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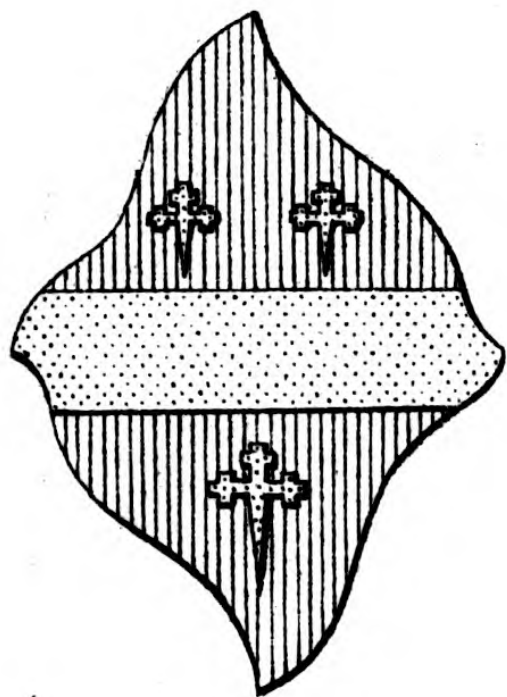
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The Revd. J.A. Court.



Maria Goss

Wilcott Manor.

1854.

Di

DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

A COLLECTION

OF

SONGS,

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF

Mr. DIBDIN.

“ IF SOME LITTLE PRAISE BE DUE, PASS BY EACH IMPERFECTION.”
Will of the Wife,

VOLUME IV.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
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OPPOSITE THE ADELPHI.

7



*Admiral
Sir John Gore*

DIBDIN'S

SELECTED SONGS.

AIR.

IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

ALL endeavours fruitless prove
Former pleasures to regain,
Sunk in helpless, hopeless love—
Can the slave escape his chain?

Leave, O leave me to endure,
Probe not wounds that rend my heart;
When the patient's past a cure,
Med'cine but augments his smart.

AIR.

IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

THE trifling maid, who, idly vain,
Contemns a faithful lover's pain,
 His torment all her joy;
Who, changeful as an April day,
With captive hearts delight to play,
 As infants with a toy:

Deserves of Cupid's bitter draught,
To taste a drop, and from his shaft
 A stroke or two to feel;
Then tremble, Nymph, for, taught by me,
Strephon shall soon give wounds to thee,
 No vanity can heal.

AIR.

IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

My bosom is proof against transports and vows,
The fawning of treacherous man,
Who by artful grimaces, by cringing and bows,
Ensnares ev'ry woman he can.
His transport is false, and his vows are a cheat,
His oaths and his cringing a lie,
Each practic'd alone their desires to compleat,
And gain what we ought to deny.

II.

Poor Daphne too soon own'd the flame in her breast,
Too easy, too quickly was won;
Her swain, from that moment, a rover confess'd,
Forsook her, a maiden undone:
And knew, if young Strephon had conquer'd my heart,
To my wish were none pleasing as he,
I sooner would die, than this secret impart,
'Till I prov'd he as truly lov'd me.

AIR.

IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

YE flowers that bloom in yonder mead,
Where flows the crystal tide,
And nibbling lambkins sportive feed
Along the current's side,
Ye oft have seen, and smil'd to see,
My love to him, his love to me.

II.

Witness ye flocks, ye herds, ye fawns,
That o'er the pastures stray,
Witness, ye mountains, groves, and lawns,
Each painted child of May:
The greatest bliss I ere can prove
Is to return my shepherd's love.

DUETTO.

IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

STREPHON.

TURN, O turn, relentless fair,
Pity hapless Strephon's pain,
Raise him from the last despair,
Smile, and bid him live again.

CÆLIA.

Prythee lay aside your folly;
How can I or take or give
Sprightly mirth, or melancholy;
But if that contents you—live.

STREPHON.

Too well you know your art and pow'r,
Ev'ry way my woes to calm,
The wound will heal from that sweet hour
Wherein you pour a friendly balm.

CÆLIA.

Truth I pity your condition,
But if your poor heart must bleed
'Till I act your kind physician—
Your case is desperate indeed.

AIR.

IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

In ev'ry fertile valley,
Where nature spreads the grafs,
Her filly conduct rally
To ev'ry lad and lafs;
Where weary reapers labour,
With Sylvia gay, be feen,
Or, to the pipe and tabor,
Light tripping o'er the green.

II.

Where cowslips sweetly smiling,
 Bedeck the verdant shade,
Appear the hours beguiling,
 Or head some gay parade.
Pursue these methods boldly,
 Nor sink in hopeless grief ;
The fair once treated coldly,
 Will quickly grant relief.

AIR.

IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

HAUGHTY Cælia, still disdainng,
 Ne'er shall triumph o'er my heart ;
Ne'er will I with mean complaining
 Sue for comfort to my smart ;
I'll appear the careless rover,
 Let her coquettish airs affect,
Like a gay a happy lover,
 Treat contempt with cold neglect.

II.

Ne'er, ye fair ones, damp the passion
 Where with honour love attends,
 Never cross with indignation
 Love that fairest truth commends.
 Constant minds alike disdaining
 Infincerity and fraud,
 Are their utmost wish obtaining,
 While their hope their hearts applaud.

AIR.

IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

SINCE artful man so oft betrays,
 By subtle wiles, and hardy ways,
 Our weak unguarded sex;
 By oaths, dissembl'd sighs and fears,
 To melt the hearts, to charm our ears,
 And still our minds perplex:
 In revenge I'm determin'd to treat him with scorn,
 And shew him a nymph can perplex in her turn.

II.

But Strephon's heart with purest fire,
With kindest love, and fond desire,
Has ever warmly glow'd:
Yet his may be like all the rest,
A treach'rous bait to snare the breast,
And so my fears forbode:
Those fears then shall teach me to treat him with scorn
And shew him a nymph can insnare in her turn.

AIR.

IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

THE God of love will ever
Heap blessings on the pair,
Where pleasing's the endeavour
Both of the swain and fair.

10 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Believe me kind good-nature,
Of beauty stands in place,
Gives bloom to ev'ry feature,
To ev'ry action grace :

Then never slight the lover,
Or draw too tight his chain,
Least in the end the rover
Succeeds the dying swain.

AIR.

IN THE SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

A Sheperd long sigh'd for a beautiful fair,
And in rapture discover'd his love ;
Not doubting the nymph would dispel his fond care,
And his amorous transport approve :
Tho' she to compassion insensible grown,
No glimpse of delight would impart ;
When he sigh'd at her feet she reply'd with a frown,
And rejoic'd at his suff'rings and smart.

II.

He suffer'd long time this impertinent scorn,
Nor thought of upbraiding the fair,
But secretly pin'd in the bower forlorn,
Involv'd in the keenest despair;
'Till his friend who observ'd him heart wounded with grief,
Lamenting his fruitless desire,
Resolv'd that the nymph should afford him relief,
And in turn feel the force of love's fire.

III.

Too artful, her passion she never had own'd,
Tho' it triumph'd alone in her breast;
But laugh'd while the shepherd in misery moan'd,
And wander'd a stranger to rest:
Advis'd then his bosom no longer to vex:
But her haughtiness treat with disdain;
He own'd a feign'd courtship, her breast to perplex,
And convert to delight all his pain.

AIR.

IN THE CESTUS.

THE Phoenix, we're told, has the Sun for his fire,
That he lives to five cent'ries or more;
That he then gathers gums and reeds in good store,
With these makes a fire;
In the midst of which fire being feated,
His wings are the bellows
Which kindle it up till 'tis properly heated;
And farther they tell us,
When no longer in flame this combustibile flashes,
A spick and span new one jumps out of the ashes.

Another wise tale to a dragon gave birth,
Whose teeth, it is said, were but sown in the earth,
When 'tis gravely attested, and let who will smile,
That a regiment of soldiers appear'd rank and file.

These stories, 'tis granted, are very absurd ;
No man ever saw such a dragon or bird ;
Yet folly and love to be met with a funder,
I hold a phenomenon of such a kind,
A rarity so much more worthy to brag on,
That sooner than set out this wonder
To find—
I'd be bound to produce you both phoenix and dragon

AIR.

IN THE CESTUS.

I'm up to all your tricks, my dear,
How the winds you make your letters bear,
My care and vigilance to queer,
 But little are your winning :

You know 'tis true my pretty youth,
You send 'em East, West, North, and South,
Don't laugh—left t'other side your mouth,
 You should be after grinning.

14 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS;

You Master! don't believe it, love;
I'm Juno still, and you are Jove;
Whom Fate has plac'd me far above,
 Nor her decrees could't alter:

Then yield with grace the sovereign rule,
Not think to make me thus a tool,
For those who hang me for a fool,
 Will find a knave in the halter.

RONDEAU.
IN THE CESTUS.

THINK not here to drive your gig,
 Madam Juno;
 I'll make you know,
Who's at home, or burn my wig,
 Why, I'll know the reason.

You may grin, but I'll bet twenty,
Her Lord and Master,
I shall cast her;
And as to witnesses, I've plenty,
In good time and season.

Think not, &c.

Shall I by her—my goods and chattels,
Be led by the nose here,
Nor dispose her
As I list—Why, Sir, these battles,
'Gainst me are petty treason.

Think not, &c.

AIR.

IN THE CESTUS.-

WITH that begirt, each dowdy girl
Gets every charm, does she but ask it;
Her teeth become a row of pearl,
Enclos'd within a coral casket.

16 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Carnations bloom upon her cheeks,
Roses take place of blotch and pimple;
The air's perfum'd whene'er she speaks,
And Cupids play in every dimple.

AIR.

IN THE CESTUS.

WHO calls on her whose powerful art,
Erects a throne in every heart;
Whose love all court, whose anger fear—
Venus yclept—behold her here.

Sighs some fond youth his love unkind,
Wou'd he some watchful Argus blind?
Glow's some fair virgin's modest cheek,
With wishes that she dare not speak?
Who calls, &c.

AIR.

IN THE CESTUS.

FINE sport, indeed, for god and godlin,
To see great Jove become Moll Codlin;
And threat his wife with fist and horsewhip,
Because she loves a little gossip,

Yet he, forsooth, can trot and amble,
And after scores of misses ramble;
Leave, gods, at Hercules your grinning,
The master of the world's a spinning.

Though while such worthy work is doing,
Slap goes the universe to ruin;
The trumpet sounds wars rude and civil,
Convulse the earth, while to the devil
They go their own way, and no wonder,
His light'ning's out—*asleep* his thunder.

AIR.

IN THE CESTUS.

HEAR the merry minstrel found,
On the ear it rings,
While all the strings,
Are one entire vibration,
The tinkling pleasure spreads around.
And as it plays,
Sweetly conveys,
From sense to sense,
Soft eloquence,
In thrilling circulation.

But stringless, broken, out of tune,
Time's thrown away ;
For did you play,
Without the least cessation,
And strum from January till June ;
You still may bang,
At every twang,
The dismal hum,
The more you thrum,
But speaks its mutilation.

But hear, &c.

Just so let down its pegs, the heart
In sadness fits,
Nor once admits
Of any consolation;
But screw it into tune, each smart,
And anxious care,
Dissolves to air,
Alone its joys
The mind employs,
And all is jubilation.

So hear the, &c.

AIR.

IN THE CESTUS.

How happy she, who ne'er can know
The misery of the great ;
Who, far from reach of scepter'd woe,
Finds in her low estate,

Joy in her innocence—delight
In scenes that still present ;
Pleasures that health and strength excite,
And transport in content.

II.

One brook, her mirror and her drink,
The happy wanderer seeks ;
And as her lambs play round its brink,
Good Nature paints her cheeks.

Few are her wants, certain her joy ;
For reason's glad consent
Points out her innocent employ,
And guides her to content.

APR.

IN THE CESTUS.

SPORTSMEN who are staunch and true,
Ne'er the timid hare pursue ;
 Quiv'ring, quaking ;
 Shiv'ring, shaking ;
Trembling, tott'ring in her flight,
She their pity would excite.

But who, a badger set at bay,
Wishes not to make his prey ?
Where's the heart compassion shocks
To ensnare the subtle fox ?

Come on, then, and partake the spoils,
Cunning Reynard's in the toils.

Sly and artful I'll prepare,
For my madam such a snare,
So close and cunning a wife-gin,
With her eyes open she'll run in.

'Ware haunches, Juno, for I'll follow
Hard at your heels with a view hollow!

AIR.

IN THE CESTUS.

MEEK I'll be as Venus' dove?
Your presence court, your absence mourn;
Love shall be the price of love,
And kindness ask a kind return.

Folly shall ne'er my mind defile,
From prudence will I ne'er depart,
My face shall wear a constant smile,
And duty govern my heart.

AIR.

IN GREAT NEWS.

COME buy my straw, and I'll give you a song, :
 I don't say my song any fatire contains,
 I don't say it touches on physic or law,
 The knave's cunning thrift, or the usurer's gains ;

I don't say it execrates cheating at play,
 Or points out to scorn every knave in life's throng ;
 Or despises the slanderer, the utmost I say,
 Is, buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.

II.

I don't say the man, who disseminates strife,
 Through a land, the world's wonder rich prosperous
 and brave,
 That protection affords to his children, and wife,
 Is a good deal a fool, and a little a knave.

I don't say the thief, who your purse steals away,
 Is more honest than the t'other who does you foul wrong,
 Under friendship's fair vizzard, the utmost I say
 Is, buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.

III.

I don't say young gentlemen, 'cause 'tis the rage
To be render'd notorious by public eclat,
While poor beauty, and youth, loose their power to
engage,
Are wrong to steal off, with some spruce grandmama.

'Gainst monkeys and apes, I don't mean to inveigh,
Nor do I assert that their feelings are wrong,
Who wish worth at the devil: the utmost I say
Is, buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.

IV.

I don't say that honour, fair dealing, and truth,
Are better than fraud, and chicanery and lies,
That the mastiffs of age, and the puppies of youth,
Howe'er we may pity, we still must despise.

Nay did one whip folly, even though one should flay
Her own back for materials to furnish the thong,
Do I say she'd be callous, the utmost I say
Is, buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

BESEECH you, would ye, gentle folks,
 Dame fortunes gifts reveal ;
I can at will turn all the spokes,
 That guide her fickle wheel :

Nor dregs of tea, nor coffee grounds,
 That mystic apparatus,
Need I to shew life's ups and downs
 To ev'ry Fortunatus:

The smiling road to human blifs,
Wou'd you pursue, the myst'ry's this—
He that's content hath fortune found,
Cheerly with him her wheel goes round.

II.

Gluttons blame fortune for that gout
They from intemp'rance feel,
While yonder iron muscled lout
Enjoys his scanty meal :

The indolent poor fortune curse
To fill up life's hiatus,
While the industrious find the purse,
And cap of Fortunatus.

The smiling road to human bliss,
Thus court your steps, the myst'ry's this,

He that's content, &c.

III.

Then customs ideots, do not say
Fortune can blindly err,
If to her fane you miss the way,
'Tis you are blind, not her.

The even path before us lies
To where her gifts await us,
And he contentment hath made wise,
Is the true Fortunatus.

The smiling road to human blifs,
Come then and tread, the myst'ry's this,

He that's content, &c.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

INSPIRED by so grateful a duty,
In terms strongest art can devise,
Bards have written those raptures on beauty,
That lovers have wafted on sighs:

I, to fill the sweet theme more completely,
Sing the beauty of goodness the while,
For every face is dress'd sweetly,
Where beams a benevolent smile.

II.

While the heart some beneficent action,
Contemplates, with joy the eyes speak,
On the lip quivers mute satisfaction,
And a glow of delight paints the cheek.

Bliss pervades every feature completely,
Adding beauty to beauty the while,
And the loveliest face looks more sweetly,
Where beams a benevolent smile.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

SWEET is the ship that under fail,
Spreads her white bosom to the gale,
Sweet, oh! sweets the flowing can;

Sweet to poise the labouring oar,
That tugs us to our native shore,
When the boatswain pipes the barge to man;

Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze;
But oh! much sweeter than all these,
Is Jack's delight his lovely Nan.

II.

The needle faithful to the north,
To shew of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man:

The needle time may rust, a squall
Capsize the binacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can:

My love in worth shall higher rise,
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

III.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
And every creature from me ran;

No ship performing quarentine,
Was ever so deserted seen,
None hail'd me woman, child, nor man;

But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
Though cut a drift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

IV.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love, truth, and merit to defend,
To moan their los's who hazard ran;

I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty and a spotless heart,
By manners love to shew the man;

To fail through life, by honour's breeze——
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

DON'T you see that as how I'm a sportsman in style,
All so kickish, so slim, and so tall ;
Why I've searh'd after game and that many's the mile,
And seed no bit of nothing at all ;

My licence I pockets, my poney I strides,
And I pelts through the wind and the rain,
And, if likely to fall, sticks the spurs in the fides,
Leaves the bridle and holds by the mane ;

To be fure dad at home kicks up no little strife,
But dabby what's that, en't fashion and life ?

II.

At sporting I never was know'd for to lag,
I was always in danger the first,
When at Epfom last Easter they turned out the stag,
I'm the lad that was rolled in the duff ;

Then they calls me a Nincom why, over the fields,
There a little beyond Dulwich Common,
I a chick and a goose, tumbled head over heels,
And two mudlarks, besides an old woman :

Then let miserly dad, kick up sorrow and strife,
I'm the lad that's genteel, and knows fashion and life.

III.

But don't go for to think I neglects number one,
Often when my companions, with ardour,
Are hunting about with the dog and the gun,
I goes and I hunts in the ladder ;

There I springs me a woodcock, or flushes a quail,
Or finds pufs, as she sits under cover,
Then so ho! to the barrel, to start me some ale,
And when I have dined. and fed rover,

Pays my landlord his shot, as I ogles his wife,
While the daughter cries out, lord what fashion and life.

I V.

Then I buys me some game, all as homeward we jog,
And when the folks ax how I got 'em,
Though I shooted but once, and then killed the poor dog,
I swears and then stand's to't I shot 'em ;

So come round me ye sportsmen that's smart and what not,
All stilish and cutting a flash,
When your piece won't kill game, charged with powder
and shot,
To bring 'em down, down with your cash ;

And if with their jokes, and their jeers, folks are rife
Why dabby says you, 'ent it fashion and life.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

SEE, see to join the the revel rout,
All hopping, skipping, prancing,
With squeak and squall, and shriek and shout,
All forts and sizes prancing,

As old as poles and big as tuns,
Three graces lead the revels,
Then devils tame as lambs,
And Nuns as impudent as devils.

‘ Do you know me? ’—“ Oh! yes, excellent well—
you are a fishmonger:”—‘ No I en’t; I am a methodist
preacher.’—“ Then I would you were so honest a man.”

Thus leaving every care behind,
The pack stale reason scorning,
Chafe pleasures of the night to find,
The head ache of the morning.

II.

See all conditions, fexes, years,
 Unite to keep the farce on,
 A swearing quaker next appears,
 And next a drunken parson;

Beaux, chattering nonsense loud in peals,
 Bells, furnished well with clappers,
 Tumblers, and dancers without heels,
 And lawyers without nappers.

'Do you know me?—“Oh! yes, very well—you are Venus.”—“Will you be my Mars?”—“With all my soul.”—“Come unmask, and let me behold the beauties of the Cyprian Queen.”—“Let us unmask together.”—“Agreed.”—“Oh! plague and misfortune, my husband!”—“Oh! hell and the devil, my wife!”

Thus leaving every care behind,
 The pack stale reason scorning,
 Chase pleasures of the night, to find
 The head ache of the morning.

III.

At last to close their noisy mirth,
As finis to this kick up,
From the supper room they issue forth,
And roar, and rant, and hiccup;

My angel—whau—zounds, pull his nose,
Sir, do you mean to bam me?
I've lost my wig—he's spoilt my clothes,
A ring, boo, scoundrel, damme.

'An old cloaths man to call the grand Turk a scoundrel!—Satisfaction.' "A ring." 'Dabby, I never boxes.' "Kick him out." 'Yea I will.' "I was never see any thing so droll in my life." 'Ah! there'll be murder.' "Arrah fait that's right, exchange adreffes." "I'll eat him up alive—I'll maul the villain." 'Hark forward—Oh! its a fine row, dabby I love a row.'

The pack thus leaving care behind,
And musty reason scorning,
Chafe pleasures of the night, to find
The head ache of the morning.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

DICK DOCK, a tar at Greenwich moor'd,
One day had got his beer on board,
When he a poor maim'd pensioner from Chelsea saw;
And all to have his jeer and flout,
For the grog once in the wit's foon out,
Cried, how good master Lobster did you lose your claw?

Was't that time in a drunken fray?
Or t'other when you ran away?
But hold you Dick, the poor soul has one foot in the grave;
'Fore slander's wind too fast you fly,
D'ye think it fun?—you swab you lie;
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

II.

Old Hanibal, in words as grofs,
For he, like Dick, had got his dofe,
To try about at wrangling, quickly took a spell;
If I'm a Lobfter, master Crab,
By the information on your nab,
In fome scrimmage, or other, why they've crack'd your
shell;

And then why how you hobling go,
On that jury maft, your timber toe,
A nice one to find fault, with one foot in the grave;
But halt old Hanibal, halt! halt!
Distrefs was never yet a fault,
Misfortune ever claimed the pity of the brave.

III.

If Hanibal's your name d'ye fee,
As fure as they Dick Dock call me,
As once it did fall out, I ow'd my life to you,
Spilt from my horfe, once when when 'twas dark,
And nearly swallowed by a shark,
You boldly plunged in, faved me and pleased all the crew:

If that's the case then cease our jeers,
When boarded by they fame Mounseers,
You, a true English Lion, snatch'd me from the grave,
Cried cowards, do the man no harm,
Dammee, don't you see he's lost his arm,
Misfortune ever claimed pity from the braye.

IV.

'Then broach a can before we part,
A friendly one, with all his heart,
And as we put the grog about, we'll cheerly sing,
At land and sea, may Briton's fight,
The world's example and delight,
And conquer every enemy of George our King:

'Tis he, that proves the hero's friend,
His bounty waits us to our end,
Though crippled, and laid up, with one foot in the grave;
Then Tars and Soldiers never fear,
You shall not want compassion's tear,
Misfortune ever claimed the pity of the brave.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

SAY foldier which of glory's charms,
That heroes' souls enflame,
Gives brightest lustre to their arms,
Or best ensures their fame ?

Is it her lion-mettled rage,
Let lose from ardour's den,
Legion with legion to engage,
And make men slaughter men ?

Is it to a defenceless foe,
Mild mercy to forbear,
And glut the call of vengeance ? No ;
The brave delight to spare :

G

'Tis clemency pale misery's friend,
Foremost in glory's van,
To dry the starting tear, and blend
The hero with the man.

II.

Then on the wretch fall double shame,
Who, in foul slander lored,
Knows war alone by murder's name,
The soldier by the sword :

As blessings out of evils come,
Let once the conflict cease,
The eagle brings the halcyon home,
War courts the finiles of peace :

Yet, he to higher merit vaults,
Who glory's track hath trod,
'Great, generous merit that exalts,
A mortal to a God :

'Tis clemency, pale misery's friend,
Ever in glory's van,
To dry the starting tear, and blend
The hero with the man.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

ANACREON tells us that mortals mere clods,
By the drink they love best are exalted to gods,
And fate there's no lie in the truth on't, don't wine,
Though as beastly as devils, make toppers divine?

Three treads in a trice makes a god of poor snip,
Tars are every one Neptunes when e'er they drink flip,
To be Jove, or Apollo, or Mars, would ye chuse,
Ah! you've nothing to do but get drunk with Rambooze.

II.

Then a natural transition from heaven, if you go
 Down to hell, ah! you'll find them all drinking below,
 Each striving in Lethe to hury his care;
 The seducer forgets when he ruined the fair,

Grecks the pillory forget they so richly deserve,
 The ufurer forgets when he let the man starve,
 The perjurer forgets that he died in his shoes,
 But let us all such rascals forget in Rambooze.

III.

Our Shelah, cried out, one day, making her moan,
 From my arms, where I held him fast, Taddy is gone,
 And though in my prefence he always will stay,
 For ever the wanton young rogue's fled away:

I'm dead, and I'm kilt, and shall never recover,
 Heaven take me, or give me that heaven, my lover,
 Teach me how to be mad, or my senses to lose,
 My dear creature, cried I, just get drunk with Rambooze.

IV.

When hard at the whiskey an Irishman pulls,
In search of Europas, he rides upon bulls,
Of liquærs large libations Italians scarce swallow,
But every squalini becomes an Apollo:

Then each fair one's a goddess, don't every she,
Like an angel, talk scandal, whene'er she drinks tea,
You most Helicon sip, would you turn to a muse,
And, if you'd be Bacchus, get drunk with Rambooze.

V.

But did I not stop I should never have done,
In me all the Deities centre in one ;
I'm as valiant as Mars, and as mighty as Jove,
As cunning as Mercury, as am'rous as Love :

I'm Apollo and Momus, together for wit,
And I boast an Olympus my godship to fit,
For what better heaven, upon earth, can I chose,
Than good health, a kind wife, a true friend and
Rambooze ?

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

WHERE a learned physician who writes for all ills,
'Stead of taking a guinea obliged to take pills,
Or compell'd to examine mortality's bills,
For his own and his brethren's slaughter :

Were an ideal widow her spouse given over,
At the moment a promise she made to her lover,
Advertised that her husband began to recover,
Both these would be fish out of water :

Odd fish, queer fish, strange fish, droll fish—
In short they'd be fish out of water.

II.

Did a methodist preacher, leave fleecing his flock,
Did wifings let in common sense, should she knock,
Did a toper reel homewards before three o'clock,
Did puppies find taste when they fought her,

Were a rook, by a pigeon, choused out of his booty,
Did a wife, kind and handsome, and true to her duty,
Meet a brute, unattracted by goodness or beauty,
All these would be fish out of water.

Odd fish, &c.

III.

Should true limbs of the law, while extending their palms,
From honour or conscience, be troubled with qualms,
Should spendthrifts grow prudent, or misers give alms,
Or honesty tempt a defaulter,

Did a lover, in high expectation, when ready,
At the place of appointment, sequestered and shady,
Encounter a broomstick instead of the lady,
All these would be fish out of water

Odd fish, &c.

IV.

Did a tar, or in private, or public strife,
For his king, or his friend, fear to venture his life,
Did a jolman, from Ireland, in search of a wife,
Expect fortune, and meet with her daughter,

In short from mankind, did one strip off the vizard,
Without fear of passing for witch, or for wizard,
One might see 'twould so cursedly stick in each gizzard,
That they'd all appear fish out of water :

Odd fish, &c.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

THE squirrel that jingles his bells in his cage,
Is the type of that folly and strife,
Call't the fashion, the ton, or the kick, or the rage,
That makes up the bustle of life :

On the wheel of dame fortune, now high, and, now low,
As they amble, and gallop, and pace,
While in search of that phantom called pleasure they go,
Each strives to be first in the chase :

So round, round, round goes scug in his cage,
And jingles his bells with a fufs and a rage,
Still turning about and about,
And when tir'd with his journey remains in the place,
Exactly where first he set out.

H

II.

In search after knowledge, the book worm explores,
 Where nature's wide regions expand,
 But though fancy conducts him to numberless shores,
 He never once touches on land :

His bark's tost in storms of opinions that rage,
 Nor truth's trackless path can he trace,
 Till error and doubt bring the night of old age,
 Fair certainty's day to deface.

So round, &c.

III.

The novice goes forward in search of a friend,
 To share both his heart and his self,
 Till humbled and tired with his toil without end,
 He at last makes a friend of himself :

One who fairness professed, picked his pocket at play,
 One deceived him, and laughed in his face,
 One he shewed to his mistress, soon stole her away,
 One was mean, and another was base.

So round, &c.

IV.

Thus men miss the substance, and grasp at the name,
Thus projectors find midnight at noon,
Thus heroes chase bubbles, and fancy them fame,
And thus children cry for the moon.

Those are pleasures alone that lead reason's fair train,
The rest bring but shame, and disgrace,
And though you may start them again and again,
Vexed and tired you'll give over the chase.

So round, &c.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

'Twas one day at Wapping his dangers o'erhauling,
Jack Junk cock'd his jemmy and broach'd a full can,
While a posse of neighbours of each different calling,
Cried only but hear what a marvellous man :

Avast, cried out Jack, what's there marvellous in it?
When his time's come the stoutest of hearts must comply.

Why now you master tallow chandler, by way of
throwing a little light on the subject, don't you think
'tis better to be extinguished when one's fighting in de-
fence of one's king and country, than to stay at home
lingering and go out like the snuff of a candle?

Then like men do your duty, we have all our minute,
And at sea or ashore we shall live till we die,
Hurraw, hurraw, hurraw boys let's live till we die.

III.

Why now you master Plumber, that marvels at billows,
 I shall founder at sea, and you'll die in your bed ;
 What of that ? some have sods, and some waves for their
 pillows,
 And 'its likely enough we may both die of lead :

And as for the odds, all the difference that's in it,
 I shall pop off at once, and you'll lingering lie.

Why smite my crooked timbers, who knows but master
 Snip, there, may slip his cable and break his back with
 taking the ninth part of a fall off the shopboard into his
 own hell.

Then like men, &c.

III.

As for you master Bricklayer to make out your calling,
 A little like mine e'n't a matter that's hard,
 Pray mayn't you from a ladder or scaffold be falling,
 As eafy as I from a rattling or yard :

Then for you its commission a tile may bring in it,
 As soon as a shot or a splinter for I.

As for master Doctor, the Undertaker, and Sexton,
they don't want no wipe from me, they sends too many
folks contented to their long home, not to know how to
go there contentedly themselves.

Then like men, &c.

IV.

And when Captain Death comes the reckoning to settle,
You may clear ship for action as much as you like,
And behave like a man, but he 'as such weight of metal,
At the very first broadside the bravest must strike.

And when you have said all you can what's there in it,
Who to scud 'gainst a storm but a lubber would try.

For as to qualms of conscience, cheating customers, be-
traying friends, and such like, being a set of honest
tradesmen, I dare say you are perfectly easy about they
fort of things.

Then like men, &c.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

IN one thou' d'st find variety,
Cried Dick, would'st thou on wedlock fix ?
I rather should expect, cry'd I,
Variety in five or six ;

But never was thy counsel light,
I'll do 't my friend—so said, so done,
I'm noos'd for life, and Dick was right,
I find variety in one.

II.

Her tongue has more variety
Than music's system can embrace ;
She modulates through every key,
Squeaks treble, and growls double base ;

Divisions runs, and trills, and shakes,
 Enough the noisy spheres to stun;
 Thus, as harsh discord music makes,
 I find variety in one.

III.

Her dress boasts such variety,
 Such forms, materials, fashions, hues,
 Each animal must plundered be,
 From Russian bears to cockatoos.

Now 'tis a feather, now a zone,
 Now she's a gipsy, now a nun,
 To change like theameleon prone,
 En't this variety in one?

IV.

In wedlock's wide variety,
 Thought, word, and deed, we both concur,
 If she's a thunder storm to me,
 So I'm an April day to her:

Devil, and Angel, black, and white,
Thus as we Hymen's gauntlet run,
And kifs, and scold, and love, and fight,
Each finds variety in one.

v.

Then cherish love's variety,
In spite of every sneering elf,
We're nature's children, and en't she,
In change, variety itself ?

Her clouds, and storms are willed by fate,
More bright to shew her radiant sun;
Hail then blest wedlock in whose state,
Men find variety in one.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

If you'll only just promise you'll none of you laugh,
I'll be after explaining the French Telegraph ;
A machine that's endow'd with such wonderful pow'r,
It writes, reads, and sends news fifty miles in an hour :

Then there's watch words, a spy glafs, an index, or hand,
And many things more none of us understand ;
But which, like the nose on your face, will be clear,
When we have, as usual, improv'd on them here.

II.

Oh ! the dabblers in lotteries will grow rich as Jews,
Steap of flying of pigeons, to bring them the news,
They'll a Telegraph place, upon Old Ormond Quay,
Put another 'board ship, in the midst of the sea :

And so on to town each to tell through the rank,
The first thousand pound prize was that morn drawn a
blank,
And thus if the air should but chance to be clear,
In two hours will the news of dear Dublin fly here.

III.

When the Newmarket squad to the races go down,
By confederates, and Telegraphs, stationed in town,
They'll get news long before the mail coaches come in,
Plates, matches, and sweepstakes, who lose, and who win :

And how after a crossing, and jostling, dead heat,
That Black Legs, and Rook, were by Belzebub beat:
Ah! just let them alone by my soul there's no fear,
But the turf will improve on the Telegraph here.

IV.

Ah! then what a sure guide will the Telegraph prove,
To promote their designs who are dying for love,
If an old married lady shou'd court a young man,
Can't she make a spy glass with the sticks of her fan ?

60 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Then suppose an appointment, the hour to be two,
Can't the index point thus and the watch word be boo?
Sure didn't I tell you I'd make it appear,
'Twill be mighty convenient improved upon here.

v.

Adieu penny posts, mails, and coaches adieu,
Your occupation is gone, 'tis all over wid you,
In your place Telegraphs, on our houses we'll use,
To tell time, conduct light'ning, dry shirts, and send news:

Thus while signals, and flags, stream on top of each street,
The town, to a bird, will appear a grand fleet,
And since England's grand fleet, to the French, convey
fear,
Sure shant we improve on their Telegraph here.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

WHEN I first went to school it was all my delight,
To con something or other from morning to night ;
I would never conform, nor confes, nor consent,
And however conjured, I never was content :

But so well I'd confuse, and conceal and contrive,
And conspire, and concert, and controul, and connive,
And confute and contest, and confound, and so on,
No boy in the school was so pat at a con.

II.

Scarcely did I emancipate, manners to know,
But a strange predilection I cherished for pro ;
I proceeded with care, wou'd propose, and protest,
And promoting but little, a great deal professed.

Procured rich connections, old friends to provoke,
 With a titter provided, prolonged my lord's joke,
 And pronounced each man's friend, and producing no
 foe,
 I left little con, and stuck tightly to pro.

III.

Thus well with the world, my next thought after this,
 Was to yield to the ton, and to keep a fine miss,
 But here I miscarried, was after misled,
 Mismatched, and mistaken, and every way sped :

Miss's conduct misgave me, and full of mistrust,
 I set my miss down where I took her up first,
 Glad I'd met with no mishap, nor worse mischief than
 this,
 And resolved my next frolick shou'd not be amiss.

IV.

Still playing on words, and resolved to get rich,
 I learnt there were hows—but then how to find which,
 Fortunes were to be nabbed, I find out now and then,
 And knew something of where, but I cou'd not tell
 when :

Scarce an if had formed hope, when a but produced fear,
Then in searching out there, I soon lost myself here,
'Till betwixt and between, this and that, somehow, I,
In search of the wherefore, lost sight of the why.

v.

Thus ringing the changes on life's wordy war,
I found its sheet anchor existed in for ;
And, by prudence forwarned, folly's joys to forbear,
Soon did all nonsense forsake, and forswear ;

For the world, for society, destined to live,
When by any one wronged I forget and forgive,
Keep my fortune in petto for honourable ends,
Just enough for myself, and the rest for my friends.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

TELL me not of men's follies, their whims and caprices,
 That the sum of their vices each moment increaseth,
 That like monsters of prey every friend his friend fleeces,
 Still striving to cheat, to cajole and trapan:

If nature implanted the passions that rule us,
 If custom her shadow dequels us and fool us,
 Acquitted by candour where rigour would school us,
 Lay the blame on the manners and not on the man.

II.

Should a beauty involved in the vortex of pleasure,
 Where of bliss's flimsy fashion supplies the gay measure,
 Yield some villain accomplished her virtue's sole treasure,
 And in that abyfs plunge that no ray of hope cheers:

While you grieve that simplicity's charms were denied
 her,
 That of innocence little she e'er had to guide her,
 Though fall'n ne'er to rise, do not scorn, nor deride her,
 But, forgetting her errors, ah! pity her tears.

III.

Should a youth, for an opulent station intended,
 On whom lavish parents large sums have expended,
 'Stead of virtues and talents distinguished and splendid,
 Confirm vice at college imbibed when at school ;

Low his mind, with no firmness, no discrimination,
 From Pieria's fount 'stead of making libation,
 Should he roll down the torrent of wild dissipation,
 In his loss to society pity the fool.

K

IV.

These, these, as I look through the world, are my
feelings ;
For, deal with mankind on a par with their dealings,
From accused, and accuser, the eternal appealing,
Soon justice would wreck on chicanery's shelf ;

Then hypocrites pity, the faint hides a sinner,
Of the poet buy nonsense, the man wants a dinner,
Thus, lose who'er may, still shall you be a winner,
For in pitying others you honour yourself.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

TOM TRUELOVE woo'd the sweetest fair,
That e'er to Tar was kind,
Her face was of a beauty rare,
More beautiful her mind ;

His messmates heard, while with delight,
He named her for his bride,
A sail appeared, ah fatal sight !
For grief his love had died ;

Must I, cried he, those charms resign,
I loved so dear, so well ?
Would they had tolled instead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

I I.

Break heart at once and there's an end,
Thou all that heaven could give !
But hold, I have a noble friend,
Yet, yet for him I'll live :

Fortune, who all her baleful spight,
Not yet on Tom had tried,
Sent news, one rough, tempestuous night,
That his dear friend had died :

And thou too! must thee resign,
Who honour loved so well ?
Would they had tolled instead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

I I I.

Enough, enough, a salt sea wave,
A healing balm shall bring ;
A sailor you cried one, and brave ?
Live still to serve your king !

The moment comes, behold the foe ;
Thanks generous friend, he cried,
The second broadside laid him low,
He named his love and died :

The tale, in mournful accents sung,
His friends still sorrowing tell,
How sad, and solemn, three times rung,
Tom Truelove's knell.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

I'VE thought and I've said it sin I were a boy,
That what folks get at easy they never enjoy ;
Why I was the same, at what's homely I'd scoff,
But how fine if it comed a good many miles off :

So big with this fancy, though but a poor clown,
I hied me away for to see the great town,
Where they push'd me, and throng'd me all as one as a
fair,
Then they'd titter, and snigger, and laugh, then I'd stare,

Why bumkin did'st e'er see tuch fin'ry as this,
 In your place, cried a monkey in trowsers, why yes !
 You'd your joke master coxcomb, and now I'll have
 mine,
 I've seen peacocks and gold finches ten times as fine :

So I left master whistle, and whistled along,
 Then humm'd to myself the fag end of a song ;
 The good that we wish for may'nt match what we've got,
 Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleased with their
 lot,

And to whatever place discontented folks roam,
 At last they'll be forced to fay this of their home,
 Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely,
 And damn it home's home, be it ever so homely.

II.

So since for strange fights, I to town took my range,
 Faith I zeed fights in plenty, and all of them strange,
 I zeed folks roll in riches, who pleasure ne'er knew,
 I zeed honest poverty rich as a Jew ;

Time and oft dressed lamb fashion I zeed an old ewe,
I zeed madam's monkey as smart as her beau,
I zeed beauty, and virtue, that never knew shame,
And I zeed vice careffed under modesty's name,

I zeed a fine head drefs, worth more than the head,
I zeed folks with their brains out before they were dead,
I zeed rogues of their knavery making their brags,
And I zeed fools in coaches, and merit in rags ;

And still through the crowd as I whiffled along,
I hummed to myself the fag end of a song,
The good that we wish for may'nt match what we've got,
Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleased wth their
lot :

And to whatever place discontented folks roam,
At last they'll be forced to fay this of their home,
Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely,
And damn it, home's home, be it ever fo homely.

III.

But what zickened me most was, one day in the Park,
 As the guns were all firing, a queer looking spark,
 Cried, what nonsense and stuff with their fufs and parade;
 Stuff and nonsense, said I, Oh! what that that you said?

Why they fire for a victory, and you have your choice
 To go home, or with all honest subjects rejoice;
 Mighty well, cried my spark, but a word in your ear,
 The affairs of the nation are cursedly queer;

Nay 'tis true, we're done up, 'twill be seen by and by,
 How much did they give you to catch me, said I,
 The country's a good one, all good men perceive it,
 And they that don't like it, why damn't let 'em leave it;

So I left my queer spark, and went whiffling along,
 Then I hummed to myself, the fag end of a song,
 The good that we wish for may'nt match what we've got,
 Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleased with their
 lot:

And to whatever plate discontented folks roam,
 At last they'll be forced to fay this of their home,
 Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely,
 And damn it, home's home, be it ever so homely.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

Now you shall see what you shall see,
Lady, gemmen come,
One very great curiosity,
What makes to speak de dumb ;

Vat green, and red, and brown, and blue,
And black, and white can paint,
Vat make Jew christian, christian Jew,
Make good come out of evil,
Vat make a devil of a faint, and of a faint a devil ;

“ Peep troo dat little hole, Sir—Vat you see there ?
Eh,”—“ What do you say, masta Shewman, it will make
black white ?—The devil’s in it if it won’t !—Why it is
a large purse of money !”

Now you shall see, vat you see, fine ting before you go,
Come gentleman and lady see my Raree Show.

II.

Now you shall see, vat you shall see,
Please to look in there,
One very great curiosity,
Vat make the people stare ;

One terrible, one shocking, ting
In horror dat abound ;
Before your face I go to bring
One horrible production ;
Look quick and you shall be furound
Vid death, and vid destruction.

“ Vele faar vat you see now ? Eh ! ” ‘ Ah ! master Shewman, you be a wag—Death and destruction with the devil too’t !—Why it be a Poticary’s shop.’

Now you shall see, &c.

III.

Now you shall see vat you shall see,
Please to put your eyes ;
One very great curiosity,
Vat give you great surprize ;

More shocking as the toder sight,
You never have see such,
Come look, make haste, don’t you be fright,
You shall see one place spacious,
All fill up vid great many much,
Strange animal voracious.

“ Why, master Shewman, this be a cuter joke than the tother—I wish I may die if it ben’t the Lord Mayor and Aldermen at dinner !

Now you shall see, &c.

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

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

“ Ah! master Shewman, you did never say a truer
thing in your life—Why, Lord love him, 'tis the King's
Majesty.”

Now you shall see, &c.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

HAVE you heard of the tax, that such strange con-
futation,
Has spread through old England, that poor helpless
nation,
'Tis hair powder, Oh! downfall of guinealefs beaus,
Who, unlicenced, will all look like so many crows;

Hark the Frizeurs exclaim! as distracted they roam,
'Mongst the knights of the curling irons, Chaos is come,
Sing and cry, cry and sing, mingle misery and fun,
England's never so happy as when 'tis undone.

II.

The Hunks, who can boast but a single colt's tooth,
 Who, weighed down with age, apes the fopperies of
 youth,
 Says, to some Dulcinea, 'my hairs are all grey,
 'So I can't be taxed,' cries the Syren, "Nay, nay,
 "Not all grey—they're half black:"—'Ah! you dear
 coaxing ninny,
 'Well, I'll purchase a licence and pay half a guinea.'

Sing and cry, &c.

III.

Then the Knights of the Rainbow—I say my lord Duke,
 On hair powder a tax—take the news there and look,
 I forgot, you can't read—the ridiculous fufs,
 Why what are such trifles as guineas to us?
 Nunky pays for we footmen—I'll sport a spruce nab,
 And Old Quibus come down for't, or demme I'll blab.

Sing and cry, &c.

IV.

But the drollest expedient was that of a fop,
A man milliner, where there were four in a shop;
I've hit upon't, demme : as lawyers coach call,
And drive four for a shilling to Westminster Hall,
Five and three pence a piece, lads advance, hand it out,
We'll purchase a licence and lend it about.

Sing and cry, &c.

V.

Then the tea table fee, I declare then I'm vexed,
Cries out, Old Lady Pyeball, ' Our teeth they'll tax next,
' I should trick 'em at that tho' I have but one tooth :'
" 'Tis quite right," cried a beauty all sweetness and truth,
" Take the tax, take each feather, that plays on my
head,
" I shall dress the more plain—but the poor will get bread"

Sing and cry, &c.

VI.

Then, my countrymen, emulate this charming fair,
Deck the heart nor regret how neglected the hair,
While Friseurs, and Footmen, and Fops, cry pecavi,
We shall all drefs more decent, and they'll man the navy;

Let our rulers go on then of honour secure,
Each tax upon luxury's bread for the poor,
Then hold all this croaking, and grumbling as fun,
By such nonsense Old England can ne'er be undone.

M

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

LET none of these our sports profane ;
But come all ye of reason's train,
Who freely cherish faultless mirth,
That from reflection takes its birth :

To joy's gay banners gayly come,
Hark, hark, her merry fife and drum !
And, as her strains your minds unbend,
Fair loyalty with pleasure blend :

Still mindful, in enjoyment's course,
Whence all your blessings have their source,
Come, smiling come, and loudly sing,
With grateful hearts—Long live the King.

II.

For me, while truly I expose,
To open day, fair virtues foes,
And folly send to reason's school,
By force of biting ridicule :

My mirror polishing anew,
To point out moral truth to view,
Harmless, and rational, my wit,
So long may you my lays permit :

So long may I those lays employ,
The humble medium of your joy,
My own and your first wish to sing,
With grateful heart—Long live the King.

III.

For you, whose smiles my verse inspire,
Who, if I sing, support the lyre,
Who shape my ore from out the mass,
Stamp it, and bid it current pass :

Who give each worthy effort fame,
Who love to praise, and grieve to blame ;
Long may you every blessing meet !
Long may your wishes be complete !

Long may you, with becoming zeal,
Britons, the pride of Britons feel !
Long, long, that best of burdens, sing,
With grateful hearts—Long live the King.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

I NEVER shall survive it, cried Lumkin in despair,
She's gone and I shall ever wail and cry,
I've lost my charming Cælia, the fairest of the fair :
 Will no one comfort send me,
 Why then these hands shall end me,
Hung by his garter on that tree I'll die ;

Let none my fame be mangling,
While dangling, dangling, dangling,
 On yon tree I die.

II.

Young Kitty of the cottage, and Jenny of the mill,
And bonny Suke, and sprightly Peggy Sly,
And Fan and Nan, and Poll and Doll, I know will try
 their skill,
 Tricked out in all their beauty,
 To lure me from my duty :
But I can tell them they are deceived—I'll die !

These girls will all be angling :
 'Twont do for dangling, dangling,
 All for love I'll die.

III.

I own that Kitty's eye brows some trait of Cælia's bear,
 Suke has her nose, and Peg her sparkling eye ;
 Both Fan and Nan, her dimples, and Poll and Doll her
 hair ;
 But these shall all be slighted,
 For Cælia's charms united,
 Not all her sex combined can boast—I'll die !

Then let them all be wrangling,
 And pulling caps for dangling,
 They shall see me die.

IV.

And yet on recollection, Young Dælia formed to please,
 Her dimples has, her hair, and sparkling eye ;
 Nay, Dælia is like Cælia as ever were two peas,
 Has all those charms that won me,
 Would she take pity on me !
 But lord she'd never think of me—I'll die !

While hopes and fears are jangling,
I'll dangling, dangling, dangling,
All for Cælia die.

v.

'Twixt hanging, and 'twixt marriage, still doubtful
which to chuse,
As Lumkin paused, came Dælia tripping by,
Ads wounds, cried he, would'st thou consent, I'd tye'
the-other noose,
She smiles, good bye poor Cælia,
I go to marry Dælia,
Not in a halter, but her arms to die;

Better in wedlock wrangling,
Than dangling, dangling, dangling,
On a tree to die.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

ON Olympus blue summit as loud vacant mirth,
Shook with laughter the sides of the gods,
Were not nectar, cried Bacchus, forbid fons of earth,
'Twere rare sport to celestialize clods:

Say, shall they a nectar possess of their own,
That like ours with delight shall be rife?
I've hit it, let Punch, by my fiat, be known,
A liquor the Symbol of Life.

II.

Of the elements four, that the universe sway,
Our nectar celestial we make,
So punch, that henceforward shall moisten man's clay,
Of the passions of man shall partake:

The sweets that from godlike benevolence flows,
Shall correct the sharp acid of strife,
While the spirit of rage temperance mean shall compose,
So shall Punch be the Symbol of Life.

III.

Punch shall be the first fiddle in life's motley band,
That, untuned, scrapes harsh discords and hoarse,
But when screwed to its pitch by a masterly hand,
Shall most excellent music discourse :

Punch, unmade, will a chaos mishapen disclose,
Rude atom with atom at strife,
But, which tempered, to beauty and symmetry grows,
Thus, is Punch, the true Symbol of Life.

IV.

When in sloth, life's warm water, mankind are immersed,
And sweet luxury's fount from afar,
Rage, and four heart burnings, by indolence nursed,
Blaze in all the dread fury of war :

But when temperate reflection takes rule in the mind,
Cruel war is disarmed of his knife,
And the blessings of peace shed their balm on mankind,
And thus Punch is the Symbol of Life.

V.

As pleasure on pleasure in wedlock you meet,
If, thoughtless, you surfeit and feed,
Sullen, sour discontent shall corrode every sweet,
And luke warm indifference succeed :

But when wedlock's ingredients, in mean true and even,
Are blended in husband and wife ;
Such a pair, so well mated, on earth find a heaven,
And thus Punch is the Symbol of Life,

VI.

Thus, in all their concerns, shall this liquor divine,
Some moral instruction impart,
That the medium of truth may correct and refine,
Each crude feeling that springs from the heart :

Be your lives then nor maukish, strong, four, nor yet
sweet,

But a mixture of all, to shun strife;
So men's joys shall be next to celeftials complete,
So shall Punch be the Symbol of Life.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

'Twas a hundred years ago,
Or there-about, I believe,
Liv'd a wife you must know,
As I quickly shall shew,
A true bred daughter of Eve:

For this wife, though spouse, was civil,
For so the story ran,
Was tempted to evil,
But not by the devil,
But a devilish handsome young man.

II.

This young man was an officer gay,
With a mien so militaire,
An ensign on half-pay,
Though no colonel, some say,
Had so fierce, and so noble an air :

Now the husband had but one eye,
And for this his crafty bride,
Chose him out by the bye,
Half her faults to espy,
And to catch him upon the blind side.

III.

The husband was gone from home,
She tricked out smart and neat,
Now the officer's come,
Cupid braces his drum,
And a parley is presently beat :

When Betty, who closely watched,
Cried out, as she came unawares,
' If a lie can't be hatched,
' We are all of us caught,
' For my master's a coming up stairs.'

IV.

Cried the wife, ' I have hit on it sure ;
 ' Come, come, 'tis no time to flinch !
 ' We're from danger secure,
 ' Get behind the door,
 ' Wit never left wife at a pinch :

Then the husband came in fight :
 Cried she in a counterfeit scream,
 ' What joy and delight,
 ' Does your presence excite,
 ' Dear husband I dreamt a dream.

V.

' A dream so extraordinary and rare,
 ' Pray heaven it prove not a lie,
 ' I dreamt in that chair,
 ' 'Tis as true as you're there,
 ' That fate had restored your blind eye :

Cried he, " What a rout, and a pother :"
 ' Nay, nay, at my hopes do not scoff ;
 ' The blind eye's like its brother,
 ' Let me cover tother,'
 This doing, the lover stole off.

V r.

Her Mars safe retreated, she cried,
' Well love is the fight wholly lost ?'
" Yes wife your dream lied,
" Though 'till doomfday you tried,
" I should yet see no more than a post :"

Then the devil take dreams I fay,
For I'm more difappointed than you,
Quoth the husband, nay, nay,
When next I'm away,
Let us hope all your dreams may come true.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

WHILE music lends its heavenly art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail, the first commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world :

See its chief magistrates to grace
London in pomp and show,
The source of its great riches trace,
To all the winds that blow :

The companies to silver Thames,
Move on in flow parade,
Each bearing as its banner names,
A pageant of its trade :

Then while sweet music lends its art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the first commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world.

First, minstrelsy and loud acclaim,
That sweet musicians bring,
Musicians of fair London's fame,
Still emulous to sing:

And, hark! the armourers cleave the wind,
By one in armour led,
While memory tells the patriot mind,
At Agincourt who bled:

Then, while sweet music lends its art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the first commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world.

Nor let the shipwrights by us slip,
In high commercial fame
First in the rank, for from a ship
Fair London took its name:

Now while the croud each trade surrounds,
That joy and use supplies,
Hark! where the massy anvil sounds,
See! where the shuttle flies :

Then, while sweet music lends its art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the first commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world.

These fit with art the even joint,
Those dress the supple skin,
Others th' industrious needle point,
Or decorative pin :

Some sing of Blaze and dress the wool,
Some shape the wheels of time,
The ever lengthening wire some pull,
Some teach the bells to chime :

Then, while sweet music lends its art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the first commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world.

Those, friendship's emblem, bring the square,
These bear the gordian ring,
And now, while trumpets rend the air,
And sweet musicians sing,

Haste to the feast where while the band,
The social hour prolong,
The loyal toast from plenty's hand,
Relieves the loyal song :

Then, while sweet music lends its art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the first commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world.

100 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Last at the ball-room see the fair,
Each fair a British toast,
Lovely in charms, in virtue rare,
Blest England's pride and boast :

But did I to my theme give way,
By fancy led along,
Soon were the poet's teeming lay,
A history, not a song :

Yet while sweet music lend its art,
And banners are unfurled,
Hail, hail the first commercial mart,
Throughout the peopled world.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.



If lubberly landsmen to gratitude strangers,
Still curse their unfortunate stars,
Why what would they say, did they try but the dangers
Encountered by true hearted tars :

If life's vessel they put 'fore the wind, or they tack her,
Or whether bound here, or there,
Give 'em sea room, good fellowship, grog and tobacker,
Well then damme if Jack cares where.

II.

Then your stupid Old Quid Nuncs to hear them all
clatter,
The devil can't tell you what for,
Though they don't know a gun from a marlinspike,
chatter
About and concerning of war :

While for King, wife, and friend, he's through every
 thing rubbing,
 With duty still proud to comply,
So he gives but the foes of Old England a drubbing,
 Why then, damme, if Jack cares why.

III.

And then when good fortune has crowned his en-
 deavours,
 And he comes home with shiners galore,
Well what if so be he should lavish his favours,
 On every poor object long-shore :

Since money's the needle that points to good nature,
 Friend, enemy, false or true,
So it goes to relieve a distressed fellow creature,
 Well then, damme, if Jack cares who.

IV.

Don't you see how some diff'rent thing ev'ry one's
 twigging,
 To take the command of a rib,
 Some are all for the breast-work, and some for the rigging,
 And some for the cut of her jib,

Though poor, some will take her in tow, to defend her,
 And again, some are all for the rich;
 As to I, so she's young, her heart honest and tender,
 Why then, damme, if Jack cares which.

V.

Why now if they go for to talk about living,
 My eyes—why a little will ferve,
 Let each a small part of his pittance be giving,
 And who in this nation can starve?

Content's all the thing—rough or calm be the weather,
 The wind on the beam or the bow,
 So, honestly, he can splice both ends together,
 Why then, damme if Jack cares how.

VI.

And then for a bring up—dye fee, about dying,
On which such a racket they keep,
What argufies if in a church yard you're lying,
Or find out your grave in the deep :

Of one thing we're certain, whatever our calling,
Death will bring us all up—and what then ?
So his conscience's tackle will bear overhauling,
Why then, damme, if Jack cares when.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

I'ST my country you'd know? I'm an Irishman born,
And they christened me Paddy O'Blarney,
In hay making time I stept over one morn,
All the way from the Lakes of Kilarney :

Turn'd my hand to just whatever came in my way,
To be sure while the sun shin'd I did not make hay.

Well then you know the wives and daughters of the
farmers won't—well they won't

Have plenty of cause to remember the day,
When first they saw Paddy O'Blarney.

P

II.

Then what does I do the next calling I seeks,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Ki'arney,
I cries mackeral alive that were caught for three weeks,
Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Then fresh gathered strawberries, so sound and so sweet,
With just half a dozen a top fit to eat—

'Ah! madam, you need not examine them blefs
your two good looking eyes, they are full to the bottom,
paper and all.' "Well, I'll trust to you—I dare say
you won't cheat me."

So I coaxes her up, and herself makes her cheat,
Ah! fait let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

III.

Next I turned to a chairman, and got a good job,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
I harangued at a famous election the mob,
Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Then to see how his honour and I did cajole,
He knock'd down his flats with words, and I mine with
my pole—

Then you know when they came to chair him, I was
no longer, you see, an odd man, there was a pair of
chairmen.

And sure such a pair was ne'er seen, by my soul,
As his honour and Paddy O'Blarney.

IV.

But this notion of greatness was none of the worst,
Oh! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
Having played second fiddle, I thought I'd play first,
Can't ye let alone Paddy O'Blarney :

So, swearing, to plunder, and never to squeak,
I my qualification took out and turned greek—

Ah! to be sure we did not make a pretty dovehouse
of our Pharoah Bank—Let me see, we pigeoned, aye fait
and plucked them completely too—

Four tradesmen, and six banker's clerks in one week,
Will you let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

V.

A big man in all circles so gay and polite,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
I found one who larnt grown up jolman to write,
Just to finish gay Paddy O'Blarney :

I first larnt my name, 'till so fond of it grown,
I'd don't say I'd better have let it alone—

But by my soul and conscience it had like to have
finished me in good earnest, for you see, I just wrote—

Another jolman's signature 'stead of my own,
What a devil of a Paddy O'Blarney.

VI.

But since fate did not chuse for to noose me that day,
Ah! the world for the Lakes of Kilarney,
With a Venus of ninety I next ran away,
What a fine dashiug Paddy O'Blarney.

So marriage turned out the best noose of the two,
The old soul's gone to heaven I'm as rich as a Jew—

So that if any jolman has an occasion for a friend,
or a lady for a lover, or, in short, if any body should
wish to be disencumbered of the uneasiness of a wife, or
a daughter, or a purse, or any such kind and civil service
that can be performed

By a gentleman at large that has nothing to do,
Let me recommend Paddy O'Blarney.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

'Twas post meridian, half past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted,
At six she lingered on the shore,
With uplift hands and broken hearted,

At sev'n, while taughtening the forestay,
I saw her faint, or else 'was fancy,
At eight we all got under weigh,
And bid a long adieu to Nancy.

II.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,
While careless sailors, ever cheary,
On the mid watch so jovial sung,
With tempers labour cannot weary;

I, little to their mirth inclined,
While tender thoughts rushed on my fancy,
And my warm sighs increased the wind,
Looked on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

III.

And now arrived that jovial night,
When every true bred tar carouses,
When, o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their spouses:

Round went the can, the jest, the glee,
While tender wishes filled each fancy,
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

IV.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six, the elements in motion,
Plunged me and three poor sailors more,
Headlong within the foaming ocean :

Poor wretches! they soon found their graves,
For me, it may be only fancy,
But love seemed to forbid the waves,
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

V.

Scarce the foul hurricane was cleared,
Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,
When a bold enemy appeared,
And, dauntless, we prepared for battle :

And now, while some loved friend, or wife,
Like lightening, rushed on every fancy ;
To providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy.

VI.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A. M. discovered day,
And England's chalky cliffs together :

At seven up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rushed on my fancy,
At twelve I gayly jumped ashore,
And to my throbbing heart pressed Nancy.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

LIFE'S as like as can be to an Irish Wake,
Where their tapers they light,
And they sit up all night,
Wid their why would you leave your poor Paddy to moan,
Arrah how could you be such a cake ?

Musha what will I do,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo,
Oh hone !
Fait we're left all together alone :

But when the grief the liquor puts out, the fun is all
chang'd in a crack ;
Away like smoke goes the whiskey about,
And they foot it, cros over, and back to back,
With their tiptelary, whack.

II.

Poor miss, bolted safe wid a good lock and key,
 Like Thisbe, may call
 Through the hole in the wall,
 How hard's my misfortune, I'm left here to moan,
 Will no one take pity on me ?

Muska, what will I do,
 Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo,
 Oh hone !
 I shall after be lying alone.

But when the rope ladder affords her relief,
 And she turns on her mother her back ;
 'Mong her friends and relations, she leaves all her grief,
 And away to Scotland they trip in a crack,
 With their tiptelary whack.

III.

The toper, next morning, low, sick, and in pain,
 The glaffes all breaks,
 - Beats his head 'cause it aches,
 And wishes that wine may to poison be grown,
 If e'er he gets tipsey again :

With his what will I do,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo,
Oh hone !
From this moment I'll drinking difown ;

But when, in a possee, come Bacchus's troop,
He changes his tone in a crack ;
They drink, and they sing, and they hollow, and whoop,
Till they don't know the colour of blue from black,
And its tiptelary whack.

IV.

And so 'tis through life, widows left in the nick,
Dying fwains in disgrace,
Patriots turned out of place,
Don't they, cursing their stars, make a horrible moan,
Just like when the devil was sick ?

Wid their what will I do,
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo,
Oh hone !
Fait we're left all to grunt and to groan :

But when the widow gets married again,
When the lover is taken back,
When the patriot ousted a place shall obtain,
Away to the devil goes care in a crack,
And 'tis tiptelary whack.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

THE gloomy night stalk'd flow away,
The twilight spoke the doubtful day,
When on a rock poor Peg reclined,
Mad as the waves, wild as the wind.

Give me my love, she frantic scream'd,
I saw his ghost as by it gleam'd,
I'll dive, I'll search the briny gloom,
And snatch him from his coral tomb :

Ah! let me, Fate, his relics save,
True lovers should find out one grave.

II.

And now the tempest dims the sky,
How many ways poor failors die !
See, see, the staggering vessel splits,
She's lost, like Peg's poor shipwrecked wits :

No, 'twas in battle that he died ;
Would no power turn the ball aside ?
I saw it as it rent his heart,
I heard him cry—and must we part !

For Peggy, ah ! these relics save,
True lovers should find out one grave.

III.

Where on the deep the cavern yawned,
Now as the purple morning dawned,
The surge, in breakers loud and hoarse,
Her love cast up a lifeless-corse :

120 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

She raves, she screams, her hands she wrings,
The shock returning reason brings,
Reason returns, alas ! too late,
She clasps her love, and yields to fate :

Their mourning friends their relics save,
And these true lovers find one grave.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

THE world still judges by the mien,
For habit holds the yellow glass,
And through that jaundiced medium seen,
Shall wisdom's self for folly pass.

'Tis not because you vapid smart,
Strays, carelessly, from reason's rules,
That he hates reason, has no heart,
'Tis that he's one of fashion's fools.

II.

The toper, o'er the bowl, his joke
Who vents against his dearest friends,
Next morn would fain the bowl were broke,
And he'd been dumb to make amends:

R

For honour well his heart can touch,
He well knows Golden friendship's rules,
His fault is that he drinks too much,
And thus he's one of fashion's fools.

III.

The Bouncer swears that brown is blue,
And moulds at will dame nature's law,
And talks of joys, he never knew,
And fancies charms he never saw :

'Tis not that he would fain renounce
Fair truth and all her sacred rules,
But 'tis that its genteel to bounce,
And thus he's one of fashion's fools.

VI.

If merit pine away forgot,
If rakes at sacred honour sneer,
If wedlock prove no gordian knot,
And lovers dread to be severe :

'Tis not that men so much delight
To deviate from honour's rules,
But that its vulgar to be right,
And thus they are all fashion's fools.

v.

Say what conclusion's to be drawn?
Are we to fancy, or to feel,
To live awake, or in a yawn,
To be consistent or genteel :

Soon the election may be made—
Let's square our lives by reason's rules,
So far be fashion's modes obeyed,
But let us not be fashion's fools.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

I'M a cook for the public, can fuit every palate,
With some savory bonne bouche, from the soup, to the
fallad,
Are you partial to fish? I've, for dunces, cod's joles,
Carp, and crabs, for plain dealears, for topers good soles;

I thought I'd some maids, but I made a miftake,
I've a rich liquorish old wife for any poor rake,
I've a plaife for a courtier, for jokers I've grigs,
I've gudgeons for quacks, and I've flounders for teagues,

Coming, coming, you'll fee that I've told you no fable,
This way, if you please gemmen, dinner's on the table.

II.

I've some fine devilled lawyers, some finners disguised,
 Some patriots stewed, and some generals surprized;
 Then, if cayenne you love, and would wish something nice,
 Lord, I'll roast you a nabob, dear sir, in a trice,

Then for fops, who to make themselves fools take such
 pains,
 I've a fine thick calf's head, with the tongue and the
 brains;
 I've mushrooms for upstarts, for Welshmen I've leeks,
 Ducks and drakes for stock jobbers, and pigeons for
 greeks:

Coming, coming, you'll see that I've told you no fable.
 This way, if you please gemmen, dinner's on table.

III.

And then the desert, I have all sorts of cakes,
 I've islands of moonshine, in fylabub lakes,
 I've a fig for ill nature, I've raisins in gluts,
 And then, for all those fond of secrets, I've nuts.

Such as through fashion's maze pass their lives in a
dream,
May sicken on trifles, and ice, and whipt cream,
Vain coxcombs on flummery may feast till they burst,
Then I've got for your true snarling critic a crust :

Coming, coming, you'll see that I have told you no fable,
This way, if you please gemmen, dinner's on table.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

You have heard of the man who such virtues possessed,
That he wished a glass window were placed at his breast,
To the world all his actions as plain to display,
As the nose in your face, or the sun at noon day.

So I put on my spectacles, look mighty wise,
And read in a trice peoples hearts through their eyes ;
While the catalogue, large, of their whims I run over,
And of life's motley crew the deceptions discover,

Though my questions are malapropos and uncouth,
I, in sight of their teeth, make their tongues to tell truth.

II.

When a flirting coquette for fresh conquests agog,
One who loves and adores her treats worse than a dog,
Gives him rivals she hates, appears vexed when she's
glad,
For the dear harmless pleasure of making him mad;

I put on my spectacles, look mighty wife,
Read her whimsical heart through her beautiful eyes,
As you hope to be married, ma'am, quick answer me,
Do you hate this man! Lord what a creature, cries she,

Must I then be sincere! Well, I love the sweet youth,
As dear as my life, sir, and now you've the truth.

III.

To follow up next the coquette with the prude,
Who pretends every man that regards her is rude,
Who can't abide flirts, rails at each amorous elf,
Who flirts never, excepts in a corner, herself:

I put on my spectacles, look mighty wise,
Read her warm yielding heart through her cold frigid
eyes ;

' Are you this man hater, good ma'am, you pretend ? '

" And pray who gave you leave to school me my good
friend ? "

" D'ye expect I shall own that I've yet a colt's tooth :

" Well I do love young fellows, and that is the truth. "

IV.

I could instance a thousand things, various and true,
Where one thing men say, and another thing do,
Nay, I could dispel all my own anxious fear,
But there's occasion for spectacles here :

S

Nay, were I to wear them, to look ere so wise,
I could then, but as now, read your hearts in your eyes;
Mister Dibdin, says you, we're here on your behalf,
And, while your wit's harmless, and you make us laugh,

You may banish each fear from your mind, for, in sooth,
We shall willing applaud you, and that is the truth.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

No more of waves and winds the sport,
Our vessel is arrived in port ;
At anchor see she safely rides,
And gay red ropes adorn her sides :

The sails are furled, the sheets belayed,
The crimson peticoat's displayed,
Deserted are the useless shrouds,
And wenches come a board in crouds.

Then come, my lads, the flip put round,
While safely moored on English ground,
With a jorum of diddle,
A lafs, and a fiddle,
Ne'er shall care in the heart of a tar be found :

And, while upon the hollow deck,
 To the sprightly jig our feet shall bound,
 Take each his charmer round the neck,
 And kifs in time to the merry found.

II.

Befs hears the death of honest Jack,
 Who swore he'd safe, and sound, come back,
 She calls him scurvy, lying swab,
 And then she kindly takes to Bob :

Ben asks the news of Bonny Kate,
 Who said she'd prove a constant mate,
 But winds, and girls, are false, for she
 Took Ned the morn Ben went to sea.

Well come, says Ben, the flip put round,
 While safely moored on English ground,
 With a jorum of diddle,
 A lafs, and a fiddle
 Ne'er shall care in the heart of a tar be found ;

And, while upon the hollow deck,
To the sprightly jig our feet shall bound,
Take each his charmer round the neck,
And kifs in time to the merry found.

III.

By will and power, when last ashore,
His rhino Tom to Poll made o'er ;
Poll touched the prize money, and pay,
And with the agent ran away :

And Jenny just as cute a trick,
His back once turned, played whistling Dick,
Dick left her cloaths to cut a flash,
She fold 'em all and spent the cash.

But come, says Dick, the flip put round,
While safely moored on English ground,
With a jorum of diddle,
A las, and a fiddle,
Ne'er shall care in the heart of a tar be found ;

And, while upon the hollow deck,
 To the sprightly jig our feet shall bound,
 Take each his charmer round the neck,
 And kifs in time to the merry found.

IV.

While feet and tongues, like lightning go,
 With—what cheer Suke—and how do Joe,
 Dick Laniard chufes Peg so spruce,
 And buxom Nell takes Kit Coboofe.

Thus, 'mongst the girls they left behind,
 A lot of true and false they find,
 While these bewail those shot, or drowned,
 And welcome home the safe and found,

Still thankful while the flip goes round,
 They're safely moored on English ground,
 With a jorum of diddle,
 A las and a fiddle,
 Ne'er shall care in the heart of a tar be found ;

And, while upon the hollow deck,
To the sprightly jig our feet shall bound,
Take each his charmer round the neck,
And kifs in time to the merry found.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

I AM one of those pretty, tonish smarts, my good old man,
Who under love's sweet contribution lay all the fair O,
I make them die, and sigh,
And consent, and repent,
With a ran, dan, dan—

Why I have a hundred times had the felicity, so sweet,
Of seeing some yielding easy daughter, or wife,
Begging, and imploring at my feet—

“ Hey, fir ! how often did you say you had this felicity ? ”

‘ Never in the whole course of my life, .
With a ran, dan, dare O.’

II.

Then, since amours are nothing without confidents, my
good old man,
How oft when bursting with good fortune and success,
so rare O,
Have I, to my friends, told stories of yielding nieces, and
aunts,

With ran dan, dan,
Dressed out in all their fascinating charms,
With all their simperings,
And whimperings, their fond love to disguise,
While they were longing to fly to my arms—

“ And pray was all this truth that you told your friends ? ”

‘ Oh, no, a parcel of infernal lies !
With a ran dan, dare O.’

III.

Why would you believe that with the lovely Myrtilla it
 chanced to hap, my good old man,
Who seemed as if all the powers of virtue made her
 their care O,
That I should contrive, while those pretty, watchful
 guardians were taking a nap,
 With a ran, dan, dan—
To kneel, pant, entreat, implore, heave sigh, start tear,
And address, with all the force of eloquence and grace,
Till struggling in my arms at last she—Oh dear!

“ Well, what did she do ? ”

‘ Why gave me a flap in the face,
 With a ran, dan, dare O.’

IV.

Another time, when I was flatly refused, my good old
 man,
Oh, 'tis a business that will make you stare O!
Every one of the family round I fairly abused,
 With a ran, dan, dan—

T

138 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Hamstrung the pigs, pulled the spiggot out of the ale,
Poisoned the lap-dog, killed the canary birds, put jalap
in the tea,
Threw the cat out of the window, cut off the monkey's
tail—

“ Go on, fir, go on.”

‘ Kicked the husband—Oh no, damme, he kicked me!

With a ran, dan, dare O.’

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

I'VE heard, cried out one, that you tars tack and tack,
And, at sea, what strange hardships befel you,
But I don't know what's moorings—what don't you, said
Jack,
Man your ear Tackle then and I'll tell you :

Suppose you'd a daughter quite beautiful grown,
And, in spite of her prayers and implorings !
Some scoundrel abused her, and you knocked him down,
Why, d'ye see, he'd be safe at his moorings.

140 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

II.

In life's voyage should you trust a false friend with the
helm,
The top lifts of his heart all akimbo,
A tempest of treachery your bark will o'erwhelm,
And your moorings will soon be in limbo :

But if his heart's timbers bear up against pelf,
And he's just in his reckonings and scorings ;
He'll for you keep a look out the same as himself,
And you'll find in his friendship safe moorings.

III.

If wedlock's your port, and your mate true and kind,
In all weathers will stick to her duty,
A calm of contentment shall beam in your mind,
Safe moored in the haven of beauty :

But if some frisky skiff, crank at every joint,
That listens to vows and adorings,
Shape your course how you will, still you'll make
Cuckold's Point,
To lay up like a beacon at moorings.

IV.

A glutton's fate moored, head and stern, by the gout,
A drunkard's moored under the table,
In straws drowning men will Hope's anchor find out,
While a hair's a philosophers cable :

Thus mankind are a ship, life a boisterous main,
Of Fate's billows where all hear the roarings,
Where for one calm of pleasure we've ten storms of pain,
Till death brings us all to our moorings.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

Look all over the world, round and square, and through-
out,
We all know that best we know nothing about,
Don't ignorant gipsies pretend to teach Fate,
And pray who now like cobblers can tinker the state :

Blind as mill-posts ourselves we can all guide a friend,
Because why 'tis more easy to find fault than mend ;
In short no sweet creatures lead such happy lives,
Or are half so well managed as bachelor's wives.

II.

If I'd this man's fortune, or tother man's wit,
Unoticed d'ye think I'd so quietly fit ?
No, my cash should do good, and my writings should be,
Ah! fait Shakespear himself should be nothing to me.

Thus we all to mend merit of others are prone,
And how nobly we spend that that's none of our own;
Who the reins has not got, always furiously drives,
And, thus, none are managed like bachelors wives.

III.

That battle that made such a devil of a rout,
Why don't you and I know they were all of them out ?
Had this general advanced, and that troop come in play,
'Twould have been, by my conscience, a glorious day :

144 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Thus at home, we best know how abroad matters pass,
Ah! give me a brave battle fought over the glafs!
Threatened people live long, and the envied man thrives,
Just as none are so managed as bachelor's wives.

IV.

What we have we don't want, because why dat we've
got;
Your true style of enjoyment's to have what you've
not,
What eats so delicious as fish not yet caught,
Or as fruit in the blossom, or chicken not hatched?

'Tent the dinner to day, 'tis the pleasure I borrow,
While I think on the dinner I'm eating to-morrow,
What's the present my soul till the future arrives?
Arrah give me for management bachelors wives.

v.

To do what we're able's a thing so absurd,
Arrah who'd walk on foot that could fly like a bird?
Don't we see every moment that lordly ting man
Do each nonsense in nature except what he can ?

In short, our desires, look from Ireland to Rome,
Are the harvest that's growing, the cloth in the loom,
The honey we've taken before we've bought hives,
And who'll after this rail at bachelors wives.

U

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

THE Poet says that love's like fire,
Which kindly heat and joy imparts,
For every purpose, and desire,
That warms, and that expands our hearts :

But, trust this fire, where is the bound,
That shall its devastation stay ?
Relentless ruin stalks around,
And horror marks its trackless way :

Thus both we dread, and both admire,
Thus poets say that love's like fire.

II.

The Toper says, that love's like wine,
And that its power, 'bove human ken,
Can lift the soul, and so refine
Our joys, that gods might envy men :

But, from this elevation sunk,
The moment reason leaves the feast,
His godship finds a god, when drunk,
Is little better than a beast :

Thus both are beastly, both divine,
Thus topers say that love's like wine.

III.

Your Sportsmen say, love's like the chase,
That leads us many a weary mile,
Through many a rude and dangerous place,
O'er mound, and hedge, and ditch, and stile :

But when his pleasures, with his toil,
Are fairly counted, what's the gain?
Fatigued, and tired, he makes a coil,
And puts up game not worth the pain:

Thus love's without a goal, a race,
Thus sportsmen say, love's like the chase.

IV.

True lovers say, love's like the devil,
Who turns a hundred devious ways,
With, faint like face, and heart of evil,
And smiles the most when he betrays:

Does not the devil take every hue,
And in all forms and fashions move!
Is not he black, and white, and blue,
And hot and cold?—and so is love:

And thus to love are lovers civil,
As Indians court from fear the devil.

v.

Let carping idiots still condemn,
Where reason bids them most rejoice,
For if they err the fault's in them,
And in the objects of their choice :

The lover that shall all excel,
Let him but chuse a faithless fair ;
His love shall prove a very hell,
No Lethe to relieve his care :

Let him of reason take advice,
And love shall be a Paradise.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

LIFE'S a general chase, and the world is the field,
Where friends, friends hunt, and brothers hunt brothers,
Where to day, fairly hunted, to us others yield,
And to-morrow we're hunted by others :

Through calling, profession, and trade, to get rich,
All wrangle, and squabble, and scramble,
Through wood, dale, and bottom, o'er hedge, stile, and
ditch,
Through bush, and through briar, and through bramble,

Then, come round me all hunters—in Life's hark away
We have portions of pleasure and sorrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to-day,
May be game for some hunter to-morrow.

II.

The poor poet, of virtue who'd fain be the friend,
Cries the age is corrupt, and he'll shew it ;
But while hunting his brains the world's manners to mend,
Pale poverty hunts the poor poet :

While hunting in battle for glory and fame,
Grim death hunts the soldier and failor,
And the heir, out of cash, who can start no more game,
Is at last hunted down by his taylor :

Then, come round me all hunters—in Life's hark away
We have portions of pleasure and sorrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to-day,
May be game for some hunter to-morrow.

III.

Country squires dash away, nor their noddles concern,
'Bout the world, or its jostlings, and crossings,
Till, at lengih, to die bottom, Actæon's they turn,
Eaten up by their dogs and their horses :

Indiscriminate pleasures who chafes in view,
While to pleasure in time fall a martyr,
And the bold fortune hunter who ran down a shrew,
Will find he was caught by a tarter :

Then, come round me all hunters—in Life's hark away
We have portions of pleasure and sorrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to-day,
May be game for some hunter to-morrow.

IV.

The hunks who hunts riches, is hunted by care,
Those who joy hunt are hunted by trouble,
The chymist hunts gold through fire, water, and air,
And is run down at last by a bubble :

Folly hunts the four misanthrope close at the heels,
In the moment at folly he's scoffing,
And ev'n the death hunter, in coffins who deals,
Is, at last, hunted into a coffin :

v.

Virtuosos hunt butterflies, courtiers levees,
Patriots hunt for the good of the nation,
Hungry gluttons hunt turtle, physicians hunt fees,
And are chafed, in return, by vexation :

A reciprocal chase are mankind and their joys,
And this maxim obtains the world over,
Then with reason in view, let's hunt pleasure my boys,
Till by time we are hunted to cover :

Then, come round me all hunters—in Life's hark away
We have portions of pleasure and sorrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to-day,
May be game for some hunter to-morrow.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

A BARD in yonder corner see,
There's something in this man, says he,
'Tis true he cannot write like me,
His wit won't bear inspection;

To hit the foolish times was right,
When men neglected genius flight,
My play, for instance, damned first night,
The manners want correction :

Certainly they do, and, therefore, so far this man's attempt is meritorious to be sure. If I had handled the subject it would have been done in a different sort of a manner ; but his bungling wit only proves that his own position is truth—

For when he takes such foolish fits,
To rail, and scoff, at would be wits,
He proves, as hard himself he hits,
That he's not all perfection.

II.

An Alderman 'gainst fools is rage,
Cries, lord, he's right to lash the age,
Old Shakespear said the world's a stage,
He merits our protection :

I liked to hear him laugh at fops,
And waists cut short, and flirts and crops,
Intrigues in churches, and at hops,
And fashions strange collection :

And then how I did laugh about the fellow's giving
a dinner with nothing to eat, ha, ha, ha—and then he
passed a compliment on the city—He ought to be en-
couraged.

But when he rails at hoarded pelf,
And turtle feasts, the stupid elf,
He's wrong—but then he owns himself,
We can't be all perfection.

III.

Miss Twinkle cries, to sister Tab,
I'm pleased he's given you prudes a dab,
But of coquettish airs to blab,
'Twas done without reflection;

Well now, cries Tab, then I protest,
I likes about coquettes the best;
But when of Prudes he makes a jest,
The man deserves correction.

Well then now fait and troth, said an Irishman, 'tis
all mighty well with his mixture, and his hope, his good
rascal, his honest flatterer, and the rest of it—Oh it is all
fair game!

But when he talks, the slanderous rogue,
That cards and dice are all the vogue,
Fait, tis too much upon the brogue,
But no one's all perfection.

IV.

The will then taken for the deed,
I fancy in each face I read,
I shall, as heretofore, succeed,
And without much objection;

When I was in the scribbling fit,
Had with my zeal kept pace my wit,
Ev'n Shakespear's self had nothing writ,
More worthy of protection.

158 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

Nay, big with emulation to merit your applause, had my ability kept pace with my inclination, I should have given my own Thesis the lie, and produced a perfect entertainment—

But ardent wishes will not do,
I, therefore, must rely on you,
And should some little praise be due,
Pass by each imperfection.

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

THOUGH hard the valliant soldiers' life,
They some fweet moments know ;
Joy ne'er was yet unmixed with strife,
Nor happinefs ~~with~~ woe :

'Tis hard, when friend, when children, wife,
Reluctant from him part,
While fancy paints the muffled drum,
The mournful fife,
And the loud volley o'er his grave,
The solemn-requiem to the brave ?
All this he hears,
Yet calms their fears,
With smiles while horror's in his heart :

160 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

But when the smiling hour shall come,
To bring him home at last,
How sweet his constant wife to greet,
His children, friends,
And in their circling arms to find amends,
For all his sufferings past.

II.

'Tis hard when, defolation spread,
Death whirls the rapid car,
And those invaded hear, and dread
The thunder of the war :

Ah! then, indeed, friend, children, wife,
Have you true cause to fear,
Too soon, alas, the muffled drum,
The mournful fife,
And the loud volley o'er the grave,
Shall sound sad requiems to the brave,
While those alive,
Faint joy revive,
And blend hope's smile with pity's tear :

But when the smiling hour shall come,
To bring him home at last,
How sweet his constant wife to greet,
His children, friends,
And in their circling arms to find amends,
For all his sufferings past.

Y

BALLAD.

IN WILL OF THE WISP.

OH yes, Oh yes, Oh yes !
Loft, or mislaid,
Or stolen, or strayed,
The character, the decency, the duty of a youth,
Who was famed, 'till this sad accident, for probity and
truth ;
Who assuaged his parents sorrows, alleviated their cares,
And who, with spotless honour, regulated their affairs :

This young man, as he came out of his father's bankers,
was beckoned by a lady in a hackney coach—He drove
to a jeweller's where he bought a diamond necklace. He
dined with a roaring party at a tavern ; and, in the even-
ing, was heard to talk very loud at the opera. He was

next introduced to a house, not an hundred miles from St. James's, where it is supposed he could get no supper, for he was seen at three o'clock in the morning voraciously to swallow dice and eat cards.

Who to his wretched parents this misguided youth will
bring,
Besides the satisfaction
Of doing a good action,
Shall receive a sum far more than Indian mines could
e'er afford,
They shall see the peace and comfort of a family restored—
God save the King.

II.

O yes, O yes, O yes !
Lost or mislaid,
Or stolen, or strayed,
The tears of a widow, young wealthy and fair.
Who nursed a rich old husband half a year with tender
care,
Who loved him not for either her convenience, or his pelf,
All which is very true, for she told him so herself.

This unfortunate young lady was seen, about three hours after her husband's death, to go to the Commons to

prove his will, where meeting with a very handsome young Proctor, it is supposed the fire of his glances absorbed and dried up the tears of this disconsolate widow, for she has never been seen to cry since but once, and then she was detected with an onion in her pocket handkerchief,

Who to this wretched mourner these same precious drops
 will bring,
 Besides the satisfaction,
 Of doing a good action,
 Shall receive a gracious smile, which is all that can be
 proffered,
 For they'll be cried no more, nor no greater reward offered,
 God save the King.

III.

O yes, O yes, O yes!
 Loft, or mislead,
 Or stolen or strayed,
 The knife and fork of an alderman, a counsellor's wig,
 The dice box of a grecian, a parson's tythe pig,
 The fan of a beauty, her false tooth also,
 And a hair powder licence belonging to a beau.

As these poor sufferers are ruined and deprived of their livelihood by the loss of these respective articles, they being their working tools, the charitable and humane are humbly requested to take into their consideration their forlorn condition—

And, whoever to these poor people these articles will bring,

Besides the satisfaction,

Of doing a good action,

Many thanks shall be given to the charitable donors,

For they're of very little use to any body but the owners,

God save the King.

BALLAD.

IN GREAT NEWS.

As a plain case in point's the best mode of explaining,
To make my position to each judgment clear,
Without further a tip-toe your patience detaining,
I shall ton at Antipodes, shew and ton here :

Here conscience for gold,
Ne'er was known to be fold,
There to sale they expose it,
And every one knows it,

For the matter to mince might a good market spoil :

Thus what's meant by reports, which are variously spread,
That we the feet stand on, and they on the head,
Will turn out to be this, without cavil or coil,
We're the gem and the Antipodeans the foil.

II.

Is a treaty of marriage on foot the dear lady,
 Here never to talk of her interest is heard,
 Full of love she ne'er asks if the writings are ready,
 Nor thinks of a second spouse, much less a third :

Is a counsellor learned,
 In a law suit concerned,
 He gives you his trouble,
 For nothing, to double

His fee would that instant the whole business spoil :
 There still topsy turvy we different modes see,
 Love obeys, the best bidder, and law the best fee,
 And thus clear as day, without cavil or coil,
 We're the gem and the Antipodeans the foil.

III.

Would you wish farther proof as a prominent feature,
 Take this, though 'twill keen sensibility shock,
 At Antipodes they have a beautiful creature,
 A fine stately bird very like our game cock :

Inflaming its blood,
 They mix drugs in its food,
 And arm it for fighting,
 Then stand round delighting,

While these birds of their plumage each other despoil :

168 DIBDIN'S SELECTED SONGS.

You wonder and gaze, yet 'tis truth I report,
But since England disdains so unmanly a sport,
No reflection on us from their vice can recoil,
We're the gem and the Antipodeans the foil.

IV.

But to bring the case home, let us speak of their writers,
Who having such food for their frolicksome muse,
Are in satire and ridicule terrible biters,
And, though none they point out, all the cap fit abuse;

 Their case touches me,
 But was I ever so free,
 In my silly labours,
 To laugh at my neighbours ?

No; a fair wholesome moral's the jet of my toil :
Besides here no fault could they find did they try,
No, I'd have them to know that my audience and I,
Whate'er out of envy their cavil and coil,
Are the gem and the Antipodeans the foil.

BALLAD.

IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

WHEN freedom knew not where to rove,
From conquered Greece, and groaning Rome,
At random driven, like Noah's dove,
Without a shelter or a home :

The expanded world she viewed, where best
She might repose her weary foot ;
Saw this our isle, fet up her rest,
And bid the spreading oak take root ;

Bid it adorn the land, and be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

II.

Thus spoke the goddess—This fair tree,
 The towering forest's kingly boast,
 Let my behests kept sacred be,
 This tree shall guard your sea girt coast :

Freedom's behests are these—To know
 No faction, no cabal, no cause,
 From whose pestiferous breath may grow
 Aught 'gainst the monarch, or the laws ;
 Keep sacred these, the oak shall be
 Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

III.

Its friendly arms that, on their way,
 Those succour who its aid implore ;
 A faithful portrait shall display,
 Of England's hospitable shore :

Of England's courage this fair tree,
 A great example to impart,
 To succour law and liberty,
 Shall make a rampart of its heart ;

Hail sacred oak, then, deign to be
 Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

IV.

Then catch the enthusiastic strain,
Hail freedom's tree in fervent hymns,
That freely, on the awful main,
Launches in Britain's cause its limbs :

That mighty walls, and bulwarks forms,
Whence England's thunder shall be hurled,
And, spight of battles and of storms,
That bears our commerce through the world;

Hail freedom's shrine! still deign to be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

BALLAD.

IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

WHEN I told you your cheeks wore the blush of the
rose,

That the spring was the type of your youth,
That no lily a tint like your neck could disclose,
I made love in the language of truth :

Yet the loveliest rose, once the summer away,
Of its bloom leaves no vestige behind ;
But your bloom, when the summer of life shall decay,
Fresh as ever shall glow in your mind.

II.

See the bee, as from flower to flower he roves,
The sweets of the garden explore,
And, in winter, to feast on the banquet he loves,
Lay in his industrious store :

So all your employment, through life's busy day,
Is the sweets drawn from goodness to find ;
Reason's feast to supply, and cheat winter away,
From that source of perfection your mind.

III.

And thus, as the seasons of life pass away,
We enjoy every various scene ;
The spring all expanding, the summer all gay,
The autumn all mild and serene :

You are yet in your summer ; but, when on your head,
While from all admiration you find,
Silver winter its honours shall sacredly shed,
Still summer shall bloom in your mind.

BALLAD.

IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

COME here, come here, my pretty dear,
Leave business, care, and labour,
Christmas comes but once a year,
Come lads and lasses, come, and hear
My merry pipe and tabor :

I sell all sorts of curious wares,
Tapes, garters, ribbands, laces :
That give the form enchanting airs,
And set off pretty faces.

And then I've philters, drugs, and charms,
That, when the nymph's deserted,
Shall lure the shepherd to her arms,
And make him tender hearted.

Come here, come here my pretty dear,
Leave business, care, and labour,
Christmas comes but once a year,
Come lads and lasses, come, and hear
My merry pipe and tabor.

II.

This wonderful love powder see,
Though ever so hard featured,
To a Venus that converts each she,
By making her good natured :

This eye water can power dispense,
To cure each jealous blindness,
And turn, by generous confidence,
All jarring strife to kindness :

Come here, come here, my pretty dear,
Leave business, care, and labour,
Christmas comes but once a year,
Come lads and lasses, come, and hear
My merry pipe and tabor.

III.

When clouds shall wedlock's sky deface,
And dim that brilliant heaven,
Upon your lips this padlock place,
By wary prudence given :

But when, from storms, and tempests free,
The horizon looks propitious ;
From kindness hand take pleasure's key,
And open scenes delicious :

Come here, come here, my pretty dear,
Leave business, care, and labour,
Christmas comes but once a year,
Come lads and lasses, come, and hear
My merry pipe and tabor.

BALLAD.

IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

STANDING one summer's day on the Tower Slip,
 Careless how I my time should employ,
 It popped in my head that I'd take a trip
 Aboard of a Margate Hoy :

I took a few flops, such as shirts and a coat,
 For of prog I knew well they'd be stored ;
 Then I hail'd a pair of oars, shoved off my boat,
 And away I dashed aboard.

' Ah my dear Commodore, who thought of seeing you ?
 " What, Mrs. Garbage ! How is the Alderman ?"—
 ' There is my husband, Sir ;' " Pon my word and dicky I
 declare." ' Give me leave, Commodore, to introduce you
 to my friends : Mr. Shadrack, Commodore Kelson,
 Commodore Kelson, Mr. Shadrack.' " Very much at
 your sharvice, Sir." ' Miss Minnikin, Commodore Kel-

A a

son, Commodore Kelson, Miss Minnikin.' "Very happy to have the pleasure of knowing you Sir." 'Dr. Quibus, Commodore Kelson, Commodore Kelson, Dr. Quibus; Captain Squash, Commodore Kelson, Commodore Kelson, Capt. Squash; Sir Phelim O'Drogheda, Commodore Kelson, Commodore Kelson, Sir Phelim O'Drogheda.'—Hollo there! Cast off the painter—Sit still ladies and gentlemen.

So off we went with a flowing jib,
 Full of merriment and joy,
 The Alderman munching, and prating his rib,
 Sing who so blyth as we,
 Who take a voyage to sea,
 Aboard of a Margate Hoy.

II.

Then such glee and humour, our joy to prolong,
 Pervaded us fore and aft;
 Some were telling a story, some whistling a song,
 As we turned in and out 'mongst the craft:

Then we'd talk of our danger, and then we were gay,
 Then how we'd astonish the folks,
 When at Margate arrived; then, cut out of our way,
 To laugh at the watermen's jokes.

'Ho, the ship ahoy.' "Ay, ay." 'Pray have you
 one Wifeman aboard?' "No, no," 'Then you are
 all fools, hey—ha, ha, ha, went Miss Minnikin.'—
 "Dat is very coot chokes," said the Jew. 'Why, I say,
 Moses,' said the man that was affronted, 'are you a bull
 or bear? Damme, I thinks you look more like a monkey.
 And you Miss Dolly Drylips, take a reef in your perri-
 wig, and clap a stopper on your muzzle, clue up the
 plaits in your jaw bags, and give your tongue leave of
 absence. About ship—helm's alee—here she comes.'

So we made tother tack and lay gunnel to,
 Which soon gave a damp to our joy,
 Miss Minnikin squalled—mine cot, cried the Jew,
 Sing who so blyth as we,
 Who take a voyage to sea,
 On board of a Margate Hoy.

III.

The company's merriment now out of joint,
And their tatlers not moving so quick,
Scarce right a head did we twig Cuckold's Point,
But the alderman began to be sick :

Then we'd like to fall foul of an oyster smack,
The wind freshing towards the Nore,
Then, stretching too far on the larboard tack,
By and by, we came bump ashore.

' Ah we shall all be cast away ! my poor dear pattern cap ; cashed away ! What shall I do to be shaved ? ' " Why faith, said I, I fancy we shall have a touch of the salt water before we get to Margate." ' Yes, Sir,' said the Doctor, ' not that I have any quarrel with death, but I am afraid we shall take in too large a dose.' " How do you do, Sir Phelim ?" ' Arrah, I should be well enough if I was not so cursedly sick.' She rights, she rights !

Next a gale coming on we did preciously kick,
 Which finished completely our joy,
 'Twas, madam, how do you do? Oh I am monstrously
 sick!
 Sing who so blyth as we,
 Who take a voyage to sea,
 Aboard of a Margate Hoy.

IV.

And now 'twould have made a philosopher grin,
 To have seen such a concourse of muns;
 Sick as death, wet as muck, from the heel to the chin,
 For it came on to blow great guns:

Spoilt cloaths, and provisions, now clogged up the way,
 In a dreary and boisterous night;
 While apparently dead every passenger lay
 With the sickness, but more with the fright.

'Oh, Oh, I wish I was at home in my bed!' "Oh
 that I was a hundred miles off?" "Masby upon my
 shins." "Oh, Oh, will no-body throw me overboard!"

'Avast there.' "Ah my poor dear pattern cap's blown into the pond!" 'Oh my foul, what a devil of a sickness!' 'Arrah, stop the ship—Sir, would you be so kind as to be after handing me the caudle cup?' Land, land, upon the starboard bow.

At last, after turning on two or three tacks,
 Margate lights soon restored all our joy ;
 The men found their stomachs, the women their clacks,
 Sing who so blyth as we,
 Who take a voyage to sea,
 Aboard of a Margate Hoy.

BALLAD.

IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

THERE were Farmer Thrasher, and he had a cow,
And gammer were very fond on un,
And they'd a son Jacky that made a fine bow,
So they sent un a prentice to London.

I I.

Jacky's master a barber and hair-dresser were,
Than some squires 'cod he thought unself bigger,
In the day through the town he would dress and cut hair,
And dressed out at night—cut a figure.

I I I.

To ape Jockey's master, were all his delight,
The soap fuds and razor both scorning,
He's been took't by the nose by the same fop at night,
That he took't by the nose in the morning.

IV.

Now to see the cow moan, would have made a cat laugh,
Her milk were his food late and early,
And even if Jackey had been her own calf,
She could not ha loved un more dearly.

V.

She moaned, and she moaned, nor knew what she did ail,
To heart so she took this difafter,
At last roaming about, some rogues cut off her tail,
And then sent her back to her master.

VI.

Here's the kiaw came home, Gammer, come bring out
the pail,
Poor creature I'ze glad we have found her,
Cried Dame, ten't our kiaw, she's got never a tail,
Here Roger goo take her and pound her.

VII.

'Tis our kiaw, but you zee she's been maimed by some brute
Why, dame, thou'rt a vool—give me patience;
So to squabbling they went—when to end the dispute,
Came home Jacky to see his relations.

VIII.

His spencer he sported, his hat round he twirled,
 As whistling a tune he came bolt in,
 And bedocked, and belopped, wounds, he look'd all the
 world
 Like trimmed bantums, or magpies a moulting.

IX.

Oh dear! 'tis our Jacky, come bring out the ale,
 So Gammer fell skipping around him,
 Our Jacky, why, dam't, he's got never a tail--
 Here, Roger, go take un, and pound un.

X.

'Tis the kick, I say, old one, so I brought it down,
 Wore by jemmies so neat, and so spunky ;
 Ah, Jacky, thou went'ft up a puppy to town,
 And now thee be'ft come back a monkey.

XI.

Gammer stormed, Gaffer swore, Jackey whistled, and now
 'Twas agreed, without any more passion,
 To take Jacky in favour as well as the cow,
 Because they were both in the fashion.

BALLAD

IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

MY grandfather's grandfather, valiant and stout,
A Briton e'er luxury imported the gout,
In the field, in the ball-room, or scampering o'er rocks,
Could give chase to the foe, or the fair, or the fox :

A band of choice friends, at the sound of his horn,
Sailed forth blyth and buxom, to hail the fair morn;
All lusty, and noble, and true and tried men,
And called, for distinction, the Lads of the Glen.

II.

Shall I tell you their names, there was bold Alfred Howe,
Sprung from Guy, Earl of Warwick, who hunted a cow,
And then, on his courser, came valiant Sir Hugh,
Born from that London 'prentice, two Lyons that flew :

Next that dare devil, Hengist, with target and gorge,
Worn, his ancestors write, by the mighty St. George;
Then Owen ap rice, who again, and again,
Had been in at the death with the Lads of the Glen,

III.

Next Percy, came on, born of that noble race,
Who accomplished such wonders at famed Chevy Chace;
Then Orson the jolly, a bold daring elf,
Sprung from Arthur, nay, some say, from Nimrod himself:

Edwin, Glanville, and Huntingdon, found men and good,
The last the great grandson of bold Robinhood;
To these add my ancestor, making just ten,
And you'll get the whole list of the Lads of the Glen.

IV.

'Tis writ in fair characters, now in the hall,
What a chase they were led the sly fox to enthrall?
He run 'em at length, and then hard at a push,
And now they're miles from him, and now at his brush:

'Till the dogs are so weary that, panting for breath,
They o'ertake him, but cannot accomplish his death;
Britons spare prostrate foes, so they loosed him again,
To afford future sport for the Lads of the Glen.

v.

Thus rational pleasure was all their delight,
They'd hunt in the morning, and revel at night,
Fair truth and pure honour, dwelt proud in each breast,
And kind hospitality set up her rest :

And from their gay board never yet was the day,
When the poor, and the hungry, went empty away ;
Britons all have true hearts, yet, 'tis hard to say, when
We shall, e'er, see the like of the Lads of the Glen.

vi.

Then charge high your bumpers, in chorus loud sing,
Like true subjects let's all drink a health to the King ;
He's a sportsman himself, and long, long may the chase,
Give him health to behold his illustrious race :

And would ye, ye Britons, your honour ensure,
As firm as your courage, your rectitude pure,
His virtues but emulate, soon shall, again,
Return the good times of the Lads of the Glen.

BALLAD.

IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

GIVE ear to me, both high and low,
And, while you mourn hard fates decree,
Lament a tale right full of woe,
Of comely Ned that died at sea.

I I.

His father was a commodore,
His King and country, served had he;
But, now, his tears in torrents pour,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

I I I.

His sister Peg her brother loved,
For a right tender heart had she,
And often to strong grief was moved,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

IV.

His sweetheart Grace, once blyth and gay,
That led the dance upon the lea,
Now wafes in tears the lingering day,
For comely Ned that died at fea.

V.

His friends, who loved his manly worth,
For none more friends could boast than he,
To mourn now lay aside their mirth,
For comely Ned that died at fea.

VI.

Come then and join, with friendly tear,
The fong that, 'midst of all our glee,
We from our hearts chant once a year,
For comely Ned that died at fea.

BALLAD.

IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

POOR negro say one ting you no take offence,
Black and white he one colour a hundred year hence,
For when massa death kick him into the grave,
He no spare negro, buckra, nor massa, nor slave.

Then dance, and then sing, and the banjer thrum thrum,
He foolish to tink what to-morrow may come,
Lilly laugh and be fat, de best ting you can do,
Time enough to be sad when you kickaraboo.

II.

One massa, one slave, high and low all degrees,
Can be happy, dance, sing, make all pleasure him please;
One slave be one massa, he good, honest brave,
One massa bad, wicked, be worse than one slave:

If your heart tell you good, you all happy, all well,
If bad, he plague, vex you worfe and a hell ;
Let your heart make you merry, then honest and true,
And you no care no farthing for Kickaraboo.

III.

One game me see massa him play him call chefs,
King, queen, bishop, knight, castle, all in a mefs,
King kill knight, queen bishop, men castle throw down,
Like card-soldier him scatter, all lie on a ground :

And when the game over, king, bishop, tag, rag,
Queen, knight, all together him go in a bag,
So in life's game at chefs, when no more we can do,
Massa Death bring one bag, and we Kickaraboo.

IV.

Then be good, what you am never mind de degree,
Lilly flower good for somewhat as well as great tree ;
You one slave, he no use to be fulky and fly,
Worky, worky, perhaps, you one massa by'm by.

Savee good and be poor make you aēt better part,
Than be rich in a pocket and poor in a heart,
Though ever so low, do your duty for true,
All your friend drop one tear when you Kickaraboo.

BALLAD.

IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

COME round me ye lasses, and lend me an ear,
The almanack says ninety-six is leap year,
Leap year, cries our Margery, well numskull, what then?
Why, wounds, don't the women go courting the men?

And they'll make the best on't, and not stand hum drum,
For they won't get another for eight years to come;
Come ladies a truce to each maidenish fear,
Kiss the fellows, and wish them a happy new year.

II.

See the fly little toads how they ogle and grin,
That's right, squeeze his hand, chuck un under the chin,
See that shrimp with that giant there, prattle and toy,
You're a devilish fine fellow—nay don't be so coy :

Then she smirks, and she pats him, and so this the trade is,
'Cod these leap years be nice times for the ladies,
That's right, how they snigger, and simper, and leer,
Kiss 'em up girls, and wish 'em a happy new year.

III.

Then as there's no Jack but a finds out his Jill,
Who knows, hey, but I may of love get my fill,
Let 'em come, who's afraid ! wounds, as stout as they be,
I should like for to catch them a courting of me :

She that chuses me out as a person of taste,
I can tell her will find me not very shamed faced,
What dost tell me, says I, that thou lovest me, my dear,
Ge's a bufs then, and wish me a happy new year.

IV.

But, wounds, while I jokes so in this merry fit,
 I maunt let my tongue, dye fee, run 'fore my wit ;
 For, however, one may laugh 'bout the girls and be free,
 They have more sence by half in these matters than we :

Give a woman her way, and I'll wager upon her,
 She leaves foppery and nonsense to chuse truth and honor,
 And he may well brag, and his head high up rear,
 Whom she kisses, and wishes a happy new year.

V.

Then as each British beauty be constant and loyal,
 So much do they doat on his majesty royal,
 That now they got leave for to do what they please,
 'Cod if 'twere not for shame they'd all kifs un to pieces :

So as loyalty, truth, and each generous duty,
 Be learnt to we men folks by sweetness and beauty,
 Let us not be out done in our own proper spear,
 But let love merit love, and each year be leap year.

FINALE.

IN CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

COME all who love,
Through pleasure's grove,
To take your merry rambles,
Whose hearts so free,
Confirm your glee,
Join our Christmas Gambols.

See the lads and lasses wind,
In mazy labrynth dancing,
The harmlefs feelings of the mind,
The general joy enhancing :

The world's viffitudes they trace,
As they the figure measure,
Variety and change of place,
Still giving zest to pleasure,

Come all who love, &c.

II.

The merry hunters and the horn,
That oft have waked Aurora,
To unlock the treasures of the morn,
Through the domain of Flora :

Next in quaint form, and vestments gay,
Comes many a morrice dancer,
While bells that ring, and flutes that play,
In merry cadence answer :

Come all who love, &c.

III.

The pipe and tabor's sprightly tone,
The organ's sound sonorous,
The comic bagpipe and the drone,
Shall join the swelling chorus :

The piercing fife, and deafening drum,
For honest hearts recruiting,
To join the mingling sound shall come,
Of singing, fiddling, fluting :

Come then who love, &c.

At length the trumpet's chearful call,
Sounds to the feast of pleasure,
When in the hospitable hall,
Plenty unloads her treasure :

See Father Christmas pleased appear,
To crown our institution,
While circling goes the humming beer,
In sportive revolution :

Come then who love, &c.



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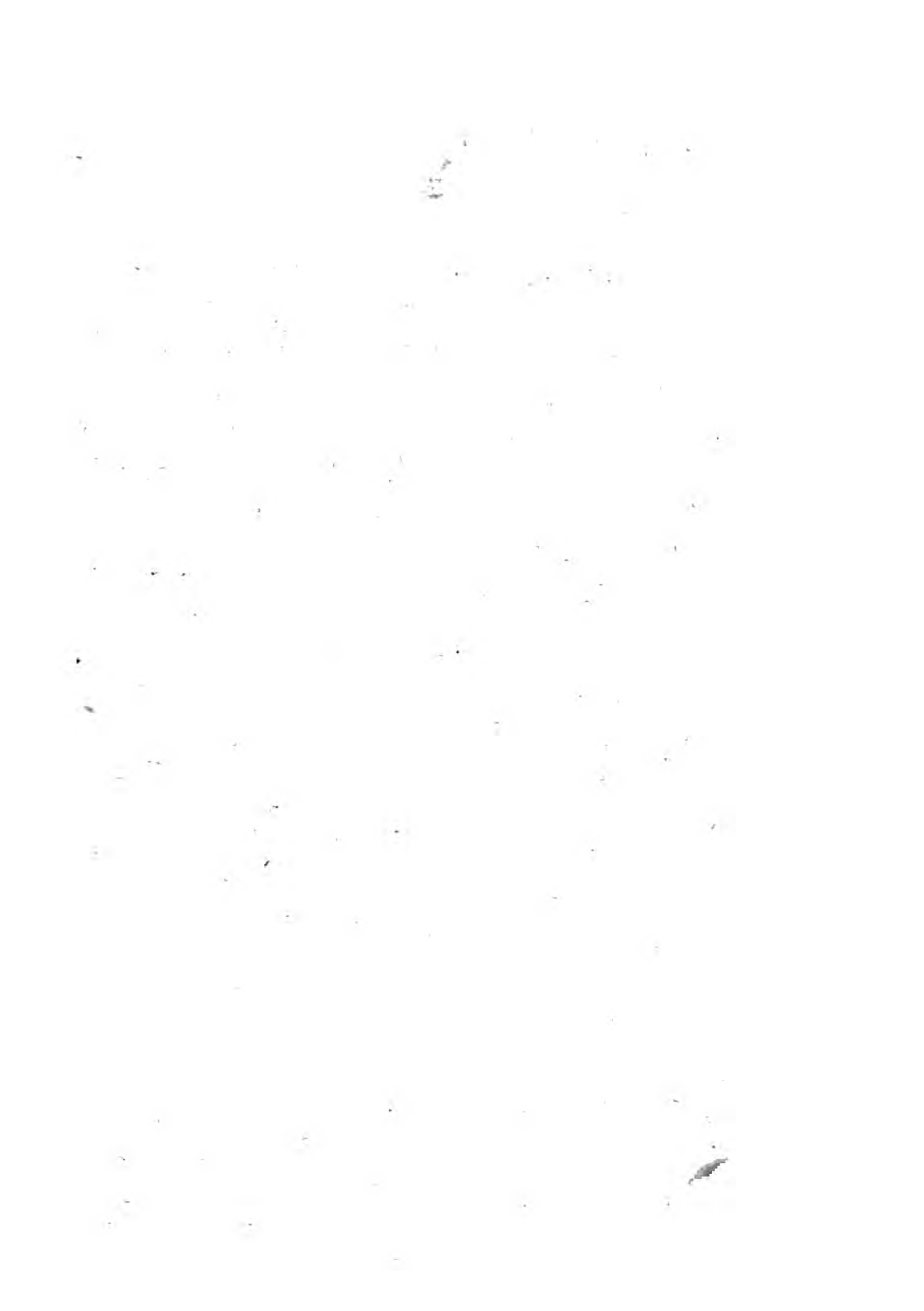
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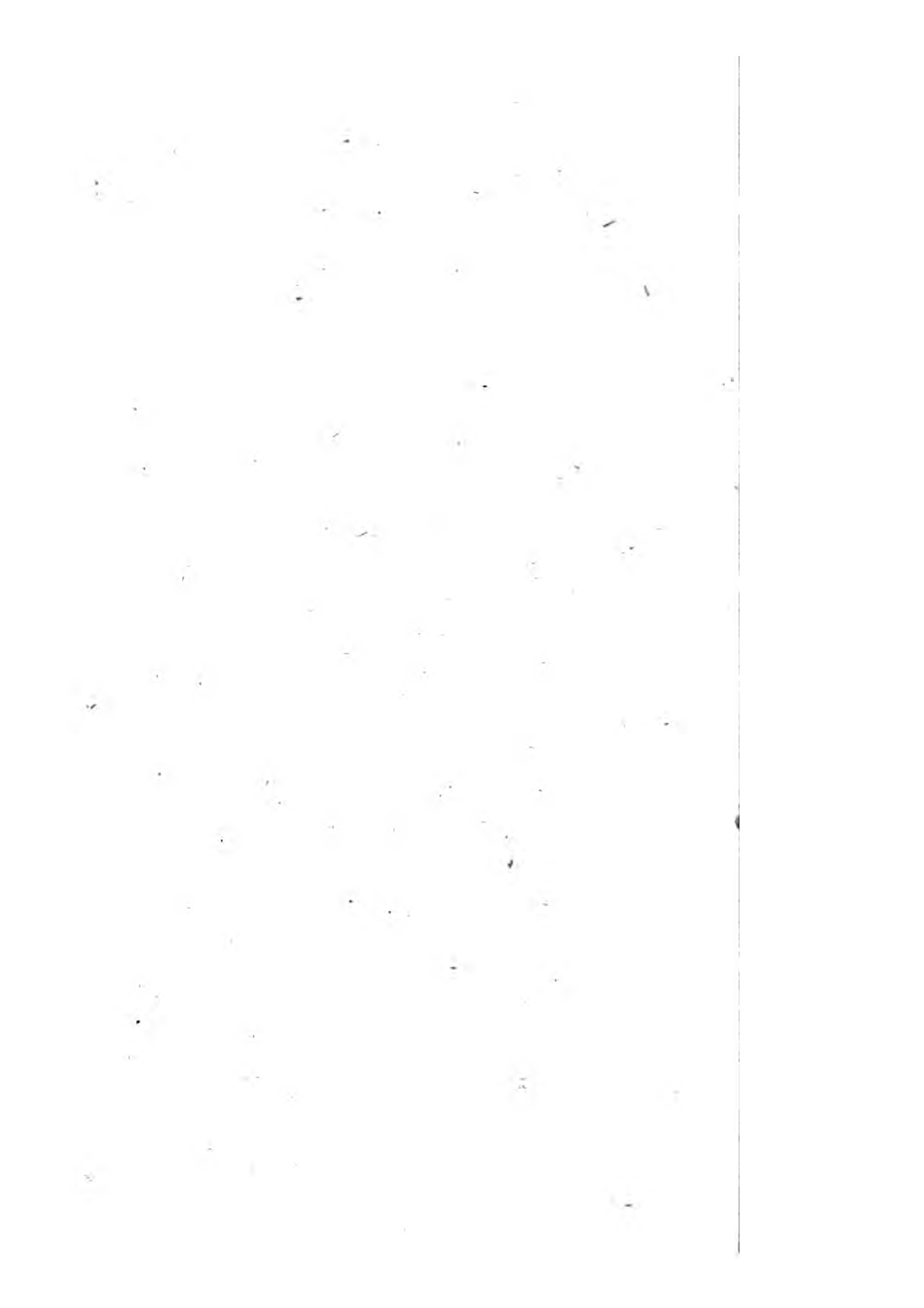
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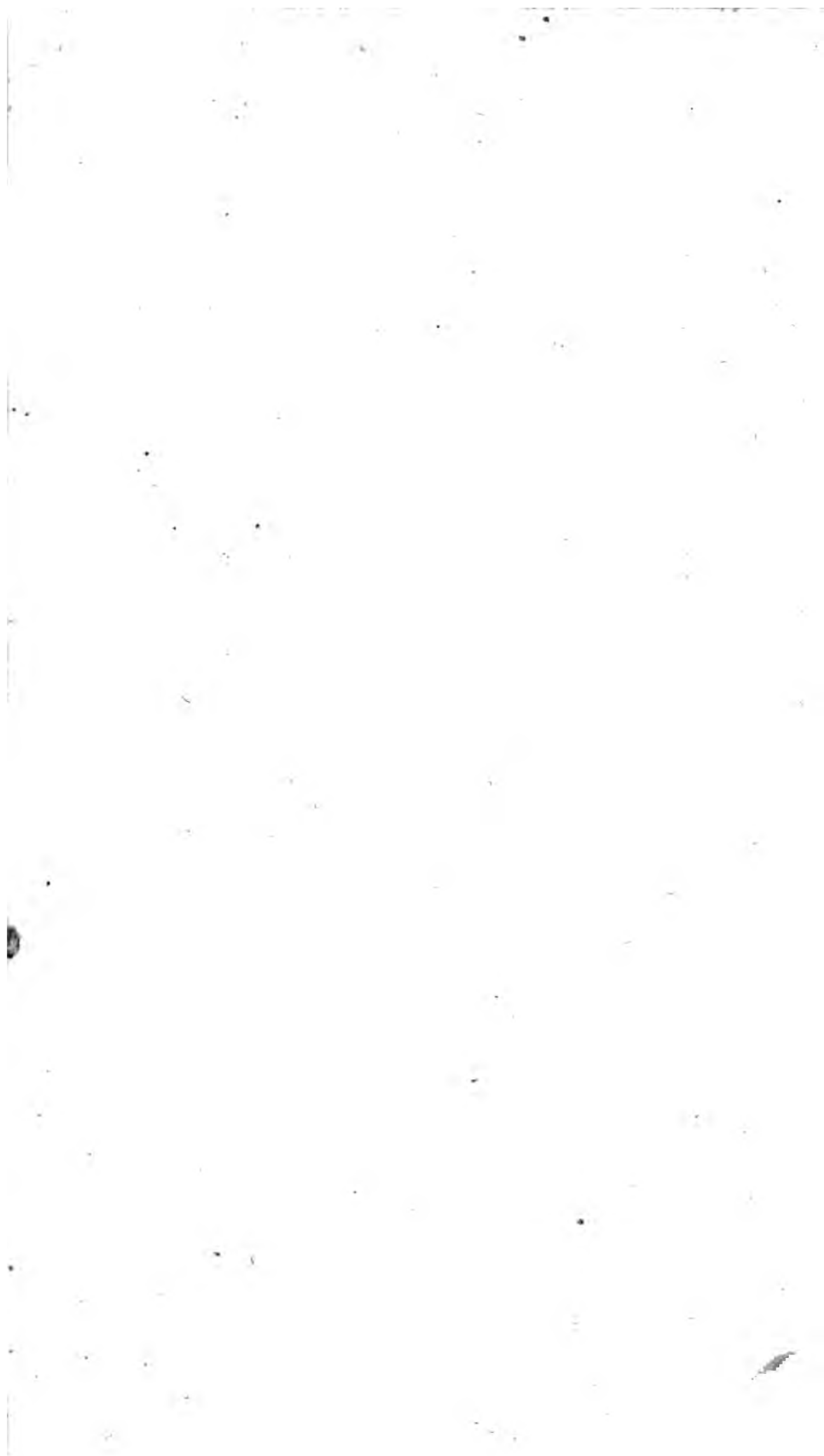
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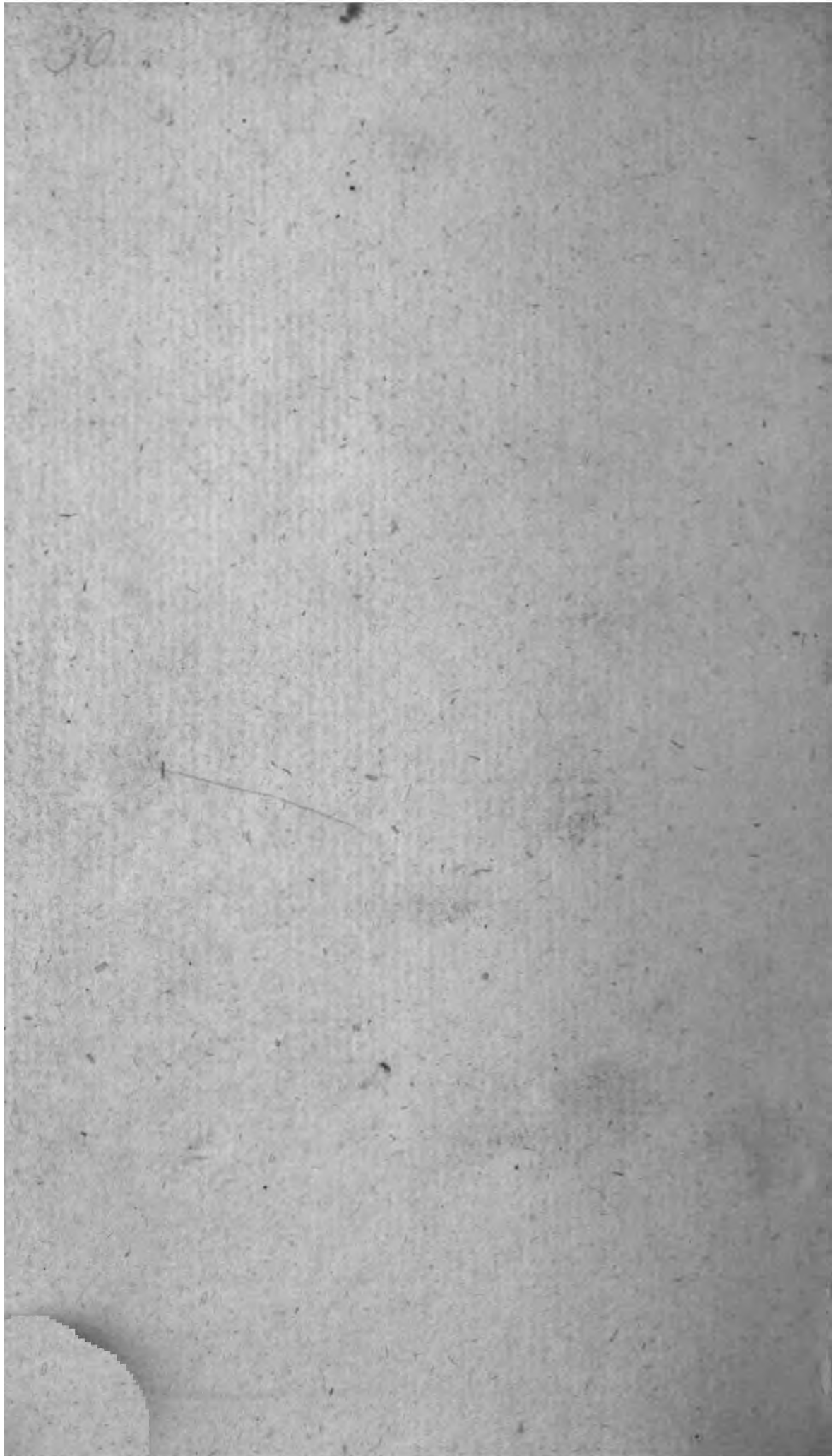








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