

Injured Fair.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The Roving MAIDS of Edinburgh.

THE SWEET TEMPTATION.

THAT'S THE REAL DANDY.

NANNY OF THE HILL.



GLASGOW,
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THE INJURED FAIR.

COME lasses listen unto me,
 in country, town, and city,
 Let my downfal a caution be,
 to blooming maids so pretty.
 I am a poor unhappy girl,
 upon the town applying,
 Because I did believe false man,
 full of deceit and lying.

CHORUS.

So pray remember pretty maids,
 how often ye are warned,
 For when men once get their ends,
 by them you will be scorned.

Such flatteries to me he us'd,
 and presents I had many,
 Although I'd twenty for to chuse,
 I lov'd him best of any.
 Blythe as the lark I was till he,
 of every joy bereft me,
 But when he had his will of me,
 he went away and left me. So pray, &c.

With arm around me on his knee,
 like Judas he would kiss me,
 And with'd the happy day to see,
 in marriage for to bless me:

But, O alas! The treach'rous youth,
 most treach'rous did seduce me,
 And when I ask'd him for to wed,
 he like a rogue refus'd me.

So pray remember pretty maids, &c.

Then of his conquest he did boast,
 in man you know 'tis common,
 And brag'd to his companions all,
 how he betray'd a woman :

Howe'er he has my ruin been,
 and I'm undone for ever ;

So now can man ever expect,
 of woman any favour. So pray, &c.

But yet I will not curse the youth,
 but this I wish in brief, Sir,

That he may wed a drunken wife,
 then he'll have whore and thief, Sir ;

Sufficient punishment I vow,
 for any man alive, Sir ;

For he that's ty'd to such a Jilt,
 I'm sure can never thrive, Sir. Pray, &c.

Now this is all the harm I wish,
 what think ye of my prayer ?

A drunken wife to be the lot,
 of ev'ry maid's betrayer.

A good wife is an ornament,
 and makes a husband prized,

But may he get a drunken Jilt,
 and see himself despis'd.

So pray remember pretty maids, &c.

The Roving MAIDS of EDINBURGH.

THE roving maids of Edinburgh,
 they are both brisk and airy,
 They make young men to laugh at them,
 their head so high they carry,
 Fal der lal, derral lal.

Now behold these pretty maids,
 as they walk on the caufway,
 With ruffle-cuffs and capuchims,
 and wow but they be faucey. Fal, &c.

With fine net-hoods upon their heads,
 each flame a buckling comb O,
 Which mounted is with silver bright,
 and set with Bristo' stone O. Fal, &c.

Their lockets fine that bright do shine,
 a glancing broach below it,
 Their bravitie full well we see,
 how proud they are to show it. Fal, &c.

With new fashion'd caps of diff'rent sets,
 that are so monstrous high O,
 Such flairy-gigs upon their heads,
 are frightful to the eye O. Fal der, &c.

The other night I got such a fright,
 I blest me from all evil,
 When a lady came in shining robes,
 I thought it was the devil. Fal der, &c.

With a cap more high than grenadiers,
 and hair drest in such order,
 She appeared like to Marg'ret's ghost,
 come from the Stygian border. Fal, &c.

With silken hose and fine pink shoes,
 they are all trim'd and ready,
 It is not easy for to know
 a scogie from a lady. Fal de ral, &c.

There's ladies bright sets out at night,
 their sign is a white apron,
 All in the dark to seek a spark,
 and wha but our miss Katharine. &c.

Some lasses then I do offend,
 in telling of their knavery,
 For that's the way I'm bold to say,
 that you've won all your brav'ry. Fal, &c.

The roving maids of Edinburgh,
 when they go to the dancing,
 The young men all admire the sport,
 they are so neat and handsome. Fal, &c.

It is well kent their face they paint,
 they are so vain and idle,
 To busk and dress more time they pass,
 than they do on their Bible. Fal de, &c.

With muffs and furls and cardinals,
 made of the finest scarlet,
 They worn are, I do declare,
 by many common harlot. Fal de, &c.

Their quality come show to me,
 you'll know them by their cleiding;
 Dear neighbours then, I'll tell you plain,
 you'll find it by their breeding. Fal, &c.

They curse and swear and domineer,
 and swear like any randy,
 Their morning drink I really think,
 is whisky, gin, or brandy. Fal de, &c.

And if they chance to prove with child,
 or lose their reputation,
 O then sets up a bawdy house,
 and that's their occupation. Fal de, &c.

Such bawds and bullies now turn thus,
 observe the dismal story,
 By hangy's hands their lives they end,
 and that's call'd Tyburn's glory.
 Fal der ral, der ral lal.



The SWEET TEMPTATION.

SA W ye the nymph whom I adore?
 Saw ye the goddess of my heart?
 And can you bid me love no more?
 and can you think I feel no smart?

So many charms around her shine,
 who can the sweet temptation fly?
 Spite of her scorn, she's so divine,
 that I must love her, tho' I die.

THAT'S THE REAL DANDY.

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

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

The Cobbler passing by the shop,
 To taste the Cordial in did hep,
 And finding Nell had got a drop,
 He spy'd a slick most handy.

And round the Beggar-maker's place,
 With it poor Nell he did so lace,
 Till she with sad distorted face,
 Cry'd, Jobson that's the Dandy.

Of this word he could make no sense,
 So straightway dragg'd his charmer hence,
 But first he paid 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.

 NANNY OF THE HILL.

ASSIST me, ev'ry tuneful bard,
 oh lend me all your skill ;
 In choicest lays, that I may praise,
 sweet Nanny of the hill.
 sweet Nanny of the hill.

How gay the glitt'ring beam of morn,
 that gilds the crystal rill !
 But far more bright than morning light,
 shines Nanny of the hill. Dear, etc.

The gayest flower, so fair of late,
 the ev'ning damps will kill ;
 But every day more fresh and gay,
 blooms Nanny of the hill. blooms, etc.

Old Time arrests his rapid flight,
 and keeps his motion still,
 Resolved to spare a face so fair,
 as Nanny of the hill. as Nanny, etc.

To form my Charmer, Nature has
 exerted all her skill,
 Wit, Beauty, Truth and rosy Youth,
 deck Nanny of the hill. deck, etc.

And now around the festive board,
 the jovial bumper fill,
 Each take his glass to my dear lass,
 sweet Nanny of the hill. Dear, etc.

 G L A S G O W,

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