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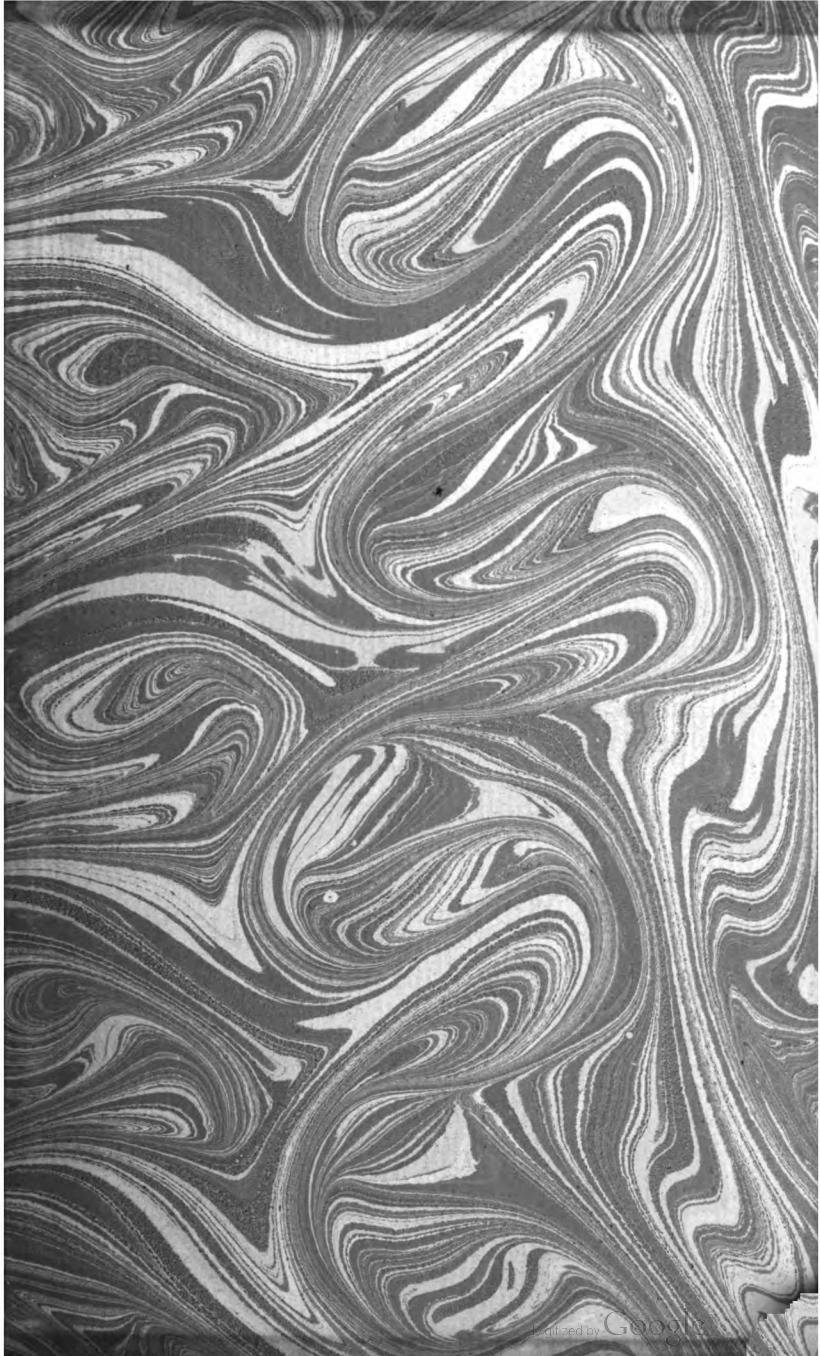
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Hilaria. The festive board

Charles Morris, William Hewardine





Bt. from Dobeck

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Engraved by the Author May 29th 1793

HILARIA.

HILARIA.

THE FESTIVE BOARD,

“ Mirth, admit me of thy crew.”

MILTON.

——— “ Vino pellite curas.”

HOR.

London :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.



1798.



PRELIMINARY.

*Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.*

HOR.

WE, for the most part, differ in our notions of pleasure; one man's delight is another's aversion: but felicity is the aim of all. Where then shall we find it? a celebrated poet observes, "'tis no where to be found, or every where." I say with an air of triumph, which the experience of a laughing life has imparted, the delights of love and joys of wine, happily blended, will enable us to attain the summit of human enjoyment. Would you meliorate the condition of the mind, and give to the body its best energies; fly to the circle of convivial gaiety for the one,

A

6.

and to the arms of indulgent beauty for the other—Life without this charming union, is like wine without fermentation, perfectly insipid—for the vinosity of wine, as well as the libidinosity of carnal nature, is produced (as Doctor Johnson, that Leviathan of literature would have said) by the same exquisite process—*fermentation*.—So much in ancient as well as modern times has been said and sung of love and wine, that novelty on these topics cannot be expected. I am an enemy to every species of innovation; but more particularly to that lately broached by the celebrated original four-legg'd, long-tail'd, philosopher, Lord Monboddó, who is full of regret because we do not mix water with our wine.

Read with sober attention what his lordship says on this subject.

“ As, by Isis, a plant was discovered,

which furnished bread to man; so by Osiris, her husband and brother, an art was invented of making drink for man: this art is what is called fermentation, which he applied to the use of the grape; and so first made wine: which, though it has been very much abused, as almost every production of nature and art has been by man, and, therefore, is very properly styled by Milton, *The sweet poison of misused wine*. It may be applied to the most useful purposes, for it is the best cordial of old age: and at all times of life it enlivens the spirits; and, therefore, Bacchus is called *Lætitia Dator*; and it cherishes the stomach: *but it is a great abuse of this liquor, in modern times, to drink it pure, without mixture of water, which, I am sorry to observe so much practised in Britain.*—Horace says this ironically.

Notwithstanding this opinion, the gen-

tlemen of Britain, whose fondness for pure, unadulterated, wine, cannot be doubted, will continue the old custom of drinking a bumper of wine with the first toast after dinner, to the first thing that ever was created for the enjoyment of their sex.

Solomon, who was at least as wise as the author in question, says, “ *Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts:*” “ Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.”

Burns, the admirable Scots bard, agreed with Solomon, and agreed with himself also, to verify these doctrines :

- “ Give him strong drink until he wink,
That’s sinking in despair ;
• And liquor good to fire his blood,
That’s prest with grief and care :

There let him bouse, and deep carouse,
 With bumpers flowing o'er,
 Till he forgets—his loves or debts,
 And minds his griefs no more.”

But what are the vital elixirs, gold tinctures, wonder-working essences, electricity, and animal magnetism, compared to the properties of wine? Dr. Franklin, a name dear to political liberty, has recorded a curious fact concerning the effects of wine. When in France he received a quantity of Madeira, that had been bottled in Virginia: in some of the bottles he found a few dead flies, which he exposed to the warm sun in the month of July, and, in less than three hours, these apparently dead animals recovered life, which had been so long suspended. The philosopher then asks whether such a process might not be employed with regard to man? if that be the case, I can imagine, adds he, no greater pleasure,

than to cause myself to be immerfed along with a few friends in Madeira wine, (not wine and water,) and to be again called to life, at the end of fifty, or more years, by the genial solar rays of my native country; only that I may fee what improvement the ftate has made, and what changes time has brought along with it.

I cannot conclude thefe few obfervations on the virtues of wine, without introducing the fentiment of another philofophical gentleman. A modern practitioner of confiderable medical fkill, has given an opinion worthy the attention of the convivial world: he tells us, if our vital fenfation require to be much exalted, neither alembics nor crucibles are neceffary for that purpofe; Nature herfelf has provided for us that moft excellent fpirit—wine, which exceeds all thofe prepared by the art of man: if there be any thing in the world which one can call the *prima ma-*

teria, that contains the spirit of the earth in an incorporated form, it is certainly this noble production :

“ With genial joy to warm the soul,

“ Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl.”

ODYSSEY.

To promote hilarity, to keep up the good humour of life, to help digestion by the salutary exercise of the risible faculty, the compositions that follow were chiefly written;---the cynic, the sanctified hypocrite, and the misanthrope, will eagerly condemn many of them, but the man of the world, who thinks liberally, and acts up to his feelings, the *bon vivant*, the friend of the fair sex, the bottle and song, will, it is hoped and presumed, place them under their private care and protection.

PAT-RIOT,

A REVOLUTIONARY SONG.

I.

OCH! my name is Pat Riot,
And I'm never easy;
For when all is quiet,
It turns my head crazy:
So to kick up a dust,
By my foul is delighting;
Then to lay it again,
I fall to without fighting.

Chorus—Row, row, row, row, row, row.

II.

Nought but times topsy turvy
Suit my constitution;
And all that I want, is
A snug Revolution:

B

Then in rank and in riches
 I'll equal my betters ;
 And a long list of creditors
 Change into debtors.

Chorus—Row, row, &c.

III.

I dare not be loyal,
 For this loyal reason ;
 My tutor, Tom Paine,
 Tells me loyalty's treason :
 And Priestley my Faith has
 Shook to its foundation ;
 So I've no prospect on earth
 But eternal damnation.

Chorus—Row, row, &c.

IV.

In this plight I've a plan,
 Tho' it's not ripe for broaching ;
 But between you and me,
 'Tis a little encroaching ;
 By a stroke—flight of hand—
 To surprize all beholders :
 Why I mean to take off
 The king's head from his shoulders.

Chorus—Row, row, &c.

v.

Then the crown, d'ye see,
 I wou'd lay on a shelf, Sir;
 Tho' it fits me as if it
 Was made for myself, Sir:
 Och! good luck to the sound,
 How the dumb bells will ring, Sir,
 When I've made all men equal,
 And made myself king, Sir!
Chorus—Row, row, &c.

vi.

Just to guard off th'effect
 Of fell lightning and thunder,
 That together split churches
 And steeples asunder,
 I mean to pull down
 All old orthodox structures;
 'Cause Priestley says chapels
 Are Heaven's conductors.
Chorus—Row, row, &c.

vii.

To see chapels, from churches,
 Like Phoenixes rising,
 Good souls, the dissenters
 Wou'd deem it surprizing,

And, grateful to me,
 They wou'd down on their kneestoo,
 Who hate both a church
 And a chapel of ease too.

Chorus—Row, row, &c.

VIII.

Now the lands of the church,
 That feed fat and lean preachers,
 By their leaves, I'll bestow
 On the puritan teachers :
 Of their tithes, and their off'rings,
 And gifts, I'll bereave 'em ;
 And nought but their stomachs
 And consciences leave 'em.

Chorus—Row, row, &c.

IX.

The law long establish'd
 No longer shall bind me ;
 With my father before,
 Or my father behind me,
 I've nothing to do :
 Then your bother pray cease, Sir ;
 I'll lay down the law
 By a breach of the peace, Sir.

Chorus—Row, row, &c.

X.

Since the law and the gospel
 I've taken by storm, Sir,
 Physicians shall swallow
 My pills of reform, Sir ;
 I'll take off their wigs,
 Canes, fees, and degrees ;
 And poison the rogues
 With their own recipes.

Chorus—Row, row, &c.

XI.

Since the Commons are cyphers,
 The Lords but nick-names, Sir,
 I mean to prorogue 'em
 All into the Thames, Sir ;
 And, lest folks should say
 I don't humanely treat 'em,
 Doctor Hawes and cork jackets
 At Gravesend shall meet 'em.

Chorus—Row, row, &c.

XII.

I'll abolish all titles
 Mankind may inherit ;
 From the fountain of honour,
 Worth, virtue, and merit :

I'm a naked reformer :

The doctrine I preach, is
To take coats of arms off
Shirts, waistcoats, and breeches.

Chorus—Row, row, &c.

XIII.

Thus age, youth, and beauty,

Miss, master, and madam,

All decently figg'd

By the taylor of Adam :

Why this is not new ;

Because high and low station,

Were all in confusion

Before the creation.

Chorus—Row, row, &c.

XIV.

By Jafus, to think how

'Twou'd tickle the devil,

To see from a mountain,

All things on a level ;

For the devil's a patriot

Not over nice, Sir,

And he hates all distinctions

'Twixt virtue and vice, Sir.

Chorus—Row, row, &c.

xv.

Here's long life after death
To all hot-headed fellows,
Who night and day work at
The devil's big bellows :
What charming confusion,
What fine botheration,
To blow up the coals,
And extinguish the nation!
Chorus—Row, row, &c.

THE
MARRIAGE MORN.

Tune, *The Merry Dance.*

THE marriage morn I can't forget,
 My senses teem'd with *new delight* ;
 Time, cry'd I, haste the coming night,
 And Hymen, give me sweet Lifette :
 I whisper'd softly in her ear,
 And said, the GOD of NIGHT draws near.
 Oh, how she look'd ! Oh, how she smil'd !
 Oh, how she sigh'd !
 She sigh'd—then spent a joyful tear.
 Now nuptial Night her curtain drew,
 And Cupid's mandate was, " Commence
 " With ardour, break the virgin fence ;"
 Then to the bed sweet Lifette flew—
 'Twas heav'n to view her when she lay,
 And hear her cry, Come to me, pray ;

Oh, how I feel ! Oh, how I pant ! Oh, I
shall die !—

Shall die before the break of day !

Soon Manhood rose with furious gust ;
And Mars, when he lewd Venus view'd,
Ne'er felt his pow'r so closely screw'd
Up to the standing post of Lust :
But when the stranger to her sight
Sweet Lisette saw in rampant plight,
Oh, how she scream'd ! Oh, how she
scream'd ! Oh, how she scream'd !
She scream'd—then grasp'd the dear de-
light.

Now lustful Nature eager grew,
And longer could not wanton toy ;
So rushing up the path of joy,
Quick from the fount Love's liquor flew :
At morn, she cry'd, full three times three
The vivid stream I've felt from thee ;
Oh, how I'm eas'd ! Oh, how I'm pleas'd !
Oh, how I'm charm'd !
I'm charm'd with rapt'rous three times
three !

CONVIVIAL.

Tune, *Mrs. Casey.*

WHEN round reflection foggy Care
 His dreary damp disperses,
 And Prudence, with *didactic* air,
 Her cautious code rehearses ;
 Then grant us, gods, some glowing wine,
 Such foes of glee to banish ;
 'Twill make our heart's *horizon* shine,
 And ev'ry vapour vanish.

CHORUS.

Then laugh and drink,
 And never think ;
 Each frisky festive fellow
 Will seize the time,
 The season's prime,
 T' enjoy the fruit while mellow.

The heights of love we can't attain,
 Till wine's electric potion
 Reach the summit of the brain,
 To quicken Fancy's motion :

Then Nature's *still*, with rapid flow,
 In *am'rous fermentation*,
 Fills thro' THE WORM the *vut* below
 With *luscious distillation*.

When safe arriv'd OUR LATTER END,
 And time to dust shall grind us,
 Our *atoms* can't the eyes offend
 Of neighbours left behind us :
 If with the heart-expanding bowl,
 Inspiring love and laughter,
 We soak the body and the soul,
 'Twill *lay* the dust *hereafter*.

The hardy tars more valiant fight,
 The soldiers sally quicker,
 The poets with more *spirit* write,
 When charg'd with *conqu'ring liquor* :
 And to sorrow-sinking hearts
 Wine's the true salvation ;
 For, take enough, and soon departs
Suspended animation.

His journey soon must end, they say,
 Who drives thro' life so quickly ;
 And, ere in years his hair turn gray,
 His body will be sickly :

If *Velnos' Syrup* he pursue,
 'Twill strengthen trunk and twig, Sir;
 And if his hair should change its hue,
 He can but mount a wig, Sir.

Kind Fortune, fix the jolly soul
 On Plenty's full-plum'd pinion,
 To soar beyond the sad control
 Of Poverty's dominion ;
 And when, with eager fatal claw,
 You take him by the *throttle*,
 His precious cork of life to draw,
 O Death ! don't *shake* the *bottle*.

THE

HIGH-METTLED P—O.

Tune, The Race Horse.

VIEW the lasſ lewd and lovely, of high
 ſporting race,
 Prepar'd to encounter the luſtful embrace;
 Her t—s wide extended, her tempting
breasts bare,
 The luſtful receiver conceal'd by black
 hair:
 While ruddy and rampant, erecting his
 creſt,
 With ardour rebounding from knee to the
 breast,
 The ſignal obſerv'd, firmly fix'd on his
 feat,
 The high-mettled P—o firſt ſtarts for
 the heat.

Full stretch'd, crossing, jostling, see on-
 ward they rush,
 And o'er the same ground three times spec-
 dily push ;
 Till weary'd, worn out, we behold P——o
 tame,
 As he crawls off the course lifeless, jaded,
 and lame.
 A short time elaps'd, when examin'd his
 case,
 He's found forely injur'd by running the
 race ;
 And the high mett'l'd P——o, erst proud
 and elate,
 Is pronounc'd by the knowing ones in for
 the plate.

Confin'd to the stable, shut out from the
 stud,
 Restrain'd in his diet, and oft losing blood,
 He's plaister'd and poultic'd, in linen rags
 rob'd,
 Fir'd, purg'd, and bolus'd, cut, fying'd,
 and prob'd ;

Till burning like stones that are turn'd in-
to lime,

Alas! luckless P——o's cut off in his
prime.

Lament the hard fate this sad story in-
forms,

The high-mettl'd P——o's made food for
the worms.

BOTANY BAY.

Tune, *Liberty Hall.*

BRITANNIA, fair guardian of this fa-
vour'd land,
Lately sanction'd a scheme, in full Cabi-
net plann'd,
For transporting her sons who from honour
dare stray,
To that sweet spot terrestrial, term'd Bo-
TANY BAY.

Toll de roll, &c.

Now this BAY, by some blockheads we've
sagely been told,
Was unknown to the fam'd navigators of
old;
But this I deny, in terms homely and blunt,
For BOTANY BAY is the spot we call —.

Toll de roll, &c.

Our ancestor Adam, 'tis past any doubt,
 Was the famous Columbus that found the
 spot out ;
 He brav'd ev'ry billow, rock, quicksand,
 and shore,
 To steer thro' THE PASSAGE none ere steer'd
 before.

Toll de roll, &c.

Kind Nature, ere Adam had push'd off to
 sea,
 Bid him be of good cheer, for his pilot
 she'd be :
 Then his cables he slipp'd, and stood
 STRAIGHT for the BAY,
 But was stopp'd in his passage about THE
 MIDWAY.

Toll de roll, &c.

Avast! Adam cry'd, I'm dismasted, I
 doubt,
 If I don't tack the HEAD of my VESSEL
 about ;

Take courage, cry'd Nature, and leave it
to me,
For 'tis only THE LINE that divides THE
RED SEA.

Toll de roll, &c.

Tho' shook by the STROKE, Adam's MAST
stood upright,
His BALLAST was steady, his TACKLING
quite tight ;
Then a breeze springing up, down the RED
STRAITS he ran,
And, o'erjoy'd with his voyage, he fir'd off
a GREAT GUN.

Toll de roll, &c.

High from the MAST HEAD, by the help of
ONE EYE,
The HEART of the BAY did old Adam
espy ;
And, alarm'd at a noise—to him Nature
did say,
'That it was the TRADE WIND, which blows
always ONE WAY.

Toll de roll, &c.

So transported was Adam in **BOTANY BAY**,
 He dame Nature implor'd to **SPEND** there
 night and day,
 And curious he try'd the **BAY**'s bottom to
 found,
 But his **LINE** was too short by a **YARD** from
 the ground.

Toll de roll, &c.

The time being out, Nature's sentence had
 pass'd,
 Adam humbly a favour of her bounty
 ask'd,
 That when stock'd with provisions, and
 ev'ry thing found,
 To **BOTANY BAY** he again might be bound.

Toll de roll, &c.

Nature granted the boon both to him and
 his race,
 And said, oft I'll transport you to that
 charming place;
 But never, cry'd she, as you honour my
 word,
 Set sail with a **Clap**, **Pox**, or **Famine** on
 board.

Toll de roll, &c.

Then this BOTANY BAY, or whate'er, be
the name,
I have prov'd is the spot from whence all
of us came;
May we there be transported, like Adam
our fire,
And never return *'fore the time shall expire.*
Toll de roll, &c.

THE
NEWLY-DUBB'D JEW.

Tune, *Derry Down*.

MY Muse, t'other day, having laughter
in view,
Selected George Gordon, the now no more
Jew,
Resolving to state, with Mosaic precision,
What befel poor Crop's P—— on the late
circumcision.

The Rabbi appear'd, and the Christian's
foreskin
Was about to be banish'd, to cleanse Crop
of sin;
But Gentiles and Jews, mark the cream of
the joke,
By Prometheus inspir'd, his P—— sud-
denly spoke.

Tho' with fear first poor P——o had prudently shrunk,
 And, like snail in its shell, snugly hid lay his trunk ;
 To the Priest then he cry'd, put your knife in its case,
 Or, you terrible Cut P——k, I'll piss in your face.

My Lord stood amaz'd, and the Rabbi was mum,
 To hear a thing talk that had ever been dumb ;
 Tho' Crop said his P—— ne'er obey'd his command,
 But always *lay down* when he wish'd him to *stand*.

This damnable riot in Crop's private part,
 Baffl'd the Priest and resisted his art,
 So he swore, if P—— did not cease making a route,
 He'd pull out his c—d—m, and muffle his snout.

Not a crab-louse car'd P—— for the Priest
 and his laws ;
 He stood up for his *prepuce*, and spoke to
 the cause ;
 His language was nervous, his reasoning
 clear,
 And he spoke full as well as the *Members*
 elsewhere.

Your life, cry'd he, Crop's a mere mock
 of devotion ;
 Well spoken, said Cods, who was backing
 each motion ;
 Such conduct, he said, combin'd madness
 and sin ;
 And Cods swore his friend P—— should
 sleep in a whole skin.

Now in Akerman's synagogue Crop's got
 a place,
 A beard like a Jew doth his pious front
 grace ;
 In time 'tis to grow so enormously big,
 As to make TOMMY ERSKINE a full-bot-
 tom'd wig.

Mr. P——, said Crop, to turn Turk I intend,

And 'mongst smack and smooth eunuchs
my days will I end;

Poor P—— took the hint, and did woefully weep,

Till his *flesh cap* slipp'd o'er him, then he
fell asleep.

The FLATS and the SHARPS of the NATION.

OF HANDEL's fam'd Commemoration,
 And what was let loose there, I sing,
 When the Flats and the Sharps of our nation
 Asssembled along with their King.
 Madam Mara (now mark what will follow)
 Her ravishing sounds was imparting;
 Momus play'd off a trick on Apollo,
 And set the sweet lady a f—t—g.

At Sowgelders' Hall, rural scene,
 The seat of a Knight and his swine,
 The musical Madam had been
 Invited by Mawbey to dine:
 So the cause of this windy commotion
 Was owing, if we're not mistaken,
 To her bolting too great a proportion
 Of pease-pudding and gammon of bacon.

Sir John Hawky, the musical Knight,
 Who in wit all the Quorum surpasses,
 And to whom, if we judge of him right,
 The wise men of Greece were mere asses,

Has defin'd Antient Music to be
 What sprung from the bottom of Ma-
 dam,
 And that under the wisdom-fraught tree
 Eve f—t-d in concert with Adam.

Now those sages renown'd in our nation,
 The fam'd F. R. S. es, do tells us,
 That to blow up the coals of creation,
 The bum is a species of bellows.
 But Priestley, who loves to oppose,
 Doth a different system insist on,
 And swears that he's led by the nose
 To pronounce it a Cask of Phlogiston.

The moment the Lady let fly,
 Billington, Storacci, and Kelly,
 With laughter were ready to die
 At the pickle of poor Rubinelli ;
 For Rubi, the father of screeches,
 In laughing at Mara, so strain'd it,
 That his PIPE let the piss in his breeches,
 FOR NO CISTERN has he to retain it.

Hurlowe Thrumbo, your wonder 'twill
raife,

Is of catgut so charming a seraper,
That, old Orpheus-like, when he plays,
The trees and the brutes round him
caper.

He blasted the Thing I won't name,
Hop'd she'd burst on the rock of dam-
nation;

But he stopp'd when the Bishop cry'd
" Shame,
" Brother, think of the late proclama-
tion."

That famous reformist, Jack Wilkes,
Martin Luther the Second now deem'd,
Sat in converse with Lawn Sleeves and
Silks,

And declar'd Sacred Musick blasphem'd;
But Jack turning round to Jem Twitch,
Swore 'twas like the affair on the Terrace,
When Bethsheba, impudent bitch,
Shew'd bollocking David her bare arse.

Now Sir Watkin ap Williams ap Wynne,
 Who came from whence came John ap
 Morgan,
 Roar'd out to the band-leading Bates,
 To drown the FOUL NOISE with *bur*
 organ :
 So Bates, by a blast of the bellows,
 Made peace and sweet sounds rule the
 roast ;
 Then drink about, laughing fellows—
 For f——g and fiddling's my toast.

RUNNYMEDE PILLAR.

Air, I can't for my Life guess the Cause of this Fufs.

TO celebrate deeds of renown, 'tis
agreed

That a pillar on fam'd Runnymede be
erected :

MEN of **PARTS** of all parties then here may
proceed,

To relate how this wonderful work is
effected.

The pillar's to stand in Middlesex land,

BUSHY PARK'S CENTRE'S the sweet plea-
sure ground ;

A strong-fenc'd retreat, well water'd and
sweet,

Where Adam first **FELL**, Runnymede's
to be found

CHORUS.

Rare Runnymede such pleasures produ-
cing,

No language of mortals is equal to tell ;
Tho' Moses declines it, my Muse thus de-
fines it :

The paradise where our progenitors **FELL**.

When the midwife, our welcome deliverer,
came,

Runnymede witness'd a great revolution ;

From bondage she brought us, and Nature,
dear dame,

To Britain's brave sons gave their good
Constitution :

For blessings like these, let gratitude seize
The CRITICAL MINUTE its ardour to
shew ;

The STONES first prepare the PILLAR to
rear,

Then DISCHARGE in this MEDE the just
debt that we owe.

Rare Runnymede, &c.

When Eve, with a mixture of fear and
surprise,

Beheld the HUGE PILLAR of Adam erected,

Her bare bosom heav'd, and gave vent to
soft sighs,

While with curious eye she the structure
inspected.

O'erjoy'd did she trace the Moss round its
base,

But its altitude did her chaste senses ap-
pal ;

Eve fainted away, and Moses doth say,

That her apron of fig-leaves flew up in
the fall.

Rare Runnymede, &c.

Adam's instinct divine display'd powers
that prove,

Mighty man most sagacious of Nature's
creation ;

Eve's distress he beheld, and, in pity,
Love

His COLUMN convey'd to its dear desti-
nation.

What follow'd, you'll find, is wisely de-
sign'd,

And the Hercules' Pillar of Pagan re-
nown

Ne'er long could stand in Middlesex land,

Adam's BASIS gave way, so the Pillar
fell down.

Rare Runnymede, &c.

By the magical touch of his heaven-tun'd
lyre,

Amphion, the Theban King, wonders
effected ;

Stones erst in confusion his sounds did in-
spire,

They danc'd, and we're told tow'ring
walls were erected.

Such harmonic sway this Mede doth dis-
play,

And from chaos, thus transient, can
order restore ;

A quick resurrection succeeds the defec-
tion,

To meet the same fate that befel it be-
fore.

Rare Runneymede, &c.

That architect, old Mother Phillips I
mean,

Doth cases prepare of a curious con-
structure,

From the fury of fire *standing Pillars* to
screen,

As light'ning's disarm'd by th' *attractive*
Conductor :

But curst be her traffic for THINGS POLY-
GRAPHIC ;

To vend for original, Pillars she plann'd ;
Monuments base usurping the place,
Where alone the PROUD PILLAR of Na-
ture should stand.

Rare Runnymede, &c.

Tho' partisans differ, in this all agree,
From Reason's clear light, and from
Nature's dictation,

That THE MEDE, at this moment, my
mind's eye doth see,

Is alone the sweet spot for the PROUD
PILLAR's station.

There stout may it stand, resisting Time's
hand :

And, Nature, great architect, as thee
we prize !

From fire protect it, when down don't
neglect it,

Let it RISE but to FALL, let it FALL but
to RISE.

Rare Runnymede, &c.

THE

BANKRUPT BAWD.

Tune, *Vicar of Bray.*

NEAR Jermyn-street a BAWD did trade,
 In credit, style, and splendor,
 Well known to ev'ry *high-bred* blade,
 And those of *doubtful* gender:
 How Nature once, in *marring* mood,
 Her body form'd, I'll tell ye,
 Upon her back a *swelling* flood,
 To mock her *barren* belly.

CHORUS.

For some succeed, and others fail,
 That into commerce enter,
 So few are chaste, and many frail,
 In this *great trading* Center.

In *coney skins* her commerce lay,
 A charming stock she'd laid in;
 She ne'er to *smugglers* fell a prey,
 Her practice was *fair trading*:

These skins when *dress'd* were *red* and *white*,
 The *fur* of each *fair creature*,
 Of diff'rent hues, hath day and night
 Kept warm man's *naked nature*.
 For some succeed, &c.

The trading stock of this OLD BAWD
 A *vital stab* sustain'd, fir ;
 The news like *wild-fire* flew abroad,
 Each customer *complain'd*, fir ;
 Some *coney-skins* lay with a lot,
 By caution uninspected ;
 So *quarantine*, alas ! forgot,
Foul plague the whole infected.
 For some succeed, &c. .

Now OLD and YOUNG her shop forfook,
 Insolvent was her plight, fir,
 When *Habeas Corpus* Catchpole took
 Her body off by night, fir ;
 From *Banco Regis* civil law,
 To liquidate her debt, fir ;
 Between *the sheets* this OLD BAWD saw
 Of *London's fam'd Gazette*, fir.
 For some succeed, &c.

To give each creditor his due,
 Three men, *the Lord's Anointed*,
 JACK WILKES, LORD SANDWICH, and
 OLD Q.,

Were Assignees appointed :
 But, luckless Bawd! the after day
 Her stock *on fire* they found, fir ;
 So 'twas agreed she could not pay
 A *cundum* in the pound, fir.
 For some succeed, &c.

The skin (*her own*) this Bawd had left,
 Each Assignee did handle ;
 'Twas found of all its *fur bereft*,
 By singing flame of candle :
 Some *butter'd bunns* conceal'd within,
 Old Q.'s keen eye beset, fir ;
 So Wilkes defin'd this coney skin
 A *fund for floating debt*, fir.
 For some succeed, &c.

By *headlong lust* her claimants led,
 They seiz'd her *mortal treasure* ;
 The *furless* coney skin was spread,
 A *dividend* past measure.

Now all *came in*, not one *stood out* ;

THE BAWD was fet at large, fir ;

Her coney skin (of *worth*, no doubt)

Did ev'ry M^AN *discharge*, fir.

For some succeed, &c.

MEDLEY.

Air, Bow Wow.

SILENCE, humbugs all, and I'll sing
you a merry song ;

Like our lives, 'tis a medley, neither short
nor very long ;

I mean plainly to prove, that in high and
low station,

Hub, bub, bub, bub, boo, is the business
of the nation.

Hub, bub, boo, fal, lal, &c.

As late from the hall Hurlow Thrumbo
came growling,

A carman's great dog at his coach set up
howling ;

Enrag'd with the brute, Hurlow let down
the glass, fir,

Cry'd, " whose dog is that ? " quoth the
carman, " ask his a—, fir."

The coachman drove on ; but ere he'd
 driven very far,
 Two wheels were left behind, and snap
 went the splinter bar ;
 Hurlow roar'd out aloud (tho' no doubt he
 did wrong to't),
 For he blasted the bar, and all that *belong'd*
 to't.

'Tis not long ago, since poor Jack, the
 Brighton taylor,
 For stitching well a *button-hole*, was pinn'd
 up by the jailor :
 The trial tells us, by surprise, snip seiz'd
 an artless las, fir,
 And cabbag'd her virginity, the best piece
 of her a—, fir.

The maiden scream'd, and snip teem'd
 with love's delicious liquor ;
 O there never was a taylor that could stich
 it nine times quicker ;
 Twas ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto,
 ditto, ditto,
 Till he work'd up all the thread, then he
 ripp'd up the slit O.

“ R———,” dames cry, “ what a ravish-
ing creature !

“ His pipe ! and his shake ! and each de-
licate feature !”

But la ! what a pity, divine R——— !

Your pipe can but carry the p— from your
belly !

Bow, wow, wōw, &c.

If wedlock's your plan, ere you scheme to
open trenches,

Humbugs pray take heed of our modern
made-up wenches :

Fore and aft they are plump to view, but
feel, and you will find, fir,

They've bubbies like blown bladders, and
all is hum behind, fir.

Oh poverty ! our purses spare, and pains,
do not perplex us,

Still the cheerful song we'll chaunt, nor
shall trifles ever vex us ;

But leave to dreary dull dogs their cheer-
less hours to spend, fir,

Whilst we, in mirthful mood, meet our
bottles, c——s, and friends, fir.

Now the sequel of my song mark well each
humbug brother,
Tho' here we laugh, drink and joke, and
humbug one another ;
When out of wind, Death hums us, and
we're sent the Lord knows where, fir,
If we've humbugg'd the Devil, I'll be
d——d if we need fear, fir.

HUMBUG CLUB CONSTITUTIONAL SONG.

Air, *The Roast Beef of Old England.*

THIS tastey gay town's grown of hum-
bug so full,
That ev'ry new day starts new matter to
gull,
Credulity's known by the name of John
Bull.

O the humbugs of Old England ;
How finely Old England's humbugg'd!

Sham patriots profess, with a plausible
grace,
The nerves of the nation they shortly could
brace,
But *pro bono publico* means a good place.
O the humbugs, &c.

Here clergy the minister flatter and fawn,
Stick close to his skirts to secure sleeves of
lawn,
And the curate's old cassock goes weekly
to pawn.
O the humbugs, &c.

The dunce is dubb'd doctor, *sans* sence in
 his head,
 And fame unacquir'd is thro' quackery
 spread,
 With cures that are cureless credulity's
 fed.

O the humbugs, &c.

The captain's a compound of flash and
 cockade,
 Cosmetics, pink powder, with curl carro-
 nade,
 And his feats are confin'd to box-lobby
 parade.

O the humbugs, &c.

Now lawyers are licens'd their clients to
 cheat,
 Trading justices equity tread under feet,
 And rascally runners all rogu'ry greet.

O the humbugs, &c.

The stage, to amuse us, sings "Fal de
 Ral Tit,"
 With "Che chow cherry chow, and cherry
 chow chit;"

And then, to humbug us, they puff it as
wit.

O the humbugs, &c.

So now, brother humbugs, you all plainly
see,

That few modern modes from humbugging
are free ;

Let's distinguish *our humbug* with wine,
wit, and glee.

O the humbugs, &c.

THE celebrated patroness of the young Chimney Sweepers, whose hard fate was so often deplored by the late Jonas Hanway, has had fitted up an elegant apartment in her town residence, decorated with Feathers; here follows a description of what is termed "THE FEATHER'D ROOM."

I.

THE blue-stocking club, when abandon'd by fame,
 On a project resolv'd to revive a lost name,
 So for each member's comfort in life's chilling gloom,
 Old mother M—tague feather'd her room.

CHORUS.

Sing a Ballynamona oro,
 A fine feather'd chamber for me.

II.

Like old mother Philips, tho' doubtless
 her betters,
 These blue-stocking ladies are *ladies of letters*;

Not in love, but in learning, their passions
 prevail,
 And they *feather the head* whilst they *moult*
at the tail.

iii.

An Irish upholsterer Murphy's the man,
 Who furnished my muse with a sketch of
 this plan ;
 To guard off the wind that hard by the
 spot gathers,
 He told me she'd *paper'd* her front room
 with *feathers.*

iv.

By the hair-broom of Nature this room
 was neglected,
 Here lay dust undisturbed, and there cob-
 web collected ;
 Till a lewd son of Adam, a son of a whore,
 To get into the room had *burst open the*
door.

v.

Then wicked wit W—— and old lolly-pop
 Q——,
 This fine feather'd drawing-room hasten'd
 to view ;
 Old Q—— first got in, but he soon turn'd
 about,
 For the feathers flew round him and *tickl'd*
his snout.

vi.

W—— stood undismay'd at old Q——'s
 queer mishap,
 And swore, tho' the devil should stand in
 the gap,
 Into it he'd wriggle ; when in it he got,
 He turn'd pale and fell sick, and dropt
 dead on the spot.

vii.

Birds of passage, alas ! all us mortals are
 here,
 Exclaim'd Johnny W—— when he spent
 his last tear ;

In his last dying speech he declar'd with
dejection,
He'd not the least hope of a flesh resur-
rection.

VIII.

Now ere like Johnny W—— my muse
gives up the ghost,
She leaves, as a legacy, Nature's first toast;
The front room of Eve Adam fill'd full of
fin,
*Well feather'd without, and well furnish'd
within.*

LITTLE PERU,

OR THE

WICKLOW GOLD-MINE.

I.

MY sweet native land, the first place of
 my birth there,
 Good luck to you dear if the story be true,
 In your bowels I'm told on the face of the
 earth there,
 Lies Mexico's wealth, a snug little Peru ;
 Back to Ireland I'll trot and fall digging
 for riches,
 These two eyes no longer shall pewter be-
 hold,
 For a pair I'll get measur'd of ready-made
 breeches,
 And copper both pockets with pure virgin
 gold.

E

II.

Come then brother Pats and pack up your
odd matters,

Leave nothing behind you but what you
can take,

'Tis your turn to laugh at John Bull's rags
and tatters,

No longer at Pat can he fun and game
make.

No more with sweet butter-milk white-
wash your bodies,

No more with potatoes your full stomachs
cram,

As Plutus, not Patrick, old Ireland's rich
God is,

Drink champaign and ven'son with ras-
berry jam.

III.

You chairmen from Ireland, big black-
guards call'd ponies,

Cafe you up and down, fan away tabbies
in chairs,

You'll soon be all jontlemen and macaro-
nies,

If your prize in Peru only comes up in
shares.

I think I now see you all swell, strut, and
 swagger,
 With big lumps of nature's coin'd gold in
 your hand,
 When by whiskey tight-laced up St. James's
 you stagger,
 Bid tabbies go carry themselves and be
 d——d.

IV.

And you flashy captains who oft go re-
 cruiting,
 'Mongst England's brisk widows, fond
 daughters and wives,
 Leave war for a peace, and don't be after
 shooting
 Of Frenchmen, to frighten them out of
 their lives.
 What's honour and glory to flush ready
 rhino,
 Without which no captain can keep up
 the ball,
 Quick march to Peru, the sweet spot you
 and I know,
 Fill your bellies with full pay and half-pay
 and all,

Oh! you my Bath Bobadils hunting for
 acres,
 And shaking your elbows, cry seven's the
 main,
 For the bodies of belles you're the live un-
 dertakers,
 But you take them, it's true, for no prof-
 ect of gain.
 It's not for a gold-mine you Bobadils
 marry,
 'Tis all for pure love, Beauty, Temper,
 and grace!
 'Tis for kindness and tenderness said Cap-
 tain Larry,
 Who kill'd his last wife by too tight an
 embrace.

VI.

Ye limbs of the law living on little pit-
 tances,
 Fertile in quibbles, tho' barren in fees,
 Yet pregnant with bother 'bout Irish-re-
 mittances,
 Which you mighty well know never cross
 the salt seas ;

Leave the law's crooked path for the straight
 path of pleasure,
 The road to Peru is the turnpike to wealth ;
 And when you walk thro' it pursuing your
 treasure,
 Pay as you come back, when your purse is
 in health.

VII.

You gentlemen all in St. Giles's gay quar-
 ter,
 To carry a hod, make your shoulder an
 afs,
 My tight peep of day boys, leave stones,
 bricks, and mortar,
 Come one after t'other, rise all in a mass.
 Go taste but the water of Wicklow's clear
 fountain,
 And then, in a moment, you'll miracles
 find ;
 By the stream that runs up to the top of
 the mountain,
 Like a watch case of gold will your bodies
 be lin'd.

VIII.

And you L——M——M like penny-post
walking,

All up and down London to bother the
stones,

In a pair of jack boots there no longer be
stalking,

But to Ireland convey yourself, body, and
bones.

As an absentee go and dwell on your estate
then,

“ Lay the root to the axe ” of your tenants
distress,

A slice of Peru for old Pompey the great
then,

Will make him look bigger sure never the
less.

IX.

And you father O’Burke, first of Irish de-
fenders,

Of war and corruption, of tyrants and
slaves,

Protector of kings, not of humbug pre-
tenders,

So you pray for their lives, and keep dig-
ging their graves.

As their old priest and sexton you've got
 a snug pension,
 The gift of our king, wealthy, worthy,
 and wife;
 'Twas to make you see clearer, ah! lucky
 invention,
 He threw the gold dust of Peru in your
 eyes.

x.

Jew Aaron of old, in the absence of Moses,
 Set up a gold calf, a strange fancy I think;
 When Moses came back, they pull'd each
 others noses,
 Burnt the gold calf, and mixt it with wa-
 ter to drink.
 To be sure for pure gold with some silver
 alloy now,
 I shan't be of worship and gratitude full;
 But I make a calf when you know my dear
 joy now,
 For half the expence I can make a nate
 bull.

XI.

While planning prosperity for brother
 paddies dear,
 I took up the news, called the National
 Star ;
 I read it aloud, and was mightily vex'd to
 hear
 Peru had been seiz'd for the king, not the
 war.
 So said I to myself, talking to a bye-stand-
 der,
 I hate all damn'd wars and their consequent
 ills ;
 But Peru for the king, sedition and slan-
 der,
 'Tis to pay future ministers' blunders and
 bills.

THE
 BLUE VEIN,

A TRUE WELCH STORY.

I.

YE fun-loving fellows for comical tales,
 Match this if you can, truly current in
 Wales;

The bible so old, and the testament new,
 Have none more authentic, more faithful,
 or true.

Four frisky maidens, young, handsome,
 and plump,

Who cou'd each crack a flea on their bub-
 bies or rump,

Took it into their heads, just to bother
 the tail

Of Ned Natty, a groom, so they jalap'd
 his ale.

II.

Now Ned on red herrings that ev'ning did
 sup,
 So he drank ev'ry drop of the gripe-giving
 cup,
 Soon his guts 'gan to grumble, and shortly
 Ned found
 His bowels give way, and his body un-
 bound :
 The buckskin's gay leather, by gallows
 confin'd,
 Could not be cut down 'till indecently
 lin'd,
 This made Neddy's P——o, accustom'd
 to sprout,
 Shrink into his belly, and turn up his
 snout.

III.

The time this damn'd jalap in Ned's belly
 lurk'd,
 No post-horse like Neddy was ever so
 work'd,

Three nights and three days he lay squirt-
ing in bed,

And neither could hold up his tail nor his
head :

The storm, at length, ceasing, purg'd Ned
'gan to think

On some revenge sweet for this damnable
stink,

“ For I'm damn'd,” exclaim'd Ned, “ if
these bitches shan't find

“ That I'm cabbag'd before, tho' I'm
loofen'd behind.”

IV.

'Twas early one morn, exercising his steed,
Ned saw an old gipsy hag crossing the
mead,

Straight he hail'd her, and said, “ Woman,
where do you hie ?”

She replied, “ to tell fortunes of females
hard by” :

Now these females Ned found were his
jalapping friends,

So he thought it the season to make them
amends,

Then he brib'd for the cant, and the gip-
sey's old cloaths;

Thus equipp'd, said Ned, trick for trick,
damn me, here goes.

V.

First Molly, the cook-maid, he took by
the hand,

From her greasy palm, told her what for-
tune had plann'd,

She was soon to be married, each year have
a brat,

"Indeed," cried the cooky, "how can
you tell that?"

"I'll tell you the number," said Ned,
"let me see

"The blue vein that's low plac'd 'twixt
the navel and knee,"

When she pull'd up her cloaths, Ned ex-
claim'd, "I declare

"Your blue vein I can't see, 'tis so co-
ver'd with hair."

VI.

Next dairy-maid Dolly, of letchery full,
Swore she was then breeding, for she'd had
the bul;

To the gipsy, said Doll, " can you, old
 " woman, tell
 " Whether bull or cow calf make my belly
 " so swell?"

When he view'd her blue vein, he said,
 " Doll, by my troth,
 " You must find out two fathers, for you
 " will have both,"

For the squire and the curate, when heated
 with ale,
 Doll Dairy had milk'd in her amorous pail.

VII.

Now Kitty, the house-maid, so frisky and
 fair,
 Who smelt none the sweeter for carrotty
 hair,
 Presenting her palm to the gipsy so
 shrewd,
 Was candidly told that her nature was
 lewd:

While feeling the vein near her gold-girted
 nick,
 Kate play'd the old gipsy a slippery trick,

So Kate, that had ne'er been confider'd a
 whore,
 Was told she'd miscarried the morning be-
 fore.

VIII.

Then came Peggy the prude, who no baw-
 dy could bear,
 Yet wou'd tickle the lap-dog while comb-
 ing his hair ;
 " Is the butler, my sweetheart," said
 Peggy, " sincere,
 " And shall we be married, pray, gipsy,
 " this year :"
 Quoth the gipsy, " you'll have him for
 " better or worse,
 " But you'll find that his corkskrew is not
 " worth a curse ;
 " So when you are wed, 'twill be o'er the
 " town talk'd,
 " There goes Peggy, a bottle, most dam-
 " nably cork'd."

IX.

Now Ned, thus reveng'd, bid the maidens
 good day,
 But, curious, they ask'd him a moment to
 stay,

For said Molly, the cook-maid, " we all
 " long to see

" If you've a blue vein 'twixt the navel
 and knee :"

Ned pull'd up his cloaths, Sir, when to
 their surprize,

They beheld his blue vein of a wonderful
 size,

The fight Kate the carrotty couldn't with-
 stand,

She grasp'd the blue vein 'till it burst in
 her hand.

x.

So alarm'd, the prude Peggy fell into
 strong fits,

Frighten'd cook and Doll dairy went out
 of their wits ;

Then carrotty Kitty to gipsy Ned spoke,
 " We'll each give a guinea to stifle the
 " joke :"

But Ned swore that no money should si-
 lence his tongue,

That the tale should be told in a mirth-
 moving song ;

“As a caution,” cry’d Ned, “to all Abi-
 “gails frail,
 “That there’s more fun in f—g than
 “jalapping ale.”

xi.

The story like wildfire o’er Cambria was
 spread,
 From the borders of Chester, to fam’d
 Holyhead,
 In a vein of good humour, the vein that is
 blue,
 Will long be remember’d by me and by
 you:
 Then fill a bright bumper to honour this
 vein,
 A bumper of pleasure to badger all pain;
 So hear us, celestials, gay mortals below!
 Drink c—t, the blue vein, wherein floods
 of joy flow.

COUNTRY LIFE.*

Written by CAPTAIN MORRIS.

WITH ADDITIONAL STANZAS BY MR. HEWERDINE,
MARKED BY INVERTED COMMAS.

IN LONDON I never know what to be at—
Enraptur'd with this, and transported with
that ;
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan—
And life seems a blessing too happy for
man !

But the COUNTRY (Lord blefs us!) sets all
matters right—
So calm and composing from morning to
night :
Oh, it settles the stomach, when nothing
is seen
But an afs on a common—a goose on a
green !

* Captain Morris's Song is here inserted, for the sake
of the answer that follows.

In LONDON how easy we visit and meet!—
 Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles
 are our treat ;
 Our mornings a round of good humour
 delight—
 And we rattle in comfort and pleasure all
 night !

In the COUNTRY how pleasant our visits to
 make,
 Thro' ten miles of mud, for formality's
 fake ;
 With the coachman in drink, and the moon
 in a fog,
 And no thought in our head—but a ditch
 or a bog !

In LONDON, if folks ill together are put,
 A *bore* may be roasted, a *quiz* may be cut.
 “ In the COUNTRY your friends would feel
 angry and fore,
 “ Call an old maid a *quiz*, or a parson a
 bore.”

In the COUNTRY you're nail'd like a pale
in your park,
To some stick of a neighbour cramm'd
into the ark ;
Or, if you are sick, or in fits tumble down,
You reach death, ere the doctor can reach
you from town.

I've heard that how love in a cottage is
sweet,
When two hearts in one link of soft sym-
pathy meet:—
I know nothing of that ; for, alas, I'm a
swain
Who requires (I own it) more links to
MY chain !

Your jays and your magpies may chatter
on trees,
And whisper soft nonsense in groves if
they please :
But a house is much more to my mind than
a tree ;
And, for groves—oh, a fine grove of chim-
neys for me !

“ In the ev’ning you’re screw’d to your
chairs fift to fift,

“ All stupidly yawning at fixpenny whist;

“ And, tho’ win or lose, ’tis as true as
’tis strange,

“ You’ve nothing to pay—the good folks
have no change!

“ But, for finging and piping, your time
to engage,

“ You’ve cock and hen bullfinches coop’d
in a cage;

“ And what music in nature can make you
so feel,

“ As a pig in a gate stuck, or knife-
grinder’s wheel!

“ I grant, if in fishing you take much de-
light,

“ In a punt you may shiver from morning
to night;

“ And, tho’ blest with the patience that
JOB had of old,

“ The devil a thing do you catch—but a
cold!

“ Yet 'tis charming to hear, juſt from
boarding-school come,

“ A Tit-up tune up an old family ſtrum:

“ Play *God ſave the King* in an excel-
lent tone,

“ With the ſweet variation of *Old Bob and
Joan!*

“ But, what tho' your appetite's in a weak
ſtate,

“ A pound at a time they will puſh on
your plate:—

“ 'Tis true, as to health, you've no cauſe
to complain;

“ For they'll drink it, GOD bleſs 'em,
again and again!”

Then in TOWN let me live, and in TOWN
let me die;

For, in truth, I can't relish the COUNTRY
—not I.

If I muſt have a villa in LONDON to dwell,
Oh, give me the ſweet ſhady ſide of Pall-
mall!

THE ANSWER TO CAPTAIN MORRIS'S

SONG, "*The COUNTRY LIFE.*"

I.

AS town-bitten bards, bred in fashion
 and noise,
 The country decry, and its health yielding
 joys ;
 Let us fairly examine the preference due
 To the smoak-smother'd town, o'er the
 villa's clear view.

II.

At ev'ry town tavern you turn in to dine,
 Tho' your dinner's half cold, smoaking
 hot is your wine ;
 Then how pleasant and wholesome while
 picking your bone,
 The mix'd odour of other folks food and
 your own.

III.

Then noisy and drunk, scarcely feeling
 their legs,
 Bucks sup at the M——, on hash'd duck,
 oysters, eggs,
 Eggs pregnant with chick, oysters sp—d
 up before,
 The duck dainty fed in the streets com-
 mon sewer.

IV.

Yet, how charming Vauxhall in a cold
 rainy night,
 To hear dull-hacknied ditties to music so
 trite ;
 You've a thin slice of ham, town-made
 wine thick and flat :
 View a tinman's cascade, and a fidler's
 cock'd hat !

V.

See Ranelagh ! folly and fashion's resort,
 And vapid masqued balls, where Intrigue
 holds her court ;
 There girls are " loose fishes," pull'd up
 in their turns ;
 There wives are harpoon'd, and dull hus-
 bands get horns.

VI.

The dance is *bon ton*—and in hot fultry
 weather
 Sticks the sexes like two pats of butter to-
 gether !
 And when you get into the heart of the hop,
 You're pinion'd like fowls in a poulterer's
 shop.

VII.

But routes for fine fellows, fine feathers
 to see,
 Strong *liqueurs* for ladies, who love to make
 free;
 Old tabbies at cards, over old fashion'd
 fans,
 Peeping, cheating, and squinting in each
 others hands.

VIII.

Then at dinners and concerts see fidlers so
 fine,
 Bolt hot macaroni, drink rare foreign wine;
 There musical dames, at each shift and each
 shake,
 Die away, "*amoroso*," for fiddle-stick's
 fake.

IX.

In a vortex of dust, thro' the sun's scorch-
 ing ray,
 A rotten-row ride on a Sunday how gay;
 Thro' a long lane of lacqueys you meet
 your hard fate,
 Screw'd in and screw'd out of a damn'd
 narrow gate.

X.

Then how cursedly civil when folks in
 town roam,
 To leave cards with their friends, when
 they know they're *from home* ;
 In the country, glad welcome our visits
 attends,
 We've no humbugging, card-dropping,
 shy-fighting friends.

XI.

In London, while day-light, not long are
 you clean ;
 At night you're bug bitten, scarce fit to
 be seen ;
 Thus amusement and exercise fall in your
 way,
 For you're scratching all night, and you're
 scrubbing all day.

XII.

In the streets oft you meet a queer stick of
 a fellow,
 Who pokes in your eye his sharp-pointed
 umbrella ;
 But the measure of danger is scarcely half
 full,
 When a flow'r-pot dropt down, breaks it-
 self and your scull.

XIII.

If in London the doctors should shorten
 life's date,
 To lie long in the grave's, not the dead bo-
 dies fate ;
 For surgeon, clerk, sexton, and coachman
 conspire,
 To mangle the corpse, and the bones join
 with wire.

XIV.

In the country we're healthy, all vigour
 and spunk,
 No doctor we want, but to make him dead
 drunk ;

Nor yet patent-coffins; for, once in the
 ground,
 Our bodies are snug, till the trumpet's
 last found.

xv.

Now suppose you a flat, and addicted to
 play,
 In London a sharp will seize on you as
 prey ;
 He'll the passion promote, make you drink,
 though not dry,
 And filch your fair prospects by *loading*
the die.

xvi.

Then the sports of the field, a fine view
 of the sea,
 Friend and bottle, girl, Cutter, and cot-
 tage give me ;
 At smok'd *rus in urbe* let other bards
 dwell,
 Keep me from Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and
*Hell ! **

* A famous gambling-house so called in the vicinity of
 S. James's.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS.

I.

At the play among loungers and doxies
 you're cramm'd,
 To hear wretched stuff that has just not
 been damn'd ;
 Take cold with your back 'gainst an open
 door box,
 Get a crick in the neck, and a c—— full
 of p—x!

II.

Sublime your sensations, arise, when you
 hear
 The codless Italian, with pipe shrill and
 clear ;
 But we in the country, whom cocknies call
 clods,
 All glory in raising our pipes with our—
 c——ds.

III.

At night, half seas over, returning from
 club,
 You run foul of a nightman, and his nose-
 gay tub ;

And a jordan perhaps, on your noddle may
 split,
 So before you get home, you're bepifs'd
 or be-s—t !

IV.

In the country to see us would do your
 hearts good,
 Such pieces we push at, of pure flesh and
 blood ;
 Take a flyer in town, 'tis a hot butter'd
 bun,
 And you're certain to pay thro' your nose
 for the fun.

V.

At the playhouse or opera when you ap-
 proach,
 How sweet to be stuck in a stinking hack-
 coach ;
 And when you alight, still your patience
 to try,
 A strange hand's in your pocket, a link's
 in your eye.

GOODY BURTON'S ALE.

Tune, *The Dusty Miller*.

GOODY Burton's ale
 Gets into my noddle,
 'Tis so stout and pale,
 It makes me widdle waddle ;
 When I came to ask,
 Who the brewing taught her,
 I found out each cask
 Was brew'd by—Goody's daughter.

Now I long'd to see
 Goody's buxom brewer,
 Hoping I should be
 The only one to woe her ;
 When I spoke her soft,
 I meant not to fool her,
 So I went aloft,
 And warm'd her in the *cooler*.

Oh ! what flesh and blood !

Malt, and hop, and water,
Are not near so good

As goody Burton's daughter ;
I made her heart right glad,
For till I came across it,
She had never had
A spigot in her fauset.

Nightly at my door

Comes a gentle rapping,
'Tis Miss Burton sure,
Who wants her barrel *tapping*;
When her barrel's tapp'd,
She with art and cunning,
Turns the patent cock,
And sets the *liquor running*.

Other folks I hear,

Pant for Betsy Burton,
But I've nought to fear,
So I let her flirt on ;
If her cask runs low,
Slowly comes the liquor,
Betsy tilts it *so*,
And makes it come the *quicker*.

Mellow up and ripe,
 I and Parson Cottle,
 Sit behind a pipe.
 And quaff the ale in bottle ;
 Goody Burton bye,
 Sings to please the parson,
 While Miss B. and I
 Carry Nature's—*farce on.*

By the yeast I swear,
 Yielding fermentation,
 To the home-brew'd beer,
 The neighbour's admiration,
 This the maid will tell,
 The Bard's no bragging talker,
 Like ale, to keep her well,
 Well, by Jove,—I *cork her.*

THE
LADIES' WIGS.

Tune, *Moll in the Wad.*

YOU'LL pardon me, ma'am, I'm quite
a gig,

Is it your hair, or is it a wig?
Upon my life, I mean no quiz,
But is't your own, or the barber his friz?
Because if it is, 'tis a very neat friz,
Whether it's yours—or whether it's his;
But if it's a wig, it's a little too big,
And you'll dance it off in a reel or a jig.

Post-chaifes, coaches, chairs, and gigs,
Are let as jobs like ladies' light wigs;
And scandal gossips (madam) say
Yours is a jasey hir'd by the day.
Be that as it may, it's a very cheap way,
Jaseys to lett of all colours but grey;
But, what do I see, that gives me such
glee,
You're cocking your cap and your caxon
at me.

Now into a scrape, by love, I'm led,
Your wig, dear ma'am, has twisted my
head ;

My heart too, I feel, goes pitty pat,
But what care you or your jasey for that ;
Yet I'm no flat—I know what I'm at,
I'll soon mount a wig of my own to match
that :

I care not a fig—the woman I twig
I'll marry, by jasey, in spite of her wig.

The light or dark, brown, black, or flax,
No jasey pays Pitt's hair-powder tax ;
And when with men, maids romp and play,
How cool to throw the wiggy away ;
By night or by day, to frisk, romp, or play,
On carpet, bed, sofa, green grafs, or
new hay ;

Whate'er it's upon, a little crim. con.,
With a lady's rough jasey's *expensive bon
ton.*

Pray, ma'am, does the colour of your
scratch

With the hair of your *madgery* match ?

Perhaps as it is the kick and go,

You've mounted, ma'am, a merkin below !

But the merkin you'll find, from water
 and wind,
 Strong torrents before, and stiff breezes
 behind,
 Will not stick at all; but with glue to the
 cawl,
 'Twill stick like a snug *swallow's nest* to
 the wall!

Ah, happy, happy, happy hour,
 When I get your wig in my pow'r;
 Then we'll count the coming joys,
 Buxom girls, and prattling boys;
 Dolls, trinkets, and toys to feast their
 young eyes,
 And lullaby ditties to quiet their noise;
 While sweet lolly-pob stops the figh and
 the fob,
 Sing higgledy, piggedy, jiggyummy bob.

CHORUS.

So bibere bob,
 Let's all hob and nob,
 To the ladies' brown bob,
 And sing plenty of money in ev'ry fob.

A

GENTLEMAN'S WIG.

Tune, *Derry Down*.

I SING not of despots, or slaves who submit,
 mit,

Not of farmer GEORGE, JENKY, DUNDAS,
 FOX, or PITT!

My ballad's the bantling of laughter and
 gig,

'Tis of an old cock in a c—tified wig.

'Gainst the poll-tax of Pitt this old codger
 did rave,

Like a felon transported, it forc'd him to
 shave;

“ Tho' tried for my life,” said th' old
 buck, I'll rob

The tail of some DOLLY to build a brown
 bob.

Near Somerfet House he fell in with a tit,
 And he thought, for his purpose, the
 c—tling was fit ;
 But, when he examin'd her parts, d'ye
 see,
 All the hair of her c—t would'nt make a
 toupee.

The same night he pick'd up a merry-
 ars'd wench,
 With hair quantum suff. for the wisdom-
 wig'd bench ;
 Whilst on her back sleeping as fast as a
 top,
 He with keen-cutting scissars her c—t
 made a crop.

Away went the thief, and the barber re-
 ceived
 The booty, for which a fine cawl he had
 weav'd ;
 But strange ! whilst old RAZOR the wig had
 in hand,
 The *pole* in his breeches did constantly
 stand.

Well pleas'd with his plight, Razor laid by
 his work,
 And lather'd the beard of his wife like a
 Turk ;
 Keep the wig, said she, Love, don't ex-
 pose it for sale,
 'Tis a *bob* for your head, and a *bob* for my
tail.

The wig frizz'd and curl'd, closely shav'd
 Codger's nob ;
 Away went the barber to try on the bob ;
 But the bob waxing warm, Codger's pas-
 sions did rise,
 Which brought *tears* in his breeches, in-
 stead of his *eyes*.

In rampant condition he flew to a fair,
 And per chance met the Dolly he'd robb'd
 of her hair,
 She whipp'd off the wig, cloath'd his parts
 with the cawl,
 So in went his dry bob, and wet bob, and
 all.

Now we know to be true what anatomists
 state,
 That the fountain of love is supplied from
 the pate ;
 'Twas the jasey provoking,—firs, mark
 what I say,—
 Made his fountain of love in love's bafon
 to play.

Then take my advice, ye old cocks of the
 game,
 Whenever you find your *wild* passions
 grown *tame* ;
 Get a wig made of hair, from the spot ye
 all prize,
 And in spite of your *prudence* your p—o
 will rise.

AN

IRISH DYING DITTY.

I AM in my nature as brisk as a fly,
 Resolving to live the day after I die ;
 And when I am dead, this live body to
 save,
 Plant a peck of potatoes plump over my
 grave ;
 Then hedge me well round with some big
 pebble stones,
 Else father Mai's pigs will soon root up
 my bones ;
 For sure foolish I'd look at the trumpet's
 last found,
 When my body's to rise, and no bones to
 be found.

As I've nothing to leave, so I've made my
 last will,
 Chalk'd up on a slate, without paper or
 quill ;

And JUDAH my wife, the delight of my
 bed,
 Swears she won't open it till I am dead ;
 With tears in her eyes too, that did her
 face soufe,
 She vows she'll keep single, tho' I quit
 the house ;
 When I know that the moment my back's
 to her face,
 She'll be flying to Paddy O'Blarney's em-
 brace.

Good luck t'her, say I, for the comfort
 I've had,
 For when I was merry, she always was sad ;
 Dead husbands, she tells me, are not worth
 a curse,
 And live ones are often no better than
 worse.
 When she sleeps all alone, she's all night
 wide awake,
 And dreams that the devil her conscience
 will take ;
 To drive him away from her head, my sweet
 bride
 Must have a live spouse to lie by her back-
 side.

Well, let her be married again, what care

I,

I'm off to my grave, other fish I've to fry;

I forgive her, God knows, sure without
any bother,

Oh, she'll think of Pat's thing if she gets
such another.

And now, as the breath in my body's all
gone,

A word or two more, and then Paddy has
done;

But yet, when I think on't, I've nothing
to say,

For to-morrow we're here, and are all gone
to-day.

COFFIN CLUB.

CONSTITUTIONAL DIRGE,

COSTUME.—Members to appear in black or faded crape cravats, tobacco-boxes in the shape of patent coffins, the end of the pipes to be put in mourning, with black sealing wax, white pocket handkerchiefs (if convenient) to catch the tears.

N. B. A heavy fine on persons indulging in that foolish practice, called laughter.—“Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust.”—Secretary. The president, whoever he may be, for the evening, to be called—Mr. Undertaker; and whoever takes the chair, *grave* subjects will be expected from him.

To the Solemn Tune of “JACK RAN.”

YE giddy youth, in life's gay spring,
Who wanton joke, laugh, drink, and sing;
Ah, look at us, and change your ways,
In sackcloth we spend all our days.

CHORUS—WITH A GROAN.

May fate bestow what's good for you,
Horrors jet black, and devils dark blue.

Did you but know how sweet is grief,
 The flowing tears that yield relief;
 Sweet sorrow's sigh, heart-heaving moan,
 Your life wou'd be one *grunt* and *groan*.

For life's like bubbles made by rain,
 No sooner come, but gone again;
 So we must go, as 'tis our doom,
 To make for other bubbles room.

Then ne'er rejoice, or e'er look glad,
 Keep cloudy front, and visage sad;
 For life's a flake of smoke at best,
 And not as poet's say, "*a jest*."

Away with idle hopes and fears,
 Cut short your days, and nights, and years;
 When desp'rate grown, and hating life
 Go off by *water*, *rope*, or *knife*.

Coffins to be shewn.

Then comes this tight-screw'd patent
 case,
 The undertaker's last embrace;

Fast lock'd in which, four feet in ground,
We're safe until the trumpet's found.

But, hark! the sexton tolls the bell!
So coffin comrades fare ye well.

THE
T O Y.

AT Hampton-court a mansion stands,
 A tavern, called the Toy, fir,
 A captain there and ensign came,
 A seeming beardless boy, fir ;
 The waiter shew'd 'em both a room,
 And as the story teaches,
 He shortly saw the captain's hand
 Within the ensign's breeches !

The captain damn'd the waiter's foul,
 And bid him straight retire, fir,
 The ensign swore, in bouncing tone,
 He'd throw him on the fire, fir !
 " I beg your pardon, Sirs," said he,
 And thus exprefs my sorrow,
 " This is the Toy at Hampton-court,
 " *Nòt Sodom and Gomorrah !*"

Away the waiter ran down stairs,
 No waiter e'er ran faster,
 Half out of breath he told the tale
 To Boniface, his master ;
 A council at the *bar* agreed,
 That chambermaid and cook, fir,
 To give proof of their dirty tricks,
 Should thro' the key-hole look, fir.

So up went cooky first, and spied
 The parties billing, cooing,
 When to herself, she said, " God's curse,"
 " What nasty work's a brewing ;"
 I'll *spit* 'em, *baste* 'em, *roast* 'em too,
 I'll clyfter-pipe the fellows,
 Then straight with water scalding hot,
 She fill'd the kitchen bellows.

Nell chambermaid next crept up stairs,
 Saw th' ensign on a table,
 The captain charging 'twixt his legs,
 With bayonet so able ;
 " I'll tuck you up, I'll warm your bed,
 " And when warm in your places,"
 Said Nell, " I'll scorch your nasty scuts,
 " Throw p—s in both your faces."

The laundress swore she'd mangle 'em,
 The dairy-maid would skim 'em,
 The bar-maid vow'd she'd squeeze 'em too,
 The ostler swore he'd trim 'em ;
 The post-boy was for whipping them,
 The boots, for brushing, beating,
 The scullion was for scow'ring them,
 The waiter was for cheating.

The landlord up stairs led the way,
 His servants follow'd after,
 They found the captain full of play,
 The ensign full of laughter ;
 The captain cry'd out, " Who's afraid ?"
 But th' ensign look'd disgrace, fir,
 And carried, as the landlord said,
 The *colours* in his face, fir.

Old Boniface said, " fie for shame !
 " Sure, captain, you are no man,
 " You lie," said he, " and look ye here,
 " My ensign is a woman ;"
 And when he ope'd her waistcoat wide,
 The parties were struck dumb, fir,
 For a pair of bubbies bolted out,
 God Cupid's kettle drums, fir.

The cook said to the ensign gay,
 " I'm quite up to the rig, fir,
 " You *Sodomiters*, people say,
 " Have breasts as dumplings big, fir;
 " And 'till I feel I'll not believe,
 " For I knows dogs from bitches,"
 And saying this, she thrust her hand
 Into the ensign's breeches !

The captain, in a passion, flew
 To his fair friend's assistance,
 He damn'd the cooky for a whore,
 And bid her keep her distance ;
 She'd laid her hand upon the place,
 That spreads the ensign's p—s, fir,
 Then looking humbly in his face,
 Said, " beg your pardon MISS—SIR."

CATASTROPHE.

The captain drew his sword, and stood
 To bear 'gainst all the brunt, fir,
 And said—I mount not guard in rear,
 But always in the front, fir ;

H

He turn'd 'em one by one down stairs,
And shew'd the cook his 'tarfe, fir,
While with his sword, as she pass'd by,
He PINK'D her in the a-fe, fir.



THE
CROPT COMET.

Tune, *I have a Tenement to let.*

THE Comet passed its perihelion on the 20th of June, 1797, and was seen in the Southern Hemisphere, passing from Argo through Orion, up towards *Auriga*; near the head of which, it was seen by Miss Caroline Herschell, and to her wonder and disappointment, without a tail.

WHAT's all this bustle and alarm,
This buzzing 'bout the nation,
A Comet crop'd, now heaves in fight,
A stranger constellation ;
Tho' Newton, Tycho Brahe, Des Cartes,
Concerning Comets vary,
Yet Comets, call them what you will,
Are Stars both rough and hairy.

CHORUS.

And some are crop'd,
Nick'd, hog'd, fig'd, dock'd,
Fir'd, bearded, tail'd, and whisker'd,
Doodle, doodle, doodle doo,
Doodle, doodle, dil do.

But truce to all the learned trash,
 All vague and loose conjecture,
 And take from me, ye Comet skill'd,
 A plain and simple lecture ;
 If this foul fact I fully prove,
 No odds will be between us,
 This Comet got his tail close crop'd,
 By stroking planet Venus.

Now where d'ye think when last you peep'd,
 This Comet was a posting,
 When he had lost his fiery tail,
 Left Venus orbit roasting ;
 Why ? to the planet Mercury,
 To state his woeful case, fir,
 And rubbing in his recipe,
 His nose dropt off his face, fir.

It seems this Comet oft was seen,
 With Venus cutting capers,
 And Mars had heard his damag'd tail
 Emitted noxious vapours ;
 So off he went to Jupiter,
 About his wife's ellipsis,
 For he did'nt like to see her have
 So many strange eclipses.

How came, quoth Jupiter to Mars,
 Fair Venus out of order,
 For I suspect 'twas you old boy
 Who gave her this disorder ;
 It may be so, said planet Mars,
 To Jupiter, his king, fir,
 For I've been in the milky way,
 And Saturn's filthy ring, fir.

This Comet crop'd hangs o'er our heads,
 I wish he'd travel faster,
 For in his course eccentric,
 He dealeth dire difaster ;
 Pale Luna's got the clap of him,
 Bright Sol's reflecting mopsey,
 With water too, he's fill'd our earth,
 And given her the dropfy.

Pifs M——k, B——m, both M. D. D.
 Ascend by a balloon, fir,
 The first, the Comet has call'd in,
 The last attends the Moon, fir ;
 Humbug B. cures her clap,
 And Humbug M. gratis,
 Undertakes the Comet's case,
 A dreadful Diabetes.

Now if I'm wrong, firs, set me right,
 Banks, Herschell, Loft, and Walkers,
 All you who of cropt Comets are,
 The astronomic talkers ;
 Go tell the town I'm nebulous,
Word "caviare to the million,"
 Swear radiant Phœbus Cromwell cropt,
 The Comet's perhelion.

Enquirers into nature say,
 That bucks, when rutting's over,
 Inter their old-tails in the park,
 And new ones soon discover ;
 The Comet and the buck alike,
 With new tails bound and jump, fir,
 While old DUKE Q., not I or you,
 Wags on with his old stump, fir.

This Comet, timid people talk,
 Forebodes a revolution,
 A total change and overthrow
 Of Britain's constitution ;
 But still I think we've nought to fear,
 Tho' enemies divide us,
 Our leading light of freedom is,
 The steady GEORGIUM SIDUS.

THE
ACTRESSES.

WHEN Momus, laughter-loving boy,
 THALIA fill'd with pleasure,
 At one home stroke, spring tides of joy
 Swept off the virgin treasure :
 The stroke gave birth to nature's child,
 A child, like fortune fickle ;
 So Momus laugh'd, Thalia smil'd,
 And out pop'd little Pickle !

When Pickle came to London town,
 Plain truth confirm'd this rumour,
 A naval duke, of high renown,
 Fell in with Pickle's humour ;
 For *art* had lost the pow'r to charm,
 Which wakes the passions sleeping,
 So He, to quiet love's alarm,
 Took—*nature* into keeping.

Pickle's rise gave birth to gall,
 She scarcely was respected,
 The green-room seem'd a surgeon's hall,
 Her body there dissected ;
 Tho', both were fore, she had two eyes,
 Said *envy's* bitter daughter,
 And while she prais'd her legs and thighs,
 On c—t she threw cold water.

Syren C——h, of luscious look,
 Envied Pickle's belly,
 Tho' she hugg'd a CORNISH DUKE,
 And her *bravura* K—y ;
 Thus do dukes and dollys meet,
 Ye, Gods, how chaste this age is,
 When horned husbands, in the *suite*,
 Attend their wives as pages.

Lovely, lively, young, and fair,
 M—a may-day blooming,
 Skin as fleek as racing mare,
 Just after finish'd grooming ;
 See her fashion, style, and grace,
 Hear Polly Peachum warble,
 And if your tears don't wash your face,
 Your heart's a block of marble.

I hate the gothic stately pile,
 The comic, tragic, ruin,
 Give me the new, not the old style,
 Some work of modern doing ;
 Miss C——f——d and Miss Ab———n,
 Both sock and buskin bred, fir,
 What would I give, I blush to own,
 For both their maidenheads, fir.

Whither is S——e fled ?
 And where's her cock of wax gone ?
 Who us'd to rear his crested head
 Within her curly caxon !
 When Jew Braham's cabbage came,
 She quitted Drury's station,
 To enjoy (was she to blame)
The early vegetation !

Becky W——s, who went to pot,
 From burton ale and brandy,
 Fonder was of Tippy Top,
 Than children's sugar candy ;
 No more the cut of Tippy's frock,
 No more his strut invites her,
 'Tis now the cut of Israel's cock
 That comforts and delights her.

Still Mother M——r's virtues mark ;
 She lives in chaste condition,
 With her hautboy puffing P—k,
 Who plays for his admission ;
 Most titled things I've heard her say,
 Are dry b—s next-door neighbours,
 Before such husky pipes can play,
 Their bums are bang'd like tabors.

Jordan laughs at gibes and jeers,
 At envy, spite, and spleen, fir,
 And says, to mortify their ears,
 " Ecod, I may be queen, fir ;"
 Her keeper, too, keeps up the farce,
 Whose love of Jordan such is,
 He bids her foes to kifs her a—e,
 For he's made her c—t a Duchefs.

Long in love's hammock may they swing,
 Health, wealth, and peace abounding,
 With all the blifs that life can bring,
 To swell the scene surrounding ;
 So fill a bumper, 'tis the debt
 That's due from loyal freemen,
 Here's may the prefs between 'em get
 A crew of gallant seamen.

THE
CROP.

DEAR ladies attend to the song,
Of a CROP in the prime of gay life,
Young, healthy, and wealthy, and strong,
And languishing for a fond wife.

CHORUS.

Crop's determin'd to marry,
He's tir'd of a bachelor's round,
Crop wants a comely clean woman,
With some dirty acres of ground.

A bachelor wild CROP has been,
But variety's charms he'll forsake,
And constancy, maids, will be seen,
To follow the reign of the rake.

Your suitor for conjugal rites,
Promises, maids, to his praise,
To crown, with affection, your nights,
With mirth and good humour your days.

Says Lydia, with love-looking eye,
 Vow and promise you bachelors can,
 But sure, till his virtues she try,
 No maid should decide on her man.

The language of Spintext let's cite,
 'Tis take him for better or worse,
 His heart, girls, you'll find is as light;
 Aye ! light as a transparent purse.

But *Crop's* an estate in the fens,
 Deeply dipp'd in the water we hear,
 For his steward the reck'ning fends,
 And it brings him in nothing a year.

To a widow, some say, he is sold,
 Who keeps in the Borough a shop,
 As she kill'd her first DEARY, behold !
 A beautiful prospect for Crop.

In an old maid's affection's CROP's place ;
 But he ne'er will be married, we hope,
 To one in whose frost-bitten face
 There's ruin in razors and soap.

Gods ! give Crop the girl kind and fair,
 Of feminine manners and grace,
 Whose skin is not cover'd with *bair*,
 To kifs without scrubbing his face.

Crop once lov'd a boarding-school gig,
 All his letters she stich'd in her stays,
 Which made little Tittup look big
 With vows, protestations, and praise.

If, present, there be such a lass,
 And tho' but one *chemise* to her back,
 I'll take her to Gretna's green grafs,
 On swift Pegasus poet's old hack.

The life that is merry and short,
 Crop's reason and passions approve,
 A life of all lives, 'tis the sort
 To give life to the woman we love.

So Crop's determin'd to marry,
 He's tir'd of a dull single life,
 He'll not die an old bachelor,
 If he can get a young wife.

THE

WHIRLIGIG WORLD.*

A FIG for the cares of this Whirligig
 World,
 Shall still be my maxim wherever I'm
 twirl'd ;
 From the spring of my youth, to the au-
 tumn of life,
 It has cheer'd me and whisk'd me through
 trouble and strife.

CHORUS.

So this is my maxim wherever I'm twirl'd,
 A fig for the cares of this whirligig world.
 It has taught me to rise to the summit of
 ease,
 By simply submitting to fortune's degrees ;

* This Song is the joint production of Col. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Hewerdine.

Thus I'm rich without pelf, for content
 is true wealth,
 And the best *vade mecum* in sickness and
 health.

Just as full of defects as the rest of my
 kind,
 "Give and take" is my measure, for specks
 in the mind ;
 For who in another shou'd pry for a spot,
 When he knows, in his heart, he has blot
 upon blot.

Mankind I contemplate as Heaven's great
 work,
 Whether Christian or Jew, Pagan, Gentoo
 or Turk ;
 In a nutshell the creed of my conscience
 will lie,
 To others I do, as I wou'd be done by.

'Gainst chill poverty yet, I have ne'er set
 my face,
 For I hope all my heart's a benevolent
 place ;

A friend in distress my tobacco shall quaff,
 And while I've a guinea, he's welcome to
 half.

From the Court to the Change as I skim
 o'er each phiz,
 Of the sharp, flat, and blood, natty crop,
 kiddy quiz ;
 I read as I walk, without study or plan,
 The cunning, the weakness, and folly of
 man.

Yet my spleen never kicks at the whims
 that it meets,
 For in oddity's circle each gig a gig
 greets ;
 So I laugh and grow fat at the figures I
 see,
 And they're welcome to fatten by laughing
 at me.

Of the virtue and zeal of thē ins and the
 outs,
 After many years musing I've clear'd up
 all doubts ;

The outs wou'd get in, if the ins wou'd
 get out,
 And I think it but fair they shou'd take
 spell about.

All fanatic dispute and sophistical rant
 I leave to the crafty professors of cant ;
 Content if my course from the day-break
 of youth,
 Has steer'd by the rudder and compass of
 truth.

Fast wedlock I frankly confess not my
 whim ;
 Nay, the man, who best marries, I envy
 not him ;
 I love the soft sex, and I know, to my
 cost,
 My love has not always been love's labour
 lost.

Light, in freight, as a cutter return'd
 from a cruize,
 Finding little to gain, having little to
 lose ;

My anchor is cast, and my sails are all
furl'd,
So a fig for the cares of this Whirligig
World.

THE
ZODIAC.

THE signs of the Zodiac, learned men
 fay,
 Are confin'd to the regions above,
 And none yet imagin'd they serve to display
 The tokens terrestrial of love ;
 But my muse, ever merry, will sing to explain,
 Tho' learning look grave and austere,
 We cherish the whim of each whirligig
 brain,
 Starch'd gravity enters not here.

Sign Aries, then maids, is your ram or
 lew'd tup,
 A rich pond'rous bag 'twixt his legs,
 With juicy-joy pregnant, and closely tied
 up,
 Is the essence of oysters and eggs ;

In figure 'tis Cupid with arrow and bow,
 Sagittarius, that archer divine,
 Letting fly at the target of yielding Virgo,
 To prick *rouge* virginity's sign.

By twin bubbies, sign Gemini's amply
 exprefs'd,
 In a maiden just leaning to man,
 The ripe blooming fruit of the firm heav-
 ing breast,
 The flame of love's passion doth fan ;
 When exhausted in raptures, how charm-
 ing to lie
 'Twixt love's hillocks, gay mortal's de-
 light,
 Feel the heave, hear the sigh, mark the
 languishing eye,
 Which the *Signum Salutis* invite.

Sign Scorpio, no doubt, is an evil that fled
 From Pandora's combustible box,
 A sign you may tell by the tail or the head
 Of that hell-born disease call'd the pox.

Sign Cancer's the cod-clinging crab we
all know,

And wisely clings he ; for you'll find
He's ever in danger, above or below,
Of destruction by water or wind.

Sign Capricorn goatish old Q. doth denote,
Or them who of lust strongly smell,
Teaze, fumble and feel, drivel, dangle,
and doat,

On the bawd, or the old batter'd belle ;
Sign Pisces too plainly refers to the thing
Sweet and clean, kept by laudable art,
But the *bidet* neglected, we wind the old
ling,

And turn from the fishified part.

Sign Taurus alludes to Old English beef-
steaks ;

For this cabbaging, love-feeding food,
Gives vigour to age, is a bracer of rakes,
And enriches the brain and the blood ;
This Taurus may mean too, the lusty big
Pat,

Who bellows about London streets,
Whose nose is eternally smelling old hat,
And who mounts ev'ry cow that he meets.

Sign Libra's the balance that ought to prevail,

In an act we delight to enjoy,
For a feather we're told will turn nature's
near scale,

When we bob for a girl or a boy ;
Aquarius appears as the word doth instruct,
An object, who once was a man,
An Italian castrato's cut-down aqueduct,
A mere spout for a watering pan.

Brave Leo the lion's our national sign,
Where foreigners come for good fare,
True freedom, true friendship, good humour,
good wine,

We hope they will ever find here ;
Our houses alone are the Garter and Star,
Jolly Bacchus the sign of the tun,
Where Venus receives us with smiles at
the bar,

To fill up life's measure of fun.

CHORUS.

But the sign of all signs, good
and truly divine,

Is a bumper of heart-cheering
generous wine.

IRISH EXTRAVAGANCE,

AND

SCOTCH ECONOMY.

AN Irishman and Scottishman,
 Both full of fun and brogue;
 Sly Sawney—for a saving plan,
 Big Pat—a spending rogue:

Together, arm in arm, they hied,
 From Pall-Mall to the City;
 When in a shop by chance they spied
 A damsel wond'rous pretty.

“By heavens!” Pat exclaim'd in love,
 “In that fair form I trace
 “A charming pattern from above,
 “Of Angel shape and face.”

While thro' the window-glass he star'd,
 Struck dumb with admiration,
 Sawney, too, the rapture shar'd,
 Of love's fond inclination.

Long Paddy then did feast his eyes
On this—the first of belles,
“ I’ll go into her shop,” he cries,
“ And buy whate’er she sells.

“ Two yards of ribbon black, I’ll buy,
“ And speak to the dear creature,
“ Perhaps,” said he, to Sawney, fly,
“ The maid will let me meet her.

“ *Ha’d your band,*” said Sawney, “ do,
“ What need of such expence,
“ Into the shop we both may go
“ With this right good pretence:

“ Save your penny while you live,
“ The lass looks kind and willing ;
“ Let’s ask her, civilly, to give
“ *Twa Tizzys * for a shilling.*”

* A cant term for Sixpences.

AN

EXTRAORDINARY FISH.

THIS animal (says the learned Zoologist, Mr. Pennant) was esteemed a delicacy by the antients, and is eaten, at present, by the Italians; Rondelius gives us two receipts for the dressing, which may be continued to this day; Athenæus also leaves us the method of making an antique cuttle-fish sausage; and we learn from Aristotle, that those animals are in the highest perfection when pregnant.

ATTEND wives and widows, and
 daughters, dear creatures,
 To hear of a fish caught off Anglesea
 Isle,
 Be silent, compose all your muscles and
 features,
 Friends and neighbours around who love
 time to beguile;
 Saint Peter took most sorts of fish in his
 net, fir,
 Like so many hooks were his fingers and
 toes,
 But Peter ne'er caught, I wou'd lay any
 bet, fir,
 A fish with one eye, bushy tail, and red
 nose.

This fish lately found, from the top to the
 bottom,
 Of inches, then measur'd a full half a
 score,
 Girls swallow'd 'em faster than fishermen
 got 'em,
 Yet ne'er were so cloy'd, but they still
 long'd for more ;
 'Tis just at low water when crabs are seen
 crawling,
 For shelter beneath heavy tang-cover'd
 stones,
 That girls from all quarters come eagerly
 calling
 For fish full of gristle, hard roes, and
 no bones.

At the gills of this creature you'll see
 them all peeping,
 And if as sick damsels they're livid and
 pale,
 They'll tell you these fish are no better for
 keeping,
 Like lobsters long caught, they've no
 spring in the tail ;

But when fresh and frisky, maids, trout-
like, will tickle 'em,

Till in the net of Dame Nature they go,
Where shou'd wanton women e'er take 'em
and pickle 'em,

The curing's a pain and expence we all
know.

Two fam'd learned fages, both birds of a
feather,

This odd fish to see, left their pigs,
plants, and land,

And tho' they both clubb'd their wise nod-
dles together,

The devil a one did the fish understand;
Yes, M——by and B——s, who so solemn
and grave is,

Knew not, till PAT told 'em, from
whence the fish came,

'Tis Ireland that boasts it, their sea-*rara*
avis,

Caught wild in a net, and by stroking
made tame.

Star-gazing H——l, a knowing old fel-
 low,
 As e'er peep'd at bodies above or be-
 low,
 This man o'-the moon, by strong stingo
 made mellow,
 Thro' glafs microscopic can miracles
 show ;
 He call'd it a fatellite of Venus centre,
 That —— had seen by command of
 the ——,
 And that Mercury into its system would
 enter,
 If e'er it were station'd in Saturn's foul
 ring.

The B—— of King's place, call'd old
 wicked-eye'd W——,
 Who lives upon gudgeons, young ling,
 and crimp'd cod,
 When she saw these odd fish, she took hold
 of their fins, fir,
 And stole off, unnotic'd, two dozen and
 odd ;

For the fish-kettle Windsor had long in
possession,

In spite of two leaks, as TARS say, fore
and aft,

I'm sure 'twou'd have held, (pray excuse
my digression)

The whole of Saint Peter's miraculous
draft.

The news of this fish reach'd ————,
a bishop,

His chaplain, obedient, was posted
away,

And brought from the ferry this odd-look-
ing fish up,

Bound down with a cord in a butcher's
big tray ;

When the female fat cooky, of flesh and
blood frail, fir,

Took hold of its gills to the ————
surprise,

It, Kangaroo like, took a spring from its
tail, fir,

And stuck itself fast 'twixt the cooky's
round thighs.

Away, in a fright, flew the ——— and
ladies,

The folks in the kitchen were put to the
rout,

“ ’Tis the devil,” said ———, “ and as
preaching your trade is,

“ Do, good Mifter Chaplin, exorcise
the scout ;”

Said the Chaplin, “ Indeed ———, beg-
ging your pardon,

“ Such doctrine is rash, and to danger
may tend,

“ For why would your ——— wish to
bear hard on

“ The devil, who always has been our
best friend !”

Lord ———, large man, whom the wo-
men well know, fir,

Examin’d this fish from the root to the
snout,

With both hands was seen to take hold of
it so, fir,

To keep it from hopping and skipping
about ;

"Faith it is a large fish," said the ——
 in lewd plight, fir,
 "I ne'er in my life saw its fellow be-
 fore,
 "Pull out," said a friend, "all the ladies'
 delight, fir,"
 He did, and exhibited two inches more.

Girls, take my advice; let this odd fish be-
 fore you
 Be first skinn'd alive, and then drefs'd
 to your taste,
 As a standing dish dainty, dear souls, I
 implore you,
 Take in all you can, but let none run to
 waste ;
 Old Jonah, who lay in the whale's blub-
 ber'd belly,
 Came out weak and feeble, went in strong
 and stout,
 So into your bellies, this fish, need I tell
 ye,
 As stoutly goes in, as he feebly slips out.

LLANDISILIO HOTEL,
SOUTH WALES.

FAM'D ancient South Britain gave birth
To the story my muse means to tell,
Hear it, neighbours, who live on this earth,
And in snug habitations do dwell ;
A parson, his wife, son, and Jew,
Drove in by disastrous weather,
A poet pedestrian too,
Pig'd in a mud hut all together.

To supper the quizzes fat down,
The parson eat rabbits, fans legs,
The poet mus'd over bread brown,
The Jew bolted bacon and eggs ;
Hot and new from the tub came their ale,
As to spirits they'd none but their own,
Yet each man told his mirth-moving tale,
And the parson's wife sung *Bobbing Joan*.

A cradle constructed of wood,
 Was prepar'd for the poet to rest,
 When the man of mosaical blood
 Petition'd to have half the nest ;
 But Smouch was no chum to his mind,
 So the poet said " Smouch, d'ye see,
 " Two cocks of a different kind
 " In the same roost can never agree."

First the parson's wife got into bed,
 And close to the wall plac'd her side,
 Then the parson, by jealousy led,
 Laid his hand o'er the quim of his bride ;
 But fearing a cross o' the breed,
 The son kept apart th' unbeliever,
 Lest the tube which pass'd Abraham's seed,
 Shou'd enter his MOTHER'S receiver.

Now it seems in the dead of the night,
 The parson libidinous grew,
 So he nudg'd his fond wife to lie right,
 That he might have a family screw ;
 First having before meat said grace,
 He fell too with an appetite craving,
 Soon he wrigg'l'd the Jew from his place,
 And bare-bum'd on the floor laid him
 raving.

“ By the coming Messiah,” said Smouch,
 “ What is all this disturbance about ?
 “ As I was asleep in my couch,
 “ For what reason I was now kick’d out ?
 “ Master Parson, pray how cou’d you rob
 “ A poor pedlar of rest and repose ?
 “ You knew there won’t room for the job,
 “ Yet must do it plump under my nose.”

Tag, the Poet, heard all that had pass’d,
 Found the Parson was winding his clock,
 There lay he like a sheep when ’tis cast,
 While with laughter his cradle did rock ;
 “ Have you broke,” said he, “ Smouchy,
 “ your bones ?
 “ Do you oft get such damnable knocks ?”
 “ No,” said Smouch, “ but the case for
 “ my stones
 “ Is very much *pruised* by my *pax*, *”

When for room roar’d out Moses in vain,
 All the family sham’d fast asleep,
 So up the starv’d Jew got again,
 And took thro’ the bed-curtains a peep ;

* The box he carried was half pushed under the bed,
 on the corner of which he fell.

The Parson was on his gray mare,
 Smouch saw his a---e nod, wag, and
 waddle,
 "Master Parson," said he, "have a care,
 "Or, by G-d, you'll be thrown off the
 "saddle."

While the Parson did Scripture fulfil,
 For his text was increafe, multiply,
 The Poet lay filent and still,
 Full of vigour, and ready to fly ;
 Then his line Alexandrin of love
 He put into his hostess's hand,
 Which she willingly straight did remove
 To the spot where 'twas properly scan'd.

By swarms of black jumpers, call'd fleas,
 All this party were damnably bit,
 The priest's shirt, and his wife's clean
 chemise,
 The filthy black jumpers b-s—t ;
 And pending the Parson's embrace,
 Till the critical minute had come,
 The fleas were not shook from their place,
 Till they'd taken blood tythe of his bum.

Aurora, at dawning of day,
 Peep'd into the mansion of mud,
 Affes set up their ominous bray,
 Ducks and geese quack'd and cackl'd
 for food ;
 The cock crow'd and treaded the hen,
 The boar got a-back of the sow,
 Lewd goats shag'd again and again,
 And the bull stuck it into the cow.

Then the Jew, with his box, did depart,
 And the Poet took leave of his crib,
 But the Parson, unwilling to start,
 Took another fly st—ke at his rib ;
 If you think, then, my tale worth a toast,
 As we've here no parsonical prig,
 I'll bumper life's pleasure, and boast
 The Parson, his wife, the goat's fig.

THE

B———'s BUGBEAR.

A PROUD pamper'd P——e, to hypo-
 crites dear,
 With an income, from tythes, of twelve
 thousand a year,
 Hath furnish'd the nation with novel
 alarms,
 'Bout the legs of the French, for he fears
 not their arms ;
 He tells us he's heard, tho' he's not seen
 the truth,
 That the minds of our *modest ingenuous*
 youth
 Are debauch'd by French dancers, who
 riot young blood
 With the fight of that *niche*, wherein
 B——s have stood.

But how came a B——p, 'bove all men,
to know

That dancers teetotum themselves on the
toe?

Was he seated, disguis'd, in the front of
the stage,

To peep at what put his priestcraft in a
rage?

No! his female observer went oft to the
play,

And told him th' effect of this am'rous
display,

In language so glowing, that D——m,
amaz'd,

Beheld from his belly the dead she had
rais'd.

At his time of life, and grim death near
at hand,

'Twas vicious enough, in his crozier to
stand,

So thought the still husband, but not so
the w—e,

For she yet had a taste for the *arbor* of life;

Cock-sure of a taste when she told the
 lewd tale
 Of Parifot's pranks, which prov'd piety
 frail,
 To rouse thus the tail of a head of the
 c——h,
 Were better than *banging* the bottom *with*
Birch!

Now the B——p, in senate, his brethren
 met,
 To discuss this affair, youthful morals be-
 fet,
 He said, "the five daring Directors of
 France
 "Smuggl'd treason in hornpipe and
 country-dance;"
 But he told not their Lordships, for de-
 cency sake,
 That Parifot's postures had made him a
 rake,
 That his old '*piscopari* up frisky and fresh,
 A translation had had to the lust of the
 flesh.

But Parifot fets up a fcriptural plea,
For showing what B——s would willingly
fee!

She proves that King David—(libidinous
fpark,)

Danc'd naked to all forts of tunes 'fore
the ark ;

And when Michal, Saul's daughter, faw
Majefty's part,

From her window, ('tis faid) it revolted
her heart ;

Tho' she frown'd at the Monarch, she
fmil'd at the farce,

A King cutting capers, *fans* robes to his
a—e.

Nay, didn't King David, proud p——e,
I pray,

Spy Bathsheba's bum on a fun-fhiny day ?
And has Parifot, yet, to fo vile a pafs
come,

As to fhew our King, what! what! her
uncover'd bum ?

Has K——n, *crim. con.* 'em, (chafte man
o'-the law,)

Heard she cocks up one leg, and exhibits
her *flaw*?

- Let her cock up one leg as she stands,
quoth old Q.,
When she's down to please me, she must
cock up her two.

T——w growl'd, knit his brows, bit his
lip in a rage,

When he heard of the B——s reforming
the stage

“ Old D——m,” he cried, “ poh! poh!
stick to your shop,

“ And mind not how foreigners jump,
skip, or hop;

“ I know ye all, d—n ye! not one of your
Bench

“ Would privately turn from a plump
naked wench,

“ You go to the play slyly, see what
you've *felt*,

“ If you like it not, b—st ye! go home
and be gelt!”

Charge to the C——y.

Then practice, ye drivelling drones, as
 you've preach'd,
 Pray what's it to you—how a dancer is
 breech'd?
 On the fate of the Pope, pause, and aw-
 fully think,
 And your mitres will totter, your lawn-
 sleeves will shrink;
 For on beauty and symmetry fancy will
 feast,
 To vigour of body they give mental zest,
 Let Parisot's petticoats beauties disclose,
 Ne'er take up such ticklish subjects as
 those.

BANKING.

COME, I'm prompt for a song on demand,

Of the BANKERS and BANKS of our nation ;

I'll relate how they fall, how they stand,
Their origin from the creation ;

This Banking's no new-fashion'd trade,
For Eve, that libidinous madam,

The moment she ceas'd to be maid,
Kept a running account with old ADAM.

So the first of all Bankers and Banks,
In the garden of Eden began,

When Belzebub play'd his lewd pranks,
And effected the downfall of man ;

Disguis'd as a serpent he flew,
To Eve's Bank, a large payment consign'd,

But, answering the draft when 'twas due,
She damn'd Adam, herself, and mankind.

Pudenda—receiver, cashier,

Always acts upon credit and honor,
And keeps her accounts just and clear,
Of the long and short dates drawn upon
her ;

Now as Bills of Exchequer must go,
To make paper currency stand,
When her customer's credits run low,
She takes their affairs in her hand.

PETER PEGO's the entering clerk,
In this house performs principal duty,
He rises as soon as the lark,
And esteem'd is for vigour and beauty ;
His out-door assistant is cod,
Who wakes him whenever he's drowsy,
He wears his own hair, and, what's odd,
Was never yet known to be lousy.

These Banks, alike, pay and receive
In metal, not bankrupt sign paper,
And payment ne'er stop'd, (I believe,)
Tho' oft their finances run taper ;
They think flimsy paper a hum,
So Pego and Company scout it,
But their neighbour, next door, *Master*
Bum,
Can't carry on business without it.

'Tis a wonder this Bank isn't crush'd,
 From the numberless drafts it doth take
 in,

Yet oft as it hath been hard push'd,
 It ne'er was in danger of breaking ;
 Art and nature supply such a store,
 Of resources for raising the wind,
 That, whenever 'tis close press'd before,
 'Tis sure of *relief* from *behind*.

Mother Bank has declar'd, since her fall,
 That the Ministry forc'd her to stop,
 Still she's bullion enough for 'em all
 If they'll let her re-open her shop ;
 No, they keep fast the key, we perceive,
 Of the padlock they've clap'd on her
 door,
 So the lady can't piss without leave,
 Nor squat, nor get f——d as before.

A bill drawn, presented, accepted,
 And not paid when due, " as above,"
 Is noted, protested, rejected,
 A dry bob in commerce and love ;

A short thing's—no affets in hand,
A long one's—an over-drawn note,
A discount's—a f—g at a stand,
An indorfer's—a b—g—r a-float.

POLITICAL.

Tune, *The Vicar of Bray.*

WHEN liberty, serenely bright,
 Her beams resplendent darted,
 O'er this fam'd land, the sacred light,
 Its genial power imparted ;
 Then thickest clouds, that veil'd her rays,
 By liberty were driven,
 And Britons saw, in William blaze,
 The patriot flame from heav'n.

CHORUS.

Britons, reverè ! with hearts elate,
 The glorious revolution,
 That firmly fix'd in church and state,
 Your heaven-born constitution.

Fair freedom's temple tyrant James,
 With scepter'd sway invaded,
 And conscience with her honest claims,
 He scouted and degraded ;

But freedom rous'd, her legions led,
 And William monarch seated,
 Then superstition hid her head,
 And faction was defeated.

CHORUS.

On Fame's unfading record stand,
 Immortal made by story,
 Illustrious worthies of our land,
 Proud martyrs to its glory ;
 They bravely fought against all laws,
 That dare fair freedom fetter,
 The constitution was their cause,
 The spirit and the letter.

CHORUS.

Could Athens, Greece, or Rome, so fam'd,
 Can one surviving nation,
 A compact boast, so wisely fram'd,
 For freedom's preservation ?
 Ah, No ! but Britons, brave as free,
 Wou'd all rejoice to find, fir,
 Their own dear rights of liberty
 Secur'd to all mankind, fir.

CHORUS.

The system of our club shall be,
To guard what we inherit,
The sacred dome of liberty,
With firmness, strength, and spirit;
And let the plund'ring patriots know,
Who 'gainst our rights contend, fir,
That he is freedom's fatal foe,
Who is not George's friend, fir.

CHORUS.

L

POLITICAL,

WRITTEN FOR A CLUB IN THE COUNTRY.

I'M a plain, homely, man, and now take
up my pen, fir,
To counteract the tenets of " Paine's
" Rights of Men," fir,
Free and happy I enjoy the harvest of my
labours,
And never interfere, but to comfort needy
neighbours.

CHORUS—Row, row, row,
I'm for peace and quietness,
Not row, row.

I cherish and retain still each old-fashion'd
notion,
Of order, freedom, property, security,
devotion ;

I'd rather have our king, than Tom Paine
 the lord protector,
 And I'll combat, with my life, ev'ry
 plund'ring projector.

CHORUS.

Then attend, daring schemers, involv'd
 in disputation,
 Each with plans in your pockets, to reno-
 vate the nation,
 I'll oppose to brilliant wit, art, cunning,
 and sagacity,
 Experience the store of my humble mean
 capacity.

CHORUS.

Liberty we have, tho' some say it's farce
 and fiction,
 It's by law well secur'd, and confirm'd in
 restriction,
 Thus guarded, we are safe from disorder
 and delusion,
 The dogmas of demagogues, and sans-
 culotte confusion.

CHORUS.

Our property's defence is the law long
 enacted,
 And sacred to it, our obedience is exacted,
 Each social gradation, by which we stand
 or fall, fir,
 Is wisely ordain'd for the welfare of all,
 fir.

CHORUS.

Virtue, innocence, integrity, I know are
 protected,
 Audacity and crime are punish'd when de-
 tected,
 True freedom gave the pow'r, in hatred
 and aversion,
 To tyranny in all its forms, excesses, and
 coercion.

CHORUS.

My religion's purely christian, the law's
 establish'd church, fir,
 And I never wish to see alma mater in the
 lurch, fir,
 I'd leave to all dissenters what wisdom left
 before, fir,
 For, give them all they ask, restless souls,
 they'd still ask more, fir.

CHORUS.

Our compact's a stranger to violent extremes, fir;
 'Tis wisdom and temp'rance; with mildness it teems, fir:
 But as old father Time no edifice ere spared,
 In due season, when it wants it, let the structure be repair'd, fir.

CHORUS.

I worship no idol when I say that I'm devoted,
 To this fabric of Britons, admir'd, esteem'd, and noted;
 The blood in these young veins I'd spill in its defence, fir,
 And my wish is, May it firmly stand for centuries hence, fir.

CHORUS.

POLITICAL,

Written in the Reign of Robespierre,

Tune, The Roast Beef of Old England.

WHEN the honor of Briton imperiously
calls
For her cannons' loud thunder, and death-
dealing balls,
Hear Victory shout from her fam'd wooden
walls.

CHORUS.

The King and Old England for ever,
True liberty, order, and law:

Shall we who for ages have freedom de-
fended,
With jacobin ruffians and cut-throats be
blended ;
Kiss, embrace, and shake hands with the
devil's intended ?

CHORUS.

See Gallia polluted with crimes past all
 counting,
 Of mercy and justice dried up is the
 fountain,
 There Virtue's a mole-hill, and Vice is a
 mountain.

CHORUS.

Religion abandon'd, morality dead,
 Worth, honor, and honesty, from the land
 fled,
 And eternity term'd only going to bed.

CHORUS.

Shall we follow France in each social band-
 breaking,
 Eat bread bad and black of old Belzebub's
 baking,
 And sleep on French litter all quiv'ring
 and shaking?

CHORUS.

No, we've bread white and good, and
 fam'd English roast-beef,
 On the beds we repose, Nature finds sound
 relief,
 Such comforts deserve not each jacobin
 thief.

CHORUS.

'Tis French Anarchy's plan all the world
to subdue,
O'er each fair peaceful land blood and bo-
dies to strew,
If you don't conquer them, John, by
G—d they will you.

CHORUS.

May the sharp sword of justice then fatally
strike,
And each jacobin's head be transferr'd to
his pike,
Such Gallic equality John Bull would like.

CHORUS.

To our brothers in arms for fair freedom's
cause fighting,
And each hero of honour and spirit uni-
ting,
True to their King, in their Country de-
lighting.

CHORUS.

The Glory and Laurels of War.

CONSTITUTIONAL SONG

OF THE

“ VIVE LE ROI CLUB ! ”

WHEN the radiant rob'd Goddess of
liberty fled
Her influence divine o'er our isle,
From her power omnipotent—tyranny fled,
And Britannia, *long griev'd*, wore a smile.

CHORUS.

Vive le Roi, Huzza, Huzza, Vive le Roi!

The *soldier*, the *sailor*, the *people*, impell'd
By freedom's celestial flame,
King William enthron'd, in whose worth
was beheld

Each virtue true freedom cou'd claim:

Vive le Roi, &c.

The vet'ran high soaring on Victory's
wing,

Whose motto is "Conquer or Die!"

To meet the reward of his country and
king,

On Hope's full-plum'd pinion shall fly.

Vive le Roi, &c.

Ne'er shall lawless ambition maintain its
career,

Nor shall faction with freedom contend;

For the rights of the Crown we, as FREE-
MEN, revere,

And as BRITONS are bound to defend.

Vive le Roi, &c.

Tho' foes to the Crown, our mild Mo-
narch's fair fame

May with envy envenom'd decry;

Yet, such poisonous darts of detraction's
foul aim,

Both his courage and virtue defy.

Vive le Roi, &c.

Each heart then, enliven'd by loyalty's
cause,

Push the soul-stirring wine swiftly
round; . . .

Exclaim in a vollèy of joy and applause,
For the nation re-echoes the sound.

Vive le Roi, &c.

LADY H—— to Mrs. P——.

SAID old Lady H——, once a blooming
 young wench,
 But whose head's now adorn'd with gray
 hairs,
 " I admire the great comfort and taste
 which the French
 Combine in their fashion of chairs ;
 For English, our frames are both simple
 and neat ;
 Yet the French in past times were so
 puff'd,
 That our *bottoms* were never consider'd
 complete,
 Until sent o'er to France *to be stuff'd.*"

LINES

*Written at BEAUMARIS, NORTH WALES,
on a JAILOR's DAUGHTER, dis-
tinguished for her Beauty.*

CUPID, thou gay and mighty God,
 SUMMON all thy magic pow'r,
 And in the arms of KITTY QUOD,
 LOCK me for one happy hour.
 FETTER'D is my VAGRANT heart,
 By her CAPTIVATING face ;
 Haste, thou God of am'rous dart,
 FIX her in my fond embrace.
 Cupid's decree was thus reported :
 Kitty and you shall be TRANSPORTED.



BOBBY BIRCH'S EPIGRAM,

On the Westminster Boys damning "The Westminster Boy," a Farce, by Edward Topham, Esq. Author of "The Fool," and several other Things, produced for the Benefit of Mrs. Wells.

SHRINK from satire, O shame! what,
 shall Westminster school
 Stand in awe of that pen which gave birth
 to "The Fool?"
 Is't liberal, rude boys, thus by anticipa-
 tion,
 Untry'd, to consign any piece to damna-
 tion?
 Oh! had BUSBY been living, for damning
 of farces,
 I'll be damn'd if he wou'd not have tickl'd
 your —.



