

An Excellent New Song, called,

WONDERFUL

Admiration!

To which are added,

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

Remember Jack.

AND

The Braw Lass of Gala Water.




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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.



Wonderful Admirations ! &c.

I'LL sing you a song of a modern date,
Concerning a damsel who had a good
estate;

Rich, young, and beautiful, whose name it
was Kate;

She was mightily teaz'd with admirers of
late.

Admirations ! admirations !

Oh, the wonderful admirations !

The first was a Beau, much resembling an
ape,

That had broken its chain and made its
escape;

He came into her presence with many a
- scrape,

Cock lure of the maid from his delicate
shape.

Affectation, &c.

The next was a Sot, who came staggering
drunk

Just as he had quitted his bottle and punk;
But his half rotten carcase so dev'lishly
stunk,

That his hopes were all blasted, and pro-
jects were sunk.

Intoxication, &c.

The next was a youth with a sorrowful air,
 Who had fallen a victim to love and despair;
 He'd not the least prospect of gaining the
 fair,

So just came to die, and to end all his care.
 Desperation, &c.

A Bully came next, with a glove in his hat,
 A string of new oaths he had learnt quite
 pat;

He bragg'd of his courage with impudent
 char,

But to tell you the truth he'd have started
 at that. Elevation, &c,

Then in came a Quaker, friend Elijah Prim,
 Hid under the shade of a thirteen inch btim;
 Whatever he did 'twas the spirit mov'd him,
 But I'm sure he had none; for he mov'd not
 a limb.

Inspiration, &c.

A Rake who had been of her fortune appris'd
 In a conjurer's habit his person disguis'd;
 Her fortune to tell was the scheme he de-
 vis'd,

But his beard was pull'd off, and his cun-
 ning surpris'd

Conjuration, &c.

An Irish dear shoy was the next that came in,
 Though bare were his buttocks, yet rough
 was his chin,

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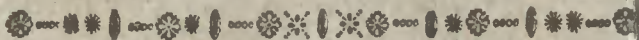
A blundering story he strove to begin,
But Kate, by such eloquence, he could not
win.

Botheration, &c.

At length a young captain directed by fame
Repair'd to the Damsel, and put in a claim
His offers were ta'en, & he carried the
Dame;

So if they are not happy, themselves are to
blame.

Consummation, &c.



Jenny's Bawbee,

I met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' langing lugs and faces lang,
I speer'd at nei'bour Bauldy Strang,

What are they these we see ?

Quoth he "Ilk cream fac'd pauky chiel,
"Thinks himsell cunning as the deil,
"And here they cam', awa to steal
Jenny's Bawbee."

The first, a Captain to his trade,
Wi' ill-lin'd scull, and back weel clad,
March'd round the barn and by the shed,
And papped on his knee ;

Quoth he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
"Your beauty's dazzl'd baith my een ;"

But deil a beauty he had seen,
But Jenny's Bawbee.

A Norlin' Laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bassen'd nag and filler whip,
Cry'd "Here's my beast, lad had the grup,
" Or tie him to a tree ;
" What's gow'd to me, I've wealth o' lan'
" Bestow on ane o' worth your han' ;
He thought to pay what he was awn,
Wi' Jenny's Bawbee.

A Lawyer neist wi' blatherin' gab,
Wi' speeches wove like ony web ;
In ilk anes corn he took a dab,
And a' for a fee ;
Accounts he owed through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair cou'd
drown ;
But now he thought to clout his gown,
Wi' Jenny's Bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae the washing tubs,
A Fool came neist, but life has rubs,
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,
And fair besmear'd was he ;
He danc'd up squinting thro' a glafs,
And grinn'd, "I, faith a bonny las ;"
He thought to win wi' front o' brass.
Jenny's Bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kaim his wig ;
The Soldier not to strut sae big,

The Lawyer not to be a prig,
 The fool he cry'd: "tee, hee,
 "I kend that I could never fail;"
 But she prinn'd the dish-clout to his tail,
 And cool'd him wi' a water-pail.
 And kept her Bawbee:

Then Johnny cam', a lad o' sense,
 Altho' he had na mony pence,
 He took young Jenny to the spence,
 Wi' her to crack a wee;
 Now, Johnny was a clever chiel,
 And here his suit he press'd sae weel,
 That Jenny's heart grew fast as jeel,
 And the birl'd her Bawbee.



Remember Jack.

WHEN scarce a handspike high,
 Death with old dad made free;
 So what does I do d'ye think,
 But pikes it off to sea,
 Says I to sweetheart Poll,
 If ever I come back,
 We'll laugh and sing tol de rol lol,
 If not, remember Jack.

I'd fortune smooth and rough,
 The wind would chop and vere;
 Till hard knocks I'd nab'd enough
 On board a privateer.

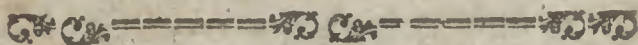
Propp'd with a wooden peg,
 Poll I thought would bid me pack;
 So I was forc'd dy'e see, to beg,
 And 'twas—Pray remember Jack.

I ax'd, as folks hove by,
 And shew'd my wooden pin;
 Young girls would sometimes sigh,
 And gaping lubbers grin.
 In vain I'd often bawl,
 My hopes were ta'en aback,
 And my share of copper small;
 So pray remember Jack.

One day, my lockers bare,
 And tugs all tatter'd grown,
 I twigg'd a pinnace fair,
 Well rigg'd a bearing down.
 'Twas Poll—the look'd so spruce:
 “What thus;” says she, “come back!”
 My tongue forgot its use,
 And pray remember Jack.

What matters much to prate,
 She'd shiners sav'd a few;
 Soon I became her mate:
 Wa'nt, Poll a sweetheart true?
 Then a friend I sary'd before,
 From a long voyage trips back:
 Shar'd I with his gold galore,
 For he well remember'd Jack

So what though I lost my leg,
 It seem'd to fortune mend;
 And though forc'd dy'e see, to beg,
 I gain'd a wife and friend.
 Here's the king, Old England, Poll,
 My shipmate just come back,
 Then laugh and sing tol de rol lol,
 And pray remember Jack.



Braw Lass of Gala water,

BRAW, braw lass of Gala water,
 Bonie lass of Gala water,
 O I wade wide the stream sae deep,
 For you, braw lass of Gala water.
 Fair her hair, a' brent her brow,
 Sae bonnie blue, her een an' chearie,
 The mair I kits her cherry lips,
 The mair I wish her for my dearie.

O'er yon bank, an' o'er yon brae,
 Thro' a' the mossy muir an' heather,
 O I wad rin wi' her to sea light,
 Wi' my dear lassie to forgether.
 Bonie lass of Gala water,
 Braw braw lass of Gala water,
 The gientine that fills my e'e
 Is you, braw lass of Gala water.