

That's the *REAL DANDY.*

To which are added,

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

TURN IN, TURN OUT.

The Happy Marriage.

The Broad swords

OF AULD SCOTLAND.



Stirling, Printed by M. Randall.



That's the Real Dandy.

The cant word throughout the town,
So fam'd and of so great reuown,
Will shortly be, I hope, pull'd down,
It took its rise from Brandy.

The reason is so easy understood,
A cobbler's wife thought Nantz so good,
Who as she sip'd the plesant food,
Cry'd isn't that the Dandy.

The Cobler passing by the shop,
To taste the cordial in did hop,
And finding Neil had got a drop,
He spy'd a stick most handy.

And round the Beggar-market place,
Withit poor Neil he did so laze,
Till she with sad distorted face,
Cry'd, Jobson that's the Dandy.

Of this word he could make no sense,
So strai, away dragg'd his charzter hence,
But first he pay'd dear twenty pence,
That she had drunk in Brandy.

And as he haul'd her through the street,

For she, the child, had lost her feet,
 To every person she did meet,
 Cry'd that's the real Dandy

A chimney sweeper heard the fun
 As he through the street for foot did run,
 Crying, fire and smoke, we're all undone,
 By drinking stout at Brandy.

The Beggar.

A Beggar I am, and of low degree,
 For I'm of a begging family,
 I'm lame, but when in a fighting 'bout
 I whip off my leg and fight it out;
 In running I leave the beadle behind,
 And a lass I can see, tho' alas! I am blind,
 Through town and vil age I gaily jog,
 My music, the bell of my little cog.

CHORUS. I'm cloth'd in rags,
 I'm hung with bags,
 That around me wags;
 I've a bag for my salt
 A bag for my mat
 A bag for the egg of a goose,
 For my cats a bag,
 For my grouts a bag,
 And a hottie to hold my boza:
 It's now heaven bless you for your charity,
 And then pass the can about, fol de rol ders.

SPEAKING.

Bless your noble honor, and your good lady,

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hope you will never know the loss of a leg or an
eye.

Heaven blifs you for your charity,
Then puff about the can, fol de roll

In begging a farthing, I'm poor and old;
In spending a noble, I'm stout and bold,
When a brave full company I see:
It's "my noble masters, your charity," —
But when a traveller I meet alone,
"Stand and deliver, or I'll knock you down!"
All day for a wandering mummer I pass,
All night—Oh a barn, and a buxom lass.

chorus. I'm cloth'd in rags,
I'm hung with bags,
That around me wags:
I've a bag for my fat,
A bag for my malt,
A bag for the leg of a goose;
For my oats a bag,
For my groats a bag,
And a bottle to hold my booze: &c.

Jack's disaster.

Come all you rearing boys, that delight in roar-
ing noise.

I compare it to nothing but laughter,
When a sailor comes on shore, with his gold &
silver store,
there's no one can get rid of it faster.

The first thing Jack craves, is a chamber fine
 and clean,
 with good liquor of every sort,
 With a pretty girl likewise, with her black and
 rolling eyes,
 then Jack for he is pleas'd to the heart.

And so the game goes on, till his his money's
 spent and gone,
 then his landlady begins for to frown,
 With her nasty leering eye, and her nose turn'd
 all awry,
 crying, Sailor, it is high time to begone.

This strange and sudden check, put Jack's head-
 sails all a-back
 not knowing to what shore for to steer,
 Resolving for revenge, and himself for to defend,
 swore the deck fore and aft should be clear.

No quarter he did cry, candlesticks at him did fly
 then Jack he began to engage,
 The old Bawd in a fright, call'd she watchmen
 of the right,
 crying, bundle him away to the cage,

Then Jack understands, there's a ship wants to
 be mann'd,
 and to the East-Indies she is bound,
 With a sweet and pleasant gale, she spreads a
 swelling sail,
 bids adieu unto England's fair ground;

So all you sailors bold, pray be careful of your
gold,
you will find that to be your best friend:
Take some honest sober wife, then you'll ne'er
be deceiv'd,
but on her you may always depend.

Pretty Nancy.

As I was walking one morning so fair,
So green was the fields, and cool was the air,
There did I discover,
Pretty Nancy my lover.

And I for to woo her was pleas'd for to say,

O fairest of creatures that ever was seen,
You're the pride of my heart, the flow'r of the
green,

With garlands of roses,
And sweet pretty posies,

What nature composes I'll crown you my queen.

To these words I spoke she answered and said,

O how can you flatter a poor harmless maid,
For your tongue it runs so nimble,
It mates my heart to tremble,

And I fear you disemble my poor heart to break

Of all my sweethearts I have nine or ten,

Yet never a one I can fancy of them,

But if I should believe you,
And you should deceive me,

And scornfully leave me, oh! where am I then;

These words I speak is by the powers above,
The rocks and the mountains shall sooner remove
And the sea shall flame on fire,
If from my love I shall retire,
And there's nothing I desire but innocent love.

If innocent love is all your request,
And you in earnest, I thought you were in jest,
I'll adore you with pleasure,
With kisses out of measure,
With joy, peace & pleasure we both shall be blest.

This couple they're married, and live very happy,
Enjoying one another with pleasures so canty,
The rocks they shall melt,
And the mountains shall remove,
Ere ever I prove false to the woman I love.

The Broad Swords of OLD SCOTLAND;

WHEN our valiant ancestors did land in this isle,
Brave Fergus commanded and vict'ry did smile;
With their Broad Swords in their hand they well
cleared the soil
O the Broad Swords of old Scotland!
And O the Old Scottish Broad Swords!

The Romans, the Picts, and the Old Britons too,
Us, by fraud and by guile did attempt to subdue;
But their schemes prov'd abortive while we did prove
true,

O the Broad Swords, &c.

Tho' some factious Nobles, to serve their own end,
 Did join with the English, themselves to befriend,
 And we lost at first they did lose in the end,
 O the Broad Swords, &c.

Remember brave WALLACE who bold'y did play,
 BRUCE at Bannockburn, what a glorious day!
 The flowers of Old England our heroes did slay,
 O the Broad Swords, &c.

See Edward their King, take his heels in a fight,
 Nor e'er look'd behind but in Berwick alight,
 In an old fishing boat he beat Scotland good night,
 O the broad Swords, &c.

Our Scottish ancestors were valiant and bold,
 In learning ne'er beat nor in battle controul'd,
 But now—shall I name it!—Alas! we're all sold,
 O the Broad Swords of Old Scotland,
 And O the Old Scottish Broad Swords.

F I N I S