Sharpe

ORIGINAL POEMS;

CONSISTING OF

ELEGIES, SONNETS, &c.

With a VARIETY of SONGS

written purposely for

MASONIC and BUCK'S LODGES,

For BUTLER'S COLLEGIANS, the SONS of the FOREST,
the SONS of MOMUS, the SONS of HARMONY,

and a Variety of other

RESPECTABLE SOCIETIES,

By JAMES BROWN, *H.A, R.A. & K.T.*

Member of the Temple (Masonic) Lodge, and Royal Arch Chapter,
in Bristol; the Royal Hanoverian (Bucks) Lodge, in London,
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ORIGINAL,

ORIGINAL POEMS,

&c.

A BUCK'S SONG.

TUNE.——"ON THE WHITE CLIFFS."

INSCRIBED TO THE ROYAL HANOVERIANS.

GREAT Nimrod of old was a Buck of renown,
The Chaſe, his delight, and the honor his own;
For Virtue he lov'd, and purſu'd the fair dame;
She nodded aſſent, and approv'd of his flame.

And Virtue our plan will with vigour ſupport,
For mankind to her tenets will ever pay court;
And Friendſhip muſt ſmile at a ſyſtem ſo fair,
That her throne in our hearts will permanent rear.

Nay Venus, all charming, muſt Bucks ſure approve,
What Friendſhip can claim, muſt be due unto Love;
And Nimrod, our founder, commanded us all
To liſt to her ſummons, and fly at her call.

Nor can Bacchus refuſe to crown the glad hour,
Or the juice of his vine with warm freedom to pour;
For where can the glaſs all his glories ſo prove,
As aſſiſting true Friendſhip and heightening Love.

And Minerva, ſage laſs, who flew from Jove's brain,
Will avow we're the order ſhe wiſh'd to ordain,
Thus ſanction'd by Gods, Time ſhall ne'er us annoy,
For their fiat has fix'd what we Bucks muſt enjoy.

Benevolence rears her all-placid face,
And calls in Eſteem, to aſſiſt her with Grace;
So firmly uniting, they aid our fair plan,
That does honor to us, and muſt ever to man.

Sons of Nimrod, to whom I owe a Buck's name,
'Twas you, Hanoverians, that gave me the claim;
May Glory encircle the Nimrodian Band,
And Honor irradiate our moſt NOBLE GRAND.

A MASONIC SONG.

ADDRESSED TO OUR ROYAL AND RESPECTED BROTHER,

GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES.

THE great architect, who our Order firſt fram'd,
And form'd all its tenets above,
Determin'd the virtues by us to be nam'd,
Muſt be Charity, Friendſhip, and Love.
His Solomon wiſely diffus'd them far wide,
Their glories he fix'd firm and ſtrong;
Like Egypt's rich Nile their bleſſings did glide,
Waſting Knowledge and Pleaſure along.

Both Wiſdom and Pow'r attend our decrees,
And Monarchs our ſyſtem approve;
When potentates make an alliance with peace,
How ſweet muſt the treaty then prove!

To the ſceptre 'twill give an additional glow,
Will add a rich gem to the crown;
On George, our Brother and prince then beſtow
Thoſe virtues that Free Maſons own.

'Tis Brunswick's bright race we Briton's revere,
Strict friends to our freedom and iſle,
To our laws and our franchiſes warmly ſincere,
Under whom ſee liberty ſmile:
And Maſonry likewiſe our prince will ſupport,
And ſplendid make each glowing ray;
All that's noble and virtuous will to us reſort,
And homage to Maſonry pay.

A BUCK'S SONG.

TUNE——"RULE, BRITANNIA."

INSCRIBED TO THE MACEDONIAN BUCKS.

ON Fancy's wing, to heav'n aſcend,
And ſteal a ſpark of Jove's bright fire,
To charm the world with name of friend,
And with its tenets Bucks inſpire.

CHORUS.

Sing, Macedonians, in honor of our band,
Who luſtre adds to Albion's land.

Our wond'rous plan from Jove aroſe,
To bleſs Britannia's happy iſle,
And Nimrod firſt by him was choſe,
To make our Order laſting ſmile.

CHORUS.

Sing, &c.

If brilliant worth, and ſterling fame,
Can place a laurel on the brow,
Let Io Peans loud proclaim
What virtues in their boſoms glow.

CHORUS.

Sing, &c.

All Albion's fair our worth approves,
For Friendſhip's bliſs muſt pleaſe the mind,
And ſmiling Cupids, roſy loves,
Attune to charms that laſting bind.

CHORUS.

Sing, &c.

Our hearts are form'd for conſtant love,
And freely we the call obey,
And innocence will clearly prove,
That virtue all our boſoms ſway.

CHORUS.

Sing, &c.

Let me my chearful duty pay,
To thoſe who can that duty claim,
To Noble Grands and Vice Grands ſay,
May wreaths of honor crown your fame.

CHORUS.

Sing Macedonians! in honor of our band,
Who luſtre adds to Albion's land.

A MASONIC

A MASONIC SONG.

TUNE—— "THO' BACCHUS MAY BOAST."

WHEN Order appear'd, and to Chaos gave the word,
Which modell'd the atoms in beauteous accord,
Then Maſonry ſublime, at that moment aroſe,
And more aged the earth, ſtill more perfect it grows;
It boaſts all the ſymmetry the orders confer,
And Virtue is ever their bright leading ſtar.
Thus ſupported and guided, it long muſt diſplay,
Sincerity's luſtre, with Honor's fair ray.

The heart of a Maſon is form'd for the fair,
With delicate warmth he aſſails the kind ear;
Eſteem and regard in his boſom unite,
Which muſt permanent fix affections delight;
Thus Honor directs, and thus Virtue impels,
And the power of Diſcord and Envy repels;
If Benevolence ſoftens the kind, yielding heart,
What bleſſing is wanting that Love can impart.

To our Lodges ſage Wiſdom will ever give laws,
Whilſt Beauty adorning, gives Strength to our cauſe,
Thus ſupported, old Time can't our ſyſtem annoy,
For with Prudence we temper each heart-cheering joy;
We with Fortitude bear all the arrows of Fate,
Nor with Fortune's fair gale be too proudly elate;
The dictates of Juſtice we ſtrive to purſue,
And thro' the lab'rinth of Care ſhe's ever our clue.

A BUCK'S

A BUCK'S SONG.

TUNE——"LET CARE BE A STRANGER."

LET France boaſt of blood, and of grandees proud Spain,
And of three-tail'd baſhaws let the Grand Turk complain,
Of Imans and Muftis who prohibit good wine,
Tho' Venus ne'er ſmiles as when crown'd with the vine;
And Congreſs may prate of their liberty's plan,
And Cherokee Chiefs when they roaſt a white man;
But now, brother Bucks, of our Order I'll ſing,
Whoſe happineſs flows from true Melody's ſpring.

No religious cold tenets we here introduce,
We perſecute nought but bright Bacchus's juice;
Nor politics ever ſhall harmony mar,
For we are illumin'd by Friendſhip's fair ſtar;
No ill-natur'd wit muſt diſturb a Buck's reſt,
Nor hurt a friend's heart by a cynical jeſt:
Of concord no longer can Bucks truly ſing,
Unleſs happineſs flows from true Melody's ſpring.

Lo!

Lo! the rays from ſheer wit ſee from heav'n deſcend,
With bliſs truly ſocial the heart to befriend,
With all that Content in her landſcape can draw,
The tenets of Nimrod cold hatred muſt thaw;
And generous hearts the effects ſure muſt feel,
When Genius will ſtart what Judgment muſt ſeal;
Of concord ſo founded we Bucks then can ſing,
When happineſs flows from true Melody's ſpring.

MAY.

M A Y.

THE gentle rills ſoft murm'ring flow,
And ſweetly ſoothes the liſt'ning ear;
Each boſom feels Love's brilliant glow,
And tranſport now the ſenſes cheer:
The nymphs and ſwains thro' woodlands rove,
Singing that May incites to love.

But ah! incautious maids beware,
Shake off the ſoft, bewitching dream,
For this ſweet month's the wily ſnare,
That opes the book at ruin's theme:
Therefore no more thro' woodlands rove,
Or ſing that May incites to love.

'Till Hymen's torch your wiſhes crown,
Avoid the rill, and ſhun the grove;
The ſwain that's true will fondly own,
That Hymen's chains muſt ſtrengthen love:
Therefore till then with caution rove,
For May oft kills the bloſſom Love.

Let my lov'd Anna's breaſt, ſerene,
The pleaſures of the Spring enjoy,
Let Love for me enrich the ſcene;—
That thought alone enraptures joy!
May ſweet Content with us long rove,
And warm cement the joys of Love!

AN

AN ELEGY.

UPON A YOUNG LADY WHO DROWNED HERSELF.

LOUD whiſtled thro' the gloomy air,
The ſignal for a dreadful deed,
When Charlotte, ſtung by black Deſpair,
Reſolv'd, devoted maid, to bleed.
Ah! cruel parents, why ſevere?
Why wring your love-lorn daughter's heart?
All pangs beſide I'd chearful bear,
But why from Edwin muſt I part?

My Edwin's form firſt charm'd my eye,
And uſher'd Love into my heart,
My artleſs boſom heav'd a ſigh,
But yet that ſigh was pleaſing ſmart:
But when his eyes declar'd a flame,
Impaſſion'd as the one I felt,
And when his tongue gave love the name,
My boſom did with rapture melt.

Sure

Sure thoſe that are by Love entwin'd,
No treaſure elſe can ever need;
And Edwin's love is true and kind,
And Happineſs is life's beſt meed:
Deluded friends! when Charlotte's loſt,
You'll drop too late the trickling tear,
And wiſh you ne'er had Charlotte croſt,
When waters hence her frame ſhall bear.

Farewell, my Edwin! charming youth!
On whom my dying thoughts muſt dwell,
Accept this mark of firmeſt truth,
Accept my ſighing, laſt farewell!
Then like a roe ſhe ſwiftly flew,
And plung'd into the river's bed;
The Graces wept her form to view,
And Virtue drooping, hung her head.

A COL-

A COLLEGIAN's SONG.

TUNE——"LIBERTY HALL."

LET the name of great BUTLER our ſpirits inſpire,
And from heaven deſcend a ſpark of his fire,
Ev'ry boſom to warm, and enrapture each heart,
When Friendſhip, all ſmiling, bids Care to depart.

Nought that's gloomy muſt ever in this hall appear,
Hilarity's friends only dare enter here,
For the charms that awake, and the joys that improve,
Are heighten'd by wine, like the Nectar of Jove.

When warm-flowing Fancy its maze dances round,
Enquiring where elſe can ſuch pleaſures be found?
Where joke, wit and ſong, can ſuch raptures convey,
As BUTLER's great hall does chearful diſplay.

Each

Each goblet, when charg'd, is a draught for a God,
It inſpires the lively, and quickens the clod!
If Fate would but drink it, his pow'r 'twould arreſt,
For once he would ſmile, and mankind then be bleſt.

Tho' the flavour's ſo good, and ſo potent the juice,
It never can aught but good humour produce;
For BUTLER then bleſt our beverage divine,
When he to oblivion did Diſcord conſign.

Our Founder demands what we'll chearful beſtow,
What will warm ev'ry boſom with Gratitude's glow,
Then charge to our BUTLER the goblet up high,
Thro' the azure expanſe to his ear let it fly.

May his COLLEGE be long the ſeat of true mirth,
The palace of glee, and the manſion of worth;
May content bleſs each boſom and health ev'ry brow,
And the ſyſtem ador'd, which we glorious avow.

THE

THE ADIEU.

HOW bleſt the mode that gains eſteem,
And forms its precepts in the heart,
When candour is the ſolar beam,
Whoſe lambent ray, is Friendſhip's dart.—
When her ſoft ſmiles appear to view,
'Tis ſad to whiſper out—adieu.

How oft, Louiſa, Fortune's wheel,
Does blindly fly with mad career;
The worthy oft muſt mis'ry feel,
When Vice ſhall roll in Splendor's ſphere;
Misfortunes then, that riſe to view,
Are heighten'd by a friend's adieu.

And yet how hard to ſever thoſe,
Whoſe beſt ideas warmly blend?
Who'll "ken aſkance" each other's foes,
Who'll warm embrace each other's friend?
Who'll merit pay its faireſt due,
Yet ſadly ſigh—to bid adieu.

Once more repeat the kind adieu,
That ever will my mind impreſs,
Where friendſhip muſt, to Candour true,
The good Louiſa's worth confeſs;
Tho' longer known, it's ever new,
No wonder then—I ſigh adieu!

A BUCK'S

A BUCK'S SONG.

TUNE——" I'LL NEVER GO ABROAD."

A FEMALE fair, with ev'ry charm
That cou'd affect the heart;
Whoſe very eyes e'en age cou'd warm,
Whoſe ſmiles cou'd bliſs impart,
Did thus addreſs the fav'rite youth,
That lov'd this charming maid—
Evince to me your love and truth,
A Buck be inſtant made.

Their gen'rous ſouls can never form
A thought that will degrade,
No groveling vice their minds deform,
Nor e'er their hearts pervade;
Then to their lodge now quick repair,
And join the ſocial band,
Then I'll reward your love ſincere,
By giving you my hand.

Th' enraptur'd ſwain then inſtant flew,
And preſs'd the burniſh'd ſteel,
He pledg'd himſelf to Nimrod true,
And join'd their common weal;
True union there cements each heart,
And Concord ſmiles divine,
And "Mirth and Wiſdom" will impart
A zeſt to gen'rous wine.

Now bleſt with Friendſhip's ſacred glow,
That kindred ſouls unite,
On him, ſhe did herſelf beſtow,
A pledge of ſoft delight:
Now ev'ry hour with rapture fleets,
Each moment's blithe and gay,
For love each wiſh now kindly greets,
And laſting joys diſplay.

THE HIGHLAND WAKE.

WHEN Sol below yon Weſtern hill,
His glowing rays had hid,
Love whiſper'd, Jamie be not ſtill,
For to the wake you're bid;
From diſtant glen and verdant dale,
Sweet maids will there appear,
And lovely Peggy kindly hail
Her bonny Jamie dear.

He ran with ſpeed o'er brae and brake,
His thoughts were on his fair,
A maid ſo kind none cou'd forſake,
And ſhe was all his care:
The lowland loons, with fraudful art,
Her ſmiles all ſtrive to gain,
But Highland Peggy's gen'rous heart,
Won't bonny Jamie pain.

Then at the wake the ſports with glee,
Warm'd ev'ry glowing breaſt,
Sweet Love then hail'd fair Conſtancy,
And pleaſure all confeſt;
Then Jamie's heart with rapture beat,
To joys that bleſs the mind,
And Peggy fair the wiſhes greet,
Of bonny Jamie kind.

UPON

UPON ANNA'S NATAL DAY.

'TIS my lov'd Anna's natal day,
Whoſe prattling oft my hours beguil'd,
Inſpire, oh muſe! the parent's lay,
Let fond affection be unveil'd,
For Anna's natal day.

Ye roſy, bliſsful hours advance,
On downy Pleaſure's boſom fly,
Let Harmony incite the dance,
And exile far the gloomy ſigh,
From Anna's &c.

The harbinger of all that's free,
The blithſome ſwain, and village maid,
Will rouze the dance, and revelry,
And muſic add its pleaſing aid,
For Anna's &c.

Let light-wing'd zephyrs fan the gale,
And waft around the dulcet note,
Let laughing gladneſs now prevail,
To chear drear winter's barren coat,
For Anna's &c.

We'll baniſh Care, and all his train,
Nor thought of ſadneſs round us play;
Fly diſtant hence, corroding pain,
For happineſs ſhall crown this day.
'Tis Anna's &c.

Come then, ye joys, that pleaſe the mind,
Ye raptures come at muſic's ſound,
Come, Love and Friendſhip, kindly twin'd,
Ye Graces come with roſes crown'd,
To Anna's natal day.

LOUISA.

LOUISA.

A BRILLIANT eye may fire the heart,
And make the boſom rapt'rous glow,
The balmy lip can bliſs impart,
And tranſient happineſs beſtow;
But 'tis the mind's more boaſted charms,
That tranquillize the lover's breaſt,
For tranſport warm may beat alarms,
But placid kindneſs lulls to reſt.

'Tis Virtue's tints that laſting proves,
The ſtrong cement of wedded bliſs,
Beauty may pleaſe, but that improves
The very zeſt of happineſs:
'Tis thoſe, Louiſa, bleſs the ſoul,
When adverſe fate annoys the mind,
'Tis thoſe his arrows can controul,
When on her breaſt he lays reclin'd.

Doubt not the zeal, by Friendſhip fir'd,
That actuates my humble lay,
The lay alone by you inſpir'd,
Whoſe virtues gave the glowing ray:
Oh! may your heart, Louiſa dear,
Feel ſweet Content's moſt pow'rful aid,
Your merit claims the wiſh ſincere,
The wiſh by Damon's warmth convey'd.

CHARMING

CHARMING SALLY.

SWEET the bluſh that gilds the morn,
And tinges round the op'ning ray;
How lovely ſhews the whit'ning thorn,
That paleful uſhers in ſweet May:
Come then, oh Sally! come and prove,
The joys of friendſhip, truth, and love.

How bliſsful is ſweet Friendſhip's theme,
When Candour warms the liſt'ning heart,
When the ſoft tongue can claim eſteem,
And juſt advice with truth impart,
Then Sally ſeize the moments fleet,
That make the joys of life compleat.

May Prudence all your actions guide,
And regulate your feeling breaſt,
Then Truth will o'er each deed preſide,
And calmly huſh all care to reſt.
The tranquil moments then will fly,
Devoid of pain, with tearleſs eye.

If love perſuaſive ſhou'd draw near,
With ſilken robes quite bliſsful dreſt,
And with ſoft ſighs aſſail your ear—
And with love's ſweeteſt terms be bleſt—
If Candour guides the plaintive youth,
Give him your heart, your faith, your truth.

THE

THE CAN OF FLIP.

TO diſtant ſhores the breezy wind,
The jolly tar from home conveys;
No anxious thoughts annoy his mind,
Whilſt whiſt'ling he the ſheet belays:

CHORUS.

Tho' ſtorms around him loudly roar,
And from his jacket brine ſhall drip,
He to the topmaſt yard will ſoar,
Then take his quid, and can of flip.

No ſilly cares can him oppreſs,
If tight his ſhip, and ſea room clear;
Nor on his heart can ought impreſs,
The diſtant thought of coward fear.

CHORUS.

Tho' ſtorms around &c.

To trim his ſails, and veſſel ſteer,
Will ever honeſt Jack elate,
To knot, or reef, or ſplice his geer,
Is his beſt wealth, his all of ſtate.

CHORUS.

Tho' ſtorms around, &c.

Yet when he views his native land,
His ſwelling heart with ardour glows;
And as he leaps upon the ſtrand,
'Tis thus his tongue with rapture flows:

CHORUS.

Nor ſtorms, nor tempeſts here aſſail,
Nor brine ſhall from my jacket drip,
Here love alone ſhall blow the gale,
And we drink cans of gen'rous flip.

DAMON'S WISH.

AS Damon with his Anna fair,
Were walking near a lucid ſtream,
The birds that carol'd thro' the air,
Made bliſsful love their warbling theme;
Nature's rich odours flew around,
To hail ſweet Echo's plaintive ſound.

Oh! lovely Anna, Damon ſaid,
Why cold to my empaſſion'd lays?
From thy ſoft boſom ſure is fled,
That rapt'rous warmth I us'd to praiſe:
Oh! let thoſe joys again return,
And let your heart enraptur'd burn!

In Love and Friendſhip's ſacred ſway,
No freezing medium wou'd I own,
Its warmeſt calls I will obey,
And thoſe muſt ſure my wiſhes crown;
O'er me my love with tranſport reign,
And I will kiſs the pleaſing chain.

Oh,

Oh, warm our hearts with mutual love,
That ſhall alike unceaſing glow,
Each boſom then will throbbing prove,
The flame that forms a heav'n below:
Long may the bliſs each breaſt inſpire,
When virtue points to chaſte deſire.

THE

THE SONS OF MOMUS.

MIGHTY Jove, ages ſince, declar'd that our earth,
Was the ſeat of harmony, pleaſure and mirth,
And the laughing gay God he kindly ſent down,
Commanding him here to erect a firm throne;
We with tranſport receiv'd the mandate from high,
And Gratitude's fervor made brilliant each eye:
Apollo's ſoft lyre Momus brought from above,
For muſic's congenial to friendſhip and love.

To Idalia's ſweet grove the gods oft reſort,
Where delicate pleaſures to rapture pay court:
Not the ſmiles of a Venus can fill the long hour,
Unleſs Momus with humour inſpires the bow'r;
Nor can roſy Bacchus ſo gladden the heart,
'Till Momus the jeſt will good natur'd impart,
The firm then, of pleaſure, that laſting muſt prove,
Is wit twin'd with friendſhip, and muſic with love.

Let us, Sons of Momus, our patron ſupport,
And bleſs'd Paphian joys from Love's iſland tranſport;
Let the Graces their eaſe on his votaries beſtow,
And the Muſes ſoft ſtrains make each boſom glow,
So ſhall the ſweet hours imperceptible glide,
And drown human cares in Pleaſure's briſk tide;
The bowl then convivial muſt give a high treat,
Where the acid of wit, ſhall Love's honey greet.

THE

THE SONS OF COMMERCE.

WHEN Freedom her trumpet thro' Britain reſounds,
And her white chalky cliffs its muſic rebounds,
Then Neptune uproſe on his watery throne,
And bleſs'd Britain's iſle, and call'd it his own,
For her barks to her ports rich treaſures ſhall bring,
And COMMERCE be hail'd at PLENTY's fair ſpring.

The green-bearded God our ſhores will defend,
And our prows on his region he long will befriend,
Our trade then muſt flouriſh with ſuch pow'rful aid,
And happineſs long our fair iſland pervade,
Let the Muſes with rapture unitedly ſing,
The bleſſings that COMMERCE to PLENTY can bring.

Sure Britain is bleſs'd when liberty glows—
Nor tranſient the bleſſings that freedom beſtows,
For juſtly it bends at loyalty's ſhrine,
The ſubject exalts—makes the monarch divine;
Theſe, theſe are the glories that virtue will bring,
When COMMERCE is hail'd at HONOR's fair ſpring.

'Tis you, FRIENDS OF COMMERCE, that honor the dame,
And rapt'rouſly fix'd on the ennobled name,
Your ſouls, warm'd by Britain's illumining ray,
Enraptur'd, your zeal for your iſle you diſplay.
May it, SONS OF COMMERCE, 'mongſt Britons be known,
And be thunder'd on high to Jove's azure throne.

A SOL-

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

WHEN haughty foes inſulting dare,
The Britiſh lion to offend,
Nought can the gallant ſoldier ſcare,
His country's champion—country's friend.

CHORUS.

True valour trebly arms his heart,
By him no thought of danger's felt,
But arm'd to ward Fate's keeneſt dart,
With muſquet bright, and warlike belt.

When carnage decks the bloody field,
And martial muſic glowing warms;
When Gallia's lillies bending, yield
To Britiſh fire, and vict'ry's charms.

CHORUS.

True, &c.

The gallant victor ſmiling hears
His country's plaudits loud reſound,
But his lov'd Anna's joyful tears,
With rapture makes his heart rebound.

CHORUS.

For love alone then fills his heart,
The duty to his country's paid,
His Anna now muſt bliſs impart,
And love's ſoft impulſe be obey'd.

FAIR

FAIR LAURA.

UPON the ſea-worn beach reclin'd,
Fair Laura anxious view'd the main,
Diſtreſſing doubts alarm her mind,
When ſighing for her diſtant ſwain;
Propitious gales, oh! waft him here,
To bleſs my hopes, and baniſh fear!

To Eaſtern climes the ſwelling ſails,
Convey'd my love to ſcorching air,
No dread alarm his heart aſſails,
Nor will he ſigh but for his dear;
Fair truth alone my ſailor warms,
Oh! waft him, gales, to Laura's arms!

When angry winds tremendous roar,
May angels guard him on the deep,
When foaming billows "laſh the ſhore,"
Oh! may my love in ſafety ſleep!
Let Peace around my Rodmond play,
And danger chace with radiant ray.

And when the ſhip comes near the ſtrand,
And calms my agitated ſoul,
Let rapture crown each ſcene on land,
And murm'ring billows gently roll
Let ſmiling Nature then rejoice,
To greet the conſtant Laura's choice.

A BUCK'S

A BUCK'S SONG.

INSCRIBED TO THE EUPHRATES LODGE.

TUNE—" THO' BACCHUS MAY BOAST."

WHEN Babylon's turrets firſt challeng'd the ſky,
And all that was glorious enraptur'd the eye,
Old Noah's deſcendants with Innocence ſtray'd,
And Virtue's fair ſyſtem with Freedom diſplay'd,
For Nimrod firſt pointed the way to bright fame,
And Semiramis glow'd at the hero's great name.
His glories for ages muſt brilliantly ſhine,
The Founder of Friendſhip, and Honor divine.

True Wiſdom and Mirth his votaries unite,
And Concord's the motto that Bucks muſt delight,
Content is the game they with rapture purſue,
For Honor incites when Friendſhip's in view;
The tenets of Belus will point out the way,
And the Euphrates ſtream thro' regions convey,
The name of the Order that glory can claim—
For Bucks are plac'd high in the Temple of Fame.

The

The name of that river to you firſt gave birth,
And long may you flouriſh 'midſt Bucks on the earth,
The ſyſtem will ever expand the warm heart,
And ſoft Charity's tear her charms will impart;
Rouz'd by Friendſhip you fly a brother to aid,
And Senſibility's tints are glowing diſplay'd:
Thoſe virtues will long make the Euphrates ſtand,
And crown COSSART, with glory, your MOST NOBLE GRAND.

FROM

FROM THE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

At a meeting on Thurſday laſt, of the FRIENDS OF CONVIVIALITY, at the Swan Inn, Bromley, Kent, Pleaſure preſided, and was ſeconded by its concomitant, Friendſhip; the very worthy Chairman, acted as uſual, with ſtrict attention to hilarity, and his Deputy copied ſo laudable an example; Mr. Wilſon's ſongs, and various excellencies, cannot be too warmly noticed, and the friends of harmony muſt lament that any place of polite amuſement ſhould be without ſo valuable an acquiſition. A ſong upon the occaſion was written and ſung by the Deputy, which evinced the warmth he entertained for ſuch a worthy and reſpectable ſociety.

EXTEMPORE.

TUNE—"LIBERTY HALL."

ON Olympus great Jove did a counſel convene,
And beauty divine enraptur'd the ſcene;
When he to their Godſhips this news did relate,
That Bromley was now of true pleaſure the ſeat.

For Harriott,* the jolly, this day wou'd diſplay,
Such viands, ſuch wines, as will rapture convey,
And a ſet of ſuch worthies will partake of the fare,
That Olympus I ſcorn, for I long to be there.

There's

* Harriott's the name of the landlord.

There's Smith's thrilling ſtrains to charm ev'ry ear,
And Cooper and North will attentive appear;
There's Midford and Oſborn will gladly us hail,
And Thurland with glee make laughter prevail.*

Then haſten, Apollo, and repair to the Swan,
And Momus aſſiſtance will lend to the plan,
And Bacchus ſhall bring you the juice of his vine;
And wit, wine, and muſic, make Bromley divine.

Nay Venus ſhall ſmile their hearts to inſpire,
For where friendſhip can warm, ſure beauty muſt fire;
Thoſe paſſions will ever give joy to the ſoul,
And when happily blended long ſweeten each bowl.

To earth then the Gods did inſtant repair,
And declar'd bliſs alone, with tranſport reign'd there.
And may harmony ever with pleaſure ſo glow,
And content bleſs each boſom, and health ev'ry brow.

* The third verſe has the names of the Stewards for the day.

LOVELY

LOVELY PHŒBE.

IN lovely Phœbe's charming face,
What beauties ever ſmile;
How ſweet is ev'ry blooming grace,
She knows not ought of guile:
When my lov'd Phœbe's ſinging near,
My heart is blithe and gay,
And the ſoft moments then appear,
To fly too ſwift away.

Yet when from her I abſent rove,
Ideal bliſs I feel,
The heart, when warm'd by ardent love,
Cannot the flame conceal;
For Fancy kind, will paint her frame,
With ſweet empaſſion'd glow,
And flatt'ring Hope will often claim
The ſigh ſhe may beſtow.

Oh!

Oh ! lovely Phœbe ! hope impart,
My paſſion but approve ;
With pleaſure fill my throbbing heart,
By ſoft return of love ;
Now conſecrate by ſtrongeſt ties,
Sweet Hymen's ſaffron robe,
No other joys I then wou'd prize,
Nor wiſh to rule the globe !

S'IL

S'IL VOUS PLAIT, MON CHER.

WHEN ſoaring larks diſtend their throats,
And hail their mates with thrilling notes;
When on rich Nature's carpet laid,
My lovely Clora, whiſp'ring ſaid,
S'il vous plait, mon cher.

In cooling grot, or bow'r reclin'd,
Warm the fancy, calm the mind,
No anxious thought diſturb'd me there,
For Clora whiſper'd in my ear,
S'il vous, &c.

If thro' the grove we careleſs ſtray,
Where murm'ring rills o'er pebbles play;
The light-wing'd hours with rapture fly,
For thus ſays Clora's melting eye,
S'il vous, &c.

But

But ſwift return, ye hours, again,
Tranſport my fair, tranſport her ſwain ;—
My beating heart, with ſwelling ſigh,
Denotes my Clora's whiſp'ring nigh,
S'il vous plait, mon cher.

THE

THE SONS OF THE FOREST.

LET Albions, let Bucks, of their firſt founders boaſt,
And with Bacchus's juice in full bumpers them toaſt;
Let Druids and Sampſons call their Orders divine,
All, all are ſupported by flaſks of bright wine:
Good humour of old for our deity ſtood,
To give her a name long before Noah's flood,
And Venus and Pallas then honor'd the dame,
And Olympus was charm'd with "Society's" name.

When from heav'n deſcended the angelic fair,
To "SONS OF THE FOREST" ſhe ſweep'd thro' the air,
Where worth rob'd with laughter ſhall ever reſide,
Unconquer'd by Envy, unſully'd by Pride.
And Phœbus and Momus with rivalry flew,
To pay to the Goddeſs the tribute then due;
With melody ſweet, the firſt ſunk on his knee,
And Momus, quite happy, felt unuſual glee.

Our luxurious ſpring ſtill for ages ſhall flow,
And fam'd "JACOB'S WELL" all poſterity know,
For "STAINES," our good ſire, will his children ſupport;
And mankind to our fame muſt ever pay court;
While Beauty and Softneſs together ſhall join,
With lays philharmonic, with rapture divine,
Of our order ſweet ſing where true friendſhip took birth,
And paint all the joys of wit, muſic, and mirth.

See, Apollo's fam'd vot'ries, warmly unite,
Our ſenſes to charm, and our feelings delight;—
Let "BOND, FOX," and "LOWE" have their tribute of praiſe,
And be crown'd by the muſes with myrtle and bays:
May you, my good friends, be long happily bleſt,
With Freedom, your motto, and Honor, your creſt;
May Sincerity glow with an unceaſing flame,
And each boſom avow Contentment's ſweet name.

PARTING.

PARTING.

AN ELEGY.

THE feeling breaſt, with heartleſs ſigh,
Will give the winds its ſwelling woe,
O'er diſtant wilds will ſtrain the eye,
And Viſion's tints the lover ſhow:
'Twas thus, my Anna, with thy ſwain,
When parting, he ſuch anguiſh bore,
When doubts ſuſceptive added pain,
By whiſp'ring—we might meet no more.

Our prattling hope's tear-trickling cheek,
With pearly drops bedew'd my face,
A father's fondneſs, kind and weak,
Claſp'd the lov'd child with fond embrace;
Such are the pangs that lovers feel,
When ſever'd from their native ſpot,
Such are the gems that gliſt'ning ſteal,
When parting from their bliſsful cot.

If I on Indian ſoil ſhou'd roam,
On burning gales I'd waft a ſigh;
Or Northern ſeas where billows foam,
On frozen air a wiſh ſhou'd fly:
Thy gentle mien and heart unite
Thoſe laſting charms that bliſsful ſhew,
The love that forms my firſt delight,
And tho' aſunder, keep me true.

ABSENCE.

ABSENCE.

ADDRESSED TO ANNA.

OH! ſay, my Anna, when thy ſwain,
Shall to his breaſt his dear enfold?
When he with rapture once again,
His beſt lov'd Anna ſhall behold?
'Tis hope alone can ſooth the ſoul,
When abſence long corrodes the heart,
And as the moments languid roll,
Her rays can diſtant bliſs impart.

How oft, by Avon's winding ſtream,
Did we the downy hours employ;
When ſweet affection was the theme,
That fill'd each heart with rapt'rous joy:
The flowing banks by nature dreſt,
Her richeſt tints the light diſplay'd,
And Flora's charms by zephyrs preſt,
Rich odours thro' the air convey'd.

Let Fate's keen arrows glide thro' air,
My heart to pain—to pain my mind,
I'll calmly ſmile at black deſpair,
If you, my Anna, will be kind;
Let care around my heart entwine,
And ſad misfortune riſe to view,
Your ſmiles can make that ſtate divine,
Nor feel its pangs when bleſt with you.

EXPEC-

EXPECTATION.

SAY, flutt'ring heart, why trembling beat?
Why bound with riots' warmeſt glow?
Why thus diſturb thy placid ſeat?
Unleſs that hope can joy beſtow!
Come, brilliant meteor! play around
The heart that long has loſt his mate,
And let his wiſhes now be crown'd
With laughing joys by ſmiling Fate.

Why, lazy hours, ſo ſlowly fly?
Your leaden pinions quicker move,
To baniſh hence the gloomy ſigh,
And uſher in the joys of love:
Fond Expectation paints my fair,
Array'd with kindneſs and with charms,
And ſweet Idea ſays ſhe's near,
To bleſs her lover's longing arms.

The pangs of parting are repaid,
By the ſoft hopes that fill the mind;
And all paſt cares are hence convey'd;
My ſighs are given to the wind:
Oh! bear me, Venus, to her lips,
Where balm of roſes ever reſt,
And as thro' Avon's vale ſhe trips,
Fondly let me thoſe ſweets arreſt.

THE

THE RETURN.

HOW chearful now the rays of morn,
Diffuſes all that's bliſsful round,
And gives a zeſt to joys unborn,
When love with friendſhip's firmly found;
When diſtant miles create a ſigh,
Bright Hope may in each boſom play,
For abſence oft will firmer tie,
The knot of Hymen's ſacred ſway.

A thouſand beauties warm the mind,
That unobſerv'd before had flew,
And fond reflection fondly find
Unnumber'd virtues ſtill in view:
The tear uncall'd that decks each eye,
Declares the raptures of the heart,
The falt'ring tongue, whoſe accents die,
Says more than language can impart.

The pain of abſence is repaid,
By kind embrace, and warmer kiſs;
Our pangs are fled to Lethe's ſhade,
When each fond heart feels nought but bliſs:
Selecting thus ſuch joys on earth,
More bright ſhall Hymen's taper burn,
And give to Love a ſecond birth,
When Anna hails her love's return.

LOVELY

LOVELY MARIA,

OR

THE CHARMING FAIR.

OH! ſay Maria, lovely maid!
Will you attend Affection's tale?
And heal the wound your eyes have made,
If ſighing I your ear aſſail?
My timid heart wou'd fain declare,
How much I love thee, charming fair.

When you with ſong enwrap my ſoul!
With dulcet note my ſenſes ſteal!
Love in my boſom ſcorns controul,
And my fond eyes the flame reveal!
Your ſmiles will diſſipate deſpair;
Then bleſs me with them, charming fair.

The lark that warbles thro' the grove,
And wide diſtends his tuneful throat,
His mate thus hails with bliſsful love,
Which ſweetens ev'ry thrilling note,
Oh! copy then the feather'd pair,
And ſmile with love, my charming fair.

The pleaſing hope my breaſt inſpires,
With tranſport love alone can give,
And Zephyrs fan the glowing fires,
Which long ſhall burn, and conſtant live.
With love return'd, now glad my ear,
And make me bleſs'd, my charming fair.

A COL-

A COLLEGIAN'S SONG.

TUNE——"LET CARE BE A STRANGER."

LET Butler's great name each heart now affect,
Our glaſſes to guide, and our feelings direct,
Whoſe worth and whoſe virtues we ſtill muſt revere,
For med'cine he mixt with his all-healing beer;
His head, like great Bacon's, with wonder we view,
His judgment ſo clear and his tenets ſo true,
That his vot'ries ever his name muſt admire,
And the flame of bright Friendſhip his College inſpire.

No ſyſtems of folly, nor nonſenſe abſtruſe,
Nor logick abſurd, will our College adduce,
Fair reaſoning only o'er each heart preſides,
And Candour, dull ſophiſts, contemning derides:
But what do you ſtudy, or what now acquire,
Says Malice and Envy with heart burning ire?
Why, we ſtudy our friends to ſerve and to pleaſe,
And make moments fly with muſic and eaſe.

A College

A College erected on Friendſhip's fair plan,
Muſt our BUTLER exalt, and ennoble the man;
No heart is here cramp'd by dogmatic rules,
No pedant here governs by laws of the ſchools;
For Friendſhip's bright glow illumines our ſphere,
And Venus and Bacchus ſhews our horizon clear,
And BUTLER's great name muſt for ages deſcend,
When THURLAND appears as BUTLER's firm friend.

NEW

NEW QUEEN BESS.

TO my humble lay let each Briton now attend, Sir,
And aſſiſt me to ſing our country's real friend, Sir,
To chaunt forth the praiſes of glorious Queen Beſs, Sir,
Whoſe claim to the fiat the world muſt confeſs, Sir.

Then Raleigh and Drake with courage elate, Sir,
Hurl'd her thunders o'er Ocean, diſtributing fate, Sir,
Proud Phillip then trembled at Howard's great name, Sir,
And fear'd his Eſcurial wou'd feed Britiſh flame, Sir.

The Mynheers then our Queen did greatly aſſiſt, Sir,
From ſlav'ry to free them ſhe long did perſiſt, Sir,
For Amboyna can witneſs, and ſo can laſt war, Sir,
How grateful the Dutch to old England ever were, Sir.

And Louis of Gallia his ſubjects did oppreſs, Sir,
With tenets quite papal the truth to ſuppreſs, Sir,
But Rochelle then cou'd witneſs our Queen's noble mind, Sir,
Which truly evinc'd her the friend of mankind, Sir.

Then

Then hurling and wreſtling and pitching of the bar, Sir,
Was prefer'd to a flute, a fiddle, or guittar, Sir,
Our men were all heroes, our women were fair, Sir,
And friendſhip and love reign'd in uniſon here, Sir.

Good beef and good beer then ladies had at nine, Sir,
With bread not the fineſt, without Gallia's wine, Sir,
Thro' woodlands and fields they'd hunt in the morn, Sir,
For huſbands ne'er dreaded the antling horn, Sir.

In thoſe happy days when freedom was enthron'd, Sir,
When loyalty bloſſom'd, and freedom too was own'd, Sir,
The laurels of conqueſt belong'd to each chief, Sir,
For the food of true Britons was pudding and beef, Sir.

At this happy period great Shakeſpear aroſe, Sir,
To ſhew us how Harry ſubdued our French foes, Sir,
When Agincourt's battle was deſcrib'd by his pen, Sir,
Not a Briton but panted to fight it o'er again, Sir.

Thus victory crown'd all the days of our Beſs, Sir,
That the world ſtill admir'd her glory and ſucceſs, Sir,
Let Charlotte's bright virtues like her's never die, Sir,
For none but our Charlotte's with her fame can vie, Sir.

FAIR

FAIR ROSAMOND.

AN ELEGY.

GLOOMY aroſe the heavy morn,
No air now mov'd the yielding trees,
When Roſamond was ſad, forlorn,
And felt not one refreſhing breeze:
Ah! Henry, now where art thou flown?
Why leave thy love to black deſpair?
My father Clifford, oft wou'd own,
I was his firſt, his fav'rite care.

Ah! injur'd wife! no longer hate,
The victim of thy jealous care,
With tears I now lament too late,
That guilt's too cloſe allied to fear:
E'en Woodſtock's charms, when Henry's fled,
Cannot afford one moment's eaſe,
Nay in his arms, his regal bed,
My ſtill lov'd crime embitters peace.

Thou kingly ſpoiler, once reſtore
Thoſe days of bliſsful innocence,
Or, quite ſequeſter'd, long deplore
My fatal love with penitence.
Alarm'd, the guards and virgins flew,
And ſhudder'd at th' impending ſtorm,
When lo, before her trembling view,
Stood Eleanor's moſt dreaded form.

She bent ſubmiſſive to the ground,
Her form wou'd e'en the tyger melt,
But vengeance echo'd loud a ſound,
And glow'd at what the jealous felt:
In vain for pity did ſhe call,
The boon quick vaniſh'd into air,
The dagger, or the bowl, was all
That Henry's wife doom'd for his fair.

A lifeleſs corpſe ſhe ſoon became,
But yet her form retain'd its charms;
Thoſe charms for which ſhe loſt her fame,
Which loſt her from a father's arms:—

In

In choral ſounds, now o'er her clay,
The ſolemn dirge to heav'n aſcends,
And as thro' air it wings its way,
The tear of pity, ſoft deſcends.

A HUNTING SONG.

WHEN Sol appears ready to mount his bright car,
With gold to illumine each vale;
The ſweet ſound of the horn is heard from afar,
Convey'd by a South-weſtern gale.

CHORUS.

The notes of the horn, thro' the air wings its way,
And Echo exulting, cries hark, hark away.

See the game now in view, and hounds o'er the plain,
Ev'ry heart with rapture's elate,
United our cries reach heaven's domain,
Defying the mandates of Fate.

CHORUS.

The notes, &c.

Each hill and each dale but adds to our ſport,
Tho' checquer'd the proſpects appear,
To the ſordid, or great, we'll never pay court,
When muſical horns ſtrike our ear.

CHORUS.

The notes, &c.

Tho'

Tho' varied each note, it enraptures the man,
And drowns the idea of fear;
Our paſtime how bleſt when Content leads the van,
And Health too attends in the rear.

CHORUS.

The notes of the horn thro' the air wings its way,
And Echo, exulting, cries hark, hark away.

THE SONS OF LIBERTY HALL.

TUNE—" LIBERTY HALL."

TOO often will poets of deities write,
And of Jove and his dame ſtrange things will indite,
Of Momus the joker, and the God of the vine,
Whoſe wit and whoſe grape make Olympus divine.

And Venus, all lovely, with ſmiles will aſſail
The fierce God of War, and o'er him prevail,
But let all their charms in uniſon glow,
They ne'er can feel raptures like thoſe we beſtow.

Our name will announce what governs each heart,
For pleaſures convivial we ever impart,
For Jollity ſheds his influence o'er all,
And makes happy the SONS OF LIBERTY HALL.

When TABOIS his good humour diffuſes around,
No Momus we want—for no dullneſs is found,
Each high-ſeaſon'd joke conveys rapture to all,
And laughter reſounds thro' LIBERTY HALL.

There's

There's GOULD, WRAY, and PITTMAN, together unite,
To add to the treat their ſhare of delight,
With ſong and with wit, they throw Pleaſures ball,
And warm all the SONS OF LIBERTY HALL.

The gods grew impatient that we ſons of earth,
Shou'd melody claim, and boaſt of true mirth,
Apollo then gave his muſical call—
Oh, haſten, ye gods, to LIBERTY HALL!

Their manſion enſures all that's pleaſant and gay,
And each brilliant hour ſterling pleaſures diſplay,
There Melody's ſtrains muſt enrapture us all,—
So happy the ſons of LIBERTY HALL.

Says Jove, ſtay a while, and a bleſſing I'll ſend,
For honor and worth I will ever befriend;
And long ſhall they flouriſh the envy of all,
And content bleſs the FRIENDS OF LIBERTY HALL.

A MASONIC SONG.

TUNE—" TO ANACREON IN HEAV'N."

TO Friendſhip divine, be my lay now addreſs'd,
The ſource of all good that we here can enjoy;
Fair Virtue expanding each FREE MASON's breaſt,
Increaſing thoſe joys that have no alloy:
For long 'ere the flood,
Free Maſonry ſtood,
Unſhaken and firm, for the baſis was good:
From heaven deſcended the bleſſing divine,
What's worthy and noble, in our order combine.

Let Madneſs, let Folly, our ſyſtem oppoſe,
Jaundic'd Envy and Malice attack us in vain;
The ſmiles of the fair, will rout all our foes,
And we willingly wear love's ſoft feather'd chain:
The breaſt that's ſincere,
Muſt virtue revere,
And ſurely be bleſſed by Albion's ſweet fair:
And Maſons will hail the bleſſings divine,
When Love and true Friendſhip, ſhall bliſsful combine.

The

The Cardinal Virtues, our tenets approve,
Well pleas'd with true Maſons, delighted they dwell;
Two pillars ſupport the Manſion we love,
Where Friendſhip's our Magic and Union the ſpell;
Benevolence warm,
Each Maſon can charm,
And the keen edge of hatred inſtant diſarm;
Such the bleſſings that flow from our order divine,
Where Harmony ſweetly with Concord combine.

With WISDOM we trace, and STRENGTHENING ſupport,
The wonderful BEAUTIES adorning the whole;
Bright SOL, and fair LUNA, both quit heaven's court,
And the glittering STARS that thro' ether roll;
Nay, th' ALMIGHTY's WORD,
Does protection afford,
The RULE and the GUIDE of our FAITH, we record:
May we practice theſe tenets of friendſhip and love,
To inſure us all ſeats in the GRAND LODGE above.

A MA-

A MASONIC SONG.

TUNE—" RULE BRITANNIA."

WHEN Maſonry by heav'n's command,
Illumin'd firſt this nether world,
Dividing then the ſea from land,
No longer in confuſion hurl'd.
Hail Maſonry! myſterious and divine,
By heaven bleſs'd for ever ſhine.

The Eaſt firſt blazon'd forth our fame,
The Ark by God's direction made,
Evinces well that Maſon's claim,
Th' Almighty's great protecting aid.
Hail Maſonry! &c.

From Tubal Cain, from age to age,
Behold the art reſplendent ſhine;
WISDOM and BEAUTY will engage,
Cementing STRENGTH the whole conjoin.
Hail Maſonry! &c.

A Maſon's

A Maſon's virtues, minds prophane,
Will ne'er allow upon the SQUARE,
We pity both the weak and vain,
To folly they a temple rear.

Hail Maſonry! &c.

The LEVEL truly points the line,
The PLUMB-RULE uprightneſs on earth:
Soft CHARITY here grateful ſhine,
And FAITH and HOPE, with chearful mirth.

Hail Maſonry! &c.

To DUNCKERLY, our glaſſes raiſe,
(The point within our circle here,)
His worth demands our warmeſt praiſe,
His ſteady zeal our thanks ſincere.
Hail Maſonry! myſterious and divine,
By heaven bleſs'd for ever ſhine.

A MA-

A MASONIC SONG.

TUNE—"LIBERTY HALL."

LET muſic's ſweet charms our myſteries approve,
The powers of friendſhip and brotherly love;
My language's not equal, and faint are my lays,
Free Maſons to paint, or to ſing in their praiſe.

Let cynical elves who to knowledge pretend,
Our order arraign, and their ſyſtems defend,
It ſure muſt be madneſs obſerves common ſenſe,
To condemn what's not known without a pretence.

'Tis minds truly lib'ral, that friendſhip can warm,
That can Eaves-droppers balk, and Cowans diſarm;
Who the eſſence divine of our ſcience ſhall prove,
And its orders majeſtic that regular move.

When diſtreſs and misfortune the gale adverſe blows,
Then our zeal and our friendſhip moſt fervently glows,
Benevolence ſweetly hails the brother diſtreſs'd,
And the ſoft balm of comfort pours into his breaſt.

In

In our lodge ſweet inſtruction and pleaſure we blend,
And morality's tenets to all recommend;
The *Dove* and the *Lamb* likewiſe innocence ſhow,
And *one* is a badge more than Kings can beſtow.

May the bleſſings of heav'n our lodges attend,
Our order protect, and each brother defend;
May Free Maſons flouriſh from ſhore unto ſhore,
And the TEMPLE exiſt 'till time is no more.

A MA-

A MASONIC SONG.

TUNE—"THE MULBERRY TREE."

TO the fame of Free Maſons your voices unite,
The virtues of brothers with joy to recite,
Whoſe boſoms admit not of hate or of guile,
But friendſhip in concert with harmony ſmile.

All ſhall admire Free Maſons fame,
They honour claim,
By merit's name;
Two pillars fair,
They all revere,
And oral truths delighted hear.

The term of Free Maſons mankind muſt revere,
In Lodge' they all in due order appear;
Then toaſt not your heroes in annals of fame,
'Tis Brothers I'll give—'tis Free Maſons I'll name.
All ſhall admire, &c.

The

The name of a Maſon does honour confer,
What fair one but men of ſuch worth would prefer?
For virtue and truth in their breaſts brightly ſhine,
And love planted there is a paſſion divine.

All ſhall admire, &c.

Permit me, my Brothers, with heart moſt ſincere,
In words truly warm, my good will to declare,
May we with firm friendſhip each other regard,
And heaven's beſt bleſſings that friendſhip reward.

All ſhall admire Free Maſons fame,
We honour claim,
By merit's name,
Two pillars fair,
We all revere,
And oral truths delighted hear.

A MA-

A MASONIC SONG.

TUNE—"OR GIVE ME DEATH OR LIBERTY."

WHEN Maſons all in order ſit,
Attentive round the board,
They baniſh noiſe and obſcene wit,
Decorum is the word:
The knowledge that Free Maſons gain,
Will ev'ry vice controul,
And teach them to relieve the pain,
That wounds a brother's ſoul:
For honour reigns in Maſons' ſouls,
Inſtruction ſweetens all their bowls.

FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY ſupport,
The noble glorious pile;
The VIRTUES FOUR do there reſort,
And with complacence ſmile;

Bright

Bright FREEDOM, FERVENCY, and ZEAL,
Shall to assist combine;
And WISDOM, STRENGTH, and BEAUTY will
Supporting aid conjoin:
Thus, thus adorn'd, what mansion fair,
Can with a Mason's Lodge compare?

G A MA-

A MASONIC SONG.

TUNE—"ON THE WHITE CLIFFS OF ALBION."

ASSIST me, URANIA, our patroneſs muſe,
With Apollo's ſoft lyre, thy bleſſings diffuſe,
Support my weak lay with thy ſpirit divine,
URANIA's bleſt ardour adorn ev'ry line.

Impreſs'd be each boſom with friendſhip benign,
Let care hence be baniſh'd, and chearfulneſs ſhine,
As the ſpheres in their circles orderly move,
Our Lodges' great circle is brotherly love.

The fabrick is glorious, the foundation ſtrong,
The ſciences all to our order belong;
E'en Monarchs and Princes as Brethren we boaſt,
And the Temple's FIRST THREE ſhall ſtill be our toaſt.

The arts various beauties old time will annoy,
And the warm glowing tints of painting deſtroy;
The ſculptor's proportion no longer be known,
And cities and temples to ruins be thrown.

But

But the Maſon's grand art e'en time can defy,
Our lodges are laſting, our tenets ne'er die—
Sweet concord and friendſhip are pillars we own,
And beauties Moſaic by light are made known.

Majeſtic Proportion will graceful appear,
And luminous bodies that nations revere;
Forms rough and unhewn next are ſhown to your view,
Which you ſhape by the ſquare, and angles make true.

Our temple is noble, ſuperb in each part;
Our principal jewel is goodneſs of heart;
All our ſecrets profound I've here ſhown to view,
And Maſons will own that the painting is true.

A MASONIC SONG.

ADDRESSED TO THE

BRISTOL ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER.

TUNE—" THE ALBION SONG."

THE temple divine by three maſters was rear'd,
And ſkilful proportion with grandeur appear'd;
From the ſanctum ſanctorum did their pray'rs aſcend,
And ſtrength and eſtabliſhment the porch did defend;
When the ſojourning Jews return'd to their land,
A ſecond they rais'd by JEHOVAH's command.

Three ſteps that are perfect and purely divine,
Muſt firſt be work'd true by the level and line;
To caverns of darkneſs muſt chearful deſcend,
When the ſtone is remov'd that is fix'd to defend,
Muſt wander forlorn thro' each darkſome abode,
'Till the ſun's chearing rays ſhews the light of a GOD.

The

The plate of pure gold ſhews the myſtic deſign,
And THREE truly can ſolve the tablet divine;
In the beginning 'twas known, and never can end—
This humbly you learn from a Monarch your friend:
In return you with labor your duty repay,
With tool or with ſword his commands muſt obey.

The records all ſafe, and ſecur'd the bleſs'd ſcroll.
The ſecret divine will expand the wrapt ſoul;
You'll there find ſweet FRIENDSHIP with TRUTH
and RELIEF,
Which is the firm creed of a Maſon's belief;
Ne'er ſwerve, and then VIRTUE, if baniſh'd the land,
In our boſoms will live, and be our real GRAND.

A MASONIC SONG.

ADDRESSED TO THE

ROYAL GLOUCESTER LODGE,

GLOUCESTER.

TUNE—"LET CARE BE A STRANGER."

LET the myrtle of Venus, and Bacchus's vine,
With Flora's fair tints form a wreath that's divine,
Let the Muſes their ſkill together unite,
A ſweet chaplet to form of love and delight;
For whom, ſays the prude, who nature can warm,
Is this chaplet ſo ſweet, that females can charm?
For MASONS, ſays Momus, thoſe true ſons of love,
Who their charter deriv'd from Jove who's above.

See Urania advance, with Clio her friend,
Obſerve all the deeds by hiſtory penn'd;
No act that is worthy, or ſcience yet ſhown,
But to a FREE MASON muſt fully be known:
See the noble five orders with ſymmetry riſe,
Their canopy nought but the ſtar-ſpangled ſkies,
Incloſing the virtues to FREE MASONS taught,
Whoſe precepts with downy-wing'd Charity's fraught.

The

The ſun in the eaſt his glory diſplays,
Aurora before him announces her rays;
When high in meridian, we MASONS know well,
To cheer with repaſt—then with toil each excel;
When with crimſon and gold he ſets in the weſt,
The men we diſcharge, and to labour give reſt:
From morning to eve we his beauties admire,
For light and inſtruction FREE MASONS inſpire.

Our tenets are noble, ſublime is each part,
The ſoul they exalt, and expand the warm heart;
The tongue thus directed will ever defend,
A Brother when abſent, and call him his friend:
The Lodge, ROYAL GLOUCESTER ſupport the bright name,
Shew virtues Maſonic with ſplendor and fame,
Let the world ſtill reſpect your zeal and your fire,
And the noble FIRST THREE your hearts all inſpire.

A REVOLUTION SONG.

As ſung the 4th of November at the SHIP TAVERN, at a Meeting to commemorate that happy Epocha.

TUNE—"THE ALBION SONG."

LET Fame ſound her trumpet true glory to hail,
And the notes far convey'd by each ſwelling gale,
For Albion muſt ſmile to remember the hour,
When tyranny fled before Freedom's bright pow'r,
Then Nereids and Tritons did rapt'rous proclaim,
Around Neptune's throne our deliverer's name.

For ſhackles were form'd to enchain our free mind,
And oaths were forgotten that Monarchs ſhould bind;
Corruption inſidious had ſapp'd to the root,
Fair Liberty's tree, and blaſted the fruit.
The branches were wither'd, the bloſſoms were loſt,
And its juices arreſted by tyranny's froſt.

Truth

Truth and Honour was forc'd from Albion's fair iſle,
When JEFFERIES and KIRK made cruelty ſmile,
Then Freedom look'd up with an imploring eye,
And eloquent ſpoke with an heart-rending ſigh;
Alarm'd, all the Virtues then flew to her aid,
Reſolv'd to aſſiſt, and relieve the bleſt maid.

Again Albion's land did with tranſport reſound,
And Jove look'd propitious—for WILLIAM was found,
True Britons then view'd him with wonder and love,
And Liberty ſmiling Jove's choice did approve,
Ev'ry boſom then glow'd at her cheering call,
"AND TO DIE IF NOT FREE," was the motto of all.

Our rights to protect he ſtrain'd ev'ry nerve,
Which let us ſupport, and for ages preſerve;—
May BRUNSWICK's great race purſue the ſame line,
And GEORGE like our WILLIAM in hiſtory ſhine:
Long may liberty's tenets with loyalty's twine—
The people make happy—the Monarch divine.

The

The three following little Pieces, by Mr. BERNARD of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, tho' never before publiſhed, I have his leave to inſert; and hope they will prove acceptable to my numerous, and very reſpectable friends.

AN EPITAPH

ON MR. PAYN, LATE OF THE BATH COMPANY.

BENEATH lies lamented the manes of PAYN,
Bereft of what's giddy, gay, thoughtleſs or vain,
Of Payn who was Pleaſure's gay ſon thro' the year,
But for Payn Pleaſure droops, and ſhe now ſheds a tear,
In Autumn Payn wither'd, in Winter Payn died,
For * SUMMER's ſweet ſunſhine to Payn was denied,
A dart from keen death enter'd Payn's honeſt breaſt,
And a † DART of religion conſign'd him to reſt.

EXTEM-

* Miſs Summers of the Bath Theatre, to whom he was to have been married.

† Rev. Mr. Dart, who attended his funeral.

EXTEMPORE

ON THE DEATH OF A MOUSE.

THE golden gates of day were clos'd,
Night reign'd in ſolemn ſtate,
Affliction lull'd, awhile repos'd,
And dreams revers'd it's fate.

Then ſeated in my elbow chair,
On ſtudy fix'd—intent—
A prowling mouſe who lik'd my fare,
March'd out on forage bent.

She rang'd the cupboard, view'd the cheer,
Then curl'd her tail and play'd,
Nor thought the traitor death was near,
Nor dream'd ſhe was betray'd.

Then from my ſeat I ſlily ſtole,
And mark'd a well aim'd blow,
She ſtruggled to attain her hole,
But Fate had lain her low.

With panting boſom—piercing ſhriek—
She quiv'ring, dying, lay,
With trembling lip, and bloodſtain'd cheek,
She gaſping ſeem'd to ſay:—

My huſband, Sir, is ſick at home,
For him did I intrude,
And thought beneath your friendly dome,
To find a bit of food.

The gleaner in the harveſt fields,
Nor friendſhip breaks, nor laws,
But follows at the reapers heels,
And picks the ſcatter'd ſtraws.

So I with ſcatter'd crumbs, or cruſt,
Have oft been loaded home,
Nor thought it any breach of truſt,
To bear away a bone.

My

My neighb'ring mice are thieves I know,
Your dainties they abuſe,
But I've receiv'd a fatal blow,
For what your dogs refuſe.

They often rob your choiceſt ſtore,
But I was juſt indeed,
Thus villains often reſt ſecure,
Whilſt honeſt creatures bleed.

But now death ruſhes on apace,
My pangs I cannot ſmother;
In pity ſpare my infant race,
Becauſe you've kill'd their mother.

And once a day through yonder breach,
Oh grant my laſt deſire!
Some crumbs throw in, my boys will reach,
And feed their ſickly fire.

And ſhould their infant ſteps intrude,
By want or ſickneſs driven,
Oh think you've ſhed their mother's blood,
And let them be forgiven.

She then threw out a piteous ſigh,
And turn'd upon her ſide,
Pale ſorrow gliſten'd in her eye,
She drop'd its tear and died.

WERTER,

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

WHen midnight bell, that wakes the guilty breaſt,
And calls from yawning graves each troubled gueſt,
In ſolemn tone, ſlow toll'd poor WERTER's knell,
WERTER, a youth who lov'd, ALAS!—TOO WELL—
Round his ſad couch the Furies did preſide,
And o'er his head enthron'd ſat SUICIDE—
BLOOD-STAIN'D AND GRIM—WERTER, my ſon, ſhe cried,
Yon weapon ſeize and I your hand will guide.
Rouz'd at her call, to DEATH he ſwift applies,
And thus in ſorrows ſtrains he cloſ'd his eyes.

AIR.

Ye fond ſighs ſwell my boſom no more,
My poor heart from your agonies ceaſe,
For this blood which now purples the floor,
Shall incite the ſoft harbinger Peace:

Was

Was it Charlotte cried "never meet more?"
There is madneſs ſupreme in the ſound,
Such keen anguiſh no breaſt could endure,
Oh, it pierces more ſharp than my wound!

When with dove-like ſoft rapture I pray'd,
At her feet for a ſmile did contend,
CHARLOTTE coldly turn'd from me diſmay'd,
And ſhe only call'd WERTER her friend.
From this world, cruel beauty, I go,
Yonder church-yard my manes doth crave,
WERTER ſoon in the ground muſt lay low,
Wilt thou once, CHARLOTTE, viſit my grave?

'Midſt the tomb-ſtones, dear girl, as you ſtray,
Where mould'ring to duſt WERTER lies,
Wilt thou offer one ſigh to his clay,
For it's incenſe will mount to the ſkies,
Wilt thou waft with that tribute a tear,
For ſweet mercy will liſt to thy cry?
Calling CHARLOTTE, he dy'd in deſpair,
And the fates bore him off with a ſigh!

FINIS.

NEW SENTIMENTS.

MAY rosy Health depict the huntsman's face and Content bless his dwelling.

May we know Variety, to feel the bliss of Constancy.

The roses of Love, and the festivity of Friendship.

May Simplicity sow the seeds of Content, and Honesty alone reap the harvest.

The Sons of Liberty crown'd with wreaths of glory.

Connubial sweets, without the acids of Care.

Love with delicacy, and Friendship with sincerity.

The roſes of Pleaſure, without the thorns of Vice.

The ſeeds of Virtue in a grateful ſoil.

May Virtue pity Vice, and reclaim the abandoned.

Sterling friendſhip, without the alloy of hypocriſy.

Proſperity to thoſe, that can bear adverſity with fortitude.

Love matured by eſteem, and cemented by Friendſhip.

When health is the game, may content be in view.

Juſtice robed with honor, and Mercy crowned with tears.

May the roſes of Content ſtrew your pillows, and Peace ſmile upon your dwellings.

The jewel Delicacy burniſh'd by the rays of Honor.

The Britiſh tar happy in the haven of Love.

The ſpirit of Friendſhip flavour'd by Eſteem.

May Love impel the bark, whoſe freight is Conſtancy.

May Peace bleſs the boſom, and Health chear the brow.

May Succeſs ſwell the ſails of Britain, and Victory wave her flag.

May the heart never form a plan, that honor dares not avow.

Gratitude's beſt eloquence——Silence!

May none but the lovers of Freedom dwell in Liberty Hall.

The raptures of Love, with the hilarity of Friendſhip.

The path of Truth, that leads to the temple of Virtue.

Friendſhip's ſuperſtructure erected upon the baſe of Generoſity.

Liberty

Liberty emblazon'd by Honor, and creſted by Succeſs.

The juſt ambition that expands the heart, and ennobles the ſoul.

The initiation of Worth into the manſion of Merit.

The drum of Love and Beauty, beating up for the volunteers of Hymen and Happineſs.

Ruſtic honeſty in courtly boſoms.

The clock of Happineſs wound up by true ſociality.

The trump that incites to war, and the lute that harmonizes peace.

The freedom that rouzes, when tyranny infringes.

May merit be honored, and fortune ſmile upon deſert.

May the hero in war be guarded by Love, and ſhielded by Friendſhip.

May

May thoſe who expreſs Love's ſentiments PROPERLY, feel it's force JUSTLY.

May the gale of Sincerity, waft the bark of Love to the harbour of Joy.

May the defenders of Liberty ever poſſeſs her deareſt bleſſings.

May the charms of Beauty ever bleſs the deſerving.

May Butler's Collegians ſmile at Fate, and laugh at Care.

May Friendſhip's tenets be cultivated by the votaries of Conviviality.

The ſmiles of Forgiveneſs bleſſing the tears of Contrition.

Friendſhip upon the level, and Juſtice on the ſquare.

May the bark of Proſperity, glide o'er the ocean of Serenity, avoiding the rocks of Adverſity.

May the ſmiles of Friendſhip gladden the hour of Conviviality.

May Innocence never feel the pangs of Misfortune, or Virtue be depreſſed by the frowns of Fate.

May bridal pleaſures be the prelude to laſting happineſs.

May the wings of Delight waft us to the regions of Love.

May the ſmiles of Chearfulneſs enlivening the board of Hoſpitality.

Whatever pleaſures actuate the mind, may honeſty direct the heart.

