



*Oh, what a Beau my  
Granny was.*

**T**HE Ladies all can best approve  
The strict attention of my love,  
Tho' I defy their frippery,  
The Ton the fashion oft' did try ;  
In the days of old my Granny told  
The dress of every lad and lass ;  
But you shall know, before I go,  
Oh! what a Beau my Granny was.

*With her bizzy quizzey, bizzy frizzly,  
Thunder, dunder, blunder oh!  
As for Fun, Girls, thither run,  
My Granny was a wonder, oh!*

My Granny had but her own hair,  
Which she in comely mode did wear ;  
But now with wool they load each curl,  
And frizzle it to make it stare :  
With feather high, as if she'd fly,  
Each girl for beauty aims to pass,  
But it was not long so, a long time ago,  
When a great Beau my Granny was.

My Granny was both fair and plump,  
And like a squirrel she could jump,  
With coral lips, and natural hips,  
But now each girl wears her cork rump ;  
The pleated ruff looks well enough,  
Now pigeon craws they wear, alas !  
Sticks out before, like the breast of a boar  
Oh! what a Beau my Grnny was.

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