

Folly and Fashion

OF THE

PRESENT TIME.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A TRIP TO BOTANY BAY.
THE HAPPY WEDDING.
JACK TAR'S RETURN.

The Cruel PARENTS DECEIVED:
Or, the Happy Lovers Meeting.

THE WILLOW WILL.
THE MOMENT AURORA.



The Folly and Fashion of the present Time.

Come listen a while you need not tarry long,
 All ranks give attention as by me you throng,
 The truth you shall hear by the words of a song,
 Of the rigs and rhymes on the times,
 In this most wonderful, wonderful age.

Defrauding, delusion, and bilking's the plan,
 The way of the world now is cheat as cheat can,
 And the far biggest rogue, Sir, is now the best man,
 Who can bounce and fly, swear, lie, and deny,
 'Tis the way now to thrive as the world now goes.

With confusion and bustle for money they strive,
 The rich would devour the poor up alive,
 And one neighbour don't like another to thrive,
 For wrong or right they backbite, full of spite,
 Laugh in their sleeve at their neighbour's downfall.

Here is Lady Squab with her monkey'd face,
 By her I'll describe you this backbiting-race,
 Who 'twould puzzle a lawyer their actions to trace,
 To know your mind how they twine, seem so kind,
 Yet would cut your throat if your back be but turn'd.

They're most of them gossips, with what news I pray?
 Why can't you come in, no indeed a can't stay,
 Tho' to rattle and slander they'll gossip all day,
 In dirty trim, out and in, drinking gin,
 Complain of bad husbands, but few of such wives.

A new tea-drinking fashion of late they've got in,
 Such an excellent mode they think it no sin,
 To borrow tea-kettles, to pawn them for gin,
 And swear black's white, wrong or right, to come by't,
 Of this tea-drinking fashion good women beware.

Since folly and fashion's so prone in the land,
 Here's thousands of tradesmen are all at a stand,
 Tho' pride and presumption go hand in hand,
 Many a one up and down, broke and gone,
 The Lady's ambition has ruin'd their trade.

To offend the dear Ladies I'd not say a word,
 Tho' they're slaves to the folly I think so absurd,
 By scenting their clothes with Muscovy cat's turd,
 That the fumes of their plumes, flies in my brain,
 Gives me the vapours when them I come near.

Their favourite lap dogs how deliciously fed,
 Shock rides in the coach, soft velvet his bed,
 While a hungry child, on the hard boards lays his head
 All the night, shocking plight, take me right,
 They value their animals more than a child.

The next is a beau, Sir Vanity Vain,
 His snuff-box is open each minute with pains,
 To fill his head fuller of snuff than of brains,
 So mighty wise, and precise, what with
 Powder and hair you can scarce see his nose.

For lott'ry adventurers here's china compleat,
 Silver table and tea-spoons, all equipage neat,
 Off the bed to the pop-shops, away goes the sheets,
 Their luck to try, now they buy, a policy,
 And dreaming all night of this tea-table prize.

Such folly and times in poor Britain was never,
 Here's wit all in rags, and folly in feather,
 By Providence thus we're all huddl'd together,
 So the life of man is but a span, like an
 Air balloon, wonder when lost in the air.

A TRIP TO BOTANY BAY.

COME, come my lads, for we must away,
 Bound down in irons to Botany Bay;

it is of no use to weep nor yet to complain,
 Nor perhaps we may see Old England again.

C H O R U S.

So come, come away, for I can no longer stay,
 Let us hope we may meet with a far better day.

Although we are bound to a foreign clime,
 There's many of us young lads just in our prime,
 Who by wisdom we ought to've been better taught,
 For wisdom's ne'er good without it's dear bought.

So come, come away, for I, etc.

Now many a pretty lass in Botany may be seen,
 Who knows but she might be an Indian Queen,
 Deck'd out in diamonds, see the British fair,
 A fig for transportation, little do we care.

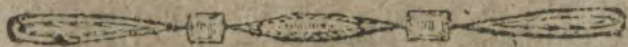
So come, come away, for I, etc.

Now when to Botany Bay we do come,
 The first thing we do is to chafe us a King,
 'Tis of no use to laugh, nor yet to make fun,
 Who knows but it may be the noted Barrington.

So come, come away, for I, etc.

Farewel my pretty girls, I'll bid you adieu,
 It may be a long time before I see you;
 So fill up the glass, and drink it off I pray,
 Success to the lads that's bound to Botany Bay.

So come, come away, for I, etc.



THE HAPPY WEDDING.

AS I was a walking one morning in May,
 I heard a young damsel to sigh and to say,
 My love's gone from me, and shown me foul play,
 'Twas down in the meadow, amongst the green hay.

What makes my dear Polly to sigh & complain,
 Did you think, love, I ne'er should return again,
 Now to the church let us with speed repair,
 So never mind your father my dearest dear.

My father is worth five thousand a year,
 And I am his daughter, and his only heir,
 Not a penny of portion he'll give me I fear,
 If I marry with you, O my dearest dear.

They went to church & were marry'd straightway,
 And home to her father the very next day,
 Saying, Honour'd father, I tell unto thee,
 That marry'd we two are, you plainly may see.

With that, the old man began for to swear,
 You have marry'd my daughter, and my only care,
 But since that you're marry'd, I've got a new son,
 You are welcome, I freely forgive what is done.

You young men and maids of every degree,
 Wed the man you love, if you think he loves thee,
 For my father's well pleas'd with his goodson & heir,
 And settl'd upon him one thousand a year.



JACK TAR'S RETURN.

ONE night at ten o'clock as I a reading sat
 letters of old I receiv'd from my dear,
 Somebody at the door like a Jack Tar did roar,
 which drove my senses I cannot tell where.

I rose at the thock, I the door did unlock,
 such a fine sight sure my eyes did behold,
 Trowsers as white as snow, buckles down to the toe,
 with a flashy curl'd gee, his hat lac'd with gold.

Then I did stand in view, straight in my arms he flew,
gave me a kiss far sweeter than rue,
That he reviv'd my heart, from the deadly smart,
nothing, no nothing, my mind could bring too.

Then to delight me more, straight in my apron sure,
he began to throw handfuls of gold,
Saying, All you deck wi' a gold chain 'bout your neck,
for I've sail'd with Rodney of courage so bold.

Come each lad and lass, drink off a flowing glass,
drink a health to the lads that are at sea;
God send them safe home, unto their native home,
O! what comfort and joy that will be.

THE CRUEL PARENTS DECEIVED; Or, the HAPPY LOVERS MEETING.

AS I walk'd out one morning to taste the sweet air,
A damsel lay deploring for the loss of her dear,
My love is gone and left me to sigh and to moan,
All joys are bereft me, O when will he return?

How cruel were my parents to prove so severe,
It causes me to sigh and shed many a tear;
He now is forc'd from me to plough on the main,
It runs in my mind I'll ne'er see him again.

Ye gods above restore him safe to me again,
The losing of my jewel increases my pain,
Confin'd now in Bedlam all for his dear sake,
With grief and vexation my heart it will break.

But as she was sighing and tearing her hair,
O what should she hear but the voice of her dear,
With joy and with rapture she flew to his arms,
Saying, My dear creature has a million of charms.

Altho' I was forc'd to plough the raging main,
With joy I'm returned to you once again,
With gold and with silver, to you I'll resign,
If you will consent, my dear, to be mine.

It was your cruel parents that forc'd me away,
Else with you, my jewel, I'd rather have stay'd,
All in your sweet company, which I do adore,
Alas! I was afraid I ne'er should see you more.

So now my dear charmer, let's no longer delay,
But now to the church let us haste away,
Where you and I'll join in love's sweet content,
They ne'er stood to parley, but to church they went.

THE WILLOW WILL.

THE willow you say is a pretty flower,
Which you have caus'd me for to wear;
Thee have I courted for many long hours,
but all in vain it hath prov'd I fear.

The willow you say, etc.

False you have turned, tho' now you complain,
don't you remember the garland you sent,
The willow-will fram'd it, & false hearts adorn'd it,
little once did I think of your intent.

False have you turned etc.

I am the young man who says he loves you,
ready to come and speak it I vow,
The garland you sent, it don't become me,
tho' you do force me to wear it now.

I am the young man, etc.

On Monday morn I am ready to meet you,
and to love's altar lead you away;
The ring I'll get, the licence is ready,
dear girl for thee I no longer can stay.

On Monday morn, etc.

I think every moment it is a long hour,
 every hour as long as three,
 Until the time my love does appear,
 in the green bower for to meet me.
 I think every moment, etc.

My love is dainty, tho' false hearts are plenty,
 my love sincere as when it was new,
 As it grows older it ne'er shall grow colder,
 nor fade away like the morning dew.
 My love is dainty, etc.

THE MOMENT AURORA.

THE moment Aurora peep't into the room,
 I put on my clothes and I call'd for my groom,
 Will Whistle by this had uncoupl'd the bounds,
 Who lively and mettlesome frisk'd o'er the grounds,
 The horses are saddl'd, fleet Dapple and Gray,
 Seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, Hark away!

'Twas now by the clock about four in the morn,
 And we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn,
 Dick Garter, Will Babble, and Tom at the Goose,
 When all of a sudden out starts Mistress Puff,
 Men, horses, and dogs not a moment would stay,
 And echo was heard to cry, Hark! hark away.

The chase was a fine one, she took o'er the plain,
 Which she doubl'd, and doubl'd again,
 Till at last she took covert, return'd out of breath,
 And I and Will Whistle were in at the death;
 There in triumph of joy! the hare did display,
 And call'd to the horn my boys, Hark! hark away!

G-L A S G O W,

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