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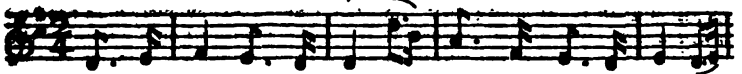
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;
AND
T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1822.

ANCIENT NATIONAL MELODIES.

SONG III.

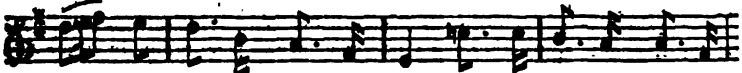
To the tune of "When this Old Cap was new."



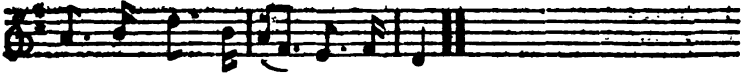
WHEN this old book was new, 'Tis more than twen-ty year; The



yel-low and the blue Were colours of good cheer: But wanton Wit de-



cays, And For-tune proves a Shrew, And we're wi-ser now-a-



days, Than when this Old Book was new.

1.

WHEN this Old Book was new,
 ["'Tis more than twenty year"]
 The Yellow and the Blue
 Were colours of good cheer,
 But wanton Wit decays,
 And Fortune proves a shrew;
 And we're wiser now-a-days,
 Than when this Old Book was new.

2.

The enemies of our land
 Were much delighted then,
 To have at their command
 A troop of brisk young men;
 Who fought *their* battles here,
 In the Yellow and the Blue,
 While "THE PLUCKLESS" shook for fear,—
 When this Old Book was new.

3.

Now KIT has humbled all
 Who were our land's reproach;
 Their pride has had a fall,
 And more warily they poach.
 These Blue and Yellow men,
 Now look all over blue,
 Which was not thought of then,—
 When this Old Book was new.

WHEN THIS OLD CAP WAS NEW.

1.

When this old cap was new,
 'Tis since two hundred year,
 No malice then we knew,
 But all things plenty were:
 All friendship now decays,
 (Believe me, this is true)
 Which was not in those days,
 When this old cap was new.

2.

The nobles of our land
 Were much delighted then,
 To have at their command
 A crew of rusty men,
 Which by their coats were known,
 Of tawny, red, or blue,
 With crests on their sleeves shown
 When this old cap was new.

4.

Their heartless ribaldry
 Was cherished then of many ;
 But now what jokes they try,
 Are not approved by any.
 Unchristian hearts wax cold,
 Disloyal tongues be few,
 This was not in time of old,—
 When this Old Book was new.

5.

Where'er you travell'd then,
 In buggy, gig, or shay,
 Young women and young men,
 Went laughing on their way,
 Bestowing much applause
 Upon this Whig *Review*,
 No *Quarterly* there was—
 When this Old Book was new.

6.

All men on quarter-day,
 To Constable's then went,
 And gladly came away
 When they their cash had spent,
 On that which now they scorn,
 The Yellow and the Blue,
 For Blackwood was unborn—
 When this Old Book was new.

7.

A man might then behold
 Blue Stockings, great and small ;
 Who worthy men would scold,
 And excellent wits miscall,
 If only they were bidden
 By the Yellow and the Blue,
 The Quacks from the gates were not chidden—
 When this Old Book was new.

3.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
 Unto our land's reproach,
 When he whose means are small,
 Maintains both horse and coach :
 Instead of a hundred men,
 The coach allows but two ;
 This was not thought on then,
 When this old cap was new.

4.

Good hospitality
 Was cherish'd then of many ;
 Now poor men starve and die,
 And are not help'd by any :
 For charity waxeth cold,
 And love is found in few ;
 This was not in time of old,
 When this old cap was new.

5.

Wherever you travell'd then,
 You might meet on the way
 Brave knights and gentlemen,
 Clad in their country grey,
 That courteous would appear,
 And kindly welcome you ;
 No puritans then were,
 When this old cap was new.

6.

Our ladies, in those days,
 In civil habit went ;
 Broad-cloth was then worth praise,
 And gave the best content ;
 French fashions then were scorn'd ;
 Fond fangles then none knew ;
 Then modesty women adorn'd,
 When this old cap was new.

7.

A man might then behold
 At Christmas, in each hall,
 Good fires to curb the cold,
 And meat for great and small :
 The neighbours were friendly bidden,
 And all had welcome true ;
 The poor from the gates were not chidden,
 When this old cap was new.

8.

Black jacks to every man
 Were fill'd with wine and beer,
 No pewter pot, nor can,
 In those days did appear :
 Good cheer in a nobleman's house
 Was counted a seemly shew,
 We wanted no brawn nor-souse,
 When this old cup was new.

8.

Sly jokes against the Bible,
 Cost godless PRIESTS no fear ;
 Good George our King to libel,
 Was pastime for a PEEB ;—
 Tom Paine, and Pindar's Louse,
 Lay close by the Buff and the Blin
 In many a Jacobin's house—
 When this Old Book was new.

9.

Buonaparte had delight
 To hear these puppets fine,
 Who said 'twas vain to fight
 Against his star divine ;
 He German, Turk, and Russ,
 Had beat—what could we do ?
 He had not met with us—
 When this Old Book was new.

10.

When Wellington arose,
 Their jaw they did not slack,
 But magnified his foes,
 And said he'd ne'er come back.
 His victories they mourn'd,
 Thank God they were not few !
 Such manhood Whigs adorn'd,—
 When this Old Book was new.

11.

But far o'er Faction's smoke
 Soon rose our hero's star,
 His British heart of oak
 Roll'd back the tide of war.
 When their darling was squabash'd
 At glorious Waterloo,
 Old teeth full sore they gnash'd,
 Old SHEETS* made room for new.

9.

We took no such delight
 In cups of silver fine,
 None under the degree of a knight
 In plate drunk beer or wine :
 Now each mechanical man
 Hath a cupboard of plate for a shew,
 Which was a rare thing then,
 When this old cap was new.

10.

Then bribery was unborn,
 No simony men did use ;
 Christians did usury scorn.
 Devised among the Jews :
 The lawyers to be feed,
 At that time hardly knew ;
 For man with man agreed,
 When this old cap was new.

11.

No captain then carous'd,
 Nor spent poor soldiers' pay,
 They were not so abus'd
 As they are at this day ;
 Of seven days they make eight,
 To keep them from their due ;
 Poor soldiers had their right,
 When this old cap was new.

12.

Which made them forward still
 To go, although not prest ;
 And going with good will,
 Their fortunes were the best :
 Our English then, in fight,
 Did foreign foes subdue ;
 And forced them all to flight,
 When this old cap was new.

* Fact ! !—*Teste* THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

12.

God save our glorious King,
 And send him long to reign.
 Now all the jibes they fling,
 Men spurn with just disdain ;
 Each canker'd whigamore
 Now meets with what's his due,
 Which was not in time of yore,
 When this Old Book was new.

THE WINE-BIBBER'S GLORY—A NEW SONG.

TUNE,—*The Jolly Miller.*

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
 Plenum ? —————
 Dulce periculum est
 O Lenæ ! sequi Deum
 Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.—HOR.

1.

If Horatius Flaccus made jolly old Bacchus
 So often his favourite theme ;
 If in him it was classic to praise his old Massic,
 And Falernian to gulp in a stream ;
 If Falstaff's vagaries, 'bout Sack and Canaries,
 Have pleased us again and again ;
 Shall we not make merry on Port, Claret, Sherry,
 Madeira, and sparkling Champagne ?

2.

First Port, that potation, prefer'd by our nation
 To all the small drink of the French ;
 'Tis the best standing liquor, for layman or vicar,
 The army, the navy, the bench ;
 'Tis strong and substantial, believe me, no man shall
 Good Port from my dining-room send ;
 In your soup—after cheese—every way—it will please,
 But most tête-a-tête with a friend.

3.

Fair Sherry, Port's sister, for years they dismiss'd her
 To the kitchen to flavour the jellies—
 There long she was banish'd, and well nigh had vanish'd
 To comfort the kitchen-maids' bellies—
 Till his Majesty fixt, he thought Sherry when sixty
 Years old, like himself, quite the thing—
 So I think it but proper, to fill a tip-topper
 Of Sherry to drink to the King.

13.

God save our gracious King,
 And send him long to live !
 Lord ! mischief on them bring,
 That will not their alms give,
 But seek to rob the poor
 Of that which is their due :
 This was not in time of yore,
 When this old cap was new.