

The Modern Beau.

To which are added,

Jamie with his Trousers on.

SOMEBODY.

Dear Little Cottage

Maiden.

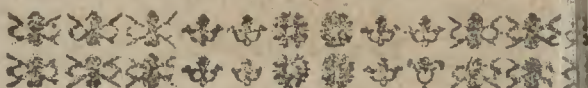
BILL BOBSTAY.

PADDY IN LOVE.

and, A LOVE SONG.



Stirling, Printed by M. Randal.



THE MODERN BEAU.

MY daddy is dead and has left me some money,
I'll dress very fine and look very fancy,
I'll buy a fine coach with fine horses to carry me.
Who knows then but some young lady will marry
With my puff em, strut em, stride em, (S
Walk em, run em, ride em, tol

With my short coat to ride and my breeches
leather,
I look like a Cockney new cut out of feather,
Then I mount on my pad that so swiftly does carry
me.

And I nod as I pass to my Lord and Sir Harry.
With my puff em &c.

I'll put on fine clothes, and go to the ball, Sir,
Then pull out my glass and squint at them all, Sir,
To be blind is the fashion, so I'll be blind too, Sir.
And if you peep at me, why then I'll squint at you
With my puff em, &c. (S

As I strut round the room, I stare in their faces,
Then pull down my ruff's all cover'd with lace;
The ladies a little while their heads are a thumping
What a sweet fellow's that?—h, 'tis young 'squint
With his puff em, &c. [Lumpkin

I walk out of the room, and sometimes I stay in it,

As us great folks can't make up our minds in a min-
 We sit down to cards and play at bonswaber, [cute];
 We haad round the wine and drink haber naber,
 With our puff em, &c,

We set round the wine till we're as drunk as buffers;
 Then we knock down the candle, table, and snuff; ;
 The waiter comes in, we put him in the fire,
 And then stumble home all cover'd with mire.

With our puff em, strut em stride em,
 Walk em, run em, ride em, tol.

JAMIE WITH HIS TROUSERS ON.

MAGGY are you going to marry?

Yes, dear mother, that I am;

Tell me who is your lover;

Jamie with his trousers on.

Sparkling eyes, fine black eyes,

he ra ties to me like a drum;

Play to me the new found jig;

play Jamie with his trousers on,

I looked east, I looked west,

I look'd so far as I saw sun;

The bonnie't lad that e'er I saw,

was Jamie and his trousers on.

Sweep the house, put on the fire,

suiters they are going to come:

I'll have a dance with the dusty miller.

Jamie with his trousers on. Sparkling, &c.

Sailor I'll get gold and silver,

fisher lads get nought but brass,
 Well love I the sailor laddies,
 because I am a sailor's lass. With his, &c.

My Jamie bold won't be controul'd,
 or who dare him put upon?
 For Britain's right he'll boldly fight,
 My Jamie with his trousers on. &c.

For he's a stout and valiant Sailor;
 now he's sailing on the main;
 He will bring home gold and treasure,
 now he's fighting France and Spain. &c.

In hot battle where guns rattle,
 he will boldly lead the van;
 And will make the Monsieurs rattle,
 and punish that perfidious band. &c

My guardian angels now attend him,
 and keep him from his enemy;
 And from all dangers still defend him,
 and return him safe to me.

With his sparkling eyes, fine black eyes,
 he rattles to me like a drum,
 P'ay to me that new found jig,
 play Jamie with his trousers on.

SOMEBODY:

WERE I oblig'd to beg my bread,
 And had not where to lay my head,
 I'd creep where yonder ticks do feed,
 And steal a look at somebody.

5
My own dear somebody.

When I'm laid low, and am at rest,
And may be number'd with the blest,
Then shall thy artless feeling breast,
Throb with regard for somebody.
Ah! will you drop one pitying tear,
And sigh for the lost somebody.

But should I ever live to see,
That form so much admir'd by me,
Then would my constancy reward,
And make me blest with somebody.
Then shall my tears be dried by thee.
And I'll be blest with somebody.

DEAR LITTLE COTTAGE MAIDEN.

FROM place to place I travers'd long,
devoid of care or sorrow;
With lightsome heart, and merry song,
I thought not of to-morrow
But when Priscilla caught my eye,
with every charm a ray'd in,
I sigh'd and sung, I knew not why,
dear little Cottage Maiden.

And wou'd the charmer be but mine,
sweet nymph, I so reverse thee,
I'd gladly share my fate with thine,
and evermore be near thee:
Tho' gold may please the proud & great,
my heart with love is laden,
Then let us join in wedlock's state,
dear little Cottage Maiden.

O'er me and mine, come mistress prove,
 and then what ill can harm us?
 Kind Hymen will each fear remove,
 and spread each sweet to charm us,
 Together we will live content
 and sought but love will trade in;
 So sweetly shall our lives be spent,
 dear litt'e Cottage Maiden,

BILL BOB'S FAY.

TIGHT lads have I sail'd with, but none e'er so
 lightly
 as honest Bill Bob's Fay, so kind and so true;
 He'd sing like a mermaid and foot it so light'y,
 the forecable's pride, the delight of the crew:
 But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters,
 he went, tho' his fortune was kind without end,
 For money, e'y'd Bill, and then their sort of matters,
 what's the good on't d'ye see, but to succour
 a friend?

There's Nipcheefe, the purser, by grinding and squeez-
 ing,
 first plundering then leaving the ship like a rat:
 The eddy of fortune stands on stiff breeze in,
 and mounts, fierce as fire, a doz' vans in his hat.
 My Lark, though hard storms on life's ocean should
 rock her,
 though she rolls in misfortunes and pitch end for end,
 Jo, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
 when by handing it out he can succour a friend.

et them throw out their whips, and cry, spite of the
 crosses,

and forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore;
 That "Sailors at sea earn their money by the horses,
 "to squander it idly like asses ashore" [sure.
 Such lubbers the rascals would call us, could they see me—
 by their feeling the generous delight without end,
 That gives birth in us to that trust of pleasure,
 the handing our throats to succour a friend!

Why, what's all this nonsense they talk of add pother,
 all about rights of men, what a plague are they at?
 If they means that each man to his messmate's a
 brother,

why, the lubberly swabs! every fool can tell that.
 The rights of us Britons, we know to be loyal,
 in our country's defence our last moments to spend:
 To fight up to the ears to protect the blood royal,
 To be true to our wives—and to succour a friend!

PADDY IN LOVE.

I'VE been long in love with a damsel hard by:
 She has a pig in the stable, and a horse in the sty;
 Her cheeks are as red as the sun in the night,
 Her eyes shine as bright as the moon in day-light.

With a bala namona Ora,
 A pretty black girl for me.

It would charm you to see her at church or at mill,
 Where she trips it so nimbly you'd swear she stood still,
 At milking her cow to the world must agree,
 She looks just like Vulcan ris'n out of the sea.
 With a bala namona Ora, &c.

As I sit by her side I'm scarce able to stand,
 And call her my bride by a squeeze of the hand;
 The match is concluded, I'd take her for life,

And get her consent when I've made her my wife;
With my balisamona Oro, &c!

Her smell like victory proclaimed afar, [war,
And her breath sounds as sweet as the trumpet of
She is straight as a rainbow from foot to the head,
And I'll doat on my jewel long after I'm dead!
With my balisamona Oro, &c.

A LOVE SONG.

LOVE's a gen'rous passion,
source of all sublime delight;
When with mutual inclination,
two fond hearts in one unite.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
if compar'd with true content?
That false joy which now bewitches,
when too late we may repent.

Lawless passions bring vexation,
but a chaste and constant love
Is a glorious emulation
of the blissful state above.

FINIS.