AIR XXV. Courtiers, Courtiers, think it no Harm, &c.

AIR XXVI. A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.

AIR XXVII. 'Twas when the Sea was roaring, &c.

AIR XXVIII. The Sun had loos'd his weary Teams, &c.

AIR XXIX. How happy are we, &c.

ACT II. SCENE II.
AIR XXX. Of a noble Race was Shenkin.

AIR XXXI.

AIR XXXII. London Ladies.

AIR XXXIII. All in the Downs, &c.

AIR XXXIV. Have you heard of a frolicksome Ditty, &c.

AIR XXXV. Irish Trot.
AIR XXXVI.

AIR XXXVII. Good-morrow, Gossip Joan.

AIR XXXVIII. Irish Howl.