



## THE DANDY O !

There was a little boy,  
And a pretty little boy,  
And he was his daddy's darling, O,  
He might ramble day and night,  
And whate'er he said was right,  
And the boys us'd to call him little dandy O.

They puff'd him with pride,  
In a phaeton he must ride,  
Aye, and servants to attend him when he chose to go,  
And at fourteen years of age  
With a colonel did engage,  
And an Officer they made of little dandy O.

Then his men he order'd out,  
And he harrassed them about,  
Tho' the exercise he could hardly know ;  
To the left or to the right,  
He would swear that black was white,  
And they dare not say a word to little dandy O.

With a swinging large cockade,  
He would strut on the parade,  
And his cane among the men was very handy O ;  
If he a man in liquor met,  
Then a flogging he would get,  
And the men were so enrag'd at little dandy O.

Then orders came they say,  
And the regiment march'd away,  
And they quickly understood that they abroad must go ;  
It was there against his will,  
He received a leaden pill,  
And a sprawling in the dirt was little dandy O.

The smart he there endur'd  
Till a surgeon was procur'd,  
Who ran with salve and lint, and a bandage O ;  
But the wound it was sore  
That the Surgeon could not cure.  
So to hush-a-by-a-by went the dandy O.

## The Rambling SOLDIER.

I am a Soldier blythe and gay,  
That has rambled for promotion.  
I've laid the French and Spaniards low,  
Some miles I've cross'd the ocean.  
I have travell'd England and Ireland, too,  
I have traversed bonny Scotland through,  
I have caused some pretty girls to rue,  
I'm a roving, rambling Soldier.

When I was young and in my prime,  
Twelve years I was recruiting,  
Through England, Ireland, and Scotland too,  
Wherever it was suiting.  
I led a gay and splendid life,  
In every town a different wife,  
And seldom was there any strife,  
With the rambling, roving Soldier.

In Woolwich town I courted Jane,  
Her sister, and her mother,  
I mean when I was there, they  
Were jealous of each other.  
Our Orders came, I had to start,  
I left poor Jane with a broken heart,  
Then straight to Colchester did depart  
The gay and rambling Soldier.

The King permission granted me,  
To range the country over,  
From Colchester to Liverpool,  
From Plymouth down to Dover.  
And in whatever town I went,  
To court all damsels I was bent,  
And marry none was my intent,  
But live a rambling Soldier.

With the blooming lasses in each town.  
No man was ever bolder,  
I thought that I was doing right,  
As the King did want young Soldiers,  
I told them tales of fond delight,  
I kept recruiting day and night,  
And when I had made all things right,  
Off went the rambling Soldier.

And now the wars are at an end,  
I am not ashamed to mention,  
The King has given me my discharge,  
And granted me a pension.  
No doubt the lasses will me blame,  
But me they never once can shame,  
And if you want to know my name.  
'Tis Bill the rambling Soldier.

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