

T H E

DANDY--O.

To which are added,

Tippet is the Dandy----O.

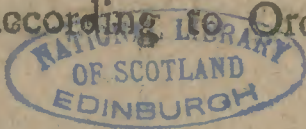
The TOPER'S ADVICE.

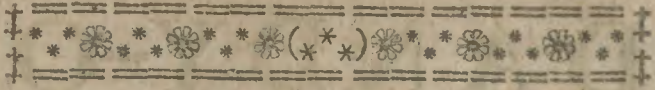
PICKING LILIES.

The DYING SWAN.



Entered according to Order.





THE DANDY - O.

To its own Proper Tune.

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 does stick 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 compleatly drest,
 And my military cue
 you see's the Dandy—O.
 As my legs are not quite straight,
 I'll disguise them in boots,
 Then who can tell that I'm
 so very bandy—O;
 And thus this failing is hid
 in many raw recruits,
 So their legs they all appear
 to be the Dandy—O.

My patent blue rib'd-sockings,
I wear 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.

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TIPPET IS THE DANDY—O!

THERE is a chambermaid
lives into the south;
So tight, so light, so neat,
so gay, so handy,—O!

Her breath is like the rose,
 and the pretty little mouth
 Of pretty little Tippet
 is the Dandy—O!

Never could I clasp the waist
 of Sukey, 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 pretty little Tippet
 is the Dandy—O.

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!

Each part, each limb, each look,
 would any one beguile, &c.

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THE TOPER'S ADVICE.

BANISH sorrow, grief's a folly,
 care unbend the wrinkled brow,
 Hence dull care and melancholy,
 wine and wit invite 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 :
 Then let's bejoyous 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 cares 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,

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PICKING LILIES.

To its own Proper Tune.

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

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

There are thousands, thousands in a room,
 My love she carries the brightest bloom,
 She is the 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 a 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 a prickly flower,
 They must be gather'd when they are green
 For he that woes an unkind lover,
 I'm sure he striveth against the stream.

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

THE DYING SWAN.

To its own Proper Tune.

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

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

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

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

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

Mourn not, my kind and conſtant mate,
 we'll meet again below:
 It is the kind decree of Fate,
 and I with pleaſure go,

While thus she sung, upon a tree
 within th' 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, deluding bird, and try
 to keep thy fleeting breath :
 It is a dismal thing to die,
 and pleasure ends in death.

Base Stork, the Swan 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 tempests 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.