

The Great Messenger of Mortality; or a Dialogue between DEATH AND A LADY.



DEATH.

FAIR LADY, lay your costly robes aside,
No longer may you glory in your pride:
Take leave of all your carnal vain delight,
I'm come to summon you away to night.

LADY.

What bold attempt is this? pray let me know
From whence you come, and whither I must go!
Shall I, who am a lady, stoop or bow
To such a pale fac'd visage?—Who art thou?

DEATH.

Do you not know me. Well, I'll tell you then,
'Tis I that conquer all the sons of men;
No pitch of honour from my dart is free,
My name is DEATH, have you not heard of me?

LADY,

Yes, I have heard of thee time after time,
But being in the glory of my prime,
I did not think you would have call'd so soon;
Why must my morning sun go down at noon?

DEATH.

Talk not of noon, you may as well be mute,
This is no time at all for to dispute;
Your riches, jewels, gold, and garments brave,
Your house and lands, must all new masters have.
Though they by age are full of grief and pain,
Yet their appointed time they must remain.

LADY.

My heart is cold, I tremble at the news;
Here's bags of gold, if thou wilt me excuse,
And seize on those (thus finish thou the strife,)
On such as are more weary of their life,
Are there not many bound in prison strong,
In bitter grief of soul have languish'd long?
All such would find the grave a place of rest,
From all their grief in which they are oppress'd;
Besides, there's many with their hoary heads,
And palsy'd joints, by which their strength is fled.

DEATH.

Though thy vain heart to riches was inclin'd,
Yet thou must die and leave them all behind,
I come to none before my warrant's seal'd,
And when it is they must submit and yield,
I take no bribe—believe me, this is true;
Prepare yourself to go, I'm come for you.

LADY,

Death! be not so severe; let me obtain
A little longer time to live and reign:
Fain would I stay, if thou my life will spare,
I have a daughter beautiful and fair,
I'd live to see her wed, whom I adore:
Grant me but this and I will ask no more.

DEATH.

This is a slender frivolous excuse
I have you fast and will not let yon loose;
Leave her to Providence, for you must go
Along with me, whether you will or no;
I, Death, command kings to leave their crown,
And at my feet they lay their sceptres down;
If unto kings this favour I ne'er give
But cut them off, can you expect to live
Beyond the limit of your time and space?
No, I must send you to another place.

LADY.

You learned doctors now exert your skill,
And let not Death of me obtain his will;
Prepare your cordials, let me comfort find,
And gold shall fly like chaff before the wind.

DEATH.

Forbear to call, their skill will never do,
They are but mortals here as well as you;
I give the fatal wound, my dart is sure,
'Tis far beyond the doctor's skill to cure;
How freely can you let your riches fly,
To purchase life rather than yield to die,
But while you flourished in all your store,
You would not give one penny to the poor;
Though in God's name their suit to you did make,
You would not give one penny for his sake;
My Lord beheld wherein you did amiss,
And calls you hence, to give account for this.

LADY.

Oh! heavy news, must I no longer stay?
How shall I stand in the great judgment day?
Down from her eyes the crystal tears did flow,
She said, None knows what I do undergo,
Upon a bed of sorrow here I lie,
My carnal life makes me afraid to die.
My sins, alas! are many, gross and foul,
Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on my soul,
And though I do deserve thy righteous frown,
Yet pardon, Lord, and send a blessing down,
Then with a dying sigh her heart did break,
And did the pleasures of this world forsake,
Thus may we see the high and mighty fall,
For cruel death shews no respect at all
To any one of high or low degree;
Great men submit to death as well as we,
Though they are gay, their lives are but a span,
A lump of clay—so vile a creature's man,
Then happy those whom Christ hath made his care,
Die in the Lord, and then they blessed are.

Bristol; Printed and Sold by J. Bennett, Quay-Street, adjoining St. John's Church.

THE BLOODY GARDENER.

YOU constant lovers, I pray lend an ear,
To this relation which I bring you here:
It's of a maiden fair, a shepherd's daughter dear,
True love, alas! did prove her overthrow.
She was of beauty bright, both fair and clear,
And by a noble lord she courted were;
She was too young, we find, as yet fond love to mind,
But little Cupid did her heart ensnare.
His parents now being high in degree,
Said, "Loving son, she is no match for thee,
If thou'll our blessing have, O grant us what we crave,
Pray wed with none but whom we shall agree.
For you, my son, I've chose a charming bride,
She's young, and rich, and beautiful beside;
Of temper kind and free—this match I've chose for thee
A shepherd's daughter's of too mean degree.
If that you will neither ruled be nor led,
Forth from our sight you shall be punished;
No more we will you own for to be our son,
Our will give way to, or we'll end the strife.
"Madam, should I with her a begging go,
Contented I should be in doing so;
So that I could but have the girl that I do crave,
No cursed gold shall part my dear and me;
Was she as poor as Job, and I of royal robe,
And lord of all the globe, she should be mine."
His mother said with scorn, "My son is nobly born,
And with a beggar's brat sh ll never join."
Hearing, then, his mother thus say so,
Tears from his eyes did swiftly flow:
"I a promise have made, her heart I have betray'd,
No other for my bride you ever shall choose."
Against this sweet and precious maid,
For her virtuous life a snare she laid;
With her gardener she agreed to do the bloody deed,
Her butcher for to be, and dig her grave.
To the bloody gardener she gave one hundred pounds,
To murder her, and lay her under ground,
All in a grave so deep, in everlasting sleep,
That her fair body never might be found.
She wrote a letter, and sent it with speed,
Saying, "My dearest love, with haste proceed,
Meet me to-night, my dear, something I have to declare;
Poor soul! she little thinking of the deed,
Threw the letter down, and ran with speed,
Thinking to meet her own true love, indeed;
She search'd the garden round, but no true love she found
At length the bloody gardener did appear.
"What business have you here, madam, I pray?
Are you come here to rob my garden gay?"
"No thief I am, (said she) I wait for a young man,
Who did appoint this night to meet me here."
He nothing more did say, but took a knife,
And bade her straight prepare to lose her life:
She on her knees did fall, and to the Lord did call,
"O welcome, welcome, death, thy fatal stroke;
Was this done, my dear by your design,
Or was it by your parents most unkind,
My life is thus betray'd? farewell, fond love, (she said)
I hope I in heaven a place shall find."
When the bloody gardener found her life was gone,
Dead in the ground he laid her body down;
With flowers fine and gay he the ground did overlay,
Thinking her body never would be found.
This youthful lord, indeed, did little know,
Next day to seek his own true love did go;
No shepherdess was there, and round the valleys fair
The pretty lambs were wandering to and fro,
Lamenting for the lovely shepherdess.
Then he lay down upon the tender grass;
The heavens he did implore, to see his love once more,
"O then, (said he) I shall be truly blest.
Where shall I go to find my angel bright?
O! if alive she be, once more let me her see,
Or else my soul will quickly take its flight."
The woods and groves with him did seem to moan,
The small birds they did sing a mournful tune,
Saying, "Your love is gone, and you are left alone!
Then on a mossy bank he laid him down,
As soon as he had clos'd his eyes to rest,
A milk white dove did hover on his breast;
The fluttering wings did beat, which wak'd him from his [sleep,
Then the dove took flight, and he was left.
To his mother's garden, then, he did repair,
For to lie, and lament himself there;
When he again the dove did see sitting on a myrtle tree
With drooping wings, it desolate appear'd.
"Thou dove, so innocent, why dost thou come?
O hast thou lost thy mate, as I have done?
That thou dost dog me here, all round the valleys fair."
When thus he'd spoke, the dove came quickly down,
And on the virgin's grave did seem to go,
Out of its milk-white breast the blood did flow;
To the place he did repair, but no true love was there.
Then frighted to his mother he did go,
And told her what there did to him appear,
Saying, "I fear that you have kill'd my dear;
For a dove, I do declare, did all in blood appear,
And if that she be dead, I'll have my share."
His mother hearing what he then did say,
Told him of the wicked deed straightway;
She in distraction run, and told him what she'd done,
And where the virgin's body lay.
He nothing more did say, but took a knife,
"Farewell, the joy and pleasure of my life!"
He in the garden flew, and pierc'd his body through,
'Twas cursed gold that caused all this strife.
These two lovers in one silent tomb were laid,
And many a briny tear over them was shed;
The gardener, we hear, was apprehended there,
And now all three are in their silent graves.

SWINDELLS, PRINTER.



The LADY and the PYE;

Or, Know Thyſelf.

A WORTHY Squire of ſober life,
Had a conceited boaſting wife;
Of *him* ſhe daily made complaint,
Herſelf ſhe thought a very ſaint.
She lov'd to load mankind with blame,
And on their errors build her fame.
Her favourite ſubject of diſpute
Was Eve and the forbidden fruit.
"Had I been Eve," ſhe often cried,
"Man had not fall'n nor woman died;
"I ſtill had kept the orders given,
"Nor for an apple loſt my heaven;
"To gratify my curious mind,
"I ne'er had ruin'd all mankind;
"Nor from a vain deſire to know,
"Entail'd on all my race ſuch woe."
The Squire reply'd, "I fear 'tis true,
"The ſame ill ſpirit lives in you:
"Tempted alike, I dare believe,
"You would have diſobey'd like Eve."
The lady ſtorm'd and ſtill deny'd
Both curioſity and pride.

The Squire ſome future day at dinner,
Reſolv'd to try this boaſtful ſinner;
He griev'd ſuch vanity poſſeſt her,
And thus in ſerious terms addreſs'd her.
"Madam, the uſual ſplendid feaſt,
"With which our wedding day is grac'd,
"With you I muſt not ſhare to-day,
"For buſineſs ſummons me away.
"Of all the dainties on the table,
"Pray eat as long as you are able;
"Indulge in every coſtly diſh;
"Enjoy, 'tis what I really wiſh;
"Only obſerve one prohibition,
"Nor think it a ſevere condition;
"On one ſmall diſh which cover'd ſtands,
"You muſt not dare to lay your hands;
"Go—diſobey not on your life,
"Or henceforth you're no more my wife?"

The treat was ſerv'd, the Squire was gone,
The murm'ring lady din'd alone:
She ſaw whate'er could grace a feaſt,
Or charm the eye, or pleaſe the taſte.
But while ſhe rang'd from this to that,
From ven'ſon haunch to turtle fat;
On one ſmall diſh ſhe chanc'd to light,
By a deep cover hid from ſight,

"Oh! here it is—yet not for me!
"I muſt not taſte, nay, dare not ſee.
"Why place it there? or why forbid
"That I ſo much as lift the lid?
"Prohibited of this to eat,
"I care not for the ſumptuous treat.
"I wonder if 'tis fowl or fiſh,
"To know what's there I merely wiſh.
"I'll look—O no, I loſe for ever,
"If I'm betray'd my huſband's favour.
"I own I think it vaſtly hard,
"Nay, tyranny, to be debarr'd.
"John you may go—the wine's decanted
"I'll ring or call you when you're wanted."
Now left alone, ſhe waits no longer,
Temptation preſſes more and ſtronger.
"I'll peep—the harm can ne'er be much,
"For tho' I peep I will not touch;
"Why I'm forbid to lift this cover
"One glance will tell, and then 'tis over.
"My huſband's abſent, ſo is John,
"My peeping never can be known."
Trembling, ſhe yielded to her wiſh,
And rais'd the cover from the diſh:
She ſtarts—for lo! an open pye
From which ſix living ſparrows fly.
She calls, ſhe ſcreams, with wild ſurpriſe,
"Haſte John and catch theſe birds," ſhe cries;
John hears not, but to crown her ſhame,
In at her call, her huſband came.
Sternly he frown'd as thus he ſpoke,
"Thus is your vow'd allegiance broke!
"Self-ign'rance led you to believe
"You did not ſhare the ſin of Eve.
"Like her's, how bleſt was your condition!
"How ſmall my gentle prohibition!
"Yet you, tho' fed with every dainty,
"Sat pining in the midſt of plenty.
"This diſh, thus ſingled from the reſt,
"Of your obedience was the teſt.
"Your mind, unbroke by ſelf-denial,
"Cou'd not ſuſtain this ſlender trial.
"Humility from hence be taught,
"Learn candour to another's fault;
"Go know, like Eve, from this ſad dinner,
"You're both a vain and curious ſinner."

Z.

[*Entered at Stationers Hall.*]

JAMIE and NANCY's Garland;

Or the YARMOUTH TRAGEDY.

LOVERS. I pray lend an ear to my story,
Take an example by this constant pair,
How love a young virgin did blast in her glory,
Beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth we hear.
She was a merchant's only daughter,
Heiress unto fifteen hundred a year;
A young man lov'd her and call'd her his jewel,
The son of a gentleman who lived near,
Many long years the maid he admired,
When they were infants in love they agreed;
And when to an age this couple arrived,
Cupid an arrow between them display'd.
Their tender hearts were linked together,
But when her parents the same did hear,
They to their charming young beautiful daughter
Acted a part that was base and severe.
Daughter, they said, give o'er your proceedings,
If against our consent you do wed,
For evermore we're resolv'd to disown you,
If you wed one that is so meanly bred.
Her mother said you have a great fortune,
Besides you are beautiful, charming and young;
You are a match, dear child, that is fitting
For any lord that is in Christendom.
Then did reply this young beautiful virgin,
Riches and honour I both do defy?
If that I'm deny'd of my dearest lover,
Then farewell world which is all vanity.
Jamie's the lad that I do admire,
He is the riches that I do adore;
For to be great I never desire,
My heart is fixed never to love more.
Then said her father, 'tis my resolution,
Altho' I have no more daughters but thee,
If that with him you're resolv'd for to marry,
Banish'd for ever from me you shall be.
Well cruel father, but this I desire,
Grant me that Jamie once more I may see,
Though you do part us we still will be loyal,
For none in the world I admire but he.
For the young man he sent in a passion,
Saying, for ever, sir, now take your leave;
I have a match more fit for my daughter,
Therefore it is but a folly to grieve.
Honoured father, then said the young lady,
Promis'd we are by the powers above.
Why of all comforts will you bereave me?
Our love is fixed never to remove.
Then said her father, a trip to the ocean
You first shall go in a ship of my own;
And I consent that you shall have my daughter,
When to Yarmouth again you return.
Honoured sir, then said the two lovers,
Since it is your will, we are bound to obey;
Our constant hearts can never be parted,
Our eager desires can no longer stay.
Then said kind Nancy, behold dearest Jamie,
Here take this ring, the pledge of my vow.
With it my heart, keep it safe in your bosom,
Carry it with you wherever you go.
Then in his arms he did closely infold her,
While crystal tears like a fountain did flow,
Crying, my heart in return I do give you
And you shall be present wherever I go.
When on the ocean my dear I am sailing,
The thoughts of my jewel the compass shall steer
These tedious long days swift time shall devour,
And bring me safe home again to my dear:
Therefore be constant, my dearest jewel,
For, by the heavens, if you are untrue.
My troubled ghost shall torment you for ever,
Dead or alive I'll have none but you.
Her lovely arms round his neck she twined,
Saying, my dear, when you are on the sea.
If that the fates unto us should prove cruel,
That we each other on more e'er should see,
No man alive shall ever enjoy me;
Soon as the tidings of death reach mine ear,
Then like a poor unfortunate lover,
Down to the grave I will go to my dear.
Then with a sorrowful sigh he departed,
The wind next morning blew a pleasant gale;
All things being ready, the fam'd Mary galley,
Then for Barbadoes he straightway set sail.
As Jamie was sailing upon the wide ocean,
Her cruel parents were plotting the while,
How that the heart of their beautiful daughter
With cursed gold they should strive to beguile,
Many a lord of fame, birth, and high breeding,
Came to court this young beautiful maid;
But the rich persons and proffers she slighted,
Constant I'll be to my Jamie, she said.
Now for awhile we will leave this fair maiden,
And tell how things with her lover did go;
In fair Barbadoes the ship safe arrived:
But now observe this young man's overthrow.
Young Jamie was comely in every feature;
A Barbadoes lady, whose fortune was great,
First fixed her eyes, then cry'd, if I have not
This brave English sailor, I die for his sake
She dressed herself in the richest apparel,
With costly diamonds she plaited her hair;
A hundred slaves drest to attend her:
She sent for young Jamie to come unto her.
Come, noble sailor, can you now fancy
A lady whose beauty and riches are great?
A hundred slaves you shall have to attend you.
Music to charm you to your silent sleep.
With robes of gold, my dear, I will deck you,
Pearls of rich jewels I will lay at your feet:
In a chariot of gold you shall ride for pleasure:
If you can love me come answer me straight.
Amazed with wonder, awhile he stood gazing,
Forbear, noble lady, at length he replied;
In famous Old England I'm vow'd to a lady,
At my return to make her my bride.
She is a charming young beautiful creature.
She has my heart. I can love no more:
I bear in my mind her sweet lovely features,
No other creature on earth I'll adore.
Hearing of this she did rave in distraction,
Crying, unfortunate maid thus to love
One that does cruelly slight all my glory,
And of my person he will not approve.
Lords of renown their favour I've slighted,
Now I must die for a sailor so bold:
I must not blame him because he is constant,
True love, I find, is much better than gold.
A costly jewel she instantly gave him,
Then in her trembling hand took a knife;
One fatal stroke before they could save her,
Quickly did put an end to her life.
Great lamentation was made for this lady,
Jamie on board the ship he did steer,
And then homeward to England was sailing,
With longing desires to meet with his dear.
But when her father found he was returning,
A letter he wrote to the boatswain his friend,
Saying, a handsome reward I will give you,
If you the life of young Jamie will end.
Void of all grace, and for the sake of money,
The cruel boatswain the same did complete,
As they on the deck were lovingly walking,
He suddenly tumbled him into the deep.
In the dead of the night, when all were asleep,
His troubled ghost to his love did appear,
Crying, arise, young beautiful Nancy,
Perform the vows you made to your dear:
You are my own, therefore tarry no longer,
Seven long years for your sake I did stay:
Hymen doth wait for to crown us with pleasure,
The bride-guests are ready, then come away.
She cried, who's there under my window?
Surely it is the voice of my dear,
Lifting her head from her soft downy pillow
Straight to the casement she then did repair.
By the light of the moon, which brightly was shining,
She spied her lover, who to her did say,
Your parents are sleeping, before they awake
Stir, my dear creature, and come away.
O Jamie, she said, if my father should hear thee
We shall be ruined therefore repair.
To the sea side, where I'll instantly meet you,
With my two maids I come to you there.
Her night gown embroidered with gold & silver,
Carelessly round her body she throws,
With the two maids who did attend her,
To meet her true love she instantly goes.
Close in his arms did the spirit infold her.
Jamie, said she, you are colder than clay;
Sure you can ne'er be the man I admire,
Paler than death you appear unto me.
Yes, fair creature, I am your lover,
Dead or alive you know you are mine:
I'm come for my vow my dear you must follow
My body now into a watery tomb.
I for your sake refused gold and silver,
Beauty and riches for you I despised:
A charming lady for me did expire,
For, thinking of you, I was deaf to her cries.
Your cruel parents have been my undoing,
And I do sleep in a watery grave:
Now for your promise, my dear, I am suing,
Dead or alive you I must have.
The trembling lady was sorely affrighted,
Amazed she stood near the brink of the sea;
With eyes lift to heaven, she cried, cruel parents
Heaven forgive you for your cruelty.
Indeed I promised, my dear creature,
Dead or alive I would be thy own:
Now to perform my vow I am ready
To follow thee into a watery tomb.
The maids they heard her sad lamentation,
But the apparition indeed could not see.
Thinking the lady was fallen in distraction,
They strove to persuade her contented to be:
But still she cried my dear I am coming,
And in thy bosom I'll soon fall asleep
When she had spoke this the unfortunate lady
Suddenly plung'd herself into the deep.
But when to her father the maids told the story
He wrung his hands crying, what have I done!
Oh! dearest child, it was thy cruel father
That did provide thee a watery tomb.
Two or three days then being expired,
These two unfortunate lovers were seen
In each other's arms upon the waves floating,
By the ship side in the watery main.
The cruel boatswain was struck with horror,
Straight did confess the sad deed he had done,
Showing the letter that came from her father,
Which was the cause of these lovers' doom.
On board the ship he was tried for the murder,
And at the yard-arm was tried for the same.
Her father he soon broke his heart for his daughter,
Before the ship into the harbour came,
Thus cursed gold had caused distraction;
Why should the rich covet still after gain?
I hope this story will be a full warning,
That cruel parents may ne'er do the same.
True love is better than jewels or treasure;
Riches can never buy true love, I know;
But this young couple they lov'd out of measure
Which was the occasion of their overthrow.

Swindells, Printer, Manchester.

[4]





Darlaston Wake Bull-baiting.

Of all the diversions in life,
There is one among the rest,
It exceeds all others for fun.
Was allowed to be the best,

All those who delight in a bull,
To see it will go many a mile,
If you go to Darlaston Wake,
You shall see it in the highest style.

Old Mockist a bull did provide,
And one of a rare good sort,
He bought him at Tipton-green,
And there he made rare good sport;

For they were all pleas'd to the heart,
And swore at a terrible rate,
To think they were indulg'd with a bull,
To accompany Darlaston Wake.

A lane, a lane was then cried,
For a dog was going to run,
When Wats he slapt at his nose,
And so the sport begun.

The bull how he caper'd and jump'd,
Old Wats to spread his fame,
I'll swear says Willenhall Dick,
That this is a rare good game.

To collar him, staight he went,
And brought him to the stake,
They drank success to the bull,
And so began the wake.

Tom Biddle he roars out amain,
If I may speak my mind,
There shall but one run at a time,
And so it will give the bull wind.
A lane again it was cried,
For Fuster's Smut to run,
The bull broke her back the first put,
And for it he made a sad moan.

They tapt Wats on the back,
And Foster was vex'd at the stake,
I wish to my soul, then he cries,
That I was a dog for thy sake.
A lane then again was cried,
To run old Rusty's Ball.
The brother to Foster's Smut,
And the best amongst them all.

And when the bitch was big
With Smut, and Ball, by Spring,
And when that she did pup,
They set the bells to ring.
A lane once more was cried,
For Ball was going to run,
He pin'd him so fast by the groin,
Which caused them rare good fun,

For he held him there so fast,
Which made the bull to roar,
I'll be hamper'd says Darlaston Tom,
If the like we e'er see any more.

Then Harper's bitch was brought up,
The best in all the town,
She went by the name of Rose,
By running for many a crown.

She made a rare put at his nose,
But it proved all in vain,
The bull made a rare put at the folks
And so ran down the green.

They brought him back again,
And tied him to the stake,
For old Robin Towser to run,
That came a long way to the wake.

They ran the two dogs at a time,
Which made the colliers to loof,
There was about forty brave fellows,
Wacking away their buff.

The bull they lock'd in the stable,
The matter to settle then,
And there was a straight young lad,
That challenged every man.

He found himself quite big with fight,
And challenged the company round,
So Biddle the cudgels took up,
And fought him for a crown.

The ring was made with speed,
The fight it then begun,
Shiddle Biddle's sidesman would be,
Because she lov'd the fun.
I'll challenge the man, said she,
Who calls Biddle a son of a whore,
And if thou dost not beat him, and soon
Thou never shall fight any more.
Longner, the King of the Ruffians,
Stept in like a lad of good mettle,
Gave Shiddle a dinge on the cheek,
Says thy bellowing soon shall be settled
Then Frummery, vex'd to the heart,
Gave Lognor a terrible dig,
Then Longer he down'd with him,
And kicked in three of his ribs.
The fight it now being over,
And Biddle he bore the sway,
Then straigh' to the tavern they went,
In mirth for to spend the day.
The beef they knock'd in them apace,
And liquor they drank amain,
And when they'd well stuff'd their guts
They had the bull out again.

[5]

Manchester College.

NEAW lads where ar yo beawn so fast,
Yo happun ha no yerd whot's past;
Au gettun wed sin au'r here last,
  Just three week sin, come Sunday.
Au ax'd th' owd folk, an aw wur reet,
So Nan an me agreed tat neet,
Ot if we could mak booth eends meet,
  We'd wed o Easter Monday.

That morn, as prim as pewter quarts,
Aw th' wenches coom an browt th' sweethearts
Au fund we'r loike to ha three carts,
  ' fwur thrunk as Eccles Wakes, mon:
We donn'd eawr tits i' ribbins too,
One red, one green, and tone wur blue,
So hey! lads, hey! away we flew,
  Loike a race for th' Ledger stakes, mon.

Reet merrily we drove, full bat,
An eh! heaw Duke an Dobbin swat;
Owd Grizzle wur so lawm an fat,
  Fro soide to soide hoo jow'd um:
Deawn Withy-Grove at last we coom,
An stopt at Seven Stars, by gum,
An drunk as mich warm ale and rum,
  As 'd dreawn o'th' folk i' Owdham.

When th' shot wur paid an drink wur done,
Up Fennel-Street, to th' church, for fun,
We donc'd loike morris-dancers dun,
  To th' best of aw meh knowledge:
So th' job wur done i' hoave a crack,
Boh eh! whot fun to get th' first smack!
So neaw meh lads 'fore we gun back,
  Says au, we'll look at th' college.

We seed a clock-case, first, good laws!
Where death stons up wi' great lung claws,
His legs, and wings, and lantern jaws,
  They really look'd quite fearink.
There's snakes, an watch-bills just loike poikes
Ot Hunt an aw th' reformink toikes,
An thee an me, an Sam o Moiks,
  Once took a blanketeerink.

Eh! lorjus days, booath far an woide,
There's yards o' books at every stroide,
Fro' top to bothum, eend an soide,
  Sich plecks there's very few so:
An axt him if they wurn for t' sell,
For Nan loikes readink vastly well,
Boh th' measter wur eawt, so he couldna tell,
  Or au'd bowt hur Robinson Crusoe.

There's a trumpet speyks and maks a din,
An a shute o clooas made o tin,
For folk to goo a feightink in,
  Just loike thoose chaps o' Boney's:
An there's a table carv'd so queer,
Wi' os mony planks os days i'th' year,
An crinkum-crankums here an there,
  Loike th' clooas-press at meh gronny's.

There's Oliver Cromill's bums an balls,
An Frenchmen's guns they'd tean i' squalls,
An swords, os lunk os me, on th' walls,
  An bows an arrows too, mon:
Au didna moind his fearfo words,
Nor skeletons o men an birds,
Boh au fair hate seet o greyt lung swords
  Sin th' feyght at Peterloo, mon.

We seed a wooden cock loikewise,
Boh dang it, mon, theas college boys
They tell'n a pack o starink loies,
  Os sure os teaw'r a sinner;
That cock when it smells roast beef 'll crow
Says he. Boh, au said, teaw lies, au know,
An au con prove it plainly so,
  Au've a peawnd i' meh hat for meh dinner

Boh th' hairy mon had miss'd meh thowt,
An th' clog fair crackt by thunner bowt,
An th' woman neather lawmt nor nowt,
  Thew ne'er seed th' loike sin t'ur born, mon
There's crocodiles, an things indeed
Au colours, mak, shap, size, an breed,
An if au moot tell ton hoave au seed
  We moot sit an smook till morn, mon.

Then dewn Lung-Mill-Gate we did fleer
To owd Moike Wilson's goods-shop there,
To bey eawr Nan a rockink cheer,
  An pots, an spoons, an ladles:
Nan bowt a glass for lookink in,
A tin Dutch oon for cookink in,
Au bowt a cheer for smookink in,
  An Nan ax'd proice o'th' cradles.

Then th' fiddler struck up th' honey-moon,
An off we seet for Owdham soon,
We made owd Grizzle trot to th' tune,
  Every yard o'th' way, mon.
At neet oich lad an bonny lass,
Laws heaw they donc'd an drunk their glass
So tiert wur Nan an I by th' mass,
  Ot we lay till twelve next day, mon.

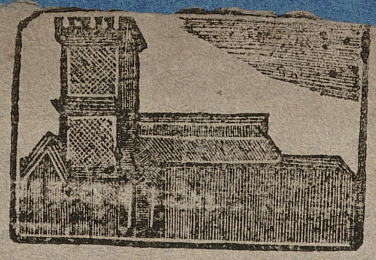
Swindells, Printer.

CAT-SKIN'S GARLAND.

YOU fathers and mothers, and children also,
Come draw nigh unto me, & soon you shall know
The sense of my ditty, and I dare to say,
The like ha'n't been printed this many a day.
The subject which to you I mean to relate,
It is of a squire who had a vast estate;
And the first dear infant that his wife did bear,
It was a young daughter of beauty so fair.
He said to his wife, had this child been a boy,
'Twould have pleased me better and increas'd my [joy,
If the next be a girl, I vow and declare,
Of what I'm possessed she shall have no share.
In twelve months after, this lady, we hear,
Had another daughter, of beauty most fair;
And when that her husband knew it was a girl,
Into a great passion he instantly fell.
Saying, since this is of the same sort as the first,
In my habitation she shall not be nurs'd;
Pray let her be sent into the country,
For where I am truly this child shall not be.
In tears his wife unto him did say,
Husband be content and I'll send her away;
Then into the country this child she did send,
For to be brought up by an intimate friend.
Although that her father hated her so,
Yet he good education on her did bestow;
And with a gold necklace, and robes of the best,
Thisslighted young female was commonly dress'd.
And when into stature this damsel was grown,
And found from her father she had no love shown,
She cried before I'll lay under his frown,
I am fully resolved to range the world round.
But mark now, good people, the cream of the jest
In what a strange manner this lady was drest;
With cat skins she made her a robe, I declare,
And which for a covering the lady did wear.
Her fine rich attire and jewels beside,
Then up in a bundle together she tied,
Then to seek her fortune she wander'd away,
And when she had travelled a cold winter's day.
In the evening tide she came to a town,
Where at a knight's door she chanc'd to sit down,
For to rest herself, being weary for sure,
This noble knight's lady came to the door.
And seeing this creature in this kind of dress,
The lady unto her these words did express, [have
From whence camest thou, girl, and what will you
She said a night's lodging of you I do crave.
The lady said to her I grant thy desire,
Go into the kitchen and stand by the fire;
She thanked the lady, and went in with haste,
Were she was gaz'd on from the biggest to the least
And being well warmed, her hunger was great,
They gave her a good plate of food for to eat;
And then to an out house this creature was led,
Where she with fresh straw soon made her a bed,
And when in the morning, the day-light she saw,
Her rich robes and jewels she hid in the straw,
And being very cold she then did retire,
To go to the kitchen and stand by the fire,
The cook said, my lady has promis'd that thou,
Shalt be the scullion to wait on me now, [bide,
And what say'st thou, girl, art thou willing to
With all my heart truly, to her she replied.
To work with her needle she could very well,
And in raising of paste few could her excel:
She being so handy, the cook's heart did win,
And then she was call'd by the name of Cat-Skin.
This lady a son had, both comely and tall,
Who oftentimes used to be at a ball,
A mile out of town, and one evening tide,
To see the ball acted away he did ride.
Cat-Skin then said unto his mother, let me
Go after your son the ball for to see:
With that in a passion the lady she flew,
And struck her with a ladle which broke it in two.
And being thus served she then got away,
And with a rich garment herself did array,
Then to see this ball with speed did retire,
Where she danced so fine made all to admire.
The ball being ended, the young squire did say,
Young lady where do you live, tell me I pray,
Her answer was to him, most true will I tell,
At the sign of the broken ladle I dwell.
She being quite nimble, got home, it is said.
And with her cat-skin robe she soon was array'd
And into the kitchen again she did go,
But where she had been none of them did know.
Next night the young 'squire, himself to content,
To see the ball acted again then he went,
Cat-Skin said, let me go this ball for to view,
But she was struck with a skimmer & broke it in
Then she ran out of doors full of haviness, [two.
And with her rich garments herself did soon dress
For to see this ball she then went with speed,
And at her fine dancing all wondered indeed.
The ball being over, the young 'squire then
Said, where do you live? She answer'd again,
Because of your asking, account I will give,
At the sign of the broken skimmer I live.
Being dark she then left him and homeward did hie
And in a cat-skin robe was drest presently,
And into the kitchen among them she went,
But where she had been they were still innocent.
When the 'squire came in and found Catskin there
He was in amaze and began for to sware,
For two nights at the ball there had been a lady
The sweetest of beauties I ever did see.
She was the best dancer throughout the whole place
And very much like our Catskin in the face,
Had she not been drest in that costly degree.
I should have sworn it had been Catskin's body.
Next night to this ball he did go once more,
Catskin asked his mother to go as before,
Who having a basin of water in hand,
She threw it at Catskin as I understand.
Shaking her wet ears, out of doors she did run,
And dressed herself when this thing was done,
To see this ball acted then she went her ways,
To see her fine dancing all gave her their praise.
And having concluded, this young 'squire he,
Said, from whence do you come, pray lady tell me
Her answer was, sir, you shall know the same,
From the sign of the basin of water I came.
Then homeward she hurried as fast as she could,
The young 'squire then resolved to see,
Whereunto she belong'd, then follow'd Catskin,
Into an old straw house he saw her go in.
He said, O brave Catskin, I find it is thee,
Who three nights together hath so charmed me,
Thou art the sweetest creature my eyes e'er beheld
With joy and content my heart it was fill'd.
Thou art our cook's scullion, but as I have life,
Grant me but thy love and I'll make thee my wife,
And you shall have servants to be at your call,
Sir, that cannot be. I've no portion at all.
Thy beauty's a portion, my joy and my dear,
I prize far more than thousands a year:
And to gain the consent of my friends I've a trick,
I'll take to my bed and feign myself sick.
There's none shall attend me but thee I protest,
So one day or other then in thy rich dress,
Thou shalt be drest, and if my parents come nigh,
I'll tell them its for thee I'm sick and shall die.
Having thus consulted, this couple parted,
Next day the young 'squire he took to his bed,
When his dear parents this thing both perceiv'd,
For fear of his death they sorely were griev'd.
To attend him they sent for a nurse instantly,
He said none but Catskin my nurse now shall be,
His parents said, no, son, he said but she shall,
Or else I'll have none for to nurse me at all.
His parents both wondered to hear him say thus,
That no one but Catskin must then be his nurse,
So then his dear parents, their son to content,
Up unto the chamber poor Catskin they sent.
Sweet cordials and other rich things were prepared
Which between this couple were equally shar'd,
And as they did prattle in each other's arms,
He talk'd of true love while he gaz'd at her charms
And in a few days after, poor Catskin 'tis said,
In her rich attire she then was arrayed:
And when that the chamber his mother came in,
Then much like a goddess appeared Catskin.
Which caus'd her to startle, and thus for to say,
What young lady's this, son, tell me I pray?
He said this is Catskin, for whom I sick lie,
And unless that I have her with speed I shall die.
His mother ran down for to tell the old knight,
Who ran up to see this amazing great sight:
He said it is Catskin we hold so in scorn,
I ne'er saw a finer dame since I was born.
The old knight said to her, I pray now tell me,
From whence dost thou come and of what family,
Then who were her parents she let them to know
And likewise the cause of her wandering so.
Next day, with great triumph & joy, as we hear,
There were many coaches came from far and near
Catskin to the 'squire was married that day,
Being dress'd like a goddess in costly array.
For several days this great wedding did last,
There was plenty of toping, & many rich guests,
And for joy the bells rang in country and town,
And barrels of stingo went merrily round.
When Catskin was married, her fame it was rais'd
Her modest appearance was every where prais'd;
Thus her charming beauty the squire did win.
And who lives so great now as he and Catskin.
Now in the fifth part I'll endeavour to show,
How things with her parents did afterwards go,
Her mother and sister of life were bereft,
And now all alone the old squire is left
And hearing his daughter was married so brave,
He said in my head a fancy I have:
Drest like a poor man now a journey I'll make,
And see if she on me some pity will take.
Then drest like a beggar he went to her gate,
Where stood his daughter who appear'd very great
He cried, dear lady, a poor man I be,
And I am now forc'd for to crave charity.
With a blush she asked him from whence he came
With that he told her, and likewise his name:
She said, I'm your daughter whom you slighted so
Notwithstanding to you some kindness I'll show.
Through mercy the Lord hath provided for me,
Pray father come in and sit down, said she:
Then the best of provision the house did afford,
For to make him welcome were set on the board.
She said you are welcome, eat heartily pray,
And if you are willing with me you shall stay,
As long as you live.—Then he made this reply,
I only am come thy love for to try.
Through mercy, my child, I am rich & not poor
I have gold and silver enough now in store:
And for the love which at thy hands we have found
For a portion I'll give thee 12 thousand pounds.
So in a few days after, as we understand,
This 'squire went home and sold part of his land:
And 12 thousand pounds to his daughter did give,
And now altogether in love they do live.

SWINDELLS, PRINTER, MANCHESTER.

[7]



THE TEN STAGES OF HUMAN LIFE.

In prime of years when I was young,
I took delight in youthful toys,
Not knowing then what did belong
Unto the pleasure of those days:
At seven years old I was a child,
And subject then to be begui'ld.

At two times seven I must go learn
What discipline was taught in school,
Then good from evil I could disern,
And thought myself no more a child;
My parents were consulting then
How I might live when I was a man.

At three times seven I waxed wild
And manhood taught me to be bold,
I thought myself no more a child,
My own conceit it so me told:
Then did I wander far and near,
To buy delight at price full dear.

At four times seven I took a wife,
And left of all my wanton ways!
Thinking thereby perhaps to thrive.
And save myself from sad disgrace,
So farewell now companions all,
For other business does me call.

At five times seven I wou'd go prove
What I could gain by art or skill,
But still against the stream I strove,
And bowl'd up stones against the hill,
The more I try,d with might and main,
The more I strove against the stream.

At six times seven all covetousness
Began to harbour in my breast,
My mind then still contriving was,
How I might gain this worldly wealth,
To purchase lands and live on them
And make my children mighty men.

At seven times seven all worldly care
Began to harbour in my brain.
Then did I drink the bitter draught,
Of water of experiance plain;
There was none so ready as I,
To purchase bargains, sell or buy.

At eight times seven I waxed old,
And took myself unto my rest,
My neighbours then my counsel crav'd,
And I was held in great request:
But age did so abate my strength,
That I was forc'd to yield at length,

At nine times seven I must take leave
Of all my former vain delight,
And full sorely did me grieve,
I fetched many a bitter sigh,
To rise up early and sit up late
I was not fit, my strength did 'bate.

At ten times seven my glass was run,
And I poor silly man must die,
I looked up and saw the sun,
Had over-run the chrystal sky:
And now I must this world forsake,
And another man my place must take

Thus you may see, as in the glass,
The whole estate of mortal men
How they from seven to seven do pass,
Until they are threescore and ten:
And when their glass is fully run,
They must leave of where they begun.

FINIS



THE MURDERER.

An Original Serious Recitation.

A TALL man steals along the savage wood,
And casts a bloody dagger in the flood;
In the long grass he wipes his reeking hands,
With lowering brow and ghastly smile he stands.
"Tis done!—my hated rival prostrate lies,
To sweet revenge a bleeding sacrifice!
Surprised he fell, beneath repeated strokes,
There, where he lies, among yon clust'ring oaks.
Exult, my heart! long panting for the deed;
And on the sight to fell repletion feed!—
Where now the bloom that spread that youthful cheek?—
The witty taunts those lips were wont to speak?
Those lips are closed,—and closed that piercing eye,
Whose glance could love inspire, and rage defy.
That form, which moved with evey hated grace,
Now lifeless, courts no more the fond embrace!
"Oh! were she here to view his bloody corse,
Nor too distract to know herself the cause;
Complete the triumph then my heart would know,
Sparing her life, but to prolong her woe.
"Oh! long detested worker of my bane!
Cursed cause of all my life's severest pain!
My rival in ambition, as in love;
At length I view thee—Horror! doth he move?
No! 'twas the wind that shook the underwood;
Perhaps the raven come to taste his blood.
Yet, sure,—terrific sight! his bosom heaves!
Yes; 'tis his moving hand that stirs the leaves!
Yes! 'tis his wildly op'ning eye that gleams,
Among the foliage, with such ghastly beams!
"He lives!—my curse, my torture yet decreed,
He lives!—and justice will o'ertake the deed.
My guilty life, a scene of sufferings drear,
Shall on a scaffold finish its career!
Some healing pow'r divine hath staunch'd his wounds:
See! up, with more than mortal strength he bounds!
He comes upon me with e'er whelming powers;
His gory brow with horrid vengeance lours!
Pale, frightful adversary! I resign;
Let me but die by any hand but thine,
"Soft!—no!—the heavy crime hath turned my brain;
He still lies prostrate,—but he writhes in pain;
He his not dead—he splashes in his blood:—
Why did I cast my poignard in the flood?
I'll press my fingers in his throat, and so
Finish the deed begun so badly—no!
See! see, he lifts his pow'rless hand to heaven,
His white lips move,—he prays,—he his forgiven;
Yes! yes, my victim's heart from crime is free,
Perhaps, poor butcher'd man! he prays for me:
For me—a savage brute in heart and mind!
For me—the fell destroyed of my kind!
He knew me not his foe—he knows not now
'Twas his false friend who gave the murdering blow.
Oh, do not pray for me;—the christians's prayer
Will heap with curses more than I can bear
My heav'n-deserted soul!—He strives to rise—
He groans—he sinks—the sinless martyr dies!
"Hark!—strains of heavenly harmony I hear,
Or like thunder to my guilty ear.
Behold, what radiant angels cleave the skies—
Oh, hide me, hell! from their celestial eyes.
His spotless soul invisible ascends,—
Hark! that glad shout the roof of heaven rends!
Ah, see! earth opens!—down, ye devils, down!
Take off my brow this burning iron crown;
Take off my limbs this robe of living flame;
With less terriffic rites your victim claim.
Around—above—all, all is sulph'rous fire—
I cannot breath—and yet cannot expire.
Is hell on earth?—I burn!—Yet now I freeze!—
The damned below feel not such pangs as these!
What am I? where? oh, guilt! what hath thou cost?
Where shall I fly?—I sink!—I'm lost;—I'm lost!"
Swift to the stream the guilty madman flies,
Headlong he plunges, struggles, sinks, and dies.

London: Printed and Sold Wholesale and Retail, by C. BENNETT, 34, Vere Street, Clare Market. Price 1d.

[97]

Something or Other

STARTS

NEW EVERY DAY.







YOU gentle and simple come listen awhile,
My ditty I'm certain will cause you to smile
It's concerning the times and that you will say,
And wonderful changes we see every day;
Its something to see go in splendour and spleen,
The nobles, to visit our great King and Queen,
Them that can't see distress are as blind as a bat,
If it should come a war, there'll be something in that.

CHORUS.

So whatever we say or whatever we do,
Misfortunes and troubles we have to go through,
While ever we live, now mark what I say,
There will something or other start every day.

In the great House of Commons they sit in a range,
There something is wanting it must be a change,
They talk of reducing Coals, Candles, and Soap,
And for a Reform many thousands do hope,
The member for Preston made several grunt,
No fault can be found with the Radical Hunt,
Some prayed for a fast, says Hunt you must cease,
I have a bill to present for a general feast.---

It was something to see O'Connel go in,
When he entered the house they at him did grin
It would be something to see I must certainly say,
The paupere all sent off to Botany bay;
Oer the seas for somethousands of miles they must roam,
If they don't they will all be dissected at home
Something might be done by these nobles aloft
It would be something to see all the taxes took off.

It was something to see crowds of people to throng,
The trial to hear quack St. John Long,
But something as serious the Jury had got,
Madame Vestris's Legs and the d---l knows what,

The doctor seems bent to stir up some strife, Chubb.
And to pull up the printer for selling his life,
They expected that Cobbett woulc go for awhile,
To dwell in the house with Richard Carlile.

It will be something to see the militia call'd out
And the coblers and taylors all put to the rout,
With their knapsacks & muskets they must not stand still
Its something to see the Policemen on drill,
That handsome young lady as meek as a dove,
That beautiful Emma well known as Miss Love,
Played some tricks with a Lord a noble great don,
And to end the dispute brought an action Crim Con.

It would be something to lay hold of great Captain Swing
In summer, and autumn, in winter, or spring,
A week never passes, now mark what I say,
But wonderful changes are seen every day,
It would be something to live in this world without sin,
It's something to see some old women drink gin,
If we live out the reign of Alderman K, ey (day.
There will be something to see on the next Lord Mayor's

To conclude my ditty, and finish my song,
May something or other turn up before long,
May they lower taxation reduce all the tithes,
The parsons will then be struck with surprise,
There is something in rail roads, they are made without
It's something to see coaches running by steam, (seam,
The farmers and ostlers deems it no joke,
And hope they will end in a bottle of smoke.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

[10]

A full, and particular Account of

MR. JOHN JOBLING,

A Gentleman's Son, near London, whose Father left him an Estate of 1200l. a year. He married a Lady of great Fortune and Beauty, but soon deserted her for the company of a wicked Harlot, whom he kept in great style, to the utter neglect of his own Family. Having ruined his Fortune,

He Frequented a noted Gambling-House

n Town, where the Devil appeared to a large Company of them as they were prophanely playing at Cards and Dice on the blessed Sabbath night. In a fit of madness, having lost every Farthing he had in the word, he went home and killed his Wife and Child.



JOHN JOBLING was the only son of a worthy gentleman, who gave him an excellent education, intending him for a gentleman in the first circles of life. But, as man appoints his happiness for a number of years to come, so God often disappoints their designs, and like Ahitophil turns their wisdom into foolishness. Mr Jobling died when his son was in his 16th year, leaving him property to the amount of 1200 a year. Through the fondness of his mother he was indulged in all manner of youthful gaities, which begat in him a proud, insolent, and overbearing temper. At the age of 18, he got acquainted at Epsom Races with some dissipated characters, who led him into scenes of vice and wickedness, and among other things got him initiated into the society of a set of sharpers & gamblers, who soon fleeced him of one-third of his property. At 19 years old, he married a beautiful young lady, with a fortune of 600l. per annum. and soon after this his mother died.

It was not many months after his marriage, when he formed an acquaintance with a gay harlot at the Opera-House one night. He lavished upon her the tenderest caresses..bought her the most valuable trinkets and jewels, and a profusion of rich and costly dresses. She rode openly in the carriage with him, and in every respect his affections were estranged from his heart-broken wife, nor did the birth of a comely boy which she bore to him, in the least shake his attachment to the base wretch who seemed to have bound his senses by a spell. When his boy was about 6 months old, he took to his old habit of gambling again, and his losses were so frequent that he could no longer maintain his harlot in her pride, therefore she insolently told him that i was high time for her to look out for another admirer, as he could not afford to keep her in her former style. This stung him to the heart, and to keep her a little longer, he plundered his house, and impoverished his wife and babe. At length she left him altogether. Distracted at her ingratitude, he became desperate, and frequented the fashionable hells more and more, day and night. A few nights ago, (it being the blessed Sabbath) in the midst of their unlawful play, a dreadful rushing noise filled the room, the lights burned blue, the doors flew open, and a dreadful huge black figure stalked in amongst them for a moment, and then vanished. One would imagine that so dreadful an occurrence would have operated as a warning to such a shameful violation of the Sabbath, but it had no such effect upon Jobling, for he plunged still deeper and deeper in guilt, till the last farthing he possessed in the world was spent. His temper was now ungovernable, from the reflection that his own extravagance had brought him to poverty and ruin. During one of his fits of rage his kind wife came into the room, with her infant in her arms, and endeavoured to pacify him, when the brutal wretch seized a knife and instantly destroyed them both. He was instantly seized, and is now in prison awaiting his trial.

The Prisoner's sad Lament.

BEHOLD a harden'd wretch who could
Shed his dear Wife's and Infant's blood;
With sighs and tears I now complain,
But my repentance now is vain.

Twelve hundred pounds I had a-year,
Was left me by my father dear.
But Gambling it has ruin'd me,
And brought me to this misery.

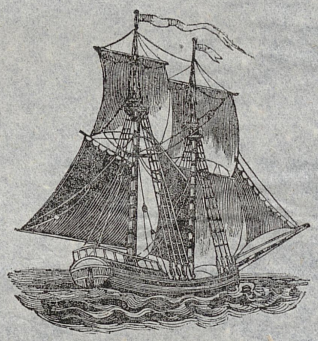
My lovely Wife I did forsake,
All for a flattering harlot's sake;
This harlot's pride I did maintain,
Till unto poverty I came.

Then she did shun my company,
And laughed at my misery.
The Gaming house I did frequent,
Till my last farthing it was spent.

Then blind with rage, I did destroy,
My faithful Wife, and lovely Boy.
Now in this cell I make my moan,
Until my trial does come on.

Printed by J. Catnach, 2, Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials. Cards, Handbills, &c. Printed Neat and Cheap.





LORD BATEMAN

J. Russell, Printer, Moor Street, Birmingham.—Travellers Supplied.

Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree,
He shipped himself on board a ship,
Some foreign country he would see.

He sailed East and he sailed West,
Until he came to Turkey,
Where he was taken and put in prison,
Until his life was weary.

The Turk he had an only daughter,
The fairest creature eyes ever did see,
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
And vow'd Lord Bateman she would set free

Have you got houses, have you got lands,
And does Northumberland belong to thee?
What would you give the gay young lady,
That out of prison would set you free?

I have got houses, I have got lands,
And half Northumberland belongs to me,
I would give all to the gay young lady,
That out of prison would set me free.

She took him to her father's cellar,
And gave him the best of wine,
And every health that she drank to him,
I wish Lord Bateman that you were mine

For seven long years I will make a vow,
For seven long years I will keep it strong,
If you will wed with no other woman,
I will wed with no other man.

She took him to her father's harbour,
And gave to him a ship of fame,
Saying, farewell to you Lord Bateman,
I fear I never shall see you again.

Now seven long years are gone and passed,
And fourteen days well known to me,
She packed up all her gay clothing,
And vow'd Lord Bateman she'd go & see.

When she came to Lord Bateman's castle
So boldly then she rung the bell, [porter,
Who's there, who's there, cried the young
Who's there I pray unto me tell?

Is this called Lord Bateman's castle,
Or is his Lordship here within?
O yes he is, cried the young porter,
He has just taken his young bride in.

Then tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a glass of his best wine,
And not forgetting the gay young lady,
Who did release him when close confined.

Then away went the young porter,
Straightway unto his lord went he,
Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,
Then down he fell on his bended knees.

What news, what news, my gay young porter,
What news have you brought unto me?
There is the fairest of all young ladies,
That ever my two eyes did see.

She has got rings on every finger,
And on one of them she has got three,
And as much clothing about her middle,
As would buy Northumberland.

She tells you to send her a slice of bread,
And a glass of your best wine,
And not forget the gay young lady,
Who did release you when close confined.

Lord Bateman then flew in a passion,
And broke his sword in splinters three,
Saying, I will give all my father's riches,
If my Sophia has crossed the sea.

Then up spoke his young bride's mother,
Who was never heard to speak so free,
You will not forget my only daughter,
Though your Sophia has crossed the sea.

I own I made a bride of your daughter,
She is none the better nor worse for me,
She came to me on horse and saddle,
She may go back in a coach and three.

Lord B. prepared another marriage,
With both their hearts quite full of glee,
I will range no more to foreign countries,
Since my Sophia has crossed the sea.

Feyther's Old Sow.

Good morrow Miss Biddy, pray how do you do,
I dare say you guesses at what I be come about,
Feyther and mother say, I mun court you,
And so if you please, I'll tell you my mind out;
You shall ha' a pony to carry ye,
Cocks and hens—a bull and a sow;
Only say that I shall marry ye,
I'll feed ye as fat as my feyther's old sow.

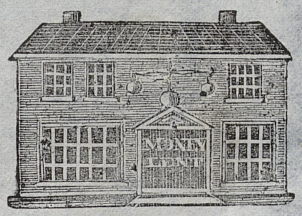
Be'ant my old feyther got farms o' his own,
Harrows and ploughs, and hedges and ditches too,
And when he goes dead, be'ant it well known,
I be heir to the whole of his riches too;
Are ye content to take me and a half of it,
Y'd better say yes and accept of it now;
You'll repent if you do make a laugh of it,
For I'll feed you as fat as my feyther's old sow,

I'll buy ye new silk, and fine satins to wear,
You dress yourself up every day like a lady bright,
Sit yourself down in mothers great chair,
And scold all the servants from morning till night.
You shall sit at the top of the table,
While all the company to you shall bow;
Marry me I am willing and able,
To feed you as fat as my feyther's old sow,

You do want a husband—and I'll be your man,
Say ye will have me – depend on't I'll love you dear
And to make you quite happy I ll do all I can,
To gi' you a thumping boy every year;
Then I'll go fetch doctor and nurse to ye,
At christ'nings we'll make such a dence of a row,
And you know good eating shall foster ye,
For I'll feed ye as fat as my feyther's old sow.

When we've been to church on our grand wedding day
To dinner and supper we'll ha' all our best friends,
Wi' bacon and pork and strong ale we'll be gay,
And you if you like shall be stuffed at both ends;
Here now, I make the first proffer,
And give you sincerely my true virgin vow,
You'd better, much better, accept of my offer,
For I can feed ye as fat as my feyther's old sow

Come gi' your consent now and let's marry straight,
All the village shall ring with a peal from the merry [bells
My love is so hot that I'm sure I can't wait
So if you wont ha' me I'll get somebody else;
Time flies, come dont be a sappy,
See there's our bull running after your cow,
Be wise and make us both happy,
I'll feed you as fat as my feyther's old sow.



POLLY

Oliver's Rambles.

John Whiting, Printer, 134, Moor Street, Birmingham

One night as Polly Oliver lay musing in bed,
A comical fancy came into her head,
Neither father nor mother shall make me false prove,
I'll list for a soldier and follow my love.

Early next morning this fair maid arose,
She drest herself in a suit of men's clothes,
Coat, waistcoat and breeches and sword by her side,
On her father's black gelding like a dragoon did ride.

She rid till she came to fair London town,
She dismounted her horse at the sign of the crown,
The first that came to her was a man from above,
The next who came down was Polly Oliver's true love.

Good evening, good evening kind captain said she,
Here's a letter from your true love Polly Oliver, said she,
He open'd the letter and a guinea was found
For you and your companions to drink her health round.

Supper being ended she held down her head,
And called for a candle to light her to bed,
The captain made this reply I have a bed at my ease,
You may lie with me countryman if you please.

To lie with a captain is a dangerous thing,
I'm a new enlisted soldier to fight for my king,
To fight for our king by sea and by land,
Since you are my captain I'll be at your command.

Early the next morning this fair maid arose,
And drest herself in her own suit of clothes,
And down stairs she cane from her chamber above,
Saying here is Polly Oliver your own true love.

He at first was surp.ised then laugh'd at the fun,
And then they were married and all things were done,
If I laid with you the first night the fault it was mine,
I hope to please you better love, for now it is time.



A new Song, called a Paquet from H-----L --L.

With great news to C--l-n-l L-tt--ll.

My names Peter Popanderſon,
And if you 'd know from whence I come,
Its from the Elyſian ſhades,
The truth to you good Sir i'll tell,
I'm the penny Poſt man from hell:
Where's many murdering blades.

The murderer that firſt does ſhine,
Its thoe that's of the Stewards line,
You kno-- they all was bad,
Such rackets make becauſe their great,
About the preſant mode of State.
I'm apt to think their mad.

There's fooliſh Charles with braſen face,
He ſtout's and ſwears his baſtard race,
Now at the helm does ſtand.
And as he is of blood ſo true,
And couſen to the rebel crew
He muſt do things that's grand.

Some other News I have to tell
It tis of one called L- t'll
His country did betray,
He bluſters in hell, and makes a randan,
His Grandions comes a Parliament man,
By roguery go. the Day.

But they in hell there's ſuch a riot
They one and all wiſh Wilkes was quiet
Now this is the beſt of the News
Bulzebub think as i'm alive,
Wilkes to repentance ſum will drive,
Then Moggy and B--t they 'll loſe.

One expectations now of late
It tis of ſome that's high and great,
Villians you 'll all agree,
To H--they 'll come dye when they will
Becauſe innocent they ſpill
And murderers they go free.

And now good Sir i'll tell you more,
Should Wilkes himſelf come to h--door
They wonld not let him in
Becauſe he's always juſt and true
His compauy for us wont do,
Unleſs he was a--

So now good Sir i bid farewell
The news i carry no to Hell
My maſter 'll think me long
I'll tell him juſtice quit fled
Then Charles the firſt without a head
Will dance and ſing a Song.

F143



WILLIAM AND HARRIET.

IT's of a rich gentleman near London did dwell,
And he had a young daughter a farmer lov'd well,
Because she was handsome and lov'd him so true
But her father he wanted her to bid him adieu,
O father dear father I'm not so inclin'd,
To drive my young farmer quite out of my mind;
O unruly daughter confined you shall be,
And I will send your young farmer far over the sea.
As she was a sitting in her bower one day,
And William was waiting, he heard her to say,
She sung like a linnet, and appeared like a dove,
And the song that she sung was concerning her love.
She had not been there long when William passed by,
And on his dear Harriet he cast his longing eye,
He said your cruel father with mine did agree,
For to send me a sailing straight over the sea.
She said my sweet William with you I will go,
Since my cruel father has served me so,
I will pass for your shipmate and do what I can,
With William I will venture like a jolly young man.
She drest like a sailor as near as could be,
Saying we will both go together across the salt sea,
So they both went together to some foreign shore
And never to England return'd any more.
As they were a sailing by some foreign shore
The wind from the ocean began for to roar,
The ship she went down to the bottom of the sea
And cast upon an island was William and she.
They rambled together some place for to spy,
They had nothing to eat and no place to lie,
So they sat down together upon the cold ground
While the waves and the tempest made a terrible sound.
A hunger came on them, and death drawing nigh
They folded together intending to die,
What pair could be bolder to bid this world adieu
And there they must moulder like lovers so true
So all you true lovers that pass by that way,
Pray drop a tear from your glittering eye,
One tear drop with pity and point towards the way
Where William and Harriet a slumbering do lay.

Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse 6, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

INNISKILLEN DRAGOON

A beautiful damsel of fame and renown,
A gentleman's daughter near Monaghan town
As she rode by the barracks this beautiful maid,
She stood in a coach to see the dragoons parade.
They were all drest out like gentlemen's sons,
With their bright shining swords and carbine guns.
With their silver mounted pistols she observ'd them full soon,
Because that she lov'd her Inniskillen dragoon
The bright sons of Mars as they stood on the right,
Their armour did shine like the bright stars by night
She says lovely Willy you've listed too soon,
To serve as a royal Inniskillen dragoon.
O beautiful Flora, your pardon I crave,
Both now and for ever I will be your slave,
Your parents insult you morning and noon,
For fear you should wed your Inniskillen dragoon.
O now dearest Willy mind what you say,
For children are obliged their parents to obey,
For when you're leaving Ireland they'll all change their tune,
Saying the Lord may be with your Inniskillen dragoon
Farewell Inniskillen, farewell for a while,
And all round the borders of Erin's green Isle,
And when the wars are over you'll return in full bloom
And they'll all welcome home the Inniskillen dragoon

THE SERVANT OF ROSEMARY LANE.

WHEN I was a servant in Rosemary lane,
I gaind the good will of my master and dame,
'Till at length a young sailor came there for to lie,
Which was the beginning of my misery.
He call'd for a candle to light him to bed,
He call'd for a napkin to tie round his head,
To tie round his head as he used for to do,
And he vow'd and he swore I should come to bed too.
I crept into bed for to keep myself warm,
He vow'd and he swore he would do me no harm,
What he did to me I ne'er will declare,
But I wish that short night had been seven long years
In the middle of the night this young man grew bold
And in my smock tail he threw handfuls of gold,
Saying take this my dear and more you shall have,
I'll be a friend to you as long as I live.
So we tumbled and toss'd by the light of the moon
We rose the next morning all in the same tune,
The very next morning this young man arose,
And drest himself out in his tarpauling cloathes
Alas then I cry'd O I am undone,
He has left me with child of a daughter or son.
And if 'tis a girl she shall stay at home with me,
And if 'tis a boy he shall plough on the sea.
With his long quarter'd shoes, check shirt and blue jacket,
On the quarter deck he shall stand like a bold british tar,
So I'll dry up my milk as you shall plainly see,
And pass for a maid in my own country.

PETER CLINK'S REMARKABLES OF

LONDON.

Sung by Mr. W. H. Williams, at Vauxhall Gardens.

Air—The Monument and St Paul's.

OH, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes! this is to give notice, to all lovers of frolic, mirth, and fun,
Who may wish to know the wonders of this most wonderful year, eighteen hundred & thirty-one;
That they must attend to me, Peter Clink, who though doom'd for life to be a crier,
To raise a laugh, & enjoy a harmles joke, have always had a very great desire,
That as in moderation, moderation,
For I always like ev'ry thing in moderation.

First there's our glorious King, who loves every man, woman, and child, throughout his realms as if they were his own;
And what's more, every man, women, and child, love him, as heartily as is well known,
Who vows he'll see all abuses reform'd, and cheer every body's grief;
And that every man shall henceforth enjoy in comfort his pot of porter, plumb-pudding, and roast beef,
That is, in modratien, moderation,
For he likes every thing in moderation.

Then there's the great king of fiddlers and prince of catgut, the wonderful long hair'd Paganini,
Who has come here to open an exchange with Johnny Bull, and give him a quarter of a note for every guinea;
Who plays so well upon one string, he has got all London completely in a line;
And who clears a couple of thousand pounds a night, he draws it so very fine.
Which is quite in moderation, moderation,
For we like every thing in moderation.

Then there's the huge leviathan of the deep at Charing Cross, the monstrous whale,
Who measures a mile and a half from the tip of his snout to the end of his tail;
Who can swallow up a select vestry in his inside, without letting them touch a single limb:
Though they boast that they could with a little rose water at one of the parish dinners swallow him.
And only eat in moderation, moderation,
And only eat in moderation.

Then there's the famous new invented rail roads, that would run any horse to death;
Where you would go fifty miles an hour without stopping to take breath;
And where, if you open your mouth in one country before you can shut it you find yourself in another.

And you could go quite round the world on them in one day, without a morsel of bother.
Speaking in moderation, moderation,
For I always like to speak in moderation.

Then there's the ourang-outangs that have just arrived from Pongo to Pall Mall,
Where all the world are flocking to see them, to ask them how d'ye do and hope they're pretty well;
And where by the bye two Bond-street dandies came in the other day,
And were taken by mistake for the ourang-outangs, and they ourang-outangs for they.
Because their whiskers weren't in moderation, moderation, (ration.
No, their whiskers weren't at all in mode-

Then there's the well known Michael Boai, at Vauxhall, who is always sure applause to win,
Because he manages so cleverly to amuse us by making a mouth organ of his chin;
And Joel the German whistler, whose escape was really very narrow,
For a flight of crows flew down the other day,—'tis a fact, & took him for a great cock sparrow.
To his consternation, consternation,
Oh, yes! he was in a terrible consternation.

Then there's the Russian Horn players from Siberia, who have horns as long as scaffold poles
And who can even charm the bears they say, although the beasts have got no music in their souls; (their patron's calls,
When forty of them play at once so forte that at
If they were to strike up at Gravesend, you could hear them very prainly in the whispering gallery at St. Paul's.
And yet they always play with moderation moderation, (tion.
Oh, yes! they always play with modera-

Once we had a Mr. Martin, who had an act passed to prevent folks using cruelty to animals;
But now we have another Mr. Martin who practices it with impunity, a great deal worse than cannibals;
At Dury L-ne he nightly exhibits a whole menagerie, and where any man may feast his eyes
On living lions, elephants, pelicans, kangaroos, boas, bears—in fact all sorts of beastesses.
Yet for a charge in moderation, moderation, (ration.
Oh yes, their charges are always in mode-

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

[167]

SHOP WINDOWS,

OR;

Amusements of London.

Pitts, Printer, Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse, No. 6, Gt. Saint Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

WHAT an overgrown place is this London, oh dear?
Though half of it yet I have not seen, or near:
I read all the bills, as I pass in the throng,
And think I could work them up into a song.
I walked from Whitechapel Church up to Hyde Park.
In every shop window there's something to mark,
In every man who can walk up and down,
There's a fund of amusement in great London Town,

This house and shop to be let upon lease;
Portraits taken at five shillings a-piece;
The whole of this stock selling under prime cost;
A child, three years old, was yesterday lost;
The last new novels that had such a run:
Messages taken, and porter's work done.

To every one, &c.

Steam boats to Margate, at nine every day,
Mr. Jenkins removed to over the way:
School for young ladies—Shaving with care,
Mens' cotton stockings one shilling per pair,
Charity sermon on next Sabbath morn,
Hunt's matchless blacking—Fine roasted corn.

To every one, &c.

Remarkable instance of swindling of late,
Second edition of last night's debate;
Lost, by a poor man five pounds in a purse,
Children are taken in here to dry-nurse.
Mr. Price, Surgeon, the surgery bell,
Mangling done here—Straw bonnets clean'd well.

To every one, &c.

Catalogue of goods in the next two days' sale:
Real Epping sausages—Edinburgh ale;
Gentlemen's clothes here mended with care;
Wellington boots, fifteen shillings a pair;
Robbery last night, five guineas reward;
A chaise and a pony to be let, down the yard.

To every one, &c.

Coaches to all parts at quite reduced fares,
News from the Continent selling in shares;
White linen rags—the violin taught,
News just published—waste paper bought.
Lavender-water—books lent to read,
Havannah segars—white mustard seed,

To every one, &c.

Next Monday, the Nore excursion by steam;
New water company, fine milk and cream:
To be let, unfurnish'd, a good second floor;
No connection at all with the tailor next door;
Jenks, licensed dealer in spirits and wine;
Ready made coffee—new shirts superfine.

To every one, &c.

Twenty editions new songs Cherry Ripe,
Timothy Anderson dealer in tripe;
Silk Stockings grafted, bought, sold or exchanged,
Debts collected, account books fairly arranged.
Fine pickling vinegar—Bear's grease sold hear,
Charley Wright's champaine—good table beer.

To every one, &c

JOCKEY & JENNY.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet laylock bloom'd and the grass cut down,
Each shepherd woo'd his dear.

CHORUS.

Bonny Jockey blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay,
The lass she blushed and frowning cried, Ah! na
it will na do.
I cana willna manna buckle too.

Now Jockey was a lad who never would wed;
Tho' long time he had followed the lass,
Contented was she to earn her own bread,
And so carefully turned up the grass.

Bonnie Jockey, &

But when he told her he'd make her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and herds were not a few
She gave him her hand and a kiss too beside,
And vowed she'd for ever prove true.

Bonnie Jocke

[17]

THE ROYAL ROOKS' LAMENT,

ON THE DEMOLITION OF CARLTON HOUSE.

TUNE.—*Good old Days of Adam and Eve.*

THRO' town I range, and view the change,
That fashion makes in all her movements,
Great pulling down, gives folks in town,
A great idea of great improvements;
They've now thought fit to overwhelm
All Carlton house to widen Pall Mall,
Moved all the pictures, the rooks, and the cooks out,
Cut down all the trees and bundled all the Rooks out.
Oh! how sad, how hard the case is,
All these Rooks should lose their places.

When first these Rooks, with mournful looks,
Observ'd the chopping and the sawing,
That press'd so hard on their trees, *body guard*
They show'd their fears by a woeful cawing,
They seem'd to say, 'forbear, it looks so
Cruel, to use us Royal Rooks so,'
All join'd in the *cause*, and loudly pleaded,
But the poor Rooks' *caws* remained unheeded.
Oh! how sad, &c.

They swore at first they'd brave the worst,
And ev'ry bird remain'd as staunch as
Well could be, for a Rook's family
Is always divided in *different branches*,
They hoped their foes would take but a few trees,
Just pull out some *old* and put in some *new* trees,
But they saw by the *saws* that daily came thither,
That the King meant to *cut the concern altogether*.
Oh! how sad, &c.

It made them grieve that they should leave,
Their royal grove so gay and tasteful,
You saw with ease, they were all royal trees,
For their *boughs*, like all the king's *bows* were graceful:
But now these trees that shelter'd and shaded,
And *stood by their king* for so many years as they
Are all sent away to Pedlar's Acre, [did
Fit for nothing now they're *dead*, but the undertaker.
Oh! how sad, &c.

The Rooks now must rove to a distant grove,
And seek their bread, midst winds tempestuous,
For though born and bred at Court, 'tis said,
They never had the sense to *feather their nests*:
They thought, to be sure, 'twas the king's intention,
To grant them all for their lives a pension,
But no *civil list* had they to apply to,
Tho' the *civilist* birds that you ever came nigh to.
Oh! how sad, &c.

Some made up their mind they would stop behind,
And in Prince Coburg's trees they took their station,
I suppose they thought the king could not,
Without them, form an administration;
Swore each should be surveyor of wood and forest,
Or they'd never let the king have any peace or rest;
Their exertions with the *Corn Bill* they thought they might rest on,
And they did'nt care a fig for the *Catholic Question*.
Oh! how sad, &c.

But with all their intrigue they have now *hopp'd the twig*, [life,
For at Court they'd no longer the means to supply
Tho' they show'd their worth by a *lofty birth*,
And their breeding prov'd they were fond of *high life*;
Now when from their royal home they were turning,
They all were dress'd in the deepest mourning,
But they left behind, at least so fame says,
A worse set of *Rooks* about St. James's.
Oh! how sad, &c.

THE DUSKY NIGHT.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn,
The hounds all make a jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn,
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws,
Her arms to make him stay,
My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,
You cannot hunt to day.
But a hunting we will go, &c.

The unearth'd fox, like lightning flies,
His cunning's all awake,
Again the race he eagerly tries
His forfeit life's the stake.
When a hunting we do go, &c.

Rous'd even echo huntress turns,
And madly shouts her joy,
The sportsman's breast enraptur'd burns,
The chace can never cloy.
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

Despairing mark he seeks the tide,
His heart must now prevail,
Hark! shouts the miscreant's death betide,
His speed his cunning fail.
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

For oh! his strength to faintness worn,
The hounds arrest his flight,
Then hungry homewards we return,
To feast away the night.
Then a drinking we will go, &c.

Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse, 6, Gt. St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

[187



Mary's Dream.

Printed by T. BIRT, 39, Great St. Andrew-Stree
wholesale and retail, Seven Dials, London.
Country Orders punctually attended to.
Every description of Printing on reasonable terms.

THE moon had clim'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed,
Her silver light on tow'r and tree,
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Saying, Mary, weep no mare for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd,
Her head to ask who there might be,
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow eye;
O Mary dear, cold as my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death;
So, Mary weep no more for me.

Three stormy nghts and stormy days,
We're toss'd upon th raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our sriving was in vain.
E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee,
The storm is past, and I'm at rest,
So, Mary, weep on more for me.

O maiden dear thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more.
Loud crow'd the cock, the shaddow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see,
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

[19]



Sheffield 'Prentice.

Printed by T. BIRT, 10, Great St. Andrew-Street, Seven Dials. London
wholesale and retail,
Country Orders punctually attended to.
Every description of Printing on reasonable terms.
Children's Books, Battledores, Pictures, &c.

I WAS brought up in Sheffield, but not of high degree
My parents doated on me they had no child but me
I roved about with pleasure, where'er my fancy led,
'Till I was bound 'Prentice then all my pleasures fled.

I did not like my master he did not use me well,
I made a resolution not long with him to dwell,
Unknown then to my parents I then did run away,
And steered my course to London, O cursed be the day

And when I came to London, a Lady met me there,
And offered me great wages to serve her for a year,
Deluded by her promises with her I did agree,
To go with her to Holland which prov'd my destiny.

I had not been in Holland not passing half a year,
Before my beautiful mistress did love for me declare,
She said my gold and silver, my houses, and my land,
If you consent to marry me shall be at your command.

I said, my loving mistress, I cannot wed you both,
For I have lately promised and made a solemn oath,
To wed with none but Polly, your pretty chambermaid
Excuse me, dearest mistress, she has my heart betrayed

Then in an angry humour from me she flew away,
Resolv'd for my presumption to make me dearly pay,
She was so much perplex'd she could not be my wife,
She said she'd seek a project to take away my life.

As she was in the garden upon a summer's day,
And viewing the flowers, that were both fine and gay,
A gold ring from her finger as I was passing by,
She slipt into my pocket, and for the same I die.

My mistress swore I robb'd her, and quickly I was brought
Before a grave old Justice to answer for my fault,
Long time I pleaded innocent but every hope was vain
She swore so plain against me that I was sent to gaol.

Then at the next assizes, was tried, condemned, & cast
Then presently the judge the dreadful sentence past,
From thence to execution they brought me to the tree
So God reward my Mistress for she hath ruined me.

All you that come to see me here before I die,
Don't laugh at my downfall or smile at my destiny,
Believe me I am quite innocent, the world I bid adieu
Farewell my pretty Polly, I die for loving you.

[20]

Rochester Lass

Printed by T. BIRT, No. 10, Great St. Andrew-Street,

IN Roshester City a damsel did dwell,
For wit & for beauty none could her excell,
Admired she was and many would suit her,
But one youth above all he loved her well.

This charming young lad he had been a brisk sailor,
Long time had been ploughing the watery main,
The enemy insulted the British Flag Royal,
He was summoned to go for to meet them again.

This charming young lad as it was reported,
Had been but a very few weeks on the shore
As he and his true love together was walking,
He by a large press-gang from her arms was tore.

Saying, my brave lad, we perceive you are a sailor,
And fitting to fight for your country & King,
And as he wants sailors you must plough the ocean,
No excuse we will have, you must face them again.

It was early one morning as day it was dawning,
This charming young fair one a letter received
It was to inform her the ship had weighed anchor,
With fear and vexation this fair one was grieved.

She cried, oh! the winds that had blew it so cold
Have robbed me of him I esteem so dear,
My mind is tormented with griefand vexation,
While from her bright eyes there fell many a tear.

It was written, these lines, love, don't be surprised
Once more I'm compelled to plough the rough sea,
But nevertheless my dear girl don't be grieved,
To you and you only, I constant will be.

There's many a fair one, I shall see there's no doubt of,
Our ship when in port, or in harbour she lays
No one should induce me to think of another,
While absent I hope you do so by me.

So adieu my dear Sally, till next time I see you,
Our ship's bound to India all with a freshgale
Quite early to-morrow the day is appointed,
All hands must prepare for to go and not fail.

May heaven protect you until next meeting,
Which I hope will be soon when the wars are all over;
And then my dear Sally, we will be united in harmony,
And lead our lives happy secure on the shore.

THE

Golden Glove.

Printed by J. Catnach, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials. Battledores, Primers, &c. sold very cheap.

A wealthy young squire of Tamworth we hear
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair,
And for to marry her it was his intent,
All friends and relations gave their consent.
The time was appointed for the wedding day,
A young farmer was appointed to give her away
As soon as the farmer the young lady did spy,
He inflamed her heart, O my heart she did cry,
She turn'd from the squire but nothing she said
Instead of being married she took to her bed,
The thoughts of the farmer so run in her mind
A way for to have him she quickly did find,
Coat waistcoat & trowsers she then did put on,
And a hunting she went with her dog & her gun.
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell
Because in her heart she did love him full well,
She oftentimes fired, but nothing she kill'd,
At leng' the young farmer came into the field,
And to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went
I thought you had been at the wedding she cry'd
To wait on the squire, and give him his bride;
No sir said the farmer I'll take sword in hand,
By honour I'll gain her whenever she com-
It pleased the lady to find him so bold (mands
She gave him a glove that was flower'd with gold;
And told him she found it when coming along
As she was a hunting with her dog & her gun
The lady went home with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove,
And the man that found it & brought it to me
The man that did bring it her husband should be
The farmer was pleased when heard of the news,
With a heart full of love to the lady he goes
Dear honoured lady I have pick'd up a glove,
And hope you will be pleased o grant me your ove.
It is already granted I will be your bride,
I love the sweet breath of a farmer she cried,
I'll be mistress of my dairy & milking my cows
While my jolly farmer is whistling at plough.
And when she was married she told of her fun
How she went a hunting with her dog & gun
ut now I have got him fast in a snare.
enjoy hm for ever, I vow and declare.

[2Rg



Rakish Husband.

Printed and sold by T. Batchelar, 14, Hackney Road Crescent.

Good people, give attention to my unhappy lot:
When I was a brave fellow, I lik'd my pipe and pot;
When I had money in ſtore I minded nothing more,
Then at the alehouſe with brave fellows I did rant and roar.

Then I took to rambling and wandering up and down,
Till my poor wife came ſeeking me in all parts of the town.
With tears all in her eyes to me she often cries
Conſider, jewel, be not cruel to your family.

Then I did abuſe her and bid her to be gone,
This night I'll not be control'd nor yet will I go home.
Then ſhe ſeek'd me no more till I ſpent all my ſtore;
So I went home, when all was gone and I could get no more.

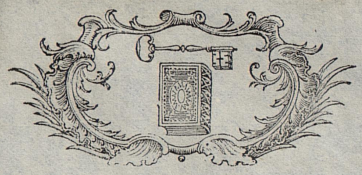
When I went home to my loving wife,
She call'd me her dear jewel and the comfort of her life,
Saying, husband, be more kind, your wife and children mind,
With joy and pleaſure out of meaſure we ſhall more comfort find.

Then ſhe went among her friends ſome money to raiſe,
And ſhe begg'd of me both night and day to leave off my wanton ways;
But it was all in vain, for I prov'd as bad again,
So with my roaming and my gaming I ſpent all her gain.

My money being ſpent and my conſtitution gone,
My wife is left to lament and my children to mourn;
My enemies they laugh, my aſſociates they ſcoff,
That I had no more wiſdom when I was better off.

So come all you rakiſh husbands a warning take by me,
Take care of your wife and children, retrain from bad company;
Leave off gambling and fine w——s, contract no alehouſe ſcores,
For they laugh and jeer and at you ſneer, when you have got no more.

[23]



Sheffield Park;

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials.
sold by Pierce, Southborough.

IN Sheffield Park O there did dwell,
A brisk young lad, I lov'd him well,
He courted me my heart to gain,
He is gone and left me full of pain.

I went up stairs to make the bed,
I laid me down and nothing said.
My mistress came and to me said,
What is the matter with you my maid.

O mistress, mistress, you little know,
The pain and sorrow I undergo,
Its put your hand on my left breast,
My panting heart can take no rest.

My mistress away from me bid go,
Some help, some help I will have for you,
No help, no help, no help I crave,
Sweet William brought me to the grave.

So take this letter to him with speed,
And give it to him if he can read,
And bring me an answer without delay,
For he has stole my heart away.

She took the letter immediately,
He read it over while she stood by,
And soon he did the letter burn,
Leaving this maid to make her mourn.

How can she think how fond I'd be,
That I could fancy none but she,
Man was not made for one alone.
I take delight to hear her mourn.

Then she return'd immedia'ely,
And found her maid as cold as clay,
Beware young maids don't love in vain
For love has broke her heart in twain.

She gather'd the green grass for her bed,
And a flowery pillow for her head,
The leaves that blow from tree to tree
Shall be a covering over thee,

O cruel man, I find thou art
For breaking my own child's heart,
Now she in Abraham,s bosom sleep,
While thy tormented soul shall weep

[24]



THE Lost Lady FOUND.

—Printed by J. Catnach, 2 Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials.—
Cards and Handbills Printed very Cheap.

IT was down in a valley a young damsel did dwell,
She lived with her uncle as all knew full well.
'Twas down in the valleys were violets was gay,
Three Gipseys betrayed her and stole her away.

Long time she'd been missing and could not be found,
Her Uncle he searched the country round.
Till he come to her Trustee between hope and fear,
The Trustee makes answer she has not been here.

The Trustee speaks up with courage so bold,
I fear she has been lost for the sake of her gold.
So we'll have life for life sir the Trustee did say,
We shall send you to prison and there you shall stay.

There was a young squire that loved her so,
Ofttimes to the school home together they did go.
I'm afraid she is murdered so great is my fear,
If I'd wings like a dove I would fly to my dear.

He travelled through England, thro' France and thro' Spain
Till he ventured his life on the watery main.
And he came to a house where he lodged for a night,
And in that same house was his own heart's delight.

When she saw him she knew him and flew to his arms
She told him her grief while he gazed on her charms.
How came you to Dublin my dearest, said he,
Three Gipseys betrayed me and stole me away.

Your uncle's in England in prison does lie,
And for your sweet sake is condemn'd for to die.
Carry me to Old England my dearest she cried,
One thousand I'll give you and will be your bride.

When she came to Old England her Uncle to see,
The Cart it was under the high Gallows tree.
Oh, pardon, Oh, pardon, Oh, pardon I crave,
Don't you see I'm alive your dear life to save
Then straight from the gallows they led him away,
The bells they did ring and the music did play.
Every house in the valley with mirth did abound,
As soon as the heard the lost lady was found.

[25]

The *Housewife's Plea,*



Or, No Quarrelling.

Giving an Account of what it may cost a Man, his Wife, and Four Children a Week, when the Husband should ask the Wife what is become of the Money, he gave her last Saturday night, or the Saturday night before

I will in the first place endeavour to find ont what it may cost the Man a week.

BREAD is at 2d per pound—suppose the labouring man to eat 6oz at a meal and 6oz at a bait in the afternoon, that is a pound and a half a day which is 3d

For the man's breakfast 2 oz of butter 2d tea and sugar 2d 4d

For the man's dinner 8 oz of meat 3d garden stuff 2d and half a pint of beer three-half pence $5\frac{1}{2}$d

For a bait in the afternoon 2 oz of cheese 1d beer 1d 2d

For the man's supper, cheese 1d beer three-half pence, tobacco 1d. $3\frac{1}{2}$d

At this moderate living of the man, it is 1s 6d a Day; so that the cost of a man for a week is 10s. and 6 pence

I will in the next place find out what it may cost the Wife a Week.

We will say for the wife's breakfast, 1d of bread, 1d of butter, three-half penny worth of tea & sugar gin 2d. which is $3\frac{1}{2}$d

For the Wife's dinner, 4 oz of meat three-halfpence, garden stuff a halfpenny, beer a penny 3d.

For her tea in the afternoon, bread & butter 2d, tea and sugar three-halfpence, $3\frac{1}{2}$d

For her supper, bread 1d cheese 1d beer 1d. & 1 halfpenny for snuff, is $3\frac{1}{2}$d

The keep of the Wife, at this moderate living is 1s $1\frac{1}{2}$d a day, so that I find the keep of the wife is 7 shillings and tenpence halfpenny.

Now I will endeavour to find out what may be the cost of four children a week.

We will say for 1 child's breakfast, bread and milk 1d, Dinner 1d. supper 1d. suppose the child eats twice between meal times at 1d that is 4d a Day.

The expence of 1 child a week is 2s 4d and the expence of 4 children at this rate is 9s. 4d. a Week.

I will in the next place endeavour to find out the expence of housekeeping.

Suppose he rents a house at 50s a year that is nearly elevenpence-halfpenny a Week 11$\frac{1}{2}$d

Coals or firing a week 10d, soap, blue, starch, thread, pins, & tape a week 8d. which is 1s. 6d.

Candles a Week threepence, vinegar, pepper, salt & mustard a week 3d, $6\frac{1}{2}$d

Fourpence a week for wear and tear of household furniture 4d

Fivepence a week for wearing apparel for the man, 3d for the wife and 3 halfpence for each child, which is 1s. 2d

Suppose the wife to have one child in 2 years, at 20s. expence, that is twopence halfpenny a week.

This makes the expence of housekeeping at 4s, $8\frac{1}{2}$d a week.

The sum total of the expence of the Man, his Wife & 4 children, for provision, house-rent, fire, clothing and other necessaries, at this rate of living, is 32s and sixpence.

Is not this enough to vindicate the cause of a prudent Wife, and to prove that in a Family there should be NO QUARRELLING?

Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth Court, 7 Dials.

[269]

THE MEN OF KENT.





WHEN Harold was invaded,
And, falling, lost his crown,
And Norman William waded,
Through gore to pull him down:
When counties round, with fear profound,
To mend their sad condition,
And lands to save, base homage gave,
Bold Kent made no submission.
Sing, sing, in praise of men of Kent,
So loyal, brave, and free:
'Mongst Britain's race if one surpass,
A man of Kent is he.

The hardy stout freeholders,
That knew the tyrant near,
In girdles and on shoulders
A grove of oaks did bear:
Whom when he saw in battle draw,
And thought how he might need 'em,
He turn'd his arms, allow'd their terms
Replete with noble freedom.
Then sing in praise, &c.

And when, by barons wrangling,
Hot faction did increase,
And vile intestine jangling
Had banish'd England's peace.
The men of Kent to battle went,
They fear'd no wild confusion,
But, join'd with York, soon did the work,
And made a bless'd conclusion.
Then sing in praise, &c.

At hunting, or the race too,
They sprightly vigour shew;
And, at a female chace too,
None like a Kentish beau.
All bless'd with health; and, as for wealth,
By fortune's kind embraces,
A yeoman grey shall oft outweigh
A knight in other places.
Then sing in praise, &c.

The gen'rous, brave, and hearty,
All o'er the shire we find;
And for the low-church party,
They're of the brightest kind.
For king and laws the prop the cause
Which high church has confounded!
They love with height the moderate right,
But hate the crop-ear'd roundhead.
Then sing in praise, &c.

The promis'd land of blessing,
For our fore fathers meant,
Is now in sight possessing,
For Canaan sure was Kent:
The dome at Knoll, by same enroll'd,
The church at Canterbury,
The hops, the beer, the cherries, here,
May fill a famous story.
Then sing in praise, &c.

THE MAID OF JUDAH.

NO more shall the children of Judah sing,
The lays of a happier time;
Nor strike the harp with the golden string
'Neath the sun of an eastern clime.
This, this was the lay of a Jewish maid,
But not in her father's bowers;
So sweetly she sung, as in sadness she stray'd
O'er the ruins of Babylon's towers.
No more, &c.

Oh, where are the sons of mine ancient race,
That were born but the javelin to bear?
Oh, where is that city whose wreck I trace,
Which once was so lovely and fair?
The green grass grows on that fertile spot,
Where once grew sweetest flowers;
Land of my kindred, thou shalt ne'er be for-
While a ruin remains of thy towers. (got,
No more, &c.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, & 3, Monmouth-court 7 Dials.

[273

KITTY JONES.

Tune, Sprees and Rambles, or Life in London



NOT long ago a simple lad from Yorkshire I did roam
And ever since I've sadly rued the day I left my home
When in my native village oh, I always were so gay.
For on Sunday I made love, & in the week made hay
But Fortune who's a sickle jade, at lengrh did on me frown,
A servant maid whom I had lov'd came up to Lunnun [town
So from that time upon my bed I could not rest my bones,
'Till I set up off to Lunnun town, in search of Kitty (ty jones
Ri tooral, &c,
So on to Lunnun coach at last I went & took my seat,
And pleasant folks of every sort to join me there did meet;
A flashy chap who set by me soon saw I were a elown
And very kindly said, he'd put me fly to Lunnun town
I told him of my love affair, and axt for his advice,
Says he, "Young man, if that is all, I'll ease you in a trice,
I kuows the spot where Kitty lives, and when we reach the stones Kitty Jones,
I'll quickly take you to the plaee where you will see Ri tooral;
I thank'd the stranger very much for all that he said,
And soon from the coach we did alight, at famous Saracen's head, (squares,
Off wi' my partner then I walk'd, up alleys streets &
Until we reach'd a dirty house and bolted up the stairs
A little woman black as soot. I in the room did see,
She quickly flew into my arms, and kissed and slobbered me,
Her sausage lips she pressed to mine in spite of all my moans, (Misse Jones
"You devil, who are you?" said I.—says she, "I'm Ri tooral, &c.
The man and ooman laughed at me, till I were mad with grief, [a thief,
I found that blacky were a wretch, and that he were
They robbed me of my watch and purse, then kicked me in the strect,
And sighing at my luckless fate I made a quick retreat
But turning round the corner I espied a buxom belle
A larking, chatting, grinning, wi' a dashing six-foot swell,
I felt a tremor sieze my heart and penetrate my bone
I walked up closer to the lass, by gum 'twere Kitty Jones, Ri tooral, &c,
up to Kitty then did roam, expecting she would speak, (touched her on the cheek,
I hemmed and haw'd, I bowed and scraped, and
Says I, Miss Kitty, you know me, at least I do suppose, (turn'd up my nose.
When she turn'd round, he turn'd and squar'd, but I
Says he, "Young man, this lass is mine, so run you gaping clowu," knocked me down,
I sharply should hav took him up. ——but Lord; he
He right and left pitched into me, and swore he'd break my bones,
He rolled me over in the mud & so did Kitty Jones. Ri tooral &c,
A twelvemonth after this event I met her wi' a child
She siezed me by the collar then, and foamed with anger mild,
policeman was on the spot and ready with a nod
She swore I was her infant's pa, so he took me to quod
They wanted me to tip the cash but I'd got none to tip, (a trip,
And so to prison they resolved that I should take
To grind up corn they sent me then, in spite o' all my moans, (Jones
I served a year in Clerkenwell, and all thro' Kitty Ri tooral, &c.
At length I got my liberty, wi' nothing in my purse
Besides I lost my karacter which you wi' own was worse.
I to the workhouse then did go to mac. demise was sent, tent,
Wi' lirtle grub and little blunt, I now must be con
But as for my fair paramour I never saw her more
Her vile deceit and cruelty I ever shall deplore
She's broke my heart, she's broke my head. I live by breaking stones. (Jones.
And oh, that I had broke my neck, ere I saw Kitty

Pitts printer 6, Great st. Andrew-street. Dia

[28]



J. Fairburn THE FEMALE SAILOR ON SHORE. 110 Minories & 44 Barbican.



J. Fairburn THE FEMALE SAILOR AT SEA. 110 Minories & 44 Barbican.

[29]

A Faithful Account of the Perilous Adventures of that Courageous Young Female,

ANNE JANE THORNTON,

Who left her Father's House, and, in the Dress of a Sailor, entered as a Cabin Boy on board of an American Vessel in search of her Sweetheart,—with an Account of her Arrival at New York, where she learnt her Sweetheart was Dead—of her Travelling Seventy Miles on Foot alone, through the Forests of America—of her entering as Cook and Steward on board the Sarah; with many other wonderful Adventures,

As Related by Herself before the Lord Mayor of London.



A SONG.

GOOD peo le give attention and listen to my song [belong.
I will unfold a circumstance that does to love
Concerning of a pretty maid who ventur'd we are told
Across the briny ocean as a Female Sailor bold.

Her name was Ann Jane Thornton, of Glostershire we hear (year
And was courted by a Captain all in her 15th
But he sail'd to America, as I will now unfold
And she ventur'd o'er the ocean, disguis'd a Sailor bold.

Disguised i i her sailor's clothes, as cabin-boy she went, [tent,
To New York, in America, with pleasure & con-
But when the damsel landed of her lover's death was told,
Then in agony & sorrow wept the Female Sailor bold.

Some thousand miles from home, from her parents far away, (America,
She travelled thro' the dismal woods of North
She serv'd on board the Adelaide, as steward we are told, (lor bold
And sailed with the Rover did the Female Sai-

At length in the Sarah from St. Andrew's she set sail,
And nobly did the seaman's part in tempest, storm, and gale
Would run to the top gallant-sail, did reef and steer were told,
By the captain much respected was the Female Sailor bold.

In the Month of February, 1825,
She to the port of London in the Sarah did arrive,
Her sex was then discovered and the secret did unfold,
And the captain gaz'd with wonder on the Female Sailor bold.

It was to seek her lover that she sailed across the the main, [wind, and rain;
Thro' love she did encounter storm, tempest,
It was love caused all her trouble and hardships, we are told. [Sailor bold.
May she rest at home contented now the Female

THE Lord Mayor having read in the Times a marvellous account of a female sailor, directed one of the City police officers to make inquiry into the circumstances, in order that if she required any assistance, it might be rendered to her. Accordingly the officer thought it best to bring her to the Mansion-house, that his Lordship might hear the remarkable details of the case from the girl's own lips.

Capt. M'Intire of the Sarah, stated that he met the girl at St. Andrew's, North America: he engaged her as cook and steward, and considered what she seemed to be, until a few days before the arrival of the vessel in the port of London. It appeared that some of the crew had suspected her sex before she was seen washing in her berth, from the circumstance of her having refused to drink grog. She performed the duties of a sailor admirably—she would run up to hand the top-gallant-sail in any sort of weather, during a severe passage. The poor girl had had a hard time of it, and she suffered greatly from the wet, but she bore it all excellently, and she was a capital seaman. Her hands appeared as if they were covered with thick brown leather gloves, and it was by repeated questioning, the Lord Mayor got from her the facts, of which the following is the substance:—

Anne Jane Thornton stated, she was in the 17th year of her age. Her father, who is now a widower, took her and the rest of his family from Gloucestershire, where she was born, to Donegal, when she was 6 years old. He was in good circumstances, and always affectionate to her. She regretted that she quitted her home, for her departure, of which she had given no previous notice to her father, must have caused him many a sorrowful hour. When she was only 13 years old, she met Capt. Alexander Burke, whose father resided in New York, and was the owner of vessels there, and before she was 15, they became strongly attached to each other. Soon afterwards Alexander Burke was obliged to go to New York, and she resolved to follow him.

She quitted her father's house, accompanied by a maid servant and a boy; and having procured a cabin-boy's dress, she exerted herself to obtain a passage to America. She succeeded in her object: the servant maid and boy took leave of her immediately upon her embarking, the latter being charged with a message to her father, informing him of her intention. By degrees she became reconciled to the labours of her new employment, and she beheld with joy the shores of New York, where she thought her labours would terminate: the moment she landed, she went off in her cabin-boy's dress to the house of Captain Burke's father, and said that she had worked under the Captain's orders, and wished to be engaged by him again. It was by the father of the young man she was informed of the event which placed the eternal barrier between them, and she retired from the house disconsolate. America was, however, no place in which to look for sympathy. In the belief that the sea, which no doubt her feelings of affection for Burke recommended to her, was a more probable mode of existence than any she could adopt in the dress of her sex, she applied for and obtained a situation as cook and steward in the Adelaide, and subsequently in the Rover, in which latter vessel she sailed to St. Andrew's, where she fell in with Capt. M'Intire: the captain of the Rover had agreed to take her to Belfast, but he received an order from the owners to sail for the West Indies, and, as she was resolved to return to her father as soon as possible, she refused to accompany him. For 31 months, she had been engaged in these remarkable adventures, and participated in the most severe toils of the crews of which she performed a part.

The Lord Mayor asked how she fanced to assume the sailor's dress?

The Girl—I could not think of any other way, and I did the duties as well as I could. I underwent a good deal. I travelled from East Point, in North America, to St. Andrew's, by myself, a distance of 70 miles, through the woods. I walked all the way.

Captain M'Intire said he bore testimony to the extraordinary propriety of the girl's conduct, who said she was bound in gratitude to acknowledge the kindness and humanity of the captain.

The Lord Mayor—I will give directions that you be taken care of until I hear from your father, to whom I will write to-night.

After receiving some salutary advice from the Lord Mayor, she retired, and placed under the care of the worthy proprietor of the Cooper's Arms, Lower Thames Street. She is low of stature, and her limbs are firmly knit; comely face; dark eyes; and teeth very white.

On Saturday the 14th, Mr. M'Lean, the inspector of police, applied to the Lord Mayor, to have our heroine removed from the Cooper's Arms; for, on account of the intense interest he e se excited, multitudes of persons so beset the house to get a sight of her, that the landlord found it impossible to conduct his business.—The proprietress of a minor theatre offered her a guinea a night to appear in character in a piece to be got up on purpose. A celebrated artist had applied to take her likeness; and numberless persons have supplicated her to exhibit herself; but all in vain; as she feels a great repugnance to the various offers, being determined never again to assume the sailor's dress. She possesses a great flow of spirits; is communicative: but extremely correct in her behaviour. Upon the whole, she is, undoubtedly, one of the most extraordinary strong-minded girls that ever lived.

J. CATNACH, *Printer, 2 & 3, Monmouth-court, Seven Dials.*

L 301

THE GALLANT FEMALE SAILOR.



GOOD people give attention, and listen to my song,
I will unfold a circumstance that does to love belong,
Concerning of a pretty maid, who ventur'd, we are told
Across the briny ocean as a Female Sailor bold.

Her name was Ann Jane Thornton, as you presently shall hear,
And as we are informed, she was born in Glo'stershire,
Her father lived in Ireland, respected we are told,
And never thought his daughter was a Female Sailor bold.

She was courted by a Captain, when fifteen years of age,
And to be bound in wedlock this couple did engage;
But the Captain had to leave the land, as I will now unfold,
And she ventur'd o'er the ocean like a Female Sailor bold.

She dressed herself in Sailor's clothes, and overcome with joy,
She with a Captain did engage to serve as cabin boy:
And when New York, in America, this fair maid did behold,
She ran to seek her lover, did the Female Sailor bold.

Then to her true-love's father she hastened with speed,
And inquired for employment—but dreadful news indeed;
Her lover had some time been dead, this pretty maid was told,
Then in agony and sorrow wept the Female Sailor bold

Some thousand miles she was from home, from parents far away.
She travelled seventy miles through woods in North America.
Bereft of friends and kindred, no parent could behold,
My true love's gone in anguish, cries the FemaleSailor bold.

Then she went on board the Adelaide to cross the briny wave,
Through wind and hail in storms and gale, she did all danger brave,
She served as cook and steward in the Adelaide we are told,
Then sailed on board the Rover, did the Female Sailor bold.

From St: Andrews in America, this fair maid did set sail
In a vessel called the Sarah, through tempest, storm, and gale,
She did her duty like a man, did reef and steer we are told,
By she captain was respected well the FemaleSailor bold

With pitch and tar her hands were hard, thro' once like velvet soft,
She weighed the anchor, heaved the lead, and boldly went aloft,
Just 1 & 30 months she braved the tempest we are told,
And always done her duty, did the Female Sailor bold

In the Month of February, 1835,
She to the port of London in the Sarah did arrive,
Her sex was then discovered & the secret did unfold,
And the Captain gazed with wonder on the Female Sailor bold.

This female was examined, of course by the LordMayor
And in the public papers all reasons did appear,
Why she did leave her father, & her native land she sold
To cross the briny ocean like a Female Sailor bold.

It was to seek her lover that she sailed across the main,
Thro' love she did encounter storm, tempest, wind and rain,
It was love that caused all her trouble and hardships we are told,
May she rest at home contented now the FemaleSailor bold.

FINIS.

Printed by BIRT, No. 39, Great St, Andrew Street Seven Dials.

[31]



The Christening and Diversion of Ballyporeen.

AT my wedding I told you the first time I'd try,
I'd have you at the Christening all dead & alive
And make you partake of a full flowing bowl
And toast the fond heart of each jovial fond soul,
Fail not of being here to morrow,
To drive away dull care and sorrow,
For I the chairs and table did borrow
For this christening of Ballyporeen,

Now they came as they promis'd about 4 in the day
Just as Patrick gave orders to Biddy Barkeley,
To go for the tea to one Darby Mc Shean
That lives in the dark little broad narrow lane,
And I'll go to Moll Drew for the tripes sir
And to Paddy Mc'Cue for the snipe sir.
For Terry Malone had the gripes sir,
Since the wedding of Ballyporeen,

Now their names I will tell you for fear I'd go wrong,
There was lame Kitty Farrell and little Jack Long
Tim Downey, Jack Duffy and Brien O Linn,
Shaun Braughan, Black Dennis and Judy M'Glinn,
Nell Coffee and sweet Sally Cowney
Peg Hurley and swankey Bell Looney
Judy Murphy and one eyed Moll Rooney
At this christning of Ballyporeen

Now the signal being given they all had sat down,
To a side of roast beef on the table did crown,
The next dish was a sow that the measles had got
And the third was a ram that had died with the rot
And the fourth was beef full of spice, sir,
That was eaten twelve months with the mice, sir,
Of which they all got a good slice, sir
At this christening of Ballyporeen.

There was trotters and tripes with a carcass of veal,
With a cistern of broth that was thick with the meal
With a nice apple tart made by Onagh the bride
That she gave father Murphy that sat by her side
So they cut away both here and there sir,
By my soul they had nothing to spare sir
You could see the bare bones to a hair sir.
At this christening of Ballyporeen

Please your Reverence says Patrick here's a fat duck
Grandmother sent you from Balanaughmuch.
Besides at your elbow there's a beautiful snipe
You'll right your honour take them throw them by the tripe
For the favour will make you smile sir,
Beside they came many a mile, sir,
And Onagh she dress'd them in style, sir,
For your Reverence at Ballyporeen,

ow dinner being over the punch was brought in
By one eyed Moll Rooney and Judy M'Glinn
The jug was so large that it made them all smile,
On each side of which was a map of our isle
Father Pat then stood up and said sir
Here is when Patrick and Onagh were wed
Not forgetting the health of young Ned sir
May he live long in Ballyporeen,

Now they begun to sing when they drank a few rounds, (hounds
Shaun Maughan he sung about the Fox and the
Sall Cooney she bawl'd out the red hair'd man's wife,
Peg Hurley she sung drimton dubb to the life,
Ned Nulty he sung Paddy Carey,
Moll Rooney she sung faithful Mary
Judy Murphy she sung rocks wild & dreary
The best song at Ballyporeen,

Ned Nulty got up and said he should dance,
The new fashioned jig that he learnt in France,
Tim Downey but manly said that was not fair
Each couple should dance while they had time to spare
So they danced until morning did appear
And at parting their spirits to cheer, sir, sir
With a goblet of whiskey and beer sir
Blessing young Ned of Ballyporeen

The Old Horse,

MY cloathing once was linsey wolsey fine,
My hair hung lank and my coat it did shine,
But now I'm grown old and nature doth decay,
My master he doth frown and thus I heard him say
Oh! Ball; Oh,
My lodging once was in a stable warm,
To keep my tender limbs from cold and harm
But now in open fields I am forced to go
For to beat the cold winter's hail rain and snow

My feeding once was of the best hay,
That ever grew in fields or meadows gay,
But no such comfort can I find at all,
For now I am forced to nab short grass that grows against the wall,

My shoulders were both fat, fine smooth and round
But now corrupted rotten, and unsound,
And my hollow hoof that was both smooth & hard
Now by the blacksmith is most badly serv'd,

He is old, he is both dull and slow,
He eats my hay and he spoils my straw,
Nor neither is he fit in my cart to draw,
Whip him skin him, let him a hunting go,

My skin unto the huntsman I bequeath
And my flesh unto the hounds I freely give
My body swift that has run so many miles
It was over hedges ditches, likewise gate and stiles

Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse, 6 Great st Andrew street 7 Dials

SALLY
AND HER TRUE LOVE,
BILLY.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse, 6, Great St Andrew's Street, Seven Dials.

'TIS of a young sailor, from Dover he came.
He courted pretty Sally, pretty Sally was her name.
But she was so lofty, and her portion so high,
That she on a sailor would scarce cast an eye.

O sally! O Sally! O Sally! says he,
I fear that your false heart my ruin will be,
Unless that your hatred should turn into love
I'm afraid that your false heart my ruin will prove.

My hatred's not to you or any other man,
But to say that I love you is more than I can;
So keep your intention, and hold your discourse,
For I never will you unless I am forc'd.

When seven long weeks were gone and past,
This pretty maid fell sick at last,
Entangled in love, and she knew not for why,
So sent for the sailor whom she deny'd.

O I am the Doctor, and you sent for me,
O I am the young man that you wish'd to see;
O yes, your the Doctor that can kill or cure
The pain that I feel, love is hard to endure.

O Sally, O Sally, O Sally says he,
Pray don't you remember how you slighted me.
How you slighted my love and treated me with scorn,
So now I'll reward you for what you have done.

For what is gone and past love, forget and forgive,
And grant me a little while longer to live;
O no my dearest Sally as long as I have breath,
I'll dance upon the grave when you lay underneath.

She took rings from her fingers, by one, two, and three,
Saying here my dearest Billy, in remembrance of me,
In remembrance of me my love when I am dead and gone,
Perhaps you may be sorry for what you have done.

So adieu to my daddy, my mammy, and friends,
And adieu to the young sailor, for he will make no amends,
Likewise this young sailor he will not pity me.
Ten thousand times now my folly I see.



THE

LONDON MERCHANT.

Its of a rich merchant near London we hear,
Had a comely young daughter most beauteous and
fair, [gold
Twenty thousand bright guineas was her portion in
Till she fell in love with a young sailor bold

O when that the merchant these tidings did hear,
Upon the young sailor he vengeance did swear,
He says your true love shall no more plough the sea,
For before to-morrow morning his butcher I'll be.

O when that she heard her own father say so,
Her mind was o'erwhelmed with sorrow and woe,
She thought to herself if I could see my dear.
I quickly would warn him of the danger that's near.

In a suit of bold sailor's, apparel complete,
She dressed herself from the head to the feet,
With pumps on her feet, and a cane in her hand,
She met her dear William as he walk'd thro' the Strand.

She says my dear William, O instantly flee,
For my father doth swear that your butcher he'll be,
So straight unto Dover I'd have you repair
And in forty-eight hours I will meet you there.

As he kiss'd her fair cheek, the tear stood in each eye
She says I will save you or else I will die,
Then straightway she gave him a handful of gold
And she march'd up the street like a sailor so bold.

She meeting her father as she walk'd up the Strand,
He mistook her for William, saying you are the man
A sword from his side then he instantly drew,
And her beautiful body he pierced it quite through.

When he found what he'd done, he sunk down in de-
spair.
He wringing his hands and he tore off his hair,
Crying, wretched monster, Oh! what have I done?
I have kill'd the flower of fair London town.

Then up from the ground he did instantly start.
And lean'd on his sword till he pierced his own heart,
Forgive me he cried, as he drew his last breath,
Then he clos'd his eyes in the cold arms of death.

Now when that young William the tidings did hear,
He died broken-hearted by grief and despair,
Thus father and daughter, and a young sailor bold,
Met an untimely death for the sake of curs'd gold

Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse,
6, Gt. St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

COLD WINTER is PAST.

J. RUSSELL, PRINTER, MOOR STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Cold winter is past,
Pleasant summer's come at last,
And the small birds are whistling on every green tree,
The hearts of some are glad,
While mine is very sad,
For my true love is absent from me.

I should not think it strange,
This wide world for to range,
If I could but find my delight,
But here by cupid's chain,
I am forced to remain,
And in sorrow to spend the whole night.

I will comb back my hair,
And my livery I'll wear,
I will dress in my velvet so green,
All this I'll undertake,
For my true lover's sake,
While he rides on the currough of Kildare.

I'll put on a suit of black,
With a fringe about my neck,
And gold rings on my fingers I'll wear,
Straightway I will repair,
To the currough of Kildare,
And there I'll get tidings of my dear.

With patience I will wait,
While he rides for the plate,
Expecting young Johnson to see,
But fortune prov'd unkind,
To that darling boy of mine,
And they sent him to the lowlands from me

My love is like the sun,
That in the firmament does run.
Which always proves constant and true,
But your's is like the moon,
That wanders up and down,
And in every month it is new.

Farewell my joy and heart,
Since you and I must part,
You're the fairest that ever I did see,
For I never do design,
To alter my mind,
Although you are below my degree.

THE Merchant's Daughter,

Or Constant Farmer's Son.

Its of a merchant's daughter, in London town did dwell,
So modest, fair, and handsome, her parents lov'd her well,
She was admired by lord and squire, but all their hopes was vain
For there was one, 'twas a farmer's son, young Mary's heart could gain.

Long time young William courted her, & fix'd their wedding day,
Their parents all consented, but her brothers both did say,
There lives a lord who pledg'd his word, and him she shall not shun,
We will betray, and then we'll slay her constant farmer's son.

A fair was held not far from town, those brothers went straightway,
And asked young Wm's company with them to pass the day,
But mark, returning home again, they swore his race was run,
Then with a stake the life did take, of the constant farmer's son.

Those villians then returned home, oh sister they did say,
Pray think no more of your false love but let him go his way,
For its truth we tell, in love he fell and with some other one,
Therefore we came to tell the same, of the constant farmer's son

As on the pillow Mary lay, she had a dreadful dream,
She dreamt she saw his body lie down by a crystal stream,
Then she arose put on her clothes to seek her love did run,
When dead and cold she did behold her constant farmer's son.

The salt tears stood upon his cheeks all mingled with his gore,
She shriek'd in vain to ease her pain, & kiss'd him ten times o'er
She gathered green leaves from the trees, to keep him from the sun,
One night and day she pass'd away, with her constant farmer's son.

But hunger it came creeping on, poor girl she shriek'd with woe
To try to find his murderer she straightway home did go,
Saying parents dear you soon shall hear a dreadful deed is done
In yonder vale lies dead and pale my constant farmer's son.

Up came her eldest brother, and he said it is not me,
The same replied the younger and swore most bitterly,
But Mary said dont turn so red, nor try the laws to shun,
You've done the deed, and you shall bleed for my constant farmer's son.

Those villians soon they own'd their guilt and for the same did die
Young Mary fair, in deep despair, she never ceas'd to cry,
Their parents they did fade away, the glass of life was run,
And Mary cry'd, in sorrow died, for her constant farmer's son.

J. Russell, Printer, 21, *Moor Street, Birmingham.*

[35]



Peggy of Deal;

OR, THE

BANISHED SAILOR.

Printed by T. BIRT, 39, Great St. Andrew-Street wholesale and retail, Seven Dials, London.

NEAR the fam'd town of Deal, close by the sea side,
I courted young Peggy to be my sweet bride,
But her father was hasty, and could not comply
And its all for my Peggy I did languish and die.

She's tall and she's handsome, her eyes black as sloes,
The delight of my fancy wherever she goes,
And could I pursuade my old dad to comply,
How happy I'd live, and contented I'd die.

As my love and I were walking to view the meadow green,
Her surly old father he stepped in between,
And said e'er my daughter a sailor should have
I would sooner follow her down to her grave.

Then straight to her chamber this damsel he confined,
Which caused her vexation & a troubled mind
Which caused her vexation & an aching heart,
To think with her young sailor so soon she must part.

One night to her chamber this brave sailor went
Saying, my Peggy, my joy and my content,
Saying, here is a letter I wrote with my own hand
It is to let my love know I will be ather command.

O then cried my Peggy, see how I'm confin'd
I am loaded with sorrow and troubled in mind,
My hard hearted father will not pity me,
And from my confinement will not let me free.

Oh Peggy my darling, our ship's fit for sea,
And may vengeance fail on them that keeps you from me,
This fairmaid wrung her hands, beat her bosom and cried,
And raving distracted in agony died.

Oldham Recruit.

WHEN I'r a young lad, 16 years ago,
I lov'd a pretty lass, and follow'd th' plough,
But some heaw or other I wur ne'er content,
Till I, like a noddy, for a sodier went;
There wur sitch sheawts of heigh and glee,
I thowt I should a coptain be;
But, ah! by gum, I wur varra much mista'en,
And mony times I wish'd mysel at plough tail again.

(Spoken.) I recollect my ow'd measter had us'd to say to me, Well Tummy lad, thee be a good lad, and stick to thy wark: thee ne'er go for a sodier: if thee doest, depend upon't thee ll ne'er be made a coptain. But I'd us'd to think th' owd felly wur lyink; so one day there coom a recruiting party to ar teawn; so I throt off my owd clogs, put on my boots, and trudg'd to a nofficer. Well, Mester Nofficer, said I, dun yo want never an odd lad like I for a sargeant? He smil'd and said, No, Tommy lad, th' sargeant's place was ta'en up last night: but if thou'st a mind to list for a drum-major, thou knowst a drum-major walks before th' regiment like th' gonder close before th' geese. But I thowt I'd list for a coptain, because they got mooast brass; and they'd always plenty of
Row de diddle dow, &c.

So we march'd & we march'd obeawt Owdham streets
Where they tried to persuade me 'twur my turn to treat,
I treated till we aw got as drunk as foos,
Between sargeant, me, and corporal, there wur na mitch to choose:
I thowt my brass would ha' ne'er been done,
Thinks I, I'st leead a life of fun.
But, ah! by gum &c.

(Spoken.) Then yo mun know, they wa'k'd me off to th' justice to be detested; and I went and I wur detested: and th' cornal towd me to be a good lad, and I should soon be above th' captain and him. I said, Now, now, lad, I'st ne'er be above speyking to yo. Th' cornal laugh'd, and th' coptain laugh'd, and th' sarjeant laugh'd, and th' nofficer laugh'd, and I laugh'd, and we aw laugh'd. And then, yo see, I mufft be off a tramping; but I didna like tramping: no, no, not I: I'd leeafer ha' stopt a whoam. They put a nopple-sack a top o' my back, and march'd me off to th' tune of Row de diddle dow, &c.

But when my brass it wur spent and done,
They push'd me then abeawt, what roaring fun;
By gum they'd like t' a throttled me, eh! whot a sin,
With a collar stiff as steel stuck under my chin:
They cut my hair so close, sure, sich a crop,
And made me soon at th' regiment a dandy fop.
But, ah! by gum, &c.

(Spoken.) But I had no' been listed above six weeks afore I thowt it wur getting high time for me to have my commish. So one day I trudged in to Mr. Nofficer. Well Mester Nofficer, says I, I wants my commish: I listed for a coptain, and a coptain I'll be, or I'll go whoam again. And so dun yo know he wur going to put his foot to my backside, and kick me out o'th' room; and one surly chap did kick me clear out o'th' room! So I gang'd off to'art whoam again. I had no' gone six mile upo' th' road afore a file o' men coom after me, that's six men with long guns & bagnets at th' end on 'em. They coom and tipt me o'th' shoulder, and said Tommy lad tha' mun gang back again. I said No, no, I'm for whoam, I m for whoam. But they put a pair of iron ruffles round my hands, and marched me back to th' tune of
Row de diddle dow, &c.

P'st ne'er forget whot a fuss they made,
When we went to a pleck ot they co'd th' parade;
There if I could look to pleeos, may I be brunt,
For they wanted aw at once eyes left, reet, front.
Then aw in a row like fire potters we stood,
And my toes would turn in let me do what I could.
I lifted for a coptain, but by gum I wur mista'en, &c

(Spoken.) Then, do you know, I must go before th' court marshal. I reckon yo dunna know whot a court marshal is. There's a mon sits at th' end of a lung table, with a mony pappers afore him. And then they took me into a court yard, and they wur all in a square, like in a ring round me. And then he begun a reading th' papper. He mentioned Tommy lad many times, and then mentioned whipt: and then told me t' strip. I begun a laughing to mysel how nicely I'd crawled o'er him: for I thowt I'r going to have nofficer's clooas on; when two drummers coom up, and tied me to a post, and begun a belabouring my carcase with a cat o' nine tails. I said, O mon, you're wrung, you're wrung! you're labbering under a grand mistake! They said, No, Tommy lad, we are under no mistake; this is for desartion: and to th' beft of my recollection they gave me 36 right good wollopers to th' tune of Row de diddle dow, &c.

I wonder'd whot the dickens then could ever be the matter,
For they put me in the guard house to live on bread and water,
And if I offer'd then to quit that ugly place,
A sodier wi' his bagnet stood staring in my face.
I begun then a thinking that my case wur bad,
And I'r wur off by far than when i'th' awkward squad I lifted for a coptain. &c.

(Spoken.) So one day they begun a feighting, and I and one o'th chaps as belaboured me with th' cat o' nine tails had a set to. I didna understond their country way of feighting, but geet him deawn Lancashire fashion. I put my foot in his ribs, and my fingers i'th' guzzle of his neck; I stopt his chimney, whot they caw'n i' eawr country putting th' damper in: & I did wrung again, and wur ordert t' be drum'd eawt o'th' teawn wi' military honours. It wur no' Duke o' York's march, no nor th' Battle o' Prague; but to th' best o' my recollection it wur th' rogue's march! ha I m sartin sure it wur not Row de diddle, &c.

J. Swindells, Printer, Manchester.

L 37

Tinker's Gardens.

HEIGH! Hall o'Nab's, an' Sam an' Sue,
Why Jonathan, art tew there too?
We're aw aloike, there's nowght to do,
So bring us a quart o' Jerry:
Aw'r at Tinker's gardens yusternoon,
An' whot aw seed aw'll tell yo soon,
In a bran new sung, boh it's to th' owd tune,
Yo'st ha'it if yo'll join reet merry.

Aw geet some brass fro' uncle Nat,
Eawr David lant me his best hat,
Then off for th' teawn aw seet, full swat,
Much faster nor Pickford's waggins:
Aw paid meh brass, an' in aw goes,
An' Eh! whot shady bewers i' rows,
Where lots o' ladies an' their beaux,
Wurn set to get their baggins.

There's bon-feiors fix'd o' th' top o' pows,
To leet yor poipe un warm yor nose;
Then a thing to tell which way th' wind blows
An' th' fish-pond too did pleus me:
Boh th' reawnd-heawse is the rummest shop,
It's fixt on here an' there a prop,
Just loik a great umbrella top,
If it's not, Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

Aw seed a cage os big, aw'll swear,
Os a wild beast show i' Salford fair,
There's rappits, brids, an' some things there,
Aw could na' gawm, by th' mass, mon:
Aw thowt o' pullink one chap's wigs,
For tellink me they'r guinea pigs,
Says aw, meh lad, aw'm up to yor rigs,
They'r noan worth hawve o'th brass, mon.

Aw met wi' a wench aw'd often seen,
When aw wi' meh wark to th' tewn had been,
Hoo'r drest os fine os ony queen,
So aw just stept up behind hur:
Says aw, yung miss, dun yo wark for Kay's,
Aw wove their crankys scores o' days,
Hoo would no' speak boh walk'd hur ways,
An hoo'r nowt boh a bobbin winder.

Boh th' band o' music caps owd Nick,
Aw ne'er seed th' loike sin' aw wur wick,
They're drest loike sodiers, thrunk and thick,
As merry as hay-makers:
Up in a tree, foive yard fro' th' grewnd,
On a greyt big table, rail'd aw rewnd,
While lads an' wenches jigg'd to th' sewnd
O' merrily danc'd the quakers.

Then next aw seed a swing, by gad,
Where th' ladies flock'd loik hey-go-mad,
They wanted a roide far worse than th' lads,
They really did, for sure:
There one wur drest so nice i' blue,
An loik an angel up hoo flew,
Hoo'd nice red cheeks, an' garters too,
So aw thowt aw'd buck up to hur.

Aw made hur link, wi' mich ado,
An' mounted up a great heigh brow,
Where folk run up, an' dewn it too,
Just loik March hares, for sure.
So when ewr kale coom we begun,
An' started off, 'twur glorious fun!
Much faster than Cock Robin run,
When he won at Karsey Moor.

Whot wark we made aw'm shawmt to tell,
We tried boh could no' stop ewrsel,
Till into a bewer yed first we fell,
Where aw th' foine folk wur set, mon;
Some porter run aw dewn meh shirt,
A biscuit stuck to th' lady's skirt,
An' whot wi' th' hurt, an' grease an' dirt,
By gum aw feel it yet, mon.

Of aw the things 'ot pleases John,
Wur Tinker's hewse wi' pot dolls on:
There's Blucher an' Lord Wellington,
An' Blue Beard look'd so glum, lad:
There's Cupids under trees an' shrubs,
An' men wi' harps, an' some wi' clubs,
And naked childer upo' tubs,
Don'd eawt i' lots o' plums, lad.

Reet hungry, aw seet dewn at last,
An' swallow'd ale an' cakes so fast,
Aw wonder meh waistcoat did no' barst,
Aw'r full os meh hoid could crom, surs:
When aw wur seen 'ot could be seen,
They play'd God save ewr King an' Queen,
Aw strid to th' tune reawnd th' bowlink-green
An' away aw coom straight whom, surs.

It bangs boath play-hewse, fair, an' wakes,
For gam of o' maks, ale, an' cakes,
Aw'll bet a quart, an' thew'st howd th' stakes,
It bangs the king's creawnation.
Aw'd have yo t' goo next Monday noon,
For if 't rains pokels, late or soon,
Aw'll goo again it aw go beawt shoon,
For it's th' grandest place i'th' nation.

Swindells, Printer.

[38]



O RARE

TURPIN.

Printed by J. CATNACH, 2, Monmouth-court.

Shops and Travellers supplied.

AS I was riding over Hounslow Moor
There I saw a lawyer riding before,
And I asked him if he was not afraid
To meet bold Turpin that mischievous blade.

CHORUS.
I asked him if he was not afraid
To meet bold Turpin that mischievous blade.

Says Turpin to the lawyer and for to be cute,
My money I have hid all in my boot,
Says the lawyer to Turpin they mine can't find.
For I have hid mine in the cape of my coat behind.

I rode till I came to a powder mill,
Where Turpin bid the lawyer for to stand st ll,
For the cape of your coat it must come off
For my horse is in wants of a new saddle cloth.

Now Turpin robbed the lawyer of all his store,
When that's gone he knows where to get more,
And the very next town that you go in
Tell them you was robb'd by the bold Turpin.

Now Turpin is caught, and tried, and cast,
And for a game cock must die at last,
One hundred pounds when he did die,
He left Jack Ketch for a legacy.
O rare Turpin, rare O, O rare Turpin, O.

[39]



DARING HIGHWAYMAN.

I AM a daring highwayman likewise a gallant rover, [came a rover,
From London town I surely came since I be-
For a maid who proved with child for England I sailed over, [rover.
I left my parents almost wild since I became a
How many battles I've been in thro' France and Spain and Flanders,
And always fought with courage bold under my brave commanders,
But thro' the usage I received no one shall e'er control me, [hold me.
Resolved for my liberty strong wall ne'er should
Back to England's shores I came as fast as wind could blow me, [trol me,
Resolved for my liberty, no one should e'er con-
Back to England's shores I came and found my name deserted, [more frightened.
My parent's heart was almost broke and I was much
For want of money and a friend then poverty came on me, [struction on me,
For want of money and a friend it brought de-
The very first man I ever robbed it was a lord of honor, [ner.
The nobleman I did insult all in a roguish man-
Give me your gold my lord and make no more denial, [ball to fire,
If you resist it is my design with powder and
I put my pistol to his breast which made him for- to shiver, [did deliver.
Two hundred pounds in bright gold to me he
Besides a gold repeating watch to me he did surrender, [friended,
I thought I had a noble prize to be thus be-
With a hundred guineas in bright gold I bought a famous gelding,
He could jump over the turnpike gate I bought him of Jem Sheldon.
Now mounted on my gallant steed I looked bold and daring, [fear him,
Resolved on the road to go no man I e'er did
The very next man I robbed it was in Covent Garden, [ten'd.
And in two hours after in Newgate I was fas
I have robbed both lords and dukes of silver plate and money,
All for to maintain myself and my dearest Polly,
But now in Newgate cells I lie until I am convicted, [afflicted.
For my folly I now mercy crave for I am sore

GEORGE BARNWELL.

George Barnwe'l stood at the shop door,
A custome r hoping to fin t, sir,
His apron was hanging before,
But the tail of his coat was behind, sir,
A lady, so painted and smart,
Cried, sir I've exhaust d my stock o' late,
I've got nothing left but a groat.
Could you give me four penn'orth of ch colate.
Rump ti iddity, &c

Her face was roug'd up to the eyes,
Which made her look prouder and prouder,
His hair stood an end with surprise,
And her's with pomatum and powder;
The business was soon understood,
The lady who wish'd to be more rich,
Cries, 'sweet sir, my name is Millwood,
And I lodge at the Gunner's, in Shoreditch.
Pump ti, &c.

Now, nightly he stole out, good lack!
And into her lodgings would pop, sir,
And often forget to come back,
Leaving master to shut up the shop, sir,
Her beauty his wits did bereave:
Determin'd to be quite the croak, O,
He lounge'd at the Adam and Eve,
And call'd for his gin and tobacco
Rump ti, &c.

And now (for the truth must be told)
Tho' none of a'prentice should speak ill,
He stole from the till all the gold,
And ate the lump sugar and treacle,
In vain did his master exclaim
'Dear George, don't engage with that dragon,
She'll lead you to sorrow and shame,
And leave you a dev'l of rag on.'
Rump ti, &c,

In vain he entreats and implores
The weak and incurable nanny,
So kicks him at last out of doors,
And Georgy soons spends his last guinea.

His uncle, whose generous purse
Had often reliev'd him as I know,
Now finding him grow worse and worse,
Refus'd to come down with the rhino.
Rum, ti, &c.

Cried Millwood, whose cruel heart's core
Was so flinty that nothing could shock it,
'If you mean to come here any more,
Pray e me with more cash in your pocket;
Make nunky surrender his dibs,
Rob his pate with a pair of lead towels,
Or stick a knife into his ribs,
I'll warrant he'll then show some bowels.'
Rump ti, &c.

A pistol he got from his love;
'Twas loaded with powder and bullet,
He trudg'd off to Camberwell grove,
But wanted the courage to pull it,
'There's nunky as fat as a hog,
While I am as lean as a lizard,
Here's at you, you stingy old dog;
And he whips a long knife in his gizzard.
Rump ti, &c.

All you, who attend to my song,
A terrible end to the farce shall see,
If you join the inquisitive throng
That followed poor George to the Marshalsea,
'If Millwood were here dash my wigs!'
Quoth he I would pummel and lamb her well,
Had I stuck to my prunes and figs,
I ne'er had stuck nunky at Camberwell.'
Rump ti, &c.

Their bodies were never cut down,
For granny relates with amazement,
A witch bore 'em over the town,
And hung them on Throughgood's casement.
The neighbours, I have heard the folks say,
The miracle noisily brag on,
And the shop to this very day,
The sign of the George and Dragon.
Rump ti, &c.

John Whiting, Printer, 134, Moor St., Birmingham.

[41]



PRETTY CAROLINE.

One morning in the month of May,
How sweetly shone the sun;
Upon the banks of daisies gay,
There sat a lovely one.
She did appear a Goddess fair,
Her dark brown hair did shine,
That shades the neck and bosom bare,
Of pretty Caroline.

Her lips were like the coral red,
Her cheeks like roses bloom,
Her eyes like diamonds in her head,
Her breath like sweet perfume.
The song she sung melodiously,
That pierced that heart of mine,
I listened to the melody
Of pretty Caroline.

My pretty maid to her I said,
Do you remember me?
I am a Jolly Sailor bold,
That ploughs the raging sea,
For courting of a pretty maid,
Her parents did combine,
And sent me to a man-o'-war,
From pretty Caroline.

For seven years then I was bound,
All for to serve my King,
When rattling cannon's roaring sound,
Would make the deep sea ring,
My gold and store I've brought on shore,
And freely would resign,
My gold and store, or a ring that's more,
For pretty Caroline.

That maiden fair 'tween joy and fear,
Away from him she drew,
Saying, stand away without delay,
Unless you tell me true,
Produce the ring of braided gold,
And the lock of hair of mine,
For mortal man shall ne'er trepan
His faithful Caroline.

The braided hair and ring of gold,
Young William he could shew,
When Caroline she did behold,
Saying to some church let us go,
So in a lofty mansion they,
'Midst splendour now do shine,
And the Sailor blest the month of May,
He met with Caroline.—

(By G. Brown.



WILLIE REILEY.

SANDERSON, Printer, High Street, Edinburgh

Arise up, Willie Reiley, and come along with me,
I mean for to go away with you and leave this country,
To leave my father's dwelling, his houses and free land,
And away go Willie Reiley and his fair Coolen Bawn.

Over lofty hills and mountains, and along a lonesome plain,
Thro' shady groves and valleys, all company to refrain;
But her father followed after them with a well armed band,
And soon taken was poor Reiley and his fair Coolen Bawn.

The lady she being taken and in her closet bound,
Poor Reiley he was handcuffed and chained to the ground;
Before the bar of justice, before them he must stand,
And for nothing but the stealing of his fair Coolen Bawn.

Up comes the jailor's son, and these words to him did say,
Rise up, brave Willie Reiley, you must appear to-day;
Before the earl's anger, before him you must stand,
And I'm afraid you'll suffer for your fair Coolen Bawn.

This is the news, brave Reiley, last night I heard them say,
The lady's oath will hang you or else will set you free.
If that be so, says Reiley, with pleasure I will stand,
Still in hopes of being saved by my fair Coolen Bawn.

The lady being sensible though in her tender youth;
If Reiley has deluded her she will declare the truth;
And like a moving beauty bright before them she did stand,
Saying, you're welcome here, my heart's delight, to your fair
Coolen Bawn.

Gentlemen of the jury, look to this extremity,
This rascal came amongst us to disgrace our family;
The pride of this inferior I'm not fit to withstand,
If I don't get satisfaction I'll leave my native land.

Then up speaks noble Fox, as the table he sat by,
Gentlemen of the jury, look to this extremity;
To hang a man for love I'm sure 'tis murder you will say,
Let us spare the life of Reiley, let him leave this country.

'Tis good, my lord, he stole from her her jewels and fine ring,
Gold watch and silver buckle, and many a precious thing,
Which cost me many guineas bright, above five hundred pound,
And I'll have the life of Reiley should it cost ten thousand pound.

'Tis good, my lord, I gave him them as a token of true love,
And when that we are parted I will them all remove; (me.
If you have them now, brave Reiley, pray send them home to
That I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to thee.

There is one ring amongst them I'll allow yourself to wear,
With locks of brightest diamonds all set with silver fair;
It is a true love's token, wear it on your right hand,
And think on my poor broken heart when in a foreign land.

It's up speaks noble Fox again, you may let the prisoner go,
The lady she has cleared him the jury all do know,
The lady she has cleared him, and has renewed his name,
'Tis honour bright, Macginnis tight, and shall always rise to fame.

[43]

Bold Robin Hood.



BOLD Robin Hood ranged the forest all
The forest all round ranged he,(round
And there he did meet with a gay lady,
Come weeping along the highway.

Oh why do you weep, my gay lady,
Do you weep for gold or fee?
Oh why do you weep for any thing else,
That was taken from any body?

I do not weep for gold she said,
Nor do I weep for any fee,
Nor do I weep for any thing else,
That was stolen from any body.

Then why do you weep, said Jolly Robin,
I pray come tell unto me,
Why I do weep for my three sons,
For they're all condemned to die.

What church have they robbed said Jolly
Robin,
Or what parish priest have they slain. (will
What maid have they forced against her own
Or with other men's wives have they lain

No church have they robbed, the lady replied
Nor no parish priest have they slain, (will,
No maid they have forced against her own
Or with other men's wives have they lain.

Then what have they done said Jolly Robin
I pray thee come tell unto me,
They have killed 16 of the kings fallow deer,
And they're all condemned to die.

O go your ways said Jolly Robin,
Go your ways home said he,
And I will go to fair Nottingham town,
For the sake of the squires all three.

Then Robin Hood went to fair Nottingham
To fair Nottingham went he, (man,
And there did he meet with an old begger
Come weeping all on the highway.

What news, what uews my old begger man
What news hast thou brought unto me
There's weeping and wailing in fair Notting-
For the sake of the squires all three. (ham

This old beggar man had a coat on his back
That was patched both yellow and red,
And Robin Hood thought it would be no dis-
To dress in the beggar man's dress. (grace,

Robin Hood went to fair Nottingham,
To fair Nottingham town went he, (rifls
And there he did meet with the master she-
Likewise the squires all three.

One boon, one boon says Jolly Robin,
One boon I beg on my knee,
That is for the three squires sake,
There hangman I might be.

Soon granted, soon granted says the master
Soon granted unto thee, (sheriff,
And you shall have their gay clothing,
And all their white money.

I'll have none of their gay clothing,
Nor none of their white money,
But I'd have three blasts of my bugle horn
As their souls into heaven may flee.

Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows so
He blew both loud and shrill, (high
Ten hundred and ten of bold Robin Hoods
men,
Came tripping all down the green hill.

Whose men are all these said the master
I pray thee come tell unto me, (sheriff
Why they are all mine, and none of them
thine.
For they are come for the squires all three.

Go take them, go take them says the master
Go take them along with thee, (sheriff,
There's never a man in fair Nottingham
Shall borrow three more of me.

Printed by J. Catnach, 2, Monmouth-Court
7 Dials.
Battledores, Primers, &c. Sold very Cheap.

[44]



Bonny Hodge.

S. W. Russell, Printer, Moor-street, near Castle street, Birmingham.—Travellers supplied.

As Dolly sat milking her cow,
  Young Hodge he by chance came that way,
He left both his cart and his plough,
  For beauty, love's charms must obey;
As Dolly jump'd over the style,
  Hodge said he never saw any thing so pretty,
I must have a kiss, love, I must and I will,
  Indeed, the nymph cry'd I won't let you.

Says Hodge, this is wonderful strange
  That you my suit should refuse,
Had you the whole world for to range,
  You'd find it as common in use;
Most monarchs that sit on their throne,
  Can go home and kiss their queen so pretty,
Lack a-day, lack-a-day, I'm surpris'd to hear you say,
  I'm surpris'd to hear you say, I won't let you.

The cow she perceiv'd in a trice
  The damsel neglected her call,
She found it was Cupid's advice,
  Kick'd the stool, milking pail down and all;
If those be your tricks, Hodge he cried,
  I'll away to my own dearest Betsy;
Curse the cow, curse the cow, she answer'd with a frown,
  Step back, bonny Hodge, and I'll let thee.

Hodge he stepp'd back in great haste,
  And he kiss'd the fair maid with a smile,
She said no time let us waste,
  But away to the church o'er yon style;
Where the parson did join both their hands,
  And now this young damsel so pretty,
No more does she say to young Hodge with a frown,
  She indeed forgot to say I won't let you.

THE Coal Hole.

I am a brisk and lively blade,
To kiss the girls the dearest maid
That never was the least afraid,
But always was a gay soul;
The lasses they prove kind to me,
Because I'm generous, gay, and free,
Hang him that will not merry be
Till he goes to the Coal-hole.
  Fol lol, &c.

The other night upon my life
I went to see my love in white,
And she poor girl ow'd me a spite,
Indeed I really thought so,
She spilt the liquor, she slapt my face,
She order'd me to quit the place,
She would not let her clack to cease
Till I went to the Coal-hole.

Then who comes in but Billy Bright,
And we like fools must go to fight,
Upset the tables, knock'd out the light,
Not thinking of the Coal-hole;
In comes a coxcomb tall and thin
With a gold-lac'd hat he look'd very trim,
The sight of him look'd very grim,
And indeed he did look very droll.

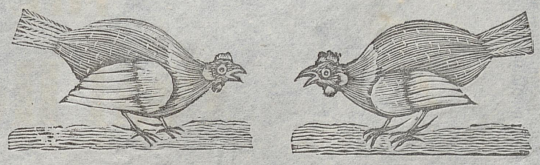
He said young man a demand of peace,
Put on your clothes, the quarrel cesse,
Or I will take you to the dirty place
The people call the Coal-hole;
Then he went out as quick as thought,
As I suppose some watchmen sought,
Then no less than half a dozen he brought
To carry me to the Coal-hole.

When I came there all for to view,
The justice of the female crew,
With gin galore, indeed its true,
And a drop of that which made me droll;
He said sit down be not afraid,
To kiss the girls the dearest maid,
It is the luck of every lively blade,
To be brought to the Coal-hole.

Then the very next morning before it was light,
Before the justice I was brought,
And there to answer for my fault,
Indeed it really was not so,
He gave me my discharge without delay,
He orderd me to go away,
And come no more then in his sight,
Nor go no more to the Coal-hole.

So now once more I'm free and right,
I will stay no more out late at night,
O never has my head been right,
O since I had such a cursed row:
Black were my eyes and sore my face,
Besides I got in much disgrace,
By going to that d—d dirty place
The people call the Coal hole.

[45]



WEDNESBURY COCKING.

At Wednesbury there was a cocking,
A match between Newton & Scroggins,
The Colliers and Nailors left word,
And all to Old Spittle's were jogging
To see this noble sport,
Many noted men resorted,
And though they had but little money,
Yet that they freely sported.

There was Jeffery & Colburn from Hampton,
And Dusty from Bilston was there,
Plummery he came from Darlaston,
And he was as rude as a bear.
There was Old Will from Walsall,
And Smacker from Westbromwich come
Blind Robin he came from Rowley,
And staggering he went home.

Ralph Moody came hobbling along,
As though he some cripple was mocking
To join in the blackguard throng,
That met at Wednesbury Cocking;
He borrow'd a trifle of Doll
To back Old Taverner's grey,
He laid four-pence halfpenny to four-pence
Then lost and went broken away.

But soon he return'd to the pit,
For he'd borrow'd a trifle more money,
And ventur'd another large bet
Along with blobber-mouth'd Coney;
When Coney demanded his money,
As is common on all such occasions,
He cry'd b—st thee if thee don't hold thy peace,
I'll pay thee as Paul paid the Ephesians.

Scroggin's breeches were made of Nankeen
And wore very thin in the groin,
In stooping to handle his cock,
His b—ks burst out behind!
Besides his shirt-tail was bes—t,
Which caused among them much laughter
Scroggins turn'd himself round in a pet,
And cry'd b—g—yre, what is the matter?

The morning's sport being over,
Old Spittle's a dinner proclaim'd,
Each man should dine for a groat,
If he grumbled he ought to be d—d;
For there was plenty of beef,
But Spittle he swore by his troth,
That never a man should dine,
'Till he'd eaten his noggin of broth.

The beef it was old and tough,
Of a bull that was baited to death,
Barney Hyde got a lump in his throat,
That had like to have stopped his breath

The company all fell into confusion,
At seeing poor Barney Hyde choaked,
They took him into the kitchen,
And held his head over the smoke.

They held him so close to the fire,
He frizzled just like a beef steak,
Then they threw him down on the floor,
Which had like to broken his neck;
One gave him a kick on the stomach,
Another a thump on the brow,
His wife said throw him into the stable,
And he will be better just now.

Then they all returned to the pit,
And the fighting went forward again,
Six battles where won on each side,
And the next was to decide the main,
For they were two famous cocks,
As ever this country bred,
Scroggins's a duck-winged black,
And Newton's a shift-winged red.

The conflict was hard on both sides,
Till brassy wing'd Blacky was choak'd,
The colliers were nationly vext,
And the nailors were sorely provok'd;
Peter Stevens he swore a great oath,
That Scroggins had played his cock foul,
Scroggins gave him a kick on the head,
And cried, Yea, God d— thy soul.

The company then fell in discord,
A bold fight did ensue,
Kick b— and bite was the word,
Till the Walsall men all were subdued;
Ralph Moody bit off a man's nose,
And wish'd that he could have him slain,
So they trampled both cocks to death,
And then made a draw of a main.

The cock-pit was near to the church,
An ornament unto the town,
On one side an old coal pit,
The other well gors'd round;
Peter Hadley peep'd through the gorse,
In order to see them fight,
Spittle jobb'd his eye out with a fork,
And said b—t the it served the right.

Some people may think this is strange,
Who Wednesbury never knew,
But those who have ever been there.
Won't have the least doubt but it's true
For they are all savage by nature.
And guilty of deeds the most shocking,
Jack Baker whack'd his own father,
And so ended Wednesbury Cocking.

[46]



The Single Young Man
LODGER.

I was by trade a ſnob, and for myſelf turn'd maſter,
So quick I did each job, few could do any faſter;
Some rooms I had to let, my wife, a fancy codger,
Said Love we'd better get a single young man lodger.

A bill did ſoon appear, which ſome afforded fun for,
A gentleman may here be taken in and done for;
An applicant had we a man whoſe name was Roger,
Who forthwith ſaid he'd be our single young man lodger.

Of courſe I thought he'd pay, for he wore decent rai-
ment;
Three months paſt away, but ſtill there was no payment
He but came there to dwell, & hang me if the codger
Didn't board as well as any single young man lodger.

At dinner, ſupper, tea, hit the time exactly he did,
And in our room he'd be, to do, he ſaid, as we did;
And when with us he'd dine, altho' a thin ſpare codger
He'd eat enough for nine would our single young man
lodger.

From me my cash, egad, my ſpouſe ſhe us'd to ſteal
him. [heel 'em:
And when his boots were bad, ſhe'd make me ſole and
If I aſk'd for a bob, ſhe'd give me ſuch a podger,
And ſay get out you ſnob, and don't inſult your lodger

From my wedding day five years my toils have been
inceſſant, [pleaſant;
We were without thoſe dears which render marriage
Till all at once ſhe had two little pottering codgers,
Folks ſaid that they were mine, but they were much
more like our lodger's.

The curſe of jealouſy I found by that ere chap's tone,
The kids were as much like me as a briſtle's like a
lapſtone:
One morn ere break of day I loſt my artful dodger,
For ſhe had run away with the single young man lodger

Swindells, Printer.

[47]

THE

CONVICT LADY'S MAID.



GOOD people all attention give'
And of a droll affair,
That has caused a row and rumpus,
You presently shall hear;
A lady had a waiting maid,
As you shall understand,
But, lack-a-day, this lady's maid,
Turn'd out to be a man.

CHORUS.

So you may depend the tale is true,
And wagers has been laid,
Did you ever know a man before,
To be a lady's maid

He did attend my lady oft,
And dress her different ways,
At night he curl'd her hair,
And in the morning laced her stays;
He in the carriage rode with her,
Oh! what a lady's maid,
He used to take her stockings off,
And help her into bed.

This he-she lady's maid they say,
Did live near Be—e Square,
His character was good, he had
Been transported seven years.
And people say my lord does think,
He with his lady laid,
And perhaps she'll have a little son,
All by the lady's maid.

The butler and the housekeeper,
Are laughing at the fun,
The footman and scullery-maid,
Did near distracted run;
The greasy cook did swear aloud,
That she was sore afraid,
Her mistress had been taken in,
By Dick, the lady's maid.

Now we have heard of female snobs,
Likewise of female tailors,
We have heard of female sawyers,
And we've heard of female sailors;
But I dont think we ever heard,
And wagers has been laid,
No lady ever had a man,
To be her waiting maid.

Ehis slashing, dashing Lady's maid,
As was supposed to be,
Was caught stealing from his mistress,
Some jewels do you see;
This did surprise the family,
As has before been said,
And now inside of Newgate,
He may act as Lady's maid.

So to conclude and make an end,
May ladies all beware,
Or else perhaps you may be
Only drawn into a snare;
So ladies search your servants well,
Or else I am afraid,
Like Lady B—you'll have a man,
To be your Lady's maid.--*Morgan.*

Printed by J. Catnach, 2, & 3, Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials.

[18]

THE Female Husband.

IF you want to hear a bit of fun,
Oh Listen unto me,
bout a Female Husband,
The like you never see.
Such a singular thing you never knew,
No not in all your life,
As two Females to be wed,
And lived as Man and Wife.

CHORUS.

So young women all a warning take,
And mark what I do say,
Before you wed, your husbands try,
Or else you'll rue the day.

The Female Husband lived,
In service as a Groom,
'Twas there that she got wed,
To the housemaid in her bloom,
At Camberwell the truth I tell,
The Wedding was its true.
To hear about the wedding night,
You'll laugh till all is blue.

The parties they were shewn to bed,
The bride sir, thought of that,
But the bridegroom he was taken ill,
Made every thing look flat.
From his bride he turn'd and twisted,
Then she to herself did say,
My Husband is a Hermaphrodite,
A wager I would lay.

Time passed on for many years,
A virgin she was still,
But her husband would for jealousy,
Oft use her very ill.
At Dockhead, it was asserted,
You may believe now what I say,
By her husband it was thought,
She was in the family way.

But when she turn'd herself in bed,
Dear Jemmy she would say,
We have been married many years,
Remember this I pray.
But what a disappointment,
Now when she thought of that;
But what she never got,
Why, it could not make her fat.

Some time he was a Publican,
And dwelt in Baldock town,
With good ale and beer, his customer
He did supply around.
Then to the Docks he went to work,
As we have often heard,
Where the men would often joke,
About his whiskers and his beard.

Some time he was a Sawyer,
Done his duty like a man,
'Twas there his days were ended,
As you shall understand;
There was not one as we could hear,
Did of his manhood doubt,
But now its o'er, he is no more,
And the secret is found out.

Now for Twenty years they lived,
As man and wife so clever,
Both eat and drank, and slept,
And just these things together,
If Women all could do the same,
And keep their virgin knot,
Why the King and all his subjects,
Would quickly go to pot.

So now my song is ended,
I hope its pleased you all,
This poor woman had a husband,
That had nothing at all.
Twenty years she liv'd a married life,
Still a maid she may remain,
But we trust she'll find a difference,
If she ever weds again.

So I do advise young women all,
To look before you wed,
For if you should be so deceived,
You will rue your marriage bed.

. . . . . .

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-Court
7 Dials.
Sold by Bennett, Brighton; Pierce, Southborough, and Marshall, Bristol

[19]

The Young Sailor Bold.

IT is of a nobleman's daughter,
So comely and handsome we hear,
Her father possessed a great fortune,
Full thirty five thousand a year,
He had but one only daughter,
Caroline was her name we are told
And one day from her drawing room window
She admired a young sailor bold.

His cheeks they appeared like two roses
His hair was as black as a jet,
Young Caroline watched his departure
Walked round and young William she met,
She said I'm a nobleman's daughter,
Possest of ten thousand in gold
I'll forsake both my father and mother,
To wed with a young sailor bold,

Said William, young lady, remember
Your parents you're bound for to mind
And on sailors there is no dependence,
When their lovers are left far behind
Be advised, stay at home with your parents
and do by them as you are told,
And never let any one tempt you,
To wed with a young sailor bold

She said there's no one shall persuade me,
no moment to alter my mind,
But I,ll ship and proceed with my true love
He never shall leave me behind,
Then she dress like a gallant young sailor
For stock both her parents and gold,
Two years and a half on the ocean,
She ploughed with her young sailor bold

Three times with her love she was shipwrecked
And always proved constant and kind
Her duty she done like a sailor,
Went aloft in her jacket so blue
Her father long wept and lamented
From his eyes tears in torrents long roll'd.
When at length they arrived safe in England
Caroline and her young sailor bold.

Her line went straightway to her father,
in her jacket and trowsers so blue.
He received her and momently fainted.
When first she appeared to his view,
She cried my dear father forgive me,
Deprive me for ever of gold
Grant me my request I'm contented
To wed with my young sailor bold,

Then her father admired young William,
And vowed in sweet unity,
If life did him spare to the morning,
Together they married should be.
They were married and Caroline's portion.
Was two hundred thousand in gold
So now they live happy and cheerful
Caroline and her young sailor bold,

The Fine Young Er.glish Gentleman,

I'LL sing you a prime new song,
That was made by a young chap's pate,
Of a fine young English Gentleman,
Who came to an estate,
Who'd kept his hunters and his hounds,
At a d——d expensive rate-
With servants gay, to drive away
The poor folks from his gate,
Like a fine young English gentleman,
Born in the modern times.

His study it was strewed around,
with what, Lord, only knows,
Foils, boxing gloves, and pistols,
which he used with friends and foes,
And 'twas there, the squire, took his wine,
And cigar when he chose.
Perusing the Court Journal,
Or Blackwood's tedious prose.
Like a fine, &c.

He was when merry winter came,
The gayest of them all,
At five-and-twenty he was seen
At every fancy ball,
At each theatre,—masquerade—
This gentleman would call;
And while he feasted with the great.
He quite forgot the small.
Like a fine, &c.

But cash, alas, too soon takes flight;
And sovereigns roll away,
And creditors who have long bills,
At last will call for 'Pay.'
They came upon him tranquilly,
And caught him out one day
'My cash is gone,' he cried, 'so I,
Must in the King's Bench lay,
Like a fine &c.

Now this he thought was better far
Than all the old parade—
Of taking tea in peace at home,
Along with some old maid.
It must be economical,
The bills were all unpaid,
You cannot shew me one I know,
Who does so much for trade.—

Pitts, Printer, 6, Great St. Andrew-street dials

[507

The Kentish Cricketer.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

NOW fayther and mother they're both dead and gone,
And left only me and our Mary,
So I goes up to Lunnun, leaves sister at home,
To look after the hogs and the dairy.
For Lunnun you know is a wonderful place,
Dang it how I got honour'd I'll tell you the case,
O the first thing I heard, and it made my heart glad,
Was the famous grand match of cricket,
And in Kent you all know there is hardly a lad,
But what's famous at bat, ball, and wicket.
(Spoken.) This match, as I heard, and afterwards found, was to be played at my Lord's Cricket Ground; zounds I soon found them out, and their stumps they came down.
Tol lol, &c.

They stood hankering about for what I could not tell,
Till my lord cried out to the bystanders,
Is there ever a man who can play pretty well,
Because we are short of a hand, sirs,
So I stript in directly, the folks began to grin,
To be grinn'd at thinks I to myself is no sin.
(Spoken.) So my lord axt me whether I could play or nay, eh dang it, says I, I beant no great shakes of a player, ye see, I've an awkward knack ye see, my lord, says I, and that's a swisher right the way round the field; and as for bowling, oh, drive me, I shall either knock down the man or the wickets, to a dead certainty. Then my lord says you are the man for me.
Tol lol, &c.

Then we stript in, and at it we went,
And the game it went on pretty tightish,
Till they being tired and look'd rather rum,
For they knock'd her about pretty tightish,
About loosing the game they thought one and all.
(Spoken.) Till my lord calls out, Carrots! (oh darn't that was me ye see) take the ball and bowl. Ah, d'ye see, if I didn't bowl too. I broke so many legs, bats, wickets and heads, that I darnation soon made the game ours.
Tol lol, &c.

And t'other men I soon made hospital men,
Then the folks that stood by they was pretty much amaz'd,
And struck with a nation of wonder,
For to think such a bumpkin as I should come up
To Lunnun to make um knock under.
What's your name? says my lord.
(Spoken.) Oh, sir, says I, Giles; and pray what part did you come from? Oh, not nigh those parts my lord says I, by a pretty many miles: well my lad, says he, for what you've done here's a five pound note for you; oh darn't my lord, says I, don't you do any thing a that sort, ye see we trouble enough with money down in our country; besides, my lord, says I, I didn't come up here to earn money, I came to see sights and curiosities, ye see; now says I, if you're a mind to ax I home to dinner, all's well and good; so we went one and t'other, like brother and brother.
Tol lol, &c.

O when I came there the table was spread,
With every thing heart and stomach wishes,
I was nationly puzzled to know what to eat first,
Such a huge nation kit of French dishes.
Besides they axt me such questions, such plagey hard words
(Spoken.) Oh hang it, sir, says I, half our language in the country aint like yours in Lunnun; and I found myself pretty much queer'd at first, I assure ye, till after drinking three or four bottles of that shim sham, O dang it, sham cider stuff, what the gemmen drink after dinner; oh dash my wig, I began to titter to the ladies ye see they all titter'd at me.
Tol lol, &c.

After dinner my lord in a wonderful speech,
Gets up and thanks I for my trouble,
Oh shum't I bow'd to a parson instead of my lord,
For my eyes they began to see double.
The ladies all nodded, ah, I knew what they meant,
And into the drawing room all of them went.
(Spoken.) What the devil thinks I, be I going to loose all my sweethearts in this kind of way; I pretty soon stept after them, when one of them dandy butterfly chaps steps up, and axes me how long I'd been out of the wild beasts? adzooks sir, says I, I'll let you know, I warn't born a beast nor a fish, and I'll take darnation good care I don't stop in here long enough to be made one neither; and if this is your Cookneyfied fashions to turn all the ladies out of the room as soon as you've done dinner, give me the sweet country, where we can have a cheek my jowl for life.
So I took up my hat & into the country came, singing,
Tol lol, &c.

The Bold Boatswain of DOVER.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials.

THERE was a bold boatswain in Dover did dwell
He had a loving wife whom a taylor lov'd well,
And when the bold boatswain was out of the way,
His frolicksome wife with the taylor would play.

One day as she was walking out in the street,
She with the loving taylor chanced for to meet,
My husband's gone abroad with the rest of the crew
This night I intend for to frolic with you.

Now as it fell out about twelve of the clock,
The boatswain he came to the door and did knock,
Which surprized them both in their sleep,
He says lovely woman oh where shall I creep.

And as they lay pondering and musing in bed,
A comical thought came into her head,
My husband's chest is under the dresser she cry'd,
Where in it yourself you may cunningly hide.

She pack'd up the taylor as neat as a rose,
His hat and his wig all the rest of his cloaths,
She shut down the chest and bid him lie still,
And thought him as safe as a thief in a mill.

So down stairs she goes and opens the door,
And there stood the boatswain and three or four more,
She saluted the boatswain and gave him a kiss,
Saying, loving husband and what's the meaning of this.

My dear, I am sorry to disturb your rest,
But now I am come and must needs have my chest,
My ship's bound to sea with a prosperous gale,
Our anchor is weigh'd and the ship she set sail.

Oh this was sad news for the taylor to hear,
Oh there he lay trembling and quaking for fear,
He says, lovely woman of me take regard,
They'll break all my bones which is very hard.

Oh if they do that I am ruin'd he said,
For then I shall not be able to work at my trade,
Then up came two sailors so stout and so strong,
They hove up the chest and carried it along.

They scarce had carried the chest out of the town,
Ere the weight of it made the sweat to run down,
They set themselves down on the chest for to rest,
Says one to the other the devil's in the chest.

As neither of them the chest could undo,
Then up came the boatswain and the rest of the crew.
He opened the chest in view of them all,
Where he laid like an hog in a cobler's stall.

What business have you here bold fellow he said,
You've cuckold me over and over I'm afraid,
So press this bold fellow and carry him to sea,
He shall not stay at home to make a cuckold of me.

"AND OVERBOARD HE VENT."

AT Ratcliffe Cross the other day when the scullers would not ply,
I stood and hail'd a waterman who then was rowing by,---
"Here's a shilling up to Horslydown" says I, "are you content?" (vent,"
"Yes sir," says he, but t'others cry'd, "and overboard he
And overboard he vent, &c.

I took my seat, & 'gainst the tide he row'd away in shore;
The song began at Ratcliffe Cross was now a constant roar,
For every plying place we pass'd, the boys their voices lent,
To hail him as we row'd along, with overboard he vent
And overboard he vent, &c.

The waterman he row'd & swore, & d--- their limbs & eyes,
And wish'd their bla'guard tongues were split, to stop their stupid cries,
I wondered what it was about, & ask'd him what they meant
By calling as he row'd along, and overboard he vent.
And overboard he vent, &c.

Says he, "I'm call'd Ned Topper, I ply at Fountain Stairs
A haughty 'prentice I have got, who gives himself such airs,
One day when in a wrathful mood, to strike him I was bent,
The unlucky dog he step'd aside, and overboard I vent."
And overboard I vent, &c

[5 15

THE OVERSEER AND THE MADMAN.

THERE was a noble overseer as crafty as a
mouse sir, [mad house sir,
He brought a man from Middleton to Lancaster
The overseer laugh'd in his sleeve in view of
speculation [desolation:
But lit'le did he think to meet with such a
When they arrived at Lancaster says the mad-
man we are at home sir, [Darby and Joan sir,
They walk'd about Lancaster streets just like
The madman and the overseer they went to bed
together, [leather,
Says the overseer unto himself I'll stick to him like
When the overseer he did lie down the madman
he did creep sir, [to sleep sir,
And by his cunning crafty tricks got the overseer
He took the note out of his pocket which lay be-
yond his head sir, [in bed sir,
Went out and left the overseer quite fast asleep
By chance he met a gentleman, says he where
are you bound sir, [fine town sir
He said I am going to take a view of Lancaster
Says he I am an overseer just come on a cruize sir
I've got a message I must take to Lancaster mad-
house sir,
He went to Lancaster mad-house and boldly
rang the bell sir, [ble swell sir,
When the governor he did appear he cut a no-
Says he a madman I have got I'll shew you my
receipt sir, [night sir,
I've had him in my custody struggling all the
Says the lunatic he is so mad and perhaps he'll
form this plan sir, [man sir,
When he comes to-morrow he'll swear I am the
He's really so obstropulus that no one can en-
dure him, [you secure him,
And when he says I am the man that instant
He went straightway to the public house and
boldly he did say
Overseer do you intend to lie abed all day [cription
The overseer was alarmed with joy beyond des-
To see the lunatic so full of mutual condecension,
Says the overseer I'll get up we'll have a little
meat sir, [estate sir,
And afterwards we'll take a walk and look at my
After they had breakfasted they kindly did em-
brace sir, [place sir,
Says the lunatic I can perceive a most elegant
The overseer his pocket grop'd and then began a roaring
Says the overseer to himself I must invent a plan
Says the lunatic I wish you would contrive to get me in
The overseer then rang the bell without any thought
Says the lunatic to the turnkey this is the man I've brought
Says the lunatic this is the man so turnkey secure him,
They got hold of the overseer & haul'd him in the place
Pull'd off his clothes & shav'd his head & after wash'd
his face,
He was so ungovernable and made such a racket,
Which made them bind him hand & foot & give him a
straight jacket, [with witches,
When the operation did commence his mind was filled
The overseer look'd like one that had dirty breeches,
Says the lunatic I'll go home my sorrows are all over
I'm as happy as if I was laid in a field of clover,
Where have you left the overseer I said he's very civil,
I have left him in Lancaster town as mad as any devil,
A note was sent immediately all by the Volunteer,
To go to Lancaster with speed to release the overseer,
Say's the overseer I have come home with a heart full
of reflection, [rection.
I shall remember the mad-house to the day of resur-

The Female Smuggler.

J. Catnach, 2, & 3, Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials.

COME list awhile, and you soon shall hear,
By the rolling sea lived a maiden fair,
Her father followed the smuggling trade,
Like a warlike hero that never was afraid.

In sailor's cloathing young Jane did go,
Drest like a sailor from top to toe;
Her aged father was the only care,
Of the female smuggler, who never did despair.

With her pistols loaded she went on board,
By her side hung a glittering sword,
In her belt two daggers—well arm'd for war
Was the Female Smuggler, who never fear'd a scar.

Not far they sail'd from the land,
When a strange sail put them all to a stand;
Those are sea robbers, this maid did cry,
The Female Smuggler will conquer or die.

Close along-side these two vessels came,
Cheer up said Jane, we'll board the same,
We'll run all chances to rise or fall, (ball,
Cried the Female Smuggler, who never fear'd a

They beat tne robbers and took their store,
And soon return'd to old England's shore;
With a keg of brandy she walk'd along,
Did the Female Smuggler, & sweetly sung a song.

Not far she travell'd before she espied
A Commodore of the blockade,
He said—surrender! or you must fall, (a ball.
Bnt the Female Smuggler said, I never fear'd

What do you mean? said the Commodore,
I mean to fight, for my father's poor,
Then she pulled the trigger and shot him through
Did the Female Smuggler, and to her father flew.

But she was follow'd by the blockade,
In irons strong they put this fair maid:
But when they brought her to be tried,
The young Female Smuggler stood dressed like a bride.

The Commodore against her appeared,
His health restored and from danger cleared:
But when he found to his great surprise,
'Twas a Female Smuggler had fought him in disguise—

He to the Judge and Jury said,
My heart won't let me prosecute that maid
Pardon I beg for her on my knees,
She's a valiant maiden, so pardon if you please.

If you pardon this maid—said the gentlemen,
To make her my bride now is my plan:
Then I'd be happy for ever more, (modore.
With my Female Smuggler—said the bold Com-

Then the Commodore to her father went,
Though he was poor—to ask his consent,
He gained consent, so the Commodore, (more
And the Female Smuggler are joined for ever-

[53]

The HUSBANDMAN
AND SERVANT MAN.

Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

WELL met, friend, on the highway,
So simple all alone,
I pray now tell me what your calling be,
Are you a servant man?
No, no, my brother dear, what makes you inquire
Of any such thing at hand,
Indeed I shall not feign, but I will tell you plain,
I am a downright husbandman.

If a husbandman you be, then go along with me,
Now quickly out of hand,
And in a little space, I'll help you to a place,
Where you may be a servant man.
As for your diligence I give you many thanks,
I require no such thing at your hand;
But something to me shew, that I may therefore
The pleasures of a servant man. (know,

A servant man has pleasure, yes, in every measure,
With his hook and rake he does stand,
The game that he doth keep, the meat that he
'Tis diet for a servant man. (doth eat,
My pleasure's more than that, to see my oxen fat,
And a good stack of hay by them stand,
My ploughing and sowing, my reaping and mowing
Is pleasure for a husbandman.

Kind sir, it is a fine thing to ride without asking,
Whether lord, duke, or any other man,
To hear the horn blow, and see the hounds in a row
That's pleasure for a servant man.
My pleasure's more, I know, to see the corn grow,
So thriving it grows on the land,
Therefore I do mean, a ploughing with my team,
To keep myself a husbandman.

Kind sir, then you may eat, most delicate fine
Your pigs, capon, and your swan, (meat,
Your pastime meat so fine, drink sugar in your wine
That's diet for a servant man.
Kind sir, it would be bad, if there could be hd
None the table to wait upon,
There's neither lord nor king, nor any other man,
Can do without a servant man.

Kind sir, it would be worse, if there was none so
To follow the ploughing of the land, (just,
There's neither lord nor king, nor any other man,
Can do without a husbandman. (and rare,
Kind sir, then you must wear your clothes so fine
Your coat with gold lace quite round,
Your shirt as white as milk, your stockings made
That's a habit for a serving man. (of silk,

As for your grand array, give me shoes to wear,
The bushes to trample upon, (groat,
Give me a good great coat, and in my purse a
That's all good for a husbandman.
Kind sir, I must confess, in granting your request,
I'll give you the uppermost hand,
Though yours is very painful, and mine very
I wish I was an husbandman. (gainful,

So now let us together call great and small,
And pray for the grain of this land,
And let us for ever still make it our endeavour,
For t maintain the husbandman.

[54]

The Rigs of the Races,

Pitts. Printer toy Warehouse 6 Great
St Andrew ſtreet r, 7 Dials,

COME listen awhile and a jsory i'll tell
That happ n d the other day sir
Thinks I to myself, i'll holiday keep,
And have a bit of a spree, sir,
To view the buxom men and maids.
With their sweet ruby faces.
With a pound in my fob and stick in hand,
I went to the——— Races,

When I came unto the ground
They kick'd up such a smother,
Both old and young, blind and lame,
Came tumbling over each other.
Thinks I, to win a pound or two,
Now is my time or never.
Some bet on red, and some on blue
And some cried yellow for ever

When the heat was over and past
Into a booth I went sir,
For to get my bellyl ful
I was my full intent sir,
The beef and ham they cut so thin,
Though money I had plenty,
And when I'd put a shilling's worth in,
I found my belly was empty.

But what of all things pleased me,
Was those pretty red cheek'd Ladies,
Thinks I to myself if I thinks right,
I can tell them what their trade is.
Then up to one I boldly steps,
She says, lad how d'ye do sir
Thinks I to myself before we part
I'll spend a shilling or two sir,

When the races was over and past,
way we jogged to gether,
My doxy took hold of my arm
And stuck to me like leather,
But long before that we did part
We had another race sir,
but which of us did win the race,
I'll leave you for to guess, sir.

O when my doxy I did leave,
'Twas near the hour of one, sir,
To my misfortune I did perceive
My watch and money was gone, sir,
but this was not the worst of all
That did alarm poor i sir
Less than a week to my sorrow and grief
I found I'd got two pigs in the stye sir,

Catechism when the doctor went to work,
On me with all his skill sir,
With his mixtures and his bolusses,
I thought he would me kill, sir,
I stampt and tore, curs'd and swore,
And d—d the painted faces.
I thought the Devil was in my breeches
becoming to——— Races,

ome all young men wherever you be,
warning take by me sir'
be sure you take care of number one
When you get on the spree, sir,
For if those ladies shou prevail
With their sweet painteb faces;
they will surely burn yo ir poney s[illegible],
If you come to——— Races,

[55]



THE GIRL
I left Behind Me

Printed by T. BIRT, 10, Great St. Andrew-Street
wholesale and retail, Seven Dials, London.
Country Orders punctually attended to,
Every description of Printing on reasonable terms.
Children's Books, Battledores, Pictures, &c.

THE wars are o'er, the gently peace
Sheds forth unsullied blossoms,
And seamen now return to embrace,
The partners of their bosoms;
Adieu ye sons of France, adieu!
That ten long years confin'd me,
That brought distraction wild to view,
For the Girl I left behind me.

No more shall trembling oceans roar,
Destroying love so friendly,
And exiled me from my native shore,
And the Girl I left behind me.
No more in plaintive sighs I mourn,
And no one to befriend me,
Since golden hours has wing'd me home
To the Girl I left behind me,

With pleasure now the joy I'll prove,
Which Providence has design'd me,
And spend my life to live and love
The Girl I left behind me.
What tho' I am led the seas to trace,
Yet nature's ties shall bind me,
In lov'd reflection to embrace,
The Girl I left behind me.

And when the storms of life are o'er,
That nature's law design'd me,
I'll welcome to that blissful shore,
The Girl I left behine me.
Where golden harps exalt their days,
Eternity shall find me,
Absorb'd in wonder, love, and praise,
With the Girl I left behind me.

[56]

THE

Merry Haymakers

Printed by T. BIRT, 39, Great St. Andrew-Stree wholesale and retail, Seven Dials, London.
Country Orders punctually attended to.
Every description of Printing on reasonable terms.

IN the merry month of June,
In the prime time of the year,
Down in yonder meadows,
There runs a river clear,
Where many a little fish,
Doth in the river play,
And many a lad, and many a lass,
Go abroad all making hay.

In came the scytheman,
To mow the meadows down,
With budget and with bottle,
And with ale that was brown.
All labouring men of courage bold,
Come here their strength to try,
They sweat and blow, and cut and mow,
For the grass cuts very dry.

Here's nimble Ben and Tom,
With pitchfork and with rake,
Here's Molly, Bet, and Susan,
Come here their hay to make.
Sweet jug, jug, jug, jug sweet,
The nightingale doth sing,
From morning until evening,
As they are making hay.

And when that bright Phœbus,
The sun was going down,
A merry disposed piper,
Approached from the town
He pulled out his pipe and tabor,
Proposing for to play,
Which made them all lay down their rakes,
And to leave of making hay.

Then joining in a dance,
They jigg'd it o'er the green,
Tho' tired with their labour,
Not one less was seen;
But sporting like some Fairies,
Their dance they did pursue,
In leading up and casting off,
Till morning was in view.

But when as bright Phœbus
The morning was come,
They lay down in the hay-cocks,
Till the rising of the sun.
And sporting all the time,
While the charming birds do sing,
Each lad did rise and take his lass,
And away to hay-making.



Fairlop Oak, as it appeared 1805.



Invitation to Fairlop Fair.

Batchelar, Printer, 14, Hackney Road Crescent.

Come to Fairlop fair, we good fellows invite,
To partake of that day that is our delight;
For we have spirits like fire, our courage is good,
And we meet with the best of respect on the road.
When you see us, you'll say we are mounted quite gay;
Success to the lads that delight in that day.

CHORUS.

Haste away, haste away, all nature seems gay,
Let us drink to the joys of old Fairlop so gay!

Our horses are all of the very best blood;
Our boat is well built, and her rigging is good.
With our coats and our badges we unanimous declare,
And join hand in hand to support the old fair.
We'll jovially sing and our music shall play,
And a set of staunch ponies will tow us away.

'Twas one Daniel Day that first founded this fair,
And as hearty a fellow as ever was there.
The lord of the manor a charter did gain,
And all true sons of Neptune will uphold the same;
We'll enjoy all the pleasure that springs from that day,
And ever remember good old Daniel Day.

From Wapping Old Stairs away then we drive,
When th' first Friday in July does arrive.
We breakfast at Woodford, at Loughton we lunch,
And at our old friend's house we'll dine and drink punch:
When our boatswain will start us away for the fair,
While Phœbus does shine on our colours so clear.

It's when from the forest to Ilford we steer,
Ev'ry town we go through, we will give them three cheers!
Then on our way home we will still get refresh'd,
Then return back to Wapping to sup of the best,
Where we'll dance and we'll sing so cheerful and gay,
And ever remember good old Daniel Day.

Now having describ'd our boat, horses, and crew,
And old Fairlop so gay, which you all may review;
Our boat now comes home by the winding of caul,
And so you are welcome unto Fairlop hall!
Our boat we'll put by for another fair day,
And ever remember good old Daniel Day.

[59]



THE RED HAIRED MAN'S WIFE

YE muses nine combine and lend me your aid, [poor heart's betray'd
To pen those few lines you shall find my By a virgin fair whom I love as dear as my life [haired man's wife.
he has from me flown and become the red

A letter I sent by a friend down by the sea-shore [does her adore,
To let her understand I am the man that If she would leave that slave I would forfeit my life [haired man's wife
She'd live like a lady, I mean the red

Strait took my walk each day thro' a sweet shady grove [nimbly rove
Through purling streams where warblers I was conveyed where nature boasts of her pride, [haired man's wife.
I stood in amaze and gazed on the red

I offered her a favour and sealed it with my own hand, [break the command,
She answered and said would you have me Therefore take it easy as nature has caused this strife [haired man's wife.
I was given away and will remain the red

My darling fair Phœnix the same as if you were my own, [tis well known,
The patriot David had numbers of wives Yield to my embraces and quickly end the strife, [red haired man's wife
If he should run crazy you shall ne'r be the

Dont you remember the time that I gave you my hand, [would part,
You solemnly swore from me you never Your mind like the ocean its motion has taken a flight [red haired man's wife.
Which leaves me bewailing the loss of the

The lark and the linnet softly sends up their strains, [the plains,
The nymphs of Phœnicia swiftly skip over The perfumes of roses my dear they wither like you, [bid you adieu.
I crown that sweet Phœnix my darling I

[60]



Pennyworth of Wit.

MY father he has left me
Five thousand pounds in gold
So now I am a Nobleman,
The truth I will unfold.
I thought I never should rue the day
I roll'd in gold so bright
And in young women's company,
I fixed my chief delight.
I fixed my chief delight
On one I had in store,
I had not power to leave her,
I did her so much adore.
Three years we lived together,
I left my beloved wife.
Without one penny in the world
For to support her life.
One night as I lay down
My thoughts I will relate,
My money was nearly all spent I said
I'll begone before it is too late
With that she fell a weeping,
saying that will never do
So surely I'll tell my mother
How I have been served by you.
Soon as I lay quite fast asleep,
All on my silent bed
She arose all in the night and
Away with my clothes she fled
She left me neither coat or waistcoat
Nor breeches for to wear
My wife she lived on the road
One mile and a half from town
I pulled the blanket from my bed
To lap my body round
And along the road I trudged
Before the morning light.
To see what comfort I could find
In my beloved wife,
When I came unto the door
I loud did ring the bell
My wife looked out at the window
She came down and let me in
It is my loving husband
All in this wretched trim,
Some pity I must shew to him,
Although he unkind has been,
My children they came around
With eagerness and joy.
Dad where have you been so long
Says my little boy,
Dad where have you been so long
We are glad to meet you here,
Their pretty little prattle from my
Brought down a flood of tears (eyes

My wife she had a brother,
That proved to her a friend,
So I begged of her to tell him,
That I would amend.
As soon as the room he entered,
His pardon I did crave
For such behaviour to his sister,
A wild and turkish blade.
I told him I had found a way
To cheat this wicked fro'
If he would clothe me once again,
And lend me guineas score
He lent me his coach and attendants,
More grand I might appear,
In the height of my grandeur,
I roll'd down to my dear.
The old bawd she came running out
Crying my lovely son
I cannot tell the reason why,
That you from me did run,
I told her my uncle was dead
And left me his estate.
So now I am a Nobleman
Both grand rich and great
I'll make my gold and silver fly
Since fortune I have found
Therefore I do demand of you,
Full twelve thousand pounds,
The old bawd put money down
Without any more delay,
They drest themselves in their best
To ride with me straightway.
I drove unto a common
That was both wide and long
And pulling out my naked sword
You jealous fro's he cried,
I'll make you strip as naked
As you forced me to do
I left them neither stockings smock
Petticoats nor shoes.
You would have burst with laughing
Had you seen those fro's
With never a smock to cover them,
Unto my wife I goes
So I pray you all be cautious (verty
Lest you are brought to want & po-
No friend in the world you can find
But home to your wife fly

J. Catnach, Brinter, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

[61]



Forced to be Contented.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, Seven Dials.

YOU Britons all, where'er you be,
I pray you listen unto me,
And then you will with me agree,
What makes us all contented;
The king is good I mean to say,
He'll have his will, and so he may,
His brave men would not go astray.
So we must be contented.

CHORUS.

Oh dear, oh dear, what times are these,
The rich will do just as they please,
The poor are starving by degrees.
And forced to be contented.

The rates and rents are now so high,
That trade is ruined now or nigh,
And the working classes so fast do die.
So we must be contented.
This is the truth, I mean to say,
That England once looked fresh and gay,
But now is mouldering to decay,
But we must be contented.

The poor man he holds down his head,
The children often wanting bread,
T'here's thousands wand'ring still with dread,
And forced to be contented.
But it is no use to talk at all,
The weakest must go to the wall,
And every day we lower fall.
But we msut be contented.

They said Reform would do us good,
It has not yet, I wish it would,
For thousands who are wanting food,
Must starve, and wait contented.
Children oft to their fathers cry
As they for work do often try,
My belly is not full no nigh,
So wander on contented.

The farmer cannot sell his wheat,
The poor have not enough to eat,
The world is ruined now complete,
And forced to be contented,
The work is nearly standing still,
The next that stands may be the mill,
We hope it may not be so ill,
But wait and be contented.

THE WONDERFUL CROCODILE!

J, Catnach. Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

NOW list you landsmen all to me,
To tell you the truth I am bound;
What happened to me by going to sea,
And of the wonders which I found,
Shipwreck'd I was once off Perouse,
Aud cast upon the shore;
So I resolved to take a cruise,
The country to explore! Fol de rol, &c.

But far I had not scudded out,
When close along side the ocean;
I saw something move, which at first I thought
Was all the earth in motion.
But steering close up along side
I found 'twas a Crocodile;
And from his nose to the tip of his tail,
He measured five hundred mile.

This Crocodile, I could plainly see,
Was not of the common race;
For I was obliged to climb up a very high tree,
Before I could see his face.
And when he lifted up his jaw,
Though perhap you'll think 'twas a lie,
It reached above the clouds for miles three score
And his nose nearly touched the sky.

Whilst up aloft and the stream was high,
It blew a gale from the south;
I lost my hold and away did fly,
Right into this Crocodile's mouth.
He quickly closed his jaws on me,
And thought to grab a victim;
But I ran down his throat d'ye see,
And that's the way I trick'd him.

I travelled on for a month or two
Till I got into his maw,
Where I found of rum-kegs not a few,
And a thousand bullocks in store.
Of life I banished all my cares,
For in grub I wasn't stinted.
So in this Crocodile I lived ten years,
Very well contented.

This Crocodile being very old,
One day, alas! he died
But he was three years a getting cold,
He was so long and wide.
His skin was ten mile thick, I'm sure,
Or very near about;
For I was full six months, or more,
Cutting a hole for to get out.

But now once more I've got on earth,
And resolved no more to roam,
So in a ship that pass'd I got a birth
And now I'm safe at home.
n dest my story you should doubt,
Should you ever travel the Nile;
ust where he fell, you'll find the shell
Of this wonderful Crocodile.

[Gh]



Death of Parker.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth Court,
7 Dials.

YE Gods above protect the widow,
And with pity look down on me,
Help me, help me, out of trouble,
And out of all calamity.
For by the death of my brave Parker,
Fortune has prov'd to me unkind;
Tho' doom'd by law he was to suffer,
I can't erase him from my mind.

Parker he was my lawful husband,
My bosom friend I lov'd so dear;
At the awful moment he was going to suffer
I was not allowed to come near.
In vain I strove, in vain I ask'd,
three times o'er and o'er again,
But they replied, you must be denied,
You must return on shore again.

First time I attempted my love to see,
I was obliged to go away,
Oppress'd with grief, and broken hearted,
To think that they should me stay.
I thought I saw the yellow flag flying,
A signal for my husband to die,
A gun was fired, as they required,
As the time it did draw nigh.

The boatswain did his best endeavour,
To get me on shore without delay.
When I stood trembling and confounded,
Ready to take his body away.
Though his trembling hand did wave,
As a signal of farewell,
The grief I suffered at this moment,
No heart can paint or tongue can tell.

My fleeting spirit I thought would follow
The soul of him I love most dear, [me,
No friend or neighbour would come nigh
For to ease me of my grief and care.
Every moment I thought an hour,
Till the law its course had run,
I wish'd to finish the doleful task
His imprudence had begun.

In the dead of the night 'tis silent,
And all the world are fast asleep,
My trembling heart that knows no comfort
O'er his grave does often weep.
Each lingering minute that passes,
Brings me nearer to that shore
When we shall shine in endless glory
Never to be parted more.

Farewell Parker thou bright genius,
That was once my only pride,
Tho' parted now it won't be long,
E'er I'm buried by thy side,
All you that see my tender ditty,
Don't laugh at me in disdain,
But look down with eye of pity.
For it is my only claim.



POLLY OLIVER'S RAMBLE.

One night as Polly Oliver lay musing on her bed,
A comical fancy came into her head,
Neither father or mother shall make me false prove,
I'll list for a soldier and follow my love.

Early the next morning this fair maid arose,
She dressed herself in a man's suit of clothes
Coat, waistcoat, and breeches and sword by her side,
On her father's black gelding like a dragoon did ride.

She rode till she came to fair London town,
She dismounted her horse at the sign of the Crown,
The first that came down was a man from above,
The next that came down was Polly Oliver's love.

Good evening, good evening, kind captain, said she,
Here's a letter from your true love, Polly Oliver, said she,
He opened a letter and a guinea there was found,
For you and your companions to drink her health round.

Supper being ended she held down her head,
And called for a candle to light her to bed,
The captain made this reply, I have a bed at my ease,
You may lie with me countryman if you please.

To lie with a captain is a dangerous thing,
I am a new enlisted soldier to fight for our king,
To fight for our king by sea and by land,
Since you are my captain I'll be at your command.

Early the next morning this fair maid arose,
And drest herself in her own suit of clothes,
And down stairs she came from the chamber above,
Saying here is Polly Oliver your own true love

He at first was surprised, then laughed at the fun,
And then they were marry'd and things were all done,
If I laid with you the first night, the fault it was mine,
I hope to please you better love for now it is my time.

Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse, 6, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

E643

BOYN WATER

JULY the first at old Bridge town,
There happen'd a glorious battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By the cannons that did rattle;
King James he pitch'd his tents between,
The lines for to retire,
But William threw in his red shot,
And set them all on fire.
Thereat the enemy vow'd revenge,
Against king William's forces,
And oft did cry most vehemently,
That they would stop their courses;
A bullet from the Irish came,
Which graz'd king William's shoulder,
They thought his Majesty had been slain,
But it did make him still the bolder.
Duke Schomberg with friendly care,
The king did caution,
To shun the spot where bullets hot,
Retain their rapid motion;
But William said, he don't deserve,
The name of faith's defender,
That will not venture life and limbs,
To make a free surrender.
The horse they were to march o'er first,
And the foot to follow after,
But the good duke Schomberg was no more
By venturing over the water;
Let not my soldiers be dismayed,
For the loss of one commander,
For God will be your king this day,
And I a general under.
The cunning Frenchmen near Dundalk
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenc'd themselves on every side,
Waiting for their new orders,
But in the mid time of the night,
They set their fields on fire,
And before the morning light,
To Dublin did retire.
The protestants of Drogheda,
Have reason to be thankful,
For when they were prisoners bound,
They were but scarce a handful;
First to Tholsel they were brought,
And next to Mil-mote after,
But good King William set them free.
By venturing over the water.
But let us all kneel down and pray,
Now and for ever after,
And never more forget the day,
King William cross'd Boyn Water.

Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse, 6, Great St. Andrew's Street, Seven Dials.

[65]

Hole in the STOCKING.

IN London once, as I've heard say,
A maiden dwelt, nam'd Carrier,
Whose heart was beating night and day,
For some one who would marry her;
Tho' sweethearts she had two or three,
They each had got offended,
Because she would not decent be,
And keep her stockings mended.

CHORUS.

Oh such a fuss they made. oh dear you'd say 'twas shocking
There's none would have this charming maid, because she'd
a hole in her stocking.

A Barber first a wooing came,
To her his love to thrust in,
He said his heart was in a flame,
So full it was near bursting;
He said, while kneeling at her feet,
Indeed I am not mocking,
But as he view'd her face so sweet,
He did not twig her stocking.
Next day on him she gave a call,
Her hair for to have platted,
He could not comb it straight at all,
Because it was so matted;
The Barber at her cried oh, fie!
And call'd her names most shocking,
And as she put her foot so high,
His eye fix'd on her stocking.
A Grocer next, quite full of puff,
Who came one day to court her,
He said that he had gold enough,
Through life for to support her;
She to his house so sly did creep,
And at the door was knocking,
The Grocer up the æra peep'd,
And then he 'spied her stocking.
A Cobbler next said, quite polite,
In spite of wind and weather,
He'd always stick to her as tight,
As sole and upper leather;
She order'd shoes which soon were done,
For her sweet feet to rock in,
But as she stoop'd to try them on,
His eye fix'd on her stocking.
So maidens all take my advice,
Before my song is ended,
That if you wish to married be,
Pray keep your stockings mended;
This short advice indeed is true,
You'll say, perhaps, I'm a bold one,
If you can't get cash to buy them new,
Sit down and mend your old ones.

Swindells, Printer, Manchester.

[66]



DIEU et mon Droit!

O R,

The Rights of Man:

An Acroſtical SONG.

To the Tune of "*Once the Gods of the Greeks,*" *&c.*

DENY, if you pleaſe, that I have not a Right
If grieved, my grievance, to name;
Excuſe me, I ſtill muſt affirm, that to LIGHT,
Unlimited All have a claim.
Equal Heaven intended that Bleſſing to be
To Good and to Bad free as Air:
May it ne'er meet henceforth, in the ſmalleſt degree,
Obſtruction—'s my Song and my Prayer.

Ne'er let it be ſaid, that Great BRITAIN's high Crown
Demands for the SUN's chearful rays,
Rent or Tribute; leſt Heaven indignant ſhould frown
On her *Head*, and —— diminiſh her Praiſe!
I'll mention another juſt Right, which alike
The Negro and Nabob ſhould ſhare;—
Divide no true Wife from her Husband — nor ſtrike
In a *Brother* the darts of Deſpair!—

Except you can wiſh to be *preſs'd* from the Sweets
Unnumber'd which brighten your hours,
Enter not, like a *Robber*, the ſocial Retreats
They breathe in, whoſe MAKER is our's!
MAN has Rights, by GOD's Grace *Univerſal*, no king
Ought to injure, nor tax, nor moleſt;
Namely, in his beſt method and habit, to ſing
Daily Praiſe for ſurpaſſing each Beaſt.

RELIGION, that Source of *free* Pleaſure indeed,
Oppreſſion of all kinds abhors;
It's Rule is, to *Comfort each Object in Need*;
To *prevent* of Diſtreſs ev'ry Cauſe.——
Delighting in THIS, may each Country *ſoon* vie
In mutual Endeavours to end
Ev'ry *Cuſtom* which fails to raiſe Gratitude high
Unto BRITAIN's Moſt Liberal FRIEND!

CHORUS.

Hail, RELIGION! Croſs the Waves:
Ah, charm Mankind! With Thy RIGHT Mind—EASE, unconfin'd,
Serve all Nations! FREE *all* Slaves! *Amen.* Huzza!

Printed and Sold by R. HAWES, at No. 7, Queen-ſtreet, near Upper Moorfields.
Price One Penny, or 5s. per Hundred.

[67]

Tinker's Gardens.

HEIGH! Hall o' Nabs, an' Sam an' Sue,
Why Jonathan, art tew there too?
We're aw aloike, there's nowght to do,
So bring us a quart o' Jerry:
Aw'r at Tinker's-gardens yusternoon,
An' whot aw seed aw'll tell you soon,
In a bran new sung, boh it's to th' owd tune,
Yo'st ha' it if yo'll join reet merry.

Aw geet some brass fro' uncle Nat,
Eawr David lant me his best hat,
Then off for th' teawn aw seet full swat,
Much faster nor Pickford's waggins:
Aw paid meh brass, an' in aw goes,
An' Eh! whot shady bewers i' rows,
Where lots o' ladies an' their beaux,
Wurn set to get their baggins.

There's bon-feiors fix'd o' th' top o' pows,
To leet yor poipe un' warm yor nose;
Then a thing to tell which way th' wind blows
An' th' fish pond too did pleas me:
Boh th' reawnd-heawse is the rummest shop,
It's fixt on here an' there a prop,
Just loik a great umbrella top,
If it is'nt Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

Aw seed a cage os big, aw'll swear,
Os a wild beast show i' Salford fair,
There's rappits, brids, an' some things there,
Aw could n't gawm by th' mass, mon:
Aw thowt o' pullink one chap's wigs,
For tellink me they'r guinea pigs,
Says aw meh lad, aw'm up to your rigs,
They'r noan worth hawve o'th brass, mon.

Aw met wi' a wench aw'd often seen,
When aw wi' meh wark to th' tewn had been,
Hoo'r drest os fine os ony queen,
So aw just stept up behind hur:
Says aw, yung miss, dun yo wark fur Kay's?
Aw wove their crankys scores o' days,
Hoo would no' speak boh wa'k'd hur ways,
An' hoo'r nowt boh a bobbin winder.

Boh th' band o' music caps owd Nick,
Aw ne'er seed th' loike sin' aw wur wick,
They'r drest loike sodiers, thrunk and thick,
As merry as hay makers:
Up in a tree, foive yards fro' th' grewnd,
On a greyt big table, rail'd aw rewnd,
While lads an' wenches jigg'd to th' sewnd,
O' merrily dane'd the quakers.

Then next aw seed a swing, by gad,
Where th' ladies flock'd loik hey-go-mad,
They wanted a roide far worse than th' lads,
They really did, for sure:
There one wur drest so nice i' blue,
An loik an angel up hoo flew,
Hoo'd nice red cheeks, an' garters too,
So aw thowt aw'd buck up to hur.

Aw made hur link, wi' mich ado,
An' mounted up a great heigh brow,
Where folk run up, an' dewn it too,
Just loik March hares, for sure.
So when ewr kale coom we begun,
An' started off, 'twur glorious fun!
Much faster than Cock Robin run,
When he won at Karsey Moor.

Whot wark we made aw'm shawmt to tell,
We tried boh could no' stop ewrsel,
Till into a bewer yed first we fell,
Where aw th' foine folk wur set, mon;
Some porter run aw dewn meh shirt,
A biscuit stuck to th' lady's skirt,
An' whot wi' th' hurt, an' grease an' dirt,
By gum aw feel it yet, mon.

Of aw the things 'ot pleases John,
Wur Tinker's hewse wi' pot dolls on:
There's Blucher an' Lord Wellington,
An' Blue Beard look'd so glum, lad:
There's Cupids under trees an' shrubs,
An' men wi' harps, an' some wi' clubs,
And naked childer upo' tubs,
Don'd eawt i' lots o' plums, lad.

Reet hungry, aw seet dewn at last,
An' swallow'd ale an' cakes so fast,
Aw wonder meh waistcoat did no' barst,
Aw'r full os meh hoid could crom, surs:
When aw wur seen 'ot could be seen,
They play'd God save ewr noble Queen,
Aw strid to th' tune reawnd th' bowlink-green
An' away aw coom straight whom, surs.

It bangs boath play-hewse, fair, an' wakes,
For gam of o' maks, ale, an' cakes,
Aw'll bet a quart, an' thew'st howd th' stakes,
It bangs the king's creawnation.
Aw'd have yo t' goo next Monday noon,
For if 't rains poikels, late or soon,
Aw'll goo again if aw go beawt shoon,
For it's th' grandest place i'th' nation.

Swindells, Printer.

[68]

Jemmy's Lamentation.

YOU gentle muses, who are nine in number,
I pray assist me to explain,
The feats of love, it has reduc'd me,
And by its wounds my heart is slain,
I lov'd a charmer, her soul's alarmer,
She is a creature that's most divine;
I'll sound her praises through foreign nations
Where splendid beauty is most sublime.

O sweet Apollo don't make me wander,
But now in time will you grant me aid;
Assist my armour and join in chorus,
In praising of this lovely maid;
Her hair so brown her sweet complextion
Her rosy sweetness within my mind;
How could I think so fair a creature
Unto her true love would prove unkind.

The fairest creature that prov'd Troy's ruin,
Can't be compar'd to that lovely she;
Whose comely features has prov'd my ruin,
Has bound my heart that it can't get free
The goddess Venus, or chaste Diana,
Or charming Flora must yield her fair;
That lovely creature the pride of nature,
Has caught my heart in Cupid's snare.

I lov'd this charmer three years or better,
Until I found I could not prevail;
I strove in vain to break my fetters,
But, O, alas! my poor heart's in goal.
For Cupid's chain has my heart surrounded,
I am confounded, and quite undone:
I must live in pain, like a dying swain,
For some other young man the prize has won

I ne'er will blame her, nor yet defame her,
For loving others better than I;
She proved inconstant, I lov'd sincerely,
While thro' the groves I lament and cry,
I hear your parents have met at variance,
And oft do slight I hear them say;
I am doom'd a rover but a loyal lover,
And that you'll own when far away.

So adieu you fair one, that prov'd inconstant,
Since now I'm going to take my roam;
Tho' you did slight me, and thus did treat me,
My darling creature I still must own.
Your parents' anger did never change me,
But to my darling I still proved true;
Some other young man may now enjoy you,
Inconstant fair maid, I bid you adieu.

Swindells, Printer.

[69]

Mary Ann and her Servant Man.

IT'S of a damſel both fair and handsome,
These lines are true, as I've been told,
Near the banks of Shannon, in a lofty mansion,
Her parents claimed ſtores of gold.
Her hair was black as a raven's feather,
Her form and features deſcribe who can;
But ſtill it's a folly belonging to nature,
She fell in love with her ſervant man.

Sweet Mary Ann with her love was walking,
Her father ſaw them and nearer drew,
And as these two lovers were fondly talking,
Home in anger her father flew:
To build a dungeon was his intention,
To part theſe true lovers he contrived a plan,
He ſwore an oath too vile to mention,
He'd part that fair one from her ſervant man.

He built a dungeon of bricks and mortar,
The flight of ſteps were under ground,
The food he gave her was bread and water,
The only cheer that for her was found;
Three times a day he did cruelly beat her,
Unto her father ſhe thus began,
If I've transgreſs'd, my own dear father,
I'll bleed and die for my ſervant man.

Young Edward found out her habitation,
It was well ſecur'd by an iron door,
He vow'd in ſpite of all the nation
He'd gain her freedom or reſt no more.
It was at his leiſure he toil'd with pleaſure,
To obtain releaſe for Mary Ann;
He gain'd his object and found his treaſue,
She cried my faithful ſervant man.

A ſuit of clothing he brought his love,
Of man's apparel, her form to diſguiſe,
Saying for your ſake I'll face your father,
To ſee me here will him ſurpriſe.
When her cruel father brought her bread & water
To ſcold his daughter he then began,
Said Edward, enter, I've clear'd your daughter,
And I will ſuffer—your ſervant man.

When her father found his daughter vaniſh'd,
Then like a lion he did roar,
He ſaid from Ireland you ſhall be baniſh'd,
Or my broad ſword ſhall ſpill your gore.
Agreed, ſaid Edward, and now at your leiſure,
Since I have freed her, do all you can:
Forgive your daughter, I'll die with pleaſure,
The one in fau.t is your ſervant man.

When her father found him ſo tender hearted,
Then down he fell on the dungeon floor;
He ſaid true lovers ſhould not be parted,
Since love can enter an iron door:
They ſoon were join'd, to be parted never,
To roll in riches this young couple ran:
This fair young lady, 'midſt rural pleaſure,
Lives bleſt for ever with her ſervant man.

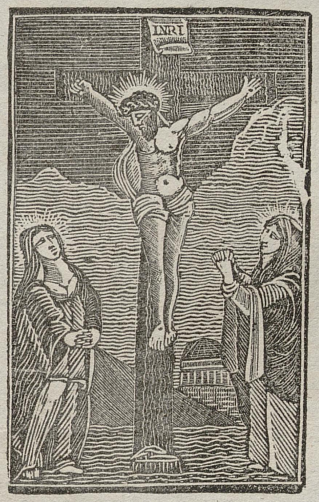
Swindells Printer.

[707]

Pious Reflections

FOR DEVOUT CHRISTIANS,

BY MR. JOHN BURTON.



BEHOLD extended on a blood-stain'd tree,
The second person of the Trinity;
Behold the Lamb of mercy's tender Sire,
Behold his eyes emitting Heavenly fire;
Behold the sweet incomparable child;
Behold Son of spotless MARY mild;
Behold Emanuel by vile sinners slain;
Behold his sad excruciating pain;
Behold his sacred face defil'd with gore;
Behold your God whom Heaven & Earth adore,
Behold Hosanna who for sinners died;
Behold his hands, his feet, and sacred side;
Behold sweet JESUS by vile man betray'd;
Behold the infant in a manger laid;
Behold oh! wretched Rabble, view your king;
Behold his torments, and his praises sing.
Hark! Heavenly sounds along the liquid air;
Behold the white rob'd hosts of Heaven appear,
See with what graceful ease and Heavenly sway,
They wing their flight along the milky-way;
Hark! with celestial voices how they sing,
On golden harps, Hosanna to their King;
Hark! the glad tidings to ungrateful men,
Of a Redeemer born in Bethlehem.
Behold our Saviour with triumphant sway,
Announce the tidings of a Christmas day,
Behold before your eyes the sacred tree,
And celebrate his anniversary.

Oh! man, let JESUS be your constant theme,
And venerate with awe that sacred name,
Avoid obscenity,—expressions rude,
Reflect with heavenly love and gratitude,
On him who bore our sins to Calvary,
And shed his precious blood to set us free,
Avoid vile companions—hail your King,
And to his name let holy Pæans ring;
Reflect with horror on death's awful hour,
Reflect on Hell, and Jove's superior power:
Reflect with awe on death's unerring dart,
Reflect on JESUS and his sacred heart,
Reflect on Judgment, Hell, and Heaven too,
To Satan and his wiles now bid adieu,
Reflect on Him who died your souls to save;
Reflect sincerely on the silent grave!
Let not procrastination damp your time,
Serve him who is adorned in every clime;
Serve him whose glance extends from Pole to Pole,
At whose command the awful thunders roll;
Who bids the planets in their orbits wheel,
And at whose name the very Devils kneel,
Who decks the flow'ry grove and verdant mead
The fragrant arbour and the clear cascade.
Oh! may we stand before his sacred chair
Unconscious of a crime unawed by fear,
May we escape his penetrating eye;
May we enjoy a blest eternity;
May He pronounce our sins as quite forgiven,
And may our residence be fixed in Heaven,
Oh! may we join that holy hymning train,
Who chaunt enraptured God's celestial name,
And may our souls on sacred pinious soar,
To God himself, 'till time shall be no more.

AN ACROSTIC ON THE DEATH OF

JESUS CHRIST.

Join all your voices now in choirs of love,
Emanuel sing who reigns in bliss above,
Sing him who suffered on a painful tree,
Us to redeem from Satan's slavery,
Since then he bore for us such dreadful pain

Christians, let JESUS be your constant theme,
He who descended from celestial spheres,
Rich in all grace to crush old Satan's snares,
Infernal fiends acknowlege him supreme,
Such dreadful awe dwells in his sacred fame;
The initials join'd will give his holy name.

Printed by HALY, Hanover-Street, Cork.



Female Smuggler.

COME liften awhile and you ſhall hear,
By the rolling sea liv'd a maiden fair,
Her father followed the smuggling trade,
Like a warlike hero that ne'er was afraid.
In sailor's clothing, young Jane did go,
Drest like a sailor from top to toe,
Her aged father was her only care,
Of the female smuggler, who ne'er did despair.
With her pistols loaded she went on board,
By her side hung a glittering sword,
In her belt two daggers--well armed for war,
Was the female smuggler, who ne'er fear'd a scar.
Not far they sailed from the land,
When a strange sail put them all to a stand,
Those are the sea robbers, this maid did cry,
The female smuggler will conquer or die.
Close along side these two vessels came,
Cheer up, said Jane, we'll board the same,
We'll run all chances to rise or fall,
Cried the female smuggler who ne'er fear'd a ball
They beat the robbers and took their store,
And soon return'd to old England's shore,
With a keg of brandy she walk'd along,
Did the female smuggler, and sweetly sung.
Not far she travell'd before she espied,
A commodore of the blockade,
He said—surrender! or you must fall,
But said the female smuggler I ne'er fear'd a ball.
What do you mean, said the commodore,
I mean to fight for my father's poor;
Then she pull'd the trigger & shot him through
Did the female smuggler, and to her father flew.
But she was followed by the blockade,
In irons strong they put this fair maid,
But when they brought her to be tried,
The female smuggler stood drest like a bride.
The commodore against her appeared,
His health restor'd, and her danger cleared,
But when he found to his great surprise,
'Twas a female smuggler fought him in disguise.
He to the judge and jury said,
My heart won't let me prosecute that maid,
Pardon I beg for her on my knees,
She's a valiant maiden—pardon if you please.
If you pardon this maiden, said the gentleman,
To make her my bride now is my plan;
Then I'd be happy for evermore,
With my female smuggler--said the commodore.
Then the commodore to her father went,
Though he was poor, to ask his consent,
He gain'd consent, so the commodore
And the female smuggler are join'd for evermore

E 77

New Invented Steam Carriage.

A Dialogue between Two Neighbours,

Pitts, Printer. toy and Marble Warehouse. 6, Great St, andrew Street, 7 Dials.

GOOD morning neighbour, you seem loaded this morning I suppose you are going a journey, Yes, I am going to London in a carriage without horses. Then I suppose you are going in a truck or wheelbarrow, as they are the only two carriages, that go without horses. No, no, neighbour, I am going by the New Steam Carriage, have you not heard of it? Why it goes ten miles an hour. up and down hill. over hedges, ditches and stiles, we shall go along like so many Fox hunters, Yes and a chance if you don't go up like so many sky rockets, Fox hunter indeed, they are always hunting up something new. and what's to be done with all our fine coach horses? I suppose we must send them to the nackers, and sell them for cats and dogs meat. Well, neighbour, I must bid you a good bye. for I am in a hurry and I will tell you more about it when I come back, come back why you don't expect to come back again do you, I expect you will be up in the clouds, by to-morrow morning. for it's a great chance if you don't be blown up in a whiff, and you'll be out of sight before you can say Jack Robinson.

Hello Mister, are you going to London. Yes I be, Well then make haste and jump behind or we shall go without you.—Go, without me, why you han't Put your horses to yet, Horses, why, we don't use horses. we go by steam. And when shall we get to London? Why, we shall be there in the twinkling of a bed post, come jump up. for the steam is on, so make hasre and away we go, drive on Pilot, for Coachmen are out of fashion

A New Song,

Oh! London is a funny place new things they all are trying
The Coachmen they do stare so wild now they begin a sighing,
For Steam is got to such a pitch to prevent your jolts and tosses
You up to London now may ride in a coach without any horses

Now furious driving is all my eye its all a wicked scheme sir;
For if you want to break you neck it must be done by steam sir
While over the hills and far away we fear no jolt or tosses (horses
You may fly along with coals and steam in a coach without any

A countryman went t'other night and took his place for London
But soon the Yokel fell asleep while the coach was easy running
When he awoke he rubbed his eyes, quite free from jolts or tosses
Why Coachmen why, we almost fly, but dang it were's thy horses

Why horses now are out of use you surely are a dreamer,
For we push along ten miles an hour & all done by the steamer
A steamer why see I some smoke I tell you what my thought is
That the Coachmen wish a jolly blow up to the coach that runs
without horses

Ye hostlers now ye must lament, for ye will lose your places
For all this glorious steam will now make you pull wry faces
Asses now you surely will get for you will feed no horses
You'll curse the hour that first you saw the coach that goes with
out horses

Corn dealers too will look quite blue, & you may shut your doors
For horses now will not be found all for to eat your corn up (up
And thousands more they will deplore 'twil fill their brains with
crosses (without horses
They'll curse the hour that first they saw, the coach that goes

[737]

Teddy Roe.

In Dublin,—that city of riches and fame,—
A fishmonger died, Teddy Roe was his name:
The neighbours all griev'd, rich & poor, high & low,
And to wake wid poor Teddy determin'd to go.

(Spoken.)..Arrah! now, honies, how many of yes is there that rides? What's that to you Dogherty? don't be after counting of us, but just be quietly driving off with

Miss Delany, Mr. Blaney. Mr. Fagan, and Miss Dany,
Who in a coach all came to wake wid Teddy Roe.

All bedizen'd so fine in their best Sunday clothes,
Miss Dany's squint eye, and old Fagan's red nose,
They arriv'd at poor Ted's, where they'd oft been be-
And Dogherty gave a loud thump on the door. (fore,

Is it yourselves that's come to wake wid poor Teddy? Be after walking up stairs, ladies and gintleman; Teddy's in the top loft, up a step or two, wid a few friends, taking a parting drop of whiskey. Judy, my darlint, here's the quality come: stick Teddy wid his back against the wall, and put his best wig on, that he may look clane and dacent before Miss Delany, &c.

Now up they all went to the wake room of Teddy,
Where, to drive away sorrow, the whiskey was ready:
And soon of great grief not a feature was found,
While the laugh & the joke & the bottle went round.

Is it there you are, honey? O just see how sprightly he looks in his best Sunday wig. Here, Judy, give me hold of the bottle and I'll pour a sup down his throat. Sure, and don't be after making a blackguard of yourself: don't you see the bottle's almost out, and there's not a drop left for Miss Delany, &c.

Now the whiskey went round till they could not agree,
Which was the highest in rank, or of best pedigree;
And from words came to blows, like Donnybrook fair,
And among them poor Teddy came in for a share.

Ah! get off him, get off him, I tell you, or you'll smoder the poor cratur. Here honies, give me hold of his foot, and I'll pull him from under the lump. See there, by the powers, if they havn't given Teddy a black eye. Oh, you beastesses, to have no more thought and dacency in the presence of Miss Delany, &c.

Returning, a coachful of whiskey and grief,
Bold Dogherty drove them, (of coachmen the chief:)
But all objects went round so, he could'nt tell how,
So he upsets the quality into a slough.

Ah! by St. Patrick, we shall be choaked wid the slutch. Never mind that, darlings; the horses have had a drop too much whiskey, and can't hear what I say too them: but tell me how many of yes is there that's choak'd? Don't be bothering yourself wid counting of us, but just be pulling out Miss Delany, &c.

All be-mudded without, and be whiskey'd within,
At home they arriv'd, and at last stagger'd in:
Such figures of fun, ('twill be said for their sake,)
Were never before bundled home from a wake.

Bless us, Dogherty, what nasty, dirty, drunken craturs are you bringing home wid yes? Hould your bother, you foolish ould woman, and don't be troubling your head with what doesn't concarn you; but just be after washing, and scraping, and cleaning, and putting to bed Miss Delany, &c.

Swindells, Printer.

[74]



Old Weaver's Daughter.

AS I walk'd out one ſweet May morn,
  Across the fields, ſo early,
O there I met with a bonny maid,
  More bright than any fairy:
Where are you going, ſweet maid, ſaid I,
  As by the hand I caught her;
I'm going home, kind sir, ſhe ſaid,—
  I'm the poor old weaver's daughter.

I ſaid, ſweet maid, will you be mine?
  I've gold and silver plenty—
I'll make you a fine lady gay;
  O no, kind sir, I thank you:
My mother's dead, and in her grave;
  An early leſſon ſhe taught me,
To marry for love, and not for gold,
  Cried the poor old weaver's daughter.

My father he is nearly blind,
  And he is paſt his labour;
It would break his heart with me to part,
  Cried the poor old weaver's daughter:
Parted from him I never will be,
  (For he's been a good kind father,)
Until he's in his peaceful grave,
  Cried the poor old weaver's daughter.

Adieu, sweet maid, ſaid I, adieu,
  May you be happily united;
May the lad you love always conſtant prove,
  And your proſpects ne'er be blighted:
For friendſhip's ſake this gold then take,—
  For a bonny maid I thought her,
And while I live, I ſhall ne'er forget
  The poor old weaver's daughter.

J. Swindells, Printer.

[75]



Young Tyler.

COME all you blades that delight in any game,
And listen to a few lines which to you I will explain,
It's of two champions bold, fought for a sum of gold,
Fought for a sum of gold in fair London town.
O Tyler huzza!

The stage being built, and the day being come,
Both parties stood true, and the battle it went on,
For ninety-score guineas these two champions did play
But all the cry was Robinson he'll win the day.

The drums & the trumpets most sweetly did sound,
The horsemen were mounted to guard them to the ground;
The fight it was most noble, and Tyler he did say,
It never shall be said to you that I gave in the day.

O then bespoke bold Robinson, the game is all my own,
I feel his heart tremble at every blow,
You undersized man, I'd have you for to know,
That I will be champion wherever I do go.

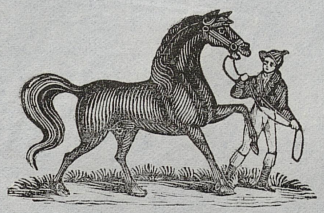
O then replied Tyler, I am just now in my bloom,
I am willing for to fight from morning until noon,
Young Tyler just springing gave to Robinson a blow,
Saying I will be champion wherever I do go.

At the end of six rounds these two champions did meet,
Being both sorely wounded & their hearts full of grief
Then Robinson he fell and sigh'd with a groan,
That moment he died and the battle it was won.

So now to conclude, Young Tyler he has won,
A rich lady fell in love with him for what he had done
And if he recovers a grand wedding there will be,
But Tyler he died at the end of days three.
O Tyler huzza.

Swindells, Printer, Manchester.

767



Creeping Jane.

I'LL sing you a song and a very pretty one,
Concerning Creeping Jane;
She never saw a mare nor a gelding in her life,
That she e'er valued above half a pin.

When Creeping Jane came on the race course,
The gentleman view'd her all around;
All they had to say concerning Jane,
She's not able for to gallop o'er the ground.

It's when they came to the first mile post,
Creeping Jane was far behind:
The rider threw his whip all around her bony neck,
And he said my little lady never mind.

So when they came to the second mile post,
Creeping Jane was still behind:
The rider threw his whip all around her bony neck,
And he said my little lady never mind.

So when they came to the third mile post,
Creeping Jane look'd blithe and smart;
O then she lifted up her lily-white foot,
And she passed them all like a dart.

Now Creeping Jane this race she has won,
And scarcely sweats one drop;
She is able to gallop it over again,
While the other is not able for to trot.

Now Creeping Jane she's dead and gone,
And her body lies on the cold ground;
I'll go down to her master, one favour to beg,
Her precious little body from the hounds.

Swindells, Printer.

£77

Dawning of the Day.

AS I walked forth one morning fair in the summer time
Each bush and tree was dress'd in green and vallies in
their prime, [way,
Returning homewards from a wake thro' fields I took my
And there I met a comely maid by the dawning of the day
No shoes or stockings, cap nor cloak, this lovely
maid did wear, [rare,
Her hair like shining silver twist lay on her shoulders
With milking pail all in her hand, so noble and so gay,
And she appear'd like Venus bright at the dawning of
the day. [lillies fair,
Her cheeks were like the rose in bloom her skin like
Her breath like lavender perfumes, this maid she did
appear,
She did appear like Helen fair, or Flora queen of May,
This angel bright did me delight, by the dawning of
the day
Said I, sweet lovely female where are you going so soon
I'm going a milking sir, said she, all in the month of
June,
The pasture where that I must go it is so far away,
I must be there each morning clear by the dawning of
the day. [a mile,
You're time enough my dear, said I, suppose it was
So on this primrose bank let us sit and talk awhile,
O sir, said she, my hurry will admit of no delay,
Look all round, the morning breaks, it's the dawning
of the day. [waist,
As thus she spoke my arms then twin'd around her
And set her on a primrose bank & there did her embrace
Leave off your freedom sir, said she, and let me go my
way, [the day.
I can't suppose you'd me seduce by the dawning of
But when this lovely damsel came to herself again,
With heavy sighs, and downcast eyes she sorely did
complain, [betray,
Young man, said she, I'm much afraid, that you did me
My virgin bloom, you've got full soon, by the dawning
of the day.
I kiss'd my love at parting, then cross'd o'er the plain,
In the course of seven months after we met there again,
She seemed to be dropsical as she walk'd o'er the lay,
And careless I pass'd her at the noon time of day.
The tears ran down her rosy cheeks and bitterly she
cried, [your bride,
And said young man I think it's time that I was made
I pray make good the damage done as you before did say
And don't forget the time we met, at the dawning of
the day.
I said fair lovely damsel I hope you'll me excuse,
To join with you in wedlock's bands, indeed I must
refuse,
For I have been lately married to a maid near Bantry
Bay, [of the day.
With whom I got three hundred pound by the dawning
This sudden blunt refusal with her did not agree,
She said you'll gain no credit sir, by thus deluding me,
Now may I be a warning piece to other maidens gay,
Never to leave their parents' house till the dawning
of the day. Swindells, Printer.

[18]



Collier Lass.

MY name's Polly Parker, I'm come o'er from
Worsley,
My father and mother work in a coal mine:
Our family's large, we have got seven children,
So I too am obliged to work in a mine.
And as this is my fortune, I know you'll feel sorry,
That in such employment my days they should
pass;
But I keep up my spirits, I sing and look merry,
Although I am nought but a collier lass.

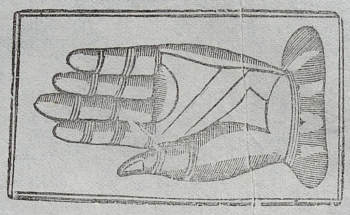
By the greatest of dangers, each day I'm sur-
rounded,
I hang in the air by a rope or a chain,
The mine may fall in, I may be killed or wounded,
May perish by damp, or the fire of a train.
And what would you do, were it not for our labour?
In wretched starvation your days they would pass
While we can provide you with life's greatest
blessing,
O do not despise a poor collier lass.

All the long day you may see we are buried,
Deprived of the light and the warmth of the sun,
And often at night from our beds we are hurried,
The water is in, and barefooted we run.
Although we go ragged, and black are our faces,
As kind and as free as the best we are found;
And our hearts are as white as your lords in fine
places, [ground.
Although we're poor colliers that work under

I am growing up fast, and somehow or other,
There's a collier lad strangely runs into my mind,
And in spite of the talking of father and mother,
I think I should marry if he was inclin'd;
But should he prove surly and will not befriend me,
Perhaps a better chance will come to pass,
And my heart I know, will to him recommend me,
And I will no longer be a collier lass.

J. Swindells, Printer.

[79]



Golden Glove.

A wealthy young 'squire of Tamworth we hear,
Courted a nobleman's daughter so fair,
And for to be married it was their intent,
All friends and relations had given their consent.

The time being appointed for their wedding day,
And a young farmer was chosen to give her away;
As soon as the lady the farmer did spy,
Her heart was inflam'd—O my head she did cry.

She turned from the squire but nothing she said
Instead of being married she went to her bed;
The thoughts of the farmer so run in her mind,
And the way for to gain him she quickly did find.

Coat, waistcoat and breeches, this lady put on,
And a hunting she went with her dog and her gun
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell;
Because in her heart she lov'd him so well.

She oftentimes fir'd tho' nothing she kill'd,
At length the young farmer came into the field,
And for to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun for to meet him she went

I thought you had been at the wedding she cry'd
To wait on the 'squire and give him his bride:
No, sir, said the farmer, if the truth I must tell,
I'll not give her away I love her so well.

Suppose that this lady should grant you her love
You know that the 'squire your rival will prove;
Well then said the farmer I'll take sword in hand,
By honor I'll gain her, or lay life at command.

The lady was pleased to hear him so bold,
She gave him a glove all flower'd with go'd;
And told him she found it as she came along,
As she was a hunting with her dog and her gun.

The lady went home with a heart full of love,
And soon gave it out that she had just lost her glove
And he that doth find it and bring it to me,
I vow to that man his bride I will be.

The farmer was pleased to hear her intent,
With a heart full of love to the lady he went,
Saying, honored lady, I pick'd up your glove,
Now will you be pleas'd to grant me your love.

It is already granted, the lady replied,
I love the sweet farmer and I'll be his bride;
So then they were married with her father's consent
Long they liv'd and were happy in mutual content.

Swindells, Printer, Manchester.

[80]



Philadelphia Lass.

IT was one ſummer's evening, being in the month of May
Down by yon flowery gardens I carelefsly did stray,
I overheard a damſel most grievously complain,
Saying William he has left me to plough the raging main.

With doleful lamentation, and melancholy cries,
Tears running down her roſy cheeks, all from her cryſtal eyes,
Saying William, faithleſs William, you've left me here to moan,
You've gone unto America, and left me a bird alone.

Tarry jacket and blue trowſers my dear I will put on,
And I'll ſail for America as ſpeedy as I can;
Farewell my honour'd father, likewiſe my mother too,
I am going to America, my William to purſue.

It was on the firſt of March, when a storm it did ariſe,
The raging seas ran mountains high, and diſmal were the skies!
Saying, farewell, faithleſs William, your face I ne'er shall see,
I muſt lay in the briny waves, my bride's bed for to be.

It was on the third of March, when the storm fell low,
Be of good cheer, our captain cries, we have not far to go
For the land of Philadelphia I certainly do see,
I hope we ſhall get ſafe on ſhore and not lie in the deep.

Now the mariners caſt anchor, and Mary's gone aſhore
She's gone to ſeek her William, he's the lad ſhe does adore,
When ſhe beheld her William, all ſorrows bid adieu,
Saying William, lovely Wm. I've ſuffered ſore for you.

Mary, deareſt Mary, you're welcome here on ſhore,
There is no other young girl but you I do adore,
And ſince you are ſo loyal, ſo conſtant, and ſo true,
We will go and get married, and to ſorrow bid adieu.

Swindells, Printer.

[81]



Irish Molly, O.

AS I walk'd out one morning all in the month of May,
I met a pretty Iriſh girl, and thus to her did say,
I put my hand into my pocket, as it happen'd ſo,
And pulled out a guinea to treat my Molly, O.

CHORUS.

She is young, ſhe is beautiful, ſhe is the faireſt one I know,
The primroſe of Ireland before my guinea go,
And the only one entices me is Iriſh Molly, O.

I ſaid my pretty fair maid, will you go along with me,
I will ſhow you ſtraightway across the country:
My parents would be angry, if they ſhould come to know,
They would lay all the blame to my Scotch laddie, O.

When Molly's own father he came for to know
That ſhe had been courted by a Scotch laddie, O,
He ſent for young M'Donald, and these words to him did say,
If you will court my daughter Mary I will ſend you far away.

Since Molly has deceiv'd me all by her father's ways,
In ſome lone wood or valley it's there I'll ſpend my days
Like ſome poor forlorn pilgrim I will wander to and fro,
And it's all for the ſake of Iriſh Molly, O.

There is a roſe in Dublin I thought ſhe would be mine,
For to come to my funeral, that is all I do require,
My body ſhall be ready by the dawning of the day,
It's all for the ſake of my bonny Iriſh maid.

When that I'm buried, there's one thing more I crave,
To lay a marble tombſtone at the head of my grave,
And on this tombſtone a prayer ſhall be ſaid,
That young M'Donald lies here for his bonny Iriſh maid

Come all you pretty fair maids a warning take by me,
And never build your neſt at the top of any tree,
For the green leaves will wither and the root will decay
And the beauty of a fair maid will ſoon fade away.

Swindells, Printer.

[82]



Lord Bateman.

LORD Bateman was a noble lord, a noble lord of high degree,
He shipped himself on board a ship, some foreign countries he would see ;
He sailed east, he sailed west, until he came unto Turkey,
Where he was taken and put into prison, until his life was quite weary
And in this prison there grew a tree, it grew so stout and so strong,
Where he was chained to the middle, until his life was almost gone.
The Turk he had one only daughter, as fair as ever eyes did see.
She stole the keys of her father's prison, and vow'd lord Bateman she would set free, [to me,
I have got houses I have got lands, half of Northumberland belong,
I'll give it all to that fair young lady that out of prison will set me free, [of wines
O then she took him to her father's palace, and gave to him the best
And every health she gave to him, I wish lord Bateman that you were mine.
Now for seven long years I'll make a vow, for seven long years and keep it strong,
If you will wed no other woman, I will wed no other man.
O then she took him to her father's harbour, and gave to him a ship of fame, [you again.
Farewell, farewell, my dear lord Bateman, I fear I ne'er shall see
Now seven years are gone & past, & fourteen days there too did flee,
She packed up her gay gold clothing, and said lord Bateman she would go and see,
But when she came to Bateman's castle, so boldly how she rang the bell, [now unto me tell ?
Who's there, who's there, cried the young porter, who's there, come
O is this place lord Bateman's castle, is his lordship here within,
O yes, O yes, cried this proud young porter, he's just taken his young bride in. [wine,
O then tell him to send me a slice of bread, and a bottle of the best
And not to forget the young lady that releas'd him when confin'd,
Away away went this proud young porter, away and away went he,
Until he came to lord Bateman's door, on his bended knees fell he,
What news, what news, my young porter, what news have you brought to me ?
There is the fairest of all young ladies that ever my eyes did see,
She has diamond rings on every finger, and on one of them she has three, [umberland a lee ;
As much gay gold hanging round her middle as would buy North-
She bids you send her a slice of bread, and a bottle of the best wine,
And not to forget the fair young lady, that releas'd you when confin'd
Lord Bateman then in a passion flew, and his sword broke in splinters three,
Saying I will give all my father's riches if Sophia has crost the sea.
Then up spoke this young bride's mother, and was ne'er heard to speak so free,
You'll not forget my only daughter, if Sophia has crost the sea.
I own I made your daughter a bride, she's no better nor worse for me
She came to me with a horse and saddle, she may go back in her coach and three.
Lord Bateman prepared another marriage, with both their hearts so full of glee ;
I'll range no more in foreign countries, since Sophia has crost the sea.

Swindells, Printer, Manchester.

[83]

Riley & Colinban

RISE up William Riley, and come along with me,
I mean for to go with you and leave this country,
I will leave my father's dwelling his houses & free land
So away goes William Riley and his dear Colinban.

O'er hills and mountains along the lonesome lane,
Thro' groves and valleys bad company to refrain,
Her father pursued her and with a chosen band,
So taken was poor Riley and his dear Colinban.

Home she was taken and in her closet bound,
Riley he was taken and put in Sligo goal
All the toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,
Still hoping to be saved by my dear Colinban.

Now I'm in cold irons my hands and feet are bound
Handcuffed like a robber and chained to the ground,
But all the toil and slavery I'm willing to withstand,
Still hoping, &c.

Down came the goaler's son and to William did say,
Rise up William Riley, you must appear this day
To feel Squire Fowler's anger, quiet you must stand,
I hope you'll be saved, &c.

'Twas but last night I heard these words of thee,
That the lady's oath would hang or set thee free,
If that be true, said Riley, her pleasure I will stand,
In hopes to be, &c.

Ye gentlemen of the jury with pity look on me,
The rascal came among us to disgrace my family,
The impudence of this inferior I am not fit to stand
If I don't see satisfaction I'll leave this Irish land.

The lady she spoke out, with tears repled she,
The fault is none of Riley's the blame is all on me,
I fore'd him to leave this place & go along with me,
I lov'd him out of measure which proved our destiny.

Out spoke noble Fox, at the table he stood by,
Ye gentlemen of the jury look on this extremity,
To hang a man for love is it not murder ye see,
To take the life of Riley should he leave this country.

Good, my lord, he stole her jewels and her rings,
Her gold watch, silver buckles, and many precious things,
Which cost me bright guineas more than 500 pounds,
And all these fine things they were on Riley found.

Good my lord. I gave them as a token of true love
And if you will but save him I soon will them remove
If you have them Riley pray send them home to me.
I will my loving lady with many thanks to thee

There is a ring amongst them I allow yourself to wear
With thirty locks of silver set in diamonds clear,
As a token of true love wear it on your right hand
That you are mine and my heart is broke when you're
in some foreign land.

Out spoke noble Fox you may let the prisoner go,
The lady's path is clear the jury all may know,
She has released her own true love, and has renewed
his name,
That his honour great M'Ginisty may ever rise to fame.

Swindells, Printer.

[84]



Manchester Chambermaid.

IT'S a of briſk young butcher as I have heard them ſay,
He ſtarted out from London upon a certain day,
Says he a frolic I will have my fortune for to try,
I'll go down to Mancheſter ſome cattle for to buy.
When he arrived in Mancheſter he went into an inn,
He called for an oſtler and boldly walked in,
He called for liquors of the beſt he being a roving blade,
And preſently he fix'd his eyes upon the chambermaid.
The day being over and night being come,
He returned to the inn his buſineſs being done,
He called for ſupper and left his reckoning unpaid,
Says he this night I'll put a trick upon the chambermaid.
O then ſhe took the candle to light him to bed
And when he came into the room theſe words to her he ſaid
One ſovereign I will give to you all to enjoy your charms
This fair maid all the night was in the butcher's arms.
He roſe up in the morning and prepared to go away,
The landlord ſaid your reckoning ſir you've forgot to pay,
O no the butcher he did ſay do not think it ſtrange
I gave a ſovereign to the chambermaid and hav'n't got the change.
He then called the chambermaid & charged with the ſame
The ſovereign ſhe did lay down fearing to get the blame,
The butcher he then return'd home well pleaſ'd with what had paſt,
But ſoon this pretty chambermaid grew thick about the waiſt
Twas within 12 months after he came to town again,
And then as he had done before, he ſtopt at the ſame inn,
'Twas then the lovely chambermaid ſhe chanc'd him to ſee
She brought the child juſt 3 months old & clapt it on his knee.
The butcher like one amazed he at the child did ſtare,
And when the joke he did find out how he did ſtamp and ſwear
She ſaid kind ſir this is your own ſo do not think it ſtrange
One ſovereign you gave me and I have brought the change.
The company laugh'd amain the joke went freely round,
And ſoon the tidings of the ſame ſpread thro' Mancheſter town,
The butcher was to a juſtice ta'en who happen'd to live near
One hundred pounds he did pay down to get himſelf clear.
So all you briſk and lively lads I pray be ruled by me,
Take care and keep, when you come here, from woman's company;
Or elſe your folly will give you cauſe for to range,
For if you toy with chambermaids you're ſure to get your change.

Swindells, Printer.

[85]



Young Ramble-Away

AS I was a going to Birmingham fair,
With my ſcarlet coat, and ev'ry thing rare,
Enough to entice girls buxom and gay,
Who are willing to go with young Ramble-away

When that I ſet my foot in the fair,
I ſaw pretty Nancy a combing her hair;
I gave her the wink, ſhe roll'd her black eye,
Thinks I to myſelf, I'll be there bye and by.

As I was a watching one night in the dark,
I took pretty Nancy for my ſweetheart;
She ſmil'd in my face, and thus ſhe did ſay,
Are you the young man called Ramble-away?

I ſaid pretty Nancy, don't ſmile in my face,
I do not intend to ſtop long in this place;
So I tipt her the double through fair Lincolnſhire
And ſaid I would ramble I didn't care where.

Your dad and your mam they are going from home,
And when they return I'll ſing them a ſong:
O then he did ſay your daughter's aſtray
With a ſtrange little rogue they call Ramble-away.

Come all pretty maidens whoever you be,
With thoſe jolly lads never make over free;
Hat, cap, and feather, you may have for to wear,
And a bunch of blue ribbons to tie up your hair.

Her perſon grown round when ſhe got to the play,
Where ſhe looked in vain for young Ramble-away;
When her baby was born with tears ſhe did ſay
What a fool to be led off by Ramble-away.

Swindells, Printer.

[86]



THE
Banks of Allan Water.

By M. G. Lewis, author of "The Monk," &c.

SANDERSON, *Printer, High Street, Edinburgh.*

On the banks of Allan water,
When the sweet spring time did fall,
Was the Miller's lovely daughter
Fairest of them all.
For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he;
On the banks of Allan water,
None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
When brown autumn spread its store,
There I saw the Miller's daughter;
But she smiled no more.
For the summer grief had brought her,
And her soldier false was he;
On the banks of Allan water,
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the Miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.
But the Miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free—
On the banks of Allan water,
There a corse lay she!

[8?]





Divine Hymns
FOR CHILDREN.

A Hymn on the second Duty of Man—Love God and keep his Laws.

1

CREATED man, by sin deformed,
Redeemed from hell, with grace adorned;
Fulfil and love the law of God:
Observe his threats, and dread his rod.

2

The Lord thus speaks: one God—no more—
Me, only me, you shall adore;
Dare not in vain my Name to take,
Dare not my sabbath day to break.

3

To parents pay the homage due—
To kings, to masters, teachers too;
Dare not your neighbour's blood to spill,
Nor do, nor wish him any ill.

4

Touch not, nor seek with lustful eye,
Your neighbour's wife or property,
Dare not against him speak a lie—
Beware of horrid perjury.

5

To him be friendly, just, and true,
As you would have him deal with you.
These my commandments, my sacred will,
In thought, word, deed, you shall fulfil.

6

Sing glory to the God above,
Sing glory to the Son and Dove,
Who made his saints on earth to shine,
In faith, in hope, in love divine.

A Hymn on the Redemtion of Man, completed by the Life, Passion, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ.

1

HE spent his life in poverty,
In meekness and humility,
The dead he rais'd, the sick he cured,
And all the ills of life endured.

2

To prove his love, he gave for food,
His very flesh, his very blood,
And left his Church this feast divine,
In outward form of Bread and Wine.

3

The Lord, provok'd by sin, decreed,
That Jesus on a cross should bleed;
He bled to death with heart contrite,
All nature shudder'd at the sight.

4

His treach'rous foes, the Jews, alone,
Whose hearts were harder than the stone,
Beheld unmoved, his agony,
With unrelenting cruelty.

5

His joyful soul to limbus fled,
Announc'd redemption to the dead;
He rose,—ensur'd on Easter-day,
The resurrection of our clay.

6

He forty days on earth remain'd,
His Church his sacraments ordain'd,
And charg'd his apostolic band,
To preach his creed in every land.

7

He then his dear apostles met,
And blest them on Mount Olivet;
Soar'd thence to heav'n's immortal dome,
And then brought man to native home.

8

Sing glory, glory, glory be,
To Jesus Christ eternally,
Who spill'd his blood, made captives free,
Immortaliz'd mortality.

HALY, Printer, Hanover-Street, CORK.

[88]

The Resurrectionists,

Pitts Printer Toy and Marble Warehouse, 6 Great St.
Andrew St-eet Seven dials

COME listen awhile and a story I'll tell,
Of two Resurrection Men in London did dwell
In the month of November just in the short days
Went ten mile from London a corpse for to raise,

With a horse and a cart to the church yard they go
Provided with a full suit of regimental clothes
And for to carry on their body snatching trade
They took a dark lanthorn besides a pick and spade

They watched to see that no one was about
Then opened the grave & the corpse they fetched out
They dressed the body in soldier's clothes so smart
And laid him face downwards in the body of the cart

Then started off to London without more delay,
And called at a public house close by the highway
O then those two body snatchers jumped from the cart
Then went into the public house & called for a quart

It happened some soldiers were quartered there
Sat enjoying themselves over a pot of strong beer,
When one of the soldiers by chance came out of doors
He thought a drunken comrade lay in the cart all fours,

He shook him by the heels and these words he did say
What regiment brother soldier, come tell me I pray
Finding it was a corpse' oh he ran into the stable
And told two ostler as fast as he was able

Then they fetched out the corpse & without saying grace
The soldier jump'd up and lay down in his place
So when there two rogues had emptied the quart
They mounted up again and away they did start,

And as they went along the road upon a gentle trot
They little did expect what a bargain they had got
Says one unto the other this job is well done
Then the soldier rolled over and began for to groan,

When in the cart body oh he sat upon his breech
They jumped from the cart, and rolled into a ditch,
They scampered thro' the hedge, and over the field
The soldier he followed them close to their heels,

The reason they were frightened the truth it is plain
They thought that the corpse was come to life again
The soldier followed after them till he was out of wind
But the more he ran the further he came behind

When he had run them far enough he turned again,
The horse and the cart he took back to the inn
They got them advertised, the country all round
But the devil a one was there to be found

The corpse was re-buried the very next day
And they sent for an auctioneer without more delay
And the horse and cart they were put up for sale
And given to the poor in good roast beef and ale

[89]

THE KENTISH GARLAND,



GOOD people now I pray give ear,
And also true attention,
Unto these lines which you shall hear,
And words which I shall mention
Within this book as I shall write.
As true it is reported,
How a young squire ruin'd quite,
A damsel whom he courted.

She was his father's servant maid,
And daughter to a brazier,
He often would her heart invade,
At every turn and leisure.
With all the argument of love,
Which passion might discover,
Protesting to the powers above.
How dearly he did love her.

With modest blushes she reply'd,
Sir pray stop your proceeding,
For I am no ways qualified,
Neither by birth nor breeding.
You can have choice of ladies
From noble loins descended,
Therefore let me alone I pray,
Your friends will be offended.

Well meant the jewel of my heart,
Fear not my friends displeasure,
Let who will frown I'll take your part
And love thee out of measure.
No one that's born of noble blood,
Doth stand within my favour.
I honour thee with what is good
For you I love for ever.

With modest blushes she reply'd
Sir stop these fond pretences.
For if your friends should it know,
Then they would be offended.
Discourse to me of love no more,
But strive to please your parents,
I'd rather wed with one that's poor,
Than wed to be at variance.

Farewell the jewel of my heart,
Fear not my friends displeasure,
Let who will frown I'll take your part,
I love thee out of measure.
Therefore cheer up my lovely dear,
If parents they should slight me,
Till I my breath and life resign,
Dear jewel I will right thee.

Kind sir you promise more to me,
Than can be now expected,
While you possess such riches store,
Than love may be protected.
But if your parents should now stand,
Against you with denial,
To disinherit you of all,
Then there will come the trial.

That is the worst which they can do,
Let them use their pleasure,
I must be honest just and true,
And love thee out of measure.
If they would wrong their darling son,
For such a poor transgression,
Then let them go when that is done,
I have a large possession.

The which was left to me of late,
Twas by a near relation.
Let father frown and mother hate,
I'm in a happy station.
Therefore cheer up my dearest dear,
If parents should disdain us.
I hope two thousand pounds a year,
Will modestly maintain us.

These arguments and many more,
He used to obtain her.
She gave consent to wed therefore,
There's none alive can blame her.
For she was made his lawful wife,
By their protested marriage,
But soon she lost her precious life,
By his ungrateful carriage.

Unknown to friends and parents dear,
This couple they were wedded,
And in the space of half a year,
After they both were bedded.
It seem'd she prov'd then with child
Her looks began to shew it,
Until his friends were reconcil'd,
He would not let them know it.

But up to famous London town
Immediately he brought her,
And to behave with modesty,
And decency he taught her.
Much like a youthful lady gay
She seem'd in all her beauty.
And while he with her there did stay,
He shew'd a husband's duty.

As they were charm'd with mutual love,
Which for a season lasted,
At length they heard a dismal noise
Which all their pleasure blasted.
His parents came to understand,
By private information,
That he had lodgings in the Strand,
And fill'd with recreation.

They sent a letter full of wrath
And threaten'd her with ruin,
Which he receiv'd while she stood by,
And at the same stood viewing
Tears from his eyes did flow amain,
She asked him the reason,
Said he my friends do me disdain
They both wept for a season.

She read these lines as well as he
And found them harsh and cruel,
Said she my dear be kind to me
Be kind my dearest jewel
Let me not suffer for thy sake
Consider my condition.
For if you don't my heart will break,
It was not my ambition.

To be a lady well you know
Twas long e'er I consented,
Why do they seem to threaten so,
I strove for to prevent it
But now I am your lawful wife,
Which you was pleased to make me,
Your smiles perhaps may save my life,
I die if you forsake me.

He took her by the hand and said
My dear my joy my sweeting,
Within my lodgings pray abide
Till our next happy meeting.
With kisses sweet and solemn vows,
They from each other parted.
But grief appeared on her brows
For she was broken hearted.

He promised to take her part
And certainly excuse her
To father nay and mother too
That they might not abuse her.
To make the matter fair and clear
And in all cases clear her
He went but ne'er return'd again,
And never more came ne'er her.

But when she came unto the town
They told her he was married,
To a young lady of renown,
With grief she then miscarried.
But when his parents came to find,
That she was with their neighbour,
To whom she did her conscience clear,
Within the time of labour.

They threaten'd her with banishment,
For tricking of the squire,
But fatal death did them prevent
For she did soon expire.
But some minutes before she died,
In friends and neighbours hearing
She wrung her hands and weeping said,
What is there no appearing.

Will you not come near me then,
Oh husband most false hearted,
With just revenge I'll haunt you when,
My wronged soul's departed.
Accordingly as she had said,
Within three nights after.
Came to the room where he laid,
The wronged Brazier's daughter.

When in the midst of all their joy
To their amazing wonder
The room was fill'd with dreadful noise,
Like roaring claps of thunder.
To crown the stately marriage bed,
They saw a flash of fire
And heard a dismal voice that said
Oh most ungrateful squire.

The lady that lies by your side
She shall not long enjoy you,
It was I that was your lawful bride.
Just vengeance must destroy you.
Within her arms like ice or clay
The spirit did enfold him,
By force she took him quite away
His lady could not hold him.

She shriek'd and cry'd but all in vain
For then the spirit gave him
That very night his fatal bane
There's none alive could save him.
The lady then rose up with speed
At this sad consternation
where on his breast they plain did read
These words of lamentation.

In perfect roman letters blue
This wretch was my undoing,
He being false has brought me to
My death and utter ruin
For making thee his lawful wife
The deed he then to smother,
And for the cursed golden prize
He married with another.

His faithless tongue seduc'd my soul,
And easily deceiv'd me,
His perjur'd words pierc'd my heart,
And of my life bereav'd me.
Leaving his wife and child to fall,
A sacrifice together,
He makes a third that caused all,
And so farewell together.

Printed and sold by J. Pitts, no. 14, Great st. Andrew-street, seven Dials. Price One Penny.

90 cons

THE

WHITE FRIARS COLLECTION.

CONTAINING THE

NEWEST AND MOST APPROVED SONGS,

SUNG AT THE

London Theatres & other Places of Amusement,

CONVIVIAL MEETINGS, &c.



1. The Soldier's Daughter.
2. Lunnun is the Devil.
3. My Darling.
4. Ben Block.
5. Blooming Rose.
6. See Mria, see the Lillies fair.
7. The Match Boy.
8. Banner of War.
9. Jack's the Lad.
10. Deep as the Fountain.
11. Rigs of the Fair.
12. Jemmy the Sailor's Adieu.
13. Batchelor's Buttons.
14. Humble Roof Cottage.
15. Ghost of a Scrag of Mutton.
16. The Pirates.
17. Maid of Cranbourn Alley.
18. Sailor's Will.
19. Live and be Jolly.
20. Chapter of Donkies.

Printed and sold by J. Jennings, No. 15, Water Lane Fleet Street.

(PRICE ONE PENNY.)

And learn tho' now doom'd to misfortune's control, (of man,
He springs, like yourself from the fountain
So scanty the fruit of his humble employ
Dejected he roams, in a sad ragged plight,
Then, O! give a mite to a poor little boy,
Who cries, "buy my matches," from morning till night.
Remember tho' luxury cloys you by day,
And pamper you nightly on pillows of down
Adversity soon may plant thorns in your way, (frown.
Obscuring your pleasures with poverty's
While a path of flint and cold steel you employ. (light,
The tinder of feeling you never can
Nor e'er give a mite to the poor little boy,
Who cries, "buy my matches," from morning till night.
And you ye proud fair of this ocean-girt land,
With beauty external so gifted by fate,
Whose smiles can enrapture whose frowns can command,
Prove your mental endowments are great,
The crumbs of your table, which lap-dogs destroy,
Might comfort him and yield him delight,
Then O give a mite to the poor little boy,
Who cries, "buy my matches," from morning till night.

8. *The Banner of War.*

BEHOLD the Britannia! how stately and brave,
She flows in the ambient tides!
For empire designed, o'er the turbulent waves,
How trim and how gallant she rides!
Yet love in a true Briton's heart,
With glory contends, for a part;
And the fair cheeks of beauty with tears is impearl'd, (unfurl'd,
When the banner, the banner of war is
On the shore how alert, how intrepid her crew,
How firm at their Sovereign's command,
Or dauntless e'er oceans her foes to pursue,
And die for the cause of their land!
Yet one tear, e'er the heroes depart,
One sigh shall be drawn from the heart,
One kiss on the cheek with sweet sorrows impearl'd,
When the banner, the banner of war is unfurl'd [swells high,
Now forth to the contest the battle
And fierce round the vessel it roars!
Hark! the sons of Britannia, to victory cry,
And victory sounds to our shores;
Then peaceful again to their home,
Shall the patriot warriors come;
No more the fair cheek shall with tears be impearl'd, (unfurl'd,
But the banner of peace stands for ever

9. *Jack's the Lad.*

OUR ships a-port so here I be,
With a heart as light as a cork, d'ye see,
'Pon larboard quarter, Poll is jigging,
Dress'd in all her sunday rigging;
Wench and fiddle always make a sailor glad, afloat;
Old Nipperkin the landlord, keeps the grog
And kindly, is the liquor handed down each throat:
For if ever sailor took delight in,
Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,
Dammee! I'll be bold to say Jack's the lad,
With my tol de rol, de rol, &c.
Cheerly my hearts! ye know Jack Spry,
So full of ropes and rigs that I——
D'ye hear the merry fiddle going?
Blood, it sets me on a toeing——
That's he Catgut—College hornpipe, brisk old dad; (—that's Scotch;
Now for a reel—Sir David Hunter Blair
Or Langolee; or any thing but French or Dutch.
For if ever fellow took delight in
Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,
Dammee! I'll be bold to say that Jack's the lad,
With my tol de rol, &c &c.
My locker's rich!—the devil a mite;
Why here's a pretty rig.—Yes I'm right;
An old friend like a blubbering ninny,
Look'd distress'd like, got my guinea,
Can't help sniv'lling somehow when I see folks sad, (once more.
But howsoever should I've luck to fall
Long-side a Mounseer, homeward bound he'll pay the score.
For if ever fellow took delight in,
Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,

Damme! I'll be bold to say that Jack's the lad.
With my tol de rol, &c. &c.
Huzza! a gun—the signal's made,
All hands on board the anchors weigh'd;
Lord how the girls by scores are flying
Fore and aft, all sobbing, crying,
Thoughts of parting make 'em all run roaring mad; (go:
But honor bids her gallant sons to glory
So off again we scud, to lick the saucy foe,
For if ever fellow took delight in
Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting;
Damme! I'll be bold to say that Jack's the lad,
With my tol de rol, &c. &c.

10. *Deep as the Fountain, &c.*

DEEP as the fountain of this beating heart, (flow;
Free as the vital streams from thence that
Dear as my life, with which I'd sooner part,
Than forget to thee the gratitude I owe,
Unvarying with the varied change,
Thro' coast or climate as we range,
No, no, no, no, no, mother, no,
I'll ne'er forget the love, the gratitude I owe.
Blythe as the rays that cheer the blushing morn, (move;
Puls'd in this heart, dear sister dost thou
Blest with each charm that can the sex adorn,
Yet, sister, oh, dear sister, beware of love,
Unvarying with the varied change,
Thro' coast or climate as we range,
Yes, yes, yes, yes, oh sister yes,
Beware beware of love.

11. *The Rigs of the Fair.*

I KNOW that young folks like to hear a new song, (long,
And something that's funny and not very
And I have one here that will make you to smile, (while.
And you have no occasion to stop a long
My song is concerning this ***** fair,
Where people of all ages to it repair,
The roads are all lined see how they flock,
With their short-waisted gowns and never a smock
[fair they all do arrive,

But

Till time had unroof'd all the thatch from
his pate.
And the bear from his temples had fled.

When humbly saluting with cinciput bare,
The first lord of the admiralty once,
" Why lieutenant, said he, you have lost
all your hair,
Since I last had a peep at your sconce."
" Why my lord, replyd Bob, it with truth
may be said,
Since a hard pate I now labour under,
There have so many captains walk'd over
my head,
That to see it quite scalp'd is no wonder."

5. Blooming Rose.

SEE on yonder blooming rose,
All its fragrant sweets disclose,
Open to the shining light,
In its vernal beauty bright;
Seeming conscious of its power
Over each inferior flower.
But what pity it must die,
That so charm'd the ravish'd eye;
Ah! ye fairest beauty's trust
Moulder into shapeless dust;
Pale beneath the comb-straw laid,
Fresh and blooming beauteous maid.
When that the charms of life is o'er,
We should shine in endless day?

6. See Miva, see the Lillies fair.

See Miva, see the lillies fair,
The blushing rose just newly blown,
Then view thy lovely face, and there
You'll find those beauties all your own.
And all their fragrant sweets decay,
So will your charms my dearest maid;
For blooming youth soon hasten away
Those beauties time can ne'er defence;
With virtue's lawn adorn thy mind,
In these unfading charms you'll find,
When rob'd of every other grace:

7. The Merry Boy.

YE wealthy and proud, as in splendour ye
roll,
Behold a poor orphan, pale hungry and
wan,
Yet she to'k with her husband was wasting;
So she took French-leave of him one day
in a hurry, (enough,
And went under protection of one fond
Who call'd her his angel and darling,
He call'd her dear angel and darling.

CHORUS.

Pretty darling, little darling, O my darling
O Winsey, row dow, dow, dow.

Seven counties and captains obey'd her
grand;
She'd a retinue great and an equipage
But her lover wrote to her, and said,
Pretty Dove,
I cannot express how I doat on my love,
My charmer, my angel, my darling,
Pretty darling, &c.
For the 'kerchiefs so pretty, blessings on
you my dear,
Yet so lovish is life with the family here,
That to-morrow I'm off, like a starling;
I go to review armed legions and ranks,
Cut a swell on my charger inspecting their
flanks,
Thus haste to the arms of my darling;
Then by to embrace you, my darling,
Pretty darling, &c.

4. Ben Block.

BEN Block was a veteran of naval re-
nown,
And renown was his only reward;
For the Board still neglected his merit to
crown,
And no interest he had with my lord.
Ye brave as old Benbow was honest old
Ben,
And he laugh'd at the cannon's loud roar,
When the death-dealing broadside made
worms meat of men, gore,
And the scuppers were streaming with
Nor cou'd a lieutenant's poor stipend
provoke
Honest Ben to despise scanty prog,
Then his biscuit he'd crack, turn his grog,
Thus day after day in a subaltern state,
Poor Ben for his king fought and bled.

1. Soldier's Daughter.

O! mad-brain War spreads death around
And lifeless bodies strew the ground;
My friend and comrade postrate lies,
While cannons echo to the skies;
To meet the foe I forward go,
Determin'd to give them no quarter;
My friend is gone, and left forlorn,
His only child—A soldier's daughter.
The man of sentiment must feel,
Unless he has a heart of steel,
When the furious battle ends,
To hear the groans of dying friends:
The fields all o'er with crimson gore
Were cover'd issuing from the slaughter,
But, oh! sad tale had I to tell
Unto the soldier's lovely daughter.
The slain were buried in the earth,
The poor with those of noble birth;
Distinction there was quite forgot,
And all alike was left to rot:
Of friends bereft, the field we left,
To Europe came, our native quarter;
Resolv'd I was to find this lass,
This orphan girl, the soldier's daughter.
This orphan girl at length I found,
Who trembled when the tale I told;
The woe-fraught tear and far-fetch'd sigh
Could not escape my piercing eye;
I ask'd this maid if she would wed:
She strove to speak; her speech did faulter:
She smil'd consent, to church we went,
I married then the soldier's daughter.
No two now live so blest as we,
Our sentiments so well agree;
The produce of our chaste embrace
Was soon a smiling infant race;
How blest my life with such a wife;
Nor princes envy now I've got her;
And while I live I'll ne'er deceive,
Or e'er desert the soldier's daughter.

2. Lunnon's the Devil.

WHEN at home with dad,
We never had no fun, sirs,
Which made me so mad,
I swore away I'd run, sirs;
I pack'd up cloaths so smart
Rib'd stockings, waistcoats pretty,
With money and light heart,
Tript off for Lunnon City.

Ta, ra, la.

Soon as I got there,
I run'd about quite silly,
At all the shows to stare,
In a place call'd Piccadilly.
Oh! such charming sights!
Birds in cages thrive, sirs;
Conches, fiddles, sights,
And crocodiles alive, sirs.
Believe me now, good folk,
(To lie I am not willing),
I see'd, without a joke,
All Dutchin for a shilling;
A man con'd by the door,
Who call'd me awkward dunce, sirs,
And said he paid no more
To see the world at once, sirs.
Then to the Strand I sped,
And there my eyes did feast, sirs,
To see a man in red,
Exhibit the wild beasts, sirs,
Saying, "Gentlefolk walk in—
We're apes and monkies plenty."
Says I, "For one within,
Without—I'll shew you twenty."
I went one day to spy
The gentry in Hyde Park, sirs,
A girl push'd rudely by,
To whom I did remark, sirs,
"Though your face be mighty fair,
I've seen a bear more civil;—"
Then so little cloaths they wear.
Oh! Lunnon is the Devil
To the playhouse then I goes,
Where I see'd merry faces,
And in the lower rows,
Were servants keeping places;
But players I found soon,
They manage things quite funny,
For there they'd *Honey-Moon*,
Before they'd *Matrimony*.
Now having pass'd my time
In seeing all I cou'd, sirs,
I'll e'en give up my rhyme,
If you think fit and good sirs:
And should my ditty please
The posies of this garden,
To me 'twill be *heart's-ease*—
If not—I ask you pardon.

3. My Darling.

WITHIN a great city there liv'd a gay
dame, [fiercest flame,
Whose eyes were illumin'd by love's

And a grim monstrous ghostly, popp'd in
the queer nob,
Of the Ghost of a grim Scrag of Mutton
O, la, &c.

Says the scholar, "You're welcome, some
mutton I want
For my broth, ere the pot it boils faster
So prythee come in; said the mutton,
"I shan't,
For I'm certainly meat for your master."
Then the scholar he caught up a fork in
great wrath,
Stuck it under his rib like a glutton,
Sous'd him into the boiler, and finished
his broth,
With the Ghost of the grim Scrag of
Mutton. O, la, &c.

Thestory thus finished, the moral shan't
lag;—
The landlord who'd such little heart,
Not the only one he who's been scar'd
by a scrag,
For a scrag's but a small bony part,
So the Emperor Scrag, in fear Europe
has got,
That John Bull don't mind him a button;
For Johnny's the scholar who'll send
him to pot,
Like the Ghost of the grim Scrag of
Mutton, O, la, &c.

16. The Pirates.

WHILE the jolly, jolly, jolly grog's afloat,
Fal de ral, &c.
We bid dull Care push off his boat,
Fal de ral, &c.
We pirates lead a jolly, jolly life,
Fal, &c.
His arms his friend, his ship's his wife,
Fal, &c.
Who knows here what fear is?—not one
I'll be bound; (asleep;
On a barrel of gunpowder see old Grim
Set a lighted match to her, her bottom
so sound, (we'll dash o'er the deep.
Your arms, boys! the boat my boys,
While the jolly, &c.
I'll wager this arm 'gainst a cutlas, old
boy, (first fire,
I'll snuff out the candle full five yards,
Old Cæsar don't shake so—or, zounds!
I'll let fly—

Your arms boys the bowl my boys! brisk,
lads we'll retire,
While the jolly, &c.

17. The Maid of Cranbourn Alley.

YOUNG Humphry liv'd in Drury lane,
And dear he lov'd his pretty Sally,
By baking bread he bread did gain,
And she made caps in Cranbourn Alley.
Young Humphry swore all on his knee,
To marry none but pretty Sally,
But she turn'd up her nose at he,
The cruel maid of Cranbourn alley.
Young Humphry, then to ease his pain,
Drew out a knife to cut from Sally,
Then sighing put it up again,
And left the maid of Cranbourn alley.

18. The Sailor's Will.

THE net-work stow'd with hammocks all,
To arms had beat the drum,
To quarters pip'd, the boatswain's call,
The threat'ning danger's come;
The handspears, spunges, hammers, crows
Lay well arrang'd about!
And to annoy old England's foes,
The great guns were run out;
While all the ship, firm in the cause,
Silent as death was still;
Each tar employ'd the awful pause,
To whisper out his will.
I have a friend, who, to distress,
Did ne'er in kindness fail;
He sav'd my life, gave half his mess,
And took me out of jail.
Give him this watch; when I was sick,
From his own hands it came;
And say when'ever I heard it tick,
I thought upon his name,
He's call'd, Will Worthy, I Ben Breeze,
My mind his merits tell;
And 'tis to noble hearts like these,
True tears should make their will.
I have a wife; this picture here,
She hung about my neck;
And seal'd it with a parting tear,
When forc'd to leave the deck.
Tell her the ties with mine to furl,
Safe stow'd till her last breath;
Then give it to our little girl,
When we are join'd in death.
Tho'lt find her, she's call'd constant Nan,
This duty then fulfil;



2 Look before you Leap.

Or, Liberty is precious.

WElcome, welcome, brother Debtor,
to this poor but merry place;
Where no bailiff, dun, or ſetter,
dare to ſhew his rueful face:
But, kind ſir, as you're a ſtranger,
down your garniſh you muſt lay,
Or your ſelf will be in danger;
You muſt either ſtip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement,
from your children and your wife,
Wiſdom lies in true reſignment,
thro' the various ills of life.
Scorn to ſhew the leaſt reſentment,
tho' beneath the frowns of fate.
Knaves and beggars find contentment,
fears and cares attend the great.

Tho' our creditors are ſpiteful,
and confine our bodies here,
Uſe will make a jail delightful,
ſince there's nothing elſe to fear.
Ev'ry iſland's but a priſon,
ſtrongly guarded by the ſea;
Kings and princes, for that reaſon,
priſ'ners are as well as we.

What was it made great Alexander
weep at his untimely fate?
It was becauſe he could not wander
beyond the world's ſtrong priſon gate.
The world itſelf is ſtrongly bounded,
by the heav'ns and ſtars above.
Why ſhould we then be confounded,
ſince there's nothing free but love.

In theſe ſtrong dominions here,
like a king I live and reign,
Have no foreign foes to fear,
Nor rich ſubjects to complain.
Theſe my priſ'ners are my ſlaves,
who obey my laws and rules.
Wealthy dealers think us knaves;
I but, alas! they're honeſt fools.

Here I keep them cloſe confined,
fleece and tax them as I pleaſe.
Money only does make me kind;
briberies are my only fees.
I have ſundry artful ways,
for to plague the bold and ſtout;
But the man who freely pays
may be as eaſy in as out.

Why ſhould mortals think us baſe,
for extorting double fees?
Since each jailor buys his place,
at what rate his betters pleaſe.
Were the purchaſe-money low,
wonders might perhaps be done;
And we rogues as honeſt grow,
as thoſe ſaints who put us in.

Since, like monſters in the ſea,
great ones do the leſs devour,
Why ſhould not ſuch wolves as we
prey on thoſe within our power.
What we do from others drain,
greater bites new ways have found,
To extort from us again.
So the ſharping World goes round.

E 92 7



LIBERTY.

SUNG at RANELAGH-GARDEN.

SInce ev'ry charm on earth combine
In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,
Why was I born ye gods to see,
What robs me of my liberty.
Why was I born, &c.

Until that fatal hapleſs day,
My life was lively, blythe and gay,
Could ſport with every one but ſhe,
Who robs me of my liberty.

Think dear Chloe, 'ere too late,
That dea[illegible]ſt be my hapleſs fate,
If love and you do not agree,
To let my heart at liberty.

Now to the darkſome woods I rove,
Reflecting on the pains of love,
And envy every clown I ſee,
Enjoy the ſweets of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,
And every idle care diſdain;
We'll live in ſweet trainquility,
Nor wiſh for greater liberty.
We'll live, &c.

[illegible]937



A New Song.

COME all you bold Britons that paſſes by me,
Now April draws nigh and brave Wilks will be free,
Then ſoon from a priſon we'll have him our ſtrait
In ſpite of thoſe courtiers and placemen of ſtate.

Had it not been for him we ſhould all be undone
For he is a true Subject, and Britania's ſon
But d---mn thoſe bad M---s that forc'd him away
And that forc'd him from his native land for to ſtay

My lord, B--- - was the firſt Ringleader then
Beſide him i tell you of ſome noble men,
There's G---- L --- H---- and half a ſcore more
But for women the firſt was the old G--- W---

There's my L--. B the old G---n w--- & her ſon
Now B-- left the land never dare to Return.
Which makes the old w-- ſorely to lament
And lead her ſon a life in great diſcontent

o think that her ſtation ſhould thus leave the land
hilſt her ſon he has all things now at command
daily and hourly you plainly may ſee
hat murders & pardond and rapes they go free.

ut Middleſex ſtill brave wilkes will maintain,
lthough by the K--. he is ſo much diſdaind,
For he is a man that's juſt honeſt and wiſe
For him we will venture our fortunes and Lives





A

NEW SONG,

Entitled

The Chronicle of LIBERTY.

YE Patriots of Brittain ariſe
Fair Freedom again ſhall Prevail
And wilkes's great Name rend the ſkies,
while G--- with Horror turns pale'
How Biſhopgate Caught the bright Flame'
all for townſend unanimous were,
and Laugborn as equal in Fame'
For sawbridge as hearty Declare'

How weak were the arts of a court,
the livery's zeal to oppoſe
as ſhiriffs their choice to ſupport,
Brave nwtferd and ſawbridge they've choſe
ſworthies like there ſtill ſucceed
t'will ſoon the Bleſt period bring
From chains liberty ſhall be Freed,
And truth Reach the ears of ak----,

Not the Murder'd from Death can Recall
But the Rights of a Nation Reſtore,
that an allen aclark ne'er may Fall, r
at St Geogs nor Brentford no more
Not a Miniſters mercileſs hand
ſhall again uſe the Blood-reeking Quill,
Nor the third regiment G———n Commaud,
To Fire and ſtab at their will.

Nor our Fields be with humau Blood dy'd,
As from thoſe Magna-Charta's deriv'd,
Nor ſubject be puniſh'd untri'd'
Nor a Jefferies again be reviv'd.
Nor Corruption increaſe her black Train,
Nor P———r dark Ruffians ſhall Hire,
Nor Bludgeons in Blood ſok'd again,
Shall bid human Victims Expire,



[95]



A NEW SONG.

Come let's laugh at dull malice for who the duce knows,
Tho' the houſe wilkes expelled, yet again may be (choſe
And ſtill be the Envy of to' te that's his foes.

CHORUS.

Wilkes has ever been true to old England
For wilkes ſing for ever huzza.

wilkes twice in the city was choſe alderman
Tho once was rejected deny it who can
Yet Farringdon ward did elect him again.

May Middleſex county by wilkes do the ſame
And in ſpite of all courtiers elect him again,
For wilkes your ſweet Liberty'll ever maintain

Now P-------, no more dares the huſtings come near
For that murdering V- --n the halter does fear
I hope he'll be han--'d if he ever comes here,

There's B-t gone to rome, and P----- to France
And M--- to Germay'll quickly advance
'Tis wilkes's rough muſick that's led them a dance.

as 'tis wilkes put a ſtop to theſe devils let's hope
B---t's head may come off, p----'s neck in a rope
with grief the ſhe devil ſhe quickly will croak

Then each hearty freeholder let's merrily ſing
with ſucceſs to brave wilkes not forgetting ſtaunch Glynn,
and whenever they poll we'll elect them again



963.

PRIDE of EN
OR
The FOLLY of MAN.

As in sweet slumber I was laid,
Poor Conscience was making moan,
I saw sweet Truth in rags array'd,
Dejected, and quit alone,
I tell you the Aged' as well as the Youth,
They hated and slighted poor Conscience and Truth,
With dissimulation there's thousands will scoth

Oh, England! sorrowful England!
What will this World come to?

Sweet Truth immediately reply'd,
The nation may well complain,
For the heart of man is filled with pride,
And malice doth rule and reign,
Ah! Conscience, I see thou art now grown poor,
Thou art naked, despised, and turn'd out of door,
The worlb was never so wickeb befor,

Some men do rave, and rant and roar
Then team it a merry life;
They oftentimes send for a whore,
And ruin an honest wife,
Each draggletaile drab do cuddle and kiss
And term her the height of perfection and bliss,
And every fop now must have his miss

Young harlots do like porters ply
At each turning up and down
And when a cully does come by,
Their fare is no less then a crown,
Then strait in a coach they must be put,
The shuffing blade and Jilting slut,
Whilst honest poor people must trudge it on foot,

The pride of women now-a-days,
Was never in Eve our mother.
To see their topknots, how they're rais'd,
One story above another,
Their necks are naked, and breasts open wide
Back patched, and painted, and hooped be
I think the devil is in women for' pride,

The downright man, who cannot cog
Nor flatter his friend at all,
Nor fawn like a spaniel-dog
Is often despised by all
But he who has a fine tongue to comply,
Can compliment, flatter, dissemble and lye
O this is an honest man then they cry.

Some men will say the crow is not black'
Thus flatter before your face,
Yet cut your throat behind your back
Nay that in a little space
Their smiles do quickly turn to a frown
They do what they can to tumble ye down
Nay ruen a neighbour for less then a crown

The rich we find has many friends
But the poor have few or none
But Woon this painful life doth end
Then we shall be All As one
The Wealthy rich miser And crafty old knave
Must with the the poor beggar lye down in a grave
They'll but a shroud or a winding-sheet have.

Then what is the glory of this world,
On which we so much depend
When after death We may be hurl'd
Where misery hath no end
Then While We are living and flourishing here
Let's labour to keep our consciences clear
Top art With this World We need never fer



97



CAROLINE

Queen of our Island.

Pitts Printer and Toy Warehouse 'rea
Andrew street, 7 Dials

COME listen awhile, your thoughts I'll beguile,
Notwithstanding the gloom in the Island
Tho' our Good King is dead, we've a King in his stead
But Alas! there's no Queen in the Island,
Which causes much grief in the Island,
The flourishing fam'd little Island,
Let us hope she'll come over, & land safe at Dover,
And then there'll be Joy in the Island.

Strange stories are spread, and many things said,
To prejudice those of the Island
But say what they will, the opinion is still,
She's our virtuous Queen of the Island.
Oh! this dear little Island.
The envied and beautiful Island,
Search the world round, there's none to be found,
Like Caroline Queen of our Island.

We her absence deplore, as we've long done before,
And regret She ere quitted the Island,
For while She remain'd the poor she sustain'd,
And She was belov'd in the Island.
This Loyal and faithful Old Island,
Her Rights we'll protect in the Island,
And when Caroline see, Shout with great glee,
Long life to the Queen of our Island.

[98]

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,

Or the Norfolk Gentleman's last Will and Testament

A TRUE STORY.





NOW ponder well ye parents dear,
These words which now I write,
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light—
A gentleman of good account.
In Norfolk dwelt of late.
Who did in honour far surmount,
Most men of great estate.
Sure sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save;
Is wife by him sick did lie.
And both possess'd one grave,
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to the other kind,
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind.
The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing five years old,
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beauty's mould,
The father left his only son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to his perfect age doth come,
Three hundred pounds a year,
And to his little daughter Jane,
Six hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid on the marriage day,
Which might not be controul'd.

But if these children chanc'd to die,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their we,
For so the will did run,
Now brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children dear,
Be kind unto my boy and girl,
No friend else have they here,
To God and you I recommend,
My children dear, this day,
But little time we have, 'tis true,
Within this world to stay,
You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one,——
God knows what will become of them,
When we are dead and gone.
And thus bespoke the mother dear,
Oh! brother kind, quoth she,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery;
And if you keep them carefully
Then God will you reward,
But if you otherwise should deal'
God will your deeds record.
With lips as cold as any stone,
They kiss'd their children small
God bless you both our children dear,
Then down the tears did fall.

These speeches then the brother spake,
To the sick couple there,
The keeping of your children dear,
Dear sister, do not fear.
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor nought else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in the grave.
The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes
And brings them straight unto his house
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes,
A twelvemonth and a day,
But for their wealth he did devise,
To take their lives away.
He bargain'd with two ruffians strong
Who were of curious mood,
That they should take these children,
And slay them in a wood,
Then told his wife and all he had,
He did the children send,
To be brought up in fair London
By one that was their friend.
Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide:
Rejoicing with a merry mood,
They should on horseback ride,
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be
And work their lives decay;
So that the pretty speech they made,
Made the murderers's heart relent,
And they who undertook the deed,
Full sorely did repent.
Yet one of them most heart of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch who hired him,
Had paid him very large,
They won't thereto agree,
So here they fell to strife,
And then together they did fight
About the children's life,
And he that was of the mildest mood,
Did slay the other there;
Within an unfrequented wood,
While babes did quake for fear
He took the children by the hand
While tears stood in their eyes
And bid them straightway follow him,
And mind they did not cry.

And two long miles he led them then
While they for bread complain,
Stay here quoth he, I'll bring you bread
When I come back again,
These pretty babes went hand in hand,
And wander'd up and down,
But never more did see the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries,
Were all besmear'd and dy'd;
And when they saw the darksome nigh
They sat them down and cry'd.
Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.
No burial these two pretty babes,
Of any man receiv'd.
Till Robin Redbreast painfully,
Did cover them with leaves
And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell.
Yea, frightful fiends did haunt his house
His conscience felt a hell;
His barns were fir'd, his house consum'd
His lands were barren made;
His cattle died within a field,
And nothing with him stald.
And in a voyage to Portugal,
Two of his sons did die,
And to conclude, himself was brought,
To want and misery.
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
Ere seven years were out,
So now at length this wicked deed,
By this means was found out;
The fellow that did take in hand,
The children for to kill,
Was for a murder judged to die,
As was Gods blessed will.
He did confess the very truth,
Of what is here express'd.
The uncle died, where for debt,
Did long in prison rest
You that executors be made,
And overseers are,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God for such like cruelty
Your wicked minds requit,



THE

Poor BLIND BOY.

A new Song

Written by Colly Gibber

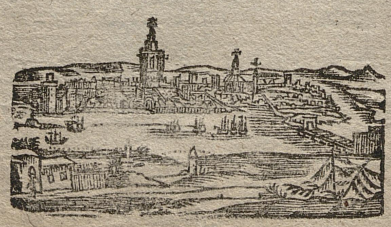
O Say what is that thing call'd light,
Which I can never enjoy ?
What is the bleſſing of the ſight ?
O tell to your Poor Blind Boy.

You talk of wond'rous things you ſee,
You ſay the ſun ſhines bright:
I feel it warm, but how can I
Diſtinguiſh day from night.

My day and night myſelf I make,
Whene'er I wake or play;
And could I always keep awake,
It would be always day.

With heavy ſighs I often hear
You mourn my helpleſs woe;
But with ſure with patience I muſt bear.
The loſs I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have,
My cheer of mind deſtroy;
Whilſt thus I ſing, I am a King,
Altho' but a Poor Blind Boy.





A Song for good Nurſes.

HEY MY KITTEN.

Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
Hey, my kitten' a deary,
Such a ſweet pet as this,
Is neither far nor neary,
Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

Chicky, cockow, my lilly-cock,
Sic, ſee, ſic, a downey,
Gall p a trot, trot, trot,
And hey for London towny,
This Pig went to the market,
Squeak mouſe, mou'e, mouſy,
Shoe, ſhoe' ſhoe, the wild colt,
And hear thy own dol dowſy.

Where was a jewel and pett,
Where was a ſugar and ſpicy,
Huſh a baba in a cradle,
And we'll go a broad in a tricy,
Did a papa torment it,
Did-e-vex his own baby did'e,
Huſh a baba in a boſſe,
Take ous own ſucky a did-ee.

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke,
Slavers, a thread o'e yſtal,
Now the poſſ t comes up,
Who ſaid my child was piſs d all,
Come wat r my chickens, come clock,
Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you,
Come, gie me your hand, and I'll beat him,
Who was it vexed his b by t

Where was a laugh and a crow,
Where was gigling honey,
Go dy, good child ſhall be fed,
But naughty child ſhall get nony,
Get ye gone, raw head and bloody bones,
Here is a child that won't fear ye,
Come, piſſy, piſſy, my jewel,
And ik, ikay, my deery.

An Affecting Copy of Verses

ON THE

DREADFUL & INHUMAN MURDER

At Granard Lodge, Roehampton, Surrey.

Air—"*The Banks of Sweet Primroses.*

A dreadful tale we have got to mention,
So all good people as you pass by;
Just for a moment pray give attention,
Oh! innocent blood does for vengeance cry.

CHORUS.

Then for one moment pray give attention,
While I unfold the Surrey tragedy.

At Granard Lodge, near to Roehampton,
Resides a gentleman, as I unfold,
One Esquire Shiell's, and he had a coachman,
This deed will make your blood run cold.

Daniel Good was this hardened villain,
Whom justice shortly will overtake,
He was no man, or I am mistaken,
But a wretched monster in human shape.

In a pony chaise, through the town of Wandsworth,
He did ride through, on last Wednesday night,
Where he committed a depredation,
The which, has brought this affair to light.

A pair of trowsers the rogue did pilfer,
As the town of Wandsworth he did ride through,
And when the theft it was discovered,
The officers did the wretch pursue.

With speed they hastened towards Roehampton,
And there inquired for Daniel Good;
And when the doors unto them were opened
Before their eyes the base villian stood.

With theft they charged him, and he so brazen,
A sum of money wished for to pay,
But to the villian they would not listen,
And began the stable to search away.

The racks and mangers they searched so strictly,
And all the stables both up and down,
The villain Good quickly absconded,
And in the stable, alas, they found

The murdered body of a young female,
Deprived of arms, legs, and head, they say.
Cut and mangled in a sad condition,
And snugly placed underneath some hay

The harness room they, alas, did enter,
And there, while searching, they quickly found
Some human bones, burnt to a cinder,
Among the ashes upon the ground.

Since Holloway murdered his wife at Brighton,
A deed like this has not been found,
Excepting Cook, who killed Paas, at Leicester,
Or, James Greenacre, who slaughtered Hannah Brown.

That murdered female, whom Good has slaughtered,
Her innocent blood does for vengeance cry,
Justice will take him, and not forsake him,
Till he is suspended on the gallows high.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

[102]



Fair Helen

Tune ——— Wa'lace Bled.

Pitts Printer Wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse
6, Great Andrew Street 7 Dials.

I Wiſh I was where Helen lies,
Night and day on me ſhe crie
I wish I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkonnel Lee,
O Helen fair O Helen chaſte,
If I were with thee I were bleſt
Where low thou lieſt and at thy reſt,
On fair Kirkonnol Lee.

I wish my grave where growing green,
And a winding sheet put o'er my e'en,
And a winding sheet put o'er my e'en
On fair Kirkonnel Lee.
Woe to the heart that fram'd the thought
And curs'd the hand that fired a shot
When in my arms my Helen dropt
And died for love of me.

O Helen fair, I'll faithful prove,
To thee my firſt and only love,
No other nymph my heart shall move
To death I'll conſtant be,
O that I were where Helen lies.
Night and day on me she cries
Some death shall cloſe theſe weary eyes,
On fair Kirknonnel Lee



FINUCANE LASSES.

When I was a bucksome young fellow,
My age it was twenty and four,
I marri d a handsome young Lady,
As thousands have done so before.
She was tenderly reared from her cradle,
And was in a boarding school bred,
My sorrows be an to creep on me,
The very first day I was wed.
So beware of the Finucane lasses,
And never by beauty be led,
She that ail others girls surpasses,
Is one that can work for her bread.
I purchased a fine leg of mutton,
And told her to boil it for dinner,
For fear of my new undertaking,
My jaws would quickly grow thiner.
The potatoes she boil'd with the dirt,
She skimed the fat off with the froth,
Whi e sand she took for oatmeal,
And spoil'd both mutton and broth.
Whenever she washes my shirt,
She complains of her fingers being sore
It happens but once a month,
Of her labour she makes a great store.
And when that she irons the same,
I'll venture to bet you a dollar,
She singes both body and sleeves,
And leaves half the dirt in the collar.
It happened at Christmas time,
Having a cask of god beer,
I invited a party of friends,
To partake of my Christmas cheer.
When that they sat down to supper,
Oh Lord how shamed was I,
A Novel I found in the custard,
And my shaving box in the mincee pie.
She always is reading her novels,
Instead of repairing my cloaths,
If her fingers she happens to soil,
Like a rabit she turns up her nose,
She washes her face once a week,
Her stockinks they always hang down,
She makes up the fire with her gloves on,
And the table she cleans with her gown.
When first I agreed with my landlord,
My rent by the quarter to pay
Two or thr e times in a week,
I found him coming that way,
Suspicion arose in a hurry,
To watch her it was my intent,
I cought them both down in the cellar,
And there she was paying the rent.
Was there ever a poor mortal on Earth,
So plagued with a woman as I,
I'd give half the shoes in my shop,
If she would consent for to die,
It's then I'd be free from all care,
My sorrows would merrily pass,
I sooner would marry old Harry,
Than wed with a boarding School lass.



THE SMILE AND THE TEAR.

Printed Sold by J. Pitts 14 Great st. Andrew Street, Seven Dials

SAID a Smile to a Tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
And beam'd like the ſun in ſpring weather,
In ſooth lovely Tear
It ſtrange muſt appear,
That we ſhould be both here together;
I came from the heart,
A ſoft balm to impart.
To yonder ſad daughter of grief.

And I ſaid the Smile,
That heart now beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief;
O then ſaid the Tear,
Sweet Smile it is clear,
We are twins. and to pity our mother,
And lovely that face,
Which together we grace,
For the woe and the bliſs of another.

[illegible]

CHARMING JUDY CALLAGHAN.

'Twas on a windy night at two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight all wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door, sitting upon the palings,
His love tale he did pour, and this was part of his wailings—

Only say,
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan,
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

Oh, list to what I say, charms you've got like Venus,
Own your love you may, there's only the wall between us,
You lie fast asleep, snug in a bed and snoring,
Round the house I creep, your hard heart imploring.
Only say, &c.

I've got nine pigs and a sow, I've got a place to sleep 'em,
A calf and a brindled cow, and I've got a cabin to keep 'em;
Sunday hose and coat, an old grey mare to ride on,
Saddle and bridle to boot, which you may ride astride on.
Only say, &c.

I've got an old Tom cat, though one eye is staring,
I've got a Sunday hat, little the worse for wearing;
I've got some gooseberry wine, the trees have got no riper on
I've got a fiddle fine, which only wants a piper on.
Only say, &c.

I've got an acre of ground, I've got it set with pratics,
I've got of baccy a pound, and I've got some tea for the ladies;
I've got a ring to wed, some whisky to make us gaily,
A mattrass, feather bed, and a handsome new shillelagh.
Only say, &c.

You have got a charming eye, you've got some spelling and reading,
You've got, and so have I, a taste for genteel breeding,
You're rich, and fair, and young, as every body's knowing,
You've got a decent tongue, whene'er you set it going.
Only say, &c.

For a wife til death, I am willing to take ye,
But och! I waste my breath, the devil himself can't wake ye;
'Tis just beginning to rain, so I'll get under cover,
I'll come to moreow again, and be your constant lover.
Only say, &c.

[1067]

THE

WONDERFUL GHOST.



Oh! here's a pretty piece of work,
The country all around,
Such dreadful news I do declare,
For miles does now abound.
The blooming damsels fret and pine,
And stand just like a post,
Afraid to venture out for fear
They' d meet this nasty ghost!

CHORUS.

Outside the door now ladies sure,
Dont venture by the post,
Or you will meet that nasty thing
The people call a ghost!

An old lady lived at Isleworth,
Declared by this and that,
The ghost into her bedroom got,
Last night, and stole her cat.
And a tailor down at Twickenham,
Declared 'twas very rough,
For he stole his sleeve board, goose, and shears,
And half an ounce of snuff.

The ladies swore in Brentford,
The ghost look'd like a doll,
And some declar'd he came to
Pitch away Plumb Pudding Moll,
And certain bakers cried aloud,
I am sure he will kill us dead,
Because we cheat the poor
By putting Allum in the bread.

An old cobbler's wife at Richmond,
Cried how it does me vex,
I will shoot the ghost this very night,
With my husbands balls of wax.
For he has serv'd me very queer,
And play'd a pretty rig,
That nasty ghost got into my sty,
And run away with the pig.

In Paddington a damsel dwells,
Indeed it is no lie.
She in the chimney corner sits,
A singing lullaby.
She swore before the Magistrates
As stiff as any post,
A bonny boy a fortnight old
Upon this nasty ghost.

In Hounslow dwell an Ostler,
Who the ghost did sore affright,
When he upon some buiness went
To Whitton t'other night
He met the ghost in a dreary lane,
Which did his conscience twich,
For he took him by his head and heels
And threw him in the ditch.

The ostler did for mercy cry,
Oh! how the ghost did laugh,
He whopp'd the ostler in the ditch,
Just like a sack of chaff;
When the ostler got upon his legs,
He bolted clean away,
From Witton off to Hounslow,
Like a truss of new mown hay.

You ostlers all a warning take,
Don't venture out at night,
For if you near Witton go,
The ghost will you affright.
And ladies mind your P's and Q's,
Dont venture past the post,
Or else perhaps you'll bring to town,
A nasty little ghost.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

[107]

THE HUMOURS OF

BARTLEME FAIR, O!

As Sung by Mr. Matthews.



COME buſtle neighbour Sprig,
Clap on your hat and wig,
In our Sunday clothes ſo gailey,
Let us ſtrut up the Old Bailey;
O the devil take the rain;
We may never go again,
See the ſhows have began, O rare, O;

Remember Mr. Snip,——
To take care of Mrs. Snip;—
There s the little boy from Flanders
And that 'eres Maſter Saunders,
Stand aſide, and we'll have a ſtare, O!

How full's the Fair—Lord Mayor,
All is flurry——Hurry Skurry.
Girls Squalling——Showmen bawling,
Cats throwing——Trumpets blowing
Rattles ſpringing——Monkies grinning
Rope dancing——Horſes prancing,
Sauſage frying——Children crying
Dogs of knowledge—Come from College
Slack wire——Eating fire,
Learned Pigs——Rum rigs,
Mutton pies,——Of pigmy ſize
Funny Clows——Ups and downs,
Round about——All out,
What a throng,——Push along,
Polito s ſhow ——All the go,
Juſt in time, —That's prime,
To enjoy all the fun of the Fair O!

(Spoken.) Valk up, valk up, Ladies and Gentlemen here is the vonderful birds and beaſteſſes juſt arrived from ben gal in the Veſt Indies,—only look Marm at this here beautiful animal, no leſs then two hundred ſpots on his body, but no two ſpots alike, every vone different;—it s out of the power of any Limner to deſcribe him.—Well, poſitively I never ſaw ſuch a beautiful creature in all my born days—Did you, Sir? A d-d fine looking animal, 'pon my ſoul, Mem.—Maſter ſhowman, how long do you ſuppoſe that creature is?—Meaſures only fifteen feet from the ſnout to the tail, and only twelve feet from the tail to the ſnout lives, damme lives, to the advanced age, of von hundred years—grows an inch and a half every hanual year, and never comes to his proper growth,—Stir him up there, with the long pole Keeper,—Only hear how he roars,—Here, here, the only booth in the fair, for the greateſt curioſity in all the known world—The vonderful and ſurprizing Hottentot Venus is here, who meaſures three yards and three quarters round her,

Hey down, &c,

When the fair is at the full,
In gallops a mad bull,
Puts the rabble to the rout,
Lets all the Lions out;
Down falls Mrs. Snip,
With a Monkey on her hip,
We ſhall be ſwallowed up I declare, O!

Roaring boys,—Gilded Toys,
Lollipops,—Shilling hops,
Tumble in,—Juſt begin,
Cups and balls,—Wooden Walls,
Gin and bitters,—Apple fritters,
Pudding nice,—Penny a ſlice,
Shins of beef—Stop thief,
A bang up swing—Juſt the thing,
A dead dog,—Among the mob;
Loſt hats—Squalling brats,
Loſt Shoes—Kangaroos,
O Polly—Where's Molly,
Bow wow,—What a row!
Is kicked up in Bartleme Fair O!

[Spoken.) Here, here, ſhow'em up here, ſhow em up here,—Now's your time Ladies and Gentlemen,—only two pence only two pence to ſee that ſurprizing Conjuror, the Emperor of all the Conjurors!—who will forfeit the enormous ſum of one hundred pounds to any one who ſhall perform the like wonders,—Yes, yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am no common ſlight of hand man; the common ſlight of hand men they turn the things up their ſleeves and make you believe their fingers deceive your eyes,—Now ſir you ſhall draw one card two cards three cards, four cards, half a dozen cards you look at the card on this here ſide, you look at the card on that ſide, & I ſay blow by the high aadabominable, a ho be bo pe Jacko cracko felto,—ſwift, fly, begone, quick preſto paſſa largo mento he cocolornm the card is flown! Where is it gone to? Aye, that's the queſtion,—Be ſo kind ſir, as to ſtop that young woman from getting out of the crowd; I ſuppoſe the little thinks that I knows the card's conceal ed under her garter, come, come, don't be aſhamed young woman, bring it forward bring it forward, and let me hold it up, that all the company may have a ſquint at it, there, there, hollo boys, hollo boys, huzza.

Hey down, &c,

Now the beaſt with hungry tooth,
In anger 'tacks the booth;
Away affrighted run,
Birds and Eagles of the Sun,
Down tumbles trot legged Rolla,
Who tipps 'em the hue hollo,
Poor Cora s in the mud, O rare O!

(Spoken.) Here, here, valk up Ladies and Gentlemen here is the vonderful Kan garoo juſt arrived from Bottom houſe Bay,—Here is the vonderful Baboon that danced a Paddydow and played at le ap frog, with the celebrated Maſter Barring on—Here is the vonderful Leperoes ſpotted Tom Cat, of the male ſpechies vich can ſee as vell in the dark as vithout ever a light—Here is the vonderful little marmozet monkey juſt arrived from the iſland of Lilliput,—Hold him up to the company Maſter keeper,—O dear me what a little beauty to be ſure; do let me ſtroke the dear little innocent creature. La la, how prodigious tame he is.

Yes Marm. He is always very tame to the ladies,—Yes up Governor, what's the name of that large bird there ſtuck up in the corner?—Vat that 'ere von? O that's the vonderful Sun Eagle, the hotterer the Sun is the higherer he flies,—there's the vonderful Cow that can't live alive on the land, and dies in the vater—nilly, Billy, my boy, run and ſtuff a blanket in that 'ere hole, or all the little ones vill peep for nothing.

Here here, now's your time Ladies and Gentlemen, juſt a going to begin) Juſt a going to begin; valk up here valk up here, valk up here,—I ſuppoſe you think that 'ere man's alive. Why Lord bleſs your ſoul, he's no more alive than you or I are ſtand off the ſtaps there boys & make room for that gentleman in the smock frock, and carbuncled noſe to come down,—how do you like it ſir,—Oh it is all damn'd ſtuff—I here there only hear what a good character the gentleman gives it.—He ſays it is all damn'd paſſable enough—Valk up here, valk up here, now your time to ſee that vonderful vooden Roſcius Mr Punch for the ſmall charge of one penny—ſhew your tricks to the company Mr. Punch,—Mimicking,

Hey down, &c.

Pitts Printer and Toy Warehouſe 6 Great St. Ann street 7 Dials

[108]

A NEW SONG;

CALLED, BY THE WAY OF ITS TITLE,

SCOTCH GEORDIE:

Written expressly for the amusement of the good people of Dublin, and sold for the benefit of the Vender.

TUNE—"*I am a jolly gay Pedlar.*"

I am a keen-going Scotchman,
Come here just to humbug poor Pat;
And though, in my trade, I'm a botch, man,
I know, pretty well, what I'm at.

I came up to Dublin no ninny,
Though in other respects rather shy;
But now I've a shop and a guinea,
As soon you shall know by and by.

CHORUS—I am a keen-going Scotchman.

In Scotland, I carried the bucket,
And daily I cried, "*wha wants me,*"
Till a purse caught my eye, and I took it,
And from Scotland obliged was to flee.

Then to Dublin I came in a hurry,
To 'scape the Talbooth and the rope,
Where favour,—I chanc'd for to curry,
And soon with my betters did cope.

CHORUS.

For, at home or abroad I was cunning,
And, like a true Sawney, could cringe;
Now this way and that way still turning,
Like a dirty back door on its hinge.

But soon (I must finish my story)
One Miller I met, d'ye see,
And from that time began all my glory,
For a plain honest fellow was he.

First boot-boy was poor humble Geordie,
Then shop-man John Miller made me,
Till one day, in the shop, by the Lordy!
I picked up a little baubee!

CHORUS.

O! Fortune was ever attending,
And if she, by chance, pass'd me by,
To save her the trouble of *lending*
I *took* what she else might deny.

Now you all knew my master, John Miller,
Who follow'd the Pastry-cook trade;
But I knew himself and his tiller,
For by that, mon, my fortune was made.

One day, as if nothing regarding,
I slipped my hand into his till,
And I slipped out a bright little *farthing!*
And thus I brought grist to my mill.

CHORUS.

For to taking I still was addicted,
As frankly I told you before;
And, lest that I should be convicted,
My booty I ne'er did restore.

Then, you know, I was put on my trial,
And must have been hung, to my cost,
Till I thought of a plan, to say nihil
But this,—that the farthing *I lost!*

And the Jury not bearing me malice,
I got off on the strength of the plaid,
For, instead of being sent to the gallows,
To *Newgate* they sent Geordie lad.

CHORUS.

But the *farthing* (for so I arranged it)
Enabled me there still to trade,
Till my sentence was up, when I chang'd it,
And then built the pretty *Arcade!*

Now Miller is dead, and in heaven,
And his Mistress along with him too:
In their pastry I put the *Scotch leven,*
And broke both their hearts it is true.

But what matter's that? I'm alive O!
And rich, and much thought of, I ween;
For Scotchmen do never well thrive O,
Except on things foul and unclean.

CHORUS.

Then here's to the noble Arcade O!
And O! may my plan on the Quay
Prove as lucky a wee bit of trade O,
As the farthing I stole t'other day!!

NOTA BENE—In the Press, and shortly will be published, a new Song, called *Home Scotch Home*, adapted to the popular air of "Home sweet Home," written for the same good purpose, and embracing a variety of novel matter, "*unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.*"

[109]



BRISCOE,

THE CHOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Come, Freemen now advance, for Briscoe's in the Town,
This Champion of Liberty, with Laurel we will Crown,
In aid of Freedom's Cause, he always raised his Voice,
We'll return him "Frank and Free" for he's the People's Choice.

To us he is no Stranger, but long has been our Friend,
The Titl'd Proud will see, that we've got our aim and end,
All he promis'd, he'll fulfil, Shout BRISCOE my Brave Boys,
Return him "Frank and Free" for he's the People's Choice.

Our trust we've now plac'd in him, no One can dare Oppose,
As firm as Oak we'll always find him, Zealous in our Cause,
So let us all Unite and Sing, with Cheerful heart and voice,
Of Surrey he's Free member, and of the People's Choice.

To make his cause Complete, and to keep the County Free,
Let's send all Borough-mongers to the bottom of the Sea,
And then the Toast shall ever be, "Drink Briscoe my Brave Boys,"
With FREEDOM of ELECTION, and Independent Cause.

CASTELL, PRINTER, CHERTSEY.

[110]

Sweet WILLIAM *of* Plymouth

A Seaman of Dover, Sweet *William* by name,
A-wooing to beautiful Sufan he came:
At length he obtained her love and good-will,
And likewife her father admir'd him ftill.
Her mother was alfo as much fatisfy'd,
The day was appointed the knot fhould be ty'd.
Their friends were invited, but fee by the way,
Sweet Sufan fhe ficken'd, and languifhing lay.
They us'd their endeavours to raife her again,
By famous Phyficians, but their skill was vain.
A week fhe continued;—fweet *William* did grieve,
Becaufe of his love he muft take his leave;
As being commanded to fail the next wind.
Then leaving his fweeteft creature behind,
He faid, I muft marry when I come again,
If thou by good fortune alive doft remain.
As long as I live I'll prove true to my love,
And Sufan I hope you as conftant will prove.
Never doubt in the leaft, fweet *William*, faid fhe,
There's none upon earth fhall enjoy me but thee.
A tribute of tears at their parting they paid,
Sweet *William*, the mother, and innocent maid.
Nay likewife the father is griev'd to the heart,
To think fhe fo foon from her deareft muft part.
Away to the ocean fweet *William* is gone,
Where we will leave him, and fhew you anon
How bafe and deceitful her parents did prove,
Adviling the maid to be falfe to her love.

NOW when this damfel had languifhing lain
Near five or fix months fhe recover'd again.
Her beauty grew brighter than ever before,
So that there were many her charms did adore.
Each one did eftcem her that came in her view;
Her fame to the neighbouring villages flew,
To be the moft beautiful creature on earth,
Altho' but a fifherman's daughter by birth.
So that fhe was courted by none of the worft:
A wealthy young farmer came to her the firft,
And call'd her the jewel and joy of his life.
Said fhe, Begone, I'm another man's wife,
By folemn vows in the prefence of God:
And if I am falfe let his heavenly rod
Of fharpeft correction my punifhment be;
Therefore begone from my prefence, faid fhe.
Then came a fquire who call'd her his dear,
Who faid, he would fettle two hundred a year
Upon her, if fhe would be his fweet bride.
I muft not, I cannot, you muft be deny'd.

Then unto her father and mother he went,
Who foon difcover'd his noble intent.
They being ambitious of honour and fame,
Did ftrive to perfuade her, but all in vain.
Dear parents, faid fhe, obferve what I fay,
In things which be lawful I mean to obey.
But when you'd have me be perjur'd for gold,
I dare not fubmit, to the truth I will hold.
They found it fignify'd nothing to ftrive,
So long as fhe knew her true love was alive,
To induce her to mind any one but he,
And then the young fquire and they did agree,
To fend this innocent young damfel away.
Along with a lady to Holland, and they
Would tell her love at his return, fhe was dead.
That he with fome other damfel might wed.
Then would it be lawful to wed the fquire,
Who did her beautiful features admire.
Thus it was contrived, to Holland fhe was fent,
Poor creature fhe knew not their cunning intent.
But fince her parents would have it fo,
In point of obedience fhe yielded to go,
Where we will leave her, to treat of her love,
Who had been gone two years and above.

IN *William*'s long voyage they came to a place,
Where they had been but a fhort fpace.
Where fortune did favour him, fo that he bought
A bargain worth hundreds and thoufands'tis thought
Then laden with riches he came on fhore,
Said he, My jewel whom I do adore.
I will go and vifit before I do reft,
My heart has been lodg'd a long time in her breaft.
Now when to the houfe of her father he came,
He called for Sufan, fweet Sufan by name.
But ftrait her mother did make this reply,
'Tis long fince my daughter did languifh and die.
His heart at thefe tidings was ready to break,
Some minutes he had not the power to fpeak,
At length with a flood of tears he reply'd,
Adieu to the pleafures and charms of a bride.
My forrows are more than I'm able to bear,
Is Sufan departed, fweet Sufan the fair,
Then none in the world I do love, fince fhe
Is laid in the grave that was deareft to me.
Their prefence he quitted with watery eyes,
And went to his father and mother likewife,
His own loving parents, and with them he left
His wealth, 'caufe he was of his love bereft.

Refolved I am to travel again,
Perhaps it will wear off my anguifh and pain.
Take care of my riches, 'tis value unknown,
And if I return not, then it is your own.
But if I fhould live to fee you once more,
I make no doubt but the fame you'll reftore.
Ay, that I will, foon, the father reply'd.
So for this long voyage he then did provide.
He goes on board, and away he did fteer:
The feas were calm, and the element clear
At firft. At length a ftorm did arife,
Black clouds did cover and darken the skies.
The feas did foam, and the winds did roar,
At length being driven upon the Dutch fhore,
Their fhip was fhatter'd and fo torn indeed.
That they on they voyage could not proceed.
Now while they laid by their fhip to repair.
William went to the Hague, and walk'd there.
And as he was walking along in the ftreet,
With beautiful Sufan he happen'd to meet.
He ftarted as foon as her face he beheld.
With wonder and pleafure he was fo fill'd,
Oh! tell me, faid he, ye bleft powers above.
Do not my eyes deceive me, or is it my love.
They fay, fhe's been buried twelve months almoft.
Sure this is my love, or her beautiful ghoft.
Then quick he went to her, and found it was fhe,
And none in the world was fo happy as he.
My deareft fweet Sufan why doft thou roam?
What deftiny brought thee fo far from home?
The truth fhe told him, with tears in her eyes,
Concerning the farmer and fquire likewife.
They courted me long, but ftill I faid nay,
And therefore my relations fent me away
To wait on a lady, with whom I am now,
Becaufe I would not be falfe to my vow.
He perfently told her of his affairs,
His riches, his troubles, and his cares.
And how he was going a voyage to make:
But knew not whither, and all for her fake,
But as we was failing, the weather grew foul,
The winds did blow, and billows did rowl,
Yet nevertheleft on this turbulent fea,
The winds were kind, and convey'd me to thee.
I'll go to thy lady, and let her to know
You fhall ferve no longer, but with me go,
Unto fair Plymouth, where thou fhalt be feen,
As gay as herfelf or as fine as a queen.

HE made a difpatch and brought her away,
The feas were calm, and the winds did obey,
So that in fhort time to Plymouth they came,
And now he was clearly for changing his name.

He told his father and mother that there,
By fortune's kind favour he lit on his dear.
And now we will prepare for the wedding faid he,
Thy father and mother invited muft be.
Then unto her parents he hafted at laft,
And told the heighth of his forrow was paft,
For fince you fay Sufan your daughter is dead,
I have found a beauty with whom I will wed.
And therefore I come to bring the news,
I hope one favour you will not refufe.
O! honour me then with your prefence I pray,
And come to the wedding, to-morrow's the day.
They promis'd to come, well pleas'd to the heart
To think fo well they had acted their part.
Now, now, faid the mother, I have my deftre,
We'll fetch home our daughter to marry the 'fquire.
The very next morning fweet Sufan was dreft,
In fumptuous apparel, more gay than the reft.
The richeft things that the world could afford,
Embroidered with gold he had from abroad.
With diamonds and rubies her veſture did fhine,
Her features did look like an angel divine,
Scarce ever was mortal fo glorious and great,
And likewife her modeſty ſuited her ſtate.
Now they being all down to dinner ſet,
This beautiful couple ſo happily met.
This ſtately apparel had alter'd her ſo
Her father and mother her face did not know.
A health to the bride round the table did paſs,
The mother of Sufan then taking a glaſs,
Did do as the reſt, and ſpoke with a grace,
Had my daughter been here ſhe'd been in your place
The bride at this ſaying, then modeſty ſmil'd,
To think the mother knew not her own child,
Soon after the bride aroſe from her ſeat.
And fell on her knees at her parents feet.
I am your daughter whom you did ſend
To Holland, but Heaven ſtood my beſt friend,
And plac'd me ſecure in the arms of my love;
For which, I may thank the bleſt powers above.
Her father and mother with bluſhes reply'd,
The 'ſquire was eager to make her his bride,
But ſince it is order'd by Heaven's decree,
We grant you our bleſſing, riſe up from your knees
Then *William* ſpoke up with a noble grace,
A fig for the 'ſquire, bring him to my face,
For crowns of bright ſilver with him I'll not fall,
And he that drops longeſt ſhall ſurely take all.
They wonder'd now he ſhould ſuch riches gain,
But they believ'd 'twas true in the main,
Becauſe both appeared ſo glorious and gay,
With muſick and dancing they finiſh'd the day

Translation from the Latin.

Est nemorosa tuos inter, Quantoxia, colles,
Vallis, et antiquus Relligione Locus. &c.

Mid Quantock hills—a fair retreat—
Of old Religion's hallowed seat,
Embowered in foliage deep—
Stogumber marks the sacred place
Where chiefs of Sydenham's gallant race
([1]) Warrior, and ([2]) prelate, sleep:
And still the ([3]) waters of the glade
Too long to physic's art delayed
Their healing virtues keep.

How vain ancestral pride and power!
When struck in Death's remorseless hour
The hero's glories fail!
Yet now. before this potent stream
With bitter juice infused 'twould seem
E'en Death himself must quail,
And he who ruddy health enjoys
If crossed by aught that health annoys
Should quaff Stogumber Ale.

Does bile contract the aching side?
Or throbs the head? or anguish tied
The tortured bowels strain?
Drink sad dyspeptic, drink in store!
And fed with glowing life once more
Thy cheek shall bloom again—
Disease and pain repulsed shall fly
And green old age, of health supply
A long benignant reign.

Oriel College, Oxford.

1. Sir George Sydenham, of Combe Sydenham, in Stogumber, lies buried under a curious Elizabethan Tomb on the south-side of the Chancel. His effigy lies under a heavy stone Tester supported by arches, and on either side, one of his two wives. He was buried, January 17, 1596,

2. Simon de Sydenham, Bishop of Chichester, Temp: Hen: VI.

3. A tradition exists in the village that a man named Harry Hill, was cured of Leprosy in the 16th century by this Spring, which still goes by the name of "Harry Hill's Well." It is now within the premises of the Proprietor of the Stogumber Pale Ale, and belongs to him.



THE ROSE TREE.

A Rose Tree in full bearing,
Had sweet flowers fair to view,
One rose beyond comparing,
Whose beauty attracted me;
But eager for to win it,
Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay,
I found a canker in it,
And I threw it very far away.

How fine this morning early,
Lovely sun shine, clear and bright,
So late I lov'd you dearly,
But now I've lost each fond delight;
The clouds seem big with showers,
Sunny beams no more are seen,
Farewel you happy hours,
Your falshood has changed the scene.

THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

HER mouth with a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Is the bud of the rose, is the bud, &c.
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew, impearl'd, &c.
Is the bud of the rose,
Impearl'd with the dew.
More fragrant her breath
Than the flower scented heath, than the flower, &c. than the flower, &c.
At the dawning of day;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lilies perfume, the lillies, &c,
Or the blossoms of May, &c.

Sold by A Somerside, Whitechapel, Liverpool.



ALLY CROKER.

THERE liv'd a man in Ballinocrasy,
Who wanted a wife to make him uneasy;
Long had he sighed for dear Ally Croker,
And thus the gentle youth bespoke her,
Will you marry me, dear Ally Croker?
Will you marry me, dear Ally Ally Croker?

This artless young man, just come from the schoolery,
A novice in love, and all its foolery,
Too dull for a wit, too grave for a joker,
And thus the gentle youth bespoke her,
Will you marry me, &c.

He drank with the father, he talked with the mother,
He romp'd with the sister, he gam'd with the brother;
He gam'd till he pawned his coat with the broker,
Which lost him the heart of his dear Ally Croker,
O the fickle fickle Ally Croker,
O the fickle Ally Ally Croker.

To all ye young men who are fond of gaming,
Who are spending your money while others are saving,
Fortune's a jilt, the De'el may choak her,
A jilt more inconstant than dear Ally Croker,
The inconstant Ally Croker, &c.
O the inconstant Ally Ally Croker.

Sold by A Somerside, Whitechapel, Liverpool.



THE

London Fashions.

GOOD people give ear tn my story,
Por what *I* shall tell you all round,
Boncerning the pride and ambition,
That's now carried on in each town,
For pride is akin to the dexil,
You very well know it is true,
And if the things do not soon alter,
O what will Old England come to.

They go to their balls and their plays,
To learn their new fashions and pride,
Then home do return the same day,
The same they will quickly provide,
Miss Kitty she says to her mammy,
A new fashioned gown *I* must haxe,
A straw bonnet deck'd out with ribbon,
That *I* may look gallant and gay,

Three ladies were walking for pleasure,
One morning for to take the air,
They cut such a tolerable figure,
They made all the people to stare,
For one had a face like a monkey,
Another a pate like a bull,
And the other a carrotty nob,
Butthe dexil a cap on her scull.

The next was a fisherman's daughter,
Her hair was as red as a fox,
She vow'd she would send for the barber,
To cut off her carrotty locks,
And when that the barber had shaz'd her,
And put on a new fashioned wig,
She cut such a damnable figure
She frighted a sow and nine pigs.

There the street walking girls of the city,
Belonging to fair London town,
They dress up like ladies of honour,
They strut in the streets up and down.
With their umbrellas in their hand,
If it rains for to cover their gown.
You would take them for ladies of fashion,
When they're nothing but girls of the town

There is the short waisted gowns I shall mention.
They are all in full taste you know now,
They hide all the tickling and toying,
When girls have been playing go ho,
The new-fashioned gowns they do fancy,
Which are either printed or black,
They nicely conceal their love children,
As well as they hide a hump back.

SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

DADDY Neptune one day to Freedom did say,
If ever *I* live upon Dry land,
The spot *I* should hit on, would be little Britain—
Says Freedom, why that's my own Island!
Oh what a snug little *Island!*
A right little tight little *Island;*
Search the globe round,
None can be found,
So happy as this little *Island.*
Julius Cæsar the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water, he cou'dn't come by land, (backs on
And Dane, Pict, or Saxson, the r homes turned their
And all for the sake of our Island.
Oh what a snug little Island!
They'd all have a touch at the Island,
Some were shot dead,
Some of them fled,
And some stay'd to live in the *Island.*
Then a very great war-man call'd Billy the Norman,
Cry'd damn it *I* never lik'd my land,
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful Island,
Says he 'tis a snug little Island!
Shan't us go visit the Island?
Hop, skip, and jump,
There he was plump,
And he kick up a dust in the Island.
Yet party deceit, help'd the Normans to beat—
Of traitors they manag'd to Buy land;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we ne'er had been lick'd,
Had the stuck to the king of their Island,
Poor Harold the King of the Island,
He lost both his life and his Island!
That's very true,
What could he do?
Like a Briton he dy'd for the *Island.*
The Spanish Armada set out to invade a,
Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,
They cou'dn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing in the Island
Oh the poor Queen and the Island!
The drones came to plunder the Island:
But sung in her hive,
The Queen was alive.
And buzz was the word of the Island.
These proud puff'd up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes
Of our wealth; but they scarcely could spy land,
E'er our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck
And stoop to the lads of the *Iands,*
Huzza for the lads of the *Island!*
The good wooden walls of the *Island!*
Devil or Don,
Let'em come on—
But how would they come off at the *Island.*
I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch
For why should we give up our Island?
Oh 'tis a wonderful *Island?*
All of 'em long for the Island!
Hold a bit there,
Let 'em take fire and air,
But we'll have the sea and the island.
Then as Freedom and Neptune have hithirto kept tune
In each saying this shall be my land, (land,
Should the army to England, or all they could bring
We'd shew them some play for the island,
We'll fight for our right to the island!
We'd give them enough of the island!
Frenchmen should just
Bite at the dust,
But not a bit more of the island.

[114]



The High-mettled Racer.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun!
The confusion but hear, "I bet you sir," "Done, done!"
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies assail'd the tir'd ear;
Whilst with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high mettled racer starts first for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush
Dogs, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;
Thro' marsh, fen, and brier, led by their sly prey,
They, by scent and by view, cheat a long tedious way;
While alike born for sports of the field and the course,
Always sure to come thro'—a staunch and fleet horse:
When, fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath—
The high mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged us'd up—and turn'd out of the stud;
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood,
While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that race;
And what matches he won too, the hostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge-alehouse door;
While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at last, having labour'd drudg'd early & late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate!
Blind, old, lame, & feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still:
And now, cold & lifeless, expos'd to the view
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds—
The high-mettled racer—is sold for the hounds.



A SONG.

Written by Mr. Gray.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blast of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.

Wide o'er the roaring billows,
She cast a wishful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?

Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breast?

The merchant robb'd of treasure,
Views tempest in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear!

Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that love you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?

No eye those rocks discover,
That lurks beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.

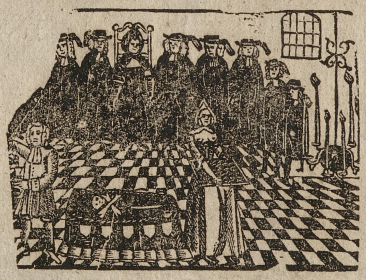
When o'er the white waves stooping
His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then like a lilly drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

[115]

The Two Loyal LOVERS of EXETER.

TUNE, Diſconſolate Lovers.





DRaw near you young gallants while I do unfold,
A tragical ſtory as ever was told:
It's of a young couple whoſe hearts were link'd faſt,
'Till death broke aſunder their conqueſt at laſt.
Near Exeter city this couple did dwell,
The laſs was ſo pretty there's few can excel;
Moſt comely in feature, both proper and tall,
And loyal in heart, the beſt virtue of all.
But Cupid, who cunningly fixed his dart,
Had ſhot this fair maiden, and wounded her heart,
With his cunning arrow he wounded her ſo;
For love it will creep where it cannot well go.
A briſk young ſhopkeeper who lived hard by,
Would oft on this damſel be caſting an eye;
She often with ſmiles on him did the ſame;
They both were poſſeſt with a ſecret flame.
But love, which would be no longer conceal'd
By this loving couple were quickly reveal'd.
As they on one evening did meet in a grove,
The young man begun to diſcover his love.
Well met my dear miſtreſs, the joy of my heart,
The height of perfection in every part!
That love, which I long in my heart have conceal'd,
Shall here to my deareſt be plainly reveal'd.
If you'll be ſo cruel my ſuit to deny,
My amorous Jewel, for you I muſt die;
My heart it is bleeding, and lies at your feet;
Then kill or cure me as you think meet.
This damſel appear'd like one ſtruck quite dumb,
While bluſhes like flaſhes of lightening did come,
At length ſhe reply'd, There's no thruth in young men
And what would you have me to anſwer you then?
My heart to my deareſt ſhall conſtant remain
The thoughts of falſe love I freely diſdain;
May I bid all pleaſure for ever adieu,
My deareſt when firſt I prove falſe unto you.

P A R T II.

THIS beautiful damſel no longer could hide
Her tender affection, but freely reply'd,
My heart is your own, and ſhall be till I die;
Then into his arms like lightening did fly.
A ring of pure gold from her finger ſhe took,
And juſt in the middle the ſame then ſhe broke.
Quoth ſhe, As a token of love, you this take,
And this as a pledge, I will keep for you ſake.
With hugging and kiſſing in each other's arms,
Then they were poſſeſſing their raptures of charms;
And from that ſame minute they conſtant did prove,
And loyal as e'er was the true turtle dove.
But fortune was cruel and on them did frown,
Their loves to their father's was quickly made known
So they to their daughter was ſharp and ſevere,
For ſhe was an heir of five hundred a year.

P A R T III.

THEY privately ſent this damſel away,
To London, that ſhe with her uncle might ſtay;
Thinking in ſhort time that her love might abate,
But true lovers will not be ſerv'd at that rate.
Some time with her uncle this damſel did ſtay,
While ſhe did in private a letter convey
To her loyal lover and joy of her heart,
Whom covetous parents did cruelly part.
But when her true love the letter had read,
He ſent her another in anſwer with ſpeed,
Saying, The whole world ſhall not us divide,
For there is no one that I can love beſide.
Her true lovers anſwer ſhe never received
At which ſhe lamented, ſigh'd and griev'd;
So hath my love forſaken me quite,
O now all my pleaſures have taken their flight.
Sure he was too loyal his love to deceive,
Then I here in ſorrow no longer will grieve:
But now to fair Exeter I will repair,
Tho' my ſhaddow is here, my heart it is there.

P A R T IV.

THIS damſel without any longer delay,
For Exeter city ſhe ſoon took her way;
And that very minute for London he came,
In hopes for to meet with this amourous dame:
But ſtill cruel fortune upon them did frown,
The one coming up, the other going down;
And then on the road they each other did miſs,
O who can diſcover the ſorrow of this?
Now when they both found their labour was loſt,
And both their deſigns by misfortunes were croſt;
Without any ſtay they return'd again,
With hearts both poſſeſt of ſortow and pain.

P A R T V.

THUS three times together each other they miſt,
While ſorrow and trouble their hearts ſo oppreſt;
This innocent damſel her heart there did brake,
And dy'd on the road for her true lover's ſake.
The inn where this damſel did die on the road,
This young man her lover came in as a gueſt;
They aſk'd this young man, What news was abroad,
If he knew that young damſel that night had deceas'd?
The corpſe he deſired then for to ſee,
Which when he beheld, he cry'd, Ah! woe is me!
My long, long travel an end now muſt have,
My deareſt and I'll both be laid in one grave.
A thouſand times over as weeping he lay,
He kiſt her pale lips that were colder than clay;
And that very night his heart it did break,
And like a true lovea he dy'd for her ſake.
You covetous parents, wherever you be,
Conſider the ſame, and now lament with me;
Let not gold or ſilver true lovers divide,
Leſt dreadful examples do to you betide.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary
Yard, Bow Lane,

THE NEW WEST-COUNTRY Garland,

IN FIVE PARTS,

BEING

A Remarkable Account

OF

A young Orphan's Ramble into a Foreign Country, occasioned by her Uncle striking her when she came to Visit him; also, the many difficulties the Uncle underwent till she was found, he being suspected of Murdering her: together with several other things as well entertaining as they are true.

PART I.

The young Orphan's Visit to her Uncle.

YOU Fathers and Mothers, and Children also,
Draw near unto me and soon you shall know,
The sense of my ditty and I dare say,
The like han't been printed this many a day.
'Tis of a young damsel now I do write,
One of a tender age and beauty most bright
But love was so cruel, severe and unkind,
To take the child's parents and leave her behind,
Fifteen thousand pounds in bright silver and gold,
Was left to her portion as it was told;
Two gentlemen gaurdians were left there in trust,
To see that no man dealt with her unjust.
She had a rich Uncle as I have heard say,
Both she and her gaurdians a visit did pay,
Did ride to her Uncle, as you shall find,
The gaurdians return'd and left her behind.
To stay there some weeks fresh air for to take,
Her Uncle was pleas'd, much of her did make,
She being young and childish her passion did move,
Her Uncle to strike her so great was his love.
A neighbour heard her these words for to say,
Uncle don't kill me, have mercy, I pray!"
He struck her but once and being not used to blows,
She thought him unkind and the greatest of foes.
Next day with fine lockets and rich garments gay,
And costly rich jewels she wandered away;
Well there was no finding her high nor low,
And what became of her anon you shall know.

PART II.

The Uncle is accused of Murdering her.

BEING not to be found, her Uncle he cry'd,
And unto the guardians alway he did ride,
In hopes for to find her, she not being there,
His grief was encreased and the guardians did swear,
If she be not found then the World will all think,
We have murder'd her for the sake of her chink;
You had best go and find her, and shat out of hand,
Or your life, Sir, at stake, it surely will stand,
And as they stood talking there came in a man,
Who against the Uncle to plead thus began,
I am thy next neighbour, and heard her to say,
"Uncle, don't kill me, have mercy, I pray!"
Why then said the guardians his Neice he has slain,
And he must expect to be hang'd for his pains,
Then unto the Justice they went as I'm told,
And sentence was past, that Jail should him hold,
But there was a Squire that lived in the town,
Who bots for body for him would be bound,
That he might have liberty to ride about,
And see if he could this young Orpan find out,
Now mark good people, this second part,
Will give you to know with an aching heart,
Some hundred miles did he ride up and down,
And for his heart's blood she was not to be found.
Tho' sorrow and anguish then filled his heart,
With this veil of tears he was loth for part,
He priz'd this life as a jewel most rare,
And by his contrivance strange things you shall hear.
Ten miles from this house, as he was riding through,
A Country Village, he chanced for to view,
A girl the most like her that ever was seen,
In a ragged apparel and parents quite mean.
Then to this girl's parents, with grief and sad moan,
His heavy condition unto them made known,
He beg'd for the child, that he longer might live,
And one hundred guineas to them he would give,
When this child of yours is dress'd in cloaths gay,
Perhaps they will take for mine that's away,
Then I and my bail will both be set free,
And fifteen thousand pound her portion will be,
The Father said, Sir, I am but poor and bare,
Upon this condition my daughter I'll spare,
If she's found the wrong child to have her once more,
The Uncle reply'd you shall to be sure,
In two days after the guineas were paid,
And in costly rich robes the girl was array'd,
In private this Uncle kept he being wise,
And tutor'd her up against the assize.

PART III.

The Nurse discovers the sham Girl.

AT length the assize was come as we hear,
The poor aged Uncle between hope and fear,
He went with this damsel his doom to receive,
To see what content she to him would give.
The word being given they must come to the bar,
With a pitying heart he then went with her,
Where with great boldness her part she did plead,
The guardians took her for the Orphan indeed.
The trial being over all things seemed well,
But mark once more what the Uncle befel,
There came an old woman, she cry'd, let me see,
Wether my young miss has not forgotten me.
The girl reply'd, woman, I know thee not,
If ever I saw you before, I've forgot,
Why then, said the woman, assur'd I am,
My young miss is slain and you're but a sham.
Eight days from the time of her birth I am she,
Was sent for by her parents her nurse for to be,
And on her right arm there two moles doth grow,
The truth shall be try'd if she have such or no,
The girl blushed then and the Uncle he shook,
Then hold of this damsel the guardians they took,
Search then were made but no moles were found,
This made the old Uncle's grey hairs to hang down.
This made him appear like a spiller of blood,
They that was for him against him now stood,
He then took his trial and sentence was past,
That he for the murder should be hang'd at last.
Then strait to the jail he was hurried with speed,
And in double fetters he was bound indeed,
Now mind how the Lord who all things doth give,
Order'd this poor innocent man a reprieve.
A noble Knight who thought him wrong'd we hear,
Got him a reprieve for the space of a year:
And before the time was full at an end,
The Lord raised up for him a much greater friend,

PART IV.

The Orphan met in a Foreign ountry by a young Man.

THERE was a young man who to sea had been,
And this Uncle's trial by him was then seen,
It happened this young man with a pleasant gale,
Soon after to the West-Indies did sail.
And as he was walking near the street,
He with this young female chanced to meet;
He said, well met Lady, what country I pray?
I was born in England the to him did say.
And as a good talking this young man he found,
He and this damsel was born in a town,
And this was that Orphan we tatic'd of at first,
Who if no more found her Uncle die must.
He said, what made you to run away,
And from your Uncle and guardians to go astray,
I saw his trial, and he's condemned to die,
On hearing those words she wept bitterly.
She crying, by sad amazing dreams here of late,
I have had an account of his sorrowful fate,
I with'd myself with him but could not get o'er,
Three gypsies betray'd me to this distant shore,
Fifteen thousand pounds is my portion I know,
Three thousand on you I will freely bestow;
And if unto England you will me convey,
And make me your bride, then enjoy me you may.
His heart leap twithin him to hear what was said,
Of you I'll take care, but still I'm afraid,
That when we come to England that in called pride,
Will so puff you that I shall be deny'd.
Her answer was not I will stand to my word,
When I come to England, let fire and sword,
Destroy me at once if I prove false to thee,
Who in my distress has took pity on me.
Then with sweet embraces and compliments fine,
She to his assistance herself did resign,
And they came to England in a week and a day,
Before that her Uncle his life down must lay.
They went to the prison the criminal to see,
And there found her Uncle weeping bitterly,
She said unto him, Sir, what makes you here lie?
He said, for murder, and such a day must die.
I am as innocent as the child that's unborn,
To think on such a dismal death makes me mourn,
She said, forbear weeping, and be of good cheer,
Your life will be saved tho' the day is so near.
I am your neice whom some say you have slain,
And for you great affection doth in me remain,
Thro' fortune this man met with me there,
And is come to England your life for to spare.
Those sweet words made him to faint indeed,
The nurse and both gaurdians were sent for with speed,
And knew her by the marks that they saw,
So the Uncle was cleared according to law.
When the day come the Uncle should have dy'd,
The Orphan was made the young man's bride,
In a noble manner they all did rejoice,
Both uncle and guardians were pleased with her choice,
Said the Uncle, this day I thought for to swing,
Transported with joy now this song I will sing,
Thro' love and great mercy I am free from death,
For which I will bless the Lord as long as I've breath.
He heard my deep groans and relieved me at last,
My joys are come and my sorrows are past,
The Lord hath great mercy, and speak it I can,
I fell, and but small mercy at the hand of man.

PART V.

Of their happy living and charity to the poor.

FOR several days this great Wedding did last,
I had almost forgot to name one of the guests,
It is that young creature in rich garments brave,
Which the uncle had hired his life for to save.
A hundred bright guineas more the bride her did give,
The which this young damsel din gladly receive,
Now she and her Father who once lived poor,
Thro' one man's grief possessed great store,
Fourteen thousand pound and nine hundred beside,
The jolly young man then got with his bride,
Had the great beauty, which made him to cry,
No mortal, no mortal so happy as I.
The fairest of creatures has made me a man,
Like one in amaze I cannot chuse but stand,
To see how providence hath smiled on me,
Oh cherish and love her my care it shall be,
She cried my dear jewel the glittering chink,
Which we may enjoy may be apt to shrink,
And be brought to nothing before it's to late,
I hold it wisdom to buy an Estate.
To this he agreed and in few days we hear,
They bought an Estate of five hundred a year,
Now of their abundance this young couple do,
Relieve both the widow and fatherless too:
In joy and great splendor this couple we'll leave,
Sweet smiles from the powers above to recieve,
He that fell'd the feast wears rich garments gay:
His tarpollian jacket he now throws away.

FINIS.

Printed and Sold at the *Printing-Office*, in *Russell-Court, Drury-Lane.*

2117

M'Dermot.

Come all you wild young heroes
Give ear to those lines I enfold,
My hardships and sad sorrows,
Are really now man fold,
M'Dermot is my name,
A gentleman by birth it's known,
But in my youthful folly,
To vicious courses I was prone.

I headed the defenders,
Their captain I was 'tis true,
And in Roscommon County,
They called me the Undaunted youth,
Twelve thousand men at my command
No tythes I'd really let be paid,
To face an army I was bold,
Of danger never was afraid.

Some of my men being taken,
I swore I'd rescue them with speed,
Like Hector bold I did advance,
Bit in it I did not succeed,
I acted brave as any man,
Tho' half my face was shot away,
Nor did I turn traitor,
Or from my men would run away.

M'Dermot bold was taken,
And laid in Roscommon Jail
Altho' my friends were great,
For me they would take no bail.
They tried me twice at the Assizes,
Each time guilty I was found,
But there they dare not hang me,
They knew the country would surround.

To Dublin I was brought,
To die upon the gallows tree,
How little it was thought,
The day of my nativity,
For backing of the poor,
And with the rich would not agree.
M'Dermot by the rope
Must die in shame and misery.

My father being a gentleman,
My mother was a Lady gay,
Twenty Thousand pounds for her portion,
Paid down on her weding day,
There are thousands in this country,
Would really shed tears for me,
Their lives and limbs would venture,
To save me fram the gallows tree.

There are great estated people,
At present belong to me,
If gold would save my life,
I would not executed be,
Farswell dear honor'd father,
Some thousrnds you have lost by me,
Your trouble grieves me more,
Then facing of the gallows tree.

c118j

Note the verso

Gallop Away

Skillig List.

'Tis near, 'tis near that happy day
For which all maids devoutly pray,
We'll hail the breaking of its morn,
With sound of merry song and horn,
Whilst love and beauty's bright array,
Shall dash all drowsy cares away
Who can behold the jocund throng,
As lovingly they skip along,
Without admiring as they pass,
Each gallant lad and handsome lass.
Come haste, dear reader, to your plain
Where we shall see the pleasing train,
And as we meet their pretty faces,
We'll note their pratners, names and graces,
Where praise is due it shall be paid,
Our strictures cannot be gainsayed,
Fair leader of the Skillig host,
I'm glad to see you at your post,
Twice eighteen winters there hast been
Spectator of this moving scene,
And yet the planet of thy fate
Dids't not provide for thee a mate,
That you are *handsome* is well known,
And *generous* to the knuckle bone,
And stranger, still a well stocked shop,
Can't get Miss Murphy safely locked!
Charming Miss Flanagan comes on,
The heroine of an amourous song,
She's quite too young to marry yet.
Old Bobby calls her "*simple pet*,"
But yet she'll try to muster courage,
Upon the Skillig rocks to forage,
With that unlucky oft spurn'd wight
Who fires a gun and dares to fight,
Like others she don't think him measely,
Altho' his name is William Beasely.
A pretty fair one comes in view,
Who in our happier days we knew,
We wish her some one better than
An oily, daubing, raw-boned man.
Amelia Davis do you see
You're dogged by Lama Hennessy,
Your sister Anne has join'd the Press,
And therefore is not pressed the less.
Sweet Sally Warner next we see.
Her bright eye beams with artless glee,
And well it may, for she's got one,
As trice as ever sun shone on
A knight of no ignoble metal,
That fine young fellow Wm. Strettle.
Rebecca Scott with pride advances,
Escorted by two rival lances,
One we'd not wish to be our foe,
I mean the whiskered Quito.
Miss *William* Allen is the other,
Much do we blame his reckless mother,
Who on the world palmed a foul plan,
By saying Billy was a man,
There's little fear that he'll get hot,
Or for Miss Becky's sake be shot,
We say unto thee Quito!
My hearty fellow—go it, go.
Abraham Strettle earnestly would feign,
To trudge along with lovely Jane,
May smiles still clothe her beauteous face,
That's cover'd now with blushing grace,
May disappointment never dim
The fond eye gently rais'd on him.
Because they think him a *too legged cask*,
With a short bluff neck and a big red mask.
Next in the train is "Berry" the clerk,
Of the gay party he's the lark,
He's sure that now at least he'll gain,
The hand and heart of Mary Lane.
That empty coxcomb, Chillingworth,
Is much afraid he'll get some dirt,
Upon a customer's great coat,
That's closely buttoned round his throat.
Doyle struggles with him for the prize—
A glance at Mary Martin's eyes;
Her cousin Ned claims our regard,
Which we to him with joy award;
Sometimes he comes a Darby Brallaghan,
And woos that yellow nymph Miss Callaghan,
But so much fears a clear upset,
That he wont come to asking yet,
Sure tipling Ned cannot but know,
That he is only just so so;
By powers of puter here's Ned's sister,
We almost thought that we had missed her.
Oh la, how gracefully she toddles,
With Tommy Walsh, they're precious noddles,
They seem on some great plan intent,
Sure tis on marriage they are bent,
Well fair the pair is all we say,
For now to Skillig they're away.
A heavy smell offends our nose,
Some skinning tanner by us goes,
We think his name is Worthington,
With the widow Johnson he'll have fun.
Poor Tommy Clarke has got a match,
In one that doth old bonnets thatch.
Long Katty Basil is by his side,
As his beloved intended bride.
Tim Cunningham next from Crosses Green,
With Ellen Leahy I have seen,
In sportive mood trip slyly on,
I'm sure he has her heart undone;
Tim, my dear, my darling honey,
She is just the thing, if she has money,
If not you have no business with her,
Pray tell me now what would support her?
For indeed I am quite sure your claws,
Would ne'er support your long horse-jaws.
Young Callaghan next with Mary Ann Ryan,
For her to go it was a trial,
Unless she loved him I am sure,
She would not stir outside the door,
She is at present very ill,
I hope at her return to see her well,
And with her fond one be united,
And bind the vows she ne'er have slighted.
Next Sally Tracy and I ne'er could name,
A perter nor a prouder dame,
She is in height about four feet,
A greater squat you could not meet.
Her sister Ann a milder creature,
Will surely get some Swaddling Preacher.
Next Mary Ann Dogherty, a beauteous maid,
Indeed she should have taken the lead,
She's such a real good humonred dame,
With pleasure 'tis I tell her name.
George Purcell next from Peter's-Street,
With old Miss Hogan I did meet,
Too good indeed she's for himself,
A long shanked boney looking elf,
His clothes would look as well on pegs,
As on his long drawn spider legs;
His foreman too has gone this time,
Honest friendly Dan Burgoyne,
I wished I knew his partner's name,
That I might sound poor Daniel's fame.
A clerk from Kinmouth's next I saw,
He a cobbler was the other day,
I mean Jem Hayes from Henry-Street,
An uglier man you ne'er could meet,
He has a mouth from ear to ear,
Just like a pig I do declare,
From chewing leather and bits of wax,
Drawing sprigs and two-penny tacks,
Now gentle reader thanks to you,
Before you is our brief review,
May the pretty girls retrace their track,
With each a bantling on her back.

The Tristram Shandy List;

Or every one to his Humour.

Assist me you Muses, and join in the fun,
As we all on Shrove Tuesday to Skillig must run,
To do penance for lovers, may we find them true;
Now I'll tell you their names as they'll rove two and two.

In Douglas Street, I mean to gang,
Where I will find a blessed throng;
There's poor Bell Cree, this many a year,
Waiting for Johnny Collins her only dear.
Next sister Kate is dragging along,
With her dear West, to join the throng,
And when that they are out of town,
He'll call a cant and knock 'em down,
And if he gets a bargain of an old maid,
Its then he'll leave his darling Kate.
The next comes on to join the glee,
Is a young man, they call Ned Cree,
Its there he will hand forth his lass,
I mean the charming Miss Pendergast,
Which when Garrett Fitzgibbon comes to hear,
I'm sure he'll die in deep despair,
There's Ellen Bennet, oh to take this dame,
Poor Bill Fitzgibbon is not asham'd;
Oh Bill, my boy, I like your taste
For Nell is as broad as a cow in the waist.
There is Bill's sister, Mary-Ann,
To get a beau she'll try if she can;
Oh law, oh law, why such a sputter,
It is Pat Barry her own stone cutter.
E. and A. Barry, two rusty old maids,
To Skillig they're going since first it was made,
The next that moves on, with an air of grace,
Is Jack Sullivan, with his long face;
Miss Nolan he'd take, but she declin'd his offer,
So he'll take Miss Keyburne the tin man's daughter.
The next I see, I'd like to forget,
Is Miss O'Keeffe that noisy slut,
To Skillig she's going this many a year,
I'm much in dread she is doomed to go there,
There's Billy Adams that rusty old beau,
I'm sure to Skillig he must always go,
With his tracts and cats he'll cut a shine,
Along with his darling dear Caroline,
Poor Kate Shannahan, oh what will I do,
I'm afraid I'm not able to get her a beau,
To try for to please her I'll do what I can,
And give her George Jackson, that sprightly young man.
To fly from Douglas-Street it would be a shame
Without paying our respects to one pretty dame
Jane Collins, the banting, oh who is her beau?
Shamus a Gaior is the only one I know.
The next that comes to join the throng,
Is Mary Ann Townsend, singing a song,
She swears to Skillig she'll go with her dear Hickey,
As he is so comical and so witty;
With his kelt and pipes he will play us a tune,
As his dear Mary Ann will waltz along.
Oh where is Nelly that darling creature,
Along with Count Mithchell, that pride of nature,
I'm sure Har Long will cry and moan,
As without poor Milly he must roam,
There is Jacky Coughlan on the Parade a flurting,
Waiting for his dear Sal Martin,
Poor Mary Redden, oh her heart will break,
As Jack does not intend her to take;
He is a proud conceited clown,
A noisy elf—come knock him down.
There is Mag Swan, that darling creature,
I'm sure she is the pride of natnre,
With Timothy Driscol for her beau,
She swears to Skillig she will go.
The next comes on, oh let her pass,
Is Bess Nicol, oh what a dash,
With Mick Mahony she swears she'll go,
As she can get no other beau.
She is as brown as bacon when in pickle,
I mean that lovely one Bess Nicol,
Rebecca Ireland next will join the throng,
With that pug nose, I mean lame John Swan,
And if on the road she does get sick,
He'll give her his crutch and limp on his stick,
There's Mrs. Ireland, she's not too old,
To get a man, as I am told;
And if she don't get Micky Baily,
I'm sure she will run quite crazy.
The next I see is Miss Lynch, so stout and strong
With Dan Shea does trudge along,
And if she dies to Skillig going in,
She'll have a Clerk to say Amen.
There's Dan Searls next, that aukward Tailor,
He'll take Miss Roy and on the road wont leave her,
But his mother will curse and damn,
If she will loose her darling Dan.
Next comes on his brother Tom,
With Bessy Jones moving along.
But Tom Brown swears he'll brake his bones,
If he'll not get his Bessy Jones.
There is Ann O'Leary, the Mantua Maker,
With Lamert she'll go, that crutchy Nailor;
If it is her fortune makes her so thrifty,
She'll get a man worth three times fifty.
There's Tom Swan the first rate Nailor,
Will go with Kate Connell the bread retailer,
From Maypole Road she'll trudge along
With no other man but round shouldered Tom.
John Mac he swears to Skillig he'll go,
With his dear Miss Hornibrook, whether she's willing or no,
There's Julia Riordan, that nice young lass,
With Clarke the Painter, in the crowd she'll pass
And all her beaus at her will stare,
When they shall see Clarke with her there.
Helena Flyn, I'm sure she'll choose,
John Leahy the tailor, if he refuse;
But I am in dread she'll feel the smart,
For another has gain'd John Leahy's heart.
There's Betty Walsh I can now tell,
Goes with old Williamson that rings the bell,
And Betty will help him on the way,
As his legs are bad, I hear them say;
There's Mag Leahy all skin and bone,
I am in dread she must go there alone;
For indeed she is an ugly creature,
A spirit, in every form, and feature.
There is John Morgan, I should not forget,
He takes Jane M'Guggin as his pet;
But I'm in dread she'll not with him walk,
Because he has such saucy talk,
For if his legs are broke on the road,
To bring home she'll have a dirty load.
There's Reddy Byron, I'll make bold to say,
With Honora Murphy he'l go from Merchants' Quay,
Her sister Julia the tap-room girl,
She'd like to go with Joey Drabble;
With a drop of the native she'd cheer him along
But without Joe I'm afraid she must gang.
There's Peggy Slorach from Merchants'-Quay,
With Webb the Baker she'll trudge away;
The Rocks of Skillig she need not fear,
As she has been going there many a year;
The next is Miss Wright, as I hear them say,
With some Sea Captain she'll go away,
And with this hero she need not fear,
As he'll be well able her to steer.
I next behold in the giddy throng,
Henry Maultby that nice young man;
With Mary A. Casey, that conceited lass,
And I envied him as he did pass.
Oh Harry, Harry, did you not hear,
She went before with her soldier dear?
Stop, stop, says Harry, I care not for that,
She has the CASH—that's what I'm at.
To leave you my friends, I did now intend,
But to old Whip'em a few words I've pen'd,
Mr. M'Givern, the poor school teacher,
With ugly Miss Connell, oh what a creature
To Skillig he'll go on that glorious night,
As his chief and only heart's delight.

[120]

The Rattler

Skillig List.

Oh maids and bachelors, woe, alas!
The night is come, we can't it pass;
We've linger'd too long I must allow,
And to Skillig Rocks we now must go.

To the marsh then first I must run,
As there I'm sure I shall have fun,
The lasses there are so fine and neat,
I'm sure its hard if they beaus wont get,
The Miss Townsends first, oh what a group
'Twould be hard to stick them in a nook;
Ther's Mary Ann, oh what a flash
With her boa and bonnet she cuts a dash,
Who, you will ask is her beau,
I'm sorry I cannot let you know;
To tell you the truth, and the truth will pass
'Tis the first I'm sure that will her ask.
There's Molly next with stern so large,
She's like a man of war's old barge,
Her beaus are numerous, oh what a throng,
They will want the whole road to move along,
Painters, Coopers, Printers, ahoy,
But Fendall the Ship-wright he's the boy,
Margaret next, oh what a fret,
I'm sure a beau she ne'er will get,
But bless my heart, I'd like to forget,
Her sister Lucy, eldest of the set,
Those fifteen years and something more,
She's trudging along the Skillig shore,
She says its the last time she will go,
If she the Carpenter gets for a beau,
Jem Prendergast, oh what a sneak,
To part with his money makes his heart to ache,
Miss M Parker, so kind and free,
If I could win this maid I'd happy be
Poor Mary Noble of Coach-street,
For James Mahony her heart does bleed,
Dickey her brother, of looks so old,
He swears he'll go till he gets the gold.
Aunt Betty next pokes in her nose,
And cries off to Skillig here I goes.
The next on the list is brother Ben,
With Maria Connor, on little gen,
Jane her sister, alas! she cries,
If Charley don't have me with his sh—e eyes
The three Miss Howards, oh what a fright,
I would not go with them to save my life,
The City Bugler with his stick and bed coat,
He'll help them along like a sporting buck goat
Now on the Marsh I've staid too long,
To Evergreen-Street I next must gang,
But the pride of that street from it is gone,
And left us with a dirty gang.
Eliza Nicolls is the one I mean,
Bless'd is the man who does her gain.
Mag Swan I see, oh what a lie,
Who called her *Swan* deserves to die,
As brown as a berry, as hard as a log,
Smoaked like bacon at her father's old hob,
With Dicky Lynch she swears she'll go,
Let it hail, rain, or snow,
The Widow Iceland a buxom old dame,
If she don't get the third man it will be a shame,
To keep back her daughter she thinks it no harm
If she can get a man to keep her back warm.
Next is her daughter Beck, how happy he,
Who will get this dame his partner to be,
A tailor she'll have and for him she'll toil,
His goose for to roast and his cabbage to boil,
Miss Whiting I see, oh! that innocent child,
With wag-arse Coveney his notes are so mild.
Next sweet Betsy Barrett, oh what a prize,
To the man that will get her with her fine blue eyes,
Pat Croker is the man, how happy is he,
With his dear little Besty smiling on his knee,
Poor old Wilkinson comes ringing the bell,
If he don't get a wife he'll go straight to hell,
There's Moll Mullane, the Mantua Maker,
She'll have none at all but cruelh Lambert the Nailor,
The next I see, I hope they're not offended,
For not been sooner, but no offence intended
Is William Nicoll the Cabinet Maker,
With Miss Moriarty that darling creature,
In Douglas Street next they begin for to creep
If the de'el was there he'd have a fine sweep.
Moll Enright is first, much in need of a man,
She swears Dr. Crowly she'll have if she can,
The next that moves on is the amiable Bell Cree
Such an ugly mortal I never did see,
She swears with Danny Collins she'll move along
If he makes a glass coach to carry his swan,
There's Edward her brother, a dandy like man,
To get a fair dame he'll try if he can,
Jane Collins comes next, a dirty old squat,
Miss S. Prendergast so cross and so fat,
She moves along with her pet cats,
She says no beau that she can't find,
But dear Pat Barry to suit her mind,
Her sisters next I see, Ellen and Ann,
Tis very strange that they can't get a man.
The grocers Miss Barrys are next on the spot,
For ever are going like two old ram cats.
The next that's going (we all should hail her)
Is Kate Shaunahan with Shamus the tailor.
Moll Harrington I see, oh how she brags,
To fall in the ranks with Jemmy Baggs.
The two Miss Marsdens, I hope they wont wrangle,
When mounted on their mother's old mangle.
Davy Dan Cortayne watches by night and day,
Delicate Miss Judy Kelleher of George's quay,
She swears that he is a very nice fellow,
And she'll go with him and his fine umbrella.
I'm sure he ne'er will get a wife,
He'd frighten one upon my life.
The three Miss Russells from the rear,
Indeed they all are very fair,
A sweeter trio you ne'er have met,
And partners all they'll surely get,
So now I've told you all I've seen,
Unless a few that passed between
The sprightly folks that ran along,
For to be foremost in the fun,
Looking on I stopped too long,
For I myself must join the throng,
I've got so hungry as I'm a sinner,
Before I go I'll eat my dinner,
For dinners there, there is no such thing,
Unless you like a sparrows wing.
They on the rocks in numbers meet,
And on the lasses leavings feed,
Also these birds do often woo,
And go for love and penance too,
And when they die are wholesome food,
For lasses in a penetential mood,
I must be off or I'll be last,
These lads and lasses skip so fast.
Behold, behold, O law, push out,
Who is that making this terrible rout?
It is Kate Hewitt and the Slater,
For the Widower Belcher intends to take her.
John Hogan the artist, will take by his side,
His dear Ally Casey, his intended bride.
Susan Cashman is quick cutting on,
To join Dan Cronin among the gay throng.
Mary Ann Cronin from rambling the Quays,
Will mix in the crowd and join her Ned Hayes
And now my friends, my stock is ended,
I hope that you I've not offended,
To find out your names, I had many a twine.
And if you can please find out mine.

THE *Swaddlers' Tour* To Skillig.

Oh ! stay ye swains 'till morn is breaking,
And gold the purple sky is streaking,
The Skillig Rocks are wild and dreary,
The road is long, the path is weary,
The weather's bad, fair ladies if you go,
Provide an umbrella and a beau ;
Then as you talk of beaus, here's one you know,
His legs are bandy and he walks quite slow,
Hilgrove Robinson who looks so sleek,
Who never thought of marriage 'till this week,
He's now determined to have Mary Baker,
And if she will not have him he'll turn Quaker,
And sit at Meeting 'till the spirit moves him,
To choose some pretty Quakeress that loves him
I quite forgot, 'tis not for beauty that he wishes,
He'd rather have a Lassie that could mend his breeches,
And "train his children up to wisdom's ways"
To shun all parties, dancing, balls and plays.
A preacher's son I'll next bring forth to view,
Who vows for Miss Jane Morgan he feels a passion true,
So smart, so *fur bellowed* is this young laddie,
He's quite afraid he'll be as fat as his old daddy
He's at St. Finn Barr's every Sunday I protest,
Trying with every one to look the best.
John Doolittle I forgot to mention,
Is the preacher's son that attracted my attention.
Next for the tailor Turnbull to the Parade I'll go
Miss M'Mullen vows she'll have him for her beau,
For fear you'd think it is Kitty M'Mullen I mean,
On the arm of William White I saw her lean,
On Christmas day soft nonsense he was talking,
He little thought I watched while he was with her walking,
I'm sorry for him for I have my fears,
She will disgust him with her prudish airs,
His aunt Miss Sarah Bennett I forgot,
Altho' there is a person that does not.
Poor Mr. Smyth declares his life's a curse,
Unless she'll take him "for better or for worse,"
He says he'll serve full fourteen years like Jacob
If she will then, even then the difference make up.
Young Henry Kemp the Printer's Devil,
Who says will you have me, I'm sure I'm civil,
'Twas thus that he address'd Miss Matty Casey
Who answered, I'd have you know 'twould be very hard to please me,
This dame is cranky, wither'd, old and cross,
Whoever misses her will have no loss.
That yellow ugly Portugee,
I'm sure he'll never do for me ;
To Jane Casey I freely give
The ugly wretch, he's not fit to live !
He is not worth a rope of hemp,
His name I'll tell, 'tis William Kemp.
Next Fanny Craig and Robert Stopford come,
As the piano would be too heavy he'll take a drum,
Double the ties, dear Bob, and then you'll know
We're nought but *dyeing* mortals here below.
The Misses Elms with Joe Morgan as a guide,
But neither of them will e'er be Joseph's bride
I fear friend Joseph has a much higher notion,
If he don't get Miss Woods, he says he'll cross the wide ocean.
His brother Wm. gives a sly look like a fox,
At Miss Wrenford as he passes, handing the box
Miss Wilson says, dear Wm. Scott just think of that,
I abominate a nose that is so flat,
And if I had a nose so short and smutty,
I'd certainly make up a bridge of putty !
Tom Elms is a most eccentric chew,
He ne'er will pass for a decent beau ;
He is a downright silly calf,
I never saw him smile or laugh,
Eliza Wright will have him surely,
And if she does, she'll fare but poorly.
Miss White, I feel as I ne'er felt before,
My heart it beats until my side is sore,
I'd give this world to be possessed of thee,
I'll hold my peace—I fear that cannot be,
If you are anxious for my name,
I am a Chandler—that's very plain.
Dorah Hingston says she'll ne'er go *more*,
Her boat has drifted on the shore ;
Her rudder's lost, her compass gone,
Unless Ned Craig will act the man,
And save her bark from being lost,
Or by the winds of Heaven tost,
To Matrimony's harbour bound,
She'll there find safe and firm ground ;
Joy be with thee, pretty lass,
And may it shortly come to pass.
For she is the loved one of his choice!
Miss Matty Salter and Mr. Bride,
Are floating on the nuptial tide.
Mr. John Unkles with his sweet voice,
Will make the heart of Bandon Miss Bull rejoice
She is a maiden old and stale,
But still she'll hold him by the tail,
Who's this that goes to St. Nicholas Church,
I suppose you think that she'll be in the lurch
Pardonnez moi, Sam Harris is the man,
Susanna Day, deny it if you can.
I must not leave this church, there's Mrs. Wade
Edwards of Charlotte Quay will be her blade.
Come up my hearties, here's a Captain much annoyed,
I think you call him brave Capt. Thos. Lloyd ;
This Captain says that surely he would fight
Up to his knees in blood for dear Miss Wright.
We would inform this self conceited prig,
That he who has no hair may joyfully wear a wig
There's Miss Legrande would like to get into your lap,
And in your arms to take a social nap.
Richard Ridings, why so sad and mournful.
Try another, if Miss Hill is scornful.
John Thomas is the best of little fellows,
His legs are short, we'll place him on the bellows,
He is a Stationer, and lives with Sam King,
He has got no lass, but has the wedding ring.
The two Miss Gibsons from the South-Main-Street,
Are going out, I hope some one they'll meet ;
Lydia Thompson, that sells the staff of life.
Would wish R. Scott would take her for his wife ;
Mrs Grant from the house of *Accoucheurs*,
Will take Russell the tailor to calm her fears,
Alas ! Dick Abernethy you are left alone,
The sad misfortunes of this world to bemoan.
Miss Sally Beale, that swan-like girl,
That fairst of the fairest pearl ;
Who goes with her—you could not tell,
'Tis handsome Frank, who loves her well,
I mean Frank Martin, who has the fine voice,
For she is the loved one of his choice ;
'Tis said, of any who'll venture there,
Those two will be the nicest pair ;
But Hickson says, Frank shall not get her,
For faith he loves her ten times better
And Doctor Fowler says, 'pon his honour,
That neither of them shall ever have her.
I could tell of others who love her well,
But perhaps she'd wish me not to tell,
And now we'll see who'll win this girl,
The fairest of the fairest pearl.
Adieu ! may Heaven be kind befriending,
Your sorrows with your journies ending.

122

Friendship's Offering

Alone I stand to view the passing throng,
Who bent for Skillig Rocks press quickly on,
The way is long, and bleak's the road,
Which must be travell'd by the amorous crowd;
Who is it first that meets my sight,
And illumes the cheerless night,
Whose fair form cast in beauty's mould,
Strike all, as if by magic who behold
It, with love, find the peerless fair,
With Anny Loftus, to compare.
Tho' deem'd coquetish, when she's only kind,
And press'd by many, yet 'tis hard, I find
To name her with one, so all I give her,
Let him that can, both win and wear her;
Perhaps 'twere well to dedicate a part
To the bold heroes of the Hestrionic art;
First let Stephen Hickson claim my care,
His raven locks, his Aristocratic air
Long to the Tragic Muse his vows were paid;
Long has he urged her tardy aid;
He rants, he raves, still its without avail;
Still he goes on, to murder Shakspeare piecemeal,
But even this all, 'twere well to let it pass,
And let him wear his well earned cognomen—Ass.
But Stephen, let me ask you is it well
Of you for some to pave the way to hell!
Then let them down a prey to fortune,
For which the Devil may give you a scorching.
You are no ladies man, it is well known,
Perhaps Ann Gosnell, will take you for her own.
Varnish Ned Cook's the man we mean,
For him Miss Usher felt a mutual flame;
For her he played and studied well his parts,
But found it's hard to gain young ladies hearts,
She smiled, 'tis true, and swore to bless
Him, alas 'twas for mama's new dress,
What is it swells the tumult of the night,
And the dim torches, but distract the sight,
All eyes are stained, at last appears,
Tall Adams with Laf Johnson by the ears,
Who roars out that, 'tis most unfair,
Let us have pistols, then I fight him if he dare,
For thy fair hand Miss Thornton they engage,
They tug, they strain, and bloodiest war they wage.
'Twas from the nose, faith from the crown then steps,
Willam Gore Pierce—*alias* leather lips—
And parted them, no man can drink his fill,
With better grace, then sconce the bill,
A fopling of that empty kind,
Who to his faults is ever blind,
If we can credit what he tells us,
You must confess him a personified Adonis,
Celestial Nine, on Parnasus lofty hill,
Assist me how the name to tell
Of him who next our notice claims,
Jack Greggs the man, the Muse disdains.
To waste a thought on such a slur
To Manhood, as this cock-nose cur,
A well known spunge, to every trick awake,
Moll Booth to Skillig let him take.
Jack Ring, Jack Ring, "who is the fellow,"
At every step we hear him bellow,
With glass at eye, and turned in knee,
He sighs most only for thee, for thee
Miss Kellock, we must let him pass,
A most accomplished specimen of Ass—
Oft have we tried affinity to trace,
Between the man and monkey race;
If proof be warning, let Jack Love stand out,
And it is proved beyond a doubt;
In vain his countenance you scan.
For features that would designate the man;
For the fair Miss Brooks he vainly sighs,
Bat Butler swears he will contend the prize.
The next, believe it if you can,
Pedestrian Leonard is the man;
His heart in nicest balance lies,
Between the bright and witching eyes
Of Youghal's pride and Bandon's flower,
The planet's doom'd in his natal hour,
O'er him to exercise the greatest power,
You are fam'd for running—the next time
We hope 'twill be, for Hymen's shrine.
Now comes through darkness, mud and mist,
Bill Morton, *alias* slitter fist;
His aukward body, emblamatic of a mind,
Whose every thought and action unrefined;
Prove him of bull-dog race, no degenerate sion,
Poor fool, in vain he sighs for Mary O'Brien,
A gay coquet, who only tries
On him the power of her dark eyes;
When tired of you, she'll bid you seek,
As will herself, a lover every week.
Sam Knight next joins the happy throng,
A festive soul, and son of song,
His heart beats high with love and pride,
In hopes that Jes O'Hea will be his bride;
Perhaps a word you'll take in season,
Nor deem it void of truth or reason,
You mix with some, no doubt you deem
Them kind, they are not what they seem,
Though on their lips may beam a smile
Like truth, it hides a heart of guile;
If to-morrow sees you without a friend,
Believe me there is not the hand
That would be stretched, tho' in the goblet brimming,
The pledge sincerity, and in it their souls are swimming.
Bill Mac O'Boy, we had near forgot him,
Will take if her papa will let him,
Miss O'Hara, whose voice in echoes thrill,
Through every thought of amorous Bill.
Next on the road, as plain they will be seen,
Willy Taylor the noted spark of Crosses Green.
And Jane Morgan, in person neat and smart,
With every virtue, to move his manly heart,
Her charms are of that pleasing kind,
As made a deep impression on Willy's mind,
Oh! Jane have pity and to him incline,
And make him your happy Valentine.
Tommy Elms the Attorney so very demure,
Is in great hope he will Eliza Wright secure.
But Tom you have an eye to your good self,
In trying to get a pretty girl and her pelf.

We have been requested to insert the following *verbatum*—with which we readily comply, having fingered the *brads*.

Miss Margaret Crowe, from Brown-Street, swears that Patsy will be undone, if not along with Tom Williamson she will gang; her reason for so doing is because Patsy is too small.

The next to come on is Maryann Crowly that very old maid who says that along with Mr. Ahern, from Barrack Street, she must trudge along—if she don't go this turn, she may stay on the shelf and eat some bread and milk, for she has not the teeth to eat any thing else.

The next on the list is John Callaghan of Fishamble Lane, he takes Bessy Jones of Maypole Road in a jingle to the play;—but let me tell John that Tom Brown will do him out if he don't mind himself, and then my poor John will look like a gas-lamp, tall and straight.

Then Lucy Galgey of Paul-Street, with James Dooly the *God* of the *Lee*, and that poor effected puppy the Knight of the Thimble says that he will give her a ferry free of expense.

The next is his cousin Catherine, that pretty young girl, but likewise effected rag-tacker, with Bat Crowly the tailor, from St. John's, will surely go.

Mary Sarsfield of Brown Street says that this is the last turn she will go to Skillig, but she is a long time thinking of William Hornibrook;—I hope she won't give me the trouble of writing any more about her.

Miss Johnson of Fishamble Lane, along with Dick Cross of St. Fin Bar's they must go; but let me tell Miss Johnson he won't go.

THE

Groves of the Pool

LIST.

Come hurry lads, hurry, the time's coming fast,
When you must do penance for the year that is past,
When fatigue & hardship will attend every jig,
You will dance on the road when you're going to Skillig,
And how to be brief, as I am in a hurry,
I mean for to tell you of those who must marry,
And tho' of them I might say something that's sour,
Their merit I'll give them indeed and no more;
So from scolding or envy, I pray let me pass,
As I can't please all, like the man and his ass,
But I will not tell you of those in the Commons
But go to Spring Lane and pick out Mary Cummins;
It's useless to tell you a familiar tale,
You all know full well that this girl is stale,
Too stale—how is that, the reason is plain,
The boys in the Commons don't live in Spring Lane;
Indeed if they did she would not be so mild,
They'd prove long ago she could make a young child,
But since at the Election she voted so well,
I'll do my endeavours to marry her still.
On the old Mallow Road Dick Walsh has a brother,
If her father thinks fit he says he will have her,
So let not my scruples for her be in vain,
And trouble no more with her milk down Spring Lane.
Then at the cross road lives a Conservative crew
Conservative—no but their worse of the two,
Who, when asked for a vote by our own Mr. Hayes, [we please,
They grined, and said no, we will vote when
So do not expect one to tell a fine tale,
In praise of this flat leg'd daughter of Neal,
The way that you'll know this Conservative girl
The skin on her face is beginning to frizzle,
And as every deceiver has a mark of disgrace,
Her nose would make two for a healthier face;
As no one amongst us would become her friend
We'll send her to Pluto, his breeches to mend.
Come down something further to the top of the lane,
You'll there see a girl who sometimes is clean,
Only sometimes is clean, for whilst others are in bed,
With her awl in her hand she's at work for her bread; [fuse,
And shew me the fellow that would like to re-
A girl like her, that would keep him in shoes;
And Johnny you know tho' his peepers are queer
He says he'll have Biddy to clam up a pair.
Tom Murphy's one daughter we will let alone,
Till the boys from America are known to come home.
Come down little more and a house will appear,
'Tis dashed and 'tis painted and kept in repair,
Get inside the walls, 'tis well furnised & clean,
Din Neenan owns this the best house in the lane
Go backwards you'll there see a nice row of trees
That shelters his ropewalk and keeps out the breeze.
These trees they contrive to pay a double debt,
In winter keep cold out, in summer keep heat
But Din has a daughter, as you all know,
She is always tidy but not like a beau,
And she is intended, I hear people say,
To go with a shop keeper out from the quay,
And Johnny, her brother, I'm sure I don't mean
To bestow upon any young slut in the lane.
Come down something farther at the opposite side,
You'll there see Moll Fitton, she looks like a bride;
This trooperly damsel, I am sure you won't stare
She is mawled & hand-dragged this many a year;
To marry her now is not much too soon,
To one like herself, the big 7th Dragoon.
Nell Desmond you know is very discreet,
As she sweeps round the corner and part of the street;
To get her a husband she will not be sorry,
She cannot do better than marry John Murphy;
This Sauny old codger before the Mallow birds came,
Was taught something of by the boys of the lane,
But now he's a sheela as all the lane knows,
For he dresses big Mary and puts on her clothes
To say any more I don't think it fit,
Tho' to give him a cutting they all tell me do it.
There is next Mary Keeffe at the corner below
She's small and she's pale-faced, you very well know,
However, no matter, they say she's genteel,
For any young girl to look something pale;
There's no one on her thinks fit for to call
I heard people say she won't marry at all.
Then opposite her there's a nest of old rats,
And if you don't know 'em they call 'em Reacrofts.
There's Rogers the liar, his pardon I crave,
But he'd backbite his mother that's dead in the grave,
How to marry this fellow I don't know how,
But he'd have nice little bonnoves with Hanlon's sow,
But Jemmy indeed, the truth is the best,
Is different from Roger, as the East from the West;
'Tis no way unlikely for me to say,
He has got a sweetheart on Charlote Quay:
Go down something farther to Tory Jack Brien
He has a foxy step daughter they call her Pegeen
The cloaths on her back were bought at Gurtroe
Her step father voted for Leycester you know.
Dan Healy you know is a man of great laughter
We cannot forget that he has a daughter,
He has faith a daughter that's not very stale,
I will marry this girl to the Cooper Mick Neal.
Of Johanna Foley I will not much say,
But she'd keep a fellow warm by night or by day
She's a healthy appearance which tells a long life
For Partnaron a Bulle she'd make a good wife:
This fellow they say was as mad as a goose,
When he mounted aloft to tear down the house,
He threw down the thevawns in bundles upon'm
Which made old Tom Riordan screech out deel a monum.
Go down something further you'll meet a gig house,
And see Mary Mahony as quiet as a mouse,
She somtimes is quiet, tho' at other times funny,
For Dicky Dwyer she would make a good honey
Tho' I fear this good fellow for her is too old,
No matter for that, since he has the gold.
Jack Hickey you know, the Conservative thief
He has a daughter the picture of grief,
He has voted against us, I think 'tis no matter,
And to match him for that we'll send her on the batter,
There's a broker, you know his name is Bill Joice
He has a daughter Mat Callaghan's choice:
Poor Mat, a queer fellow, & might make her indread, [bed,
But she'll quiten him finely when he goes to
But Plaisk the Hangman its a dangerous thing,
To give him to any one till he's broke in,
The night of the party, you know it was hardly
We kept him from roustring poor Noreen Bradly
John Ryan you know we cannot forget,
He'll take Nan Cody's little daughter to make her his pet,
And Biddy his sister, indeed 'tis no joke,
She'll marry Dan Lucy that works at the Walk.

[124]

Gurtroe Skillig List

Or Murders out.

But as the Heroes and Heroines of this piece are all going astray to Skillig, why should not I stray too—sure Poets have a latitude.

Then here goes—who shall I begin with—
Miss Spearing the cousin of Leycester, M. P.
Swears none she will marry
But big mouthed Mickey,
He is droll and *davarting*,
And laughs as if the moon
Had affected his head,
Like his uncle the *fool*.
There is Mary Geron,
That creature of delicate frame,
Travels with Ned Bready of gallipot fame,
Then pock-marked Din Hegarty,
With his hump and his blink,
Will go on this journey
With some little stink,
He had better take Fanny, I mean Fanny Daly
There's Miss Harrington the Druggist,
And young Corbett the Dentist,
Swears they will be off together,
Though he's but an apprentice,
But his sister Miss Kate
Of Scientific notoriety,
Thinks marriage altogether a great impropriety
Sweet Mary Corbett,
Who vows forself,
She would marry beneath her,
E'er she'd lie on the shelf,
So to Skillig for the last time,
She travels anon,
With this famous Physician Doctor Cantillon,
Now talking of Physicians,
There's great Doctor Denny,
Whose pockets are broken,
With the weight of his money,
He'll travel by steam,
With the tall Sally Bury,
And will whisper in her ear he'll do manly duty
And next in procession,
Came tripping along,
Mat Geron the miser,
With Mary Cantillon,
And Mary of figure, and fashion the crack,
Swears e'er 12 months elapses
She'll break old Mat's back.
Poor Chronicle Bellew I had like to forget you
I know the companion I'll give him
Will be Miss Kate Sheahan of literature fame,
Who'll add one laurel more
To his newspaper name.
There's Pavillion Norton, this phthisicky man
Says with none but Miss Power
He'll trudge it along.
Yerra! little Teresa Kerner,
Haven't you stopped long enough,
But you think when you tender the cash
You will be tender enough,
But we will send with you a companion,
Least in the mud you might fall
'Tis Russell the cobbler, of Fruiterer's Hall.
The Widow O'Keeffe, with whiskey so strong
With gouty Ned Hopper, she'll *hop* it along
Mrs. Danckert the widow, has lost Mick O'Hea
With Auctioneer Pennington will flirt it away.
The Widow Keily so stout,
Just come in for her fortune,
Will waddle it along with her Landlord Pat Hagin,
Bob Millikin declares that he'll ne'er show his face,
For being ousted, and cajoled,
By this man of grease,
There's little Tom Newsom,
Full of frolic and fun,
With some old Tabby Quakeress,
To Skillig will run,
And his little son Johnny,
With goat chin so pretty,
Will trip it along with Lovedy Boddy,
There's white-headed Archy
With round cheeks so blooming,
Will travel along with some nice little tulip,
John Conway regrets with Miss Roach he can't go,
But we'll send her to Skillig, with vinegar Joe
O'Connor is gone to St. Stephen's to do penance
For estranging from the landlords the love of their tenants,
His dear little widow must travel and toy,
With our ex-Member for Cork,
Who'll give her comfort and joy
And when they return,
They will have a new story,
For Feargus will surely unsate the two Tories,
There is Doctor Daly, so plump and gaily,
Will limp along with Miss Mary Haly.
There's Doctor Murphy, Blackpool's glory,
We must provide for him e'er we end our story
We can't find a Whig, but a high Church Tory
Let him look sharp, to the widow Forey
For Bryan Smith, we must seek money and beauty,
To try and bring him *back* to his Priest and his duty,
There is James Punch his Co. and companion,
Who rattles the dice, plays cards and backgammon,
If his old partner Sam Keys,
Would hand out the money
He would call his fair daughter
His own darling honey
Oh Ucharis M'Swiney that miserable man,
Shall go with Miss Hunger to bring up the van,
Since his wife ceased to eat his fortune he's making,
In his wareroom is locked up threads, herrings and bacon
Jem Dwyer and Miss Peed, a well looking pair
Let them pass I'll say nothing now is not that fair
Stephen Wm. Ryan the man wot rides the horse
Takes Mrs. Coughlan behind him for better for worse,
His brother snouty Tom, with a face looking fierce,
Because ever running takes with him Ann Perse
And now my dear Printer my Skillig is ended,
I hope that the parties will feel not offended,
For marriage alone is what I intended.

BOWLING-GREEN-STREET.

Jack Reed, the ugliest of my group,
He'd eat the devil and sup his soup;
This glutton lad against his mother's bidding,
Will take his darling Ellen Redding.
Her sister too, O what a pity,
John Boylan with her should leave the city.

ST. FIN BARR'S.

Bill Nulty comes next with fair Miss Dooly,
This lady ought to do her —ley,
Ere that she go, as Bill will not
Forsake even while on the ——
Next comes on the beautiful Miss Stanley.
Assisted by Jack Clark so manly,
Jack Buckley with Miss C....goes,
She fell in love with his ponderous nose,
Kiss me, cries Jack, the maiden cries O fie,
Your nose is stuck exactly in my eye.
The ruddy cheeked Miss Reed will take for her joy,
One Cashman a cap wearing carpenter's boy.
Con Quinlan next, with Sall Conway,
For her he'll sing de sea, de sea,
Or de moons on de lake and de mist on de bray

Moses Clayton & Chamber

Skillig List.

Hail! revered Rocks, hail Skillig's ancient peak;
Hail! Isle of Hope, unmarried ever seek;
Hail! fettered clime, with ecstacy we go,
Thy strong but silken bondage now to know;
Thy binding shores each happy pair but see,
When drop the wish to live alone and free.
Hail wedded bliss, can aught with thee compare,
A cheering hearth—a tender happy fair,
Or does man know aught half so dead and dull,
As single life, 'tis misery in its full;
Happiness pure is matrimonial life,
The Alchymest's stone, a good faithful wife,
Inspiring theme! 'tis not to make a rhyme
That I now say thou art source of all sublime,
And this opinion is not lightly said,
For in my youth I have from Skillig led
A blushing dame! oft since I wished her dead,
She breaks my heart, my peace—I break her head,
So gentle reader, whether beau or belle,
You will allow my competence to tell
Of all—but stay, I had at first set out,
Intent to write of Skillig gents and route;
Of all who go, and all who went before,
From tender eighteen, up to old three score.
The hour arrived —lo! what a sight appears,
No matter now their separate hopes and fears,
All, all pursuing the long fatiguing way,
Their names and grades permit me now to say—
That body first of Tailors is composed,
View them, but once the fact will be disclosed,
Bow legs and gait, and make and cut must show,
Tracy, Kearse and Furnbull you know;
There's Connor, Murphy, and their namesakes too,
All, all are Tailors with their steel bars true;
And mid that clan of Knights of Cloth and Stuff,
One female is—God knows sure 'tis enough.
Their neighbours now, the men of yards and bundles,
Who rob all hours by day-light, gas or candles.
The head and front of these short measuring lads,
Is old Thomas Lyons, who made by it the brads,
With him there goes a widow from the Hill,
I wont speak out, yet you will guess it still,
Miss Kitty too as antique as old Tom,
With feeble pace you see she moves along.
Bob Stack comes next, and oh, the female band,
A dozen frail ones claim his rotten hand.
Pat Walsh behind him and Miss Mary Ryan,
Her brother George and Miss bullet-head Drinan,
Shop boys from the South Main Street,
From Lyons, from Murphys, ye gods! what a fleet;
M'Swiney's, Tim Collins, Leonard, Tom Ryan,
With famous Miss Power of Lapp's Island is seen;
And Jerry O'Brion with Miss Wiseman goes,
How often they went I shall not disclose,
Old Jack will not let Suky Riordan go,
With big Paddy Gleeson her discarded beau;
But little Paddy Carroll will steal her away,
And Jack will be *minus* a daughter next day.
But how will little Pat get Suky his spouse?
Thro' the sky-light he'll take her at the top of the house
These with Tim in the middle the waltz teaching man,
Whilst the run on to Skillig may dance if they can;
I see you are surprised I hav'nt mentioned John Barry,
But at home picking flowers my bold John will tarry,
Of cabbage and carrots, potatoes and grain,
John has knowledge enough—'tis Miss Casey I mean.
Stephen James Ryan and John Cahill too,
Will draw scissars, each like Knight errants true.
The desperate battle is fought for Anne Lynch,
But Bill Perse will take her away in this pinch.
Dick Buckley also from Big No—THIRTEEN,
O'Driscoll, Dillon, Sullivan, with Mark O'Brien,
These with ladies gay in the shape of scull-catchers,
Repairers of breeches, and such old cloth pathers,
In a word, all the bleachers who to Tim's nightly stray,
These and numberless knights of the yard, stick & scray.

THE CHAMBER.

"Age is honourable, youth is valuable, but old
"Maids and bachelors are abominable." BYRON.

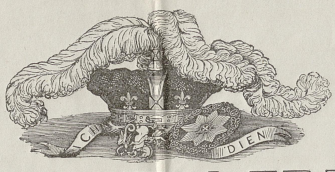
The Ladies of Cork at this period had met,
At the house of a friend to prepare and to get
Such viands and things as their purpose would suit,
For it really appeared quite a novel pursuit.
Mrs. Duggan first said that the journey was tedious,
And requested the ladies would not be outrageous,
If she should suppose a most excellent plan,
That is, that each fair one should bring just the man
She lov'd best in the City, and with him proceed
To the fam'd Rock of Skillig with adequate speed,
That there they may speak of the chances they had
Of their getting good husbands, at present seem'd bad.
The first I shall name in this list is a man
Of professional rank, and who certainly can
Lay down, sir, the law with such accurate date,
That they call him the head of Attornies of late;
His name is Mac O Boy, and he surely can draw,
The pence from the pockets of those going to law;
The lady they gave to this amorous youth,
On this arduous way was a lady in truth,
Who had at her home the advantage they say,
Of procuring good *shoes* for this difficult way,
Miss M'Leod was her name, and tho' certainly pretty,
She had smelt of the shop, good law, what a pity.
The next was Val Barry whose father they say,
Had made a fortune, but you all know the way;
This chap is conceited, presumptions and proud,
And tho' aiming at rank should be stuck in the crowd,
To this youth we would give on journey to day,
The pretty Miss Gresham, but now faith they say,
That her father has heard of that shocking law suit,
Which has rendered poor Mick faith a beggar in truth.
The next is Yahoo Goold from the Weigh-House come down,
Who has vowed that Miss Barry at him shall not frown,
He says that his purse he will lay at her feet,
If she, poor dear creature, on him would look sweet;
The pair are well matched both in soul and in mind,
The one is conceited, the other unkind;
Then comes the Miss Carrs of conceited renown,
They are seen at all hours in all parts of the town,
And they think that conceit will be sufficient just now,
To get for them husbands, but faith it won't do;
With them may be seen some lobster come down,
From the Barracks, to get a short walk into town.
The sweet pretty Miss Kellett now only appears,
As lovely as any in Cork for her years;
We shall give to this dear one, her journey so long,
Mr. Chatterton of Glanmire who is famed for good song;
For in song he throws over the soul such a chain,
That you surely would wish that you heard him again.
The next is a Sessions Attorney, a man,
I'll give you his name, faith they call him black Dan
Of Marlboro' Street, you know, for with him may be seen
Eleanor Roche, not of beauty the Queen;
He is oftentimes known when at cards he sits down,
To lay wagers enormous, they say half-a-crown;
His heart is as black as his visage, no doubt
That a *hell* is within—we all know what's without.
The next is as dry an Attorney a- ever
Laid siege to the heart—I won't call him a lover,
For I'm sure he ne'er felt the soft passion of love,
His soul is too narrow to soar much above,
The things of this earth—he is all for himself,
An empty dry costie, conceited poor elf,
His name is Bryan Galwey, to him I will give
Miss O Donoghue, so let them in harmony live.
The next is William Johnson of York Terrace they say
He is just now about to lead Fanny away.
Young Maultby says that Miss Sinnet he'll wed,
And give her galore of fat bacon and bread.
The next in my list is a gemmen, they say,
Who is making the chash, sir, and faith the right way,
His name is James Joseph Barry of Academy Street,
On the pretty Miss Skilling he is very sweet,
And says that no woman with her can compare,
For sweetness of temper or qualities rare.
Hugh Adams now swears by the powers above,
That the charming Miss Evory he ever shall love,
And James Cheshire declares that no lass can compare,
To Miss Daly of Bridge Street, because the cash is there.
And Old Captain White with Miss Newsom must go,
As she now faith declares that he must be her beau,
To give a true list of all those who were there,
Would be endless indeed and would tire you I fear,

THE RAMBLER'S
Skillig List.

Now haste with pleasure, haste along,
And join the merrimental throng,
And to the penitential place,
For wives and husbands, run the race;
May all in safety reach the ground,
And there adore their idols round.

Arise ye tributes of old accustomed forms,
Like tribes and herds and like the bees in swarms
Obey the call of nature's sounding tune,
For Skillig cries that all should now commune,
Who wish for wives, or sigh for husbands dear,
Now is the time to travel far and near:
O'Leary first comes with Peggy Frantic,
Who is as vulgar as he's pedantic;
A Tralee rustic—the Kerry boor,
Must seek in Cork a pleasure tour.
Jackeen Quinlan proceeds after,
'Mid scoffing shouts and jeering laughter;
We'll give him two stones merry Bett,
Or to some other curious get.
Peg Crowe, that carnivorous clipe
The ugly hedious rotten snipe
With Paddy Toomy will proceed;
O what a pair for handsome breed.
Miss Jordan glides quite disaffected,
And by Tom Williamson protected
Alas, how grievous 'tis to know,
How she has rival'd poor Mag Crowe
Miss Walsh, with mild and modest air,
Shall be Moriarty's chiefest care;
May nothing damp this virgin lamp,
O may she ne'er be slighted,
May she sojurn, a safe return,
And when returned united.
Lucinda Sheehy, whose head is like fire,
Will go with Con Hanlan her only desire.
Miss O'Brien impatient is writhing to dart
In volatile speed, with her sweet Henry Hart,
James Tape comes next with Miss O'Connor,
A couple, worth respect and honour.
Becky Sheehan seems next aloof,
With James Mahony, that sheepish oaf.
With July-Ann 'twill be the fun,
To see big spluttering Jemmy Dunn.
Coach-driver Buckly is next in view,
With Ally Kitson the brazen shrew,
Sea pig Morgan, and Holland Nell,
Will go, she loves her lad so well.
John Keane with Ellen Toomy slopes
Oh! what a pair of melted mopes,
Teresa M'Carthy, the horse-shoeing sack,
Will go with a scavenger's donkey or pack.
Miss J. Burke, whose innocence and grace,
Reclaims a precious sweet embrace,
And with her partner John Devine,
Shall evermore with him entwine.
Mary English is next expected,
And with Pat Callaghan connected.
Never were a pair so dreary,
As Irish Pat and English Mary.
Mary Sullivan, as people say,
Will make out some one on the way,
And like the Queen of Heaven's light,
Shall win the fairest of the flight.
Mary-Ann Haddigan, the theme of lampoon,
Will gallop along with a private Dragoon.
Miss Eliza Burke from William-Street,
Whose sweet perfections none can meet,
With Mr. Malone off she glides,
Two elegible and happy guides,
Sall Hobbs is next with Stephen Quinn,
Who keeps a Car Man's Stage and Inn,
Whose haughty proud imperious stand
Shows off a stingy close command;
Her sister Peg comes with Bob Hartnett,
As dashing as a Sweep in scarlet;
Thus Cart Men fobs and sooty Hobbs,
With lobster Bob, are quite the nobs.
Coleman, Moreley's late empty smell,
Who holds a courtship for a spell,
Then he asks her for her fortune,
Fifty—just would be his portion.
The abject Coffee-Grinding scamp,
How much he wants a wife;
He is fitter for a cagging tramp,
Who was cagging all his life.
Bill Robertson, with comb and gills,
With Miss Cannivan will plough the hills,
That black ferocious whiskered man,
Would drown himself for Mary-Ann.
Miss Shaw, that bombast of attire,
Can't get the Water Guard nor Squire;
Poor thing, I fear 'twill too much cost
Her love, her pride, her hope is lost.
Miss Dale, from Mr. Stephen's shop,
Falls in the rare with Cornish Fop
The one is gentle, the other proud,
And both may ornament the crowd,
Miss Duck comes last with Cynic sceptic,
And like my list, and name, ecliptic.
Miss Lane who wants a high character
I'm sure a Sweep would not contract her,
Miss Donovan with bandy-legs and feet,
Will pin the Cooper in the fleet.
There is a Glover from the Marsh Moore-Street,
Who wishes Nancy Walsh to meet,
He'll give her a pair of Limerick Gloves,
They'll bill and coo like two young doves.
Kate Phillips the Milliner is in want of a beau,
With her brother, the humpy Lord Thomas,
must go,
Miss Murphy says she will gallop away,
With Pat Buckly the broker from Patrick's quay
Billy Hoare, the vain and *pretty* shoe maker,
With Miss Callaghan the confectioner, to Skillig he'll take her,
Foxy Billy Tailor, that rakish man,
Is seen leading prim Matty Salter along.
Next Hannah O'Brien, the worker of dough,
Is leading Marquis Walsh as her beau;
Her sister Mary deserted by Bleazby has been,
And will accept of some generous swain.
Then Mary-Ann Gorman the dough kneaders
(wife's) sister,
Comes tripping along with Count Lynch the
snipster,
Isaac Varian that temperate screed of a man,
Intends to help Miss Osborne along, if he can.
His brother Tommy, that pretty neat beau,
With Rhoda Harding is sure to go.
Big Adams the Butcher is next to be seen,
Taking Ann Thornton tho' disapointed she's been
The charming Widow Hickie say's 'pon honour
she'll go,
With no less a person than Pat Hagan her beau
Mary Ann Hardum, the felt maker's daughter,
With Jameson the broker, to go will not faulter.
Rebecca Reed will steal off if she can,
With John Murphy her mother's darling young
man,
James Brown is next seen going along,
With Mary-Ann Foley, in the gay throng,
Miss Whitney next must off to Skillig go,
Being the twentieth time—without a beau.
Then prime Ann Moore, from Mrs. O'Brien's
shop,
Will with Jerry Ryan off nimbly hop.
Now sure I know you're all disposed,
Then march and let my list be closed
Let no one censure my impartial mind,
For he who does a great mistake shall find
The names inserted my deep respect shall swell
And unto all I wish a fond farewell.

[12?]



PROGRAMME

OF THE

PROCEEDINGS IN THE CITY OF EXETER

ON THE DAY OF THE

CELEBRATION OF THE MARRIAGE

Of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales
To Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra of Denmark,

TUESDAY, the 10th of MARCH, 1863.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION TO THE CATHEDRAL.

BAND OF MUSIC.
THE SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.
THE SERGEANTS-AT-MACE.
THE SENIOR SERGEANT, bearing the Sword.
THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR.
THE HIGH SHERIFF AND MAYOR'S CHAPLAIN.
THE MAGISTRATES.
THE ALDERMEN AND TOWN-COUNCILLORS, THE TOWN-CLERK, TREASURER, CORONER, AND MAGISTRATES' CLERK.
THE GOVERNOR, DEPUTY-GOVERNOR, ASSISTANTS, AND GUARDIANS OF THE CORPORATION OF THE POOR, AND THEIR CLERK.
THE MEMBERS OF THE CORPORATION OF THE EXETER IMPROVEMENT COMMISSIONERS, AND THEIR CLERK.
CLERGY AND CITIZENS.

☞ Those Gentlemen who intend to take part in the Procession to the Cathedral will meet at the Guildhall at 9.45, proceed to the Cathedral at 10 precisely, where Divine Service will be commenced at 10.15 precisely.

ORDER OF THE GENERAL PROCESSION.

BAND OF MUSIC.
THE MILITARY AND VOLUNTEERS.
THE WEST OF ENGLAND FIREMEN, with their Engines.
THE NORWICH UNION FIREMEN, with their Engine.
BAND OF MUSIC.
THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION AND PUBLIC BODIES, &c.,
(In the same Order as in the Procession to the Cathedral.)
BAND OF MUSIC.

The Military and Volunteers, and all others who take part in the General Procession, will assemble on Southernhay at 10.45, and be ready to be joined by the Mayor and Corporation and the other Public Functionaries and Corporate Bodies on their leaving the Cathedral. The Procession will then take the following Route:—

Up Southernhay to St. Sidwell's Street, and thence to St. Anne's Chapel; on arriving at St. Anne's Chapel the Procession will return down St. Sidwell's Street, through the High and Fore Streets, Fore Street Hill, and Bridge Street, to Exe Bridge; then through Part of the Commercial Road, into West Street, up Coombe Street, into South Street, through South Street, into High Street; thence into Queen Street, through Queen Street, into and through Bury Meadow, to Home Field, which Mr. Smith has kindly placed at the disposal of the Committee.

The Military and Volunteers will then form, fire a Feu-de-Joie, and go through their Evolutions; these concluded, the Procession will return to Bury Meadow, where the Military and Volunteers will form a Square, inclosing the centre path, on each side of which a fine specimen of the "Wellingtonia Gigantea" (presented by Messrs. Veitch & Son) will be planted—the first by the Mayor, to be named "the Prince's Tree," and the other by the Town-Clerk, to be named "the Princess's Tree." The Procession will then disperse.

It is not intended that any Public Meeting, for the purpose of agreeing to Addresses of Congratulation to Her Majesty the Queen and to the Prince and Princess of Wales on the happy Event of their Marriage, will be held on the 10th Instant. That duty will be performed by the Town-Council at their Meeting on the following Day.

The PUBLIC DINNER will take place at the ROYAL PUBLIC ROOMS, at 4 o'Clock precisely, the Mayor presiding. Tickets, (including Waiters,) at 6s. each, may be procured at the Office of the "EXETER AND PLYMOUTH GAZETTE;" at Mr. GIFFORD'S, in St. Martin's Lane; and at Mr. PIPER'S, in High Street.

*** *The Day of the Prince's Marriage will be kept as a General Holiday, and Business will be suspended, that all may have an opportunity of joining in the Public Festivities and Rejoicings. It is requested that every person will wear a Rosette of Coventry Ribbon on that Day.*

A Band of Music will be provided to play in each of the Markets, from 4 to 6 o'Clock, which on that occasion will be open to the Public.

There will be a grand Display of Fireworks on Northernhay, to commence at 7 o'Clock.

(By order of the Committee,)

Exeter, 6th March, 1863. **JOHN GIDLEY, TOWN-CLERK.**

NORTON, PRINTER, EXETER.

[128]

The Wanderer.

Oh maids and bachelors, woe alas!
The night is come, we can't it pass;
We've lingered too long, I must allow,
And to Skillig Rocks we now will go.
You sacred Nine who on Mount Olympus dwell,
Descend and help an humble Poet to tell
Of the names of that great and mighty throng,
Who will be the subject of my song:
To Warren's Place then first I'll run,
As there I am sure I will have fun,
The girls there are so nice and neat,
It is hard if beaus they will not get:
First Miss Wherland that amiable creature,
Perfect I am sure in every feature,
Her father, you know the driver of renown,
A beau for her he will not get in the town.
Ann Hennessy comes on quite sad,
With Thade Murphy the coal store lad;
Thade, with his dis and dat, to Skillig will go,
Whether his Ann will go with him or no.
Miss Ring to Skillig will go if she can,
With Bodder'd Dan, you know the man;
Her legs are bad, she says, she cannot walk,
Says Dan, they must be made of chalk;
Her brother Jack, a fashionable man,
He will walk straight, that is if he can;
I'll tell you a little about this Jack Ring,
His brain with vanity and pride does cling;
A would-be Lieutenant, Knock-Kneed, wearing spurs,
Just promoted to Captain in the Rank of Curs;
He kneels before the shrine of Knock-Kneed beauty,
But would mount gard anxious to do duty;
At least at home when his father mocks,
Jack is oiling his hair and curling his locks.
The Miss Drinans next, oh what a group,
'Twould be hard to stick them in a nook;
Miss Humphries next, that innocent lass,
With blue beard George Williamson she will pass
My dear, says George, you shall not in the mud waddle,
On one of his 2 guinea hunters clapped his side saddle.
John O'Brien comes along in the throng,
And for his dear Miss Williamson will sing a song,
My dear John she says for you I'd die,
Will you only look at my coaxing eye
Now on Warrens place I've staid too long,
To Maylor Street I now will gang,
As there I am sure I will have fun,
I'll up with my budget and off I'll run,
The Widow Shaver so nice and squat,
With big bellied Bremner he is so fat,
She says to him, you are so big,
And in your belly I will go Skillig.
And now I will begin the pleasing task,
And every face I will unmask,
The first mask removed shows a lovely face,
As ever on the Rocks did gaze,
Miss Nealon is the one, and who wont say
But that she is the gayest of the gay,
With long legged Jemmy Smith by her side,
And soon she will be his lovely bride.
Her sister Anna comes on quite sad,
With Billy Keys, that dapper lad,
She says, dear Billy, we will be in bliss
And to prove it—give me a kiss.
Miss Smith comes next, how happy is he,
Who will get her his partner to be;
Dick Thomas is the lad, the yellow bee.
With sweet Maria on his knee.
Dick's sister next do you behold,
The little devil, the colour of gold,
To Skillig she says she will go,
With Johnny Lightfoot her only beau.
The youngest now is some what better,
From Atta Pine she received a letter,
Entreating her with him to go,
And the Skillig Rocks to her he'd show.
The Widow Danckert, a buxom dame,
If she don't get a man it 'twould be a shame;
To keep back her sister she thinks it no harm,
The way she'll get a man to keep her back warm.
Her sister Miss O'Brion with her plump face,
With Mr. Jones she'll run a race,
Jones at Lyons's, you all must know,
And with her to Skillig will go.
Down Maylor Street I chanced to see a throng,
Poor Cremin, the first was waddling along,
With plump faced Fanny Nealon's maid,
For in the kitchen he oft had stood.
Now in Maylor Street I've stopped too long,
To old George's Street I now will gang,
As the girls there are so full of fun,
And as they are, to them I'll run
Mr. Seward first of all, that fine boy,
To Rachael Connor he'll give a toy,
While quaker Bill Dudly, so fond of a joke
Like a Spanish hidalgo wrapped up in his cloak
With Anny Handly he goes creeping
While flesh-eyed Dick H—— is seen weeping.
Laugh at Johnson he thought we would let him pass,
Before you get Miss Thornton you must go to grass;
Your the fashion and talk of the town
Shave your head and then lie down,
Next O'Riely, that conceited whelp
Who thinks that no one is so good as himself

COOK STREET.

The first is a would-be Sailor,
He is a brother to a Taylor,
Tracy is the man I mean,
On Skillig night he will be seen
With Miss Russell that pretty lass,
So now we will this couple pass,
Further on—oh what a load I see
Milliners, the Miss Franklings three,
Tom Barrow do for Heavens sake,
Have pity on them, and Mary take
For the other two I can find none,
So they must go themselves alone.

All Fitzgibbon's men you'll see driving a Bear,
Strange it always has *Fitzs*, it cost very dear;
Of shop boys you are sick—now for the ton,
Widow Ring and Bill Drinan come moving along
Bob Lambkin and Miss Donegan, ye must not be late,
Take care of her Bob, she'd soon kick your seat
With a kick she'd break it, tho' made of block tin
For she carries a devilish triumphant shin.
Jane Ryan, the trimmer, who wot wears the nose
Its description I'd give you, were I writing prose;
Miss Hoare will go with him on the road all along,
She'll sing herself hoarse, faith she sings a good song,
And thousands of others will bring up the rear,
Which were I to write down, you'd lose patience I fear.
Father Jackum now last of this wonderful crowd
His breviary open and bawling this aloud,
"You wish for your Heaven to be in this life,
"Come quickly and tie yourself up to a wife;"
All, all shout with joy, and respond to his bawl
Except here and there some bloody old call,
Who rather than marry would go to the devil;
Now ladies you'll own such is very uncivil
You unmarried now hear me, I joke whilst this pending
'Tis time I speak out just now at the ending,
May he who's not happy in living alone
Find a wife that will make him each moment groan,
May brats in abundance climb his knees, pull his nose,
May a virago dog him wherever he goes,
And he who lives single roam glorious and free,
Nor know half the cares as a man with a she,
Who to Skillig dares take a such flurting fool,
May his nose come home broken, his passion quite cool.

[129]



A NEW SONG

ON THE VETO.

You Catholics, of Ireland in rapture display,
With hearts animated that ever glorious day,
When our Bishops, and Clergy, so noble and dear,
Declared against the Veto with hearts most sincere.

CHORUS

With heart and with hand,
Religion we'el maintain,
Faithful and steady,
Our Catholics are ready,
To trample on the Veto again and again.

Our Catholic meetings recorded should be,
In all parts of Ireland did firmly agree,
To trample on the Veto with unbounded applause,
And for ever to maintain the pure Catholic cause.
With heart, &c.

False winds or storms our Church shall never shock?
The foundation is so sure, she is built on a rock;
Since the days of the Apostles she stood many a gale,
And the Gates of Hell against her shall never prevail.
With heart, &c.

The antient Religion we all do know!
Was never yet subject to be tossed to and fro,
With every wind of doctrine by chance comes the way!
For more than Eighteen Hundred Years, she never went astray.
With heart, &c.

Like the Ark of the Deluge she never can be wreck'd,
But he is lost for ever who plunges from her deck.
The successors of St. Peter, by them we will be led;
And never will obey any other supreme head.
With heart, &c.

Come cheer up your spirits each true heart'd soul,
And toast to your friends in a full flowing bowl,
Brave Counseller, O'Connell, sweet Coppinger likewise,
Our Catholic meeting the Veto did despise.

Printed by E. SIZE, 12, Paul-Street, CORK.

[130]

KING
OF
THE SEA.



I'm King of the Sea! with joy I ride,
In my triumph alone, on the raging tide;
My throne is the bounding wave & my home
The snowy crest of the billow foam!
Oh, how I love to awake the skies,
With the shout of the wind, as the Sea
King flies!
I laugh, on my throne, when I see the ray
Of the silvery moon on the waters play:
And the song of the fond one breathes of
home,
As the brave ship bends to the glitt'ring
foam!
But the song is hush'd, and the cheek grown
pale,
When my whisper is heard on the evening
gale.
My giant shadow I fling on the wave,
As the ship sinks down in the tombless grave
The lips of the dying are there,
For the homes they have lost, their last sad
prayer.
But I lift the black wave to the pealing skies
And shout with the wind, as the Sea King
flies!

[13]

THE WOLF AND THE SHEEP.

(A New Version of an Old Story.)

The sheep, one fine day, so learned had grown,
They had read of a Butcher who lived at Rome;
A Butcher with whom they never might cope,
A bloodthirsty tyrant, by name Mr. Pope;
A truculent butcher, ferocious and tall,
With bowels of iron, and spittle of gall;
Whose pockets were stuffed full of fetters and racks,
Jailor's daughters, and thumb-screws, and such like gimcracks;
Who roasted a sheep all alive every day,
And called the process an *auto-de-fe*.
The "Record" had told them—the "Directory" too,
Of the monstrous appearance of this bugaboo;
How all his down-sitting could never avail
To rub off his antediluvian tail.
(Lord Monboddo and Darwin will tell you *ad vocem*—
How this difficult subject did bother and pose 'em);
How he gobbled up lambkins with adamant jaws,
After scratching them well with fierce, rending claws.
How now he would bellow, and now he would bark
Out of mouth of a Bull and 'tween teeth of a shark;
While his horns, and his hoofs, and a visage of fire
Would class him with Hydras and Chimæras so dire.
'Twas said that this butcher was wont to bestow.
(A circumstance fraught with all danger and woe!)
The gayest of clothing on his carcase so cumbrous;
Blue, purple, and green, in harmony wondrous;
And (horror of horrors), 'twas commonly said,
A monstrous red hat on the top of his head.
A token (so argued the poor silly sheep)
Of religious depravity, hopeless and deep;
For in that a blue frock or red hat he put on,
It argued a manifest liking for mutton.
Some hares who lived near—a timorous crew,
Had noted all day a wondrous to-do
In the midst of their neighbours, the company ovine,
Who ran hither and thither in the pasturage so fine,
Unheeding their grass to talk about politicks,
Rights, reason, and conscience, and other-like silly tricks.

13.2

So concluding that somewhat of importance was brewing,
They ventured to ask what their neighbours were doing;
And heard with dismay of the destiny grievous
Prepared for themselves and the company brebous;
For (argued the sheep) that Butcher out there
Will to-day eat roast mutton, to-morrow jugged hare:
And he who with forethought will meet such a crisis,
Most certainly sapient, sagacious, and wise is.
"Good neighbours," suggested a long-headed ram,
"Be prudent, be thoughtful; for certain I am
That a panic has somehow taken possession
Of your breasts; whereby you have got an impression
That a certain far-distant, suppositious Butcher
Finds his slaughtering business is not worth much there.
But, *imprimis*, this Rome is nowhere close by,
And if so, I really do not see why
This fear for the Butcher *there* rather has grown,
Than for butchers who dwell in the neighbouring town.
Item. Think you in Rome that mutton's so rare,
That butchers must travel—goodness knows where,
To find us poor sheep *habitantes in partibus*
Infidelium, and carry away, and make mart of us?
In sooth, my good neighbours, the thing is absurd,
A mere cock-and-bull tale which you somewhere have heard;
And I think,"—but here the ewes loudly did shout, [out!
Down with him! Hiss! Shut up! Pull him down! Turn him
The ram, slowly and sadly, was forced to yield,
And with timorous baaings resounded the field.
A weazel who lodged in a neighbouring bank,
An ill-favoured creature, lean, hungry, and lank;
Conceived that the juncture was one favourable
To replenish his larder, and furnish his table.
Besides which (so suggested his own native tact),
He might as well do a kind, neighbourly act;
So off to the Wolf he immediately hies,
That he might his grim friend (who was hungry) advise
Of the panic going on in the neighbouring field,
Which promised a plentiful harvest to yield
To the much-famished jaws of the pestilent pair,
In the shape of roast mutton and nicely-hashed hare;
How the sheep and the hares might be brought to consent
To escape from their danger and fate imminent,
Which threatened them from the all-slaughtering steel,
By consenting forthwith to furnish a meal
For the teeth of their friends—Wolf and Weazel aforesaid,
Who'd be glad for their dinner to be to their door led;

Which consent might be gained, so he said and he sang,
By the suasion so sweet of a Wolfish harangue.
Mr. Wolf was disposed with favour to view
A scheme free from all risk and uncertainty too.
Yet deeming it prudent his rough coat to hide,
A scholar-like gown o'er his shoulders did slide;
And, to keep up the *alias*, proceeded to pose
A pair of black spectacles over his nose,
Purloined from the granny of Little Red Riding-hood,
What time that young lady went through his hiding wood.
Thus disguised to the sheepfold he presently fared,
And waving his paw, humbly craved to be heard.
"Dear friends," (and he turned up the whites of his eyes)
"It affords to us both the most grateful surprise
To find that a crisis thus grave is potential
To call hither a gathering so influential.
And assured we are that your wisdom collective
Will a remedy surely suggest most effective,
By which we may put down, conquer, exterminate,
Crush, batter, annihilate, bother, and spifflicate
That scoundrel hight Pope—the butcher who'd tear,
Kill, slay, murder—(hem!)" quoth the Weazel, "Hear, hear."
"And to resume, my dear friends, what I just now was saying,
There's another small matter quite worth while your weighing,
Akin to the sentiment which I've expressed,
Which I gladly would see you setting to rest.
It is this—may I ask, can you possibly tell
Whether traitors and spies among *you* do not dwell?
Whether those who're supposed your own homes to defend,
May not rascals, knaves, enemies prove in the end?
There's the shepherd, *e.g.*, he cares for you—true;
But he loves haricot mutton much better than you.
Does it seem to you strange? I will prove it you soon;
For everyone says he is going to Rome.
And 'tis natural too; for to make no more pother,
'Tis certain he's butcher Pope's cousin or brother.
Then look at his *dress*. If it always was white,
It would prove that his head and his heart were all right:
But I have seen him put on a neck-kerchief red,
And sometimes a blue rag is tied over his head.
Then his *manners* are highly objectionable;
For he daily says grace ere he sits down to table.
Above all, he says prayers on Wednesday and Friday,
Eats roast beef on Sunday and many a high day.
He bows to the gentry, makes up flowers, ferns, and moss nice,
And (I'm credibly told) lays his knife and fork crosswise.

His *sentiments* too are bad and pernicious,
For so envious he is, so spiteful, malicious,
That he often affirms how he only has right
To tend you poor sheep by day and by night.
Whereas it is certain that sheep, shepherd, dog,
May be classed for precedence in the same catalogue.
Then as to the dog—a contemptible item,
(May my brothers and cousins well worry and bite him) (*Aside*)
But *his* coat is not white, and his tail's extreme hook
Much resembles his master's pastoral crook.
And (would you believe it?) as sure as a gun,
These eyes have once seen him knawing a bone—
No doubt of a sheep; for like master, like man,
Like shepherd, like sheep-dog; deny it who can.
The premises briefly laid down surely tend
To a certain conclusion with which I'll now end;
To wit that your guardians (rogues deserving a rope)
Are surely in league with your foe Mr. Pope:
And shepherd or sheep-dog alike have a mind
To entrap, juggle, noodle you, catch you and bind,
And deliver you over to the mercies so cruel
Of that Pope, who forthwith will give you your gruel;
Which means that he'll hang you up, rip open, tear
Your poor suffering frames—but your feelings I'll spare:
Enough for the present." Quoth the Weazel "Hear, hear."
"Dear friends, I will only remark in conclusion,
That as you must needs see right through the delusion
Which your treacherous friends have nefariously spread
O'er your minds, to the end that the Butcher be fed;
You'll resist their attempts to obfuscate your minds,
The more to promote their base, bloody designs.
And as you see plainly no safety is found
With that man-of-sin shepherd, or that villianous hound
Of Hell, called a sheep-dog, you will see it your duty
To leave your old home at the first opportunity.
I've a snug country house in a furze-brake hard by,
Where to make my friends welcome I now and then try.
It is your's, my dear friends, if you'll now call it so,
And the way to the front door I gladly will show;
So leave that vile shepherd and his mangy old snarler,
And welcome, dear friends, to my poor country parlour."
The sheep heard and applauded, and the wolf going before,
Sheep, hares, and then weazel marched towards his front door;
But what they found there, and how they were treated,
Old Æsop sang long since, and need not be repeated.

ÆSOPIDES.

AIR

'Scots Wha Hae!'

Boys who oft with KIT has fought,
Boys whose VOTES could ne'er be bought,
Prepare, prepare, you'll soon be sought,
To crush vile BRIBERY:
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
To show apostacy your power,
And on the wretch your vengeance shower,
For you will be free.

Oh! who has not a soul to save,
The BRIBERY OATH you cannot have,
Then spurn the vile corrupting knave,
Who'd represent your CITY:
Oh! send him back from whence he came,
A recreant to his GOD and Name,
His diminish'd head to hide in shame,
But gently do't in pity.

The Son of KIT claims your support,
So to St. Stephen's send him forth,
Where he will check oppression's growth
And use his power to make you free:
Now Protestant and Catholic Friends
United are in these great ends,
To vote for him whose aim sure tends
To break down slavery.

Paddy O'Carroll's WEDDING.

HALY, PRINTER, HANOVER-ST. CORK

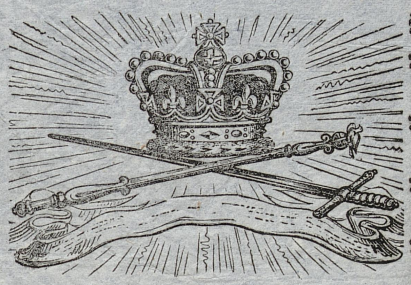
IN eighteen hundred and nineteen,
In sweet July when leaves were green,
There was a wedding held one day,
Near to the town of famed Roscrea,
Of mountaineers I do protest,
There did assemble many a guest,
And I was there among the rest;
Now I most solemnly declare,
I'll tell you all that I saw there,
Such a rabble came down from Clonmore,
About eleven and twenty score.
Of tinkers, barbers, brewers, bakers,
Cobblers, carpenters, and brogue-makers,
Weavers, hatters, wheel-wrights, tailors,
Gunsmiths, whitesmiths, blacksmiths, nailors,
Shoe-makers and chimney-sweepers,
Chandlers, grocers, ale-house keepers;
Fifty set of sparable weavers,
Bogtrotters, slaitors, and paivors,
Bobbin-tossers, millers, doctors,
Key-hole whistlers, and tithe proctors,
Painters, glaziers, hacklers, cutlers,
Coachmen, footmen, cooks and butlers,
Besides to this assembly came,
A multitude I cannot name;
To help the sport, was at the feast,
A score of music men at least,
With harps, and pipes, and fiddles too,
They were a funny jovial crew,
They all got seated round about,
Ten dishes of kailcannon stout,
At intervals they had at will,
Sour buttermilk to drink their fill,
That would take off, without a lie,
A pearl from a piper's eye,
Delicious food was next brought in,
Upon large vessels made of tin;
Lobsters, oysters, and cow-heels,
Muscles, cockles and fresh eels,
Trotters of sheep, and half boil'd tripe,
Cranes, and plovers, larks and snipe,
All being demolish'd, they prepare,
To clear the tables every where:
The broken fragments they threw down,
Fins, bones and shells, upon the ground,
Where dogs and cats stand waiting all,
Gaping, ready for their fall,
For to devour them great and small,
Paddy stept in with rustic pride,
His bonny blossom by his side,
He was dress'd both neat and trig,
He wore a double breaded wig,
It's colour was a dapple gray,
This wig he wore both night and day,
He in the morning did not fail,
To dust this wig with barley meal,
Beneath this wig he wore a cap,
With many a sooty fringe and nap;
He wore a new bang-up surtout,
Made of ram-skin ermin'd with soot,
With Connamara stockings new,
Their colour was flashy blue,
They cover'd well his measle shins—
Drogheda brogues made of pig skins,
And leather breeches lined with serge,
To shew he was no parish charge,
And drugget waistcoat lined with trip,
And leather hat of half tann'd kip,
A grey bang-up his dolsy wore,
The like I never saw before,
With curleycues adorned well,
The use of them I could not tell,
She wore a bonnet on her pate,
Was given her by granny Kate,
Made of the skin of a buck goat,
To get the skin they cut his throat,
Her shape and make I will tell you,
She was pig-ey'd and pug-nosed too,
Lanthern jaw'd and herring-gutted,
Lobster-back'd and likewise web-footed,
She was bow-legged and knock-kneed,
Her father was a flashy blade,
He was a fish-joulter to his trade,
And for a truth to you I tell,
His daughter he did portion well,
She got a piggin, a tub and can,
A ladle, trencher, and a pan;
A pot, a dish, a plate, a griddle,
A creepy stool, a chair, a riddle,
A knife, a fork, a spit, a reel,
Two horn spoons, a spinning wheel,
A duck, a drake, a hen, a cock,
The prime of all her Granny's flock,
She got an old sprained mare,
That lost the teeth, the tail and hair,
She was loaded with bog deal,
With good mud turf and barley meal,
She got a pye-balled horse for bye
Could draw, without a word of a lie,
A wand'rous load of new blown bladders,
Or chaff or pea straw, or of feathers,
We'll to the Wedding now return,
A hungry Weaver there did mourn,
But Pat spoke with majestic grace,
Commanding silence in the place,
'Till he would hear the Weaver's case,
When he began without a lie,
I thought he would set up a cry,
When solemly he did declare,
Of the cow-heels he got no share,
Pat pull'd a cord hung in the hall,
Which rung the bell on the jam wall;
The greasy Cook came waddling in,
Saying, Master, who makes all this din?
That creeshy Weaver's hungry still,
Curse on his guts, give him his fill.
She then brought in a dish of kale,
Dress'd up with oil and barley meal,
Sallad, sorrell, and kitchen stuff,
Fishes guts, and green leeks enough,
Pepper, ginger, liquorice stick,
Celery, onions, and garlick.
Now old and young got ready all,
And tooth and nail they to it fall,
The hungry Weaver eat so fast,
That he was near being choak'd at last;
A watchful Barber standing by,
He on the Weaver kept an eye,
His frizzling tongs he took in hand,
And leap'd to relieve the dying man,
To give him room off goes his coat,
The frizzling tongs runs down his throat,
He straightway pull'd out of his throat,
The light and liver of a goat;
Besides near ten or eleven foot
Of one penny pudding and fish gut,
The Cook brought in another dish,
As good as any one could wish,
It was a pretty pudding hot,
Smoaking ready from the pot,
Mixed with blackberries and alspice,
Hedgehog's grease and marrow of mice,
The heart and stomach of a pig,
The juice of a lime-burner's wig,
Barley groats and half-shell'd corn,
And the scrapings of a butter horn,
That long was carried by M'Cann,
The double jointed beggerman,
Then came in a score of plates,
Covered with various sorts of meats,
Crickets eggs and swallows tails,
Spider's tallow and cabbage snails,
Their platters once again are clear,
And empty dishes do appear,
Pat rung the bell and ordered more,
The plates again were covered o'er,
With various kinds and sorts of fowls,
Magpies, scare-crows, kites and owls,
Of pigeons they had only four,
Of sparrow-hawkes they had a score,
Of ducks and geese they had but few,
Of yellow-hammers twenty-two,
Their names, by Jove, I do forget,
With many sorts not mentioned yet,
Some were roasted, some were boil'd
Salted, pepper'd, spiced and oil'd,
And after that they got enough,
Of Potteen, that delighful stuff,
That never fails to banish care,
And stir up pleasure every where,
Pat's health went round and Sheela's too,
And there they drank till all were blue
At length in motion they appear,
And every guest does homeward steer,
Pat and Sheelah went to bed,
You're sure she lost her maiden head,
Her Granmamma came you may be sure
And Sheelah met her at the door,
She seiz'd her by the wrinkled fist,
Each other, lovingly they kiss'd,
O, Grandmamma, I hope you're well,
How is Dennis, Rose and Nell?
We're all in health she did reply,
But Bridget Murphy, is going to die,
And Sheelah dear pray how are you,
And how is Paddy Carroll too?
We're well and happy she replied,
Come now sit down by the fire side,
You know grandmamma you're getting old,
And you might easy catch the cold,
She then sat down without delay,
And Sheelah unto her did say,
O Grandmamma, the Lord be praised,
I think at last my belly's raised,
For I'm with-child I do protest,
You need not think I fun or jest.
The time moved round both fast and quick,
At length poor Sheelah's taken sick,
And to her own and Paddy's joy,
She was delivered of a boy,
Who was the making of a man,
He had a blackthorn in his hand,
With leather thong and an iron ferrule,
He was a bouncing Paddy Carroll,
His father once was poor and mean,
Perhaps we'll see him so again,
He rose from nothing for to be,
Forestaller in this country,
By selling turf, and bullrush mats,
Cushions, chairs, and old straw hats,
Herrings, apples, plumbs and cheese,
Cherries, currents and gooseberries,
Lemons, ginger bread and kale,
Cockles, dilisk, salt and veal,
As Paddy was a cunning chap,
He kept a small pawnbroker's shop,
He had pledges there of various kinds,
That he received at different times.
From tea drinkers and mantua-makers,
Tobacco smoakers and snuff takers,
Such as double breasted jocks,
Ear-rings, bonnets, gowns, and frocks,
And by this kind of dealing trade,
Paddy he a fortune made,
And may they long enjoy their health,
Live in peace, increase in wealth,
And may they ever live and thrive,
'Till they have children twenty-five,
And may they riches still obtain,
Both now and evermore—Amen.

[1347]

Glorious Victory over the Russians!

WITH THE

TAKING of ALMA & SEBASTOPOL



Rial & Co., Printers, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury

AIR, "Helmet on his brow."

COME al' you gallant Britons bold,
Of high and low degree,
Cheer up! rejoice, with heart and voice,
At this great Victory.
The Allied Powers to work did go,
With courage manfully.
Conquered and took Sebastopol,
And made the enemy fly.

The gallant French and British lads,
Did shew the Russians play,
Took Alma and Sebastopol,
Huzza! my boys, huzza!

Eighteen thousand killed and wounded,
What a treat for tyrant Nick;
Twenty-four thousand prisoners—
Now arn't they nicely licked.
There was fifty thousand in the field
All trembling with fear,
Like scalded cats they cut and run,
The beaten Russian bears.

Prince Menschikoff surrendered
With eighteen thousand men,
Who will not like to meddle with
The Western lads again.
That glorious day the shots did play,
Indeed it was no joke,
While in the battle field they lay
Midst thunder, fire, and smoke.

Poor Menschikoff and tyrant Nick,
Are trembling with fear,
While Raglan, Cambridge, and Dundas
With Old Charley Napier,
Are rejoicing over the victory
The Allied Powers have gained,
And vow to conquer all the world,
By land and on the main.

The glorious news was telegraphed
To England's gracious Queen;
She danced with joy, while Albert laughed
And sent for Aberdeen:
His Lordship rubbed his eyes and cried
Success attend the brave,
England and France shall win, and
Britons never shall be slaves.

Our Army and our Navy we
Will toast with three times three,
With noble France, they made them dance
And gain a victory.
The standard of Britannia
We so nobly will unfurl;
The Allied Powers shall unite,
And conquer all the world.

In the harbour of Sebastopol
They shewed the Russians fun,
They gave 'em a taste for breakfast,
Of our great artillery guns,
Which sunk their shipping in the deep,
A match Old Nick will find;
And on the twenty-fourth my boys,
They took Fort Constantine.

If the Emperor Nicholas don't give in,
Old England and France,
On the snowy hills of Moscow
They will make the Bear to dance;
I think you have found your mistake
You base unhappy Nick,
Truly confess in your distress,
And own you are nicely licked.

[135]



A DIVINE HYMN FOR EASTER

On the Resurrection

Of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Our Jesus most glorious this day did arise,
From a grave so victorious to the Jews great surprise,
To save us he came forth from a tomb so fast seal'd
Encompass'd by guards, but the watch it had fail'd,

Chorus.

So think on the Resurrection,
And the Saints' happy lot,
Which will be our portion,
If not our own fault.

The Jews did not miss him nor think he was gone,
Until Mary Magdalen, and the other women,
Came there to adore him and his body to enbalm,
When an Angel before them, rolled back the stone.

When Mary discovered our Lord was not there,
Saying, the King of all glory, they have taken elsewhere;
Oh where have they took him, come tell unto me,
That my darling sweet Jesus this day I may see.

As Mary stood weeping with tears in her eyes,
She beheld our sweet Saviour, which did her surprise,
She took him to be a gardener or some other man,
But when he said Mary, she did understand.

My crucified Jesus, my heart's pierced with grief,
She ran to embrace him to find some relief,
He said, go to my Mother and Disciples dear,
I'm going to Galalee, let them meet me there.

Then to his beloved Mother our Lord did appear,
And to many others to shew them most clear,
Saying, all men I've saved from Adam's great crime.
If they love and obey me they all shall be mine.

Oh! Jesus most mighty and our Lord's only Son,
How can we reqnite you for what you have done,
You have saved us poor sinners from eternal woe,
Your heart's blood to save us you freely let flow.

O loving sweet Saviour to thee we humbly pray,
That you may preserve us from all evil ways,
And grant us your grace this day to begin,
Evermore to adore you and your praises to sing,

So think on the Resurrection,
And the Saints' happy lot,
Which will be our portion,
If not our own fault.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY HALY, HANOVER-STREET, CORK

[136]

An Election Song

On the victory obtained by the Kinsale Patriots, in electing Colonel Sampson Stawell their Representative, in opposition to the Corporation of that town.— Dec. 1832.

WE boys of Kinsale now bright victory claim,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen
That shall be enroll'd on the long list of fame,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen.

CHORUS.

Hugimer leen ea, is Kea vunich deen ea.
Hugimer fean an sourileen,
Conservatives power is now done away,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen.

Our Patriot brave Father Mac led the van,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
And with him we marched to face Cuthbert's vile clan,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen.
Hugimer, &c.

Their hirelings and minions and pimps we defied,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
Then silenced their boasting and pull'd down their pride,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
Hugimer, &c.

In spite of corruption and it's cursed schemes,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
We elected the brother of our belov'd James,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
Hugimer &c.

Kinsale's Corporation we gallantly beat,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
By solid fair play, without bribe or deceit,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen.
Hugimer, &c.

The beams of bright liberty begin to smile,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
On the true hearted sons of our "Emerald Isle",
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
Hugimer &c.

We despise each back slider mean hireling and hack
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
Who would not the cause of true liberty back,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen.
Hugimer &c.

Cuthbert Kearny's new name has a mongrel sound,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
Three Conjurors glued up this bastard compound,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen.
Hugimer, &c.

For decay'd "Vested rights" let us join in a groan,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
Then bury them under the old Holy Stone,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen.
Hugimer, &c.

The "reckless few" who well knew Borough pranks
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
Like gentlemen quitted corruption's foul ranks,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen.
Hugimer, &c,

Of Scottow, and M'Daniel's honour we brag,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
They routed the cat out of corruption's bag,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
Hugimer, &c.

Corporation's monopoly daring and bold,
Sing Hugimer fean an suorileen,
Has now lost it's teeth and inflexible hold,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
Hugimer, &c.

A sudden downfall and a long lasting shame,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
To the "Cork Constitution" bedaubed with ill fame
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen.
Hugimer, &c.

The twelfth at all times were with victory crown'd,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
And laurels of fame on their brows always bound,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
Hugimer, &c.

In the East Indies, in France and in Spain,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
At Egypt and Waterloo's bloody campaign,
The 12th gained their share of the sourileen.
Hugimer, &c.

In conclusion dear boys fill your bumpers of ale,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen,
Toast Stawell, Father Mac, and their friends in Kinsale
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen.

CHORUS.

Do Hugimer leen ea, is Kea vunach deen ea,
Hugimer fean an sourileen,
Conservatives power is now done away,
Sing Hugimer fean an sourileen.
Hugimer &c.



Blind Beggar's DAUGHTER.

C. Paul, Painter, 18, Gt. St. Andrew-street 7 Dials.

THIS of of a blind beggar and he lost his sight,
And he had a daughter most beautiful & bright
Shall I seek my fortune, dear father, said she,
The favour was granted to Pretty Betsy.

She set out from London the very next day,
And halted in Romford the very same day,
And when that she came unto my Lord's house,
So handsome and admired was Pretty Betsy.

She had not been there any great length of time,
Before a young Lord he a courttng her came,
Your ship shall be lined with jewels said he—
If you can but love me my Pretty Betsy.

That for to do I am willing said she,
But first ask the father of Pretty Betsy,
Then who is your father come tell unto me,
That I might go with you your father to see.

My father he is every day to be seen,
He is called the blind beggar of Bethnal Green,
He is called the beggar, God knows it, cried she.
But he's been a good father to his daughter Betsy.

If you're a beggar's daughter you won't do for me,
For I never do intend to let any one see,
That a blind beggar's daughter my lady to be,
And so scornfully turned from Pretty Betsy.

Up speaks the young squire with riches enough,
If she is a beggar's daughter she's never the worse,
Your ship shall be lined with jewels said he,
If you will but love me my Pretty Betsy.

My daughter's not clothed so fine as she shall,
And I will drop guineas with you for my girl,
They dropped their guineas down to the ground,
They dropp'd till they dropp'd ten thousand pounds

Dear honoured father I have dropped all my store,
I have dropp'd all my riches I can't drop no more
But grant me your daughter, and that's all I crave
That I may be married to Pretty Betsy.

Take her and make her a lady so bright,
I know that the Lords will owe you great spite,
And when you are married I will lay you down—
Five hundred bright guineas to buy her a gown.

Now Bill and his Betsy to church they did go,
And Billy and Betsy they did cut a fine show,
This beautiful creature that ever was seen,
Was the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green.

[138]



THE

Blind Beggar's Daughter.

Printed, and Sold Wholesale and Retail, by G. Jacques,
Oldham Road Library Manchester.

Of a blind beggar who had lost his sight,
And he had a beautiful daughter so bright,
I'll go seek my fortune, kind father, said she,
And so kindly he granted his daughter Bessie.

She took coach at Rumford, as I have heard say,
And arrived in London that very same day,
She hired to the Lord Mayor's where admired was she,
And kindly beloved was pretty Bessie.

As she was walking up London's fine streets,
A wealthy young lord she chanc'd for to meet;
I'll clothe you with diamonds and jewels, said he,
If you will but love me, my pretty Bessie.

Before we are married, come tell me your name,
Or where do you live, or whence do you come?
I am a poor girl, it is plain to be seen,
The Blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green.

If you are a beggar's daughter, you'll not do for me,
For no beggar's son will ever I be;
For no beggar's daughter, a lord's lady shall be,
So scornful he turn'd from pretty Bessie.

A young knight standing by, says your'e not worth a curse,
If she is a beggar's daughter, she's nothing the worse,
I'll clothe you with diamonds and jewels, said he,
If you will but love me my pretty Bessie,

They took coach at London, as I have heard say,
And arrived there that very same day,
The beggar says, knight, if I must tell you plain,
If you will drop guineas, I'll do the same.

The beggar pull'd out his purse well filled with gold,
And thus to the knight he did them unfold,
They dropped their guineas all on the ground,
They dropped to the sum of ten thousand pounds.

Hold, says the knight, I can drop no more,
But the beggar kept dropping till he beat him five score
Now after you are married, I will lay you down,
Five hundred bright guineas to buy her a gown,

The marriage is over and all things past,
So the knight he has got pretty Bessie at last,
The fairest of creatures was there to be seen,
Was the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal green,

[139]



Will Mizzen,

OR THE DEATH OF

Faithful Sue.

Printed and sold by J. Pitts 14 Great st.
Andrew street seven Dials

THO' loud the Gale, tho' wild the ſtorm
Will Mizzen's h-art ne'er felt alarm
For nobleſt courage mann'd his breaſt,
Tho' fierce in fight, in war tho' brave,
His heart wou'd melt, his hand wou'd
ſave,
Whene'er he met a friend diſtreſs'd.

No coward fear his boſom chill'd,
No ſavage rage the chaſm fill'd,
'Twas gen'rous love for faithful sue;
That there ſupplied the vacant place,
Whene'er his duty left a ſpace,
Love cried, "sweet Girl, there's room
for you.

Now landed on his native Beach,
With Love's moſt active ſpeed to reach,
Sue's arms he flew,—but at her door.
Arriv'd,—Alas! he found too late,
Death arm'd by want, had ſeal'd her fate,
Who breath'd, "Farewell!"—and
breath'd no more!!!

L 140 3

PRICE THREE-PENCE.



THE

END OF THE WORLD!

A LONG AND

Marvellous Ballad,

Which sheweth how a Prophet told lies—how therefore Sinners grew less wicked—and how therefore Saints got more honest;—how London is where it was—and how St. Swithin is no better than he should be;—which calleth Walter Scott, *Esquire*, a ballad-monger;—which insinuateth strangely concerning one *Mister* Robert Southey:—and which—finally, amongst other delectable matters—giveth good advice to all persons who desire either to live or die!

BY THE GHOST OF PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

Who wisheth it sung
Both in Country and Town,
And, *gravely*, appointeth
The Tune—Derry Down!

Strange 'Spots in the Sun,' by Astronomers seen,
Gave birth to the question:—What may these Spots mean?
Thus one ask'd the other—for all augur'd harm,
And 'the Spots in the Sun' fill'd each breast with alarm.
Derry Down.

Then up rose a Prophet, and, shaking his head,
With eyes rais'd to heaven, Old Gravity said:
"The End of the World in these Spots you may trace;
"I see it as plain as the nose in your face.

"Have the Seasons of late years not chang'd like the Moon?
"In December we've summer, and winter in June!
"A strange Revolution thus all things portend,
"And the winding-up scene, friends, will be the World's End!

"Consum'd to a cinder, and melted by fire,
"The globe shall dissolve, and all in it expire:
"Such the doom of just Heav'n; and, mark well what I say,
"July is the month, and the Eighteenth the day!"

Thus spoke the great Prophet;—with awe and with dread
His hearers devour each word that he said;
Already in fancy, they see the flames rage,
And fly to devotion their fears to assuage.

Conventicles now are with Methodists cramm'd,
And those pray in earnest, who lately but shamm'd;
To Chapels and Meetings in droves see them run,
And saints grow *half* honest, for fear of the Sun!

The Sun had been long making vast preparation,
To accomplish this last and this grand conflagration:
Some thought him burnt out—with his spots and his holes,
Whilst others maintain'd he was—laying in coals!

As the day, of all days so much dreaded, drew near,
The zeal of the godly increas'd with their fear;
The Chapels are crowded, and, fervent in pray'r,
They call upon Heaven to pity and spare.

At length dawns the Eighteenth, and, usher'd by rain,
All the morn the Storm rages and rattles amain;
A panic now seizes upon the whole town,
And, sooner than burn, they would willingly drown.

Their homes with precipitate flight they forsake,
And to water, their refuge, instinctively take;
Half London on Thames's broad bosom now floats,
And the course of the river is block'd up with boats!

The day passes over, no fire-balls descend;
No world, set on fire, proclaims the World's End!
Yet, let us not crow till we're out of the wood,
Though London still stands where it yesterday stood!

The mode is but chang'd—but protracted the slaughter;
Though escap'd from the fire, we may perish by water!
After forty days' rain, which in torrents did pour,
St. Swithin now threatens with forty days more!

Well, then, may we pray, put on sack-cloth, and fast—
The End of the World overtakes us at last;
Our fate is ordain'd—we are left in the lurch,
And since we must die, let us die in a Church!

For there, whether burnt to a cinder, or drown'd,
We still lie, like Christians, on consecrate ground;
And great is the comfort the godly man shares,
Who shakes hands with Death whilst he's saying his pray'rs!

Much better the Kennington Cook would have done,
Had she patiently waited the chance of the Sun:
But she, silly woman!—so fearful to die—
Must swing in the noose her own fingers did tie!

When for burning, or drowning, the hour shall strike,
This comfort remains—we shall all fare alike;
The king and the beggar must share the same fate,
And the poor roast or drown just as soon as the great!

Then I, even I, who have thresh'd my poor brains,
And produced this sad Song with much labour and pains,
May chance rest my bones on that very same spot
With that great ballad-monger—the fam'd Walter Scott!

Who knows but the Laureate himself may be spy'd,
Carmen Nuptiale in hand, by my side?
And when the last trump with its blasts rends the sky,
Bob Southey may then rank no higher than I!

Away then with sack-cloth, with fasting, and tears!
Away with all idle forebodings and fears!
Be the World burnt or drown'd, 'tis all over with man;
But, till then, let us all——live as well as we can!
Derry Down.

THE END
OF
THE END OF THE WORLD!

Hay and Turner, Printers, Newcastle Street, Strand.

[1417]

Cupid's Snare, or the Net of Love.







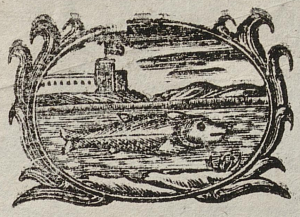








[1483]



SHULE AGRAH,

Oft' I roved my garden bowers,
To gaze upon fast fading flowers,
And think upon past happy hours;
That are fled like Summer's bloom.

Shule shule shule Agrah,
None but love can ease my woe,
Since the lad of my heart from me did go
Gud he gud he tough slaun.

No more I am that blooming maid,
That used to rove the valleys shade,
My youth my bloom is all decayed,
And every charm is gone.

Oft' I sat on my lover's knee,
Many a fond story he told me,
He told me things that ne'er will be.
Gud he gud he tough slaun

But now he's gone to foreign climes,
To seek a maid more pleasing to his mind
But ah the maid he left behind,
Shall love best of all.

I'm told my love is gone to France,
There his fortune to advance,
If de returns 'tis but a chance,
Gud he gud he toug slaun.

I wish I was on yonder hill,
There I'd sit and cry my fill,
That every tear would turn a mill,
Gnd he gud he tough slaun.

I'll sell my rock I'll sell my reel.
When my flax is out I'll sell my wheel,
To buy my love a sword and shield,
Gud he gud he tough slaun.

His shoes were black his coat was blue,
His face was fair his heart was true,
I wish in my heart I was with you,
Gud he gud he tough slaun.

I'll dye my petticoat I'll dye it red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
And then my parents would wish me dead
Gud he gud he tough slaun,

[143]

DAMON A LA GRILLE DU MONASTERE



Jeunesse trop coquette,
Écoutez la leçon
Que vous fait Henriette
Et son amant Damon ;
Voyez tous les malheurs
Qui troublèrent leur constance
Et leur sensible cœur
Mérite récompense.

Henriette était fille
D'un baron de renom ;
D'une ancienne famille
Était le beau Damon ;
Il était fait au tour,
Elle était jeune et belle,
Et d'un parfait amour
Ils étaient le modèle.

Damon plein de tendresse
Un dimanche au matin,
Ayant ouï la messe
D'un père capucin,
S'en fut chez le baron,
D'un air civil et tendre :
Je m'appelle Damon,
Que je sois votre gendre

Mon beau galant, ma fille,
Ne sera pas pour vous
Car, derrière une grille,
Dieu sera son époux ;
J'ai des meubles de prix,
De l'or en abondance.
Ce sera pour mon fils,
J'en donne l'assurance

Gardez votre richesse,
Monsieur, et votre bien,
Je vous fais la promesse
De n'y prétendre rien :
Comme vous j'ai de l'or,
Tout ce que je souhaite,
Et de tous vos trésors
Je ne veux qu'Henriette.

Ce vieillard malhonnête
S'en fut sur ce propos.
En secouant la tête
Et lui tournant le dos ;
Comme un père inhumain,
Traîna la nuit suivante,
Dans un couvent, bien loin,
Sa victime innocente.

Hélas ! quel dur orage,
Pour de tendres amants ;
Que ce cruel partage
Leur cause de tourments !
Damon a beau courir
Après son Henriette,
Il ne peut découvrir
Le lieu de sa retraite

L'abbesse prend à tâche
De lui tourner l'esprit,
Lui parlant sans relâche
De la prise d'habit ;
Prends, ma fille, au plus tôt,
Le voile sur ta tête,
Les anges de là-haut
Un chanteront la fête.

Ah ! madame l'abbesse,
Reprenez vos bandeaux,
Je ne puis, pour vous plaire
Tomber dans vos panneaux.
A un sort plus heureux
Le dieu d'amour m'appelle,
Damon a tous mes vœux,
Je lui serai fidèle.

On envoie d'Allemagne
Une lettre au baron,
Lui mandant que Guillaume
Vient de perdre son nom ;
Dans un combat sanglant,
Montrant un grand courage
Mais un seul coup dompta
Ce guerrier redoutable.

En lisant cette lettre,
Poussoit mille soupirs,
Pleurant avec tendresse
La mort de son cher fils:
J'avois, dit-il, gardé
Pour toi bien des richesses.
Mais le ciel a vengé
Le malheur d'Henriette.

Le lendemain, à la grille,
Henriette y fut voir,
Lui dit : Ma pauvre fille,
Je meurs de désespoir ;
Le ciel m'a bien puni
De mon trop de rudesse.
Mais tu n'y perdras rien,
Je te rends ma tendresse.

Ah ! qu'avez-vous, cher père,
Qui vous chagrine tant ?
Ma fille, ton pauvre frère
Est mort en combattant ;
Combattant pour la loi,
Errant en Allemagne ;
Et je n'ai plus que toi
Pour être ma compagne.

Tu sors au moment même,
Ah ! mon père, tout doux,
Celui que mon cœur aime
Me le donnerez-vous ?
Depuis long-tems, hélas !
Ma fille, en Italie,
On dit qu'à Castella
Il a perdu la vie.

Cruelle destinée,
Quoi, mon amant est mort !
Sa vie est terminée,
La mienne dure encor.
Destin trop rigoureux,
Et vous, père barbare,
Votre insensible cœur
Pour jamais nous sépare.

Adieu donc, mon aimable,
Je ne te verrai plus,
Ton souvenir m'accable,
Tes soins sont superflus;
Adieu, cher tourtereau,
Ta chere tourterelle,
Au-delà du tombeau,
Te restera fidèle.

Ah ! madame l'abbesse,
Donnez-moi un habit :
Un saint désir me presse
D'être de vos brebis,
Coupez mes blonds cheveux,
Dont j'ai un soin extrême,
Arrachez-en les nœuds,
J'ai perdu ce que j'aime

Adieu donc, mon cher père,
Et tout le monde aussi ;
Dans ce monastere,
Je veux finir ma vie ;
Passer mes tristes ans
Sous un habit de nonne,
Prier pour mes parents
Que le ciel leur pardonne

La voilà donc novice :
Le grand dommage, hélas !
Que sous ce noir cilice
Elle cache d'appas !
Son père veut encor
L'arracher de la grille ;
Mais son amant est mort,
Elle veut rester fille.

Or, justement la veille
De sa profession,
Ecoutez la merveille
Digne d'attention :
Un captif racheté,
Revenant de Turquie,
Jeune et de qualité
La tout lieu se publie.

L'abbesse curieuse
A son tour veut le voir,
Chaque religieuse
Se transporte au parloir;
Un secret mouvement
Y conduit Henriette ;
Car, ordinairement,
Elle restait en sa chambrette.

Beau captif, dit l'abbesse,
Quel est votre malheur ?
De vous je m'intéresse :
Madame, trop d'honneur;
Je ne puis maintenant
Vous dire comme je me nomme
Apprenez seulement
Que je suis gentilhomme.

J'aimais d'amour extrême
Une jeune beauté,
La jeune demoiselle
M'aimait de son côté ;
Mais son père inhumain,
Autrement en ordonne,
M'enleva un
Cette aimable
Où l'a-t-il do de,
Ce père si rigoureux ?
Sept ans je l'ai cherchée,
En cent différents lieux ;
Par tout pays je cours
Cherchant, sans espérance,
Celle qui doit faire un jour
Ma joie ou ma souffrance.

Pris par un vieux corsaire
Me vend sans pitié ;
Du patron débonnaire
J'ai gagné l'amitié ;
Mais sa fille enchaînée,
Quoique charmante et belle,
Me vouloit épouser :
Pour moi quelle nouvelle !

Cette fille se rebute
Enfin de mes refus ;
Elle me persécute
Pendant un an et plus :
A de rudes travaux
Dont son ordre m'oblige,
En vous disant ces maux
Leur souvenir m'afflige.

C'étoit fait de ma vie,
J'en désirois la fin ;
Quand le ciel en Turque
Conduit les Mathurins.
Ils brisent mes liens,
Du patron il m'achètent,
Mais le jour ne m'est rien
Sans ma chère Henriette.

Henriette éperdue
Succombe à ce discours,
Chaque sœur se remue
Pour donner du secours:
Elle ouvre un œil mourant,
Disant, toute tremblante :
Damon, mon cher amant,
Tu revois ton amante.

A la voix de la fille
Damon perd la raison;
Il veut forcer la grille,
Ou brûler la maison :
Et pour le retenir
Il faut qu'on lui promette
De lui faire épouser
Sa constante Henriette

Le vieux baron arrive
Pour la profession,
Une amitié si vive
Lui fait compassion ;
Le voilà consentant
De signer l'alliance,
Et dès ce doux moment,
Comble leur espérance.

L'on fit ce mariage,
Tout en solennité.
Leurs parents de tout âge,
Chacun s'y est trouvé,
Après tant de douleurs,
De travers et de gênes,
L'on unit ces deux cœurs,
Récompense leurs peines.

Voilà donc Henriette
Jointe avec son amant:
Mais, hélas ! qu'on regrette
Le court contentement!
Sept mois, ou environ,
Qu'Henriette est enceinte,
La mort surprit Damon
D'une subite atteinte.

(Déposé.) BONNET, Editeur, rue Saint Jacques, N. 31. — Paris, Impr. de Chassaignon, rue Git-le-Cœur, 7.

[144]

Press Mark.	Collection and Number of MS. wanted.
55. E.	Harl: 245
54. f	— 807

(Date) May 22/49 H T Ellacombe (Signature.)

Please to restore each volume of the Catalogue to its place, as soon as done with.

Bonny Blooming Highland Jane.

AS I walk'd out one morning fair,
  Being in the pleasant Month of June,
The rivers ran like chrystal clear,
  The rose and violet were in bloom:
In sad despair a voice so clear
  I heard across the rural plain,
Saying, I have lost my lovely bride,
  My bonny blooming Highland Jane.

She was the fairest of the fair,
  Her eyes were like the diamonds bright,
She was my joy and only dear,
  My treasure, comfort, and delight.
We lived long like turtle doves,
  And sung in a melodious strain,
But now I'm left a bird alone,
  I've lost my blooming Highland Jane.

She's left behind a lovely boy,
  His features fill me with amaze,
The more I look the more I weep,
  As daily on him I do gaze.
She was like a flower sprung in an hour,
  And snatch'd from off the mortal plain;
Oh, could I fold you in my arms,
  My bonny blooming Highland Jane!

She was the pride of Scotland's isle,
  From the Tweed down to the Clyde;
No more again then shall I smile
  Upon my charming lovely bride:
But I am doom'd to sigh and weep,
  And wander o'er this dismal plain:
No bonny lass could e'er surpass
  My bonny blooming Highland Jane.

Oh, cruel death! thou wast severe,
  To snatch so suddenly away
That lovely rose-bud in her prime,
  To rot among the mould'ring clay;
But through the dreary hours of night
  I'll sit and sing, in mournful strain,
The loss of her who shone so bright,
  My bonny blooming Highland Jane.

My tears shall soak thy mould'ring clay,
  While I sit weeping on her grave;
And as the hours flee away,
  From death I will one favour crave,
To take me to the rose that died,
  Far—far from this dejected plain,
And lay me in the earth beside
  My bonny blooming Highland Jane.

Swindells, Printer.

[145]



Caroline
Of Edinburgh Town.

COME all young men and maidens attend unto my rhyme,
It's of a lovely maiden was scarcely in her prime,
She beat the blushing roses, and admired by all around,
Was lovely young Caroline of Edinburgh town.

Young Henry a highlandman, a courting to her came,
And when her parents came to know, they did not like the same,
Young Henry was offended and unto her did say,
Arouse, dearest Caroline, with me to run away.

We will both go to London, love, & there wed with speed,
And then lovely Caroline, is happiness indeed,
And enticed by young Henry she put on her other gown,
Then away went young Caroline of Edinburgh town,

Over hills and lofty mountains together they did roam,
In time arrived in London, so far from happy home;
Then she cried dearest Henry pray never on me frown,
Or you'll break the heart of Caroline of Edinburgh town.

They had not been in London not passing half-a-year,
When hard-hearted Henry proved too severe,
Said Henry I will go to sea, your friends did on me frown
So beg your way without delay to Edinburgh town.

The fleet it is fitting out to Spithead dropping down,
And I will join the gallant fleet to fight for King and crown,
Tho' gallant tars may feel the scars or in the water drown,
Yet I never will return again to Edinburgh town.

Then many a day she pass'd away in sorrow and despair,
Her cheeks tho' once like roses were grown like lilies fair,
She cried where is my Henry and often she did swoon,
Crying sad the day I ran away from Edinburgh town.

Oppress'd with grief without relief, this damsel she did go,
Into the wood to eat such food as on the bushes grow;
Some strangers they did pity her, and some did on her frown
And some did say what made you stray from Edinburgh town

Beneath a lofty spreading oak this maid sat down to cry,
A watching of the gallant ships as they were passing by,
She gave three shrieks for Henry and plung'd her body down
And away floated Caroline of Edinburgh town.

A note, likewise her bonnet, she left upon the shore,
And in the note a lock of hair, with words I am no more,
But fast asleep, I'm in the deep the fish are watching round,
Once comely young Caroline of Edinburgh town.

Come all you tender parents ne'er try to part true-love,
You're sure to see in some degree the ruin it will prove,
Likewise young men and maidens ne'er on your lovers frown
Think on the fate of Caroline of Edinburgh town.

Swindells, Printer.

[146]



Banks of sweet Dundee.

It's of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful, I'm told
Her parents died and left her five hundred pound in gold,
She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe,
And you soon shall hear this maiden fair did prove his overthrow.

Her uncle had a plough-boy young Mary lov'd full well,
And in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell,
But there was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,
But still she lov'd her plough-boy on the banks of sweet Dundee.

It was one summer's morning her uncle went straightway,
He knocked at her bed room door and unto her did say,--
Come rise up pretty maiden, a lady you may be,
The squire is waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dundee.

A fig for all the squires, your lords and dukes likewise,
My William's hand appears to me like diamonds in my eyes,
Begone, unruly female, you ne'er shall happy be,
For I mean to banish William from the banks of sweet Dundee.

Her uncle and the squire rode out one summer's day,
Young William is in favour--her uncle he did say;
Indeed 'tis my intention to tie him on a tree,
Or else to bribe the press gang on the banks of sweet Dundee.

The press gang came to William when he was all alone,
He boldly fought for liberty,---but they were six to one,
The blood did flow in torrents—pray kill me now, said he,
I would rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee.

This maid one day was walking, lamenting for her love,
She met the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove,
He put his arms around her, stand off base man, said she,
You sent the only lad I love from the banks of sweet Dundee.

He clasp'd his arms around her, and tried to throw her down,
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning gown,
Young Mary took the pistols, his sword he us'd so free,
But she fir'd and shot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise and hasten'd to the ground,
O since you have kill'd the squire I'll give you your death wound,
Stand off, then sa'd young Mary undaunted I will be,
The trigger drew and her uncle slew on the banks of sweet Dundee.

A doctor soon was sent for—a man of noted skill,
Likewise came his daughter, for him to sign his will,
He will'd his gold to Mary that fought so manfully,
And clos'd his eyes no more to rise on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Swindells, Printer.

[147]



Banks of Claudy

IT was on a ſummer's morning all in the month of
May,
Down by yon flowery garden where Betſy did ſtray,
I overheard a damſel in ſorrow to complain,
All for her abſent lover that plows the raging main.

I went up to this fair maid and put her in ſurpriſe,
I own ſhe did not know me, I being in diſguiſe:
Said I my charming creature, my joy and heart's de-
light,
How far do you travel this dark and rainy night.

The way, kind ſir, to Claudy, if you will pleaſe to ſhow
Pity a maid diſtracted, for there I have to go:
I am in ſearch of a falſe young man, and Johnny is his
name,
All on the banks of Claudy I'm told he does remain.

If Johnny was here this night he would keep me from
He's in the field of battle all in his uniform, [all harm
As he's in the field of battle, his foes he will deſtroy,
Like the rolling king of honour who fought in the wars
of Troy.

It's ſix weeks and better ſince your true love left the
ſhore, [roar,
He is cruiſing the wide ocean, where foaming billows
He is cruiſing the wide ocean for honour and for gain,
I was told the ſhip was wreck'd off the coaſt of Spain.

When ſhe heard the dreadful news, ſhe fell into deſpair
To wringing of her hands and tearing of her hair;
Since he is gone and left me, no man on earth I'll take
In ſome lonefome valley I'll wander for his ſake.

His heart was fill'd with joy, no longer he could ſtand
He flew into her arms, ſaying, Betſy I'm the man;
I am the faithleſs young man whom you thought was
ſlain, [part again.
And ſince we've met on Claudy's banks we'll never

Swindells, Printer.

[1487



Donald's return to Glencoe.

IT happen'd, we're told, one evening of late,
When Flora's green mantle did the fields decorate;
I carelessly wander'd where I did not know,
By a hill near a fountain, that lay on Glencoe.

Up stepped a wee lassie, as blythe as the sun,
And her kind affections has my poor heart won,
If your kind affections on me you'll bestow,
You'd bless the happy hour we met on Glencoe.

Pray stand off young man, I your offer disdain,
I once had a sweetheart, young Donald by name;
He went to the wars about ten years ago,
And a maid I'll remain till he returns to Glencoe.

Perhaps that your Donald regards not your name,
He may have got married to some foreign dame,
He may have got married, for aught that you know
And quite forgot the bonny lass he left at Glencoe.

I know that my Donald from his promise won't part
I know there is honour in young Donald's heart:
If he comes not again, then single I'll go,
And lament for the bonny lad that left me on Glencoe.

With a ring, and true hearted, he pull'd off his glove
What she'd given he show'd, 'twas a pledge of her love:
She hung on his neck, while tears down did flow,
Saying, Are you my Dona'd return'd to Glencoe?

Cheer up, bonny lassie for your sorrows are o'er,
While breath remains in us we'll never part more:
Great storms of war behind us may blow,
For we'll always live happy on the hills of Glencoe.

Swindells, Printer.

[149]



JAMIE DOUGLAS.

When I was sick and very bad,
A friend of mine came me to see,
But the Blackamoor whispered in my Lord's ear,
He was too long in the room with me.

O woe be to you, blackamoor, she says,
And an ill death may you dee,
For I never loved any young man,
But Jamie Douglas, only he.

Come down the stairs, my Jamie Douglas,
O come down stairs, and drink wine with me,
I'll set you down on a chair of gold
And not one penny it will cost thee.

When silver bells grow cockel shells,
And mussels grow on every tree,
When frost and snow grow fiery balls,
I'll come down stairs and drink with you.

O woe be to you, Jamie Douglas, she says,
That e'er I loved a man like you,
For I could swear by the powers above,
That I never loved a man but you.

O when her Father came to know,
An angry man I'm sure was he,
He sent five score of his soldiers brave,
To bring her home to his own country.

Slowly, slowly, she rose up,
And slowly, slowly she came down,
And when she was in her coach and six,
He made all his trumpets for to sound.

And when she came to Edinburgh Town,
A pretty sight it was to see,
With trumpets sounding on every side,
But it was dull music unto me.

When she came to her Father's castle,
She sunk in sorrow every day,
She wrote a letter to Jamie Douglas,
And this to her jealous love did say:

Before this letter does reach your sight,
I'll take my life, so farewell to you,
You have believed the blackamoor,
And slighted me, so now adieu.

When Jamie Douglas had read the letter,
The tear came streaming frae his ee
He slew the blackamoor in his chamber,
And a greater villain I ne'er did see.

He went into her father's castle
And with him took his babies three,
But she has taken the deadly poison,
and they all do mourn the blackamoor's treachery.

John Elder, Printer, 243, High Street.

[150]



LORD BEIGHAM

Young Beigham was a noble Lord,
A Gentleman of high degree,
He got nimself on board a ship,
Some foreign countries for to see.

He sailed east he sailed west,
Until he came to fair Turkey,
When he was taken and put in prison,
Till of his life he was quite weary.

Now in this prison grew a tree,
It grew so stout and it grew so strong,
For he was chained down by the middle,
Until his life was almost gone.

The Turk he had one only daughter,
A fairer creature he ne'er did see;
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
And swore Lord Beigham she would set free.

She took him down to her fathers cellar,
And gave to him the best of wine,
And every brave health she drank unto him,
I wish Lord Beigham you were mine

But seven long years I'll make a vow,
I'll make a vow and keep it strong,
If thou will wed, with no other woman,
It's I will wed with no other man.

She took him to her father's harbour,
And gave to him a ship of fame,
Farewell, farewell, unto you Lord Beigham,
I'm feared you shall ne'er see me again.

When 7 long years were gone and over,
And fourteen days were known to be.
She packed up all her gay clothing,
And swore Lord Beigham she would go see.

And when she came to Beigham's Castle,
So loudly she rang at the bell,
Who's there, who's there, cries the bold young
porter,
Who's there, who's there, unto me tell?

Is this says she young Beigham's Castle
Or is his Lordship now within?
O! yes, O! yes, cries the bold young porter,
He's just now taking his young bride in.

Go tell him bring me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of his best of wine,
And not forget the young Turkish lady,
That did release him when close confined.

Away then ran the bold young porter,
As fast as ever he could flee,
Until he came to Lord Beigham's Chamber,
Then on his bended knees fell he.

What news, what news, my bold young porter,
What news, what news, have you brought to me
O, yonders one of the fairest ladies,
That ever my two eyes did see.

She has got rings upon each finger,
On some of them she has got three,
And as much gay gold around her middle,
As buy the whole of this country.

You are to send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of your best of wine,
And not forget the young Turkish lady,
That did release him when close confined.

Young Beigham in a passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three,
Saying I will save all my father's riches,
Since fair Sussanah has crossed the sea.

So outspoke the young bride's mother,
She ne'er was heard to speak out so free,
You'll not forget my only daughter,
If Sussanah has crossed the sea.

I own I made a bride of your daughter,
She's neither better nor worse of me
She came to me on a horse and saddle,
She may go back in a coach and three

Now they've prepared for another marriage,
With both their hearts full of glee,
I'll roam no more into foreign lands,
Since fair Sussann has crossed the sea.

152

Black Moor's Tragedy.

Sanderson, Printer, High Street, Edinburgh.
Histories, Patters, Ballads, Songs, &c., Wholesale and Retail

When I was sick and very bad,
A friend of mine came me to see;
But the black-moor whisper'd in my lord's ear,
He was too long in chamber with me.

It 's woe be to you, black moor, she says,
And an ill death may you die,
For I never loved another man,
But Jamie Douglas and only he.

Come down the stair, my Jamie Douglas,
Come down the stair and drink wine with me;
I will seat you in a chair of gold,
And ne'er one penny it will cost thee.

When cockle shells grow silver bells,
And mussels grow on every tree,
When frost and snow turn fiery balls,
I'll come down the stair and drink wine with thee

O, do you think, my Jamie Douglas,
That e'er I loved a man like thee;
For I could swear by the Powers above,
That I never loved a man but thee.

And when her father came to know it,
An angry man I'm sure was he;
He sent five score of his soldiers brave,
To bring her home to his own country.

It was slowly, slowly, she rose up,
And slowly, slowly, she went down;
And when she was in her coach and six,
He made all his trumpets for to sound.

It 's fare-you-well, my Jamie Douglas,
And fare-you-well, my babies three;
I hope your father will be kind to you,
Till I see you in my own country.

And when they came to Edinburgh city,
A pretty sight it was to see,
With trumpets sounding on every side,
But it was dull music unto me.

It 's hold your tongue, my daughter dear,
And of your weeping let-a-be;
And a bill of divorcement he will send unto you,
And a better match I will get for thee.

It 's hold your tongue, my father dear,
And of your folly let-a-be;
For no other man shall lie in my arms,
Since Jamie Douglas has slighted me.

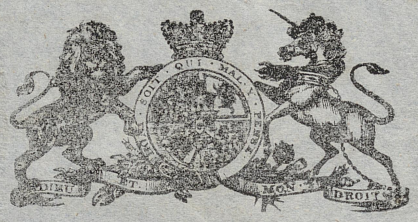
And when she came to her father's castle,
She sunk in sorrow every day;
She wrote a letter to Jamie Douglas,
And thus to her jealous love did say.

O, Jamie Douglas, before this letter
Shall reach your ears and babies three,
My life I'll take—and farewell to you,
You believed the black moor and slighted me.

When Jamie Douglas did read her letter,
The tears ran streaming frae his een;
He slew the black moor in his anger,
Saying, a greater villain I've never seen.

He went unto her father's castle,
And took with him his babies three;
But she had took the deadly poison,
And they all did mourn black moor's treachery.

[153]



LEWIE GORDON.

O send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I darena name!
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa.

O hon, my Highlandman!
O my bonny Highlandman!
Weel wad I my true love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen

O to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philibeg aboon his knee!
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
O hon, &c.

This lovely youth of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star,
You'd take him for the god of war.
O hon, &c.

O to see this princely one,
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' wad disappear;
Then begins the jub'lee year.
O hon, &c.

Waes me for Prince Charlie.

Sanderson, Printer, High Street, Edinburgh.
Histories, Patters, Ballads, Songs, &c., Wholesale and Retail.

A wee bird came to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
And aye the o'ercome o' his sang,
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh! when I heard the bonny bird,
The tears came drapping rarely,
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, "My bird, my bonny bird,
"Is that a tale ye borrow?
"Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,
"Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
"I've flown since morning early;
"But sic a day o' wind and rain!
"Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by right his ain,
"He roams a lonely stranger;
"On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
"On ilka side by danger.
"Yestreen I met him in a glen,
"My heart near bursted fairly,
"For sadly chang'd indeed was he,
"Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd
"Out-owre the hills and valleys;
"And whare was't that your Prince lay down,
"Whase hame should been a palace?
"He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
"Which cover'd him but sparely,
"And slept beneath a bush o' broom,
"Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red-coats,
And shook his wings wi' anger;
"Oh this is no a land for me,
"I'll tarry here nae langer."
A while he hover'd on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the fareweel strain;
'Twas "Waes me for Prince Charlie!"

[155]



THE GILL STOUP.

O weary on the gill stoup,
The gill stoup, the gill stoup;
O wae betide the gill stoup,
It breeds muckle grief at hame O.

The lasses think there's naething right,
When they maun lie their lane at night;
For e'en and morn their fancy's flight,
Is how to get a man O.
But they think na on the gill stoup, &c.

I'd never grudge the men a gill
Or twa, at times, their grief to kill;
But set them down their wames to fill,
And starve their weans at hame O.

There's souter Jock, the other day,
Gaed down the street to draw his pay;
He met wi' drunken Sandy Gray,
Nor brought a bawbee hame O.

And weaver Will, last Thursday night,
Gaed out when he his lamp should light;
His wife was maist half dead wi' fright,
When he was carried hame O.

And sailor Jock, but little better,
He drinks the whisky like cauld water,
And syne he cuts aff like a hatter,
Across the raging main O.

And tailor Tam, that useless thing,
Gaed down the street some claith to bring;
But put the price o't in his wame,
And the siller no his ain O.

The smith himsel' he's but a youth,
Yet needs a drap to weet his mouth;
Ae gill or twa ne'er staps his drouth,
For he'll drink nine or ten O.

And Andrew frae the bush o' broom,
Brought in last week, some meal to town;
He drank and rambled up and down,
And sel't the sacks gaun hame O.

There's mony mair than I could name—
E'en wives themsel's are waur then men;
For, when they drink, they'll think nae shame
To strip their beds at hame O.

And some I've kent to sell their sark,
And some I've kent, when it was dark,
For ae gill's price wad horns put
On their men in bed at hame O.

What mighty feats has whisky done!
It's made some men stark naked run,
And wi' their nose to shool the ground,
As they were ganging hame O.

J. Elder, Printer, Edinburgh.

[156]



Rab Rorison's Bannet.

Sanderson, Printer, High Street Edinburgh.

Ye'll a' hear tell o' Rab Rorison's bannet,
Ye'll a' hear tell o' Rab Rorison's bannet,
It wasna the bannet, but the head that was in it,
Made the hale parish talk o' Rab Rorison's bannet.

This bannet it covered his head frae the rain,
It served for a cradle when he was at hame;
And when the wife drank or gaed out o' the streets,
This very same bannet aft dadded her cheeks.

When Raben grew gude and began for to pray,
Then it was his cushion, kept his knees frae the clay;
And when Rabie fought or began for to swear,
This very same bannet was waved in the air.

This bannet when new just cost half a crown,
But thro' his lang lifetime it saved twa three pound,
For it answered Rabie in a' times o' need,
Besides when outbye for to cover his head.

This bannet was weel worth a keeping atweel,
'Twas his aumry, his kist, and a dish for his meal;
It served for his bolster, and tattie pock too,
He tried it wi' kail, but it let out the broo.

It served for the bellows, to blaw up the fire,
When the barrow was broken it mucket the byre;
And when wi' fatigue this bannet was worn,
Thro' the holes that were in it he riddled his corn.

It had a red rosy tap like a muckle black blibe,
And it was slouched o'er at ilka han'side;
Some said it was black, some said it was blue,
'Twas a wee thing o' baith as a body might trou.

But how Rabie got it to ser' a' thae ends,
Besides a' the fools, there's few wise folk kens;
And when Rabie died it was there on the spot,
He wad hain'd in the coffin, but it was forgot.

But peace to the head for it's now i' the muls,
'Twas a wonder to wise folk as weel as to fools;
O' what sort o' wisdom this head was possess'd
There's naebody kens, and as few will miss 't.

Yeve a' heard tell o' Rab Rorison's bannet,
Ye've a' heard tell o' Rab Rorison's bannet,
Twas a wonderfu' bannet, and the queer head within it
Made a' body talk o' Rab Rorison's bannet.

[157]



THE AULD BREEKS.

My mither men't my auld breeks,
An' wow, but they were duddy!
And sent me to get shod our mare,
At Robin Tamson's smiddy;
The smiddy stands beside the burn,
That wimples through the clachan,
I never yet gae by the door,
But aye I fa' a-laughin'.

For Robin was a walthy carle,
An' had ae bonny dochter,
Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
Tho' mony lads had sought her.
But what think ye o' my exploit?
The time our mare was shoeing,
I slipped up beside the lass,
An' briskly fell a-wooing.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,
The time that we sat crackin',
Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the clouts,
I've new anes for the makin'.
But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,
An' lea' the carle your father,
Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
Mysel' an' a' thegither.

'Deed lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
I really think I'll tak' it,
Sae gang awa' get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't
For gin I wait my father's time,
I'll wait till I be fifty,
But na, I'll marry in my prime,
An' mak' a wife fu' thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man,
At losing o' his dochter,
Through a' the kintry side he ran,
An' far an' near he sought her:
But when he came to our fire-end,
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
Sae ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girned and sheuk his pow,
Gude faith, quo' he, you're merry,
But I'll just take you at your word,
An' end this hurry burry.
Sae Robin and our auld gudewife
Agreed to creep thegither,
Now I ha'e Robin Tamson's pet,
An' Robin has my mither.

J. Elder 243, High Street, Edinburgh.

[158]



The Laird o' Cockpen.

Sanderson, Printer, High Street, Edinburgh.

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table head he thocht she'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Clavers-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well-pouther'd and as good as new,
His waistcoat was white, and his coat it was blue,
He put on a ring, a sword and cock'd hat;
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that.

He took his grey mare and rade cannilie,
And rapt at the yett o' Clavers-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was making the elder-flower wine,
"An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put off her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

An' when she cam ben he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amaz'd was the Laird when the lady said "Na,"
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfuner'd was he, nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare, and rade cannillie,
And aften he thocht as he gaed through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

When Mistress Jean gaed back to her wine,
The Laird's cocked hat aye ran in her mind;
She fought wi' her wine, but aye it grew sour,
To get it to please her was out o' her power.

Quo' she to herself, "O wasna I daft,
A braw kintra Laird is na every day caught;
To dee an auld maid—O guid keep me then!
If nae better nae waur than the Laird o' Cockpen."

She sigh'd to hersel' when she thocht on the glen,
Where she might hae sat as Lady Cockpen;
But the wind in the Laird's lug the secret did blaw,
The lady meant "yes" when she did say "na"

Then the Laird took a thocht his suit to renew,
For Cupid had wounded his heart thro' and thro';
Ae day he came mounted, and said cleverly,
"Hoo's a' the folk living at Clavers-ha' Lee?"

Mistress Jeanie she left ilka thing in a haste,
The Laird, wi' a laugh, put his arms round eer waist;
The lady said, "O dinna," but whispered, "Come ben,
Nae welcomer here than the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next day he was seen with his cock'd hat and dirk,
Gaun arm in arm wi' his lady to kirk;
At his table she sits like a croose tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens been seen at Cockpen.



PHŒBE;

OR, THE

BEAUTY OF DUNDEE.

J. CATNACH, Printer, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court

IN the lowlands of Scotland fair Phœbe did dwell,
Beloved by her parents was that beautiful girl,
She was so admired all around the country,
That they called her the beauty of the town of Dundee.

There was a young doctor who gained Phœbe's love,
But Phœbe's kind parents of him did not approve,
It's forsake your kind parents and come along with me,
Said William to the beauty of the town of Dundee.

Oh, no, replied Phœbe, such things I'll never do,
I will ne'er forsake parents for to go along with you,
Young William turned from her, and a plan contrived he
To overthrow the beauty of the town of Dundee.

He rang'd the woods over till some gypsies he found,
And he told them his plans as they sat upon the ground,
Saying bright gold and silver it now shall be your fee,
To decoy my lovely Phœbe from the town of Dundee.

That evening as Phœbe in the green grove did stray,
The gypsies did surround her and bore her away,
Then the false hearted villain did pretend to set her free,
Then he hurried lovely Phœbe from the banks of Dundee

Now a twelvemonth pass'd over when Phœbe so fair,
She brought forth a baby—such a sweet little dear,
In the midst of her troubles cruel William did flee,
And forsook lovely Phœbe from the town of Dundee.

Poor Phœbe soon after was turned out to roam,
With her baby at her bosom, how she sigh'd for happy home,
The sloes and wild berry her only food to be,
Ah, sad the fate of Phœbe, from the town of Dundee.

Then weak and exhausted, fatigued and worn low,
She fell with her baby and expired in the snow,
Then death stopped the sorrow of the baby and she,
Once called the lovely beauty of the town of Dundee.

Then Phœbe and her baby in the dust was laid low,
And a lovely green willow over them do grow,
To all you true lovers where'er you may be,
Think of once the lovely Phœbe from the town of Dundee.

Sold by Hillatt and Martin, Prescot-Street.

[160]



Jock o'Hazeldean

"Why weep ye by the tide, lady,
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride;
And ye sall be his bride, lady,
Sae comely to be seen;"
But aye she loot the tears down fa,
For Jock o' Hazeldean

Now let this wilful grief be done,
"And dry that cheek so pale,
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen,"
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hounds, nor manag'd hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you the foremost o' them a'
Shall ride our foremost queen;"
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her both by bower and ha',
The lady was not seen;
She's o'er the border and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

DONALD MUNRO.

When the sons of North Britain were used to range,
To see foreign countries and lands that were strange,
Amongst that great number was Donald Munro,
And away to America he likewise did go.
Two sons with a brother he caused to stay,
Because for their passage he could not well pay,
Who seven years after, with their parents to be,
Begged their uncle's consent to cross o'er sea.

To which he replied, I've no money you know,
Your passage to pay,—so how can you go?
When thus disappointed no comfort could they find,
Till the thoughts of the army did crowd in their minds.
Then leaving their uncle the went till they found
A regiment of foot, for America bound;
In which they enlisted and crossed o'er the main,
In hopes for to see their dear parents again.

And when that they landed they both of them went,
Unto their captain and begged his consent,
To get up the country their parents to see,
To which their good captain was pleased to agree.
After leaving the camp they came to a grove,
Where the trees and the bushes all seemed to move,
Which was but two rebels that lurked in the wood,
Who pointed their pieces where these brothers stood.

And lodging their bullets within their two breasts,
They ran to their prey like two ravenous beasts,
For to take their money and strip off their clothes,
But finding them not dead, they gave them some blows.
One of them expiring, he lifted his eyes,
And, seeing the murderers approaching, he cries,
O cruel! O monsters! O blood-thirsty hounds!
O how could you kill us till one we had found.

Our parents we were seeking out with much care,
If they hear of our fate they will die of despair;
They left us in Scotland seven twelve months ago,
Perhaps you might know them—their name is Munro.
With that the old man he stood in amaze,
And viewed his person with grief and surprise,
And, seeing him bleeding, cries, what have I done!
O cursed be these hands! I have murdered my son!

Then are you my father? the youth did reply,
I am glad I have seen you before that I die;
And since it is so that no better can be,
I blame our hard fortune, dear father, not thee.
Surrounded with sorrow, the old man he said,
Who is this youth that lies by your side?
He is my young brother and your loving son,
Your loss would been less had I fallen alone.

But before that I die, I'll give you this advice,
To leave off rebellion in time and be wise;
Do not tell my mother, if yet she does live,
That we are both killed, or else she will grieve.
When he had thus spoken, down dropped his head,
His father observing and found he was dead,
The sight was so shocking he fell to the ground,
The thoughts of the murder his heart did confound.

He cursed his hard fortune on that fatal day,
And kissed their bodies as cold as the clay;
O could I restore and make you to live,
My life for your ransom I freely would give.
But I'll sink beneath sorrow, and give way to despair,
I'll languish my life out till death ends my care,
In hopes still to meet you on a happier shore,
Where I shall be liable to kill you no more.

John Elder, Printer, High Street, Edinburgh.

[162]



SALLY MUNRO.

Sanderson, Printer, High Street, Edinburgh.

Come all you young females, I pray you attend
Unto those few verses that I have here pen'd;
I'll tell you the hardships I did undergo,
With my bonny lass, called Sally Munro.

James Dixon's my name, I'm a blacksmith to trade,
In the town of Ayr I was born and bred;
From that unto Belfast I lately did go,
Where I got acquainted with Sally Munro.

I to this young lassie a letter did send,
It was by a comrade, I thought him a friend;
Instead of a friend to me he proved a foe,
He ne'er gave my letter to Sally Munro.

He told her old mother to beware of me,
He said I'd a wife in my ain country;
O, then said her mother, now since it be so,
He ne'er shall enjoy his young Sally Munro.

For two months and better I never could hear
A word from the lass that I once lov'd so dear,
Until that one evening, 'twas in Sandy Row,
It's who should I meet but young Sally Munro.

I told her if she'd come to Newry with me,
In spite of her parents there married we'd be;
She says, no objections I have now to go,
If you should prove constant to Sally Munro.

Now here is my hand, love, and here is my heart,
Till death separates us, we never shall part;
Next day in a coach we for Newry did go,
And there I got married to Sally Munro.

'Twas at Warran's Point the ship Newry lay,
With four hundred passengers all ready for sea;
We then paid our passage for Quebec also,
And there I embark'd with young Sally Munro.

The fourteenth of April, from the Point we set sail,
And bore down the channel with a pleasant gale;
The parting of friends caused some tears for to flow,
But I was quite happy with Sally Munro.

On the second evening there came on a fog,
There on the Welch coast our fine vessel did log;
In Caernoven bay, while all merry below,
I ne'er thought 'twas there I'd part Sally Munro.

At nine o'clock that night, nigh Bardsey we drew,
But the mist hid both light and land from our view;
The women and children were all down below,
And amongst the rest was my Sally Munro.

Here dreading no danger we met with a shock;
'Twas all on a sudden she struck on a rock;
Two hundred and sixty who were down below,
Were drowned, and so I lost Sally Munro.

Many a man in this voyage lost his wife,
And children he lov'd as dear as his life;
Tho' my life was preserv'd, yet the salt tears do flow,
And I sigh when I think on my Sally Munro,

It was from her parents I took her away,
Which will check my conscience till my dying day;
It was not to injure her that I did so,
All my life I will mourn for Sally Munro.

[163]



KATE DALRYMPLE.

In a wee cot house, far across yon muir,
Whare peaseweeps, plovers, and whaups cry dreary,
There lived an auld maid for mony a lang year,
Wha ne'er had a wooer to ca' her deary;
A lovely lass was Kate Dalrymple,
A thrifty quean was Kate Dalrymple:
Nae music exceptin' the burnie's whimple,
Was heard round the dwelling o' Kate Dalrymple.

Her face had a smack o' the gruesome and grim,
Which did frae the fash o' a wooer defend her;
Her lang Roman nose nearly met wi' her chin,
Which brang folk in mind o' the auld witch o' Endor;
A weegle in her walk had Kate Dalrymple,
A sneevle in her talk had Kate Dalrymple,
And mony a cornelian and cairngoram pimple,
Did blaze upon the din face of Kate Dalrymple.

She span tarry woo the hale winter through,
For Kate was ne'er lazy, but eident and thrifty;
She wrought among peats, coil'd the hay, shore the corn,
And supported herself by her ain hand-shifty;
But ne'er a wooer came to Kate Dalrymple,
For beauty and tocher wanted Kate Dalrymple;
Neglected was the quean by baith gentle and simple,
A blank in the world seemed Kate Dalrymple.

But mony are the ups and downs in life,
When the dice-box o' Fate turns a' tapsiterie,
So Kate fell heiress to a rich friend's estate,
And now for a wooer she has nae cause to weary;
The 'squire came a-wooing to Kate Dalrymple,
The priest scraping bowing fand out Kate Dalrymple,
And on each lover's face was seen love's smiling dimple,
She's now nae mare Kate, but Miss Dalrymple.

Her auld cutty-stool that she used at her wheel,
Is flung by for her fine gilded sofa so gaudy;
And now she's array'd in her silks and brocade,
And brags o' muffs and ruffs wi' ony lady;
Still an unca fash to Kate Dalrymple,
Was dress and party clash to Kate Dalrymple,
She thought a half-marrow bred in life mair simple,
A far fitter match for Kate Dalrymple.

Often she thought as she dwelt by hersel',
She could wed Willie Speedspool the sarken weaver,
And now to the wabster the secret she does tell,
Wha for love or for interest did kindly relieve her:
He flung by his heddles for Kate Dalrymple,
He burnt a' his traddles for Kate Dalrymple,
Tho' his right e'e doth skelly and his left leg doth limple,
He's wedded to and bedded now wi' Kate Dalrymple.

John Elder, Printer, High Street, Edinburgh.



A NEW SONG.

AIR—"*Toddlin' butt, toddlin' ben.*"

I ance was a tipplin' witless loun,
I coudna get tick in a' the town;
I used to leave Nance wi' the tear i' her ee,
To sit i' the yill wife's companie.
As she waddl't butt, waddl't ben,
Toomin' the pouches o' simple men.

Shame fa' the gudewife!—Deil send her sale!
I've drank her whisky, I've drank her yill;
I often hae drank my wages a',
An' left my ain wife and bairnies twa,
Grievin' at hame, greetin' at hame,
Cauld and hungry greetin' at hame.

A cannie bodie was my gudewife;
But drink's the cause o' noise and strife,
I ca'd her a scold—she ca'd me a fool—
She flang the tings—I threw a stool,
And awa' she ran, a' the way she ran,
Scraughin' an' flytin' awa' she ran.

To seek for comfort in a cann,
Awa' to the auld howff syne I ran;
"Guidewife, will ye cauk one noggin more,
And I promise neist week to clear the score,
Clear the score, clear the score,
I promise neist week to clear the score!"

Quo' she—"Na, na, you're a thriftless loon,
Ye've sell'd your sark, an' pawn'd your shoon;
I'll deal nae mair wi' the likes o' you;—
You're fleeing o' rags, and your everly fou,
Sae gang your ways hame, stammerin' hame,
Staggering, stoiting, stammerin' hame."

I stampit wi' rage—I bang'd to the door,
An' monie an ill-faur'd oath I swore,
I curst the ungratefu', thankless quean,
An' thought what a graceless I had been,
To leave my bit hame, canty hame,
I hung my head and I blush'd for shame.

The jade! thought I—had she ca'd me sae,
Or I spent my a' last Saturday!
She thrives on the follies o' gowks like me,
Wha learn to tipple for company,
Trowin' in silks butt an' ben,
She's drest i' the ruins o' witless men.

I thought on the peacefu' blythesome days,
When I gaed to kirk in my Sunday claes;
Then I looked on the rags which then I wore,
An' firmly resolved to drink no more,
Drink no more, drink no more,
Firmly resolved to drink no more.

I droppit a tear when I thought on the time,
When Nance and I were baith in our prime,
Spending our innocent happy days,
Courting amang the heathery braes,
Till a wife she came hame, smiling hame,
Modesty blushing, smiling hame.

Leaze me on my wife, my bairns, my hame,
What yearthly blessing can equal them,
In drinking I follow the Tee-Total plan,
An' that's a blythe sight to the bairns and Nan.
Awa' wi' whisky—awa' wi' yill,
There's nought like a waught to the crystal well.

John Elder, Printer, Edinburgh.

[165]



THE CROOK & PLAID.

If lassies like the laddies they should like me confess,
For ilka lassie has a lad she loves aboon the rest;
He is dear unto her bosom whatever be his trade,
And through life I'll lo'e the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

CHORUS.

For he's aye true to his lover,
Aye true to his lover,
Aye true to me.

He climbs the mountains early the fleecy flocks to view,
He spies the little lavrock spring out from 'mong the dew;
His faithful little doggie, sae frolicsome and glad,
Wanders forward wi' the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

He pu's the blooming heather, he pu's the lily meek;
Ca's the lily like my bosom, the heather like my cheek;
His words are aye sae tender, my heart is aye sae glad,
For he kens the way sae weel to row me in his plaid.

I wadna hae the laddie that ca's the cart or plough,
Although he may be tender, although he may be true;
But I will hae the laddie that has my heart betrayed,
He's the faithful shepherd laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

'Tis down beside the hawthorn that blooms in the vale,
I'll meet him in the gloaming far frae the noisy gale;
His words are aye sae tender, my heart is aye sae glad,
There's nae wooer like the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

To such a faithful lover, O who would not comply,
True love gives purer pleasure than ought beneath the sky,
When love is in the bosom the heart can ne'er be sad,
And through life I'll lo'e the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.

John Elder, Printer, 243, High Street, Edinburgh.

[166]



BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS.

When Charlie first came to the north,
With the manly looks of a Highland laddie,
Moved every true Scottish heart to warm,
To guard the lad with the tartan pladie.
Love farewell, friends farewell,
To guard my King I'll bid all farewell.

When King Geordie heard of this,
That he had gane north to heir his daddy,
He sent Sir John Cope to the north,
For to catch the lad with the tartan plaidie.

But when he came to Inverness,
They told him he was south already,
I must like a lion conquer all,
By virtue of the tartan plaidie.

When they came to Aberdeen,
The English fleet was lying ready,
To carry him over to Edinburgh town,
To catch the lad with the tartan plaidie.

On Prestonpans he formed his clans,
Where mony a baby lost its daddie;
Our noble Prince stood in the front,
And he wasna ashamed to show his plaidie

Sir John Cope addressed his m,ua
Saying if you'll stand both true and steady,
Thirty thousand pounds you'll have,
If you catch lad with his tartan plaidie.

Then our noble Prince addressed his men,
Saying if you'll be both true and steady,
I'll set you down on this kingdom free.
If you'll fight with me to keep the plaidie.

The Duke of Perth was on the right,
The bold Munro, and brave Glengarry,
From the isle of Sky the brave Lochiel,
M'Laren bold, and brave Macredie.

On Preston muir he drew his clans,
Regarding neither son nor daddy,
Like the wind frae the sky he made them fly,
With every shake of the tartan plaidie.

A painted room and silken bed,
Will hardly serve a German lairdie:
But a far better Prince than ever he was,
Lay amang the heather in his tartan plaidie.

John Elder, Printer, Edinburgh.

[167]



Auld Dugald Paul.

TUNE.—"Laird o' Cockpen."

AULD DUGALD PAUL keeps an inn at Cavindhu,
A canty auld carl that seldom gets fou;
Tho' whiles he may taste when his stomack grows caul',
He's a decent auld body, that's auld Dugald Paul.

Tho' his fine Sunday blacks be fu' bare at the knees;
Tho' his coat-neck and pouch-lids be glancin' wi' grease;
Tho' his nose be fu' ruddy, his pow gettin' baul';
Yet he's hearty and hale-like, that's auld Dougald Paul.

Last simmer auld Dugald had gane out to dine,
And comin' hame cantie, dropt into Lochfine;
The fishermen pu'd what they thocht a right haul,
When out o' the net loupit auld Dugald Paul.

Tho' Dugald be keept frae the bar and the till,
He whiles gets a saxpence, and ablins a gill:
When the herrings are fried Dugald aye gets his waul;
He's a capital feeder, that's auld Dugald Paul.

Auld Dugald Paul has a sonsy auld wife,
Wi' wham he has ne'er had a moment o' strife;
Tho' he ance stealt the *graybeard*, wi' brandy and all,—
It's no lost a friend drinks, quo' auld Dugald Paul.

In the cauld frosty mornings he slips to the glen,
This king o' auld fallows, this cock o' auld men;
To the postman frae Luss, he cries, "Hech, man, it's caul'!"
Syne he whups out a bottle, that's auld Dugald Paul.

Then clink down the twa on a humploc o' grass,
And toom down their guzzles a stout Highland glass;
The folks of the post-office kick up a brawl,
For, certes! they ken he's met auld Dugald Paul.

But, fare-ye-weel, Dugald, and fareweel, Cavindhu;
Let us tak' a bit toothfu' to moisten our mou';
And neist when Glencroe's dizzy summits I crawl,
I will ca' in an' crack wi' you, auld Dugald Paul.

John Elder, Printer, High Street, Edinburgh.

L.1683



Louden's bonny Woods and Braes.

Sanderson, Printer, High Street, Edinburgh.

Louden's bonny woods and braes,
I maun leave them a', lassie,
Wha can thole when Britain's faes
To Britons would give law, lassie.
Wha would shun the field of danger,
Wha would shun the bed of honour;
Now when freedom bids avenge her,
Wha wad shun her ca', lassie.
Louden's bonny woods and braes
Hae seen our happy bridal days,
And gentle hopes shall soothe thy waes,
When I am far awa', lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
It gi'es joy to thee, laddie;
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Waefu' things to me, laddie:
Lanely I may climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the dreary moments countin',
Far frae love and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory field of war,
Where vengeance drives her bloody car,
Thou'lt may be fa' frae me afar,
And nane to close thy ee, laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,
O suppress thy fears, lassie;
Glorious honour crowns the toil,
That the soldier shares, lassie.
Heaven will shield thy faithfu' lover,
Till the day vengefu' strive is over,
Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
Till the day we die, lassie.
'Midst our bonny woods and braes,
We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
As blythe 's yon lightsome lamb that plays
On Louden's flowery lee, lassie.

[1697]



UNDAUNTED MARY.

Or, the Banks of sweet Dandee.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, & 3, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

IT of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told,
Her parents died and left her 500 pounds in gold,
She lived with her uncle the cause of all her woe,
And you soon shall hear this maiden fair did prove his overthrow.

Her uncle had a plough-boy young Mary loved full well,
And in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell;
But there was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,
But still she lov'd her plough-boy on the banks of swee Dundee.

It was one summer's morning her Uncle went straightway
He knocked at her bed-room door, & unto her did say—
Come rise up, pretty maiden, a lady you may be, (dee.
The Squire is waiting for you, on the banks of sweet Dun-

A fig for all your squires, your lords, & dukes likewise,
My William's hand appears to me worth diamonds in my eyes
Begone unruly female, you ne'er shall happy be
For I mean to banish William from the baaks of sweet Dundee.

Her uncle and the squire rode out one summer's day,
Young William is in favour—her uncle he did say;
Indeed 'tis my intention to tie him to a tree, (dee.
Or else to bride the pressgang on the banks of sweet Dun-

The pressgang came to William when he was all alone—
He boldly fought for liberty—but they were six to one,
The blood did flow in torrents—pray kill me now said he
I'd would rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee.

This maid one day was walking, lamenting for her love,
She met the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove,
He put his arms around her, stand off base man said she
You sent the only lad I love from the banks of sweet Dundee.

He clasp'd his arms around her, and tried to throw her down,, (gown—
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning
Young Mary took the weapons, his sword he used so free,
But she did fire & shot the squire on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise, he hasten'd to the ground
O since you have killd the squire, I'll give you your death wound
Stand off! then said young Mary—undaunted I will be,
She the trigger drew, and her uncle slew on the banks of sweet Dundee.

A doctor soon was sent for—a man of noted skill,
Likewise came his lawyer for him to sign his will,
He willed his gold to Mary that fought so manful y,
And closed his eyes no more to rise, on the banks of swee Dundee.

[170]



Peter M'Craw.

TUNE—"*Bonnie Dundee.*"

O! no ye ken Peter, the taxman an' vriter?
Ye're weel aff wha ken naething 'bout him ava;
They ca' him Inspector, or Poor's rates Collecter—
My faith! he's weel kend in Leith, Peter M'Craw.
He ca's, an' he comes again— haws, an' he hums again,
He's only ae hand, but it's as gude as twa;
He pu's't out an' raxes, and draws in the taxes,
An' pouches the siller—shame! Peter M'Craw!

He'll be at your door by daylight on a Monday,
On Tyesday ye're favoured again wi' a ca';
E'en a slee look he gied me at kirk the last Sunday,
Whilk meant—"*Mind the preachin' an' Peter M'Craw!*
He glowrs at my auld door as if he had made it,
He keeks through the keyhole when I am awa';
He'll syne read the auld stane, that tells a' wha read it
To "*blisse God for a' giftes*"*—but Peter M'Craw!

His sma' papers neatly are 'ranged a' completely,
That yours, for a wonder, 's the first on the raw!
There's nae jinkin Peter, nae antelope's fleeter—
Nae *cuttin'* acquaintance wi' Peter M'Craw!
'Twas just Friday e'enin', Auld Reekie I'd been in,
I'd gatten a shillin'—I maybe gat twa;
I thought to be happy wi' friends ower a drappie,
When wha suld come pap in—but Peter M'Craw!

I'm auld now an' donnert, though yince I was honoured,
O Peter! tak' pity an' some mercy shaw!
I yince had a hunder o' notes—do ye wonder?—
Hae ye made as mony yet? Peter M'Craw!
My yill stands nae mair in your auld girded barrel,
The rattens sit squeakin' in nooks o' the wa';
Nae bonnie lass now bakes for me scon or farle—
Ye've made a toom house to me! Peter M'Craw!

There's houp o' a ship though she's sair pressed wi dangers,
An' roun' her frail timmers the angry winds blaw;
I've often gat kindness unlooked for frae strangers,
But wha need houp kindness frae Peter M'Craw?
I've kent a man pardoned when just at the gallows,
I've kent a chiel honest whose trade was the law!
I've even kent fortune's smile fa' on gude fallows,
But I ne'er kent exceptions wi' Peter M'Craw!

Our toun, yince sae cheerie, is dowie an eerie,
Our shippies hae left us, our trade is awa';
There's nae fair maids strayi.' nae wee bairnies playin',
Ye've muckle to answer for! Peter M'Craw!
But what gude o' grievin' as lang 's we are lievin',
My banes I'll sune lay within your kirk-yard wa',
There nae care shall press me, nae taxes distress me,
For there I shall be free frae thee,—Peter M'Craw!

*A devout legend, common in the 16th century, above the entrance of houses.

John Elder, Printer, Edinburgh.

L171

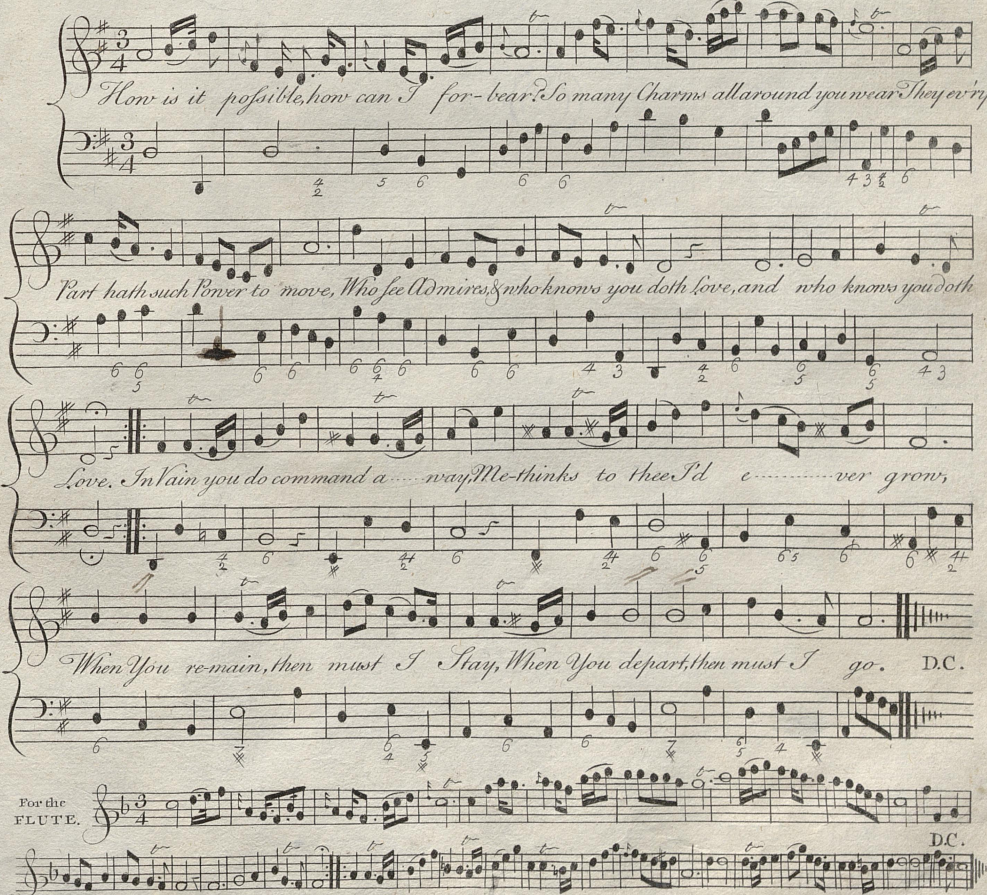

16
Pub. by Darly N.° 39. Strand.
[172]



THE Submissive Admirer

Set by Mr. Handel.

To the Rt. Hon.ble the Earl COWPER these four Plates are humbly inscrib'd.



N.o III.

Beckham jun.r Sculp

[173]



Bickham sculp.

THE Blind Boy.

O! Say, what is that Thing call'd Light, which I can ne'er Enjoy;
What is the Bleſsing of the Sight, Oh! tell, tell your poor Blind Boy.

2

You talk of wondrous things you ſee,
You ſay the Sun ſhines bright;
I feel him warm but how can he
Then make it Day or Night!

3

My Day or Night my ſelf I make,
When e'er I wake or play,
And cou'd I ever keep awake
It wou'd be always Day.

4

With heavy Sighs I often hear
You mourn my hopeleſs Woe,
But ſure with Patience I may bear
A Loſs I ne'er can know.

5

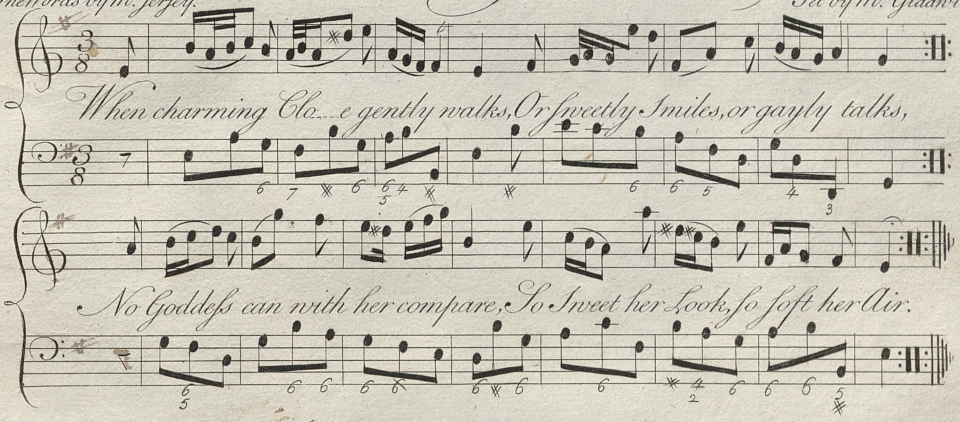
Then let not what I cannot have
My Cheer of Mind deſtroy,
Whilſt thus I ſing I am a King,
Altho' a poor Blind Boy.

For the Flute.



Charming Cloe.

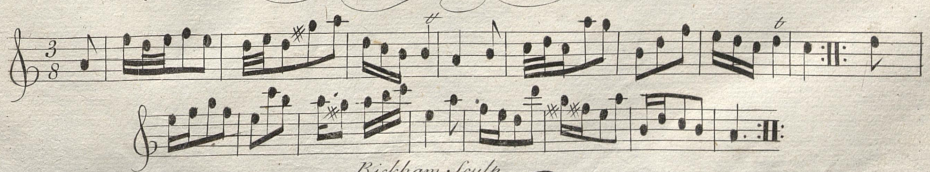
The Words by Mr. Jersey. Set by Mr. Gladwin.



In whom so many Charms are plac'd
Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd,
With Sparkling Wit and Solid Sence
And Soft perswasive Eloquence.

So framing her divinely fair;
Nature employ'd her utmost Care,
That We in Cloe's form shou'd find,
A Venus with Minerva's Mind.

For the Flute.



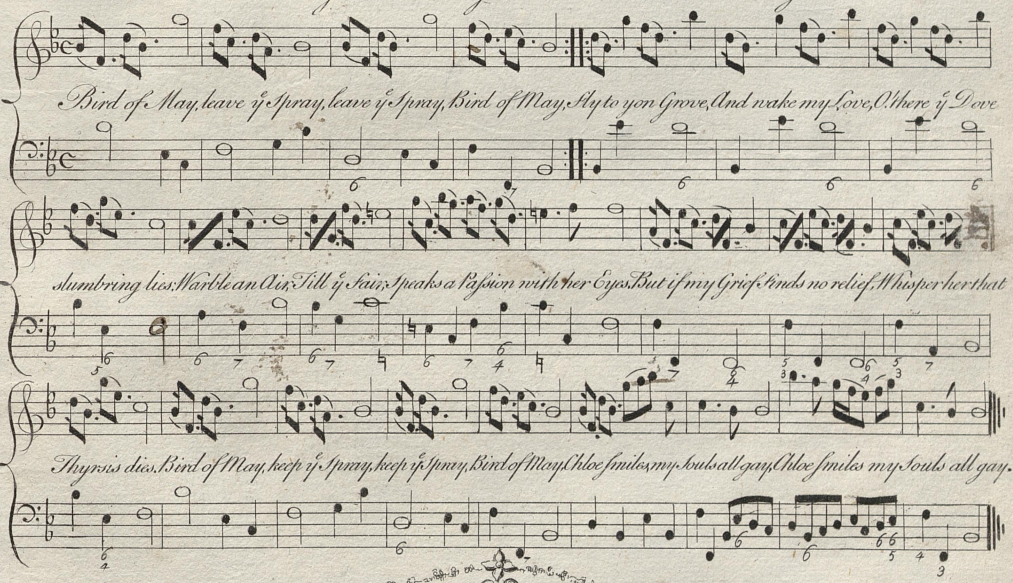
Bickham Sculp.

[175]



THE Requeſt to the Nightingal.

To the Hon^r. the Lady **RICH**, *theſe four Plates are humbly Inſcribed.*

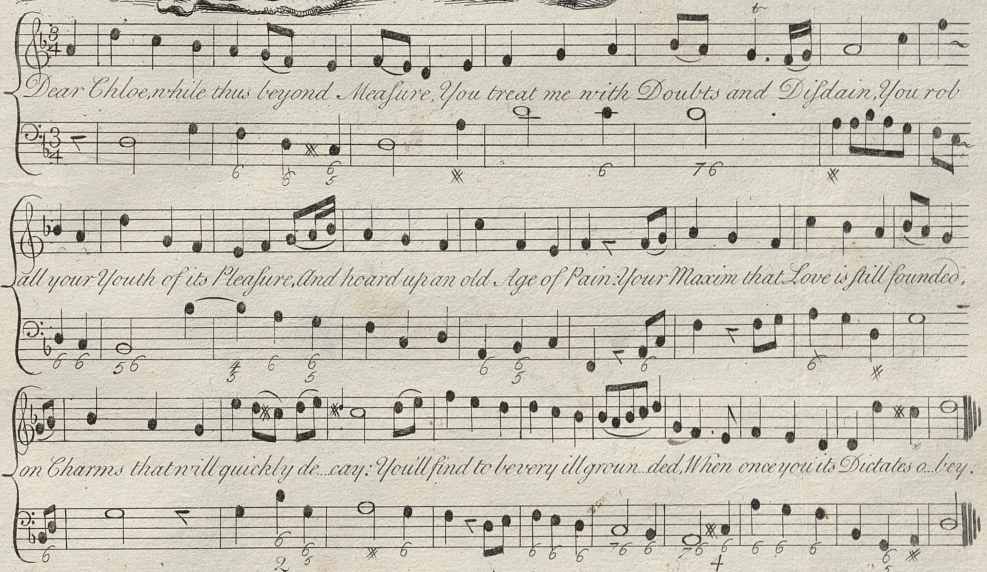


The Words by M^r. Lockman. *Set by M^r. Handel.*



Buckham Sculp.





The Love that from Beauty is drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve;
Soft looks and gay Smiles are the Dawn,
Fruition's the Sun Shine of Love:
And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
Should be clouded that now are so gay,
And Darkness obscure all the Skies,
You ne'er can forget it was Day.

3

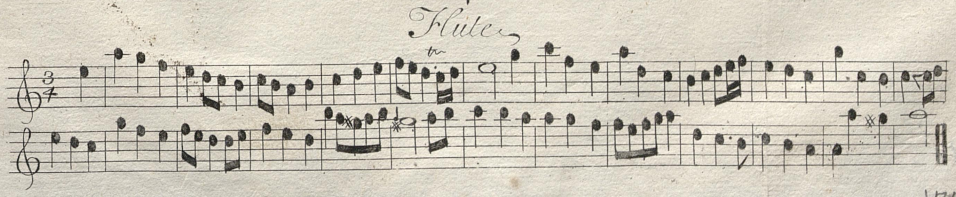
Old Darby with Joan by his Side
You've often regarded with Wonder
He's Dropsical She is Dym ey'd
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder;
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the Sun at the Door,
And at Night when old Darby's Pot's out
His Joan will not smoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they possess,
Their several Failings to smother;
Then what are the Charms can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other?
'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,
The Endearments which Youth did bestow;
The Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth,
The best of our Blessings below.

5

Those Traces for ever will last,
No Sickness or Time can remove;
For when Youth and Beauty are past,
And Age brings the Winter of Love:
A Friendship insensibly grows,
By Reviews of such Raptures as these,
The Current of Fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old Age cannot freeze.

Flute



XXIX.



B. Cole Sculp

The faithful Courtship.

Set to Musick by Mr. Lampe

My Lesbia let us live, & love,
The Sun though down returns above,

Let crabbed Age talk what it will;
But we once dead must be so still.

Kiss me a thousand times & then, give me a hundred Kisses more, now kiss a

thousand times again, then th'other hun

dred

pia:

for:

as before, Then th' other hun

dred as before.

(2)

And then, when we have done all this,
That our sweet Pleasures may remain,
We will continue on our Bliss,
Unkissing of them all again.

Thus we will love, & thus we'll live,
While all our posting Minutes fly,
We'll have no Time to vex, or grieve
But kiss, & unkiss till we die.

For the Flute

pia:

for:

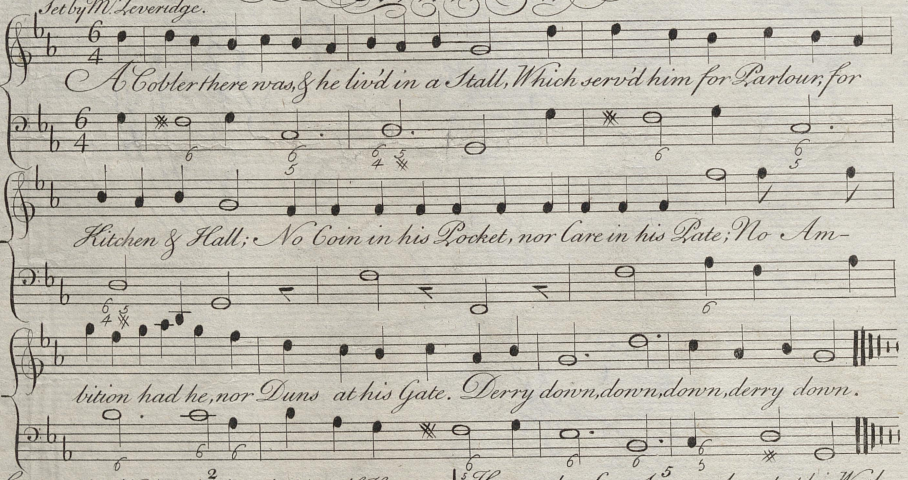
E178



Gravelot inv. Bickham jun.r sculp.

THE Coblers End.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.


A Cobler there was, & he liv'd in a Stall, Which serv'd him for Parlour, for
Kitchen & Hall; No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate; No Am-
bition had he, nor Duns at his Gate. Derry down, down, down, derry down.

2
Contented he Work'd, & he thought himself Happy,
If at Night, he could purchase a Jug of brown Nappy;
He'd Laugh then, & Whistle, & Sing to most sweet,
Saying, just to a Hair, I've made both Ends meet.
&c

3
But Love, the Disturber of High and of Low,
That Shoots at ye Peasant, as well as ye Beau;
He Shot the poor Cobler quite thoro' the Heart,
I wish it had Hit some more ignoble Part.
&c

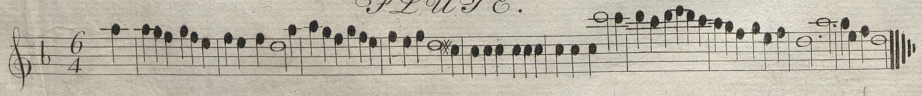
4
It was from a Window, this Archer did Play,
Where a buxom young Damsel continually lay;
Her Eyes shon so bright when she rose ery Day,
That she Shot ye poor Cobler quite over the Way.
&c

5
He sung her Love-Songs as he sat at his Work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;
When ever he Spake, she would flounce & would fleer,
Which put the poor Cobler quite into Despair.
&c

6
He took up his Awl, that he had in ye World,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,
He pierc'd thro' his Body, instead of the Soul,
So the Cobler he dy'd, and ye Bell it did toll.
&c

7
And now in good Will, I advise as a Friend,
All Coblers take Notice of this Cobler's End,
Keep your Hearts out of Love for we find by wht. past,
That Love brings us all to an End at the last.
&c

FLUTE.



dup.
[179]



Gravelot inv. *Bickham jun.r sculp.*

THE Cobler's End.

Set by M.r Leveridge.

A Cobler there was, & he liv'd in a Stall, Which serv'd him for Parlour, for

Kitchen & Hall; No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate; No Am-

bition had he, nor Duns at his Gate. Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he Work'd, & he thought himself Happy,
If at Night, he could purchase a Jug of brown Nappy;
He'd Laugh then, & Whistle, & Sing to most sweet,
Saying, just to a Hair, I've made both Ends meet.
&c

2

But Love, the Disturber of High and of Low,
That Shoots at y.e Peasant, as well as y.e Beau;
He Shot the poor Cobler quite thro' the Heart,
I wish it had Hit some more ignoble Part.
&c

3

It was from a Windom, this Archer did Play,
Where a buxom young Damsel continually lay;
Her Eyes shon so bright when she rose ev'ry Day,
That she Shot y.e poor Cobler quite over the Way.
&c

4

He sung her Love-Songs as he sat at his Work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;
When ever he Spake, she would flounce & would fleer,
Which put the poor Cobler quite into Despair.
&c

5

He took up his Awl, that he had in y.e World,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,
He pierc'd thro' his Body, instead of the Soul,
So the Cobler he dy'd, and y.e Bell it did toll.
&c

6

And now in good Will, I advise as a Friend,
All Coblers take Notice of this Cobler's End,
Keep your Hearts out of Love for we find by m.r past,
That Love brings us all to an End at the last.
&c

7

FLUTE.



The KING and the MILLER.

How happy a state does the Miller possess, Who would be no greater nor fears to be less, On his Mill & himself he De-

pends for support, which is better than Servilely cringing at Court. What tho' he all Dusty and whitend does go, the

More he's beprov'd the more like a Beau, a Clown in this Dress may be honester far, than a Courtier who struts in a

Garter and Star, Than a Courtier who struts in his Garter and Star.

Tho his hands are so Daub'd they're not fit to be seen.
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean.
A Palm more Polite may as Dirtily deal.
Gold in Handling will stick to the Fingers like Meal.

What if when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple from other Men's sacks.
In this of right noble Examples he brags.
Who Borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.

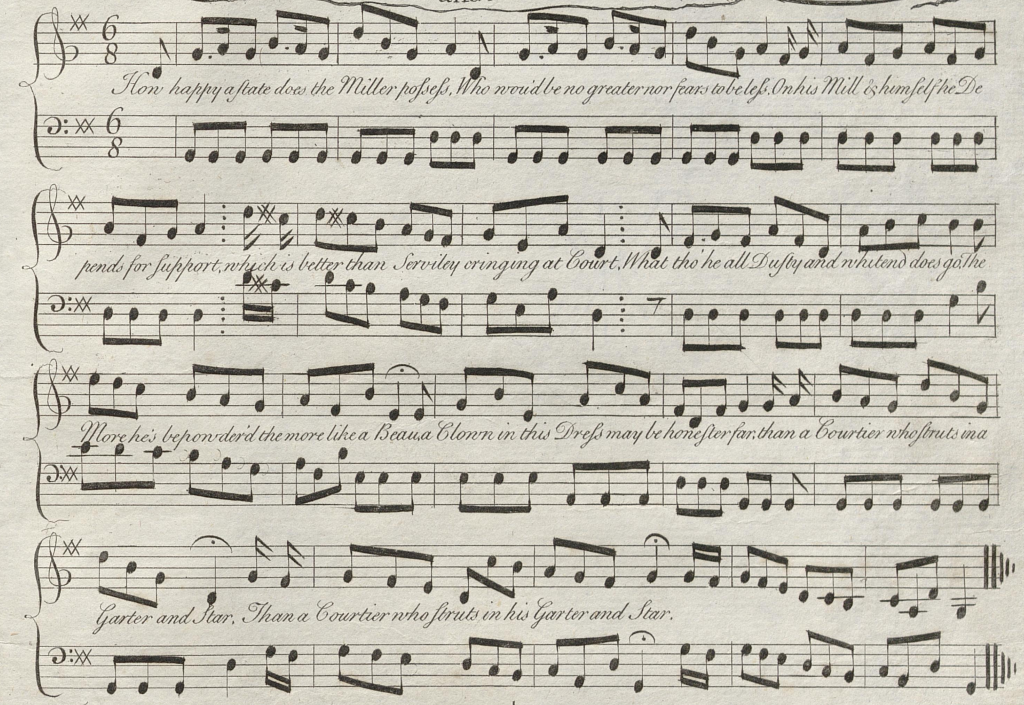
Or Should he Endeavour to heap an Estate,
In this too he Mimicks the Fools of the State,
Whose Aim is alone their Coffers to fill.
As all his Concern's to bring Grist to his Mill.

He Eats when he's Hungry, he Drinks when he's Dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lye,
Then Rises up chearfull to work and to sing,
If so happy a Miller then who'd be a King.

Set by M.r Arne. FLUTE. G. Bickham so:



The KING and the MILLER.



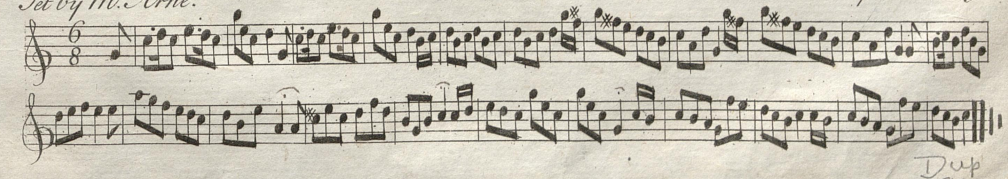
Tho his hands are ſo Daub'd they're not fit to be ſeen.
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean.
A Palm more Polite may as Dirtily deal.
Gold in Handling will ſtick to the Fingers like Meal.

What if when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs without ſcruple from other Men's ſacks.
In this of right noble Examples he brags.
Who Borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.

Or Shou'd he Endeavour to heap an Eſtate,
In this too he Mimicks the Fools of the State,
Whoſe Aim is alone their Coffers to fill.
As all his Concern's to bring Griſt to his Mill.

He Eats when he's Hungry he Drinks when he's Dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lye,
Then Riſes up chearfull to work and to ſing,
If ſo happy a Miller then who'd be a King.

Set by M.r Arne. FLUTE. G. Bickham ſc.



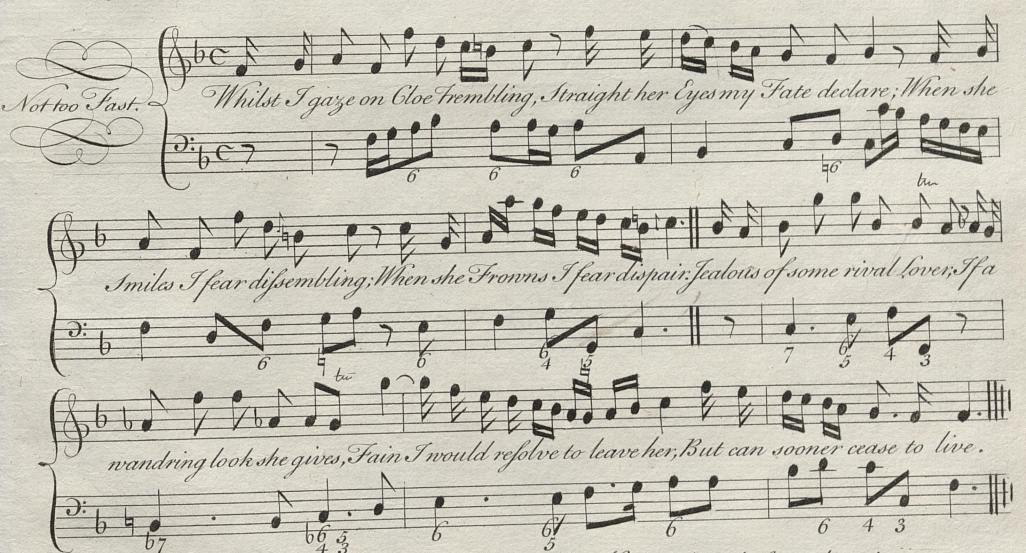
Dup
1805



Set by Mr. Digard. G. Bickham jun.r Sculp.

The Amour.

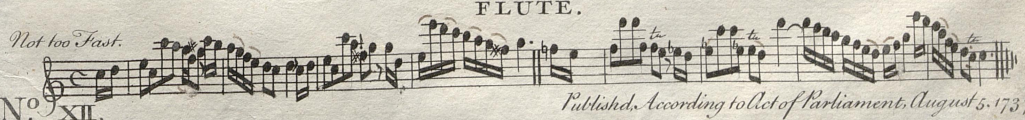
To her Grace the Dutchess of QUEENSBERRY, these four Plates are humbly Inscrib'd.



Why should I Conceal my Passion,
Or the torments I Endure;
I'll disclose my Inclination,
Anful Distance yeilds no Cure.
Sure it is not in her Nature,
To be Cruel to her Slave;
She is to Divine a Creature,
To Destroy what she can Save.

Happy he whose inclination,
Warms but with a Gentle heat,
Never flies up to a Passion;
Loves a torment if too Great.
When y.e Storm is once blown Over,
Soon the Ocean quiet grows;
But a Constant, faithful Lover;
Seldom meets with true Repose.

FLUTE.



No. XII.

Published, According to Act of Parliament, August 5. 1737.

[181]



On Beauty.

Set by Seign.r Putti. G. Bickham jun.r Sculp.

Beauty gilds y.e blushing Morn, hangs y.e dew-drop on y.e Thorn; Paints y.e Rose in
richest Bloom, That fills y.e Air with sweet perfume: But sweet perfume Nor Rose in
Bloom, nor dew-drop bright, Nor morning Light, In charms can vie with woman's Eye.
In woman's Eye we raptur'd view, Beauty at once and Pleasure too.

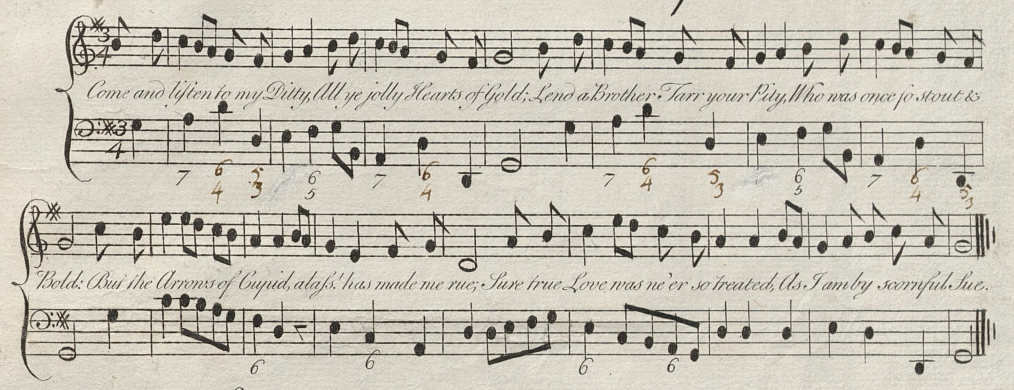
For the Flute.

Published According to Act of Parliament. August 17, 1737.



G. Bickham jun.r Fecit &c.

The Sailor's Complaint.



2

When I landed first at Dover,
The appear'd a Goddess bright;
From Foreign Parts I was just come over,
And was struck with so fair a Sight:
On the Shore pretty Sukey walked,
Near to where our Frigate lay,
And altho' so near the landing
I, alass! was cast away.

3

When first I hal'd my pretty Creature,
The delight of Land and Sea;
No Man ever saw a sweeter,
I'd have kept her Company:
I'd have fain made her my true Love,
For Better, or for Worse;
But alas! I could not compass her,
For to stear the Marriage Course.

4

Once, no greater Joy and Pleasure,
Cou'd have come into my Mind,
Than to see the Bold Defiance,
Sailing right before the Wind:
O'er the white Waves as she danced,
And her Colours gayly flew;
But that was not half so charming,
As the Trim of lovely Sue.

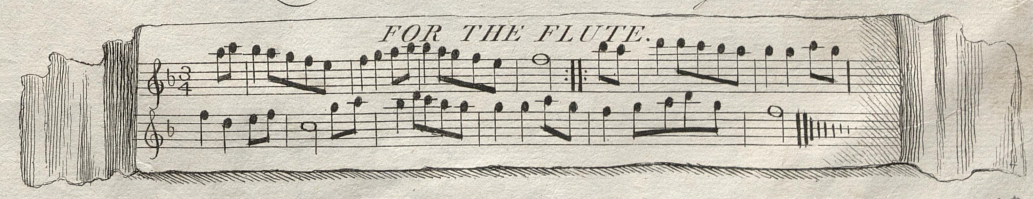
5

On a rocky Coast I've driven,
Where the stormy Winds do rise,
Where the rowling Mountain Billows,
Lift a Vessel to the Skies:
But from Land, or from the Ocean,
Little dread I ever knew,
When compared to the Dangers,
In the Frowns of scornful Sue.

6

Long I wonder'd why my Jewel,
Had the Heart to use me so;
Till I found by often sounding,
She'd another Love in tow:
So farewel hard hearted Sukey,
I'll my Fortune seek at Sea,
And try in a more friendly Latitude,
Since I in yours cannot be.

FOR THE FLUTE.





THE

Adieu to Susan.

G. Bickham Junr. Sculp. The Flute Set by Mr. Leveridge.

All in the downs the Fleet was moor'd the streamers waving in the wind, when black ey'd Susan came a board, Oh where shall I my true Love find Tell me ye Jovial Sailors tell me true If my sweet William sails among the Crew

William who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billows too and fro
Soon as her well known voice he heard
He sigh'd and cast his Eyes below
The cord slides swiftly thro his glowing hands
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands

3

So the sweet lark high pois'd in air
Shuts close his Pinnions to his Breast
If chance his mates shrill call he hears
And drops at once into her Nest
The noblest Captain in the British Fleet
Might envy Williams Lips those Kisses sweet

4

O! Susan Susan lovely dear
My vows shall ever true remain
Let me kiss off that falling tear
We only part to meet again
Change as ye list ye winds my heart shall be
The faithfull compass that still points to thee

5

Believe not what the land men say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind
They'll tell thee Sailors when away
At every port a mistriss find
Yes Yes believe them when they tell thee so
For thou art present where soeer I go

6

If to far Indias Coast we sail
Thy eyes are seen in Diamond bright
Thy Breath is Africks spicy Gale
Thy Skin is Ivory so white
Thus every beauteous Object that I view
Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely Sue

7

Though Battle calls me from thy Arms
Let not my pretty Susan mourn
Though Cannons roar yet safe from harms
William shall to his Dear return
Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly
Lest precious tears should drop from Susans Eye

8

The Boatswain gave the dreadfull word
The sails their swelling bosom spread
No longer must she stay on board
They kiss'd she sigh'd he hung his head
Her lessning boat unwilling rows to Land
Adieu she cries and wav'd her Lilly hand

For the Flute



