JACK TAR:

To which is added,

The World's a Stage,

Astonishing Abraham Newland,

The Sailor's Return.

STIRLING:
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JACK TAR.

COME brave honeſt Jack Tar,
once more will you venture,
Preſs warrants they are out
I would have you to enter;
Take ſome rich Spaniſh prize,
as we've done before O
Yes, and be cheated of them all,
as we were the laſt war O.

No man that ſails with me,
ſhall e'er be abuſed,
So Jack come and enter,
you ſhall be well uſed;
You ſhall be boatſwain's mate, Jack,
ſo boldly come and enter,
And not like a dog be haul'd
on board of the tender.

Dear Captain, he ſaid then,
don't talk of your preſſing,
It's not long ago ſince I gave
ſix of them a dreſſing:
I know that very well, Jack,
the truth I muſt grant you,
You are a brave hearty fellow,
and that makes me want you.

Dear Captain, he ſaid then,
If the truth I do tell you,

I got ſo much the laſt war,
that it quite fill'd my belly;
For your damn'd rogues of officers,
they uſe men ſo cruel,
That a man of war is worſe
than hell or the devil.

There is the Maſter a ſwearing,
the Boatſwain a growling,
The Midſhipman howling out,
take that fore-bowling?
If you ſpeak but one word,
you're a mutinous raſcal,
Both your legs laid in irons,
and try'd by a court martial.

Now boys we are preſs'd away,
from our own habitation,
And we leave wife and children
in grief and vexation:
We venture our ſwee lives,
in defence of our nation,
And we get nothing by it
but toil and vexation.

THE WORLD'S A STAGE,

THIS world is a ſtage
On which mankind engage,
And each acts his part in the throng;
But all is confuſion,
Mere folly, deluſion,
And faith, nothing elſe but a ſong,
A ſong a ſ- ——g.
And, faith, nothing elſe but a ſong.

The Parson so grave
Says your soul he will save,
And points the right way from the wrong,
After piously teaching,
And long winded preaching,
He puts of his flock with a song. &c.

The Doctor he fills
You with bolus and pills,
With assurance to make you live long:
But believe me 'tis true,
The guinea's in view
And the rest is all but a song. &c.

The Surgeon so bold,
His lances doth hold,
And slashes your body along:
Small wounds he enlarges,
To swell up our charges,
His art like the rest is a song. &c.

The Soldier he rattles
Of sieges and battles,
And actions that he's been among:
Her preferment and spirit,
Are both like his merit,
You see they are bought for a song. &c.

The Master he cries,
See the clouds how they rise,
Up aloft my brisk lads, it blows strong,
Boys make us some slip,
And I'll warrant the ship,
Will soon reach her port in his song. &c.

Vers'd in quirks and in quibbles,
The Lawyer he scribbles,

And moves his mellifluous tongue,
'twixt demur and vacation,
He'd raise his expectation,
Then sink your estate to a song. &c.

The Merchant is bent,
On his twenty per cent,
To him journal and leger belong,
Commission with charges,
His profit enlarges,
Till his balance may end in a song &c.

With powder and lace,
And effeminate face,
The gay Fop behold strutting along,
Just arriv'd from his travels,
At nothing he levels,
But just at a dance and a song, &c,

The gentle Coquet,
She's all in a fret,
In the morn if her toilet be wrong;
The whole day she will pass,
To consult her dear glass,
And at night die away with a song. &c.

The surly old Prude,
She will say you are rude,
For the bless though she secretly long;
But take her aside,
You may manage her pride,
And her virtue bring down to a song. &c.

The courtier he smiles,
As the time he beguiles,
And feeds you with promises long;
He squeezes your hand,

And calls you his friend,
Tho' he means nothing more than a ſong. &c.

Then let us be jolly,
Drive hence melancholy,
Since we are brave fellows among,
Taſte life as it paſſes,
And fill up our glaſſes.
And each honeſt blade ſing a ſong. &c.

ASTONISHING
ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

NEVER was a man ſo bandied by Fame,
Thro' air, thro' ocean, and thro' land,
As one that is wrote upon every Bank Note,
And you all muſt know Abraham Newland.

O! Abraham Newland!
Notorious Abraham Newland!
I've heard people ſay, ſham Abraham you may,
But you mus'n't ſham Abraham Newland.

For faſhion or arts, ſhould you ſeek foreign parts,
It matters not, where ever you land;
From Chriſtian to Greek all language will ſpeak,
If the language of Abraham Newland.

O! Abraham Newland!
Aſtoniſhing Abraham Newland!
Whatever you lack, you'll get in a crack,
By the credit of Abraham Newland.

what do you think, without victuals or drink,
You, may tramp like the wand'ring Jew land,
om Dublin to Dover, nay, all the world over,
If a ſtranger to Abraham Newland!

O! Abraham Newland!
Wonderful Abraham Newland!
ho' with compliments cramm'd, you may die out of hand,
If you hav'n't an Abraham Newland.

The world are inclin'd to think Juſtice is blind,
Yet Lawyers know well ſhe can view land;
But what of all that?—ſhe'll blink like a bat,
At the ſight of a friend, Abraham Newland.

O! Abraham Newland!
Magical Abraham Newland!
Tho' Juſtice, 'tis known can ſee thro' a mill-ſtone,
She can't ſee thro' Abraham Newland.

Your Patriots who bawl, for the good of us all,
And good ſouls, like mushrooms they ſtrew land,
But tho' loud as a drum, each proves Orator Mum,
If attack'd by ſtout Abraham Newland.

O! Abraham Newland.
Invincible Abraham Newland.
No argument's found in the world half ſo ſound,
As the logic of Abraham Newland.

The French ſay they're coming, but ſurely they're humming;
We know what they want, if they do land:

But we'll make their ears ring in defence of our King
Our country and Abraham Newland.
O! Abraham Newland!
Excellent Abraham Newland!
No tri colour'd elf, nor the devil himself,
Shall rob us of Abraham Newland,

The Sailor's Return,

BEHOLD, from many an hostile shore,
and all the dangers of the main,
Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
your faithful Tom return again;
Returns, and with him brings a heart
That ne'er from Sally shall depart,

After long toils and troubles past
how sweet to tread our native soil,
With conquest to return at last,
and deck our sweet hearts with the spoil!
No one to beauty should pretend,
But such as dare its rights defend,

FINIS.