

BART'LEMY FAIR,

Andrew wi' his Cutty Glen,

JACK JIB-BOOM,

AND

MY JEANIE, O.



SOLD WHOLESALE BY J. FRASER & CO

PRINTERS, STIRLING

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR:

COME bustle, neighbour Prig,
Buckle on your Sunday wig;
In our Sunday clothes so gaily,
Let us strut up the Old Bailey.
Oh! the devil take the rain,
We may never go again;
See, the shows have begun—O rare O!
Remember Mr Snip,
To take Mrs Snip,—
That's the little boy from Flanders,
And that there's Master Saunders—
Stand aside, and we'll have a stare, O!
High down, O down, derry derry down,
O the humours of Bartlemy Fair O!

Spoken.] Walk up, ladies and gentlemen,
here's the wonderful birds and *beastesses* from
Bengal in the Vest Indies: Here, ma'am, only
look at this beautiful *hanimal*; no two spots on
his body alike; it's out of the power of any *lim-*
mer to describe him; measures fifteen feet from
the snout to the tail, and fifteen feet from the
tail to the snout; grows an inch and a half every
year, and never comes to its proper growth.
Turn him up there with a long pole.

High down, &c.

When the fair is at the full,
 In gallops a mad bull,
 Puts the rabble to the rout,
 Lets all the lions out;
 Down falls Mrs Snip,
 With a monkey on her hip,—
 We shall all be swallow'd up, I declare, O.

Roaring boys, gilded toys,
 Lollipops, Shilling hops,
 Tumble in, just begin,
 Cups and balls, wooden walls,
 Gin and bitters, apple fritters,
 Shins of beef, Stop thief!
 Lost shoes, Kangaroos,
 O Polly, where's Molly!
 Bow wow, What a row!

High down, &c.

Now the beasts with hungry tooth,
 In anger 'tack the booth;
 Away affrighted run
 Birds and eagles of the sun;
 Down tumbles trot-legg'd Rolla,
 Who tips 'em the view holla;
 Poor Cora's in the mud—O rare O!

Spoken.] Here, Valk up, ladies and gentlemen. Here's the vonderful kangaroo from *Bottomhouse* Bay. Here's the vonderful large ba-oon, that dane'd a Paddy-dow, and played at ap frog with the celebrated Muster Barring-

ton. Here's the vonderful cow that can't live on the land, and dies in the water; the vonderful sun eagle, the hotter the sun, the higher he flies. Billy, run and stuff a blanket in that hole, or the little boys vill peep for nothing. Here! here! valk! valk!—Suppose you think this man's alive; he's no more alive than you are. Now's your time to see that vonderful vooden Roscius, Mr Punch, for the small charge of one penny:—
(*Mimicking Punch.*)

High down, O down, derry derry down,
What whirligigs of Bartlemy Fair, O.

ANDREW WI' HIS CUTTY GUN

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she butt an' ben,
Weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.

SHE took me in, she set me down,
She hecht to keep me lawin-free;
But, wylie Carlin that she was!
She gart me birl my bawbee.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

I lo'ed the liquor weel eneugh,
But, waes my heart, my cash ran done,
Lang or I had quench'd my drouth,
And laith I was to pawn my shoos!
Blythe, blythe, &c.

When we had three times toom'd the stowp,
 And the neist chappin new begun,
 Wha started in to heeze our hope,
 But Andrew wi' his cutty gun.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Carlin brought her kebbuck ben,
 And girdle-cakes weel toasted brown;
 Weel did the cannie kimmer ken
 It gart the swats gae glibber down.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

We ca'd the bicker aft about,
 Till dawning we ne'er jeed our bum;
 And ay the cleanest drinker out
 Was Andrew wi' his cutty gun.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

He did like ony mavis sing,
 While she below his oxters sat;
 He ca'd her ay his bonnie thing,
 And mony a sappy kiss she gat.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been far ayont the sun,
 But the cleverest lad that e'er I saw,
 Was Andrew wi' his cutty gun.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

 JACK'S ALIVE.

Sweet Nancy Nouse, and Jack jib-boom,
 Had long been man and wife,
 And envy's self could not find room
 To blame their happy life.
 Each girl who would a husband find,
 Each tar who fain would wife,
 These words would always keep in mind,
 Nan's blest, for Jack's alive.

One Pest, a knowing and false friend,
 When Jack was out at sea,
 Laid siege to Nancy, to no end,
 For a true wife was she;
 He teased her with each doubt and fear,
 That his vile suit might thrive,
 Yet hope still whisper'd in her ear,
 'Tis false, for Jack's alive.

He kept Jack's letters back, forged news,
 Her virtue to ensnare,
 And did her patient ear abuse,
 To drive her to despair;
 He swore Jack had fallen overboard,
 And never would arrive,
 When a hoarse voice like thunder roar'd,
 ' You lie, friend, Jack's alive.'

'Twas Jack; he chased all her alarms
 He kicked Pest down the stairs,
 Then, hast'ning to her longing arms,
 He banish'd all her cares;
 His children to his heart he press'd,
 Bid joy again revive:
 While Nancy cried, 'I'm truly bless'd,
 Thank heaven, my Jack's alive.

I HAE LOST MY JEANIE, O.

Tune, 'The Lee Rigg.'

O I hae seen when fields were green,
 And birds sae blythe and cheerie, O,
 How swift the day wad pass away,
 When I was wi' my dearie, O:
 But now I neither laugh nor sing,
 My looks are alter'd cleanlie, O;
 I'll never like a lass again,
 Since I hae lost my Jeanie, O.

Now I maun grane an' greet my lane,
 An' never ane to heed me, O;
 My claes, that ay were neat an' clean,
 Can scarce be said to cleed me, O;
 My heart is sair, my elbows bare,
 My pouch without a guinea, O;
 I'll never taste o' pleasure mair,
 Since I hae lost my Jeanie, O.

O Fortune! thou hast us'd me ill;
 Far waur than my deservin', O;
 Thrice o'er the crown thou'st knock'd me down,
 An' left me hafflins starvin', O:
 Thy roughest blast has blawn the last,
 My lass has us'd me meanlie, O;
 Thy sharpest dart has pierc'd my heart,
 An' ta'en frae me my Jeanie, O.

I'll nae mair strive, while I'm alive,
 For aught but missin' slavery, O.
 This world's a stage, a pilgrimage,
 A mass o' nought but knav'ry, O:
 If fickle fame but save my name,
 An' frae oblivion screen me, O;
 Then farewell fortune, farewell love,
 An' farewell bonnie Jeanie, O.

FINIS.