

The Prevailing Fashions:

[To which are added,

Robin A'boon.

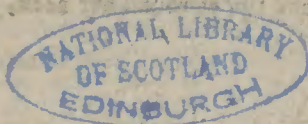
NED HAULTARD.

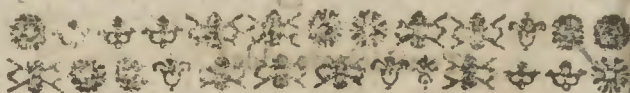
If I should get laughing
at that.

5053



Stirling, Printed by M. Randall]





THE PREVAILING FASHIONS.

Good people all I pray draw near,
in country and in town Sir,
The pride is got to such a pitch,
the world's turn'd upside down Sir :
They are contriving ever day
their pretty shapes to spoil Sir
Since short waisted gowns they all do wear,
their lump-backs fer to hide Sir.
Chor. So Ladies of the fashion now,
adhere unto my censure,
I have short waisted gowns to sell,
and very pretty spencers.

The servant girls they instate
the pride in every place Sir,
And if they wear a flow'rd gown,
they'll have it made short waist Sir,
They'll have it rump'd all behind,
it hang just like a wallet
With a scull-cap on their head,
just like a Scotch an-bennet

It was in London you shall hear,
upon a certain day Sir,
A lady she was dressed up,
and going to the play Sir.
The blustering winds did blow so hard,
blew off her cap and wig Sir.
With muff and tippet round her neck,

the look'd like a hairy pig,
 Those low heel'd slippers they do wear,
 their gouty legs to shew Sir;
 Their petticoats are fringed round,
 they cut a tempting show Sir;
 And when their bosoms you do view,
 the truth I do declare, O,
 A modesty they all must have,
 if ne'er a smock they wear, O,

The farmers' daughters every where,
 the truth I do lay down Sir,
 They dress as grand I do declare,
 as Ladies of renown Sir,
 A cap and feather they must have,
 and mask all o'er their faces,
 Let's hope their pride it will come down,
 to linsie woolsey dresses.

ROBIN A' BOON

My name i Robin A'boon,
 my age is twenty and four,
 I married last m' summer morn,
 for the sake of a plentiful acre:
 My wife she's decrepp'd and old,
 and scarce has an eye for to see,
 But i knew she had plenty of gold,
 or the d—i should have had her for me

though i be young, brandy, and fat,
 and Dolly my critical bride,
 her locks are as grey as a rat,
 and her nose ic stand all on one side,
 stroak'd her old cheeks with my hand,
 in few words we soon did agree,

My wife has abundance of gold,
 or the d—l should have had her for me.

At the very first visit I paid,
 she gave me a delicate ring,
 So lovingly as we did agree
 oh ! then she began for to sing:
 She pray'd for my prosp'rous health,
 So lovingly we did agree,
 At the first she show'd me her wealth,
 or the d—l should have had her for me.

She promis'd to make me the lord,
 of every penny she had,
 So lovingly as we did accord,
 all people think me mad ;
 But the end of my fingers did itch,
 to handle the gold I did see
 I knew very well she was rich,
 or the d—l should have had her for me.

Her stumps they are rotten and black,
 for teeth she has none in her head,
 And with a great hump on her back
 she wadd ed away to be wed,
 I laugh't at the comical sight
 to think that she wedded must be,
 For if that she had not been so rich
 the d—l should have had her for me.

I kept both my hawks and my hounds,
 and often a hunting I go,
 Sometimes up n ether folks grounds,
 I catch a young cunny or so.
 Of which I'm wondrous proud,
 my wife to the same did agree,

And if liberty was not allow'd, with ease I might have
the d—l shau'd have had her for me.

Of times I have cross'd the seas, where thund'ring cannons do roar,

But now I do live at my ease, drinking humming good liquor and galore:
I'll cast off my t'w'paining rags

and on with some clothes that are free,
My wife had abundance of bags,
or the d—l should have had her for me.

Her husband when he was alive; he liv'd upon usury then,
He made it his trade to contrive,

to cheat and defraud honest men;

But now he is laid up in the dust,
and I'm her young husband to be,

She shew'd me her riches at first,
or the d—l should have had her for me.

Old wives love men that are young,
young men love money likewise;

Court them with a flattering tongue,
and soon they'll surrender the prize;

Since it has been my prosperous lot,
I wish her no more of it.

I have got all the money she had,
let her die now as soon as she will.

Every Inch a Sailor

THE wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The dingy scud drove cross the sky,
All was safe stow'd the bowl was slung,

When careless thus Ned Haulyard sung,
 A sailor's life's the life for me!
 He takes his duty merrilie
 If winds can whistle, he can sing,
 Still faithful to his friends and king,
 He gets beloved by all his ship
 And toasts his girl, and drinks his flip.

Down topsails, boys, the gale comes on
 To strike top-gallant yards they run;
 And now to hand the sail prepar'd,
 Ned cheerful sings upon the yard,
 A sailor's life &c.

A-leak!—a leak!—come lads, be bold!
 There's five feet water in the hold!
 Eager on deck see Haulyard jump!
 And, hark! he's singing at the pump,
 A sailor's life, &c.

And see the vessel nought can save!
 She strikes and finds a wat'ry grave!
 Yet Ned preserv'd, with a few more,
 Sings, as he treads a for ign'ore,
 A sailor's life, &c.

But now, unnumber'd perils past,
 On land as well's at sea, at last,
 In tatters to his Poll at home
 See honest Haulyard singing come,
 A sailor's life, &c.

Yet for poor Haulyard what disgrace,
 Poll swears she never saw his face!

e calls her a most faithless she,
 nd singing goes again to sea,
 sailor's life's the life for me!
 e takes his duty merrilie
 winds can whistle, he can sing,
 ill faithful to his friends and King,
 e gets beloved by all his ship
 nd toasts his girl, and drinks his slip.

IF I SHOULD GET LAUGHING AT THAT.

the days of my childhood I sported and play'd
 among the young folks around,
 was fond then of laughing, my grandmother said,
 none merrier ever was found:
 o fill up the moments with joy and delight,
 I scarcely knew what to be at;
 or whatever was pleasing that came to my sight,
 O I could not help laughing at that.

till the humour prevails, tho' maturer i'm grown,
 i'm happy to smile time away,
 And the frolics of fancy i'ld call my own,
 and i' presently spin out the day;
 let the dill of the splenetic censure or chide,
 at my innocent freedom and chat,
 I'd tire to hear their nonsensical pride,
 for i cannot help laughing at that.

Young Colin declares for a husband i'm fit;
 As he courts me from morning to night,
 He talks of the Parson, the Church, and the Ring;
 in praise too of conjugal chat;
 On the charms of my parson displays all his wit,
 and i own that it gives me delight,

O this wedlock must sure be an excellent thing, but
but I must not get laughing at that.

At length to his wishes were I to comply,
as at length I seem to incline.

But if on his promises I may rely,
not to check the good humour of thine;

to church with young Collins I'll soon trip away,
and answer all questions quite pat,

When I come to the critical word, call'd Obey,
la; if I should get laughing at that.

FINIS.