

S I X

B A L L A D S

O N T H E

H U M O U R S

O F T H E

T O W N,

Suited to all Voices, Instruments and Capacities.

The Words and Musick by Mr. CAREY.

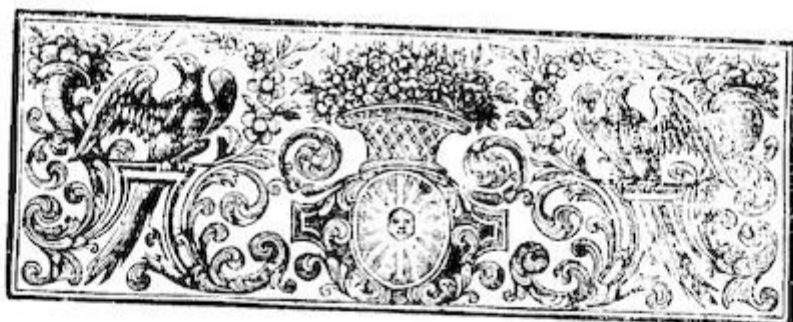
V O L. II. P A R T II.

*Since Poets, when anxious for Pelf,
Through want of a Patron miscarry;
For once, prove a Friend to thy self,
And be thy own Patron, Dear HARRY!*

BEGGAR'S OPERA. Page 86.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year 1728. and sold at the Musick Shops. Price
One Shilling.



T O M Y

Dear FRIEND and SCHOLAR

Mr. James Worsdale,

To whose agreeable Performances my
Reputation stands much indebted :

A N D

In whose improving Pencil begins to appear the
Genius of his late Master,

Sir Godfrey Kneller,

T H E S E

S I X B A L L A D S

Are cordially dedicated

By his affectionate

H. CAREY.



T H E

P R E F A C E.



ENCOURAGEMENT is the Life of Industry, and the Favours of the Publick to my last have given birth to this.

I intended indeed to have publish'd a Book of Cantatas, but finding the Taste of the Town take another Channel, and thinking it unseasonable in me to be serious while every body else is merry, I have substituted these Ballads, and postpon'd the Cantatas 'till a more proper Opportunity.

I beg leave to inform my Friends, I shall publish no more Musick by Subscription, but occasionally, in twelve-penny Pamphlets, to be sold at the Musick Shops; ten of which will compleat this Second Volume: For indeed I think Poetry more suitable to Subscription than Musick, considering more People can read than sing; and willing to put my Poetical Performances in some Method, I propose to publish 'em next Winter on the under-written Terms.

In the mean time I take this Occasion thus publickly to thank those honourable and worthy Persons, who supported the Infancy of my Studies, by subscribing to my First Volume of Songs, as also those who have done me the honour to subscribe to my Poems, yet unpublish'd; and I sincerely assure 'em, I shall esteem my Life and Labours too short, to make suitable Acknowledgment for such Friendship and Generosity.

P. S. I have made bold with my own Tune of SALLY, to the Song of POLLY PEACHUM, as more suitable to the Purpose than any other Tune I could make.

E R R A T A.

IN CAREY'S With, Page Verse 5. Line 1. for *School*, r. *School*, and in POLLY PEACHUM Page 1. Line 1. Barr 3d. Note 2 in the Bass for A play B. Excuse is begg'd for what others have escap'd Notice.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

April 12. 1728.

WHEREAS two Editions of MR. CAREY'S Poems are out of Print, and large Additions being since made; he proposes to print a more copious and correct Edition, in one Volume in Quarto; on the following Terms.

I. THE Book shall contain thirty Sheets, printed on a good Paper and Letter; the Price to Subscribers is half a Guinea, in Quires: The whole to be paid down.

II. It shall certainly be published next Michaelmas Term.

III. IF the whole Impression be not subscribed for, what Books are left will be kept in the Author's Hands, and not sold under a Guinea each.

IV. THE Author's Effigies will be prefixed.

V. IF any Subscriber be dissatisfied before the Book is put to the Press, they shall have their Money again on demand.

AND *Mr. CAREY* are already near an hundred subscribers.

The Author not having Health or Leisure to solicit Subscriptions, humbly hopes his Friends will be pleas'd to send their Names, &c. to any of the following Booksellers. M^r MEADOWS at the Angel in Cornhill, M^r KING in St. Paul's Church-yard, M^r WORRALL at the Judge's Head against S^t Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet, M^r JACKSON in Pall-mall, M^r STAGG in Westminster-Hall, and M^r L B A X at Bath.

Polly Peachum, to the Tune of Sally in o' Alley.

Of all ^w Feasts, that Britain boasts; the ^w gem, the gent, ^w
 Jolly, the Brown, ^w & Fair, ^w & Debonnair, there's none cry'd up like
 Polly; she's charm'd ^w & Town, has quite cut down the Opera of
 Roll: Go ^w to you will, ^w & subject still, is pretty, pretty Polly.

2
 There's Madam Faustina, Catso,
 And eke Madame Cationi;
 Likewise mijn Heer Senesino,
 Are tutti Abbandonni:
 Ha, ha, ha, ha; Do, re, mi, fa,
 Are now but Farce & Folly
 We're ravish'd all, ^w & Toll, toll, toll,
 And pretty, pretty Polly.

4
 Oh Johnny Gay! thy Lucky Play,
 Has made the Critics Grin, a;
 They Cry tis flat, tis thus, tis that,
 But, let them Laugh if win, a;
 I swear Parbleu, tis naif & new;
 All Nature is but jolly,
 Has lent a Stitch to Fate of Rich,
 And Set up Madam Polly.

3
 The Sons of Bayes, in Lyric Lays,
 Sound forth her Fame in Print O;
 & as we pass, in Frame & Glass,
 We see her Mezzo-tint - O:
 In Ivy Lane, & City strain,
 Is now no more on Dolly;
 & all of Brights, at Man's & Whites,
 Of nothing talk, but Polly.

5
 Ah! Funeful Fair! Beware! beware!
 Nor Joy with Star & Garter:
 Fine Cloaths may hide a foul Inside,
 & You may Catch a Tartar;
 If Powder'd Pop Blow up y' Shop,
 I will make y' melancholly;
 Then left Fortorn & Beauz will scorn,
 Alas, Alas, poor Polly!

Flute

Cross Sculp.

The thoughts of an Ambitious Country Girl, or, pleasures of it. 5th 8.
 Sung in the *Provok'd Husband* by M^rs Cibber:

What tho' they call me Country Lass, I read it plainly
 in my lapp, that for a Dutchess I might pass, Oh could I see the Day!
 Would Fortune but attend my call, at Park, at Play, at Ring, at Ball, &c
 Brave the Proudest of 'em All; with a stand by! — Clear the way!

Surrounded by a Croud of Beaux,
 With smart Toupets, and Powder'd Cloaths,
 At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose;
 Oh could I see the Day!
 I'll dart such glances from these Eyes,
 Shall make some Nobleman my Prize,
 And then, Oh how I'll Tyrannize!
 With a stand by! — Clear the way!

O then for Grandeur and Delight,
 For Equipage, for Diamonds bright,
 And Flambeaux, that outshine the light;
 Oh could I see the Day!
 Thus ever easy, ever gay,
 Quadrille shall wear the Night away,
 And pleasure crown the growing Day;
 With a stand by! — Clear the way!

Flute.

Cross Sculp.

If 3 last lines alter'd by another hand are sung thus
 Of Love and Joy I'll take my fill,
 The tedious hours of Life to kill,
 In ev'ry thing I'd have my will;

Carey's Wish. a Catch for 3 Voices, to be sung or said. ⁹

Curst be the Wretch that's bought & sold, & Barter'd
 Liberty for Gold; for when Election is not free, in
 vain we boast of Liberty; & he, who sells his single
 Right, would sell his Country, if he might.

2

When Liberty is put to Sale
 For Wine, for Money, or for Ale,
 The Sellers must be abject Slaves,
 The Buyers vile designing Knaves;
 & 't has a Proverb been of Old,
 The Devil's bought, but to be sold.

3

This Maxim, in the Statesman's Schole
 Is always taught, **Divide & Rule**.
 All parties are to him a joke;
 While Zealots foam, he fits the yoke:
 When Men their reason once resume,
 'Tis then the Statesman's turn to fume.

4

Learn, learn ye Brittons to unite,
 Leave off the old exploded bite.
 Hence forth let Whig & Tory cease,
 & turn all party rage to peace;
 Then shall we see a Glorious Scene,
 And so, God save the **King & Queen!**

Flute.

N.B. This may be play'd in Concert by 3 Flutes of equal pitch. Cross Sculp.

The Maids Petition. 10

Largo e Affettuoso.

Cruel Creature can you leave me, can you

then Ungrateful prove! did you Court me, to decieve me,

& to slight my Constant Love!

2

*False Ungrateful! thus to woe me,
Thus to make my Heart a Prize:
First to ruin and undo me,
Then to Scorn and Tyrannize.*

3

*Shall I send to Heavn my prayer,
Shall I all my Wrongs relate;
Shall I curse the dear betrayer?
No, alas! it is too late.*

4

*Cupid, pity my Condition,
Pierce this unrelenting Swain;
Hear a Tender Maids Petition,
& restore my Love again.*

Flute.

Cross Sculp.

On the prospect of Peace.

at Encrease by Jills & Gay, & Every Glass wth Wine, let boundless mirth all cares destroy, &
 pleasure gayly shine: for Peace & Plenty are returning to our British Isle; then
 lay aside all grief & mourning, smile ye Brittons smile; our Gracious King, our
 Loyal Peers & Comons have agreed, wth War shall cease for future Year: & Union shall succeed.

Rejoyce ye Beauties of y^e Court, y^e Heroes will return,
 Ye British Nymphs no more resort in lonely Shades to mourn;
 For now y^e faithful Swains shall bless y^e long neglected Arms,
 & Crown with lasting happiness y^e never dying Charms.
 While y^e wth peaceful blessings Crown'd enjoy y^e sweets of Love,
 & new born pleasures fresh abound in e^{ry} blisful Grove.

Ye Martial Heroes lay aside all thoughts of Wars alarms,
 Your hours will better be employ'd wth in y^e fair ones Arms;
 They shall wth equal Transports meet, wth boldly y^e advance,
 & make y^e pleasures doubly sweet, wth endless complaisance.
 While y^e recruit an Infant train in Venus gentler Wars,
 To make amends for those you've slain wth in y^e Fields of Mars.

Ye Loyal Brittons lay aside all grief & discontent,
 Our King will such a Peace provide shall all y^e fears prevent
 He seeks his Country's happiness, his deeds his thoughts declare,
 To find out means these Realms to bless is all his pious care.
 Let then y^e happy World rejoyce, let War & discord cease;
 While ev'ry heart & ev'ry voice applaud this Glorious Peace.

Flute.

Cross Sculp.

131

The Memorable Ballad of unfortunate Phillis
the fair Maid of Preston in Lancashire. 12

Slow.

Colin a gentle Shepherd Swain, with Eery beauty grac'd,

Upon the fairest of the Plain, his fond Affection plac'd.

I was Phillis, beautiful & gay,
By all admir'd & lov'd,
Hlad stol'n a Shepherd's heart away,
But mark how Phillis prov'd.

But scarce had he the Fair enjoy'd,
If gain'd her tender heart;
When with her fond Embraces cloy'd,
She quickly did depart.

Deaf & regardless to his Pray'r,
With scorn she from him flew;
She was unkind, as she was Fair,
& False, as he was True.

Phillis thus basely left alone,
By him whom she ador'd,
To ev'ry Echo made her moan,
& ev'ry Pow'r implor'd.

Poor Colin, forc'd by her disdain,
To Desarts wild retir'd;
Where oft he sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain,
For her whom he admir'd.

But ah, alas! too late she found
Her darling so unkind,
For Love had all thier Labours crown'd,
& left a Pledge behind.

The other Nymphs for Colin pind,
Phillis his Love despis'd;
She to that passion was unkind,
Which many would have priz'd.

Of Colin now she seeks relief,
And to the desert flies,
Where he had stol'n to vent his grief,
& Echo forth his cries.

But she, who has thus long deny'd
An humble constant Swain,
Phillis, who had with wondrous pride
Resisted all the Plain,

But Colin grown much wiser now,
Experienced by his smart,
Met Phillis with an angry brow,
& baffled all her Art.

Was vanquisht by a Coat of Lace,
& by an Outside won;
By Flaxen Wig, & Brazen Face,
Poor Phillis was undone.

His love was now to hatred turn'd,
His jounes to disdain,
& she who had his passion scorn'd,
He scorn'd as much again.

It chanc'd a splendid Courtier came
To breath the rural Air;
Whose gay Addresses did inflame
The too, too easy Fair.

Back to the Groves he did repair,
& there in Wedlock join'd
A Nymph, as faithles Phillis Fair,
But much more Chaste, & Kind.

This Courtier, artful to deceive,
So much on Phillis gain'd,
All he could ask, or she could give,
He easily obtain'd.

Poor Phillis far remoter fled,
Her adverse fate to blame;
Where she conceal'd her guilty head,
But not her grief & shame.

Flute. Cross Sculp.