching;
 She has a very fine Book,
 But does ne'er in it look,
 Nor regard neither Praying nor Preaching.

Thers's a *Baronet's* Daughter,
 Her own Mother taught her,
 By Precept and Practical Notion;
 That to wear Gaudy Cloaths,
 And to Ogle the Beaus,
 Was at Church two sure Signs of Devotion.

From the Corner o'th' Square,
Comes a hopeful young Pair,
Religious as they see occasion;
But if Patches and Paint,
Be true signs of a Saint,
We've no Reason to doubt their Damnation.

When the Sermon was done,
He blest ev'ry one,
And they like good Christians retir'd;
Tho' they view'd ev'ry Face,
Each Head and each Dress,
Yet each one her self most admir'd.

I had view'd all the rest,
But the Parson had blest,
With his Benediction the People;
So I ran to the Crown,
Least the Church should fall down,
And beat out my Brains with the Steeple.



The MERRY old Woman.





YOU grieve by my wither'd Face,
 And Eyes no longer Shining;
 That I can't Dance with a Grace,
 Nor keep my Pipes from whining:
 Yet I am still Gay and Bold,
 To be otherwise were a Folly;
 Methinks my Blood is grown Cold,
 I'll warm it then thus and be jolly,
 Jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, &c.
 Methinks my Blood is grown cold,
 Grown cold, grown cold. grown cold, &c.
 I'll warm it then thus and be jolly.

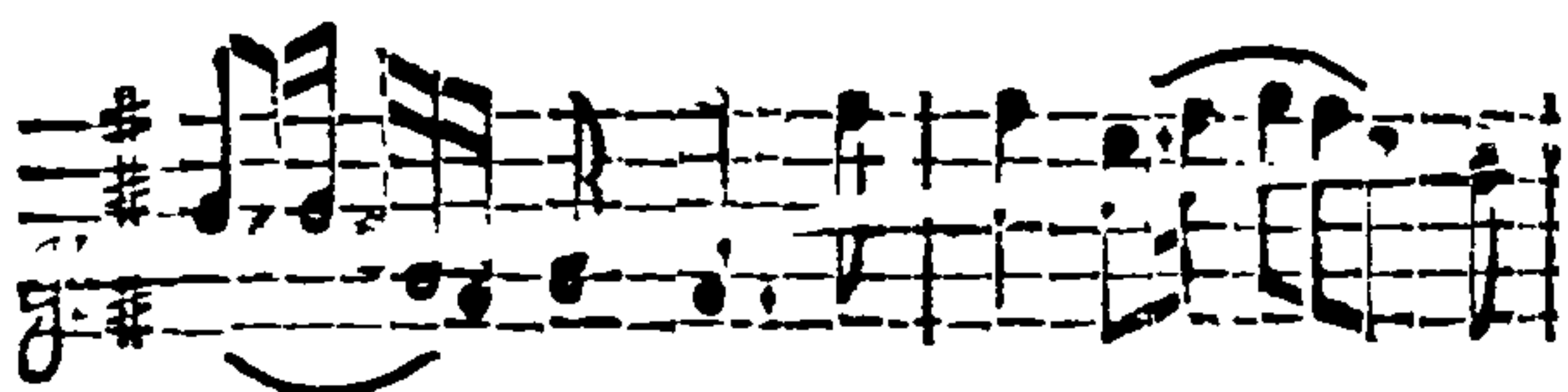
I find by the slighting Beau's,
 That Nature is declining;
 Yet will I not knit my Brows,
 Nor end my Days in pining:
 Let other Dames Fret and Scold,
 As they pass to the Stygian Ferry;
 You see, though I am grown Old,
 My Temper is youthful and merry,
 Merry, merry, merry, merry, &c.
 You see though I am grown old,
 Grown old, grown old, grown old, &c.
 My Temper is youthful and merry.

A SONG Set by Mr. ANTHONY YOUNG.



Try'd in Parks and Plays to find,
 An Object to appease my Mind;
 But still in vain it does appear,
 Since Fair *Hyrtilia* is not there:
 In vain alas I hope for Ease,
 Since none but She alone can please.

*A SONG; the Words by Captain DANVERS,
Set by Mr. T. WILLIS.*



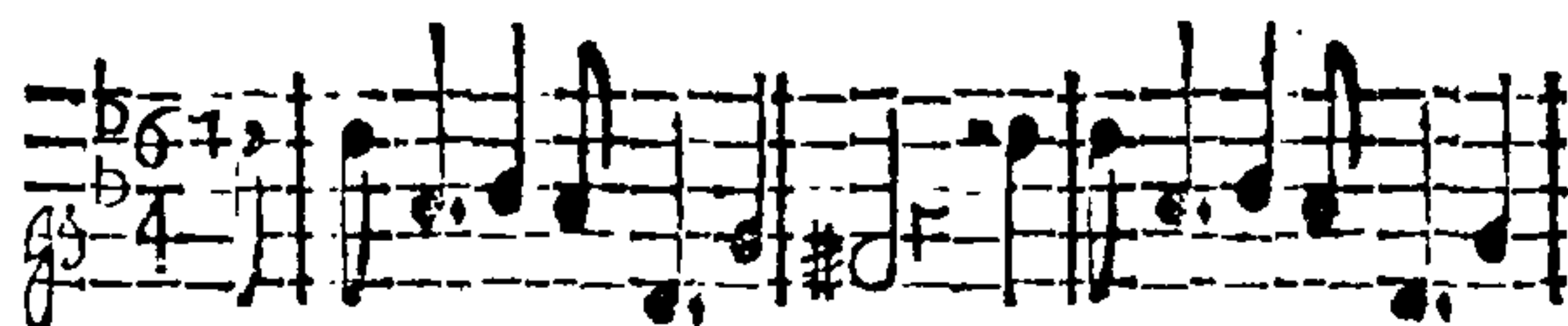
FORGIVE

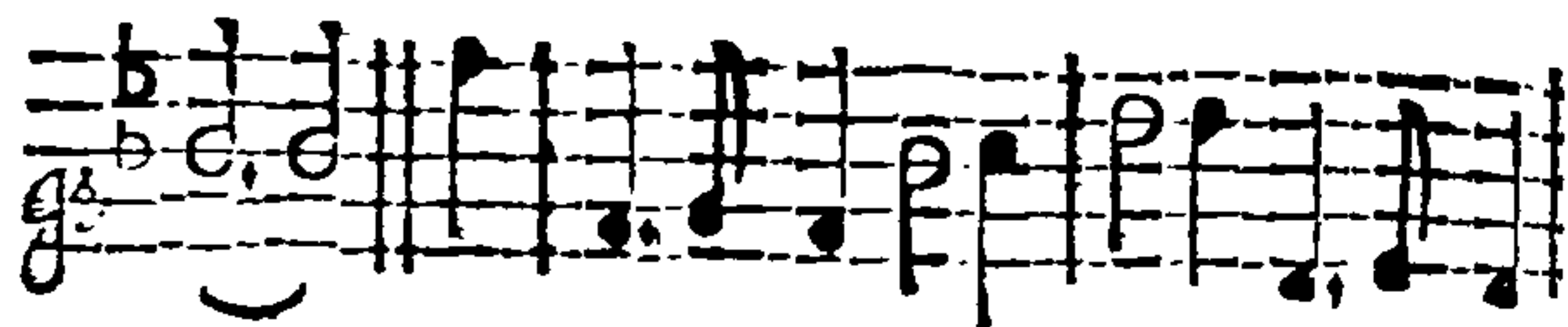
FORGIVE me *Cloe* if I dare
 Your Conduct disapprove;
 The Gods have made you wond'rous Fair,
 Not to Disdain, but Love;
 Those nice pernicious Forms despise,
 That cheat you of your Bliss;
 Let Love instruct you to be wise,
 Whilst Youth and Beauty is.

Too late you will repent the Time,
 You lose by your Disdain;
 The Slaves you scorn now in your Prime,
 You'll ne'er retrieve again:
 But when those Charms shall once decay,
 And Lovers disappear;
 Despair and Envy shall repay,
 Your being now severe.



*A SONG in the Rival Sisters, Set by Mr.
 Henry Purcell, Sung by Miss CROSS.*

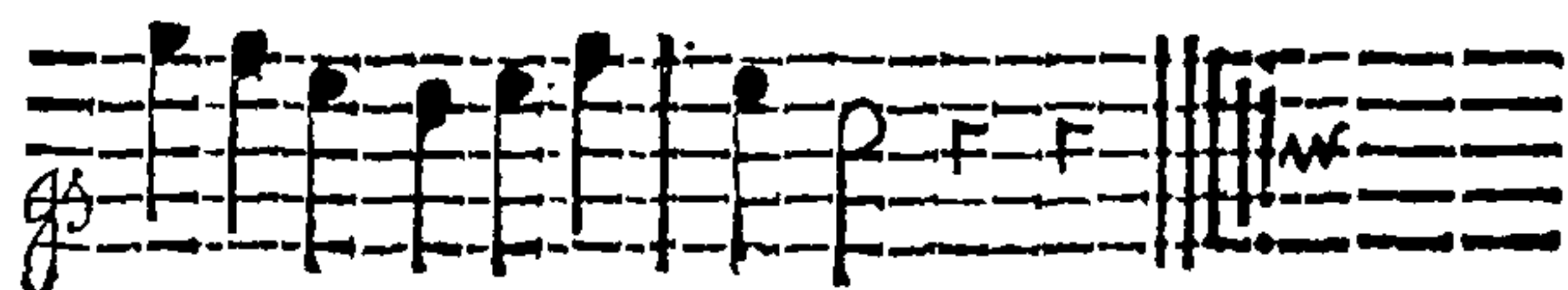
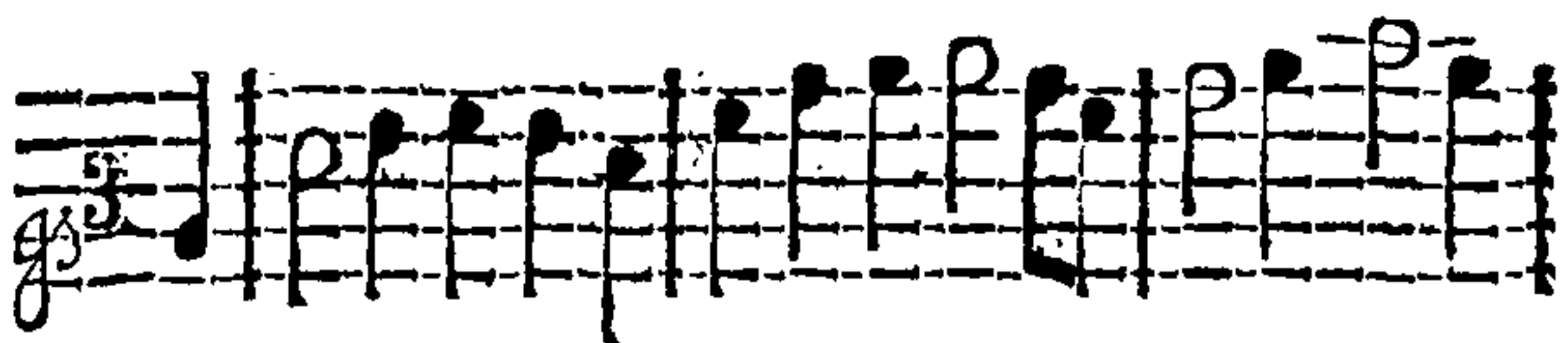




HOW happy, how happy is she,
 How happy, how happy is she,
 That early, that early her Passion begins,
 And willing, and willing with Love to agree,
 Does not stay till she comes to her Teens:
 Then, then she's all pure and Chast,
 Then, then she's all pure and Chast,
 Like Angels her Smiles to be priz'd;
 Pleasure is seen Cherub Fac'd,
 And Nature appears, and Nature appears undisguis'd.

From Twenty to Thirty, and then
 Set up for a Lover in vain;
 By that time we study how Men,
 May be wrack'd with Neglect and Disdain:
 Love dwells where we meet with desire,
 Desire which Nature has given:
 She's a Fool then that feeling the Fire,
 Begins not to warm at Eleven.

*The Three Merry Travellers, who paid their shot
wherever they came, without ever a Stiver of
Money.*



THERE was three Travellers, Travellers three,
With a hey down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And they would go Travel the North Country,
Without ever a stiver of Money..

They Travelled East, and they Travelled West,
With a hey down, &c.
Wherever they came still they drank of the best,
Without ever, &c.

At length by good fortune they came to an Inn,
With a hey down, &c.
And they were as Merry as e'er they had been,
Without ever, &c.

A Jolly young Widdow did smiling appear,
With a hey down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
Who drest them a Banquet of delicate cheer,
Without ever a Penny of Money.

Both Chicken and Sparrow-grass she did provide,
With a hey down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 You're Welcome kind Gentlemen, welcome she cry'd,
Without ever a Stiver of Money.

They called for liquor, both Beer, Ale, and Wine,
With a hey down, &c.
 And every thing that was curious and fine,
Without ever, &c.

They drank to their Hostess a merry full Bowl,
With a hey down, &c.
 She pledg'd them in Love, like a generous Soul,
Without ever, &c.

The Hostess, her Maid, and Cousin all three,
With a hey down, &c.
 They Kist and was merry, as merry cou'd be,
Without ever, &c.

Full Bottles and Glasses replenish'd the Board,
With a hey down, &c.
 No Liquors was wanting the house cou'd afford,
Without ever, &c.

When they had been Merry good part of the Day,
With a hey down,
 They called their Hostess to know what's to pay,
Without ever, &c.

There's Thirty good shillings, and Six pence, she cry'd,
With a hey down, &c.
 They told her that she should be soon satisfy'd,
Without ever, &c.

The Handsomest Man of the three up he got,
With a hey down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 He laid her on her Back, and paid her the shot,
Without ever a Stiver of Money.

The middlemost Man to her Cousin he went,
With a hey down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 She being handsome, he gave her Content,
Without ever a Stiver of Money.

The last Man of all he took up with the Maid,
With a hey down, &c.
 And thus the whole Shot it was lovingly paid,
Without ever, &c.

The Hostess, the Cousin, and Servant, we find,
With a hey down, &c.
 Made Courtesies, and thank'd them for being so kind,
Without ever, &c.

The Hostess said, welcome kind Gentlemen all,
With a hey down, &c.
 If you chance to come this way be pleased to call,
Without ever, &c.

Then taking their Leaves they went merrily out,
With a hey down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
 And they're gone for to Travel the Nation about,
Without ever a Stiver of Money.



The Maids CONJURING Book.



180 PILLS to Purge Melancholy.



A Young Man lately in our Town,
 He went to Bed one Night ;
 He had no sooner lay'd him down,
 But was troubled with a Sprite :
 So vigorously the Spirit stood,
 Let him do what he can,
 Sure then he said it must be lay'd
 By Woman, not by Man.

A Handsome Maid did undertake,
 And into the Bed she leap'd ;
 And to allay the Spirits Power,
 Full close to him she crep'd :
 She having such a Guardian care,
 Her Office to discharge ;
 She open'd wide her Conjuring Book,
 And lay'd the Leaves at large.

Her Office she did well perform,
 Within a little space ;
 Then up she rose, and down he lay,
 And durst not shew his Face :
 She took her leave, and away she went,
 When she had done the Deed ;
 Saying, if't chance to come again,
 Then send for me with speed.

A SONG.



ALL Joy to Mortals, Joy and Mirth,
 Eternal Jo's sing;
 The Gods of Love descend to Earth,
 Their Darts have lost their Sting.

The Youth shall now complain no more,
 On *Sylvia's* needless Scorn;
 But she shall Love if he adore,
 And melt when he shall burn.

The Nymph no longer shall be shy,
 But leave the Jilting Road;
 And *Daphne* now no more shall Fly,
 The wounded Painted God.

But all shall be Serene and Fair,
 No sad complaints of Love,
 Shall fill the gentle whispering Air,
 No Ecchoing sighs, the Grove.

Beneath the shades young *Strephon* lies,
 Of all his wish possess'd;
 Gazing on *Sylvia's* charming Eyes,
 Whose Soul is there confess'd.

All soft and sweet the Maid appears,
 With looks that know no Art;
 And though she yields with Trembling Fears,
 She yields with all her Heart.

The

The PRESBYTERS Gill.



HANG the Presbyters Gill,
 Bring a Pint of Sack, *WiA*,
 More Orthodox of the two;
 Though a slender Dispute,
 Will strike the Elf Mute,
 He's one of the honefter Crew.

In a Pint there's small heart,
 Sirrah, brink us a Quart,
 There's substance and vigour met;
 'Twill hold us in play,
 Some Part of the Day,
 But we'll sink him before Sun-set.

The daring old Pottle,
 Does now bid us Battle,

Let's

Let's try what his strength can do ;
Keep your Ranks, and your Files,
And for all his Wiles,
We'll tumble him down Stairs too.

The Stout Brested Lombard,
His Brains ne'er incumbred,
With drinking of Gallons three ;
Trycongius was named,
And by *Cæsar* Famed,
Who dubbed him Knight Cap-a-pee.

If then Honour be in't,
Why a Pox should we stint
Our selves of the fulness it bears ?
H'has less Wit than an Ape
In the Blood of a Grape,
Will not plunge himself o'er Head and Ears.

Then Summon the Gallon,
A stout Foe, and a Tall one,
And likely to hold us to't ;
Keep but Coyn in your Purse,
The word is Disburse,
I'll warrant he'll sleep at your Foot.

See the bold Foe appears,
May he fall that him Fears,
Keep you but close Order, and then
We will give him the Rout,
Be he never so stout,
And prepare for his Rallying agen.

Let's drain the whole Cellar,
Pipes, Buts, and the Dweller,
If the Wine floats not the faster ;
Will, when thou do'st slack us,
By Warrant from *Bacchus*,
We will Cane thy Tun-belly'd Master.

The Good FELLOW.

A Pox on the Times,
 Let 'em go as they will,
 Tho' the Taxes are grown so heavy ;
 Our Hearts are our own,
 And shall be so still,
 Drink aboard, my Boys, and be merry :
 Let no Man despair,
 But drive away Care,

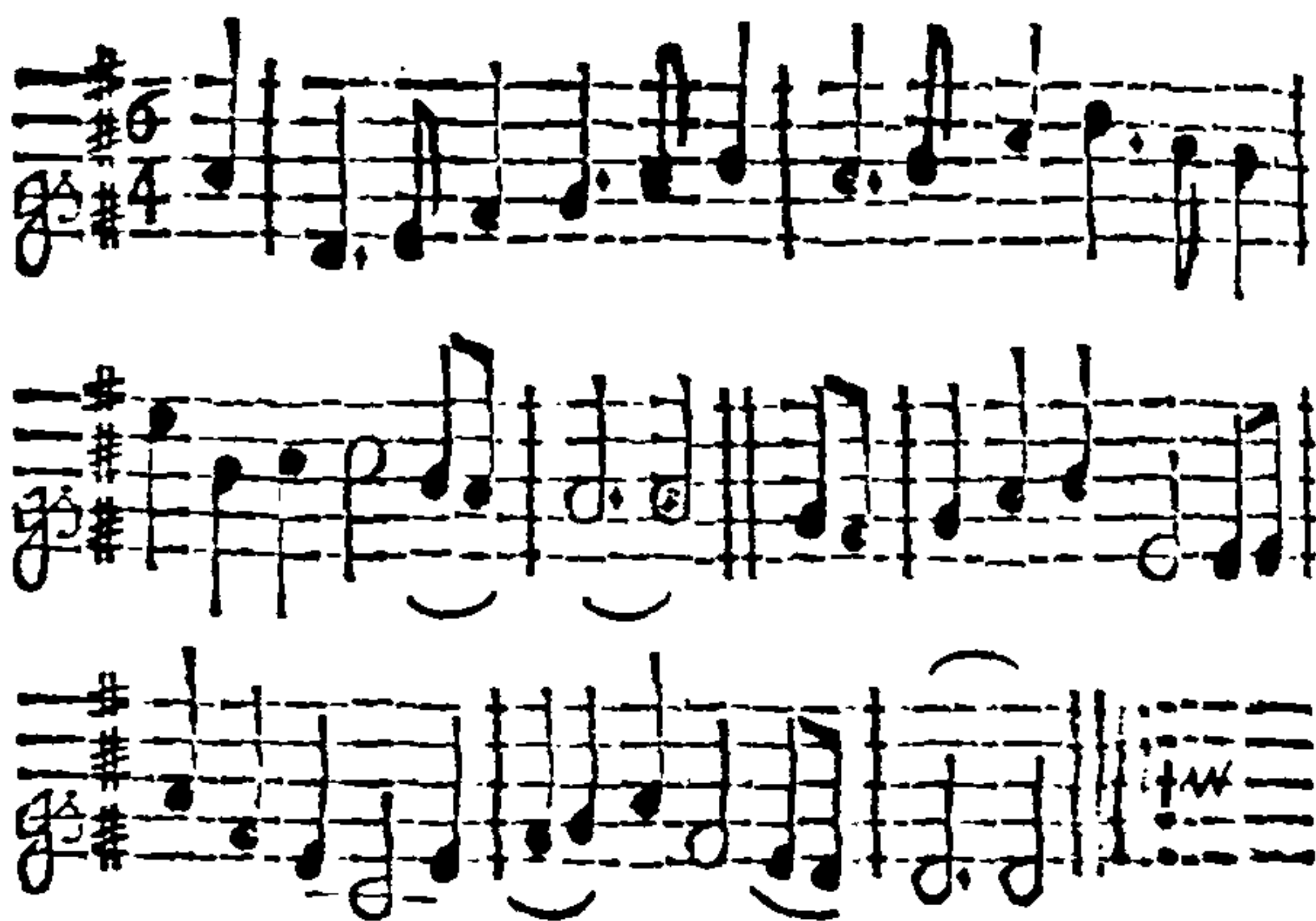
And

And drown all our Sorrow in Claret;
 We'll never repine,
 So they give us good Wine,
 Let 'em take all our Dross, we can spare it.

We value not Chink,
 Unless to buy drink,
 Or purchase us innocent Pleasure;
 When 'tis gone we ne'er fret,
 So we Liquor can get,
 For Mirth of it self is a Treasure:
 No Miser can be,
 So happy as we,
 Tho' compass'd with Riches he wallow;
 Day and Night he's in Fear,
 And ne'er without Care,
 While nothing disturbs the Good Fellow.

Come fill up the Glafs,
 And about let it pass,
 For Nature doth vacuums decline;
 Down the spruce formal Ass,
 That's afraid of his Face,
 We'll drink 'till our Noses do *Phæbus* out-shine:
 While we've plenty of this,
 We can ne'er do amiss,
 'Tis an Antidote 'gainst our ruin;
 And the Lad that drinks most,
 With Honour may boast,
 He fears neither Death, nor undoing.



The Jovial PRISONER, by S. P.

A Pox on such Fools! let the Scoundrels rail,
 Let 'em boast of their Liberty;
 They're no freer than we, for the World's a Jayl,
 And all Men Prisoners be.

The Drunkard's confin'd to his Claret,
 The Miser to his Store;
 The Wit to his Muse and a Garret,
 And the Cully-Cit to his Whore.

The Parson's confin'd to his Piggæ,
 The Lawyer to Hatred and Strife;
 The Fidler to's Borees and Jiggs,
 And the Quack to his Glister-pipe.

The Church-man's confin'd to be civil,
 The Quaker's a Prisoner too light;
 The Papist is bound by the Devil,
 And the Puritan's fetter'd with spite.

Since old *Adam's* race are all Prisoners like us,
 Let us merrily quaff and Sing;
 Z——s why shou'd we pine for Liberty thus,
 When we're each of's as free as a King.

A S O N G.

Set by Mr. HENRY PURCELL.

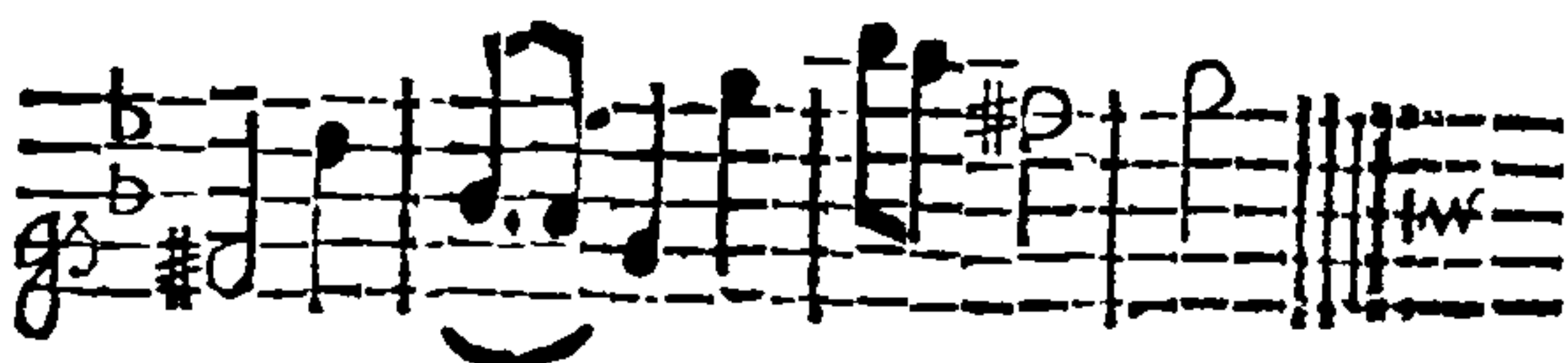
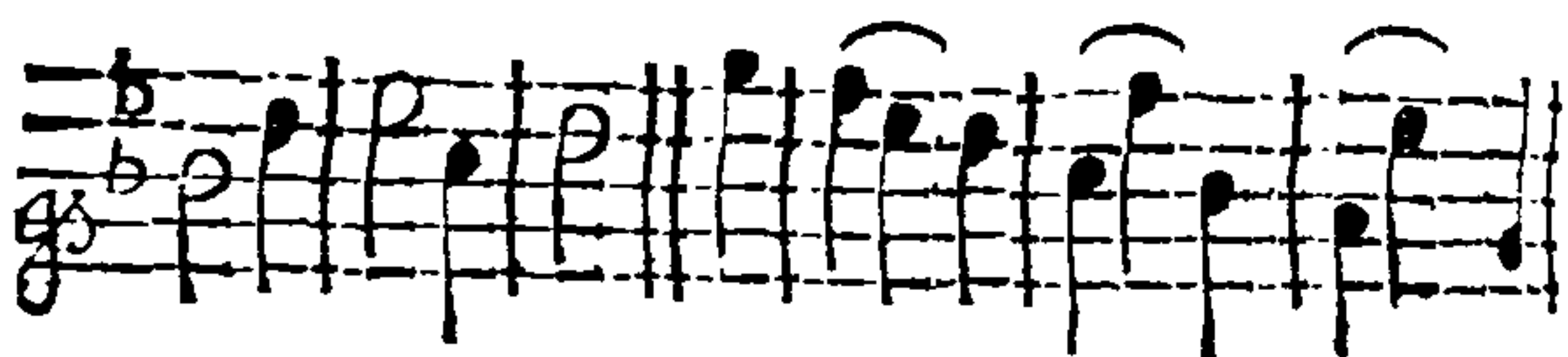


PHILLIS, I can ne'er forgive it,
 Nor I think, shall e're out-live it;
 Thus to treat me so severely,
 Who have always lov'd sincerely.

Damon, you so fondly cherish,
 Whilst poor I, alas! may perish;
 I that love, which he did never,
 Me you slight, and him you Favour.

Love

LOVE given over: *Being a young Lady's Reply to her Parents, who would have forc'd her to Marry one she had an Aversion against.*



AS Cupid many Ages past,
Went out to take the Air;
And on the Rosy Morning Feast,
He met *Opelia* there.

A while he gaz'd, a while survey'd
Her Shape and every part;
But as his Eyes run o'er the Maid,
Hers reach'd his little Heart.

His Quiver straight and Bow he took,
And bent it for a flight;
But then by chance she cast a look,
Which spoil'd his purpose quite.

Disarm'd he knew not what to do,
Nor how to Crown his Love;
At last resolv'd, away he flew,
Another shape to prove.

A lustful Satyr straight return'd,
In hopes his Form wou'd take :
For many Nymphs for them have burn'd,
Burn'd 'cause they cou'd not speak.

Ophelia had no sooner spy'd,
His Godship, Goat and Man ;
But loudly for assistance cry'd,
And fleetly homeward ran.

Perplex'd at her affright, but more
At's own defeat, he shook
The Monster off ; then fled before,
And straight Man's Aspect took.

He smil'd, intreated, ly'd, and vow'd,
Nay, offer'd her a Sum ;
And grew importunate and rude,
As she drew nearer home.

At last when Tears, nor ought cou'd move,
He thus bespoke the Fair ;
Know Cruel Maid, I'm God of Love,
And can command Despair.

Yet Dame to sue, oh ! bless me then,
As you regard your Ease ;
For I am King of Gods and Men,
I give and banish Peace.

Or be thou Love, or be thou Hate,
Enrag'd *Ophelia* swore ;
I'll never change my Virgin state,
Nor ever see thee more.

Exploded Love resisted so,
In pity to Mankind ;
His Arrows broke, and burnt his Bow,
And left his Name behind.

A S O N G



LA Y by your Pleading,
 The Law lies a Bleeding, (ing;
 Burn all your Studies down, and throw away your Read.
 Small Power the World has,
 And doth afford us,
 Not half so many Privileges as the Sword does;
 It fosters our Masters,
 It plaisters Disasters, (sters;
 And makes the Servants quickly greater than their Ma-
 It ventures, it enters,
 It circles, it Centres,
 And sets a Prentice free despite of his Indenters.

This takes up all things,
 And sets up small things,
 This masters Money, tho' Money masters all things,
 It's not in Season,
 To talk of Reason, (son;
 Or count it Loyalty, when the Sword will have it Trea-
This

This conquers a Crown too,
 The Cloak and the Gown too, (too ;
 This sets up a Presbyter, and this doth pull him down
 This subtile deceiver,
 Turn'd Bonnet into Beaver,
 Down drops a Bishop, and up steps a Weaver.

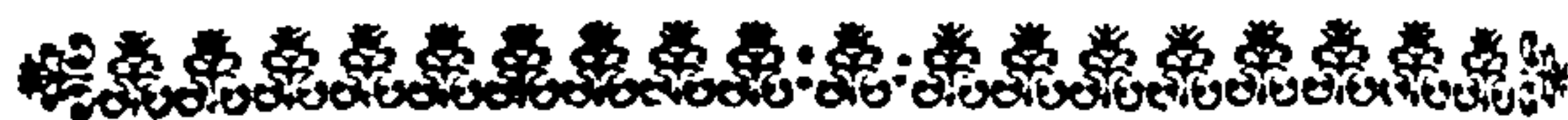
It's this makes a Lay-man,
 To Preach and to Pray Man, (man ;
 And this made a Lord of him, which was before a Dray-
 For from this dull-pit,
 Of *Saxbey's* Pulpit,
 This brought a holy Iron-monger to the Pulpit:
 No Gospel can guide it,
 No Law can decide it,
 No Church or State can debate it,
 'Till the Sword hath Sanctify'd it ;
 Such pitiful things be,
 Happier than Kings be,
 This brought in the Heraldry of *Thimblesby* and *Slingsby*.

Down goes the Law-trix,
 For from this Matrix, (trick's
 Sprung holy *Hewson's* power, and tumbl'd down St. Pa-
 It batter'd the Gun-kirk,
 So did it the Dum-kirk,
 That he is fled and gone to the Devil in *Dunkirk* ;
 In *Scotland* this waster,
 Did work such disaster, (Master :
 This brought the Money back for which they sold their
 This frightened the *Flemming*,
 And made him so befeeming,
 That he doth never think of his lost Lands redeeming.

But he that can tower,
 Over him that is lower,
 Would be counted but a Fool to give away his Power ;
 Take Books and rent them,
 Who would invent them,
 When as the Sword replys *Negatur Argumentur* :
 The grand College Butlers,
 Must vail to the Sutlers,

There's

There's not a Library like to the Cutlers ;
 The Blood that is spilt, Sir,
 Hath gain'd all the Guilt, Sir,
 Thus have you seen me run the Sword up to the Hilt, Sir.



Queen D I D O.



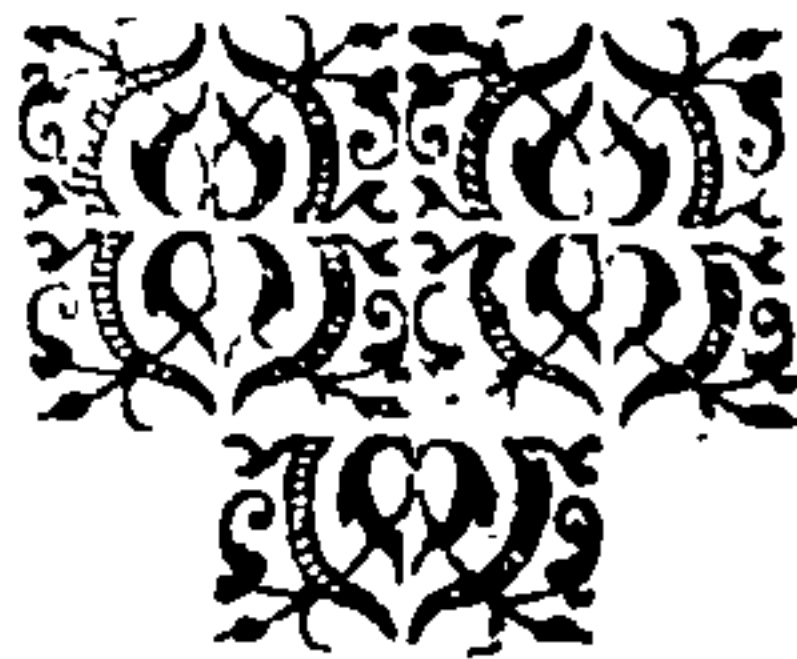
WHEN Dido was a Carthage Queen,
 She lov'd a Trojan Knight ;
 Who sail'd about from Coast to Coast,
 Of Metal brave in Fight :

As

As they a Hunting rid, a Shower,
 Did on their Heads with fury pour,
 Drove 'em to a lonely Cave,
 Where *Æneas* with his Charms,
 Caught fair *Dido* in his Arms,
 And got what he would have.

Then *Dido* Hymen's Rites forgot,
 Her Love was won in hast;
 Her Honour she consider'd not,
 But in her Breast him plac'd;
 Now when their Loves were just began,
 Great *Jove* sent down his winged Son,
 To fright *Æneas* 'sleep:
 Make him by the break of Day,
 From Queen *Dido* steal away,
 Which caus'd her wail and weep.

Poor *Dido* wept, but what of that?
 The Gods would have it so;
Æneas nothing did amiss,
 When he was forc'd to go:
 Cease Lovers, cease your Vows to keep,
 With your true Loves, but let 'em weep,
 'Tis folly to be true;
 Let this comfort serve your turn,
 That tho' wretched *Dido*'s mourn,
 You'll daily Court anew.



False PHILLIS, Set by Mr. JAMES HART.

SINCE *Phillis* swears Inconstancy,
 Then I'll e'en do so too;
 I careless am as well as she,
 She values not her Vow.

To sigh, to languish, and protest,
 Let feeble Fops approve;
 The Women's way I like the best,
 Enjoyment is their Love.

When I my *Phillis* do embrace,
 There's none can happier be;
 But when she's gone, the next fair Face,
 Is *Phillis* then to me.

I find her Absence cools Desire,
 As well as her Disdain;
 When Hope denys to feed my Fire,
 Despair shall ease my Pain.

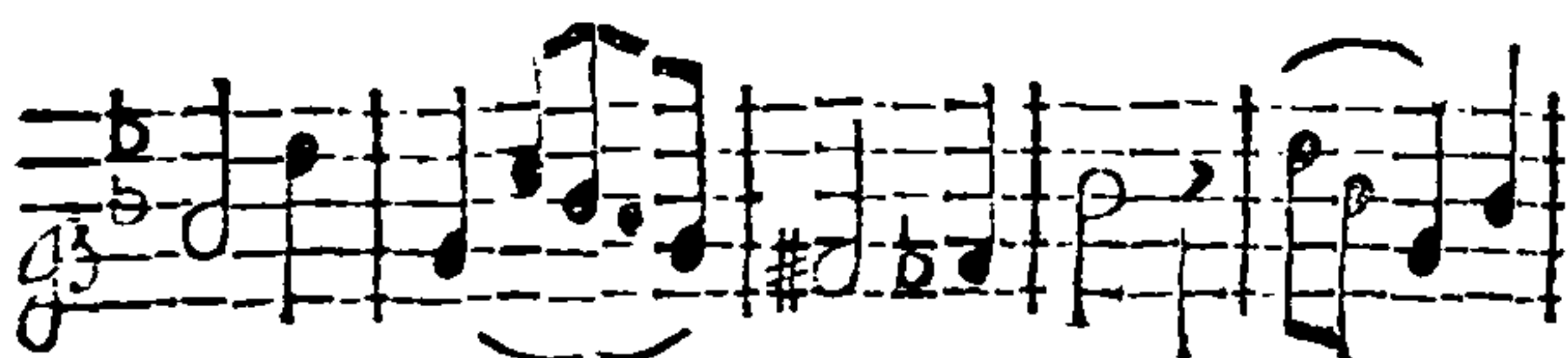
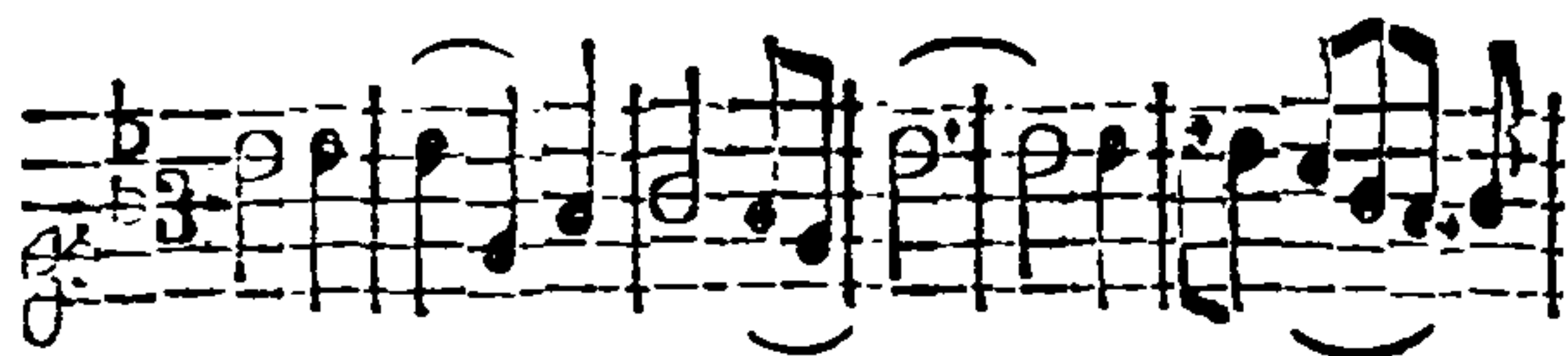
A SONG.



BLUSH not redder than the Morning,
 Though the Virgins give you Warning;
 Sigh not at the chance befel you,
 Though they smile, and dare not tell you;
Sigh not at, &c.

Maids like Turtles, love the Cooing,
 Bill and Murmur in their Wooing;
 Thus like you they start and tremble,
 And their troubled Joys dissemble:
Thus like you, &c.

Grasp the Pleasure while 'tis coming,
 Though your Beauty's now a blooming;
 Lest old time our Joys should sever,
 Ah! ah! they part, they part for ever;
Lest old time, &c.

The Power of BEAUTY.

IN a Flowry Myrtle Grove,
 The solitary Scene of Love,
 On Beds of Vi'lets, all the Day,
 The Charming *Floriana* lay ;
 The little *Cupids* hover'd in the Air,
 They peep'd, and smil'd, and thought their Mother there.

Phæbus delay'd his Course a while,
 Charm'd with the spell of such a Smile,
 Whilst weary *Plough-men* curs'd the stay,
 Of the too *Uxorious* Day ;

The

The little *Cupids* hover'd in the Air,
They peep'd, and smil'd, and thought their Mother there.

But thus the *Nymph* began to chide,
" That Eye, you owe the World beside,
" You fix on me, then with a Frown
She sent her drooping Lover down ;
With modest Blushes from the Grove she fled,
Painting the Evening with unusual Red.



The HUNT.



SOME in the Town go betimes to the *Downs*,
To pursue the fearful Hare ;
Some in the Dark love to hunt in a *Park*,
For to chace all the Deer that are there :
Some love to see the Faulcon to flee,
With a joyful rise against the Air ;
But all my Delight is a Cunny in the Night,
When she turns up her silver Hair.

When she is beset, with a Bow, Gun, or Net,
 And finding no shelter for to cover her;
 She falls down flat, or in a Tuft does squat,
 'Till she lets the Hunter get over her:
 With her breast she does butt, and she bubs up her Scut,
 When the Bullets fly close by her Ear;
 She strives not to escape, but she mumps like an Ape,
 And she turns up, &c.

The Ferret he goes in, through flaggs thick and thin,
 Whilst Mettle pursueth his Chace;
 The Cunny she shows play, and in the best of her way,
 Like a Cat she does spit in his Face:
 Tho' she lies in the Dust, she fears not his Nest,
 With her full bound up Sir, career;
 With the strength that she shows, she gapes at the Nose,
 And she turns up, &c.

The sport is so good, that in Town or in Wood,
 In a Hedge, or a Ditch you may do it;
 In Kitchen or in Hall, in a Barn or in a Stall,
 Or wherever you please you may go to it:
 So pleasing it is that you can hardly miss,
 Of so rich Game in all our Shire;
 For they love so to play. that by Night or by Day,
 They will turn up their Silver Hair.



BRIDAL Night. To the foregoing Tune.

C O M E from the Temple, away to the Bed,
 As the Merchant transports home his Treasure;
 Be not so coy Lady, since we are wed,
 'Tis no Sin to taste of the Pleasure:
 Then come let us be blith, merry and free,
 Upon my life all the waiters are gone;
 And 'tis so, that they know where you go, say not so
 For I mean to make bold with my own.

What

What is it to me, if our Hands joyned be,
 If our Bodies are still kept afunder :
 It shall not be said, there goes a married Maid,
 Indeed we will have no such wonder :
 Therefore let's Embrace, there's none sees thy Face,
 The Bride-Maids that waited are gone;
 None can spy how you lye, ne'er deny, but say Ay,
 For I mean to make bold with my own.

Sweet Love do not frown, but pull off thy Gown,
 'Tis a Garment unfit for the Night;
 Some say that Black, hath a relishing smack,
 I had rather be dealing with White :
 Then be not afraid, for you are not betray'd,
 Since we two are together alone ;
 I invite you this Night, to do me right in my delight,
 For I mean to make bold with my own.

Then come let us Kifs, and tast of our Blifs,
 Which brave Lords and Ladies enjoy'd ;
 If all Maids should be of the humour of thee,
 Generations would soon be destroy'd :
 Then where were the Joys, the Girls and the Boys,
 Would't live in the World all alone ;
 Don't destroy, but enjoy, seem not Coy for a Toy,
 For indeed I'll make bold with my own.

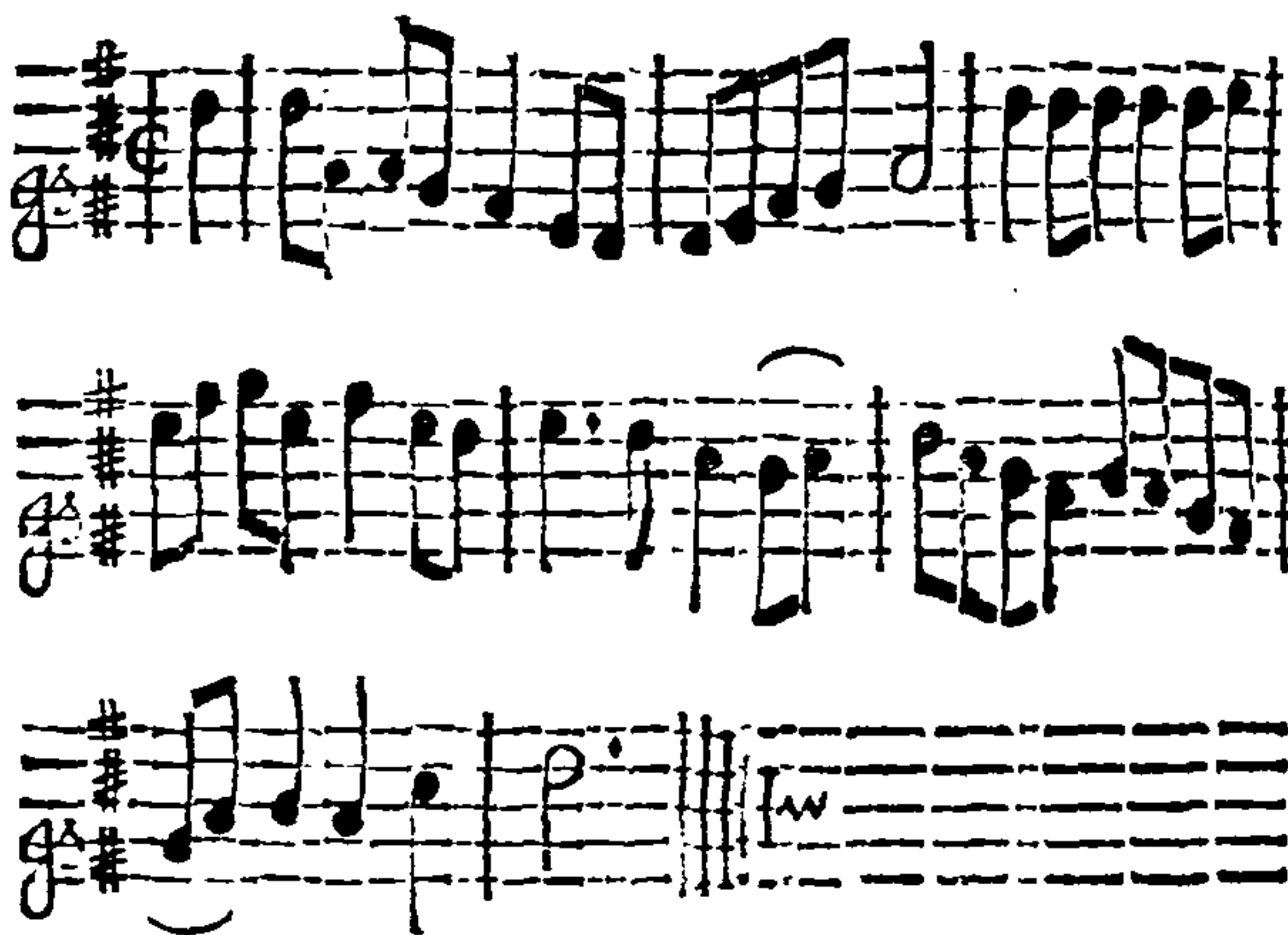
Prithee begin, don't delay but unpin,
 For my Humour I cannot prevent it ;
 You are so streight lac'd, and your Top-knot so fast,
 Undo it, or I straitway will rent it :
 Or to end all the strife, I'll cut it with a Knife,
 'Tis too long to stay 'till it's undone ;
 Let thy Waist be unlac'd, and in hast be embrac'd,
 For I long to make bold with my own.

As thou art fair, and sweeter than the Air,
 That dallies on *July's* brave Roses ;
 Now let me be to thy Garden a Key,
 That the Flowers of Virgins incloses :

And I will not be too rough unto thee,
 For my Nature to mildness is prone;
 Do no less than undress, and unlace all apace,
 For this Night I'll make bold with my own.



A TOPING SONG.



I Am a Jolly Toper, I am a raged Soph, (pers off,
 Known by the Pimples in my Face, with taking Bum-
 And a Topping we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
 And a Topping we will go.

Come let's sit down together, and take our fill of Beer,
 Away with all disputes, for we'll have no Wrangling
 And a Topping, &c. (here,

With clouds of Tobacco we'll make our Noddles clear,
 We'll be as great as Princes, when our Heads are full
 And a Topping, &c. (of Beer,

With

With Juggs, Muggs, and Pitchers, and Bellarmine of
Dash'd lightly with a little, a very little Ale, (Stale,
And a Topping, &c.

A Fig for the *Spaniard*, and for the King of *France*,
And Heaven preserve our Juggs, and Muggs, and Q—n
And a Topping, &c. (from all mischance,

Against the Presbyterians, pray give me leave to rail,
Who ne'er had thirsted for Kings Blood, had they been
And a Topping, &c. (Drunk with stale,

And against the Low-church Saints, who silyly play
(their part,
Who rail at the Dissenters, yet love them in their Heart,
And a Topping, &c.

Here's a Health to the Queen, let's Bumperstake in hand,
And may Prince G—'s Roger grow stiff again and stand,
And a Topping, &c.

Oh how we tofs about the never-failing Cann,
We drink and piss, and piss and drink, and drink to piss
And a Topping, &c. (again,

O that my Belly it were a Tun of stall,
My Cock were turn'd into a Tap, to run when I did
And a Topping, &c. (call,

Of all sorts of Topers, a Soph is far the best,
For 'till he can neither go nor stand, by *Jove* he's ne'er
And a Topping, &c. (at rest,

We fear no Wind or Weather, when good Liquor
(dwells within,
And since a Soph does live so well, then who would
And a Topping, &c. (be a King,

Then dead Drunk We'll march Boys, and reel into our
(Tombs,
That Jollier Sophs (if such their be) may come and
And a Topping they may go, &c. (take our rooms,

Sir JOHN JOHNSON'S Farewel, b
J O. H A I N S.



ALL Christians that have Ears to hear,
And Hearts inclin'd to pity ;
Some of you all bestow one Tear,
Upon my mournful Ditty:
In *Queen-street* did an Heire's live,
Whose downfall when I sing ;
'Twill make the very Stones to grieve,
God prosper long our King.

For her a *Scotish* Knight did die,
Was ever the like seen ;
I shame to tell place, how, or why,
And so God bless the Queen :
Some say indeed she swore a Rape,
But God knows who was wrong'd ;
For he that did it did escape,
And he did not was Hang'd.

Some say another thing beside,
If true? it was a Vice ;
That *Campbell* when she was his Bride,
Did trouble her but thrice :
'Twas this the young Girls Choler mov'd,
And in a Rage she swore ;
F'er she'd be a Wife but three times lov'd,
She'd sooner be a Whore.

But

But don't you pity now her Case,
 Was forc'd to send for Surgeon,
 To show the Man that very place,
 Where once she was a Virgin:
 Parents take warning by her fall,
 When Girls are in their Teens;
 To marry them soon, or they will all,
 Know what the Business means.

For Girls like Nuts (Excuse my Rhimes)
 At bottom growing brown;
 If you don't gather them betimes,
 Will of themselves fall down:
 God blefs King *William*, and Queen *Mary*,
 And Plenty and Peace advance;
 And hang up those with the contrary,
 And then a Fig for *France*.

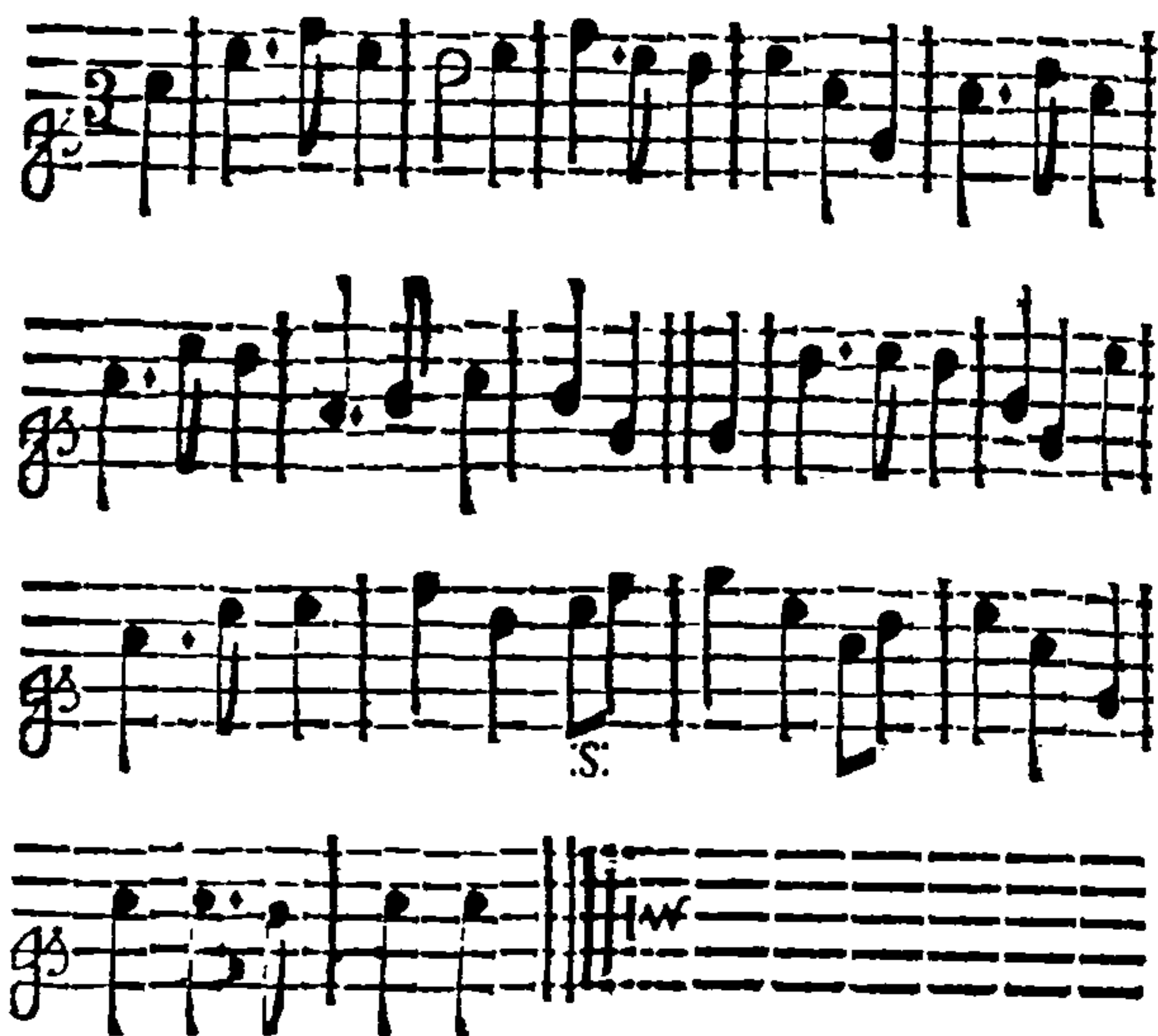


A S O N G. Set by Mr. KING.

BANISH my *Lydia* these sad Thoughts,
 Why sers thou musing so;
 To hear the Ugly rail at faults,
 They wou'd, they wou'd, but cannot do:
 For let the Guilt be what it will,
 So small, so small Account they bear;
 That none yet thought it worth their while,
 On such, on such to be severe,
 On such, on such to be severe.

With far more reason thou may'st pine,
 Thy self for being Fair;
 For hadst thou but less Glorious been,
 Thou of no Faults wou'dst hear:
 So the great light that shines from far,
 Has had its Spots set down;
 While many a little useless Star,
 Has not been tax'd with one.

A SONG. Set by Mr. HENRY PURCELL.



LOVE's Pow'r in my Heart shall find no Compliance,
 I'll stand to my Guard, and bid open Defiance:
 To Arms I will muster my Reason and Senses,
Ta ra ra ra, Ta ra ra ra, a War now commences.

Keep, keep a strict Watch, and observe ev'ry Motion,
 Your Care to his Cunning exactly proportion;
 Fall on, he gives ground, let him never recover,
Victoria! Victoria! the Battle is over.

A SONG. Set by Mr. JAMES HART.



HONEST Shepherd'd, since you're poor,
 Think of loving me no more,
 Take Advice in time,
 Give o're your Solicitations:
 Nature does in vain dispense,
 To your Vertue, Courage, Sense,
 Wealth can only influence,
 A Woman's Inclinations.

What fond Nymph can e're be kind,
 To a Swain, but rich in Mind,
 If as well she does not find
 Gold within his Coffers?
 Gold alone does Scorn remove,
 Gold alone incites to Love,
 Gold can most perswasive prove,
 And make the fairest offers.

The SHEPHERD's Wooing of Fair DULCINA.

AS at Noon *Dulcina* rested,
 In her sweet and shady Bow'r,
 Came a Shepherd and requested,
 In her Lap to sleep an Hour :
 But from her look a Wound he took,
 So deep that for a further Boon,
 The Swain he prays, whereto she says,
 Forgo me now, come to me soon.

But

But in vain she did conjure him,
 For to leave her Presence so ;
 Having a thousand means to allure him,
 And but one to let him go:
 Where Lips invite, and Eyes delight,
 And Cheeks as fresh as Rose in June,
 Perswades to stay, what boot to say,
 Forgo me now, come to me soon.

Words whose Hoops have now injoynd,
 Him to let *Dulcina* sleep ;
 Could a Man's Love be confined,
 Or a Maid her promise keep ?
 No, for her Wast he held her fast,
 As she was constant to her Tune ;
 And she speaks, for *Cupid's* sake
 Forgo me, &c.

He demands what time and leisure,
 Can there be more fit than now ;
 She says Men may say their Pleasure,
 Yet I of it do not allow :
 The Sun's clear light shineth more bright,
 Quoth he, more fairer than the Moon :
 For her to praise, she loves, she says,
 Forgo me, &c.

But no Promise, nor Profession,
 From his Hands could Purchase scope ;
 Who would sell the sweet Possession,
 Of such Beauty for a hope ;
 Or for the sight of lingring Night,
 Forgo the pleasant Joys of Noon.
 Tho' none so fair, her Speeches were,
 Forgo me, &c.

Now at last agreed these Lovers,
 She was Fair, and he was Young ;
 If you'll believe me I will tell you,
 True love fixed lasteth long :
 He said my dear and only Phear,
 Bright Phœbus Beams out-shin'd the Moon ;
Dulcina prays, and to him says,
 Forgo me now, come to me soon.

The Second Part.

DAY was spent and Night approached,
Venus fair was Lover's Friend,
 She intreated bright *Apollo*,
 That his Steeds their Race should end:
 He could not say the Goddess nay,
 But granted Love's fair Queen her boon;
 The Shepherd came to his fair Dame,
 Forgo me now, come to me soon.

Sweet (he said) as I did promise,
 I am now return'd again;
 Long delay you know breeds danger,
 And to Lovers breadeth pain:
 The Nymph said then, above all Men,
 Still welcome Shepherd Morn and Noon,
 The Shepherd prays, *Dulcina* says,
 Shepherd I doubt thou'rt come too soon.

When that bright *Aurora* blush'd,
 Came the Shepherd to his dear;
 Pretty Birds most sweetly warbled,
 And the Noon approached near:
 Yet still away the Nymph did say,
 The Shepherd he fell in a Swoon;
 At length she said, be not afraid,
 Forgo me, &c.

With grief of Heart the Shepherd hasted
 Up the Mountains to his Flocks;
 Then he took a Reed and piped,
 Eccho sounded thro' the Rocks:
 Thus did he play, and wish'd the Day,
 Were spent, and Night were come e'er Noon;
 The silent Night, Love's delight,
 I'll go to Fair *Dulcina* soon.

Beauties darling, fair *Dulcina*,
 Like to *Venus* for her Love,
 Spent away the Day in Passion,
 Mourning like the Turtle-Dove:
 Melodiously, Notes low and high,
 She warbled forth this doleful Tune;
 Oh come again sweet Shepherd Swain,
 Thou can'st not be with us too soon.

When as *Thetis* in her place,
 Had receiv'd the Prince of light;
 Came in *Coridon* the Shepherd,
 To his Love and Heart's delight:
 Then *Pan* did play, the Wood-Nymphs they
 Did skip and dance to hear the Tune;
 Hymen did say 'tis Holy-day,
 Forgo me now, come to me soon.



The Scolding Wife.



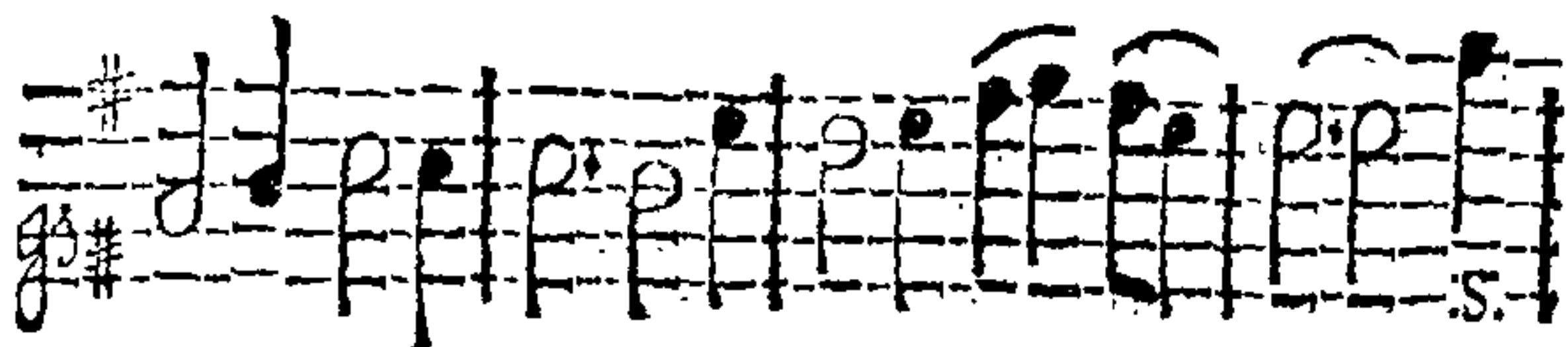
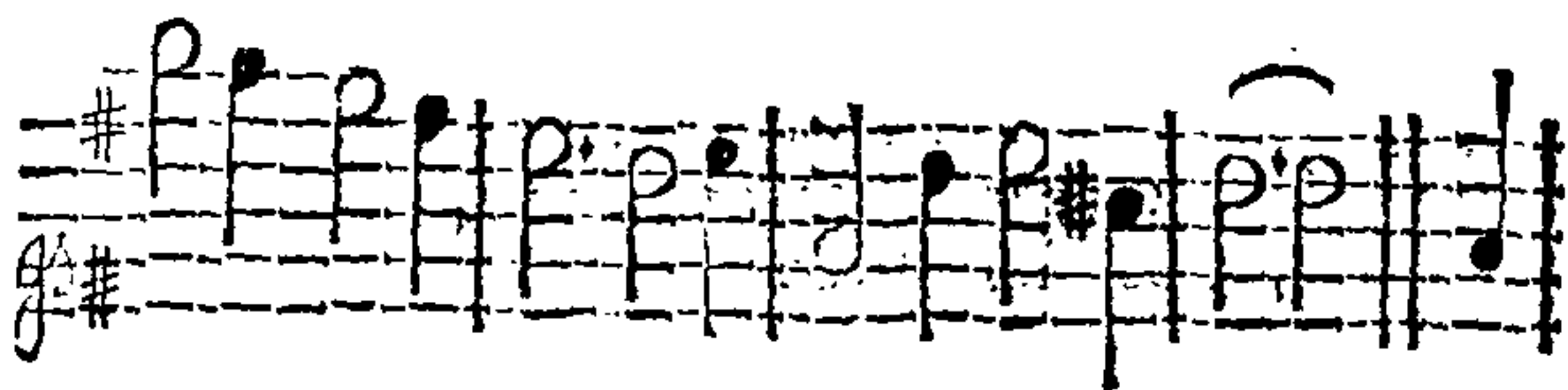
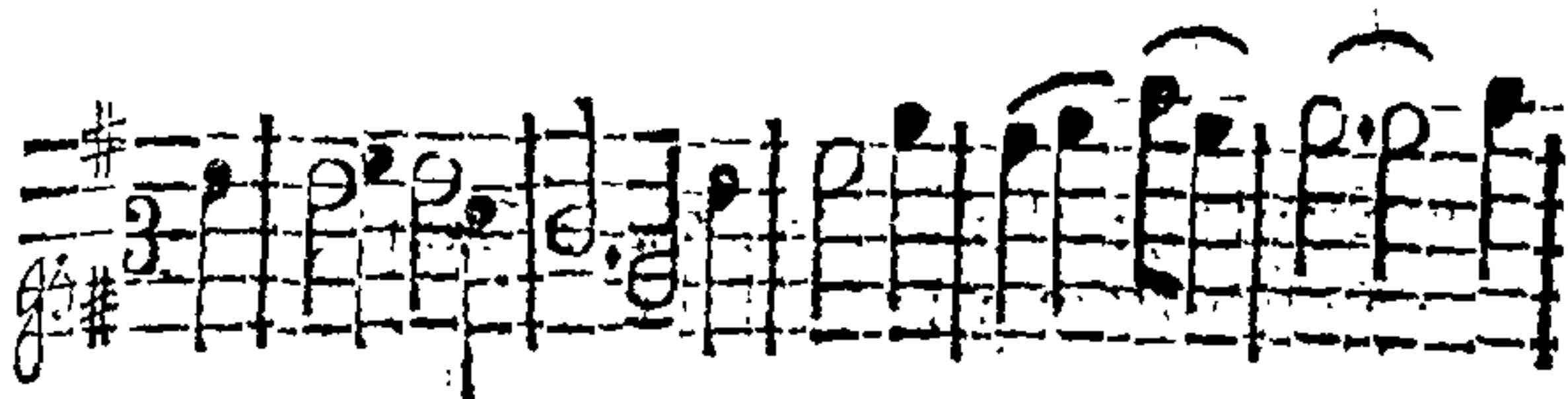


SUPPOSE a Man does all he can,
 To unslave himself from a scolding Wife;
 He can't get out, but hops about,
 Like a Marry'd bird in the Cage of Life:
 She on Mischief bent is ne'er content,
 Which makes the poor Man cry out,
 Rigid fate, Marriage State,
 No reprieve but the Grave, oh 'tis hard Condition.

Come I'll tell you how this Wife to'bow,
 And quickly bring her to her last:
 Your Senses please, indulge your ease,
 But resist no joy and each humour taste,
 Then let her squal, and tear and bawl,
 And with whining cry her Eyes out,
 Take a Flask, double Flask,
 Whip it up, sip it up, that's your Physician.



A SONG.



WE merry Wives of *Windsor*,
 Whereof you make your Play,
 And act us on your Stages,
 In *London* Day by Day :
 Alas it doth not hurt us,
 We care not what you do ;
 For all you scoff, we'll sing and laugh,
 And yet be Honest too.

Alas we are good Fellows,
 We hate Dishonesty ;
 We are not like your City Dames,
 In sport of Venery :

We

We scorn to Punk, or to be drunk,
 But this we dare to do;
 To sit and chat, laugh and be fat,
 But yet be Honest too.

But should you know we *Windsor* Dames;
 Are free from haughty Pride:
 And hate the tricks you Wenches have,
 In *London* and *Bankside*:
 But we can spend, and Money lend,
 And more than that we'll do,
 We'll sit and chat, laugh and be fat,
 And yet be Honest too.

It grieves us much to see your wants,
 Of things that we have store,
 In Forests wide and Parks beside,
 And other places more:
 Pray do not scorn the *Windsor* Horn,
 That is both fair and new;
 Altho' you scold, we'll sing and laugh,
 And yet be honest too.

And now farewell unto you all,
 We have no more to say;
 Be sure you imitate us right,
 In acting of your Play:
 If that you miss, we'll at you hiss,
 As others us'd to do;
 And at you scoff, and sing and laugh,
 And yet be Honest too.



The BATTLE-ROYAL.

A Dean and Prebendary,
Had once a new vagary,
And were at doubtful strife Sir,
Who led the better life Sir,
And was the better Man:

The

The Dean he said that truly,
 Since Bluff was so unruly,
 He'd prove it to his Face, Sir,
 That he had the more Grace, Sir,
 And so the Fight began.

When Preb. reply'd like Thunder,
 And roar'd out, 'twas no wonder,
 For Gods the Dean had three, Sir,
 And more by two than he, Sir,
 Since he had got but one;
 Now while these two were raging,
 And in Disputes engaging,
 The Master of the Charter,
 Said both had got a Tartar,
 For Gods that there were none.

For all the Books of *Moses*,
 Were nothing but supposes,
 And he deserv'd rebuke, Sir,
 Who wrote the Pentateuch, Sir,
 'Twas nothing but a Sham;
 And as for Father *Adam*,
 With Mrs. *Eve* his Madam,
 And what the Serpent spoke, Sir,
 Was nothing but a Joke, Sir,
 And well invented flam.

Thus in this Battle Royal,
 As none would take denial,
 The Dame for which they strove, Sir,
 Could neither of them love, Sir,
 For all had giv'n Offence;
 She therefore sily waiting,
 Left all three Fools a Prating,
 And being in a Fright, Sir,
 Religion took her flight, Sir,
 And ne'er was heard on since.

*The Saint turn'd Sinner, Or the Dissenting Par-
son's Text under the QUAKER's Petticoats.
To the foregoing Tune.*

Y OU Friends to Reformation,
Give Ear to my Relation,
For I shall now declare, Sir,
Before you are aware, Sir,
The matter very plain,
The matter very plain;
Gospel Cushion Thumper,
Who dearly lov'd a Bumper,
And something else beside, Sir,
He is not bely'd, Sir,
This was a Holy Guide, Sir,
For the Dissenting Train.

And for to tell you truly,
His Flesh was so unruly,
He could not for his Life, Sir,
As by the Draper's Wife, Sir,
The Spirit was so faint, &c.
This Jolly handsome Quaker,
As he did overtake her,
He made his Mouth to water,
And thought long to be at her,
Such Sin is no great matter,
Accounted by a Saint.

Says he my pretty Creature,
Your Charming Handsome Feature,
Has set me all on Fire,
You know what I desire,
There is no harm to Love;
Quoth she if that's your Notion,
To Preach up such Devotion,
Such hopeful Guides as you, Sir,
Will half the World undo, Sir,
Halter is your due, Sir,
If you such Tricks approve.

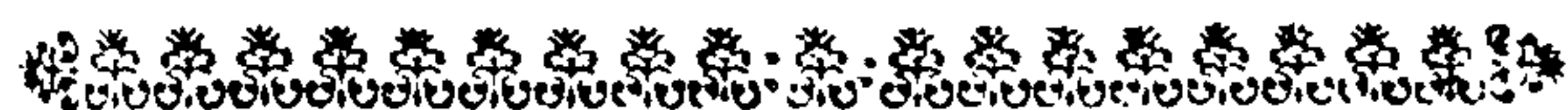
The Parson still more eager,
 Than lustful *Turk* or *Neger*,
 Took up her Lower Garment,
 And said there was no harm in't,
 According to the Text;
 For *Solomon* more wiser,
 Than any dull adviser,
 Had many Hundred Misses,
 To Crown his Royal Wishes,
 And why shou'd such as this is,
 Make you so sadly vext.

The frighted female Quaker,
 Perceiv'd what he would make her,
 Was forc'd to call the Watch in,
 And stop what he was hatching,
 To spoil the Light within, &c.
 They came to her Assistance,
 As she did make resistance,
 Against the Priest and Devil,
 The Actors of all Evil,
 Who were so Grand uncivil,
 To tempt a Saint to Sin.

The Parson then confounded,
 To see himself surrounded,
 With Mob and sturdy Watch-men,
 Whose Business 'tis to catch Men,
 In Lewdness with a Punk, &c.
 He had some faint Excuses,
 And all to hide Abuses,
 In raking up the Linnen,
 Against the Saints Opinion,
 Within her soft Dominion,
 Alledging he was Drunk.

But tho' he feigned Reeling,
 They made him Pay for feeling,
 And Lugg'd him to a Prison,
 To bring him to his Reason,
 Which he had lost before ;

And thus we see how Preachers,
That should be Gospel-Teachers,
How they are strangely blinded,
And are so Fleshly minded,
Like Carnal Men inclined,
To lye with any Whore.



A SONG. Set by Mr. DAMASCENE.

BEAUTY, like Kingdoms not for one,
Was made to be possesst alone;
By bounteous Nature 'twas design'd,
To be the Joy of Human-kind.

So the bright Planet of the Day,
Doth unconfin'd his Beams display;
And generous heat to all dispence,
Which else would dye without that Influence.

Nor is your mighty Empire less,
On you depends Man's Happiness;
If you but frown, we cease to be,
And only live by your Decree.

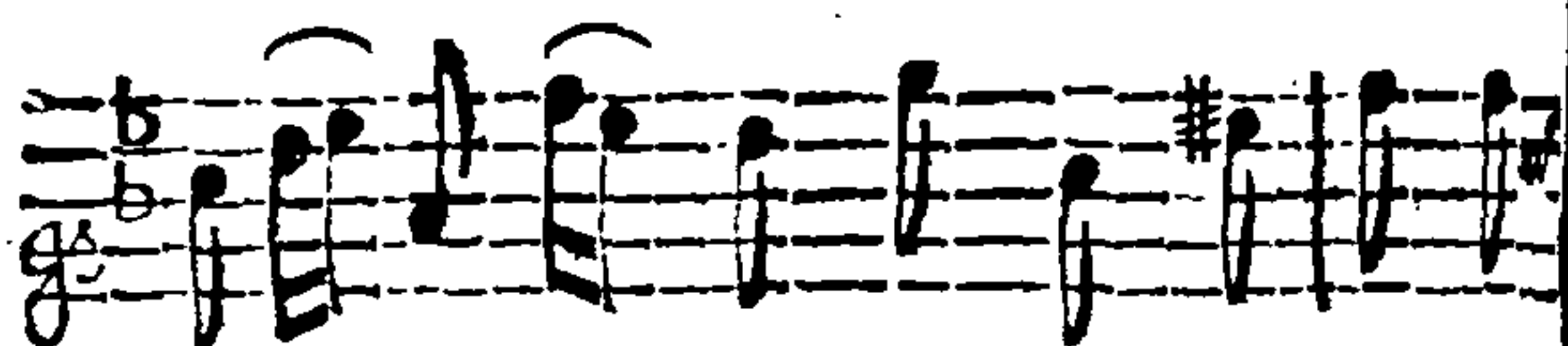
But sure a Tyrant cannot rest,
Nor harbour in so fair a Breast;
In Monsters Cruelty we find,
An Angel's Face, must have an Angel's Mind.

The BALLAD of the True TROJAN.

T Roy had a breed of brave stout Men, yet Greece



made shift to rout her; cause each Man Drank as



much as Ten, and thence grew ten times flouter:



Tho' Hector was a Trojan true as e-ver pist 'gain



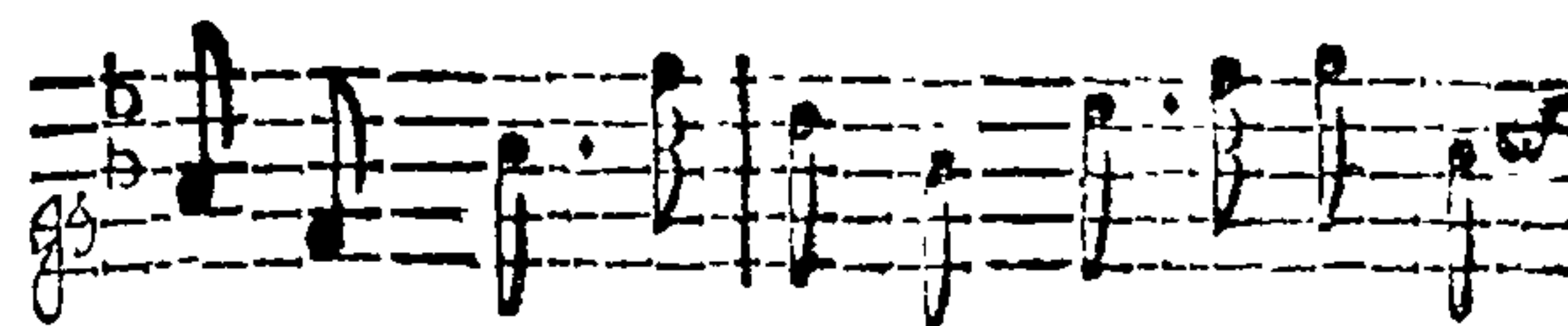
Wall Sir, Achilles bang'd him black and blue, for



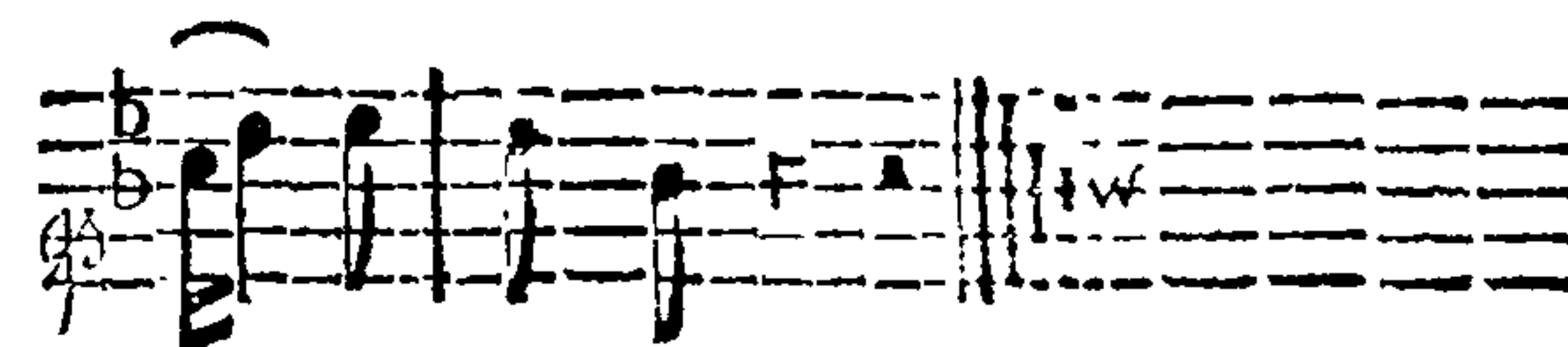
he Drank more than all Sir, for he Drank more, for



he drank more, for he drank more than all Sir, for



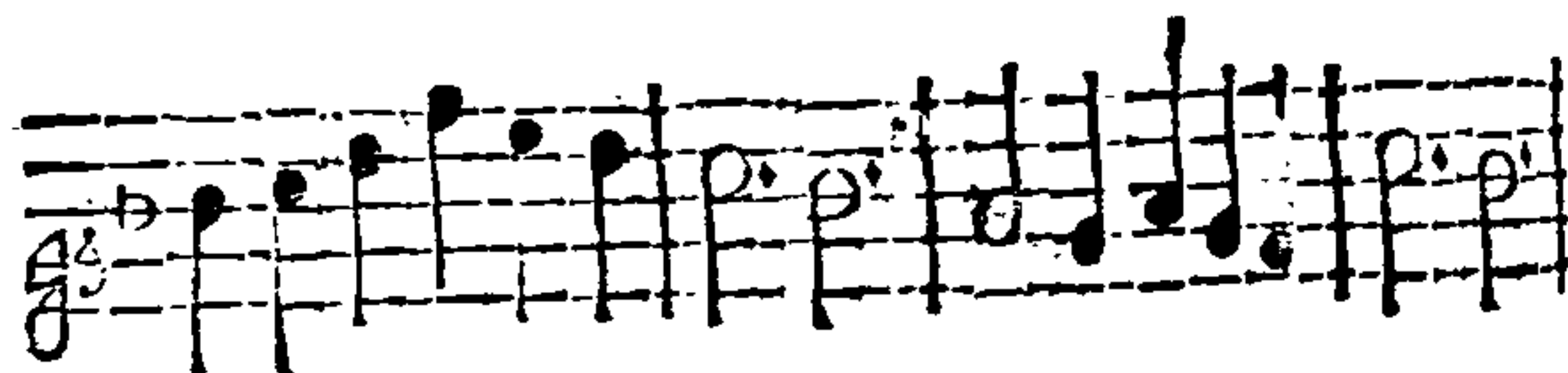
he drank more, for he drank more, for he drank



more than all Sir.

Let *Bacchus* be our God of War,
 We shall fear nothing then Boys;
 We'll Drink all dead, and lay 'em to Bed,
 And if they wake not Conquered,
 We'll Drink 'em dead again Boys:
 Nor were the *Grecians* only fam'd,
 For Drinking and for fighting;
 For he that Drank and wan't aham'd,
 Was ne'er aham'd on's Writing.

He that will be a Souldier then,
 Or Wit, must drink good Liquor;
 It makes base Cowards Fight like Men,
 And roving Thoughts fly quicker:
 Let *Bacchus* be both God of War,
 And God of Wit, and then Boys,
 We'll Drink and fight, and Drink and write,
 And if the Sun set with his Light,
 We'll Drink him up again Boys.

Young STREPHON and PHILLIS.

YOUNG *Strophon and Phillis,*
 They sat on a Hill;
 But the Shepherd was wanton,
 And wou'd not sit still:
 His Head on her Bosom,
 And Arms round her Waist;
 He hugg'd her, and kiss'd her,
 And clasp'd her so fast:

Till playing and jumbling,
 At last they fell tumbling ;
 And down they got 'em,
 But oh! they fell soft on the Grass at the Bottom.

As the Shepherdes tumbled,
 The rude Wind got in,
 And blew up her Cloaths,
 And her Smock to her Chin:

The Shepherd he saw

The bright *Venus*, he swore,
 For he knew her own Dove,

By the Feathers she wore:

'Till furious Love fallying,

At last he fell dallying,

And down, down he got him,

But oh! oh how sweet, and how soft at the Bottom.

The Shepherdes blushing,

To think what she'd done ;

Away from the Shepherd,

She fain wou'd have run:

Which *Sirephon* perceiving,

The wand'rer did seize ;

And cry'd do be angry,

Fair Nymph if you please :

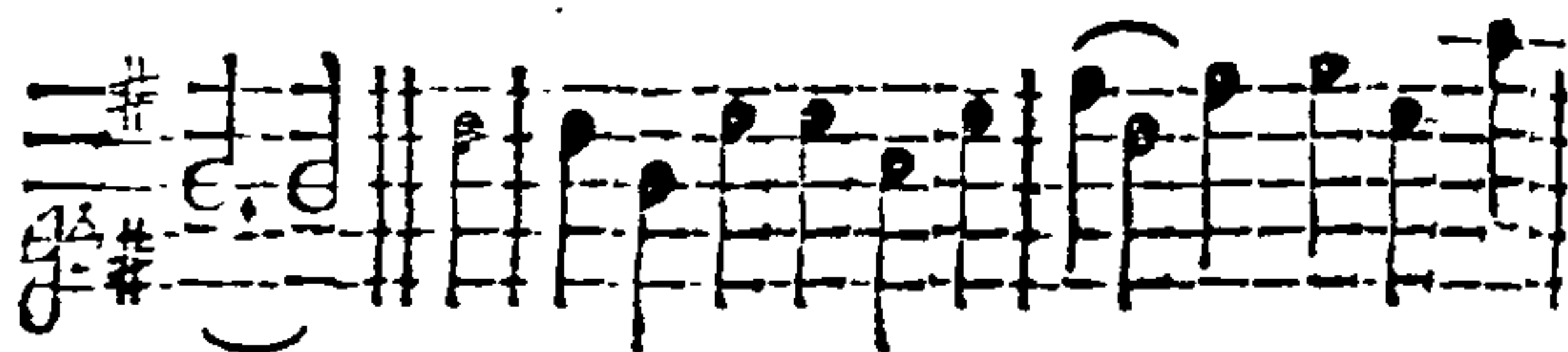
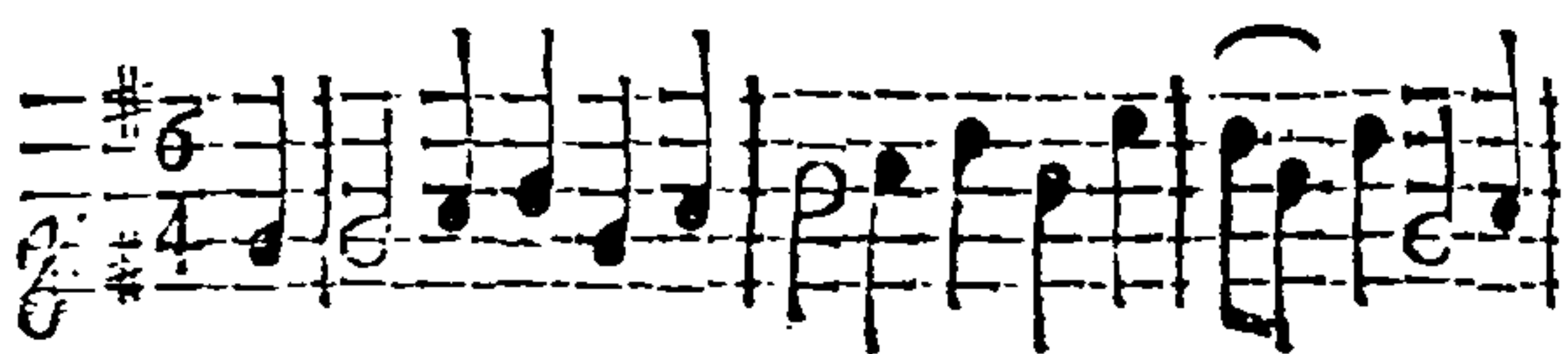
'Tis too late to be cruel,

Thy Frowns my dear Jewel,

Now no more Stings have got 'em,

For oh! Thou'rt all kind, and all soft at the Bottom.



The Yielding L A S S.

THERE's none so Pretty,
 As my sweet *Betty*,
 She bears away the Bell;
 For sweetness and neatness,
 And all Compleatness,
 All other Girls doth excell.

Whenever we meet,
 She'll lovingly greet,
 Me still, with a how d'ye do;
 Well I thank you, quoth I,
 Then she will reply,
 So am I Sir, the better for you.

Then I ask'd her how,
 She told me, not now,
 For Walls, and Ears and Eyes;
 Nay, she bid me take heed,
 What ever I did,
 'Tis good to be Merry and Wise.

I took her by th' Hand,
 She did not withstand,
 And I gave her a smirking Kifs;
 She gave me another,
 Just like the tother.
 Quoth I, what a Comfort is this?

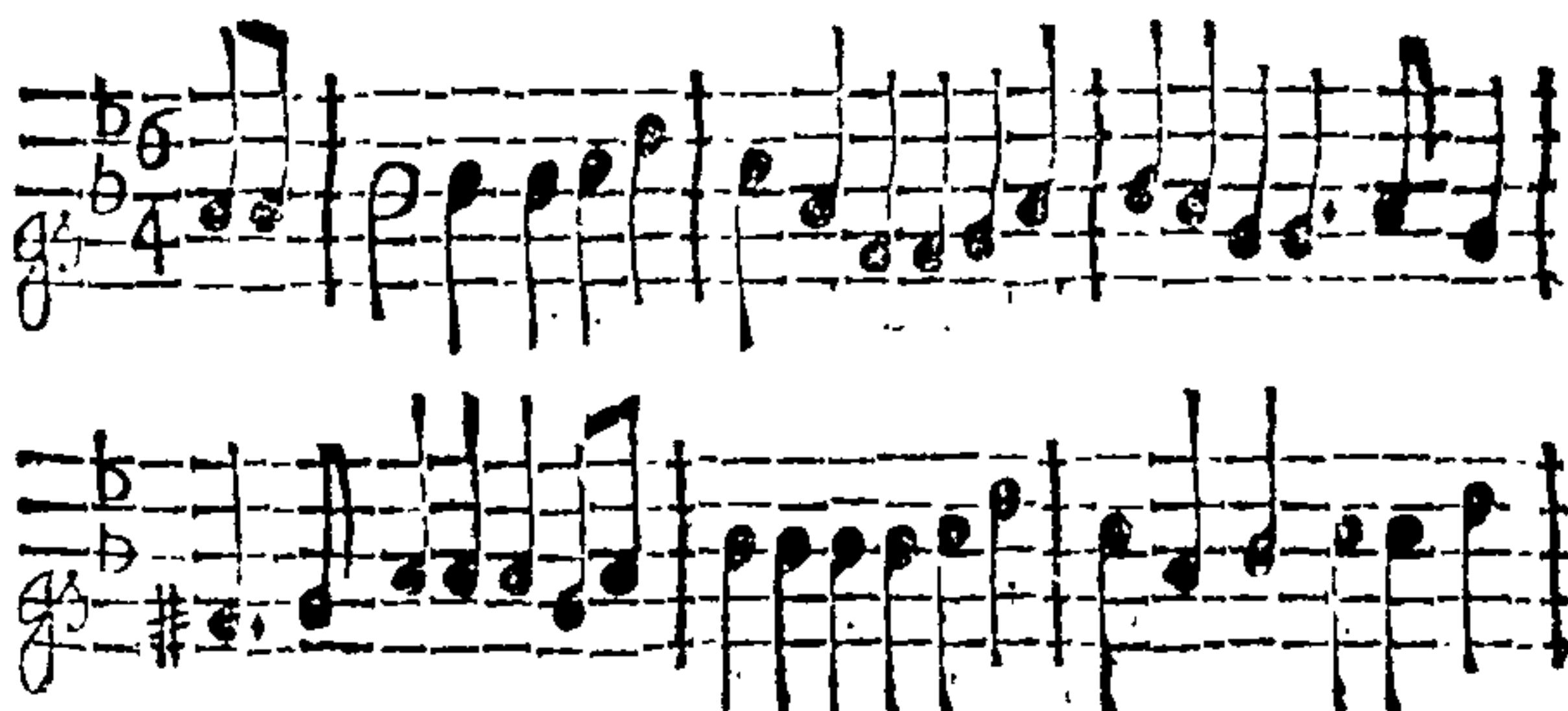
This put me in Heart,
 To play o'er my part,
 That I had intended before;
 She bid me to hold,
 And not be too bold,
 Until she had fastned the Door.

She went to the Hatch,
 To see that the Latch,
 And Cranies were all cock-sure;
 And when she had done,
 She bid me come on,
 For now we were both secure.

And what we did there,
 I dare not declare,
 But think that silence is best;
 And if you will know,
 Why I Kifs'd her, or so,
 I'll leave you to guess at the rest.



The Praise of H U L L Ale.





Let's wet the whistle of the Muse,
That sings the praise of every Juice,
This House affords for Mortals use,
Which no Body can Deny.

Here's Ale of Hull, which 'tis well known,
Kept King and Keyser out of Town,
Now in, will never hurt the Crown.
Which no Body, &c.

Here's Lambeth Ale to cool the Maw,
And Beer as spruce as e'er you saw,
But Mum as good as Man can draw,
Which no Body, &c.

If Reins be loose as some Mens Lives,
Whereat the Purling Female grieves,
Here's stitch-Back that will please your Wives,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's Cyder too, ye little wot,
How oft 'twill make ye go to Pot,
'Tis Red-streak all, or it is not,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's Scholar that has doft his Gown,
And donn'd his Cloak and come to Town,
'Till all's up drink his College down,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's Nor-b-down, which in many a Case,
Pulls all the Blood into the Face,
Which blushing is a sign of Grace,
Which no Body, &c.

If Belly full of Ale doth grow,
And Women runs in Head you know,
Old *Pharoah* will not let you go,
Which no Body can deny.

Here's that by some bold Brandy hight,
Which *Dutch-men* use in Case of fright,
Will make a Coward for to Fight,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's *China* Ale surpasseth far,
What *Munden* vents at *Temple-bar*,
'Tis good for Lords and Ladies VVare,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's of *Epsom* will not Fox
You, more than what's drawn out of Cocks
Of *Middleton*, yet cures the Pox,
Which no Body, &c.

For ease of Heart, here's that will do't,
A Liquor you may have to boot,
Invites you or the Devil to't,
Which no Body, &c.

For Bottle Ale, though it be windy,
Whereof I cannot chuse but mind ye,
I would not have it left behind ye,
Which no Body, &c.

Take Scurvy-Grafs, or Radish Ale,
'Twill make you like a Horse to Stale,
And cures whatsoever you Ail,
Which no Body, &c.

For Country Ales, as that of *Chefs*,
Or of *Darby* you'll confess,
The more you Drink, you'll need the less;
Which no Body, &c.

But one thing must be thought upon,
 For Morning-Draught when all is done,
 A Pot of Purl for *Harrison*,
Which no Body can deny.



The NEWS Monger. To the same Tune.

LET's Sing as one may say the Fate
 Of those that meddle with this and that,
 And more than comes to their shares do Prate,
Which no Body can deny.

Such, who their Wine and Coffee Sip,
 And let fall Words 'twixt Cup and Lip,
 To scandal of good Fellowship,
Which no Body, &c.

Those Clubbers who when met and fate,
 Where every Seat is Chair of State,
 As if they only knew what's what,
Which no Body, &c.

D — me says one, were I so and so,
 Or as the King, I know what I know,
 The Devil to wood with the French should go,
Which no Body, &c.

Would the King Commission grant
 To me, were *Lewis*, *John of Gaunt*,
 I'd beat him, or know why I shant,
Which no Body, &c.

I'd undertake bring Scores to Ten,
 Of mine at Hours-warning-Men,
 To make *France* tremble once again,
Which no Body, &c.

The Claret takes, yet e'er he Drinks,
Cries Pox o'th' *French-men*, but methinks
It must go round to my Brother,
Which no Body, &c.

He's the only Citizen of Sence,
And Liberty is his Pretence,
And has enough of Conscience,
Which no Body, &c.

The Bully that next to him sat,
With a Green Livery in his Hat,
Cry'd what a Plague wou'd the *French* be at,
Which no Body, &c.

Z—— had the King without Offence,
Been rul'd by me, you'd seen long since,
Chastisement for their Insolence,
Which no Body, &c.

They take our Ships, do what they please,
Were ever play'd such Pranks as these,
As if we were not Lord o'th' Seas,
Which no Body, &c.

I told the King on't th' other Day,
And how th' Intrigues o'th' matter lay,
But Princes will have their own way,
Which no Body, &c.

The next Man that did widen Throat,
Was wight in half pil'd Velvet Coat,
But he, and that not worth a Groat,
Which no Body, &c.

Who being planted next the Door,
(Pox on him for a Son of Whore)
Inveighs against the Embassador,
Which no Body, &c.

Had the King (quoth he) put me upon't,
 You should have found how I had don't,
 But now you see what is come on't,
Which no Body, &c.

Quoth he if such an Act had stood,
 That was design'd for Publick good,
 'Thad pass'd more than is understood,
Which no Body, &c.

But now forsooth our strictest Laws,
 Are 'gainst the Friends o'th' good old Cause,
 And if one Hangs, the other Draws,
Which no Body, &c.

But had I but so Worthy been,
 To sit in Place that some are in,
 I better had advis'd therein,
Which no Body, &c.

I am one that firm doth stand,
 For Manufactures of the Land,
 Then Cyder takes in, out of hand,
Which no Body, &c.

This English Wine (quoth he) and Ale,
 Our Fathers drank before the Sale.
 Of Sack on Pothe Carys Stall,
Which no Body, &c.

These Outlandish drinks, quoth he,
 The French and Spanish Foppery,
 They tast too much of Popery,
Which no Body, &c.

And having thus their Verdicts spent,
 Concerning King and Parliament,
 They Scandalize a Government,
Which no Body, &c.

An Hierarchy by such a Prince,
As may be said without Offence,
None e'er could boast more Excellence,
Which no Body, &c.

God bless the King, the Queen and Peers,
Our Parliament and Overseers,
And rid us of such Mutineers,
Which no Body can deny.



A SATYR on the Times. To the foregoing Tune.

A World that's full of Fools and Mad-men,
Of over-glad, and over-sad Men,
With a few good, but many bad Men,
Which no Body can deny.

So many Cheats and close Disguises,
So many Down for one that Rises,
So many Fops for one that Wise is,
Which no Body, &c.

So many Women ugly Fine,
Their inside Foul, their outside shine,
So many Preachers few Divines,
Which no Body, &c.

So many of Religious Seet,
Who quite do mis-expound the Text,
About ye know not what perplext,
Which no Body, &c.

Many Diseases that do fill ye,
Many Doctors that do kill ye,
Few Physicians that do heal ye,
Which no Body, &c.

Many Lawyers that undo ye,
 But few Friends who will stick to ye,
 And other Ills that do pursue ye,
Which no Body, &c.

So many Tradesmen Lyars,
 So many cheated Buyers,
 As even Numeration tyers,
Which no Body, &c.

So many loose ones and high-flying,
 Who live as if there were no dying,
 Heaven and Hell, and all defying,
Which no Body, &c.

So many under Scanty Fates,
 Who yet do live at lofty rates,
 And make show of great Estates,
Which no Body, &c.

And if they will not take Offence,
 Many great Men of little Sense,
 Who yet to Politicks make Pretence,
Which no Body, &c.

Many meriting lower Fate,
 Have Title, Office, and Estate,
 Their Betters waiting at their Gate,
Which no Body, &c.

The Worthless meet with higher Advances,
 As the Wise bestower Fancies,
 To the Worthy nothing chances,
Which no Body, &c.

The Worthy and the Worthless Train,
 Modest, silent, nothing gain,
 Impudent begging all obtain,
Which no Body, &c.

A World wherein is Plenteous store,
Of Foppish, Rich, Ingenious Poor,
Neglected beg from Door to Door,
Which no Body, &c.

A World compos'd, 'tis strange to tell,
Of seeming Paradise, yet real Hell,
Yet all agree to lov't too well,
Which no Body, &c.

Where Pious, Lew'd, the Fool, the Wise,
The one like to the other dies,
And leaves a World of Vanities,
Which no Body, &c.

Proud and Covetous, Beaus and Bullies,
Like one o'your musing Melanchollies,
I cry for their Ill's, and Laugh at their Follies:
Which no Body can deny.



LUCINDA *has the Devil and all.* By Mr. H. Hall.





LUCINDA has the de'el and all, the de'el and all,
 (the de'el and all,
 Of that bright Thing we Beauty call;
 But if she won't come to my Arms, (all her Charms?
 What care I, why, what care I, what, what care I for
 Beauty's the Sauce to Love's high Meat,
 But who minds Sauce that must not Eat:
 It is indeed a mighty Treasure,
 But in using lies the Pleasure;
 Bullies thus, that only see't, (Gold in Lombard-street.
 Damn all the Gold, damn all the Gold, all, all the
 Queen

Queen ELIZABETH's Farewel.



'LL tell you all, both great and small,
 I tell you all truly;
 That we have cause, and very great cause,
 For to lament and cry,
 Fye, Oh! fye, oh! fye, oh! fye!
 Fye on thee cruel Death!
 For thou hast ta'en away from us!
 Our Queen *Elizabeth*.

Thou mayst have taken other Folks,
 That better might be mist;
 And have let our Queen alone,
 Who lov'd no Popish Priest:
 In Peace she rul'd all this Land,
 Beholding unto no Man;
 And did the Pope of *Rome* withstand,
 And yet was but a Woman.

A Woman said I? nay, that is more,
 Than any one can tell;
 So Fair she was, so Chast she was,
 That no one knew it well:

With

With that, from *France* came *Monsieur* o'er,
 A purpose for to Wooe her;
 Yet still she liv'd and Dy'd a Maid,
 Do what they could unto her.

She never acted any Ill thing,
 Which made her Conscience prick her;
 Nor never would submit to him,
 That call'd is Christ's Vicar:
 But rather chose courageously,
 To fight under Christ's Banner;
 'Gainst *Pope* and *Turk*, and King of *Spain*,
 And all that durst withstand her.

But if that I had *Argus's* Eyes,
 They were too few to Weep;
 For our Queen *Elizabeth*,
 That now is fall'n asleep:
 Asleep indeed, where she shall rest,
 Until the Day of Doom;
 And then shall rise unto the Shame
 Of the great Pope of *Rome*.



The same in LATIN.

VOBIS magnis parvis dicam,
 Et sum veredictus;
 Offerri causam maximam,
 Esse in tristibus,
 Vae tibi mors! malum tibi!
 Pro mortem tetricam!
 Tu enim nobis dampnsisti,
 Reginam Elizam.

Poteras plures capere,
 Citra injuriam;
 Reginamq; non rapere,
 Anti-sacri-colam:

*Quietè gentem hæc Rexit,
Nulliq; devincta,
Papamque Romæ despexit,
Et tandem Famella.*

*Ab, ah. quid dixi Famella?
De hæc fama silet;
Adæo fuit casta-Bella,
Ut nemini liquet:
En Dux Andinus adiit,
Illam petiturus;
Virgo vixit & obiit,
Hæc nihilominus.*

*Nec mali quid hæc effecit,
Conscientiæ stimulo;
Nec semet ipsam subjecit,
Christi-vicario:
At maluit magnanimis,
Sub Christi vexellis,
Pugnare cum Papâ, Turcis,
Ac multis aliis.*

*Sin mihi Argi oculi,
Dcessent Lachrymæ;
Elizabethæ fletui,
Nuper demortuæ,
De nata hic obdormiet,
Die novissimo:
Et tunc expergefaiet,
Papâ propudia.*



The Pressing Constable. Set by Mr. Leveridge.





I Am a cunning Constable,
 And a Bag of Warrants I have here,
 To Press sufficient Men, and able,
 At *Horn-castle* to appear:
 But now-a-days they're grown so cunning,
 That hearing of this Martial strife;
 They all away from hence are running,
 Where I miss the Man, I'll Press the Wife.

Ho, who's at Home? Lo, here am I,
 Good-morrow Neighbour. Welcome, Sir;
 Where is your Husband? Why truly
 He's gone abroad, a Journey far:
 Do you not know when he comes back?
 See how these Cowards fly for Life!
 The King for Soldiers must not lack,
 If I miss the Man, I'll take the Wife.

Shew me by what Authority
 You do it? Pray Sir, let me know;
 It is sufficient for to see,
 The Warrant hangs in Bag below:
 Then pull it out, if it be strong,
 With you I will not stand at strife:
 My Warrant is as broad as long,
If I miss the Man, I'll Press the Wife.

Now you have Prest me and are gone,
 Please you but let me know your Name;
 That when my Husband he comes home,
 I may declare to him the same:
 My Name is Captain *Ward*, I say,
 I ne'er fear'd Man in all my life;
 The King for Soldiers must not stay,
Missing the Man, I'll Press the Wife.



The same in L A T I N.

A *Stutus Constabularius,*
Mandata gero in tergore;
Cincturos evocaturus,
Cornu-Castello affore:
At hodiè adeò sapiunt,
Auditâ lite Bellicâ,
Omnes abhinc profugiunt,
Virum supplebit Fœmina.

Ecquisnam domi En ego
Salve. Sis saluus, Domine:
Ubinam Vir est? Haud nego,
Procul abest in itinere:
Nàm es ignara reditûs?
Ut fugiant pro tutamine!
Non egeat Rex Militibus,
Viros supplebunt Fœminæ.

238 PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

*Hæc quo Guaranto factitas,
Ambò dicas, Domine?
Sufficiat ut videas,
Quod pendet abdomine;
Educas, si vim habeat,
Tecum nolam certamina,
Pro ratione, voluntas fiat,
Virum supplebit Fœminæ.*

*Compressâ me, ituro te,
Si placet, reddas nomina.
Sic ut reverso conjuge,
Illi declarem omnia,
Ward ducor Capitaneus,
Sat notus pro magnanime?
Non egeat Rex milibus,
Viros supplebunt Fœminæ.*



A SONG. Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



LOVE is a Bauble,
No Man is able,
To say, it is this, or 'tis that;
An idle Passion,
Of such a Fashion,
'Tis like I cannot tell what.

Fair in the Cradle,
Foul in the Saddle,

Always too cold, or too hot ;
 An errant Lyar,
 Fed by Desire,
 It is, and yet it is not.

Love is a Fellow,
 Clad all in Yellow,
 The Canker-worm of the Mind ;
 A privy Mischief,
 And such a sly Thief,
 No Man knows where him to find.

Love is a Wonder,
 'Tis here, and 'tis yonder,
 'Tis common to all Men, we know ;
 A very Cheater,
 Ev'ry ones better,
 Then hang him, and let him go.



The same in L A T I N.

AMOR est Pegma,
 Merum Ænigma,
 Quid sit nemo detegat :
 Vesana Passio,
 Cui nulla ratio,
 Parcim natura negat.

Cunis formosus,
 Sellâ Cænosus,
 Calor, aut frigiditas :
 Furens Libido,
 Dicta cupido,
 Est, & non est entitas.

Amor amasius,
 Totus filaceus,
 Est Eruca animi ;

Deditus

*Deditus malis,
Ac prædo qualis,
Non inventus ullibi.*

*Hic & ubiq;
Compar utriq;
Ad stuporem agitat:
Nullus deterior,
Quovis superior,
In malam rem abeat.*



A SONG. Set by Mr. HENRY PURCELL.





YOUNG *Strephon* he has Woo'd me long,
 And Courted me with Pipe and Song ;
 But I a silly, filly peevish Twit,
 For want of Sense, for want of Wit,
 Have phoo'd, and cry'd,
 Have pish'd, and fy'd,
 And play'd the fool, and lost my Time,
 And almost slipp'd, and almost slipp'd,
 And almost slipp'd my Maiden Prime.

But now I thank my gracious Heav'n,
 I hope my faults are all forgiven;
 I've struck the Bargain, eas'd my pain,
 And am resolv'd to take my Swain :
 To phoo, and cry,
 And pish, and fye,
 And make a Virgin's coy Pretence,
 Is all, all, all, is all, all, all, is all, all, all,
 For want of Sense.



A SONG. Tune, *How happy's the Lover.*

HOW happy's that Husband who after few Years,
 Of railing and brawling, Confusion and Folly,
 Shall see his Lantipley drown'd in her Tears,
 Then prithee *Alexis* be Jolly, be Jolly,
 Then prithee *Alexis* be Jolly.

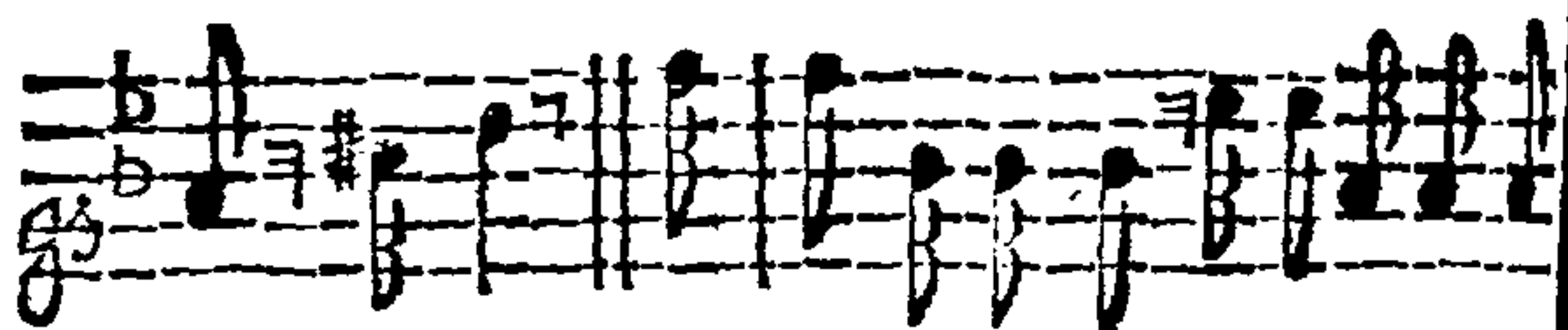
A S O N G. Set by Mr. Leveridge.



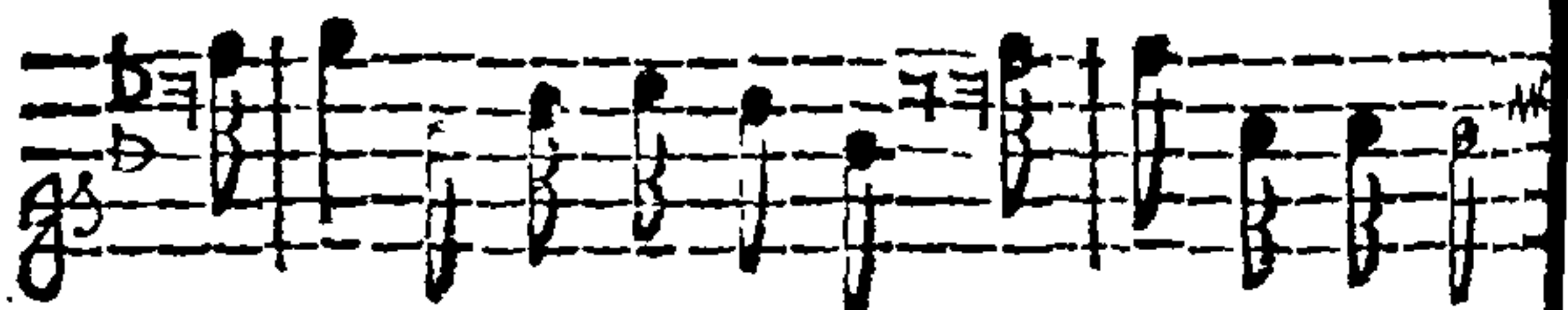
Fortune is blind and Beauty unkind, the Devil take'em



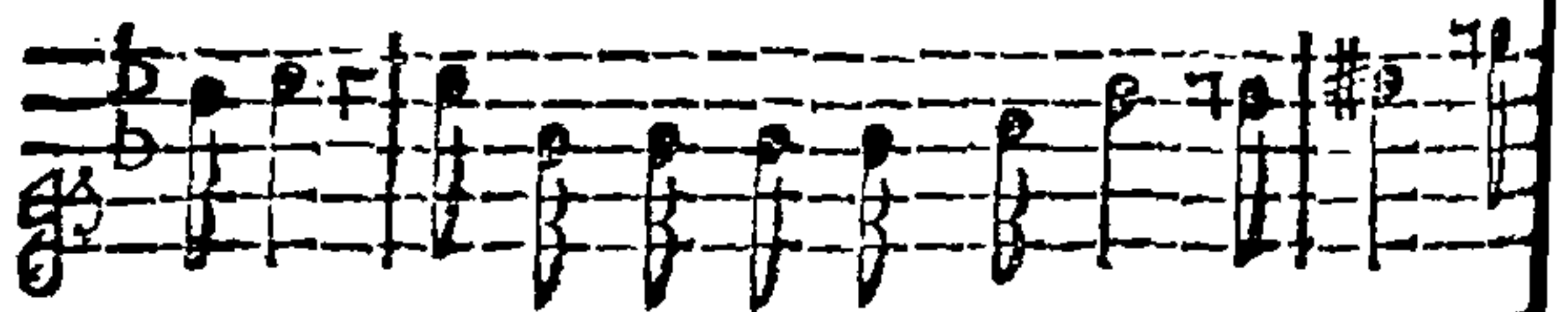
both, one is a witch, & to there's a bitch in neither's



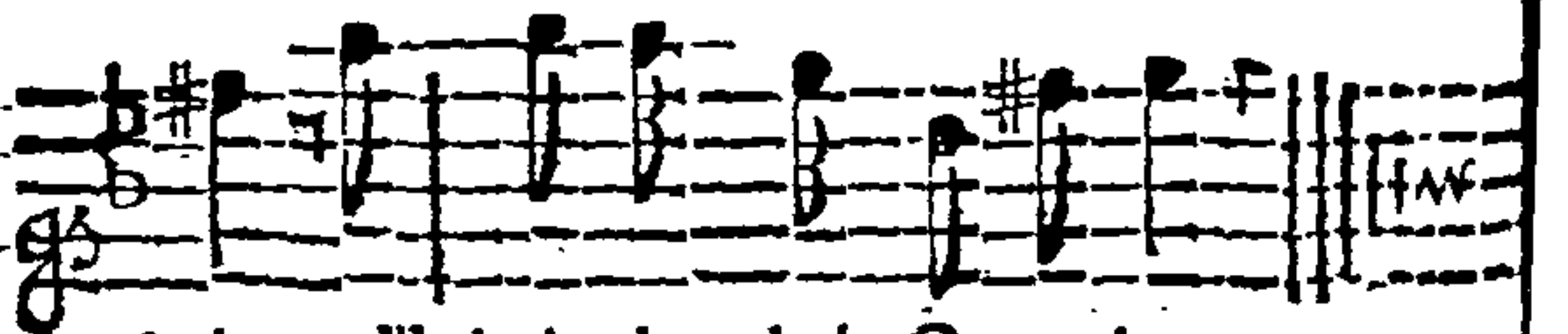
Faith or Troth: There's hazard in hap, deceit in a Lap,



But no fraud in a Brimmer; If truth in the bot-



-tom lye, thence to redeem her we'll drain, we'll drain, we'll



drain, we'll drain the whole Ocean dry.

Honour

Honour's a Toy,
 For Fools a Decoy,
 Beset with Care and Fear;
 And that (I wuss)
 Kills many a Puss,
 Before her clymacht Year:
 But freedom and mirth,
 Create a new Birth,
 While Sack's the *Aqua Vitæ*,
 That Vigour and Spirit gives,
 Liquor Almighty!
 Whereby the poor Mortal lives.

Let us be blith,
 In spite of Death's Syth,
 And with an Heart and half,
 Drink to our Friends,
 And think of no Ends,
 But keep us sound and safe:
 While Healths do go round,
 No Malady's found,
 The Maw-sick in the Morning,
 For want of his wonted strain;
 Is as a Warning,
 To double it over again.

Let us maintain
 Our Traffique with *Spain*,
 And both the *Indies* flight;
 Give us their Wines,
 Let them keep their Mines,
 We'll pardon Eighty Eight:
 There's more certain Wealth,
 Secur'd from stealth,
 In one Pipe of Canary,
 Than in an unfortunate Isle;
 Let us be wary,
 We do not our selves beguile.

The LATIN to the foregoing SONG.

SORS sine visu,
 Formâq; Risu,
 Sint pro Dæmone
 Hæc malefica,
 Ita venefica,
 Fallax utraque;
 Sors mea est fors,
 Sinûsque vecors,
 Sed fraus nulla; tu toto
 In fundo si veritas sit,
 Potu Epoto,
 Oceanus sicus fit.

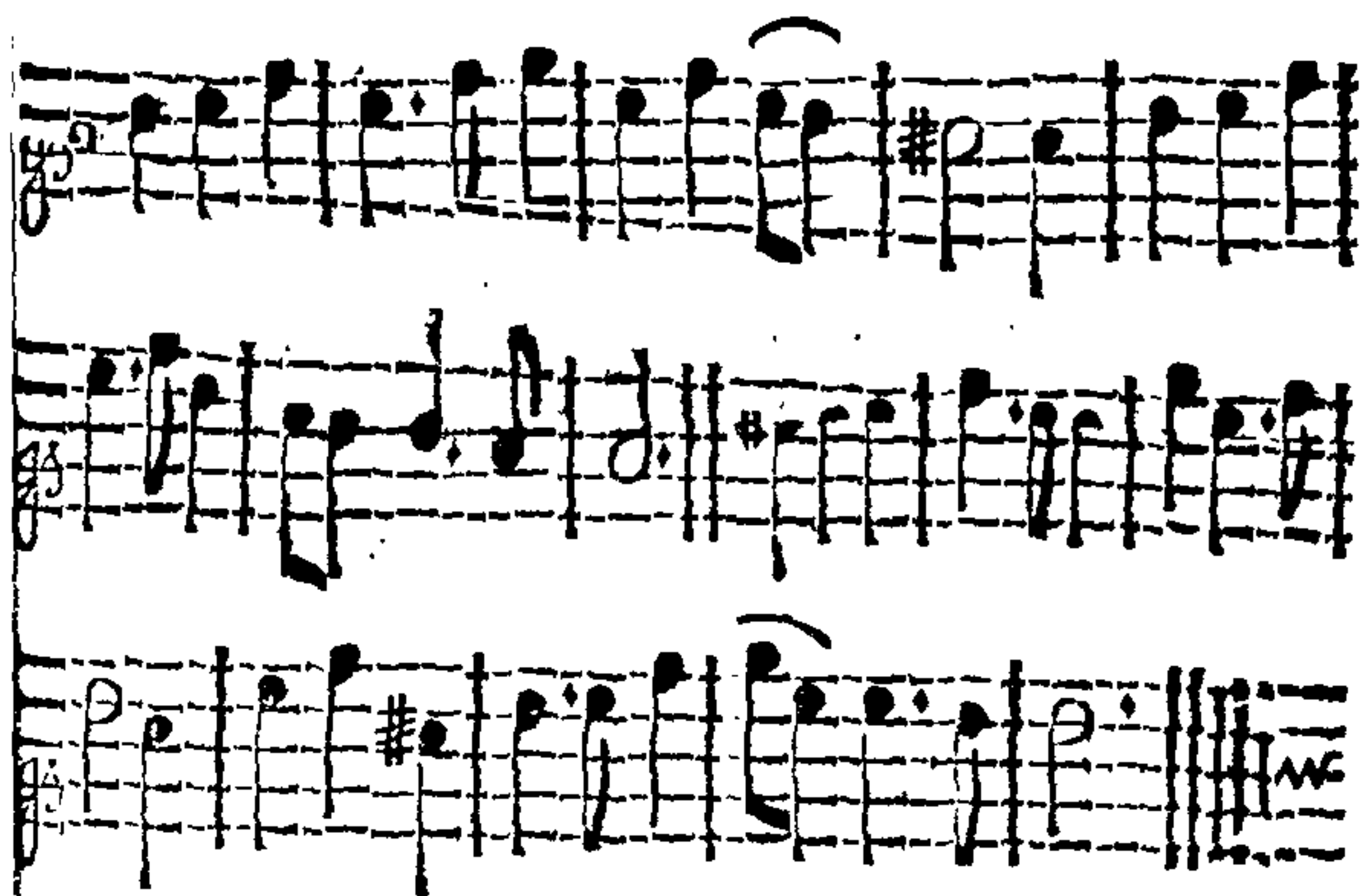
Honor & lusus,
 Stultis illusio,
 Carâ catenatâ,
 Hâcque (ut fatur)
 Catus necatur,
 Morte non paratâ:
 Dum vero Græcamur,
 Non Renovamur,
 Nam Aqua Vitæ vinum,
 Vires spiritûsque dat,
 Idque dicunum,
 A morte nos Elevat.

Jam sumus læti,
 Spretâ vi lethi,
 Cordatissime:
 Ut Combibones
 (non ut gnathones)
 Saxti-rectique:
 Dum proculæ Spument,
 Merbi absument:
 Ac manè Corpus Onustum,
 Præ alienatione,
 Acuit gustum,
 Præ Iteratione.

*Prestet quotannis,
Merx cum Hispanis,
India sit sola;
Vinum præbeant,
Aurum teneant,
Absit spinola:
Sunt opes, pro certo,
Magis à furto,
In Vini potione,
Quam Terra Incognitâ;
Pro cautione,
Ne nobis fit subdola.*



The Raree-show, from Father HOPKINS.



From Father *Hopkins*, whose Vein did inspire him,
Bays sends this Raree-show publick to view;
rentices, Fops and their Footmen admire him,
Thanks Patron, Painter, and Monsieur *Grabeau*.

Each Actor on the Stage his luck bewailing,
Finds that his loss is Infallibly true;
mith, Nokes, and Leigh in a Feaver with railing,
Curse Poet, Painter, and Monsieur *Grabeau*.

Betterton, Betterton, thy Decorations,
 And the Machines were well written we knew;
 But all the Words were such stuff we want Patience,
 And little better is *Monfieur Grabeu*.

D—— me fays *Underhill*, I'm out two hundred,
 Hoping that Rain-bows and Peacocks would do;
 Who thought infallible *Tom* could have blunder'd,
 A Plague upon him and *Monfieur Grabeu*.

Lane thou haft no Applaufe for thy Capers,
 Tho' all without thee would make a Man fpew;
 And a Month hence will not pay for the Tapers,
 Spite of *Jack Laureat* and *Monfieur Grabeu*.

Bays thou wouldft have thy Skill thought univerfal,
 Tho' thy dull Ear be to Mufick untrue;
 Then whilst we ftrove to confute the *Rehearfal*,
 Prithee learn thrashing of *Monfieur Grabeu*.

With thy dull Prefaces ftill thou wouldft treat us,
 Striving to make thy dull Bauble look fair;
 So the horn'd Herd of the City do cheat us,
 Call'd *the Town of their Ware*.

Leave making *Opera's*, and Writing *Lyricks*,
 'Till thou haft Ears and canft alter thy ftain;
 Stick to thy Talent of bold Panegyricks,
 And ftill remember the breathing the Vein.

Yet if thou thinkeft the Town will extol 'em,
 Print thy dull Notes, but be thrifty and Wife;
 Inftead of Angels fubfcrib'd for the Volume,
 Take a round Shilling, and thank my Advice.

In imitating thee this may be charming,
 Gleaning from Laureats is no fhame at all;
 And let this Song be fung the next performing,
 Elfe ten to one but the Prices will fall.

A S O N G

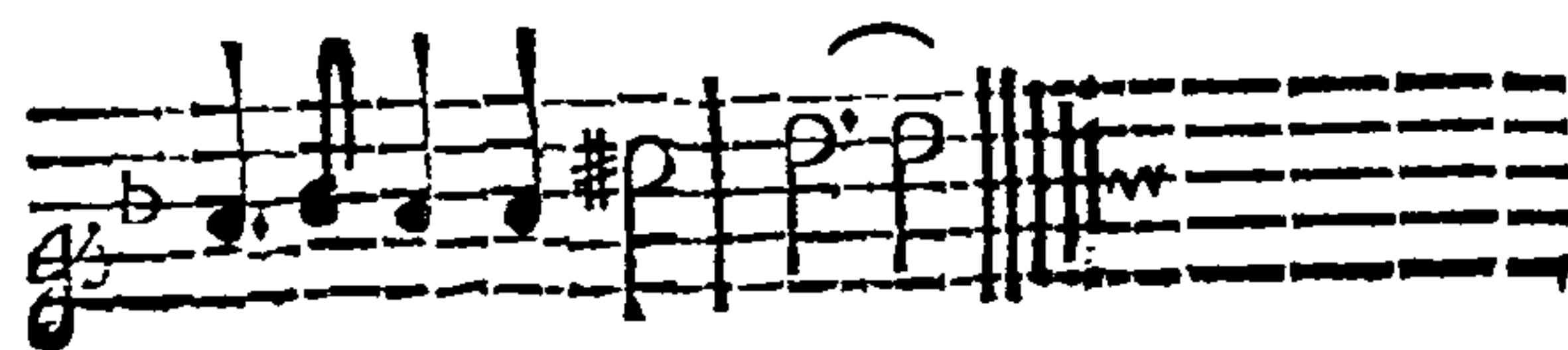
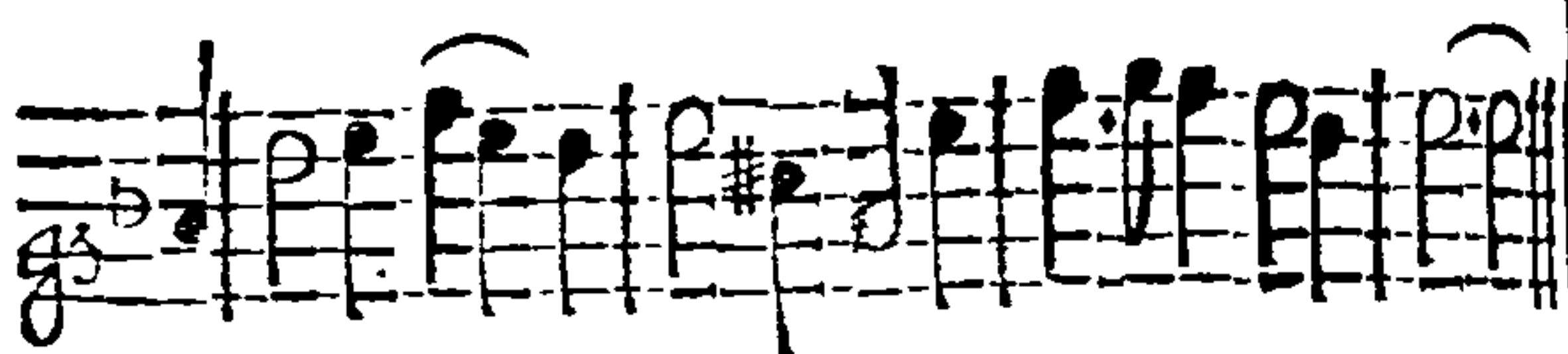


A Broad as I was walking, I spy'd two Maids a wrest-
(ling,
The one threw the other unto the Ground ;
One Maid she let a Fart, struck the other to the Heart,
Was not this a grievous Wound?

This Fart it was heard into Mr. *Bowman's* Yard,
With a great and a mighty Power ;
For ought that I can tell, it blew down *Bridwell*,
And so overcame the *Tower*.

(People,
It blew down *Paul's* Steeple, and knock'd down many
Alack was the more the pity ;
It blew down *Leaden-hall*, and the Meal-sacks and all,
And the Meal flew about the City.

It blew down the *Exchange*, was not this very strange,
And the Merchants of the City did wonder ;
This Maid she like a Beast, turn'd her fugo to the *East*,
And it roar'd in the Air like Thunder.

The Jolly PEDLAR's Pretty Thing.

A Pedlar proud as I heard tell,
 He came into a Town :
 With certain Wares he had to sell,
 Which he cry'd up and down :
 At first of all he did begin,
 With Ribbons, or Laces, Points, or Pins,
 Gartering, Girdling, Tape, or Filleting,
Maids any Cunny-skins.

I have of your fine perfumed Gloves,
 And made of the best Doe-skin ;
 Such as young Men do give their Loves,
 When they their Favour Win :
 Besides he had many a prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, &c.

I have of your fine Necklaces,
As ever you did behold ;
And of your Silk Handkerchiefs,
That are lac'd round with Gold :
Besides he had many a prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, &c.

Good fellow, says one, and smiling fat,
Your Measure does somewhat Pinch ;
Beside you Measure at that rate,
It wants above an Inch :
And then he shew'd her a prettier Thing,
Than Ribbons, &c.

The Lady was pleas'd with what she had seen,
And vow'd and did protest ;
Unless he'd shew it her once again,
She never thou'd be at rest :
With that he shew'd her his prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, &c.

With that the Pedlar began to huff,
And said his Measure was good,
If that she pleased to try his stuff,
And take it whilst it stood :
And than he gave her a prettier Thing,
Than Ribbons, &c.

Good fellow said she, when you come again,
Pray bring good store of your Ware ;
And for new Customers do not sing,
For I'll take all and to spare :
With that she hugg'd his prettier Thing
Than Ribbons, or Laces, Points, or Pins,
Quartering, Girdling, Tape, or Filleting,
Maids any Cunny-skins.

A SONG, by Mr. ESCOURT, To a Tune of
Mr. WELDON'S.



THE Ordinance a-board,
Such Joys does afford,
As no mortal, no mortal, no mortal, no mortal, no
(mortal e'er more can desire;
Each Member repairs,
From the *Tower* to the stairs,
And by water, by water, by water, they all go to fire.

Of each Piece that's a-shore,
 They search from the bore,
 And to proving, to proving, to proving, to proving,
 (to proving, they go in fair Weather;
 Their Glasses are large,
 And whenc'er they discharge,
 There's a boo huzza, a boo huzza, a boo huzza, Guns
 (and Bumpers go off together.

Old *Vulcan* for *Mars*,
 Fitted Tools for his Wars,
 To enable him, enable him, enable him, enable him,
 (enable him to conquer the faster;
 But had *Mars* ever been
 Upon our *Wolwich* Green,
 To have heard boo, huzza, boo, huzza, boo, huzza,
 (he'd have own'd Great *Marlborough* his Master.



A SONG.



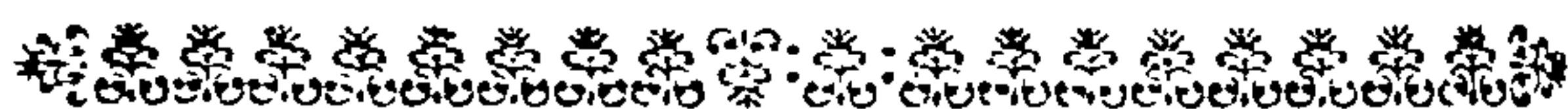
A Young Man and a Maid, *put in all, put in all,*
 Together lately play'd, *put in all;*
 The Young Man was in Jest,
 O the Maid she did protest:
 She bid him do his best, *put in all, put in all.* **With**

With that her rowling Eyes, *put, &c.*
 Turn'd upward to the Skies, *put, &c.*
 My Skin is White you see,
 My Smock above my Knee,
 What wou'd you more of me, *put, &c.*

I hope my Neck and Breast, *put, &c.*
 Lie open to your chest, *put in all,*
 The Young Man was in heat,
 The Maid did foundly Sweat,
 A little farther get, *put, &c.*

According to her Will, *put, &c.*
 This Young Man try'd his Skill, *put in all;*
 But the Proverb plain does tell,
 That use them ne'er so well,
 For an Inch they'd take an Ell, *put, &c.*

When they had ended sport, *put, &c.*
 She found him all too short, *put in all;*
 For when he'd done his best,
 The Maid she did protest,
 'Twas nothing but a Jest, *put in all, put in all.*



A SONG, *The Words by* J O. H A I N S, *Set by*
 Mr. C H U R C H.





I Courted and Writ,
 Shew'd my Love and my Wit,
 And still pretty *Flavia* deny'd ;
 'Twas her Virtue I thought,
 Made me prove such a Sot,
 To adore her the more for her Pride :
 'Till I happen'd to sit
 By her Mask'd in a Pit,
 Whilst a crowd of gay Beaus held her play ;
 When so wantonly free,
 Was her smart Repartee,
 I was cur'd and went blushing, went blushing away.

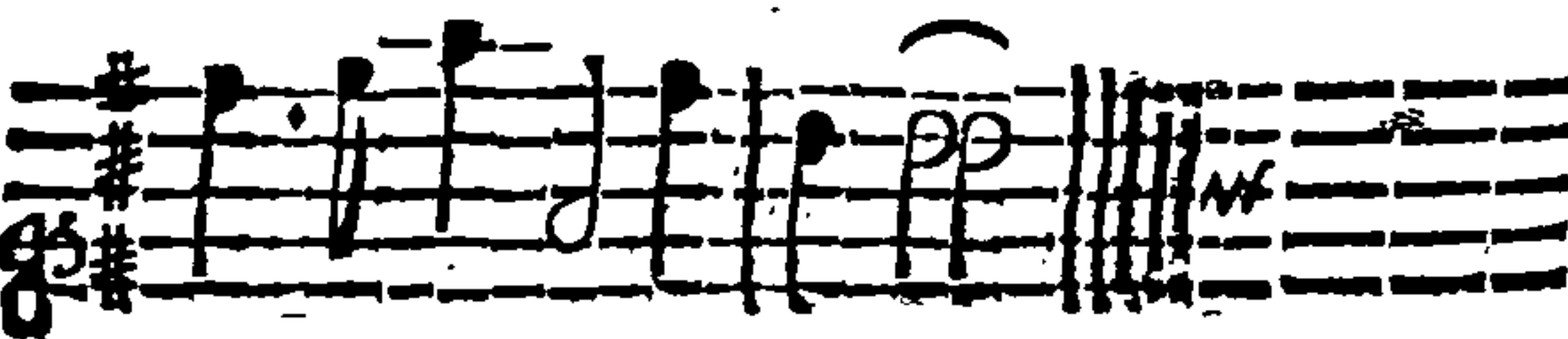
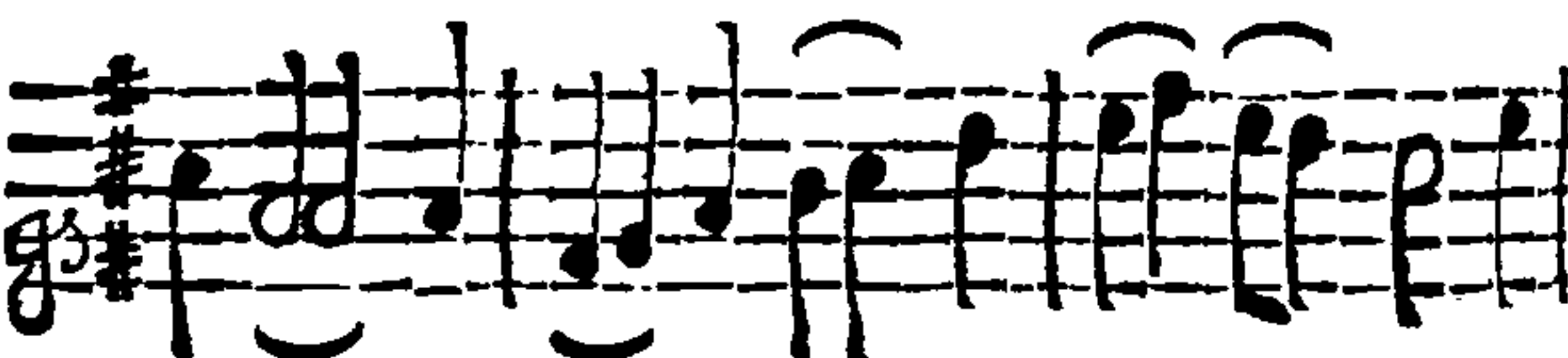
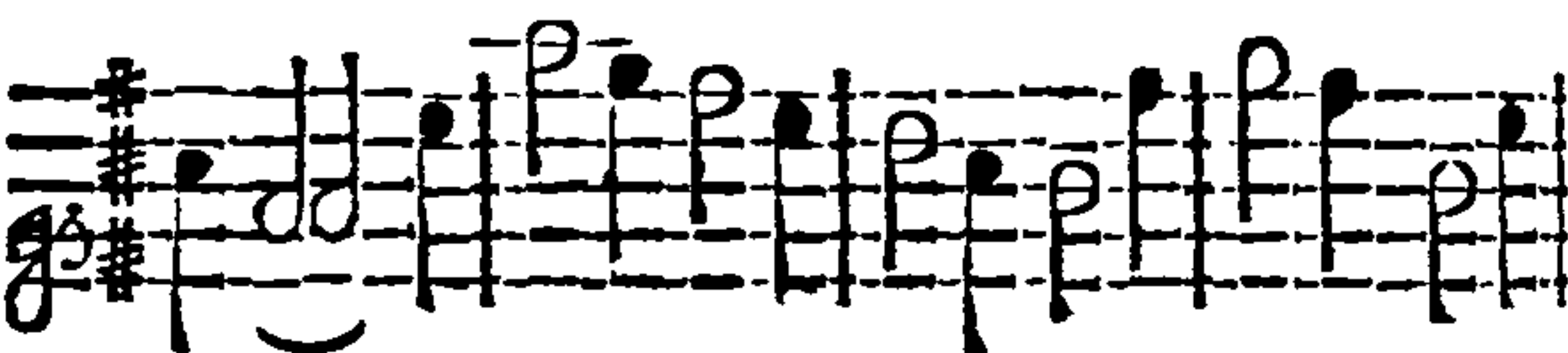
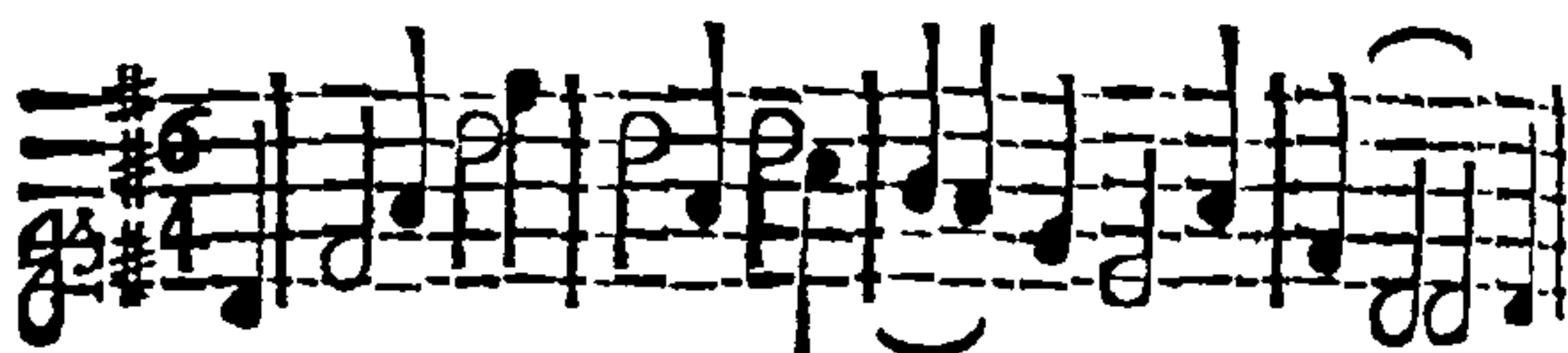
How Lovers Mistake,
 The Addresses they make,
 When they swear to be Constant and true ;
 For all the Nymphs hold,
 Tho' the Sport be still old,
 That their Play-mates must ever be new :

Each

Each pretty new Toy,
 How they'll long to enjoy,
 And then for a newer will Pine;
 But when they perceive,
 Others like what they leave,
 Then they cry for their Bauble again.



PERKIN in a Cole-Sack : Or, *the Collier's*
Buxome Wife of St. James's.



COME all that are disposed a while,
And listen to my Story;
I shall not you of ought beguile,
But plainly lay before ye:
How Buxome *Ruth* had often strove,
With no small Pains and Labour;
Her own Sufficiency to prove,
By many a Brawny Neighbour.

She oft was heard for to Complain,
But still with little Profit;
That Nature made her Charms in vain,
Unless some good come of it:
Her Booby seldom was at home,
And therefore could not please her;
Which made more welcome Guest to come,
In Charity to ease her.

Her wishes all were for an Heir,
Tho' *Venus* still refus'd her;
Which made the pensive Sinner Swear,
The Goddess had abus'd her:
And since her Suit she did deny,
To shew her good Intention;
She was resolv'd her self to try,
An Old, but rare Invention.

Abroad by known Example taught,
To one with Child she hasts her;
Whereby five Guineas which she brought,
The bargain is made fast, Sir:
The Infant soon as brought to light,
(For so they had agreed it)
Must fall to Buxome *Ruth* by right,
To save her sinking Credit.

Her Petticoats with Cushions rear'd,
Her Belly struts before her;
Her *Ben's* Abilitys are prais'd,
And he poor Fool adores her.

Her Stomach sick, and squeamish grown,
 She pewkes like Breeding Woman,
 While he is proud to make it known,
 That he has prov'd a true Man.

Nine Months compleat, the trusty Dame,
 Her Pain she finds increases;
 While *Ruth* affected with the same,
 Makes ugly and wry Faces:
 And now a Coach must needs be had,
 The Brat to shake about, Sir;
 But e'er return'd *Ben* was a Dad,
 For *Perkin* had crept out, Sir.

The good Ale Firkin strait is tapp'd,
 And Women all are Jolly;
 While no one in her round is 'scap'd,
 For fear of Melancholy:
 And *Ruth* in Bed could in her turn,
 Tho' modest of Behaviour;
 With all her Heart a Bob have born,
 Had she not fear'd a Feaver.

Thus Jovially the time they spend,
 In Merriment and Quaffing;
 Whilst each one does the Brat commend,
 As *Ben* did still keep Laughing:
 And now to tell is my Intent,
 How Fortune to Distaste her;
Ruth's future Boasting did prevent,
 By one most sad Disaster.

A Search was made at t'other Home,
 By Overseers quick sighted;
 The Mother to Confession comes,
 By Threats being much Affrighted;
 Thus all their Mirth at once was Cool,
 Fate all their hopes did hamper;
 So *Ben* lives on the self same Fool,
 Tho' *Ruth* was forc'd to scamper.

*And if the Truth of this you doubt,
 The Overseers can make it out.*

*The Man of Honour : Or, the Unconstant World
turn'd upside down : To the foregoing Tune.*

HOW is the World transform'd of late,
In Country, Court, and City ;
As if we were decreed by Fate,
To sing a mournful Ditty :
About the dismal change of Things,
There was no sooth in Fauner ;
In the blest Reigns of former Kings,
When I was a Man of Honour.

I kept a Castle of my own,
With Land five Thousand Acres ;
When old King Harry grac'd the Throne,
Before the Time of Quakers :
My Doors and Gates stood open Wide,
I lackt no Ring nor Runner ;
An Ox each Day I did provide,
When I was, &c.

My Guefs all Day went in and out,
To Feast and cheer their Senses ;
Could I but bring the Year about,
I grudg'd not my Expences :
My Talent was to feast the Poor,
I valu'd no Court Fauner ;
Of Cooks I kept full half a Score,
When I was, &c.

When Christmas Day was drawing near,
To Cheer and make them Merry ;
I Broach'd my humming Stout March Beer,
As brown as the Hawthorn Berry :
Of which there was not any lack,
I was my self the Donor ;
'Twas fetch'd up in a Leathern Jack,
When I was, &c.

I never lay in Trades-mens Books,
 For Gaudy Silks or Sattins;
 Nor did I pay with Frowning looks,
 Or broken Scraps of *Latin*:
 They had my Gold and Silver free,
 I fear'd not any Dunner;
 All Men was glad to deal with me,
When I was a Man of Honour.

I never kept my *Hawkes* and *Hounds*,
 Or Lew'd and Wanton Misses;
 I'd never sell or Mortgage Towns,
 To purchase Charming Kisses:
 Of those that seek their Prey by Night,
 Each cunning Female Fauner;
 My Lady was my Hearts Delight,
When I was, &c.

I never hid my Noble Head,
 For any Debt contracted;
 Nor from the Nation have I fled,
 For Treasons basely Acted:
 Nor did I in the least Rebel,
 To make my self a Runner;
 My Loyalty was known full well,
When I was, &c.

I never did betray my trust,
 For Bribes more sweet than Honey;
 Nor was I false, or so unjust,
 To sink the Nations Money:
 My *Lands* and *Living*s to enlarge,
 By wronging each good Donor;
 I Built not at the Nation's Charge,
When I was, &c.

We find now in these latter Days,
 Some Men hath delegated;
 From Truth, and found out greedy ways,
 This should be regulated:

And act henceforth with Heart and Hand,
Oppose the Sons of *Bonner* ;
I lov'd my King and serv'd my Land,
When I was, &c.

For Bounty, Love and large Relief,
For Noble Conversation;
For easing the poor Widows Grief,
In Times of Lamentation :
For House of Hospitality,
I'll challenge any Donor ;
There's few or none that can outvey,
King Henry's Man of Honour.



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FICKLE Bliss, fantastick Treasure,
Love how soon, how soon,
How soon thy Joys are past ?
Since we soon must lose the Pleasure,
Oh ! 'twere better ne'er to tast:
Gods ! How sweet would be possessing,
Did not Time its Charms destroy ;
Or could Lovers with the Blessing,
Lose the Thoughts of *Cupid's* Joy :
Lose the Thoughts, the Thoughts,
The Thoughts of *Cupid's* Joy.

Cruel Thoughts, that pain yet please me,
Ah! no more my rest destroy;
Shew me still if you would ease me,
Love's Deceits, but not it's Joy:
Gods what kind, yet cruel Powers,
Force my Will to rack my Mind!
Ah! too long we wait for Flowers,
Too, too soon, to fade design'd.

A SONG, Set by Mr. Akeroyde.



THAT scornful *Sylvia*'s Chains I wear,
 The Groves and Streams can tell;
 Those blasted with my Sighs appear,
 These with my Tears, my Tears o're-swell.
 But Sighs and Tears bring no redress,
 And Love that sees, that sees me grieve;
 Conspires with *Sylvia* to oppress
 The Heart he should relieve.

The

The God that should reward my Pain,
 Makes *Sylvia* more my Foe :
 As She encreases in Disdain,
 He makes my Passion grow :
 And must I, must I still admire,
 Those Eyes that cause my Grief?
 'Tis just, since I my self conspire
 Against my own Relief.



A SONG, Set by Mr. ROBERT KING.

ALL own the Young *Sylvia* is fatally Fair;
 All own the Young *Sylvia* is pretty;
 Confess her good Nature, and easie soft Air,
 Nay more, that She's wanton and witty :
 Yet all the keen Arrows at *Damon* still cast,
 Cou'd never, cou'd never, his quiet destroy,
 'Till the cunning Coquett, shot me flying at last ;
 By a *Fene say, Fene say, quoy,*
 By a *Fene say, Fene say, quoy.*

So tho' the young *Sylvia* were not very Fair,
 Tho' she were but indifferently pretty ;
 Much wanting *Aurelia's*, or *Cælia's* soft Air,
 But not the dull sence of the City :
 Yet still the dear Creature wou'd please without doubt,
 And give me abundance of Joy ;
 Since all that is missing is plainly made out,
 By a *Fene say, Fene say quoy.*



A SONG, Set by Mr. FRANK.

A Swain in despair,
 Cryed Women ne'er trust,
 Alas they are all
 Unkind or unjust.
 A Nymph who was by,
 Soon thus did reply;
 The Men we all find
 More false and unkind.

Except me he cryed,
 And me She replied;
 Then try me said he,
 I dare not said she:
 The Swain did pursue,
 Each alter'd their Mind:
 She vow'd He was true,
 He swore She was kind.

A SONG. Set by Mr. AKEROYDE.



WO'as me poor Lafs! what mun I do?
 Gin I did my bonny *Sawney* flight,
 He now gangs a blither Lafs to woo,
 And I alene poor Lafs ligs ev'ry Night.
 Curse on Ficklenefs and Pride,
 By which we silly Women are undone;
 What my *Sawney* begg'd and I deny'd
 Alas! I long to grant, but now he's gone.

When he was kind I made a Strife,
 Yet then deny'd with mickle Woe;
 For he wu'd as gin, he'd begg'd for Life,
 And almost dy'd poor Lad! when I said no:
 Well I keen'd, he woo'd to wed,
 Yet fear'd to own, I lov'd the canny Loon;
 Ah would he have stay'd he might have sped,
 Waa's me! why would my *Sawney* gang so soon.

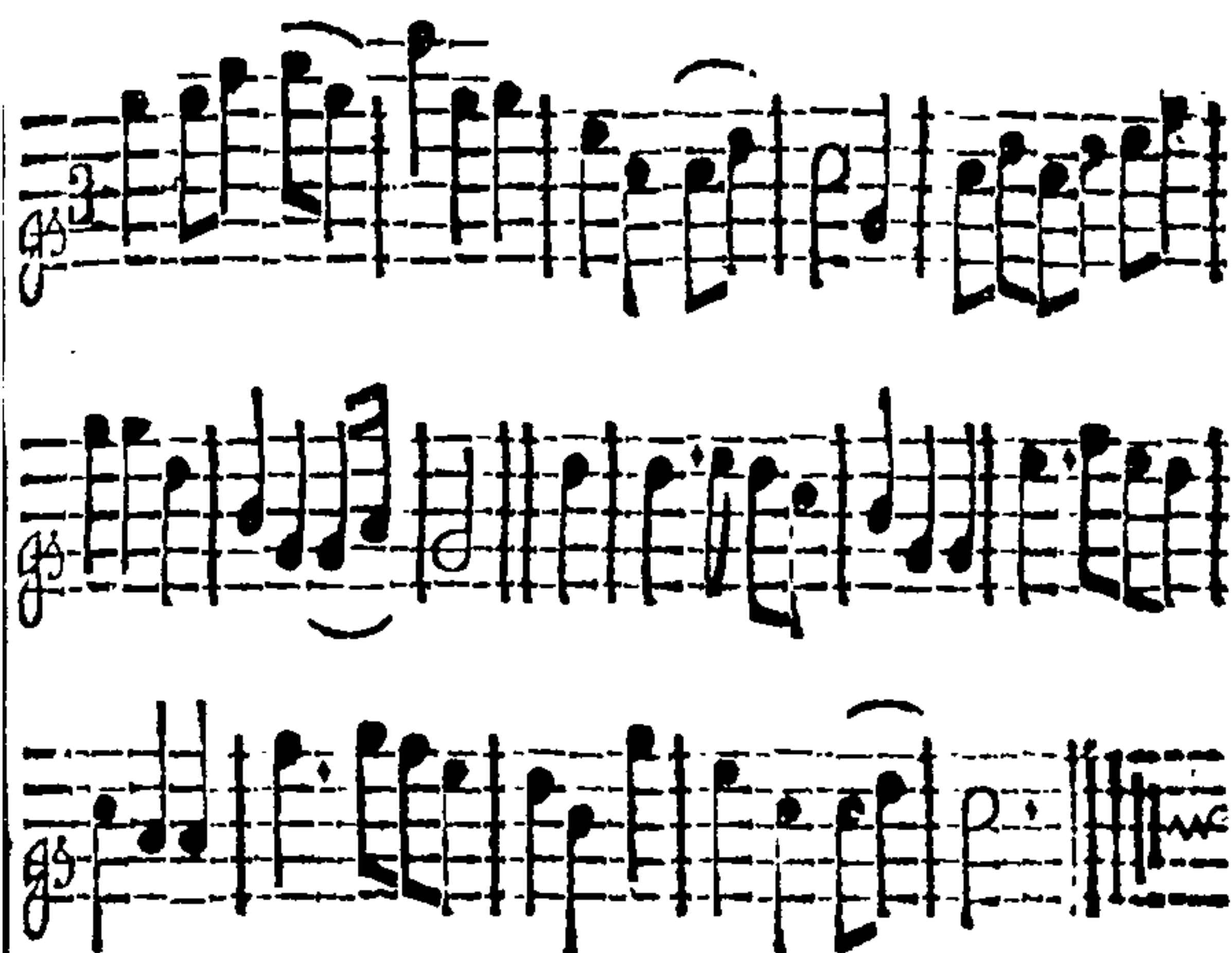
A SONG.



Richest Gift of lavish Nature,
 Matchless darling of my Heart;
 Ah! too dear, too charming Creature,
 You on Earth a Heav'n impart.
 Rapt in Pleasure past expressing,
 I with Bliss almost expire;
 Cou'd we still be thus possessing,
 God's who would your State desire.

Kindling Glances quickning Kisses,
 That like Time so soon are past;
 Crowding Joys to eager Bliss,es,
 Still renewing may you last:
 Nor by a fantastick Fashion,
 Being lawful please the less;
 But may I indulge my Passion,
 Blest in none but her I bless.

T O M Tinker.



TOM Tinker's my true love, and I am his Dear,
 And I will go with him his Budget to bear;
 For of all the young Men he has the best luck,
 All the Day he will Fuddle, at Night he will—
 This way, that way, which way you will,
 I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

With Hammer on Kettle he tabbers all Day,
 At Night he will tumble on Strumil or Hay;
 He calls me his Jewel, his delicate Duck,
 And then will he take up my Smicket to—
This way, &c.

Tom Tinker I say was a Jolly stout Lad,
 He tickled young *Nancy* and made her stark mad;
 To have a new Rubbers with him on the Grass,
 By reason, she knew that he had a good—
This way, &c.

There was an old Woman on Crutches she came,
 To lusty *Tom Tinker*, *Tom Tinker* by Name;

And tho' she was Aged near threescore and five,
She kickt up her Heels and resolved to—

This way, &c.

A beautiful Damsel came out of the West,
And she was as Jolly and brisk as the best ;
She'd Dance and she'd caper as wild as a Buck,
And told Tom the Tinker she would have some—

This way, &c.

A Lady she call'd him her Kettle to mend,
And she resolved her self to attend ;
Now as he stood stooping and mending the Brass,
His Breeches was torn and down hung his—

This way, &c.

Something she saw that pleased her well,
She call'd in the Tinker and gave him a spell ;
With Pig, Goose and Capon, and good store of suck,
That he might be willing to give her some—

This way, &c.

He had such a Trade that he turn'd me away,
Yet as I was going he caus'd me to stay ;
So as towards him I was going to pass,
He gave me a slap in the Face with his—

This way, &c.

I thought in my Heart he had struck off my Nose,
I gave him as good as he brought I suppose ;
My Words they were ready and wonderful blunt,
Quoth I, I had rather been stobb'd in my—

This way, &c.

I met with a Butcher a killing a Calf,
I then stepp'd to him and cryed out half ;
At his first denial I fell very sick,
And he said it was all for a touch of his—

This way, &c.

I met with a Fencer a going to School,
I told him at Fencing he was but a Fool ;

He had but three Rapiers and they were all blunt,
And told him he should no more play at my—
This way, &c.

I met with a Barber with Razor and Balls,
He fligger'd and told me for all my brave alls;
He would have a stroke, and his words they were blunt,
I could not deny him the use of my—
This way, &c.

I met with a Fidler a Fiddling aloud,
He told me he had lost the Case of his Croud;
I being good natur'd as I was wont,
Told him he should make a Case of my—
*This way, and that way, and which way you can,
For the Fairest of Women will lye with a Man.*

A SONG. Set by Mr. KING.

WHEN on her Eyes,
When on her Eyes,
My happy Stars I gaze,
A strange Commotion seizes every part,
Fain would I speak, fain would I speak,
The cause of my Disease;
But fear to tell the Story of my Heart.
Her look severe, &c.
Her look severe,
Yet O endearing awes,
Yet O endearing awes,
The Women's Envy, *isid.*
The Women's Envy, *ssid.*
But Mankind's applause,
But Mankind's applause.

Miss C U D D Y.

POOR *Sawney* had marry'd a Wife,
 And he knew not what to do with her;
 For she'd eat more Barly-bread,
 Then he knew how to give her:
 We'll all sup together, we'll all sup, &c.
 We'll make no more Beds than one,
 'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.
 We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
 We'll make no more Beds than one,
 'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.

We'll put the Sheep's-head in the Pot,
The Wool and the Horns together;
And we will make Broth of that,
And we'll all sup together,
We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
We'll all lig together, &c.

The Wool shall thicken the Broth,
The Horns shall serve for Bread,
By this you may understand,
The Virtue that's in a Sheep's-head:
And we'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
And we'll all lig together, &c.

Some shall lig at the Head,
And some shall lig at the Feet,
Miss Cuddy wou'd lig in the middle,
Because she'd have all the Sheet:
We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
And we'll all lig together, &c.

Miss Cuddy got up in the Loft,
And Sawney wou'd fain have been at her,
Miss Cuddy fell down in her Smock,
And made the glass Windows to clatter:
We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
We'll all lig together, &c.

The Bride she went to Bed,
The Bridegroom followed after,
The Fidler crepp'd in at the Feet,
And they all lig'd together,
We'll all lig together, &c.

A SONG. Set by Mr. AKEROYDE



BENEATH a cool Shade *Amaryllis* was fate,
 Complaining of Love and bemoaning her Fate;
 Ah! she cry'd, why must Maids be so formal and Coy,
 To deny what they think is their only true Joy?
 And Custom impose on us so much ado,
 When our Hearts are on fire, and Love bids us fall too;
 And Custom impose on us so much ado,
 When our Hearts are on fire, and Love bids us fall too.

Young *Strephon* was near her, and heard the Complaint,
He easily guess what the Damsel did want;
He rush'd in upon her, in Kisses reply'd,
Caught her fast in his Arms, she faintly deny'd :
What they did without study, we soon may divine,
'Twas *Strephon's* Luck then, the next Minute be mine.



CLARINDA'S Complaint. Tune of *Ianthe the
Lovely.*

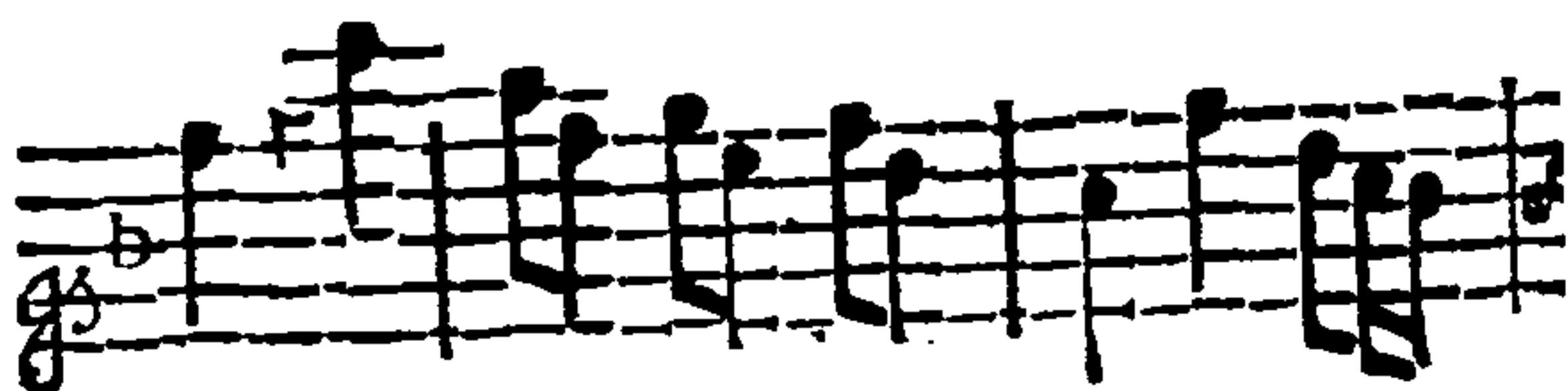
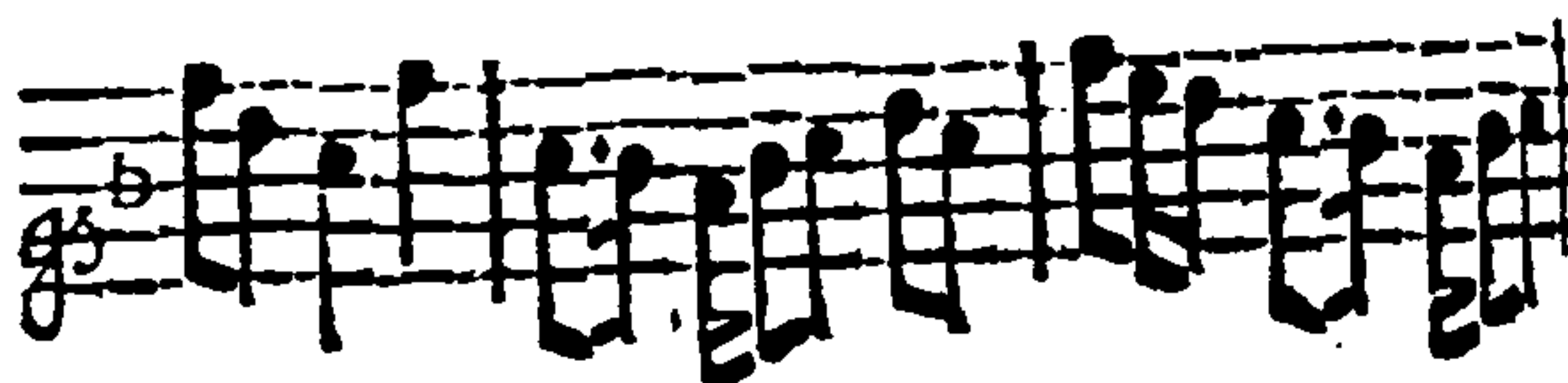
With fighting and wishing, and Green-sickness Diet,
With nothing of Pleasure, and little of Quiet;
With a Granum's Inspection, and Doctor's Direction,
But not the Specifick, that suits my Complexion:
The Flower of my Age is full blown in my Face,
Yet no Man considers, yet no Man considers
My comfortless Case.

Young Women were valued, as I have been told,
In the late times of Peace, above Mountains of Gold;
But now there is Fighting, we are nothing but slitting,
Few Gallants in Conjugal Matters delighting:
'Tis a shame that Mankind, should love killing and slaying
And mind not supplying the stock that's decaying.

Unlucky *Clarinda*, to love in a Season,
When *Mars* has forgotten to do *Venus* Reason;
Had I any Hand in Rule and Command,
I'd certainly make it a Law of the Land:
That killers of Men, to replenish the Store,
Be bound to the Wedlock, and made to get more.

Enacted moreover for better dispatch,
That where a good Captain meets with an o'ermatch,
His honest Lieutenant with Soldier-like Grace,
Shall relieve him on Duty, and serve in his Place:
Thus killers and slayers of able good Men,
Without beat of Drum may recruit 'em agen.

A BALLAD *by the late Lord DORSET,*
when at Sea.



TO you fair Ladies now at Land,
 We Men at Sea indite;
 But first wou'd have you understand,
 How hard it is to write:
 The Muses now, and Neptune too,
 We must implore to write to you;
 With a Fa la, la, la, la,
 The Muses now, &c.

But tho' the Muses should be kind,
And fill our empty Brain;
Yet if rough *Neptune* cause the Wind,
To rouse the *Azure* Main:
Our Paper, Pens, and Ink and we,
Rowl up and down our Ships at Sea,
With a Fa la, &c.

Then if we write not by each Post,
Think not that we're unkind;
Nor yet conclude that we are lost,
By *Dutch*, by *French*, or Wind,
Our grief will find a speedier way,
The Tide shall bring them twice a day,
With a Fa la, &c.

The King with wonder and surprize,
Will think the Seas grown bold;
For that the Tide does higher rise,
Then e'er it did of old:
But let him know that 'tis our Tears,
Sends floods of Grief to *White-Hall* stairs,
With a Fa la, &c.

Shou'd Count *Thoulouse* but come to know,
Our sad and dismal Story;
The *French* wou'd scorn so weak a Foe,
Where they can get no Glory:
For what resistance can they find,
From Men as left their Hearts behind,
With a Fa la, &c.

To pass our tedious time away,
We throw the merry Main;
Or else at serious *Ombra* play,
But why shou'd we in vain,
Each others ruin thus pursue,
We were undone when we left you,
With a Fa la, &c.

When any mournful Tune you hear,
 That dyes in e'ery Note;
 As if it sigh'd for each Man's care,
 For being so remote:
 Think then how often Love we've made,
 To you while all those Tunes were play'd,
With a Fa la.

Let Wind and Weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind;
 Let *French-men* Vapour, *Dutch-men* Curse,
 No Sorrows we shall find:
 'Tis then no matter how things go,
 Nor who's our Friend, nor who our Foe,
With a Fa la.

Thus having told you all our Loves,
 And likewise all our Fears;
 In hopes this Declaration moves,
 Some Pity to our Tears:
 Let's hear of no Inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at Sea,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.



Bonny KATHERN LOGGY. A Scotch SONG.





AS I came down the hey Land Town,
 There was Lasses many,
 Sat in a Rank, on either Bank,
 And ene more gay than any;
 He leekt about for ene kind Face,
 And He spy'd *Wilby Scroggy*;
 He spir'd of him what was her Name,
 And he caw'd her *Kathern Loggy*.

A sprightly bonny Gurl sha was,
 And made my Heart to rise Joe;
 Sha was so fair sa blith a Lass,
 And Love was in her Eyes so:
 He walkt about like ene posselt,
 And quite forgot poor Moggy;
 For nothing now could give me rest,
 But bonny *Kathern Loggy*.

My pratty *Katy* then quoth I,
 And many a Sigh I gave her;
 Let not a Leard for *Katy* die,
 But take him to great Favour:
 Sha laught aloud, and sa did aw,
 And bad me hemward to ge;
 And still cry'd out awaw, awaw,
 Fro bonny *Kathern Loggy*.

A Fardel farther I would see,
 And some began to muse me;
 The Lasses they sat wittally,
 And the Lads began to Rooze me:
 The Blades with Beaus came down the knows,
 Like ring Rooks fro *Strecy Boggy*;
 And four and twanty *Highland Lads*,
 Were following *Kathern Loggy*.

When I did ken this muckle Trame.
 And every ene did know her;
 I spir'd of *Willy* what they mean,
 Quo he they aw do Mow her:
 There's ne'er a Lafs in aw *Scotland*,
 From *Dundee* to *Strecy Boggy*;
 That has her Fort so bravely Mann'd,
 As bonny *Kathern Loggy*.

At first indeed I needs must tell,
 Ife could not well believe it;
 But when Ife saw how fow they fell,
 Ife could not but conceive it.
 There was ne'er a Lad of any note,
 Or any deaf young Roguey;
 But he did lift the welly Coat,
 Of bonny *Kathern Loggy*.

Had I kenn'd on Kittleness,
 As I came o'er the *Moore Joe*;
 Ife had ne'er ban as Ife ha dun,
 Nor e'er out-stankt my seln so:
 For I was then so stankt with stint,
 I spurr'd my aw'd *Nagg Fogey*;
 And had I kenn'd sha had bin a Whore,
 I had ne'er Lov'd *Kathern Loggy*.

(The Catholick Brother) A SONG.



DEar Catholick brother are you come from the Wars,
 So lame of your foots and your Face full of Scars;
 To see your poor *Shela* who with great grief was fill'd,
 For you my dear Joy when I think you were kill'd.

With a Fa la, la.

O my shoul my dear *Shela*, I'm glad you see me,
 For if I were dead now, I could not see thee;
 The Cuts in my Body, and the Scars in my Face,
 I got them in Fighting for Her Majesty's Grace.

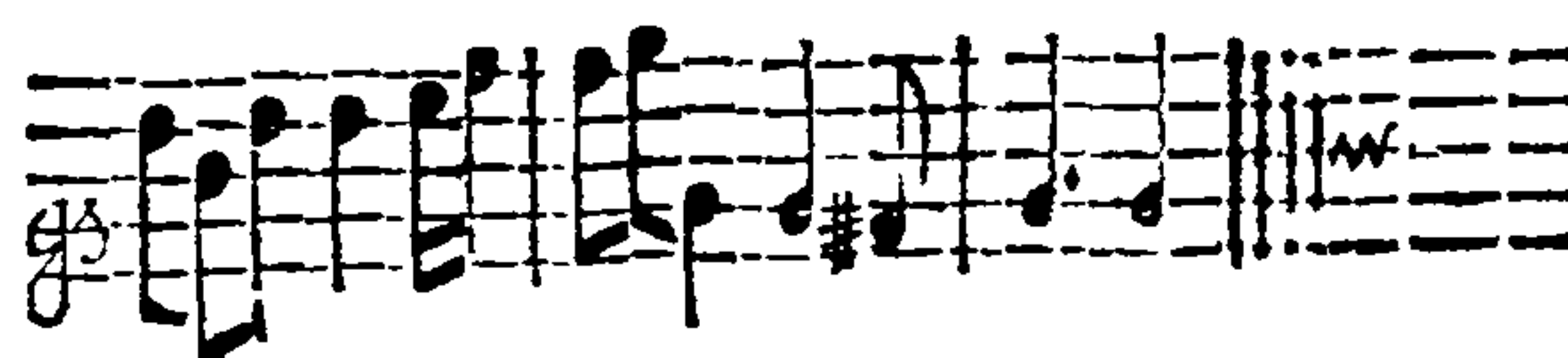
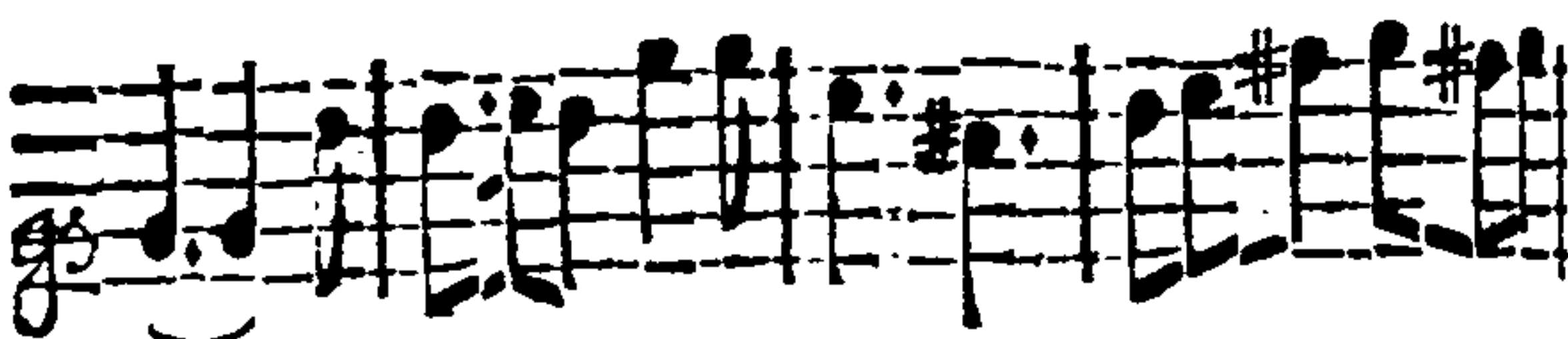
But oh my dear *Shela* dost thou now love me,
 So well as you did, e're I went to the Sea;
 By *Cri*—and *St. Pa*—my dear Joy I do,
 And we shall be Married to morrow Just now.

I'll make a Cabin for my dearest to keep off the Cold,
 And I have a Guinea of yellow red Gold;
 To make Three halves of it I think will be best,
 Give Two to my *Shela* and the Tird to the Priest.

Old *Philemy* my Father was full Fourscore Years old,
 And tho' he be dead. he'll be glad to be told;
 That we Two are Married, my dear spare no cost,
 But send him some Letter, upon the last Post.

The

*The Triumphs of PEACE, or the WIDDOWS
and MAIDS Rejoycing.*



DEAR Mother I am Transported,
To think of the boon Comrades;
They say we shall all be Courted,
Kind Widows as well as Maids,
Oh! this will be joyful News:
We'll dress up our Houses with Holly,
We'll broach a Tub of humming Bub,
To treat those that come with a rub a dub dub,
For dear Mother they'll make us Jolly.

Dear Mother to see them mounted,
'Twould tickle your Heart with Joy;
By me they all shall be counted,
Heroical Sons of Troy:

The Bells in the Steeples shall ring,
We'll stick all our Houses with Holly;
We'll broach a Tub of humming Bub,
to treat those that comes with a rub a dub dub,
For dear Mother they'll make us Jolly.

I'll dress me as fine as a Lady,
Against they come into the Town;
My Ribbons are all bought ready,
My Furbelow-Scarf and Gown:
To pleasure the Warlike Boys,
We'll dress up our Houses, &c.

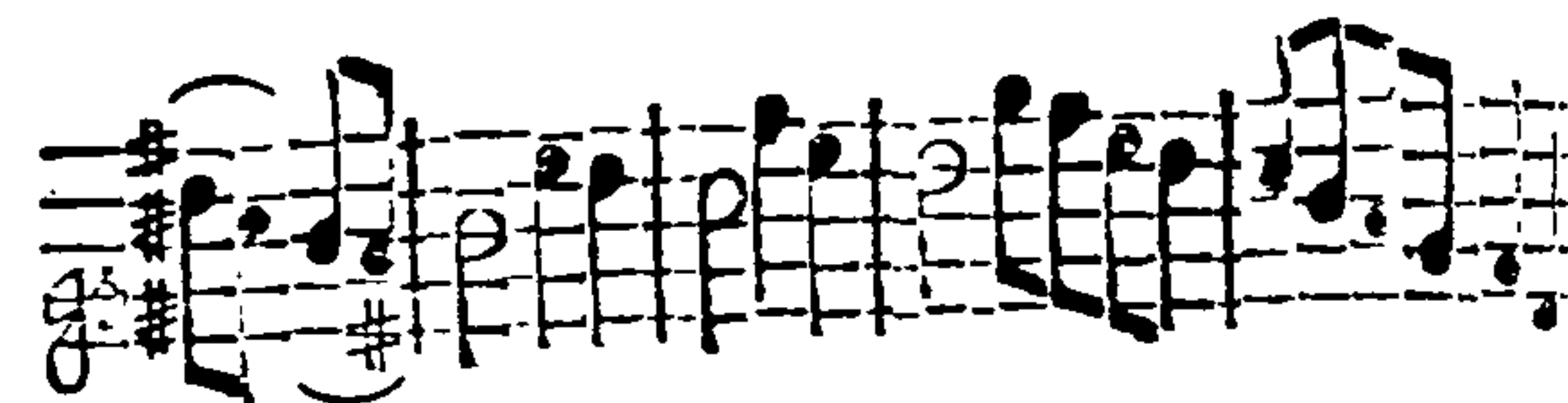
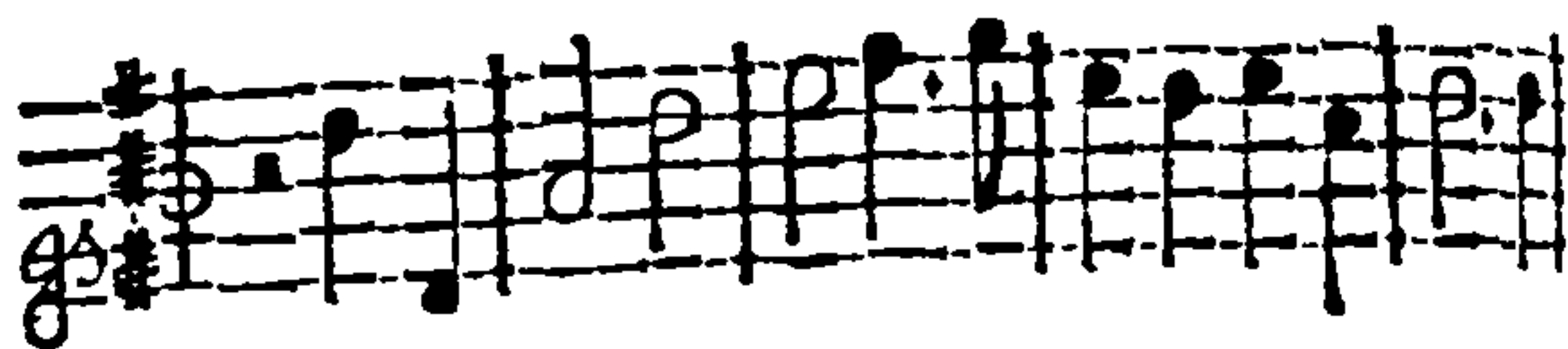
They are delicate brisk and Brawny,
Troth neither too lean nor fat;
No matter for being Tawny,
They're never the worse for that:
We'll give them a welcome Home,
and dress up our Houses, &c.

They come from the Field of Battle,
To quarter in Ladies Arms;
Tis pretty to hear them Prattle,
And tell of their loud Alarms:
We'll Crown them with Garlands gay,
and dress up our Houses, &c.

Those boys are the Pride of Britain,
They love us and so they may;
Dear Mother it is but fitting,
We shou'd be as kind as they:
The Conduits shall run with Wine,
We'll dress up our Houses, &c.

Those battling Sons of Thunder,
Now at their returning back;
I know they will be for Plunder,
Virginities go to wrack:
But let them do what they please,
We'll dress up our Houses, &c.

A SONG. Set and Sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE
at the Theatre.



FILL the Glafs, fill, fill, fill the Glafs,
Let Hautboys found, whilst bright *Celinda*,
Bright *Celinda's* Health go round.
Fill the Glafs, fill, fill, fill the Glafs,
Let Hautboys found, whilst bright *Celinda*,
Bright *Celinda's* Health goes round.

With

With eternal Beauty blest, ever blooming,
 Ever blooming still be best ;
 Drink your Glafs, drink your glafs,
 Drink your Glafs and think,
 Think, think the rest ;
 Drink your Glafs and think,
 Think, think the rest.



AN IRISH SONG.

HUB ub, ub, boo ;
 Hub ub, ub, boo ;
 Dish can't be true,
 De War dees cease,
 But der's no Peash,
 I know and find,
 'Tis Sheal'd and Sign'd,
 But won't believe 'tis true,
 Hub ub, ub, boo, Hub ub, ub, boo.

A hone, a hone,
 Poor Teague's undone,
 I dare not be
 A Rapparee,
 I ne'er shall see,
Magraw Macree,
 Nor my more dear Garone,
A hone, a hone.

Awa, awa,
 I must huzza,
 'Twill hide my Fears,
 And save my Ears,
 The Mob appears,
 Her'sh to Nassau,
 Dear Joy 'tis *Usquebaugh*,
 Huzza, Huzza, Huzza.

*The BATH Teazers: Or a Comical Description
of the Diversions at BATH.*



I'LL tell thee *Dick* where I have lately been,
There's rare doings at Bath,
 Amongst Beauties divine, the like was ne'er seen,
There's rare doings at Bath:
 And some dismal Wits that were eat up with Spleen,
There's rare doings at Bath,
There's rare doings at Bath,
Raffling and Fiddling, and Piping and Singing,
There's rare doings at Bath.

Where all drink the Waters to recover Health,
 And some sort of Fools there throw off their Wealth,
 And now and then Kissing, and that's done by stealth,
There's rare doings, &c.

And now for the Crew that pass in the Throng,
 That live by the Gut, or the Pipe, or the Song,
 And tease all the Gentry as they pass along,
There's rare doings, &c.

First

First Corbet began my Lord pray your Crown
You'll hear a new Boy I've Just brought to Town,
I'm sure he will please you, or else knock me down,
There's rare doings. &c.

Besides I can boast of my self and two more,
And Leveridge the Bass, that sweetly will roar,
'Till all the whole Audience joins in an ancore,
There's rare doings, &c.

Next H—b L—r and B—r too,
With Hautboy, one Fidle, and Tenor so bleu,
And fusty old Musick, not one Note of New,
There's rare doings, &c.

Next Morphem the Harper with his Pigg's Face,
Lye tickling a Treble, and vamping a Bass,
And all he can do 'tis but Musick's disgrace,
There's rare doings, &c.

Then comes the Eunuch to teaze them the more,
Subscribe your two Guineas to make up fourscore,
I never Perform'd at so low rate before,
There's rare doings, &c.

Then come the Strolers among the rest,
And little Punch Powel so full of his Jest,
With pray Sir, good Madam, its my Show is best,
There's rare doings, &c.

Thus being Tormented, and teaz'd to their Souls,
They thought the best way to get rid of these Fools,
The Case they referr'd to the Master of the R — is.
There's rare doings, &c

Says his Honour, and then he put on a Frown,
And since you have left it to my Thoughts alone,
I'll soon have them all whipp'd out of the Town,
O rare doings at Bath, Raffling, and Fidling, &c.

The Distress'd SHEPHERD, A SONG.

I Am a poor Shepherd undone,
 And cannot be Cur'd by Art;
 For a Nymph as bright as the Sun,
 Has stole away my Heart:
 And how to get it again,
 There's none but she can tell;
 To cure me of my Pain,
 By saying she loves me well:
 And alas poor Shepherd,
 Alack and a welladay;
 Before I was in Love,
 Oh every Month was *May*.

If

If to Love she cou'd not incline,
 I told her I'd die in an Hour;
 To die says she 'tis in thine,
 But to Love 'tis not in my Power,
 I askt her the Reason why,
 She could not of me approve;
 She said 'twas a Task too hard,
 To give any Reason for Love:
And alas poor Shepherd, &c.

She ask'd me of my Estate,
 I told her a Flock of Sheep;
 The Grass whereon they Graze,
 Where she and I might Sleep:
 Besides a good Ten Pound,
 In old King Harry's Groats;
 With Hooks and Crooks abound,
 And Birds of sundry Notes:
And alas poor Shepherd, &c.



A S O N G.

I Love to Madness, rave t' enjoy,
 But heaps of Wealth my Progress bar;
 Curse on the Load that stops my way,
 My Love's more Rich and Brighter far:
 Were I prest under Hills of Gold,
 My furious Sighs should make my escape;
 I'd figh and blow up all the Mould,
 And throw the Oar in Celia's Lap.

Were thou some Peasant mean and small,
 And all the spacious Globe were mine;
 I'd give the World, the Sun and all,
 For one kind brighter Glance of thine:
 This Hour let Celia with me live,
 And Gods cou'd I but of you borrow,
 I'd give what only you can give,
 For that dear Hour, I'd give to morrow.

The

The loving Couple : Or the Merry WEDDING.

A Jolly young Grocer of London Town,
 Fell deeply in Love with his Maid:
 And often he courted her to lye down,
 But she told him she was afraid:
 Sometimes he would struggle,
 But still she would Boggle,
 And never consent to his wicked Will;
 But said he must tarry,
 Until he would marry,
 And then he should have his fill.

But when that he found he could not obtain,
 The Blessing he thus pursu'd;
 For tho' he had try'd her again and again,
 She vow'd she wou'd not be leud:
 At last he submitted,
 To be so outwitted,

As to be catch'd in the Nuptial snare ;
 Altho' the young Huffle,
 Before had been busie,
 With one that she lov'd more dear.

The Morning after they marry'd were,
 The Drums and the Fiddles came ;
 Then oh what a thumping and scraping was there,
 To please the new marry'd Dame :
 There was fiddle come fiddle,
 With hey diddle diddle,
 And all the time that the Musick play'd ;
 There was Kissing and Loving,
 And Heaving and Shoving,
 For fear she should rise a Maid.

But e'er three Months they had marry'd been,
 A Thumping Boy popp'd out ;
 Adf—— says he you confounded Queen,
 Why what have you been about ?
 You're a Strumpet cries he,
 You're a Cuckold cries she,
 And when he found he was thus betray'd ;
 There was Fighting and Scratching,
 And Rogueing and Bitching,
 Because she had prov'd a Jade.



A S O N G. Tune of Chickens and Sparrow-grafs.

WHAT sayest thou,
 If one should thrust thee thro' ?
 What sayest thou,
 If one shou'd Plough ?
 I say Sir, you may do what you please,
 I shall scarce stir,
 Tho' you ne'er cease,
 Thro', thro', you may thrust me thro',
 Such Death is a Pleasure,
 When Life's a Disease.

The precaution'd Nymph, Set by L. Ramondon.



GO, go, go, go falsest of thy Sex be gone,
 Leave, leave, oh leave, leave me to my self alone;
 Why wou'd you strive by fond pretence,
 Thus to destroy my Innocence.

Know, *Celia* you too late betray'd,
 Then thus you did the Nymph upbraid;
 Love like a Dream usher'd by night,
 Flyes the approach of Morning light.

Go falsest of your Sex begone,
 Oh! Leave me to my self alone;
 She that believes Man when he swears,
 Or but regards his Oaths or Pray'rs,
 May she, fond she, be most accurst,
 Nay more, be subject to his Lust.

*The Life and Death of Sir HUGH of the
GRIME. To the Tune of Chevy-chace.*

AS it befel upon one time,
About *Mid-summer* of the Year;
Every Man was taxt of his Crime,
For stealing the good Lord Bishop's Mare.

The good Lord *Screw* saddled a Horse,
And rid after the same serime;
Before he did get over the Moss,
There was he aware of Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime*.

Turn, O turn, thou false Traytor,
Turn and yield thy self unto me;
Thou hast stol'n the Lord Bishop's Mare,
And now thinkest away to flee.

No, soft Lord *Screw*, that may not be,
Here is a broad Sword by my side;
And if that thou canst Conquer me,
The Victory will soon be try'd.

I ne'er was afraid of a Traytor bold,
Altho' thy Name be *Hugh* in the *Grime*;
I'll make thee repent thy Speeches foul,
If Day and Life but give me time.

Then do thy worst, good Lord *Screw*,
And deal your blows as fast as you can;
It will be try'd between me and you,
Which of us two shall be the best Man.

Thus as they dealt their blows so free,
And both so Bloody at that time;
Over the Moss ten Yeomen they see,
Come for to take Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime*.

Sir *Hugh* set his Back again a Tree,
 And then the Men compast him round;
 His mickle Sword from his Hand did flee,
 And then they brought Sir *Hugh* to the Ground.

Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime* now taken is,
 And brought back to *Garland Town*;
 Then cry'd the good Wives all in *Garland Town*,
 Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime*, thou'lt ne'er gang down.

The good Lord Bishop is come to Town,
 And on the Bench is set so high;
 And every Man was tax'd to his Crime,
 At length he called Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime*.

Here am I, thou false Bishop,
 Thy Humours all to fulfil;
 I do not think my Fact so great,
 But thou may'lt put into thy own Will.

The Quest of Jury-Men was call'd,
 The best that was in *Garland Town*;
 Eleven of them spoke all in a-breast,
 Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime* thou'lt ne'er gang down.

Then other Quettry-men was call'd,
 The best that was in *Rumary*;
 Twelve of them spoke all in a-breast,
 Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime* thou'lt now Guilty.

Then came down my good Lord *Bales*,
 Failing down upon his Knee;
 Five hundred Pieces of Gold will I give,
 To grant Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime* to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lord *Bales*,
 And of your Speeches set them by;
 If there be Eleven *Grimes* all of a Name,
 Then by my own Honour they all should dye.

Then came down my good Lady *Ward*,
 Falling low upon her Knee;
 Five hundred Measures of Gold I'll give,
 To grant Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime* to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lady *Ward*,
 None of your proffers shall him buy;
 For if there be Twelve *Grimes* all of a Name,
 By my own Honour all should dye.

Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime*'s condemn'd to dye,
 And of his Friends he had no lack;
 Fourteen Foot he leapt in his *Ward*,
 His Hands bound fast upon his Back.

Then he look'd over his left Shoulder,
 To see whom he could see or 'spye;
 There was he aware of his Father dear,
 Came tearing his Hair most pitifully.

Peace, peace, my Father dear,
 And of your Speeches set them by;
 Tho' they have bereav'd me of my Life,
 They cannot bereave me of Heaven so high.

He look'd over his right Shoulder,
 To see whom he could see or 'spye;
 There was he aware of his Mother dear,
 Came tearing her Hair most pitifully.

Pray have me remember'd to *Peggy* my Wife,
 As she and I walk'd over the Moor;
 She was the cause of the loss of my Life,
 And with the old Bishop she play'd the Whore.

Here *Johnny Armstrong*, take thou my Sword,
 That is made of the metal so fine;
 And when thou com'st to the Border side,
 Remember the Death of Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime*.

*The disappointed TAYLOR: Or good Work
done for Nothing.*



A Taylor good Lord, in the Time of Vacation,
When Cabbage was scarce and when Pocket was low
For the Sale of good Liquor pretended a Passion,
To one that sold Ale in a Cuckoldly Row:
Now a Louse made him Itch,
Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

One Day she came up, when at Work in his Garret
To tell what he Ow'd, that his Store he might know
Says he it is all very right I declare it,
Says she then I hope you will pay e'er I go?
Now a Louse, &c.

says Prick-Louse my Jewel, I love you most dearly,
My Breast every Minute still hotter does grow,
I only say for the Juice of my Barly,
And other good Drink in my Cellar below:
Now a Louse made him Itch,
Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

says he you mistake, 'tis for something that's better,
Which I dare not Name, and you care not to show;
says she I'm afraid you are given to flatter,
What is it you Mean, and pray where does it grow:
Now a Louse, &c.

says he 'tis a Thing that has never a handle,
'Tis hid in the Dark, and it lies pretty low;
says she then I fear that you must have a Candle;
Or else the wrong way you may happen to go:
Now a Louse, &c.

says he was it darker than ever was Chareole,
Tho' I never was there, yet the way do I know;
says she if it be such a terrible dark Hole,
Don't offer to Grope out your way to it so:
Now a Louse, &c.

says he you shall see I will quickly be at it,
For this is, oh this is the way that I'll go;
says she do not trouble me so for I hate it,
I vow by and by you will make me cry oh:
they both went to work,
Now a Kiss, then a Jirk,
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

The Taylor arose when the business was over;
says he you will rub out the Score e'er you go;
says she I shall not pay so dear for a Lover,
I'm not such a Fool I would have you to know:
Now a Louse made him Itch,
Here a Scratch there a Stitch,
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

*The Penurious QUAKER: Or, the High priz'd
HARLOT.*



Quaker. **M**Y Friend thy Beauty seemeth good,
We Righteous have our failings;
I'm Flesh and Blood, methinks I cou'd,
Wert thou but free from Ailings.

Harlot. Believe me Sir I'm newly broach'd,
And never have been in yet;
I vow and swear I ne'er was touch'd,
By Man 'till this day fennight.

Quaker. Then prithee Friend, now prithee do,
Nay, let us not defer it;
And I'll be kind to thee when thou
Hast laid the Evil Spirit.

Harlot. I vow I won't, indeed I shan't,
Unless I've Money first, Sir;
For if I ever trust a Saint,
I wish I may be curst, Sir.

Quaker. I cannot like the Wicked say,
I Love thee and Adore thee,
And therefore thou wilt make me pay,
So here is Six pence for thee.

Harlot. Confound you for a stingy tilbtg,
Do ye think I live by Stealing;
Farewel you Puritannick Prig,
I scorn to take your Shilling:



A SONG. Tune of the Old Rigadoon:

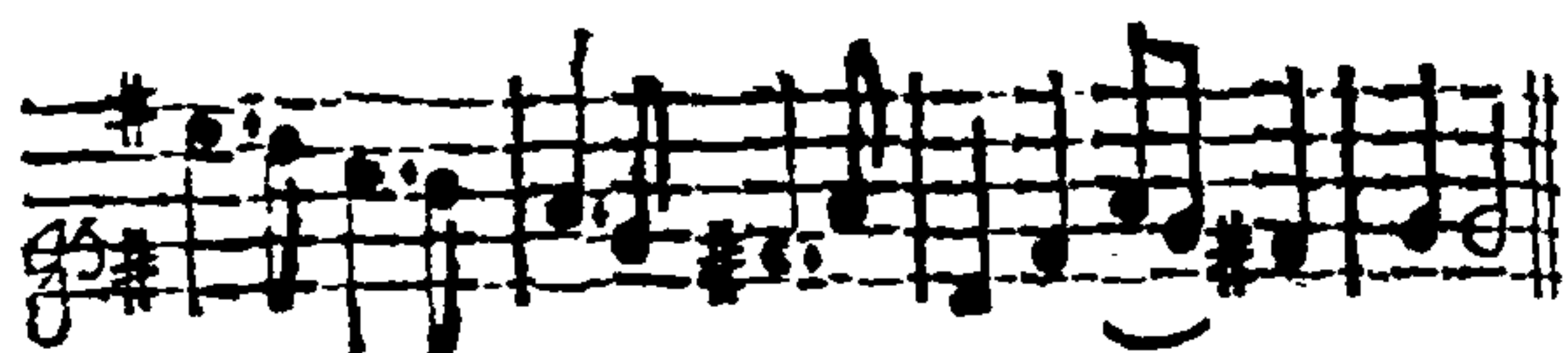
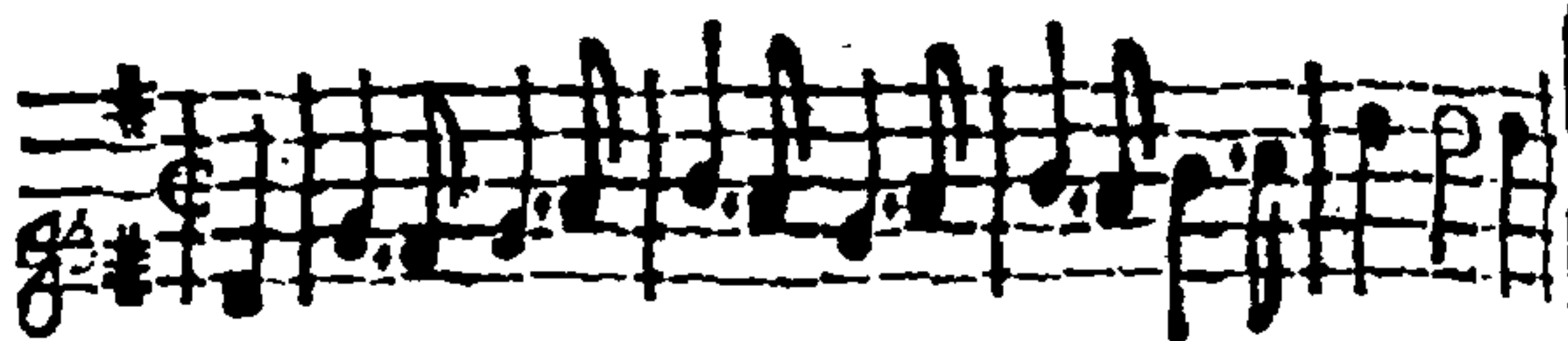
LAIS when you
Lye wrapp'd in Charms,
In your Spouses Arms,
How can you deny,
The Youth to try,
What is his due.

Sure you ne'er have
Been touch'd by Man,
That you ne'er can,
Admit the Slave.

Come let him in,
And if he does
Not pay what he owes,
Ne'er trust the Fool again.

Let another Spark supply his Place,
For a Woman should not want;
And Nature sure ne'er made a Man so base,
But with asking he would grant:
But if all Mankind were agreed to spoil your Race,
By Jove my Dear they shan't.

*The travelling TINKER, and the Country ALE-WIFE;
Or, the lucky Mending of the leaky COPPER.*



A Comely Dame of *Islington*,
Had got a leaky Copper;
The Hole that let the Liquor run,
Was wanting of a Stopper:
A Jolly *Tinker* undertook,
And promised her most fairly;
With a thump thump thump, and knick knack knock,
To do her Business rarely.

He turn'd the Vessel to the Ground,
Says he a good old Copper;
But well may't Leak, for I have found
A Hole in't that's a whopper:
But never doubt a *Tinker's* stroke,
Altho' he's black and furly,
With a thump thump thump, &c.
He'll do your Business purely.

The

The Man of Mettle open'd wide,
 His Budget's mouth to please her;
 Says he this Tool we oft employ'd,
 About such Jobbs as these are:
 With that the Jolly *Tinker* took,
 A Stroke or two most kindly;
 With a thump thump thump, &c.
 He did her Business finely.

As soon as Crock had done the Feat,
 He cry'd 'tis very hot ho;
 This thrifty Labour makes me Sweat,
 Here, gi's a cooling Pot ho:
 Says she bestow the other Stroke,
 Before you take your Farewel;
 With a thump thump thump; &c.
 And you may drink a Barrel.



A S O N G. Set by Mr. JOHN ABELL.

I'LL press, I'll bless thee Charming fair,
 Thou Darling of my Heart;
 I'll press, I'll bless thee Charming fair,
 Thou darling of my Heart:
 I'll clasp, I'll grasp thee close my Dear,
 And Doat on every Part.

I'll clasp, I'll grasp thee close my Dear,
 And Doat on every Part;
 I'll bless thee now thou Darling,
 Thou Darling of my Heart:
 I'll bless thee now; &c.

With fond excess of Pleasure,
 I'll make the Panting cry, Panting cry;
 Then wisely use your Treasure,
 Then wisely use your Treasure;
 Refusing, still comply.

A SONG.



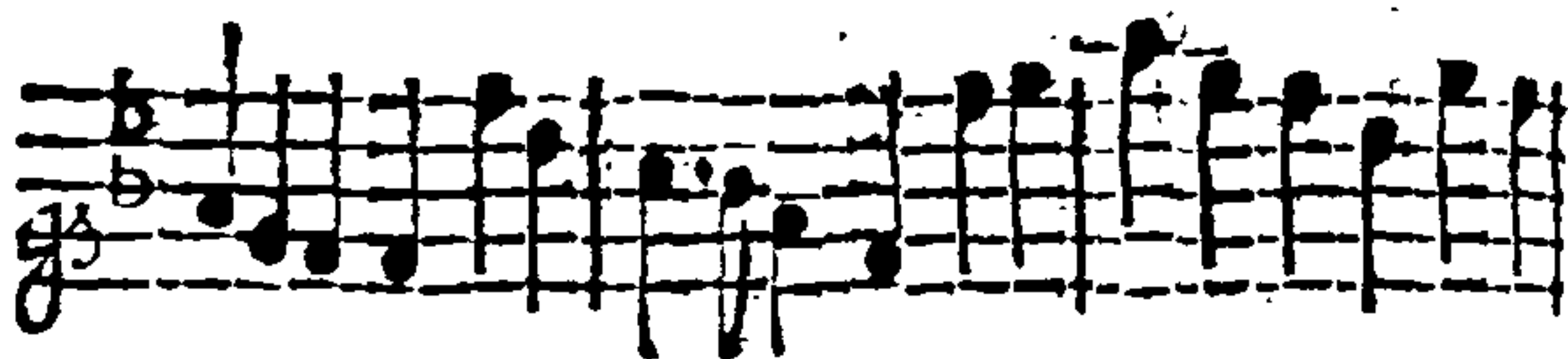
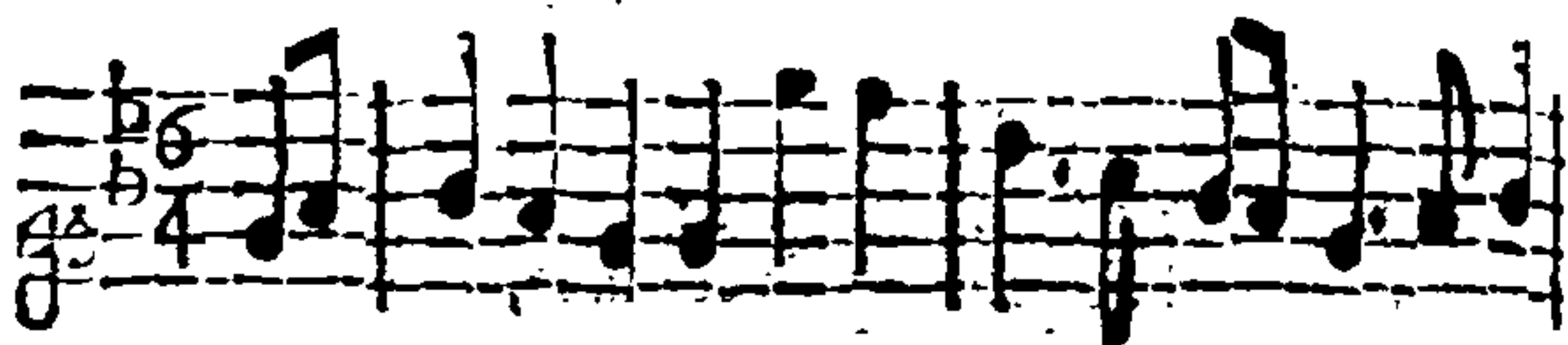
WHAT shall I do, I've lost my Heart,
 'Tis gone, 'tis gone I know not whither;
 Love cut its strings,
 Then lent it Wings,
 And both are flown together:
 Fair Ladies tell for Love's sweet sake,
 Did any of you find it?
 Come, come it lies,
 In your Lips or Eyes,
 Tho' you'll not please to mind it.

But if't be lost,
 Then farewell Frost,
 I will enquire no more;
 For Ladies they
 Steal Hearts away,
 But only to restore:
 For Ladies they, &c.

Tune, *si votr' epousa.*

CHLORIS, can you
 Forgive the fault that I have done :
Chloris can you
 Forgive me when I sue,
 Faith it is true,
 That had you let me farther gone,
 I had ruin'd you,
 And mischief'd my self too :
 Yet I ne'er should
 Have ventur'd on a Maid so Chast,
 Had not your Eye,
 Shot thro' my Soul,
 And conjur'd all the Sense away,
 That there did lye.

Lump

Lumps of PUDDING.

WHEN I was in the low Country,
 When I was in the low Country ;
 What slices of Pudding and pieces of Bread,
 My Mother gave me when I was in need.

My Mother she kill'd a good fat Hog,
 She made such Puddings would choak a Dog ;
 And I shall ne'er forget 'till I dee,
 What lumps of Pudding my Mother gave me.

She hung them up upon a Pin,
 The Fat run out and the Maggots crept in;
 If you won't believe me you may go and see,
 What lumps, &c.

And every Day my Mother would cry,
 Come stuff your Belly Girl until you die ;
 'Twould make you to laugh if you were to see,
 What lumps, &c.

I no sooner at Night was got into Bed,
 But she all in kindness would come with speed ;
 She gave me such parcels I thought I should dee,
 With eating of Pudding, &c.

At

At last I Rambled abroad and then,
I met in my Frolick an honest Man;
Quoth he my dear *Philli* I'll give unto thee,
Such Pudding you never did see.

Said I honest Man, I thank thee most kind,
And as he told me indeed I did find;
He gave me a lump which did so agree,
One bit was worth all my Mother gave me.



The QUAKER'S SONG.

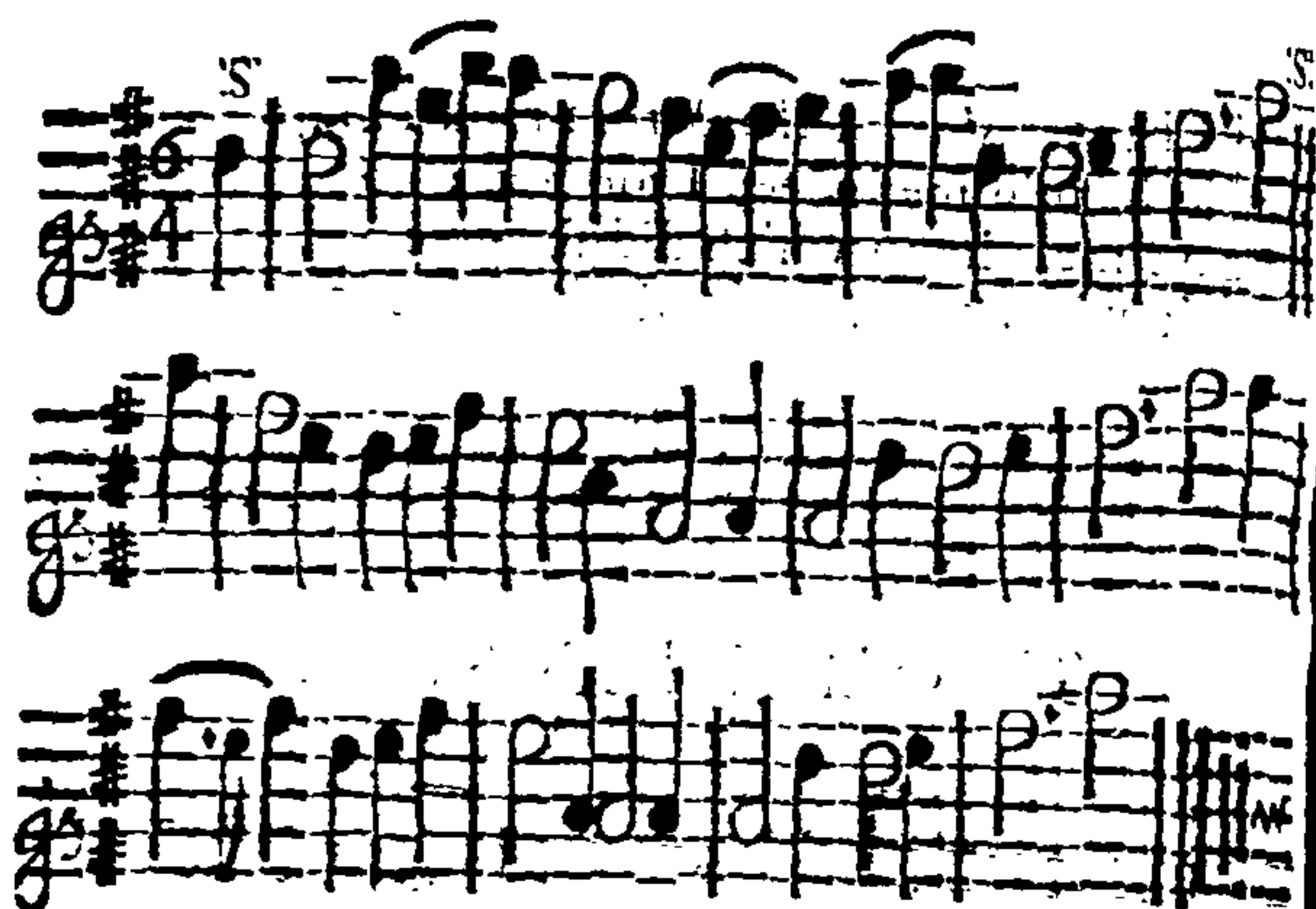


WALK up to Virtue Strait,
And from all Vice retire;
Turn not on this Hand nor on that,
To compass thy Desire.

Side not with wicked ones,
Nor such as are Prophane;
But side with good and godly ones,
That come from *Amsterdam*.

Arm not thy self with Pride,
That's not the way to Blifs;
But Arm thy self with holy Zeal;
And take this loving Kifs.

A S O N G.



L ORENZO you amaze the Town,
 And with your Charms undo, Sir;
Laurinda can resist a Frown,
 - But must not be from you, Sir:
 You make them all resign their Hearts,
 And fix their Eyes a gazing;
 The *Percupine* has not more Darts,
 From every part amazing.

You Bill and Coe when you are kind,
 And happy's the Nymph believes you;
 You are true, but you are not Blind,
 For never a Nymph deceives you:
 Tho' she were naught, you'll ne'er be caught,
 But still have your Wits about you;
 You're a Hero, and you have Fought,
 There's ne'er a Hector can flout you.

You are good, and you are bad,
 And you can be what you please, Sir;
 You are an honest trusty Lad,
 And I'll Wager ne'er had the Disease, Sir:

Then

Then here's to you, a Glass or two,
 For farther I dare not venture;
 And then my Dear I bid thee adieu,
 For I must be now a Dissenter.

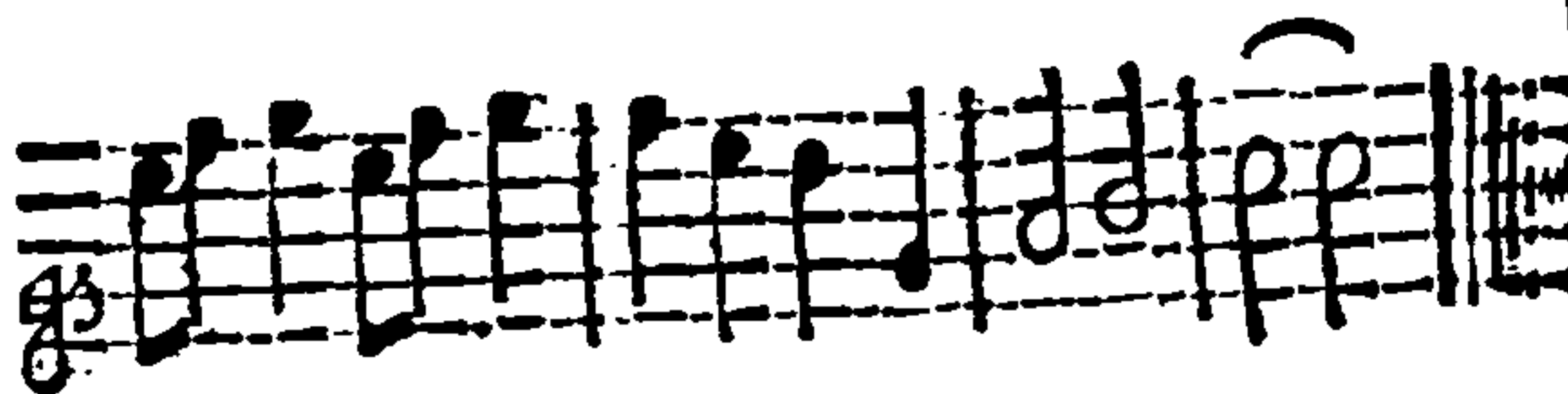
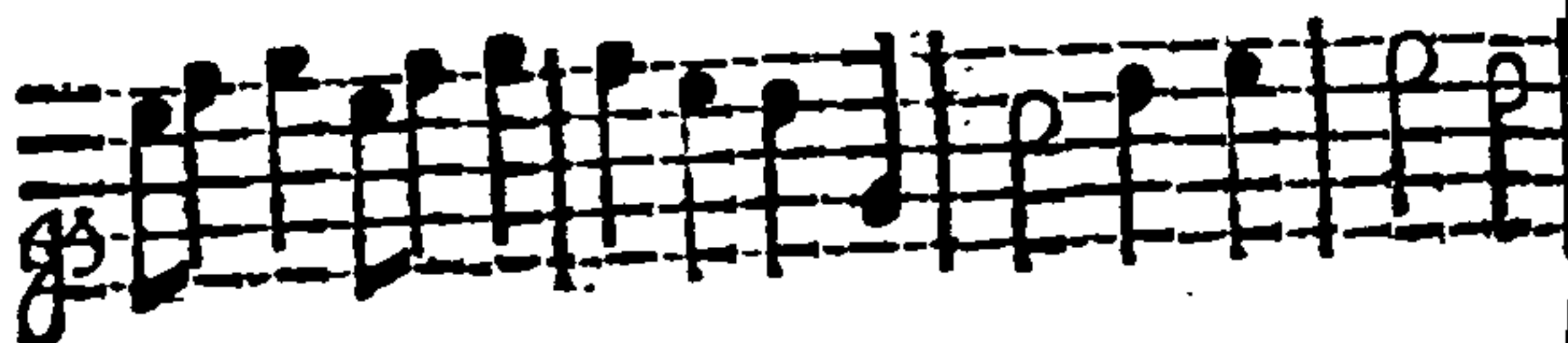
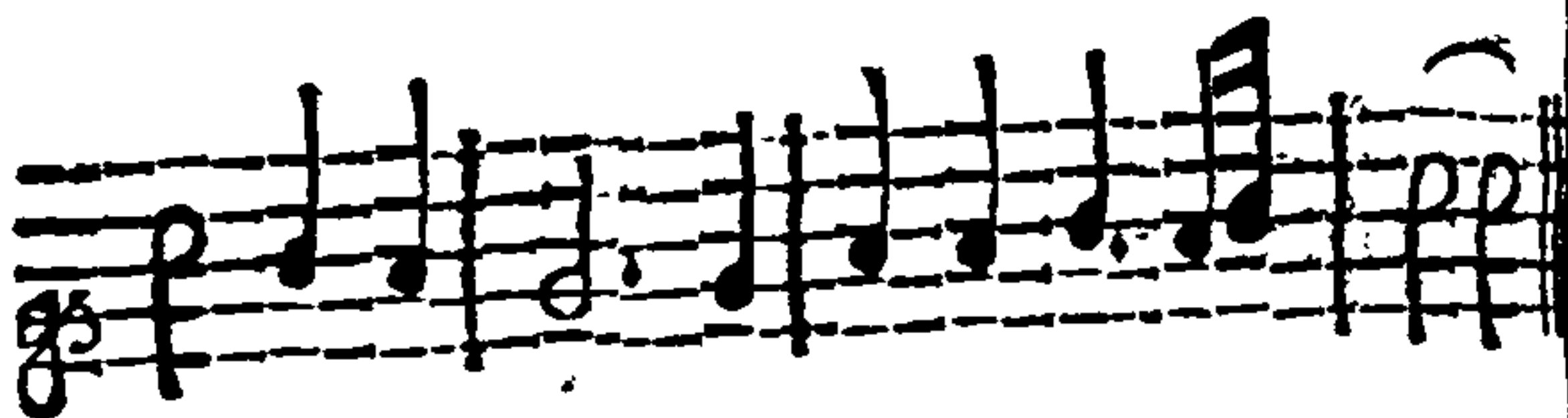
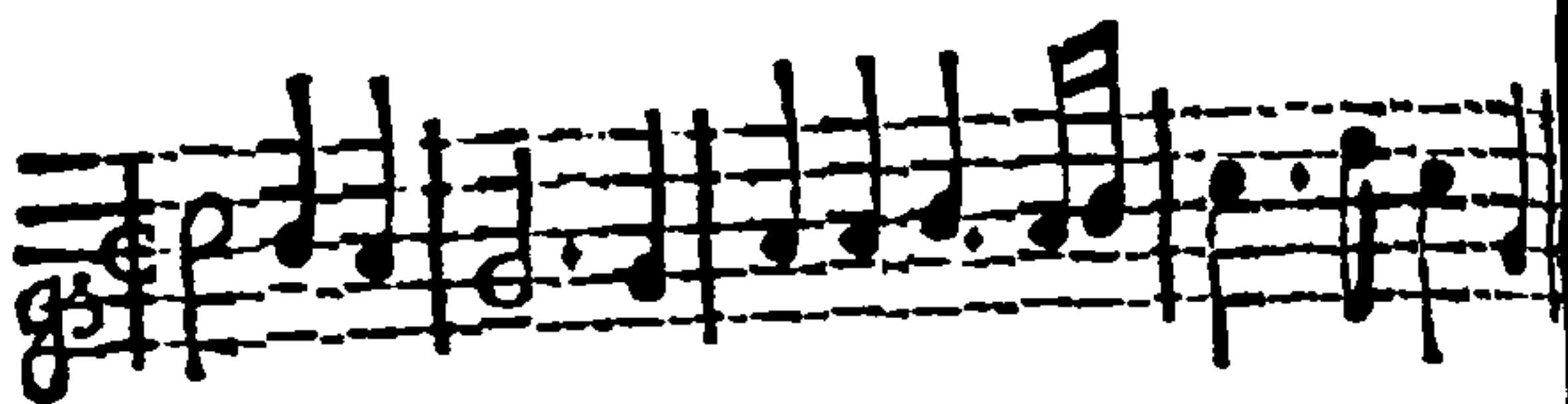
A SONG.

Tune of Oh! how happy's he. Pag. 104.

AH! how happy's he,
 Lives from drinking free,
 Can enjoy his Humour, Paper and his Pen;
 Nor ensnar'd with Wine,
 Or some Whores design,
 But in harmless Sonnets thinking does ever mend;
 Prigs shall never vex him,
 Pox shall ne'er perplex him,
 If his Pocket's full, sits down and counts his Joy;
 If it be not so,
 Takes a Tune or two,
 Till by wise Content, his trouble does destroy.

When a Monarch reels,
 He his Thoughts conceals,
 Whether Whig or Tory, never does express;
 With a sober Dose
 Of Coffee funks his Nose,
 And reading all the News does leave the World to guess:
 But when his Noddle's full,
 O then he hugs his Soul,
 And homeward fluth'd with Joy does trudge apace,
 When on Pillow laid,
 Then with Mind display'd
 Argues with himself the Queen and Nation's Case,

A SONG.



HAD I but Love;
 I'd quit all Treasure;
 Had I but Love,
 I'd Envy none above:
 Camp and Court,
 Have no such Pleasure;
 Camp and Court,
 Have both such pretty Sport.

Wo. Let me alone, let me alone,
 Says the Fool,
 Or I'll cry out, Sir;

Man. Prithee do, prithee do,
 With all my Soul,
 But you shan't stir.

Such is Love,
 And such is living,
 Such is Love,
 And such was mighty Jove:
 Gods, and Kings,
 Have both been contriving,
 Gods and Kings,
 To catch these pretty things.

Wo. Let me go, what d'ye do, pray forbear,
 Alas I cannot bear it;

Man. Hold your Tongue, hold your Tongue,
 Never fear you peevish Chit.



A S O N G. Set by Mr. F R A N K.

LOVE's Passion never knew 'till this,
 A blissful Happiness like mine;
 With Joy now *Celia* crowns my wish,
 And *Cupid* both our Hearts does joyn:
 With Joy now *Celia* crowns my wish,
 And *Cupid* both our Hearts does joyn.

Whene'er our Hearts dart fiery Beams,
 Fierce as the pangs of our Desires;
 The meeting Glances kindle flames
 More pure than fancied fires:
 Then *Celia* let's no Pleasure want,
 To perfect the most happy State;
 The bliss you fear too soon to grant,
 You'll rather think enjoyed too late.

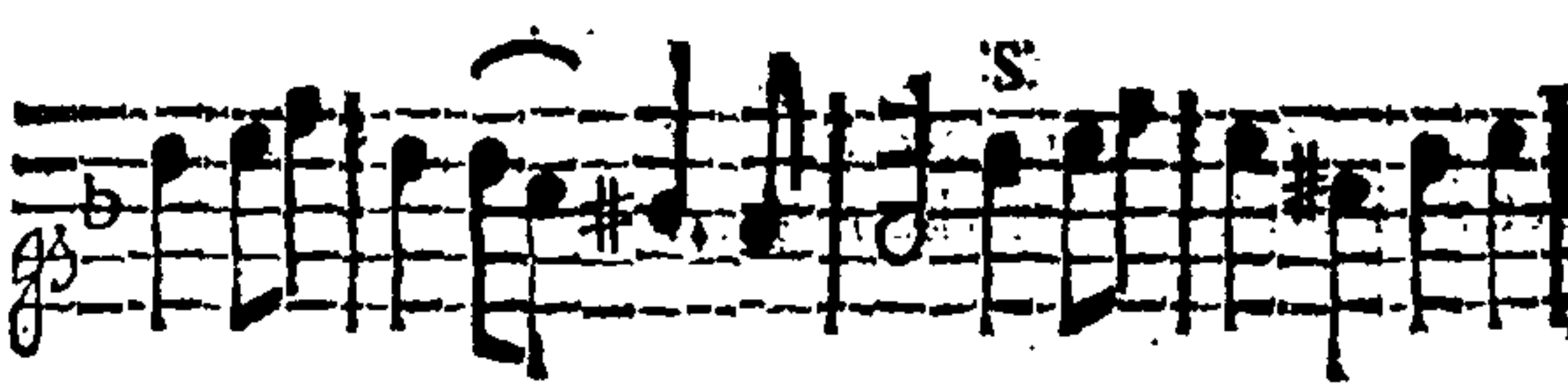
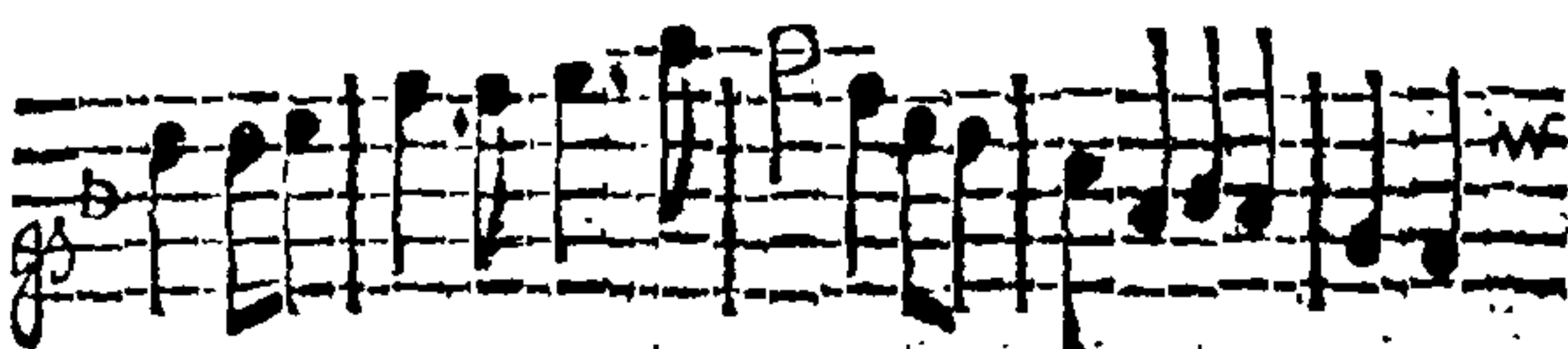
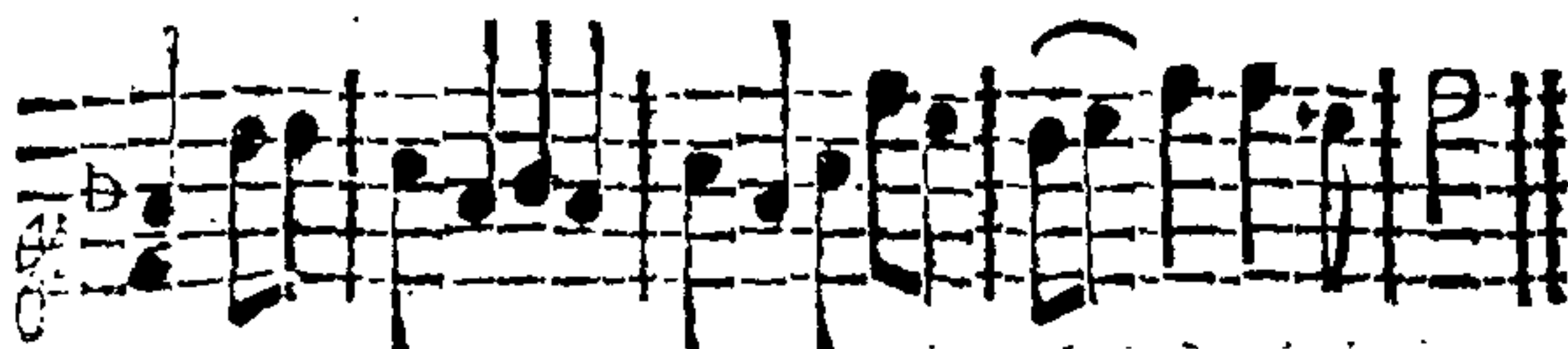
A SONG. Set by Mr. ABELL.



Cælia be not too complying,
 Ease not soon a Lovers pain;
 Love increases by denying,
 Soon we leave what soon we gain.
Cælia be not too complying, &c.

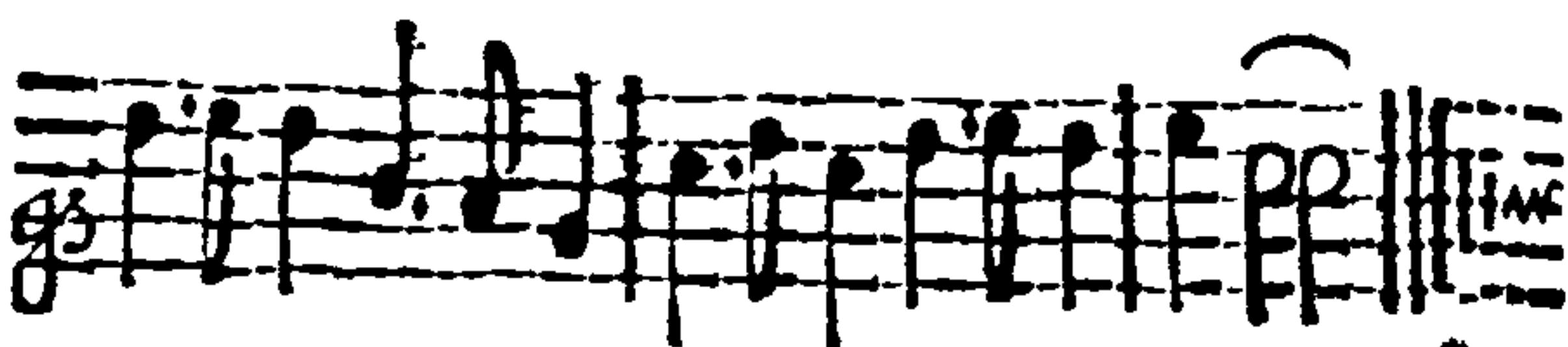
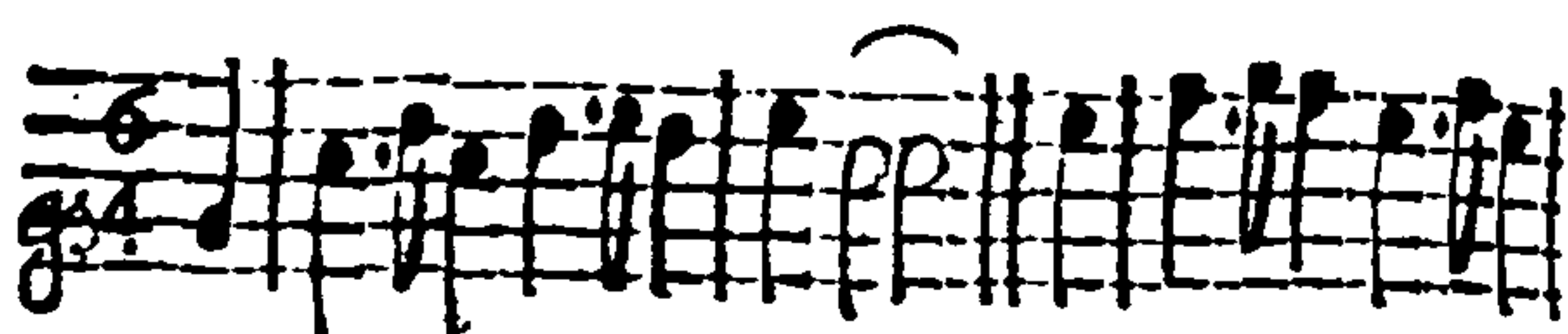
If in Courtship you're delighting,
 And wou'd no Adorer loose;
 Let your looks be still inviting,
 But your Verrue still refuse.
Let your looks be still inviting, &c.

A SONG. Set by Mr. A B E L L.



A Little Love may prove a Pleasure,
 Too great a Passion is a Pain;
 When we our Flame by reason measure,
 Blest is our Fate, and light our Chain:
 Who then would long a Slave remain?
 True Hearts are like a Fairy Treasure,
 Talk'd of, but ever sought in vain;
 A little Love may prove a Pleasure,
 Too great a Passion is a Pain.

A SONG.



WHEN first I lay'd Siege to my *Chloris*,
 When first I lay'd Siege to my *Chloris*;
 Cannon Oaths I brought down,
 To batter the Town,
 And boom'd her with amorous Stories.

Billet deux like small Shot did so ply her,
 Billet deux like small Shot did so ply her;
 And sometimes a Song,
 Went whistling along,
 Yet still I was never the nigher.

At length she sent Word by a Trumpet,
 At length she sent Word by a Trumpet,
 That if I lik'd the Life,
 She would be my Wife,
 But she would be no Man's Strumpet.

I told her that *Mars* wou'd ne'er Marry,
 I told her that *Mars* wou'd ne'er Marry;
 I swore by my Scars,
 Got in Combates and Wars,
 That I'd rather dig Stones in a Quarry.

At length she granted the Favour,
 At length she granted the Favour;
 With the dull Curse,
 For better for worse,
 And saved the Parson the Labour.

A SONG. Set by Seignor BAPTIST.



WH Y alas do you now leave me,
 You who vow'd a Love so true;
 Can you hope whilst you deceive me,
 Others will be just to you?
 Oh you know what you forsake,
 You're pursuing,
 My undoing,
 But you know not what you take.

Is your fit of Passion over,
 Will you Kill me dear unkind;
 Is your Heart then such a Rover,
 As no Vows, no Oaths can bind:
 Hear at least my last adieu,
 See me lying,
 See me dying,
 And remember 'tis for you:

A SONG. Set by Mr. AKEROYDE.



WHEN Beauty such as yours has mov'd desires,
 A kind return, a kind return,
 Should raise the glowing Fires;
 But tho' you hate me, I am still
 Devoted wholly to your Will:
 Not all your Frowns can quench my Flame,
 My Love is something more than Name,
 And as it ought, will ever, ever be the same.

A SONG. Set by Mr. FRANK.



SEE bleeding at your Feet there lies,
 One murder'd by Disdain;
 That Heart you wounded with your Eyes,
 Is by your Rigour slain:
 Expiring now I cannot live,
 Death no delay will brook,
 Unless some pitying word you give,
 Or kind relenting Look,
 Or kind relenting Look.

For

For then from Fate by Rapture born,
 And taken from your Arms;
 The Heart thus rescued from your Scorn,
 I'll offer to your Charms:
 Love's eager Rites, I'll then pursue,
 And Sacrificing dye;
 Altar and Beauteous Goddess you,
 And Priest, and Victim I.



*The good Fellow's Resolve: Tune as May was in
 her youthful Dress. Vol. 3. P. 199.*

NOW I'm resolv'd to Love no more,
 But Sleep by Night, and Drink by Day;
 Your Coyneſs *Chloris* pray give o'er,
 And turn your tempting Eyes away:
 I'll place no happineſs of mine,
 On fading Beauty ſtill to court;
 And ſay ſhe's glorious and divine,
 When there's in Drinking better ſport.

Love has no more Prerogative,
 To make me deſperate Courſes take;
 Nor me of *Bacchus* Joys deprive,
 For them I *Venus* will forſake:
 Deſpiſe the feeble Nets ſhe lays,
 And ſcorn the Man ſhe can o'ercome;
 In Drinking we ſee happy Days,
 But in a fruitleſs Paſſion none.

'Tis Wine alone that cheers the Soul,
 But Love and Women make us ſad;
 I'm merry while I court the Bowl,
 Whiſt he that Courts his Madam's mad.
 Then fill it up Boys to the brim,
 Since in it we reſreſhment find;
 Come here's a Bumper unto him,
 That courts good Wine, not Woman-kind.

A SONG. Set by Mr. FRANK.



WHEN crafty Fowlers would surprize,
 The harmonious Lark that roars on high;
 It is by glancing in his Eyes,
 The Sun-shine Rays which draws him nigh:
 It is by, &c. . . .

Charm'd with Reflections from the Glase,
 He flies with eager hasty speed;
 Ceasing the Musick of his Lays,
 Into the Nets the Fowler spread.

So when Clemelia would obtain,
 The Prey her Fancy most desires;
 She spreads her Dress like Nets in vain,
 And all her Youthful gay attires.

Till watching Opportunity,
 She throws an Amorous charming Glance,
 Then to her Net the Youth does flie,
 And lies entangled in a Trance.

A SONG. Set by Dr. BLOW.



BOASTING Fops who court the Fair,
 For the Fame of being lov'd;
 You who daily prating are
 Of the Hearts your Charms have mov'd,
 Still be vain in talk and dress,
 But while Shadows you pursue;
 Own that some who boast it less,
 May be blest as much as you.

Love and Birding are Ally'd,
 Baits and Nets alike they have;
 The same Arts in both are try'd,
 The unwary to inflave:
 If in each you'd happy prove,
 Without Noise still watch your way;
 For in Birding and in Love,
 While we talk it flies away.

A SONG.

MUST Love, that Tyrant of the Breast,
 Have all our Songs, have all our Hours;
 Whilst he alone disturbs our Rest,
 And with his Cares our Hearts devours,
 And with his Cares our Hearts devours:
 No more let's blame ignoble Souls,
 Who doat on Arbitrary Powers;
 Since cruel Love our Wills controuls,
 Yet all the World, yet all the World the Toy adores.

For shame let's break the feeble Bonds,
 And our old Liberty regain;
 Love against Reason seldom stands,
 Whenever that sways, its Power is vain:
 When Man the prize of Freedom knows,
Cupid is easily out-brav'd;
 The Bug-bear only conquers those,
 Who fondly seek to be enslav'd.



The Woman's Complaint to her Neighbour.



GOOD morrow Gossip Joan,
 Where have you been a Walking?
 I have for you at Home,
 A Budget full of Talking,

Gossip Joan.

My Sparrow's flown away,
 And will no more come to me;

316 PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

I've broke a Glas to Day,
The Price will quite undo me,
Gossip Joan.

I've lost a Harry Groat,
Was left me by my Granny;
I cannot find it out,
I've search'd in every Cranny,
Gossip Joan.

My Goose has laid away,
I know not what's the Reason;
My Hen has hatch'd to Day,
A Week before the Season,
Gossip Joan.

I've lost my Wedding-Ring,
That was made of Silver gilt;
I had Drink would please a King,
And the whorish Cat has spill'd it,
Gossip Joan.

My Duck has eat a Snail,
And is not that a Wonder;
The HORNS bud out at Tail,
And have split her Rump afunder,
Gossip Joan.

My Pocket is cut off,
That was full of Sugar-candy;
I cannot stop my Cough,
Without a Gill of Brandy,
Gossip Joan.

O I am-sick at Heart,
Therefore pray give me some Ginger;
I cannot Sneeze or Fart,
Therefore pray put in Finger,
Gossip Joan.

O pity, pity me,
Or I shall go Distracted;
I have cry'd 'till I can't see,
To think how things are acted,
Gossip Joan.

Let's to the Ale-house go,
And wash down all my Sorrow;
My Griefs you there shall know,
And we'll meet again to Morrow,
Gossip Joan.

A SONG, Set by Mr. Jer. Clark.



'M vext to think that *Damon* wooes me,
 Who with Sighs and Tears pursues me;
 He still whining and repining,
 Of my Rigour does complain:
 'd not see him, yet wou'd free him,
 And my self, my self from pain:
 'll enjoy him, and so cloy him,
 Love cures Love, more, more than Disdain.

A SONG, by Mr. Burkhead.



Claspt in my dear *Melinda's* Arms,
 Soft engaging, oh how she Charms;
 Graces more divine,
 In her Person shine,
 Then *Venus* self cou'd ever boast.

In the softest Moments of Love,
 Melting, Panting, oh how she moves;
 Come, come, come my Dear,
 Now we've nought to fear,
 Mortal fure was never so blest,
 Come, come, come, &c.

Pray don't trifle, my dearest forbear,
 I shall die with Transports I fear;
 Clasp me fast my Life,
 'Twill more Pleasure give,
 Both our stocks of Love let's Joyn,
 Clasp me, &c.

Now our Souls are charm'd in Bliss,
 Raptures flow from every Kiss;
 Words cannot reveal,
 The fierce Joys I feel,
 'Tis too much to bear and live,
 Words cannot, &c.

*A SONG, in the Play call'd the Ladies Fine
Aires: Sung by Mr. Pack, in the Figure of a
Bawd. Set by Mr. Barrett.*



HOW happy are we,
Who from thinking are free,
That curbing Disease o'the Mind:
Can indulge every Taste,
Love where we like best,
Not by dull Reputation confin'd:

When we're young fit to toy,
Gay Delights we enjoy,
And have crowds of new Lovers wooing;
When we're old and decay'd,
We procure for the Trade,
Still in ev'ry Age we're doing.

If a Cully we meet,
We spend what we get,
E'ery day for the next never think:
When we dye where we go,
We have no Sense to know,
For a Bawd always dyes in her drink.

A SONG. Set by Mr. FRANK.



ERE *Phillis* with her looks did kill,
 My Heart resisting,
 My Heart resisting them was ill;
 Now in its VVounds it finds a Cure,
 VVhen molt they bleed, I least endure.

For tho' 'tis Death those looks to meet,
 There's Life in dying at her feet;
 Kill *Phillis* then, kill with your Eyes,
 If you let *Strephon* live he dyes.

A SONG. Set by Mr. KING.



NOT your Eyes *Melania* move me,
 Not your flowring Charms or Wit;
 Not your daily Vows to love me,
 Make my easy Soul submit.
 Shape nor Dress can never sway me,
 Nor the softest looks betray me;
Shape nor Face can never sway me,
Nor the softest looks betray me.

But your Mind, my Dear subdues me,
 Where a thousand Graces shine;
 Goodness, Love, and Honour moves me,
 And my Passion's all Divine.
 Goodness as a boundless Treasure,
 Yields the purest sweetest Pleasure.

A S O N G.



THEN come kind *Damon*, come away,
 To *Cynthia's* power advance;
 The *Sylvians* they shall pipe and play,
 And we'll lead up, and we'll lead up,
 And we'll lead up the Dance:
 The *Sylvians* they shall pipe and play,
 And we'll lead up, and we'll lead up,
 And we'll lead up the Dance;
 The *Sylvians* they, &c.

Smile

Smile then with a Beam Divine,
 We'll be blest if you but shine;
 Happy then our Pains and Toils,
 Wit only lives when Beauty smiles:
 Happy then our Pains and Toils,
 Wit only lives, Wit only lives,
 When Beauty smiles;
 Wit only lives, &c.



*The Soldiers return from the Wars, or the Maids
 and Widdows Rejoycing. Tune Page 278.*

AT the Change as I was walking,
 I heard a Discourse of Peace;
 The People all were a Talking,
 That the tedious Wars will cease:
 And if it do prove but true,
 The Maids will run out of their Houses,
 To see the Troopers all come Home,
 And the Grenadiers with their Drum a Drum Drum,
 Then the Widdows shall all have Spouses.

The Scarlet colour is fine, Sir,
 All others it doth excel;
 The Trooper has a Carbine, Sir,
 That will please the Maidens well:
 And when it is Cock'd and Prim'd, Sir,
 The Maids will run out of their Houses,
 To see the Troopers come come come, &c.

There's Joan, and Betty, and Nelly,
 And the rest of the Female Crew;
 Each has an Itch in her Belly,
 To play with the Scarlet hue:
 And Marg'ret too must be peeping,
 To see the Troopers, &c.

The Landladys are preparing,
 Her Maids are shifting their Smocks;
 Each swears she'll buy her a Fairing,
 And opens her Christmas-box:

She'll

She'll give it all to the Red-coats,
When as the Troopers, &c.

Jenny she lov'd a Trooper,
 And she shew'd her all her Geer;
 Doll has turn'd off the Cooper,
 And now for a Grenadier:
 His hand Grenadoes they will please her,
When as the Troopers, &c.

Old musty Maids that have Money,
 Altho' no Teeth in their Heads;
 May have a Bit for their Bunny,
 To pleasure them in their Beds:
 Their Hearts will turn to the Red-coats,
When as the Troopers, &c.

The Widdows now are a Singing,
 And have thrown their Peaks aside;
 For they have been us'd to stinging,
 When their Garters were unty'd:
 But the Red-coats they will tye 'em,
When as the Troopers, &c.

Wives and Widdows and Maidens,
 I'm sure this News will please ye;
 If any with Maiden-heads laden,
 The Red-coats they will ease ye:
 Then all prepare to be happy,
To see the Troopers all come Home, &c.



A SONG. Tune of Old Boree.

COME *Celia* come, let's sit and talk a while,
 About the Affairs of Loving:
 Let a mutual Kiss our Cares and Fears beguile,
 Far distant from this Grove:
 Let's pass our Time in Mirth away,
 Now we're remov'd from the noisy, noisy Court;
 Now we're got out of the stormy Sea,
 Into the safer Port.

A SONG. Set by Mr. Damascene.



WHO can *Dorinda's* Beauty view,
And not her Captive be;

Apollo, Daphne did pursue,

Embraced the Maid, tho' chang'd to a Tree:

If God's could love at such a rate,

Poor Mortals must adore;

Dorinda's Merit is as great,

'Tis just, 'tis just to love her more.

A HYMN upon the Execution of two CRIMINALS,
by Mr. RAMONDON.



ALL you that must take a leap in the Dark,
Pity the Fate of *Lawson* and *Clark*;
Cheated by Hope, by Mercy amus'd,
Betray'd by the sinful ways we us'd:
Cropp'd in our Prime of Strength and Youth,
Who can but weep at so sad a Truth;
Cropp'd in our Prime, &c.

Once

Once we thought 'twould never be Night,
 But now alas 'twill never be light;
 Heavenly mercy shine on our Souls,
 Death draws near, hark, *Sepulchres* Bell Toles:
 Nature is stronger in Youth than in Age,
 Grant us thy Spirit Lord Grief to assuage:

Courses of Evil brought us to this,
 Sinful Pleasure, deceitful Bliss:
 We ne'er shou'd have cause so much to repent,
 Could we with our Callings have been but Content:
 The Snares of Wine and Women fair,
 First were the cause that we now Despair.

You that now view our fatal End,
 Warn'd by our Case your Carriage mend;
 Soon or late grim Death will come,
 Who'd not prepare for a certain Doom:
 Span long Life with lifeless Joys,
 What's in this World but care and noise.

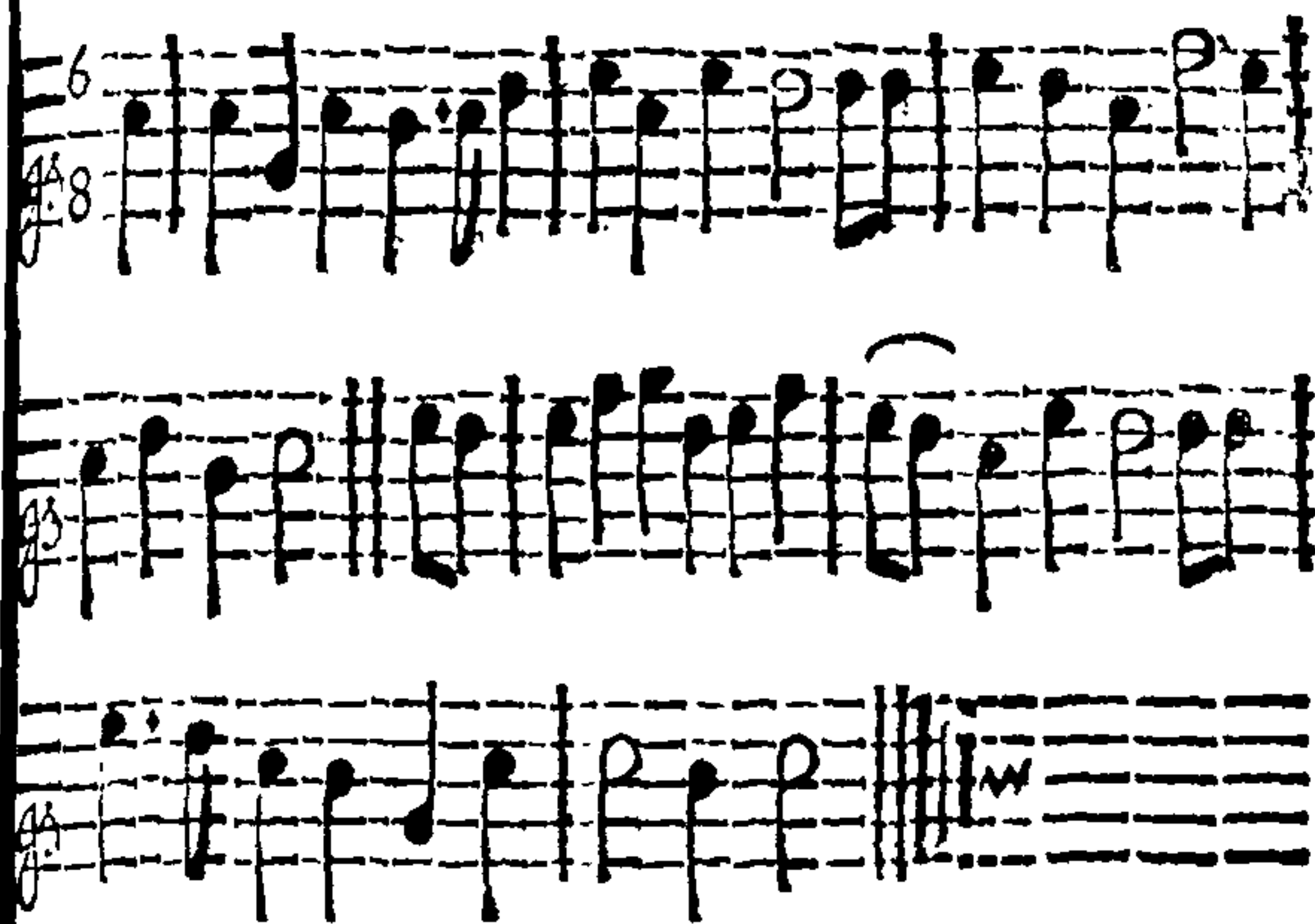
Youth, tho' most blest by being so,
 As vast thy Joy, as great thy Woe;
 Ev'ry Sin that gives Delight,
 Will in the end the Soul affright:
 'Tis not thy Youth, thy Wealth nor Strength,
 Can add to Life one Moments length.

God is as Merciful as Just,
 Cleanse our Hearts, since die we must:
 Sweet Temptations of worldly Joys,
 Makes for our Grief, and our Peace destroys,
 Think then when Man his Race has run,
 Death is the Prize which he has won.

Sure there's none so absurd and odd,
 To think with the Fool there is no God;
 What is't we fear when Death we meet,
 Where't not t' account at the Judgment-Seat?
 That Providence we find each Hour,
 Proves a supernatural Power;

In Mercy open thy bright Abode,
 Receive our Souls tremendous God,

The British ACCOUNTANT.



YOU Ladies draw near, I can tell you good News,
 If you please to give Ear, or else you may Choose;
 Of a *British Accountant* that's Frolick and free,
 Who does wonderous Feats by the Rule of Three.

Addition, Division, and other such Rules,
 I'll leave to be us'd by your Scribling Fools;
 This Art is Improv'd unto such a Degree,
 That he manages all by the Rule of Three.

You Dames that are Wed who can make it appear,
 That you lose an Estate for want of an Heir:
 This *Accountant* will come without e'er a Fee,
 And warrants a Boy by his Rule of Three.

Is the Widdow distress'd for the loss of her Spouse,
 Tho' to have him again she cares not a Louse;
 Her Wants he supplys whatsoever they be,
 And all by his Art in the Rule of Three.

Do you Dream in the Night and fret at your Fate,
 For want of the Man when you happen to wake;
 You may presently send and satisfy'd be,
 That he Pacifies all by the Rule of Three.

You

You Ladies who are with a Husband unblest,
And are minded to make him a delicate Beast ;
He'll fix the Brow-antlers just where they should be,
And all by his Art in the Rule of Three.

You Lasses at large of the true Female Race,
Who are glad of the Men who will lye on their Face
Do but try the bold *Britton*, you all will agree,
That you never did know such a Rule of Three.



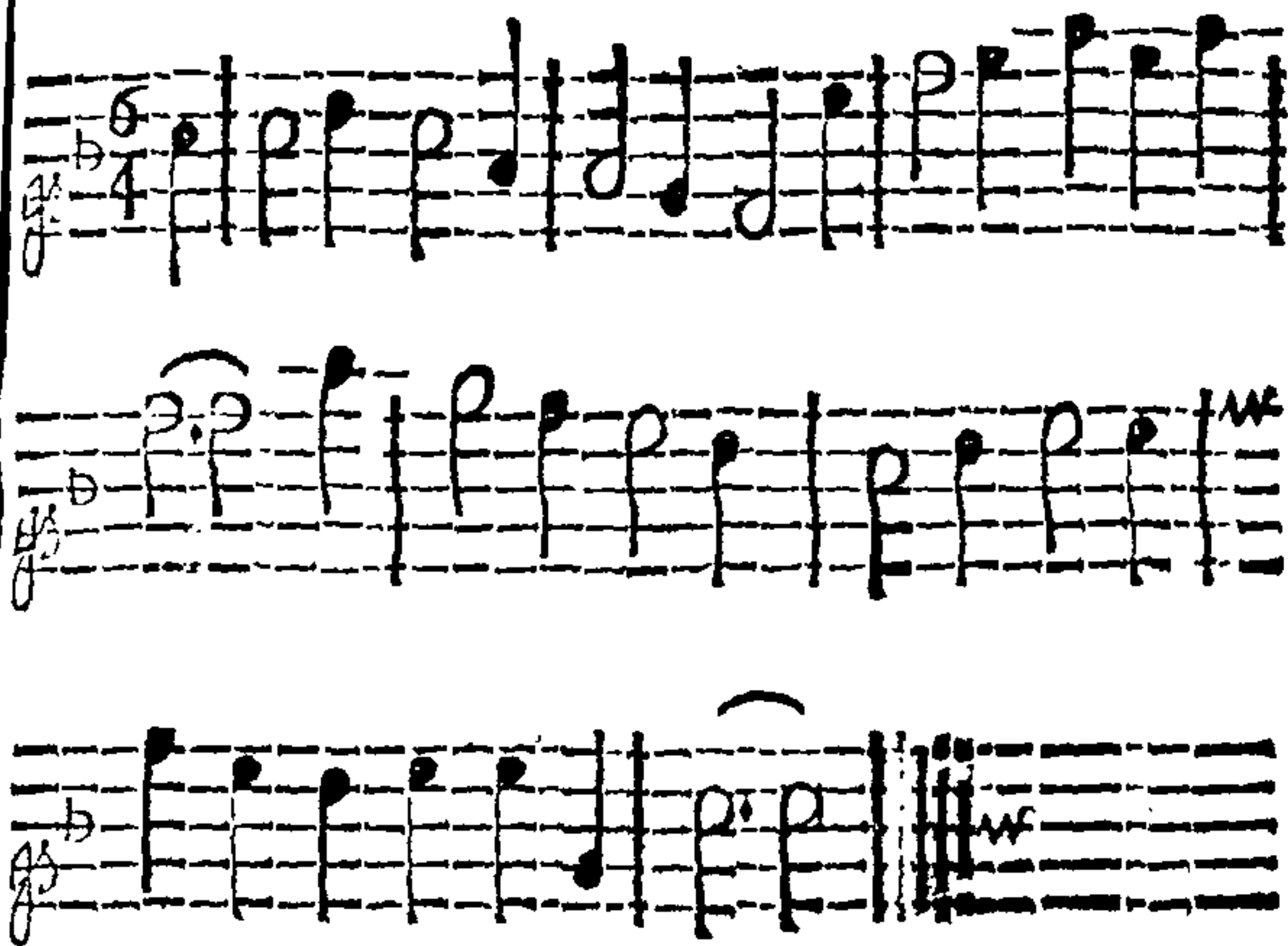
A SONG. Set by Mr. F R A N K.

THE Night is come that will allow,
No longer any Coyness now,
But every freedom must to Love be given ;
What tho' the Shadows of the Night,
Withdraw her Beauty from his sight,
The Youth another way, another way,
Another way will find his Heav'n.

See, see the charming Nymph is lay'd,
Never again to rise a Maid,
The vigorous Bridegroom now impatient grown ;
Thrown himself by her side,
With eager Joy, and amorous Pride,
Ready to seize the Prey that's now his own.

And now that all have left the Place,
Transporting Joys crowd on apace,
The Nymph contends like one that would not win ;
Entrain'd with Pleasure now she lies,
The Youth has gain'd the noble Prize,
And now her Fears are past, and Joys begin.

A SONG. The Words by Mr. ESCOURT.



YOU tell me *Dick* you've lately read,
That we are beaten in *Spain*;
But prithee Boy hold up thy Head,
We'll beat 'em twice for it again,
With a Fal la la la la la la la.

Is this the Courage you us'd to boast,
Why thou art quite cast down;
You can reflect on what we've lost,
But ne'er think what we've won,
With a Fal, &c.

What tho' *Jack Spaniard* crack and bounce,
He ne'er shall do so again;
We took last Year as many Towns,
As they have now took Men,
With a Fal, &c.

In War and Gaming it is the same,
According to the old Saying;
Who's sure to conquer ev'ry Game,
Quite loses the Pleasure of playing:
With a Fal, &c.

I think we have a Man of our own,
 A Man if I may call him so;
 For after those great Deeds he has done,
 I may question if he's so or no,
With a Fal, &c.

But now if you wou'd know his Name,
 'Tis *Johnny Marlborough*;
 The beaten *French* has felt his Fame,
 And so shall the Spaniards too,
With a Fal, &c.

And since we cannot Justice do,
 To ev'ry Victory;
 In a full Glass our Zeal let's show,
 To our General's Family,
With a Fal, &c.

For he has Eight fair Daughters,
 And each of them is a Charmer;
 There's Lady *Railton, Bridgwater*,
 Fine *Sunderland, Lady Mount-Hermer*,
With a Fal, &c.

The other Four so Charming are,
 They will with Raptures fill ye;
 There's Lady *Hochstet, Schellenburgh*,
 Bright *Blenheim*, and Lady *Ramillie*,
With a Fal, &c.

The last were got so fair and strong,
 As in Story ne'er was told;
 The first Four always will be Young,
 And the last will never be Old,
With a Fal, &c.

At ev'ry Feast, e'er we are all deceas'd,
 And the Service begins to be hard;
 'Tis surely your Duty, to Toast a young Beauty,
 Call'd *Madamose! Audenard*,
With a Fal, &c.

All Joy to his Grace, for the ninth of his Race,
 She's as fair as most of the former ;
 But where is that he, dare so impudent be,
 To compare her to Lady Mount-Hermer,
With a Fal, &c.

And now to make thy Hopes more strong,
 And make you look like a Man ;
 Remember that all these belong,
 To the Queen of Great Britain,
With a Fal, &c.

Then prithee Dick hold up thy Head,
 Altho' we were beaten in Spain ;
 As sure as Scarlet Colour is Red,
 We'll beat them twice for it again :
With a Fal, &c.



A S O N G.

LET those Youths who Freedom prize,
 Far from the conquering *Sylvia* run,
 Never see her killing Eyes,
 Or hear her soft enchanting Tongue :)
 For such sure Destruction waits,
 On those Darts with which she wounds ;
 No shepherd ever can escape,
 But falls if *Sylvia* does but Frown.

Damon to his cost has prov'd,
 All resistance is but vain ;
 Heaven has form'd her to be lov'd,
 And made her Queen of all the Plain :
Damon when he saw her Face,
 From her Beauty would have fled ;
 But the Charmer turn'd her Voice,
 And with a Song she struck him dead.

A SONG.



YOUR Melancholy's all a Folly,
 The Peace I'm sure is Sign'd ;
 The *French* are for't, so is our Court,
 And the *Dutch* must be inclin'd :
 What is't to us who's King of *Spain*,
 So we are Masters of the Main,
 Our Fleet must always the Trade maintain,
 If we are not Banter'd and Bubbl'd,
 And Cheated and Banter'd and Bubbl'd.

We very well know when *Marlbrough*,
 Did take the *Towns* in *Flanders* ;
 'Twas *English-men*, did pay for them,
 Tho' they put in *Dutch* Commanders ;

So that while we were humbling *France*,
Holland's Power we did advance,
 And made 'em Great at our expence,
 And so we were Banter'd, &c.

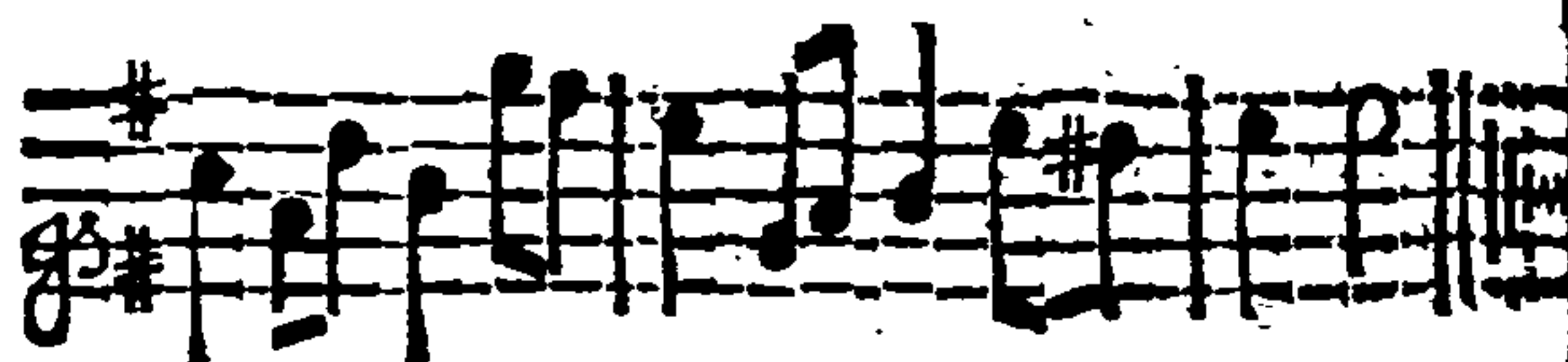
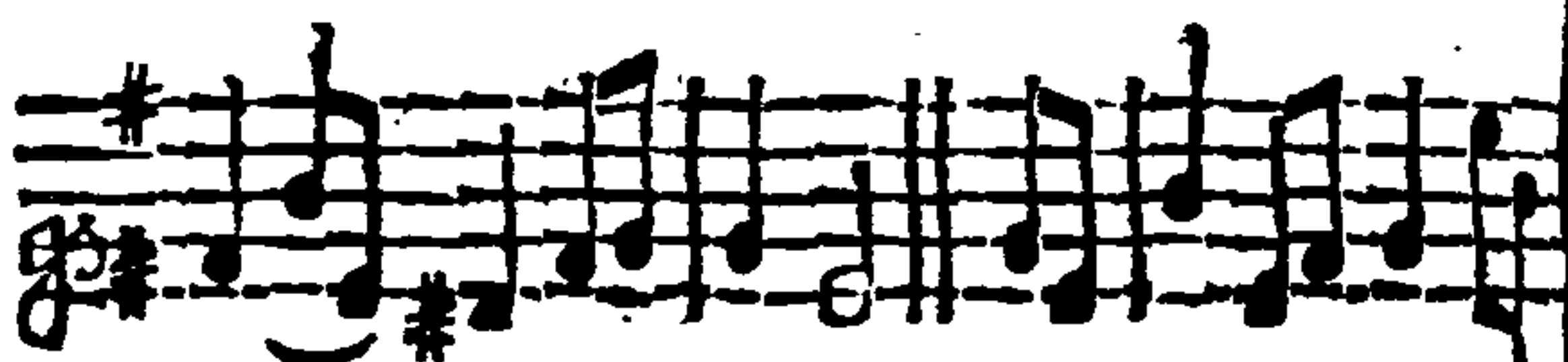
We must suppose, the *Urbigs* are Foes,
 When Treatys they will Sign a ;
 To give the *Dutch* so-plaguy much,
 And call it the Barrier Line a :
 For how can we Great *Europe* Sway,
 Or keep the Ballance every way,
 I fear we shall pay for't another Day,
 For we have been Banter'd, &c.

For Liberty, and Property,
 'Twas once we us'd to Fight ;
 Gainst Popery, and Slavery,
 We did it with our Might :
 But now the Taxes make us poor,
 The Emperor may Swear and roar,
 We neither can nor will do more,
 For we have been Banter'd, &c.

fanaticks then, are now the Men,
 Who Kingly Pow'r divide ;
 Their Villany to Monarchy,
 'Tis makes 'em *France* deride :
 If *Hollanders* wou'd choose a King,
 As much as now their Praises Sing,
 They wou'd Curse, and Damn, and Fling,
 And cry they were Banter'd, &c.

I Swear adsnigs, the Canting *Urbigs*,
 Have ran their Knavish race ;
 The Church and Queen, are Flourishing,
 Now they are in Disgrace :
 Great *Harly* he has set us right,
 And *France* will banish *Perkenite*,
 So we're no more the *Holland Bitch*,
 Nor will we be Banter'd and Bubbl'd,
 And Cheated and Banter'd and Bubbl'd.

The MOHOCKS. A SONG.



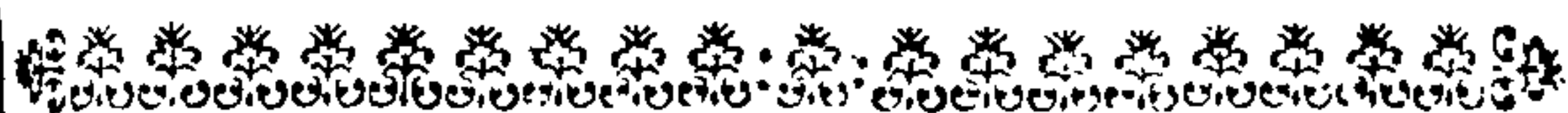
THERE's a new set of Rakes,
 Entitled Mohocks,
 Who infest Her Majesties Subjects;
 He who meets 'em at Night,
 Must be ready for flight,
 Or withstanding he many a Drub gets.

In their nightly Patrole,
 They up and down rowle,
 To the Bodily fear of the Nation;
 Some say they are Gentle-
 men, otherwise Simple,
 And their Sense like their Reputation.

Others say that the Van's
 Led by Noblemen,
 Tho' to Forreigners this will but sound ill;
 But let 'em take care,
 How they manage th' Affair,
 For a Lord may be kill'd by a Scoundrel.

Some count it a Plot,
And the Lord knows what,
Contriv'd by the *Wiggs* out of Season;
But shou'd it be so,
By the *High-Church* or *Low*,
Rebellion was always high Treason.

Fie, curb the Disgrace,
'Tis imprudent and base,
Pray take the advice of a Stranger;
But if you go on,
Like Fools as ye've done,
When ye're Hang'd ye'll be quite out of Danger.



Tune of Joy to the Bridegroom.

MY *Theodora* can those Eyes,
From whence those Glories always shine;
Give light to every Soul that prys,
And only be obscure to mine:
*Give light to every Soul that prys,
And only be obscure to mine.*

Send out one Beam t' enrich my Soul,
That doth in Clouds of darkness roul;
And chase away this gloomy Shade,
That in my Breast a Hell has made:
*And chase away this gloomy Shade,
That in my Breast a Hell has made.*

Where fire burns, where Flame is bright,
Yet I the Comfort want of light;
O shine, then shine upon the Man,
That else in Darkness is undone:
*O shine, then shine upon the Man.
That else in Darkness is undone.*

*A SONG in Praise of BEGGING: Or, the
Beggars Rivall'd.*



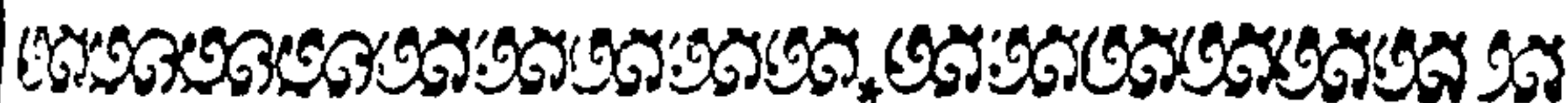
TH^{O'} Begging is an honest Trade,
Which wealthy Knaves despise;
Yet Rich Men may be Beggars made,
And we that Beg may rise:
The greatest Kings may be betray'd,
And lose their Sov'raign Power;
But he that stoops to ask his Bread,
But he that stoops to ask his Bread,
Can never fall much lower.

What lazy Foreigns Swarm'd of late,
Has spoil'd our Begging-trade;
Yet still we live and drink good Beer,
Tho' they our Rights invade:

Some say they for Religion fled,
But wiser People tell us;
They were forc'd Abroad to seek their Bread,
For being too Rebellious.

Let heavy Taxes greater grow,
To make our Army fight;
Where 'tis not to be had you know,
The King must lose his Right:
Let one side laugh, the other mourn,
We nothing have to fear;
But that great Lords will Beggars be,
To be as great as we are.

What tho' we make the World believe,
That we are Sick or lame;
'Tis now a Virtue to Deceive,
Our Teachers do the same:
In Trade Dissembling is no crime,
And we may live to see;
That Begging in a little time,
The only Trade will be.



Tune, *Let CÆSAR rejoyce.*

ALPHONZO, if you Sir,
Your Heart have resign'd;
Take care what you do, Sir,
For a Lover is blind.

Beware of the Snare,
That for Lovers is laid:
Beware of the Fair,
But more treacherous Maid:
For when tir'd with the Joy,
Of a Minutes delight;
You'll repent the next Morn,
What you did over Night.

With Syder and Sloes, they've made a damn'd Dose,
 Has Poisoned one half of the Nation :
 But *Hellier* and *Brook*, a Method have took,
 To prove them all Scoundrels and Noddys ;
 And shew'd us a way which (if we don't stray)
 Will save both our Pockets and Bodies.

This generous Juice, brisk Blood will produce,
 And stupid ones raise to the bonny'st ;
 Make Poets and Wits, of you that are Cits,
 And Lawyers (if possible) honest :
 If any are Sick, or find themselves Weak,
 With Symptoms of Gout or the Scurvy ;
 This will alone, the Doctor must own,
Probatum est Healthy preserve ye.

Have any here Wives, that lead 'em sad lives,
 For you know what pouting and storming ;
 Then drink of this Wine, and it will incline,
 The weakest to vig'rous performing :
 Each Spouse will say then, pray go there agen,
 Tho' Money for the reck'ning you borrow ;
 Nay, for so much Bub, here I'll pay your Club,
 So go there agen Dear to morrow.

Tho' one drinks red Port, another's not for't,
 But chuses *Vienna* or White-Wine ;
 Each takes what suits best, his Stomach or Taste,
 Yet e'ery one's sure he drinks right Wine :
 Thus pledg'd we all sit, and thus we are knit,
 In Friendship together the longer ;
 As Musick in Parts, enlivens our Hearts,
 And renders the Harmony stronger.

Now God bless the Queen, Peers, Parliament Men,
 And keep 'em like us in true Concord ;
 And grant that all those, who dare be her Foes,
 At *Tyburn* may swing in a strong Cord ;
 We'll Loyalists be, and bravely agree,
 With Lives and Estates to defend Her ;
 Then she'll not care, come Peace or come War,
 For *Lewis*, the *Pope*, or *Pretender*.

The LONDON PRENTICE.

A Worthy *London* Prentice,
 Came to his Love by Night;
 The Candles were lighted,
 The Moon did shine so bright:
 He knocked at the Door,
 To ease him of his Pain;
 She rose and let him in Love,
 And went to Bed again.

He went into the Chamber,
 Where his true Love did lye;
 She quickly gave consent,
 For to have his Company:
 She quickly gave consent,
 The Neighbours peeping out;
 So take away your Hand,
 Love let's blow the Candle out.

I would not for a Crown Love,
 My Mistress should it know;

I'll in my Smock step down Love,
And I'll out the Candle blow ;
The Streets they are so nigh,
And the People walk about ;
Some may peep in and spy Love,
Let's blow the Candle out.

My Master and my Mistrefs,
Upon the Bed do lye ;
Injoying one another,
Why should not you and I :
My Master kifs'd my Mistrefs,
Without any fear or doubt ;
And we'll kifs one another,
Let's blow the Candle out.

I prithee speak more softly.
Of what we have to do ;
Least that our noise of Talking,
Should make our Pleasure rue :
For kissing one another,
Will make no evil rout ;
Then let us now be silent,
And blow the Candle out.

But yet he must be doing,
He could no longer stay ;
She strove to blow the Candle out,
And push'd his Hand away :
The young Man was so hasty,
To lay his Arms about ;
But she cryed I pray Love,
Let's blow the Candle out.

As this young Couple sported,
The Maiden she did blow ;
But how the Candle went out,
Alas I do not know :
Said she I fear not now, Sir,
My Master nor my Dame ;
And what this Couple did, Sir,
Alas I dare not Name.

A SONG out of the GUARDIAN.



OH the Charming Month of *May*,
 When the Breezes fan the Trees, is
 Full of Blossoms fresh and gay,
 Full of Blossoms fresh and gay:
 Oh the Charming Month of *May*,
 Charming, Charming Month of *May*.

Oh what Joys our Prospect yields,
 In a new Livery when we see every,
 Bush and Meadow, Tree and Field, &c.
 Oh what Joys, &c. Charming Joys, &c.

Oh how fresh the Morning Air,
 When the Zephirs and the Hephirs,
 Their Odoriferous Breaths compare,
 Oh how fresh, &c. Charming fresh, &c.

Oh how fine our Evenings walk,
 When the Nightingale delighting,
 With her Songs suspends our Talk,
 Oh how fine, &c. Charming fine, &c.

Oh

Oh how sweet at Night to Dream,
On mossy Pillows by the trillows,
Of a gentle purling Stream,
Oh how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh how kind the Country Lads,
Who her Cows bilking, leaves her Milking,
For a green Gown upon the Grass,
Oh how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.

Oh how sweet it is to spy,
At the Conclusion, her deep confusion,
Blushing Cheeks and down cast Eye,
Oh how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh the Charming Curds and Cream,
When all is over she gives her Lover,
Who on her Skimming-dish carves her Name,
Oh the Charming Curds and Cream,
Charming, Charming, Curds and Cream.



Tune, *Hopes farewell:*

FATES I defie, I defie your Advances,
Since *Cælia* has crown'd
My true Love with a Smile;
I'll laugh at you Darts,
Your Arrows and Lances,
Since her Bosom abounds,
With the Pleasures of Nile.

You shall never
Me from her sever,
Since that my *Cælia* has thrown by her Scorn;
Then forbear,
To come so near,
For I from *Cælia* can never be torn.

*The Country FARMER's Campaign : By the Author
of Banter'd and Bubbl'd, &c.*



O H Roger I've been to see Eugene,
By Villars over-reach'd;
And that Dutch Earl, great Albermarle,
So foolishly Detach'd:
For Phil of Spain, saw Downy tain,
And Quesnoy close beset;
Saw Frenchmen grin, at Count Rechstrin,
And Dutchmen in a Sweat.

With both my Eyes Auxillaries,
I saw desert our Cause;
Old Zinzendorf did buy 'em off,
But never stopp'd their Maws:

While

Whilst ORMOND he most orderly,
Did march them towards *Ghent* ;
The *German* Dogs, with great *Dutch* Hogs,
Their Towns against him Pent.

Were not we mad to spend our Blood,
And weighty Treasure so ;
Do they deserve, that we shou'd serve,
Adad we'll make them know :
They'll be afraid, of Peace and Trade,
And downfal of the *Wibgs* ;
Our glorious ANN, with *France* and *Spain*,
Will dance them many a Jigg.

If they have a mind, 'fore Peace be Sign'd,
To own Great ANNA's Power ;
Such Terms she'll get, as she thinks fit,
And they shall have no more :
Great *Oxford's* Earl, that weighty Pearl,
And Minister of State :
With *Bollingbrook*, I swear adzooks,
Old *England* will be great.

We Farmers then, shall be fine Men,
And Money have good store ;
Their *Wibgish* Tax they'll have with a Pox,
When Monarchy's no more :
My Son I'm sure, will ne'er endure,
To pay their plaguy Funds ;
'Tis with reproach, they ride in Coach,
It makes me mad Adf—

For twenty Years, with Popish fears,
We have been Banter'd much ;
With Liberty, and Property,
And our very good Friends the *Dutch* :
But now I hope, our Eyes are ope,
And *France* is more Sincere ;
Then *Emperor* with all his stir,
Or *Donners* *Divil* *myn* *Heir*.

STRAWBERRY.



OF all the handsome Ladies,
 Of whom the Town do talk;
 Who do frequent the Opera's,
 And in the Park do walk:
 The many lovely Beauties,
 There are who do excel;
 Yet my *Strawbery*, my *Strawbery*,
 Does bear away the Bell.

Some cry up Madam Mar—
 For this thing and for that;
 And some her Grace of Sh—
 Tho' she grows something fat:
 And tho' I love her Ma—
 And all her Ladies well,
 Yet my *Strawbery*, &c.

The

The Kit Cat, and the Toasters,
 Did never care a Fig ;
 For any other Beauty,
 Besides the little *Whig* :
 But for all that Sir *Harry*,
 That witty Knight can tell,
 'Tis my *Strawbery*, &c.

The red Coats think the *Ch-ls*,
 The Fairest in the Land ;
 Because the D. their Father,
 The *Ar-y* does Command :
 But the noble D. of *B-*
 Who does all Dukes excel,
 Says my *Strawbery*, &c.



Tune, Now the Fight's done.

NOW, now the Night's come,
 And the great God of Love
 Lyes lurking in Shades,
 His bright Arrows to prove :

He laughs at our Rest,
 And he Darts at our Hearts ;
 And a Will that won't still,
 To each Lover imparts.

He smiles when he feels
 The sharp point of his Dart ;
 And tho' our Breast's Steel,
 Yet he drives to the Heart.

Whilst we court and we play,
 He makes a full pass ;
 And ne'er does delay,
 'Till we're link'd on the Grass.

The SCOTCH Wedding : Or, Lads with the Golden Hair.



NOW Jockey and Moggy are ready,
 To gang to the Kirk to sped ;
 As fine as a Laird or Lady,
 For they are resolv'd to wed :
 Come aw let's awa to the Wedding,
 For there will be Liltin' there ;
 Jockey'll be Married to Moggy,
 The Lads with the Golden Hair.

And for a whole Month together,
 Brisk Jockey a wooing went ;
 'Till Moggy's Mother and Vather,
 At last gave their Consent,
 Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be long Keel and Pottage,
 And bannarks of Barly Meal;

And

And there'll be good Sawt Herring,
To relish a Cogue of good Ale,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be *Sawney* the Soater,
And *Will* with muckle mow;
And there'll be *Tommy* the Blutter,
And *Andrew* the Tinker I trow,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be Bow-legg'd *Bobby*,
And thumblefs *Kate's* geud Man;
And there'll be blue cheek'd *Dolly*,
And *Luxry* the Laird of the Land,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be low lipper *Betty*,
And pluggy fac'd *Wat* of the Mill;
And there'll be farnicled *Huggy*,
That wins at the Ho of the Hill,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be *Annefter Domgale*,
That splay footed *Betty* did woce;
And mincing *Bessy* and *Tibely*,
And *Christy*, the Belly gut Sow,
Come aw let's, &c.

And *Craney* that marry'd *Steney*,
That loit him his Brick till his Arse;
And after was hang'd for stealing,
It's well that it happen'd no worse,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be hopper-ars'd *Nancy*,
And *Sarey* fac'd *Jenny* by Name;
Glud *Kate* and fat legged *Lissey*,
The Lafs with the codling *Wem*,
Come aw let's, &c.

And

And there'll be Jenny go Gibby,
 And his glack'd Wife Jenny Bell;
 And melled skin blofen Jordy,
 The Lad that went Scipper himsel,
Come aw let's, &c.

There'll be all the Lads and Lasses,
 Set down in the middle of the Hall;
 To Sybouse, and Raftack, and Carlings,
 That are both foddan and raw,
Come aw let's, &c.

There'll be Tart Perry and Catham,
 And Fish of geud Gabback and Skate;
 Profody, and Dramuck, and Brandy,
 And Collard, Neats-feet in a Plate.
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be Meal, Kell and Castocks,
 And skink to sup 'till you rive;
 And Roaches to roast on the Gridiron,
 And Flukes that were tane alive,
Come aw let's, &c.

Cropt head Wilks and Pangles,
 And a Meal of good sweting to ney;
 And when you're all burst with eating,
 We'll rise up and Dance 'till we dey:
Come aw let's awaw to the Wedding,
For there will be Lilting there;
 Jockey'll be marry'd to Moggy,
The Lass with the Golden Hair.



The Mistresses: A SONG Set by Mr. JAMES
TOWNSEND, the Words by Mr. ROLFE.



LAVIA would, but dare not venture,
Fear so much o'er-rules her Passion;
Chloe suffers all to enter,
Subjects Fame to Inclination:
Neither's Method I admire,
Either is in Love displeasing;
Chloe's fondness gluts desire,
Lavia's Cowardise is Teazing.

Calia

Celia by a Wiser Measure,
 In one faithful Swains Embraces;
 Pays a private Debt to Pleasure,
 Yet for Chast in publick Passes:
 Fair ones follow *Celia's* Notion,
 Free from fear and censure wholly;
 Love, but let it be with Caution,
 For Extreams are Shame or Folly.

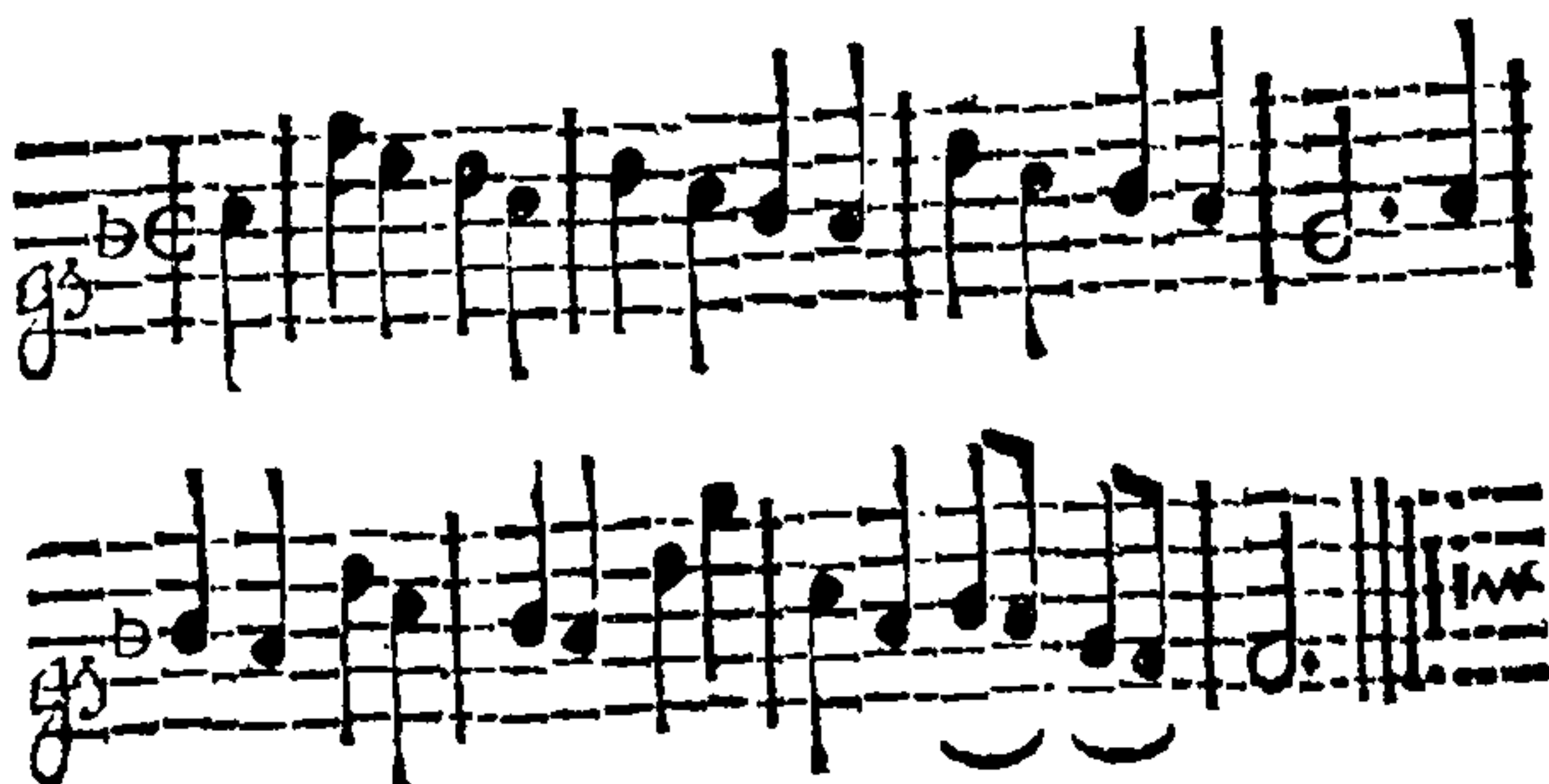


A SONG. Set by an Eminent Master.

WHEN embracing my Friends,
 And quaffing Champain;
 Dull Phlegmatick Spleen,
 Thou assault'st me in vain;
 Dull Phlegmatick Spleen,
 Thou assault'st me in vain:
 My Pleasures flow pure,
 Without Taint or Allay;
 And each Glass that I drink,
 Inspires with new Joy.

My Pleasures thus heighten'd,
 No Improvement receive;
 But what the dear Sight
 Of my *Phillis* can give:
 The Charms of her Eyes,
 The Force of my Wine,
 Do then in Harmonious Confed'racy joyn:
 To wrap me with Joys,
 To wrap me with Joys,
 Seraphick, Seraphick, and Divine.

A TENEMENT to Let.



I Have a Tenement to Let,
 I hope will please you all;
 And if you'd know the Name of it,
 'Tis called *Cunny Hall*.

It's seated in a pleasant Vale,
 Beneath a rising Hill;
 This Tenement is to be Let,
 To whoso'er I will.

For Years, for Months, for Weeks or Days,
 I'll Let this famous Bow'r;
 Nay rather than a Tennant want,
 I'd Let it for an Hour.

There's round about a pleasant Grove,
 To shade it from the Sun;
 And underneath is Well water,
 That pleasantly does run.

Where if you're hot you may be cool'd,
 If cold you may find heat;
 It is a well contrived Spring,
 Not little nor too great.

The place is very dark by Night,
 And so it is by Day;
 But when you once are enter'd in,
 You cannot lose your way.

And when you're in, go boldly on,
 As far as e'er you can;
 And if you reach to the House top,
 You'll be where ne'er was Man.



Tune, *Draw Cupid Draw.*

HERE, *Chloe* hear,
 And do not turn away,
 From my Desire, but quench my Fire,
 And my Love's flames allay:
 And let my Song go along,
 Unto Compassion move;
 And make you kind,
 And bend your mind,
 And melt you into Love.

If *Chloe* Loves, and Constant proves,
 Oh! happy, happy then am I;
 But if that she unconstant be,
 And do's delight to rove:
 As sure as Gun,
 I am undone.
 And shan't have power to move.

Fashionable Shepherdes, Set by Mr. Ramondon.



AT the break of morning light,
 When the marbled Sky look gay;
 Nature self all perfect bright,
 Smil'd to see the God of Day:
 Charming prospect, verdant Trees,
 Azure Hill, enamell'd Sky;
 Birds with warbling Throats to please,
 Striving each which shall outvey.

Lisbet

Lisbea then with wond'rous hast,
 O'er a green sword Plain she flew ;
 Thus my Angel as she past,
 The Eyes of ev'ry Shepherd drew ;
 When they had the Nymph espyed,
 All amazed cry'd there she goes ;
 Thus by blooming Beauty tryed,
 Thought a second Sun arose.

Ev'ry Swain the Sun mistook,
 Dazled by refulgent Charms ;
 And with Joy their Flocks forfook,
 For to follow Love's Alarms :
 All 'till now were perfect Friends,
 Bound by Innocence and Truth ;
 'Till fly Love to gain his ends,
 Made a difference 'twixt each Youth.

Each expected which should be,
 Made the happy Man by Love ;
 While for want of Liberty,
 None could truly happy prove :
 But at length they all arriv'd,
 To a charming easie Grove ;
 Where the Nymph had well contriv'd,
 To be happy with her Love.

There in amorous folding twin'd,
Strephon with his *Lisbea* lay ;
 Both to mutual Joys enclin'd,
 Let their Inclinations stray :
 As the curling Vines embracing,
 Fondly of the Oak around ;
 So the blooming Nymphs carelling,
 Of her Swain with pleasure crown'd.

How surpriz'd were ev'ry Swain,
 When they found the Nymph engaged ;
 Disappointment heighten'd Pain,
 'Till it made them more enraged :

Arm your self with Resolution,
Cry'd the most revengeful he;
We'll contrive her Swains Confusion,
Let him fall as much as we.

Several Punishments they Invented,
For to Torture helpless he;
All revengeful, ne'er contented,
Cruel to a vast Degree:
One more envious in the rear,
Thus his Sentiments let slip;
Make him like the Cavalier,
And for the Opera him Equip.



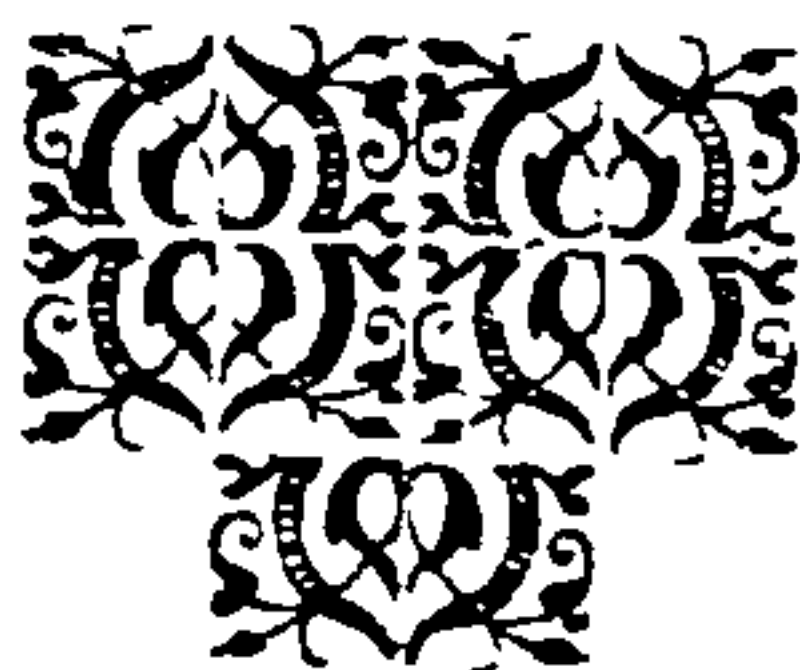
A Scotch SONG in the Play call'd Love at first
Sight : Set by the late Mr. JER. CLARK.





THE Rosey Morn lukes blith and Gay,
 The Lads and Lasses on the Plain;
 Her bonny, bonny sports pais o'er the Day,
 And leave poor *Jenny* to complain:
 My *Sandy's* grown a faithless Loon,
 And given, given *Meggy* that wild Heart;
 Which eance he swore was aw my own,
 But now weese me I've scarce a part.

Gang thy gate then perjur'd *Sandy*,
 Ife nea mere will Mon believe;
 Wcu'd Ife nere had trusted any,
 They saw Thieves will aw deceive:
 But gin ere Ife get mere Lovers,
 Ife Dissemble as they do;
 For since Lads are grown like Rovers,
 Pray why may na Lasses too.



The Restoration: Or the Coventry SONG. 1710.



THE Restoration now's the Word,
 A blessed Revolution;
 That has secur'd t'ie Church, the Crown,
 And *England's* Constitution:
 May ev'ry Loyal Soul rejoice,
 May ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~Canter~~ ^{Canter} ~~s~~ ^s mourn, Sir;
 Who ever thought that *Coventry*,
 Shou'd make a due Return, Sir.

We Rally'd the Church-Militant,
 And fell to work ding-dong, Sir;
Craven and *Gery* are the Names,
 That do adorn our Song, Sir:

Beaufort, Ormond, Rochester,
 And more that we can tell, Sir ;
 Are Themes that well deserve the Pen,
 Of brave *Sacheverell*, Sir.

The glorious Sons of *Warwickshire*,
 May justly be commended ;
 There's ne'er a Member now Elect,
 That ever has offended :
Denbigh and *Craven* we esteem,
 A Loyal Noble pair, Sir ;
 And hope to see our worthy Friend,
 Great *Bromly* in the Chair, Sir.



A SONG.

SUCH an happy, happy Life,
 Ne'er had any other Wife ;
 As the loose *Corinna* knows,
 Between her Spark,
 Her Spark and Spouse :
 The Husband lies and winks his Eyes,
 The valiant makes Addresses,
 The wanton Lady soon complies,
 With tenderest Caresses.

The Wife is pleas'd,
 The Husband eas'd,
 The Lover made a drudge,
 His Body's drain'd, his Pocket's squeez'd ;
 And who'll his Pleasure grudge,
Such an happy, &c.

Corinna's gay,
 As Flow'rs in *May*,
 And struts with flanting Ayre ;
 The Lovers for her Pride doth pay,
 The Cuckold's free from Care,
Such an happy, &c.

COLLIN's Complaint.



DESPAIRING besides a clear stream,
 A Shepherd forsaken was laid ;
 And whilst a false Nymph was his Theme,
 A Willow supported his Head :
 The Winds that blew over the Plain,
 To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply ;
 And the Brook in return of his Pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas filly Swain that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd ;
 When first I beheld that fair Face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd :

She talk'd, and I blest the dear Tongue,
 When she smil'd 'twas a Pleasure too great;
 I listned, and cry'd when she Sung,
 Was Nightingale ever so sweet.

How foolish was I to believe,
 She cou'd deat on so lowly a Clown;
 Or that a fond Heart wou'd not grieve,
 To forsake the fine Folk of the Town:
 To think that a Beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant wou'd prove;
 Or go clad like our Maidens in Gray,
 Or live in a Cottage on Love.

What tho' I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd;
 What tho' when they hear my soft Strains,
 The Virgins sit weeping around:
 Ah *Collin* thy Hopes are in vain,
 Thy Pipe and thy Lawrel resign;
 Thy false one inclines to a Swain,
 Whose Musick is sweeter than thine.

And you my Companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd;
 Whatever I suffer forbear,
 Forbear to accuse my false Maid,
 Tho' thro' the wide World we shou'd range;
 'Tis in vain from our Fortunes to fly;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be Constant and die.

If whilst my hard Fate I sustain,
 In her Breast any Pity is found;
 Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And see me laid low in the Ground;
 The last humble Boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with *Cypress* and *Yew*;
 And when she looks down on my Grave,
 Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
 And deck her in Golden Array;
 Be finest at every fine Show,
 And Frolick it all the long Day:
 Whilst *Collin* forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen;
 Unless that beneath the Pale Moon,
 His Ghost shall glide over the Green.



The Constant Warrior: Set by Mr. Ramondon.

FAREWEL *Chloe*, O farewell,
 I'll repair to Wars alarms;
 And in foreign Nations tell,
 Of your Cruelty and Charms:
 Come ye briny Billows rowl,
 And convey me from my Soul,
 Come ye briny Billows rowl,
 And convey me from my Soul:
 Since the cruel Fair,
 The cause of my Despair,
 Has forc'd me hence to go,
 Where stormy Winds do blow;
 Where raging Seas do toss and mount,
 With dangers that I can't recount,
 Forgive me showing thus my Woe;
 Where raging Seas do toss, &c.

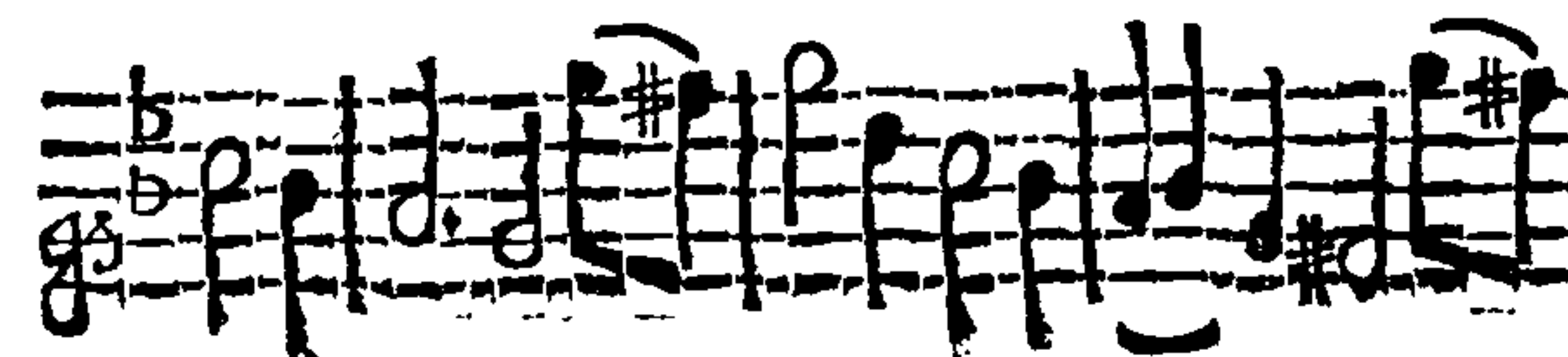
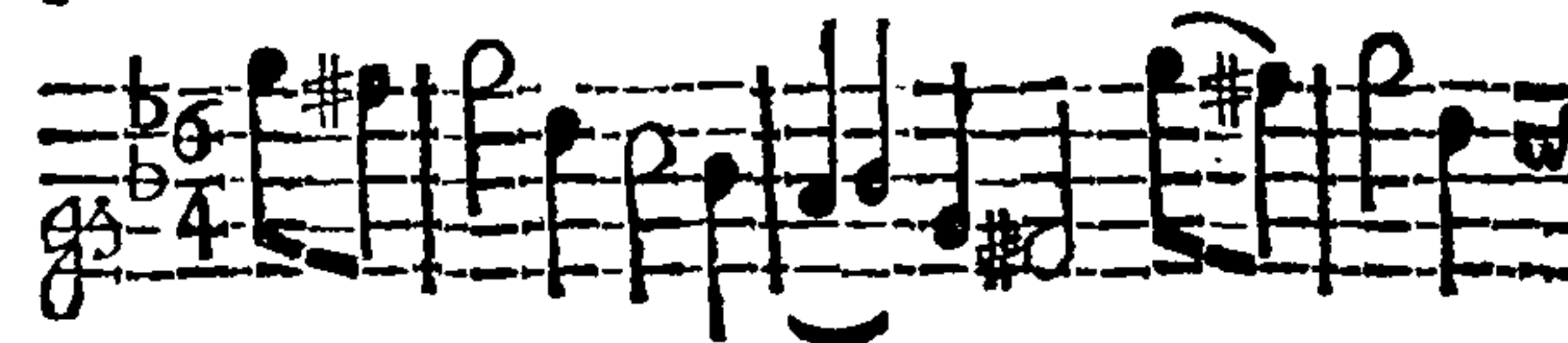
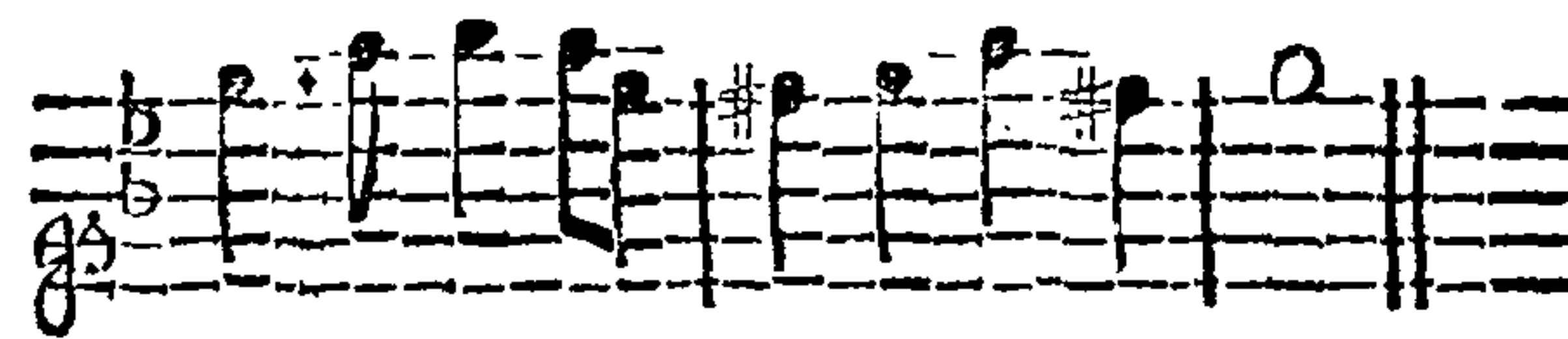
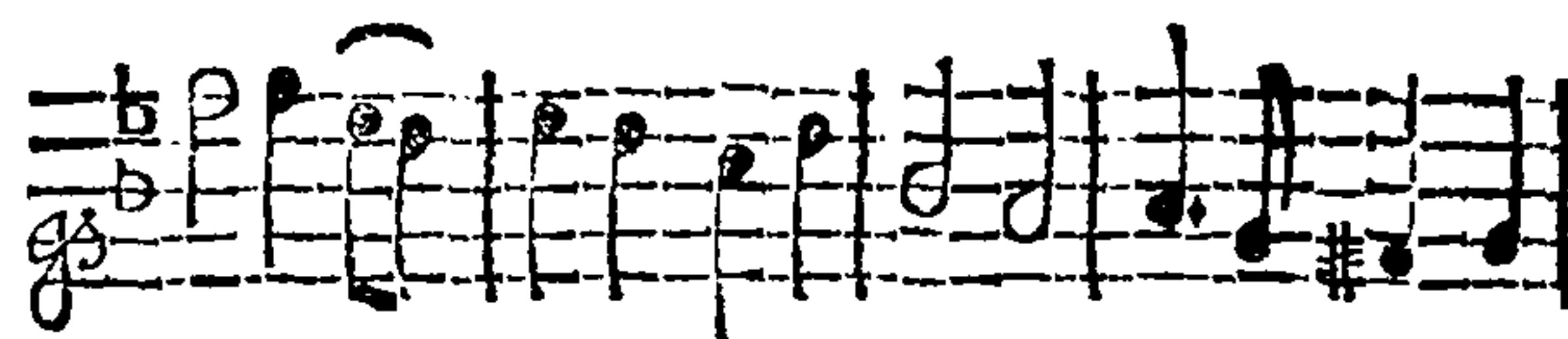
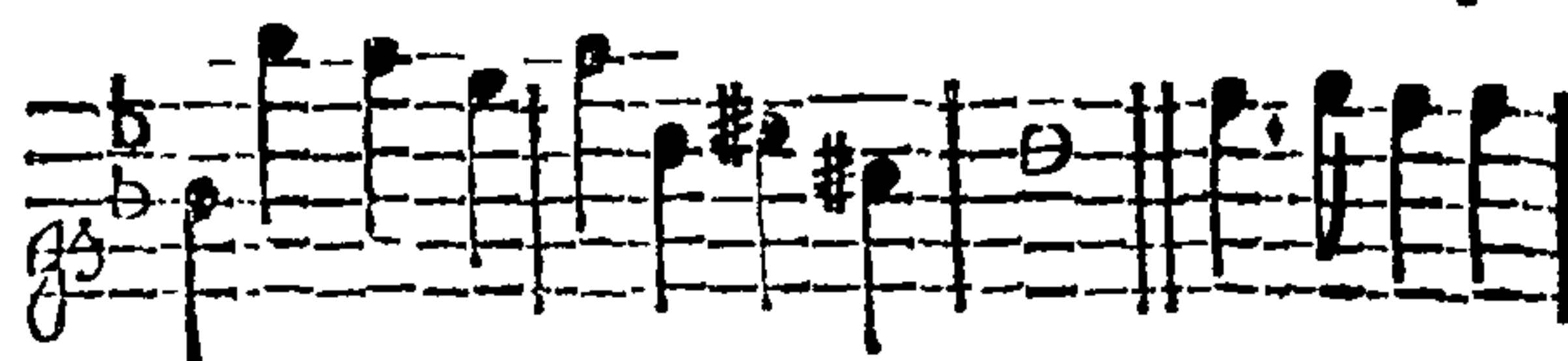
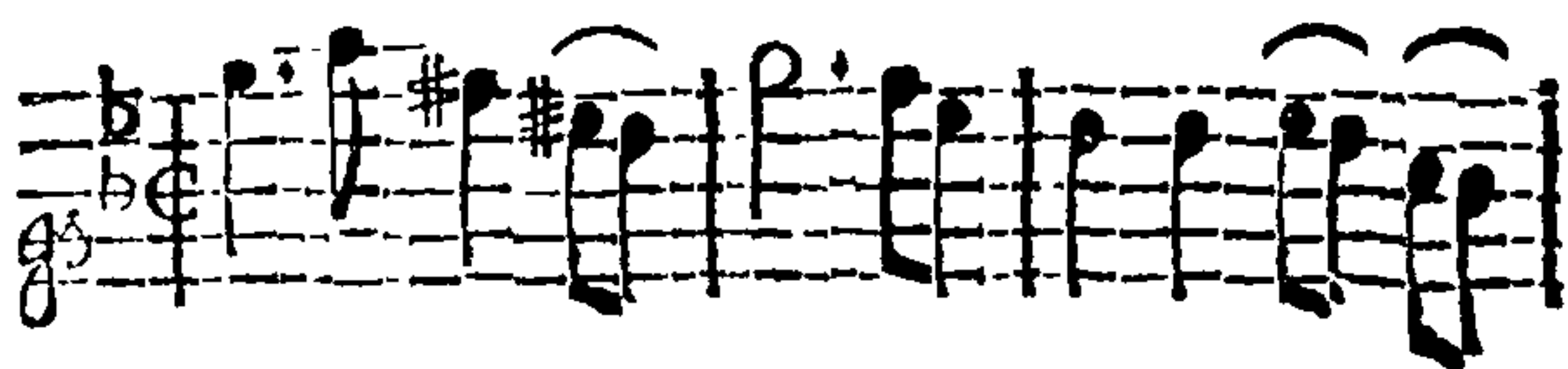
When you hear of Deeds in War,
 Acted by your faithful Swain;
 Think, oh think, that from afar,
 'Twas you conquer'd all were slain:
 For by calling on your Name,
 I Conquer'd whereso'er I came;
 Shou'd my Fate not be,
 To keep my Body free
 From Wounds and Bruises too,
 Whilst Honour I pursue;

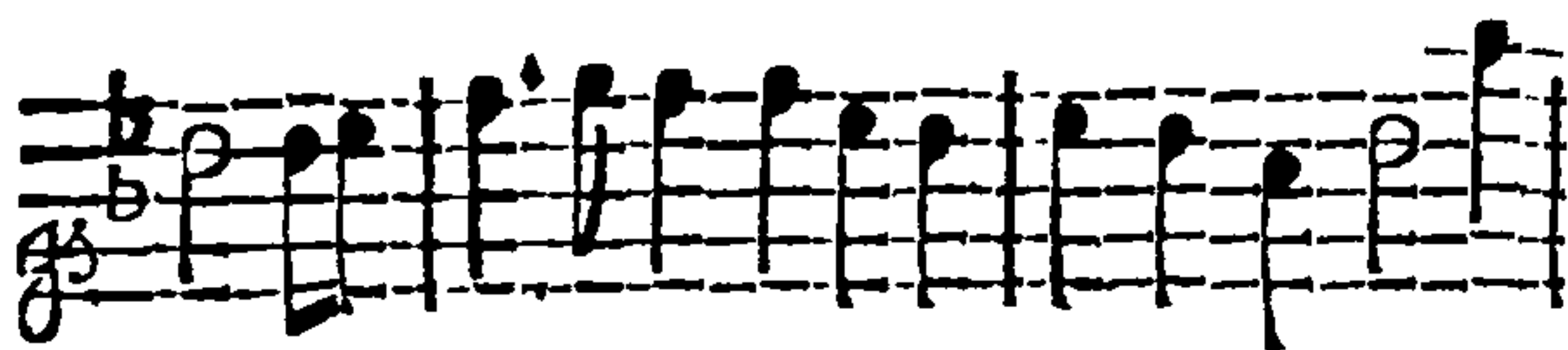
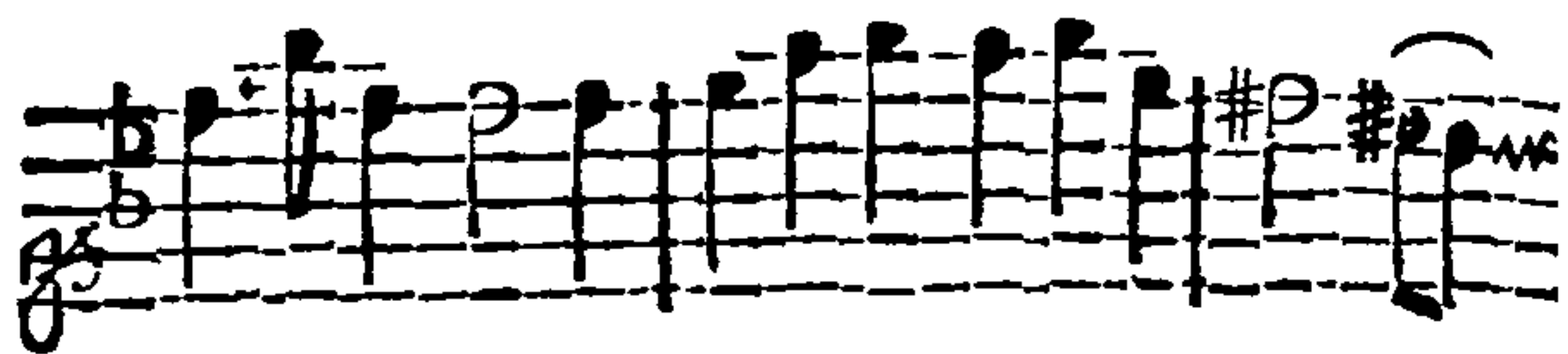
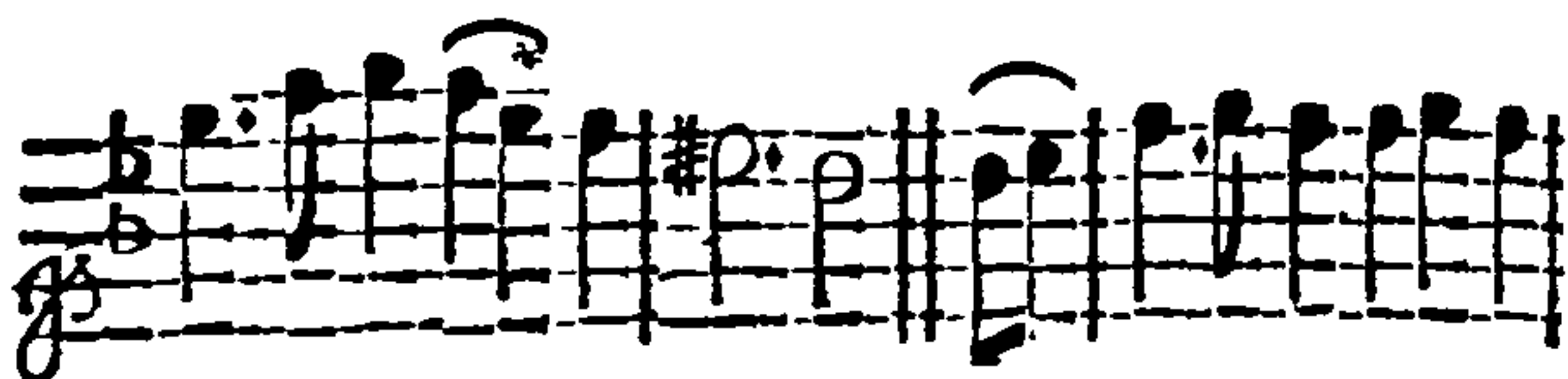
'Twou'd raise my Reputation,
My Pain I'd lose in Passion,
And glory that 'twas done for you.

Shou'd grim Death once assail me,
It cou'd never fright your Slave ;
Fortune self cou'd never fail me,
Only you can make my Grave :
My Destiny shou'd grant reprieve,
I cou'd not Die, if you said live :
Were it to be found,
In all the World around,
An instance of such Love,
As you in me may prove:
I'd never ask return,
But patiently wou'd burn,
Nor more your generous pity move.

O my guardian Angel say,
Can such proofs your Passion gain ;
If it can I'll bless the Day,
That I venture on the Main :
Then with Joy cry Billows rowl,
And convey me to my Soul :
Return with glory Crown'd,
Upon the lowly Ground,
Kneel at your Feet a while,
And there my Fears beguile :
And think my Toyl repaid,
If you'd vouchsafe dear Maid,
To crown my Labours with a Smile.

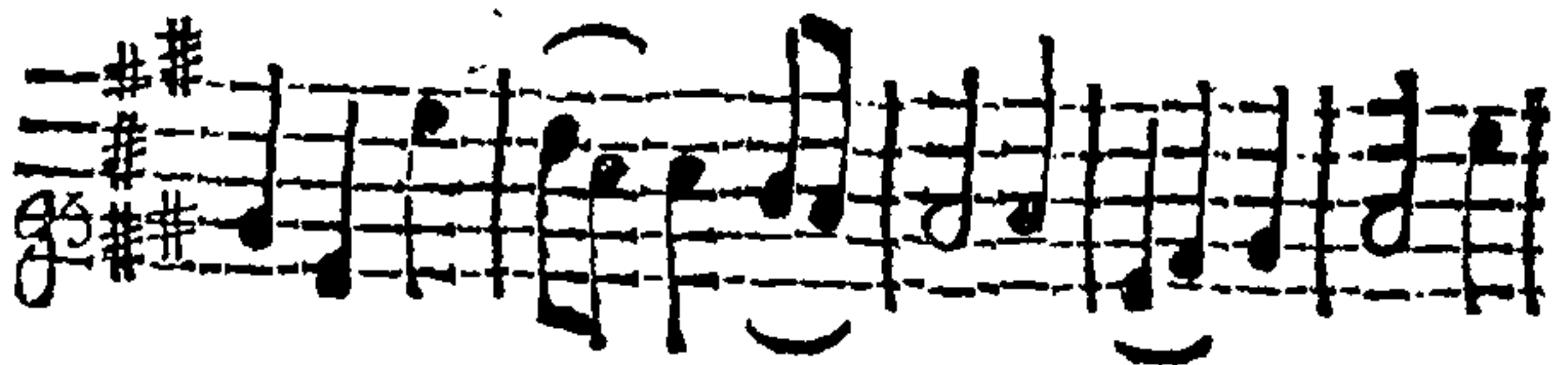


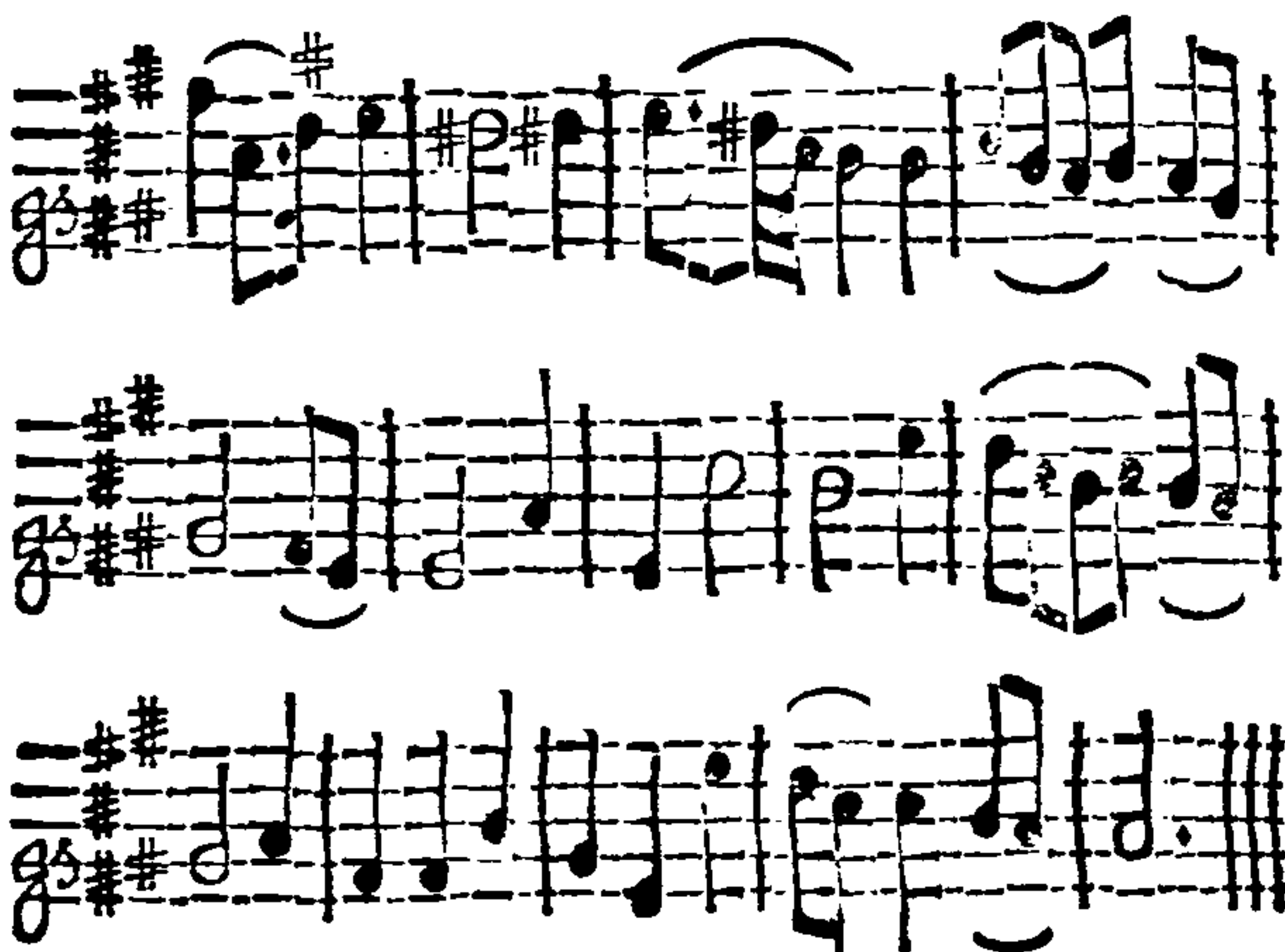
The true Use of the BOTTLE.



LOVE, the sweets of Love, are the Joys I most ad-
 Kind and active Fire, (mire,
 Of a fierce Desire,
 Indulge my Soul, compleat my Bliss;
 But th' affected coldness
 Of *Calia* damps my boldness,
 I must bow, protest and Vow,
 And swear aloud, I wou'd be Proud,
 When she with equal Ardour longs to Kifs:
 Bring a Bowl, then bring a jolly Bowl,
 I'll quench fond Love within it;
 With flowing Cups I'll raise my Soul,
 And here's to the happy Minute:
 For flush'd with brisk Wine,
 When she's panting and warm;
 And Nature unguarded lets loose her Mind,
 In the Amorous moment the Gipsie I'll find,
 Oblige her and take her by Storm.

A SONG in the Farce call'd the Younger the
Wiser : Set by Mr. DANIEL PURCELL. Sung
by Mr. LEVERIDGE.





HOW happy's he who weds a Wife,
 Well practis'd, well practis'd in the *London Life*;
 Dull Country Brides a Sense may want,
 To hide the Favours which they grant.

How happy's he who weds a Wife,
 We'll practis'd, well practis'd in the *London Life*;
 But *London Wives* Coquet by Rule,
 Discreetly please the Men they Fool.

How happy's he who weds a Wife,
 Well practis'd, well practis'd in the *London Life*.



A SONG. Set by Mr. RAMONDON. Sung
at the Theatre.



