

D A N D Y--O.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
TIPPET IS THE DANDY--O.
THE TOPER'S ADVICE.
PICKING LILLIES.
THE DYING SWAN.



G L A S G O W,

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THE DANDY—O.

THOUGH late, as a waiter,
 I ran up and down,
 With bottles glasses, claret,
 rum, and brandy—O!
 But now an Officer I'm grown,
 I'll have servants of my own,
 And be among the Ladies
 quite the Dandy—O.

My cravat now sticks out
 like to a pigeon's breast,
 My hat so smart, my sword
 so long, so handy—O:
 like a sheep's tail at each ear,
 my hair's completely drest,
 And my military cue
 you see's the Dandy—O.

As my legs are not quite so straight,
 I'll disguise them in boots,
 Then who can tell that I am
 so very handy—O.
 And thus this failing is hid,
 in many raw recruits,
 o their legs they all appear
 to be the Dandy—O.

My patent blue-ribb'd stockings,
 I wear them with a grace,
 My watch-chains on each side,
 hang down so grandy—O ;
 With my spy-glass in my hand,
 patch and paint upon my face,
 From my feather to my buckles,
 I'm the Dandy—O.

At concerts and at dances,
 the Ladies I will court,
 With words and looks as sweet
 as sugar-candy—O.

And then for fighting duels, O I
 shall have charming sport,
 Then dam'me, who but I,
 shall be the Dandy—O.

And when that a great warrior
 I come home, I design,
 With Jacob here to take a
 nip of brandy—O!

For who knows but in time,
 he'll hang me up for his sign.
 Then Caleb, boy, I think you'll
 be the Dandy—O.

 TIPPEE IS THE DANDY—O.

THERE is a pretty chambermaid
 lives into the south ;
 So tight, so light, so neat, so gay,
 and so very bandy—O!

Her breath is like the rose,
and the pretty little mouth
Of my pretty little Tippet
is the Dandy---O! Each part, &c.

Never could I clasp the waist,
of Suckey, Sal, or Peg
Their arms so red. their ugly
legs so bandy---O!

But slim and taper is the waist,
the neat and pretty leg,
Of my pretty little Tippet
is the Dandy---O. Each part, &c.

Little Tippet of the south,
if she gives me but a smile,
Cheers the cockles of my skipping
heart like brandy---O!

Each part, each limb, each look,
would any one beguile,
But take her altogether,
she's the Dandy---O.

Chor. Each part, each limb, each look,
would any one beguile,
But take her altogether
she's the Dandy---O..



THE TOPER'S ADVICE.

BANISH sorrow, grief's a folly,
care unbend the wrinkled brow,

lence dull care and melancholy,
wine and wit invites us now.
Bacchus sends us all his treasure,
Comus sends us jest and song, (sure,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow plea-
let us join the jocund throng.

Youth soon flies, 'tis but a season,
time is ever on the wing;
Then let's the present moment seize on,
none knows what the next may bring:
Thus let's be joyous while time we measure,
other's wisdom we despise, (sure,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, plea-
to be merry's to be wise.

Why should then vain care perplex us?
why should we not merry be?
While we're here, there's nought to vex us,
drinking sets our cares all free.
Then let's have drinking without measure,
let's have drink while time we have
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, plea-
there's no drinking in the grave. (sure,

PICKING LILIES.

Down in yon meadow fresh and gay,
Picking lilies the other day,
Picking lilies both red and blue,
I little thought what love could do,

Where love is planted there it grows,
It buds and blossoms like any rose,
It has such a sweet and a pleasant smell,
No flower on earth can it excel.

There are thousands, thousands in a room,
My love she carries the brightest bloom;
She surely is some chosen one,
I will have her or I will have none.

I saw a ship sailing on the sea,
As deeply laden as she could be,
But not so deep as in love I am,
I care not whether I sink or swim.

Must I go bound, shall she go free?
Must I love one that loves not me!
Why should I act such a childish part,
As to love one that would break my heart.

I put my hand into the bush
Thinking the sweetest rose to find;
But I prick'd my finger to the bone,
And left the sweetest rose behind.

If roses be such prickly flowers,
They must be gather'd when they are green,
For he that wooes an unkind lover,
I'm sure he striveth against the stream.

If my love were dead and gone to rest,
I would think on her that I love best,
I'll wrap her up in linen strong,
And think on her when she's dead and gone.

THE DYING SWAN.

T WAS on a river's verdant side,
 about the close of day,
 a dying Swan with music try'd
 to chase her cares away.

And tho' she ne'er had strain'd her throat,
 or tun'd her voice before,
 she ravish'd with so sweet a note,
 that while his stroke forebore.

O Jewel, she cry'd, ye silver streams,
 ye purling waves adieu,
 here Phœbus us'd to dart his beams,
 and bless both me and you.

O Jewel ye tender whistling reeds,
 ye soft scenes of happy love;
 O Jewel, ye bright enamell'd meads,
 where I was wont to rove.

With you I must no more converse;
 look, yonder setting sun
 sits, while I these notes rehearse,
 and then he must be gone.

Turn not, my kind and constant mate,
 ye'll meet again below;
 O the kind decree of Fate,
 and I with pleasure go.

While thus she sung, upon a tree
 within the adjacent wood,
 To hear her mournful melody,
 a Stork attentive stood.

From whence thus to the Swan she spoke

What means this song of joy?
 Is it, fond fool, so kind a stroke
 that does thy life destroy?

Turn back, deluded bird, and try
 to keep thy fleeting breath:
 It is a dismal thing to die,
 and pleasure ends in death.

Base Stork, the Swain reply'd, give o'er,
 thy arguments are vain;
 If after death we are no more,
 yet we are free from pain.

But there are soft Elysian shades,
 and bow'rs of kind repose,
 Where never any storm invades,
 nor tempest ever blows.

There in cool streams, and shady woods,
 I'll sport the time away;
 Or, swimming down the chrystal floods,
 among young Halcons play.

Then pr'ythee cease, or tell me why
 I have such cause to grieve?
 Since 'tis a happiness to die,
 and 'tis a pain to live.