THE MAIL COACH,

No more I'll Court,

CRAZY JANE,

AND

Come all ye Jolly Sailors bold.

SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO.
PRINTERS, STIRLING.

THE MAIL COACH.

Come listen to my story,
Now seated in my glory
We make no longer stay;
A bottle of good sherry
Has made us all quite merry,
Let Momus rule the day—
We hearty all and well are,
Drive to the White Horse cellar,
Get a snack before we go—
Bring me a leg of mutton—
I'm as hungry as a glutton—
Some gravy soup—hollo!

[Spoken in different voices.]—Why, waiter!—Coming, Sir.—Where is my gravy soup?—Just took off the gridiron—Make haste, I shall lose my place.—I hope your honor will remember the poor ostler.—Are the beef-steaks ready?—No; but your chops are.——What a concourse of people are going in these coaches!—All fast behind.—Hip! [Imitates the sound of the guard's horn.]

Then 'tis away we rattle,
Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,
Crack whip, and dash away.

What a cavalcade of coaches
On every side approaches!
What work for man and beast!
We must have a little drop, Sir,
Then we'll gallop till we stop, Sir,
And afterwards make haste.
I mount—the whip I crack now;
All bustle—what a pack now
On every side approach!
Now making sad grimaces,
All for the want of places;
They cry, I've lost the coach.

[Spoken in various voices.] How's this? I'm sure my name was booked.—No such thing, ma'am.—A lady and a parrot in a cage.—That fare can't go inside, one parrot's enough at a time.—No room for two ladies?—None at all for females; this is a *mail* coach.—Set me down at the butcher's shop; I should not like to be seen getting out of a coach.—Tie a handkerchief round your neck, Billy; you'll catch cold.—Yes; good-bye, grand-papa—give my love to grand-mamma.—Hip! [Imitates the sound of the guard's horn.]

Then 'tis away we rattle,
Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,
Crack whip and dash away.

Four in hand from Piccadilly,

Snugly seated in the dilly,
Away we scamper all.
What merry wags and railers,
What jolly dogs and sailors,
Begin to sing and bawl.
From every place we start, Sir,
Some company depart, Sir,
And others come, no doubt;
For plenty there's of room, now,
And any one may come now,
Four insides and one out.

[Spoken in different voices] Are my boxes all safe?—You have put my trunk in a wrong coach?—Never fear, ma'am, we shall overtake it.—What a figure you cut in that Welch wig!—Hold your tongue, sirrah; you've woke me out of a comfortable nap.—Keep your windows shut; I have got a cold, and stiff neck—my little girl isn't well.—Keep your feet in; you've got your leg between mine. I don't mind it, if the gentleman don't—Hip! [Imitates the sound of the horn.]

Then 'tis away we rattle,
Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,
Crack whip, and dash away.

BONNY BET.

No more I'll court the town-bred fair,
Who shines in artificial beauty,
For native charms, without compare,
Claim all my love, respect, and duty.

Oh! my bonny bonny Bet, sweet blossom,
Were I a king, so proud to wear thee,
From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.
Oh, my bonny, bonny Bet.

Yet, ask me where these beauties lie,
I cannot say in smile or dimple,
In blooming cheek or radiant eye;
'Tis happy nature, wild and simple.
Oh, my bonny, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And sigh in numbers trite and common;
Ye gods, one darling wish be mine,
And all I ask is lovely woman.
Oh, my bonny, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing;
My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
With rapture every sense entrancing.
Oh, my bonny, &c.

CRAZY JANE.

WHY, fair maid, in every feature,
Are such signs of fear express'd:
Can a wand'ring, wretched creature,
With such terror fill thy breast;
Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
Trust me, sweet, they are but vain:
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;
Shun not then poor crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me, and avoid my woe;
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false—I found them so.
For I lov'd—ah! so sincerely,
None could ever love again;
But the youth I lov'd so dearly,
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but one;
He sigh'd—he vow'd—and I believ'd him,
He was false—and I undone.
From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain;
Henry fled—With him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beset,

On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met,
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty;
Still I slowly pace the plain;
While each passer-by, in pity,
Cries, God help thee, Crazy Jane.

THE ARETHUSA.

Come, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza to the Arethusa!
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave:
Her men are staunch
To their favourite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruize about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The fam'd Belle Poole straight a-head did lie.
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,
Not a sheet, or a tack,
Or a brace did she slack;
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, & thought it stuff,

But they knew not the handful of men, how
tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance,
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho!
The Frenchmen they cried out, hallo!
Bear down, d'ye see,
To our Admiral's lee;
No, no, says the Frenchman, that can't be.
Then I must lug you along with me,
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchmen's land,
We forc'd them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass
To his fav'rite lass;
A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
On board of the Arethusa.

FINIS.