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# Plato's Advice

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THE  
Bonnet so Blue.

At Kingston-upon-Hull, a town in Yorkshire,  
I lived in splendour, and free from all care,  
I rolled in riches, had sweethearts not a few,  
I am wounded by a lad in his bonnet so blue.

There came a whole troop of soldiers to her,  
From Scotland to Woolwich abroad for to steer,  
There's one among them I wish I'd ne'er knew,  
He's a bonny Scotch lad, &c.

His cheeks are like roses, his eyes are like sloes  
He is proper, handsome, and genteel also,  
He is proper, handsome, and comely to view  
He's a bonny Scotch lad, &c.

Every night I cannot take my rest,  
The thought of my true love so runs in my breast  
The thought of my true love so runs in my view.  
He's bonny Scotch lad, &c.

Early one morning as I rose from my bed,  
I called upon Sally who was my waiting maid,  
To dress me as fine as her two hands could do.  
I'll away and see my lad, &c.

So instantly to the parade she did walk,  
She stood all with patience to hear her love talk,  
Charles Stuart they call'd him her love did renew.  
Once a prince of that name, &c.

My love he pass'd by with a gun in his hand,  
I strove to speak to him, but always in vain,  
I strove to speak to him, but away he quite flew.  
And my heart went along, &c.

I says my lad I will buy your discharge,  
And from being a soldier, I'll set you at large,  
I'll free you from a soldier, if you will be true.  
You'll ne'er wear a stain, &c.

He says dear lady, will you buy my discharge?  
Free me from a soldier, and set me at large?  
For your kind attention I'll ne'er forget you.  
And I will ne'er wear a stain, &c.

I have a dear lass in my own country,  
I'll never forsake her for her poverty;  
To the girl that I love I will always prove true.  
And I will ne'er wear a stain, &c.

I will send for a limner from London to Hull,  
To draw my loves picture quite out at the full,  
I'll set it in my chamber, keep it in my view.  
And I'll think on my lad, &c.



PLATO'S ADVICE

Say Plato, why should man be vain,  
Since bounteous heaven hath made him  
great,

Why looketh he with insolent disdain  
On those undeck'd with wealth or state?  
Can costly robes or beds of down,  
Or all the gems that deck the fair;  
Can all the glories of a crown  
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,  
The humble and the haughty die;  
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,  
In dust, without distinction lie;  
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,  
Who once the greatest titles bore;  
Where wealth and glory are bereft,  
And all their honour is no more.

So flies the meteor through the skies,  
And spreads along the gilded train;  
When shot, 'tis gone, it's beauty dies,  
Dissolves to common air again;  
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,  
Let friendship reign while here we stay;  
Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls,  
When Jove he calls we must obey.