

_____. The Canary Bird or, gentlemen and lady's polite amusement containing the productions of our most favourite English authors which have been sung at the polite places of resort. London: Curtis, 1760?

Song LXXIX.

A Panegyrick on the Ladies:
Being Chaucer's Recantation for The blind eat many a flie,
Sung at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

Old Chaucer once to this re-ecchoing grove,
Sung, 'Of the sweet bewitching tricks of love;'
But soon he found he'd fully'd his renown
And, in repentant strains, this recantation sung.

AIR

Long since, unto her native sky,
Fled heav'n descended constancy;
Nought now that's stable to be had;
The world's grown mutuable and mad:
Save woman—they we must confess
Are miracles of stedfastness:
And ev'ry witty, pretty dame
Bears for her motto—still the fame.

The flow'rs that in the vale are seen,
The white, the yellow, blue and green,
In brief complexion idly gay,
Still set with ev'ry setting day,
Dispers'd by wind, or chill'd by frost.
Their odours gone, their colours lost:
But what is true, tho' passing strange,
The women never—fade or change.

The wise man said, that all was vain,
And follies universal reigh;
Wisdom its vot'ries oft enthralls,

Riches torment, and pleasure palls;
And 'tis, good lack, a gen'ral rule,
That each man, soon or late's, a fool;
In women 'tis the exception lies;
For they are wond'rous, wond'rous wise.

This earthly hall with noise abounds,
And from its emptiness it sounds;
Fame's deaf'ning din, the hum of men,
The lawyers plea, the poet's pen;
But women here no one suspects;
Silence distinguishes that sex;
For, poor dumb things! so meek's their mould,
You scarce can hear them—when they scold.

CHORUS.

An hundred mouths, an hundred tongues,
An hundred pair of iron lungs,
Five heralds, and five thousand cryers,
With throats whose accents never tires,
Then speaking trumpets of a size,
Would deafness with their din surprise,
Your praise, sweet nymphs, shall sing and say;
And those that will believe it-----may.
And those that will believe it-----may.

SONG LXXX

The Trial of Chaucer's Ghost.

Sung at Vauxhall.

By Mr. Lowe, Miss Norris, and Miss Stevenson.

Miss Norris.

Thou traitor, who with the fair se hath made war,
Come hither, and hold up thy hand at the bar:
By a jury of damsels you now must be try'd,
For having your betters traduc'd and bely'd.

Miss Stephenson.

How could'st thou such base defamation devise,
And not have the fear of our sex in your eyes?
In all decency gone—all good-breeding forgot?
Speak, varlet, and plead—art thou guilty, or not?

Mr. Lowe.

Not guilty, I plead, but submit to the laws,
And with pleasure I yield to these fair ones my cause;
But still, that my trial more just may appear,
Speak louder and faster, or how should I hear?

Miss Norris.

Hast thou not presum'd to alarm each bright toast,
By the conjuring up of an old English ghost;
And made fusty Chaucer, without a pretext,
Snarl posthumous nonsense against the fair sex.

Miss Stephenson.

Hast thou not presum'd to alarm each bright maid,
With that common place trash, that each virgin must fade?
And, without fear or wit, most assuming and bold,
Hast dar'd to suggest that we paint and we scold.

Mr. Lowe.

For want of experience, when I was but young,
Perhaps such strange falsehoods might drop from my tongue;
But when I recanted for all my sins past,
I thought I had made ou amends at the last.

Miss Norris.

I'll promise you, friend, hou shall duly be paid
For the ample amends that you lately have made;
I fid by your shuffling the whole charge is true,
So I bring you in guilty without more ado.

Miss Stephenson.

Ironial wits, like destroyers of game,
When they hide in a bush, 'tis to take surer aim—
By his shuffling I find too the whole charge is true,
So I bring him in guilty as willing as you.

Mr. Lowe.

Convicted I stand, and submit to my fate;
And fain would repent, but I find it too late;
If death then, alas! is to be my reward,
Why then I must die—but, by Jove, I'll die hard.

Miss Stephenson.

Since to lengths so unbounded, his malice is carry'd
To hand him were kindness—

Miss Norris.

--No; let him be marry'd
To some musty old maid, that's the de'il of a shrew,
That will scold him—

Miss Stephenson.

--and beat him—

Miss Norris.

--and cuckold him too.

Both together.

To some musty old maid, that's the de'il of a shrew,
That will scold him, and beat him, and cuckold him too.