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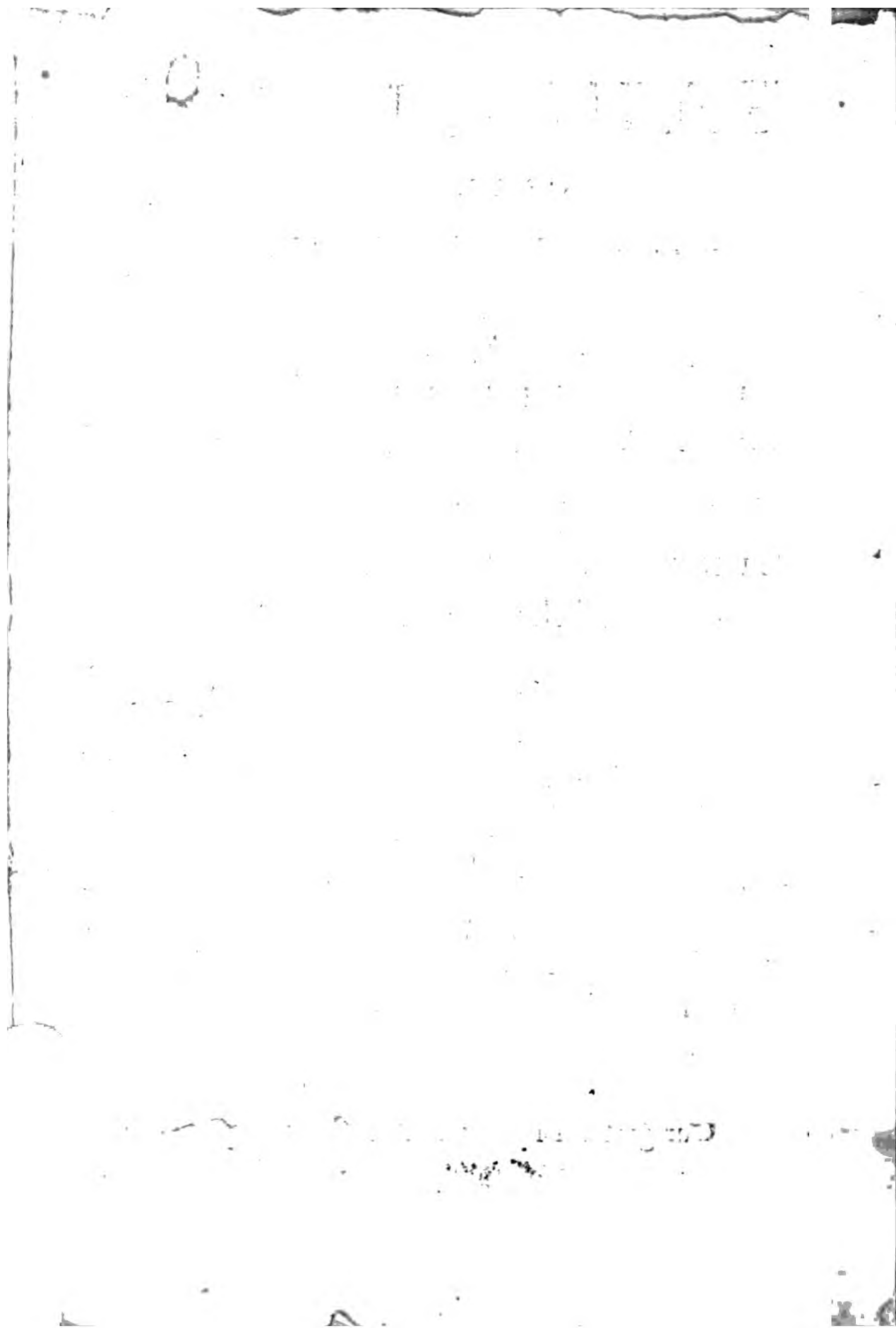
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FAUSTINA, &c.

CUZZONI can no longer charm,
FAUSTINA now does all alarm;
And we must buy her Pipe so clear,
With Hundreds twenty five a Year:
Either we've Money very plenty,
Or else, our Sculls are wond'rous empty!
But if FAUSTINA, or CUZZONI
E'er touch a Penny of my Money,
I'll give 'em leave to call me TONY.



BRITONS! for shame, give all these Follies o'er,
 The ancient *British* Nobleness restore:
 Learn to be Manly, learn to be sincere,
 And let the World a BRITON's Name revere.
 Let not my Countrymen become the Sport
 And Ridicule of ev'ry foreign Court;
 But let them well of Men and Things discern,
 Their Virtues follow, not their Vices learn.

But ah, alas!

Lost is the Noble Race of *British* Youth,
 Whose Ornaments were, *Wisdom, Learning, Truth*;
 Who, e'er they travell'd, laid a good Foundation
 Of Liberal Arts, and manly Education;
 Nor went, as some go now, a Scandal to their
 Nation.

Who

To Visit, to drink Tea, gallant a Fan,
And ev'ry Foolery below a Man.

They talk not of our Army, or our Fleet,
But of the Warble of CUZZONI sweet,
Of the delicious Pipe of SENESINO,
And of the squalling Trull of HARLEQUINO;
Who, were the *English*, with united Rage,
Themselves would justly hiss from off the Stage:
With better Voice, and fifty times Her Skill,
Poor R——N is always treated ill:
But, such is the good Nature of the Town,
'Tis now the Mode to cry the *English* down.

Nay, there are those as warmly will debate
For the Academy, as for the State;
They care not, whether Credit rise, or fall,
The Opera with them is all in all.
They'll

But ever deal with a more liberal hand
To him, who sings what I can understand.

I hate this Singing in an unknown Tongue,
It does our Reason and our Senses wrong;
When Words instruct, and Music cheers the
Mind:

Then is the Art of Service to Mankind:
But when a Foreign Ox, of monstrous Size!
Squeaks out a Treble, Shrill as Infants cries,
I curse the unintelligible Afs,
Who may, for ought I know, be singing Mas.

Or when an *Englishman*, a trimming Rogue,
Confounds his *English* with a foreign Brogue,
Or spoils *Italian* with an *English* Tone,
Which is of late a mighty Fashion grown.

It

Nipt in the Bud, nor suffer'd once to blow,
How can it ever to Perfection grow?

Yet Erst for Arts and Arms we've been renown'd,
Our Heroes and our Bards with Garlands crown'd:
And are we now so despicable grown,
That Foreigners must reign in Arts alone,
And BRITAIN boast no Genius of it's own?

Can then our *British* Syrens charm no more?
Must we import these foreign Strumpets o'er,
At such Expence from the *Italian* Shore?
Are all our *English* Women Ravens grown?
And have they lost their Melody of Tone?
Are they become indocil, void of Art,
Past all Improvement justly, set apart?
Must Music's Science be alone deny'd
To us, who shine in ev'ry Art beside?

Is