



Emma L.

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1822

RHYMES

AFTER MEAT.



BY A BIRD AT BROMSGROVE.



Of Bromsgrove Courage take a Sample,
And imitate the great Example.

Our name electrifies our foes
The great French Cock no longer crows;
Scar'd, by Association Men,
France, with the horrors, shakes against

Fourth Edition.

Printed for the Author,
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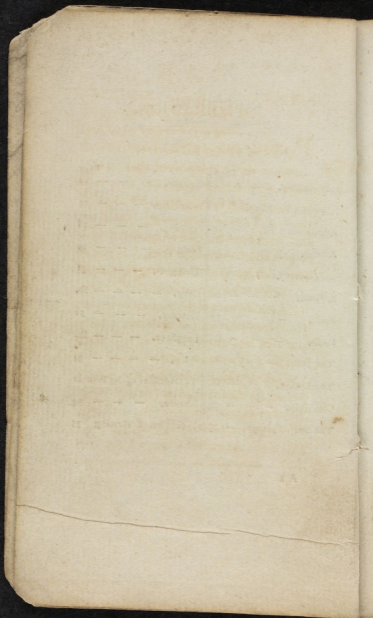
R H Y M E S

ALTERED.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

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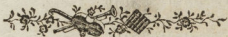
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INTRODUCTION.

POOOR as a Poet, Britons fye,
Shame on ye, let this proverb die;
To wipe the scandal clean away,
Let every child be taught to fay,
Born, like a Poet, to be great,
And shine upon his own estate,
Or pigs and Poets feed in time,
Those eating pease, these felling rhyme.
The first edition custom claims,
'Tis sacrific'd to feed the flames;
The second printed, not to roam,
Leaf after leaf, is us'd at home;
The third exhibited to view,
The meagre author sells but few;
Out comes the fourth, and sale increas'd,
Now turns his fast into a feast;
With ready cash he buys a goose,
And keeps the quills for his own use;
A close attendance to the trade,
Makes him a fat and funny blade,

And makes his neighbours, round him, pout,
 To see him such a round-about ;
 Had he no cash to buy a quill,
 The Bird would scribble with his bill ;
 'Tis nature's jingle in the brain,
 That makes a merry, merry Crane,
 And plays a charming violin
 To Fancy, dancing out and in ;
 And makes the minutes jig away,
 While his black head is growing grey.
 Expect to meet with drowfy snails,
 And kittens, playing with their tails,
 Lines, without poison in their stings,
 Rhymes, inoffensive jingling things,
 Compos'd in May to spout in June,
 Provision for the afternoon.
 When Critics rail, must I submit
 To lay it underneath their feet ?
 A plain may be a wholesome dish ;
 Those that, in spite, kick down my fish,
 Because they can be better fed,
 Shall have the kettle at their head.



BROMSGROVE LOYAL ASSOCIATION
FEAST.

=====
His Majesty's Birth-Day, 4th June, 1799.
=====

A MUSTER, in this Time of need,
So great, is glorious indeed;
Our punch-bowl cannot be too large,
Brush the black bottle, draw the charge;
Take the beloved jug in hand,
Strike off, Association Band.
Hats, helmets wave, crown catch and glee,
And loyal songs with three times three.
Footmen, your shining bay'nets fix,
Horsemen, with glittering swords, cut six;

High-polish'd pistols, firelocks join,
 From flank to flank roar down the line;
 Full dress'd in warriors' bright array,
 Honour your monarch's natal day.
 The drum beats; hark! fly, Frenchmen, fly,
 For sev'n miles round ye must, or die,
 The trumpet sounds, the horses prance,
 Draw swords, woe be to thee, O France!
 All in amaze, the people stare,
 With lifted hands and eyes, declare
 What bold and handsome men we are;
 The finest Corps that ever stood
 The safeguard of a neighbourhood.
 Four feet and six for war well fix'd,
 And every height and bulk betwixt,
 Can dangers meet, or battle shun,
 Made right for both, to fight or run.
 Long in the leg, with taper backs,
 And full-fed heroes, large as sacks,
 Young, middle-aged—the aged men
 Are growing strong and young again;
 Appear with chins in smooth repair,
 Dress up in taste, and tie their hair;

Ranks healthy, and Commanders rosy,
 A band as pretty as a posy ;
 All men of valour proud to fight,
 Who in their duty take delight,
 And always forecast for the day
 That sickness hardly keeps away,
 With loyal hearts, and skilful hands,
 Outpace his Majesty's commands ;
 By practice, all the rules surpass,
 And regulations of DUNDAS.
 Footmen ram down, and still ram on,
 Six cartridges instead of one ;
 Horsemen, in want of more to do,
 Have cut each others' swords in two,
 And, without bidding, hack a breach,
 When bacon hangs within their reach !
 We loyal men of BROMSGROVE TOWN,
 Are soaring up to high renown,
 To lead the easiest men alive,
 The hardest in the world to drive ;
 Fear no rebuffs, nor dread a scar,
 As bold in courtship as in war.
 Love's a flame for ever spreading,
 Always lighting up a wedding ;

Made of stuff that cannot tarry,
 Soldiers are the men to marry.
 The brave Association man,
 By choice, in danger, leads the van;
 Deals, for his King and country's good,
 In smoke and thunder, wounds and blood;
 With arms advancing to the field,
 Firing till none can count the kill'd;
 Free, without pay, goes forth to fight,
 The kingdom's guard, and King's delight;
 Advancing till his foes retreat,
 Like the great Marlborough, never beat,
 Leads in a claimant by the hand,
 Pays like a King the King's demand.
 More taxes, PITT, more taxes yet,
 Run not one farthing more in debt;
 Collectors, supervisors, stand,
 Commissioners, a chosen band,
 And we before them cap in hand.
 To them round millions in a day,
 Industrious Britons freely pay;
 Then run and gather gold again,
 Not straws, like Pharoah's journeymen;

PITT, for our good, expends the whole,
 Turns a new dish to take the toll;
 Improves the pattern, swells the size,
 To our agreeable surprize.
 Britannia, prosperous, brave and free,
 To France will never bow the knee.
 A set of growlers grumble still,
 And always did, and always will:
 The King, our Sovereign, whom we serve,
 Is better far than we deserve;
 Our Constitution's just the thing,
 The source from whence our blessings spring,
 Deep PITT, by Providence was sent,
 To steer this well-poiz'd Government,
 So justly balanced, so compleat,
 To be admir'd, and never beat.
 Our Tars, accustomed now to win,
 All weathers carry harvest in;
 Dollars as fast as Dons can make,
 Stout ships well built, for us to take;
 From out of rivers-mouths and ports,
 In spite of odds and thund'ring forts,
 Have broke the great French giants' bones—
 Sent the poor Dutch to Davy Jones:

Made the Spaniards pay for peeping,
 Gave the seas a thorough sweeping.
 Britannia every danger braves,
 Unshaken thrives, amidst the waves,
 Free, loyal, snug from other powers,
 Seas, Wealth, and Commerce, all are ours;
 One Monarch rules, one mighty soul
 Pervades the formidable whole.
 Planting our acorns right to grow,
 Is building ships to scourge the foe;
 A British seaman's natal day
 Forebodes a victory at sea;
 Rise, stately Obelisk of praise,
 Record Britannia's proudest days,
 Lift up thy honourable head,
 And honest Tars who nobly bled,
 Soon as thy topmost stone appears,
 In Heaven will give three British cheers;
 Ships, in all seas, with flags unfurl'd,
 Make for this warehouse of the world,
 Waves kiss their keels, and pleasant gales
 A courting come, and press the sails,
 Bearing rich ships to all our shores,
 Old Ocean with the back-ach roars.

The eyes of France are rolling o'er
 Our Channel to the British shore;
Great Nation, how it longs the while
 To seize *the little saucy Isle*;
 What a tedious job they make it,
 Drink the Channel dry, and take it!
 A thing's half done well set about,
 It never will be took without;
 Bromsgrove Association Men
 Declare they should not have it then:—
 We have furlly men to bite 'em,
 Ugly ones enough to fright 'em;
 Smart and smiling youths to win 'em,
 Men, to curry, tan, and skin 'em,
 Hunters who are sure to find 'em,
 Hatters both to cut and bind 'em;
 And Landlords, of a frightful size,
 To work them fine, and bung their eyes;
 Ingenious Joiners, men of might,
 A laying down their rules to fight;
 Stout Nailors, hissing hot to go
 And fight, as long as they could blow;
 Bakers as tough as dough, and stout,
 To bang their bread-baskets about;

Strong Timbermen to hack and hew,
 To fall and haul, and cut them through;
 Bleachers to peg them down like cloth,
 And work them well with buck-house broth;
 Deep officers, that know their plans,
 Braziers to break their pudding-pans;
 Great men, all mighty in their way,
 The glory of the present day!
 The Clockmaker to strike them round,
 The Taylor, with his bodkin ground,
 And Mercer, by the yard and ell,
 To measure out their trimmings well;
 The Miller, master of the flood,
 To float them from the neighbourhood;
 To arms the Breeches-makers fly,
 The fight commences hip and thigh;
 Saddlers collar them, and belt 'em
 Chandlers chop them up, and melt 'em;
 Malsters spread and overturn 'em,
 Gardeners weed them out and burn 'em;
 The Carriers draw them o'er the coals,
 And Shoemakers cut out their soles;
 Nail Factors give them spike and clout,
 The Butchers let their puddings out;

Blacksmiths blast them into cinders,
 Glaziers cut them all to windows.
 Well done, brave men of BROMSGROVE town,
 The lusty farmer mows them down,
 And doctors work them with their pills;
 Lawyers sit down and write their wills.
 I told you we could beat the knaves,
 Run, Sexton, run, and dig their graves.
 Schoolmasters, with a golden pen,
 Take down the names of all the men;
 The odds, how long it was about,
 For History to point it out,
 Men, in remembrance of the day,
 Will take a proverb up, and say,
 Like BROMSGROVE, fill your belly first,
 And then turn out and face the worst;
 Good-will, thou hast the human race
 A world within thy kind embrace,
 In all our woe dost sympathize,
 And hast a share in all our joys;
 Men shaking hands, which us'd to hate,
 Would be a most delicious treat;
 Come good-will, come, and build thy nest,
 And glow in every mortal's breast;

Hearts, before base, proud, and vicious,
 Overflow with friendly wishes.
 Good-will, is prejudice no more,
 Will be a salve for every sore ;
 Not one shall have a foe to fear,
 And every one an easy chair ;
 A world fulfilling thy commands,
 Must be a world a shaking hands,
 Forgetting evil, doing good,
 A round and happy neighbourhood.
 May war end thus, peace long remain,
 And Kings, like George, for ever reign.

A SONG.

Tune—Social Powers.

COME, my countrymen, unite,
 Is there not occasion?
 'Gainst a foe prepare to fight,
 Intent upon invasion.

First Chorus.

Able men throughout the land
 Guard the happy nation,
 Lend a loyal helping hand,
 In some Association.

At the mercy of the foe,
 Fare thee well, good drinking,
 To the pump our jugs must go,
 And ev'ry heart be sinking.

Chorus—Able men, &c.

Shall they take our beef and bread,
 Sweep our fields and pastures,
 Bring us soup and frogs instead,
 And Frenchmen for our masters ?

Chorus—Able men.

Will you give your childrens' lives,
 Trade and habitation,
 Lovely maidens, faithful wives,
 To fire and defolation ?

Chorus for the last verse.

Fix your bay'nets, draw your swords,
 Boasting sons of plunder,
 Forc'd, at last, to eat their words,
 Will fly from British thunder.

A SONG. (*Sweet Echo.*)

Tune—The Twins of Latona.

PUSH, push round the bumper, and moisten
your throats,

The toil of the day's at an end,

I'll sing with good liquor to soften the notes,

I'll laugh with a round of good friends;

I came to enjoy it, this is a spare hour,

Good creatures were made for our use,

Man, in bloom, is but dust, and life but a flow'r,

A flower will fade without juice.

Chorus.

Good beer, when unbottled, is eager to rise,

The cork flies out, bounce, and sweet echo replies,

Beneath the white mantle, it smiles to my view,

Whilst Friendship's the game that I wish to pursue.

II.

With his jug and his pipe, and seated erect,
 The toper sucks in till he reels,
 And loses the balance which ought to be kept
 Between a man's head and his heels;
 How hearty a face looks, made rosy with beer,
 I'll sip from the tankard, and sing,
 If 'tis full, push it round, I wish it was here,
 If empty, good Sir, please to ring.

Chorus—Good Beer, &c.

III.

In comes the smart Landlord, to pay his respects,
 The summons he heard from the bell,
 Behold his fat cheeks, how his belly projects,
 Made plump by the virtue of ale;
 Surrounded by friends, that are willing to pay,
 He brings us his best bottled beer,
 Laughs, drinks, and smokes with us, as long as
 we stay,
 Then bids us farewell, with a tear!

Chorus—Good Beer, &c.

A FLOOD AT BROMSGROVE,

April 13th, 1792.

MY native place, how strong thou art,
An armed force to take thy part,
Afar from thee I never roam,
But once have seen thee overcome ;
In fancy, now, I view the fight,
O'er yonder hills, a gloomy sight.
Both in a thund'ring roaring pet,
Two mighty clouds in contact met,
They fell together by the ears,
And burst into a flood of tears ;
The ploughing torrent's course I trac'd,
Walls, bridges vanish'd, land laid waste,
The thievish stream, quite unawares
Broke in, and flood to no repairs ;
Sev'n feet in depth came foaming down,
In open day, and took the town,

Bore things away, with swift dispatch,
 With every one 'twas watch and snatch,
 Bawling, and screaming out, stop, stop
 My timber, catch my pail and mop.
 My table with my tea things on,
 My heart is broke, my china's gone ;
 My pigs, my malt will all be spoil'd,
 Shut my malt-house, oh ! save my child !
 To see the veffels setting fail,
 Loaded with spirits, wines and ale,
 The mighty men were turning pale.
 In every vein their blood ran chill,
 And womens' tongues, for once, stood still ;
 The dullest moment ever known,
 When these and more sad things were done ;
 It sneaked away, mischievous flood,
 And left us, struggling, in the mud,
 Like eels alive : try all you can,
 You cannot drown a BROMSGROVE Man ;
 Born to the honourable lot,
 Will, in his country's cause, be shot.

BIRDS.

BRAVE Birds, of old, Hawke, Rooke & Drake,
 Have made the foes of Britain quake,
 A credit to their country shone,
 Amazing feats ~~we~~ birds have done.
 Thy glory, Britain, cannot droop,
 Thy breed of birds will keep it up,
 A canopy of wings will spread
 Around, and shield thy monarch's head;
 A strict watch o'er thy foes will keep,
 And sing thy restless sons to sleep.

FOOLS.

WAS there a general review
 Of all the fools, what field would do?
 I, and many thousands more,
 Are qualified to join the corps,
 'Twould tire a man, with supple shanks,
 To strut once up and down the ranks.

THE JAWS.

THY other bones must all be slaves,
 To this one pair of biting knaves.
 Scheming, drudging, ploughing, sowing,
 All to keep thy jaws a-going;
 A law, of very early date,
 Declares that man must toil and sweat,
 Let those that earn it eat their fill,
 And every idler's jaws be fill:
 An idle man should give the road
 Unto the ant that bears a load.

 THE LOCKET.

A MAID may be his friend or foe,
 How is a bashful youth to know?
 When decorated in her best,
 Had she a Locket at her breast,
 And in it drawn the lovely head
 Of him she most desired to wed,
 Soon as he saw himself in print,
 Most surely he would take the hint.

COURTSHIP.

A SMART Affociation Youth,
 Whose tongue, in Courtship, told the truth,
 Had found a maiden that he lov'd,
 And friends most heartily approv'd ;
 When absent, and she heard his name,
 The rosy tell-tale bluffs came,
 And all the time he had to spare,
 The youth was running to his fair.
 When, from the first, six months were fled,
 He took the final bit of thread,
 Said, sweetheart, hold your finger still,
 The measure I must have, and will,
 Too long the time has been delay'd—
 In taking measure, thus he pray'd,
 Oh, turn each arm into a wing,
 That I may fly, and buy the ring,
 And in a trice be back again ;
 Her heart was clerk, and said, *AMEN,*
 He finish'd what he undertook,
 Was, by the Parson brought to book ;
 All single men, like him, should go,
 To number one in honey-row.

THE BRITISH TAR'S EPITAPH.

ALAS! poor Jack, it was his wish
To die at sea, and feed the fish;
Peace came, he sicken'd at the found,
And here his vessel lies aground.
To make the liquor briskly pass,
He broke the bottom from the glass,
Had no desire for war to cease,
No fear, except a fear of peace;
No hatred, when a foe was beat
He let him share his grog and meat;
Said to Monsieur, or ragged Don,
Poor Devil, put my jacket on;
The true-bred Tar had done it oft—
A cherub bore his soul aloft.

 CONTENT.

SAID Joseph, seated by a rousing fire,
 Unto himself, What more can I desire?
 No tradesman books my name, I owe no rent,
 'Tis just enough what Providence has sent!
 Our feast, to day, is dumplings, piping hot,
 Round, round they jig, and wabble goes the pot;
 Time, let me grease the axles of thy wheels,
 Come up, how slow thou art, when near to meals!
 Then shot the pot a glance, and lick'd his lips,
 One dumpling, two, said he, three, four, five six.
 To be a King, I would not leave my cot,
 Perchance he has no dumplings in his pot;
 He has no more content, I'll lay my life,
 Nor keener appetite, nor flouter knife,
 More children, nor so musical a wife.

FRIENDSHIP.

PLAIN honest Friendship, thou art best,
Reprover mild, by thee address'd,
A grateful heart would scorn to swerve,
Thy rules, and orders, I'll observe.
When pompous Friendship haunts a place,
Snail-like, it draws a silver lace,
And all your funny path adorns,
But, touch'd in need, draws in its horns;
Not a soul your cause espoufes,
All are crept into their houses;
Difficulty is improving,
When we see old friends removing;
It says, in future, trust to none,
But ever after be thy own.

FIGHTING.

WHEN quarrels rise, and blackguards meet,
And foul disorder fills the street,
Clench'd fists and sticks are us'd by fools,
To prove which have the thickest skulls.
Young heroes, wear them, as your due,
Eyes blood-shot, edg'd with black and blue,
Blows, blackguard blows shall never stain
The visages of married men;
No, truly, we must save our bones,
And leave hard thumps to single ones.
The single, in a bloody fray,
May bravely throw his life away;
The married tenfold care must take,
For his dear wife and childrens' sake,
Nor play hap hazard with his life,
Till he has been—to ask his wife.

 FEASTING.

THE lives it takes, the blood that's shed,
 To dress a table widely spread,
 Men with stomachs hie to battle,
 Plates, instead of cannons, rattle;
 Instead of blood, rich gravy runs,
 Stout knives and forks for swords and guns,
 Stand to your arms, and play your parts,
 Slay pies and cheefecakes, puffs and tarts,
 Mountains of beef, and pudding, too,
 Brave heroes, cut away, all through,
 Say, a full retreat is founded,
 Come and see the kill'd and wounded ;
 Behold that nimble-footed hare,
 Was just enough, and none to spare :
 The fowls are fled, observe the chine,
 The skeleton is left behind ;
 The dish is safe, the goose is flown,
 And all the turkey's gobbled down—
 Ah! little birds, your chance was small,
 The covey's swallow'd, bones and all !

The calves and oxen, bulls and cows,
Sweet sucking pigs, fat hogs and fows;
The sheep and lambs, and kids and goats,
Are all a-going down our throats;
Soul-cheering fluids, luscious fruits,
Choice birds and fishes, herbs and roots;
Wings cannot save, shells cannot shield,
Men eat as fast as seasons yield;
In circles stand, with sturdy knives,
To take away poor oysters' lives,
Culling, opening, gulping on,
Till all, but empty shells, are gone.
Man takes his daily bread and meat,
Without acknowledging the treat;
The modest, pious, present race,
Is grown ashamed of faying grace.

THOUGHTS.

THE Thoughts of man are weighty seeds,
The source of all his words and deeds :
The present of a friend or foe,
Of which thy wisdom is to know,
Whatever form, however clad,
To bang the door against the bad.

ENVY.

THY disposition is inclin'd
To pull thy betters down behind,
To hug a good name, as thy own,
But wilt not spare a neighbour one;
Charg'd to the muzzle full of ill,
Art going off, yet loaded still.
He that is taking his degrees,
In crimes detestable as these,
Nurtures the storm that wrecks his mind;
To his own happiness gone blind.

FLATTERY.

A MAN who flatters to one's face,
 Is sitting for the softest place;
 Pride, tickled, does not see the cheat,
 Soft self importance takes the bait,
 While hewing fuel for my pride—
 Ah! creature, thou art ill employ'd.

 LAUGHTER.

A LAUGH makes funny wrinkles rise,
 And squeezes tears from merry eyes;
 It gathers up our cheeks in reefs,
 And plaits our noses like shirt sleeves;
 Out runs the mouth, in gamefome mood,
 Across the jovial neighbourhood;
 Forth bursts a loud and hearty roar,
 The teeth stand grinning at the door;
 The sides and bonny shoulders shake,
 The chin wags till the hinges ache.
 Mirth, that makes a mock at crying,
 Drowns itself in tears and sighing.

PRIDE.

LED by that hateful passion, Pride,
 A man is never gratifi'd,
 It measures all his lordly steps,
 Makes him a very jackanapes;
 Steering a scornful nose aloft,
 It tells the world his head is soft.
 Pride's always wanting something new;
 The sieve lets all the money through.

TO OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.

WHEN pleasing the farmers,
 The town's-men affront ye;
 And pleasing the town, gains
 The curse of the country;
 Give content to the poor,
 And the rich cry, For shame!
 Gain respect from the rich,
 And you gain an ill name.—
 When easy in office,
 All call ye poor tool,
 And if you are active,
 A meddling fool.

NATURE.

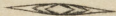
WISE Nature gives, where strength's denied,
 Advantage on the weaker side :—
 Soon as the mole heaves up the dirt,
 Out crawls the worm, and 'scapes from hurt.
 The lion springs to seize his prey—
 The hare, swift-footed, bounds away.
 She makes men bold, morose, and strong,
 And kindly gives the fair a tongue ;
 Would ye have it pleasing—please her ;
 Would you have it teasing—tease her ;
 With discords she can grate thy ears,
 In frowns can pay thee for thy sneers ;
 Ill us'd, is bitters in thy dish,
 Well us'd, is all thy heart can wish.
 He that will have a pleasant day,
 Must let his partner have her way ;
 She then becomes a friend indeed,
 To serve thee flies, in time of need,
 When nothing else but love can bind,
 When turncoat world behaves unkind,
 Scoops apples, and gives thee the rind.

INVENTION OF WRITING.

A FLOCK of wild geese, soaring high,
 Form various letters as they fly ;
 We gaze, and think it very odd,
 How they can know from A to Z ;
 Their learning is of ancient date,
 Nature taught them the alphabet ;
 Men became their imitators,
 Scholars soon, and learn'd their letters,
 Plac'd them in rows, and by degrees,
 Grew wiser than a flock of geese.
 Men told their thoughts without a sound,
 And learning, now, was gaining ground ;
 Post letters, too, were sent about,
 And post-boys blew, turn out, turn out.
 The bakers, to increase their trade,
 Made alphabets of gingerbread,
 That folks might swallow what they read. }
 All the letters were digested,
 Hateful ignorance detested ;

In those days, founders of a feast
 Said, Spell, my friends, before ye taste,
 Whatever dish you fancy nice,
 Roast pig, goose, duck, and eat a slice.
 The Book of Job instructors read,
 And in his steps were wont to tread.
 Now war is wag'd, with rod and switch,
 Against poor back, and naked breech !
 Teaching was better understood,
 And cheeks were never stain'd with blood ;
 A wife that made a pye in taste,
 Potch'd husband's name upon the paste :
 This method took, and learned dames
 Made masters eat their own good names.
 Amazing quantities were eat ;
 Indeed they are so scarce of late,
 Few can be had at any rate.

FINIS.



Swinney and Hawkins, Printers, No. 75
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