

Peace & Plenty;

O R,

Britons Rejoice.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

DICK and NELL; or, LINKY LANKY.

THAT'S THE REAL DANDY.

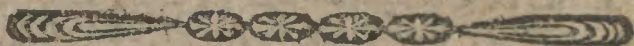
NANNY OF THE HILL.

THE TOWN MISS.



G L A S G O W,

PRINTED BY J. and M. ROBERTSON.



P E A C E A N D P L E N T Y ;

O R,

B R I T O N S R E J O I C E .

BE thankful, O ye Britons,
 be cheerful, and rejoice,
 Long wished for blessings now combine,
 to gratify your choice.
 Meager wants now disappear,
 and Plenty takes its place ;
 And bloody wars, with all its ills,
 gives way to smiling peace.

C H O R U S .

Rejoice and sing, whilst bells do ring,
 and hail that happy day ;
 That France and Britain did agree,
 no more to kill and slay.

Reports of fights and sieges,
 no more assails our ears ;
 No more the Son's disastrous fate,
 calls for the Mother's tears.

The Sailor's Wife her absent Spouse,
 no more in tears of grief will mourn ;
 And children will no more despair,
 their father's safe return.

Chor. Rejoice and sing, &c.

The Maid, her absent Lover,
 no longer will deplore ;
 Nor list of kill'd and wounded,
 afflict our feelings more.

All bloody conflicts now will cease,
 by land as well as sea :

No more will French and English fleets
 their bloody flags display.

Chor. Rejoice and sing, &c.

Since Peace once more our Isle doth bliss,
 and war is at an end

Let them who have Relations lost,
 rejoice to see a friend.

Forgetting war's destructive rage,
 let Joy, of Grief take place ;

And Britons all rejoice and sing,
 by this most happy peace.

Chor. Rejoice and sing, &c.

May all our Fars and Soldiers,
 for their toils and fears,

Respected be by all at home,
 and welcom'd from the wars.

May British Commerce prosp'rous be,
 may wants ne'er pinch us more ;

G O D save the K I N G, he lives to see
 Peace spread his E M P I R E o'er.

C H O R U S.

Rejoice and sing, whilst bells do ring,
 and hail that happy day ;

That France and Britain did agree,
 no more to kill and slay.

DICK and NELL, or LINKY LANKY.

COLD and peevish is the weather,
 I hope this night will bring no harm,
 Says Dick to Nell we'll ly together;
 and we will keep each other warm.
 Oh, then we will roll in soft delight,
 I'll turn to my love and kiss her too,
 We will huddle cuddle all the night,
 and do as father and mother do.

C H O R U S.

With a flim flam I wou'd go to my love,
 linky lanky, there oh! there,
 With a twinketer, twanketer, tal lal lal,
 ha, ha, ha, he lov'd her dear.

No says Nell, I'll ly with no man,
 for I have often heard it said,
 Men have got poison to give to women,
 and to be poison'd I'm afraid.
 Or else ye might roll in soft delight,
 you might turn to your love and kiss nertoo,
 You might huddle cuddle all the night,
 and-do as father and mother do.

With a flim flam I wou'd go to my love,
 linky lanky, there oh! there,
 With a twinketer, twanketer, tal lal lal,
 ha, ha, ha, he lov'd her dear.

With a flim flam I wou'd, etc.

Oh! says Dick, the poison is pleasant,
 so pretty a dose you never had,

It would get us both lads and lassies,
 that wou'd make you mam and I'd be dad,
 Oh! how we would roll in soft delight,
 I'd turn to my love and kiss her too,
 We wou'd huddle cuddle all the night,
 and do as father and mother do.
 With a flim flam I wou'd, etc.

Many persuasions Dick made use of,
 but all his rhetorick was in vain,
 Unless that he wou'd promise to marry'r,
 not one kiss could he obtain:
 Or else he might roll'd in soft delight, (too,
 he might turn'd to his love and kiss'd her
 He might huddl'd cuddl'd all the night,
 and done as father and mother do.
 With a flim flam I wou'd, etc.

The very next morning they were marry'd,
 and to be poison'd Nell was not 'fraid,
 For Dick and Nell they lay together,
 and Dick he got her maiden-head:
 Oh then they did roll in soft delight,
 he turn'd to his love and kiss'd her too,
 They did huddle cuddle all the night,
 and did as father and mother do.

C H O R U S .

With a flim flam he did go to his love,
 linky lanky, there, oh! there,
 With a twinketer twanketer, tal lal lal,
 ha, ha, ha, he lov'd her dear.

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 hop,
And finding Nell had got a drop,
He spy'd a stick 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 Nanny of the hill.

THE TOWN MISS.

TUNE—MY FOND SHEPHERDS OF LATE.

MA R I A my beautiful maid,
let the bulwark of Virtue appear,
Shun the crafty and treacherous blade,
who strives for to ruin each fair :
When a woman but one thing doth grant,
what then my dear can she deny ?
O nothing, no nothing the tyrant doth want,
but readily she must comply.

Though many exclaim 'gainst the fair,
that they first their ruin began,
The truth it doth plainly appear,
those girls were first ruin'd by man,
By flatteries the damsel complies,
with a promise of marriage consents, (prize,
While the traitor, the traitor triumphs o'er the
and the fond fair too late she repents.

Then the tyrant he does her compel,
his lust at all seasons to serve,
If marriage she mentions, he'll tell,
a husband she ne'er can deserve,
For modesty's bounds she has pass'd,
no mistress shall e'er be his wife,
On the town, on the town, then her lot it is cast,
in a Bagnio she endeth her life.

G L A S G O W,

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