

FRONTISPIECE.



*Angus sculp.*

APOLLO and the MUSES.

Published June 1<sup>st</sup> 1783 by J. FIELDING, N<sup>o</sup> 23, Paternoster Row.

THE  
Vocal Sheet Music  
PRESENTING

AN ELEGANT SELECTION of  
the Most Favourite

Hunting, Sea, Love, & Miscellaneous

S. S. M. G. S.  
Sung by

Edwin, Miss Cargill,  
Bannister, Miss Kennedy,  
Webster, Mr. Highten,  
&c. &c. &c.

With the Music prefixed to each.



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. FERRING, N<sup>o</sup> 23, Paternoster Row.

Price 5s. 6d.

①

W. 1070

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE following collection has been made with great attention, both to the merits of the words as well as the music. There are so many excellent songs in the language that it was impossible to admit a moiety of them in a volume of this kind and price, consequently many have been omitted. The regard which in such a work must be paid to popularity, has occasioned the insertion of some that will not bear a critical scrutiny; these, however, are but few. As this volume is meant equally for the use of Ladies as well as Gentlemen, the strictest care has been taken to avoid indelicacy, and many of the most beautiful love songs of our best poets and musicians may here be found. Some songs in transposing for the German flute have been put in keys too high

A . . . . . for

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

for many voices, but that the singer will immediately perceive and as easily accommodate. Others, but not many, have been left in their original keys, though with two and sometimes three flats, either to exercise the young musician, and bring him gradually to accustom himself to those difficulties, or because the song would have been injured by transposition. In classing, some attention has been paid, not only to bring songs of the same kind, but likewise of the same sentiment, together, so as generally to make the subject seem a continuation. Propriety of this kind has not always been alike successfully observed, though it is presumed it has not frequently been violated.

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I N D E X.

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When

I N D E X.

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*With early snow.*

Y.

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*Ye Sportsmen*

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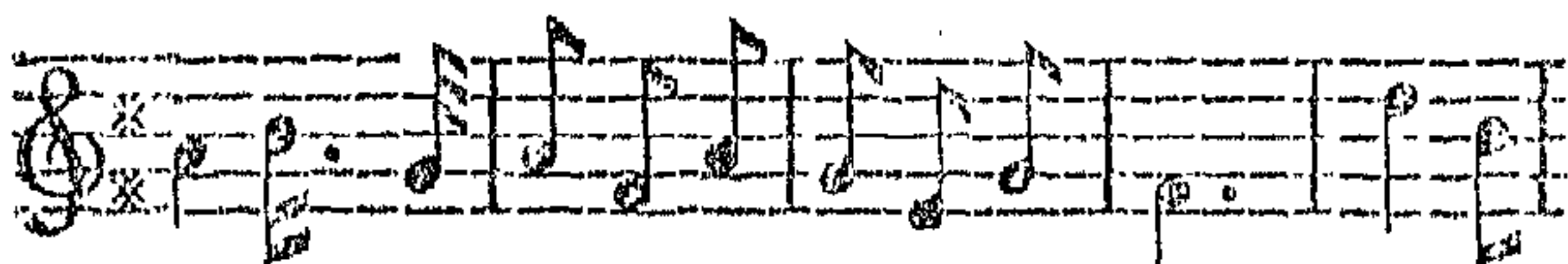
HUNTING SONGS.

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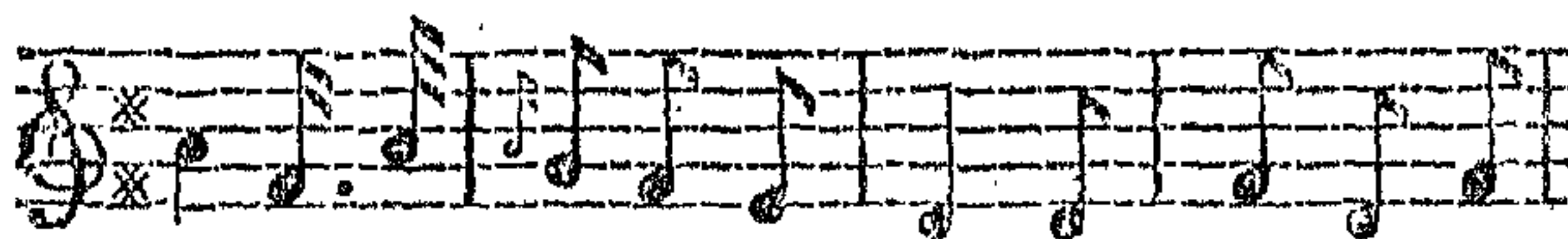
## SONG I.



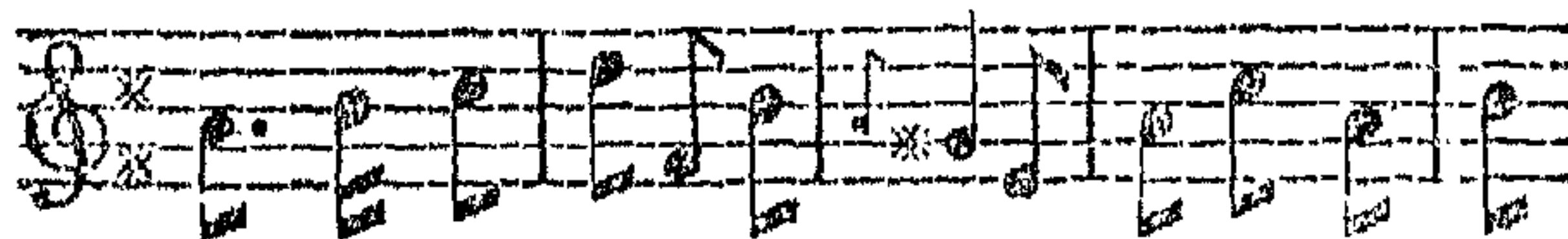
Ye sportsmen draw near and ye sportswomen



too, who delight in the joys of the field, who de-



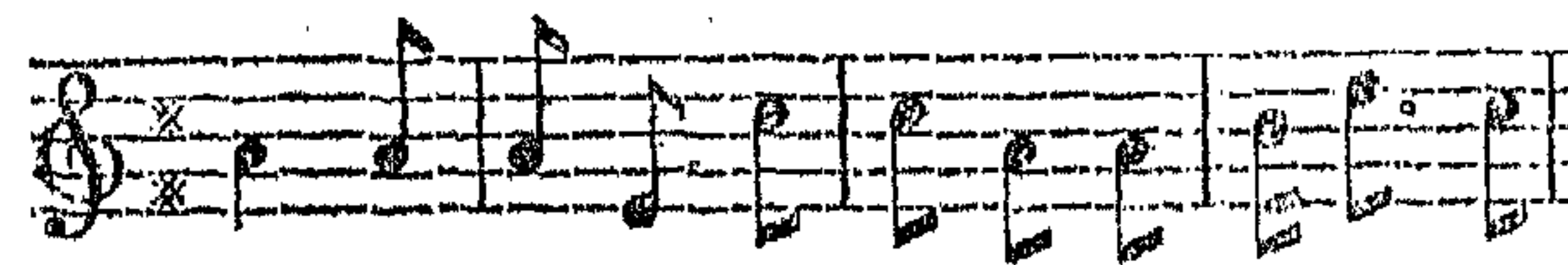
light in the joys of the field. Mankind tho' they



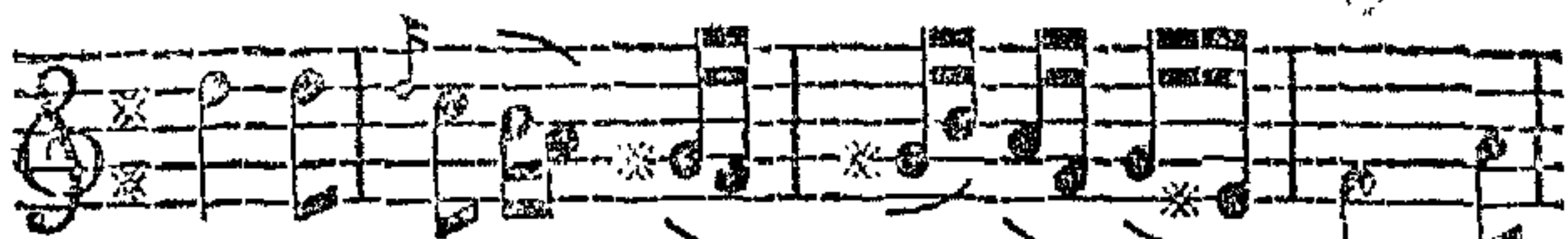
blame are all ea-ger as you, and no one the con-



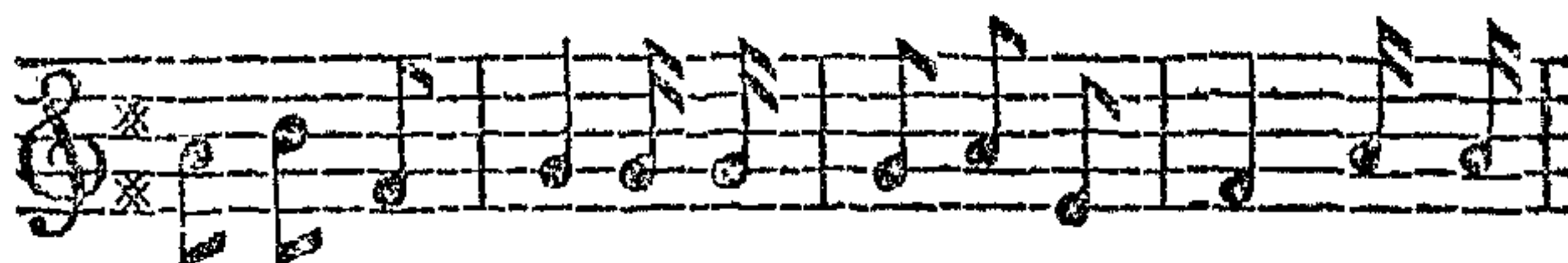
test will yield, - - - and no one the contest will



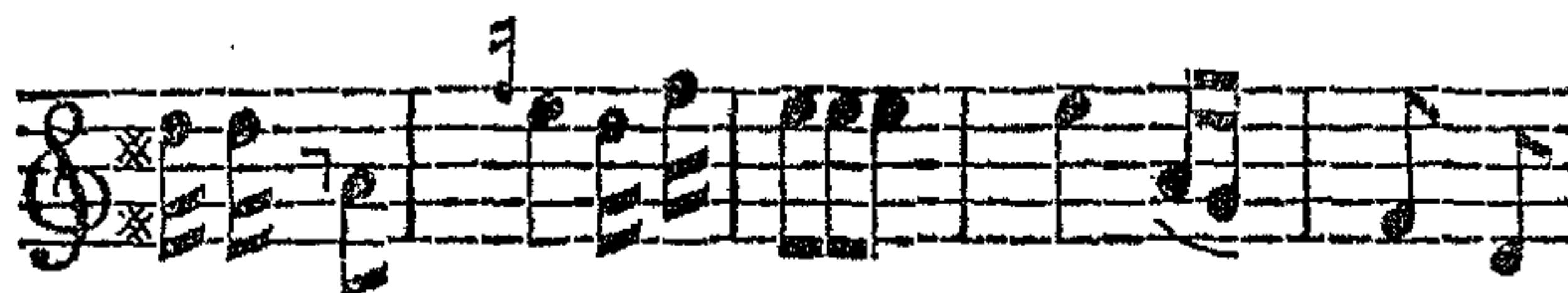
yield, His lordship, his worship, his honour, his  
grace,



grace, a hunting con - - tinal - - ly go, All



ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace, with hark



forward, huzza, Tally ho, - - - - All ranks and



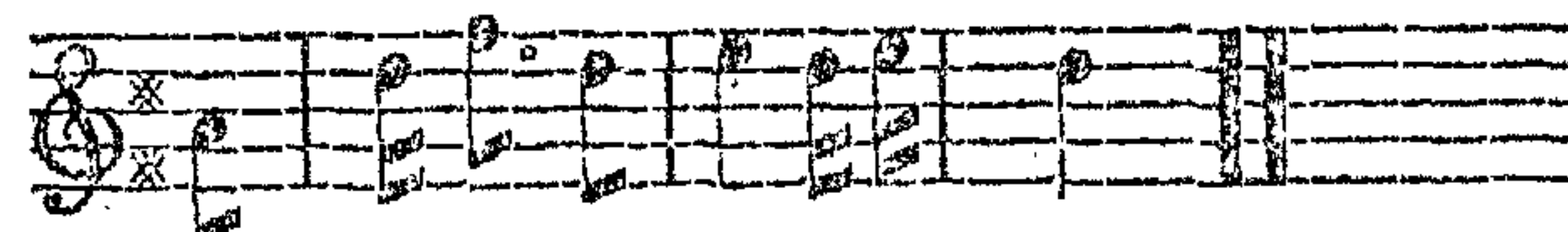
degrees are engag'd in the chace, hark forward huz-



za, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally



ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho, - - - -

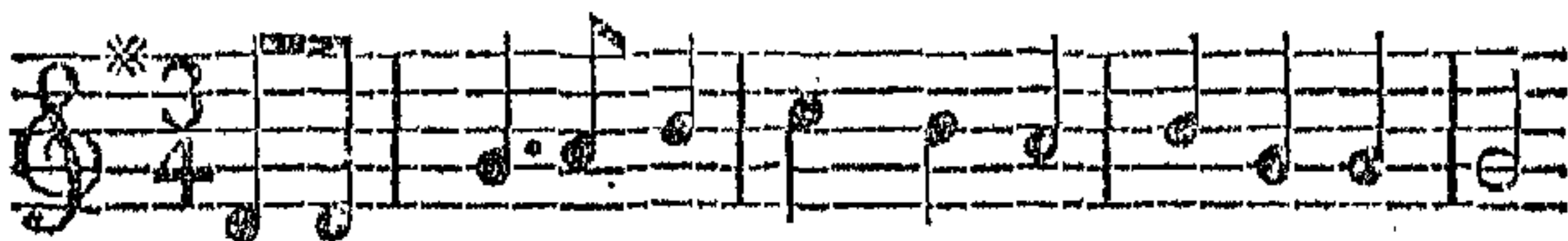


Hark forward huzza Tally ho.

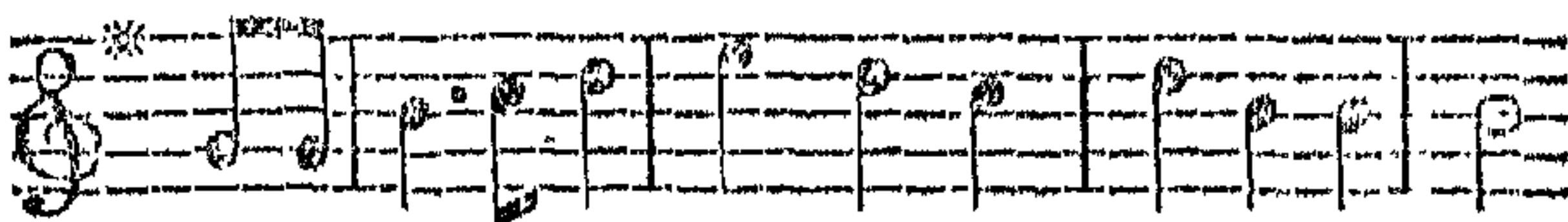
The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn  
 'To hunt for a mortgage or deed ;  
 The husband gets up at the found of the horn  
 And rides to the commons full speed ;  
 The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game ;  
 The poet too often lays low,  
 Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,  
 With hark forward, huzza, 'Tally ho.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep  
 Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,  
 How oft do they Decency's bounds overleap  
 And the fences of Virtue break down ?  
 Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,  
 For amusement, for passion, for shew,  
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,  
 With hark forward, huzza, 'Tally ho.

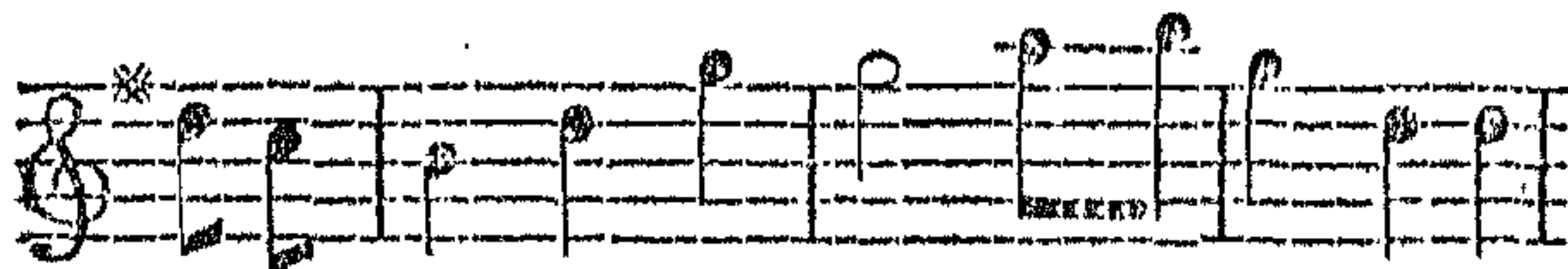
## S O N G II.



Come ye sportsmen so brave who delight in the field,

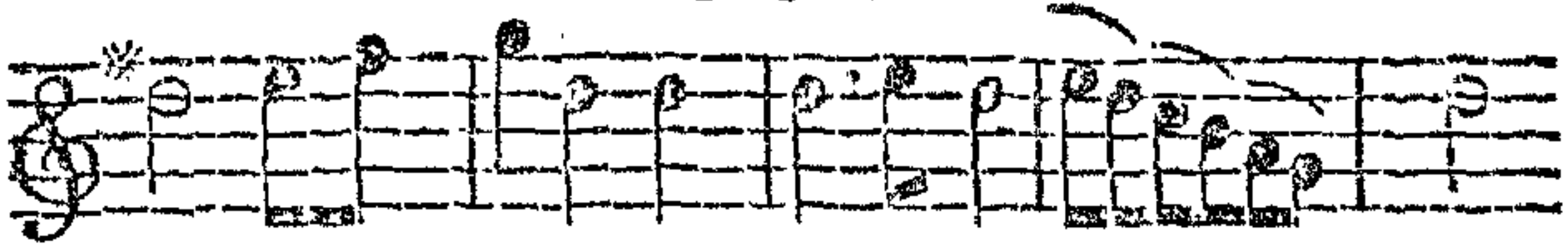


Where the bud barren mountain fresh raptures can yield,



Let the health breathing chace rouze the soul with de-

light,



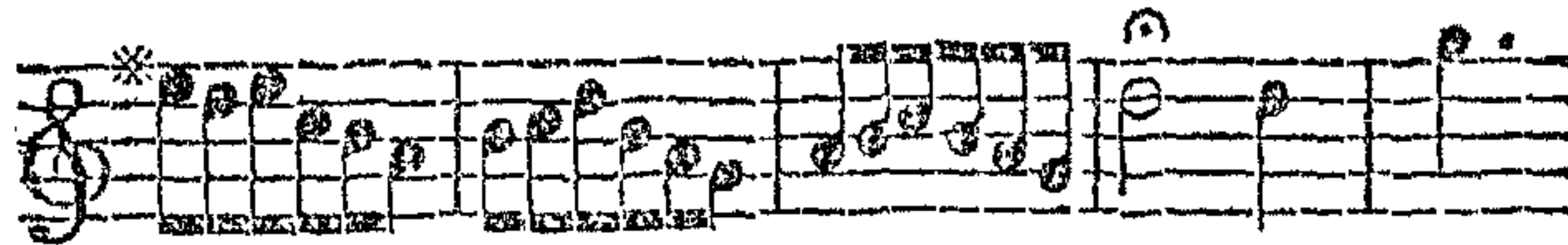
light, with the jol-ly god Bacchus be jovial at night.



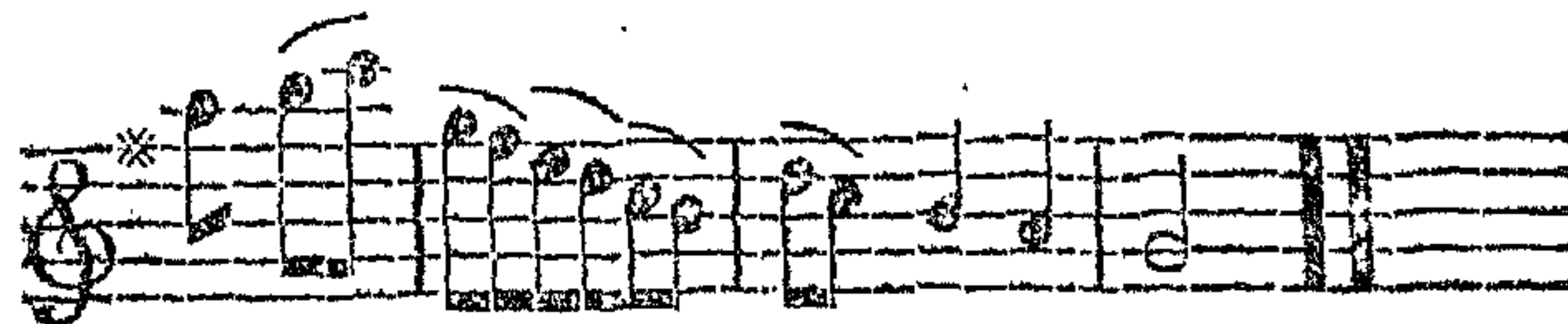
See the high mettled steeds where snorting they fly, while



staunch the dogs cover the ground in full cry, while



Itau - - - - - nch, while staunch

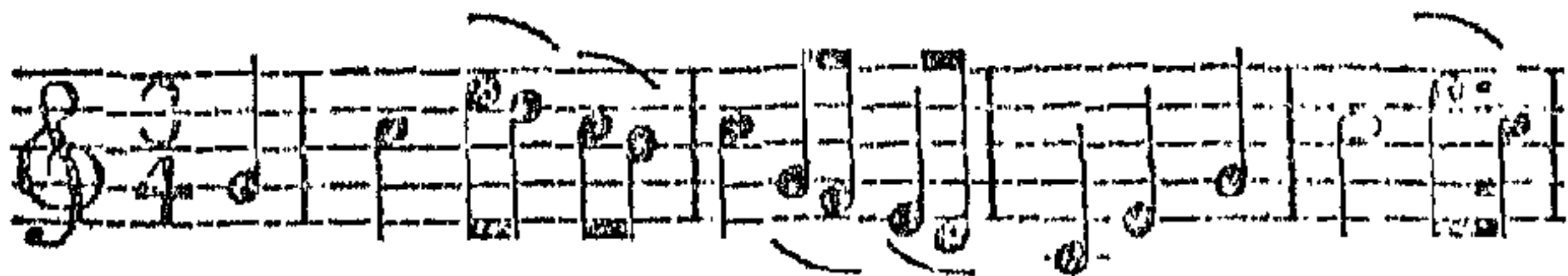


the dogs cover the ground in full cry.

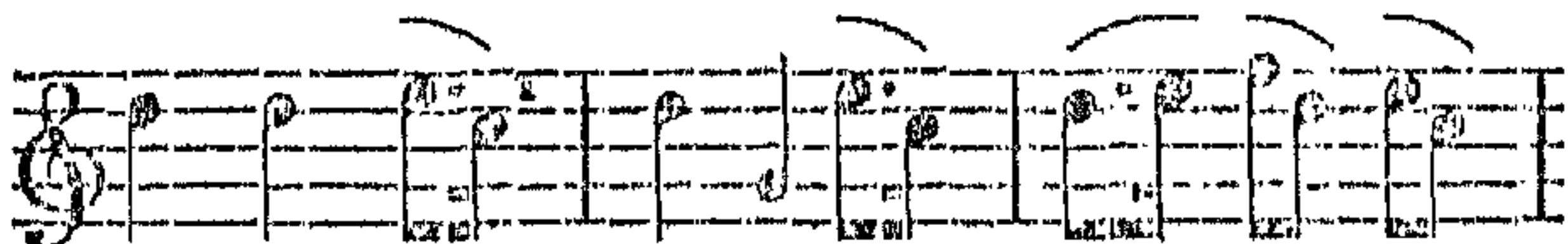
How can ye, my boys, from such sports now refrain  
 When the horn's chearful sound calls ye forth to the plain?  
 Poor pufley she flies and seems danger to scorn,  
 Then redoubles her speed as she bounds o'er the lawn.  
 See the high, &c.

She has cunningly cheated the scent of the hounds,  
 Thro' hedge-rows she creeps and sculks o'er the downs;  
 Brush them in my bold hearts, she sits panting for breath,  
 The victim is seiz'd, hark! the horn sounds her death.  
 See the high, &c.

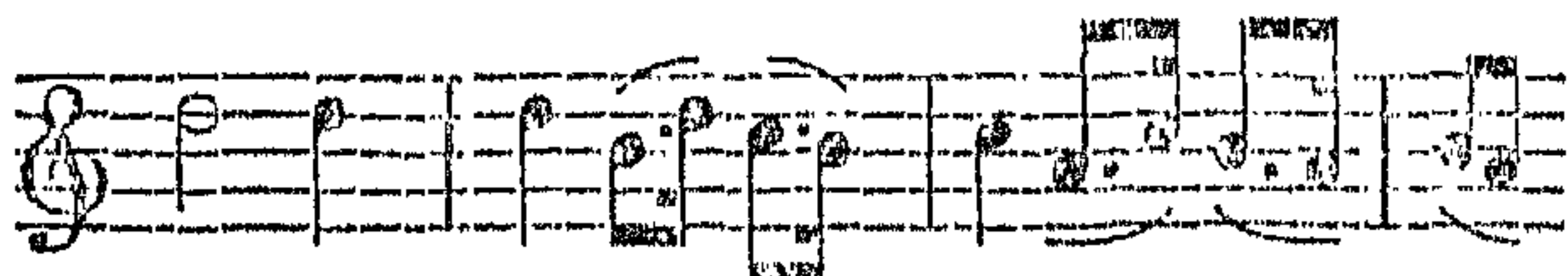
## SONG III.



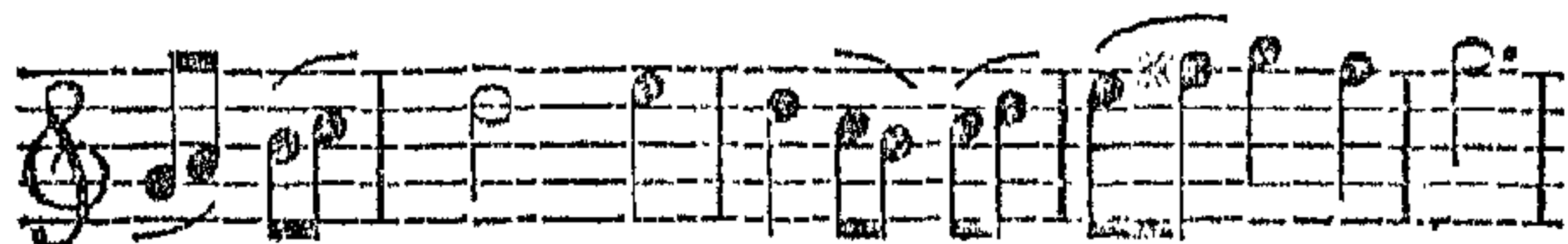
The blush of Au-ro-ra now tinges the morn, and



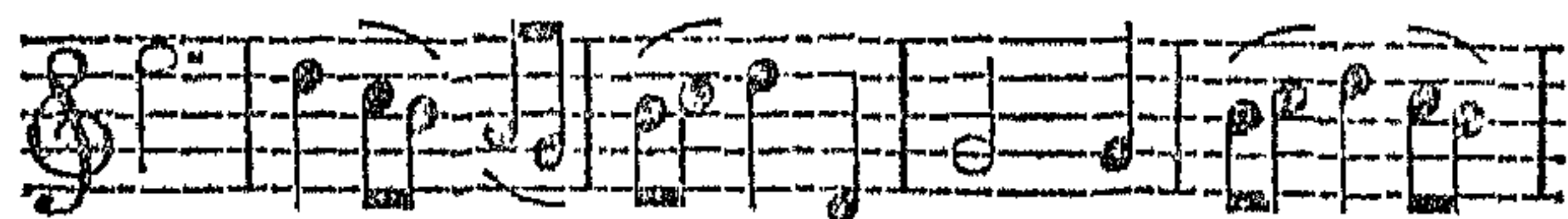
dew drops be - spangle the sweet scented



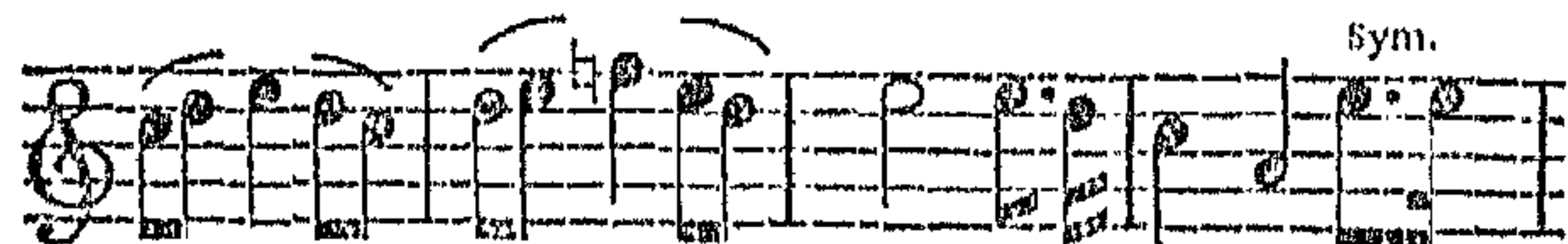
thorn; Then sound brother sportsman sound sound



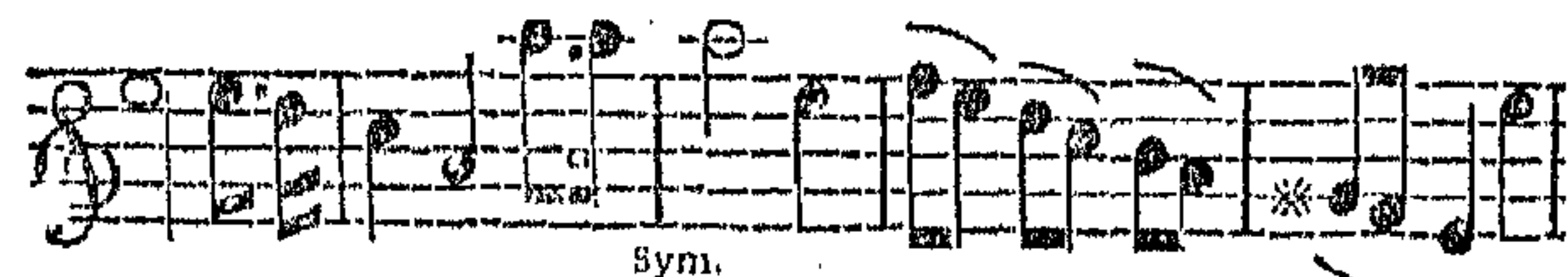
the gay horn, Till Phœbus a - wakens the day,



Till Phœbus a - wakens the day: And see now he



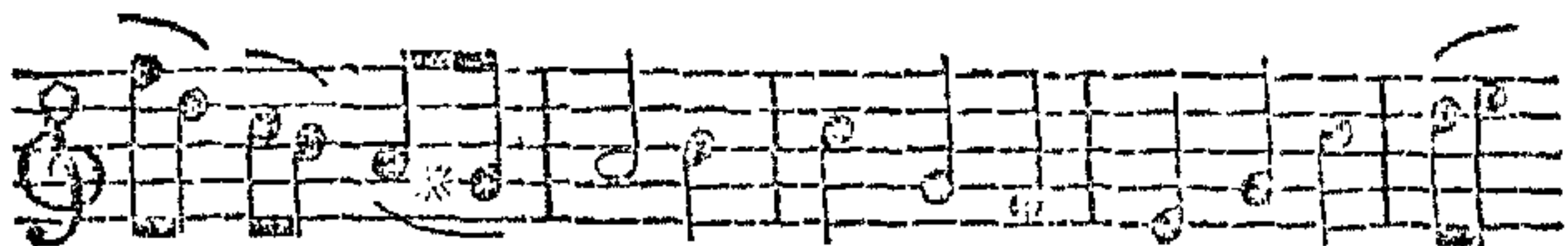
rises! in splendor how bright! I O Pæ an!



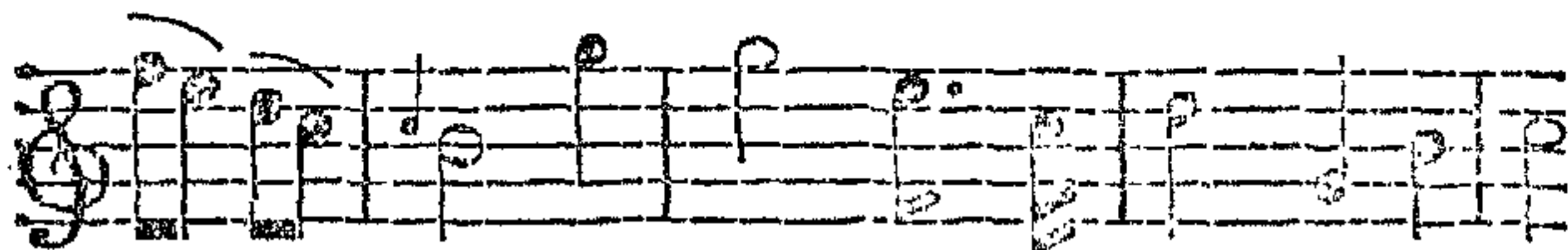
I O Pæ an

for Phœbus, for Phœbus, the  
God

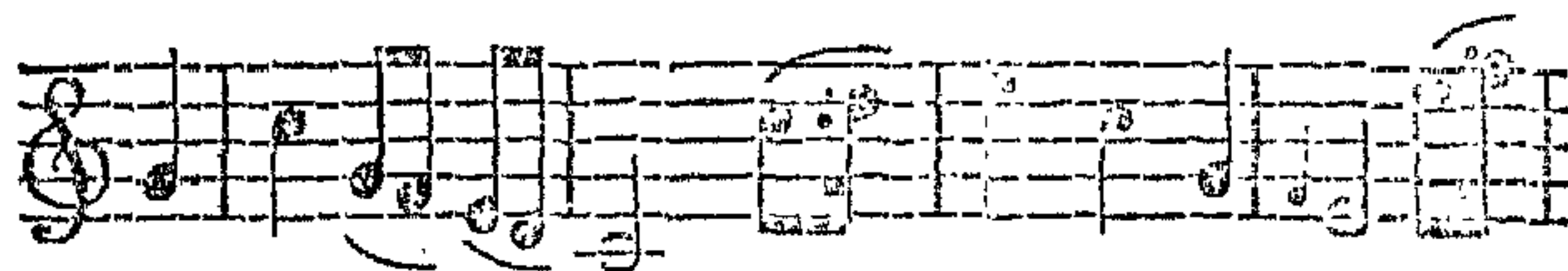




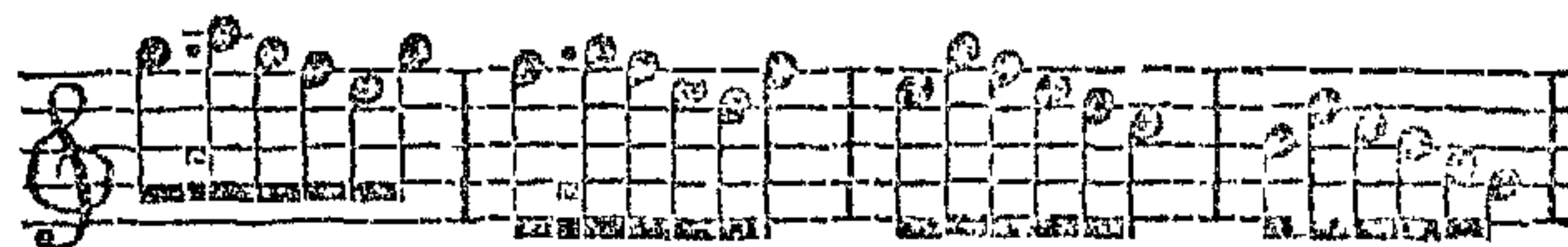
God of delight, all glorious in beauty now ba-



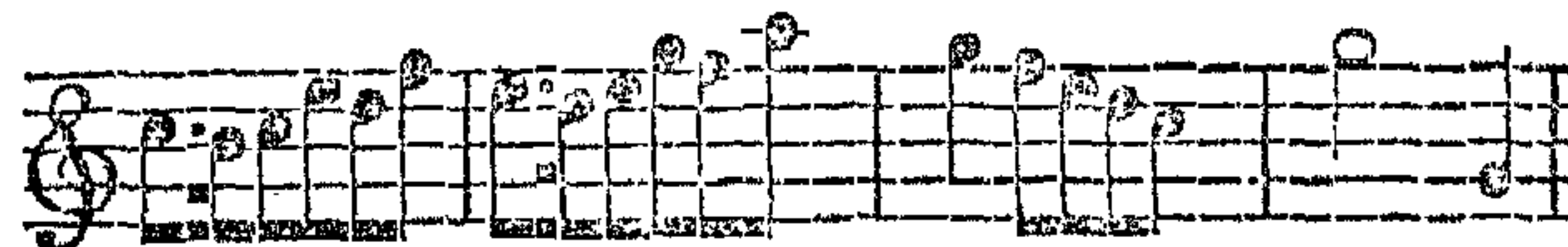
nishes night: Then mount boys, to horse, and a-way,



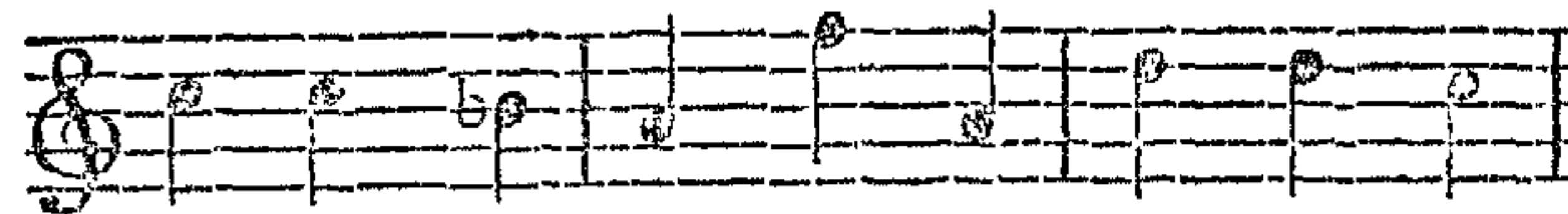
to horse and away, To horse and a-way, a-



way - - - - -



- - - - - Then



mount boys, then mount boys, then mount boys, then



mount boys, then mount boys, to horse and away.

What

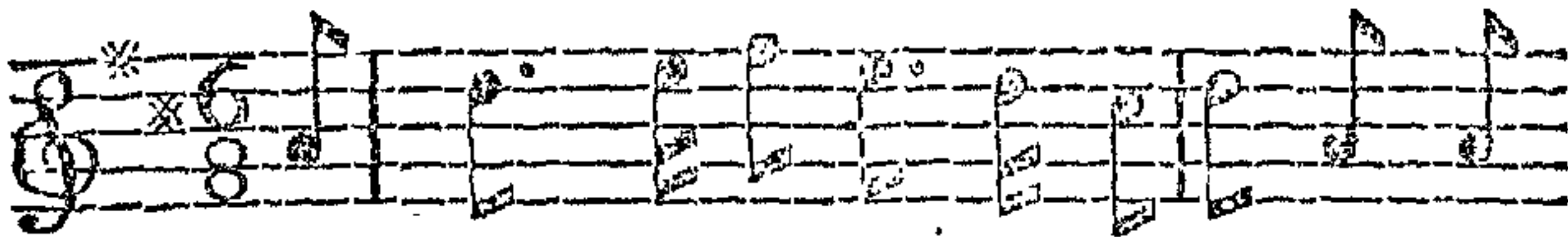
What raptures can equal the joys of the chase ?  
 Health, bloom, and contentment appear in each face,  
 And in our swift coursers what beauty and grace,  
     While we the fleet stag do pursue ;  
     While we, &c.

At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the hounds,  
 Wing'd by terror, wing'd by terror,  
 Wing'd by terror, he bursts from the forest's wide bounds,  
 And tho' like the light'ning he darts o'er the grounds,  
     Yet still, boys, we keep him in view.  
 We keep him in view, we keep him in view, in view,  
 And tho' like the light'ning, &c.

When chac'd till quite spent, he his life does resign,  
 Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,  
 And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,  
     That hunter so mighty of fame,  
     That hunter, &c.

Our glasses then charge to our country and king,  
 Love and beauty ; love and beauty ;  
 Love and beauty we'll fill to, and jovially sing ;  
 Wishing health and success, till we make the house ring,  
     To all sportsmen and sons of the game.  
 And sons of the game ; and sons of the game ; the game ;  
 Wishing health and success, &c.

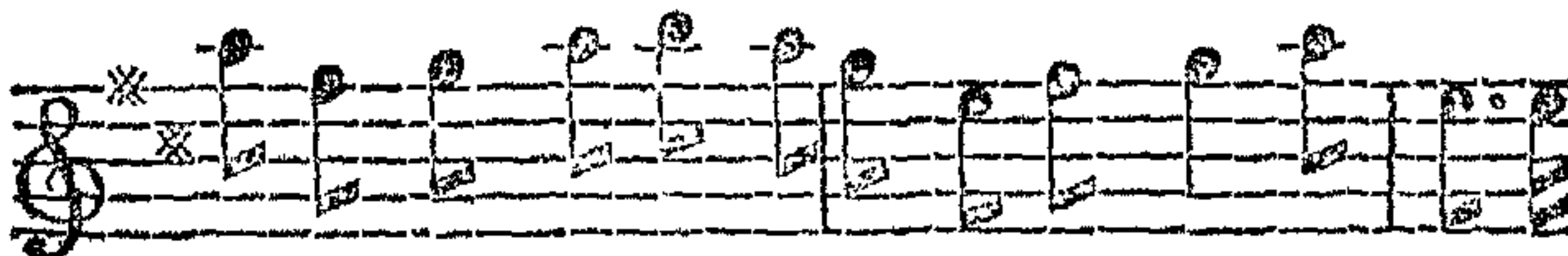
SONG IV.



The hounds are all out and the morning does



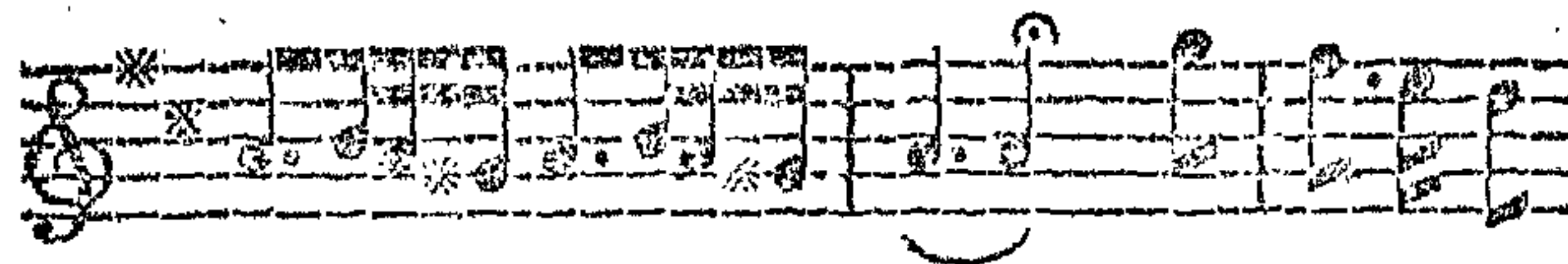
peep, Why how now you sluggardly fot ! How



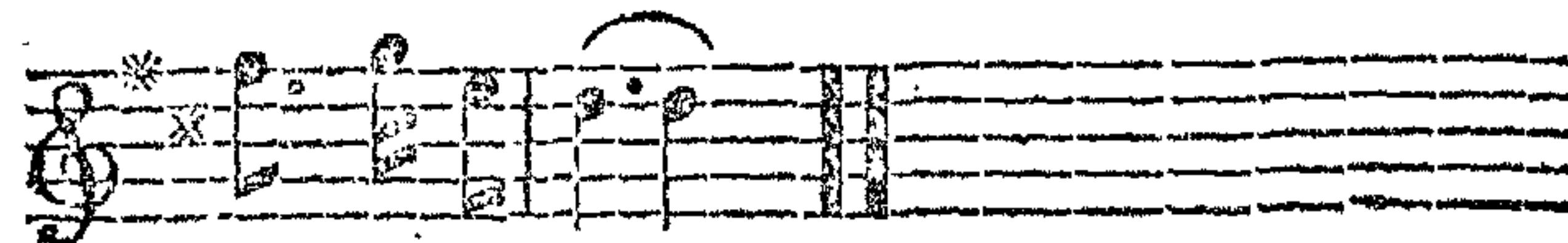
can you how can you lie snoring a-sleep, while we all



on horseback have got my brave boy, - - - - -



- - - - - while we all on



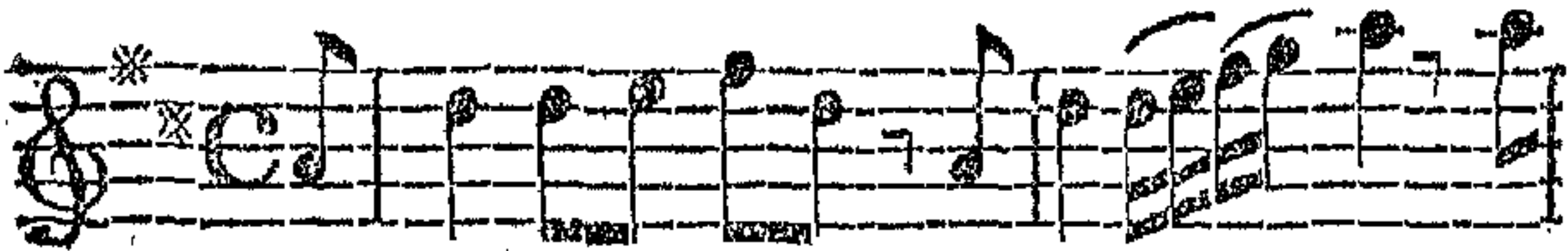
horseback have got ?

I can-

I cannot get up, for the over night's cup,  
 So terribly lies in my head,  
 Besides my wife cries, my dear do not rise,  
 But cuddle me longer a-bed my dear boy.  
 But cuddle me longer a-bed.

Come on with your boots, and saddle your mare,  
 Nor tire us with longer delay,  
 The cry of the hounds, and the fight of the hare,  
 Will chase all our vapours away my brave boys.  
 Will chase all our vapours away.

S O N G V.



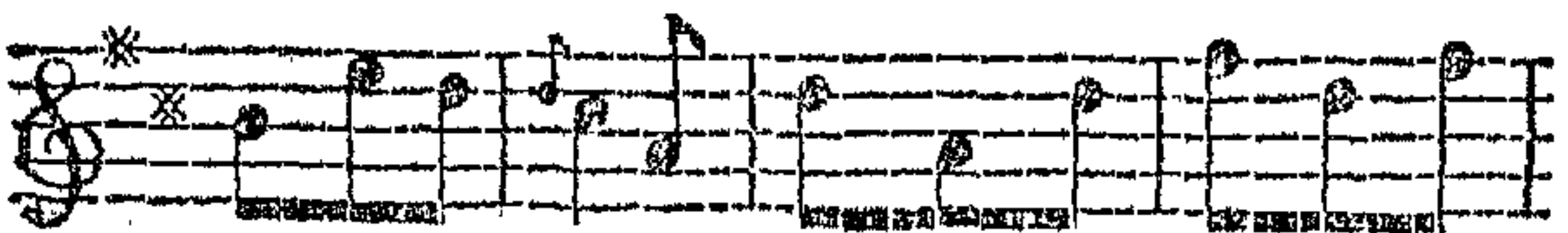
The sweet rosy morning peeps o - ver the hills, with



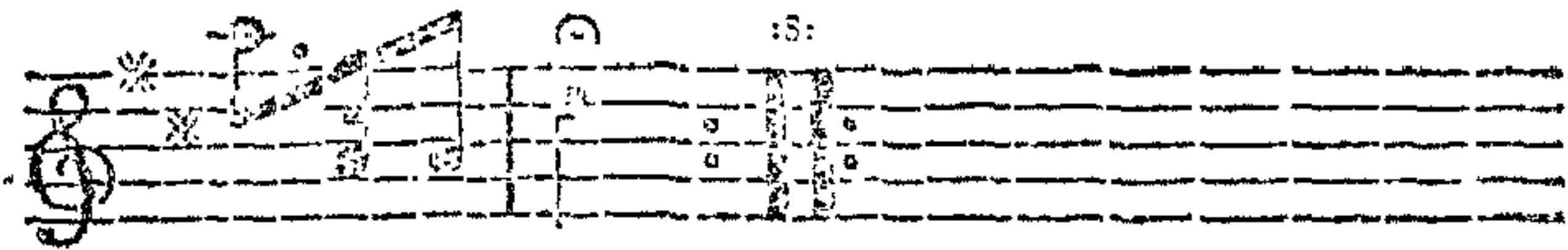
blushes adorning the meadows and fields.



The merry merry merry horn calls come



come come a - way, a - wake from your slumbers and  
 hail



hail the new day.

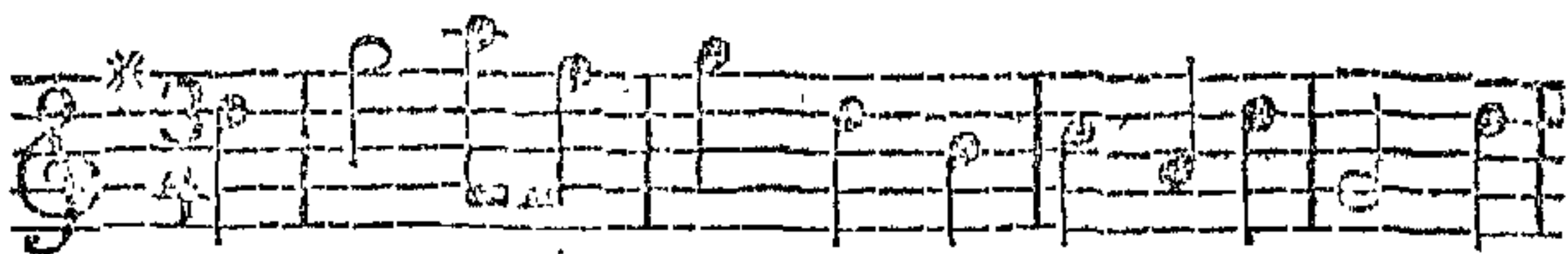
The stag round before us,  
 Away seems to fly,  
 And pants to the chorus,  
 Of hounds in full cry.

Cho. Then follow follow follow follow,  
 The musical chace,  
 Where pleasure and vigour,  
 And health all embrace.

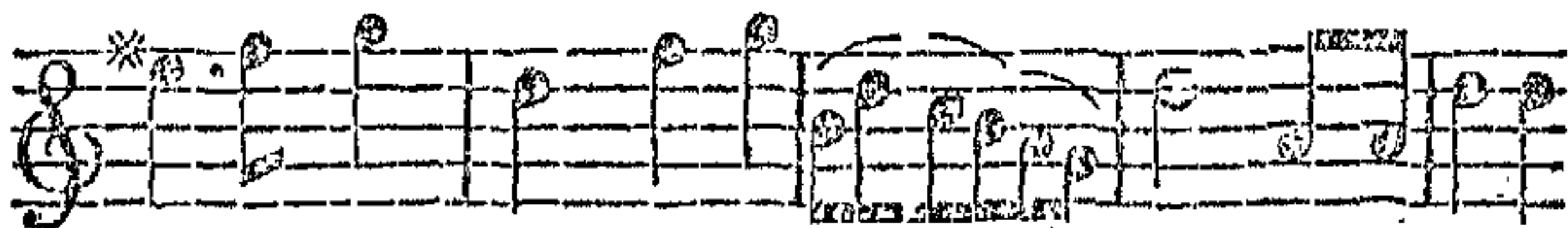
The day's sport when over,  
 Makes blood circle right,  
 And gives the brisk lover,  
 Fresh charms for the night.

Cho. Then let us let us now enjoy  
 All we can while we may,  
 Let love crown the night,  
 As our sports crown the day.

S O N G VI.



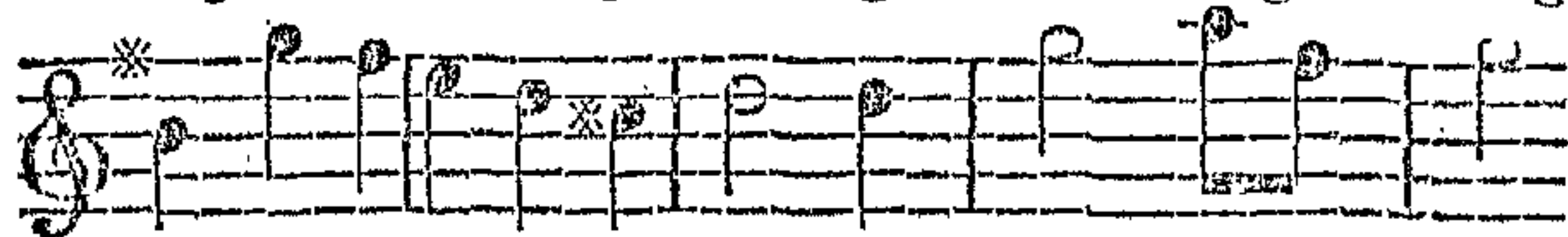
Come rouse bro her sportsmen the hunters all cry, we've



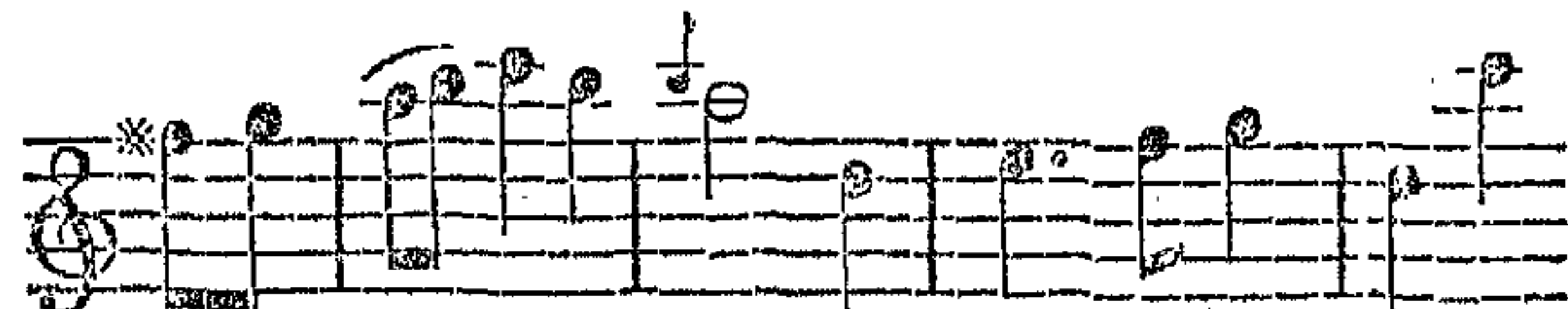
got a strong scent and a fa-vouring sky, we have got a



strong scent, we have got a strong scent, we have got a strong



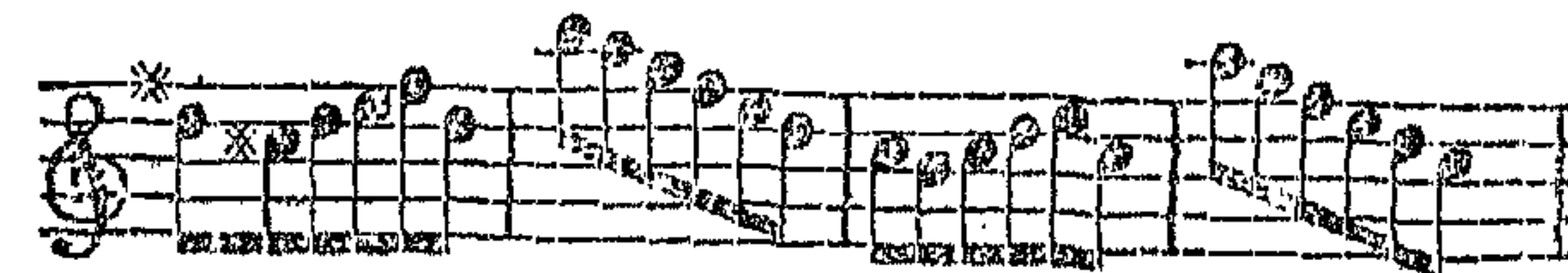
scent and a favouring sky. The horns sprightly notes,



and the lark's early song, Will chide the dull sportsman

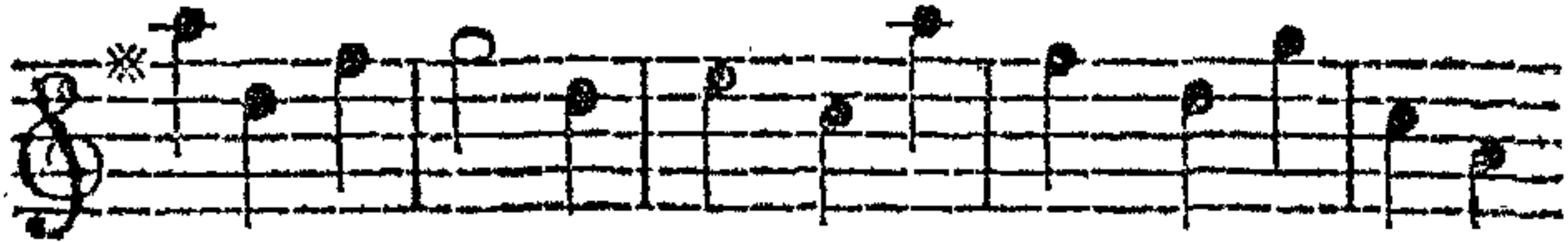


for sleeping so long, will chi - - - - -





- - - - - de, will chide the dull sportsman for



sleeping so long, will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping



so long.

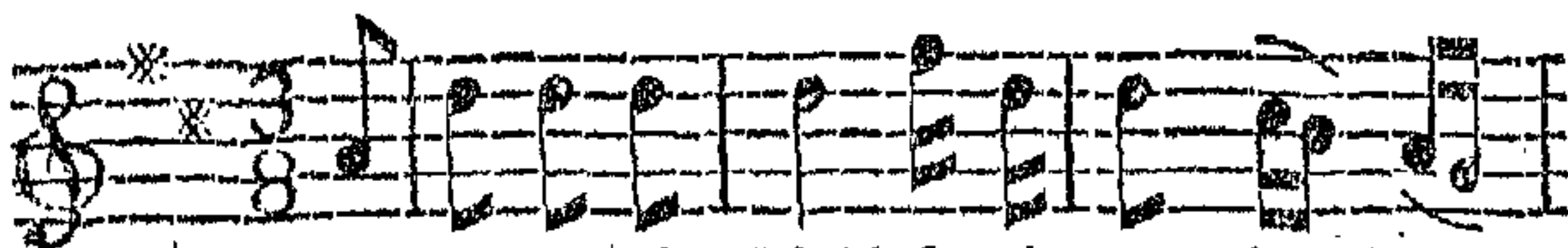
Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,  
Peep'd in at our windows and call'd to the chace,  
He soon will be up for his dawn wears away,  
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may teize you perhaps to lie down,  
And if you refuse her perhaps she may frown,  
But tell her sweet love must to hunting give place,  
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,  
At his brush nimbly follows brisk Chanter and Fly,  
They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they roll,  
We're in at the death now return to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses and toast to the King,  
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring,  
To George peace and glory may heavens dispense,  
And fox hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

S O N G VII.



A-way to the Field see the morning looks



grey, and sweetly bedappled forebodes a fine day;



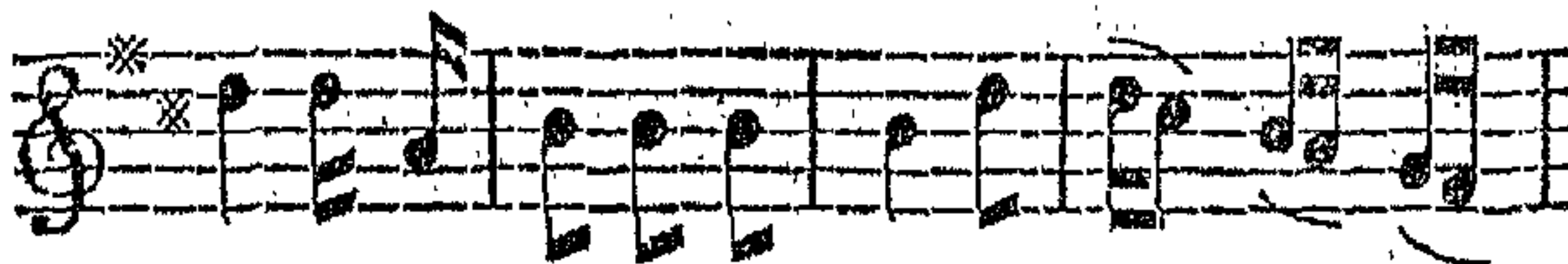
The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace, and



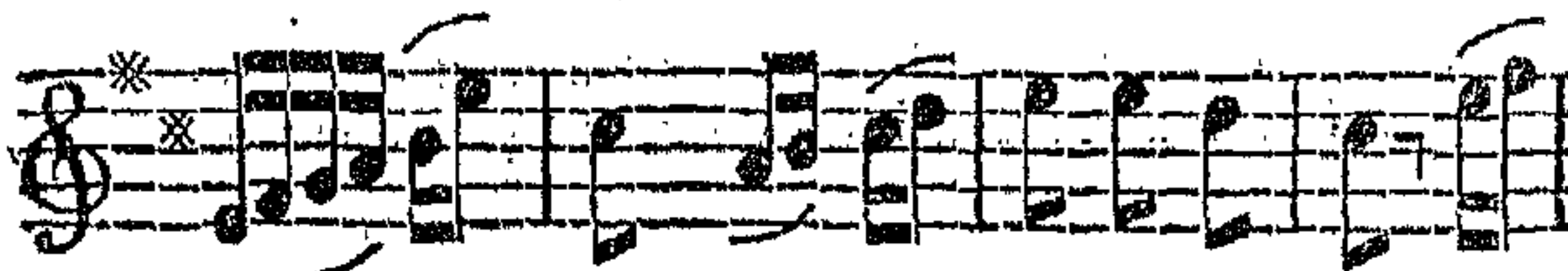
carol aloud to be led to the chace, and carol



aloud to be led to the chace. Then hark in the



morn to the call of the horn, and join with the

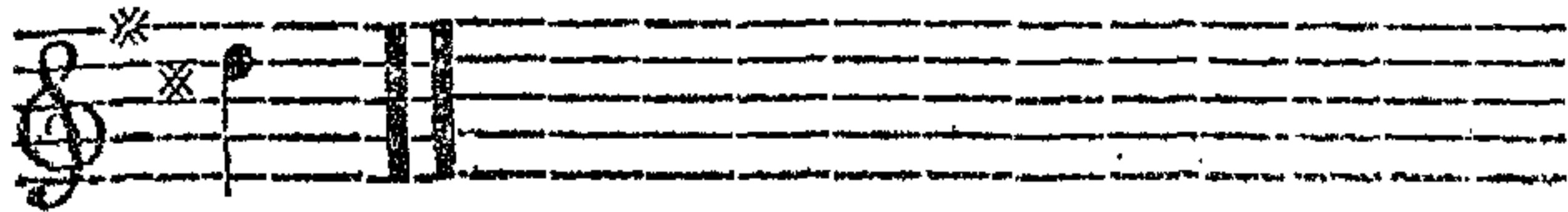


jo - - vial crew, While the feason invites with  
all





all its delights, the health giving chace to pur-



sue.

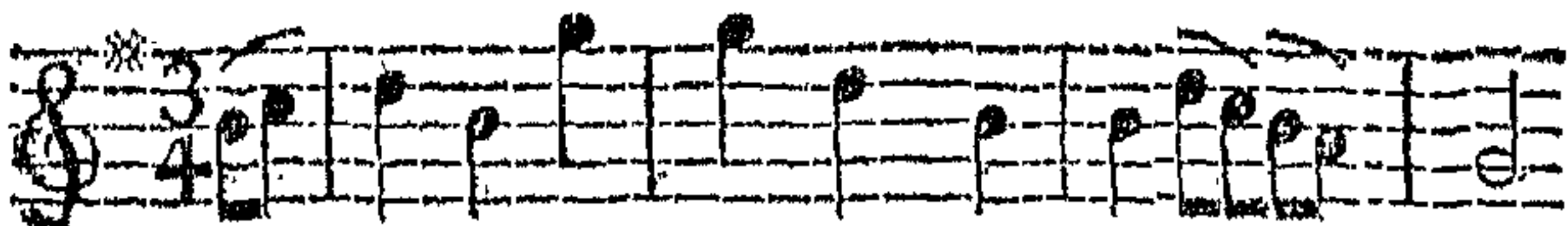
How charming the sight, when Aurora first dawns,  
To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns;  
To welcome the sun, now returning from rest,  
Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.  
Chorus. Then hark in the morn, &c.

But oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,  
To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills;  
While joyous from valley, to valley resounds,  
The shouts of the hunters, and cry of the hounds.  
Chorus. Then hark in the morn, &c.

See how the brave hunters with courage elate,  
Fly hedges and ditches, or top the barr'd gate;  
Borne by their bold coursers, no danger they fear,  
And give to the winds all vexation and care.  
Chorus. Then hark in the morn, &c.

Ye cite for the chace, quit the joys of the town,  
And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down;  
Uncertain your toil, or for honor, or wealth,  
Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.  
Chorus. Then hark in the morn, &c.

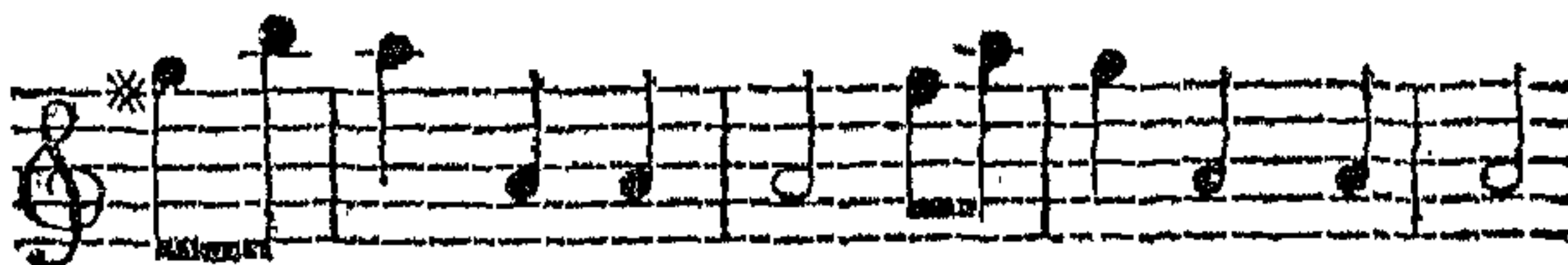
## SONG. VIII.



The shout is gone forth, hark, the deep singing hound;



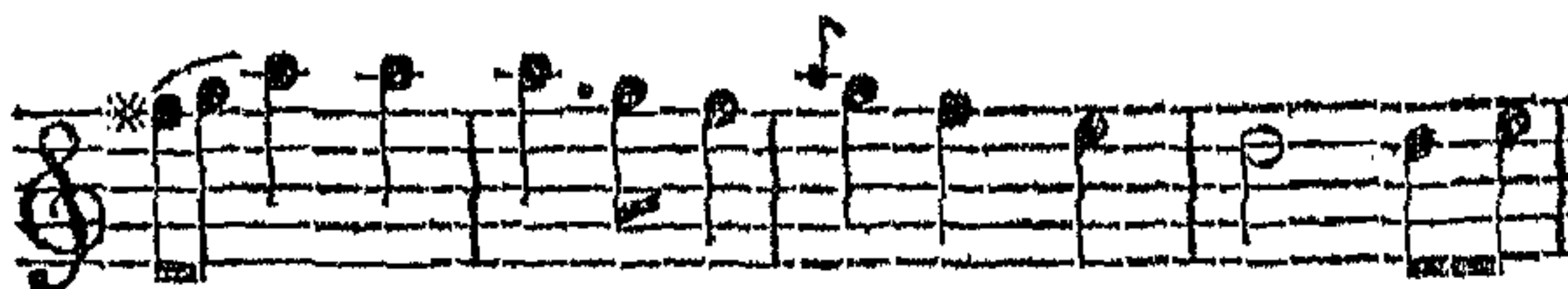
See the sport loving high mettled steed spurn the ground,



View him bend his proud neck as he hears the loud horn,



and snort the sharp air of the frost breathing morn, and



snort the sharp air of the frost breathing morn. In an



instant all nature is w'd from her trance, and the hills



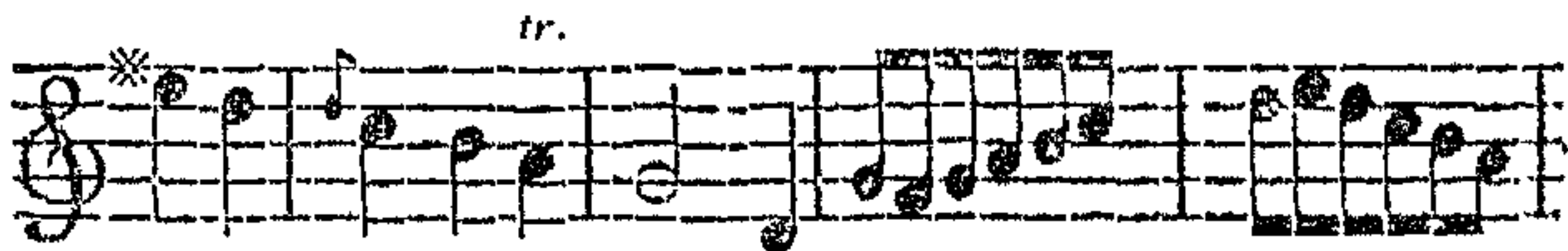
hills seem to fly and the trees seem to dance; These



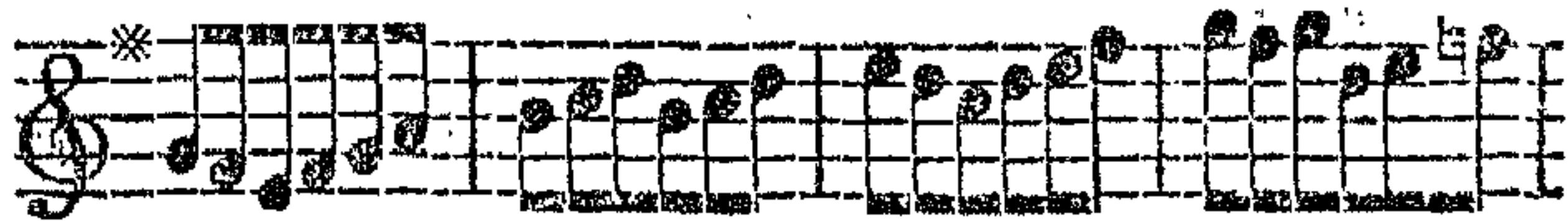
woodlands approach and those forests re-tire, with fran-



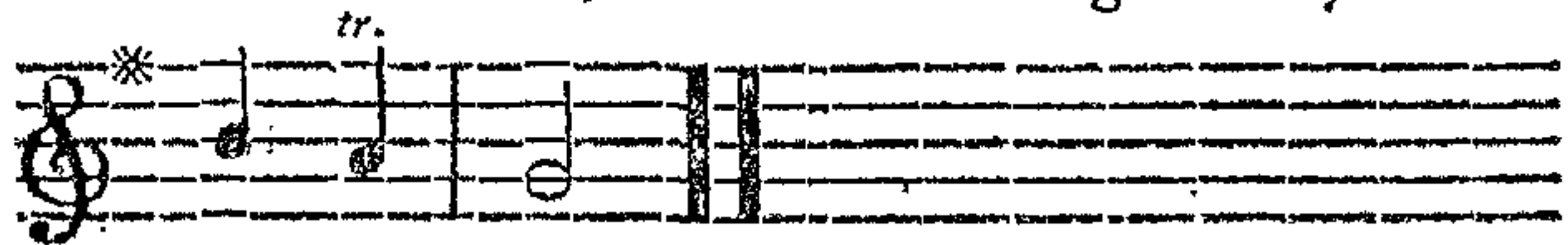
tic delight ev'ry-bosom's on fire. With frantic de-light



ev'ry bosom's on fire, on fi- - - - -



- - - - - re, with frantic de-light ev'ry bo-

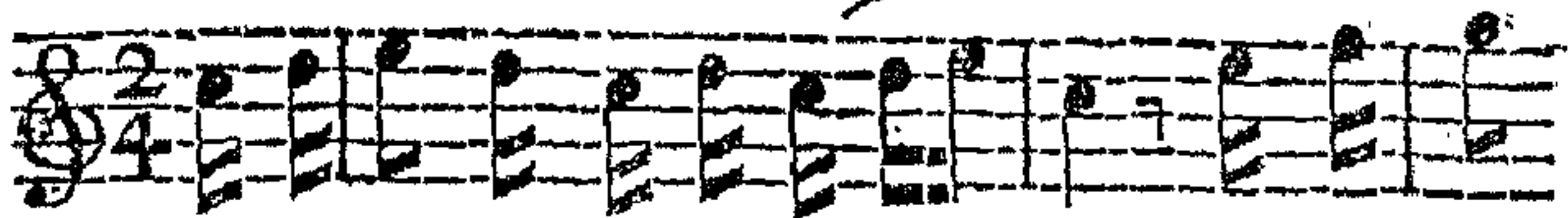


fom's on fire.

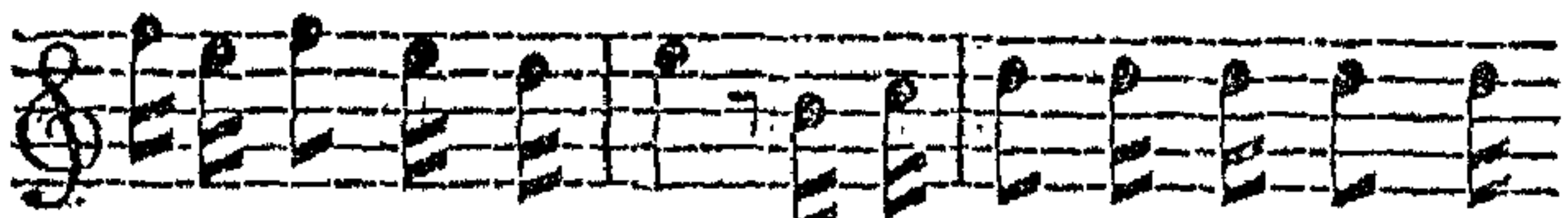
On a brow the 'wrapt peasant can trace the wild train,  
 Pour down the slope mountain, and cover the plain,  
 Up the steep, in the stream, or amidst the scar'd flocks,  
 Who now regards perils of rivers or rocks?  
 We plunge in the lake, o'er the precipice fly,  
 With the game in full view, and the pack in full cry,  
 What sportsman lacks courage what courser lacks breath?  
 Or who feels fatigue when we're in at the death?

Nor here ends the pleasure, nor here ends the chace,  
 Ev'ry double we note, ev'ry danger retrace,  
 Recount in returning each peril we dar'd,  
 And point to each spot where the glory was shar'd;  
 We view the vast fragment, the whirlpool profound,  
 And glow with rememb'rance of acts so renown'd,  
 Then to Bacchus and Venus our prowess rehearse,  
 And deck ev'ry deed in the magic of verse.

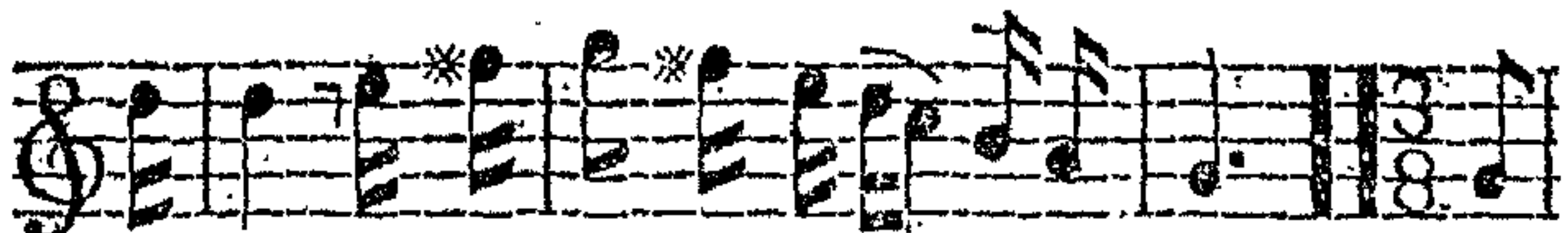
S O N G IX.



Hark a-way 'tis the merry ton'd horn, calls the hunt-



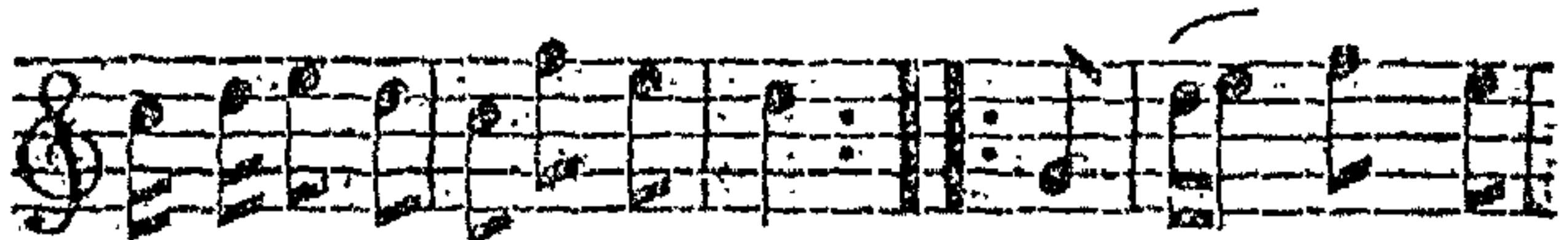
ers all up with the morn, To the hills and the woodlands



we steer, To un-harbour the out lying deer. And



all the day long this this is our song, still hollowing and



following so frolic and free. Our joys know no



bounds while we're af-ter the hounds, No mortals on



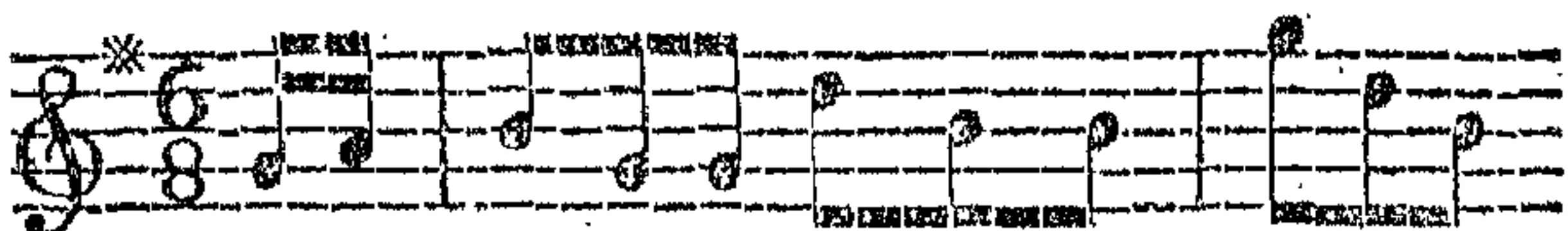
earth are so jol-ly as we:

Round

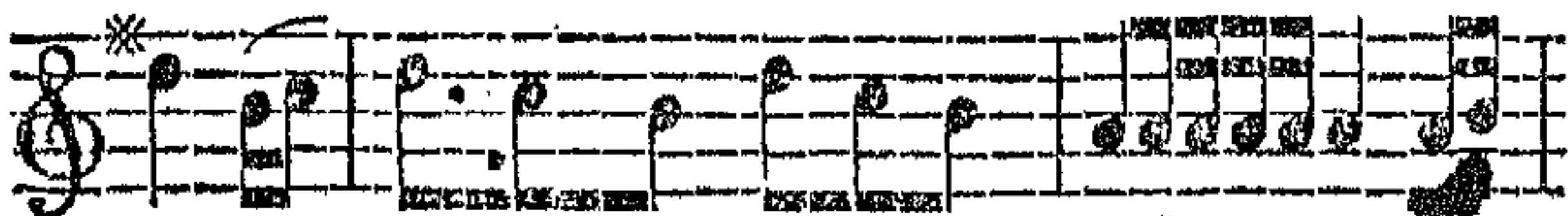
Round the woods when we beat how we glow,  
 While the hills they all echo follow,  
 With a bounce from his cover the stag flies,  
 Then our shouts long resound thro' the skies,  
 Chorus. And all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the valleys, or climb  
 Up the health breathing mountain sublime,  
 What a joy from our labours we feel,  
 Which alone they who taste can reveal,  
 Chorus. And all the day long, &c.

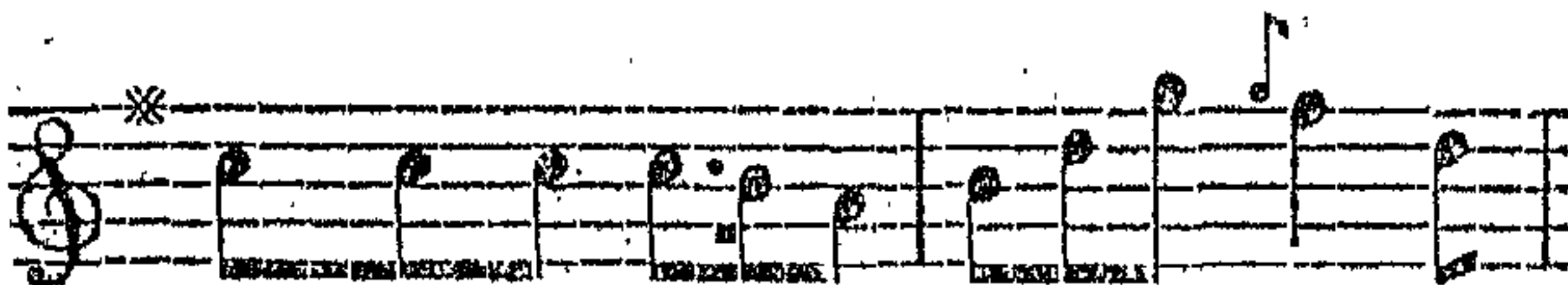
S O N G X.



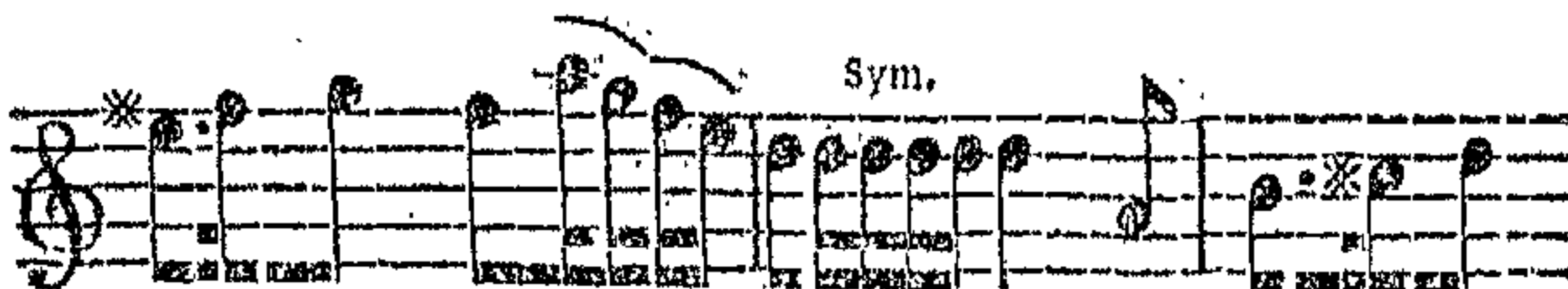
Do you hear brother sportsmen the found of the



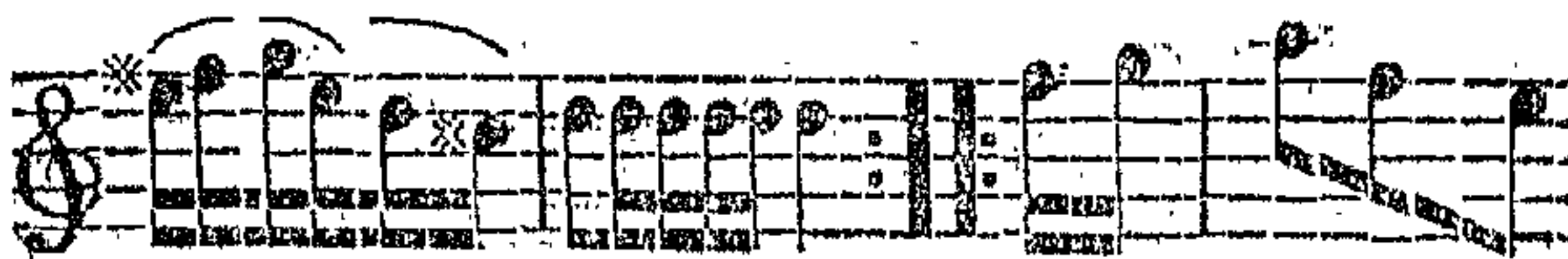
horn, and yet the sweet pleasure decline? or



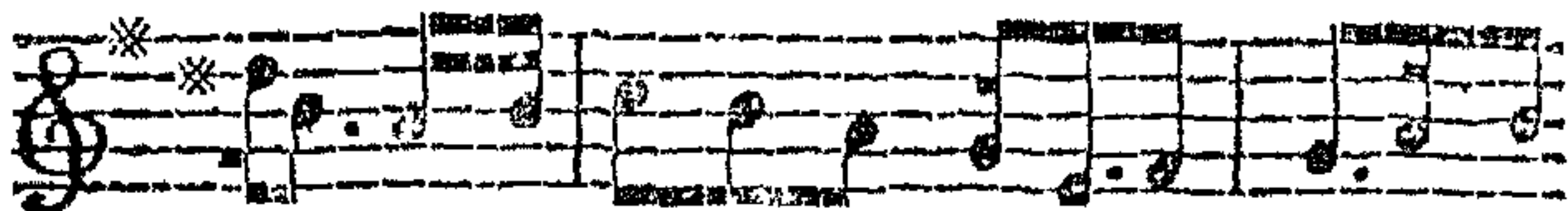
shame, rouse your senses and e'er it be morn, with



me the sweet me-lo-dy join; with me the sweet:



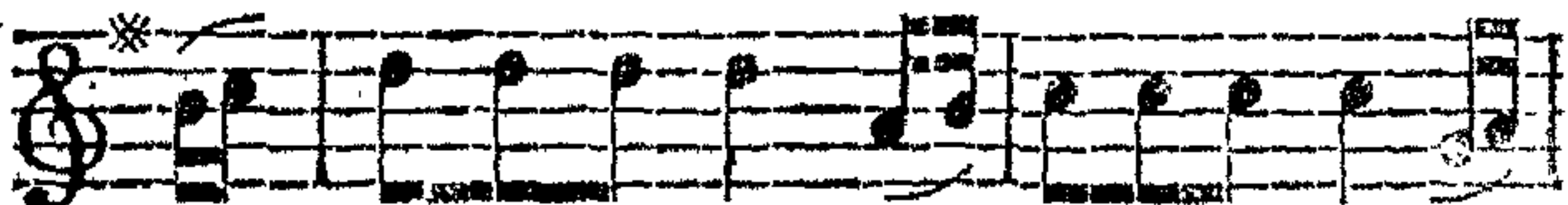
me-lo-dy join; Thro' the wood and the valley



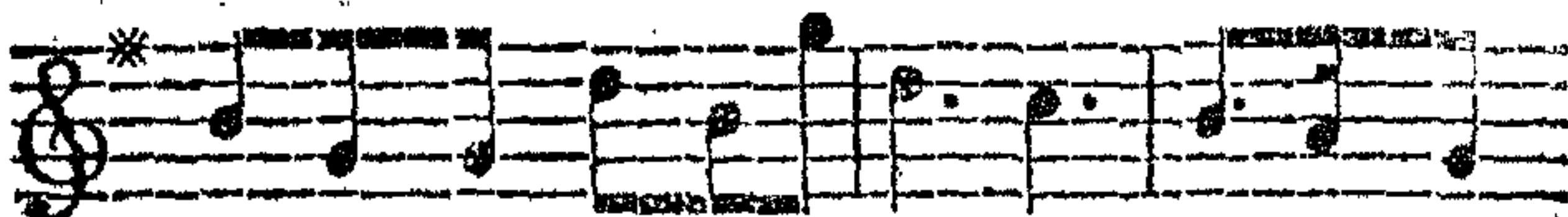
valley how the traytor we'll rally, nor quit him till



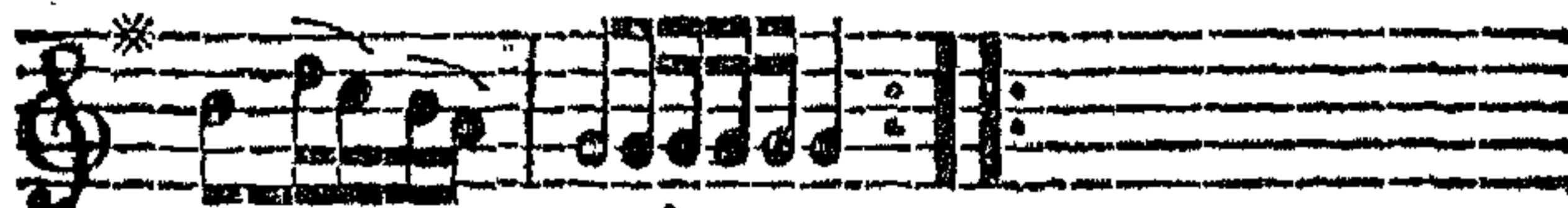
panting he lies, nor quit him till panting he lies.



While hounds in full cry, Thro' hedges shall fly, and



chace the swift hare till he dies, and chace the swift



*Sym.*

hare till he dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields;

Both willing and joyous repair;

No pastime in life greater happiness yields,

Then chafing the fox or the hare.

Such comforts my friend,

On the sportsman attend,

No pleasure like hunting is found;

For when it is o'er,

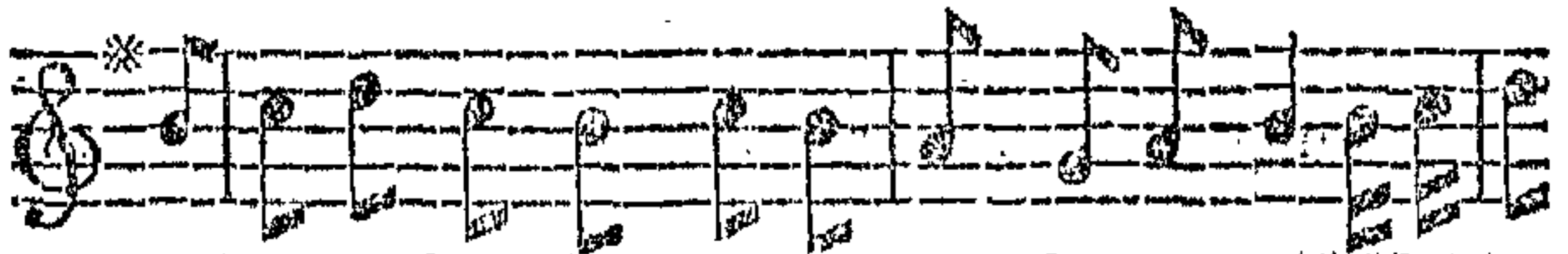
As brisk as before,

Next morning we spurn up the ground.

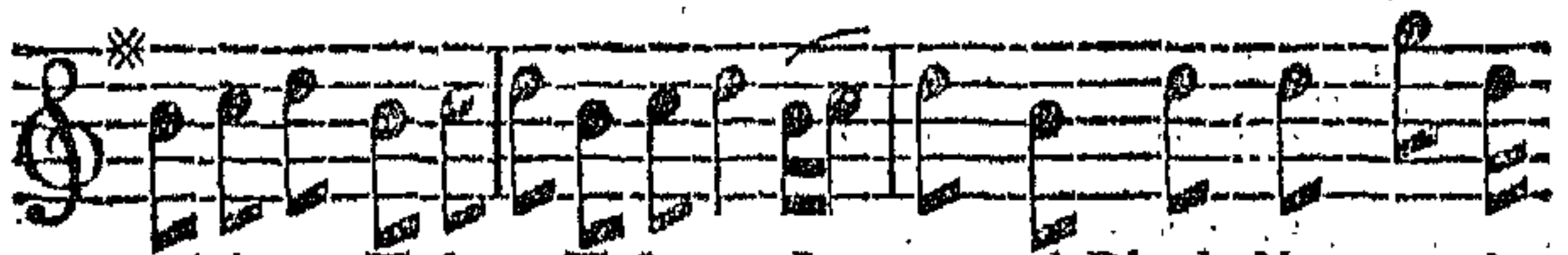
## SONG XI.



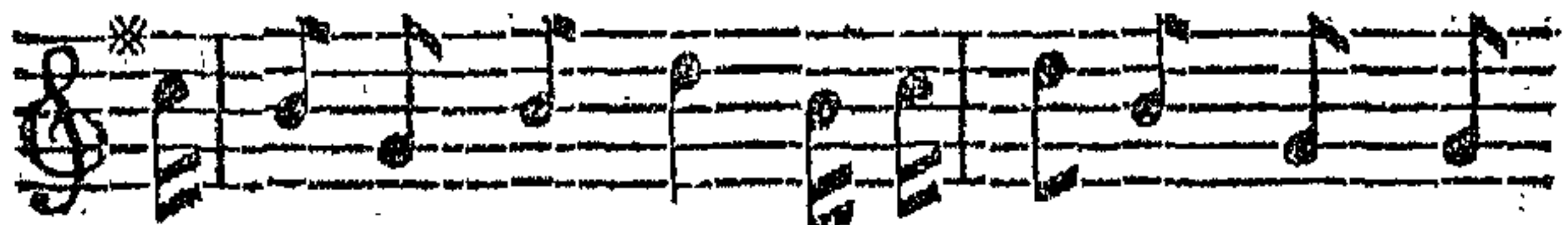
Last Valentine's day when bright Phœbus shone clear



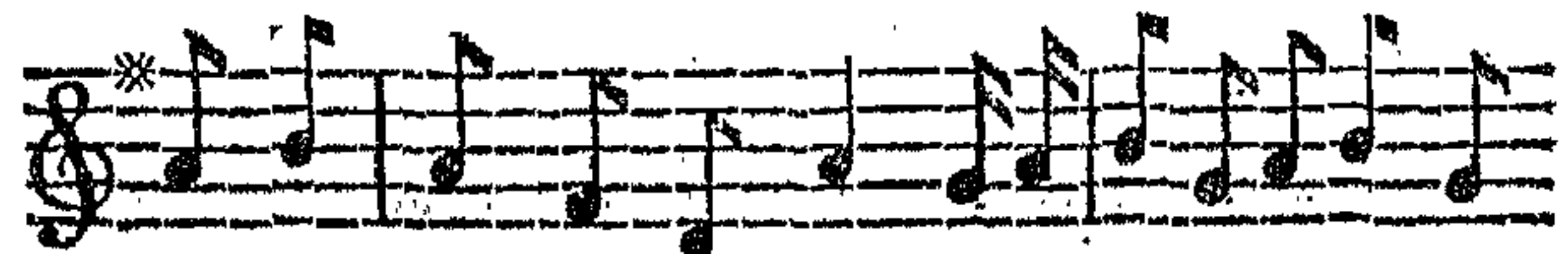
(I had not been hunting for more than a year) Taleo



Taleo Taleo Taleo, I mounted Black Sloven, o'er



the road made him bound For I heard the hounds chal-



lenge and horns sweetly found, Tale-o Tale-o Ta-



le-o Ta-le-o Ta-le-o Ta-le-o Ta-le-o.

Hallow into covert, old Anthony cries,  
 No sooner he spoke but the fox sir he spies; Taleo.  
 This being the signal, he then crack'd his whip,  
 Taleo was the word, and away we did leap. Taleo.

Then:



Then up rides Dick Dawson, who care'd not a pin,  
 He sprang at the drain, but his horse tumbled in. 'Taleo.  
 And as he crept out why he spied the old Ren  
 With his tongue hanging out, stealing home to his den. Taleo.

Our hounds and our horses were always as good  
 As ever broke covert, or dash'd thro' the wood. Taleo.  
 Old Reynard runs hard but must certainly die,  
 Have at you old Tony, Dick Dawson did cry. Taleo.

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or more,  
 Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too and swore. 'Taleo.  
 But Reynard, being spent, soon must give up the ghost,  
 Which will heighten our joys when we come to each  
 toast. Taleo.

The day's sport being over, the horns we will sound,  
 To the jolly fox-hunters let ecchoes resound. Taleo.  
 So fill up your glass'es and cheerfully drink,  
 To the honest true sportsman who never will shrink. Taleo.

S O N G XII.



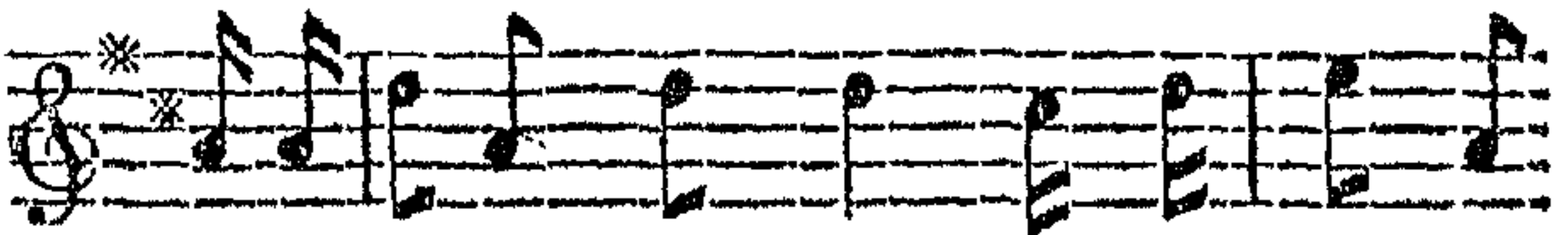
From the east breaks the morn see the sun beams a-



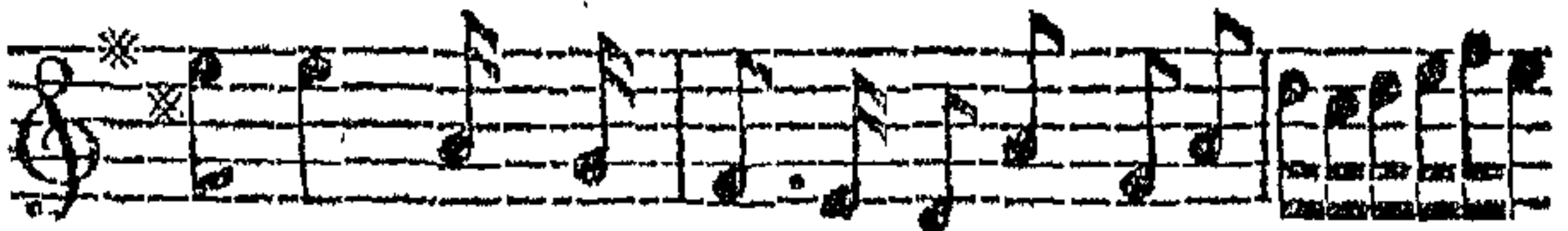
dorn The wild heath and the mountains so high



The wild heath and the mountains so high,



Shrilly opes the staunch hound, 'The steed neighs to



the sound, And the floods and the valleys re - - - -



ply, And the floods and the valleys re-ply.

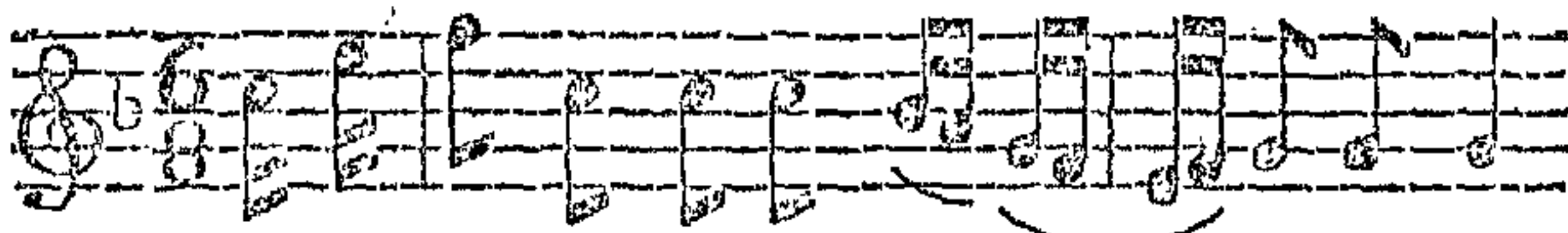
Our forefathers, so good,  
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,  
 By encount'ring the pard and the boar,  
 Ruddy health bloom'd the face,  
 Age and youth urg'd the chace,  
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,  
 Hills and wilds we frequent,  
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,  
 Tho' in life's busy day,  
 Man of man make a prey,  
 Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full sight,  
 Gods how great the delight,  
 How our mutual sensations refine,  
 Where is care where is fear,  
 Like the winds in the rear,  
 And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys,  
 Lo each pants for the joys,  
 That anon shall enliven the whole,  
 Then at eve we'll dismount,  
 Toils and pleasures recount,  
 And renew the chace over the bowl.

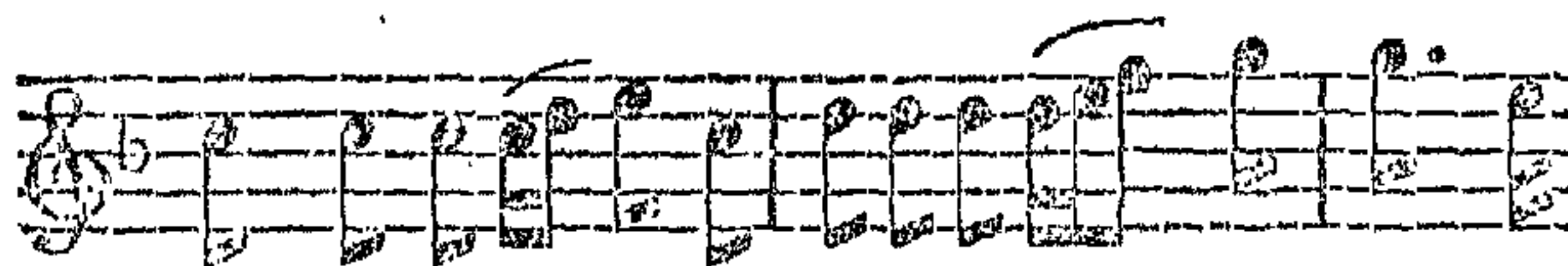
## S O N G XIII.



Now the hill tops are burnish'd with azure and gold,



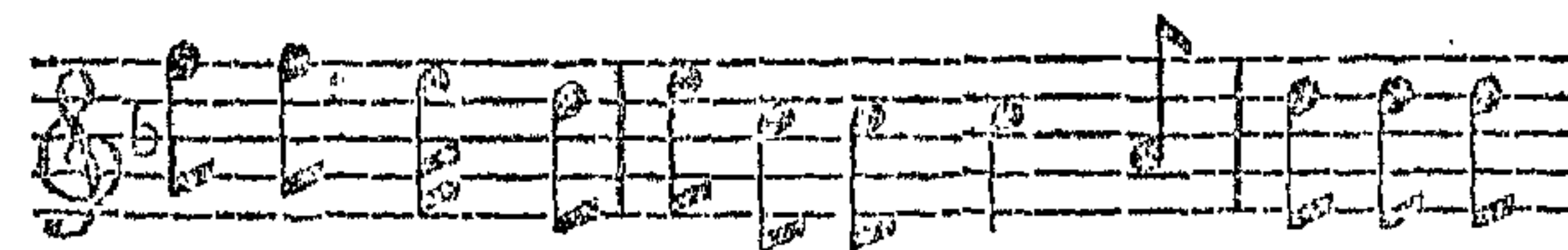
and the prospect around us most bright to behold, The



hounds are all trying the mazes to trace, The steeds are



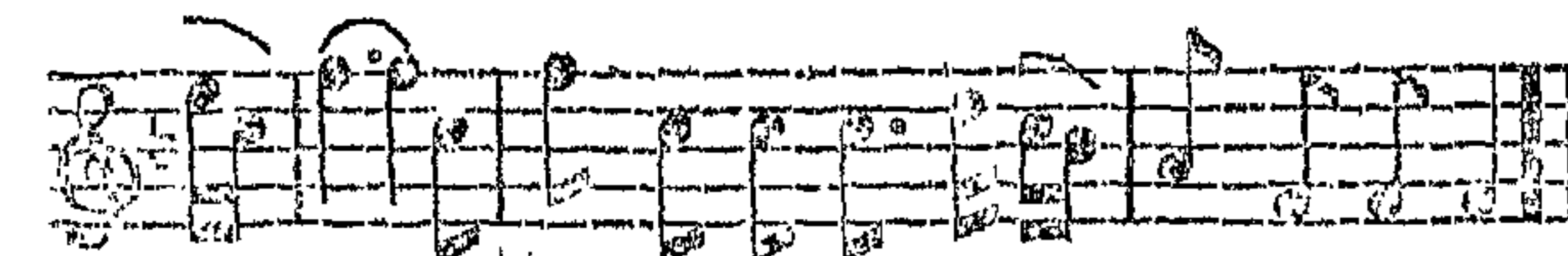
all neighing and pant for the chace. Then rouse each



true sportsman, and join at the dawn, The song of the



hunters, and found of the horn, and sou - - - nd of



the horn, The song of the hunters and found of the horn.  
Health

Health braces the nerves and gives joy to the face,  
 Whilst over the heath, we pursue the fleet chace ;  
 See, the downs now we leave and the coverts appear,  
 As eager we follow the fox or the hare.

Cho. Then rouse each, &c.

Wherever we go, pleasure waits on us still,  
 If we sink in the valley or rise on the hill ;  
 O'er hedges and rivers we valiantly fly,  
 For fearless of death we ne'er think we shall die.

Cho. Then rouse each, &c.

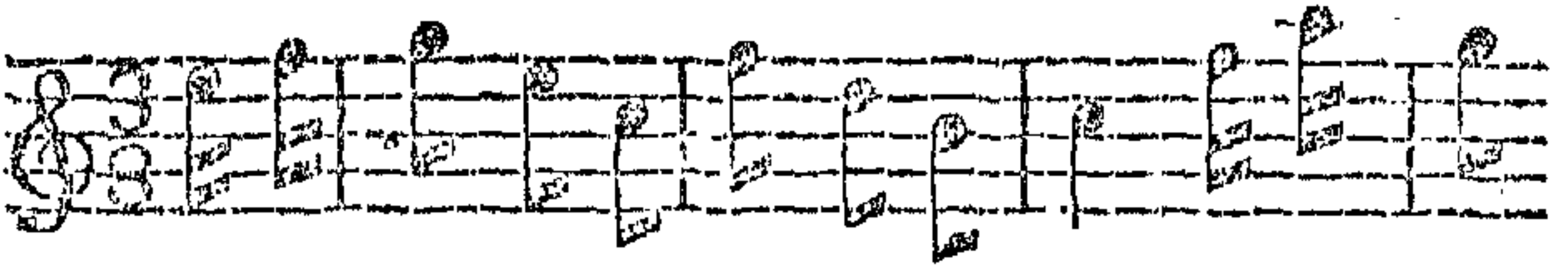
From ages long past, by the poets we're told,  
 That hunting was lov'd by the sages of old ;  
 That the soldier and huntsman were both on a par,  
 And the health-giving chace made them bold in the war.

Cho. Then rouse each, &c.

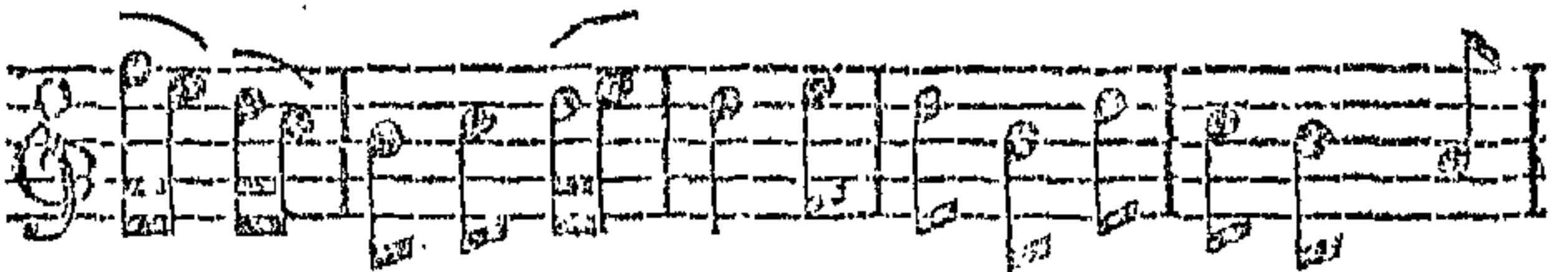
When the chace is once over, away to the bowl,  
 The full flowing bumpers shall cheer up the soul ;  
 Whilst jocund our songs shall with chorusses ring,  
 We'll toast to our lasses, our country and king.

Cho. Then rouse each, &c.

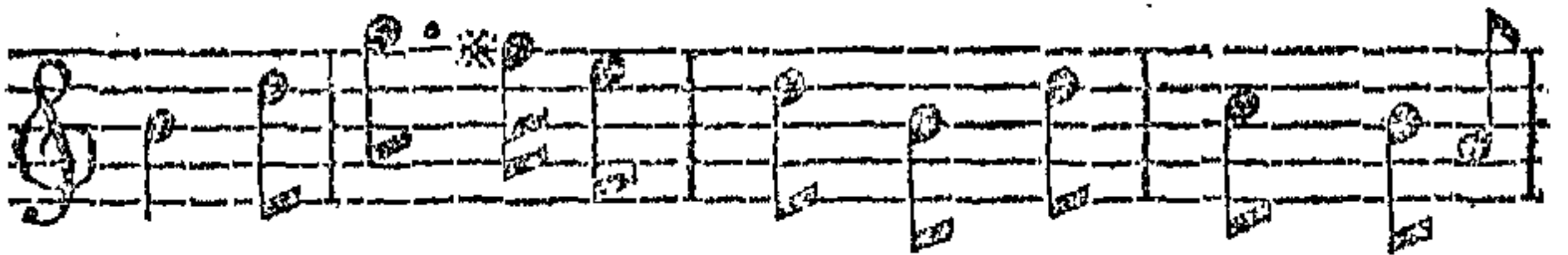
## SONG XIV.



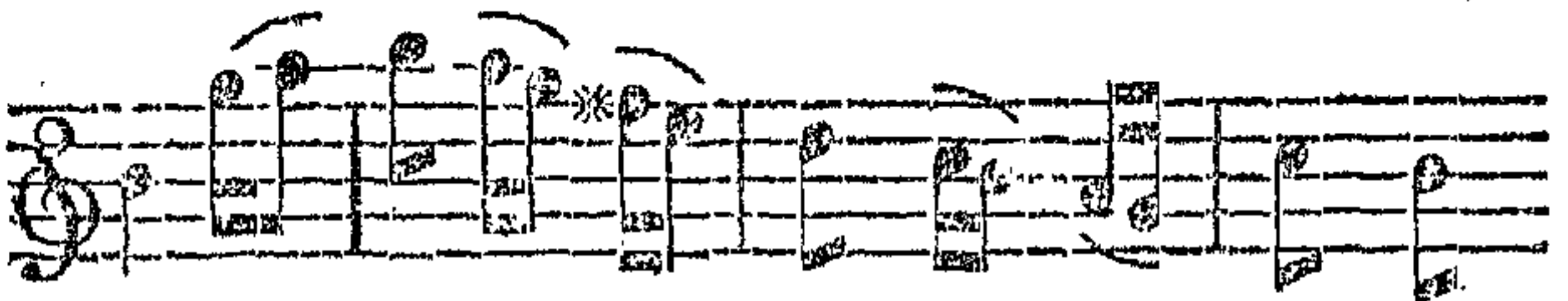
Let the slave of ambition and wealth, on the fro-



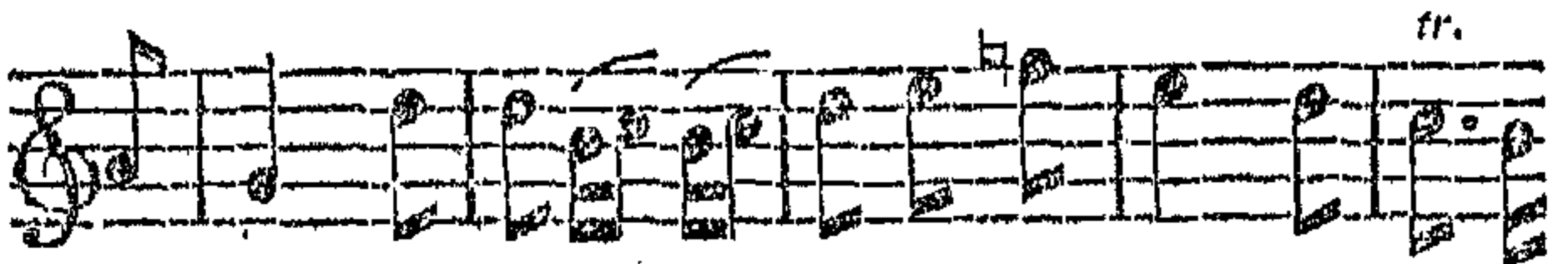
lic of fortune de-pend, I ask but old claret and



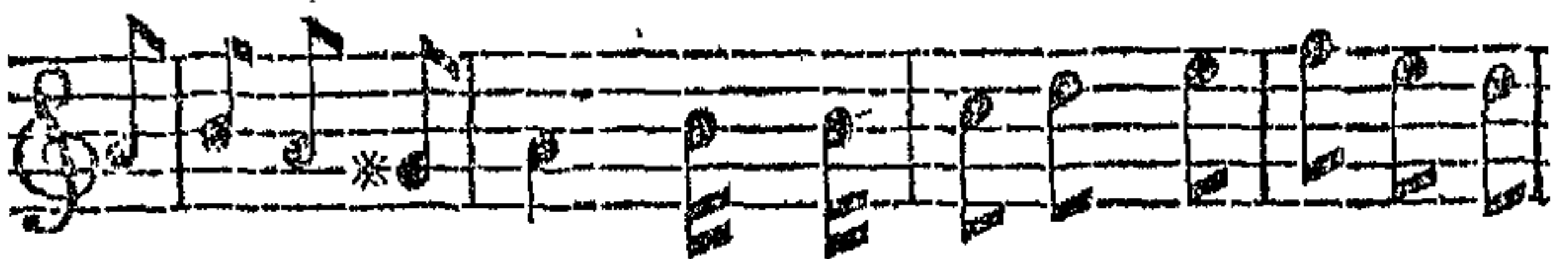
health, a pack of good hounds of good hounds and a



friend, a pack of good hounds of good hounds and



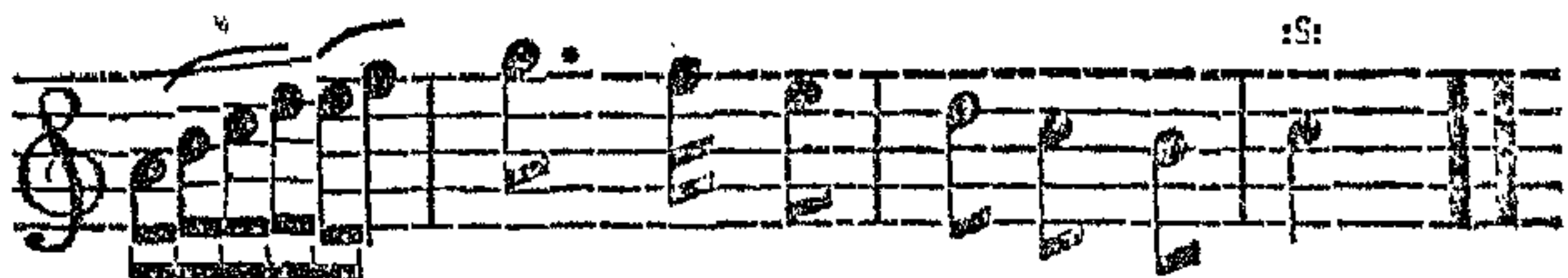
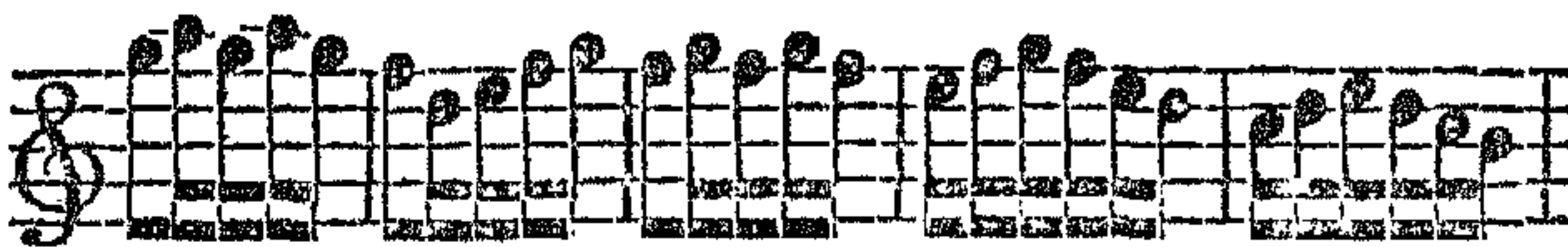
a friend. In such real joys will be found, true happi-



ness centers in these, while each moment that dances a-  
round,



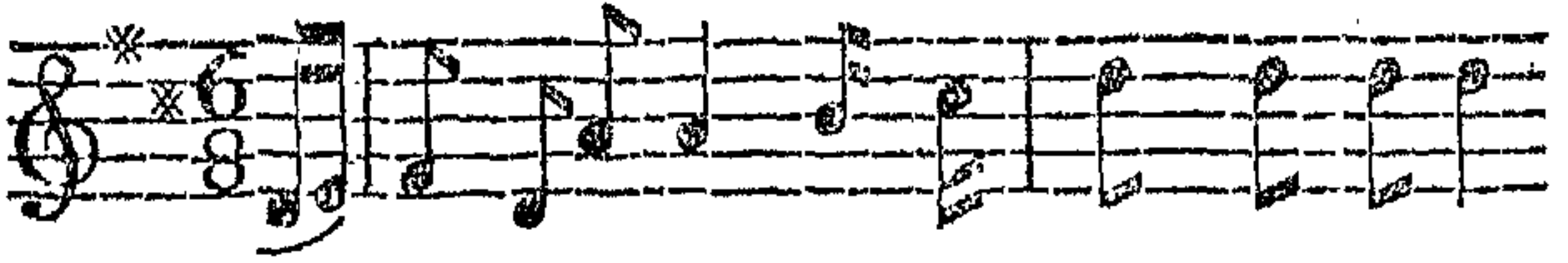
round, is crown'd with contentment and ease, is crown'd -



- - - is crown'd with contentment and ease.

Old Claret can drive away care,  
 Health smiles on our days as they roll,  
 What can with true friendship compare,  
 And a Tally a Tally I love with my soul;  
 Then up with your bumper my boys,  
 Each hour that flies we'll improve,  
 A heel taps a spy on our joys,  
 Here's to fox-hunting, friendship, and love.

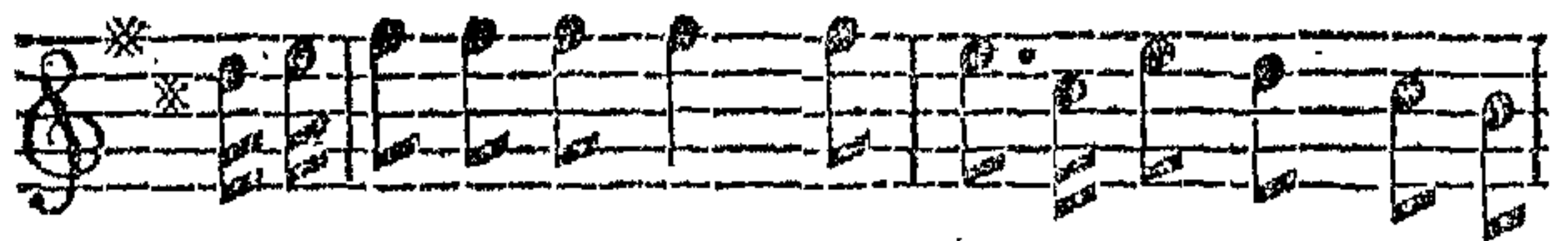
SONG XV.



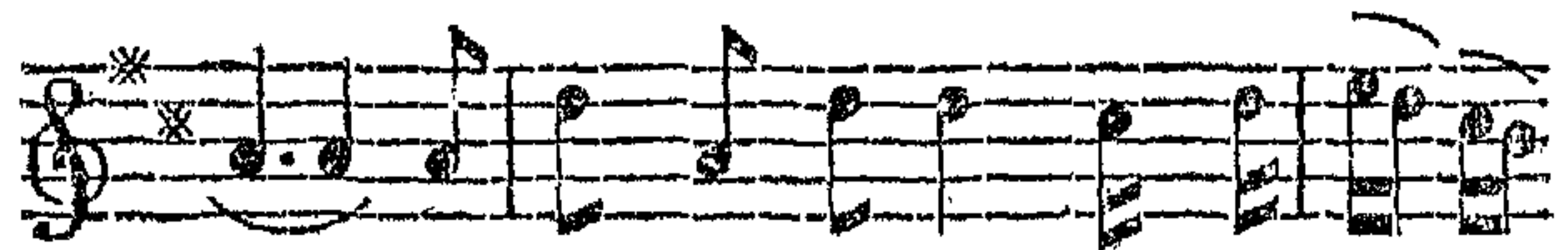
Rouse rouse jolly sportsmen the hounds are all out,



The chace is begun I declare, Come up and to horse



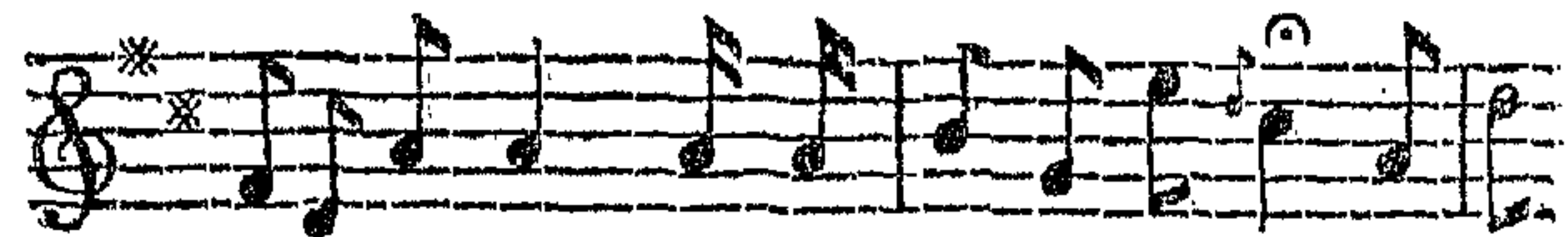
let us follow the rout, And join in the chace of the



hare, Hark hark don't you hear, They are now in



the dale, the horn how melodious it sounds, Poor

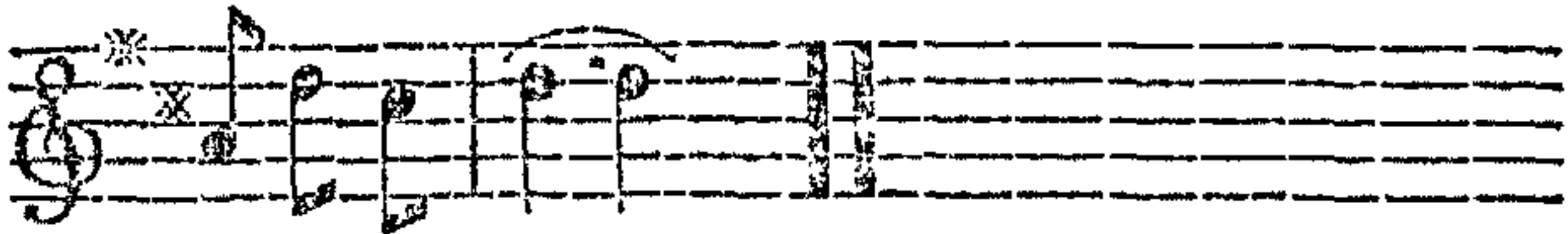


puſs in a fright, How ſhe ſtrives to prevail, and fly  
from





from the cry of the hounds. And fly from the



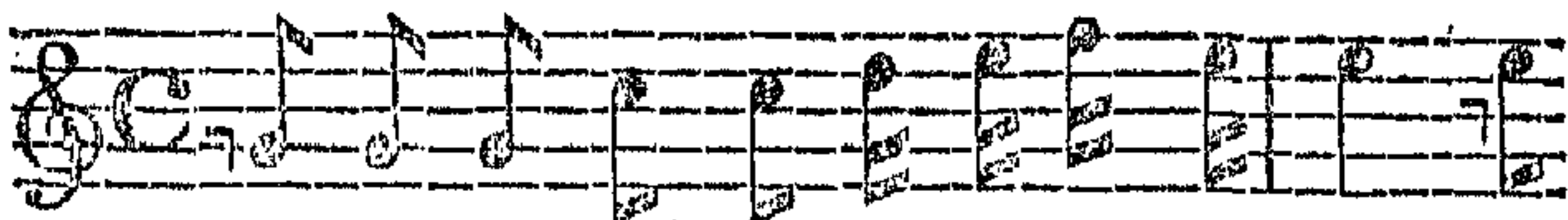
cry of the hounds.

Tho' up to the hills and the mountains she scales,  
 Whose top seems to join to the sky ;  
 We mount in the air like a kite in a gale,  
 And follow the hounds in full cry ;  
 Tho' into the copse there for refuge she flies,  
 We kill her its twenty the odds ;  
 While eccho surrounds us with hooting and cries,  
 We seem to converse with the gods.  
 We seem, &c.

Our freedom with conscience is never alarm'd,  
 We are strangers to envy and strife ;  
 When blest with a wife we return to her arms,  
 Sport sweetens the conjugal life ;  
 Our days pass away in a scene of delight,  
 Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taste ;  
 In pleasures of love we revel all night,  
 Next morning return to the chace.  
 Next morning, &c.

## SONG XVI.

Recit.



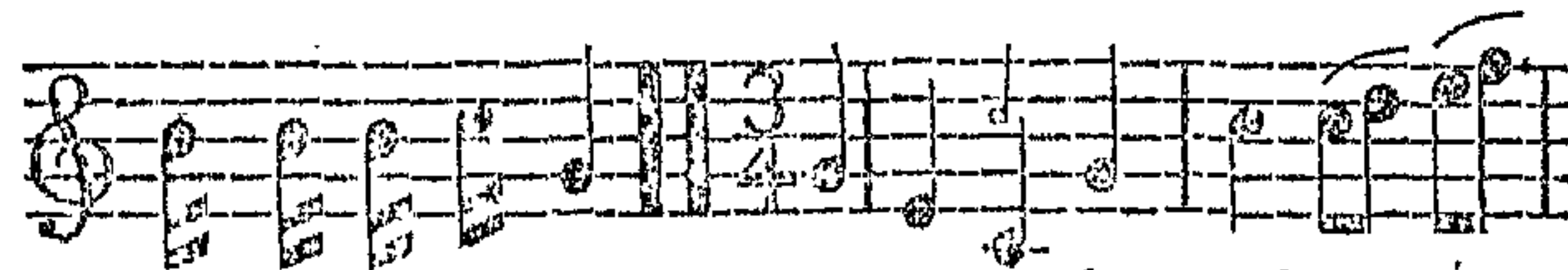
The whistling plowman hails the blushing dawn, The



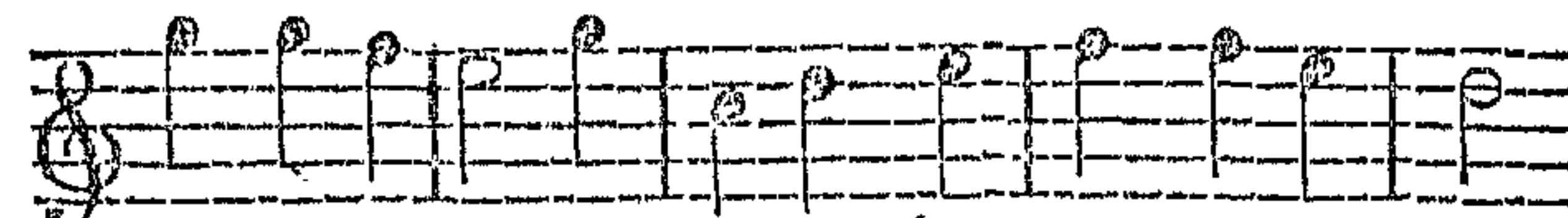
thrush melodious drowns the rustic note; Loud sings the



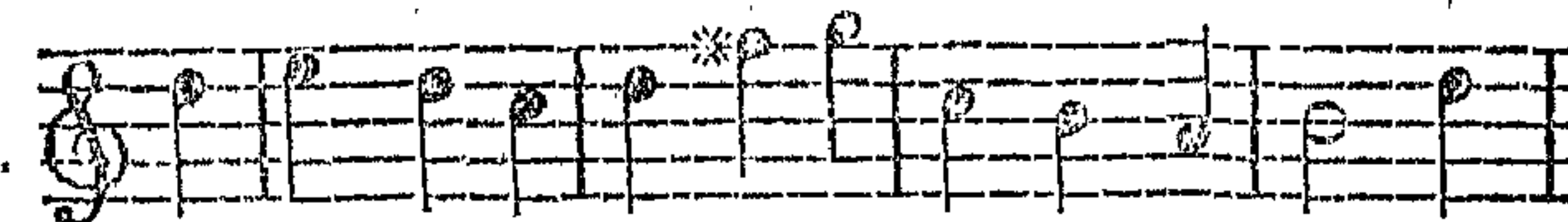
blackbird thro' resounding groves and the lark soars to



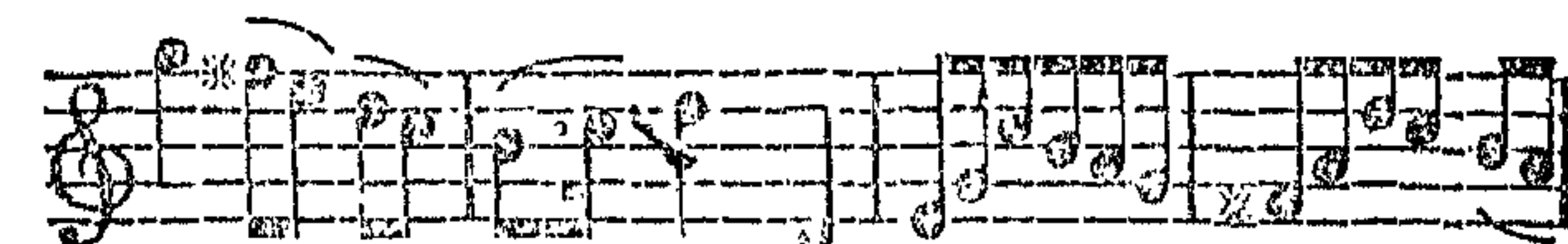
meet the rising sun. Away to the copse to the



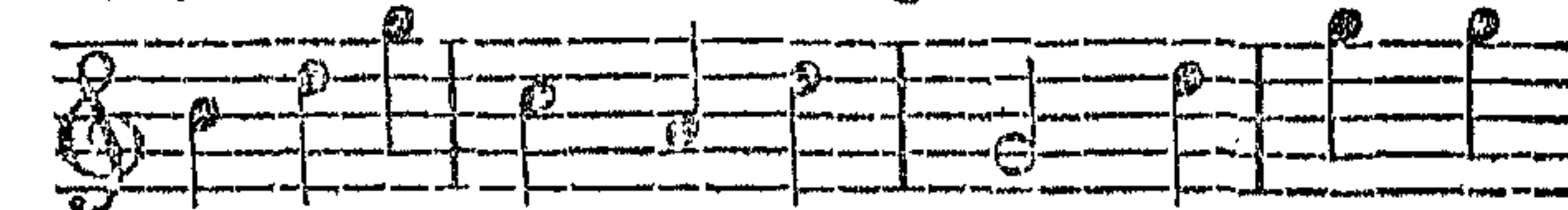
copse lead away, And now my boys throw off the hounds,

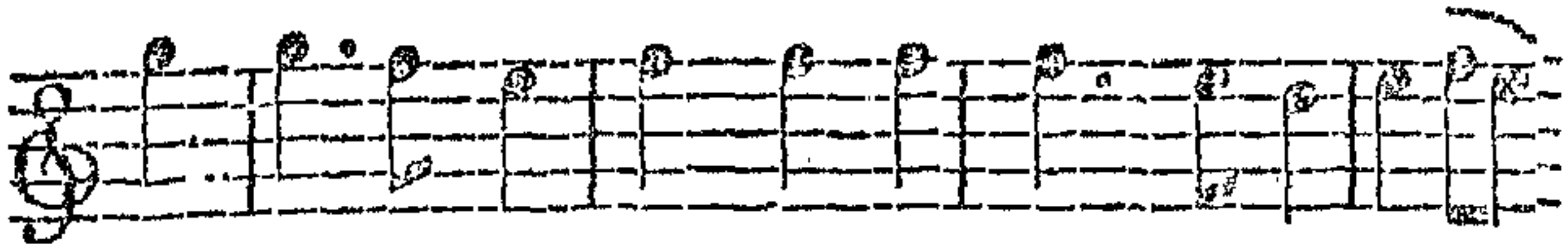


I'll warrant he shews us he shews us some play, See



yonder he skulks thro' the grounds - - - - - See

yonder he skulks thro' the grounds. Then spur your  
brills



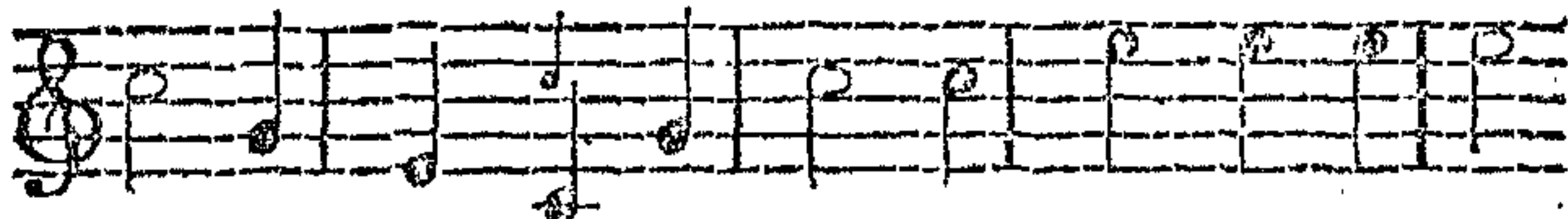
brisk courfers and smoke 'em my bloods, 'tis a deli-



cate scent lying morn, What concert is equal to



those of the woods, betwixt eccho the hounds and the



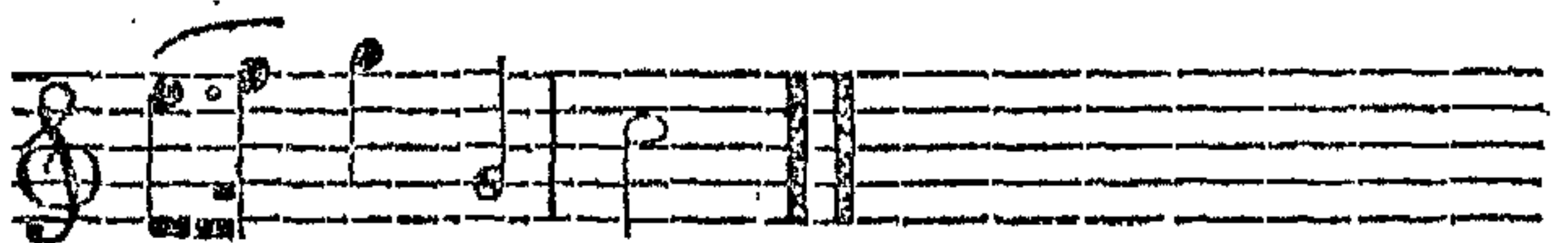
horn, the hounds and the horn, the hounds and the horn,



the hounds and the horn, - - - - -



- - - - - betwixt eccho the



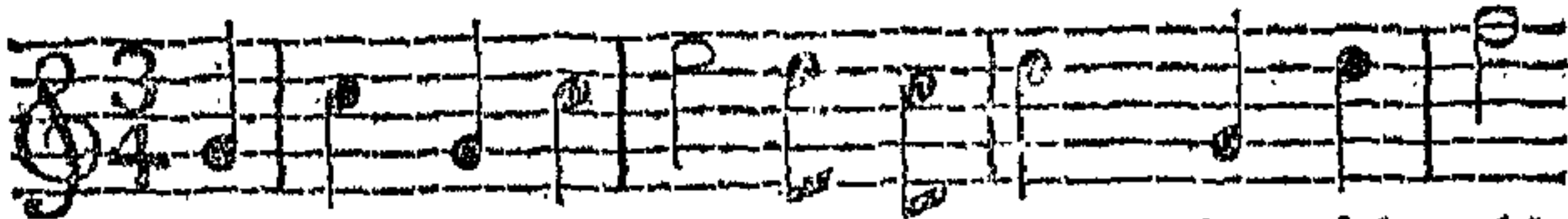
hounds and the horn.

Each

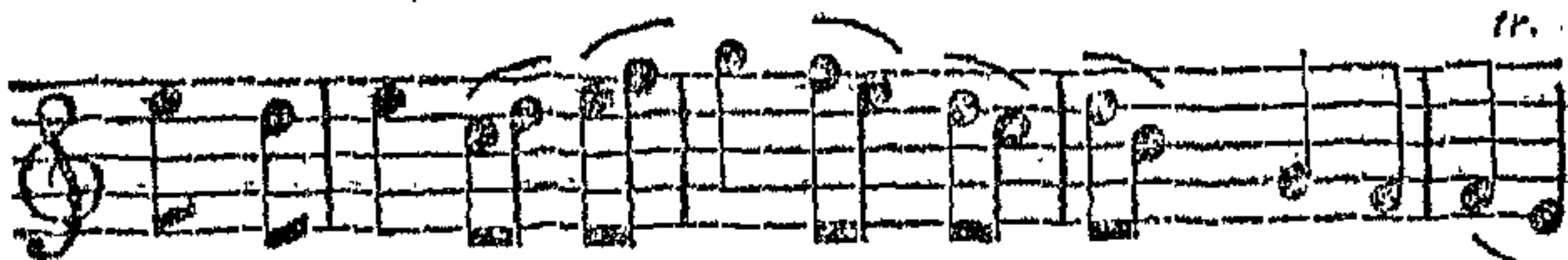
Each earth see he tries at in vain,  
 The cover no safety can find,  
 So he breaks it and scowers amain,  
 And leaves us at distance behind ;  
 O'er rocks and o'er rivers and hedges we fly,  
 All hazard and danger we scorn ;  
 Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die,  
 Cheer up the good dogs with the horns.

And now he scarce creeps through the dale,  
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue,  
 His speed can no longer prevail,  
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong ;  
 From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that he fled,  
 See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn,  
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,  
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

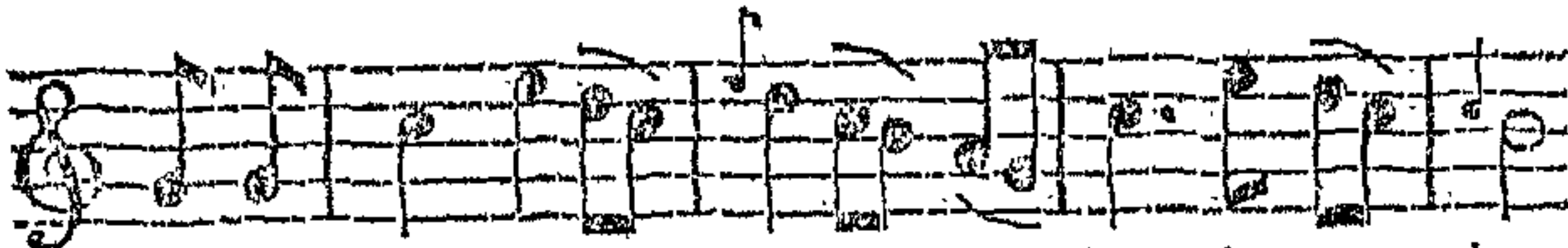
## S O N G   X V I I .



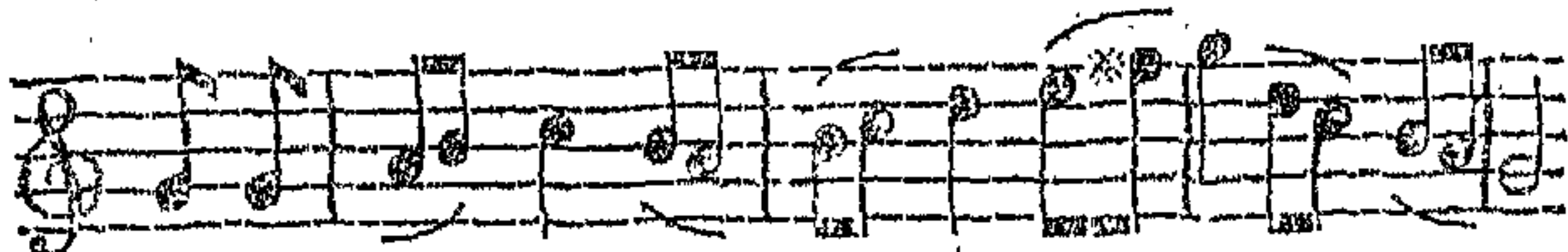
The sun from the east tips the mountains with gold,



And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold,

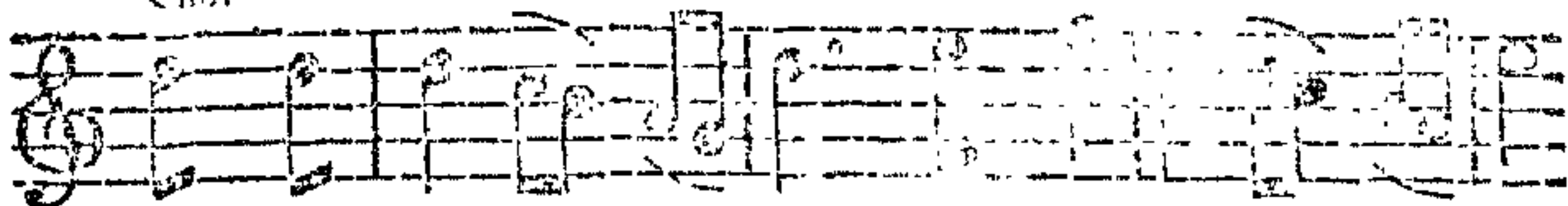


Hark, the lark's early mornin proclaims the new day,

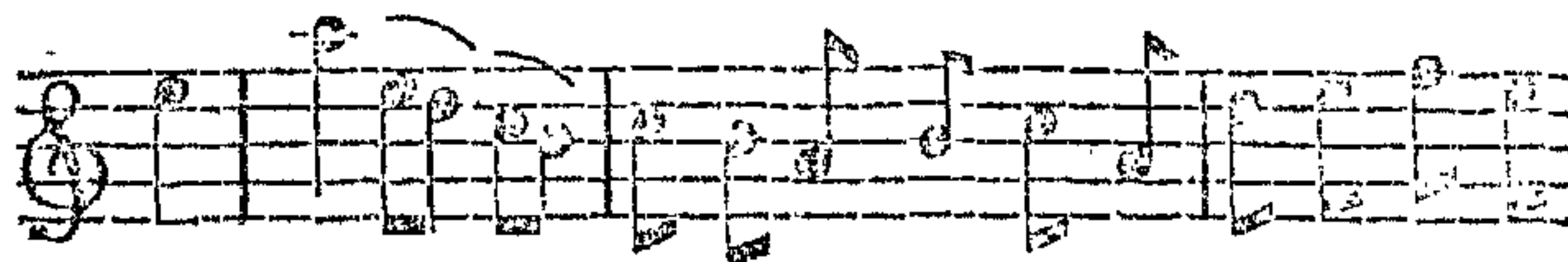


And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our de-lay.  
 With

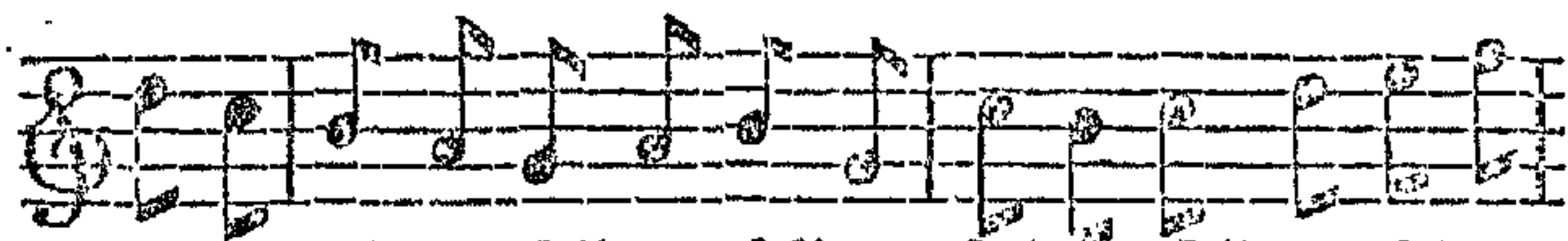
Cho.



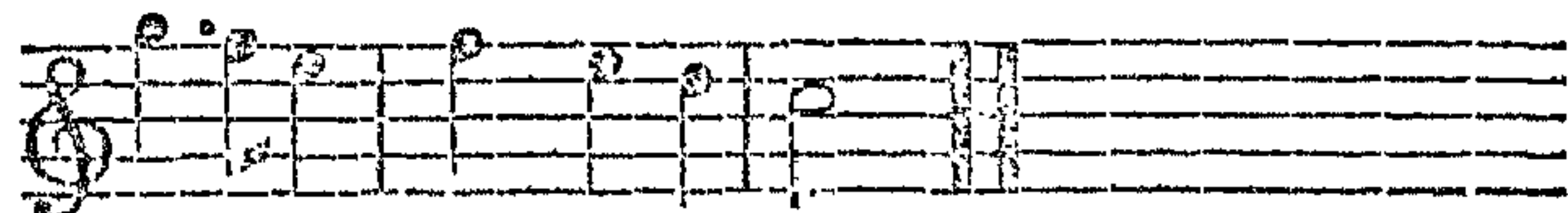
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie



While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,



follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,



follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,  
 And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the court,  
 No care nor ambition our patience annoy,  
 But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

Cho. With the sports, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree,  
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee:  
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,  
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

Cho. With the sports, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, while the soldier hunts fame,  
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;  
 And the artful coquet, tho' she seems to refuse,  
 Yet in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

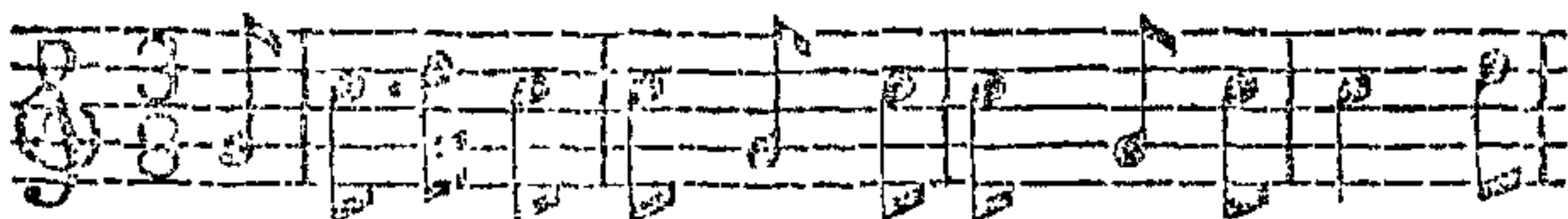
Cho. With the sports, &c.

Let

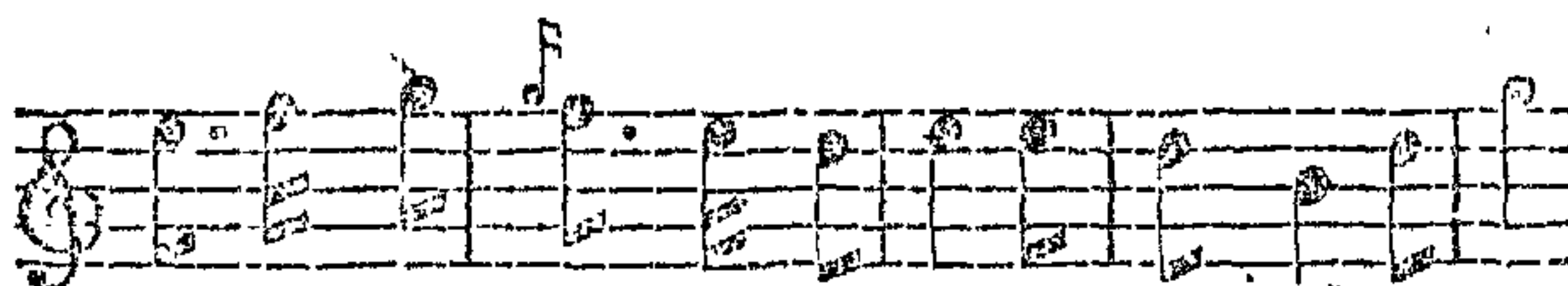
Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,  
 All the blessings we ask, is the blessing of health,  
 With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands to roam,  
 And when tired abroad, find contentment at home.

Cho. With the sports, &c.

S O N G XVIII.



The echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad ; To



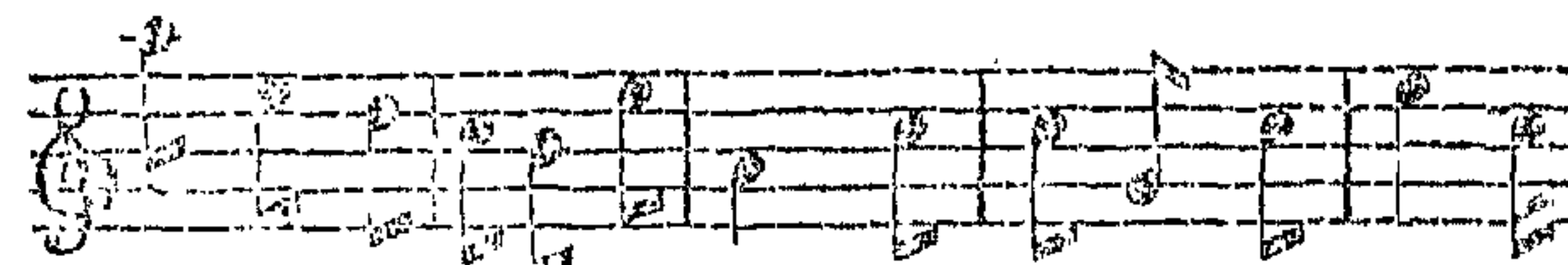
horse my brave boys and away ; The morning is up,



and the cry of the hounds Upbraids our too tedious de-



lay : What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox, O'er



hill and o'er valley he flies ; Then follow, we'll soon o-



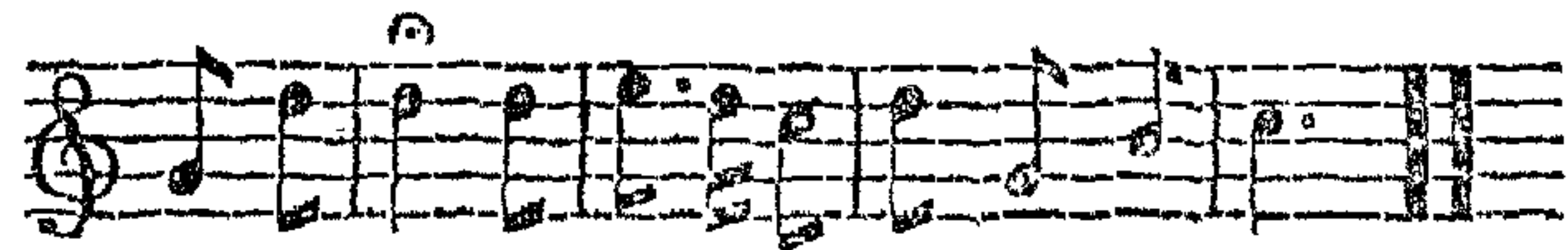
vertake him, huzza ! The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies,  
 He



He dies - - - - - The traitor



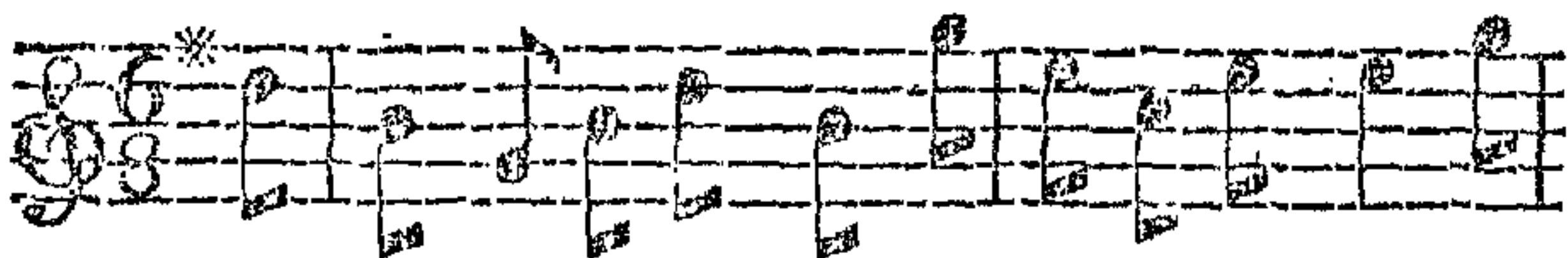
is seiz'd on and dies ; Then follow we'll soon overtake



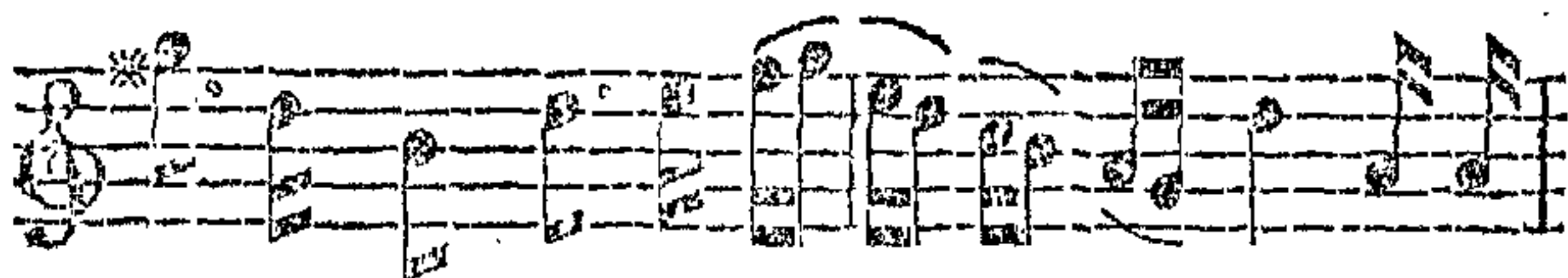
him, huzza ! the traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,  
 Like Bacchanals shouting and gay ;  
 How sweet with a bottle and lads to refresh,  
 And lose the fatigues of the day :  
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,  
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours ;  
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs,  
 With flow'rs, let's strew, &c.

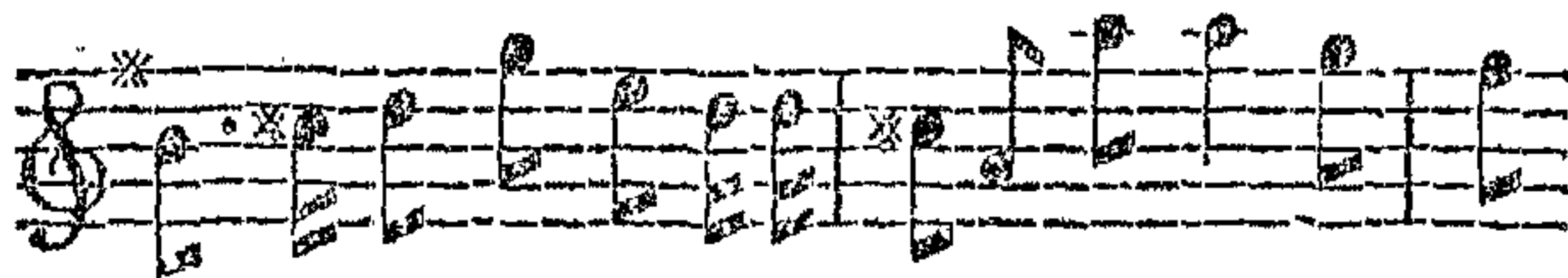
## SONG XIX.



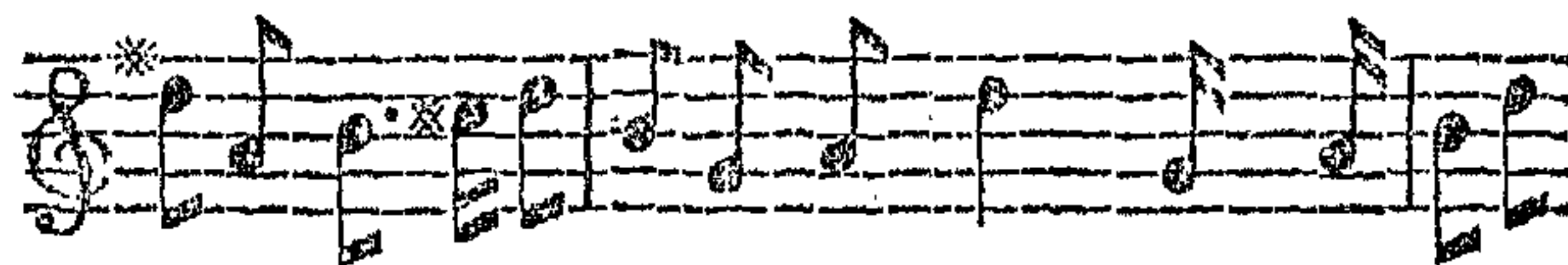
The morning is charming all nature looks gay, a-



way my brave boys to your horses a-way, For the



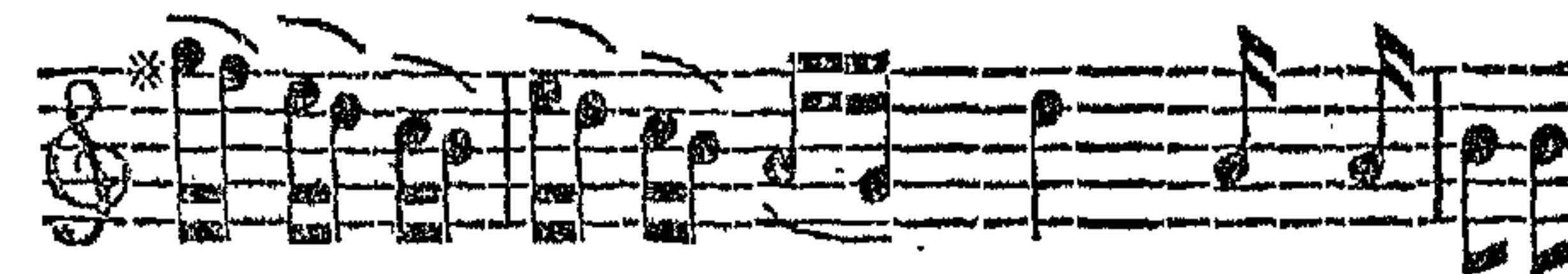
prime of our humour is in quest of the hare, we have



not so much as a moment to spare. Hark the lively

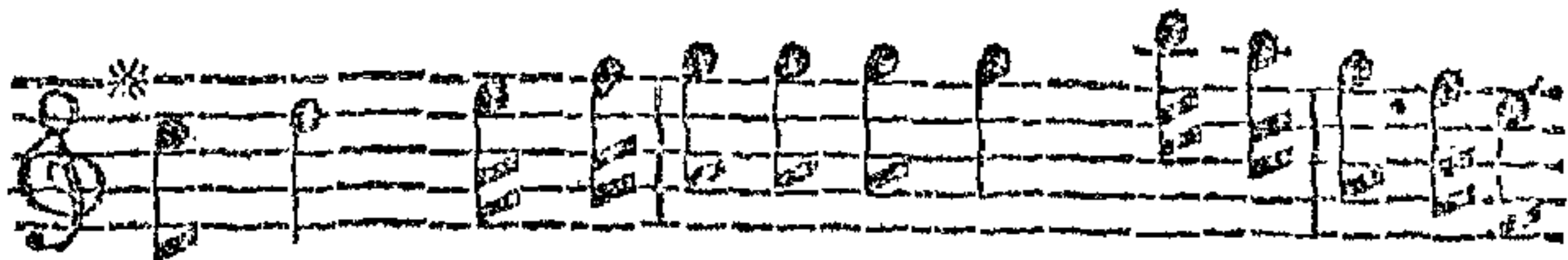


ton'd horn, how melodious it sounds to the musi-cal

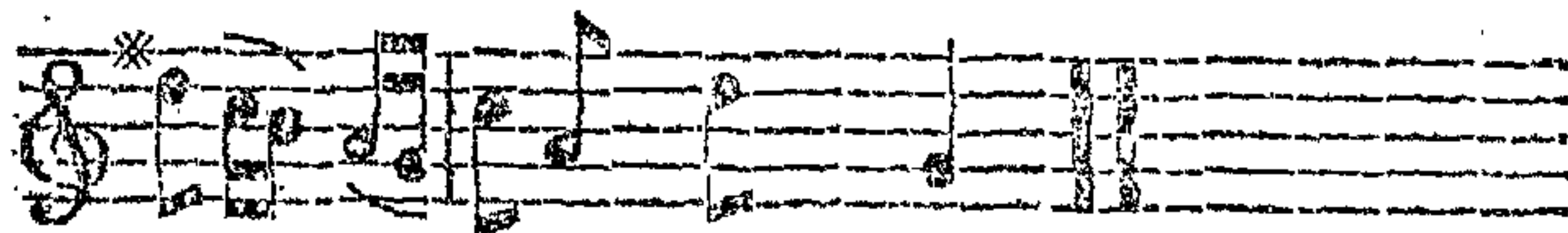


tone of the merry mouth'd hounds. Hark the lively  
ton'd





ton'd horn, how melodious it sounds, to the musical

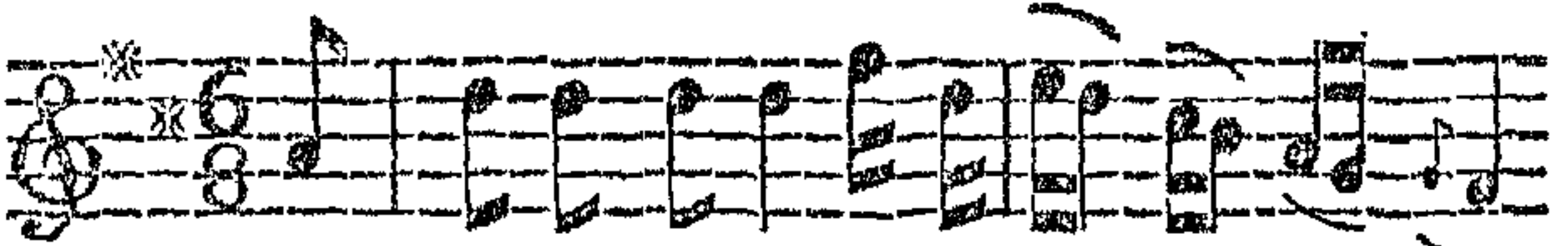


tone of the merry mouth'd hounds.

Q'er highlands, and lowlands, and woodlands, we fly,  
 Our horses full speed and our hounds in full cry,  
 So match'd in the mouth, and so swiftly they run,  
 Like the trine of the spheres and the race of the sun,  
 Health, joy, and felicity, dance in the rounds,  
 And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,  
 That the hare, tho' a stout one, begins to decline,  
 A chace of two hours or more she has led,  
 She's down, look about you, they have her, she's dead.  
 How glorious a death to be honour'd with sounds,  
 Of horns and a shout to the chorus of hounds.

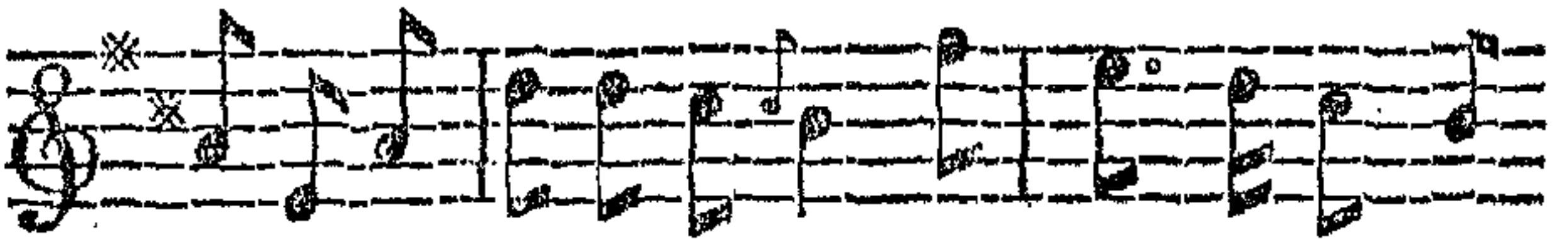
SONG XX.



When Phœbus begins just to peep o'er the hills,



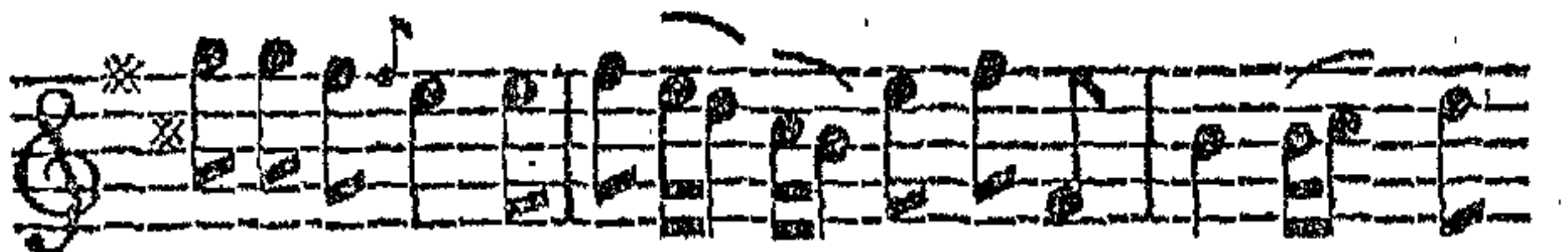
With horns we awaken the day; And rouse brother



sportsmen who sluggishly sleep, With hark! to the woods



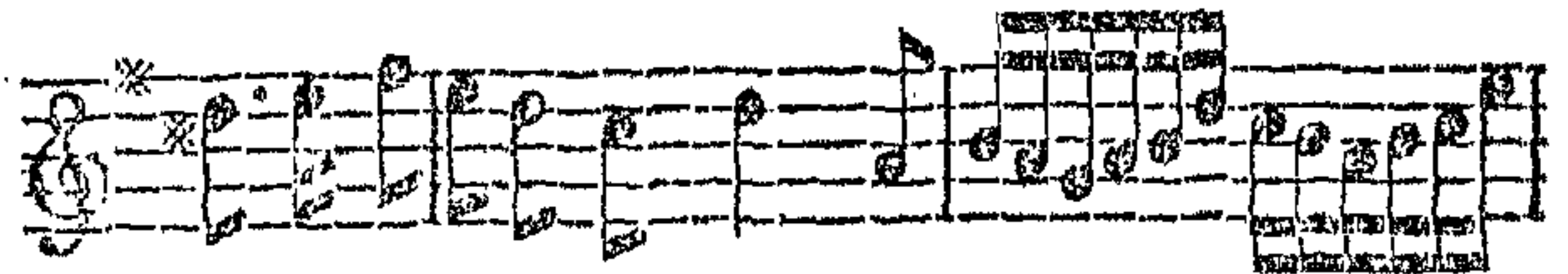
hark! a - way. See the hounds are uncoupled in



musical cry, How sweetly it eccho's around; And high-



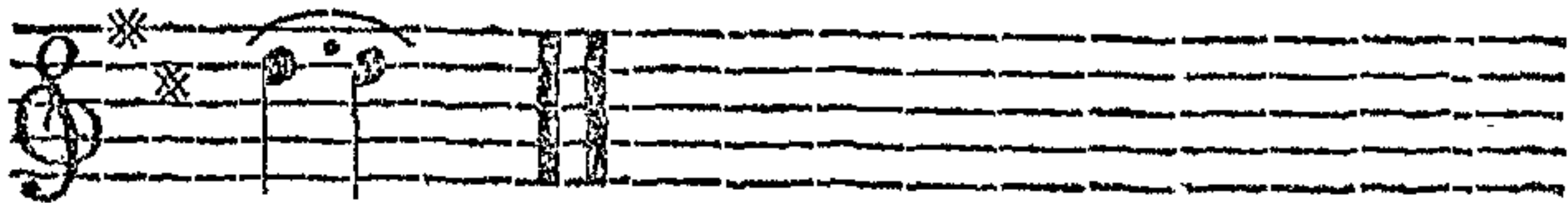
mettled steeds with their neighings, all seem With



pleasure to eccho the sound, with plea - - - - -  
 sure



----- sure to echo the

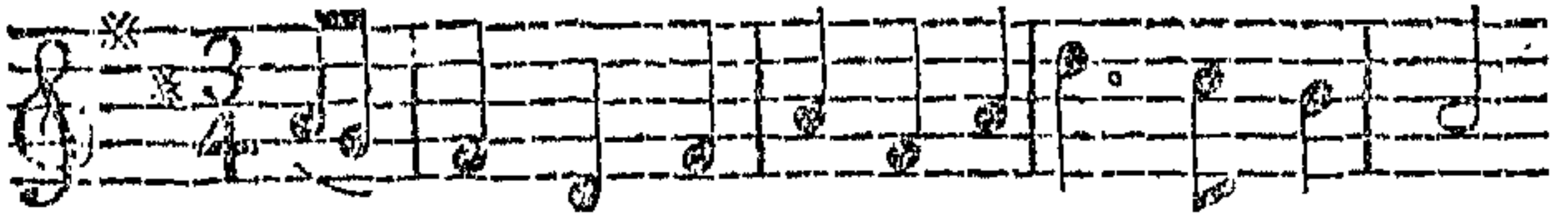


found.

Behold where fly Reynard with pannick and dread,  
 At distance o'er hillocks doth bound ;  
 The pack on the scent fly with rapid career,  
 Hark ! the horns ! O how sweetly they found :  
 Now on to the chace, o'er hills and o'er dales,  
 All dangers we nobly defy ;  
 Our nags are all stout, and our sports we'll pursue,  
 With shouts that resound to the sky.

But see how he lags, all his arts are in vain,  
 No longer with swiftness he flies ;  
 Each hound in his fury determines his fate,  
 The traitor is seiz'd on and dies :  
 With shouting and joy we return from the field,  
 With drink crown the sports of the day ;  
 Then to rest we recline till the horn calls again,  
 Then away, to the woodlands away.

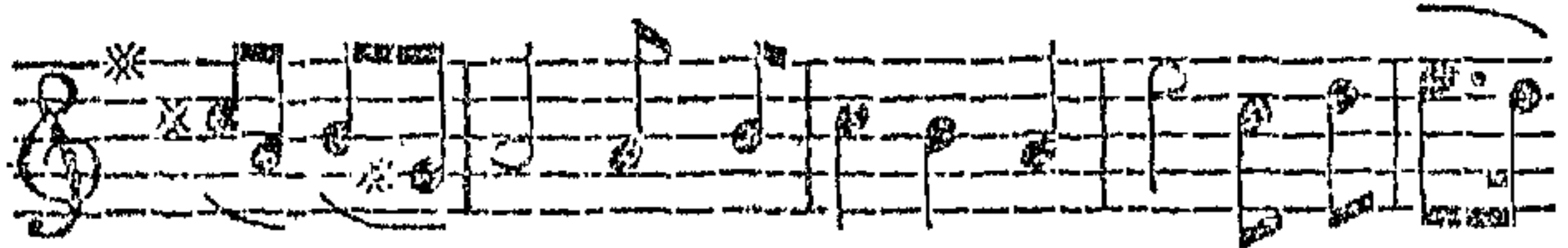
## SONG XXI.



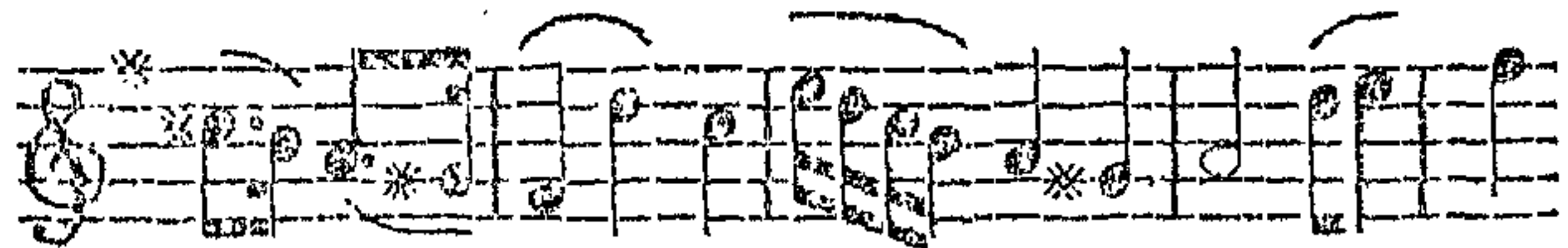
When sol from the east had il-lu-min'd the sphere,



and gil-ded the lawns and the riv'lets so clear, I rose



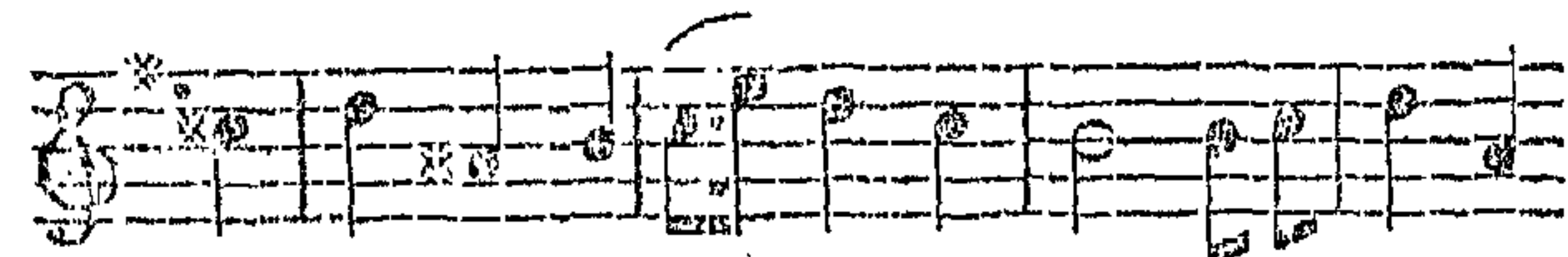
from my tent, and like Richard I call'd for my horse



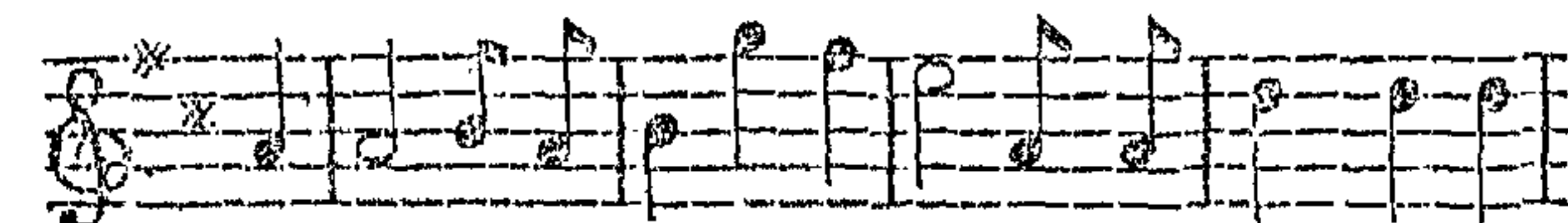
and my hounds, too, loud-ly I bawl'd Hark for-



ward my boys, Bil-ly Meadows he cry'd, no sooner



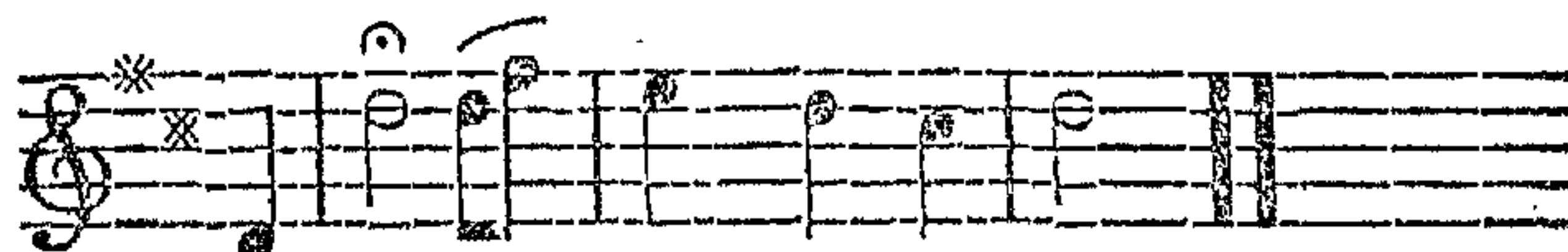
he spoke but Old Rey-nard he spy'd, over-joy'd at



the sight we be-gan for to skip Ton-ta-ron, went the  
horn



horn, And smack went the whip, Ton-ta-ron went



the horn, and smack went the whip.

Tom Bramble scour'd forth, when almost to his chin;  
 O'er leaping a ditch,—by the lord he leap'd in;  
 When just as it hap'd, but the sly master Ren,  
 Was sneakingly hast'ning to make to his den,  
 Then away we pursu'd, brake, covert and wood;  
 Not quickset nor thickset, our pleasure withstood,  
 So! ho! master Reynard—Jack Rivers he cry'd,  
 Old Ren, you shall die,—Daddy Hawthorn reply'd.

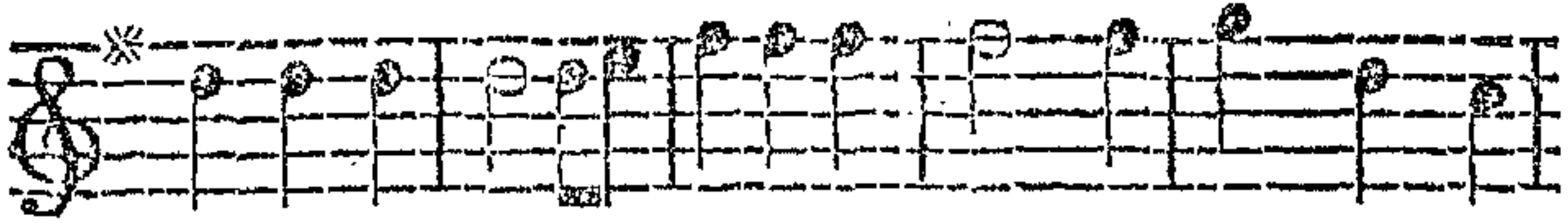
All gay as the lark the green woodlands we trac'd,  
 While the merry ton'd horn, inspir'd as we chac'd;  
 No longer poor Reynard his strength cou'd he boast,  
 'To th' hounds he knock'd under and gave up the ghost.  
 The sports of the field when concluded and o'er,  
 We found the horn back again over the moor,  
 At night take the glass, and most chearily sing,  
 The fox-hunters round, not forgetting the king.







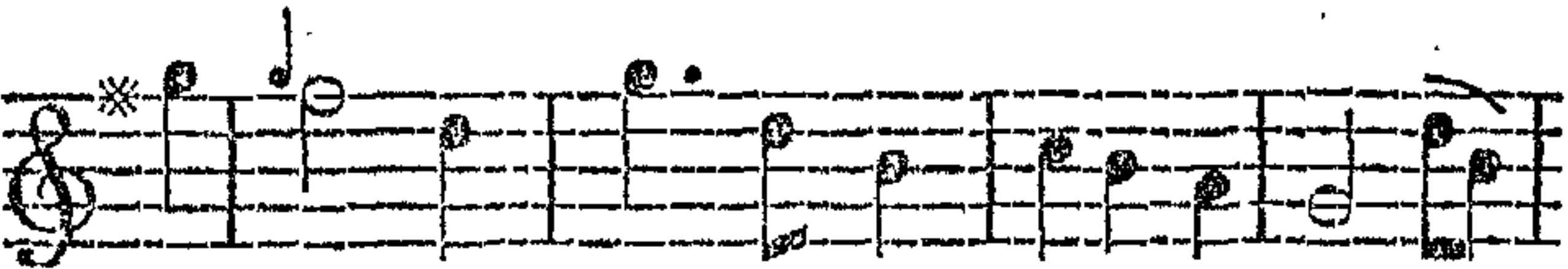




Phœbus begins to enliven the morn the huntsman at-



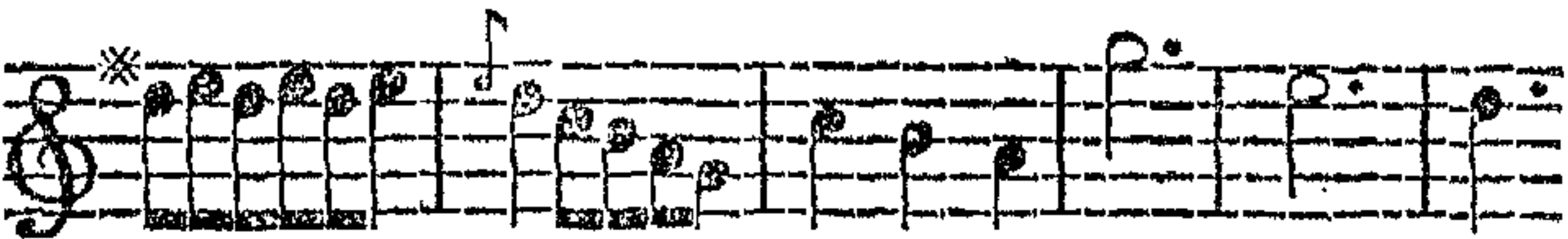
tended by hounds, Rejoices and glows at the found of



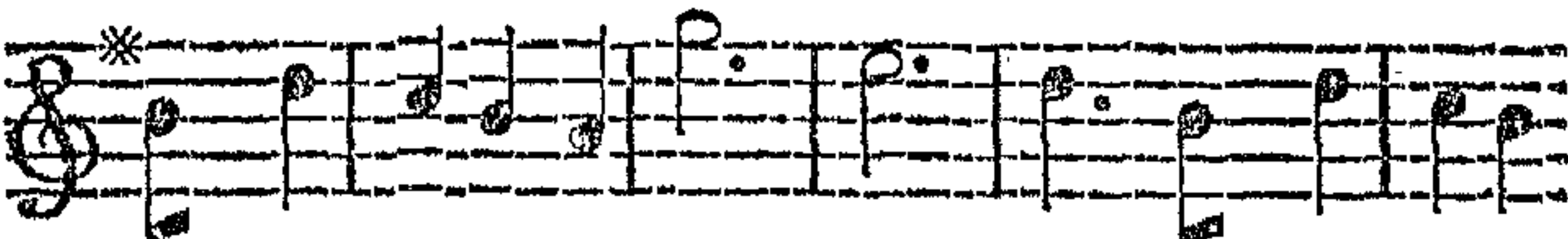
the horn, whilst woods the sweet eccho resound, whilst



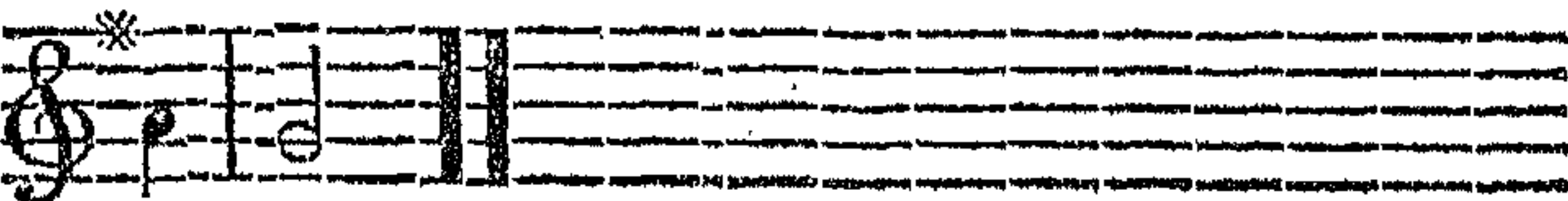
woods the sweet ec - - - - -



- - - - - cho resound, whilst woods



the sweet eccho resound, whilst woods the sweet eccho

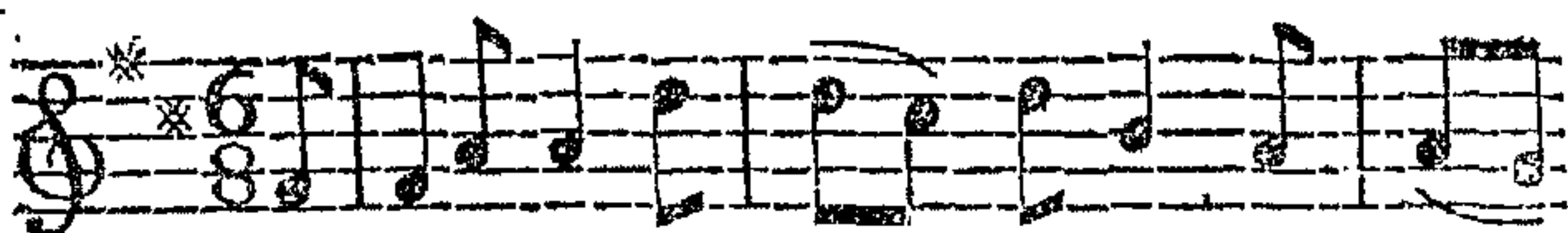


resound,

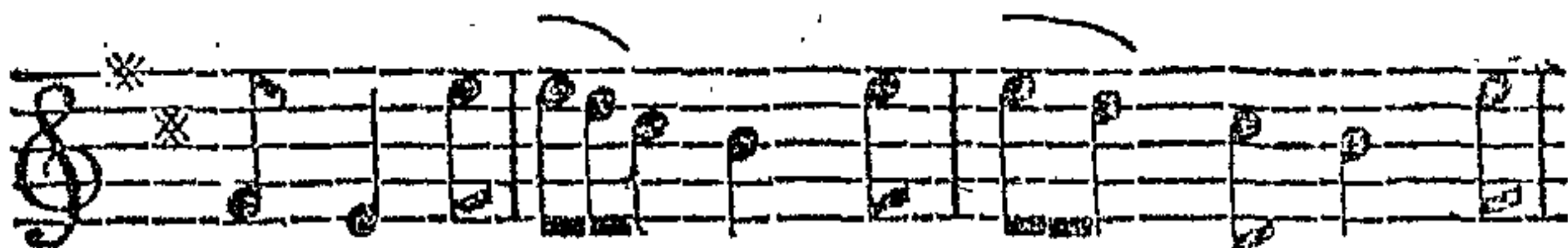
The courtier, the lawyer, the priest have a view,  
 Nay ev'ry profession the same,  
 But sportsmen, ye mortals, no pleasures pursue,  
 But such as accrue from the game.  
 While drunkards are pleas'd in the joys of the cup,  
 And turn into day ev'ry night,  
 At the break of each morn the huntsman is up,  
 And bounds o'er the lawns with delight.

Then quickly, my lads, to the forest repair,  
 O'er hills dales and valleys let's fly,  
 For who can, ye gods, feel a moment of care,  
 When each joy will another supply?  
 Thus each morning, each day, in raptures, we pass,  
 And desire no comfort to share,  
 But at night to refresh with the bottle and glass,  
 And feed on the spoil of the hare.

S O N G XXIV.



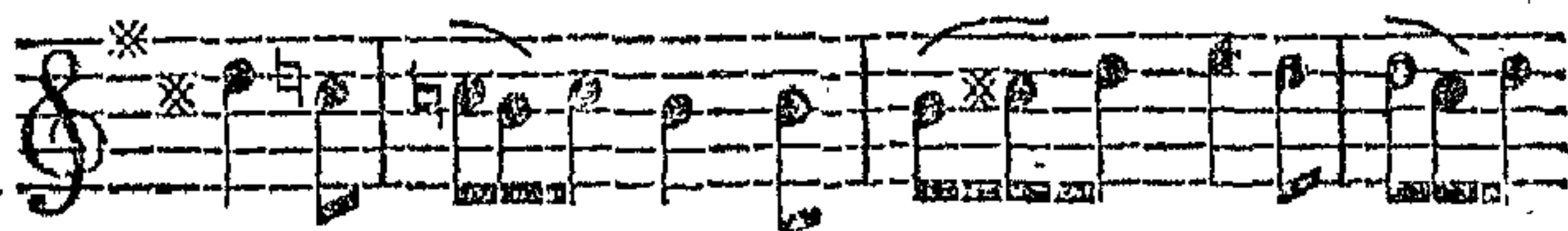
A-way a-way we've crown'd the day, we've crown'd



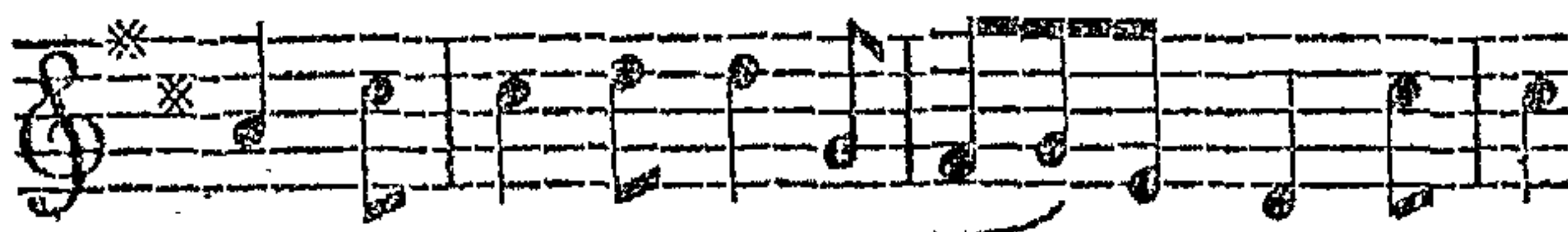
the day, A-way a-way we've crown'd the day, the



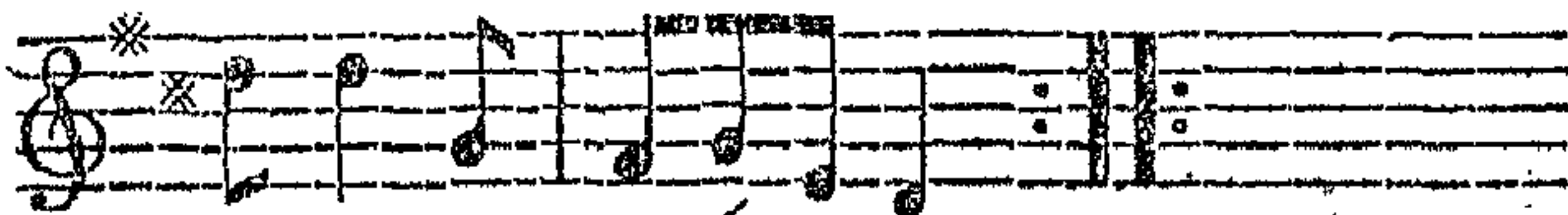
hounds are waiting for their prey. The huntsman's



call in - vites ye all, the huntsman's call in - vites ye



all, Come in come in boys while you may, come in



come in boys while you may.

The jolly horn, the rosy morn, the rosy morn,  
The jolly horn, the rosy morn, with harmony of deep  
mouth'd hounds,

These, these, my boys, are heavenly joys,

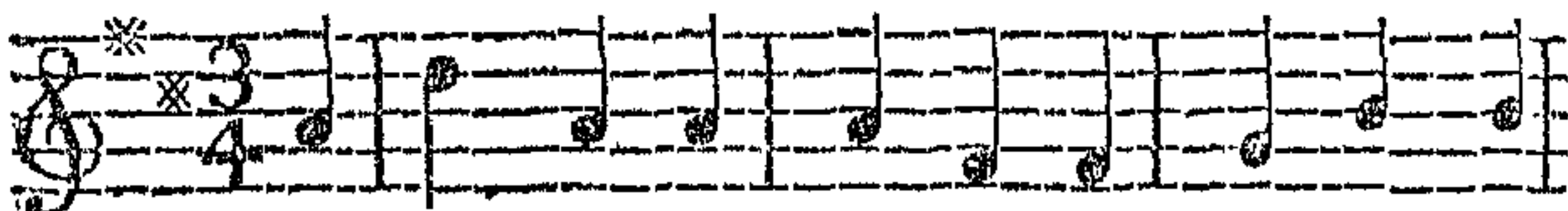
These, these, my boys, are heavenly joys;

Come in boys while you may, Come in, &c.

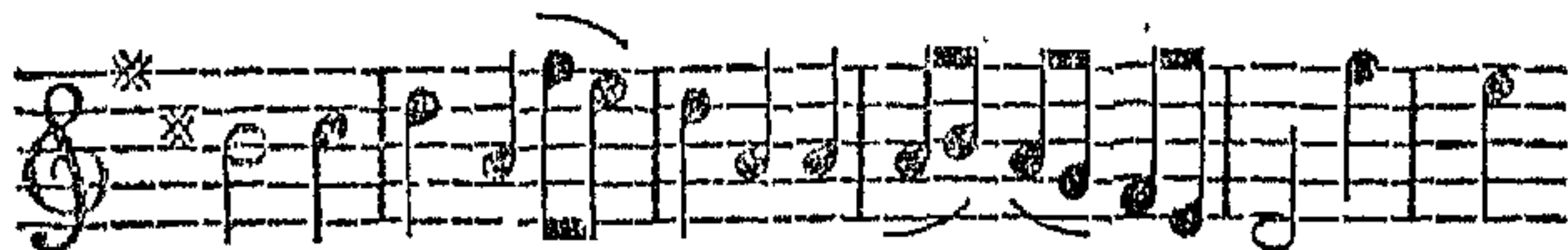
'The horn shall be the husband's fee, the husband's fee,  
 'The horn shall be the husband's fee, and let him take it not  
 in scorn ;

The brave and sage in ev'ry age,  
 The brave and sage in ev'ry age,  
 Have not disdain'd to wear the horn, Have not, &c.

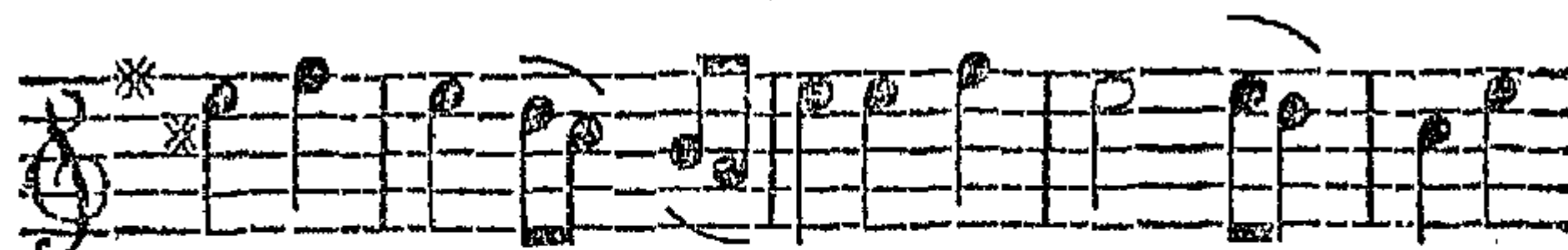
S O N G XXV.



A sweet scented beau and a simp'ring young



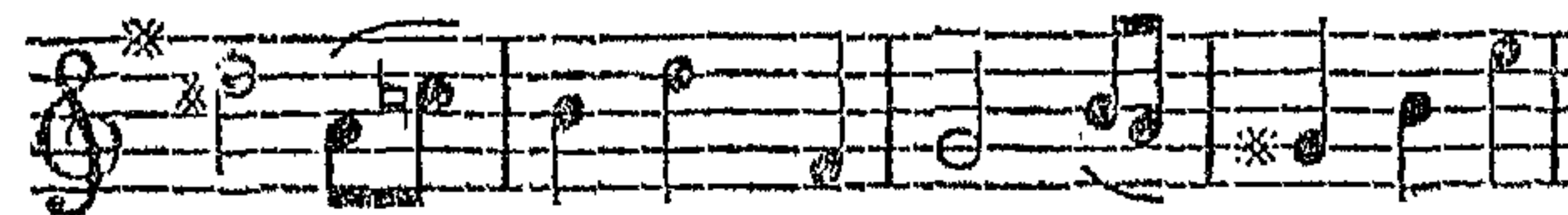
cit, an artful at-torney a rake and a wit, set out



on the chace in pursuit of her heart, whilst Chloe



disdainfully laugh'd at their art, and rouz'd by the



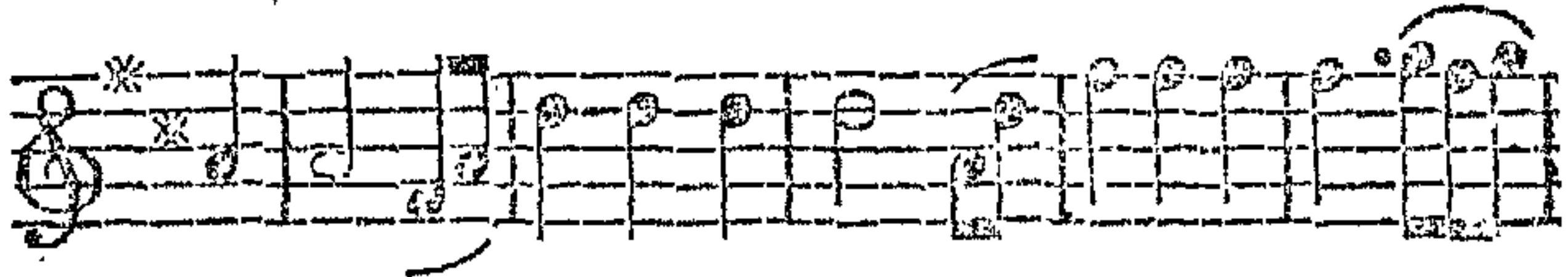
hounds to meet the sweet morn, and rouz'd by the



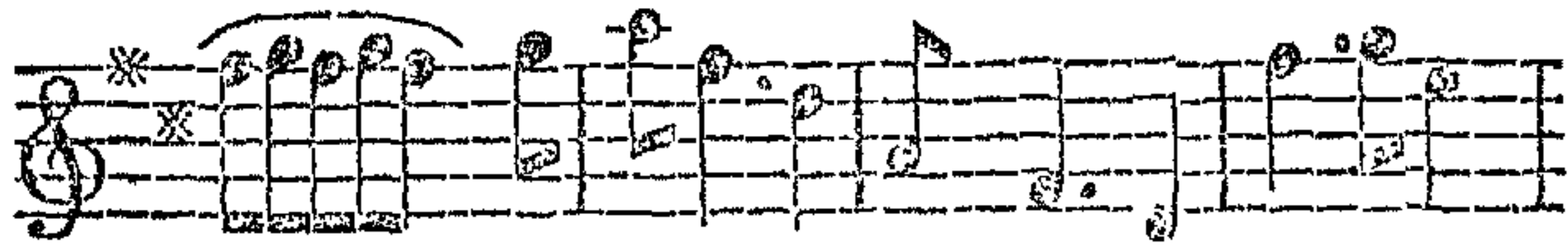
hounds to meet the sweet morn, Tanti-vy, Tanti-vy,  
 Tan-



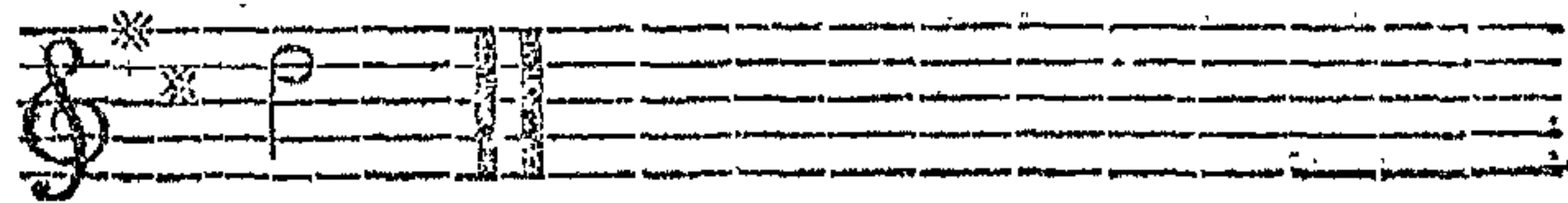
Tanti-vy, she follow'd the ecchoing horn, the eccho-



ing horn, the ecchoing horn, the ecchoing horn - -



- - - - - Tanti-vy, she follow'd the ecchoing



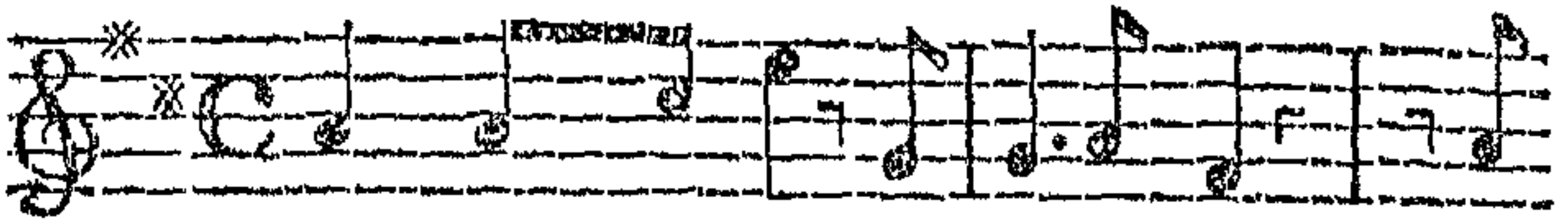
horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the Beau by his face,  
 The Lawyer with quibble set out on the chace,  
 The Cit with exactness made up his account,  
 The Rake told his conquests, how vast the amount;  
 She laugh'd at their follies, and blithe as the morn,  
 'Tantivy she follow'd the ecchoing horn.

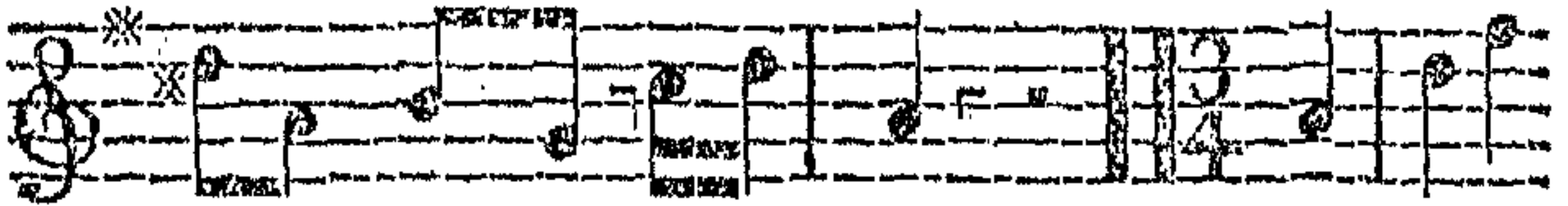
Their clamorous noise rouz'd a jolly young swain  
 Hark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd over the plain;  
 He distanc'd the Wit, the Cit, and the Beau,  
 And won the fair nymph with hollo! hillio!  
 Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the morn,  
 'Tantivy they follow the ecchoing horn.

S O N G XXVI.

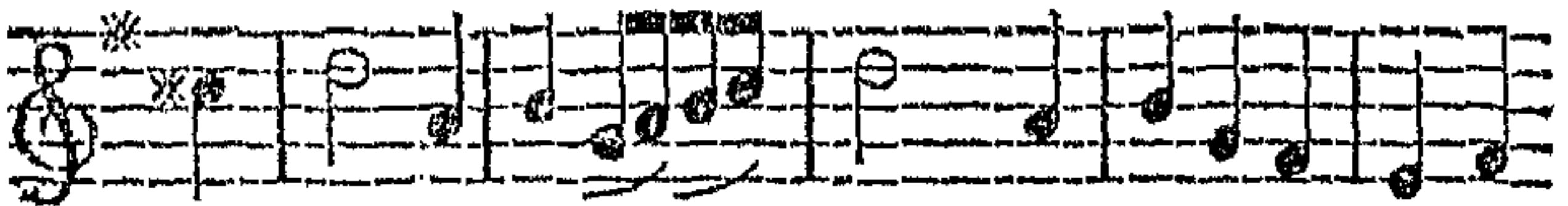
Recit.



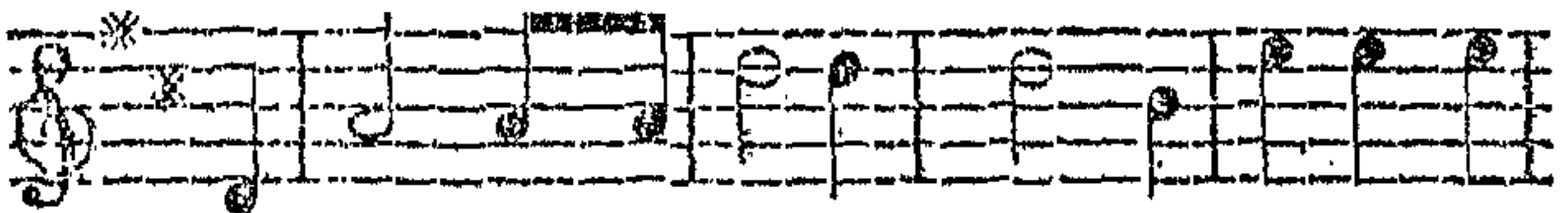
Bright dawns the day with rosy face and



calls the sportsman to the chace. With musi-



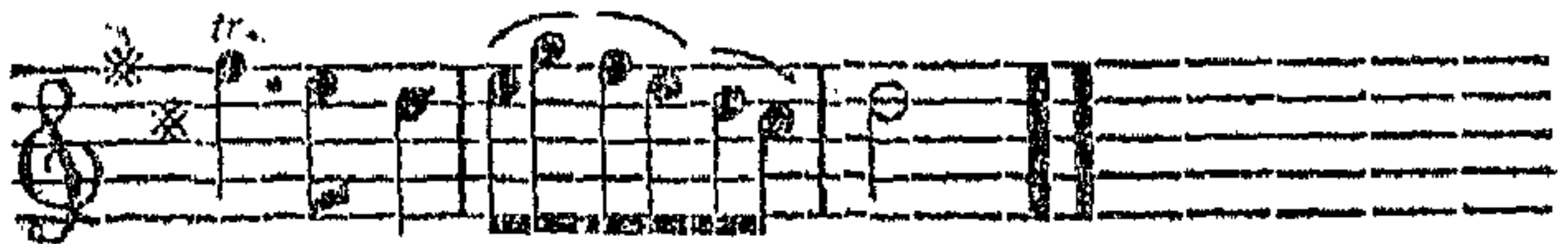
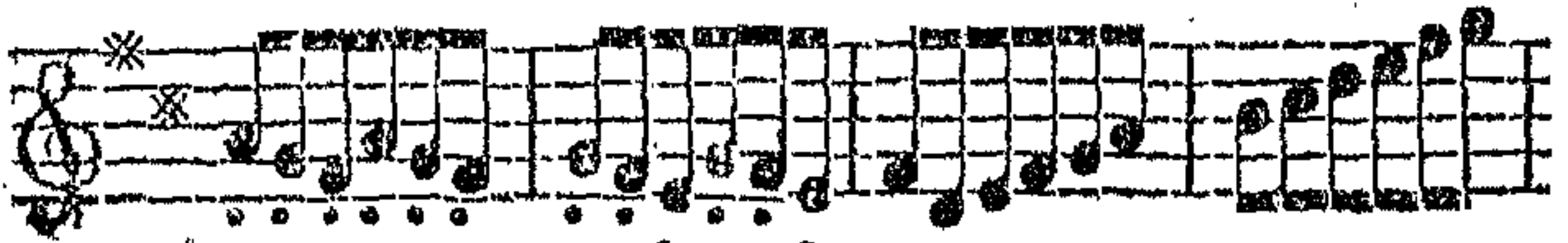
cal horn salute the gay morn, these jolly companions



to cheer, With enliv'ning sounds encourage your



hounds to rival the speed of the deer, to ri - - -



- - val the speed of the deer.

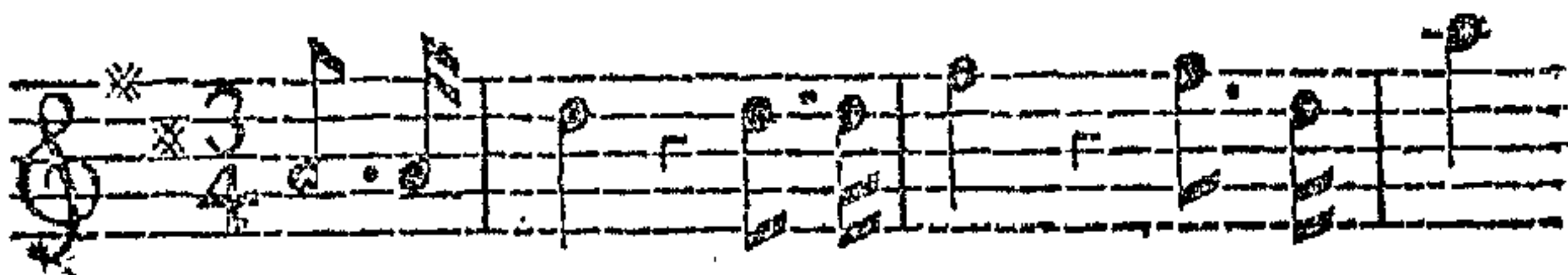
If you'd find out his lair to the woodlands repair,  
 Hark ! hark ! he's unharbour'd they cry ;  
 Then fleet o'er the plain we gallop amain,  
 All all is a triumph of joy.

O'er hills, heaths, and woods, thro' forests and floods,  
 The stag flies as swift as the wind ;  
 The valley resounds with a chorus of hounds,  
 That chaunt in a concert behind.

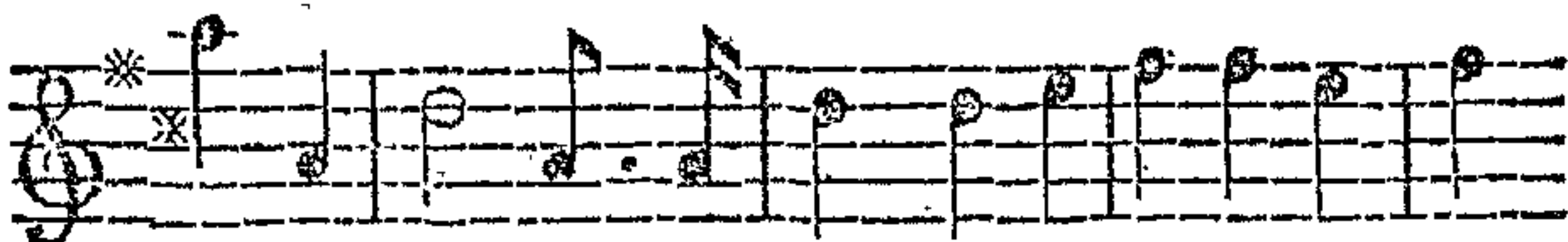
Adieu to old care, pale grief and despair,  
 We ride in oblivion of fear ;  
 All sorrow and pain we leave to the train  
 Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo the stag stands at bay, the pack's at a stay,  
 They eagerly seize on their prize ;  
 The welkin resounds with a chorus of hounds,  
 Shrill horns wind his knell and he dies.

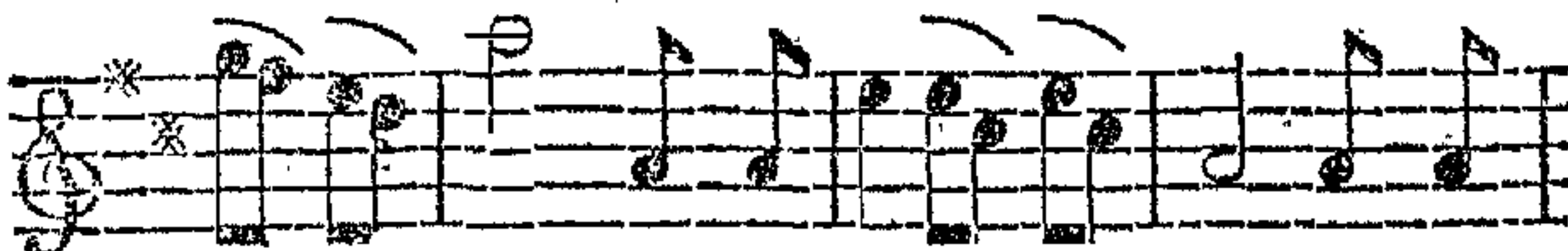
S O N G XXVII.



Come a - way, come a-way, hark the found



of the horn, And the hounds noble chorus has wak'd

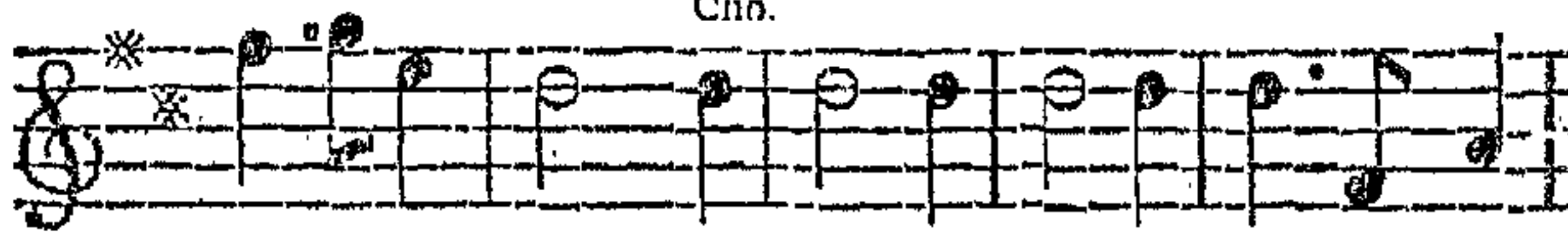


the new morn.. Briskly follow, my boys, see old



Reynard is found, And no doubt before night he will

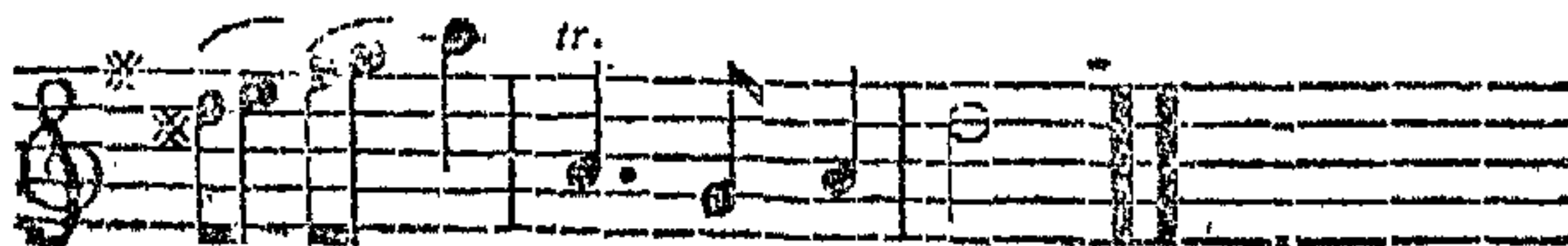
*Crio.*



lead us a round. Huzza, huzza, huzza, my brave



boys, to the woods we'll re - pair, To chace the fly



fox or o'er take the fleet hare:

What



What manhood can boast, may in hunting be found,  
 We leap stiles and hedges, and fly o'er the ground ;  
 We ne'er fear our necks while the chace is in fight,  
 The greater the danger the more our delight.

Cho. Huzza, &c.

When Reynard is caught, with skill hound, horn, and voice,  
 We make the woods ring and the peasants rejoyce ;  
 Our triumph with innocent pleasure they view,  
 And acknowledge that hunters were always True Blue.

Cho. Huzza, &c.

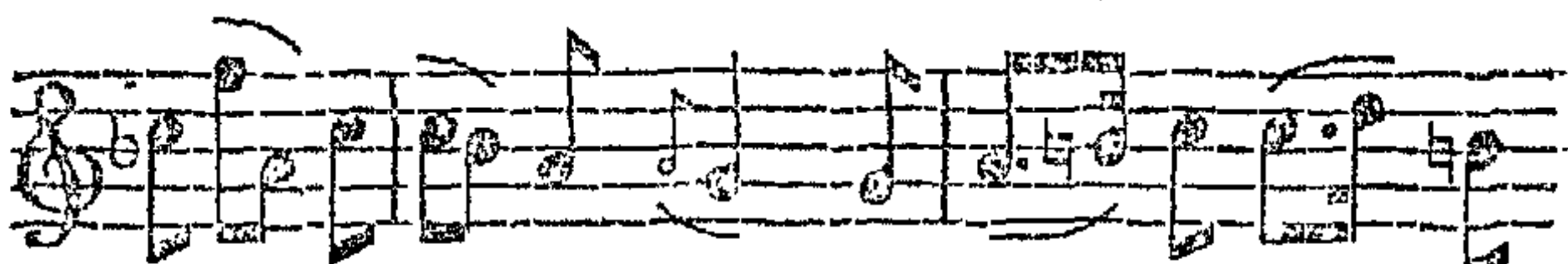
To the joys of the day succeed those of the night,  
 A well furnish'd table is then our delight ;  
 'Tween Bacchus and Venus our time glides away,  
 Till the horn calls us forth to the chace of the day.

Huzza, my brave boys, now we'll homeward repair;  
 From the chace of the fox, to the charms of the fair...

## SONG XXVIII.



Hark! hark! the joy in - spi - ring horn, Salutes



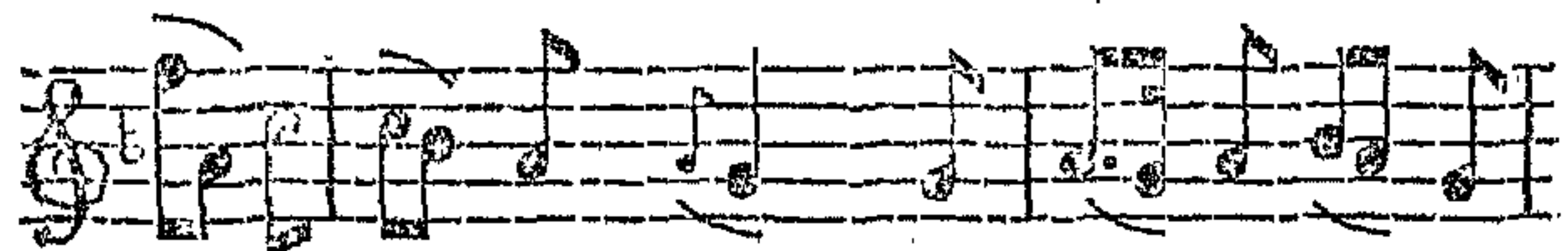
the ro - sy ri - sing morn, And ec - choes thro' the



dale - - - And ec - choes thro' the dale. With:



clam'rous peals the hills reſound, The hounds quick



ſcented ſcow'r the ground, And ſnuff the fragrant



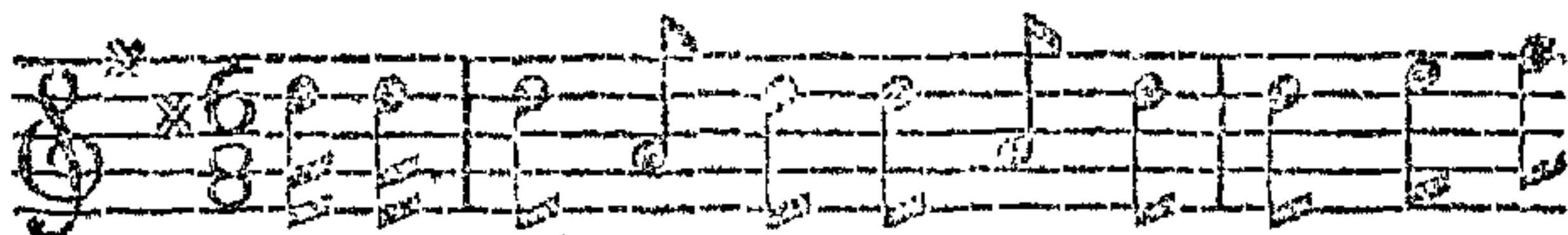
gale - - - And ſnuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede,  
 The brisk high-mettl'd starting steed,  
     The jovial pack pursue ;  
 Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,  
 The distant hills with speed he gains,  
     And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,  
 And to the copse for shelter makes,  
     'There pants awhile for breath ;  
 When now the noise alarms her ear,  
 Her haunt's descry'd, her fate is near,  
     She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,  
 The hounds their trembling victim seize,  
     She faints, she falls, she dies ;  
 The distant courfers now come in,  
 And join the loud triumphant din,  
     Till eccho rend the skies.

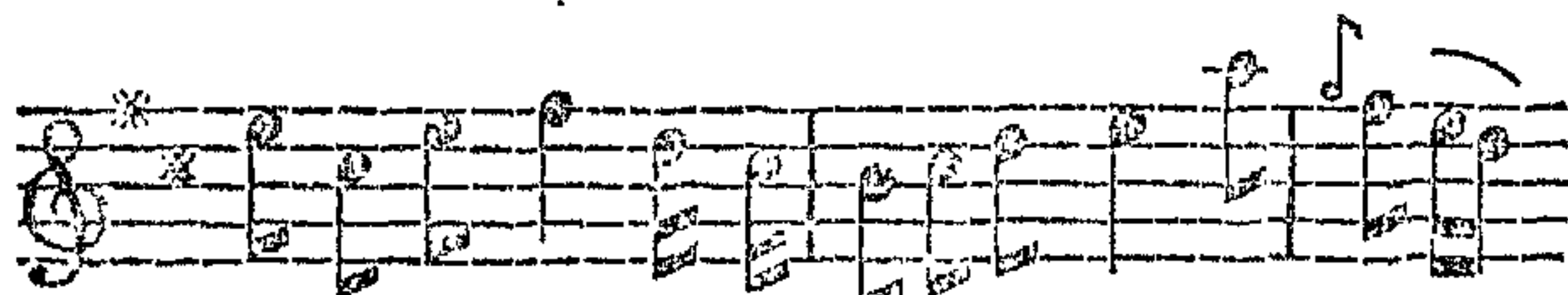
## SONG XXIX.



To the woods and the fields my brave boys haste a-



way; Our sport is to follow the hare, For the



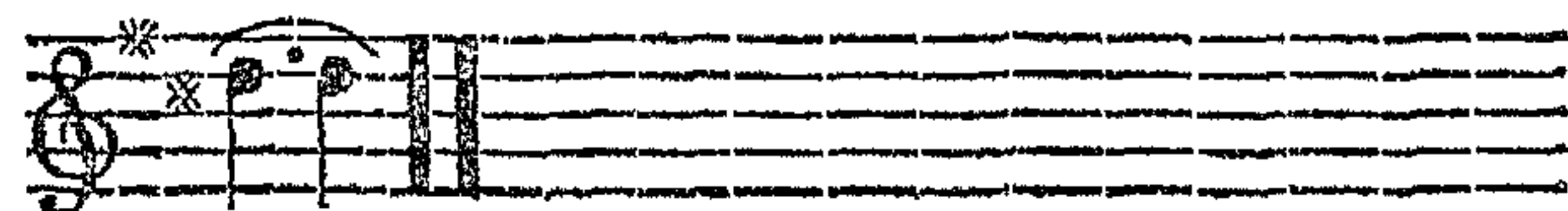
morning is clear and delightfully gay, Sure nothing



with this can compare, For the morning is clear and



delightfully gay, Sure nothing with this can com-



pare.

Then our horses so swift and courageously bold,  
 Our hounds so well-scented and fleet,  
 Hark, hark, they're all off, they're crossing the field,  
 Let's pursue them with courage and heat.

See, see, how poor pussy redoubles her speed,  
 Thro' briars, brakes, hedges, she flies ;  
 With the hounds in full tone and Old Ball in the lead,  
 Sweet eccho resounds to the skies.

But behold on a sudden, the hounds are all lost,  
 She's squatted, and now pants for breath ;  
 'Till, alas! she soon finds, and that to her cost,  
 The pursuit will soon finish in death.

Then huzza, my brave boys, let us hasten to crow  
 The pleasures of this happy day ;  
 For our spouses and sweet-hearts we'll never disown,  
 But be always blithe, jolly, and gay.





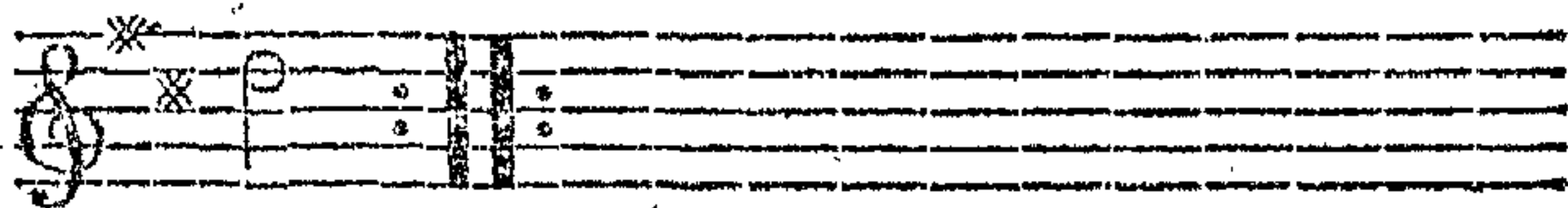
hunting and fowling our lives are con-fin'd, And



our riches, my lads, is good health - - - - -



- - - - - and our riches, my lads, is good



health.

By yon rural copse just opening to fight,  
 View the young tender brood and prepare,  
 Let them first for the sky, my good boys, wing their flight,  
 True sportsmen delight to shoot fair.  
 When return'd from the chase let the bumpers go round,  
 Let us merrily revel and sing;  
 In women and wine true harmony's found,  
 Fill your glasses and toast to the king.

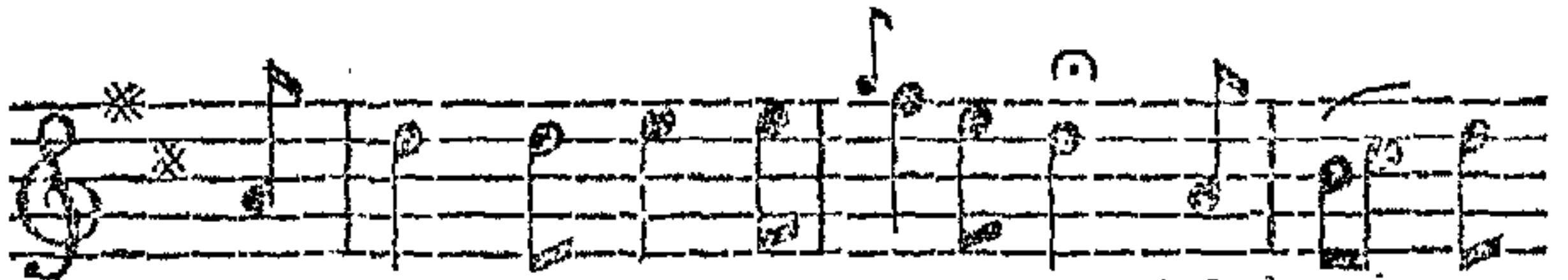
S O N G    X X X I .



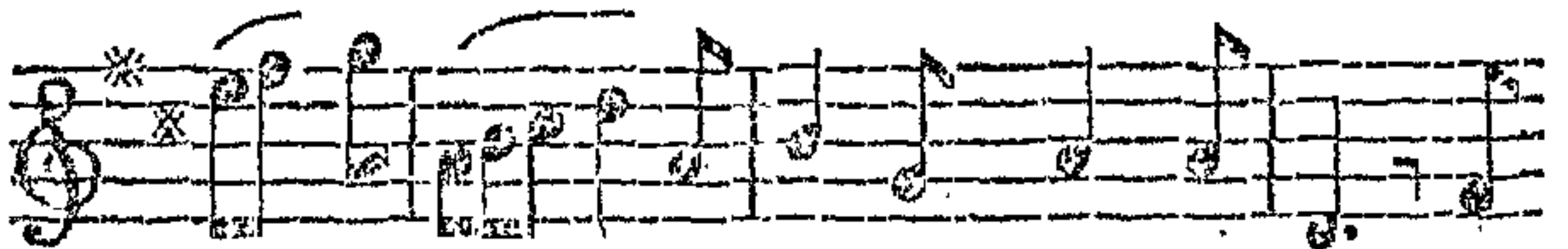
The dusky night rides down the sky, And ushers



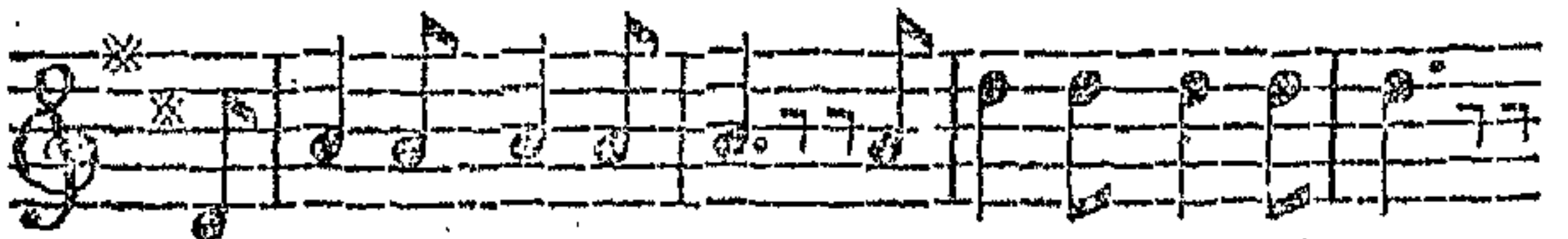
in the morn, The hounds all join in glorious cry,



The hounds all join in glorious cry, The huntsman



winds his horn. The huntsman winds his horn. And



a hunting we will go,    A hunting we will go,

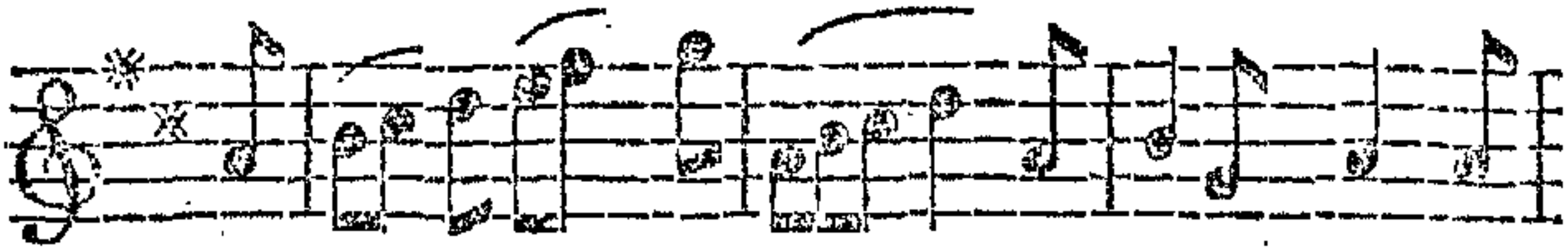


A hunting we will go - -,    A hunting we will go.

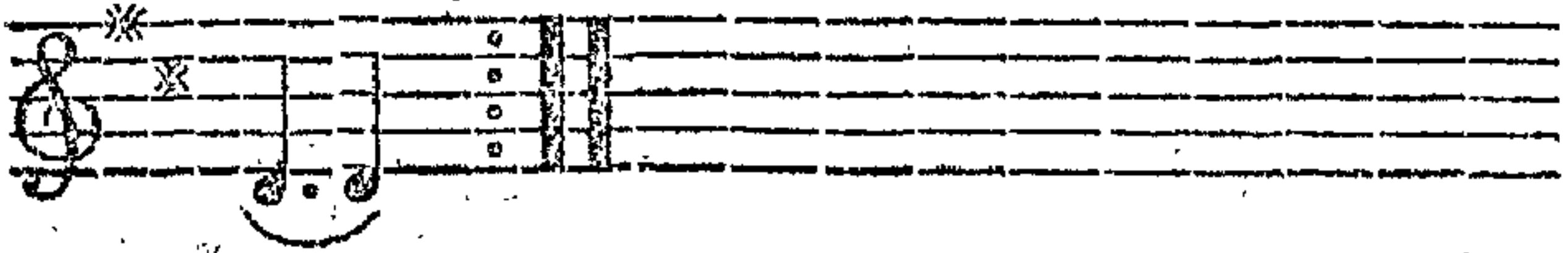


And a hunting we will go,    a hunting we will go,





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



go.

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

Sly Reynard now like light'ning flies,  
 And sweeps across the vale,  
 But when the hounds too near he spies  
 He drops his bushy tail.  
 Then a hunting, &c.

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

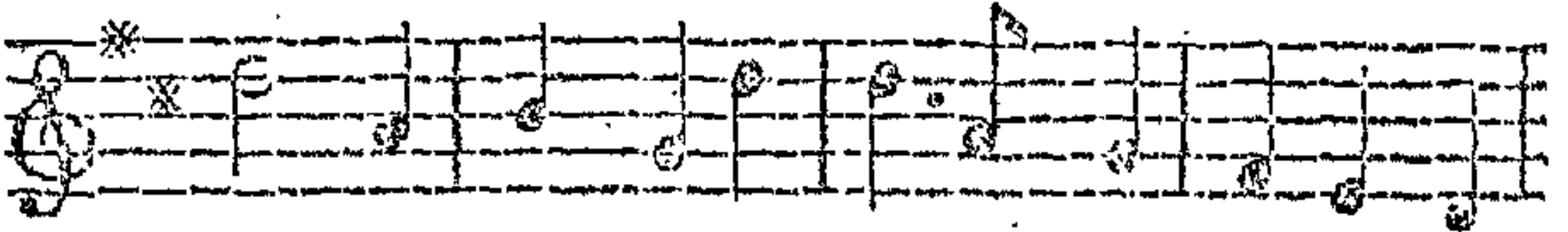
At last his strength to faintness worn,  
 Poor Reynard ceases flight;  
 Then hungry homeward we return  
 To feast away the night.  
 And a drinking, &c.

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

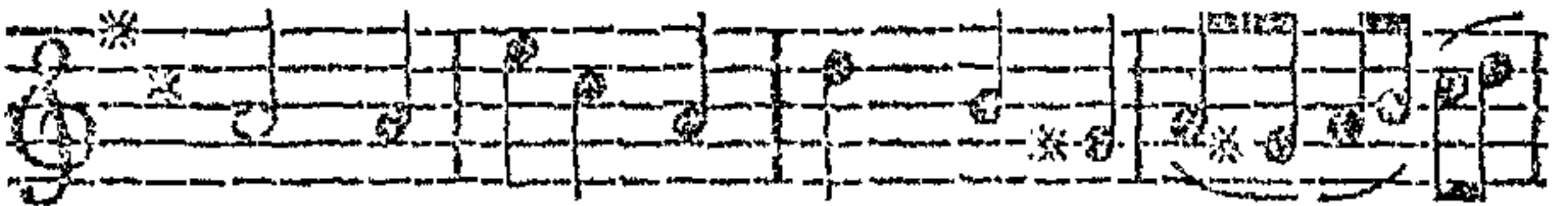
## SONG XXXII.



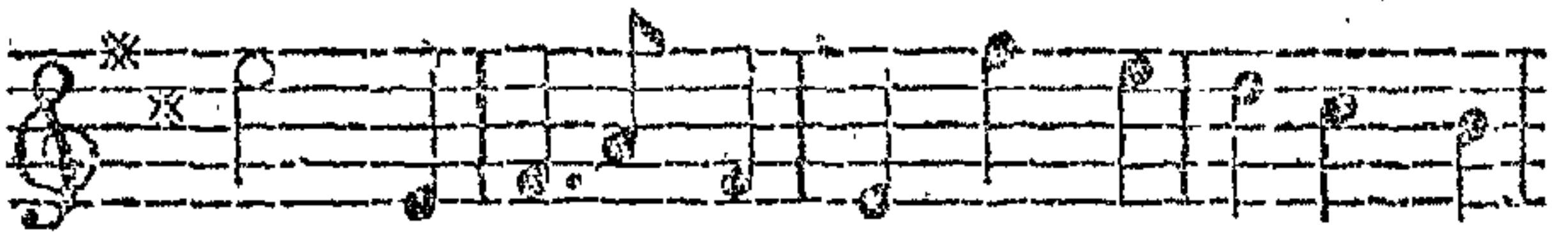
How smooth glides the stream the gay meadows a-



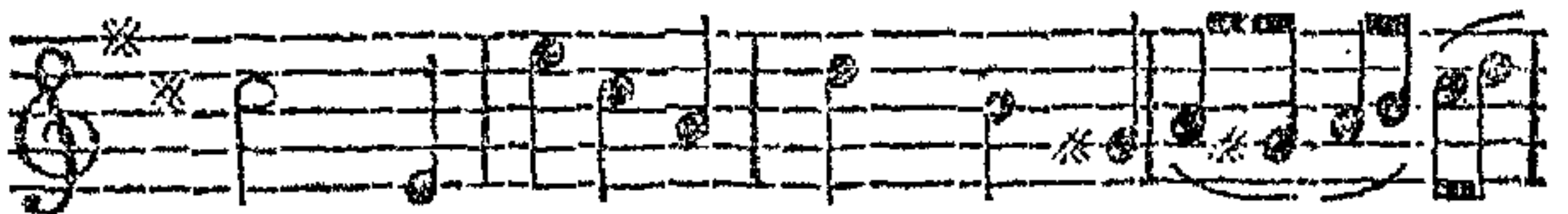
long, The birds all how chearful how tuneful their



song, How Flora the meads with her gifts doth a-



adorn, The violet, the rose, and the fair blooming



thorn, How Flora the meads with her gifts doth a-



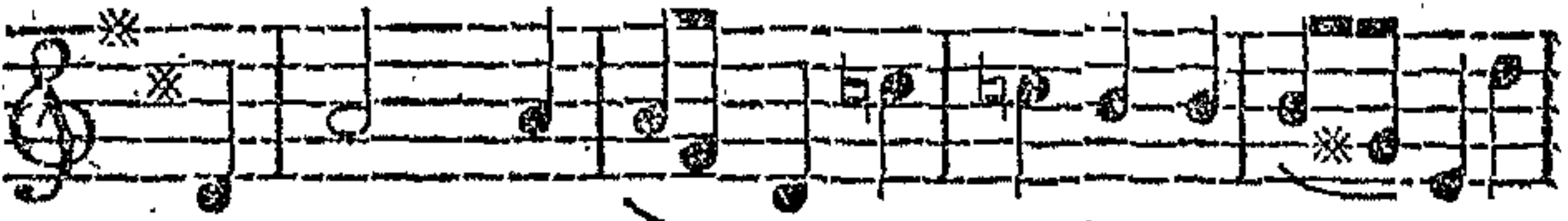
dorn, the violet, the rose, and the fair blooming



thorn, And hark still to heighten the joys of this  
place,



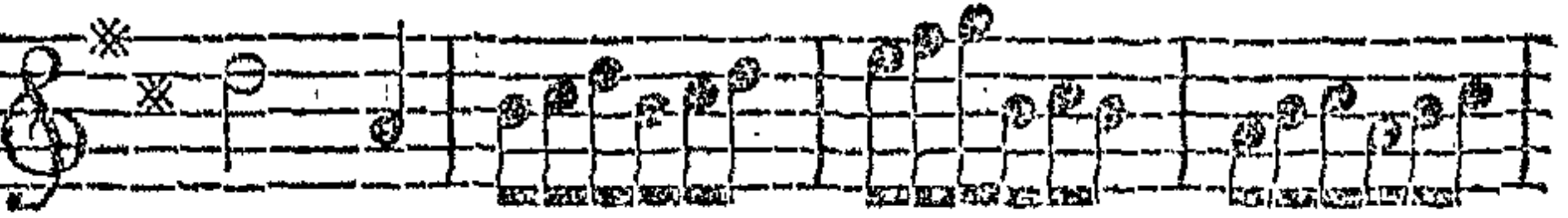
place, The found of the horn speaks the hounds are



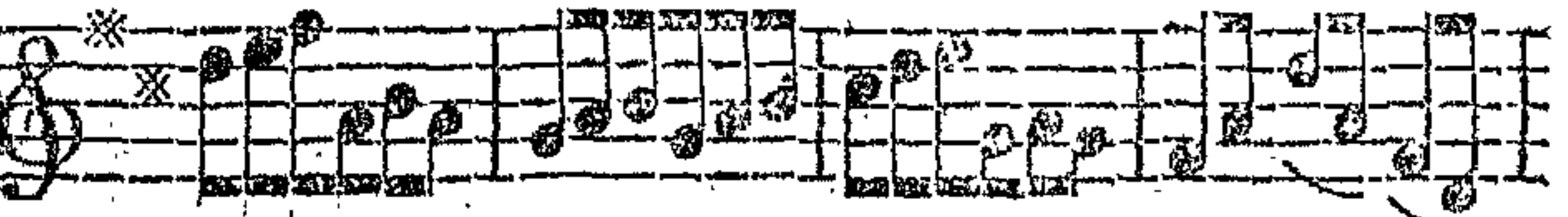
in chace. And hark still to heighten the joys of this



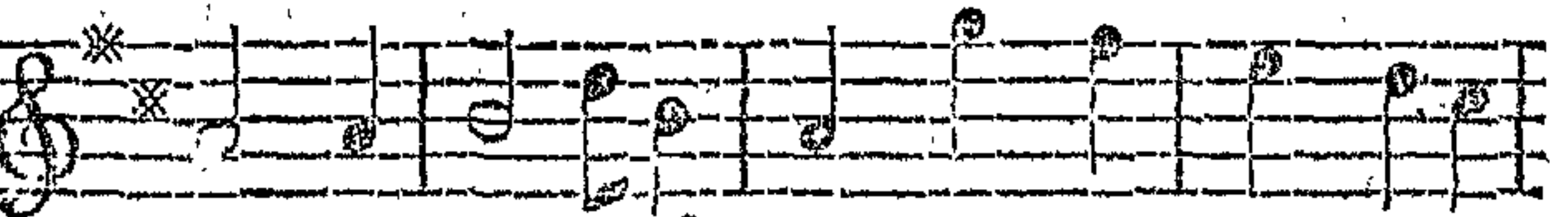
place The found of the horn speaks the hounds are in



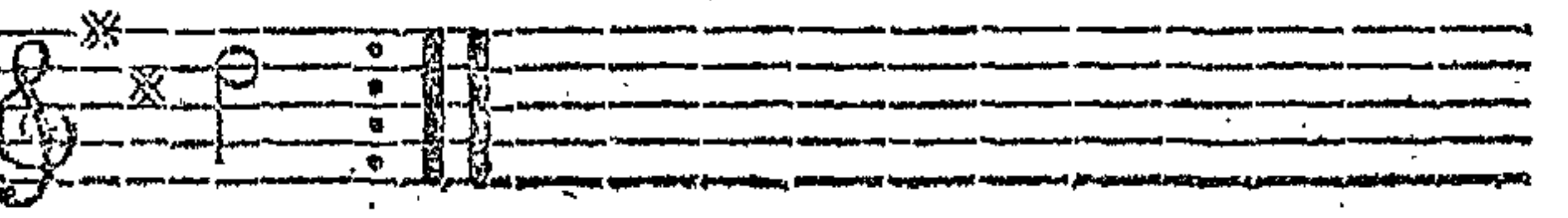
chace, The found - - - - -



- - - - - of the



horn, the found of the horn speaks the hounds are in



chace.

See over yon clover the hare swiftly flies,  
 While the hunters pursue her with clamorous cries ;  
 Haste, haste then away, let us join in the sport :  
 Leap the banks, fly the gates, to yon covert resort,  
 There trembling she lies panting, gasping for breath,  
 Let's follow with speed to be in at the death.

'Tis done, she is breathless, now home we repair,  
 While peals loud triumphant resound thro' the air ;  
 Not a hill, or a valley, or cavern around,  
 Where echo resides, but repeats the glad sound,  
 While Phœbus, well pleas'd, the gay prospect surveys  
 And streaks the fair morn, with his brightest of rays.

Thus bless'd with the pleasures the country affords,  
 Content with our stations, more happy than lords ;  
 With hearts true and loyal we jovially sing ;  
 Not troubl'd with cares, from ambition that spring,  
 While the courtier is eagerly hunting a place,  
 We jocundly join in the sports of the chace.

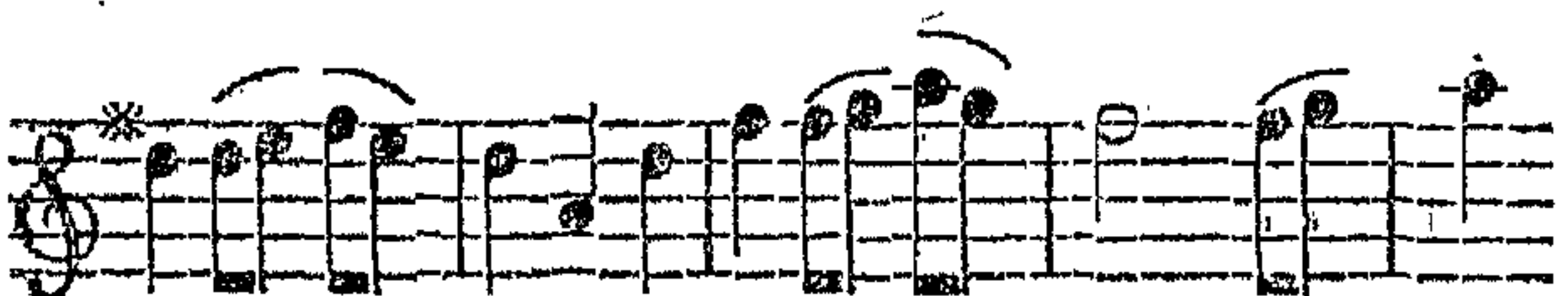
## SONG XXXIII.



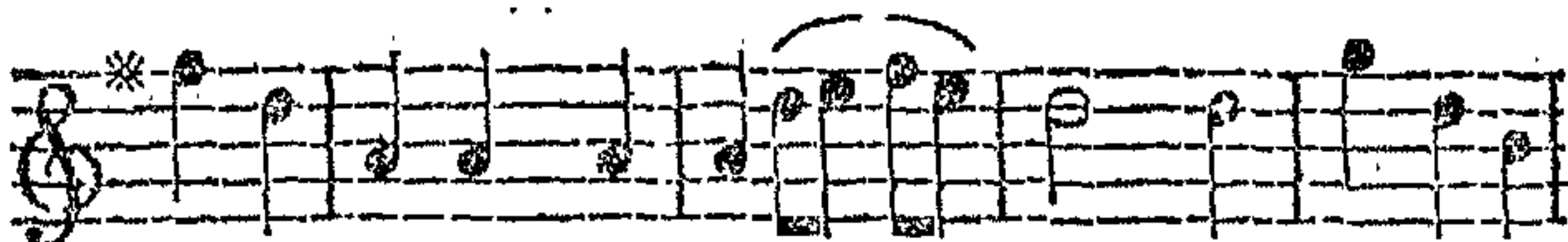
Hark the horn from the valley how lively it peals,



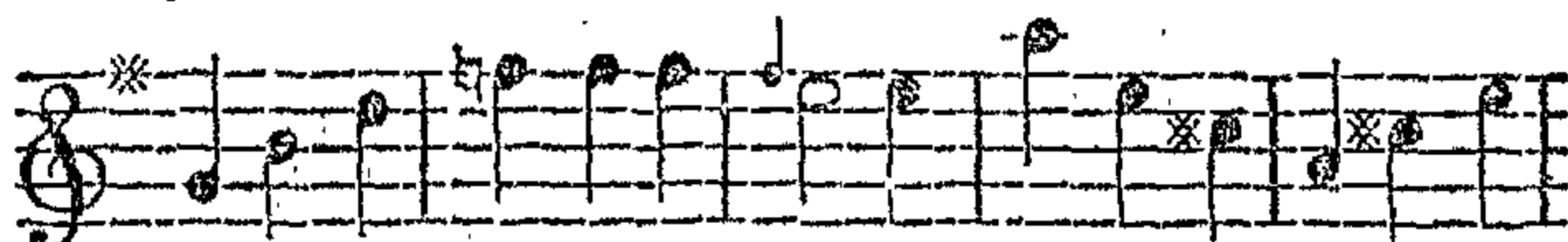
and beats from the caverns around to the hills, How



sweetly does Eccho repeat her own mocks, How melt-  
 ing



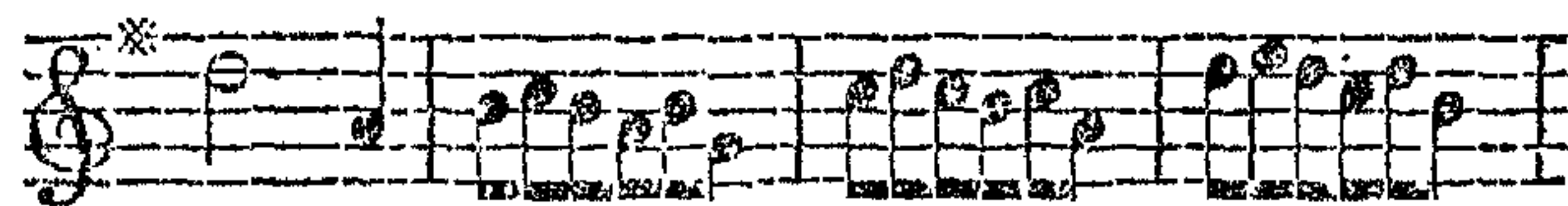
ing the murmur that dies in the rocks. Each note is a



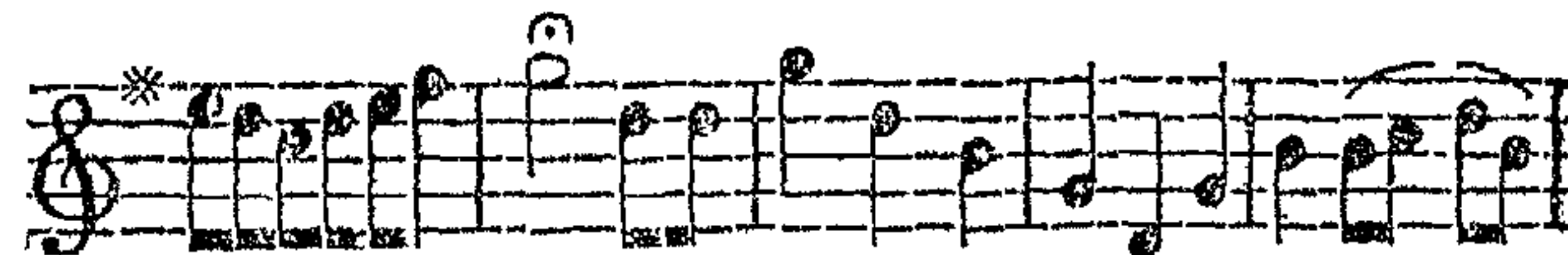
a warning to join the ca-reer, each note is a warning to



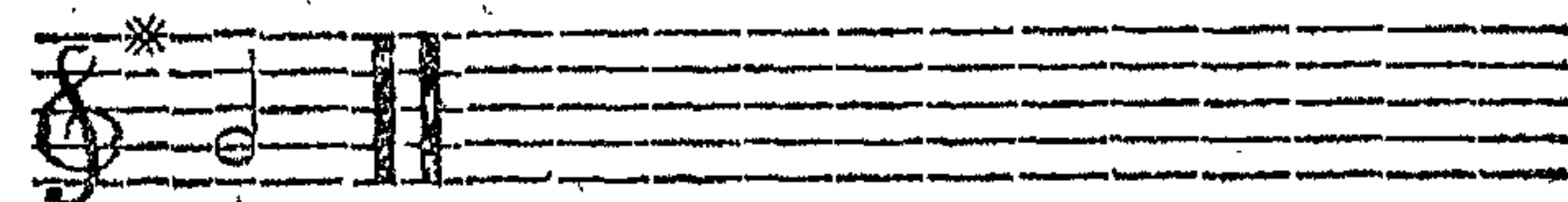
join the ca-reer, And a signal inviting the sun to ap-



pear each no - - - - -



- - - - - te, is a signal inviting the sun to ap-



pear.

Behold in the east, the clouds fever'd with light,  
 How glorious the prospect that bursts on the sight;  
 A tumult of gladness plays round the warm heart,  
 And the spirit of extacy throbs in each part;  
 The air courts the sense as it steals o'er the field,  
 Enrich'd with the fragrance the rose-thickets yield.

On his roost the shrill cock; early herald of morn,  
 Flaps his wings and proclaims the sun's welcome return,  
 The lark mounting sings, and the sweet-warbling thrush  
 Her dulcet song carols from low hawthorn bush:  
 For the op'ning the courfers impatiently pant,  
 And the deep-scented hound longs the onset to chant.

But see from his covert, the fox slowly creep,  
 And steal leering backward along the wood's steep.  
 That holla proclaims him discover'd! he sees  
 Flight's the refuge remaining, and runs with the breeze;  
 Away in pursuit!—we'll his vestiges trace  
 And mix with the clamours that chorus the chase,

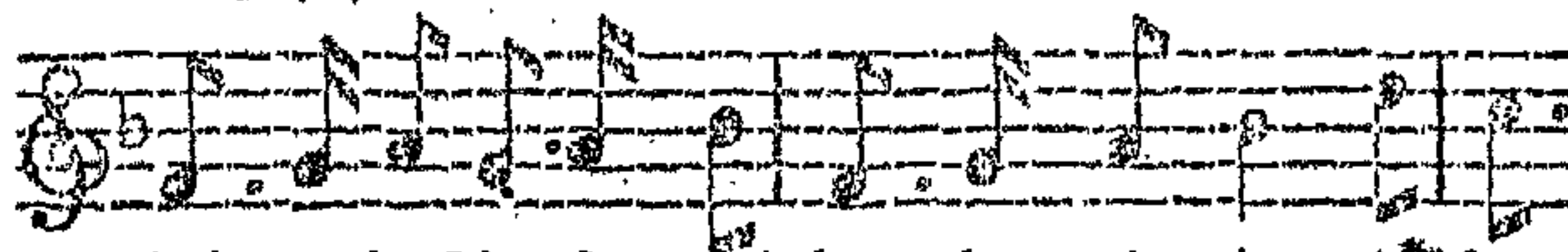
## SONG XXXIV.



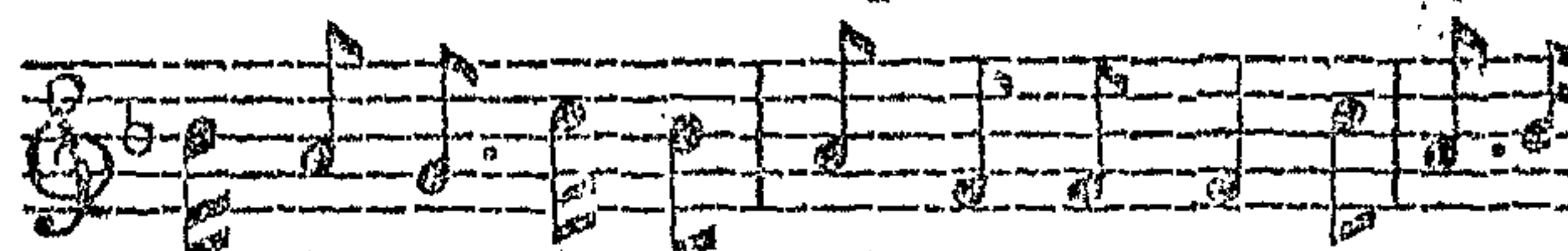
Hark, hark, jolly sportsmen a while to my tale, which



to pay your attention I'm sure cannot fail; 'Tis of



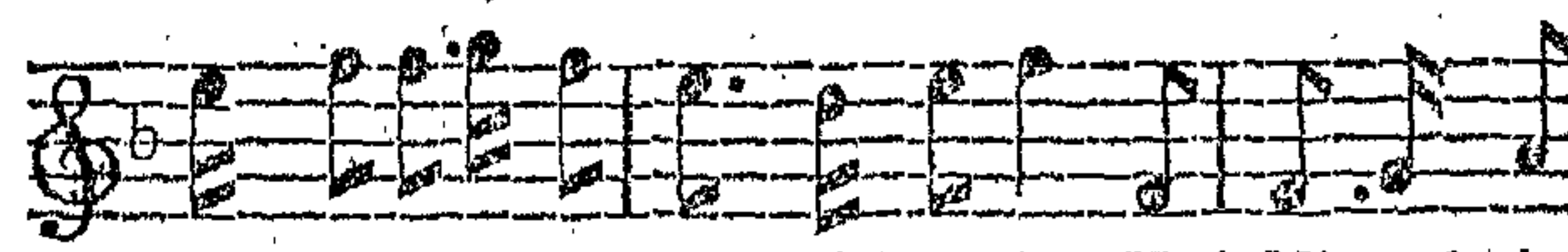
lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire, o' stone



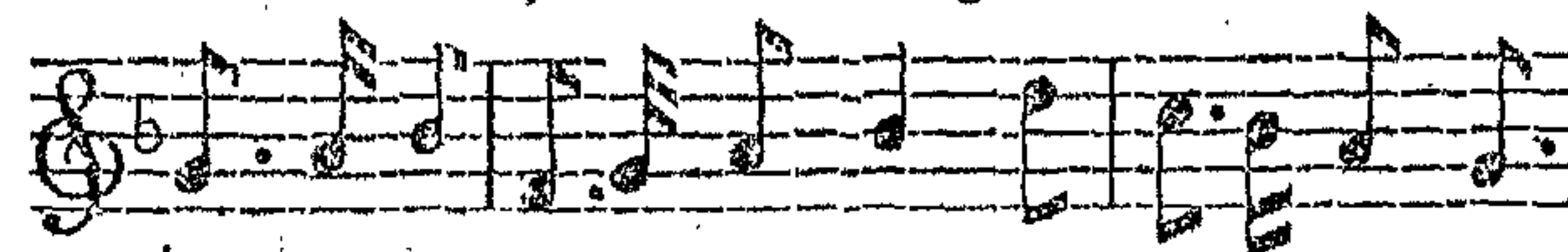
walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog and briar, A pack of



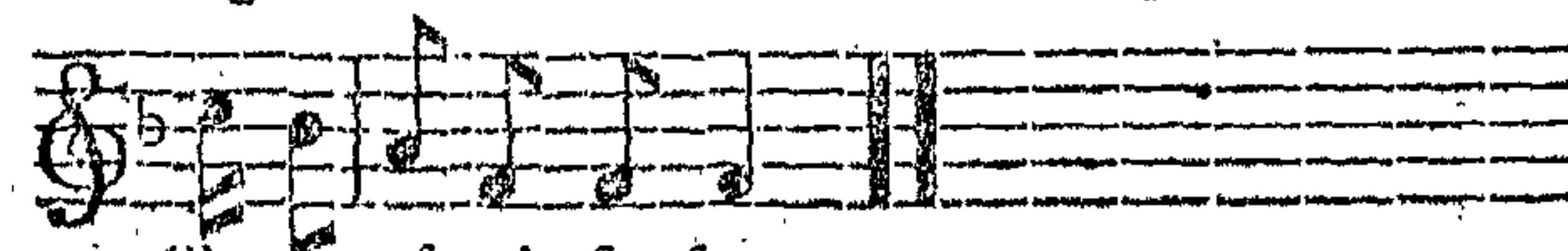
such hounds, and a set of such men, 'tis a shrew'd



chance if ever you meet with again, Had Nimrod the



mightiest of hunters been there, 'Fore gad he had shook



like an as - pin for fear.

In



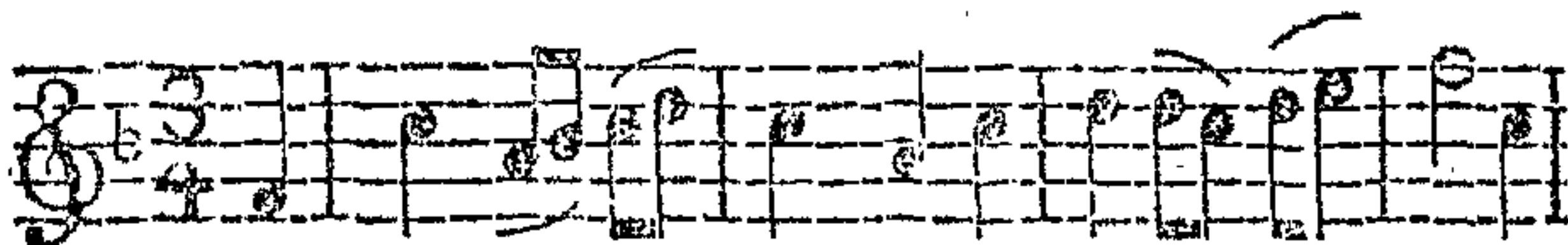


To recover the shore, then again was his drift,  
 But e'er he could reach to the top of the clift,  
 He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,  
 Being way-laid and kill'd by the rest of the pack.  
 At his death there were present the lads that I've sung,  
 Save Laury, who riding a garron was flung;  
 Thus ended, at length, a molt delicate chace,  
 That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

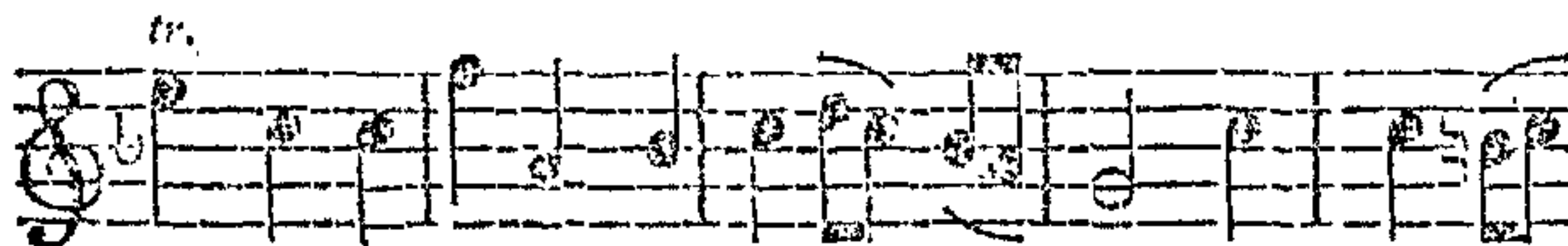
We return'd to Killruddery's plentiful board,  
 Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my lord,  
 We talk'd o'er the chace and we toasted the health  
 Of the man that ne'er wearied for paces of wealth.  
 Owen Bray baulk'd a leap, says Hall Preston 'twas odd,  
 'Twas shameful, cried Jack, by the great living God;  
 Said Preston, I halloo'd, "Get on, tho' you fall,  
 "Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all."

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,  
 For party affairs we confign'd to the court;  
 'Thus we finish'd the rest of the day and the night  
 In gay flowing bumpers and social delight.  
 Then till the next meeting, bid farewell each brother,  
 So some they went one way and some went another;  
 As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,  
 So Luna took care in conducting us home.

S O N G   X X X V .



Since time and ex - perience re - peat - ed - ly    tell, In



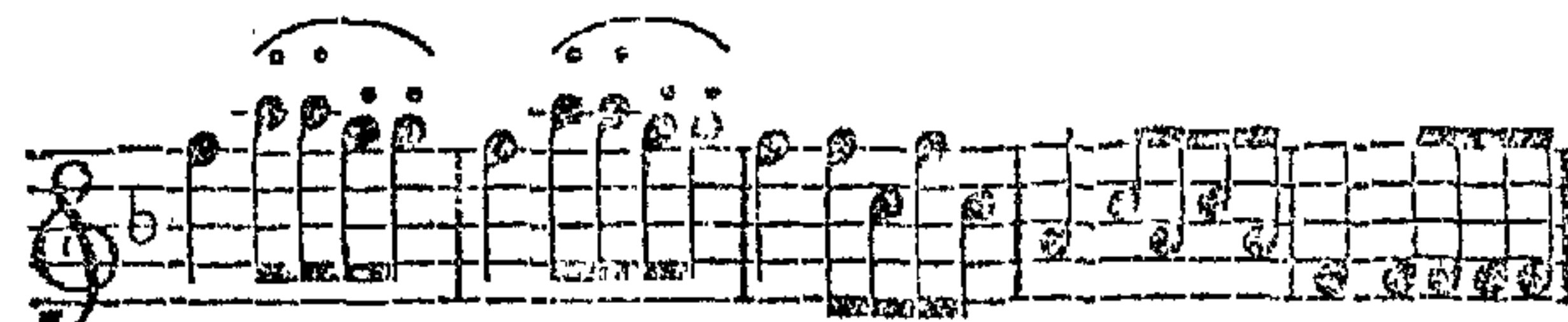
life no diversion can hunting ex - cel, Make much of



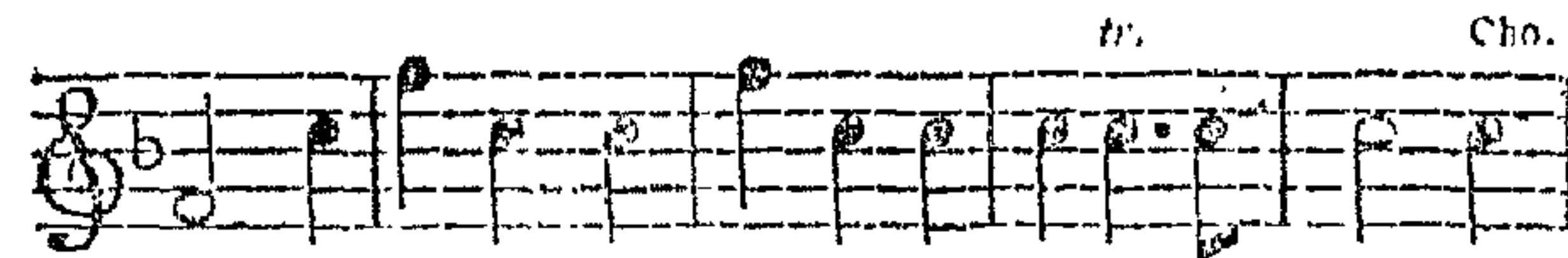
the sport ev' - ry sea - son em - brace,    And honor each



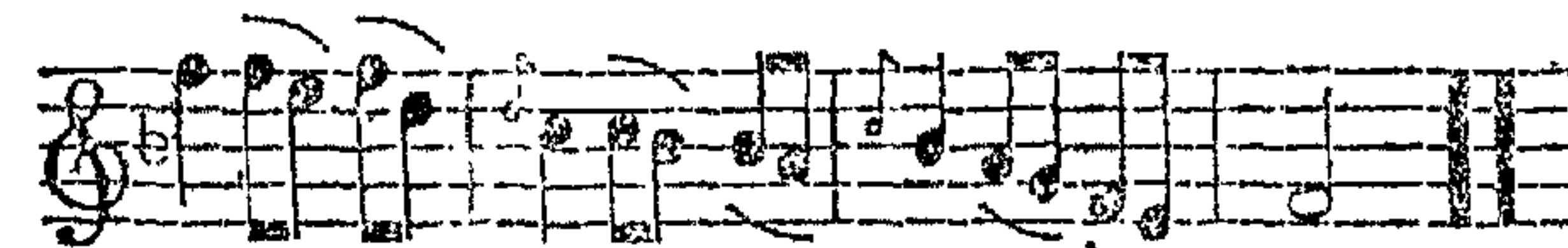
call that in - vites to the chace, the chace, the



cha - - - - -



ce, And honor each call that invites to the chace. And



honor each call that in - vites to the chace.

We

We start with the day at the dwarf-holes parade,  
 Break covert and instantly dash thro' the glade ;  
 In hopes of true pleasure led cheerfully on,  
 Our game to make sure of or run down the fun.

How charming the prospect, how num'rous the train,  
 A hundred or more to behold on the plain ;  
 And of the appearance that number exceeds  
 When Birmingham sportsmen have mounted their steeds.

To lord Donegal our best wishes we give  
 That long to partake of the joys he may live ;  
 When the day's sport is crown'd, crown the night o'er a bowl,  
 A fox-hunter never wants freedom of soul.

'The greatness of pleasures the world can bestow,  
 Is only, my worthies, for hunters to know ;  
 'The true jolly sportsman looks cheerful as spring,  
 And the prince of a huntsman is seen in a King\*.

\* The name of the huntsman.

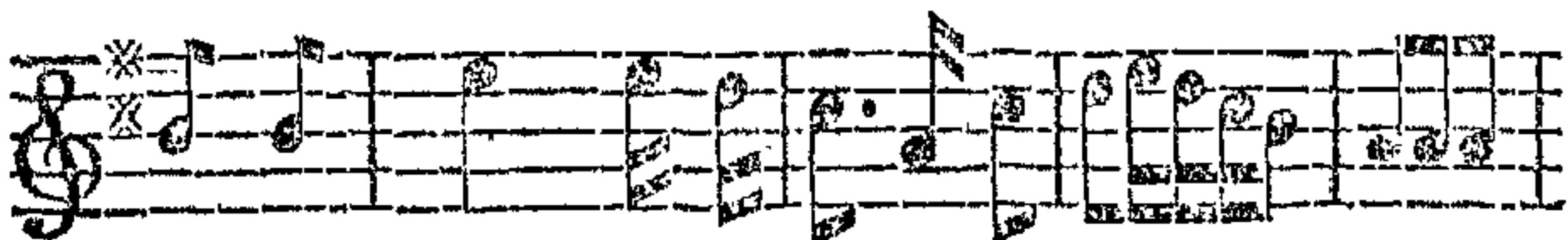
S O N G    X X X V I .



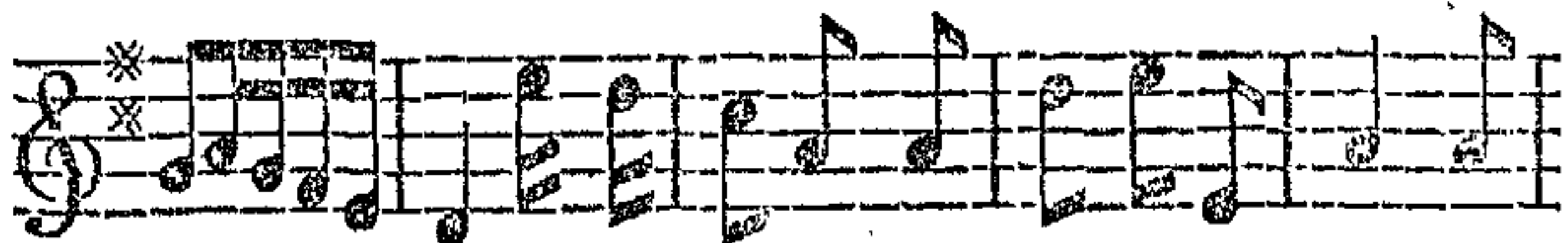
Well met brother sportsman what say'ft to the morn,



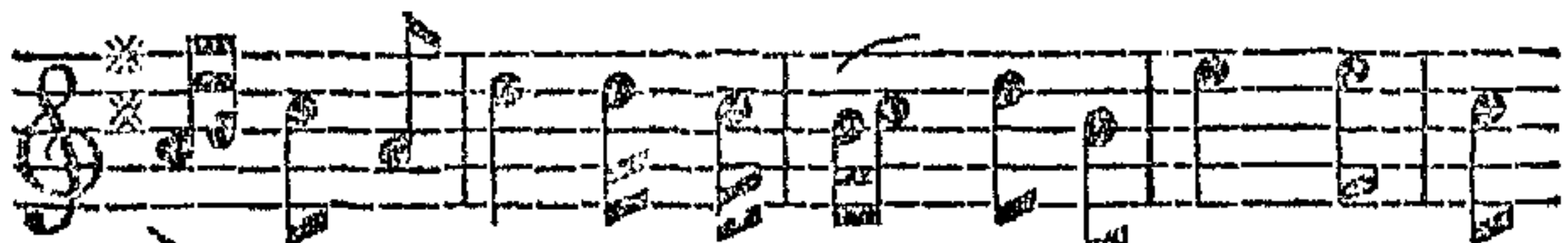
dost not think it a scent laying day? With the heart



cheering hounds, and enrapturing horn - - - - -



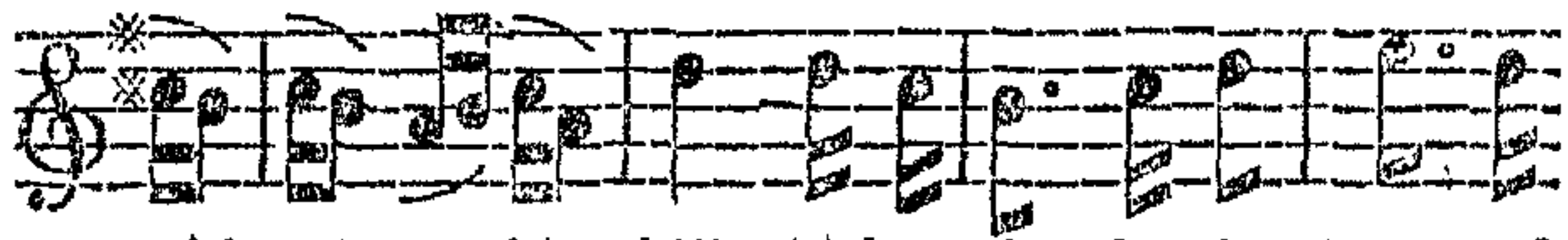
- - - - -, To the coppice let's hasten a-way: The



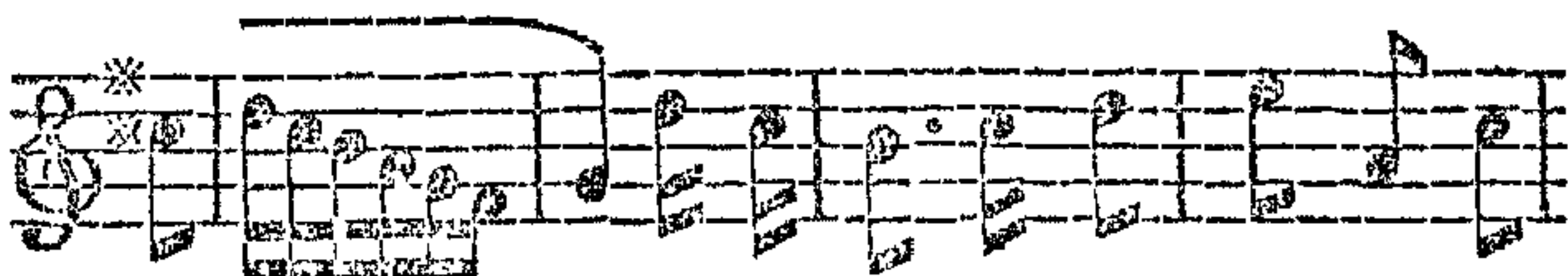
morning is fresh and the winds are all still, The day-



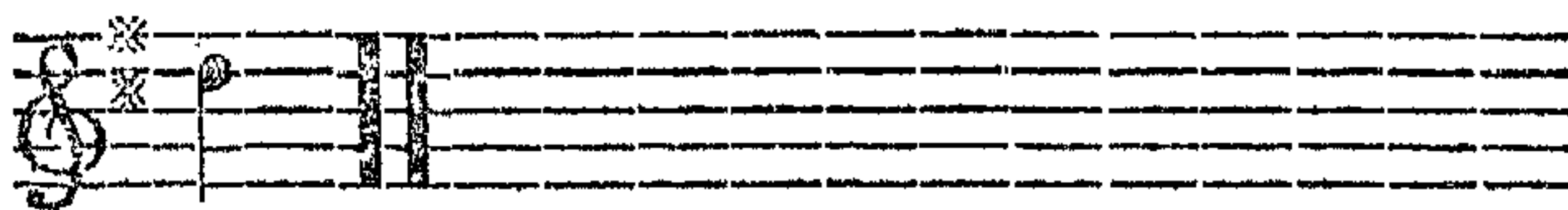
light approaches a-pace, The bright god of day tips



with gold the blue hill, And awaits for the charms of  
the



the chace - - . And awaits for the charms of the



chace.

### Second Sportsman.

This morn, by a shepherd (hard by) I was told,  
 That old Reynard has been in the field,  
 And stole a young lambkin away from the fold,  
 Besides many more that he kill'd :  
 Then to horse let's away, and abroad with the hounds,  
 We'll draw yonder copse if you please,  
 Where eccho shall double, and treble the sounds,  
 And the traitor reclines at his ease.

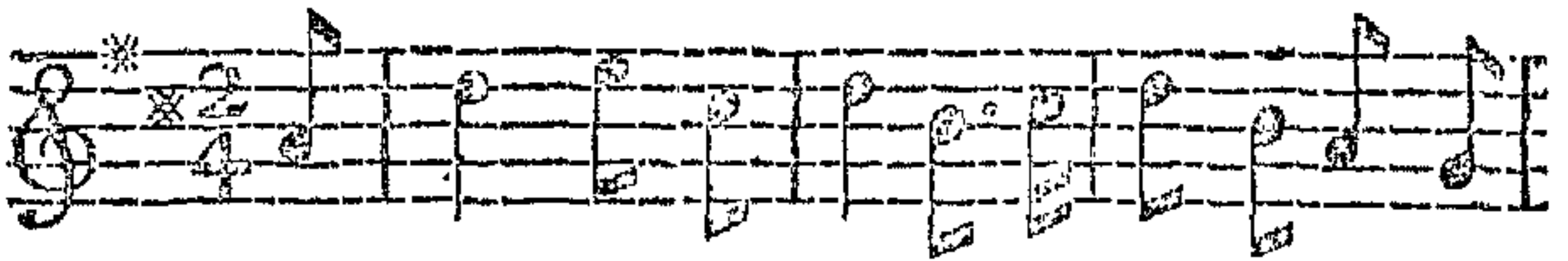
### First Sportsman.

'Tis agreed, come away, found, found the gay horn,  
 The hounds are impatient to go,  
 And blushing Aurora, fair queen of the morn,  
 Will chide us for loitering so :

### Second Sportsman.

Up mountains we'll climb, and we'll dart thro' the woods;  
 The hounds and the horn shall combine,  
 With eccho's sweet notes, rolling over the floods,  
 May such raptures for ever be mine.

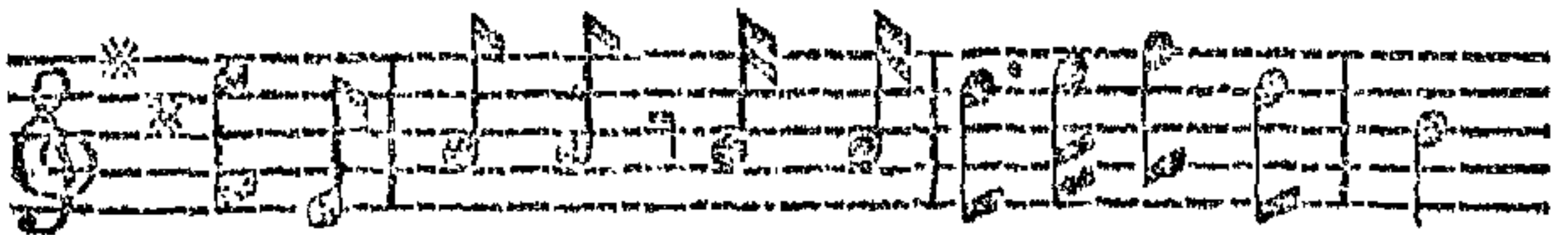
S O N G    X X X V I I .



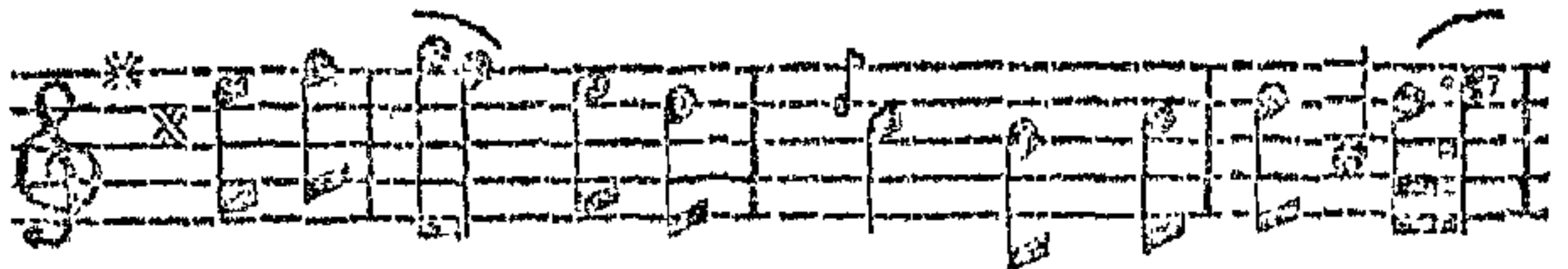
What sport can compare, to the hunting of the



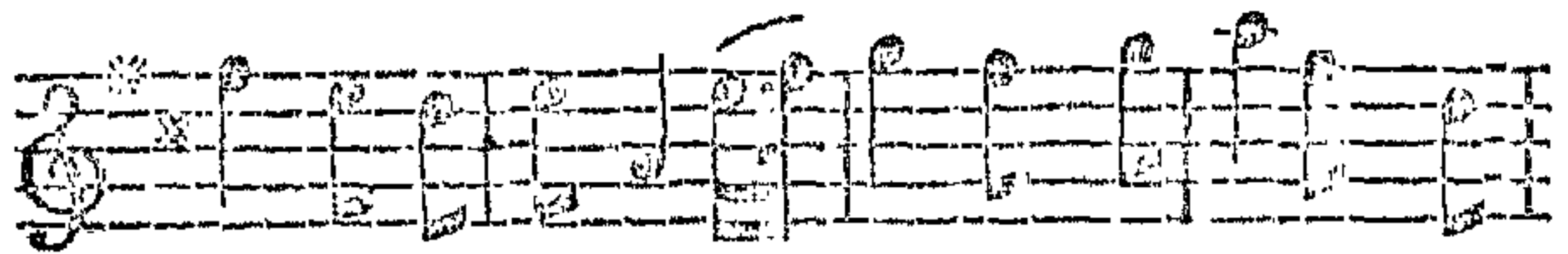
hare, In the morning, In the morning, In fair and



pleasant weather, With our horses and our hounds,



we will scour o'er the grounds, and Tan-ta-ra, Huz-



za, and Tan-ta-ra, Huz-za, and Tan-ta-ra, Huz-



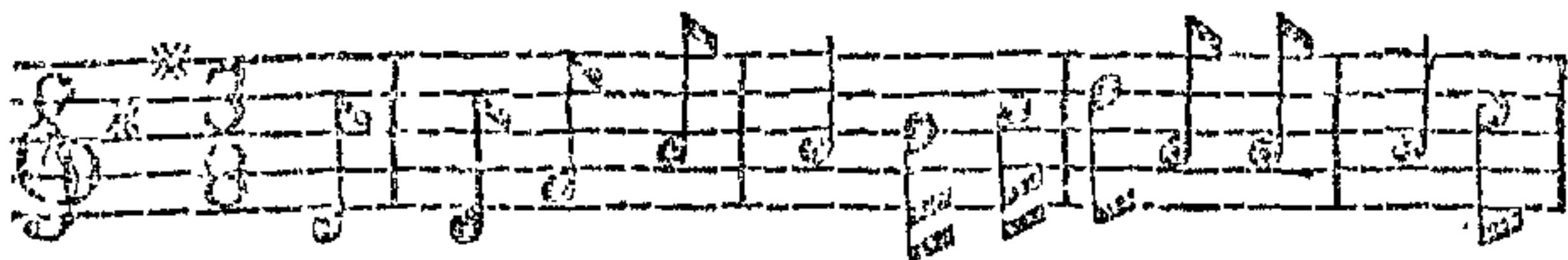
za, brave boys we will follow.

When

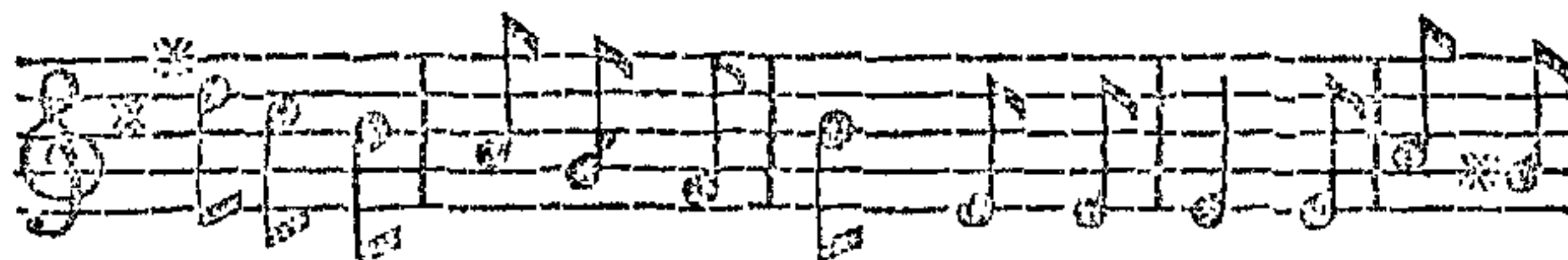
When poor pufs doth rise,  
 Then away from us she flies,  
 And we give her a thundering hollow,  
 With our horses and our hounds  
 We will pull her courage down,  
 And Tanrara, Huzza, brave boys we will follow.

When poor pufs is kill'd  
 We retire from the field,  
 To be merry boys, and drink away all sorrow,  
 We have nothing more to fear  
 But to drown old father Care,  
 And to banish, Huzza, all his wants till to-morrow.

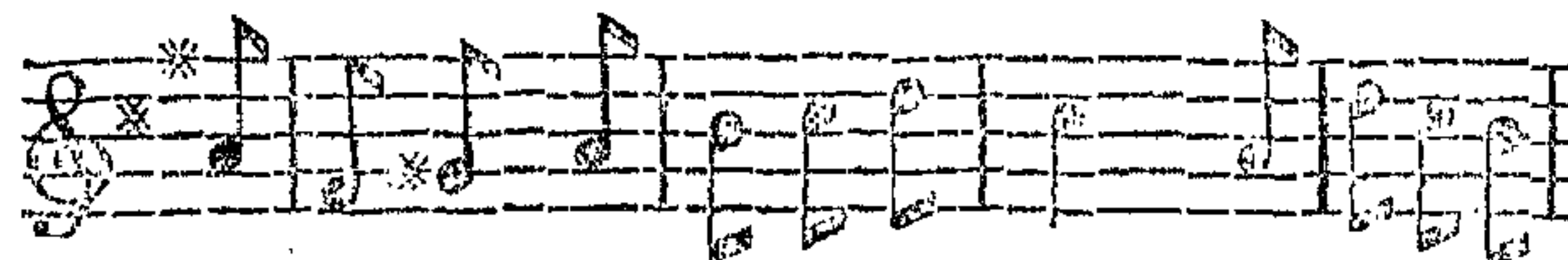
## SONG XXXVIII.



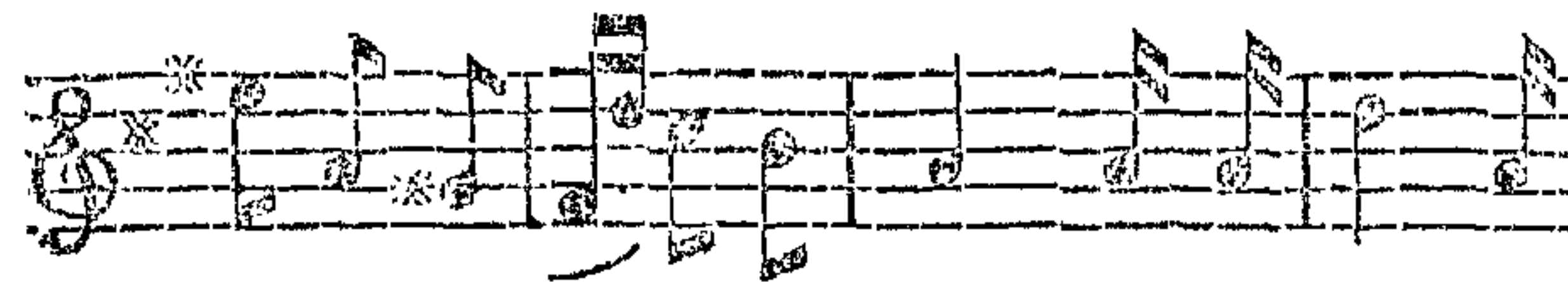
Ye sons of dull sloth who in cities reside, in-



spid yourselves ye our sports may deride; We envy



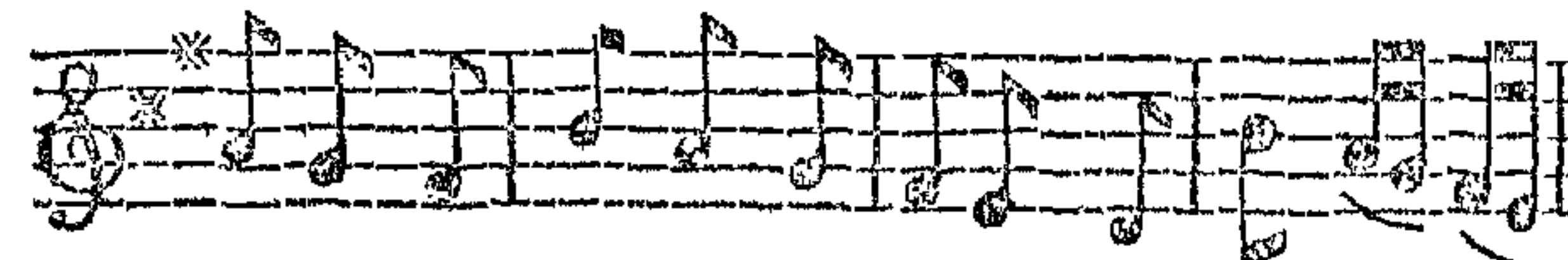
you not, all your honors or wealth, our object is



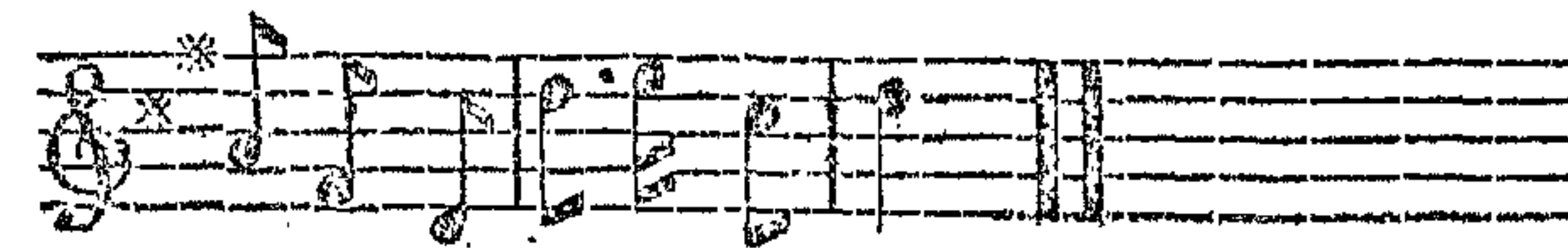
pleasure u - nited with health. Hark the horn, see



the hounds and the horics appear, and tan tan tan



twivy, and tan tan tan twivy, and tan tan tan



twivy, salutes the glad car.



On the wings of the wind we pursue the fleet hare,  
 Leap gate, hedge and ditch, quite forgetful of fear ;  
 Kind eccho returns the enlivening sounds,  
 And the welkin is rent with the horns and the hounds.  
 Hark the horn, &c.

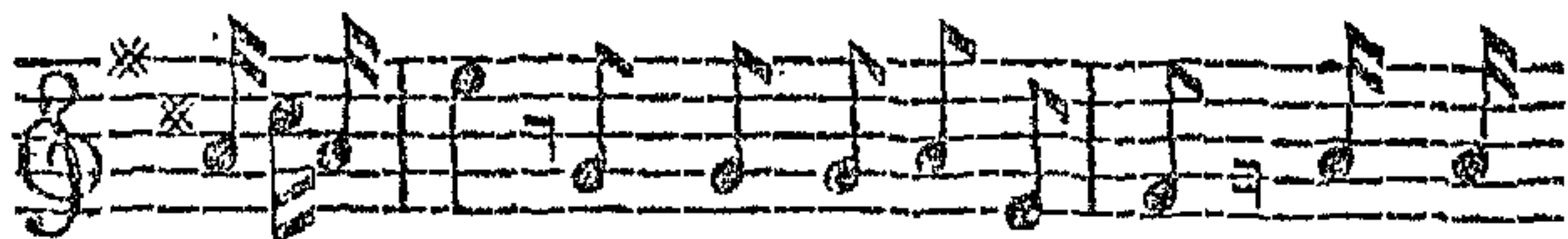
Diana the empress of hunters thought fit,  
 Her seat 'mong the gods in Olympus to quit ;  
 Why think you the goddess and nymphs left the place,  
 But to meet in the woods us gay sons of the chace.  
 Hark the horn, &c.

Thus steal we thro' life in a round of delight,  
 With hunting all day and with bumpers at night ;  
 Let us push round the glafs to the girl of our heart,  
 And drink till love whispers 'tis time to depart,  
 Hark the horn, &c.

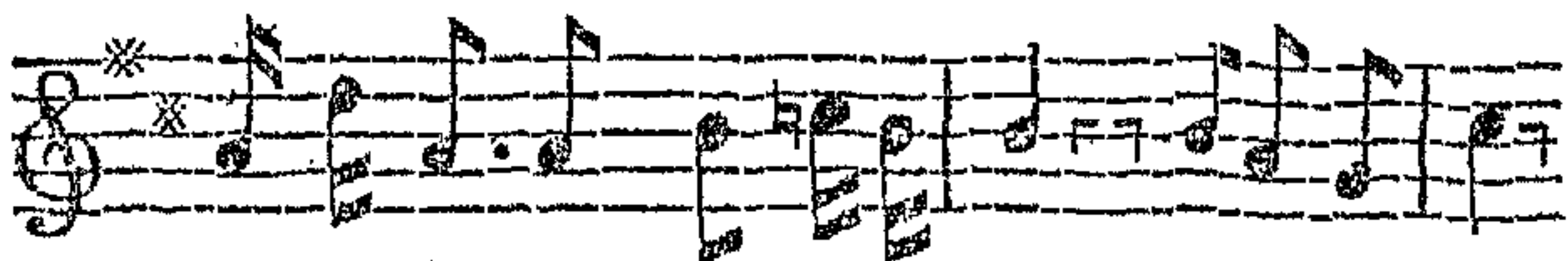
## SONG XXXIX.



O Yes! O Yes! a proclamation's made



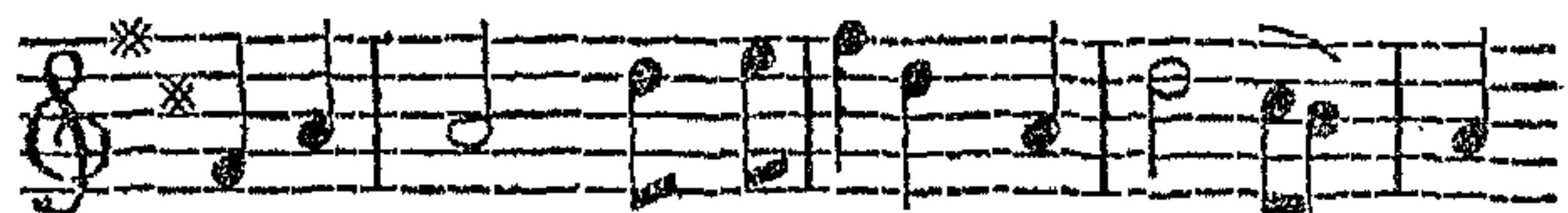
Diana soon the woods begins to cheer, Her will



and pleasure then must be o-bey'd, and at her call,



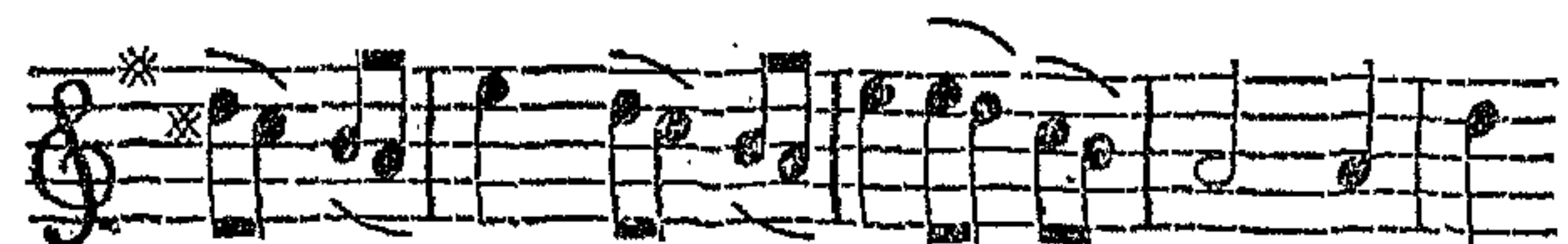
her nymphs and train be here. From sleep's



downy charms, each a hunter must rise, The horn's



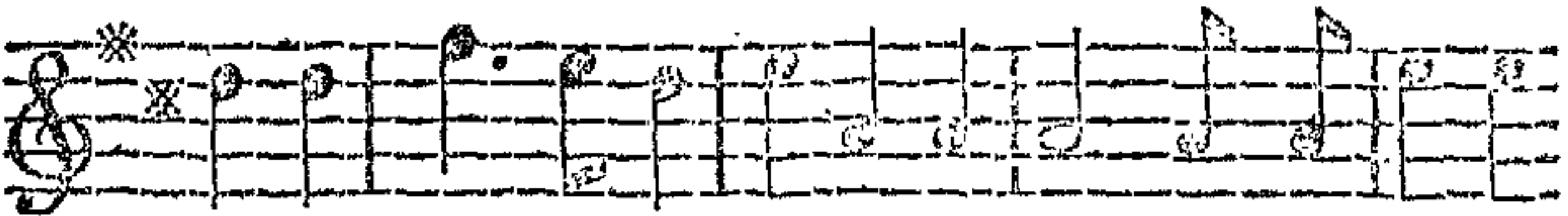
loud alarms bids us slumber despise, From sleep's



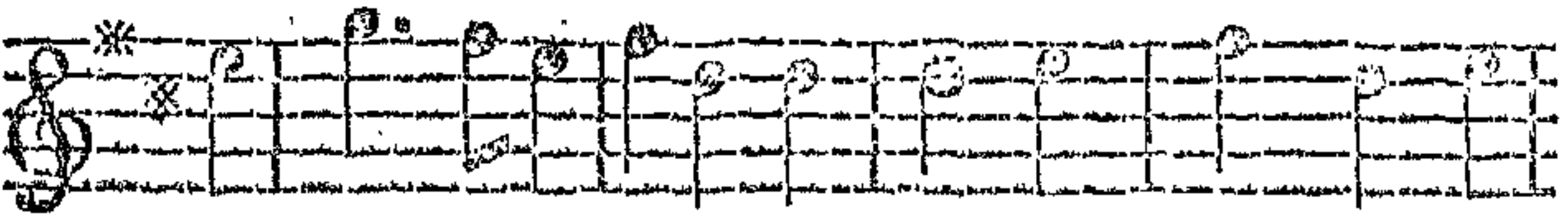
downy charms, each a hunter must rise, the horn's  
loud.



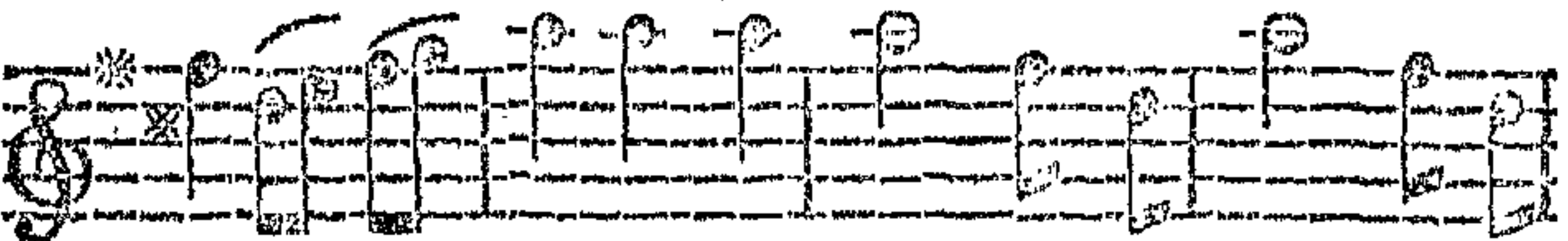
loud alarms, bids us slumber despise. From the east



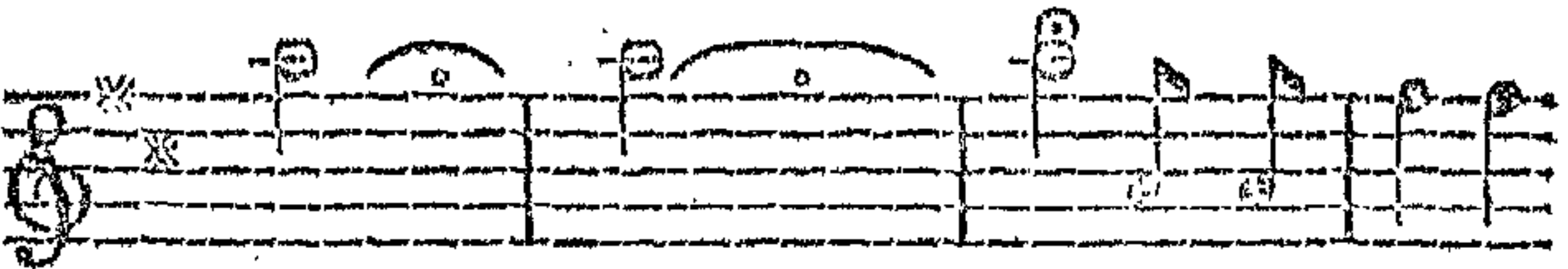
the gay morning discovers her face, from the east the



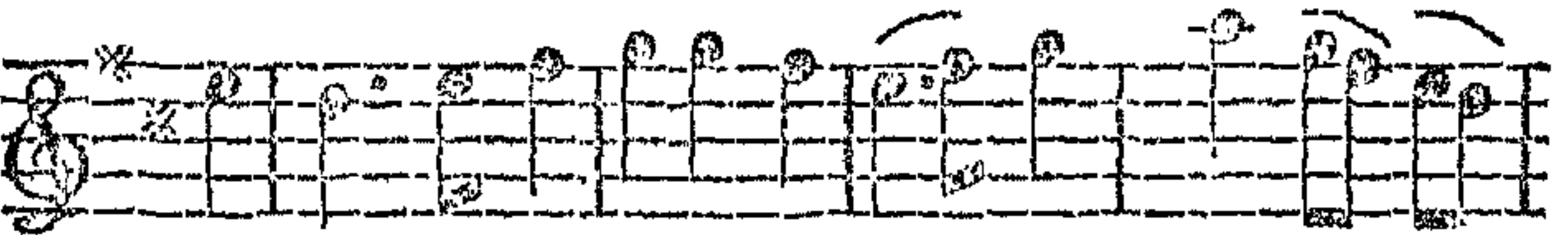
gay morning discovers her face, and hounds men and



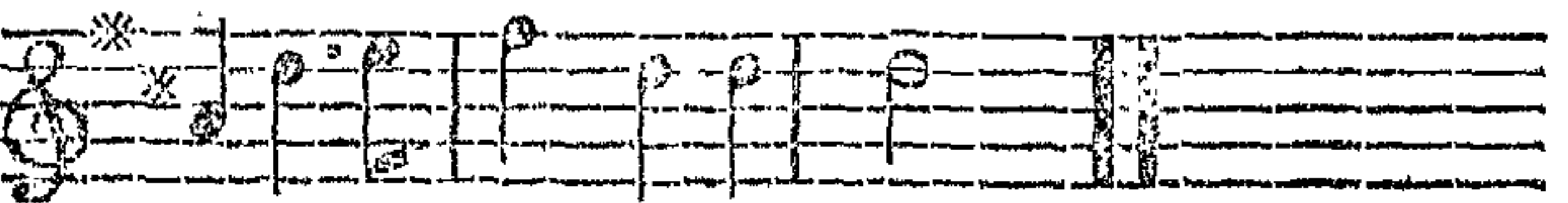
horses now pant for the chace, for the chace, for the



chace, - - - - - From the east the



gay morning discovers her face, and hounds men and



horses now pant for the chace.

Nor gates, floods or mounds,  
 Our speed can allay,  
 Hark! the hollow refounds,  
 As we follow our prey.  
 Hills and vallies we leave in a moment behind,  
 We clear the deep woodland and outstrip the wind.

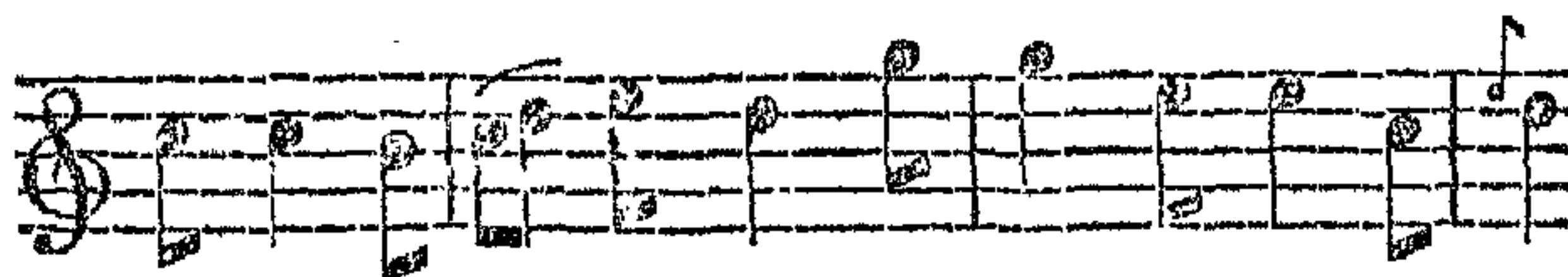
Our bold female train,  
 No dangers difinay,  
 Fear checks them in vain,  
 They share in the day.  
 They lead the gay band, whilst the deer is in view,  
 Like light'ning he flies, and as swift they pursue.

The brisk, driving chace,  
 Enlivens each vein,  
 Gives bloom to each face,  
 And disperses all pain.  
 May the joys of the field, be our sport and our play;  
 Wake, wake at the call of the hark, hark away.

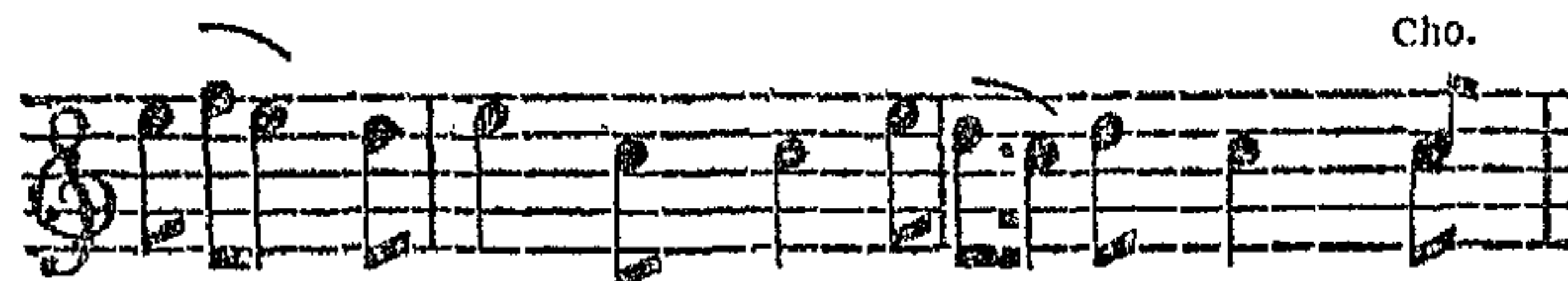
S O N G X L.



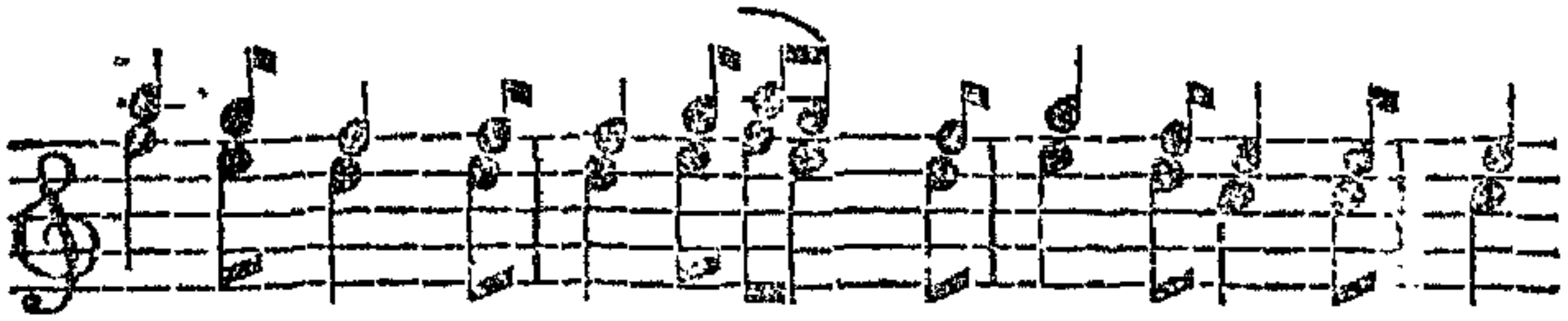
Give round the word dismount dismount while ec-



cho'd by the sprightly horn, The toils and pleasures we



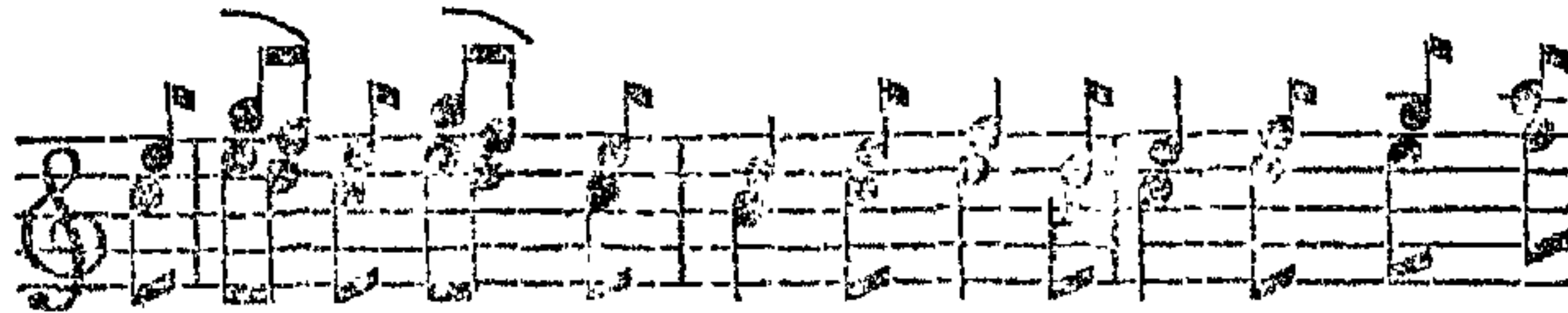
recount, of this sweet health inspiring morn. 'Twas  
 glorious.



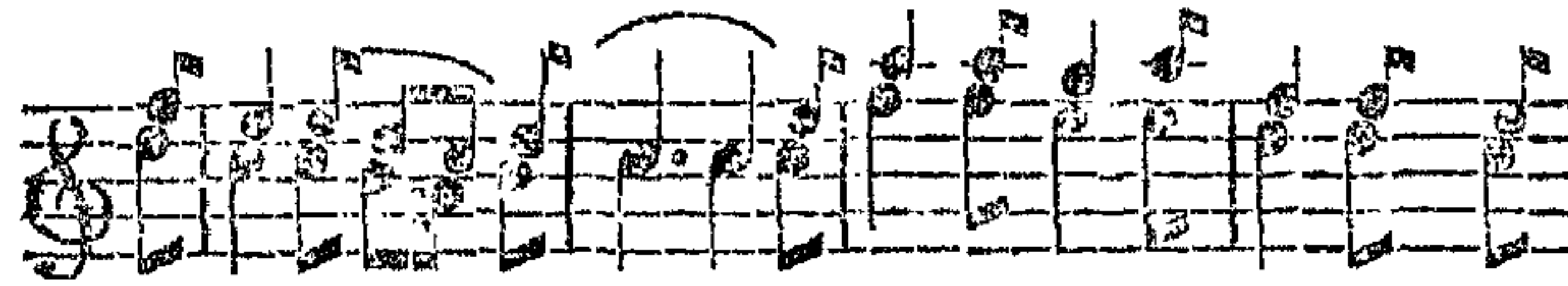
glorious sport not one did lag, nor drew amifs, nor made



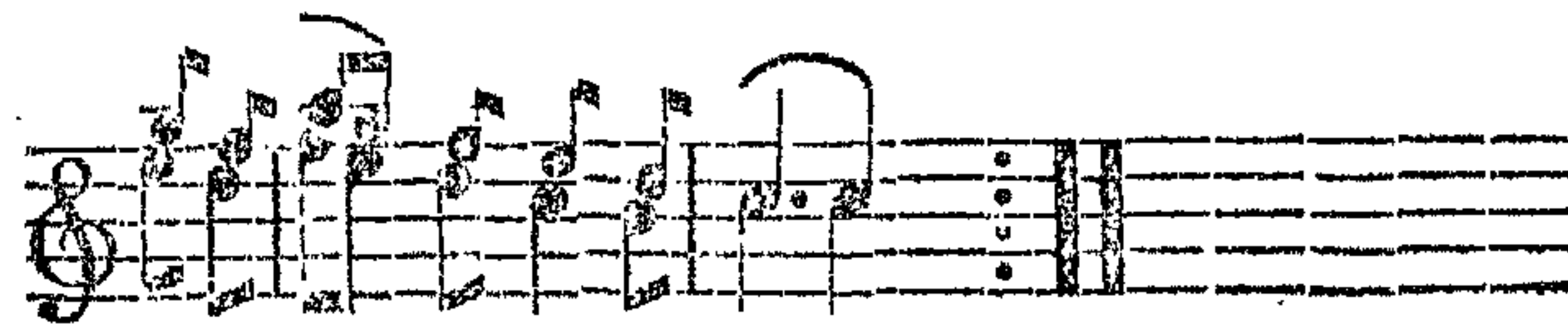
a stand, but all as firmly kept their pace, as had Ac-tæ-



on been the Itag, and we had hunted by command, of



the goddess of the chace, and we had hunted by command



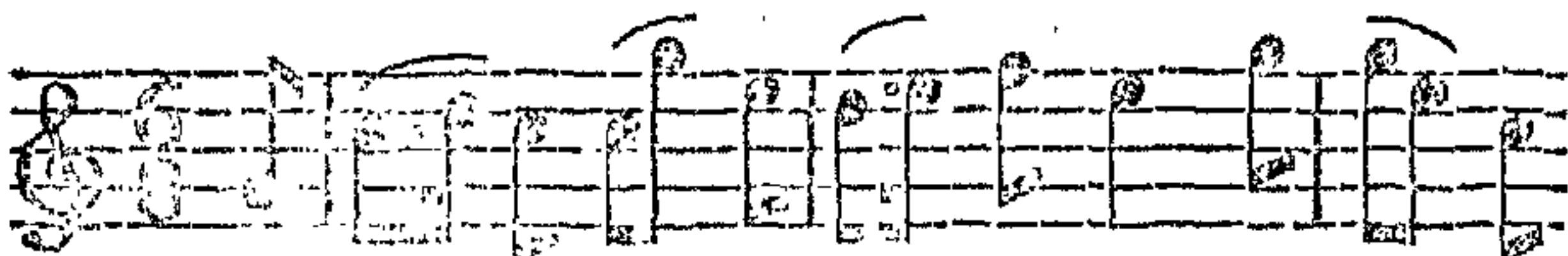
of the goddess of the chace.

The hounds were out and snuff'd the air,  
 And scarce had reach'd th' appointed spot;  
 But pleas'd they heard a Layer, a Layer,  
 And presently drew on the flot.  
 'Twas glorious sport, &c.

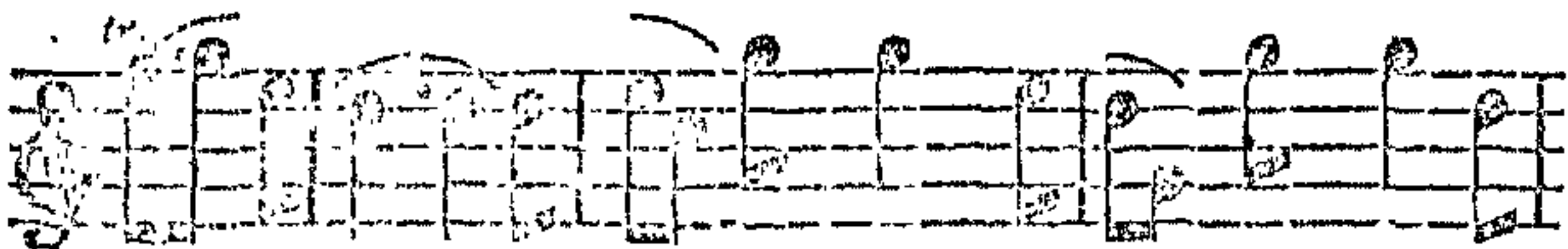
And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,  
 The deep-mouthed hounds begin to bawl ;  
 And eccho note for note repeats,  
 While sprightly horns resound a call.  
 'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace,  
 And while war-haunch the huntsman cries ;  
 His bosom swells, tears wet his face,  
 He pants, he struggles, and he dies.  
 'Twas glorious sport, &c.

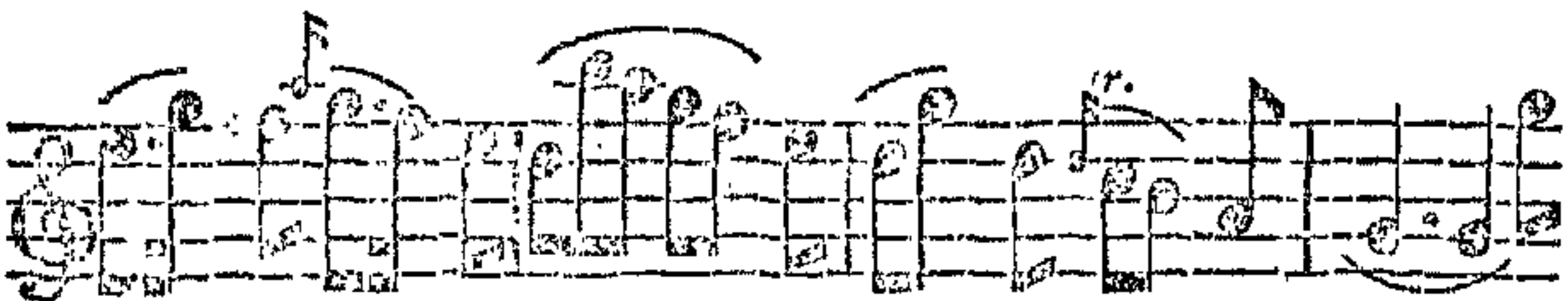
## SONG XLI.



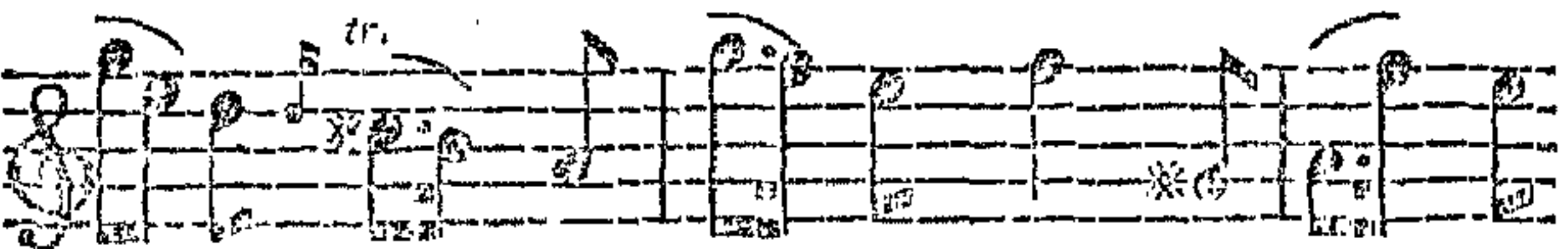
The sprightly horn a-wakes the morn and bids the



hun-ter rise, The opening hound returns the sound and



ec-cho fills the skies, and ec-cho fills the skies. See



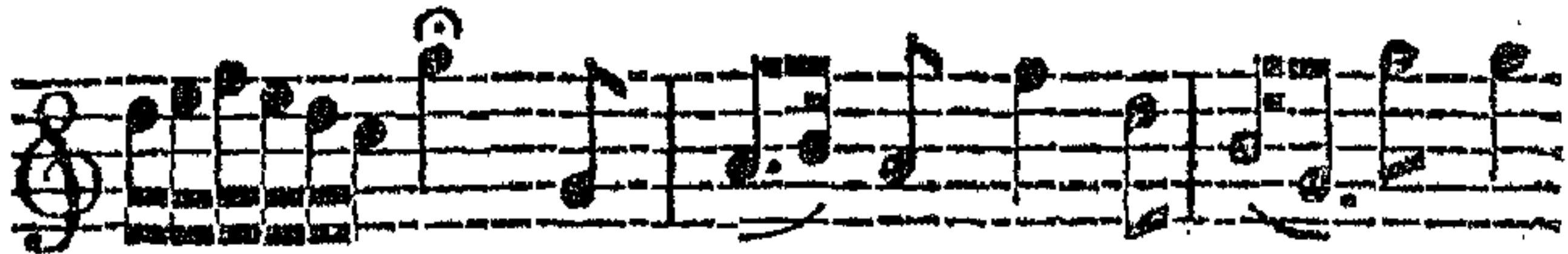
ruddy health more dear than wealth on yon blue



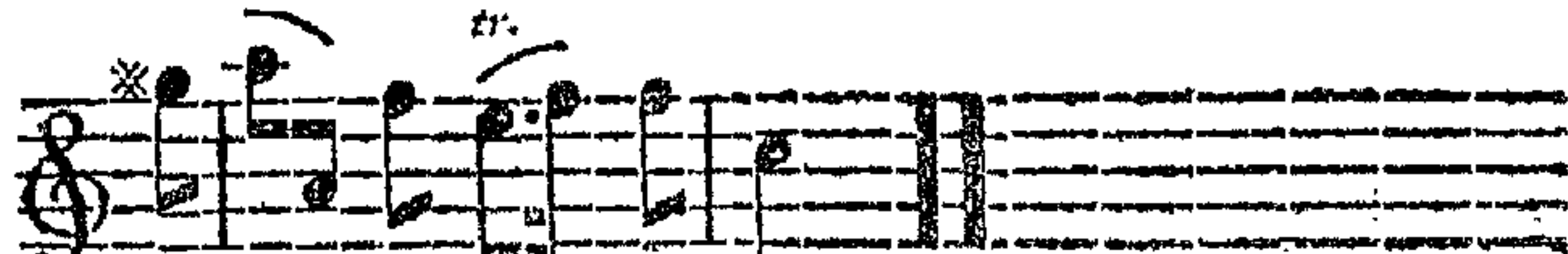
mountain's brow, The neighing steed invokes our speed  
 and



and Reynard trembles now . . . . .



. . . . . The neighing steed invokes our speed



and Reynard trembles now.

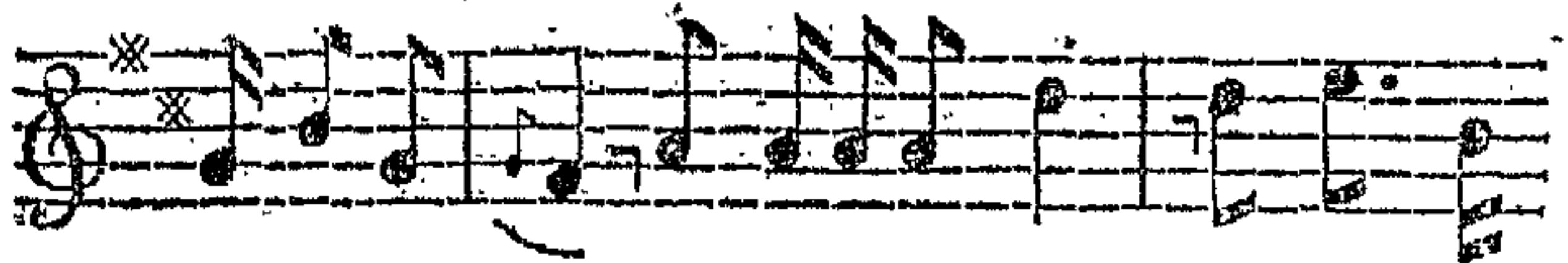
In ancient days as story says,  
 The woods our fathers fought;  
 The rustic race ador'd the chase,  
 And hunted as they fought.  
 Come, let's away, make no delay,  
 Enjoy the forest's charms;  
 Then o'er the bowl expand the soul,  
 And rest in Cloe's arms.

## SONG . XLII.

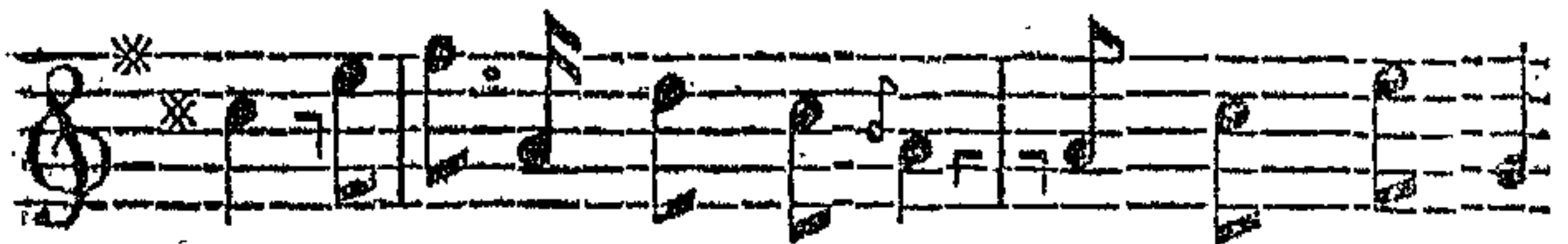
Recit.



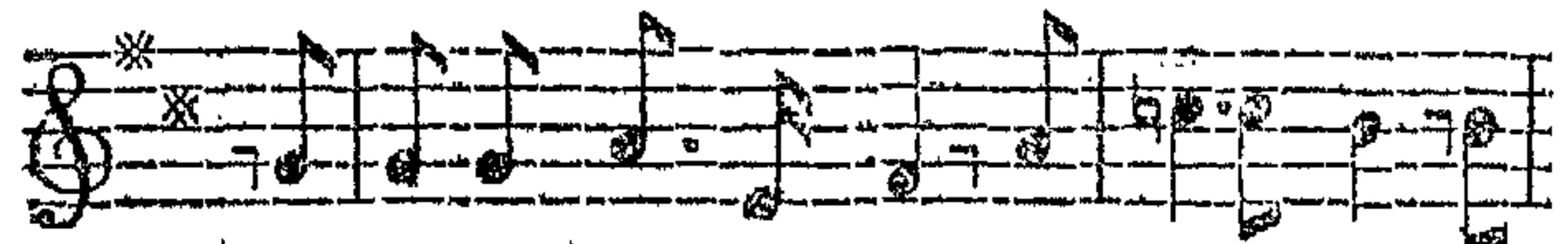
Now Phœbus gilds the Orient skies, the lark



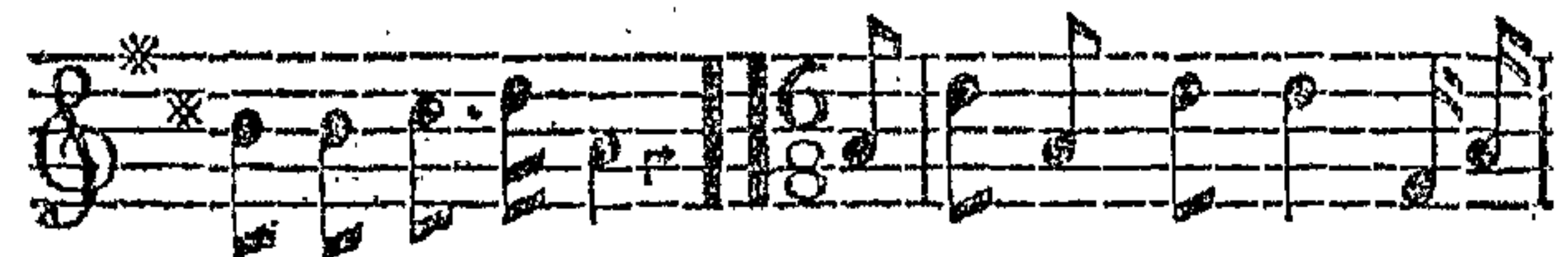
'begins the lay, The sonorous horn bids sportsmen



rise, to hail the new born day : The hounds are out,



their cheerful notes resound, while distant hills re-



turn it all around. O'er hill and o'er dale, over

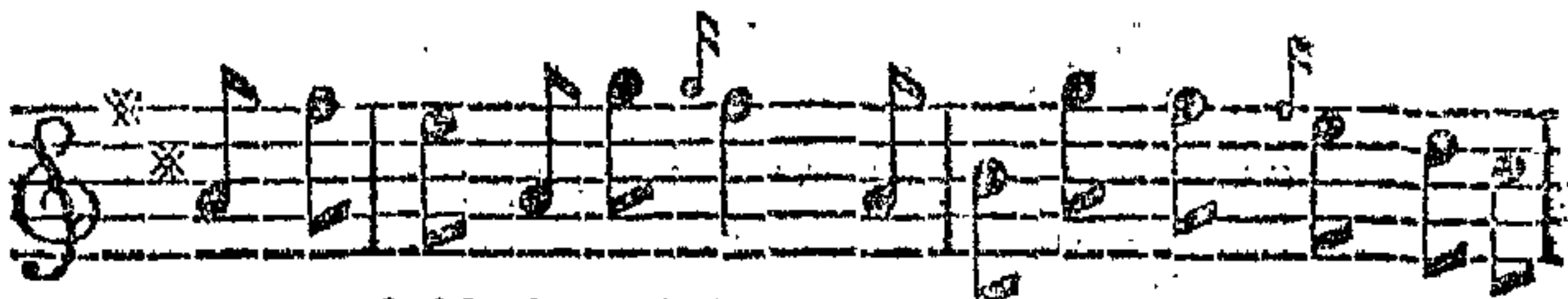


ditches or pale, as swift as the wind we pursue, as

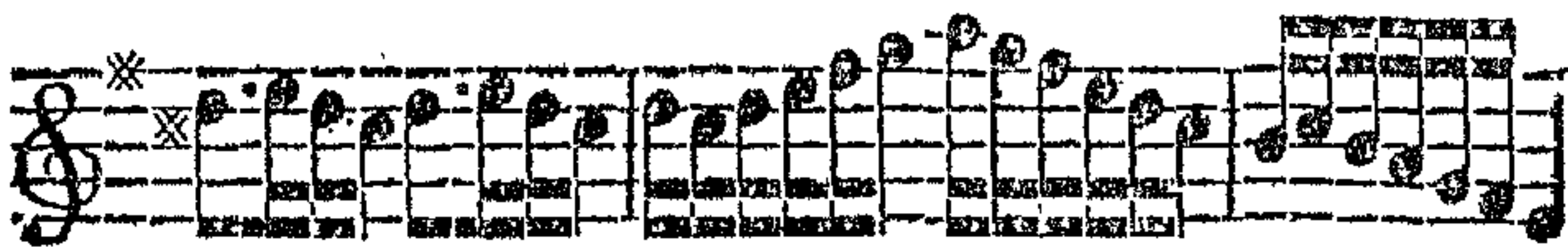


swift as the wind we pur - sue : The fox or the hare,





or the swift footed deer, no matter what sport is in



view



no matter what sport is in view.

Health waits on the chace,  
 Paints with blushes the face,  
 Spleen and vapours are left in the rear ;  
 The brooks and the floods,  
 And the deep embrown'd woods,  
 Delightful around us appear.

To the sports of the field  
 All others must yield,  
 For hunting's of ancient renown ;  
 Kings and princes, of old,  
 Have this pastime extoll'd,  
 Royal hunters have sat on the throne ;

Hills and vallies o'erpass,  
 Now homeward we haste,  
 And our mistresses hearty embrace :  
 New strength we obtain,  
 By our sports on the plain,  
 For strength still attends on the chace.

Now the bowl comes in view,  
Which with glee we pursue,  
And thus happily finish the day;  
To the huntress divine,  
To Diana we join,  
While each chorus loudly huzza,

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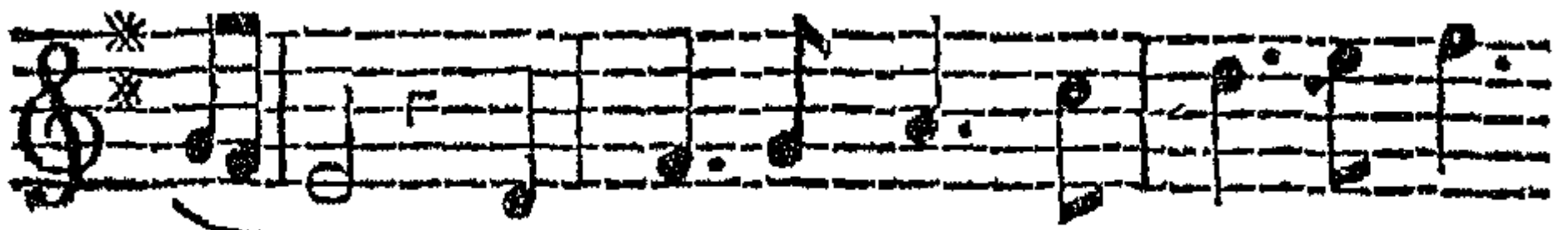
S E A S O N G S.

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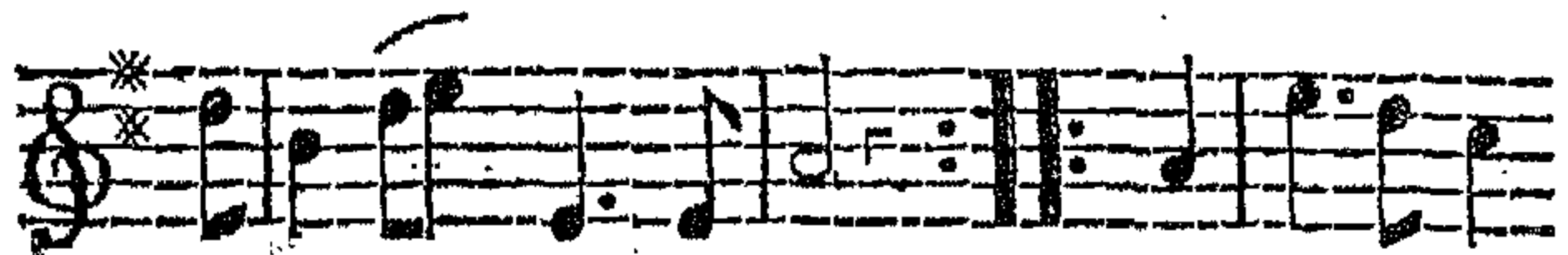
## SONG XLIII.



How little do the landmen know of what we fai-

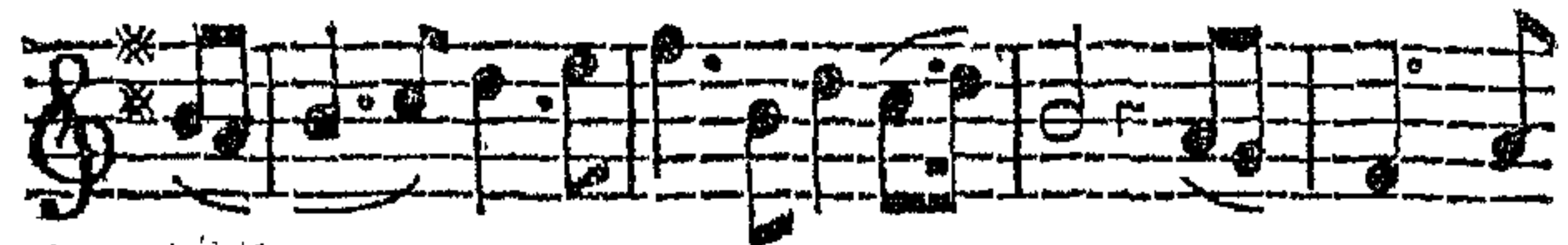


lors feel, When waves do mount and winds do blow,

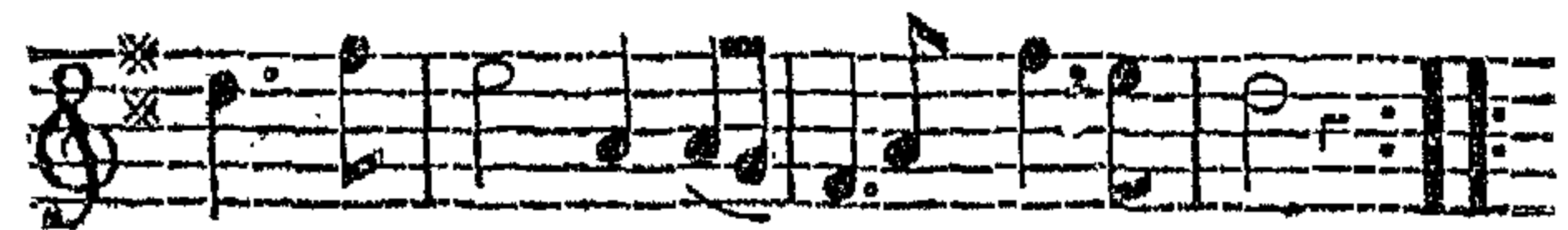


but we have hearts of steel.

No danger can



a - fright us, no e-ne-my shall flout, we'll make the



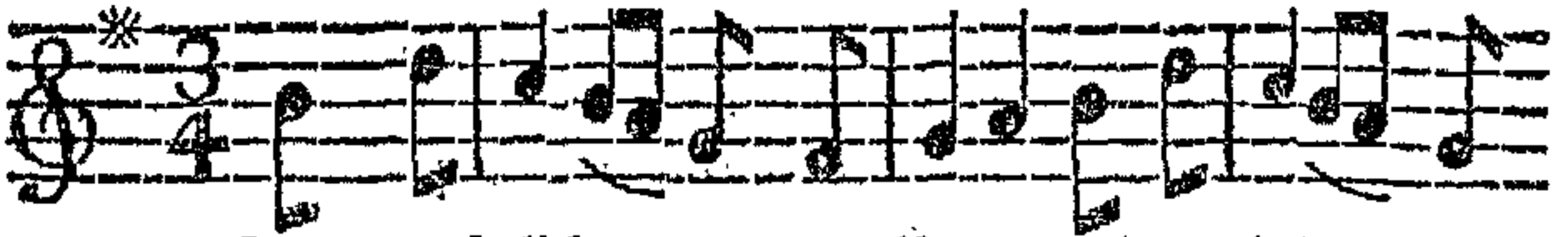
mounseurs right us, so tofs the cann a - bout.

Stick stout to orders messmates,  
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink,  
 Then France have at your first rates,  
 For Britons never shrink.  
 We'll rummage all we fancy,  
 We'll bring them in by scores,  
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,  
 Shall roll in Louis-d'ors.

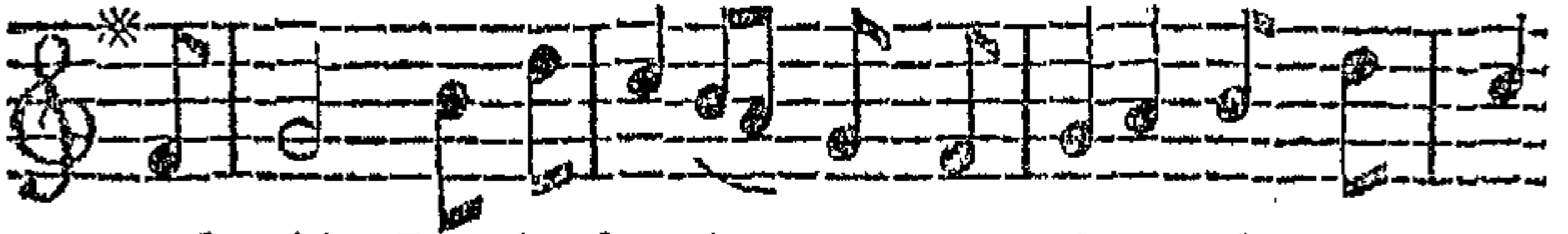
While

While here at Deal we're lying,  
With our noble commodore,  
We'll spend our wages freely boys,  
And then to sea for more.  
In peace we'll drink and sing boys,  
In war we'll never fly,  
Here's a health to George our king, boys,  
And the royal family.

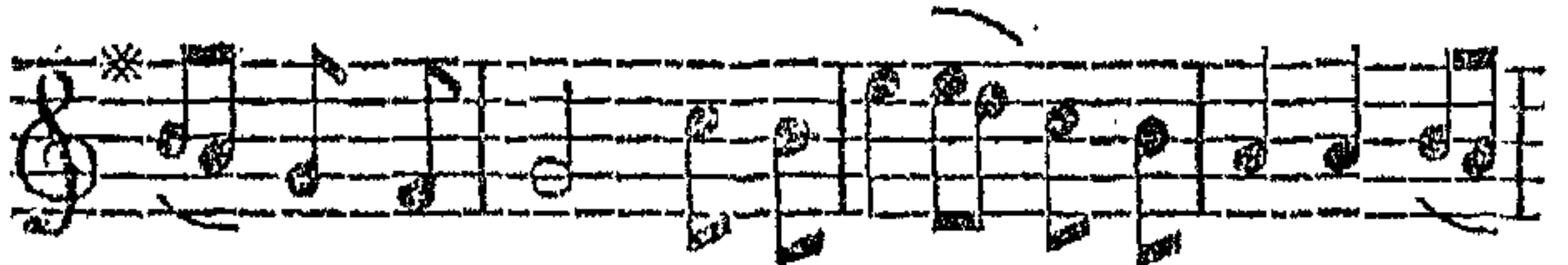
## SONG XLIV.



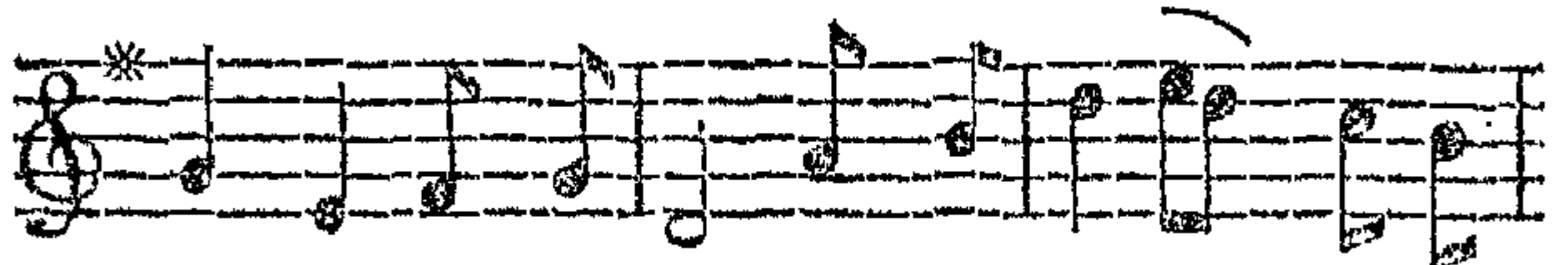
Come and listen to my ditty, All ye jolly hearts



of gold; Lend a brother tar your pity, who was once



so stout and bold: But the arrows of blind Cupid, a-



las! have made me rue: Sure true love was ne'er so



treated, as I am by scornful Sue,

♪ When I landed first at Dover,  
 She appear'd a goddess bright;  
 From foreign parts I was just come over,  
 And was struck with so fair a fight.  
 On the shore pretty Sukey walked,  
 Near to where our frigate lay,  
 And altho' so near the landing,  
 I, alas! was cast away.

When

When first I hail'd my charming creature,  
 The delight of land and sea ;  
 No man ever saw a sweeter,  
 I'd have kept her company.  
 I'd fain have grappled with my true love,  
 In church for better or for worse,  
 But, alas ! no helm or compass,  
 Could make her steer the marriage course.

Once no greater joy and pleasure,  
 Cou'd have come into my mind,  
 Than to see the bold Defiance,  
 Sailing right before the wind.  
 O'er the white waves as she danced,  
 And her colours gayly flew ;  
 She was never half so charming,  
 As the trim of lovely Sue.

On a rocky coast I've driven,  
 Where the stormy tempests rise,  
 Where the rowling mountain billows,  
 Lift a vessel to the skies.  
 But from land or from the ocean,  
 Little dread I ever knew ;  
 When compar'd to threat'ning dangers,  
 In the frowns of scornful Sue.

Long I wonder'd why my jewel,  
 Had the heart to use me so ;  
 Till I found by often sounding,  
 She'd another love in tow ;  
 So farewell hard-hearted Susan,  
 I'll my fortune seek at sea,  
 And try in a more friendly harbor,  
 Since in your's I cannot be.

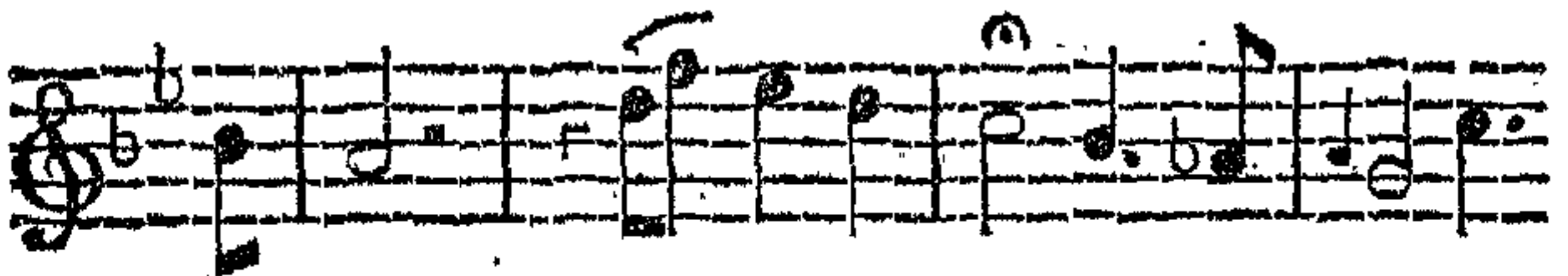
S O N G XLV.



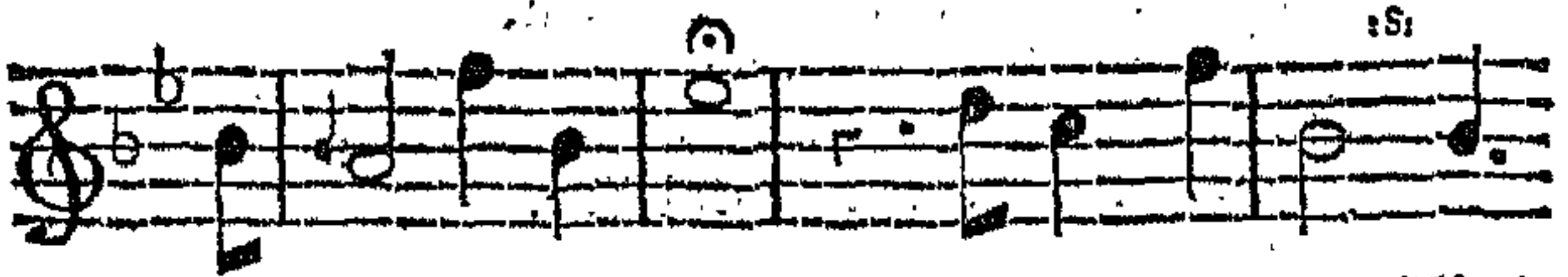
Hear me, gallant sailor, hear me, while your



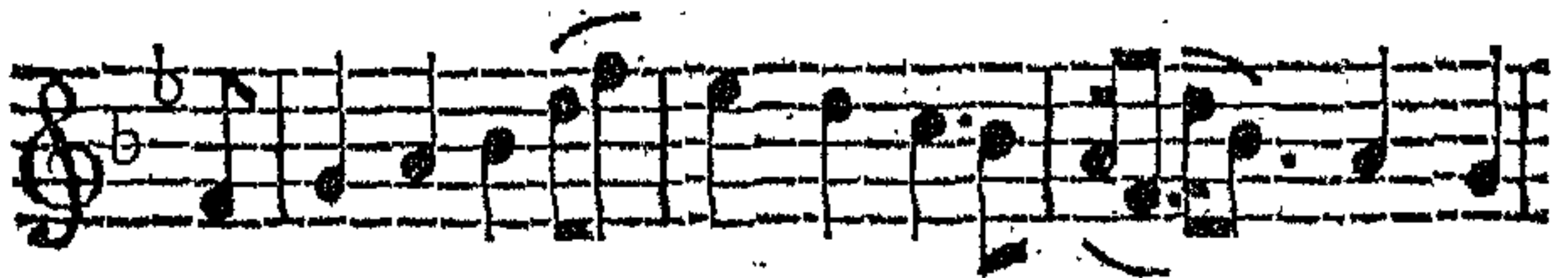
country has a foe, he is mine too never fear me, I



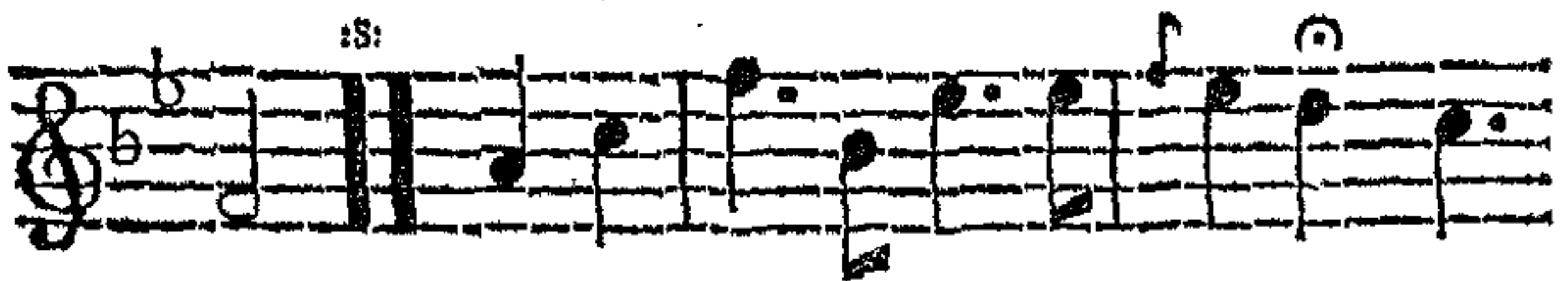
may weep but you shall go, I may weep, I



may weep, I may weep but you shall go, Tho'

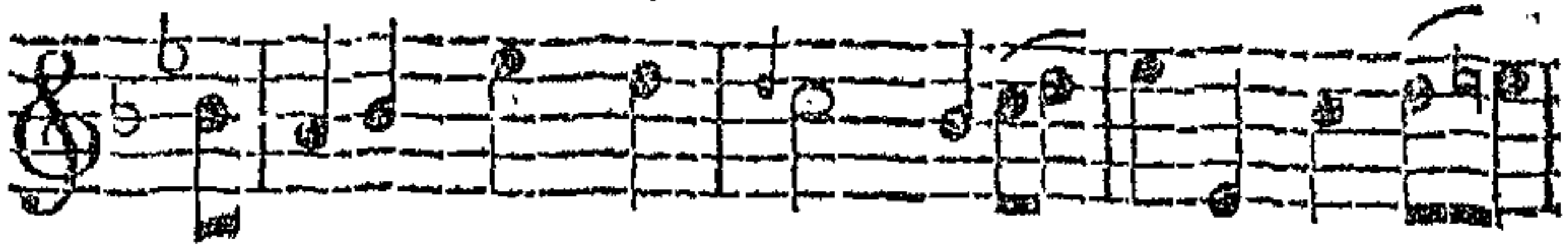


this flow'ry feason woos you to the peaceful sports of

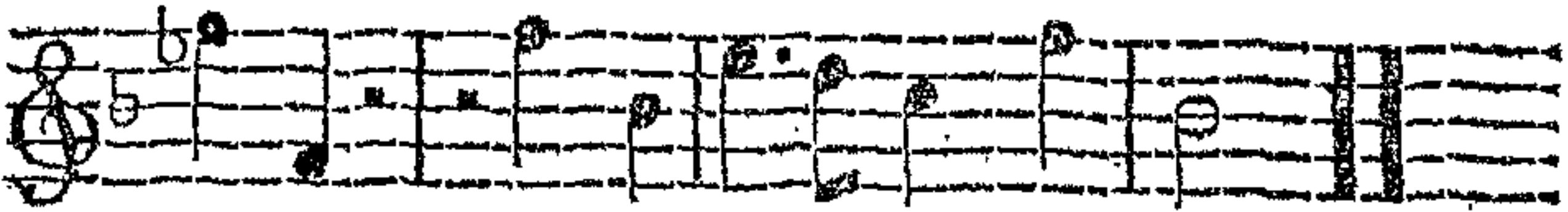


May, And love sighs so long to loose you, Love  
to!





to glory must give way, love to glory, love to



glory, love to glory must give way.

:S: Can the sons of Britain fail her  
 While her daughters are so true, :S:  
 Your soft courage must avail her,  
 We love honour loving you.  
 We love, &c.  
 We love, &c.

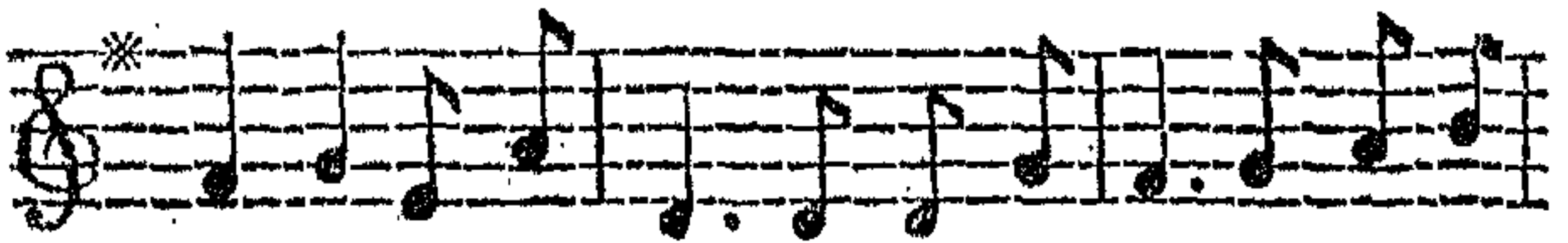
:S: War and danger now invite us,  
 Blow ye winds auspicious blow; :S:  
 :S: Ev'ry gale will most delight us  
 That can waft us to the foe. :S:

S O N G

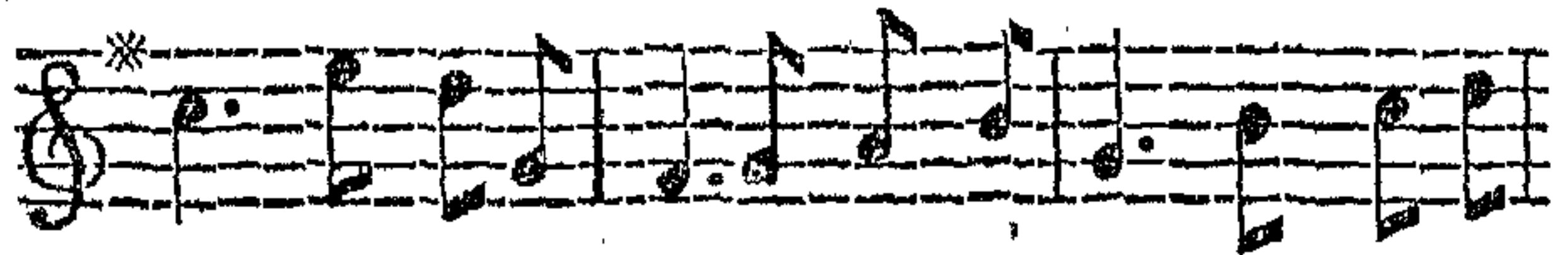
## SONG XLVI.



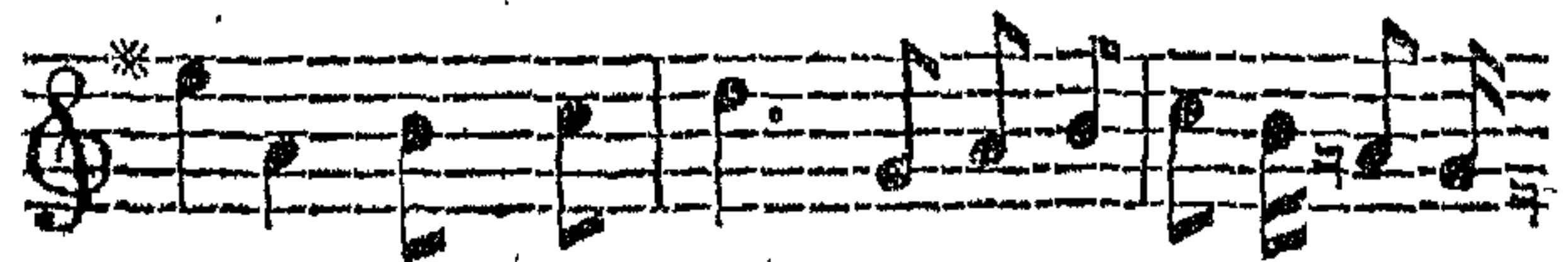
Distress me with these tears no more, one kiss my



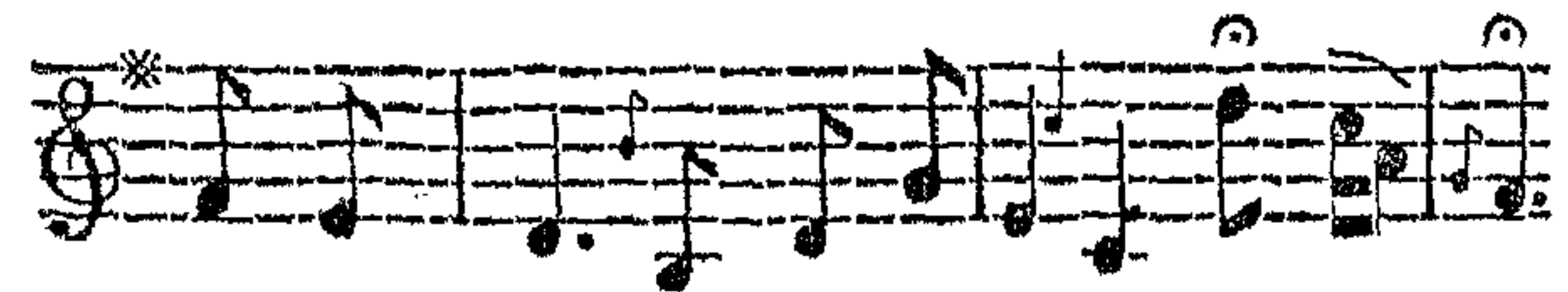
girl and then a - dieu, The last boat destin'd for the



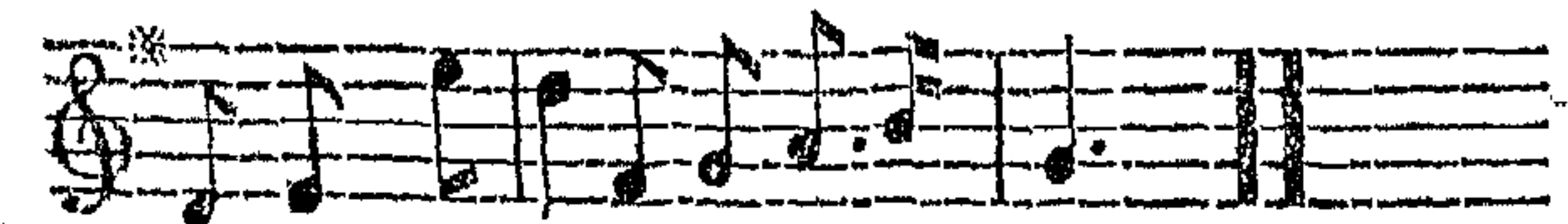
shore waits dearest girl a - lone for you. Soon soon be-



fore the light winds borne, shall I be sever'd, sever'd



from your sight; You left the lonely hours to mourn



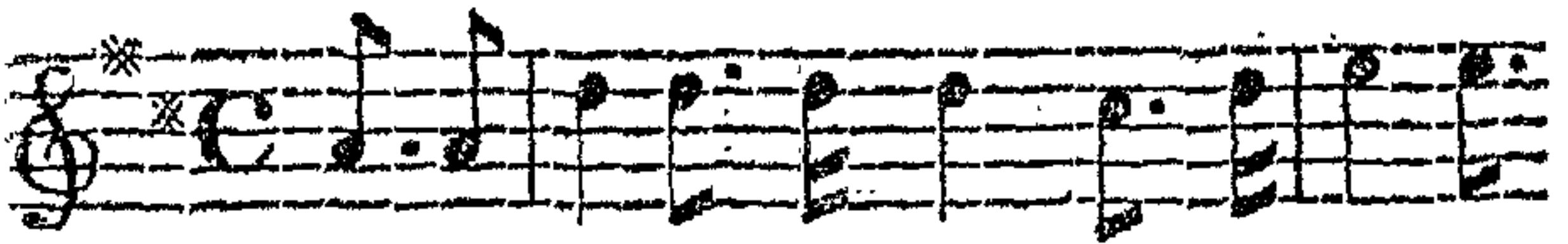
and weep thro' many a stormy night.

When

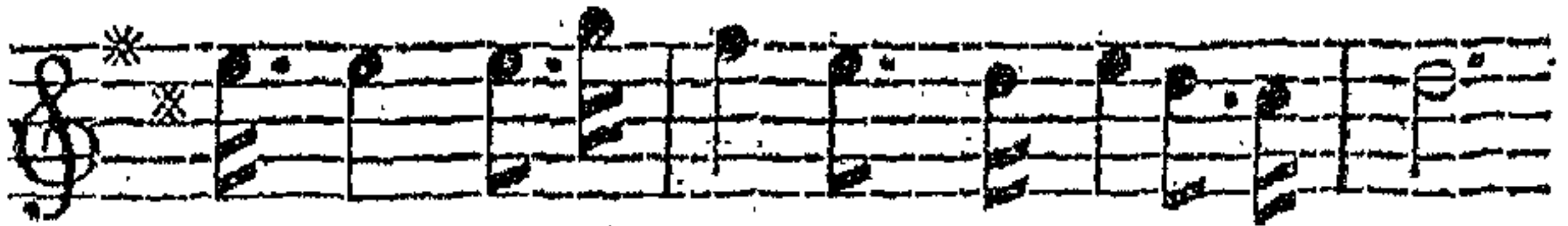
When far along the restless deep,  
 In trim array the ship shall steer,  
 Your form Rememb'rance still shall keep,  
 Your worth Affection still revere ;  
 And with the distance from your eyes,  
 My love for you shall be increas'd ;  
 As to the pole the needle lies,  
 And farthest off still varies least.

While round the bowl the jovial crew  
 Shall sing of triumphs on the main,  
 My thoughts shall fondly turn to you,  
 Of you alone shall be my strain ;  
 And when we've bow'd the leagu'ing foe,  
 Revengeful of our country's wrong,  
 Returning home my heart shall shew,  
 No fiction grac'd my artless song.

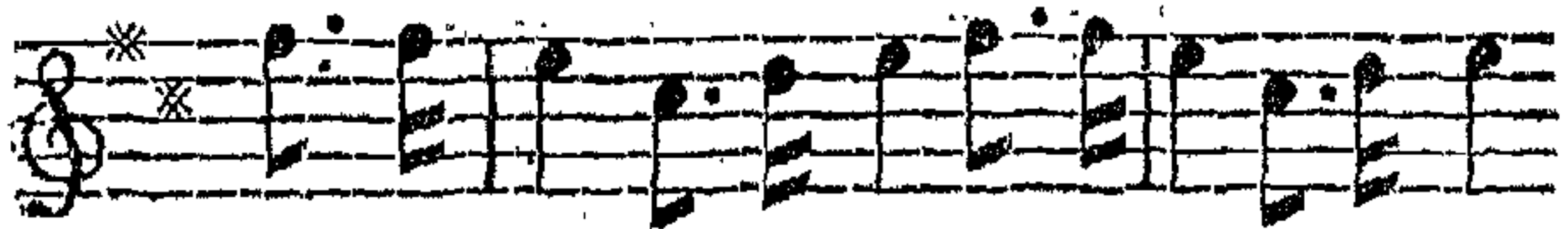
## SONG XLVII.



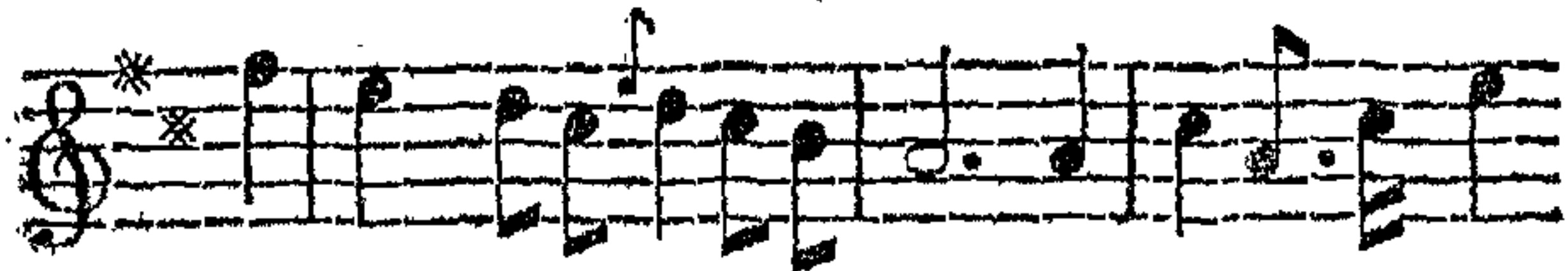
Now a-way my brave boys, hoist the flag, beat



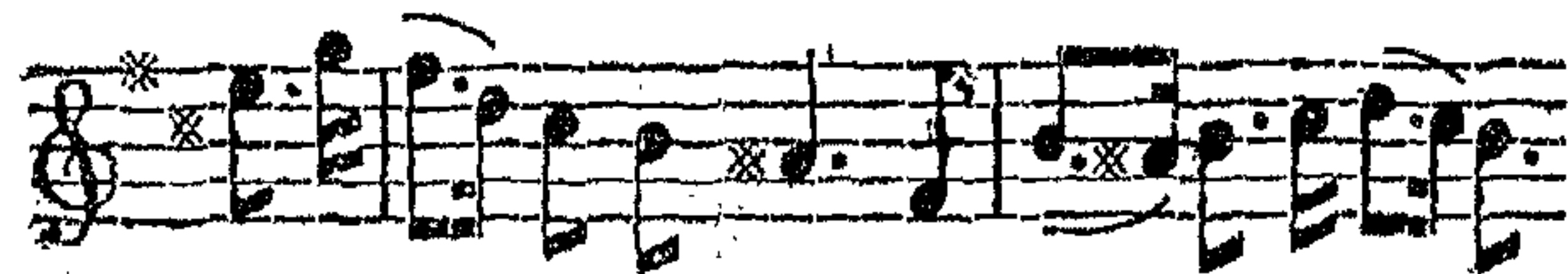
the drum, let the streamers wave over the main;



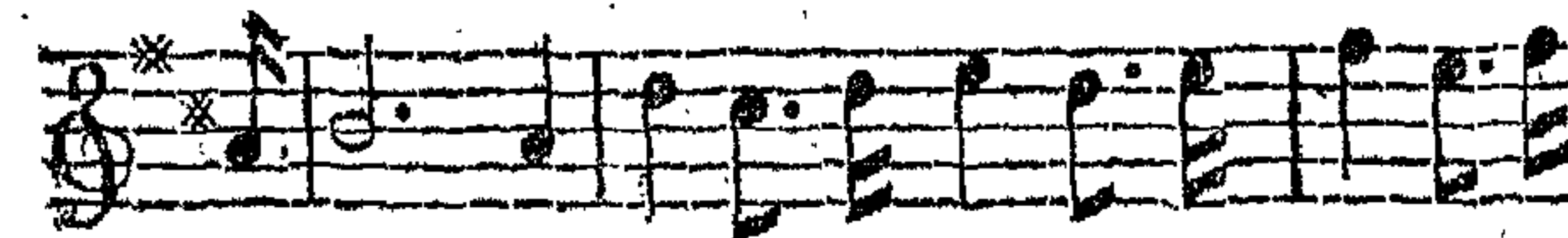
When Old England she calls us, we merri-ly come



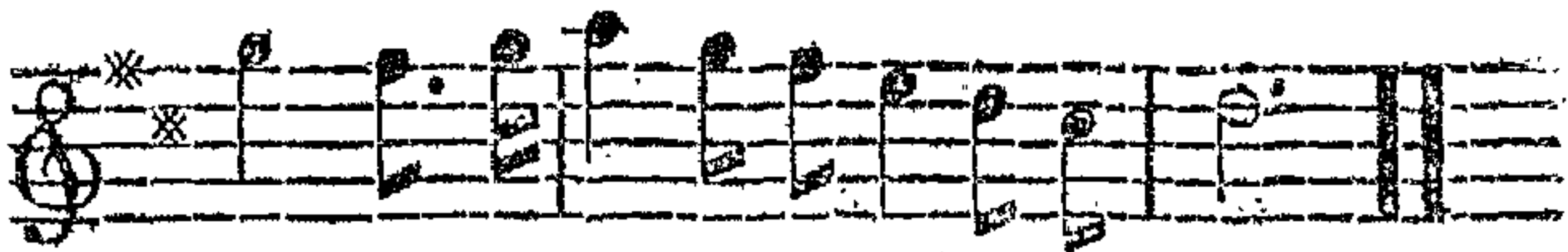
She can't call a sailor in vain. Al-ready we seem



an ar-ma-da to chace, al-rea-dy behold the



galleons. Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the  
face,



face, and return with a load of doubloons.

Then farewell, for a time, lovely sweet-hearts! dear wives!

Nancy fear not the fate of True-Blue;

Though we leave you, and merrily venture our lives,

To our doxies we'll ever be true,

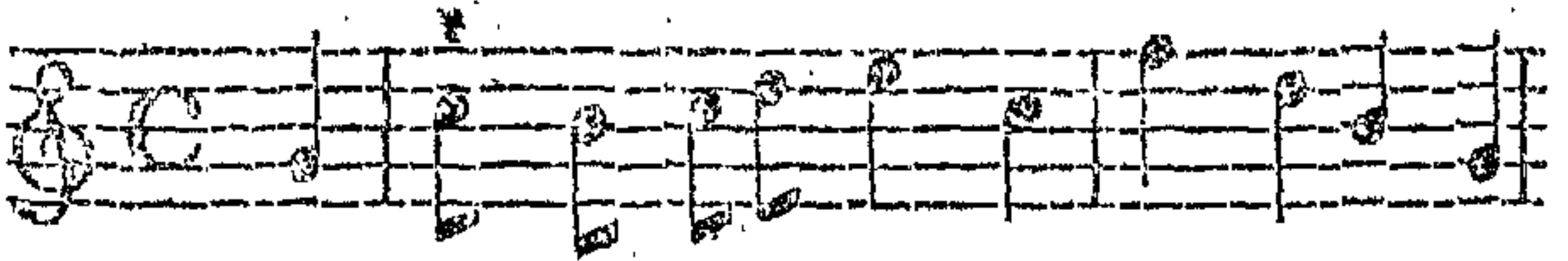
With spirit we go, an Armada to chase!

With rapture behold the galleons!

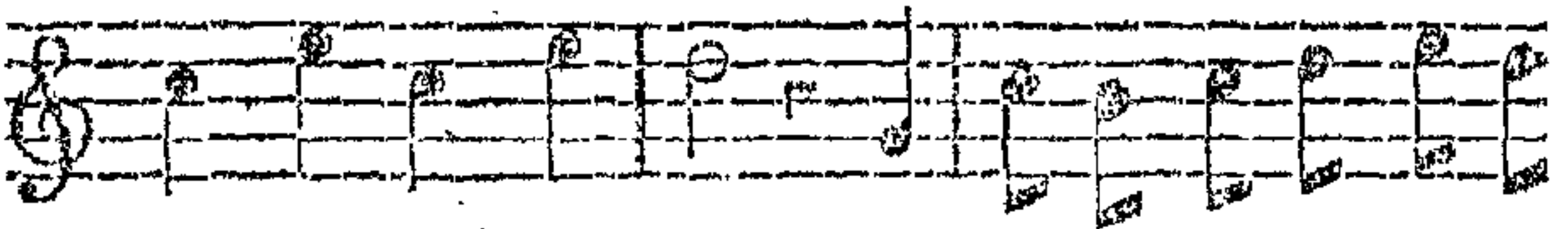
Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the face,

And return with a load of doubloons.

S O N G XLVIII.



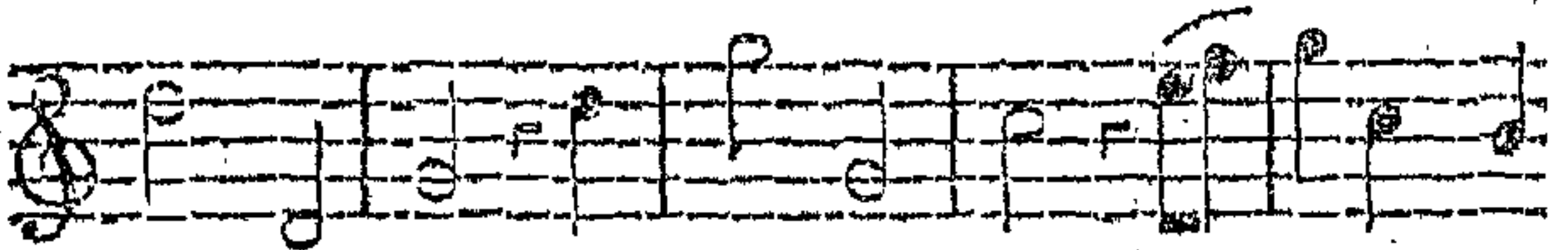
Come come, my jolly lads, the wind's abaft brisk



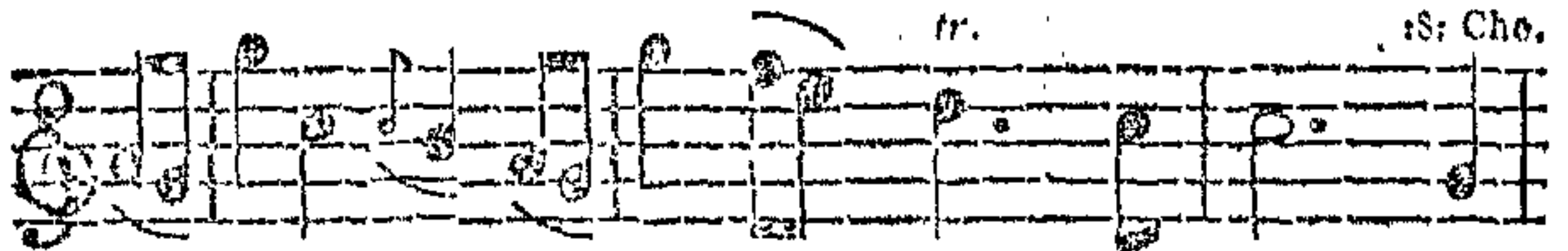
gales our sails shall croud, Come bustle, bustle, bustle



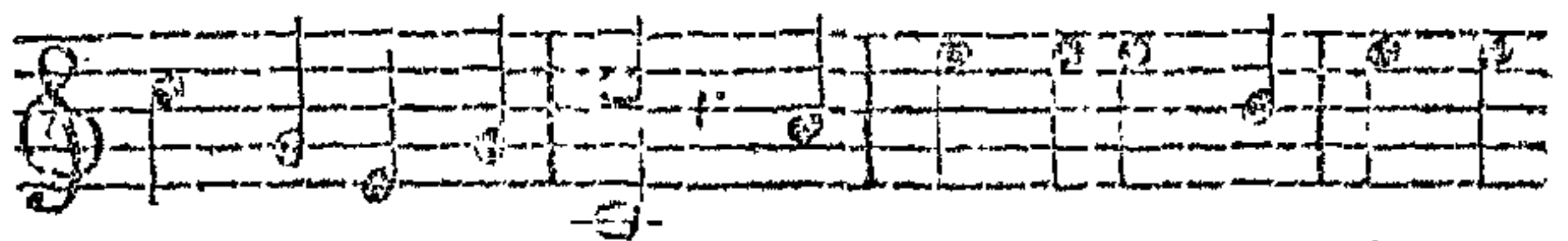
boys, hawl the boat, the boatswain pipes a-loud ; The



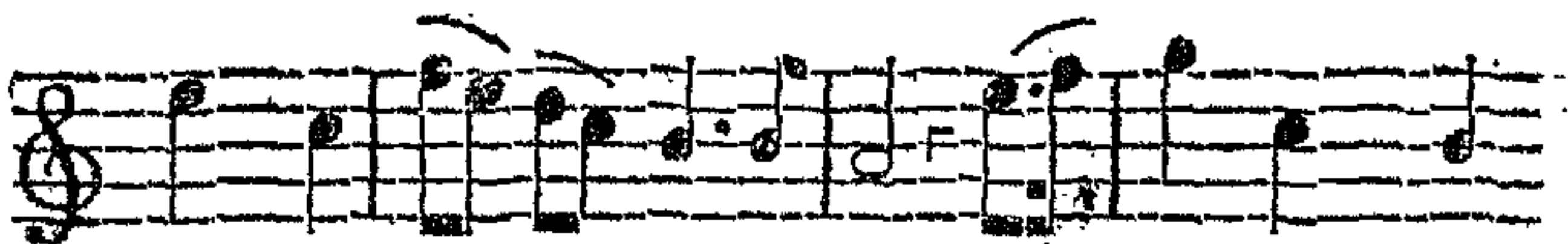
ship's unmoor'd, all hands on board, The rising gale



fills ev'ry sail, the ship's well man'd and stor'd : Then



sing the flowing bowl, Fond hopes arise, the girls we  
prize



prize shall bless each jovial soul. The cann boys bring,



we'll drink and sing, while foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast.

We're bound to steer,

We'll still our rights maintain;

'Then bear a hand, be steady boys,

Soon we'll see

Old England once again :

From shore to shore,

While cannons roar,

Our tars shall show

The haughty foe,

Britannia rules the main:

Then sling the flowing bowl,

Fond hopes arise

The girls we prize

Shall bless each jovial soul :

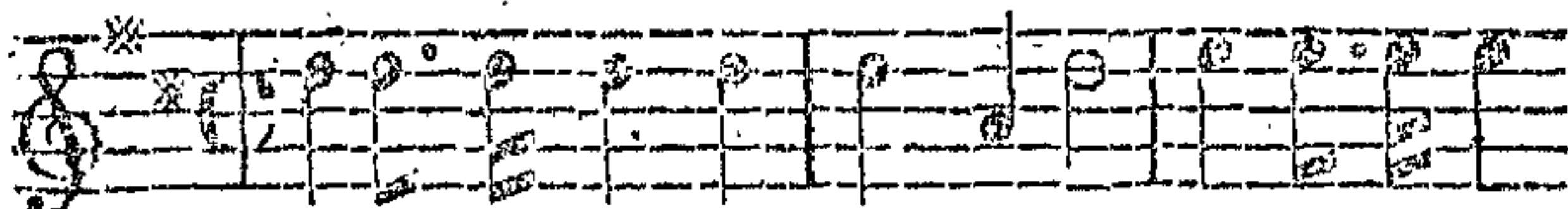
The cann boys bring,

We'll drink and sing,

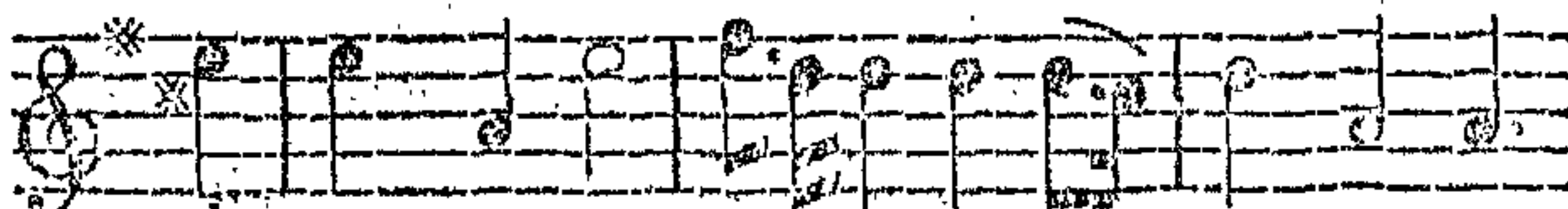
While foaming billows roll.

Cho. Then sling the, &c.

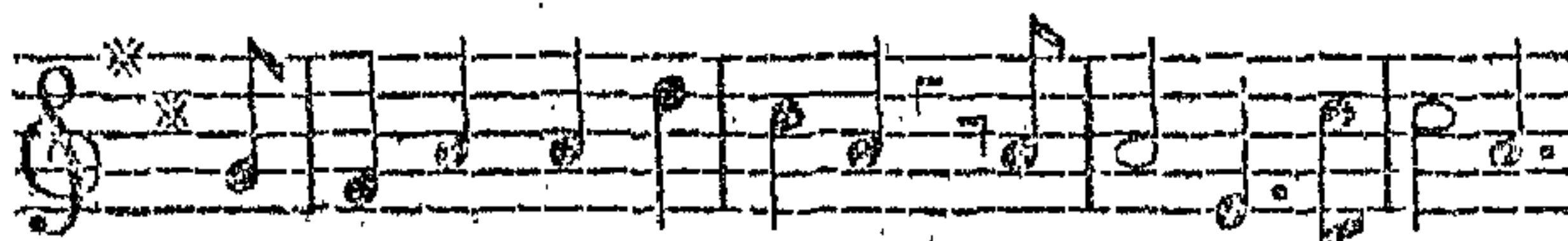
SONG XLIX.



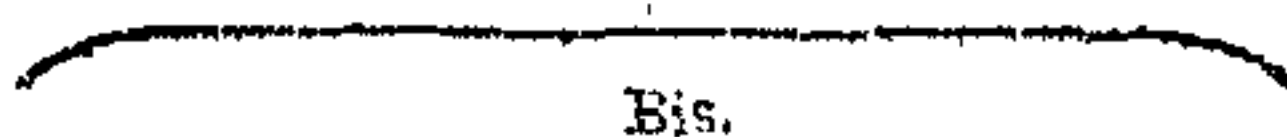
Stand to your guns my hearts of oak, Let not a word



on board be spoke, Victory soon will crown the joke,



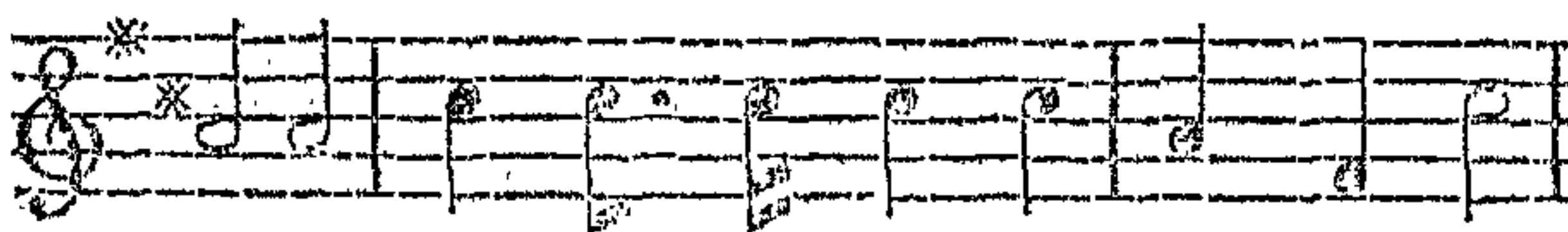
be silent and be ready. Be silent, be silent,



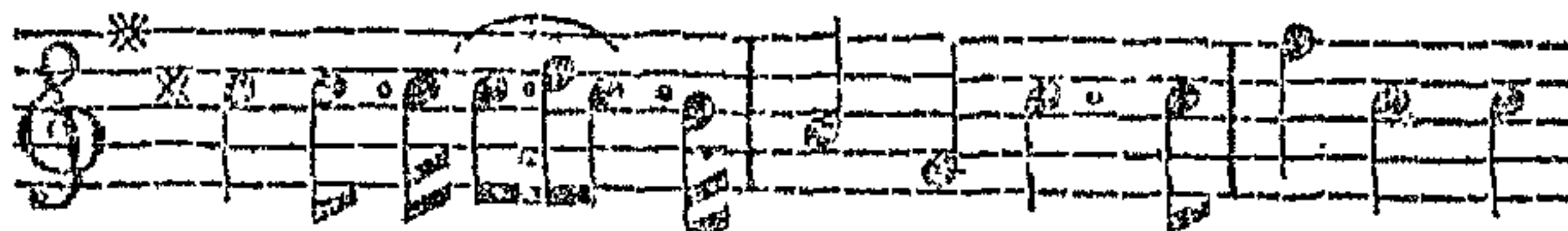
Bis.



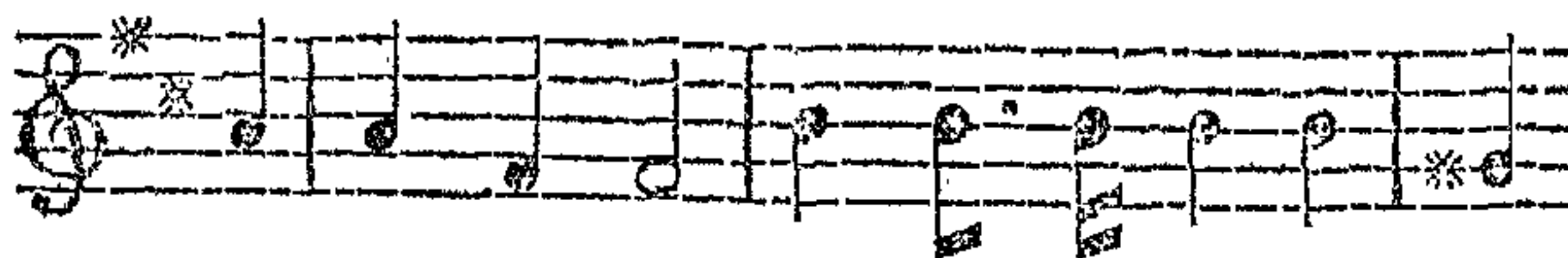
be silent and be ready, be ready, be silent and be



ready. Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,



Let us be sure the balls will tell, the cannons roar



shall sound their knell, Ram home the guns and sponge  
them

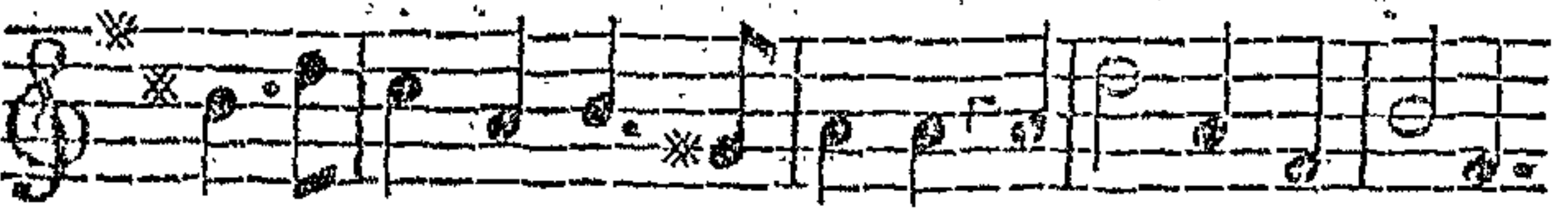




them well, Let us be sure the balls will tell, the



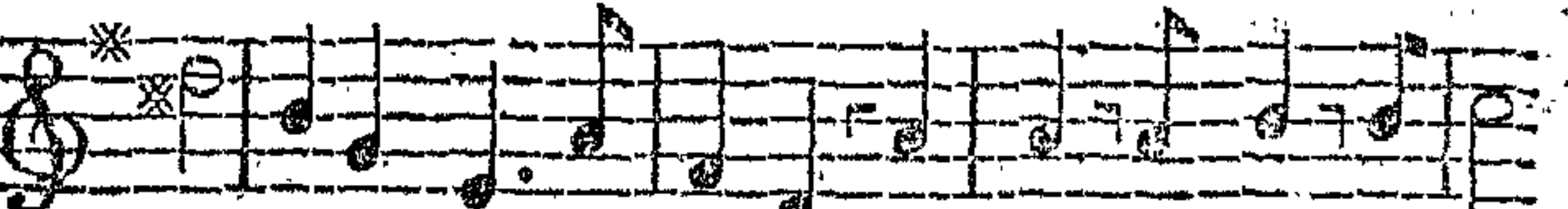
cannons roar shall sound their knell, be steady, be stea-



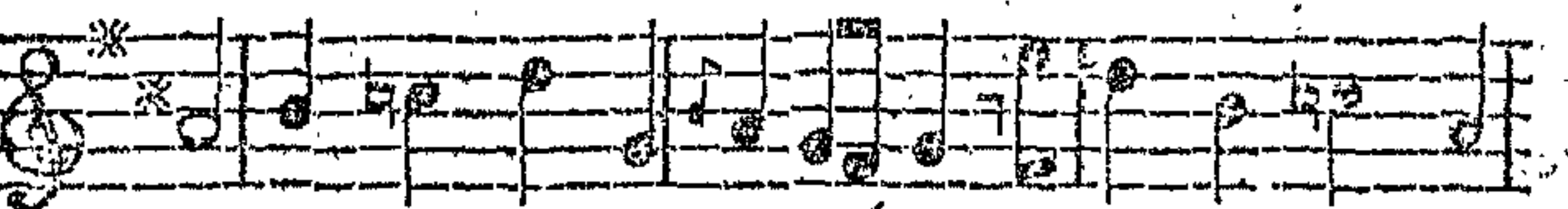
dy, be steady boys, be steady, be steady, be steady,



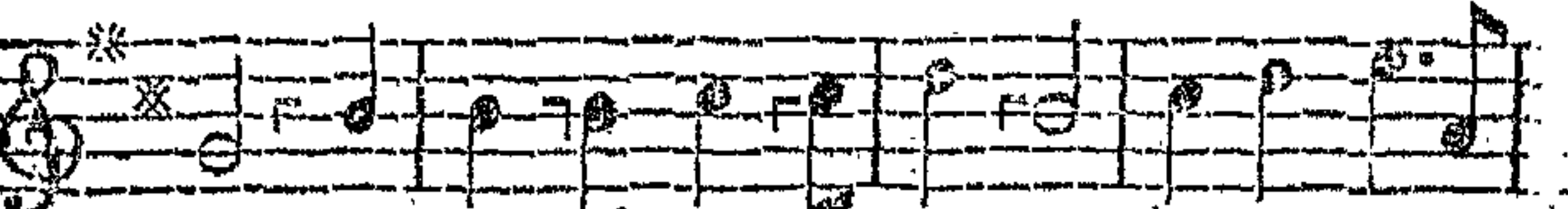
be steady boys, be steady, be steady boys, be steady



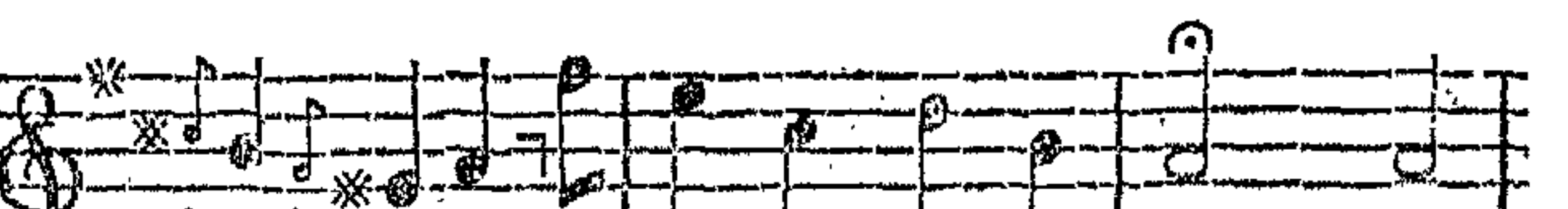
be steady boys, be steady. Not yet, nor yet, nor yet,



reserve your fire, I do desire, not yet, nor yet, nor

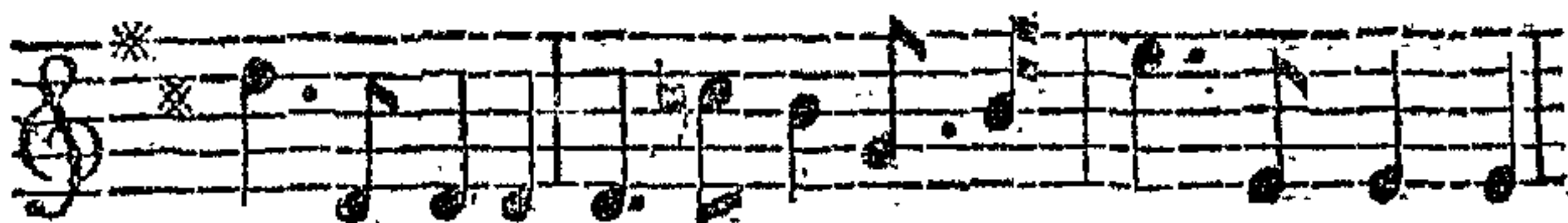


yet, not yet, nor yet, nor yet, reserve your fire I



*Volti subito.*

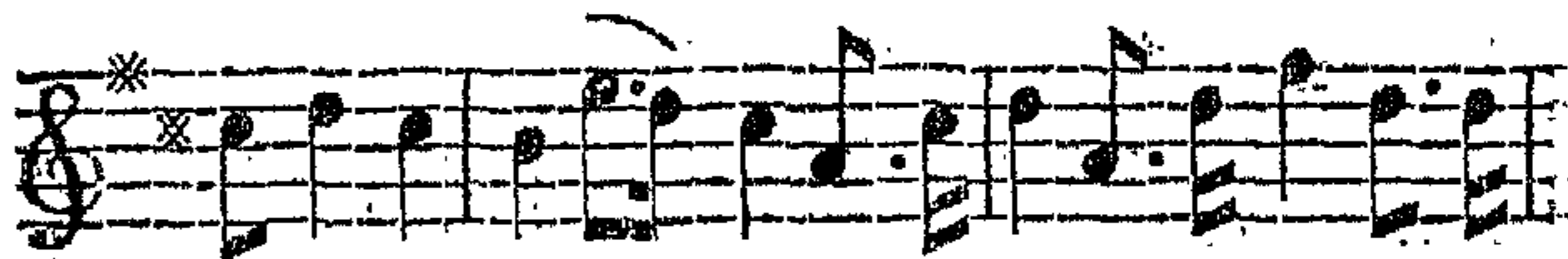
do desire, not yet, nor yet, nor yet, — Fire!  
Now



Now the elements do rattle; the Gods amaz'd be-



hold the battle, now the elements do rattle, the gods



amaz'd behold the battle, the battle; the battle, the



battle, the battle, the battle, the battle; a broadside



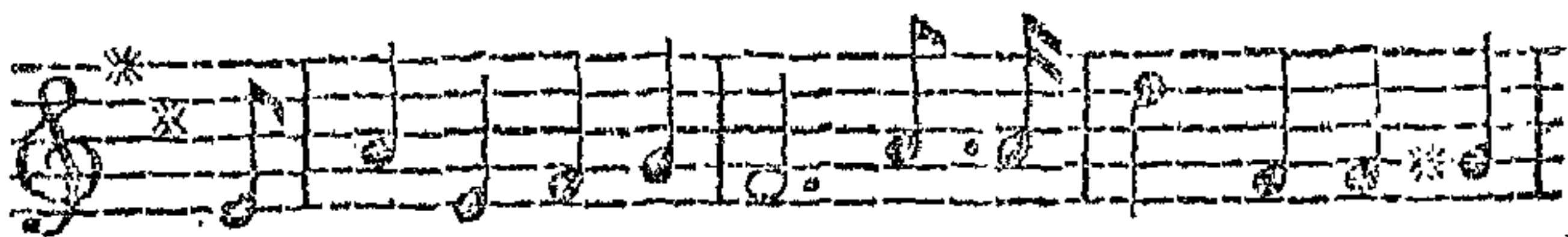
my boys, a broadside my boys. See the blood in pur-



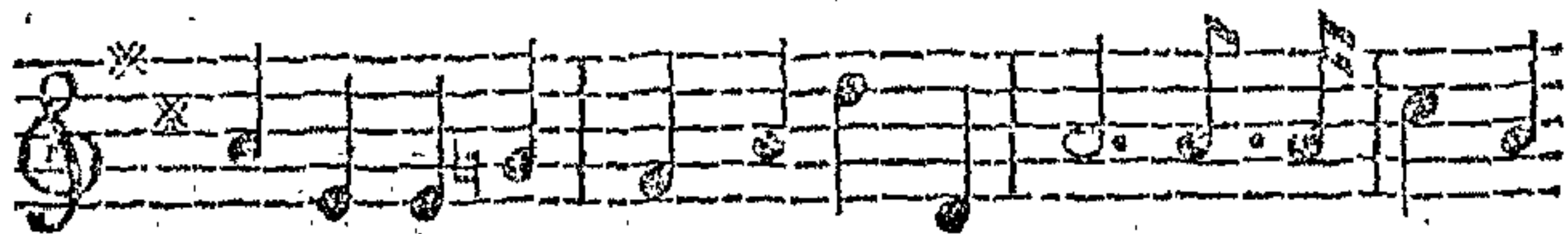
ple tide, trickle down her batter'd side; See the blood



in purple tide, trickle down her batter'd side. Wing'd  
with:



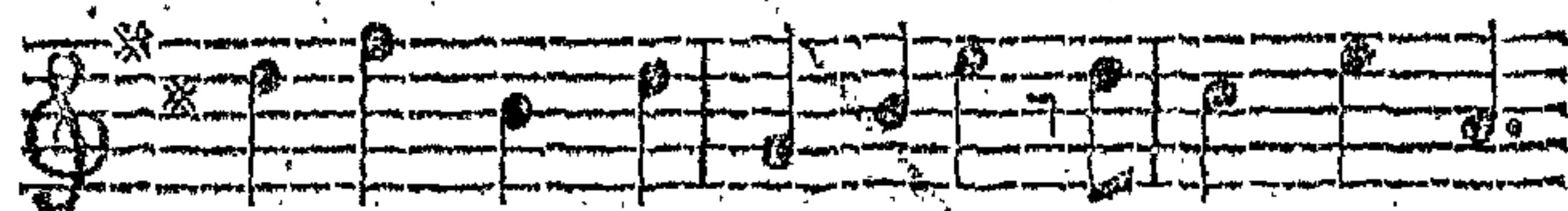
with fate the bullets fly, Conquer boys or bravely.



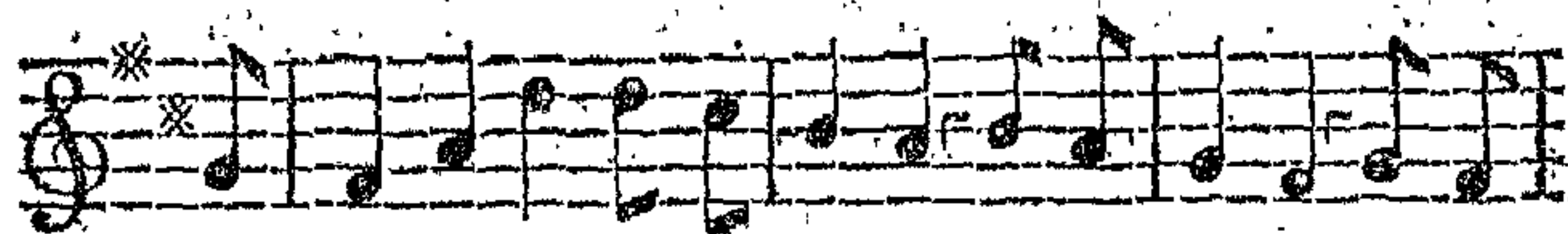
die, or bravely die, or bravely die, hurl destruction



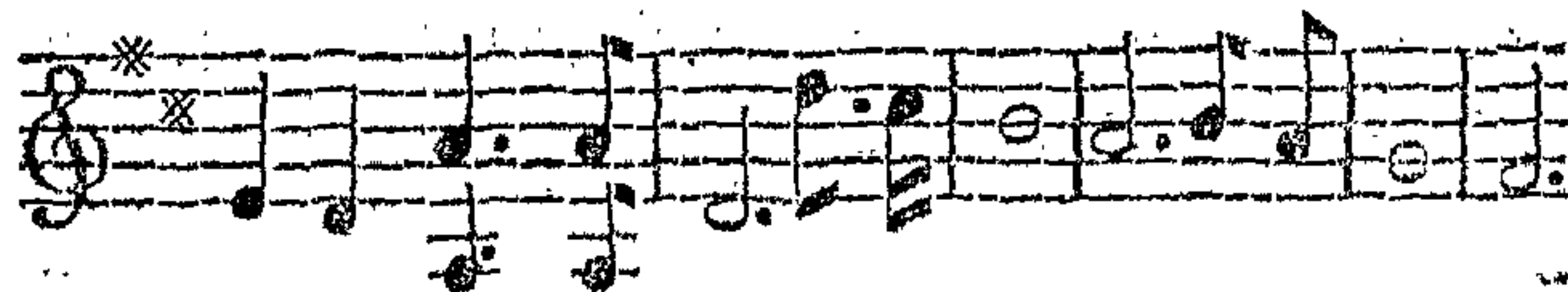
on your foes, hurl destruction on your foes, she



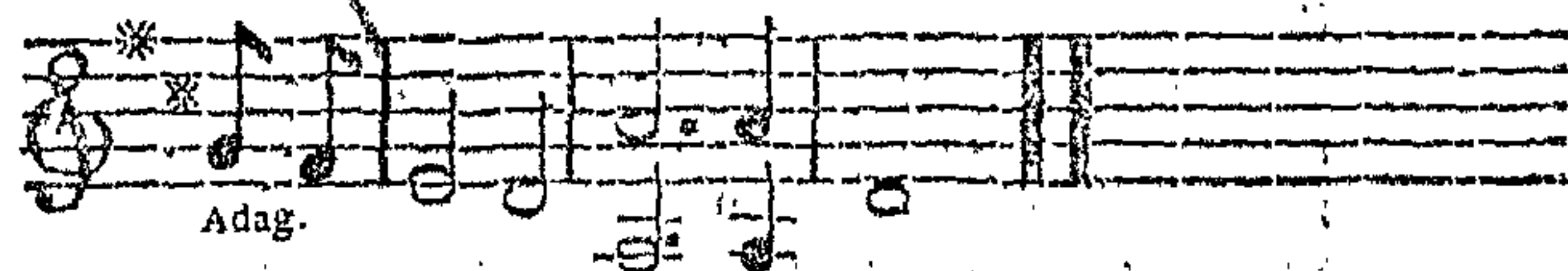
sinks, she sinks, she sinks huzza! she sinks, she sinks,



she sinks huzza, to the bottom, to the bottom, to the



bottom down she goes, to the bottom, to the bottom,



to the bottom down she goes.

## SONG L.



Come all you fai-lors bold lend an ear, lend an ear,



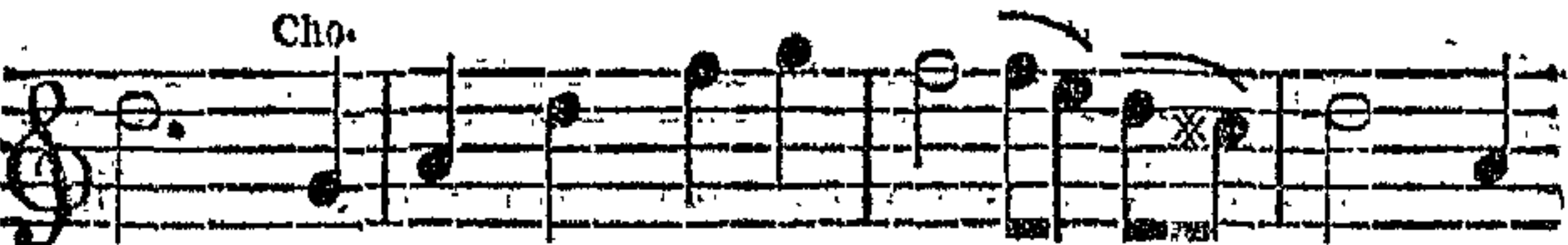
Come all you fai - lors bold lend an ear : Its of



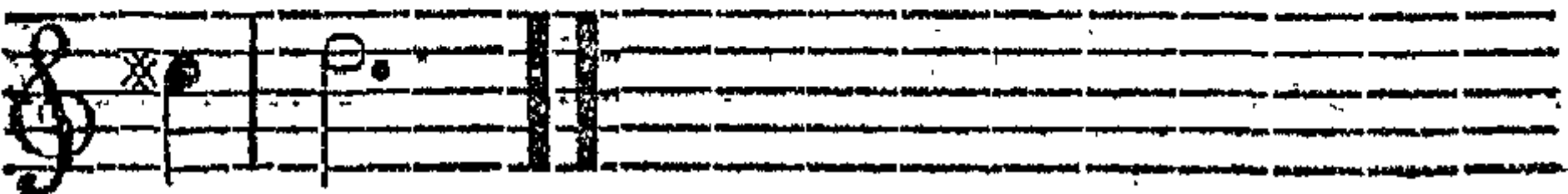
our admiral's fame, Brave Benbow call'd by name,



how he fought on the main, you shall hear, you shall



hear. How he fought on the main you shall hear, you



shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail  
 The French to fight, the French to fight,  
 Brave Benbow he set sail the French to fight :  
 Brave Benbow he set sail  
 With a fine and pleasant gale,  
 But his captains they turn'd tail,  
 In a fright, in a fright.

Says Kirby unto Wade  
 I will run, I will run,  
 Says Kirby unto Wade I will run :  
 I value not disgrace  
 Nor the losing of my place,  
 My enemies I'll not face  
 With a gun, with a gun.

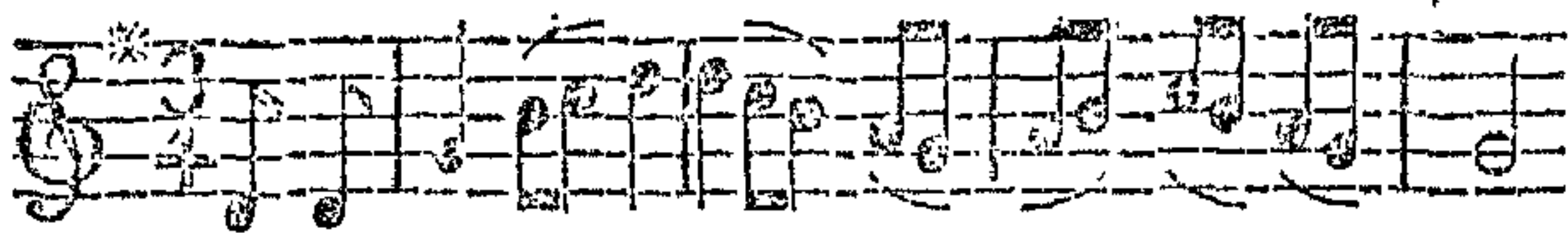
'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark  
 And their brave boys, their brave boys,  
 'Twas the Ruby and Noah's Ark and their brave boys,  
 That fought the Frenchmen all,  
 Tho' they had ten ships tall,  
 They valued them not at all,  
 Nor their noise, nor their noise.

Our admiral lost his legs  
 With a chain shot, with a chain shot,  
 Our admiral lost his legs with a chain shot :  
 Our admiral lost his legs,  
 And to his men he begs  
 Fight on, my boys, he says,  
 'Tis my lot, 'tis my lot.

While the surgeon dress'd his wounds,  
 Thus he said, thus he said,  
 While the surgeon dress'd his wounds thus he said :  
 Let my cradle now in haste  
 On the quarter deck be plac'd,  
 That my enemies I may face,  
 Till I'm dead, till I'm dead.

And there bold Benbow lies  
 Crying out, crying out,  
 And there bold Benbow lies crying out :  
 Let us tack about once more,  
 We'll drive them to their own shore,  
 I value not half a score,  
 Nor their noise, nor their noise.

## SONG LI.



O we sail'd to Virginia and thence to New York,



where we water'd our shipping and so weigh'd for Cork,



Full in view on the seas, seven sail we did es-py, O



we manned our capstern and weigh'd speedi-ly.

The first two we came up with were brigantine floops,  
 We ask'd if the other five were as big as they look'd,  
 But turning to windward as near as we could lie,  
 We found them French men of war cruizing hard by.

We took our leave of them and made quick dispatch,  
 And we steered our course to the island of Vache,  
 But turning to windward as near as we could lie,  
 On the fourteenth of August ten sail we did espy.

They hoisted their pendants, their colours they spread,  
 And they hoisted their bloody flag on the main topmast head,  
 Then we hoisted the Jack flag at our mizen peak,  
 And soon form'd the line, tho' our squadron was weak.

The very next morning the engagement prov'd hot,  
 When brave admiral Benbow receiv'd a chain shot,  
 O when he was wounded to his men he did say,  
 Take me up in your arms boys and bear me away.

O the guns they did rattle and the bullets did fly,  
 While brave admiral Benbow for help loud did cry,  
 To the cockpit convey me and soon ease my smart,  
 Should my brave fellows see me 'twould fure break their  
 heart.

And there captain Kirby prov'd a coward at last,  
 And with Wade play'd at bopeep behind the main mast,  
 Oh there did they stand boys and quiver and shake,  
 Lest those French dogs should conquer and their lives they  
 should take.

The very next morning at break of the day,  
 We hoisted our topsails and so bore away,  
 We bore to Port Royal where the people flock'd much,  
 To see admiral Benbow brought to Kingston Town church.

Come all ye brave fellows where ever you have been,  
 Let us drink a health to great George and his queen,  
 And another good health to the girls that we know,  
 And a third in remembrance of admiral Benbow.

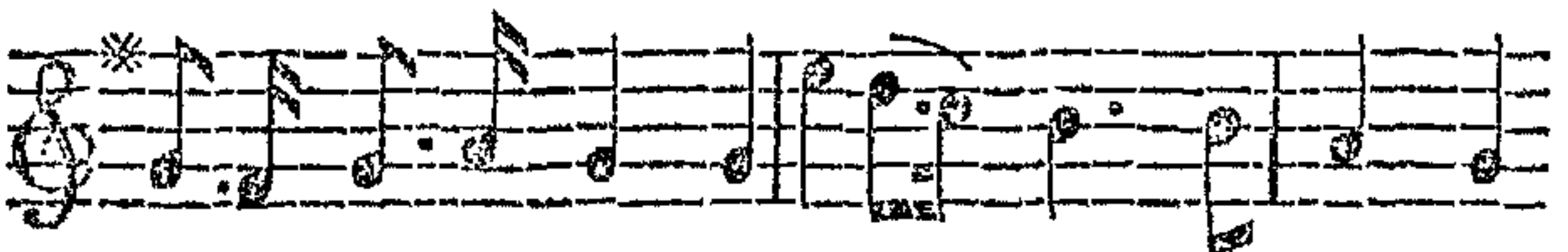
## SONG LII.



When 'tis night and the mid watch is come,



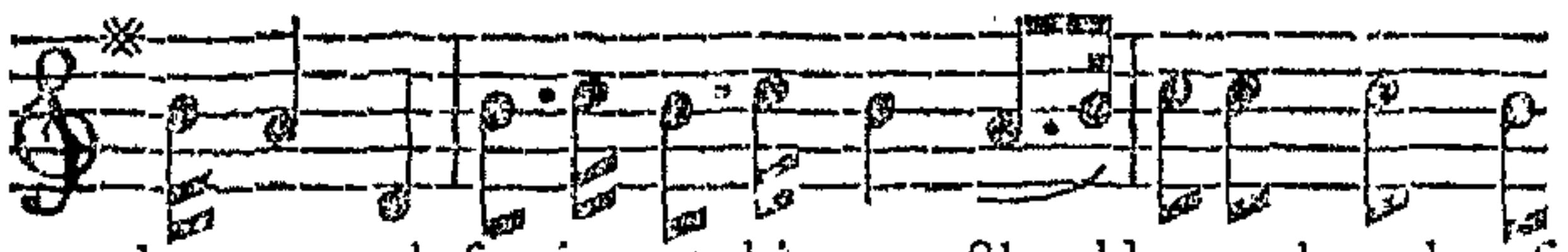
and chilling mists hang o'er the dark'ned main, Then



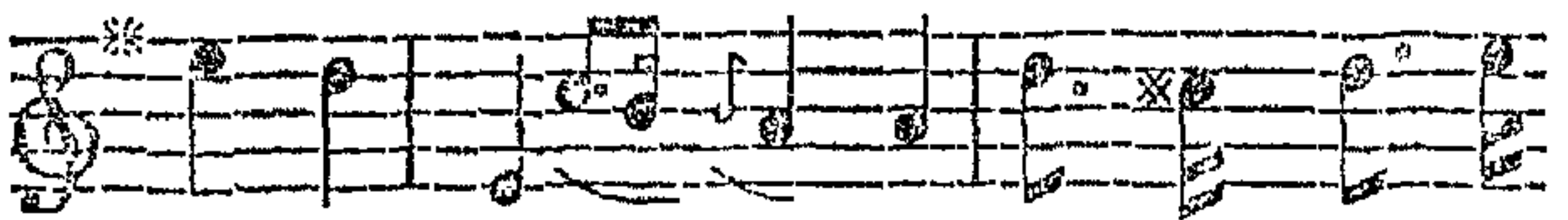
sailors think of their far distant home, and of those



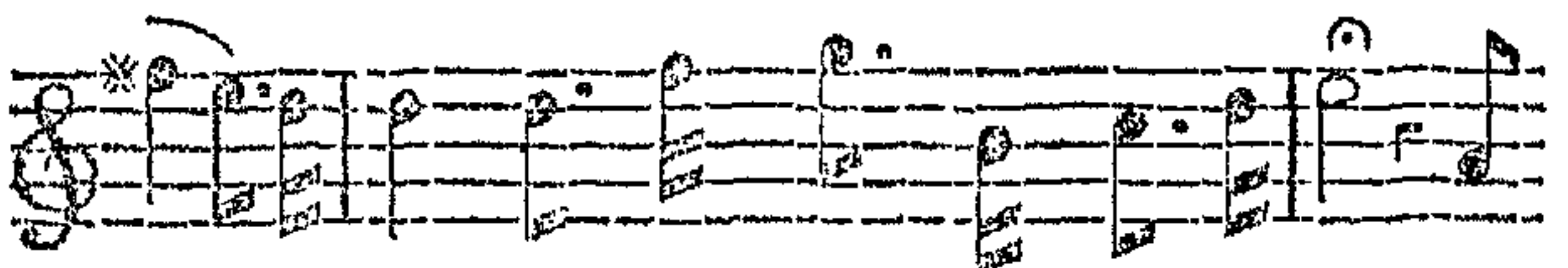
friends they ne'er may see again; But when the fight's



begun, each serving at his gun, Should any thought of



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

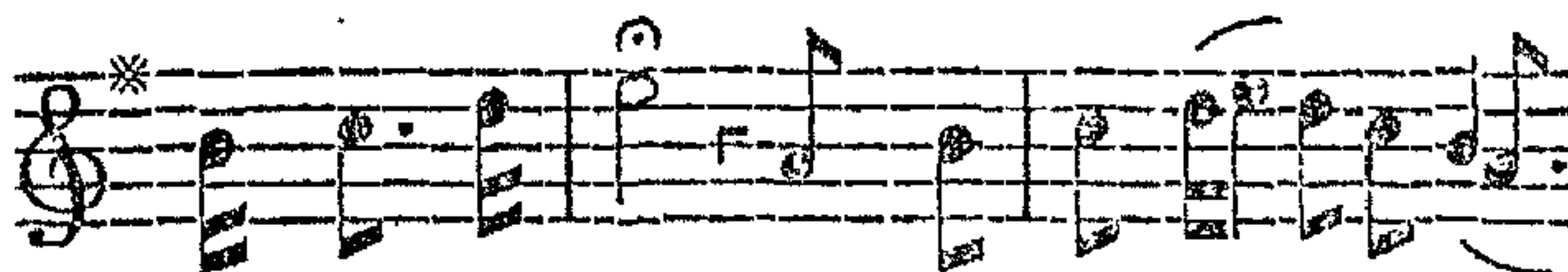


day be won, how 'twill cheer their hearts to hear, that  
their

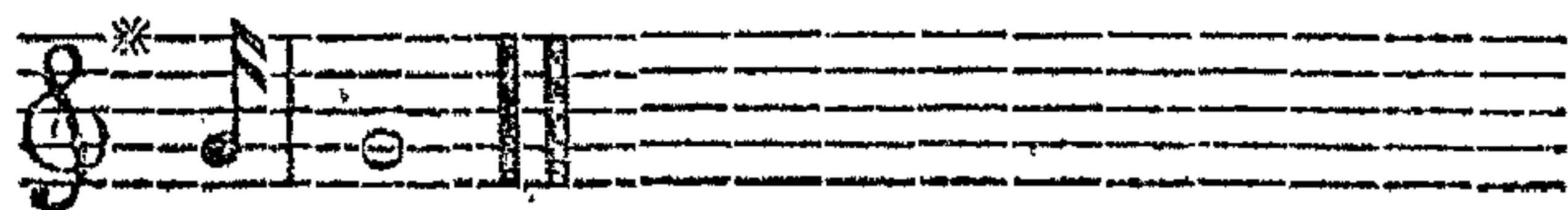




their old companion he was one. How 'twill cheer



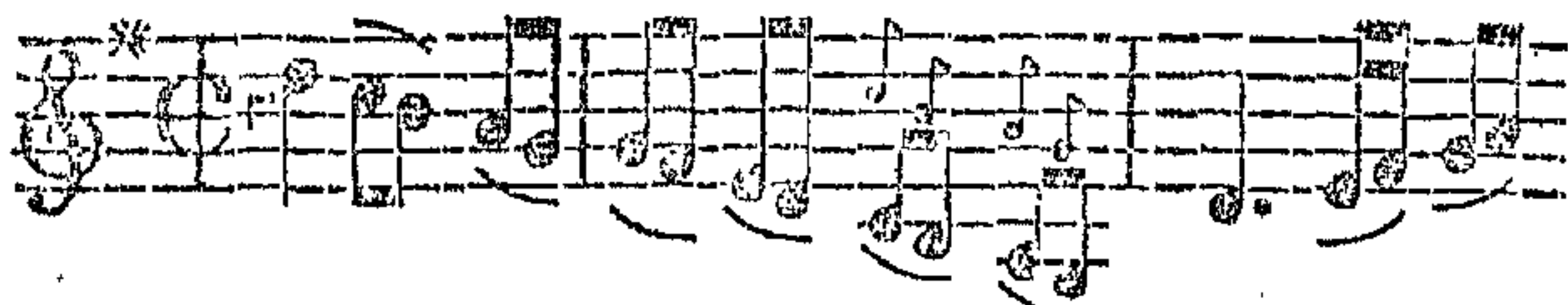
their hearts to hear, that their old companion he



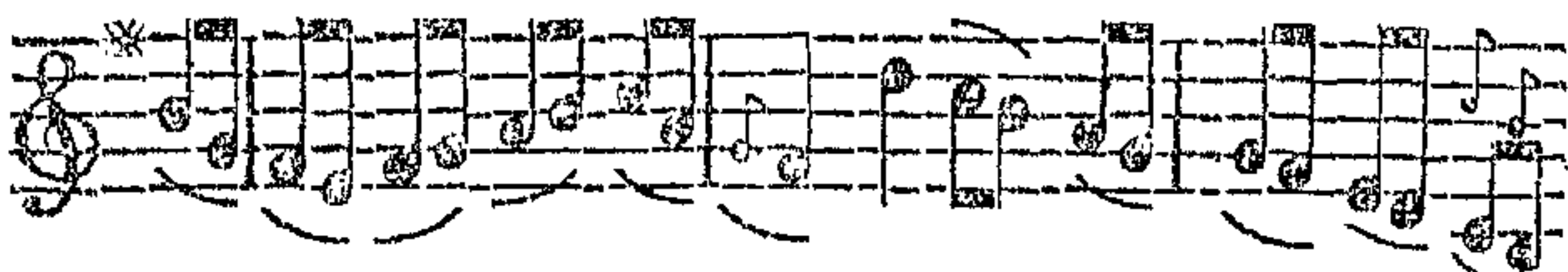
was one.

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

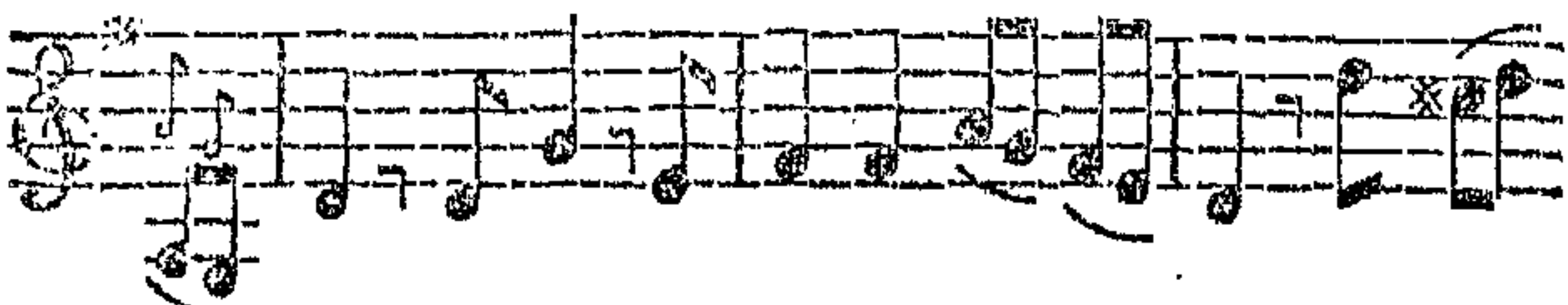
## SONG LIH.



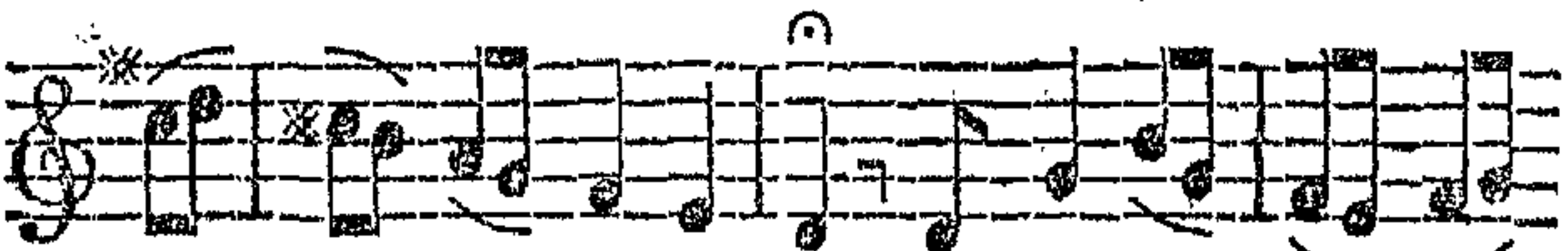
The wand'ring sailor ploughs the main, a com-



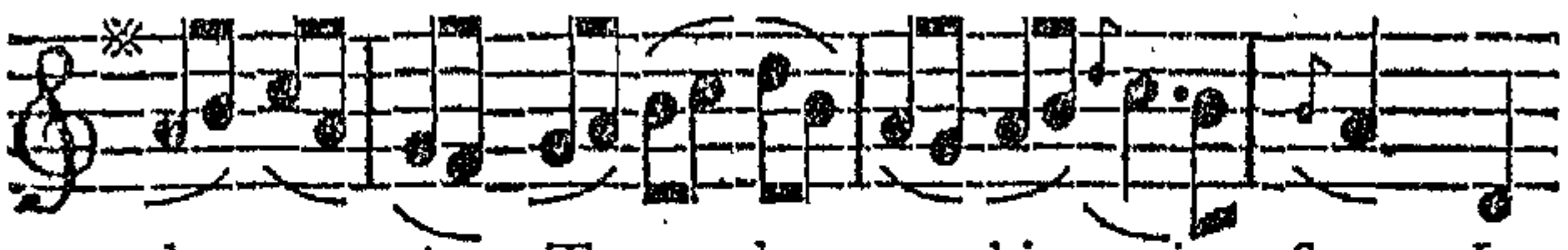
petence in life to gain, Undaunted braves the stor-



my seas, To find at last content and ease, To find



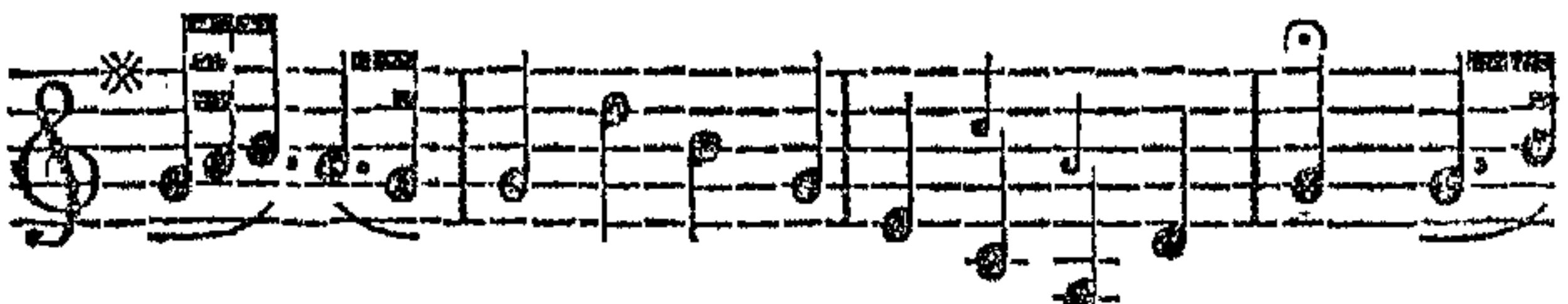
at last content and ease, In hopes when toil and



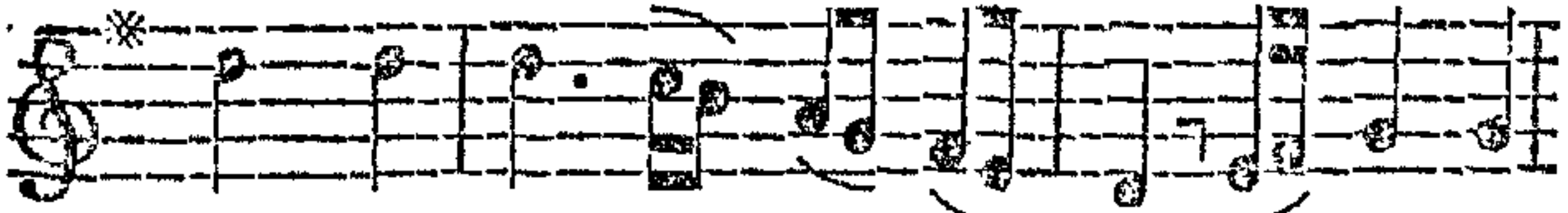
dangers o'er, To anchor on his native shore, In



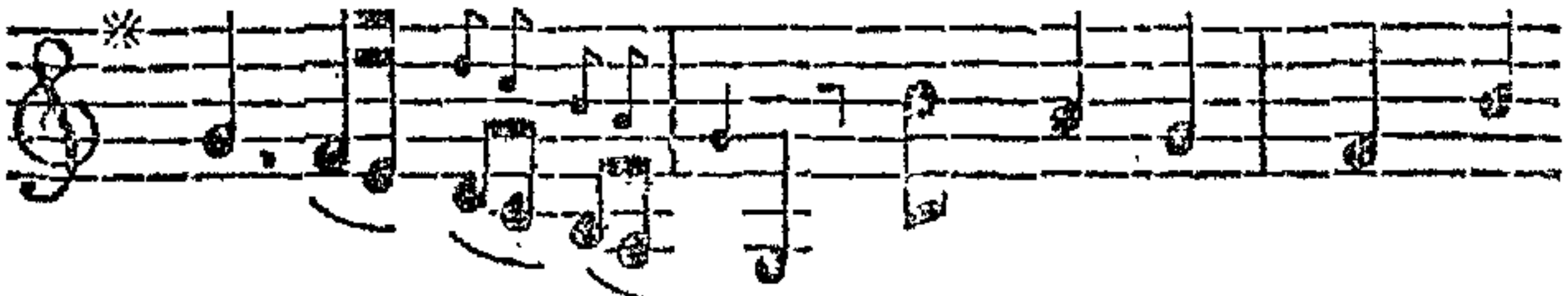
hopes when toil and dangers o'er, To anchor on his



na - tive shore, to anchor on his native shore. When  
winds



winds blow hard and mountains roll, and thunders



shake from pole to pole, Tho' dreadful waves sur-



rounding foam, still flatt'ring fan - cy wafts him home,



still flatt'ring fan - cy wafts him home, In hopes when



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



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



na - - tive shore, to anchor on his native shore.

\* When round the bowl the jovial crew,  
 The early scenes of youth renew,  
 Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,  
 This is the univ'fal toast :  
 This is the univ'fal toast :

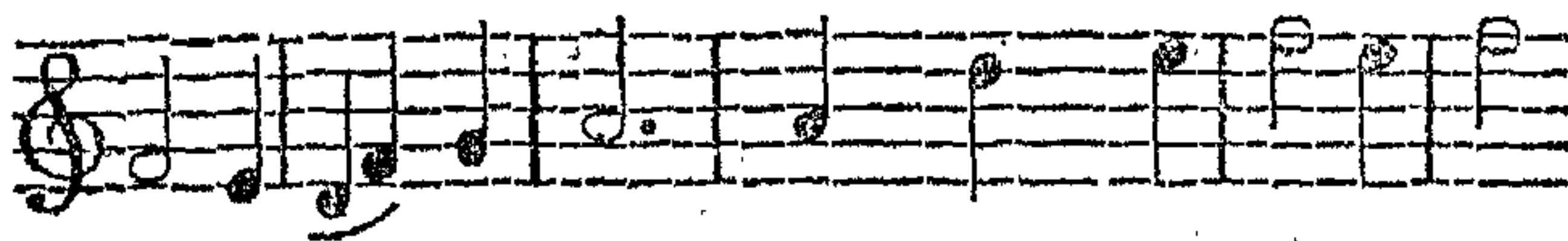
May we when toil and danger's o'er,  
 Cast anchor on our native shore,  
 May we when toil and danger's o'er,  
 Cast anchor on our native shore,  
 Cast anchor on his native shore.

\* These words to be sung to the first part of the tune.

## SONG LIV.



All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, the streamers



waving to the wind, When black'd ey'd Susan came



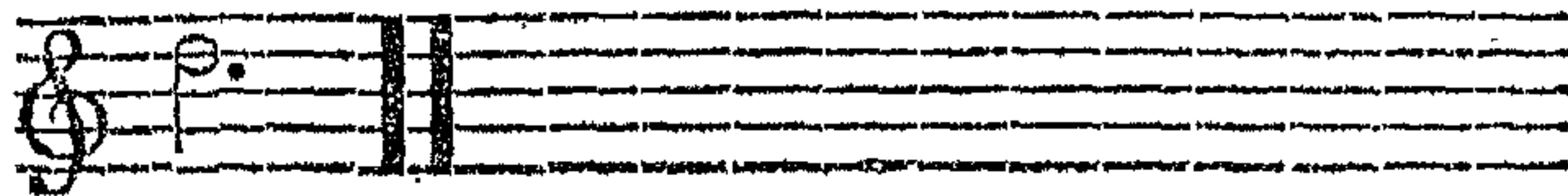
on board, Oh! where shall I my true love find; Tell



me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true, If my sweet Wil-



liam, if my sweet Willi - am, fails a - mong your



crew.

Williams

William, who high upon the yard,  
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,  
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below ;  
 The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,  
 And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,  
 And drops at once into her nest.  
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,  
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

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

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

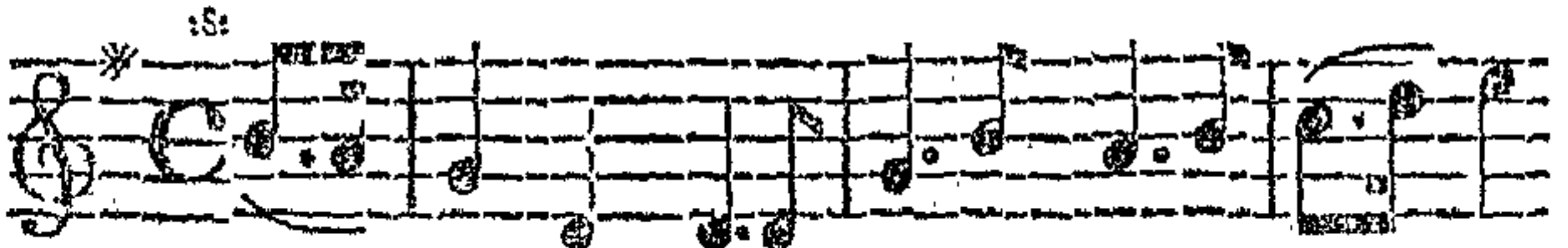
If to far India's coast we sail,  
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,  
 Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,  
 Thy skin is ivory so white ;  
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,  
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though

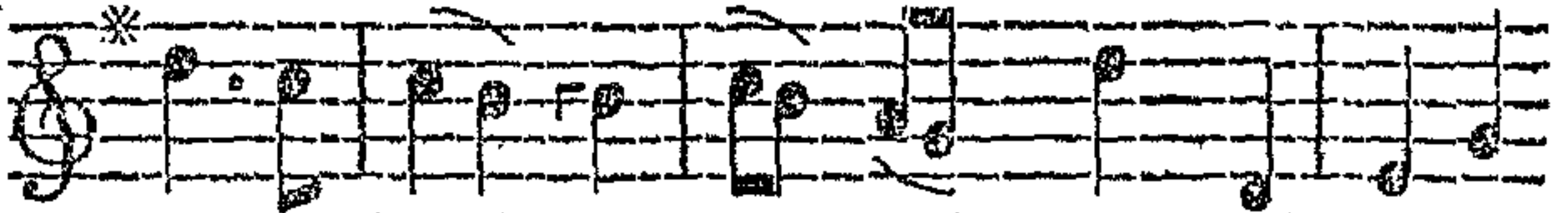
Though battle calls me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;  
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,  
 William shall to his dear return,  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,  
 No longer must she stay aboard :  
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.  
 Her leav'ning boat, unwilling rows to land :  
 Adieu, she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

## SONG LV.



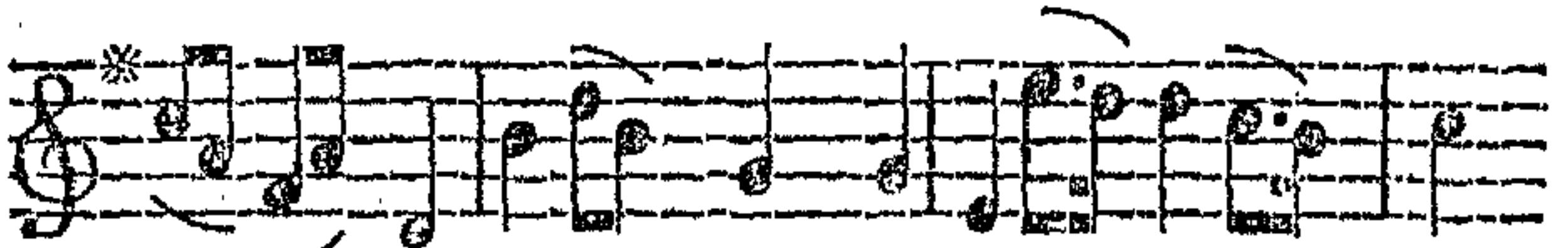
Blow high blow low let tempests tear the main-mast



by the board, My heart with thoughts of thee my



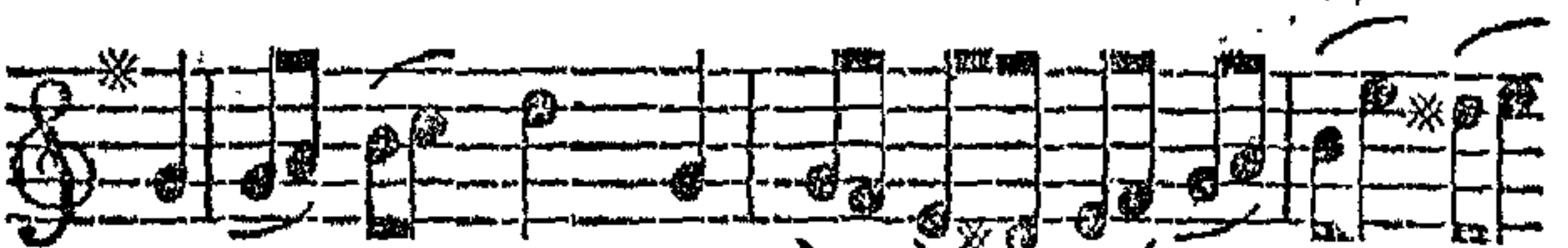
dear and love well stor'd, shall brave all danger, scorn



all fear, the roaring winds the raging sea in hopes



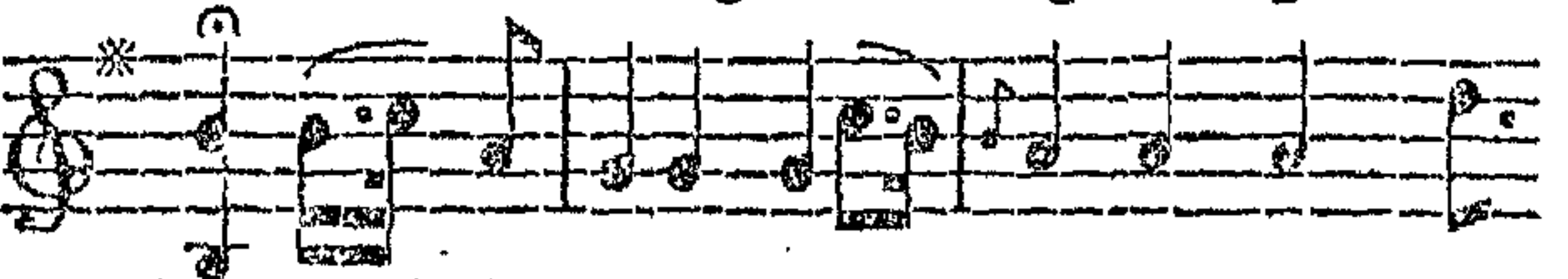
on shore to be once more safe moor'd with thee.



A - loft while mountains high we go, the whistling

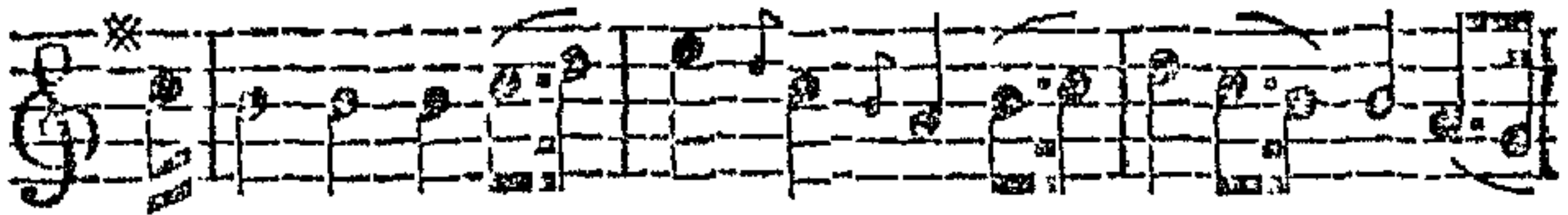


winds that scud a - long and the surge roaring from be-



low, shall my signal be to think on thee, shall  
my





my signal be to think on thee, and this shall be my



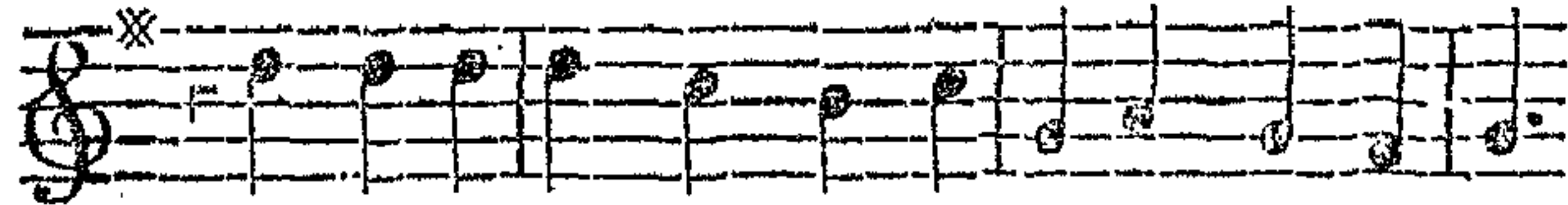
song, And on that night when all the crew the



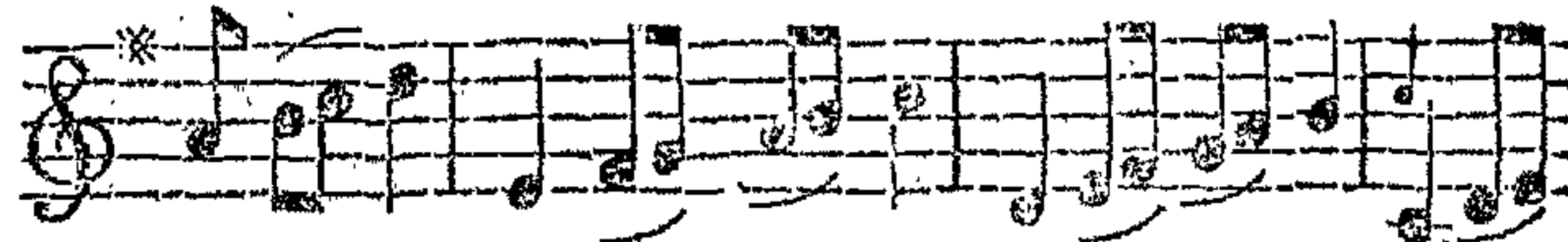
mem'ry of their former lives o'er flowing cans of flip



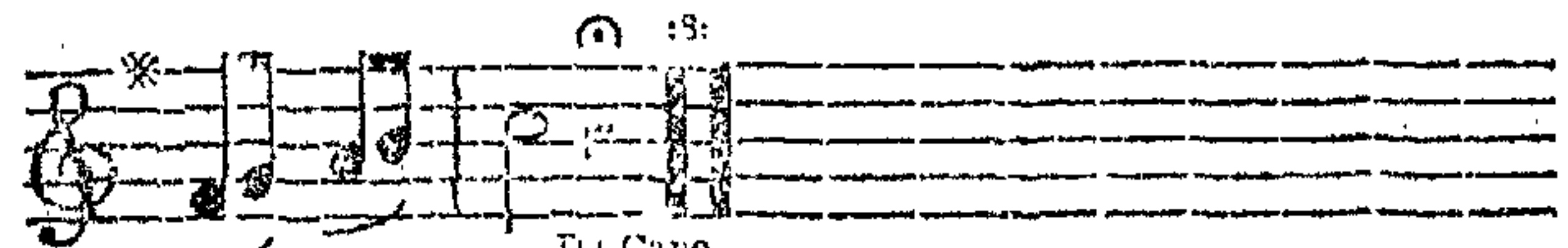
renew, and drink their sweet-hearts and their wives,



I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh and think on thee,



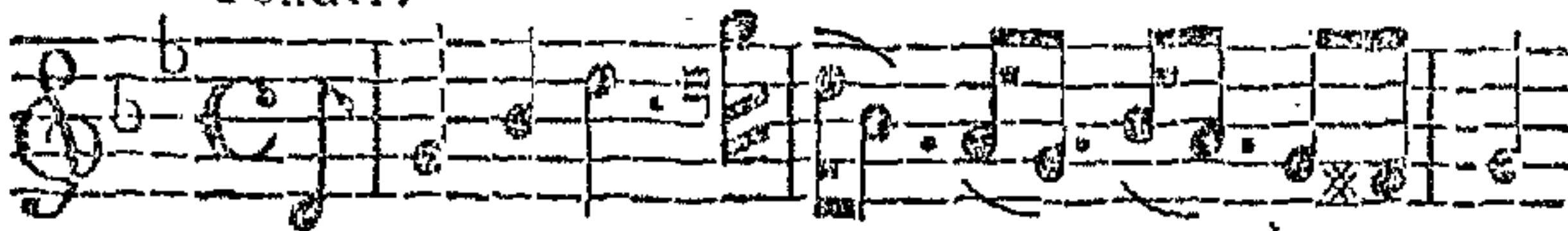
and as the ship rolls thro' the sea the bur-den of my



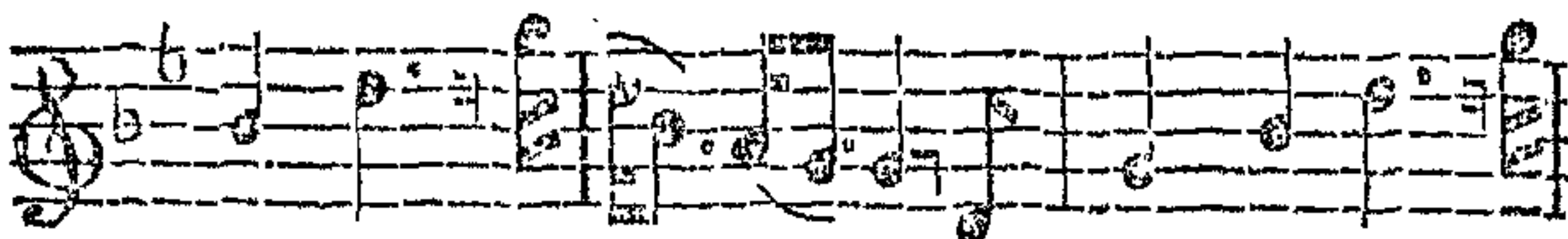
song shall be.

## SONG LVI.

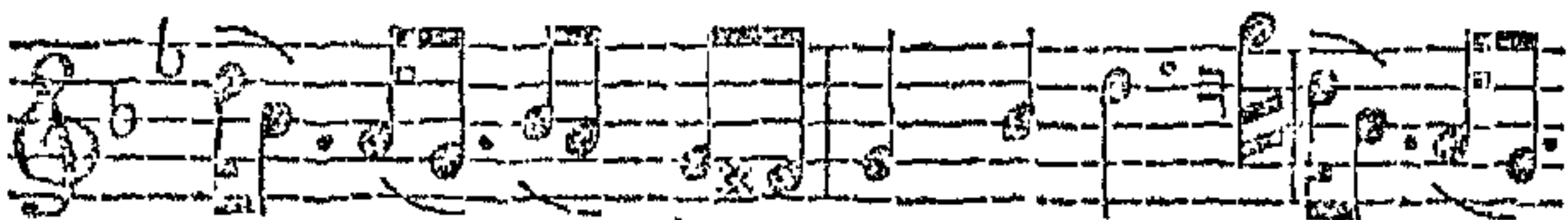
Tender.



Sweet Annie fra the sea beach came, Where Jock-



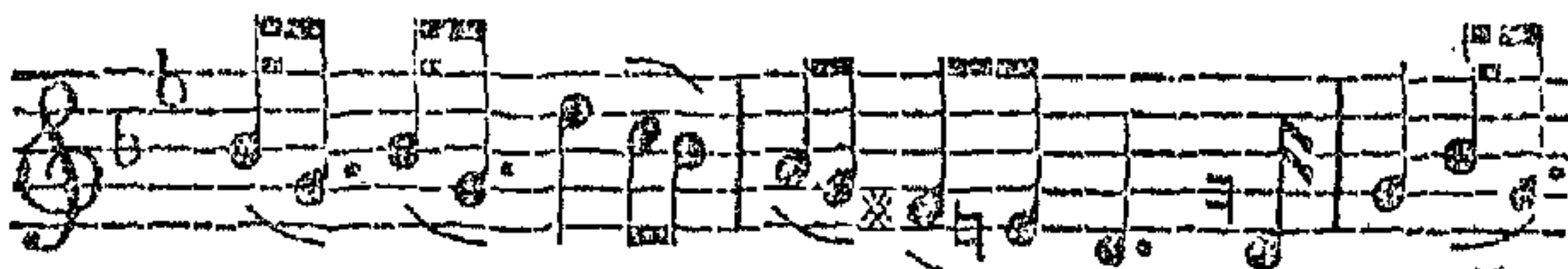
key speel'd the vessel's side : Ah ! wha can keep her



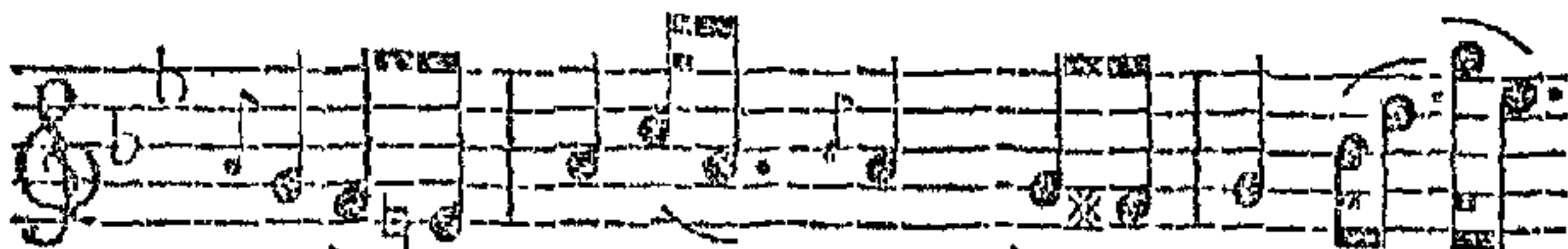
heart at hame, When Jockey's tofs'd a-boon the



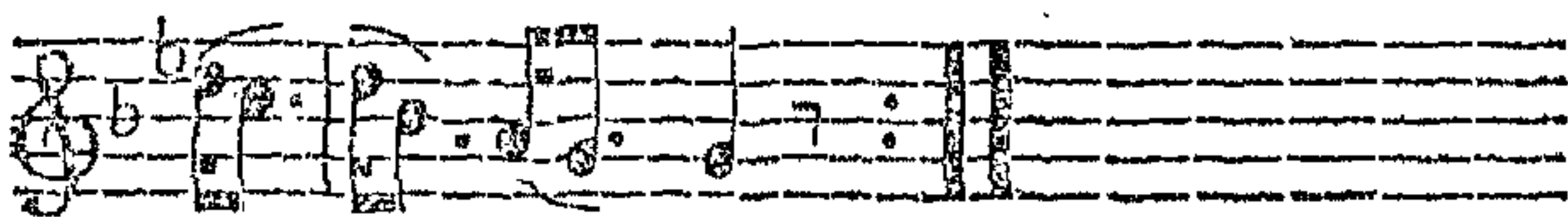
tide ! Far aff 'till distant realms he gangs, But



Ise be true, as he ha ben, And when ilk



lafs, a - round him thrangs, He'll think on An-



nie's faith - ful teen.

Our

Our weelthy laird I met yestern,  
 With gowd in hand he tempted me,  
 He prais'd my brow and rowan een,  
 And made a brag of what he'd gie.

What tho' my Jockey's far away,  
 Blaw'd up and dawn the awefome main,  
 Ife keep my heart anither day,  
 Syne Jockey may return again.

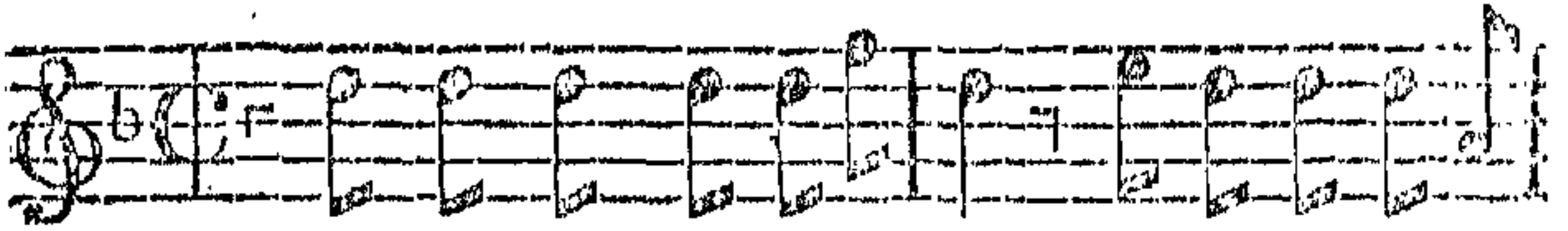
Nai mair fause Jamy sing nae mair,  
 And fairly cast your pipe away,  
 Thy Jockey wad be trubled fair,  
 'To see his freen his loo betray.

Yer fangs and a' yer verse is vain,  
 While Jockey's notes do faithful flow,  
 To him my heart sal true remain,  
 Ife keep it for my constant Jo.

Blaw soft ye gales round Jockey's head,  
 And gar ye waves be cawm and still,  
 His hameward fails with breezes speed,  
 And dinna a' my pleasures spill.

Tho' full o'erlang will be his stay,  
 Yet then he'll braw in filer shine,  
 Ife keep my heart a nither day,  
 Syne Jockey will agin be mine.

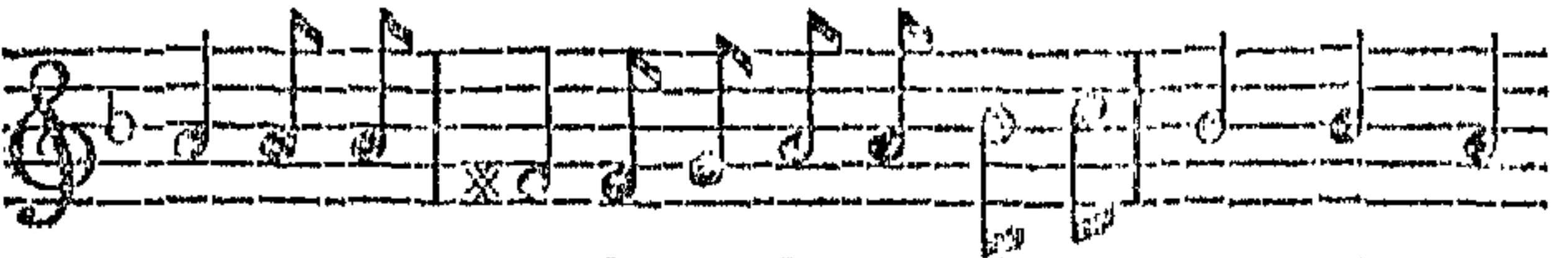
## SONG LVII.



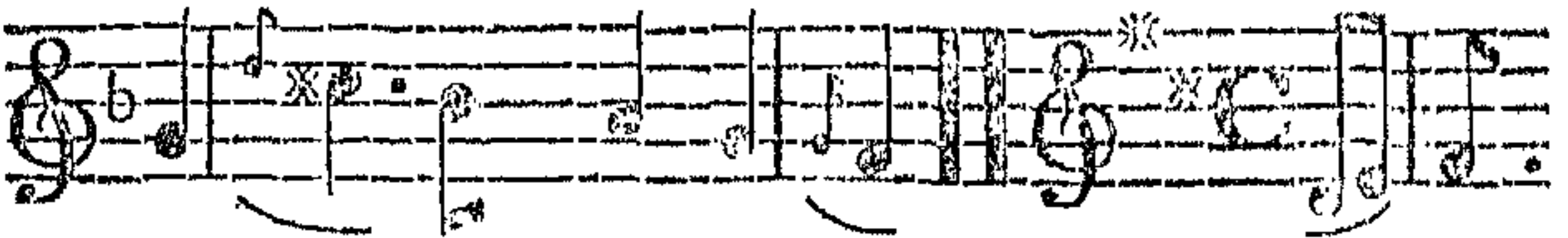
When the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the kye at



hame, And all the weary world asleep is gane; The

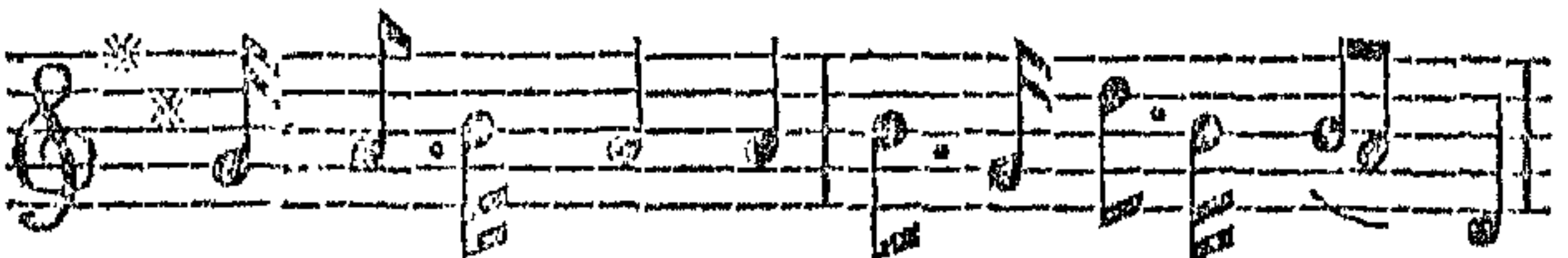


waes o' my heart fall in showers fra my eye, while my



gude man sleeps found by me.

Young Ja-



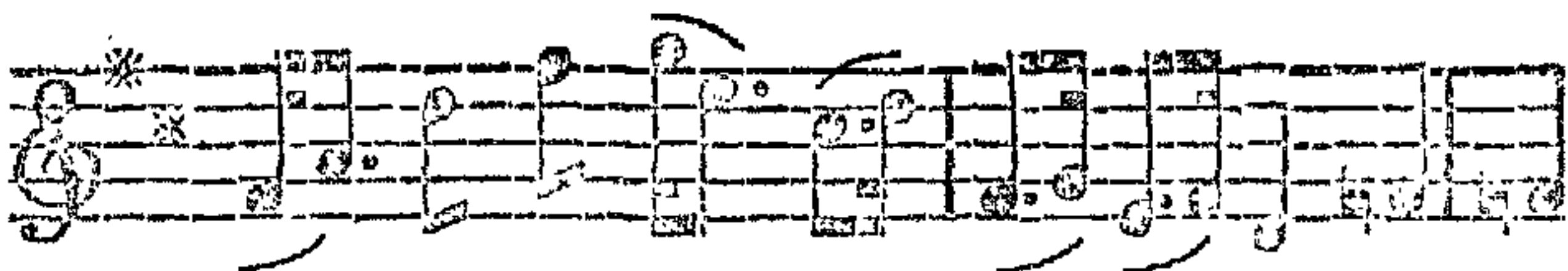
mie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his bride, but



faying a crown he had naething be-side, to make



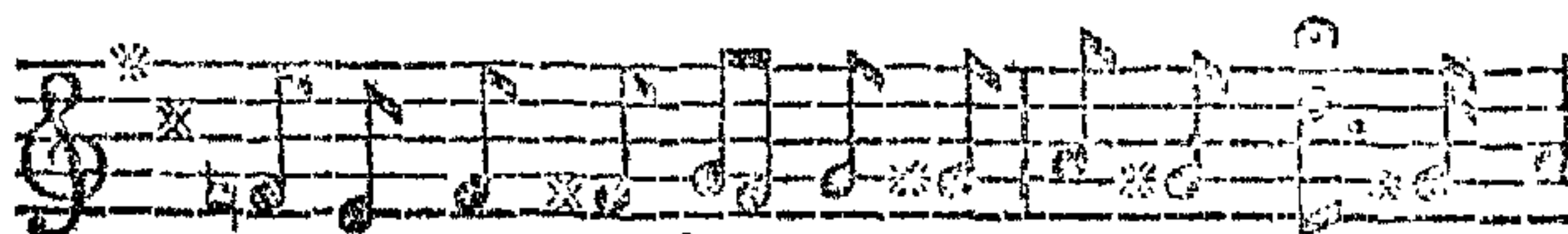
that crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea, and the



crown and the pound were baith for me: He had



nae been gane but a year and a day, when my



father brake his arm, and our cow was stole a-way;



My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,



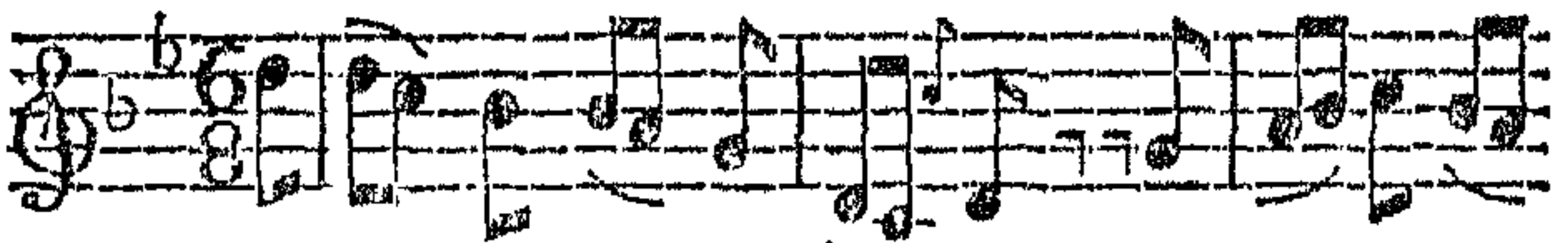
and Auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My faither cou'd nae wark, and my mither cou'd nae spin,  
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'd nae win,  
 Auld Robin fed en baith, and wi' tears in his eye,  
 Said Jeany for their sake, O pray marry me:  
 My heart is fast hae, and I look'd for Jamie back,  
 But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a wrack,  
 His ship was a wrack, why did nae Jeanie die,  
 And why was she spared to cry wae is me?

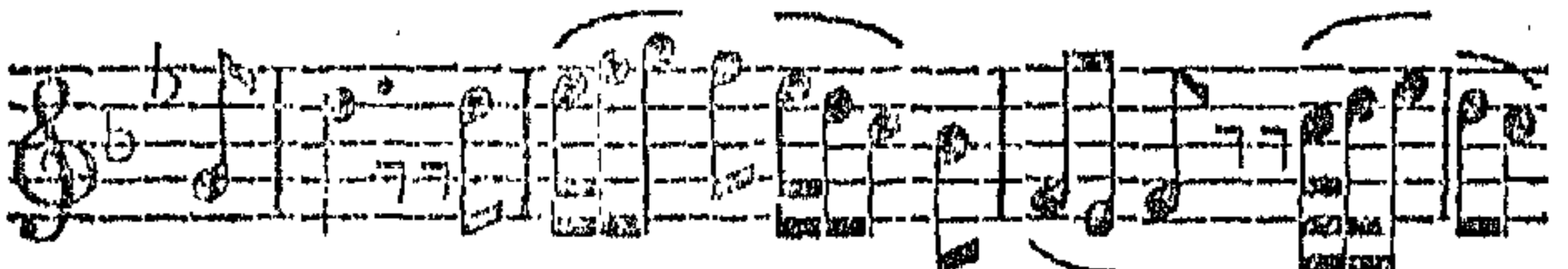
My father urg'd me sair, but my mither did nae speak,  
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,  
 Sa they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,  
 And Auld Robin Gray, was gude mon to me:  
 I had nae been a wife, but weeks only four,  
 When sitting sa mournfully, out my ain door,  
 I saw my Jamie's waift, for I cou'd nae think it he,  
 'Till he said, Love I am comed hame to marry thee.

Sair, fair did we greet, and mickle did we say,  
 We took but ane kifs, and we tore oursel's away,  
 I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee,  
 O why was I born to say waes me?  
 I gang like a ghaist, and I canna like to spin,  
 I dare nae think o' Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin,  
 But I'll da my best a gude wife to be,  
 For Auld Robin Gray, is very kind to me.

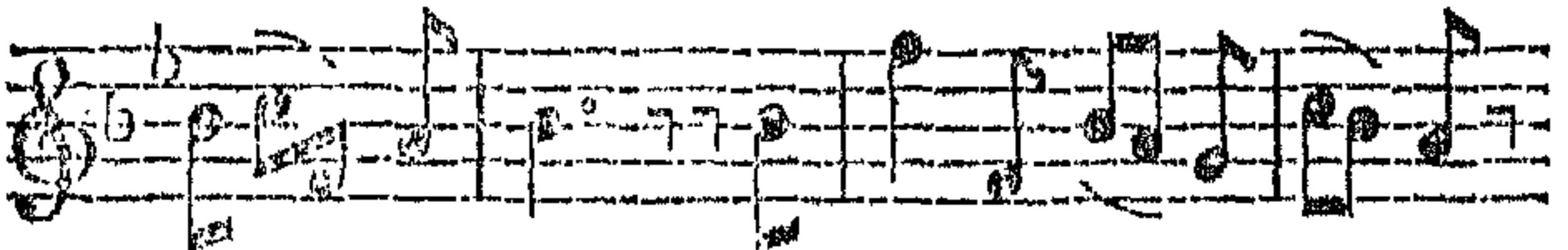
## SONG LVIII.



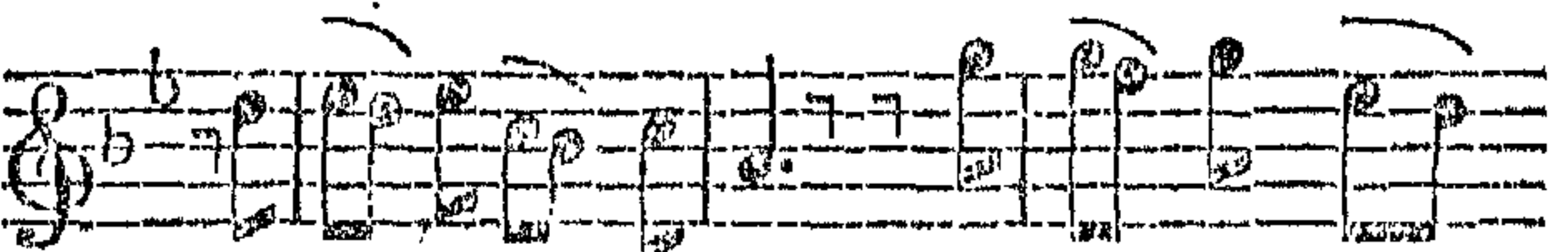
'Twas when the seas were roaring with hallow blasts



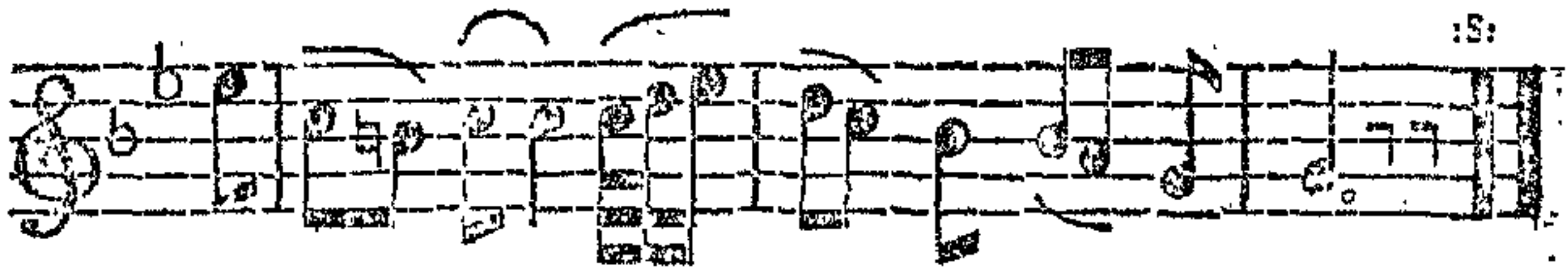
of wind, A dam-sel lay de-plor-ing all on



a rock reclin'd, Wide o'er the rolling billows



she cast a wishful look, Her head was crown'd  
 with



with willows that trembled o'er the brook.

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

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

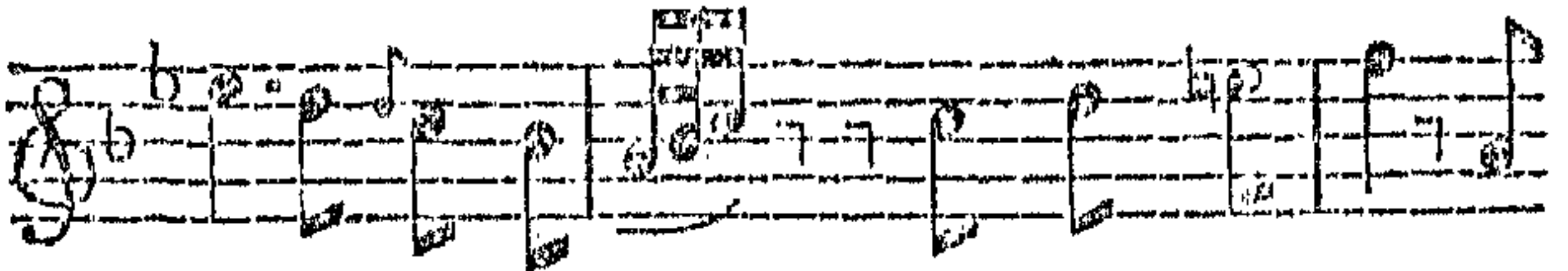
How can they say that Nature,  
 Has nothing made in vain;  
 Why then beneath the water,  
 Do hideous rocks remain:  
 No eyes the rocks discover,  
 That lurk beneath the deep;  
 To wrack the wand'ring lover,  
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,  
 Thus wail'd she for her dear;  
 Repaid each blast with sighing,  
 Each billow with a tear;  
 When o'er the white waves stooping,  
 His floating corps she spy'd;  
 Then like a lily drooping,  
 She bow'd her head and dy'd.

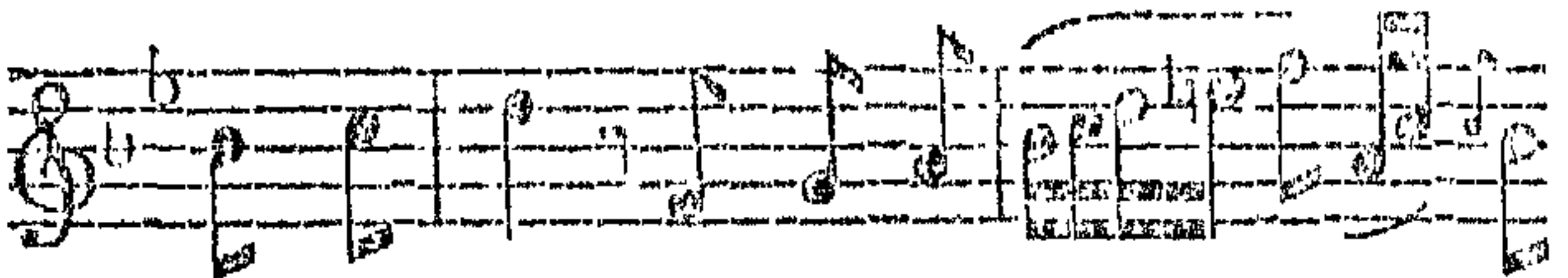
## SONG LIX.



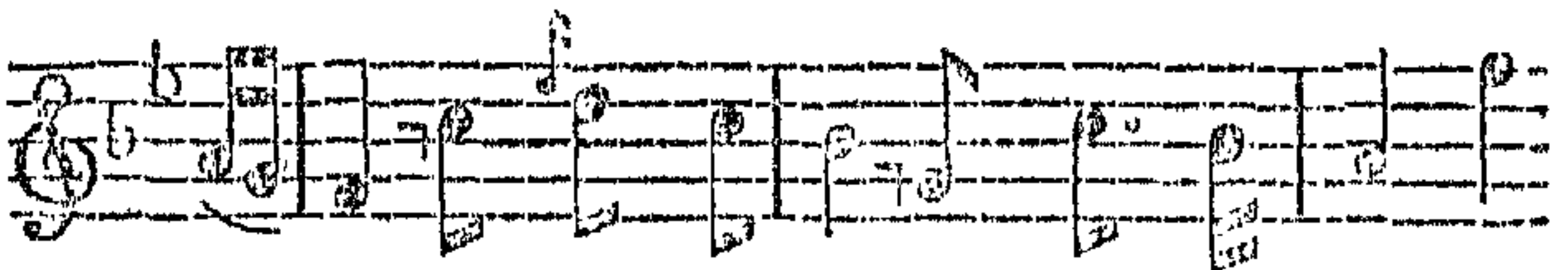
Auspicious spirits guard my love, In time of



danger near him bide, With out-spread wings a-



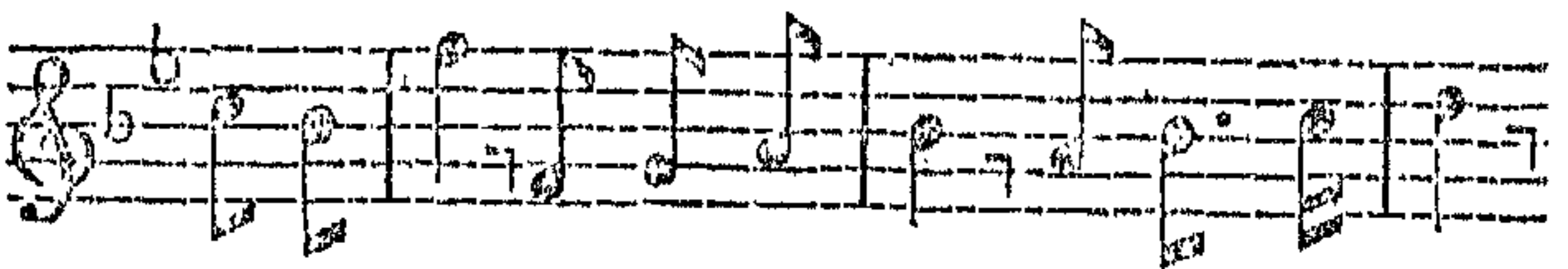
round him move, And turn each ran - - - dom ball



a-side, And you his foes tho' hearts of steel, Oh

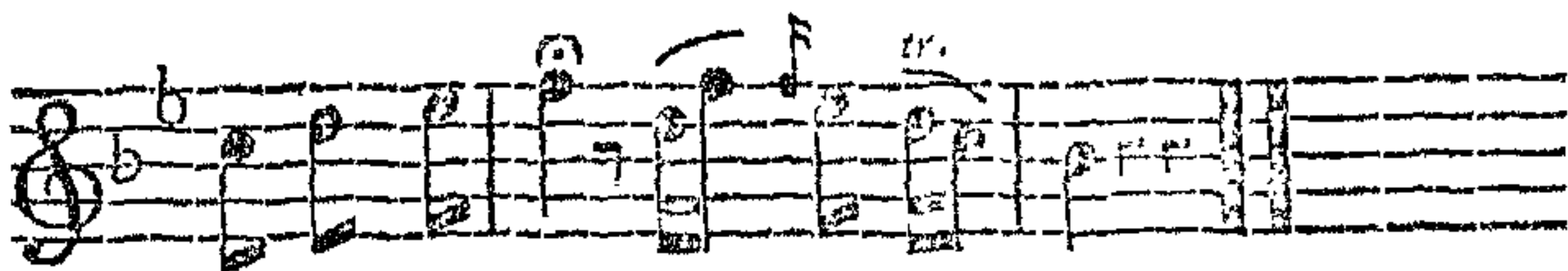


may you then with me accord, A sympathetic



passion feel, Behold his face, and drop the sword,  
Behold





Behold his face, and drop the sword.

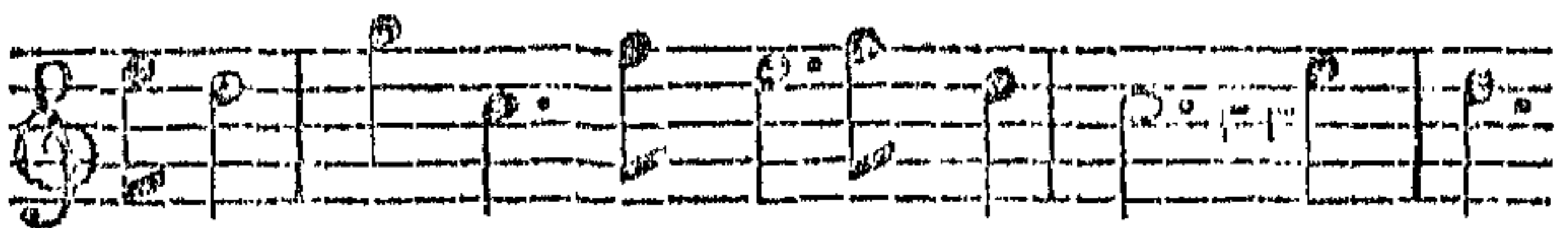
Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave,  
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,  
 Breathe soft, in sighs, and gently heave  
 The calm smooth bosom of the deep.

'Till Halcyon Peace, return'd once more,  
 From blasts secure and hostile harms,  
 My sailor views his native shore,  
 And harbours safe in these fond arms,  
 And harbours, &c.

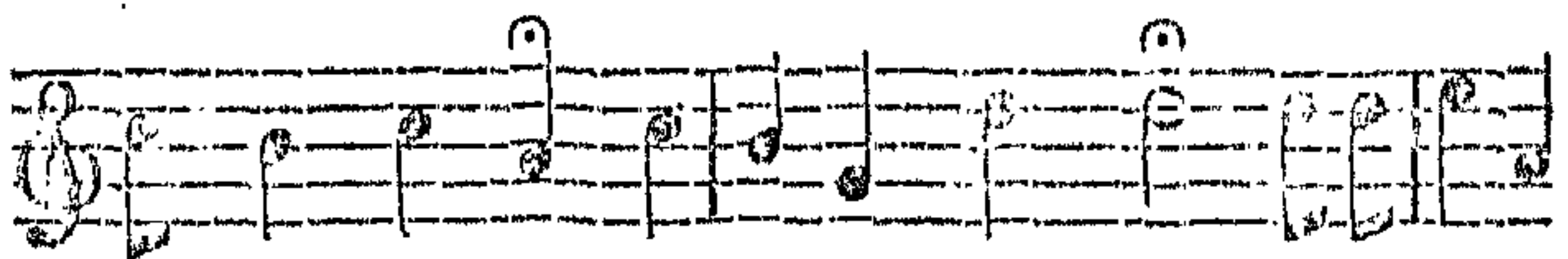
## SONG LX.



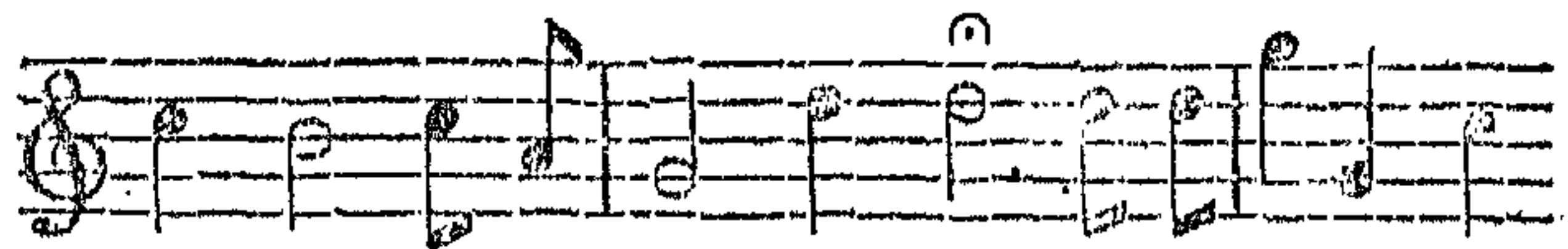
From ploughing the ocean and threshing Mounfieur



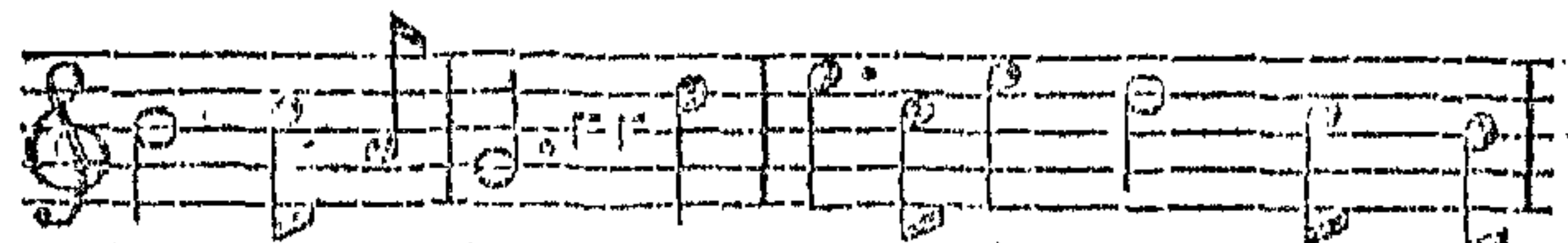
in Old England we're landed once more, Your hand



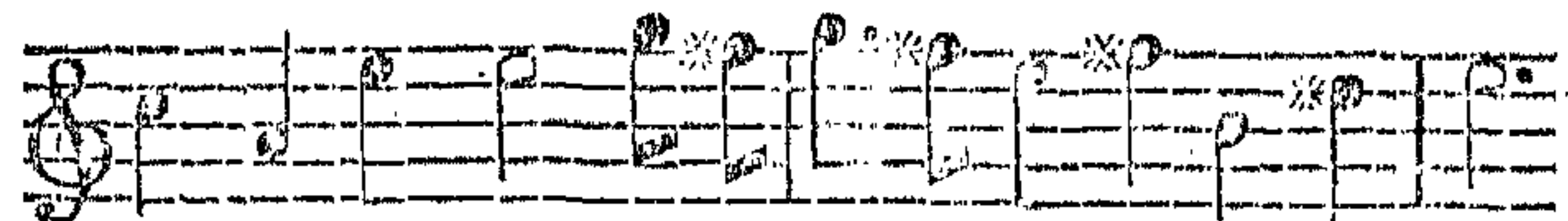
my brave comrades, hola boys, what cheer for a sailor



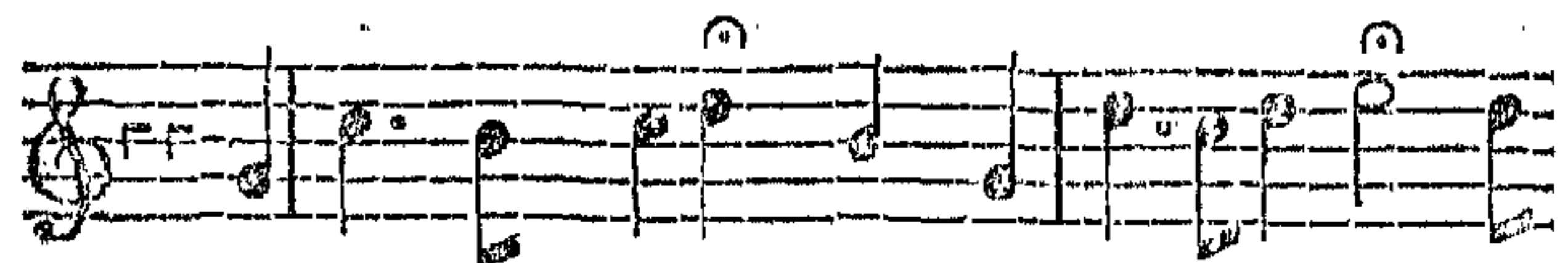
that's just come on shore, what cheer for a sailor that's



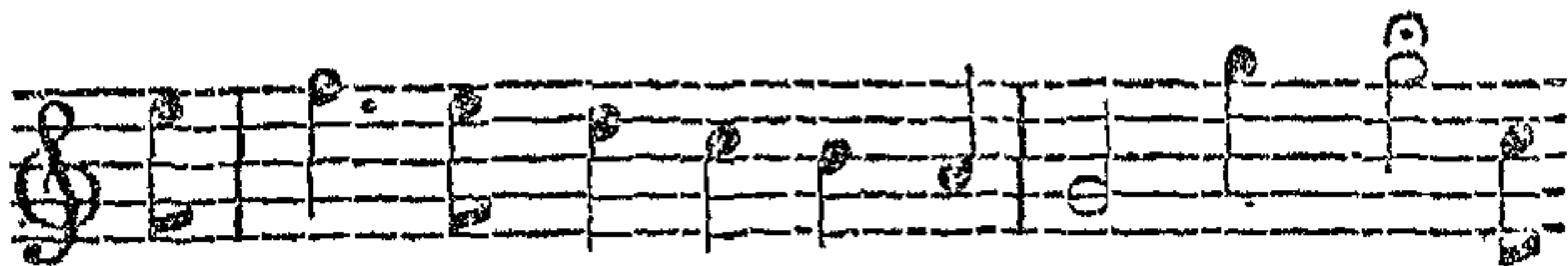
just come on shore. Those hectoring blades thought to



fear us, no doubt, and to cut us and slash us, Morbleu!



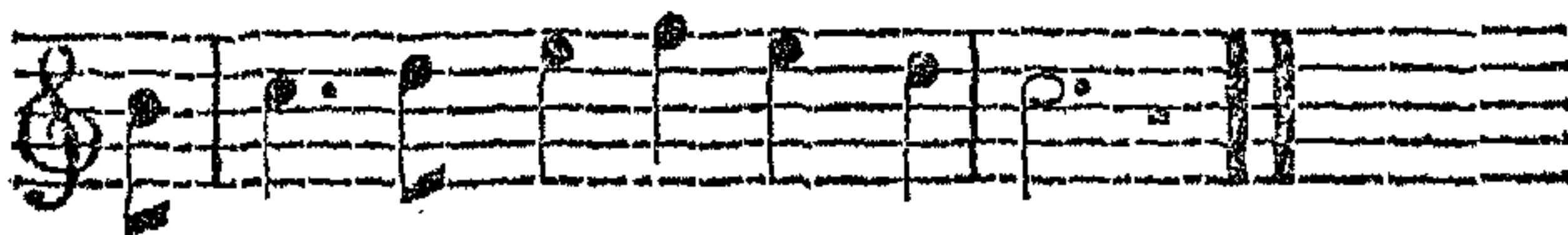
But hold there, avast! they were plaguily out, we  
have



have flic'd 'em, and pepper'd 'em too, we've flic'd, we



have flic'd 'em, and pepper'd 'em too, we've flic'd, we



have flic'd 'em, and pepper'd 'em too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence know,

Yon invaders shall soon do us right ;

The lion may rouse, when he hears the cock crow,

But can never be put in a fright.

No, no,—But can never, &c.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,

Your damn'd party and idle contest,

And let all your strife be like us honest tars,

Who shall fight for his country the best.

The best—Who shall fight, &c.

Now long live the king, may he prosperous reign,

Of no faction no power afraid,

May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,

At all points of the compass display'd.

Display'd—At all points, &c.

No quick-sands endanger, no rocks overwhelm,

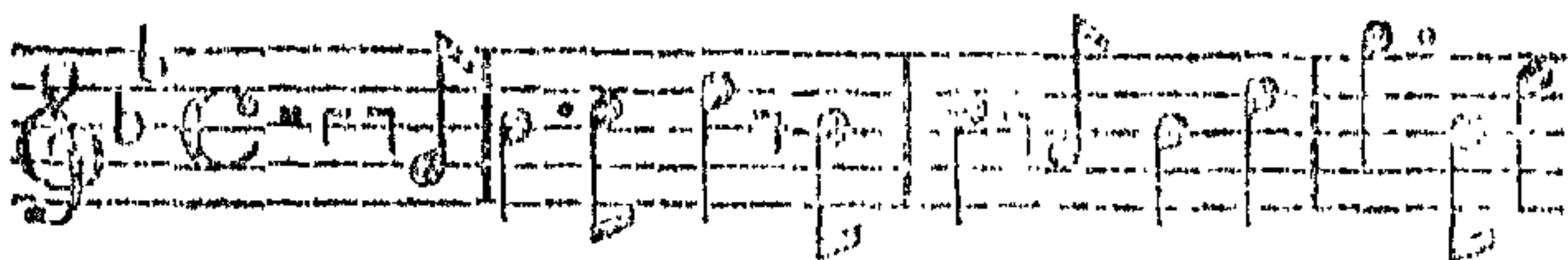
Steady, steady, and safe may she sail ;

No ignorant pilot e'er sit at her helm,

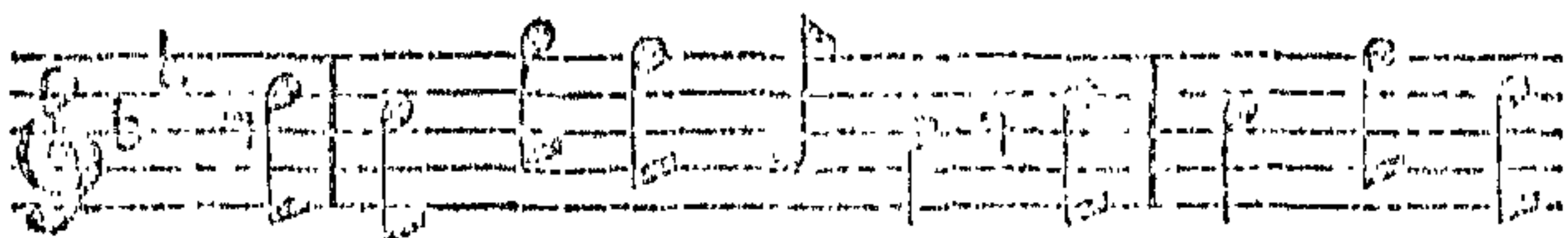
Or her anchor of liberty fail,

No, no,—Or her anchor, &c.

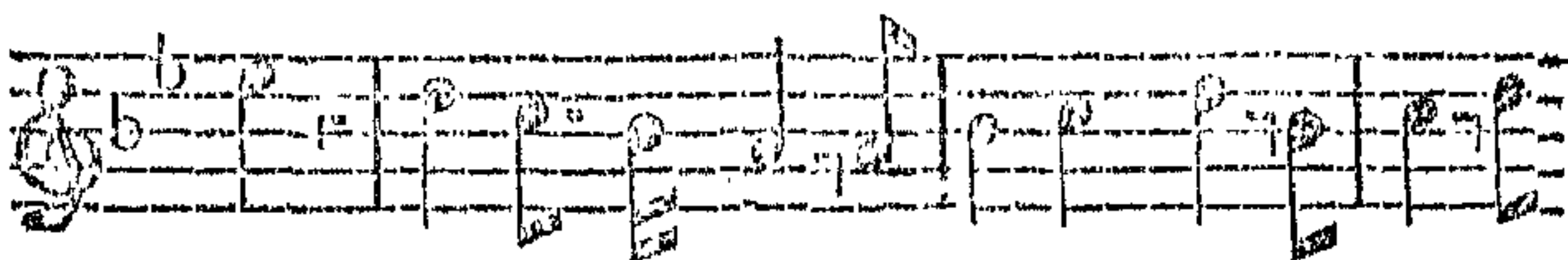
## SONG LXI.



My former time how brisk and gay so blith was I,



as blith, as blith could be; But now, now I'm



sad, Ah well a - day, for my true love is gone to

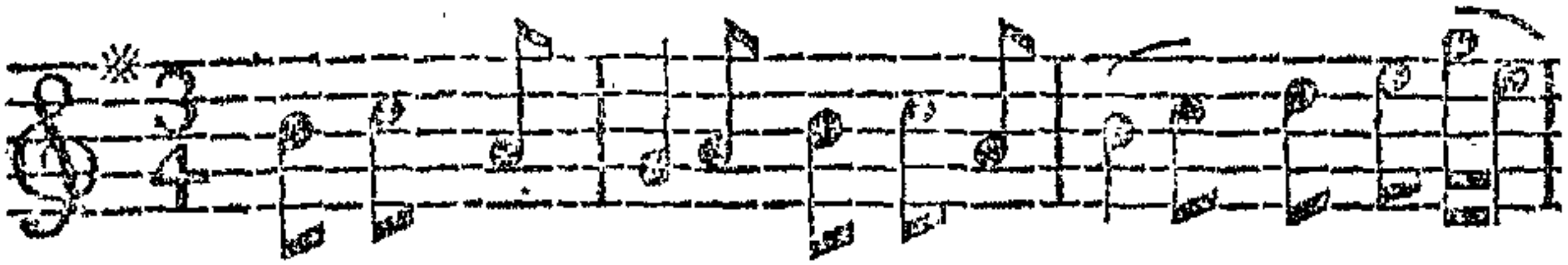


sea, For my true love is gone, is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,  
 Their wheedling arts are lost on me;  
 For I to death shall love but one,  
 And he, alas! is gone to sea.

As droop the flowers, till light return,  
 As mourns the dove its absent she;  
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,  
 Till my true love returns from sea.

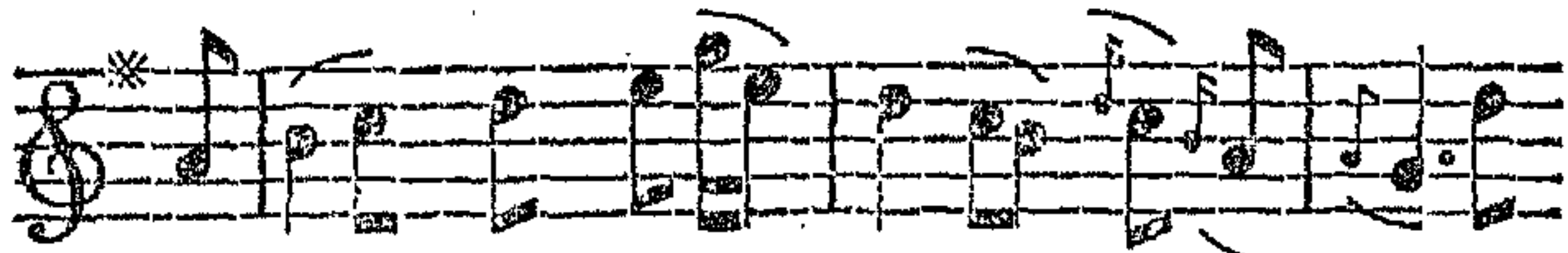
S O N G LXII.



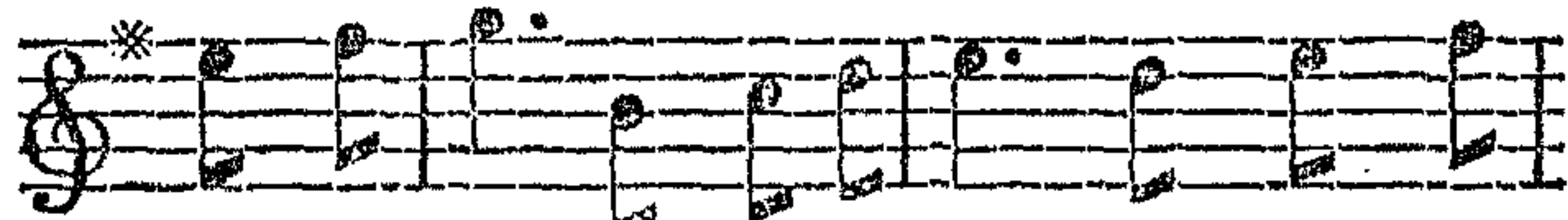
Behold from many an hostile shore, and all the



dangers of the main, Where tempests burst, and bil-



lows roar, Your faithful Tom returns a - gain, Re-



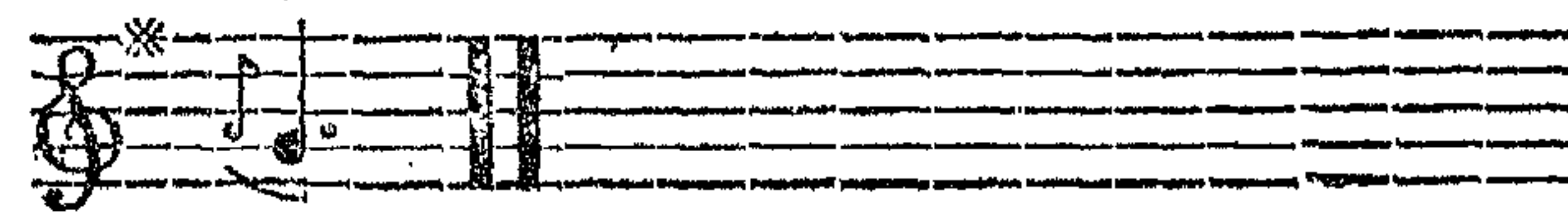
turns and brings with him a heart, which ne'er from



Sally shall depart, Returns and brings with him a



heart, which ne'er from Sal - ly shall de.



part.

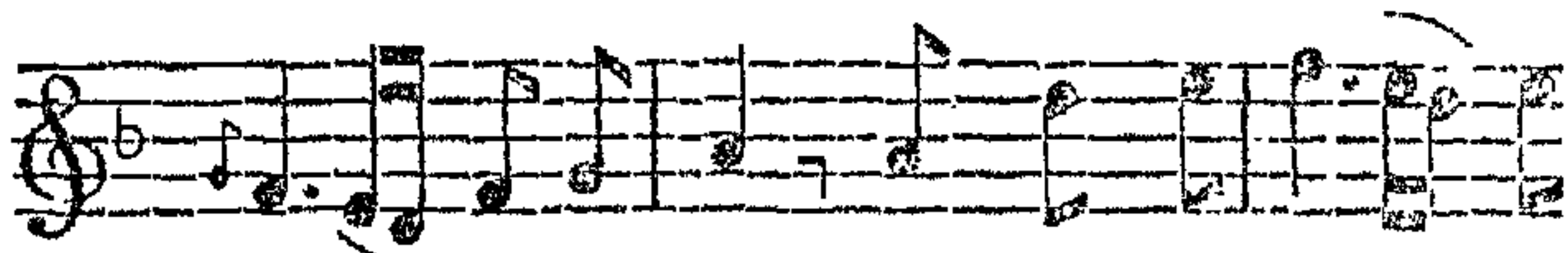
After

After long toil and danger past,  
How sweet to tread our native soil,  
With conquest to come home at last,  
And deck our sweet-hearts with the spoil,  
No one to beauty shou'd pretend,  
But such as dare its rights defend.  
No one, &c.

## SONG LXIII.



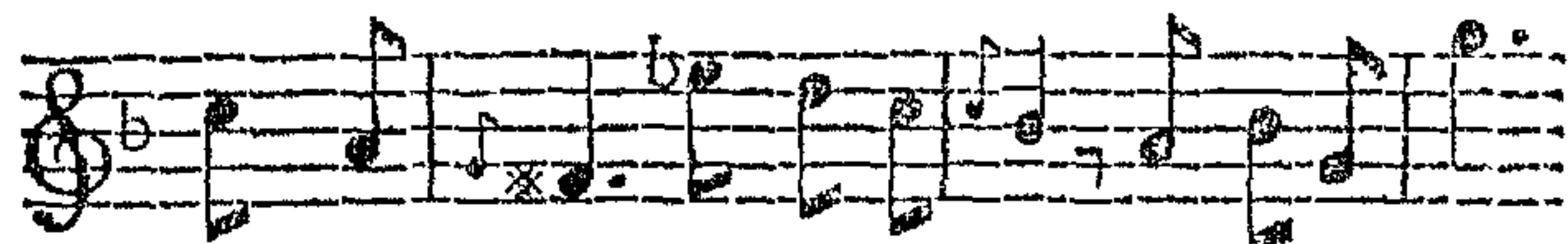
Fair Sally lov'd a bonny seaman, With tears she



sent him out to roam : Young Thomas lov'd no o-



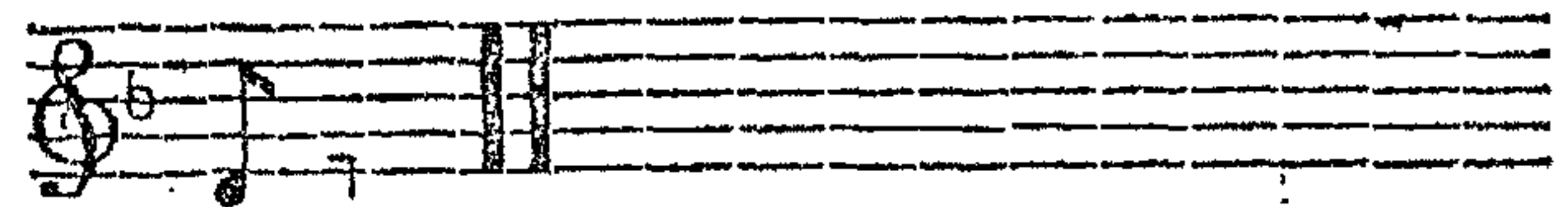
ther woman, But left his heart with her at home. She



view'd the sea from off the hill, And as she turn'd



the spinning wheel, Sung of her bonny sea-



man.

The winds blew loud and she grew paler,  
 To see the weather-cock turn round :  
 When lo ! she spy'd her bonny failor,  
 Come whist'ling o'er the fallow ground ;  
 With nimble haste he leap'd the stile,  
 And Sally met him with a smile.  
 And hugg'd her bonny failor.

N

Fast

Fast round the waist he took his Sally,  
 But first around his mouth wip'd he,  
 Like home-bred spark he cou'd not dally,  
 But press'd and kifs'd her with a glee.  
 Thro' winds and waves and dashing rain,  
 Cry'd he, thy Tom's return'd again,  
 And brings a heart for Sally.

Welcome, she cry'd, my constant Thomas,  
 Tho' out of sight, ne'er out of mind ;  
 Our hearts, tho' seas have parted from us,  
 Yet they my thoughts did leave behind :  
 So much hath fancy took thy part,  
 That time nor absence from my heart  
 Cou'd drive my bonny Thomas.

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

This thimble didst thou give to Sally,  
 Whilst this I see, I think of you ;  
 Then why does Tom stand still-I shall-I,  
 While yonder steeple is in view.  
 Tom never to occasion blind,  
 Now took her in the coming mind,  
 And went to church with Sally.

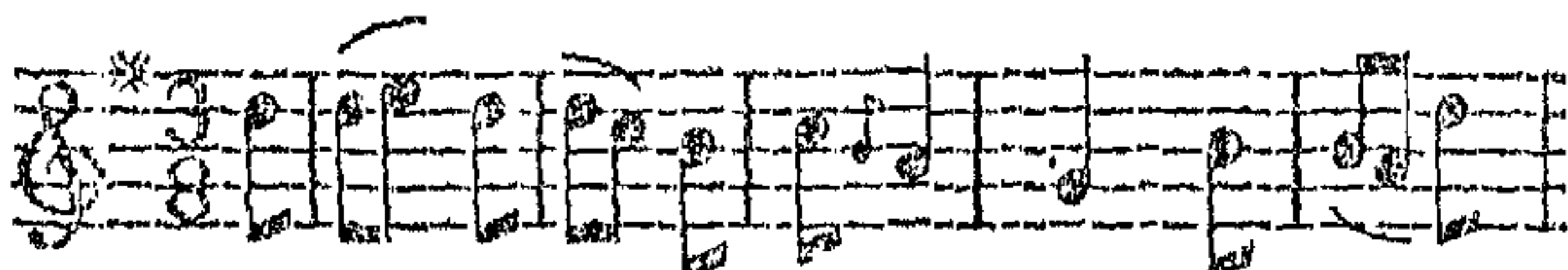


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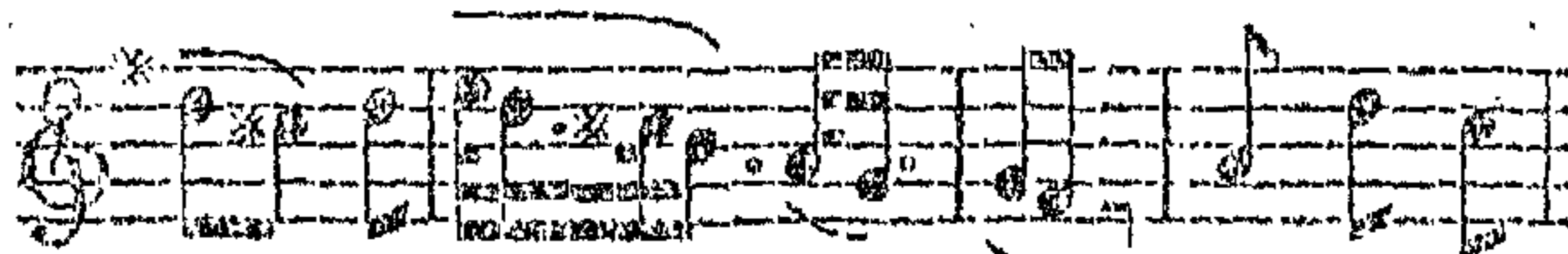
LOVE SONGS.

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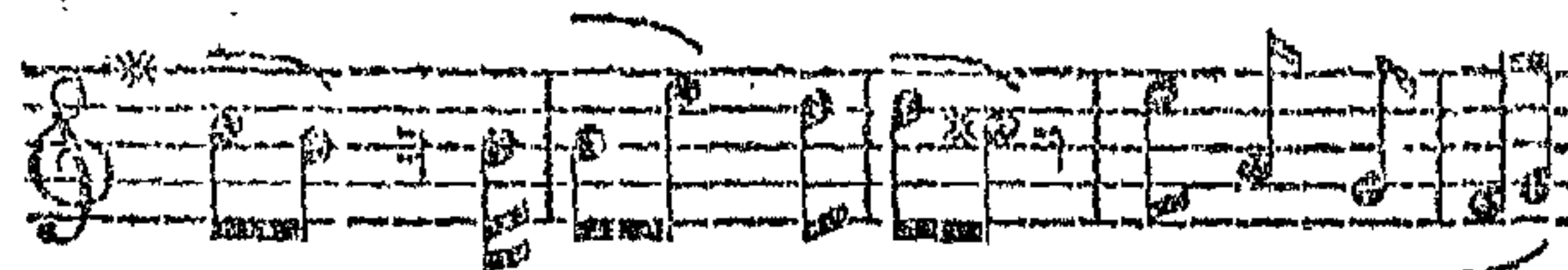
S O N G L X I V .



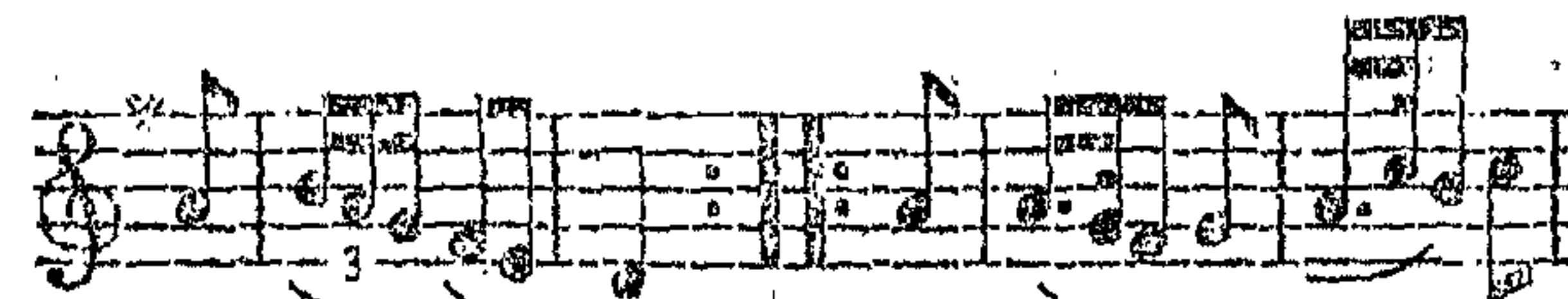
When here, Lucinda, first we came, Where Arno



rolls his sil - - - - ver stream ; How brisk the



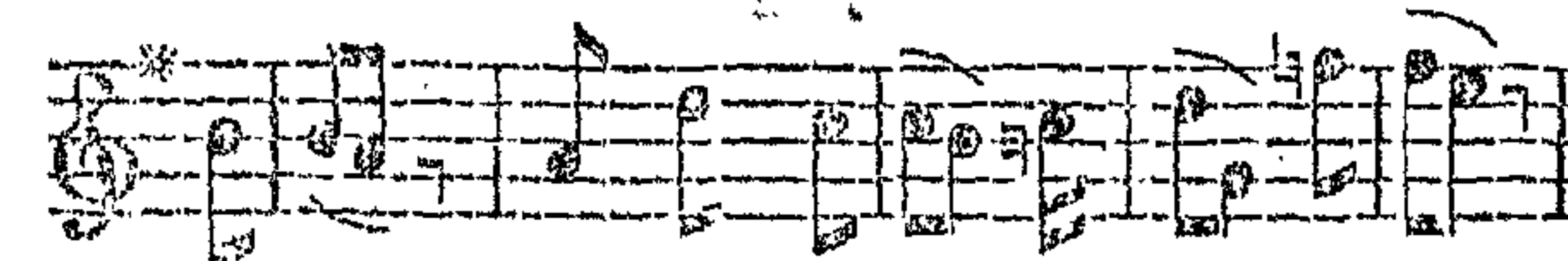
nymphs, the swains how gay, content inspir'd



each ru - ral lay, The birds in liveli - er



concert fung, the grapes in thick - - - er cluf-



ters hung ; All look'd as joy could ne - ver fail,  
among

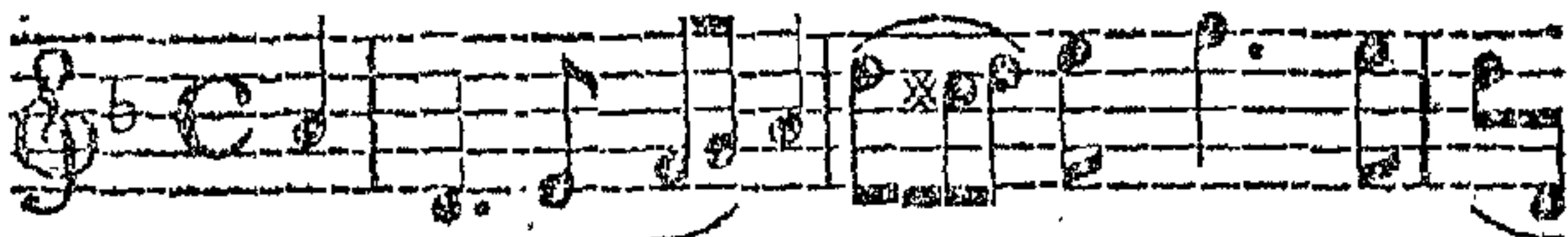


among the sweets of Arno's vale.

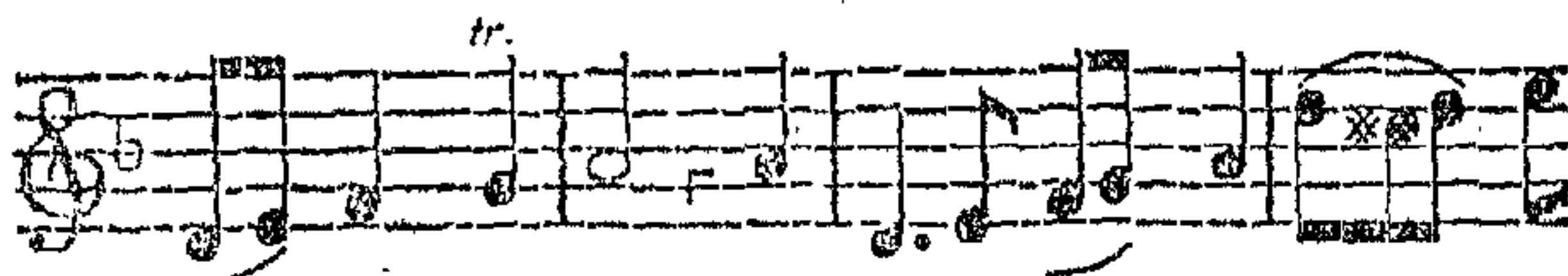
But now since good Palemon dy'd,  
 The chief of shepherds and the pride,  
 Now Arno's fons must all give place  
 To Northern swains, an iron race,  
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er,  
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more,  
 The muses droop, the Goths prevail,  
 Adieu! the sweets of Arno's vale.

## SONG LXV.

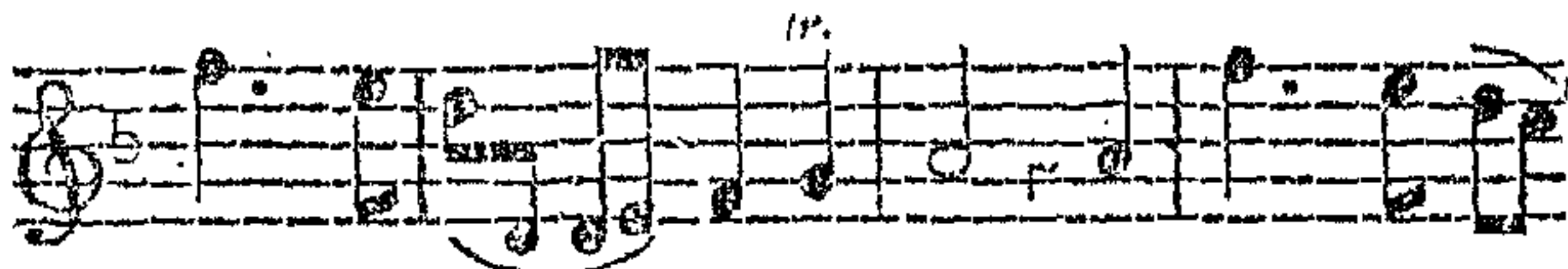
Not too fast.



At Rofs how alter'd is the scene! Lo, Pen-



yard's beauties fail! Lost is his crown of smi - - ling



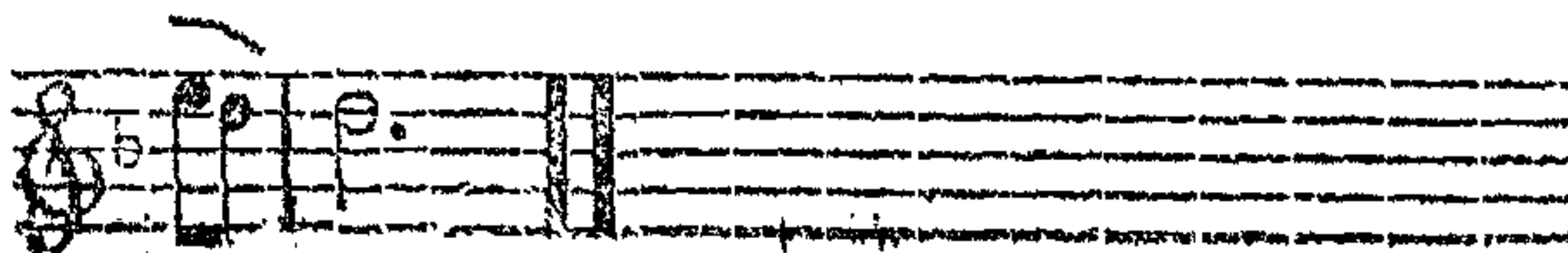
green, and fogs his summit veil; Old Wye, his ma-



zy course restrain'd, Lies o'er his urn supine; In



ice his idle feet are chain'd, with frost his tref-



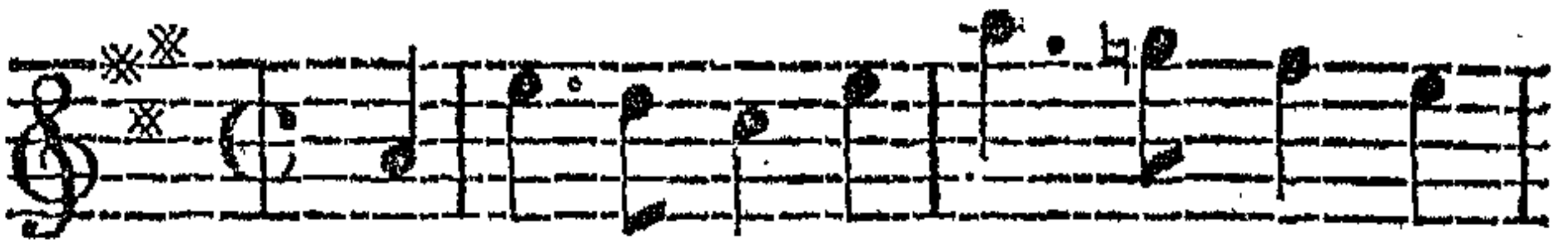
les shine,

On yonder hills that bound our sight,  
 Already lies the snow ;  
 Their sides long streaks of dazzling white,  
 Amidst their azure shew.  
 Thy trees, Kyrle, favourite of the muse,  
 Bare, bleak, and naked stand,  
 No pleasing spots, no charming views,  
 Thy prospect can command.

'Tis cold and melancholy all,  
 'Tis dreary to the eye,  
 And with Old Wilton's warlike wall,  
 In ruin seems to lye.  
 What now, Lucinda, life inspires,  
 What now can make us gay ;  
 Thy look, our breasts, Lucinda, fires,  
 Thy look creates a May.

But Oh ! when age, life's winter comes,  
 What then, my fair one, say,  
 What wit, art, object, pow'r, or sums,  
 What then will make us gay.  
 Virtue, the charmer, sweet replies,  
 Will soften age's brow,  
 Virtue, though wit, or beauty flies,  
 Will make us gay as now.

S O N G LXVI.



The gentle swan with graceful pride, Her



glossy plumage laves, And sailing down



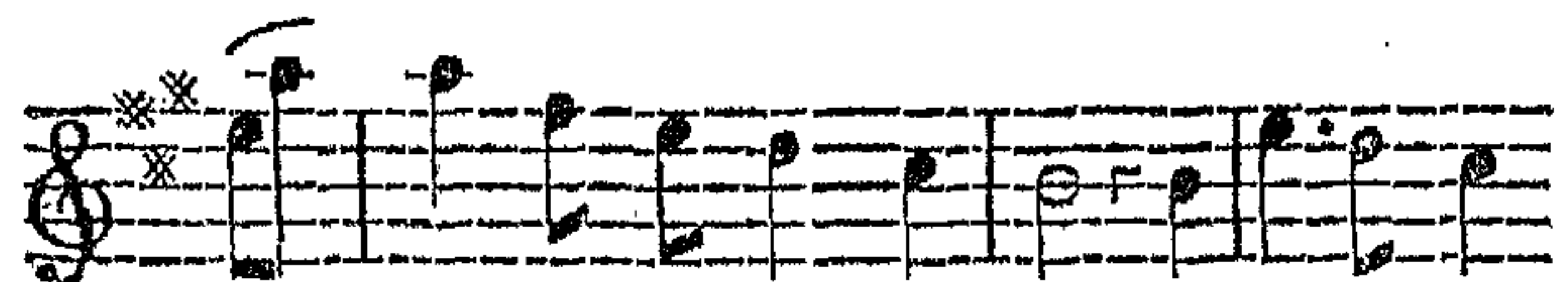
the sil - ver tide, Divides the whisp'ring



waves - - - - - , divides the whisp'ring



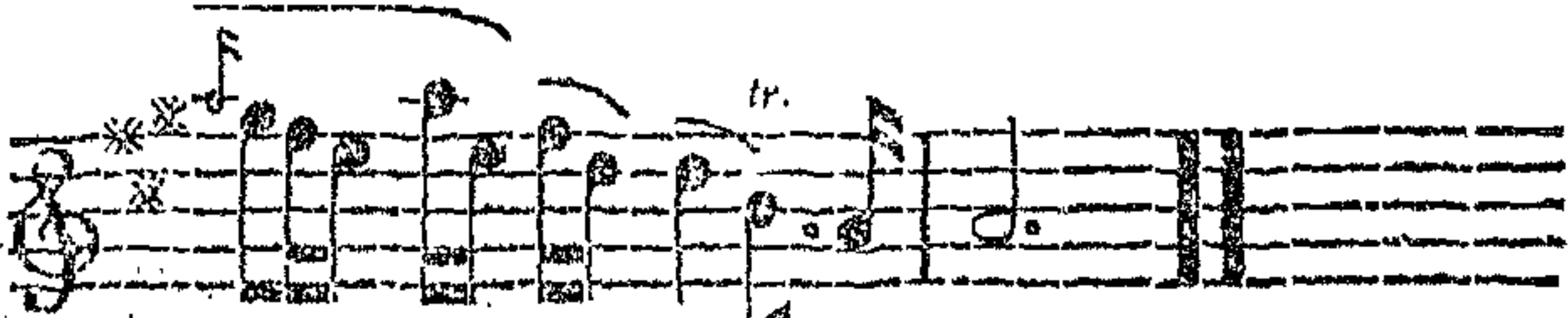
waves, The sil - ver ti - - de that wand'ring flows



sweet sweet to the bird must be, But not so sweet  
blithe



blithe Cu - pid knows, As Delia is to me, As



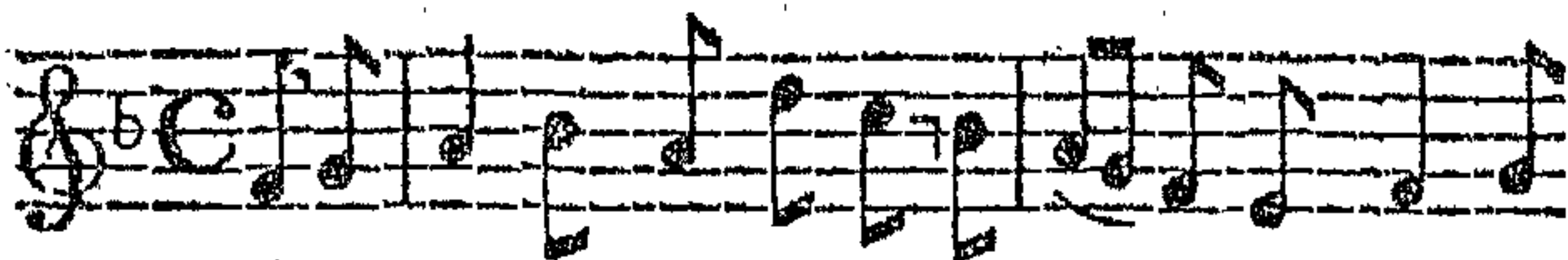
De - - - lia is to me.

A parent bird in plaintive mood,  
 On yonder fruit-tree sung,  
 And still the pendent nest she view'd,  
 That held her callow young,  
 Tho' dear to her maternal heart,  
 The genial brood must be,  
 They're not so dear the thousandth part,  
 As Delia is to me.

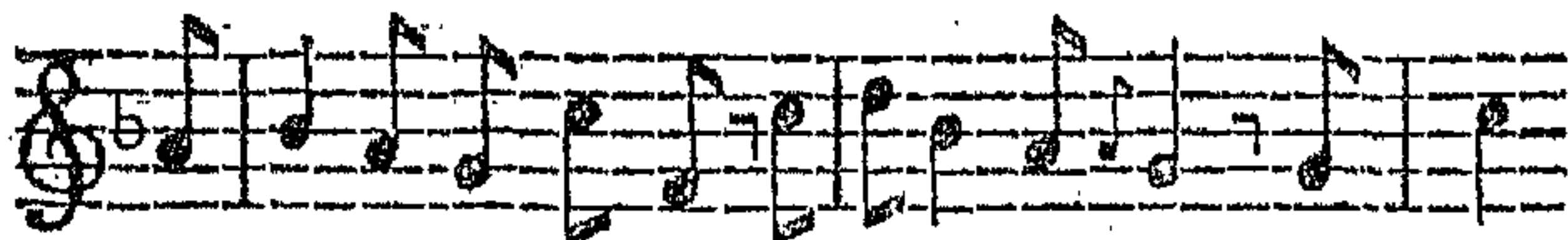
The roses that my brow surround,  
 Were natives of the dale,  
 Scarce pluck'd and in a garland bound,  
 Before their hue grew pale,  
 My vital bloom wou'd thus be froze,  
 If luckless torn from thee,  
 For what the root is to the rose,  
 My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found like new fall'n snow,  
 So white the beauteous pair,  
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow,  
 They're like her bosom fair,  
 May they of our connubial love,  
 A happy omen be,  
 Then such fond bliss as turtles prove,  
 Shall Delia share with me.

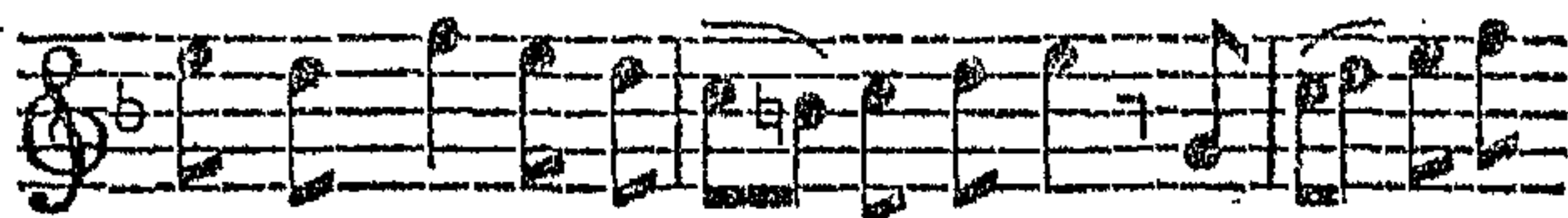
## SONG LXVII.



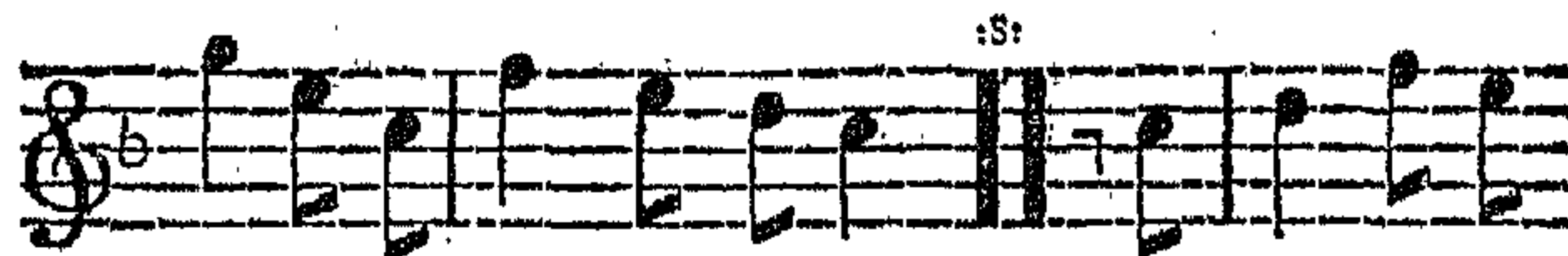
In a small pleasant village by nature compleat, of



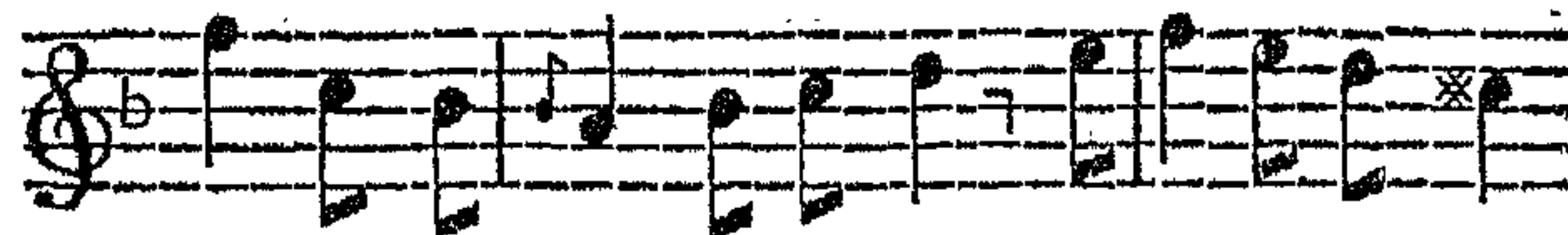
a few honest peasants the quiet retreat, There liv'd



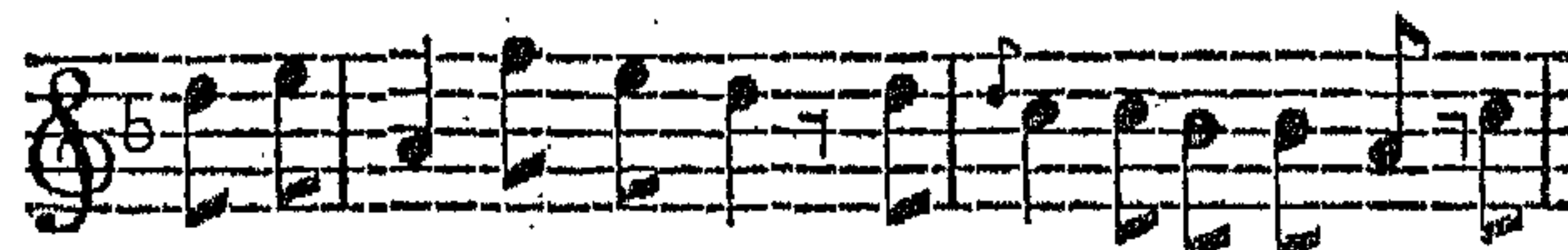
a young lass of so love-ly a mein, as seldom at



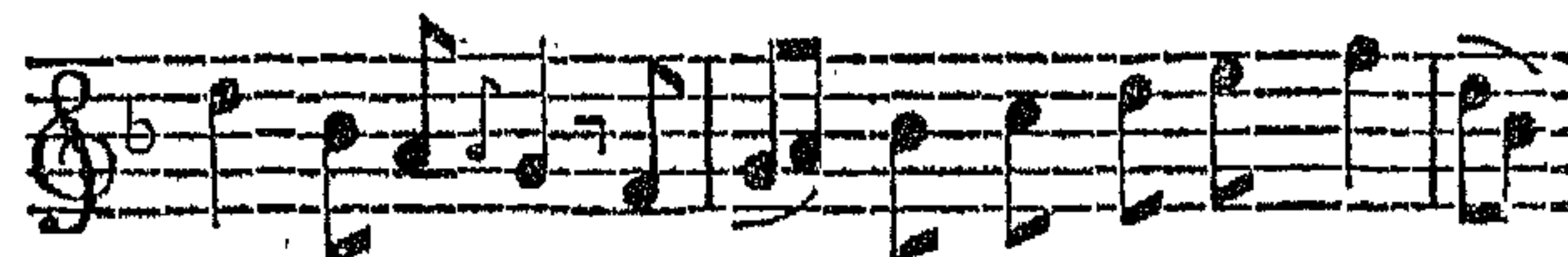
balls or at courts can be seen : The sweet damask



rose was full blown on her cheek, the li-ly display'd



all its white on her neck, The lads of the village all

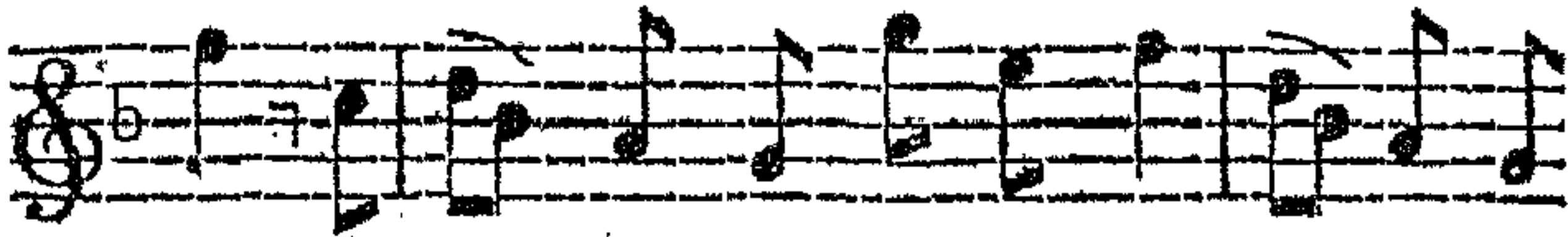


strove to prevail, and call'd her with rapture sweet Nan  
of

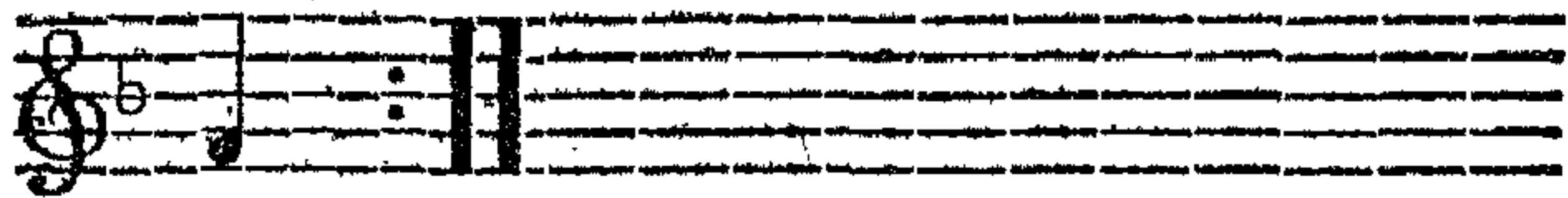




of the vale, sweet Nan of the vale, sweet Nan of the



vale, and call'd her with rapture sweet Nan of the

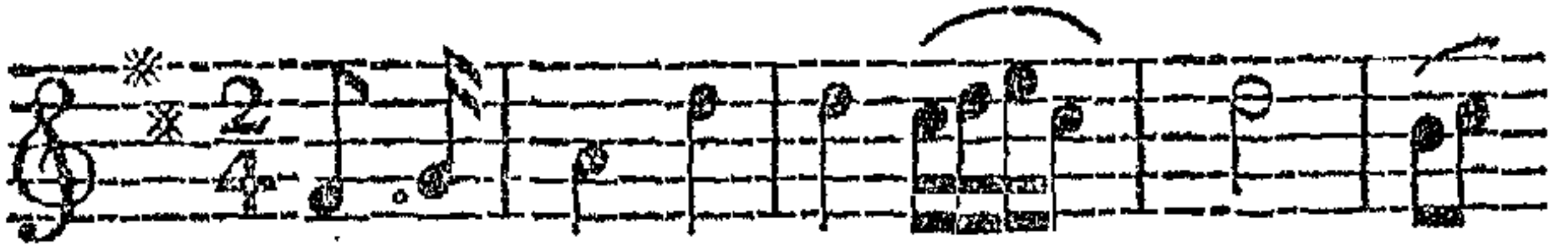


vale.

First poor Hodge spoke his passion 'till quite out of breath,  
 Crying wounds he cou'd hug her and kiss her to death;  
 And Dick with her beauty was so much possess'd,  
 That he loathed his food and abandon'd his rest;  
 But she cou'd find nothing in them to endear,  
 So sent each away with a flea in his ear,  
 And said no such boobies cou'd tell a love tale,  
 Or bring to compliance sweet Nan of the Vale.

'Till young Roger the smartest of all the gay green,  
 Who late on a frolick to London had been,  
 Came back much improv'd in his air and address,  
 And boldly attack'd her, not fearing success;  
 He said heav'n form'd such ripe lips to be kiss'd,  
 And press'd her so close that she cou'd not resist,  
 He shew'd the dull clowns the right way to assail,  
 And brought to his wishes sweet Nan of the Vale.

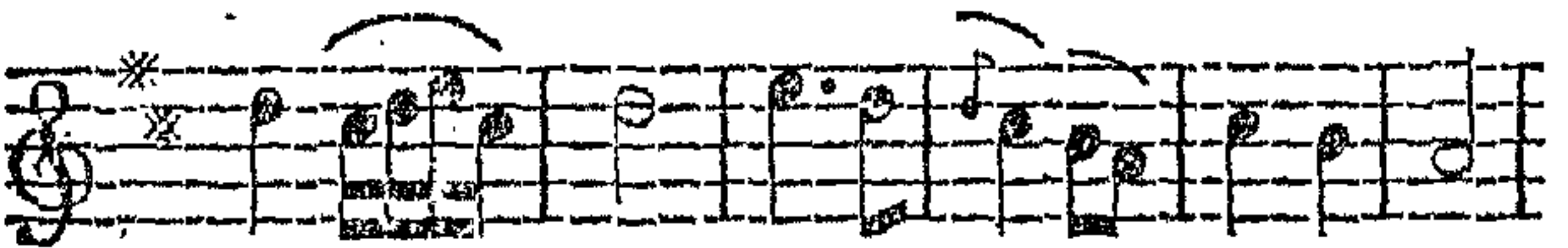
S O N G LXVIII.



In my pleafant na - - tive plains, wing'd



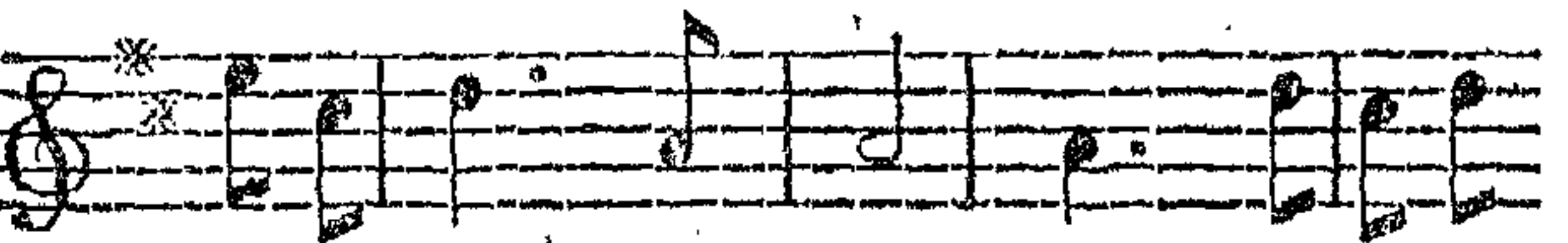
with blifs each moment flew, Nature there in-



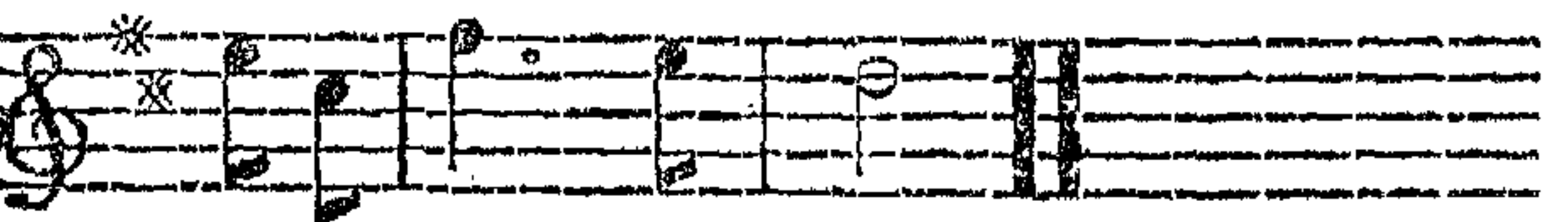
spir'd the ftrains, fimple as the joys I knew;



Jocund morn and ev'ning gay, claim'd the merry



merry roun - - de - - lay, Claim'd the merry

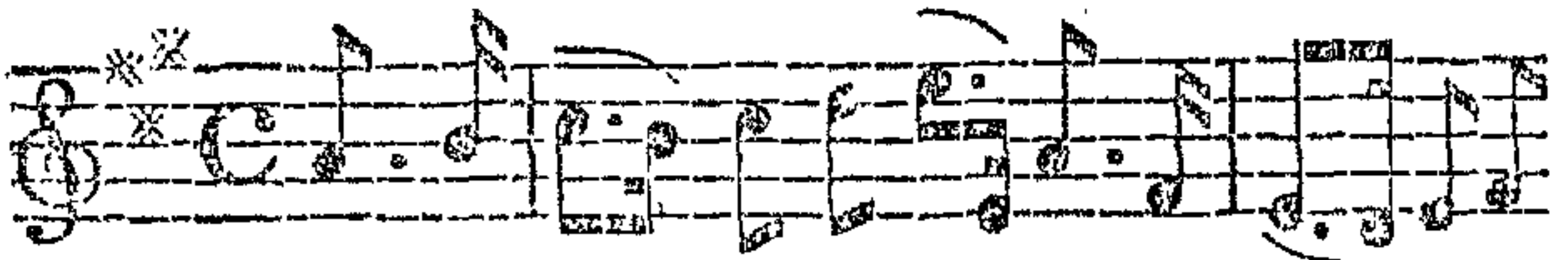


merry roun - - de - - lay,

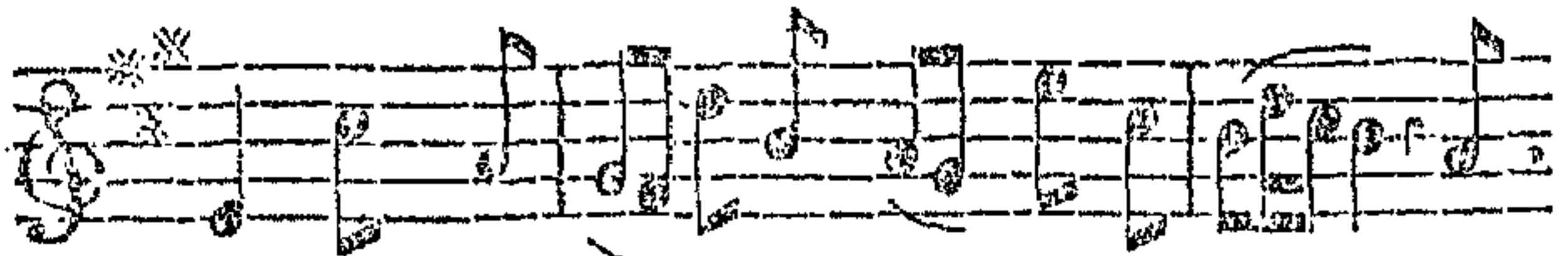
Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,  
 All that health and joy impart,  
 Call'd for artless music's pow'rs,  
 Faithful ecchoes to the heart.  
 Happy hours for ever gay,  
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring,  
 Wak'd the warblers of the grove,  
 Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,  
 Wou'd not join the song of love.  
 Your sweet notes and chauntings gay,  
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

SONG LXIX.



While the lads in the village shall mer-ri-ly



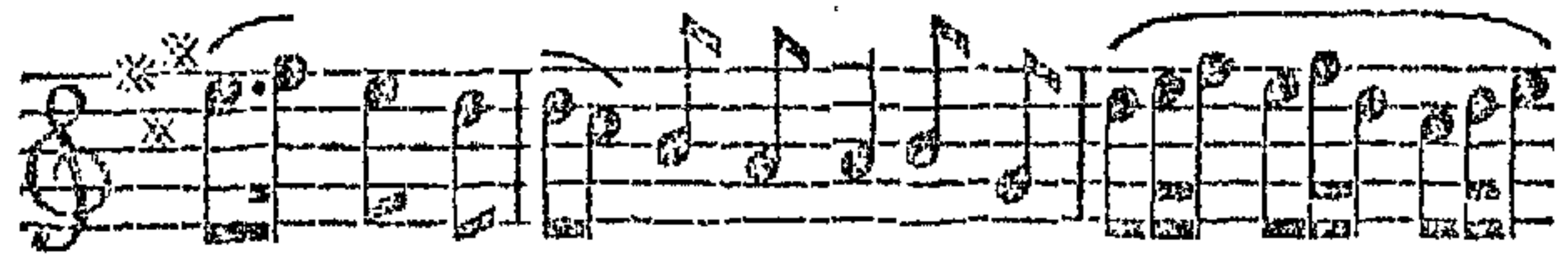
ah, found their tabors I'll hand thee a - long, And



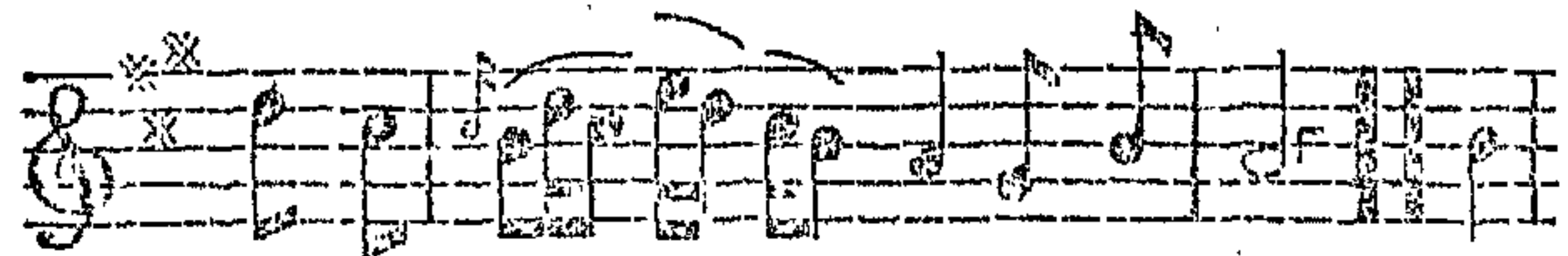
I say unto thee that ve - ri - ly ah, ve - ri -



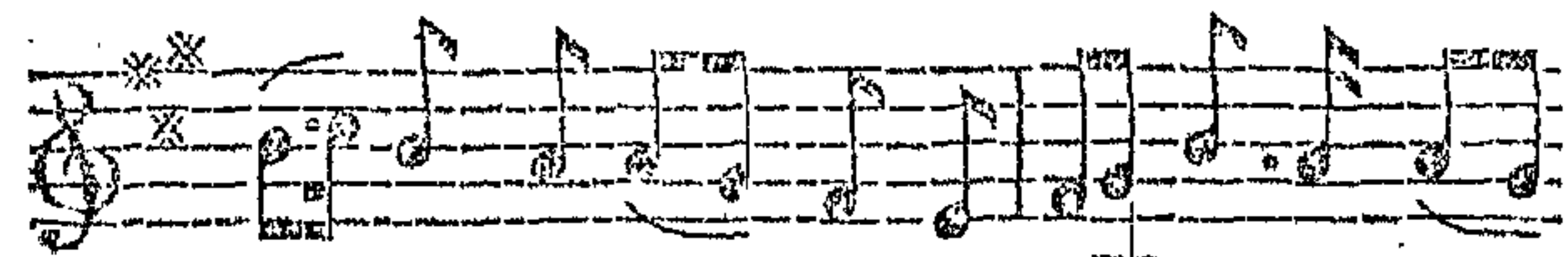
ly ah, ve - ri - ly ah, ve - ri - ly ah, ve - ri - ly



ah, thou and I will be first in the throng - - - - ,



thou and I will be first in the throng. Just



then when the youth who last year won the dow'r,  
with



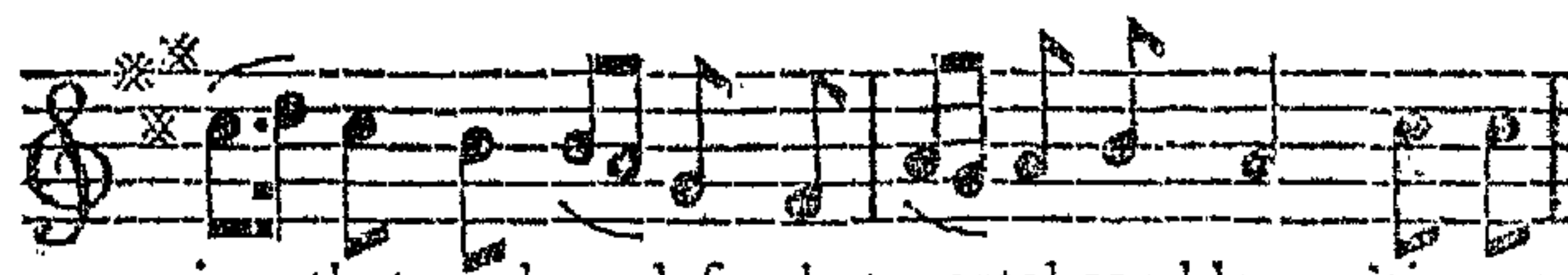
with his mate shall the sports have be-gun, when



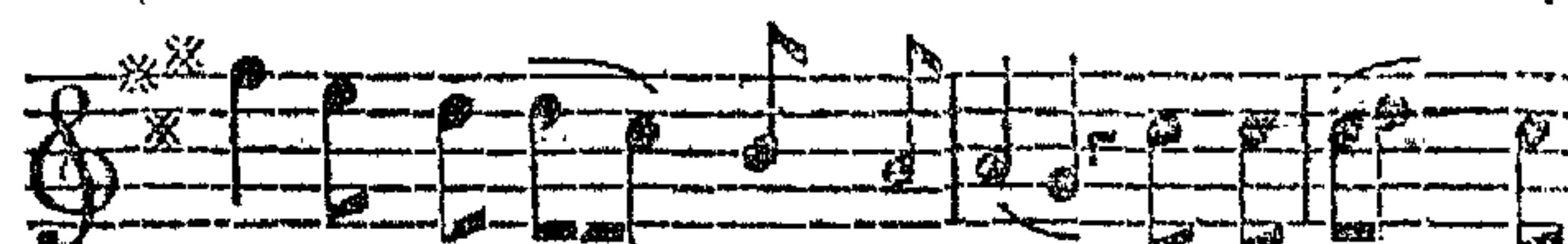
the gay voice of gladness is heard from each bow'r,



and thou long'it in thy heart to make one. *Da Capo.* Those



joys that are harmless what mortal can blame, 'tis my



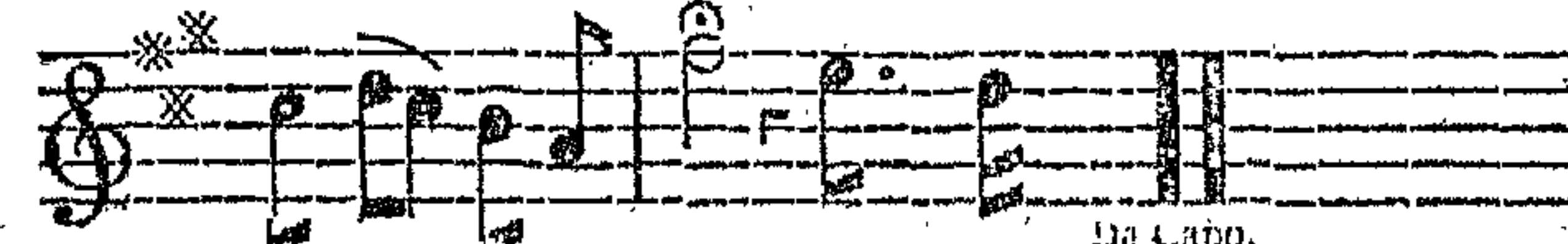
maxim that youth shou'd be free, and to prove that



my words and my deeds are the same, to prove that



my words and my deeds are the same, believe, me



thou'lt presently see. When the. *Da Capo.*

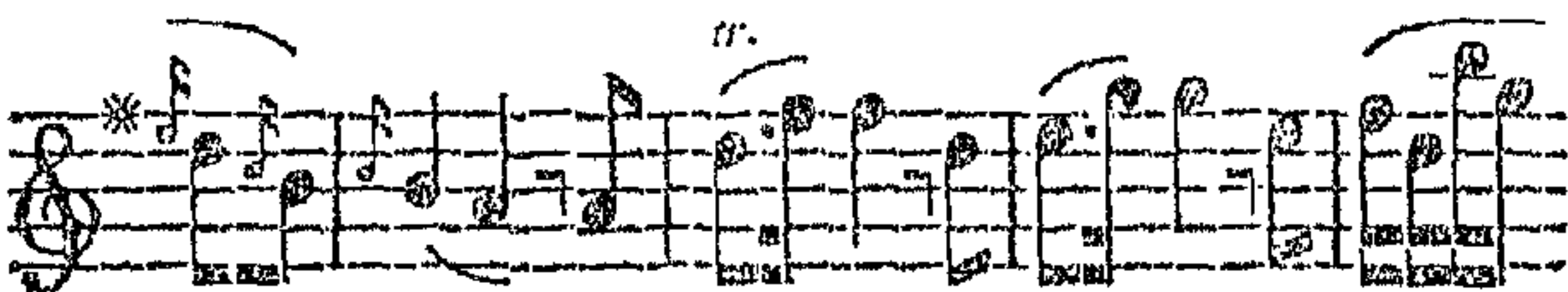
SONG LXX.



This cold fin - ty heart it is you who have



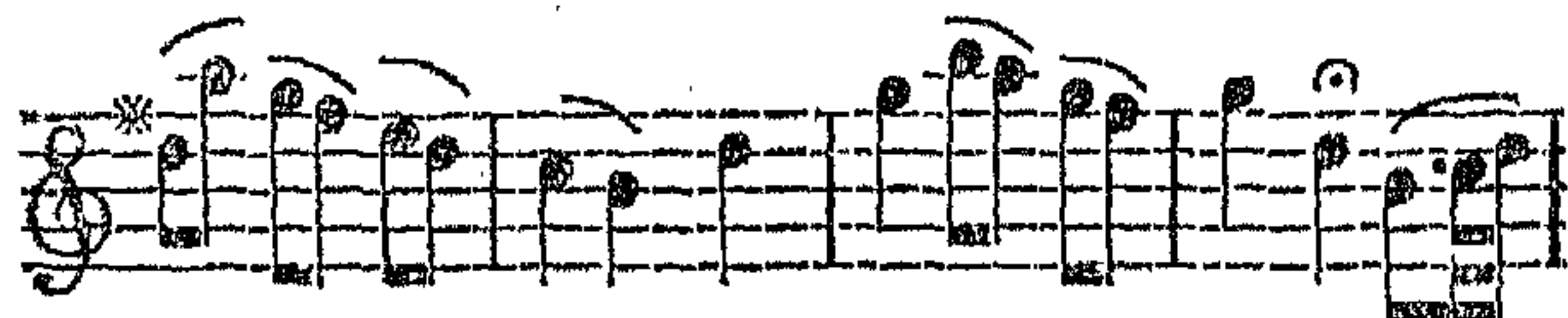
warm'd, You waken'd my pas - sions my fen - les



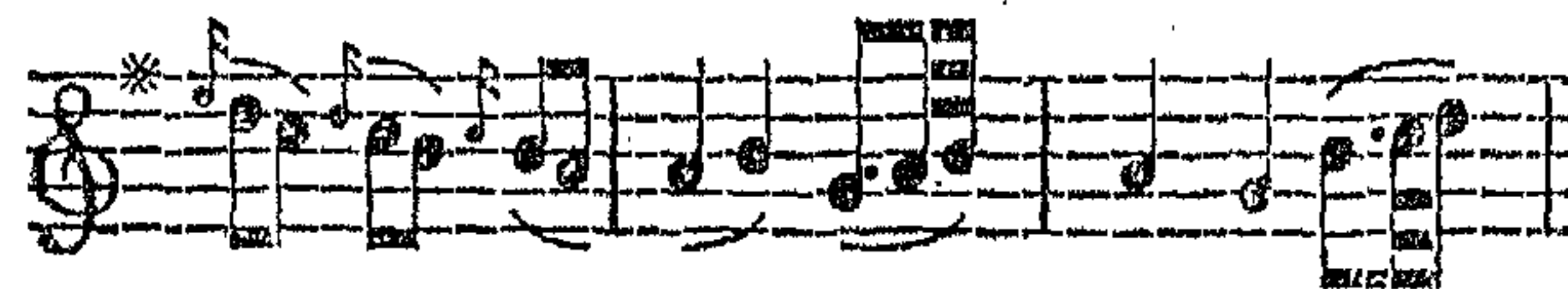
have charm'd, You waken'd my passions my fen - - -



- - les have charm'd. In vain against me - rit and



Cy-mon I strove, What's life without passion sweet



pas - sion of love, sweet pas - sion, sweet  
passion

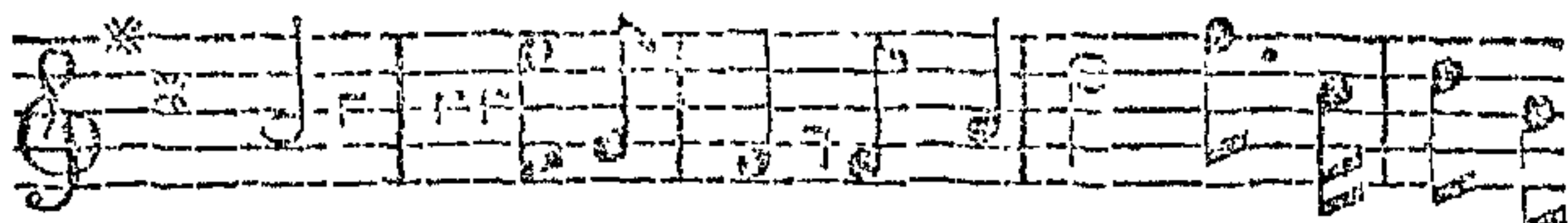
She wore upon her head,  
 A bonnet made of straw,  
 Which such a face did shade,  
 As Phoebus never saw :  
 Her locks of nut-brown hue,  
 A round-car'd coife conceal'd ;  
 Which to my pleasing view,  
 A sportive breeze reveal'd.

Around her slender waist,  
 A scrip embroider'd hung ;  
 The lute her fingers grac'd,  
 Accompany'd with a song :  
 With such a pleasing note,  
 A hermit might regale ;  
 More than the linnet's throat,  
 That warbles thro' the vale.

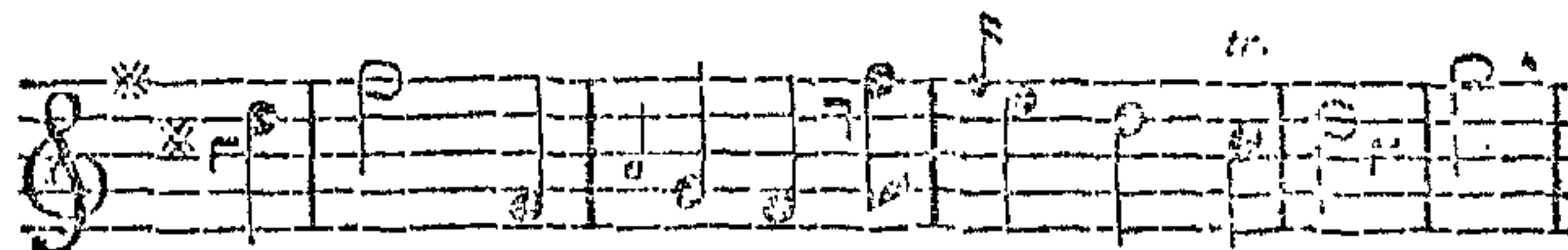
Not long I stood to view,  
 Struck with her heav'nly air,  
 I to the charmer flew,  
 And caught the yielding fair :  
 Hear this ye scornful belles,  
 And milder ways pursue ;  
 She that in charms excels,  
 Excels in kindness too.



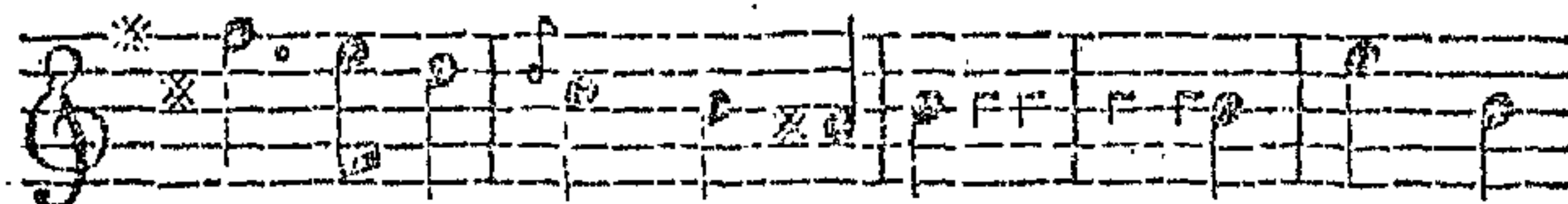




tongue. Silly heart, I cry'd fy, what a flutter



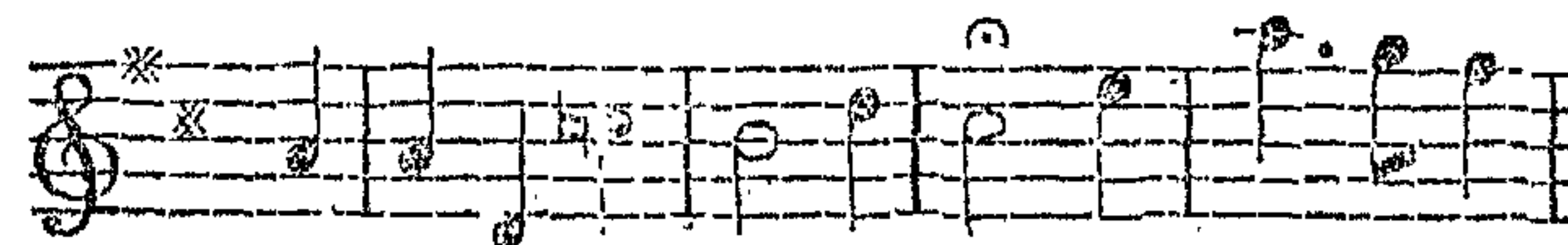
is here, Young Damon de - signs you no ill, Young



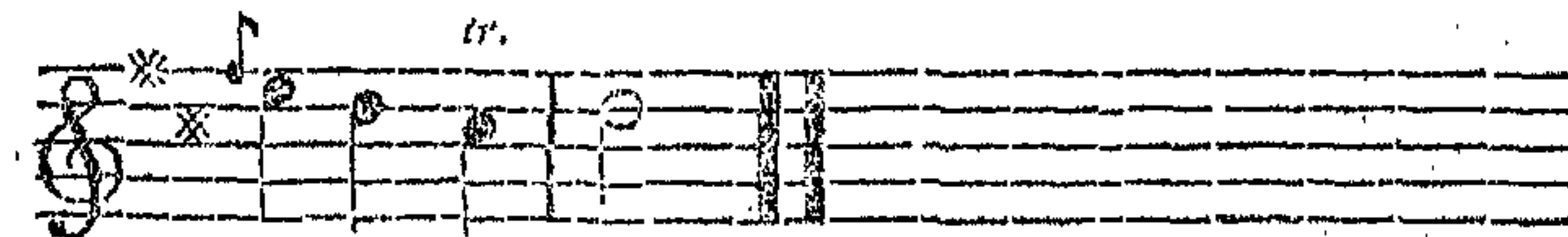
Damon de - signs you no ill. The shepherd's



so civil, You've nothing to fear, Then prithee,



fond urchin lie still, lie still, Then prithee fond



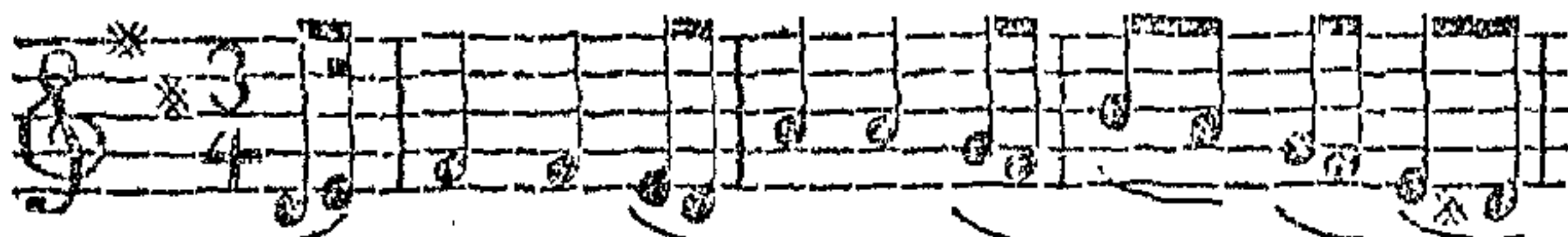
urchin lie still.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,  
 One kiss he demanded, no more,  
 But urg'd the soft pressure, with ardor so sweet,  
 I cou'd not deny him a score,  
 My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,  
 As often we play'd on the hill,  
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,  
 Nor wou'd the fond urchin lie still.

When

When flames the bright sun, to the sycamore shade,  
 For shelter, I'm sure to repair,  
 And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,  
 Altho' the dear shepherd be there,  
 At ev'ry fond kiss, that with freedom he takes,  
 My heart may rebound, if it will,  
 There's something so sweet in the battle it makes,  
 I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

## SONG LXXIV.



I'll sing of my lover all night and all



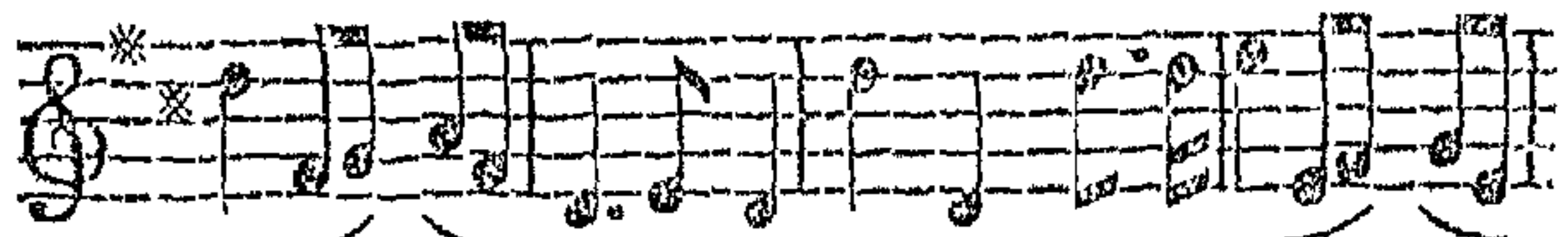
day, He's e - ver good-natur'd and frolick and gay ;



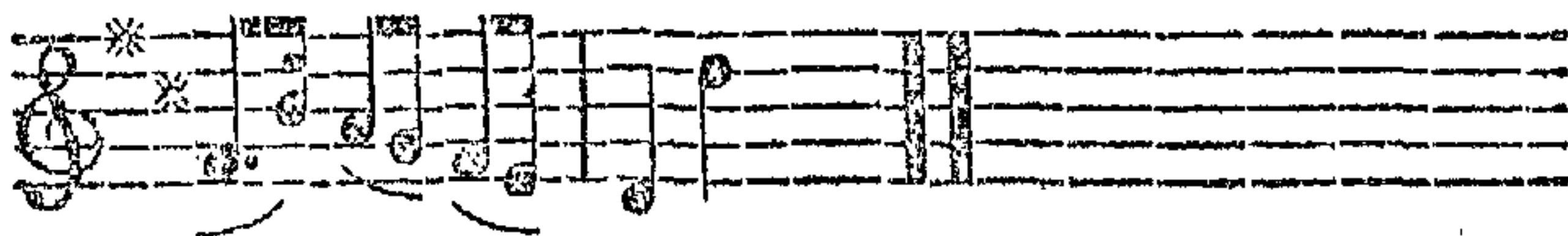
His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay, and



well on his bagpipe my shepherd can play ; And a



bonny young lad is my Jockey, And a bonny young  
 lad



lad is my Jockey.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,  
 And praises my eyes, my lips, and my hair,  
 Rose, violet, nor lily with me can compare.  
 If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty I swear:

And a bonny, &c.

He kneel'd at my feet and with many a sigh,  
 He cry'd, O! my dear, will you never comply;  
 If you mean to destroy me, why do it, I'll die,  
 I trembled all over and answer'd not I:

And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall may-pole he dances so neat,  
 And sonnets of love the dear boy can repeat,  
 He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,  
 His looks are so kind and his kisses so sweet:

And a bonny, &c.

At eve, when the sun seeks repose in the west,  
 And May's tuneful choirits all skim to their nest,  
 When I met on the green the dear boy I love best,  
 My heart is just ready to burst from my breast:

Such a bonny, &c.

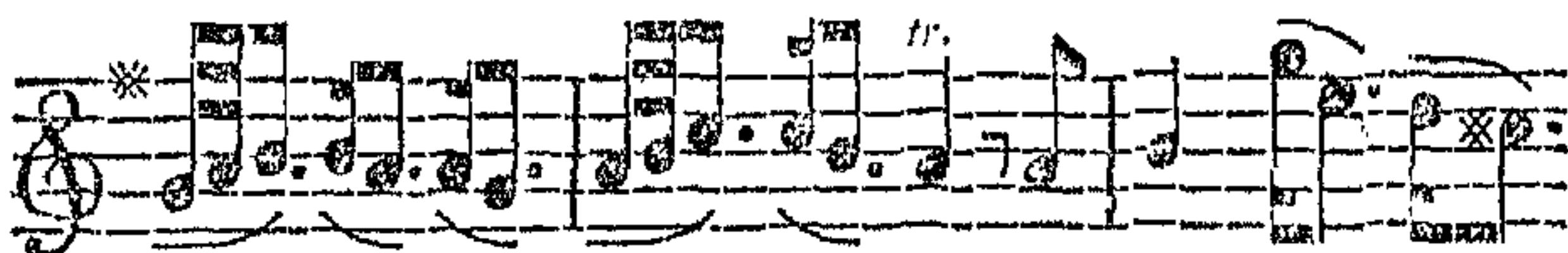
But see how the meadows are moisten'd with dew,  
 Come, come, my dear shepherd, I wait but for you,  
 We live for each other, both constant and true,  
 And taste the soft raptures no monarch e'er knew:

And a bonny, &c.

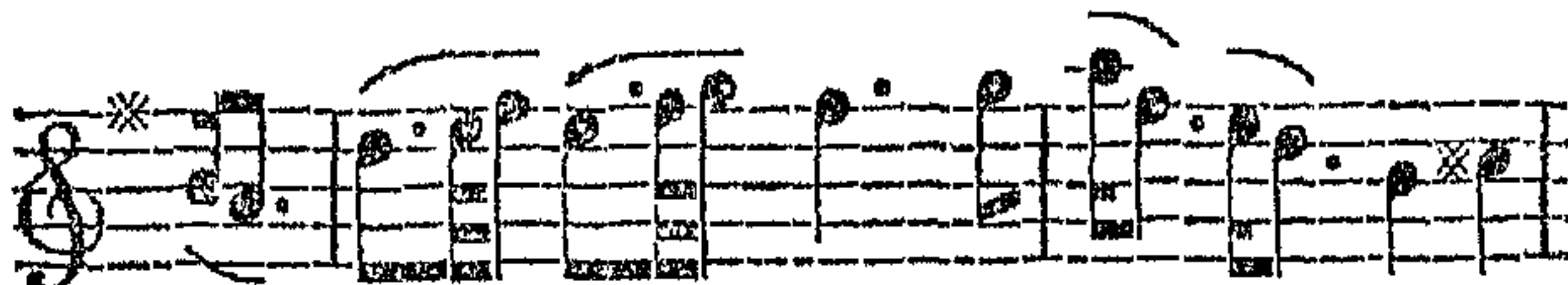
## SONG LXXV.



Once more I'll tune the vo - cal shell, To hills



and dales my pas - - sion tell, A flame which time



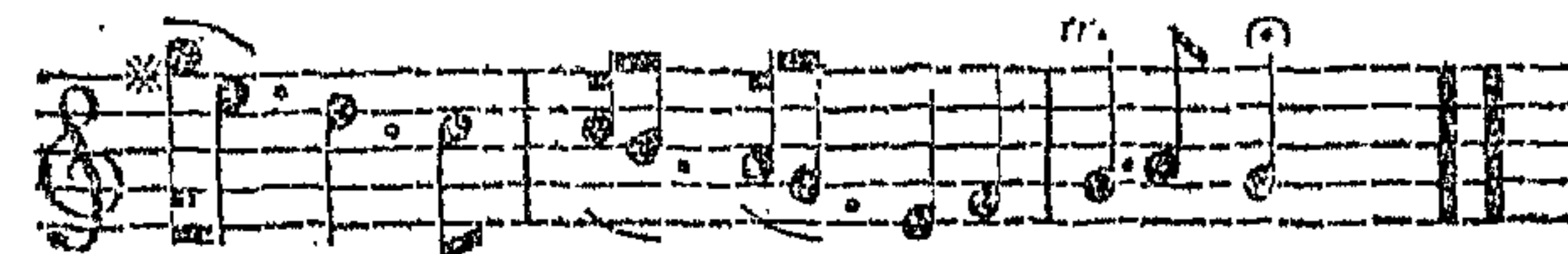
can ne - - - ver quell, that burns for lovely



Peggy. Ye greater bards the lyre should hit, For say



what subject is more fit, Than to record the spark-



ling wit, And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,  
 That paints the dew bespangled thorn,  
 Does not so much the day adorn,  
     As does my lovely Peggy.  
 And when in Thetis lap to rest,  
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,  
 He's not so beauteous, as undress'd  
     Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,  
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,  
 And pipe upon mine oaten reed,  
     To please my lovely Peggy.  
 With her a cottage would delight,  
 All's happy when she's in my sight,  
 But when she's gone its endless night,  
     All's dark without my Peggy.

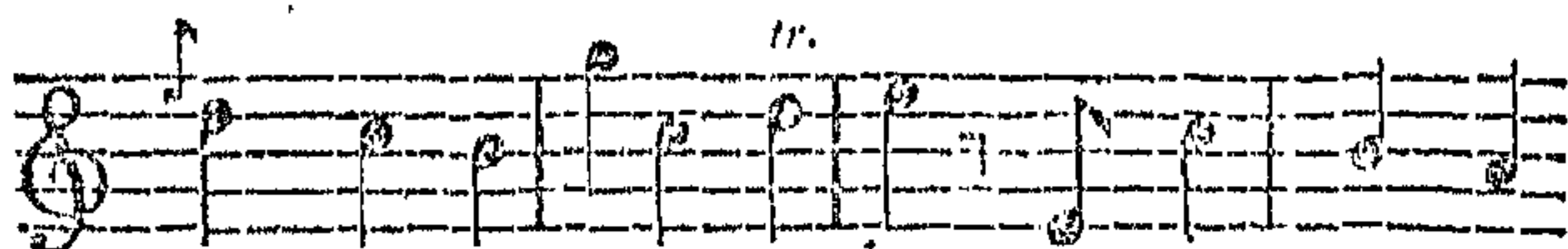
The zephyr's air the violet blows,  
 Or breaths upon the damask rose,  
 He does not half the sweets disclose,  
     That does my lovely Peggy.  
 I stole a kiss the other day,  
 And trust me, nought but truth I say,  
 The fragrant breath of blooming May,  
     Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,  
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,  
 Or stately swans the waters love,  
     So long shall I love Peggy.  
 And when Death with his pointed dart,  
 Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,  
 My words shall be when I depart,  
     Adieu my lovely Peggy.

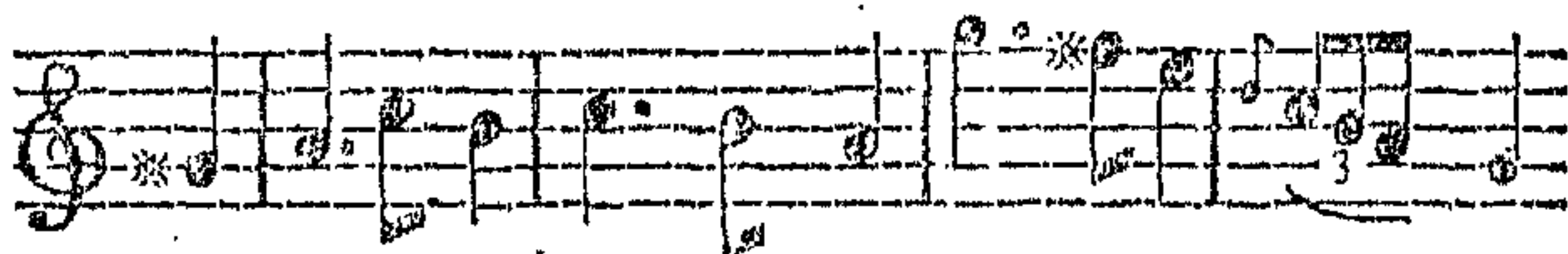
## SONG LXXVI.



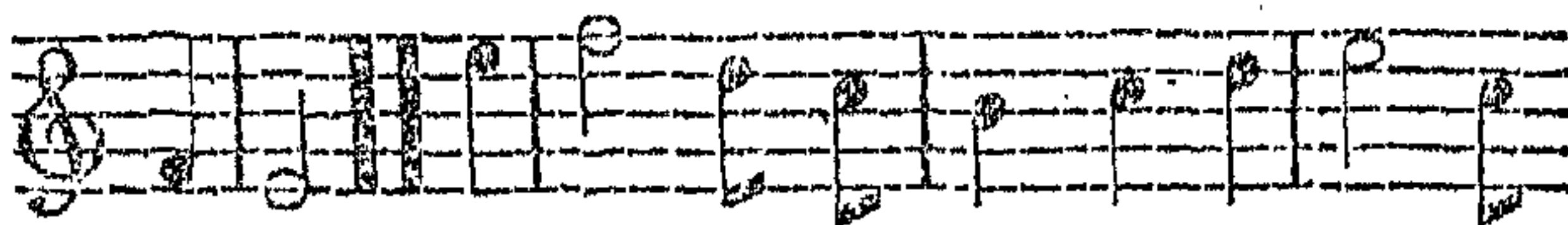
My fond shepherds of late were so blest, Their fair



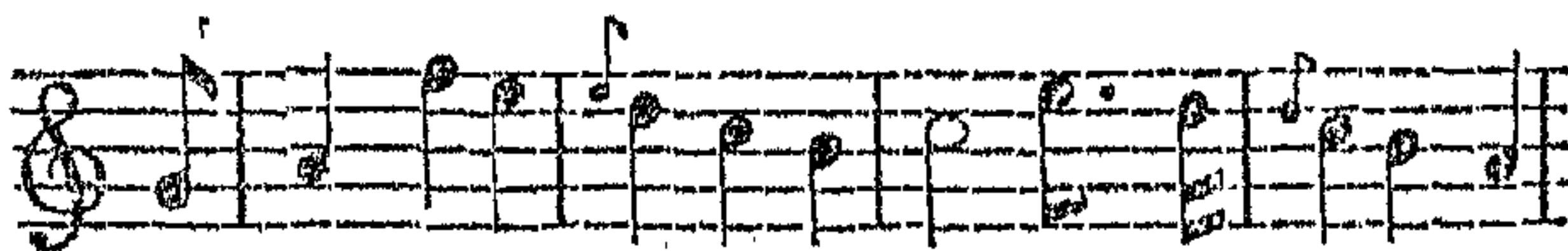
nymphs were so happy and gay, That each night they



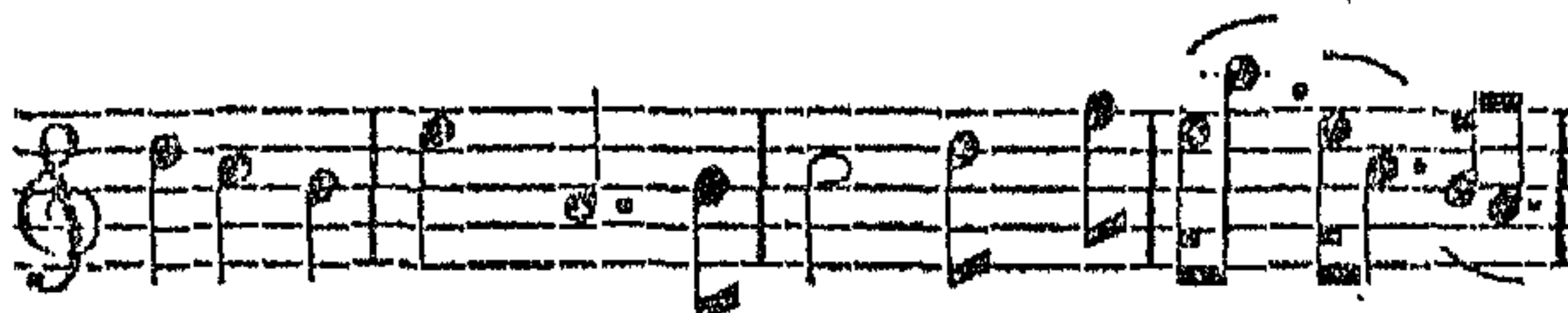
went safely to rest, And they merri-ly sung thro'



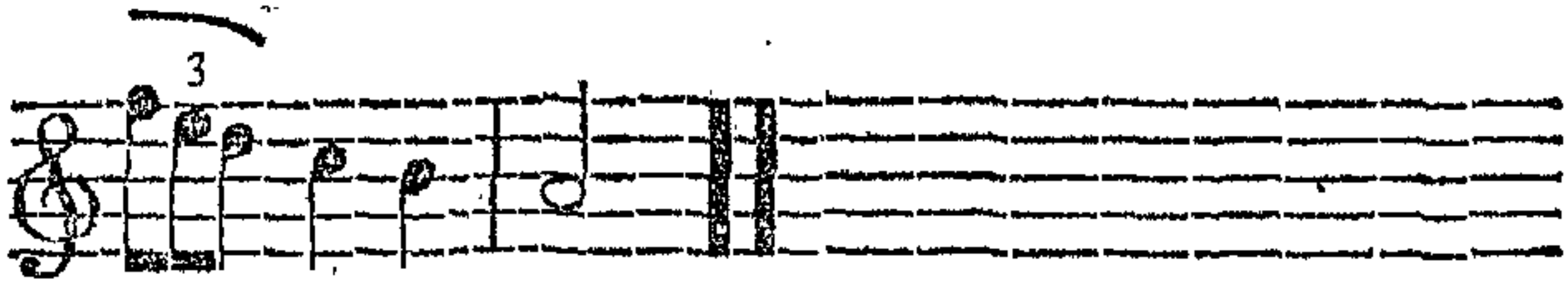
the day. But ah! what a scene must appear, Must



the sweet rural pastime be o'er, Shall the tabor the



tabor no more strike the ear, Shall the dance on the  
green



green be no more.

Will the flocks from their pastures be led,  
 Must the herds go wild straying abroad.  
 Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,  
 And the ships be all moor'd in each road:  
 Must the arts be all scatter'd around,  
 And shall commerce grow sick of its tide,  
 Must religion expire on the ground,  
 And shall virtue sink down by her side.

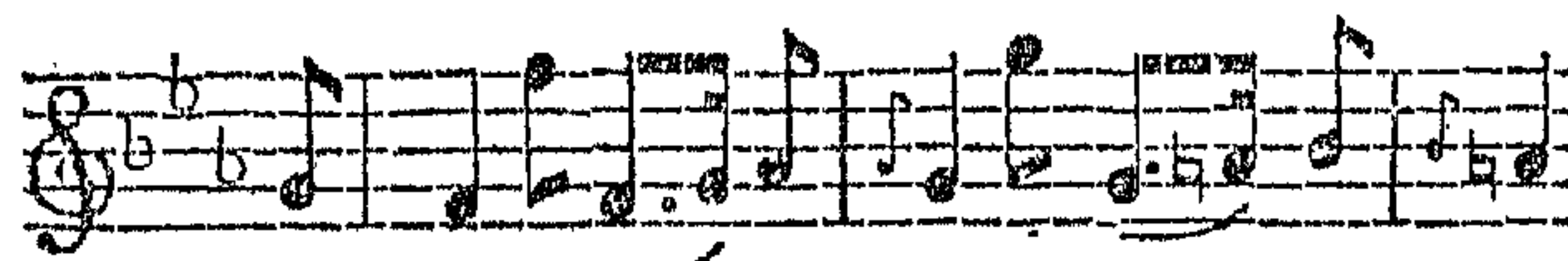
## SONG LXXVII.



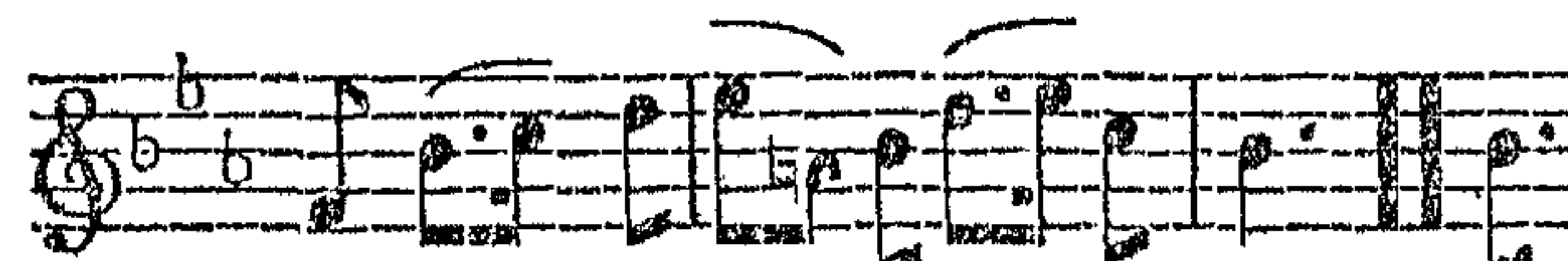
Tell me, lovely shepherd where, tell me



where, tell me where thou feed'st, at noon, thy flee-



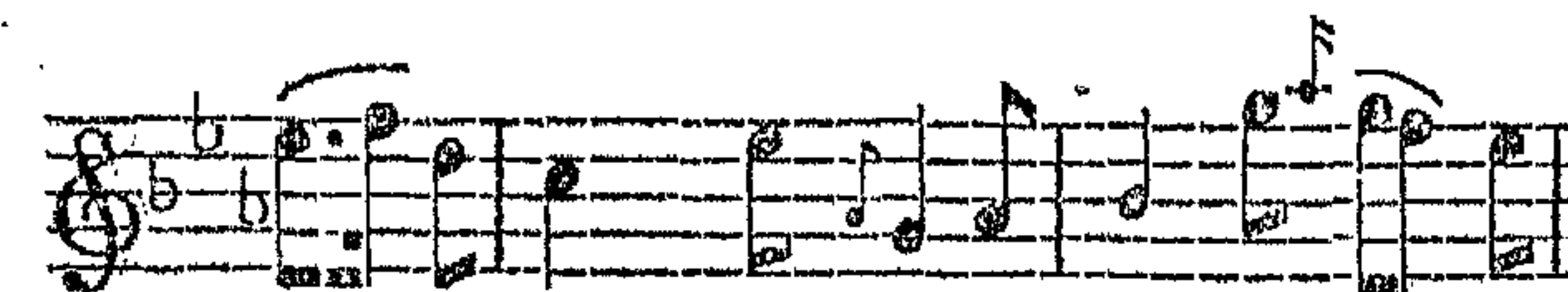
cy care, Direct me to the sweet re - treat,



that guards thee from the mid-day heat. Lest



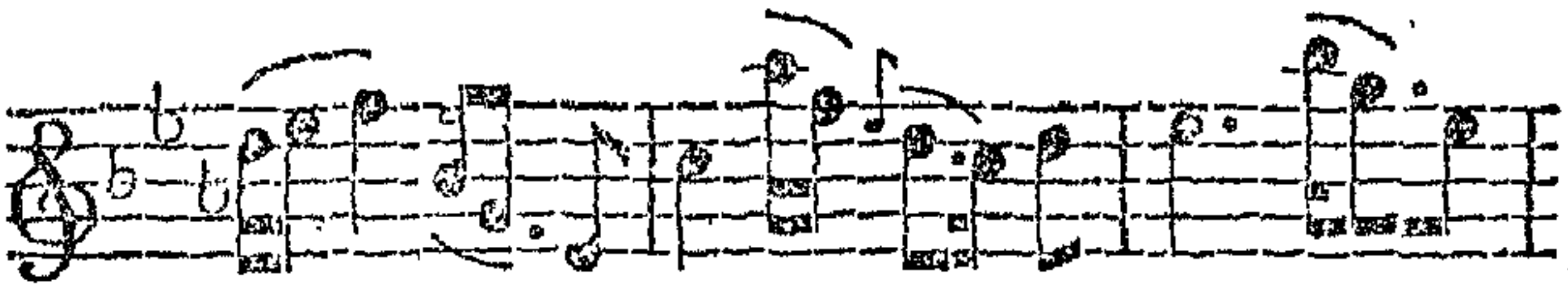
by the flocks I lonely stray, Without a guide and



lose my way. Where rest, at noon, thy bleating

care,

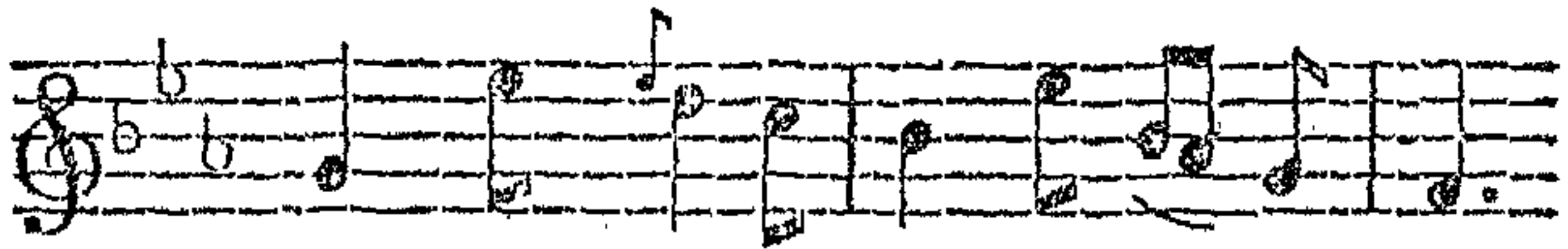




care ? Gentle shepherd tell me where, tell me



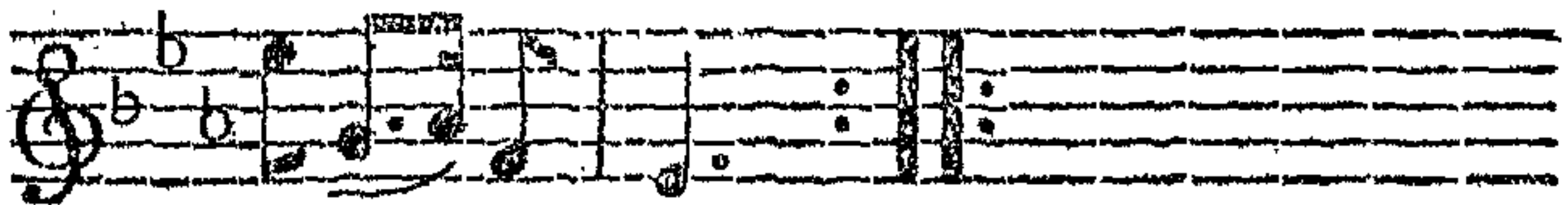
where, tell me where, tell me where, tell me



where, where rest, at noon, thy bleating care,



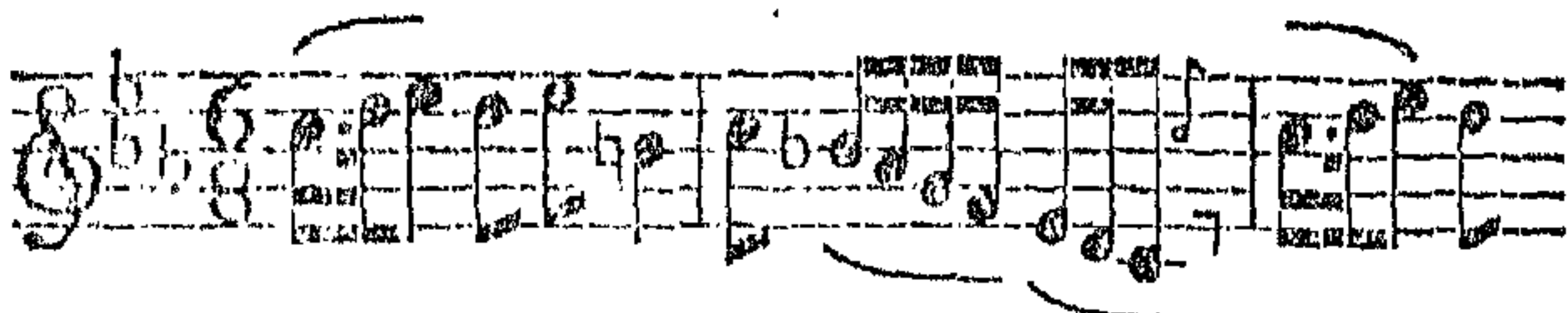
Gen - tle shepherd tell me where, tell me gen-



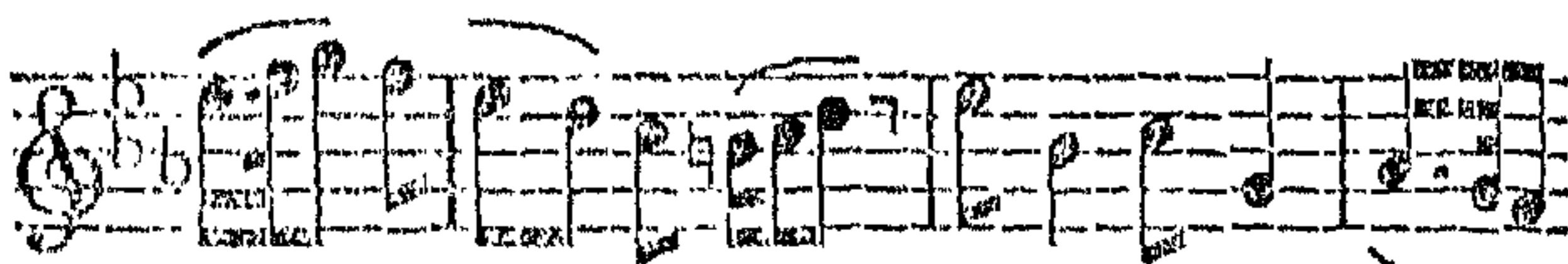
tle shepherd where.

SONG

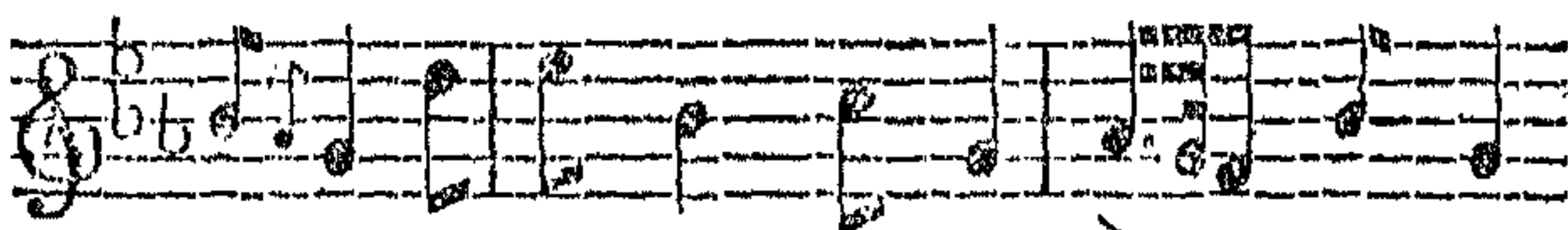
S O N G LXXVIII.



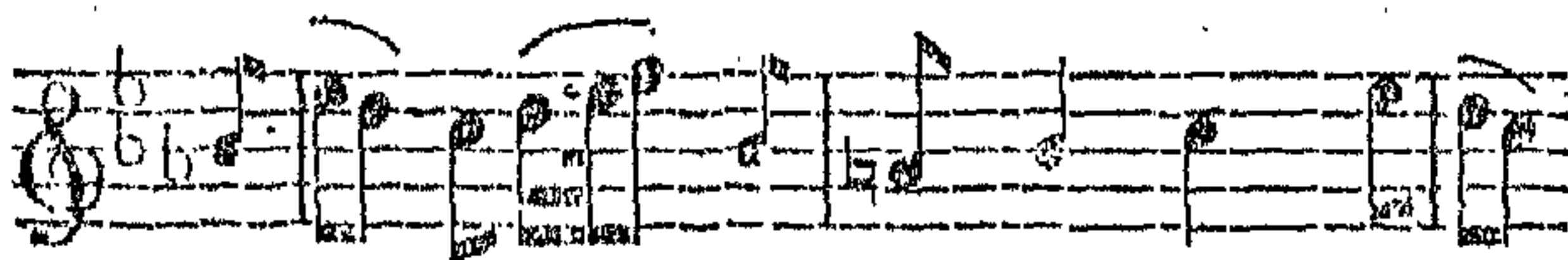
Fairest of the vir - - gin throng, Dost thou



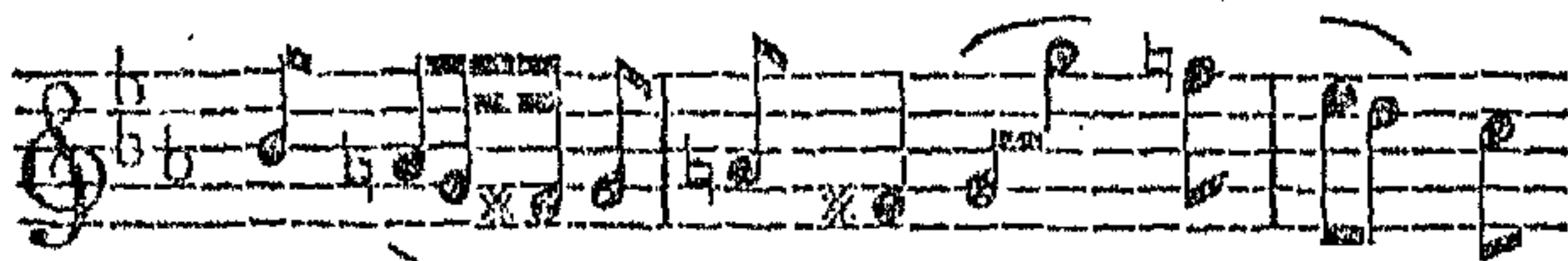
seek thy swains a - bode? See yon fertile vale



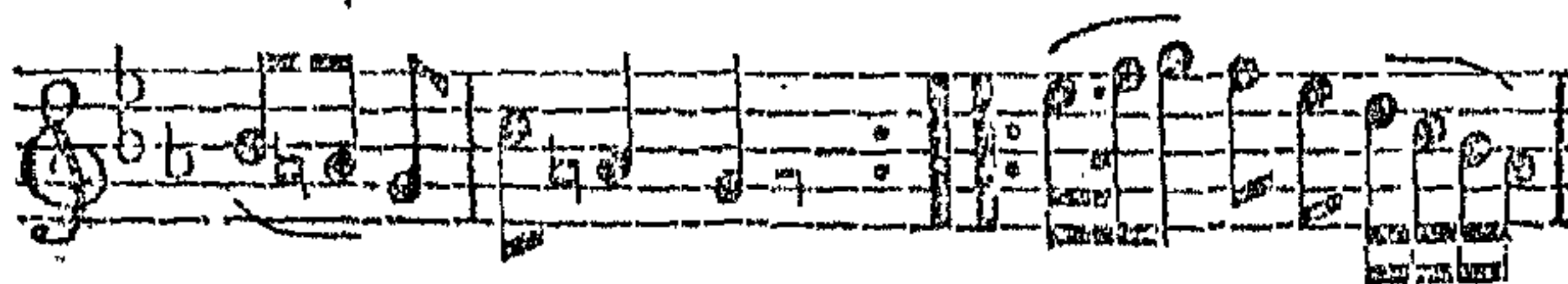
a-long the new worn path the flocks have trod;



Pursue the prints their feet have made, and they



shall guide thee to the shade, and they shall

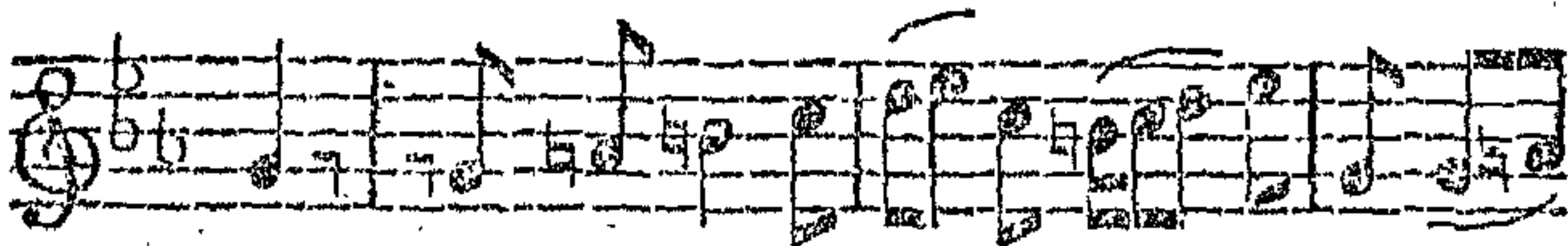


guide thee to the shade.

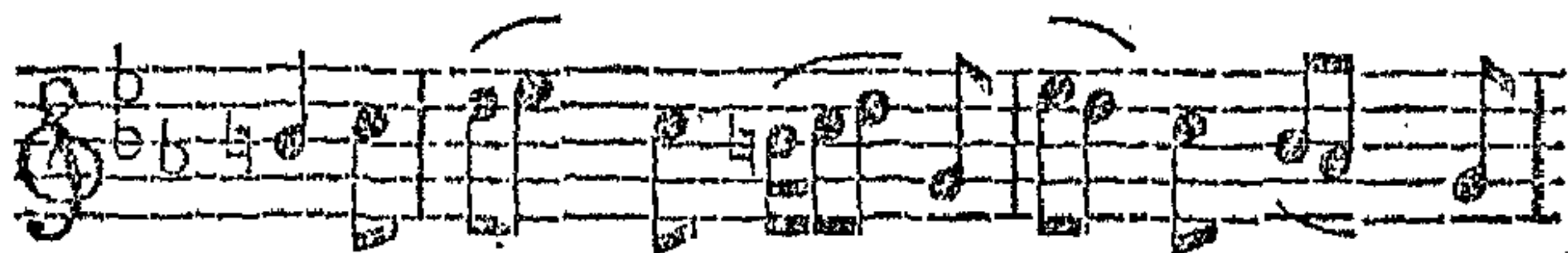
Fairest of the  
virgin



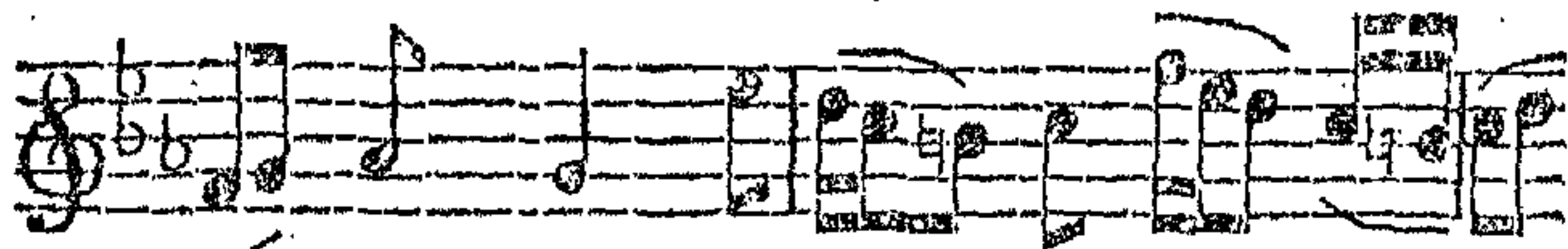
virgin throng, Dost thou seek thy swains a-



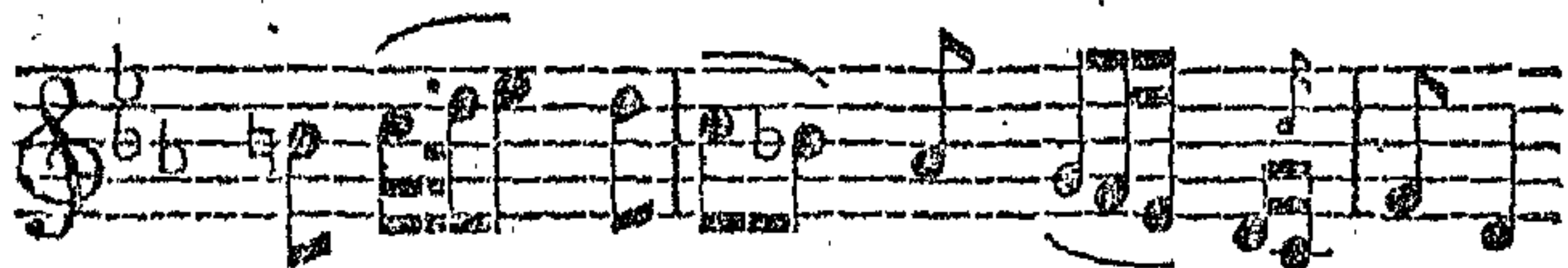
bode? See yon fertile vale a - long the new worn



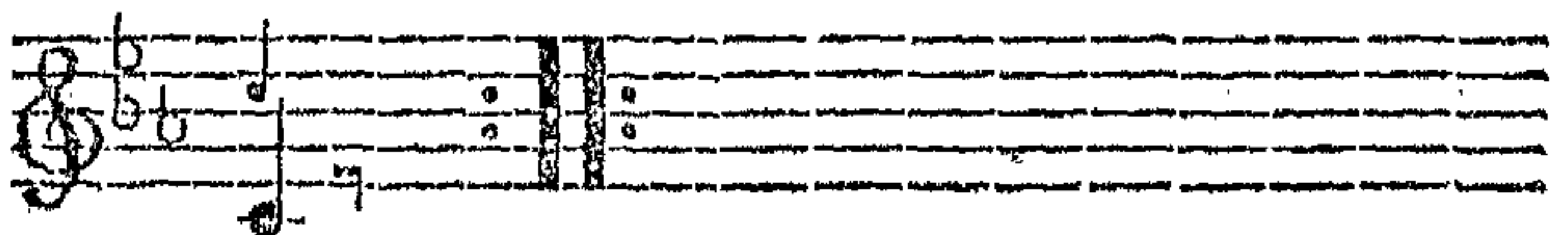
path the flocks have trod, Pursue the prints their



feet have made, And they shall guide thee to



the shade, And they shall guide thee to the



shade.

S O N G LXXIX.



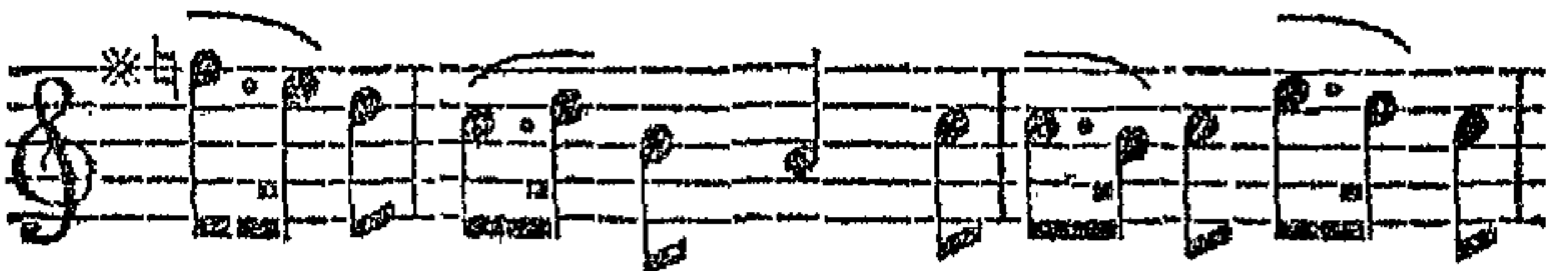
Ye chearful virgins, have ye seen, My fair Myr-



tilla pass the green, To rose or jess - mine bow'r,



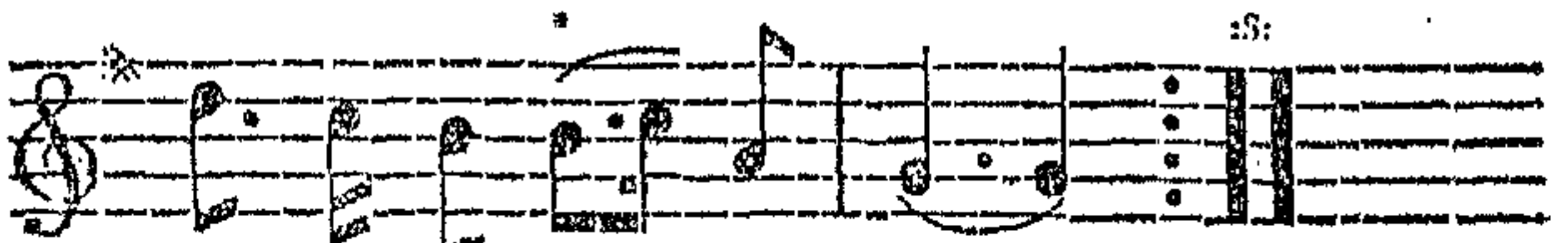
To rose or jess - mine bow'r? Where does she



seek the woodbine shade? For sure ye know the



blooming maid, Sweet as the May born flow'r, Sweet,



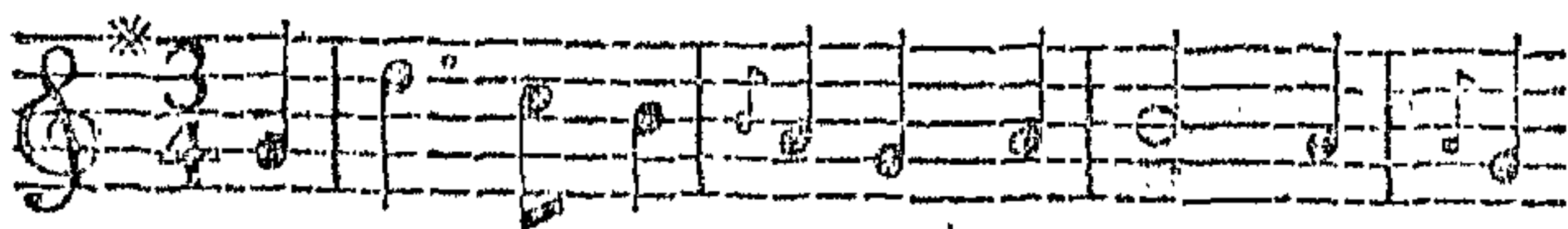
sweet as the May born flow'r.

Her

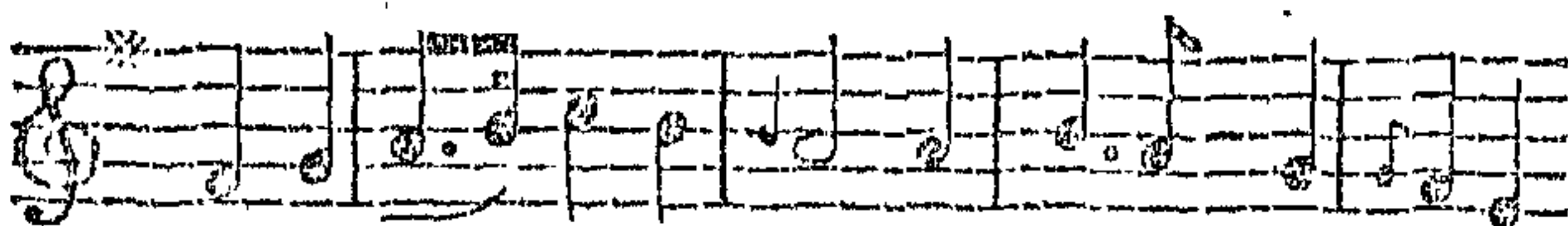
Her cheek is like the maiden rose,  
 Join'd with the lily as it blows,  
     Where each in sweetness vie ;  
 Like dew-drops glitt'ning in the morn,  
 When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,  
     Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,  
 That warbles chearful on the spray  
     To hail the vernal beam,  
 Her heart is blyther than her song,  
 Her passions gently move along,  
     Like the smooth gliding stream

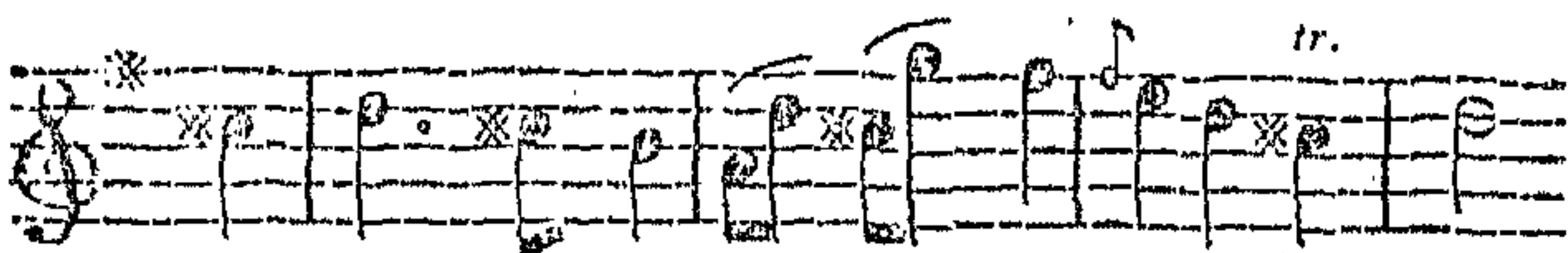
## SONG LXXX.



My banks they are furnish'd with bees, Whole mur-



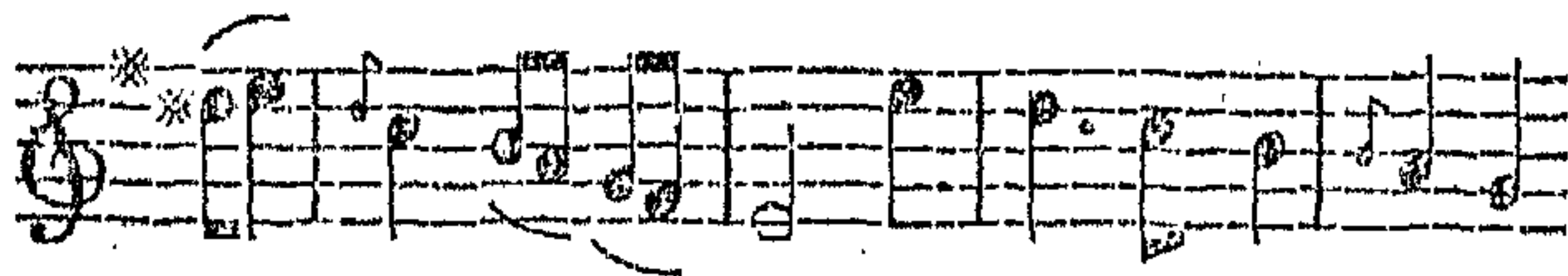
mur in - vites one to sleep, My grotto's are shaded



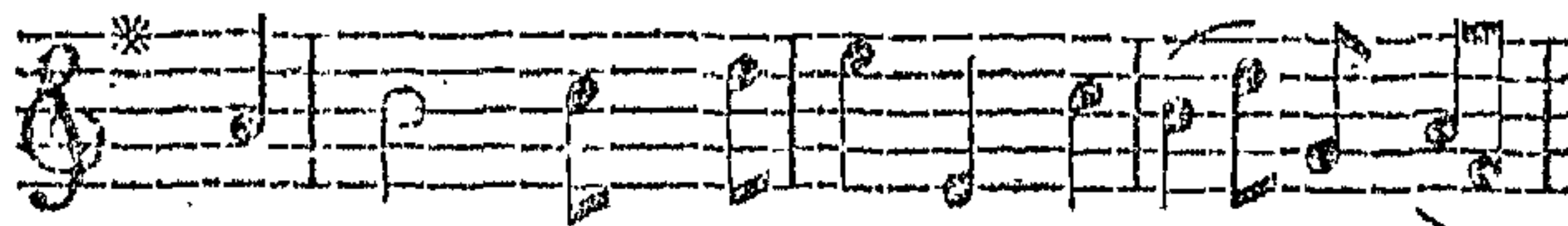
with trees, And my hills are white over with sheep,



I seldom have met with a loss, Such health do



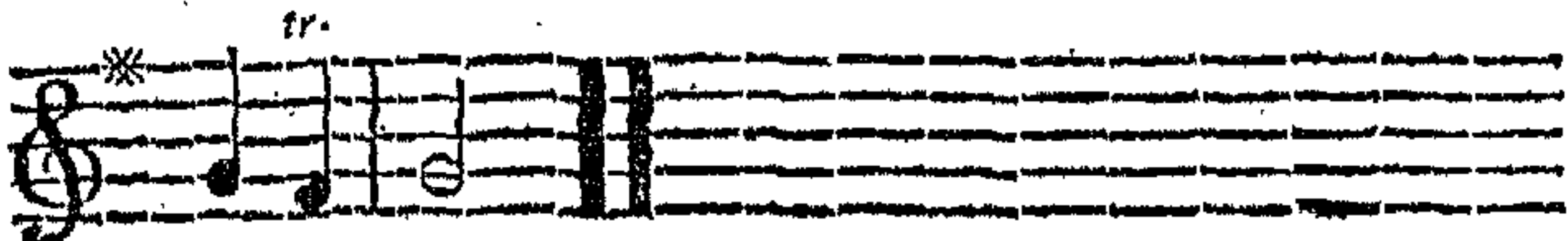
my mountains be - stow, My fountains are border'd



with moss, Where the harebells and vi - o - lets  
grow



grow - - - -, Where the harebells and vi-



o-lets grow.

I've found out a gift for my fair,  
 I've found where the wood pigeons breed ;  
 But let me that plunder forbear,  
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed :  
 He ne'er cou'd be true she aver'd,  
 Who cou'd rob a poor bird of its young,  
 And I lov'd her the more, when I heard  
 Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

But where does my Phillida stray,  
 And where are her grot's and her bow'rs ?  
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,  
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?  
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
 The face of the vallies as fine ;  
 The swains may in manners compare,  
 But their love is not equal to mine.