

Brandy and Ale.

Carrall, Printer, Walmgate, York.

My name it is Daffy Down Day,
And that you may plainly see,
I walk up and down,
In my morning gown,
Singing brandy and ale for me,
Brandy and ale for me,
Brandy and ale,
And a sweet pretty girl,
And a bed for us both shall be.

The landlady she has got drunk,
And where is the waiting maid,
They are run away,
And the reckoning is to pay,
Singing brandy and ale for me,
Brandy, &c.

My mother she is an old witch,
My father is an old miser,
I will rant and I will roar,
And I'll spend all their store,
And the world shall never be wiser.
Brandy, &c.

Some people delight in a song,
And others delight in a quarrel,
But all my delight,
Is in sir John Barleycorn,
And to punch out the head of a barrel.
Brandy, &c.

I married a wife in a fog,
I married a wife in a fog,
My wife she miscarried,
And her I soon buried,
And I was a jolly young dog.
Brandy, &c.

