

A NEW SONG,

ENTITLED,

Radicals no longer are
the Dandies O!

Squire Hunt has dropt his cause,
Midst his political laws,
Which makes these great Reformers look quite bandy O,
His designs are overthrown,
Instead of the British Crown,
And the Radicals no longer are the Dandies O.

How quick they did propose,
To abolish civil laws,
Which they thought would be done so neat and handy
O;
But their spirits are so low,
Before they strike the blow,
They must drink a little more of taxed brandy O.

You shall find it not in vain lads,
Said Hunt if you'll abstain,
From tobacco, snuff, tea, ale, gin, rum, and brandy O,
For their pockets will grow thin,
When the duty comes not in,
It will make the British Revenue look bandy O.

But his words they were but wind,
And they've soon come to an end,
Like a castle built on ground that is quite sandy O,
The foundation of it slides.
For want of better guides,
Sham coffee ne'er can cheer them like good brandy O.

So you britons all beware,
Or they'll leave you in the snare,
That will bring you to the gallows neat and handy O,
By noticing such fools,
They're nought but silly mules,
That will not allow our laws to be the dandy O.

So now to make an end,
Of these lines which I have pen'd,
May the shuttle once more fly quite neat and handy O,
May each trade upon our isle,
Once more begin to smile,
And each tongue with joy shout loyalty's the dandy O.

