

TEKSTEN**A PASTORAL**

Leave, leave your folded flocks in peace to sleep
 All night upon the green your revels keep
 While on the verdant plain we sport and play
 We'll never think of sleep or wish for day.

A PASTORAL BY AN EMINENT MASTER

Shepherdesses, pretty lasses come let's trip it
 upon the green
 Birds are singing, flow'rs are springing
 Nature in all her beauty green

Meadows blowing, springs overflowing
 Flora smiling all around
 Lovely flowers, pleasant bowers,
 Pleasure in every place is found

Lilies, roses sweet discloses,
 Nature smiling everywhere
 Nymphs complying, cares are flying
 Every sense of pleasure here

SPRING WISH

Come Flora sweet my garden grace
 Therein each flow'r in order place
 For me exert your utmost skill
 Here form me, an Idalian grove
 Where I unseen secure may rove
 And kind repose me at my will

In midst of it a fountain place
 And with Junquills the margin grace
 Whose golden hue denote the spring
 And let a wood this bank surround
 Winding in mazy circles round
 Where choristers do sweetly sing

Without the wood let there be seen
 Gay tulips streak'd with verdant green
 Iris and silver daffodils
 And let the fine Hungarian rose
 And Williams sweet a bed compose
 Which oft the lawn with odour fills

And let all these for beauty fam'd
 And many more as yet unnam'd
 For me delicious walks disclose
 With pleasure there my mind I'll fill
 And sweetly then my self I will
 Upon the fountain bank repose

PRINCE OF ORANGE'S WELCOME

Thrice welcome Royal Stranger,
 To greet thee, see all nature smile
 Whom Neptune free from danger,
 Has wasted to our Isle

By Anna's charms invited,
 Nassau defies the stormy sea,
 In Anna's arms delighted,
 What God so Bless'd as he.

May every joy attend them,
 No end their sweet endearments know
 And Bounteous Heav'n befriend 'em,
 With all it can bestow.

ON PRINCESS AMELIA

Ye Nymphs of Bath, prepare the lay
 Why, why are you so slow to pay?
 Amelia claims the song:
 But if you fear to wrong your cause,
 Go borrow from the crowd applause,
 And rob the public tongue.

Sweet as her softly flowing name,
 Sweet is Amelia's rising fame;
 And as her virtue, great:
 Attend ye Nymphs, the fav'rite sound,
 And what from shore to shore goes round,
 Let Avon's banks repeat.

See, see and sure you can no less,
 See how the thronging people press!
 Who, dwelling on her face,
 Cry, is she then of Brunswick's line?
 Are, all like her, are all divine?
 And bless the Royal Race.

FAREWELL AMELIA

Farewell Amelia,
 Lovely, fair, sweetest of thy sex
 Adieu sweetest of thy sex, adieu
 Angels take her to your care
 Since she most resembles you.

THE AMOROUS LOVER

Fair Chloe's handsome, brisk and gay
 And gets new lovers every day
 For in her eye doth dwell
 A secret and a powerful charm
 That would the coldest hermit warm
 And draw him from his cell.

When first I saw her I believ'd
 An angel's form my sight deceiv'd
 So graceful was her mein,
 And surely angels cannot be
 More bright than is this lovely she,
 Who is of beauty Queen.
 How happy will the youth be then,
 Who does with matchless truth obtain,
 Possession of her heart,
 To meet with such a powerful cure,
 The worst of fortunes I'd endure,
 And laugh at all the smart.

I FEEL NEW PASSIONS RISE

I feel new passions rise,
 A chilling damp or rapid flame
 By turns possess my vital frame
 And grief succeed to Joys.

I fear tis Love whose mighty sway
 With pleasure mortals all obey
 Yes, yes tis love, tis love alone
 And Caelia you the flame inspire
 Oppose not then the gentle fire
 But bow before love's throne
 Let us be happy whilst we may
 For youth and beauty steal away,

THE LADY'S COMPLAINT FOR THE DEPARTURE OF HER LOVER

Cold Winter, ah why art thou gone,
 With the frost and soft snow in thy train,
 The return of gay spring, with the sun
 To me can bring nothing but pain.
 Since honour still fatal to love,
 Commands my kind hero away,
 In far distant climate to rove,
 And trust the false winds and the sea.

How cruel, alas is the fate
 Which unkind does our fortune divide
 How cheerless and wretched the state,
 Where every hope is deny'd
 How vainly the morning will rise,
 All rosy and bright in the east,
 The ev'ning won't charm my sad eyes,
 Or night to my sorrows give rest.

Tho' the bushes all gaudily bloom,
 And the birds warble happy and gay,
 My heart will be nothing but gloom,
 As soon as my lover's away.
 Not music will soften my cares,
 Nor pleasures my senses delight,
 When his voice sounds no more in my ears,
 And his person's no longer in sight.

No joy I shall find in the fields,
 The plains or the tremb'ling grove,
 Since solitude sorrow but yields,
 To a heart that's sincerely in love.
 But when the moon rises so bright
 And shews her full orb in the stream,
 Some relief it will be to my sight
 That I view the same object with him.

A DRINKING SONG

Ev'ry man his scepter take,
 Let the Hogshead sound,
 And the glasses ring,
 Let the envious miser quake,
 Each merry mortal is a king.
 Let the King do what he can,
 He's still no more than man,
 For since the world began,
 'twas the juice of the vine,
 That had pow'r divine,
 And merry mortal bless,
 All their wrongs redress,
 Were kinds but to see
 How merry we could be,
 They'd envy our happiness.

Let the glass keep moving round,
 We'll paint the night with red and white
 Our selves with wreaths be crown'd,
 To celebrate the morning light,
 When the sun begins his race,
 With his drunken fiery face,
 And westward steers his pace,
 He'll cheerfully smile
 On his favourite isle,
 And gaze with vast delight,
 To see us shine so bright,
 Then away goes he, and drinks up the sea,
 To pass away the gloomy night.

A DRINKING SONG

Fill the bowl with streams of pleasure,
 Such as Gallia's Vintage boast,
 These are tides that bring our treasure,
 Love and friendship be the toast,
 Fa la la la la

First our mistresses approving,
 With bright beauty crown the glass,
 He that is too dull for loving,
 Must in friendship be an ass.
 Fa la la la la

Pylades is with Orestes,
 Said to have one common soul,
 But the meaning of the jest is
 In the bottom of the bowl.
 Fa la la la la

Thus, by means of honest drinking,
 Often is the truth found out,
 Which might cause a world of thinking,
 Spare the pains and drink about.
 Fa la la la la

THE MERRY BACCHANALIAN

Come here's to the nymph I love,
 Away ye vain sorrows, away
 Far, far from my bosom be gone,
 All these shall be pleasant and gay.
 Far hence be the sad and the pensive,
 Come fill up the glasses around,
 We'll drink till our faces be ruddy
 And all our vain sorrows are drown'd.

Tis done and my fancy's exalting,
 With e'ery gay blooming desire
 My blood with brisk ardour is glowing
 Soft pleasure my bosom inspire
 My soul now in love is dissolving
 Oh Fate! Had I here my dear charmer
 I'd clasp her I'd clasp her so eager,
 Of all her disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here,
 With his troops of vain cares in array,
 Advant idle pensive intruder
 He triumphs, he will not away
 I'll drown him, come give me a bumper,
 Young cupid, here's to thy confusion,
 Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd
 Adieu to his anxious delusion.

Come jolly God Bacchus here's to the
 Huzza, Boys, Huzza, Boys, Huzza
 Sing Io, sing Io to Bacchus
 Hence all ye dull thinkers away.
 Come what should we do but be jovial
 Come tune up your voices and sing
 What soul is so dull to be heavy
 When wine sets our fancies on wing.

Come Pegasus lies in this bottle,
 He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
 Each of us a gallant young Perseus,
 Sublime we'll ascend to the sky.
 Come mount, or adieu, I arise
 In seas of wide aether I'm drown'd.
 The clouds far beneath me are sailing
 I see the spheres whirling around.

What darkness, what rattling is this,
 Thro' Chaos dark regions I'm hurl'd,
 And no- oh my head it is knock'd,
 Upon some confounded new world.
 Now, now these dark shades are retiring,
 See yonder bright blazes a star,
 Where am I? Behold the Empyreum,
 With flaming light streaming from far.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG

Let's be merry and banish thinking with
 good drinking
 Never stand still
 Melancholy is but folly, let's be jolly while
 we May.
 Banish sorrow til tomorrow,
 Let the miser hoard his treasure,
 We'll devote the night to pleasure
 And with mirth our moments measure,
 Business we postpone to leisure,
 Bumpers moving, joys improving,
 Will convert the night to day,
 See the charmer how he courts me,
 How her balmy kiss transports me,
 With her blushing looks she charms me,
 With her gen'rous juice she warms me,
 Moist'ning sweet my vital clay.

BACCHUS DEFEATED

Bacchus must now his Power resign,
 I am the only God of Wine.
 It is not fit that wretch should be
 In competition set with me,
 Who can drink ten times more than he.

Let other mortals vainly wear,
 A tedious life with anxious care,
 Let courtiers plot and lawyers think,
 Let states and empires swim or sink,
 My sole ambition is to drink.