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A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
ENGLISH SONGS,
WITH THEIR
ORIGINAL AIRS:
AND
A HISTORICAL ESSAY
ON THE
ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF NATIONAL SONG,

BY THE LATE
JOSEPH RITSON, *Esq.*

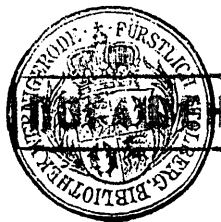
IN THREE VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION,

WITH
ADDITIONAL SONGS AND OCCASIONAL NOTES.

By THOMAS PARK, *F. S. A.*

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VOL. II.



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GRADOCK AND JOY; R. BALDWIN; AND J. MAJOR.

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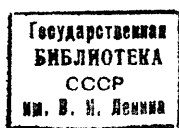
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PART THE SECOND.

Drinking-Songs.

SONG I.

THE HONEST FELLOW.

PHO ! pox o'this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
And talk of your Phyllis and Chloe no more ;
Their face, and their air, and their mien—what a rout
Here's to thee, my lad !—push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape ;
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape :
But we honest fellows—'sdeath ! who'd ever think
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink.



'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows ;
 Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes ;
 Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
 ' The man that is drunk is as great as a king.'

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks ;
 Anacreon's cases, see page twenty-six :
 The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul ;
 Lay hold on, and drown the young dog, in a bowl.

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh ?
 My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff,
 May mirth and good fellowship always abound :
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

SONG II.

" R O U N D O."

BETTER our heads than hearts should ake,
 Love's childish empire we despise ;
 Good wine of him a slave can make,
 And force a lover to be wise.

Wine sweetens all the cares of peace,
 And takes the terror off from war ;
 To love's affliction it gives ease,
 And to our joys does best prepare.

Better our heads than hearts should ake,
 Love's childish empire we despise ;
 Good wine of him a slave can make,
 And force a lover to be wise.

SONG III.

SOME say women are like the seas,
Some the waves, and some the rocks ;
Some the rose that soon decays ;
Some the weather, and some the cocks :
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd so well,
As wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

Women are witches, when they will,
So is wine, so is wine ;
They make the statesman lose his skill,
The soldier, lawyer, and divine ;
They put a gig in the gravest skull,
And send their wits to gather wool :
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your visage so pale ?
What is't that makes your looks divine ?
What is't that makes your courage to fail ?
Is it not women ? Is it not wine ?
'Tis wine will make you sick when you're well ;
'Tis women that make your forehead to swell :
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

SONG IV.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my glass ;
But to you men of reason, my reasons I'll own ;
And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Although I have left her, the truth I'll declare ;
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair :
But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own ;
But, though she could smile, yet in truth she could frown :
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime ;
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time :
But in wine, from its age such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy ;
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love ;
But in drinking, thank heaven, no rival contends,
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,
With nurses and babies, and squalling and strife :
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring ;
And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage,
It brings on diseases and hastens old age ;
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
And keep out t' other leg, when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She had left me to get an estate, or a lord ;
But my bumper (regarding nor title nor pelf)
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain ;
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain :
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy ;
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

SONG V.*

SHE tells me with claret she cannot agree,
And she thinks of a hogshead whene'er she sees me ;
For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I,
Resolve to forsake her, or claret deny.
Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always my friend,
And I hope will continue so, to my life's end ?
Must I leave it for her ? 'tis a very hard task :
Let her go to the devil !—bring the other full flask.

Had she tax'd me with gaming, and bid me forbear,
'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear :

* Honest Tom's title to this song is rather questionable. In one of his plays he has a song beginning,

‘ When I visit proud Celia just come from the glass,’

which is so near the present, as to make one thing certain while it leaves it doubtful, i. e. either that the present copy was borrowed from Tom, or that Tom borrowed from it. [Ritson seems by this note to have pre-supposed that he had ascribed this song to D'Urfey.]

Had she found out my Sally, up three pair of stairs,
I had balk'd her, and gone to St. James's to prayers.
Had she bad me read homilies three times a day,
She perhaps had been humour'd with little to say ;
But, at night, to deny me my bottle of red,
Let her go to the devil !—there's no more to be said.

SONG VI.

BY MR. HENRY CAREY.*

WITH an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long ;
And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
That they must swig porter, while I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, though ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate ;
But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,
Is pooriness of spirit, not pooriness in purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away ;
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
For the more we are envied, the higher we rise.

* [At p. 13, Ritson desires the reader to prefer the appellative Harry Carey to that of Mr. Henry : for what important reason he has not declared. The character given of him by Sir John Hawkins, and cited in vol. i. p. 84, certainly raises him above the moral elevation of Tom D'Urfey.]

SONG VII.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM THOMPSON.

A BOOK, a friend, a song, a glass,
A chaste, yet laughter-loving lass,
To mortals various joys impart,
Inform the sense, and warm the heart.

Thrice happy they who, careless, laid
Beneath a kind embowering shade,
With rosy wreaths their temples crown,
In rosy wine their sorrows drown.

Meanwhile the Muses wake the lyre,
The Graces modest mirth inspire,
Good-natur'd humour, harmless wit ;
Well-temper'd joys, nor grave, nor light.

Let sacred Venus with her heir,
And dear Ianthe too be there :—
Music and wine in concert move
With beauty and refining love.

There Peace shall spread her dove-like wing,
And bid her olives round us spring,
There Truth shall reign, a sacred guest !
And Innocence, to crown the rest.

Begone—ambition, riches, toys,
 And splendid cares, and guilty joys :—
 Give me a book, a friend, a glass,
 And a chaste laughter-loving lass.

SONG VIII.

PLATO'S ADVICE.*

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
 Since bounteous heav'n has made him great ?
 Why look with insolent disdain
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?
 Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
 Or costly gems that deck the fair,
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care ?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
 The humble, and the haughty die ;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction, lie.
 Go, search the tombs where monarch's rest,
 Who once the greatest titles bore ;
 The wealth and glory they possess,
 And all their honours are no more.

So glides the meteor through the sky,
 And spreads along a gilded train,

* An alteration of a poem, written by the Rev. Mr. Matthew
 (husband of the celebrated Letitia) Pilkington, beginning,
 ' Why, Lycidas, should man be vain ?'

But, when its short-liv'd beauties die,
 Dissolves to common air again.*
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls :
 Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls :—
 When Jove us calls we must obey.

SONG IX.

GIVE me but a friend and a glass, boys,
 I'll show ye what 'tis to be gay ;
 I'll not care a fig for a lass, boys,
 Nor love my brisk youth away :
 Give me but an honest fellow,
 That's pleasantest when he is mellow,
 We'll live twenty-four hours a day.

'Tis woman in chains does bind, boys,
 But 'tis wine that makes us free ;
 'Tis woman that makes us blind, boys,
 But wine makes us doubly see.
 The female is true to no man,
 Deceit is inherent to woman,
 But none in a brimmer can be.

* [Here closes Mr. Pilkington's ode to Lycidas, printed in 1730 with his poems ; the spurious addition has been thus refined from its Bacchanalian heathenism, in the song-collections of Mr. Plumptre.]

So 'tis with us ;—life is not long,
 Let friendship reign while here we stay :
 Let virtue aid the cheerful song ;
 When Heav'n shall call, we must obey.]

SONG X.*

BID me, when forty winters more
Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow ;
When from my head, a scanty store,
Lankly the wither'd tresses flow ;
When the warm tide, that bold and strong
Now rolls impetuous on and free,
Languid and slow scarce steals along ;
Then bid me court sobriety.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene
Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean
That age should reason, youth desire :
Shall then that rebel man presume
(Inverting nature's law) to seize
The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
And join impossibilities ?

No—let me waste the frolic May
In wanton joys and wild excess,
In revel sport, and laughter gay,
And mirth, and rosy cheerfulness.
Woman, the soul of all delights,
And wine, the aid of love, be near :
All charms me that to joy incites,
And ev'ry she that's kind, is fair.

* Quære, if not by Sir John Hill, M. D. ?

SONG XI.

BY MR. GAY.*

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
Love is then our duty,
She alone, who that employs,
Well deserves her beauty.
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow ;
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow.
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of spring.

SONG XII.

BY DR. DALTON.†

PREACH not to me your musty rules,
Ye drones that mould in idle cell ;
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well.

* In the ' Beggar's Opera.'

† In his excellent alteration of the masque of ' Comus.'