THE LOSS OF ONE HERO.

Printed and Sold by R. Walker, near the Duke Palace, Norwich.

Come all ye lovers true and constant,
Attention to my mournful song,
Come and pity my situation,
For in this world I can't live long;
All for the loss of my sweet William,
He is the lad I do adore;
For in the wars as he got wounded,
Never alive I'll see him more.

When first mytrue love enlisted,
He went on board to cross the main,
And like a Briton fought most boldly,
He fought through Portugal, France,
and Spain,

And to the last decisive battle

There was struck his fatal blow,
And there my William got mortally wounded

On the plains of Waterloo.

My William wrote to me a letter,
As he lay bleeding in his gore,
Fare you well my charming creature,
Never alive to see you more,
I know that you did love me dearly,
Though unconstant I have been,
Had I live to see it over,
Married to you I should have been,

Fare you well my charming creature,
My mortal breath is 'most resign'd,
I know that you did love me dearly,
But do not now for me repine;
Farewell, this world I'll give to you,
And to all my joys I'll bid adieu,
For here my shattered hones lay mendd'ring
All on the plains of Waterloe.

My William he is tall and handsome,
I speak no lies but tell the truth;
Near six feet, and in proportion,
Indeed he was a clever youth.
Now Nancy lays then broken hearted,
Full of sorrow, grief, and wee,
All for the loss of her sweet William,
Who fell on the plains of Waterloo.



Lord Marlborough.

YOU generals and champions bold that take delight in field. That knock down palaces and walls but now to death must yield,

I must go and face my daring foe with sword and shield,
I slways fought with my merry men but now to death must
yield.

I am an Englishman by birth and Malborough is my name, In Devonshire I first drew my breath that place of noble same, I was beloved by all my men, king, and princes likewise, I never sail'd in any thing but won great victories.

It's good Queen Anne did send us abroad to Flanders we go,
To leave the banks of Newfoundland to face our daring foe,
We climb'd lofty hills so high and Gunstone broke likewise.

King Charles the second I did serve to face our soes in

That all these towns we took to all the world's surprise. .

And at the battle of Romilies we boldly did advance, The sun was down, the earth did shake, I so loud did cry, light on my boys for England's sake we'll gain the sield or die.

Now we have gained the victory and bravely kept the field, Prisoners we have took great numbers, forced our soes to yield,

That day my horse was shot all by a cannon ball, As I was mounting up again, my aid-de-camp did fall.

Now on a bed of fickness I am resign'd to die, You generals and champions stand true as well as s, Take you no bribes, but stand true to your men, And fight with courage bold, for England again.



LOVE

AND

GLORY.

Printed and sold by J. Jennings, 15, Water-lane, Reef-street, London.

As ever grac'd a martial flory,
And Jane was fair as levely truth;
She field the last the last glary,
She field the last the light, a

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant flory,
Till war, their honest joys to blight,
Call'd him away from love to glory,
Call'd him, &c.

Brave Henry met the soe with pride;
Jane sollow'd—sought—ah! hapless sess.
In man's attire, by Henry's side,
She died for love and he for giers.

C. Bodenaldae

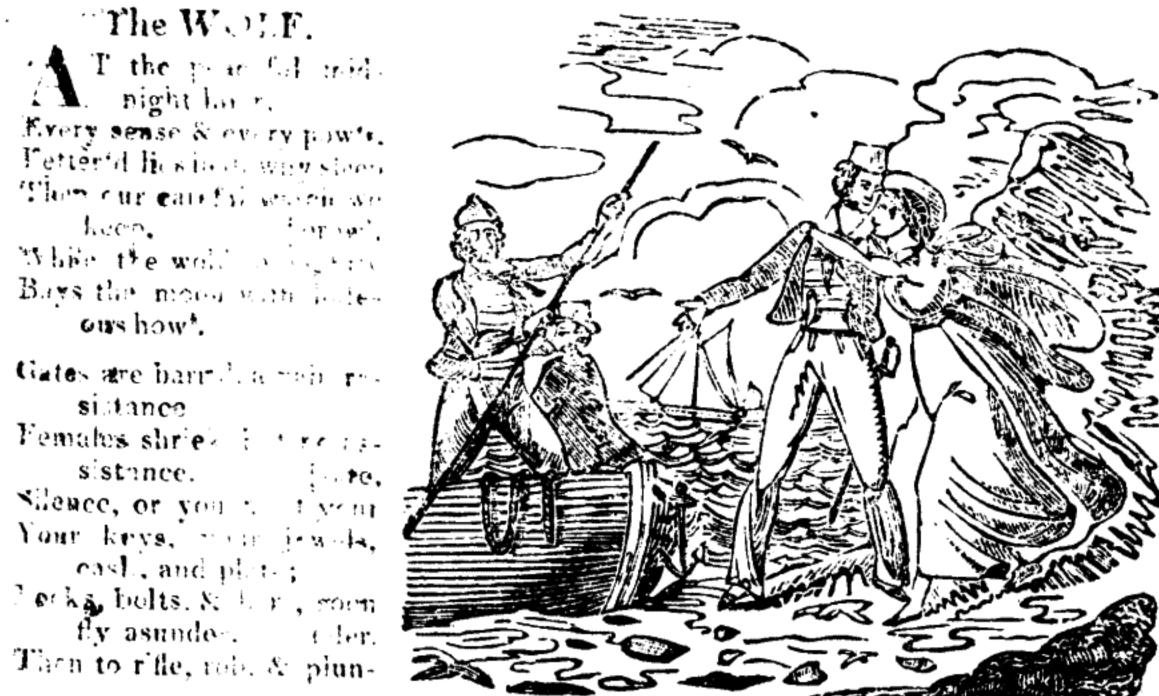
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R E

The Keepsake.

The WOLF. A T the pear fol mid. night lar r. Every sense & every pow'r. Petter'd licking, way show Then cur careful woonin we White the wall a higher Bays the mood with holes ours how*.

Gates are barrel, a map resistance sistance. Shance, or you to them Your keys, were jewala, cash, and plate; locks, bolts, & hr, mem fly asunder. ther.



The Keel Row.

S I came through the Cannon gate, I bened hassis sing. Oh, week a "the level row, The ship it my lovers in He wears in Louisid. Wish a day le i bis chin

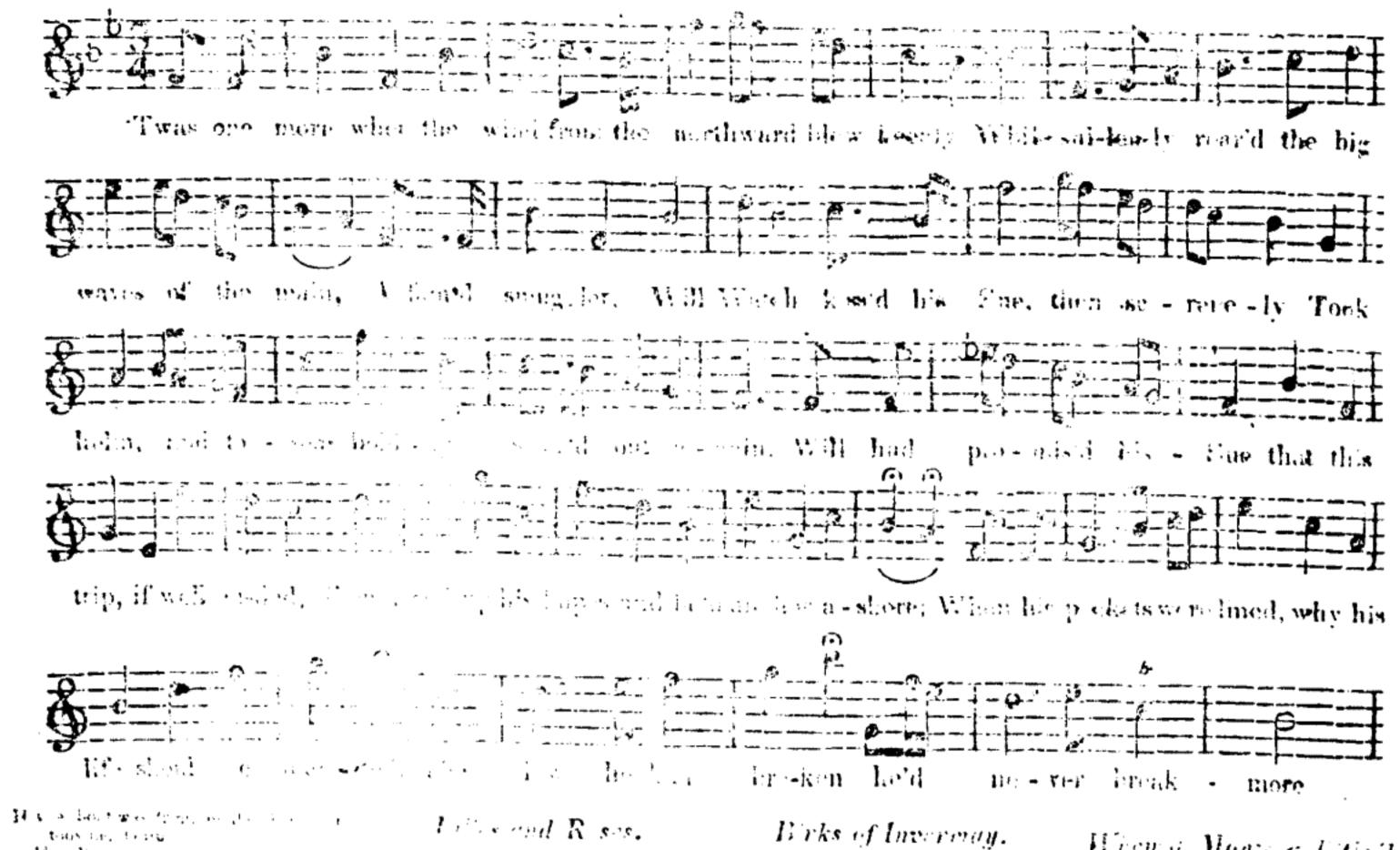
Mr love he wears a houset. With two same white roses а**і. і**.

And a Bup'e la las et in. Wee, may, &c.

Charlie thou at my darked. and so is the lo ay shiel. Verel may &r.

My here bas 'routh of roses. With series of 1975 mis s. Torolin bissie la.

WILL WARTER THE BRILL BRILL BARE GREEKELER.



Showld my med Le blown off I shall ne'er feel the nort ou't We'll fight while we can, when we coult boys we'll run.

It lough the traze of the night a bright flade now spice story, O not cross Will Wrigh the Philise. The address mounts his gallant steed, tines beir down. Resea bond my fight lads e'er we think about sheering

One broadside pour in should we swim. In the path of gody still, bors or drown But should I be pop'd off you my motes left behind nie. Rapard my last words seet em kingly obever.

I to stone mark the spit, and mer friends do you mend a e Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be look Poor Will's yern was spule out, but builet next moment. Laid him low on the deck and he Bever Spote more,

I'm bold crow furth the trie w Shot remained to it Then show ed and While has been san they hore. In the dead of the night his ! . wish wen compiled with.

To few known his grave, and to f w known has en t He was home to the earlisty meeters that he died was Held the provers of his Su and settings. of his hierard.

Near his grave dish the biographic winds loudly below You ash struck water but and prints. Her bressing on your fresty pow, out the cold had. Witness Will Water the sone of margine. thet fathed law resterious Oace feared now for at a special peace were the dead.

Low down in the Droom.

Hell natwin a blick goor for minny is a s delicary for Is the bed of lose. II suds as the house asteer. CHORIS.

But let them sey, or ! them Its at one to the to (do, For he's low down in the broom.

Waiting for me, Waiting for me, my love, Waiting for neg For he's low down in the

bro w. Waith g for me. My abouty leaders its at her

w'eel. And sair She light les me But weel I ken it's at envy For neter a jo lassic.

But let them say.

Bly cousin Man'to was sair Ind crowns resign to call her hogh 1 We Johnny or the glen, And evers usone she creek,

Of false deleding mee But let there say. GI ed Sandy be came west

beware

a" ng t. Pate:

And are s'navnetle ne glabours repud O may her choice be fix'd They icer me air and late

indicated the fact of the fact With the sea of the season of the control of the court was properties on Bot a come were considered to the second of the second of

Attack'e, who's to min tot will be true to some true structure was the An ang the birks of hivermay. I three days with fever was furnacid. that a faver so not e soon married the She's as happy as maiden can be. (lase

With a Helmeton his brow. The ITH a believe on his brow, And a sabre by has side To conguer or to die. . He plume is the occident stream. In the want in winters wind,

A tright plane shad be find. CHOICES. Then left a trut, et sou of Totally little area A visiter that with the our lives Or once with tomake the Bri let es his and good sword, A soft teath for minimum to 👢

Assured to make the distre-A dibt be but work indices. No fear in his brees much dwell, Nor dream to at shame may throw, Assistance by the second And the term to shake it shows

A may be the track of markly The first of old of the and the way A so the local at a commenter, O re disamus des John Anderson my Ja.

DOTEN Ander Gos in Long. 64. When we was a companie Your looks of the to the town. 1 described to a worker of a in those was been is land. I star. Your tooks are like the snaw; John Anderson it jo. John Ander on my jo, John, We cloud the ail to gither, And meny e can v day, folia, "Ye've but will abe a other; Now we made totte-down, J has Par hard in hand we'l go. And sleep the gither at the foot,

H r mowth with a smile. Pr LR mog h with a smile. 🎍 😩 Perend of all guille. In the to rong that blows, diarear'd with the acw.

Joan Auderstumy Jo.

More fragrant her breath. Then too fowers cented neath, At the dawning of the day The bawtson in bloom, The libe's perfume. Or the blussone of May.

Fichmond Hill. N Richard Hill there lives a lass

Mi ce bright than May-Whose cherms all other maids surpass. A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweat. His won my right good

Sweet lass of Richmond Ye zepleyes guy that fan the grove. and wanton through the

O wasper to my charming I die for her I love. (fair And speer'd when I saw How happy will the shephis own. Who calls this nymph

on me, But let them say, &c Mine's fix'd on her alone.

then become a green to the second server process were 73711E smiling more, the

And while they workle for a Thirty late ad a nome most surely, each spray. To row a specific to the second second second second and the second seco

The Philistines are a contract with a first and an in the thomes may be in soft repture, waste the first and shale. When a man, &c.

i or soon the winter of the year And age, life's winter, will appear: At this thy living bloom will

As that will strip the ve d int Our taste of pleasure then 's The f ather'd somuster please And when they droop, and we decay,

Ad eat the birks of Invernity. Fall not in Love. TALL not in love dear gads anware O, never sail in tove, Be ter tod Apes you know where, lban ever fall in fore.

Frmen their ends to get . A criuel wien most kild, Turn trait are false as 1 44, Then yows are only wind. And a you say them o. ex swear then hearts are broke, You was a half dead with wor. If water and plane they have Falt and in town, &c. Fall not in love, dear guis beware, O, a ver fall in love, Better ead to se you know where,

First a Rake you weed, i or better a st for weren. When hop ymoon's are fied. Oh! how to li opprize our purse. And if you would all night, Quite casy by the bye. Y ne ferebind grawn polite, Sucreta most melediously. La I not in love, Se.

Than ever fall in love,

The Gan Gittar. E Ex I was force my at or's both 10 poem along with tions A ben. A sea toy rative wairs, To of er scenes I flue, You, we will felve the silent glade, We ere we have stray'd of r.

And you shall play my dearest maid, Songs on your gay gurtar. Sings on your gay guiter. Love gentle love, should be our guide, loatar detetland. And whether bliss or wee betide This best you shid command I'll tell you tales of olde, ye ra-Of hapiess love, of war, But should they cause you pearly tenes Sound, S un : your gay guitar.

Love and Glory. TOUNG Henry was as brave a youth,

As ever graced a mortial

Sound, sound, y ur gay quitar.

story, And Jane was fair as spotless Truth .---She sightd for love, and he for glory,

With her his faith he meant to plight. And teld her many a gallant story,

But war their honest joys to plicht, Called him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foc with pride; Jane to lov'd-fought-(ah, hapless story) In man's attire by Henry's side;

glory,

When a Man's a kille bit

LATERIN a mark a lare for poorly Sales of a streeter & makes lifter were so

that files; And only one own hands my pulser

To me'd not creep. Obliged to send for doctor in earnest, Hopes of recovery faintly peep, He with long and sections face Pronounced me il.

Sept Bolus - Pill Draught - Powder -and all the race Of drugs compound to make a long Viben a man, &c. Leach'd-cop'd-bled and blider,

S ips and Slops, Esting t ps. So low each pill was a twister. I sweet and about three-doct to simps Con Jenance in a'd a cadave new tat. A 1111 1

Green working stot. The the more lead a bit of a high-St. of the are somet for mixing my Worse and wor e was my condition.

My buly a sar. Die doctor exted in a Poysteren Wen preyer'd and bulgard me wa Trues III He

He'snors round with sight and terra-Fish people with publics Di turn pir reare. Even my wife that girl hopes for more. Period ty whold me a happy refuse. I ea physician's con nin ho . They view my fice.

Limbour of a Pronoscoo'd with much or ithe cathon, Four I alos! but tun my race. Sieletin like my hone, peep through, My eves I hx. I hear death ciess. To wife and friends I hade adies.

Ermedict with Course to cross the Sty X. Wishing to leave the world in criet Of dings and such and the state of the second In I took a meal of my usua.

Got better & cop'd from degrate rold chuch Physic since to the log. I digow. Happy of gay

I pass each day. And when I am summou'd where als Blust 20. To die in the natural way

Plucked the fairest flower I Have plucked the sweetest flower, I have dreamed in fancy's bower, have basked in beauties eyes, I have mingled melcing sights. I have plucked the sweetest &:-I' all those sweets to hive. I'm the guildest man alive, But gentle maid-believe.

never can deceive, Not cause your libert to grieve With a and heigh ho, With said heigh ho, With a said leagh ho. Nor cause your t-reast to heave,

With a sait brigh ho. But to raise in beauty's frame, The burning blush of shame, Or bid the tear to start, Far be it from my heart, But to raise in Beauty's frame, &c Such base attempts I scorn, To honour I was born. Then gentle maiden spare, The heart you thus connace, Or the Willow I must wear With a sad heigh ho, &cc

Or the Willow I must wear, With a sad heigh ho TOPE told a flattering That joy would soon re-Ah, nought my sighs avail. For love is doonf'd to

mourn. Oh, where's the Batterer gone ?

From me forever flown. The happy dream is o'er, Life, alas! can charm no more.

She died for love and he for Printed by J. Carnagu. 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials (1154)



LOVE Among the Roses.

Evans, printer, Long-lane, London,

YOUNG Love flew to the Paphian bower.

And gather'd sweets from many a flower.

From roses and sweet jessamine.

The lily and the eglantine;

The Gracesthere were culling poses.

And found young Love among the roses.

Young love, &c.

Composes sweath of every flower,
Let's bind bigs to us, ne'er to sever,
Years hove shall dwell with me to

Content to No secretary

(1155)



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A B



THE

BARCAROLE.

J. PANNELL, PRINTER, 24, BYROM STREET, LIVEROOL.

Behold, how brightly breaks the morning, Tho' bleak our lot, our hearts are warm; To toil inured, all danger scorning, We'll hail the breeze and brave the storm.

CHORUS.

Put off, put off, our course we know,
Take heed, whisper low:
Look out and spread your nets with care,

Take heed, whisper low, The prey we seek, we'll soon ensnare.

Away, no cloud is low'ring o'er us,

Freely now we'll stem the wave;

Hoist! Hoist! all sail while full before us,

Hope's beacon shines to cheer the brave.

Put off, put off, &c.

Oh! Lady Fair.

On lady fair! where art thou roaming? The sun has sunk, the night is coming,

Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain, To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.

And who is the man with his white locks flowing?

O, lady fair! where is he going?

A wand'ring pilgrim weak I falter, To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.

Chill salls the rain, night winds are blowing, Dreary and dark's the way we're going.

Fair lady, rest, till morning blushes, I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.

Oh, stranger when my beads I'm counting, I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain.

Thou, pilgrim, turn, and rest thy sorrow, Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.

Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling, My Saints shall bless thy leafy dwelling.

Strew then, oh strew our bed of rushes, Here we shall rest till morning blushes.

LOVE AND

GLORY.

Young Henry was as brave a youth
As ever grac'd a martial story,
And Jane was fair as lovely truth;
She sigh'd for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story;
Till war, their honest joys to blight,
Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride,

Jane follow'd—fought—ah, hapless story!

lu man's attire, by Henry's side,

She died for love, and he for glory.

DIM. Boon





IVE AND CLORY.

一个

Daniel Berry was as brave a youth $As\ ever\ graced\ a\ martial\ story;$ Ann da seems fair as lovely truth. Shoring defortore, and he forglory

With her his faith he meant to plight And told her many a gallant story Till were beir honest foys to blight, Call diamaway from love to glory.

Brave Heavy met the foe with pride Jane followed faught an hapless story In man's affire by Henry's side, She died for love and he for glory.



Rosson, Printer, Middlewich.



TOUR round, how dare you thus presume about your wife open as And tail and seemdalize me as such a managers and a You know the fast in Limbo and cannot you to But machathetime, my boy you sarele shall tepool Mith shovel, tongs, and frying pan poler, mop, and brown, Ill make you squeek, & grin, & leap vir op and ones the room.

You say that I get tipsey while you are hard at norm. And that I seed and bang you worse that any become ak; When a venue beats her hisband and he, pole find complains, the world will laugh, and say, the Warre broaden to do to again.

When you come home at dinner time yer say I'm dru, it me bed, When you perhaps have laid me will broken head. And if now and then I take a class, place what is to be said. May not I at times take a drop as well as yea, you have.

Must I sit like a fool at home, nor dare to say a word. White you're carousing day and night as sprouse as any lord, You talk as it you ne'er did wrong ,-- it truly is a sham . That when a hashaad does amiss his wife is always blamed.

When a weman once submits to let a man have all his way, Like a tood beneath a barrey shall be trampled on all day, ant recess a man that yet als borning as no shall impose, For while I can yield a shovel. I'll maintain nee rights with blows,

Now for a month's confinement I would not care a pin, If I were allowed to have a little drop of gin. But I'll have vengeance by e-and-bye, and make you sore repent, The day that to Magistrate with such a tale you went.

Pll soon be out again, old box, prepare to meet cour doom, For the shovel it shall go to work up and down the room, In vain you think to shun meeting vain you think to fly, For I swear that with the shovel you shall catch it, hip and thigh

Now I do advise each ill us'd wife who hears this ditty sung To take a Shovel in her band, and do as I have done And if any has not got one, because their means are small, I'll freely give her six-pence to buy .e.--THIS IS ALL.

THE ROYAL SONGSTER.

Printed by T BIRT, No 10, Grent St. Andrew St eet, Seven Dials, London, (whole ale and retail,) Country Orders punctually attended to .- Every description of Printing on the most reasonable terms.

God Save the King!

(201) save great George our King! Long live our noble King! God save the Klag. Send him victorious, A Mappy and glorious, Long to reign over us, God save the King !

Dord our God arise, Scatter his enemies, And make then fall, Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, On thecour hopes are fix'd, God save us all!

Thy choistest gifts in store, · Ou George ye pleased to pour, Long may he reign; May he defend our laws, And ever give us cause, To sing with heart and voice, God save the King!

The Parson's Clerk !

BAR Moorfields is a house of prayer Which every chapel-goer knows, Plous folks they do go there. To-sport their Sunday clothes. The Parson fill'd with gospel grace, Could shew good living in his face, And fruits of the spirit you might trace In the dark!

Just beneath him did appear, A man who sung so sweet and ofter The bymns for-twenty pounds a year, The Person's Clerk Mr. Joseph Joshua Twight,

Always dress'd as if in print, His eyes were beautifully bright, Though they had a little squint, He gave out a hymn, his head he shook, One eye was fix'd upon the book, Tother would round the chapel look,

Like others, he could not resist, singing with a beautiful usual twist, The while he beat time with his fist, The Parson's Clerk !

By fate's decree a rich man died, Whose widow with much gricf&pain On Sunday to the chapel hied, In hopes to wed again.

The flesh did the spirit sore assail, She pray'd that her prayers might prevail And sung as sweet as a nightingale, Or a lark. She look'd as harmless as a dove,

Thought love feasts were feasts of love, Turn'd her eyes on heaven above, And the Parsou's Clerk! Mister Twight the' his eyes were bad, A nose so keen and sharp had got,

In less than no time at all argid, He smelt out what was what. And soon gave her to understand, By plous talking of wedlock's band, Sigh'd and groan'd, & squeez'd ber hand In the dark!

A menth from the time her husband died At living alone so much she sigh'd, She went to Church, and was fairly tied To the Parson's Clerk!

Bre the hency-moon had flown, His manner somehow seem'd so strange He dress'd so spruce-left her aloue Astonish'd at the change. From righteous paths he turn'd astray, And even on the Subbath day, 1) riv'd himself in a one-horse shay,

In the Park And all the week I don't know how, At singing gless he made a row, " Glorious Apollo!"

And got as drunk as David's sow, The Parson's Clerk! Only a short time after that, These revels turn'd to grief and care,

He was took by a man with a large cock'd Pefore the great Lord Mayor; (but, Still more majestic shalt thou rise, Charges against him not a few, For being in love, and being untrue, And children sworn-a dozen or two, . Fair and dark.

And when at the truth they did arrive, To show what a rare game he did drive. He had three wives beside-and all alive The Parson's Clerk! Committed to Newgate's deary cell,

Proof of guilt beyond all doubt, He served three years in Clerkenwell, And then-quite fresh-came out. His wives were gone-he knew not where And what was more-he did not care, He wanted a trade—the wind was fair, To embark.

For gospel grace his bowels yearn'd, He had a call-it was not spurn'd-And now he's a Methodist Parson turn'd The Parson's Clerk!

Fanny in the Grove.

PANNY was in the grove, And Lubia her boy was nigh, Her eyes were warm with love. And her sou! was as warm as her eye. O! if Lubin now would sue, What would poor Fanny do.

Fanny was made for bliss, But she was young and shy, And when he had stolen a kiss, She blushed, and said with a sigh-Oh! Lubin, ah! tell me true, 'Oh! what are you going to do!

Sweely along the grove, The birds sung all the while, And Fanny new said to her love, With a frown that was half a smile Owhy didLubin suc-Owhy didLubinsus

Love and Glory. OUNG Henry was as brave a youth-As ever gracid a martial story, And Jane was fair as lovely truth, She sigh'd for love and he for glory. She sigh'd, &c.

"With her his faith he meant to plight, And told her many a gallant story, Till war their honest joy to blight, Call'd him away from love to glory. Call'd bim, &c.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride,

In man's attire, by Henry's side, She died for love and he for gloy. She died, &c.

Jane follow'd-fought-ab! hapless

Rule Britannia.

HEN Britain first, at heaven's com-Arose out of the azure main, This was the charter of our land, And guardian angels sung a. CHORUS. Rule Britannia, Britainia nichte bei bei

For Britons never will be slaves. The nations not so blest as thee, Must in their turn to tyrants fall,

The dread and envy of them att.

More dreadful from each for ign stroke As the loud blasts that tear the skies Serve but to root thy native oak.

Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,

The hauty tyrants nefer shall tame, All their attempts to bend thee down, Will but arouse thy generous flame. But work their wee and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural plain, Thyscircles shall with commerce shine And thine shall be the subject main, And every shore it circles, thine.

The mases, still with freedom's sound, Shall to thy happy coast repair, Blest isle with matchless beautyerown'd. And mauly hearts to guard the fair.

Donald of Dundee.

OUNG Donald is the blythest lad That efer made love to me; When'er he's by, my leart is glad, He seems so gay and free. Then on his pipe he plays so swell: And in his plaid he looks so neat ; It cheers my heart at eve to meet Young Donald of Dundee.

Whenever I gang to youder grove. Young Sandy follows me, And fain he wants to be my love, But ah ! it canna be. Though mitherfrets, both soon and late. For me to wed this youth I hate; There's none need hope togain young Kate But Douald of Dandee.

When last we rang'd the banks of Tay, The ring he show'd to me, And bade me name the bridal day, Then happy would he be. I ken the youth will are prove kind, Nae mair my mither will I mind. Aless John to meshall quickly bind Young Donald of Dundee.

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THE CHAIN COMOIN MUSIC STREET, MUSIC SOPPORT and what fear,

I cadure for my beautiful maid. Ju vain I seek pleasure to lighten my grief

Or quit the gay throng for the shade, Nor retirement, nor solitude yield me relief When away from my beautiful maid.



**** ·-- *

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	The I	sc au tiful	Maid,
•	TV HEN	absent from be	r my soul bol
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Sigh'd and groan'd, & squeez'd her hand

IEre the honey-moon had flown, His manner somehow scem'd so strange He dress'd so spruce-left ber alone Astonish'd at the change. From righteous paths be turn'd astray, And even on the Sabbath day, : Driv'd himself in a onc-horse shay,

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And got as drunk as David's sow, The Parson's Clerk!

.. Only a short time after that, These revels turn'd to grief and care, He was took by a man with a large cock'd Before the great Lord Mayor; Charges against him not a few, For being in love, and being untrue, And children sworn-s dozen or two,

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Committed to Newgate's deary cell, Proof of guilt beyond all doubt, He serv'd three years in Clerkenwell, And then-quite fresh-came out. His wives were gone-heknew not where And what was more-he did not care, He wanted a trade—the wind was fair, To embark.

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With her his faith he meant to plight, And told her many a gallant story, Till war their hohest joy to blight, Call'd him away from love to glory. Cali'd him, &c.

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In man's attire, by Henry's side, She died for love and he for gloy. She died, &c.

Rule Britannia.

WHEN Britain first, at heaven com-

Arose out of the azure mais, .This was the charter of our land, And guardian angels sung this afrain.

CHORUS. Rule Britannia, Britannia rules thewaves i For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee, Must in their turn to tyrants fall, Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free, The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise, More dreadful from each foreign stroke As the loud blasts that tear the skies Serve but to root thy native eak.

The hauty tyrants ne'er shall tame, All their attempts to bend thee down, Will but arouse thy generous flame. But work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural plain, Thy circles shall with commerce shine And thine shall be the subject main, And every shore it circles, thine.

. The muses, still with freedom's sound, Shall to thy bappy coast repair, Blest isle with matchless beautycrown'd, And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Donald of Dundee.

VOUNG Donald is the blythest lad That e'er made love to me; When'er he's by, my heart is glad, He seems so gay and free. Then on his pipe he plays so sweet; And in his plaid he looks so neat; It cheers my heart at eve to meet Young Donald of Dundee.

Whene'er I gang to youder grove, Young Sandy follows me, And fain he wants to be my love, But ah! it canna be. Though mither frets, both soon and late, . For me to wed this youth I hate; There's none need hope togain young Kate But Donald of Dundee.

When last we ranged the banks of Tay, The ring he show'd to me, And bade me name the bridal day, Then happy would he be. I ken the youth will aye prove klud, Nac mair my mither will I mind. Mess John to me shall quickly bind Young Donald of Dundee.

The Beautiful Maid.

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THE ROYAL SONGSTER.

rinted by T.:BIRT, No. 10, Great St. Andrew-Street, Seven Dials, London, (wholesale and retail,) Country Orders punctually attended to. - Every description of Printing on the most reasonable terms.

God Save the King! GOD save great George our King! Long live our noble King!

God cave the King. Send him victorious, Happy and glorious, Long to reign over us, God save the King!

O Lord our God arise, Scatter his enemies, And mak "them fall, Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, · On thecourhopes are fix'd, God save us all !

Thy choistest gifts in store, On George ye pleased to pour, Long may be reign; " May be defend our laws, And ever give us cause, To sing with heart and voice, God save the King!

The Parson's Clerk!

EAR Moorfields is a house of prayer Which every chapel-goer knows, Pious folks they do go there. Te-sport their Sunday clothes. The Parson fill'd with gospel grace, Could shew good living in his face, And fruits of the spirit you might trace In the dark!

Just beneath him did appear, A man who sung so sweet and clear The hymns for-twenty pounds a year, The Parson's Clerk ! Mr. Jeseph Joshua Twight,

Always dress'd as if in print, His eyes were beautiful'y bright, Though they had a little squint, He gave out a bynm, his head he shook, One eye was fix'd upon the book, Tother would round the chapel look,

Only mark.

Like others, he could not resist, Singing with a beautiful usual twist, The while he beat time with his fist, The Purson's Clerk By fate's decree a rich man died,

Whose widow with much grief&pain On Sunday to the chapel hied, In hopes to wed again. The flesh did the spirit sore assail, She pray'd that her prayers might prevail And sung as sweet as a nightingale,

She look'd as harmless as a dove, Thought love feasts were feasts of love, Turn'd her even on heaven above, And the Farson's Clerk! Mister Twight tho' his eyes were bad, A Lese so keen and sharp had get, In less than no time at all aegid,

He smelt out what was what. And soon gave her to understand, By pious talking of wedlock's band, Sigh'd and groan'd, & squeez'd her hand In the dark! A mouth from the time her husband died At living alone so much she sigh'd,

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Rule Britannia.

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The hauty tyrants ne'er shall tame, All their attempts to bend thee down, Will but arouse thy generous flame, But work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural plain, Thy circles shall with commerce shine And thine shall be the subject main, And every shore it circles, thine.

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Donald of Dundee.

VOUNG Donald is the blythest lad That e'er made love to me; When'er he's by, my heart is glad, He seems so gay and free. Then on his pipe he plays so sweet And in his plaid he looks so neat; It cheers my heart at eve to meet

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Orders punctually attended to .- Every description of Printing on the most reasonables

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