

S. A. Ring THE *from Alex Sifford,*
COMPLETE 1850.

POCKET SONG BOOK.

IN TWO PARTS.

I. CONTAINING AN INTRODUCTION TO THE GROUNDS
OF MUSIC.

II. A FAVOURITE COLLECTION OF SONGS.

BY ELIPHALET MASON.

PRINTED AT NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
By ANDREW WRIGHT.—For the COMPILER.

1802.

THE Compiler of the Pocket Song Book, having, for some years past, devoted his leisure time to the study of Music, and having been in divers parts of the New-England States, he has selected from singers of Song, those words and airs, which are most calculated to instruct the mind and please the ear.

The Author now presents this work to the public; having a desire for the instruction of young learners, he hopes the perusers of this Volume, will not censure for the mistakes, if any should happen. The work has been carefully looked over. The chief design of it, is the promotion of music among young people.

Simsbury, March 1, 1802.



Handwritten notes:
177-22-
21-64
49-42
75-11

Handwritten date: Dec 18, 1805

A

CONCISE INTRODUCTION
TO THE
FOUNDATIONS of MUSIC.

The GAMUT.

BASS. TENOR and TREBLE.

RULES to find MI.

The natural place for MI, is in B,

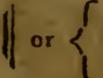
but if B be <i>flat</i> , MI is in - - - - - E	if F be <i>sharp</i> MI is in - - - - - F
if B and E be <i>flat</i> , MI is in - - - - - A	if F and C, MI is in - - - - - C
if B, E and A, MI is in - - - - - D	if F, C and G, MI is in - - - - - G
if B, E, A and D, MI is in - - - - - G	if F, C, G and D, MI is in - - - - - D

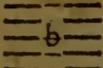
N. B. Above *mi* twice *fa, sol, la*, below *mi* twice *la, sol, fa*, then comes *mi* again either way.

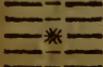
CHARACTERS *used in MUSIC.*

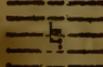
A Staff,  Five lines whereon Music is written.

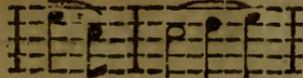
Ledgerline,  Is added when Notes ascend or descend above or below the Staff.

Brace,  or  Shows how many parts are sung together.

Flat,  Set before a Note sinks it half a tone.

Sharp,  Raises a Note half a tone.

Natural,  Restores a Note made Flat or Sharp, to its primitive sound.

Slur or Tie,  Shows what number of Notes are sung to one syllable.

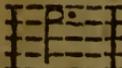
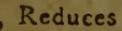
Point,  Adds to a Note half its original length.

Figure 2,  Reduces three Notes to two of the same kind.

Repeat,  Shows that part of the tune is to be sung twice.

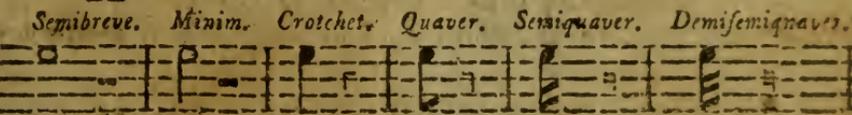
Figures 1, 2, Shows that the Notes under Figure 1, are sung before repeating, and the Notes under Figure 2, after. If tied together, all are sung after repeating.

Choosing Not s,  Gives the performer liberty to sing which he pleases.

Mark of Distinction,  Requires the Notes over which it is placed to be sung emphatically.

Single Bar,  Divides the time according to the measure Note.

Double Bar,  Shows the end of a strain.

Notes and Rests.  Semibreve. Minim. Crotchet. Quaver. Semiquaver. Demisemiquaver.

Close,  Shows the end of a Tune.

COMMON TIME MOODS.

First,  This mood requires one Semibreve, or its amount in other Notes to a Bar. It has four beats to a bar, two down and two up. The accents fall on the first and third parts of the Bar.

Second,  Has the same quantity of Notes, is beat and accented like the first, only one quarter quicker.

Has the same measure note, and sung as quick again as the first Mood ;
Third,  two beats in a bar, one down and the other up.

Tis mood has but one Minim to a Bar, is beat like the last ; only one
Fourth,  third quicker.

TRIPLE TIME MOODS.

Contains three minims in a Bar, has three beats, two down and the other
First,  up, and is accented on the first.

Contains three crotchets in a Bar, beat and accented like the first.
Second, 

COMPOUND TIME MOODS.

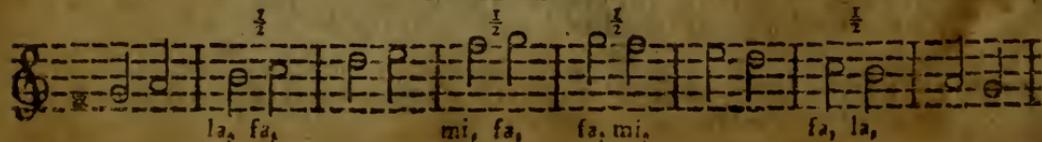
Has two beats to a bar, which contains six Crotchets, accented on the
First,  first and fourth,

This mood requires six quavers to a Bar, is beat and accented like
Second,  the last.

TONES AND SEMITONES.

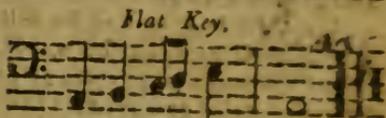
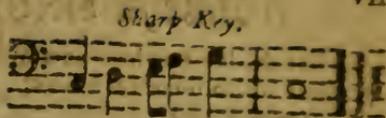
In every Octave, there are five tones and two Semitones, one Semitone is between
 Mi and fa, and the other between la and fa.

EXAMPLE.



la, fa, mi, fa, mi, fa, la,

A Key Note is the last Note in the Bass, and is always on the letter next above or next below the place of the Mi: If above, it is a Sharp Key: If below, it is a Flat Key.



CONCORDS AND DISCORDS.

A Table of all the Intervals, contained in an Octave, both Conords and Discords, with the number of Semitones, in each Interval.

Number of Semitones	{ Names of the Intervals, }	
12	Octave, or 8th.	<i>A perfect Concord.</i>
11	Major Seventh,	} <i>Discords.</i>
10	Minor Seventh,	
9	Major Sixth,	} <i>Imperfect Conords.</i>
8	Minor Sixth,	
7	Major Fifth,	<i>A perfect Concord.</i>
6	Minor Fifth,	} <i>A very imperfect Concord.</i>
	Major Fourth,	
5	Minor Fourth.	<i>A Discord.</i>
4	Major Third	} <i>Imperfect Conords.</i>
3	Minor Third,	
2	Major Second,	} <i>Discords.</i>
1	Minor Second,	
0	Union,	<i>The most perfect Concord.</i>

RULES for SINGING *with EASE and PROPRIETY.*

After the learner has committed to memory the foregoing Rules, he should next practice upon some easy tune. Great care should be taken to give each Note its true and proper sound.

After the learner has, by calling the Notes, got the true sounds of the tune, he next should practice upon the words, remembering to speak them plain and distinct.

Let the voice be as clear as possible, and avoid singing through the nose, which is a very bad habit and renders the Music disagreeable.

Great care ought to be taken when singing, to have every motion easy.

High notes should be sounded soft, but not faint, and low notes full, but not harsh.

Let the music glide easy with the words, paying particular regard to the time and accent.

A concise movement of the hand is an ornament to the singing of songs; as well as Church-Music, and ought to be practiced; for music, without time is scarcely harmonious.

To E. N. Collins

FAVORITE

COLLECTION of SONGS

PART II

J. H. King.

ODE on MUSIC. Words by Mason.—Music by Wilkinson.

What art on earth is more sublime, What is more pleas - ing to the

mind, What can so deep affect the heart As music and its

THE COMPLETE

roy al art, As music and its royal art, Mu-
music and its roy - al art As music and its roy - al art.

sic the fireest grief can charm, And fates se - ver - est rage disarm Mu-
Mu - sic the fireest grief can charm and fates se - ver - est

sic the fireest grief can charm, And fates severest rage disarm, Music the fireest
severest, &c.

grief can charm, And fates se-ver-est rage disarm, Mu-

Piano.

sic can soften pain to ease, Music can soften pain to ease, And make despair and

Piano.

Music can soften, &c.

madness please, Music can soften pain to ease, And make dis-pair and

THE COMPLETE

madness please, Music can loſ - ten pain to eaſe, And

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff is a vocal line with lyrics underneath. The lower staff is a piano accompaniment. The music is in a common time signature and features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes.

make diſ - pair and madneſs pleaſe.

This system continues the musical piece with two staves. The vocal line concludes with a final note and a double bar line. The piano accompaniment also ends with a double bar line.

The CONSTANT LOVER.

As I ſat muſing all alone: Down by one ſhady grove,

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff is a vocal line with lyrics underneath. The lower staff is a piano accompaniment. The music is in a common time signature and features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes.

There I esp'd a youthful swain, He was lock'd fast in cupid's chain, la-
 ment - ing for his love.

2. I sat myself down under an oak,
 To hear those pitiful moans,
 And all his cries were, "cruel maid !
 " You have my tender heart betray'd,
 " I languish all alone.
3. " Soon as soft slumbers close mine eyes
 " I dream of my true love,
 " I dream she in my arms doth lie,
 " And on my breast she presseth nigh ;
 " Like any Turtle Dove.

4. " My parents do against me rage
" Because my love is poor,
" But let them all say what they will,
" I will adore my charmer still,
" I love her more and more."
- 5 His true love being something nigh,
Did hear those pitiful moans ;
She says, " you true and constant swain,
" No longer shall you here complain,
" Nor languish all alone."
6. Then hand in hand to church they went,
Were married without delay ;
Married they were without delay,
God bless that joyful happy day,
And bless that happy pair.

The SWEEPER.

Tho' I sweep to and fro, Old iron to find, Brass pins rusty

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature and contains the melody. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature and contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, with a brace on the left side.

nails they are all to my mind, Yet I wear a sound heart to

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, with a brace on the left side.

George Wash - ing - ton, And tho' ragged and poor with clear conscience I

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the staves, with a brace on the left side.

CHORUS.

sing. Tho' I sweep to and fro yet I'd have you to know, There are

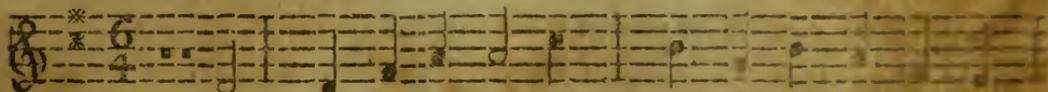
sweepers in high life as well as in low.

There's the Statesman, he sweeps ; but what is it for ?
 His own coffers he's filling in peace and in war ;
 Tho' the action is dirty he cares not a straw,
 If he gets but the *ready*, the rabble they may jaw.
 Tho' I sweep to and fro, yet, &c.

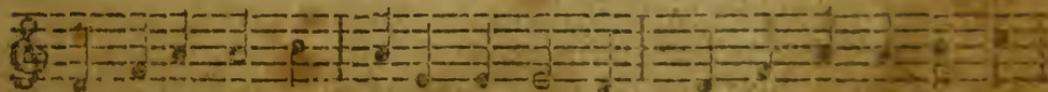
I am told by your Parson that I never should go,
 To hear a man preach, what he will not not stand to,

3. Can I e'er forget her charms,
 When my true love flew to my arms,
 And with her lips she me address'd,
 " My heart you have within your breast ;"
 But now what sorrows I must tell,
 And bid my dearest friend farewell.
4. Some have sorrows, and lasting pain,
 While others seem the world to gain ;
 And others are blest all their days,
 With dear companions of their ways ;
 But none such sorrows e'er can tell,
 As those who bid their friends farewell.

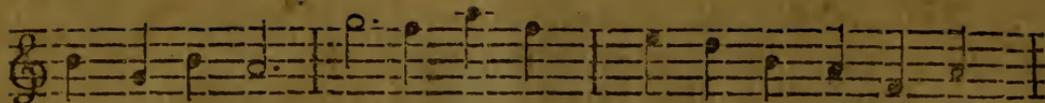
The ROLLING STONE.



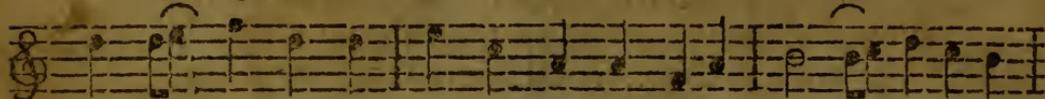
Since times are so hard, I'll tell you my sweet heart I w-



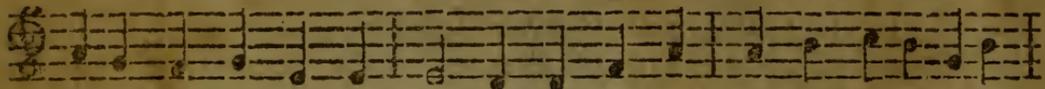
ould leave of my Plow and my Cart, And down to Kent I w-



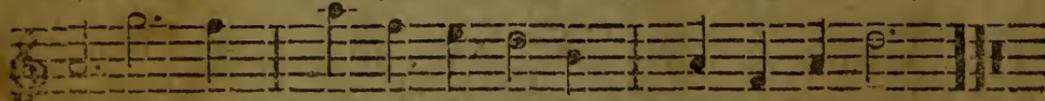
no -- a we'll go, To bet-ter our fortunes as other folks



do, Whilst here we must labor each day in the field, The winter de-



stroys all the summer can yield. Whilst here we must labor each day in the



field, The win- - - ter destroys all the summer can yield.

2. O, Collin, I've seen with a sorrowful heart,
 You long have neglected your plow and your cart,
 O, your sheep now at random disorderly run,
 Your Sunday's new waistcoat goes every day on ;
 Stick close to your farm or you'll suffer a loss,
 For the stone that is rolling can gather no moss.

3. Dear wife don't be talking of stones, nor of moss,
Or think by our going you will suffer a loss,
For there we can have as much land as we please,
Drink brandy and whisky and live at our ease ;
 Whilst here we must labour each day in the field,
 The winter destroys all the summer can yield.
4. O Collin, pray hear me, I think you are wrong,
The lands in those parts are not bought with a song,
In purchasing whisky I am almost in despair,
It must be of cash, a great consequence there ;
 Stick close to your farm or you'll suffer a loss,
 For the stone that is rolling can gather no moss.
5. We've houses we've lands we've harrows we've plows,
We've sheep we have horses we've heifers we've cows,
Besides a good barn that stands in our yard,
We'll turn into cash and we need not fare hard ;
 Whilst here we must labour each day in the field,
 The winter destroys all the summer can yield.
6. Your Genesee's land Kentucky to clear,
Will cost you both labour and money a year,

- You've cows sheep and heifers and all things to buy,
 You'll hardly get suited before that you die ;
 Stick close to your farm or you'll suffer a loss,
 For the stone that is rolling can gather no moss.
7. There's a house and a barn and a plenty of land,
 We can have ready clear'd without doubt at our hand,
 Besides heifers and sheep are not very dear,
 We can feast upon buffelo half of the year ;
 Whilst here we must labour each day in the field,
 The winter destroys all the summer can yield.
8. I wish I'd a purse of ten thousand bright crowns,
 And a store of good lots in tho best of our towns,
 O, then we'd remove and we'd wish for good luck,
 We'd ride on the banks of the pleasant Kentuck ;
 The poor must be humbl'd or suffer a loss,
 For the stone that is rolling can gather no moss.
9. Dear wife let us go from the lands we possess,
 For wishing can make us no better nor worse,
 There you'll be a lady and who knows but I,
 Shall be a rich gov'nor before that I die ;

Whilst here we must labour each day in the field,
The winter destroys all the summer can yield.

10. 'Tis time that such thoughts of a farmer should cease,
For there you'll be no more than a justice of peace,
So leave off your argument, your castle repair,
And let us conclude we shall never go there ;
Stick close to your farm or you'll suffer a loss,
For the stone that is rolling can gather no moss.
11. Your argument I know is not without right,
Yet I must go there for I long to be great,
In less than a year in a coach you will ride,
In coaches and stages with Collins you'll glide ;
Whilst here we must labour each day in the field,
The winter destroys all the summer can yield.
12. O Collins remember those lands of delight,
Inested by Indians who murder by night,
Your house may be plunder'd and burnt to the ground,
Your wife and your children lie mangled around ;
Stay here or you'll certainly suffer a loss,
For the stone that is rolling can gather no moss.

13. Dear wife you've convinc'd me I'll urge you no more,
 I never once thought of your dying before,
 My children I love altho' they are but small,
 My dear wife I do value as much as them all ;
 We'll stick to our farm and prevent every loss,
 For the stone that is rolling can gather no moss.
14. We'll set all our thoughts on farming affairs,
 To make our corn grow and our appletrees bear,
 'Tis contentment upbraided contentment to know,
 So you to your distaff and I to my plow ;
 We'll stick to our farm and prevent every loss,
 For the stone that is rolling can gather no moss.

The YOUNG SHOPKEEPER.—Music by MASON.

Draw near you young gallants, while I do unfold, As tragical a

story as ever was told, 'Twas of a young couple whose hearts were link'd
 fast, Till death broke a - sun - der the contract at last.

2. Near Exeter city this couple did dwell,
 This lass was so pretty there's none could excell,
 Both comely in feature both proper and tall,
 And constant in heart the best virtue of all.
3. A brisk young shopkeeper who lived close by,
 Would upon this damsel be casting an eye,
 This damsel on him with smiles did the same,
 Till they both were possessed of a secret flame.

4. But love which no longer could then be conceal'd,
By this loving couple was quickly reveal'd,
As they one evening did meet in a grove,
This young man began to discover his love.
5. Well met my dear mistress the joy of my heart,
The night of perfection in every part,
The love in my breast that I long have conceal'd,
I now to my dearest will quickly reveal.
6. If you be so cruel my suit to deny,
My amorous jewel for you I must die,
My heart it is bleeding and lies at your feet,
O, kill me, or cure me, just as you see fit.
7. This damsel appear'd like one struck quite dumb,
While blushes like flashes of lightning did come,
At length she repli'd there's no trust in young men,
And what would you have me to answer you then.
8. My heart to my dearest shall constant remain,
The thoughts of false lovers I freely disdain,
May I bid all pleasure forever adieu,
My dear when I do prove false unto you.

9. This beautiful lady no longer could hide,
Her tender affections but freely repli'd,
My heart it is your own and shall be till I die,
And into his arms she like lightning did fly.
10. A ring of pure gold from her finger she took,
Just into the middle the same then she broke.
And here is a token of love you must take,
And this is a pledge I will keep for your sake.
11. With hugging and kissing in each others arms,
They both were possess'd with raptures of charms,
And from that same minute they constant did prove,
And loyal as ever was two turtle doves.
12. But fortune was cruel and on them did frown,
Their love to their parents was quickly made known,
So they to their daughter was base and severe,
She being an heir to five hundred a year.
13. They sent this young beautiful creature away,
To London that she with her uncle might stay,
Thinking in a short time her love would abate,
But true love will not be so serv'd at that rate.

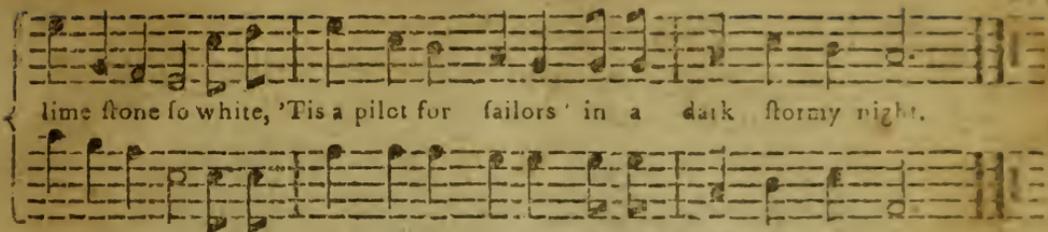
14. Some time with her uncle this damsel did stay,
Till she did in private a letter convey,
To her loyal lover the joy of her heart,
Whom covetous parents did cruelly part.
15. As soon as her letter, her lover he read,
He sent her another in answer with speed,
Saying the whole world shall not us divide,
I will come unto you whate'er be the tide.
16. Her true lover's letter she never receiv'd,
For which she lamented by sighing and griev'd,
Saying hath my love forsaken me quite,
O, now all my pleasures have taken their flight.
17. Sure he is too loyal his love to deceive,
Now I in sorrow no longer will grieve,
But to fair Exeter I will repair,
Tho' my shadow is here my heart it is there.
18. This damsel without any longer delay,
For Exeter city she straight took her way,
In that very minute for London he came,
In hopes for to meet with his true love again.

19. But fortune was cruel and on them did frown,
The one coming up and the other going down,
That they on the road each other did miss,
O, who can discover the sorrows of this.
20. But when they found that their labour was lost,
Both their designs by misfortune were cross'd,
Without any stay they return'd again,
With hearts both possess'd of invincible pain.
21. Then three times together each other they miss'd,
While trouble and sorrow their hearts did possess,
This innocent damsel her heart she did break,
And died on the road for her true lover's sake,
22. The inn where this damsel that day went to rest,
This young man her lover came in as a guest,
They ask'd this young man what news was abroad
If he heard of a lady that died on the road.
23. Her corpse he desired then quickly to see,
And when he beheld her, he said, woe is me !
My long travels then an end they must have,
My true love and I will both lie in one grave.

24. A thousand times over as he weeping lay,
 He kiss'd her cold lips that was colder than clay,
 And that very night his heart he did break,
 And like a true lover he died for her sake.
25. You covetous parents wherever you be,
 Consider the same and lament with me,
 Let not gold nor silver true lovers divide,
 This dreadful example unto you be tied.

The GREEN MOUNTAIN.

On yonder high mountain a castle doth stand, All decked
 with ivory from the top to the stem, Fine arches, fine porches, with the



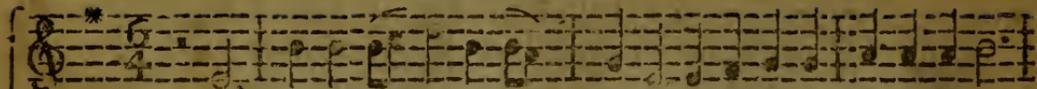
'Tis a landscape of pleasure, 'tis a verdure of green,
 'Tis the finest of mountains that ever was seen,
 For hunting, for gaming, for fishing also,
 There's the finest of roses on this mountain doth grow.

The ships from th' East-Indies are tost to and fro,
 Direct me to my true love wherever she goes,
 With the red flag a flying and the beatings of the drum,
 Sweet instruments of music and the firing of the gun.

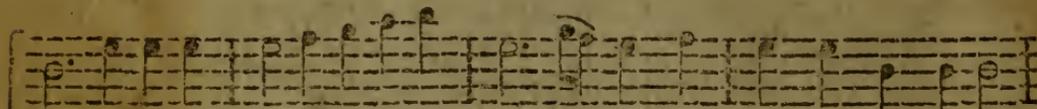
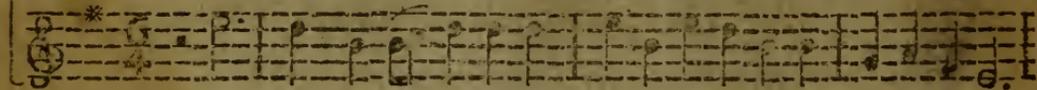
Had Polly proved loyal I'd made her my bride,
 Her mind being changed runs just like the tide,
 Her eyes they invite me but her tongue tells me no,
 Some Angel direct me or where shall I go.

THE COMPLETE
YOUNG ROGER.

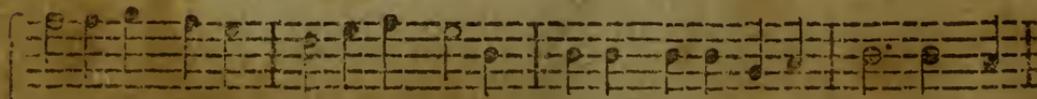
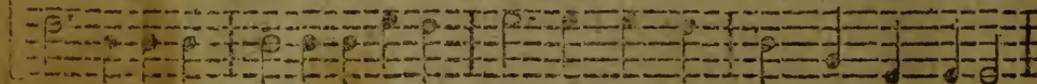
Air.



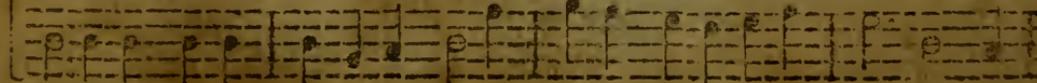
O mamma I long to be married, I hope you will give your consent,



I'm thirteen years old As I have been told, I am since th' middle of last lent



I was fit to be married you know Two summers and winters ago, O the



joys of a lover I mean to discover, Young Roger he loves me I know, Therefore

dearest mother I solemnly vow, I will marry Roger that follows the plow.

2. O what do you mean by young Roger,
 The mother in a passion repli'd,
 A country clown,
 The spurn of the town,
 While you might be a gentleman's bride,
 I plainly will make it appear,
 Before all in fair Oxfordshire;

You've got gold and treasure,
 And wealth without measure,
 The rent of ten thousand a year ;
 Therefore dearest daughter I solemnly vow,
 You shan't marry Roger that follows the plow.

3. O mamma I've got at my disposal,
 The rent of ten thousand and above,
 A plentiful store,
 I covet no more,

Give me but the man that I love ;
 Although he in mean habit goes,
 With patches perhaps on his cloaths,
 Dear mamma believe me,
 Whene'er he comes near me,
 His breath smells as sweet as a rose ;
 Therefore dearest mother I solemnly vow,
 I will marry Roger that follows the plow.

4. O there is young Willy the 'squire,
 He courts you I very well know,
 He'll make you his bride,
 His joy and delight,

In rings and fine jewels you'll go ;
He's healthy, and wealthy withal,
He's proper, straight, comely and tall,
He will befriend you,
And very well attend you,
With servant to come at your call ;
Therefore dearest daughter I solemnly vow,
You shan't marry Roger that follows the plow.

5. A fig for young Willy the 'squire,
A whore he will certainly keep,
 He'll revel and sport,
 With women in court,
While I in my chamber do weep,
Lamenting my sad overthrow,
Young Roger he'll never do so ;
O, the joys of a lover,
I mean to discover,
Young Roger he loves me I know,
Therefore dearest mother I solemnly vow,
I will marry Roger that follows the plow.

6. O the plow is the staff of the nation,
 And finally prospers the the throne,
 By every hand,
 It fattens the land,
 And makes plenty 'tis very well known ;
 O if I had now guineas in gold,
 As much as my apron could hold,
 O, who could be quiet,
 To live without diet,
 Or who could live without food ;
 Therefore dearest mother I solemnly vow,
 I will marry Roger that follows the plow.
7. Dear daughter since this is your judgment,
 Your notion I do recommend,
 For a good honest man, *As*
 Will save all he can,
 While a rake he will willingly spend,
 Abusing his family quite,
 Dear daughter you're much in the right,
 I will not deny you,
 O Let Roger stay by you,

Since he is your joy and delight,
 And when you are married I'll make it well known,
 I'll give Roger a plow and a farm of his own.

The POOR MAN.

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a five-line staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff concludes the melody with a double bar line.

O poor man, O poor man come tell us: me true, How
 you maintain your family, and how you carry them through, How
 you maintain your family when most of them are small, And
 nothing but your labour to maintain them all.

2. 'Tis sometimes I do reap and sometimes I do sow,
 Sometimes hedging, sometimes ditching, such work I often do ;

- There's nothing comes amiss to me, I harrow and I plow,
I maintain my family by sweat of my brow.
3. Early in the morning, I'm always in good cheer,
With a flail in my hand and a bottle of good beer ;
With a flail in my hand and a bottle of good beer,
I live as happy as those worth ten thousand a year.
4. My wife she's always willing to hall in the yoke,
We live like lambs together, and we never do provoke ;
Altho' it may be possible that we do now live poor,
Yet we can feed the beggars that come to our door.
5. When I come home at night, so weary then I be,
Then I take up my youngest child and dance it on my knee,
The rest all come around me and make a prating noise,
And this is all the comfort poor man enjoys.
6. This nobleman hearing what this poor man did say,
He invited him to dine with him the very next day,
He invited him his wife and children all to bring,
And in token of favor he gave him a ring.
7. Quite early the next morning, this poor man arose,
And dress'd up all his children in the finest of their cloaths ;

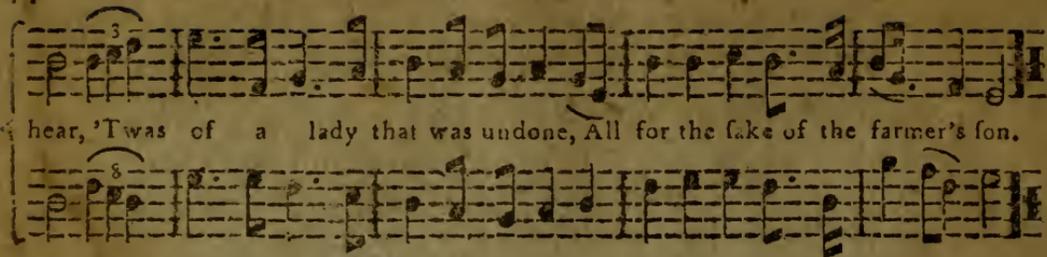
Then the poor man and his wife and his seven children small,
They all went to dine at this nobleman's hall.

8. And then after dinner he soon did let him know,
What into this poor man's hands he had then to bestow;
'Twas forty or fifty good acres of his land,
He gave him in writing and sign'd his own hand.
9. Saying on this you may live happy all your life,
Therefore I do entreat you to be kind unto your wife;
Be kind unto your wife and children all around,
There's few of those noblemen that are to be found.

The FARMER'S SON.

The musical notation consists of two staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a sharp sign for F#, and a common time signature 'C'. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4-A4 (beamed eighth notes), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (half). The second staff begins with a treble clef, a sharp sign for F#, and a common time signature 'C'. The notes are: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4-A4 (beamed eighth notes), G4 (quarter), F#4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (half). The lyrics 'Come people all I pray draw near, A melancholly song you'll' are written below the first staff.

Come people all I pray draw near, A melancholly song you'll



2. She wrote him letters every day,
But nothing to her would he say,
Because he knew he was engag'd,
To Sally that handsome chambermaid,
3. As she was a walking all alone,
She chanc'd to meet the man she lov'd;
Saying kind sir upon my life,
I do intend to be your wife.
4. O, madam no that ne'er can be,
You are too gay a bride for me,
Besides you know I am engag'd,
To Sally that handsome chambermaid.
5. O then, said he, if I was free,
I could love you most tenderly ;

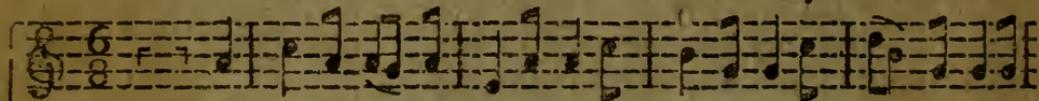
But I am just agoing to wed,
Sally that handsome chambermaid.

6. O then said she if this be true,
I soon shall prove her overthrow,
Sally my waiting maid shall be,
And we'll sail over the raging sea.
7. Then to pretty Sally she did send,
Saying upon you I do depend,
For you my waiting maid to be,
And we'll sail over the raging sea.
8. To this, pretty Sally did consent,
And straitway to the ship they went ;
But still she was disturbed in her mind,
For to leave the farmer's son behind.
9. As they were sailing o'er the sea,
She watch'd all opportunity ;
She gave her powders to make her sleep,
And suddenly plung'd her into the deep.
10. But as she was returning home,
Her conscience did like fury burn ;

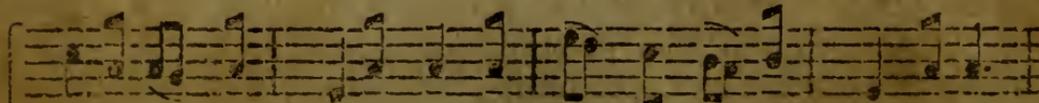
Crying alas I am undone,
I've ruin'd myself and the farmer's son.

II. T'want for the fake of ore nor gold,
That this fair maiden's life was sold;
True love alone as here you may see,
Was the ruination of all three.

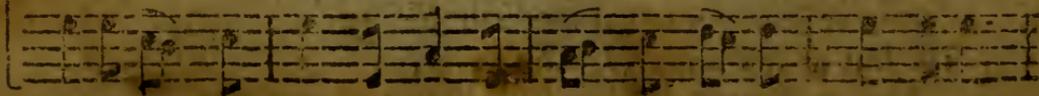
An ADDRESS to the MASONIC SOCIETY.—By a Woman.

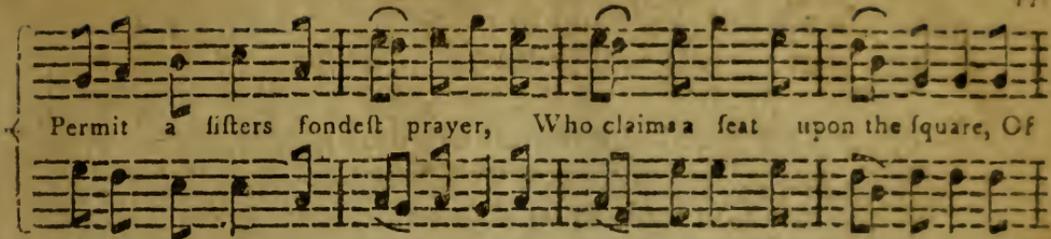


The spirits of the social love, Descending from the aelms above; And

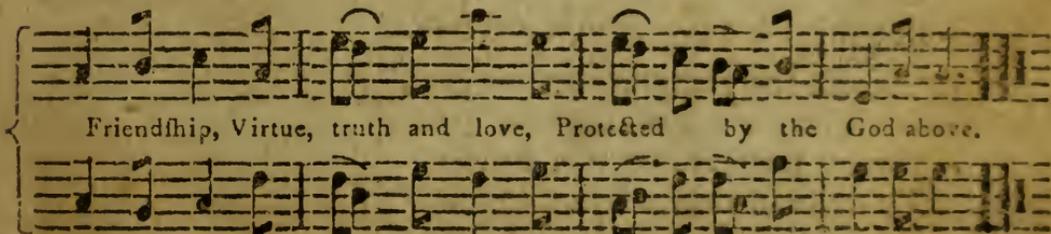


shed kind beams of purest bright, On the dear bands the sons of light,





Permit a sisters fondest prayer, Who claims a seat upon the square, Of



Friendship, Virtue, truth and love, Protected by the God above.

2. That you may ever live in peace,
 May every jar and discord cease,
 That all the world may plainly see,
 You're brave and just as well as we ;
 Although the secret's from us hid,
 And in your Lodge we are forbid,
 Nor the bright badge allow'd to wear,
 Yet of the temple members are.

3. If you are just, kind and sincere,
The plan to us it will endear,
To share the beauty of the trees,
They must bear fruit as well as leaves ;
With you rejoice with you we'll sing,
While this rich fruit to us you bring,
And never barren may you be,
But shine as Masons that are free.
4. Accept the compliments we give,
With honor act with honor live,
Pardon the freedom that I show,
To write of things I nothing know ;
To man the laws and rules were given,
But yet the noblest gift of heaven,
Was woman given from above,
She is the noblest type of love.
5. Although the secret's never told,
But pleas'd the Order to behold,
Convinc'd that you consider first,
Be kind and true and just to us ;

We'll not distrust we'll not complain,
 While gently you do hold the reign,
 And give us smiles without a frown,
 But you may reign and wear the crown.

6. Let incense from your ample board,
 Ascend the needy souls to bliss,
 The stranger kind release afford,
 And every one true happiness:
 With you we'll dance with you we'll sing,
 And join the choral song of praise,
 This friendly tribute we will bring,
 And celebrate your festal days.

An ELEGY on the Death of Gen. WASHINGTON.

What anguish fills the breast, And mourn - - - - - ful ac-

cents ro - - - - ll, What tongue can true exprefs, The sorrows

of the foul. What tongue can true exprefs, The sorrows of the foul.

2. Our country mourns her loss,
Her loss we deeply feel;
Each heart in sadness beats,
Our tears our thoughts reveal.
3. Great Washington's no more,
Our Country's hope is fled;
It sounds from shore to shore,
Great Washington is dead.

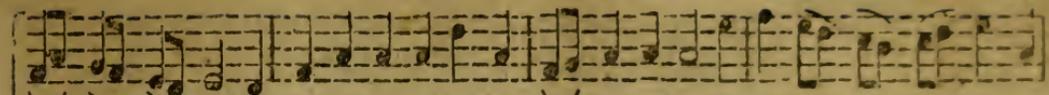
4. This hero now we mourn,
Who stood our chief in war ;
In peace with laurels crown'd,
He saught no golden carr.
5. When war our coast had fled,
For blisful days he saught,
To Vernon's shades retir'd,
T' enjoy the good he wrought.
6. Again his country call'd,
His country's voice he heard ;
On him fresh honors pour'd,
The world astonish'd fear'd.
7. Again our mighty chief,
From pow'r himself withdrew ;
The world the example view'd,
The example none pursue.
8. When danger rear'd her head,
And war's tempestuous rage ;
Convuls'd the pow'rs abroad,
Our eyes review'd our sage,

9. Again from Vernon's shades,
To share the din of arms ;
Great Washington appear'd,
The Chief dispell'd the alarms.
10. But lo our mighty Chief,
Lies prostrate in the dust ;
Each heart is fill'd with grief,
For this our earthly trust.
11. To Thee, great God, we fly,
And ask protecting aid ;
May Washington's draw nigh,
When foes our coasts invade.

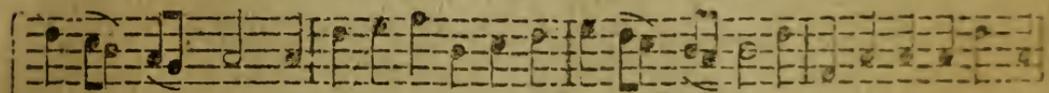
FREEDOM.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 6/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same 6/4 time signature and key signature. The melody is written across both staves, with the lyrics 'Come all ye young lovers, who wan with despair, Compose idle sonnets &' written below the notes.

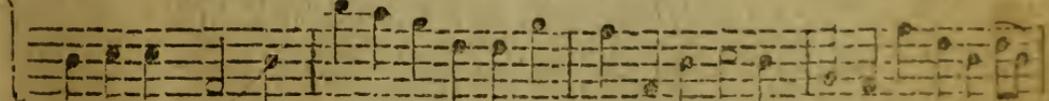
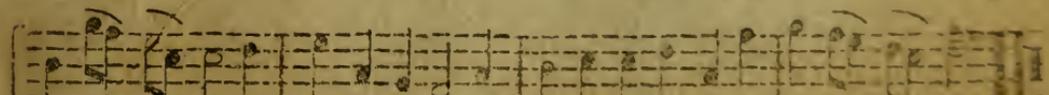
Come all ye young lovers, who wan with despair, Compose idle sonnets &



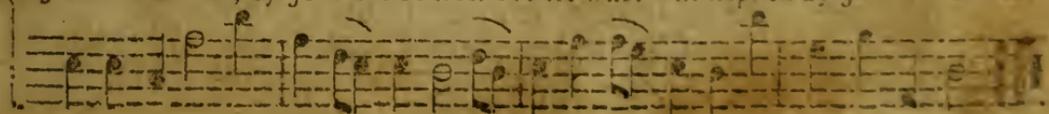
High for the fair Who puff up their pride by enhancing their charms, & tell them 'tis heaven to

lie in their arms; Be wise by example, take pattern by me; For, let what will happen by

Jove I'll be free, by Jove I'll be free. For let what will happen by Jove I'll be free.



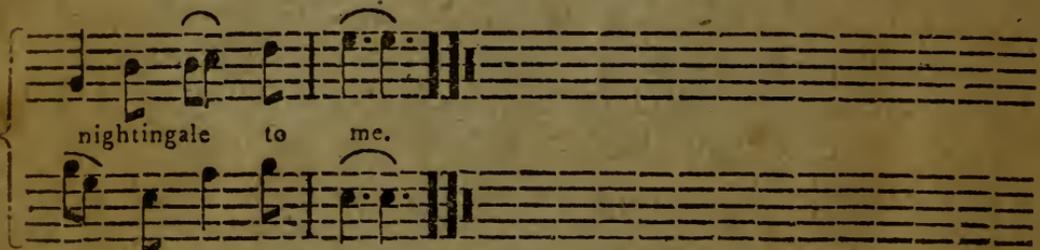
2. Young Daphne I saw, in the net soon was caught,
 I ly'd, and I flatter'd, as custom has taught ;
 I press'd her to blifs, which she granted full soon,
 The date of my passion expir'd with the moon ;
 She vow'd she was ruin'd, I said it might be,
 I'm sorry my dear, but by Jove I'll be free ;
 By Jove I'll be free, I'm sorry, &c.
3. The next was young Phillis, as bright as the morn,
 The love that I proffer'd she treated with scorn,
 I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
 'That none can be handsome but such as are kind ;
 Her pride and ill nature were lost upou me,
 In spite of fair faces, by Jove I'll be free.
 By Jove I'll be free, In spite, &c.
4. Let others call marriage the harbour of joys,
 Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise ;
 Some choose to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange rage,
 Like birds, they sing best when they're lock'd in a cage ;
 I'll not have confinement, 'twas not made for me,
 Let who will be bondslave, by Jove I'll be free.
 By Jove I'll be free, Let who will, &c.

5. Then let the brisk bumper run over the glass,
 A toast let us drink to the beautiful lass;
 Who yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule,
 Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool.
 Let's bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee,
 In spite of grave lessons, by Jove I'll be free.
 By Jove I'll be free, In spite, &c.

The SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.—By SWAN.

O Nightingale! best poet of the grove, That plaintive

strain can ne'er belong to thee, Blest in the full possession of thy love.



'Tis mine alas ! to mourn my wretched fate,
 I love a maid, who all my bosom charms ;
 Yet lose my days without this lovely mate,
 Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.
 You happy birds, by nature's simple laws,
 Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare ;
 You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
 And love and song is all your pleasing care.

But we vain slaves of interest and of pride,
 Dare not be blest'd lest envious tongues should blame ;
 And hence in vain I languish for my bride,
 O mourn with me sweet bird my hapless flame.

The BEAUTIES of the SPRING.

Flocks are sporting, doves are courting, Warbling linnets sweet - ly

ling ; Joy and pleasure without measure, Kindly hail the glori -

- ous spring, Kindly hail the glori - - ous spring.

2. Flocks are bleating rocks repeating,
Valleys echo back the sound ;
Dancing singing, piping springing,
Nought but mirth and joy go round.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD.—By SWAN.

Tell me my lovely shepherd where, Thou feedst at noon thy fleecy care ;

Direct me to the sweet retreat, That guards thee from the midday heat. Di-

rect me to the sweet retreat, That guards thee from the midday heat.

2. Left by the flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a guide I lose my way;
 Where rests at noon thy bleating care,
 My gentle shepherd tell me where.

'TIS TIME ENOUGH YET.—Music by WILKINSON.

A term full as long as the siege of old troy, To win a sweet girl, I my

time did employ, Oft urg'd her the time for our marriage to let, As often she answer'd 'tis

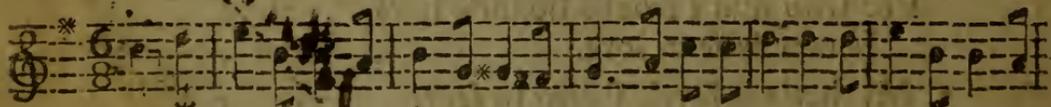
time enough yet, 'tis time enough yet. Oft urg'd her the day of our marriage to let, As

2. In open boat, the maid of worth,
 Soon reach'd, our vessel's side ;
 Soon too she found her William's birth,
 But sought me not to chide :
 Go, she exclaim'd for fame's a cause,
 A female should approve ;
 For who that's true to honor's laws,
 Is ever false to love.
3. My heart is loyal, scorns to fear,
 Nor will it ever fail ;
 Though war's unequal wild career,
 Should William's life assail :
 Though death 'gainst thee exerts his sway,
 O trust me, but the dart,
 That woundeth thee will find its way,
 To Caroline's true heart.
4. Should conquest, in fair form array'd,
 Thy loyal efforts crown ;
 In Gosport will be found a maid,
 That lives for thee alone :

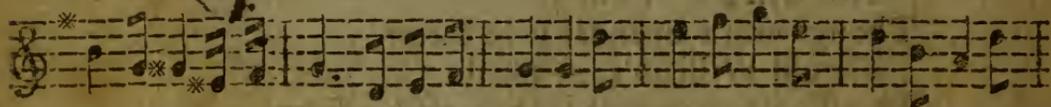
John Ring
from
Alex Gibson

THE COMPLETE

May girls, with hearts so firm and true,
 To love and glory's cause,
 Meet the reward they have in view,
 The meed of free applause.

The LOVELY LASS.

I am a brisk young lively lass, A little more than twenty, And by my air &



comely dress, I can have sweethearts plenty, But I'll beware of wedlock's snare, Tho'



dying swains adore me, Then men I'll tease myself to please, My mother did so before me.

2. In rich brocade and diamonds bright,
 Like gayest spring delighting ;
 My parts and humour shall unite,
 To make me more enviting :

For I'll advance and learn to dance,
To please shall be my glory ;
I'll learn to trace, each step with grace,
My Mother did so before me.

3. I'll dress as fine as fine can be,
My pride shall be my pleasure ;
And though the neighbors envy me,
To mind them I've no leisure :
I'll take delight both day and night,
To be talk'd of in story ;
I'll have it said there shines a maid,
My mother did so before me.

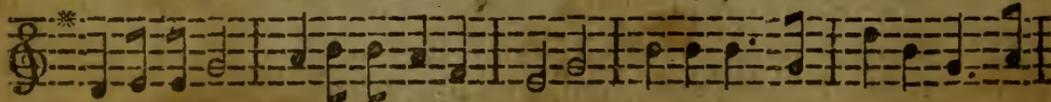
4. To park and play I'll often go,
To spend each leisure hour ;
I'll walk and talk with ev'ry beau,
And make them feel my power ;
But if a dart should pierce my heart,
From one that does adore me ;
I'll wed and kiss what harm in this ?
My mother did so before me.

5. Then will I manage when I wed,
 My husband to perfection ;
 For as good wives have often said,
 Keep husbands in subjection :
 No snarling fool shall o'er me rule,
 Or e're eclipse my glory ;
 I'll let him see I'll mistress be,
 My mother did so before me.

STERNE's MARIA.



'Twas near a thicket's calm retreat, Under a poplar tree, Maria chose



her wretched seat, To mourn her sorrows free, Her lovely form was sweet to view, As



dawn at op'ning day, But ah she mourn'd her love not true, And wept her cares away.

To make me more envying :

I met an old friend and relation,
Who I heard was a Mason before ;
To him I soon made application,
He carried the news to the door ;
He bid me to tarry with patience,
Straitway to the room did repair,
And soon he return'd with an answer,
And bid me to come and prepare.

Good Heaven ! then how my heart panted,
Expecting to meet with old nick ;
The report I had taken for granted,
My conscience began for to prick ;
But I found it a matter more serious,
Tho' never a word yet I spoke ;
The way that I went was mysterious,
I felt in no humor to joke.

Through dark dismal shades how I blunder'd,
Lord help me ! in private I cry'd ;
With a voice, unto me it seem'd thunder,
One question'd my friend and my guide

Saying Brother who's this you are leading,
My case unto him he made known ;
My guide was my lawyer in pleading,
And carried my cause to the throne.
Then wisdom he taught me my duty,
He gave me new light to my eyes ;
I was struck with such majestic beauty,
Which fill'd my poor heart with surprise :
He told me that I was his brother,
And that I had nothing to fear ;
We love and respect one another,
So come and partake of our cheer.
But what I saw there I can't tell ye,
Tho' this I may say without fear ;
I found something good for the body,
And believe there's no Devil there ;
And now for to tell you my mind, Sir,
But not what was told unto me ;
Before I went there, I was blind, Sir,
But now with both eyes I can see,

Band of happy brothers hail !
 Joys like these can never fail ;
 Mirth with all her frolic train,
 Shall echo back her joyful strain :
 Love and friendship crown the day,
 Ev'ry heart be blithe and gay.

The BEE.

As - Cupid in - a garden stray'd Transported with the damask shade.

The first system of musical notation for 'The BEE' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with many beamed eighth notes.

A lit - tle Bee, un - seen, among The silken weeds, his finger stung.

The second system of musical notation for 'The BEE' also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a 2/4 time signature. It continues the melody from the first system, ending with a double bar line.

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

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

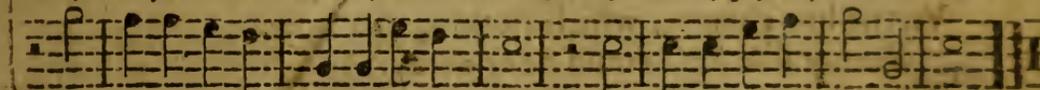
Then VENUS mildly thus rejoin'd,
 If you, my dear, such anguish find,
 From the resentment of a BEE,
 Think what those feel, who're stung by thee.

 SOPHRONIA.

Forbear my friends, forbear and ask no more, Where all my cheerful airs are fled;



Why will ye make me talk my torments o'er, My life, my joy, my comfort's dead.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

POCKET SONG BOOK.

83

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

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

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

COLUMBIA.—By Dr. DWIGHT.

Columbia, Colurabia to glory arise, The queen of the earth, and the

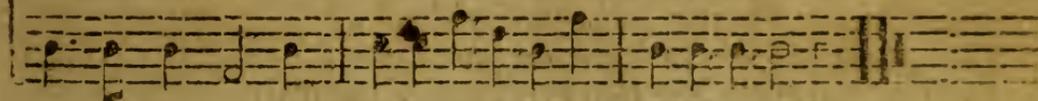
child of the skies ; Thy genius commands thee, with rapture beheld, While ages on

ages thy splendor unfold. Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time, Most

fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime: Let the crimes of the east, ne'er



encrimson thy name, Be freedom and science, and virtue, thy fame.

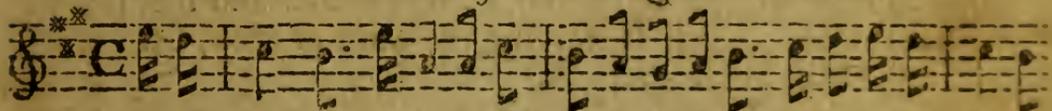


To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire ;
 Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities on fire ;
 Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
 And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
 A world is thy realm : for a world be thy laws,
 Enlarg'd as thine empire, and just as thy cause ;
 On freedom's broad basis thy empire shall rise,
 Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.
 Fair science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
 And the east see thy morn hide the beams of thy star ;
 New bards, and new sages, unrivall'd shall soar,
 To fame unextinguish'd, when time is no more ;
 To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd,
 Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind :

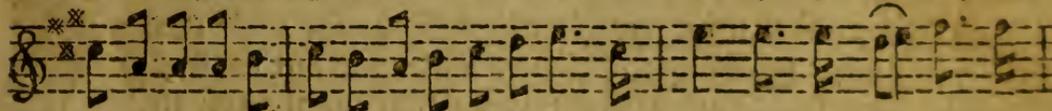
Here, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring,
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.
Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend ;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire :
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refin'd,
And virtues bright image, instamp'd on the mind,
With peace, and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.
Thy fleets to all regions thy pow'r shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey ;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.
Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively stray'd ;

The gloom from the face of fair heaven retir'd ;
 The winds ceas'd to murmur ; the thunders expir'd ;
 Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
 And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
 "Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

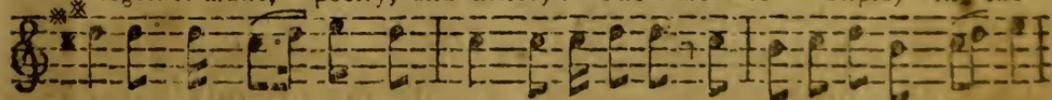
GOLDEN DAYS of GOOD QUEEN BESS.



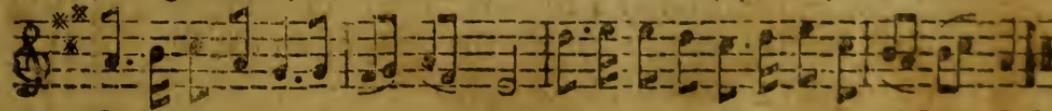
To my muse give attention, and deem it not a mystery, If we jumble



together music, poetry, and history: The times to display in the



days of Queen Bess, sir, Whose name and whose mem'ry posterity may bless, sir.



O the golden days of good Queen Bess ; Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess.

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of dons and armadas,
 With their gunpowder puffs, and their blustering bravadoes ;
 For we knew how to manage both the musket and the bow, fir,
 And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a crow, fir,
 O the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd and our houses were thatch'd, fir,
 Our windows were lattic'd and our doors only latch'd, fir ;
 Yet so few were the folks that would plunder and rob, fir,
 That the hangman was starving for want of a job, fir.
 O the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruffs tied round about the neck fast,
 Would gobble up a pound of beef steaks for their breakfast ;
 While close quil'd up coif their noddles just did fit, fir,
 And they truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit fir.
 O the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worsted hose fir,
 With a huge pair of whiskers, was the dress of our beaux fir,
 Strong beer they preferr'd to claret or to hock, fir,
 And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, fir.
 O the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood then was as plenty too as beef, fir,
 And the poor from the rich ne'er wanted relief, fir,
 While merry went the mill clack, the shuttle and the plow, fir,
 And honest men could live by the sweat of their brow, fir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then football, and wrestling, and pitching of the bar, fir,
 Were prefer'd to a flute, to a fiddle, or guitar, fir :
 And for jaunting, and junketting, the fav'rite regale, fir,
 Was a walk as far as Chelsea, to demolish buns and ale, fir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then the folks, ev'ry Sunday, went twice at least to church, fir,
 And never left the parson or his sermon in the lurch, fir,
 For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people to be good in, fir,
 And they thought it Sabbath-breaking if they din'd without a
 pudding, fir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men were great, fir,
 And the props of the nation were the pillars of the state, fir ;
 For the sov'reign and the subject one interest supported,
 And our powerful alliance by all powers then was courted.

O the golden days, &c.

Then the high and mighty states, to their everlasting stain, fir,
 By Britons were releas'd from the galling yoke of Spain, fir,
 And the rous'd British lion, had all Europe then combin'd, fir,
 Undismay'd would have scatter'd them, like chaff before the wind, fir.

O the golden days, &c.

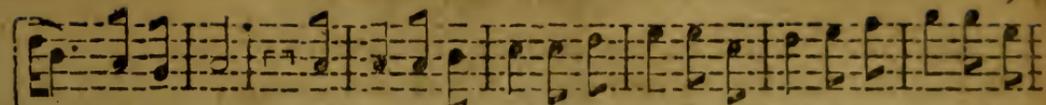
Thus they ate, and they drank, and they work'd, and they play'd, fir,
 Of their friends not asham'd, nor of enemies afraid, fir,
 And little did they think, when this ground they stood on, fir,
 To be drawn from the life, now they're all dead and gone, fir.

O the golden days, &c.

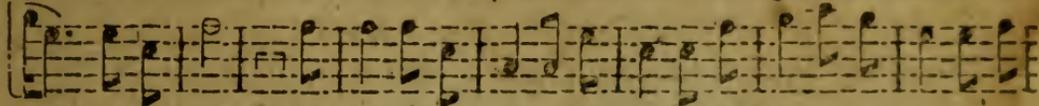
A SONG by FLORELLA,

[Taken from HANNAH MORE'S Drama—Set to Music by MASON.]

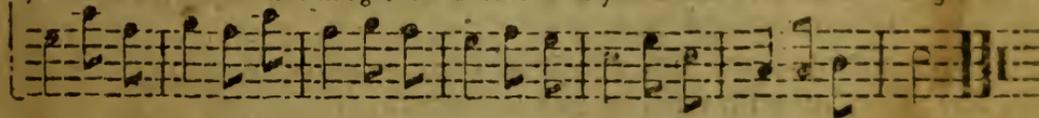
While beauty and pleasure are now in their prime, And folly and fashion ex-



peet our whole time, Ah! let not those phantoms our wishes engage. Let us live so in



youth that we blush not in age. Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.



2. Though the vain and the gay may attend us a while,
 Yet not let their flattery our prudence beguile;
 Let us covet those charms that will never decay,
 Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.
3. How the tints of the rose and jess'mine's perfume,
 The eglantine's fragrance, the lilac's gay bloom,
 Though fair and though fragrant, unheeded may lie,
 For that neither is sweet when Florella is by.

4. I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health ;
Then richer than Cræsus, and as happy as they,
My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.
5. When age shall steal on me, and youth is no more,
And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my door,
What charm in lost beauty or wealth should I find ?
My treasure, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.
6. That peace I'll preserve then, as pure as it was giv'n,
And taste in my bosom an earnest of heav'n ;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And sixty may flourish as gay as sixteen.
7. And when long I the burthen of life shall have borne,
And Death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
Resign'd to my fate, without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons and lie down and die.

The WATERMAN.—Music by SWAN.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

I was d'ye see a waterman, As light and spruce as any, 'Twixt

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Richmond town and Horfly down, I earn'd an honest penny; None could of fortune's

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

favours brag, More than could lucky I, My cot was snug, well fill'd my leg, My

grunter in my sty. With wherry tight, and bosom light, I cheerful-

ly did row. And to complete this princely life, Sure never man had

friend or wife, Like my Poll and my partner Joe, Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

I'roll'd in joys like these a while,
 Folks far and near carrels'd me,
 Till woe is me, so lubberly,
 The prefs-gang came and prefs'd me :
 How could I all these pleasures leave ?
 How with wherry part ?
 I never so took on to grieve,
 It wrung my very heart.
 But when on board they gave the word,
 To foreign parts to go,
 I ru'd the moment I was born,
 That I should ever thus be torn,
 From my Poll and my partner Joe.
 From my Poll, &c.
 I did my duty manfully,
 While on the billows rolling ;
 And night and day could find my way,
 Blindfold to the maintop bowling ;
 Thus all the dangers of the main,
 Quick-sands and gales of wind,
 I brav'd, in hopes to taste agin,

The joys I left behind.
 In climes afar, the hottest war,
 Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
 In hopes these perils to relate,
 As by my side attentive sat,
 My Poll and my partner Joe.
 My Poll, &c.
 At last it pleas'd his majesty,
 To give peace to the nation ;
 And honest hearts, from foreign parts,
 Came home for consolation :
 Like lightning for I felt new life,
 Now safe from all alarms,
 I rush'd and found my friend and wife,
 Lock'd in each others arms !
 Yet fancy not I bore my lot,
 Tame like a lubber :—no,
 For seeing I was fairly trick'd,
 Plump to the deil I fairly kick'd,
 My Poll and my partner Joe.
 My Poll, &c.

CONTENTS.

As I sat musing all alone,	12	O manima I long to be married,	36
A term full as long,	60	O poor man, O poor man,	41
A beaution's sterling late I saw,	70	O Nightingale, best poet,	55
As Cupid in a garden stray'd,	79	Of damask cheek,	62
Before I became a Free Mason,	72	Since times are so hard,	23
Come people all,	43	Tho' I sweep to and fro,	15
Come all ye young lovers,	52	The spirits of the social love,	46
Columbia, Columbia to glory,	82	Tell me my lovely shepherd,	58
Draw near you young gallants,	28	'Twas at the break of day,	63
Flocks are sporting,	57	'Twas near a thicket's,	68
Forever fortune,	76	To my muse give attention,	87
Forbear my friends,	80	What art on earth,	9
How short to me,	21	Why should our joys,	18
Hail the festive joyous hour,	77	What anguish fills the breast,	49
I am a brisk young lively lass,	66	When first that young streph'n,	75
I was d'ye see a waterman,	93	While beauty and pleasure,	90
On yonder high mountain,	34		