

JOHN OF BADENYON.

A favourite Song. By Mr. Skinner.

WHEN first I came to be a man
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here, and there, and every where,
Was like a morn in May.

II.

I had no care, nor fear of want,
But rambled up and down;
And for a beau I might have pass'd
In country or in town.
I still was pleas'd where'er I came;
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself
With John of *Badenyon.

III.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
A mistress I must find;
For love, they say, gives one a grace,
And ev'n improves the mind:
On Phillis fair, above the rest,
Kind fortune fix'd mine eyes;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
And I became her prize.

IV.

To Cupid now, with hearty prayer,
I offer'd many a vow,
And fanc'd, and sung, and sigh'd, and
swore
As other lovers do;
But when I came to breathe my flame,
I found her cold as stone;
I left the jilt, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

V.

When Love had thus my heart betray'd
With foolish hopes and vain;
To Friendship's port I steer'd me next,
And laugh'd at lovers' pain:
A friend I got, by lucky chance,
'Twas something like *divine*;
An honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a friend was mine.

VI.

And now, whatever might betide,
A happy man was I,
In any strait, I knew to whom
I freely might apply:
A strait soon came, I tried my friend;
He heard, but spurn'd my moan;

I turn'd about, and pleas'd myself
With John of Badenyon.

VII.

The public then engros'd my thoughts,
I would a patriot turn;
Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
And cry up Parson Horne;
Their manly courage I admir'd,
Approv'd their noble zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
Maintain'd the public weal.

VIII.

But ere a month or two was past
I found myself betray'd;
'Twas sell and party after all,
For all the stir they made;
For when I saw the factious rogues
Insult the very Throne,
I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

IX.

What to do next I mus'd awhile,
Still hoping to succeed;
I fix'd on books for company,
And gravely tried to read.
I bought, and borrow'd every where,
And study'd night and day,
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor writ,
That happen'd in my way.

X.

Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully thro' ev'ry page
I hunted after truth;
Ten thousand various schemes I tried,
And yet was pleas'd with none;
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

XI.

And now, ye youngsters every where,
Who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happiness below;
What ye may fancy pleasure here
Is but an empty name,
And girls, and friends, and books also,
You'll find them all the same.

X

Then be advis'd, and warning take
From such a man as me;
I'm neither pope nor cardinal,
Nor man of high degree;
You'll find displeasure every where,
Then do as I have done;
Even tune your pipe and please yourselves
With John of Badenyon.

CELIA'S

* Badenyon is a village, from which the name of the air of this song is derived.