

*Dick & Nell;*

O R,

*Linky Lanky.*

To which is added,

The ROYAL BARBER.

A N D

WILL THE WEAVER.



Entered according to Order.

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 kifs 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, tall 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 hath got poison to give to women,  
 and to be poison'd I'm afraid.

Or else ye might roll in soft delight, (too,  
 you might turn to your love & kifs her  
 You might huddle cuddle all the night,  
 and do as father and mother do, &c.

Oh! says Dick, the poison is pleasant,  
 so pretty a dose you never had,  
 It would get us both lads and lasses,  
 that would make you mam & I'll be dad.

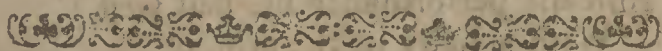
Oh! how we would roll in soft delight,  
 I'd turn to my love and kiss her too,  
 We would huddle cuddle all the night,  
 and do as father and mother do, &c.

Many persuasions Dick made use of,  
 but all his rhetoric prov'd in vain,  
 Unless that he would promise to marry her,  
 not one kiss could he obtain,  
 Or else he might roll'd in soft delight,  
 he might turn to his love & kiss her too,  
 He might huddl'd cuddl'd all the night,  
 and do as father and mother do, &c.

The very next morning they were marry'd,  
 and to be poison'd Nell was not afraid,  
 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.

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



### THE ROYAL BARBER.

**L**AST night as I lay on my bed,  
 Such am'rous thoughts came in my  
 About the scantiff that is spread, (head,  
 Thro' every street and corner,

Now Dandy is the toast in town,  
 But now by Jove his match is found,  
 For there's one that will cut him down,  
 I mean the Real Barber.

He is a lusty roving blade,  
 And therefore master of his trade,  
 He's found a knack to please the maid,  
 Surpasses every Barber.

Sometimes to Vauxhall he does go,  
 Among the Ladies makes a show,  
 His am'rous air, his bows to Chloe,  
 Says Madam, here's the Barber.

The Ladies much admires of him,  
 He is so airy, bright and gem,  
 Besides their hair does neatly trim,  
 In the new fashion'd order.

His working tools they are so neat,  
 He does his business so compleat,  
 That Lady Betty and Mistress Kate,  
 Calls him the Real Barber.

A pretty Miss just in her teens,  
 Chanc'd to spy him on the green,  
 And his performance she had seen,  
 With a Lady in the harbour.

To try his skill she's fully bent,  
 And for him into a room she sent,  
 Telling him her whole intent,  
 He was the Real Barber.



His instruments he did prepare,  
 And straightway dress'd & trim'd her hair,  
 Which made the Lady for to swear,  
 He was the Skilful Barber.

All other Ladies they would tell,  
 Above the rest he bore the bell,  
 His excellency did excel,  
 More than other Barbers.

An innocent Lady in the town,  
 With perfect age was stooping down,  
 And hearing of his great renown,  
 Said, she must have the Barber.

Her hair to dress, and tooth to draw,  
 Which lay into her under jaw,  
 Swore that one bit she cou'dn't chew,  
 Unless she got the Barber.

The greasy Doll, the brazen cook,  
 Last Saturday's night in glass did loök,  
 Upon the ladle her oath she took,  
 That she must have the Barber.

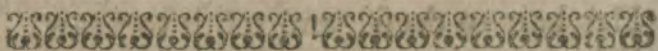
Nów for to dress and trim her hair,  
 With powder and pomatum rare,  
 A quarter's wages she would spare,  
 To see the Real Barber.

The Scullion and the Kitchen-maid,  
 They're going crazy as they said,  
 For the want of this jovial blade,  
 They call the Real Barber.

The Chimney-sweeper's daughter Prue,  
 With Peggy, Polley, Nell, and Sue,  
 The cobbler's daughter, Nancy too,  
 Said, she must have the Barber.

Let Dandy then no more appear,  
 But to the Barber all repair,  
 For he can dress and trim their hair,  
 And set it in right order.

Now to the lasses he is kind,  
 To humour them he does incline,  
 Upon his door he has a sign,  
 To show he is the Barber.



## W I L L the W E A V E R.

To its own proper Tune.

**M**Other, mother, I am married,  
 I wish that I had longer tarried,  
 For the women they do swear,  
 That the breeches they will wear.

Does she scold or does she riot,  
 Or is she costly in her diet,  
 Sometimes to the tavern goes,  
 With Will the weaver, and God knows.

Loving son, no more discover,  
 But pray my dear go home and love her,  
 Give my daughter what's her due,  
 Let me hear no more of you,

I'll give her gold, I'll give her diet,  
 I'll give her all things if she's quiet,  
 But if in words she does rebel,  
 I'll take a stick and bang her well.

A neighbour coming for to meet him,  
 Just on purpose for to vex him,  
 I'll tell you what I saw just now,  
 As I was coming unto you.

I saw your wife and Will the weaver,  
 Mighty free and clost together,  
 At the threshold of the door,  
 They both went in, I saw no more.

Home he went, all in a wonder,  
 Knocking at the door like thunder,  
 Who is there, the weaver cry'd?  
 It is my husband, you must hide.

Up the chimney straight he ventur'd,  
 In the house her husband enter'd.  
 Where have you been all the day,  
 Come and tell me now I pray?

A spending of your gold and treasure,  
 All the day long out of measure,  
 While I poor girl must stay at home,  
 By myself to make my moan.

Loving Wive, no more affliction,  
 But pray follow my direction,  
 Bring me some beer, for I am dry,  
 This to her he did reply.

Then he did use his best endeavour,  
 For to find out Will the weaver,  
 Where he search'd rooms & parlour round,  
 Never a soul was to be found.

Up the chimney straight he gazed,  
 Where he stood like one amazed,  
 Where he spy'd the wretched soul,  
 Perching on the chimney pole.

I am glad that I have found thee,  
 I will neither hang nor drown thee,  
 But I will stifle thee with smoke,  
 Thus he thought, but nothing spoke.

Then he put on a rousing fire,  
 For to please his own desire,  
 His wife cry'd out with free good will,  
 Husband, do not the weaver kill.

Then quickly he put on more fuel,  
 Then she cry'd, My dearest jewel,  
 Since that I am your dearest wife,  
 Take him down and spare his life.

Off the chimney pole he took him,  
 And so merrily he shook him,  
 At every blow these words he spoke,  
 Come no more to stop my smoke.

Never was a chimney-sweeper,  
 Half so black as Will the weaver,  
 Face and hands, and clothes likewise,  
 Sent him home with two black eyes.