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# Cup of Nectar. A Duet

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*FARE THEE WELL  
MY LOVE  
GOOD MORROW.*



J. Catnach, 2, & 3, Monmouth  
Court, 7 Dials.



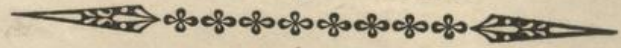
**I**N full pursuit of love and wine, (road ;  
A smart young beau came down the  
And there he saw fair Emiline, (bode.  
Whose sloe black eyes showed loves a-  
He talked long to the maid,  
And swore to love and honor :  
If that she'd yield to what he said,  
He'd marry her on the morrow.  
She heard his vows and thought them true,  
And went with him to sights unknown,  
Oh, long the eve the maid will rue,  
For she lost parents, friends and home.  
The night was spent in bliss,  
The morning dawned with sorrow,  
He left the maid with one cold kiss,  
Fare thee well, my love, good morrow.  
Now thus poor girl deluded left,  
How oft she roams about the town  
Sbe oft times call upon his name,  
And calls again to hear her moan.  
She starts again with grief,  
Again she starts with horror ;  
But still these words rung in her ears,  
Fare thee well, my love, good morrow.  
And thus poor girl deluded left,  
Scorned by all, pitied by none,  
Of every kind friend bereft,  
She died near her once-loved home.  
Her friends she had disgraced,  
Now mourn alas ! with sorrow ;  
And on her tomb these words were placed  
Fare thee well, my love, good morrow .



**REGENT STREET**

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, & 3, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

**I**N London when the weather's fair,  
One grand attractive spot is there ;  
A street to which e'er points the nose,  
Of pleasure seeking belles and beaux.  
Each afternoon go watch the course,  
Of stylish cab, gig, coach and horse,  
And well dressed ladies pretty feet,  
You'll find they move to Regent Street.  
The beau bedeck'd with boa and braid  
And captain drest as for parade :  
And fops of fashion daily greet  
Each other lounging Regent Street  
" Ah ! demme Johnson how d'ye do ?  
Exceeding glad to meet with you,  
I'm going to Very's, an ice to eat,  
And smoke a Cigar in Regent Street,'  
It's architect, I have suspicion,  
Must have been a great magician :  
And made the bricks, and lath, and plaste :  
Appear to us like alabaster.  
I don't suspect what is surmised,  
With loadstone it's macadamized ;  
Though true it is to fashion's feet,  
A magnet is this Regent Street.



**CUP OF NECTAR.—A DUET.**

**C**UP of nectar....rosy nectar,  
From the spicy sparkling bowl,  
'Tis the surest balm of sorrow,  
'Tis the sunshine of the soul.  
Cup of nectar, &c]  
Hip, hip, hurrah !  
Beam of rapture---'tis enchanting !  
Bids from every fibre start,  
'Tis the loveliest inspiring,  
To the brave and manly heart  
Cup of neet