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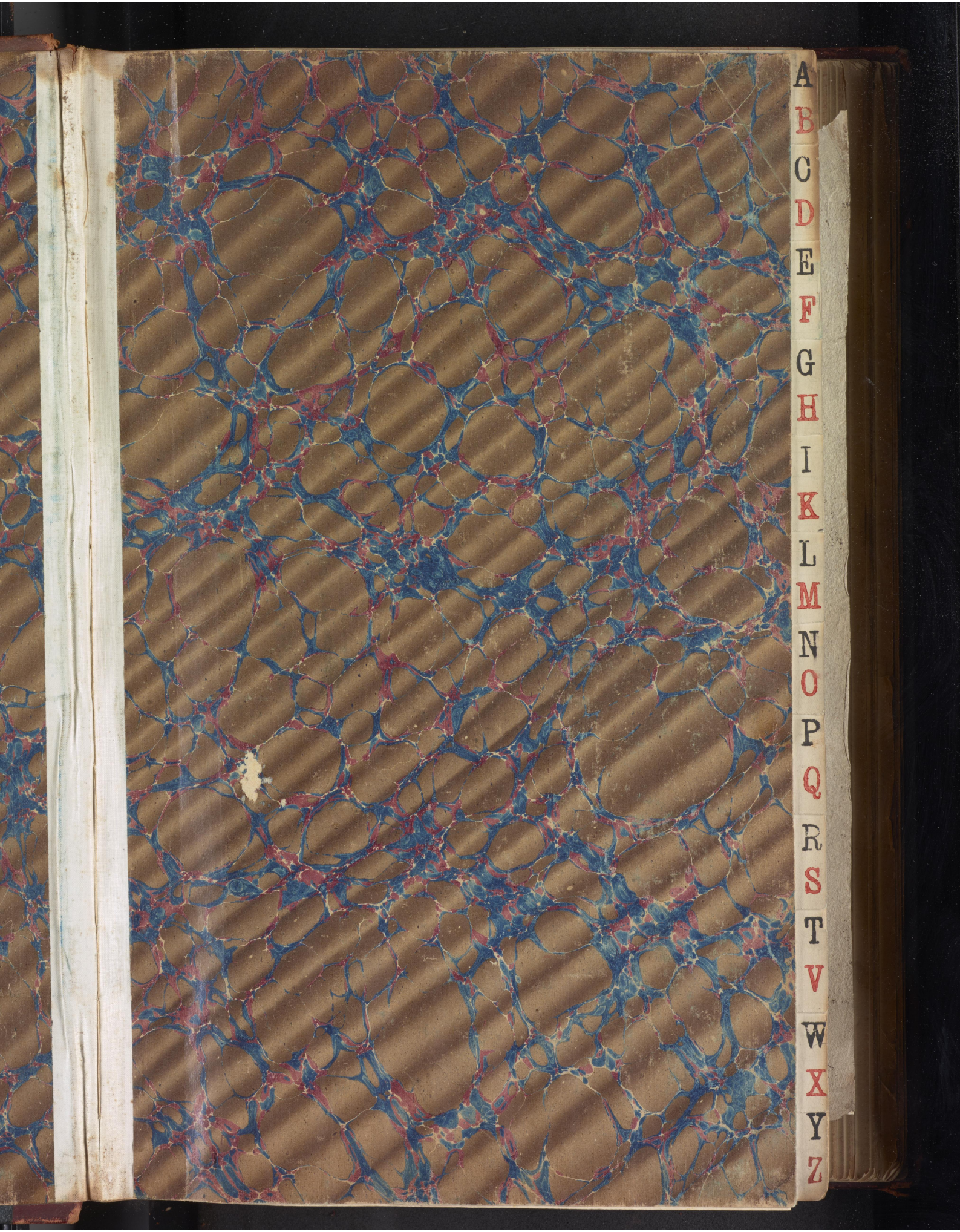
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[Volume VI]

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An Excellent New Song*

To the Tune of "The Low Back Car."

CLOSE by the palace, where resides
The famous HENRY COLE,
The King of Brompton, (who abides
Nor God's nor man's controul),
The VICAR IRONS has a fane,
A fane he strives to fill.
But weary sermons wake disdain;
Free wit is not Free will.

So as the King and Vicar met,
One morning after Church—
His Majesty, says he, "I'll bet
"Your learning and research
"Will never draw such crowds as throng
"*My* Galleries and Hall—,
"Unless you treat 'em to a song.
"King David sang to Saul.

"Give EM a song, a stave, a chant—
"With drum, trombone, and trump,
"If you confess you won't or cant
"Confess it plain and plump.
"I'LL have it done.—MACLEOD the brave,
"MACLEOD, my man of might—,
"The martial music which I crave,
"He finds me day or night.

"With brass and sheepskin I am glad
"Sometimes my soul to solace,
"The music cheers me when I'm sad,—
"Balfe, Meyerbeer, or Wallace.
"OWEN, my slave, shall swift indite
"Our notes of invitation—,
"The thing is *d*one—, Fix the first night—,
"I'll lead the CELEBRATION—,

"Perhaps I'll preach—, if they'll dispense
"With the existing canon—
"Stay!—No—By sound we'll teach the sense
"Beware you put no ban on
"What I propose?"—The Vicar smild—,
"Pray, who's to pay the piper?

"My Court of course—each wife or child—
"No pla*n* was ever riper.

"At my great Captain FESTING's beck
"From Ladies, Lords, and peasants.
"The pound, the penny, note, or cheque,
"Loans, taxes, gifts, or presents,
"Are sure to come, as come they do,
"Whenee'r I choose to call,
"MY House of Commons—staunch and true
"Gives me it's little all.

"Lieutenant COLONEL SCOTT, R.E.,
"ALAN my son, so witty,
"My good queen's brother J. J. B.,
"Will come on my Committee,
"With a few neighbou*r*s near my Throne—,
"Be SULLIVAN Conductor—
"Yes! Yes! Sir Vicar—All shall own
"THEIR CHURCH AND STATE INSTRUCTOR!

"The poor, their wives, and children dear,
"The sons of Toil and Labour,
"From my example, will draw near
"To church with pipe and Tabor.
"And, when I've built my Albert Hall—,
"'bout which some fools are nervous,
"I'll have my feasts dominical
"With fullest choral service.

"And every service shall conclude,
"As every service ought,—
"God save KING COLE, KING COLE THE GOOD,
"The King and his *C*onsort."
The Vicar said no word. The King,
—With BROOKFIELD as his priest—,
Both Hymn and Anthem loud did sing—,
The church *was* throng'd at least.

But, as I mingled with the throng,
I heard a cynic say—,
"How many come to hear the song?
"How many come to pay?"

* Subject, the—

"EVENING MUSICAL CHURCH SERVICES,
At Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, by permission of the Vicar, the Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D., will take place on Tuesday Evenings the 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th February, 1868, at 8 p.m., under the direction of a Committee.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

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* Are the Executive Committee of Management.

Subscriptions in aid of the expenses will be received by Capt. Festing, R.E., Treasurer, South Kensington Museum, or any member of the Committee."

Quoted from Bill issued by the Committee.

DRESSING A DOLL.

A new mode of bamboozling Orangemen, as attempted with signal discomfiture, by Lord Claudy & Co.

Come all ye Freeholders around Bessy Bell,
A comical Story I've gotten to tell,
'Tis not of a Wedding, a Race or a Ball,
I sing of the Marques's Dressing a Doll,
Says my Lord to my Lady, " These Boys of Tyrone,
By Hook or by Crook, I must make them my own,
Throw dust in their eyes, and their senses enthral,
And the mode I shall take is by Dressing a Doll.

" They are Orange, True Orange, you know every man,
So with Orange I'll gull them and this is my plan,
Young Claud he shall shew like a Milliner's stall,
With Ribbons bedizen'd a fine Orange Doll."
Oh! la! quoth my Lady, enraptured, " How funny,
'Tis a stratagem worthy our Uncle Lord Johnny,*
For me I shall lend my best Dickey and Shawl,
Lace, Ribbons and Flounces to dress up the Doll,

To trap the bold Orangemen thus 'twas agreed,
Then off to Dungannon hied Claudy full speed,
He vowed by their colors to stand or to fall,
In the Lodge made a toilette and came forth a Doll,
He had Ribbons before, he had Ribbons behind,
He had Ribbons that floated abroad in the wind,
All waved as he stood with his back to the wall,
There never was seen such an exquisite Doll.

" Lord save us what's yon," cried a Granny in specks,
As she peered to discover its age or its sex,
While loud rose the laugh from Kate, Jenny and Moll,
Hoot Granny, 'tis only the Marques's Doll,
But the cute Orange Heroes were all up to snuff,
Of sudden attachments they had quite enough,
No humbugging tricks, they exclaimed, one amd all,
Too sharp to be gulled by the Marques's Doll.

In vain through each Lodge, soon the word was conveyed,
My Lord is a Brother, come all to his aid,
Catch old birds with Chaff if you can—Pretty Poll
Your feathers are fine, but you're only a Doll.
In short Alexander's the Laddie for me,
No new landed Import, no proud Absentee,
But one in the hour of our need within call,
No Milliner's Window, no Marques's Doll.

A Lad that will stand by the State and the Church,
Nor leave Constitution nor Friends in the lurch,
Whose Ancestors' blood flowed on DERRYs STRONG WALL,
That's the Boy for Tyrone and no Marques's Doll.
Then shout for bold WELLINGTON,—GOD SAVE THE KING,
From Foyle to Blackwater, our cheer let it ring,
Till it startles the Echoes in Barons'-Court Hall,
ALEXANDER for ever!!--NO MARQUES'S DOLL.

* Lord John Russell, the Church and State leveller, a near connection of the most noble Marques's. May God protect this Protestant County from such Incendiaries.

With many a tear they sought her's
you've wrought my dissolution.

The Epitaph is by Dean Swift
The Bibliographer June 1883 says Patrick died in 1708

1 16 20



ROYAL BENIGNITY and the BRITISH TROOPS Embarking.

1

The British Soldier call'd to battle,
Reluctant from his home he goes;
His wife she sighs, his children prattle,
Off he goes to meet his foes.

2

His country call'd & he obey'd,
No danger did he ever fear,
His manly heart was not dismay'd,
His Family was all his care.

3

His partner finding he must leave her,
And her little infants dear;
The thoughts of parting doth so grieve her
To the Duke she doth repair.

4

For her babies she implored
His royal heart could not refrain
Orders him to be restored
To his family again.

Pub.d March 10 1794, by G. Thompson, Long Lane, Westsmithfield.



When scarce a hand-spike high,
Death with old dad made free,
So what does I do? me but
I pikes it off to sea!
Says I to Sweetheart Poll,
If ever I come back,
Wile laugh and sing tol de rol lol,
If not, remember Jack.

2

I'd fortune smooth and rough;
The wind would chop and veer,
Till hard knocks I'd nab'd enough
On board a privateer;
Prest with a wooden peg,
Poll I thought would bid me pack,
So was forc'd dye see, to beg,
And twas pray remember Jack.

3

I axt as folks hove by,
And shew'd my wooden pin,
Young girls would sometimes sigh,
And gaping dubbers grin:
In vain I'd often haunt
My hopes were ta'en aback,
And my share of coppers small,
So pray remember Jack.

4

One day my lockers bare
And togs all tatter'd grown,
I trigg'd a pinnance fair:
Well rigg'd, a bearing down,
Twas Poll, she look'd so spruce,
What thus! says she come back,
My tongue forgot its use,
And pray remember Jack.

5

What matters much to prate,
She'd shiners savi'd a few,
Soon I became her mate,
Warn't Poll a Sweetheart true,
Then a friend I'd serv'd before,
From a long voyage came back,
Shar'd with I his gold galore
For he well remember'd Jack

6

So what, tho' I lost my leg,
It seem'd to fortune mend,
And was forc'd, dye see, to beg,
I gain'd a wife and friend,
Here's the King, Old England, Poll,
My shipmate, just come back,
Then laugh and sing tol de rol lol,
And pray remember Jack.

1 16 22

THE SAILOR'S DEPARTURE from his true Love SUSAN.

1

Adieu my lovely Susan,
From you I am forc'd to go,
All for to leave your company,
Which fills my heart with woe;
But if that God should spare my life,
And I return again,
I vow I will make you my Wife,
And free you from all pain.

2

O talk not so my jewel,
My joy and only dove,
To go and leave me in despair,
There's none but you I love;
When you are on the briny main,
And I am left on shore,
If in battle you should be slain,
I ne'er shall see you more.

3

I must confess my dearest dear,
Those words are very kind,
Alas! it grieves me to the heart,
To leave you here behind:
When I am on the raging sea,
You I will bear in mind,
Because to me you always prove
Tender loving and kind.



Printed & Sold by J. Lambert Hill Doctors Commons.

4

So farewell my Susan dear;
I can no longer stay,
Tomorrow by the dawn of day,
Our ship she sails away;
May God protect you, my dearest life,
Till I return again,
The firmest love within my breast,
For you shall still remain.

5

The day it being arrived,
He was to sail away,
This beautiful young damsel,
These words she then did say;
Farewell, my lovely sailor,
I hope you'll think on me,
And not forget the vows you made,
When you are on the sea.

THE WONDERFULL MILL.

1

In days of yore there liv'd a man,
A Man of mighty skill. O.
And he contriv'd as I've been told
So wonderfull a Mill. O.
That it would grind the Old Folks Young,
And what is stranger still. O.
The Ugly he could handsome make
By this same curious Mill. O.

2

Ye doctors that can cure the sick,
T'is downright past your skill. O.
To give us back our youth with health,
Like to this famous Mill: O.
The health's a blessing all must own,
And own it for a truth. O.
Nought can compare I do declare,
No nothing with our youth. O.



3

'Twas droll to see the mighty crouds,
Of Ugly, Blind, and Lame, O.
From far and near, the Old folks came,
This Mill had got such fame; O.
Methinks I still survey the mob,
And see among the rest, O.
Some wither'd antiquated Beaus,
And Ewes lamb fashiond drest, O.

4

There's my Lord what d'ye call his name,
Eat up with age and gout, O.
Would give full half his wealth for youth,
Of that theres not a doubt: O.
And Madam I forget her name,
An old and shrivel'd Belle. O.
In vain for youth and beauty sighs,
For age to her is hell. O.

5

Was such a Mill in our time,
What pleasure would abound, O.
For who'd be Ugly, who'd be old,
When they could be fresh ground; O.
Now the Old fops of Inns, and Court,
Are forc'd to use their skill, O.
And Dames to hide their wither'd charms,
For want of this same Mill. O.

6

Then strive ye learn'd Philosophers,
Exert your utmost skill, O.
You'll gain both wealth and fame to boot,
By such another Mill: O.
And when you've brought the thing to bear,
Grind young our King, and Queen, O.
For sure a worthier pair before,
In England ne'er was seen. O.



1

A Sailor's Life's a life of woe,
He work's now late now early,
Now up & down, now to & fro,
What then, he takes it chearly,
Blest with a smiling can of grog,
If duty call, stand rise or fall,
To sail's last verge he'll jog,
The cadge to weigh,
The sheets belay,
He does it with a wish,
To heave the lead,
Or to eat head,
The ponderous anchor fish,
For while the grog goes round
All sense of danger's drown'd,
We despise it to a man,
We sing a little,
And laugh a little,
And work a little,
And swear a little,
And fiddle a little,
And foot it a little,
And swig the flowing cann,

2

If howling winds, & roaring seas,
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the storm, our hearts at ease
For Jack's to fear a stranger,
Blest with the smiling grog we fly,
Where now below,
We headlong go,
Now rise on mountains high,
Spite of the gale,
We hand the sail,
Or take the needful reef,
Or man the deck,
To clear some wreck,
To give the ship relief,
Though perils threat around
All sense of danger drowns,
We despise it to a man,
We sing a little &c. &c. &c.

3

But yet think not our case is hard,
Tho' storms at sea thus treat us
For coming home, a sweet reward
With smiles our sweethearts greet
Now to the friendly grog we quaff
Our am'rous toast,
Her we love most,
And gaily sing and laugh,
The sails we furl,
Then, for each girl,
The Petticoat display,
The deck we clear,
Then three times cheer,
As we their charms survey,
And then the grog goes round
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man,
We sing a little, &c. &c. &c.



1 MIND HUSSY WHAT YOU DO 3

When I was of a tender age,
And in my youthful prime,
My mother oft wou'd in a rage,
Cry, girl take care in time;
For you are now so forward grown,
The men will you pursue,
And all the day this was her tone,
Mind, huffy, what you do!

To Damon, gayest of the green,
I gave my youthful hand,
His blooming face, and comely mein,
I cou'd not well withstand,
But strait to church we tript away;
With hearts both firm and true,
Altho' my mother ceas'd to say,
Mind, huffy, what you do.

2

Regardless of her fond advice,
I hasten'd o'er the plain,
Where I was courted in a trice,
By each young Silv'an swain,
Yet by the bye I must declare,
I virtue had in view,
Altho' my mother cry'd beware,
Mind, huffy, what you do.

4

Ye lasses all attend to me,
And hence this lesson learn,
When to your mind a man you see,
Ne'er look morose or stern;
But take him with a free good will,
Should he have love for you,
Altho' your mother's crying still,
Mind, huffy, what you do.

REASON

Exposing her Unreasonableness, and leaving

Christianity Triumphant.

Deist.

CHRISTIAN, I meet, and challenge as untrue,
Your Bible, and your Bible-notions too;
They stand oppos'd to what my REASON views
As proper for the mind of man to choose.

Christian.

I will accept your challenge, Sir, and meet
All your objections to a book so sweet;
And, if you strip your REASON of her pride,
She will come over to the Christian's side.

Deist.

Reason and Priestcraft never can agree—
This forges fetters—*that* must needs be free;
And that which gives us freedom, all must own,
Should make the mind of man its constant throne.

Christian.

Of Freedom you have nothing but the name,—
To bring you real Freedom is my aim;
There is no Priestcraft in the Bible found;
[illegible] abound.

Deist.

Assertions are not proofs, and I would know
How Reason can with your delusions go?—
What pleasure all your praying can impart?—
Or how such gloomy things can cheer the heart?

Christian.

These are the secrets God himself makes known,
By bidding Sovereign Grace take Reason's throne,
Exposing her pollution, guilt, and pride,
And sending her to JESUS crucified.

Then all the "*gloomy things*" you so much fear,
Like clouds before the sun-shine disappear;
And prostrate Reason, learning to adore,
Gains dignity she never had before.

Deist.

All this I call *enthusiastic stuff*,
Which serves the priestly purpose well enough;
But Reason can with noble hatred view
A scheme so mad—a volume so untrue.

Christian.

Pause, thoughtless man! the madness is *your own!*
Listen! the truth of Scripture shall be shown;
Who wrote the Book which you have tried to hate?
And who could form a scheme so truly great?—

Good Men or Angels would not lies record,
And of their own exclaim, "*thus saith the Lord;*"
Bad Men or Devils never would declare,
The things which doom them all to black despair.

Truly 'twas GOD compos'd its sacred lines;
On every page his matchless Wisdom shines;
And Reason must be proud, and deaf, and blind,
To hate a book so fit to cheer the mind.

Deist.

The Bible *cheer* me! that it cannot do;
It makes me *wretched*, when I fear 'tis true:
And such a fear will rise in gloomy hours,
In spite of efforts made by reasoning powers.

Christian.

Noble confession! Reason is an elf,
Who tries her powers, alas! to cheat herself;
And, when she thinks she has succeeded best,
Suspects herself, and wanders, seeking rest:

Just like the poor demoniac of old,
Whom neither fetters, charms, or chains, could hold,
Till brought to JESU'S feet, and then we find
Mad Reason tam'd, and in her proper mind.

O, thoughtless Deist! could you know the peace
Which Christians find in JESUS, you would cease
Your war with Truth; and in the Gospel plan
Find every thing to make A HAPPY MAN.

Deist.

A Happy Man is what I wish to be;
But all the happiness which I can see,
Is that which Reason's speculation brings,
Which drowns the thought of everlasting things.

Christian.

This well-known fact each Deist daily proves,
This gloomy fact the Christian's pity moves;
And, while I share in happiness divine,
I would that all that happiness were thine.

Since I have known JEHOVAH'S grace and love,
And my affections set on things above,
Such sacred pleasure in my heart has dwelt,
As Reason could not give—as Deists never felt.

I've *Peace*, which neither earth nor hell can break;
I've *Confidence*, which Deists cannot shake;
I've *Wealth*, I cannot squander, lose, nor spend;
And *Honors*, which can never, never end.

These blessings, Sovereign Grace has made my own,
Securely, as JEHOVAH'S lofty throne;
By union with my Saviour, CHRIST, possess'd,
And witness'd by his Spirit in my breast.

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Price ONE PENNY.

With many a tear they sought her; [illegible] You've wrought my dissolution.

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The Old Man, His Children, and the Bundle of Sticks.

A FABLE.

A Good old man, no matter where,
Whether in York or Lancaſhire,
Or on a hill or in a dale,
It cannot much concern the tale;
Had children very much like others,
Compos'd of ſiſters and of brothers;
In life he had not much to give,
But his example how to live;
His luck was what his neighbours had,
For ſome were good and ſome were bad;
When of their father death bereſt 'em,
His good advice was all he left 'em.
This good old man who long had lain,
Afflicted with diſeaſe and pain;
With difficulty drew his breath,
And felt the ſure approach of death.
He ſtill had liv'd an honeſt life,
Kind to his neighbour and his wife;
His practice good, his faith was ſound,
He built his hope on ſcripture ground;
And knowing life hangs on a breath,
He always liv'd prepar'd for death.
He truſted God, nor fear'd to die,
May it be thus with you and I!
Nor let us hope to die content,
Unleſs our life be wiſely ſpent.
He call'd his children round his bed,
And thus unto them all he ſaid:
Alas! alas! my children dear,
I well perceive my end is near;
I ſuffer much, but kiſs the rod,
And bow me to the will of GOD.
Yet e'er from you I'm quite remov'd,
From you whom always I have lov'd;
I wiſh to give you all my bleſſing,
And leave you with a uſeful leſſon;
That when I've left this world of care,
Each may his teſtimony bear,
How much my lateſt thoughts inclin'd
To prove me tender, good, and kind!
Obſerve that faggot on the ground,
With twiſted hazel firmly bound:——
The children turn'd their eyes that way,
And view'd the faggot as it lay;
But wonder'd what their father meant;
Who thus expounded his intent.
I wiſh that all of you wou'd take it,
And try if any one can break it.

Obedient to the good old man,
They all to try their ſtrength began;
Now boy now girl; now he now ſhe,
Apply'd the faggot to their knee;
They tugg'd and ſtrain'd and try'd again,
But ſtill they tugg'd and try'd in vain;
In vain their ſtrength and ſkill exerted,
The faggot ev'ry effort thwarted.
And when their labour vain they found,
They threw the faggot on the ground.
Again the good old man proceeded,
To give th'inſtruction which they needed:
Untwiſt ſays he the hazel bind,
And let the faggot be diſjoin'd;
Then ſtick by ſtick, and twig by twig,
The little children and the big,
Foll'wing the words their father ſpoke,
Each ſprig and ſpray they quickly broke:
There father! all began to cry,
I've broken mine! and I, and I.
Replied the Sire 'twas my intent,
My family to repreſent;
While you are join'd in friendſhips thong,
My deareſt children, you'll be ſtrong;
But if by quarel and diſpute,
You undermine affection's root,
And thus the ſtrength'ning cord divide,
Then will my children ill betide:
E'en beaſts of prey in bands unite,
And kindly for each other fight;
And ſhall not Chriſtian children be
Join'd in ſweet links of amity?
If ſeparate, you'll each be weak,
Each like a ſingle ſtick will break;
But if you're firm, and true and hearty,
The world and all its ſpite can't part ye.
The father having cloſ'd his leſſon,
Proceeded to pronounce his bleſſing:
Embrac'd them all, then pray'd and ſigh'd,
Look'd up, then dropt his head—and dy'd.

And thus, my country-men ſhou'd you,
And I, and all, be firm and true;
If chriſtian faith and love combine us,
And ſweet affection's cords intwine us;
We need encourage no dejection,
Secure in the DIVINE PROTECTION.
In proſperous days we'll bleſs our GOD,
And when he ſmites we'll kiſs the rod.

Sold by S. HAZARD, (*Printer* to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Religious and Moral Tracts) at BATH;
By J. MARSHALL,
At the *CHEAP REPOSITORIES*, No. 17, Queen-Street, Cheap-Side, and No. 4, Aldermary Church-Yard; and *R. WHITE*, Piccadilly, *LONDON*; and by all Booksellers, Newſmen, and Hawkers, in Town and Country.
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Price an Half-penny, or 2s. 3d. a 100.——1s. 3d. for 50.——9d. for 25.

With many a tear they ſought her; You've wrought my diſſolution.

The Apprentice's Monitor;

OR,

INDENTURES

IN VERSE,

Shewing what they are bound to do.

Proper to be hung up in all Shops.

EACH young Apprentice, when he's bound to Trade,
This ſolemn vow to God and Man has made.
To do with joy his Maſter's juſt commands,
Nor truſt his ſecrets into other hands.
He muſt no damage to his ſubſtance do,
And ſee that others do not wrong him too.
His Maſter's goods he ſhall not waſte nor lend,
But all his property with care defend.
He ſhall not buy nor ſell without his leave,
Nor lie, nor injure, nor at all deceive.
Taverns and Ale-Houses he ſhall not haunt,
Thoſe ſnares to Youth, thoſe ſcenes of vice and want.
At Cards and Dice he ſhall not dare to play,
But fly from ſuch temptations far away.

O Youth! remember thou to this art BOUND,
See that no breach of this in thee be found.

The GOLDEN RULE *IN VERSE.*

MY Son, behold what God's commands impart;
Love God with all your ſtrength, and mind, and heart.
Take care that you unto another do
What you wou'd have another do to you.
On theſe as on their great deſign and end,
The Prophets and the Law alike depend.

Z.

Sold by S. HAZARD, (PRINTER to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Religious and Moral Tracts) at BATH;

J. MARSHALL, at the *Cheap Repoſitories*, No, 27, Queen-Street, Cheap-Side, and No. 4, Aldermary Church Yard; and *R. WHITE*, Piccadilly, *LONDON*; and by all Bookſellers, Newſmen, and Hawkers, in Town and Country.

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[Entered at Stationers Hall.]

With many a tear they ſought her; You've wrought my diſſolution.

THE CARPENTER;

Or, the DANGER of EVIL COMPANY.

THERE was a young Weſt-country man,
A Carpenter by trade;
A ſkilful wheelwright too was he,
And few ſuch Waggons made.

No Man a tighter Barn cou'd build,
Throughout his native town,
Thro' many a village round was he,
The beſt of workmen known.

His father left him what he had,
In ſooth it was enough;
His ſhining pewter, pots of braſs,
And all his houſehold ſtuff.

A little cottage too he had,
For eaſe and comfort plann'd,
And that he might not lack for ought,
An acre of good land.

A pleaſant orchard too there was,
Before his cottage door;
Of cider and of corn likewiſe,
He had a little ſtore.

Active and healthy, ſtout and young,
No buſineſs wanted he;
Now tell me reader if you can,
What man more bleſt cou'd be?

To make his comfort quite compleat,
He had a faithful Wife;
Frugal and neat and good was ſhe,
The bleſſing of his life.

Where is the Lord, or where the Squire,
Had greater cauſe to praiſe,
The goodneſs of that bounteous hand,
Which bleſt his proſp'rous days?

Each night when he return'd from work,
His wife ſo meek and mild,
His little ſupper gladly dreſs'd,
While he careſs'd his child.

One blooming babe was all he had,
His only darling dear,
The object of their equal love,
The ſolace of their care.

O what cou'd ruin ſuch a life,
And ſpoil ſo fair a lot?
O what cou'd change ſo kind a heart,
All goodneſs quite forgot?

With grief the cauſe I muſt relate,
The diſmal cauſe reveal,
'Twas EVIL COMPANY and DRINK,
The ſource of every ill.

A Cooper came to live hard by,
Who did his fancy pleaſe;
An idle rambling Man was he,
Who oft had croſs'd the ſeas.

This Man could tell a merry tale,
And ſing a merry ſong;
And thoſe who heard him ſing or talk,
Ne'er thought the ev'ning long.



But vain and vicious was the ſong,
And wicked was the tale;
And every pauſe he always fill'd,
With cider, gin, or ale.

Our Carpenter delighted much,
To hear the Cooper talk;
And with him to the Ale-houſe oft,
Wou'd take his evening walk.

At firſt he did not care for drink,
But only lik'd the fun;
But ſoon he from the Cooper learnt,
The ſame ſad courſe to run.

He ſaid the Cooper's company,
Was all for which he car'd;
But ſoon he drank as much as he,
To ſwear like him ſoon dar'd.

His hammer now neglected lay,
For work he little car'd;
Half finiſh'd wheels, and broken tools,
Were ſtrew'd about his yard.

To get him to attend his work,
No prayers cou'd now prevail:
His hatchet and his plane forgot,
He never drove a Nail.

His chearful ev'nings now no more,
With peace and plenty ſmil'd;
No more he fought his pleaſing Wife,
Nor hugg'd his ſmiling child.

For not his drunken nights alone,
Were with the Cooper paſt;
His days were at the Angel ſpent,
And ſtill he ſtay'd the laſt.

No handſome Sunday ſuit was left,
Nor decent holland ſhirt;
No noſegay mark'd the Sabbath day,
But all was rags and dirt.

No more his Church he did frequent,
A ſymptom ever ſad;
Where once the Sunday is miſpent,
The week days muſt be bad.

The cottage mortgag'd for its worth,
The favourite orchard ſold;
He ſoon began to feel th'effects
Of hunger and of cold.

The pewter diſhes one by one,
Were pawn'd, till none was left;
And wife and babe at home remain'd
Of every help bereft.

By chance he call'd at home one night,
And in a ſurly mood,
He bade his weeping wife to get
Immediately ſome food.

His empty cupboard well he knew
Muſt needs be bare of bread;
No raſher on the rack he ſaw,
Whence cou'd he then be fed?

His wife* a piteous ſigh did heave,
And then before him laid
A baſket cover'd with a cloth,
But not a word ſhe ſaid.

Then to her huſband gave a knife,
With many a ſilent tear;
In haſte he tore the cover off,
And ſaw his child lay there.

"There lies thy babe, the mother ſaid,
"Oppreſs'd with famine ſore;
"O kill us both—'twere kinder far,
"We cou'd not ſuffer more."

The Carpenter, ſtruck to the heart,
Fell on his knees ſtraitway;
He wrung his hands——confeſs'd his ſins,
And did both weep and pray.

From that ſame hour the Cooper more,
He never wou'd behold;
Nor wou'd he to the Ale-houſe go,
Had it been pav'd with gold.

His Wife forgave him all the paſt,
And ſooth'd his ſorrowing mind,
And much he griev'd that e'er he wrong'd
The worthieſt of her kind.

By lab'ring hard, and working late,
By induſtry and pains,
His Cottage was at length redeem'd,
And fav'd were all his gains.

His Sundays now at Church were ſpent,
His home was his delight.
The following verſe himſelf he made,
And read it every night:

The Drunkard Murders Child and Wife,
Nor matters it a pin,
Whether he ſtabs them with his knife,
Or ſtarves them by his gin. Z.

* See Berquin's Gardener.

[*Enter'd at Stationers Hall.*]

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THE

Roguiſh MILLER;



OR,

Nothing got by Cheating.

A TRUE BALLAD.

A Miller there was, and he liv'd at his Mill,
Which was built on a ſtream at the foot of a hill.
He cheated all day and he drank all the night,
For cheating and drinking was all his delight;
While his moments in tippling unheeded did roll,
This ſtill was his ſaying—be ſure to take toll.

Whoever ſent corn to be ground at his Mill,
He ſpoilt it, he chang'd it, he pilfer'd it ſtill;
In villainy thus a long courſe he did run,
For he fancy'd that cheating was very good ſun.
He car'd not what came of his body or ſoul,
While this was his ſaying—I'll always take toll.

If you ſent a full Sack of good corn to his Mill,
A Sack of bad flour he ſent you back ſtill,
For he fancy'd that when he the wheat had once ground,
The difference wou'd not be eaſily found:
Now to change good for bad was as if he had ſtole,
And he not only chang'd it—but always took toll.

The Neighbours oft ſent him their Money to pay,
But he always refus'd it and ſent it away;
Had he taken the Money he'd have got but his due,
But the payment that's lawful for him wou'd not do;
What was honeſtly his he deſpis'd on the whole,
Becauſe he got more from—the taking of toll.

One day when a Farmer had ſent a good ſack
Of his Corn to be ground, and then ſent for it back;
He call'd to his Man and demanded ſtraitway,
If for this he had taken the toll on that day.
The Man ſtrait declar'd, that tho' nought he had ſtole,
Yet that he had taken—the full of the toll.

He then call'd his maid, and he aſk'd her good lack
If toll ſhe had taken from that very ſack;
She declar'd that ſhe had, but he fond of pelf,
Said, for fear that you ſhou'd not, I'll take it myſelf:
So raſhly he ventur'd the loſs of his Soul,
And mended his practice—by thrice taking toll.

At length he grew bolder and bolder in ſin,
And cheating he deeper and deeper got in;
Of Satan, alas! he was quite at the beck,
Where he firſt took a pound he at length took a peck,
No church he frequented to pray for his Soul,
Who wou'd might go thither—ſo he could take toll.

The Farmer, the Squire, the Parſon likewiſe
Agreed to obſerve him with ſtill keener Eyes;
But the Juſtice he cheated to ſuch a degree,
That no longer with patience his frauds cou'd he ſee;
So he ſent him to jail by the Law's juſt controul,
And a MITTIMUS paid him—for taking of toll.

Come all honeſt Millers whoever you be,
And liſten to counſel that's given by me;
Be content, like fair tradeſmen with moderate gains,
And look for a lawful reward of your pains;
If 'tis paid you in money be pleas'd on the whole
And if you take any—take moderate toll.

O! ſeek not each way to defraud that you can,
Nor cheat in the flour, nor cheat in the bran;
Be honeſt and all Men will flock to your Mill,
And tho' others want cuſtom, yours ne'er will ſtand ſtill.
And when to your MAKER you give up your ſoul,
You'll rejoice that you always—took moderate toll.

Z.

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[ENTEREDat STATIONERS HALL.]

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THE GIN-SHOP;

Or, a Peep into a Priſon.

LOOK through the land from North to South,
And look from Eaſt to Weſt;
And ſee what is to Engliſhmen,
Of Life the deadlieſt Peſt.

It is not Want, tho' that is bad,
Nor War, tho' that is worſe;
But Britons brave endure, alas!
A ſelf-inflicted Curſe.

Go where you will throughout the Realm
You'll find the reigning Sin,
In Cities, Villages and Towns;
—The Monſter's name is GIN.

The Prince of darkneſs never ſent
To Man a deadlier foe;
"My name is Legion," it may ſay,
The ſource of every woe.

Nor does the fiend alone deprive
The labourer of his wealth;
That is not all, it murders too
His honeſt name and health.

We ſay the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are, 'tis true;
But, Drunkards, to your wives and babes
They're harder made by you.

The Drunkard's Tax is ſelf-impoſ'd,
Like every other ſin;
The taxes all together lay,
No weight ſo great as GIN.

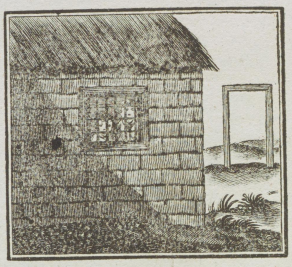
The State compels no man to drink,
Compels no man to game;
'Tis GIN and gambling ſink him down
To rags, and want, and ſhame.

The kindeſt huſband, chang'd by GIN,
Is for a tyrant known;
The tendereſt heart that Nature made,
Becomes a heart of ſtone.

In many a houſe the harmleſs babes
Are poorly cloth'd and fed;
Becauſe the craving GIN-SHOP takes
The children's daily bread.

Come, neighbour, take a walk with me,
Thro' many a London Street;
And ſee the cauſe of penury,
In hundreds we ſhall meet.

We ſhall not need to travel far—
Behold that great man's door;
He well diſcerns that idle crew,
From the deſerving poor.



He will relieve with liberal hand
The child of honeſt Thrift;
But where long ſcores at GIN-SHOPS ſtand
He will with-hold his gift.

Behold that ſhivering female there,
Who plies her woeful trade!
'Tis ten to one you'll find that GIN,
That hopeleſs wretch has made.

Look down theſe ſteps, and view below
Yon cellar under ground;
There every want, and every woe,
And every Sin, is found.

Thoſe little wretches trembling there,
With hunger and with cold,
Were by their parents love of GIN,
To Sin and Miſery ſold.

Bleſt be thoſe friends* to human kind,
Who take theſe wretches up,
Ere they have drunk the bitter dregs
Of their ſad parents cup.

Look thro' that priſon's iron bars,
Look thro' that diſmal grate;
And learn what dire misfortunes brought
So terrible a fate.

The Debtor and the Felon too,
Tho' differing much in ſin,
Too oft you'll find were thither brought
By all-deſtroying GIN.

Yet Heaven forbid I ſhou'd confound
Calamity with guilt!
Or name the Debtor's leſſer fault,
With blood of Brother ſpilt.

*The Philanthropic Society.

To priſon dire misfortune oft
The guiltleſs debtor brings;
Yet oft'ner far it will be found
From GIN the miſery ſprings.

See the pale Manufact'rer there,
How lank and lean he lies!
How haggard is his ſickly cheek!
How dim his hollow eyes!

He plied the loom with good ſucceſs,
His wages ſtill were high;
Twice what the Village lab'rer gains,
His maſter did ſupply.

No book-debts kept him from his caſh,
All paid as ſoon as due;
His wages on the Saturday
To fail he never knew.

How amply had his gains ſuffic'd,
On Wife and children ſpent!
But all muſt for his pleaſures go;
All to the GIN-SHOP went.

See that Apprentice, young in years,
But hackney'd long in ſin;
What made him rob his maſter's Till?
Alas! 'twas love of GIN.

That ſerving Man—I knew him once,
So jaunty, ſpruce, and ſmart!
Why did he ſteal, then pawn the plate?
'Twas GIN enſnar'd his heart.

But hark! what diſmal ſound is that?
'Tis Saint Sepulchre's Bell!
It tolls, alas! for human guilt,
Some Malefactor's knell.

O! woeful ſound, O! what cou'd cauſe,
Such puniſhment and Sin?
Hark! hear his words, he owns the cauſe—
BAD COMPANY and GIN.

And when the future Lot is fix'd,
Of darkneſs, fire and chains,
How can the Drunkard hope to 'ſcape
Thoſe everlaſting pains?

For if the Murd'rer's doom'd to woe,
As holy writ declares,
The Drunkard with SELF-Murderers
That dreadful Portion ſhares.

Z.

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With many a tear they ſought her;

You've wrought my diſſolution.

THE MARKET WOMAN, A *True Tale;*



OR, HONESTY IS THE *Beſt Policy.*

A Farmer's Wife to Market went
On every Market day;
She carried butter, pork, and eggs,
The Farmer carried hay.

Throughout the Pariſh where ſhe liv'd
For fraud ſhe was renown'd;
And oft her Butter ſcarcely weigh'd
Twelve Ounces to the pound.

In making Cheeſe her practice ſtill
Was very much the ſame;
She ſold it for the very beſt,
But ſtole away the cream.

She lik'd to ſtaunt in gowns ſo gay,
And laces fine and thin;
And what is worſe than all the reſt,
She lik'd a little gin.

She knew not where to get the Caſh
To pay for all ſhe bought;
So robb'd her butter and her cheeſe,
Which was a wicked thought.

She ſeldom went to Pariſh Church
Except to ſhew her dreſs;
But ſpent the Sunday afternoon
In Sin and Idleneſs.

This is a rule you'll always find
Full nine times out of ten;
That thoſe who don't their MAKER ſerve
Will not be juſt to Men.

Now who but ſhe at every Fair
Both near and far away?
The Squire's own lady was not half
So flaunting and ſo gay.

At every revel, every dance
For many Miles around,
At every found of fiddle heard
She conſtantly was found.

O! Shame to female Modeſty
That ever Wife or Maid,
Shou'd to an Ale-houſe dancing go,
Where oft they are betray'd!

Her only thought was to contrive
That Money might not fail,
For this her Pork was fed on grains,
Her Eggs were always ſtale.

Her Huſband was an honeſt Man
And did not know her tricks;
For tho' he felt that he grew poor,
The blame he wou'd not fix.

The neighbours ceas'd to buy her goods,
So ſhe to market went;
And if ſhe brought ſome money home
Her huſband was content.

The people of the town remark'd
Her butter ſtill grew leſs;
And to the Market-Bailiff went,
The evil to redreſs.

Next Market day the Bailiff came,
And walk'd his uſual round;
And ſoon his watchful eye he fix'd
Upon her ſlender pound.

With terror equal to her guilt,
She mark'd his watchful eyes;
And ſaw him now prepar'd to weigh
Her pound much under ſize.

What's to be done?—Within her purſe
A hoarded crown piece lay;
She plung'd it in the butter deep,
Unſeen——then bid him weigh!

He found the butter heavier far
Than he at firſt believ'd;
And ſaid "In truth the Woman's juſt,
And I have been deceiv'd."

A Farmer's wife who ſaw her take
The crown piece from her purſe;
Reſolv'd to bring her now to ſhame,
And make the matter worſe.

She told the Bailiff what ſhe ſaw,
Who ſearch'd the butter ſtrait;
And there he found the ſilver piece
Which made ſuch heavy weight.

Now brought at length to public ſhame
This Market dame did cry,
"I find that HONESTY AT LAST,
IS TRUEST POLICY."

Now from this day the Market ſhe
No more to enter dar'd;
For none to buy her cheating goods,
From that day ever car'd.

Her huſband wou'd not live with one
Of ſuch an evil name;
For tho' not rich he valued much
A Farmer's honeſt fame.

May all who read good warning take!
May every Farmer's Wife,
Live ſober, keep an honeſt name,
And lead a ſpotleſs life!

O never think to keep your fame
By foll'wing ſinful pleaſures;
Nor hope to gain an honeſt name
By lawleſs weights and meaſures.

Z.

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THE *HORSE RACE*; OR, THE PLEASURES *Of the Courſe.*



THE Horſes run, the Chaiſes fly,
What noiſe in every place!
Pray come, my friend, and let us ſee,
The pleaſures of a Race.

What numbers now are trudging on!
Obſerve how quick their pace!
On foot, on Horſe, in Chaiſe and Coach,
All haſtening to the Race.

Remark how many Huts and Booths,
In every part we trace;
For ſelling brandy, beer and gin,
To thoſe who ſee the Race.

What numbers ſpend their money here,
And health and ſoul unbrace;
And rob their families of bread,
To ſpend it at the Race.

That Gentleman, ſo richly dreſs'd,
Whoſe well fed horſe now neighs;
His fortune ſpends to train and fit,
His nags to win the Race.

Thoſe Farmers Wives and Daughters gay,
Who canter, trot and pace;
Have rais'd their butter, eggs and cheeſe,
To dreſs, and ſee the Race.

That poor old Wretch, who ſprawling lies,
And makes ſuch odd grimace;
She in a Barrow carries fruit,
To revel, fair, and Race.

But by ill luck, a one horſe Chair,
Which went a ſwinging pace;
This poor old Woman overtook,
As ſhe went to the Race.

The Driver ſaw ſhe tried in vain,
Her Barrow to replace;
So her and Barrow overſet,
And preſs'd towards the Race.

Now Apples, Nuts, and Pears lay ſtrew'd,
A ſcramble then took place,
Between the idle girls and boys,
Who came to ſee the Race.

That boy, who runs along ſo faſt,
His Maſter diſobeys;
All work and duty quite forgot,
So he can ſee the Race.

That Mother who ſhou'd be at home,
Her idle turn betrays;
With two young infants in her Arms,
She goes to ſee the Race.

The people now to yonder ſtands,
All flock to get a place;
And all impatient are to ſee,
This long-expected Race.

The horſes ſtart, the ſport begins,
And all with rapture gaze;
The Jockeys in their party dreſs,
With joy begin the Race.

Each panting horſe with labour ſtrives,
The others to outpace;
The knowing-ones begin to bett,
And wager on the Race.

But how it rains! how black the clouds!
The heavens ſhower down apace;
All run and ſcamper, wet to ſkin
Who came to ſee the Race.

What means that craſh? what mean thoſe ſcreams?
That buſtle and amaze?
I fear yon crouded ſtand* is fall'n,
The largeſt at the Race.

Alas! tis ſo. Confuſion dire,
Appears in every face;
And all lament, and join to wiſh,
They ne'er had ſeen the Race.

Now broken limbs, and bruiſes ſad,
Are ſeen throughout the place;
And numbers from the ſtand are dragg'd,
But not to ſee the Race.

Amidſt the hurry which enſues,
A Pick-pocket conveys
A Farmer's Watch and purſe away,
Who came to ſee the Race.

Now as they all go dripping home,
What rapture to retrace,
Their time and health and money loſt!
Such joys attend a Race.

How many a harmleſs child is brought,
To miſ'ry and diſgrace,
Becauſe the parents drink and game,
And go to every Race.

Then ſince our time is but a ſpan,
Our life ſo ſhort a ſpace;
'Tis better lead a ſober life,
While here we run our Race.

Then will our cheerful days roll on,
In ſweet content and peace;
And better bleſſings wait us ſtill,
Whene'er—WE END OUR RACE.

* This really happened lately at Lansdown Races.

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DEN BLOEMMAKER

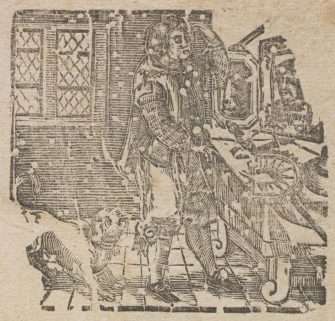
of schoon geestelyk liedeken van een

SAUDAENS DOCHTERKEN.

Op eene bekende wyze.

EEn Saudaen had een dochterken,
zy was vroeg opgestaen
al om te plukken bloemekens
al in haer vaders warande.
Doen zy die schoone bloemekens zag
zy docht in haer zinnen
wie mag dien schoonen bloemmaker zyn
ik zou hem geern minnen.
Hy moet wel een habiel konstenaer zyn
eenen Heer van groote weerde
die de schoone bloemekens
doet spruyten uyt de aerde.
Ik heb hem in myn hert zoo lief
mogt ik hem eens aenschouwen
ik zoud er om laten myn vaders ryk
en hem geven myn trouwe.
't Nagts ontrent den middernagt
Jesus kwam voor haer venster staen
staet op gy schoone zuyver maegd
ik ben met uwe minne bevaen.
Die maegd stond op zeer haestelyk
zy heeft haer venster open gedaen
doen zag zy Jesus haer zoete lief
zoo minnelyk voor haer staen.
Zy zag haer lief zoo minnelyk aen
zy neygde haer neder ter aerde
zy bood hem zoo vriendelyk goeden dag
met alzoo groote eerwaerde.
Myn alderliefsten jongeling schoon
van waer komt gy gegangen
uws gelyk en zag ik noyt
in al myn vaders landen.
Schoon maegd ik heb u lang bemind
om u ben ik gekomen
ik kom al uyt myn vaders ryk
ik ben den maker der bloemen.
Ziet hier myn alderliefste lief
naet u is my verlangen
nu leyd my uyt myn vaders ryk
met u zoet lief wil ik gangen.
Schoon maegd wilt gy met my gaen
uw ryk dat moet gy laten
ik kom al uyt myn vaders ryk
en dat tot uwer baten.
Myn alderliefsten jongeling schoon
uw eygen wil ik wezen
nu leyd my uyt myn vaders ryk
myn trouw zal ik u geven.
Hy nam de schoone maegd by d'hand
hy leyde zeer alzoo verre
tien honderd duyzend mylen lang
al uyt haer vaders land.
Zy spraken zoo menig vriendelyk woord
zy gingen beyde te samen
nu zegt my edel jongeling schoon
hoe is doch uwe naeme.
Mynen naem die is zoo wonderlyk
hy staet zoo hoog geschreven
al in myn vaders koningryk
is my dien naem gegeven.
Schoon maegd mind gy met herte reyn
geeft my uw trouw alleene
mynen naem word u alleen bekend
Jesus van Nazarenen.
Zy zag haer lief zoo minnelyk aen
zy neygde haer neder ter aerde
schoon lief ik geve myn hert en trouw
van u wil ik niet scheyden.
Zy spraken zoo menig zoet woord
zy gingen beyde te samen
nu zegt gy my edel jongeling schoon
wie is er uwen vader?
Myn vader is zoo ryken man
zyn ryk gaet alzoo verre
Hemel en aerde heeft hy gemaekt
de zon, de maen en sterren.
Hemel en aerde en al het goed
van hem is 't al gekomen
tien honderd duyzend engelen schoon
staen al tot zynen loven.
Schoon lief zyt gy een koningszoon
en alzoo ryk van goede
zegt my edel jongeling schoon
wie is dan uwe Moeder.
Myn moeder is zoo reyne maegd
zoo van haer staet geschreven
zy heeft my maegd ter wereld gebragt
een maegd is zy gebleven.
Is uwe moeder een reyne Maegd
zyt gy een koningszoone
en zegt my edel jongeling schoon
van waer zyt gy gekomen.
Al uyt myn vaders koningryk
daer is 't zoo vol van vreugden
honderd duyzend jaren lang
en schynt daer niet een ure.
Myn alderliefsten jongeling schoon
ik heb zoo groot verlangen
al na uw vaders koningryk
laet ons na binnen gangen.
Schoon maegd dient my met hert en reyn
myn ryk zal ik u geven
dan zult gy by my zyn
in groote vreugden leven.
Zy gingen dan zoo langen weg
al door de groene weyden
zy kwamen voor een kloosterken
Jesus wilde van haer scheyden,
Myn alderliefsten jongeling schoon
wilt gy van my gaen scheyden
neyt en hoorde ik droever woord
van rouw zoo moet ik schreyden.
Hy nam de maegd by hare hand
by sprak met zoete zinnen
schoon maegd vertoeft een luttel tyds
ik moet eens gaen hier binnen.
Schoon maegd laet uw weenen staen
ik zal haest weder komen
dan zal ik u in myn ryk ontfaen
daer zult gy plukken bloemen.
Jesus is van daer gegaen
die maegd bleef in 't verbeyden staen
zy weende menigen traen
dat Jesus was van haer gegaen.
Doen den dag ten avond kwam
die schoone maegd badde verlangen
naer Jesus haer alderliefste lief
zy beyde veel te lange.
Zy klopte zoo haestelyk aen de poort
met alzoo droeve zinnen
doet open, daet open myn zoete lief
myn lief die is daer binnen.
Die poort die wierd open gedaen
den poortier die kwam daer voren
hy zag die schoone maegd daer staen
die hy noyt zag te voren.
Zegt my schoon maegd wat gy begeerd
hoe komt gy hier alleene
zegt my schoone maegd wat u deerd
waerom moet gy zoo weenen.
Och poortier myn lief die ik bemin
die is hier in gegangen
zegt dat hy eens by my komt
hy beyd my veel te lange.
Schoon maegd u lief die gy bemind
en heb ik niet vernomen
hy en is hier niet gekend
hy en is hier niet gekomen.
Och poortier hoe kond gy zeggen dat
myn lief die ik beminne
het leste woord dat hy my sprak
hy zeyde ik gaen hier binnen.
Zegt my schoone maegd hoe heet uw lief
daer gy my wilt van spreken
och Pater dat en weet ik niet
den naem is my vergeten.
Hy is zoo wonderlyk en schoon
zyn ryk gaet alzoo verre
hy is geciert met hemels blouw
omzet met gulde sterren.
Zyn aenschyn blinkt van werwe wit
gelyk de Lelien schoone
zyn wangen zyn zoo schoon en rond
verciert gelyk de roozen.
Zyn oogskens zyn zoo vriendelyk
hy is zoet van spraeke
hy kwam al uyt zyn Vaders ryk
om my zalig te maken.
Schoone maegd uw lief is schoon
en alzoo hoog geprezen
alwaer hy uyt des hemels troon
hy kost niet schoonder wezen.
Och Pater wat wil ik u zeggen dat
ik en kan zyn goedheyd niet vol loven
zyn Moeder is een zuyver maegd
alle koningin gaet zy te boven.
Den Pater gheel verwonderd sprak
Jesus van Nazarenen
och Pater zoo heet myn zoete lief
die ik met hert bemine.
Is dat uw lief gelyk gy zegt
die zal ik u wel wyzen
hy is alhier zoo wel bekend
hy is van hoogen pryze.
O Myn lief die ik zoo zeer bemin
mogt ik eens by hem wezen
alwaer hemel en aerde 't myn
om hem wil ik het al geven.
Hy leerde die maegd volkomendlyk
al in een klooster leven
hy dede haer in een kloosterken
eene reyne maegd is zy gebleven.
Die dit liedjen heeft gedicht
Godt wilt hem gratie geven
dat hy mag krygen dat hy begeerd
dat is het eeuwig leven.

EYNDE.



Liedeken van eene hooveerdige Dame

Die door eenen Pater dede eenen Spiegel koopen te Parys.

Stemme : Philis myn tweede ziel.

WAt is de wereld doch
als valscheyd en bedrog.
vol haet en nyd en vol hooveerdigheyd,
ook vol onkuysheyd ende gierigheyd
'k heb eens in de schrifture gezogt
en een exempel med' gebrogt
voor menschen die naer de wereld gaen
in plaets naer God die voor ons heeft voldaen.
't Gebeurd in 't fransche land
dat daer een Prelikant
of wel een Pater was in zyn sermoen
preckte van vasten zoo 'n alomme doen
niet verre van de stad Parys
gaf daer zoo menig schoon exempel wys
en als hy zyn sermoen hadde gedaen
zoo sprak hem daer een edel Dame aen.
Pater sprak zy precys
gaet gy nu naer Parys
brengt my daer eenen schoonen spiegel med'
want men hier geenen vind in de sted'
den Pater die belofd haer dan
en is naer de stad Parys gegaen
't gebeurd een maend of wel twee daer naer
dat hy eens weer moest gaen prediken daer
Hy ging op 't kerkhof daer
zogt daer een spiegel klaer
onder de stinkende doodsbeenderen stond
waeronder dat hy een doodshoofd vond
dat heeft hy in zyn kap gedaen
en is daer med' naer deze Dame gegaen
om dat zy dien wel zoude gaen zien aen
en denken om ook eens na 't graf te gaen.
Den Pater wilt verstaen
is naer 't kasteel gegaen
alwaer dat zy hem straks willekom biet
en zeyd : hebt gy my dezen spiegel niet ?
ja, doet verschynen by daer
uw kameniere en uw groote schaer
op dat zy zoude konnen hun verblien
en ook met eenen dezen spiegel zien.
Dees Dam die kwam daer zien
met al haer edellien
dan haeld hy uyt zyn kappe my geloofd
daer zulk een leelyk schroomelyk doodshoofd
dat elk verschrikte die het zag
hy zeyd : spiegeld u hier in nacht en dag
dat is het hoofd der alderschoonste vrouw
die met oogen Parys aenschouwen zouw.
Zy was gelyk als gy
van aenzicht schoon en bly
ende van welgemaekte leden jent
en nu zoo leelyk dat men haer niet meer kent
een worm-aes vol stof en slyk
als gy haer ziet, gy ziet uws gelyk
frisiert en spiegeld u nu hier aen straf
denkt dat gy ook eens moet in 't duyster graf.
Uw oogen vol schyn
zal stank en etter zyn
en al uw schoon wit vleesch dat gy draegt
zal van de wormen worden afgeknaegt
peyst op de dood van nu af
want al dat leeft moet eens in 't duyster graf
gebruykt den tyd, het sterven is geen spel
neemt dat in dank en spiegeld u doch wel.
Die woorden sneden gouw
door 't hert van dees Mevrouw
de tranen liepen langs haer wangen ziet
en zy terstond al deze praqt aflict
dit 's ook den regten spiegel klaer
voor ons ô houze menschen allegaer
voor die zoo naer de nieuwe moden gaen
komt ook al hier en spiegeld u daer aen.
Al zulke spiegels klaer
vind men op 't kerkhof maer
die hem wilt spiegelen geheel beslaeft
gaet staet wat by als men een lyk begraeft
en ziet doch eens de doodkist aen
peyst dat gy moet den zelven weg ingaen
want al die hier het leven heeft ontfaen
de dood moeten zy ook eens onderstaen.
Nu ik, en morgen gy
hier van is niemand vry
zyt doch gedagtig uwe leste uer
eeuwig in vreugd of eeuwig in getreur,
uwen tyd gaet als rook voorby
al in het duyster graf zoo moeten wy
daerom ô mensch, verlaet de zonden snel
eer dat u naekend is de droeve hel.
Oorlof zoo jong als oud
elk een die het wel onthoud
wie dat is 't zy arm of ryk
wilt dit exempel leeren al gelyk
gy ouders ziit wel gaede slaet
en ook dit uwe kinders lezen laet
dit zyn geen fabels die ik stelle in dit lied
met waerheyd zoo de schrifture bedied.

N. 6. Gent, drukkery van I. Van Paemel, Violettestraet, 3.

Poor Mary the Maid of the Inn.

A favorite Pathetic Tale. rec ted at Theatres Royal, &c.



WHO is ſhe, the poor maniac. whose
wildly fix'd eyes,
Seem a heart overcharged to express ?
She weeps not, yet often & deeply ſhe ſighs
she never complains :---but silence implies
The composure of settled diſtreſs.

No aid, no compaſſion the maniac will seek
Cold and hunger awake not her care ;
Thro' the rags do the winds of the winter
blow bleak, (and her cheek.
On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare ;
Has the deadly pale hue of deſpair.

Yet cheerful & happy (nor distant the day)
Poor Mary the maniac has been ; (way
The traveller remembers who journey'd this
No damſel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the maid of the *Inn*.

Her cheerful address fill'd the gueſts with
delight,
As ſhe welcomed them in with a ſmile,
Her heart was a ſtranger to childiſh a fright
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at
night, (aisle
When the wind whiſtled down the dark

She loved—and young Richard had ſettled
And ſhe hop'd to be happy for life (the day
But Richard was idle & worthleſs ; and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary and
That ſhe was too good for his wife. (ſay,

'Twas Autumn, and ſtormy and dark was
the night,
And fast were the windows and door,
*T*wo gueſts ſat enjoying the fire that burn
bright, light,
And ſmoking in ſilence, with tranquil de
They liſtened to hear the wind roar,

'Tis pleaſant, cried one, ſeated by the fire-
To hear the wind whistle without ; ſide
A fine night for the abbey his comrade re-
ply'd, be well try'd,
Methinks a man's courage would now
Who ſhould wander the ruins about.

myself like a ſchoolboy ſhould tremble to
The hoarſe ivy ſhake over my head (hear
And could fancy I ſaw, half perſuaded by fear
Some ugly old abbot's white ſpirit appear
For this wind might awaken the dead,

I'll wager a dinner the other one cry'd
That Mary would venture there now
then wager and loſe with a sneer he replyd
I'll warrant ſhe'll fancy a ghoſt by her ſide
And faint if ſhe saw a white cow.

Will Mary this charge on her courage allow.
His companions exclaimed with a ſmile
I ſhall win ; for I know ſhe will venture
there now, bough,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a
From the alder that grows in the aisle

With fearleſs good humour did Mary comply
And her way to the abbey ſhe bent,
*T*he night it was gloomy the wind it was high
d as hollowly howling it ſwept through
the sky.
She ſhivered with cold as ſhe went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the
maid,
Where the abbey roſe dim on the sight,
Thro' the gateway ſhe enter'd she felt not afraid
Yet the ruins were lonely, and wild, and their
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night (shade

All around her was silent save when the blaſt,
Howl'd dismally round the old pile, (she pass'd
O'er weed covered fragments still fearless
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder tree grew in the aisle,

Well pleaseddid she reach it and quickly drew
And hastily gathered the bough, (near,
When the sound of a voice seem'd to raise on
her ear, (hear,
She paused. and she listened, all eager to
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew the hoarse ivy shook over her
She listened nought else she could hear, (head,
The wind ceas'd her heart sunk in her bosom
with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread,
Of footsteps approaching her near.

*B*ehind a wide column half breathless with
She crept to conceal herself there,)fear,
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud
shone clear; (appear,
he saw in the moonlight two ruffians
between them a corpse they did
bear;

Then Mary could feel her heart blood cur-
led cold
Again the rough wind hurried by
It blew off the hat of the one and behold,
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it
roll'd
She fell and expected to die,

*C*urſe the hat, he exclaims, nay come on,
and first hide,
The dead body, his comrade replies,
she behold them in safety pass on by her
side, (ply'd,
she siezes the hat fear her courage sup-
And fast thro' the abbey she flies,

she ran with wild speed ſhe roſh'd in at
the door,
she cast her eyes horribly round,
Her limbs could support her faint burden
no more, (the floor,
*B*ut exhausted and breathless ſhe ſunk on
*U*nable to utter a ſound,

Er'e yet her pale lips could the story im-
For a moment the hat met her view part
Her eyes from that object convulſively
start
For oh God, what cold horror thrill'd thro
her heart
*W*hen the name of her Richard she knew

Where the old abbey stands on the com
mon hard by,
His gibbet is now to be ſeen,
Not far from the inn it engages the eye
The traveller beholds it, and thinks with a
ſigh,
Of poor Mary, the maid of the inn.

*P*itts, *P*rinter, Wholeſale *T*oy and Marble Warehouse 6 Great St. Andrew Street 7 Dials.

The Blink Ey'd Cobler.

But as he rode along the way,
He said unto the guide,
I'll give thee twenty guineas,
To let me step aside

Crying heaven bless you from above,
And send you long to live,
And as a token of my love,

The young man went a little aside,
And I to you confess,
And then within a short time

The Blink Ey'd Cobler.



ALL you that delight in merriment,
Come liften unto my ſong,
It is very new and certainly true,
You need not tarry long
Before you laugh your belly full,
Therefore be pleaſ'd to ſtay,
I hope that you will be pleaſ'd,
Before that you go away.

It is of an old knight in Derbyſhire,
Who had a handſome ſon,
He kept an handſome chamber-maid,
Who had his favour won,
They dearly lov'd each other,
Being full of ſport and play,
Until he got her belly up,
As I have heard them ſay.

In tears ſhe told the ſtory,
My deareſt dear quoth ſhe,
I am no leſs than twenty weeks,
Now gone with child by thee,
He cries love be contented,
This is what muſt be ſaid,
And do not let my father know,
For on Sunday we will wed.

But mind how cruel fortune,
Their fate did ſeem to force,
The old man ſtood in the corner,
And heard the whole diſcourſe,
Next morn he call'd the maid,
Likewiſe the youth his ſon,
And with a ſmiling ſneering look,
The ſtory he thus begun,

He ſaid I with you both much joy,
But do not wed on Sunday,
I'd have you both be ruld by me,
And put it off till Monday,
'Twill be but one day longer,
With that he laugh'd outright,
But I'm reſolved to part you both,
For fear it ſhould be to night

He paid the girl her wages,
And home he then her ſent,
And confin'd him to his chamber,
In tears for to lament,
Next morning unto London,
Along with a ſturdy guide,
To his uncle's houſe in Corehill,
He ſent him to abide.

But as he rode along the way,
He ſaid unto the guide,
I'll give thee twenty guineas,
To let me ſtep aſide,
Becauſe this very morning
One word my father ſaid,
The ſame I do remember,
And keep it in my head.

The guide ſtraightway gave conſent,
And he went to his ſweetheart Sue,
And told to her the ſtory,
And what he deſign'd to do,
Diſguis'd like a poor cobler,
With a long ruſty beard,
With a leather coat not worth a groat.
To his father's houſe he ſteer'd,

He knock'd boldly at the door,
And when his father came,
He ſaid ſir be you ſuch a one,
He anſwer'd yes the ſame.
He ſaid, I underſtand your ſon,
Wanton tricks has play'd,
Unknown to your worſhip,
Along with a fair maid.

I underſtand ſome money,
With her you are free to give,
To help to keep the child and ſhe,
So long as they do live,
Now if am an honeſt cobler,
Who do live hard juſt by,
For fifty pounds I'll marry her,
If that will but ſatisfy.

The old man anſwered,
Before the money I do pay,
I'll ſee her fairly married,
And give her myſelf away
With all my heart the cobler,
Unto the old man did ſay,
With that he fetch'd the fifty pounds,
And the bargain he made ſtraightway.

And when they came unto the church,
As we do underſtand,
The old man ſtrutted boldly,
Then took her by the hand.

Crying heaven bleſs you from above,
And ſend you long to live,
And as a token of my love,
This fifty pounds I give.

They parted very friendly,
The old man home he went,
The bride and bridgroom rode away
To London by conſent,
Where ſhe was fairly brought to bed,
With joy and much content,
A letter into the country,
To his father then he ſent.

Sir, I think it is my duty,
And am bound to acquaint thee,
That there is a lady in this city,
Who has fallen in love with me,
Five thouſand pound a year ſhe's got,
All in good houſe and land.
Then if you're willing for the match,
Come up to London out of hand.

The old man got his coach ready,
And up to London came.
For to view this charming lady,
Who was of birth and fame,
Then coming to his brother's houſe,
This beauty for to view,
He little thought this beauty bright,
Was his old ſervant Sue.

With gold and ſilver ſpangles,
She was bedeck'd all round,
The noiſe of her portion being told.
For ſo many thouſand pounds,
The old man took his ſon aſide,
And thus to him did ſay,
Take my advice and marry her,
My deareſt child this day.

That morning they were married,
And dinner being done,
The old man being me low,
The ſtory thus begun.
He cry'd dear ſon I'll tell you,
And nothing but what his true,
A poor blinking one ey'd cobler,
Has wedded thy ſweetheart Sue.

The young man went a little aſide,
And I to you confeſs,
And then within a ſhort time,
He put on his coblers dreſs,
Then taking Sufan by the hand,
they fell on their bended knees,
Saying pardon honour'd father,
Pardon if you pleaſe.

For I am John the cobler,
And this is my ſweetheart Sue,
O pardon us dear father,
Becauſe we tell you true,
If you are the cobler ſaid the old man,
Who had the blinking eye,
Thou'd cobled me of a thouſand pounds
And a pox on thy policy.

The uncle he perſuaded him,
So did the reſt of the gueſts,
The old man fell a laughing,
Saying tis but a merry jeſt,
That I cannot be angry,
Then ſtraight theſe words did ſay,
I pray fetch me the fiddlers,
And ſo let's dance away.

Now we may ſee the old and rich,
Are bit by policy,
For beauty, wit and good manners,
Beyond all riches be,
So here's a health to the cobler,
And another to handſome Sue,
Let every one drink off his glaſs,
Without any more ado.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great S[illegible]
Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

Price One Penny.

With many a tear they ſought her ſ[illegible] You've wrought my diſſolution.



A Curious DIALOGUE

Which took place, a few days ago, between

A PITMAN AND HIS WIFE,

IN NEWCASTLE,

Respecting the present Hard Times.

CONTAINING

The whole Conversation that passed;

During which the Wife managed the Argument so well, that she shewed, and persuaded her Husband, how they might still live happy, although he considered himself on the Brink of Misery.

SWEET, dear and loving Wife,
My senses are at strife,
About this careful life,
For we decline;
Times being grievous hard,
All trading spoil'd and marr'd,
I have a sweet regard
For thee and thine.
I thank you for your care,
Yet, husband, don't despair,
Let us with patience bear
These troubles here.
Dear love, 'tis all in vain
To weep, sigh, and complain:
Love, we may thrive again,
Be of good cheer.
My dearest love, said he,
How can I cheerful be
While pinching poverty
Knocks at the door,
And will not hence depart,
But wounds me to the heart?
I never felt such smart,
Sweet Wife, before.
Dear husband, do not make
Such moan, for heaven's sake,
Of me this counsel take,
Your bosom friend:
By patience put your trust,
In him that made you first,
When times are at the worst—
Sure they will mend.
Dear love, it may be so,
But while the grass doth grow,
The steed may starve, you know,
When 'tis too late.
So my dear [illegible]
Which want a quick supply,
By long delays, may die,
Oh! cruel fate!
Sweet husband, don't despair,
Avoid distracting care,
I will the burden bear
Along with you.
Our sons and daughters they
Shall work, and if we may
Get bread from day to day,
Love, that will do.
Pine not for worldly pelf,
Bless God, we have our health,
And that is more than wealth,
Be thankful then.
Job lost abundance more,
Besides his body sore,
Yet he with patience bore,
While tidings came,
How all in ruins lay,
He patiently did say,
God gives and takes away,
Blest be his name!
Job did not frown and fret,
When with these things he met.
Dear loving husband, let
Us imitate
His patience when in pain;
Job found it not in vain,
God rais'd him up again,
And made him great.

Love, I have often read,
How Job was comforted,
Yet I am full of dread
And fear, for why?
Our family is very large,
Six children are some charge,
We fall within the verge
Of poverty.
Dear husband, don't repine,
Nor grudge this charge of thine,
Blest be the powers divine,
Sweet babes they are:
When we shall aged grow,
With locks like winter's snow,
They may, for ought I know,
Lesson our care.
It is a great offence,
To distrust Providence,
Whose blessed influence,
Takes special care
Of all the sons of men;
Husband, be cheerful then,
God will be gracious when
Thankful we are.
My fingers do not itch
To be exceeding rich,
May we but go thro' stitch,
Keep from the door
The greedy wolf of prey,
And all our dealers pay,
Believe now what I say,
We need no more.
I and my children dear
Will work, than never fear,
But we shall something clear,
Tommy shall weave,
The girls shall all begin
Which will bring something in,
Then never grieve.
I value not to dine
On sumptuous dishes fine,
With rice and racy wine,
From foreign parts:
Good wholesome bread and beer,
Instead of better cheer,
Let us receive, my dear,
With thankful heart.
In all conditions still,
Let us not take it ill,
Since 'tis His blessed will
It should be so;
Whether we rise or fall,
Our substance great or small,
Content is all in all,
My dear, you know.
O most indulgent mate,
After this long debate,
My comforts they are great
In a kind wife.
Tho' some may think it strange,
My fancy seems to range,
But now a happy change
Doth bless my life.
For to my joy, I find,
A sweet composed mind:
I wish that all mankind
Were full as well.

Despair's a dreadful thing,
And does poor mortals bring
Unto the bitter sting
Of death and hell.
Sweet wife, and heart's delight,
I had been ruin'd quite,
In death's eternal night,
Hast thou not been
The happy instrument,
That ruin to prevent,
Love, joy, and sweet content,
I now am in.
Tho' slender is my store,
Yet I'll despair no more,
that man is truly poor
That wants content:
But where content's increas'd,
'Tis a continual feast,
Praise God I am releas'd,
Death to prevent.
As God does give me grace,
This counsel I'll embrace,
Despair shall not take place
In me henceforth.
Farewell, litigious strife,
And come, my loving wife,
Thy words have sav'd my life,
God bless us both!
And all mankind likewise,
From the calamities,
Which do, as fogs, arise
From foul despair.
Let doubtful Christians fly,
In there extremity,
To God, who sits on high,
By fervent prayer.
He is man's friend in chief
And at the worst.
My dear indulgent bride,
Her counsel was my guide,
In God I'm satisfied,
In him I trust.
My children, wife, and I,
We will ourselves apply
To true industry,
And leave the rest
To providence divine:
Henceforth I'll not repine,
I hope that me and mine,
Shall still be blest.
Thus, by the good wife's care,
The husband in despair,
Was brought at length to bear
His sorrows rise.
The bitter cup of grief,
Her words did yield relief,
She was his friend in chief,
And faithful wife.
Good men and women, pray,
Who hear me now this day,
Labour, without delay,
To live in love;
Assist each other still,
In fortune, good or ill,
Then you'll have a blessing still
Come from above!

J. Marshall, Printer, Newcastle.

The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green;

Shewing how his Daughter was married to a Knight, and had Three Thousand Pounds to her Portion.

THIS Song's of a Beggar, who long lost his sight,
And had a fair daughter most pleasant & bright,
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,
And none was so comely as pretty Betty.
And though she was of a complexion most fair,
Yet seeing she was a poor Beggar's Heir,
Of ancient Housekeepers despised was she,
Whose Sons came as Suitors to pretty Betty.
Wherefore in great Sorrow fair Betty did say,
Good Father and Mother let me now go away,
To seek out my Fortune whatever it be,
This Suit then was granted to pretty Betty.
This Betty, that was a beauty most bright,
They clad in gay Russet, and late in the Night,
From Father and Mother alone parted she,
Who sighed and sobbed for Pretty Betty.
She travelled till she came to Stamford at Bow,
Then she knew not whither or which way to go;
With tears she lamented her sad Destiny,
So sad and heavy was pretty Betty,
She kept on her Journey until it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the Highway;
And at the King's Arms entertained was she,
So fair and well favoured was pretty Betty.
She had not been there one Month to an End,
But Master and Mistress and all was her friend,
And every brave Gallant that once did her see,
Was straightway in Love with pretty Betty.
Great Gifts they did send her of Silver and Gold,
And in their Songs daily their love they extoll'd,
Her Beauty was blaz'd in every Degree,
So fair and so comely was pretty Betty.
The young Men of Rumford in her had their Joy,
She shewed herself courteous, but never too coy,
And at their Commandment still she would be,
So fair and so comely was pretty Betty.
Four Suitors at once unto her did go,
They craved her Favor, but she said No,
I would not have Gentlemen marry with me,
Yet ever they honoured pretty Betty.
Now one of them was a gallant young Knight,
And he came to her disguised in the Night,
The second a gentleman of good Degree,
Who woo'd and sued for pretty Betty.
A merchant of London whose wealth was not small
Was then the third Suitor, and proper withall;
Her master's own Son the fourth Man must be,
Who swore he would die for pretty Betty.
If that you will marry me, quoth the Knight,
I'll make thee a Lady with Joy and Delight
My Heart is enthrall'd by thy fair Beauty,
Then grant me thy favour my pretty Betty.
The Gentlemen said, Come marry with me,
In silks and in velvet my Betty shall be,
My Heart lies distracted, Oh! quoth he,
Then grant me thy love, my dear pretty Betty.
Let me be thy Husband, the merchant did say,
Thou shalt live in London most gallant and gay;
My ships shall bring home rich Jewels for thee.
And I will for ever love pretty Betty.
Then Betty she sigh'd, and thus she did say,
My Father and Mother I mean to obey,
First get their good will, and be faithful to me,
And you shall enjoy your pretty Betty.
To every one of them this Answer she made,
Therefore unto her they joyfully said,
This Thing to fulfill we all now do agree,
But where dwells thy father my pretty Betty.
My father, quoth she is soon to be seen,
The silly blind Beggar of Bethnal Green,
That daily sits begging for Charity,
He is the kind Father of pretty Betty.
His marks and his tokens are known full well,
He always is led by a dog and a bell,
A poor silly old man, God knows now is he,
Yet he is the true father of pretty Betty.
Nay nay quoth the merchant thou are not for me,
She, quoth the Innholder, my wife shall not be,
I loath, said the gentleman a beggar's degree,
Therefore now fare you well, my pretty Betty.
Why then quoth the knight happen better or worse
I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,
And beauty is beauty in every degree,
Then welcome to me my dear pretty Betty,
With thee to thy father forthwith will I go,
Nay, forbear, quoth his kinsman it must not be so,
A poor beggar's daughter no lady shall be,
Then take thy adieu of thy pretty Betty.
As soon as it was then the break of day,
The knight had from Rumford stole Betty away,
The young men of Rumford so sick as may be,
Rode after to fetch again pretty Betty.
As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,
Until they came near unto Bethnal Green,
Then the Knight alighted most courteously,
They fought against him for pretty Betty.
But Rescue came presently over the plain,
Or else the knight for his love there had been slain,
The fray being ended, then straightway did he see,
His kinsman came railing at pretty Betty.
Then bespoke the blind beggar, although I be poor
Rail not against my child at my own door;
Though she be not decked in velvet and pearl,
Yet will I drop angels with thee for my girl.
And then if my gold should better her birth,
And equal the gold you lay on the earth.
Then neither rail you, nor grudge you to see,
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to be
But first I will hear, and have it well known,
The gold that you drop it shall be all your own;
With that they replied, contented we be.
Then here's, quoth the beggar, for pretty Betty.
With that an angel he dropt on the ground,
And dropp'd in angels full three thousand pounds,
And oftentimes it proved most plain
For the gentleman's one the beggar dropp'd twain,
So that the whole place wherein they did sit,
With the finest gold was covered every whit:
The gentleman having dropt all his store,
Said, Beggar hold your hand, for I have no more.
Thou hast fulfill'd thy promise aright.
Then marry my girl, quoth he to the knight;
And then, quoth he, I'll throw you down,
An hundred pounds more to buy her a gown.
The Gentlemen all who his treasure had seen,
Admired the beggar of Bethnal Green.
And those that had been her suiters before,
Their tender flesh with anger they tore.
Thus was the fair Betty match'd to a knight,
And many a lady in others despite;
A fairer lady there never was seen,
Than the beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green.
But of her sumptuous marriage and feast,
And what fine lords and ladies thither prest,
The second part shall set forth to your sight,
With marvellous pleasure, and wished for delight,
Of a blind beggar's daughter most bright,
That late was betroth'd to a young knight,
All the whole discourse therefore you may see—
But now comes the wedding of pretty Betty.

IT was within a gallant place most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they could have,
This wedding it was kept most sumptuously,
And all for the love of pretty Betty.
And all kind of dainties and delicates sweet,
Was brought to their banquet as it was thought meet,
Partridge plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Betty.
The wedding through England was spread by report
So that a great number thereto did resort,
Of nobles and gentlemen of every degree,
And all for the fame of pretty Betty.
To church then away went this gallant young knight
His bride followed after like a lady bright,
With troops of ladies, the like was ne'er seen,
As went with sweet Betty of Bethnal Green.
This wedding being solemnized then,
With music performed with skilful men;
The nobles and gentlemen down at the side,
Each one beholding the beautiful bride.
But after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talk and to reason a number begun,
And of the blind beggar's daughter most bright,
And what wish his daughter he gave to the knight.
Then spake the nobles Much marvel have we,
This jolly blind beggar we cannot yet see,
My lords, qoeth the bride, my father's abash'd
And would not with his presence have his stated disgrac'd
The praise of a woman in question to bring,
Before her own face is a flattering thing,
We think thy father's business, qouth they,
Migh. by thy beauty be quite put away.
They had no sooner this pleasant word spoke,
But in comes the beggar in a silken cloak;
A velvet cap and a feather had he,
And now a musician forsooth he would be.
And being led in from catching of harm,
He had a dainty lute under his arm.
Said please you to hear any music of me,
A song I will give of pretty Betty.
With that his lute he twanged straightway,
And thereupon began most sweetly to play;
And after a lesson was play'd two or three,
He strain'd out this song most delicately.

A BEGGAR'S daughter did dwell on a Green,
Who for her beauty may well be a queen;
A blithe bonny lass and dainty was she,
And many one called her pretty Betty.
Her father had no goods nor any lands,
But begg'd for a penny all day with his hands;
And yet for her marriage gave thousands three,
Yet still he hath somewhat for pretty Betty.
And if any one her birth do disdain,
Her father is ready with might and main,
To prove she is come of noble degree,
Therefore let none flout at my pretty Betty.
With that the lords, and the company round,
With a hearty laughter was ready to swound;
At last, said the lords, Full well we may see,
The bride and bridegroom's beholden to thee.
With that the fair bride all blushing did rise,
With chrystal water all in her fair eyes,
Pardon my father, brave nobles, said she,
That through kind affection thus doats on me.
If this be thy father, the nobles did say,
Well may he be proud of this happy day;
Yet by his countenance well we may see,
His birth with his fortune could never agree.
And therefore, blind beggar, to thee I do pray,
And look to us then the truth thou dost say,
Thy birth and thy parentage what it might be,
E'en for the love thou bearest to pretty Betty.
Then give me leave ye gentles each one,
A song more to sing, and then I'll begone,
And if that I do not win a good report,
Then do not give me one groat for my sport.

WHEN first our King his fame did advance,
And sought his title in delicate France;
In many place great perils past he,
But then was not born my pretty Betty.
And at those wars went over to fight,
Many a brave duke, a lord and a knight,
And with them young Monford of courage so free,
But then was not born my pretty Betty.
And there the young Monford with a blow on his face
Loose both his eyes in a very short space;
His life had been gone away with his sight,
Had not a young woman gone forth in the night,
Among the said men her fancy did move,
To search and to look for her own truelove;
Who seeing young Monford there gasping to die,
She saved his life through her charity.
And then all our victuals in beggars attire,
At the hands of good people we then did require;
At last into England as now it is seen,
We came and remained in Bethnal Green.
And thus we have lived in Fortune's despite,
Though poor yet contented with humble delight,
And in my old years a comfort to be,
God sent me a daughter called pretty Betty.
And thus, ye nobles, my song I do end,
Hoping the same no man to offend;
Full forty long winters thus have I been,
A silly blind beggar of Bethnal Green.
Now when the company every one,
Did hear the strange tale he told in his song,
They were amazed, as well as they may be,
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Betty.
With that the fair bride they did embrace,
Saying you are of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise of high degree,
And thou art worthy a lady to be.
Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight,
A happy bridegroom was made the young knight,
Who liv'd in great joy and felicity,
With his fair lady dear pretty Betty.

Printed and Sold by T. EVANS. 79, Long Lane, West Smithfield,—Price ONE PENNY.

With many a tear they sought her;

You've wrought my dissolution.

THE

WITTHAM--MILLER,

Being an Account of his Murdering his Sweetheart, &c.

OR THE

BERKSHIRE TRAGEDY.



Young men and maidens all give ear,
Unto what I now relate;
O mark you well and you shall hear'
Of my unhappy fate.
Near famous Oxford town'
I first did draw my breath,
Oh! that I had been cast away,
By an untimely birth,
My tender parents brought me up,
Provided for me well,
And in the town of Wittham then,
They plac'd me in a Mill.
By chance upon an Oxford lass,
I cast a wanton eye,
And promis'd I would marry her,
If she would with me lie.
But to the world I do declare
With sorrow grief and woe,
This folly brought us in a snare,
And wrought our overthrow.
For the damsel came to me and said,
By you I am with child,
I hope, dear John you'll marry me,
For you have me defile'd.
Soon after that her Mother came
As you shall understand,
And often times did me persuade,
To wed her out of hand.
And thus perplex'd on every side,
So to make away with this creature
A thought came in my mind.
About a month since Christmas last.
(Oh cursed be the day,)
The devil then did me persuade,
To take her life away.
I called her from her Sister's house,
At eight o clock at night,
Poor creature she did little think,
I ow'd her any spite,
I told her if she'd walk with me,
Aside a little way
We both together, would agree,
About our wedding day.
Thus I deluded her again,
Into a private place,
Then took a stick out of the hedge
And struck her in the face.
But she fell on her bended knee,
And did for mercy cry,
For heaven sake don't murder me,
I am not fit to die.
But I on her no pity took,
But wounded her full sore,
Untill her life from her I took,
Which I can ne'er restore,
With many grevious shrieks and cries
She did resign her breath,
And in inhuman barbarous sort,
And then I took her by the haulf,
To cover this foul sin:
And drag'd her to the river side,
Then threw her body in.
Thus in the blood of Innocence,
My hands were deeply dy'd
And shined in her purple, gore,
That should have been my bride.
Then home unto my mill I run,
But sorely was amaz'd
My man he thought I had mischief done,
And strangely on me gazed.
Oh! what's the matter? then he said,
You look as pale as death:
What makes you shake and tremble so,
As if you had lost your breath
How came you by that blood upon,
Your trembling hands and clothes,
I presently to him replied,
By bleeding at the nose.
I wishfully upon him look'd
But little to him said,
Then snatch'd the candle from his hand
And went unto my bed,
Where I lay trembling all the night.
For I could take no rest;
And perfect flames of Hell did flash,
With in my guilty breast.
Next day the damsel, being miss'd,
And no where to be found;
Then I was apprehended soon,
And to assizes bound.
Her sister did against me swear,
She reason had no doubt;
That I had made away with her,
Because I call'd her out.
But Satan still did me persuade,
I stifly should deny;
Quoth he there is no witness can
Against thee testify.
Now when her Mother did her cry,
I scoffingly did say
On purpose for to frighten me,
She sent her child away.
I publish'd in the paper then,
My wickedness to blind
Five guineas any one should have,
That could her body find.
But heaven had a watchfull eye.
And brought it so about;
That tho I stifly did deny
This murder would come out.
The very day before the Assize,
Her Lady it was found
Floating before her Fathers door;
At Hinsey Ferry Town.
So I a second time was seized,
To Oxford brought with speed;
And there examined again,
About the bloody deed.
Now the Coroner and Jury both,
Together did agree
That this damsel was made away,
And murdered by me.
The Justice too perceiv'd the guilt,
No longer would take bail,
But the next morning I was sent
Away to Reading Goal.
When I was brought before the Judge
My Man did testify
That blood upon my hands and clothes,
That night he did espy.
The Judge he told the Jury then,
The circumstance is plain;
Look on the prisoner at the bar,
He hath this creature slain.
About the murder at the first,
The Jury did devize;
But when they brought their virdict in,
All of them guilty cried,
The Jailor took and denied me strait,
As soon as I was cast;
And then within the prison strong;
He there did lay me fast.
With fetters strong then I was bound,
And shin boulted was I;
Yet I the murder would not own
But did it still deny.
My Father did on me prevail,
My kindred likewise,
To own the murder which I did
To them with watery eyes.
My Father then he did me blame
Saying my Son oh! why
Have you thus brought your self to shame,
And all your family?
Father I own the crime I did
I guilty am indeed,
Which cruel fact I must confess,
Doth make my heart to bleed.
The worst of deaths I do deserve
My crime it is so base,
For I no mercy shew'd to her
Most wretched is my case.
Lord grant me grace while I do stay
That I may now repent,
Before I from this wicked world,
Most shamefully am sent,
Young men take warning by my fall,
All filthy lusts defy;
By giving way to wickedness
Alas! this day I die.
Lord wash my hatefull sins away,
Which have been manifold;
Have mercy on me I thee pray,
And Christ receive my soul.

THE

BERKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

OR

The Wittam Miller.



YOUNG men and maidens give
Unto what I shall now relate,
O mark you well and you shall hear,
Of my unhappy state,
Near famous Oxford Town,
I first did draw my breath,
O that I had been cast away
In an untimely birth,

My tender parents brought me up,
Provided for me well,
And in the town of Wittam then,
They plac'd me in a mill,
By chance upon an Oxford lass,
I cast a wanton eye,
And promis'd I would marry her,
If she would with me lie,

But to the world I do declare,
With sorrow grief and woe,
This folly brought us in a snare,
And wrought our overthrow,
For the damsel came to me and said,
By you I am with child,
I hope dear john you'll marry me,
For you have me defil'd,

Soo after that her mother came,
As you shall understand,
And oftentimes did me persuaid,
To wed her out of hand,
And thus perplex't on every side,
I could no comfort find,
So to make away with this creature,
A thought came in my mind,

About a month since Christmas last,
Oh! cursed be that day.
The devil then did me persuaid,
To take her life away,
I call'd her from her sisters door,
At eight o'clock at night,
Poor creature she did little dream,
I ow'd her any spite,

I told her if she'd walk with me,
Aside a little way,
We both together would agree,
About our wedding day,
Thus I deluded her again,
Into a private place,
Then took a stick out of a hedge,
And struck her in the face,

But she fell on her bended knee,
And did for mercy cry,
For heaven's sake dont murder me,
I am not fit to die;
But I on her no pity took,
But wounded her full sore,
Until her life away I took,
Which I ran ne,er restore.

With many grievous shrieks and cries,
She did resign her breath,
And in inhuman and barbarous sort,
I Put my love to death,
And then I took her by the hair,
To cover the foul sin.
And drag'd her to the river side'
Then threw her body in.

Thus in the blood of innocence,
My hands were deeply dy'd,
And shined in the purple gore.
That should have been my bride,
Then home unto my mill I ran,
But sorely was amaz'd
My man he thought I'd mischief done,
And strangeley on me gazed.

Oh? what's the matter then said he?
You look as pale as death,
What makes you shake and tremble so'
As though you had lost your breath'
How came you by that blood upon,
Your trembling hands and cloaths?
I presently to him reply'd,
By bleeding at the nose.

I wistfully upon him look'd,
But little to him said,
But snatch'd the candle from his hand,
And went unto my bed;
Where I lay trembling all the night,
For I could take no rest,
And perfect flames of hell did flash,
Like lightning in my guilty face.

Next day the damsel being miss'd,
And no where to be found,
Then I was apprehended soon,
And to the assizes bound;
Her sister did against me swear,
She reason had no doubt,
That I had made away with her,
Because I call'd her out.

But Satan still did me persuade,
I Stifly should deny;
Quoth he' there is no witness can
Against the testify,
Now when her mother she did cry,
I Scoffingly did say,
On purpose then to frighten me,
She sent her child away.

I published by the posbtoy then,
My wickedness to blind,
Five guineas any one should have,
That could her body find,
But heaven had a watchful eye,
And brought it to about;
That though I stifly did deny,
This murder was found out.

The very day before the Assize,
Her body it was found,
Floating before her father's door,
At Hindsey Ferry Town,
So I the second time was seiz,d
To Oxford brought with speed,
And there examined again,
About the bloody deed.

Now the Coroner and Jury both,
Together did agree,
That this damsel was made away,
And murdered by me;
The Justice too perceiv'd the guilt,
Nor either would take bail,
But the next morning I was sent,
Away to Reading goal.

When I was brought before the Judge
Me men did testify,
That blood upon my hands & cloaths
That night he did espy;
The Judge he told the Jury then,
The circumstance is plain,
Look on the prisoner at the bar,
He has this creature slain.

About the murder at the first,
The Jury did devide,
But when they brought their virdict,
All of them guilty cry'd,
The jailor took and bound me strait,
As soon as I was cast,
And then within the prison strong,
He their did lay me fast.

With fetters stong then I was bound,
And shin bolted was I,
Yet I the murder would not own,
But did it still deny,
My father did on me prevail,
My kindred all likewise,
To own the murder, which I did,
To them with watery eyes

My father then he did me blame,
Saying my son Oh! why
Have you thus brought yourself to shame
And all the family,
Father I own the crime I did,
I guilty am indeed,
Which cruel fact I must confess,
Doth make my heart to bleed,

The worst of deaths I do deserve,
My crime it is so base,
For I no mercy shew'd to her,
Most wretched is my case,
Lord grant me grace while I do stay,
That I may now repent,
Before I from this wicked world,
Most shamefully am sent,

Young men take warning by my fall,
All filthy lusts defy,
By giving way to wickedness,
Alas? this day I die.
Lord wash my hateful sins away,
Which have been manifold,
Have mercy on me I the pray,
And Christ receive my soul.

Printed & Sold by T. Evans, 79, Long-lane.

With many a tear they sought her ; You've wrought my dissolution.

Poor Robin's Dream:

Commonly called, POOR CHARITY.



HOW now, good fellow! what, a la mort?
I pray thee tell me, what is the news?
Trading is dead, and I'm sorry for't,
Which makes me look worse than I use:
A man hath no employment whereby to get a penny,
He hath no enjoyment if that he wanteth money,
And Charity is not us'd by any.
I've nothing to spend, I've nothing to lend,
I've nothing to do, so I tarry at home,
Sitting in my chair, I drew near unto the fire,
Where I fell into a sleep like an idle drone:
And as I slept I fell into a dream,
I saw a play acted without e'er a theme,
And I could not tell what the play did mean.
But afterwards I did perceive,
And something more did understand;
The stage was the world wherein we live,
And the actors were all mankind:
And when the play is ended the stage down they fling,
Then there will be no difference in this thing,
Between a beggar and a king.
The first that was acted, I protest,
Was Time, with a glass and scythe in his hand,
With a globe of the world upon his breast,
To shew that the same he could command:
There's a Time for to work, and a Time for to play,
A Time for to borrow, and a Time for to pay,
And a Time that doth call us all away.
Conscience, in order, next takes his place,
And very gallantly plays his part;
He fears not to fly in a ruler's face,
Although it cuts him to the heart;
He tells them that this is the latter age?
Which put the actors into such a rage,
That they kick'd poor conscience off of the stage.
Plain-Dealing presently appears,
In habit like a simple man;
The actors at him mock and jeer,
Pointing their fingers as they ran:
How came this fellow in our company?—
Away with him, many a gallant did cry,
For Plain Dealing will a beggar die.
Dissimulation mounted upon the stage,
And he was cloathed in rich attire,
He was acquainted with youth and age,
Many his company did desire:
When they entertain'd him in their breasts,
There he could have harbour, and quietly rest,
But Dissemblers and Turncoats fare the best.
Then came in Poor Charity,
Methought she look'd wond'rous cold,
She quiver'd and she quak'd most piteously,
It griev'd me to think she was grown so old;
She had been in the city and in the country,
Among the lawyers and the nobility,
But there was no room for Poor Charity.
Then in comes Truth, not cloathed in wool,
But, like to a youth, in white lawn sleeves;
And said, The land is full, full, full,
Too full of rebels, worse than thieves;
The city's full of poverty, the French are full of pride;
Fanatics full of envy, who order can't abide,
And the usurers bags are full besides.
Hark how Bellona's drums they do beat,
Methinks they go rattling through the town,
Hark how they thunder in the street,
As tho' they would shake the chimneys down;
Then in comes Mars, the great god of war,
And bids us face about, and be as we were:
But when I awak'd, I was fat in my chair.

Printed and Sold by J. Butler, High Street, Worcester.

Poor Robin's Dream;

Commonly called POOR CHARITY.

I know no Reaſon but this harmleſs RIDDLE
May as well be printed as ſung to a FIDDLE.



HOW now, good fellow, what all amort?
I pray tell me what is the news?
Trading is dead, and I'm ſorry for't,
Which makes me look worſe than I uſe;
If a man hath no employment whereby to get a penny,
He hath no enjoyment if he wanteth money,
And Charty is not uſed by any.

I've nothing to ſpend, nor nothing to lend,
I have nothing to do, I tarry at home;
Sitting in my chair, drawing near to the fire,
I fell aſleep like an idle drone;
And as I slept I fell into a dream,
I ſaw a play acted without o'er a theme,
And could not tell what the play did mean.

But afterwards I did perceive,
And ſomething more did underſtand,
The ſtage was the world wherein we live,
And the actors were all mankind.
And when the play is ended, the stage they down doſling
When there will be no difference in this thing,
Between a beggar and a king

The firſt that acted I proteſt,
Was Time with a glaſs and a ſcythe in his hand,
With the globe of the world upon his breaſt,
To ſhew how the ſame he could command.
There's a time for to work, and a time for to play,
A time for to borrow, and a time for to pay,
And a time for to call us all away.

And very gallantly plays his part,
He fears not to fly in a ruler's face,
Altho' it cuts him to the heart;
He tells them that it is the latter ſtage,
Which puts all the actors into ſuch a rage,
That they kick'd poor Conſcience off the ſtage.

Plain Dealing preſently appears,
The actors at him mock and jeer,
Pointing their fingers as they ran:
How came this fellow in our company,
Away with him many a gallant did cry,
For Plain-Dealing will a beggar die.

Diſſimulation mounted the ſtage,
But he was cloathed in gallant attire,
He was acquainted with youth and age,
Many his company did deſire;
Then they entertained him in their very breaſt,
There he could have harbour and quietly reſt,
For Diſſemblers and Turn Coats fare the beſt.

Then cometh in poor Charity,
Methinks ſhe looks wond'rous old,
She quiver'd and ſhe ſhak'd moſt piteouſly,
It grieved me to think ſhe was grown ſo cold,
He had been both in the city and country,
Amongſt the lawyers and nobility,
But there was no room for poor Charity.

Then in came Truth not cloathed in wool,
But like unto youth in his white lawn ſleeves,
And ſaid, The court is full, is full, is full,
Too full of rebels worſe than thieves.
The city's full of poverty, the French are full of pride,
Fanaticks full of envy, who order can't abide,
And uſurers bags are full beſides.

Hark! how Bellona's drums do beat,
Methinks they go rattling thro' the town,
Hark! how they thunder thro' the ſtreet,
As tho' they'd ſhake the chimnies down;
Then comes in Mars, the great god of war,
And bids us face about and be as we were,
But when I awoke I ſat in my chair.

Printed and ſold by J. Evans Long Lane.

With many a tear they ſought her; You've wrought my diſſolution. Printed

Poor Robin's Dream;
Commonly called POOR CHARITY.

I know no Reaſon but this harmleſs RIDDLE
May as well be printed as ſung to a FIDDLE.





HOW now, good fellow, what all amort?
I pray tell me what is the news?
Trading is dead, and I'm ſorry for't,
Which makes me look worſe than I uſe;
If a man hath no employment whereby to get a penny,
He hath no enjoyment if he wanteth money,
And Charity is not uſed by any.

I've nothing to ſpend, nor nothing to lend,
I have nothing to do, I tarry at home;
Sitting in my chair, drawing near to the fire,
I fell aſleep like an idle drone;
And as I dept I fell into a dream,
I ſaw a play acted without e'er a theme,
But I could not tell what the pladidmean.

But afterwards I did perceive,
And ſomething more did underſtand,
The ſtage was the world wherein we live,
And the actors were all mankind.
And when the play is ended, the ſtage they down do ſling
When there will be no difference in this thing
Between a beggar and a king.

The firſt that acted I proteſt,
Was Time with a glaſs and a ſcythe in his hand,
With the globe of the world upon his breaſt;
To ſhew how the ſame he could command.
There's a time for to work, and a time for to play,
A time for to borrow, and a time for to pay,
And time that doth call us all away.

Conſcience in order firſt takes place,
And very gallantly plays his part,
He fears not to fly in a rulers face,
Altho' it cuts him to the heart;
He tells them that it is the latter age,
Which puts all the actors into ſuch a rage,
That they kick'd poor Conſcience off the ſtage.

Plain-Dealing preſently appears,
In habit like a ſimple man,
The actors at him mock and jeer,
Pointing their fingers as they ran:
How came this fellow in our company,
Away with him many a gallant did cry,
For Plain-Dealing will a beggar die.

Diſſimulation mounted the ſtage,
But he was cloathed in gallant attire,
He was acquainted with youth and age,
Many his company did deſire;
Then they entertained him in their very breaſt,
There he could have harbour and quietly reſt,
For Diſſemblers and Turn-Coats fare the beſt.

Then cometh in poor Charity,
Methinks ſhe looks wond'rous old,
She quiver'd and ſhe ſhak'd moſt piteouſly,
It griev'd me to think ſhe was grown ſo cold,
She had been both in the city and country,
Amongſt the lawyers and nobility,
But there was no room for poor Charity.

Then in came Truth not cloathed in wool,
But like unto youth in his white lawn ſleeves,
And ſaid, The court is full, is full, is full,
Too full of rebels worſe than thieves.
The city's full of poverty, the French are full of pride,
Fanaticks full of envy, who order can't abide,
And uſurers bags are full beſides.

Hark! how Bellona's drums do beat,
Methinks they go rattling thro' the town,
Hark! how they thunder thro' the ſtreet,
As tho' they'd ſhake the chimnies down,
Then comes in Mars, the great god of war,
And bids us face about and be as we were,
But when I awoke I ſat in my chair.

Printed and ſold by HOWARD and EVANS 42, Long Lane.

Poor Robin's Dream;
Conſcience in order firſt takes place,

Poor Robin's Dream;

Comonly called POOR CHARITY.

I know no reason but this harmless **RIDDLE**
May as well be printed as song to a **FIDDLE.**



HOW now good fellow, what all amort?
I pray tell me what is the news?
Trading is dead, and I'm sorry for't,
Which makes me look worse than I use;
If a man hath no employment where by to get a penny
He hath no enjoyment if he wanteth money,
And Charity is not used by any.

I've nothing to spend, nor nothing to lend,
I have nothing to do, I tarry at home;
Sitting in my chair, drawing near to the fire,
I fell fast asleep like an idle drone,
And as I slept I fell into a dream,
I saw a play acted without e'er a theme,
But I could not tell what the play did mean.

But afterwards I did perceive,
And something more did understad.
The stage was the world wherein we live,
And the actors were all mankind.
And when the play is ended the stage they down do fling
When there will be no difference in this thing,
Between a beggar and a king.

The first that acted I protest,
Was time with a glass and scythe in his hand,
With the globe of the world upon his breast,
To shew the same he could command.
There's a time for to work and a time for to play,
A time for to borrow and a time for to pay,
And a time that doth call us all away.

Conscience in order first takes place,
And very gallantly plays his part,
He fears not to fly in his ruler's face,
Altho it cuts him to the heart.
He tells him that this is the later age,
Which puts the actors in such a rage,
That they kick'd poor Concience off the stage.

Plain Dealing presently appears,
In habit like a simple man,
The actors at him mock and jeer,
Pointing their fingers as they ran:
How came this fellow in our company,
Away with him did many a galant cry,
For plain dealing will a beggar die.

Dissimulation mounted the stage,
But he was clothed in galant attire
He was acqaninted with youth and with age.
Man his company did desire;
Then they entertained him in their very breast,
There he could have harbour and quietly rest,
For Dissemblers and Turn coats fare the best.

Then cometh in poor Charity,
Meethinks she looks wonderous old,
She quivered and she shak'd most piteously,
It greiv'd me to think she was grown so cold,
She had been both in the City and Country,
Amongst the lawyers and nobility,
But there was no room for poor Charity.

Then in came Truth not clothed in wool
But like unto a youth in his white lawn sleves,
And said the court is full, is full, is full,
Too full of rebels worse than theives,
The city's full of poverty the French are full of pride
Fanaticks full of envy who order can't abide
And usurers bags are full besides.

Hark how Belona's drums do bear,
Methinks they go rattling thro' the town,
Hark! how they thunder thro' the street,
As tho they'd shake the chimnies down;
Then in came Mars, the great god of war,
And bids us face about and be as we were,
But when I awoke I sat in my chair.

Printed by D. Wrighton, No. 86, Snow Hill, Birmingham.

With many a tear they sought her;

You've wrought my dissolution.

William and Susan.



ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-ey'd Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro',
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cords slid swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands

So sweet the lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
He drops at once into her nest:
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips, those kisses sweet

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 mind shall be,
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind
They say that sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present where so'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Africa's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of pretty Sue

Tho' battle forc'd me from thy arms,
Let not my charming Susan mourn,
Tho cannons roar, yet free from harm,
William shall to his dear return;
Love turns aside the balls that around me fly,
Lest tears should fall from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful 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 less'ning boat unwilling rows to land.
Adieu she cries, and waves her lilly hand.

Sweet William's Return to his dear Susan.

AS through the grove I took my way,
Sweet recreation for to take,
A charming maiden, free and gay,
For her love sad moan did make;
In a sweet bower, near a pleasant green,
Drest like some goddess, or beautiful queen.

Unto this maid, with sorrow fill'd,
I went to ease her of her smart,
But when my person she beheld,
She said, kind sir, I pray depart:
What business have you here to trouble me,
Or to go scoffing at my misery?

Sweet lovely mistress of the grove,
Why should I make my scoff of thee?
I do perceive thou art in love,
I could wish it was with me;
Sweet charming creature, tell to me thy name,
For thy bright eyes my senses do inflame.

Susan is my name, she said,
Who am opprest with grief and woe,
My dearest love is gone to sea,
But where he is I do not know:
My jewel's absence fills my eyes with tears,
I have not seen him for these many years.

Kind lovely Susan I protest,
I think I know the same young man,
He has got a mole on his right breast,
Likewise his name is William Lamb;
And if it be the same I tell you plain,
That all your tears are spent in vain.

He is the man that is my dear,
Pretty sweet Susan did reply,
You make me tremble for to hear,
Of my true-love's inconstancy:
But surely such a thing can never be,
For he admired none alive but me.

That's your mistake, sweet charming fair,
Since I will let you understand,
William is married, I declare,
Unto a maid in New England:
And he is rais'd to high degree,
Forget him, for he has been false to thee.

I am a poor distressed maid,
No other shall make me a bride,
For my dear William always said,
That I should be his lawful wife;
Tho' he is false, a maid I'll live and die,
But yet my heart does in his bosom lie,

All happiness attend my dear,
Where'er he goes by land or sea,
My love to him is still sincere,
Altho' he has prov'd false to me,
Yet let sweet William use me as he will,
I cannot help loving my sweet William still.

I could be glad with all my heart,
To see sweet William once again,
Then I my mind would soon impart,
To him who breaks my heart in twain:
And she that is his bride, I love her too,
Tho' he be false, my love to him be true.

SWEET SUSAN'S CONSTANCY.

SEEING his sweet Susan's constancy,
Tears down his cheeks did drop amain,
Into her arms he straight did fly,
Saying, why does my love complain?
I am thy William, join'd to thee by oath,
Nothing but death can part us both.

My dear, behold on my right breast,
You know there is a certain mole,
Let not your heart be sore opprest,
Here is the broken piece of gold,
Which we did break upon a certain day,
When we parted and I went away.

Sorrow and hardship I went through,
While I was on the raging main,
Now to my dear beloved Sue,
I am returned safe again:
No more I'll cross the raging ocean wide,
But live in pleasure with my loving bride.

Susan in a swoon did fall,
At William's feet I do declare,
He caught her up into his arms,
Soon he reviv'd the charming fair;
William and Susan sweetly pass'd along,
To Plymouth church multitudes did throng,

Twenty stout sailors brave and bold,
And twenty maids in rich attire,
A glorious sight for to behold,
Music play'd at their desire:
To meet the bride and bridegroom there,
Who now are join'd a loving pair.

William and Susan.



ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
O where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows too and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below:
The cords slide swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightening on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest:
The noblest captain of the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

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 mind shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubt thy constant mind,
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coasts we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white—
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of pretty Sue.

Tho' battle forc'd me from thy arms,
Let not my charming Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should fall from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
No longer must she stay on board—
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head;
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cries, and waves her lily hand.

William's happy return to Susan.

AS through the grove I took my way,
Sweet recreation for to take,
A charming maiden fair and gay,
For her love sad moan did make;
In a sweet bower, near a pleasant green,
Drest like some goddess, or a beauteous queen.

Unto this maid with sorrow fill'd,
I went to ease her of her smart;
But when my person she beheld,
She said, kind sir, I pray depart;
What business have you here to trouble me,
Or to go scoffing at my misery?

Sweet lovely mistress of the grove,
Why should I make a scoff of thee?
I do perceive thou art in love,
And I could wish it was with me.
Sweet charming creature tell to me thy name,
For thy bright eyes my senses do inflame.

Susan is my name, she said,
Who am oppress with grief and woe;
My dearest love is gone to sea,
But where he is I do not know.
My jewel's absence fills my eyes with tears,
I have not seen him for these many years.

Kind, lovely Susan, I protest,
I think I know the same young man,
He's got a mole on his right breast,
Likewise his name is William Lamb:
And if it be the same, I tell you plain,
That all your tears are spent in vain.

He is the man that is my dear,
Pretty Susan did reply,
You make me tremble for to hear,
Of my true-love's inconstancy:
But surely such a thing can never be,
For he admires none alive but me.

That's your mistake, sweet charming fair,
Since I will let you understand,
William is married, I declare,
Unto a maid in New England,
And he is rais'd unto a high degree;
Forget him, for he has been false to thee.

I am a poor distressed maid,
No other shall make me his bride;
Tho' he is false, a maid I'll live and die,
But yet my heart does in his bosom lie.

All happiness attend my dear,
Where'er he goes by land and sea,
My love to him is still sincere,
Altho' he has prov'd false to me;
Yet let sweet William love me as he will,
I can't help loving sweet William still.

I could be glad, with all my heart,
To see sweet William once again,
Then I my mind would soon impart
To him who breaks my heart in twain;
And she that is his bride, I love her too,
Tho' he be false, my love to him is true.

Susan's Constancy.

SEEING his Susan's constancy,
Tears down his cheeks did drop amain,
Into her arms he straight did fly,
Saying, why does my love complain?
I am thy William, join'd to you by oath,
Nothing but death can part us both.

My dear, behold on my right breast,
You know there is a certain mole,
Let not your heart be sore opprest,
Here is the broken piece of gold,
Which we did break upon a certain day,
When I departed, and you went away.

Sorrow and hardship I went thro'
While I was on the raging main,
Now to my dear beloved Sue,
I am returned safe again;
No more I'll cross the raging ocean wide,
But live in pleasure with my loving bride.

Susan in a swoon did fall,
At William's feet I do declare;
He caught her up into his arms,
Soon he reviv'd the charming fair;
William and Susan sweetly pass'd along
To Plymouth church, where many do throng.

Twenty stout sailors brave and bold,
And twenty maids in rich attire,
A glorious sight for to behold,
And music play'd at their desire;
To meet the bride and bridegroom there—
Who now are join'd a sweet and happy pair.

Evans, Printer, Long-Lane, London.

57

With many a tear they sought her;

You've wrought my dissolution.

The flighted Father,

OR THE

Unnatural Son juſtly Reclaimed.

A Wealthy man of late, we hear,
Liv'd in the midſt of devonſhire,
Whoſe ſon did court a beauty bright,
Who in her plac'd his whole delight.
His proffer'd ſervice was in vain,
With haughty pride and high diſdain
She often made him this reply.
I will not have you, No, not I.
Except your fortune does appear,
To be two hundred pounds a year.
At this the young man was diſmay'd,
At having nothing but his trade.
Until his rich father old dy'd,
Home he return'd, and ſighing cry'd,
Why did my eyes betray my heart?
Why muſt I feel the killing ſmart?
He took his bed, and there he lay,
With ſcorching fever night and day,
His father did requeſt to know
What was the cauſe of all his woe.
Dear loving father he reply'd,
A lady ſhould have been my bride,
Who ſlights me for my low eſtate,
Which makes me moſt unfortunate.
Without her love I cannot live,
Pale death the fatal ſtroke muſt give,
To eaſe my heart of grief and woe,
This ſaid, afreſh his tears did flow.
The father ſaid, chear up my ſon,
Thou doſt not know what may be done;
Before that thou ſhalt die, ſaid he,
With all I have I'll part to thee.
That very word reviv'd his heart,
The father did as freely part,
With all his riches, houſe, and land,
Then they were married out of hand.

He having given all away,
Unto his ſon he thus did ſay,
I hope that you will me afford
A living both at bed and board.
The Lord forbid the ſon reply'd,
That ſuch a thing ſhould be deny'd;
We'll live together here in love,
And I right dutiful will prove.
It paſſed on well a year or two,
At length the fcornful madam grew
Weary of him, and oft would cry,
When will this grey old badger die.
Sometimes when nobles thither came,
Forſooth this proud and lofty dame,
Made him their preſence to depart,
Which cut the father to the heart.
The lady ſhe grew worſe and worſe,
And ſaid unto her huſband thus,
Remove him farther off from me,
For youth and age cannot agree.
Unto the lodge now let him go,
For why his cough diſturbs me ſo,
That ſure I loath the very meat,
The which I in his preſence eat.
She led him ſuch a weary life,
That he, good man, to pleaſe his wife,
He to his father did repair,
The woeful meſſage to declare.
Father, he ſaid I wiſh you well,
Yet in my houſe you muſt not dwell;
My lady, ſo diſtaſify'd,
Some other place you muſt provide;
There is a lodge within my gate,
Which I erected but of late,
So if hou'll there be pleas'd to lie,
I'll feed you till the day I die.
His aged father wept to hear
Thoſe tidings, which were ſo ſevere.
Then to the lodge he ſtrait did go,
For why, he found it muſt be ſo.
Some years he in that place remain'd,
And like an alms-man was maintain'd;
But providence at length did find,
Away to eaſe his grieved mind.

He ſmote upon his breaſt and ſaid,
The ſcornful dame was brought to bed;
Feaſting for many days was there,
It being a young ſon and heir.
The child was beautiful and clear,
Their parents love their darling dear,
By whom they ſet continual ſtore,
For why, indeed they had no more:
Now as the child to knowledge grew;
The father, nay, and mother too,
But fed him up with pleaſant toys,
He was the height of all their joys.
His pretty prattle pleas'd them ſo,
As he to riper years did grow,
That the grandſire they forgot,
His aged tears they minded not.
It was a grief to know that they
Did feed on dainties every day,
With wine and pleaſant muſic ſweet,
While he had hardly food to eat.
When ſeven years were gone and paſt,
The child reproved them at laſt,
For that unnatural abuſe,
Which will admit of no excuſe.
For as it happened on a day,
The father jeſtingly did ſay,
My child ſhall have a ſtore of gold,
Moſt rich and curious to behold.
A hat, a feather, hawk, and hound,
To hunt within thy father's ground.
The child reply'd, That will be brave,
When I that ſtate and grandeur have,
Father, I'll do as you have done,
Like to a diſobedient ſon.
The lonеſome lodge ſhall have ſuffice,
Where now my poor old grandfather lies.
Each day with Lords of high renown
At a full table I'll ſit down;
Which being done, you ſhall receive
The poor reverſions which we leave.
Theſe words like fatal darts indeed,
Made his relenting heart to bleed,
He wept and trembl'd every limb,
To hear that ſharp reproof from him.

While in the lodge he thus was fed,
Since I my father did degrade,
Behold my little infant ſon,
Reproves me for what I have done.
'Tis juſt with God it ſhould be ſo,
I'll to my aged father go,
And beg his pardon out of hand,
Reſtore him to his houſe and land.
Then poſting to the lonely cell,
Upon his bended knees he fell;
With melting ſorrow thus ſaid he,
Dear loving father pardon me.
I muſt confeſs that I have ſin'd,
Againſt my father and my friend;
And am not worthy now to live
Your poor repenting ſon forgive.
Come to your houſe and lands again,
Henceforth a woman's proud diſdain
Shall never make me prove untrue
Or in the leaſt diſhonour you.
The aged father then replies,
While tears were ſtanding in his eyes,
The Lord I hope will pardon thee
For this my long captivity.
His means he fruitway did poſſeſs,
But the proud daughter ne'ertheleſs,
It ſeems was ſo diſtaſify'd,
That in a month or two ſhe dy'd.
You children now both far and near,
Honour your loving parents dear;
For if their age you ſeem to ſlight,
The Lord at length their wrongs will right.
If thou art rich, and they are poor,
You ought to comfort them the more,
For tho' they are in ſad diſtreſs,
They are your parents ne'ertheleſs.

FINIS.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

TRAGEDY.

YOUNG lovers lend an ear, I'm sure you'll shed a tear
When you the same shall hear which I unfold,
Twill make your heart to bleed when farther I proceed,
A damsel's story true as ever was told.

In fair Northamptonshire as I to you declare,
There lived two noblemen of vast estates,
Each had a daughter dear as for truth we hear,
But yet alas! unhappy was their fates.

One was of a beauteous mould the other as its told,
Was much deformed and inferior too,
The other a beauty clear but you soon shall hear,
Her craftiness did this lady soon undo.

A noble knight of fame to court this beauty came,
Protesting if she would not grant his love,
He was quite ruined no comfort day or night
O ease me of my pain ye powers above.

Why did this lovely fair my tender heart ensnare?
O Cupid let your tender arrows fly,
And wound her heart as mine and make her be as kind,
For if she will not love for her I die.

At last we find he to her told his mind,
Who courteously to him this answer made,
Your suit I must deny kind sir I tell you why,
I think I am too young as yet to wed.

But lovely maid said he can you thus cruel be,
Let not those charming eyes such darts let fly,
O cure a love-sick heart and ease me of my smart,
Or else for you my dearest love I die.

Sir tell me not of love you may inconstant prove,
I know such things they are often found,
My years they are yet too green I am not yet fifteen,
I'm sure I do not know what love doth mean.

Thus night and day would he with this lady be,
At last she did consent to be his bride,
First ask my father pray let him appoint the day,
And if he's willing I'm satisfied.

O charming sound I hear that you will be my dear,
Thou beautyous goddess whom I adore.
Since you're constant at last now my sorrows are past,
Instead of grief I have comfort in store.

He to her father went and asked his consent,
Immediately he to him thus did say,
She is too young indeed it must be thus agreed,
If that you have her you for her must stay.

With all my heart he cried if she is my bride,
I do not mind for her how long I stay,
Tis she I do adore and shall for evermore,
With kisses sweet they past the time away.

OBSERVE the second part how he did her betray,
Her heart he stole away and then defiled,
Her lovely body too and proved her overthrow,
For alas! by him she did prove with child.

Soon as he knew the same he left the lovely dame,
And to her neighbour a courting did go,
Tho' crooked and deformed for her this beauty scorn'd,
Which caused her lovely eyes with tears to flow.

Letters she oft did send with expressions kind,
Saying what do you mean dear love I pray,
That you from me fly and will not come nigh,
O cruel man my heart thus to betray.

No answer she receiv'd from her love indeed,
At length unto the coachman she did say,
Dear John onething I crave I'll make you fine and brave,
If you'll my council keep and not betray

This diamond ring so bright bear it to the gallant knight,
Brave Stanford that sweet name it doth bear,
Also this letter pray give it him to-day,
Or else my heart in pieces I must tear,

The coachman was amazed and on his lady gazed,
Unto the perjured knight away he went,
His message did declare—Go tell your lady fair,
To come to her this day was my intent.

Soon as he come he approach'd the room,
The charming lady's bloom like roses sweet,
Her crimson cheeks forsook e'er a word she spoke,
In a swoon she dropt down at his feet.

He strove her to revive and finding her alive,
What means your grief I beg now let me hear,
Her lilly hands she wrung twas a deluding tongue,
O pity me for my sweet infant dear!

Its striving in my womb perform your promise come,
Blast not my honour bide my shame I pray,
Look on the ring I beg think on the oath you made,
Which you swore to me night and day.

With countenance most grim he at her cast the ring,
Think not vile wretch thy case I deplore,
No more thy face I'll see no more send for me,
I will not own a bastard or a whore.

Good people do but think what grief she underwent,
To hear this purjured creature thus degrade,
Her charms unto her face who did her thus disgrace,
Whose flattery at her heart he betrayed.

At last her father dear beheld his daughter fair,
With sorrow overflowed to her he said,
What ails my daughter dear do pray let me hear,
The reason I must know this very day.

I am very ill she cried let me not be denied,
One thing that I desire dear father pray,
That I do take the air may to my aunt's repair,
If not my father's will must be obeyed.

HER father did consent she to her aunt was sent,
Her coach to attend her also,
Her aunt did quickly spy wherein her grief did lie,
And the truth he quickly then did know.

Her aunt was just and good her best friend she stood,
At last the time was come this lady fair,
Must delivered be a lovely son had she,
Which was much cause to her of grief and bare.

As she delivered were she called the coachman there,
To heaven made him swear for to be true,
Here take these guineas bright go to the false knight,
And give to him the rings and letter to.

Soon to the knight he went and gave the things she sent,
Who opened the same it did unfold,
When he read the same a treacherous laugh did frame,
Saying I wonder at this strumpet bold.

Me of her son to tell I wish they were in hell,
I think it would be well if they were there,
Go tell her what I say and come no more I pray,
So then in pieces the letter he did tear.

He to the lady came and to her told the same,
O creature most profane my infant dear,
May rest in heaven high while thy sad soul doth fry,
In cruel torment where you wish we were.

In bitter grief she lay tormented night and day,
At length her infant died by her side,
This made her grief more and more she kiss'd o'er and o'er,
My father I will see what e'er betide.

At length she weary grew I'll to my father go,
Dear aunt I pray let none my secret know,
So farewell she cried let heaven be your guide,
I'll seek for him that proved my overthrow.

She to her father came who did her entertain,
Most lovingly saying my daughter dear,
I'm glad to see you well strange news I have to tell,
Your love is married this day I do declare.

She seemed discontent and from her father went,
Ye furies now come strike into my brain,
Some project that I may him see,
And let me be revenged for this disdain.

Her lover as we hear did each day repair,
To take the air within a silent grove,
To take the air read some diverting play,
He'd sit and let his wandering fancy rove.

She understood the same and calling to her maid,
And smiling unto him she thus did say,
Stanford as I do hear does to a grove repair,
A project's come in my head this day.

I'll get a friar's dress a visit I protest,
I am resolved to him to pay,
And crave his charity while he doth look on me,
Now stop said she you'll see the fancy soon.

Out of the coach she came the friar's dress put on,
And when she had disguis'd herself all o'er,
A curious basket fine she round her arm did twine,
Then went his charity to implore.

Most noble knight so brave your charity I crave,
I hope you will me relieve before you go,
Yes that I will said he but pray now let me see,
Methinks I somethingof that voice do know.

She by his side did stand and took him by the hand,
And with the other out a pistol drew,
And let it off with speed to do this wicked deed,
The bullet went to his body thro' and thro'.

He fell down dead indeed she stript off the friar's weed,
Now Stanford worthy friend 'tis I,
Have done the bloody deed caused thy heart to bleed,
Now thou art rewarded for thy treachery.

She cast her friar's weed over her head with speed,
Her coachman saw the thing she had done,
His trembled every limb and straightway took her in,
and then like lightening home he drove.

But as he drove along the coach did overturn,
A most unhappy doom this lady she,
Her arm she broke in two the coachman's leg also,
In misery they lay all the afternoon,

The first that saw them there was a servant we hear,
Of the murdered knight a coming there,
To fetch his master dear seeing this lady fair,
Had by some false traitors been misus'd.

Then turning back again he found his master slain,
So going home to tell this fatal news,
And that there were thought this lady fair,
Carried them to her father I declare.

The lady of this knight unto her bore a spite,
And had her apprehended out of hand,
She did confess the deed and soon told with speed,
And the whole truth she let them understand.

She was condemn'd to die her father's gold did fly,
Like chaff before the wind her life to save,
It would not save her life for the knight's cruel wife,
She said her life her life is all I crave.

The fatal day was come she must receive her doom,
When thousands went to hear what she did say,
When she came to the tree both old and young saidshe,
Now a warning take by me this very day.

FIRST parents have a care if e'er your children dear,
Think fit to marry do not them deny,
For fear that love at last should their glory blast,
As may be seen by my sad destiny.

Next maidens all beware and have a special care,
Of men's deceitful tongues that flattering train,
For if you do consent to your great discontent,
When they have you betrayed they will you disdain.

Likewise false men I say beware how you betray,
Poor innocents it may be your ruin,
When love doth turn to hate the malice is so great,
That your destruction does your fancy prove.

AS for example I poor wretched soul must die,
The deed I don't deny for I did kill,
The man I lov'd so dear who scorn'd my beauty fair,
For one that was deformed, but yet I still

Unto the world must own my heart is with him gone,
O welcome death come execute I pray,
The tragic part perform. O Lord I come I come,
O Lord receive my soul that's gone astray.

After she spoke the hangman fix'd the rope,
The cart it drew away the earth it shook,
The cries they were so great that the people did make,
When this lady fair the world forsook.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

With many a tear they sought her ;

You've wrought my dissolution.

The BERKSHIRE LADY,

In FOUR PARTS.



PART I.

BATCHELORS of e'ery ſtation,
make this ſtrange, but true relation
Which in brief to you, I bring,
never was a ſtranger thing.

You ſhall find it worth your hearing,
loyal love is moſt endeaſing,
When it takes the deepeſt root,
yielding gold and charms to boot.

Some will wed for ſtore of treaſure,
but the greateſt joy and pleaſure,
Is in faithful love you'll find,
graced with a noble mind.

Such a noble diſpoſition
had the lady, with ſubmiſſion,
Of whom I this ſonnet write,
ſtore of wealth and beauty bright.

She had left, by an old grannum,
full five thouſand pounds per annum,
Which ſhe held without controul,
thus ſhe did in riches roll.

Tho' ſhe had vaſt ſtore of riches,
which ſome perſons much bewiches,
Yet ſhe bore a courteous mind,
not in the leaſt to pride enclined.

Many noble perſons courted
this young lady, 'tis reported;
But their labour prov'd in vain,
they could not her love obtain.

Tho' ſhe made a ſtrong reſiſtance,
yet by Cupid's kind aſſiſtance
She was conquer'd after all;
how it was, declare I ſhall.

Being at a noble wedding,
near the famous town of Reading,
A young gentleman ſhe ſaw,
who belonged to the law.

As ſhe view'd his ſweet behaviour
every courteous carriage gave her,
New addition to her grief,
forc'd ſhe was to ſeek relief.

Privately ſhe then enquir'd,
about him ſhe ſo admir'd,
Both his name and where he dwelt,
ſuch were the hot flames ſhe felt.

Then at night this youthful lady,
call'd her coach which being ready,
Homewards then ſhe did return,
but her heart with flames did burn.

PART II.

Night and morning for a ſeaſon,
in her cloſet ſhe would reaſon,
With herſelf, and often ſaid,
he has my poor heart betray'd.

I that have ſo many ſlighted,
am at length as well requited,
For my griefs are not a few,
now I find what love can do.

He that has my heart in keeping,
tho' I for his ſake be weeping,
Little knows what grief I feel
but I'll try it out with ſteel.

For I will a challenge ſend him,
and appoint where I'll attend him,
In a grove without delay,
by the dawning of the day.

He ſhan't in the leaſt diſcover,
that I am a wounded lover,
By the challenge which I ſend,
but for juſtice I contend.

He has cauſed ſuch diſtraction,
and I will have ſatisfaction,
Which if he denies to give,
one of us ſhall ceaſe to live.

Having thus her mind revealed,
ſhe a letter ſign'd and ſealed,
Which when it came to his hand,
the young man was at a ſtand.

In the letter ſhe conjur'd him,
for to meet, and well aſſur'd him,
Recompence he muſt afford,
or diſpute it with the ſword.

Having read this ſtrange relation,
he was in a conſternation;
But adviſing with a friend,
he perſuades him to attend.

Be of courage, and make ready,
faint heart never won fair lady,
In regard it muſt be ſo,
I along with you will go.

PART III.

Early on a ſummer's morning,
when bright Phœbus was adorning,
Every bower with his beams,
this young lady came it ſeems

At the bottom of a mountain,
near a pleaſant chriſtal fountain,
There ſhe left her gilded coach,
while he did the groves approach.

Cover'd with a maſk and walking,
there ſhe met her lover talking,
With a friend that he had brought,
ſo ſhe aſk'd him whom he fought.

I am challeng'd, by a gallant,
and reſolve to ſhew my talent,
Who he is I cannot ſay,
but reſolve to ſhew him play.

(Lady) It was I that did invite you;
you ſhall wed me, or I'll fight you,
Underneath theſe ſpreading trees,
therefore chooſe you which you pleaſe.

You ſhall find I do not vapour,
for I have a truſty rapier,
So now take your choice, ſaid ſhe,
either fight or marry me.

Said he, madam, pray what mean ye
in my life I ne'er have ſeen you,
Pray unmaſk, your viſage ſhew,
then I'll tell you aye or no.

(Lady) I will not my face uncover,
till the marriage rites are over;
Therefore take you which you will,
wed me ſir, or try your ſkill.

Step within this pleaſant bower,
with your friend, one ſingle hour,
Strive your mind to reconcile;
I will wander here the while.

While the beauteous lady waited;
the young batchelor debated,
What was beſt for to be done;
ſaid his friend the hazard run.

If my judgment may be truſted,
wed her, ſir, you can't be worſted,
If ſhe's rich you'll mount to fame,
if ſhe's poor, you're the ſame.

He contented, to be married,
all three in a coach were carried,
Unto the church, without delay,
where he weds the lady gay.

Thoſe ſweet little Cupids hover'd
round her eyes, her face was cover'd,
With a maſk. He took her thus,
juſt for better or for worſe.

With a courteous kind behaviour,
ſhe preſents his friend a favor
Then ſhe did diſmiſs him ſtraight,
that he might no longer wait.

PART IV.

As the gilded coach ſtood ready,
the young lawyer and the lady,
Rode together till they came
to a houſe of ſtate and fame.

Which appeared like a caſtle,
where you may behold a parcel
Of young Cedars tall and ſtraight,
juſt before the palace gate.

Hand-in-hand they walk'd together,
to a hall, or ſalour rather,
Which was beautiful and fair;
all alone the left him there.

Two long hours there he waited
her return; at length he fretted,
And began to grieve at laſt,
for he had not broke his faſt

Still he ſat like one amazed,
round a ſpacious room he gazed,
Which was richly beautify'd:
but alas! he'd loſt his pride.

There was peeping, laughing, flee ing
all within the lawyer's hear ng;
But his bride he could not ſee,
would I was at home, ſaid he.

While his heart was melancholy,
ſaid the ſteward, be ſtout and jolly,
Shew me, friend, how came you here,
you've ſome bad deſign I fear.

He reply'd, dear loving maſter,
you ſhall meet with no diſaſter,
Thro' my means, in any caſe,
Madam brought me to this place.

Then the ſteward did retire,
ſaying, now I will enquire,
Whether this is true or no;
ne'er was a lover hamper'd ſo.

Now the lady, that had fill'd him
with this fear, full oft beheld him,
From her window, as the dreſt,
pleaſed at the merry jeſt.

When ſhe had herſelf attired
in rich robes, to be admir'd;
Like a moving angel bright,
ſhe appeared in his ſight.

Sir, my ſervants have related,
how ſome hours you have waited;
In my parlour, tell me who,
in my houſe you ever knew.

Madam, if I have offended,
it is more than I intended;
A young lady brought me here,
that a true, ſaid ſhe, my dear.

I will be no longer cruel
to my joy and only jewel.
Thou art mine and I am thine,
hand and heart I will reſign.

Once I was a wounded lover,
but now all thoſe fears are over,
By receiving what I gave,
thou art lord of all I have.

Beauty, honor, love and treaſure,
a rich golden ſtream of pleaſure,
With his love he now enjoys,
thanks to Cupid's kind deceys.

Now he's cloathed in rich attire,
not inferior to a ſquire,
Beauty, honor, riches ſtore,
what can man deſire more.



THE

Village Wedding,

OR, THE

TRAGIC MISTAKE.

A TRUE BALLAD.

Printed and sold by J. and C. Evans, Long Lane, West Smithfield.

THE morning rose without a cloud;
The orient Sun (as yet, no shroud
To intercept his beams)
Shone forth in all his beauty bright,
Painting the meads in glorious light,
And silv'ring ev'ry scene:

The Village swains, and matrons too,
With little ones a (jovial crew!)
Assembl'd in a croud;
The bonny bells increas'd their glee;
With hearts elate, good-humour'd, free,
Each spoke their joys aloud!

It was the morn, th' auspicious morn,
(Hence, Melancholy fled forlorn!)
That Helen and the Squire
Had fixed as the favaur'd time
When they in marriage should be join'd:
(The union all admire!)

The joyful couple early sped
Along the pleasant vale, that led
Unto the ancient pile,
(The Village Church) which rear'd its head
Beside the cooling streamlet's bed,
Where fruitful meadows smile!

The Priest the usual rites perform'd—
The couple seeing numbers swarm'd
Around, in vulgar stare,
Retir'd, to take a pleasant walk
Where undisturbed they might talk,
Within a garden fair.

At length they leave the garden wide,
And, in a parlour, (side by side)
Together seated are;
In jokesome mood, the bridegroom gay,
Unconcious of the dire affray
That we must soon declare,

A pistol seiz'd, in dalliance kind,
(No other motive lurk'd behind)
And, pointing to the bride,
Said, "Madam! now tis in my pow'r
"To take your life this very hour,
"Tho' me you've oft defy'd!"

"Give fire!" she said, not thinking harm,
And smil'd, nor felt the least alarm,
Perceiving 'twas a jeste;
He did——Oh! horror! horror dread!
Its sad contents soon pierc'd her head!
She sunk, no more she spoke!

Unhappy bridegroom! where is now
She, who in pure conjucal vow,
Gave herself to thee?
Where now the charmer of your days,
Whose sweetness you were wont to praise,
Whose smile new-gladden'd thee?

Where now the pleasant rosy cheek?
Where now these accents, doubly sweet,
Which flowed from her tongue?
Where now thy spouse, thy better part?—
Alas! *she's dead*—the vision's past!
The sable veil is hung!

How slender is the thread that binds
The dearest union, *here* we find
Depictur'd full and clear!
That beauty, health, and spirits gay,
Which hail'd the morning's bridal ray,
At eve a corpse appears!

Oh! who can speak the anguish dread,
To find his lovely bride was dead,
That seiz'd the bridegroom's heart?
Alas! 'twere vain't attempt the strain—
No language fully could explain
Th' acuteness of the dart.

He little thought the weapon dire
Was loaded, when he gave the fire
Which pierc'd his Helen's brow!
'Twas done entirely in a joke;
But, ah! it prov'd a mortal stroke,
And laid the charmer low.

He knew he had, the eve before,
Remov'd the pistol's inmost store,
And left it then uncharg'd;
And he (poor man!) no other knew,
When smiling, he the locket drew,
And murd'rous fumes discharg'd!

On calling up the servannt-man,
T' interrogate he straight began,
Concerning this affair;
The man confess'd, without delay,
That his own hands, that very day,
Plac'd all the evil there:

The reason was, he knew the Squire
Would (early in the morn) desire
To leave his country Cot—
He therefore charg'd his pistol straight,
That ever-ready all might wait,
Nor hurry'd, be forgot.

On hearing this, the bridegroom next,
(In doubt, and fear, and sorely perplext)
A weapon took in hand,
With which he quickly seal'd his fate,
And rush'd to the eternal state,
Before the judge to stand!

Here let us then the curtain draw!
But pause awhile before the law
Of God, the just and wise,
'Ere we self-murd'rers dare to be!
Rememb'ring, tho' His grace is free,
He will not be defy'd.

HIS word declares, in language plain,
All murd'rers shall their portion gain
With impious spirits foul;
Accusing conscience,, too, will sting
And fiery darts will often fling
To rack the guilty soul!

Let not self-righteous sinners say,
"We're free from this, and therefore may
"Expect a better state;"
O sinner, pause!—if you despise
The laws of Heav'n in any wise,
You'll share this bitter fate.

'Tis not enough you never stain
Your hands in blood of brother slain,
And keep from such things free;
If you neglect your soul's affair,
You'll in this evil portion share,
Nor e'er in heaven can be.

Let all (from this narration) see,
No long continuance can there be.
Of any bliss below;
Learn hence, to seek for LASTING JOYS—
Leave this vain world's poor fleeting toys,
True happiness to know.

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With many a tear they sought her; You've wrought my dissolution.

The three Merry Butchers and ten

HIGHWAYMEN.





I'Ll tell you of a Story,
Of lovely Butchers three;
There's Wilson, Gibson, Johnson,
Mark well what I will say:
For they took five hundred Pounds Sir,
To pay it all away;
For they took five hundred Pounds Sir,
To pay it all away.

As they rid on the Road,
And as fast as they could trig;
Strike up your Hearts fay Johnson,
We'll have a merry Jig:
With a high ding ding, with a ho ding ding,
With a high ding ding ding die;
And God blefs all good People,
From evil Company.

As they rid on the Road Sir,
As fast as they cou'd ride;
Strike up your Hearts fays Johnson,
For I hear a Woman cry:
With that he ftept into the Wood,
And lookt himfelf all round;
And there he fpy'd a Woman,
With her Hair bound to the Ground.

O Woman O Woman quoth Johnson,
Haft thou no evil Company:
O no O no fays the Woman,
Alas how can that be:
For there came ten fwaggering Blades,
And thus abufed me;
For there came, &c.

Johnfon being of a Valiant Heart,
And bore a Valiant Mind;
He wrapt his Cloak about her,
For to keep her from the Wind:
With a high ding ding, with a ho ding ding,
With a high ding ding ding die;
From evil Company.

Strike up your Hearts fays Johnfon,
For its dark all in the Sky;
She put her Finger in her Ear,
And gave a fqueaking cry:
With that there came ten fwaggering Blades,
With their Weapons ready drawn;
And they boldly came to Johnfon,
And bolder bid him ftand.

I will not fight fays Wilfon,
For I had rather die;
Or I to fight fays Gibfon,
For I had rather fly:
Come or come on, fays Johnfon,
And fight a Man fo free;
Or ftand you ftill behind my Back,
And I'll win the Victory.

Then Johnfon's Piftols they flew off,
Till five of them were flain;
And then he drew his Hanger out,
With all his Might and Main:
And play'd it about fo Manfully,
Till three more he had flain;
And play'd it about fo Manfully,
Till three more he had flain.

Come on, come on, fays the other two,
And let us make away;
For if that we do hold him to't,
Our Lives he'll take away:
O no, O no, quoth the Woman,
And alas how can that be;
For if you do not hold him to't,
Then hang'd you fhall be.

Johnfon fighting thefe two Thieves before,
She knockt him down behind;
O Woman, O Woman, quoth Johnfon,
Alas what have you done:
You killed the braveft Butcher,
That ever England won.

Juft as fhe had killed him,
There came one riding by;
And faw the Deed that fhe had done,
And feized her prefently:
She was condemn'd for to be hang'd,
In Iron Chains fo ftrong;
At the Place where fhe did Johnfon,
That great and mighty wrong.

THE

RAKISH HUSBAND

COME all you rakish husbands,
A warning take by me,
And make much of your money,
And shun bad company.
For if you be a gentleman,
A Lord or noble Peer,
And bring yourself to poverty,
The world will on you jeer.
My father died and left me,
Ten thousand pounds in gold,
With seven houses of my own,
The truth I do unfold,
I thought it never would be gone.
My gold did shine so bright,
And in lewd women's company,
I plac'd my whole delight,
At length I fix'd my fancy,
Upon a youthful whore,
And she did likewise tell me,
What she did me adore,
Three years we liv'd together,
I left my loving wife,
And did not give one farthing,
For to support her life.
I cloath'd my wanton harlot,
In gold and jewels bright,
And kept a maid and footman,
To attend her day and night,
I made my gold and silver,
Like to the chaff to fly,
Observe but how my mistress,
Did serve me by and bye.
I having spent my money,
And mortgag'd my estate.
Then did find that poverty,
Would quickly be my fate,
One day unto my mistress,
These very words did say——
My dear I find that my estate,
Will quickly waste away.
Without we do find out,
Some other way and think upon,
My whole estate is mortgag'd,
And when the money's gone,
What must we do for more?
To work I know not how,
Then with a frown to me she said
Pray what's the matter now.

My dear, you very well know,
The harlot she did say,
Before I knew you I was kept,
Like to some lady gay;
O, tis I me not of money,
Go get it where you will,
For I'm resolv'd to be maintain'd,
In pride and grandeur still.
I said my dearest jewel,
I love you as my life!
You know it was for your dear sake
I slighted babes and wife;
I mean thousands have spent,
But now I plainly see,
That I am likely to come,
To want and poverty.
Unless we do make better use,
Of what we have got left,
Dismiss your maid and footman,
Your business do yourself,
Straightway she went weeping,
And said it will not do,
I will inform my mother,
That you do serve me so.
She in the morning rises,
And to her mother goes
Taking her rings and jewels,
Her money and her cloaths,
Her mother she came raving,
Saying, son, come tell to me,
Why did you misuse my daughter,
The reason let me see.
I never did misuse her,
I to the bawd did say,
My whole estate is mortgag'd,
Then of her I did pray;
To turn away her servants,
Before it was too late
And find some other way to live,
For I have no estate,
Here is 300l. in gold,
Will put us in a way,
But if I thought your daughter base
And would not with me stay;
I would go home unto my wife,
With what is left in store,
For my poor wife and children,
Are much distrest and poor.

Dear son, then answer'd the old
I hope you'll not do so, (bawd,
To live so long together,
And then from her to go;
Besides she is with child by you,
Which thing will break her heart
As you have liv'd so long together
I hope you ne'er us part,
You say you have 300l.
Dear son do not despair.
And if you will but take my word,
I solemnly declare,
and soon as you hav spent it,
I will provide you more;
Never think of wife and children,
My daughter still adore
Sure never man was jilted,
By such a filthy w—e,
I had no power to have her,
But did her thus adre;
Before three month was over,
My fine three hunded pound,
With many other cetly things,
On her I did confound,
No sooner was th money gone,
But I to her mother goes,
Demanding of her th supplies,
To me she did propse;
She said, I have not wherewithal,
So now upon my life
The very best thing on can do,
Is to go to your wife
I said, how can yo think that,
I can be entertained raw
That scarce have got scant to wear,
A stocking or a shoe
I value not, then said he bawd,
What course of life you take.
I pray send home my daughter,
Her company forsake
Then with a heavy heart,
I to her daughter goe,
She said my dear, ne'er mind it,
Nor grieve at this sad news;
Come let us go to bed a night,
To morrow we will go,
For to know of my mother,
Why she does serve me so,

But when that I was fast,
Asleep upon my bed,
She with my coat and waistcoat,
And breeches away fled,
But missing of my mistress,
I straightway then arose.
And found she'd given me the slip
And likewise got my cloaths,
Let every lewd gallant,
That is inclin'd to sin,
Think what a sad condition
I at that time was in,
Having neither coat nor waistcoat
Nor ne'er penny in the world,
I solemnly declare
My wife she lived then,
Not half a mile from town,
I took my blanket from my bed,
And wrapt myself all round;
And bare foot I did trudge,
Before the morning light,
To see if I could comfort find,
From my loving wife,
She then was sleeping in her bed
When I knock'd at the door,
For to come and let me in,
I did of her implore,
She said is this my husband,
Here, in this wretched trim,
Yes, now I will compassion have,
Though you unkind have been,
She tenderly did succour me,
And no reflections made,
My innocent sweet babes,
Came prattling to my bed (been
Saying, Daddy, where have you
We are glad to see you here
Their sweet prattle from my eyes
Did draw many a tear.
To see the harmless babes
Lie weeping by my side
I had not one penny
Them victuals to provide;
The tears from my loving wife
Did fill my heart with dread
At last a clever project
By chance came in my head
My wife she had a brother
That was to her a friend
Of him then I begged
He would some money lend
When he came into the room
I did his pardon crave
For being to his sister

Such a base and cruel knave
I told him I could find a way
To cheat this bawd and whore
If that he would but clothe me
And lend me guineas store;
Only to grace my pocket
They'll take it for my own
And when I have the project play'd
The money I'll return.
My brother granted my request
And clothed me straightway
He lent me threescore guineas—
I went without delay
He sent his coach and footmen
That I might grand appear;
So then all in my grandeur
I rode unto my dear. (clothes
She said my mother took your
That I might bring you new
I answer'd it was very well
I did believe it true;
I said my brother he was dead
And left me his estate
His coach and his attendants
So now both rich and great,
I'll quickly make you my jewel
Since I have fortune found;
But then I first must ask you.
For just three hundred pounds,
Her mother fetch'd the money,
Without any delay,
They dress'd themselves all in the
To ride with me straightway, (best
We drove into a common
Which was long and wide
Then pulling out my rapier,
Ye bitches strip I cry'd
And show your naked——
As you made me to do;
I left them ne'er a smock to wear
A stocking or a shoe.
You'd split your sides with laugh-
To see those whores to run (ter.
Without a rag upon their backs
Then to my wife I came
I gave to her the money
She will improves the same
Let every man know how to prize
And love a virtuous dame
For when a w—e doth bring a
To want and poverty (man
He scarcely then can find a friend
But is forc'd to a wife to fly.

Print.d and fo'd by J. Pitts, 14, Great st. Andrew street 7dials.

With many a tear they sought her;

You've wrought my dissolution.

THE AGE OF MAN,

Display'd in Ten different Stages of Life.





IN prime of Years when I was young,
I took delight in Youthful toys,
Not knowing then what did belong,
Unto the pleasures of those Days;
At seven Years old I was a Child,
And subject then to be beguil'd.

At two times seven I must needs go learn,
What discipline was taught at School,
When good from evil I could discern,
I thought myself no more a Child;
My Parents were contriving then,
How I might Live, when I became a man.

At three times seven I waxed wild,
And Manhood led me to be Bold;
I thought myself no more a Child,
My own conceit It so me told;
Then did I venture far and near,
To buy delight at a price full dear.

At four times seven I must take a Wife,
And leave off all my wanton ways,
Thinking thereby perhaps to thrive,
And save myself from sad disgrace;
So farewell now, my companions all,
For another Business doth me call.

At five times seven I would go prove,
What I could gain by Art or Skill,
But still against the Stream I strove,
And bowled up Stones against the hill:
The more I labour'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,
To make my Children mighty Men.

At seven times seven all worldly care,
Began to harbour in my Brain,
Then did I drink a heavy draught,
Of Water of experiance plain;
There was none so ready then as I,
To purchase bargains to Sell or Buy.

At eight times seven I waxed old,
And took myself unto my rest,
My neighbours then my council crav'd,
And I was had in great request,
But Age did so abate my strength,
That I was fore'd to yield at length.

At nine times seven I must take my leave,
Of all my former vain delights,
And then full sore it did me grieve,
I fetched many a bitter sigh;
To rise up early and sit up late,
I was no longer fit, my strength did abate.

At ten times seven my glass was run,
And I poor silly Man must die,
I looked up and saw the Sun,
Had overcome the Crystal sky;
And now I must this World forsake,
And another Man my place must take.

Now you may see, as in a 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 full run,
They must leave off where they first begun.

Printed by D. Wrigton, No. 86, Snow Hill, Birmingham.

THE WOEFUL LAMENTATION OF

MRS. JANE SHORE,

A Goldsmith's Wife of London, some time Concubine to King Edward the Fourth;

For her wanton Life came to a miserable End.—An Example to all lewd and wanton Livers.

IF Rosamond that was so fair,
Had cause her sorrows to declare,
Then let jane Shore with sorrow sing,
Who was below'd by a king.
Then wanton wives in time amend
For love and beauty will have an end:
In youthful years my beauty bright
Was lov'd much both by lord and knight,
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.
My parents they for thirst of gain,
A husband for me did obtain,
And their own pleasure to fulfil,
Fore'd me to wed against my will.
To Mathew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruin to my life,
And then my life so lewdly spent,
Now makes my soul to lament.
In Lombard street I once did dwell
As London yet can witness well,
Where many gallants did behold,
My beauty in a shop of gold.
I spread my plumes as wantons do,
Some sweet and secret friends to woo
Because my love I did not find
Agreeing to my wanton mind.
At last my fame in court did ring,
Into the ears of England's king,
Who came and lik'd and lov'd requir'd,
But I deny'd what he desir'd.
Yet Mrs. Blague a neighbour near,
Whose friendship I esteem'd dear,
Did say it was a gallant thing,
To be beloved of a king.
By her persuasion I was led,
E'en to defile my marriage bed,
And wrong my wedded husband shore,
Whom I lov'd ten years before.
In heart and mind I did rejoice,
That I had made so great a choice,
And therefore did my state resign,
To be king Edward's concubine.
From city then to court I went,
To reap the pleasure of content,
And had the joys that love could bring
And knew the secrets of a king.
When I was thus advanc'd on high,
Commanding Edward with my eye,
For Mrs. Blague in short space,
Obtain'd a living of his grace.

No friends I had but in short time,
I did unto promotion climb,
But yet for all this costly pride,
My husband could not me abide.
His bed though wrong'd by a king,
His heart with grief did deadly sting,
From England then he went away,
To end his life upon the sea.
He could not live to hear his name,
Imparted by my wanton shame.
Although a prince of matchless might
Did reap the pleasure of his right.
Long time I lived in the court,
With lords and ladies of great sort,
For when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I mourn'd my prince grew sad.
But yet an honest mind I bore,
To help the people that were poor,
I still redress'd the orphan's cry.
And sav'd their lives condemn'd to die.
I pity shew'd on widows tears,
I succour'd babes of tender years,
And ne'er look'd for reward again,
But love and thanks for all my pain.
At last my loyal king did die,
And then my days of woe drew nigh,
When crookback Richard got the crown.
K. Edward's friends were soon put down.
I then was punish'd for my sin,
That I so long had lived in,
yea every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shameful end.
Then for my lewd and wanton life,
Who made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard street,
In shameful manner in a sheet.
Where many thousands did me view,
Who late in court my credit knew,
It made the tears run down my face,
To think upon my soul disgrace.
Not that content they took from me,
My goods, my living, and my fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.
Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
To whom my loves I had sent,
Hoping thereby to ease my want,
When riches fail'd and love grew scant;
But she denyed to me the same,
When in my need for them I came.

To recompence my former love,
Out of her door she did me shove.
So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore example take by me,
For friendship parts in poverty.
But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distress'd,
And sav'd his life when doom'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me.
For which by law it was decreed.
That he should hang'd be for this deed,
His death did grieve me very sore,
I'd rather dy'd myself therefore.
Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not afford me any food,
Whereby in vain I walk'd all day,
And still in the streets at night I lay.
My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Are turn'd to simple garments old,
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.
Thus was I scorn'd by maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life.
Both suckling babes and children small,
Did make a pastime of my fall.
I could not get one bite of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed,
Nor drink but such as channels yield
Or stinking ditches in the field.
Thus weary of my life at length,
I yielded up my vital strength
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent.
The which now since my dying day
In Shoreditch call'd as writers say,
Which is the witness of my sin,
Being concubine to the king.
Ye wanton wives that fall to lust,
Be ye assur'd that God is just.
Whoredom shall not escape his Hand
Nor pride unpunish'd in the land.
If God to such shame would bring,
That yieldeth only to a king,
How shall they escape who daily run
To practice the sin with every man.
You husbands match not but for love
Lest some thinking after prove,
Women be warned when you are wives,
What plagues are due to sinful lives.

Then maids and wives in time amend
For Love and beauty will have an end.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

IF she that was fair London's pride
For beauty fam'd both far and wide
With swan-like song in sadness told,
Her deep distresses manifold.
Then in the same let me also
Now bear a part of such like woe,
Blind Mathew Shore men call'd me
A goldsmith of a good degree.
And might have lived long therein,
Had not my wife been wed to sin,
Oh! gentle jane thy wanton race.
Hath brought me to this foul disgrace.
Thou hadst all things at wit and will,
Thy wanton fancy to fulfil,
No London dame nor merchant's wife,
Did lead more sweet and pleasant life.
Then gentle jane the truth report,
Why left thou me to live in court,
Thou hadst both gold and silver store,
No wife in London then had more.
And once a week to walk in field,
To see what pleasures it would yield;
But woe to me that liberty,
Hath brought me to this misery.
I marry'd thee whilst thou wert young,
Before thou knew what did belong
To husband love or marriage state,
Which now my soul repents too late.
Thus wanton pride made thee unjust,
And so deceived was my trust,
But when the king possess'd my room,
And crop'd my rose's gallant bloom,
Fair *London's* blossom and my joy,
My heart was drown'd in deep anoy,
To think how unto public shame,
Thy wicked life brought my good name.
And when I thought each man and wife,
In jesting sort accus'd my life,
And ev'ry one to the other said,
That Shore's fair wife the wanton play'd.
Therefore in mind I grew to change,
My dwelling in some country strange.
My lands and goods I sold away,
And so from England went to sea.
Oppress'd with grief and woeful mind,
But left my case of grief behind.
My loving wife whom I once thought,
Would never be to lewdness brought.
But women now I well espy,
Are subject to inconstancy,
And few there be so true in love,
But by long suit will wanton prove.
For flesh is frail and women weak,
When kings for love long suit do make,
But yet from England my depart
Was with a sad and heavy heart.
Whereat when as my leave I took
I sent back many a heavy look,
Desiring God if it pleased he
To send one sigh sweet jane to thee.

For if thou hadst but constant been
Those days of woe I ne'er had seen,
But when I mourn and grieve full sore,
To think what plagues are left in store.
For such as careless tread away
The modest paths of constancy;
Ah! gentle jane if thou didst know
The uncouth paths I daily go
And woeful tears for thee I shed,
For wronging thus my marriage bed,
Then sure I am thou wouldst confess,
My love was true though in distress
Both Flanders France and Spain I past
And come to Turkey at the last,
And there within that mighty court
I lived long in honest sort.
Desiring God that sits in heaven,
That lovers sins might be forgiven,
And there advanc'd my loving name
Of living with the fairest dame.
The praise of England's beauty slain:
All which my husband did maintain
And set my picture there in gold,
For kings and princes to behold.
But when I thought upon the sin.
Thy wanton thoughts delighted in,
I griev'd that such a comely face,
Should hold true honour in disgrace,
And counted it a luckless day,
When thou at first did go astray,
Desiring then some news to hear,
Of her my soul did love so dear.
My secrets then I did impart
To one well skill'd in magic art,
Who in a glass did plainly shew,
Such things as I desir'd to know.
I there did see thy country state,
Thy pomp thy pride thy glory great
And likewise there I did behold,
My jane in Edward's arms enfold.
Thy secret love I there espy'd,
Thy rise thy fall and how thou dy'd,
Thy naked body in the street,
I saw do penance in a sheet
Bare-foot before the beadle's wand
With burning tapers in thy hand,
And babes not having use of tongue
Stood plaining as thou went along.
This ended that great shame of thine,
Though God gave yet no end to mine,
When I suppos'd thy name forgot
And time had wash'd away my blot
And in another prince's reign,
I came to England back again,
And by true justice judg'd to die,
For clipping Gold in secrecy
By gold was my best living made,
And so by gold my life decay'd,
Thus have you heard the woeful strife,
That came by my unconstant wife.
Her fall my death wherein is shew'd
The story of a strumpet lewd,
In hopes thereby some women may
Take heed how they the wanton play.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, No. 14, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.—Price One Penny.

With many a tear they sought her;

You've wrought my dissolution.

The Amorous LADY's GARLAND;

Or, The Handſome BUTCHER of St. James's Market.





YOung men and pretty maidens,
be pleas'd to lend any ear,
'Tis of a charming lady
that lov'd a young man dear;
She was a merchant's daughter,
of beauty fair and clear
And he a handſome butcher.
this lady lov'd him dear.
As thro' St. James's market,
this lady ſhe did go,
She ſaw this charming butcher,
attir'd like a beaux;
Young Cupid let his arrow fly,
whilſt gazing thus ſhe ſtood:
The butcher being briſk and gay,
and in a pleaſant mood;
He took her by the charming hand,
ſaying, madam, what d'ye buy,
The beſt of ware I have got,
the lady did then reply,
The meat you have is freſh and good,
and charming to behold;
But ſomething elſe I'd have,
if I could purchaſe it with gold.
What is it? beauteous lady,
I pray now let me hear;
Altho' my ware it is ſo good,
It is not very dear.

The lady ſmil'd to hear him
thus merrily to talk,
And then unto St James's
this couple ſoon did walk.
And then to break her troubled mind,
the lady did begin:
Kind ſir, I hope you'll pardon me,
for love's tormenting ſting.
Has pierc'd my tender heart in twain;
tis you that I adore.
I am a merchant's daughter bright,
and have gold and ſilver ſtore.
And can'ſt thou love a butcher,
thou charming beauty bright?
O gods! that brought this creature
this day unto my ſight
Unite us both in happineſs,
let me enjoy the fair;
Sweet lady come into my arms,
and never more deſpair.
With that I did preſume to kiſs
her ruby lips ſo ſweet,
And then we promis'd each other,
next morning we would meet.
According to our promiſe
it was likewiſe perform'd,
And with happy nuptial rites,
this lady was adorn'd.

She had a truſty ſervant,
who all the matter knew,
Who ſolemnly proteſted,
to us ſhe would prove true.
And in the dead of night
ſhe brought me to my dear,
To revel in the bay of love,
with my own charming fair.
We kept the matter ſecret,
'till twenty weeks were paſt,
My charming creature did begin
to thicken in the waiſt.
Her mother ſhe did ſpy ſhe ſame,
and told her huſband dear,
Saying, alas! ſhe is with child,
ſhe's ruined I fear.
So ſending for her daughter,
thus unto her did ſay,
Tell us with whom thou haſt been fooling,
O daughter dear we pray,
For we perceive thou art with child,
let me the father know,
We'll make him curſe the very time
he ſerved our daughter ſo.
My maid and I to market went,
to them ſhe did reply;
You bid me buy what ware was good,
you cannot it ſpeny;
There was a handſome butcher,
I lik'd his ware ſo well,
Of it I made a hearty meal,
that made my belly ſwell.
You are a handſome lady,
her father then did ſay,
And as for mrs. Betty,
come quit my ſervice, pray,
But firſt go ſeek the butcher,
'ere I'll thy wages pay,
I'll make the rogue to marry her,
ſo Betty went her way.
And going to the butcher,
ſhe unto him did ſay,
Come throw away your knife and ſteel,
this minute come away,
And anſer for the deed you have done,
my maſter he does ſwear,
He'll make you for to marry
my charming Lady fair.

He ſoon came to her father,
the old man thus began,—
I pray what ſort of meat was that
you ſold my daughter, when
You made her belly ſwell
at ſuch a diſmal rate;
Indeed young man it was not well,
and you ſhall ſuffer for't.
Here, take the harlot quite away,
and marry her with ſpeed,
One farthing of her portion,
ſhe ſhall not have indeed.
Why then I will not have her,
the butcher did reply;
With that the daughter hung her head,
and ſtrait began to cry.
So then the mother ſhe did ſay,
dear huſband now forbear,
We will give her portion
if that ſhe married were.
No, I will have the money down,
'ere I to church do go.
The old man ſigh'd and ſhook his head,
well, ſince it muſt be ſo,
Seven thouſand pounds I'll give her,
but thus it muſt be done,
The miniſter ſhall come here,
fear you from her ſhould run.
He having got the money,
he fell upon his knees,
Likewiſe the youthful Lady,
ſaying, Father, if you pleaſe,
To grant to us your bleſſing,
we are already wed:
Her aged father wept for joy,
their grief ſoon vaniſhed.
He bleſt his ſon and daughter,
And ſaid, riſe children dear,
And ſtrait he ſettled on them both
five hundred pounds a year.
So lovers all, you plainly ſee;
what Cupid he can do;
There's nothing like thoſe lovers
that conſtant are and true.
Blame not my charming creature,
becauſe ſhe courted Me;
This being leap-year the maidens fair,
to court indeed are free.

Worceſter: Printed by J. Butler, High Street; and ſold by J. Grundy, Gooſe Lane.

The Chester GARLAND

In Four Parts

A MERCHANT of London as many report,
He for a long Time a fair Lady did court,
At length by mutual courting, this handsome Lady,
Did promise this Merchant his bride to be.
Of one thing this Lady she was innocent,
To get his own Face or his Merchant was bent,
The Ship was freighted, all things ready were,
In order to sail but the wind was not fair.
So me to make sure of this Lady bright
Was married one morning before it was light,
And married they were, but the same day,
Tidings came to him the ship must away,
He said my dear jewel, the thing it is so,
That I my own factor to India must go,
It will not be long ere I shall return,
To your home in safety, dear do not mourn.
So then he embark'd and away he did hie,
To be left alone, the Lady did cry,
as he is gone from me I'll do what I can,
To keep myself free from the scandal of Man.
Then this noble lady with troubled mind,
She unto her chamber was thus confin'd
Wherein I must leave her to sigh and complain,
And turn to the Merchant who's gone o'er the Main
He sail'd into Russia where we find,
His ship was laden with Traffick so fine,
Then to come to London his course he did steer.
And what happened to him you quickly shall hear
Upon the wide ocean a storm did arise,
In which gloomy clouds did darken the skies,
The winds did blow, and the storms did roar,
Which drove them almost to the Irish Shore.
For several hours by the waves they were tost,
Expecting each moment their lives to be lost,
In the midst of their danger, one did contrive,
To alter their course, and at Chester arrive.
This thing was soon noised abroad in the Town.
And many shopkeepers to this Ship came down
One bought the whole cargo, the money 'tis said,
To this London Merchant in a few days was paid.
One day at a Tavern these Dealers we find,
Staid several hours in drinking of Wine,
At length the Shop-keeper said shall we go
And get us a Miss? The Merchant said no.
Sir, with such a Lady I lately did wed,
And never had time to enjoy her Bed.
A Woman whose Body no Man ever knew,
Then to such a wife I will be chaste and true,
The Shop-keeper said, your conceit is strong,
To think any woman could tarry so long.

To wait for a husband I'll try if you dare,
That can distil your chaste Lady so fair.
To which the Merchant said sure I am free.
To lay down money on her Chastity
Then before witness the thing was agreed,
And the Shop-keeper to London came with speed.

HE went to a Tavern, and there did pretune,
To call for a bottle of wine and a room.
'Twas a Widow woman who then lived there,
For the sake of the Money, the Wife did ensnare,
He ask'd if she knew such a one? the reply,
Was Yes Sir and she liveth hard by.
He said fifty Guineas I'll give you straightway,
If into her chamber you will me convey.
Her answer was to him as I am sure,
A way to get you there I soon will contrive,
She went to this lady, and said it is so,
To my dying Father this night I must go.
My jewels and plate, and other things brave.
Lie lock'd in a chest which by me I have.
This night in your chamber pray let them lie here,
To-morrow I'll fetch them you need not to fear
This Lady not knowing her wicked design,
Gave leave to bring it at night we find
This wife subtle Bawd to compleat the jest,
Had him convey'd when lock'd in the chest.
This Lady she us'd to keep a great light
To burn in her chamber, always in the night,
And as this Lady was in a deep sleep
The Shop-keeper out of the chest did creep.
When he came to the bed, like one in a maze,
He on this Lady did stand and gaze
And on her right breast he espied a Mole,
Which for some time he did stand and behold,
Likewise on the table he chanced to spy,
A Girdle and Watch that on it did lie,
On her Girdle and Watch her name was plac'd,
Which things in his pocket he put up in haste.
Saying, these Tokens my wager will gain,
And to disturb her I now must refrain,
Then into the chest he went and lay,
Until the next morning he was fetch'd away.
So then for West Chester he did repair,
And with a good horse he soon came there,
Crying to the Merchant the wager I've won,
And if I mistake not thou art undone
Upon her Right Breast there is a Mole grown,
Which you in long courting have seen I suppose,
Sir, there is a Girdle and a Watch likewise,
Therefore you may see I tell you no lies.

To see this the Merchant wept bitterly,
And said wicked strumpet thou hast ruin'd me,
For to be undone this makes my heart ache
Now for a subsistence what course can I take.
To hear his moan, some Merchants being there,
Said to him Brother, do not despair,
Since you are ruined by a wife Woman,
We'll make a Man of you once more if we can
So among them they raised two hundred Pounds,
And set him up shop-keeper in Chester Town,
But satan was busy and to stir up strife,
He tempted this Merchant to sill his Wife.

HE then kept a servant whose name was John,
He then sent a Letter to her by his Man,
These words were in it, at Chester I be
With all expedition dear Wife come unto me,
Perusing the letter, she said with a smile,
My dear I'll be with in a short while,
Next day with this young man away she went,
Of these ill designs she was innocent,
Riding through a Wood to make her his prey,
He with a Pen knife did turn and did say;
Come Lady alight from your Horse presently,
For if is ordered here you must die
To hear these expressions she cry'd out amain,
Young man wherefore is it I must be slain.
His answer was for playing the W——e
The man that deni'd you I knew before.
She said if I must die, I'll take it on my death,
No man ever knew me since I drew breath,
He said these excuses never will do,
My Master sent me to murder you.
He charged me to bring your Clothes and Heart,
Then I'll not prove false to him for my part,
Thus as she stood trembling and for Life did cry,
By Providence a Hog did chance to come by,
She said save my life and kill that swine,
And take the Heart he'll think it is mine,
Likewise take these my cloathes also
And give me your's then a wandering I'll go,
For to save her Life then he thought good,
And the thing desired was done in the Wood
He went home and said, sir, to finish the strife,
Here are the Cloaths and Heart of your Wife.
To see this the Merchant did blush,
And into the fire the Heart did push,
Crying there's the Heart of a strumpet again
Who has been my Ruin, and fed me with pain.
Thus he in the manner this Heart did greet,
By which we may see revenge is sweet
But now I will leave him mistaken and hear,
What course of Life this Lady did steer

DRest in Man's apparel she wanded away.
But as she was going thro' a Town one day
she went to a Gentleman's door it is said,
And beg'd heartily for a morsel of Bread.
This man came forth and look'd her in the face,
And said, young man it is a disgrace;
For to go a begging, art thou willing said he.
To serve such a master as now I may be.

Her answer was yes, and thank you beside,
Come in, and sit down the master reply'd.
And soon I will put better cloaths on your back,
Be but a good servant thou nothing shall lack,
This man so lov'd her that in a short space,
He got her a Commission for a Captain's Place,
Then she with great courage to Flanders went o'er,
And was in the battle where cannons do roar.
Summer being ended both she and her men,
All that were alive came to England again;
For Winter Quarters it was ordered so.
That she and her men to West Chester must go,
Where walking the streets, one night his Lady,
Look'd into the shop and her husband did see;
For to think on his act ons that were so base,
Her heart was disturb'd and mov'd from its place,
Dress'd like a Commander to him she did go;
And said unto him sir, do you know
Such a man in the Town? tell me if you can.
His answer was, sir, I am the man.
Sir did you not marry without a Lady,
A noble Knight's daughter pray where is she?
Yes I marry'd her the Merchant reply'd
But three years ago she sicken'd and dy'd.
Then into a Justice of peace she retir'd,
And told him the matter which things he admir'd
He sent for her husband and the young man in haste
With the Villain that was lock'd in the chest.
But first he examin'd this Lady's Husband
But he with blushes look'd every man
and thinking his Lady she had been dead
With fear his teeth gnashed in his head
The Justice said young man for thee
Did'st thou kill this Man's Wife tell unto me;
He said sir I was sent this Lady to kill
Unto her thro' mercy I shewed no ill.
My Master charged me to bring him her heart
But he was mistaken that time for his part
For 'twas a Hog's heart I brought him to show
And I hope she is living, but where I don't know
Dress'd in Man's apparel she said to him John
I am the young Lady tho' dress'd like a Man
To hear that the Merchant began to sweat
And look'd like a Woodcock caught in a net.
And then the shop-keeper was called in place
Who on this fair Lady brought sorrow apace
He being examined, was found guilty
And order'd to stand in the Pilory.
Nay this was not all he was commanded to pay
Forty Thousand Pounds to the Merchant next day;
Which sum was produced with great discontent
And straight to a Prison he quickly was sent.
Saying I am ruined by playing the cheat
And shall be exposed to shame in the street
To prevent all scandal he took a pen knife
And stabbed himself which ended his life,
And now this merchant and Lady do dwell
Together in love and agree very well;
and as for the young man who pay'd her moan
This Lady loves him as a child of her own.

Printed & sold by J. Pitts 14 Great st, Andrew street, 7 Dials

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With many a tear they sought her;

You've wrought my dissolution.

The BRIDE's BURIAL.

An Excelent Old-Ballad,——Tune of "The Lady's Fall.



COME mourn, come mourn with me,
You Loyal lovers all,
Lament my loss in weeping woe,
Whom griping grief doth thrall,
Like to the drooping Vine,
Cut by the Gardner's Knife;
Even so my Heart with sorrow slain,
Doth bleed for my sweet Life.

By death that griefly Ghost,
My turtle Dove is slain,
And I am left, unhappy Man!
To spend my Days in vain,
Her beauty, late so bright,
Like Roses in their prime,
Is wasted like the Summer's Snow,
By force of Phœbus's shine.

Her fair & colour'd Cheek,
Now pale & wan her Eyes,
Which late did shine like Chrystal Stars,
Alas! their Light it dies,
Her pretty lilly hands,
With Finger's long & small,
In colour like the earthly Clay;
Yea, cold & stiff withal.

When as the morning star,
Her golden Gates had spread,
And the bright glittering Sun arose,
Forth from fair Thetis' bed,
Then did my lover wake,
Most like a Lilly Flower,
And as the lovelly Queen of MAY,
So shone she in her Bower.

Attir'd was she then,
Like Flora in her pride;
As fair as any of Diana's Nymphs,
So look'd this lovely Bride.

And as fair Heleue's face,
Gave Grecian dames the lueb,
So did my Dear exceed in sight,
All Virgins in the Church.

When we had knit the knot,
Of holy Wedlock's band,
Like Alabaster join'd to Jet,
So stood we hand in hand,
When lo! chilling cold,
Struck every Vital part,
And griping grief, like pangs of death,
Seiz'd on my true Love's heart.

Down in a swoon She fell,
As cold as any Stone;
Like Venn's picture lacking Life,
So was my Love brought home,
At length the Rosey Red,
Throughout her comely Face,
As Phœbus' beams with watery clouds,
Are cover'd for a space.

When with a grievous groan,
And Voice both horse & dry,
Farewell said she, my loving friend,
For I this Day must Die,
The messenger of God,
With golden trump, I see,
With many other Angels more,
Who sound & call for me.

Instead of musick sweet,
Go toll my Passing-Bell,
And with sweet Flowers strew my Grave:
Which in my Chamber smell,
Strip off my bright array,
My cork Shoes from my Feet;
And gentle Mother be so kind,
To bring my winding-sheet.

My Wedding dinner dress,
Bestow upon the Poor,
And on the hungry, needy, maim'd,
Which begeeth at the door,
Instead of virgins young,
My Bride-maids for to be,
Go cause some curious carpenter,
To make a Chest for me.

My bride laces of silk,
Bestow'd on maidens meek,
May fitly serve when I am dead,
To tie my Hands & Feet,
And thou my lover true,
My husband & my Friend,
Let me intreat you here to stay,
Until my Life doth end.

Now leave to talk of love,
And humble on your knee,
Direct your Prayers unto God,
But moan no more for me,
In love, as we have liv'd,
In love too let us part:
And as a token of my Love,
I do kiss thee with my heart.

Oh! stanch those briney tears
Your weeping is in vain,
I am not lost, for we in Heaven,
One day shall meet again,
With that shu turn'd aside,
As one dispos'd to sleep,
And as a Lamb departed life,
While friends did sorely weep.

Her true love seeing this,
Did fetch a grievous groan,
As tho' his heart was burst in twain,
And thus he made his moan,
O dismal & unhappy Day!
A Day of grief & care,
Which hath bereft the Sun so high,
Whose beams refresh the Air.

Now woe unto the World,
And all that therein dwell,
Oh! that I were with thee in Heaven,
For now I live in hell,
And now this lover lives,
A discontent'd Life;
Whose Bride was brought unto the grave,
A Maiden & a Wife.

A Garland fitch & fair,
Of lillies there was made,
In sign of her Virginity,
And on her Coffin laid,
Six Maidens all in white,
Did bear her to the ground:
The Bells did Ring in solom sort,
And made a doleful sound.

In Earth they laid her then,
For hungry worms a prey,
So shall the fairest face alive,
At length be brought to Clay.

D. Wrighton, Printer, No. 86, Snow-Hill, Birmingham.

PATRICK O'NEAL,

Or, the Irishman's Description of a Man of War.

O YE ſons of Hibernia, who're ſnug on dry land,
Round your ſparkling turf fires, with whiſkey in hand,
Drink a health to Ja ma ſe and think on the boys,
Who're fighting your battles through tempeſt and noiſe;
O attend to my ditty it's true I declare!
Such ſwimmings and linkings will make you all ſtare,
Such ſtorms, squibs, and crackers, all whiz'd at my tail,
Since the preſs gang laid hold of poor Patrick O'Neal.

O it was on April the firſt I ſet off like a fool,
From Kilkenny to Dublin to ſee Laurence Tool,
My mother's third couſin who often wrote down,
For to come and to ſee how he flouriſh'd in town;
But ſcarce had I ſet my foot in that terrible place,
When a ſpalpeen came and ſtared in my face,
He called to a preſſgang who came without fail,
And ſoon neck and crap carried poor Patrick O'Neal.

They ſcampered away as they thought with a prize,
Taking me for a ſailo , you ſee, in diſguiſe,
But a terrible blunder they made in their ſtrife,
For I ne'er ſaw the ſea nor a ſhip in my life;
Then ſtraight to a Tender they made me repair,
But of tenderneſs devil a morſel was there!
Och! I raved, ſtampt, and curſed, but it did not avail,
Pot they would not let me go, O poor Patrick O'Neal.

The next morn from Dublin they ſailed with their prey,
I was half ſtarv'd and ſea ſick the reſt of the way,
Not a mile ſtone I ſaw not a houſe nor a bed,
It was all water and ſky till we came to Spithead;
Then they call'd up all hands, hands and feet ſoon obey'd,
O I wiſhed myſelf at home digging paraties with a ſpade,
For the firſt ſight I ſaw caused my ſpirits to fail,
Twas a big ſwimming caſtle for Patrick O'Neal.

O this terrible monſter rolled about in the tide,
And two great rows of teeth were ſtuck faſt in his ſide,
They bid me to mount and deſired me to keep,
A faſt hold with my trotters for fear I ſhould ſlip;
So I let go with my hands to hold faſt by my toes,
But the ſhip gave a reel and so down my head goes,
I fell plump into the water and ſplaſh'd like a whale,
Till pretty well pickled was Patrick O'Neal.

With a great ſwell of laughter they hoiſted me in,
To the huge wooden world full of riot and din,
What ſtrings and what pullies attracted my eye,
And how large were the ſheets that were hung out to dry;
It ſeem'd Noah's ark, ſtuff'd with different gueſts,
Hogs, pedlars, geeſe, ſailors, and all other beaſts,
Some drank bladders of gin, and ſome pitchers of ale,
While ſome ſat and laugh'd at poor Patrick O'Neal.

Then a rough mouth'd raſcallian on deck did advance,
So hoarſe he whiſtled which made them all prance,
Up the ropes like monkies ſome ran, and ſome I declare,
Like gibbers or rope dancers hung in the air;
Then they clapt ſtick in the capſtern, as I afterwards found
Where a chap ſat and fifed while the twirled him round,
So the ſhip raiſed her anchor, ſpread her wings and ſet ſail,
With a freight of life lumber and Patrick O'Neal.

Then to go down below I expreſt a great wiſh,
Where they live under water like ſo many fiſh,
I was clapt in a meſs with ſome more of the crew,
They call'd it banyan day,—ſo gave me burgoo;
For a bed, I'd a ſack hung as high as my chin,
They call'd it a hammock, did bid me jump in,
I took a great leap but my footing was frail,
For clane over canted was Patrick O'Neal.

The devil a wink could I ſleep all the night,
And awoke the next morning in a terrible fright,
Up hammocks, down cheſts, they began for to bawl,
Here's a Frenchman in ſight, ſure! ſays I, is that all?
Then to a gun I was ſtation'd, they cry'd with an oath,
To pull of his breeches and unmuzzle his mouth,
They took off the apron that cover'd his tail,
And his lading ſtrings gave to poor Patrick O'Neal.

Then we hauled up our large window ſhutters with ſpeed
And run out our bull dogs of true Britiſh breed,
Then the captain cried England and Ireland my boys,
When he ſaid Ireland my heart made a noiſe;
Then the noiſe of our guns did the Frenchmen defy,
They clapt fire on his back, and bid him let fly,
While the creature gave mouth I held faſt by the tail,
But he kickt and run over poor Patrick O'Neal.

Thus we rattled away, by my ſoul, hob a nob,
Till the French gave up as he thought a bad job,
Then to tie him behind a large cord they did bring,
And we led him along like a pig in a ſtring;
So home to old England we dragg'd the French boy,
Oh! the ſight of the land made me ſea ſick for joy,
Then they made a freſh peace when the war grew too ſtale,
And ſet all hands adrift with poor Patrick O'Neal.

So now on dry land a ſafe courſe I can ſteer,
The cat-head, cat-block, or boatſwain's cat I don't fear,
Whilſt there's ſhot in the locker I'll ſing I'll be bound,
And Saturday Night ſhall laſt all the week round,
But if peace grows too ſtale and war calls amain,
By the pipers of Limſter I'll venture again,
I'll make another dry voyage and bring home ſuch a tale,
That you'll laugh till you cry at poor Patrick O'Neal.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great
St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

PRICE——One Penny.

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With many a tear they ſought her;

You've wrought my diſſolution.

THE CARMARTHEN TRAGEDY,

OR, THE LOYAL LOVERS.

YOUNG lovers pray draw near, a story you shall hear,
Will make your hearts to bleed, when I unfold.
The ditty which I write is of a lady bright,
That liv'd in fair Carmarthen, as I'm told.
Her lord died we find, and left two sons behind,
Two were heirs to six thousand pounds a year,
Besides her own estate, which was very great—
Now some of her virtues I mean to declare.
Most liberal was her hand, as we understand,
To the poor and distressed her gold did fly,
Their wants to relieve, comfort those that griev'd,
The widow and the fatherless beside.
She succour'd all that came, and I will maintain
One act of charity she did perform;
A labouring man we hear, who lived so near,
He often to this lady's house did come,
Relieved for to be in his necessity.
He had one child, a daughter very bright,
A sweeter creature sure the earth did ne'er procure.
The lady in this child took great delight,
And once upon a day she to this man did say,
If you'll your daughter fair to me resign,
I'll take a special care to keep her I declare,
And use her like unto a child of mine.
The poor man did say, take her madam pray,
For I can scarcely get food to suffice,
My tender infants dear I do not doubt your care,
And I shall pray for you while I am alive.
The child she took away; in gallant rich array
She cloth'd her, though of parents poor;
She made the child appear so gay we hear,
As if she was a noble lady born.
And when to sixteen years this child arriv'd were,
Helen for beauty could not with her compare:
Her dazzling beauty bright appear'd to every sight,
The masterpiece of nature beyond compare.
Many suitors came to see this matchless dame;
This ladies sons were shot with Cupid's dart,
Struck for this same maid, their hearts were betrayed;
And now we come unto the tragic part.
The youngest first of all did break his mind,
As he did find her in an arbour clear;
Sweet angel divine I have found a happy time,
The torments of my mind for to declare.
My heart's oppiest with grief, if you'll not give relief
I soon must go unto the silent grave;
The beauty of your eyes has struck me with surprise;
You are the only blessing that I crave.
The maid surprised to hear, cry'd, sir, forbear
Your suit; for should my lady know the same,
She'd turn me out of door, wretched and poor,
To my mean cottage, sir, from whence I came.
He said, my lovely dear, my mother do not fear,
My fortune is my own when I come of age;
She cannot hinder me, so if we marry'd be,
We'll find a way her passion to assuage.
She hearing him say so tears from her eyes did flow,
Saying, I will willingly give consent,
But only I do fear your mother'll be severe,
Which thing may chance to prove my discontent.
If you'll consent, he cry'd, for to be my bride,
In private we'll marry, none shall it know.
The pleasure we enjoy, or comforts we destroy,
Till I my fortune have, let it be so.
At last this sweet fair gave consent, we hear,
Within a little time to be his bride;
And you'll find at last strange things did come to pass,
The hearts of these two lovers to divide.
This lord little knew his brother lov'd her too,
Or that he love unto this maid did bear,
One night he fobil-ave find, the secrets of his mind.
The eldest brother struck the news to hear.
Could not tell where to run his passions to shun,
Thinking, if craftily he did not play,
He should be deprived of all felicity,
His younger brother would his rival be:
He to his brother said, if you wed this maid,
My mother will be much enraged, you know.
A beggar she was b. rn, though beauty does adorn
Her person, she is not a match for t.
O brother forbear she is beyond compare,
She's virtuous, beautiful, and chaste beside;
For I'm resolved to have or go to my grave,
No other woman shall be my bride.
He finding him so plain, thought it was in vain
For to attempt their minds to separate;
A plot he did invent to their discontent,
Which made their family unfortunate.
With a dissembling smile, his brother to beguile,
He said, I'll help you out in every thing.
Dear bro her, that I can, and as I am a man,
My mother to consent I soon will bring.
If you'll be rul'd by me, I'll bring her to agree,
Do you to London go now for a while.
Stay with your uncle there; when home you do repair,
You'll find all things fitting to your mind.
The deluded youth, thinking all was truth,
His cruel brother unto him did say:
He ask'd his mother leave if she consent would give,
That he some time should with his uncle stay.
He having her consent, to charming Molly went,
Saying, my lovely dear, for a while
I'll leave my charming fair; then he did declare
How it was to be when to London he went.
I've told my brother dear of all our love affair,
He bids me now th. journey to take;
And when that is so he'll let my mother know,
What I, my dear, have suffer'd for your sake.
And then him shall write to know my delight,
When that my dear mother comes to know,
What she to you doth say my brother'll send to me,
'Tis his desire it should be ordered so.
She said, if you think best I'll set my heart at rest,
For ever true to remain to thee;
With charming kisses sweet then these lovers greet,
They parted never to meet again.
Next day for London he set out immediately,
In Lombard-street his uncle did dwell;
A wealthy banker there, to him he did repair,
Thinking how all things with him would go well,
The wretch at home was working both their dooms,
A letter he did forge, as if it came
From London city fair, and shew'd it to his dear,
And said that from her own true love he came.
These words were penn'd, I for you do send,
Unknown unto my mother come to me:
But let my brother know the day before you go,
And he will some jewels give to thee.
Poor soul she little knew but this was true,
The time by which her journey was set.
So her brother cry'd, something I'll provide,
You may dispose of them as you think best.
He from his mother took a golden cup,
A diamond ring, and jewels besides;
And in her bundle he did pack them secretly,
And she in private from his house did ride.
In a short time they missed this maiden fair,
And the servants asked where she was gone,
But could no tidings bring what her befell,
So the lady said at length unto her son—
It's strange methinks that she should go away;
He answer'd, is there nothing missing, see?
I fancy some lewd spark has led her in the dark,
And to her shame now she is gone.
Having look'd round the cup could not be found,
Jewels and other thing beside:
The lady said, dear son, revenge this she has done,
Let man and horse now after her quick ride.
Four men on horseback then did go straightway,
And at an inn this maiden soon they found;
They did her apprehend and brought her back again,
Soon as she saw the lady she did swoon.
Base creature, she did say, thus for to go away,
I who so tenderly have brought you up;
My house to plunder so, and shamefully to go
Away with these my jewels and my cup.
The lady did not hear what she had to declare,
But to a prison she was sent away;
The assizes being nigh she was condemn'd to die,
Poor soul there was none for her to appear.
Two days before this time this lord we find,
With his uncle to the coffee-house did go,
When reading the news, his soul to confuse,
He found his love must to the gallows go.
He her name did read, also what was the deed,
For robbing of her Lady she must die;
He wring and tore his hair like one in despair,
Saying, this is done through treachery.
His coach and six with speed, they prepar'd indeed,
He said, upon the wings of love I fly;
If I'm not too late to share her fate,
Then freely for my dearest dear I'll die.
His coach pass'd as she went unto the tree,
While thousands of spectators went to see
The lovely virgin fair, did all in white appear,
Which shew'd an emblem of her innocency.
Hundreds of pitying eyes shed tears as she pass'd,
Her aged parents came their last to gaze
Upon their daughter fair, they tore their aged hair,
Saying, we shall follow thee soon to the grave.
When round her ivory neck they did the halter place
Like fury up the youthful lord did drive;
Then out of the coach he stept and in the cart he leapt,
And eagerly into her arms he flew.
One word he could not say but soon she died away,
Then a thousand times her dying lips he kiss'd;
The cruel hangman said, sir, you must go away,
The fatal moment must not be miss'd,
Oh! cruel brute, why must this fair creature die?
She faintly said, Sir, I nothing know
Why they have brought me here, so farewell my dear,
We have no time to talk, it must be so.
Farewell parents dear with the pleasures here,
And you my dearest dear once more adieu;
The hangman did say, sir, you must go away,
Now let me execute what is my due.
He took a penknife keen because he'd not be seen,
Just as the cart went to go away,
His tender heart he pierc'd then flew about her waist,
Sure ne'er was acted such a cruel scene.
The purple gore did flow he faintly let her know,
And soon grim Death did close these lovely eyes!
Unto his mother they his body did convey,
The wretched brother being in surprise,
To see what he had done did to destruction run,
And told the truth which filled the house with cries,
The mother sick did fall and broke her heart withal,
This news the county filled with sad surprise.
And in one silent tomb they laid them in the ground,
The unhappy lady with her son;
Likewise the maiden bright. The wretch that night,
Who was the cause this thing was done.
That night this wretch did die, his body it did lie
In order to be buried the next day;
When in the room they came his corpse could not be seen
For he was presently convey'd away.
But where no one could tell, nor what him befell,
His friends said, a sad noise they did hear
In the midst of the night, it did them sore affright;
But nothing unto them did appear.
Let this a warning be that hear this tragedy,
That spite and malice may'nt you overcome,
The innocent betray, and lives to take away,
As this poor unhappy wretch has done.

Printed and sold by Jennings, 13, Water-lane, Fleet-street, London. (PRICE ONE PENNY.)

The Broken Contract,

OR,

The Ruined Virgin's Garland.

YOU pretty maidens all I pray give ear,
Unto my downfall which I shall declare
Of parentage I am,
Near to a gentleman,
As some now at the date of year,
At fourteen years of age with grief I tell,
Many a young man fair lov'd me well,
I being childish young,
Believ'd a flattering tongue,
And fix'p my mind on a brisk young man.
He said, if I'd not yield with him to dwell,
He would go hang himself whate'er befel.
He rung and tore his hair,
And bitterly did swear,
His sword should end his care before me then,
I hearing what he said it griev'd me so,
I took him for my friend not for my foe,
Young man said I forbear,
I pray let go your hair,
I'll ease you of your care and be your bride,
O how he jump'd for joy before me then,
My love and only joy happy's the man,
He kindly me embrac'd,
He hung about my waist,
And then my love I plac'd on this young man
The appointed day was we were to be wed
But first of all he stole my maidenhead.
My parents did not know,
I lov'd this young man so,
Which prov'd my overthrow, ruined me quite,
When I with child did prove and him had told,
He call me twenty whores brazen and bold,
I know you not fay, he,
Therefore begone from me,
This prov'd my misery his love was cold,
I was asham'd to stay where I was known,
So straightway I went from my own home.

Deliver'd I was there,
Of two fine babies fair,
Which caus'd me much care be warn'd by me
Was ever damsel so unfortunate,
As I have been in love my grief is great,
no comfort can I find,
To ease my trombl'd mind,
Since he is so unkind and wrong'd me.
My friends and parents dear alas I left,
To wander far and near sadly bereft,
Of hope and comfort to,
False friend farewell adieu,
In sorrow here I rue my wretched state,
My infants being born as I am told,
I then endur'd the scorn of young and old,
For they derided me,
In that sad misery,
No comfort could I see to end my care,
With my sweet smiling son and daughter dear,
To my false love I run when I drew near,
With heart of heaviness,
These words I did express,
My wrongs I pray redress and pity me,
I laid before him then my grief and care,
And likewise told him in sad despair,
I wander'd to and fro
In sorrow grief and woe,
Had no where for to go to hide my shame,
I told him I had no place of abode,
But travell'd to and fro' till in the road,
I did in travail fall,
My sorrow was not small,
Having no friends at all to succour me.
These infants at my breast by you I have,
And were they richly drest they'd be as brave,
As e'er sun shin'd on,
Then hear my piteous moan,
And for their sakes alone love pity me.

When I had ended thus my mournful tale,
With a most heavy curse he began to rail,
Striking me such a blow,
Which laid me sprawling low,
With grief my eyes did flow my heart was full,
My little infants cried while I was down,
Here was my patience try'd for in the town,
That night I might not stay,
But was compell'd away,
I knew not what to say but wept full sore,
In the town where he dwelt I was not known,
Therefore the case I felt for he alone,
Hired near fifty more,
Who did abuse me sore,
Never was soul before us'd like me,
They drove me out of town few friends I saw,
My bed before of down that night was straw,
My infants by my side,
With cruel usage cry'd,
And the next day they died thro' to my grief,
Sweet virgins fair and young take heed I pray,
Let no deluding tongue lead you astray,
Lest you my grief behold,
Which has been manifold,
Hot love is soonest cold I know tis true,
As he lay on his bed that night,
Strange thoughts run in his head did him affright
He dream'd his love he see,
In sad extremity,
So that next morning he bitterly cry'd.
I am that wretched man which broke my vow
No living mortal can pity me now,
Bathed in tears I lie,
Accused of perjury,
Oh, whither shall I fly to ease my grief,
No youthful lady fair for beauty bright,
Could with my love compare tho' I did slight,
Her lamentation so,
Causing her eyes to flow,
In bitter grief and woe when in distress,
My conscience and my friends fly in my face,
How shall I make amends for this disgrace.
Which I did bring her to.
When from her friends she flew,
My sorrows doth renew both night and day,
Why did I raise the town to wrong my dear
When she her moan did make,
For her dear infants sake,
With grief my heart will break for what I've done,

I'll search the nation round both night and day,
And if she may be found without delay,
I will her pardon crave,
Which if I may not have,
I'll seek a silent grave and lay me down.
O'er hills and dales he went thro' groves he pass'd,
To seek his heart's content and came at last,
Near to a river side,
Where silven streams did glide,
His love he there espy'd bleeding to death.
Close by her side these verses he fonnd writ,
Myself did give the wound that I might quit,
My life of care and grief,
Since there is no relief,
Worse than a cruel thief my love has prov'd,
Like one distracted then his hair he tore,
And often kiss'd her lips bath'd in gore,
Crying out as he lay,
This is a dismal day,
Alas, what shall I say. I am the cause,
What shall I think of this what I have done,
When he her lips did kiss so pale and wan,
In sorrow compass'd round,
Kneeled upon the ground,
He bath'd her bleeding wound with flowing tears
Has death no fatal dart that he will give
To pierce my heart? why should I live?
Why should I here remain,
Since my true love is slain?
Oh, ease me of my pain and let me die.
I'll no longer stay to languish here,
Thus said his sword he drew,
And run it thro' and thro',
And bid the world adieu and down he fell.
You loyal lovers all take notice pray,
See you a conscience make and don't betray,
Any poor harmless love,
Lest you her ruin prove,
For there's a God above will find you out.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, No. 14, Great St.
Andrew street, Seven Dials.

Price One Penny.

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With many a tear they sought her ;

you've wrought my dissolution.

THE

Pretty Green Coat Boys

GARLAND.

YE pretty young maidens and batchelors sweet,
Come draw near to me while I do relate,
'Tis a true story as e'er you did hear,
Wherefore good people I pray now draw near.
Near Durance in France there lived at a town,
A noble lord of fame and renown,
Who had a fine lady and by her we hear,
He had a fine son whom he loved dear.
There was an old farmer who lived just by,
Who had a fine daughter as ever you did spy,
Sure in this country there never was bred,
Such a sweet creature for white and red.
Which made the nobility both far and near,
Dukes lords and knights thither to repair,
To couple this beauty but all in vain,
Since none of them could her favour obtain.
At length this young lord's son among the rest,
Came a courting to her as I do protest,
O pretty Jenny now grant me thy love,
Or else you will my destruction prove.
She said noble lord I am poor and low,
My father is a poor farmer you know,
And he is not able to portion me,
And so to consent I'm not willing said she.
If I yield unto you perhaps they will say
This lord has thrown himself quite away,
And so noble lord we shall never agree,
A labouring man is much better for me.
Who getteth his bread by the sweat of his brow,
And still take delight to follow the plough,
He has more delight I'll make it appear.
Than a noble knight of ten thousand a year.
Who has health and riches of houses and land,
Has men and maid-servants now at his command,
If thou canst but love me sweet Jenny said he,
A lady of honour you quickly shall be.
She said noble lord I would be your bride,
But what will become of us both she reply'd,
If your honoured father should chance to know,
How you love a poor farmer's daughter so.
If my father chance to be angry with me,
Or my mother frown when my jewel she see,
I'll work while I'm able to follow the plough,
And get my bread by the sweat of my brow.
I hope my Jenny will never complain,
Whatever I promise while life doth remain
I'll faithfully perform my jewel said he,
Jenny consent my bride for to be.

AS they were discoursing by a grove we hear,
His father was walking to take the air,
He drew near to them close by a ditch side,
Where these lovers met this debate to decide.
And having heard what between them did pass,
He came to his son and said to him alas,
Are you going to disgrace your family,
One farthing I never will give unto thee.
But straight will banish you from this place,
Thou shalt not be to me a scorn and disgrace,
By wedding a husbandman's daughter so poor,
And so son do not come nigh me any more.
The son on his knees to his father did say,
O do not take from me my jewel I pray,
And if I'm obliged to beg for my dear,
I'll travel the world around far and near.
The father in a rage to the mother did go,
And told her the news with a heart full of woe,
Sweet wife your son will be wedded indeed,
To a farmer's daughter it makes my heart bleed.
Unto whom sweet husband ? the wife did reply,
To one of my servants who liveth hard by,
With that his mother in a passion did run,
Go fetch my son to me or I am undone.
He came to her presence when she saw his face,
O son thou hast brought me to shame and disgrace,
By joining to one that's not fitting for thee,
I am not wedded sweet mother said he.
The son on his knees to his mother did cry,
If you part me from my jewel I die,
Was I lord of ten thousand a year,
I'd part with it all for the sake of my dear.
The father in a passion replies to the son,
I will take heed you shall not be undone,
And for the jewel thou dost love so dear,
I'll have her transported so you shall not hear.
Which way is she gone or where does she go,
And how to find her you never shall know,
With that the son fell on his knees,
Dear parents do with me just as you please.
Now I'll leave the son in tears to complain,
And unto the farmer's daughter return,
she knowing his father would send her away,
she went to the taylor the very next day.
And bargain'd with him for a livery of greer.,
Coat waistcoat and breeches so neat and so trim,
she got a black bag and ty'd up her hair,
And then for a journey she did prepare.

She goes to the town wherein she did dwell,
Good people now mind but what I shall tell,
The lord sent his servant to bring her with speed,
In hopes to have her transported indeed.
They came to her father and thus did say,
We come for your daughter to send her away,
You may look for her the farmer did cry,
If I lose my daughter I surely shall die.
Away they did ride to their master with speed,
And said she is gone, noble lord indeed,
Well if it is so I am glad he replies,
With that the young lord most bitterly cries.
The very next morning when daylight did peep,
The mother rose and left the father asleep,
She went to her son and to him did say,
Having opened the door where lamenting he lay.
She said sweet son here's five hundred pound,
And take my horse and go out of town,
Before thy father gets out of sleep,
My blessing go with thee then he did weep.
I thank you mother the son did reply,
At parting both kiss'd and then did cry,
Cries he I'll travel the world far and near,
In search of my jewel whom I love so dear.

THEN taking his horse away he did go,
Leaving his parents in sorrow and woe,
But as he was riding along the highway.
He met with his lover in pages array.
she bowed to him with cap in hand,
And said noble lord I do understand,
That you are going a journey said she,
Are you willing to have such a servant as me.
He said my pretty lad what is thy name,
And where was you born tell me the same,
I was born in Durance kind sir said she,
Adonis is the name my parents gave me.
He said you're a pretty lad as I do live,
And as for the wages I surely will give.
Where I to travel the world round said she,
A comlier child I never could see.
He bought her a horse and away they did ride,
With sword case and pistols and all by her side,
At length they did travel many a long day,
Until they were weary almost we hear say.
Now we will leave them in grief for awhile,
And turn to the old lord to grieve for his child,
The old man arising and missing his son,
He stamp'd like a madman and said I'm undone.
His wife said to him cruel you were,
To banish from me my own son and heir,
Thou was cruel thus to spoil thy son in love,
Perhaps it may to him his destruction prove.
The father cried I'm griev'd to the heart,
With thinking my son should from me part,
For now he is gone the wide world to range,
But had he been here my mind I would change.
I wish I had give him my consent to wed,
But now he is gone my joys are fled,
If he and his love were here with me now,
With all that I have I would them endow.
Now we will leave them to sorrow and moan,
And back again to the son will return,
Who spent all his days in searching his dear,
And how he did find her you soon shall hear,
Altho' he was searching for her night and day,
She wandered with him in pages array,
And each night with him in bed did lie,
And was partaker of his calamity.

When he did lament it made her to weep,
That very few nights could they sleep,
Thus for want of rest and great poverty,
They in strange countries were like to die.
Along they did travel in sorrow and grief,
From door to door begging some relief,
Which made the young lord to shed many a tear,
And cry'd had I once but the sight of my dear.
O then would I freely resign up my breath,
For hear I am weary of living on earth,
Then the sweet heavens do pity me,
And grant me a sight of my jewel to see.
Then spoke his lover in pages array,
Come let us go home dear sir I pray,
And there your true love you will surely find,
Your father and mother both living and kind.
My sweet loving child I pity thy case,
But I am resolv'd to die in this place,
My father and mother I never more will see.
Because in my love they proved cruel to me.
O do not say so then answered the lad,
Your father to see you will surely be glad,
And also your mother who on you doth wait,
Would be glad to see you and fly to your feet.
He heard what she said and took her advice,
Then taking of shipping they sailed in a trice,
Unto fair Durance city when landed they were,
He unto his parents doth straight repair.

THEN going towards home with tears in his eyes,
At last his father and mother he spies,
For as they were standing both by the door,
They spied their son come distressed and poor.
His father said yonder cometh my son,
His mother with joy away did run,
As soon as she saw him she fell in a swoon,
And with perfect joy she fell on the ground.
Then in they went with joy overspread,
The father to see his son was overglad,
For joy of his coming great feasting was made,
But yet for his lover his heart it did ache.
The father said son what makes you so sad,
I'm sure to see you my heart it is glad,
It that your lover was but here now,
With all that I have I would you endow.
His lover standing by in pages array,
With tears in her eyes she to him did say,
I am the young creature that should be your bride,
Altho' seven years I have laid by your side.
With that the young lover was in amaze,
And for a long time upon her did gaze,
Art thou the poor farmer's daughter said he,
Who seven years have begged with me.
Then said the father sure that cannot be,
That you whom he sought was in his company,
Now I consent you shall be his bride,
That word his prov'd me the son did reply.
They sent for her father and mother with speed,
To hear of her company they were glad indeed,
Come play us a jig the old woman did cry,
Since my daughter's a lady I'll dance till I die.
They sent to the gentry both far and near,
To view this couple they thither did repair,
For a finer couple there never was seen,
The old farmer's daughter as fine as a queen.
Let all loyal lovers take warning by this,
Do as they did and you'll never do amiss,
If you were to travel the wide world all round,
Two loyaler lovers could never be found.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, No. 14, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.



THE

Honest Soldier

AND

GENEROUS FARMER.

ONE ev'ning, 'twas late, and the hamlet was still;
Save when echoes awoke from a neighbouring hill;
The cottage-door clos'd, Hodge and wife by the fire
Sat secure from the breeze, and unvex'd with desire.

They chatted together, good-humour'd and gay,
Of the joys and the troubles they'd met by the way,
From childhood to youth, and from youth to old age,
And the source that did always their sorrows assuage.

And while they thus busily chatted together,
Surrounded by comforts, secure from the weather,
Unexpectedly came a loud rap at the gate,
Which greatly surpris'd 'em, it being so late.

Old Hodge quickly ran, with a taper in hand,
To the door of his cottage, and, making a stand,
Enquir'd who is there—and what is thy request?
If needful, thy wants shall be surely redress'd.

A voice from without answer'd faintly and clear,
A poor soldier, your honour, in want of some cheer,
Stands imploring your pity, in hopes to obtain
Some shelter within from the merciless rain.

The night it is dark, and no dwelling is near,
And the wind blows quite keen from the forest so drear;
No refuge I have from the sharp pinching cold;
And my sorrows—my sorrows,—you'll grieve to be told!

Poor man! cried old Hodge, come in hither, I pray,
Secure you may rest till return of the day:
Make haste, and unfasten the gate, I entreat,
Don't fear, for protection you surely will meet.

Heaven bless you, kind Sir, the poor soldier replies,
And silently wipes the big tear from his eyes;
This cottage reminds me of joys passed by—
And my wife—oh! my wife—he exclaim'd, with a sigh.

Whence flows, cry'd the farmer, that anguish of heart?
And why is the tear again ready to start?
W at means all that grief when you mention your wife?
Alas! then you've seen many troubles in life.

But come, honest friend, let us hear thy sad tale,
But first cheer thy heart with some toast and good ale;
Come, soldier, make free, and draw nearer thy chair,
Thou'rt welcome, right welcome, to take of our fare.

The Dame quickly spread a clean cloth for her guest,
While close by the fire the poor traveller did rest;
When his strength was recruited with toast and good ale,
After making a pause, he began his sad tale:—

I will not, said he, engage your attention
With trifles of childhood, too num'rous to mention,
But proceed to the time, when, left quite alone,
All the sorrows of life I was forc'd for to own.

When fifteen bright summers had rolled away,
Unheeded by me, full of pleasure and play,
In a very short time both my parents they dy'd,
Which keenly I felt, and most bitterly cry'd.

Now destitute left in the wide world so drear,
No kind father, no mother, my course for to steer,
By the aid of a friend I a master did gain,
An honest old farmer, o'er yonder wide plain.

His behaviour was such as to merit respect;
He appear'd as a guardian, my youth to protect;
The instructions he gave, (I remember them still)
Have oftentimes check'd my impetuous will.

In the course of some years, thro' industry and care,
Being kept from those vices which often ensnare,
By my master's assistance, so kind he behav'd,
A large sum of money I quickly had sav'd.

With this he advis'd me to take a small cot,
Enclos'd by a garden, (a neat rural spot!)
And here, by the profits my labour would gain,
To live happy and cheerful, improving the same.

When this was accomplish'd, an offer I made
To Emma, who liv'd just up yon distant glade;
Some years I had known her, and ever had found
Much virtue and prudence did in her abound.

We were married—all parties approving the same,
Unknown by the world, and unvex'd with its gain;
Contented we liv'd, nor to grandeur aspir'd,
For our cottage contain'd what we chiefly desir'd.

Some years roll'd away, increasing our bliss;
But ah! nothing's sure in a world such as this:
Sev'ral losses in trade produc'd trouble and strife,
Yet none were so bad as the loss of my wife.

Dear woman! her Christian-like conduct, it's true,
Gave hopes in her death, that again I should view
Her glorified spirit in yonder bright scene,
Where trouble and sorrow no more intervene;

Yet still I was loath for to part from her here;
(Ah, me, e'en this moment, it raises a tear!)
But tho' thus unwilling my Emma should go,
Soon her spirit departed, which heighten'd my woe.

Here he paus'd—for his grief would not let him proceed;
And Hodge & his wife seem'd to feel it indeed;
To sympathise with him they both did not fail,
And, at their request, he went on with his tale.

I mention'd I had many losses in life
Before death removed dear Emma, my wife;
But these now increas'd in a tenfold degree,
Yet not from the want of industry in me.

I labour'd the harder my all to secure,
For the thought of a bankrupt I could not endure;
But altho' I then labour'd both early and late,
It all avail'd nothing, so sad was my state.

In a short space of time all was taken, to pay
My creditors, who were more urgent each day;
No mercy they shew'd me, neither once did relent,
And thus, in a moment, my prospects all went.

The times being hard, no employment I found
By which I could live on my own native ground;
I therefore determin'd to enter with speed
As a soldier, and thus for my country to bleed.

And thanks be to Heaven, my life has been spar'd.
Though oft in my face fell Destruction hath star'd:
And now, thro' the peace, I have gain'd my discharge,
No more to return, but to wander at large.

Here ended his Tale—When the farmer replied,
Don't fear, honest friend, here you long shall abide;
The comforts we have shall be shared with you,
Nor will you regret that our cottage you knew.

Employment we'll give thee as far as we're able,
And thou shalt be fed ev'ry day at our table;
By Providence blessing, we've more than we need,
'Twas sent us, no doubt, such as you for to feed.

The soldier at this was seiz'd with surprise,
And swift his orisons arose to the skies;
He accepted the terms without any delay,
And gratefully strives all their care to repay.

Printed by J. & C. Evans, Long-lane, London.

With many a tear they sought her; ... you've wrought my dissolution.

THE KENTISH TRAGEDY.

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 qualify'd,
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 met, the jewel of my heart,
Fear not my friends displeasure,
Let who will frown I'll take thy 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 those 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 live at variance.
Farewel the jewel of my heart,
Fear not my friends displeasure;
Let who will frown, I'll take thy part,
I'll love thee out of measure.
Therefore cheer up, my lovely dear,
If parents they should slight me,
Till I my breath and life resign,
r jewel I will right thee.

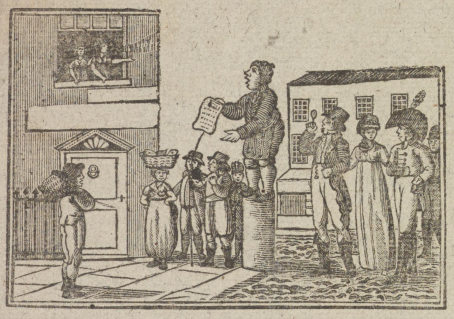
Kind sir, you promise more to me,
Than can be now expected;
While you possess such riches store,
Then love may be perfected;
But if your parents should now stand
Against you with denial,
To disinherit you of all,
Then there will come the trial.
That is the work which they can do,
Let them use their pleasure:
I must be loyal, 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, wherefore
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 proved young with child,
Her looks began to show 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, all in 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 come to understand,
By private information,
That he had lodgings in the Strand,
And fill'd with resentation,
They sent a letter full of wrath,
And threaten'd her with ruin,
Which he receiv'd, whilst 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 pleas'd 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 and 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 returned again,
And never more came near her.
But when she came unto the town,
They told her he was marry'd,
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 threatened 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,
Come to the room where he laid
The injured brazier's daughter.
When in the midst of 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:
She shall not long enjoy you,
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 me 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 pierced 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 it all:
So now farewel together.

Printed and sold by Jennings, 13, Water-lane, Fleet-street, London. PRICE ONE PENNY.

ARTHUR O'BRADLEY's WEDDING.



COME, neighbours and liften awhile,
If ever you'd wiſh for to ſmile,
Or hear a true ſtory of old,
Attend to what I now unfold:
'Tis of a lad whoſe fame did reſound,
Through every village and town,
For fun, for frolic, and whim,
None ever was equal to him,
And his name was Arthur O'Bradley.
O rare Arthur O' Bradley, wonderful Arthur O'Bradley, Sweet Arthur O'Bradley O.

Now Arthur being ſtout and bold,
And near upon thirty years old,
He needs a wooing would go,
To get him a helpmate, you know.
So gaining young Dolly's conſent,
Next day to be married they went,
And to make himſelf noble appear,
He mounted the old padded mare.
He choſe her becauſe ſhe was blood,
And the prime of his old daddy's ſtud;
She was wind-gall'd, ſpavin'd, and blind,
And had loſt a near leg behind,
She was crop't, and dock'd, and fired,
And ſeldom, if ever was tired!
She had ſuch an abundance of bone,
So he call'd her his high bred roan,—
A credit to Arthur O'Bradley.

Then he pack'd up his drudgery hoſe,
And put on his holiday clothes,
His coat was of ſcarlet ſo fine,
Full trimm'd, with buttons behind,
Two ſleeves it had, it is true.
One yellow, the other was blue,
And the cuffs and the capes were of green,
And the longeſt that ever were ſeen,
His hat though greaſy and tore,
Cock'd up with a feather before,
And under his chin it was tied.
With a ſtrip from an old cow's hide,
His breeches three times had been turn'd,
And two holes thro' the left ſide were burn'd
Two boots he had, but no kin,
One leather, the other was tin;
And for ſtirrups he had two patten rings,
Tied faſt to the girths with two ſtrings,
Yet he wanted a good ſaddle cloth,
Which long had been eat by the moth,
'Twas a ſad misfortune you'll ſay,
But ſtill he look'd gallant and gay,
And his name was Arthur O'Bradley.

Thus accouter'd away he did ride,
While Dolly ſhe walk'd by his ſide,
Till coming up to the church door,
In the midſt of five thouſand, or more,
Then from the old mare he did light,
Which put the poor clerk in a fright;
And the parſon ſo trembled and ſhook;
That preſently down dropp'd his book,
Which Arthur ſoon pick'd up again,
And ſwore, if he did not begin,
He ſurely would ſcuttle his nob,
If he kept him ſo long in the mob!
Then ſo loudly he 'gan for to ſing,
He made the whole church to ring,
Crying, Dolly, my dear, come hither,
And let us be tack'd together:
For it's you I intend to wed,
And indulge with the half of my bed,
For the honour of Arthur O'Bradley,

Then the vicar his duty diſcharg'd,
Without either fee or reward;
Declaring no money he'd have,
And poor Arthur had none to give.
So to make him a little amends,
He invited him home with his friends,
To have a ſweet kiſs of the bride,
And to eat a good dinner beſide.
The diſhes, though few, they were good,
And the ſweeteſt of animal food,
Firſt, a roaſt Guinea-pig, and a bantam,
A ſheep's head, ſtewed in a lantern;
Two calves feet, and a bull's trotter,
The fore and hind loin of an otter,
With craw fiſh, cockles, and crabs,
Lump fiſh, lippets, and dabs,
Red herrings, and ſprats by dozens,
To feaſt all their uncles and couſins,
Who ſeem'd well pleas'd with the treat,
And heartily they did all eat—
For the honour of Arthur O'Bradley.

Now the gueſts being well ſatisfied,
The fragments were laid on one ſide,
When Arthur, to make their hearts merry,
Brought pale ale, perkin and perry;
When Timothy Twig ſtept in,
With his pipe and a pipkin of gin:
A lad that was pleaſant and jolly,
And ſcorn'd to meet melancholy.
He cou'd chant and pipe ſo well,
No youth could him excell:
Not Pan, the god of the ſwains,
Could ever produce ſuch ſtrains,
But Arthur being the firſt in the throng,
He ſwore he would ſing the firſt ſong;
And one that was pleaſant and jolly,
And that ſhou'd be, "Hence Melancholy"
Now, give me a dance, quoth Doll—
Come, Jeffery, play us, "Mad Moll;"
'Tis time to be merry and friſky,
But firſt I muſt have ſome more whiſky
For I hate your barley ſwipes,
It does not agree with my tripes;
It makes me ſo qualmiſh and queery.
Oh! you're right, ſays Arthur my deary.
My lilly, my lark, my love!
My daffy down dilly, my dove!
My every thing, and my wife.
I ne'er was ſo pleas'd in my life,
Since my name it was Arthur O'Bradley.

Then the piper ſcrew'd up his bags,
And the girls began ſhaking their rags,
Firſt up jump'd old mother Crewe,
Two ſtockings, and never a ſhoe,
Her noſe was crooked and long,
Which ſhe could eaſily lick with her tongue
And a hump on her back did not lack,
But you ſhould not take notice of that,
For, though three ſcore years and ten,
She had ſomething was pleaſing to men,
And her mouth ſtood all awry,
And ſhe never was heard to lie;
For ſhe had been dumb from her birth,
So, by nodding conſents to the mirth——
For honour of Arthur O'Bradley.

Then the Parſon led off at the top.
Some danc'd while others did hop;
While ſome ran ſoul of the wall,
And others down backwards did fall.
You'd have laugh'd to have ſeen their odd ſtumps,
Falſe teeth, china eyes, and cork rumps;
While ſome but one leg they had gotten,
And that which they had was rotten,
There was lead up and down, figure in,
Four hands acroſs, then back again,
So in dancing they ſpent the whole night,
Till bright Phœbus appear'd in their ſight,
When each had a kiſs of the bride,
And hopp'd home to his own fire ſide,
Well pleas'd with Arthur O'Bradley.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, No. 14, Great St Andrew Street, 7 Dials.

With many a tear they sought her; ... You've wrought my dissolution.





The TEMPLE WEDDING;

Or, The Fortunate MAID.

IN fair London city, a young man and maid,
They went to the Temple lately to be wed;
And as they were going, young Nancy ſo fair,
Came by and went in to ſee them wed there.

A young merchant by chance at that time did come by
Who beautiful Nancy did quickly eſpy,
And into the temple he followed to,
And Nancy's fair beauty began for to view.

He call'd her dewreſt, and ſaid love behold,
Here's a couple juſt going to have and to hold;
And if thou art willing this minute to wed,
We both will make one, there's no more to be ſaid.

Fair Nancy ſhe bluſh'd and thus did reply,
You banter me ſir, and I muſt you deny:
No, no, I proteſt, for I'll wed thee this hour,
But her anſwer was no ſir, it's not in your power.

Why art thou already engag'd to a man,
No indeed, ſir, I am not, as my name it is Ann;
But you are a gentleman ſeeming to me,
And I am a poor ſervant of a mean degree.

I value not that, then the merchant reply'd,
If you will conſent love, I will make you my bride;
Here is the parſon, and I have a ring,
And I will maintain thee as fine as a queen.

A match then kind ſir, if in earneſt you be,
I'll freely conſent that you ſhall marry me:
Then hand in hand to the parſon they went,
And married they were to the merchant's content.

The parſon for marrying thoſe two was well paid,
The bride was in haſte and ſhe could not be ſtay'd;
Where did thou live the merchant reply'd,
That I may know where to find my pretty bride

In Cheapſide I live at a merchant's houſe there,
I hope for to ſee you when time you can ſpare:
He ſaluted her then, and a guinea did give,
Saying, I'll come and ſee you as ſure as I live.

She made him a courtſy and then did reply,
To ſee you kind ſir nothing would be more joy:
Then home ſhe went ſmiling with the ring & token
And ſhe took all the reſt to be nothing but joking.

The next week after at the Royal Exchange,
Oftentimes matters fall out very ſtrange;
Theſe two merchants met and ſaluted each other,
And wondered they'd not of late ſeen one another.

The young merchant then to the old one declar'd
The reaſon is, laſt week I was married;
I wiſh you much joy, the old merchant reply'd,
I hope you have got a rich beautiful bride.

When ſhall I ſee your fine lady I pray?
To come and dine with us, pray ſet down the day:
I thank you good ſir it is all in good time,
My wife and my ſelf will wait on you to dine.

Then two days after the young merchant he went
To dine with the other, where to his content.
He ſaw his fair bride, but ſhe knew not that time
That her wedded huſband came thither to dine.

The old merchant's lady much joy did wiſh him,
Why did you not with you, your fair lady bring?
I thank you dear madam ſhe'll wait on you ſure,
And many a time you have ſeen her before.

Madam my buſineſs at this time is owing,
Purely in the cauſe of a country couſin,
Who ſoon will be coming to fair London town,
But firſt ſhe muſt have ſome cloathing and gown.

There's three hundred guineas ſhe gave me indeed
For to get cloathing to make up with ſpeed;
There's three hundred guineas lay out in brocade,
Let the taylor take meaſure of your waiting maid.

If two hundred more ſhould be wanting to buy,
The ſilks that be rich, and does pleaſure your eye.
Lay it out dear madam, I will you repay
The firſt time that I happen to come by this way.

With coach and ſix horſes next week he did come
And aſk'd the old lady if the garments were done:
She reply'd yes ſir, the beſt I make bold,
That in London I could get for ſilver or gold.

I'll aſſure you all things I have bought of the beſt,
So I'll go up ſtairs and get my maid dreſt:
Away went the lady, but when ſhe came down,
The maid did excell all the roſes in June.

The lady ſaid ſir how do you like the cloaths,
They're well made dear madam, and in them's a roſe,
In them's the jewel and joy of my life,
I declare now dear madam, that this is my wife.

The company did all ſalute the bride round,
And ſaid ſuch a beauty was ſcarce to be found,
She ſeem'd like a queen, like a ſaint was her voice,
And all the nobility was pleas'd with his choice.

At the head of the table they fixed the bride,
After dinner was muſic and dancing beſide.
At night we will leave them in raptures of love,
There's nought could exceed them but the powers above.

WORCESTER: Printed by J. BUTLER, in High Street; and ſold by J. Grundy, Goose Lane, and by G. Lewis, in Broad Street.

JACOB'S Return from LONDON,

Or, His Ramble

TO BATH.

Written, and delivered by Mr. KNIGHT, at the Theatre, BATH

Jacob*, dreſsed in Character, comes forward to the Audience

DANG it! I be glad to see ye all I vow,
What don't ye knaw me?——I'd vorgot my bow,
(Bows aukwardly)
Why, I be Jacob Gawkey——zure you can't well vail,
To knaw me, when you zee my vine pig's tail.

In Lunon Town I liv'd a zorry life,
But zome do love a deal of noise and strife;
It wouldn't do vor I—zoo down I come,
And vor this good while past I've liv d a'twoam.

I often laugh to think——I can't tell why.
How pleas'd! how vrighten'd! and amaz'd war I,
To zee the Lunon volk!—'tween I and you,
They all do knaw—how many beans make two.

Thick day that I zet off——I met a mon,
A ax'd how I did—and sheak'd my hon,
I thought un desp'ate kind, and ax'd his name,
You been't Ralp Dumps?—zaid he the very zame,

A tak'd exact leek I----but var moor zivil,
But that's not strange. I think a war the devil,
(Nay don't ye laugh----vor I ha heard volk zay,
The devil's in Lunon every night and day),

I thought noa harm. but while I gap'd about,
A fairly turn'd my pocket inside out!
Zoo off a war----and yi' all his mighty zense,
A got noa moor dree or vower pence;

Noa, noa, thought I, my Gentlemen I'll baulk ye,
Thou'rt rise betimes to outwit Jacob Gawkey!
My vare egod war paid, and zoo vor vear,
I zaw'd my money in a bag in here.
(Turning his knee shews the under part)

I didn t mind my loss a single not I, a single pin!
I thought myzel well off---to zave my skin;.
My skin!----nay vather zays, 'twar all his vears,
They send me back----vithout my head and ears,
At last however I got down and zafe,
'Tis West o'this 'bout seven miles and a half;

It being an idle day, I thought I'd come,
To zee the zights of Bathand then go home;
What here I zeed to you I'm going to zay.
Or if you please----I'll sing it---in a simple way,

SONG,---Tune Alley Croker.

UP and down, round about all the streets I paraded,
And zeed Beaux who did'nt know their beauties war vaded,
Their cuoates war zoo cut away----breeches to expose, zur,
And heads zoo bevzrill'd up---curdles covered half their nose, zur,
Their cuoates war zoo cut away, &c.

Then the ladies zoo dress, they do bury all their chin, zur,
Zoo lac'd in the middle, tclook taper and thin zur,
While behind, hoops and al, they do need nothing moor zur
But weight enow to balance what they carry here avore zur;
Behind hoops, &c.

How I laugh'd, O my zides, to zee zome Ladies walking,
Al about vast asleep, and what's moor they war talking,
But in a dream I suppose, vor al round about their heads zur
The curtains war drawn just as tho' they war in bed, zur.
In a dream, &c.

In the Crezzunt, 'tis as fine a place ever I did zee, zur,
The Beaux shorten paces with Belles to agree zur,
Niddle noodle, to and fro, and to view each that passes,
For vear their eyes should wear out, they do stare dro looking glasses.
Niddle, noodle, &c. (Mimics their manners

But prentending short zight zarves a good turn enow, too.
They can auverlook those that they don't wish to bow too.
And at beauties can squinny* with their glasses cock'd so close, zur,
Zometimes you would think they war hook'd nose by nose, zur,
At beauties, &c.

In the pump room vull cramm'd---'tis a zight vor to zee, zur,
And stranger to tell, there al ranks do agree, zur,
Vor leek corks in a box, stuck up right cheek by jole, zur,
Push but one and bob---goes the bodies of the whole zur,
Leek corks, &c.

But what pleas'd I the maust war to zee in fine weather
Vine volk ride about in tem things made of leather
While two men [wid long polls---al the world like a bier zur
Trot along with the corpse---stuck an end in the air zur.
Two men &c.

Now you'd hardly believe but you may if you please ye
That I got a ride in one I thought 'twar too yeasy
Trot along they did go---I went bibbity bob zur.
(Mimicks the Chairman)
And now and then---bang---'gainst the zide went my nob znr.
Along they &c.

But al at once they did stop---because they could not pass zur
And popp'd! I could not help it went my noddle thro' the glass zur
Then quite overzet---thro' the casement they haul'd me
Dang it! I shall never vorget how they maul'd me,
Quite aver, &c.

Al about war zuck racketting and rioting and ringing
Zuch crying and laughing and vidling and zinging
And at night --here and there zivil leadies zoo pretty!
Do zay---How d'ye do zur vur wherever they do meet ye.
At night &c.

At last having zeed al the zights and vine places
Zhops baths rooms parades and a zight o'strange vaces
I thought I'd come here tho' my tale made ye laugh zurs
To tell ye this zight pleases I the best by half zur
(Viewing the Audience.)
I thought, &c.

Now don't ye dead critics---zhew a spark of ill nature
My wish is to please----you may read in each feanture
O the pleasure of pleasing my wish shall be ever
And you al to please----be my constant endeavour,
The pleasure of pleasing my wish shall be ever
And you still to please be my constant endeavour.

Printed and sold by J Pitts 14 Great Andrew-Sreet, seven Dials

* Jacob Gawkey is a Somersetshire Clown, a well drawn character in Miss Lee's excellent Comedy, the Chapter of Accidents,

* A Somersetshire word for Squint.

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The Famous Flower of Serving-men;

Or, The Lady turn'd Serving-man.





YOU beauteous ladies, great and ſmall,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may underſtand
What I have ſuffer'd in this land.
I was by birth a lady fair,
My father's chief and only heir;
But when my good old father died,
Then was I made a young knight's bride.
And then my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;
A braver bower you ne'er did ſee,
Than my true love did build for me.
But there come thieves late in the night,
Who robb'd my bower and ſlew my knight,
And after that my knight was ſlain,
I could no longer there remain.
My ſervants all did from me fly
In the midſt of my extremity,
And left me by myſelf alone,
With heart more cold than any ſtone.
Yet though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not ſuffer me to deſpair,
Therefore in haſte I chang'd my name,
From Fair Eliſe to Sweet William:
And therewithall I cut my hair,
And dreſt myſelf in man's attire,
My doublet, hoſe, and beaver hat,
And a golden band about my neck,
With a ſilver rapier by my ſide;
So like a gallant I did ride:
The thing I did delight upon,
It was to be a ſerving-man.
Thus in my ſumptuous man's array,
I bravely rode along the way;
And at the laſt it chanced ſo
That I to the King's court did go:
Then to the King I bow'd full low,
My love and duty for to ſhow;
And ſo much favour I did crave,
That I a ſerving-man's place might have.
Stand up, brave youth, the King reply'd,
Thy ſervice ſhall be not be deny'd;
But tell me firſt what thou canſt do,
Thou ſhalt be fitted thereunto.
Wilt thou be uſher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all?
Or wilt thou be taſter of my wine,
To wait upon me when I dine?
Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,
To make my bed both ſoft and fine?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard,
And I will give thee thy reward.
Sweet William, with a ſmiling face,
Said to the King, If it pleaſe your grace
To ſhow ſuch favour unto me,
Your chamberlain I fain would be.
The King did then his nobles call,
To aſk the counſel of them all;
Who gave conſent Sweet William he
The King's own chamberlain ſhould be.
Now mark what ſtrange things came to paſs,
As the King one day hunting was
With all his lords and noble train,
Sweet William did alone remain.
Sweet William had no company then
With him at home, but an old man;
And when he ſaw the houſe was clear,
He took a lute which he had there:
Upon the lute Sweet William play'd,
And to the ſame he ſung and ſaid,
With a ſweet and noble voice,
Which made the old man to rejoice.
" My father was as brave a lord
" As ever Europe did afford,
" My mother was a lady bright,
" My huſband was a valiant knight,
" And I myſelf a lady gay,
" Bedeck'd with gorgeous rich array;
" The braveſt lady in the land
" Had not more pleaſure at command.
" I had my muſic every day,
" Harmonious leſſons for to play;
" I had my virgins fair and free,
" Continually to wait on me.
" But now, alas! my huſband's dead,
" And all my friends are from me fled,
" My former joys are paſt and gone,
" For I am now a ſerving-man."
At laſt the King from hunting came,
And preſently upon the ſame
He called for this good old man,
And thus to ſpeak the King began.
What news, what news, old man! quoth he,
What news haſt thou to tell to me?
Brave news! the old man he did ſay,
Sweet William is a lady gay.
If this be true thou telleſt me,
I'll make thee a lord of high degree;
But if thy words do prove a lye,
Thou ſhalt be hang'd up preſently.
But when the King the truth had found,
His joys did more and more abound;
According as the old man did ſay,
Sweet William prov'd a lady gay.
Therefore the King, without delay,
Put on her glorious rich array,
And on her head a crown of gold,
Which was moſt glorious to behold.
And then, for fear of further ſtrife,
He took Sweet William for his wife:
The like before was never ſeen,
A Serving-man became a Queen.

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THE MOURNFUL

Widow's Garland.

GOOD people now, both old and young draw near,
And with attentive heed I pray give ear
To me, while I to you this thing make known,
Enough to pierce a heart if made of stone.
'Tis of a corker, one Charles Cox by name,
Who from the Island of Port Royal came
O'er to England, with his wife and children dear,
And in Chatham was settled, as we hear.
The children they brought with them were three,
They had two since, and all living be;
The eldest of the five, as oft is told,
He was a lad about fifteen years old.
This man was forc'd from his family,
In the royal fleet to serve His Majesty:
And as they were opposing of proud Spain,
He and some other poor men were slain.
Doubtless most of them wives and children had,
Which dismal news, no doubt, makes them sad,
And causes the tears from their eyes to run,
Crying, O dear! alas! we are undone.
Amongst them all now I must notice take,
What moan this man's wife and children make
For loss of him who was their only stay,
And staff of their true comfort night and day.
When the news came that her husband was dead,
She said if so all joys from me are fled;
And I am left in tears with children five,
Knowing no friend on earth I have alive.
For to support me in this dismal case;
That thus doth part me from my native place:
Where can I comfort get in time of need?
What must I do my tender babes to feed?
The Lord doth know three of my babes are small,
What shift now can I make to keep them all?
If I should steal, for that I should be blam'd;
And for to beg, alas? I am asham'd.
My eldest is a son, but for his share
For food and raiment he will take no care,
If I for comfort to the parish go,
Out of the town we shall be turn'd I know.

THUS making of her moan in came her son,
Who she complain'd was such an idle one,
He said, Mother, my father's dead I hear,
But do not grieve, forbear to shed a tear:
I must confess that I have been stubborn;
The which has caus'd you oftentimes to mourn:
I have not been so bad but you may see
I altogether now as good can be.
Dear mother, I will be a child to you
For duty; and for care a husband too,
So far as strength gives leave I'll strive indeed,
My mother and dear sisters for to feed.
For stubbornness, mother, I've had the name,
For which I know there's many did me blame;
But I will take much care now out of hand,
To gain the love of God and praise of men.
When thus he spake his mother wept for joy,
To hear such words from him who was a boy;
Admiring any, who'd run such wicked race,
Should thus consider his poor mother's case.
So presently he out for work did seek,
And got a place of six shillings a week;
With which money his mother, it is said,
And children to their heart's content were fed.
But now, behold! here comes a change at last,
The which doth this poor comfort blast;
This hopeful youth was brought home sick one day,
The which did quite her new rais'd hopes destroy.
We understand this sickness was to death,
He was the dearest child she had on earth;
Tho' young in years he took great care indeed,
To help his mother in her time of need.
As his mother was standing near his bed,
And with sad weeping eyes sunk in his head:
He said, Mother, to weep I pray refrain,
I hope the Lord will raise me up again.
To be a help and comfort unto you,
Mother, I'll take such care there are but few
Shall take the like, if please God I do live,
Therefore be of good heart and do not grieve.
For several days he lay in grief and smart,
To comfort him she with some goods did part,
At length this lad did change his tune, we hear,
Saying, Now I must die, my mother dear.
If I die in my youth I'm not the first,
Pray, mother, do not providence mistrust;
He that has power to shorten my days
Is able to you a greater friend to raise.
I have not long to live I plainly see,
I am cut off in my mortality;
My sun will set long before 'tis noon,
O death! why dost thou take me off so soon.
Pray, mother, bring my sisters unto me,
Mother, before I die I would them see,
With that she fetch'd them forth unto the bed,
And hearing them he turn'd about his head.
He said, Sisters from you I must away,
I in this world have not long to stay:
You in few minutes more from me must part;
I find that death has seiz'd my tender heart.
Before I die this counsel I will give,
Pray honour my dear mother while you live,
And not to cause her aged eyes to flow,
But unto her a just obedience show.
The next advice that I do give to you,
Learn you your book, and mind your prayers too,
And go not in a race as many run,
Least you at last he utterly undone.
You see time is uncertain here on earth,
And that nothing more certain is than death,
Mind that you're good unto your mother dear,
Then when death comes, his dart you need not fear.
Pray mother, do not grieve, tho' in distress,
God will provide for the widow and fatherless;
Such are the objects of his love he cry'd,
Then with a groan he turn'd his head died.
HE buried was, she for the same did pay;
To raise the sum she made her goods away,
And at the last was forc'd to sell her bed,
To buy herself and hungry babes some bread.
This being done, they got a bed of straw,
On which they lay, and this poor woman saw
No hopes of comfort now before her eyes,
But her poor hungry babes making sad cries.
She said, Oh cruel fate! why didst thee
Cast down this sad affliction now on me;
My sorrows are more than I'm able to bear,
I see it will drive me quite into despair.
So this pass'd; at length, upon a day,
She did design her children to slay:
Beginning with the eldest of them, who
Said, Mother, what do you intend to do.
To kill me now, pray do not serve me so,
Save but my life I will a begging go,
To get some food, your hunger to suffice,
Hearing these words the tears fell from her eyes.
Then out she went some succour for to get,
And as she then was going in the street,
A young sailor who having store of gold,
Seeing her beg, he did her then behold.
Seeing this young creature look'd so poor,
He follow'd her home to her own door:
And when that he beheld her woeful case,
With grief the tears run down his face.
So then with tears, this woman did impart
To him the cause of all her grief and smart,
Hearing her moan this loving sailor he,
Gave her a guinea out of charity.
He said, I am griev'd to see your condition,
I now will draw you up a petition;
And take thy children then along with thee,
And go with speed unto His Majesty.
I'll write at length the cause of all your woe,
And with you I unto the King will go,
Who is the only man, as I am sure,
That's now alive for to comfort the poor.
Hearing these words she wept for joy indeed,
Then to the court away she went with speed;
And when the King had her petition read,
Being of a tender heart he shook his head.
He said, Bring the poor woman unto me,
That I may her and her poor children see,
They all were brought and on their knees did fall,
The King pray'd to the Lord to bless them all.
He very earnestly did them behold,
And threw them twenty pieces of broad gold;
Saying, That's to nourish thee and thine,
And thou shalt be a pensioner of mine.
Thy pension twenty pounds a year shall be,
And once a year it shall be paid to thee;
So now arise, begone, and whilst you live,
Unto your children good instructions give.
According to her mean capacity,
This woman humbly thank'd His Majesty;
Praying to God for his long happy reign,
Then she unto the sailor went again.
Returning many hearty thanks to he,
Who said, Give thanks to God, and not to me.
Then home she went praising the Lord on high,
For sending friends in her extremity.
She said, I wish all people would take care,
And not in time of trouble to despair:
But wait God's leisure, and no doubt but he
In his due time from want will let them free.

Printed for and sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great Saint Andrew Street, Seven Dials

5 S MANTZ, FINSBURY.

Cries of a Wounded Conscience;

Or, The sorrowful Sighs of a trembling Sinner at the Point of Death.



Wherein he bitterly lamented the Folly of his wicked Life, earnestly entreating GOD to be gracious to him in the Salvation of his Soul, even for his Mercies sake: Concluding with an Exhortation to his Friends, beseeching them not to follow the bad Example of his loose Life, assuring them that it was dangerous as well as hazardous to trust to a Death-bed Repentance.

REmember, Lord, thy servant in distress,
O comfort me for I am comfortless;
Pardon my sins before this world I leave,
That I a Crown of Joy may receive.
Of all my friends a final leave I take,
Beseeching you this minute to forsake,
The paths of sin; repent for what is past,
For fear the sting of conscience come at last.
Before I lay upon my dying bed;
I must confess a wicked life I lead,
And never thought upon a future state;
Now I fear repentance comes too late.

Remember well ye sinners standing by,
That time will come when you as well as I,
Will feel the bitter pangs of death therefore
Repent with speed God's mercy to implore
To think of death my heart is fill'd with woe
My very eyes like Fountains overflow,
With melting tears, I being not afraid,
To leave this world before my peace is made.
E'er long I must before the Lord appear,
To answer for my sins committed here;
I tremble at the very sight of this,
Fearing the loss of everlasting bliss.

Distress and sorrow fills my heart with grief
And none alive can yield the least relief,
But thou O God who sits enthron'd above,
Refresh me with the Cordials of Love.
From a deep sense of all my former sins,
A Death-bed sad Repentance now begins;
And tho' I did God's righteous Laws offend,
Who knows but he his dove may still extend.
Repentance may perhaps God's pardon gain
Therefore so long as I do here remain,
I'll cast myself into his Arms by prayer,
And if I suffer, let me suffer here
Before this painful life I do depart,
I hope my sighs, sent from a contrite heart,
May such reconciliation make.
That God may save me thro' his mercies sake.
You that are now in health, alive and well,
Turn from your sins, for why you cannot tell
How soon you may be summon'd to the grave,
And each of you have a dear soul to save.
Which you will find to be of greater worth
Then all the crowns and sceptres of the earth.
To save us our bless'd dear Redeemer di'd,
In order that we might be glorify'd.
Consider this while you have time and space
And dont like me neglect the means of grace,
Untill death doth in your chamber wait,
Least then a sad repentance comes too late.
Many long years I have in folly spent,
For which I have short warning to repent;
Wherefore with sorrow on a dying bed,
I ween to think upon the life I've led.
Alas! while we are in our strength and health
We covet nothing more than wordly wealth,
Our bodies take up all our pains and care,
While our more noble souls neglected are.
Yet could we grasp the world & all its store,
Or bring into our power ten times more,
We should but finder satisfaction find,
For we must die and leave it all behind.
By sad experience I can tell the truth,
I sought for wealth e'er since I was a youth,

Yet from it now I must be forc'd to go,
Whether my precious soul be safe or no.
Many a holy Sabbath I have broke,
By which a righteous God I did provoke;
He justly made a Death-bed repentance flight
Which if it should my soul is ruin'd quite.
Why did I such a dismal hazard run?
Why did let the thread of life be spun,
Almost to the last period e'er I thought
Of death, who has at last this summons brought.
I must submit, no power can withstand
The heavy stroke of death's all-killing hand,
Who conquers mighty monarch's of renown,
And at his feet they lay their sceptre, crown
The greatest king on earth and proudest slave,
For wordly pomp are equal in the grave;
Only the pious actions of the Just,
At the last Day shall blossom in the dust.
I do not fear the fatal stroke of Death,
But freely could surrender up my breath,
Unto that God who sits enthron'd on high,
If I had nothing else to do but die.
But who is me! must confess with tears!
How I have sinn'd against him many years,
And if on me he doth some pity take,
It must be merely for his mercies sake.
From head to foot I feel in every part,
The bitter pangs of Death, my aching heart,
Will break this minute and with sorrow cry,
Good Lord receive my soul and to I die.
Neighbours and friends by Death are snatch'd away
We that are now alive and well to Day,
May drop into the grave for ought we know,
Before we are prepar'd and fit to go.
How ought we then to live like Christians here
How circumspect? keeping Conscience clear,
From all impiety, fraud and deceit,
If Death with joy and comfort we would meet.
This dying sinner's penitential tears,
May move us all of Age and riper Years,
To make our Calling and Election sure,
So our immortal Souls may be secure.

WORCESTER: Printed and Sold by J. BUTLER, near the Pack Horse, in the Corven-market; where Travellers may be supplied with Penny Histories, Patters, Old Songs, New Modern Songs, &c. &c.

THE

CRUEL KNIGHT;

Or, the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter.

IN famous York city a farmer did dwell,
Who was belov'd by his neighbours well,
He had a wife that was virtuous and fair,
And by her he had a youg child every year.
In seven years six children he had,
Which made their parents hearts full glad;
But in a short time, as we did hear say,
The farmer in wealth and stock did decay.
Tho' once he had riches in store,
In a little time he grew very poor;
He strove all he could, but, alas! could not thrive,
He hardly could keep his children alive.
The children came faster than silver or gold,
For his wife conceiv'd again we are told,
And when the time came in labour she fell,
But if you will mind an odd story I'll tell:
A noble rich knight by chance did ride by,
And hearing this woman shriek and cry,
He being well learned in the planets and signs,
Did look in the book which puzzl'd his mind.
The more he did look the more he did read,
And found that fate the child had decreed,
Who was born in that house the same tide,
He found it was she that must be his bride;
But judge how the knight was disturb'd in mind,
When he in that book his fortune did find.
He quickly rode heme and was sorely oppressed,
From that sad moment he could take no rest;
At night he did toss and tumble in his bed,
And very strange projects came into his head,
Then he resolv'd and soon try'd indeed,
To alter the fortune he found was decreed.
With a vexing heart next morning he rose,
And to the house of the farmer he goes,
And ask'd the man with a heart full of spite,
If the child was alive that was born last night?
Worthy sir, said the farmer, altho' I am poor,
I had one born last night, and six born before,
Four sons and three daughters I now have alive,
They are in good health, and likely to thrive.
The knight he reply'd, if that seven you have,
Let me have the youngest, I'll keep it most brave,
For you very well one daughter may spare,
And when I die I'll make her my heir,
For I am a knight of noble degree.
And if you will part with your child unto me,
Full three thousand pounds I'll unto thee give,
When I from your hands your daughter receive.
The father and mother, with tears in their eyes,
Did hear this kind offer, and were in surprise;
And seeing the knight was so noble and gay,
Prevented the infant unto him that day,
But they spoke to him with words most mild,
We beseech thee, good sir, be kind to our child.
You need not mind, the knight he did say,
I will maintain her both gallant and gay.

So with this sweet babe away he did ride,
Until he come to a broad river's side.
Being cruelly bent, he resolv'd indeed
To drown the young infant that day with speed,
Saying, if you live you must be my wife,
So I am resolved to bereave you of life;
For till you are dead I no comfort can have,
Wherefore you shall lie in a watery grave.
In saying of this, that moment they say,
He flung the babe into the river straightway;
And being well plens'd when this he had done,
He leap'd on his horse, and straight he rode home.
But mind how kind fortune for her did provide,
She was drove right on her back by the tide,
Where a man was a fishing, as fortune would have,
When she was floating along with the wave.
He took her up, but was in a maze,
He kiss'd her and press'd her, and on her did gaze,
And he having ne'er a child in his life,
He straight did carry her home to his wife.
His wife was pleased the child to see,
And said, my dearest husband be ruled by me,
Since we have no children, if you'll let me alone,
We will keep this, and call it our own.
The good man consented, as we have been told,
And spared for neither silver nor gold,
Until she was eleven full years,
And then her beauty began for to appear.
The fisherman was one day at an inn,
And several gentlemen drinking with him:
His wife sent this girl to call her husband home,
But when she did into the drinking-room come,
The gentlemen they were amazed to see
The fisherman's daughter so full of beauty.
They ask'd him if she was his own,
And he told them the story before he went home;
As I was a fishing within my bounds,
One Monday morning, this sweet babe I found;
Or else she had lain in a watery grave;
And this was the same which now he gave.
The cruel knight was in the company,
And hearing the fisherman tell his story,
He was vex'd at the heart to see her alive,
And how to destroy her again did contrive.
Then spake the knight, and unto him said,
If you will but part with this sweet maid
I'll give you whatever your heart can devise.
For she in time to great riches may rise.
The fisherman answer'd with a modest grace,
I cannot unless my dear wife were in the place,
Get first her consent, you shall have mine of me,
And then to go with you, sir, she is free.
The wife she did also as freely consent,
But little they thought of this cruel intent;
He kept her a month very bravely, they say,
And then he contrived to send her away.

He had a great brother in fair Lancashire,
A noble rich man worth ten thousand a year;
And he sent this girl unto him with speed,
In hopes he would act a most desperate deed,
He sent a man with her likewise, they say,
And as they did lodge at an inn on the way,
A thief in the house, with an evil intent,
For to rob the portmanteau immediately went,
But the thief was amazed, when he could not find
Either silver or gold, or ought to his mind;
But only a letter the which he did read,
And soon put an end to this tragical deed.
The knight had wrote to his brother that day,
To take this poor innocent damsel away,
With sword or with poison, that very same night,
And not let her live till morning light,
The thief read the letter and had so much grace,
To tear it and write in the same place,
Dear brother receive this maiden from me,
And bring her up well, as a maiden should be;
Let her be esteemed, dear mother, I pray,
Let servants attend her by night and by day,
For she is a lady of noble worth,
A nobler lady ne'er liv'd in the north.
Let her have good learning, dear brother I pray,
And for the same I will sufficiently pay;
And so, loving brother, this letter I send,
Subscribing myself your dear brother and friend.
The servant and maid were still innocent,
And onward their journey next day they went;
Before sunset to the knight's house they came,
Where the servant left her, and came home again,
The girl was attended most nobly indeed,
With the servants to attend her with speed;
Where she did continue a twelvemonth's space,
Till this cruel knight came to this place,
As he and his brother together did talk,
He spy'd the young maiden in the garden to walk.
She look'd most beautiful, pleasant and gay,
Like to sweet Aurora, or the goddess of May.
He was in a passion when he did her spy,
And instantly unto his brother did cry,
Why did you not do as in the letter I writ?
His brother replied, it is done every bit.
No, no, said the knight, it is not so I see,
Therefore she shall back again go with me;
But his brother shew'd him the letter that day,
Then he was amazed, but nothing did say.
Soon after the knight took this maiden away,
And with her did ride till he came to the sea,
Then looking upon her with anger and spite,
He spake to the maiden, and bid her alight.
The maid from the horse immediately went,
And trembled to think what was his intent.
Ne'er tremble, said he, for this hour's your last,
So pull off your clothes, I command you in haste.
This virgin with tears on her knees did reply,
Oh! what have I done sir, that now I must die,
Oh! let me but know how I offend,
I'll study each hour my life to amend.
Ah! spare my life, and I'll wander till death,
And never come near you while I have breath.
He hearing the pitiful moan she did make,
Straight from his finger a ring did take.

He then to the maiden these words did say,
This ring in the water I'll now throw away;
Pray look on it well for the posy is plain,
That you when you see it may know it again;
I charge you for life never come in my sight,
For if you do I shall owe you a spite,
Unless you do bring the same unto me,
With that he let the ring drop in the sea.
Which when he had done away he did go,
And left her to wander in sorrow and woe;
She rambled all night and at length did espy
A homely poor cottage, and to it did hie.
Being hungry and cold, and a heart full of grief,
She went to this cottage to ask for relief;
The people reliev'd her, and the next day
They got her to service, as I did hear say,
At a nobleman's house, not far from this place,
Where she did behave with a modest grace.
She was a cook-maid and forgot all times past,
But observe the wonder that comes at last.
As she fish for dinner was dressing one day,
And opened the head of the cod, they say,
She found such a ring, and was in amaze,
And she in great wonder upon it did gaze,
And viewing it well she found it to be
The very same the knight dropp'd in the sea.
She said when she saw it, and blest her kind fate,
But did to no creature the secret relate.
This maid in her place did all maidens excel,
That the lady took notice, and lik'd her well;
Saying, she was born of some noble degree,
And took her as a companion to be.
The knight when he came to the house did behold
This beautiful lady with trappings of gold,
When he ask'd the lady to grant him a boon,
And said it was to walk with that virgin alone.
The lady consenting, telling the young maid
By him she need not fear to be betray'd.
When he first met her, Thou strumpet, said he,
Did I not charge thee never more to see me.
This hour's thy last, to the world bid good night,
For being so bold to appear in my sight.
Said she, in the sea you flung your ring,
And bid me not see you, unless I did bring
The same unto you. Now I have it, cries she,
Behold 'tis the same which you flung into the sea.
When the knight saw it he flew to her arms,
And said, lovely maid, thou hast millions of charms.
Said he, charming creature, pray pardon me,
Who often contrived the ruin of thee;
'Tis in vain to alter what heaven doth decree,
For I find you are born my wife to be.
Then wedded they were, as I did hear say,
And now she's a lady both gallant and gay.
They quickly unto her parents did haste,
Where the knight told the story of what had pass'd,
But ask'd their pardon upon his bare knee,
Who gave it and rejoiced their daughter to see.
Then they for the fisherman and his wife sent,
And for their past troubles did them content.
So there was joy to all them that did see
The farmer's young daughter a lady to be.

Printed and sold by Jennings, Water-lane, Fleet-street, London.

THE

DAME of HONOR; or, HOSPITALITY.



SINCE all the World's turn'd upſide down,
And all things chang'd in Nature,
As if a Doubt was newly grown,
We had the ſame Creator;
Of ancient Modes and former Ways,
I'll teach you, Sirs, the Manner,
In good Queen Beſs's golden Days,
When I was a Dame of Honor.

I had an ancient noble Seat,
Tho' it is come to ruin:
Where Mutton, Beef, and ſuch good Meat,
In the Hall was daily chewing:
Of humming Beer, my Cellar full,
I was the yearly Doner;
Where toping Knaves had many a pull,
When I was a Dame of Honor.

My Men of home-ſpun honeſt Grey,
Had Coats and comely Badges,
They wore no dirty ragged Lace,
Nor ne'er complain'd for Wages,
For gaudy Fringe & Silks of the Town
I fear'd no threat'ning Dunner,
But wore a decent Grogram Gown,
When I was a Dame of Honor.

I never thought Cantharids,
Ingredient good in Poſſet,
Nor never ſtript me to my Stays,
To play the Punk at Baſſet;
In Ratafia ne'er made Debauch,
Nor reel'd like toping Gunner,
Nor let my Mercer ſeize my Coach,
When I was a Dame of Honor.

I ſtill preſerv'd my maiden Fame,
In ſpite of Oaths and lying,
Tho' many a long-chin'd Youngſter came,
And fain would be enjoying:
My Fan to guard my Lips I kept,
From Cupid's lewd o'er runner,
And many a Roman Noſe I clapt,
When I was a Dame of Honor.

My curling Locks I never bought,
Of Beggars dirty Daughter,
Nor prompted by a wanton Thought
Above Knee ty'd my Garters;
I never glow'd with painted Pride,
Like Punk when the Devil had won her,
Nor prov'd a Cheat to be a Bride,
When I was a Dame of Honor.

I treated all my Neighbours round,
And Strangers that come near me,
The poor too always welcome found,
Whoſe Prayers did ſtill endear me,
Let therefore who at Court would be,
No Churl nor yet no Frowner,
Match in Hoſpitality,
Queen Beſs's Dame of Honor.

FINIS.

WILLIAM of PLYMOUTH.

A Seaman of Dover, Sweet William by name,
A wooing to beautiful Susan he came;
At length he obtained her love and good will,
And likewise her father admired him still.
Her mother was also much satisfy'd,
The day was appointed the knot should be ty'd,
Their friends were invited, but fecks by the way,
Sweet Susan she ficken'd and languishing lay.
They us'd their endeavours to restore her again
By famous physicians, but their skill was in vain;
A week she continued—Sweet William did grieve,
Because of his love he must take his leave,
And being commanded to sail the next wind:
Then leaving his beautiful creature behind,
He said, I must marry when I come again,
If thou by good fortune alive should remain.
As long as I live I'll prove true to my love,
And, Susan, I hope you as constant will prove.
Never doubt in the least, Sweet William, said she,
There's none upon earth shall enjoy me, but thee.
A tribute of tears at their parting they paid,
Sweet William the mother, and innocent maid;
Nay, likewise her father was grev'd to the heart,
To think she so soon from her dearest must part.
Away to the ocean Sweet William is gone,
Where we will leave him, and shew you anon,
How base and deceitful her parents did prove,
Advising their daughter to be false to her love.

PART II.

NOW when the damsel had languishing lain
Near five or six months, she recover'd again,
Her beauty grew brighter than ever before,
So that there were many her charms did adore.
Each one did esteem her that came in her view,
Her fame to the neighbouring villages flew,
To be the most beautiful creature on earth,
Although but a fisherman's daughter by birth.
So then she was courted by none of the worst;
A wealthy young farmer came to her the first,
And offer'd her the jewel and joy of his life;
She said, Sir, beguile I'm another man's wife,
By solemn vows in the presence of God,
And if I am false, let his heavenly rod
On me past correction my punishment be;
Therefore begone from my presence, said she.
Then came a 'squire who call'd her his dear,
And said he would settle two hundred a year
Upon her, if that she would be his sweet bride.
She said, Sir, I cannot, you must be deny'd.

Then unto her father and mother he went,
Who soon discover'd his noble intent;
And being ambitious of honour and fame,
Did strive to persuade her; but all was in vain.
Dear parents, said she, observe what I say,
In things which are lawful I mean to obey;
But when that you'd have me be perjur'd for gold,
I dare not submit, to the truth I will hold.
They saw that it signify'd nothing to strive
(So long as she knew her true love was alive)
To induce her to mind any one but he.
And then the young 'squire and they did agree
To send this innocent young damsel away
Along with a ship to Holland; and they
Would tell her love at his return she was dead,
That he with some other damsel might wed.
Then would it be lawful to marry the 'squire,
Who did her beautiful features admire.
Thus was it contriv'd, and to Holland she went;
Poor creature she knew not their cunning intent!
But for her parents would have it so,
In point of obedience she yielded to go;
Where we will leave her to treat of her love,
Who had been gone two years and above.

PART III.

IN William's long voyage they came to a place
Where they remain'd but a very short space.
Before fortune did favour him so, that he bought
A bargain worth hundreds and thousands, 'tis thought.
Then laden with riches he came upon shore.
Said he, My jewel, whom I do adore,
I will go and visit before I do rest
My heart has been lodg'd a long time in her breast.
Now when to the house of her father he came,
He called for Susan, Sweet Susan by name:
But strait her mother did make this reply,
'Tis long since my daughter did languish and die
His heart at their tidings was ready to break,
Some minutes he had not the power to speak;
At length with a flood of tears he reply'd,
Adieu to the pleasures and joys of a bride.
My sorrows are more than I'm able to bear,
Since Susan's departed, Sweet Susan the fair;
There's none in the world I can love, since she
Is taken in the grave who was dearest to me.
Their presence he quitted with watery eyes,
And went to his father and mother likewise.
His own loving parents, and with them he left
His wealth, because he of all love was bereft.

Resolved I am to travel again,
Perhaps it may wear off my anguish and pain;
Take care of my riches, 'tis value unknown,
And if I return not, then it is your own:
But if I should live to see you once more,
I make no doubt but the same you'll restore.
Yes, that I will, said his father reply'd.
So for a long voyage he then did provide.
He went on board and away they did steer,
The seas they were calm and the elements clear
At first; but at length a storm did arise,
Black clouds they did cover and darken the skies.
Then the seas did foam, and the winds did roar;
At length, being driven upon the Dutch shore,
Their ship was so tattered and torn indeed
That they on their voyage could not proceed.
Now while they laid up their ship to repair
William went to the Hague, and walked there;
And as he was walking along in the street,
His beautiful Susan he happen'd to meet.
He started as soon as her face he beheld,
With wonder and pleasure his bosom was fill'd:
Oh, tell me, said he, ye blest powers above,
Do my eyes deceive me, or is it my love?
They saw she's been buried twelve months almost,
Sure this is my love or her beautiful ghost.
He went quick up to her, and found it was she,
Then none in the world was so happy as he.
With wonder and pleasure his bosom was fill'd:
My dearest sweet Susan why dost thou roam?
What destiny brought thee so far from home?
The truth she told him, with tears in her eyes,
Concerning the farmer and 'squire likewise.
They courted me long, but still I said nay,
Therefore my relations sent me away
To wait on a lady, with whom I am now,
Because that I would not be false to my vow.
He presently told her of all his affairs,
His riches, his troubles, his sorrows, and cares,
And how he was going a long voyage to make,
But knew not whither, and all for her sake.
But as we were sailing the weather grew foul,
The winds did blow loud, and the billows did roll,
Yet, nevertheless, on this turbulent sea,
The winds were so kind to convey me to thee
I'll go to your lady, and let her know
You shall serve no longer, but with me shall go
Unto fair Plymouth, where thou shalt be seen
As gay as herself, or as fine as queen.

PART IV.

HE made quick dispatch and brought her away,
The seas were calm and the winds did obey,
So that in short time to Plymouth they came,
And now he was clearly for changing her name.
He told to his father and mother, that there,
By fortune's kind favour he met with his dear:
And now we'll prepare for the wedding, said he,
Your father and mother invited must be.
Then unto her parents he halted a last,
And told them the height of his sorrows was past,
For since you say Susan your daughter is dead,
I've found another beauty, with whom I will wed:
And therefore I'm come to bring you the news,
And hope that this favour you will not refuse;
Oh, honour me then with your presence, 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 they so rarely had acted their part.
Now, now, said the mother, I have my desire,
We'll fetch home our daughter to marry the 'squire.
The very next morning Sweet Susan was drest
In sumptuous apparel, more gay than the rest,
The richest of silks that the world could afford
Embroidered with gold, which he had from abroad.
With diamonds and rubies her vesture did shine,
Her features did look like an angel divine,
Scarce ever was mortal so glorious and great,
And likewise her modesty equall'd 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 Susan then taking the 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 modestly smil'd,
To think that her 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 you his bride;
But since it ordered by heaven's decrees,
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 bright golden guineas with him I'll let fall,
And he that drop longest shall surely have all.
They wonder'd how he did such riches obtain,
But they believ'd it was true in the main,
Because both appeared so glorious and gay,
With music and dancing they finish'd the day.

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The HISTORY of King *LEAR*, And his Three Daughters.

To the TUNE of, *Flying Fame.*

KING *Lear* once rul'd in this Land,
With Princely Power and Peace,
And had all Things with Heart's Content,
That might his Joys increase:
Amongst those Things that Nature gave,
Three Daughters fair had he,
So Princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a Time it pleas'd the King,
A Question thus to move,
Which of his Daughters to his Grace,
Could shew the dearest Love:
For to my Age you bring Content;
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you Three in plighted Troth,
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus begun,
Dear Father mind, quoth she,
Before your Face, to do you good,
My Blood shall render'd be:
And for your Sake my bleeding Heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
E're that I see your rev'rend Age
The smallest Grief sustain.

And so will I, the Second said,
Dear Father, for your Sake,
The worst of all Extremities
I'll gently undertake:
And serve your Highness Night and Day,
With Diligence and Love;
That sweet Content and Quietness
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so you glad my Soul,
The aged King reply'd;
But what say'st thou my youngest Girl,
How is thy Love ally'd?
My Love (quoth young *Cordelia* then)
Which to your Grace I owe,
Shall be the Duty of a Child,
And that is all I'll shew.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy Duty bind?
I well perceive thy Love is small,
When as no more I find:
Henceforth I banish thee my Court;
Thou art no Child of mine:
Nor any Part of this my Realm,
By favour shall be thine.

Thy eldest Sisters Loves are more,
Than well I can demand;
To whom I equally bestow,
My Kingdom and my Land:
My pompous State and all my Goods,
That lovingly I may,
With those thy Sisters be maintain'd,
Until my dying Day.

Thus flatt'ring Speeches won Renown,
By these two Sisters here:
The third had causeless Punishment,
Yet was her Love more dear.
For poor *Cordelia* patiently
Went wand'ring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle Maid,
Through many an *English* Town:

Until at last in famous *France*,
She gentler Fortune found;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the Ground:
Where when the King her Virtues heard,
And this fair Lady seen,
With full Consent of all his Court,
He made his Wife and Queen.

Her Father, old King *Lear* this while
With his two Daughters staid,
Forgetful of their promis'd Loves,
Full soon the same deny'd;
And living in Queen *Regan*'s Court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest Means,
And most of all his Train.

For whereas twenty Men were wont
To wait with bended Knee;
She gave Allowance but to Ten,
And after scarce to Three:
Nay, one she thought too much for him,
So took she all away,
In hope that in her Court, good King,
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my Children, and to beg,
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my *Generil*;
My second Child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my Woe.

Full fast he hies then to her Court;
Where when she hears his Moan,
Return'd him Answer, That she griev'd,
That all his Means were gone:
But no way could relieve his Wants;
Yet if that he would stay
Within her Kitchen, he should have
What Scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter Tears,
He made his Answer then;
In what I did, let me be made,
Example to all Men.
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my *Regan*'s Court,
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder Sort.

Where when he came, she gave command,
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her Court,
(She said) he would not stay.
Then back again to *Generil*,
The woeful King did hie,
That in her Kitchen he might have,
What Scullion Boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
Which she had promis'd late;
For once refusing, he should not
Come after to her Gate.
Thus 'twixt his Daughters, for Relief,
He wander'd up and down;
Being glad to feed on Beggars Food,
That lately wore a Crown.

And calling to Remembrance then
His youngest Daughter's Words,
That said the Duty of a Child
Was all that Love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantick mad; for in his Mind
He bore the Wounds of Woe:

Which made him rend his milk-white Locks,
And Tresses from his Head,
And all with Blood bestain his Cheeks,
With Age and Honour spread:
To Hills and Woods, and watry Founts,
He made his hourly Moan,
Till Hills and Woods, and senseless Things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Ev'n thus possess'd with Discontent,
He passed o'er to *France*,
In hope from fair *Cordelia* there,
To find some gentler Chance.
Most virtuous Dame! which when she heard
Of this her Father's Grief,
As Duty bound, she quickly sent
Him Comfort and Relief:

And by a Train of noble Peers,
In brave and gallant Sort,
She gave in Charge he should be brought
To *Agamippus*' Court;
Whose Royal King, whose Noble Mind,
So freely gave Consent,
To muster up his Knights at Arms,
To Fame and Courage bent:

And so to *England* came with Speed,
To repossess King *Lear*,
And drive his Daughters from their Thrones
By his *Cordelia* dear:
Where she, true-hearted Noble Queen,
Was in the Battle slain;
Yet he, good King, in his old Days,
Possess'd his Crown again.

But when he heard *Cordelia*'s Death,
Who dy'd indeed for Love
Of her dear Father, in whose Cause
She did this Battle move:
He swooning, fell upon her Breast,
From whence he never parted:
But on her Bosom left his Life,
That was so truly hearted.

The Lords and Nobles when they saw
The End of these Events,
The other Sisters unto Death,
They doomed by Consents:
And being dead their Crowns they left
Unto the next of Kin:
Thus have you seen the Fall of Pride,
And disobedient Sin.

THE

MERRY BROOMFIELD,

OR,

THE WEST COUNTRY WAGER.



A Noble young 'ſquire that lived in the Weſt,
He courted a young lady gay,
And as he was merry he put forth a jeſt,
A wager with her he would lay.

A wager with me the young lady reply'd,
I pray about what muſt it be?
If I like the humour you ſhan't be deny'd,
I love to be merry and free.

Quoth he I will lay you an hundred pounds,
A hundred pounds, aye, and ten,
That a maid if you go, to the merry Broom-field,
That a maid you return not again.

I'll lay you that wager the lady ſhe ſaid,
Then the money ſhe flung down amain,
To the merry Broomfield I'll go a pure maid,
The ſame I'll return home again.

He cover'd her bet in the midſt of the hall,
With an hundred and ten jolly p unds,
And then to his ſervant ſtraightway he did call,
For to bring forth his hawk and his hounds.

A ready obedience the ſervant did yield,
And all was made ready o'er night,
Next morning he went to the merry Broom-field.
To meet with his love and delight.

Now when he came there having waited a while,
Among the green Broom down he lays,
The lady came to him and could not but ſmile,
For ſleep then had cloſed his eyes.

Upon his right hand a gold ring ſhe ſecur'd,
Down from her own fingers ſo fair,
That when he awaked he might be aſsur'd,
His lady and love had been there.

She left him a poſie of pleaſant perfume,
Then ſtept from the place where he lay,
And hid herſelf cloſe in the beſom of broom,
To hear what her true love would ſay.

He waken'd and found the gold ring on his hand,
Then ſorrow of heart he was in,
My love has been here I do well underſtand,
And this wager I now ſhall not win.

Oh where was you my goodly Gawſhawk,
The which I have purchaſ'd ſo dear,
Why did you not waken me out of my ſleep,
When the lady my lover was here.

O with my bells did I ring maſter,
And eke with my feet did I run,
And ſtill did cry, pray awake maſter,
She's here now and ſoon will be gone.

Oh where was you my gallant greyhound,
Whoſe Coller is flouriſh'd with gold,
Why had'ſt thou not waken'd me out of my ſleep,
When thou didſt my lady behold.

Dear maſter I bark'd with my mouth when ſhe came,
And likewiſe my coller I ſhook,
And told you that here was the beautiful dame,
But no notice of me then you took.

O where was thou my ſerving Man,
Whom I have cloathed ſo fine,
If you had wak'd me when ſhe was here,
The wager then had been mine.

In the night you ſhould have ſlept maſter,
And kept awake in the day,
Had you not been ſleeping when hither ſhe came,
Then a maid ſhe had not gone away.

Then home he returned when the wager was loſt,
With ſorrow of heart I may ſay,
The lady ſhe laugh'd to find her love croſt,
This was upon midſummer day.

O Squire I laid in the buſhes conceal'd,
And heard you when you did complain,
And thus I have been to the merry Broom-field,
And a maid return'd back again.

Be cheerful, be cheerful, and do not repine,
For now 'tis as clear as the ſun,
The money, the money, the money is mine,
The wager I fairly have won.

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rinted and Sold by J. Pitts, No. 14, Great St,
Andrew ſtreet, Seven Dials.

Price One Penny.

COUNTRY JOHN's GARLAND.

In TWO PARTS.



PART I.

Country John's unfortunate Ramble to London, or the Tricks of a Town Jilt.

YOU young men that down in the country do dwell.
Come liſten awhile to my ſong, ſir;
While my ſad misforunes to you I do tell,
Pray do not think the time long, ſir:
I liv'd in the country as ſweet as a roſe,
But one day in a hurry I pack'd up my cloaths
My beſt fine doublet, my hat, and my hoſe,
And away I came trudging to London.
When I came to London, that famous fine place,
I viewed the ſteeples ſo high, ſir.
Such I ne'er ſaw before in all my born days,
Lord, how they did hallow and cry, ſir!
Here are fine ſnuff boxes fit for your noſe,
Some crying artichoaks, others old cloaths,
I thought, in my heart, they'd been calling their cows,
They made ſuch a racket in London.
But as I ſtood with my trunk on my back,
Being both cold, wet, and weary,
One came up to me and aſk'd what I lack'd,
She was dreſt up as fine as a lady:
I turned me round & look'd her in the face,
Good madam, ſaid I, I do want a place;
She ſmil'd upon me with a ſimpering grace,
And bid me right welcome to London.
She ſaid, in the city I have a good friend,
Who wants one to wait at his table;
If you'll ſtay awhile, I for him will ſend,
And do for you what I am able.
Strait into a tavern away ſhe did pack,
I follow'd cloſe with my trunk on my back,
She call'd her maid Betty, & her man Jack,
They both bid me welcome to London.
Mrs. Betty cry'd, Madam, you know I am ſickly,
Therefore if John is but willing
To carry this baſket, we'll come again quickly,
For his pains I will give him a ſhilling:
My brains being drowned in brandy & ſack,
She hoiſted the baſket upon my poor back
And both together thro' the city did pack,
I thought it rare living in London.
She went by my ſide as demure as a mouſe,
Did ever man ſee ſuch a whore, ſir!
Until that ſhe came to a conſtable's houſe.
And there bid me knock at the door, ſir;
I rap'd at the door, and the conſtable came,
The child in the baſket began for to moan,
I look'd over my ſhoulder, but Betty was gone,
Then I wiſh'd myſelf ſafe out of London
Said I, here's a preſent. He ſaid, who ſent it?
At that I began to look blue, ſir.
No matter, ſaid I, with my pains I'm contented,
But he cry'd out, that will not do, ſir:
He pulled a painted ſtaff out of his pocket,
And about my head did luſtily knock it,
Beſides he call'd me ſoft-pate & blockhead,
And this I got by coming to London.
The baſket was tied up as faſt as might be,
Which added much to my vexation,
And in it indeed was a pretty young babe,
Which put the man into a paſſion:
A diſh full of pottage he threw in my eyes,
The people did halloo, the baſtard did cry,
I wiſh'd myſelf ſafe in my own country,
I was weary of living in London,
I went to the tavern, the place where I drank,
But, neighbours, if you will believe me,
The lady was gone, and ſo was my trunk,
Thought I, the devil go with you:
This put me in a paſſionate rage,
I had loſt all my cloaths and ſeven years wages,
And a baſtard I had got in a wicker cage,
This I got by going to London.
The very next morning without any dodging
My troubles came thicker and faſter,
I to Bridewell was ſent to beat hemp for my lodging,
To maintain myſelf and the baſtard:
And then for a twelvemonth I daily did beg,
Till I'd neither ſtocking or ſhoe to my leg,
With the brat at my back I was forc'd to beg,
And this I got by going to London.

PART II.

The Jilt paid in her own Coin; or, Country John's Revenge for the Trick ſhe played him.

ONCE as I was begging in Biſhopſgate ſtreet,
It being ſad rainy weather,
With Mrs. Betty I happen'd to meet,
She and the old whore together:
Now I'll be revenged on theſe two whores,
For this is the time to pay off their ſcores;
So I followed them unto their own doors,
For I was acquainted with London.
Thought I, my purpoſe they ſhall not prevent,
If they do the devil is in it;
Without more delay for the conſtable ſent,
And he came with his ſtaff in a minute:
I call'd for aſſiſtance & ſeized them ſtrait,
And then to the people my tale did relate,
They laugh'd at my frolic & pitied my fate,
And ſaid, I had hard fortune in London.
As the conſtable he was ſecuring theſe punks,
Dear neighbours, as I am a ſinner,
I ſtept to the chamber where ſtood my trunk
It was placed juſt under the window;
My cloaths were gone & money likewiſe,
But truſt me I met with a much better prize,
'Twas full of good linnen, pinners, & coifs,
I thought it rare booty in London.
A pair of ſilk breeches lay on the ſhelf,
With a gold watch & rings in the pocket,
Said I, theſe are like to fit none but myſelf,
So I put them ſtrait under my jacket;
Both ribbons & laces I pillag'd good ſtore,
My breeches were full, I could cram in no more,
While the jades were ſcolding I ſlipt out of doors,
And away went jogging from London.
I ſcamper'd away as faſt as I was able,
To be going I was very willing,
The brat I left lying under the table,
Who cry'd like a pig that was killing:
The conſtable ſerved his warrant on them,
And to New Bridewell he did carry them,
And they may ſtay till the devil fetch them,
For I'll never come more to London.
You young men that live in the country ſweet,
I'd have you to keep your old maſters,
And never go up to the city, for fear,
You meet with ſuch like diſaſters:
For London's as ſharp as the edge of a knife,
The city is filled with faction and ſtrife,
Boys, nought is ſo ſweet as a coutry life,
Let ſuch as want wit go to London.

Printed and Sold by J. BUTLER, High Street, Worceſter.—Sold alſo by S. Hazell, in Glouceſter; J. Cooper, in Kidderminſter, and G. Lewis and A. Gamidge, in Worceſter.

A NEW SONG CALLED

A NEW SONG, CALLED

THE ENDYMION'S TRIUMPH.



COME all you valiant British tars, attend unto my theme, (claim,
In eighteen hundred and fifteen this fact I will pro-
As we were cruising of New York, the night it being clear, (near.
Bold Mars to us a message sent an enemy was

On January fifteen, just by the dawn of day,
We 'spied a Yankee frigate, that just had put to sea,
To her our squadron soon gave chace, but all soon dropt behind, (wind.
Except the bold Endymian, who flew before the

It was a handsome chace, my boys, as ever yet was seen, keen;
Each man stood to his quarters, for victory was
When, about the hour of four o'clock, long tom began to tell, (could sail so well.
With her we soon came up, brave boys, our ship

Their commodore Decatur all hands on deck did call, (very small,
Saying, "Be of good courage men, their vessel's
Besides we have two men to one, so boys be not asleep, (deep."
For less than in ten minutes we'll sink her in the

But soon he found his great mistake, at five o'clock at night, (bloody fight,
We gave to them three daring cheers and began the
This was their boasted frigate in her they did con-fide, (Yankee pride.
But soon the bold Endymion pull'd down their

Two hours and forty minutes with courage void of fear, (decks so clear,
This bloody fight we did maintain and swept her
When she haul'd down her colours, our valiant captain cries, (dent's our prize.
Well done, well done, my brave boys, the Presi-

We had twenty kill'd and wounded, thank God we had no more, (in their gore,
Whilst one hundred of those Yankees lay weltering
And more than twenty wounded most grevious was their cries, (very skies.
Their bitter moans and dying groans did rend the

The President she was well manned, five hundred was her crew, (true,
Three hundred and forty the Endymion were 'tis
Yet nurs'd in the lap of victory those Yankees did despise, (geous boys.
For we were all bold British tars and stout coura-

A curious observation, twelve months that day were spent, (to us sent,
Since this proud Yankee commodore a challange
We joyfully accepted it British honour to con-tend, (the same commend.
But our commodore would not permit, nor yet

Full sore it griev'd bold captain Hope that contest to decline, (are mine,
But now he may exult and say Decatur you
I long'd to meet you on this coast and sought you with much toil, (you British soil.
And since I have you snug on board, I'll shew

This action we'll record in the annals of British fame.
Her sixty-three to forty-eight it was unequal game,

Since we left Plymouth harbour, in eighteen hundred and thirteen, (taken,
All along the Yankee coast we have thirty prizes

Bold captain Hope commanded us, his praises we'll proclaim, (tish fame,
To him the greatest honour due, he merits Bri-
"Be silent men," was all his cry, "bring all your guns to bear, (grape prepare."
And do not fire one shot in vain, both round and

It would take the quill of Homer or Virgil to indite, (night,
The valour of our officers, display'd upon that
Our undaunted first lieutenant, bold Morgan of renown, (Yeaman.
Mr. Garson, Mr. Ormon, bold Fanshaw and

But on the seventeeth brave boys at twelve o'clock at night,
We lost our fore and main mast to us a doleful sight
To see us in this dreadful gale an adament heart would weep, (into the deep.
Our quarter deck and forecastle guns we plung'd

But soon we rigg'd our jurymasts when that the gale was o'er, (ceas'd to roar,
The weather it came fine and clear, the billows
But soon another gale arose which lasted three whole days, (dous were the seas.
In the gulph stream we were toss'd about tremen-

Our prize she was dismasted and much injury sustain'd, (she's gain'd,
Than God she's now arrived safe the anchorage
Thus kind heaven protected us, all dangers we surviv'd, (arriv'd.
For now in sweet Bermuda our ship and she's

Now let commodore Decatur and all his Yankee crew, (tars can do,
Write home to cowardly Madison what British
Whilst our trophies we'll bring home unto the British shore, (pests cease to roar.
And cans of grog we'll pledge my boys now tem-

So fill to me a flowing bowl and let the toast go round, (rels he is crown'd,
God prosper long bold captain Hope, with lau-
Success to our bold officers and all our valiant crew,
And may all British seamen their victories pursue.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.---Price One Penny.

A *LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF*

Fair Rosamond,

Concubine to Henry 2nd.

Who was put to death by Queen ELEANOR, in the famous Bower of Woodstock, near Oxford—To the Tune of Flying Fame.



WHEN as King Henry rul'd the land,
The second of the name;
Besides the Queen, he dearly lov'd,
A fair and comely dame:
Most peerless was her beauty found,
Her favours and her face.
A sweeter creature in this world,
Could never Prince embrace.
Her pretty locks like threads of gold,
Appear'd to each man's sight,
Her comely eyes, like orient pearls,
Did cast a glorious light.
The blood within her chrystal cheeks,
Did such a colour drive,
As if the lilly and the rose,
For mastership did strive,
Fair Rosamond, Fair Rosamond,
Her name was called so,
To whom dame Eleanor, our Queen,
Was known a deadly foe:

The King therefore for her defence,
Against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock built a pretty bower,
The like was never seen.
Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doors.
Did to this bower belong;
And they so cunningly contriv'd,
With turnings round about
That none but with a clew of thread,
Could enter in and out.
And for his love and lady's sake,
That was so fair and bright,
The keeping of this bower he gave,
Unto a gallant Knight:
But fortune, that doth often frown,
Where it before did smile,
The King's delight, the lady's joy,
Full soon she did beguile.

For the King's most gracious son,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father waged war,
Within the realm of France.
But yet before our comely King,
The English land forsook,
Of Rosamond, his lady fair,
His farewell thus he took.
My Rosamond my only Rose,
That pleaseth best my eye
The fairest flower in all the world,
To delight my fancy:
The flower of my affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excell;
My royal Rose, ten thousand times,
I bid thee now farewell.
For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebels to abase:
But yet my Rose beare thou shalt,
My coming shortly see:
And in my heart, when hence am I,
I'll bear my Rose with me.
When Rosamond, that lady bright,
Did hear the King say so,
The sorrow of her grieved heart,
Her outward looks did show:
And from her clear and chrystal eyes,
The tears gush'd out a-pace,
Which like the silver pearled dew,
Ran down her comely face.
Her lips like to the coral red,
Did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
Her vital spirits did fail;
And falling down all in a swoon,
Before King Henry's face,
Full often within his princely arms,
Her body did embrace.
And twenty times, with watery eyes,
He kiss'd her tender cheeks,
Until he had reviv'd again,
Her senses mild and meek.
Why grieves my sweetest Rose?
The King would often say,
Because, quoth she to bloody wars,
My Lord must pass away,
But since your Grace, in foreign parts,
Among your foes unkind,
Must go to hazard life and limb,
Why should I stay behind,

Nay, farther let me, like a page,
Thy sword and target bear,
That on my breast the blows may light,
That would offend you there.
O let me to your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at night,
And sweet baths refresh you,
At your return from fight;
So I your precious may enjoy,
No toils I will refuse;
But wanting you my life is death,
Which doth true love abuse.
Content thyself, my dear, quoth he,
Thy rest at home shall be,
In England's sweet and pleasant soil,
For travel fits not thee;
Fair lady's brook, no bloody wars,
Sweet peace their pleasure breed,
The nourisher of heart's content,
Which fancy first did feed,
My Rose shall rest in Woodstock bower,
With music's sweet delight,
Whilst I, among the piercing pikes,
Against my foes do fight:
My Rose, in robes of pearl and gold,
With diamonds richly dress'd,
Shall dance the galliards of my love,
Whilst my foes lies oppress'd
And you Sir Thomas, whom I trust,
To be my love's defence,
Be careful of the gallant Rose,
When I am parted hence.
And therewithal he fetch'd a sigh,
As though his heart would break;
And fair Rosamond for very grief,
One word she could not speak,
And at their parting they well might,
In heart be grieved sore,
After that day fair Rosamond,
The King did see no more;
For when his Grace had pass'd the seas,
And into France had gone,
Queen Eleanor with envious heart,
To Woodstock came anon,
And forth she calls this trusty knight,
Who kept this curious bower,
Who with a clew of twined thread,
Came from this famous flower:
And when they had wounded him,
The Queen this thread did get,
And went were lady Rosamond,
Was like an angel set.

But when the Queen with stedfast eyes,
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her mind,
At her exceeding grace:
Cast off from thee, these robes she said,
That rich and costly be,
And drink thou this deadly draught,
Which I have brought to thee.
But presently upon her knees,
Sweet Rosamond did fall.
And pardon of the Queen she crav'd,
For her offences all:
Take pity on my youthful years,
(Fair Rosamond did cry,)
And let me not with poison strong,
Enforced be to die.
I will renounce my sinful life,
And in some cloister hide,
Or else be banished if you please,
To range the world so wide;
And for the fault that I have done,
Tho' I was forc'd thereto
Preserve my life, and punish me,
As you think good to do
And with these words her lilly hands,
She wrung full often there;
And down along her comely face,
Proceeded many a tear:
But nothing could this furious Queen,
Wherewith appeased be.
The cup of deadly poison strong,
As she kneel'd on her knee.
She gave this comely dame to drink,
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand;
And casting her eyes up to heaven,
She did for mercy call,
And drinking up the poison strong;
Her life she lost withal.
And when that death in every limb,
Had done her greatest spite,
Her greatest foes did there confess,
She was a glorious white:
Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Woodstock near to Oxford town
As may be seen this day.

Printed and sold by J. Pitts, No. 14, Great St. Andrew Street seven Dials.

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 pain'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,
If pray stop your proceeding,
I am no ways qualified,
Either 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 transgressor,
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.

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The Leominster Tragedy,

(Written by W. Cartwright,)

On the Murder of Mary Cadwallader,

By her Husband, a Blacksmith of that Town.

THE sun had bow'd its crimson head,
Beneath the Western sky,
And Eastern darkness follow'd close,
To tinge the crimson dye,
The flocks and herds were seeking rest,
The birds had ceas'd to sing,
The clarion cock had perching, fix'd
His head beneath his wing.
When that vile monster! in his rage,
CADWALLADER by name,
He slew the partner of his bed,
And brought himself to shame,
A tender Mother's prayers and tears,
Had interpos'd in vain,
The kind advice of all his Friends,
He treated with disdain.
Blasphemy hung upon his tongue,
His language was most vile,
The bare recital of his words,
Would make the blood recoil!
Twas on the fourth of September,
Eighteen hundred and fifteen,
About the hour of nine at night,
Produc'd the horrid scene.
When stretch'd upon an humble couch,
The helpless victim lay
Without the means to give offence,
In any sense or way.
Her languid eyes, by sickness, far
Within their sockets prest,
Which had not known for many nights,
A single moments rest.
Were fore'd in terror to behold,
Although a tender wife,
Her husband lift his murd'rous arm,
To take away her life.
The harmless infant in the bed,
Behold its Mother die,
But vengeance in the Father's eyes,
Forbade the child to cry.
How could the Murd'rer lift his hand,
Against that helpless frame,
Who had no pow'r to call for help,
Nor yet resist the same.
He marr'd the handy work of God,
And stole the life away,
And left the torn and mangled form,
A skeleton of clay.
Stretch'd out upon the garden fence,
Expos'd to public view,
A greater act of cruelty,
The tyrant could not do.
The Jury by a strict review,
The marks of violence found,
The pressure of the murd'rer's hand,
Her neck encircled round.
The limbs and body cover'd o'er,
With excoriations deep,
The sight would make a Jew relent,
Or cause a turk to weep!
'twas murder of the blackest dye,
Sure vengeance cannot sleep,
Such tricks before high Heaven played,
Would make the angels weep!
Soon the dismal cry of murder,
Smote the unsuspecting ear,
While each passenger in pity,
Heard the tale, and dropt a tear!
Now behold him girt with irons,
Lying in a dismal cell,
Struggling with a guilty conscience,
On the breaking brink of hell!
Next before the seat of justice,
There to answer with his life,
Where they cry behold the murd'rer!
That's the man that kill'd his Wife!
Two poor children in the workhouse,
Where by charity they're fed,
Daily calling for their Mother,
Not suspecting she is dead.
Where is Mother gone and left us?
She was never us'd to stay,
Don't you cry she'll come this evening,
You shall go with me to play.
How my little heart does flutter,
That's her coming at the style,
If you'll settle up the playthings,
I will go and see the while.
'tis not her its another woman,
Mother's bonnet was not red,
Master told Anna this morning,
That our Mother dear was dead.
Dead, what's dead! is that for Mother,
Oh! I wish that she would come,
And bring along with her our father,
That we may once more go Home.
Thus he stabb'd his children's comfort,
Loading them with guiltless shame,
Before their harmless infant tongues,
Could scarcely lisp a Father's name.
The Indians with their children labour,
Under scorching rays of sun,
And press them to their sooty bosoms,
When their daily work is done.
And shall these dark benighted heathens,
Vie with Christians in their love
And yield a more complete submission,
To the mighty God above?

Behold the union that subsists,
With beasts and birds of wing,
The silver tribe that plough the deep,
And ev'ry creeping thing.
The planets in their orbits move,
Obedient to their course,
But stubborn man and man alone,
Is subject to remorse.
The pois'nous adder hides herself,
And crawls into the earth.
The crocodile and rattle snake,
Are dreaded from their birth,
They move in their envelop'd spheres,
Impervious to the sight.
Like guilty men whose deeds are such
As will not bear the light,
While innocence excites no fears,
Witness the harmless dove.
So virtuous men are always mov'd,
To offices of love.
But whither can a murd'rer go,
Or whither can he fly?
He surely is not fit to live,
Nor is he fit to die.
Could he obtain a Seraph's wings,
And bend his aerial flight,
To break abruptly on the realms,
Of everlasting light.
And there approach the throne of God,
That ever sacred place?
Could he lift up those downcast eyes,
Upon Jehovah's face?
Could he engage those countless troops,
That sit around the throne,
To hail him as a welcome guest,
And make his cause their own?
Conscience will here depict a scene,
That language cannot paint,
A wretch condemn'd by God himself,
By Saviour and by saint!
Methinks I hear the righteous Judge,
These awful words express,
How could'st thou thus intrude thyself,
Without the wedding dress?
Here take and bind him hand and foot,
And cast him from this place,
He shall not enter in my rest,
Nor shall he see my face!
On passing through the realms of bliss,
Should he behold his wife,
Without a spot or blemish there,
Removed to endless life.
How would the stings of conscience pierce,
And harrow up his soul,
As downwards to the burning gulph,
He must in torments roll!
There to deliver up himself,
A pray to satan's power,
And bend beneath a load of guilt,
In that distressing hour.
Sent up within a ghostly womb,
Where sinful spirits lie,
For ever feeling pains of death,
And yet can never die.
Here let the bloody murd'rer pause!
Before he lifts his hand,
And think how his poor fainting frame,
Such torments could withstand!
Torments beyond the utmost stretch,
Of any human thought,
The wisdom of the wisest here,
Will all amount to nought.
When man to man in open court,
Appear on life and death,
What price would not the prisoner give,
To shield his dying breath?
When scarcely one poor moment's pain,
The victim has to dread,
All stretch'd at length a lifeless corpse,
And numbered with the dead!
If then our fears are stretched so far,
For this poor frame of clay,
What will the dying spirit feel,
On that tremendous day!!
When God shall wound the hairy scalp,
Of those that will rebel,
And class them with those rebel chiefs,
That from his glory fell.
Nay, had we pow'r to judge the world,
Could we such crimes protect,
And can we think the righteous Judge,
His creature will neglect?
The blood of Abel cry'd aloud,
For vengeance to the Lord.
Of this we have an ample proof,
In his most holy word.
And can he think his crimes are less,
Or heaven has chang'd its will,
I greatly fear he'll find too soon,
That murder is murder still.
The law of God is so concise,
There can be no mistake.
And since my God will have it so,
I'd keep it for his sake.
The act of grace has never slept,
This may the wretch reprieve,
For Christ himself expressly says,
"Who ever will may live.'
But who would tempt the Lord of Hosts,
And sin because he's good,
'tis twice ten thousand pities sure,
That any mortal should.
Besides the danger sinners run,
No human tongue can tell,
They sell their precious soul for nought,
And make their bed in hell.
But since we can't avert his fate,
Nor bring again the past,
Let's offer up a solemn prayer,
That he may be the last
That brings disgrace upon this town,
By such a dreadful crime,
And may this sentiment prevail,
Until the end of time.

WILLIAM CADWALLADER, a native of Ludlow, was tried at hereford Lent assizes, and Executed there, on Monday, April 1st, 1816, and his body delivered to the surgeons.

Printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great St. Andrew-street, Seven Dials.
Price One Penny.

Expos'd to public view,
A greater act of cruelty,
The tyrant could not do.
The Jury by a strict review,
The marks of violence found,

And shall these dark benighted heathens,
Vie with Christians in their love
And yield a more complete submission,
To the mighty God above?

Printed and sold [illegible]

Price One Penny.

THE WANTON VIRGINS FRIGHTENED,

With the Spy's Downfall, from the Tree Top to the Pond Bottom.

Or the Old Man Strangely Surprized, and Bugbear'd, by the black Bandileers, and Buff Coats.



YOU that delight in a jocular ſong,
Come liſten unto me awhile ſir.
I will engage you ſhall not tarry long.
Before it will make you to ſmile, ſir

Near to the town there liv'd an old man
Had three pretty maids to his daughters
Of whom I ſhall tell ſuch a ſtory anon,
Will tickle your fancy with laughter.

The old man he had in a garden a pond
'Twas in fine ſummer weather,
The daughters one night they were all
To go and bathe in it together (fond

Which they all agreed, but happened to
Eſpy'd by a youth in the houſe ſir. (be,
Who got in the garden and climb'd up a
And there lay as ſtill as a mouſe, ſir (tree

The branch where he ſat it hung over a pond
And each puff wind made it totter.
Pleas'd with the thought he fit for abſcond,
And ſee them go into the water.

When the old man was ſafe in bed,
The daughters to the pond went ſir
One to another laughing ſaid,
As high as our breaſts we'll venture,

Upon the tender green graſs they ſat down,
And they all were of delicate features,
Each pull'd of her petticoats ſmock and gown
No ſight could ever be ſweeter.

Into the pond they then dabbling went,
So clean that they needed no waſhing
But they were ſo unluckily bent,
Like boys they began to be daſhing.

If any ſhould chance to ſee us ſays one,
They'd think we were guilty of evils
And from the ſight of us they would run
To avoid ſo many white devils.

This put the youth in a merry pin,
He let go his hold through a laughter
And as it fell out he fell tumbling in,
And ſcar'd them all out of the water

The old man by this time a noiſe had heard,
And roſe out of bed in a fright, ſir.
And came to the door with a ruſty old ſword
There ſtood in a poſture to fight, ſir.

The daughters all came tumbling in;
And over their dad they did blunder,
Who cry'd out aloud, mercy good gentlemen
And thought they were thieves come to plunder,

The noiſe by this time the neighbourhood
Who came with clubs to aſſiſt him, (heard
He ſaid three ſturdy rogues ran up ſtairs,
He dar'd by no means to reſiſt 'em.

For they were all cloathed in buff,
He ſee as they ſhov'd in their ſhoulders
And black bandileers hung like a ruff
Which made him think they were ſoldiers.

The virgins their cloaths in the garden had left
And the keys of their trunks in their pockets
To put on the ſheet they were fain to make
Their cheſt they could not unlock it, (ſhift.

At laſt they ventur'd up one of theſe valiant
Tho' armed with courage undaunted, (men
But took them for ſpirits and run back again
And ſwore that the houſe it was haunted.

As they retreated the young man they met,
Come ſhivering in at the door, ſir.
Who look'd like a rat his clothes dripping wet
No rogue that was pump'd could look worſe

All were amaz'd to ſee him come in,
And asked of him what was the matter,
He told them the ſtory where he had been,
Which made them burſt into a laughter,

Quoth the lad dad I was in a huff,
And reckon'd to cut them aſunder,
Thinking they had been three ſoldiers in buff
And came there to riſle and plunder.

But now they are my daughters whom I adore
All frighted from private diverſion,
Therefore I'll put up my ruſty old ſword,
For why ſhould I be in a paſſion.

Pitts Printer and Toy Warehouſe, 6, Great St. Andrew Street 7 Dials.

The Weaver's Garland,

Or, a New School for Christian Patience.



SWEET dear & loving wife
My fenles are at ſtrife,
About this careful life,
For we decline;
Times being grievious hard.
All trading ſpoil'd and marr'd
I have a ſweet regard,
For thee and thine.
I thank you for your care.
Yet husbands don't deſpair,
Let us with patience bear,
Theſe troubles here,
Dear love, 'tis all in vain.
To weep, ſigh, and complain
Love, we may thrive again,
Be of good cheer.
My deareſt love, ſaid he,
How can I cheerful be,
While pinching poverty,
Knock at the door?
and will not hence depart.
But wounds me to the heart,
I never felt ſuch ſmart,
Sweet wife, before.

Dear Husband do not make,
Such mean for Heaven's ſake
Of me this councii take,
Your boſom friend.
By patience put your truſt,
In him that made you firſt.
When times are at the worſt,
Sure they will mend.
Dear love, it may be ſo,
But while the graſs doth grow
The ſteed may ſtarve you know
Then 'tis too late.
So my dear family,
Which wants a quick ſupply
By long delays may die,
O cruel fate.
Sweet husband don't deſpair,
Avoid diſtracting care,
I will the burden bear,
Along with you.
Our ſons and daughters they,
Shall work, and if we may,
Get bread from day to day,
Love, that will do.

At a ſad diſmal rate,
Sweet wife thou know'ſt of late
My loſſes have been great,
By wicked men.
Pine not for worldly pelf,
Bleſs God we have our health
and that is more than wealth,
Be thankful then.
Job loſt abundance more,
Beſides his body ſore;
Yet he with patience bore,
While tidings came.
How all the ruins lay,
He patiently did ſay,
God gives and takes away,
Bleſt be his name
Job did not fume and fret
When with theſe things he met
Dear loving husband let,
Us imitate.
His patience while in pain,
Job found it not in vain,
God raiſ'd him up again,
And made him great.

Love, I have often read,
How Job was comforted,
Yet I am full of dread,
And fear, for why,
Our family is large,
ſix children are ſome charge,
We fall within the verge,
Of poverty.
Dear husband don't repine,
Nor grudge this charge of mine
Bleſt be the powers divine,
ſweet babes they are
When we ſhall aged grow.
With locks like winter ſnow
They may, for ought I know,
Leſſon our care
It is a great offence,
To diſtruſt Providence,
Whoſe bleſſed influence,
Takes ſpecial care.
Of all the ſons of men,
Husbands be chearful then,
God will be gracious when,
Thankful we are.
My fingers do not itch,
To be exceeding rich,
May we but get thro' ſtitch,
Keep from the door.
The greedy wolf of prey,
And all our dealers pay,
Believe me what I ſay,
We need no more,
I and my children dear,
Will work then never fear,
But we ſhall ſomething clear,
Tommy ſhall weave.
The girls ſhall all begin,
Forthwith to card and ſpin,
Which will bring ſomething in
Then never grieve.
Thoſe hands that ne'er wrought
ſhall be to labour brought,
All which I never thought.
Wou'd be till now;
But in regard I ſee,
It is my deſtiny,
I'll draw along with thee.
God ſpeed the PLOUGH.

I value not to dine,
On ſumptuous diſhes fine,
With rich and racy wine,
From foreign parts.
Good wholeſome bread & beer
Inſtead of better cheer,
Let us receive my dear,
With thankful heart.
In all conditions ſtill,
Let us not take it ill,
ſince 'tis his bleſſed will,
It ſhould be ſo,
Whether we riſe or fall,
Our ſubſtance great or ſmall,
Content is all in all,
My dear you know,
O moſt indulgent mate;
After this long debate,
My comforts they are great,
In a kind wife.
Tho ſome may think it ſtrange
My fancy ſeem'd to range,
But now a happy change,
Doth bleſs my life.
For to my joy I find,
A ſweet compoſed mind,
I wiſh that all mankind,
Was full as well,
Deſpair's a dreadful thing
And does poor mortal bring,
Unto the bitter ſting,
Of death and hell.
Sweet wife and hearts delight,
I had been ruin'd quite,
In death's eternal night,
Had'ſt thou not been.
The happy inſtrument,
That ruin to prevent;
Love, joy, and ſweet content,
I now am in.
Tho' ſlender is my ſtore,
Yet I'll deſpair no more,
That man is truly poor,
Who wants content;
But where content's increas'd,
'Tis a continual feaſt,
Praiſe God I am releas'd,
Death to prevent,

As God gives me grace,
This council I'll embrace;
Deſpair ſhall not take place,
In me henceforth;
Farewell litigious ſtrife,
And come my cheerful wife;
Thy words have ſav'd my life
God bleſs us both.
And all mankind likewiſe,
From the calamities,
Which do as fogs ariſe,
From foul deſpair;
Let doubtful Chriſtians fly,
In their extremity,
To God who ſits on high,
By fervent prayer.
He is a man's friend in chief,
The fountain of relief.
When I was loſt in grief,
And at the worſt.
My dear indulgent bride,
Her council was my guide;
In God I'm ſatisfied,
In whom I truſt.
My children, wife, and I,
We will ourſelves apply,
To true induſtry
And leave the reſt;
To Providence divine,
Henceforth I'll not repine,
I hope that me and mine,
Shall ſtill be bleſt.
Thus by the good wife's care
The husband in deſpair
Was brought at length to bear
His ſorrows rife.
The bitter cup of grief,
Her words did yield relief,
She was his friend in chief,
And faithful wife.
Good men and women pray,
That hear me now this day,
Labour now without delay,
To live in love;
Aſſiſt each other ſtill,
In fortune or good ill,
then you'll have a blessing still
Come from above,

Printed and ſold by J. Pitts 14, Great ſt, Andrewſtreet even Dials.

The Doating Mother's Garland.

PART. I.

YOU Gallants of London I pray draw near awhile,
To hear a pleasant ditty, will make you to smile.
'Tis of a Merchant's Widow who did in London dwell,
And she had store of riches, as many people tell.
She had a handsome Daughter, indeed she had no more,
And she was heir as we do find, to all her worldly store;
A sailor to court this maid did come, but he was poor,
Yet nevertheless the maiden fair, she did him much adore
This handsome couple had agreed to wed in a short time
If that the good old woman, they could get in the mind,
But of her gold and silver she such a God did make,
She kept her Daughter single, all for her fortune's sake.
The Daughter said, Mother, pray let me wed my dear,
For we have loved each other, above these seven years;
The Mother said, Daughter, have him with all my heart
One farthing of your portion, I will not to him part.
The Daughter said a reason for that give me to know,
Six thousand pounds my father left me that is true,
As long as I have wealth enough, I'll have the man I love
And therefore now I hope you will of the match approve
Then straightway in a passion the old woman did swear
You are too young to marry, therefore, I pray forbear,
For you must let me marry first, altho' I'm old and grey
I have a tooth within my head, that is coltish I say,
Now this money will bring a husband brisk and young
is time enough for you to begin I think when I have done,
Child, you never knew the bliss, therefore you cannot pine,
As for my good man have done this long and many a time.
Dear mother you make me blush to hear you talk so wild
But since you do a husband want I swear as I'm a child,
I'll stay till you are marry'd I hope 'twill not be long,
I hope to have the man I love so let the game go on
Pray fit me for the country for there I mean to go,
And there the jolly Sailor will not be in my view;
So the old woman rejoic'd at this, did fit her out straight way
Thinking that she to Worcestershire would go without delay,

PART. II.

This crafty young Damsel had a frolick in her head
She sent for her truelove and unto him did say,
My mother says her money, must her a husband buy,
For without a bedfellow she cannot much longer lie.
And therefore I'm resolved this frolick for to play,
I'll cut my lovely white hair off, and dress in man's array
A suitor to my Mother, I'll go in this disguise,
And bite the old woman of all her golden prize.
Her lover laughed heartily to hear the same,
Saying, if you proceed 'twill be a pretty game,
But prithee dost thou think she will not know thy face,
Ne'er fear reply'd the Maiden for this must be the case,
I'll stifle her with kisses and put her in surprise,
I'll vow and swear I nothing see but beauty in her eyes
And if she does at any time gaze upon my face,
I'll in her bosom lay my head her heart to embrace,
I have friend who soon will go my person to command,
And tell her I'm in love with her and she will for me send
So fare you well my dearest this frolick I'll pursue
And every day I'll let you know, how matters they do.
The old woman thinking her daughter out of town,
She was resolved now she would not lie alone
That she amongst her friend a visiting would go.
In hopes to get a husband as she walked to and fro'.

Part 3rd.

Her Daughter dressed like a Beau one day she did meet,
Who kindly embraced her and swore the kiss was sweet,
Dear Madam, I am deep in love before that we do part,
I beg you'll tell me where you live or else you'll break my heart,
She said, go along with me, if your love is true,
You are a charming handsome youth and I can fancy you
I've a store of gold and silver to make you rich and great,
A chariot where you may ride footman on you to wait.
She did never think who this young spark might be,
She took her new acquaintance home immediatly
The spark he went a courting and solemnly did swear,
Ten thousand charming beauties in her eyes there were.
Then gave her many kisses, and sit her on his knee,
And told her such a story would make a comedy,
The old woman did simper and was pleased to the heart,
Saying, a Diamond Ring I'll give you e'er we part,
Then up stairs she took her love, to see her golden store
Saying the day I marry I'll give you this and more,
But can you love heartily, tell me my charming dear,
Because you see that I am very far advanced in years,
And you are but a stripling in your youthful prime,
I fear you will a roving go and leave me to pine,
Dear Madam, I never did love roving in all my life,
I'll be constant as the dove, when you become my wife,
My dear said the old woman upon St Andrew day,
We will be joind together in private I do say,
I'll make thee master of my store before in bed we go,
That you the better may reward my love for doing so,
With many amorous kisses they parted for that night
She goes unto the sailor, her joy and heart's delight,
She gave him the ring and told her good success,
And tho' she had the breeches on did lovingly embrace,
A courting to her mother each day she constant went,
At length St. Andrew's day did come unto their content,
To church for to be married this couple they did hie,
The marriage being over, the fun came by and by.

PART IV.

And soon as the bridegroom did come within the door
She took and made him master of all her store,
Her gold, her bonds, her leases. she did to her spouse resign.
Saying, take possession of my store or thou art fairly mine
This being done, the female bridegroom began to be in
Which way the golden prize to convey unto her dear, (fair
Then turning to her mother, she said my heart's delight,
We'll go abroad to dine to day, then home again at night
The Bride she had a sister lived in Hanover Square.
She agreed to go thither her spouse to meet her there,
The chariot was got ready so soon as she was gone,
The Bridegroom for the sailor sent and told him what was done.
The sailor took the prize and she went to her bride,
And entering the room her aunt was struck with surprize
She said, if that be your husband I verily do fear,
It is your only daughter does the breeches wear.
The devil take her, if it be so the mother she did say
Now stedfastly I look at her, I think it is she,
But to be further satisfy'd I solemnly do swear, (to stare,
I soon will have the breeches down which made the beau
Then rising in a passion did about the breeches fall (all,
The daughter laughed heartily she had no strength left at
She cried how can you be so rude such a thing to discover
I am sure I am as good a man as ever was my mother.
she having got the breeches down found the thing was
She said, for thus deceiving I will make you to rue, (true
It is not in your power the daughter she did say,
You fairly did surrender your treasure unto me.
Now I'm resolved to morrow to wed the sailor bright,
I think it is high time I should know that delight,
That sets you a longing, and when that I have done
You may get another husband when it comes to your turn
Then old woman then tore the hair off her head
The next day the youthful lady did the sailor wed
The mother yet a hundred a year does possess,
And when it comes to her turn she is to be caress'd.

Printed at. Pitts, Toy Warehouse 6, Great a Andrew street 7 dials,

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 bengal 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 adabominable, a ho be bo pe jacko cracko ſelto,—ſwift, fly, begone, quick preſto paſſa largo mento he cocolorum 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 ſhe 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 Botteny house Bay.—Here is the vonderful Baboon that danced a Paddy dow and played at le ap frog, with the celebrated Muſter Barrington.——Here is the vonderful ſuperious ſpotted Tom Cat, of the anale ſpecies vich can ſee as well in the dark as without 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 Lor 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.—Yee'up Govenor, what a 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—Billy, Billy, my boy run and ſtuff a blanket in that 'ere hole, or all the little ones will 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 ſtand off the ſteps 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—there 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's your time to ſee that vonderful vooden Rocius 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. Andrew street 7 Dials

THE

Unhappy Lady of Hackney.





YOU youthful charming ladies fair,
I pray now give attention,
Unto this dismal tragedy,
Of which now I shall mention,
At Hackney liv'd a gentleman,
Who had two comely daughters,
And one was married to a squire,
Which caused this disaster.

The youngest daughter being fair,
And of a comely feature,
Her sister's husband night and day,
Did tempt this lovely creature,
Telling her it was no sin,
For him to embrace her,
Besides he'd have a special care,
It never should disgrace her.

This innocent unto his bow,
Indeed he quickly brought her,
Then took her from her parents house,
With many a tear they sought her;

Crying, alas! where is gone,
My youthful child so tender,
Thus in destraction night and day,
Her parents did lament her.

In all the news both far and near,
Her father advertis'd her,
Yet he no tidings of her heard,
So secret he did hide her;
At length she big with child did prove,
While this her amorous lover,
Did oft frequent her company,
None knew it was her brother,

At length in travail strong she fell,
So great was her sorrow,
That she could not delivered be,
So sending for her brother,
With wringing hands and wiping eyes,
In dreadful lamentation,
O worst of men, she then did say,
You've wrought my dissolution.

Your wife my tender sister dear,
Does little know my sorrow,
My troubled soul shall take its flight,
From hence before to morrow,
O, sister dear forgive the crime,
And heaven shew some pity,
For heinous was the fault of mine,
You wretch that did deceive me.

Before my soul forsakes this place,
And death's cold arms enfold me,
I'll write unto my parents dear,
Who will never more behold me;
And you, vile traitor whilst you live,
Seek no more virgin's ruin,
Repent, repent, I say in time,
For vengeance is pursuing.

See how the pains in every part,
Do rend my heart asunder,
O Death come send thy piercing dart,
I can't endure it longer,
Seize ye the infants life also,
Whose name would be infamous,
Because its parents did unkind,
By acting things incestuous.

She being delivered of her child,
Her life did soon expire,
Likewise her tender infant dear,
Which thing she did desire.
In Covent Garden church indeed,
In private she was buried,
But heaven did bring the thing to light
The lines she wrote were carried.

Unto her loving parents dear,
These words were then expressed,
My loving friends all pity me,
Whose case is most distress'd.

With floods of tears the same I write,
It was my cruel brother,
My loving sister's husband sure,
Whose faults I cannot smother.

He overcome me once with wine,
And us'd me at his pleasure,
Then took me from my parents dear,
In sorrow out of measure.
I lay surrounded night and day,
With child then by my brother,
Which struggled long within my womb
And I the unhappy mother.

When her dear parents read the same
It fill'd their souls with terror,
Her father cry'd my daughter dear,
Would I had known thy sorrow.
Her corpse they quickly had took up,
With surgeons for to view her,
For fear that she should murder'd be,
By him that did undo her.

At length in travail strong did fall,
Whilst many did lament her,
It was the cry of one and and and all,
That there was none could help me;
And I my precious life must lose,
So before it departed,
I wrote these lines to let you know;
The traitor prov'd false hearted.

Her eldest brother a hopeful youth,
Grief burst his soul asunder,
And he this life did soon depart,
His sister rav'd like thunder,
To think her husband was so base,
To prove her sister's ruin,
Her parents said, alas, my child,
Your death is our undoing.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials. Price 1d.

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The Weeping Mother, in Four Parts,

BEHOLD in tears my pēn in hand I took,
With a design to write a little book,
And the cause of my writing I confess
Is for to shew the grief and heavitness.
Some tender aged parents undergo,
Thro' stubborn wicked children who will show,
No honour unto them, for want of grace.
But laugh and scoff their parents in their face.
In writing now, time will not give me leave
To mention all those persons that do grieve
At stubborn children; I'll mention but one
Poor mother who was forc'd to make her moan.
Near Puddle Dock a porter's widow there,
Who thro' a wanton daughter forced where,
To spend her time in tears, with grief at heart,
And she regarded not her mother's smart,
At twelve years old this creature she begun
Her sinful wicked wanton race to run:
And in it she did run for seven years,
Which caused her mother many flood of tears.
Many a time within her mother's door,
And would not come for a month's time or more:
She on a time as she from home once lay,
With weeping eyes her mother she did say.
I really think no mother's griefs like mine.
To break my aged heart is her design:
Some parents with ten children ha'nt such trouble
As I have got with one, my grief is double.
My aged heart within me pants and bleed
Of joy and comfort now I stand in need:
She every day my sorrow does renew,
My soul is griev'd O what shall I do?
As she was grieving, home her daughter came,
And with tears. her mother did her blame,
She said, Daughter, this race which now you run,
Will break my heart, and I shall be undone.
Behold in tears, thy aged mother weep,
Neither day nor night can I have any sleep,
For thinking on thy sad and dismal state,
Thinking on thy soul before it be too late.
As for your tears, the daughter said, that fall,
To tell the truth, I do not mind at all;
I am young, so do not me controul,
'Tis time enough as yet to mind my soul.
Presumptuous wretch, the mother then did say,
How many people drop off every day;
And have not time to say, Lord pardon me,
If you do so, thy soul will ruin'd be.
Keep on your course her aged mother cry'd,
I in this world have not long to abide,
But when I'm gone, the time will come to thee,
To wish perhaps thou had been ruled by me

PART II.

NEXT morn she from her mother went again,
And she from her a fortnight did remain;
And when that she came home again, 'tis said,
Her mother then was on her dying bed.
Seeing her face, her dying mother said;
Daughter, behold thy aged mother laid
Upon her bed in cries and misery,
Waiting till death doth come and set me free
Of all my grief——my hours are but few,
Daughter, I have for to remain with you;
The time is near at hand, and we must part,
'Tis you have broke your tender mother's heart.
Daughter, thro' thee I have suffer'd many years,
And thou regardest not thy mother's tears;
I hope my sufferings here a means will be
To enjoy kind heaven's felicity.
Where I shall have no cause to weep at all,
Nor tears of sorrow on the ground let fall;
But shall rejoice were saints and angels sing
Sweet Hallelujah's to their heavenly King.
Before this earthly mansion I do leave,
Daughter this council unto thee I give,
Forsake thy wicked ways least than at last,
For sining thus in Satan's net be cast.
No crown of glory is there to be had,
If that's thy lot, thy portion's very bad;
Never with saints and angels for to sing,
But cries and groans of them that are burning
Daughter, think on the things that I have.
And let thy mother's will be now obey'd; said,
Fly, from thy sin, and turn to God she cry'
Then with a groan her tender mother dy'd.
Now when she saw her mother really dead
She stampt and tore the hair from off her head!
And with a groan, she fell into a swoon,
And like as one dead she dropt upon the ground,
Some people being there all strove amain
To bring the creature to herself again!
And by degrees she did at length revive,
And said, thanks be to God I am alive.
O dear, said she, Where [illegible] been?
What strange [illegible] have I seen?
I have been hurryed to and fro'
What she had seen, she gave them thus to know:
"As in this my sad condition laid,
Two of my neighbours daughters came and said:
We see you are with grief opprest like us,
Come let us go where we shan't suffer thus.
Large briary groves and woods we wandered thro',
And over hills and large high mountains too;
At length we came into a valley where
Where was store of pleasant flowers growing there
When having past this valley, we
A great way on high hills did see,
A City that that was glorious to behold,
Whose gates they look'd to be of beaten gold.
To them that were with me I thus did say,
What glorious City's that? Tell me I pray,
These words they unto me exprest
This is the seat of everlasting rest:
This is the place wherein we may depend
Our weary journey will be at an and:
Therefore put on let us amend our pace,
That we may go into a resting place.
At length we came into this City, where
Just at a gate a man was sitting there
he said unto me, Pray who would you have?
ur answer was: of you we comfort crave.
He answer'd thus, tell me from whence you came
And tell me one by one what is your name?
This thing we did of which he notice took,
And hearing our names he open'd the book.
And having look'd therein he said to me,
ithin this book the names of both these be.
I have the names of both these two,
Begone, there is no resting place for you
This couple they have serv'd God in their youth,
They took great pains for to maintain the truth;
ut as for thou, thou didst despise the grace,
Therefore for thee there is no resting place.
The City is the New Jerusalem,
The Lord of it will accept of them;
But has for the he will not entertain,
Thou must return from whence thou cam'st again.
Hearing those words with tears I begg'd and pray'd,
To be admitted in, and thus he said:
There is no resting place for thee, begone in haste,
Lest thou in Satan's dark dungeon be cast,
Then in my sight the gates he open'd wide,
And my companions in he well did guide:
And after him the gate he shut with speed,
And I was left in saddest sorrow to grieve.

PART III.

O then with grief of soul I weep amain,
And then homewards I did return again;
I lost my way, and in a place drew near,
At which I many shrieks and groans did hear.
One cry'd, O dear, another cry'd, alas!
It was my sins that brought me to this place.
The sins I acted in my youthful days,
Brought me to feel such torments as these.
As I the place of torment passed by,
A grim creature on me cast an eye,
And with his paw ye pull'd me in his den,
But I thro' mercy got from him again,
'Tis a great mercy that I alive remain:
This thing will be a warning piece, and I
ill serve the Lord my maker till I die.
Two pious damsels they now a living be,
This couple are alive that were with me;
In serving of the Lord was their delight,
And honouring their parents day and night.
They never caused their parents for to grieve,
And while I have day on earth to live,
These pious creatures will I imitate,
That I like them may enter heaven's gate.
I do lament to my great grief and care,
Of heaven's bliss no sinner shall have share,
I'm certain of the place where sinners go.
It is a gulph of torment, grief and woe.

PART IV.

When she sent for her old consorts withal,
And when they came these words she let fall,
If you had seen what I have seen I'm sure,
You'd never grieve your aged parents more,
All you that have living parents this day,
For their dear lives see unto God you pray
For be they poor or rich, surely there's none
But will be wanting when they're dead and gone
I have no parents living for my part,
The loss of my dear mother grieves my heart
My conscience tells me 'twas my wicked ways
That were the shortening of my Mother's days.
She was a tender Mother unto me,
I took her for my foe but now I see,
My only friend and great supporter's dead,
My mother was not miss'd till she was dead
I am friendless left, my sins I will forsake
And to a pious life myself betake
My care shall be to keep God's just command
That he in time of need my friend may stand,

Pitts Printer 6, Great St, Andrew street 7 Dials.

The STRAND Garland.

YOUNG men and maidens that to love belong,
Come draw near, and liften awhile to my fong,
And I make no queftion but this ditty
Muft pleafe many perfons both in town and city.
It is of a nobleman that I do write,
No leſs than a duke, at the play-houſe one night,
A charming fair creature he happe'd to ſpy
Who match like an angel appear'd in his eye.
He went for diverſion to pleaſure his mind,
That he was ſo ſmitten, and Cupid we find
Was the chief actor, and ſuch anticks played,
That this noble perſon unto his man ſaid,
Follow this fair lady wherever ſhe doth go,
And where ſhe houſes come and let me know;
And upon my honor to-morrow I'll ſee
Whoſe daughter ſhe is, and if my bride ſhe'll be.
The play being over, away went the man,
And found that this lady liv'd in the Strand;
Then ſtrait to his maſter he went, and did tell,
Where ſhe did live, which pleaſed him well
With his coach and ſix, and attendence next day,
Unto to this here houſe he rattled away;
And found twas a draper, and there I proteſt,
Who gaz'd at the ſtar that appear'd on the breaſt.
The duke ſaid, Old father, tell unto me,
How many you have in your family;
The draper reply'd a kind loving wife,
A maid, and a daughter I love as my life.
The duke ſaid, Laſt night I at the play,
A creature, whoſe beauty my eyes did betray:
I'm told 'tis your daughter, whoſe beauty ſo ſhin'd,
Now let me ſee her, ſir, pray be ſo kind.
She came to his preſence. When he ſaw her face,
With theſe kind words he did her embrace:
Fair lady, Your beauty ſo charmeth me,
Without your conſent unhappy I be.
Like a modeſt creature to bluſh ſhe was ſeen,
And made him this anſwer, My birth is to mean
For your noble perſon; I muſt be content
With ſome meaner fortune. Then away ſhe went.
He ſaid to her father, I am apt to think
Tradeſmen are ſo taxed that you may want chink;
I look for no fortune, if ſhe can love me,
A lady of honor ſhe quickly ſhall be.
Her father ſaid, Gain her love, as I live
Ten thouſand pounds with her I will give.
He ſaid, never fear but her love I can gain,
Then adieu my father. Till I come again.
The duke being gone, her father did ſay,
Incline you to honour, dear, this is the way;
This man is a perſon of honour and fame,
And if you refuſe him, you are much to blame.
She ſaid, Loving father, I needs muſt tell you,
This is a hard thing you requeſt me to do:
And as ſhe ſpoke, her eyes did overflow,
The cauſe of her weeping you ſoon ſhall know.
At laſt with much courting, and preſents beſide,
Perſuading, ſhe promiſed to be his bride;
And great preperations were made for the day,
But there was a ſtumble blog in the way.
They went to the church the marriage to embrace,
But as they were marrying conſcience in her face
Flew in ſuch a manner, that on the ground
This beautiful damſel dropt into a ſwoon.
This cauſed confuſion, at laſt we hear,
She fetch'd a ſigh, and ſome ſenſe did appear;
Then up ſhe was raiſed the knot for to tie,
But ſhe dropt again, and ſaid ſhe ſhould die.
The miniſter ſaid, this is ſome private thing,
This maid hath acted, her conſcience doth ſting;
Surely ſhe is ingaged ſome other man,
Or elſe for the honour of marriage ſhe'd ſtand.
She fetch'd a deep ſigh, ſaying, What ſhall I do?
The miniſter then took her into a pew;
And then did aſk her what made her grieve:
With tears in her eyes an account ſhe did give.
Unto my father's prentice wedded I be,
And for that reaſon conſcience won't let me
Be weddid to another, ſince I am with-child.
In being ſo haſty my fortune is ſpoil'd.
The duke ſaid, by me you have done very ill,
To hold me ſo long. Thy huſband I'll kill:
He ſoon might have ended this terrible ſtrife,
By ſaying, Deſiſt, ſhe is my wedded wife.
Then in a great paſſion away he did go,
Unto her father, with ſorrow and woe.
In tears ſhe returned, and when ſhe came in,
Her mother to check her thus did begin:
O ſhe on you daughter! why did you thus run
So into diſtruction, now you are undone;
In being ſo haſty for to be a wife,
You are ſurely ruin'd all the days of your life.
The father ſaid, Strumpet, pray hear what I ſay,
Had you been prudent this laſt-ſame day
You had been a lady to a noble peer,
Now inſtead of your honour poverty is here.
One ſtabbing of poiſon, as I am a man,
I never will give you, ſo ſhift as you can:
For this private thing I never will own thee more,
So to her grief ſhe was turn'd out of doors.

THEN inſtead of pleaſure and mirth that day,
Vexation and ſorrow bore all the ſway;
The duke he was vexed, and her parents dear,
Inſtead of good wine drank many a tear.
For making his daughter his wedded wife,
For his part the prentice doth lead a ſad life;
He could not be at quiet; ſo for to have eaſe,
In the Royal Severeign he went on the ſeas
She had a rich uncle that liv'd in pall-mall.
Her griefs and ſorrows to him ſhe did tell:
Saying, Loving uncle, do entertain me
Till my angrey parents reconſiled be.
He ſaid To entertain thee, that will not I;
As you have made your bed, ſo in it you may lie;
For thore that croſs parents with love are not bleſt.
So out ſhe was turn'd, then her ſorrows increas'd.
Her grief was farching and inwardly great,
Her child lay panting and daily did beat;
When the was expired, ſhe had a young ſon,
And when deliver'd her ſorrows begun
In time of her weakneſs this women indeed,
Herſelf and poor innocent babe then to feed,
A very rich locket, and a watch of gold,
Six rings, and ſome trinkes ſhe had them ſold.
Threeſcore and two guineas ſhe had for the things,
'Tis an old ſaying That Riches have Wings'
Three ſcore of the guineas the nurſe away took
And while ſhe lay ſleeping the her forſook.
Being now among ſtrangers and all ſubſtance left,
She ſaid, Of all comforts and joy I am bereft;
Never did young flower meet with ſuch a blaſt;
I'm cropt in my bud and my pleaſures are paſt.
In pleaſing my fancy, when I choſe to wed,
A world of ſorrows I've brought upon my head,
Wrte my parents tender, and loving indeed,
They would have pity and caſe me with ſpeed.
Thought no offence, to my parents, or God,
When I choſe my flower, but I find the rod,
Of the Great Almighty as ſore upon me;
Alas! my dear infant, we ſtarved ſhall be.
As ſhe ſat lamenting: in the ſhape of a man
The Devil apperr'd, as ſome witneſs can:
And ſaid, thy great ſorrow we very well know,
'Tis tho unkind parent that you ſuffer ſo.
I came from your father, he ſent me to thee,
I tell thee he never will reconcil'd be;
Thus inſtead of better the caſe muſt be worſe,
And ſuch unkind parents I'd have thee to curſe.
A blot in their eſcutcheons I'd have thee to make,
The trade of a town miſs I'd have you to take;
Your beauty is tempting, and if thou can ſt crack,
Good fellows and guiners thou nee ſt not to lack.
There's none lives a life like a miſs of the town
Like ladys in pleaſure they walk up and down:
At the ſchool of Venus they take their degree,
Which would become ſuch a beauty as thee.
To lead ſuch a life and to ſuffer the while,
Is a piece of nonſence; as for the child
Which may hinder pleaſure, the brat you may kill
And then for deverſion take pleaſure at will.
To hear this bad council the jealous did grow,
She gueſs'd him no man, and ſhe found it ſo!
She ſaid, Thou deceiver, thy words I defy,
E re I will turn harlot I'll inſtantly die.
Tho' it is my hard fortune thus to be poor.
I'll not kill the child, nor will I turn whore;
'Tis beſt to be honeſt, tho' poor here on earth,
Than wicked in place, and burn after death.
Like a roaring lion you ſeek day and hour,
Mankind to hurt, and then to devour;
Then with the infant ſhe fell down to pray,
Which made the deceiver to vaniſh away.
When he was gone, ſhe ſaid, Hard fate's on me
And ſeeing my parents thus hard hearted be;
Unto a foreign country away I will go,
As they of my lamentable end may not know.
SHE went to the change, and herſelf hid fell,
Unto a captain who knew her father well;
And when he had bought her, this captain indeed,
Did ſend for her father, who came with ſpeed,
And ſeeing his face ſhe fell on her knees,
And ſaid, dear honoured ſir, if you pleaſe
To give me your bleſſing, it is all I crave;
I am ſold to the captain, and am going his ſlave.
This made his old eyes with tears to flow,
He ſaid unto her, I hope it's not ſo:
It ne er ſhall be ſaid, Thy father s cruelty,
Did prove his child s ruin, thou ſhalt go with me.
One night thy mother was haunted with dreams
And though the ſaw three floating on the thames;
And where to find thee none of us could tell:
Come hither to me, and all ſhall be well.
Being thus invited, ſhe home did retire,
When her mother ſaw her, ſhe ſaid, my deſire
I have obtained. Then with a ſmile
She did embrace her, and likewiſe the child.
The mother ſaid, Daughter, you look meſt ſad
Where is the locket and jewels you had?
A true account of her griefs they too,
And having hard it both their heads ſhook.
For ſtaying away they both did her check,
And put a gold locket about her neck;
Rich rings on her fingers, and a watch by her ſide.
Now ſhe that was baniſh d does with parents abide
For her ſake young people may well be content
In that thing call'd marriage, when friends conſent;
Such things done in private may great honour blaſt
And inſtead of joy bring diſtruction at laſt.

Printed and ſold by J. Evans, No. 42, Long-lane, Weſt-ſmithfield.



D. Teniers pinx.

Of all the Trades from East to West,
The Cobler's past contending,
Is like in time to prove the best
For evry Day 'tis mending.

The COBLER.

How great his Praise, who can amend,
The Soals of all his Neighbours:
Nor is unmindfull of his End,
But to his Last still labours.

Printed for Carington Bowles, Map & print seller in S.t Pauls Church yard, London.



The Sailor's Return.

Just on the Beach arriv'd, with great Surprize,
Jack *sees his* **Molly**; *Him too* **Molly** *spies:—*
What! is it Thou? with open Arms She cries—
Then drops the brittle Goods She sells for Bread,
While all aghast beside stands Messmate **Ned**,
And points where flows the Bowl, & Gen'rous Red,

But **Molly's** *Mother, more sagacious, opes*
The wealthy Chest, on which She plac'd her hopes,
And for the richest Prizes careful gropes.—
The settled Crew gay Mirth and Love proclaim:
One leads aloft the mercenary Dame;—
Who drunk, returns her Load from whence it came,

Contemning Wealth, which they with Risk obtain,

Thus Sailors live, and then to Sea again.—

Printed for Carington Bowles in St Pauls Church Yard, London: 18



The Return from the Chace. set by Mr. Leveridge.

The sweet rosy Morn peeps over ye Hills, With Blushes ddorning the

Meadows & Fields: The merry merry merry Horn calls come come come a-

way, Awake from your Slumber, and hail the new Day; the

The Stag rouz'd before us,
Away seems to fly,
And pants to the Chorus
Of Hounds in full Cry;
Cho: Then follow follow follow follow
The Musical Chace,
Where Pleasure and vigrous
Health you embrace;

The Days sport when over,
Makes Blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Fresh Charms for the Night.
Cho: Then let us let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let Love crown the Night
As our sports crown ye Day.

For the Flute.



A Song Sung by Mr. Leveridge The Words by Mr. Durfey.

Celladon when Spring came on, woo'd Silvia in a Grove, both gay and young and still

he Sung, the sweet delights of Love. Wedded Joys in Girls and Boyes, and pretty Chat of

this & ye. the honney Kiss, & charming Bliss, that Crowns ye Marriage Bed he snatch'd her

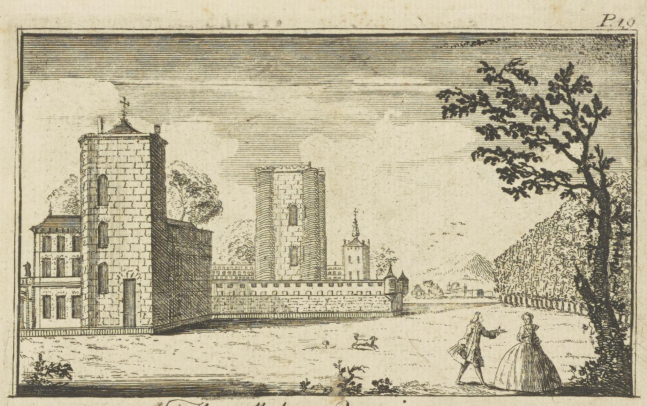
hand, she Blush'd & Kind, & seem'd as if afraid forbear the Grys ye famming Eyes, I've vow'd to Dye a Maid.



Celladon at that Began,
To talk of Apes in Hell.
And what was worse the Odious Curse,
Of growing Old and Stale,
Loss of Bloom when Wrinkles come,
And offers kind when none will Mind,
The Rosie Joy and sparkling Eye,
Grown Faded and Decay'd,
At which when Known,
She chang'd her Tone,
And to the Shepard Said
Dear Swain give O're I'le think once More,
Before I'le Dye a Maid,

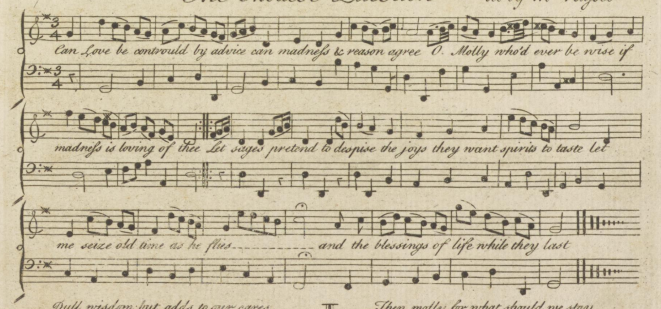
Flute.

P. 19



The Modest Question

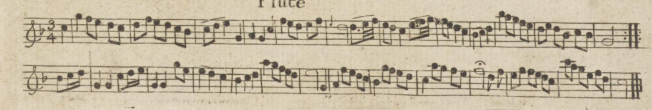
set by Mr Russel



Dull wisdom but adds to our cares,
Brisk love will improve every joy:
Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
Too late may repent being Coy:

Then molly for what should we stay,
Till all our best blood does run cold,
Our youth we can have but to day,
We may always find time to grow old.

Flute





The Huntſmans Rouſe. For 2 Voices.

In Compaſs of the French Horn.

The Hounds are all out & the Morn-ing does peep, why how now you

The Hounds are all out & the Morn-ing does peep, why how now you

Sluggardly Sot, How can you how can you lie ſnor-ing aſleep, while we all a

Sluggardly Sot, How can you how can you lie ſnor-ing aſleep, while we all a

Horseback have got my brave Boy, while we all a Horseback have got.

Horseback have got my brave Boy, while we all a Horseback have got.

2

I cannot get up, for ỹ over nights Cup
So terribly lies in my Head,
Besides my Wife cries, my dear do not rise,
But cuddle me longer a bed my dear Boy,
But cuddle me longer a bed.

3

Come on with your Boots & saddle your Mare,
Nor tire us with longer delay;
The cry of ỹ Hounds, & ỹ sight of ỹ Hare,
Will chase all our Vapours away my brave Boy,
Will chase all our Vapours away.

FLUTE



The return from the Chace.

Set by Mr. Loveridge.

The sweet rosy Morning, peeps over the Hills, With blushes adorning the

Cho.

Meadows & Fields: The merry, merry, merry Horn calls come, come, come a

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The Stag rous'd before us,
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Health you embrace.

The Days Sport when over
Makes Blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Fresh charms for ye Night.
Then let us, let us now enjoy
All we can while we may;
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown ye Day.

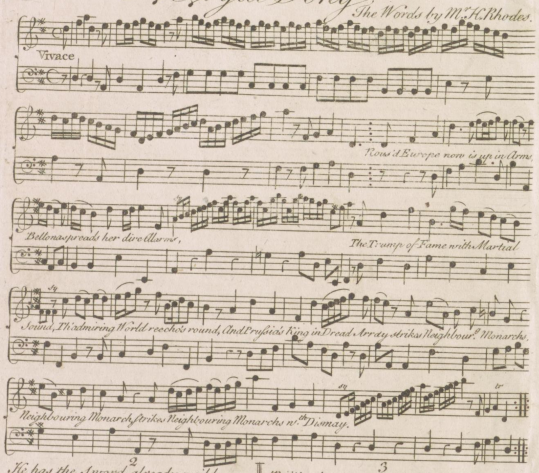
Flute



B. Cole sculp.

A Loyal Song

The Words by Mr. H. Rhodes.



2

He has the Sword already weild,
And Dy'd with Blood the Waring Field,
From Iron Mouths grim Death has roll'd,
And mimic Thunder frights the World,
Whole Armies now for fight prepare,
And Kings Invoke the Gods of War.

3

Brittania once rose high in Fame,
No state but dreaded Brittains Name,
As far as is the farthest Shore,
Albions Lions been heard to roar,
France does England now deride,
Rouse up and crush the Gallic Pride.

4

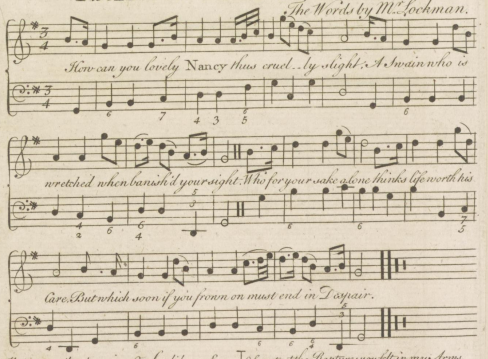
Send flying Death enwrapt in Lead,
Your Chain and Shot with double head,
From Bellowing Lungs thro Pervious Air,
Destroy her Coast, her Monarch Scare,
Assert your Rights home Victory bring,
And save your Country and your King.



B. Cole sculp.

The INCONSTANT Fair One.

The Words by Mr. Lockman.


How can you lovely Nancy thus cruel..ly slight; A Swain who is
wretched when banish'd your sight. Who for your sake alone thinks life worth his
Care. But which soon if you frown on must end in Despair.

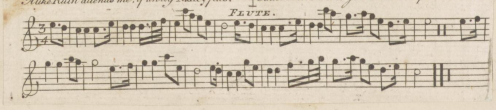
If you meant thus to torture, O why did your Eyes,
Once express so much softness, & sweetly surprize,
By their Lustre inflam'd I could not believe
As they shed such mild Influence, they cerwous deceive.

But alas like the Pilgrim bewilder'd in Night,
Who perceives a false Splendor at distance invite,
Overjoy'd he hastes on, pursues it and dies,
Alike Ruin attends me, if away Nancy flies.

O forget not the Raptures you felt in my Arms,
When you call'd me dear Angel & unveil'd all your charms,
When you vow'd lasting Love & swore with a Kiss,
That in my fond embraces was center'd all Bliss.

Fairest, but most obdurate, consider that Woe,
Will like sickness neglected more desperate grow,
That your Heart may relent, I implore the kind Powers,
Since I'm constant as yours Sex, be not fickle as ours.

FLUTE.





E. B. Cole fecit.

Strephon & Molly.

Young Strephon he went t'other Day to the Wake for some Huckle my Buff and a
Gingerbread Cake But Oh he was joyous, and bobbish, and jolly, when on the Gay
Green he discover'd his Molly, Oh he was joyous, and bobbish, and jolly, when on the gay
Green he discover'd his Molly.

2

Brisk Molly came tripping along ye gay Green,
As fine as a Horse, or a Gingerbread Queen,
Young Strephon went to her & made a low Bow.
And he look'd, if so be, as he cou'dn't tell how.

3

With that they began without any Pother,
Of talking of this, and of that, and of t'other,
And though she would push, & would cry let me go,
Yet he prest her likewise, & he squeaz'd her also.

4

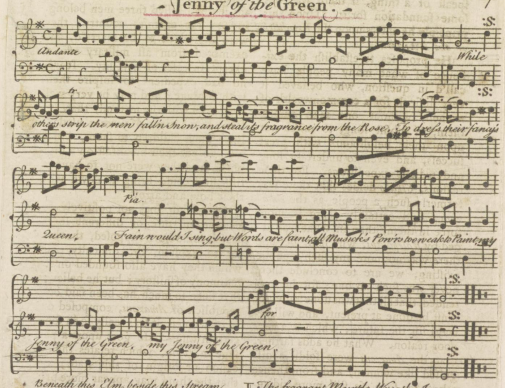
Come all ye young Youths of St Laurences Parish,
Who love every thing that is finish and rarish,
Be joyous, and buxom, and bobbish, and jolly,
Sing Molly & Strephon, & Strephon & Molly.

German Flute.



B. Cole Sculp.

Jenny of the Green.



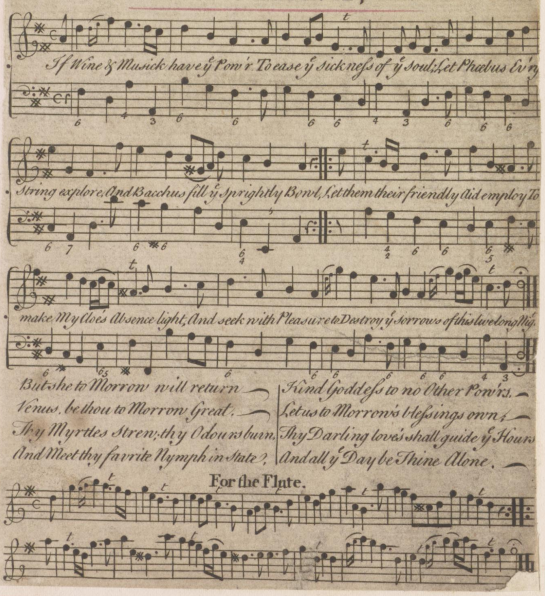
Beneath this Elm, beside this Stream,
How oft I've Tun'd the fav'rite Theme,
And told my Tale unseen;
While faithful in the Lovers cause,
The Winds would murmur soft applause,
To Jenny of the Green.
With Joy my Soul reviews the Day,
When deck'd in all the Pride of May,
She hail'd the Sylvian Scene;
Then ev'ry Nymph that hop'd to please,
First strove to catch the Grace and Ease,
Of Jenny of the Green.
Then deaf to ev'ry rivals Sigh,
On me she cast her partial Eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble Mein;

The fragrant Myrtle Wreath I wear,
That Day adorn'd the Lovely Hair,
of Jenny of the Green.
Through all the Fairy Land of Love,
I'll seek my pretty wandring Dove,
The Pride of gay Fifteen;
Though now she treads some distant Plain,
Though far a part I'll meet again,
My Jenny of the Green.
But thou old Time 'till that bless'd Night,
That brings her back with speedy Flight,
Melt down the Hours between;
And when we meet the Loss repay,
On lot'ring Wing prolong my Stay,
With Jenny of the Green.

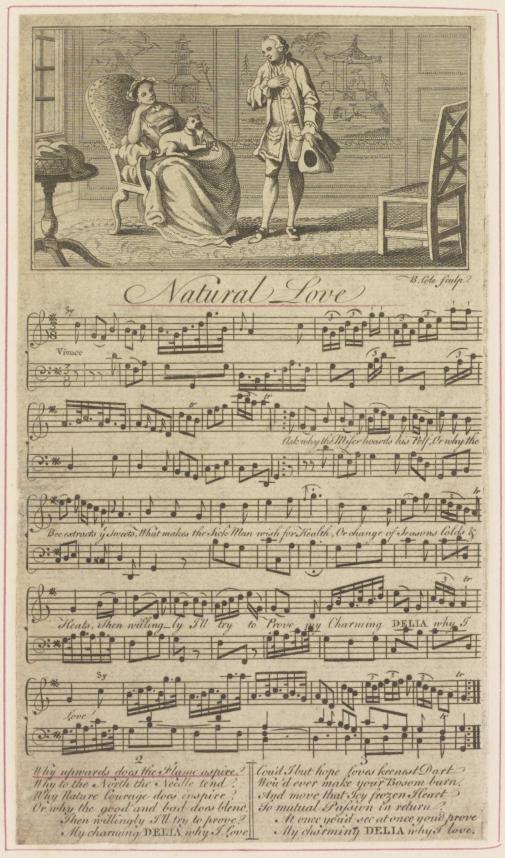


D. Lole sculp.

The Jovial Lover,



For the Flute.


B. Cole sculp.
Natural Love
Vivace
Ask why th's Miser hoards his Pelf, Or why the
Bee extracts y Sweets, What makes the Sick Man wish for Health, Or change of Seasons Colds &
Heats, Then willing_ly I'll try to Prove my Charming DELIA why I
Love
Why upwards does the Flame aspire?
Why to the North the Needle tend?
Why Nature Courage does inspire?
Or why the good and bad does blend.
Then willingly I'll try to prove
My charming DELIA why I love
Cou'd I but hope Loves keenest Dart
Wou'd ever make your Bosom burn,
And move that Icy frozen Heart
To mutual Passion in return?
At once you'd see at once you'd prove
My charming DELIA why I love.



B. Cole Sculp.

The Fly.

Set by Dr. Green

Busy curious thirsty Fly, Drink with me and Drink as I, Freely welcome

Busy curious thirsty Fly, Drink with me and Drink as I, Freely welcome

to my cup, Could'st thou sip and sip it up. Make the most of Life you may,

to my cup, Could'st thou sip and sip it up. Make the most of Life you may,

Life is short and wears a-way, Life is short and wears a-way,

Life is short and wears a-way, Life is short and wears a-way,

Both alike are mine and thine, Hasten quick to their decline, Thine's a Summer, mine no more, Tho Augmented to threescore, Threescore Summers, when they're gone Will appear as short as One. Will appear &c.

Time seems little to look back, And moves on like clock or Jack, As the movement of the fly, Fortune swiftly passes by. And when Life's short thread is spun, The larum strikes and then its done. The larum &c.

For the Flute



B. Cole Sculp.

DAFFODIL.

Or the Shepherd's Complaint. Sung by Mrs. Smith.

Allegro assai

Spring returns the Farms ad-
vance, Leading on the sprightly Dance, leading on the sprightly Dance
O'er the Fallow o'er the Glade, Thro' the sunshine, thro' the Shade, Whilst I for
torn and pensive still, Sit sighing for my Daffodil.

2

See the wanton Nymphs appear,
Smiling all, as smiles the Year,
Sporting print where e'er they tread,
Daisie Ground or Primrose Bed.
Whilst I &c.

3

Now the Swain with wat'ry Shoe,
Brushes by the Morning Dew:
With officious Love to bear,
Fresh blown Cowslips to the fair.
Whilst I &c.

4

Gentle Nymphs forsake the Mead,
To my Love for Pity plead,
Go ye Swains and seek the fair,
This my last Petition bear.
Whilst I &c.

5

Sweetest Maid that e'er was seen,
Dance at Wake; or trip the Green,
See a lovesick sighing Swain,
Hear my Vows, relieve my Pain,
Or with your Frowns for pity kill,
Too Charming, Cruel Daffodil.

1 KINGS, iii. 4, 5.—11, 12, 13, 14.
2 CHRONICLES, i. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

To Gibeon's chosen altar,
Did Solomon repair,
And his appointed sacrifice,
Devoutly offer'd there.

That night, to him, God, in a dream
Appear'd; and thus said He—
"Request of me what thou wouldst have:
"What I shall give to thee."

And Solomon to God said, "Thou
"Great mercy hast display'd
"Unto my father David, and
"Me his successor made.

"Now, O Lord, let thy promise to
"My father 'stablish'd be;
"For o'er a nation num'rous, Thou,
"As King, hath called me.

"Wisdom and knowledge grant me now,
"To rule this people great:
"With judgment righteous, while they
"Shall on my counsel wait."

Then God to Solomon replied—
"Since this was in thine heart,
"Wisdom and knowledge to ask, that thou
"Mightst act aright thy part:

"And dost not riches, honours, or
"Long life as wisdom prize;
"None of all these thou seekest, nor
"The life of enemies:

"Lo, then, according to thy words,
"Is granted thy desire;
"And much more I will give, than thou
"Didst of my Pow'r require.

"A wise, discerning heart thou hast,
"To that I'll riches add;
"No king shall honour have like thine,
"None ere thee such has had.

"And if thou wilt my statutes keep,
"And so walk in my ways,
"As did thy father David, then
"I lengthen will thy days."

M. G.

4, St Andrew's Square,
Monday, 10th April, 1820.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION
OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

How fallen the mighty! In Death's deep repose,
Mingled in one sad heap, lie friends and foes;
No longer they their ruthless hatred feel,
No more their hands shall grasp the fatal steel.

Now pale and withered on th' ensanguin'd plain,
The fairest flowers in Israel lie slain;
Oh! let thy grief be secret, hush'd thy voice,
Lest Gath should hear, and Askelon rejoice.

Mounts of Gilboa, may no vernal dew,
Nor showers propitious e'er descend on you!
No grateful incense from your vales arise,
No fragrant odours of bless'd sacrifice!

For there was cast away the hero's shield,
Too soon, O Saul! distinguished on the field;
There, though anointed King with sacred oil,
The sovereign's shield became the foeman's spoil.

From Jonathan's curved bow wing'd arrows flew,
And with unerring aim the mighty slew;
Nor found thy sword, O Saul! its sheath again,
Till tinged with crimson dye of heroes slain.

These two fond friends fell fighting side by side,
And as they lived unsever'd, so they died:
Lovely in life, to kindred friendship true,
From Earth to Heaven their souls together flew;
In fleetness they could vie with eagle's flight,
And in their strength could match the lion's might.

Suffus'd with flowing tears in melting strain,
Lament fair daughters! for your Monarch slain—
Who clad you oft in splendour of array,
In scarlet robes, with gold embroider'd gay.

Famed for thy deeds, illustrious on the plain,
Thou in thy might, oh! youth beloved, wert slain;
In what sad accents shall I wail for thee—
How pleasing was my Jonathan to me!

How wondrous strong did thy affection prove!
Surpassing far the height of woman's love!
How fallen the mighty! scattered o'er the plain,
Lie the bright arms of many a hero slain!

4, St Andrew's Square, Edinburgh,
Thursday, 18th May, 1820.

A

SCOTCH PARODY.

Air.—Tibby Fowler o' the Glen.
There's o'er mony wooin' at her.

Cary Brunswick o' the Guelph,
There's o'er mony swearing at her;
Cary Brunswick o' the Guelph,
There's o'er mony swearing at her;
Swearing at her, spying at her,
Lying at her, what's the matter?
Merry elf! its for her pelf,
That a' the louts are swearing at her.

Scores came east, and scores came south,
A' came rowing o'er the water,
A', puir souls! to speak the truth;
So three and forty's swearing at her.
Swearing at her, trothing at her,
Oathing, loathing, cloathing at her;
Filthy brutes! it's for new boots,
That a' the rogues are swearing at her.

Fie upon the filthy louns!
There's o'er mony swearing at her;
Fifteen came frae German towns;
There's *eight-and-fifty* swearing at her;
Swearing at her, mumbling at her,
Tumbling at her, canna hit her;
Tawdry louns! its for new gowns
The hizzies a' are swearing at her.

Be a lassie ne'er sae kind,
Gin a King but frown upon her,
She may live till ninety-nine,
Ere a courtier wad smile at her,
Swearing at her, getting fatter,
Turning from her, crying, D—n her!
Church and King! a pretty thing,
Wi' sic an anti-christian clatter!

Be a lassie ne'er sae foul,
Gie her but the name o' Regent,
And were her throne a cutty stool §,
E'en Church wad be her maist obedient;
Booing at her, wooing at her,
Praying, Yea-ing, Nay-ing at her,
Were she fatter than King Batter,
They wad a' be dressing at her.

§ A stool of repentance, on which Scotsmen, who are too poor to imitate Princes with impunity, are made to stand in a symbolical sheet.

AN ADDRESS,

To her Most Gracious Majesty

QUEEN CAROLINE.

By Mrs MEEK, *Wife of* Mr Thomas Meek, *late Minister of Kirriemuir.*

Most gracious Queen, long may you reign
O'er fair Britannia's Isle;
May all that's good attend your train,
And Heav'n upon you smile!

Your sufferings so peculiar are,
They've caus'd me much alarm;
But if they're sanctified to you,
They can do you no harm.—

Harm, did I say? Quite the reverse;
They're 'tended by the Lord,
To wean your heart from earthly things,
And fix them on His Word.

His Word great comfort gives to those
Who are with grief oppress'd;
And from that Word we are assur'd
His Saints shall find a rest.

I, too, have been Afflictions child;—
Reproach nigh broke my heart;
But Innocence supports me thro',
In spite of all their art.

Long may you live, most gracious Queen!
For you've been very good;
Redressing sufferings of the poor,
Who hardly could get food.

And when you leave this earthly throne,
May you gain heav'n above;
Then God shall be your all in all,
And crown you with his love.

117

EXTEMPORE ADDRESS
TO
EDINBURGH.

BY A LADY.

Nemo me impune lacesset.

My native city, while I thy wrongs rehearse,
I wish I could them mend in better verse.
Had I thy Muse, O Scott! Smooth would my numbers flow,
But ill bestow'd it would be on a theme so low.
Of empty-headed, lawless imps I sing,
Who great disgrace upon our city bring;
"Catch that catch can," is all the law they know,
Thus beggar-like, from door to door they go.
Soon as you here arrive, and scarce sit down,
(Such has long been the state of this fam'd town,)
Enters a petty scribe, so wond'rous wise,
Tho' all his wit in his fore-finger lies—
"This small note, Ma'am, can you settle?" is all he says,
Then sends you an unjust Summons, against ten days!
Self-satisfied, he thinks each movement grace,
Yet graceless are too many of his race.
Scribes ever have been meant mankind to teaze,
Scripture them justly ranks with Pharisees;
By putting their affairs in Writer's hands,
How many lose their all,—houses, and lands:
And this, alas! too oft we find the case—
Knaves do succeed, while worth is out of place.
Still honour'd be Law, where 'tis as justly giv'n,
As Sinai's thunders first proclaim'd from heav'n;
But here, I'm bold to say, it has a flaw,
So that it can't be call'd justice or law.
The higher powers this plain truth may confess,
With them it rests to make the evil less.
Let lawyers all look to their latter end,
For many need their crooked ways to mend:
If each examines well his *last* account,
He'll find that heavy, indeed, is th' amount.

Since the above was written, the Writer is truly happy to learn, that a New Act of Parliament is speedily to be made out, for the Suppression of the foresaid Evil.

Hymn adapted for the Fast Day,

On account of the Cattle Plague.

"And should I not spare Nineveh, that great City, wherein are . . . . . also much cattle."

All Creation groans and travails;
Thou, O God, shalt hear its groan:
For of man and all creation
Thou alike art Lord alone.

Pity, then, Thy guiltless creatures,
Who, not less, man's sufferings share;
For our sins it is they perish:
Let them profit by our prayer.

Cast Thine eye of love and mercy,
On the misery of the land:
Say to the destroying Angel,
"'Tis enough: stay now thine hand."

In our homesteads, in our valleys,
Through our pasture lands give peace:
Through the Goshen of Thine Israel
Bid the grievous murrain cease.

But with deeper, tenderer pity,
Call to mind, O Son of God,
Those in Thine own Image fashion'd:
Ransomed with Thy precious blood.

Hear and grant the supplications,
Like a cloud of incense, sent
Up toward Thy Seat of Mercy,
Through the Forty Days of Lent.

For the widow, for the orphan,
For the helpless, hopeless poor:
Helpless, hopeless, if Thou spare not
Of their basket and their store.

So—while these her earnest accents
Day by day Thy Church repeats,—
That our sheep may bring forth thousands
And ten thousands in our streets;

That our oxen, strong to labour,
May not know nor fear decay:
That there be no more complaining,
And the plague have passed away.

And at last, to all Thy servants
When earth's troubles shall be o'er,
Threefold Godhead, give a portion
With Thyself for evermore. *Amen.*

J. M. N.

It is suggested that for TUNES, Nos. 33, 52, or 93, in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," may be suitable.

PHILLIPSON AND GOLDER, PRINTERS, CHESTER.

65

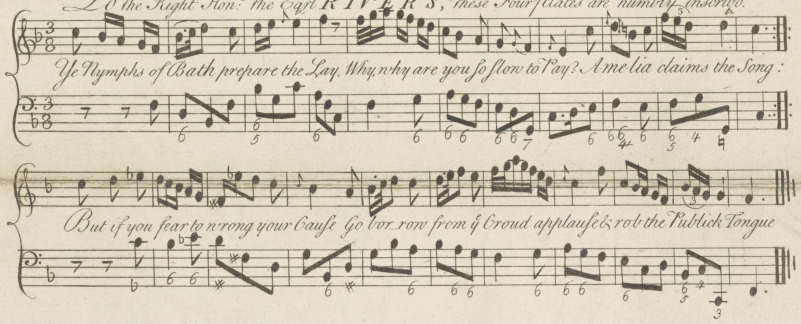


ON

Princess Amelia.

Set by Dr Greene.

To the Right Hon.ble the Earl **RIVERS**, *these Four Plates are humbly inscribd.*



2

Sweet as her softly flowing Name,
Sweet is Amelia's rising Fame;
And as her Virtue Great:
Attend ye Nymphs the favrite sound,
And what from Shore to Shore goes round,
Let Avon's Banks repeat.

3

See, see, and sure you can no less,
See how the thronging People press!
Who, dwelling on her Face.
Cry, is she then of Brunswicks Line?
Are all like Her are all Divine?
And bless the Royal Race.

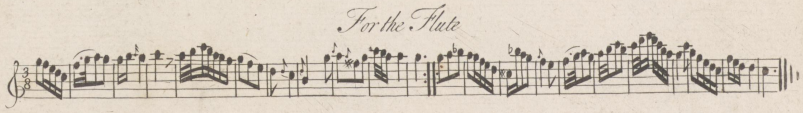
4

Encircled by our British Fair,
The Boast of Nature and her Care!
Amelia charms alone;
And will it not your Ear amaze,
To hear ev'n vanquish'd Beauty praise.
And Pride to be out shone?

5

But chief our Youthfull Heroes trace,
While humbly on that Form they gaze,
And tell us their surprise;
Yet how ye Nymphs can that be said?
No, no; let's be content to read
Their wonder in their Eyes.

For the Flute



THE

NORTHERN DITTY,

Or, the Scotchman outwitted by the Country Damsel.

To which is added,

A SECOND PART,

Shewing how she leap'd over a river and run away with His Money.

To a new Scotch tune; or, Cold and Raw the North did Blow.



COLD and raw the north did blow,
Bleak in a morning early,
All the trees were hid with snow;
Cover'd with winter yearly;
As I was riding o'er the slough,
I met with a farmer's daughter;
Rosy cheeks and a bony brow,
Good faith my mouth did water:
Down I vail'd my bonnet low,
Meaning to shew my breeding,
She return'd a graceful bow,
Her visage far exceeding;
I ask'd her where she was going so soon,
And long'd to begin to parley,
She told me to the next market town,
On purpose to sell her barley.
In this purse, sweet soul, said I,
Twenty pound lie fairly,
Seek no further one to buy,
For I'll take all thy barley;
Twenty pounds more shall purchase delight
Thy person I love so dearly,
If thou wilt lie with me all night,
And gang home in the morning early.

If forty pounds will buy the globe;
This thing I would not do sir,
Or were my friends as poor as Job,
I'd never raise them so sir,
For should you prove one night my friend,
We get a young kid together,
And you'll be gone e'er nine months end;
Then where should I find the father.
Pray what would my poor parents say,
If I would be so silly,
To give my maidenhead away,
And lose my true-love Billy?
O! this would bring me to disgrace,
Therefore I say you may, sir,
And if that you would me embrace,
First marry and then you may, sir.
I told her I had wedded been,
Full fourteen years and longer,
Else I would choose her for my queen,
And tie the knot more stronger;
She bid me then no farther come,
But manage my wedlock fairly,
And keep my purse for my spouse at home,
Some other should have her barley,
Then full as swift as any roe,
She rode away and left me,
And after her I could not go,
Of joy she quite bereft me;
Thus I myself did disappoint,
For she did leave me fairly,
My words knock'd all things out of joint
I lost both the maid and the barley.

PART II.

RIDING down a narrow lane,
Some two or three hours after,
There I chanc'd to meet again,
The farmer's bonny daughter;
Although it was both raw and cold
I stay'd to hold a parley,
And shew'd once more my purse of gold,
When she had sold her barley.
Love said I pray do not frown,
But let us change embraces,
I'll buy thee a new silken gown,
With ribbons, gloves, and laces;
A ring and bodkin, muff and fan,
No lady shall be neater,
For as I am an honest man,
I ne'er saw a sweeter creature.
Then I took her by the hand,
Add said my dearest jewel,
Why should thou disputing stand,
I prithee be not cruel,
She found my mind was fully bent,
To please my fond desires,
Therefore she seemed to consent,
But I wish I'd ne'er come nigh her.
Sir, said she, what shall I do,
If I commit this evil,
And yield myself in love with you,
I hope you will prove civil?
You talk of ribbons, gloves, and rings,
And likewise gold and treasure,
O let me first enjoy these things.
And you shall have your pleasure.
Sure thy will shall be obey'd,
Said I my own dear honey,
Then into her soft lap I laid,
Full forty pounds in money.
We'll to the market town this day,
And straightway end this quarrel,
I'll deck you like a lady gay,
In flourishing rich apparel.
All my gold and silver there,
To her I did deliver,
On the road we did repair,
But coming to a river,
Whose waters were both deep and wide,
Such rivers I ne'er saw many,
She leap'd her mare on the other side,
And left me not one penny.
Then my heart was sunk full low,
With grief and care surrounded,
After her I could not go,
For fear of being drowded;
She turn'd about and says behold,
I'm not for your devotion,
But Sir I thank you for your gold,
'Twill serve to enlarge my portion.
I began to stamp and stare,
To see what she had acted,
With my poor hands I tore my hair,
Like one that was distracted;
Give me my money then I cry'd,
Good faith I did but lend it,
But she full fast away did ride,
And vow'd she did not intend it.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great St, Andrew Street, Seven Dials.—Price One Penny

LINES,

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE PROSE INSCRIPTION

IN

STONLEIGH CHURCH,

WARWICKSHIRE,

ON THE CHARACTER OF THE

HONOURABLE MRS. LEIGH,

OF

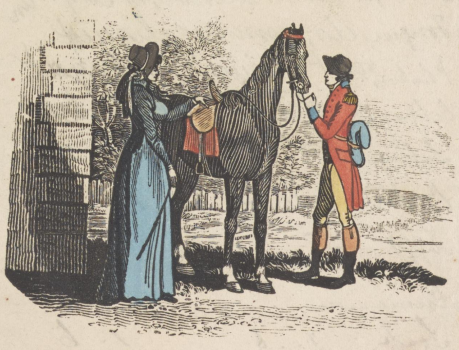
Stonleigh Abbey.

WHAT tho' some pious hand has mark'd her name
On the pure marble, sacred to her fame,
That fame which lifts its column to the skies,
Rais'd on the base of all the Charities;
Still shall the Muse in heart-felt homage bend
To heavenly Virtue's *universal* friend!
Such, *only* such *should* wake the Muse's lyre,
The thought ennoble, and the verse inspire;
Entwine a wreath, more fragrant than the flowers
That Nature ever gave to Stonleigh's bowers:
More lovely colours, and less fading bloom,
Than pilgrims heap upon their Prophet's tomb.

Blest Shade! when yonder Pile that long has stood
The tyranny of Time, and yon deep Wood,
Yea, when the Earth that bears its pondrous weight,
Strongest of mortal things, shall yield to fate,
And not an eye is left to mourn the fall
Of aught that mov'd upon this mould'ring Ball;
Spirits like thine, O LEIGH! survive the Earth,
And on a cherub's wing assert their birth;
Loosen'd like gold from the polluting ore,
Their seven-fold trials prov'd, aloof shall soar,
When NATURE'S SELF SHALL CHANGE, and TIME *shall be no more.*

S. I. PRATT.

Merridew & Son, Printers, Coventry.



A MORNING'S RIDE.

What's fairer than the damask rose?
More fickle than the wind that blows?
What's richer than the swelling sea?
What misers give to misery,—*Nothing.*

FROST FAIR on the THAMES in February, **1814.**



The beginning of the year 1814 was remarkable for the severity of the weather. In the beginning of February. the Thames being choked up with Ice, and in many places completely frozen over, Booths were erected in all directions between London and Blackfriars Bridges; Bullocks and Sheep were roasted whole. and all the usual Sports and Festivities of a Fair were kept up for several days.

TYNE FAIR;

OR,

A VIEW OF THE DIVERSIONS ON THE RIVER TYNE,

In the Great Frost, 31st Jan. and 1st Feb.* 1814.

THE angry winter ſtorms aloud,
In icy chains the floods are bound;
And on the TYNE the people crowd,
As if it were on level ground.

The keelmen now down many a plank,
Make a ſafe footing to the Tyne;
Both old and young of every rank,
Pay them a toll to pace the Tyne.

With tents erected on the ice,
And blazing fires the fancy charm;
There ſhiv'ring lookers-on, ſo nice,
Both dine and drink to keep them warm.

From Red Heugh down to Ouſe Burn Quay,
The River's crowded like a Fair;
And many a group of people play
At horſe ſhoes for a quart of beer.

Two aſſes on the ice were brought—
A ſmock diſplay'd, for which, a race
Upon the Tyne, who would have thought,
Such life ſhine forth in every face.

There's "Bambro' Jack," and "Mutton Pies,"
With plump-fac'd Nell and hot black puddings,
"*Come, taſte them, hinny,*" oft ſhe cries,
"*Believe me, lad, they're very goodans.*"

There's Jack the razor grinder too,
Rolling his wheel o'er icy Tyne;
Tho' he's as "drunk as Davy's ſow,"
Yet he obtains ſome ſkaites to grind.

Here Jim the fiddler ſcrew'd his pegs,
While ſtripling wenches dance around;
And bold recruits, a party begs,
Who would inliſt where he might drown'd.

In Jemmy Nelſon's tent we ſee,
A toping party do combine,
To paſs the afternoon with glee,
And drown their cares in roſy wine.

Now turn your eyes weſt of the bridge,
And you will view a fight that's rare,
A horſe is yoked in a ſledge,
Like unto Neptune's ſtately Car.

Peg Swinney, ſhe to ſeek her mate,
Made her firſt paſſage o'er a ſhip,
But from the plank ſhe ſlipp'd her feet,
Fell on the ice and lam'd her hip.

A Barber, bred in Theſpis' ſchool,
With a new pair of ſkaites well ſhod,
Diſplay'd his anticks like a fool,
And thro' the arch he took his road.

But here the faithleſs ice ſoon broke,
Up to the ſhoulders ſous'd was he,
Where he remain'd till with a rope,
Some ſailors dragg'd him to the quay.

A gentle thaw takes place at laſt,
The keels are all afloat we ſee;
And dingy Tyne, late bound ſo faſt,
Now rolls its current to the ſea.

* The froſt above mentioned, began about the 25th December, 1813, and continued in a gentle manner until the morning of the 14th January, 1814, when a ſtronger froſt covered the Tyne below bridge, with a ſmooth and perfect ſheet of ice, on which, the ſucceeding day, a number of people ventured, and ſkaiters, for three ſucceſſive days, twirled their angelic forms. A partial thaw came on, which damped the ardour of ſkaiting, until the night of the 29th of January, when again a ſevere froſt conſiderably ſtrengthened the ice, and preſented a glaſſy ſurface above bridge. On Monday, 31ſt January, no leſs than ſeven tents were erected on it for the ſale of ſpirits, and fires kindled on that and the ſucceeding day. Parties dined in various of the tents. The deſire of recreation ſhone forth in every face. Horſe ſhoes, foot ball, "toſs or buy," rolly polly, fidlers, pipers, razor grinders, recruiting parties, and racers with and without ſkaites, were all alive to the moment. Hats, breeches, ſhifts, ſtockings, ribbons, and even legs of mutton, were the rewards of the racers, who turned night into day; the brilliancy of the full moon contributing to their diverſions until late beyond midnight. A horſe and ledge above bridge added to the novelty of the ſcene; and it is worthy of remark, not one accident of conſequence happened, although thouſands ventured their perſons upon the ice.

*** Owing to the ſeverity of the ſeaſon, the London Mail for Friday, the 21ſt January, and three following days, was brought to Newcaſtle on the fifth day, in the Lord Wellington Coach, with eight horſes; a circumſtance quite new to the inhabitants of Canny Newcaſtle!!

[*G. Angus, Printer, Newcaſtle.*]



ON

PROMISES.

My Promise, and my Faith shall be so sure,
As neither Age can change, nor Art can cure.

Be very Careful in your Promises
and just in your Performances, and
remember it is better to Do and not
Promise, than to Promise & not Perform.

Perform thy Promise, keep within Faith's bounds,
Who breaks his Word, his Reputation Wounds.

N. DOVE, SCRIPSIT.



A Poem, On the Universal Penman: By Mr. John Bancks.

Whether the Memphian Priests, or Hebrew Sage,
First painted Language on the leafy Page;
The vast Invention doubtless came from Heavn,
And with it half Humanity was givn.
Hail happy Art! to Science near ally'd;
The Scholar's Treas'ry, and the Merchant's Guide:
Learning, thro' thee, descends to distant Times,
And Commerce travels o'er remotest Climes:
Thou chain'st Events which Ages widely part,
Convey'st the Lover's Wish, reliev'st the lab'ring Heart.
But Use alone was what they first pursu'd;
The Characters were few; their Figures rude:
Succeeding Masters heighten'd up th' Intent;
Gave the free Stroke, and added Ornament.
Last rose th' Engraver's imitating Skill,
That tracd them off, and multiply'd at will.
Both Arts in Britain now unrival'd dwell;
Still the last excellent, we ever most excel.
Hail happy Artists! for each other born,
Whose Works, united, mutually adorn.
Till Bickham's Age such Penmen had not been;
Till theirs, like his no Hand was ever seen.
With Rules so just, Examples so refind;
So aptly chose, and various in their kind;
They leave no Room to emulate their Art;
For sure, a Plan thus finish'd in each Part,
No future Age shall give, no former gave;
What They alone could write, He only could engrave.



Bickham Sculpsit.

1817

A NEW SONG,
CALLED
CHESTER MOOR HOUSE.

Chester Moor House, stands near Chester Dean,
Where old Lumley Castle is plain to be seen;
The Black Smith that built it hath but a small Stock,
He only possesses five Hens and a Cock.
Derry Down.

Hermitage Hall stands very nigh,
Where a pleasent plantation is growing hard by;
Whose builder and planter which many did know;
He does not enjoy it his head is laid low.

He with careful Industry erected the same,
But was ordered away at the top of the game;
He little expected when finish'd and fare,
That an Iron-founder should ever come there.

But we'll leave Hermitage as no more we need say,
And to Redrosey Hall we'll inquire the way;
Where dwells Mr. M———at his door we will knock
And we'll ask him about the five hens and the cock.

Mr. M———is a gentleman of high renown,
For he long kept a tag shop in Chester-le-town,
But at Chester Moor House he doth often times knock,
And threatens to shoot the five hens and the cock.

This good honest Black Smith kept the Half Moon,
In Chester-le Street at the foot of the town;
Where poor J. D———that liv'd at the Grange,
Did often times call, and they ne'er thought it Strange.

This Smith, was a Farrier, and often did good,
Both at home and abroad, and wherever he could;
But his wife being fruitful, his family small,
And now he can scarce get a living at all.

To Chester Moor House, he a licence did want,
To sell a sup ale as they'd long had a haunt;
They ask'd Mr. M——— only to sign his name,
But the tag Shop, in Chester refused the same.

You all will agree Mr. M———was to blame,
For he hindered others from doing the same;
Mr. M———to this family no pity did shew,
Although they were poor he did very well know.

There is the priest of the parish, the clerk & his man,
You know that a priest should do good if he can;
They ask'd, with tears running down, like a flood,
But the priest and his mother, refus'd to do good.

But there's brave B. N——from whence came his wife
The priest will ne'er be such a man in his life;
He shew'd much more pity, by seven to four,
For he proffer'd to sign his name twenty times o'er.

When B. N—and his good son they come at the gate,
Of the celestial City, may soon be their fate;
You need not to wonder nor make any doubt,
If the father gets in and the son be shut out.

There's brave T. N———that tinkles the bell,
And tells them when ought is to buy or to sell;
His son took a watch from J. D———of the Grange,
If you here that he's hang'd you need not think strange.

Theres C—m—s R—f a Shop keepers man,
Went share in the plunder deny if he can,
To tell a flat lie I would be very loath;
But you'll see that the gallows will soon get them both

There's J. R———the G. B———a very fine man,
He long delt in heifers, deny if he can;
But by a misfortune he's got a great fall,
And lays all the blame on Mrs. H——l,

She's long been a gamester, at fair up and down,
And many a capital prize she has won;
For let them run easy, or let them run fast,
She always was winner and bet them at last.
Derry Down.

G. THOMPSON, PRINTER.

AN

ELEGY

ON A GENTLEMAN'S CAT.

ALAS! my honeſt cat is dead;
She was a pretty brown:
I'll get none like her in her ſtead,
In all this populous Town.

She was a handſome jolly cat,
At hunting ſhe was nice;
Could in a minute kill a rat,
And clear my houſe of mice.

She knew the time when I did dine,
And ſeldom ſhe did fail,
When hungry gave a certain ſign,
Cry'd mew, and cock'd her tail.

Oft times I ſtroak'd her ſleeky back,
Which was as ſoft as fur,
Then round ſhe turn'd, her tale did cock,
And unto me did pur.

With me ſhe always ſtaid at home,
She did ſo witty grow;
Like other cats ſhe did not roam,
With them to catterwow.

One night among my crockery ware,
She jump'd; I gueſs'd the cauſe;
Though they were broke, ſhe did not care
To get one in her claws.

The diſhes made ſo great a clatter,
That haſtly up I gat,
I ſoon perceiv'd what was the matter,
She had kill'd a luſty rat.

At all ſtrange dogs ſhe had a ſpite,
Did grin and puff and ſpit;
She did not fear their bark or bite,
But ſtrove their face to hit.

One day a dog came in by chance,
But ſhe did him oppoſe;
Boldly to him ſhe did advance,
And caught him by the noſe.

A battle royal then began,
As briſk as ere I ſaw;
But truſty puſs did play the man,
He yewl'd, and ran awa'.

She lov'd me and her miſtreſs well,
And to us ſhe gave heed;
But now, alas! I'm griev'd to tell,
My pretty puſs is dead.

Our ſervants all full well ſhe knew,
They could her drive or lead;
Cats like her are but very few;
But now poor puſs is dead.

She lov'd a bit of meat or fiſh,
Or good ſweet milk and bread;
She got a taſte of every diſh,
But now my cat is dead.

She had a pretty ſhape and ſkin,
Handſome both neck, and head,
Was harmleſs, quiet, and very clean,
But now poor puſs is dead.

A night or two before her laſt,
A doleful noiſe ſhe made;
Her end was then approaching faſt,
And now poor puſs is dead.

A hole then in my garden where
I digged with my ſpade,
My pretty puſs I did lay there,
Soon after ſhe was dead.

Printed for the Author, by J. Marſhall.



An Address in aid of the "Nightingale Testimonial."

SAINT of another creed, in distant lands:
In ours, a WOMAN self-devoted, wise,
With dauntless heart, and never-tiring hands,—
Thus she appears unto our English eyes!

Eyes that, through all their tears, have gather'd still
This comfort, o'er our dear and absent dead,
That one, uniting scientific skill
With woman's tenderness, watch'd round their bed.

Letters in life: in death all cherished things;
Last words she sent, with sever'd locks of hair,
Witness *our* Angel, with her steadfast wings,
Troubled the pool at frequent seasons there.

To Oh! how many, a pool whose glassy wave
Gives red reflections of the battle-strife!
'Neath which, in endless shadow, is the grave
Of all they held of hope or joy in life!

Ye who have tasted of that bitter cup;
Ye who were spared it;—all who love our land,
I charge you now to build her memory up,
Who nursed our sons with more than mother's hand.

Not in proud trophies:—not in builded tow'rs,
Nor sculptured marbles:—not in gold or plate:—
Vanities fitting other days than ours,
And other names than we perpetuate.

Be hers a monument to meet the age,
Advancing now, on wider social grounds,
When Woman's name shall shine on history's page,
Yet not by striking out of Woman's bounds!

And be it one where practical result
Of bright example, in her brave career,
Through straits of sickness, dark and difficult,
May be expanded, in a wider sphere!—

An Altar, where, unbound by any vow,
Her meet companions in the foregone toil,
And all with heart to follow, may bestow
Their free-will gifts of Christian wine and oil!

Her gift, her life; and many a voice shall bless
Those soothing hands, through all its fever-moans!—
Be this her Monument! *Our* gifts are less—
Let us lay gladly the foundation-stones!

H. A.

September, 1855.

CONTRIBUTIONS IN AID OF THE "NIGHTINGALE TESTIMONIAL" WILL BE THANKFULLY RECEIVED AT 14, BRUTON STREET.

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NEWCASTLE

Town Moor Amusements

AT WHITSUNTIDE:

Or, The Pitman's Journey from Benwell,

TO SEE SIMPSON THE PEDESTRIAN.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—"*Derry Down, &c.*"

TWAS on Whiſſen Monday wor Peg and wor Tom,
Wor Geordy and Jenny, to Newcaſtle all com,
Left Benwell High Croſs, wor canny bit hyem,
To ſee the great Walker, yen Simſon by nyem.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas about yen o'clock when we gave ower wark,
Aw weſh'd myſel clean, and pat on a wheyte ſark,
Be ſharp! ſays wor Jenny, or we'll loſe a' the fun;
Wey hinny! ſays aw, the gam's nobbet begun.
Derry down, &c.

To the Race Ground we gat, 'twas juſt half paſt three,
An' glowr'd a' about, the Pedeſtrian to ſee;
At laſt he comes ſweating, and walking ſe faſt,
It was juſt like a feyer-flaught as he went paſt.
Derry down, &c.

He's a great lang auld fellow, upon ſhankey's naig,
About ſix feet twee or three inches, 'tis ſaid;
His age ſixty-ſix—but aw think that's a hum,
He juſt tells the folks that to get them to come.
Derry down, &c.

'Tis nine miles an hour, they ſay, at wor town,
He's to walk without ſtopping until he be's done,
And that's not till Tueſday, late on i' the day,
So if he's not duin, ſmash my ſark! he weel may.
Derry down, &c.

Oh Geordy, ſays Peggy, what feuls we've a' been!
Aw thowt to ſee wonders, and wonders aw've ſeen,
A man walking as we dee,—is that all that's here?
Come, howay to Benwell, there's far mair ſport there.
Derry down, &c.

Ye may talk of the fun and the ſpree ye hev here,
The fine ſtreets and churches, and a' yor good beer;
But wor Hoppin at Benwell's far better than a'
The grand feets at Newcaſſel that ever aw ſaw.
Derry down, &c.

How Wilſon will fret ſhould this chep win the day,
For he's wager'd a bottle he cannot, they ſay;
He thowt there was nyen that could beat him in walking,
But ſhould this fellow win it will ſpoil all his talking.
Derry down, &c.

Marſhall, Printer, Newcaſtle.

A NEW SONG

CALLED THE

Gateshead Match;

OR, THE LABORIOUS WAGER.

Tune—*Sweet Sally Gray.*

COME liſten to my Allegory,
Draw near, attention to pay;
You ſhall hear of a laughable ſtory,
That happened in Gateſhead one day:
'Tis concerning a jolly fat Landlord,
And a Porter, both luſty and ſtrong,
Like Darby and Joan, at Long Sandford,
So cheerly they caper'd along.

If it's true what the people are talking,
For a wager, a guinea was laid,
That the Porter would beat him in walking,
And carry a Boll of Barley, he ſaid:
It's a bargin, then, ſays Mr. Huttit,
And both parties pledged a vow,
That on Saturday morning they'd foot it
Near Cheſter to the Barley Mow.

Exact to agreement they ſtarted,
'Twas juſt about eight of the clock;
Our heroes they never once parted,
Till near Birtley Lane they had got.
Then the Porter addreſſed the Landlord,
"If you intend to keep jogging with me,
"The beſt foot you now muſt put forward,
"Or elſe ſure behind me you'll be."

By this time the Landlord was failing,
And I think he had reaſon to rue,
For the ſweet down his fore head was hailing,
And he ſaw it a loſt wager too.
While the Porter was tripping ſo rarely,
Tho' his neck ſure was juſt fit to crack;
And he beat the Landlord quite fairly,
To the end of his journey and back.

Now how ſhould we do to requite them,
For ſuch a laborious taſk;
Suppoſe now if we ſhould invite them
To cram themſelves into a caſk;
And take them to the Goat Inn, in Gateshead,
And roll them down the Bottle Bank:
Then I think that, as long as they breathed,
They never would play ſuch a prank.

Marſhall, Printer, Newcaſtle.



Neptune giving Britannia command of the Ocean.

When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the
Britons never shall be slaves.

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MAN, in many a country town, we know,
Profeſſing openly with death to wreſtle;
Ent'ring the field againſt the grimly foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a peſtle.

Yet, ſome affirm, no enemies they are;
But meet juſt like prize-fighters in a fair:
Who firſt ſhake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindneſs of a brother:
So (many a ſuff'ring Patient ſaith)
Though the Apothecary fights with Death,
Still they're ſworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æſculapian line,
Lived at *Newcaſtle, upon Tyne*:
No man could better gild a pill; or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or bliſter;
Or draw a tooth out of your head; or give a gliſter.

Of occupations theſe were *quantum ſuff*,
Yet ſtill he thought the lift not long enough;
And therefore Midwifery he choſe to put to't.
This balanced things:—for if he hurt'd
A few ſcore mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame, full ſix miles round the country ran;
In ſhort, in reputation he was *ſolus*:
All the old women call'd him 'a fine man!'
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
(Which oftentimes will Genius fetter)
Read works of fancy it is ſaid;
And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why ſhould this be thought ſo odd?
Can't men have taſte who cure a phthyſick?
Of Poetry, though Patron God,
Apollo patronizes Phyſick.

Bolus lov'd verſe;—and took ſo much delight in't,
That his preſcriptions he reſolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let paſs
Of writing the directions, on his labels,
In dapper couplets,—like *Gay's Fables*;
Or rather, like the lines of *Hudibras*.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town—it might be four:
To whom, one evening, Bolus ſent an article,
In Pharmacy, that's called cathartical,
And, on the label of the ſtuff, he wrote this verſe;
Which one would think was clear enough, and terſe,

'*WHEN TAKEN, TO BE WELL SHAKEN.*'

Next morning, early, Bolus roſe;
And to the *Patient's* houſe he goes;—upon his *pad*,
Who a vile trick of ſtumbling had:

It was indeed a very ſorry hack;—
But that's of courſe:
For what's expected from a horſe,
With an Apothecary on his back?
Bolus arrived; and gave a doubtful tap;
Between a ſingle and a double rap.—

Knocks of this kind
Are given by Gentlemen who teach to dance;
By Fidlers, and by Opera ſingers:
One loud, and then a little one behind;
As if the knocker fell by chance,
Out of their fingers.

The ſervant lets him in, with diſmal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending ſome diſaſter;
John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,
As if th' Apothecary had phyſic'd him,
And not his maſter.

'Well, how's the patient!' Bolus ſaid.
John ſhook his head.
'Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!
'He took the draught?'—John gave a nod.
'Well,—how—what then?—ſpeak out, you dunce!'
"Why then"—ſays John,—"we *ſhook him* once."
'Shook him!—how!'—Bolus ſtammer'd out:—
"We jolted him about."

'Zounds! ſhake a patient, man!—a ſhake won't do.'
"No, Sir,—and ſo we gave him two."
'Two ſhakes! ods curſe!
'Twould make the patient worſe.'
"It did ſo, Sir!—and ſo a third we tried."
'Well, and what then?'
"THEN, SIR, MY MASTER DIED!"

Printed by D. BASS, *Foot of Pilgrim-ſtreet, Newcaſtle.*

A COMIC POEM, IN SCOTCH RHYME,

ON THE

NEWCASTLE MEETING;

Containing a brief Account of the Procession of that large Assemblage to the Town Moor,—their general good Conduct,—with Remarks on the Public Speakers.—Resolutions passed to take into consideration, the most easy, speedy, and Constitutional method of obtaining Parliamentary Reform.

BY G—— K——.

ON the eleventh of October
I saw sixty thousand sober,
An no amang them a stock jobber—
pitmen a few;
Nor yet saw I a thief or robber,
that I knew.

It was in fair Northumbria Street,
The different companies did meet,
They a' to me did seem discreet
an civil;
Wishing the cause join'd most com-
plete] an wi' na evil.

The companies let the hustings pass,
Without committing a trespass,
Tho' there was mony a lad and lass,
an bairn,
An ilka mony a stupid ass
that coud no learn

The hustings then in slow procession
Kept moving on in due succession,
All wishing weel on the occasion,
wi' loud huzzas,
Which made a very great impression
towards the cause.

When all arrived at the ground,
The hustings plac'd secure and sound,
A speaker then there soon was found,
That did reason,
An' spoke the truth to all around,
Without treason.

Around the hustings flags were plac'd,
Wi' mottos not to be disgrac'd,
Wi' black the hustings too were fac'd,
it looked solemn,
An' sic a sight I ne'er yet trac'd
in France or Holland.

M'Kenzie he began the plea,
I cou'dna hear—but I could see,
He spak' the truth baith frank an' free,
wi' pith and power,
O the Manchester tragedy,
Out facts did pour.

Whether Marshall or M'Pherson next
I cou'd na tell, I was sa' fix'd,
For I amang the crowd was mix'd,
sae fast,
I wonder how I did exist
this past.

Then Hodgson he display'd the murder
Upon the muir they ca' the border,
Where bulls an' cows aft get their
[fodder,
an' graze,
But a' was done in perfect order,
to their praise.

When done, the companies did retire
In peace, for ne'er a gun did fire,
An' a' was done to my desire,
an' liking,
What mair could ony ane require,
the scene was striking.

To villify my king I scorn,
The Constitution I adore,
I like the isle where I was born,
fu' weel;
But still my object is Reform,
An' meal.

As for the chield ca'd Castlereagh,
I hope I soon shall see the day,
That to Reform he must gi' way,
an' it permit,
An' what I'm for he shan't gainsay.
that's rogues tak flit.

I hope they'll gi' us relaxation—
I hope they'll lessen the taxation—
An na' langer gi' us such vexation,
but Reform;
I'm writing without ostentation,
I you inform.

I hope we's a' get meal and beef,
An' plenty o' tobacco leaf,
An' that will ease our long-born grief,
an' please us a':
I think I'm speaking something brief
an' bra.'

I hope we's a' get stronger beer,
An' whiskey our poor hearts to cheer,
An' no' keep drinking tea sa' dear,
nor yet malt,
O' this I hope there's little fear,
an' cheaper salt.

Now some remarks, O let me make,
Baith for mysel' an' for your sake;
Upon the moor my pen I'll take,
an' point out,
An' what I saw I'll no forsake,
but speak about.

I saw naine wi' stains nor sticks,
Nor I saw nain' was black wi' kicks,
Nor I saw nain' there get their licks;
but a' was quiet,
Nor I saw nain' a playing tricks,
nor na' riot.

An' nain' I saw was there pick quar-
[rels,
I saw some young an' some auld carles
An' I saw a chield wi' ale in barrels;
I saw nain' drunk,
Nor I saw nain' a selling farles,
Out o' a trunk.

To tell the truth, I will and must,
I saw nain' there kick up a dust,
Tho'some there had their ears to trust,
they cou'd na get near,
Tho' for to learn, their lugs did lust,
they cou'dna hear.

I saw apple-wives a selling pears,
I saw a taylor without shears,
An' a weaver without gears,
an' ne'er a shuttle,
An' I saw there some cursed lears,
but nain' at scuttle.

An' I did see upon the moor,
Mony a ~~proud and secret whore~~;
That took the green grass for their
[floor,
they'd been better hame,
I saw there mony a man that's poor,
an' some were lame.

I saw there na' drunken jorum,
But a' was peace an' good decorum;
The speaker saw the fowk before him,
a' believing,
But I saw ne'er a bull to gore him,
nor nain' thieving.

The radiant sun shone bright and clear
On mony there baith far and near,
That kend na' weal what course to
[steer,
some were slack,
An' some were overwhelm'd with fear,
a mixed pack.

I saw nae rain to gar fowk run,
But clear did shine the dazzling sun,
An' hard did blow the whistling win'
tho' clear the sky,
They that ran aff were but the scum
I'se no deny.

Now to come to a conclusion,
When a's sum'd up in short concision,
An' a' was done without intrusion,
or mischief,
An' a' departed without confusion,
is my belief.

G. Summers, Printer, Snuderland.

NEWCASTLE & CARLISLE RAILWAY.

A NEW SONG.

TUNE.—"PATRICK O'NEEL."

On the ninth day of March, in the year thirty-five,
The Railway was crowded with people alive;
From Blaydon to Hexham the Engines did move,
With all the Subscribers united in love.
In one hour and ten minutes, on that noted day,
They returned back on Newcastle Railway.

The grand loco-motives from Newcastle came,
How quick is their speed, and how great is their fame;
The brilliant Comet, she could not well lead,
For Rapid came in, with abundance o' speed;
The air it did ring, with the cry of "hurra,"
When they came to open the Carlisle Railway.

The hills were all clad on the south side of Tyne,
To view the procession along the new line;
The drums they did beat, and the colours did fly,
To cheer the spectators as they passed by;
The men will rejoice, and the women will pray,
For all that subscribe to Newcastle Railway.

The masons they are the first workmen in town,
And some by hard labour can earn a full crown;
The blacksmiths and joiners all work to their plan,
I scarcely can tell you who is the best man;
Let none of these workmen have reason to say,
That they cannot live by the Carlisle Railway.

There is 'Squire Beaumont, for sake of his heirs,
It is well known that he holds fifty shares;
Long may he live, with his own darling son,
So let us all praise him, for what he has done.
He will hear the birds sing, in the sweet month of May,
When he travels along on Newcastle Railway.

There is Mr Blackmoor, a worthy young man,
To forward this line, he will do all he can;
In two or three years he will finish it well,
And make a thorough passage into the canal.
Long may he live and still carry the sway,
And set out more work on the Carlisle Railway.

When you see the steam coaches and all things complete,
For four or five shillings you may take a seat;
You may dine at Newcastle and then take your flight,
And sup at Carlisle on the very same night;
The new EXPEDITION she will not delay,
As long as she runs on Newcastle Railway.

The cannons were planted upon the low ground,
They made all the vallies to ring with their sound,
The drums they did beat, and the music did play,
Before they went back to Newcastle that day;
Both the young and the old may remember that day,
When they drank success to the Carlisle Railway.

When you see the waggons move on at full speed,
Well laden with liquor, provisions, and lead,
You may fill a glass of good rum or strong beer,
And then drink a health to the head engineer;
I hope he will live to see that happy day,
When they have completed Newcastle Railway.

J. G. South Shields.

W. Boag, Printer, Newcastle.

BOB CRANKY'S PETITION,

IN FAVOUR OF

Mr Grainger's Improvements

A', what a row there's been,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
Sin' Grainger's Plan we've seen,
Mr. Mayor;
For wiv' great expedition,
They've got up an opposition,
See aw send ye this petition,
Mr. Mayor.

The Butchers myek a movement,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
To stop this great improvement,
Mr. Mayor;
But aw wad let them feel,
That for the public weal,
You're as firm as ony steel,
Mr. Mayor.

An' there's the Gateshead folks,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
(But aw's sure it's all a hoax,
Mr. Mayor)—
Say, that if we gan' on see,
They'll build a market tee;
But what wad they get te dee?
Mr. Mayor.

And then there's the New Street,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor—
The Butchers needn't freet,
Mr. Mayor—
For if this street they build,
Unless a' the folks are kill'd,
Their bellies maun be filled,
Mr. Mayor.

An' there's a queer awd shaver,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
That's made a great palaver,
Mr. Mayor;
He swears till Grainger stops,
He'll give ower cutting crops,
An' be building slawter-shops,
Mr. Mayor.

An' are such folks as these,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
Te dee just as they please,
Mr. Mayor;
But just put tee yor han',
An' dee every thing ye can,
To forward Grainger's plan,
Mr. Mayor.

Then, bless ye, hinny, stir,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor,
An' save us frae this slur,
Mr. Mayor;
An' dee just as aw say,
And for ye neet an' day,
Aw'll for ever humbly pray,
Mr. Mayor.

BOB CRANKY.

FORDYCE, PRINTER, 48, DEAN STREET, NEWCASTLE.

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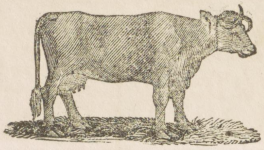
The HOFEY's Gala Day.

Or, ROBBIN's COWS.



A NEW SONG.

O Neighbours, have ye heard the news?
Too roo laddie, too roo laddie!
O' the strange come out about the Cows,
Too roo laddie, &c.
The twenty eighth of every May,
Too roo laddie, &c.
Is the Hofey's gala day,
Too roo laddie, &c.

Every Freeman has the power,
Too roo laddie, &c.
Of putting *Two Cows* on the *Moor;*
Too roo laddie, &c.
And when the herbage there is spent,
Too roo laddie, &c.
To the *Leazes* they are sent.
Too roo laddie, &c.

But before they can get there,
Too roo laddie, &c.
They must be sworn to, 'fore the *Mayor,*
Too roo laddie, &c.
That *bona-fide* they're their own,
Too roo laddie, &c.
Stump and rump, and blood and bone.
Too roo laddie, &c.

Besides they must be well describ'd,
Too roo laddie, &c.
For *Freemen* have been often *brib'd,*
Too roo laddie, &c.
To swear to Cows they never saw,
Too roo laddie, &c.
In bold defiance of the Law.
Too roo laddie, &c.

At the swearing on, in May,
Too roo laddie, &c.
Bonny wark went on, they say;
Too roo laddie, &c.
Tim, that *devil's,* found it out,
Too roo laddie, &c.
And sent the tidings all about.
Too roo laddie, &c.

Some, it seems, has had a grudge
Too roo laddie, &c.
At a man call'd *Robbin H*dge;*
Too roo laddie, &c.
They say, a long bow he can draw,
Too roo laddie, &c.
And swear to Cows he never saw.
Too roo laddie, &c.

It's well known, upon the *Moor,*
Too roo laddie, &c.
Instead of *Two* there came up *Four;*
Too roo laddie, &c.

Two Men came, the Cows to lodge,
Too roo laddie, &c.
In the name of *Robbin H*dge.*
Too roo laddie, &c.

The *first Two* to the gate were led,
Too roo laddie, &c.
The one was *White,* the other *Red;*
Too roo laddie, &c.
"This," cries the *Herd,* "is like a bite,
Too roo laddie, &c.
For *H*dge's* Cows are *Red* and *White.*"
Too roo laddie, &c.

The *Back* was search'd from end to end,
Too roo laddie, &c.
But this the matter did not mend;
Too roo laddie, &c.
At length they found, behind the *Lug,*
Too roo laddie, &c.
A *spot of Red*—just like a *Bug!*
Too roo laddie, &c.

The Cows were then allow'd to pass,
Too roo laddie, &c.
But soon came other *Two*—alas!
Too roo laddie, &c.
"Whose Cows are these?" the *Herdsman* cries,
Too roo laddie, &c.
"*H*dge's Cows,*" the man replies.
Too roo laddie, &c.

"What! *H*dge* again! with other *Two,*
Too roo laddie, &c.
D—n me! this will never do!
Too roo laddie, &c.
At this rate *H*dge* will soon devour,
Too roo laddie, &c.
Both the *Leazes* and the *Moor!*"
Too roo laddie, &c.

Now, the *Herbage Committee,*
Too roo laddie, &c.
Had proof of *Robbin's* knavery;
Too roo laddie, &c.
And *Robbin,* tho' a cunning elf,
Too roo laddie, &c.
Prov'd too cunning for himself.
Too roo laddie, &c.

They all exclaim'd, they would be d**d
Too roo laddie, &c.
Before they'd see the *Leazes* cramm'd!
Too roo laddie, &c.
So *Freemen,*—ye who make false vows,
Too roo laddie, &c.
A warning take by *Robbin's* Cows.
Too roo laddie, &c.

J. Marshall, Printer, Newcastle.

CANNY NEWCASSEL.

THE

SURPRIZING

ADVENTURES

OF

BOB SWINNIES;

Shewing how he discovered the Way to Wealth by drinking a Gill of Beer.

AW was gannin yen day alang the Keyfide,
A waitin, ye ken, o' the turn o' the tide,
When aw met wi' a man, wha ga' me a bill,
An' ax'd if aw'd help him to fwattle a gill.

As aw never object to tak a fup yell,
Aw went wi' the chep to the fign o' the Bell;
Thare we teuk a wee drop, but te ftuff was fe gud,
We feun fuck'd it in, as te leeches fuck blud.

Te mannie then tell'd me te leuk at te bill,
Whilk, he faid, aw wad finnd was a fine goulden pill;
Aw open'd it feun, but as aw canna read,
Aw cuddent meak't out,—but 't was bonny indeed.

Thare was little lads fleein, wi' wings o' their backs,
Hearts, arrows, and pigeons,—but of a' their fine knacks,
Nowfe aw ken'd fe weel, nor pleas'd me fe, hinnies!
As the bonny breet border o' fine yellow ginnies!

The mannie then fed, if aw wifh'd to be tould,
Whare an' how aw meet get maift a Keel fu' o' Gould,
He wad put me up to 't, fays aw, ma' hinnie do!
An' aw'll de as mickle, when aw can, mun, for you.

Te the Playhoufe* then, laddie, faid he, ye mun gan,
An' ax for fam'd Hummell,† for he is the man;
He can change ye your filler to gould in a crack,
An' for a few Shillins gie a Thoufand Pund back.

Wey, Hinnie, fays aw, aw ken Hummell fu' weel,
An' knaw him as beein a brave lucky chiel;
Te buy a wee fhare aw've times had a fancy,
An' yence thought te join iv a Sixteenth wi' Lancy.

However, as now aw've the filler meefel,
An' aw'd like t' exchange it for gould varry well,
Aw'll away buy a fhare at the awd lucky fhop,
Whare the Prizes fee often hae maed people hop.

A hop thare aw hope te hev next drawin day,
An' that's Weddensday firft, the Lott'ry Folks fay:
If aw get a Prize, an' can heuk a few Ginnics,
Then lang life to Mall, and her fweatheart, Bob Swinnies.

* As the Needle points to the North Pole, fo the Diftributor of Bills here pointed to the moft *attractive* fpot; for the Lottery Office, under the Theatre Royal, Newcaftle, is undoubtedly the luckieft Provincial Office in his Majefty's dominions.

† *Hummell*, a corruption of HUMBLE, the Proprietor of the above Office, who has fold Prizes of 40,000l. 20,000l. 16,000l. 10,050l. 10,000l. 5,000l. 2,000l. 1,000l. &c. &c. to an incredible amount, and who hopes to fell many more.

THE

CORN-FACTOR'S DREAM.

A TRUE STORY.

A Corn factor sly, as the story is told,
Had a great stock of grain in his lofts still unsold
When harvest came on, which adverse to his plan,
Seem'd inclin'd to turn out well and ruin the poor man.

He went gaping about and pray'd hard for rain,
And hop'd it would come down and rot all the grain;
But he found out at last that his great friend the devil
Would send him no rain, which you know was uncivil.

One day to his great joy the sun was obscur'd
With dark heavy clouds, and he felt well assur'd
His prayers were heard, so he home in all haste,
Expecting the storm coming on very fast.

His bed in the garret he caus'd them to make,
That he with the wind and the rain might awake
As it beat on the tiles that were over his head,
And he wou'd enjoy'd as he lay on his bed.

He slept, but how long is not certainly known,
But he dreamt that the rain and the wind it came on
With fury resistless, it spread o'er the land,
And spread desolation on evr'y hand.

Awaking, he cried My salvation is come,
Arise, wife, arise, go and get me some rum;
For I'll drink and be merry, I'll sing, and be glad;
For what grain's not detroy'd will be rotten and bad.

Now judge his surprise, when his wife to him came,
And cries, Husband be quiet how can you for shame;
You've made such a noise, such a din and a clatter,
That the watchman I vow's come to see what's the matter.

Says he in a pet, Has there been then no rain,
She answer'd him No, love, if I must so plain;
What you took for rain was me using the pot,
And the wind which you heard was in fact but a f—t.

Newcastle: Printed for the Author, by H. Watson.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

CANNY NEWCASSEL.

'Bout Lunnun aw'd heard see wonderful spokes,
That the ftreets were a' cover'd wi' pewter dishes;
That the houses were built o' filler and gowd,
The horses eat corn fed on by princes and lords,
The folks they a' look'd as white as a lily;
But aw find ma' sel blonk'd when to Lunnun aw gat,
For their ftreets are like wor—brave and blashy!
'Bout Lunnun then divent ye ask me nowe,
For aw can marra ye nowe but canny Newcassel.

A coalyer chep show'd me the Thames' dryvy feace,
Whilk he said was the pride o' the nation;
And thought at their shippin aw'd meek a haze-gaze;
But aw whop'd me hand across me een, and leuk'd,
Wiv nowe but a hundred ships sail iv a tide,
We think nowse on't, aw'll meak aceyda-y;
Ye're a greek if ye din't knaw that and a' Tyneside.
Are the folks here a' deif, or divent they hear us?
'Bout Lunnun, &c.

We went big St Paul's and Westminster to see,
And aw warnt ye aw'd a good stare at the Monument te;
Aw warn'd ye a good stare it up by Adam's awn neaves,
Whilk ma friend ca'd the pearl o' the city.
By my, hinny, says aw, we've a Tom worth twice soe,
That is, aw meen, we've nowe steeple to heaven;
Aw think aw've seen Nicholas ye cace cus' an e'e,
Ye'd crack on't as lang as ye're livin.
'Bout Lunnun, &c.

We trudg'd to St James's, for there the king lives,
But aw'll be sworn he's nowe better fuck'd pretty;
By my, it's a braid ftreet, aw'll warrant it up by Adam's awn neaves,
It's as braid as the hills, by the fouk on't:
Shem bin ye! says I, ye should keep the king douse,
I speak it without ony partial love to my toun,
But then wor Infirmary's a palace.
'Bout Lunnun, &c.

Ah hinnies! out com the king, while we were there,
His looks seem'd to say, Bairns, be happy;
So down o' my hunker I gat in a hafty,
For Geordy aw'd die, for my loyalty's trig,
And aw down he's a good feather bed wife;
But if wor Sir Matthew Bell was there he'd ftop that,
By my, hinny, says aw, ye hev mony a tite girl,
But aw'm telld their ort bet 't their trappin!
Aw'd cuddin much rayder see a canny Bonny Lass,
Than a' the Princes, Lords, Marnd or Wappin.
'Bout Lunnun, &c.

Wiv a' the ftravagin aw wanted a nunch,
An' an thropple was ready to glaen;
So we went iv a yell house, just to leuk a lunch,
But the fe North, when aw'm wafsh'd my way,
Wiv a bit beef and ham aw can manage to chaw,
('Bout t' knaw wor warm hearts' ye ye're fe cauldrife,
Aw lift the first latch, an' cry'd out, canny man, for ye're welcome.
'Bout Lunnun, &c.

A shillin aw thought at the Play-house aw'd wave,
But the stamp'd there wiv book-inters'd peoples;
Me pockets gat ripe'd, an' aw heard them tee mair
Nor aw could fee Play-houses aw like just as wee,
Dad! says aw, wor play-folk aw's shure are as funny:
A shillin's worth sarves me to laugh as aw requeed,
Ne thing mair nor less aw mun pay money.
'Bout Lunnun, &c.

The beas' the cotterels aw divna regreet,
Aw've n'er yet gotten nowe white-leet o' Lunnun;
Aw've learn'd to prefer my awn canny cuff yatel;
If ye catch me mair for to see ony fic like things,
To mack gam of wor bur aud wor Parel;
But honest Blind Willy shall stand by his rhymes,
And aw'll back him to sing Canny Newcassel Carol.
'Bout Lunnun, &c.

PRINTED BY JOHN WHITE, UNION-STREET, NORTH SHIELDS.

MADGEY'S WEDDING;

Or, the Quayside in an uproar.

Sic talk there's been upon wor Key,
About a weddin there;
The folks were waiting high and low
To see the bonney pair.
Aw seed a crowd upon the key,
Th' foot o' Grinden Chare was stannin;
Then aw began to ask the rout,
"Wey, Madgey t' the church is gannin!"

Amang the crowd aw seun bowl'd in,
The couples then turn'd out;
To tell the truth aw was myest deav'd
To hear auld Hugh Scott shout:
She clapt her hands, "Eh, there she goes—
"Aw sure but she leuks neat and clever!
"She'd better married Cuddy Will,
"He wad hae been far better tiv her."

There was bonney Bet, and Bella, tee,
As fine as onney living;
They leuk'd if they were gaun to church
To seek the road to heaven.
Wi' modest feyces on they went,
As if they ne'er knew ought 'bout sinnen;
While auld Madgey, sitting at the tub,
Thought their cares were a' beginnin.

The bullies follow'd on behint
To see what could be gettin;
Bill Curtiss and great Miller tee,
Their gobs they wanted wetting.
The folks a' thrang'd to see the show,
The auld wives gav them mony hoisters;
"Wey, aw declare, its Madgey G—y,
"That sits upon wor Key wi' oysters!"

Morgan's Bill was seen there tee,
He leuikt quite iv a study;
They'd better stuck him iv a cart,
Or 'pon the fish wife's cuddy.
Wi' gawdy silks they dash'd alang,
To gie sic price few wad be willing;
W' black ribb'd stockings, folks did say,
Cost ne less than fifteen shilling.

The bonney Bride and her Bridegroom,
They byeth were gayly drest;
But Madgey leuikt like yellow clay,
And he like byeker's pyest.
They suen gat tyed—when out they cam—
Then sic a seet there did approach us!
The bonney Bride and her Bridegroom
Dash'd 'round the toun i' hackney coaches!!

The ball was gien to wor X Y,
To keep it he teuk care—
When big Bob, his geud noble friend,
Thought he'd reight to claim a share.
But X, ower slee, he k ept it a'
To Bob he did but laugh and hout on't;
When X Y and another chep
Set off, and did big Bob clean out on't.

To Gl——ne's house the bullies thrang'd
To tyest his hyem brew'd beer,
But his bully stannin at the door—
Says, "ye hae nae business here,
"So gan away, 'twill be as weel,
"For stopping here will be nae use man"—
When a chep went back, and gravely said,
"Then sure the bums are i' yor house, man!"

Election colours frae windows hung
To celebrate the day;
Some said the place wi' beer wad run,
But nyen was gien away.
The bells began sae fine to ring,
Aw seed the folks aw start a runnin;
When aw ran tee to see the fuss,
The coaches down the Key war cumin!

The merry neet was getting on,
Each bravely teuk their fill;
When Madgey, eager for the fray,
Led off a new quadrille.
Thus pass'd the neet, till verry late,
When the eager pair stole slyly out—
To dance th' intended dance at hyem,
Where there was sure to be ne rout.

Printed for Johnson, Smith, and others, by Forrace, 99, Sandhill

The PETITION: *A new* SONG.

A Few honeſt Souls, at the gallery met,
Their griefs to tell o'er, and their gullets to wet;
When W——e the promoter of diſcord and ſtrife,
Cry'd chear up my Lads for our Cauſe has new life.
Derry Down, &c.

What tho' our deſires, at th' election were croſt,
Our efforts derided, and all our hopes loſt;
I've got a new plan. to redeem our loſt fame,
And make Britain envy our Patriot flame.
Derry Down, &c.

Our friends remain ſtaunch, and ſtill with to diſtreſs,
The K—g and his Councellors,— who would do leſs?
Let's ſtraight advertiſe for to meet at the Forth,
And once more petition the K—g from the North.
Derry Down, &c.

Lord M—l—e, you very well know is our friend,
All our rights will maintain, and our freedom defend;
Will ſign, and preſent it,—a man of ſound ſenſe,
And make them all tremble, at his eloquence.
Derry Down, &c.

Agreed, Nem'ni con, for the meeting prepare,
And ſoon having voted G—G— to the chair,
A notable ſpeech to the company he made,
And the reaſon of meeting, ſuperbly diſplayed.
Derry Down, &c

Shewed more in an hour, than ſeven long years,
Could e'er bring to light, by old England's Peers;
That Britain was wrong, and America right,
And he to aſſiſt them, would chearfully fight.
Derry Down, &c.

He read the petition, pathetic indeed!
Enough to make every old Woman's heart bleed;
Then ſign'd it, and inſtantly quitting the chair,
Good Lord!—— how the innocent people did ſtare.
Derry Down, &c.

But Cocky ſtept up, then, as blith as a jay,
For Cocky (conſider) had ſomething to ſay;
And leaſt the chair empty, might cauſe an alarm,
He thought himſelf proper, to keep the ſtool warm.
Derry Down, &c.

Then earneſt intreated, the ſigning with ſpeed,
I glory ſays he, to ſubſcribe to the deed;
The crowd preſsed forward, all eager to ſign,
And ſhew what brave ſouls, are the Sons of the Tyne.
Derry Down, &c.

Yet ſhort of the number, they wiſh'd to have had,
The people, quoth Cocky, are certainly mad;
Howeverlet hand-bills, inform them, 'tis right;
It ſhould lie on the table till Saturday night.
Derry Down, &c.

Invitation, to all, being handed about, (brought,
From ſtreets, lanes, and hedges ſuch numbers were
Of freemen, nonfreemen, the halt, lame, and blind;
Their ſcouts picked up, all the traſh they could find.
Derry Down, &c.

Such a motley crew, ne'er was gather'd before,
Or ranged in order, at friend Dickey's door;
With wonder they cry'd, who'd, have thought ſuch a thing
That our honoured names, ſhould be ſent to the K—.
Derry Down, &c.

Thus having procured, twelve hundred and more,
To ſign or to mark, what they'd ne'er done before,
They waited impatient, an anſwer to have,
From their old quondam friend, the Earl of M—l—e.
Derry Down, &c.

But dire to tell, hey and pitious caſe,
That ever brave P——pps ſhould be held in diſgrace;
Yet certain it is, by the anſwer he ſent,
He's cauſed all our patriots ſore to lament.
Derry Down, &c.

T' ſubſcribe their petition, not only refuſed,
But told them, his confidence much they abus'd;
That his notions were theſe, and right as he thought,
The colonies ſhould to ſubjection be brought.
Derry Down, &c.

What fatal efforts, diſappointment will cauſe,
Full half a yard long dropped poor Cockys jaws;
His Crony's great belly, when this news came out,
Fell as it is ſaid, near a furlong about.
Derry Down, &c.

The patriots all ran about in diſmay,
And what ſhall we do?——to each other did ſay,
Why what cry you at,——let the chuck gan to hell
Quoth W——e for I'll gan and preſent it meſell.
Derry Down, down, hey Derry Down.

Newcassel Races, O.

IT'S hae ye heard the ill that's duin?
Or hae ye lost? or hae ye won?
Or hae ye seen what mirth an fun,
  At fam'd Newcassel Races O?
The weather fine, an fokes se gay,
Put on their best an bent their way,
An to the Moor to spend the day,
  At fam'd Newcassel Races O.

There shows of all sorts you may view;
Polito's grand collection too;
Such noise an din, an lilli-bulloo,
  At fam'd Newcassel Races, O.
There some on horses sat astride,
An some in gigs did snugly ride,
With smart young wenches by their side;
  Look'd stilish at the Races, O.

A tailor chep aw chanc'd te spy,
Was sneekin through the crowd se sly,
For he'd tyen the darlin of his eye,
  To swagger at the Races, O.
He says, My dear, we'll see the show,
Egad! says she, I do not know,
It looks so vulgar and so low,
  We'd better see the Races, O.

One buck cries, Demme, go the rig!
Got two smart lasses in a gig,
He crack'd his whip and look'd quite big,
  While swagg'rin at the Races, O.
But soon, alas! the gig upset,
An ugly thump they each did get!
Sum say, that he his breeches wet,
  For fear, when at the Races, O.

The one was lyem'd abuin the knee,
The other freeten'd desperately;
This demm'd unlucky job! says he,
  Has fairly spoil'd my Races, O.
He gat them in wi' some delay,
An te Newcassel bent his way;
But oft, indeed, he curs'd the day,
  That e'er he'd seen the Races, O.

Now sum were singin songs se fine,
An sum were lying drunk like swine:
Sum drank porter, others wine,
  Rare drinkin at the Races, O.
The wanton wags in corners sat,
Wiv bonny lasses on their lap,
An mony a yen gat tit for tat,
  Before they left the Races, O.

Now lads and lasses myed for toon,
And in the road they oft laid down:
Faith! mony a lassie spoil'd her gown,
  A comin frae the Races, O:
Some gat hyem, midst outs an ins,
Some had black eyes an broken shins,
An sum lay drunk amang the whins,
  A comin frae the Races, O.

Let ev'ry one his station mense,
By acting like a man of sense;
'Twill save him mony a pund expense,
  When he gans te the Races, O.
Kind friends, I would you all advise,
Good counsel ye should ne'er despise,
The world's opinion always prize,
  When ye gan te the Races, O.

W. ORANGE, PRINTER.



Pedestrianism Failed,

OR

SIMPSON DONE OVER.

A NEW SONG,

TUNE—"*Barbary Bell.*"

SITTING cruſh'd i' the huddock a' gobbing and talking,
We were mov'd wiv a ſpoke frae the little Pee Dee;
Ah! Skipper, he ſays, the auld man 'ill be walking,
So we a' roſe together and ſet off to ſee.
When we got to the Moor, he was dodging away, man,
Wi' twe cheps on each ſide, keeping a' the folks back;
And the bairns running after him, ſhouting hurra, man;
So we juſt got a gliff, for he paſs'd in a crack.

Now Barney M'Mullen, his reet hand protector,
With a ſprig o' ſhelelah preparing the way,
Was ſtopt on the road by a publican hector,
Who hinted that Barney intended foul play.
If Barney mov'd forward he threaten'd to drop him,
For his walking, he ſaid, put the man off his pace;
But Barney concluded he'd ne right to ſtop him,
And call'd him a big-gutted rogue to his face.

Every Freeman, ſays Barney, of land has a ſmall ſtock,
But to dunch people off is moſt raſcally mean;
Then their rights were protected by bold Tommy Alcock,
Who ſaid he'd a ſhare of the paſture ſo green.
When Tommy put on his election-day ſwagger,
His genteel appearance made Barney's tongue ceaſe;
His ſpeech was ſae pointed, it pierc'd like a dagger,
So Barney, poor ſoul, he departed in peace.

We ſtopt there a' neet till weel on i' the morning,
Expecting he ſtill would keep dodging away;
But he gav us the double, without ony warning,
And hodg'd off the Moor like a ſheep gyen aſtray.
When he enter'd the tent, we were a' ſitting drinking,
It was thought he had come to get ſomething to eat;
But now it appears the poor ſoul had been thinking
On the beſt ways and means to obtain a retreat.

It ſeems the auld man had nae notion o' ſtopping,
But as to what aild him he naws beſt his ſell;
For whether he fail'd in his wind, ſtrength, or bottom,
The ſkipper and I were byeth puzzl'd to tell.
But its owre and deun, ſo what ſignifies talking,
Poor man, he mun juſt lay his fiſt to the ſpade;
Let them that think fit make their living by walking,
For his part he's fund it's a very bad trade.

J. Marſhall, Printer, Newcaſtle.

NEWCASTLE
THEATRE
IN AN UPROAR,

With the BEAR, the HORSES, and the DOGS as principal Performers.

A NEW SONG.—By G. YOUNG carver & gilder

IT'S ha'e ye seen how crouse and gay
The lads and lasses bent their way,
To see the horses act the play,
At fam'd Newcastle Theatre?

There some in silks did proudly shine,
And some were dress'd in caps se fine,
And some on sticks there did recline,
At fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

The belles and beaux of low degree
Were eager this fine sight to see;
And, soon as they had got their tea,
They set off for the Theatre.

Then at the gallery door they stood,—
Impatient, and in fretful mood;
And many a one, faith, did no good
By coming to the Theatre.

The doors being open'd, on they push'd,
Without distinction they were crush'd;
The cry was, Tumble up you must,
To fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

Next direful shrieks were heard aloud,
Whilst heedless throng'd the busy crowd,
Alike the slothful and the proud
Were driven in the Theatre.

A miller chep I chanc'd to see
Frae out amang the crowd se blae,
Was running up an entry
Near fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

He'd got his coat torn cross the lap,
My conscience, 'twas a sad mishap!
But others still were worse than that,
At fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

There some their gowns held in their hand,
And others lost their shawls se grand;
For if you crush'd not you might stand
At fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

The pretty girls, to get a seat,
Crush'd on, wi' hair dress'd up se neat,
But soon came back, in sic a freet,
From fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

Now some got in without their shoes,
And some got in wi' mony a bruise,
And some cam hyem to tell the news
At fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

Within the pit a brutish chap
Had hit a maiden sic a rap,
'Cause she refus'd to take her hat
Off, in Newcastle Theatre.

They took her home without delay,
When in a fit she fainting lay;
And, faith, she well may curse the day
That e'er she saw the Theatre.

The boxes they were fill'd se fine,
With all the labouring sons of Tyne,
And servant lasses, all divine,
Did beautify the Theatre.

The heat was so excessive great,
And so, for not to keep them late,
They hurry'd on poor Timour's fate,
At fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

The play was done as it struck ten,
Some greedy folks said 'twas a shem;
However they all wet went hyem,
From fam'd Newcastle Theatre.

J. Marshall, Printer, Newgaſtle.

THE

APRIL GOWK,

Or the Lovers Alarmed.

A CASTLE-GARTH DITTY.

TUNE—"Jenny choak'd the Bairn."

YE worthy friends of April Gowk,
That like a bit o' spree,
Pray lay your jargon a' aside,
And listen unto me;
For love's intrigues bestir the wigs
Of most o' men on earth;
And so, of late, it caught the pate
Of pious Parson Garth.

This worthy man went soon to bed,
Upon the last o' March,
And what his mind was running on,
'Tis needless now to search;
His rib asleep, down stairs he'd creep—
When lo! to his surprize,
A pair of boots, below the seat,
Stood right before his eyes.

He went to rouse his darling spouse,
And said, "You plainly see
There's some one here that wants to make
An April Gowk o' me;
Oh! dress yoursel', do take the bell,
Your petticoat put on,
They're now in quod—I hope to God
It's not my brother John."

He took a stick, and follow'd quick
Unto the lasses' room:
Come out, says she; Come out, says he,
The Kitty is your doom:
While on the bell she did play knell,
Poor Johnny pale came forth,
All in dismay, like potter's clay,
Stood pious Parson Garth!

A Chamber Council there was held,
All in this naked plight;
The dire alarm had brought a swarm
O' Guardians of the night:
In vain they strove to gain his love,
His wrath for to appease,
He swore he'd have their boxes search'd,
And cried, Produce the keys!

They nothing found that he could own—
His heart more callous grew,
He tore their caps, destroy'd their hats—
Them on the floor he threw:
Like Pilgrims setting out unshod,
To prison they were sent,
To dread their penance, like the sweep,
Until they should repent.

To free the girls from guilt and shame,
And have the matter clear'd,
Those sweetly serenading Two-
Foot Carpenters* appear'd.
Tho' Willy cannot get his boots,
For them he does not care—
They won the day!—"none but the brave
Deserve to win the fair."

Should you not know this worthy man—
A man of steady gait,
A pensive look affects, as tho'
He'd something in his pate:
Ambition and presumption too
In him have taken birth,
And fix'd a stigma on his name—
"The Hydra of the Garth!"

* Cloggers.

Jossy's Nag's Head.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—"*A rampant Lion is my Sign.*"

ALL you who've got an hour to spare,
And wish to spend it merry,
Go not to houses of ill-fame,
Nor sport with Tom and Jerry:
Direct your course to Armfield's house,
Where none the least alarm feel,
Where mirth and fun reign uncontroll'd,
All in Josiah Armfield's.

CHORUS.

Then drink about and merry be,
Let each one fill his station,
And ne'er despise a flowing pot,
When bent on recreation.

In Winter, when the weather's cold,
The pinching frost may starve you,
You'll find a fire to your desire,
A buxom lass to serve you:
Her smiles are like the flowers in May,
Her conversation charms weel:
Far be the fellow takes her in,
While selling drink at Armfield's.
Then drink about, &c.

Now should you know the art of war,
The news may lead your mind there;
Or if inclin'd to grace the bar,
Some of your cloth you'll find there:
Mock trials, hot debates go on,
Yet seldom any harm feel,
The couns'llors plead your cause for nought,
Law's cheap at Jossy Armfield's.
Then drink about, &c.

Next in the tap-room take a peep,
There's eggs and pie-folk dealing;
Some try their luck at single toss,
And other some are stealing:
The bakky smoke ascends in clouds,
Yet none will say they harm feel;
You'd swear you were near Etna's Mount,
Instead of Jossy Armfield's.
Then drink about, &c.

The Sailors sing their dangers o'er,
When sailing on the high seas:
Says Donald frae Fife, "I've left the North,
"Where Parry wad lost his ideas."
"Come, damn!" says Durham lad, "leet
my pipe,
"And give us nyen o' your yarn reels;
"But pay the quart—Ise be the next,
"We'll hev a spree at Armfield's."
Then drink about, &c.

There's Baggie Will, he sings all fours:
And faith he sings it rarely:
There's Castle Dean plagues Canny Pit
Sark,
And sings, he's lost her fairly:
The Teazer he provokes the flame,
Till a' the house quite warm feel,
The Cobler chaunts the Cuddy sang,
Half-cock'd in Jossy Armfield's.
Then drink about, &c.

Box number one's a Tennis Court,
For those of fistic valour;
And should you want to grace the ring,
Must enter as a scholar.
The Hackney drivers stand about,
Until their dowps they warm feel;
Then drink their Purl, and march away—
Huzza for Jossy Armfield!
Then drink about, &c.

J. Marshall, Printer, Newcastle.

WILLY'S DISASTER
At Newcastle Races.
A NEW SONG.

A Country youth his name was Will,
But where he liv'd I dare not tell,
He had good luck but it turn'd out ill,
  Before he left Newcastle Races-O.

On Doctor Syntax he would bet,
And two to one the lad he got,
Saying down with your brass upon the spot,
  I'll lay ten pounds on the Doctor-O.

Down went the brass twenty to ten,
The Doctor bet them all again,
Said lucky Will that's bravely done,
  My ten pounds now are thirty-O.

Next day he bet on Pitty-me,
His thirty pounds he swore he'd lay,
A man or a mouse, said he, I'll be,
  This very day at Newcastle Races-O.

Pitty-me the Hundred won,
And doubled lucky Willy's sum,
Rare news, said he, to carry home,
  My ten pounds now are sixty-O.

When I get home I'll buy a cow,
A good fat pig and a breeding sow,
They'll say, Mister William how d'ye do,
  And I'll be a wealthy farmer-O.

But Willy took a drop of drink,
And at-a bonny lass did squint,
But little did poor Willy think,
  That she was a Sandgate lady-O.

He said, My dear are you a wife,
Or do you live a single life,
Can you fancy me without any strife?
  My name is Mister Willy-O

Why, Sir, said she, if your not in jest,
To speak the truth I must confess,
I would think myself for ever blest,
  With a man like Mister Willy-O.

I have a portion of my own,
To every one it is not known,
My sister and I keep house in town,
  Will you go with me Willy-O.

Away they went without delay,
Of love they talked while on the way,
He agreed to wed the very next day,
  And that night to sleep with his darling-O.

When to her sister's house they come,
Her sister she is gone from home,
And they engage another room.
  To carry on their night's diversion-O.

She brings in brandy, beef, and rum,
They drink until they both lie down,
The nest is there but the bird is flown,
  When willy waken'd in the morning-O.

She left him not one single groat,
He cursed and swore he'd cut his throat,
His breeks were warm'd both in and out,
  By his darling sporting lady-O.



Rushes Green.

Stephenson, Printer, Gateshead.

One evening as I walked
  The meadows fresh and green,
My dogs were fond of coursing,
  And I was eager of the game;
I spied a pretty fair maid,
  Far fairer than any queen,
And soon I overtook her,
  In raking of her rushes green.

She said, young man be civil,
  Don't tease me but let me be,
Don't spread my rushes carelessly,
  For a great toil they have been to me
If I spread your rushes carelessly,
  As carelessly as you may see,
I'll up again and rake them clean,
  And in great bunches give to thee.

As my love an' I lay musing
  Underneath yon shady tree,
The cuckoo sung melodiously,
  Changing her notes from tree to tree
I took the fair maid in my arms,
  And gave her kisses two or three,
Lie still my dearest Molly,
  The dew is not quite gone you see.

She's one of the fairest creatures,
  That ever my eyes did disclose,
She far exceeds Diana,
  She is the fairest flower that grows,
But if e'er I come that way again,
  I'll call upon my darling queen,
I'll fold her in my arms once more,
  Among the bauks of rushes green.



Wild and Wicked YOUTH.

C. Croshaw, Printer, Coppergate, York.

IN Newry Town I was bred and born,
In Stephen's Green I die in scorn;
I serv'd my time to the saddling trade,
Was always counted a roving blade,

At seventeen I took a wife,
I lov'd her dear as I lov'd my life;
And to maintain her fine and gay,
I went robbing on the highway:

But when my money did grow low,
On the high road I was forc'd to go;
Where I robb'd Lords and some Ladies bright,
Brought home the gold to my heart's delight.

I robb'd Lord Golding, I do declare,
And Lady Mansfield in Grosvenor-square,
I shutt the shutters, bid them good night,
Went to the play to my heart's delight,

Through Covent-garden I took my way,
With my pretty blooming to see the play
'Till the Fielding's gang did me persue,
Taken I was by that cursed crew.

It's now my father cries I am undone.
My mother cries for her darling son;
My blooming tears her golden hair,
What shall I do, for I'm in despair.

But when I'm dead and carried to the grave
A pleasant funeral pray let me have;
Six highwaymen to carry me,
Give them broad swords and liberty.

Six blooming girls to bear up my pall,
Give them white gloves and pink ribbons all;
When I am dead they may tell the truth
There goes a Wild undaunted Youth.



Diamond cut Diamond,

OR THE

Yorkshire Horse Dealer.

[C. Croshaw, Printer, Coppergate, York.]

HARD by Clapham town-end liv'd an old Yorkshire tyke
Who in dealings in horse-flesh had never his like;
'Twas his pride that in all the hard bargains he'd hit,
He had bit a vast many, but never been bit.
Derry down.

This old Tommy Towers (by that name he was known)
Had an old carrien tit, that was sheer skin and bone;
To ha' kill'd it for the dogs would have been quite as well,
But 'twas Tommy's opinion he'd die to himsel.
Derry down.

Well, one Abraham Muggins, a neighbouring cheat,
Thought to diddle old Tommy would be a great treat;
He'd a horse too, 'twas worse than old Tommy's for why
The night afore that it thought proper to die.
Derry down.

Thinks Abraham, th' old codger will ne'er smoke the trick
I'll swop him my poor dead horse for his wick,
And if Tommy Towers I can manage to trap,
'Twill be a fine feather in Abraham's cap.
Derry down.

So to Tommy he goes, and the question he pops,
'Atween the horse and mine pri'thee what swops,
'What will t'gi' me to boot, for mine's better horse still?
'Nought,' says Tom, 'but I'll swop even hands if thou will.'
Derry down.

Abraham preach'd a long time about something to boot,
Insisting that his was the leveler brute,
But Tommy stuck fast where he first had begun,
Till Abraham shook hands & cried, 'well, Tommy, done.
Derry down.

'O, Tommy,' says Abraham, 'I'ze sorry for thee,
'I thought thou'd hadden mair white i' thy e'e,
'Good luck wi' thy bargain, for my horse is dead,
'Aye,' said Tommy, 'my lad, so's mine, and he's fleed!!'
Derry down.

So Tommy got the best of this bargain a vast,
And came off with a Yorkshireman's triumph at last,
For tho' 'twixt dead horses there's not much to choose,
Yet Tommy war richer by th' hide and two shoes.
Derry down.



Northumberland

Tyneside Lasses

By his daring sporting [illegible]



DOCTOR Syntax.

A NEW SONG.

Ye sporting blades of England I pray now lend an ear,
Give ear unto these few lines you quickly then shall hear,
There is one Doctor Syntax that horse of noble fame,
There is not one in England can equal with the same.

CHORUS.

Let's drink success to bold Syntax that horse of noble fame,
There's not one in England you can equal with the same.

But now he's come to Newcastle his skill for to try,
And Reveler out the only horse that ever past him by,
Esq. Riddell is a gentleman of credit and renown,
He's good unto the poor of Northumberland all round.
Let's drink, &c.

That Doctor is a horse of courage so bold,
And into Felton Hall he has laid his weight in gold,
You sporting blades of Newcastle that have money for to lay,
You may wager on the Doctor for he his part will play.
Let's drink, &c.

I would not think it strange if he was to be beat,
For he has run twelve years at a wonderful rate,
There is horses on this coast that far exceeds his weight,
Yet Esq Riddell on his Doctor will bet his whole estate.
Let's drink, &c.

The gentlemen and ladies they all do seem to say,
That seventeen gold cups the Doctor has taken away,
From all parts of England you very well know,
Then long life to Esq. Liddell and the Doctor hurrah.
Let's drink, &c.

He belongs to Esq Liddell and he will win the cup,
He's a friend to the poor and a very good man,
And may success attend him in all his endeavours,
He is fair play in racing—Esq. Riddell for ever.
Let's drink, &c.

You sporting blades of Newcastle that have money for to lay,
You may wager on the Doctor for he has won this year,
On the borders of Lancashire he has caused them all to rue,
So long life to Esq. Liddell likewise the doctor too.
Let's drink, &c.

W. STEPHENSON, PRINTER, GATESHEAD.

Northumberland LAD IN LONDON.

When I left my father and Mother,
Likewise my Sister and Brother,
For resolved was I my fortune to try,
And just take a trip up to London
Cry'd my Father when there don't damn and swear,
As the Londoners do if they tease ye,
But your passion keep down as well as you can,
And say—Jenny Johnson squeeze me.

Lord Father say, do you take me for a fool,
That was in Yorkshire born and bred, man,
I'm not to be done by the London chaps,
As long as I've eyes in my head, man,
And should they think for to go to contrive,
With their tricks and cunning to tease me,
I, as well as them know how many beans make five,
If I don't, then—Jenny Johnson squeeze me.

I went to the play—I went to the park
To see all the grand sights I was willing,
But when I came at night to count o'er my brass,
Egad, I found I had took two bad shillings,
If the Northumberland lads were to know it says I,
O dear how they would all tease me,
But some kind friend shall hav'em again,
If may don't why—Jenny Johnson squeeze me.

A fine lady came up, half drunk in the street,
Thinking for me to nicely trepan, sir,
For me sir, being drest all in my best,
She call'd me a handsome young man, sir,
And sir, if along with me you'll go, says she,
I think as how I could please ye,
So I went and gave her the two bad shillings,
If I didn't—Jenny Johnson squeeze me.

Then a stranger came up, says he my dear, friend,
I'm glad in London to meet you;
Don't you know me says he—says I very well,
Come to yon public house and I'll treat you;
So I called for the liquor—got half drunk,
When the chap he thought for to ease me,
But I walked me away, left him the reckoning to pay,
If I didn't—Jenny Johnson squeeze me.

Then another chap called me, on the other side,
Says—look—I've found a gold ring, sir,
If you'll ten shillings give me—yours it shall be,
O, says I—'tis a grand looking thing, sir;
But I tell you what my sweet London chap,
Dont think of my money to ease me;
For a Northumberland lad knows brass from gold,
If he don't then—Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

I was so tired of their tricks, says I, I'll go home,
While all's right tight and comely;
For a rolling stone gathers no moss,
And home is home—if it's ever so homely;
But I made'em remember before I left town,
The thought how it did please me,
That the Northumberland lad was not to be had,
If he was—Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

Tyneside Lasses,

Tune—"Green grows the Rashes, O!"

Of all the Maids that I have seen,
There's none as yet surpasses, O!
In city, town, or valleys green,
The bonny Tyneside Lasses, O!
And hey for Tyneside Lasses, O!
Their charms and sweet caresses, O!
The maid for me and the Maid I love,
Is among the Tyneside Lasses, O!

They're aye so neat and very sweet,
And aye so blythe and bonny, O!
'Tis heaven on Earth their face to meet,
They blink so kind upon ye, O!
And hey for Tyneside Lasses, O! &c.

The Highland Lasses dress then gay,
And smiles upon ye cheerly, O!
But still my bosom's wish shall be,
A Tyneside Lass my deary, O!
And hey for Tyneside Lasses, O! &c.

At church or market see them there,
Their grace each maid surpasses, O!
And each admirer longs to share,
The charms of our sweet Lasses, O!
And hey for Tyneside Lasses, O! &c.

The wind that waves the verdant corn,
Ne'er breathe more sweet upon ye, O!
Nor is the rose upon the thorn,
More lovely, blythe, and bonny, O!
And hey for Tyneside Lasses, O! &c.

Their form is of the Angel cast,
And Oh! their air is winning, O!
In love their heart is aye stedfast,
Tho' coy at the beginning, O!
And hey for Tynesine Lasses, O! &c.

I've travelled East, North, South, and West,
In fields, lanes, and valleys, O!
And still the Maid that I love best,
Lives in my native valley, O!
And hey for Tyneside Lasses, O! &c.

To her my dear and fav'rite part,
I pledge a wish of plenty, O!
And you next dear unto my heart,
Are what may well content ye, O!
So bliss the Tyneside Lasses, O!
Their charms and sweet caresses, O!
For my delight, and charms so bright,
Is among the Tynesibe Lasses, O!

W. STEPHENSON, PRINTER, GATESHEAD.

The Shepherd's Dance.

'Twas on the Ninth of February,
The weather being fine,
A dance some Shepherds did convene,
At Cordridge by the Tyne.
They assembled at the Angel Inn,
To hold their festive night;
And many a fair attended there,
In costume gaily dight.

The happy throng at seven began,
Sweet mirth to manifest;
And Caledonia's sons with grace,
Hail'd welcome every guest.
Each youth did meet, with graceful bow,
His fav'rite fair to dance;
And Messieurs Turnbull's well thrill'd notes,
Made young and aged prance.

John Barleycorn inspiring bold,
Foamed in the circling glass;
And wheeling hours on fleeting wing,
In heedless count did pass.
Serenity sat on the brow,
Of each admiring fair,
And Caledonia's sons in chief,
Prosiding leaders were.

From the adjacant villas round,
The lovely damsels came,
Dress'd in their very best attire,
And corbridge girls the same.
Contending seem'd each pretty maid,
In beauty to outvie;
And happy, happy was each youth,
Close seated by his joy;

The festive night was cheerfully spent
'Midst harmony and joy,
And love prevaded every heart—
Such pleasures never cloy.
The fair maids there got lovers all—
The thing they wanted most;
And had they not obtained this,
Their labour would been lost.

Some went for drink, some went for love,
And some went there to woo;
And one went there to make remarks,
And tell them unto you.
That Shepherd lads may blithely sing,
When by the Tweed they roam,
The deeds they did upon the Tyne,
Far from their native home.

GEORGE ROBINS.

LOT THIRD.

Printed and Published by W. I. MITCHELSON, 51, Turnmill Street, near the Sessions House, Clerkenwell.

YOU'VE heard of George Robins, of auction renown,
Who does all the jobbing of knocking things down,
If you near his dwelling should happen to pass
He'll kindly invite you to put your nose in his
Assembly or sale-rooms and see his display;
And his hammerous doings which take place every day,
You've heard, &c.

The next thing I offer, a lady 'twould suit,
Who's gold in her coffer, and strength would recruit;
'Twill bear her inspection, I'll put it up quick,
It's a noble erection, its a very large
Princely old structure, on the most approved plan,
Of stone 'tis, long standing in the isle of man.
You're heard, &c,

The place of a lady, the next thing I sell,
Sheltre'd and shrubby, and stands in a dell;
There are hares in abundance, indeed I'm not joking,
And if you like pleasure, there's room for much
Strolling or hunting, for one who game pushes,
You may lie on your belly, and fire through the bushes,
You've heard, &c.

He who enters, by gush, in this thing must do,
The inside wants white-washing, and he must sweep the flue
The yard's in a bad state, at present it quite shocks,
Your cock might get the pip, and your cow get the
Pocks, chicken and cow I mean, so do not growl,
I mean fowl disorder, disorder 'mon fowl,
You've heard, &c,

This rare work of art, now must suit ev'ry soul,
Will you bid for a part, or bid for the whole?
A place quite at ease 'tis, and would suit a cit,
Who can, if he pleases, just take a nice
Ship, and go sailing for weather is kind,
Not troubled with water or troubled wind,
You've heard, &c,

This place shall I sell you? now make up your mind,
But stop, I would tell you, there's something behind:
There's another place with it, they can't go apart,
Along with this freehold I must let a
Farm house and stable, with clover and grass,
There's room for your oxen, and room for your ass.
You've heard, &c.

THE
Coal Trade.

A NEW SONG.

[W. Stephenson, Printer, Gateshead.]

Good peop'e listen while I sing,
The truth from whence your comforts spring,
And may each wind that blows still bring,
Success unto the coal trade.
Who but unusual pleasure feels,
To see our fleets of Ships and Keels,
Then Newcastle, Sunderland, and Shields,
May for ever bless the coal trade.

May Vultures on the cliatiff fly,
And knaw his liver until he die,
Who looks with evil and a jealous eye,
Down upon the coal trade.
For if that should fail what would ensue,
What ruin and disaster too,
Alas! alas what could we do,
If it were not for the coal trade.

What is it that gives us cakes of meal,
What is it that crams our wame se weel,
With lumps of beef and draughts of ale,
What is't but just the coal trade.
Not Davis' straits or Greenland oil,
Nor all the wealth that springs from that soil,
Could ever make our pots to boil,
Like unto our coal trade.

Ye sailors' wives that love a drop,
Of stingo frae the Brandy Shop,
How could you get one single drop,
If it were not for the coal trade.
Ye pitmen lads so blythe and gay,
Who meet to tipple on pay-day,
Down on yor marrow bones and pray,
Success unto the coal trade.

May Wear and Tyne still draw and pour
Their jet black treasures to the shore,
And we with all our strength will roar,
Success unto the coal trade.
Ye owners, masters, and sailors a',
Come shout till ve be like to fa',
And raise your voices, huzza, huzza,
For we all live by the coal trade.

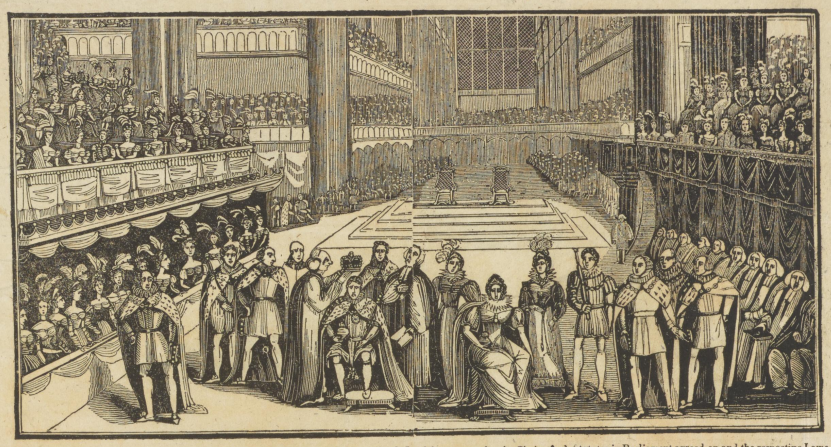
This country is in duty bound,
To pray for those who work under ground,
For 'tis well known this country round,
Is kept up by the coal trade.
May Wear and Tyne and Thames ne'er freeze
Our ships and keels will pass with ease,
Then Newcastle, Sunderland, and Shields,
Will still hold the coal trade.

I tell the truth you may depend,
In Durham or Northumberland,
No trade in them could ever stand,
If it were not for the coal trade.
The owners know full well 'tis true,
Without pitmen, keelmen, and sailors too,
To this country they might bid adieu,
If it were not for the coal trade.

So to conclude and make an end,
Of these few lines which I have pen'd,
We will drink a health to all those men,
Who carry on the coal trade.
To owners, pitmen, and keelmen too,
And sailors who the seas do plough,
Without those men we could not do,
Nor carry on the coal trade.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ROYAL CORONATION

OF KING WILLIAM IV. AND QUEEN ADELAIDE



THURSDAY the eighth day of September, will be ever famous in the annals of Great Britain. The solemn national compact between King William the IV. and his Nobles and People, was that day consummated. Our Sovereign then ascended the throne of his Ancestors not as a sanguinary Conqueror, like "the Macedonian madman, or the Swedish fool," but as a Prince renowned for social virtues. We shall proceed to detail the circumstances of the Coronation with as much minuteness as our limits will possibly permit.

When their Majesties entered the Abbey, the service immediately commenced by the Westminster Choir singing Purcell's Anthem, taken from Psalm cxxii. v. 1.—7. "*I was when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the House of the Lord.'*"

During the Anthem, as their Majesties passed through the body of the Church, the ceremony of placing the remainder of the Procession was continued. The Serjeants at Arms, the Gentlemen Pensioners, and the Barons of the Cinque Ports, who bore the Canopies, were left a short distance within the Choir, or else immediately at the entrance; but the Archbishop and the supporting Bishops the Dean of Westminster, the Great Officers of State, the Lords who bore the Regalia, and Garter, were placed immediately about their Majesties. At the conclusion of the Anthem, the Choristers passed on to their Gallery at the back of the Choir, and the Prebendaries to their stations at the south side of the Altar. When the King and Queen arrived at their Chairs, after their private devotions, they both sat down; and at the conclusion of the Anthem, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, the Earl Marshall, and Garter going before them, proceeded to the east side of the Theatre, and afterwards to the south, west, and north, where the Archbishop made the following Presentation:—

Sirs, I here present unto you King William the Fourth, the undoubted King of this Realm; wherefore all you who are come this day to do your Homage, are you willing to do the same?

The reply to this demand was loud and repeated, by the acclamations of all present, of "God save King William the Fourth." At every time the Presentation of his Majesty was made, he turned to that side of the Abbey where the Archbishop and the Great Officers were standing, and at the last time the trumpets flourished. The Presentation being concluded, another Anthem taken from Psalm xxi. v. 1. 6. "*The King shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord,*" was sung by the Choir, their Majesties being seated in their Chairs of State.

The Altar and the passage to it were then prepared for the King's first Oblation; the former by having the Bible, Paten, and Chalice, placed upon it, and the latter by Carpets and Cushions being spread on the floor by the Officers of the Wardrobe. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury having put on his Hood, and the Bishops who were to sing the Litany being also vested, his Majesty attended by the two Bishops who supported him in the Procession, the Dean of Westminster, and the Lords bearing the Regalia, passed onward towards the Altar, where, uncovered and kneeling upon the steps, he made his Offering. This consisted of a Pall or Altar-covering of cloth of gold, and an ingot of that pure metal of one pound in Troy weight. The first was provided by the Master of the Great Wardrobe, and the second by the Treasurer of the Household, who then gave them to the Lord Great Chamberlain, by him to the King, who delivered them to the Archbishop, by whom the one was placed upon the Altar, and the other in the Oblation basson. The Queen's Offering followed next, and consisted of an Altar-cloth, as before. While their Majesties were on their knees, the Archbishop said an appropriate Prayer:—

The prayer being concluded, their Majesties were conducted to the Chairs of State on the south side of the Altar, where they kneeled down during the Litany which followed.

After the Sermon was finished, the Archbishop of Canterbury went up to the King, and, standing before him, said—

Is your Majesty willing to make the Declaration?

The King answered.

I am willing.

When the King had repeated the Declaration, a silver standish was brought, and he subscribed his name to it on the top of his desk; after which the Coronation Oath was administered, the Archbishop first asking the King.—

Sir, is your Majesty willing to take the Oath?

To which the King answered—

I am willing.

The Archbishop then put the following questions to his Majesty, whose answers were made from a book which he held in his hands.

Archbishop. Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this Kingdom of Great Britain, and the dominions thereto belonging according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on and the respective Laws and Customs of the same.

King. I solemnly promise so to do.

Archbishop. Will you to your power cause Law and Justice in mercy to be executed in all your judgments.

King. I will.

Archbishop. Will you to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed Religion established by Law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of England, and the doctrine worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by Law established within the Kingdoms of England Ireland the dominions of Wales, and towns of Berwick upon Tweed, and the territories thereunto belonging, before the Union of the two Kingdoms? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England, and to the Churches there committed to their charge all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?

King. All this I promise to do.

The King then arose from his Chair, and went uncovered to the Altar, attended by his Supporters, where kneeling upon the steps, and laying his hand upon the Holy Gospel, he said,

The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God.

He then kissed the Book, and signed the Oath, as he did the Declaration.

During the whole of the King's Coronation, the Queen remained seated in her chair, on the south side of the Altar, where her anointing was to be performed. At this ceremony, four Peeresses held over her a cloth, in a manner similar to that described for the King, and the Archbishop, pouring the Oil upon her head, pronounced this benediction:—

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Let the anointing with this Oil increase your honour, and the Grace of God's Holy Spirit establish you for ever and ever. Amen.

The Sacrament was afterwards administered by the Archbishop to both their Majesties. The ceremony of the Coronation having been thus performed; their Majesties then left the Abbey, amids the firing of cannon, ringing of bells, and the immense cheers of the populace.

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

THE CORONATION.

COME, neighbours, let's haste our King for to see
And Adelaide, our noble Queen;
The folks in one movement, seem all to agree,
And are hast'ning to witness the scene.
The scene which must fill ev'ry Briton with joy,
And arouse ev'ry heart in the nation;..
And the poets's and Senator's pen will employ,---
Our King and our Queen's Coronation.

The great and small now together will meet,
Their loyalty willing to show;
See how they are pressing through every street!
So anxious are all for to go;
Fair Adelaide's name and bold William's has fir'd,
Each Briton around in the nation;
No wonder then it is that all have desir'd,
To witness this grand Coronation,

See Princes and Peers, and their ladies so fair,
All crowd their obedience to pay;



Mitred Bishops, in virtue of office are there,
To aid in the feats of the day;
Now music's glad tones are heard all around,
And all men's best feelings possess 'em;
And, as one heart and voice, ev'ry tongue does resound
"Our King and our Queen, God bless 'em."

See business is quire thrown aside for awhile,
And all folks are dress'd in their best;
On ev'ry face appears a glad smile,
And with joy every heart is possest;
The bells they are ringing, the roaring guns heard,
So great is the bliss thro' the nation;
And the foes of the King, and the Queen will alone,
Look dull at the grand Coronation.

Then let ev'ry Briton, on England's fair shores
And wherever our Monarch has sway;
(Who now the dull state of our Commerce deplores,)
Rejoice on this auspicious day;
For as our good King is now pledg'd to reform,
The abuses which are in our nation;
We may bless the good Pilot that'll weather the storm,
And rejoice at his grand Coronation.

CHILDREN in the WOOD









Now ponder well ye parents dear
These words which now I write,
Of Children's tragedy 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.



Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save,
His wife by him as 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 lived, 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 framed in beauty's mould.
The father left his only son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to his perfect age shall 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 wealth
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 we here,
God and you I recommend,
My children dear this day,
But little time we have to stay,
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 that bespake 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
Thus 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 aught 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 into 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
Which were of cursed 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 the tide,
Rejoicing at that tide.
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 heart relent
And they who undertook the deed
Full sorely did repent.
Yet one of them most hard of heart
Did vow to do this charge,
Because the wretch who hired him,
Had paid him very large.



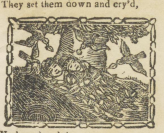
They won't thereto agree,
So here they fell to strife,
And then together they did fight,
About the children's life,
And he that was of the mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
While babes did quake for fear.



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 miles long 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 wandered up and down,
But never more did more did the man,
Approaching from the town,
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and died,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cry'd,



He barbered these two pre
The tenth did end their grief,
In one anothers arms they died,
As babes wanting relief,
No burial these two pretty babes,
Of any man received.
Till Robin Red breast painfully,
Did cover them with leaves



And now the heavy wrath of God,
Upon their uncle fell,
Yea fearful fiends did haunt his house,
Her cattle died within a field,
And nothing with him stard.



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 mortgaged 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 God's 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 eke
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 requite.

Pitts Printer, No 6 Great Saint Andrew Street 7 Dials

The Walking Match
ON
NEWCASTLE RACE GROUND;
Or, BOB CRANKY's EASTER HOLIDAYS.



A NEW SONG.

Tune '*Jemmy Johnson's Whurry.*'

AW likes to ſee whatever's rare,
An' that ye knaw, a'm ſhure, lad;
So 'mang the reſt aw did prepare,
For ſpree upon the Moor, lad;
Auld Wilſon, upon ſhanky's nag,
Will gi'e us all a treat, man:
To travel up's but ſma' fatigue,
So, faicks! aw'll gan an' ſee't, man.

Gox! yeſterday aw juſt went up,
To ſee what tents was on, man:
O' beer they wadn't ſell a ſup;
So was content wi' none, man.
But o' to day there'll plenty be,
An' ſouth o' ſport for me, man;
There's not a cheel knaws Bob Cranky—
But knaws he likes a ſpree, man.

At twelve o'clock, toſs'd off in ſtyle,
Amang the reſt aw went, man;
For aw wad gane, aye mony a mile,
To where there is a tent, man.
There's ſic career, and better beer,
Than there is in the town, man;
Beſides, thinks aw, there's Wilſon here,
Maw happineſs to croon, man.

He's off! he's off! ſee how they run!
Thraw down the pewther pot, man;
Odds bobs! did e'er thou ſee ſec fun,
Sin' ever thou was got, man.
Gan in ageyn—ſnaſh! where's the beer?
Some thief has drunk it up, man:
We're brothers aw, ſo never ſwear,
Nor grudge a friend a ſup, man.

The crack went roun', frae lug to lug,
An' Geordy was the theme, O;
Sum mak' their money "bien an' ſnug,"
While others ha'e to ſcheme, O.
Wilſon he walks hard for his,
An' labours for the time O;
But when he's duin, O, happy bliſs!
To touch the ready rhino.

'Twas once, his big toe nail he ſent
To one that prized it much, O,
So much indeed, of it he meant
To mak' a handſome brooch, O:
Now that's what aw heard i' the tent,
I gie't to you as ſuch, O;
An' if it's a miſrepreſent,
Bob Cranky don't reproach, O.

Aw drunk away while it was leet,
An' mony did the ſeym, man;
To morn aw'll cum and ſee the feat,
To neet aw'll toddle heym, man.
But ſec a neet! o' how it rain'd,
The fleet it blew amain, man;
But Wilſon he his taſk ſuſtain'd,
I' the morn aw went ageyn, man.

When he cam' in what loud hurrahs—
Ye doubtleſs knaw the wager,
He fourteen minutes ſooner was,
O what a clever cadger!
In chaiſe and four he left the Moor,
The bells they rang wi' glee, man.—
I mean to write ye ſomething more,
When ſomething more aw ſee, man.

Marshall, Printer, Newcastle.

The TREAD MILL.

A NEW SONG.

O Dear what a fuſs there's made in each Town,
In building new Prisons and puling old down,
In the days that are past they could make old ones do,
But now there nought thought of unless they are new,
For want of a Tread Mill, a new fashioned Tread Mill,
A round about Tread Mill, sing round about O.

A few years ago when gaols were first built,
They serv'd to fright Robbers and scare away guilt;
But now they're like places to reward sin,
Rogues are no sooner out then they wish to be in,
For want of a Tread Mill, &c.

But now our great Gentle-ilks make a great rout,
Not to keep Villains in, but to make them keep out;
And this for to manage and make Rogues look pale,
They have got a Machine plac'd up in each Gaol.
They call it a Tread Mill, &c,

There ne'er was a more curious play-thing found out,
They put folk upon it to turn it about;
First one foot goes up and the other goes down,—
They fright all Vagrants and girls of the town.
This terrible Tread Mill, &c.

A short time ago I went into the yard,
Where a dozen poor Fellows were galloping hard;
The men they did curse, and the sweat it did run
Down their backs, and poor Fellows they thought it no fun.
To work at the Tread Mill, &c.

Says one to the other, I wish the vile Turk,
Who found out the Tread Mill, was sent here to work,
Such rips and such frames that will jumble your bones,
And all this humbug is to drive two Mill stones.
In the tiresome Tread Mill, &c.

If the Justice, and Jury, and Judge also,
Were just sent here a while to see the Mill go;
They would soon find out that it's very fine talking,
But takes more than words to keep the Mill walking.
In the harassing Tread Mill, &c.

So now to conclude I'll give you advice,
Keep out of the Gaol Boys if you be wise;
For to cure you of stealing, they'll give you a pill,
And very soon clap you into the Tread Mill.
To turn round the Tread Mill, &c.

THE DANDY CAP.

A New Song.

Of all the fashions of the day,
Our bonny lasses bear the sway,
For every one has got the knack,
To wear the Frill and Dandy Cap.

Some bonnets will hold a bag of coals,
Which makes them look so very droll,
For tho' their shifts be ragg'd and black,
They must have on their Dandy Cap.

One day I went unto the Fair,
I met a bonny Lassie there;
I fell in love with her in a crack,
Because she had a Dandy Cap.

I stopt and took her by the hand,
She look'd so handsome and so grand.
She had no shift upon her back,
And yet she wore a Dandy Cap.

Since Dandy Caps are all the plan,
Says Moll to her mother I'll have ane,
Tho' every thing should go to wrack,
I must and will have a Dandy Cap.

You pratting, saucy, impudent jade,
One shift in the world is all you have,
And that's been six weeks upon your back,
And do you want a Dandy Cap.

If you did see them at the Glass,
You'd laugh till you were fit to burst,
They'll twist their necks till fit to crack,
To view their bonny Dandy Cap.

They'll turn them right, and turn them left,
And backward peep to view their dress,
Let them be drest in white or black,
They must have on a Dandy Cap.

How can we then the lasses blame?
They only want to catch the men;
They'll have a sweetheart in a crack,
When they get on a Dandy Cap.

Stephenson, Printer, Gateshead.

Wrekington Hiring.

'O lads an' lasses hither come,
To Wrekinton to see the fun,
'An' mind ye bring yor Sunday shun.
There'll be rare wark wi' dancin, O,
'An' lasses now without a brag,
Bring pockets like a fiddle bag,
'Ye'll get them cram'd wi' mony a whag,
Of pepper-cyek an' scran chim O.

'An' Bess put on that bonny gown,
Thy mother bought thou at the town,
That straw hat wi' the ribbons brown,
'They'll a' be buss'd that's comin' O;
'Put that reed ribbon round thy waist,
It myeks thou luik se full of grace,
'Then up the lonnen come in haste,
'They'll think thou's come frae Lunnun O.

'Ned put on his Sunday coat,
His hat an' breeches cast a note,
'With a new stiff 'ner round his throat,
He luikt the very dandy, O.
He thought that he was gaun to choke,
For he had to gyep before he spoke,
He met Bess at the Royal Oak.
They had byeth yell and brandy, O.

Each lad was there with his sweetheart,
An' a' was ready for a start,
When in com Jack wi' Fanny Smart,
An' brought a merry scraper, O.
Then ned jumpt up upon his feet,
An' on the table myed a seat,
Then boune'd the fiddler up a heet,
Cryin, 'Play an' we will caper, O.'

Now Ned an' Bess led of the ball,
'Play smash the windows,' he did call,
'Keep in yor feet,' says hitchy Mall,
'Learn'd dancers hae sic prancin O;'
Now Ned was nowther laith nor lyem,
An' laith he had baith bouk an' byen,
Ye wad thought his feet was myed of styen,
He gav' sic thuds wi' dancin O.

Now Jackey Fanny's hand did seize,
Cryin, 'Fiddler get yor strings a' greas'd,
Play kiss her weel amang the trees,
She is my darlin, bliss her O;'
Then away they set wi' sic a smack,
They myed the joists a' bend an' crack,
When duen he tuik her round the neck,
An' faith he did'nt miss her O.

The fiddler's elbow wagg'd a' neet,
He thought he wad drop of his seet.
For deel a bit they'd let him eat,
They were se keen of dancin O;
Some had to strip their coats for heet,
An' shirts an' shifts were wet wi' sweat;
They cram'd their guts for want of meat,
Wi ginger-bread an' scranchim O.

Now cocks had crawn an hour or mare,
An' owr the yell pot some did snore,
'But now they luikt to hear the roar,
Of Matt the King pit caller O;
'Smash him says Ned' he man be wrang,
But he's callin through his sleep aw wann,
Then shoutin to the door he ran,
Thou's asleep thou ronsty bawler O.

Now they dane't agyen till it was day,
An' then went hyem, but by the way.
There was some had rare fun they say,
Bu' found it nine months after O;
But dinna myek now sic a mouth,
Its nobbit just a trick o' youth,
It will be duen while in the south,
Without mare noise or laughter O.

Suen Wrekinton will bear the sway,
Two members they'll put in they say,
Then wor taxes will be duen away,
An' we'll a' sing now or never O;
Backey an' tea will be se cheap,
Wives will sit up when they sud sleep,
An' we'll float in yell at yor pay week,
Then Wrekington for ever O.

BEDLAM CITY.

DOWN by the side of Bedlam City,
There I heard a maid complain,
She was making sad lamentation,
I've lost my joy and only swain.

CHORUS

Billy is the lad that I do admire,
He is the lad that I do adore;
Now for him his love lies a dying,
Adieu, adieu, for ever more.

I wish I had wings I would fly unto him,
I would embrace him in my arms,
Cruel parents to refuse him,
For he had ten thousand charms.

Hark to hear the cannons rattle,
How the drums and trumpets sound,
Now he lies in the midst of battle,
Dying with his bleeding wounds.

Don't you see my Billy coming,
Don't you see him in yon clouds,
With gaurdian angels standing round him,
See how they do my Billy crown.

Down on a bed of straw she tumbled,
Making her moan and this reply,
I've lost my joy and only comfort,
How could my parents him destroy.

Stephenson, Printer, Gateshead.

The Keelmen's Stick.

A NEW SONG.

Tune.—*Chapter of Donkies.*

ONE day wi' surprise we were a' myest slain
At Walbend when the noodles began their campaign;
They com to protect the spouts now aw think,
Fear the keelmen sud steal them an' sell them for drink.
Fal, lal, &c.

The owners an' them a' differ'd one day,
Abont some spouts that stands i' the way;
But they say an awd skipper caus'd a' the strife,
For an owner through kindness just kissin his wife.
Fal, lal, &c.

Through the coal dust the owner saw passion to shine,
'Sir,' says he, 'You may go do the same unto mine,'
So he went, but he left sic a mark on her cheek,
That to get it clean off it tuik mony a week.
Fal, lal, &c.

Wor varge an' the noodles a' cut a grand shine,
They went to protect baith sides o' the Tyne,
They put one i' mind, they luikt se complete,
Of Nelson blockadin an enemy's fleet.
Fal, lal, &c.

But a king's cutter com an' laid a' their pride,
Marcens they say fights best on the tide,
The noise o' their guns set wor bairns into fits,
And a canny awd barber they've shak'd a' to bits.
Fal, lal, &c.

Wor keelmen they own put them a' in a maze,
At the mouth o' their cannon se bold they did gaze;
Their captain said, 'Turks wiv a' their lang knives,
Was nowt tiv an army of Sandgate awd wives.
Fal, lal, &c.

There was a mareen, the deel clag up his eye,
That shot a poor fellow, aye, clean throw the thigh,
He luikt like a monkey in his coat an' cockt hat,
And they say he expects a promotion for that.
Fal, lal, &c.

If they'd come a-shore wi' just their bare fist,
My sang we wad gean their necks sic a twist,
They wad fund a' wor foes iv baith sides o' the line,
Were just nowt at a' to wor brave sons of Tyne.
Fal, lal, &c.

They wad'nt had se much gob, but wor duty's se great,
Aw dor say they hardly knaw what for to eat,
There's nowt that we see but what pays them a toll,
Aye there's ever se much on a happenny roll.
Fal, lal, &c.

The best way aw think to show wor respects,
Is to wish them a something tight round their necks,
'Twad learn them to cum an' fight them wi' their cracks,
That's givin them meat an' chise to their backs,
Fal, lal, &c.

W. Stephenson, Printer, Gateshead.

Highland Mary.

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs
Your waters never drumlie.
There summer first unfolds her robes,
And there they longest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel,
Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom;
The golden hours, on angel's wings,
Flew o'er me, and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' many a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was so tender,
And pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder,
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flow'r so early;
Now green's the sod, and cold's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale pale now, those rosey lips,
I oft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lov'd me dearly:
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

The Walking Match

Prov. iv. 14. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.—15. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not except they have done mischief, and their sleep is taken away, except they cause some to fall.

HARD by Braid-gate, a village stands,
One half of which is on Braid lands—
Good Lord, deliver us from ill,
And from the spiteful keep us still!
This village famous is for strife,
As each could take the other's life;
Here Envy and malicious Rage,
With quiet neighbours war doth wage.
To me their love or hate is sport,
I've shar'd their "good and bad report;"—
I've Justice done them, Mercy shewn—
Through bad usage, am callous grown.
Tho' some here meet you with a smile;
Trust me their hearts are full of guile.
Tho' they to you low rev'rence make:
They wish the D—l may you take!
Rescu'd from threaten'd, and just law,
Which sland'rous tongues did on them draw:
Their Benefactor's Family all,
They hope by mischief to enthrall.
By malice could they money make,
Most greedily they would it take;
For filthy lucre, conscience sell,
And take the nearest way to H—ll.
Each benefit grant them for nought,
They'll thank you but for what they've bought:
And if you ask them to a feast,
They'll treat you worse than any beast.
Shew tender mercy to their sick,
They'll play you some malicious trick.
Give them your all, they would have more;
And then they'd turn you from their door.—
Such is Braid's-Burn, I grieve to say,
A sad eye-sore on our highway:
Rather than go that road along,
Amongst the vulgar, idle throng,
O'er rugged paths, I'd eastward roam,
With Peace for my companion home.

M. G.



THE WANDERING *Girl.*

I lov'd a young man as dear as my life,
He often told me he'd make me his wife,
But now to some other fair girl he's gone,
Left me and my baby in sorrow to mourn.

CHORUS.

My true love hath left me I know not why,
Left me and baby in sorrow to cry,
My father and mother forget I ne'er shall,
How they've turn'd their backs on the wandering girl.

My father despises me because I did so,
Now I'm despis'd by the girls that I know.
My father and mother turns me from the door,
Now I must wander like one that is poor.

Once I was as fair as the bud of the rose,
Now I'm pale as the lilly that grows,
Like a flower in the garden my beauty is gone,
See what I'm come to by loving a man.

Come ye pretty fair maids wherever you be,
Never trust a young man in any degree,
They'll kiss you, and court you, and swear they'll be true,
And the very next moment they'll bid you adieu.

W. Stephenson, Printer, Gateshead.

Hetton Coals.

A NEW SONG.

Hetton-Main coal now is won,
We'll a' get drunk till we fall down;
The water is hot we a' weel knaw,
But we'll tub her back without a flaw.
Hetton coal is very bonny,
Hetton coal is best of easy;
The water is het we a' weel knaw,
But we'll tub her back without a flaw.

Hetton-Main coal is round and good,
It takes neither cinlps nor wood;
But makes a fire both brisk and braw,
Hetton coal it bangs them a'
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

Our master Cockrine he comes te,
'Lads you've won the colliery for me,
Good ale and beer you shall drink round,'
And we'll a' get drunk in Hetton town.
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

Our machines they're strong and good,
They're made of good metal and of wood;
And they're weel man'd se weel we knaw,
Hetton lads they bang them a'.
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

Jowsey he comes swearing in,
'Smash her down lads to the seam;'
The seam is good se weel we knaw,
Hetton coal it bangs them a'
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

Hopper and Stephenson did say
'Sharp your picks and hew away;
Carve them round and make ne sma;
For Hetton coal it bangs them a'.
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

Hetton colliery now is won,
The waggon-way and a' is done;
The coals are shipping every day,
Amang them a' they bear the sway.
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c

Nesham's colliery and Lord Steward's te,
Our owners can win a' the three;
The coals they sell without delay,
Hetton owners carries the day.
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

Now to conclude and make an end,
Of these few lines which Jowsey pen'd,
Amang them a' in Wear or Tyne,
Hetton owners takes the shine
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

The Oxfordshire Tragedy, or Rosanna's Overthrow.

PART I.

YOUNG virgins fair of beauty bright,
And you that are of Cupid's fold,
Unto my tragedy draw near,
For it is as true as e'er was told;
In Oxfordshire liv'd a lady fair,
The daughter of a worthy knight,
A gentleman a courting came,
Was enamoured with her beauty bright.
Rosanna was this maiden's name,
The flower of fair Oxfordshire,
This gentleman a courting came,
Begging her to be his only dear;
Her youthful heart to love inclin'd,
Young Cupid bent his golden bow,
And left a fatal dart behind,
Which prov'd Rosanna's overthrow.
Within the pleasant groves they walk'd,
And vallies where the lambs did play,
Sweet pleasant tales of love they talk'd,
For to pass away the summer's day;
My charming lovely Rose, said he,
See how the pleasant flowers spring,
The pretty birds on every tree,
With melody the groves do ring.
I nothing want for to delight
My soul, but those sweet charms of thine,
Our hearts are fix'd, therefore my dear,
Like turtle doves let us combine;
Let me embrace my heart's delight,
With'n my pleasant bower here,
This bank of violets for our bed,
Shaded with those sweet roses fair.
She said, what can you mean, I pray,
I am a noble lady born,
What signifies my beauty bright,
That's a trifle when my honour's gone;
My parents they will me disdain,
Young virgins they will me deride,
Oh! do not prove my overthrow,
If you love me, stay till I am your bride.
Sweet angel bright, I do vow,
By all the powers that are divine,
I'll ne'er forsake my dearest dear,
You're the girl that does my soul confine;
And if you will still me deny,
This sword shall quickly end the woe,
Then from her arms straightway he flew,
In fury out his sword he drew.
Her hands as white as lillies fair,
Most fearfully she there did ring,
She said, my death's approaching near,
Should I pity take and comfort him;
It only brings my fatal end,
'Tis I that must receive the wound,
The crimson dye forsook her cheeks,
At his feet she drop'd on the ground.
This innocent he did betray,
Full sore against her chaste desire,
True love is a celestial charm,
But the flame of lust a raging fire;
But when her senses did revive,
He many vows and oaths did make,
That he'd for ever true remain,
And her company would not forsake.

PART II.

NOW virgins, in the second part,
Observe this sweet creature's end,
When once your virtue is betray'd,
You've nothing young men will commend;
After the traitor had his will,
He never did come near her more,
And from her eyes, both night and day,
For his sake the chrystal tears did pour.
Into the silent grove, she then
Would often wander, quite alone,
And for the jewel she had lost,
In the said bower thus would moan:
Oh, that I was some little bird,
That I might fly to hide this shame,
Oh! silly maid, thus to believe,
The base delusions of a man.
The harmless lambs can sport and play,
The turtle constant to his mate,
Nothing so wretched is than I.
To love the man that does me hate;
I will to him a letter send,
Remembering of the vows he made,
Within that shady bower, where
My tender heart was first betray'd.
Her trembling hand the letter wrote,
My dearest dear, what must I do?
Alas! what have I done, that I
Am slighted so by you?
I could had many a lord of fame,
Who little knows my misery,
I did forsake a worthy knight,
And all for the sake of thee.
And now my little infant dear,
Will quickly spread abroad my shame;
One word of comfort send to me,
'Ere by thy cruelty I am slain;—
This answer to her he did send,
Your insolence amazes me,
To think that I should marry one,
With whom before I had been free.
Indeed I'll not a father be,
Unto the bastard that you bear,
So take no farther thoughts of me,
No more from you pray let me hear;—
When she this letter did receive,
She wrung her hands and wept full sore,
Yet every day she still would range,
To lament within that bower.
This faithless wretch began to think,
How noble were her parents dear,
He says, I sure shall punish'd be,
When they her story come to hear;
So then the Devil did begin,
To enter in his wicked mind,
Her precious life he then must have,
Then how to act the thing did find,
He many times did watch her out
Unto the pleasant bower, where
One day he did in private go,
When he knew she was not there,
And privately he dug her grave,
Underneath an oaken tree,
Then in the branches he did hide,
To act this bloody tragedy.
Poor harmless soul she nothing knew,
But as usual she went there,
And on a bank of violets she,
In a mournful manner did sit down;
Of his unkindness did complain,
At length the grave she did espy,
She rose and went to view the same,
Little thinking he was nigh.
You gentle Gods so kind, said she,
Did you this grave for me prepare?
He then descended from the tree,
Saying, strumpet, now thy death is near;
O! welcome, welcome, she reply'd,
As long as by your hand I die,
This is a pleasant marriage bed!
I am ready. Use your cruelty.
But may the heavens bring to light
This crime, and let it thus appear,
Winter or summer on this grave,
May a damask rose in full blossom spring;
Never to wither tho' it be cropt,
But when thy hand do touch the same,
Then may the bloom that moment blast,
To bring to light that bitter shame.
More she'd have said, but with his sword,
He pierc'd her tender body through,
Then threw her in her silent grave,
Saying, now there's an end of you;
He fill'd the grave up close again,
With weeds the same he overspread,
Then unconcern'd he straight went home,
And instantly he went to bed.
Her parents they were grieved sore,
For the loss of their daughter dear,
Thinking that she was stole away;
Unto all their riches she was heir:
Twelve months ago this thing was done,
There's thousands for a truth do know;
According as she did desire,
On her grave a damask rose did grow,
And many wonder'd at the same,
For all the winter it did spring;
If any one did crop the rose,
In a moment it would grow again:
This thing was told the country o'er,
And many came this sight to see,
This miracle from heaven shewn,
Among the rest he must curious be.
To go and see if it was true,
And when unto the place he came,
The beautous rose he saw in bloom,
And eagerly he cropt the same;
The leaves did fall from off the bush,
The rose within his hand did die,
He said, "It is Rosanna's blood,
"Which springs up from her fair body."
Many people that were there,
Took notice of what he did say,
They said he had a murder done,
And he the truth confest without delay;
They dug, and found the body there,
The first of June, it is well known,
Before a magistrate he went,
And in a prison he doth mourn.
Till he his punishment receives,
No doubt but he will have his due,
Young men by this a warning take,
Keep to your vows what'er you do;
For God does find out many ways,
Such heinous crimes to bring to light,
For murder is a crying sin,
And hateful in his blessed sight.

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FORTUNE TELLING BY CARDS





Observe the following directions in laying them out: first, the person whose fortune is to be told, if a man, must choose one of the four kings to represent himself; if a woman, she must select one of the queens; then the queen of the chosen king, or the king of the chosen queen, will stand for husband or wife, mistress or lover of the party whose fortune is to be told, and the knave of the suit for the most intimate person of their family; then shuffle and cut the cards and let the persons whose fortune is to be ascertained, cut them three times, showing the bottom card, then shuffle them again, cut once, and lay them in rows on the table, taking care to have nine in each row, and place them exactly under each other, then consult the situation in which the person stands, by the definition here annexed, and after repeating it three times, form your conclusions. Everything is within your circle as far as you can count thirteen from the card that represents the person, his wife or her husband, the thirteenth card either way is of the greatest consequence.

Ten of Hearts.

This ten is a lucky cast,
For it shews the worst is past,
But if maids the same should have
Love will their kind hearts enslave.

King of Hearts.

By this card it doth appear,
Thou shalt live in happy cheer,
And if a female draws this card,
She shall likewise be preferred.

Queen of Hearts.

By this card it doth make known,
That thou shalt enjoy thy own,
Women, if they draw the same,
Shall enjoy a happy name.

Knave of Hearts.

He that draws the knave of hearts,
It betokens knavish parts;
But if a female draws the knave,
Ne'er shall she be to man a slave.

Ace of Spades.

You that draw the ace of spades,
Shall be flouted by the maids,
When it is a damsel's lot,
Love and Honour go to pot.

Deuce of Spades.

Now the deuce betokens strife,
With a scolding wanton wife,
If a woman's lot it be,
Honour, love and dignity.

Tray of Spades.

Thou art happy in this tray,
And shall wed a lady gay;
But girls that the same shall take,
Will marry a poor town rake.

Four of Spades.

Now this four betokens you,
Shall be of the horned crew;
Maids who drawthe same shall meet
With the height of joy that's sweet.

Five of Spades.

This five of spades gives youtoknow
That you must thro' some troublego
But if a woman, it fortells,
Her virtue others far excels.

Six of Spades.

The six fortells when e'er you wed,
You'll have a crack'd maiden head
But if a maid the same card draws,
She'll wed a manwith great applause

Seven of Spades.

Now the seven comes to hand,
It does entitle you to land;
But maids by this shall marry those
That have money, friends or clothes

Eight of Spades.

The eight of spades fortells you shall
Wed a fair damsel, straight & tall,
If to a maid the same should come
She'll wed a brother to Tom Thumb

Nine of Spades.

By this nine it is foretold,
Thou'll wed one deaf blind, & old,
Maids, if they do have this chance,
Hall themselves to wealth advance

Ten of Spades.

Tis seen by the ten of spades,
Thou shalt follow many trades,
Thrive by none, but women they,
By this chance shan't work, but play

Six of Hearts.

Now the sixth of hearts doth tell,
Thou shall be where honours dwell,
If drawn by the other side,
It betokens scorn and pride.

Seven of Hearts.

Now the seventh I will maintain,
Shews thou hast not loved in vain
Thou shalt have the golden prize;
But with maids 'tis other wise.

Eight of Hearts.

Having drawn the number eight,
Shews thee servile—born to wait,
But if woman draw the same,
They shall mount on wings of fame.

Nine of Hearts.

To this nine be well assured,
Bhy love pains must be endured,
But the maid that draws this nine,
Soon in wedlock hands shall join.

King of Clubs.

Here's the king of clubs that shows
Thou hast friends as well as foes;
Maids that draw this card shall
Have but few, or none at all.

Queen of Clubs.

If the queen of clubs thou hast,
Thou shalt be with honour graced,
Women, if the same they find,
Will have all things to their mind.

Knave of Clubs.

Now the vainly knave appears,
He will cut off both your ears,
Women, when the same they see,
Will be what they use'd to be.

Ace of Diamonds.

Your lot the Ace seems to be
You'll wed one that'r fierce & fiery
To a lady the reverse will be
She marries one with plenty.

Deuce of Diamonds.

Ah, you have drawn the number 2
You will marry one that is true,
But woman beware, should you
draw this number
Lots of trouble to disturb thy
slumbers.

Tray of Diamonds.

You have drawn this number 3
You'll find to honour virtue you're
inclined,
But should woman draw this No. 3
She will prove great charge to thee

Four of Diamonds.

A man that draws a number four
Shall have wealth & plenty in store
But a woman is sure to have
For a husband a perfect knave.

Five of Diamonds.

He that draws a number five
Is sure in business to thrive,
But if a woman draw the same
She'll find her life a crooked lane.

Six of Diamonds.

He that draws a number six
Beware on whom your affections fix
And if woman draws a six
She will be of pure sincerity.

Seven of Diamonds.

He that draws a number seven
Is sure to have a good & tender wife
But of woman have a care,
Some distant friend will cause
much strife.

Eight of Diamonds.

You have drawn a number eight
I fear your marriage will be late
Should a lady draw the same
She'll wed quite early with much
gain.

Nine of Diamonds.

The nine to draw is very lucky
And fortune will smile upon you,
But should womau draw the same
She'll get a very dirty swain.

Ten of Diamonds.

Yes, this to draw is very well,
You have those that love I can tell
But should man draw the same
He'll get some unfaithful swain.

King of Diamonds.

A King to draw, a fair one too
Shows at once you'renot a shrew,
But woman to draw so fair a man
Shows she has charms to trepan,

Queen of Diamonds

Shows you will have
Some great offer for your hand,
But in man it proves the other way
And no one seems inclined.

Knave of Diamonds

Is bad to draw,
In life you have many flaws
But in woman proves quite the
reverse
And shows you have in life much
mirth.

Ace of Hearts

To draw it shows
You have one you love with a
prominent nose,
But in man he'll find he'll have one
true
But will bury them too short for you

Deuce of Hearts

That draws shall be
Full of generosity
But if woman draw this card
It will show them very hard.

Tray of Hearts.

The man or woman that draws the
tray
You have a master you must obey.

Four of Hearts.

You that draw the four of hearts
Will find a deserving wife to suit
his mind.
But in woman you must have a care
Or you'll have one that's like a bear

Five of Hearts.

You that draw the five of hearts
Will have a many new sweethearts
Have a care and do not tarry,
Or I'm sure you will not marry.

King of Spades

By the King observe and note
You on golden streams shall float,
Women, by the self same lot,
Long enjoy what they have got.

Queen of Spades.

Here's the Queen of spades likewise
Thou shalt soon to riches rise,
Women by the same shall have
What their hearts can wish or crave

Knave of Spades.

That's a knave, pray have a care
That thou dost not make a pair.
Women that the same do choose
They prove flats, but that's no news

Ace of Clubs.

He that draws the ace of clubs,
Must expect a thousand snubs
From his wife, but maids again
By this card shall rule and reign.

Deuce of Clubs.

Note---this deuce doth signify
That thou shalt a christian die,
Damsels that the same shall take
Never will their friends forsake

Tray of Clubs.

You that now this tray have drawn
Shall on cruel harlots fawn.
Women that shall take the tray,
Tho' they're asked they will say nay

Four of Clubs.

By this four I plainly see
Four bastards will be laid to thee;
She thst draws the same shall wed
Two rich husbands, both well bred

Five of Clubs.

By this five I see that thou
Shalt be wed to dirt and row;
This same drawn by virgins, they
Shall take husbands kind and gay

Six of Clubs.

By this six you'll wed I know,
One that over you will crow.
Maids that draw the same shall be
Blest with husbands kind and free

Seven of Clubs.

Thou that hast the seven drawn,
Shall thy breeches lay in pawn;
Maids that draw the same shall wear
Jewels rich beyond compare.

Eight of Clubs

By the eight, tho' whig or quaker,
Thou wilt be a cuckold-baker.
Maids that draw the same are born
To hold the beaus and fops in scorn

Nine of Clubs.

What, the nine, upon my life,
Thon shalt wed a wealthy wife,
She that draws the same shall have
One that is both fool and knave

Ten of Clubs.

Now this number half a score,
Shows you will be wretched poor.
Maids that draw the number, still
Shall have joy and wit at will.

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BLOODY GARDENER.

WHEN or where this bloody tragedy happened is uncertain; but if we may Judge from the poetry, it must be very ancient; probably prior to the age of Henry VII. it is a kind of blank verse, seldom to be met with; from the simplicity of the language, there is reason to believe it a matter of fact.

THE Bloody Gardener.

YOU constan: lovers all pray lend an ear,
To this relation which I bring you here,
'Tis of a maiden fair,
A shepherds daughter dear,
True love did prove her overthrow,
She was of beauty bright both fair and clear.
And by a noble Lord she courted were,
She was so young we find,
As yet fond love to mind,
But little Cupid did her heart ensnare,

His parents were of very high degree,
They said my son she is no match for thee;
If You'd our blessing have,
Grant us what we do crave,
To wed with none but to whom we shall agree.
For You my son we've chose a charming bride
She's Young and rich and beautiful beside
Of temper kind and free,
This match we chuse for thee,
A shepherd's daughter's of too mean degree,

If that You'll not be ruled or led,
From our presence You shall be banished,
No more we will You own,
For to be our son,
O let our will be done or we'll end the strife.

Madam if I a begging with her should go,
Contented would I be in doing so,
So that I could have
The girl that I do crave,
No cursed gold should part my love from me.

Was she as poor as Job and I of royal robe.
And Lord of all the globe she should be mine,
My son is nobly borr,
His mother said in scorn,
And with a beggars brat shall ne'er be tied.

He then hearing his mother to say so,
Tears from his eyes did like fountains flow,
A promise I have made,
I have her heart betrayed,
No other for my bride You e'er shall chose.

A snare for her precious blood was laid
And for to act the crime O, then she did,
With her Gardener she agreed,
To do this bloody deed,
Her butcher for to be and dig her grave.

To the bloody gardener she gave eighty 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.

He wrote a letter and sent it with speed,
Saying my dearest love with haste proceed,
Meet me to night my dear,
Something I've to declare,
Poor soul she little thinking of the deed,

Thinking to meet her own true love indeed,
She search'd the garden round,
But no true love she found,
At length the BLOODY Gard'ner did appear.

What business madam have you here I pray?
Or are You come to rob my garden GAY?
She said no thief I AM,
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 bid her straight prepare to lose her life,
She on her knees did fall,
And on the Lord 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 in heaven I A PLACE shall find.

The Bloody GARDENER found her life was gone
Deep in the ground her body he put down,
With flowers fine & gay,
The grave did overlay,
Thinking her body never would be found.

This Youthful Lord did little know indeed,
NEXT DAY to seek his own true love with speed,
All round the vallies fair,
No Shepherdess WAS there,
The pretty lambs were wandering to & fro,

Lamenting for their their tender shepherdess,
Then he set him down upon the grass,
The heavens he did implore,
To see his love once more,
O, then Ye Gods said he shall I be blest.

Where must I go to find this Angel bright,
She is MY pleasure & my hearts delight.
O if in life she be,
Once more let me her see,
Or else my soul will quickly take its flight.

The woods & groves with him did moan,
The small birds then did sing a mournful tune
SAYING Your love is gone,
And You are left alone,
Then on A mossy BANK he laid him down,

He had no sooner closed 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 then the dove took flight & he was left.

To his mother's Garden he did repair,
For to lie & lament himself there,
Where the dove once more he did see
Sat on A mirtle tree,
With drooping wings it did sorrowful appear

Thou dove so innocent WHY do You come?
Or have Ye lost Your mate as I have done?
That You dog me here,
All round the Vallies fair,
When this he spoke the dove it did fly down,

And on the Virgin's grave did seem to go,
Out of her milkwhite breast the blood did flow
To the place did repair,
But no true love was there,
Then frightened home to his mother he did go.

And told what unto him there did 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 did SAY,
Turned pale as lead & swooned AWAY,
She in distraction run,
And told him what she had done,
And where the Virgins body it was laid.

He nothing more did SAY but took a knife,
Farewell the joy & pleasure of MY life,
He in the Garden flew,
And pierced his body through,
It was cursed gold that caused all this strife.

These lovers in one silent tomb was laid,
And many A briny tear for them was shed,
The bloody Gardener we hear,
Was apprehended there,
And now all three are in their silent graves.

J. CROME, PRINTER, SHEFFIELD.

The Bloody GARDENER's CRUELTY.

Or, the Shepherd's Daughter betrayed,

COME all you conſtant lovers, and to me lend an ear, (you here,
And mind this ſad relation which I do give
'Tis of a maiden fair,
A ſhepherd's daughter dear
But love did prove her utter overthrow.
She was of beautious mould fair and clear to view,
And by a noble Lord ſhe courted were beheld
But was too young we find.
As ye: fond love to mind,
Yet little Cupid did her heart enſnare.
His parents they were all of high degree,
They ſaid, ſhe is no match at all for thee.
If you'll a bleſſing have,
Grant us but what we crave,
And wed with none but whom we ſhall agree
Dear ſon, for you we have choſen out a bride
With ſtore of gold, and beautiful beſide,
Of a temper kind and free,
She is the girl for thee,
But not a ſhepherd's daughter of mean degree
And, if you'll not be rul'd or led,
You from our preſence ſhall be baniſhed,
No more will you own,
To be our only ſon,
Then let our will be done, to end the ſtrife,
Madam, ſaid he, if I a begging ſhould go,
I ſhould be well contented ſo to do,
If that I could but have,
The girl that I do crave,
No curſed gold ſhall part my love 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 in ſcorn,
Thou art moſt nobly born,
And with a beggar's brat ſhall never join.
He hearing his mother to ſay ſo
His eyes did then with tears like fountains flow
Saying, a promiſe I have made, (old
And her beauty betrayed,
Therefore no other for my bride I chuſe,
A cruel ſnare then for her life ſhe laid
And for to act this thing, O then ſhe did,
With her gardener ſhe agreed,
To do the bloody deed,
And butcher her forthwith and dig her grave,
To the bloody gardener ſhe gave fourſcore pounds
To murder her and lay her under ground.
All in a grave ſo deep,
In everlaſting ſleep,
Hoping her fair body would not be found.

She wrote a letter and ſent it with ſpeed,
Saying, my deareſt, with haſte now proceed,
Meet me this night I pray,
I've ſomething to ſay,
Poor girl ſhe little thought upon the deed.
The youthful ſhepherdeſs of this nothing knew
But went to ſeek her truelove as ſhe uſ'd to do
She ſearch'd the garden roond
But no truelove ſhe found,
At length the bloody gardener did appear,
What buſineſs have you here madam I pray?
Are you come here to rob the garden gay?
Cries ſhe, no thief I am;
To meet my love I'm come,
Which did this night appoint to meet me here
He ſpoke no more but ſtraight knife he took
And pierc'd her heart before one word he ſpoke
Then on the ground ſhe fell
Crying, ſweet love, farewell,
O welcome, Death, thy fatal ſtroke,
Was this done now my dear, by your deſign,
Or by your cruel parents moſt unkind
My life is thus betray'd;
Farewell vain world ſhe ſaid,
I hope in Heaven a place I ſhall find,
But when he ſaw her life was really gone,
Immediately he laid her in the ground.
With flowers fine and gay,
Her corpſe did overlay.
Intending that her body ſhould not be found
Now all this time this Lord he little knew,
But went to meet his true love as he uſ'd to do
He ſearched the valleys round,
But no true love he found,
The little lambs were wandering to and fro.
Lamenting greatly for their ſhepherdeſs.
Then he did lay him down upon the graſs
The heavens he did implore,
To ſee his love once more,
O then ye Gods above I am ſurely bleſt.
O whither ſhall I ſeek that angel bright,
Whoſe is alone my pleaſure and delight,
Pray if alive ſhe be,
Let me my true love ſee,
Or elſe my ſoul will quickly take its flight,
Whereat the woods and groves began to moan
The ſmall birds they did ſing a mournful tune
Crying, your love is gone,
And left you quite alone,
Then on a moſſy bank he laid him down
He had no ſooner cloſ'd his eyes to ſleep,
But a milk white dove came to his breaſt,
Her fluttering wings did bear,
Which wak'd him out of ſleep,
And then the dove took to wings, and he was bleſt,
To his mother's garden ſtraight he did repair
For to bemoan the loſs of his dear,
Here the dove once more he ſee
Sitting on a myrtle tree, (appear,
With drooping wings ſhe did diſconſolate
O done, diſconſolate, why do you come?
Have you loſt your loves as I have done,
That you dodge me here,
No comfort can I bear,
Thus then the dove replied & then flew down
Saying, it was your mother order'd it ſo,
That from her milk white breaſt her blood did flow
To the grove he did repair,
But found no true love there,
Homeward then to his mother he did go,
He ſaid, mother, moſt cruel and ſevere,
I fear, you've killed my joy and only dear,
For a dove I do declare,
Did all in blood appear,
And ſaid, if ſhe is dead, her fate I'll ſhare.
His mother hearing what the ſon did ſay,
She turn'd as pale as death and ſwoon'd away
Then in diſtraction run
And told what ſhe had done,
And where the virgin's body it then lay
He ſaid no more, but ſtraightway took a knife
And ſaid now farewell to the comforts of life
Then into the garden he flew,
And pierced his body through ſtrife
And ſaid, it was curſed gold cauſed all this
Theſe two lovers in one tomb where laid
And many a briny tear for them was ſhed,
And the gardener as we hear,
Was apprehended there.
And hung in chains for being ſo ſevere,

Printed at J. Pitts, Wholeſale Toy & Marble Warehouſe
6, Great St. Andrew-ſtreet, 7 dials



THE BLOODY

Gardener's

CRUELTY;

OR, THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER BETRAYED.

COME all you constant lovers and lend to me an ear,
And mind this sad relation which I do give you here,
'Tis of a maiden fair,
A shepherd's daughter dear,
But love did prove her utter overthrow.
She was of a beauteous mould, fair and clear to behold,
And by a noble lord courted were,
But was too young we find,
As yet fond love to mind,
Yet little Cupid did her heart ensnare.
His parents they were all of high degree,
They said she is no match at all for thee,
If you our blessing have,
Grand us but what we crave,
And wed with none but whom we shall agree.
Dear son for you we've chosen out a bride,
With store of gold, and beautiful beside,
Of a temper kind and free,
She is the girl for me,
But not a shepherd's daughter of mean degree.
And if by us you will not be rul'd or led,
You from our presence shall be banished,
No more we will you own,
To be our only son,
Then let our will be done to end the strife.
Madam, said he, if a beggin I should go,
And you are determin'd for to serve me so,
If that I could but have,
The girl that I do crave,
No cursed gold shall part my love and me.
Was she as poor as Job and I of royal robes,
And lord of all the globe she should be mine,
His mother said in scorn,
Thou art most nobly born,
And with a beggar's brat shall never join.
He hearing his mother say so,
His eyes did then with tears like fountains flow,
Saying a promise I have made,
And her beauty betray'd,
Therefore no other for my bride I chuse.
A cruel snare then for her life she laid,
And for to act this thing, oh! then she did,
With her gardener she agreed,
To do the bloody deed,
And butcher forthwith and dig her grave.
To the bloody gardener she gave twenty pounds,
To murder her and lay her under ground,
All in a grave so deep,
In everlasting sleep,
Hoping her fair body would not be found.
She wrote a letter and sent it with speed,
Saying my dearest with haste now proceed,
Meet me this night I pray,
I've something to declare,
Poor girl she little thought upon the deed.
The youthful shepherdess of this nothing knew,
But went to meet her true love as she us'd to do,
She searched the garden all around,
But no true love could be found,
At length the bloody gardener did appear.
What business have you here, madam, pray?
Are you come here to rob the garden gay?
Cries she no thief I am,
But wait for that young man,
Who did this night appoint to meet me here.
He spook no more but straight a knife he took,
And piere'd her heart before one word she spoke,
Then on the ground she fell,
Crying sweet love farewell,
O welcome, welcome death, thy fatal stroke.
Oh! did my dear then know of your design,
Or by his cruel parents most unkind,
My life is thus betray'd,
Farewell vain world she said,
I hope in heaven I a place shall find.
But when he saw her life was really gone,
He laid her immediately in the ground,
With flowers fine and gay,
Her corpse did overlay,
Intending that her body should not be found.
Now all the time this lord he nothing knew,
But went to meet his true love as he us'd to do,
He search'd the vallies round.
But no true love he found,
The little lambs were wandering to and fro.
Lamenting greatly for their shepherdess,
Then he did lay him down upon the grass,
The heavens he did implore,
To see his love once more,
O then ye gods above I'm surely blest.
O whither shall I seek that angel bright,
Who is alone my pleasure and delight,
Pray if alive she be,
Let me my true love see,
Or else my soul will quickly take its flight.
Whereat the woods and groves began to mourn,
The small birds they did sing a mournful tune,
Crying your love is gone,
And left you quite alone,
Then on a mossy bank he laid him down.
He had no sooner clos'd his eyes in sleep,
But a milk-white dove came on his breast,
Her fluttering wings did beat,
Which wak'd him out of sleep,
And then the dove took wing and he was blest.
To his mother's garden straight he did repair,
For to bemoan the loss of his own dear,
Here the dove once more he sees,
Sitting on a myrtle-tree,
With drooping wings sorrowful she did appear.
O dove disconsolate, why do you come,
Have you not lost your love as I have done,
That you do lodge me here?
No comfort can we hear,
Then the dove replied and then flew down.
Saying it was your mother ordered it so,
Then from her white breast the blood did flow,
To the grove he did repair,
But found no true love there,
Homeward to his mother then he did go.
He said mother most cruel and severe,
You have killed my joy and only dear,
For a dove I do declare,
Did all in blood appear,
He said if she is dead her fate I will share.
His mother hearing what the son did say,
She turn'd as pale as death and swoon'd away,
Then into distraction run,
And told what she had done,
And where the virgin's body it then lay.
He said no more but straightway took a knife,
And said farewell to the comforts of my life,
Then into the garden flew,
And pierc'd his body through,
Saying it was cursed gold caused all this strife.
These two lovers in one tomb were laid,
And many a briny tear for them was shed,
And the gardener as we hear,
Was apprehended there,
And hang'd in chains for being so severe.

(Ordoyno, Printer, Nottingham.)

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PAGE(S)

The Great Messenger of Mortality

Or the Dialogue between

DEATH and the LADY,





DEATH.

FAIR Lady lay your coſtly robes aſide,
No longer muſt youglory in your pride
Take leave off all your carnal vain delight
I'm come to ſummons you away this night

LADY.

What bold attempt is this, pray let me know, (go,
From whence you come & whither I muſt
Shall I who am a lady ſtoop or bow,
To ſuch a pale faced viſage who art thou

DEATH

Do you not know me? Well, I'll tell you then.
'Tis *I* that conquers 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 (fore its noon
Why muſt my morning ſun go down be-

DEATH.

Talk not of noon you may as well be mute
This is no time at all for to diſpute,
Your riches jewels gold & garments brave
Your houſes and lands muſt all new maſters have.

Tho' they by age are full of grief & pain
Yet their appointed they muſt remain.

LADY.

My heart is cold it trembles at the news.
Here's bags of gold if thou wilt me excuſe
And ſtay on thoſe thus finiſh thou the ſtrife,
Oh ſuch as are moſt weary of their life.
Are there not bound in priſon ſtrong.
In bitter grief of ſoul have languiſh along
All ſuch would find the grave a place of reſt. (oppreſs'd
From all their griefs in which they are
Beſides theres many with their hoary heads
And pally joints by which their ſtrength is fled,

DEATH.

Tho' thy vain heart to riches was inclin'd
Yet thou muſt die & leave them all behind
I come to none but when my warrants ſeal'd, (yield
And when it is they muſt all ſubmit and
I take no bribe believe me this is true
Prepare yourſelf to go for I come for you

LADY.

Death be not 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 wiſh to ſee her wed whom I adore
Grant me but this *I* aſk no more.

DEATH

This is a ſtrider frivolous excuſe.
I have you faſt I will not let you looſe
Leave her to providence for you muſt know,
Along with me whether you will or no,
Leave her to providence for you muſt go,
Along with me whether you will or no,
I Death commands kings to leave their crowns.
And at my feet they lay their ſceptres down,
If unto Kings this favour *I* don't give
But cut them off eah you expect to live,
Beyond the limits of your time and ſpace,
No *I* muſt ſend you to another place.

LADY

You learned doctors now expreſs 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 gave 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 when you flouriſhed in all your ſtore
You would not give one penny to the poor;
Tho' in God's name their ſuit to you did make
You would not ſpare one penny for his ſake
My Lord beheld wherein you did amiſs
And calls you hence to give account for this,

DEATH

Oh! heavy news muſt *I* no longer ſtay
How ſhall I ſtand at the great judgment day
Down from her eyes the chriſtal tears did
She ſaid none knows what I do undergo (flow
Upon a bed of ſorrow here I lie,
My carnal life makes me afraid to die,
My ſins alas are very groſs and foul
Lord Jeſus Chriſt have mercy on my ſoul,
And tho' I 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 me
Tho' they are grey their lives are but a ſpan
A lump of clay ſo vile a creature's man
Then happy thoſe whom Chriſt has made his care,
Die in the Lord and then they bleſſed are

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

This is no time at all for to dispute,
Your riches jewels gold & garments brave
Your houses and lands must all new masters have.

Fain would I stay if thou my life will spare
I have a daughter beautiful and fair
I wish to see her wed whom I adore
Grant me but this *I* ask no more.

st Andrew street 7 dials

PRICE ONE PENNY.



DEATH and the LADY;

Or, The Great Messenger of Mortality.

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 called 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 houses 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 weary of their life;
Are there not many bound in prison strong,
In bitter grief of soul have languish'd long,
From all would find a 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 joints, by which their joys are 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 wilt 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 you loose,
Leave her to Providence, for you must go
Along with me, whether you will or no;
I, Death, command kings to leave their crowns
And at my feet they lay their sceptres down,
If unto kings this favor I not 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 express 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 death, rather than yield to die,
But while you flourish'd here in all your state,
You would not give one penny to the poor,
Tho' in God's name their suit to you did pour,
You would not spare 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 chrystal 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 soul,
Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on my soul;
And though I do deserve thy righteous
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 own,
Die in the Lord and they blessed are.

Printed by J. Evans, Long-lane, London.

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THE CRUEL
COOPER OF RATCLIFF.



FIRST PART.

NEAR Ratcliff cross liv'd a Cooper there,
Who had a virtuous Wife comely & fair,
He by this prudent woman had a Son.
Beside this youth they Children ne'er had none.
Though wise & prudent, yet this cruel Man,
Did oftimes beat her with a cruel hand;
As he did one Day with grief of heart,
The youth with tears took his Mother's part.
Cries He. Father, I am afraid you will,
With kicks & cuffs my tender Mother kill,
Hearing these words he then his Son did beat,
And that night turn'd him into the street.
Saying, if thou comest here any more,
I'll break thy bones, & then lock'd the Door,
In the wide street the lad lay all night,
And came in the morning when it was light.
But when this Man look'd & saw his Son,
In a vast passion He to him did run;
And with an Adze knock'd him on the Crown,
Which laid the youth all upon the ground.
Being thus serv'd, in tears he did lament,
Then up he got & out of doors he went,
Saying, if I should any longer stay,
He in his wrath will take my life away.
And to prevent what dangers may ensue,
Father & Mother he bids both adieu;
And having knowledge of his Father's trade,
Went Cooper's mate to Turkey, it is said.
He lik'd the Country so well we find,
The Ship came back & left the Lad behind;
He plac'd himself with a Native to dwell,
Whose Family loved him very well.
Tho' young in Years he was grown very tall.
And of comly countinance withall;
The Native Damsels did him much admire,
And to enjoy him some had vast desire.
His Master kept him for his serving Man.
And in short time by death's destroying hand,
His master happen'd to tip away,
Who left the young Man sore the sway.
His mistress lov'd Him as she did her life,
And in short time was made his lawful wife;
She was prodigious rich we understand,
And he had many Slaves at his command.
Now we will leave him for a little while,
With providence on Him & Her to smile,
And in the next part some enquiry make,
What sort of life his cruel fire doth take.

SECOND PART.

NEAR Ratcliff cross he lived years 'tis known,
And to his Wife he was a cruel one,
And in process of time death did them part.
But 'tis supposed this man he broke her heart.
After her death he could not thrive at all,
Day after day he down at heels did fall:
And by degrees this man was brought so low,
For debt, himself he was afraid to show.
The bailiffs waited for him day & night,
He knowing of the same kept out of sight,
In a Merchant-Man he unto Sea did sail.
Thus he for debt was forc'd to fly from home,
And on the raging Seas where billows foam,
To their great grief, this Man & twenty more,
Were carried prisoners to the Turkish shore,
And happen'd so as we do understand,
They were made slaves unto his Son's command,
Full half a year in slavery he had been,
And in which time his Son he had not seen.
This Cooper he was Aged Sixty Two,
Who was the oldest of the whole Ship's crew;
Being stiff with Age, his task could not perform,
By which he suffer'd many a bitter storm.
The task master to him was sharp indeed,
He often wip'd him 'till he made him bleed,
Upon a time he lash'd him so one day,
He could no longer stand but down he lay.
Being laid down, the task-master did go,
And gave the head master this to know;
Cruel sir, your slave an aged man,
Will not perform his task do all I can.
He tells me plainly that his work is done,
When hearing this, the head-master his son,
Went out among the Slaves where he found,
His aged Father lying on the ground.
Not knowd him with great severity,
He lash'd his Father very grievously;
Which made him cry, Oh! sir, my flesh is sore,
Do hold thy hand, & strike me no more.
The task is hard which you have put on me,
What I can do, that I will most free;
To suffer thus I am not able to live,
Kill me out-right, & I will you forgive.
Hearing these words his Son did him view,
And said tell me what country-man are you?
His answer was, I came from Old England,
I was a Cooper, sir, from fair London.
My name is Robert Stark, 'tis known rightwell,
I was a Man in great repute did dwell,
But as it prov'd fortune did frown on me.
Now 'tis my Lot your suffering slave to be.
Have you no Family? He answer'd, no,
I buried a Wife seven years ago;
And, had a Son, a hopeful Child was he,
Three years before her death he went from me.
I have not heard from him now all this while,
I was both cruel to my Wife & Child:
And I do really think now from my heart,
'Tis for my cruelty that I do smart.
Now hearing this his Son with grief was fill'd,
And tears like water that was finely still'd,
Run down his cheeks amain; Tear after Tear,
To think that he had lash'd his father dear.
Then he aside his task-master did call,
And said do not abuse this Man at all:
He is my Father, but don't let him know,
I am his Son. Then he home did go.

THIRD PART.

AND to his closet he in private went,
Where he with bitter cries did sore lament;
At length by chance his Wife did him hear,
Who said what makes you to grieve my dear?
His answer was to grieve great curse I have,
For my own Father is become my slave:
Not knowing him I lash'd Him o'er & o'er,
To think of this grieveth me sore.
To think the curse of God should light on me,
But what I did it was innocently:
O Wife, what shall I do? my heart doth bleed,
Do let my Father come to me with speed.
They sent for him, & when he came there,
They of his tender flesh did take great care;
His bleeding wounds anointed were with oil,
And the poor Man trembling all the while.
This being done, choice linen fine & soft,
And other costly things to him were brought,
And when he in these garments were array'd,
He then with tears lift up his eyes & said:
Lord, what am I, more than another Slave,
That I such favor of my masters have;
Blest be his name that thus my friend doth stand,
To pity me thus in a foreign land.
Hearing these words, his Son could not detain,
His tears from falling, & to drop a main;
He said the Man who for you thus hath done,
Behold he is your dear & only son.
I'm griev'd to think I prov'd so severe,
To lay my hands upon my Father dear;
But God I hope will pardon me, because,
I did not know that you my Father was.
Hearing these words, like one struck in amaze,
He with a blush then on his Son did gaze;
Saying, you are my Son—Alas! Alas!
By this we see what God can bring to pass.
My Son, my Son, I'm glad thy face to see,
But what astonishment is here for me!
That I who beat my child quite out of door,
Shou'd thus be forc'd his favor to implore.
Father, the Lord he did these things foresee,
That you should come your Child's slave to be;
And God was pleas'd these things to do by you,
To shew what he can bring proud mortals to.
The Lord has plac'd me here to live & Reign,
To be a Friend to ease thee of thy pain;
I'll succour thee 'till death & for thy sake,
Great care of thy native slaves will take.
He cherish'd him oft times, but on a day,
His Wife was pleased then these words to say:
Husband because he was cruel to you,
I never shall love your father that is true.
I do not care that he should here remain,
From whence he came let him return again;
And unto him we will some riches give,
Enough to cherish him whilst he both lives.
For quietness sake he made her no reply,
But turn'd him round & wept most bitterly,
To think that he must with his Father part,
Grief like a spear did strike him to the heart.
Then in a short time his Father left the shore,
And in a merchant Ship he did come o'er,
Again to England, & did bring to town,
As much in riches as five thousand pounds.
He ow'd a hundred pounds which he paid,
When being out of debt these words he said:
First my dear God I will give thanks to thee,
Next for my Child my prayers shall be.
For had it been my portion, to have stay'd
In slavery, 'till death I had him serv'd;
And never had met one in that distant place,
Thus to commiserate my wretched case.
Now to conclude, young men let these lines,
Be well engraven on your hearts & minds;
That is to serve the Lord, & shun the devil.
And like this young man do good for evil.

Printed by Daniel Wrighton, 88. Snow-Hill, Birmingham.

THE CRUEL COOPER
OF RATCLIFF.



NEAR Ratcliff-Cross liv'd a cooper there,
Who had a virtuous wife, comely & fair,
He by this prudent woman had a son,
Besides this youth they children ne'er had one
Tho, wise and prudent, yet this cruel man,
Did oftimes beat her with a cruel hand,
As he did one day, with grief of heart,
The youth with tears did take his mother's part.
Cries he, Father, I'm afraid you will,
With kicks and ruffs my tender mother kill;
Hearing these words he then his son did beat,
And that night turn'd him into the street.
Saying, if thou com'st here any more,
I'll break thy bones, he then lock'd the door;
In the wide street this lad did lay all night,
And in the morning came when it was light.
But when this man look'd and saw his son,
In a vast passion he to him did run,
And with an axe knock'd him on the crown,
Which laid the youth along upon the ground,
Being thus serv'd, in tears he did lament,
Then he got up and out of doors he went,
Saying, if I should any longer stay,
He in his wrath will take my life away.
And to prevent what dangers may ensue,
Father and mother he bids both adieu;
And having knowledge of his father's trade,
Went cooper's mate to Turkey, it is said.
He lik'd the country so well, we find,
The ship came back, and left the lad behind;
He plac'd himself with a native to dwell,
Whose family lov'd him very well.
Tho' young in years, he was grown very tall,
And of a comely countenance withal;
The native damsel did him much admire
And to enjoy him she had a vast desire:
His master kept him for his servant-man,
And in a short time, by death's destroying hand
His master happened to trip away,
Who being dead, the young man bore the sway
His mistress lov'd him as she did her life,
And in a short time was made his lawful wife;
She was prodigious rich, we understand,
And she had many slaves at her command.
Now I will leave him for a little while,
With Providence on him and her to smile,
And in the next part some enquiry make,
What sort of life this cruel sire doth take.
Near Radcliff Cross he lived years 'tis known
And to his wife he was a cruel one;
And in process of time death did them part,
And 'tis supposed this man broke her heart.
After her death he could not thrive at all,
Day after day he down at heels did fall,
And by degrees this man was brought so low,
For debt himself he was afraid to shew.
The bailiffs waited for him day and night.
He knowing of the same k pt out of sight,
And to prevent his going into jail,
In a merchantman he unto sea did sail.
Thus he for debt was forc'd to fly from home,
And on the raging sea where billows foam,
To their great grief this man and twenty more,
Were carried pris'ners to the Turkish shore.
It happened so, as we understand,
They were made slaves unto his son's command;
Full half a year in slav'ry they had been,
In all which time his son he had not seen.
This cooper he was aged sixty two,
Who was the oldest of the ship's crew,
Being stiff with age, his task could not perform
By which he suffer'd many a heavy blow.
The task-master to him was sharp indeed,
He often whipp'd him till he made him bleed:
Upon a time he lash'd him so one day,
He could no longer stand, but down did lay.
Being laid down the task-master did go,
And gave the head master this to know,
Crying, Sir, your slave he is an aged man,
Will not perform his task do all that I can.
He tells me plainly, that his work is done,
When, hearing this, the head master, his son,
Went out among the slaves, where he found,
His aged father laying on the ground.
Not knowing him with great severity,
He lash'd his father very grievously, (sore,
Which made him cry, Oh, Sir, my flesh is very
Do hold thy hand, and strike me no more.
The task is hard your servant puts on me,
What can I do to that I am most free;
To suffer thus, I'm not able to live,
Kill me outright and I will you forgive.
Hearing these words, his did him view,
And said, tell me what countryman are you?
His answer was, I came from Old England,
I am a cooper, Sir, from fair London
My name is Robert Stark, 'tis known right well
I was a man in great rapute did dwell,
But as it prov'd fortune frowned on me,
Now' tis my lot your suffering slave to be.
Have you no family, He replied No:
I buried a wife seven years ago;
And I had a son, a hopeful child was he,
Three years before her death he went from me.
I have not heard from him now all the while,
I cruel was both to my wife and child,
And I do really think now from my heart,
'Tis now for my cruelty I thus do smart.
Now hearing this, his son with grief was fill'd
And tears like water that was finely still'd
Ran down his cheeks amain, tear after tear,
To think that he had lash'd his father dear.
Then he aside he his task-master did call,
And said, do not abuse this man at all;
He is my father, but don't let him know,
I am his son. Then home he did go.
And to his closet he in private went,
And there with bitter cries did sore lament,
At length by chance his wife did him hear,
Who said, what makes you so to grieve my dear
His answer was to grieve great cause I have,
For my own father is became my slave;
Not knowing him, I lash'd him o'er sigh o'er,
To think of this grieveth me very sore,
To think the curse of God should light on me
But what I did it was innocently.
O, wife what shall I do? my heart doth bleed,
Do let my father come to me with speed.
They sent for him and when he came there,
They of his tender flesh did take great care,
His bleeding wounds anointed were with oil,
And the poor man stood trembling all the while
This being done choice linen, fine and soft,
And other costly things to him were brought,
And in those garments when he was array'd,
To them with tears lift up his eyes and said.
Lord what am I more than another slave,
That I such favour of my master have,
Blessed be his name that my friend doth stand,
To pity me thus in a foreign land.
Hearing these words, his son could not refrain
His tears from falling down, and wept amain:
He said, the man, who thus has for you done,
Behold, he is your dear and only son.
I'm grieved to think that I proved so severe,
To lay my hands upon my father dear,
But God will pardon me, because,
I did not know that thou my father was,
Hearing these words like one struck in amaze
He with a blush then on his son did gaze:
Saying, Are you my son?—alas! alas!
By this we see what God can bring to pass,
My son my son, I'm glad thy face to see,
But what astonishment is here for me,
That I, who beat my child quite out of door,
Should thus be forc'd his favour to implore.
Father, the Lord did these things foresee,
That you should come your child's slave to be;
And God was pleas'd these things to do by you,
To shew what he can bring proud mortals to.
The Lord has plac'd us here to live and reign
To be thy friends, to ease thee of thy pain.
I'll succour thee till death, and for thy sake,
I of my native slaves great care will take,
He cherish'd him oftimes, but on a day,
His wife was pleas'd then these words to say,
Husband, because he cruel was to you,
I ne'er shall love your father, that is true.
I do not care that he should here remain,
From whence he came let him return again,
And unto him we will some riches give,
Enough to cherish him while he doth live.
For quietness sake he made this reply,
But turn'd him round and wept most bitterly,
To think that he must from his father part,
Grief like a spear struck him unto the heart.
Then in short time his father left the shore,
And in a merchant-ship he did come o'er,
Again to England, and did bring to town,
As much in riches as five thousand pounds.
He ow'd an hundred pounds which he paid,
When being out of debt, these words he said,
First my dear God, I give thanks to thee,
Next for my child, my prayers shall be.
For had it been another, I deserv'd,
In slavery till death I must have serv'd,
And ne'er had met one in that distant place,
Thus to commiserate my wretched case.
Now to conclude young men let these lines,
Be well engraved in your hearts and minds,
That is, to serve the Lord, and shun the devil,
And like this young man still do good for evil.

Printed and Sold by J Pitts, No. 14, Great St. Andrew Street, 7 Dials. Price One Penny.

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THE Wanton Wife OF BATH.

IN Bath a Wanton Wife did dwell,
As Chacer he did write,
Who did in pleasure spend her days
In many a fond delight.
Upon a time sore sick she was,
And she at length did die,
Her soul arose to heaven's gate,
And knock'd most mightily.
Then Adam came unto the gate,
Who knocketh there? quoth he.
I am the Wife of Bath, she said,
And fain would come to thee.
Thou art a sinner, Adam said,
And here no place shalt have,
Alas, for you, good sir! she said;
Now trip thou doating knave!
I will come in, in spight, she said,
Of all such churls as thee;
Thou wert the cause of all our woe,
Our pain and misery:
And first broke God's commandment,
In pleasure o thy wife.
When Adam heard her tell this tale,
He ran away for life.
Then down came Jacob to the gate,
Who bid her pack to hell.
You false deceiver, why? said she,
You might be there as well,
For you deceiv'd your father dear,
And your own brother too
So away went Jacob presently,
And made no more ado.
She knock'd again with might and main,
And Lot came to the gate
How now, quoth she, thou doubting ass!
Who bid thee here to wait?
With thy two daughters thou didst lie,
On them two bastards got.
And thus most tauntingly she chaft
Against poor silly Lot.
Who knocketh there? quoth Judith then,
With such shrill sounding notes?
This noise fine minx, thou canst not bear,
Quoth she, for cutting throats.
Good lord! how Judith bush'd for shame
When she heard her say so.
King David hearing of the same,
Unto the gate did go.
Quoth David, Who knocks there so loud,
And causeth all this strife?
You were more kind, good sir, said she,
Unto Uriah's wife.
When thou didst cause that good servant
In battle to be slain,
Thou caused'st then more strife than I,
Who would come here so fain.
The woman's mad, quoth Solomon,
Thus for to taunt a king
Not half so mad as you, she said,
I know in many things
You had seven hundred wives, said she,
For whom you did provide;
Yet, for all this, three hundred whores
Thou didst maintain beside
And these made thee forsake thy God,
And worship stocks and stones;
Besides the charge they put thee to,
In breeding of bones:
Hadst thou not been beside thy wits,
Thou would'st not thus have ventur'd,
And therefore I do marvel much
How thou this place hast enter'd.
I never heard, quoth Jonas then,
So vile a scold as this.
Thou whom fish run away, she said,
Thou hast done more amiss.
I think, quoth Thomas, women's tongues
Of aspen leaves are made
You unbelieving wretch, said she,
All is not true that's said.
When Mary Magdalen heard her chafe,
She came unto the gate,
Quoth she, Good woman, you must think
Upon your former state:
No sinners enter at this gate,
Quoth Mary Magdalen
'Twere ill for you, fair mistress mild,
She answered her again.
You, for your honesty, said she,
Should have been ston'd to death,
Had not our Saviour Christ came by,
And wrote upon the earth:
It is not through your occupation
You are become divine:
My Lord I hope, in Christ's passion,
I shall be as well as thine.
Then rose the good apostle Paul,
Unto the Wife he cry'd,
Except thou shake thy sins away,
Thou here must be deny'd.
Remember, Paul, what thou hast done
All through a lewd desire,
How thou didst persecute God's church,
With wrath as hot as fire.
Then up starts Peter at the last,
And to the gate he hies,
Good fool, said he, knock not so fast,
Thou wearieft Christ with cries.
Peter, said she, content thy self,
For mercy may be won;
I never did deny my Lord,
As thou thyself hast done.
When as our Saviour Christ heard this
With heavenly angels bright,
He came to this this poor sinful soul,
Who trembled at the sight
Of him for mercy she did crave:
Quoth he, Thou hast refus'd
My profer'd grace and mercy too,
And much my name abus'd.
Sure I have sinn'd, O Lord, said she,
And spent my time in vain,
But bring me, like a wandring sheep,
Into thy fold again!
O Lord, my God, I will amend,
My former wicked life:
The thief at thefe repentant words
Past into Paradise.
My laws and my commandments,
said Christ, were known to thee,
But not the same in any ways,
Nor yet a whit did ye.
I grant the same, O Lord, she said,
Most lewdly I did live;
But yet the loving father did
The prodigal forgive.
So I forgive thy soul, he said,
Through thy repentant cry:
Come thou therefore into my rest,
I will not thee deny.

Printed and Sold by J. Butler, High Street, Worcester.—Sold also by G. Lewis, in Broad Street, Worcester. J. Cooper, Hall Street, Kidderminster; and by S. Hazell, in Bull Lane, Gloucester.

The Wanton Wife of Bath,



IN Bath a wanton wife did dwell,
As Chaucer he did write.
Who did in pleasure spend her days,
In many a fond delight.
Upon a time sore sick she was
And at length did die.
Her soul came to Elysium's gate,
And knock'd most mightily.
When Adam came unto the gate,
Who knocketh there? quoth he;
I am the wife of Bath she said.
And fain would come to thee.
Thou art a sinner, Adam said,
And here no place shall have,
Alas! for you, good Sir she said,
Now gip you doating knave,
I will come in, in spite, she said
Of all such churls as thee,
Thou art the causer of our woe,
Our pain and misery:
You first broke the commandment
To pleasure thine own wife,
When Adam heard her tell this tale
He ran away for life.

Then down came Jacob to the gate,
And bid her pack to hell,
Thou false deceiver, why? quoth she,
Thou should'st be there as well;
For thou deceivest thy father dear.
And thy own brother too,
Away went Jacob presently
And made no more ado,
She knocks again with might and main
And Lot he chides her straight,
Why then quoth, she thou drunken ass
Who bids thee here to wait?
With thy two daughters thou did'st lie
On them two bastards got
And thus most tauntingly she chaft
Against poor silly Lot.
Who knocketh there? quoth Judith
With such sh ill shrounding notes
Alas! fine minks we not come here
Quoth she for cutting throats;
Good lack how Judah blushed for
When he heard her say so (shame
King David hearing her say that
He to the gate did go.

Quoth he who knocks there so loud
And maketh all this strife
You were more kind good sir she said
Unto Uriahs wife;
And when thou causeth thy servants
In battle to be slain
Thou causeth them more strife than I
Who would come in so fain.
The woman's mad said Solomon
That thus doth taunt a King
Not half so bad as you she said
I know in many a thing:
Thou hadst seven hundred wives at
For whom thou didst provide (once
For all this three hundred w——s
Thou didst maintain beside;
And those made thee forget thy God
And worship stocks and stones:
Besides the charge they put thee too,
In breeding of young bones;
Had'st thou been not out of thy wits,
Thou wouldst not have ventur'd,
And therefore I do marvel much,
How you this place have enter'd,
I never heard quoth Jonas then,
So vile a scold as this,
Thou art not without faults quoth she
Thou hast like wise done amiss,
I think quoth Thomas women's tongues
Of aspin leaves are made,
Thou unbelieving saint quoth she,
All is not true that's said,
When Mary Magdalen heard this,
She came unto the gate,
She says good woman, you must think
Upon your former state.
No sinner enters in this place,
Quoth Mary Magdalen;
'Tis well for you then fair Mistress,
She answered her again.
You for your honesty quoth she,
Should once been ston'd to death.
Had not our Saviour Christ come by,
And writ it on the earth,
It was your occupation,
You are become divine.

I hope my soul in Christ's passion,
Shall be as safe as thine.
Then rose up the good apostle Paul,
Unto this wife he said,
Except thou shake thy sins away,
Thou here shalt be deny'd,
Remember Paul what thou hast done,
All through a wild desire,
How didst thou persecute the church
With wrath as hot as fire,
Then up rose Peter at the last,
And to the gate he hies,
Sinner, quoth he, knock not so fast,
Thou wearieth us with cries
Peter, quoth she content thyself,
For mercy may be won,
I never did deny the faith,
As thou thyself hast done,
When as our Saviour then heard this
With heavenly angels bright,
He comes unto this sinful soul,
Who trembles at the sight.
Of him for mercy she did crave,
Quoth he, thou hast refused
My proffer'd grace and mercy both,
And much my name abused.
Sore have I sin'd, O Lord said she,
And spent my time in vain,
But bring me like a wandering sheep,
Unto thy flock again
O Lord my God, I will forsake
My former wicked vice
The thief when he had said these words
Pass'd into Paradise.
My laws and my commandments,
Saith Christ were known to thee,
But of the same no notice took,
As I did plainly see,
Do thou forgive me now quoth she,
Most lewdly I did live,
But yet the loving father did
His wicked son forgive.
I will forgive thy soul said he.
For thy repenting cry,
So come enter into my rest,
For I'll not thee deny.

Printed at Pitts, Toy Warehouse, 6, Great st Andrew street, seven Dials.

The Dorsetshire Garland:

Or, The Beggar's Wedding.

ALL you that delight in a jest that is true,
Give ear to these lines I unfold unto you.
I'm sure you will smile when you the same do hear,
This foile was acted in fair Dorsetshire.

Now a noble knight of renown lived there,
Who had a daughter of beauty most clear,
Hard by liv'd a merchant who'd riches in store,
Who had but one son whom he did much adore.

This knight and merchant being neighbours near,
In friendship they liv'd, and lov'd each other dear,
Now they had agreed that these infants dear,
Should be man and wife when come to riper years.

The merchant fell sick and the lady likewise,
They sent for the knight with tears in their eyes,
Saying, from the world we soon must part,
And leave our baby, the joy of our heart.

I hope, if we leave our dear child to your care,
With all our estate and worldly affair,
You'll take care of him when we're laid in the grave,
Nay, furthermore, grant us the thing that we crave.

That you do not break your promise to me,
But give your fair daughter his bride to be,
But if he should die, e'er he to age doth come,
Then all that I leave him is to be your own.

To the church of England I'd have him be brought
And to serve his maker let him be taught,
That we may meet together in heaven above.
Dear sir, said the knight, for the friendship and love

That has pass'd betwixt us, I'll have special care,
How to bring up your young son and heir,
Now if that the Lord so long gives me life,
My daughter shall be your son's sweet wife.

So then for the babies they sent for with speed,
And the merchant said, now my heart does bleed,
For to leave them behind, but it must be done,
Death calls me hence, and my glass is run.

His will being made, I am content he did say,
And kissed the babes with lips cold as clay,
So both in one minute did yield up their breath,
The happiest couple that lived on earth.

The merchant and his wife both laid in one grave,
He takes home the child and kept it most brave,
So the knight's daughter and the merchant's son,
Became the public talk around the town.

These children loved each other so dear,
As the covetous knight began to fear,
His promise he now accounts but a jest,
How he must perform, which disturbed his rest.

My daughter, said he, is a beauty most bright,
She will be fit for a lord or a knight,
But ten thousand pounds is left to the boy,
I must find means his life to destroy.

He hired a beggar the child to kill,
So the innocent babe thinking no ill,
As they both at sport were busy at play,
The treacherous knight with a false laugh did say,

Come, Jemmy, will you go and take the air?
And I? worthy sir, said the daughter so fair,
For to gather daisies with Jemmy will go,
But her father answer'd it must not be so.

You must stay at home till he comes back again,
So this innocent child, like a lamb to be slain,
Did go with the beggar many a long mile,
Who at length to him did speak with a smile.

Pray where are you going, sir, tell unto me,
Must I go no more pretty Susan to see?
So his innocent talk made the beggar relent,
So home to his wife with the child away went.

And told her the story, the woman then said,
Lo, he's a fine creature, and a well favour'd babe,
so a begging with us I pray let him go,
We'll call him our son, let us order it so.

But five years of age was the merchant's son,
Yet he for the loss of his Susan did mourn
So the beggar-man's wife to her husband did say,
Come, let us contive to steal Susan away.

It is but justice to cheat the old man,
That wants this innocent for to trepan
So the beggar to Dorset then instantly went,
For to steal young Susan he was resolute bent.

He brought her ten miles, till they came to a town,
And strip'd off her cloaths that she might'n't be known
And over the hedge he threw them indeed,
And homewards at night he hasten'd with speed.

In two or three hours he arriv'd at his cell,
Where a noble legion of beggars did dwell,
Where now I must leave these beggars to mourn,
And return to the knight who did bitterly mourn,

An hue and cry he sends to every town,
For finding his daughter there's five hundred pounds,
They brought him the cloaths as found in the field,
Which made him believe his daughtre was kill'd.

Now heavens, he said, I see it is just,
The innocent babe whom I had in trust,
His blood cries for vengeance, I have my desert,
I have lost my daughter, the joy of my heart.

So now let us leave this base traitor to mourn,
Who wander'd about like one that's forlorn,
And turn to young Jemmy, and Susan also,
Who along with the rest a mumping did go.

Now the beggar them for his children did own,
And most dutiful children that ever was known,
Which pleas'd him so well, to Doll he did say,
The money that he gave me this babe to slay,

He shall have for his portion, & twice as much more,
And since that each other they do so adore,
If they do live to the age of eighteen,
We'll have the best wedding that ever was seen.

For Jemmy and Susan in marriage shall join,
Do not me controul, for this frolic of mine,
A score of bold suitors I swear shall be there,
We will keep this wedding in fair Dorsetshire.

We will give it out that upon such a day,
A brave beggar's wedding there is to be,
The gentry will be eager to see such a sight,
And if he is living, that base perjur'd knight,

When that the wedding is done and all o'er,
I'll take the young couple unto his own door,
And make him a present of his daughter fair,
And take to him Jemmy his son and heir.

Old Doll she was pleas'd to hear him say so,
so merrily out a cruising did go.
For thirteen long years they at this rate did run,
At length the fix'd time for the wedding was come.

THE richest attire that ever was bought,
With silver and gold it was richly wrought,
For the bridegroom and bride they then did prepare
And so took their journey into Dorsetshire.

A score of the best that belong'd to the tribe,
They took along with them to credit the bride,
The lame with their crutches, the halt and the blind,
Were plac'd in great order to follow behind.

And having been two or three days in the town,
The fame of the wedding it spread up and down,
The rich and the poor were all curious to see,
And many resolved the bride's guest to be.

They hired the noblest hall in the town,
That both rich and poor might get room to sit down,
But Jemmy and Susan were both kept secure,
I'll they in their splendour appear'd at the door.

Some hundreds of people stood by for to gaze,
At the sight of the couple were struck in amaze,
For she did appear like an angel divine,
And he did the rest of his sex far outshine.

Old Doll and her husband did follow the bride,
With a budget of good bread and cheese by their side,
And after came hopping the blind and the lame,
Such a wedding in England was ne'er before seen.

This couple were not asham'd of their guest,
Because they nothing did know of their birth,
But when join'd in marriage, they back did return,
And now for the pastime they had, sir, at home.

They furnish'd the table with good wedding cheer,
Then trump'd on the road to fair Dorsetshire,
Good rhind of fat bacon, and old musty cheese,
And noggins of ale as much as you please.

Dinner being over starts up one of the guest,
And pull'd out his bagpipes and play'd up the best,
The lame and the blind went to dancing the hay,
And the gentry flock'd as they would to a play.

Among the rest came this treacherous knight,
Fixing his eyes on his daughter so bright,
His heart did flutter and throb in his breast,
His spirits was seiz'd, and his mind oppress'd.

Old Doll cry'd, we must have a jig of the bride,
Come play up a merry hornpipe she cry'd,
Which Susan perform'd with so much grace,
That she won the praise of ev'ry one in the place.

Nay, said the old man, 'tis a child of my own,
Come, jovial piper, strike up t'other tune,
A health to the bridegroom let pass round the room.
Tho' a beggar brought up he's a merchant's son born

The knight hearing this stept up to the bride,
Let me speak to you, fair creature, he cry'd,
If you have the mark of a rose on your breast,
Then you are my daughter I vow and protest.

She shew'd him the mark, he immediately cry'd,
Take home the bridegoom and the sweet bride,
For this is my joy that's been missing so long,
And her dear joy the merchant's young son.

Bring the guests with you unto my home,
I'll kindly receive you, and when I have done,
I'll inform the world of my treacherous deed,
Who can deny what the heaven's decreed?

The cripples snatch'd up their crutches and run,
To see what great miracles there had been done,
Her father confess'd the whole matter that night,
And all prais'd the beggar that sav'd the babe's life.

All people upbraided him for this base crime,
With grief he dy'd within a short time,
And left this young couple six thousand a year,
Who are stiled the beggars of fair Dorsetshire.

Old Doll and her husband in splendour did dwell,
This couple they loved them very well,
You misers that are of a covetous mind,
Strive not to prevent what the powers have design'd.

Turner, Printer, Coventry.

The CHESTER GARLAND.

A Merchant of London, as many report,
He for a long time a young lady did court.
At length by long courtſhip, this handſome lady
Did promiſe this merchant his bride for to be.
Of one thing this lady ſhe was ignorant,
To go his own factor this merchant was bent.
The ſhip was freighted, all things ready were
In order to ſail, but the wind was not fair.
So he to make ſure of this lady bright,
Was married one morning before it was light,
And they married were, but the ſame day
Tidings came to him the ſhip muſt away.
He ſaid, my dear jewel, the thing it is ſo,
That I my own factor to Turkey muſt go:
It will not be long e'er I ſhall return
Home to you in ſafety, ſo, dear, do not mourn.
So then he embrac'd her, and away did he.
To be left alone the lady did cry,
As he is gone from me, I'll do what I can
To keep myſelf free from the ſcandal of man.
Then this noble lady with a troubled mind,
She unto her chamber herſelf cloſe confin'd:
Where we will leave her to ſigh and complain,
And return to the merchant who's gone o'er the
He ſailed to Turkey, where as we find, [main.
His ſhip was laden with rich ſtuff ſo fine.
Then to come to Eng'and his courſe he did ſteer,
And what happen'd to him you ſoon ſhall hear.
Upon the wide ocean a ſtorm did ariſe,
In which gloomy clouds did darken the ſkies,
The winds did blow, and the ſtorm did roar,
Which drove them almoſt to the Iriſh ſhore.
For ſeveral hours by the waves they were toſt,
Expecting each moment their lives to be loſt.
In the midſt of their danger, one did contrive
To alter their courſe; and at Cheſter arrive.
The thing was ſoon noiſed abroad in the town,
And many ſhopkeepers to this ſhip came down.
One bought the whole cargo, the money, 'tis ſaid,
Was in a few days to this merchant paid.
One day, at a tavern, theſe dealers, we find,
Staid ſeveral hours with drinking of wine.
At length the ſhopkeeper ſaid, Shall we go
And get us a miſs? The merchant ſaid, No,
Sir, I'll tell with ſuch a lady wed,
And never had time time to enjoy her bed,
A woman who's truly my own ever knew,
Then to ſuch a wife I'll be conſtant and true.
The ſhopkeeper ſaid, Your conceit is ſtrong,
To think any woman will tarry ſo long
To wait for a huſband. I'll lay what you dare,
That I can deſile your chaſte lady fair.
To which the merchant ſaid, Sir, I am free,
To lay ſhip and money on her chaſtity.

Then before witneſs the thing was agreed,
And the ſhopkeeper came to London with ſpeed.
He went to a tavern, and then did preſume
To call for a bottle of wine and a room.
'Twas a widow woman, who lived then there,
For the ſake of ſome money the wife did enſnare.
He aſk'd, If ſhe knew ſuch a one? The reply
Was, Yes, ſir, and ſhe lived hard by.
He ſaid, Fifty guineas I'll give you ſtraitway,
If into her chamber you ſhill me convey.
Her anſwer was to him, As I am alive,
A way to get you there I ſoon will contrive.
She went to the lady, and ſaid It is ſo,
To my dying father this night I muſt go.
My jewels, and plate, and other things brave.
Lie lock'd in a cheſt, which by me I have.
This night in your chamber pray let them lie here
To morrow I'll fetch it you need not to fear.
This lady not not knowing her evil deſign,
Gave leave to bring it at night as we find.
The vile ſubtle baud, to compleat the jeſt,
Had him conveyed there, & lock'd in the chaſt.
This lady ſhe uſed to keep a great light
To burn in her chamber alway; ſo in the night.
And as this lady was in a deep ſleep,
The ſhopkeeper out of the cheſt did creep.
When he come to the bed, like one in amaze,
He on the lady did ſtaud and gaze,
And on her right breaſt he ſpied a mole,
Which for ſome time he did ſtaud to behold.
Likewiſe on the table he chanc'd to eſpy
a girdle and watch which on it did lie.
On the girdle and watch her name was plac'd,
Which things in his pocket he put up in haſte.
Saying, Theſe token my wager will gain,
And to diſturb her I will refrain.
Then into the chaſt he went, and there lay,
Until the next morning he was fetched away.
So then for Weſt Cheſter he ſtrait did repair,
And with a good horſe he ſoon came there;
Crying to the merchant my wager I've won,
And, if I miſtake not, thou art undone.
Upon her right breaſt there is a mole grows,
Which you in long courtſhip have ſeen I ſuppoſe.
Sir, there is her girdle and her watch likewiſe,
By which you may ſee I tell you no lies.
To ſee this the merchant wept bitterly.
And ſaid, Wicked ſhumpet thou has ruined me.
For to be undone thus, makes my heart ake;
Now for a ſhmtance what courſe ſhall I take
To hear this man ſome merchants being there
Said to him, Brother, do not yet deſpair;
Since you are ruin'd by a vile woman,
We'll make a man of you once more if we can.

So among them they raiſed two hundred pounds,
And ſet him up ſhopkeeper in Cheſter town.
But Satan was buſy, and to ſtir up ſtrife,
He tempted the merchant to murder his wife.
He then kept a ſervant whoſe name was John,
And then ſent a letter to her by this man.
Theſe words were in it, At Cheſter I be,
Wiſh all expedition, dear wife, come to me.
Peruſing the letter, ſhe ſaid with a ſmile,
My dear, I'll be with you within a ſhort while.
Next day with the young man away ſhe went,
Of their ill deſigns ſhe was innocent.
Riding thro' a wood to make her his prey,
He with a large knife did turn and ſay,
Come lady, alight from your horſe directly,
For it is ordered here you muſt die.
To hear theſe expreſſions ſhe cried out amain,
Young man, wherefore is it I muſt be ſlain?
His anſwer was, For playing the whore,
The man that defiled you I know before.
She ſaid, If I muſt die, I'll take it on my death,
No man ever knew me ſince I drew breath.
He ſaid, Theſe excuſes will never do,
My maſter ſent me to murder you. [heart,
He charg'd me to bring your cloaths and your
And I'll not prove falſe to em for my part.
Thus as ſhe ſtood trembling, and for life did cry,
By providence a hog did chance to come by.
She ſaid, Save my life, and kill that ſwine,
And take the heart, he'll think it is mine.
Likewiſe take theſe my cloaths alſo,
And give me thine, then a wandering I'll go.
So to ſave her life then he thought good,
And the thing deſired was done in the wood.
He went home and ſaid, Sir, to finiſh the ſtrife,
Here are the cloaths and the heart of your wife.
To ſee this the merchant did bluſh,
And into the fire the heart he did puſh
Crying, There is the heart of a ſtrumpet again,
Who has been my ruin, and fill'd me with pain.
Thus he in vile manner did burn the heart,
By which you may ſee revenge is ſweet,
But now I will leave him miſtaken, and hear
What courſe life the lady ſteer.
Dreſs'd in man's apparel ſhe wander'd away,
But as ſhe was going thro' a down one day,
She went to gentleman's door, it is ſaid,
And heartily begg'd for a morſel of bread.
This man came forth, and look'd in her face,
And ſaid, Young man, it is a diſgrace
For to go a begging. Art willing, ſaid he,
To ſerve ſuch a maſter as now I may be?
Her anſwer was. Yes, and thank you beſides.
Come in and ſit down. the maſter reply'd,
And ſoon I will put better cloaths on thy back,
Be but a good ſervant thou nothing ſhall lack.
This man ſo lov'd her, that in a ſhort ſpace,

He got her a commiſſion for a captain's place,
Then ſhe with great courage to Flanders went o'er,
And wat in the battle where cannon did roar.
Summer being ended, both ſhe and her men,
All that were alive, came to England again
For winter quarters. It was ordered ſo,
That ſhe and her men to Weſt Cheſter, ſhould go.
Then walking the ſtreets one night, this lady
Look'd into a ſhop, and her huſband did ſee.
For to think of his actions that were ſo baſe,
Her heart was diſtorb'd, and rav'd from its place.
Dreſt as a commander, ſhe to him did go,
And ſaid unto him, Pray, ſir, do you know
Such a man in this town? tell me if you can.
His anſwer was, Yes, ſir, I am the man.
Sir, did you not marry ſuch a lady,
A noble knight's daughter, pray where is ſhe?
Yes, I married her, the merchant reply'd,
About three years ago ſhe ſickn'd and died.
Then unto a juſtice of peace ſhe retir'd
And told the whole matter which I ling he admir'd,
He ſent for her huſband and young man in haſte,
With the villain who was ſhut in the cheſt.
But firſt he exam n'd the lady's huſband,
And he with fear appear'd very wan,
And thinking his lady ſhe had been dead,
With dread his teeth gnaſhed in his head.
The juſtice ſaid, Young man, for thee,
Diſdſt thou kill this man's wife? tell unto me.
He ſcid, Sir, I was ſent the lady to kill,
Unto her, through mercy, I ſhewed no ill.
My maſter charged me to bring him her heart,
But he was miſtaken that time for his part.
For it was a hog's heart I brought him to ſhow,
And I hope ſhe is living, but where I don't know.
Dreſt in man's apparel, ſhe ſaid to him, John,
I am the young lady, tho' dreſt like a man.
To hear this the merchant began to ſweat,
Aud look'd like a woodcock caught in a net.
And then the ſhopkeeper was called in place,
Who on this lady had brought ſorrow apace.
He being examin'd was found guilty
And ſentenc'd to ſtand in the pillory.
Nay this was not all, he was ordered th pay
Fifty thouſand pounds to the merchant next day,
Which ſum was produced with great diſcontent,
And ſtrait to a priſon he quickly was ſent.
Saying I am ruin'd by playing the cheat,
And ſhall be expoſed to ſhame in ſtreet,
To prevent all ſcandal, he took a pen knife,
And ſtabbed himſelf, which ended his life.
And now the merchant and lady do dwell
Together in love, and agree very well.
And ſo, the young man who pitied her moan,
The lady loves him as a child of her own.

Sold by S. GAMIDGE, in Worceſter.

Catskin: or the Wandering Lady.

YOU fathers and mothers and children also,
Draw near unto me and soon you shall know,
The sense of my ditty, and dare to say,
The like hath not been printed this many a day.
The subject which to you I am to relate,
It is of a 'squire of a vast estate,
The first dear infant his wife did him bear,
It was a young daughter most beauteous and fair.
He said to his wife, had this child been a boy,
'Twould have pleas'd me better, & increas'd my joy,
If the next be the same sort, I vow and declare,
Of what I'm possess'd she shall have no share.
In twelve months time after this lady we hear,
Had another daughter of beauty most clear,
And when that he knew it was a female,
In a bitter passion he presently fell.
Saying, since this is 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.
With tears his dear wife unto him did say,
Husband, be contented, I'll send her away,
Then to the country with speed she was sent,
For to be brought up, which gave much content.
Altho' that her father he hated her so,
He a good education on her did bestow,
And with a gold locket, and robes of the best,
This slighted young female was commonly drest.
And when unto stature this damsel was grown,
And found from him she had no love shewn,
She said, before I'll lie under his frown,
I'm fully resolv'd to range the world round.
BUT now mark good people the cream of the jest,
In what sort of attire this creature was drest,
With catskin she made her a robe I declare,
The which for her covering she daily did wear.
Her own rich attire and jewels beside,
Then up in a bundle by her waist they were ty'd,
And to seek her fortune she wander'd away.
But when she had travel'd a cold winter's day
In the evening tide she came to a town,
And at a knight's door she sat herself down
For to rest herself, who was tir'd sore,
This noble knight's lady then came to the door.
Then seeing this fair creature in such sorry dress,
This lady unto her these words did express,
Whence camest tho, girl? & what wou'dst thou have?
She said a night's rest in your stable I crave.
The lady said to her, I'll grant thy desire,
Come into the kitchen and stand by the fire,
Then she thank'd the lady and went in with haste,
There she was gaz'd on from the highest to the least.
And being well warm'd, her hunger being great
They gave her a piece of good food for to eat,
So to an out house this fair creature was had,
Where she with fresh straw then made her a bed.
And when in the morning the day light she saw,
Her riches and jewels she hid in the straw,
And being very cold, she then did retire,
Into the kitchen and stood by the fire.
The cook said, my lady hath promis'd that thee
Shall be as a scullion for to wait upon me,
And what sayest thou, girl, art thou willing to 'bide?
With all my heart, truly, to him she reply'd.
To work with her needle she could very well,
And for raising of paste few could her excel,
She being so handy, the cook's heart did win,
And there she was call'd by name of Catskin.
THE lady had a son both comely and tall,
Who oftentimes used to be at a ball,
A mile out of town, in the even-tide,
To dance at this ball away he did ride.
Catskin said to his mother, pray madam, let me,
Go after you son now this ball for to see,
With that in a passion this lady she grew,
And struck her with the ladle and broke it in two.
At being thus serv'd she then got away,
And with her rich garments herself did array,
Then to this ball she with speed did retire,
Where she danc'd so bravely that all did admire.
The sport being over the young 'squire did say,
Young lady, where do you live? tell me I pray,
Her answer to him was, sir, that will I tell,
At the sign of the broken ladle I dwell.
She being very nimble got home first 'tis said,
And in her catskin robes 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 this young 'squire himself to content,
To dance at this ball away again went,
She said pray let me go this ball for to view,
Then she struck her with a skimmer & broke it in two
Then out of doors she ran full of heaviness,
And with her rich garments herself soon did dress,
And to this ball she ran away with speed,
Where to see her dancing all wondering indeed.
The ball being ended this young 'squire then said,
Where is it you live? she answer'd again,
Sir, because you ask me, account I will give,
At the sign of the broken skimmer I live.
Being dark when she left him, home she did hie,
And with her catskin robe was dress'd presently,
And into the kitchen amongst them she went,
But where she had been they were all innocent.
When the 'squire came home & found catskin there
He was in amaze, and began for to swear,
Now heavens, he said, I see it is just,
And after came hopping the blind and the lame,
Such a wedding in England was ne'er before seen
For two nights at this hall has been a lady,
The sweetest of beauties that ever I saw,
She was the best dancer in all the whole place,
And very much like our Catskin in the face,
Had she not been dress'd in that costly degree,
I should have sworn it had been Catskin boldly.
Next night to this hall he did go once more,
And she ask'd his mother to let her go as before,
Who having a bason of water in her hand,
She threw it on Catskin as I understand.
Shaking her wet ears out of doors she did run,
And dress'd herself—when this thing she had done,
To the ball once more she then went her ways,
To see her fine dancing all gave her the praise.
And having concluded this young 'squire he said
From whence might you come? pray lady, tell me,
Her answer was sir, you shall soon know the same,
From the sign of the bason of water I came.
Then homeward she hurry'd as fast as could be,
This young 'squire then resolved to see
Whereunto she belong'd, then following Catskin,
Into an old straw-house he saw her creep in.
He said, O brave Catskin, I find it is thee,
These three nights together hath so charmed me.
Thou art the sweetest creature my eyes e'er beheld,
With joy and content my heart now is fill'd.
Thou art my cook's scullion but as I have life,
Grant me but your love and I'll make you my wife,
And you shall have maids for to be at your call,
Sir, that cannot be, I've no portion at all.
Thy beauty's a portion my joy and dear,
I prize it far better than a thousand a year,
And to have my friends consent I have got a trick,
I'll go to my bed and feign myself sick.
Then no one shall tend me but thee I profess,
So one day or other in thy rich dress
Thou shalt be clad, and if my parents come nigh,
I'll tell them 'tis for thee that sick I do lie.
HAVING thus consulted this couple parted,
Next day this young 'squire he took to his bed,
And when his dear parents this thing both perceiv'd
For fear of his death they were sorely griev'd.
To 'tend him they sent for a nurse speedily,
He said none but Catskin my nurse then shall be,
His parents said no, son,—he said, but she shall,
Or else I'll have none to nurse me at all.
His parents both wonder'd 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 into his chamber poor Catskin they sent.
Sweet cordials & other rich things were prepar'd,
Which between this couple were equally shar'd,
And when all alone, they in each other's arms,
Enjoy'd one another in love's pleasant charms.
And at length on a time, poor Catskin 'tis said,
In her rich attire she then was array'd,
And when that his mother the chamber drew near,
Then much like a goddess did Catskin appear.
Which caus'd her to stare and thus for to say,
What young lady is this, son? tell me I pray,
He said, why 'tis Catskin, for whom sick I lie,
And except I have her with speed I shall die.
His mother then hasten'd to call up the knight,
Who ran up to see this amazing great sight,
He said, is this Catskin? we had in such scorn,
I ne'er saw a finer dame since I was born.
The old knight said to her, I pray thee tell me,
From whence thou didst come and of what family?
Then who were her parents she gave them to know,
And what was the cause of her wandering so.
The young 'squire cry'd if you will save my life,
Pray grant this young creature she may be my wife,
His father reply'd, thy life for to save,
If you have agreed my consent you shall have.
Next day with great triumph and joy as we hear,
There was many coaches came far and near,
Then much like a goddess dress'd in rich array,
Catskin was marry'd to the 'squire that day.
When Catskin was marry'd, her fame for to raise,
Who saw her modest carriage gave her the praise,
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 and sister did go,
Her mother and sister of life are bereft,
And now all alone the old 'squire is left.
Who hearing his daughter was marry'd so brave,
He said in my noddle a scheme I have,
Dress'd like a poor man now a journey I'll make,
And see if she on me some pity will take.
Then dress'd like a beggar he went to her gate,
Where stood his daughter, who look'd very great,
He cry'd, noble lady, a poor man I be,
And am now forc'd to crave your charity.
With a blush she ask'd from whence he came,
With that he told her and gave her his name,
She cry'd I'm your daughter whom you slighted so,
Yet nevertheless to you some kindness I'll shew.
Thro' mercy the Lord hath provided for me,
Pray father come in and sit down then said she,
The best of provisions the house did afford,
For to make him welcome was set on the board.
Thro' mercy, my child, I am rich and not poor,
I have gold and silver enough now in store,
And for this love which at thy hands I have found,
For thy portion I'll give thee ten thousand pounds.
So a little time after as we understand,
This man he went home and sold off his land,
And ten thousand pounds to his daughter did give,
So now altogether in love they do live.

TURNER, PRINTER, COVENTRY.

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The Wandering Young Gentlewoman,
Or CAT-SKIN.

PART I.

YOU fathers and mothers and children also
Draw near unto me and soon you shall know
The sense of my ditty, and dare to say,
The like hath not been printed this many a day.
The subject to you which I am to relate,
It is of a Squire of a vast estate,
Tho first dear infant his wife did him bear,
It was a young daughter of beauty most rare
He said to his wife, had this child been a boy
'Twould pleas'd me better and increas'd my joy,
If the next be the same sort, I do declare,
Of what I am posses'd of she shall have no share,
In twelve month's time after this woman we hear
Had another daughter of beauty most clear,
And when that he knew it was a female
In a bitter passion he presently fell
Saying since this is 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.
Whith tears his dear wife unto did say,
Husband be contented I'll send her away,
Then to the country with speed she was sent,
For to be brought up by one was her freind,
Altho' that her father he hated her so,
He good education on her did bestow,
And with a gold locket and robes of the best
This slighted young female was commonly dress'd.
And when unto statue this damsel was grown,
And found from him she had no love shewn,
She cry'd, before I will lay under his frown,
A'm fully resolved to range the world around

PART II.

But now mark, good people the cream of the jest,
In what sort of manner this creature was drest,
With Cat Skin she made her a robe I declare.
The which for covering she daly did wear,
Her own rich attire, and jewels beside,
Then up in a bundle by side she ty'd,
Then to seek her fortune she wander'd away,
And she had travel'd, a cold winter's day.
In the evening tide she came to a town,
When at the knight's door she then sat her down,
For to rest herself, who was tir'd sore,
This noble knight's lady then came to the door.
Then seeing this fair creature in such sort of dres
This lady unto her these words did express,
Whence camest thou girl & what would's you have;
She said a night's rest in your stable I crave.
The lady said to her I'll grant thy desire,
Come in to the kitchen and stand by the fire,
Then she thank'd the lady and went in with haste
There she was gas'd on from the highest to least.
And being well warm'd her hungar being great,
They gave her a peice of good food for to eat,
Then to an out house this fair creature was had,
Whee she with fresh straw then made her a bed.
And when in the morning the day-light she saw,
Her jewils and riches she hid in the straw,
And being very cold she then did retire,
To the kitchen and stand by the fire.
The cook said my lady hath promis'd that thee'
Shalt be as a scullion to wait upon me'
And what sayest thou, girl art thou willing to bide,
With all my art truly, to him she replied.
To work with her needle she could very well,
And for rasing af paste few could her excel,
She being so handy the cooks heart did win,
And there she was called by the name of Cat-Skin.

PART III,

The lady had a son both comely and tall,
Who oftentimes used to be at a ball,
A mile out of town one evening tide,
To dance at this ball away he did ride.
Cat-skin said to his mother pray madam let me,
Go after your son this ball for to see,
With that in a passion this lady she grew,
And struck her with the ladle and broke it in two.
And being thus served she then got away,
And with her rich garments herself did array,
Then to this ball she with speed did retire,
Where she danc'd so bravely that all did admire,
The spoyt being done the young Squire did say,
Young Lady, where do you live, tell me I pray,
Her answer to him was sir that will I tell,
At the sign of the broken ladle I dwell.
She being very nimble got home first, 'tis said
And in her Cat-Skin robes 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 this young Squire himself to content,
To dance at this ball away again went,
She said pray let me go this ball for to veiw,
Then she struck her with a skimmer & broke in two,
Then out of doors the ran full of heawiness,
And with her rich garments herself soon did dress,
And to this ball she ran away with speed,
Where to see her dancing all wondered indeed.
The ball being endid, this young Squire then said,
Where is it you live she answered again,
Sir, because you ask me, account I give,
At the sign of the broken skimmer I live.
Being dark when he left him she homeward did hide,
And with her Cat skin robe was dress'd presently,
And into the kitchen among them she went,
But where she had been they where all innocent.
When the Squire come home & found catskin there,
He was in a maze, and began for to swear,
For two nights at this ball has been a lady,
The sweetist of beauties that ever I saw,
She was the best dancer in all the whole place,
And very much like our Cat-Skin in the face,
Had she not been dress'd in that costly degree,
I should have sworn it had been Cat-Skin boldly,
Next night to this ball she did go once more,
And she ask'd his mother to let her go as before,
Who having a bason of water in her hand,
She threw it on Cat Skin as I understand.
Shaking her wet ears out of doors she did run,
And dress'd herselfe when this thing she had done,
To the ball once more she then whent her away,
To see her fine dancing all gave her praise.
And having concluded this young Squire he said,
From whence might you come yong lady tell me,
Her answer was sir, you shall know the same,
From the sighn of the bason of water I came.
Then homeward she hurried as fast as she could,
This young Squire then resolved to see,
Whereto she belong'd then folloing Cat-Skin,
Into an old straw house he saw her creep in,
He said O brave Cat-Skin I find it is thee,
These three nights togather has so charmed me,
Thou art the sweetest creature my eyes e'er behgld
With joy and content my heart is now fill'd.
Thou our cooks scullion but as I shall have life,
Grant me but youre love and I,ll make you my wife,
And you shall have maids to wait at youre call,
Sir that cannot be I have no portion at all.
Thy beauty is a portion my joy and dear,
I prize it far better then a thousand a year,
And to have my friends consent I have a trick,
I'll go to bed and feign myselfe sick.
There no one shall tend me but the I profes,
So one day or other in thy rich dress,
Thou shalt be clad and if my parents come nigh,
I,ll tell them 'tis for thee that sick I doo lie,

PART IV.

Having consulted this young couple parted'
Next day this young Squire he went to his bed.
And both his dear parents this thing perceived
For fear of his death they were sorly greiv'd,
To tend him they sent for a nurse speedily,
He said none but Cat-Skin my nurse then shall bee,
His parents said no son he said but she shall,
Or else I'll have none to nurse me at all,
His parents both wondered to hear him say so,
That no one but Cat-Skin must then be his nurse,
So then his dear parents their son to content,
Up into his chamber poor Cat-Skin they sent.
Sweet cordles & other rich things where prepar'd,
which betwen this couple was equally shar'd,
And when all alone in each others armes,
Enjoy'd one another in loves pleasant charmes.
And lenglith at a time poor Cat-Skin, 'tis said
In her rich attire she then was array'd,
And when that his mother the chamber drew near,
Then much like a Goddess did Cat-Skin appear,
Which caus'd her to stare, and thus for to say,
What young lady is this son, tell me I pray?
He said, why 'tis Cat-skin, for whom sick I lie,
And except I have her, with speed I shall die.
His mother then hasten'd to call up the knight,
Who ran up to see this amazing great sight,
He said, is this Cat-skin we held in such scorn?
I ne'er saw a finer dame since I was born.
The old knight said to her, I pray the tell me
From whence did'st thou come, and of what Family
Then who were her parents she gave them to know
And what was the cause of her wandering so.
The young squire cry'd, if you will save my life
Pray grant this young creature she may be my wife;
His father reply'd, thy life for to save,
If you have agreed, my consent you shall have.
Next day with triumph and joy as we hear
There were many coaches came far and near,
Then much like a Goddess dress'd in rich array
Cat-skin was marry'd to the Squire that day.
For several days this great wedding did last.
Where was many a topping and gallant repast,
And for joy the bells rang all over the town
And bottles of canary roll'd merrilly round
When Cat-skin was marry'd her fame to raise
Who saw her modest carriage all gave her praise
Thus her charming beauty the Squire did win.
And who lives so great now as he and Cat-skin.

PART V.

Now in the fifth part I'll endeavour to shew,
How things with her parents and sister did go.
Her mother and sister of life are bereft,
And now all alone the old squire is left.
Who hearing his daughter was marry'd so brave,
He said, in my noddle a scheme I have;
Dress'd like a poor man' now a journey I'll make,
And see if she on me some pity will take.
When drest like a beggar he went to her gate,
Where stood his daughter who look'd very great,
He cry'd noble lady, a poor man I be,
And I am now forc'd to crave your charity
With ahbush she ask'd from whence that he came
With that he told her and gave her his name;
She cry'd, I am your daughter whom you slighted so
Yet nevertheless to you some kindness I'll show.
Thro' mercy the Lord hath provided for me,
Pray, father come in and sit down then says she;
Then the best provision the house could afford,
For to make him welcome, was set on the board,
She said you are welcome, feed hearty I pray,
And if you are willing with me you shall stay,
So long as you live; then he made this reply'
I only am come now thy love for to try,
Thro' mercy my child' I am rich and not poor,
I've gold and silver enough now in store,
And for this love which at thy hands I've found,
For thy portion I'll give the ten thousand pounds.
So in a few days as we under-stand'
This man he went home and sold of his land
And ten thousand pounds to his daughter did give,
And now altogether in love they do live.

Printed and sold by T Evans 79 Long-Lane West Smithfield.

Bateman's Tragedy

YOU gallant dames so finely fram'd,
Of beauty's chiefest mould,
And you that trip it up and down,
Like lambs in cupid's fold,
Here is a lesson to be learn'd,
A lesson in my mind,
For such as do prove false in love,
And bear a falser mind.
Not far from Nottingham of late,
In Clifton as we hear,
There liv'd a rich and comely maid,
For beauty without peer.
Her cheeks were like the crimson rose,
Yet as you may perceive,
The fairest face and falsest heart,
The soonest will deceive.
This beauteous dame she was belov'd,
By many in that place,
For many sought in marriage bed,
Her body to embrace.
At last a handsome proper youth,
Young Bateman call'd by name,
Hoping to make her a married wife,
Unto this maiden came.
Such love and liking there was found,
That he from all the rest,
Had stole away this maiden's heart,
And she did love him best.
Then plighted promise secretly,
Did pass between these two,
That nothing could but death itself,
This true love's knot undo.
He broke a piece of gold in twain,
One half to her he gave,
The other as a pledge said he,
I for myself will have.
If I do break my vows said he,
While I remain alive,
Ne'er may a thing I take in hand,
Ever be seen to thrive.
This passed on for two months space,
And then this maid began,
To settle love and liking then,
Upon another man.
One Jermain, who a widower was,
Needs must her husband be,
Because he was of greater worth,
And better in degree,
Her vows and promise lately made,
To Bateman she deny'd,
And in despite of him and his
She utterly defy'd.
Well then, quoth he, if it be so,
That you will me forsake,
And like a false and forsworn wretch,
Another husband take,
Thou shalt not live one quiet hour,
For I will surely have,
Thee, either when alive or dead,
When I am laid in grave.
Thy faithless mind thou shalt repent,
Therefore be well assur'd,
When for thy sake, thou hatefu'd wretch,
What torments I endur'd
But mark how Bateman died for love,
And finished his life,
That very day she married were,
And made old Jermain's wife,
For with a strangling cord, god wot,
Great moan was made, therefore
He hang'd himself in despeite sort,
Before the bride's own dor.
Whereat such sorrow pierc'ther heart,
And troubl'd sore her min,
That she could never after thr,
One day of comfort find.
For wheresoever she did go
Her fancy did surprise,
Young Bateman's pale and ghastly ghost,
Appear'd before her eyes.
When she in bed one night id lay,
Within her husband's arm,
In hopes thereby to sleep a' rest,
And be secure from harm.
Great cries and grievous grans she heard,
A voice that sometimes said,
O thou art she that I must have,
I will not be deny'd.
But then she being big with child,
Was for the infant's sake,
Preserved from the spirit's power,
No vengeance could it take.
The babe unborn did safely keep,
As God appointed so,
It's mother's body from the fiend,
Which sought her overthrow.
But being of her burden eas'd,
And fairly brought to bed,
Her care and grief began anew,
And inward sorrow bred.
Of most her friends she did entreat,
Desiring them to stay.
Out of the bed, quoth she, this night,
I shall be torn away.
Hence comes the spirit of love,
With pale and ghastly face,
Who till he bears me hence away,
Will not depart this place.
Alive or dead I am his right,
And me he'll surely have,
In spite of me and all the world,
What I by promise gave.
O watch with me, this night, I beg,
But see you do not sleep,
No longer than you keep awake,
My body you can keep,
They promised to do their best,
Yet nothing could suffice,
At middle of the night to keep,
Soft slumber from their eyes.
So being fallen fast asleep,
To them unknown which way,
The child bed woman that very night,
From thence was borne away.
And to what place no creature knew,
Nor to this day can tell,
As strange a thing as ever yet,
In any age befel.

You maidens that desire to love,
And would ou husbands choose,
To him that you by vow do love,
By no means do refuse.

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Therefore be well assur'd.
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Great moan was made therefore.
He hang'd himself in desperate sort,
Before the bride's own door.
Whereat such sorrow pierc'd her heart,
And troubled sore her mind,
That she could never after that,
One day of comfort find;
For wheresoever she did go,
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Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great St, Andrew Street, 7 Dials, Price One Penny.

THE

CRUEL KNIGHT

And the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter.

IN famous York City a farmer did dwell,
Who was beloved by his neighbours well,
He had a wife that was virtuous and fair,
And by her he had a young child every year,
In seven years six children he had,
Which made their parents hearts full glad,
But in a short time as we did hear say,
The father in wealth and stock did decay,
Altho' that once he had riches in store
In a little time he grew very poor.
He strove all he could, but alas! could not thrive
He hardly kept his children alive,
The children came faster than silver or gold,
For his wife conceived again as we are told.
And when the time came in labour she fell,
But if you will mind me an odd story I'll tell,
A noble rich knight by chance did ride by,
And hearing the woman shriek and cry,
He being well learned in the planets and signs,
Did look in the book which puzzled his mind
For the more he did look the more he did read
And found that fate the child had decreed
Who was born in the house at the same time.
He found it was she that must be his bride
But judge how the night was disturted in mind
When he in that book his fortune did find,
He quickly rode home and was sorely oppress'd
From that sad moment he could take no rest.
At night he did toss and tumble in bed,
And very strange projects came into his head,
Then he was resolved and soon inv'd indeed,
To alter the fortune he found was decreed,
With a vexing heart next morning he rose,
And so the house of the farmer he goes,
And asked the man with a heart full of spite,
If the child was alive that was born last night,
Worthy sir, said the farmer, altho' I am poor,
I had one born last night and six born before,
Four sons and three daughters I now have alive
They are all in good health and likely to thrive,
The knight reply'd, if that seven you have,
Let me have the youngest I'll keep it most brave
For you very well one daughter may spare,
And when I die I'll make her my heir,
For I am a knight of noble degree,
And if you will part with your child unto me,
Full fifteen thousand pounds I'll unto it e give
When I from your hands your daughter receive
The father and mother with tears in their eyes
Did hear this kind offer and where in surprize,
And seeing the knight was so noble and gay,
Presented the infant unto him that day,
But they spoke to him with words most mild,
We beseech thee, good sir, be kind to our child.
You need not mind, the knight he did say,
I'll maintain her both gallant and gay.

So with this sweet babe away he did ride,
Until he came to a broad river's side,
Being cruelly bent he resolved indeed
To drown the young infant that day with speed
Saying if you live you must be my wife,
So I am resolved to believe you of life
For till you are dead I no comfort can have,
Therefore you shall lie in a watery grave,
In saying of this that moment they say
He flung the babe into the river straightway,
And being well pleased when this he had done,
He leaped on his horse & straightway rode home
But mind how good fortune for her did provide
She was drove safe on her back by the tide,
Where a man was a fishing as fortune did have
When she was a floating along with the wave,
He took her up, but was in amaze,
He kiss'd her, and press'd her, & on her did gaze
And he having never a child in his life
He straight did carry her home to his wife,
His wife was pleased the child for to see,
And said my dearest husband be ruled by me,
Since we have no child if you let me alone,
We will keep this, and call it our own,
The good man consented as we have been told,
And spared for neither silver nor gold
Until she was eleven full years,
And then her sweet beauty began for to appear
The fisherman was one day at an inn,
And several gentlemen drinking with him,
His wife sent this girl to call her husband home
But when she into the drinking room came,
The gentleman there amazed to see,
The fisherman's daughter so full of beauty,
They asked him then if she was his own?
And he told them the story before he went home
As I was a fishing within my own bound
One monday morning this sweet babe I found,
Or else she had laid in this watery grave,
And this was the account which now he gave,
The cruel knight was in the company,
And hearing the fisherman tell the story,
He was vexed at the heart to see her alive,
And how to destroy her he again did contrive,
Then spoke the knight and unto him said,
If you will but part with the sweet maid,
I'll give you whatever your heart can desire
For she in time to great riches may rise,
The fisherman answer'd with a modest grace,
I cannot unless my dear wife in the place,
Get first her consent, you shall have mine of me
And then to go with you sir she is free,
The wife she did also as freely consent,
But little they thought of his intent,
He kept her a month very bravely they say,
And then he contrived to send her away.

He had a great brother in Lancashire
A noble rich man worth ten thousand a year,
And he sent this girl unto him with speed,
In hopes he would act a most cruel deed
He sent a man with her likewise they say,
But as they did lodge at an inn on the way,
A thief in the house with an evil intent,
To rob the portmantua immediately went,
but the thief was amazed when he could not find
Neither silver nor gold nor ought to his mind,
But only a letter the which he did read,
And soon put an end to this tragical deed
The knight had wrote to his brother that day,
To make this poor innocent damsel away.
With sword or with poison that very same night
And not let her live till morning light
The thief read the letter and had so much grace
To tear it and wrote in the very same place,
Dear brother receive this maiden from me
And bring her well up as a maiden should be,
Let her be esteemed dear brother I pray
For servants attend her by night and by day.
For she is a lady of noble worth
A nobler lady never lived in the north,
Let her have good learning dear brother I pray
And for the same I will sufficiently pay,
And so dear brother this letter I send.
Subscribing myself your dear brother and friend
The servant and maid were still innocent.
And onward their journey next they went
Before sunset to the knight's house they came,
Where the servant left her and home came again
The girl was attended most nobly indeed.
With many servants to attend her with speed
Where she did continue a twelvemonths space,
'Till this cruel knight came to this place,
As he and his brother together did talk
He spy'd the young maid in the garden to walk
She looked most beautiful pleasant and gay,
Like to sweet Aurora or the goddess of May,
He was in a passion when her he did see,
And said most angry why, brother, why,
Did you not do as in the letter I writ?
His brother replied it is done every bit.
No, no, said the knight, it is not so I see.
Therefore she shall back again go with me,
But his Brother shewed him the letter that day,
Then he was amazed but nothing did say:
Soon after the knight took this maiden away,
And with it dead ride till he came to the sea.
Then looking upon her with anger and spite,
He spoke to this maiden and did her alight,
The maid from the horse immediately went,
And trembling to think what was his intent,
Never tremble, said he, for this hour is your last
So pull off your clothes I command you in haste
This virgin with tears on her knees did reply.
Oh! what have I done sir, that now I must die
Oh! let me but know how I offend,
I'll study each hour to make you amends,
Ah! spare my life and I'll wander the earth
And never come nigh you while I have breath,
He hearing the pitiful moan she did make,
Straight from his finger a ring did take,

He then to this maiden these words he did say,
This ring into the water I'll now throw away,
Pray look on it well for the posy is plain;
That when you see it you may know it again,
I charge you for life never come in my sight,
For if you do I shall owe you a spite
Unless you do bring the same unto me.
With that he let the ring drop into the sea,
Which when he had done away he did go,
And left her to wander in sorrow and woe,
She rambled all night and at length did espy,
A homely poor cottage and to it did hie
Being hungry and cold & her heart full of grief
She went to this cottage, to ask for relief
The people relieved her and the next day,
They got her a service as I did hear say,
At a nobleman's house not far from the place,
Where she did behave with a modest grace
She was a cook maid and forgot all times past,
But observe a wonder that comes at last,
As she a rich dinner was dressing one day,
And opened the head of a cod as they say.
She found such a ring and was in amaze.
And she in great wonder upon it did gaze,
And viewing it well she found it to be
The very same ring the knight dropt in the sea,
She smil'd when she saw it & bless her kind fate
But did to no creature the secret relate,
This maid in her place did all maidens excell,
That the lady took notice and liked her well,
Saying she was born of some noble degree
And took her for her companion to be,
This hard hearted knight to this place came,
A little time after with persons of fame,
But was struck to the soul when he did behold,
This beautiful creature in trappings of gold
Then he asked the lady to grant him a boon
And said it was to walk with the virgin alone,
The lady consented telling the young maid,
By him she need not fear to be betray'd,
When he first met her thou stumpet he said,
Did I not charge thee never more to see me?
This hour's your last to live, would bid good night
For being so bold to appear in my sight,
Said she in the sea sir you flung a ring,
And bid me see you unless did it bring,
The same unto you. Now I have it cries she,
Behold 'tis the same you flung into the sea,
When the knight saw it he flew to her arms,
And said thou hast a million of charms,
Said he charming creature, pray pardon me,
Who often contrived the ruin of thee,
'Tis in vain to alter what heaven has decreed,
For I find you are born my wife for to be
Then wedded they were as I have hear'd say,
And now she's a lady both gallant and gay,
They quickly unto her parents did haste,
Where the knigh told the story what had pass'd
But asked their pardon upon his bare knee,
Who gave it and rejoced their daughter to see
Then they for the fisherman and his wife sent
And for their past trouble did them content,
So there was great joy unto all that did see,
The farmer's young daughter a lady to be.

Printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great st. Andrew street, seven Dials.

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Prescribed the infant unto him that day,
But they spoke to him with words most mild,
We beseech thee, good sir, be kind to our child.
You need not mind, the knight he did say,
I'll maintain her both gallant and gay.

And then to go with you sir she is free,
The wife she did also as freely consent,
But little they thought of his intent,
He kept her a month very bravely they say,
And then he contrived to send her away.

He hearing the pitiful moan she did make,
Straight from his finger a ring did take,

Printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great st. Andrew street, seven Dials.

And for their past trouble did them content,
So there was great joy unto all that did see,
The farmer s young daughter a lady to be.

1800

The CRUEL KNIGHT;

Or, The Fortunate Farmer's Daughter.

IN famous York city a farmer did dwell,
Who was belov'd by his neighbours well,
He had a wife that was virtuous and fair,
And by her he had a young child every year.
In seven years six children he had,
Which made their parents hearts full glad,
But in a short time as we did hear say,
The farmer in wealth and stock did decay.
Tho' that once he had riches in store,
In a little time he grew very poor,
He strove all he could, but alas! could not thrive,
He hardly could keep his children alive,
The children came faster than silver or gold,
For his wife conceiv'd again as we are told,
And when the time came in labour she fell,
But if you will mind an odd story I'll tell;
A noble rich knight by chance did ride by,
And hearing this woman shriek and cry,
He being well learned in the planets and signs,
Did look in the book which puzzled his mind.
For the more he did look the more he did read,
And found that fate the child had decreed,
Who was born in that house the same tide,
He found it was she that must be his bride,
But judge how the knight was disturbed in mind,
When he in that book his fortune did find;
He quickly rode home, and was sorely oppress'd,
From that sad moment he could take no rest.
At night he did toss and tumble in his bed,
And very strange projects came into his head;
Then he was resolv'd and soon try'd indeed,
To alter the fortune he found was decreed.
With a vexing heart next morning he rose,
And to the house of the farmer he goes,
And asked the man, with a heart full of spite,
If the child was alive that was born last night?
Worthy sir, said the farmer, altho' I am poor,
I had one born last night, and six born before;
Four sons and three daughters I now have alive,
They are all in good health and likely to thrive,
The knight reply'd, if that seven you have,
Let me have the youngest, I'll keep it most brave;
For you very well one daughter may spare,
And when I die I'll make her my heir;
For I am a knight of a noble degree,
And if you will part with your child unto me,
Full three thousand pounds I'll unto thee give,
When I from your hands your daughter receive,
The father and mother with tears in their eyes,
Did hear this kind offer and were in a surprize,
And seeing the knight was so noble and gay,
Presented the infant unto him that day.
But they spoke to him with words most mild,
We beseech thee, good sir, be kind to our child;
You need not mind, the knight he did say,
I will maintain her both gallant and gay,
So with this sweet babe away he did ride,
Until he came to a broad river's side
Being cruelly bent, he resolv'd indeed,
To drown the young infant that day with speed,
Saying if you live you must be my wife,
So I am resolv'd to bereave you of life;
For till you are dead I no comfort can have,
Wherefore you shall die in a watery grave.
In saying of this, that moment, they say,
He flung the babe into the river straightway,
And being well pleased when this he had done,
He leap'd on his horse and straight he rode home.
But mind how good fortune for her did provide,
She was drove right on her back by the tide,
Where a man was a fishing as fortune would have,
When she was floating along with the waves.
He took her up, but was in a maze,
He kiss'd her, and press'd her, and on her did gaze,
And he having ne'er a child in his life,
He straight did carry her home to his wife,
His wife was pleased the child to see,
And said, my dearest husband, be rul'd by me,
Since we have no child, if you'll let me alone,
We will keep this and call it our own.
The good man consented as we have been told,
And spared for neither silver nor gold;
Until she was eleven full years,
And then her beauty began for to appear.
The fisherman was one day at an inn,
And several gentlemen drinking with him;
His wife sent this girl to call her husband home,
But when she into the drinking room came,
The gentlemen there were amazed to see,
The fisherman's daughter so full of beauty.
They asked him then, if she was his own?
And he told them the story before he went home:
As I was a fishing within my own bounds,
One Monday morning, this sweet babe I found;
Or else she had lain in a watery grave,
And this was the account which now he gave.
The cruel knight was in the company,
And hearing the fisherman tell his story,
He was vex'd at the heart to see her alive,
And how to destroy her he again did contrive.
Then spoke the knight and unto him said,
If you will but part with that sweet maid,
I'll give you what ever your heart can devise,
For she in time to great riches may rise,
The fisherman answered, with a modest grace,
I cannot unless my dear wife were in place,
Get first her consent, you shall have mine of me,
And then to go with you, sir, she is free,
The wife she did also as freely consent,
But little they thought of his intent.
He kept her a month very bravely, they say,
And then he contrived to send her away.

He had a great brother in fair Lancashire,
A noble rich man worth ten thousand a year;
And he sent this girl unto him with speed,
In hopes he would act a most cruel deed.
He sent a man with her likewise, they say,
But as they did lodge at an inn on the way,
A thief in the house with an evil intent,
To rob the portmanteau immediately went;
But the thief was amazed, when he could not find,
Either silver or gold, or ought to his mind,
But only a letter the which he did read,
And soon put an end to this tragical deed.
The knight had wrote to his brother that day,
To make this poor innocent damsel away,
With sword or with poison that very same night
And not let her live 'till the morning light.
The thief read the letter, and had so much grace
To tear it, and wrote in the very same place,
Dear brother, receive this maiden from me,
And bring her up well as a maiden should be;
Let her be esteemed, dear brother, I pray,
Let servants attend her by night and by day,
For she is a lady of noble worth,
A noble lady ne'er lived in the North;
Let her have good learning, dear brother I pray,
And for the same I will sufficiently pay;
And so loving brother, this letter I send,
Subscribing myself your dear brother and friend.
The servant and maid were still innocent,
And onward their journey next day they went;
Before sun-set to the knight's house they came,
Where the servant left her and came home again,
The girl was attended most nobly indeed,
With the servants to attend her with speed;
Where she did continue a twelvemonth's space,
'Till this cruel knight came to this place,
As he and his brother together did talk,
He spy'd the young maid in the garden to walk;
She look'd most beautiful, pleasant, and gay,
Like to sweet Aurora, or the goddess of May,
He was in a passion when he did her spy.
Did you not do as in the letter I writ;
His brother reply'd, it is done every bit.
No, no, said the knight, it is not so I see,
Therefore she shall back again go with me;
But his brother shew'd him the letter that day,
Then he was amazed and nothing did say,
Soon after the knight took this maiden away,
And with her did ride till they came to the sea,
Then looking upon her with anger and spite,
He spoke to the maiden and bid her alight.
The maid from the horse immediately went,
And trembling to think what was his intent,
Ne'er tremble, said he, for this hour's your last,
So pull of your clothes, I command you in haste.
This virgin, with tears, on her knees did reply,
Oh! what have I done, sir, that now I must die,
Oh! let me but know how I offend,
I'll study each hour to make you amends.
Ah! spare my life, and I'll wander forlorn,
And never come near you while I have breath;
He hearing the pitiful moan she did make,
Straight from his finger a ring he did take.

He then to this maiden these words did say,
This ring in the water I'll now throw away;
Pray look on it well for the possy is plain,
That you when you see it may know it again;
I charge you for life never come in my sight,
For if you do I shall owe you a spite,
Unless you do bring the same unto me,
With that he let the ring drop into the sea,
Which when he had done away he did go,
And left her to wander in sorrow and woe;
She rambled all night and at length did espy,
A homely poor cottage and to it did hie;
Being hungry and cold and her heart full of grief,
She went to this cottage to ask for relief;
The people reliev'd her, and the next day
They got her a service, as I did hear say;
At a nobleman's house not far from the place,
Where she did behave with a modest grace,
She was a cook-maid and forgot all times past,
But observe the wonder that comes at last:
As she a fish dinner was dressing one day,
And opened the head of a cod, as they say,
She found such a ring and was in a maze,
And she in great wonder upon it did gaze,
And viewing it well she found it to be,
The very same ring the knight dropt in the sea.
She smil'd when she saw it and bless'd her kind fate,
But did to no creature the secret relate.
This maid in her place did all maidens excel,
That the lady took notice and lik'd her well;
Saying she was born of some noble degree,
And took her for her companion to be.
This beautiful lady in trappings of gold,
Then he ask'd the lady to grant him a boon,
And said it was to walk with that virgin alone,
The lady consenting, telling the young maid,
By him she need not fear to be betrayed.
When he first met her—Thou strumpet, said he,
Did I not charge thee never more to see me;
This hour's the last—to the world bid good night,
For being so bold to appear in my sight.
Said she in the sea, sir, you flung your ring,
And bid me not see you, unless I did bring.
The same unto you;—Now I have it, cries she,
Behold 'tis the same which you flung in the sea,
When the knight saw it he flew to her arms,
And said thou hast a million of charms:
Said he charming creature, pray pardon me,
Who often contrived the ruin of thee;
'Tis in vain to alter what heaven doth decree,
For I find you are born my wife to be,
Then wedded they were, as I did hear say
And now she's a lady both gallant and gay,
They quickly unto her parents did haste,
Where the knight told the story of what had past,
But ask'd their pardon upon his bare knee,
Who gave it and rejoiced their daughter to see,
Then they for the fisherman and his wife sent,
And for their past troubles did them content,
So there was joy unto all them that did see,
The farmer's young daughter a lady to be.

Printed and sold by T. Evans, 79, Long Lane.

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The Glouceſterſhire TRAGEDY;

or, The True Lover's Downfall.

NEAR Guilford town I hear,
Of late in Glouceſterſhire,
There liv'd a lady fair,
Of beauty bright:
Her father vaſtly great,
In money and eſtate,
Which moſt unfortunate,
Ruin'd her quite,
Four thouſand pound a year
Her father had I hear,
And had no other heir,
But this lady,
And hed'd marry her out right
Unto a rich old knight,
But ſhe the ſame did ſlight,
Diſdainfully;
Father ſhe often cry'd,
If that I ſhould be tried
To be an old man's bride,
How would this prove?
If I in marriage bands,
Muſt obey your commands,
Let me Sir have a man
That I can love,
Her father angry grew,
Saying daughter if you
Will my commands not do,
To pleaſure me,
Aſſured be of this,
That if you wed amiss
Unto my mind,
I'll diſinherit you.
For ſome time this paſt on,
When the young gentleman,
Who liv'd near at hand,
A wooing came.
One thouſand pound a year
His father had we hear,
And he his only heir
Unto the ſame
When to her father come,
His buſineſs he made known,
For whoſe dear alone
He him addreſt
Sir, if you'll give, he cry'd,
Your daughter for my bride,
Sure no man e'er beſide
Can be more bleſt.
Her farher cunningly
Did make him this reply,
Your ſuit I'll not deny,
Get her in mind;
But when they fixt their love,
Ay all the powers above,
To them he falſe did prove,
As you ſhall find.
When ſome few months, alas!
In courtſhip they had paſt,
Their hearts were linked faſt,
In a laſting love,
Cupid had play'd his part,
And ſent a flaming dart,
To wound each other's heart,
Which none could move.
But ſee the wretched fate
Of her father's heart
He ſtrove to ſeparate
Them you ſhall hear;
And would not yeild he ſaid,
Tho he had promiſed
This gentleman ſhould wed
His daughter fair.
Pray Sir he often cry'd
Why muſt I be denied
Of this my charming bride
So much love;
If that unkind you are
To part this loving pair,
We'er ruin'd I declare
Then kinder prove.
Her father then did ſay,
Young man, think you I pray,
That I will throw away,
My daughter ſo.
Her fortune his too great
For one of your eſtate,
Therefore ſtand not to prate,
My mind you know.
Then in great diſcontent
He to his lady went,
And ſadly did lament
This hard fate;
Saying dear lady bright,
Pane ruin'd ruin'd quite;
Your father me doth ſlight
And proves moſt baſe.
He'll not conſent he cry'd,
That you ſhall be my bride,
Oh! what will me betied,
I am undone;
Now I have fixt my love,
He moſt unkiud doth prove,
Pity ye powers above,
A poor young man.
Then did he ſadly weep
Grieving and ſighing deep,
And at his lady's feet,
Fell in a ſwoon;
This grieve'd her to the heart,
Of love ſhe felt the ſmart,
As in the enſuing part.
Soon will be found.
When thus this lady fair,
Beheld her lover dear,
She us'd her utmoſt care
Him to receive
And often often cry'd,
If I am you deni'd,
I have no one beſide
As I'm alive,
Then did the tears apace
Run tickling down his face
And did him oft embrace
Upon the floor,
Wretched father ſaid ſhe,
It is your love to me,
I ſhall now ruin'd be
For evermore,
As from his ſwoon he come,
With a deep ſigh and groan,
He cry'd Undone, undone,
My dear am I
My love his juſt and true,
And if I have not you.
I'll bid the world adieu,
Eternally.
These words ſhe did express
My love his nothing leſs,
I freely muſt confeſs,
It is moſt true;
But if my father he
Will not to it agree,
I cannot marry'd be,
Dear ſir, to you,
I will moſt conſtant prove,
No other will I love,
Witness, ye gods above,
To what is ſaid;
Riſe ceaſe for to lament,
And ſtrive to be content,
For without his conſent,
I dare not wed.
Whenſhe theſe words did ſpeak
He ſigh'd as if his heart would
Saying Love for thy ſake[break,
Ruin'd am I.
I'll have no more than this,
Give me one parting kiss
Now farewell earthly bliss
Said I.
Then from her he did go,
With a heart full of woe,
To work his overthrow,
Reſolutely:
Some poiſon ſtrong he took,
Which quickly did him work,
So he this world forſook
Moſt wickedly.
When this news to her came,
She grieved for the ſame,
And ſaid He was to blame,
Himſelf to kill
She to her father run,
And cry'd O cruel man,
See, ſee what you have done
By your ill will.
Like one diſtracted ſhe,
Lamented bitterly,
And ſaid Dear love, for thee,
Would I had dy'd.
Declare it now I ſhall
I'm ruin'd by his fall;
I lov'd him beſt of all
The world beſides.
Thus day and night ſhe
My love why didſt thou die,
And I ave me wretchedly
Behind you here?
O come dear ghoſt to me,
And let me once ſee,
That comely face ſaid ſhe,
I love ſo dear.
As ſhe one night did lie,
Weeping moſt bitterly
She heard a voice to cry,
My dear my dear,
For your ſweet ſake I dy'd
Who ſhould have been my bride
Behold at your bed-ſide
I'm hear I'm here,
At which the curtain ſhe
Put by immediately
And the pale ghoſt did ſee
At her bed ſide.
He cloathed was in white,
Holding a torch ſo bright,
And when ſhe ſaw the ſight,
She ſhriek'd and cry'd.
The ghoſt then thus did ſpeak,
I died for your ſake,
'Twas love my heart did break,
Moſt certainly;
The morning cock I fear,
Won't let me long ſtay here,
Therefore now prepare
To go with me.
The ghoſt a dead man's ſcull
Did hold with poiſon full,
Saying come drink your fill
Of this black cup,
'Twill love-ſick paſſions cure,
I've drank the ſame before,
And ſo have hundreds more:
Then take it up,
She took it up ſaying Love
By all the powers above,
This ſhall my witness prove,
I love you well;
Now I will go ſhe ſaid,
And in your grave be laid,
In ſweet Eliſian ſhade
Our ſoals will dwell.
She inſtantly aroſe,
Surrounded all with woes,
And with the ghoſt ſhe goes
Down to the gate.
Whereat a coach did ſtand,
With many a ſerving man,
With torches in their hand
That they did wait,
Being put in a coach,
With her beloved ghoſt,
Moſt ſwiftly they did poſt
Unto the grave,
To which he ſtrait did hie,
Saying Love here I lie,
Then quickly, quickly die,
'Tis that I'd have.
Vaniſhing all away,
They left her there to ſtay
Till the approaching day,
Among the tombs,
She ſorely did lament,
Her cries to heaven ſent
And ſaid ghoſt be content
I'll come I'll come
The poiſon'd wreck'd her heart
Working in every part,
Working in every part
The wound ſhe gave
In woful misery,
She did expecting lie,
Each minute for to die
Upon the grave
As in this ſtate ſhe lay,
Untill the ſilent day,
A young man paſs'd that way
And her did know,
Fair lady to tell me
What chance has you befel
I fear you are not well.
That you lie ſo
Then ſhe declar'd what paſs'd,
From firſt unto the laſt.
And ſaid young man make haſte
And run with ſpeed
Unto my father dear
Who has been ſeeve
Oh! bid him quick come here,
Here I am dead.
Her father came and found
Her lying on the ground
And ready was to ſwoon
At this ſad ſight
She cry'd dear father I
For love here now muſt die
'Tis your ſeverity
Has kill'd me quite.
Death wrecks in every place
And ſtares me in the face
Dear grave I'll thee embrace.
So lovingly,
Dear love come open wide
Thy arms for thy dear bride
I come I come ſhe cri'd
And ſo did die.
Her father grieved ſore,
Hug ing her o'er and o'er,
Ye heavens! I imp ore
Let me too die.
Then with a dagger ſharp
He ſtruck him to the heart,
His life did then depart
Immediately.
O cruel death ſevere,
What a ſad ſight was here
Father and daughter dear
Thus for to die.
Their ſad and diſmal fall
Lamented was by all,
And did for pity call,
From every eye.
Then home they were convy'd
With ſpeed as it is ſaid,
And both in ſtate were laid,
In a large hall.
Which thouſands came to ſee,
Hearing this tragedy,
That might a warning be,
To love e all,
By all both rich and poor,
They lamented o er,
About a week or more,
In mournful ſtate
Many a lover dear,
Many a lady fair,
In mourning did appear
For their ſad fate.
A hearſe and ſix with ſpeed
Provided were indeed,
Many in mourning weeds
Did i attend,
Her grave was made cloſe by
Where ever ſhe did die,
And ſo of this tragedy,
I make an end.

Printed by John Evans 42, Long-lane, West Smithfield, London.

The Glouceſterſhire Tragedy.

Or, The Unnatural Mother.

BOTH young and old, I pray draw near,
And tender parents that have children dear,
Bear but a little time along with me,
And you ſhall hear a dreadful tragedy.
Dreadful enough it is, tho' certain true,
I muſt confeſs the like I never knew.
Even a heart of ſtone that doth it hear,
I'm ſure that it will make them ſhed a tear.
'Twas at a place call'd Wells in Glouceſterſhire,
Liv'd Mr. Gibbs, who had a daughter fair,
All that he had in ten years by his wife,
He was the joy and comfort of his life.
This child ſhe was but ſeven years of age,
Thoſe carriage did her father's heart engage,
He doated on the ground that ſhe did go,
And 'twas no wonder that he lov'd her ſo.
For charming features none could her excel,
Of ſweet behaviour, it is known full well.
She had a temper affable and mild,
And alſo was a moſt obedient child.
And tho' with all theſe bleſſings ſhe was grac'd,
Her mother could not bear to ſee her face.
Altho' her child, and from her body bore,
And often would her mother's love implore.
Sometimes unto her mother ſhe would ſay,
Mamma, what makes you look ſo croſs to day?
You don't ſeem pleas'd; what is it I have done?
Then ſtrait a ſlap or two from her would come.
Out of her mother's ſight away ſhe'd run,
But never told her father what was done.
She all her mother's blows with patience bore,
Sure ſuch a child was never known before.

PART II.

BUT now comes on the diſmal tragic part,
Death having ſtruck her father to the heart,
A debt which all of us one time muſt pay,
For when God pleaſes we muſt all obey.
As ſtretched on his death bed he was laid,
Unto his wife with fainting voice he ſaid,
Take care of my dear child when I am gone
From this vain world, that none doth wrong.
And my eſtate, four thouſand pounds a year,
I leave you and my only daughter dear.
Her portion let her have when ſhe's of age,
Pray for my ſake obſerve what I have ſaid.
And if before that ſhe to age ſhould come,
She dies, then you enjoy your total ſum;
Thi is my will I have order'd it ſo,
Bothyou and her I love, you well do know.
But deareſt friends that ever were muſt part,
And ſo muſt we, which cuts me to the heart.
But ſtill I hope that we ſhall meet again,
In Heaven above for ever to remain.
Anſwer'd his wife, with a diſſembling cry,
O huſband dear, could I but with you die,
I freely could reſign my breath!
No comfort can I find after your death.
As for your will I freely ſhall obey,
In all that you are pleas'd to order me,
I will take care of her as you deſign'd.
So never let ſuch things diſturb your mind.
His thread of life now being almoſt ſpun,
The child was call'd, who eagerly did run,
In floods of tears did to her father ſay:
O father dear, what is your will with me?
He anſwer'd, Child, long I cannot live,
So now my bleſſing to you I will give.
His hands he tenderly laid on her head,
And then theſe moving words to her he ſaid,
Pray God preſerve, and ſend thee health and peace,
And may thy mind in heavenly things increaſe.
More he would ſpeak to her, but cruel death
Did put a ſtop, and took away his breath.
A decent funeral for him was made,
And when his body in the ground was laid,
This child did in a tender way addreſs
Her mother, and theſe words ſhe did expreſs:

PART III.

DOWN on her bended knees ſaid, Mother dear,
I am ſorry for your loſs, I do declare.
But ſtill I think we ought not to complain,
For our loſs is my own father's gain.
Remember that our bleſſed Saviour he
Has promis'd our great comforter to be,
He ſays, The widow's wants he will redreſs,
And be a father to the fatherleſs.
One more advantage, mother, you have ſtill,
My God's commands I promiſe to fulfil.
You I likewiſe will honour and obey,
In every thing you pleaſe to order me.
Theſe moving words ſtill could not penetrate
Into her wicked heart; ſhe ſtill did hate
This bleſſed child, who never deſerv'd ſcorn,
And often wiſh'd ſhe never had been born.
This wretch moſt covetous did prove ſo vile,
She was reſolv'd to murder her own child;
That ſhe the whole eſtate might then enjoy.
So all her thoughts on this ſhe did employ.
But firſt of all, I've ſome things to relate:
A gentleman who had a vaſt eſtate,
Came for to court the mother, and his ſuit
She ſoon embrac'd without the leaſt diſpute.
Altho' three weeks were hardly paſt and gone
Since her huſband's death, ſhe thought it long,
Ere her condition ſhe alter'd once more,
Which when this child knew it griev'd her ſore.
Soon as the gentleman was gone one day,
Unto her cruel mother ſhe did ſay,
Mamma, this gentleman who comes to you,
I hope he don't intend your love to ſue.
Yes, ſure he does, and muſt your father be,
How do you like him, quickly tell to me?
Not at all, mamma, the child reply'd,
Tis not a month ſince my poor father dy'd.
And can you ſo ſoon forget his death,
When he lov'd you thus while he liv'd on earth;
Beſides, mother, I have one thing to ſay,
For you methinks he is too young and gay.
At this her mother in a paſſion flew,
Saying, Suppoſe he is, what's that to you?
The marriage-day is fix'd, you ſaucy jade,
And for your inſolence you ſhall be paid.

PART IV.

NOW for to conclude this barbarous deed,
She did report it all about with ſpeed,
That her dear child was ſick, and kept her bed.
They little thinking what was in her head.
She kept her child confin'd to her room,
She little thought, dear child, of her wretched doom,
This infant often would ſit down and cry,
Dear Lord, what means my mother's cruelty?
At laſt this wicked wretch contriv'd the deed,
Having none in the houſe but juſt one maid.
Whom ſhe gave leave to go and ſee her friends.
While ſhe contriv'd to do her wicked ends.
The maid being gone, ſhe thought all was right,
So to the child ſhe went that very night.
With a ſmall dagger hid between her breaſt.
'Till ſhe had done the deed ſhe could not reſt.
With a diſſemble ſaid, Child, how do you do?
She ſaid, Mamma, better to ſee you.
My very heart doth leap, mother, ſaid ſhe,
That you do look ſo pleaſantly on me.
The dagger from her boſom ſhe drew,
The child being ſtartled, from her mother flew.
She ſaid, Huſſy, I am come to end your days.
The child anſwer'd, The Lord above be prais'd.
But pray, dear mother, don't ſo haſty be;
Spare me a moment longer here to be.
That you may hear ſome words I have to ſay.
Then your commands I'll readily obey.
I was ſurpriz'd, mother, when firſt you
From your boſom the glittering dagger drew,
But now I underſtand what you intend,
It is to put my life in a bleſt hand.
Oh! it's for you, dear mother, that I grieve,
Not for myſelf that I this world muſt leave.
I value not theſe baubles here on earth.
Dear Lord, there's no repentance after death.
Then on her bended knees ſhe did fall,
And unto her heavenly God aloud did call.
For to forgive her mother while on earth:
Dear Lord, there's no repentance after death.
Theſe words might have turn'd a heart of lead.
But being tired, to the child ſhe ſaid,
Pray how much time muſt I on you beſtow?
She anſwer'd, I'll juſt pray, then give the blow.
She having pray'd, her mother gave the wound,
And as ſhe lay bleeding on the ground,
This child ſaid, Mother tho' you ne'er lov'd me,
I hope in heaven I your ſoul ſhall ſee.
Thus ſpoke the lamb, and ſo clos'd up her eyes.
This harden'd wretch was not at all ſurpriz'd,
But gave it out her daughter dear was dead,
And in the ground ſhe quickly had her laid.
No one ſuſpecting what this wretch had done,
Thought ſhe was ſafe.—The maid coming home,
Aſk'd for the child? but anſwer ſoon was made,
How ſhe was dead, and in the grave was laid.
At this the maid moſt bitterly did weep,
And being vex'd in mind, ſhe could not ſleep.
She lov'd the child entirely, 'tis ſure.
She never after could the houſe endure.

PART V.

BUT now comes on the cloſing of the ſcene
Of cruelty, which God will never ſcreen
He was reſolv'd to bring it unto light,
And that it ſhould be on the wedding-night
A ſplendid entertainment ſhe had made,
To entertain her wedding-gueſts, 'tis ſaid.
No coſt was ſpar'd to crown their mutual joys,
But this fine banquet quickly was deſtroy'd.
As ſoon as at the table they ſet down,
A glorious ſhining light did them ſurround.
This bleſſed babe did in the midſt appear,
Which ſtruck them with horror and fear.
Her precious blood did like crimſon flow
From her breaſt that look'd as white as ſnow.
Her mother ſtill undantedly did ſit,
And ask'd her huſband why he did not eat.
But ſo ſurpriz'd he could no anſwer make,
Nor any one that in the room ſat.
At laſt the apparition aloud did ſay,
Repent, mother; and ſo vaniſh'd away,
Her gueſts they preſently did go away,
Out of the grave the child was took next day,
And view'd by people that came far and near.
For this ſweet baby was ſhed many a tear.
This bloody wretch was to priſon ſent.
But does not ſeem as if ſhe does repent.
The ſhocking fact ſhe ſtiffly does deny,
But from juſt vengeance now ſhe cannot fly.
At Glouceſter aſſize ſhe will tried be,
And alſo caſt for this ſad cruelty,
Her puniſhment cannot be too ſevere,
For ſpilling ſuch innocent blood ſo dear.
You coveteous wretches that do bear her hate,
I hope a warning it will be to all.
Who for the ſake of worldly wealth did kill
Her precious infant, that never did ill.

THE PENNY WORTH OF WIT.

HERE is a penny worth of wit,
For thofe that ever went aftray,
If warning they will take by it,
I'll tell them good another day.
It the touchftone of true love,
Betwixt a harlot and a wife;
The former does deftruction prove,
The latter yields the joy of life.
As in this book you may behold,
Set forth by one Sir Willm Lane,
A wealthy merchant brave and bold,
Who did a harlot long maintain:
Although a virtuous wife he had,
Likewife a Youthful daughter dear,
Which might have made his heart full glad,
Yet them he feldom would come near.
he treafure which he traded for,
On the tempeftous ocean wide,
Je to his wanton harlot brought,
With many coftly things befide;
She then received him with a fmile,
When he came from the roaring feas:
And faid with words as fmooth as oil,
My deareft come and take thy eafe.
o my foft bed and linen fine,
Thou art right welcome, love, faid fhe,
Both I and all that e'er was mine,
Shall ftill at thy devotion be.
He brought two hundred pounds in gold,
And after that three hundred more,
With chains and jewels manifold,
And bid her lay them up in ftore.
Ave that I will, thou need not fear,
And fo embraced him with a kifs,
Then took the wealth, and faid my dear,
I'll take a fpecial care of this,
hen they did banquet many days,
Feeding on rich delicious fare,
And by her falfe deluding ways,
She drew him into many a fnare.
When he had liv'd fometime on fhore,
He to the feas muft go again,
With traffic to increafe his ftore,
This wanton harlot to maintain:
To whom he faid, my joy my dear,
With me what venture will you fend,
good return thou need'ft not fear,
I'll be thy factor and thy friend.
n goods my dear I'll fend above
Ten pound a which thou fhalt take abroad
know that unto me my love,
A triple gain you will afford.
hus faid, unto his wife he goes,
And asked her in a fcornful wife,
What venture fhe would now propofe,
To fend by him for merchandife,
ll fend a penny love, by thee,
Be fure you take good care of it,
hen you're in foreign parts, faid fhe,
Pray buy a pennyworth of wits
o put the penny up fecure,
And faid I'll take a fpecial care
o lay it out, You may be fure,

As he his merchandize did vent,
It turn'd to gems and golden ore;
Which crown'd his Labour with content
He never was fo rich before,
The wanton harlot's venture then,
Did turn to great account at laft,
For every pound fhe fhall have ten,
Such was the lucky merchandife.
For joy of which the merchant cried,
One merry bout my lads fhall have
A fplendid fupper I'll provide,
Of the beft dainties you fhall crave,
This faid all to a tavern went
Where they did feaft and drink amain,
Till many crowns and pounds were fpent
Before they put to fea again
The merchant then with laughter mov'd,
He faid for wit I never thought,
My wife's fmall money I've forgot,
And nothing with it I've yet bought,
One fingle penny, and no more,
She has a venture fent by me,
I was to lay it out therefore,
In what you'll think a rarity.
She bid me ufe my utmoft skill,
To buy a penny worth of wit,
But I have kept the penny ftill,
And ne'er fo much as thought of it,
Where fhall I goto lay it out?
True wit is hard and fcarce to find;
But come my lads let's drink about,
My wife's fmall ventre well not mind,
There is a proverb often used
Wit's never good till bought full dear
There I well may be excufed,
There's little in a penny here,
An aged father fitting by,
Who venerably looked grave,
Straight made the merchant this reply,
Hear me a word or two I crave,
Thy harlot in profperity,
She will embrace the for thy gold;
But go in want and mifery,
You nought from her but frowns behold,
And ready to betray thy life,
When wrecked naked poor and low,
But thy true hearted lawful wife,
Shall ftand by thee in weal or woe
If thou will prove truth of this
Strip off thy gaudy rich array
And fo return to thy lewd Mife,
Declaring thou waft caft away,
Thy riches buried in the main,
Befides as thou paffed through a wood,
One of your fervants you had ftain,
For which your life in danger ftood
Befeech her for to fhelter thee,
Declare on her you do depend;
And then alas full foon you'll fee,
How far fhe'll prove a faithful friend.
Then if fhe frown go to thy wife,
Tell her the melancholy theme
Who labours moft to fave thy life,

Let her be mark in thy eftcem.
Father the merchant then replied
A proof of this I mean to make;
And by thy counfel I adieu,
That thou will the penny take.
And loving friend, for aught I know
I may this fingle penny prize;
It may the greateft value prove,
In all thy wealthy merchandize
Taking his leave away he came,
Both he and his brave hearts of gold,
Then to his mafter he did repair,
And told what he was to buy,
At which fhe laugh'd his wife to fcorn,
On board he went immediately
And fet to fea that very morn.
Now they are gone with merry hearts,
The merchant and the jovial crew:
From port to port in foreign parts,
To trade as they were wont to do.
At length when he had well beftow'd
The cargo which was outward bound
He did his trading veffel load,
With immenfe treafures which he fonhd,
To whom he faid I'll prove the fame,
When I my native land behold
With full fpread fail to fea they went,
Neptune the golden cargo bore,
Through roaring waves to their content,
At length they reached the Britifh fhore,
The merchant put on poor array,
The very worft of ragged clothes;
And then without the leaft delay,
He to the wanton harlot goes.
When fhe beheld him in diftrefs,
She cried what is the matter now?
Said he I'm poor and pennylefs,
With that he made courteous bow.
He said no man was e'er cros'd,
As I have been fweetheart's delight;
My fhip and all the cargo, is loft,
Without thy help I'm ruined quite.
My lofs it great yet that's not all,
One of my fervants I have flain,
As we did both at variance fall;
Some fhelter let me here obtain.
I dare not now go near my wife
Whom I have wrong'd for many years
Into thy hands I put my life,
Take pity on my melting tears.
You bloody villain fhe replied,
Do not on me the leaft depend;
Begone; thou ragged wretch fhe cried,
Or for an officer I'll fend.
I'll give you neither meat nor drink,
Nor any fhelter you fhall have,
Of nafty houzy rags you ftink,
Begone you bafe perfidious knave
Don't think that I'll your counfel keep
Or harbour any fuch as you
He turn'd away and feem'd to weep,
And bid the wanton jilt adieu.
Then to his loving wife he came

Both poor and naked in diftrefs;
He told to her the very fame,
Yet fhe receiv'd him ne'er the lefs,
My dear said fhe fince it is fo,
Take comfort in thy loving wife,
All that I have fhall freely go
To gain a pardon for your life.
I'll lodge thee in a place fecure
Where I will daily nourifh thee;
Believe me, love, you may be fure
To find a faithful friend in me.
When he his perfect proof had made,
Which of thefe two did love him beft.
Unto his virtuous wife he faid,
My jewel fet thy heart at reft,
Behold I have no fervant flain,
Nor have I fuffered any lofs,
Enough I have us to maintain
The ocean wide no more I'll crofs.
My loaded fhip lies near the fhore,
With gold and jewels richly fraught
So much I never had before
The pennyworth of wit I've bought.
Once more he to the harlot goes
With fifteen failors brave and bold,
All cloathed in new and coftly coaths
Of filks and rich embroidered gold
The Mifs when she the pomp beheld
Did offer him a kind embrace,
But he with wrath and anger fill'd,
Did ftraight upbraid her to her face
But she with fmiles thefe words expreft'd,
I have been faithful love to thee;
Wha e'er I faid was but a jeft,
Why didft thou go fo foon from me.
Twas time to go for as I'm told,
You have another love in ftore
Whom you have furnifhed with my gold,
And jewels which I brought on fhore.
Tis falfe she cried I have them all
With that the merchant ftraight replied,
Be foon convinc'd and fatisfied
Lay them before me and then I fhall,
Then up fhe ran and fetch'd them down,
His jewels gold and rubies bright
He feiz'd them all when with a frown
He bid the wanton jilt good night
When he had took the golden purse,
And fwept up every precious ftone,
She cried what will you rob me thus
Yes that I will of what's my own.
You wanted to betray my life
But thanks to god there's no fuch fear,
These jewels fhall adorn my wife,
Honeeft th your houfe I'll not come near.
Home he returned to his fweet wife,
And told her all that he had done,
E'er fince they le d a happy life,
And he'd no more to harlots run,
Thus he the wanton harlot bit
Who long had his deftruction fought,
This was a pennyworth of wit
The beft that ever merchant bought.

A

Before we fet to fea again,
Which faid he to a tavern went,
When they did drink and feaft amain,

It may be the beft I do beftow;
On my fine wealthy merchadize.
So taking leave away they went,

Behold no fervant have I flain,
Nor have I fuffered any lofs,
Though I have enough us to maintain,

A

Choice Pennyworth of Wit.

HERE is a penny-worth of wit;
For thofe that never went aftray,
If warning they will take by it,
Twill do them good another day.
It is a touch-ftone of true love,
Betwixt a harlot and a wife,
The former doth deftructive prove,
The latter yields the joys of life.
As in this book you may behold,
Set forth by William Lane,
A wealthy merchant brave and bold,
Who did a harlot long maintain.
Although a virtuous wife he had,
Likewife a youthful daughter dear,
Which might have made a heart full glad,
Yet them he never would come near.
The traffic which he traded for,
On the tempeftuous ocean wide,
His harlot had it brought to her,
But nothing to his virtuous bride.
The fineft filk that could be bought,
Nay jewels rubies and diamond rings,
He to his wanton harlot brought,
With many other coftly things.
She ftill received them with a fmile,
When he came from the roaring feas,
And faid with words as fmooth as oil,
My deareft come and take thy eafe.
To thy foft bed and linen fine,
Thou art right welcome love faid fhe,
Both land and all that s here is thine,
Shall ftill at my devotion be
He brought her 500l. in gold,
And after that 300l. more,
Rich chains and jewels manifold,
And bid her lay them up in ftore.
Aye that I will thou need'ft not fear,
And fo embrac'd him with a kifs,
Then took the wealth and faid my dear,
I'll have efpecial care of this.
Then they did banquet many days,
Feafting on delicious fare,
Thus by her faife deluding ways,
She brought him in a fatal fnare.
When he had liv'd fome time on fhore
He muft go to the feas again,
With traffic to increafe his ftore,
The wanton harlot to maintain:

To whom he faid my joy and dear,
What venture will you fend,
A good return thou need'ft not fear,
I'll be thy factor and thy friend.
In goods my dear I'll lend above,
Ten pounds thov fhalt take on board,
I know that unto me my dear,
A treble gain thou wilt afford.
This faid next to his wife he goes,
And ask'd her in a fcornful wife,
What venture fhe would then propofe,
To fend by him for merchandife
I'll fend a penny love by thee,
Be fure you take great care of it,
When you're in foreign parts faid fhe,
Pray by a penny-worth of wit
She laid the penny in his hand,
And faid I pray now don't forget,
When you are in another land,
Do buy a penny-worth of wit.
He put the penny up fecure,
And faid I'll take a fpecial care,
To lay it out you may be fure.
So to his miſs he did repair
And told her what he was to buy,
At which fhe laugh'd his wife to fcorn,
On board he went immediately,
And fo to fea that very morn.

NOW they are gone with merry hearts
The merchant and his jovial crew,
From port to port in foreign parts,
To trade as they are won't to do.
At length when he had well beſtow'd,
The cargo which was outward bound.
He did his trading veſſels load,
With the rich treafure he had found,
As he is merchandize ſtill ſent,
They turn'd to gems and golden ore,
Which crown'd his labour with content
He never was ſo rich before.
The wanton harlot's venture then;
Did turn to great account likewife,
For every pound ſhe would have ten,
Such was the lucky merchandife.
For joy of which the merchant cry'd,
One merry bout my lads ſhall have,
A ſplendid ſupper we will have,
Of all the dainties you can crave.

Before we ſet to ſea again,
Which ſaid he to a tavern went,
When they did drink and feaſt amain,
ill crowns and pounds were ſpent amain.
The merchant then with laughter mov'd
Said he for wit had never thought,
My harlot's venture is improv'd,
But of my wife's I never thought.
One ſingle penny and no more,
She has a venture ſent by me,
I was to lay it out therefore,
In what you may think a rarity.
She bid me uſe my utmoſt ſkill,
To buy a penny-worth of wit.
But I have kept the penny ſtill,
And ne'er ſo much as thought of it.
Where ſhall I go to lay it out.
True wit is hard and ſcarce to find,
But come my lads let's drink about,
My wife's ſmall venture I'll not mind.
There is a proverb often uſ'd.
Wit never good till bought full dear,
Therefore it may be well excuſ'd.
There's little for a penny here.
An aged father ſitting by,
Whoſe venerable locks are grey,
Straight made the merchant this reply
Here me a word or two I pray.
Thy harlot in proſperity,
She will embrace you for thy gold,
But when in want and poverty
You nought from her but frowns behold
And ready to betray thy life,
When wretched naked poor and low.
But thy true hearted wife will ſtand by thee
Will ſtand by thee in health or woe.
If you will try the truth of this,
Slip of thy gaudy gay array,
And ſo return to lovely miſs.
Declare that thou was caſt away
Thy riches buried in the main,
Beſides as you paſt through the wood,
One of your ſervants you have ſlain,
For which your life in danger ſtood.
Beſeech her for to ſhelter thee,
Declare on her you do depend,
And then alas I too ſoon you'll find,
How far you'll find a faithful friend.
Then if ſhe frowns go to thy wife,
Tell her this melancholy theme.
Who labours moſt to ſave thy life;
Let them be moſt in thy eſteem.
Father the merchant then reply'd,
You muſt this ſingle penny take,
And when I have paſs'd the ocean wide,
A proof of it I mean to make.
So loving friends for ought I know,
I may this ſingle penny prize,
It may be the beſt I do beſtow;
On my fine wealthy merchadize.
So taking leave away they went,
Both he and his fine heaps of gold,
Unto them he ſaid I muſt prove the ſame,
When I my native land behold.

WITH full ſails away they went,
Neptune the golden cargo bore,
Through roaring waves to their content,
At length they reach the Britiſh ſhore.
The merchant put on poor array,
The very worſt of ragged cloaths,
And then without the leaſt delay,
He to his wanton harlot goes.
When ſhe beheld him in diſtreſs,
She cry'd what is the matter now?
Said he I'm poor and penyleſs,
With that ſhe made a courteous bow.
Crying no man was e'er ſo croſt,
As I have been ſweet heart's delight,
My ſhip and all my cargo loſt,
Without your help I'm ruin'd quite.
My loſs is great yet that's not all,
One of my ſervants I have ſlain,
As we did both at variance fall.
Some ſhelter let me here obtain.
I dare not go unto my wife.
Whom I have wrong'd many years,
Into thy hands I put my life,
Take pity on my melting tears.
You bloody villain ſhe reply'd,
Don't in the leaſt on me depend,
Begone or as I live ſhe cry'd,
I for an officer will ſend,
I'll give you neither bread nor drink,
Not any ſhelter ſhall you have,
Of naſty louſy rags you ſtink,
Begone you baſe pernicious ſlave.
Don't think that I'll your counſel keep,
Or harbour any ſuch as you,
Return'd aſide and ſeem'd to weep,
And bid the wanton jilt adieu.
Then to his loving wife he came,
Both poor and naked in diſtreſs.
He told her all the very ſame.
Yet ſhe receiv'd him ne'er the leſs.
My dear ſaid ſhe ſince 'tis ſo,
Take comfort in thy loving wife,
All that I have ſhall freely go,
To gain a pardon for thy life.
I'll lodge thee in a place ſecure,
Where I will daily nouriſh thee,
Believe me love thou may'ſt be ſure,
To find a conſtant friend in me
When he this perfect proof had made,
Which of them two did love him beſt,
Unto his virtuous wife he ſaid,
My deareſt ſet thy heart at reſt.

Behold no ſervant have I ſlain,
Nor have I ſuffered any loſs.
Though I have enough us to maintain,
The ocean ſeas no more I'll croſs.
My lading ſhip lies ne'er the ſhore,
With gold and jewels richly fraught,
So much I never had before,
Thy pennysworth of wit I bought.
Once more he to his harlot goes,
With fourteen ſailors brave and bold,
All cloathed in new and coſtly cloaths,
Of ſilk and rich embroidered gold,
The miſs when ſhe his pomp beheld,
Did offer him a kind embrace.
But he with wrath and anger fill'd,
Did ſtraight upbraid her to her face.
But ſhe with ſmiles theſe words expreſt;
I have a faithful love for thee,
Whate'er I ſaid was but in jeſt,
Why did'ſt thou go ſo ſoon from me.
Twas time to go for as I'm told,
You have another love in ſtore,
Whom you have furniſh'd with my gold.
And jewels which I brought on ſhore.
Its falſe ſhe ſaid I have them all,
With that the merchant ſoon reply'd,
Lay them down before me then I ſhall,
Be ſoon convinc'd and ſatisfy'd.
Then up ſhe run and fetched them down
His jewels gold and rubies bright,
He ſurvey'd them all with a frown.
He bid the wanton jilt good night.
When he had took the golden purſe,
And ſwept up every precious ſtone
She cry'd what wilt thou rob me thus,
Yes that I will of what's my own.
You wanted to betray my life,
nut thanks be to God there's no ſuch fear,
Thoſe jewels ſhall adorn my wife,
Hence-forth thy houſe I'll ne'er come near.
Home he return'd to his ſweet wife,
And told her all that he had done,
Ever ſince they lead a happy life,
And he'll no more to harlots run.
Thus he the wanton harlot fit,
That long had his deſtruction ſought,
This is a penny-worth of wit,
The beſt that merchant ever bought.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

Price One Penny.

THE

BREATH OF LIFE

Being an account of a Young Man that went to Sea, thinking it a pleasant Life; but soon found his Mistake.

Prettily expressed in Sea Terms.



WHEN firſt I drew the Breath of Life,
'Twas in the merry month of June,
The fourteenth day as I was told,
When roſes they were in their bloom.
In ſeventeen hundred and five,
It was the date of the year,
My parents did for me provide,
The beſt of learning I declare,
When I grew up they aſk'd me thus,
What trade they ſhould for me provide ?
O then I anſwer'd them again,
My mind to croſs the ocean wide.
My whimſical brain did fully ſhew,
The pleaſure ſeamen enjoy'd at ſea ;
But not the ſorrow, grief, nor woe,
The ſuffer in extremity.
If there be pleaſure on the ſea,
'Tis when the wind and weather's fair
With a bowl of punch here's to you Jack
I thank you Will, let's drown all care,
Hardſhips we know there is full well,
But we muſt never flinch altho'
Dark diſmal night and lofty ſeas,
Contrary winds, hail, rain, and blow,
When we are on the raging main,
With wind right aft and a pleaſant gale
O then we have our heart's deſire,
When we can ſpread abroad our ſail,
Our main ſail haul'd up in the brail,
Our fore-ſail drove us bravely thro'
Our top-ſail and top-gallant-ſails
When hoiſted made a gallant ſhew.
Now when the wind won't ſtand I'm afraid
It weareth forward I plainly ſee,
Get the fore tack down to the larcheſtre,
The main top down to the ſarcheſtre,
Down ſtudding ſails, aloe and aluft.
And put them by boys for this time.
And ſtow your ſtay-ſails fore and aft,
And trim your ſails unto the wind,
And now ſhe'll hardly lay her courſe,
So let us get our tacks on board,
Our ſheets laid aft and our bawling hawl,
And ſee all things elſe prepar'd.
We muſt expect to head the ſea,
Where foaming billows aloud do roar,
Like hills and dales the maid looks you ſee
Now our pleaſant ſail is o'er,
Inſtead of ſtudding now 'tis luff.
Don't fall off my boys, thus, & no near,
The Grampus blows a lofty ſpout,
The ſky looks diſmal I declare
I ts in top-gallant ſail, my boys,
Hawl down your top-maſt, ſtay-ſails too
We have met with a tartar I'm afraid,
We will ſettle our three top ſails low.
Now boys let us reef while we have time,
Lets run your top ſail haul the yard down,
The fore and main top bowling goe,
Set the weather braces round,
And fill your ſails my hearts of gold,
Hawl your keel tacks alſo ;
It will blow hard do perceive,
Let s clew them up while we are below
The ſingle reef in each top-ſail,
And to ſur them it is agreed ;
So bear a hand my hearts of gold,
And make haſte down with nimble ſpeed
And ſee your jeers fore clear and aft,
Your haul down tackle hood alſo,
And see all things ready prepar d,
Both up aloft and down below,
Brail up your mizen ſnug my boys,
And cheerful lower away your yard ;
The ſky looks black and diſmal too
Which plainly ſhows it will blow hard,
A good hand ſtand by the main ſheet,
And lee all clear to let fly ;
It looks as thick as butter milk,
And will be with us by and by.
So hard a weather goes the helm,
Let fly the main ſheet now with ſpeed,
This furious ſquall will ſoon be o'er,
It breaks apace I do perceive,
Come haul aft your main ſheets again,
Luff round my boys, let's loſe no ground
The ſky looks dark and diſmal too,
We will ſurely lower our fore yards down
So forward now my heart of gold,
Let go your lifts in the firſt place,
A ſtoudy fellow to the jeers,
And ſtrength is requir'd at the brace,
Your down haul tackles muſt be mann'd.
Clue garnets, burnt-lines & lift-lines too
Eaſe off your ſheet, let riſe your tack,
And now my boys lets clue him up,
Belay your lifts ſecurely hard,
Then up aloft him hug
Quoil your ropes, and then come aft,
And well all hands ripple the nut brown
And now our helm is laſh'd a lee, Jug
And all things are ſecure aloft ;
You at the helm, pray mind the glaſs,
How ſhe comes too. & likewiſe falls off
The ſtorm increales more and more,
We'll up & make a reef in the main-ſail
In one conſent let it be agreed,
Let's ſeaman's courage never fail,
And to your ſtation now my boys,
Pray ſtand by ſeamen every one,
Eaſe off your ſheet, let riſe your tack,
Set in your brace your bow lines down
When this done, then down we come.
To ſee what more we have to do ;
We loſe our mizen in the brails,
We balance him and ſet him too :
Now he's balanc'd in a trice.
Sway up the yard haul aft the ſheet,
No ſooner ſpoke but away ſhe flies,
And leave the bolt rope in his ſtead,
Our goodly ſhip lies dangerous too,
In the ſurge of all the ſea.
And takes us upon the broge ſide,
And makes o'er us a paſſing free.
You ſee the danger we are in,
For God's ſake boys what ſhall we do ?
It's better to tail before the wind,
I'm ſure boys than thus lie too.
In one conſent let s be agreed,
In readineſs prepare all things,
And hunt our fore ſails ſecurely faſt,
And we'll ſcud under our gooſe wings,
Now ſteady ſteady is the word.
Pray mind your helm Steady ſtarboard
No ſooner ſpoke but brought too ;
Pray ſtop her, its hard a port,
Pray mind the motion of her head,
For God's ſake keep off, don't bring
For all our lives lie at a ſtake, her too,
Our goodly ſhip and cargo too ;
No ſooner ſpoke but away ſhe flies,
Alas, they ſtrove in vain,
For down ſhe lies all on the careen,
As if ſhe'd never riſe again.
We being now in this diſtreſs,
Our mizen maſt we cut away,
Thinking to lighten her again.
But all in vain, ſtill down ſhe lay,
You ſee what dangers we are in,
The beſt of comfort we can afford,
To lighten our ſhips and ſave our lives,
We cut our main maſt by the board,
The ſeas they roll'd like mountains high,
Which ſtav'd our boat in pieces ſmall,
Of all our lofty ſtanding maſts,
Our fore-maſt top ſtood & that was all ;
Now to conclude and make an end,
I wiſh I had known as much before,
I would have choſe ſome other trade,
And liv'd contented on the ſhore,

Printed and ſold by J. Pitts, No. 14, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials, Price one penny.

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THE BRISTOL GARLAND.





PART I.

A Merchant's Son of worthy Fame,
From the Town of Bristol came,
Unto a sweet & pleasant Green,
Where little Girls are to be seen.

Who usher'd in the Month of May,
With flow'ry Garlands fresh & gay,
With Music for to enter tain,
The youthful charming rural plain.

Amongst these youthful Ladies bright,
None did excel for Red or White,
Lucy a Shepherd's daughter fair,
She like an Angel did appear.

The Merchants' Son, who never knew,
Before that time what Love could do,
Began to feel an inward flame,
So with these words to she, he came.

Thou charming beauty of the day;
Who far exceeds the month of May,
And all the Beauties of the Plain,
Do not my humble suit disdain.

She answer'd with a modest voice,
Sir, you're mistaken in your choice,
Don't set your heart & Love on me,
Who am one of mean degree.

But a poor Shepherd's daughter, sir,
With that he strait saluted her,
He did these words to her express,
My dear, I Love you ne'ertheless.

How many Men of worthy Fame,
In former days that I could name,
Who made it their employ to keep,
Their mighty Flocks of Lambs & sheep.

Then let us to thy father go;
And if he's willing to bestow,
His daughter on me I'll rejoice,
And be well pleased with the choice.

Accordingly she gave consent,
And to her Father straitways he went;
Here he then treated long of Love,
And that he would right constant prove.

The Shepherd made him this reply,
Your suit I cannot well deny.
But let me tell you, worthy Sir,
I nothing have to give with her.

But if you Love for Love's desert,
Then take her with all my heart.
All parties then were soon agreed,
So that they married were with speed.

PART II.

NOW the wedding rites being done,
Behold the wealthy Merchant's Son,
To his dear parents brought his Bride,
Who were it seems dissatisfy'd.

Because they understood that she,
Descended from a mean degree,
And was not worthy to be made,
His bride, so they did her degrade.

Then to their Son in wrath they spoke,
Saying, how dar'd you thus provoke,
Your loving friends & parents dear?
Oh! it will break our hearts we fear.

He to his Parents thus did say,
Hear me a word or two, I pray.
She is my Bride, my Joy, & dear.
Oh! do not break her heart with fear.

Dear friends I cannot bear to hear,
My wife, my Love, my Joy, my Dear,
Revil'd at such a rate as this
Alas! she has not done amiss.

His parents said, since it is so,
Stay take your Jewel now & go,
Out of doors your hands we'll throw,
You shall not think to harbour here.

Be gone, I say, depart the house,
I'll give you not one single souce,
Nor any thing alive or dead,
Altho' you starve for want of bread.

Said he, 'Tis very hard indeed,
That in the greatest time & need,
You'll not relieve nor help your Son,
So now farewell, your will be done.

Returning back with weeping eyes,
With bitter sobs & mournful cries;
I'm griev'd at the heart, said she,
That i was born to ruin thee.

Let not such thoughts disturb thy mind,
Nor sighs nor sobs, for thou shalt find,
I'll get my bread with pains & care,
And my crosses with patience bear.

Be thou content, & all is well,
We'll with thy Loving parents dwell,
And in regard we have no Land,
I'll freely earn with my own hand.

I'll freely go to Plow & Cart,
I'll freely earn with my own art,
As my poor Father he has done,
Farewell the name of Merchant's Son.

He did not only say; behold,
In Summer hot & Winter cold,
He'd reap & mow, & Till the Earth,
As if he came to it by Birth.

PART III.

BUT here's a wonder now at last,
When eight Years were gone & past,
He did to mighty riches rise,
And how it came none could devise.

But thus it was we understand,
He bought a little piece of Land,
On which there was some stumps of Trees,
And which he dug up by degrees.

Upon a Day by chance he found,
When digging deep within the ground,
A lusty pot with Ancient gold,
As full as ever it could hold.

Tho' he was lusty, stout & strong
He scarce could lug the same along,
For there was many a Thousand Pound,
Which he by mighty Fortune found.

He purchas'd then a vast Estate,
And in there parts appeared great,
As any KING, of worthy Fame,
None knew as yet, from whence it came.

While he grew rich his parents they,
Reduc'd were to sad decay
By losses which they did sustain,
By Land as well, as on the main.

He ow'd a Thousand Pounds & more,
The cruel creditors therefore,
On all that e'er he had then seiz'd,
Yet ne'er the less they were not pleas'd.

But they would have his body too,
So that for fear, Alas, he flew,
And forc'd was to hide his head,
While he & she both wanted bread.

PART IV.

NOW while they were in this distress,
And nothing had where-with to bless,
Themselves withal, glad tidings came,
Of their Son's Estate & wealthy Fame.

The woman to her Husband cry'd,
Let's to our Son, he will provide,
A place for us, we need not fear,
Why should we lie & languish here.

If he should do so good a deed,
Now in our want & time of need,
Tis more than we may expect,
Remember how we did reflect.

On him & his belov'd Wife,
And said in wrath, that during life,
By me they never should be fed,
Altho' they starv'd for want of bread.

This was my fault this was my sin,
How can I think he'll take us in,
Who did him throw quite out of door,
And bid him see my face no more.

But loving husband, you will find,
He's of a courteous Heart & Mind,
And will receive us both in Love,
Just as she said, so it did prove.

For coming to his Mansion-place,
The Son he thought it no disgrace,
To fall upon his bended knee,
So did his Wife as well as he.

As from their knees they did arise;
His Parents dear with weeping Eyes,
Their grief & sorrows did relate,
Who had been most unfortunate.

Said he, most welcome, parents deer,
Unto my habitation here,
Let not those tears of sorrow fall,
I have enough to serve us all.

Father your Debts I'll freely pay,
The World shall never have to say,
That e'er they lost a groat by you,
So bid your sorrows quite adieu.

Then did he feast & cloath them both,
And said, my parents, pray henceforth,
In plenty live & take your ease,
At home with me, or where you please.

If here you are not free to live,
One hundred Pounds a Year I'll give,
If that won't serve, you shall have two,
God gave it me thus to serve you.

Thus was he dutiful & kind,
Now Sons & Daughters bear in mind,
How tender he was to his Friends,
And thus my mournful ditty ends.

Printed, by D. Wrighton, No. 86, Snow Hill, Birmingham.

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The Bristol Bridegroom;

OR,

The Ship-Carpenter's Love to the Merchant's Daughter.





PART I.

YOU loyal lovers all draw near,
A true relation you shall hear
Of a young couple, who prov'd to be
A pattern of true loyalty.
A merchant did in Bristol dwell,
As many people know full well,
He had a daughter of beauty bright,
In whom he plac'd his heart's delight.
He had no child but only she,
Her father lov'd her tenderly;
Many to court her thither came,
Gallants of worth, and birth, and fame.
Yet notwithstanding all their love,
A young ship-carpenter did prove
To be the master of her heart:
She often said, We'll never part.
As long as breath and life remain,
Your company I'll not refrain;
No cursed gold, nor silver bright,
Shall make me wrong my heart's delight.
Now when her father came to know
His daughter lov'd this young man so,
He caus'd him to be sent to sea,
To keep her from his company.

Which when his daughter came to hear,
Without a thought of dread or fear,
She dress'd herself in seaman's hue,
And after him she did pursue.
Unto the captain she did go,
And said, Right worthy sir, 'tis so,
You do want men I understand;
I'm free to fight with heart and hand.
The captain straitway did reply,
Young man, you're welcome heartily;
A guinea in her hand he gave,
She passed for a seaman brave.
Soon after this the ship did sail
With a fair and pleasant gale;
But the ship-carpenter, her dear,
Did little think his love so near.
She then appeared for to be
A person of no mean degree,
With pretty fingers long and small,
She soon became the surgeon's mate.

PART II.

IF happen'd so that this same ship,
In storming of the Town of Dieppe,
Did lie at anchor somewhat nigh,
Where the cannon balls did fly.
Then the first man that wounded were,
Was this young bold ship-carpenter,
When drums did beat and trumpets sound,
He in his breast received a wound.
Then to the surgeon's care was he
Brought down with speed immediately,
Whereat the pretty surgeon's mate
Did courteously upon him wait.
She dress'd the dismal wounded part,
Although the sight did pierce her heart;
She then did use her utmost skill
To cure him, with a right good will.
She cured him in a little space;
He often gazed on her face,
Doctor, said he, such eyes as thine
Did formerly my heart entwine.
If e'er I live to go on shore,
And she be dead whom I adore,
I will thy true companion be,
And ne'er forsake thy company.
If she be dead this will I do,
To the female sex I'll bid adieu.
And ne'er will marry for her sake,
But to the seas myself betake.

PART III.

THE merchant's daughter of Bristol, who
Did to her love prove just and true,
When many storms were over-blown,
Unto her love made herself known.
The season of the year being past,
The ship was homeward bound at last,
And when in harbour she did get,
The seamen all on shore were set.
But yet of all the whole ship's crew,
There not a soul amongst them knew
That they a woman had so near,
Until she told it to her dear.
To whom these words she did unfold,
Not long ago, cries she, you told
Me plainly, that such eyes as mine
Did formerly your heart entwine.
Then without any more ado,
Unto his arms she straitway flew,
And cries, My love, thou art my own,
This have I done for thee alone.
His heart was touch'd with joy likewise,
When as the tears stood in his eyes,
He said, Thou hast a valiant heart,
And hast perform'd a true love's part.
Therefore straitway without delay,
He dress'd her like a lady gay,
And then they married were with speed,
As formerly they had agreed.

PART IV.

THEN to her father's house he went,
And found him in sad discontent:
He ask'd him for his daughter dear,
Which pierc'd her father's heart to hear.
He with a mournful sigh reply'd,
I wish she had in her cradle died:
Then I had seen my darling's death,
When she had yielded up her breath.
But now I ne'r shall see her more,
My jewel whom I still adore:
Oh, most unhappy man was I
To part her from your company!
Had I a kingdom now in store,
Nay, had I that and ten times more,
I'd give it all thy face to see:
Daughter, would I had died for thee!
The young man hearing what he said,
Replies, Your daughter is not dead;
And you, within few hours space,
Shall surely see your daughter's face.
He rode as fast as he could hie,
And brought her home immediately,
And set her in her father's hall,
Where on her knees she strait did fall.
Her father was with joy possest,
His daughter then he kiss'd and blest;
Thrice welcome home are you to me,
Once more, dear jewel, from the sea,
To him the truth they did relate,
And how she had been the surgeon's mate:
He then did smile and was much glad,
And gave them all that e'er he had.
She that was seaman and surgeon's mate,
Reserved by the hand of fate,
She now is made a lawful wife,
And liveth free from care and strife.
Young lovers now a pattern take;
When you a solemn contract make
Stick to the same, whate'er betide,
As did this faithful loving bride.

Printed and Sold by J. Butler, in High Street, Worcester.—Sold also by S. Hazell Bolt Lane, Gloucester; J. Cooper, Hall Street, Kidderminster; and G. Lewis, Broad Street, Worcester.

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The BRISTOL Bridegroom

Or, The Ship Carpenter's Love to a Merchant's Daughter.





PART I.

YOU lovers all draw near,
A true relation you shall hear,
Of a young comple who prov'd to be,
A patern of true Loyalty.
A Merchant did in Bristol dwell,
As many People knew full well;
He had a Daughter of Beauty bright,
In whom he plac'd his Heart's delight,
He had no Child but only she,
Her father lov'd her tenderly;
Many to court her thither came,
Gallants of Worth, Birth and Fame.
Yet notwithstanding all their Love,
A young Ship Carpenter did prove,
To be the Master of her Heart,
She often said, we'll never part.
As long as Life and breath remain,
Thy company I'll not refrain;
No cursed Gold nor Silver bright,
Shall make me wrong my Heart's delight

Now when her father came to know,
His Daughter lov'd this young Man so;
He caus'd him to be sent to Sea,
To keep her from the Company.
Which when his Daughter came to hear
Without the thought of dread or fear,
She drest herself in Seamen's Hue,
And after him she did pursue.
Unto one Captain she did go,
And said, Right worthy Sir, 'tis so.
You do want Men I understand,
I'm free to fight with Heart in hand.
The Captain straight way did reply,
Young Man you're welcome heartily;
One Guinea in her hand he gave,
She passed for a Seamen brave.
So on after this, the ship set sail,
And with a fair and pleasant gale.
But the Ship-Carpenter her dear,
Did little think his Love so near,
She then appeared for to be,
A Person of no mean degree.
With pretty fingers long and straight,
She soon became the Surgeon's Mate.

PART II.

IT happened so that this same Ship,
A storming of the Town of Dieppe,
She lay at Anchor something nigh,
Where cannon bullets they do fly.
The first Man that wounded were,
Was this young bold Ship-Carpenter
When Drums did beat & Trumpets sound
He in his breast receiv'd a wound,
Then to the Surgeon's care was he,
Brought down with speed immediately,
Where the pretty Surgeon's Mate,
Did courteously upon him wait.
She drest the wound a dismal part,
Altho' the sight did pierce her Heart,
Yet she did use her utmost skill,
To cure him with a right good will.
She cured him in a little space,
He often gaz'd upon her face,
Surgeon, said he, such eyes as thine,
Did former ly my heart entwine.
If ever I live to go on shore,
And she be dead whom I adore,
I will thy true companion be,
And ne'er forsake thy Company.
If she be dead, thus will I do,
To the Female Sex I'll bid adieu,
And ne'er will marry for her sake,
But to the seas myself betake.

PART III.

THE Merchant's daughter of Bristol, who
Unto her Love prov'd just and true,
When many Storms were overblown,
She to her Love made herself known.
The Season of the Year being past,
The ship was homewards bound at last,
When into the harbour she did get,
The Seamen all on Shore were set;
But yet of all the whole Ship's crew,
There was not a soul amongst them knew,
That they a Woman had so near,
Unto till she told it to her Dear
To whom she did these words unfold,
Nor long ago, cries she, you told,
Me plainly that such eyes of mine,
Did formerly your heart entwine.
Then without the least ado,
Into his arms she straightway flew,
And cries, my Love, thou art my own,
This have I done for thee, alone.
His heart was touch'd with joy likewise,
When as the tears stood in his eyes,
He said, Thou hast a valiant heart,
And hath perform'd a true Love's part.

Therefore, without any more delay,
He drest her like a Lady gay.
So then they marry'd were with speed,
As formerly they had agreed.

PART IV.

THEN to her Father's house he went
And found him in much discontent;
He asked for his Daughter dear,
Which pierc'd her Father's heart to hear,
He with a mournful sigh reply'd,
I wish she had in her Cradle dy'd;
Then I should have seen my Darling's death,
When she had yielded up her breath.
But now I ne'er shall see her more,
My jewel, whom I still adore,
O most unhappy Man was I,
To part her from thy Company.
Had I a Kingdom now in store,
Nay, had I that, and ten times more,
I'd part with it all her face to see.
Daughter, would I had dy'd for thee
The young Man hearing what was said,
Reply'd your Daughter is not dead,
For you within an hour's space,
Shall surely see your Daughter's face.
He rode as fast as he could hie,
And fetchd her home immediately,
And set her in her Father's hall,
Where on her Knees she straight did fall.
The old Man was with joy possest,
His Daughter then he kist and blest,
Thrice welcome home, art thou to me,
Once more my Jewel from the Sea.
To him the truth she did relate,
And how she had been the Surgeon's mate.
Then he did smile and was most glad,
And gave him all that e'er he had.
She who was Seamen and Surgeon's Mate,
Preserved by the hand of Fate,
She now is made a lawful wife,
And liveth free from care and strife.
Young Lovers all a pattern take,
When you a solemn Contract make
Stand to the same whate'er betide,
As did this faithful loving Bride.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, 14 Great St. Andrew Street, 7 Dials.

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The Bullock Hanker's Medley.



COME listen awhile you bullock hunters,
Unto what I now shall sing,
Concerning of a bull the other morning,
Out of Smithfield we did bring;
He did bellow we did follow,—
While the lads in crowds did hollow,
Mad bullock through the streets did ring

Now to Newgate steps we got him,
Where the traps did him surround,
The knowing lads they thought to bone him
We with rockets cut them down,
Some cried murder we pushed further,
While the lads all hollowed louder,
For to keep him in the tune.

Then we drove up Fleet Street and away
for Temple Bar,
Where he popt into the Temple, took a
Lawyer for a start

When we we drove him thro' the Temple,
he tore the Lawyer's coat,
And out of his waistcoat pocket jumpt a fifty pound bank note,
While we sung rite tullarall rido fol, &c.

Then a prize from the Temple we got him
And ran him right thro' Temple Bar,
And up Drury Lane he was going,
When foremast he met a Jack tar;
At his trowsers so white made a push;
But Jack, he not thinking of harm,
Took a spring and jump right on his rump,
Saying, you rascal, I boarded your stern

Then we drove him straight up Drury lane,
And the people they all gave him way,
Where he met a poor girl by the road,
Saying, my dear, will you ride to the play
Now John had scarce spoke the word,

Before the bullock he made a grand stop
And pitched Mr. Johnny athore,
Right bang in a pastry cook's shop,

Then up alleys and streets we drove him,
The people all shut their doors,
And the lads they all laugh'd at the fun,
For to see how he toss'd the whores;
Some up alleys they were running,
And some they down streets were a flocking
Where he toss'd an old Birmingham Turk,
Who was singing about Wedgbury Cocking

Then we drove him up to the Holy Land,
Where he had some fun with an Irishman
There he upset Paddy O'Blarney
Walking with Ma'am O'Flannigan;
He peeped into a cellar,
Where some Irish were howling,
And in it pitch'd a barrow girl,
Which knock'd down Patrick Dowling.

Give ear to the state of this Irishman's fate,
'Twas up St. Gile's we drove him readily,
Where he met a raw Pat who had a new hat
And on his horns he took it so steadily,
A lad from the lane whose guard it was same
So eager was he a new hat for to grabble
Pat made a jump bull stuck his horns in
his rump,
And ship'd him to a lamp iron out of the
rabble.

ThenPaddy from Cork, who had a hay fork
So eager was he the poor bull to worry.
Pat made a prick, and the bull made a kick
And knock'd out the front teeth of poor
Patrick O Kerry.
Then up a long alley, poor Pat he did sally
To be sure Mr. Bull he did speedily follow him,
But he had scarce spoke a word before
something occurred,
And into a cellar poor Pat went whack
again.

Then up an inn yard poor Pat he did sally,
To be sure Mr. Bull, he did speedily follow him,
At the sign of the Crown the Bull fell down
And saved Mr. Pat from a terrible scouring
He got back to the croud, where he hollow'd so loud,
To be sure Mr. Pat he was glad to get back again,
For you'd have thought by his eyes, the Irishman's cries,
In less than a minute the bull would have swallow'd him.

Then being tired of these Irishmen,
Down Holborn Hill he did start,
And there he met with a pork butcher,
With some offal in his cart,
You would never forget this pork butcher
For he looked so mighty queer.
When the bullock ran away with an old sow's head,
With his horns stuck through his ears.

A plummer out of a window,
Working about the leads;
Cries, "d——n my eyes, Tom Bill, Dick and Ned
Here's a bullock with two heads."

Away ran this beast, being wi'd and distracted.
At length a poor taylor his eyes soon attracted,
Made a push at the taylor being oxed by the drover,
Which made him dirt his pantaloons over and over.

To be sure that they say the taylor he dirted
Had he been a man, he had never been frighted,
A lad came from Kent called Kiddie of Dover.
Who washed his blue pantaloons over and over.

So now to conclude and finish my song,
For I think it is time since I first begun it;
When the bullock drove off it was stole from the drover.
The last is cast for death, and bullock hanking is over.

Printed at Pitts, Wholesale Toy Warehouse, Great st. Andrew street 7 dials.

1800

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Printed at Pitts, Wholesale Toy Warehouse, Great st. Andrew street 7 dials.

Saying, my dear, will you ride to the play
Now John had scarce spoke the word,

Where he popt into the Temple, took a
Lawyer for a start

1800

The SEAMAN of DOVER.



A SEAMAN of Dover whose excellent parts
For wisdom & learning had conquer'd the hearts
Of many young damsels of beauty so bright,
Of him I'm now duty in brief I shall write.
And shew of his turnings and windings of fate,
His passions and sorrows so many and great;
And how he was bled with love at last
When all the rough storms of troubles was past,
Now to be brief, I shall tell you the truth
A beautiful lady whose name it was Ruth
A squire's young daughter, near Sandwich in Kent
Proves all his heart's treasure, his joy and content.
Unknown to her parent's in private they meet
Where many love lessons they'd often repeat,
With kisses and many embraces likewise,
She granted him love thus gained the prize,
She said I consent to be thy sweet bride,
Whate'er becomes of my fortune she cry'd,
The frowns of my father I never will fear,
But freely go thro' the world with my dear.
A jewel he gave me in token of love,
And vow'd by the sacred powers above,
To wed the next morning, but they were deceiv'd,
And all by the means of a treacherous maid,
She told her parents that they were agreed,
With that they fell in a passion with speed.
And said 'Ere a seaman their daughter should have
They had rather follow her corpse to the grave.
The Lady was straight to her chamber confin'd,
Here long she continued in sorrow of mind,
And so did her love for the loss of his dear,
No sorrow was ever felt so sharp and severe.
When long he had mourn'd for his love & delight
You might the window he came in the night,

And sung forth this ditty, My dearest fare well,
Behold in this nation no longer I dwell.
I am going from thence to the kingdom of Spain,
Because I am willing that you should obtain
Your freedom once more for my heart will break,
If longer thou lest confin'd for my sake.
The words which he utter'd caused her to weep,
Yet nevertheless she was forc'd to keep,
Thus silence that minute, that minute for fear
Her honoured father and mother should hear,

PART II.

SOON after bold Henry he enter'd on board,
The heavens a prosperous gale did afford,
And brought him with speed to the kingdom of Spain
There he with a merchant some time did remain,
Who finding he was both faithful and just.
Prefer'd him to places of honour and trust.
He made him as great as his heart could request.
Yet wanting his Ruth he with grief was oppress,
So great was his grief it could not be conceal'd,
Both honour and riches no pleasure could yield,
In private he often would weep and lament
For Ruth, the beautiful lady of Kent.
Now while he lamented the loss of his dear,
A lady of Spain did before him appear,
Deck'd with rich jewels both costly and gay.
Who earnestly sought for his favour that day.
said she. Gentle swain I am wounded with love,
And you are the person I honour above,
The greatest of noble that ever was born,
Then pity my tears and sorrowful mourn,
I pity thy sorrowful tears he reply'd
and wish I were worthy to make thee my bride
But lady thy grandeur is greater than mine
Therefore I am fearful my heart to resign
O never be doubtful of what will ensue
No manner of danger will happen to you
At my own disposal I am I declare
Receive me with love or destroy me with care.
Dear madam don't fix your affection on me
You are fit for some lord of noble degree
That is able to keep up your honour and fame
I am but a sailor from England I came.
A man of mean fortune, whose substance is small
I have not wherewith to maintain you withal
Sweet lady according to humour and state
Now this is the truth that I freely relate
The lady she loving squeezed his hand
And said with a smile blessed be the land
That bred such a noble brave seamen as thee
I value no honour thou'rt welcome to me
My parents are dead I have jewels untold
Besides in possession a million of gold:
And thou shall be a lord of whatever I have,
Grant me but thy love; which I earnestly crave
Then turning aside to himself he replies,
I am courted with riches and beauty beside
This love I may have, but my Ruth is deny'd,
Wherefore he consented to make her his bride,
He lady cloathed him costly and great
His noble deportment both proper and straight,
So charmed the innocent eye of his dove,
And added a second new flame to her love,
Then married they were without longer delay,
Now here we will leave them both glorious and gay
To speak of fair Ruth, who in sorrow was left,
At home with her parents of comfort bereft;

PART II.

WHEN under the window with an aching heart
He told his ruth he soon must depart,
Her parents they heard and well pleased were,
But Ruth was afflicted with sorrow and care,
Now after her lover had quitted the shore,
They kept her confin'd a twelvemonth or more,
And then they were pleased to set her at large,
With laying upon her a wonderful charge,
To fly from a seaman as she would from death,
She promised she would with a trembling breath,
Yet nevertheless for truth you shall hear,
She found out a way to follow her dear,
Then taken her gold and her silver also,
In seaman's apparel away she did go,
And found out a master with whom she agreed.
To carry her over the ocean with speed.
Now when she arriv'd at the kingdom of Spain,
From city to city she travelled amain,
Enquiring every where for her love,
Who had been gone seven years and above.
In Calais as she walk'd along in the street,
Her love and his lady she happen'd to meet,
But in such a garb as she never had seen,
She look'd like an angel or beauti queen
With sorrowful tears she turn'd herself aside,
My jewel is gone, I shall never be his bride,
But nevertheless, tho' my hopes are in vain,
I'll never return back to England again
But here in this place I will be confin'd,
It will be a joy and comfort to my mind
To see him sometimes tho' he thinks not of me,
Since he is a lady of noble degree,
Now while in the city fair Ruth did reside,
On a sudden this beautiful lady she'd
And tho' he was in the possession of all,
Yet tears from his eyes in abundance did fall.
As he was expressing his piteous moan
Fair Ruth could no longer his grief make herself known,
He started to see her but seemed not coy,
Said he, Now my sorrows are mingled with joy.
The time of mourning he kept in Spain,
And then he came to Old England again,
With thousands and thousands which he did possess
Then glorious and gay was fair Ruth in her dress.

PART IV

WHEN over the seas to fair sandwich we came
With Ruth and numbers of persons of fame,
Then all did appear most splendid and gay,
As if it had been a coronation day.
Now when they took up their lodgings behold,
He stript off his coat of embroider'd gold
and presently bore was a mariners suit,
That he with her parents might have some dispute,
Before they were sensible he was great,
And when he came and knock'd at the gate,
He soon saw her father and mother likewise
Expressing their sorrow with tears in their eyes,
To them with obeysance he modestly said,
Pray where is my jewel that innocent maid,
Whose sweet lovely beauty doth thousands excell,
I fear by your weeping that all is not well
No, no, she is gone she is utterly lost
We have not heard of her this twelvemonth past,
Which make us distracted with sorrow and care
And drowns us in tears at this point of despair,
I'm grieved to hear these sad tidings he said
Alas! honest young man her father he said
I heartily wish she'd been wedded to you
Then we this sorrow had never gone through
sweet Henry made them this answer again,
I am newly come from the kingdom of spain
From where co I have brought me a beautiful bride
And am to be marry'd to morrow he cry'd
And if you will go to my wedding said he
Both you and your lady right welcome shall be
they promis'd they would and accordingly came
Not thinking to meet with such persons of fame
All deck'd with their jewels of rubies and pearls
As equal companions of lords and earls
Fair Ruth with her love was as gay as the rest
so they in their marriage were happily blest
Now as they return'd from the church to an inn
the father and mother of Ruth did begin
To know their daughter by a certain mole
Altho she was cloath'd in a garment of gold
With transports of joy they flew to the bride
O where hast thou been sweet daughter they cry'd?
Thy tedious absence has grieved us sore
Alas fearing alas! we should see you no more,
Dear parents said she many hazards I run
to fetch home my love and your dutiful son
Receive him with joy for tis very well known
He seeks not your wealth he's enough of his own
His father reply'd and merrily smil'd
He brought home enough as he brought home my child
A thousand times welcome you are dear are (child
Whose presence dispells both sorrow and care,
Full seven long days in feasting they spent
The bells in the steeple they merrily went
And many fair pounds were bestowed on the poor,
The like of this wedding was never before

Printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14 Great
Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

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The Seaman of Dover.

IN FOUR PARTS.

The lady she lovingly squeezed his hand,
And said with a smile, blessed be the land:
That bred such a noble brave seaman as thee,
I value no honour, thou'rt welcome to me.
My parents are dead, I have jewels untold,
Besides in possession a million of gold:
And thou shalt be lord of whatever I have,
Grant me but thy love, which I earnestly crave.

The time of mourning he kept in old Spain,
And then he came to Old England again,
With thousands and thousands he did possess,
Then glorious and gay was Ruth in her dress.

PART IV.

WHEN over the seas to fair Sandwich he came,
With Ruth and numbers of persons of fame,

The Seaman of Dover.

IN FOUR PARTS.



PART I.

A Seaman of Dover whose excellent parts,
For wisdom and learning, had conquer'd the hearts,
Of many young damsels of beauty so bright;
Of him this new ditty in brief I shall write.
And shew of his turnings and windings of fate,
His passions and sorrows so many and great:
And how he was blessed with love at last,
When all the rough storms of troubles was past.
Now to be brief, I shall tell you the truth,
A beautiful lady whose name it was Ruth,
A squire's young daughter, near Sandwich in Kent,
Proves all his heart's treasure, his joy and content,
Unknown to her parents in private they meet,
Where many love lessons they'd often repeat,
With kisses and many embraces likewise,
She granted him love, thus gained the prize.
She said I consent to be thy sweet bride,
What'er becomes of my fortune, she cry'd,
The frowns of my father I never will fear,
But freely go thro' the world with my dear.
A jewel he gave her in token of love,
And vow'd by the sacred powers above,
To wed the next morning, but they were deceiv'd,
And all by the means of a treacherous maid.
She told her parents that they were agreed,
With that they fell in a passion with speed,
And said, 'ere a seaman their daughter should have,
They had rather follow her corpse to the grave
The lady was straight to her chamber confin'd,
Here long she continued in sorrow of mind,
And so did her love for the loss of his dear,
No sorrow was ever so sharp and severe.
When long he had mourn'd for his love and delight,
Just under the window he came in the night,
And sung forth this ditty, my dearest farewel,
Behold in this nation no longer I'll dwell,
I'm going from hence to the kingdom of Spain,
Because I am willing you should obtain
Your freedom once more, for my heart will break,
For thou best confin'ed for my sake.
The words which he utter'd caus'd her to wake
Yet nevertheless she was forced to keep
Thus silent that minute, that minute for fear,
Her honour'd father and mother should hear.

PART II.

SOON after bold Henry enter'd on board,
The heavens a prosperous gale did afford,
And brought him with speed to the kingdom of Spain,
There he with a merchant some time did remain.
Who finding he was both faithful and just,
Prefer'd him to places of honour and trust,
He made him as great as his heart could request,
Yet wanting his Ruth, he with grief was oppress.
So great was his grief it could not be conceal'd,
Both honour and riches no pleasure could yield,
In private he often would weep and lament
For Ruth his fair beautiful lady of Kent.
Now while he lamented the loss of his dear,
A lady of Spain did before him appear,
Deck'd with rich jewels both costly and gay,
Who earnestly sought for his favour that day.
Said she, gentle Swain, I am wounded with love,
And you are the person I honour above,
The greatest of nobles that ever was born,
Then pity my tears and sorrowful mourn.
I pity thy sorrowful tears, he reply'd,
And with I was worthy to make thee my bride;
But lady thy grandeur is greater than mine.
Therefore I am fearful my heart to resign.
O never be doubtful of what will ensue,
No manner of danger will happen to you,
At my own disposal I am I declare,
Receive me with love, or destroy me with care.
Dear madam, don't fix your affection on me,
You are fit for some great lord of noble degree,
That is able to keep up your honour and fame,
I am but a sailor, from England I came.
A man of mean fortune, whose substance is small,
I have not wherewith to maintain you withal;
Sweet lady, according to honour and fate,
Now this is the truth that I freely relate
The lady she lovingly squeezed his hand,
And said with a smile, blessed be the land:
That bred such a noble brave seaman as thee,
I value no honour, thou'rt welcome to me.
My parents are dead, I have jewels untold,
Besides in possession a million of gold:
And thou shalt be lord of whatever I have,
Grant me but thy love, which I earnestly crave.
Then turning aside, to himself he replies,
I am courted with riches and beauty beside.
This love I may have, but my Ruth is deny'd,
Wherefore he consented to make her his bride.
The lady clothed him glorious and great,
His noble deportment both proper and straight,
So charm'd the innocent eye of his dove,
And added a second new flame to her love.
Then marry'd they were without more delay,
Now here we will leave them both glorious and gay,
To speak of fair Ruth, who in sorrow was left
At home with her parents of comfort bereft.

PART III.

WHEN under the window with an aching heart,
He told his Ruth he soon must depart,
Her parents they heard, and well pleased were,
But Ruth was afflicted with sorrow and care.
Now after her lover had quitted the shore,
They kept her confin'd a twelvemonth or more,
And then they were pleased to see her at large.
With laying upon her a wonderful charge.
To fly from a seaman as she would from death,
She promised she would with a trembling breath;
Yet nevertheless the truth you shall hear,
She found out a way to follow her dear.
Then taking her gold and silver also,
In seaman's apparel away she did go:
And found out a master with whom she agreed,
To carry her over the ocean with speed.
Now when she arrived at the kingdom of Spain,
From city to city she travel'd amain:
Enquiring every where for her love,
Who had been gone seven years and above.
In Calais as she walked along in the street,
Her love and his lady she happened to meet,
But in such a garb that he had never seen,
She look'd like an angel for beautiful queen.
With sorrowful tears she turn'd herself aside,
My jewel is gone I shall ne'er be his bride,
But nevertheless, tho' my hopes are in vain,
I'll never return back to England again.
But here in this place I will be confin'd,
It will be a joy and comfort to my mind,
To see him sometimes, tho' he thinks not of me,
Since he has a lady of noble degree.
Now while in the city fair Ruth did reside,
Or a sudden this beautiful lady died,
And tho' he was in possession of all,
Yet tears from his eyes in abundance did fall.
And as he was expressing his piteous moan.
Fair Ruth came to him and made herself known,
He started to see her, but seemed not coy,
Said he now my sorrows are mingled with joy.
The time of mourning he kept in old Spain,
And then he came to Old England again,
With thousands and thousands he did posess,
Then glorious and gay was Ruth in her dress.

PART IV.

WHEN over the seas to fair Sandwich he came,
With Ruth and numbers of persons of fame,
Then all did appear, most splendid and gay,
As if it had been a coronation day.
Now when they took up their lodgings, behold,
He stript off his coat of embroider'd gold,
And presently borrowed a mariner's suit,
That he with her parents might have some dispute.
Before they were sensible he was so great,
And when he came and knocked at the gate,
He soon saw her father and mother likewise,
Expressing their sorrow with tears in their eyes.
To them with obeysance he modestly said,
Pray where is my jewel, that innocent maid?
Whose sweet lovely beauty doth thousands excel,
I fear by your weeping that all is not well.
No, no, she is gone, she is utterly lost,
We have not heard of her this twelvemonths past,
Which makes us distracted with sorrow and care,
And drowns us in tears at the point of despair.
I'm grieved to hear these sad tidings he said,
Alas! honest young man her father then said,
I heartily wish she'd been wedded to you,
Then we this sorrow had never gone thro'.
Sweet Henry then made this answer again,
I am newly come from the kingdom of Spain,
From whence I have brought me a beautiful bride,
And am to be marry'd to-morrow, he cry'd.
And if you will go to my wedding, said he,
Both you and your lady right welcome shall be,
They promis'd they would, and accordingly came,
Not thinking to meet with such persons of fame:
All deck'd in their jewels, of rubies, and pearls,
As equal companions of lords and of earls;
Fair Ruth with her love were as gay as the rest,
So they in their marriage were happily blest.
Now as they return'd from the church to the inn,
The father and mother of Ruth did begin,
To know their daughter by a certain mole,
Altho' she was cloathed in garments of gold.
With transports of joy they flew to the bride,
O where hast thou been, sweet daughter, they cry'd.
Thy tedious absence hath grieved us sore,
As fearing, alas! we should see you no more.
Dear parents, said she, many hazards I run,
To fetch home my love and your dutiful son,
Receive him with joy, for 'tis very well known,
He seeks not your wealth, he's enough of his own.
Her father reply'd and merrily smil'd,
He's bro't home enough as he's brought home my child
A thousand times welcome, you are I declare,
Whose presence disputes both sorrow and care.
Full seven long days then in feasting they spent,
The bells in the steeples they merrily went,
And many fair pounds were bestow'd on the poor
The like of this wedding was never before.

Printed and sold by John Evans, 42, Long-Lane, West-Smithfield, London.



Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away!
Thou 'dst still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheek unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.
Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on its god when he sets,
The same look which it gave when he rose.

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



SNIP IN THE GALLERY.

Last Tuesday I'd a holiday, and went to see the play,
And flasht my sweetheart Molly by my side;
And, in the shilling gallery to pass the time away,
A bottle of good max I did provide.
Rosey Cosey,
Come, I cried, play up nosey;
A barber near me,
He, to jeer me,
Twig the tailor, cries.
Pray barber please to moderate the rancour of your tongue;
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes;
Remember when you shave, says I, your lather's not too strong;
A tailor why should you despise?

And next a drunken cobler, he used me very ill;
And pull'd my little tail, which gave me great pain;
He kist my sweetheart Molly, and what was worser still,
Why Molly she kist him again.
Fie, sir, why, sir,
Make so free, says I, sir?
Hold your clapper,
Or your napper
I will cleave, says he.
Pray cobler please to moderate the rancour of your tongue;
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember I'm a tiney man, and you are very strong:
A tailor why should you despise?

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



Ben Backstay lov'd the gentle Anna.

Ben Backstay lov'd the gentle Anna,
  Constant as purity was she;
Her honey words like succ'ring manna,
  Cheer'd him each voyage he went to sea.

One fatal morning saw them parting,
  While each the other's sorrow dried;
And by the tear that then was starting,
  Vow'd to be constant till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
  While howling winds the sky deform,
Ben sighs and well performs his duty,
  And braves for love the fright'ning storm,

Alas! in vain the vessel batter'd,
  On a rock splitting, opens wide,
While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,
  Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd and died

The semblance of each charming feature,
  That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art stood substitute for nature,
  A tar his friend, sav'd from the wreck

In fervent hope, while Anna burning,
  Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride,
The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
  She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died.

Printed and sold by T. Batchelar, 115, Long Alley, Moorfields, London.



CAPTAIN MULLIGAN.

Love's a plague by night and by day,
  When that post you run your skull again;
Love it was, or Katy O'Shea,
  That bother'd the heart of the brave Captain Mulligan;
  Brisk and merrily, light and gay,
  Stout and steadily, smart and readily,
  Soft and funnily, blith and bonnily,
Quite an Adonis was Captain Mulligan;
  He was willing, she was killing,
Soft she cried to brave O'Mulligan;
  'O, you jewel!
Cruel jewel, willing, killing, Captain Mulligan.'

Shoulders rising over his ears,
  Face just like the moon in full again,
Legs in shape like a tailor's sheers,
  You ne'er saw the fellow of Captain Mulligan.
  Limping, twaddling, Miss O'Shea;
  Glances pitching him, quite bewitching him,
  Ogling bonnily, squinting funnily,
  She was a Vanus to Captain Mulligan;
  'O sweet Kitty, you're so pretty!
(Soft he cried, the brave O'Mulligan;)
  O, sweet Kitty!
Pretty, witty, Kitty, pity Captain Mulligan.

Married, how they alter'd their tune;
  Love, once fierce, faith! soon grew cool again,
When they'd pass'd the sweet honeymoon,
  She blacken'd the eye of the brave Captain Mulligan;
  Whisky tippling night and day;
  Scolding fighting him, horns affrighting him,
  'Och! be aisy now, troth, your crazy now!
The devil go wid you then, Mr. Mulligan.'
  'Faith I knew it, I should rue it;
(Sad he cried, poor Captain Mulligan,)
  You're my gruel,
Cruel jewel, killing, milling, Mrs. Mulligan.'

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

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PAGE(S)



MY PRETTY PAGE.

Lady. My pretty page look out afar, look out, look out afar;
Hear you the thunder of the war? the thunder of the war.

Page. No fairest lady, all is still, all is still,
Save shepherd's pipe upon the hill, upon, upon the hill.

Lady. My pretty page look out again, look out, look out again;
See you no warrior on the plain?—no warrior on the plain.

Page. The lowing herd I only see,
And cow boy whistling o'er the lea.

Lady. Leave me, I pray.

Page. Don't send me away.
I shall weep if you do;
For I love you as well as you know who.

Lady. As I know who?

Page. Yes! yes! as you know who!

Lady. Fie! go and play, O fie! go and play.

Page. Must I go,—well a-day—I go, well a-day.

Printed and sold by T. Batchelar, opposite the Refuge for the Destitute, Hackney Road, London.



Smile again, my Bonnie Lassie.

Smile again my bonnie lassie, lassie smile again,
Prithee, do not frown sweet lassie, for it gives me pain;
If to love thee too sincerely, be a fault in me,
Thus to use me so severely, is not kind of thee;
Oh! smile again, my bonnie lassie, lassie smile again,
Oh, smile again, my bonnie lassie, prithee smile again.

Fare thee well, my bonnie lassie, lassie fare thee well,
Time will shew thee, bonnie lassie, more than tongue can tell!
Tho' we're doom'd by fate to sever, and 'tis hard to part,
Still believe, thou shalt ever own my faithful heart;
Then smile again, my bonnie lassie, lassie, smile again;
Then smile again, my bonnie lassie, prithee smile again.

Published by T. Batchelar, Hackney Road Crescent, near Shoreditch, London.

Page. The lowing herd I only see,
And cow boy whistling o'er the lea.

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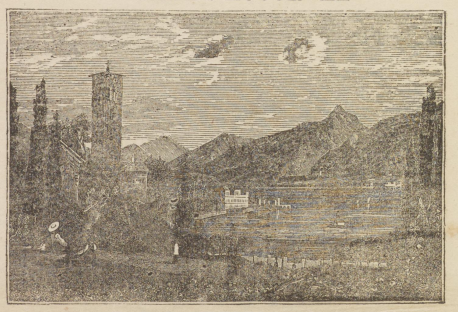
prithee smile again.

prithee smile again.

Published by T. Batchelar, Hackney Road Crescent, near Shoreditch, London.

Cottage and the Water-mill

KATTY AVOUR EEN



KATTY AVOURNEEN

'TWAS a cold winter night, and the tempestuous snarling,
The snow like a sheet covered cabin and stye,
When Barney flew over the hills to his darling,
And tapp'd at the window where Katty did lie.
Arrah, jewel, says he are you sleeping or waking,
It's a cold bitter night, and my coat it is thin,
The storm is a brewing, the frost is a baking,
O, Katy avournem, you must let me in.

Ah, then Barney, says Kate, and she spoke through the window,
How could you be taking us out of our bed,
To come at this time it's a shame and a sin too,
It's whiskey, not love, has got into your head.
If your heart it was true of my fame you'd be tender
Consider the time and th re's nobody in.
What has a poor girl but her name to defend her
No, Barney Avourneen I won't let you in.

A-cush la, says he it's my eye it is a fountain
That weeps for the wrongs I may lie at your door
Your name is more white than snow on themountain
And Barney would die to preserve it as pure.
I'll go to my bower though the winter winds face me
I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy w thin,
And the words of my Katty will comfort & bless me
No, Barney Avourneen I won t let you in.

COTTAGE AND THE WATER MILL.

HAVE you not seen the new cottage just built by the squire
And is it not all a fond heart can desire;
With its pretty white gate, which half hidden doth stand
And the clustering roses seem courting your hand,
In its garden so trim that you cannot but stay
To gather in freshness and bear them away.
Yes; often I stroll to the church on the hill,
Where I view the old cottage and the old water-mill.

Yes there it once stood the old water-mill,
And through the green meadows there rippled a rill
And welcome there was in the old millers time,
When the mill and it's master where both in their prime.
Anu oft as we joined in the gay rustle throng,
Have we chorus'd the laugh as we chorused the song
But now as I stroll to the church on the hill,
I view but the ruins of the cottage at mill.

Our friend as departed the mill as deenyed
And time I confess great changes have made,
But time as we know like the mill goeth round,
New faces smile kindly with hearts full and sound.
Yet fancy still echoes the merry click clack,
When neither the mill or its labour was slack.
As I ramble in through to thee on the hill
Where I viewed the old cottage and the water mill.

Printed & Sold Wholesale by C. Paul, Great St. Andrew Street, and by Mason, Kent Street Boro'



Oh no, We never mention Her.

Oh no! we never mention her, her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word.
From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me, they think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene the charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land, they'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more the valley where we met;
I do not see the hawthorn tree; but how can I forget?

For oh, there are so many things recal the past to me:—
The breeze upon the sunny hills—the billows of the sea;
The rosy tint that decks the sky, before the sun is set;
Aye, ev'ry leaf I look upon forbids me to forget.

They tell me she is happy now—the gayest of the gay.
They hint that she forgets me; but I heed not what they say.
Like me, perhaps she struggles with each feeling of regret;
But if she loves as I have lov'd, she never can forget.

Batchelar, Printer, opposite the Refuge for the Destitute, Hackney Road, London.

THE YARMOUTH TRAGEDY,

Or, the CONSTANT LOVERS.

LOVERS, I beg lend an ear to this story,
See an example in this constant pair,
How love a virgin did blast in her glory,
Beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth we hear.
She was a merchant's charming daughter,
Heiress of fifteen hundred a-year,
A young man courted her to be his jewel,
Son to a gentleman who liv'd near.
Many years he courted this jewel:
When infants in love they both agreed,
And when to age this couple arriv'd,
Cupid an arrow between them display'd.
Their tender hearts were link'd together,
But when her parents the same did hear,
They to their charming beautiful daughter
Behav'd a part most severe,
Bidding her give over her intention;
For if against their consent she did wed,
For evermore they resolv'd to disown he,
If she wed one that was so meanly bred;
Her mother said, you are a great fortune,
Besides you are young and handsome,
You are a match, dear child, that is fitting
For e'er a lord in Christendom.
Then made answer this handsome daughter,
Riches and honour I do defy;
If I am deprived of my dearest lover,
Then farewell world, it's all vanity;
Jemmy's the man whom I do admire,
He's the riches whom I do adore;
To be a great one I never desire,
My heart is fixed to alter no more.
Then said her father, it is my resolution,
Altho' I have no more daughters than thee,
If that with him you are resolv'd to marry,
Banish'd for evermore thou shalt be.
For the young man he sent in a passion,
And said, for ever more now take thy leave,
I have a match more fit for my daughter,
Therefore it is in vain thus for to strive.
Honour'd father, thus said the maiden,
Promis'd we are by the powr's above,
Thus of all pleasures do not berave me,
For love is fixed never to remove.
Then said the father a trip to the ocean
You shall go, in a ship of my own;
And I consent you shall have my daughter
When to fair Yarmouth you do return.
Honour'd sir, then said the lovers,
Since 'tis your will we must obey;
Our constant hearts shall never be parted,
But our desires no longer must stay.
Then Nancy said, My dearest Jemmy,
Here take this ring the pledge of my vows,
With it my heart keep safe in my bosom,
And bear it with you wherever you go.
Then close in his arms he did enfold her,
While tears did down like fountains flow,
Saying, in return my heart I will give you,
You shall be present wherever I go.
When on the ocean I am sailing,
The thoughts of you the compass will steer,
Till tedious absence the time will devour,
And bring me safe to the arms of my dear.
Therefore be constant, my dearest jewel,
For by the heavens, if thou art untrue,
My ghost shall haunt you for ever,
Dead or alive I must have none but you.
Her arms then round his neck she twin'd,
Saying when thou art on the sea,
If the fates unto us should prove cruel,
That we each other no more should see,
No one alive shall e'er enjoy me,
When the tidings of thy death I hear;
Then, like a sad distracted lover,
Down to the grave I will go with my dear.
Then with a dismal sigh he departed,
The wind it blew with a pleasent gale,
And being ready, the fam'd Mary Gailey
For the island of Barbadoes did sail.
Many lords of high birth and breeding
Came a courting to this bright maid,
But their presents and favours she slighted,
Constant I'll be to my Jemmy, she said.
Now for a time let's leave this maiden,
And shew how things with her lover did go,
In fair Barbadoes the ship was laden,
But now observe his sad overthrow.
Jemmy was handsome in each feature—
A Barbadoes lady, who's fortune was great,
Fix'd her eyes on him, saying, If I have not
This handsome sailor, I die for his sake.
She dress'd herself with rich attire,
With rich jewels she plaited her hair,
An hundred slaves for to attend her,
She went for to see the young sailor there.
Come, noble sailor, now can you love me.
A lady who's honour and riches so great?
An hundred slaves there are to attend thee,
With music to lull thee to thy silent sleep.
In robes of gold then will I deck you,
Pearls and rich jewels I'll lay at thy feet,
In a chariot of gold you shall ride with pleasure,
If you can love me, answer me straight.
Amaz'd with wonder awhile he gaz'd,
Forbear sweet lady then he cry'd,
For in Old England I've vow'd to a lady,
At my return to make her my bride.
She is a charming beautiful creature,
And as my heart, I can have no more,
I bear in mind her beauteous features,
No other creature but her I adore.
Hearing this she rav'd in distraction,
Crying, Unfortunate maid thus to love
One that doth slight me and in my glory,
And of my person does not approve.
Lords of renown I have slighted,
Now must I die for a sailor bold,
I must not blame him for being so constant,
True love is better than silver and gold.
A curious jewel then she gave him,
Within her hand she held a knife,
One fatal stroke, ere they could stop her,
Did put an end to her tender life.
Great lamentation was made for the lady,
Jemmy on board the ship did steer,
And then to England he was sailing,
With great desire to meet his dear.
But, when her father found he was coming,
A letter he writ to the boatswain his friend,
Saying, a handsome reward I will give you,
If you the life of young Jemmy will end.
Quite void of grace, and for the sake of money,
The boatswain did the same complete,
As they on the deck were walking
He tumbled him into the deep.
All in the night when she was sleeping,
His ghost unto his love did appear,
Crying, Arise, sweet beautiful Susan,
Perform the vows you made to your dear;
You are my own, so tarry no longer,
Seven long years for thee I did stay,
Love does wait to crown us with pleasure,
The bride guests are ready to come away.
Cries she, who's there under my window,
Surely it is the voice of my dear,
Lifting her head from her downy pillow;
Straight to the casement she did repair.
O Jemmy, said she, if my father hears it,
We shall be ruin'd both I fear;
At the sea-side there I will meet you,
And with my maids I will meet you there.
A gown embroidered with gold,
Carelessly round her body she threw,
And with her maids to attend to her,
To meet her love she instantly did go,
Close in his arms then he enfolds her,
Jemmy, says she, you are colder than clay,
Although you are the man I admire,
Paler than death you appear to me.
Yes, fair creature, I am your lover,
Dead or alive you I must have.
I came for the vow, and you must follow
My body unto the silent grave.
I for your sake refus'd gold and silver,
Riches and jewels I did despise;
A charming lady did for me expire:
Thinking of thee I was deaf to her cries.
Your cruel parents have been my undoing,
And now I sleep in a watery tomb:
Now for my promise, dear, I am suing,
Dead or alive you are my own.
The trembling lady was much affrighted,
Amaz'd she stood at the brink of the sea,
And with eyes uplifted said, Cruel parents,
You have been the cause of my misery.
Certain it is I promis'd thee, sweet jewel,
Dead or alive for thee to be my own;
Now to perform the vows I am ready,
To follow thee to thy watery tomb.
The maidens heard the lamentation,
But the appartion could not see;
Thinking their lady was in distraction,
Strove to persuade her contented to be.
But she cried dearest, I'm coming,
And in thy arms I soon shall be.
When she had spoke the unfortunate lady
Plung'd herself quite into the sea.
But when her father heard of the same,
He said, O! what have I done,
My dearest child, it was a cruel father
That provided thee a watery tomb.
Two or three days being expired,
These two unfortunate lovers were seen
In each others arms, on the waves floating,
By the ships side in the watery main.
The cruel boatswain, struck with horror,
Then did confess the fact he had done,
Shewing the letter he had from her father,
Which was the cause of these lovers' doom.
On board of ship he was try'd for murder,
At the yard-arm he was hang'd for the same,
Her father broke his heart for his daughter
Before the ship to the harbour came.
Thus cursed gold caus'd distraction—
Why should the rich covet gain?
I hope this story will be a warnig,
That cruel parents may not do the same.

Printed and sold by Jennings, Water lane, Fleet-street, London. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A Song in Praise of the LEATHER BOTTLE.





GOD above that made all things,
The Heaven and Earth and all there in,
The ships that on the sea doth swim,
For to keep the enemies out that none come in,
And let them do all what they can
It is for the use and praise of man,

And I wish in heaven his soul may dwell
Who first devised the leather bottle,

Then what do you says to those canns of wood?
In faith they are not and cannot be good
For when a man he doth them send,
For to be filled with ale he doth intend,
The bearer falls downs by the way,
And on the ground the liquor doth lie,
And then the bearer begins to ban
and swears its along with the wooden can
But had it been a leather bottle,
altho' it had fallen all had been well,
And I wish, &c,

Then what do you say to these glasses fine
Yet they shall have no praise of mine
For when in company they are set,
For to be merry as we are met,
But if you chance do touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein
If your table cloth be ever so fine,
Down lies your beer ale or wine;
It may be for a small abuse
A young man may his service lose,
But had it been the leather bottle,
And the staple in then all had been well.
And I wish, &c,

Then what do you say to these black pots three?
Why they shall have no praise from me,
For when a man and his wife falls at strife
As many have done I have known in my life,
They lay their hand on the pot both,
And both they are to spill the broth,
The one doth tug the other doth ill,
Betwixt them both the liquor doth spill,
But they shall answer another day,
For casting the liquor so vainly away,
But had it been the leather bottle
They might have tugged till their hearts did ache,
And yet the liquor no harm could take,
And I wished &c

Then what do you say to these silver flaggons fine,
Why they shall have no praise of mine,
For when a Lord he doth them send
For to be filled with wine as he doth intend,
The man with his flaggon runs away
Because it is silver so gallant and gay,
O then the lord begins to ban.
And swears he has lost both flaggon and man.
There's never a lord serving man or groom
But with his leather bottle will come
Then I wish, &c.

A leather bottle we know is good,
Far better than glasses or canns of wood.
For when a man is at work in the field
Your glasses and pots no comforts will
But a leather bottle standing him by(yield
He may drink always when he is a dry,
It will revive his spirits and comfort his brain.
Wherefore let none this bottle refrain,
For I wish, &c,

And so the honest scytheman too,
He knew not very well how for to

But for his bottle standing him near
Which is filled with good household beer
At dinner he sits him down to eat,
With good hard cheese and bread or meat
Then his bottle he takes up amain,
And drinks and sets it down again
Saying good bottle stand my friend
and hold till this day doth end,
For I wish. &c.

And likewise the Haymakers they,
When as they were turning and making their hay,
In summer weather when it was warm,
A good bottle will do us no harm;
and at noon time when they sit them down
For to drink of their bottle and ale so brown.
When the lads and the lasses begin to tattle, (bottle?
What should we do but for the leather
For they could not work if the bottle was done. (sun.
Since the day is so hot. with the heat of
Then I wish &c.

Also the leader, loader, and pitcher,
The reaper nedger, and the ditcher,
The binder, and the raker and all,
About the bottle's ears do fall,
And if the liquor be almost gone,
His bottle he will part with to none,
But says my bottle is but small,
One drop I will not part withal
You must go drink at some spring or well
For I will keep my leather bottle.
Then I wish &c,

Thus you may hear of a Leather bottle
When it is filled with good liquor well,
Altho' the substance be but small
Yet the name of it is all in all.
For there's never a Lord a Duke nor a Knight,
But in a bottle doth take great delight
For when he is hunting of the deer,
He often doth wish for a bottle of beer;
Likewise the man that works in the wood
A bottle of beer doth oft do him good,
Then I wish, &c,

Then when this bottle doth grow old,
And will no longer good liquor hold,
Out of the side you may take a clout,
Will mend your shoes when they are worn out
Else take and hang it upon a pin,
It will serve to put odd trifles in.
As hinges awls, and candle ends,
For young beginners must have such things,

Pitt Printer wholesale Toy & Marble Warehouse
8, Great st. Andrew street, 7 Dials,

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THE

FAITHLESS CAPTAIN,

OR

BETRAYED VIRGIN.

ALL ye maidens fair I pray awhile draw near,
I a tragical story have to tell, (ceed,
It will make your heart bleed, when further I pro-
As for the truth it has befel,
In London city liv'd a maiden there,
Blest with a store of wit and beauty bright,
Unto a lady fair she a servant were,
And the lady in her took delight.
She had a son we hear, who a captain were,
A ship the Burford called, he did command,
And as it was found was to India bound,
And he must forsake the English land.
His mother's waiting-maid had his heart betray'd,
He great kindness unto her did bear,
Though she was poor, yet he did her adore,
But at length he did her heart ensnare.
Rich gold and silver bright on his heart's delight,
With some rich things he did bestow,
Cloth'd her in array like a lady gay,
But at last it prov'd her overthrow.
The joyful day we hear appointed were,
For the marriage as you shall find,
Men lay many a snare for the maiden's fair,
Hard it is for maids to trust mankind.
The night before they married were to be,
He unto the maiden fair did come,
Saying, my heart's delight, go with me to night,
About some business that I must have done.
Unto a tavern he took the maid straightway,
She poor innocent maid did think no ill,
But wine as we hear, her senses did ensnare,
Thus the traitor had his lusted will.
But when the morning fair it did appear,
And sleep her gentle senses did restore.
Finding thus her charms infolded in his arms,
Down her cheeks the chrystal streams did pour,
My heart's oppress'd with grief finding no relief,
Since a victim to your lust I'm fell;
Now my virgin bloom you've cropt too soon,
All joys and pleasures now I bid farewell.
Wilt thou wed me, sir, as you did say,
This day you know the knot was to be tied,
For ever undone my honour is gone,
I am afraid I shall not be your bride.
Though your charming person I've enjoy'd,
If I forsake my dear, heaven be severe,
May all the substance I have be destroyed.
The ship that I command when I leave the land,
May it never more return again;
And then my tomb shall in this youthful bloom,
Be in the deep and raging main.
But first I'll go to sea, ere I'll married be,
To look after honour and renown. (wed.
A dream she said she had, they never should be
With many vows and oaths he from her rose,
And on board she ship he soon did steer,
The beauteous damsel bright went that same night,
And bought some clothing then to wear.
Her lovely locks of hair, as bright as silver were,
She cut off that none might her know,
Cloth'd like a sailor bright, she went that night,
To enter at the rendezvous did go.
Being tall and slim, and straight in every limb,
Both dress and shape together did agree,
The crew at her did gaze, the lieutenant says,
Young man, have you ever been at sea?
No, she reply'd, but if you'll enter me,
I soon shall become a sailor bold.
For I have a mind to go, where the storms do blow,
And to seek for honour and upright gold.
She was entertained straight to be a second mate,
And on board in a little time did go;
For the Indies soon did sail away,
The captain his truelove did not know.

Once upon a day he to her did say,
Mate, thy person doth much so appear,
Just like a love of mine I think many a time,
When I look on you, I look on my dear.
She was my mother's maid, I her heart betrayed,
Now I have left her thus to grieve alone,
I wish that soon she may married be,
To some other man ere my return.
This was a piercing dart to her tender heart,
With a deep sigh she from him turn'd away,
Revenge ye god! she said, on his perjured head,
Who cruelly my honour did betray. (heart.
Now comes this tragical part, enough to pierce a
Quick she found herself with child to be,
This cut her heart almost in twain;
The ship's crew we hear did love her dear.
Soon the lovely charming second mate,
Begun to look quite thick about the waist,
Forth from her eyes came many a briny tear.
The Captain soon did take notice of the mate,
One day as she in the cabin were,
The Captain by her breasts so fair,
Thought indeed she might a woman be.
The more he on her gaz'd, the more was he amaz'd
Perfectly he thought her face he knew,
He said, Reveng'd I'll be, if it should be she;
Then out of the cabin straight he flew,
And bid the surgeon go and call the mate.
She trembling to the captain did come,
He said, I plainly see Madam, who you be,
I shall be revenged for what you have done.
At his feet then she fell immediately,
And said do not be to me severe;
Pity my distress my dearest dear,
It is for the love of thee I've cross'd the sea,
You've been you know my sad overthrow,
Little did I think I with child were,
But since it is so, some pity to me show,
Favour a poor distrest creature here.
Arise and go from me, he unto her did say,
See none of this matter you let be known.
Soon as we can get sight of land,
I am resolv'd you on shore shall go.
She said, dearest dear, be not too severe,
Call to mind the oaths that you made to me,
And how you did betray my virginity,
The night before we married were to be;
Do not from me part in this wild desart,
Drown me in the watery main,
Freely I'd comply this moment for to die,
So let me now love by you be slain.
As thus she spoke, tears bedew'd her cheek,
Earnestly upon her he did gaze,
He unto her did cry, and made this reply.
In these arms sweet Molly make your grave,
I cannot cruel be to such constancy,
But as to your distress, heaven knows best,
My dearest, what will become of you,
We are far from shore, the billows roar,
The doctor he must thy comfort be.
The minister I'll tell what has befel,
And we'll married be upon the sea.
The men were confused who heard the news,
And mov'd in pity the charming fair,
But as we hear they married were,
Ere morning light did appear,
Yet fortune, as we find, to them proves unkind,
Those happy lovers to divide,
As he sleeping were by his lovely fair,
The winds blew high, and dreadful storms arose,
All hands aloft they run all dangers for to shun,
While the swelling bosom of the sea,
Toss'd them mountains high, they for help did cry,
To the Lord in their extremity.
At last upon a rock they receiv'd a shock,
Expecting every moment for to die,
The men employed thus to save their lives,
As on a rock the gallant ship did lie,
The woman, on the deck, she came among the rest,
In the hurry overboard she fell,
No one could her save, the sea was her grave,
A tragical story to her love to tell.
The powers did decree she saved should not be,
With waves they from the rocks were driven,
The storm abated were to their joy,
For this happiness they thanked kind heaven,
The captain he cry'd, where is my lovely bride,
Having searched no one could her see,
For oh! unlucky day, she was cast away,
At that he wrung his hands most bitterly,
No rest could he take but sat on the beach,
Earnestly of heaven he did implore,
That her corpse he might see floating on the sea.
To gaze his last upon her he did adore,
When two days were past he spy'd at last,
Her body floating on the main,
Oh! Neptune kind, said he, thus to favour me.
With the sight of my love again.
Now like Leander here, I'll go to my dear,
Evermore within her arms to sleep,
It was for the love of me she cross'd the sea.
And made her tomb in the silent deep.
Her love to retaliate I will share the same fate,
The Gods unto our vows will all witness be,
My promise I'll perform this unhappy morn,
So instantly he leap'd into the sea.
Many of them strove to save him then,
When too true it was the fatal hour,
For the swelling wave did become his grave,
They were never after seen more,
Young men a warning take how your oaths you break
Of young virgins do not make game,
Keep your vows and oaths as you propose,
Then happy blessings will attend the same.

Printed and sold by Jennings, Water-lane, Fleet-street, London. (PRICE ONE PENNY.)

The Prodigal Daughter,

Or, The Disobedient Lady Reclaimed.

LET every wicked graceless child attend,
And listen to these lines which I have pen'd,
God grant to all it may a warning be,
To love their parents, shun bad company.
No farther off than London town of late,
A gentleman possess'd a estaate,
He also had one only daughter dear,
Whom he most tenderly did love we hear.
They kept her cloathed in most rich array,
And as the child grew up, some people say,
Her heart with pride was lifted up so high,
She fix'd her whole delight on vanity.
Each sinful course to her did pleasure seem,
And of the holy scriptures made her game,
At length her parents did begin to see,
Their tender kindness would her ruin be.
The mother to her thus began to speak,
My child, the course you run my heart will break,
The tender love that to you I have shewn,
I fear will make our aged hearts to groan.
Come child this wicked course of life refrain,
And serve the Lord now in your youthful prime,
For if now in this course of life you run,
Your soul and body will be quite undone.
Laughing and scoffing at her mother, she,
Said do not trouble yourself with me,
Why do you talk to me of heaven's joy,
My youthful pleasures thus for to destroy.
I am not certain what I shall possess,
After that I resign my vital breath,
I nothing for another world do care,
Wherefore I'll take my pleasure while I'm here.
The mother said, dear child, how do you know
How soon your pride in the dust may go,
For young as well as old to dust bow down,
So you must die, God doth know how soon.
She from her mother in a passion went,
Leaving her aged heart in discontent: :
She wrung her hands, and to her husband said,
She's ruin'd soul and body, I'm afraid.
All night she from her father's house did stay,
Next morning she came home by break of day,
Her father ask'd her where she had been?
She answered pertly what was that to him.
He said, your haughty pride I will pull down,
Money of me to spend you shall have none,
She said, if you deny me what I crave,
I'll sell my soul, but money I will have.
Her father stript her of her rich array,
And then he dres'd her in a russet gray,
And to her chamber he did her confine,
With bread and water fed her for a time.
Altho' for her their hearts did ache full sore,
Such course they took her heart for to restore.

But all in vain, she wanted heaven's grace,
For sin within her soul had taken place.
One night, as in her room she a musing were
The devil straightway did appear,
In shape and person like unto a man,
And then he seem'd to take her by the hand.
He said, fair creature, why do you lament?
What is it fills your heart with discontent.
She said, my parents cruel are to me,
And keep me here to starve in misery.
The devil said if you'll be rul'd by me,
Reveng'd to them quickly you shall be,
Seem to be humble, tell them you repent,
And soon you'll find their hearts apt to relent.
And when your father he does use you kind
An opportunity you will find,
Poison your father and mother too,
Nobody will know who the fact did do.
At first she seem'd to be in a surprise,
But want of grace blinded both her eyes,
She said, suppose you should the devil be,
I'll take the counsel you have given me.
The wicked wretch free from grace and shame
Did seem to be much pleased with the same,
Saying, I'm resolv'd your word to take,
And be reveng'd for what they've done of late.
But mind what wonders God doth every hour,
His mercies are above the devil's power,
He will his servants keep both night and day,
From the devouring subtle serpent's prey.
Next day when she her father's face did see,
She instantly fell down upon her knee,
And said dear father now my heart relents,
And for my former sins much it repents.
Her father then with tears did her embrace,
Saying, blest am I for this spark of grace,
Which heaven has dear child bestow'd on thee,
No more I'll use thee with such cruelty.
Unto her mother then the father goes,
And told to her the blessed happy news,
Her mother was comforted for her part,
Not thinking what mischief was in her heart.
But the almighty her designs did see,
For 'twas his blessed will it so should be,
That other gracious children might see,
All things are done by heaven's wise decree.
The poison privately she had bought,
And also then the fatal time had sought,
To seek the fall of these her parents dear
Who brought her up in tender love and care.
One night her parents sleeping in their bed,
Nothing but troubled dreams ran in their heads,
At length an angel did to them appear,
Which said, awake, and unto me give ear;

A messenger I'm sent by heav'n most kind,
To let you know your deaths are soon design'd,
Your graceless child whom you do love so dear,
She for your precious lives has laid a snare.
To poison you the devil tempts her so,
And hath no power from the same to go,
But God such care doth of his servants take,
Those that believe in him he'll ne'er forsake.
You must not use her cruel and severe,
For though these tidings I to you declare,
It is to shew you what the Lord can do,
He soon can turn her heart you'll find it so.
Pray to the Lord his grace for to send down,
That like the prodigal she may return,
The fatted calf then kill for joy that day,
And angels shall rejoice without delay.
Next morning she arose as we do hear,
And for her parents breakfast did prepare,
Then in the same she put the poison strong,
And brought it into them when she had done.
Her father took victuals which she brought,
Then down the same unto the dog he set,
He eat the same and instantly did die,
The cause was plain, she could not it deny.
Her mother said, hard is the fate of me,
I have a tender mother been to thee,
How can you think our lives to take away,
O graceless child what will become of thee.
When thus she heard her tender mother speak,
She in a swoon did drop under her feet,
That all the arts which they could contrive,
Were not enough her spirits to revive.
Four days they kept her and did then prepare
To put her body in the dust we hear,
Then at her grave one a sermon did preach,
All other wicked children for to teach.
The sermon being over and quite done,
To lay the body in the dust they come,
But suddenly they bitter groans did hear,
Which much surprised all that were there.
At length they did observe the inner sound,
To be the body just laid in the ground,
The body then they did draw nigh,
And in the fright they opened the same.
When soon they found she was yet alive,
Her mother seeing that did soon revive,
Did praise the Lord in hopes she would have time
And would repent of all her heinous crimes.
She in her coffin then was carried home,
And when into her father's house she came,
She in the coffin sat and did admire,
Her winding sheet, and then she did require
The worthy Minister, to sit down,
And she'd tell him the wonders that were shewn
To her, since her poor soul had took its flight,
She had seen the regions of eternal light,
She said when first my soul did hence depart,
For to relate the story grieves my heart,
I handed was to lonesome wild deserts,
And dismal groves which dreary were and dark.
The briars tore my flesh, the gore did run,
I called for mercy, but I could find none,

At last a glimpse of light I did espy,
Then heard a voice which unto me did cry,
Now hasten to that light which doth appear,
There you your sentence quickly shall hear,
I hearing this did hasten then along,
Until I to a spacious room did come.
I knock'd aloud but no answer made,
But at length one appeared, and thus he said,
What want you here? I answered to come in;
He ask'd my name then shut the door again.
He staid awhile, and then to the door did come,
And said begone, for you here is no room,
For we have no such graceless wretches here,
Who disobey their tender parents dear,
I went and to the man I thus did say,
Am I the first who parents disobey?
If all are gone to hell who act this sin,
Few at this gate I fear have enter'd in.
He said, but you have been a sinner wild,
In all things, besides a disobedient child,
Pride and debauchery, Sabbath-breaking too,
Wherefore begone, here is no place for you.
I said, sir, hear me, and remember pray,
How holy David he did run astray.
He said, like David you did not return,
Since he in ashes for his sins did mourn.
I still my case with him did strive to plead,
Then told him in Scripture what I did read,
How Mary Magdalen that there did rest,
Was once with many devils oppress.
Go, silly woman, he did answer then,
Had you as much repented of your sin,
And mercy at thy Savior's feet implor'd,
For as thy sin he would have thee restor'd.
Lord, let my soul return from whence it came,
Then will I honor thy most holy name,
A voice I heard, which said to me, return,
But first behold the wretched place of doom.
I saw the burning place of misery,
I saw the cursed fiend that tempted me,
My loving tender parents for to slay,
Then he both fierce and grim did look at me.
He said that at last was sure of me,
I said, my Savior's blood had set me free,
Then in a hideous manner he did roar,
And God to me my senses did restore.
When she to them this story had told,
She said, put me to bed for I am very cold,
And call to me my tender parents dear,
Whom I will love and honor while I'm here.
To take the Sacrament she did require,
They gave it her as she did desire,
And now she is a Christian true,
No more her wicked courses does pursue.
I hope this will a good example be,
Children your parents honor and obey,
And then the Lord will bless you while on earth,
And give you a crown of glory after death.

LONDON:
Printed by J. Evans, and Son, Long L

The Unnatural Father,

Or the Dutiful Son's Reward.

PART I.

HERE is a looking-glass for children dear,
A looking-glass I say, therefore draw near,
And view the mercies which the Lord extends,
To those who are obedient to their friends.
If parents do the thing that is not right,
Setting their hearts, their love and whole delight
Upon one child, and eke the other wrong,
Trust in the Lord, whose hand and arm is strong.
In his due time he will these things redress,
He never leaves his servants comfortless,
As by this true relation you may find,
If you his works of Providence will mind.
In Dorsetshire a wealthy man of late,
Two sons he had likewise a vast estate,
The one he lov'd with affection pure,
The other son he never could endure:
But kept him meaner than their meanest slave,
And often wish'd him in the silent grave,
As they at each time then at varience fell,
But for what reason none alive can tell.
A more obedient son was seldom seen,
Modest in carriage, of a genteel mien,
Yet nevertheless his father did him slight,
And never could endure him in his sight.
Or if he did he'd frown upon him still,
No peace, no joy, no love, or kind good-will,
Could he receive from his father's hands,
Who strove to cut him off from all his lands.
Many a stroke and heavy blow he felt,
Which often caus'd his youthful eye to melt
Into a flood of sad lamenting tears,
Thus he with patience suffer'd many years.
The darling son was cloath'd in rich array,
And often did his gaudy whims display,
Making his father's gold and silver fly,
Like summer's dust, in jovial company.
While he was thus supported in his pride,
The other son was scorn'd and villify'd,
And by his father often spurn'd and beat,
Who scarce for to sustain him what he eat.
Father, said he, what is the cause of this?
If I have acted any thing amiss,
Tell me my fault, and I will surely mend,
For loath I am my parents to offend.
At this his father's wrath encreased more,
And with these words he thrust him out of doors,
Go take your lot beyond the ocean main,
And never let me see your face again.
The son he little said, but did depart,
From friends and father with a heavy heart,
Encompass'd round with sorrow, grief and care,
To seek his fortune but he knew not where.
Poor heart when this unhappy chance did fall,
He nothing had then to subsist withal,
Yet carefully he travell'd all the day,
And then at night upon cold earth he lay.
Next morning sleeping on the rural plain,
He was awaken'd by a shepherd swain,
Who came that way, and having heard his grief,
Out of his scrip he gave him some relief.
This done, in humble part he took his leave,
With many thanks for what he did receive,
And so went on to famous London town,
Where for a time he wander'd up and down.
And wanting friends, on board he went at last,
Over the roaring ocean wide he past;
Where we will leave him to God's providence,
And shew the other brother's insolence.

PART II

WHEN parents dote upon a certain child,
He often proves perverse, stubborn & wild,
And bring them too the greatest sorrow here,
As from this late account it will appear.
One of his sons thus gone beyond the seas,
The other with his parents liv'd at ease,
Until by fruits of sinful wantonness,
His family was brought to great distress;
As you shall hear, for many pounds he spent,
Among the taverns which he did frequent,
Where for a harlot's sake a man he kill'd,
And therefore was in chains and fetters held,
At Dorchester, in order to be try'd,
His father hearing of the news replied,
He shall not die, and go down to the grave,
If all that e'er I have his life can save.
To one in town he mortgag'd all his land,
Raising five hundred pounds then out of hand,
To keep his darling son from dismal thrall.
And yet dear loving friends, this is not all.
For he once more did violate the laws,
And was transported for that very cause,
From Dorchester over the raging main,
Never to see his native land again.
His aged father did in tears lament,
His land was mortgag'd, and his money spent,
Upon their wicked child, which griev'd them sore,
Besides he ow'd two hundred pounds or more.
For which he could no satisfaction make,
Wherefore to jail they did his body take,
In tears he wept beseeching for relief,
His chief companion that he had was grief.
His downy beds were turn'd to bed of straw,
No comfortable friend alive he saw,
For want of food he daily did repine,
And tears of woe did serve instead of wine.
With wringing hands he said, what have I done,
How have I wrong'd my well-beloved son?
My son that was endow'd with Christian grace,
To succour him that brought me to disgrace.
With these and many more lamenting cries,
Distilled tears did trickle down his eyes,
Where we will leave him in that sad distress,
To shew the slighted son's true happiness.

PART III.

NOW having treated of his grief and woe,
As he from time to time did undergo.
I come to shew you how God's blessed hand,
Restor'd him from a prison to his land.
Behold that son so scorn'd and slighted here,
In his distress kind providence did steer,
From London city to the golden shore,
Where God for him a blessing had in store.
In process of time behold he found,
A wealthy fortune worth ten thousand pound,
A virtuous wife most beautiful and fair.
And had some thoughts to live and settle there.
But each night he was so disturb'd in mind,
No ease nor satisfaction could he find,
But still he dreamed most of his friends were dead,
And that his aged father begg'd his bread.
Being disturb'd with this nocturnal thought,
His loving wife, with all his wealth he brought
Over the ocean to fair Weymouth town,
Appearing like some person of renown.
Then to his father's house he did repair,
And finding nothing else but strangers there,
Concerned he was, so was his lady too,
Supposing that his former dreams were true.
When meeting with an ancient gentleman,
He said, kind sir, do tell me if you can,
What is become of such a gentleman;
Fetching a sigh, to him he did reply.
His darling son whom he did so adore,
Has brought his aged father to be poor,
By his sad crimes and wicked villainies,
And now for debt in Dorset jail he lies.
At this sad news his eyes did overflow,
And said my loving lady let us go,
And see my aged father in distress,
Alas! I cannot leave him comfortless.
Then coming to the prison, he beheld
His aged father dear with sorrow fill'd,
Cloath'd in rags, lean, thin, and hollow eyes,
Having no food his hunger to suffice.
The young man's bowels yearn'd, his heart did
Said he, old father, tell me now with speed, (bleed,
How long you have been close confined here,
In this sad place of sorrow so severe.
Right worthy sir, the aged man reply'd,
Your kind request shall soon be satisfy'd,
So he begun and told him all his grief,
And how his son had been the cause in chief.
Had you no other son, said he, I pray?
Yes, sir, but him I forced faraway,
One that was loving, courteous & kind,
No father could enjoy a sweeter child.
But in my sorrow, here I must confess,
I loved him that brought me to distress,
The other I would not one smile allow,
And so the hand of God is on me now.
And is the mother of your son alive?
No, no, sir, she did not long survive!
After the sad departure of the first,
With utmost grief her tender heart did burst,
For having sought her son both far and near:
And could of him no tidings hear,
Home she return'd with tears—took to her bed,
And never after would be comforted. (speak,
The young man's heart was full, he could not
Therefore he did a private corner take,
To weep his full, and ease his soul of care,
Which done, in jail a feast he did prepare—
And call'd his aged father to the same;
Who cring'd and bow'd before him as he came,
The young man said, sure this may not be done,
Be cover'd father, for I am your son.
That very son whom you did force away,
Your lands I will redeem, your debts I'll pay,
And prove a blessing to your ancient days,
Dry up those tears, your fainting spirits raise.
Art thou my son whom I so long withstood?
Art thou alive to do thy father good?
Blessed be God this news doth cheer my heart,
Thy duty is much more than my desert.
O say not so, my aged father dear,
Who serve the Lord with a religious fear,
Must honor parents dear, for conscience sake,
Or sure I am a great command they break.
I have been harsh, and most severe to thee,
And turn'd thee out in all thy misery,
To seek thy fortune, this I must confess,
How can you pity me in my distress?
In duty, father, I can all forgive,
And father, while I have a day to live,
What I have promis'd I will surely do,
The Lord hath prosper'd me to comfort you.
Soon after this, they from the prison go,
He cloath'd his father then from top to toe,
And plac'd him in his happy state once more,
For which he gain'd the love of rich and poor.

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An Excellent New Ballad entitled

The Cripple of Cornwall,

Wherein is shewn his dissolate Life and deserved Death.

To the Tune of the Blind Beggar.



OF a ſtout criple that kept the high-way,
And begg'd for his living all time of the day,
A ſtory I'll tell you that pleaſant ſhall be,
The Cripple of Cornwall ſurnamed was he.

He crept on his hands and his knees up and down,
In a torn jacket and a ragged torn gown,
For he had never a leg to the knee,
The Cripple of Cornwall ſurnamed was he.

He was of ſtomach courageous and ſtout,
For he had no cauſe to complain of the gout,
To go upon ſtilts moſt cunning was he,
With a ſtaff on his neck moſt gallant to ſee.

Yet no good fellowſhip would he forſake,
Were it in ſecret a horſe for to take,
His help was as good as any might be,
The Cripple of Cornwall ſurnamed was he.

When he upon any ſervice did go,
The crafty young cripple provided it ſo,
His ſtool he kept cloſe in an old hollow tree,
That ſtool from the city a mile two or three.

Thus all the day long he begged for relief,

There were few graziers went on the highway,
But unto the cripple for paſsage did pay,
And every brave merchat that he did diſcry,
He emptyed their purſes e'er they paſsed by.

The noble Lord Courtney both gallant and bold,
Rode forth with great plenty of ſilver and gold,
At Exeter there a purchaſe to pay,
But that the falſe cripple his journey did ſtay.

For why the falſe cripple heard tidings of late,
As he ſat for alms at the nobleman's gate,
This is quoth the cripple a booty for me,
And I'll follow it cloſely as cloſe ly can be.

Then to his companions the matter he moved,
Which their falſe actions before had proved,
They make themſelves ready and deeply they ſwear,
The money's our own before they come there.

Upon his two ſtilts the cripple did mount,
To have the beſt ſhare twas his full account,
All clothed in canvas down to the ground,
He to up his place his mates with him round.

Then came the Lord Courtney with half a ſcore men,
Yet little ſuſpecting the thieves in their den,

Deliver thy purſe quoth the cripple with ſpeed,
We be good fellows and therefore have need,
No: ſo quoth Lord Courtney but this I'll tell ye,
Win it and were it elſe get none of me.

With that the Lord Courtney ſtood in his defence,
And ſo did his ſervants but e'er they went hence,
Two of the true men were ſlain in this fight,
And four of the thieves were put to flight.

But while for their ſafe guard they run thus away,
The jolly old cripple did hold them in play,
And with his pike ſtaff he wounded them ſo,
As they were unable to run or to go.

With fighting the Lord Courtney was out of breath,
And moſt of his ſervants were wounded to death,
Then came other horſemen riding ſo faſt,
The cripple was forced to fly at the laſt.

And over a river that run there beſide,
Which was very deep and eighteen foot wide,
With his long ſtaff and ſtilts leaped he,
And ſhifted himſelf in an old hollow tree.

Then through the city hue and cry was made,
To have theſe thieves apprehended and ſtaid,
The cripple he creeps on his hands and his knees,
And nigh the highway great paſsing he ſees.

And as they were riding he begging did ſay,
O give me one penny good maſters I pray,
And thus unto Exeter creeps he along,
No man ſuſpecting that he had done wrong.

Anon the Lord Courtney he ſpies in the ſtreet,
He comes unto him and kiſses his feet,
God ſave your honour and keep you from ill,
And from the hands of your enemies ſtill.

Amen quoth Lord Courtney and therewith threw down
Unto the poor cripple an Engliſh crown,
Away went the cripple and thus he did think,
Five hundred pound more will make me to drink.

In vain that hue and cry it was made,
They found none of them though the country was laid,
But this grieved the cripple both night and day,
That he ſo unluckily miſsed his prey.

Nine hundred pound this cripple he got,
By begging and thieving ſo good was his lot,
A thouland pound he would make it he ſaid,
And then he intended to give over his trade.

But as he ſtrived his mind to fulfill,
In following his actions ſo lewd and ſo ill,
At laſt he was taken the law to ſuffice,
Condemned and hanged at Exeter aſſize.

Which made all men amazed to ſee,
That ſuch an impudent cripple as he,
Should venture himſelf to ſuch actions as theſe,
To rob in ſuch ſort upon the highway.

Printed by and for J. Pitts, Printer, &c. No. 14, St. Andrew-ſtreet, Seven Dials.—Price 1d.

The Contented Wife.

I and my children dear
Will work, then never fear,
But we ſhall ſomething clear:

Tho' ſlender is my ſtore,
Yet I'll deſpair no more,
That man is truly

the crafty young cripple provided it so,
His stool he kept close in an old hollow tree,
That stool from the city a mile two or three.

Thus all the day long he begged for relief,

All clothed in canvas down to the ground,
He to up his place his mates with him round.

Then came the Lord Courtney with half a score men,
Yet little suspecting the thieves in their den,

Which made all men amazed to see,
That such an impudent cripple as he,
Should venture himself to such actions as these,
To rob in such sort upon the highway.

—Price 1d.

The Contented Wife.



SWEET dear and loving wife,
My senses are at strife,
About this careful life,
For we decline;
Times being grievous hard,
All trading spoil'd and mar'd,
I have a sweet regard
For thee and thine.

I thank you for your care,
Yet husband, don't despair,
Let us with patience bear,
These troubles here,
Dear love, 'tis all in vain,
To weep, sigh, and complain,
Love, we may thrive again,
Be of good cheer.

My dearest love, said he,
How can I cheerful be,
While pinching poverty,
Knocks at the door?
And will not hence depart,
But wounds me to the heart,
I ne'er felt such a smart,
Sweet wife, before.

Dear husband do not make
Such moan, for heaven's sake,
Of me this council take,
Your bosom friend;
By patience put your trust,
In Him that made you first;
When times are at the worst,
Sure they will mend.

Dear love, it may be so,
But while grass doth grow,
The steed, may starve, you know,
Then 'tis too late,
So my dear family,
Which wants a quick supply,
By long delays may die,
O cruel fate.

Sweet husband don't despair,
Avoid distracting care,
I will the burthen bear,
Along with you;
Our sons and daughters they
Shall work, and if we may
Get bread from day to day,
Love, that will do.

At a sad dismal rate,
Sweet wife, thou know'st of late,
My losses have been great,
By wicked men.
Pine not for worldly pelf,
Bless God we have our health,
And that is more than wealth,
Be thankful then.

Job lost abundance more,
Besides his body sore,
Yet he with patience bore,
While tidings came;
How all in ruins lay.
He patiently did say,
God gives and takes away,
Blest be his name.

Job did not fume and fret,
When with these things he met,
Dear loving husband, let
Us imitate
His patience while in pain,
Job found it not in vain,
God rais'd him up again,
And made him great.

Love, I have often read,
How Job was comforted,
Yet I am full of dread;
And fear, for why,
Our family is large,
Six children are some charge,
We fall within the verge
Of poverty.

Dear husband don't repine,
Nor grudge this charge of thine,
Blest be the powers divine,
Sweet babes they are,
When we shall aged grow,
With locks like winter snow,
They may for ought I know,
Lesson our care;

It is a great offence,
To distrust Providence,
Whose blessed influence
Take special care,
Of all the sons of men,
Husband be cheerful then,
God will be gracious when
Thankful we are.

My fingers do not itch,
To be exceeding rich,
May we but get thro' stitch,
Keep from the door
The greedy wolf of prey,
And all our dealers pay,
Believe me what I say,
We need no more.

I and my children dear
Will work, then never fear,
But we shall something clear:
Tommy shall weave,
The girls shall all begin,
Forthwith to card and spin,
Which will bring something in,
Then never grieve.

These hands that never wrought
Shall be to labor brought,
All which I never thought
Wou'd be 'till now;
But in reward I see,
It is my destiny,
I'll draw along with thee,
God speed the PLOUGH.

I value not to dine
On sumptuous dishes fine,
With rich and flavored wine,
From foreign parts:
Good wholesome bread and beer,
Instead of better cheer,
Let us receive my dear,
With thankful heart.

In all conditions still,
Let us not take it ill,
Since 'tis his blessed will
It should be so:
Whether we rise or fall,
Our substance great or small,
Content is all in all,
My dear, you know.

O most indulgent mate,
After this long debate,
My comforts they are great,
In a kind wife;
Tho' some may think it strange,
My fancy seem'd to range,
But now a happy change
Doth bless my life.

For to my joy I find,
A sweet composed mind,
I wish that all mankind,
Was full as well:
Despair's a dreadful thing,
And does poor mortals bring,
Unto the bitter sting,
Of death and hell.

Sweet wife and heart's delight,
I had been ruin'd quite,
In death's eternal night,
Hadst thou not been
The happy instrument,
That truly to prevent,
Love, joy and sweet content,
I now am in.

Tho' slender is my store,
Yet I'll despair no more,
That man is truly poor
Who wants content:
But where content's increas'd,
'Tis a continual feast,
Praise God I am releas'd,
Death to prevent.

As God gives me grace,
This council I'll embrace,
Despair shall not take place,
In me henceforth:
Farewell litigious strife,
And come my cheerful wife,
Thy words have sav'd my life,
God bless us both.

And all mankind likewise,
From the calamities,
Which do as frogs arise,
From foul despair.
Let doubtful Christians fly,
In their extremity,
To God who sits on high,
By fervent prayer.

He is man's friend in chief,
The fountain of relief,
When I was lost in grief,
And at the worst:
My dear indulgent bride,
Her council was my guide,
In God I'm satisfied,
In whom I trust.

My children, wife, and I,
We will ourselves apply
To true industry,
And leave the rest,
To Providence divine,
Henceforth I'll not repine,
I hope that me and mine
Shall still be blest.

Thus by the good wife's care,
The husband in despair,
Was brought at length to bear,
His sorrows rife:
The bitter cup of grief,
Her words did yield relief,
She was his friend in chief,
And faithful wife.

Good men and women pray,
That hear me now this day,
Labour without delay,
To live in love:
Assist each other still,
In fortune good or ill,
Then you'll have a blessing still
Come from above.

Bite upon the Miser ; Or,

A Trick upon the Parson, by the Sailor.



YOUNG women if you'll draw near awhile,
I'll sing you a ditty shall make you to smile
And you that have covetous parents draw near,
This story's as true as you ever did hear
In fair London city their lived of late,
A miser that had worldly riches so great,
He had a fair daughter who all did adore,
But he kept her single for the sake of his store,
Many fine gallants came daily to woo,
But yet with her father nothing could do.
For tho' he had thousands his heart would not give,
Him to part with money as long as he did live.
This beautiful damsel that was most divine,
Said, sure no one's fortune is like unto mine ;
The bloom of my youth I have spent like a nun,
My father dislikes every lover that comes.
I fain would be married for I do know,
Old maids are despised wherever they go
Therefore I will wed while my beauty doth bloom,
I'm resolved to wed the next that doth come,
So now I must leave this young maid awhile,
Until fortune upon her is pleased to smile.
To mention a young man of courage so bold,
Whose mind was noble, but he had no gold,
He was a sailor that plowed on the main,
Who lately from the Indies was come,
Upon this fair creature he then cast his eye,
For she was a neighbour that lived hard by,
He said to court her it was but in vain,
Her father no suitor would entertain,
Those that have no riches must never come there,
But I'll venture tho' I be never the near,
He wrote to her thus for pardon I crave,
Since Cupid, dear Madam, has made me your slave
I am but a sailor the truth to unfold,
But true love is better than silver and gold.
In many strange countries dear maiden I've been,
And many a beautiful face have I seen;
But none ever wounded my heart,
The charms of my dearest so pleasing to me.

As soon as the letter came to her hand,
By directing another she to him did send,
Saying sir, I find you've a passion for me,
But first with my father you are to agree.
I courted have been by some lords of renown,
My father dismiss'd them all with a frown,
But if you can find any means to obtain,
Me by his consent I your servant remain.
To court me come in your tarpauling dress,
For then the old man will like you the best,
It is true he has slighted some persons of fame,
Who knows but a sailor his favour may gain.
The sailor drest himself so neat and so trim.
And to see the maiden he did come in
Her father seeing him come in the room.
Went up and asked him from whence he came.
The sailor made him no answer at all,
But step'd in the room and embraced her withal,
The old man amazed these adventures to see,
Cries, impudent rascal ! who can it be ?
She said it was one whom do I adore,
He'll wed me and does not value your store,
You will not wed me with one that has got gold,
Therefore I will wed with this sailor so bold.
Then the old man bid him straightway begone,
And see no more you after her come,
Sir, I for my daughter a parson design
And they shall be wedded all in a short time,
The sailor surprized to hear what he did say,
In sorrowful sort went jogging away.
And daughter amaz'd this thing to see,
Began to enquire who this parson might be.
Her father said, a man, just and true.
One who I am sure is the fittest for you
He teaches the gospel your soul he may save,
I prefer to one who is ever so brave.
But this piece of divinity Sir let me see,
Who you are willing should wed with me,
The father cried you shall see him to night,
And if you like him wed him outright,
Night being come the old canter came,
But sure such a fright never was seen,
Both old and decripid a hump at his back.
With a nose and a chin a walnut would crack,
The cruff went trudging into the room
By your father's consent my dear I am come,
His pleasure it is my wife you shall be,
And a loving husband I will be to thee.
The lady was proper as many report,
He went to salute her but he was too short.
He scarcely could reach up to her apron string,
But heartily begg'd her to stoop to him,
This charming creature replied with a smile,
To stoop to a man is not worth my while,
Indeed Mr, Parson to tell you plain,
I never design to stoop to a man,

He said if I have you with out any controul,
I must direct you for the good of your soul,
And therefore be humble and meek my dear,
And then to salute her he jump'd on a chair,
He eagerly kiss'd her, saying sweet are thy charms
I never can rest but in thy dear arms,
So then her father came tumbling in,
And said, Daughter, can you fancy him ?
Sweet honour'd father the lady replied,
Indeed to this dwarf I never will be tied
The old man in a passion down stairs did hie,
And swore the sailor should instantly die,
A coachman had lived with him some time,
A covetous wretch after the coin,
A resolute ruffian as ever you did knew,
He secretly unto this fellow did go,
He told him if he a secret would keep,
He would reward him with riches so great,
If he would contrive this sailor to kill,
Thus his daughter in wedlock might have at her will
The coachman protested indeed that he'd do,
Don't fear but I quickly will make him to rue,
But to his mistress the coachman he went,
And told her father's most cruel intent.
He that night being out of the way.
She sent for the sailor without any more delay,
She told me his base and bloody design,
saying now I will bite him of his coin,
For this night you are murdered to be.
Till to morrow night you must stay with me,
And when he thinks you murdered are,
I'll make him think your ghost does appear.
The coachman out in the evening does go,
As the miser did think the murder to do,
In two or three hours after he home did return,
He told his master that the job was done,
Pray where did you kill him John, the Miser said
And where did you throw him when he was dead ?
He said, sir, tumbled him into the well,
Then the master laughed at what he did tell,
but said he, I must lie with you to night,
For the deed I have done puts me in a fright,
I fancy he'll haunt me indeed in the end
said the Miser never mind for the Parson I'll send,
And he shall be with us nights two or three,
For he knew of the murder as well as we,
And since we are guilty alike we must fare,
They sent for the parson and to bed did repair.
soon as they were got in their gentle repose,
To the chamber door the sailor straight goes,
Three blows he gave did sound like a drum,
Oh ! master quoth Jack the ghost is now come
Three terrible groans he gave as we hear
And softly crept into the room of his dear
And the parson's hair stood an end on his head
And with fright the Miser was almost dead
The Parson look'd like one struck dumb
In the morning the daughter did unto him come
she said what disturbance was that in the night
I'm sure I heard something which did me affright
The parson said jewel you need not fear
satan has no power while I am so near.
If any thing frights you my love come to me
Till married your father's bedfellow I'll be
she then seem'd pleased and said with a smile
While Jack was laying the plot all the while
For to get things ready the ghost to array
But her father sat like a drone all the day.
They went to bed again when it was night
Her father said Jack set up a light
It is a good thing the parson then said
I will pray for you then be not afraid.
The lady drest up the ghost When she'd done
With a torch in his hand to the chamber he came
And gently moving towards the bed
Old man lifted from the pillow his head
and seeing the sailor thus dressed in black
He eagerly fastened on his man jack
Now he'll have me without any controul
O Parson O Parson come pray for my soul
The Parson crept down in the saltsat the bed
And the miser pull'd the bed clothes over his head
The sailor to the beds foot walked down,
And pulled the bed clothes upon the ground
Now the Parson s—t for fear as he lay,
And the miser said Parson why don't you pray ?
Pray I said the parson I am in such fears
Let's jump out of bed and run down stairs
They strove who first should get out of the room
And the parson headlong then tumbled down
Jack laugh'd till he p—d to see how his hump
Against every stair went thump a thump thump
and as the ghost the old miser did pass
A hot burning link he thrust to his a—e
Who after the parson tumbled down stairs
And cried O parson O parson your prayers.
They opened the door and in the street ran
The watchmen with staves and lanthorns come
O what is the matter ?—the devil they cry'd
Then keep him among you the watchmen replied.
As naked they cringing did stand in the street
The sailor did put out the candle and did creep
Up stairs to his love who kept him till noon
Until she got him quite out of the room
Next day it was hoised abroad as we hear
That the ghost to the old miser did appear
Within a month after he gave up his breath,
And gave his daughter all he had on earth
Then the parson never came courting any more,
And she wedded the sailor whom she did adore
An hundred a year unto Jack he did give
For to maintain him while he did live,
At the wedding dinner was told the game
The guests were pleased and none did them blame,
But truly commended this couple have been
since he would have acted so cruel a scheme

Printed and sold by Pitts, 14 Great st. Andrew street, seven Dials.

THE

Because he has disappointed me now,
If he come to-morrow I'll not have him I vow,
When able to sit up the young squire came.
The cause of his tarrying he told her the same.

He said sir that woman gave it to me,
I think tis the finest that ever I see.
And the squire he said a rich cup I declare,
Here's my name and cost of arms I can swear.

THE GARLAND OF TRIALS.

YHIS noble relation which I am to write,
Behold tis concerning a great baronet,
Five years he was married as I do protest,
This nobleman with a child was not blest
At length his fair lady conceived with child,
At which this said knight and his lady smil'd,
When time was expir'd a daughter was born,
At whose birth the father and mother did mourn.
Her nativity he did calculate
And found she was born to suffer by fate,
The knight by her ruling planet did see,
A whore thief and murderer she was born to be.
Sais he when she's up to maturity got,
For the sake of her portion some villainous sot,
Perhaps may defile her before hand and so,
This may de the first step of her overthrow.
To prevent all danger this step I will take,
Some farmer a tenant of mine shall her take,
As a child of his own she shall be confirm'd,
In which state perhaps no one will her mind.
To this wise intention the lady agreed,
To one of the tenants she was placed with speed,
Who had for her boarding thirty pounds a year,
And good education they gave her we hear,
Dutiful obedience onto them she paid,
Thinking them her parents their will she obey'd,
When this knight came thither his rent to receive,
A guinea to the child he always would give.
Fourteen years and upwards this child staid there,
The farmer and his wife went to a fair,
And left this young lady at home to stay,
But now see what happen'd when they were away.
As she was standing that day at the door,
An old man beg'd of her who was very poor,
My parents are not at home she to him reply'd,
And to give their substance I dare not she cry'd.
With that the old begger-man said with a smile,
You are kept in ignorance surely my child,
They are not your parents who you honour here,
Your father's a knight of sixthousand a year.
Such a man is your father such a lady your mother,
Besides many children they never had other,
For this news she said here's five shilling to thee,
And into this matter I further will see.
When the farmer came home at night he smil'd,
And said what's for supper my dearest child,
Her answer was to him what makes you say so,
I'm none of your child you very well know.
Such a one is my father and I tell you plain,
I'll be satisfied e'er I sleep again
She took horse and rid to the nobleman's gate,
Where he and his lady stood very great.

He said girl how do thy parents do,
She said sir that is best known to you,
The girl talks madly said he let me know,
Upon what account you answer me so.
She said sir a begger-man came to the door,
And he told me you was my father be sure,
If this thing be true sir he tells unto me,
Why was I put off in my infancy.
This I must allow when I was born first,
I then was incapable to give disgust,
So far as to be banish'd for fifteen years.
The truth of this matter good sir let me hear.
He shew'd a reason for what he had done,
At this news the tears from off her cheeks ran,
she said if it be so then hard is my lot,
And in your scutcheon it may cast a blot.
For fear your own honour I bring to disgrace,
Give me a child's part and I'll quite the place,
With tears he embrac'd her and for her did pray,
So with riches on horseback she rode away.
To the north of England this lady went,
Where in a lone cottage she liv'd with content,
Her provisions was brought her by a woman, who
Brought it once a week and away did go:
And for a diversion this lady bright,
Play'd on the spinnet herself to delight,
And as she playing most sweetly one day,
A young squire chanc'd to come that way
Who hearing the music vow'd he would see
Who in the cottage play'd so sweetly,
The squire knock'd and call'd o'er and o'er,
saying open to me or I'll break the door.
For to break it open he then did begin.
At which the young lady straight let him in,
Said she now be civil I am a young maid,
And am of all females of men most afraid.
He said I'll not hurt thee then did her embrace,
Having sat awhile he quitted the place,
This sweet lady's beauty so charm'd him we find,
That this noble squire could not rest in his mind.
From seeing her daily he could not refrain,
And by often coming her love did obtain,
She promis'd him faithfully to be his bride,
For which solemnizing they both did provide.
The night before hand with his lady he lay,
And went protesting to come the next day.
Next morning she look'd for the squire to come.
But he was confin'd to stay at home.
A fever that night the young squire had seiz'd,
And because he came not he was displeas'd,
Crying this will make my father's words true,
My honour is stain'd and what shall I do.

Because he has disappointed me now,
If he come to-morrow I'll not have him I vow,
When able to sit up the young squire came,
The cause of his tarry ng he told her the same.
He said love to-morrow I'll make you my bride,
sir for my oath's sake I'll not have you she cry'd,
My honour is stain d which brings me to shame,
No one but myself for this I can blame.
He said let us marry to prevent all strife,
Her answer was no I'll ne'er be your wife,
Tho' not join'd in marriage this young squire he,
Came three times a week this lady to see.
And as the time drew nigh for her to lie down,
He got her a lodging near to town.
When the time expired she had a son,
The squire was pleased it was over and done.
before this lady began to sit up
He presented the child with a golden cup,
On which was his name and coat of arms at large
Oy this cup he gave the boy's mother a charge.
Saying see my infant don t lose it I pray,
so then he embrac d her and so rode away.
Now pray mark good people and soon you shall hear,
The this babe the mother prov'd severe.
she sent the nurse out and then did provide;
For to kill the child with a stab in his side,
And said with a stab I'm sure it must die,
Then stole the gold cup and away did hie.
In a widow s dress she went to Liverpool,
And being well learned she set up a school,
It happened the nurse returned with speed;
And found the babe living whose side did bleed,
when the squire came and saw what was done,
He grieved but thro' mercy preserved his son
Near the town of Liverpool the squire had a farm,
For to keep his darling free from harm.
Unto this farmer's wife the babe he did place
where it was suckled and grew up apace,
when the child was able to school it did go,
Unto his own mother who did him not know.
but often she kissed him and said with a smile,
I know no reason for loving this child,
At eighteen years old he was very tall.
Of a sweet complexion and comely withal
Unto the farmer's daughter who nursed we find,
By his father's consent he in wedlock was join'd,
Cries he my school-mistress in me took delight,
For which to my wedding I will her invite.
And being invited as one innocent
Unto his wedding the school-mistress went,
Next morning before the young couple were up
His school-mistress come with her golden cup.
And unto the bride-groom the cup did give,
saying keep this as long you live
He said that I will thank you for the same
Just after the squire into the room came.
The school-mistress knew him whose heart did ake,
Knowing herself guilty her joints did shake,
At first sight the gold cup the squire it knew,
And said to the bridegroom who gave it to you.

He said sir that woman gave it to me,
I think tis the finest that ever I see.
and the squire he said a rich cup I declare,
Here's my name and coat of arms I can swear.
The squire said woman tell me thy name,
and how you at first by this gold cup came
For fear of his wrath she swooned away
when her senses returned he to her did say,
Come tell me thy name come tell it with speed
I will draw my rapier and kill you indeed.
Then she told him her name which being done,
said he if it be so where is thy son ?
Whom I gave this cup to she said he is dead,
I stabb'd him and for fear of hanging I fled,
He said wicked woman as I have thee found,
Your blood after this shall be spilt on the ground.
For stabbing my darling when passion was hot,
I'll cut thee as small as herb to the pot,
With trembling joints on her knees she did cry,
For stabbing your infant I deserve to die.
He said behold before I take thy life away,
I will give you two hours in private to pray.
Then in a dark closet she locked up were,
The sorrowful lady for death to prepare.
Meanwhile to the bridegroom away he did go,
And give him the truth of the matter to know,
He said she's your mother she thinks you are dead,
I'm one that won't hurt the hair of her head.
but unto the closet he goes furiously,
And said wicked woman prepare for to die,
To see him with glittering sword in his hand,
With sighs and groans she before him did stand.
And said kill me the first strike be sure,
That I may not be tormented long in my gore,
To hear these expressions a groan he did bring,
And no longer could bear love's piercing sting.
He said be not troubled thou joy of my life,
The bridegroom s your son you stab'd with a knife
That this lady might be satisfied,
They shew'd her the place she stab'd in his side.
For joy to the bridegroom she gave kisses store,
And said now I hope all my sorrows are o'er,
The squire said to her now since it is so,
That our son is alive will you have me or no.
To-morrow let's marry to finish the strife,
To this she consented he made her his wife.
She said to the squire I'll tell thee my dear,
My father's a knight of ten thousand a year.
And whether he's living I cannot well tell,
For to ride and see I hold it right well,
To her father's house they both rode with speed.
When her parents saw her they both smil'd indeed.
With joy they embrac'd her while tears ran down,
And gave her portion of twelve thousand pounds,
This worthy squire tis very well known,
Enjoys five hundred a year of his own.
He gave his estate to his son and behold,
three score and ten pieces of broad shining gold.
So now I leave them in joy all to live,
Great comfort and joy in this life to receive.

Printed and sold by J. Pitts, 14, Great St. andrew Street, Seven Dials.—Price One Penny.

The Gateshead Wedding.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—"Skipper's Wedding."

AW'VE myed up a ſang 'bout a wedding,
That happen'd at bonny Gyetſide,
And all the misfortunes that happen'd
Betwixt the Bridegroom and the Bride.
What with Overſeers, Pariſh, and Juſtice,
And Jemmy, when brought to the Church,
How Betty was curſing her fate,
When ſhe thought ſhe was left in the lurch.

So then to the Church Jemmy led her,
But firſt with the Pariſh conſent;
When arriv'd they ſoon met with the Parſon,
Who ſaid, Good folk, what do you want?
Says the Bride, "Sir, we've come to be married,
"'Tis enough if you get your demand!"
The Beadle then open'd the door,
And they went into Church hand in hand.

Then ſays the Prieſt, I wont marry you!
Good folk, do you know where you are?
Says Jemmy, Yes, aw's in Church now,
If you wont marry us aw don't care.
So ſtraight out of Church marched Jemmy,
The Bride in vexation was drown'd;
To Newcaſtle her Lover had ſcamper'd,
And he was no where to be found.

So then the news went up to Or——n,
That Jemmy was off—left his honny,
Away then ran he to the Overſeer,
For Jim got two pounds o' their money.
On Saturday next, 'fore the Juſtice,
This comical matter was tried,
When it was agreed, that, on Monday,
Both Betty and Jemmy be tied.

So Hymen attended on Monday,
With his torch to enlighten their road,
And faſten'd the yoke ſo completely
That Death only can move the load.
Now to tell of the concourſe of people,
Who this wedding attended, with glee;
For every one idle was running,
This beautiful couple to ſee.

There was man-faced Bet —— of Pipergate,
Without either ſtockings or ſhoes;
Alſo Kitty the Bellman attended,
Who in ſtreet and in lane cries the news.
There was likewiſe a number coal cartmen,
That cam there frae fam'd Jackſon's Chare;
There was Wood-leg and Shak-rags, and Captain
Of Watch, to keep good order there.

Hurrawing, and ſhouting, and clapping,
As on the proceſſion did walk;
Says Betty, "What houſe mun we gan te?"
"Wey, hinney! let's gan to the Hawk."
And there was the Howdon-Pan Piper,
So merrily to them did play;
With dancing, and ſinging, and drinking,
They ſweetly did ſpend the firſt day.

But what happen'd next after that,
Aw muſt leave every one for to gueſs,
For Jemmy went hyem without bidding,
And then went to bed to his Beſs.
And now, for to end my long ſtory,
And drop all the talk of the town,
This couple are now living bravely,
And have gotten a houſe of their own.

Printed for Mr. WATSON, Bookſeller, Gateſhead.
J. Marſhall, Printer, Newcaſtle.
PRICE ONE PENNY.

A Pitman's

Humourous Description of the Projected

CHAIN BRIDGE,

AT SHIELDS.

Now, Geordy, my lad—sit as mute as a tead,
An' aw'll tell ye 'bout the Chain Brigg its gaun to be mead;
Aw'll begin at the first, an' gaun on till aw cum
To the end o' my story, an' then aw'll be deun.
Some folks tell a plain simple story at times,
But aw'm nothing like them—aw tell a' things iv rhymes.
Smash, Geordy, sit quiet—keep in thaw greet toes,
An' aw'll gaun as straight forrat as waggoners goes.
Wey, ye see, the folks thought, i' gaun ower the water,
'Stead o' crossing wi' boats, it a Brigg wad be better,
So the gentlemen gather'd a greet congregation,
The seame as folks de at the heed o' the nation;
Then they brought some things forrat, an' some they put back,
So they sattl'd a Brigg sud be built iv a crack.
'Twasent lang efter this, aw gat had iv a paper,
It tell'd the size it should be as nice as a taper.
How! says aw to mysell, but they hevent been lang,
Dash! a fellow like me may stite meak up a sang,
Or some sic like thing—just to meak a bit fun:
So its ne suner said then its cleverly dune.
Folks thought me a genius when first aw was born—
But what is aw deing?—aw mun tell ye the form
O' this said Iron Brigg it aw's talking about,
When aw pull up my breeches, an' blaw out my snout.
Huge abutments o' steane, aw think they are call'd—
When aw com to that word aw was very near pall'd,
On each side o' the river yen o' thor things is mead,
To fit intiv a hole they howk out wiv a spead.
Fre' the tops o' thor pillars to the edge o' the banks,
Very strang iron chains mead o' wrought iron links,
Hingin ower the house tops o' beath sides o' the river;
Thor chains is continued fre' pillar to pillar.
Fre' the big'uns is hung some inferior in length,
To the boddom of which a foundation of strength
Is fixt, wrought wi' iron an' cover'd wi' steane,
Then surmounted wi' railing—its dune skin an' beane.
Now, Geordy, what de ye think of it, my lad?—
Wey, speak—what's the maiter—or ye team very bad?
Or its extonishment that has sew'd up yer mouth?
But aw divent much wonder—so aw'll tell the real truth.
Aw wonder wor owners disent see into it,
An' meak a Chain Brigg for to gaun down wor pit.
A! man, but its cliver—its use 'ill be greet;
For to what lad o' Shields wad the thought not be sweet,
To cross ower the water without danger or fear,
As aw've mony a time dune i' gaun ower the Wear.
When we cross ower the water i' boats we're in danger,
But the hazard is warse tiv a man'its a stranger.
While this hang'd ugly sailing o' packets survives,
We're in very greet danger o' lossing wur lives;
But its ne use to tell the unnumber'd disasters
Which happen to 'prentices, workmen, and masters,
On crossing the Tyne i' them sma' sculler boats,
Or ony thing else on the water that floats.
It ony rate, the Chain Brigg is a far safer plan,
And would seave mony lives—contradict it whe can!
Besides, ye naw Geordy, its easier an' better,
For the canny folks it leves on the banks o' the water,
To walk straight afore them 'stead o' gaun down the street,
And when they're iv a hurry, running down a' they meet;
Forbye being kept meast an hour in suspense
By cairts, that sometimes meak a plague of a fence,
Then the folks is a' stopt—suppose they be iv a hurry.
Now ye blithe lads o' Shields, let it be a' your glory,
To get this Chain Brigg rear'd on high in the air,
Then we'll ne'er hae to soom amang steam boats ne mair:
Smash their greet clumsy wheels, aw like nane o' their wark,
They once coupt me owerboard an' aw was wet to the sark;
But catch me gaun ony mair near them again—
If aw de, say aw divent belang Collingwood Main!!!

POLLOCK, PRINTER, NORTH SHIELDS.

FAMED FILLY FAIR;
Or, a Peep into Pilgrim-Street.

TUNE—"*Derry down.*"

YE young and ye gay, whom to love are inclin'd,
A moment I crave, just to open my mind,
To give my advice—I would have you beware,
And never be seen at the *fam'd Filly Fair.*
Derry down, down, &c.

At the close of the Sabbath these coquets will meet,
And make their appointments in Pilgrim-Street;
Then up the New Bridge they will go for fresh air,
But soon will return to be seen at the Fair.
Derry down, down, &c.

A ready acceptance by them you may have,
Tho' first they may say—now, pray sir, behave;
Yet a smile to entice you, if with them you dare
Be seen on a Sunday, in fam'd Filly Fair.
Derry down, down, &c.

With silks and with satins so fine they appear,
To make you believe they have plenty of gear;
Yet, in truth to confess, it is very well known,
No fortune they have, but some charms of their own.
Derry down, downt &c.

Should you wish to converse, you'll find them but slack,
For they place all their sense, with their cloaths on their back.
With fine frills and flounces they make people stare,
But, I doubt, underneath, all's not so well there.
Derry down, down, &c.

Should you so silly prove as wish to renew
Your acquaintance with them, they will not know you,
With its—sir, you're mistaken, this lady 'll aver,
That on Sunday last, I alone, was with her.
Derry down, down, &c.

So thus they go on, till some fresh one they find,
Who, with money in purse, as his wit's left behind;
And if he will treat them, then soon may be known,
How fine they can dress upon charms of their own.
Derry down, down, &c.

So now, ye young men, ye have heard my advice,
And by it, I hope, you will learn to be wise;
If you wish to be happy and keep out of snares,
Wherever you go, keep from all Filly Fairs.
Derry down, down, &c.

Printed for M. Heavisides, Groat Market.

Answer to famed Filly Fair;
OR, THE DANDIES DONE OVER.

TUNE—"*Ge, lo, Dobbin.*"

COME, all ye young lasses, I pray now attend,
And take this advice from one that's your friend;
Beware of those young men, who're seen up and down,
And apeing there betters in every town.
Oh! poor lasses, beware of those asses,
That ape at their betters in every town.

Now sunday has come, and the weather proves fine,
Against each other they strive for to shine;
Their silk velvet collars, and dandy neck out,
Their vest button'd up, afraid of shewing their shirt.
Oh! poor lasses, beware of those asses,
That ape at their betters in every town.

In clusters you'll see them in every street,
Accosting each female they happen to meet,
With dem'me be civil, and let her pass by,
But yet to detain you each one will try.
Oh! poor lasses, beware of those asses,
That ape at their betters in every town.

Should they so far prevail as their arm for to take,
To lounge through the streets, some nonsense to make;
But ere you've been long, you may very soon find
That to reason and truth they ever were blind.
Oh! poor lasses, beware of those assss,
That ape at their betters in every town.

And some are so silly, so vain, they will boast
Of some rich relations, whose name they have lost;
But now for themselves they are left for to fend,
And their *Uncle* oft proves their very best friend.
Oh! poor lasses, beware of those asses,
That ape at their betters in every town.

For such silly stories to gain on your heart,
And seem very loath when they from you should part;
They'll sigh, and they'll swear you are all that they wish,
And the very next moment betray with a kiss.
Oh! poor lasses, beware of such asses,
That ape at their betters in every town.

So now all ye lasses, who husbands would have,
Come, take my advice, for its all that I crave;
Be virtuous, and mindful with whom that you go,
Or else it will prove to you sorrow and woe.
Oh! poor lasses, beware of those asses,
That ape at their betters in every town.

Printed for M. Heavisides, Groat Market.

Let them the Cap fits put it on.

(TO THE TUNE OF—"THE WOND'ROUS CHIEL.")

O! have you heard the wond'rous fray,
Ta'en place in *Gotham Court*, man;
Or have you heard the place-men bray
About their Town Clerk's nose, man.

In Gotham town there reigns a *Mayor*,
With *Aldermen* just *ten*, man;
And *Common Council* twenty-four,
All *govern'd* by their Scribe, man.

The freemen, in the Court of Guild,
Great business ought to do, man;
But are forbid by those who build
Large halls with *public funds*, man.

A Major, bold, their cause espous'd,
And would the freemen right, man,
Resolv'd *all Bills* he'd bring to view,
And place in companies' sight, man.

Then called they upon their Clerk,
His advice wanted quick, man:
A cunning chiel he is, and dark,
They say he deals with *Nick*, man.

He solemn to His Worship cry'd,
We've been, I fear, too slow, man;
When they to know our 'rears first try'd,
We should have kept the books, man.

But we are mortals, frail, alack!
Who errors lately see, man;
But, by this *gown* upon my back,
They shall not know the *whole*, man.

For with the Stewards I'll unite,
And I'll seem unco fair, man;
BOB NICHOL's act I'll say is right;
I'll catch them in a snare, man.

Now *Gotham's* freemen all desist,
With MAJOR ne'er unite, man;
Your *rights* are gone, if you persist
To aid him or his friends, man.

Unto your *Chiefs* then bend your knee;
Your *Rulers* scorn to bribe, man;
Your *surplus cash* divided see
'Twixt *Rulers* and your *Scribe*, man.

Alarm'd, then Gotham's Chiefs arose,
All troubled for their Scribe, man;
Because for *lies*, and other *words*,
He'd nearly lost his NOSE, man.

Now, with the *public funds*, they cry,
We must the Scribe defend, man;
And by their power we'll fiercely try
This MAJOR's views to end, man.

Arouse! now Gotham's sons arouse!
Attend upon my call, man;
For once be counsel'd by my muse,
And guard your funds withal, man.

From *Charter* you your *Rights* can claim;
CLARK's made the case quite clear, man;
SIR CUTHBERT too, of noble fame,
Is in your cause sincere, man.

Like bees to hive, your honey bring,
And thwart your hostile foes, man;
And let them know you've cause to sing
GEORGE ANDERSON's our BEST MAN.

Assert your rights, your freedom prize,
And Gotham's Chiefs will stare, man;
You are the *stream* from whence arise
The Council, Scribe, and Mayor, man.

La fin;—Da Capo.

Leonard Horner one of Angus' Printers got imp... half a year for this.



THE MOWER.

C. Croshaw, Printer, Pavement, York

If I was one summer's morning on the 14th of July,
I met a maid she asked my trade, I made her this reply
For by my occupation I rambles up and down,
With my tearing scythe in order, to mow the meadows down.

She said my handsome young man if a mower that you be,
I will find you some employment if you'll go along with me
For I've a little meadow long kept for you in store,
It was on the dew I'll tell you true it was never cut before

He said my pretty fair maid, whomsoever that you be,
I'll do my best endeavours in cutting of your hay,
For in your lovely countenance I never saw a frown.
So my lovely lass I'll cut your grass, that ne'er has been trampled down.

With courage bold undaunted she took him to the ground
With his tearing scythe in order, to mow the meadow down,
He mowed from nine till dinner time, 'twas far beyond his skill,
He was obliged to yield and quit the field, for the grass was growing still.

She says my handsome young man, you promised me quite fair.
You'd do your best endeavours in cutting of the hay.
For in my little meadow you'll ne'er find hills nor rocks
So I pray young man don't leave me, till you see my hay in cocks.

He said my pretty fair maid I can no longer stay,
But I'll go down to Newry, in cutting of the hay,
But if the grass it is cut down in the country where I go
I'll then perhaps I may return your meadows for to mow.

Now her hay it being in order, and her harvest being all o'er,
This young man's gone & left me, my case for to deplore
But where he's gone I do not know so far beyond my skill
I was obliged to yield and quit the field, for the grass was growing still.

THE Tailor in a Hobble.

C. Croshaw, Printer, Pavement York.

COME listen awhile and a story I'll tell,
I'll warrant the joke it will please you right well.
It's concerning a tailor of fame and renown,
In ——shire he lives in a small country town.
This buxom young tailor had long cast an eye,
On the wife of a grocer who lived hard by,
Says he though I am the ninth part of a man,
I'll cuckold the grocer (that is if I can)
Two yards of broad cloth now the grocer did take,
To the house of the tailor a coat for to make,
The very next day O the coat being done,
Away went the tailor to carry it home,
My husband is out then the lady did say,
But tell me the change and the money I'll pay,
O then says the tailor I'll cross it out quite,
If I can but enjoy you dear lady one night.
Now the lady invented a plan that was deep,
Says she to herself my own counsel I'll keep,
I ne'er will enjoy the ninth part of a man,
But I'll send for my husband as soon as I can,
Then the lady she sent for her husband outright,
And desired him to come home at ten the same night
Then so loving and kind to the tailor she spoke,
And she kept him in tow for to make up the joke.
At the hour appointed the grocer came home,
Says she to the tailor we're surely undone,
Then she took the poor tailor and him she did pop,
On a large cask of treacle that stood in the shop.
Then the grocer came in and she told him the joke,
He lighted a candle but not a word spoke.
The tailor with fright he slipp'd into the cask,
And up to his middle in treacle stuck fast,
O then says the grocer my old honest friend,
If treacle you like I'll dip the other end,
So out of the cask then the tailor he took,
And into the same head and shoulders he stuck.
With treacle besmear'd from the feet to the head,
They roll'd him inside of a large feather bed,
The feathers and treacle they cut such a show,
That he look'd like a devil all roll'ed in snow,
With a light on his head to make him complete,
They with a horse-whip started him down the street,
The folks were all frightened to see him run down,
And swore that the devil himself was in town,
Then the tailor he ran as it were for his life,
Straight into the house to his dear loving wife (tight
Threw his arms round her neck and squose her so
That murder she cried and fell down in a fright.
When she found her mistake they up stairs went together,
She set him quite free from the treacle and feathers,
The grocer he laugh'd till his sides they were sore,
To think the poor tailor was fairly done o'er.
So all ye proud tailors wherever you be,
Be content with your wife and your own family,
Another man's goods never covet nor ask.
But always remember the large treacle cask.

Tyneside Lasses,

Tune—"Green grows the Rashes, O!"

Of all the Maids that I have seen,
There's none as yet surpasses, O!
In city, town, or valleys green,
The bonny Tyneside Lasses, O!
And hey for Tyneside Lasses, O!
Their charms and sweet caresses, O!
The maid for me and the Maid I love,
Is among the Tyneside Lasses, O!

They're aye so neat and very sweet,
And aye so blythe and bonny, O!
Tis heaven on Earth their face to meet,
They blink so kind upon ye, O!
And hey for Tyneside Lasses, O! &c.

The Highland Lasses dress then gay,
And smiles upon ye cheerly, O!
But still my bosom's wish shall be,
A Tyneside Lass my deary, O!
And hey for Tyneside Lasses, O! &c.

At church or market see them there,
Their grace each maid surpasses, O!
And each admirer longs to share,
The charms of our sweet Lasses, O!
And hey for Tyneside Lasses, O! &c.

The wind that waves the verdant corn,
Ne'er breathe more sweet upon ye, O!
Nor is the rose upon the thorn,
More lovely, blythe, and bonny, O!
And hey for Tyneside Lasses, O! &c.

Their form is of the Angel cast,
And Oh! their air is winning, O!
In love their heart is aye stedfast,
Tho' coy at the beginning, O!
And hey for Tyneside Lasses, O! &c.

I've travelled East, North, South, and West;
In fields, lanes, and valleys, O!
And still the Maid that I love best,
Lives in my native valley, O!
And hey for Tyneside Lasses, O! &c.

To her my dear and fav'rite part,
I pledge a wish of plenty, O!
And you next dear unto my heart,
Have what may well content ye, O!
So bliss the Tyneside Lasses, O!
Their charms and sweet caresses, O!
For my delight, and charms so bright,
Is among the Tyneside Lasses, O!

Printer, Gateshead.



r over Land,
AR OVER WAVE.

land, far over wave,
im I am roaming,
ntains high, where tempests rave,
lows wildly foaming,
I stray by night or day,
ng earth or braving sea,
ords I say, and daily pray
who never prays for me.

ne to saints I kneel,
's are doubly given,
lips her name will steal,
nd with those of Heaven.
stray, by night or day,
ng earth, or braving sea,
rds I say, and daily pray
who never prays for me.

Pollock, Printer, North Shields.

ONS,

, 12th, 1823.

SONG.

mian's Hunt."

ay to the town,
procession;
ill hae ne chance,
confession;
stop their gob,
dirty job,
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will bang them a'
US.

ou cobbler king,
eeds may hing,
at the glassmen.
ee wark that day,
before, man,
and flesh and yell,
et store, man,
fine silk sash,
wi such a glance,
he sun's ne chance.

hey hae to start,
alang, man,
d shops be shut,
se throng, man;
ey hae to march,
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eron's Inn,
of flesh and gin.
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a king, man,
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LE ELECTION.

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W. Bosg.

205



THE MOWER.

C. Croshaw, Printer, Pavement, York

IT was one summer's morning on the 14th of July,
I met a maid she asked my trade, I made her this reply
For by my occupation I ramble up and down,
With my tearing scythe in order, to mow the meadows down.

She said my handsome young man if a mower that you be,
I will find you some employment if you'll go along with me
For I've a little meadow long kept for you in store,
It was on the dew I'll tell you true it was never cut before

He said my pretty fair maid, whomsoever that you be,
I'll do my best endeavours in cutting of your hay,
For in your lovely countenance I never saw a frown.
So my lovely lass I'll cut your grass, that ne'er has been trampled down.

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For in my little meadow you'll ne'er find hills nor rocks
So I pray young man don't leave me, till you see my hay in cocks.

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But I'll go down to Newry, in cutting of the hay,
But if the grass it is cut down in the country where I go
If then perhaps I may return your meadows for to mow.

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To the house of the tailor a coat for to make,
The very next day O the coat being done,
Away went the tailor to carry it home,
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O then says the tailor I'll cross it out quite,
If I can but enjoy you dear lady one night.
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Says she to herself my own counsel I'll keep,
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O then says the grocer my old honest friend,
If treacle you like I'll dip the other end,
So out of the cask then the tailor he took,
And into the same head and shoulders he stuck.
With treacle besmear'd from the feet to the head,
They roll'd him inside of a large feather bed,
The feathers and treacle they cut such a show,
That he look'd like a devil all rolled in snow,
With a light on his head to make him complete,
They with a horse-whip started him down the street,
The folks were all frightened to see him run down,
And swore that the devil himself was in town,
Then the tailor he ran as it were for his life,
Straight into the house to his dear loving wife (tight
Threw his arms round her neck and squose her so
That murder she cried and fell down in a fright.
When she found her mistake they up stairs went together,
She set him, quite free from the treacle and feathers,
The grocer he laugh'd till his sides they were sore,
To think the poor tailor was fairly done o'er.
So all ye proud tailors wherever you be,
Be content with your wife and your own family,
Another man's goods never covet nor ask.
But always remember the large treacle cask.

The Newcastle

TREAD MILL.

What's to do at Newcastle Gaol,
Amongst the murmuring Greeks;
With black legg'd swans and gambling swells
I'm sure they've got a treat:
For Cubit's plan does cause each man
To grieve his heart full sore,
By climbing steps without an end,
Till orders to give o'er,

CORUS.

Tread, tread, step, step, like soldiers at a drill,
For there we take repenting steps in the new treading mill.

Like a squirrel in the round about,
Each step to time must tell;
Or else we surely are found out,
By that cursed jingling bell;
But still we can't from jokes refrain,
To think how we must do it,
For all the corn that we do grind,
Is measur'd by a Cubit.
Tread, tread, &c.

We hope that this will sicken men,
From gambling being so fond,
And think of those that they have robb'd,
When they tread the mill around;
And when that your six months are up,
And that you've had your fill,
Where'er ye see the cards or dice,
Pray think of Newcastle mill.
Tread, tread, &c.

There was one no sooner had got out,
Than in the gambling house he popp'd,
When thinking of the treading mill,
The cards and dice he dropp'd:
You would thought his fingers had been burn,
He let them fall so quick:
Which is a proof that Newcastle mill,
Of gambling's made them sick.
Tread, tread, &c.

Tyneside Lasses,

Tune---"Green grows the Rashes, O!"

Of all the Maids that I have seen,
There's none as yet surpasses, O!
In city, town, or valleys green,
The bonny Tyneside Lasses, O!
And hey for Tyneside Lasses, O!
Their charms and sweet caresses, O!
The maid for me and the Maid I love,
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And aye so blythe and bonny, O!
'Tis heaven on Earth their face to meet,
They blink so kind upon ye, O!
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And smiles upon ye cheerly, O!
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Ne'er breathe more sweet upon ye, O!
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Lives in my native valley, O!
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So bliss the Tyneside Lasses, O!
Their charms and sweet caresses, O!
For my delight, and charms so bright,
Is among the Tynesibe Lasses, O!

W. Stephenson, Printer, Gateshead.

TWO NEW SONGS concerning the

GLASS MAKERS PROCESSIONS,

Which will take place at Newcastle, on Friday, Sept. 12th, 1823.

A NEW SONG.

Tune---"Chapter of Donkies,"

Away wi' yor fuss o' the greet Crispin King;
And listen awhile of the Glassmen aw'l sing,
So neat and se clever se spruce and se fine,
Ne trade's like the Glassmen on Wear or the Tyne.

Flashing & dashing, the cobbler's quashing,
The Glassmen are now all the go, tallio.

The andest gans first for ye knaw thast's the way.
The Northumberland Glass works it's ca'd aw hear say;
Each Man a fine Sash like an Officer grand,
Stars and gaters galore, wi' the Winlaton band.

Playin & drummin, to tell folks the'r comin,
The Glassmen, &c.

South Shields and the Wear, wi' the Durham also,
Stourbridge, and North Shields 'ill come next in a row;
They all are to march into fam'd Gyetshead town,
Parading the streets like greet men o' renown.

Shining & twining, the Cock Inn to dine in,
The Glassmen, &c.

Such feathers aw never saw grow in a goose,
As these that they crack on to myek them se spruce,
Wi' bonny round goblets and globes green as grass,
Eu smash! what a fine *Prohibition* of Glass,

Whirling & twirling, all shapes the glass curling,
The Glassmen, &c,

My alleys! there's hats myad o' glass, de ye knaw,
The queerest snap'd oddities ever ye saw,
And stars o' reed glass, lang chains and fine drops,
The seet ont's enough for to wyater won's chops.

Glancing & prancing, the sun beams a dancing,
The Glassmen, &c'

But aw munna forget by the way as aw tell,
At Heron's Cock Inn just beside the Blue Bell,
Is the house where they dine, for good Liquors they sell,
And depend ont they'r 'Fly' when there's plenty o' yell.

Foaming and whisking, the bottles a frisking,
The Glassmen, &c.

A NEW SONG.

Tune---"Cameronian's Hunt."

O smash man gow way to the town,
To see the grand procession;
The gardners they will hae ne chance,
E'en by their awn confession;
The cobbler's te may stop their gob,
For they myed but a dirty job,
And the masons they may haud their jaw,
For the glassmen they will bang them a'

CHORUS.

O down yor pride thou cobbler king,
Ye gardners te yor heeds may hing,
There's nyen can beat the glassmen.

They say ther'll be sec wark that day,
As ne'er was seen before, man,
Ther'll be byeth fun, and flesh and yell,
And jackey in greet store, man,
Each man's to hev a fine silk sash,
A hat and feathers myed iv glass,
Wi chains and stars wi such a glance,
To shine wi them, the sun's ne chance.

Fra Skinners Burn they hae to start,
An walk in twos alang, man,
The bells 'ill ring and shops be shut,
The streets 'ill be se thrang, man;
All up and down they hae to march,
Till they come to St. Nicholas church,
And there at Mr Heron's Inn,
There gaun to dine of flesh and gin.

Each man's to carry iv his hand,
Some queer or dashing thing, man,
See like as picks, green trees and stools,
And a picture of a king, man,
Some say in glass they'r myaken crowns
Men, wives and bairns, and suns and moons,
And best—just like a cuddy ass,
They'r myaken T—y C—r iv glass.

W. STEPHENSON, PRINTER, GATESHEAD.

PARLIAMENT NEWS
At the Pant.

All strangers that come to this town, if news to hear you want,
From nine o'clock till four each day, you'll hear it at the pant,
What ships are in, what ships are out, who's alive and dead,
Who's sweethearts are gone to sea, and who is brought to bed.

So strangers here that news to hear ever are in want,
From nine till four every day they'll hear it at the pant.

There's your Mrs. Beaumonts, Liddells, Howicks, and noisy Mrs. Bells,
Whose tongues as fast as bells do go, or noisy water mills,
So that who will get into Parliament if to know you want,
You hear it at a certainty at the bakehouse or the pant.

Bell for ever, cries Mrs. Bell, with a voice like thunder strong,
If you'd one round your neck, cries Mrs Liddell, you'd hear it all day long,
Then with your bells, ding dong, and clacking tongue, that's never over civil,
Your canny man, when at home, would wish you at the Devil.

I well like to hear a bell go, another old woman she cry'd,
That you did, cries Lady Howick, when your 3 husbands died,
And for them all day after day heaved many a sob and sigh,
But the devil a neighbour ever yet saw a tear come from your eye.

The old woman flew in such a rage she knew not what she was a'ter,
She popt her skeel upon her head and quite forgot her water,
But as for that there's many goes that for water is not in want,
To hear what news in Parliament is going on at the pant.

If my man for Beaumont doesn't vote, he'll get it when he comes home,
And I'll tell you all that it will be what Paddy gave the drum,
And if mine for Liddell doesn't vote I will him so capsize,
I'll starve him for a month or more, and scratch out both his eyes.

I hope Beaumont and Liddell will get in, is every lass's cry,
As with their skeels they come away, and heave a fearful sigh,
For to get them in they all declare, and so does all the pretty misses,
To every man that stands their friend they'd give them twenty kisses.



Far over Land,
FAR OVER WAVE.

Far over land, far over wave,
A pilgrim I am roaming,
O'er mountains high, where tempests rave,
And billows wildly foaming,
Where'er I stray by night or day,
Or pacing earth or braving sea,
Bless'd words I say, and daily pray
For her who never prays for me.

Vainly alone to saints I kneel,
My vows are doubly given,
For to my lips her name will steal,
And blend with those of Heaven.
Where'er I stray, by night or day,
Or pacing earth, or braving sea,
Bless'd words I say, and daily pray
For her who never prays for me.

J. K. Pollock, Printer, North Shields.

TO THE

Free Burgesses

OF NEWCASTLE.

BROTHER Freemen arise!
Quickly open your eyes,
And look for a man of renown;
For if you don't 'wake,
And speedy means take,
You'll lose all the wealth of your town.

First turn out Sir M—t,
And teach him what's what,
About ye he cares not a fig;
His meanness and pride,
How can ye abide?
Get rid, then, of this haughty Whig.

To Jesmond repair,
You'll find a Knight there,
Whose eloquence none can withstand?
His riches are great,
And he's of such weight,
Both awe and respect he'll command.

This valorous Knight
Can both speak and fight,
His tongue and his weapon he wields;
He'll talk, nor e'er cease—
Or fight to keep peace,
As witness his conduct at Shields.

Sure this is the man,
To secure, if you can—
Your int'rests and rights he'll protect;
He'll uphold the laws,
And vote for your cause—
SIR THOMAS, then, let us elect!

His int'rest at Court
Will gain for our Port
Indulgences great, clear as mud;
For Eldon, we know,
And Stowell, also,
His relatives are, and that's good.

Reprinted by Boag, Newcastle.

NEWCASTLE ELECTION.

CHANGE

From the Bank!

TAKE down the pink,
And take this hint—
Laugh not at one another.
Newcastle! now
The time's for you
To hoist some other colour.

The pink and green,
You've too long seen,
Then change them for some other.
Yet not in haste,
But choose with taste—
There's art in choosing colour.

That pink and green,
It's plainly seen,
Care not a straw for you—
For Pink in jeer,
Says pots of beer
Will buy you, two and two.

If such sad stuff,
As Pink does puff,
Degenerates your name,
Then, Freemen, hear,
A pot of beer,
Destroys your ancient fame.

Then, change these things—
(They're heavy stings)—
When now its in your power—
Do not entail
These seats for ale,
At least, till th' "twelfth hour."

Now do not be
Displeased with me
For smelling out this rat,
Its smelt so long
To me so strong,
Pray give it to the cat.

Printed by W. Boag.

205

THE

PITMAN'S UNION.

—o—

YOU Britons all, where'er you be,
I pray you listen unto me,
And then you will with me agree,
That union is now wanted
The Queen is good I mean to say,
Because she cannot have her way,
Her brave men would not go astray,
If we were all united,

CHORUS

Oh dear! oh dear, what times are these,
The rich will just do as they please,
The poor are starving by degrees
All for the want of union,

The rates and taxes are so high,
All trades are ruined now or nigh,
Which makes the working man to sigh
All for the want of union
This is the truth I mean to say,
That England once look'd fresh and gay
But now is mouldering to decay,
All for the want of union.

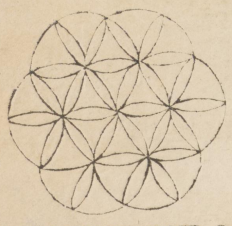
The poor man he holds down his head
The children they are wanting bread,
There's thousands starving still with dread
All for the want of union
By tyrants some the seas are cross'd
Twas so with Jones Williams and Frost;
By tyranny we'll all be lost
If we dont join the union.

They said Reform would do us good
It has not yet I wish it would.
For thousands they are wanting food,
All for the want of union.
It is no use to talk at all,
The weakest must go to the wall,
And every day still lower fall,
If we do'nt join the union

The Farmer cannot sell his wheat,
The poor cannot get bread to eat,
The world is ruined now complete—
All for the want of union
The work is all a standing still,
The next that stands will be the mill,
All trades are fast going down the hill,
All hands must join the union

When unions through the nations made,
Which then for work we shall be paid;
And tyrants too they will be laid
All by the poor men's union.
To put oppression to an end,
And make the tyrants with us bend;
Like britons all join heart and hand
Within the bonds of union.

—o—



THE BONNIE PIT LADS.

As I walked forth one summer's morn, all in the month of June
The flowers they were springing and the birds were in full tune
I overheard a lovely maid and this was all her theme,
Success attend the Pit Lads; for they are lads of fame.

I stepped up to her and bending on my knee,
I asked her pardon for making with her so free,
Your pardon is granted young Pit Lad she replies,
Pray do you belong to the brave Union boys.

You may see I'm a Pitman all black as a sloe.
And all the night long I am working down below;
O I do love a Pitman as I do love my life,
My father was a pitman all the days of his life.

Come now my young Pitman and rest here awhile,
And when I have done milking I'll give you a smile,
He kissed her sweet lips while milking her cow,
And the lambs they were sporting all in the morning dew,

Come all you noble gentlemen wherever that you be,
Do not pull down your wages nor break their unity
You see they hold like brothers, like sailors on the sea,
They do their best endeavours for their wifes and family

Then she clept her arms round [illegible]

No means he can use to get clear of his yell.

The auld dame's even yelpen and says the trade's bad,
And as for auld crab he's just like te gan mad;
He canna play the fiddle, or yet he can sing,
Nor use ony means for to draw the folks in.

O poor crabby, &c.

And as for quoit playing or ony such fun,
He's ta ne mare use than the man a the moon;
They mad a mistake when they placed crabby there,
He would ha luked better by far wi a cuddy and ware.

O poor crabby, &c.

And then they have a youngun as I have been told,
He's like a buck weasel that's stray'd from the hole;
He'll sit on a stool and he'll chatter and grin,
He flaes aw the folks, that they dare na gan in.

O poor crabby, &c.

And then they've a sign they caw the fat ox,
But when you gan in you would think it a hoax,
For so lean and so haggard appears all the crabs,
You woul swear that for weeks they had nout a their bags.

O poor crabby, &c.

Ould crabby declares that the teetotal band,
If allowed to gan on will put them to a stand;
For the yell in the cellar they canna get sould,
It stands in the tap till its both sour and ould.

O poor crabby, &c.

With some wholesome advice now my song I will end,
And I hope the crab family will strictly attend,
I'd advise them to give over the selling of drink,
That brings working men down to poverty's brink.

O poor crabby, &c.

Because she cannot have her way,
Her brave men would not go astray,
If we were all united.

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The work is all a standing still,
The next that stands will be the mill,
All trades are fast going down the hill,
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THE SIGN OF DUCROW.

WHAT changes take place in Newcastle!
Both in the high town and the low;
What new buildings and strange alterations,
Since the time boys to school we did go!—
There's new markets, playhouses, taverns,
And hotels well nigh to a score,
And as for their small Tom-and-Jerrys',
There's one almost every next door.

CHORUS.—Of all the gay signs in Newcastle,
There's none of them cuts such a show,
The Barley-mow's chang'd to five horses
And ridden by gallant Ducrow.

In Newcastle there's elegant paintings,
We know very well it is true,
With many good representations,
But none to compare with Ducrow.
You would think this true likeness was living,
When first it appears to your sight;
If you saw it you could not help gazing,
I'm sure, from morning till night.

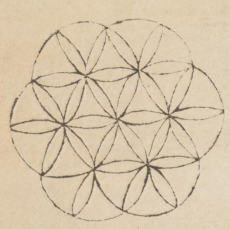
On the day when this sign they were hanging,
You'd have thought it was Purvis's show,
For the people in numbers came flocking,
To gaze and to hear and to know:
Some said the picture was bonny,
And others declar'd it was grand,
And many whose fancies it tickled,
Stepp'd into the house for a dram.

The outside appearance is nothing,
Compared with what is within,
The rooms all so neatly are painted—
The like in this town is not seen;
And a number of beautiful pictures
Are here represented to you,
Of horses, and ponies, and zebras,
That's really delightful to view.

The dealers in old coats and breeches,
Black puddings, and tripes, and old shoes,
And the lasses that sell pots and dishes,
Can tell you the whole of the news;
And whilst their blithe songs they are singing,
They'll tell you the whole that they know
Of the many great feats they've seen done
By the wonderful gallant Ducrow.

The landlord is hearty and civil,
And so is the mistress also—
They keep a good stock of malt liquor,
Good spirits, too, I'd have you know.
Then success to the Newcastle landlords,
In both the high town and the low,
And long may they prosper and flourish,
That keeps the fair sign of Ducrow.

W. & T. Fordyce, Printers, Dean Street, Newcastle.



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Then she clept her arms round [illegible]

THE

CRABBY PUBLICAN.

A small town in the north which I scarcely dare name,
There lives an old crab and his crabby dame,
And they keep a house that's licensed to sell
All kinds of strong drink, besides porter and yill.

O poor crabby I think he looks shabby,
No means he can use to get clear of his yell.

The auld dame's even yelpen and says the trade's bad,
And as for auld crab he's just like te gan mad;
He canna play the fiddle, or yet he can sing,
Nor use ony means for to draw the folks in.

O poor crabby, &c.

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O poor crabby, &c.



The FOX Caught

IN A BREWHOUSE;

Or, "HONESTY the best POLICY."

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.

TUNE—"Good morrow to your Night Cap."

OH! listen to my sad mishap,
While joking is in season;
They've caught Old RENNY in a trap,
And him depriv'd of reason.
'Twas just behind the Barley-Mow,
The foaming *Gile* he chanc'd to view,
"If Beer like VINCENT's I could brew,
"I'd have a roaring trade, man!

Out of a window oft he'd stretch
His nose abuin the steam, man;
But fand the *Gile* beyond his reach,
So hit upon a scheme, man:
To know the *heats* it was his wish,
So in the *Gile* he thought to fish,
And that wad be a dainty dish
For him, and nyen wad ken, man.

Like Fox in fable oft he look'd,
But fand he could'nt come at her,
At last for *fourteen bob*, he kook'd
A second-hand Thermometer;
He fasten'd to its end a cord,
Then let the thing right ower-board,
Syne drew her up without a word,
Ne'er luikin for a bite, man.

The Brewer often fand his Vat
Disturb'd, so chose to watch 'im;
For, by the bye, he smelt a rat,
If he could only catch him:
He came as soft as he could crawl,
And saw the cord hang down the wall,
Then made a cut—but, after all,
It got from him away, man.

"Now hang!" says he, "I'm fairly up
To RENNY's sly intention:"
So stapled down a spring Fox-trap,
But ne'er a word did mention.
Then to the window went himsel',
And saw exactly where it fell;—
'This scheme,' says he, 'must answer well;
'I'll catch him, never fear, man!'

'Twas on a Sunday morning fine,
When people were at prayers, man,
He came, and straight threw in his line,
Not dreading traps nor snares, man:
The line he fand grow hellish tight!
'Twas *Nick*, or else a *stony bite*.
Away he ran, in great affright,
And ne'er was heard of mair, man. *M.*

Newcastle: Marshall, Printer.

THE

SURPRIZING

ADVENTURES

OF

BOB SWINNIES;

Shewing how he discovered the Way to Wealth by drinking a Gill of Beer.

AW was gannin yen day alang the Keyside,
A waitin, ye ken, o' the turn o' the tide,
When aw met wi' a man, wha ga' me a bill,
An' ax'd if aw'd help him to swattle a gill.

As aw never object to tak a sup yell,
Aw went wi' the chep to the sign o' the Bell;
Thare we teuk a wee drop, but te stuff was se gud,
We seun suck'd it in, as te leeches suck blud.

Te mannie then tell'd me te leuk at te bill,
Whilk, he said, aw wad finnd was a fine goulden pill;
Aw open'd it seun, but as aw canna read,
Aw cuddent meak't out,—but 't was bonny indeed.

Thare was little lads fleein, wi' wings o' their backs,
Hearts, arrows, and pigeons,—but of a' their fine knacks,
Nowse aw ken'd se weel, nor pleas'd me se, hinnies!
As the bonny breet border o' fine yellow ginnies!

The mannie then sed, if aw wish'd to be tould,
Whare an' how aw meet get maist a Keel fu' o' Gould,
He wad put me up to 't, says aw, ma' hinnie do!
An' aw'll de as mickle, when aw can, mun, for you.

Te the Playhouse* then, laddie, said he, ye mun gan,
An' ax for fam'd Hummell,† for he is the man;
He can change ye your filler to gould in a crack,
An' for a few Shillins gie a Thousand Pund back.

Wey, Hinnie, says aw, aw ken Hummell fu' weel,
An' knaw him as beein a brave lucky chiel;
Te buy a wee share aw've times had a fancy,
An' yence thought te join iv a Sixteenth wi' Lancy.

However, as now aw've the filler meesel,
An' aw'd like t' exchange it for gould varry well,
Aw'll away buy a share at the awd lucky shop,
Whare the Prizes see often hae maed people hop.

A hop thare aw hope te hev next drawin day,
An' that's Weddensday first, the Lott'ry Folks say:
If aw get a Prize, an' can heuk a few Ginnies,
Then lang life to Mall, and her sweatheart, Bob Swinnies.

* As the Needle points to the North Pole, so the Distributor of Bills here pointed to the most *attractive* spot; for the Lottery Office, under the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, is undoubtedly the luckiest Provincial Office in his Majesty's dominions.

† *Hummell*, a corruption of HUMBLE, the Proprietor of the above Office, who has sold Prizes of 40,000l. 20,000l. 16,000l. 10,050l. 10,000l. 5,000l. 2,000l. 1,000l. &c. &c. to an incredible amount, and who hopes to sell many more.

Reason, v. RIGHT.

Tune—The Bold Dragoon.

WHEN Men were young, who now are old,
That is, some years ago;
The world in those days we are told,
Was never govern'd so
As now it is; for wrong or right
Poor men accomplish'd their desires,
They clad their back, and fill'd their kyte,
And made their sons and grand-sons "Squires."
Whack, fal, de ral, &c.

But sons and grand-sons, now they're rich,
Look down with pride and scorn,
On those whom Fortune—vicious Bitch—
Has left with empty horn;
They spurn the man—who wanting gold
Cannot show off—among the many;
Use arts, that shame but keeps untold,
To gripe the poor and turn the penny.
Whack, &c.

A Sprig of this detested clan,
Not many weeks ago,
(A humble copy of a Man,)
His cash was getting low;
My word, says he's a Bill at Sight,
'Gainst Poachers I'll lay Information,
My Dad's in the Commission,—*right!*
I'll shew a good Qua-li-fi-ca-tion!'
Whack, &c.

But witnesses are wanting—*right!*
Or else my end I'll lose;
I'll go to B——d's and order straight
A pair or two of Shoes—
He R——y saw—two or three more
With dogs: there could not well be fewer,
And one as I've been told before,
Resembled Mr. R——m's Brewer.'
Whack, &c.

Full arm'd with *proof presumptive*—thus
Unto the George he went,
And thought for all his pains and fuss
To pocket half the *rent*,
But B—— prov'd the land be ow'd,
That Jack was there by his desire;
So Shields, as well as Gateshead, show'd
The way to treat a wad be 'Squire!!
Whack! &c.

(Henderson, Printer.)

THE COLLIER BOY.

Yon starry light that rules the night
In yonder distant sky,
It sheds its bright and bonny light,
On thee my Collier Boy!

In silent flight o'er hills at night,
For rights with alloy;
It ne'er ask'd who wander'd past,
But lit my Collier Boy!

For all yon viewer scourges the hewer,
And robs him of his joy;
It shines as free and bright on thee,
My honest Collier Boy!

Away, away from light of day
To your toilsome labour hie,
And take the view of freemen now,
My gallant Collier Boy!

Away, away no longer stay,
For freedom live or die;
The heart that's true shall have its due,
My brave young Collier Boy!

Away my brave forsake thy grave,
Forget each slavish tie;
And raise a light an English might,
Be free my Collier Boy!

Be free, be free and let them see,
That Heaven's laws defy,
Their Baal shrine shall ne'er be mine.
My own young Collier Boy!

Thy father's gone, then on my son,
My heart shall beat with joy,
To see the foe in death laid low,
My own dear Collier Boy!

OUNT OF HERSELF
a Billy Oliver.

you see,
well;
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er wife is aw.
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er wife is aw.
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FRIEND

E CRUELTY
STERS TO
MEN.

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MINER'S RIGHT.

E MINERS' FRIEND.

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down to slavery.

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be redress'd;
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tyrant, &c.
will say,
way;
mine,
Tyne.
tyrant, &c.
URDY, Winlaton.

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FISH BETTY'S ACCOUNT OF HERSELF

A Parody on Billy Oliver.

Fish Betty is my nyem, you see,
In Camperdown aw dwell;
Now is'nt aw a clever lass
Altho' aw say't mysel'.
Sic a clever wife is aw.

There's not a wife in aw wor toon,
Can fight or scold wi' me;
Nor not a lass in Camperdown,
Can suit the men like me.
Sic a clever wife is aw.

And when to Chapel aw just gan.
To see if Cuddy's there;
Aw dress mysel se verra fine,
Lord, how wor neighbours stare.
Sic a clever wife is aw.

And then aw walk wi' sic an air,
Aw dazzle folk's eyes;
They think it's some great dowager,
That's coming in disguise.
Sic a clever wife is aw.

And when the folks in Chapel sit,
The nasty stinking varmint,
Aw knaw they're thinkin' mair o' me
Than ought about the sarmint.
Sic a clever wife is aw.

And when aw've heaved a sigh or twe,
For my awn canny Cuddy;
Aw think ne mair about my Mark,
For aw's baith fair an' ruddy.
Sic a clever wife is aw.

But since my lads aw've got to wark,
I'll get the master's praise;
So just about my Cud I'll think,
Nor mind the neighbours ways.
Sic a clever wife is aw.

MR ROBERTS THE PITMEN'S FRIEND

TUNE—"*William and Phillis.*"

Ye working-men of collieries attention pay to me,
And when I have done my verses with me you will agree,
That England's long gone down the hill it's time that it should rise,
If we had a few such men as Roberts it soon would then revive.

The gentlemen of England have long kept down the poor,
And bridged down all trades of every kind unto this very hour,
For want of such men as Roberts to look about our rights and dues,
For he's the man that will put them on their P's and Q's.

The Pitmen a few years ago good wages they have got,
Which made them biithe and happy and contented with their lot,
But by degrees they brought them down which caused them to say,
They would rather be transported and sent to Botany Bay.

Their oppression was so great they could not with it stand,
Which made them join in heart and voice likewise in hand and hand;
And meetings rose in different parts their rights for to unfold,
Then O'Connor thought of Roberts and his name unto them told.

Then to the north they brought him down their rights for to maintain,
To stop the tyrants of their tricks which no one could them blame;
For down below they venture where the darkness is enroll'd.
And the treasure they do work for their masters they do hold.

Now as for the New Thornley men it's Roberts has stood true,
He has stood as great a contest as not many more could do,
Four days in Durham he did stand, their trial for to gain,
And for to release these prisoners out of the city Gaol.

But their masters would not yield to them nor yet release the men,
So of to London Roberts went the trial to extend;
His men he took along with him the Queen's bench for to see,
And in less than half an hour his men with liberty were free.

Then the trial into chancery straightway did Roberts fling,
And his men to view the city then along with him did bring,
Then to O'Connor he did go, took with him every man,
And he treated them far better than the noblest in the land.

When back to Thornley they arrived their news for to unfold,
The nobest sights that they beheld unto their men they told,
With hearts rejoiced they danced and sung the music kept in tune,
And these men chaired round Thornley Streets all on that afternoon.

Now as for these poor Thornley men no one should on them frown.
For sticking out for their rights which ought to be thei own,
But we hope they will soon return again the time is drawing nigh
And the north coal trade revive again and away all tyranny fly.

Now the blacklegs I must give a rub before that I do end,
They will wish when we do get our rights they had been union men,
It is such as these blacklegs has caused all trades for to go down,
And caused thousands for to beg their bread and the rich on them to frown.

Now here's to Mr. Roberts for he's the Pitmen's friend,
He's worthy of his salary to make the tyrants bend,
Now may he live in unity and his men unto him cling
For to take all tyranny from them and out of themthe sting.

VERSES ON THE CRUELTY OF THE MASTERS TO THE PITMEN.

O Lord hear the poor Pitmen's cry,
Look down on us with pitying eye,
With heavy bondage are opprest,
And all our families are distrest.

Thou heard the Israelites of old,
And led them to a blessed fold,
Deliver us from slavery
And set the sons of Britain free.

In the dark pit where we are bound,
The iron hand of oppression's found,
Our labour's hard, our wages small,
Some days we work for nought at all.

As lions greedy of their prey,
They take our rights from us away,
To starvation we are driven,
Pale and wan we are ill thriven.

Our masters pinch us very sore,
We never felt such smart before,
They wish to have us completely ruin'd
And keep us tethered to the ground.

The Indian slaves for freedom groan,
We have a greater cause to moan,
You often pity slaves abroad,
But we have now a greater load.

Come O ye rulers of our land,
Pray take our cause into your hand,
Then let us have fair Briton's law
And save us from proud Pharoah's paw.

Beneath the harrow we are crushed,
Our blood lies mingled with the dust,
Regardless of our cries and groans,
They suck the marrow from our bones.

As cannibals they eat our flesh,
Their bellies swell to great excess,
To quench their thirst have drunk our blood,
And left us wallowing in the mud.

Does not the trumpet sound reform,
And are we not free Britons born,
We want to have a jubilee,
The slavish Pitmen now set free.

Our flesh pots now are stained with rust,
Our cupboards now without a crust,
The tears run from the mothers' eyes,
They cannot bear their children's cries.

Arise my brethren from the dust,
And in the Lord let's put our trust,
Then all our foes he will confound,
And in the sea proud Pharoah drown.

THE COLLIERY UNION.

By Elizabeth Gair, Collier's Wife.

Come all ye noble Colliery Lads,
Where'er you belong,
I pray you give attention
And you shall hear my song,
'Tis concerning of our Union Lads
For they have prov'd so true,
They have stood fast, man to man,
We must give them their due.

CHORUS.—So stick unto your Union,
And mind what Roberts say,
If you be guided by his word,
You'll surely win the day.

Little did the Masters think,
That you would stand so fast,
They thought that hunger it would bite,
You would give up at last;
But like the widow's Cruise of Meal,
That never did run out,
The Lord did send them fresh supplies,
That served them round about

The Masters they devised a plan,
Their Union for to break,
It only made the Colliery Lads
The firmer for to stick;
For when they thought upon the time
That they'd been bit before,
Before that they would go to work,
They would beg from door to door.

Then for to get the pits to work
They have tried every plan,
Both Scotch and Irish they have brought,
And every Countryman;
But all the Coals that they have got
Have cost them double pay,
Cheer up your hearts, ye Colliery Lad
You're sure to win the day.

Success to your commander,
And Roberts is his name,
Since he has prov'd so loyal,
We'll spread about his fame;
Cheer up your hearts, ye Colliery Lads,
He'll not leave you alone,
After he has eat the meat,
He will give them the bone.

Let's not forget young Beesley,
A man of wit possessed,
He's gain'd the Country's favour,
For he has stood the test;
And let your day be e'er so dull,
You'll see the rising sun,
For they will gain your victory
Without either sword or gun.

THE MINERS' FRIEND.

Dear shades of my Fathers! sad thoughts now oppress me,
When I think on the times when you lov'd and were free;
Now your descendants are bound down by tyranny,
To keep us in slavery our masters agree.

But by the Almighty that rules the Creation,
We swear that no longer their fetters we'll wear:
And let them give ear, 'tis the voice of a Nation!
Let justice take place, and let tyranny forbear.

'Tis true that the curse to labour hath bound us,
All we want is to labour and work for our bread;
That all may live happy and free that surround us;
That all may be clothed, and that all may be fed.

But altho' our labour brings wealth in profusion,
To our masters that they may in luxury live;
Their sordid minds cling to the phantom delusion
That we are beholden to them what they give.

But we know our just rights, and we now will maintain them,
Return the great blow they have aim'd at our heads;
With those evils we'll grapple while evils are in them,
Or for principle perish as martyrs have bled.

Then cheer up brave Miners, the day's not far distant,
When victory will crown us in this our just cause;
Let your hearts and your voices respond now this instant,
And the world while admiring will give you applause.

Framwellgate Moor. W. JOHNSON.

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THE MINER'S RIGHT.

On the eighteenth of March eighteen hundred and forty three,
The pitmen of the Tyne and Wear were bound down to slavery.

CHORUS.

The tyrant coal viewer that lives by his prey,
Right shall beat might and drive tyranny away ;
They have turned the poor pitmen headlong to the door,
This is their last shift for they can do no more.

But now the word is spread through the breadth of our land,
That the Tyne, Wear, and Tees men are all at a stand.
The tyrant, &c.

The keekers and banksmen they do us no good,
For they lay-out and set-out the fifth part of our tubs ;
The viewers they have all the rest at their command,
The pitmen supports them as I understand.
The tyrant, &c.

Neither laid-out nor set-out shall stand in our bill,
For both round and small in the tub we shall fill ;
Eight hours and no longer we'll stop in the mine,
Then we will come to bank without fear of a fine.
The tyrant, &c.

The guarantee clause I find it will do,
Is fifteen per week when we go down to hew ;
And instead of twelve hours the boys shall have ten
To gain useful knowledge to make them walk like men.
The tyrant, &c.

The miners have struck for they've long been oppress'd,
And no more will they work till their wrongs be redress'd ;
Then cheer up brave miners and stand man to man,
For Roberts and Beesley will do all they can.
The tyrant, &c.

Now you see what we want, and I think you will say,
That the miners are asking nought out of the way ;
Come all you good friends help the sons of the mine,
And cheer the brave lads of Tees, Wear, and Tyne.
The tyrant, &c.

JAMES PURDY, Winlaton.

THE

MINER'S PRAYER.

COMMON METRE.

Thou, Lord, dost make the meanest soul
An object of thy care;
Regard the feeling of my heart,
And hear the Miner's prayer.

The Saviour died upon the cross,
My sins and grief to bear,
For his sake, Lord, turn not away,
But hear the Miner's prayer.

Arise my soul from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
God calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread the Miner's prayer.

Ours was a wretched state exposed
To men and angels' view;
A slave to man, a slave to sin,
A slave to satan too.

Father, thy long lost child receive,
Saviour, thy purchase own,
Blest comforter with peace and joy,
Thy waiting creature own.

Whose God is like the christian's God,
Who can with him compare?
He has compassion on my soul,
And hears the Miner's prayer.

In heaven the land of glory lies;
If I should enter there,
I'll tell the saints and angels too,
Thou heard'st the Miner's prayer.

This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

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  And trust and praise the Lord.

THE

PITMEN'S UNION.

To our complaints give ear,
While we our case relate;
To you it must appear,
That our distress is great.
To our petitions now attend,
And show that you're the Pitmen's friend.

In Union we are join'd,
Up for our rights to stand;
Our masters are combin'd,
To use the tyrant's hand;
They long to see our Union end,
Which shows they're not the Pitmen's friend.

Our Union gives offence;
If they its end could see,
All men of common sense,
Know what our state would be.
Help us our Union to defend,
And show yourselves the Pitmen's friend.

You all must understand,
That we indeed are poor;
Many, by wicked hands,
Are turned to the door.
Who, who, the helpless will defend,
And show themselves the Pitmen's friend?

Long, long, may Mr. Roberts live;
Long may our Union last;
May God our souls receive.
When all our toils are past.
O, may we all to Heaven ascend,
And reign with Christ, the Pitmen's friend.

THE PITMEN'S DISGUST TO THE MONTHLY BOND.

Ye Miners all both great and small,
I pray you give attention,
And with me don't agree
To that diabolical invention.

The monthly bond I mean to say,
Which at Derwent was suggested,
And thro' the colliery found its way
To the Coal Office to be discussed.

There the great Sanhedrim sits
In council to devise this plan,
The monthly bond says one is it
That will dissolve the Union.

Poor mortals themselves deceive,
Thinking that should be the case,
For it has cemented us we believe,
And increased our Union on a space.

But we are aware what will occur,
If that on us they should enforce,
There'll be no money but truck store,
And likely we will get the worse.

Besides our men will have to walk
If they incur the least displeasure,
And through the country they may talk,
Without relief in any measure.

Should we agree to that infernal thing,
We with our families shall lament,
It will misery and destitution bring,
In finding houses and paying rent.

On us they will the fines enlarge
Should we submit unto this plan,
Of every comfort we will be debard,
Of our rights as labouring men.

But we will never more be gulled,
Or wronged or cheated by those knaves,
But have our liberty to the full,
And not submit to be their slaves.

Servants we intend to be,
Our rights of labour to defend,
And things that's wrong which we see,
In future we intend to mend.

THE PITMEN

DETERMINED TO BE FREE.

—o—

Come all good people lend an ear
And listen unto me,
And of our wrongs you soon shall hear,
Likewise our misery.

We've dragg'd the chains of slavery
For many years you know,
And now that we wish to be free
Is the cause of all our woe.

Our iron-hearted masters
Have used us very ill,
And had we thought fit to submit
They would oppress'd us still.

But now we're joined in union,
We brave sons of the mine,
And we soon shall conquer the tyrants
Of the Tees, Wear, and the Tyne.

They've long kept us in slavery,
But now we'll let them see,
If it should cost some of our lives,
We're determined to be free.

They've driven us from our dwellings
To camp all in the field;
But we will let the tyrants see
That we'll die before we'll yield.

Now seventeen weeks we've been on strike,
And still we're standing true,
But just a handful of dislike,—
I mean the blackleg crew.

But every dog will have his day,
And so will blacklegs too;
We'll very soon cry hurrah, hurrah,
At the downfall of that crew.

W. N.

THE

MINERS' COMPLAINT.

On the twenty fifth of November last,
We Thornley men did strike;
Our masters they did rob us,—
We knew it was not right.

CHORUS.

Cheer up, my lads, for Roberts is bold,
And well defends our cause;
For such a drubbing he's gi'en them
With their own class-made laws.

We went unto the Magistrates,
Of our masters to complain,
The Magistrates made this reply—
The entreaties are in vain.

Then we sent unto our Advocate,
Whose counsel we do prize,
He bade us turn to work again,—
Thus did he us advise.

The boxes on the bank were placed,
Each man his rights to get;
But when the men returned from work,
Great numbers were in debt.

Then the men they all resolved,
That this they would not stand;
Before this tyranny they'd bear,
They would leave their native land.

This oppression they have borne,
Of it they did complain,
And oft unto our masters went,
But it was all in vain.

The police then came to town,
To drag our men away;
They pounced upon poor Lumsdon,
And seized him for their prey.

Our men proved Britons bold,
And set our brother free;
A glorious victory we achieved,
As you may clearly see.

Now to conclude and finish,
It's here we make an end;
Here's a health to Mr. Roberts,
For he's proved the Miner's friend.

A NEW SONG, CALLED THE

WONDERFUL SHAVER,

OR TOM R—D—N'S LIFE.

COME all you good people and listen to my song,
While I sketch a story concerning Shaving Tom,
He is a cunning shaver, a barber from the west,
Of all the people e'er he shaved, did Thronley men the best.

CHORUS.

He is a cunning shaver, a barber from the west,
Of all the people e'er he shaved, did Thornley men the best.

He shaved them at Hartlepool, he shaved them at Seaham,
But when he went to Sunderland he shaved by steam;
He shaved them at Cleadon, he shaved them at Shields,
Then went unto Newcastle and shaved in the keels.

O, poor Tom the shaver! you have lost all your store,
By playing at the card-table, you must shave for more;
He shaved them at Bedlington, he shaved them at Blyth,
Then took a trip, all in a ship, with cash from the Beehive.

He shaved them on the Tyne and Wear, he shaved them on the Tees,
And on his passage to Brazil, he shaved them on the seas;
He shaved at Newcastle market, he shaved in the shops,
And when he came on the Quayside, he shaved some mutton chops.

Now for your cheating Thornley men, you never will have peace,
You have just another class to shave, that is the new police;
You met a woman on the road, and said "we'll have a glass dear Bella,"
The reckoning she had to pay, and you stole her umbrella.

Its oh! poor Tom the shaver, what can you get to do?
You're forced to come to Thornley to join the black-leg crew;
Now, Tom, I'd have you to repent, while on this earth you dwell,
If this wicked course you do pursue, you'll have to shave in h—l.

TYNEMOUTH
IN AN UPROAR,
OR THE
Enchanted Castle.

You talk of the wonderful wonders of yore,
When Aaron the breastplate so wonderful wore,
But hold your proud jargon, they're nothing 'tis granted
To ours, since we found out that Tynemouth's enchanted.
To my fal, lal, &c.

Vast numbers are flocking from far and from near,
To see the great wonder which soon will appear;
Even Tynemouth's old castle to Westoe transplanted,
And the palace rise up, which the fairies enchanted.
To my fal, lal, &c.

There's plenty of money in jingling man's cave,
To make a great king of a beggarly knave;
And tho' 'tis defended by thirteen old witches,
The Swede is the boy to destroy the black b—hes.
To my fal, lal, &c.

When clouds of grim darkness are hovering round,
He mounts the dead carriage and dives under-ground;
He's grown so well acquainted with goblings and fairies,
That to mark their manœuvres his pulse never varies.
To my fal, lal, &c.

From a cave at Newcastle vast treasure he stole,
And hid it securely in jingling man's hole;
Two men went to dig for't, elated, you're sure,
But still ere they touch'd it, the fairy sunk't lower.
To my fal, lal, &c.

He promis'd three women as much of the gold,
If they would but go for't, as their houses would hold;
But, alas! they delay'd, making wisps for the head,
Till the sun was gone down, and the fairies in bed.
To my fal, lal, &c.

The old wife sat roasting her shins by the ingle,
Expecting each moment to hear the gold jingle;
But when they return'd empty-handed, she cried,
"Od rot you for saunt'ring, and losing your tide."
To my fal, lal, &c.

Tho' the landlords of Tynemouth increase in their trade,
Alas! the poor people are greatly afraid;
On their pillows they scarcely dare venture a nap,
Terrified they go down, when the palace comes up.
To my fal, lal, &c.

The fish wives are trembling, with half open gabs,
Afraid they be turn'd into lobsters or crabs;
And then what a pity we should ne'er see them more,
'Till the enchanted pistol resounds from the shore.
To my fal, lal, &c.

Some heathenish scholars, whose brains are but small,
Would have us to think that there's nothing at all;
But I wot they'll be blonk'd, when the enchantment's broke,
And the light-house is dancing with Gibraltar rock.
To my fal, lal, &c.

POLLOCK, PRINTER, NORTH SHIELDS.

A NEW SONG,
CALLED THE
ODD FELLOWS,
IN REFERENCE TO THE LATE
Procession at Hewarth Shore.

TUNE—Battle of Sheriff-muir.

'Twas famous fun at HEWORTH SHORE,
To see't ODD FELLOWS walk, man;
The flute and fiddle went before,
Behind the croud did stalk, man;
Some of them scarlet mantles wore,
And each a rod of honour bore,
As they march'd oddly down the shore;
The juggling swain was in the train,
Who did disdain the axe and plane,
T' astonish simple folk, man.

Then all being anxious for the play,
The room did quickly fill, man;
Sixpence a piece they had to pay,
To see the juggler's skill man;
The cups and balls he acted well,
And chang'd the cards that few could tell
But he employ'd some magic spell;
The gazing train, extoll'd the swain,
Who did disdain the axe and plane,
The world with sleight to fill, man.

He stopp'd the watch, and made it go,
And fried the pancakes nice, man;
The chicken's neck, tho' chopp'd in two,
Was joined in a trice, man.
When paper puppets 'gan to dance,
My eyes did on his fingers glance,
To mark how neat he made them prance;
While all again extoll'd the swain,
Who did disdain the axe and plane,
To charm Odd Fellow's eyes, man.

Then on the floor he made a bow,
And exercis'd his wit, man;
Spoke English, Scotch, and Irish too,
And bluntly like a pit-man;
As quick as light'ning he could change,
From pitman's phrase to Scotch and French;
And many thought it very strange,
Which made them strain their throats again,
To praise the swain, who did disdain
The axe and plane for it, man.

Then while the music sweetly play'd,
He sang a funny song, man;
The company laugh'd at what he said,
And did not think it long, man;
To finish all he did relate,
How Hoaky serv'd the magistrate,
And shaun'd him with his foolish prate;
While all again, extoll'd the swain,
Who did disdain the axe and plane,
To please the gaping throng, man.

John Barley-Corn reviv'd the pranks,
The Union Pipes did play, man;
The tailor plied his spindle shanks,
And tapp'd the tune away, man.
To end my song, I bid adieu,
To all Odd Fellows, and to you,
Who know what I relate is true;
Who did disdain, the axe and plane,
Dexterity to display, man.

Pollock, Printer, 15, Union-Street, North Shields.

Wreckington Hiring.
A NEW SONG.

Jen and Sal and Frank,
Were up to the fair on Aylon Banks;
Says Jen "I warrant we'll see some fun,
This day on Gateshead Fell, man.
O but it was very funny.

Very very very funny,
Very very very ready money,
Every sark on Gateshead Fell, man.

Kmen will their lovers meet,
The lads will their lasses treat,
O what a merry day and night,
We'll have on Gateshead Fell, man.
O but, &c.

What's all this noise says Jen to Jem
Roll up, roll up, walk in, says he grins,
Yan pahnet fleet, and yan frae the south from eer to eet, man.
Hell fire, &c.
O but, &c.

Here's sweet perley and civil will,
Kmen down all in the well,
One shoe is over old to sell,
And the other down at heel, man.
O but, &c.

The folks came flocking up from Shields,
In the steam cart with a' their bonny bairns,
And all the Potters from Ballast Hills,
To the fair on Ayton Banks, man.
O but, &c.

Lots of lads that work in pits,
Thousands more that drive the tiz,
And sailor lads that work the ships,
And carries the coals away, man.
O but, &c.

Keelmen and casters off they go,
Some work aloft some down below,
Newcastle trade is a' the go,
And here to Wreckington Hiring, man.
O but, &c.

We went forgetions off they set;
If there's twice or thrice you need not doubt,
They'll board him on the Fell, man.
O but &c.

There's Peg-leg with her timber toe,
The Royal George and all the crew,
And spanking Nell frae yan the sea,
Will cruise upon the Fell, man.
O but, &c.

As we were coming home you see
By chance we heard a fiddle play,
We cuss went just for a spree,
Come Joe we'll have a jig, man.'
O but, &c.

The fiddler play'd up Johny Cope,
And Joe he did give such a loup,
That down he crate upon his croup,
Full slap upon the floor, jamb.
O but, &c.

Then Joe he rose up rubbing his rump,
Says Frank "I think that's a fearful thump,
Says Joe I never more will jump,
To go with Wreckington Hiring, man."
O but, &c.

HELL'S KITCHEN
A NEW NEWCASTLE SONG.

Then Joe he rose up furious,
Says Frank, 'but that's a fearful thump,'
Says Joe, 'I never more will jump,
So up with Wrekington Hurrig, man.'
&c. &c. &c.

HELL'S KITCHEN

A NEW NEWCASTLE SONG.

TUNE—SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

IT'S not of loves, nor shady groves, nor beauty's self to tease ye,
Nor is't in praise of jubilee days, with speeches smooth and easy;
Nor is't of wars alarms I sing, for quarrels I'm not itching,
My muse she harps another string, and warbles in Hell's Kitchen.

Here's old and young, and deaf, and dumb, the blind, the lame, and lazy;
Here's Daniel, hot from Vulcan's den, and Donald, they count crazy;
Both far and near they here resort, this spot seems so bewitching,
To spend their quart, and see the sport going forward in Hell's Kitchen.

Here's fishwives with their stinking fish, crabs and lobsters crawling,
Here's sweeps in rags, and sooty bags, loud, loud for drink are bawling;
Some roaring loud of Nelson's deeds, our foes he oft did twitch them,
And some sing here for want of bread, tho' mortal, in Hell's Kitchen.

Should your beds want filling, I fill, cries Poll, with chaff instead of feathers
Or should your chin, of hair want thin'd, there's E—— the kitchen barber,
Or Bambro' cakes, I will, cries Jack, your money down be pitching,
And then for talk, the Jew, and Duck, bamboozels all Hell's Kitchen.

With dirt and snuff, and face quite bluff, and many a curious caper,
In the corner's set, with a greasy hat, the Prince of Cat-gut scrapers,
With his old violin, and worsted string, he sets her gals a screeching,
Till old and young, charm'd with the tune, join dancing in Hell's Kitchen.

All sorts of mirth with glee goes forth, drinking, dancing, fighting,
Some with no legs but wooden pegs, beats time to mak't delighting;
Dogs on ye Bob, the Bishop cries, gies England's hope sas touching,
We'll chorus Britain to the skies, and silence all Hell's Kitchen.

Long may this merry motley group, have mirth and music plenty,
And money flush to pay their shot, for Satan's drink so dainty;
With hearts ne'er sad, tho' thinly clad, let Jonny B——s be preaching,
Then come what will, our skins we'll fill, with liquor at Hell's Kitchen.

This house so fam'd, B—k H— nam'd, Prince Belzibub's fam'd courser
The liquor's fine, next to divine, and Ch———n he's our purser;
Then chorus all both great and small, your music don't be pinching;
In Newcastle's praise, your voices raise, where flourishes Hell's Kitchen.

W. Thompson, Printer, Close, Newcastle.



Westminster is Full OF WIGS

Printed and sold by J. Pitts Great st. Andrew Street Seven Dials

WESTMINSTER is full of wigs,
Lawyers heads, and briefs and bags,
Lords and Commons, gowns and rags,
Silks and satins, rogues and nags,
Covent garden, Drury Lane,
Piccadilly, Hyde Park Corner,
Piccadilly's very long,
Coaches soon will go by steam,
Fly-boy's gin is very strong,
Piccadilly's very long.

Temple Bar is very neat,
Flowers on it all the year,
Blackfriars is a pretty street,
The second turning on the right,
Ludgate hill you ha'dly can
Pass for shops and crowds such store,
You never saw the like before.

St. Paul's is just behind Queen Ann,
The Thames makes better beer than rain,
The ury's in St. George's field
Lottery's they never puff
Lumber Row-street leads from Carlton house
and saloons dat's full enough
Oats for bucks is all the go.

Little Fitzis quite a show,
He's very glad you like his song,
By tol de rol &c.
By tol de rol &c.
By tol de rol &c.
By tol de rol &c.

Mansion House, and Change and Bank,
London bridge and Wapping Wall,
Hackney coaches very full,
The Monument is very tall,
Pepper-alley Pudding-lane,
And Saffron hill much fragrance yield,

Monument is very tall,
Pepper-alley Pudding-lane,
And Saffron hill much fragrance yield,
The Thames makes better beer than rain,
The ury's in St. George's field
Lottery's they never puff
Lumber Row-street leads from Carlton house
and saloons dat's full enough
Oats for bucks is all the go.

Piccadilly's very long,
He's very glad you like his song,
By tol de rol &c.
Coaches soon will go by steam,
Fly-boy's gin is very strong,
Piccadilly's very long.



Poverty's no Sin,

Printed at J. Pitts, Wholesale Toy Warehouse, 6, Great st. Andrew street, 7 dials

POOR Kate with nosegay basket trim,
Went forth a plaining cry
Her varied flowers round the brim,
But heedless past the giddy throng,
In vain she hop'd to win
She sigh'd and held her basket low
Sure Poverty's no sin

She silent grieves but perseveres
By honest means to end her fear
A brute who saw the child so drear,
Grew impudent and bold
By force he prest this modest maid
Who struggl'd blush'd and frowning cry'd
Sure Poverty's no sin

Tom Truelove flash'd with golden ore
His constant gill he knew
Just cry'd 'this girl shall be my whore'
To her relief her form on shore
His cudgel laid the assailant low
While Tom did thus begin
D'ys mind me lubber don t ye know
That Poverty's no sin

Then bore his prize with love and pride
And sought his cottering arm
And shield her from the blustering wind
By sails says Tom shall warm
But cheer my lass the breeze is kind
For Poverty's no sin

Kate told him all her friends were dead
And she distrest and low
As the cheat enough is said
He left her all her woe
Here take this gold, its all your own
'Twas you that gain'd it now
I have fought for you and you alone
Why Poverty's no sin

Rigg'd out like a lady Kate next day
Was made by Tom a wife
And cheerily passes life away
They know no care or strife
To our thespian tell their grief,
We'll ne'er be cold to you
She says and always gladly said
That Poverty's no sin.

THE

Newcastle Hoax!

OR,

THE BUTLER'S ALARM.

By JAMES MORRISON.

ONE morning some fellows, " with roguish intent,"
On an Alderman's house made a daring attempt;
But alarming the Butler, with fury inspir'd,
He ran for a pistol, and at the thieves fir'd.
Fal de ral la, &c.

He said, " As a fellow was climbing the wall,
" I'm certain I hit him with my pistol ball;
" And yourselves ye may judge, he came down in a crush,
" For see how he's damag'd that cur'n'berry bush."
Fal de ral la, &c.

At day-light folks went to see how it had been;
That he'd shot the rascal quite clearly was seen:
For at the outside, where the villains had stood,
There was a stone flag fairly cover'd with blood.
Fal de ral la, &c.

Then all the Town Sergeants were sent round the town,
And hand-bills directly were stuck up and down,
Saying, " Living or dead, if he only be found,
" Whoever can find him will get fifty pound."
Fal de ral la, &c.

But long did the Sergeants and Constables watch,
And yet neither living nor dead could they catch;
Till they happen'd to find that this valiant warrior,
Only two days before bought some blood of a farrier.
Fal de ral la, &c.

Now this simple thing brought all others about,
And the valiant Butler was fairly found out;
For the place where he said he had spill'd the thief's blood,
By himself had been sprinkled, 'twas well understood.
Fal de ral la, &c.

He'd started and next torn the glass off the wall,
And pull'd down the bush where the thief had to fall;
Then fir'd at the wall, with a heart like a lion,
And he said, " heard the groans of the fellow when dying."
Fal de ral la, &c.

Then the next day he told a most plausible tale—
Yet still his fine scheme altogether did fail.
But to finish the subject,—you see then, good folks,
This " most daring Robbery" was only a—Hoax.
Fal de ral la, &c.

Marshall, Printer, Newcastle. PRICE ONE PENNY.

Hetton Coals.

A NEW SONG.

Hetton-Main coal now is won,
We'll a' get drunk till we fall down;
The water is het we a' weel knaw,
But we'll tub her back without a flaw.
Hetton coal is very bonny,
Hetton coal is best of ony;
The water is het we a' weel knaw,
But we'll tub her back without a flaw.

Hetton-Main coal is round and good,
It takes neither chips nor wood;
But makes a fire both brisk and braw,
Hetton coal it bangs them a'.
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

Our master Cockrine he comes te,
'Lads you've won the colliery for me,
Good ale and beer you shall drink round,'
And we'll a' get drunk in Hetton town.
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

Our machines they're strong and good,
They're made of good metal and of wood;
And they're weel man'd se weel we knaw,
Hetton lads they bang them a'.
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

Jowsey he comes swearing in,
'Smash her down lads to the seam;'
The seam is good se weel we knaw,
Hetton coal it bangs them a'.
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

Hopper and Stephenson did say
'Sharp your picks and hew away;
Carve them round and make ne sma;
For Hetton coal it bangs them a',
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

Hetton colliery now is won,
The waggon-way and a' is done;
The coals are shipping every day,
Amang them a' they bear the sway.
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

Nesham's colliery and Lord Steward's te,
Our owners can win a' the three;
The coals they sell without delay,
Hetton owners carries the day.
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

Now to conclude and make an end,
Of these few lines which Jowsey pen'd;
Amang them a' in Wear or Tyne,
Hetton owners takes the shine.
Hetton coal is very bonny, &c.

Stephenson



CAPPY;

OR,

The Pitman's Dog.

In a Town near Newcassel a Pitman did dwell,
Wi' a wife an' seven bairns, five lads an' twa gell,
A dog, called Cappy, he did keep,
Because he was left him by great Uncle Tom;
Weel bred Cappy, famous and Cappy, Cappy's the dog, Tallio, Tallio.

His tail pitcher-handled, his colour jet black,
Just a foot and a half was the length of his back,
His legs seven inches frev shoulders to paws,
And his lugs like twee dockins hung over his jaws;
Weel bred Cappy, &c.

For huntin of varmin reet cliver was he,
Coul'd like house frev a robbers his bark wad keep free;
Coul'd like bread to carry: coul'd sit on a stul,
Or when frisky wad like mense wee cuts in a pul;
Weel bred Cappy, &c.

As Ralphy to market one morn did repair,
In his hat-band a pipe, and weel owre'd wi' the hair,
Over his airm hung a basket, thus onward he speels,
And enter'd Newcassel wi' Cap at his heels:
Weel bred Cappy, &c.

He hadent got farther than foot o' the Side,
Before he fell in with the dog killin tribe:
When a highwayman fellow slipt round in a crack,
And a thump o' the skull laid him flat on his back,
Down went Cappy, &c.

Now Ralphy acrosses'd, Cap's fate did repine,
While the eyes like twee little pyerl buttons did shine:
He has on a sudden a fury, he grew,
Cries, God smash, but I'se be neighbour to you:
For knocking down Cappy, &c.

Then this grim lurking fellow his bludgeon he rais'd,
When Ralphy ey'd Cappy, and then smid and gaz'd,
But fearin beside him he might be laid down,
Threw him into the basket and bang'd out of town;
Away went Cappy, &c.

He breethless gat hyem, and when liftin the sneck,
His wife exclaim'd "Ralphy thou's sun gettin back,"
"Gettin back," replied Ralphy, "I wish I'd ne'er gyen,
In Newcassel they're fellin dogs, lasses, and men;
They've knock'd down Cappy, &c.

If I gan to Newcassel when comes wor pay week,
I'll keep him in eggyes by the patch on his cheek,
Or if he enters wor house with his tricks,
Weel thump him about till he's black as owd Nick;
For killin and Cappy, &c.

Wiv tears in her e'e, Peggy heard his sad tale,
While Ralph wiv confusion and terror grew pale;
But while his transactions they were taukin ower,
He crap out o' the basket quite brisk o' the hoor:
Weel done Cappy, &c.

Pollock, Printer, North Shields.

X Y Z at Newcastle Races;

OR, PITMEN'S LUCK.

SMASH! Jemmy, let us buſs, we'll off,
And ſee Newcaſſel Races;
Set Dick the Trapper for ſome ſyep,
We'll ſeun weſh a' wor faces.
There's ne'er a lad in Percy Main
Be bet this day for five or ten;
Wor pockets lin'd wiv notes an' caſh,
Amang the cheps we'll cut a daſh:
For X Y Z, that bonny ſteed,
He bangs them a' for pith an' ſpeed.
He's ſure to win the Cup, man.

We reach'd the Moor wi' fairiſh tews,
When they were gaun to ſtart, man;
We gav a fellow tuppence each
To ſtand upon a cart, man:
The bets flew round fra ſide te ſide;
"The field agyan X Y!" they cried:
We'd hardly time to lay them aw,
When in he cam—hurraw! hurraw!
"Gad ſmaſh!" ſays I, "X Y's the ſteed,
"He bangs them a' for pith an' ſpeed,
"We never ſeed the like, man."

ext, to the tents we hied, te get
Sum ſtuffin for wor bags, man,
Wi' fleſh we gaily pang'd wor hides—
Smoak'd nowſe but patten ſhag, man:
While rum an' brandy ſoak'd our chop,
We'd Jackey an' fine ginger pop;
We gat what meyd us winkin blin'—
When drunkey aw began te ſing—
"Od ſmaſh! X Y, that bonny ſteed,
"Thou bangs them a' for pith an' ſpeed,
"We never ſee'd the like, man.

Next, up amang the ſhows we gat,
Where folks aw ſtood i' flocks, man,
To ſee a chep play Bob an' Joan
Upon a wooden box, man;
While bairns and muſic fill'd the ſtage,
An' ſome, by gox! were grim wi' age:
When next au'd grin, a poney brout,
Cou'd tell at yence what people thowt!
"Od ſmaſh!" ſays I, "if he's the breed
"Of X Y Z, that bonny ſteed,
"Thou never ſee'd his like, man."

But haud, when we cam' to the toon,
What thinks tou we ſaw there, man?
We ſee'd a Blackey puffin, ſweeten,
Sucking in freſh air, man;
They ſaid that he could fell an ox—
His name was fighting Mulinox:
But ere he fit another round,
His marrow fell'd him te the ground.
"Od ſmaſh!" "ſays I, "if thou's ſee breed
"As X Y Z, that bonny ſteed,
"Thou never ſee'd his like, man."

Next, 'board the Steemer Boat we gat,
A laddie rang a bell, man;
We hadn't ſitten verra lang,
Till baith aſleep we fell, man:
But the noiſe ſeun meyd poor Jemmy ſtart—
He thowt 'twas time to gan to wark,
For pick an' hoggers roar'd out he—
And meyd ſec noiſe it waken'd me.
"Od ſmaſh!" ſays I, "X Y's the ſteed,
"He bangs them a' for pith and ſpeed,
"Aw never ſee'd his like, man."

When landed, ſtraight off hame aw gans,
An' thunners at the door, man;
The bairns lap ower the bed wi' fright,
Fell ſmack upon the floor, man:
But to gar the wifey haud her tongue,
Show'd her the kelter aw had won;
She with a cinder brunt her toes,
An' little Jacob broke his noſe—
The braſs aw've getten at the race
Will buy a patch for Jacob's face,—
So now my ſang is done, man.

Marſhall, Printer, Newcaſtle.



Rocks of Scilly.

Printed and Sold by T. Evans, 79, Long-lane.

COME all you ſeamen ſtout and bold,
That plough the raging main,
Come liſten to my tragedy,
Since I have releas'd your pain;
I parted from my Polly dear,
The girl whom I adore,
And commanded I was on the ocean wide,
Where lofty billows roar.

Firſt to the Weſt Indies we were bound,
Our gallant ſhip to ſteer,
And all the time that I ſail'd on,
I thought of my Polly dear;
Sometims up aloft ſometimes on deck,
Sometimes down below,
The thoughts of my Polly run in my mind,
Love did torment me ſo.

Up aloft, up aloft, our captain cry'd,
And the firſt that does ſpy land,
Full well rewarded he ſhall be,
With fifty pound in hand;
Up aloft, up aloft, our captain cry'd,
To the maintop maſt ſo high,
We looked all around with wat'ry eyes,
Neither light nor land could ſpy.

But being on the foremaſt of the ſhip,
A light I by chance did ſpy,
Cheer on, cheer on, before the wind,
Some harbour we are nigh;
Cheer on, cheer, on before the wind,
Hopeing all danger paſt,
But we, poor ſouls, that very night,
On the rocks of Scilly were caſt.

The very firſt crack our ſhip did give,
Aloud our captain cry'd,
The Lord have mercy on our ſouls,
We in the deep muſt lie;
Out of five hundred bold ſeamen,
But four of us came on ſhore,
Our gallant ſhip in pieces ſplit,
And never was ſeen any more.

When this ſad news to plymoth came,
Our gallant ſhip was loſt,
Cauſed many a gallant ſeamen bold
To lament for our cauſe;
Poor Polly was left for to lament
The loſs of her ſweetheart,
'Twas the raging ſea and the ſtormy wind
That cauſed my love and I to part.

THE TORIES!

Who taught us first to feel the weight
Of taxes, ruinous and great,
To satisfy a hungry state?
The Tories!

Who purchas'd fame by sums untold,
Increas'd "the Debt," a hundred fold,
And spent for glory half the gold?
The Tories!

Who tax'd the light of day for spite,
And tax'd our candles too at night,
For why?—because they *hated light!*
The Tories!

Who hired informers—dire disgrace!
And pensioned all the venal race,
With ladies' maids, too, out of place?
The Tories!

Who, to secure their pomp and sway,
Drove Commerce and Industry away,
Taxing the Poor Man's Loaf, (disastrous day!)
The Tories!

Who, when Reform was in the wind,
Would, by their puny efforts, bind
The blast,—and stay "the march of mind?"
The Tories!

Who, lust of power makes wondrous civil,
In Downing-street would gladly revel,
And to gain place would feast the devil?
The Tories!

Who now with Britain's foes unite,
And towards Reformers direct their spite,
The patriot's fondest hopes to blight?
The Tories!

But who, though thus they agonize and brawl,
(As *once* they did in Southwark's Hall,)
Are destined utterly to fall?

THE TORIES:

BROTHER REFORMERS!——Let us have "a Long Pull, and a Strong Pull, and a Pull altogether;" then we shall follow the example of Southwark, by crushing the Tories; and set a noble Example to the whole Country.

WOOD, CRAWFORD, PATTISON, AND RUSSELL, FOR EVER!!

ONE CHEER MORE?

Maddox, Printer, Dockhead, Bermondsey

CITY OF LONDON ELECTION!!

A SONG FOR THE TIMES, 1852.

Doggrel Tune,—I once knew a Nigger.

I once knew a Lord and his name was little Jack,
But he's turned out very so so,
He had no honesty in his little nut,
In the place where honesty should grow,
So the people all groan and growl,
Little Jack he may cry and howl,
The Citizens no more will be sold by little Jack,
He must go where all shabby dogs go.

His pledges were as fair as any man's could be,
The Jew Bill he certainly would pass,
But he quickly changed his tone when saddled in his seat,
All his promises therein were but gas.
So the people &c.

A Letter he did write and he sent it to the "Times,"
Addressed it to a mighty great man,
The Bishop he was pleased, for 'twas full of fire and tow,
But it turned out a flash in the pan.
So the people &c.

The Customs and Excise upon Commerce is a curse,
And a bold and noble effort then was made,
The Merchants they no longer would be robbed in name and purse,
But little Jack kept the fetters upon Trade.
So the people &c.

But there is a noble Lord who has got a British heart,
All the people did love dear old Pam,
One fine Morning 'twas in March, how all of us did start,
To find he had been sold by this Jack Sham.
So the people &c.

But the people took his part and Pam was bold and true,
And our Queen also knew a good man,
So they quickly did unite, turned out all the precious crew
Who had vented all their malice upon Pam.
So the people &c.

I can't be first no more said shabby little Jack,
But I mean yet to spite poor old Pam,
So Graham shall be top, I the Foreign Sec. will be,
Isn't this very shabby of Jack Sham.
So the people &c.

Now Hayter, Jack's Man, to the Bank he went,
Where he sat three weeks like a hen,
The screw was on even Hankey cried,
Jack and (?) Duke are the Parlour Men.
So the people &c.

Jack has a good man at the Custom's Board,
Ned Saurin an Admiral long past,
He boldly threats if you turn out Jack,
All your Merchants he'll nail to the Mast.
So the people &c.

The Custom's Board has also a Spring,
For it must be wooden still,
So Rice declares that Jack shall sit,
If it costs an Exchequer Bill.
So the people &c.

Mat Foster is a man of Weight,
But what care we for that,
The City indeed, would deserve to be snubbed
If it took any heed of a rat.
So the people &c.

Then Railway Glyn he ran to Jack,
My Lord keep up your Pecker,
Your Seat is safe, if you promise to make
Me Chancellor of the Exchequer.
So the people &c.

But the Whigs may say that we must have little Jack,
Or like Burdett he a Tory yet will turn.
But what is that to us, from the City he shall pack
We are all of us Reformers firm.
So the people &c.

A cry went through the land that Reform it should be had,
Little Jack thereon had something for to say,
So he took the job in hand, and 'mongst other things as bad,
Once again gave us nobby schedule A.
So the people &c.

So it can't be too well known throughout this mighty land,
That the Citizens have given him the sack,
A rotten Borough yet, may be glad of him to stand,
But we'll have no more of little shabby Jack.
So the people all groan and growl,
Little Jack he may cry and howl,
The Citizens no more will be sold by little Jack,
He must go where all shabby dogs go.

HURRAH, FOR THE TORIES!

"England expects that every man this day will do his duty."

The Whigs, they may pander and fawn,
And talk of dear bread and starvation,
Your good sense will laugh them to scorn,
For what have they done for the nation?
Hurrah, for the Tories! encore!
Hasten on, Brother Blues, to the trial,
And go the whole Hog for the four—
Pirie, Masterman, Attwood, and Lyall.
Rum-ti-udity.

For Trade and for Commerce aloof,
They're foremost with talent to meet it;
What care we the price of a loaf,
If we have the money to get it,
Hurrah, for the Tories! &c.

The Whigs, in the gripe of their power,
Have neglected our Commerce and Trade;
And tax'd us, and starved all the poor,
Then gull them by crying "cheap bread."
Hurrah, for the Tories! &c.

Hope now yields a cheering display;
And beams like the fond eye of beauty;
For London shall see that this day
Her Freemen are staunch to their duty!
Hurrah, for the Tories! encore!

Printed and Published by R. G. IBBETT, 5, Maidenhead-ct., Aldersgate-st.

THE THREE TRUNKS.

In a small country town,
Seated at the window of an inn,
I saw the London coach drive in,
And set three ladies down.
The first, a rigid dame of ancient race,
With hollow eyes and wrinkled face,
Who long since had parted with the graces,
And pop'd her virtue in their proper place.
The second, a sprightly, blooming dame,
That might a stock's heart inflame;
Eyes bright, teeth white, hair deep yellow,
Bosom p mp,—in short, all things mellow.
The third was trotting by her side,
And yet some months too young to be a bride;
Long flaxen ringlets grace her lovely neck,
And thus the pretty charmer seemed to speak:
"Mamma," she cried, "I will run to Cox's;"
"To so, my dear, and ask about our boxes."
Swift as Camilla to the place she flew,
And found the waggon-office keeper Hugh,
"Mr. Hugh, be so kind as to send our luggage home."
"Aye, my dear, but how I am to know them?"
"There are three trunks and a hamper of wine,
"Grand-mamma's trunk, mamma's and mine.
"But as you may better know them:
"My grand-mamma's is old, wide and bare,
"Except at the top a little bristly hair,
"My mamma's is not so old, not so wide, but much longer,
"With a great deal more hair, curlier and stronger;
"But my trunk is nice, new and small,
"With scarcely any signs of hair at all!"

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The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin

The Shepherds Worship Christ.



The Circumcision.



Herod's Cruelty.



Christ Tempted by Satan in the Wilderness.



The Marriage in Cana.



The Lord's Supper.

The Birth of Chirst



The Wise Men's Offering.



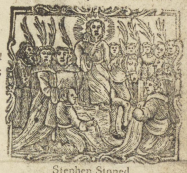
Joseph's Flight into Egypt.



Christ Baptized by John the Baptist.



Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.



Stephen Stoned.



The Ascension.

A COPY OF VERSES for 1824,

HUMBLY PRESENTED TO ALL MY WORTHY MASTERS AND MISTRESSES,

Of Spur-alley & Bedfordbury Wards, in the Parish of St. Martin,

By PETER AGAR, No. 12, Old Round-court, Strand, Beadle and Constable.

PROLOGUE.

YOUR B. come always, Sirs, at your command,
With pleasure takes his yearly pen in hand;
For your diversion strives to use his quill,
And writes to shew his duty, not his skill:
Let then these well-meant lines your favor find,
And spare his numbers for his willing mind;
On your applause his happiness depends,
He fears no foes, if he makes you his friends.

ST. MICHAEL.

WITH pow'r divine the great Archange l stood,
And fiercely curb'd the Enemy of God,
Whose pride and rage brought blasphemy to heav'n,
From whence both it and him were swiftly driv'n
To hell, his adamantine chains to rattle,
He who defied th' Omnipotent to battle!
An impious deed, his questioning the pow'r
Of God, to whom we're debtors ev'ry hour!

ST. LUKE.

THIS day the painters with great mirth and joy,
Their time in pleasant merriment employ;
As of their trade they celebrate his name,
And rank him foremost in the list of fame.
He preached peace and gospel unto them
Who upright liv'd, and holy ways did not contemn.
And, sure he was a goodly saint indeed,
Who for his God did not refuse to bleed.

ST. JOHN.

How highly favor'd was this blessed saint
By boundless love, without the least restraint;
The summit of his bliss must be confess'd—
Behold him leaning on his Master's breast!
Thrice happy he in such a station plac'd,
And in his Saviour's smiles to be embrac'd;
How must the soul exult with fond emotion,
By musing on such high, such vast promotion!

ST. ANDREW.

ST. ANDREW strove all persons to reclaim,
To make them godly was his only aim;
Our Saviour's doctrine he did firmly preach,
And with a'l pious zeal His precepts teach.
When him with envy to the cross they tied,
He then taught louder, and their wrath defied;
With pleasure for his Master lost his breath,
And freely fell a sacrifice to death.

ST. THOMAS.

THIS saint thought that the apostles did deceive,
And Christ's resurrection he did not believe.
Blest condescension, soon the Lord on high
Appear'd, his unjust doubts to satisfy.
Convinc'd, he preach'd his holy Master's laws,
And suffer'd boldly for the glorious cause—
Preaching repentance to a sinful land,
Was murder'd by their cruel king's command.

ST. PETER.

THE zeal that Peter felt for his dear Lord,
The holy scriptures bear a true record;
They tell us that he, on one occasion,
Was so induced by his own persuasion,
To vow that rather than his Lord deny,
He would most cheerfully submit to die;
But soon he prov'd his own imperfect pow'r,
The cock convinc'd him at an early hour;
With deep contrition from the hall he crept,
In agony of soul, went out and wept.

ST. PAUL.

BY human learning oft the mind aspires
To lofty themes, and unhallow'd desires;
St. Paul, who though by Gamaliel taught,
In all the rudiments his mind was fraught;
But in true wisdom's ways he never trod,
Until arrested by Almighty God;
He prostrate fell, and with submission due
Thus cried, Lord, what wilt thou have me do?
His pray'r was heard, he soon received sight,
And felt with rapture rays of heav'nly light!
His soul's delight then only was the cross
For which he counted all things else but dross.

INNOCENTS' DAY.

WHEN Herod found the wise men went their way,
Nor came and told him where the Infant lay,
His wicked purpose breaks at once to view,
He sends, and every tender infant slew.
In Bethlehem, and all its coast around,
Is bitter grief and awful slaughter found.

ST. CRISPIN.

COME listen, come listen, my merry men all,
Come cobblers sing on to your last and your awl;
While Christmas is passing, to comfort each soul,
Drink success to your trade in a full flowing bowl;
Nay, your patron, St. Crispin, would join was he here,
To chorus a catch o'er a pot of good beer.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

LOOK where you will you'll neatness find t'night,
To view that neatness is a pleasing sight;
Both young and old are eager to prepare,
To cheer their friends with true old English fare.
Good home-brew'd too—I hope you will not fail
To let your Bellman taste your Christmas ale.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

THOUGHT can't conceive, how then can pen display
The boundless love of God to worthless clay?
Who on this day his Father's arms forsook,
And, free from sin, on Him our sins he took:
The various woes on human nature tried,
For man's instruction liv'd, then for him died.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

HAIL to the glorious rising year,
With what uncommon grace thy days appear!
Comely art thou in thy prime,
Lovely child of hoary Time;
Where thy golden footsteps tread,
Pleasures all around thee spread;
Bliss and beauty grace thy train;
Thus may'st thou never cease to reign!

TWELFTH DAY.

THIS day may social families be seen,
Drawn round the oake in chusing king & queen,
While quaint devices rouse the festive smile,
With pleasant jokes, and wit that's free from guile;
With uncouth names, that may by chance agree,
As Dumplin Dick, or Bow-leg'd Dorothy.
Let wanton wags, on this auspicious day,
Free from all blame, their common gambols play.

THE SEASONS.

WHO loves not SPRING's voluptuous hours,
The carnival of birds and flowers?
Yet who would chuse, however dear,
That Spring should revel all the year?—
Who loves not SUMMER's splendid reign,
The bridal of the earth and main?
Yet who would chuse, however bright,
A day-day noon without a night?
Who loves not AUTUMN's joyous round,
When corn, and wine, and oil abound?
Yet who would chuse, however gay,
A year of unrenewed decay?—
Who loves not WINTER's awful form,
The sphere-born music of the storm?
Yet who would chuse, how grand soever,
The shortest day to last for ever?

A SONG OF SIMILIES.

MY passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.
Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.
Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.
Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.
Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!
I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.
Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.
The God of Love at her approach
Is busy as a bee;
Hearts, sound as any bell or roach,
Are smit and sigh like me.

THE BRITISH FAIR.

HAIL, Britain's beauty! Hail to Britain's fair!
For form'd in nature's choicest mould you are;
Oh, in your form celestial graces shine,
Mortals, yet moving with an air divine:
A heav'nscon fess'd, where'er you sweetly smile,
And all our bitt'rest, heart-felt cares beguile.
Your minds are lovely as your lovely frames,
Chaste, wise, unequall'd, are the British dames.

EPILOGUE.

THE task concluded, fondly beats my heart,
To be assur'd the ladies take my part;
Nor yet for some applause your Bellman fears,
Though tones more sweet than his have charm'd your ears;
And if the gentle belles at all are ruffled
His bell next year shall certainly be muffled.
But soft, I think I hear them say, all's well;
The man, this year, quite bears away the *bell*.

PRINTED BY C. H. REYNELL (FROM PICCADILLY) No. 45, BROAD-STREET, GOLDEN-SQUARE, LONDON.—First printed in 1735.

Judas betrays Christ.

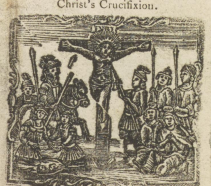




Peter denies Christ.



Christ's Crucifixion.

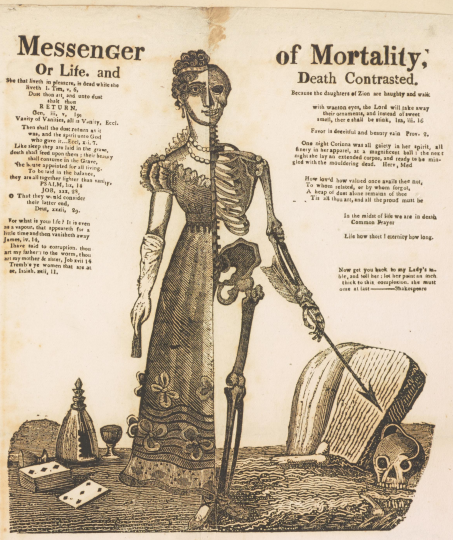


The Resurrection.



Messenger of Mortality,

Or Life. and Death Contrasted,



She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth 1. Tim. v. 6.
Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou
RETURN.
Gen. iii. v. 19.
Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity, Eccl.
Then shall the dust return as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it.—Eccl. xii. 7.
Like as they are laid in the grave, death shall feed upon them; their beauty shall consume in the Grave,
The hour appointed for all living.
To be laid in the Graves.
they are all together lighter than vanity.
PSALM, lx, 12
JOB, xxx, 23,
O That they would consider their latter end,
Deut, xxxii, 29.

For what is your life? It is even as a vapour, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away
James, iv. 14.
Thou shalt say to corruption, thou art my father: to the worm, thou art my mother & sister, Job xvii 14
Friends ye women that are at me. Isaiah. xxi, 11.

Because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk

with wanton eyes, the Lord will take away their ornaments, and instead of sweet smell, there shall be stink, Isa, iii. 16

Favor is deceitful and beauty vain Prov. 2.

One night Corinna was all glory in her spirit, all finery in her appaire, at a magnificent ball: the next night she lay an extended corpse, and ready to be mingled with the mouldering dust. Hier, Mad

How sayd how valued once avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot,
A heap of dust alone remains of thee.
'Tis all thou art, and all the proof must be

In the midst of life we are in death
Common Prayer

Life how short! eternity how long.

Now get you hook to my Lady's table, and tell her: the tart pass as such think to this complexion. she must come at last ——Shakespeare

A DIALOGUE,

DEATH, Fair Lady, lay your costly robes aside
No longer wear you glory in your pride;
Take leave of all your carnal vain delight;
I'm come to summons you away this night.
Lady, What bold attempt is this I 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 wimpe? Who art thou?
D. Do you not know me? I will tell thee 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?
L. Yes; I've heard at thee time after time
Half being in the glove of my prime,
I did not think you would have come so soon,
Why must my morning sun go down at noon,
D Talk not of noon; you may as well be mute;
This is no time at all for disputes;
Your riches, garments, gold, and jewels bright
Your houses and lands must on new owners light,
L. My heart is cold; I tremble at the news,
I have's bags of gold if you will me excuse,
And seize on those [no finish there the verse,]
Who wretched are and weary at their ease
Are three nor more bound in prison strong,
In bitter grief of soul who lingering long;
Who could but find a grave a place of rest
From all the grief that which they 'n upp ened,
Beside there's many with a heavy head
And pained joints from whom all joys are fled
Belongs thou them whose sorrows are so great
But spare my life to have a longer date.

D. Tho' thy vain heart to riches is inclined
Yet thou must die and leave them all behind
I come to none before their warrants sealed
And when it is they must submit and yield
you some by age be full of grief and pain
Till their appointed time they must remain
I take no bribe believe me, this is true
Prepare yourself to go; I'm come for you,
L. But if you were to me once obtain
My freedom and a longer life to regain,
Fain would I stay if then my life would'st spare
I have a daughter beautiful and fair,
I'd live so see her wed whom I adore.
Grant me but this and I will ask no more
D. This is a slender frivolous excuse,
I have you fast and will not let you loose
L. are ben to Providence, for you must go,
along with me, whether you will or no,
If Death commands he has no power to leave his crown
He at my feet must lay his sceptre down
Then if a King, I do not fear to give.
Be cut them off, can you expect to live,
Be yond the time and your time and space
Isa 38 must we say to another place,
L. You learned doctors now express your
skill,
and let not Death at me obtain his will,
Prepare your cordials let me comfort find,
All gold shall fly cloth before the wind,

D. Forbear to cry!, their skill will never do,
I love are but mortals here as well as you
I gave the last wound my dart is sure
'Tis far beyond the doctors skill to cure

How freely can you les your riches fly,
To purchase life rather than yield to die
But while you flourish here with all your store
You would not give one penny to the poor
The' in God's name the suit to you they make
You would not spare one penny for his sake,
My Lord beheld wherein you did amiss,
And calls you hence to give account for this;

L. O heavy news! must I no longer stay
How shall I stand at the great judgment day,
Down from her eyes the chrystal tears did flow
The soul alone knows what I do undergo,
Upon my bed of sorrow here I lie;
My selfish life makes me afraid to die,
My sins are many, great and foul,
Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on my soul
And tho' I do deserve thy righteous frown
Yet pardon Lord and pour a blessing down
Then with a dying sigh heart did break
and did the pleasures of this world forsake

Thus may we see the mighty rise and fall
For cruel Death shews no respect at all
To those of either high or low degree
The poor submit to death as well as we
For they are gay their life is but a span
A lump of clay, so is a creature's man
Then happy those whom Christ his mode his
care
Who die in the Lord, and ever blessed are,
The grave's the market place where all men
meet
Both rich, and poor, both small and great
If life were merchandize that gold could buy
The rich would live the poor alone would die,

Printed by Whitewade Toy and Marble Warehouse 9, Great st Andrew street 7 dials



Fifty-Six of the Wants

THE

Children of Zion.

ALL SUPPLIED FROM THE

FOUNTAIN HEAD.

1. I WANT to feed on Jeſus' word.
2. I want communion with my Lord.
3. I want ſalvation full and free.
4. I want my father's face to ſee.
5. I want to prove each promiſe ſweet,
6. I want to live at Jeſus' feet.
7. I want his mercy every day,
8. I want upholding all the way.
9. I want to live as Jeſus' bride.
10. I want in his dear wounds to hide,
11. I want to prize his fullneſs more.
12. I want his perſon to adore,
13. I want to hear his heavenly voice,
14. I want in Jeſus to rejoice,
15. I want to joy in him by faith,
16. I want to credit all he ſaith.
17. I want to truſt him with my all,
18. I want on his dear name to call,
19. I want to die to all things here,
20. I want on him to caſt my care,
21. I want to ſee his goſpel ſpread,
22. I want on Satan's power to tread,
23. I want to see the proud made ſad,
24. I want to ſee poor mourners glad,
25. I want to ſee the hungry feed,
26. I want by Jeſus to be led,
27. I want him as my guide and friend,
28. I want him to my journey's end,
29. I want him as my prieſt and king,
30. I want his precious love to ſing,
31. I want him as my rock and tower,
32. I want him in each trying hour.
33. I want him as my brother dear,
34. I want my Jeſus always near.
35. I want his hand, his eyes, his heart.
36. I want with all beſide to part,
37. I want him as my husband kind,
38. I want in him, my all to find.
39. I want him as my daily bread.
40. I want him as my living head.
41. I want him as my hiding place,
42. I want him as my God of grace,
43. I want him as my life and peace,
44. I want him as my righteouſneſs,
45. I want his great atoning blood,
46. I want to bathe in that dear flood,
47. I want his Spirit's voice to hear,
48. I want the love that caſts out fear,
49. I want him now in Achor's vale,
50. I want him when all hell aſſail,
51. I want him when my fleſh gives way,
52. I want him as my only ſtay.
53. I want his ſmiles his looks of grace,
54. I want to ſee him face to face,
55. I want his wiſdom, ſtrength, & love
56. I want to dwell with him above.

The bleſſings here by me implor'd,
Are all in Jeſus richly ſtor'd,
Yea thouſands more than here expreſt,
Are found in him my heav nly reſt.
Count all the ſtars that ſhine by night,
Count all the ſun's ſweet rays of light;
Count all the drops of rain that fall,
Count all things moving grat and ſmal
Tho' vaſt this number yet how few,
Compar'd with what by faith I view.
All meeting in my glorious Friend.
Whoſe love and mercy know no end
By him my wants are all ſupplied,
Is mercy flows in one ſwee tide,
On his dear name I love to caſt,
In him I find my heav'n, my all.

Pitts, printer, and Toy Warehouse, 6, Great Andrew street 7 Dials.



Christmas Drawing Near at Hand







CAROL I.

REJOICE and be merry set sorrow aside,
Christ our Saviour was born on this tide,
In Bethlehem City in Jewry it was,
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass
CHORUS.
And therefore be merry set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide
And there to be taxed with many others did go,
For Cæsar Augustus had order'd it so,
And when they had enter'd the city so fair,
People from all parts to be taxed were there.
And therefore &c.
Then Joseph and Mary whose substance were small
Could not in the inn have any lodging at all
And therefore, &c,
Unless in the stable they would abide,
They could have no other at the same tide.
And therefore, &c.
This lodging tho' simple they took it no scorn.
And before the next morning our Saviour was born.
And therefore, &c,
When Mary had swaddled her son so sweet.
Even in an ox's manger she laid him to sleep.
And therefore, &c.
Then God sent an Angel from Heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds that in the fields lie,
And therfore, &c.
And bade them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that their Saviour was born on that day,
and therefore &c.
And presently after the shepherds did espy,
A number of angels appear'd in the sky,
And therefore, &c
Now certain rich Princes thought it not unmeet.
To lay their rich offerings at our Saviour's feet.



CAROL II.

A VIRGIN most pure, as the prophets did tell,
Should bring forth a young son as it befel,
To be our Redeemer from death, hell and sin,
Which Adam's transgression involved us in,
Therefore be merry, aye therefore be merry,
Rejoice and be merry set sorrow aside,
For Christ our Saviour was born on this tide.
In Bethlehem city, in Jewry it was.
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And there to be taxed with many did go,
For Cæsar himself had order'd it so,
And when they were enter'd the city so fair,
Vast numbers of people so mighty were there.
That Joseph and Mary whose substance was small,
Could get in the inn no lodging at all,
They were constrain'd in the stable to lie,
Where oxen and asses they used to tie,
Which lodgings tho' poor they took it no scorn,
But on the next morning our Saviour was born
The King of Glory to this world was brought.
Small store of fine linen to wrap him in was bought
But when she had swaddled her young son so sweet,
Within an ox's manger she laid him to sleep
Then God sent an Angel from heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they lie,
Who bids them no longer in sorrow to stay,
For Christ our Saviour was born on that day
Then presently after the shepherds did spy,
Great number of angels to stand in the sky,
Who joyfully hail'd and sweetly did sing.
To God be all glory our Heavenly King,
And therefore, &c.



CAROL III.

CHRISTMAS now is drawing near at hand
Serve the Lord and be at his command.
And for you a portion God will provide,
And give a blessing to your soul beside,
Remember man thou art made of clay,
For in this world thou hast not long to stay,
This wicked world will never be content,
With all the gifts that God hath sent,
Down in the garden where flowers grow in ranks,
Down on your knees and give the Lord thanks,
Down on your knees pray both night and day,
Leave off your sins and live upright I pray,
So proud and lofty is some sort of sin.
Which many take delight and pleasure in,
Which conversation God he does not like,
And yet he shakes his sword before he strikes.
So proud and lofty do some people grow,
Dressing themselves like players in a show,
They patch and paint and dress with idle stuff,
As if God had not made them well enough.
For little children learn to curse and swear,
And can't rehearse a word of Godly prayer,
'Twas just in God that did prevent the plot,
Concerning when our throats were to be cut.



CAROL IV.

AS it fell out upon a day, Dives made a feast,
And invited all the guest, gentry of the best,
Then Lazarus laid himself down and down,
And down at Dives's door,
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Bestow upon the poor.
CHORUS.
Thou art none of my brother Lazarus,
That lays begging at my door.
No meat no drink will I give to thee,
Nor any to the poor.
Then Lazarus laid himself down and down;
Down at Dives wall
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
By hunger starve I shall.
Thou art none of my brother Lazarus.
That lay begging at my wall,
No meat no drink I'll give thee.
By hunger starve you shall.
Then Lazarus laid himself down and down,
And down at Dives gate.
Some meat some drink brother Dives,
For Jesus Christ's sake
Then Dives sent out his merry men all,
To whip poor Lazarus away,
They had not power to strike one stroke,
But flung their whips away,
Then Dives sent out his merry dogs all,
To worry poor Lazarus away,
They had not power to bite one bit
But lick'd his sores away.
As it fell out upon one day,
Lazarus sicken'd and died,
There came two Angels down from Heaven,
Thereto his soul to guide
Rise up rise up brother Lazarus,
And come along with me.
These is a place provided in Heaven
To sit upon an Angel's knee,
And it fell out upon one day,
Dives sicken'd and died,
There came two serpents out of Hell,
Thereto his soul to guide,
Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with me,
There is a place provided in Hell,
To sit upon a Serpent's Knee.











Printed and sold by J, Pitts 14, st Andrew street, 7 dials

CHRISTMAS DRAWING NEAR AT HAND



A —Virgin most pure.

A Virgin most pure as the prophets did tell,
Should bring forth a Son and so it befel,
To be our Redeemer from death and from sin, (in.
Which Adam's transgression involved us

CHORUS.

Therefore be merry, aye, therefore be merry,
Rejoice and be merry, set sorrow aside,
For Christ our Saviour was born on this tide.

In Bethlehem of Judea it came to pass,
That Mary to Joseph espoused was,
And they went to Jerusalem as it is said,
Where Cæsar had order'd a tax to be paid.

They were constrain'd in a stable to lie,
Where oxen and asses they used to lie;
In this humble apartment they lay till the morn,
When the blessed Redeemer of all men was born.

The King of glory to this world being brought,
To clothe him forthwith fine linen was sought,
When Mary had clothed our Saviour so sweet,
Within an ox's manger she laid him to sleep.

These tidings so joyful were straightway reveal'd,
To certain poor shepherds who watch'd in a field,
By an angel who bade them rejoice and be bold,
For a Saviour was born as the prophets foretold.

Then the hearts of the shepherds were instantly cheer'd,
By a number of angels who to them appear'd
In glory, while seated they sweetly did sing,
Songs of praise to Jehovah our heavenly King.

Christmas drawing near at Hand.

CHRISTMAS now is drawing near at hand,
Serve the Lord and be at his command,
And God for you a portion will provide,
And give a blessing to your soul beside,

Remember man that thou art made of clay,
And in this world thou hast not long to stay
This wicked world will never be content,
With all its gifts that God hath sent,
Down in the garden where flowers grow in rank,
Down on your bended knees and give the Lord thanks, (day.
Down on your knees and pray both night and
Leave off your sins and live upright I pray,

So proud and lofty is some sort of sin,
Which many take delight and pleasure in,
Whose conversation God doth much dislike,
And yet he shakes his sword before he strikes

So proud and lofty do some people go,
Dressing themselves like players in a show,
They patch and paint and dress with idle stuff
As if God had not made them fine enough,

E'en little children learn to curse and swear,
And can't rehearse one word of godly prayer,
Oh! teach them better—teach them to rely,
On Christ, the sinner's friend who reigns on high.



Dives and Lazarus.

AS it fell out upon a day,
Dives made a feast,
And he invited all his friends,
And gentry of the best.
Then Lazarus laid him down, and wept,
And down at Dive's door,
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Bestow upon the poor.

Thou art none of my brother Lazarus,
That lies begging at my door,
No meat no drink will I give to thee,
Nor any to the poor.
Then Lazarus laid him down, and wept,
And down at Dive's gate,
Some meat and drink brother Dives,
For Jesus Christ his sake.

Thou art none of my brother Lazarus,
That lies begging at my gate,
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
For Jesus Christ his sake.
Then Dives sent out his merry men all,
To whip poor Lazarus away,
They had not power to strike one stroke,
But flung their whips away.

Then Dives sent out his hungry dogs
To worry poor Lazarus away,
They had not power to bite one bit
But licked his sores away.
Now it fell out upon a day,
Lazarus sickened and died,
There came two angels down from Heaven
Thereto his soul to guide.

Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus
And come along with we,
There is a place prepared in Heaven
For poor men such as thee.
As it fell out upon a day
Dives sickened and died,
There came two serpents out of hell
Thereto his soul to guide.

Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with us,
There is a place provided in Hell
To thy eternal curse.

While Shepherds watch'd.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign:

The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swadling band
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith,
Appear'd a shining throng,
Of angels praising God, and thus,
Address'd their joyful song:—

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

Printed by J. CATNACH, 2, Monmouth Court 7 Dials

CAROLS.

THE NATIVITY.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.



BEHOLD the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd,
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.



The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule all lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.



O'er Jacob shall he reign,
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.



Angels bring the glorious news,
The heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

Harp of Israel.



The Fountain of Christ's Blood.

HERE is a fountain of Christ's blood
Wide open set to drown our sins,
Where Jesus stands with open arms
Of mercy to invite you in.

When all his precious blood was spent,
The thunder roar'd the rocks were rent,
The earth did quake and clouds did rumble
Which made hell shake and devils tremble.

Here you may see his bleeding wounds,
And hear him bring forth dying groans,
He shed his rich redeeming blood,
Only to do us poor sinners good.

He's crowned with thorns spit on with scorn,
His soul is pained his flesh is torn,
With rugged nails through hands and feet
They nailed their rich Redeemer sweet.

With bloody spears they pierced his side.
And bruised his bleeding body sore,
From every wound his blood ran down,
The spring of life could bleed no more.

The Sun and moon in mourning went,
The Sea did roar the Temple rent.
The richness of Christ's precious blood,
Did open graves and raise the dead.

Who did in frightful sort appear,
With ghastly looks, their spirits stood
The Jews did tremble then with fear,
And said, this was the Son of God.

How could frail flesh be e'er so base
To fly into their makers face,
Condemn'd thy God which thou hast done
And after that crucified his Son.

Prompted by the pride of filthy flesh,
Which is but clothed with loathsomeness,
'Tis but a coffin tuned with breath,
By sickness broach'd, drawn out by death.

Let sorrow leave thy soul with groans
Shed tears and bathe his bloody wounds,
Then rend thy heart Christ's mercy crave,
Who knows but he shed his blood to save.

Such precious mercy Jesus gives,
His bleeding wounds and dying groans,
And clothe their souls with shining robes.
Shake off believers filthy rags.

A New Christmas Carol.

HARK! all around the welkin rings,
Bright Seraphs hail'd the morn,
That ushers in the King of Kings,
That saw a Saviour born.

CHORUS.

Ye people on earth your voices now raise,
To Christ our Redeemer in carols of praise,
Hallelujah! praise the Lord, Hallelujah, &c.

Then shining Heralds from on high,
Those joyful tidings bear,
With acclamations down the sky,
And humble shepherds hear.

Glory to God, and peace to men,
The heav'nly choir did sing,
Let earth repeat the sound again,
And hail the new-born King!

This is the day our Lord did chuse
To visit mortal men,
And from the bands of sin to loose
All those that trust in him.

Lord Jesus let thy kingdom spread
Through all the earth below,
From land to land thy wonders read,
And thy salvation know.

Hosannah! let all earth and heaven
Unite the happy morn,
To-day the promis'd Child is giv'n,
And God himself is born.

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

"Go you swains" said they,
To David's city fly,
The promis'd Infant born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie."



"With looks and hearts serene,
Go, visit Christ, your King;
And straight a flaming troop was seen
The shepherds heard them sing.



"Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men: to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."



In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs.



"Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, the angels cry,
At our Redeemer's birth."

THE MORNING STAR.



THE PORTUGUESE HYMN.

Ye faithful triumphant,
Enter into Bethlehem,
Enter, O enter with joy of heart!
Tidings, glad tidings,
Sent to Heaven by angels,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord

A Virgin conceived,
And bare the world a Saviour,
God of God, and light of light,
Hail! holy infant,
Very God of very God,
O come, let us adore, &c.

Great joy to all people,
To day a son is given,
Glory, glory, be to thee, O Christ,
The eternal Word was,
Make man and dwelt among us.
O, come, let us adore, &c.

Sing praises in full chorus,
All ye host of angels
Sing praises all ye nations of the earth,
Hail to the lamb,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.



It is the Day the HOLY Day.

It is the day, the Holy day,
On which our Lord was born,
And sweetly doth the sun-beams gild,
The dew besprinkled thorn.

The birds sing through the heavens,
And the breezes gently play,
And song and sunshine lovely,
Begins this holy day.



'Twas in an humble manger,
A lowly little shed,
With cattle at his infant feet,
And shepherds at his head.



The saviour of this sinful world
In innocence first lay,
While wise men made their offer
To him this holy day.

ARISE!

GOOD CHRISTIANS ALL.

AIR—GOD REST YOU.

Arise! arise, good Christians
Arise with heart and voice,
Christmas is approaching fast
The let the world rejoice,
This is the time that Christ was born
Our sinful souls to save,
Then let every true Christian rejoice.

As the shepherds were conversing
Upon the hills at night,
A star appeared above them,
Which dazzled their sight,
Straightway I went to Bethlehem,
And there in sweet delight,
The Shepherds altogether did rejoice.

They beheld the Virgin Mary,
So lovely, meek and mild,
In a manger suckling
Her blessed holy child,
In that awful place where oxen fed,
The blessed infant smiled,
And it caused every shepherd to rejoice.

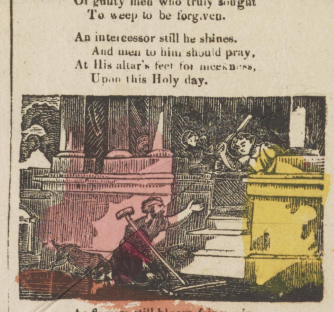
But little did they think
What sufferings he would endure,
When they beheld a Saviour,
Born of a Virgin pure,
God sent his son that blessed night,
Our sinful souls to cure,
And to cause every Christian to rejoice.

But mark! how did the jews
Unto the son of God behave?
In scorn they crucified him,
And sent him to the grave,
But now he sits at God's right hand,
Our sinful souls to save,
And to cause, &c.

Then to the Lord give praises,
Let all the world rejoice,
And glorify our Saviour,
Let every heart and voice,
God sent his son our souls to save,
On the tree he died for us,
Then let every true Christian rejoice.

He came to save the perishing,
To waft the sighs to Heaven,
Of guilty men who truly sought
To weep to be forgiven.

An intercessor still he shines.
And men to him should pray,
At His altar's feet for meekness,
Upon this Holy day.



As flowers still bloom fair again,
Through all their life stems shed,
Thus we shall rise with life once more,
Tho' numbered with the dead.



Then may our stations be near him,
To whom we worship pay,
And praise with heart-felt gratitude,
Upon this Holy day.

Ryle & Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court, Broomsbury

THE ROSE OF SHARON





Portugese Hymn.

Ye faithful triumphant,
Enter into Bethlehem,
Enter, O enter, with joy of heart ;
Tidings, glad tidings,
Sent from heaven by angels,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

A Virgin conceived,
And bore the world a Saviour,
God of God, and Light of Light !
Hail, Holy Infant,
Very God of Very God,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Sing praise in full chorus,
All ye host of angels,
Sing praises all ye nations of the earth ;
Hail to the Lamb !
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !
O come, let us adore the Lord.

Great joy to all people,
To-day a Son is given,
Glory, glory, be to Thee, O Christ ;
The Eternal Word was
Made man, and dwell among us
O come, let us adore the Lord.



WHILE

Shepherds Watched their Flocks.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
To you, in David's town, this day,
Is brn of David's line,
A saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
The human babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swadling band,
And in a manger laid.
Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Adressed their joyful song.
All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to man,
Begin and never cease.



Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.

Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful all the nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies.
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born Bethlehem.
Christ, by highest Heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veil'd in flesh, the God-head he,
Hail the incarnate deity ;
Pleas'd as man with man appear,
Jesus, our Emmanuel here.
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Son of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings ;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that mon no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.



THE BLACK DECREE

With Two New Christmas Carols,



LET Christians all with one accord rejoice,
And praises sing with heart as well as voice,
To God on high for glorious things he has done,
In sending us his beloved Son,
That blessed Babe and only Child of Love,
Came down from Heaven that we may reign above,
A joyful news was brought on Angel's wings,
Of happy redemption by the King of Kings
As early wonders not to be deny'd,
Born of a Virgin, Mother, and a Bride,
Not like a Prince in worldly pomp and state,
But poor and low to make us heavenly great
The night before that happy day of grace,
The Virgin Mother had not a resting place:
She and her Pious Joseph were so low,
They scarcely knew what or which way to go,
For they were forced to wander up and down,
And could not get a lodging in the town,
But in an oxen's stall where beast was fed,
The Mother of our Saviour was brought to bed,
No costly silks or robes of rich attire,
No gandy shows which richones do admire,
But in a Manger the great Lord of Life,
Was nourish'd by a Mother, Maid and Wife,
Three Wise men by a Star were thither brought,
And found the blessed Babe they long had sought,
Where best of spices and rich costly things,
They humbly offered to the King of Kings,
And rather than the Lord of Life betray,
They worshipped and another way,
Which so enraged the wicked Herod then,
A Jewish King the very worst of men.
He caused young harmless babes to be kill'd,
All under two years their blood was spill'd,
Sad cries and groans were heard in every street,
With mangled bodies bleeding hands and feet:
Young tender babes with limbs in pieces torn
On soldiers spears with spite and horror borne,
Dear parents tears could not their rage prevent,
Nor pity move the tyrant to relent.
The black Decree went all the country round,
To kill and murder children sick and sound,
They tore young children from their mother's breast,
Thinking to murder Christ among the rest.
But God above who knew what would be done
Had sent to Egypt his beloved Son,
Where with his earthly parents he was fed,
Until the Bloody tyrant he was dead.

What pains what labours did not Christ endure,
To save our souls and happiness secure.
Was always doing good to let us see,
By his example what we ought to be,
He made the blind to see the lame to go,
And raised the dead which none but he could do
He cured the lepers of infected evils,
And by his mighty power cast out many devils,
He honoured Marriage with a heavenly sign.
By turning water into the best of Wine.
Five thousand hungry souls by him were fed,
With two small small fishes and five loaves of bread.
Sufficient plenty and a welcome treat,
Even wondering guest with thanks and praises eat,
Who gathering up the fragments of the feast,
Their wonder like the loaves was much increas'd
Twelve baskets full not half so much before.
But yet for all the wonder that he wrought,
Ungrateful Jews still his destruction sought,
And that their wicked purpose might not miss,
he bid Judas to betray him with a kiss,
Which being done away they hau'd him then
And used him as the very worst of men,
Spit in his face and with reproachful scorns,
They put on his head a crown of thorns,
Cried with one voice and would not be deny'd.
To Pilate that he should be Crucify'd.
The wicked Judge with base injustice now,
To please the crowd did their request allow,
Against his conscience he to end the strife
Condemned to death the Blessed Lord of Life.
Then to the Cross the Saviour of Mankind
Was led a harmless Lamb as design'd,
To save our souls condemn'd by Adam's fall
Without whose death we had been bound all,
His blessed hands and feet with bitter pains,
Were nailed to the Cross with sad disdains
With hateful spears they pierced his tender skin,
And let out his blood to wash away his sin,
Thus blessed Jesus freely did resign,
His precious blood to save both thine and mine,
Then let us all his mercies highly prize.
Who for our sins was made a sacrifice,

O, See, Man's Saviour's in Bethlehem born,

O See Man's Saviour in Bethlehem born,
His lodgings base himself he'd in scorn,
The crib in which the ox and ass were fed,
Mary's, Caesar's mother makes her young son's bed
Yet see how shepherds fall down flat before them,
And how the wise men do with gifts adore him,
Hark a shout of heavenly angels sing,
Sweet carols at the birth of this new King,
O happy men when the truly happy soul can't save,
Christ comes down from heaven and makes himself a slave
See here that pillar to which being naked bound,
Thy Christ had his flesh torn with many a wound,
When the cock crow'd let us this grief afford,
To think how Peter thrice denied the Lord,
See Judas's lanthorn and see Judas's peace,
See the dice threw uncloath his innocence,
See pinchers nails and hammers, meet,
To nail to the Cross Christ's blessed hands and feet.
O wretched man since Christ for thee thus died,
Let him not still by thee be Crucified,

On Christmas Night, all Christians sing

ON Christmas night all Christians sing,
To hear what news the angel bring,
News of great joy news of great mirth,
News of our merciful King's birth.
The King of Kings of earth and heaven,
The King of angels and of men,
Angels and men with joy may sing,
All for to see the new born King.
Angels with joy sung in the air,
That Christ mans ruin may repair,
And prisoners in their chains rejoice,
To hear the echo of your voice,
And now on earth can men be sad,
Our Redeemer came on earth to make us all glad,
From sin and death to set us free,
And for to buy our liberty,
Now sin depart behold his grace,
And death his life comes in thy face.
And now thou mayst thy terror see,
And power great must conquered be,
From out of darkness we have light,
Which makes all angels sing this night
Glory to God and peace to man,
Both now and evermore. Amen.

Pitts printer Wholesale Toy & Marble Warehous 6, Great st Andrew street 7 Dials

The BIRTH OF CHRIST.



The Saviour's Will.

With one consent let all the earth,
The praise of God proclaim,
Who sent the Saviour—by whose birth
To man salvation came.

All nations join and magnify,
The great the wondrous love,
Of Him who left for us the sky,
And all the joys above.

May we to all his words attend,
With humble pious care,
Then shall our praise to heaven ascend,
And find acceptance there.



GOD REST YOU.

God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save poor souls from Satan's fold,
Who a long time has gone astray,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

From God that is our Father,
The blessed angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds,
With tidings of the same,
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The son of God by name.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

Go, fear not, said God's angels,
Let nothing you affright,
For there is born in Bethlehem,
Of a pure virgin bright,
ONE able to advance you,
And beat down Satan quite.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

The shepherds at these tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind:
And straight they went to Bethlehem,
The son of God to find.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

And when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay;
The blessed virgin kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.

With sudden joy and gladness
The shepherds they were filled,
To see the babe of Israel,
Before his mother mild,
Said they upon this blessed day
The Scriptures are fulfilled.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within the place,
And like true loving Christians,
Each other then embrace,
In drawing o apace,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

God bless the ruler of this house
With great prosperity,
And many a merry Christmas
May he still live to see,
Amongst his friends and kindred
That live both far and near.
And God send us all a Happy New Year.

CHRIST IN THE MANGER.

Where is this stupendous strange,
Nymphs of Soloma advise,
Lead me to my master's manger,
Show me where my Saviour lies.

Oh! most mighty! Oh! most holy!
Far above the seraph's thought,
Art thou then so meek and holy,
As unheeded prophets taught.

Oh! the magnitude of meekness,
Worth from worth immortal sprung;
Oh! the strength of infant weakness,
If eternal, is so young.



THE EVERGREEN.



CAROLS
For Christmas Holidays.

God rest you

God rest you merry gentlemen.
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember, Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day.
To save poor souls from Satan's power,
Which a long time had gone astray.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

From God, that is our Father,
The blessed Angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds.
With tidings of the same—
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The SON of GOD by name.
And 'tis tidings, &c.

"Go fear not," said God's Angels,
"Let nothing you affright,
For there is born in Bethlehem,
Of a pure Virgin bright;
ONE able to advance you,
And beat down Satan quite."
And 'tis tidings, &c.

The Shepherds at these tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding,
In tempest, storms, and wind
And straight they went to Bethlehem,
The Son of God to find
And 'tis tidings, &c.

Now when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay;
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay.
The blessed Virgin kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.
And 'tis tidings, &c.

With sudden joy and gladness,
The Shepherds they were filled,
To see the babe of Israel,
Before his mother mild
Said they, "upon this blessed day,
The Scriptures are fulfilled."
And 'tis tidings &c.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place;
And like true loving Christians,
Each other then embrace.
For the merry time of Christmas,
Is drawing on apace,
And its tidings. &c.

God bless the rulers of this house
With great prosperity;
And many a merry Christmas,
May they live again to see;
Amongst their friends and kindred.
That live both far and near,
And God send us all a happy New Year,

St. Stephen's Day.

IN friendly love and unity,
For good St. Stephen's sake.
Let us all this blessed day.
To Heaven our prayers make;
That we with him the cross of Christ,
May freely undertake,
And Heaven will bless us evermore.

Now, while we sit here banquetting,
Of dainties having store,
Let us not forgetful be,
To cherish up the poor,
And give what is convenient,
To the needy at the door
And Heaven will bless you evermore

For God hath made you stewards here,
Upon the earth to dwell,
He that gathereth for himself,
And will not use it well,
'Gainst the kindness of his Maker,
Does wickedly rebel.
And Heaven, &c.

May every blessing from on high,
Attend each family dear,
Long life, health, and prosperity,
To enjoy good Christmas cheer.
Now kindly for my pretty song,
Good butler, draw some beer.
And Heaven, &c.

St. John's Day.

THE moon shines bright, the stars give light
A little before 'tis day;
And hark! the bellman of the night,
Awakes us all to pray.
Awake! awake! good people all,
Awake! and you shall hear
How Christ the Lord, this day was born,
To be our Saviour dear.

Arise, arise, and let us sing,
Glad songs to hail the day,
The day that Christ our Heavenly King,
Did in a manger lay.

To save poor sinners such as we,
From everlasting pain.
Christ died upon the cursed tree,
And rose from death again.

The life of man is but a span,
He come forth like a flower,
For presently he is cut down,
And withered in an hour.
Princes and kings, with those that sing,
These ditties through the streets.
Though fortune does them here divide,
In death at last shall meet.

Holy Innocents.

NOW cruel Herod with wrath and anger fill'd,
Did order that all infants should be kill'd,
Thinking to murder our dear Saviour then
O cruel, cruel, savage-hearted man.

Hail! ye first flowers of martyrdom,
Whom, heedless of your tender age,
Christ's persecutor, blind with rage,
Destroy'd—as
does the storm young roses in their bloom.

The Joys.

THE first good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of one;
To see her own Son Jesus,
To suck at her breast-bone.
To suck at her breat-bone, God-man,
And blessed may he be;
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of two;
To see her own Son Jesus,
To make the lame to go.
To make the lame to go—God-man,
And blessed may he be;
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
To all eternity.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of three;
When that her own Son Jesus,
Did make the blind to see.
To make the blind to see—God-man,
And blessed may he be;
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of four;
To see her own Son Jesus,
To read the Scriptures o'er.
To read the Scriptures o'er—God-man,
And blessed may he be,
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of five;
To see her own Son Jesus,
To raise the dead to life,
To raise the dead to life—God-man,
And blessed may he be;
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy our Mary had.
It was the joy of six,
To see her own Son Jesus,
To wear the Crucifix.
To wear the Crucifix—God-man,
And blessed may he be.
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

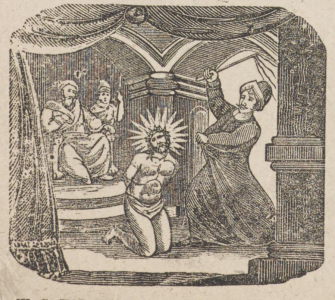
The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of seven,
To see her own Son Jesus,
To wear the Crown of Heaven.
To wear the Crown of Heaven—God man,
And blessed may he be;
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

AS I sat on a sunny bank,
A sunny bank, a sunny bank,
As I sat on a sunny bank,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

I spy'd three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by;
I spy'd three ships come sailing by,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And who should be with these three ships,
With these three ships, these three ships
And who should be with these three ships,
But Joseph and his fair lady.

O he did whistle, she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring,
For joy that our Saviour he was born,
On Christmas day in the morning.







W. S. FORTEY, Printer, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury, W.C.

CHRISTMAS DRAWING NEAR AT HAND.



A —Virgin most pure.

A Virgin most pure as the prophets did tell,
Should bring forth a Son and so it befel,
To be our Redeemer from death and from sin, (in.
Which Adam's transgression involved us

CHORUS.

Therefore be merry, aye, therefore be merry,
Rejoice and be merry, set sorrow aside,
For Christ our Saviour was born on this tide.

In Bethlehem of Judea it came to pass,
That Mary to Joseph espoused was,
And they went to Jerusalem as it is said,
Where Cæsar had order'd a tax to be paid.

They were constrain'd in a stable to lie,
Where oxen and asses they used to lie;
In this humble apartment they lay till the morn,
When the blessed Redeemer of all men was born.

The King of glory to this world being brought,
To clothe him forthwith fine linen was sought,
When Mary had clothed our Saviour so sweet,
Within an ox's manger she laid him to sleep.

These tidings so joyful were straightway reveal'd,
To certain poor shepherds who watch'd in a field,
By an angel who bade them rejoice and be bold,
For a Saviour was born as the prophets foretold.

Then the hearts of the shepherds were instantly cheer'd,
By a number of angels who to them appear'd
In glory, while seated they sweetly did sing,
Songs of praise to Jehovah our heavenly King.

Christmas drawing near at Hand.

CHRISTMAS now is drawing near at hand,
Serve the Lord and be at his command,
And God for you a portion will provide,
And give a blessing to your soul beside,

Remember man that thou art made of clay,
And in this world thou hast not long to stay
This wicked world will never be content,
With all its gifts that God hath sent,

Down in the garden where flowers grow in ranks
Down on your bended knees and give the Lord thanks, (day,
Down on your knees and pray both night and
Leave off your sins and live upright I pray,

So proud and lofty is some sort of sin,
Which many take delight and pleasure in,
Whose conversation God doth much dislike,
And yet he shakes his sword before he strikes

So proud and lofty do some people go,
Dressing themselves like players in a show,
They patch and paint and dress with idle stuff
As if God had not made them fine enough,

E'en little children learn to curse and swear,
And can't rehearse one word of godly prayer,
Oh! teach them better—teach them to rely,
On Christ, the sinner's friend who reigns on high.



Dives and Lazarus.

AS it fell out upon a day,
Dives made a feast,
And he invited all his friends,
And gentry of the best.
Then Lazarus laid him down, and wept,
And down at Dive's door,
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Bestow upon the poor.

Thou art none of my brother Lazarus,
That lies begging at my door,
No meat nó drink will I give to thee,
Nor any to the poor.
Then Lazarus laid him down, and wept,
And down at Dive's gate,
Some meat and drink brother Dives,
For Jesus Christ his sake.

Thou art none of my brother Lazarus,
That lies begging at my gate,
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
For Jesus Christ his sake.
Then Dives sent out his merry men all,
To whip poor Lazarus away,
They had not power to strike one stroke,
But flung their whips away.

Then Dives sent out his hungry dogs
To worry poor Lazarus away,
They had not power to bite one bit
But licked his sores away.
Now it fell out upon a day,
Lazarus sickened and died,
There came two angels down from Heaven
Thereto his soul to guide.

Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus
And come along with we,
There is a place prepared in Heaven
For poor men such as thee.
As it fell out upon a day
Dives sickened and died,
There came two serpents out of hell
Thereto his soul to guide.

Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with us,
There is a place provided in Hell
To thy eternal curse.

While Shepherds watch'd.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign:

The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swadling band
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the Seraph, and forth with,
Appear'd a shining throng,
Of angels praising God, and thus,
Address'd their joyful song:—

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

Printed by J. CATNACH, 2, Monmouth Court 7 Dials.

THE VIRGIN MARY.





God rest you.

God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember, Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day,
To save poor souls from Satan's power,
Which a long time had gone astray.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

From God that is our Father,
The blessed Angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds
With tidings of the same—
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The SON of GOD by name,
And 'tis tidings, &c.

"Go, fear not," said God's Angels,
"Let nothing you affright,
For there is born in Bethlehem,
Of a pure Virgin bright;
ONE able to advance you,
And beat down Satan quite,"
And 'tis tidings, &c.

The Shepherds at these tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding,
In tempest, storms, and wind.
And straight they went to Bethlehem,
The Son of God to find.
And 'tis tidings, &c.

Now when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay;
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay.
The blessed Virgin kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray,
And 'tis tidings, &c.

With sudden joy and gladness,
The Shepherds they were filled,
To see the babe of Israel,
Before his mother mild.
Said they, "upon this blessed day,
The Scriptures are fulfilled,"
And 'tis tidings, &c.

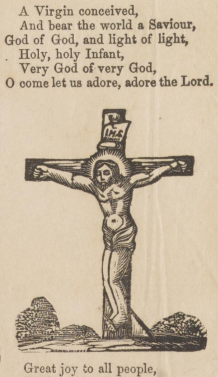
Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place;
And like true loving Christians,
Each other then embrace
For the merry time of Christmas,
Is drawing on apace,
And its tidings. &c

God bless the rulers of this house,
With great prosperity;
And many a merry Christmas,
May they live again to see;
Amongst their friends and kindred,
That live both far and near,
And God send us all a happy New Year.

Portuguese Hymn.

Ye faithful triumphant,
Enter into Bethlehem,
Enter, O enter with joy of heart,
Tidings, glad tidings,
Sent to Heaven by angels,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

A Virgin conceived,
And bear the world a Saviour,
God of God, and light of light,
Holy, holy Infant,
Very God of very God,
O come let us adore, adore the Lord.



Great joy to all people,
To day a Son is given,
Glory, glory be to thee, O Christ.
The eternal Word, was,
Make man, and dwell among us,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Sing praises in full chorus
All you host of Angels,
Sing praises all ye nations of the earth,
Hail to the Lamb,
Hallelujah, hallelujah;
O come let us adore, adore the Lord.

Christians awake!

Christians awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the Mystery of Love,
Which hosts of Angels chaunted from above,
With them the joyful tidings first begun.
Of God's incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful Shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic Herald's voice—Behold,
I bring you glad tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you, and all the nations upon the earth,
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

In David's city, Shepherds, you will find,
The long foretold Redeemer of Mankind;
Wrapt in swaddling clothes, the babe divine,
Lies in a manger—this shall be your sign.
He spake—and straight the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire.

Thy praises of redeeming love they sung,
And Heaven's whole orb with hallelujah rung,
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace on earth—and mutual good will.
To Bethlehem straight, the enlivened shepherds ran.
To see the wonder God had wrought for man.

And found with Joseph and the blessed maid,
Her Son—the Saviour, in a manger laid,
Amazed, the wond'rous story they proclaim.
The first apostles of his holy name.
While Mary keeps and ponders in her heart,
The heavenly vision which the swains impart.

Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within them burn.
Let us, like those good Shepherds, then employ,
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy.
Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind.

Artless and watchful as their favoured swains,
While virgin meekness in their hearts remains,
Trace we the babe, who has retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross.
Tread in his steps—assisted by his grace,
Till Man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope the angelic throng among,
To find redeemed a glad triumphant throng;
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display.
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing,
Eternal praise to Heaven's all powerful King.

Printed and Published at W. S. FORTEY'S
Wholesale Juvenile Book Warehouse, 2 & 3
Monmouth Court, Seven Dials.

THE VIRGIN MARY.



GOD REST YOU.

God rest you merry Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day.
To save poor souls from Satan's folds,
Which long had gone astray,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

From God, that is our Father,
The blessed Angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds,
With tidings of the same,
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The Son of God by Name,
And 'tis, &c.

"Go, Fear not," said God's Angels,
"Let nothing you affright;
"For there is born in Bethlehem,
"Of a pure Virgin bright,
"One able to advance you,
"And beat down Satan quite,"
And 'tis, &c.

The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And straight they went to Bethlehem
The Son of God to find.
And 'tis, &c.

Now when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay;
This blessed Virgin kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.
And 'tis, &c.

With sudden joy and gladness,
The shepherds then were fill'd,
To see the babe of Israel,
Before his mother mild;
Said they, upon this blessed day,
The Scriptures are fulfilled.
And 'tis, &c.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And like true loving Christians,
Each other then embrace.
For the merry time of Christmas
Is drawing on apace,
And 'tis, &c.

God bless the ruler of this house
With great prosperity,
And many a happy Christmas
May he live again to see,
Amongst his friends and kindred
That live both far and near,
And GOD send you a happy new year.

PORTUGUESE HYMN

Ye faithful triumphant,
Enter into Bethlehem.
Enter, O enter with joy of heart,
Tidings, glad tidings.
Sent to Heaven by angels.
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

A Virgin conceived,
And bare the world of a Saviour,
God of God, and light of light:
Hail! holy infant,
Very God of very God,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Great joy to all people,
To day a son is given,
Glory, glory, be to thee O Christ!
The eternal word, Was,
Make man and dwell among us,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Sing praises in full chorus,
All ye hosts of angels,
Sing praises all ye nations of the earth,
Hail to the lamb,
Halleluiah, halleluiah,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Hark! the herald Angels sing

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.
Joyful all the nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the, &c.

Christ by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veil'd in flesh the godhead he.
Hail the incarnate deity;
Pleas'd as man with man appear
JESUS our Immanuel here.
Hark! &c.

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! &c.

THE HOLY WELL.

AS it fell out one May morning,
And on a bright holiday.
Sweet Jesus asked of his dear mother,
If he might go to play.

To play, to play, sweet Jesus shall go,
And to play now get you gone,
And let me hear of no complaint,
At night when you come home.

Sweet Jesus went down to yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well.
And there he see as fine children,
As any tongue can tell.

He said, God bless you every one,
May Christ your portion be;
Little children shall I play with you,
And you shall play with me.

But they jointly answered, No,
They were lords and ladies sons,
And he the meanest of them all,
Was born in an ox's stall.

Sweet Jesus turned him around,
And neither laugh'd nor smil'd,
But the tears came trickling from his eyes,
Like water from the skies.

Sweet Jesus turned him about,
To his mother's dear home went he,
And said I have been in yonder town,
As after you may see.

I have been in yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well;
There did I meet as fine children,
As any tongue can tell.

I bid God bless them every one,
And their bodies Christ save and see,
Little children shall I play with you,
And you shall play with me.

But then they answered me, No,
They were lords and ladies sons.
And I the meanest of them all,
Was born in an ox's stall.

Though you are but a maiden's child,
Born in an ox's stall,
Thou art the Christ, the King of heaven
And the Saviour of them all.

Sweet Jesus go down to yonder town,
As far as the Holy Well,
And take away those sinful souls,
And dip them deep in hell.

Nay, nay, sweet Jesus mildly said,
Nay, nay, that must not be,
For there are too many sinful souls,
Crying out for the help of me.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials, London.

DIVINE MIRTH.

GOD REST YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN







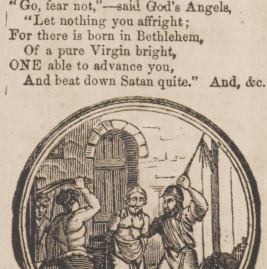
GOD rest you merry Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay ;
Remember Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas-day.
To save poor souls from Satan's fold,
Which long had gone astray,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.



From God that is our Father,
The blessed Angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds,
With tidings of the same.
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The Son of God by name. And, &c.



"Go, fear not,"—said God's Angels,
"Let nothing you affright ;
For there is born in Bethlehem,
Of a pure Virgin bright,
ONE able to advance you,
And beat down Satan quite." And, &c.



The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding,
In tempest, storm and wind.
And straight they went to Bethlehem,
The Son of God to find. And 'tis, &c.

The Holy Day.

IT is the day, the Holy day,
On which our Lord was born,
And sweetly doth the sunbeams gild,
The dew besprinkled thorn.

The birds sing thro' the heavens,
And the breezes gently play,
And song and sunshine lovely,
Begins this Holy day.

'Twas in a humble manger,
A little lowly shed.
With cattle at his infant feet,
And shepherds at his head.

The Saviour of this sinful world,
In innocence first lay,
While wise men made their offerings
To him this Holy day.

He came to save the perishing,
To waft the sighs to Heaven.
Of guilty men who truly sought,
To weep to be forgiven.

An Intercessor still he shines,
And men to him should pray,
At HIS altar's feet for meekness,
Upon this Holy day.

As flowers still bloom fair again,
Though all their life's stems shed,
Thus we shall rise with life once more
Tho' numbered with the dead.

Then may our stations be near HIM
To whom we worship pay.
And praise with heartfelt gratitude,
Upon this Holy day.



When Joseph was an Old Man.

WHEN Joseph was an old man,
an old man was he,
And he married Mary, the queen of
Galilee ;
When Joseph had his cousin Mary
got,
Mary prov'd with child, by whom
Joseph knew not.

As Joseph was a walking, he heard
an angel sing,
This night shall be born our Heavenly King ;
He neither shall be clothed in purple
nor in pall,
But in fine linen as were babies all.

He never did require, white wine or
red,
But fair spring water, with which
we were christened,
He neither shall be rock'd in silver
nor gold,
But in a wicker cradle that rocks in
the mould.

Then Mary took her young son,
and set him on her knee :
Come tell me, my dear child, how
this world shall be ;
This world shall be like the stones
in the street,
For the sun and the moon shall bow
down to thy feet.

The Lamb.

COME, Christians all, behold the
Lamb,
That on this day was born ;
Come rise and praise his holy name,
And usher in the morn.

From Heaven these glorious tidings
came,
To mortals here on earth,
God sent his own beloved Son,
With us to spend his birth.

Now to the Father, to the Son,
Be praise and glory given ;
Let saints on earth with angels join,
The harmony of Heaven.

TO God, our benefactor, bring
the tribute of your prise,
To small for an Almighty King, but
all that we can raise.
Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One
the God whom we adore ;
And was, and is, and shall be done,
when time shall be no more.

GLORY be to God on high, and
in earth peace, good-will towards men. We praise thee, we
bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for
thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

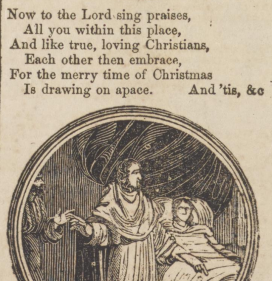
Now when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay ;
The blessed Virgin kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray. And 'tis, &c.



With sudden joy and gladness,
The shepherds then were fill'd,
To see the babe of Israel,
Before his mother mild ;
Said they "upon this blessed day,
The Scriptures are fulfill'd." And, &c



Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And like true, loving Christians,
Each other then embrace,
For the merry time of Christmas
Is drawing on apace. And 'tis, &c



God bless the ruler of this house,
With great prosperity,
And many a merry Christmas,
May he live again to see,
Amongst his friends and kindred,
That live both far and near,
And God sends you a happy new year.

THE NATIVITY.

A Selection of excellent Christmas Carols



To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.

The heavenly Babe you there shall
To human view display'd, (find
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing
And in a manger laid. (bands,

God rest you.

God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember, Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day.
To save poor souls from Satan's power,
Which a long time had gone astray.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

From God, that is our Father,
The blessed Angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds.
With tidings of the same—
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The SON of GOD by name.
And 'tis tidings, &c.

"Go, fear not," said God's Angels,
"Let nothing you affright,
For there is born in Bethlehem,
Of a pure Virgin bright;
ONE able to advance you,
And beat down Satan quite."
And 'tis tidings, &c.

The Shepherds at these tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding,
In tempest, storms, and wind.
And straight they went to Bethlehem,
The Son of God to find
And 'tis tidings, &c.

Now when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay;
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay.
The blessed Virgin kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.
And 'tis tidings, &c.

With sudden joy and gladness,
The Shepherds they were filled,
To see the babe of Israel,
Before his mother mild
Said they, "upon this blessed day,
The Scriptures are fulfilled."
And 'tis tidings, &c.

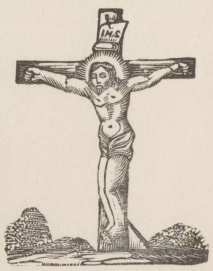
Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place;
And like true loving Christians,
Each other then embrace
For the merry time of Christmas,
Is drawing on apace,
And its tidings. &c

God bless the rulers of this house,
With great prosperity;
And many a merry Christmas,
May they live again to see:
Amongst their friends and kindred.
That live both far and near.
God send us all a happy New Year.

Portuguese Hymn.

Ye faithful triumphant,
Enter into Bethlehem,
Enter, O enter with joy of heart,
Tidings, glad tidings,
Sent to Heaven by angels,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

A Virgin conceived,
And bear the world a Saviour,
God of God, and light of light,
Holy, holy Infant,
Very God of very God,
O come let us adore, adore the Lord.



Great joy to all people,
To day a Son is given,
Glory, glory be to thee, O Christ.
The eternal Word, was,
Make man, and dwell among us,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Sing praises in full chorus
All you host of Angels,
Sing praises all ye nations of the earth,
Hail to the Lamb,
Hallelujah, hallelujah;
O come let us adore, adore the Lord.

Christians awake!

Christians awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the Mystery of Love,
Which hosts of Angels chaunted from above,
With them the joyful tidings first begun.
Of God's incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful Shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic Herald's voice—Behold,
I bring you glad tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all the nations upon the earth,
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

In David's city, Shepherds, you will find,
The long foretold Redeemer of Mankind;
Wrapt in swaddling clothes, the babe divine,
Lies in a manger—this shall be your sign.
He spake—and straight the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire.

Thy praises of redeeming love they sung,
And Heaven's whole orb with hallelujah rung,
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace on earth—and mutual good will.
To Bethlehem straight, the enlivened shepherds son.
To see the wonder God had wrought for man.

And found with Joseph and the blessed maid,
Her Son—the Saviour, in a manger laid,
Amazed, the wond'rous story they proclaim.
The first apostles of his holy name.
While Mary keeps and ponders in her heart,
The heavenly vision which the swains impart.

Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.
Let us, like those good Shepherds, then employ,
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy.
Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind.

Artless and watchful as their favoured swains,
While virgin meekness in their hearts remains.
Trace we the babe, who has retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross,
Tread in his steps—assisted by his grace,
Till Man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope the angelic throng among,
To find redeemed a glad triumphant throng;
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display.
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing.
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THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.



The Holy Day.

IT is the day, the Holy day,
On which our Lord was born,
And sweetly doth the sunbeams gild,
The dew besprinkled thorn.

The birds sing thro' the heavens,
And the breezes gently play,
And song and sunshine lovely,
Begins this Holy day.

'Twas in a humble manger,
A little lowly shed,
With cattle at his infant feet,
And shepherds at his head.

The Saviour of this sinful world,
In innocence first lay,
While wise men made their offerings
To him this Holy day.

He came to save the perishing,
To waft the sighs to Heaven,
Of guilty men who truly sought,
To weep to be forgiven.

An Intercessor still he shines,
And men to him should pray,
At HIS altar's feet for meekness,
Upon this Holy day.



Arise! Good Christians.

Air—"God rest you."

Arise! arise good Christians,
Arise with heart and voice,
Christmas is approaching fast,
Then let the world rejoice.
This is the time that Christ was born,
Our sinful souls to save.
The let every true Christian rejoice.

As the shepherds were conversing,
Upon the hills at night;
A star appeared above them,
Which dazzled their sight.
Straightway they went to Bethlehem,
And their in sweet delight,
The Shepherds altogether did rejoice.

They beheld the Virgin Mary,
So lovely, meek and mild;
In a manger suckling,
Her blessed, holy child.
In that awful place where oxen fed,
The blessed infant smiled,
And it caused every Shepherd to rejoice.

But little did they think,
What sufferings he would endure;
When they beheld a Saviour,
Born of a Virgin pure.
God sent his Son that blessed night,
Our sinful souls to cure,
And to cause every Christian to rejoice.

But mark! how did the Jews,
To the Son of God behave?
In scorn they crucified him,
And sent him to the grave;
But now he sits at God's right hand,
Our sinful souls to save,
And to cause every Christian to rejoice.

Then to the Lord g ve praises,
Let all the world rejoice,
And glorify our Saviour,
Let every heart and voice.
God sent his Son our souls to save,
On the tree he died for us.
Then let every true Christian rejoice.

As flowers still bloom fair again,
Though all their life's stems shed,
Thus we shall rise with life once more
Tho' numbered with the dead.

Then may our stations be near HIM
To whom we worship pay.
And praise with heartfelt gratitude,
Upon this Holy day.

As I sat on a sunny bank,
A sunny bank, a sunny bank,
As I sat on a sunny bank,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

I spy'd three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by.
I spy'd three ships come sailing by,
On Christmas-day in the morning,

And who should be with these three ships,
With these three ships, with these three ships,
And who should be with these three ships,
But Joseph and his fair lady.

O he did whistle, she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring,
For joy that our Saviour he was born
On Christmas-day in the morning.



W. S. FORTEY, Printer, Monmou th Court,

CHRISTMAS DRAWING NEAR AT HAND.



A —Virgin most pure.

A Virgin most pure as the prophets did tell,
Should bring forth a Son and so it befel,
To be our Redeemer from death and (in,
from sin,
Which Adam's transgression involved us

CHORUS.

Therefore be merry, aye, therefore be merry,
Rejoice and be merry, set sorrow aside,
For Christ our Saviour was born on this tide.

In Bethlehem of Judea it came to pass,
That Mary to Joseph espoused was,
And they went to Jerusalem as it is said,
Where Cæsar had order'd a tax to be paid.

They were constrain'd in a stable to lie,
Where oxen and asses they used to lie;
In this humble apartment they lay till the morn,
When the blessed Redeemer of all men was born.

The King of glory to this world being brought,
To clothe him forthwith fine linen was sought,
When Mary had clothed our Saviour so sweet,
Within an ox's manger she laid him to sleep.

These tidings so joyful were straightway reveal'd,
To certain poor shepherds who watch'd in a field,
By an angel who bade them rejoice and be bold,
For a Saviour was born as the prophets foretold.

Then the hearts of the shepherds were instantly cheer'd,
By a number of angels who to them appear'd
In glory, while seated they sweetly did sing,
Songs of praise to Jehovah our heavenly King.

Christmas drawing near at Hand.

CHRISTMAS now is drawing near at hand,
Serve the Lord and be at his command,
And God for you a portion will provide,
And give a blessing to your soul beside,

Remember man that thou art made of clay,
And in this world thou hast not long to stay
This wicked world will never be content,
With all its gifts that God hath sent,
Down in the garden where flowers grow in rank
Down on your bended knees and give the Lord (day,
thanks,
Down on your knees and pray both night and
Leave off your sins and live upright I pray,

So proud and lofty is some sort of sin,
Which many take delight and pleasure in,
Whose conversation God doth much dislike,
And yet he shakes his sword before he strikes

So proud and lofty do some people go,
Dressing themselves like players in a show,
They patch and paint and dress with idle stuff
As if God had not made them fine enough,

E'en little children learn to curse and swear,
And can't rehearse one word of godly prayer,
Oh! teach them better—teach them to rely,
On Christ, the sinner's friend who reigns on high.



Dives and Lazarus.

AS it fell out upon a day,
Dives made a feast,
And he invited all his friends,
And gentry of the best.
Then Lazarus laid him down, and wept,
And down at Dive's door,
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Bestow upon the poor.

Thou art none of my brother Lazarus,
That lies begging at my door,
No meat no drink will I give to thee,
Nor any to the poor.
Then Lazarus laid him down, and wept,
And down at Dive's gate,
Some meat and drink brother Dives,
For Jesus Christ his sake.

Thou art none of my brother Lazarus,
That lies begging at my gate,
No meat, no drink will I give thee,
For Jesus Christ his sake.
Then Dives sent out his merry men all,
To whip poor Lazarus away,
They had not power to strike one stroke,
But flung their whips away.

Then Dives sent out his hungry dogs
To worry poor Lazarus away,
They had not power to bite one bit
But licked his sores away.
Now it fell out upon a day,
Lazarus sickened and died,
There came two angels down from Heaven
Thereto his soul to guide.

Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus
And come along with we,
There is a place prepared in Heaven
For poor men such as thee.
As it fell out upon a day
Dives sickened and died,
There came two serpents out of hell
Thereto his soul to guide.

Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with us,
There is a place provided in Hell
To thy eternal curse.

While Shepherds watch'd.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign:

The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swadling band
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith,
Appear'd a shining throng,
Of angels praising God, and thus,
Address'd their joyful song:—

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

Printed by J. CATNACH, 2, Monmouth Court 7 Dials.

The Star of Bethlehem.

On of Esteemed CAROLS for the present Year.



Mirth Inclin'd.

LET all that are to mirth inclin'd,
Confider well and bear in mind,
What our good God for us has done,
In fending his beloved Son.

Let all our fongs and praifes be,
Unto his heavenly Majefty,
And evermore amongft our mirth
Remember Chrift our Saviour's birth.

The twenty-fifth day of December,
We have great reafon to remember,
In Bethlehem upon that morn,
There was a bleffed Messiah born.

The night before this happy tide,
The fpotlefs virgin and her guide,
Were long feeking up and down,
To find a lodging in the town.

But mark how all things came to pafs
The inns and lodgings filled was,
That they no room could have at all,
But in a filly oxen's ftall.

This night the Virgin Mary mild,
Was fafe delivered of a child,
According unto heavens decree,
Man's God and Saviour for to be.

Near Bethlehem fome fhepherds kept,
And watch'd their flocks while others flept,
To whom God's angels did appear,
Which put the fhepherds in great fear.

Prepare, and go, the angel faid,
To Bethlehem, be not afraid,
There you fhall fee upon this morn,
The bleffed babe, fweet Jefus born.

With thankful hearts and joyful mind,
The fhepherbs went this babe to find,
And as the heavenly angel told,
They did our Saviour Chrift behold.

Within a manger he was laid,
The Virgin Mary by him ftaid,
Attending on the Lord of Life,
Being both mother, maid, and wife.

Three eaftern wife men from afar,
Directed by a glorious ftar,
Came boldly on and made no ftay,
Until they came where Jefus lay.

And being come unto the place,
Where the bleffed Messiah was,
They humbly laid before his feet,
Their gifts of gold and odours fweet

See, how the Lord of heaven and earth,
Shew'd himfelf lowly in his birth;
A weet example for mankind,
To earn to bear an humble mind

No coftly robes or rich attire,
Did Jefus Chrift our Lord admire,
But glorious mufic from on high,
Of fhining angels in the fky,

Did in melodious manner fing
Praifes to our heavenly King.
All hononr, glory, might and power,
Be unto Chrift our Saviour.

If choirs of angels did rejoice,
Well may mankind with heart and voice,
Sing praifes to the God of heaven,
Who unto us his Son has given.

Moreover let us every one,
Call to mind and think upon
His righteous life, and how he died,
To have poor finners juftified.

Snppofe, O man, that thou fhould lie,
In prifon ftrong condemn'd to die,
And that no man upon the earth,
Could ranfom thee from cruel death.



Exceptyou can one perfon find
That for your fake would be fo kind,
Freely to part with his own blood,
To fave thy life and do thee good.

Such was the love of Chrift,---or we
Muft elfe have lain perpetually
In hell---our fouls from thence to fave
Himfelf a facrifice he made.

While in this world he did remain,
He never pafs'd a day in vain,
In fafting, preaching, prayer divine,
In doing good he fpent his time.

He daily in the temple taught,
And many miracles he wrought;
He gave the blind their perfect fight,
And made the lame to walk upright

He cur'd he epers of their evils,
And by his power caft out many devils,
He called Lazarus from the grave,
And the fick their health he gave.

And yet for all his gooo nhtt,, htf
The Jews his firft deftructhngogw
The traitor Judas was theosrkanw,
That with a kifs betray'dnmim heni.o

Then he was led to Judgment-Hall,
Like one defpifed amongft them all,
And had the fentence given that he,
Muft fuffer death upon a tree.

Unto the execution place,
They brought him on with much difgrace
With wild reproachful taunts and feorns,
They put on him a crown of thorns.

O then 'midft pain and anguifh, he
Was nailed on the curfed tree,
And further to augment his fmart
With bloody fpears they pierc'd his heart.

Thus have ye feen and heard aright,
The love of Chrift, the Lord of might,
And how he fhed his precious blood,
Only to do us finners good.

The Saviour's Will.

WITH one confent let all the earth,
The praife of God proclaim,
Who fent the SAVIOUR——by whofe birth,
To man salvation came.

All nations join and magnify,
The great, the wond'rous love;
Of HIM who left for us the fky,
And all the joys above.

But vainly thus in hymns of praise,
We bear a joyful part,
If while our voice aloud we raife,
We lift not up the heart.

We by a holy life alone,
Our SAVIOUR's laws fulfill;
By thofe his glory is beft fhewn
Who beft perform h[illegible]

May we to all his words attend
With humble pious care,
Then fhall our praife to heaven ascend,
And find acceptance there.

PRINTED AND SOLD
Wholesale and Retail by
J. CATNACH, 2, MONMOUTH COURT
SEVEN DIALS,

Let all that are to Mirth Inclin'd, &c.

St. Matthew.



St. Thomas.



St. Philip.



St, Simon.



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

From the XXth Chapter of Exodus

1. Thou shalt have no other Gods, but me
2. Before no Idol bow thy knee
3. Take not the name of God in vain
4. Nor dare the sabbath day prophane
5. Give both thy parents honour due
6. Take heed that thou no murder do
7. Abstain from deeds and words unclean
8. Nor steal tho' art poor and mean
9. Nor tell a wilful lie and love it
10. What is thy neighbours do not covet,

From Matt xxvii 17

WITH all thy soul love God above
And as thyself thy neighbour love

Our Saviour,s Golden Rule

From Matt vii 12;

BE ye to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you
And neither do dor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again

Salvation inscribed to Jesus Christ

GLORY to Jesus Christ our Son
Of David and of God
Who brought the means of pardon down
And bought it with his blood
To Jesus Christ our glorious King
Be endless praises given
Let all the earth his praises sing
Who made our peace with heaven

St, John.



St, James.



St, Peter.



St, Andrew



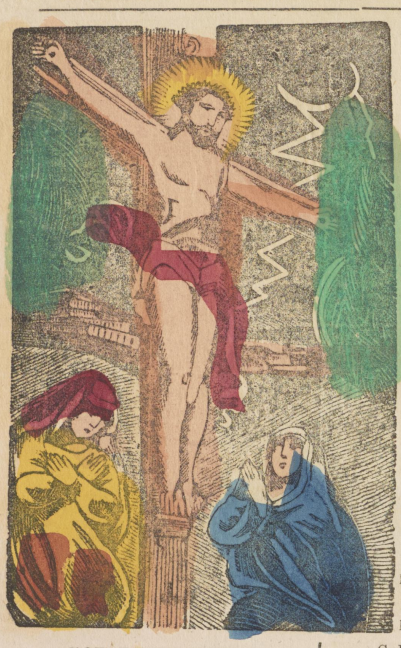
LET all that are to Mirth Inclin'd
Consider well and bear in mind,
What our good God for us have done,
In sending his beloved Son,
Let all our songs and praises be,
Unto his heavenly Majesty
And evermore amongst our mirth,
Remember Christ our Saviours birth,
The Twenty fifth day of December.
We have great reason to remember,
In Bethlehem upon that morn.
There was a blessed Messiah born,
The night before this happy tide,
The spotless virgin and her guide,
Where long seeking up and down,
To find some lodging in the town.
But mark how all things came to pass,
The inns and lodgings filled was,
That they could have no room at all,
But in a silly oxen's stall,
This night the Virgin Mary mild.
Was safe deliver'd of a child,
According unto heaven's decree,
Man's God and Saviour for to be.
Near Bethlehem some shepherds kept,
And watch'd their flocks while others slept,
To whom God's angels did appear,
Which put the shepherds in great fear,
Prepare, and go, the angel said,
To Bethlehem be not afraid,
There you shall see this blessed morn.
The blessed Babe sweet Jusus born.
With thankful hearts and joyful mind
The shepherds went this babe to find,
And as the heavenly angel told,
They did our Saviour Christ behold,
Within a manger he was laid,
The Virgin Mary by him staid,
Attending on the Lord of Life.
Being both Mother, Maid and Wife,
Three Eastern Wisemen from afar
Directed by a glorious star,
Came boldly on and made no stay,
Until they came where Jesus lay,
And being come unto the place,
Where the blessed Messiah was.
They humbly laid before his feet,
Their gifts of gold and odour sweet.
See how the Lord of heaven and earth,
Shew'd himself lowly in his birth,
A sweet example for mankind,
To learn to bear an humble mind,
No costly robes nor rich attire,
Did Jesus Christ our Lord admire.
No music nor sweet harmony,
Till glorious music from on high,
Did in melodious manner sing,
Praises to our heavenly King,
All honour glory might and power,
Be unto Christ our Saviour,
If choirs of angels did rejoice.
Well may mankind with heart and voice;
Sing praises the God of heaven,
That unto us his Son hath given:

Moreover let us every one;
Call to mind and think upon.
His righteous life and how he died,
To have poor sinnerss justified,
Suppose O Man! that thou should be
In prison strong condemn'd to die.
And that no man upon the earth,
Could ransom thee from cruel death,
Except you can one person find,
That for your sake would be so kind.
Freely to part with his own blood,
To save thy life to do thee good,
Such was the love of Christ when we.
Must else have lain perpetually.
In Hell our souls from thence to save,
Himself a sacrifice he gave.
While in this world he did remain,
He never pass'd a day in vain.
In fasting preaching prayer divine,
In doing good he spent his time,
He daily in the temple taught.
And many miracles he wrought,
He gave the blind their perfect sight
And made the lame to walk upright
He cured the lepers of their evils,
And by his power cast out many devils
He called Lazarus from the grave,
And the sick their health he gave,
And yet for all his good word wrought,
The Jews his first destruction sought,
The traitor Judas was the man.
That with a kiss betray'd him then,
That he was led to Justice Hall,
Like one despis'd amongst them all.
And had the seatence given that he,
Must suffer death upon a tree,
Under the execution place,
They brought him on with much disgrace,
With wild reproachful taunts and scorns,
They put on him a crown of thorns
They nail'd him fast, but O how great
Must the pain and anguish be,
There sufferd on a cursed tree,
But that's not all to augment the smart,
With bloody spear they pier'd his heart.
Thus have you seen and heard aright,
The love of Christ the Lord of might,
And how he shed his precious blood,
Only to do us sinners good.

WITHIN this rock that rock is laid
Who both the tomb and maker made
A man that ue er was such beside,
Though just none so unjustly died,
Nothing he owed and yet he did pay,
The whole world's debt in one day,
And on the Cross he pray'd for those,
That to death did him oppose,
And while by the hand of death he fell.
He conquer'd death the devil and hell.
Therefore unto his holy name.
Be honour glory power and fame,

J. Pitts Printer, and Toy Warehouse 6, Great St. Andrew Street 7 Dials

THE SAVIOUR OF MANKIND.





The Portuguese Hymn.

Ye faithful triumphant,
Enter into Bethlehem,
Enter, O enter, wild joy of heart;
Tidings, glad tidings,
Sent from heaven by angels,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

A Virgin conceived,
And bare the world a Saviour
God of God and light of light,
Hail! holy infant,
Very God of very God,
O come, let us adore, &c.

Great joy to all people,
To-day a son is given,
Glory, glory, be to thee, O Christ!
The eternal Word was God
Make man and dwell among us,
On, come, let us adore, &c.

Sing praises in full chorus,
All ye host of angels,
Sing praises all ye nations of the earth,
Hail to the Lamb!
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
O come, let us adore, &c.

Published by T. Taylor, 93, Brick Lane, Bethnal Green, near the Railway Arch.
Hawkers and the Trade supplied.



GOD REST YOU.

God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save poor souls from Satan's fold,
Who a long time had gone astray,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

From God that is our Father,
The blessed angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds,
With tidings of the same,
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The Son of God by name.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

Go, fear not, said God's angels,
Let nothing you affright,
For there is born in Bethlehem,
Of a pure virgin bright,
ONE able to advance you,
And beat down Satan quite.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy,

The shepherds at these tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind;
And straight they went to Bethlehem,
The son of God to find.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy,

And when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay;
The blessed virgin kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.

With sudden joy and gladness
The shepherds they were filled,
To see the babe of Israel,
Before his mother mild,
Said they upon this blessed day
The Scriptures are fulfilled.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within the place,
And like true loving Christians,
Each other then embrace,
For the merry time of Christmas
Is drawing on apace.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

God bless the ruler of this house
With great prosperity,
And many a merry Christmas
May he still live to see,
Amongst his friends and kindred
That live both far and near,
And God send us all a Happy New Year.



Praise ye the Lord.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy Word,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

THE SEVEN JOYS.

The first good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of one,
To see her own son Jesus
To suck at her breast bone,
To suck at her breast bone, good man,
And blessed may he be,
Both father, son, and Holy Ghost.
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of two,
To see her own son Jesus
To make the lame to go;
To make the lame to go, good man,
And blessed may he be,
Both Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It way the joy of three,
When that her own son Jesus
Did make the blind to see;
Did make the blind to see, good man,
And blessed may he be,
Both Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of four,
To see her own son Jesus
Read the Scriptures o'er;
Read the Scriptures o'er, &c.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of five,
To see her own son Jesus
Raise the dead to life;
Raise the dead to life, &c.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of six,
To see her own son Jesus
Bear the crucifix;
Bear the crucifix, &c.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of seven,
To see her own son Jesus
Wear the crown of heaven;
Wear the crown of heaven, &c.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.





The Portuguese Hymn.

Ye faithful triumphant,
Enter into Bethlehem,
Enter, O enter, with joy of heart;
Tidings, glad tidings,
Sent from heaven by angels,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

A Virgin conceived,
And bare the world a Saviour
God of God and light of light,
Hail! holy infant,
Very God of very God,
O come, let us adore, &c.

Great joy to all people,
To-day a son is given,
Glory, glory, be to thee, O Christ!
The eternal Word was God
Make man and dwell among us,
On, come, let us adore, &c.

Sing praises in full chorus,
All ye host of angels,
Sing praises all ye nations of the earth.
Hail to the Lamb!
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
O come, let us adore, &c.

Published by T. Taylor, 93, Brick Lane, Bethnal Green, near the Railway Arch.
Hawkers and the Trade supplied.



The Saviour's Will.

With one consent let all the earth,
The praise of God proclaim,
Who sent the Saviour—by whose birth
To man salvation came.

All nations join and magnify,
The great the wondrous love,
Of Him who left for us the sky,
And all the joys above.

May we to all his words attend,
With humble pious care,
Then shall our praise to heaven ascend,
And find acceptance there.



GOD REST YOU.

God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save poor souls from Satan's fold,
Who a long time has gone astray,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

From God that is our Father,
The blessed angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds,
With tidings of the same,
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The son of God by name,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

Go, fear not, said God's angels,
Let nothing you affright,
For there is born in Bethlehem,
Of a pure virgin bright,
ONE able to advance you,
And beat down Satan quite,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

The shepherds at these tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind:
And straight they went to Bethlehem,
The son of God to find.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

And when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay;
The blessed virgin kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.

With sudden joy and gladness
The shepherds they were filled,
To see the babe of Israel,
Before his mother mild,
Said they upon this blessed day
The Scriptures are fulfilled.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within the place,
And like true loving Christians,
Each other then embrace,
In drawing on apace,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

God bless the ruler of this house
With great prosperity,
And many a merry Christmas
May he still live to see,
Amongst his friends and kindred
That live both far and near.
And God send us all a Happy New Year.

CHRIST IN THE MANGER.

Where is this stupendous strange,
Nymphs of Soloma advise,
Lead me to my master's manger,
Show me where my Saviour lies.

Oh! most mighty! Oh! most holy!
Far above the seraph's thought,
Art thou then so meek and holy,
As unheeded prophets taught.

Oh! the magnitude of meekness,
Worth from worth immortal sprung;
Oh! the strength of infant weakness,
If eternal, is so young.



KIND.

SEVEN JOYS.

l joy that Mary had,
joy of one,
n son Jesus
her breast bone,
r breast bone, good man,
d may he be,
son, and Holy Ghost.
nity.

d joy that Mary had,
joy of two,
n son Jesus
e lame to go;
lame to go, good man,
d may he be,
Son and Holy Ghost,
nity.

d joy that Mary had,
joy of three,
r own son Jesus
he blind to see;
blind to see, good man,
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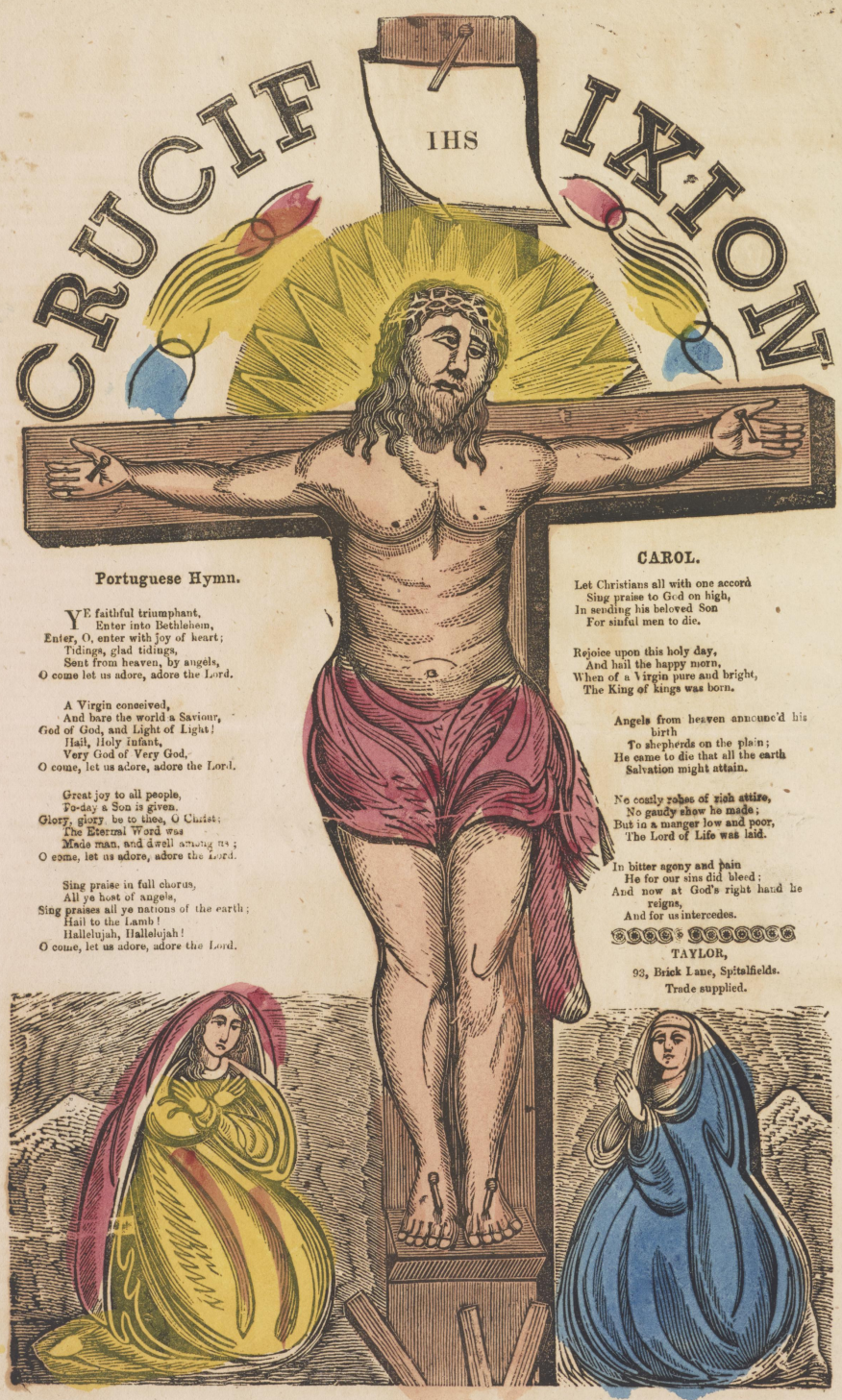
d joy that Mary had,
joy of four,
n son Jesus
criptures o'er;
d the Scriptures o'er, &c.

l joy our Mary had,
oy of five,
n son Jesus
ad to life;
e the dead to life, &c.

joy that Mary had,
oy of six,
n son Jesus
ucifix;
the crucifix, &c.

joy that Mary had,
oy of seven,
n son Jesus
own of heaven;
r the crown of heaven, &c.

CRUCIFIXION



Portuguese Hymn.

YE faithful triumphant,
Enter into Bethlehem,
Enter, O, enter with joy of heart;
Tidings, glad tidings,
Sent from heaven, by angels,
O come let us adore, adore the Lord.

A Virgin conceived,
And bare the world a Saviour,
God of God, and Light of Light!
Hail, Holy Infant,
Very God of Very God,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Great joy to all people,
To-day a Son is given.
Glory, glory be to thee, O Christ;
The Eternal Word was
Made man, and dwell among us;
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Sing praise in full chorus,
All ye host of angels,
Sing praises all ye nations of the earth;
Hail to the Lamb!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

CAROL.

Let Christians all with one accord
Sing praise to God on high,
In sending his beloved Son
For sinful men to die.

Rejoice upon this holy day,
And hail the happy morn,
When of a Virgin pure and bright,
The King of kings was born.

Angels from heaven announc'd his birth
To shepherds on the plain;
He came to die that all the earth
Salvation might attain.

No costly robes of rich attire,
No gaudy show he made;
But in a manger low and poor,
The Lord of Life was laid.

In bitter agony and pain
He for our sins did bleed:
And now at God's right hand he reigns,
And for us intercedes.

TAYLOR,
93, Brick Lane, Spitalfields.
Trade supplied.

THE CRUCIFIXION

The Seven Joys,

THE first good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy one.
To see her own son Jesus,
To suck at her breast bone,
To suck at her breast bone, God-man,
And blessed may He be;
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of two,
To see her own son Jesus
To make the lame to go,
To make the lame to go, God-man,
And blessed may He be;
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.



The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of three,
When that her own son Jesus,
Did make the blind to see,
To make the blind to see, God-man,
And blessed may He be;
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of four,
To see her own son Jesus,
To read the Scriptures o'er, to read, &c.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of five,
To see her own son Jesus,
To raise the dead to life, to raise, &c.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of six,
To see her own son Jesus,
To wear the Crucifix, to wear, &c.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of seven,
To see her own son Jesus,
To wear the Crown of Heaven,
To wear the Crown of Heaven, God-man,
And blessed may he be, &c.

GOD REST YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN.

GOD rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day,
To save poor souls from Satan's fold,
Which long time had gone astray,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

From God who is our father,
The blessed angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds,
With tidings of the same.
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The son of God by name.

"Go fear not," said God's angels,
"Let nothing you affright,
For there was born in Bethlehem,
Of a pure Virgin bright,
One able to advance you,"
And beat down Satan quite.

The shepherds at these tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And straight they went to Bethlehem,
The Son of God to find.

Now when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
The blessed Virgin kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.

With sudden joy and gladness,
The shepherds they were fill'd,
To see the Babe of Israel,
Before his mother mild,
Said they, upon this blessed day,
The Scriptures are fulfilled.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And like true loving Christians,
Each other then embrace,
For the merry time of Christmas
Is drawing on apace.

God bless the ruler of this house,
With great prosperity,
And many a merry Christmas
May he live again to see,
Amongst his friends and kindred
That live both far and near,
And God send us all a happy New Year.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.



Praise ye the Lord,
From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by ev'ry tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Hymn for the Sacrament.

All ye who faithful servants are
Of our Almighty King,
Both high and low, and small and great,
His praise devoutly sing.
Let us rejoice and render thanks
To his most holy name;
Rejoice! rejoice! for now is come
The marriage of the Lamb.

His bride herself was ready made,
How pure and white her dress,
Which is her saints' integrity,
And spotless holiness.
O, therefore bless'd is every one,
Who to the marriage feast,
And holy supper of the Lord,
Is called a welcome guest!

Anthem.

Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it: shout, ye lower parts of the Earth; break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein. For the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel.

GOD REST YOU,

God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save poor souls from Satan's fold,
Who a long time had gone astray,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

From God that is our Father,
The blessed angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds,
With tidings of the same,
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The Son of God by name.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

Go, fear not, said God's angels,
Let nothing you affright,
For there is born in Bethlehem,
Of a pure virgin bright,
ONE able to advance you,
And beat down Satan quite.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

The shepherds at these tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind;
And straight they went to Bethlehem,
The son of God to find.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

And when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay;
The blessed virgin kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.

With sudden joy and gladness
The shepherds they were filled,
To see the babe of Israel,
Before his mother mild,
Said they upon this blessed day
The Scriptures are fulfilled.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within the place,
And like true loving Christians,
Each other then embrace,
For the merry time of Christmas
Is drawing on apace.
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

God bless the ruler of this house
With great prosperity,
And many a merry Christmas
May he still live to see,
Amongst his friends and kindred
That live both far and near,
And God send us all a Happy New Year.



Praise ye the Lord.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy Word,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

THE SEVEN JOYS.

The first good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of one,
To see her own son Jesus
To suck at her breast bone.
To suck at her breast bone, good man,
And blessed may he be,
Both father, son, and Holy Ghost.
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of two,
To see her own son Jesus
To make the lame to go;
And blessed may he be,
Both Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It way the joy of three,
When that her own son Jesus
Did make the blind to see;
Did make the blind to see, good man,
And blessed may he be,
Both Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of four,
To see her own son Jesus
Read the Scriptures o'er;
Read the Scriptures o'er, &c.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of five,
To see her own son Jesus
Raise the dead to life;
Raise the dead to life, &c.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of six,
To see her own son Jesus
Bear the crucifix;
Bear the crucifix, &c.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of seven,
To see her own son Jesus
Wear the crown of heaven;
Wear the crown of heaven, &c.

THE MESSIAH





God rest you.

God rest you merry gentlemen.
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember, Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day,
To save poor souls from Satan's power,
Which a long time had gone astray,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

From God, that is our Father,
The blessed Angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds.
With tidings of the same—
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The SON of GOD by name.
And 'tis tidings, &c.

"Go, fear not," said God's Angels,
"Let nothing you affright,
For there is born in Bethlehem,
Of a pure Virgin bright;
ONE able to advance you,
And beat down Satan quite."
And 'tis tidings, &c.

The Shepherds at these tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding,
In tempest, storms, and wind.
And straight they went to Bethlehem,
The Son of God to find
And 'tis tidings, &c.

Now when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay;
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay.
The blessed Virgin kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.
And 'tis tidings, &c.

With sudden joy and gladness,
The Shepherds they were filled,
To see the babe of Israel,
Before his mother mild.
Said they, "upon this blessed day,
The Scriptures are fulfilled."
And 'tis tidings, &c.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place;
And like true loving Christians,
Each other then embrace.
For the merry time of Christmas,
Is drawing on apace,
And its tidings. &c.

God bless the rulers of this house,
With great prosperity;
And many a merry Christmas,
May they live again to see;
Amongst their friends and kindred,
That live both far and near,
And God send us all a happy New Year,

Portuguese Hymn.

Ye faithful triumphant,
Enter into Bethlehem,
Enter, O enter with joy of heart,
Tidings, glad tidings,
Sent to Heaven by angels,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

A Virgin conceived,
And bear the world a Saviour,
God of God, and light of light,
Holy, holy Infant,
Very God of very God,
O come let us adore, adore the Lord.



Great joy to all people,
To day a Son is given,
Glory, glory be to thee, O Christ.
The eternal Word, was,
Make man, and dwell among us,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Sing praises in full chorus,
All you host of Angels,
Sing praises all ye nations of the earth,
Hail to the Lamb,
Hallelujah, hallelujah;
O come let us adore, adore the Lord.

Christians awake!

Christians awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the Mystery of Love,
Which hosts of Angels chaunted from above,
With them the joyful tidings first begun.
Of God's incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful Shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic Herald's voice—Behold,
I bring you glad tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you, and all the nations upon the earth,
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

In David's city, Shepherds, you will find,
The long foretold Redeemer of Mankind;
Wrapt in swaddling clothes, the babe divine,
Lies in a manger—this shall be your sign.
He spake—and straight the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire.

Thy praises of redeeming love they sung,
And Heaven's whole orb with hallelujah rang,
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace on earth—and mutual good will.
To Bethlehem straight, the enlivened shepherds sped,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man.

And found with Joseph and the blessed maid,
Her Son—the Saviour, in a manger laid,
Amazed, the wond'rous story they proclaim.
The first apostles of his holy name.
While Mary keeps and ponders in her heart,
The heavenly vision which the swains impart.

Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.
Let us, like those good Shepherds, then employ,
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy.
Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind.

Artless and watchful as their favoured swains,
While virgin meekness in their hearts remains.
Trace we the babe, who has retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross,
Tread in his steps—assisted by his grace,
Till Man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope the angelic throng among,
To find redeemed a glad triumphant throng;
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display.
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing,
Eternal praise to Heaven's all powerful King.

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SAVIOUR OF MANKIND.





Portuguese Hymn.

Ye faithful triumphant,
Enter into Bethlehem,
Enter, O enter with joy of heart.
Tidings, glad tidings,
Sent to Heaven by angels,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

A Virgin conceived,
And bear the world a Saviour,
God of God, and light of light.
Holy, holy Infant,
Very God of very God,
O come let us adore, adore the Lord.

Great joy to all people,
To day a Son is given,
Glory, glory be to thee, O Christ.
The eternal Word, was,
Make man, and dwell among us,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Sing praises in full chorus,
All you host of Angels,
Sing praises all ye nations of the earth,
Hail to the Lamb,
Hallelujah, hallelujah;
O come let us adore, adore the Lord.



The Holy Day.

IT is the day, the Holy day,
On which our Lord was born,
And sweetly doth the sunbeams gild,
The dew besprinkled thorn.

The birds sing thro' the heavens,
And the breezes gently play,
And song and sunshine lovely,
Begins this Holy day.

'Twas in a humble manger,
A little lowly shed,
With cattle at his infant feet,
And shepherds at his head.

The Saviour of this sinful world,
In innocence first lay,
While wise men made their offerings
To him this Holy day.

He came to save the perishing,
To waft the sighs to Heaven,
Of guilty men who truly sought,
To weep to be forgiven.

An Intercessor still he shines,
And men to him should pray,
At HIS altar's feet for meekness,
Upon this Holy day.





Arise! Good Christians.

Air—"God rest you."

Arise! arise good Christians,
Arise with heart and voice,
Christmas is approaching fast,
Then let the world rejoice.
This is the time that Christ was born,
Our sinful souls to save.
The let every true Christian rejoice.

As the shepherds were conversing,
Upon the hills at night;
A star appeared above them,
Which dazzled their sight,
Straightway they went to Bethlehem,
And their in sweet delight,
The Shepherds altogether did rejoice.

They beheld the Virgin Mary,
So lovely, meek and mild;
In a manger suckling,
Her blessed, holy child.
In that awful place where oxen fed,
The blessed infant smiled.
And it caused every Shepherd to rejoice.

But little did they think,
What sufferings he would endure;
When they beheld a Saviour.
Born of a Virgin pure.
God sent his Son that blessed night,
Our sinful souls to cure.
And to cause every Christian to rejoice.

But mark! how did the Jews,
To the Son of God behave?
In scorn they crucified him,
And sent him to the grave;
But now he sits at God's right hand,
Our sinful souls to save,
And to cause every Christian to rejoice.

Then to the Lord give praises,
Let all the world rejoice,
And glorify our Saviour,
Let every heart and voice.
God sent his Son our souls to save,
On the tree he died for us,
Then let every true Christian rejoice.

As flowers still bloom fair again,
Though all their life's stems shed,
Thus we shall rise with life once more
Tho' numbered with the dead.

Then may our stations be near HIM
To whom we worship pay.
And praise with heartfelt gratitude,
Upon this Holy day.

As I sat on a sunny bank,
A sunny bank, a sunny bank,
As I sat on a sunny bank,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

I spy'd three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by.
I spy'd three ships come sailing by,
On Christmas-day in the morning,

And who should be with these three ships,
With these three ships, with these three ships,
And who should be with these three ships,
But Joseph and his fair lady.

O he did whistle, she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring,
For joy that our Saviour he was born
On Christmas-day in the morning.



W. S. FORTEY, Printer, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury, W.C.

Christmas Carols.

Printed and sold by T. Batchelar, 115, Long Alley, Moorfields.































CAROL 1.

REJOICE and be merry, set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide,
In Bethlehem city in Jewry it was,
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass.

CHORUS.

And therefore be merry, set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this tide.

And there to be tax'd with many others did go,
For Cæsar Augustus had order'd it so;
And when they came to the city so fair,
People from all parts to be tax'd were there.
Then Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
Could not in the inn have any lodging at all,
Unless in the stable they would abide,
They could have no other at the same tide.
This lodging so simple they took it no scorn,
And before the next morning our Saviour was born;
When Mary had swaddled her young son so sweet,
Even in an ox's manger she laid him to sleep.
Then God sent an angel from Heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds who in the fields did lie;
And bid them no longer in sorrow to stay,
Because that their Savior was born on that day.
And presently after the shepherds did spy,
A number of angels appear in the sky.
Now certain wise princes thou't it not unmeet,
To lay their rich offerings at our Savior's feet.

CAROL 2.

A VIRGIN most pure, as the prophet did tell,
Should bring forth a young son, as it befel,
To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
Which Adam's transgression involv'd us in.

CHORUS

Therefore be merry, aye therefore be merry,
Rejoice and be merry, set sorrow aside,
For Christ our Saviour was born on this tide.

In Bethlehem, a city in Jewry, it was,
Where Joseph and Mary together did pass,
And there to be tax'd with many did go,
For Cæsar himself had order'd it so,

They were constrained in the stable to lie,
Where oxen and horses they used to tie,
Which lodgings though poor, they took it no scorn,

But the next morning our Saviour was born.
The King of Glory to this world was brought,
Small store of fine linen to wrap him was bought,
But when she had swaddled her young son so sweet,
Within an ox's manger she laid him to sleep.
Then God sent his angels from Heaven so high,
To certain poor shepherds who in the fields did
Who bid them no longer in sorrow to stay, (lie:
For Christ our Savior was born on that day.
Then presently after the shepherds did spy,
Great numbers of angels to stand in the sky,
Who joyfully hail'd and sweetly did sing,
To God be all glory our heavenly King.

CAROL 3.

Christmas now is drawing near at hand,
Serve the Lord and be at his command.
And for you a portion God will provide,
And give a blessing to your soul beside.

Remember man, that thou art made of clay,
For in this world thou hast not long to stay,
This wicked world will never be content,
With all its gifts that God hath sent.

Down in the garden, where flowers grow in ranks,
Down on your knees & give the Lord thanks,
Down on your knees & pray both night & day,
Leave off your sins and live upright I pray.

So proud and lofty is some sort of sin,
Which many take delight and pleasure in,
Which conversation God does not like,
And yet he shakes his sword before he'll strike.

So proud and lofty do some people go,
Dressing themselves like players in a show,
They patch and paint, and dress with idle stuff,
As if God had not made them fine enough.

E'en little children learn to curse & swear,
And can't rehearse one word of godly prayer!
Oh! teach them better, teach them to rely
On Christ, the sinner's friend, who reigns on high.

CAROL 4.

As it fell out upon a day,
Dives made a feast,
And he invited all his guests,
Gentry of the best;
Then Lazarus laid him down and down,
And down at Dives' door,
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
Bestow upon the poor.

CHORUS.

Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,
That lies begging at the door:
No meat, nor drink, will I give to thee,
Nor any to the poor.

Then Lazarus laid himself down and down,
And down at Dives' wall,
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
By hunger starve I shall.
Thou art none of my brother Lazarus,
That lies begging at my wall,
No meat, nor drink, I'll give to thee,
By hunger starve you shall.

Then Lazarus laid himself down and down,
And down at Dives' gate,
Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,
For Jesus Christ's sake;
Thou art none of my brother Lazarus,
That lies begging at my gate,
No meat, nor drink, I'll give to thee,
For Jesus Christ's sake.

Then Dives sent out his merry men all,
To whip poor Lazarus away,
They'd not the power to strike one stroke
But they flung their whips away,
Then Dives sent out his hungry dogs all,
To worry poor Lazarus away,
They had no power to bite one bit,
But lick't his sores away.

As it fell out upon a day,
Lazarus sicken'd and died,
There came an angel out of Heaven,
Thereto his soul to guide,
Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,
And come along with me,
There is a place prepar'd in Heaven,
For sinners such as thee.

And as it fell out upon a day,
Dives sicken'd and died,
There came two serpents out of hell,
Thereto his soul to guide,
Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with us,
There is a place prepar'd in Hell
To thy eternal curse.

A Copy of a Letter Written by our Saviour,

Jesus Christ,

And found Eighteen Miles from Iconium, Sixty-three years after our Blessed Saviours Crucifixion.——Transmitted from the Holy City by a converted Jew. Faithfully Translated from the Original Hebrew Copy, now in possesion of Lady OUBA'S family in Mesopotamia.

THIS Letter was written by JESUS CHRIST, and found under a great stone, round and large, at the foot of the Cross. Upon the stone was graven, "Blessed is he that shall turn me over." All people that saw it prayed to GOD earnestly and desired that he would make the writting known unto them, and that they might not attempt in vain to turn the stone over. In the meantime there came out a little child, about 6 year of age, and turned it over without assistance, to the admiration of every person who was standing by. It was carried to the City of Iconium, and here published by a person belonging to the Lady Ouba. On the letter was written.—THE COMMANDMENTS OF JESUS CHRIST, Signed by the Angel Gabriel, seventy-four years after the birth of Our SAVIOUR.





Thou art the King of Glory, O CHRIST.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

A HYMN.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears!

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound

Chorus.

Glory, Honour, Praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever,
JESUS CHRIST is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
PRAISE THE LORD.



PRAISING CHRIST.

AWAKE and sing the Song of Moses and the Lamb.
Wake every heart and every ear
To praise the Saviour's name
Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
Sing till we feel our hearts,
Ascending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of, sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs
Sing till we hear CHRIST say,
Your sins are all forgiven,
Sing on rejoicing every day,
Till we all meet in Heaven

Printed and Sold by
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PRICE TWOPENCE.

Our Saviour's Letter.

WHOSOEVER worketh on the Sabbath day shall be cursed I command you to go to church, and keep the Lord's Day hol without doing any manner of work. You shall not idly spend yourtime in bedecking yourself with superfluities of costly apparel and vain dresses; for I have ordained a day of rest I will have that day kept holy that your sins be forgiven you. You hall not break my commandments, but observe and keep them; write them in your hearts, and st dfastly bserve that it was written with my own hand, and poken with my own mouth.

You shall not only go to church yourself, but also send your man servants, and your maid servants: and observe my words, and learn my commandments. You shall finish your labour every Saturday in the afternoon, by six o'clock, at which hour the preparation for the Sabbath begins. I advise you to fast five Fridays in every year, begining with Good Friday, and continuing the four Friday's immediately following, in remembrance of the five wounds which I received for all mankind. You shall diligently and peaceably labour in your respective callings, wherein it hath pleased God to call you. You shall love one another with brotherly love; and cause them that are baptized to come to church and receive the sacrament of the Lords supper, and be made members of the church in so doing. I will give you a long life and many blessings, and your land shall flourish, and your cattle bring forth in abundance; and I will give unto you, you



temptations; and he that doeth contrary shall be unprofitable. I will also send a hardness of heart upon them till I feel them but especially upon the impenitent and unbelievers. He that hath given to the poor shall not be unprofitable. Remember to keep holy the sabbath day, for the seventh day I have taken to rest myself. And he that a copy of this my Letter, written with my own hand, and spoken with my own mouth, and keepeth it, without publishing it to others, shall not prosper; but he that publisheth to others, shall be blessed of me: and though his sins be in number as the stars of sky, and he believes in this, he shall be pardoned; and if he believes not in this writing, and this commandment, I will send my own plagues upon him, and consume both him and his cattle. And whosoever shall have a copy of this letter, written with my hand, and keep it in their houses, nothing shall hurt them; neither lightening, pestilence, nor thunder shall he them any hurt. And if a woman be with child, and in labour, and a copy of this Letter be about her, and she firmly puts her trust in me, she shall be safely delivered of her birth.

You shall not have any tidings of me but by the HOLY SCRIPTURE, until the day of judgement. All goodness, happiness, and prosperity, shall be in the house where a copy of this Letter is to be found.

Christ's Cures and Miracles.

HE cleansed a leper by touching him. He healed the centurion's servant afflicted with the palsy. He cured Peter's mother-in-law of a fever. Several possessed of devils. A most violent tempest stilled in him. A man sick of a palsy cured. Raised a man from the dead. Cured two blind men. A dumb man who was possessed of a devil.—Fed above five thousand with five loaves and two fishes. Walked on the sea. All diseases in Genesaret cured by the touch of his garment. Cured a woman of the devil. And multitudes both lame, blind, deaf, dumb, maimed, &c. He fed above four thousand with seven loaves and a few little fishes.

Glory be to thee, O Christ.







And I heard the voice harpers harping with their harps: And they sung the song of Moses the servant of God and the song of the lamb, saying, great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy: for all nations shall come and worship before thee.—Rev

Thou sittest at the right hand of God
to the glory of the Father.
Day by day we magnify thee; and wor-
ship thy Name ever world without end.

The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool.
AWAKE, my glory: harp and lute
No longer let your strings be mute
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.
Thy praises, Lord, I will rehound
To all the listening praises round:
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends:
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
Be thou, O God, exalted high:
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed;
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth. He will not forget thee in thy old age.
IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive and trembling wait,
Its summons to the tomb.
Remember thy Creator, God:
For him thy powers employ:
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope
Thy confidence and joy.
He shall defend and guide thy youth,
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the coast
Of bless'd eternity.

Praise ye the Lord.

TO God the Lord, a hymn of praise
With grateful voices sing:
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each trembling string.
Great is the Lord and great his power
His wisdom has no bound:
The meek he raises, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.
The poor oppress'd from all their wrongs
Are eas'd by his decree:
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the prisoners free.

King Agbarus's Letter to Christ.

I Have heard of thee, and of the cures wrought by thee, without herbs or medicines; for it is reported that thou restorest unto sight the blind, makest the lame to walk, cleansest the leper, raisest the dead, and healest those that are tormented with diseases of long continuance. Having heard all this of thee I was fully persuaded to believe one of those two things, either that thou art very God, and camest down from heaven to do such miracles; or else, that thou art the Son of God and performest them; therefore I have sent these lines entreating thee to come hither and cure my diseases. Besides having heard that the Jews murmurs against thee, and contrive to do thee mischief, I invite thee to my city which is but little indeed, but exceeding beatiful, and sufficient to entertain us both.

Our Saviour's Answer.

BLESSED art thou Agbarus, for beleiving in me, whom thou hast not seen; for it is written, that they who have seen me should not believe, and they who have not seen me, should believe and be saved; but as to the matter thou hast written about these are to acquaint thee, that all the things for which I am sent must be fulfilled, and then I shall be taken up, and return to him that sent me; but after my ascension, I will send one of my disciples, who shall cure thy distemper, and give life to thee, and to them that are with thee.

Lentulus's Epistle to the Senate of Rome.

THERE appeared in those days a man of great virtue, called Jesus Christ, who, by the people is called a prophet, but his disciples call him the son of God. He raised the dead, and cured all manner of diseases: a man of statue somewhat tall and comely with a reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both fear and love. His hair is the colour of a chestnut fully ripe, and is plain almost to his ears, but from thence downward is somewhat curled, rolling about his shoulders, in the middle of his head is a seam or parting, like the Nazarites. His forehead very plain and smooth. In his face there is not a wrinkle or spot to be seen, and beautified with a comely red, his nose and mouth so formed that nothing can be reprehended; his beard thick, the colour of his hair on his head: his eyes grey clear and quick. In reproving he is severe, in counselling courteous. He is of a fair spoken, pleasant and grave speech; it cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body he is well shaped and straight his hands and arms delectable to behold. In speaking he is temperate, modest, and wise. A man who, for his singular beauty, far exceeds all the son of men.

The above can be of no service to any one without they worship the only true God, and him only; through the merits of his dear Son our saviour, Jesus christ.

FINIS.

Him shall all the Angels worship.

THE STAGES OF LIFE

The various Ages and degrees of Human Life explained by these Twelve different Stages from our Birth to our Graves.



Every day that is added to life is a day taken from it.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Step by step we pass away our time, and so our lives, till we have passed this vale of tears & arrive at the haven of Death.

We that have passed on half our time, are half dead, so that the lengthening of our life is really the shortening of it. The time past is dead, the present living but is dying, & that which is to come will certainly fall under the power of Death.

Reader, thou seest old age is an incurable disease, & that we are all nigh unto the neighbourhood of Death.

If by reason of strength we arrive at fourscore years, yet is our strength labour & sorrow.

Resist the devil and he will fly from thee.

We spend our days as a tale that is told.

INFANCY.

We are already so far onwards in our journey towards Death.

We shall all stand before the Judgement-seat of CHRIST.

We are now ready to be offered, & the time of our departure is athand.



To 10 Years old.

HIS vain delusive thoughts are fill'd
With vain delusive joys—
The empty bubble of a dream,
Which waking change to toys.

From 10 to 20 Years old.

His heart is now puff'd up,
He scorns the tutor's hand,
He hates to meet the least controul,
And glories to command.

From 20 to 30 Years old.

There's naught here that can withstand
The rage of his desire,
His wanton flames are now blown up,
His mind is all on fire.

From 30 to 40 Years old.

Look forwards and repent
Of all thy errors past,
That so thereby thou may'st attain,
True happiness at last.

PRINTED BY
J. CATNACH,
Monmouth Court, 7 Dials,
LONDON.

From 40 to 50 Years old.

At fifty years he is
Like the declining sun,
For now his better half of life
Man seemeth to have run.

From 50 to 60 Years old.

His wasted taper now,
Begins to lose its light,
His sparkling flames doth plainly show
'Tis growing towards night.

From 60 to 70 Years old.

Perplex'd with slavish fear,
And unavailing woe,
He travels on life's rugged way
With locks as white as snow.

From 70 to 80 Years old.

Infirmity is great
At this advanced age,
And ceaceless grief and weakness
Now vent their bitter rage. (league

From 80 to 90 Years of age.

Life's "Vital spark" the soul,
Is hovering on the verge
Of an eternal world above,
And waiting to emerge.

From 90 to 100 Years old

The sun is sinking fast,
Behind the clouds of earth,
O may it shine with brighter beams,
Where light receiv'd her birth.



THE DYING PILGRIM.

COME on my brethren in the Lord,
Whose hearts are join'd in one,
Lift up your hearts with courage bold,
Your race is almost run.

Above the clouds behold him stand,
And smiling, bids you come,
And angels whispering you away
To your eternal home.

A pilgrim on his dying bed,
With glory in his soul,
Lifts up his longing eyes on high,
Towards the blissful goal.

While friends and children weep around,
And loth to let him go,
He shouts with an expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.

Go on my brethren in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there,
Altho' we tread enchanted ground,
Be bold and never fear.

Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls
The land appears in view,
hope to gain sweet Canaan's shore,
And there to meet with you

Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
Until we meet again,
Perhaps in time, or as we rise
Above the fiery main.

We'll join the royal armies bright,
In presence of the LAMB,
We'll tune our harps, & sing free grace,
In love's eternal flame.

Hymn,

Composed by a converted Negro.

IN de dark wood, no Indian nigh,
Dan me look heben & send up a cry
Upon my knee so low;
Dat GOD on high in shining place,
See me in night wid teary face,
My priest do tell me so.

GOD send he angel take me care;
He came himself and hear me pray,
(If Indian heart do pray,)
He see me now, he know me here,
He say poor moan do never fear,
Me be wid you night and day.

So me lub GOD with inside heart,
He fight for me, he take my part,
And save my life before.
Yes, GOD lub Indian in de wood,
So he lub me, and dat be good,
Me pray him two times more.



A PRAYER.

O Jesus, my Saviour and Friend,
On whom I rest all my care,
Let thy love be still my delight
And hold thee still close to me here.

My trust is in what thou hast done,
Thy sufferings & death on the tree,
No merit I plead of my own
No righteousness, Lord, but in thee.

HYMN.

YONDER see the Lord descending,
Mark his chariot drawing nigh,
Starry vault before him rending,
Flaming troops descend the sky.
Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of his dear name!
Glory, honour, and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.
Heav'n is shaking, earth is quaking,
Mountains fly before his face;
See the graves their dead forsaking,
Nature sinking in a blaze.
Sing to the Lord hallelujah,
Hark, the herald angels sing,
Hail him christians, hail him christians,
Yonder's your victorious King.
Now behold each shining warrior,
Rising from their dusty beds
Fly to meet their blessed Saviour,
Glittering crowns upon their heads.
Hear them tell their pleasant story,
to their smiling, lovely King,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory, is the song they sing.
Now he's crowned with a rainbow,
Brighter than the sardine stone,
Coming through the clouds of heav'n,
Sitting on the great white throne.
Once a bleeding on the mountain,
There his precious blood did run,
Now he's brought us to the fountain,
Springing rom his Father's throne.

Dies iræ, dies illa.

THAT day of wrath, that direful day,
Shall all the world in ashes lay,
As David and Saint James doth say.
How shall poor mortals quake with fears
When their impartial Judge appears,
Who all their causes strictly hears

His trumpet sounds a dreadful tone,
The noise through all the graves is blown
And calls the dead before his throne.
Nature and death shall stand at gaze,
When creatures shall their bodies raise,
And answer for their ill-spent days.

The clear-writ book of conscience show
Sins black indictment shall be known,
And every soul its guilt shall own.
So when the Judge shall sit on high,
All hidden crimes shall open lie,
No sin shall from due vengeance fly.

I as a guilty person grown,
My faults are in my blushes known,
Pity dear Lord, thy suppliant's moan
My worthless prayers deserve no hire,
But thou, dear Lord, thy grace inspire,
To save me from eternal fire.

Amongst the sheep grant I may sta
Far from the goats condemned band,
Securely plac'd on thy right hand.
Jesus! whose breast condoles
Preserve us from eternal foes,
When death our weary eye-lids lose.

THE

Tree of Life.

SON of God! thy blessing grant,
Still supply our ev'ry want,
Tree of Life thine influence shed,
With thy sap our spirits feed.

Tend'rest Branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee, and die;
Weak as helpless infancy—
O confirm our souls in thee.

Unsustain'd by thee we fall!
Send the strength for which we call!
Weaker than a bruised reed
Help we ev'ry moment need.

All our hope on thee depend,
Love us! save us to the end!
Give us the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise!

CHRIST

Worshipped by all his Creatures.

YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name,
The Name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His Kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have.
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne:
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son.
Our Jesus's praises
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore,
And give him his right,
All glory and pow'r
And wisdom and might:
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.



THE TREE OF LIFE,

Which bear twelve manner of Fruits, and yielded her Fruits every Month, and the Leaves of the Tree were for the healing of the Nations *Rev. chap.* xxii.—Likewise a View of the New Jerusalem, and this present Evil World, with the industry of Gospel Ministers in endeavouring to pluck Sinners from the wrath to come.—*Mat. chap.* vii.

HYMN

OF THE

OMNIPOTENT

LORD of universal nature,
God of every living creature,
Light of morning—shade of even—
King of ocean, earth, and heaven—
Whilst I prostrate bow before thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee,

Soul of love—and source of pleasure,
Mine of ev'ry richer treasure,
King of tempests, storm, and shower,
Ruler of each secret power.
Whilst for favour I implore thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee.

Spring of river, lake, and fountain,
Piler of the rock and mountain,
Breath of animal creation.
Life of varied vegetation—
Whilst I prostrate bow before thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee!

First and last Eternal Being,
All-pervading and all-seeing,
Centre of divine perfection—
Whence the planets learn subjection—
Whilst for favour I implore thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee!

CHRIST

The Believer's Refuge.

IN ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies,
My anchor-hold is firm in him
When swelling billows rise

His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God,
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

Loud hallelujahs sing my soul
To thy Redeemer's name,
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.



DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy Word:
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
Tho' we are guilty, tho' art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood,
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

A Prospect of Heaven

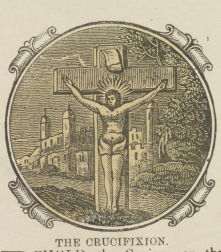
MAKES DEATH EASY.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasure banish pain.

There everlasting springs abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs:
Death like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green,
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

O could we climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.



THE CRUCIFIXION.

BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of woe!
See from his agonizing wound
The blood incessant flow.
Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheeks,
And trembling lips were spread,
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.

'Tis finish'd—was his latest voice;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost
And suffer'd pain no more,
'Tis finish'd—The MESSIAH dies
For sins, but not his own.
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown.

'Tis finish'd—All his groans are past
His blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crown'd him with their spoils.
'Tis finish'd—Legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run;
All old things now are past away,
And a new world begun.

London: Printed by W. S. FORTEY, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, London, W.C. the oldest and cheapest house in the world for Ballads (4000 sorts) Song Books, Children's Books, &c.



O MAY the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest!
Cheer'd by this hope with patient mind
I'll wait Heavens high degree,
Till the appointed period come,
When death shall set me free.

A Selection of CHRISTMAS CAROLS.





PORTUGUESE HYMN.

Enter into Bethlehem,
Enter, O enter with joy of heart;
Tidings, glad tidings,
Sent from heaven, by angels,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

A virgin conceived,
And bare the world a Saviour,
God of God, and Light of Light,
Hail, Holy Infant,
Very God of Very God,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Great joy to all people,
To day a Son is given,
Glory, glory, be to thee O Christ;
The eternal world was
Made Man, and dwelt among us;
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Sing praises in full chorus,
All ye host of angels,
Sing praises all ye nations of the earth;
Hail to the Lamb!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

WHILE SHEPHERD'S WATCHED.

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be a sign:
The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling band,
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith,
Appear'd a shining throng,
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song;—
All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.





CHRISTIANS AWAKE! SALUTE THE HAPPY MORN.

CHRISTIANS awake! salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which host of Angels chanted from above,
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God incarnate, and the Virgin's son.

Then to the watchful shepherd's it was told,
Who heard the angelic heralds voice, behold
I bring glad tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all nations upon the earth;
This day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd word,
This day is born a Saviour—Christ the Lord.

"In David's city, shepherd's you will find,
The long foretold Redeemer of mankind.
Wrapt in swaddling clothes, the babe divine,
Lies in a manger—this shall be your sign:"
He spake, and straight the bright celestial choir,
In hymns of joy unknown before conspire.

The praises of redeeming love they sing,
And heavens whole orb with hallelujah rung,
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and mutual good will;
To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherd's ran,
To see the wonders God had wrought for man.

And found with Joseph and the blessed maid,
Her son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amaz'd, the wond'rous story they proclaim,
The first apostles of his infant fame;
While Mary keeps and ponders in her heart,
The heavenly vision which the swain impart.

They to their flocks, 'still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosom burn;
Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy,
Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind,
God's wond'rous love in saving lost mankind.

Artless and watchful as these favoured swains,
While virgin meekness in their hearts remains;
Trace we the Babe, who has retriev'd our loss,
From his poor manger, to the bitter cross,
Trace in his steps—assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place,

Then may we hope the angelic thrones among,
To find redeem'd a glad triumphant throng,
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display;
Sav'd by his love, incessant we shall sing,
Eternal praise to heaven's all powerful King.





W. S. FORREY, Printer Monmouth Court.

ARISE, GOOD CHRISTIANS ALL.

ARISE, arise, good Christians all;
Arise with heart and voice,
Christmas is approaching fast,
Then let the world rejoice;
This is the time that Christ was born
Our sinful souls to save,
Then let every true Chtistian rejoice.

As the shepherds was conversing
Upon the hills at night,
A star appeared above them,
Which dazzled their sight.
Straightway I went to Bethlehem,
And there in sweet delight,
The shepherds altogether did rejoice.

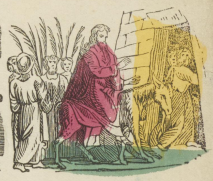
They beheld the virgin Mary,
So lovely, meek, and mild,
In a manger suckling
Her blessed holy child;
In that awful place where oxen fed,
The blessed infant smiled,
And it caused every shepherd to rejoice.

But little did they think
What sufferings he would endure,
When they beheld a Saviour,
Right on a manger lay,
God sent his Son that blessed night,
Our sinful souls to cure,
And to cause every Christian to rejoice.

But mark, how did the Jews
Unto the Son of God behave?
In scorn they crucified him,
And sent him to the grave;
But now he sits at God's right hand,
Our sinful souls to save,
And to cause every Christian to rejoice.

Then to the Lord give praises,
Let all the world rejoice,
And glorify our Saviour,
Let every heart and voice:
God sent his son our souls to save,
On the tree he died for us.
Then let every true Christian rejoice.





GOD REST YOU MERRY GENTLEMEN.

GOD rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas, day.
To save poor souls from Satan's fold,
Which long time had gone astray,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

From God that is our Father,
The blessed Angels came,
Unto same certain shepherds,
With tidings of the same,
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The son of God by name,
And 'tis tidings, &c.

"Go, fear not,"—said God Angels,
"Let nothing you affright,
For there is born in Bethlehem,
Of a pure Virgin bright,
One able to advance you,
And beat down Satan quite."
And 'tis tidings, &c.

The shepherd's at these tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And straight they went to Bethlehem,
The son of God to find.
And 'tis tidings, &c.

Now when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay;
The blessed Virgin kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.
And 'tis tidings, &c.

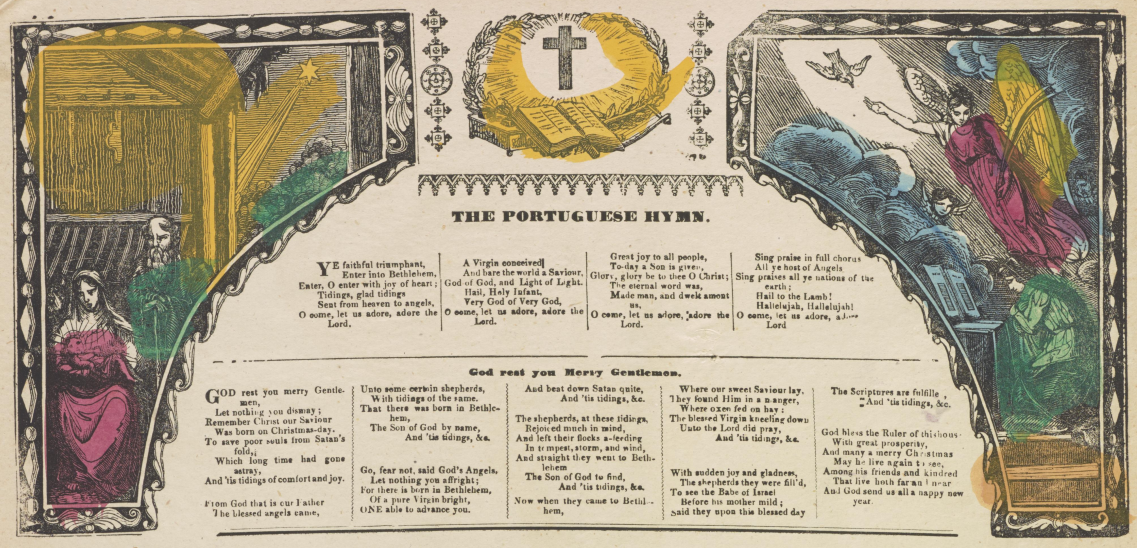
With sudden joy and gladness,
The shepherd's they were filled,
To see the Babe of Israel,
Before his mother mild;
Said they, upon this blessed day,
The Scriptures are fulfill'd.
And 'tis tidings, &c.

Now, to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And like true loving Christians,
Each other then embrace,
For the merry time of Christmas
Is drawing on apace.
And 'tis tidings, &c.

God bless the ruler of this house,
With great prosperity.
And many a merry Christmas,
May he live again to see,
Amongst his friends and kindred,
That live both far and near,
And God send us all a happy New Year.

THE SAVIOUR'S GARLAND.

A Choice Collection of Esteemed Christmas Carols.



THE PORTUGUESE HYMN.

YE faithful triumphant,
Enter into Bethlehem,
Enter, O enter with joy of heart;
Tidings, glad tidings
Sent from heaven to angels,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

A Virgin conceived
And bare the world a Saviour,
God of God, and Light of Light.
Hail, Holy Infant,
Very God of Very God,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Great joy to all people,
To-day a Son is given,
Glory, glory be to thee O Christ;
The eternal word was,
Made man, and dwelt amongst us,
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord.

Sing praise in full chorus
All ye host of Angels
Sing praises all ye nations of the earth;
Hail to the Lamb!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
O come, let us adore, adore the Lord

God rest you Merry Gentlemen.

GOD rest you merry Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas-day,
To save poor souls from Satan's fold;
Which long time had gone astray,
And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

From God that is our Father
The blessed angels came,
Unto some certain shepherds,
With tidings of the same.
That there was born in Bethlehem,
The Son of God by name,
And 'tis tidings, &c.

Go, fear not, said God's Angels,
Let nothing you affright;
For there is born in Bethlehem,
Of a pure Virgin bright,
ONE able to advance you.
And beat down Satan quite,
And 'tis tidings, &c.

The shepherds, at these tidings,
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And straight they went to Bethlehem
The Son of God to find,
And 'tis tidings, &c.

Now when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our sweet Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen fed on hay;
The blessed Virgin kneeling down
Unto the Lord did pray,
And 'tis tidings, &c.

With sudden joy and gladness,
The shepherds they were fill'd,
To see the Babe of Israel
Before his mother mild;
Said they upon this blessed day
The Scriptures are fulfille,
And 'tis tidings, &c.

God bless the Ruler of this house
With great prosperity,
And many a merry Christmas
May he live again to see,
Among his friends and kindred
That live both far and near
And God send us all a happy new year.

SONG OF THE ANGELS,

At the Nativity of Our Blessed Saviour.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for mighty dread,
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

The heavenly babe, you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swadling bands,
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith,
Appeared a shining throng,
Of angels praising God, and thus,
Address'd their joyful song:—

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

Easter Anthem

JESUS CHRIST is ris'n to day,
Hallelujah.
Our triumphant holiday,
Who did once upon the Cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah
Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Unto Christ our heav'nly King,
Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save,
Hallelujah
But the pains which he endur'd
Our salvation has procur'd
Now above the sky he's King,
Where the angels ever sing,
Hallelujah.

Christ in the Manger.

WHERE is this stupendous stranger,
Nymphs of Soloma advise
Lead me to my master's manger
Shew me where my Saviour lies.

Oh! most mighty, Oh! most holy,
Far above the seraph's thought,
Art thou then so meek and holy.
As unheeded Prophets taught.

Oh! the magnitude of meekness.
Worth from worth immortal sprung;
Oh! the strength of infant weakness,
If eternal, is so young.

The "Joys."

THE first good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of one,
To see her own Son Jesus,
To suck at her breast-bone.
To suck at her breast-bone—God-man
And blessed may he be,
Both Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To all eternity.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of two,
To see her own Son Jesus,
To make the lame to go.
To make the lame, &c.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of three,
When that her own Son Jesus
Did make the blind to see;
To make the blind, &c.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of four,
To see her own Son Jesus,
To read the Scriptures o'er
To read, &c.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of five,
To see her own Son Jesus,
To raise the dead to life.
To raise the dead, &c.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of six,
To see her own Son Jesus,
To wear the Crucifix.
To wear, &c.

The next good joy our Mary had,
It was the joy of seven,
To see her own Son Jesus,
To wear the Crown of Heaven.
To wear, &c.

When Joseph was an Old Man.

WHEN Joseph was an old man
an old man was he,
And he married Mary, the Queen of Galilee,
When Joseph had his cousin Mary got,
Mary prov'd with child, by whom Joseph knew not:

As Joseph was a walking, he heard an Angel sing, (king
This night shall be born our heavenly
He neither shall be clothed in purple nor in pall,
But in fine linen as were babies all.
He never did require white wine or red
But fair spring water, with which we were christened. (gold
He neither shall be rock'd in silver nor
But in a wicker cradle that rocks in the mould.

Then Mary took her young son and set him on her knee,
Come tell to me, my dear child, how this world shall be;
This world shall be like the stones in the street,
For the sun and the moon shall bow down to thy feet.

Printed by W. Fortay, late A. Ry Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury.

FAITH. HOPE. & CHARITY

Printed & Sold by
J. CATNACH,
2, Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials.
PRICE TWOPENCE.





They that possess FAITH needeth not Riches, as it leadeth to Heaven.

HOPE is the stay of a Christian; but Despair the reward of an Infidel.

FAITH.

FAITH unto Heaven points the way,
And Truth her path adorns,
Christians on such a road can't stray,
For its not strew'd with thorns.

Fait in God we all should live,
And if in Faith we die,
Our Just that Being will forgive,
Who made earth, seas, and sky.

Look on the Holy Cross, a sign
That Christ our souls can save,
Then Faith and good works here combine,
Nor dread the gloomy grave.

For us Christ pass'd a world of woe,
Midst perils, taunts, and scorns,
For us he wore upon his brow
A crown of stinging thorns.

For us he died upon the cross,
Pierc'd with the murderous spear,
Then think, Oh sinner, how thou was
To him than life more dear.

When earthly tempests o'er him roll'd,
He meekly kiss'd the rod,
And on his heavenly Father call'd,
And plac'd his Faith in God.

Then sinner be in time advis'd,
Let Faith and Virtue combine,
To make the put thy trust in Christ,
The Son of God divine.

The Father saw him faithful prove,
And sent the Holy Ghost,
And minister'd to him from above,
A bright and spiritual host.

By power divine he conquer'd death
And soar'd unto the skies,
While seraph voices music breathe,
And hallelujahs rise.

Like him to triumph o'er the tomb,
And rise in mortal clay,
Pure Faith he left to cheer the gloom,
And guide us on our way.

Mark well her peaceful sacred fare,
The cross affords her rest,
And in the road of Faith and Grace,
Man will at last be blest.

Towards the heav'nly Three in One
Let sinners bend with sighs,
And Faith will gain them from the
A life that never dies. (Throne,

Faith puts Good Works in man's controul,
Which are receiv'd in heaven,
And wanting Faith, no sinful soul
Can hope to be forgiven.

Then be the ways of Faith thy
And in the cross confide, (choice,
Then faithful raise in hymns the voice,
To Christ, thy guard and guide.

HOPE.

LET man embark'd on life's rough sea,
Where perils rise each day,
In Hope a heav'nly beacon see,
To guide him on his way.

Unto the Anchor see Hope cling,
No more of waves the sport,
Christ is the Anchor that can bring
Souls to a heav'nly port.

Faith is the cable all should take,
It makes the darkness flee,
And Hope, a light from heaven breaks,
Upon life's troubled sea.

God's Spirit on the waters breath'd,
Gives sin an awful check,
And Hope, when with fair Truth receiv'd,
Will save a soul from wreck.

Tho' gusts of passion men disgrace,
And shoals of vice abound,
Christ is the rock of saving grace,
Where dangers gather round.

The eyes of Hope are heav'nly orbs,
Joy lives in all her smiles,
Protection she to all affords,
And human care beguiles.

Sins Whirlpools she makes man avoid,
Of Quicksands keeps him clear,
Hope and her Anchor safe will ride,
Till Christ again appear.

Hope blesses all in every clime,
Makes man in virtue brave,
Still pointing forward to a time
When hush'd shall be the wave.

All storms, and thunders cease to roar,
This life appear a dream,
The human bark, to heaven's shore,
Sails o'er a tranquil stream.

Hope springs eternal in the heart,
Like angels good and fair,
She always takes the sinners part,
And drives away despair.

This world is but a scene of woe,
Where misery takes full scope,
To those who don't Religion know,
As pointed out by Hope.

Then Oh, with Hope on Christ rely,
And vain may billows roar,
He'll anchor thee secure on high,
Upon a heav'nly shore,



CHARITY.---A multitude of babes about, her hung,
Whom still she fed, whilst they were weak and young.

CHARITY.

SUFFER young children, Jesus said,
In peace to come to me,
For such, by innocence pourtray'd,
In Heav'n above there be.

Oh, Charity in oblivion hides
A multitude of sins;
And he who for the young provides,
His way of peace begins.

Charity presses to her breast,
And fosters at her knee,
The poor, the helpless, and distrest,
From pain and hunger free.

It is an attribute of God
To bless the poor in heart—
To guard them from a tyrant's rod
Is Charity's kind part.

True Charity extends to all
Who to their cares resign'd,
On Christ above for mercy call,
That died to save mankind.

Lo, Charity, on Heav'n turns
A meek imploring eye,
The orphans hapless fate she mourns,
And stops their wailing cry.

For on the Charity of God
Must sinners all depend,
Whose mercy always is abroad,
Whose poverty's best friend.

Pure Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
Must in the heart preside;
E'en souls in Heaven can mercy see,
To which they lead and guide.

Patience and Charity are one
By all the good desir'd,
Descending from the heav'nly throne,
By Christ himself inspir'd.

Avoid all ways of wicked mirth,
Let pure Religion shine,
Then Charity will bring thee forth
When plenty shall be thine.

Sweet Matron, mother of the poor
Adopted by her care,
From Heav'n she draws a blessed store
True Charity lives there.

Let no one to Despair be driven,
She is the wretched's stay
For Charity allures to Heav'n,
And leads herself the way

ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.

HAIL, holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Be endless praise to Thee;
Supreme, essential ONE ador'd,
In Co-eternal Three.

Inthron'd in everlasting state,
E'er time its round began,
Who joined in council to create
The dignity of man.

All that the name of creature owns,
To thee in Hymns aspire;
May we as angels on our thrones,
For ever join the choir.



Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made, and he said unto the woman yea, hath God said, ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden; and the woman said unto the serpent, we may eat of the fruit of the trees in the garden. Gen. chap. 3.

THE CREATION.

THERE was a time when this world which we inhabit, and all things contained in it, was only darkness and confusion; until God, the great Creator, who himself never had a beginning, but is from everlasting to everlasting, was pleased of his infinite power and wisdom, to form the whole out of nothing.

The bright and glorious Sun that rules the day—the silver Moon, mistress of the night—the innumerable Stars that adorn the sky—the Air, Earth, Sea, with their inhabitants and endless variety of living creatures, as birds, beasts, fishes, insects, &c., the fruitful trees, the useful herbs, the beautiful flowers, were all made by his command, and display the wonderful power, wisdom and goodness of an infinite God.

But the last and noblest of the Creator's works, and for whose use and happiness all the rest was created, was MAN. Though formed of the dust of the ground, he was stamped with the image of his Maker, clothed with superiority and honour, and endowed with knowledge, by which he possessed dominion over all the other animals that surrounded him; a still greater distinction was likewise made between man and all other living creatures, for God "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," and he thus possessed a living, that is a never-dying soul.

But god saw that it was not good for man to be alone, and without a rational companion; and therefore having caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, he took out one of his ribs, with which he formed a woman, who was called Eve, and she became his wife; thus reminding husbands and wives of their near relation, and the tender love, which ought always to subsist between them.

On the 7th day, God rested from, or finished the grand work of creation, and to impress mankind with a due sense of his wisdom and goodness, he appointed that day to be kept holy and devoted to his service; thus instituting the Sabbath, and shewing us the occasion and necessity of its strict observance.

THE FALL.

Adam and Eve being created innocent and upright, and endowed with powers of will and understanding, were placed in a beautiful garden called Eden; here they enjoyed many happy tokens of God's regard, and were indulged in the free use of all the delights that surrounded them, with only one restraint as a test or trial of their obedience to, and dependence upon their Maker. They were forbidden to touch the fruit of one tree in the middle of the Garden, which was called the Tree of Knowledge, with a solemn assurance from God, that in case of disobedience, they should surely die.

As long as divine command was observed and they continued in this state of innocence, uninterrupted ease and happiness were enjoyed; but alas! this was of short duration; Satan, who had been an angel in heaven, but was cast down for his pride and disobedience, envied the happy state of Man, and full of malice and deceit resolved to interrupt it, by prompting to evil thoughts, and tempting to sin and rebellion against God.



With this view he accosted Eve in the form of a Serpent, and, by artfully raising in her mind a foolish curiosity, and a desire to possess more than God had been pleased to allow, he prevailed on her to taste the forbidden fruit; pleased with it herself, she persuaded her husband to eat, but no sooner had they thus broken God's command, than they saw their wretchedness, and felt the sting of a guilty conscience.

When God as usual came into the Garden, they were afraid of his presence, and foolishly attempted to hide themselves, finding this in vain, and being called forth, the criminals would fain excuse themselves by throwing the blame of their wickedness upon others. Adam accused his wife, and Eve, the serpent. God however was not to be deceived by these excuses, and immediately pronounced sentence upon the offenders; but at the same time to alleviate their distress, he gave them a gracious promise, that he would at a future period raise up a Deliverer, who should bruise the serpent's head, and triumph over their deadly enemy.

He then drove them out of the Garden of Paradise, to a country towards the east, where they were obliged to dig and labour for their support, till at last, being worn out with old age and infirmities, they died.

Printed by J. CATNACH, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials.

THE CRUCIFIXION

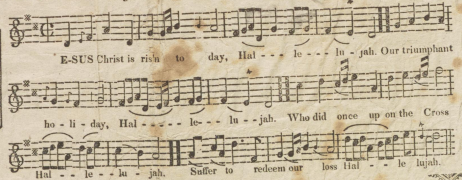




Mary Magdalen looking into the Sepulchre.

EASTER ANTHEM. *Set for the Voice, Violin, or German Flute.*





Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Unto Christ, our heav'nly King,
Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah.

But the pains which he endur'd,
Our salvation have procur'd;
Now he reigns triumphant King,
Where the angels ever sing. Hallelujah.



Christ is first Anointed.

CHRIST'S LOVE.

YOU serious mortals all of each degree,
Draw near awhile and listen unto me,
Whilst I unfold those lines which you shall find,
Composed to put you fresh in mind,
Of what our gracious God for us has done,
In sending of his dear beloved Son,
When thousands on the brink of ruin lay,
He sent his Son their sinful debts to pay.
Now let's observe the Prince of royal birth,
Whose he at first descended on the earth,
Was by a Virgin in a manger laid,
When Christ was born his Mother was a maid.
This Babe's birth both far and near did ring,
Which reach'd the ears of Herod that great King.
That angry monarch for to stir up strife,
Was then resolved to take away his life.
To make sure of the babe we understand,
He sent forth a decree throughout the land,
That every child in all his great dominion,
From two years old and under should be slain.
The murderers went about their work to do,
And many a pretty smiling babe they slew,
Cutting their flesh distasteful of their sweets,
Dashing their tender heads against the stones.
Young harmless babes they from the breast did take
And havock of their crimson blood did make,
Regarding not their parents grief and woe,
Who sighed to see their children murdered so.
Thro' Herod's wrath this murder it was done,
Thousands were slain to make sure of one,
But God who knows the thoughts and hearts of men,
Preserv'd his Son from Herod's cruel hand.
Joseph as he lay sleeping in the night,
By dreams was warned to take his flight,
And take the heavenly babe to Egypt where,
The Child thro' mercy was preserved there.
Tho' he escaped that time in Egypt's land,
Pray yet observe and you shall understand
This blessed babe born for our sinful crimes,
Did shed his blood for seven different times.
The first time he shed his blood for us—Behold,
When he was circumcised at eight days old.
The second time as we have often heard,
Was when the Jews with smiters pull'd his beard
Out by the roots which makes me for to think,
Blood must appear and make this Lamb to shrink.
The third time that his blood in streams did run,
Was when the Jews did scourge him thro' the town.
The fourth time was in the garden where,
He in great agony did sweat there,
For by the Scriptures we understood,
With grief of soul he sweat great drops of blood.
The fifth time he his blood for us did shed,
Was when with thorns they crowned his precious head
For surely it must makers think indeed,
To wear the prickling thorns his head must bleed.
The sixth time he shed his blood for us so sweet,
When to the Cross they nailed him hands and feet
The Prince of Israel they did sore abuse,
Over his head they wrote King of the Jews.
Nay more than that though Prince and Lord of all,
They made him drink sour vinegar and gall.
And to degrade him more understand,
They placed two thieves by him one on each hand.
This being done, one of the thieves said thus?
If thou be Christ save thyself and us.
Hearing these words the other did reply,
Thou wretch it is but justice we should die.
But as this holy man has ill hath done,
What makes thou thus revile the blessed One.
Thou Son of God that penitent did say,
In thy father's kingdom remember me I pray.
Of this thief's saying, Christ great notice took,
And on him then with mercyful look:
Christ cast an eye and said, thou shalt be,
This very day in Paradise with me.
The seventh time for to augment the pain,
With a sharp spear they pierced his side again.
Great was the stream of blood which flowed down,
They pierced his side so deep they made him groan.
The Lord of life the King of Heavenly hosts,
With a deep groan he yielded up the ghost.
And at his dissolution there was there,
Upon the earth great darkness did appear.
The earth did quake the sun with-held its light,
The rocks against each other now did smite.
The hills did tremble for a little space,
The lofty mountains moved from their place.
The graves did open and many dead arose,
And many of his persecuting foes.
Astonish'd said these things look very odd,
Surely this Jesus was the Son of God.
Then in a new sepulchre Christ was laid,
Wherein three days and nights he did remain.
And when that he arose we hear in Hell,
And when that he arose we hear in Hell,
The devil trembled and with rage did swell.
The devil trembled, Christ was forced to lie,
In God's true time he made those fetters fly.
Death never was so baulked since or before,
Christ's resurrection made the devils roar.
All the time Christ was upon the earth,
He presented was unto his death.
'Twas for our sins he suffered this indeed,
To think on this what heart can cease to bleed.
Too many of us do forbidden things,
And daily crucify the King of Kings.
Here'tis no late your wickedness give over,
For Christ will shed his blood for us no more.
As we must die and Christ our Judge must be,
To serve our Maker let us all agree.
That Christ may say that sits upon the throne,
Come souls, I dy'd for you, you are my own.



Christ raising the Daughter of Jairus.



Christs Ascension.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

METHINKS I see the heavenly choir mourn,
And all you luminous orbs to sable turn!
A solemn fast the pensive seraphs keep,
And weeping cherubs in deep silence weep,
The glorious sun withdraws his blushing head,
The moon's eclipsed, the glimmering stars are dead,
And all the gaudy beams of light are fled.
The frighted birds forsake the darkened air,
And howling beasts quick to their dens repair;
The earth with horror struck finds no repose,
But quakes and trembles with convulsive throws:
Eccentric motions shake the distant poles,
And the earth's centre from its axis rolls.
Muse, say the cause, relate the dire event,
That nature thus inverted should lament.
The God of nature now in anguish lies,
Press'd with the load of human miseries;
The glorious son of God from heaven's come down,
To suffer death, for crimes, but not his own;
Stern vengeance from the guilty world is fled,
And vents her fury on his guiltless head.
He sighs, he sobs, his tears in torrents flow,
His nature starts at the impending blow;
And well it might—since he must now atone,
For all the sins that all the world has done,
Methinks I see him fall in sorrow low,
With brows dejected, and condemn'd to die,
He's whipt, he's scourged, see the yawning wounds
His blood distils in streams upon the ground.
Attend, my soul, survey this ghastly scene,
Such shocking sight the world has never seen,
The Lord of life is hung upon a tree,
Oh hark!—he groans in the utmost agony,
Here falls the King of heaven a sacrifice,
See how the Son of God expires and dies.
The solid reletting Judge resigns his breath,
To save a guilty criminal from death.
Transcendent love, beyond the bounds of sense;
Th' offended dies to pardon the offence.
What (Lord) for so much love can I restore,
Come, give me but thy heart; I ask no more,
Oh! take it then, and let it with thee live,
I'd give ten thousand more, if I had them to give.



Annunciation of the Virgin Mary.



The Flight into Egypt

Printed by J. CATNACH, 2 Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials.—Cards and Handbills Printed Neat and Very Cheap.—Price Twopence

2 260

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Most Astonishing and Wonderful Appearance of

Four Monsters

To Four Young Ladies,

WEDNESDAY NIGHT LAST.



LAST night in this neighbourhood, MARY YATES, JANE SCOT, SUSAN JAMES, and ANN MOUNTFORD, agreed to meet according to the old rule and custom, to see if possible they could make their sweethearts appear, accordingly they assembled together at one of their houses, each of them provided with a clean shift, likewisea a plentiful supply of bread, cheese, and ale, in order if their sweethearts should arrive, at length the long wished for time drew near and on its striking twelve, there was a awful flash of lightning, and they all began to repeat the following words,

May our sweethearts if fer or near,
At this moment before us appear,
And turn our shifts if love they bear.

Many persons who where near the house was greatly alarmed at the sigh.

They had no sooner uttered the above words when four men entered their apartment with ghastly appearence, each of then having a lighted torch in their hands, and like Banquo's Ghost unceremoniously seated themselves in the vacant chairs, Mirth like a coward, vanished at their presence, and every smiling featue of the face was changed to an expression of consternation and horror. At length one bolder than the rest reteated and she was immediately followed by the whole of the females, in the house, and the host semained as if riveted by some magic spell to his eat.

We shall leave him there to enjoy the company of his visitors and return to those who fortunately found an asylum in the house of a neighbour. After their alarm had a little subsided and the power of utterance was restored they began to conjecture who their visitors might be, and what was the purport of their errand? unlike many momentous consultatious, there was little diversity of opinion for they unanimously agreed that t could be no other than his Satanic Majesty, and three of his Imps which had fled with their bread, cheese and ale!!

COME all ye merry Ladies gay
Who love to see good sport and play,
Here is a song just printed new.
Will make you laugh till all is blue,
Of four young ladies who did meet,
To feast on thoughts of kisses sweet
Last Wednsday night the truth I tell
To try their fortune's by a spell.

Four Shifts with speed they did prepare,
And hung them up before the fire
And each her lover did expect,
To turn her shift would not neglect
The table they did quickly spread
With nut-brown ale, and cheese and bread,
At twelve o'clock each lady sweet,
These words did pleasantly repeat.

"May our sweethearts far or near,
At this moment now appear,
And turn our shifts if love they bear
"To us four maids assembled here"
But who do you think came walking in,
Four dreadful Monsters black and grim, (ly and Sue
When Polly, and Dolly, Miss Sal-
As quick as light'ning away they flew.

One ran east, another ran west,
And one fell flat upon her breast,
They did not stop for any repairs
But shov'd an old Lady down the stairs.
The Monsters soon demolished,
The nut-brown ale, the cheese and bread, (wind
Then off they flew like a breath o
Leaving their empty plates behind

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

THE LIVES OF TWO ASHANTEE'S

COAST OF GUINEA SLAVES,

WHO WERE SOLD AT RIO GRAND.

We are natives of Ashantee, who were brought up and sold at Rio Grand, not having the privilege of being blessed with Christian parents, but those who paid their devotion to gods of their own invention, viz.: wood and stone. The manner in which we were brought to the knowledge of the truth, we went to hear a Christian minister from this country, on Sunday, of the name of Young, for which crime (as our master considered it) he sentenced us to receive seventy lashes; we went a second and third time, and the punishment was repeated, we put our trust in God, and continued going till our master found that he could not prevent us from attending divine worship, we were therefore taken to a public market, and sold to a Mr. Bishop, who behaved cruelly to us: we ran away and went to Charleston, to the United States, and by going in company with slave buyers, we were again taken fifty miles up the country, and sold for slaves. The master to whom we were sold was a cruel one, which caused us to make our escape a second time, we went on board a British vessel, the officer came on board to see if there were any slaves that had absconded, they found us in the ship's hold, which caused us to receive fifty lashes, thirty pound weight of iron on our bodies, with an iron hoop round our necks, with the point upwards, and then turned into the fields to work: while we were considering to ourselves if there was any probability of our being free again, the overseer came and inflicted a blow on our backs, which caused us to receive a dreadful wound in our necks by the points of their irons: we were taken to the Negro's Hospital, and as soon as we recovered we walked ten miles, depending on the God who is able to save from the perils of the water, and lived in the woods in the day time, eating wild fruit of the country, and travelling at night, we came to a seaport, and entered on board a German vessel and sailed for Hamburgh: the captain of the vessel behaved very kind to us: we went afterwards on board on American vessel and went to Havannah in the island of Cuba, which is a slave country. One of Her Majesty's ships of war came into port, and we went on board, which proved a providential engagement, there being a Christian Minister on board, prayers offered up to the Most High regularly and the Sabbath revered, all the crew attended divine service three times every Lords Day: we arrived in this country and were discharged at Portsmouth.

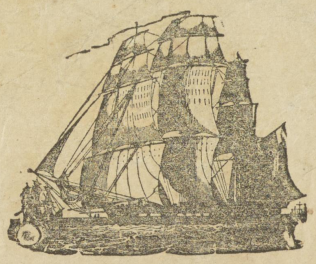
The Ashantee African's ADDRESS.

I am quite willing to Work if any Lady or Gentlemen can employ me.

Native of a land of glory,
Daughters of the good and brave,
Hear a poor Ashantee's story,
Hear and help the kneeling slave.

Think how nought but death can sever,
Your lov'd children from your hold,
Still alive but lost for ever,
Ours are parted bought and sold.

Seize, oh seize the favoring season,
Scorning censure and applause.
Justice, truth, religon, reason,
Are the leaders in our cause.



THE SLAVE SHIP.

There was no sound upon the deep,
The breeze lay cradled there;
The motionless waters sunk to sleep,,
Beneath the sultry air,
Out of the cooling brine to leap,
The dolphin scarce would dare.

Becalmed on the Atlantic plain,
A Spanish Ship did lie,
She stopped at once upon the main,
For not a wave roll'd by,
And she watched six dreary days in vain,
For the storm-bird's fearful cry.

Deep in the dark and fœtid hold.
Six hundred wretches wept,
They were slaves, that the cursed lust gold,
From their native land had swept,
And there they stood, the young and old,
While a pestilence o'er them swept.

The morning came and the sleepless crew
Threw the hatch-way open wide;
Then the sickening fumes of death up flew,
And spread on every side;
And ere that eve of the tyrant crew,
Full twenty souls had died.

The dead, the gaoler and the slave,
They died with the self-same pain,
They were equal then for no cry could save,
Those who bound or who wore the chain,
And the robber white found a common grave
With him of the Negro stain.

The pest-ship slept on her ocean bed.
As still as any wreck,
Till they all, save one old man, were dead
In her hold or on her deck,
That man has all around him fled,
Bowed not his sturdy neck.

He arose—the chain was on his hands,
But he climed from that dismal place,
And he saw the men who forged his hands,
Lie each upon his face—
There on the deck that old man stands,
The lord of all the place.

And still the Negro boldly walked,
The lone and silent ship,
with a step of vengeful pride he stalked,
And a sneer was on his lip, [baulked,
For he laughed to think how death had
The fetters and the whip.

At last he slept—the lightning flash,
Played round the creaking mast,
And the sails was wet with the ocean's plash
But the ship was anchored fast.
T'ls at length with a loud and fearful crush
For her cable strain her past.

He sang of his African' distant stand,
As the slippery deck he trod,
He feared to die in other lands,
Beneath a tyrant master's rod,
And he lifted his hard and fetted hand,
In prayers to Negro's God.

He smilted admist the tempest's frown,
He sung amidst its roar;
His joy no fear of death could drown,
His was a slave no more,
The helmless ship that night went down,
On Sengambian's shore.

THE Ashantee's Complaint.

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Ashantee coast I left forlorn
To increase a stranger's treasures.
O'er the angry billows borne.

Men from America bought or sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold!
But thought thus they have enslaved me,
Minds, are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What is American's right I ask?
Me from my delight to sever,
Me to tortune and to task.

Fleecy locks and dark complexion,
Cannot forfeit natur's claim,
Skin may differ, but affection—
Dwells in black and white the same.

Why did all creating nature;
Make the plant for us to toil?
Sighs must plant and tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.

Please to Purchase a Paper of a Poor Ashentee, Price One Penny.

LEFT-OFF GARMENTS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

E. HODGES, (From Pitt's) PRINTER, 31, DUDLEY STREET, SEVEN DIALS.

THE PROCLAIMING OF

KING WILLIAM The Fourth

And a Mournful Dirge on the Lamented Death of King George the 4th



OUR KING IS A TRUE BRITISH SAILOR

No danger the heart of a Seaman appals
To fight or to fall he is ready
The safeguard of Britain is her wooden walls
And the helmsmen cries steady boys steady
See Britannia now waves a gallant first rate,
With transports the blue Jackets hail her
Tis Williams right hand holds the helm of the state
For our king is a true British sailor

The wild waves around us may furiously whistle
And tempests the ocean deform
But united the red rose, the shamrock and thistle
With our king we weather the storm
Hard up with the helm, hoist, hoist how she cracks
Magna Charter in need will avail her
And proves she sails better whenever she tacks
For her pilot's a true British sailor

Co-equal with red is the gallant true blue,
And nought can its glories overwhelm
While Freemantle and Sydney direct a bold crew
And William presides at the helm
Then fill up a bumper Britannia appears
New rigged and with Joy we all hail her
Here's a health to king William with three hearty cheers
And long life to the true british sailor

A MOURNFUL DIRGE ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF KING GEORGE THE FOURTH

O Mourn, Britons Mourn and pray shed a tear
Our King and our Father's no more,
A Sovereign so good, so great, and sincere
Each true British heart will deplore.
On Earth he was good, was generous, was free,
And all that was noble possessed him,
May his soul rest in Heaven, is each Britons Prayer
Alas he is gone, god rest him

Tho' Wealthy yet good, the poor he'd relieve,
A Friend to each Briton so dear,
We've lost him, he's gone to a far better home,
Then pray, shed each Briton a Tear
O English men weep, your loss it is great
Of their love nought could ne'er dis possess him
But say as you may he was a good King
Then peace to his soul God rest him

And now he is gone lets hope he's at rest
And King William we've got who's his brother
Old England rejoice, and ye tars on the main
For sure he is just such another
May he be the Pride of each Britons heart
And they'll never desert him, no never
Then rejoice all you Britons here's three hearty Cheers
Long life to King William for ever

Old England Rejoice King William's proclaimed
And Queen Adelaide who's so fair
May she be like Caroline Old England's pride
And the blessinge of all may she share
She's lovely and good the pride of our King
May their love for each other ne'er sever
They're welcome to Britons our nation to rule
And may they reign happy together



Bishop, Printer, 14, Shorts Gardens Drury Lane

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

THOMAS WINTER SPRING.



We once had a Champion, his name was Winter Spring
A man both upright and kind,
By high and low esteemed he was loyal to his Queen,
So brave and so noble was his mind.

Chorus:

Then lay down the belt so low, the gloves on his tomb stone throw,
Thomes winter spring, was an honour to the ring.
And he's travelled to the shades below.

He boldly fought and beat Jack Langan Ward and Neate,
And all who opposed him in the ring,
There never was a man, who was born on Britain's land,
Could speak disrespectful of Spring.

He was born as you shall hear in famed Herefordshire.
Where all did the champion adore,
They presents him did give, and they wished him long to live,
But alas poor Spring is no more.

He did opperesion hate, no advantage would he take,
He was allways manly and right,
But boldly in the ring we could depend on Spring,
For honour and glory he would fight.

Poor Tom Spring was never bought, all his battles well he fought,
In a praise Old England would sing,
All classes far and near, so delightfully would cheer,
And their motto was Victory & Spring

We have left you all do know, Tipton caun and Bendigo,
And numbers connected with the ring,
But search all o'er the land, you will never find a man,
To equal poor Thomas winter Spring

Britions will record his praise, while in the tomb he lays
And call him an honour to the ring,
A marble stone complete, shall be placed at head and feet,
Saying here lies poor Thomas winter Spring

In Holborn he did dwell and he was respected well,
And when his neighbours looked upon his bier,
There did many grieve full sore, saying alas he is nomore,
And for Spring we shed many a tear.

But tom was doomed to go, and lay in the shades below,
And his leaving caused the ring, to deplore,
And honest britons say, in his grave he happy lays,
Alas! Thomas Spring is no more.

Then lay down the belt so low, the gloves on his tombstone throw,
Thomas winter Spring, was an honour to the ring,
And he's travelled to the shades below.

L. H. Bass Printer, Toy and Marble Warehouse, Dudley Street, Seven Dials.

Elegy on the Death of H.R.H. Prince Albert.

She of late lost her kind dearest mother,

An Elegy

Elegy on the Death of H.R.H. Prince Albert.



Portrait of H.R.H. Prince Albert,

As he appeared on the morning of his Marriage.

Britannia, alas ! is lamenting,
And grief now is every where seen
Oh think, you kind daughters of Britain,
The feelings of England's Queen
What trouble and care does oppress her,
Her loss causes her to deplore,
The spirit of him is departed,
And Prince Albert, alas ! is no more.

We grieve for thy loss, Queen Victoria,
And all over Great Britain deplore
Thy Consort, thy own dearest Consort,
Is gone ! and thy Albert's no more !

O Britannia, we pray you consider
What must be her trouble and grief,
Old England's dear Queen is a widow,
O God, grant her peace & relief
She by all is beloved in the nation
A mother, a Queen, and a wife,
Revered by each friend & relation,
Heaven bless and preserve her through life.

She of late lost her kind dearest mother,
Which caus'd her tears for to fall
And now lost her good and kind husband,
And that is the sad loss of all ;
So happy they did live together,
So joyful they travel'd thro' life
She loved and adored her kind husband,
And Prince Albert so dear lov'd his wife.

Britannia behold her dear children
Their kind parent's loss they deplore,
Their dear royal hearts are bewildering,
On earth they will see him no more ;
He is gone, he is gone now before them,
He is gone to that sad silent bourne,
Where numbers have travelled before him,
And from which there can no one return.

Old England did always respect him
By every one he was beloved,
And proudly was Albert elected,
By all men, below and above ;
The institutions all over the nation
To please them was alway the man,
He always was kind, good, & willing
To lend them a free helping hand

In sorrow all classes are mingling,
Grief in every quarter is seen,
You mothers and daughters of England,
Sympathise with your widowed Queen ;
Her loss now does sadly distress her
With her children in pain do deplore,
Let each christian heart say, God bless her,
Her dear consort alas is no more

She is left, is our good Queen of England,
She is left by her Consort alone
There was never before in Great Britain,
Her equal on England's throne.
Every one of her subjects adore her
May she every happiness see,
But we all at this moment, Victoria
Shed a salt tear of sorrow for thee !

H. Disley, Printer, 37, High-street, St. Giles, London.

An Elegy

ON THE DEATH OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.



Oh ! death, thou art severe, and never seems contented,
Prince Adelphus Frederick is summoned away,
The death of Royal Cambridge in sorrow lamented,
Like the good Sir Robert Peel, he no longer could stay ;
His virtues were good and noble was his actions,
His presence at all places caused much attraction,
Britannia for her loss is driven to destraction,
Royal Cambridge, we'll behold thee no more !

Abroad and at home, he always was respected,
The Royal Duke of Cambridge is no more ;
In pleasure and joy, Old England he protected,
And the Nation her sad loss do delore ;
No more in her arms Britaunia will fold him,
No more in this life shall we ever behold him,
In a cold winding sheet, alas ! death has rolled him,
He is gone, we shall ne'er see him more !

Prince Adolphus Frederick, once the pride of Britain's Isle,
Is gone, we shall ne'er see him more,
On his good deeds and virtues, again we shall ne'er smile,
His loss will some thousands deplore ;

The sons of Britannia, in sorrow is weeping,
Death on the Prince, so slyly was creeping,
But now in his tomb, he in silence is sleeping,
While Britannia her loss does deplore.

When the Queen heard the news, she appeared broken hearted,
In grief and in sirrow did deplore,
To think on her kind Royal Uncle was parted,
And alas ! to behold him never more ;
In anguish and pain has Royal Cambridge left us,
Of a kind virtuous Prinhe has cruel deathh bereft us,
In him there was no pride, he never thought himself above us,
He is gone, we shall ne'er see him more !

May his Duchess and Children be free from all sorrow
And be not compellep to deplore,
May their woes and their sorrows be all healed to morrow,
And weep for a kind Prince no more ;
In pain for his loss each kind breast is burning,
Wales, England, Ireland, and Scotland is mourning,
He is gone to that Bourn, from whence there's no returning,
Royal Cambridge, alas ! is no more !

Dreadful SHIPWRECK,

In the Channel, of the Northfleet Emigrant Ship,

LOSS OF OVER 300 LIVES. 1873



London: Printed at the "Catnach Press," by W. S. PORTEY, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, London. The Oldest and Cheapest House in the World for Ballads (4,000 sorts,) Children's Books, Song Books, &c.

Come listen all you feeling people,
With dreadful news I do relate,
An emigrant ship, it was the Northfleet,
Alas! has met a wretched fate
Four hundred souls there were on board her,
Lay anchor'd off at Dungeness,
Bound for Australia was the vessel,
To bid good-bye with fond caress

Chorus.

God help the orphans and the widows,
Comfort them where'er they be;
And heaven above us, all preserve us,
From the dangers of the sea.

A foreign steamer, so it happened,
Fast sailing with the Channel tide,
Came down upon the anchor'd vessel,
And crash went in her timber side.
Away it went the cruel steamer,
Nor stopped to see the wreck it made,
Inhuman wretches, void of pity,
They would not stop to give them aid.

Who can describe the fright and terror,
Abroad a sinking ship at sea,
Women scream'd & strong men trembled,
It was a sight of misery.
Launch out the boats, the captain cried,
The women first staid back the men,
They heeded not, but madly rushing,
Threatened the boats to overwhelm.

The captain he could see the danger,
And loud he cried to stop the crush,
I'll shoot the first who disobeys me,
Some reckless ones alas, did rush.
The captain fired, the shot was fatal,
And one poor wretch fell lifeless there,
The men stood back upon the vessel,
And looked around in sad despair

Now when the vessel was fast sinking,
And each one longed to save his life,
The gallant captain stood embracing,
His young and lately married wife;
Oh, let me die with you, my husband,
Oh no, dear wife, that cannot be,
Take care of her he told his boatswain,
When your poor captain's drown'd at sea

An emigrant ship bound for Australia,
And upwards of four hundred lives,
Scarce ninety souls were saved from drowning,
God help the children and the wives,
How many eyes there will be weeping,
And aching hearts both far and near,
Then silent pray for those departed,
And shed for them a feeling tear.

LINES ON THE
LOSS OF H. M. S. CAPTAIN
And 500 Hands,
OFF CAPE FINISTERRE,

On the Morning of Wednesday, Septr. 7th, 1870.

Oh! this is a most dreadful tale
As ever yet was told,
The loss of the noble Captain,
And five hundred sailors bold;
She was a ship belonging
Unto the Channel fleet,
And she went down that fatal night,
Low in the briny deep.

CHORUS.

Five hundred jolly tars in her
Did leave old England's shore,
The crew embarked in joy and glee,
Alas! to return no more.

The aged father pines in grief,
In anguish, and despair,
In agony the mother weeps,
And tears her snow-white hair:
The widow for her husband
Lamenting is in woe.
And the orphan cries, my daddy dear,
Is in the deep below.

The pretty English maidens,
Their lilly-white arms do fold,
Relenting and lamenting,
For their jolly sailor bold,
Who for old England's protection,
Did sail the wide world round,
In their births asleep, in the briny deep
That dreadful night was drowned,

Fiftytwo brave officers,
That fatal night went down,
The galllant, brave commander,
The brave captain Burgoyne.
Young noblemen of all degrees,
Among the crew does sleep,
And the youthful Mr. Childers,
Was swallowed in the deep.

London:—H. SIGH, Machine Printer & Publisher, 177, Union Street, Borough. S. E.

While streams of crimson gore did flow,
And cannons boomed afar,
Old England lost five hundred men,
In the Captain man-of-war.
They sailed away from Portsmouth town
With joyful hearts in glee,
Old England's jolly tars to meet
The dangers of the sea.

The year eighteen and seventy,
Is a most eventful year,
And throngh all parts of Europe,
Has caused floods of briny tears;
Tens of thousands has been slain,
In the French and Prussian war,
And Britannia weeps, while in death do sleep,
Five hundred jolly tars.

Oh shed a tear you pretty maids,
In sympathy deplore,
For the gallant British sailors.
Who left their native shore.
To protect their Queen and country,
And face all dangers brave,
And was buried in that stormy night,
Down in a watery grave.

All you who dwell in peace and rest,
And live at home at ease,
Pray for old England's jolly tars,
Upon the stormy seas;
And while you sleep on beds of down,
Reposing in delight,
Think of five hundred who were drown'd
Upon that awful night.

CHORUS.

The Captain left old England's shore,
Alas! for to return no more,

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COPY OF VERSI

COPY OF VERSE

On the dreadful Wreck of the barque emigrant ship, with the loss of nearly 2

Of all the great calamities
You ever yet did hear,
Whether by land or sea
For many a bye gone year;
The dismal tale I now assert,
Doth far exceed them all,
If pity dwells within your breast,
It will cause a tear to fall.

Good people all, pity them
That was on board the Floridan.

On the last day of February,
A dreadful storm did rise,
The wind it blew a hurricane,
And dismal was the skies;
The coast along, with the wreck was strew'd
And on that fatal night.
Nearly 200 met with a watery grave,
And ne'er saw the morning light.

On the last day of February,
From Antwerp she set sail,
And bound unto America,
With a sweet and pleasant gale;
With emigrants on board of her,
The vessel was well mann'd.
And many widows left to mourn,
Without a helping hand.

And with the rest, the Floridan
That night she met her fate.
The sufferings of the poor souls on board,
Is awful to relate;
Being outward bound with emigrants,
Each heart with joy did beat,
They little thought when on board,
They would be sunk in the deep.

She gallant through the channel steer'd,
And all on board were well,
But now it does my bosom pain,
This sequel for to tell;

'Twas on that fatal night,
It blew a hurricane,
It was a dreadful sight to see.
The vessel on the main.

The raging sea ran mountains high,
The tempest did unite,
Poor souls in vain, did shriek in pain,
Most dreadful was the sight:
On the long sands the wreck took place,
The passengers it is said,
With piercing shrieks they did implore,
Kind hearts their lives to save.

To see the wreck that awful night,
It put them to a stand,
The gallant ship was near to shore,
Upon the fatal sands;
The children round their parents hung.
They tore their hair with fright,
To think they thus should end their days,
And land so near in sight,

They rolled their eyes in wild despair,
Destruction seemed so nigh,
And from the ship burst shrieks and cries,
That almost rent the skies,
The foaming billows roar'd beneath,
Most awful was the sight,
For all expected instant death,
All hopes seem'd banished quite.

You tender hearted christians,
Extend a helping hand,
To the widows and the fatherless,
That's left upon the land;
To aid our fellow creatures,
That are in deep distress,
For what you give unto the poor,
The Lord he will you bless.

Printed for the Vendors.

COPY OF VERSES ON THE INUNDATION

At SHEFFIELD.

Air—Silvery Tide. N.E. Branch 1864

Of all the dreadful catastrophes on England's ground.
To equal this in history surely could not be found;
Such a sad inundation was never known before,
And long will be remembered eighteen hundred and sixty four.

Chorus.

By this great inundation near two hundred was drowned,
When soundly sleeping in their beds some miles round Sheffield town

On the eleventh night in March, they slumbered in repose,
Of such a dreadful catastrophe, sure no one did suppose;
To rest they did go, cheerful, happy, lively and gay,
Not thinking they were doomed to die before the dawn of day.

Father, mother, son and daughter, and pretty smiling babes,
For miles around great Sheffield town did meet a watery grave;
The waters roared tremendously, to destruction all was doomed,
Married, single, young and old, and maidens in their bloom.

The barns and farms and villages, which for centuries had stood,
Manufactories and bridges, were destroyed by the flood;

Such dreadful desolation was never seen before,
As occurred the eleventh night in March, eighteen hundred and sixty four.

And to behold the country for miles round Sheffield town,
Where near two hundred persons that awful night was drowned
Desolation and destruction, in horror view we may,
Man, cottages, and cattle are all entirely swept away.

All, all is gone!—the barns, the farms, besides cottages and trees,
And miles around great Sheffield town, looked like an open sea;
Cries and lamentations are heard throughout the land,
In Neepsend, Wakefield, Sheffield, which would pierce the heart of man.

Churches too were washed away, nought could the force withdraw,
Many bodies were from Bradfield washed into Rotherham;
May God grant ease and comfort to those they've left behind,
And night and day, we firmly pray, they happiness may find.

And those who were sudden snatched away for whom we do deplore,
Ascend above in glory to dwell for evermore;
This dreadful sad occurrence caused sorrow grief and pain,
May no one ever have to tell the like of this again.

Printed at the "Catnach Press," by W. S. FORTEY, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials. The Oldest and Cheapest House in the World for Ballads (4,000 sorts), Children's Books, Song Boooks, &c.

250 lines last 4 produce to £ 1 4 1/2 1000

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Melancholy Copy of Verses on the

Dreadful Fire

In CRAWFORD STREET, MARY-LE-BONE.



Is there a heart that never beat,
Or a eye that shed a tear,
That will not for a moment weep,
When this sad tale they hear—
In Crawford Street, St. Marylebone,
Upon last Sunday night
A dreadful fire did take place,
Which thousands did affright.

CHORUS.

Fr ends and kindred sad does morn,
For this affair in Mary-le-bone.

The inmates had retired to rest,
And slept in sweet repose.
That such cala ity should occur,
They little did suppose,
The mother had her infant dear
Entolded in her arms,
When the sound of fire reached their e ts,
Which filled them with alarms.

From this report they quickly flew,
How dreadful was their cries,
An awful death appeared in view,
Their shr ks did rend the skies,
The multitudes at them did gaze,
While they for aid did dry,
But sad to tell no help or aid,
To rescue them drew nigh.

The mother saw her tender babes,
Likewise her husband dear,
Ove come with grief and woe,
And trembling with fear,
Herself she from the window threw,
Where pursued sad she fell,
he pain and anguish she endured,
No tongue on earth can tell.

Her husband and her children died,
How awful to relate,
Remained above as you shall hear,
And dreadful was their fate.
The flames with fury did burst forth,
And reached the upper floor.
Where they into death's arms did fall
Alas! to rise no more.

Oh think you tender parents,
What must a mother feel,
When the sad dread and awful tale,
To her they did reveal,
That of three babes and husband dear
Of life she was bereft,
And she a widow bathed her tears
In pain and grief was left.

They little thought on Sunday eve.
When they to rest retired.
They should be doomed this world to leave,
So soon by raging fire,
Oh fire is a dreadful foe
When master does appear
Of such a dreadful enemy
We always should beware.

May God receive their souls while they
Lie in the silent tomb
oh this has caused much grief & pain
All throng st Mary-le-bone
oh let us pray the widow may
Dry up her fallen tears
and such another dreadful tale
May no one ever hear.

Paul, Printer Seven Dials.

COPY OF VERSES ON THE LATE
DREADFUL FIRE

In James Street, Lisson Grove.

1854

PRAY give ear you feeling Christians,
For a moment pray attend,
List, oh, listen with attention,
To those lines which here are penned,
Concerning of a dreadful fire,
As I will unfold to you;
The which occurred on Saturday Morn.,
In Great James St., Lisson Grove.

———CHORUS———

The dreadful sight it was bewildering,
Awful and sad you may suppose,
A Father and his lovely children,
Burned to death in Lisson Grove.

At 1 o'clock on Saturday morning,
Oh! how dreadful to relate,
They also did without warning,
Meet with their unhappy fate,
They soundly in their beds was sleeping,
And no power could them save,
Now their friends for them are weeping
While they sleep in Lisson Grove.

In health and youth they did retire,
To their beds on Saturday night,
E're occurred the dreadful fire,
Which did the neighbourhood affright.
The nurse who did attend the children,
That night her precious life lost there
And also the tender Father,
And his three little children dear.

Oh, what may occur to-morrow,
None of us on earth can tell,
There may be much pain and sorrow,
In the home wherein we dwell;
God above is all sufficient,
For to keep us from alarms,
He is willing to protect us,
Guide & guard us from all harm.

That fatal night when they retired,
And their tender eyelids closed,
The house e're morning would be fired,
While they did sleep in sweet repose;
They for a moment had no morning,
They did not dream of sad alarms,
They did not think before the warning,
They would sleep in deaths' cold arms

Oh! God receive their souls in glory,
There to dwell for ever more;
This distressing dreadful story,
Causes many to deplore.
Six poor souls from hence was hurried,
Their earthly days was at an end,
Their bodies in the earth lie buried,
And their spirits up to Heaven ascend

London :—Printed and Published by H. SUCH,
123, Union Street, Borough.
Where all the new Songs may be
had as soon as Published

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A COPY OF VERSES ON THE
Fatal Accident at Hydenear Manchester,
ALL who have a feeling heart, list to this tale of woe. 185-

A COPY OF VERSES ON THE
Fatal Accident at Hydenear Manchester.

105

ALL who have a feeling heart, list to this tale of woe.
What thirty poor sufferers did lately undergo
At Hyde town near Manhester, a meeting did attend,
To settle matters 'tween man and man, their wages for to mend.

It was on April the first, which prov'd fatal day
From all around the delegates to Hyde town took their way,
Not thinking of their fatal doom, which happ--pen'd there that night,
For friends and relations near, it was a dismal sight

Two speakers bold had spoke aloud, the third was speaking bold,
When a rush took place to hear his speech will make your blood run cold.
The very beams was broke in two, the pressure could not bear,
Which threw husbands wives parents and children, into deep despair.

The main beam broke, great numbers was cast in the room below,
The beams of that room being weak, the y in two also,
They down into the cellar went, heaps upon heaps they fell,
Where thirty poor souls lost their lives, a shocking tale to tell.

The dying groans of old and young, was dreadful for to hear,
Parents mourning their children dead, children their parents dear:
Parents and children that night who had left a peaceful home,
Were cast into the arms of death, and never to return.

The news it soon was spread abroad, assistance came with speed,
But most of those poor sufferers, assistance did not need.
Their earthly sufferings were o'er, they'd resign'd their mortal breath,
With cries, tears, and heart-rending groans lock'd in the arms of death.

Now you my friends both far and near, pray list to what I say,
You know not but death may be near: you ought to watch and pray,
That when grim death assaults you, prepared you may be;
To meet the thirty sufferers, in a blest eternity.



THE

YORKSHIRE Tragedy

Come listen to, my tragedy which I now make known,
Which happen'd in Yorkshire, near Pontefret town,
Of a dreadful murder, the truth I will unfold,
'Tis hates recital of the deed will make your blood run cole,

At *Barnsby*-moor, near Pocklington this young man did dwell,
His name was Wm. Longthorn, and many knw him well,
The 17th of October prov'd to him an awful day,
By W. Mosey he was rob'd, and murdeiby the way,

Young Lottgthorn was a post boy & livv'd in Barnsby
Near Pocklington in Yorkshire, his age was just a score
He left his station and was searching up and down,
For another when he was murder'd near Pontefret town.

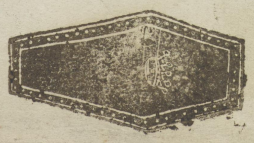
The 17th of October, from Wakefield on that morn,
In company together stared, Mosey and Longthorn,
When on the road to Ferry bridge & near to Snydal town,
Mosey sleuck Longthorn, and fell'd him to the ground.

Then Mosey from his pocke drew a razor as we hear,
And cut the throat of Longthorn almost from ear to ear,
When he thought he had mu'd him, while bleeze
The monster dag'dhim bythe heelsand brew himfin a beck

He took from his pockets five shillings and a watch,
A buckle too, with which 'tir hop'd the murd'rer will be
And after the monster had runand left him to bleed death
Longthorn crawl'd from the beck & liv'd to the the dead

He thencrept to a public house most dreadful to relate,
And wrote the whole account with a pencil on a slate
And when he dog had wrote this most inhuman deed
'Twould read a heart of stone to see how he did bleed.

Two surgeons there attended him, & tried his life
But all their skill prov'd in vain he now lies in his
And by the hou that murder'd him he brou't to ap
Beforehe Judes soon in the county of York





THE INTERMENT BILL.

E. HODGES from PITTS, Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse, 31, Dudley-s'. 7 Dials.

OH here's a pretty piece of work
throughout the British nation,
All up and down, country and town,
There'll be such an alteration.
The very moment people dies,
Away they will be hurried,
In a wheelbarrow or donkey cart,
Far off to be buried.

Oh! dear, oh! dear, we sweat with fear,
In agony we quake, sirs,
Where shall we go?—what shall we do?
Poor weeping undertakers.

(Spoken.) The Lord have mercy upon us, Mrs. Crustynose, do you know they are passing a what's-a-name—an Act of Parliament, to do away with burying folks.

To be sure I do, my Tallyho, and a good job, too. When my old man dies, I can have him buried for fif cenpence, and have a ride in the bargain.

Now all good folks when you may die,
Don't let this make you shiver,
They will shove you in an old dung barge,
And take you down the river,
Just fifty-seven miles and a half,
And when you to the land get,
They will pop you underneath the sod,
And bury you in a sand pit.

There will be no undertakers you know, for as soon as ever you die, or if you are likely to die, you will be liked off like a pig in a flour sack, and popped into the what's-a-name place, and when there's five or six hundred all ready for sailing, a body of police will be stationed to see that there is no row among the dead folks, so that they shall not disturb their neighbours, Then off they go in night carts, dung carts, coal carts, and every other cart down into the country, to the Lord knows where, when they will be popped into quagmires, ditches, and dykes, that is what we call the good time coming, oh dear!

The auctioneers will busy be,
In every parish hovel,
Selling of the pick axes,
The wheel barrows and shovels,
And if your old woman lives, old man
You wont have far to take her,
You will have to call a peeler in
Instead of an undertaker.

"What are the poor undertakers to do, Mrs. Goalong?—"Why, they must turn dustmen, coal-heavers, weavers, bonepickers, stonebreakers or prostitutes, and do the best they can—it is all free trade and no protection! Well, if my old Bill should ever die, blow me tight if they should have him. If I would not bury him in the back yard under the water-butt, in an old washing tub. For you know I would not like him to be sent down into the country hopping. Well I'm blowed if this here concern don't beat cock-fighting!

Now, Harry, if your wife should die,
In a waggon they will shove her,
You will have no grave-diggers to pay,
Sexton, or undertaker,
But down in the sweet country air,
At Ramsgate, Margate, or at Deal,
You must take her in a hackney coach,
And bury her in a turnip field.

Lord Littlejohn will sexton be,
And Bobby, like a nigger,
Will under Old Dick Nosy work,
As second hand gravedigger.

Well how about the parson, neighbour?—how are they to live if they have no burial fees?—Why, they'll be all pensioners—have from 6d. to 1s. per week from the parish they belong to, and, if that wont do, there will be a college built, and they'll wear cocked hats, red breeches, and wooden legs. So much for the change in the funeral department in England!

Old ladies, keep your rheubarb up,
Throughout the British nation,
And swear that you wont deal at all,
With such an alteration.
Perhaps you may be sent away
To dwell among the savages,
Or else perhaps they'll make you in
To saveloys and sausages.

Good folks in pity cast an eye
On our unhappy fate, sirs,
And take an oath you'll never die
To please the Undertakers.

THE LAMENTED LOSS AND DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT PEEL,

BART. M.P

BORN

FEBRUARY 5,

1788,



AND DIED

AT ELEVEN, PM.

JULY 2, 1850.

AGED 62.

E HODGES, Printer, (from the late J. Pitt. Wholesale Toy Warehouse. 31, Dudley st. Seven Dials.

Britannia! Britannia! what makes thee complain,
O why so, in sorrow releuting, [pain
Old England is lost, we are borne down in
And the nation in grief is lamenting,
That excellent man—the pride of the land,
Whom every virtue possessed him,
Is gone to that Home from whence no one returns,
Our dear friend, Sir Robert, God rest him.

The rich and the poor all did him adore,
Admired, beloved, and respected,
For his country's right, he struggled with might
And nothing by him was neglected,
He nobly guided the helm of State,
The poor long has praised and bless'd him,
Now tears wet each eye, while in sorrow they sigh,
He is gone, is Sir Robert, God rest him.

Sad, sad was the day, when misfortune that way, [him,
From health, strength, and vigour had tossed
Upon the hard ground, to receive his death wound, [him,
Oh, mourn! mourn! Britannia, we've lost
His equal again sure he never shall find,
For every goodness possessed him, [sleeps,
Brittannia shall weep, by the tomb where he
The patriot, Sir Robert, God rest him.

Our Queen sighed in tears, when the tidings she heard,
And her children with hearts full of sorrow,
Saying, England is done, oh! where shall we
To meet with his equal to morrow. [ru .
He is not to be found upon England's ground,
Already, already, we've missed him,
Brittannia deplore, we'll behold him no more,
The glory of England, God rest him.

Talk of Canning and Pitt, for their talents and wit,
And all who upheld that high station,
Oh! been there has ne'er such a noble Premier
As Sir Robert before in the nation,
He'd by no one be led, he'd by no one be sa'd,
No Government feared to trust him,
In every way he carried the sway,
For the good of his country, God rest him,

At sixty-two years of age, cruel death did engage,
Britannia to move from her station,
From her councils and land, called that excellent man,
Sir Robert the pride of the nation,
Oh! the tears that were shed, by Sir Robert's death bed
Some hours before life had left him,
Caused hearts to complain in grief, sorrow, and pain
He is gone, is Sir Robert, God rest him.

In the tomb where he sleeps many thousands will weep,
And his virtuous deeds lay before ye,
And he will receive in the regions of bliss,
A coronet braided with glory, (complain
Though we part him with pain, its no use to
He is for ever gone and we've missed him,
In peace may he sleep, while Brittannia does weep,
For her servant Sir Robert, God bless him.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

BORN

May 1st.

1769.



DIED.

Septr. 14.

1852.

O Britons give ear to these lines I relate,
There was never a General more bolder
The leader in war, the pilot in state,
A noble and gallant old soldier;
Respected, reverred, beloved too & feared
No tyrant did e'er dare molest him,
He is gone, he is dead, his bold spirit hath fled,
The Duke of Wellington's gone and God rest him.

In the councils of state, of old England's
Our Queen he did oft call upon her (fate
He is gone we may see aged near 83,
Full of age full of glory and honour,
He fought and he conquer'd in France, & in Spain,
No power on earth could molest him,
And at great Waterloo, he made Boney to rue
But he now is no more and God rest him
He at Walmar did die, in his shroud he doth lie
The glory and pride of Britannia,
He made tyrants to quake and the world for to shake,
Our gallant and noble commander:
He was neves seen fret death and danger he met
And the friends of Britannia oft bless'd him (return
He has gone to that home where he'll never
Our gallant old Duke, God rest him.

He never fear'd wars alams when the drum beat to arms
He acted bold upright and steady
He in glory would rage, the foe to engage
To conquer or die he was ready
A true gallant soldier of fame and renown
As a General well did adore him
He made tyrants relent wherev r he went
And Emperor's trembled before him.

Death sent him a summons to call him awa
From the Castle of Walmer near Dover
He resign'd when it came all his honour & fame
And said now the battle is over:
The enemies weapons he boldly defied,
They trembled and fear'd to molest him
In honour he lived in glory he died,
The Duke he has gone, God rest him

In sad anguish so deep, Victoria did weep
When the tidings Britannia and told her
She in grief did deplore, and she said never more,
Will Britannia behold her old soldier,
Long in famed history, he recorded shall be, (him
In the garment of death they have laid
In glory & fame he'll no more march again
Our noble old Duke, God rest him

E Hodges, Printer 31, Dudley Street SEVEN DIALS

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SEVEN DIALS

THE LAMENTED LOSS AND DEATH OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR

ROBERT PEEL, Bart. M.P.

William Pratt, Printer, 82, Digbeth, Birmingham. The cheapest Song Warehouse in England.

Britannia! Britannia! what makes thee complain,
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For his country's right, he struggled with might,
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AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF

Sir Robert Peel:

DIED JULY 2nd, 1850, AGED 62.

AIR.—"Queen God bless Her."



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LONDON—Ryle and Co., Printers and Publishers,
2 and 3, Monbsuth Court. Bloomsbury.

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THE TICHBORNE BELIEF

1874

Now I believe the Claimant to be,
The right Sir Roger, as you shall see,
Yes, the right Sir Roger,
And no artful dodger,
The son of his mother
And no other,
And as Old Parr sung,
She was born very young,
And fed with a silver ladle.

And I believe the napkin question,
Was only a washerwoman's suggestion,
And that he got many a slap
For crying for pap,
That his appetite got worse,
And he swallowed his nurse,
And left her chignon in his cradle.

And I believe to make him a fool,
His father and mother sent him to school,
The parle vou he learnt to speak,
But he couldn't swallhw Latin and Greek,
And he robbed the orchards as school boys do,
And blackened the eyes of young Bellew,
In fact he grew so wicked and wild,
They sent him home a great big child,
And made him be a soldier.

So he rode a horse and wore fine clothes,
In the country where the shamrock grows,
His comrades called him a regular calf,
Said he was touch'd, with lots of chaff,
They play'd him tricks—and once 'tis said,
They put a donkey in Tichborne's bed,
And frighten'd him out of his senses.

I believe he had sweethearts by the dozen,
But he only loved his pretty cousin,
They used to stop out after dark,
Down the green lanes to have a lark,
By murmuring rills,
And into old mills,
Regardless of consequences.

Then I believe he left his home,
Like Robinson Crusoe, abroad to roam,
He went in the bush and changed his name,
And grew fat and rich by his little game,
For he met young Orton, bought up horses,
And got into trouble through doubtful courses,
And after that got married,

Now I believe his darling mama,
Searched for Roger near and far,
Who out in the bush was heard to say,
a baronet's son, skedaddade away,

The tale got wind, and spread about,
Till a friend of his mother found him out,
And home the news was carried.

And I believe her long lost son,
Came home in time to find he was done,
His doughty relations ruled the roast,
Sir Roger was drown'd, he wasn't his ghost.
They called him imposter, artful dodger,
Too fat to be the right Sir Roger,
Then he went to law with plenty of tin,
But just as the case was going to begin,
She died—his dear old mother.

Now his pretty cousin no longer tarried,
But to Mr. Radcliffe she got married,
She turned up her nose at the Claimant so fat,
Never saw him before, she told him pat.
Then the Claimant for spite, he told all about
His pretty false cousin—lot the secret out—
How they danced the Can Can down the hill,
And what they did in the old water mill,
Slap bang before the Jury.

Then in came stuttering Lord Bellew,
With a got up yarn about tattoo,
That the real Roger was tattoo'd he swore,
Then the Jury quite sick would hear no more,
But quash'd the case in a jiffy.

Then they collared the Claimant so cruelly,
And taxed him with forgery and perjury,
They people cried shame, but they pop'd him in jail
And, for spite, the Judge he wouldn't take bail,
And I believe they kicked him out,
And through the country travelled about,
His friends in need, were friends indeed,
For they held great meetings in many towns,
And the public subscribed some thousands of pounds
Which needled the Judge and the lawyers.

For Onslow and Whalley, for libel, forsooth,
They both got fined for speaking the truth,
Poor Skipworth, because he wasn't M.P.
They sent him to gaol, and skillygolee,
But don't he keep up his pecker.

And now the Tichborne trial once more,
But not the Judge who tried him before,
And Lawyer Coleridge had so much to say,
Sneaked out of the case in a shabby way,
The Claimant stands a chance of fair play,
So go in and win Sir Roger.

Disley, Printer, London.

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A NEW ALPHABET

On the Tichborne Trial

Good people all attention, and you shall plainly see,
The facts of the case in my A B C.

A stands for Arthur Orton, a butcher once at Wapping
And don't you be surprised to see, him into court a popping

B stands for Bogle, a darkey, what of that,
He swears he knew Sir. Roger, before he got so fat,

C stands for Claimant, he knows what he's about,
And in spite of judge and jury, he'll see the trial out.

D stands for Defence fund, they raised ix every Town,
To raise the claimant up again, when he was broken down

E stands for Everlasting, the case it might go on,
To feed the hungry lawyers, When we are dead and gone

F stands for Fairplay, right throughout the nation,
And every man should have it too, no matter what his station.

G stands for great meetings, where the claimant made a show,
The lawyers tried to gag him, but found it was no go.

H stands for Hampshire, and the Tichborne tenants there
The fat man is Sir Roger, the people they can swear.

I stands for Ireland, where the claimant learnt his drill,
He didn't forget the donkey and swears he never will.

J stands for Jurymen, 'tis hard for them we own,
Especially the married men, to leave their wives at home

K stands for Kenealey, he's the claimants counsel now
And if they try to humbug him, there's bound to be a row

L stands for Lord Rivers, a noble hearted fellow,
Who, when his friend was broken down, stood manfully for Roger.

M stands for Mother, she knew without a doubt,
That the claimant was her son tho' he'd got so jolly stout

N stands foo Newgate jail where the claimant danced a bout
He broke down all the bedsteads, & then they let him on

O stands for Onslow, he's a proper MP.,
And a trump to Roger Tichborne, whoever he may be.

P stands for Prison, where Skipworth is confined,
Because he told the wigs the truth and nobly spoke his mind.

Q stands for Question, there is one I'd ask you all,
When a poor man cries for justice, do they answer to his call,

R stands for Radcliffe, his cousin says she never will,
Confess she danced the can-can with Roger in the mill.

S stands for Secret packet, they make such fuss about,
Roger's cousin she disowned him so he let the secret out.

T stands for Tattoo marks, and Lord Bellew would you doubt it,
Thought he'd tell a wapping lie while he was about it,

U stands for Unity, may his witnesses together,
Around the jolly claimant stick, like balls of wax together

V stands for Victory, and if Roger wins the day,
He's going to dance the can-can with Boville at the play,

W stands for Whalley, he's a very knowing codger,
He wouldn't back the claimant, if he were an artful dodger.

X stands for Ten, and though I'm shy of betting,
I'd bet the lawyers 10 to 1 he'll give them all a sweating

Y stands for Young men, attend to what I say,
When you court a pretty cousin, don't you run away

Z stands for Zanes, in a jury box a sneezing,
To let a judge have his own way, is English laws, abusing.

H. Disley, Printer, 57, High Street, Oxford Street.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT



Who is he now—the big fat man,
They try to crush him all they can,
Since first the trial it began,
  To prove him an artful dodger.
And witnesses they did appear,
And Hawkins he did laugh and jeer,
But cheer up Tichborne, never fear,
  You are the right Sir Roger.

CHORUS.

Then Judge and Jury rattle away,
But let the fat man have fair play,
And everywhere the people say,
  O what will be the verdict.

Judge and Jury are sick of the job,
Day after day—'twould tire a snob—
Kenealey he's got a clever nob.
  And I'll back him for the winner.
His witnesses they all did swear,
To Roger's eyes, his nose and hair,
To his feet and legs, and you know where
  As true as I'm a sinner.

Now Hawkins don't he laugh and grin,
For the crown he thinks he's going to win
But he'll find at last he's taken in,
  He can't humbug the Jury.
And all the witnesses he got,
The Carabineers could wollop the lot.
And Captain Brown he fired a shot,
  Which put him in a fury.

Now Hawkins he will make a speech,
To Wagga Wagga it will reach,
And like a parrot he will screach,
  To mesmerize the dozen.
But Kenealey he's a clever chap,
At Hawkins he will have a rap,
And my Lord Tattoo will get a slap,
  And Roger's pretty cousin.

Kenealey he will fire away,
For he's a stunner the people say,
The clever lawyer of the day,
  And a match for the Queen's Jester.
Let us hope he'll prove the claimant stout,
Is she right Sir Roger, without a doubt
  What a rumpus in Westminster.

The Judges they are one, two, three,
They'll all sum up as we shall see,
And I hope the Jury will all agree,
  The Claimant is no dodger.
And if they are good men and true,
And studied this wonderful trial through
There's nothing else for them to do,
  But turn him up Sir Roger.

Disley, Printer, High-street, St. Giles.

THE WONDERFUL
SIR ROGER TICHBORNE.

Oh dear, oh lor! what a fuss and a bother,
From one end of London there is to the other,
The lawyers and counsellors are cracking a crust,
While the judge and the jury are fit for to burst
For the Tichborne trial is the talk you know,
In every place wherever you go.
Some says he's a butcher, some says it's a cram-
  mer,
Some say he's Sir Roger, who's forgot French
  and grammar,
To prove who he is, the lawyers are itching,
Though Sir Roger he'll give them the rounds of
  the kitchen,
And before it is done, at least we are told,
This case it will cost some cart loads of gold,
  To be the wonderful Sir Roger Tichborne.

Now when Roger was born he was but a child,
But when he grew up he got rather wild,
With his father and mother he could not agree,
So one fine morning he went off to sea;
He hadn't been long when the ship it got wreck'd
To this bath poor Roger he didn't object,
When to his surprise, oh, didn't he stare,
A mermaid he saw a combing her;
Like a drowning man a clutching a straw,
He jumped on her back and got safe to shore.
Then she cut him a lock of her hair, so he said,
So he kept it in remembrance of his little
  Mermaid,
  Did the wonderful Sir Roger Tichborne.

When Roger was abroad he was fond of a spree,
He'd lark, and he'd tickle the girls on his knee,
He was a young rake amongst lady tartars,
He tried once to take off a young ladies garters,
She giggled and laugh'd, and said Roger you see
If you played with your cousin, you don't do it
  with me.
For Roger you know is quite the ladies man,
With the par le vous prancis he's done the can
  can;

The say he can dance, and that a good jig,
If it wasn't for his belly being so big,
For Kangaroo Soup, and Australian Jellies,
They are the things to fatten your bellies,
  Like the wonderful Sir Roger Tichborne.

When Roger came home he made a great stir,
They thought he was dead by many a year.
For when he left home he was all skin and bone
But now he comes back, he weighs nigh twenty
  stone,
Australian beef and turtle soup you will find,
Filled Roger well up in front and behind,
The lawyers and wigs their brains they still
  bother,
They really don't think he can be Sir Roger;
They wanted to strip him in court you must know
To see if he'd got his private mark for to show,
They found a mark on his belly, on his breast
  there was two,
And then they had a twig at his do-it-dum-do,
  The wonderful Sir Roger Tichborne.

Now the trial it is over for a little while longer,
The judge and the jury will be able to get
  stronger,
And then they will sit for a week or two more,
While the lawyers and counsellors will have a
  good jaw,
Let's hope they won't fight, nor make themselves
  ill,
Or they'll have to lay up, and take a blue pill;
Though Mrs. Jones she says it's all very fine,
To be stuck up a jawing twelve hours at a time,
For she thinks that the lawyers have too much
  to say,
And she's sure they'll go to the devil some day,
For the lies they do tell and the sin they commit,
Is enough to send poor Roger into a fit,
  The wonderful Sir Roger Tichborne.

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THE SCAMP.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

The Trial of the Claimant.

The Trial of the Claimant

Poor old Roger Tichborne nowls on his trial again
They will not rest contented, they no er will refrain.
From doing everything they can to strike the fatal
blow,
If money can only do it now, to prison he must go.

They're doing all they can poor Roger for to smother
They must say, they dare not do anything unfair,
You've only heard one side, you've yet to hear t'other
When all their tales will vanish like bubbles in the air

Poor Roger stands before them like a Briton every day
Which lawyers call him names a well he mustn't say
He listens to their chatter, but fear he does not show,
If he'd been angle potter, he'd have Jack'd up long ago

Government finds the money the Tichborne case to end
It does not trouble them a bit however much they
spend,
Their drawing their expences from taxes 'till the bound
So workingmen will to pay to crush poor Roger down

I think you'll say Sir Roger's a clever sort of man,
He's got an Irish lawyer, who'll do the best he can
Dr. Kenealy he is there the claimant for to screen.
And when his Irish blood is up he tells them what
he means.

The lawyers they may chatter & bluster all they can,
They can't make many thousands believe he is not
the man.
There was never a man that ever lived upon Great
Britain's sneeze,
Could stand the test that Roger has for two long
years or more.

Then may he be successful, and win the day at last,
He will soon forget the that will be gone and past,
His friends that have assisted, as nobly they've done
He'll wish long life and happiness to each & every one

The Young Scamp.

My friends I'm a chap about town
I'm up to all moves on the town
Sometimes I've got plenty of tin,
And I think I am as great as a lord;
do every one that I can,
Let the weather be wet, dry, or damp,
Wherever I go, the people they say,
That I am an artful young scamp,

If ever there was a young scamp,
I father myself I am he,
There is not a dodger from Brigham to Odger,
That can hold a candle to me.

At school as a leader of vice
Though always so humble and meek,
But at the first chance of any reward
I also [illegible]

By the bad example I set,
Other boys into mischief were led,
But I always managed to pocket the cash,
And get other boys' volleyed instead.

To rise, I went into the world.
To swindle the helpless and poor,
I always cheated them out of their cash,
When it came to a question of law.

As an alderman or an M.P.,
My seat I take, there I invite
Discussion, then my party I sell,
And Gladstone will make me a knight,

My mansion I keep at the West,
'Tis all furnished on credit throughout,
For I'm such a very pious young man,
That the tradesmen my credit don't doubt.
Some good looking servants I keep,
And a number of children they've got,
But I make swear it was somebody else,
And find fathers for all the whole lot.

At sixteen I went as a page
To a blooming old lady so gay,
She let me do just as I liked,
But night with her I used to pay.
One day I went off with her tin,
She began then to swear and to stamp,
She's in search for me all over the town,
But she cannot catch the young scamp.

Now abolt the great Tichbeane case,
They say that the trial is not fair,
The I have heard people say that for £5 a-week,
They'll swear he's not the right heir;
But still the case is going on—
They tell lies you know, great and small,
If they'd give me a little more tin, I declare
I'd swear a hole through a brick wall.

Once a week a party I give,
Only young married women are there,
And then I propose a nice trip to Kew,
When every one pays their fare.
Of course when day it comes round,
They're waiting for me I declare,
You may lay your life they quarrel and strife,
I'm playing the trick of elsewhere.

I married a lady for cash,
And I got it all up in due course,
And then got the servants to swear on my side
And that's how I got a diverce.
Now every fine Sunday night,
In Whitechapel I take my stand,
And get lots of money by crying aloud,
Drink is the pest of the land.

I bought up an old rotten ship,
Then filled it with boxes of earth,
And swore they were boxes of Indian silks,
And insured them for double their worth.
When out on the voyage it sank,
£4000 I cleared, don't you see,
But Plimsoll is trying to stop my game,
[illegible] & swears he'll succeed.

Twenty years ago.

I have wander'd through the village, Tom! I sat
beneath the tree,
Beside the village playground that shelter'd you
and me,
There was no one there to greet me, Tom! and
few remain to know,
That played with us upon the beach some twenty
years ago.

The grass is just as green, dear Tom, barefooted
boys at play,
Sporting, just as we did then, with hearts as light
and gay,
But the master sleeps upon the hill, that coated
o'er with snow,
Affording us a sliding place some twenty years ago.

The old Schoolhouse is altered, Tom, he benches
are replaced—
By new ones, very like the sams our penknives had
defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the walls and the
bell swings to and fro,
'Tis mine just the same, dear Tom, as twenty
years ago.

You know the stream that runs close by, so near
the spreading beech,
'Tis very low, 'twas once so high, that I could
scarcely reach,
And stooping down to take a drink, lor! Tom, I
started so,
To see how much I had changed, since twenty
years ago.

Beside the stream upon an elm, you know I cut
your name,
Your sweetheart's too, beside it, Tom, and you
did mine the same;
Some thoughtless wretch has peeled the bark,
'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as that one whose name you cut. died twenty
years ago.

My lips had long been dry, dear Tom, when the
tears came in my eyes,
To think of her I fondly loved. and those early
broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard, some flowers there
to throw,
Upon the grave of her I love, some twenty years
ago.

Some sleep beneath the village, Tom, and some be-
yond the sea,
There's very few of that good old class remaine
but you and me,
And when our time has come, dear Tom, and we
are called to go,
hope they'll lay us where we played some twenty
years ago.

TOM SAYER'S FAREWELL to the RING.



You lovers of the manly art,
Whoever you may be,
I pray you will attention give,
And listen unto me;
Now all the battles I have fought,
To you I'm going to tell,
For it is my intention,
To bid the ring farewell.

Farewell to those heroes bold
Of the fistic art so dear,
No more within the ropes and stakes
Tom Sayers will appear.

The first I beat was Aby Crouch,
It was only for ten pounds,
Then next I beat Dan Collins.
In four and forty rounds

For a hundred pounds I beat Jack Grant
In eighteen hundred and fifty two
And in eighteen hundred & fifty-three
I beat Jack Martin too.

Nat Langham was the next I fought
In eighteen fifty-three,
And Langham is the only man
That ever conquered me;
The next I fought it was George Sims
In five minutes he was beat,
Then Harry Poulson was the next
I quicky did defeat.

Then Aaron Jones he was the next
That tried his skill with me,
But after fighting near three hours,
'Twas so dark we could not see;
Another day was fixed for us
To enter in the field,
But after fighting two hours hard,
He unto me did yeild.

For Championship next time I fought
Likewise four hundred pounds,
With Perry, the Tipton Slasher,
Who only stood ten rounds;
Bill Benjamin next challenged me,
The Champion's belt to gain,
But three rounds only were fought,
When Benjamin gave in.

And on the fifteenth day of June,
Eighteen hundred and fifty eight,
For one hundred & fifty pounds a-side
Tom Paddock I did defeat;
Bill Benjamin was not satisfied,
And again did try his hand,
But twenty-two minutes and a-half,
Before me he did stand.

The brave Bob Brettle was the next
To enter in the field,
But in fifteen minutes & seven rounds
He unto me did yield;—
My last fight was with Heenan
From America he came,
I never fought a better man,
Nor one that showed more game.

For two long hours and better,
Each tried his best to win,
And none could tell which man would
beat,
When the ring was broken in,
If to gain the Belt of Engand,
Heenan does again contend,
That he may win, it is the wish,
Of Tom Sayers, his dearest friend.

H. DISLEY, Printer, 57, High Street
St. Giles London.—W.C.

THE NEW LIGHTS OF AMERICA.

London:—H. SUCH, Machine Printer & Publish[illegible]

SAYERS

'Mayor Bonner

THE NEW LIGHTS OF AMERICA.

London:—H. SUCH, Machine Printer & Publisher,
177, Union-street, Borough. S. E.

Air:—"The boys of Ballanamore."

COME all you that lived in Ireland, I hope you will draw near,
To a sad and dismal melody I mean to tell you here;
Concerning our brave Irishmen from Erin sent away,
h,, es to seek their fortunes all in America.

On the Fifteenth day of August, I'll mind it evermore,
By a party of the New Lights that day we suffered sore,
They swore they'd pull our Chapels down, and that without delay,
And banish every Irishman out of America.

We had a Priest, an Irishman, he said on me you may depend, (your friend,
Come offer up your prayers with me and God will be
And show yourselves brave Irishmen, although being far from home,
And let them see what we can do for the holy church of Rome.

The sun being set, the day being past and night fast coming on,
And there we did assemble like brothers every one,
For to protect our Holy Church I'm sure we did not fail,
We let them see that we were sons of poor old Granawail.

The first that opposed us, it was a widow's son,
Like Buonaparte at Waterloo the battle he begun;
We showed ourselves brave Irishmen, and that we let them know,
That the Shamrock green would reign triumphant wherever it did grow.

The first attack they made on us we out it stout and bold,
Our blessed priest, he said, my boys, don't be the less controlled,
But may the King of Heaven be our guide this day,
As he was unto the Israelites when crossing the Red Sea

The next attack they made on us our number it was few,
The New Lights being very strong, we scarce had one or two;
We fought for three long hours or more, and that you plainly see,
That God was our protector, and we gained the victory.

The name of this blessed clergyman I mean to unfold,
The way that every Irishman may have his name enroll'd
His name is Father Tierney, near hand to Ballymurray,
He went out there as a missionary unto America.

Now to conclude and make an end I have no more to say,
We wounded twenty four of them before they got away,
We will drink a health to Granawail all on a foreign shore, (more.
In hopes to meet our loving friends in Erin's Isle once

SAYERS' FAREWELL!

YOU lovers of the manly art wherever you may be,
I pray you will attention give and listen unto me,
Now all the battles I have fought to you I'm going to tell,
For it is my intention to bid the ring farewell.

Farewell to those heroes bold, of the fistic art so dear,
No more within the ropes and stakes Tom Sayers will appear.

The first I beat was Aby Crouch, it was only for Ten pounds,
Then next I beat Dan Collins in four-and-twenty rounds
For £100 I beat Jack Grant in eighteen hundred and fifty-two, (Martin too.
And in eighteen hundred and fifty-three I beat Jack
Nat Langham was the next I fought in eighteen fifty-three,
And Langham is the only man that ever conquered me;
The next I fought was George Sims, in five minutes he was beat,
Then Harry Paulson was the next I quickly did defeat.
Then Aaron Jones he was the next that tried his skill with me,
But after fighting near three hours 'twas so dark we couldn't see;
Another day was fixed for us to enter in the field,
But after fighting two hours hard, he unto me did yield.

For championship next time I fought, likewise £400
With Parry and Tipton Slasher, who only stood ten rounds;
Bill Benjamin next challenged me the champion's belt to gain, (gave in.
But three rounds only were fought when Benjamin
And on the 15th day of June, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight,
For £150 a-side, Tom Paddock I did defeat;
Bill Benjamin was not satisfied and again did try his hand,
And just 12 minutes and a half before me he did stand.

The brave Bob Brettle was the next to enter the field,
But in 15 minutes and 7 rounds he unto me did yield;
My last fight was with Heenan, from America he came
I never fought a better man nor one that showed more game.

For two long hours and better, each tried his best to win, (was broken in:
And none could tell which man would beat when the ring
If to gain the belt of England, Heenan does again contend, (dearest friend.
That he may win it is the wish of Tom Sayers his

657.

'Maugh Bonamalath.'

OR THE NEW SONG ON

CHARLES HEENAN.

The Champion of the world.

Ye sons of Old Erin, the true seed of Malecians,
I call your attention to a few truthful lines,
Concerning the Fight I'm about to mention,
Between the Old Saxon Champion & one of true science
I mean Charles Heenan the brave and the gallant,
Who fought with Tom Sayers, who's to Erin a foe—
Bold Heenan a son of a sister to Granua,
Who will thrash all the bullies wherever he goes.

The proud English boxer he sent forth a challenge,
To the land of the Yankees a man for to find,
To come forth and fight the great English Champion—
When there step'd out a man of true Irish line—
He is straight, tall & handsome, well built in proportion
A credit to Erin wherever he goes—
He is noble, well meaning & blendid with honours—
And a terror in future to Old Erin's foes.

The fight came off in the sweet month of April,
Brave Heenan came forth admired by all—
Where thousands of people that day had assembled,
To see the two men open the fistic ball—
It was delightful to see the true son of Erin
Stand forth in the field like brave Donnelly of yore,
With a smile on his lips, while the Saxons were sneering
But he has proved Champion in spite of his foes;

Tho' his plans then of fighting were sold by an informer
The traitor sly Morrissey his method betrayed—
But like Hercules he stood, and Sayers he did storm,
His manly fine arts he in beauty displayed.
Knock down after knock he gave to the Champion
Which filled the English with terror and woe;
With loud acclamations his actions so valiant,
Declares him the Champion wherever he goes.

John Bull ne'er could beat a son of Old Erin,
Nor a dog from her land, nor a horse from her field,
You know to this moment we keep you in fearing,
And in any pitched battle would make you to yield.

For Corkham brave ye English betrayed him,
Simon Byrne ye murdered, he being Champion ye know
Jack Langan ye bought, and Donnelly ye poisoned,
Brave Heenan beware of your English foes.

Tom Sayers he is pittied and in commisseration,
For all that he suffered a subscription was raised,
Which proves that his backers are killed with vexation
That Heenan the Champion has gained the day—
Yet the Belt they now hold by the Law of Objection,
And like cowardly cocks on their dunghill they crow,
But the Yankee will soon bring them down to subjection
Brave Heenan the Champion wherever he goes.

Hang your head, drop your tail, John Bull now for ever,
And never dare Paddy again to the field,
There you are overmatched in every thing clever,
They are first in the battle and last for to yield—
Try your hand once again with our brave Irish Yankee,
We have thousands of boys that would whack you know
At sword, club or fist, they are light, airy and squanky,
May they live long and conquer wherever they go.

The Yankee so brave branded England as robbers,
Who from Heenan the Champion the Belt did deprive,
And England for fear of a national squabble,
On their second best thoughts the Belt did resign.
He'll now hold it and wear it, as Champion declare it,
Hold it in honour and clip the pride of the Rose—
The Shamrock so green he then stamp upon it,
To conquer with glory wherever he goes.

Now to make a conclusion, I mean no intrusion,
When sounding the praise of brave Irishmen,
The truth I let down in my love so profusing,
A gift of the warmest of thanks I will send.
To Charles Heenan the right declared Champion,
May you accept the honour the world bestows—
And heavenly blessings may light down upon you,
To live long and conquer wherever you go.

Pratt, Printer, Digbeth, Birmingham.

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OH, WHAT
A Flare Up!
OR, THE
Two Houses of Parliament.

1834

AIR.—Mistletoe Bough.

Neesom, Printer, 166, Brick Lane, Spitalfields,
Shops and Hawkers supplied.

The doors were closed in Westminster Hall,
The moon shone bright on the old Abbey wall,
The Jarvies were most of them busy they say,
All a counting the dibs wot they'd took that day,
And the waterman cried wot was standing nigh,
You'll all get drunk with that blunt by and bye,
Billy Jenkins, who'd been out of luck's way quite,
Grumbled, "I'll have a jolly flare up to night!"
Oh, sich a flare up!
You can't think what a flare up!

All on a sudden, 'tis strange for to say,
Billy Jenkins was seen to slip slily away,
And a few minutes arter they saw with amaze,
Both Houses of Parliament all in a blaze!
Down rattled the engines—the busses they roll'd,
And the military came out in their helmets of gold,
When a lanky policeman cried out with affright,
"Ve must find out the covey vot set 'em alight!"
Lor, here's a flare up,
Oh, crikey, what a flare up.

They sought in each street, each court, & each lane
They sought through both houses, but sought him in vain;
They sought in the closets and up all the flues,
They sought in the lobbies, but still 'twas no use.
When lo! in the vault an old hat lay there,
'Twas the very same hat vot Bill Kenkins did wear,
And near it some matches were strewed on the ground,
In exact the same spot where Guy Fawkes was found. Oh, what, &c.

At last they thought they heard a deep sigh,
Come out from a certain small house close by;
They went to the door and there they knock'd,
They tried hard to open it, but found it was lock'd,
When one of them burst it in two with a pole,
And there was Bill Jenkins stuck down in a hole,
'Twould have made your hearts bleed if you'd seen him, because
You can't think how very much alter'd he was.
Oh, what, &c.

So they pull'd him out, and ax'd how he felt,
"He's as dead as a herring," "no I only a smelt,"
And I never was in such a strong place before,
And I've no great wish to go there any more.
And though you may laugh at my situation,
I deserves the thanks of all this great nation,
I don't care a fig about your fine notions,
But I don't like to be sunk in Member of Parliament's motions. Oh, what, &c.

Quoth Bill, "I thought 'twas the best thing I could do,
For to burn these old houses & make 'em build new
So I just sneak'd in with a match in my hand,
To disperse all their acts in rich smoke through the land,
And I'm sure by you all 'twill be well understood,
That I've done all this world a vonderful good,
For I know'd if these houses in dust were vonce laid,
Vy, they must be reform'd ere they'll use 'em again
Oh, what, &c.

The Sun his Bright Rays.

The sun his bright rays may withold love,
Unreflected the moonbeams may be,
But ne'er till this bosom be cold love,
Shall its pulse throb for any but thee.

For thou art the joy of my heart love,
All beauties thy beauties out vie,
And sooner than with thee I'd part love,
Thy lover thy husband would die.

The spring lovely verdue may turn love,
To autumn's sad colourness hue,
The winter like summer may burn love,
Ere it cools my fond ardour for you.



OUR KING
IS A
True British Sailor.

TOO long out of sight have been kept Jolly Tars,
In the ground-tiers like huts stow'd away,
Despis'd & contemn'd were their honour'd scars
And Red Coats were Lords of the day.
But Britannia now moves as a gallant first-rate
And with transports the Blue Jackets hail her;
For William's right hand steers the helm of the State,
And our King is a true British Sailor.

No danger the heart of a seaman appals,
To fight or to fall he is ready,
The safeguard of Britain is her wooden walls,
And the Helmsman cries "steady! boys, steady!"
Cheer up my brave boys, give the wheel a new spoke,
If a foe is in view we will hail her,
For William the Fourth is a sound heart of oak
True Blue, and a bold British Sailor.

The wild winds around us may furiously whistle
And tempest the ocean deform,
But unite the red rose, the shamrock, & thistle
With King William we'll weather the storm;
Hard up with the helm, Britannia's sheet flows
Magna Charta on board will avail her,
And better she sails as the harder it blows,
For her Pilot's a King and a Sailor.

Co-equal with red be the gallant true blue,
And nought can their glories o'erwhelm,
Whilst Sydney & Freemen direct the brave crew,
And William presides at the helm;
Then fill up a bumper, Britannia appears
New rigg'd, and with joy we all hail her,
Here's a health to the King, with three times three cheers,
And long life to the first British Sailor.

(ENCORE VERSES.)

As a Beacon on high with a glorious blaze,
Our Monarch, our Admiral, and Friend,
A staunch crew of Hero's on deck can soon raise
Britainnia's just rights to defend.
Steady, always be ready, he cries at the wheel,
Making justice and mercy prevail here;
With a hand that can guide and a heart that can feel,
Our King's heart and soul is a Sailor.

Fore and aft fill the glasses and make the decks ring,
We are loyal and true one and all;
Prepar'd to support our lov'd Country & King
And with liberty stand boys, or fall.
Our Sweethearts, our Wives, & our Children combine,
For Britannia there's no one will fail her;
As laurels the temples of William entwine,
Our King! and a bold British Sailor

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





THE GREAT
REFORM BILL.

1866

You noble patriots of reform,
Come listen unto me,
And strive with all your might to gain,
Your rights and liberty.
Reform is what the poor man wants,
Throughout the British land;
Like Beales, Bright, and Gladstone,
To your colours nobly stand.

Chorus.

Then let the word Reform resound,
Throughout the British land;
Reform has long been wanted,
To suit the working man.

The working man has been oppress'd,
Because he had no vote,
Though many a true and faithful heart,
Beats beneath a ragged coat.
Then let them vote to choose the man,
Their towns to represent,
To make the laws to suit the poor,
As well as the rich in parliament.

At length the British Lion,
As woke up from a dream,
Bound with the chains of bondage,
For many years has been.
He thought that he had been bound long enough,
By oppression's yoke,
In the midst of a dream of liberty,
The Lion he awoke.

There is one thing they will not forget,
For many years to come,
When denied of entering in the Park,
What damages then was done,
When the gates was closed against them,
By Sir Richard Mayne.
They pull'd down rails all round the Park,
And an entrance soon they gain'd.

It was that what cheer'd their spirits,
Which long had been kept down,
And caus'd great Reform meetings,
To be held in every town.
Address'd by Bright and Gladstone,
Friends to the working man,
Then let their names resound with glee,
Throughout the British land.

Do not let the Tory government
Patch a reform for you,
A patch-work bill to suit themselves,
For us will never do.
Then stick to Bright and Gladstone,
To your cause still firm remain,
And your oponents shortly will give way,
And then your rights you will gain.

London: Printed at the "Catnach Press," by W. FORTEY Monmouth Court, Seven Dials. The Oldest and Cheapest House in the World for Ballads (4,000 sorts) Children's Books Song Books, &c

GLORIOUS
REFORMATION

TUNE—"*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

WHAT wond'rous changes every day,
Take place and so you all will say,
We soon shall have for which we pray,
A glorious Reformation;
'Twas Solomon with accents bold,
Who said we'd nothing now behold,
But now a different story's told,
For soon we shall have nothing old,
In Lord John Russell's praise will shout,
For he has caused this noble rout,
He'll make the rogues and tyrants scout,
Through this glorious Reformation.

CHORUS.

Cock a doodle doodle do,
The Boroughmongers now look blue,
They shortly will have cause to rue,
This glorious Reformation.

Who's caus'd a panic amongst the brats,
Those Boroughmongering crawling rats,
No more they'll suck and gull the flats,
Through this glorious Reformation.
No more they John Bull's sides will goad,
No more his back with taxes load,
Which ate him out of his abode,
They now must go a different road.
For King and State go hand in hand,
And shout Reform throughout the land,
Down with the money-eating band.
Through this glorious Reformation.

Our great Arch Bishops now may weep,
For justice will no longer sleep,
For less pay they now must creep,
Through this glorious Reformation.
Their golden days will soon be o're,
Some thousands will be docked I'm sure,
Their livings soon will live no more,
By which they long have starved the poor,
Their cant will soon be done away,
And if the poor must fast or pray,
For it they'll now much cheaper pay,
Through this glorious Reformation.

Poor Percival thy day is past,
Who voted for a general fast,
Thy doom among the rest is cast,
Through this glorious Reformation.
For now we'll have a general feast,
Rejoice both North, West, South and East,
Since we've destroy'd that mighty beast,
Tho every day our woes increased,
There's Henry Brougham who'll brave each storm,
And join the cry with feelings warm,
Down with taxation, all hail Reform.
Through this glorious Reformation.

Printed by T. BIRT, at his General Printing Office,
No. 39, Great St. Andrew-Street.

1851

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GENERAL HAYNAU
AND BARCLAY AND PERKINS' DRAYMEN



GOOD people pay attention pray,
Just now to what I have to say,
what was done the other day,
By Barclay and Perkins's Draymen:
There was a Chief well known to fame,
General Haynau was his name,
Who a tyrant's favour sought to gain,
By causing bitter grief and pain,
By blood and slaughter, fire and sword,
He did command his Cossack horde,
Till freedom's blood like water poured,
Sing Barclay and Perkins's Draymen,

Hit him, kick him, up and down,
Box him! knock him round and round!
Out of his hat break the crown,
Cried Barclay and Perkins's Draymen.

When fair Hungary prostrate lay,
Beneath a tyrant's despot sway,
And many mourned the fatal day,
Oh! Barclay and Perkins's Draymen.
Her bravest sons he put to death,
Her fairest women by the lash!
Had their flesh cut from living flesh!
While freedom to the earth was dashed!
By this monster man in human shape,
But you shall quickly know his fate,
He got his desert at any rate,
From Barclay and Perkins's Draymen.
Hit him, &c.

One day he went to have a stare,
At where we English brew our beer,
And met a warm reception there,
From Barclay and Perkins's Draymen,
Out on the tyrant all did cry,
How you would laugh to see him fly,
To cut his lucky he did try,
But soon found out it was all my eye;
One collar'd him by his moustache,
And one with mud his face did splash;
Another rolled him in the slush,
Did Barclay and Perkins's Draymen,
Hit him, &c.

One let down upon his head,
Straw enough to make his bed,
One pulled his nose till it was red,
Did Barclay and Perkins's Draymen,
Hit him, &c.
Then out of the gate he did run,
And now there was some precious fun,
A rotten egg he got from one,
For all did try—yes, every one,
To show how we loved such a brute,
Who women flogged and men did shoot,
For trying tyranny to uproot,
Oh! Barclay and Perkins's Draymen,
Hit him, &c.

At length he found a place to hide,
All at the George by Bankside,
But not till they'd well tanned his hyde;
Barclay and Perkins's Draymen.
Let this to tyrants a lesson be,
Not to crush fair liberty,
Or like Haynau they'll have to flee,
And not get off so well as he,
Then for Barclay's men we'll give a cheer,
May they live long to brew our beer,
And from their masters nothing fear,
Barclay and Perkins's Draymen.
Hit him, kick him, &c.

Printe by E. HODGES, (late Pitts), Toy and Marble Warehouse, 31, Hadley St, 7 Dials.

GENERAL HAYNAU



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While freedom to the earth was dash'd
By this monster man in human shape,
But you shall quickly know his fate,
He got his deserts at any rate,
From Barclay and Perbins' Draymen.
Hit him, kick him, &c.

One day he went to have a stare,
At where we English brew our beer,
And met a warm reception there,
From Barclay and Perkins' Draymen.
Out on the tyrant all did cry,
How you would laugh to see him fly,
To cut his lucky he did try,
But soon found out 'twas all my eye,
One collar'd him by his moustache,
And one with mud his face did wash.
Another rolled him in the slush,
Did Barclay and Perkins' Draymen,
Hit him, kick him, &c.

One let down upon his head,
Straw enough to make his bed.
One pulled his nose till it was red,
Did Barclay and Perkins' Draymen:
Then out of the gate he did run,
And now there was some precious fun,
A rotten egg he got from one,
For all did try—yes every one,
To show how we loved such a brute,
Who women flogged and men did shoot,
For trying tyranny to uproot,
Oh! Barclay and Perkins' Draymen.
Hit him. kick him, &c.

At length he found a place to hide,
All at the George, by Banks de,
But not till they'd well tann'd his hide,
Barclay and Perkins' Draymen.
Let this to tyrant's a lesson be,
Not to crush fair liberty,
Or like Haynau they'll have to flee,
And not get off so well as he!
Then for Barclay's men we'll give a cheer,
May they live long to brew our beer,
And from their master's nothing fear,
Barclay and Perkins' Draymen.
Hit him, kick him, &c.
W. EVERSON.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Seven Dials, London.

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LINES ON THE





Printe by E. HODGES,(late Pitts), Toy [illegible] and Marble Warehouse, 61, Paddy St, 7 Dials.

LINES ON THE MASSACRE AT CABUL

1879

Another dreadful slaughter in the papers we can read,
For our gallant british soldiers at Cabul are massacred,
So listen while I tell you how those heroes side by side
Cavagnari and his comrades at Cabul have nobly died.

Then onward and revenge my boys that gallant little band,
Tho' face to face, with death, see Cavagnari boldly stand,
With those howling fiends around in fancy hear them cry,
For England and the Empress show how Englishmen can die.

They thought the war was over with Afghans we at peace,
And the Ameer our ally thought of bloodshed it had ceased,
But treachery has been at work, I think we yet shall find,
The Russian bear we yet shall hear not very far behind,

While gallant Cavagnari, unattended rode about.
Of the friendship of the people he had not the slighest doubt,

But peace again is ended 'tis a scene of blood and strife,
That gallant man with his little band have forfeited their lives.

See the Embassy surrounded, for english blood they cry,
Their fierce attack is beaten back as one by one they die,
The place is now on fire, but those heroes never flinch,
With those wild fanatic wretches creeping onward inch by inch,

Forward, charge, the word is given as away then see them go,
Their blood swords falling from their hand as they fall among the foe,
To reach a place of safety how those heroes bravely tried,
There in the street, his death did meet, brave Cavagnari died,

For your noble husband lady every Englishman will weep,
This useless war has caused him in death cold arms to sleep,
And the war cry of our soldiers who will now go to avenge,
Shall be for Cavagnari. for England and revenge.

Disley, Printer, London.



THE MASSACRE OF FOUR CATHOLIC CLERGYMEN.

BY THE SEPOY'S, AT CAWNPORE. 1857

(Tune, Erin's Lovely Home.)

YOU Catholicks all, both great and small, the young as well as old,
I pray you'll give attention, to what I will unfold,
It's of this dreadful massacre, which happen'd at Cawnpore,
In which our holy Clergymen, were martyr'd in their gore.

Those pure and holy Clergymen, as you may understand,
All in the year of fifty four, they left sweet Erin's land,
To preach and teach all nations, as was by Heaven decreed,
That those whom God appointed, should go forth and plant the seed.

Those pure & holy missionaries, the gospel did expound,
'Till their chapels were dismantled, & levell'd to the ground;
Their vestment's and the chalice, and cross, as it appears,
Were trampled on and torn, by the wretched mutineers.

To wreak their deadly vengeance, they took them one by one,
Like lambs unto the slaughter, our clergy were led on,
Before that demon Nana Sahib, most heavenly they stood,
As thus the ground around them, was dyed with human blood.

The Reverend James Fitzgerald, & the reverend John O' Hare,
With Father Thomas Morgan, from the County of Kildare,
Poor Father Smith, from Dublin, in that very trying hour,
They suffered death most fearful, in India, at Cawnpore.

The sufferings of our clergy, there's nothing could surpass;
To think how they were murdered, while celebrating mass;
Like infuriated demons, the cursed mutineers, [spears.
They being the Lord's anointed, they run them thro' with

Oh! let us hope sincerely, that He who rules on high,
Has taken their poor souls to dwell in everlasting joy:
For like our bless'd Redeemer, upon Mount Calvary,
They pray'd to God Almighty, to forgive their enemies.



THE British Grenadiers.

H. Such. Printer, & Newsvender, &c &c.
123, Union Street, Borough, London.
Hawkers, & Country Dealers Supplied.

UPON the plains of Flanders our Father's long ago
They fought like Alexander, beneath old Marlboro':
And still in fields of conquest our valour bright has shone, [ington.
With Wolfe and Abercrombie, and Moore and Well-

Our plumes have waved in combat's, that ne'er shall be forgot, [from our shot,
Where many a mighty squadron reel'd backwards
In charges with the bayonet, we led our bold com-
But Frenchmen like to stay not, [peers,
For British Grenadiers.

Once bravely at Vimeria, they hop'd to play their parts,
And sing fal lira, lira, to cheer their drooping hearts,
But English, Scotch, and Paddy whacks, we gave three hearty cheers,
And the French soon turned their backs,
To the British Grenadiers.

At St. Sebastian, and Badajos' town, [came down,
Though raging like volcanoes, the shot and shell
With courage never wincing, we scaled the ram-
And waved the British ensign, [parts high,
In glorious victory.

And what could Buonaparte, with all his curassiers,
In battle do at Waterloo, with British Grenadiers?
Then ever sweet the drum shall play, that march —
Whose martial roll awakes the soul, [into our ears,
Of British Grenadiers.

No. 19.

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Death of the Russian Emperor

AIR—The Bailiffs are coming.

1855



R.d. Printer, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

COME arouse up Britannia, no more droop your head,
Don't you know the old Emperor of Russia is dead,
Let Britons rejoice, while Russian serfs mourn,
He is gone to a place whence he cannot return.
He lays where he'll have neither wrangling or jars,
He slaughter'd our soldiers & murder'd our tars
He has filled our nation with sorrow and woe,
And I wish he had died about ten years ago.

He is gone, he is gone, is the Emperor Nick,
Death sent him a summons, and he cut his stick
His deeds are at rest, and he quiet does lie,
And I think it's a very good job he did die.

They tell me his ghost on last Friday was seen,
By little Lord John, and my Lord Aberdeen,
Who has lost by his death his old forty years' friend,
A man who was hated by all honest men;
But a short time ago Nickey had an idea,
A journey to take for to view the Crimea.

He looked at his lady, and tore up his wig,
Then he groan'd like a donkey and died like a pig.

Our soldiers did sing, and our sailors did dance,
And all the old women of England and France
Had a jolly flareup when they heard of the news
That the Emperor of Russia had died in his shoes
Prince Albert did whistle, and so did the Queen
When the Emperor's ghost went to old Aberdeen
About twelve o'clock upon last Friday night,
His forty years' friend did him greatly affright.

He is gone, who has caused all the wrangling and jars,
Through him our soldiers was slain in the wars,
He gave up the ghost, and he died in a crack,
And I'll bet a sovereign he'll never come back,
'Twould been well had he gone 'ere he mischief had done,
Now a jolly flareup there will be with his sons,
And if they're as bad as their old father, Nick,
We hope from this world they'll soon cut their stick.

When Menschikoff heard of the awful affright,
His face fell as long as a big stick of tripe,
He bawl'd to his men, our Emperor is dead,
Then down in the mud went his great Russian head;
While the sons of Britannia with glee did rejoice
And united together declared in one voice,
If they had him, they'd bury him down in a hole
In a dirty corner of Sebastopol.

The Emperor and Empress of France side by side
Whistled jolly good luck to the day Nicky died,
For he was a tyrant, deny it who can,
A cruel, ambitious, tyrannical man,
Who tortur'd and slaughter'd his subjects so sad
Every action the tyrant possessed was bad;
But they say when he died, he a letter did send
To England, by post, to his forty years' friend

Some say that the Emperor did die with fright
Some say he fell sulky, and died out of spite
Some say he took poison mixed up in hot grue
Some say he swallow'd two large cannon balls
However, he's quiet, and sleeping alone,
Now his fighting his over he'll lie in his tomb
He won't hear the drums in the battle to roll,
And he won't hear the cannons in Sebastopol

THE RUSSIAN WAR.
BRITAIN, FRANCE & VICTORY

1854



ARISE, arise, Britannia's sons,
One moment list to me,
While I tell you what our gallant sons
Has done by land and sea.
They have nobly conquered Alma,
Where the thundering cannons rolled,
And they've made the Russians tremble,
And will crush Sebastopol.
Here's England's gallant soldiers,
And her loyal British tars,
Who bled and fought for glory
All in the Russian war.

It was on the heights of Alma
Lord Raglan loud did cry,
Come on my lads to glory,
We will conquer or we'll die;
And old Sir Colin Campbell
Said Britons ne'er will yield,
But gain the victory, or die
Upon the battle field.

The gallant Marshal Arnaud fought
As long as he could stand,
He commanded with Lord Raglan—
A brave and noble man.
With the Allied Powers up Alma's hill,
They boldly did advance,
And on that day, my boys, huzza!
They made the Russians dance.

Then brave Old Marshal Arnaud,
Near the battle field did die,
And as he was expiring,
You gallant sons, did cry,
Make the enemy to feel
Your French and English balls,
And see them thick as sparrows
On the battle field to fall.

Our officers and gallant men
Did fight and shed their blood
Lord Churton fell, and Colonel Cox,
And gallant Colonel Hood.
Oh many a noble officer,
And British soldier bold,
Fell in the war at Alma,
And at Sebastopol.

Our army and our British fleet
As I will now unfold,
Have conquered all before them,
And are at Sebastopol;
Where the enemy in heaps do lie,
And in death are falling fast,
Surrounded both by sea and land,
With Raglan and Dundas.

The old wooden walls of England
Made their great bull dogs roll,
And sent the walls a crumbling
Of strong Sebastopol;
While Britain's great artillery guns
Resounds from shore to shore,
Prince Menschikoff and the Russian Bear
In misery do deplore.

Prince Menschikoff to Raglan
In a tone of pity said,
Will you grant me four hours
To bury the Russian dead;
We have none to bury said Raglan,
Brave Britons will not hold,
Fight on my lads for glory,
We will have Sebastopol.

In every town in England
They've a patriotic fund,
For the widows and the orphans
Of those who boldly run
To lose their lives in battle,
And who in glory fell,
And they must be provided for
Who does in Britain dwell.

Here's Britain's gallant officers,
And France with three times three,
Our soldiers and our sailors,
Who fought by land and sea,
May they return with laurels crowned,
Unto their native shores,
In peace and sweet contentment,
And go to war no more.
Then here's our gallant soldiers,
And our British Tars, so bold,
Who fought and conquered Alma,
And are at Sebastopol.

Rile & Co., Printers, Monmouth Court, 7 Dials.

Conversation of Old England
IN 1854.

'Tis time we hunt the Bear.

But a short time ago Nickey had an idea,
A journey to take for to view the Crimea.

Our officers and gallant men
Did fight and shed their blood '

Rile & Co., Printers, Monmouth Court, 7 Dials.

Conversation of Old England
IN 1854.

Now what is your opinion of the russians and the turks?
Why I think before 'tis finished there will be some heavy work!
Who do you think will conquer? the Sultan or the Bear,
Well I really think the champion will be 'Old Charley Napier.
And we are all fighting for the freedom of the turks

And what is your opinion of the doings everywhere
Well I think 'twas very pleasant going down to Greenwich fair;
There was ups and downs, and ins and outs, and funny doings there;
With cocks and breeches, round abouts, and Nicholas the Bear.

Now do you think in battle Old Napier will ever flinch?
No I think he is a bull dog, and a sailor every inch
And if he catches nick the Bear he will stick him on a pole,
He will pop him in the weasel and stop up his gully hole.

Have you heard of the great wonders Charley Napier has done?
He took five Russian merchantmen and never fired a gun,
Loaded with ammunition, great guns, powder and shot;
And he has sent them to old England—into the London Docks.

If England should want sailors, what do you think they'll do?
Why I think, they'll press the linendrapers, prigs and barber's too:
They will press the snobs and tailors and coal-heavers who can work;
And they'll make them jolly sailors for to go and help the turks.

And if they can't get men enough, whatever will be done?
Why they'll collar every maiden fair that's under twenty-one;
And will they get a bounty? yes, lots of silver riches
With a jacket red, a three cocked hat and a pair of leather breeches.

And what is your opinion friend of Old L— A—n
Well if he was not silly, why he must be overseen
For if the ships with Lord Dundas had not been led astray,
There would have been a battle grand, in Rumty Bumpty Bay.

Have you seen the Royal Albert on the stocks in Woolwich Town,
Yes, and I admit she is an honour to the Crown:
She can carry a two and thirty pounder, that is wonderful to tell,
All the way from Woolwich Arnenel up into the Dardenelles.

Now what is your opinion of the Emperor of the French?
Why his army and his navy are gone with good intent
To assist the English bull dogs and make the Russians rue,
To make them hollow pepper lads and whistle Parlevue.

Now if we had a Wellington, a Nelson and a Wolfe;
Don't you think they'd turn the Russian Bear Old Nick into a Gulph?
Yes, but Raglan and Napier I think can do the rig;
And before they're done, the Russian Bear they'll turn into a pig.

And when the war is over—friend—how do you think 'twill be?
I think we all shall live in peace and see prosperity
The poor folks will be gentlefolkes and live along in ease;
The ploughmen will be farmers too; and do just as they please.

But if the Russians gain the day and then to London comes;
If they do we'll give them just what Paddy gave the drum.
With rolling pins and pokers we'll beat their greasy rump—
And with a large ship's cable hang them up at Aldgate pump.
And they are all fighting for the freedom of the Turks.

J. MARKS, 206, Brick Lane, Whitechapel.
M. HYAMS, 15, Mint Street, Borough.

'Tis time we hunt the Bear,



Come all you gallant huntsmen who love to hunt the game
And listen for a moment while I sing a jolly theme,
For 'tis the hunting season the sport it has begun,
Each man must go a hunting with his sabre spear and gun

Chorus.

So to hunting we'll repair my boys to hunting we'll repair
Along with France we will advance to hunt the Russian bear

Some hunters hunt for elephants and others hunt for boars
Whilst others hunt the wolf & fox and others hunt the doe
Some will hunt the stag my boys and others hunt the hare
But in all the hunts that danger lies is hunting russian bears

England's going a hunting to sweep the land and wave
Her Jolly tars and Sons of Mars they always acted brave
I hope the brave Hungarians and Poles will take a place,
And claim their independance while the bear is on the cause

Old Nicholas is for hunting all the Turks away from home
And take posession of their lands and make them all his own
Some time he has been hunting the Hungarians & the Poles
So now we'll hunt the savage bear out of his hiding holes

For Raglan is a huntsman and a man of noted fame
He's going with Omer Pasha for to kill and hunt the geme
With 100,000 beagles from old England and France
So e'r its long depend upon they'll make the bear to dance

And there's England's bluff old Charley who commands the british fleet
With 20,000 huntsmen they are wicked chaps to meet
They are the boys that fear no noise upon the raging seas
So they'll soon cut the russians down like lots of bugs and fleas

And who can equal our brave boys the soldier of the line
Who care not for the russian power or all he can combine
Who've fought a thousand battles and victory have maintaind
Who leave old proud brittania the mistress of the main

Success to Admiral Dundas tho' he was called a fool
He's gone to hunt the russian bear out of Sabastapool
He is a vallient hunter and deserving of much praise
He made the russians fly and Odessa in a blaze

Finale.

All our sailors they vow and declare
They will fight with Charley Napier
With turkey and france they will boldly advance
For to chain and muzzle the bear

Paul Printer 7 Dials

1855

BRITISH ARMY'S WELCOME TO ENG LAND.

Air:—"Cheer, Boys, Cheer."

1868

WELCOME Britannia's noble sons, thrice welcome brave Napier,
Thrice welcome with a loud huzza! sing, cheer, boys, cheer,
You have nobly fought for liberty and gained a glorious victory,
You travelled over hills and dales without dread or fear.
You stood the test of battle where you made the great guns rattle,
And on the plains of Magdala made the English bull dogs roar,
You beat the Abyssinians, you bold heroes of old England,
And in a tyrant's grave you laid the proud King Theodore.

Then welcome home Britannia's sons, you have a glorious victory won,
You have returned with laurels unto your native shore,
The glory of old England has beat the Abyssinians,
And laid the proud usurper low, the tyrant Theodore.

Over lofty hills and mountains you did so many dangers brave,
Determined for to conquer or in the battle fall,
Where our gallant men from England, by the King of the Abyssinians,
Were bound in chains and fetters inside a prison wall.
But our gallant soldiers was bent on death or liberty,
And they caused the English cannon balls like thunder for to roar,
They nobly gained a victory, and set the weeping prisoners free,
And in the field of battle fell the tyrant Theodore.

Theodore was quite mistaken when he saw the boys of England
Approach the plains of Magdala, headed by brave Napier,
They caused in heaps the men to fall, soldiers of Abyssinia,
And they set the English prisoners free, singing, cheer, boys, cheer!
Britons fought and nobly conquered after all the hardships they went through,
Brought the prisoners in safety unto Britannia's shore,
From the hills of Abyssinia all right to bonny England,
They fought for liberty and won, and buried Theodore.

Nine cheers for England's soldiers, those Britons bold and brave,
Who travelled over hills and dales, and rocks with courage true,
Who went merrily and joyfully across the salt and briny waves,
And drank success to victory, and the Red, White, and Blue.
They have beat the Abyssinians and have landed in old England,
Where may they live in comfort upon their native shore,
They went across the raging sea to set Britannia's children free,
Where they gained a gallant victory, and conquered Theodore.

Behold the pretty maidens with open arms before ye,
Waiting on the sandy beach so joyful to receive
The gallant sons of England who fought for fame and glory,
While parents, friends, and sweethearts did in their absence grieve.
When they arrived in Plymouth Sound they looked around, and smiling
As on the decks together they did in comfort stand,
Hearts did rejoice, and all voices merrily sounding,
Cheer, boys, cheer, for our dear and native land.

Here's to our gallant army, the heroes of old England,
Who encountered every danger without any dread or fear,
Who travelled o'er the rocky cliffs and hills of Abyssinia,
Gained Liberty and Victory, led on by brave Napier.
Now may they be rewarded for the gallant deeds they've done,
And rest at home contented upon their native shore,
Their motto shall be liberty, old England and victory,
The gallant lads who cropp'd the wings of the proud King Theodore.

London:—H. SUCH, Machine Printer, & Publisher,
177, Union Street, Boro', S. E.

ALBERT, VICTORIA, AND NAPIER.

Tune—Villikins and his Dinah.

As Victoria and Albert together did stray,
Al. said to his Vic oh, my blossom of May;
I will go for a soger to conquer the bear,
And fight like the devil with Charley Napier.

Oh, Vic., dearest Vic., we will never be beat,
No power on earth can Victoria defeat.
We will not be humbugged by your cousin Nick,
And he never shall conquer young Al. and Vic.

Our soldiers and sailors are men of renown,
Like true British heroes they'll fight for the crown,
Let us go to the Baltic with Charley Napier,
And help him to muzzle the old Russian Bear.

Come send for Lords Palmerston, Russell, and Broom,
And send for Lord Clarendon, Stanley, and Hume;
And we'll jovially sing as we go to old Nick,
Here is jolly good luck to Prince Albert and Vic.

Young Al. said to Vic. if we catch the old bear,
With a large pot of poison we'll drench him, my dear,
We will hug him and drench him while able to stand,
And we'll give the old villain some cocoa for yam.

But on last Tuesday morning Al. woke in a fright,
He dreamt of the Russians and fell for his wife,
He cried and fretted until he was sick,
And he roared like a tiger, who where is my Vic.?

E coat, boots, and trousers were not to be found,
So he slipped on a petticoat, bustle, and gown,
Then out of the palace poor Al. cut his stick,
And where was Victoria, his own loving Vic.

A cocked hat and feather she had on her head,
A gun by her side and a coat scarlet red,
On the sons of Britannia she loudly did call,
To proceed to the Baltic with powder and ball.

Young Al bawled Victoria, Victoria, my dear!
I feared you had got in the claws of the bear;
I trembled to think of the tyrant old Nick,
Then here's jolly good luck to young Albert and Vic.

Then here's to the heroes who are gone to the wars,
Our soldiers of honour and true British tars,
May they conquer the Russians and muzzle old Nick,
And fight for the glory of Albert and Vic.

Come fill up a bumper of gin, wine, and ale,
Drink to Albert and Vic. and the young Prince of Wales,
May he soon grow a man fit to conquer old Nick,
And fight for the glory of Albert and Vic.

OBADIAH THE FIGHTING QUAKER.

W. Pratt, Printer, 82, Digbeth, Birmingham.

My name's Obadiah, a Quaker I am,
In spirit a lion—in figure a lamb:
It's true I can't sing like the smarts of the town,
But I now and then chant a stave of my own.
In Briton's praise my voice I'll raise,
Let no foreign follies or sons that bewitched,
If the blind lead the blind both fall in the ditch,
If the blind, &c.

The French in their pride thought of conquering 'Tis true,
But 'tis one thing to say and another to do,
Let them meet our brave tars and they'll quickly retire,
For I've heard that burnt children dread sorely the fire.
They vauntingly roar they'l come o'er, and get us under their claws in a trice,
But you know nobby cats very seldom catch mice.

I'll vow they're to do something by fighting and burning,
But it is a long lane that hasn't a turning,
They are ignorant of law and Religion as sin—As the will never throw stones who have large windows of glass!
They proudly boast they'er conquering we, so humble Old England will soon be dispatch'd,
But some reckon their chickens before they are hatch'd,

In number they greatly exceed us 'tis clear
But two press'd men's not equal to one volunteer
In vain is their striving—mind not their alarms,
They won't find us baby's tho' we'll all be in arms.
By Faith and troth when moved to wrath, friend lend me thy weapon and I for one,
It will prove the old proverb as sure as a gun.

Although I'm a Quaker I don't quake for fear
For a thousand hot words, it won't scour good beer,
If we firmly unite we can laugh at their tricks,
And remember the tale of a bundle of sticks.
In friendships bands join hearts and hands, le tthe spirits of Englishmen move one and all,
While the props they stand fast the old house will not fall.

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John Bull & his Ally

ships they went through,
Brought the prisoners in safety unto Britannia's shore,

177, Union Street, Boro', S. E.

John Bull & his Ally

TUNE—Vilikins and his Dinah.



JOHN Bull is kept under some say, and forlorn,
But Old England for ever shall wear her true storm
Some traitors in France on the Emperor pounced,
Let them say what they will, we will never be bounced
John Bull won't be frightened, for freedom advance
What a row this has made between England and France.

Now a set of assassins, some vile refugees,
Went to kill all the Frenchmen in Paris we see;
Pop went the pistol! the powder went slap,
And knocked off the rim of the Emperor's hat.

Then Louis Napoleon did vow and believe,
That there was in England a large den of thieves;
And if they was not banished, he'd make England rue
Like we did his uncle at great Waterloo

A refugee he was in England himself,
Hard up for a dinner, possessed of no wealth;
He lived in a kitchen near St. James's Street,
Where they tell me he paid one and ninepence a week

To insult our Ally is really a shame,
John Bull won't be bullied, he wasn't to blame!
He don't hold with traitors—fare up parle vouz,
How he walloped old Boney at famed Waterloo.

The Brummagem lads all the mischief has done,
They made the assassins the pistols and guns;
Of such cruel traitors John Bull never heard,
In France for to shoot at Napoleon the Third.

The Italians, the Germans and Russians we see,
And all other Foreigners banished must be;
If they don't, King Napoleon will come I declare,
And kill all the ladies round Belgrave Square.

Said John Bull to Napoleon, it is a vile trick,
But still we will neither be bullied or licked;
If we catch the assassins we'll punish them slap.
Who knocked out the crown of the Emperor's hat.

Said Napoleon to Johnny, drive out all the thieves,
Hang them, and bury them all in the sea;
Let us both be united and do what is right.
I assure you, dear Johnny, I don't want to fight.

But if I'm compelled to come over the main,
I will knock down the houses in Marylebone Lane;
If I catch Jacky Russell and Roebuck so clever,
I will jolly well knock both their hard heads together

Lord Palmerston danced, and he whistled for joy.
And said my dear Louis, be easy, my boy;
We will drive out the foreigners all by degrees
And send them a jumping like codfish and fleas.

That England and France, no one had an idea,
When they side by side fighting in the Crimea,
Occasion would have for to quarrel and brawl,
Here's Old Harry to pay about nothing at all.

Rial & Co., Printers, Monmouth Court, 7 Dials.



The Plains of WATERLOO.

THE ancient sons of glory were all great men, they say,
And we, in future story, shall be as great as they;
Our noble fathers' valiant sons shall conquer every foe,
And long shall fame their names proclaim, who fought at Waterloo.

At ten o'clock on Sunday the bloody fray began;
It raged hot from that moment till the setting of the sun;
My pen, I'm sure, cann't half relate the glory of that day;
We fought the French at Waterloo, and made them run away.

On the eighteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and fifteen,
With horse and foot they did advance, most glorious to be seen,
With horse and foot they did advance, and the bugle horn did blow,
The sons of France were made to dance, on the plains of Waterloo.

Our cavalry advanced with true and valiant hearts,
Our infantry and artillery did nobly play their parts;
While the small arms did rattle, and great guns did roar,
And many a valiant soldier bold lay bleeding in his gore.

The French dogs made a bold attack in front of Mount St. Jean,
Two of their best battalions thought the village for to gain
Our infantry first charged them and made them face about,
Sir William, with his heavy brigade soon put them to the rout.

As for Sir William Ponsenby, I am sorry for to say,
Leading the Inniskillen dragoons, he met his fate that day
But our dragoons, with sword in hand, soon cut their way through,
And shew'd, that day, at Waterloo, what Britons they could do.

Napoleon, like a fighting cock, far mounted on a cat,
He much did wish to represent great Mars, the god of war
On a high platform he did stand, and loudly he did crow
He dropp'd his wings and turn'd his tail to us at Waterloo

The fertile field of Brabant, shall long recorded be,
Where Britons fought for honour and Belgic liberty:
The sovereign of the Netherlands, he very well does know,
For his honour and his country we fought at Waterloo.

The prince of Orange the hussars and right wing did command,
And sure a prince more valiant ne'er took a sword in hand;
His highness wounded was that day, while charging the haughty foe:
And long shall fame their names proclaim, who fought at Waterloo.

The valiant Duke of Brunswick fell in the field that day,
And many a valiant officer dropp'd in the awful fray,
And many British soldiers lay, wounded, in their gore,
Upon the plains of Waterloo, where thundering cannons roar.

Lord Wellington commanded us, all on that glorious day
When many poor brave soldiers in Death's cold arm did lay;
Where small arms they did rattle and cannons loudly roar,
At Waterloo, where Frenchmen their fate did much deplore.

As for General Paget, Marquis of Anglesea,
The commander of the brigade of British cavalry,
His honour most conspicuous shone wherever he did go
A limb he lost in gallant charge that day at Waterloo.

Brave General Hill, so much renowned, commanded the left wing,
And with his British hearts of oak destruction he did bring.
Brave Picton, of heroic fame, his squadron on he drew,
Where sublime his deeds shall shine in fame at Waterloo

Now tender husbands here have left their wives to mourn,
And children, weeping, cry, When will our dads return?
Our country will dry up their tears, we feel relieved to know,
They will reward each soldier bold that fought at Waterloo.

When Bonaparte he did perceive the victory we had won,
He did lament in bitter tears, saying, O my darling son,
I will set off for Paris straight, and have him crown'd also
Before they hear of my defeat on the plains of Waterloo.

So unto George our gracious king, my voice I mean to raise,
And to all gallant commanders I wish to sing their praise
The Duke of York and family and Wellington also,
And the soldiers brave that fought that day, on the plain of Waterloo.

So let us raise our voice to God, who did the victory give
And may we all remember him, as long as we do live;
To God above give all the praise, and we'll remember
He gave to us the victory on the plains of Waterloo.

Ryle & Co., Printers, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury.

THE REMOVAL OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S

I WOULD BE A SOLDIER STILL.

1840



Attend, you gallant Britons bold,
Unto those lines I will unfold,
The deeds of valiant heroes I am going to relate,
Who for centuries that is gone by, for England fought most manfully,
And in the British records, there you will find the date,
But of a valiant Corsican, as ever stood on Europe's land,
I am inclined to sing in praise, how noble was his heart,
In every battle manfully, he struggled hard for liberty,
And to the world a terror was Napoleon Bonaparte.

CHORUS.

And now across the foaming waves, to fetch from St. Helena's grave,
The proud and gallant Frenchmen, so boldly do depart,
To bring away, as Britons say, and consecrate without delay,
In Paris town, the ashes of Napoleon Bonaparte.

We read of gallant Marlborough, we read of valiant Nelson,
We read of noble Jarvis, brave Howe, and gallant Blake,
Of Wolf, and Abercrombie, great men who fought by land and sea,
Back from the days of Wellington, unto Sir Francis Drake;
They all were men of courage true, and fought like Britons of true blue,
Always was undaunted, so noble was each heart,
But fair pe we must understand, could not boast of late of such a man,
As the valiant little Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte.

When in the Isle of Elba, Napoleon fought for liberty,
And when he went across the Alps, he did the world amaze,
He would never yield when in the field, but strive to gain a victory,
Europe will long remember, how Moscow it did blaze;
But fatal June at Waterloo, did make Napoleon for to rue,
To see the tricks of Blucher, struck terror to his heart,
It was then he had to fight or run, he cried alas, I am undone,
Like a bullock sold in Smithfield, was Napoleon Bonaparte.

It was in the days of Castlereagh, brave Bonaparte was led astray,
And the battle of great Waterloo, was bought for English gold,
We long may recollect the day, when Grouchy did the French betray,
And brave Napoleon Bonaparte upon the ground was sold;
He in the field then valiant stood, saying, while I have life and blood,
I will not die a coward, with his hand upon his heart
I always proved myself a man, but now I can no longer stand,
My glass is nearly run, cried brave Napoleon Bonaparte.

He was by his friends forsaken, and prisoner he was taken,
And he was sent to England, just like a convict bound,
Far across the briny waves, a gallant soldier bold and brave
On board the Bellerophen Man of War, to Plymouth Sound;
Where he a little time did lay, and thousands flocked by night and day,
From here and there, and every where, in droves from every part,
They were struck with wonder and amaze, as anxiously they on did gaze,
That valiant little Corsican, Napoleo Bonaparte.

Then soon it was concluded, Napoleon should be banished,
Unto some distant land, where he no more should smile
And he was sent across the sea, a prisoner for life to be,
His days to end in misery on St. Helena's Isle;
Louisa for her husband wept, and day nor night she seldom slept,
The briney tears rolled from her eyes to sooth her aching heart,
Where is my Emperor, he cried, oh cursed on the gold that bribed,
False Grouchy to betray my brave Napoleon Bonaparte.

Some years he lived an exile, and mourned on St. Helena's shore
And there, alas, he was deprived of every bosom friend, [go.
He respected was by high and low, through Europe where soever you
On the Isle of St. Helena, he there his days did end;
He cried, my glass is nearly run, I can behold my setting sun
And while he spoke, he gently laid his hand upon his heart,
He looked around and gave a smile, and died on St. Helena's Isle,
And there they laid the ashes of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Now to erect a monument, agreed has every soldier,
The Poor, likewise the Peasant, every Frenchman bold and brave,
And in a very little while, they'll bring from St. Helena's Isle,
The ashes of Napoleon that lays mouldering in the grave;
In the city of great Paris, a tomb will be erected,
So splendidly for to contain his ashes and his heart,
And rich and poor who pass that way, will joyfully a tribute pay,
To the ashes and the memory of Napoleon Bonaparte.

I WOULD BE
A SOLDIER STILL.

Might I march thro' life again,
In spite of ev'ry gone ill,
To the end of life's campaign,
I would be a soldier still,
I have laugh'd in peril's face,
O'er a comrade's grave I've wept,
And, 'midst the waking warfare,
Of the blood-stain'd field I've slept.
Might I march, &c.

I have seen the pale-face moon,
Shining o'er a hero's grave,
Where a gallant heart laid cold,
Once the noblest of the brave.
I saw that soldier fall.
And the tear that fill'd his eye,
Tis all I ask of glory
For my country so to die.
Might I march, &c,

Printed and Published by

Napoleon's Farewell to Paris.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, 3, Monmouth-Court.

FAREWELL ye splendid citadel, Metropolis, call'd Paris, (refulgent beams;
Where Phœbus every morning shoots forth
Where Flora's bright Aurora, advancing from the Orient, (streams;
With radiant light adorning the pure shining
At eve when Centaur does retire, while the ocean gilds like fire, (store;
And the Universe admire our merchandize &
Commanding Flora's fragrance, the fertile fields to decorate (French shore.
To illumine that Royal Corsican again on the
My name's Napoleon Buonaparte, the conquerer of nations, (from their throne,
I've banish'd German legions, & drove Kings
I've trampled Dukes and Earls & splendid congregations, (Helena's shore.
Tho' they have me now transported to St
Like Hannibal I've cross'd the Alps, the burning sands and rocky cliffs,
O'er Russian hills, through frost and snow I still the laurel wore;
I'm in a deset Island where the rats the devil would affright, (Europe once more.
Yet I hope to shine in armour bright, through
Some say the first of my downfall, was parting from my consort, (my heart sore.
To wed the Germans daughter, who wounded
But the female train I ne'er will blame, for she did never me defame, (me adore;
They saw my sword in battle flame, and did
Now I severely feel the rod, for meddling with the house of God, (I tore;
Coin and golden images, by thousands away
I stole Maltz's golden gates I did the work of God disgrace, (I will restore.
But if he gives me time and place to him back
My golden Eagles were pulled down, by Wellingtons allied army, (stand the field,
My troops all in disorder, could no longer
I was sold that afternoon, on the 18th day of June, (caused me to yield:
My reinforcement proved traitors, which
I am an allied oak, with fire and sword I made them smoke, (prised the Grand Signor;
I have conquered Dutch and Danes and sur-
I have defeated Austrians, and Russians, both Portuguese, and Prussians,
Like Joshua, Alexander, or Cæsar of yore.
And to the south of Africa, and the Atlantic ocean, (tide;
To view the wild emotion, and flowings of the
Banish'd from the Royal Crown, of imperial promotion, (billows glide,
From the French throne of glory, to see those
Three days I stood the plain, liberty's cause for to maintain, (gore,
Thousands I left slain, and cover'd in their
I never fled without revenge, nor to theallied army cring'd. (no more.
But now my sword is sheathed and Paris is

MOLLY CODDLE

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

OH there is a sort of man
Always leads a womans life
He reverses nature's plan
And takes the office of his wife.
He instructs her how to dress,
Tells her what is best to wear
At her toilet loves to mess,
Rouge her cheeks and dress her hair!
Well done Molly Coddle oh.
Bravo Molly Coddle oh,
The lady's maid dont know her trade
So well as Molly Coddle oh.

Then he for her shopping goes,
He buys butter in her stead,
Ribbons, flannels, linen, hose
Pins and needles, tape and thread
The dress maker his orders take
When his wife has dresses made,
He talks of fashions shapes and makes
Like a lady in the trade.
Well done, &c

He alone to market goes,
For the fish the fowl and meat,
For he thinks no woman knows,
What is good or fit to eat.
Then again he's such a cook
He tells her how to roast and boil
And in the kitchen goes to cook,
That the dinner she does not spoil.
Well done, &c.
The best cook maid don't know her trade
So well as Molly Coddle oh.

When his wife's a lying in,
He makes her caudle like his grog
He makes it of best cordial gin.
Strong enough to scald a nag.
Then he loves to nurse the child
And often with it must walk out,
He puts in his pockets what is soiled,
And puts it on a nice clean clout.
Well done, &c
The nursery maid dont know her trade
So well as Molly Coddle oh.

When the washing week comes round,
He looks up the dirty things,
In the wash-house foremost found,
And sometimes the linen wrings,
Then he loves to starch and blue,
To iron caps and fold the clothes,
All these matters he can do
Much better than his wife he knows
Well done, &c.
The laundry maid, dont know her trade
So well as Molly Coddle oh.

Then he sees the house kept clean
Every thing in order placed,
And when thus finicking he's been
Himself he praises for his taste;
Bear it not ye worried wives
Shew the world the housemaid ma
If they thus will plague your lives,
Pin a dishclout to their tails,
Shame these Molly Coddles oh
Shame these Molly Coddles
The house-maid don't know her trade
So well as Molly Coddle, oh.

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The Comet is Coming.



W. Dever, Printer, 18. Great Saint Andrew St
Broad Street, Bloomsbury.

Whatever do the people mean.
What makes all classes running.—
The Duchess, Marquis, and the Queen
Say "oh, the Comet's coming"
Coming with a great long tail.
He will not mind your grinnin'
He will sweep away the naughty men,
And scorch up all the women,

Yanke, doodle, doodle. doo,
Where shall we be running,
Where shall we fly, where can we go,
The Comet is a coming.

There was pretty Jane in —— Lane,
Put on her shawl and bonnet,
And swore aloud in all the crowd,
That she had seen the Comet,
That the tail had bured her little feet,
Like a donkey she was running,
Till she flew behind the cupboard door
Crying, "oh the Comet's coming."

When the burning Comet comes to town,
There will be curious capers,
We can place his tail upon the ground,
And roast some new potatoes,
We can boil the kettle on his toe,
And cook a lot of Cabbages.
We can boil a pot, cook a mutton chop,
And fry our sprats and sausages,

will tell you what twill be so hot,
So bolt your doors and windows,
Or else my friends you may depend,
You will all be burnt to cinders,
Young men and maids are all afraid.
Old folks with fear is shaking,
The horses bray cats run away.
And the very bugs are braying,

Oh if a man has got a wife,
To work he must not force her,
They have passed an act it is a fact,
Giving power to divorce her.
If she does him please. and he does agree,
Again she shall be taken back,
He may put her on the Comet's jail,
And melt her into Bacon fat.

If live you would you must be good,
Or else depend upon it,
That very soon in the month of June,
You will all behold the Comet,
All through the world, his tail unfurled,
With his fiery tail he dashes,
And before 'tis seventeen o'clock,
You will all all be burned to ashes.

Bob will in the garret run,
Singing the "Comet can't get nigh me,"
Dick will in the coal hoal jump,
Saying "Polly will you try me oh"
Peg fight underneath the grate
Will cry "the world beguiles us,"
Sall slips into petticoat Lane,
And Kit hides in St. Giles's,

And when the glorious Comet comes
It will burn the Swedes and Prussians,
It will roast the Germans and the Turks,
And fry up all the Russians.
It will melt the ladies bustles boots
Their combs their chains and Lockets,
And all the wooden rolling pins,
In the policeman's pockets,

You may skip and run you'll all be done,
Right brown depend upon it,
So mind your eye the time draws nigh,
Oh crikey mind the Comet.

The Comet has not arrived

Air—Vilikins and his Dinah.



I say, Mister, have seen the comet anywhere hereabout?
Yes, I have measter; and he's just now taking a nap out yonders, for he's deuced tired after his long journey.

WHAT a fuss through the world, friends,
there lately has been,
From Billy the sweep, to Victoria the Queen,
Concerning the comet, the comet so bright,
Who was coming to England last Saturday night
The children did holloa, the women did squall
The wonderful comet did not come at all.

If the comet had come the young ladies would find
It would burn off their whiskers, & bustles behind
It would scorch up their eye-balls like beans and
pa.ched peas,
And burn off their garters from under their knees
Rejoicing is now both the great and the small,
Saying the wonderful comet did not come at all

Pretty Mary ran up to the garret so high,
To look for the comet nine miles in the sky,
When he told her next Tuesday he meant to come
down,
To look for old Cameron and Humphrey Brown
And into St. Giles's he said he would call,
but she said, Mr. Comet did not come at all.

An old snob and his doxy in Marylebone Lane,
About Mr. Comet did have a rum game,
He said 'twould come east, and she said 'twould
come south,
When he gave the old woman a dab on the mouth
He roared like a bull, and so spitefully said,
See the comet is coming, get under the bed.

The donkeys did bray, and the housetops did
shake,
The fleas they did hop and the bugs they did quake
The bishops did tremble, the parsons did quail,
And some swore a cab was the great comet's tail.
The butler and cook jump'd about in affright,
Saying, the wonderful comet is coming to-night

Now the tail of the comet would sweep like a
broom,
And they said he would come on the 13th of June
Tens of thousands was frighten'd on that very day
Some hundreds went mad, and a lot run away.
Now he's put off his visit, for awhile I declare
And he says he'll not come until next Green-
wich Fair.

Now there was a reward of two hundred pounds
For a well known old covey called Humphrey
Brown;
The comet he saw, I have heard so at least,
He was frighten'd, and jump'd in among the police
He did shake, he did quake, he did tremble
and quail,
He thought the British Bank was the great
comet's tail.

If the tail of the comet had but reached the ground
What a job it would be for poor Humphrey Brown
And a great many more who do lead wicked lives,
And the naughty old husbands who wollop their
wives.
Hurrah for Old England, no damage is done,
Let us all pray the comet to us will not come.

All the world and his mother did seem in a fright
They watch'd and they trembled all Saturday night
At twelve, a great night cart did chance to pass
by,
Oh! there is the comet, the people did cry.
All the earth was lamenting, the great and
the small,
But the wonderful comet did not come at all.

Bird & Co., Printers, Monmouth-Court, 7 Dials.

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THE RAGGED RIOT.

A lot of snobs set out one day
As I to you declare, sirs,
And met together in a lump
All in Trafalgar Square, sirs;
And there they made poor Nelson quake,
Good lord, how they did splutter,
Each mouth was like a turnpike gate,
A bawling bread and water.

Of all the fools throughout the world,
There is none that can compare, sir,
To the silly foolish lot who met
All in Trafalgar Square, sir.

Some from their mothers ran away,
And left them in despair, sirs,
With grumbling chops and lantern jaws,
They reached Trafalgar Square, sirs;
When their mothers found they'd not returned,
They wept in grief and cinders,
At length the news arrived they had got
Three months for breaking windows.

One lost his hat, another had
His nose knocked out of its socket,
And then the coveys went to work
A picking people's pockets;
Some did squall and some did bawl,
Som penny loaves was munching,
And thirty-five fell into fits
When they saw a policeman's truncheon.

A one-eye snob got in the mob,
And holloaed here's a row, sirs,
With the glorious flag of liberty,
Hanging out of the seat of his trousers;
He had three farthing balls of wax,
And a pistol made of leather,
And they popped him in the station-house,
Singing, Bonaparte for ever!

They travelled round St. James's Park,
The rioting was shocking,
Some had their heels like turnips large
Peeping out of their stockings
Sir Watkin Wynn at them did grin,
And down below he did trip,
When off they run, oh! dear! what fun,
When they beheld the horsewhip.

They travelled down to Strutton Ground,
Where bread and cheese did jingle,
And broke the poor old women's stalls,
And prigged the perrywinkles;
They robbed the children of their cakes,
And played up dreadful capers,
And cowardly did insult and rob
The grocers and the bakers.

When old King Nosey heard the news
He hobbled through his room quick,
Put on his hat and scarlet clothes,
And collared hold of a broomstick,
Saying, if I the villains find
I'll surely make them rue, sirs,
I will make them fly like sausage meat,
From here to Waterloo, sirs.

The French has drove the English mad.
And shoved them into limbo,
And they for breaking windows will
Soon rue the day by jingo;
That France was valiant, brave, and true,
They through the world knew long since,
The Frenchman fought for liberty,
But the English rowed for nonsense.

Now such a set there never met
To cause a row and bustle,
You would laugh to see how they did run
At the sight of Lord John Russell;
Sir Robert Peel quite vexed did feel,
And vowed he would stand still, sirs,
And knock the lot from Charing Cross,
Slap over Shooters Hill, sir.

That foolish lot said M. Guizot,
I would flare up like flinders,
And make them rue the day they went
Breaking poor people's windows;
Because no business they had got
To do the like I swear, sirs,
If they wanted soup they might have went
To visit Leicester Square, sirs.

In St. Martin's Lane I saw a game,
It was some funny capers,
There was about three hundred and twenty-five
Big rough great navigators;
When a collegeman on two wooden legs
Pass'd by, which nicely tricked 'em,
For they turned about and run away
As though the devil had kicked them.

This dreadful riot now has passed,
That round about has sounded,
Has any body read the list
Of all the killed and wounded.
A donkey had his tail knocked off,
The paper tells me such is,
And in the river bang did jump
An old woman on two crutches.

'Twas a funny job, so help my bob,
To see this foolish riot,
It was no joke, and so good folks
In future pray keep quiet.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

December 1851

LORD JOHN
IN A HOBLE.

Oh dear they shocking have served me,
This dreadful affair it has really unnerv'd me
Beat by Dick Palmerston, conquered by Derby,
Poor Little Finality John;
Dreadful and sad is my present position then
And so is all my fellow servants condition then,
Cause that I wanted to raise some Militiamen
They humbugged Finality John.

Oh! dear, what can the matter be!
Shoot me, and stew me, there's nothing can flatter me,
Derby & Palmerston's doings will shatter me
The, have sacked poor Finality John.

For the rights of old England I nobly did tussle,
But my opponents caus'd confusion & bustle
Palmerston he had a spite on Jack Russell,
And pitched into poor Little John;
They have racked me, and sacked me, and give me the molligrubs,
Hissed me, and booted me, and gave me some stunning rubs,
Frying-pans, kettles, muffins, & washing tubs
They have conquered Finality John.

I long was head waiter, attended the dishes,
And everything done for my country's wishes
But I always look'd after the loaves & fishes
Did Little Finality John;
With me they've been playing curious caper
They tore off my wig, & burnt all my papers
Fed me on turnip tops, cowheels, and taters
Poor Little Finality John.

There is Derby and Nosey, and Sugden in they will be,
Glengall & Whiteside, & others instead of me
And that Jew-looking fellow, they call old D'Israeli,
Instead of Finality John.

There is Canning and Eglinton, I cannot say which then,
Declar'd they'd bundle me into a ditch then
And that corn dealing covey, they call him old Richmond,
Pitched into Finality John.

Here's down with the farmers, and up with the bakers,
Away with the doctors & send us the quakers
Such an out & out covey for cabinet makers
Am I poor Finality John.
Out of place, out of work, hard is my condition thee,
They have threatened to bundle me out of the City then,
I'll borrow a pistol, and be a militiaman,
General Finality John.

Never mind my dear friends it is all syrene now,
Such wonderful doings before never was seen now,
I have been a good steward to England's Queen now,
Head waiter, Finality John;
If I don't get employment till I've spent my riches,
I'll pick up old iron, rags, lead, & breeches,
Bundle the landlords right into the ditches,
Will I, poor Finality John.

Hurrah for the Queen and free trade! no protection,
We now will have a bran span new election
Let Derby and D'Israeli pine in reflection,
I am Lord Finality John;
Give us reform, and no humbugging capers
Feed the women on fried fish and taters,
Down with the corn factors, keep up the bakers,
And stand by Finality John.

Disley, Printer, Arthur-street, Oxford-street

December 1851

Downfall of the Whigs

1851

THE RESIGNATION

And cowardly [illegible]
The grocers and the bakers.

In future pray keep quiet.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

Glengall & Whiteside, & others instead of [illegible]
And that Jew-looking fellow, they call old D'Israeli,
Instead of Finality John.

bakers,
And stand by Finaiity John.
Disley, Printer, Arthur-street, Oxford-street

December 1851

Downfall of the Whigs

L. JOHN'S LAMENT

C. Paul, printer, 18, Great-saint Andrsw Street, Bloomsbury.

I was a Servant to the Queen,
She was Britannias beauty
And many years as may be seen
I have nobly done my duty,
But friends have proved unkind to me,
They have not acted manly,
A Derby love has ruined me
They used to call Lord Stanly.

CHORUS.
Poor Lord John, whatever will become of me
Little Lord John.

I thought Nepoleon would come here,
For to offend our Citizens,
So I planned you see that there should be
A set of fine Militia-men,
But Palmerston, against me was
I knew he was a Nipper,
He hollowed Jack you'll get the Sack,
And so he gave me pepper.

He kicked up such a jolly row,
And made a dreadful bustle,
Then in my eye he did let fly,
Saying take that Jacky Russell,
He said you told some lies of me
And told the Queen you'd licked me,
And before that I had time to speak
Right out of doors he kicked me.

Now after all the good I've done,
How cruelly they've served me
Oh! dearest Vic. I am nicely licked
By Palmerston, and Derby!
And theres that Jew De Isereli,
Who oft rolled in the ditch then
With another love who sells dear bread,
I think his name is Richmond.

I'll tell you what my dearest friends,
The Derby Chaps are hardened,
They only want to get the Loaf
At fifteen pence a Quartarn?

Besides they'll give you no Reform,
But keep you in a bustle,
Then pray the Queen to send again,
For little Jackey Russell.

If I Could have my will I'd knock,
Them all the way to Shelford
How dare they to oppose a man,
Who came from noble Bedford,
I Wish Sir Robert Peel was here
I know he'd make them Cozey,
The Queen had better send a man
To fetch her old Duke Nosey.

Oh dear! oh dear what shall I do
From service I've retreated,
The tories beat me out and out
I Nicely am defeated,
But never mind its all agread
I to their tricks have stumbled,
I faithful was unto the Queen
Who never at me Grumbled.

And if I can get nought to do,
I'll walk into the City then
Clap on a coat and trousers blue,
And be a fine Militiaman,
And if I catch Lord Derby their
Or Palmerston, I'll hute them,
If I've a gun I'll make them run
Or else by George I'll shoot them.

Throughout the Land you understand,
They have caused a pretty Bustle,
For mercys sake some pity take
On Me poor Jackey Russell,
For I am in a pretty Mess,
Twas Palmersion who beat me
He does confess he done his best
Untill he did defeat me.

Oh dear! oh dear what shall I do
Midst all this row and Bustle,
Since Palmerston and Derby too
Has ruined Jackey Russell.

1851

THE RESIGNATION

Of Lord Palmerston!

What a grand flare up in the Cabinet has been,
Respecting that statesman so fine,
He was a confidential servant of the Queen,
But it took him in the head to resign.

Lord Palmerston of gallant noble mind
Among his confederates did find
Some nasty Whiggish tricks, so he vowed he'd cut his stick,
And then like a Briton did resign.

Since the days of noble Peel, as to you I will reveal,
We never had a statesman so good,
But he had a dreadful tussle with little Jacky Russel,
And he ran his head against a lump of Wood.

The Austrian Haynau's base, are a grinning at his case,
And are pleased for to see him cut his stick,
But he don't care a fig for the foreign bears and pigs,
Or the old Russian Emperor, call'd Nick

Some service he has seen, and with honour served his Queen,
And proved himself a man all along,
Altho' stories went about him, they cannot do without him,
And he says he'll have a shy at little John

Palmerston is respected, and his work he never neglected,
With the Russels, the Woods, & the Greys
He boldly led the van, and he proved himself a man,
Until obstacles they placed in his way.

The servants of the Queen have very naughty been,
And especially her waiter little Jack,
To cause a piece of work about the Austrians and Turks,
And get poor Lord Palmerston the sack

All about the loaves and fishes, and the licking of the dishes
Has this piece of work been, how shocking!
Palmerston shall banish strife, never want a Bloomer wife,
In a pair of Bloomer breeches, boots, and stockings.

When Parliament does meet, we shall have reform complete,
Says old Dickey Cobden and Bright,
And old Joey Hume has bought a new besom broom,
To be sweeping out the rubbish day and night,

Although you've lost your place, noble Palmerston don't mind,
You shall conquer your enemies, huzza
You shall not care a fig for the tories or the whigs,
The little Johns, the Woods, & the Greys

He is a statesmen clever, here's Palmerston for ever!
The rights of all nations he proposed,
Although he lost his place, it was not through disgrace,
But there's roguery lies under the rose.

Tho' he's enemies about him, England cannot do without him,
They cannot guide the helm of the state
And won't it be a pity when going to the City, (the gate,
If they won't let little Johnny through

Here's to Palmerston that man of noble mind,
His equal Briiannia cannot find,
Then oh dear! said royal Vick, what a sad and cruel trick,
Why Palmerston what made you resign

H. Disley, Printer, 16, Arthur-street, Oxford-street,

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February 1857

The MINISTERS in a Fix



suppose you've all heard of this glorious defeat,
But Lord Palmerston whistles we'll never be beat
I will not go out Palmerston loudly did say,
Not for Cobden old nick or commissioner Yeh,
That motion shall never on me bring disgrace,
The country I'll try and stick fast in my place,
A dissolution of parliament quickly shall be
And shew who is right & who's wrong we shal see

What a glorious flare up there's in parliament been
With Cobden and Palmerston number sixteen,
How Derby and Isralite did go along,
With their tea, toast and butter & chinaman John.

Lord Palmerston bolted away to the Queen,
And he said that lord Derby and old Aberdeen
Had created a row and would not go away.
And Cobden was fighting for govenor Yeh
He told Victoria the wicked chinese
Had been putting poison in old womens teas.
Because Admiral Seymour his bulldogs let fly
And knocked out the ball of a chinamans eye.

Never mind them says Vick let them all go along
Why should we care for Cobden or Chinaman John
We conquered the Russa as though much we'd to do,
We'll lick Aberdeen Derby and Deisrela the jew
I will send out a fleet, I will whop the chinese.
I will water their gardens and sugar their toast
I will drive them in thousands clean out of Canton
And I'll tickle the hide of old chinamen John

I won't have the tories be what may their case,
A grand dissolution shal quickly take place.
Do you think by Dick Cobden that I will be beat.
or that my noble servants he shall defeat:
Electioneering we'll go boys see what we can do
We will Derby keep out and the Buckingham Jew
and if they don't like it they may go along.
and live upon opium with chinamam John.

I will warm you says Vick sure as you are alive
I know how many beans Dickey Cobden makes 5
I say neither Derby or lord Aberdeen.
Shall be servants again of Englands Queen.
I will fight like a Briton for England says Vick
You know old Britannia was never yet licked.
I will send out my heroes in haste to Canton,
For to settle the business of Chinaman John,

Such a row in the parliament never was seen
They was licked they was beat and by only 16
Like clappers of bells did their tongues go along
About opium and butter and Chinaman John
Some declared they would never like poison in tea
Others vowed they would pepper naughty chinese
Grey and Palmerston soon began shoving about
But they swore they was in and would not go out

This affair was about all the wicked chinese.
Who wanted to poison poor old womens tease
About Govenor Yeh and the streets of Canton.
Johnny Bowring & Seymour & chinaman John,

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT

Or Future Prospects in 1847

NOW Parliament again has met,
With all their jovial crew,
And old John Bull cried out avast!
I wonder what they'll do.
Starve us all says Erin's isles,
Says Scotia rise the ales,
Feed us on fried sprats and leeks,
Cries Taffey down in Wales.

The Queen so gay did haste away,
While Britain does lament,
And told the Lords and Commons what
To do in Parliament.

My Lords and Gentlemen, says she,
You are all birds of a feather,
And devilish glad I am my boys,
To meet you all together;
My family increasing is,
And bread is very dear,
And Albert broke my nose last night
Because you rose the beer.

My Lords and Gentlemen now mind,
And deem it not a puff,
Make Buckingham Palace larger,
For it is not big enough;
For my large royal family,
Who is much distressed 'tis true,
Last Christmas day we had to dine,
Upon an Irish stew.

Oh! here's a load, said little John,
How heavy 'tis alack,
Before I to the Commons get
'Twill surely break my back;
Come Bobby Peel and give a lift,
You've got both strength and health,
The devil a bit, says Bob, you are paid,
So do the work yourself.

Says Ireland's Dan, come look a head,
There is no time to spare.
While the grass does grow, the horse will starve,
And Erin's lands are bare;
Just lend her forty million pounds
To feed her starving poor.

And build a bridge from Dublin,
Across to England's shore.

Now said the Queen to little John,
I'll tell you what to do,
Tax the bustles, beer, and gin,
The lockets, and the shoes;
Grow potatoes in St. Paul's Church Yard,
In Cheapside grow bread and meat,
And let every penny loaf be twice
As big as Hampstead Heath.

And for my sons and daughters,
You must strive hard day and night,
To raise a regiment sixty thousand strong
To guard the Isle of Wight,
For fear you see the French may be,
Inclined some fatal day,
To land upon the Isle of Wight,
And steal them all away.

Make the Union houses larger than
They ever yet have been,
And at the corner build a hous
For fear your little Queen
May to the workhouse have to go,
But Albert says alack!
He would rather go a begging,
With his kids upon his back.

Now recollect my noble Lords
And Commons what I have said,
Last Sunday me and Al. could scarcely
Raise a baked sheep's head;
The times you know are very hard,
And likely so to be,
We supped on water gruel cause
We could not raise no tea.

Go at it John, go at it Bob,
Go at it old Duke Nose,
A change must be right speedily,
As you may well suppose;
Hold up your head old Ireland,
You will prosper by degrees,
Beef shall grow in turnip fields,
And loaves upon the trees.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials, London.

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And Erin's lands are bare ;
Just lend her forty million pounds
To feed her starving peer.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, S ven Dials, London.

Little Johny out of Office,

JUS l' list for a while and I'll tell you a tale,
That has only just happen'd so it is not very stale,
Its about an affair that has caused a great bustle
Concerning a chap they call little Jk. Russsel

Chorus.

So poor little Johny finality Johny half and half Johny was forc'd to resign,

When Jacky he first got return'd for the city
Says he if I ai'nt made premier its a pity,
Thinks he I'm alright I'm returned by the nits
So it drew little Johny near out of his wits.

When made the first minister under the crown
He never once thought that his pride would come down,
Like the crew in the gutter his way he did pick
But he is knocked off his pertch and is now fairly lick'd.

Did you ever once think my poor little fellow?
The affairs of the Nation you could manage cleaver,
To the soup kitchen go and your stomack well cram,
You're not fit for your birth my queer little man.

How you have kept your place I'm sure I can't say
You're not able to work and scarce able to play,
I hope now of office you have had your fill,
For I know very well you are politically ill.

My little Goliah I thought you'd come out
And the Papist affair you would put to the rout,
Oh, Johny my boy that I ever should see,
You live to be scared by a Roman Bogge.

I thought you would put all the world in a blaze,
And your wonderful powers the world wou'd amaze,
You can talk well enough on financal reform
But since you've been in office pray what have you done.

Now what did you say to your mistress the Queen
When your resignation you did tender in,
Did you tell her your powers was so very small,
But you would if you could but you could not at all,

What account of your stewardship John could you give,
What pay for you services will you receive
Why your friends and your foes will after you call,
Saying there goes the cove thats done nothing at all,

Now Johny my boy indeed I don't chaff,
Your measures you know have been all half and half
Although you may think yourself wonderful cleaver
Both you and the budget is all humbug together.

G. PAUL, Printer 18 Gt St., Andrew-street, 7 Dials

1855
From Mr Crosby

OH DEAR
What can the matter be
LORD JOHN
Has beat old Ab—d—n.

Here is noble Lord John who has caused such a row there,
With the helmet of liberty stuck on his brow there
He told them about Russian bayonets & powder
He done up poor old A———n.
He told all the tories so manly and clever,
They were nothing but rogues, fools and humbugs together,
Here's the son of the old Duke of Bedford for ever,
Sing jolly good luck to Lord John.

CHORUS,

Hang me and drown me cries old a———n now
Have mercy upon me, dear England's Queen now,
Such a gallows flare up sure there never was seen now,
With Roebuck and little Lord John.

The secret, the secret I fear will come out now,
Whatever the deuce Lord John are you about now,
Me and my friends you have put to the rout now
Oh pity poor old a———n,
I am off in a jiffey to old Windsor Castle,
Do you mean for to send us away in a parcel,
Come H——rt, come G——e and Mr. N—w—c—e,
We are done like a chaldron of coals.

Oh dear, where shall we wander now,
Bundled clean out of the great royal chambers now,
You say we are nothing but gooses and ganders now,
'Cause we are conquered by little Lord John,
Why you know very well I have caused a great bustle,
And to keep in my place I have had a large tussel
Now must I be beat by that little Jack R——ll,
Have mercy on poor a——n,

I have washed up the plates and I have licked out the dishes,
To keep in my place friends is my earnest wishes
To have a blowout of the loaves and the fishes,
To nourish poor old a--------n,
But they cry turn him out and arnt it a pity,
It is true, it is true and how sad is my ditty,
By that little chap who belongs to the City,
You all know my little Lord John.

How sad and how wretched and dreadful my state is
Can any one tell a-------n what his fate is,
Through the streets to be bawling out hot baked potatoes,
And all through that little Lord John,
He was backed by a fellow who talked like the devil,
They bounced and they hollowed they would not be civil,
That covey called R------k the member for Sheffield,
Flew at me with little Lord John.

It is all through this war, this row has been making,
Saying my forty years friend I his part have b.en taken,
Oh crikey, oh dear how my poor head is aching
Bad luck to the old russian bear,
Keep in says John Bull, a--------n we will never,
We must have in the men who are upright and clever,
Here's little Lord John and brave R------k for ever,
And bundle out old a---------n.

John Marks, Printer, 206, Brick Lane, Whitechapel.
G. Mason, 38, Kent Street, Borough.

January 1854

THE

QUEEN AND PARLIAMENT

TUNE.—OLD DAN TUCKER.

V R

WELL! here I am your gracious Queen,
Your servant, John and Aberdeen,
The country is in a dreadful state,
My mind to you I will relate :
What's all this gallows row, and fuss then,
About Prince Al. my lawful husband ?
He has got a wife with lots of riches,
So jolly good luck to Albert's breeches,
Every day !

It seems there is a piece of work,
About the Russians and the Turks,
The tyrant Nick his flag's unfurl'd,
And wants to conquer all the world.
My servants are all silly dosey,
Not like my once Sir Bob and Nosey,
They the world could always puzzle.
And quick the Russian Bear would muzzle
Fire away.

Nelson was a seaman brave,
As fine as ever stemm'd a wave.
No Russian Bear he would let pass,
He was not like the fool Dundas ;
Nelson around their ears would rattle,
If at Sinope he'd give them battle,
The cursed Russian Bear he'd follow,
And shoot him with big balls and tallow,
Candles and fat

What made the fools to raise a cry,
And call my al a Russian spy,
I don't believe he was to blame,
If he did wrong, you've done the same
To punish him, myself I'm able,
Make him wash the dishes, rock the cradle,
And if he does begin to pucker,
He shall go to bed without any supper,
Every night.

You must confess yo've used me queer,
Everything is devilish dear,
My people you so badly serve,
I think you mean them all to starve :
Give them mutton, beef and taters,
Hang the Millers, drown the Bakers,
I am your Queen none shall trepan her
A loaf and a large pig's head for a tanner,
And a bushel of coke,

Alterations there must be soon,
Where's Cobden, Bright, and Joey Hume
And other men who loved their Queen ?
Get out of the way old Aberdeen,
Then off Vic. pull'd her royal bustle.
And on the nose hit Johnny Russel,
Granville and Grey look'd back as tinder,
And Palmerston jump'd through the window
And cut-away.

Great changes there must quickly be,
I tell you all by land and sea,
To settle matters now go to work
Between the Russians and the Turks.
I tell you what, in language clever
You are a set of humbugs altogether
Here's to my soldiers and my sailors—
And all you dirty snobs and tailors
Get out of the way.

Once more I say stand true like men
Brittania and the Turks defend
Let the French and English fleet so smart
Sing glorious Vic and Bonaparte.
So to my people pray be kind hence
A bushel of coal and a pig for ninepence
For a penny a thumping summer cabbage
A leg of lamb and a german sausage
God save the Queen !

E. Hodges Printer, Wholesale toy Warehouse, 26 Grafton Street, Soho, London.

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IRELAND'S AGITATION,

Or, Peace between

Shamrock and Rose

Tune—what awonderful world this would be.

The news from Ireland we've had here of late
Is very distressing to hear,
And has been for months in an unsettled state
But we hope that the end it is near.
They have got in a mess and are sorely distress'd
And know doubt they know who to blame,
And all I can say is we hope for the day
They bring peace to old Ireland again.

Shake hands and be friends, and then they'll obtain
What England has long wish'd to see,
The Rose and the Shamrock both friendly again,
What a grand noble thing it would be.

The brave sons of Erin, we know's not a cur,
He's good hearted, noble and kind,
Tho' some may misjudge him, on him cast a slur,
Yet a friend is poor pat you will find,
If bad luck attend you, why pat he'll be there,
No matter what stranger you be,
May they soon be at peace we wish them good cheer,
That Emerald Isle of the sea.

They seem'd quite determined to leave their own way,
They not in the least are afraid,
But some time or other their may come a day
When they'll see the mistake they have made
By some kind adventurer roaming about,
They've been misinformed we can see,
But we hope Mr. Gladstone will put it alright
What a grand noble thing it will be.

In the ranks of our army we find Irishmen,
Whose bravery none can excel,
With the brave English soldier they've fought side by side,
With their face to the foe they have fell,
They've marched on to battle with minds firm and sound,
With the bold English colors unfurled,
They've fought just like lion's and always been found,
With the courge to conquer the world,

We know pat's determined when once he's put out,
And he'll fight when his anger is rose,
But we're longing to hear you in one voice to shout,
There is peace with the Shamroc and Rose,
Then cease all those quarrels, and try and be friends,
And stick to our Country and Queen,
And we hope that prosperity soon will attend,
That dear little Island so green.

O'CONNELL'S GREEN LINNET

GRAND CONVERSA

O'CONNELL'S GREEN LINNET

THE UNION OF THE BANNERS

On a fine summer's morning the day was dawning
I wander'd alone to breathe the fresh air,
In a gloomy myrtle shade I met a fair maid,
As she sat weeping & tearing her hair.
Said I, blooming fair one, why dost thou mourn,
Is your true love gone where he'll never return?
Your sad lamentations my feelings does burn,
I think you're a daughter to Erin go bragh.

She appear'd much alarm'd when I first appoach'd her,
The tears from her eyes in torrents did flow,
Her cheeks that I once saw as red as the roses,
Now they're decaying & clouded with woe.
Young man, she replied, poor Erin's my mother,
If I'm not mistaken, dear youth, you're my brother
Come mingle your tears & we'll comfort each other
And sing for the wrongs of Erin go bragh.

You ask'd me the cause of my disconsolation,
My tongue is scarce able the same to relate,
I once had a linnet, the pride of all nations,
But death has him taken and sad is my fate:
Sweet were the notes when he sung through the bow'rs,
With his lovely green wings spreading over the flow'rs,
But here I'm doom'd to spend those dull hours,
For the loss of O'Connell to Erin go bragh.

In Munster he sung, through Cork & Tipperary,
And many more places too tedious to name,
My linnet he hover'd so brisk and so airy,
The fowlers to take him play'd many a scheme:
To the plains of Kildare we march'd off so glorious
With our harmonious band and our linnet before us,
For to hear his sweet notes, they were soft and melodious,
For he sung naught but freedom to Erin go bragh.

He sung in Kilkenny a tune that was pleasing.
His notes they were charming, both lofty and shrill,
Through Wexford and Wicklow he held monster meetings,
And sweetly he sung on tara's old hill;
He sung in Athlone it being the middle station,
In hopes his notes would be heard through the nation,
All his trials and afflictions he bore with great patience,
And all for the love of Erin go bragh.

In Roscommon he sung and his notes were admired,
The ladies of Dublin all lov'd his sweet voice,
In Longford my linnet he shall be rewarded,
For of all other songsters they made him their choice,
In famed Mullingar and Mayo he's recorded,
In Limerick and Galway he's lively regarded,
I grieve for his loss but I hope he's rewarded,
For seeking the rights of Erin go bragh.

She fell at my feet in a state of distraction,
I done my endeavours her spirits to cheer,
Said I, blooming fair maid, what makes you faint hearted?
For Ireland will flourish in this present year,
Although your sweet linnet now lies at Glasnevan
His spirit has fled to the mansion of Heaven,
Where a glorious reward for his toil he is given,
For the love he bore to old Erin go bragh.

UNION OF THE BANNERS

Another wreath Britannia weareth,
Victory clasps Napoleon's brow,
Each fair land the glory shareth,
May they ever be as now—
For too long have we been parted,
Mankind hath the loser been,
Shout ye brave, ye noble-hearted,
Vive l'Empereur. God save the Queen!
For ages we've stood fiercely panting,
with our gory flags unfurl'd,
while the Russian hath been planting,
Barbarism o'er the world.
Cruel, crafty, and despotic,
He would desolate each scene,
Shout ye brave, ye patriotic,
Vive l'Empereur God save the Queen!
But the future shines before us,
we shall soon forget the past,
Then with Heaven smiling o'er us,
will our faith, our friendship last?—
For too long have we been parted,
Mankind hath the loser been,
Shout ye brave, ye noble hearted
Vive l'Empereur! God save the Queen

GRAND CONVERSATION ON O'CONNELL AROSE.

COME all you sons of Erin's land and mourn the loss of noble Dan,
For never was there such a man to cross the raging wave,
His name is worthy of applause, he stood our friend in every cause,
A darling foe to all bad laws was Dan O'Connell brave;
For eighteen years in parliament old Erin he did represent,
For all the gold was in the mint, as you may now suppose,
They could not buy that hero brave, who now lies in his silent grave,
This grand conversation on O'Connell arose.

He loved the land that gave him birth, beyond all other lands on earth,
And never did he once desert or flinch from her you know;
At every session manfully he struggled hard for liberty,
And in the house of commons was a terror to his foe;
He supported the Reform Bill, did noble Dan, with heart and will,
That every man remembers in England I suppose,
It's founded on authority—he carried the majority:
This grand conversation on O'Connell arose.

When our holy church in penal chains was forced to be in narrow lanes,
All lawful rights they were maintained, to Catholics you know,
He left our churchand altars free, that was bound down for centuries,
Under scoffs and mockery of every vision foe;
But Dan, like Moses, at that time, his holy moral force combined;
He broke the laws that did us bind and had our rights restored,
Who left our church and clergy free, but Daniel of blessed memory?
This grand conversation on O'Connell arose.

Why should not every honest man respect the memory of poor Dan?
He never made distinction between colour, class, or creed,
His motto was in every place stern justice to each man.
He was the first in battle and the last to leave the field.
The slaves in foreign lands will fear, and for O'Connell shed a tear,
If ever they the truth will hear, in death he does repose,
For he did struggle manfully to gain for them their liberty:
This grand conversation on O'Connell arose.

His foes could never him affright, to end his days was their delight,
When Lestaire challenged him to fight, undaunted he was found,
While Macnamara he did stand as second for our noble Dan,
He fell'd the proud Lestaire quite lifeless to the ground;
To flinch an inch he never would, undauntedly he always stood,
And proved himself thorough Irish blood to gardless of our foes,
Sweet Erin's sons may now deplore the loss of him who is no more!
This grand conversation on O'Connell arose.

Where is there a man to be found who did his duty like brave Dan?
Or where is he upon the land is so well skill'd in law?
His equals I could never trace for wisdom, piety, and grace,
His loss is now lamented in old Erin-go-Bragh:
The gallant sons of Granua have did bear him to his silent grave,
A wreath of shamrocks on it wave where he does now repose,
The deeds of him who is no more are spread about from shore to shore—
This grand conversation on O'Connell arose.

Had he lived to see the day that England by land and sea,
When her hostile army was engaged upon the Russian,
The sons of Erin's land he would unite unto a man,
And have the right of Erin in the year of fifty-four:
For in the year of ninety-nine the power of Britain did combine,
And robbed us of our parliament as every-body knows;
Our lords and commons would be seen, with brave Dan in College Green;
This grand conversation on O'Connell arose.

NORAH MACHREE.

London:—H. Such, Printer, & Publisher, 177, Union Street, Boro'. S. E.

YOUNG Phelim O'Neale loved sweet Norah Machree,
The prettiest maiden in merry Tralee;
But though she looked on him with favouring eyes,
His love went no farther than glances and sighs.
In sport or in broil none were bolder than he,
His heart then was dauntless as stout heart could be,
But when by her side he attempted to steal,
Faith, all in a flutter was Phelim O'Neale.

"Oh, Norah Machree! sweet Norah Machree!
Sure, you are the girl that's bewildering me,
Oh, Norah Machree! sweet Norah Machree!
Your bright eyes an' sure are bewildering me."

One day Phelim thought he'd fine courage to tell
Pretty Norah the love that within him did dwell;
He went to her cottage his suit to get heard,
But she so bewitched him he spoke not a word.
The maid sweetly smiled, still he seem'd in a dream;
So finding smiles useless, she gave a loud scream—
"Why I never kissed you," said Phelim in fear,
Says she, "Ain't you going to, Phelim, my dear?"
Oh, Norah Machree! &c.

Young Phelim thought twice, then he stole to her side
And asked her, all trembling, to be his sweet bride,
Her answer you'll guess, for a sharp sudden sound,—
I think 'twas a kiss—broke the silence around.
If men will be bashful, and dally like this,
A slight gentle hint is not surely amiss;
So when, pretty maidens, in such straits you be,
Then just take a lesson from Norah Machree.
Oh, Norah Machree! &c.

GRAND CONVERSATION ON O'Connell Arose, (Continued.

In honour to his memory, a monument erected be,
And his brilliant deeds inscribed in letters of pure gold,
How he was loved by high and low, and was a terror to his foe,
And how he fought and struggled in the cause of liberty:
When centuries are gone by that Granua's sons are cast on high,
And to his memory heave a sigh when friendship overflows,
And with a tear a tribute pay to him that's mouldering into clay—
This grand conversation on O'Connell arose.

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O'CONNELL'S MONUMENT.



You loyal Irishmen draw near, unto these verses lend an ear,
Come let us join and loudly cheer those patriots so true,
Who all are on the same design, a monument to raise so fine,
The star of Ireland he will shine, Lord Nelson he'll subdue ;
At Carlisle bridge you soon shall see, our noble friend who set us free,
And gained for us our liberty in spite of all our foes ;
A statue fine we will erect, his memory for to respect,
This grand conversation on O'Connell arose.

For many years we've lonesome been, King Bill and Nelson we have seen,
But soon you'll see poor Dan in green as you have seen before,
Then every Irishman so true this loyal patriot can view,
To remind us of what he did all in the days of yore.
All Ireland we understand are all joining hand in hand,
For to respect this noble man, the terror of his foes ;
For what he done in twenty-nine, I hope in heaven his soul does shine,
This grand conversation on O'Connell arose.

We should be glad and proud of it, an instrument in this degree,
A memorial so fine to see in this city of renown ;
And if we think of what is past, in our minds for ever it should be cast,
Think on the days when he was fast, in irons he was bound ;
At Harrold's cross we all well know, for us he suffered grief and woe,
They thought him for to overthrow, his cause for to oppose,
But providence did him befriend and out of prison did him send,
This grand conversation on O'Connell arose.

To free his country he was bent, he went to Rome with that intent.
But oh, alas ! his life was spent, his loss we may deplore,
For the Almighty on him did call, which has proved Ireland's downfall,
A noble friend to one and all, brave Dan he is no more.
His noble heart it is in Rome, and his remains they are at home,
In an everlasting tomb in Glassnivin ;
A tribute to him we'll now pay, to him who now lays in the clay,
This grand conversation on O'Connell arose.

There is Limerick and Tipperary they mean to show what they can do,
And sweet Clonmell that ne'er was blue will stand unto poor Dan ;
There's Galway, Wexford, and Athlone, that for deceit were never known,
Their hearts they are as staunch as stone from childhood to the morn :
Famed Waterford and Cork will join, along with Clare's brave Conserdine,
For to erect this statue fine as everybody knows :
Each vile oppressor we'll let see, that Ireland shall still be free,
This grand conversation on O'Connell arose.

Then Irishmen both one and all, attend unto this noble call,
And from its principle don't fall ere it may be too late.
Come rally round our Gentlemen, each one a helping hand now lend,
Our liberator to defend, the cause is good and great.
That we may live the day to see this monument will finished be,
A credit to our country and gain for us applause,
Around it then we'll all appear, and for brave Dan we'll give three cheers,
This grand conversation on O'Connell arose.

London:—H. SUCH, Machine Printer, and Publisher, 177, Union Street, Boro', S. E.

ERIN'S LAMENT FOR O' CONNELL.

ERIN'S LAMENT.

ONE morning ranging for recreation,
Down by a river I chanced to rove,
Where I spied a maiden in conversation,
Just quite adjacent to a shady grove ;
I was struck with wonder, I stood and pondered
I could stand no longer so I just stept o'er,
And the song she sung made the valleys ring,
It was Erin's King, brave Dan's no more.

When I heard the news I was much confused,
And myself excused, when this I did say,
Is O' Connell gone, old Grauna's son ?
The brightest orb that ever stood the day ;
To relate his story, his wars found in story,
Whil'st Erin will sorely feel the fall,
For his sweet voice, will no more rejoice,
Whil'st our harp quite mute lies in Tara's hall.

In ninety eight, when he view'd the state,
Of this lovely island I declare,
With grief oppress'd, he came from the west,
When he was elected for the county of Clare !
They first accused him, and then abused him,
He still confused them 'till they gave o'er,
The oath of allegiance he refused to take,
Our noble leader brave Dan's no more.

The emancipation without hesitation,
To our lovely island he soon brought o'er,
And our clergy crowned him with wreath's of glory,
When that he sailed to old Erin's shore ;
Our Chapel bells they do ring melodious,
Where no infidel dare cross the door ;
Quite broken hearted, from us departed,
The pride of Kerry, brave Dan's no more.

Now sir, she cried ! and deeply sighed,
And then replied there is nothing more,
Father M'c Guire he relieved from bondage,
When Ann M' Carrigan against him swore ;
His eloquent speeches they stung like leeches,
And roused the people of Erin round,
At his state trial, he bid them defiance,
And broke the chains which long kept him bound

Oh ! sons of Erin we can stand no longer,
Our nations throw us in deep despair,
The Irish Eagle seems confused,
When he spreads his wings through the liquid air ;
Brave Grauna weeps when her wolf dog is stricken,
Her harp strings broken to sound no more ;
The Irish towers seem to rend asunder,
From Derry-More-Down to Derry shore.

When to Mullaghmast and likewise Tara,
Like a modern Moses led us you see,
Though we were persued by the haughty Pharaoh,
In the land of promise he left us free ;
A shout's gone forth from Dingle to Derry,
Along the Boyne, the Liffey, and the Nore,
And all reporting a mournful accent,
Our noble leader brave D—n's no more.

WILLIE WE HAVE Missed You.

OH, Willie, is it you dear ? safe, sure at home,
They did not tell me true, dear, they said you would not come ;
I heard you at the gate, and it made my heart rejoice
For I knew your welcome foot-step and your dear familiar voice, (gloom,
Making music on mine ear, in the lonely midnight
Oh ! Willie we have missed you—
Welcome, welcome home.

We've long'd to see you nightly, but this night of all
The fire was blazing brightly, and lights were in the hall ; (past,
The little ones were up, till 'twas ten o'clock or,
But their eyes began to twinkle, so they've gone to sleep at last, (never come
They listened for your voice 'till they thought you'd
Oh ! Willie we have missed you,
Welcome, welcome home,

The days were sad' without you, the nights were long and drear, (Willie dear,
My dreams have been about you, so welcome
Last night I sat and watched, by the moonlight's cheerless ray, (my tears away,
'Till I thought I heard your footsteps then I wiped
But my head grew sad again, when I found you did not come,
Oh ! Willie we have missed you,
Welcome, welcome home !

ERIN'S LAMENT, (CONTINUED.)

Since the first it is a clear decision,
That the foes of Ireland caused him to part ;
Sorely distress'd and with grief oppress'd,
And their speeches daily . have broke his heart ;
Though they did him scold they did him behold,
If they were arrested by the Lions paw,
Where could they find the like of noble Daniel,
For to come forward and teach them the law ?

But Oh ! he is gone to a state of glory,
Which was prepared for the just and true ;
And as Judge or Jury could not defeat him,
Oh ! cruel death you did him subdue ;
He is only gone a step before,
Which is a debt we all must pay,
May angels guard him to eternal glory,
Each pious Christian for O' Connell pray ! !

H. Such, Printer, Newsvender, &c &c.
123, Union Street, Borough, London.
Hawkers Supplied.
—oo—
No. 37.

DAN DONNELLY,

Cooper being so enraged, right cautiously he sparr'd,
And by his splendid science he threw Donnelly off his guard,
Such counter hitting, stop and job, before was never

GALLANT

At Harrold's cross we all met [illegible]
grief and woe,
They thought him for to overthrow, his cause for to oppose,

In the land of [illegible]
A shout's gone forth from Dingle to Derry,
Along the Boyne, the Liffey, and the Nore,
And all reporting a mournful accent,
Our noble leader brave D[illegible]'s no more.

123, Union Street, Borough, [illegible]
Hawkers Supplied.
—oo—
No. 37.

DAN DONNELLY,
THE
IRISH CHAMPION.

YOU lovers of the manly art of self-defence attend,
I'll sing to you a verse or two that lately I have penn'd;
Concerning Daniel Donnelly, the Irishman so bold,
Who fought for Erin's honour, and his country never sold.

In famous Dublin city Dan Donnelly was reared,
And by gallant Capt. Kelly for the ring he was prepared;
He then went o'er to Britain's shore his courage to extol,
And he tore the wreath of laurels from the brow of valiant Hall.

When Hall met Daniel Donnelly, unto him he did say,
You'll never more see Erin's shore, I'll take your life to-day;
But Donnelly said there's not a man in England I regard,
Don't crow so high until you try, so now put up your guard.

Dan Donnelly then went to work, and Hall he did surprise
Upon the four-and-twenty'th round, he closed both his eyes;
The Englishmen they all cried out, the Irishman will win,
And on the six-and-twenty'th round brave Hall he did give in.

He next encountered Oliver, a boxer of renown,
For Donnelly determined was to pull his courage down;
I need not tell what there befel that day upon the field,
For after a hard contested fight bold Oliver had to yield.

When he lick'd both Hall and Oliver, the Englishmen did grin,
Saying, if we cannot match him he'll disgrace the British ring;
George Cooper then did challenge him, a man of courage bold,
To fight our Irish champion, for £1,000 in gold.

Kildare it was appointed the battle ground to be,
Between George Cooper and brave Dan, I now will tell to thee,
And Cooper nothing daunted across the seas did come,
And to Kildare he did repair, to fight old Erin's son.

About half-past twelve in the afternoon, they stepp'd in the ring,
Shook hands and to spar they then did begin,
Four to one on Cooper ran, before they struck a blow,
But they little thought by Donnelly he'd meet his overthrow.

Twenty seconds lost in sparring, indeed it is no lie,
Then Donnelly a left hand blow put in on Cooper's eye,
So he reeled and fell, mark what I tell, his blood flow'd in a stream,
First blood likewise the first knock-down, Dan Donnelly did claim.

Cooper being so enraged, right cautiously he sparr'd,
And by his splendid science he threw Donnelly off his guard,
Such counter hitting, stop and job, before was never known,
And to finish round the second, Dan Donnelly was thrown.

Then Donnelly rose up again his science to display,
When Cooper to him said, I'll show you British play;
Then he drew his right with all his might, and made his blow to tell,
For he struck Dan Donnelly under the ear, when down again he fell.

When Donnelly received the blow, and twice had been knocked down,
Five to one on Cooper, from the Englishmen went round,
The London fancy all cried out, we'll lay you ten to two,
That Cooper, England's favourite, your champion will subdue.

Donnelly to his seconds said, the English think I'm done
The odds are high against me, they are laying five to one,
Just whisper Captain Kelly, tell him to wager all he can,
For in less than fifteen minutes more I'll beat the Englishman.

Miss Kelly being present, to Donnelly did say,
My whole estate is already bet on the issue of to-day;
I still have left £400, and that I'll lay on thee,
So I'm ruined quite, if you lose the fight, my valiant Donnelly.

Donnelly made answer, and this he did reply,
For your sake Miss Kelly, I'll conquer or I'll die;
The signal was between them he quickly her did show,
And instantly upon the ground, an handkerchief did throw.

When Miss Kelly saw the signal, it fill'd her heart with glee,
Saying, my carriage and my horses I'll bet on Donnelly,
Done, said an English nobleman, who quickly did appear,
When Donnelly knocked down Cooper, and Irishmen did cheer.

Then give and take, and no mistake, was the order of the day,
For seven rounds more they fought full sore, and show'd right gallant play,
While it lasted such a fight the world never saw,
Until Donnelly knock'd down Cooper, and smash'd his under jaw.

O for the milling days of yore, and Irishmen so true,
O'Donnell, Corcoran, Donnelly, and Simon Byrne too;
Jack Randall then the nonpariel, I tell to you no lies,
'Twas Irish blood flowed in in his veins, tho' born in St. Giles.

Now to conclude and make an end, to this my fighting song,
Let's drink unto the memory of the hero that is gone,
For so true or brave an Irishman, ne'er stood on England's plain,
We never saw his like before, nor never may again.

GALLANT
MICHAEL HAYES.



I AM a bold undaunted fox, that never was before on tramp,
My rent and taxes I was willing for to pay,
I lived as happy as King Saul, and loved my neighbours great and small,
And had no animosity for either friend or foe;
I made my den in prime good land, where plenty of fowl I had at hand,
Where my forefathers lived three thousand years and more,
But now of late I was betrayed, by one that was a fool and knave,
He told me I should quit this place, and show my face no more.

As soon as he rejected me, I thought it was full time to flee,
I stole away his ducks and geese, his ganders and his drakes,
I know I could no longer stand, because he had the hounds in hand,
I tightened up my garters well—and then I was away;
And then there was a great shout by land and sea to find me out,
From Dublin Quay to Belfast town, along the raging sea,
They broke their brogues, some thousand pair, this reward for to obtain,
But still there was no tidings found of me in my retreat.

They searched Tipperary o'er and o'er, the corn fields and Galtimore,
They went along to Wexford and there made no delay,
Thro' Ballyhale and Slievenomyn, they searched the woods as they went on,
Till they were hungry, tired, and cold, at the approach of day;
By telegraph they did insert a great reward for my arrest,
My figure, size, and form and my name without a doubt,
If you search the world both far and near, the like before you ne'er could hear,
A fox to get away so clear as I did from the hounds.

They searched through Limerick and Rathkeale, Newcastle West and Abbeyfeale,
Macroom, Dunmanway, and Kinsale, and went to Cork by train;
They called at Cove on their way, that splendid place both grand and gay,
Ardboulan, Spike, and Passage-town, and into Donerraile.
They searched the cellars underground, the lime kilns, and each dwelling house,
And packet steamers there was found to cross the raging sea,
But not meeting any chance, they took another trip to France,
But still were baulked in their tramp, they never met Gallant Michael Hayes.

They searched the train in Oranmore as she was starting to Athy,
And every waggon near, and coach that went along the road;
Connemara being remote, they thought I might make a place of resort.
When they were getting wearied they resolved to try Mayo;
In Ballinrobe they had to rest, until the hounds were quite refreshed,
From thence they went to Westport and searched it high and low,
Thro' Castlebar they took a trot, they heard I was in Castlerock,
But still they were deluded where I lodged the night before.

In Swinford town as I sat down, I heard the dreadful cry of hounds,
I took another notion to retaliate the chase,
But I being weary on the road, I took a dram at half-past-four,
I was then reanimated whilst the hounds were getting weak;
The night being dark at Castlebar, I knew not how to make my way,
I had neither den nor manger to shield me from the cold,
And the moon began to rise, I said I'd make for a foreign clime,
I am in the land of liberty, so a fig for all my foes.

London:— H. Such, Printer & Publisher,
177, Union Street, Borough.—S. E.

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The New SOCIAL and POLITIAI ALPHABET

I am going to sing a ditty upon the present time,
The letters of the alphabet I'll jingle into rhyme
And when you've heard my song I'm sure you will agree,
There is something to belearned from my A.B.C

The signs of the times I think you will agree,
Are described in the lines of my A. B. C.

A stands for Arthur going round with the hat,
Trying to come the blarney over old friend Pat.
B has stood for butter ever since the flood,
Fourteen pence a pound for the best Thames mud.

C stands for country governed by swells,
Where the rich get the oysters, and the poor have the shells.
D stands for dancing, on the new French plan
Kicking up their heels in the great Can Can

E stands for Edward, the gallant Prince of wales,
They say he shot a haystack instead of pigeon's tails.
F stands for Frederick William, who the path of virtue trod,
By slaughtering half the French, for the pure love of God!

G stands for Gladstone, the Greenwich M.P.
At the next great election may he kick'd out be
H stands for House of Commons by the way
Where a lot of old washerwoman chat night and day.

I stands for Ireland, she ought to be free,
The land of the shamrock, the jewel of the sea.
J stands for Justice, we very seldom get,
But as they've to pass the Ballot, we may be happy yet.

K stands for knowledge; the school boards tell
They are going to cram it down the throats of all the boys and girls.

L for Louise and her money making beau,
And for that matchless Prince of matches, old Bob Lowe.

M stands for Mordaunt, a lady for the swells
She had a fishy fancy—very fond of whales.
N stands for Napoleon a clever sort of man,
He lost his crown and glory at the battle of Sedan.

O stands for Odger, they say he is a snob,
But he's none the worse for that, he has a clever nob.
P stands for Parliament, as everybody knows
Where members go to have a snooze, and rest their gouty toes

Q stands for quarter-day, it always come too soon.
While swells are shooting pigeons, poor folks must shoot the moon.
R stands for river, that so violently doth flow
Where many a starving needle-woman finishes her woe.

S stands for shipping our iron-clads we're told
Are only living graves for our jolly sailors bold
T stands for Tichborne, the claimant wants the post,
And if he arn't Sir Roger, he must be Sir Roger's ghost.

U stands for umbrella, we've had such lots of rain,
V for Victoria, who is coming out again.
W stands for war, though we don't want any of that,
They'd find some ugly customers in Sandy, John, and Pat.

X stands for ten, if it's children arn't it sweet?
Y stands for yesterday, we never more shall meet,
Z stands for zoological, the gardens where you see,
Our brothers and our sisters—funny company

Disley, Printer, 57, High-street, St. Giles.

The Dramatic Alphabet.

Tune.—DICKEY BIRDS.

Neesom, Printer, 166, Brick Lane, Spitalfields.

If there's any fond of learning, I'd be happy them to teach,
For Mr. Shakspeare's fame they very soon should reach,
I'll tell you what I did last night, that is if you'll permit,
I sat down being idle and wrote this Alphabet.
So all you who would be wise, come listen unto me,
I've turn'd Dramatic Author, and I've wrote this A. B. C.

A stands for Anderson, who can fight as well as sing,
B for Barnes (late Pantaloon) but poverty's no sin,
C for steady Cooper, though he cannot mend a pail,
D for dear Miss Daly, whom the people nightly hail,
So all, &c.

E stands for Elton, who's first rate in his line,
F for Helen Faucit, whose acting is divine,
G for old Grimaldi, who's Clown was once a treat,
H stands for Honey, and honey must be sweet,
So all, &c.

I stands for Incledon, once a singer of renown,
J for Jefferini, the celebrated Clown,
K for Charles Kean, whom the people praise too high,
L for little Leach, whom Yates turn'd into a fly,
So all, &c.

M for Miss Matin, a famous Surrey bird
N for Mrs. Nisbet, a sweet actress on my word,
O stands for Oxberry, though little yet he's good,
P for the late Miss Paton, who cut her stick with wood.
So all, &c.

Q stands for Quick, who once was all the go,
R for nigger Rice, a good one in Jim Crow,
S for Mrs. Stirling, as stirling too as many
T for late Miss Ellen Tree, as good a branch as any.
So all, &c.

U stands for Usher, who stands upon his head,
V for Madame Vestris, who kick'd Charley out of bed,
W stands for Wild, who the people much amuse,
X only stands for Xmas, so X you must excuse.
So all, &c.

Y stands for Young, who was first rate on the stage,
Z for Van Amburgh's Zebras, the wonders of the age.
But the British stage will surely fall, if the Queen don't patronize,
And she only fancies foreigners, who're flocking here like flies,
So let's hope the Queen will look to this, for 'tis the nation's cause,
And now I've sung my A. B. C. grant me your kind applause,

THE TEMPERANCE ALPHABET

A new Teetoal Song and Dialogue.

All you that have money, and you that have none, call that moderation. I myself have heard them

They are going to cram it down the throats of all the boys and girls.

Disley, Printer, 57, High-street, St. Giles.

a fly, So all, &c.

THE TEMPERANCE ALPHABET.

A Stands for Alcohol, a demon like name,
Invented by devils men's minds to inflame;
Like the mark set on Cain, it's bare name is a curse,
It steals health and reason, and beggars your purse.

B Stands for Beer with it's white frothy head,
Bids you drink deep, your spirits to cheer,
Till, like the treacherous foam, of the ocean's deep bed,
You are driven headlong to despair.

C Stands for Crimes—and many there are,
Committed in drink, though not dreamt of before!
Man sees not his error, tho' close to the brink
Of destruction led on, by the poisonous drink.

D Stands for Drunkard, society's pest,
Set at naught is his oath or his word;
Shall we not guide him back to the fold he has left,
For he's only a stray sheep that has err'd.

E Stands for Energy—the drunkard has none,
That is good, since his career of drinking begun;
In the web of Intemperance like a fly he is caught,
And for a pint or a glass he is easily bought.

F Stands for Father, a responsible name,
The little one's sea-worthy barque!
Then act like a father, and be thine the shame,
If your child should depart the right path.

G Stands for Gin, and the tipplers say,
They love it, for it drives windy sickle away;
Yet thousands in England have cause to deplore,
The time they were tempted to take just one glass more.

H Stands for the Haunts where the revellers meet,
To drink till their senses are gone;
Then with boisterous shouts stagger on thro' the streets,
To their wretched wives weeping at home.

I Stands for Idleness, his work now neglecting,
It is whisper'd he drinks, one by one now reject him;
His trust he has broke: masters fear to employ him,
And pals he'd oft treated, pass scornfully by him.

J Stands for Jail—too often well filled,
The drunkard he finds to his cost,
Where he mixes with felons—his last hope is chill'd,
He's an outcast from society lost.

K Stand for Kindred, who effect a surprise,
That Tom, their relation, should have been so unwise;
Yet they draw close their purse-string, and say with a sneer
Tom's a good-natured fellow, but too fond of beer.

L Stands for Landlords and Landladies gay,
Out of fool's pence they are decked out so fine!
It is a looking-glass plain, so reflect well, and say,
You shall have no more fool's pence of mine.

M Stands for Murder—though with pistol or knife,
You have sought not to slay either children or wife;
Yet by pieconsel you consign them to a premature grave,
By destroying that bread which their frail nature craves.

N Stands for Naked, at least nearly so,
Many sots will go lurking about,
Shirtless and slipshod, shoes out at toes,
They're decay'd both within and without.

O Stands for Orphans, and many there are,
Cast forth on the wide world, although tender in years
To beg for their bread—then shut up in a prison,
While the Gin Fiends exultingly laughs in derision.

P Stands for Poison, most potent, tho' slow,
Such as Rum, Brandy, Whiskey and Gin;
Why not stop the supply! many seek to know,
Because that would the revenue thin.

Q Stands for Question, common sense will decide it,"
Is Tippling or Temperance best? let who will deride it:
If misery is pleasant, there is one thing I'll ask,
What is comfort and health but all a mere farce.

R Stands for Rags, with which drunkards are clothed,
For his good ones are pawn'd or else sold;
And swallow'd in drink, as you may suppose,
Now he has no clothes to save him from the cold.

S Stands for the Sign of the King's Head or the Crown,
Where they say that they sell the best liquors in town;
But the best of all signs their profession to know,
Would be Death's head or a Coffin, or some such like show

T Stands for Temperance Lecturers, who
Strives the Drunkard from ruin to save,
Though scoff'd at by some to their cause they stand true
And proudly their banner still waves.

U Stands for Unity, but can it be found,
Amongst men who quite heedless their senses will drown
And give rogues the chance while their brain is on fire,
To mould them this way or that just as they may desire.

V Stands for Victims that are yearly cut off
In the prime of their lives through the drink;
Who might have lived happy, they fine to their cost,
If they had but paused for to think.

W Stands for Workhouses or Unions, where,
Ask, and find drink sends t wo-fourths of them there;
Where they become imbecile, and with grief pine away,
The scene closes, they sink in the pauper's rude grave.

X Stands for Publican's marks on his butts,
You can drink treble X if you choose,
Health lingering, fails, if you drink of the first,
But drink XXX, and your reason you'll lose.

Y Stands for Yoke that the Drunkard must wear,
It is an odious badge of intemperance to bear;
Man cast it from you, and from drunkenness flee,
Shun the Bottle, and say, Foul Fend I am free!

Z Stands for Zeal, the dread truth I'll unfold,
With which the Drunkard he runs mind, body and soul;
Peruse, Drunkard or not, these lines patiently through,
And tell me, is not my Alphabet true!

London: Printed at the "Catnach Press," by W. S. FORTEY, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials. The Oldest and Cheapest House in the World for Ballads, (4,000 sorts), Children's Books, Song Books, &c.

A new Teetoal Song and Dialogue.

All you that have money, and you that have none,
Come listen awile to my song,
A secreat to some I will quickly unfold,
And that too before it is long;
A wild roving life in my time I have lead,
Strong drink was my darling you see,
I have took to my cot, and forsaken the pot,
Teetotal has done this for me.
Heigho! a man that'i a drunkard has plenty of woes
He is sure to be frown'd on wherever he goes

With his coat out at elbows, and shoes out at toes,
Away to the alehouse he'll roam,
What senses he's got he'll drown in a pot,
And his care he will drown in a bowl;
When the money's all gone the landlords look blue
No man on earth e'er can change quicker,
He's all smiles and no frowns when he pockets the browns.
When he sells you his poisonous liquer.
Heigho! when the drunkard's no money, no welcome he's got,
But turned out of doors and the street is his lot.

Spoken.—Bill. Come Jack, you are too hard upon a poor man that get's a drop too much now and then, while there are plenty of respectable men who enjoy themselves after the same manner. You teetotalers will make us to be either mad men or fools.

Jack. Now Bill, the teetotallers do not wish to offend you or any other person, but it don't argue much for the sanity of that man, who, after working hard all the week, takes the money he has earned to the public-house to enrich Mrs. Boniface and her fine dressed daughters, instead of taking it home to make his own wife and family comfortable; and when he gets half drunk he begins to sing,

"Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
Britan's never will be slaves."

at the same time he is making a slave of himself to his intemperate habits.

Dunkenness is a bane to our country around,
To thousands it causes distress,
It's horrors and crimes are everywhere found,
I will shun it, what can I do less?
Sixty thousand poor sots they say annually die,
Then fill not a poor drunkard's grave,
Moderators beware lest you fall in the snare,
Take the pledge and your countrymen save,
Heigho! strong drink like a serpent stingeth I ween,
Its bite is more sharp than an adder so keen.

Bill. But Jack, what harm can there be in moderation if a man or woman only takes a cheerful glass now and then with a few friends.

Jack. Why all the harm there is in moderation, it is the high road to drunkenness; but as to the word moderation, its bounds have been set any where between a thimble full and a hogshead; some people go to bed half drunk every night and call that moderation, I myself have heard these self-styled moderators singing,

"We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear,"

and then they get quarrelling and fighting, while some of them are found speechless drunk in the streets by the gutter; they ride upon the stretcher to the station house, and the next day are taken before a magistrate and fin d five shillings, or seven days to a prison. So much for moderation.

The drunkard no comfort in life has he got,
Raises the cup with a trembling hand,
To madden his brain, the last cup he'll drain,
Come join the teetotal band;
When he spends all he can he's a good hearted man
Though his wife and his children should want,
But if I know the rule, it's a nickname for a fool.
You must own that his sense is but scant,
Heigho! he works and he toils, and he meets with mishaps,
And he throws all he gains in the landlady's lap,

Bill. Well Jack, there is some truth in what you say, but still I love my little drops, and that will hurt no man.

Jack. Yes Bill, it is those little drops that makes the monster Drunkenness walk through the land, it is those little drops that sends hundreds, nay, thousands, to our jails, workhouses, and madhonses, and some to the gallows, were they get the last drop; it is those littles that causes many a wife to weep, and children to cry for bread and she has none to give them; all these evils Bill are done away with by being a teetotaller.

Bill Well Jack, you have truth on your side, though I never drank to that excesss, still I have known men to be in a public-house singing,

"Home! home! sweet home,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home,"

at the same time they had scarcely a bed to lie on, their wives and children to with no shoes to their feet, and to crown all, when they have gone to their sweet home as they term it, and the poor woman has asked for bread, or money to buy it with, the answers she receives is a black eye, while the children run away to hide themselves for fear of being beat.

May the bright star of Temperance shine through the world,
From his chains may the drunkard be free,
May our wives be well fed, and our children's heart glad,
When the drunkard his folly does see;
Let us join in a band and united be,
From teetotalism never fall back,
And as for the landlords and landladies too,
Let them grin as we give them the sack.
Heigho! come join the teetotalers and never more roam,
But comfort your wives and your children homeat.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

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Welcome Miss Nightingale.



You men and you maidens I pray give attention
You sons of Hiberina's and famed Scotlands Isle.
And when I have told you the deeds of a lady.
Her amiable conduct will cause you to smile.
The drums they were beating & bells were ringing
And the soldiers rejoiced over a Jug of brown ale
And every Briton was Joyfully singing,
Welcome fair lady sweet Miss Nightingale.

CHORUS

Welcome with Joy to the land thats before thee
Welceme from danger from storm and from gale,
Welcome to England the brave seldiers glory,
Welcome fair lady Florence Nightingale.

When sympathy first in thy fair breast d'd enter,
The world must confess 'twss a noble idea,
When through great danger you boldly did venture
To soothe the afflicted in the dread Crimea.
No female on earth sure could never be bolder,
When death and disease did you closely surround
You administered comfort to the British soldier,
You soothed his sorrows and healed his wounds

Many a father and many a mother
And many a widow who weeps in distress,
Oh many a tender and frirendless orphan,
While they live on this earth thy sweet name they bless,
Every christian on earth will adore thee.
Thy name they will cherish thy deeds they will praise,
And many afflicted and poor wounded soldier
will love thee and bless thee the whole of his days.

Noble fair lady was thy good intentions,
You braved the temptest throngh storm and through gales
And whenever the angelic name shall be mentioned,
Of that amible women sweet Miss Nightingale,
Every kind heart with Joy shall be beating,
For by thee has many a brave soldier died
From danger we know you was never retreating,
But stood by the suffering soldiers bed side,

Thy deeds in the wars may kind heaven bless thee
Boldly and lovely in danger you stood,
Thy Queen & her subjects will kindly caress thee
For you are so amiable lovely and good
England before never did see thy equal
And no one can thy gallant deeds quite reveal
Then listen you ladies attend to the sequel
And pray take a pattern by Miss Nightingale.

It was by thy care and by thy close attention,
That many a brave soldier's life had been saved
Who but for thee as old England can mention
Would now be enterred in a far foreign grave
Sad and neglected lay the dying soldier
His features were ghastly his lips they were pale
Untill with great Joy he did gladly behold her
The lovely and amible Miss Nightingale.

Oh may you fair lady at home dwell in pleasure
Through life crowned with hapiness may you be led
May you always enjoy every earthly treasure
And the angels of heaven at night guard her bed
May you be free from all grief and sorrow,
May providence you every kind blessing send,
And if cruel war should engage us to morrow,
Again lady will you be the soldier's friend,

Now blessed be heaven the war is now ended
Each father and mother their son will carress,
And she who the soldier so kindly befriended.
The hearts of the greatfull shall thankfully bless,
Amidst death and danger she well did her duty
She encountered the tempest the storm and the gale,
In Britain before never was seen such a beauty,
May kind heaven bless thee sweet Miss Nightingale

She wanted no greetings or great public meetings
To welcome her home for the deeds she had done
She required no pleasure, no honour or treasure
To recompense her for the dangers she run.
To our hearts let us fold her, the friend of the soldier.

Who is beund such a lady to cherish and love
May bliss long caress her, that angel God bliss her
On earth, and reward her in heaven above

Dever, Printer 18 Great St. Andrew Street Bloomsbury.

JENNY LIND,

THE SINGING BIRD.

AIR—"LUCY NEAL."

BIRT, Printer, 39, Gt. St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

There was a blooming lady
Like a nightingale could sing,
Oh! such a charming creature,
And they call her Jenny Lind;
Her nose is like a teapot,
And her eyes are like two sloes,
And she causes such a piece of work
Wherever that she goes.

Tune it up Miss Jenny,
And take your time Miss Lind,
You have only got to please old Bull,
And you'll get lots of tin.

The equal of Miss Jenny Lind
You never yet did see,
She must really be surprisng,
'Cause she comes from Germany;
Her voice it is melodious,
She is adored where'er she goes,
It would do you good to hear her sing,
The Bay of Biscay O!

When Squire Bunn, of Drury Lane,
Did hear of Jenny Lind,
He like a Robin Redbreast,
Flew after Jenny Wren;
He thought that he had got her,
But that was all my eye!
For she cocked her little saucy tail,
And then away did fly.

Pretty feathers make fine birds,
And you must all agree,
If Jenny had not got the browns,
She'd not so pretty be;
Although she don't like English buns,
She says they are rather tough,
You would like to hear her sing Jim Crow,
The Storm, and Harry Bluff.

A bird catcher in London dwelt
And he away did run,
He played a rig, and on the twig,
He did not rob A. Bunn;
But he caught this pretty creature,
And he quickly did engage,
To bring her off to London
In a golden glittering cage.

Miss Jenny is a nightingale
As we may plainly see,
And by her song before it's long,
A goldfinch she will be,
And from her tail may without fail,
Some golden flowers pull.
The English birds are owls and bats,
And silly John is a gull.

Everything that's foreign,
Does well old England please,
German brooms and German songs,
And German bugs and fleas;
German Queens and Princes,
And German girls to sing,
German crout and sausages,
And German Jenny Linds.

You will do the trick Miss Jenny,
Before your work is done,
And bring to town a little boy,
Marked with a hot cross bun;
You may see old England dance,
And you may merry sing,
John Bull will pay the piper,
So go it Jenny Lind.

Go along Miss Jenny Lind,
You'll do it night and day,
Old Bull has got the rhino
Your expences for to pay,

Every kind heart with Joy shall be beating,
For by thee has many a brave soldier died
From danger we know you was never retreating,
But stood by the suffering soldiers bed side,

Dever, Printer 18 Great St. Andrew Street Bloomsbury.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

MARRIAGE OF BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS.

Tune, Over the garden wall.

A lady sat in her easy chair
A lady well known to all,
Not very young nor very fair
But still beloved by all,
Millions of money she does enjoy,
To die an old maid it did her annoy,
So she chose the man she knew from a boy
And married him after all.

CHORUS.—

She married him after all
With her lands and money and all,
He's young and gay, she's old they say
But her heart's as sweet as flowers in may
Jolly good luck to Miss Coutts we say,
She's married him after all.

No one thought she had the pluck,
To marry him after all,
For him it is a slice of luck
For there'll be no babies to squall
She's seventy years of age I m told,
They say she's worth her weight in gold
Her husband into the lot has roll'd
For she married him after all.

Many a swell if he had the chance
Would have married her long ago,
On her money bags they all did glance,
She told them not for Joe,
Mr. Bartlett was the man so gay
Who stole the old maid's heart away,
In spite of all the world could say,
She married him after all.

At Piccadilly as you may see,
She married him after all,
It was done upon the strict p. t.
The company was but small,
For Princes she does not care a jot,
She's worth more money then all the lot
The man she loves is the man she's got
For she's married him after all.

They've gone away for the honeymoon,
Bags and baggage and all,
The same old game the same old tune,
And money to sweeten it all.
Thousands of pounds she's given away
And all the London costers say,
Good luck Miss Coutts, huzza, huzza,
For you've married him after all.

She has given more money then you seen
To the poor, and needy as well,
More liberal then a Prince or Queen,
She's best among them all,
For seventy years she's been a maid
To take a husband was afraid,
Long enough by herself she laid
So she married him after all.

What a fuss they'd be then up and down
With girls and woman and all,
If a little Bartlett came to town,
'Twould startle them one and all,
He'd roll in riches in every way,
A gold mine coming in every day.
He would have good cause to be glad I say
She married him after all.

1856

Have you seen the Queen of In



Oh you English ladies have you been,
To Marylebone so gay and keen,
To have a look at the Indian Queen,
The handsome Queen from India
She with her suit from India came,
Calligolooly is her name—
With all her retinue in delight,
She has come for to obtain her right,
But mark my friends what people say,
The Queen and nobles are away,
Left London on the very day,
Arrived the Queen of the Indians,

CHORUS.

Rickety, Rocketty, pumpking powd,
In thousands do the ladies crowd,
To have a look at the Queen of Oude,
The lovely Queen of the Indians.

Oh she by man was never seen
Though among some thousands she has been,
She is a mighty and splendid queen,
The noble queen of the Indians,
She weares a stunning handsome veil,
To cover all her neck and tail.
Her pretty eyes her mouth and nose
Her knees her ankles and her toes,
The veil which covers her around
Will sweep a mile along the ground,
And they say her pretty face is brown,
The handsome queen of the Indians.

Servants she has as I tell you,
One hundred and sixty two,
With a lot of Eunichs doodlem doo,
To please the queen of the Indians,
There is Ragglem Jagglem fee fee fi
And munken Jnmken seven feet high,

There is chow chow chow a Eunich fine,
With a pumpkin pudding stuck out behind,
There is rigglem gigleum powder and pan,
With a ginger-nose and a cowa for yam,
And a mouth as big as a dripping pan
To attend the queen of the Indians,

Then haste you pretty London girls,
With your flibiddy flobodiy rings and curls,
And see the lady with her pearls,
The noble queen of the Indians,
And as you lasses onward shove,
Don't with the Eunuch's fall in love,
Although they are so big and tall,
Believe me they're no use at all,
Except to serve their queen so nice,
To catch the rabbits and the mice,
And eat for dinner a bucket of rice,
And guard the queen of the Indians,

This Indian queen so handsome proud,
Declares to all the world around,
They robbed her of the crown of Oude,
The noble queen of the Indians,
For what her enemies have done,
She with her son and grandson come,
To see the queen of England bright,
And only strive to gain her rights,
In Englishmen she puts her trust,
She only wants what's right and just,
And before she leaves gain it she must
The Injured queen of the Indians,

You lads and lasses haste away,
To Marylebone so blythe and gay,
And you will see mind what I say,
The handsome queen of the Indians,
And all the Eunuchs in a crowd,
Attending on the queen of Oude,
With their pankins pumpkins nutmeg spice,
Cocoa nuts and buckets of rice,
Oh such a handsome motley crew,
Servants one hundred and sixty two,
Flibiddy flobodiy doodlem doo,
The handsome queen of the Indians.



W. Dever, Printer 18, Great St. Andrew-street, Broad-street, Bloomsbury.

Vol. 57 1856

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UNLUCKY

MadamRachael

I am going to tell you a funny tale,
To make you laugh it cannot fail,
About Lord — and widow Sparrowtail,
And wonderful Madame Rachel;—
who near Bond Street, a trad did dash on,
On ugly mugs could put a patch on,
And dress up old Eves' in lamb fashion,
Could beautiful Madame Rachel.

Now Madame Rachel, so help my bob,
For polishing Widow Sparrowtail's nob,
For five long years must go to quod,
Unlucky Madame Rachel.

Now this dear young Widow Sparrowtail
She for a husband did bewail,
So to Bond Street went and told her tale,
To beautiful Madame Rachel;
She said I'll stand a tidy tip,
If you for me a husband get,
Yes, I'll get you one and a right good fit,
Said wonderful Madame Rachel.

Now Madame Rachel upon my word,
She promised her a bran new lord,
And lots of tin from the widow drawed,
Did clever Madame Rachel:
Then in a bath she did her pop,
And rubbed her down with a horse-hair mop,
But forgot the crevices to stop,
Did this wonderful Madame Rachel.

She handled the white wash brush so clever,
And polished her up, so-help-me-never,
To make her beautiful for ever,
Did wonderful Madame Rachel;
A stunning chignon did her find,
And false calves to make her fine,
And a plummy, what's-a-name behind,
Did wonderful Madame Rachel.

But Widow Sparrowtail did rue,
when she found dear william was not true
And she was cheated out of her due,
By beautiful Madame Rachel;
Her William she did much adore,
She must want a husband much I'm sure
She is a young duck, only fifty-four!
Is the dupe of Madame Rachel.

Now Madame Rachel a mess got in,
For sticking to the widow's tin,
And for the same she has tried been,
The beautiful Madame Rachel;
And the foolish Mrs. Sparrowtail,
To the Court she told a funny tale,
How of her cash she had been nailed,
By cunning Madame Rachel.

In the Court was read some letters there
That she had sent her Billy dear,
Which showed the widow's nut we fear,
Was turned by Madame Rachel;
About dear William she was alarmed,
She sent him ties and socks, and shirts a swarm,
And flannel to keep his belly warm,
Did the dupe of Madame Rachel.

Now all you pretty lasses fair,
If you should want a husband dear,
Of French polishers I pray stand clear,
Like wonderful Madame Rachel;
And if for a bath you have a knack,
Be sure you stop up all the cracks,
Lest the swells they should peep at your back,
So much for Madame Rachel,

The Judge said, I have heard the tale,
So on skilly and whack you must bewail
For five long years within a gaol,
My beautiful Madame Rachel.

Disley, Printer, High-street, St. Giles.

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LUCKY
MADAME RACHEL

What a fuss there has been throughout the land,
Particular in Bond Street and the Strand,
The talk of woman, child and man.
Was all about poor Madam Rachel.
While in Millbank prison I did sob,
Doomed to serve five years in quod—
All throu h that great Commissioner Kerr,
Who in his judgment went too far.
But now I think he will be tricked,
My Counsellor he's proved a brick,
And old Commissioner Kerr is licked,
Oh! lucky Madame Rachel.

Chorus.

Just look at my Chignon and Veil,
See Madame's just come out of jail,
They were forced to let me out on bail,
Good luck to Madame Rachel.

Some people said I was to blame,
And others said it was a shame—
That I was born in Petticoat Lane,
Lovely Madame Rachel.
When I did stand at Newgate Bar,
I twigged that old Commissioner Kerr,
He was not a judge as you may see,
But I think he had a spite on me.
His sentence made me sigh and moan,
I'll tell my mother when I go home,
The men wont let the women alone,
Success to Madame Rachel,

Some funny thoughts ran in my head,
When to Millbank prison I was led.
Where they popped me in the Oakum shed,
What a treat for Madame Rachel.
The great premier, De Israli,
Although a jew as well as me,
Would not let me out on bail,
Cause I fleeced old mother Borradaile,
I'm out of Jail, so help me never,
My Counsellor acted lookum clever,
I will make him beautiful for ever,
He fought well for Madame Rachel,

If ever again I have a chance,
I will make some rich old lady prance,
And then I'll bolt away to France,
I'm off sweet Madame Rachel.
If in France I see Commissioner Kerr,
Who sentenced me at Newgate Bar,
I'll say old chap you could not fail
At least to let me out on b il.
The sense in your wig is nought but fudge,
My wonderful talents you did begrude,
Pray who the deuce made you a judge
To sentence Madame Rachel.

Well now my blooming bucksome Lord,
Put on your best cocked hat and sword,
And take what browns you can afford,
To treat your own sweet Madame Rachel.
Hurrah my dear, I'm out on bail,
Let us look out for another Borradaile,
One who has lots of tin my dear—
I can beautify her never fear—
Oh! yes I can from feet to head,
There are many old fools who can be led,
Bad luck to the Millbank oakum shed,
And hurrah for Madame Rachel.

My Lord, if you had been with me,
Such ugly subjects you would see,
And you would have had some skillegalee
Along with Madame Rachel.
My friends, poor Madam is out of jail,
My Counsellor got me out on bail.
He like a brick for me did try,
I hope that he will never die.
You charming ladies waggle your tail,
And say I'm glad she's out of jail.
Yes, Madame Rachel's out on bail,
Beautiful Madame Rachel.

London: Printed at the "Catnach Press," by W. S. FORTEY, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, London. The Oldest and Cheapest House in the World for Ballads (4,000 sorts,) Children's Books, Song Books, &c.

Yelverton Marriage Case

The Lady Beat the Sold[illegible]

Wonderful Sights

Did wonderful Madame Rachel.

Disley, Printer, High-street, St. Giles.

Yelverton Marriage Case

The Lady Beat the Soldier.

H. Disley, Printer, 57, High-street, St. Giles.

YOU are all aware as well as me,
There has been great consternation,
In Dublin has a trial been
Which excited all the nation;
There was a blooming lady, who
Did wed a soldier laddie,
And he was afrid of his mamma,
And he dare not tell his daddy.
The lady licked the soldier well,
Cause he refused to take her,
And the Irish lads were all so glad,
To see her beat the Major.

He is the son of a great lord,
Stand at ease, and order,
He took a bonny blooming maid
Over the Scottish border;
He told her pretty tales of love,
Embraced her round the middle,
And when they was at Gretna Green
The Major caught the fiddle.

He took then to Paddy's land,
So gentle, meek, and clever,
He disgraced the Holy Church of Rome,
He did, the naughty fellow;
He vowed that she was not his wife,
And caused a pretty bother,
He clapped his knapsack on his back,
Then went and married another.

Brave Sergeant Sullivan was the man,
No lawyer could be bolder,
With gallant Whiteside went to work,
And fired away at the soldier;
While every upright person there,
The lady pitied, who was round her,
The sheepish Major droop'd his head,
And pop went the powder.

He was a Major, a Lord's son,
As evil as a monkey,
All the religion that he cared about,
Was who had got most money;
The fool was of no creed at all,
The Church of Rome defied a sad way,
He could swear a lie thro' a nine inch wall,
And cover his nob with pipeclay.

Now like a brick the soldier's licked,
And his coronet is troubling,
She shamed him in the Four Courts.
In the good old town of Dublin;
They made the naughty soldier jump,
If the ladies could have caught him,
They would have ducked him underneath the pump,
And better manners taught him.

He drove the lady round and round,
While riches she had any,
To Waterford and to Belfast,
To Bantry and Kilkenny;
He disgraced the Holy Church of Rome,
The naughty soldier laddy,
And all because he was afraid
Of a flogging from his daddy.

He has made a pretty kettle of fish,
He has lost his wife and baby,
The Dublin lases, shout, huzza!
May Heaven bless the lady;
She like a brick the Major licked,
The naughty wicked soldier,
He bolted ont of Dublin town,
With his firelock on his shoulder.

If to Gretna Green he goes again,
To play his hey down diddle,
Let the ladies pray both night and day,
That he may get the fiddle!
And then go mad to Ballinafad,
Where they will stand no parley,
So cut your stick, you're Irish licked,
And a regular guy is Charlie.

He married a wife and then made strife,
Such terrible tales he told her,
It was such sport in the Dublin Court,
To see Sullivan drill the soldier.

1862

Wonderful Sights.

1867

There are wonderful sights in this wonderful world,
That takes us by surprise,
And sometimes we can scarcely believe,
The evidence of our eyes.
No matter where we go,
Nor where we chance to be,
Oh, such wonderful, wonderful, notable, notable
Wonderful sights to see.

Mrs. Yelverton's a wonderful woman indeed,
As good as she's wonderful, too,
The Major to prove she's not his wife,
Has had all his work to do,
How well she pleaded her cause—
Alone, unaided, stood she,
'Twas a wonderful, wonderful, notable, notable
A beautiful sight to see.

What wonderful men are the peers of our land
They are, and no mistake,
Old England, I'm sure, she ought to be proud
Of her titled, rich, and great.
There are five hundred peers of the realm
And three old men—but three—
Appeared before Mrs. Yelverton's face,
What a wonderful sight to see,
A very disgraceful, shamefnl sight,
A wonderful sight to see.

What a wonderful sight, 'twould be to be sure,
And it ought to be noted down,
To see the Queen for a week or more
Residing in London town.
Now London supplies her with tin,
Then her home in London should be,
But the sight of her Majesty's face, you know,
Is a wonderful sight to see.

The country pays three millions a year,
To the Queen and Queen alone,
What's done with it all is a query to me,
What a stocking she must have of her own
If all her shining gold,
In one vast heap we could see,
What a wonderful, &c.

There's a wonderful singer, whose wonderful notes,
Will your heart rejoice;
He sings such wonderful beautiful songs,
With a wonderful power of voice,
Like Pepper's wonderful ghost,
An invisible man is he,
If his name is announced, and he really appears
What a wonderful sight to see.

As you walk through the streets from day uuto day,
You'll find you're sure to meet,
Men with faces thin and pale,
With blister'd shoeless feet.
To these poor starving souls,
I'm sure you'll say with me,
That once a week a dinner to them
Is a wonderful sight to see.
A wonderful, &c.

If the masters and men were united in trade—
Working hand-in-hand,
And leave off cutting each other's throat,
What good it would do in the land.
If the masters would only be just,
And the men would only agree—
What a wonderful, wonderful, glorious sight,
What a notable sight it would be.

There's a sight that would please an Englishman's heart,
And make him dance with joy,
A curse would be removed, I'm sure,
And hundreds find employ;
If all the foreigners here,
That are working where we ought to be,
If they all went back to their country again
What a glorious sight it would be.
What a notable, notable, very remarkable,
Wonderful sight it would be.

Written by Wm. MILTON.

Glorious Deeds of the Tories

Tune—"King of the Cannibal Islands.'

Now civil broils disturb the state,
And much depend upon the great;
Oh, list to me, while I relate
The Glorious Deeds of the Tories!
These gentlemen of high renown,
On whose dark deeds a people frown,
Strive in vain to wear a CROWN.
The rights of man to trample down.
Determined, should they gain the day,
To rule with heartless despot sway,
And levy taxes—all must pay,
The object of the Tories.

CHORUS.—Their twisting, twirling, shuffling ways,
Employed to gain the nation's praise,
Remember, then, the good old days,
And Glorious Deeds of the Tories!

A Tory Leader, people tell us,
EARNEST in his designs to SELL--US,
Of a JEWELL'D prize became quite jealous,
Secret Deeds of the Tories.
To plunge the nation into grief,
Beyond the hopes of all relief,
A compound brought—to our belief—
Ingredients—ORANGE--PEEL the chief.
Their well suggested plans made known,
The Traitors' hopes were overthrown,
And spar'd the land a dying groan,
Glorious Deeds of the Tories!
Their twisting, twirling, shuffling ways,

To gain their ends, they canvas round,
A proper person must be found,
A bribe is offer'd—one hundred pound,
An infamous deed of the Tories.
They strive with all their might and main,
To enslave our land, but all in vain,
And nought can wipe away the stain,
That blackens a Tory tyrant's name,
To murderous deeds they also flew,
The Massacre at Peterloo,
A riot caused, and hundreds slew,
A Glorious Deed of the Tories!
Their twisting, twirling, shuffling ways,
Employed to gain the nation's praise,
Remember, then, the good old days,
And Glorious deeds of the Tories!

It is most true, our injured land,
Is pester'd by a ruffian band,
Whose MASTER--MAN will ever stand,
To the villanous tricks of the Tories.
Monopoly is all the go,
The Staff of Life's denied to grow,
And Tory humbugs wish to know,
Why plenty o'er the land should flow.
Then shout, ye Sons of Freedom born,
Reduce the present price of Corn,
Sugar--Timber--and treat with scorn
The Infamous Deeds of the Tories!
Their twisting, twirling, shuffling ways,

H. S. L.

Send the TORIES to the CANNIBAL ISLANDS, and let SIR ROBERT PEEL be Prime Minister to his Majesty, QUANK KI FONGO.

HUZZA FOR THE LIBERAL CANDIDATES,

WOOD, CRAWFORD, PATTISON & RUSSELL.

Vallentine, Printer, 132, Hounds-ditch.

March 1841

No Bob Carden
For Marylebone.

YOU jovial men of Marylebone,
Mind how you play your games,
Elect a man for Marylebone
To equal Edwin James;
We'll have no Bobby Carden,
His tricks are all my eye,
He is not worth a farden,
He's a regular Tory Guy.

Oh, Bobby Carden you won't do,
For Marylebone, no doubt,
Hiss him, hoot him, make him rue,
Flare up and turn him out.

Tho' Bob has been Lord Mayor,
Made the orange girls to fly,
Wherever Carden passed they bawled
Here comes another Guy.
When in St. Albans Town,
Rough usage Bob did find,
He had to run, what glorious fun,
With his shirt all out behind.

Bob from Gloucester cut his stick,
His bribes would not prevail,
He pulled a face as long as my arm,
And a neck like a donkey's tail.
Does he think great Marylebone
Will him to the Commous send,
Send Bobby into Hertfordshire,
Bawling old kettles to mend.

What a cheek he surely has,
Does Bobby dare expect,
The honest men of Maryledone
Such a thing would e'er elect.
Would Marylebone be disgraced
With such a Tory gang,
The barrow boys and orange girls,
Love Bobby just like pie.

Old England wants reform,
Then elect a man of fame,
A noble representative
To equal Edwin James;
No man who will oppress,
None of the tory crew,
Carden ran away from Glo'ster
And from St. Alban's too.

Then rally to the poll,
And the friend of freedom hail,
Ladies, get a greasy dishclout,
And pin to Bobby's tail;
Send him away in tears,
Shoot a rotten orange in his eye,
Holloa, holloa, holloa boys!
Here comes another guy.

Bob is not the poor man's friend,
To send he does not fail,
The poor and honest orange girls,
And barrow boys to jail,
We never can forget
You lads of Marylebone,
When he sent the girl six monthe to jail,
For selling a penuy comb!

Vote for he's the man,
Who will your rights maiutain,
Elect him in triumphantly,
Cheer him o'er and o'er again,
We'll have no tory fools,
But men to brave tke storm,
Men who will fight for liberty,
And struggle for reform.

H. DISLEY, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Giles.

300

THE
GREAT NATIONAL EXHIBITION

WHEELS OF THE WORLD.

PATTISON & RUSSELL.
Vallentine, Printer, 132, Hound-ditch.

THE

GREAT NATIONAL EXHIBITION

Of 1851.

BIRT, Printer, 19, Great St Ard-ew Street,
Seven Dials, London.

WHAT wonderful times are coming now mark,
What wonderful sights will be seen in Hyde Park,
In the sweet month of May and it will not be long,
In the year eighteen hundred and fifty one;
All America, Asia and Africa too,
The Russians, the Prussians, the Turks & the Jews,
The Soldier, the Sailor, the Peasant and Nob,
The Tinker, the Tailor, the Blacksmith and Snob.

Look out for the wonders, it will not be long,
In May Eighteen hundred fifty and one,
By Steam, Land, and Water, all Nations will start,
To the Grand Exhibition, 'twill be in Hyde Park.

There'll be new fashioned Pokers, Gridirons, and tongs,
Black Puddings and Sausages seven feet long,
Hairy things for the ladies to hang down their backs,
And Bustles as long as a coalheaver's sack,
With wonderful presents for England's Queen,
And things for to get little childres by steam,
With handsome machines for to cut ladies' corns,
And new fashioned bullocks without any horns.

There will be the king and queen of Hong Kong,
With a wooden machine to grind old women young
From the African coast there'll be crowns made of lead,
And Goats from the mountains with seventeen heads,
There'll be Whiskers and Petticoats, garters, and shawls,
With muskets and bayonets, and big cannon balls,
There'll be long sticks of Cinnamon laid in a row,
That will reach from Hyde Park into Straford Le Bow.

There'll be Ganders, and Geese, and Pheasants a lot,
There'll be swung on a mopstick a tin iron pot,
From Turkey nine ship loads of ribbons and veils,
And a laughing Hyena that has seven tails.

All the trades the world will be thre in a mob,
And the Bricklayers Labourers too with their hod,
This Great Exhibition will dazzle your eyes,
There's to be eighteen thousand coming from the skies.

There'll be Lobsters, and piges, and buffalo eggs,
And from famed California some gold wooden legs,
There'll be new fashion spiders, and new fashion bees
And new fashion games under the trees;
The grat big Sea Serpent is going to be there,
With Old Brown and his salt box from Bartlemy Fair
And to keep them alive there'll be Jenny Lind,
And twenty fine mermaids to merrily sing,

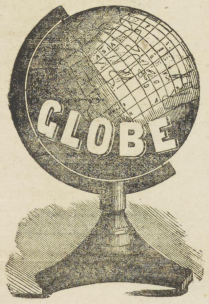
There'll benew fashion tables and gilt iron spoons,
There'll be new fashion cradles and cast iron brooms
There'll be great apple dumplings as big as a barn,
With large sticks of rhubarb as long as my arm;
Fifty thousand black damsels to London will roll,
With sweet little banjo's as soft as a mole,
Such tunes on the grass they will merrily pla
At the Great Exhibition that takes place in next

Tens of thousands of Foreigners will all be met,
And in every corner lodgings to let;
The Lord, Duke and Squire, will toddle from home,
With the greasy old Farmer and his loving Joan;
Such wonders since Adam was never seen,
There'll be Nosey, and Johnny, King Al. and the Queen,
There'll be ladies in splendour so handsome and fine
And some with their shirts hanging right out behind.

There'll be some wearing lockets to look at the fun,
There'll be some picking pockets, and soon as they come
Will take them, but soon they will have a grin,
With a crack on the nose with a large rolling pin,
With [illegible] of my power the sights to explain,
Will never before and may never again
Such wonders behold in the sweet month of May,
As the National Great Exhibition, huzza.

The [illegible] approaching, the season draws near,
When every part of the world will be here,
With twenty two millions coming down from the skies,
Just on purpose to see if they can gain a prize

WHEELS OF THE WORLD.



COME all you true sons of old Erin,
Attend to these few simple lines.
I'll sing you a song about spinning,
It was a good trade in old times;
Some they spun worsted and yarn,
And others they spun flax and tow—
By experience my friends you may learn,
How the wheels of the world they do go.

CHORUS,

So these are the wheels of the world,
My friends you must all understand,
For 300 years they've been spinning,
Destruction all over the land.

Luther spun out his existence,
And so did King Henry the eighth,
John Calvin by satan's temptation,
Their maxims he did imitate:
Tom Cranmer he join'd the new system,
And swore he'd make spindles of steel,
Pluto himself did assist them.
Perdition that turned their wheel.

John Mitchel the brave son of Erin,
Declared that a spinner he'd be,
He got all his wheels in full motion.
His dear native land to set free;
But lord C—nn—n the lieutenant,
At spinning he was fully bent,
He sent the Irish to the Isle of Bermuda.
The sons Hibernia were sent.

Lord Nelson he was a good spinner,
On board the ship 'Victory,'
He was counted the greatest of spinners,
That ever sail'd over the sea:
His shipmates were all famous spinners,
For Nelson they spun very well,
But the French spun a ball in Trafalgar,
And on the ship's deck Nelson fell.

Billy Pitt, too, was a good spinner,
And so was Lord Castlereagh,
Sure, they spun the union from Ireland,
And to England they shipp'd it away:
For Bill spun out his existence,
And banish'd in Charon's old boat,
And Lord C———— saved his distance,
By cutting the rim of his throat.

Napoleon he was great spinner,
For freedom did always advance,
Over deserts and great lofty mountains,
He led on the brave sons of France,
Old wellington he went a spinning,
His wheels they were at waterloo,
But if Grouchey had never been bribed,
The French would have split him in two.

Prince albert came spinning to England,
His wheel by a compass did steer,
He spun out a Queen for his cansort,
And some little thousands a-year,
John Bull must now go a spinning,
A few thousands more he must fork,
For the Queen has another young son,
That was spun in the City of Cork.

The Factory masters are spinning,
Their wheels they are turning away,
And now they are wanting their hands,
To work thirteen hours a-day
They don't care a fig for the poor,
They heed not their sighs or moans,
They don't care a pin if you work,
'Till you spin all the flesh off your bones.

The rich they are all famous spinners,
And you are very well sure,
They are always contriving schemes,
To crush down the rights of the poor,
So if you're compell'd to go spinning,
Let each of your spindles be steel,
Let liberty then be your motto,
And glory will turn your wheel.

... Printer Wholesale Toy Warehouse,
... London.

THE BREAD MEETINGS



Here is such a game throughout the land,
To every class it is suprising,
Bread and meat and coals and soap
And savaloys are daily rising.
For to oppose all roguish tricks,
A class of persons now engages,
Everything is on the rise
Through England, but the poor man's wages

CHORUS

Have you heard the glorious larks
About monoplies and Quakers
A lot of fools went to Hyde Park
There massacred the bakers.

The bread is stuffed with bones and starch,
The savaloys are stuffed with cabbage
And no one in the World can tell
What makes the faggot and the sausage.
Why a poor old woman bought a loaf
Then from the same she quickly fished out,
Beneath the bottom crust they say
She pu'led a dirty greasey dishclout

The Grocers sands their sugar well
Then chops up broomsticks for Bohea sir,
Their Hyson has a curious smell,
'Tis more like sloe leaves than like tea sirs,
The great cornfactor like a lord,
With roguery can bounce and splutter,
The Bacon Merchants has a knack
To sell you dirty grease for butter

We will hang the farmers in their barn
Then off to Russia lead the quakers
We will grind the millers between two stones
So then we'll scaramoche the bakers
They have robbed the poor man long enough
And Justice they have been defeating
They in their goods mix nasty stuff
There is nothing through the world but cheating.

Suppose we say a labouring man
Earns through the week but 17s.
With a wife and children 5 or 6
To keep respectable he's willing,
Theres rent and clothes and coals and soap
And beef as hard as pump handles.
There is nothing for a drop of gin
Very little for snuff and candles.

Down must shortly come the meat
Down must come the Bacad and Beacon
Or there will be a glorious row
Or I am very much mistaken
Down must come the sugar and tea
Down must come the dirty butter
Then all poor men may have a spree
With a hot sheeps jemmy baked for supper

But I must tell you all my friends
If you should wish to change your diet
You must not make a gallows row
But take things nicely on the quiet
You must not people's windows break
Keep civil and you'll be the safer,
Or off to limbo you will go
To danse upon the chafer

CHORUS

A change there very soon will be,
And as happy you may live as chloe
You will get a stunning pound of steak
A pot of beer and a loaf for a joey.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.

W Dever Printer 18 Gt St Andrew Street Dials London.

THE

STARVING TIMES

OF ENGLAND.

You ladies of Old England,
And men of all degree,
What shall we do for sugar now,
To sweeten our tea.
Why we must do without it,
Unless it soon does fall,
I think they're doing all they can
To try to starve us all.

To raise the bread and other things,
A notion they have got,
They have rose old women's sugar,
And the children's lollipops.

An old mason's wife in Brentford,
Did swear a solemn oath,
She paid fourpence hapenny farthing,
Nor a stale half quartern loaf.
And when she did cut of a slice,
O how she did bewail,
For underneath the crust she found,
An old black donkey's tail

Oh, cruel are the bakers, who
The bread do daily rise,
And cursed be the Quakers
Who do monopolize.
Bad luck unto the grocers,
May they never sleep or doze,
Till they see a great long sugar stick,
Growing to their nose.

There is a man in Bermondsey,
who has a darling wife,
They have been married fifty years,
And never quarrelled in their life.
Last Tuesday night to please his wife,
He some treacle took home to her,
And she wopped him with the fender,
Cause the grocer's rose the sugar.

The Sardinian King is coming here,
The pretty maids to view,
with his ri-fum ti-fum ti idle le bump,
And cock-a-doodle doo.
when he gets to Windsor Castle,
Disappointed he will be,
For the Queen can get no sugar,
For to put into his tea.

Oh, the millers they are cruel rogues,
Bad luck to all their bones,
May their heads to dough be ground,
Between their own mill stones,
May the farmers all wear pattens,
Till they do for mercy ask,
And the grocers dance a hornpipe,
In a dirty sugar cask.

The coachman wopped the kitchenmaid
with a dirty greasy clout,
They could not raise some sugar,
So they drank their tea without.
The butler fell into a fit,
The valet the sulks then took,
The footman took the dripping pan,
And nearly killed the cook.

Jacky Russell is lamenting,
And he can't rest day or night,
Jemmy Graham has the horrors,
And Old Aberdeen the gripes.
If you wish to know the reason,
Why, it is, you plainly see,
Because they can't get sugar,
For to put in their tea.

Poor Jenny sold her victorine,
And Mary pawned her gown,
To buy a bit of sugar, eightpence
Halfpenny a pound.
Bobby broke his rolling pin,
And in a passion goes,
And bit poor Billy Split-a-fig
A stunner on the nose.

Lord Paimerston declared that he,
The enemy would fleece,
and boldly fight until he'd gained
A great and glorious peace.
and every class in Britain's Isle
He vows shall happy be,
and never more for sugar want
To sweeten well their tea.

W. Pratt, Printer, 82, Digbeth, Birmingham.

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THE FARMERS LAMENT

With roguery can bounce and splutter,
The Bacon Merchants has a knack
To sell you dirty grease for butter

W Dover Printer 18 Gt St Andrew Street
Dials London.

For to put into his tea.

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THE FARMERS LAMENT.



COME all you good people that live in this shire,
Attend to these lines and the truth you shall hear;
Concerning the Free Trade in this British land,
Now all the poor Farmers are put to the strand.

Oh! you poor Farmers, don't weep, nor don't wail,
You are like a poor dog with a tin to his tail

Long time the old Farmers have had a long run,
When crossing the fields with a dog and a gun;
Their sport it is over, they've done it up brown,
And soon their fat bellies must come to the ground.

Their wives and their daughters they cut a fine show,
But soon to the workhouse they'll be forced to go;
And as for their sons they weep and they wail,
They are like a poor dog with a tin to his tail.

Fine tables the Farmers they used for to have,
While a poor man work'd for them like a slave;
You fat bellied Farmers you know its no lies,
The mice in your cupboards have tears in their eyes.

So now you poor Farmers, don't cry, nor don't weep,
Free Trade I'm sure has put you to sleep,
To see their fine daughters riding to town;
With a slashing great bustle near touching the ground!

There is many a man's wife and children too,
That starves in the land where plenty grew;
A labourer wants his family needs,
Then how must he live on six shillings a week.

Free Trade has served the old Farmers out,
Sorely it put the old bugs to the rout;
Their days are all over, they'll see them no more.
The devil will fetch them for starving the poor!

The Farmers are like rotten eggs that are bad,
Through markets and fairs they are going mad;
So neighbours I hope you will be aware,
Get some straight jackets for poor farmers to wear.

So now to conclude and finish my song,
You know what I've penn'd, it cannot be wrong;
Success to Free Trade as the people do say,
They will send all the Farmers on the railway.

BIRT, Printer, 30, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials, London.

TAX ON GIN.



There's something new starts every day, oh dear! oh, dear!
They tax the mutton, bread & beef, the bacon & the beer
They tax the poor mans sugar, his butter cheese & tea
They tax the poor, and let the rich all go along scot free

CHORUS

They Tax, Tax, Tax, Tax, they never will give in,
To starve the poor old women out they've taxed the Rum and Gin.

A penny on each quarten, oh! what a cursed shame.
That wicked Billy Gladstone is carrying on a game,
Why dont he lay a tax upon his lady's crinoline?
Why don't he tax the nobleman and double tax his wine

Oh crikey said old Mary James it is a cursed sin
To keep a poor old woman down and tax her drop of gin
A penny every quartern I am sure it can't be right
They had better tax old woman's teeth and then they could not bite.

They've rose it at the Feathers & at the Hare & Hounds
They've rose it at the Magpie, The Thistle & the Crown
They've rose it at the Lion, at the Bull & the Red Cow
They've rose it at the Harrow, & likewise at the Plough

They've rose it at the Nelson the Bottle & the Cork,
They've rose it at the Wellington, & at the Duke of York
They rose it at the Albert the Marlboro & Lord Howe,
They rose it at the Prince of Wales and at the Barley Mow

Oh, taxing Billy Gladstone we wish that you had got
The butt end of a Rifle sticking in your throat,
Why don't you tax our petticoats and make us look forlorn
Why dont you lay a tax upon every little kid that's born

Why dont you tax our shifts our crinolines and caps,
Why dont you tax the baked sheeps' heads the pickled eels and sprats,
Why dont you tax the ringlets round the ladies pretty heads
And tax the china jerry standing underneath the bed,

Why dont you tax the frying pan why dont you tax the spoon,
Why dont you tax the washing tub the teapot and the broom,
Why dont you tax the poker why dont you tax the knife
And double tax the rogue who lifts his finger to his wife

Oh Billy, Billy Gladstone, may you in the river jump,
And have nothing stronger than the running at the pump
May you fall down like a donkey & a ditch be tumbled in
What right had you at all to tax old women's gin.

May you always have the toothache all the poor old women say
May your wife rise up one morn & with her footman run away.
May you ne'er sleep for a forthnight & your head be always queer,
And be shot on Wimbledon Common by a Rifle Voluuteer

Pratt' Printer, Birmingham.

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THE DOWNFALL
OF
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE



Oh! here I am as you may see,
In misery I am quaking,
They have bruised my back and broke my bones,
Good lawk! how I am shaking;
I many years have proudly stood,
As in history you will see,
I have braved the torrent, storm, & flood,
And now they are going to kill me.
Poor Westminster bridge,
They've knocked me all to pieces,
Poor old Westminster bridge.

Those saucy chaps across the Thames,
At my downfall are laughing,
They at me looked bold 'cause I am old,
And plague me with their chaffing;
They look so shy and wink their eye,
And tell me I am undone,
The rogues Vauxhall and Waterloo,
Young Southwark too, and London.

A saucy chap gave me a rap,
And caused me much dissension,
A good for nothing son of a gun,
Young Hungerford Suspension;
If I was only in my prime
And I could once get at him,
I would give him such a poke in the nose
And knock him down to Chatham.

Although I'm now worn out with age,
And my poor frame does quiver,
I have beheld some glorious sights,
Upon the noble river;
Steam boats cutting up and down,
Boats and barges too, amazing,
Rowing matches, Lord Mayor's shows,
And the Parliament Houses blazing.

I am frowned upon by every one,
Like a poor worn out old woman,
Those dandy blades do me degrade,
The new houses of Lords & Commons;
The people that do at me stare,
Are like a set of savages—
An old butcher said they'd cut me up,
And stuff me into sausages.

Now when my bones are cleared away,
Although some fools do hiss me.
When I am gone there's many a one,
Most sorrowful will miss me;
For men and women, boys and girls,
Coalheavers, pigs, and monkeys,
Will have to swim across the Thames,
Upon the tails of donkeys.

I have served all classes in my time,
No matter what their trade is,
I have served both kings and princes too,
Dukes, bishops, lords, and ladies;
My cleverness when I was young,
I heard all classes puffing,
But now I may to the d—— go,
For they say I'm good for nothing.

My days are drawing to a close,
Some time I this have dreaded,
I am quite worn out, I have got the gout,
I am feeble and grey-headed.
My strength is gone and I must be
From post to pillar tossed, sir,
And I poor bridge must lie and die,
Just like the poor old horse, sir.

BIRT, Printer, 29, Great St. Andrew Street
Seven Dials, London.

OXFORD
AND
CAMBRIDGE
Boat Race.

Hurrah for the boat race once a year,
From Putney to Mortlake,
The Oxford and the Cambridge lads,
Who row for honour's sake;
Who row for honour's sake, my boys,
And not for any gain,
For British skill and pluck, my boys,
They pull with might and main.

CHORUS.

Then row, my boys, heigho,
Adown the river go,
Now Oxford leads, now Cambridge leads
See how they pull away,
How the people cheer,
Both far and near,
Hurrah, hurrah for the gallant crews,
The Cambridge men have won the day

How Lord Tom Noddy from the West,
And Lady Dashaway,
In carriages, so grandly drest,
In silks and satins gay.
In silks and satins gay, my boys,
But paid for, I don't know,
Like dolls you see at a country fair,
Come out for a public show.

Joe Muggins, east of Temple Bar,
Who the peelers call a rough,
He cuts a dash in a donkey cart,
With his red faced bit o' stuff,
With his red faced bit o' stuff, my boys
And a clever gal is she,
To skin a sole or a conger eel,
Or bloaters ery for tea.

How Mrs. Brown and her daughter fair
They rowed in a boat last year,
With big chignons, they pulled the oars
While Charley he did steer;
While Charley he did steer, my boys,
His true love she gave way,
Down went her head, up went her heels
Like a mermaid, boys, at play.

They say the sporting Prince, my boys,
Will come to see the race,
If the measles don't break out again,
Or a funny crim. con. case;
Or a funny crim. con. case, my boys.
With a cranky lady gay,
But the more he plays, the piper boys
John Bull will have to pay.

Disley, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Giles, London.

Young Hungerford Suspension;
If I was only in my prime
And I could once get at him,
I would give him such a poke in the nose
And knock him down to Chatham.

Although I'm now worn out with age,
And my poor frame does quiver,

From post to pillar tossed, sir,
And I poor bridge must lie and die,
Just like the poor old horse, sir.

BIRT, Printer, 29, Great St. Andrew Street
Seven Dials, London.

Come out for a public

Disley, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Giles, London.

THE UNLUCKY CAPTAIN.

I am a Cap'ain blythe and gay,
Who lately for a ride did go,
All in the merry month of May,
In that sweet place called Rotten Row
Stand at ease, & polish your guns,
Rub the pipeclay over your nob,
Tune your fifes and muffle your drums
Your Captain has ten days in quod.

So all you frolicsome Captains gay,
Never attempt to break the peace then
Or else like me you'll get ten days,
If you should horsewhip a policeman

The Magistrate did frown on me,
And said, you are a gentleman clever
And sir, you very soon shall see,
Although you carry a sword and feather,
That I will no distinction make
Between any class who breaks the peace then,
And you shall have ten days in quod,
Because you horsewhipped a policeman.

Although you are a gentleman,
Of noble birth sir, you will find,
The policeman did his duty do,
You did not yours, but I will mine;
Sound the bugle, whistle the drum,
Call the roll, and whiten your nob, sir,
Pop him in Her Majesty's van,
And bundle him off ten days to quod, sir.

Well, now I am in a woeful mess,
Committed to prison as you may see
Our General gives the word of command
Muster all hands to skilligolee;
I have no cigars or bottles of wine,
No scarlet coat, or handsome crest,
But a piece of bull beef as hard as a shot
A lump of tommy, and ugly dress.

Come all you frolicsome soldiers gay,
If you for a drive should happen to go,
If you see the police, get out of the way
And stick to your colours in Rotten Row;
If you arn't civil so help my Bob,
Ten days you're sure to get at least
In Her Majesty's van sent off to quod.
So don't get horsewhipping any policeman.

Oh! General Nosey interfere,
And get me out of this dreadful place
It was my misconduct brought me here
And covered me with sad disgrace;
Flog me, drill me, drum me out,
Let me free this time at least then,
Shoot me over Tilbury Fort,
If ever I touch another policeman.

I thought I was gentleman right,
A Captain, with plenty of gold at least then,
That I was allowed to do as I like,
And if I thought proper to flog a policeman,
But my mistake I soon found out,
And to my dying day will rue it,
So help my Bob, ten days in quod,
How I do wish I did not do it.

H. Disley, Printer, No. 16, Arthur-street, Oxford-street.

THE CABMEN'S STRIKE!

All through the country, up and down,
there's nothing but sensation,
And every day the public mind, is kept
in agitation;
Sometimes it is about Reform, the Fenians and Elections,
And now it is the Cabman's Strike against
Railway aggression!

So it's strike, Cabmen, strike! for your
rights and no monopoly.
Strike! strike! strike!

Now Railway Companies of late, have
been monopolising,
And our rich and poor alike, they have
been tyrannizing;
They've knock'd down streets and houses
too, for their accommodation,
And now they make the Cabmen pay a
toll at every station.
Strike, strike, strike! &c.

Poor Cabby has been scandalised, with
out sufficient reason,
'Tis hard to work by day and night to
ply his honest calling:
And what with master's gross demands,
and tolls at every station,
The ill-used Cabby shakes his head, and
sighs 'tis ruination.
Strike, strike, strike! &c.

So let the Cabmen all combine, encouraged by their masters,
To strike against monopoly, and punish all deserters;
And let the Railway Turpins know, they cannot rob and plunder,
Although the Act of Parliament has made a precious blunder.
Strike, strike, strike!

So let the public all agree, when at their destinations,
To walk out from the terminus, and leave the railway station;
Oh then, the Railway Companies would
their vile taxation,
And be compelled to give the cabs, free standing in the stations.
Strike, strike, strike, &c.

But if the Railway Companies refuse to make concessions,
We'll squash their Act of Parliament, and banish it next sessions;
The Government shall rule the rail, from Farringdon to China,
And send the swindling Shareholders, to humbug Abyssinia.
Strike, strike, strike, &c,

Disley, Printer, 57, High-street, St. Giles

THE

MEETING OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT,

And Who's that Knocking at the Gate.

The Parliament men are all complete,
And they for emergency now most meet,
To kick up a row they do begin,
And the Queen was ready to let them in.
When Victoria went in state, there was hundreds at the gate.
Dukes, Earls, and Lords, with shining swords,
And common Members of great big wards.
And they all stood knocking at the gate,
And they all stood knocking at the gate.

The first she saw was old John Bull,
And he a terrible face did pull,
I have been robbed, he loud did sing,
I have got no money, and the brokers are in,
And Victoria saw the fate of old John Bull at the gate
And she said so fine, John Bull never mind,
Your breeches are quite worn out behind,
And it is no use knocking at the gate, John Bull,
And it is no use knocking at the gate.

The next Vick saw was her own old man,
Prince lovely Al, you understand,
And he said, my dear, oh! dash my vig,
Will you beg me threepence to buy a pig?
And there she sat in state, and Albert at the gate,
You can't come in dear Al.? she said,
So go home and put the children to bed.
And don't stand knocking at the gate, dear Al.,
And don't stand knocking at the gate.

Next Wellington came, and Vick did laugh,
For his nose had grown two foot and a half,
With his fine cocked hat and his scarlet coat,
And his knapsack filled with one pound notes,
And she unto him did say, old Nosey come this way.
For you can sing like a soldier king.
You are a fine old fellow and you shall come in,
And don't stand knocking at the gate, old Duke,
And don't stand knocking at the gate.

Then next Jack Russell and Grey in did drag,
With a large peck loaf and a paper bag,
You are two pretty fellows, she said, 'tis true,
For duh ere's plenty of work for you to do,
So don't stand playing at the gate, you are coming here rather late
Now Russell and Grey, mind what I say,
Get up in the corner and jaw away.
And don't be knocking at the gate, good man,
And don't stand knocking at the gate.

Then after them came Carrotty Bob,
Saying, can you give a poor fellow a job,
She twisted her head, and turned her heel,
And threw in his eye some orange peel.
Saying, as she sat in state, who is that knocking at the gate?
It is Peel, dear Vick! sad, sore, and sick.
Then bolt Bob Peel, and cut your stick,
For it is no use knocking at the gate, sweet Bob,
And it is no use knocking at the gate.

The next appeared was Buckingham's Duke,
With ragged stockings, one shoe and a boot,
He looked so sorrowful, sad, and meek,
And said he had had no grub for a week.
In rags he did deplore, saying, I am very poor.
If you don't go, said Vick, in peace,
I will send my men for the police.
So toddle away from the gate, poor man,
So toddle away from the gate.

Then Rothschild came with a loaf of bread,
A bunch of greens and a large pig's head,
Saying, I'm a Jew your Majesty,
Is there any room inside for me.
And as she sat in state, cried who's that knocking at the gate?
I am not ashamed, Rothschild's my name.
Then she cried, be off to Petticoat Lane.
And don't stand knocking at the gate, I say,
And don't stand knocking at the gate.

Then Feargus O'Connor up did strut,
With a Chartist paper, such a buck,
With a tongue as long as a rolling pin,
Saying, pray Miss Queen, may I come in?
Said she, you're a Chartist pup, so put your petition up,
You the Chartists rule, they are a set of fools.
Three mouths in good will your courage cool.
So toddle away from the gate I say,
So toddle away from the gate.

Then Hobhouse and Ben Hawes did mope,
Like a bishop's wig and a yard of soap,
Saying, lovely Vick they made us rue,
We have not got a bit of work to do.
And as Vick sat in state, said who's that knocking at the gate?
Hawes and Hobhouse meek, turned out complete.
Get a broom a piece and sweep the street.
And don't stand knocking at the gate any more,
For its no use knocking at the gate.

Then Duncombe and Wakley up did flock,
And at the door gave a thundering knock,
Wakley out of his pocket a lance did pull,
To bleed and blister old John Bull.
And as she sat in state, she saw them at the gate.
Saying, push lads through the throng and quickly come along,
You are welcome Wakley and Finsbury Tom
And don't stand knocking at the gate, my boys,
Don't stand knocking at the gate.

The very last man to push and cling,
Was Hudson, the Yorkshire railway king;
He cursed the Peers and frightened the Queen,
And filled the Parliament House with steam.
She hollooed, hard's my fate, pray quickly shut the gate
You the roast may rule, like rogues and fools,
I'll go home and send the children to school.
And I won't come here any more for awhile,
And I won't come here any more.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

ROTHSCHILD

AND

VICTORY.

My jolly boys, the times will mend,
In country and city,
Great alteration we shall see,
So listen to my ditty;
The Election it is over now,
And all bad men they was wild,
When right bang on the City poll,
They saw the Baron Rothschild.

Now when the big men did get beat,
So help my bob, they was wild,
They cried, bad luck to Petticoat Lane,
We are beat by Baron Rothschild.

Poor Johnson went and sold his hat,
And Lyall lost his breeches,
And Payne went into Petticoat Lane,
And sold his shirt and breeches;
Then he killed himself with an iron hoop,
Now was not that quite shocking,
He died a death called Felo-de-se,
And eat the foot of his stocking.

Baron Rothschild is the man,
And for our rights will tustle,
Without any trouble he got in,
And shoved in Jacky Russell;
He will make the House of Commons stare,
And put them in a shiver,
He will knock one down with a bergamee pear,
And another in the river.

Duke's Place shall be with lemons paved,
No longer we'll be grumbling,
And the houses built in Petticoat Lane
With eggs and apple dumplings;
Prince Albert and his wife shall come
And have a glorious rally,
Keep a donkey and a cow,
And live in Fryin-pan Alley.

There never was such times before,
The Citizens they was wild,
When they was beat, oh! what a treat,
So fine by Baron Rothschild;
The Baron is the poor man's friend,
Both upright, just, and clever,
Here's jolly good luck to Petticoat Lane,
And Rothschild, boys, for ever!

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great Saint Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

The Special Constables

1848

ON Monday last that's gone and past;
All classes and conditions

There was blind and lame, deaf and dumb

THE FIGHT

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great Saint Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

The Special Constables

1848

ON Monday last that's gone and past;
All classes and conditions,
All off to Kenington Common went,
With a monstrous large petition;
They came from Manchester so gay,
From Liverpool and Dunstable,
And my old man, said bouncing Nan,
Was made a special constable.

CHORUS.

There never was such times before,
Said pretty Jane of Dunstable,
My dear old man, you'll understand,
Was made a special constable.

The baker threw his rolling pin,
From Towe hill to Dunstable,
I am going, said he, to have a spree,
For I'm a special constable;
He let into a hackney coach,
And beat it out of sight, sir,
Then he went home with his rolling pin,
And let into his wife, sir.

There never was such times before,
Said pretty Peg of Dunstable,
I say, old man, just list to me,
Was you a special constable?
And did you carry a rolling pin?
t r was you an alarm it?
Or did you show your truncheon,
When you beheld the chartist.

There was bakers, butchers, Sweeps and prigs,
and farmers up from Dunstable
Then was Magstrates and baker's clerks,
all sworn in as special constables,
and they showed their authority,
just like a set of Monkeys
one hit a cobbler on the Nose,
and said it was a donkey.

Said pretty ann, my poor old man.
Was quite brave, free and able.
and he brought home his rolling pin,
and threw it on the table;
and then he swore he'd kill the cat,
and run away to Dunstable.
My dear old man said Lively ann,
Was made a special constable.

There was blind and lame, deaf and dumb
Into the ranks did fall, sir,
There was pensioners with wooden legs—
Some with no legs at all, sir;
Kicking up a glorious row
Said charming bet from Dunstable,
My dear old man you'll understand,
Was made a special constable.

Those special constables went out
that day to keep the peace, sir,
And with their truncheons they declared,
They'd knock down the police, sir,
Kill everybody in the town.
Sailors, soldiers, too, and carters,
Such a jolly game there was that day
And all about the charter.

It was a lark to see,
those special codstables on Monday,
Knocking poor old women down,
And going on a rum way;
There was such a lot got rolling drunk,
And got shoved into quod, sir,
And many of them had to pay—
The sum of forty bob, sir.

one special constable went home
And flared away like flinders,
He beat his wife, and killed the cat,
And then jumpt out of window.
He swore he'd in the river go,
So gallant and so cosey,
He knocked a poor old woman down,
and thought 'twas old duke Nosey.

Prince A—t carried a rolling pin,
as gallant sir as may be,
Lord John Russell had a fan—
and gave it to his lady;
Old Nasty had two cannon balls,
Was quite worn out at dunstable;
but he did grin, and was sworn in,
And made a special constable.

C. Paul, Printer, 1[illegible], Great Saint Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

THE FIGHT
BETWEEN TWO M.P.'S

ON the thirteenth of November.
Eighteen hundred and fifty-two,
Two gallant Members of Parliament,
(Part of the Derby crew,)
Had a jolly fight in London streets,
Oh! was not it a spree,
The one was Butler Johnstone,
And Oliveira, both M.P.'s.

Johnstone and Oliviera,
Two members wild and mad,
Had such a jolly stand up fight
And tumbled over a cab.

They both had been to Parliament
Upon that glorious night,
To vote with Villiers and Palmerston,
Before they went to fight;
Talk of Caunt and Bendigo,
It was nothing to compare
To Johnstone and Oliveira,
Who pulled each others hair.

They hit away, and slashed away,
Like devils they did jump,
Johnstone sent Oliveira
Right bang upon his rump;
He piped his eye, and then did cry,
While he his cheeks did rub,
And in the second round my boys,
They both went in the mud.

The Scotchman he looked rather blue,
All dirty was his clothes,
He lost his hat, had two black eyes,
Besides a bloody nose;
The Earl of Derby was not there,
Or D'Israeli, the Jew,
And when Jack Russell heard the news,
Like winking off he flew.

Butler Johnstone Oliveira beat,
Most dreadful was the fight,
Away did run to see the fun
Dick Cobden, Hume, and Bright;
With Russell, Grey, and Gibson,
Walpole, and Derby too,
When Johnstone swore he'd lick them all,
And D'Israeli, the Jew.

Oliveira then a summons got,
For Butler Johnstone mad,
And told the worthy magistrate
'Twas all about a cab;
When Mr. Henry did declare
They must not fight in town.
And Butler Johnstone held to bail,
In just one hundred pounds.

Those two M.P.'s as you may see,
Fought both till nearly blind,
With their slash away, hit out, fair play,
And their shirts hung out behind;
With their dirty clothes, and broken nose,
What mischief there was done,
If Albert chanced that way to pass,
He'd have seen two figures of fun.

Those fighting Members of Parliament,
A making laws had been,
What glorious Aristocracy,
Great servants of the Queen;
Go it Oliveira,
Go it Johnstone, bawls out Hume,
Fire away without delay,
Like Owen Swift and Broome.

Disley, Printer, Arthur Street, Oxford-street

STUNNING MR. REDPATH!

E. Hodges, Printer, Wholesale Toy and Marble Warhouse, 26, Grafton St. Soho, Where may be obtained all the Old & New Songs of the day, VALENTINES, BOOKS, &c

THERE is funny people in this world,
And funny ways they go sirs,
There is scarce a pin to chose you know,
Between the high and low, sirs:
Talk of Strahan, Paul and Bates,
Or Robson they was not half,
So clever in their prigging tricks,
As honest Mister Redpath.

CHORUS.

One hundred and eighty thousand pounds,
He got, and people may laugh,
And folks they say, what do you think
My friends, of Mister Redpath?

He kept his carriage, page and groom,
And female servants handsome,
In town and country he had got,
Some wonderful great mansions.
He robb'd the rich to keep the poor,
Though he for gold was itching,
He kept his boats and kept his man,
To go with him a fishing.

He carried on a roaring trade,
He done the trick so funny,
He lived like a nobleman of fame
With other people's money:
He kept his hunters and his hounds,
And made his neighbours oft laugh,
And to each other they would say,
Oh, here comes Squire Redpath.

Like Mister Redpath, people say,
There never was no never,
Talk of Robson he was not,
A patch on Redpath clever.
But to keep clear I must confess,
And all the dupes be licking,
He could not do, you see 'tis true,
They caught poor Redpath nicking.

Strahan Bates and Paul, and Robson, all
Were view'd by every prigger,
The British Bank the worst of all,
Bill Brown and Dick MacGregor,
They was not able to come up,
With all their tricks and then laugh,
There never was one could cope,
With honest Mister Redpath.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



YOU Generals all and champions bold,
That take delight in the fields,
That knock down palace and castle walls,
But now to death must yield
I must go and face the foe,
With sword and with shield I,
I always fought with merry men,
But now to death must yield.
I am an Englishman by birth,
And Marlborough is my name,
In Devonshire I drew my breath,
That place of noted fame
I was beloved by all my men,
Kings and princes likewise,
Though many towns I often took
I did the world surprise
King Charles the Second I did serve,
To face our foes in France,
And at the battle of Ramilies,
We boldly did advance.
The sun was down the earth did shine
So loudly did I cry—
Fight on brave boys for England
We'll conquer or we'll die.
Now we have gain'd the victory
And bravely kept the field
We've took a number of prisoners
And forced them to yield
That very day my horse was shot
All by a musket ball
As I was mounting up again
My aide de-camp did fall
Now on a bed of sickness laid
I am resign'd to die
Yet generals and champions bold
Stand true as well I
Take no bribes stand true to your men
And fight with courage bold
I have led my men through smoke & fire
But ne'er was bribed by gold.

ROUPELL AND VICTORY!



You brave men of Lambeth attend to my rymes,
While I sing you a song to pass away time,
And the sad of the Lambeth election you'll find,
Was in favour of Roupell so clever.
Here is Roupell for ever, huzza,

For many years there never has been
At any election so gallant a scene,
But for noble Roupell it was all serene,
Then shout brave Roupell for ever,
The friend of the poor man huzza!

Three candidates entered the field I'm told true
There was Roupell and Williams and Villikns too
But the cry at the hustings was red, white and blue,
And for Roupell the friend of the people,
Brave roupell for Lambeth huzza.

And when at the hustings all three did appear
The shouts for Roupell was heard far and near
Which made Villikins look rather queer,
When they shouted brave roupell for ever!
For roupell and Williams huzza

As a friend and a man some thou sands him hail
So his duty to do I am sure he'll not fail,
Then bad luck to the man that would on him rail
Here's long life to the friend of the people
Brave Roupell for ever huzza

For to say which way it went I have no cause to tell
For Roupell and Williams they rushed up pell mell,
And the cry was Roupell will warm Villikins well
For he is the man for the people
Brave Roupell for ever huzza

When Villikins went home to his Dinah he said
My dear I am licked though I tell you I dread
So to punish she made him sleep under the bed,
For being licked by the friend of the people
Here is Roupell for ever huzza

Then down in despair he fell flat on the floor,
And said have never been beat so before,
But six thousand behind made me sadly deplore
Then there is roupell the man of the people,
Brave roupell for ever huzza.

If you search through the world you never could see,
Any man that's more fitting a member to be,
Then for brave Roupell we will cheer 3 times 3
For he is the man for the people,
Brave Roupell for ever, huzza!

W. Dover, Printer, 18 St, Andrew St, 7 Dials

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They was not able to come up,
With all their tricks and then laugh,
There never was one could cope,
With honest Mister Redpath.

And fight with courage bold
I have led my men through smoke & fire
But ne'er was bribed by gold.

ENGLAND'S STAGNATION!

Or, I wonder where the Money is gone.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

The oldest person in the world,
On land or on the water,
Did never see such times as these,
Since Noah beat his daughter.
Poor people's doors, I am sure
Are on the hinges creaking,
All clothes is popp'd, the railroads stopp'd,
And all the banks are breaking.

CHORUS.

Tens of thousands out of work,
What will old England come to,
I cannot think, says old John Bull,
Where all the money is gone to.

I wonder where the money goes,
Said Bob, in Covent Garden.
Kiddies used to sport their half-a-crowns,
But now they can't get farthings;
The butcher cannot sell his fat,
The miller's hat is dusty,
The baker says his penny loaves,
Are getting stale and musty.

The chimney sweepers have no work,
The grocers make a fuss then,
The coalheavers have naught to do,
And neither have the dustmen.
They have discharged and sent at large,
Ten thousand excavators,
Twelve thousand snobs are out of work,
And a million navigators.

The thieves say times are very hard,
If pockets they find twenty,
Nineteen of them are marked to let—
They are completely empty.
The doctors say they have enough to do,
The lawyers they are not crying,
The undertaker says he's glad,
Because the folks are dying.

The pretty girls that roam the streets,
In sorrow tales are giving,
And say if they keep out all night,
They cannot get a living;
If they meet a swell, how sad to tell,
He nicely does trepan her,
Where she used to get a half-a-bull,
She scarce can get a tanner.

The Queen was taken queer one night,
And sent for Billy's widow,
Who said we'll for the doctor send,
But Vic. said, aunt consider;
My lying in I will put off
For a month to make it all right,
For now I could not money find
I know to pay the midwife.

If times don't alter very soon,
We all shall pine in grief, sir,
And have to sew up all our mouths,
And pull out all our teeth sirs.
Old Nosey, in the House of Lords,
Knocked down Winchelsea right slap,
Bawling where is all the money gone,
And then he eat his knapsack.

I wonder where the money goes,
There's such a fuss about it,
Money is a glorious thing,
We cannot do without it.
They have raked it up and sent it off,
In waggon loads, what capers,
Some say it's gone to kingdom come,
For sausages and taters.

If they don't make some money soon,
John Bull will play some capers,
Either out of iron, brass, or steel,
Dried cabbage-leaves or papers;
No matter what it is so long,
As times are very funny,
If it is good, and made of wood,
And we can call it money.

Sketch of the Present Times

BIRT, Printer, 39 Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

You Englishmen and Irishmen,
Welshmen and Scotchmen too,
An interesting tale
I am going to tell to you;
Concerning of the present times,
In which we live oh! dear,
The wonders and the fashions too,
You presently shall hear.
So a sketch I'm going to give you of the fashions and the times.

Our Queen and bonny Albert,
Of late did cross the sea,
To buy a lot of sausages,
And visit Germany;
They went among the bugs and fleas,
To banish grief and pain,
And when they had their half-pence spent,
They toddled home again.

The London great improvements
Make thousands for to stare,
They are pulling down and building up,
And planning everywhere;
They'll have railroads underneath the streets,
And you may go 'tis said,
From Westminster to London Bridge,
By steam a penny a head.

On the ninth day of September last,
Great Britain well do know,
Two men fought for the championship,
Ben Caunt and Bendigo;
For the murdering and disgraceful work
There was upon the ground,
Bendigo got England's belt,
And four hundred pound.

It appears old O——e,
A fox hunter so tough,
Went home and went to bed and dreamt
About the Nottingham roughs;
He said though Caunt has won the fight,
'Tis dangerous to say so,
So rather than get a broken head,
I will vote for Bendigo.

As I went down through Battle Bridge,
I heard the dustmen say,
They tell me some jovial dustman
Was left the other day,
By a major such a lot of blunt,
Just fifty thousand pound,
We've been hunting up and down a week,
But the covey can't be found.
So this rich and wealthy dustman is nothing but a hoax.

Such times as these were never seen,
Mark well what I have said,
It is hard to know a lady,
From a shopman's servant maid,
For they tidivate and decorate
Themselves so gay and plump,
With a parasol, a cabbage net,
And a bustle on their r——.

They have a pretty fashion now,
The ladies have oh! lack,
They wear a frill and furbelow
Half-way up their back;
As on they pounce they sport a flounce,
Far up above their knees,
Such harum scarem ugly things,
No one did ever see.

Some blooming girls who roam the streets,
Is as the proverb saith,
Quite dandy with their outside show,
But, oh! look underneath;
A certain garment you may see,
Believe me it is so,
That never saw the washing tub,
And is as black as the devil's toe.

There is Mr. and Mrs. Caudle,
Such an interesting pair,
If Caudle does do aught amiss,
How she will curse and swear;
Scratch and pinch and beat the cat,
And grumble all the night,
So young men never marry a
Mrs Caudle for a wife,
So young be advised, of Mrs. Caudle pray beware

Some washing-houses they are
Going to build all over town,
To clean the poor you may be sure,
And persons of renown,
Where all young blooming men and maids,
May strip so gay and clever,
Jump in a bath to sit and laugh,
And wash away together.

You would laugh to view the ladies run
Along the streets in bloom,
When Mr. Green at night is seen
Ascend in his balloon;
Some people observations make
When aloft he does ascend,
And swear it's some old tinker bawling
Pots and kettles to mend.

So now I think it time to close
These interesting lines,
I have given you a specimen,
About the present times;
Here's the ladies and the fashions,
And the railroads in a row,
Victoria and Prince Albert,
With Ben Caunt and Bendigo.
So I have given you a specimen about the present times.

The Brixton Parson,

And His Double Fees.



THERE is an old covey at Brixton does dwell
By the rich and the poor he is known very well,
He is oft in a row, and seems greatly perplex'd
And near to the telegraph gives out his text

The last time I saw him he seem'd much displeased.
He had a bill in his window, which said 'double fees,
And all the old women round Brixton did say
We'll carry his effigy this very day,

CHORUS.

This old Brixton Dr. whom no one can please
Will have no objection to take double fees.

If you want to be burried mark what I do say
At St. Matthews you know double fees you must pay.
The old P— got into a bother last week.
And he jumped from the telegraph to the retreat,

If I get double fees the old P— did bawl
The old women of Brixton I'll bury 'em all
Then I'll wop the old sexton, because he did say
He would send his old parson to Botney Bay

At Brixton the Dr. who likes double fees,
They will pound up his bones to make sugar for tea,
For sugar is dear the old women do cry
And the Parson will bury us when we do die

At St. Matthew at Brixton so long as we will be,
If we can raise the money to pay double fees
All the old men and women round Brixton do say
The old double fee parson has bolted away.

W. Dever. 18 Gt St Andrew Street Bloomsbury

A DISCUSSION BETWEEN THE
CHURCH AND CHAPEL.

London :—H. SUCH, Printer & Publisher,
177, Union Street, Boro'.—S. E.

ONE morning early as day was breaking,
Being in the charming month of May,
When Flora's mantle had decorated,
The fragrant plains all in rich array ;
The lofty mountains I could survey them,
The purling streams and rivers clear.
The crystal fountains and the billows roaring,
Where ships are sailing far and near.

Being reconciled with the sweets of nature,
I was preparing to take my way.
When overhearing a conversation,
Awhile occasioned me there to stay ;
For a discussion in that place had taken,
Between two neighbours all in Cork town,
A chapel founded by great Father Mathew,
But Mary's church began to frown.

Then Luther's church it broke the silence,
And in great violence the chapel said,
What spark are you that stand beside me ?
My friends and neighbours you have betrayed.
My predecessors you did inveigle,
To renegade from their native home,
While my ancestors were clad in wealth,
And are still remaining till the day of doom.

The prudent chapel soon made answer,
And was not angry—nor yet confused,
Madam, sitting in your pomp and splendour,
I beg the favour to be excused ;
Altho' here I stand both poor and naked,
I don't envy or flatter none,
I was seated by a true Milesian,
And my ordination was the church of Rome.

Then said the church it's but a vain notion,
For to oppose a bright orb like me,
Who sits in state, full of promotion,
While you remain in calamity.
I am likewise ancient, and clad completely,
Where warlike heroes are here entombed,
Of birth and grandeur and education,
Their dust remaining within my womb.

Don't you remember in former ages,
When you was naked as well as me,
Till by church cases you divided us,
Oppressing creatures with tyranny.
The tithes and taxes that you were craving,
I freely gave though not your due.
Which did belong to the priest and Jesus,
Whose ordination from Christ is true.

Likewise the temple began by David,
Was bare and naked awhile like me,
Till by King Solomon it was completed,
A house of prayer and great sanctity ;
It was Christ began my first foundation,
And to the end of days firm will stand,
And with open eyes will embrace,
All Adam's race with cross in hand.

The Holy scripture it plainly shows us,
The wicked force of heresy ;
By King Pharaoh they were supported,
To the law of Moses would not agree,
Till by a plague they were punished,
With snakes and serpents throughout the land,
When the Israelites they were journeying,
The sea consumed them by God's command.

The tithes and taxes are defeated,
The oppressors race is nearly run,
The 300 years which the serpent ran,
Is clearly traced by St. Colin Kiel :
You will be a shelter for owls and ravens,
To perforate and reduce your walls,
While I rise each morning early,
The bells a ringing my flocks to call.

The first beginning of this new cathedral,
It was in eighteen thirty-three,
But now 'tis finished by the subscribers,
And all those subscribers had to flee.
But noble Dan, the pride of Erin,
He had done his best to set us free,
But the true religion will flourish daily,
The child unborn will live to see.

To bring these verses to a conclusion,
I won't intrude on the muses nine,
And all good christians that do pursue them,
I hope will excuse my poor stupid mind :
One request I am humbly craving,
The fervent prayers of both old and young,
For your assistance to gain salvation,
For all true members of the church of Rome.

370.

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THE

THE

ANSWER TO Dundee

THE

BATTLE OF BROMPTON.



YOU Chelsea folks of all degree,
Did you hear of the row in the cemetry?
Where the iron bolts like shots did fly,
And the balls of wax flew up in the sky:
It was at a funeral, I am told,
It beat Alma and Sabastopol,
C—— the ironmonger. Oh, what a job!
Thought he could beat and conquer the mob.

CHORUS.

The Brompton row, as I unfold,
Was worse, I'm sure than Sebastopol,
Iron and wax, you shall hear complete,
The glorious battle of Leader Street.

Now there was such a great to-do,
I'm sure 'twas worse than Waterloo,
And they frighten'd at the retreat,
All the poor old women in Leader Strtet;
The omnibusses they could not pass,
The cabs could not get by, alas!
And in Pond-place, the people say;
The ill-used cobbler gain'd the day.

To Hammersmith they all did go,
With a sad and dismal tale of woe,
The ironmonger was so perplex'd,
He swallow'd eleven balls of wax.
Now this must be a Sessions job,
So jolly good luck to the Chelsea snob!
For he was ill-used the people say,
At Brompton, on the funeral day.

THE

BATTLE OF BELGRAVE SQUARE

1855



COME listen again you damsels fair,
Three miles and a half round Belgrave Square
You have not forgot, my friends, I hope,
What a game there was concerning the Pope?
When Westerton beat them out and out,
And put the Puseyites to the rout,
While some did caper about the room,
And others bolted away to Frome.

CHORUS.

At St. Pauls, in Belgrave Square, I vow,
There has been another glorious row,
But right and justice has the sway,
And gallant 'westerton' gains the day.

This Knightsbridge battle, indeed, 'tis true,
Twas quite as bad as waterloo,
For westerton, as you may suppose,
Caught Mr. F—— by the roman nose:
The old ladies were frighten'd & seemed aloof,
The Sexton and Clerk jump'd through the roof
The Bishop came by and he lost his wig,
And the Parson fell down like a large tythe pig

The dreadful tidings for to relate,
They bolted away to the Magistrate,
For a summons, oh, dear, as you may suppose,
For pulling poor F——'s roman nose;
For tearing his shirt, and blacking his eye,
And in the church for making him cry,
No Roman nonsence for me I say,
Cries gallant Westerton, come cheer him huzza

Spratt, Printer, Dalton.

ANSWER TO Dundee.

UNDAUNTED MARY,

OR THE BANKS OF SWEET

DUNDEE.

It's of a pretty ploughboy, young William is his name,
He fell in love with Mary of honour and great fame,
But her uncle was so cruel as you shall understand,
He had him pressed and sent to sea from his native land.

In crossing of the ocean a French ship hove in sight,
All hands on deck, the captain said, to have a glorious fight.

But William like a hero bold, he fought so manfully,
When he thought of young Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee.

And broadside for broadside they did let fly,
And many a British sailor bold upon the deck did lie,
And among them lay young William wounded in the knee,
But his mind was fixed on Mary, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

The French ship struck her colours and quickly bore away,
But those tars of courage bold, soon shewed them British play.

They boarded her immediately and gained the victory,
And William drank to Mary on the banks of sweet Dundee.

So now the prize is taken they returned home with speed,
And William got a position for the wound he did receive,
And for his noble valour they paid him off quite free,
So now he has returned again to the banks of sweet Dundee.

A tarry jacket and trousers blue young William had on,
He came into the house where his true love did belong,
Take pity pray, young lady gay, and give relief to me,
That wanders here in deep distress, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

I once had a true love, young William was his name,
And in those cruel wars I'm told he was slain,
And whilst I live I will give it to a sailor bold and free,
That wanders here in deep distress, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

If your true love was William I knew the young man well,
And by a shot from the French, he quickly fell,
And as he lay I heard him say, how cruel they must be
That pressed me from young Mary, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

When Macy heard this dreadful news, she ran in despair,
The tears ran down her cheeks, she tore her auburn hair,
Saying it was my cruel uncle that parted him from me,
But I cann'd his overthrow on the banks of sweet Dundee.

When William heard her loyality the tears flowed amain.
He said lovely Mary, I'm the man you thought was slain,
But providence protected me and from danger set me free,
And our days we'll spend in splendour, on the banks of sweet Dundee.

Then since it is young William married we will be,
The lands and gold my uncle had, he will'd unto me,
The bells did ring, the lads did sing, each heart was filled with glee,
To see these lovers wed on the banks of sweet Dundee.

PLAINS OF WATERLOO.

On the eighteenth day of June my boys, Napoleon did advance,
With the choicest troops that he could raise within the bounds of France,
Their glittering eagles shone around, so nobly faced the foe,
But British lions tore their wings on the plains of Waterloo.
Huzza! huzza! to the plains of Waterloo.

The fight did last from ten o'clock untill the close of day,
When blood, and limbs, and cannon shot, in thick confusion lay;
Their cuirasiers so furious charged, our squares to overthrow,
But Britons still undaunted stood on the plains of Waterloo.

Hark, hark, the cheering of the charge was heard amidst the fight,
While Belgian troops in confusion, like cowards took their flight,
And left bold Britons in the field, all singly with the foe,
But Britons still maintained their ground on the plains of Waterloo.

But now the dreary night comes on, comes creeping o'er the plain,
The Prussians with the English joined among the heaps of slain;
The Prussians with the English join'd so nobly drubbed their foe,
And Bounaparte's imperial crown was lost at Waterloo.

May peace be with their honoured souls, who fell that glorious day,
And may the plough ne'er raise their bones, nor cut that sacred clay;
But may that place remain a waste, a terror to the foe,
When trembling Frenchmen pass that way they'll think on Waterloo.

Jackson and Son, (late Russell,) Printers,
Moor Street,) Birmingham.

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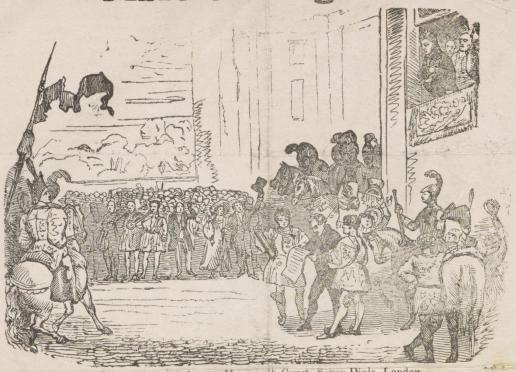
The King of Sardinia's Visit to England

1855



Rial and Co., Printers, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, London.

CHEER up, cheer up, Great Britain's Isle
The bells shall merrily ring,
And welcome with a pleasant smile
The great Sardinian King;
To visit old Britannia's Queen,
Right good is his idea,
While his men are fighting side by side,
With ours in the Crimea.
The guns shall fire, the band shall play,
And the bells shall merrily ring,
While we welcome with a loud huzza,
The great Sardinian King.

This King is going to Windsor,
To view the Castle fine;
He is going to London City
With the great Lord Mayor to dine:
And then he's going to Saffron Hill,
Where his countrymen so nice,
Will show the great Italian King
Their monkeys and their mice.

Oh what a mob, says Windsor Bob,
There is, see how they cling,
The pretty maids are all in love
With the Italian King.
Such glorious sights by day and night,
The like was never seen,
Oh Albert mind, look out behind,
For fear he'll steal your Queen.

He has been to France to learn to dance,
And view the lasses keen,
He dined with brave Napoleon,
And kissed the sweet Eugene;
And now he's come to England
To pass some merry days.
Come ladies pull your trousers up,
And toddle out of the way.

When he gets to London City,
Such doings will be there,
He will have some shockioney,
With Saloman's, the Mayor.
The King is an Italian,
And the Lord Mayor is a Jew,
So in Petticoat Lane they'll have a game,
And dine on Irish stew.

Here's the heroes of Old England,
And courageous lads of Frrnce,
Who, with the brave Sardinians
Will make the Russians dance
Their King shall Britons welcome,
No pleasure's him denied,
While the bold Allied Powers all,
Are fighting side by side.

To the Castle of great Windsor,
Right welcome he shall be,
Where the Queen has lots of sugar
For to sweeten well his tea;
He shall have soup for dinner,
And then before 'tis night,
The King shall have a good blow out
Of sausages and tripe.
Hurrah for merry England,
Hark how the bells do ring,
To welcome (all are mingling)
The great Sardinian King.

Given by
M. Hill C.H.C.
1854

The Publican's New Sunday Act;

OR

You shan't have no more after 10 o'clock



Rial, Printer, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury.

NOW what do you think of this wonderful act,
It has puzzled us all, sir, indeed 'tis a fact,
All day on a Sunday folks feel very queer,
And the publican's ladies are trembling with fear.
When the clock's striking ten upon each Sunday night,
Up go the shutters, and out goes the light.

When calling for liquors, ale, brandy, or stout,
When the clock's striking ten all the lights are put out
Then up go the shutters, so quickly, heigh ho!
And out in the gutters so nimbly you go.

Get ready, get ready, for out you must pop,
We are bound for to close, sir, at just ten o'clock;
In the Commons and Lords they've passed a new act,
To fine all the landlords, indeed 'tis a fact.

My old woman and me down to Sydenham did go,
And when we got there our spirits felt low,
So says I, dearest Betty, to the Windmill let's roam
To rouse up our spirits before we get home.

Butcalled for a quartern of Hollands best gin,
Whet doors were all closed, we could not get in;
We hol'oa'd & shouted, we hammer'd and knock'd,
But we could not get in, it was past ten o'clock.

We begged and we prayed, we cursed and we swore
qut the coveys inside would not open the door,
At length a teetotaler came passing by,
So I flew in a passion and knocked out his eye.

Now on each Sunday night after ten you may jump
If your coppers are hot, to the sign of the pump;
The publicans cry out we are ruined slap,
And the landladies can't raise a threepenny cap.

On the first Sunday night when the houses all closed
The streets were in darkness as you may suppose,
Old men they did tremble, old women felt queer,
The clock had gone ten, there was no gin or beer

Now many a poor married woman 'tis said,
May have a new gown and a cap on her head;
And many an hungry child his belly will fill,
'Cause their lushy old tfaher can get no more swill.

When the clock's striking ten on each Sunday night
Up go the shutters and out goes the light,
And you at the doors may bawl, hammer, or knock
They won't let you in, for it's past ten o'clock.

In another six months, recollect what I say,
Public-houses through England won't open all day
So on Saturday night you must all be complete,
And guzzle enough for to last a week.

At twelve on the Saturday night they will close,
From one to on a Sunday as you may suppose,
Then at six in the evening they'll open the door
At ten stop the engine, and open no more.

All the publicans say 'tis a sin and a shame,
The parsons, the bishops, the saints are to blame
To deprive a poor man of his comfort, so fine,
Whilst the lords and dukes they guzzle their wine

The teetotalers can laugh too about ten o'clock
With a yard of pump water, their sherbet, and pop
When the clock goes ten, you must pop up your head,
Pop home to your house, and pop into bed.

And kissed the sweet Eugene ;

The great Sardinian King.



LAUNCH OF THE GREAT BRITAIN

At Bristol, July 19, 1843.

O Bristol is a curious place,
Fresh schemes they always starting,
So I well just tell you of some fun
Before that we are parting ;
The Great Britain is to be launched
With sailors bold she'll be man'd, sir,
And thousands there to see the sight,
On the water and on the land, sir.

CHORUS.

On the 19th July, the Great Britain
Will be launched sir. with sailors bold,
As we are told, they are the men
That's true and staunch sir.

Down the Hotwells they on will flock,
The rich and poor, the old and young,
To have a sight with all their might,
The'll be running ready to break their necks, sir
To see her launched there will be there
Ugly Bet so brisk and cosey,
And peg-leg Poll from Lewin's Mead,
Will have a dance with Jim along Josey.

Prince Albert he will be here
To see her launched on the water,
And he has left behind him too,
His son and two fine bouncing daughters,
He'll treat the sailors (what fun)
To rum, gin, and ale so frisky,
He'll crack the bottles merrily,
And they'll swiggle down the whiskey.

O when they have launched her off
All from the stocks into the water,
They'll tow her down with sailors bold,
Midst shouts from every quarter,
They'll dance and sing and fiddle away,
Like devils they'll prance and hustle,
A lady vowed she would be there,
If she pawned her boa and bustle.

There will be red-nose Kit from Temple St.
And ugly Nance with Mr. Larket,
And bandy-leg Sue from West Street
Will be toddling down the Old Market,
She swears she will have a good blow out
Of cabbage and greens or I'm mistaken,
Besides some potatoes and cauliflowers,
A sack of peas and a side of bacon.

There'll be tailors, snobs and soldiers there,
With their muskets they'll play some capers,
There'll be flitters too, with hot pea-soup,
And Mr Fubbs with hot baked potatoes,
They'll have, O dear, such a lark,
When the launch is quite over,
They'll drink success to the Great Britain
To the Queen, her son and daughters.

CHORUS.

The largest steam ship in the world,
Is the Great Britain, so free sir,
And she'll be launched July nineteen,
In eighteen hundred and forty three.

THOMAS COOK.

W. Taylor, Printer, 39, Temple Street, Bristol.

1843

An uproar in the Road

OR THE THREATENED

INVASION OF THE STALLS

Oh pray good folks do stop awhile, a song I have to sing you,
Composed by a rum old file, and all the news 'twill bring you;
About this strange and droll affair, the talk of all the nation,
Which I m afraid without great care, will end with desperation.

The Gents of this great thoroughfare, have all combined together,
The 26th they do declare, in spite of wind or weather,
To capsize all the stallish brood, who for their bread is trying,
Or take from them what earns their food, and send them home a crying.

It will be laughable no doubt, and cause a deal of funning,
To see the Shopocrats come out, and like made dogs set running,
All up and down Tot'nham Court Road, like donkies in a passion,
When the Stall folks will take up their load, and walk in grand procession.

Don't talk of Hyde Park Fair my boys, it could be nothing like it,
The Stall Keepers won't part their joys, without some fun to strike it,
And if the Prince should come along, he might call it sedition,
But I can tell him with my song, 'twill bang his Exhibition.

There's Snuffey Bet and Smokey Jack, or what they please to call them,
Have stood the storm a long time back, to chance what might befal them,
Striving to get a livelihood, their little ones to cherish,
But now they want to stop their food, and throw them on the parish.

Poor Uncle Tom, the Martyr Slave, had seen some serious trouble,
But he is dead and in his grave, and gave them all the double,
The Shopkeepers will shortly prove, with Yankees they are equal,
For parish slavery they love, and that is the great sequel.

Disley, Printer, Arthur Street, Oxford Street.

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Rich & Poor Law.



What funny times we see,
When ladies in fine rigging,
Can venture through the streets,
By night and day a prigging.
A Docter's lady gay,
Who out along like fury,
Was placed the other day,
Before a funny jury.

CHORUS.

Jollop, pills, and salts,
She was the things receiving;
A licence ladies got,
To ramble out a theiving.

She nailed the things complete,
The handkerchiefs well fitted,
But oh, so help me bob,
The lady got acquitted.
But you must all agree,
And that you may be sure now,
There's one law for the rich,
And another for the poor now.

Her veil hung down her face
While she stood at the bar sirs,
She seemed in much disgrace,
The counsel he did jaw sir,
They swore it could not be,
lAnd none would be believing,
A lady such as she,
Would never go a thieving.

Handkerchies, a lot
She collard,—what a speck sirs,
To wipe her pretty nose,
And decorate her neck sirs
There neverwas the like
It really is deceiving,
When ladies is allowed,
To go about a thieving.

If a woman very poor,
Who never had a veil sirs,
Only stole a scane of thread,
They'd send her off to jail sirs,
Convicted they would be
Because they have no money,
Six months they'd have to serve,
And play amongst the oskum.

The lovly Mrs. R—m—m,
She went along like fury,
And Mr. B—l—t—e,
Quite overcome the jury.
He went along like bricks.
He said such things there may be,
But all such prigging tricks,
Could not be in a lady.

When at the bar she stood,
Such lots of folks did crowd her,
And the jury turned her up,
Just like a docter's powder,
Together they was packed,
And six was unbelieving,
And swore upon their backs,
No ladies went a thieving.

Although she is discharged,
The thing she'll long deplore now,
There's one law for the rich,
And another for the poor now:
If a lady you can be,
Indeed I'm not deceiving,
A licence you can get,
To roam about a thieving.

SMITH, Printer, Broad-street Berwick-street

LADIES DON'T GO THEIEVING

Oh don't we live in curious times,
You scarce could be beleiving,
When Frenchmen fight and Emperors die,
And Ladies go a theiving.
A beauty of the West-end went,
Around a shop she lingers,
And there upon some handkerchiefs,
She clapped her pretty fingers.

CHORUS

In to the shop she gently popped,
The world is quite deceiving
When ladies have a notion got
To ramble out a thieving.

Thieving is a naughty trade
As I unto you will state,
If a poor man stole a penny loaf
They'd send him off to Newgate;
They would give them six months in jail
'Cause in roguery he was dealing,
But here's a lady in a veil,
Who rambled out a stealing.

Her husband when he heard the news
Received a regular twister,
He vowed he'd bleed and jolop her,
And her pretty fingers blister,
Because she did not steal for want,
Nor was she getting thinner
She had silks to wear, and all things nice,
And did not wanta dinner.

Not very far from Baker Street,
This lady in her rigging,
Went out so grand, you understand.
To have a turn at prigging
But lack-a-daisey she got caught,
The shopman he did mark her,
I say, says he, marm if you please.
Pray what have you been arter.

You have been prigging marm, says he,
Your looks are quite deceiving;
So help me bob you'll go to quod.
For going out a theiving
I would not believe that you could theiv
You've done it marm so clever.
But you are caught as quick as thought
O, Dear did you ever.

The Draper bawled beneath her shawl
What do you mean by this, then
And quickly she was in the hands,
Of a stunning great policeman,
Who walked her off, so help me bob,
She really was deceiving,
And the magistrate sent her to quod,
For going out a theiving.

Now Ladies all take my advice
And you will always find it,
Honesty is the best policy,
Pray Ladies try to mind it,
Don't covet other people's goods,
Or be the least deceiving,
Do what is right, lead a honest life,
And don't go out a theiving.



Account of an Infamous Set of Villains now going about the Streets;

SMITH, Printer, Broad-street Berwick-street

Account of an Infamous Set of Villains now going about the Streets.

PLAISTERING

PEOPLE's MOUTHS UP!

Yesterday evening, about half past seven o'clock, a most diabolical attempt of that nature which has of late occupied so much of the attention of all classes, namely, that of procuring suffocation, by the forcible application of a bituminous plaster to the mouth and nose, was made in Printing-house lane, Blackfriars, in the most daring manner. A young man named Thomas Jenkins, a coal-porter, in the employ of Mr. Chillman, of Upper Thames-street, was sent by his master with a bushel of coals, to a customer in Water-lane. He crossed Printing-house-square and on returning into the lane, just out of the glare of light from the Times Printing-office, two decently dressed ruffians rushed from a court which leads into Playhouse-yard, one of whom seized his arm that was disengaged, while the other placed a large plaister on the front of his face, which completely covered his nose, mouth, and chin. In an instant Jenkins threw down the coals and attempted to dislodge the adhesive plaster, and at the same instant the door of the house near which the attack was made suddenly opened, on which the villians made a hasty retreat one to each of Thames-street, and the other through the court to Playhouse-yard. With some difficulty the plaster were removed, without other injury than forcing the skin from the nether lip.

We understand that an attempt was also made by a genteel dressed young man, on a fine girl, five years old, in Broad-street, St. Giles's last night, who placed a plaister over her mouth, whom the mob severely handled with mud, &c. on his way to the Watch-house.

FOR some time past, the neighbourhood of London has been in great alarm, respecting a report, that some villains have been in the habit of carrying about them a plaister, but what it is made of no one can tell, that whenever they meet a female, they follow her, and when they get an opportunity, one of them holds her arms, while the others put a plaister to her mouth, and robbing her, they decamp. We have been informed, that a poor woman on Friday night was going to the Salmon and Ball, Bethnal-green, for some beer, when she was met by two fellows, who held her arms, & putting a plaister over her mouth, took her money from her pocket, and departed; she ran into a green-grocer's shop, and had it taken off immediately. Another woman, we understand, with her two children, were coming to London, when they were offered a ride by a man in a cart, who, after driving a little way, put the children down in the road, and placed a plaister over the woman's mouth; they tied her arms, and threw her into the bottom of the cart. Two gentlemen passing observed the children crying, and asked them the reason, the children informed them, when they went in search of the cart, and overtaking it, found the poor woman as before described; they immediately took her to a neighbouring surgeon's, when she soon recovered, but we are sorry to say the villain made his escape. Certain it is that several persons have lately disappeared whose sudden absence can be accounted for in no other way, than by the means resorted to by the monster Burke, for the purpose of dissection.

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

OH! what strange things we now do hear,
And it is a sad disaster,
The women are all in a fright,
About this nasty plaister;
And London is all up on end,
From one end to the other,
The women that are out at dark,
Almost tremble at each other.

The women must keep all at home,
And attend upon their master,
And not go roving about the street,
Or they may catch a plaister;
They'll pin your arms behind your back,
And walk you on the faster,
Into your pockets shove their hands,
And over your mouth a plaister.

Oh! what a thing for a gossiping wife,
Twould nicely stop her tongue, sir,
And for the husband who gets drunk,
Won't to the public-house go, sir;
And for the Publicans in won't do,
It is a sad disaster,
For a devil a drop of gin they'll drink,
While they do wear this plaister.

Ye pretty maids in London town,
I'd have you to take care now,
Keep yourselves all close at home,
Or they will stop your mouths, sir:
Then you won't laugh, nor you won't sing,
Oh! it is a sad disaster,
To see a dashing handsome girl,
Her mouth stopped with a plaister.





Comic Medley of

DICK TURPIN.

DICK TURPIN. (MEDLEY.)

In London a long time ago, Dick Turpin he lived you must know,
He was a non-sucher, and he lived at a butcher's, in a place named Whitechapel-road.
As older he grew, so they say, more bolder and daring each day
With his crony Tom King, this famous Turpin, went robbing upon the highway
So if you list to my lay then, while my little time it employs,
I'll sing of those slap-up Highway men, two rattling high-toby boys.

Dialogue.—Now for the way in which Dick and Tom became acquainted.

As bold Turpin rode out one day, a prize for to discover,
He met with a swell gentleman, and commanded him to deliver,
Your money I want, come fork out your blunt, or I'll send this through your liver
With my little pop gun, hand over come, with my—
Whack fol the riddle ri do.

The horseman bowed and laughed aloud, and cried you are mistaken,
What! Don't you know a Toby-man from an old chav bacon?
You'll think it is no sin to coller my tin, but in that you are mistaken,
With your little pop gun, hand over come,
Whack fol the riddle ri do.

Dialogue.—How the devil are you Dick? What! not know me? Put up your barking irons, and save your salt-petre for somebody else. But not know me? Ha! Ha! Pray pray, good Mr. Highwayman, have pity on poor Tom King. Hall Tom, cried Dick, tip us your flipper; suppose we turn our hands to the old 'White Hart'? With all my heart said King. (The 'White Hart,' in Drury Lane, at that time, was the headquarters for highwaymen.)

Air, Uncle Ned.

It was then Turpin and his pals, and a rummy lot of gals,
Sot lushing until their money it got low,
Just a kevil and a rout, and they pushed the bowl about,
Till many on the floor laid low.

Said Turpin it's time for to go.
I've a very fine plant boys I know,
While Oliver sinks pale,
We will rob the Royal Mail.
Before the cock begins for to crow.
Right on to the road had a lot go.

Dialogue.—Bravo Captain Turpin, bravo bravo Captain Turpin, long life and a merry one to Captain Turpin. But you must know Ladies and Gentlemen, that Tom King and Dick Turpin agreed to meet the next day at the 'Red Lion,' in Aldersgate-street, to wait there until night, to go on an expedition. But alas! Frailty, thy name is woman.

Air, Adam and Eve.

For ever since the days of Adam,
Who was deceived by a wicked Madam,
Man's been sold like a lost mutton,
And Dick had a mistress, one Madge Sutton
Who went Tom King and Dick to sell them
And paddled off the traps to tell them,
And showed them where the two were drinking,
And hooked it off herself like winking,
For blood money she'd been itching,
That's why she did the bit of snitching.

Dialogue.—Now snitching in polite critis means nosing or presenting. Now for a mill between Dick, Tom, and the Traps.

Air, Chamois Hunter.

The Bow-street runners, the Bow-street runners, they've nailed Tom at the door
And quickly got him under, but Dick his man did floor,
And mounting his bonny mare, he wheeled her head around,
Tom called on Dick to bullet them, as they bore him to the ground;
Dick glanced along the shining barrel, he saw his pal was pressed
He let fly at the runner, but it entered poor Tom's breast.
Oh! Dick, Dick, oh!—Dick, away, away Dick, my bold daring hunter.

Dialogue.—Drown me, cried Dick Bayes the runner, he's escaped. By Jove. Fifty extra to the man that nails him.

Air, Johnny Cope.

When bold Turpin came to Hanger's-lane, at Tottenham so bonny oh,
With his black mare, he made them stare, as he trotted from a jolly lot of gipsies oh!
All night he rode through Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire and Derbyshire.
The Traps behind him Dick did hear, no nearer in the morning;
Halt Bonny Bess, you're game lass yet,
A rump and a dozen I'll freely bet,
We'll gain York my gallant Bess, before eight in the morning.

Air, Nothing More.

But slowly poor Bess staggered, and Dick had quickly seen,
That her gallant heart was broken, and he knew with anguish keen
How much he had overtasked her, and how bravely she had bore,
Her bold rider out of danger, and she could do nothing more.

Dialogue. And there was nothing more for Dick to do, but to cut his lucky, which he did and got safe off, and he might have lived and been a fine fat old English gentleman—

Air, Too ral laddy,

But Turpin he was bound to swing. Too ral laddy.
Although a very paltry thing, Too ral laddy.
He got a drop too much one day, Too ral laddy.
He shot a game cock's life away, Too ral laddy.
For that they put him in the blackhole, Too ral laddy.
They discovered he was Turpin the bold, Too ral laddy
All through that drop he did touch, Too ral laddy.
He died you must know of a drop too much Too ral laddy.
At the end of a string they gave him a swing, Too ral laddy.
And this is all that I can sing Too ral laddy,
Of Dick Turpin the bold. Too ral laddy.

W. S. FORTEY, Printer & Publisher, 2 & 3, Monmouth Ct.

1842

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

V  R

Now listen to me and I'll sing you a ditty,
If it don't make you laugh, the more is the pity,
The Queen, you all know, has not been to the City,
Since she opened new Blackfriars Bridge.
But she is coming to day, and here's health and long life to her,
The Prince of Wales, and all that belong to her,
And jolly good luck to old Dr. Jenner,
For he is a jolly old brick.

Chorus.

Then shout, lads and lasses, and let it be seen,
With streamers a flying, red, white, blue and green,
Once more to the City we'll welcome the Queen,
And drink jolly good health to the Prince.

People are coming from every quarter,
Coster's and donkeys from over the water,
Moses from petticoat lane and his daughter,
Are all coming to look at the Queen.
Banners and flags in the streets will be flying,
Old Mother Gums will be there too a crying
Good luck to the Queen for now she trying,
To make us a jolly good day.

The Attorney-Gen. will be here to day, sir
And fat Roger Tichborne as well, so they say, sir,
He will ride on a horse that he found in Australia,
At the end of a string, so they say.
The judge and the jury for a breath of fresh air,
Are going to St. Paul's for an hour or two's prayer,
An agreeable change, so they all declare,
To the humbug of Westminster Hall.

Mother Brown says she'll come on the Tramway to meet her,
She won't give the steam-boats a chance for to cheat her,
For they stuck in the mud just two miles up the river.
When she last came to look at the Queen
Mrs. Green, Mrs. White, and some friends will come with her,
And when it's all over they'll all have some dinner,
Of turnips and treacle, and fried bullock's liver,
When they've all had a look at the Queen

There is Betsy the cook, and young Polly Myles,
They'll turn out to day in best bonnets and smiles,
And ribbons, I am sure, there is over two miles,
Bought on purpose to go and see the Queen.
There is Jerry the tinker, and Billy the snob,
They swear on that they won't touch a job
Bill has got his coat out of pawn that was in for two bob,
To go and have a look at the Queen.

At Sandringham, all the mowers and reapers,
The ploughmen and carters are cutting their capers,
They're coming to have a blow out of roast bullock and taters,
And drink to the Prince in strong beer.
The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, artful old sinners,
When they've heard all the prayers, they'll all go to dinner,
Alderman Gobble got about two stone thinner,
When he heard that the Prince was ill

W. S. FORTEY, Steam Printer, Monmouth Court.

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THE ROYAL VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE.

1847

The Queen and Prince Albert are both coming down,
To see the good people of Cambridge town,
They'll visit the alley, the lanes, and streets,
And converse with the blooming young damsels so sweet;
And while they're in Cambridge they'll lodge at the Hoop.
Where the people will follow in wonderful groups,
There's collegians and ladies so fine in the mob,
Duke Nosey, Jack Russell, and wonderful Bob.

The Queen and Prince Albert is coming you see,
To Cambridge to treat the young ladies to tea
They're coming to Cambridge attended by groups,
To dine at sweet Barnwell, and lodge at the Hoop.

The Queen and her husband is coming they say,
To cheer up the people the fifth of July,
When the ladies of Cambridge will dress out so cute,
With bustles, white petticoats, stockings, and boots,
With a veil like a cabbage net, handsome and smart,
And a bonnet as flat as the tail of a cart,
With their whiskers so fine, and their earrings so bright,
To entice bonny Albert away from his wife

There is thousands a jumping from every place
Ponies and donkeys a running a race,
Cherries and gooseberries, apples and toys,
Gingerbread puddings and black saveloys;
Pushing and squeezing, and driving away,
Pray Mr. Bounceable, what do you say?
Why Victoria looks charming, and Albert looks well,
In Cambridge and Barnwell they're going to dwell.

Now Albert is Chancellor of Cambridge so gay
They will make him a Bishop next midsummer day,
He will serve all the poor folks of Cambridge with soup,
Hot beef steaks and onions, and live at the Hoop;
And when our Queen has a beautiful son,
Old women to Cambridge like winking shall run,
To cheer up the people, and whistle so keen
Prince Albert for ever! and God save the Queen.

If the Queen and Prince Albert agree to stay here,
The Queen shall be Chancellor, and Albert be Mayor,
Old women past sixty & men shall be wed,
If they have but one eye, and no teeth in their head;
Twenty-seven large buns we shall get nice and hot,
With a yard fresh butter so nice for a groat,
We'll grind old women young as I now will unfold,
And policemen have rolling pins made of gold

You lads and lasses come cheer up so gay,
And shout you collegians, Victoria, huzza!
To the great University she will repair,
Long life to the Queen, & success to the Mayor
Let the city rejoice and the bells merry ring
Old women shall dance, and the fiddle shall sing,
Their health we'll drink in fam'd ginger pop,
Victoria for ever! and taters all hot.

The Queen and Prince Albert are coming so gay,
To Cambridge great city awhile for to stay
Then holla you ladies of Cambridge so keen
Hot biscuits and butter, and God save the Queen.

BIRT, Printer, 59, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials, London.

QUEEN'S VISIT FRANCE

THE QUEEN'S BALL,

On Friday, June 6th 1845

At the end of a string, so they say.
The judge and the jury for a breath of fresh air,

Alderman Gobble got about two stone thinner,
When he heard that the Prince was ill

looks well,
In Cambridge and Barnwell they're going to dwell.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials, London.

QUEEN'S VISIT TO FRANCE



You bonny pretty English girls
Your Mamm's I'm going to harrass,
Oh what a lark I lately had
Among the bucks of Paris,
A son and daughter I shall have
As fine as e'er was seen ey
The boy shall be Napoleon called
And the little girl Eugenie.

CHORUS,

have been to France to learn to dance,
With Frenchmen we was mingling,
Now Vic and Albert is returned
Once more to bonny England,

From Osborne boldly we set sail
Our hearts did beat in motion,
The wind it blew a pleasant gale,
And glorious looked the ocean
And when we landed at Bolougne
Napoleon loud did roar, there
Three times he kissed me on the cheek,
Than sung 'God bless Victoria'

The guns did fire the bells did ring
The cannon balls did rattle
Young men and maids did sweetly sing
Then the soldiers had a battle
The snips and snobs so help my bobs
Was mounted on french ponies
Me and Albert had a frigasee
Then a stumping macaronie

There was blazing lights all through the night
The doors broke off thier hinges
When all the pretty maidens knees
Was covered over with fringes
The men had all got hairy lips
Then whistled sweet mar blue, sirs
They cheered me gaily all the way
Then hallowed Parley Vous, sir

The Fenchmen used me very well
They showed me sights and wonders
My Albert he was frightened and
Eugenies, bed crept under
I thought with her he was in love
I thought he did adore her
I thought that he had ran away
And left his own Victoria.

When again on pleasure we do go.
As sure as rogues are witches
I will put a chain upon his legs
And a padlock on his britches,
The naughty little german dog.
He said he had abt seen me,
If he'd a chance had run away
Along with sweet Eugenie.

Well, now we'd had a grand flare up,
The like was seen not never,
The kind french folks did laug and joke,
With "Anglais" for ever
The sights love, seen dshave your Queen
So sweetly did delight her
We went to France to have a dance
And Bull must pay the piper,

W. Davis, (late Paul's,) Printer, 16, Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury.

1858

THE QUEEN'S BALL,

On Friday, June 6th, 1845.

I'm going to tell you one and all,
The rich, the poor, the great and small,
About Victoria's fancy Ball,
So ancient and so tidy;
The dresses surely was a show,
Fashions of one hundred years ago,
Oh! what a lark, gee up gee wo,
Victoria had last Friday.

CHORUS.

Oh! was not it a splendid sight,
To see the nobles with delight,
In ancient dress and jewels bright,
Go to the Ball on Friday.

The ladies wore their hoops so big,
With stomachers and powdered wigs,
And little velvet hats like pigs,
And frills made hey down diddle;
Oh! knock me down a tailor cried,
There's Edgworth Bess all in her pride,
Jack Sheppard sitting by her side,
And Turpin in the middle.

The men were dress'd, now mark my words
With three cocked hats, bagged wigs, and swords,
The marquisses, dukes, earls, and lords,
Wore ancient boots and breeches;
There coats were made as you shall hear,
Like a collegeman I do declare,
And deck'd with jewels fine and rare,
Which cost great store of riches.

The Queen of Spain & the Duke of France
Unto Victoria did advance,
To have a jump, flare up, and dance,
With lots of curious jokers;
They jump'd about, oh! what a spree,
Just like a lot of bugs and fleas,
Victoria danced the Polanese,
And Albert jumped the Polka.

The ladies hoops, oh! dear, oh! laws,
Did such a great obstruction cause,
Nine ladies fell and smashed their nose,
And holloaed cock-a-lorum;
Then in popped Jemmy G—m slap,
With his bag wig and three cocked hat,
And Bobby got in his rat trap,
Singing Tullochgorum.

Lord and Lady S—y gay,
Did foot it out and jig away,
While B—m did the bagpipes play,
No piper e'er was bolder;
Then in came M—h and B—h,
Old Joey H—e and Lady C—w,
And the old Prince of Waterloo,
With a musket on his shoulder.

They up and down the room did flout,
Jig away and foot it out,
The powdered wigs did fly about,
And some got in the passage;
But an old duchess high gee wo,
Out for a little air did go,
And she fell down and broke her toe,
Over a German sausage.

Some was smothered all in paint,
Some did squeak and some did faint,
Some cried as gentle as a saint,
Upon the floor I must roll;
Some danced to Scotch and foreign airs,
Kick away and Bergami pears,
Some was dancing on the stairs,
And others in the dust hole.

And as the morning did advance,
The Duchess De Nemours of France,
Said to the Queen as she advanced,
It's time to give to give them warning;
To leave this great and fancy Ball,
The lords and ladies down did fall,
And lawk a day began to bawl,
We won't go home till morning.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

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THE VICTORIA CROSS



Our sodliers and our sailors,
In happiness and bloom,
With lightsome heart haste to Hyde Park
On the twenty sixth of June
To meet the Queen of England,
With her subjects gathered round,
And for their gallent conduct
She with laurels will them crown.

Hussa, Hussa, Hussa
Queen Victoria's on the ground
Where her gallent tars and soldiers
She will with laurels crown,

The lads who fought for honour
And did no danger fear
Who made their enemies to run,
And beat the Russian bear
Who boldly stood all hardships
By land and on the sea
And would never give in untill
They grieved the victory.

Her army and her navy,
Queen Victoria meets in bloom
And on each breast she'll place a cross
The twenty sixth of June,
Long may live to wear it,
And never know disdain
If again they should be wantek
They'll for honour fight again.

What lots of blooming damsels
Are running from afor
Some thinks to get a soldier
And some a bold Jack Tar

There was a farmer Daughter
Twice as big as a brewers horse
So gay and keen to ask the queen
For a Victoria's Cross.

Ea lies mind your pockets
Are you surely will be done,
Some coveys goes a picking
Others takes them as they come,
Oh luck a day old Sally said
The villians shall hot rob me
have got my money in a bag
Tied underneat my knee.

God save the queen of England
We will cheer them three times three
With her soldiers and her sailors
Who can fight by land and sea.
Who can make all tyrants tremble
And crush them to the ground,
And who shall never dare insult,
Brittanis noble crown.

This day we shall remember
When some thousands hastned soon
With a joyful heart to famed Hyde Park
On the twenty sixth of June
Heres our army and our navy
Who shall ever honoured be
And the flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze

Dover, Printer, 18 Great St Andrew Street 7 Dials

ENGLAND'S QUEEN, & WARRIORS.



In St. James' Park so gay and smart
What glorious sights are seen,
Our wounded British heroes,
Reviewd by England's Queen;
All London town and country round
Is seeming all alive,
This eighteenth day of May,
In eighteen hundred & fifty five

CHORUS.

Our Queen the medals did present
To our soldiers and our tars,
Who bled and fought for glory,
In the great Russian Wars.

Some had one eye one arm one leg
Who in the wars had bled,
And Mrs, Crisp declared she saw,
Nineteen without a head.
Who had been wounded in the wars
Where bravery was seen,
So now receives the medals from,
Their gracious little Queen.

A pleasure and an honour,
It was to every man,
To feel Victoria's finger touch
Their weather beaten hand
No one can tell their feelings,
They forgot all care and pain,
And lord did cry we'll fight and die
For England once again.

I saw a dashing countess,
They called her Lady Jane,
She dwells in a large mansion,
Near the bottom of Park Lane.
She went to claim a medal,
While so surly she did look,
For fighting of her scullery maid,
Then knocking down her cook.

CHORUS.

Behold our gallent veterans,
Who so delighted seem,
Receiving of their medals,
From Britania's glorious queen.

If we'd Gorthescoff and Menshicoff
Right in St. Jame's Park,
Old England's gallent veterans,
Would show them such a lark,
They would put them in the cannons mouth,
Then blow them in the air,
And send them to eternity,
With Nick the Russian Bear,

Cheer up you pretty maidens,
That's over sweet fifteen,
Flare up and be a soldier,
To fight for England's queen.
Come Nelly, Nancy, Mary,
Jenny, Sally, Bet and Peg.
For you shall have a medal, when
They've shot away your legs.

Come now fill up a bumper,
Now let harmony be seen,
Here's to our gallent veterans,
And Victoria England's queen,
They in the field of battle did,
Their duty nobly do.
Play with delight the drum and fife
The sweet Red, White and Blue

CHORUS

Here's England's queen for ever,
Who presented grand and gay
The medals to her warriors,
On the eighteenth day of May.

PAUL, Printer, Great Sa. Andrew Street,

Are rubbing from afar
Some thinks to get a soldier
And some a cold Jack Tar

Dover, Printer, 18 Great St Andrew Street & Dials

Dan Tucker's Dream of the Queen

And the Corn Bill.

A funny ditty, I am going to ben,
About the Queen and her parliament men,
Like devils to her they all did splutter,
About the fishes, the rolls and butter.

CHORUS.

Get out of the way says Vic so all pert,
Oh, how she blow'd up lovely Albert,
She collared hold of a German sausage,
And beat poor Abert round the passage.
Get out of the way.

In went the Prince of Waterloo,
Saying lovely lady how do you do?
Quite comical then Victoria felt,
And whopp'd old nosey with his belt.

She stormed, no laby could be bolder,
Get out of the way, you Waterloo soldier,
Then at him she went so gay and cosey,
And out of the door, she sent old Nosey.

Then in went next Sir Bobby Peel,
When oh! how comical she did feel,
She collar'd the poker and broke his back,
And shoved his head in a rat trap.

Get out of the way, she hollowed Bobby,
Bang she sent him through the lobby,
You must open the gates, or I'm mistaken,
And feed the people with bread and bacon.

Jimmy Graham next, as brisk as a bee,
Went in to visit her Majesty
She beat him till his ribs was sore,
And laid him under the cupboard door,.

She cried you shall not rule the roast man,
Get out of the way you naughty old post-man,
My orders are laid down before ye,
Peels, Radicals, Whigs and Tories.

Next toddled in my Lord Buceleugh,
Cockburn, Stanley Lincoln too
She cried no longer you shall rule,
You are all a set of rogues and fools,
She cried you've made a pretty fuss then,
Get out of the way, you drigs & dustmen,
You hve kicked up a pretty row & bother.
You are a dozen of one & twelve of another.

When with the Tories she had done,
Into the parlour jumped little John,
And he with joy could scarcely stand.
Saying do you want a servant man.

Then out of her stays she pulled her bustle.
Oh, how she beat Lord John Russell,
She said you think yourself so cleever,
You are all a lot of fools together.

In toddled next that handsome man,
Who treats the ladies with legs of lamb'
I will work my lady, he said so meek,
If you will me grub, and a bob a week,

No said Vic. thro' you a rumpus made,
You had better go and serve the ladies,
Then up she collared the greasy dishes,
And nicely greased his lordship's breeches.

Tommy Duncombe next went into the room,
With Doctor Wakley and Joey Hume,
Poor Duncombe & Wakley she did fleece,
And choked old Joey with a fourpenny piece.

She pelted them with coals and clinkers,
Get out she said, you rouges and tinkers,
Drive me mad, I'm sure you soon will,
go to the devil both you & your corn bill.

The next came in was Ireland's Dan,
With a big shillalegh in his hand,
He frightened her so, she fell in a sleep,
And she did not come too again for a week.

Get out of the way, I'm no repealer,
Neither merchant, factor, or corn dealer,
Go to Ireland and play your capers,
And feed the people on sprats and taters.

But after all as may be seen
The devil a one can please the Queen,
Like Bobby Peel and his jovial crew,
And the great old hero of Waterloo.
Get out of the way, says Vic. &c.

PRINCE ALBERT AND THE COAL EXCHANGE

E. HODGES, Printer, (fom E. PITT's) Wholesale Toy Warehouse, 31, Dudley Street, 7 Dials.

Air—I wish I had never got married.

YOU lads and you lasses so gay,
Now keep yourselves tidy and sober,
And never forget the grand day,
The thirtieth day of October.
When the Queen and Prince Albert so grand,
With their little dear sons and their daughter,
Will alliget in a boat at Whitehall,
And go down to the city by water,
To open the New Coal Exchange.

To tell you about the concern,
It is Queen Victoria's desire then,
Her pocket is got very low,
Through her journey to Scotland and Ireland,
So see them along go so gay,
Throw open your doors and your windows,
A coal shed they've took, people say,
To retail out Newcastles and cinders.
A coal porter Albert will be.

Such a sight sure there has not been seen,
Believe me my friends there has never,
As there is to see England's Queen,
In a collier so gay on the river.
Not a gun must be fired that day,
Not a barge or a boat must be stopping,
But they must be all cleared away,
Three miles and a half below Wapping.
Won't that be a glorious sight.

The dukes lords and ladies so gay,
Will whistle and sing when they've started,
And when they arrive near the key,
They will anchor near Billingsgate market.
And then all on shore they will go,
To be gazed at by wise folks and simple,
Where they will have a good blow out of crabs,
Of oysters, red herrings, and winkles.
Move on and get out of the ways.

Just behold on the river so grand,
When the steamers so gallant and racket
Prince Al and his son both do stand
On the decks in a new flannel jacket.
The captain hawls off heave a-head,
Then gently he hollows out ease her,
While the company gloriously shout,
Make way for the royal coalheaver.
Prince Albert and his little boy.

To the brim they will fill up a sack,
And drink a good health to the nation,
Then claps it on Prince Albert's back,
What a change it will be in the station.
There will be dukes earls and marquises too,
Coal mercnants, silk weavers, and waiters,
When Al will put on his smock frock,
Knee breeches, white stockings, and gaiters.
A coal merchant Albert will be.

Let us hope they will have a good trade,
And be able to flare up like flinders,
There is many a fortune has made
By wetting the coals and the cinders.
Prince Albert will not be compelled,
To carry the sacks but he'd rather,
And the young Prince of Wales will be there,
For to measure the coals with his father.
Seven pounds for a penny, good weight.

When they get to the New Coal Exchange,
Prince Al and his son loud will sing sir,
And their voices will echo and sound,
From the Custom House quay down to Windsor
The Queen was not able to come,
So at home they was forced for to leave her,
And don't you think Al and his son,
Are two out and out stunning coalheavers.
Old women stand out of the way.

I'VE GOT WHAT I WANTED



Oh did you see the glorious sight,
Which filled the nation with delight,
The wedding which did shine so bright
Of the Princess Royal of England.
Such lots of Foreigners did come
Prince Hohenloe and Bumpty Bum,
The king and queen of Humphy Fum,
All the world that day was there
With their faces covered over with hair
At the wedding of that lady fair
The Princess Royal of England

Hussa, Hussa, the knot was tied
The tea was made, the fish was fried
The Prussian Prince and his sweet bride,
The Princess Royal of England

Now we are married Fred shall me please
So out in the garden and plant the peas
Fight the bugs and wallop the fleas,
For the Princess Royal of England
He shall pat the baby on his lap
Put on his napkins, frock, and hat,
And when he has fed the dear with pap
He shall carry him upon his back
Then I'd buy my Fred an Albert chain,
With a handsome silver mounted cain
And a three-penny shirt in Petticoat Lane,
Will the Princess Royal of England

Such a glorious sight was never seen,
But at the marriage of England's Queen
It beat the wedding of Ballyporeen
The Princess Royal of England
The ladies were so gay and fine,
A large bustle and a crinoline.
That was so big oh what a lark
They could'nt get through St. James's Park
Pretty girls sung with delight,
Oh there was never such a charming sight
Come let us all get married to night
With the Princess Royal of England

Cock a doodle doodle doo
Freddy cleans my boots and shoes
Theres plenty of little joes to do
For the Princess Royal of England
Put a border on my cap
Dust the carpet beat the mat
Get the flannell and clean the room,
Put a handle in the broom
Kill the spiders roast the cheese
Make the bed get rid of the fleas
Do all you can my love to please,
The Princess Royal of England

I have soldiers, sailors, boats and ships
Tinkers, gleziers, snobs and snips,
Wheelbarrows, waggons, carts and whips,
The Princess Royal of England
I have wheat and barley, harrows and ploughs
Donkeys, horses, dukes and cows,
Pigs and ganders, blankets, rugs,
Pans, pots, and pails and washing tubs
I have got a handsome bonnet and fall
A crinoline, a bustle and shawl
And Old John Bull must pay for all
For the Pridoess Royal of England.

All I wanted was a handsome man
To take me to a distant land
And Prussian Fred did gain the hand,
Of the Princess Royal of England
Oh the day that I was made a wife
Was the happiest day in all my life
So it would be a burning shame
To wish I was a maid again
But a maid again I never shall be
You pretty maids do just like me
My husband will so happy be
With the Princess Royal of England

THE ROYAL LITTLE DEARS WANT

Tune.---"Pretty Little Dear."



COME all my loving subjects of every degree,
In England, Ireland, and Scotland, wherever you may be,
I'm going to be married, I am turned seventeen,
I'm like my royal mother, I want to be a queen.

I am your Princess Royal,
Handsome, charming, sweet and gay,
And you must buy me all those little things,
Against my wedding day.

I want so many articles, and buy them now you must,
For at my royal wedding there will be a pretty fuss
I want a handsome crinoline of Californian gold so bright,
And I want a Prussian husband to cuddle me at night

I want some chairs and tables, and a new Jack Shep paid hat,
Some napkins and a cradle and a thing to hold the pap
I want a silver bustle large, and a counterpane all red
And a handsome little what's a name, underneath the bed.

I want a silver frying pan, of crockeryware a lot,
I want a silver poker, and I want a golden pot,
I want a kitchen fender, and I want a german broom.
If my husband does not please me well, I will wop him round the room.

I want some sheets and blankets, and a bottle to hold gin,
I want a silver tea-pot and I want a rolling pin;
I wont handsome candlestick to light us up to bed,
And I want a muslin nightcap for my dear husband head.

I want a little spaniel for to play upon my lap,
A magpie, an i poll parrot, and a little tabby cat;
And when I'm nine months married, oh, how happy shall I be,
I shall want a little girl and boy to dandle on my knee

I want a pail and scrubbing brush, plates and dishes such a lot,
A flannel and a washing tub a pitcher and a mop,
I want some german sausages and rabbits nicely d
And I want a large clothes basket for to fetch h Chelsea buns.

I want nine yards of calico, I want a new silk shaw
I want a farthing needle and a halfpenny cotton ba
A wood n horse to dry my clothes I also shall desir
And I want a farthing's worth of wood to light the parlour fire.

I want a fine perambulator, made of silver, ash, and popham,
To draw about our little kids, I mean when we got 'em,
I want a little monkey with my little girls to to,
And I want a great big donkey for to please my li boy.

I want all pretty maidens to be advised by me,
All you that's aged seventeen, oh! quickly marr
For if you don't you'll rue it, right sore I am afraid
So get a man now while you can, say, never die a m

My husband wants a pair of boots, that will keep o the dirt,
A pair of muslin breeches, and a good strong ca shirt.
He wants some John Bull coppers, for to keep aw all strife,
I want a loving husband, and he sadly wan a a wi

I wish that I was married, I really do, oh dear!
The —th day of January, that will soon be here,
I wish it was to-morrow, it would fill me with del
I am seventeen come Sunday, oh! I long to be a w
Then like your Princess Royal,
Pray get married pretty girls,
I would not live a single life,
No, not for all the world.

E. M. A. Hodges, Printer, Wholesale Toy & M
Warehouse, 26, Grafton Street, Soho, L

320

The Queen's PRESENTS.

Neesom, Printer, 166, Brick Lane, Spitalfields.

What curious fancies emanate from different people's brains—
Though Fashions seem to have the sway still Folly holds the reins.
Our rage is now with high or low, (our country friends I mean)—
In trying which can send the strangest present to the Queen!
Fol de rol, &c.

Just scan the daily papers, & you'll find each one to speak
Of the num'rous presents Queen Victoria's blest with every week;
Dogs, monkeys, pigs, & short-tail'd cats a large cheese too, they say,
Which is so big, 'twould make a box, to stow the rest away. [Fol de rol.

The first upon the Catalogue, a cat some lady sent,
The Queen receiv'd it graciously, yet on a joke seem'd bent—
Says she, 'our palace has no mice, yet puss we'll not refuse,
So send her to the stables, she's most suited for the mews.' Fol de rol. &c.

The next a brace of guinea pigs, came all the way from York,
Her Majesty on hearing this, exclaim'd "I don't like pork!'
'But they're guinea pigs, my dear, says ma, so don't the present shun,
You're only worth a crown, you know, they're each worth one pound one.'

'But stop, mamma, said little Vic. don't calculate so fast—
Just listen, and I'll quickly prove, I'm worth the most at last;
I'm a sovereign by myself, you see—of that you can't me rob—
Which together with my crown of course make five-&-twenty bob.

Of the Great West Pennard Cheese, which is the mightiest present yet,
For the longer time they keep it—the more mitey it will get;
She says she'll scoop the inside out, for poor folks and their brats,
And send away the peel for baiting traps to catch the rats. Fol de rol.

To keep these vermin from attacking, ere the cheese gets cut,
They've sent a present of some cats—at least, they're cats—all but
A tail each, for to give them one it didn't nature please.
But Queen Vic says 'tis heads, not tails that can protect her cheese.

Now short-tail'd cats are quite the vogue for ladies of high station
Are cutting their poor cats' tails off, in all parts of the nation.
Furriers in the wholesale way, are growing rich, 'tis said,
While the poor cats are left, egad! to seek a re-tail trade. (Fol de rol.

Now last and best of all the rest, I must name as I sing—
Is one that youthful Albert brought, I mean a plain gold ring;
Our pretty Queen accepted it, and that without a frown,
And just by way of recompence, she gave him—half a crown. Fol de rol.

Now master Albert was no fool, for very well he knew,
That Viccy couldn't take the ring, unless she took him too;
She's done so, therefore let us hope, in principles he'll suit her,
Forget the past and wish this present, a blessing for the future.

And now let's sing, God Save the Queen my song from joke I'll free it,
May she and Albert both live long, and we all live to see it.
And may we unshackled be, in freedom's path to range,
And find our Queen a sovereign, we may never wish to change.

THE HONEST POLICEMAN OF MITCHAM.



Some Policemen are right honest men,
And some we know are gluttons,
Some Cookey darling courting goes,
To taste her roasted mutton;
Some can twirl the rolling pin.
If girls should them draw nigh, sir,
Some are fond of Rabbit skins,
And some of Rabbit-pie, sir.

The Sergeant in the parlour lived,
And his lady in the kitchen,
And such a game they carried on,
Good-lack-a-day at Mitcham.

A house the Sergeant had to keep,
It at least for to look after,
He was a guardian of the peace,
And had a wife and daughter;
Such a lot of property was there,
Belonging to Captain Higgins,
And so it seems the Sergeant, and,
His lady went a-prigging.

They took the sofas, and the beds,
The blankets and the cradles,
The silver plate, the chamber mug,
Chairs and mahogany tables:
Two hundred sovereigns' worth of goods,
Piano-forte, and shawls, sir,
And then for safety placed it in,
The hands of Uncle Balls, sir.

The neighbours say they had as much,
As they could well desire,
And then to hide the wicked deed,
They set the place on fire;
The Captain of his rights,
They did so nicely fleece him,
But great suspicion fell upon,
The Sergeant of policemen.

The Sergeant thought to nut his stick,
And bolt across the water,
But Justice the Policeman caught,
His honest wife and daughter;
Alas! poor Bob, is gone to quad,
And that I know won't suit him,
They know him well at Mitcham and
In Merton, and in Tooning.

Pow soon he will his trial take,
And hard bull-beef be munching,
He will lose his lantern, coat and cape
And curse his wooden truncheon
To steal another's goods his hands and
Fingers were a itching
And he will rue and look so blue,
About the job at Mitcham.

Poor Sergeant Bob is gone to quad
A place that does not suit him
They knew him well all Merten round
In Mitcham and in Tooting.

E. Hodges, Printer, Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse 31, Dudley St, Dials

THE

POLICE-MAN

Who Boned the Mutton

I SING, I sing, of times gone over,
When men and women lived in clover,
When through the streets allfolks could walk sir
With friends to gossip and to talk, sir;
But now, Oh dear! we shall be undone,
With those Policemen now in London,
The public do the Policemen scorn, sir,
They are stealing mutton in every corner.

Oh dear! alarming now is this then.
Pray, what do you think of Peel's Policemen

There is barbers, coblers, prigs, and tailors,
Hearth-stone sellers, soldiers, sailors,
Costermongers and running dustmen,
All are now made new Policemen;
They are not acquainted with much law, sir,
A rougher act you never saw, sir,
Fine men I'm sure for our protection,
There's Policemen now in the house of correction

A Policeman is stationed now in Newgate,
What for, to you, I soon will relate,
Not contented with his pay, the glutton
Went and stole a loin of mutton;
The Butcher caught him in a hurry,
Which put the Policeman in a flurry,
He thought to bolt towards the east, man,
But the Butcher collar'd the new Policeman.

In Newgate cells he is now lamenting,
For stealing mutton he is now repenting,
A shocking fellow, I must own, sir,
He stole the meat in Sommer's Town, sir;
In Newgate he awhile must dwell, sir,
While others remain in Clerkenwell, sir,
Where they will get no pleasant feast then,
Now what do you think of this Policeman.

The people do not feel contented,
With this strange plan Peel has invented,
They call on them for sums of money,
Which you must own appears quite funny;

They were surely taxed enough before, sir,
But the Police will tax them ten time more, sir
Peel's new invention very strange is,
We hope ere long to see some changes.

Active men are now discharged from Bow-street
In their place Police-men now you will meet,
Their stations filled by Peelers,
Body-snatchers and mutton-stealers;
They are men that will not stand much chaffing,
They will take the people up for laughing,
And will lock you up all night in durance,
Oh, dear, they must have great assurance.

To see them on a Sunday morning,
Giving every Publican warning—
To close their houses very early,
They will not at all with them deal fairly.
It would strike you all with great amazement,
To see them push the people off the pavement,
If you offend you ll get a month at least then,
These are the rigs of Peel's Police-men.

Oh dear! Oh dear! this alteration,
Will quite astonish all the nation,
And with Mr. Peel's intrusion,
Has drove the people to confusion;
Men they have got I do declare, sir,
Who never had a coat to wear, sir,
There is some who now has good protection,
Some in Newgate, & in the House of Corection

Oh dear! I say upon my life, sir,
A new Police-man took a wife, sir,
Because he single long had tarried,
Now scarce six months they have been married
When he went home the other night, sir,
His wife did surely him affright, sir,
The mid wife says, you must keep peace then,
Your wife is confined with a young Police-man

He cursed and swore, and he did caper,
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Printed by T. BIRT, No. 10, Great St. Andrew-Street, Seven Dials.

The Prigging Policeman of Portland Street.



I am in a mess I must confess
In grief I do deplore sirs
I am a D policeman in distress
And number 74 sirs
In Great Portland street I did reside
Kind friends I was deceiving
And very soon I shall be tried
Because I took to stealing

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The house I well did fleece then
In Ireland they collared me
Oh what a sad policeman

What they said o lawk when caught in Cork
Appeared to me like latin
Five sunning boxes I did prig
And a lot of silks and satins
Ladies veils and fallderols
Frocks like a large balloon sir
Silver knives and silver forks
And lots of silver spoons sirs

Oh I have such a stunning lot
When I London bid good bye sirs
Cigars and gin a rolling pin
A goose and a rabqit pie sirs
I was a guardian of the peace
Number seventy-four D now
Tis an awful job they call I bob
What will become of me now

An honest man they thought I was
And they was much mistaken
They set a theif to catch a theif
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I made to jump like bees sirs
All men are honest till found out
That was the way with me sirs

I bolted off to Ireland
I acted very shabby
All right says I I'll cut my ketch
No catches bogs no have ey
But I got caught as quick as thought
The Irish peelers still'd me
There is scobbed sheep in every flock
And so there allways will be

When the Irish peelers collared me
He would not let me loose sirs
He held me like a rabbit pie
And a big old Peckham sirsgeose
He looked at me all right says he
You are nailed says I am undone
I was brought complete to Portland street
They have got me fast in London

I wish I was in Portland street
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With a leather belt around my waist
And in my hand a truncheon
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I have played some funny capers,
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THE LAMENTATION IN NEWGATE OF THE

POLICE-MAN,

Who Boned the Mutton

I ONCE was a Policeman
By the act of Mr. Peel,
But the effects of Justice
I now severely feel.
O pity my condition,
Good people one and all,
An unfortunate Police-Man,
O pity my downfall.

CHORUS.

O the mutton!
That fatal bit of mutton!
For ever I must rue the day,
I bon'd the piece of mutton!

I never meant to steal it,
I solemnly declare,
But that cruel greasy Butcher
Did hard against me swear.
I intended to have paid him,
It is true, upon my life,
As soon as I had been and shewed
The mutton to my wife.

I straightway sent to Newgate was,
My trial to await,
Because they swore in Sommers Town,
I stole a piece of meat.
They robbed me of my uniform,
And said I was a glutton,
Thus one and all, both great and small,
Cried out—"Who stole the mutton!"

When my trial it came on,
At the bar they did me place,
When the Judge and Jury very hard
Did stare me in the face.
The Butcher very hard did swear,
But I did not care a button,
Until they found me guilty
Of stealing a piece of mutton!

The Jury found me guilty,
O cruel, and alas!
That Butcher came from Sommers Town
And swore quite hard and fast.
That his stinking bit of mutton
I intended for to steal,
I only meant to take it,
I'll be judged by Mr. Peel.

The Judge and Jury thus did say—
"We are certain, Mr. Jones,
"You intended for to take away
"Both mutton, meat and bones.
"You did not steal the meat for want
"To pay you was not willing,
"When you stole the meat, you had
"In your pocket fifteen shillings!"

I hope for my misfortunes
You will not on Police-Men frown,
And no reflections cast on me
For what occurred in Sommers Town
For Mr. Peel's new uniform,
I do not care a fig,
It grieves me for to hear them say,
I did the mutton prig.

My father was a jolly blade,
My mother she was drown'd,
My wife I hope will not go off,
To travel the country round.
My brother's in Van Dieman's land,
My sister fortunes tell,
And for a bit of mutton,
I must in confinement dwell.

Now you have my misfortunes heard,
I hope you'll pity me,
Think on my sad condition
When you do Police-Men see.
You may know them by their coat & hat
Their truncheons, and their buttons,
So pray beware, and do take care,
You never touch the mutton!

CHORUS.

Mutton! Mutton!
That fatal bit of mutton!
Oh! what I am enduring,
For that little bit of mutton!

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

THE

Police-Men

ON DUTY.

O LIST awhile good people all,
I will not detain you long now,
The Police-men, they are all the talk,
As every person well know ;
On duty they have been a week,
In many parts of London.
If they did not that employ seek.
Why they would be all undone.

CHORUS.

Now Charlies keep your spirits up,
You never will be undone,
We wish to see you on your beats,
Once more all over London.

There is Tinkers, Tailors, Barber's Clerks,
Snobs, Prigs, and Running Dustmen,
And some that loiter'd in the dark,
Are now made New Police-men;
Three parts are Tailors out of four,
Whose trade has long been slack then,
And some that never had a coat
Before upon their back then.

As I walked down St. Martin's Lane,
Upon last Wednesday morning,
The truth I now will tell you plain,
'Twas just as day was dawning ;
A Police-man I saw rolling drunk,
O dear how I did laugh, sir,
To see him hammer on the stones,
Until he broke his staff, sir.

There is Dick that sold the hearth-stones once
Was rolling in the gutter,
Now he's a Police-man, he can bounce,
And scarce will let you utter ;
One of his pals he chanced to meet,
Leading a dancing monkey,
Why, Dick, says he, I'll take my oath,
'Twas you that stole my donkey.

O what a figure some did cut,
How they did dance and caper,
The truth of this I have no doubt,
You have read it in the paper ;
One sold his coat, one sold his boots,
One his trowsers and his hat, sir,
One his shirt for linen rags.
What do you think of that, sir.

As one did walk up Gray's Inn Lane,
A pretty smartish pace, sir,
From a garrat came a chamber mug,
Which caught him in the face, sir;
Not long before Betty Pipe,
He snug did overhaul, sir,
She had nothing but a pound of tripe,
And that was in her shawl, sir.

Says tailor Bill, I am a man,
Like me I know none such is,
He knock'd down three, what could they be,
An old woman on two crutches ;
He saw two men a talking,
Says he, now none of this then,
Or I'll let you know that I am one
Of Mr. Peel's Police-men.

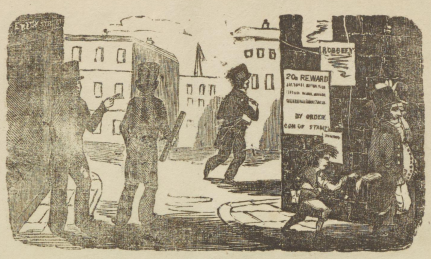
Now these Police-men day and night,
About the streets do roam, sir,
Where very little good they do,
And none at all when home, sir ;
Their wives I'am sure can ne'er be pleased,
While they from home do lurk, sir,
And you all know as well as me,
They have made a good week's work, sir.

CHORUS.

Now what I say, believe you may;
The Police-men give their dum, sir,
There's not a word of lie I've told,
Upon my life it's true, sir.

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

The Prigging Policeman of Portland Street.



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The farewell to Hounslow of Col. W— and the 7th Hussars.

You Hounslow folks it is no joke,
I have played some funny capers

The Shoemaker and the Snob.

Oh, here's a set out so help my bob,
With the master shoemaker & Brentford

THEY

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'Twas you that stole my donkey.

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You Hounslow folks it is no joke,
I have played some funny capers,
Poor Hounslow barracks we must leave,
And go to the land of taters;
Stand at ease and shoulder arms,
Tell Wakley we are jogging,
With great delight I'm Colonel W—,
The man who went a flogging.

Adieu you Hounslow pretty girls,
We are off the ground like fury,
You Heston blades of every grade,
Tom Wakley and the jury;
No soldier says old Colonel W—,
Than me was ever sadder,
Bad luck to the day I flogged the man,
And the devil take the ladder,

If Hounslow Heath or Isleworth,
Or Heston I was jogging,
The boys would say that's Mr. W—,
The man who went a flogging;
The barracks we are forced to leave,
For daily our mind fails,
And the ghost of White comes every night
Singing, cat with nine tails.

Famed Hounslow town and all around,
We leave in great disgrace, sirs,
And the 12th Lancers as may be found,
Have taken our place, sirs;
A long farewell old women all,
Our minds could not be sadder,
God save the Queen, hang up the cat,
And burn the cursed ladder.

March! march away! a grocer said,
There goes the poor old sinner,
Get out of the way old Colonel W—,
You'll be too late for dinner;
We understand you've got command,
And may you get no higher then.
The 7th Hussars have cut their stick,
And gone to the bogs of Ireland.

The Shoemaker and the Snob.

Oh, here's a set out so help my bob,
With the master shoemaker & Brentford snob.
The master shoemaker has caus'd much strife,
Through kissing the Brentford cobbler's wife.

It does the neighbours all perplex,
Leather and lapstones, hemp and wax,
Oh, cried an old lady, what a game,
With the cobbler's wife in fam'd Drum Lane

The shoemaker to Drum Lane did go,
With his awl and his last, gee up, gee wo,
To the cobbler's wife with sweet content,
Lapstones and leather, and balls of hemp.

Oh! waxy, waxy, what a shame,
To C—. the cobbler in Drum Lane,
If you had your rights it would you suit,
To be flogged to death a Wellington boot

And in Brook Lane how sad to tell,
A naughty gardener it is known full well,
To visit a female would oft prepare,
With his plums and strawberries, apples and pears.

This ranting gardener played rum games
As well as the snob all in Drum Lane,
It does the neighbourhood much perplex,
Apples and pears, salt, herrings, & wax.

You Brentford men your wives keep fast,
For fear they may long for cabbage and lasts,
Beware of the ranting gardeners round,
And the amorous snobs of Brentford town

Leather and hemp, oh! what a game,
Brentford snobs and sweet Drum Lane,
Such comical doings was seldom seen,
Brook Lane gardeners, carrots, & greens!

Printed for the Author, John Morgan,
Anne Street, Westminster,

THEY

Popped me in the Coal Hole

1848

I am a rum M.P. as you may see,
And the truth you may rely on,
I am one of poor Hibernia's sons,
My name is Smith O'Brien;
In the British House of Commons, they
Declared that I was too bold,
So they took me by the head and heels
And shoved me in the coal hole.

My name is Smith O Brien keen,
As you have been before told,
And because I would not vote by steam,
They locked me in the coal hole.

Ooh! blood an ouns, this is a treat,
Hot baked potatoes mealy,
Just let me out to flare about,
With a big black thorn shillelagh;
I would play away from dusk at night,
Till daylight was a dawning,
The tune of Garry Owen and
St. Patrick's day in the morning.

Come brother Dan and lend an hand,
And Teddy Roche so cosey,
To break the nob of little Bob,
And tip it into Nosey;
By the hole in my coat, and that's an oath,
I tell you in communion,
On no committee will I sit,
But the Repeal of the Union.

On toast and tea I will have a spree,
And saving live by jingo,
They have not acted right by me,
To shove me into limbo;
God save the Queen, may she by steam
In spite of all their capers,
Be soon confined with a load of wheat,
And a ton of new potatoes.

Oh! Erin dear, dry up your tears,
To weep you've no occasion,
They've locked me up to learn the rule,
The Tories call coercion;

If I was out with brother Dan,
We would surely rule the roast then,
Knock Peel quite mad to Ballinafad,
And wop old Jemmy the postman.

Limerick's M.P. as you may see,
Is by some curious fellows,
Shoved out of light, both day and night,
And bolted in the cellars;
I'm up the spout and can't get out,
But still you see I'm so bold—
Bad luck to Bob and Nosey too.
And the d— take the coal hole.

Hard is my lot, I'm in a spot,
Both narrow, close, and slender,
Where they did collar old Guy Fawkes,
One fifth day of November;
If I'd some Irish powder here,
How I would make them shiver,
I would send them in a barrel of beer,
All floating in the river.

For nothing they have put me here,
And that's quite out of reason,
I never picking pockets went,
Or yet committed treason;
And G—, P—, and Nosey too,
The truth I tell to you bold,
I will wop you all, upon my soul,
When I get out of the coal hole.

Cheer up you gallant Irish lads,
So gaily and so frisky,
And drink a health to your M.P.,
In porter, ale, or whiskey;
Both day and night strike up the pipes,
And in communion all hold,
Shout Smith O'Brien, three times three,
And the d— take the coal hole.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials, London.

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THE QUEEN AND HER DAUGHTER

TUNE.—" Nature's Gay Day."



WHAT a fuss and bother,
From one end to the other,
There is through Great Britain believe what I say,
Our Gracious Victoria,
All classes adore her,
With a sweet little daughter now in she does lay;
All classes are mingling,
In all parts of England,
With joy and happiness now may be seen,
And they say o'er the water,
The Queen's got a daughter,
The rose of old England "God save the Queen."

CHORUS.

The bells they are ringing,
The people are singing,
And the guns they are firing abroad and at home,
Here's Albert so clever,
And Victoria for ever,
They have brought for Old England an Heir to the Throne.

Get ready the papkins,
The spoons and the napkins,
To feed the dear infant that is now arrived,
Get ready your purses,
Run after the nurses,
England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales are alive,

She's a blooming fair creature,
God bless every feature,
May she live long in happiness, free from all pain
While Ernest sits moping,
In Germany groping,
The rose of Old England shall over us reign.

Come Britons don't faulter,
The Queen's got a daughter,
The twenty-first of November she arrived safe to town,
We must have no grumbling,
Your pockets be fumbling,
And scrape up together a few thousand pounds;
Be firm now and steady,
Get the tea-things all ready,
For at the Royal Christening there will be a spree,
Such a fuss there now made is,
All the lords and the ladies,
Are invited to breakfast, lunch, dinner, and tea.

Prince Albert so able,
While rocking the cradle,
Will sing lullaby, little baby, with joy,
And devoid of all sorrow,
Sing oh! crikeys to-morrow,
I wish Queen Victoria wou d bring me a boy:
I never lamented,
I must be contented,
My daughter is just like a rose in full bloom,
With my sword and my didle,
I will not be idle,
Victoria must bring me a son very soon.

CHORUS.

Each rank and each station,
All over the nation,
Will merrily be, and the banner unfurl,
The twenty-first of November,
We long will remember,
When the Queen brought Old England a fine little girl.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

Printing of every description done Cheap

BRITAIN'S WELCOME.

AIR,—" Royal Charlie, or Nancy Dawson."

The people run from far and near,
Devoid of sorrow, grief and care,
To see the pretty little dear,
The Queen of England's daughter.

CHORUS.

Welcome here they sing with glee,
To Britain's land thrice welcome be,
Welcome here with three times three,
The little Royal Stranger.

Oh! how the bells did merrily ring,
The lads and lasses they did sing,
The Queen has got a little King,
But it turned out a daughter.

Prince Albert now will send you'll see
To all his friends in Germany,
To come in haste with speed to see,
The Queen of England's daughter.

You would laugh to see the ladies run,
Singing, lawk-a-daisy, oh! what fnn,
I think the Queen has got a son,
But, oh! it was a daughter.

In a little while you may be sure,
The blooming Queen, we do adore,
Will have half a dozen more
Of little sons and daughters.

On Saturday how the folks did flock,
And at the Palace door did knock,
About the hour of two o'clock,
Victoria had a daughter.

Cried one old lady, what a fuss,
I'm very glad it is no worse,
I wish they would make me a nurse,
To the Queen of England's daughter

Oh! won't Prince Albert laugh & smile
With joy he did run almost wild,
When he gazed on the darling child,
The Queen of England's daughter.

Won't uncle Ernest have the blues,
And shake almost out of his shoes,
As soon has he can hear the news,
The Queen has got a daughter!

Oh! won't he droop & frown & grin,
Crying, who'd have thought of such a thing,
So held my bob, I'm taken in,
The Queen has got a daughter.

Dress'd in a little dandy cap,
She will sit upon her daddy's lap,
And Albert will stir up the pap,
To feed his Royal daughter.

He'll have to mind what he's about,
Or else he'll have without a doubt,
To wash her little napkins out,
And nurse his Royal daughter.

The Germans will come o'er the seas,
Just like a lot of bugs and fleas,
With handsome presents for to please,
The Queen of England's daughter.

There'll be aunty Broomstick, uncle Rug,
Mother Snout and father Bug,
To have a peep will come so snug,
At the Queen of England's daughter

As the heiress now is come to town,
You must cut away both up and down,
For six or seven thousand pounds,
For the Queen of England's daughter

And as my song is nearly done,
At the christening there'll be lots of fun
And soon the Queen will have a son,
Though now she's got a daughter.

Then let Great Britain sing with glee,
Long may she live and happy be,
And here's a health with three times three
To the Queen of England's daughter

Then Farmer Bull indeed its true,
Will nearly find enough to do,
And he must mind his P's and Q's,
And England's lovely daughter.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Stre
Seven Dials.

IT'S ALL VERY FINE, BUT
YOU DON'T LODGE HERE

MR. FERGUSON
AND
Queen V

To feed the dear infant that is now arrived,
Get ready your purses,
Run after the nurses,
England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales are alive,

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

Printing of every description done Cheap

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Seven Dials.

IT'S ALL VERY FINE, BUT
YOU DON'T LODGE HERE

TUNE —"My pretty little Dear."

COME high and low, and rich & poor,
I pray you list awhile,
And I'll relate a funny spree,
That will cause you for to smile,
Queer sayings now are all the go,
And with all folks far and near,
It's 'Mr. Ferguson, It's very fine,
'But I'm sure you don't lodge here.

I was brought up in Yorkshire,
That place of great renown,
And I thought to get a fortune.
If I came to London town.
So with 20 pounds all in bright gold,
To the coach-office did repair, [gone,
When a cove bawl'd out, 'the coach is
'So you don't lodge here.

Then to the waggon-office,
I onward bent my way,
And the waggoner then said to me,
Five shillings you must pay;
Up in the waggon I did jomp,
It's true I do declare, [rump,
Where they shoved a pitchfork in my
And bawl'd out you don't lodge here.

I soon got up to London town,
Where I funny sights did see,
When a pretty lady dressed in white,
Did then bolt up tome;
She took I by the hand,
And at poor I began to jeer,
Saying 'Ferguson, it's very fine,
But, I'm sure you don't lodge here.

I soon turned nation cross,
So she said she meant no harm,
And said I were a pretty man,
And begg'd I'd see her home,
So I treated her with wine and Ale,
And brandy, rum, and beer.
And the whole time she was drinking,
She bawl'd—'you don't lodge here.

I soon got rather funnified,
She said, come, let us go,
Or you will lose your watch and purse,
If you get in a row,
She took me to a dirty house,
And up three pair of stairs,
When a cove bawl'd out—you bumpkin,
'I'm blow'd if you lodge here.

Then they knock'd me down & robb'd me,
Of my watch and money too,
Then left me neither coat or hat,
My breeches or a shoe,
And turn'd me out into the street,
And as I ran with all my might,
They bawl'd out—'Mr. Ferguson,
'You don't lodge here to night

Some said as I ran through the streets,
My senses I had lost,
And some was calling out aloud,
'I'm sure it is a ghost;
Some policemen quickly then came up,
And on a stretcher me did bear,
To the Station-house, and shouted,
'To night you may lodge here.

Then they took me in the morning,
Before the magistrate,
Where some they did me pity,
And some laugh'd at my fate.
They committed me for want of bail,
At the Sessions to appear,
When the prisoners all kept chaffing,
With 'how came you to lodge here?'

But now I'm out of prison,
To Yorkshire I'll away,
Drest in a woollen night-cap,
And a handsome suit of grey,
And ne'er shall I forget the day,
When the folks did on me jeer,
And bawl'd out—'Mr. Ferguson,
I'm blow'd If you lodge here.

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

MR. FERGUSON
AND
Queen V

"About the first year of the Victorian epoch, the celebrated Marquis of Waterford was in full swing & had a friend Capt Ferguson. At the end of one of their "sprees" they had become separated, & the Marquis found his way home to the house of his uncle, the Archbishop of Armagh, a large mansion at the South corner of Charles St. St James Square. The Marquis had gone to bed when a loud knock came at the door. The Marquis suspecting who it was the Archbishop threw up the window & said "It's all very fine, Ferguson, but you don't lodge here" The groom cleared the enquiry became [illegible] took hold on my memory." Thos Carnaghan
St. Paul's Jan 15. '86

TUNE— "Jim Crow."

Come all you Britons high and low,
And banish grief and care,
There's a proclamation issued out,
"You don't lodge here!"

CHORUS.

they ran away without delay,
To the Queen to banish fear,
But she said,— my chaps, it's very fine,
But you don't lodge here.

There was an Orange merchant,
As you shall understand.
So she started him to Hannover,
To Cumber up the land.

The next it was a soldier,
And he wore scarlet clothes,
So the queen took up the poker,
And hit him on the nose.

The next was Bobby Orange Peel,
She thought he was a flat,
In his right hand was a truncheon,
And in his left a trap.

The next was Frank from Wiltshire,
She put him to the rout,
She wopp'd him all round Windsor park,
And cured him of the gout.

The next it was a leg of Lamb,
He thought to make things right,
Says the Queen, my lord, it's very fine,
But you don't lodge here to night.

The next was a man from Bedford,
A little chap that's never still,
You don't lodge here to night, says she,
'Till you have burnt the Poor Law Bill.

There Springed a little man from Cambridge,
Rice was his name you know,
So she made him dance and wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.

The next was Mr. Broomstick,
With him she play'd a rig,
She wopped him with the Poor Law Bill,
And choked him with his wig

The Smiths knock'd me all the way,
From Brentford to Kilkenny,

Says the Queen, I am going to Brighton,
So quiet let me be,
For if you come to trouble me,
I'll drown you in the sea.

And when I open Parliament,
Then you'll find I 'll do enough,
I'll take the duty off the tea,
Tobacco, gin, and snuff.

I will make some alterations,
I'll gain the people's right,
I will have a radical parliament,
Or, they don't lodge here to night.

I must tell both wigs and tories,
Their tricks I do not fear,
Their sayings all are very fine,
But they don't lodge here.

About the wigs and tories,
There has been a pretty bother,
I think I'll give the devil one,
To run away with the other.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,
Seven Dials.
☞ Printing of every description done cheap

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And jump Jim Crow.

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With him she play'd a rig,
She wopped him with the Poor Law Bill,
And choked him with his wig

Then up came Dan O'Connel.
Saying I'll befriend the people,
With a great shillalah in his hand,
As big as Salsbury steeple.

Old women three hundred and ninety five,
To petition her did begin,
Crying,— Please your gracious Majesty,
Take the duty off the gin.

Says the Queen to do old women good,
I'll strive with great delight,
Its all right Mrs. Furguson,
But, you don't lodge here to night.

Then toddled up old Joey Hume,
Saying sufferings I have had many,
The villains knock'd me all the way,
From Brentford to Kilkenny,

Says the Queen, I am going to Brighton,
So quiet let me be,
For if you come to trouble me,
I'll drown you in the sea.

And when I open Parliament,
Then you'll find I'll do enough,
I'll take the duty off the tea,
Tobacco, gin, and snuff.

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BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,
Seven Dials.
☞ Printing of every description done cheap

PARLIAMENTARY
REFORM.

TUNE—"*Vicar and Moses.*"

NOW Parliament's met, and the rubbish are set,
With some Members both upright and blunt,
There's O'Connell you know that can bother and jaw
And the Radical Man they call Hunt.
Fol de rol, de rol lol, &c.

Hunt will sit in the house, now as meek as a mouse,
For Reform be continually clacking,
If they don't mind their eye indeed its no lie,
They will be shot with a bottle of Blacking

Henry Hunt you may see is chosen M. P.
And so they shall soon understand,
If they don't do what's right, in the dead of the night
He will put them in his Blacking Van.

When they are shut in, oh! law, how they'll grin,
And wish they all had been civil.
He will drive like the wind with his bugle behind,
'Till he reaches the gates of the d—.

And when he gets there his horses will turn,
How awful it is for to tell,
He says like a man, he will back with his Van,
And leave all the rubbish in h—.

Oh! there they will sit in the bottomless pit,
Cursing him who invented the plan,
And crying forlorn, had we granted Reform,
We would never come here in a Van.

When Hunt enters in, I'm sure they will grin,
To keep him out they stoongly did prevail,
Late, early and soon, he will play them a tune,
Called "A peep into Ilchester gaol."

He swears he will shoot every man in the house,
With a handful of his roasted corn,
By night or by day, both Brougham and Grey,
If they don't grant the people reform.

Had he been in the house about six months ago,
I'm thinking he'd have had a tough job,
For he vowed with delight a great battle he'd fight,
With the Waterloo Soldier, and Bob.

There's the great Sinecures, the Bishops likewise,
He says he will make them all grunt,
And the great Lady pensioners too, one and all,
Send them out selling Blacking for Hunt.

Now Hunt and the great Agitator you know
In the house I expect won't be civil,
Like two Methodist Parsons stuck up in a box,
Will begin to preach like the d—.

Hunt, says he will fight for old England's rights,
And aloud for Reform he will call,
Not like a Colonel one night left his men for to fight
While at Brussels he danc'd at a ball.

Now say what you will, to give them a pill,
I think Henery Hunt is the man,
If they should give him a clack, all their faces he'll black,
And drive them to h—in his Van.

Now Hunt is a man as you shall understand,
That always was partial to clacking,
He is a Radical blunt, is bold Henry Hunt,
And a dealer in matchless Blacking.

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

BRITON'S HOPES,
The Bill not Lost!

AROUSE! arouse! you Britons bold,
To you I'm now going to unfold,
Royal William we are told,
Declares he'll not be conquer'd.

CHORUS.
Then England, Ireland, Scotland too,
Like men stick to your colours true,
King William swears he is true blue,
And never will be conquer'd.

Then why should England be oppress'd?
Or why should Britons be distress'd?
When William boldly did confess,
He never would be conquer'd.

Come Britons now your spirits cheer,
Come banish every grief and care,
King William on his oath did swear,
He never would be conquer'd.

Our glorious King did speak his mind,
And so will every Briton find,
By One Hundred and Ninety-nine,
We never shall be conquer'd.

What will the Tories do? they say—
Look to the speech of Brougham and Grey,
Why, we'll send the Tories all away,
We never will be conquer'd.

King Charles the First was kill'd, they say,
Because he could not have his way,
Had he had Brougham, Russell, and Grey,
He never would have been conquer'd.

Our glorious King is good and kind,
And so shall every Briton find,
Like the People's friend he spoke his mind,
And never will be conquer'd.

Cried William, shall I look with scorn,
Upon my People, all forlorn,
No, I will struggle till I gain Reform,
And never will be conquer'd.

Long they've robb'd the country night & day,
Like slaves, the people are their prey,
Come Melbourne, Altaorp, Russel, and Grey,
We never will be conquer'd.

May every town in Briton's Isle,
Have patience for a little while,
And I will make my People smile,
They never shall be conquer'd.

Success to Russell, gallant Grey,
Let Henry Brougham clear the way,
They'd altogether sworn this day,
They never would be conquer'd.

Come let the bells all merily ring,
Success to Grey, "God save the King,"
Let every Briton drink and sing—
We never will be conquer'd.

CHORUS.
Let the Tories strive with all their might,
For to deprive us of our right,
With our King we'll strive both day & night,
We never will be conquer'd.

Our King's as firm as Oak

TUNE—"*Hemlet on his Brow.*"

WITH a Crown upon his head,
And a sceptre in his hand,
King William is the bravest man,
That ever ruled the land;
His heart is as firm as oak,
It will be shook by none,
The cause he'll never quit,
Till Reform is fairly won.

CHORUS.
Then English, Irish, Scotch,
Come rally round his throne;
Stand firm to your King and his Min
And the Bill will be our own.

Reform it sure must come,
In spite of all they say,
The King will have the Bill,
And Reformers win the day;
He's baffled the salt wave,
He's weather'd many a storm,
In spite of the Tories all,
He'll crown us with Reform.

His colours are true blue,
His flag the Union Jack,
Old Tories will to leeward goo,
They'll surely get the sack.
Then Britons raise your voice,
And fear no Tory few,
Staud by your Patriot King,
And a Briton's spirit shew.

Printed by T. BIRT, No. 29, Great St. Andrew-Street

The Grand Regetta

We would never come here in a rage,

When Hunt enters in, I'm sure they will grin,
To keep him out they stongly did prevail,
Late, early and soon, he will play them a tune,
Called "A peep into Ilchester gaol."

Now Hunt is a man as you shall understand,
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Printed by T. BIRT, No. 10, Great St. Andrew-Street, Sev

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Have patience for a little while,
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And fear no Tory few,
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Printed by T. BIRT, No. 39, Great St. Andrew-Street

King William IV.

AND HIS MINISTERS,

FOR EVER!

TUNE—"*All nodding nid nid nodding.*"

YOU heroes of England draw near for awhile,
The Isle of Great Britain will ne'er fail to smile,
For William & his Ministers will never look with scorn
They are every one determin'd to struggle for Reform.
And they're all conversing about Parliament Reform.

Pray what do you think of William and his Queen?
A better in Great Britain there never can be seen,
Conquered by the Tories, they'll never be, we're told
For the rights of the people they'll fight like heroes bold
And they're all struggling to obtain the nation's rights

What do you think of brave Russell, Brougham, & Grey
They have boldly beat the Tories now they have got fair play,
To fight for your liberties they eager do resolve,
And his Majesty on Friday last did Parliament dissolve
And they're all trembling, they'll not get in again.

What do you think of the Blacking man, of Wilson, and others?
Why like a set of turn-coats they'll go to h—like brothers
Into the House of Commons they will never go again
They may cry & pray, lord! lack-a-day, it will surely be in vain.
And they're all lamenting because their seats they must resign.

What do you think of Hobhouse and Sir Frank?
I think they're men of honour, & can play a pretty prank
They've done the best you must allow to crush a desperate evil,
While Blacking men and Soldiers both will ramble to the devil.
And they're all conversing about Parliament Reform

What do you think of the agitator Dan?
For the rights of Great Britain he stuck up like a man
The state of the nation he told the tories blunt,
And if I may be believ'd he's not deceived like foolish Harry Hunt.
And they're all conversing about Parliament Reform

What do you think of Waithman and of W[illegible]?
They've done their best endeavours to do the people good,
They stuck to William & his Ministers, rumours could not be afloat,
That they like many others will never turn their coat.
So we're all rejoicing the dissolution's taken place.

What do you think of the Rat-catcher Bob?
I think he had a sneeking to get into a job,
Along with the old Soldier, but mark what I do say,
The King will never part with Russel, Brougham, or Grey
So they're all praying, the tories are praying for the death of all the three.

Now what do you think about the Dissolution?
If William had not closed the house, there'd have been a revolution.
In every part of England there's been some funny stories
So success to Russel & to Grey, the devil take the tories
Who are all lamenting, the places they have lost.

Pray what do you think of the Boroughmongers now?
Each day & every hour they've been kicking up a row
They've endeavoured the whole nation to fill with discontent,
But they never more will have a chance to get into Parliament.
So they're all lamenting, because they are turned out

I'm certain every Briton owns it was to gain their right.
King William and his Ministers did so boldly fight;
Turn coats, Boroughmongers and Tories you will see
King William take by the heels, & drown them in the sea
So we're all laughing, at the Boroughmongers fall.

Here's a health to King William & his Ministers so true
We are certain they will never flinch, their courage is True Blue;
Turn-coats, Boroughmongers & Tories too may grunt.
But the devil will drive them in a van, with Wilson & with Hunt.
And they're all lamenting.

Printed by T. BIRT, No. 39, Great St. Andrew-Street, Seven Dial

The Grand Regetta

JUNE 1844



THEY haste away without delay,
To have a jovial game,
And see the grend regatta upon the river thames,
Theres coaches carts and cabriolets,
And doukeys to so fine,
Theres ladies to with bustles large,
All sticking out behind.

CHORUS

Away they go the high and low,
To have a funny game
And see the gallant sailors matches,
On the river Thames,

From Hammersmith and Brentford,
They go linked arm, and arm,
From Kingston and from Richmond,
Sheen Mortlake and Barnes,
From Wandsworth and from Battersea
The blooming lasses keen,
And old barber jumped from putney bridge,
Right into parsons green.

Theres nuts and cakes and goosebery pies,
and oranges a lot,
Theres some a drinking gin and beer,
Some guzzling ginger pop,
Theres savaloys and sausages,
Fried well in lots of grease,
Will you buy a card some hollow out,
Only a penny a piece.

A rum old duchess ninety four,
Through Fulham down did go,
And near the bridge a donkey cart,
Run over her big toe,
She hollowed out how she did shout,
Oh, curse the river Thames,
You realey might have heard her,
all the way to Petticoat Lane.

Some bet on green and some on red,
Some black and yellow too,
a half a crown a tailor cries,
To eighteen pence on blue,
Three balls of wax bawls out a snob,
There'll be some pretty play,
a mason hollows seven bob,
That yellow gains the day.

Away they go gee up gre wo,
See how the ladies jumps,
With flounces like a winding sheet,
a hanging on their r—ps,
Their bonnet strings all hangling down
and some with rings and lockets,
and some go there to put their hands,
In other peoples pockets.

Theres pushing driving squeeling
as along they go,
I say old chap keep moving back,
and don't tread on my toes,
Theres firing singing bawling betting,
What a jolly game,
So fine and gay mark what I say,
Upon the river Thames.

Paul, printer, 18, Great St. Andrew Street, 7 Dials.

1844

837

THE WONDERFUL DOINGS OF
KING WILLIAM IV.

TUNE—"*The Bailiffs are Coming.*"

COME listen awhile and I'll sing you a song
If you will pay attention, I will not keep you long
It is the wonders of William, I'm going to sing,
Brave William the Forth, old England's King.
What wonders King William is going to do,
All the soldiers and sailors he is going to review;
He is determind to visit the country through,
Here's a health to King Wm. of courage true blue.

CHORUS.

King William is the man that can shew gallant play,
See the wonders he is doing now every day.
For the King and the Queen will long England pray
Here's a health to King William the 4th, huzza.

The King and the Queen is going England over,
To Plymouth and Portsmouth, to Brighton & Dover
And he says he will make all the quality dance,
If they don't come immediately over from France,
On last Monday Oh I dear it was a wonderful lark,
When some thousands of people all flock to the park
There was the great king of Wirtemberg, dressed so smart,
And the people all thought it was great Bonaparte.

Oh the wonders of William makes England to stare;
He is in Greenwich & Woolwich, I vow & declare;
In Hyde Park he commanded the soldiers to change.
Now says he, I'll do good for the nation at large.
Trade will be soon stirring in country and town,
We have as good King and Queen now, as ever was crowned
And William has been where the cannon did play,
Here's a health to King William the fourth—huzza.

When King Wm. the soldiers reviewed in a range,
Their mustaches said he, must come off what a change
He once loved brave Nelson, who fought at the Nile
He is a lord High Admiral now in great style.
King William will soon the whole nation surprise
He goes in public and private sometimes in disguise.
The state of the country by him will be seen,
Huzza for King William, and God save the Queen.

He's a true British sailor, is William the bold;
A man of great courage, as Nelson oft' told,
No man in Great Britain can ever keep him down.
May the King and the Queen happy were Britain's crown,
He is determined to visit the whole of the nation,
And to see how the people is oppressed with taxation
You may see him now every day in the streets,
He'll make great alteration when Parliament meets

That hibernian lady could not him approach,
Who has long the guard of the Sovereing Coach;
She soon got a ticket for soup it is true:
And old nosey the driver looked wonderful blue,
Oh dear! how she grinned when he gave her the sack
She waddled and rolled like a farmer's hay stack,
Not a moment she smiled, but looked terrible black
She could not take a castle away on her back.

It is fully determined by William so brave,
To discarge all his servants that does not behave,
The guard of the coach has late bolted the moon,
Anp there's no doubt but the coachman and all will soon
And a great many more will soon be at a stand,
When King William has time for to take things in hand.
He is the glory of England, the pride of the sea,
Here's a health and long life to King William: huzza.

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

BOLD ROGER O'HARE,

COME all you good people, I pray you draw near,
Come listen awhile and you quickly shall hear,
A song on the life of bold Roger O Hare,
Who died in Down Patrick, I vow and declare.
In the month of November, in the year eighty-three,
This great malefactor, was brought to a tree;
O let this be a warning to all sorts of men.
That all these bad actions brings an untimely end.
O at the six mile bridge in the County of Down,
My parents lived there, of fame and renown,
O had I been obedient and kept their command,
Sure I never had broken the laws of this land.
Its now I am able to earn my own bread,
My parents they bound me to the linen trade,
Unto an honest weaver that lived hard by.
But my mind being for rambling I could not comply,
O with this honest weaver I would not then stay,
But to Baligavern, I then took my way,
For the space of five years the O'Neals I served there,
I was both just and honest I vow and declare.
I courted a fair one Miss Shirkey by name,
This was a base action the first of my shame,
That innocent creature I enticed away
On purpose her innocency to betray.
With grief and vexation I left her to mourn,
I then took my way and fled into Yorn,
But her cruel father pursued me with spite,
And a prisoner I was taken that very same night,
The guard being silent and all things secure,
But little did they think I could get to the door,
I fled to the shore where a vessel I did see,
I put out to sea, and old England drew nigh.
So when that I landed to Yorkshire I fled,
Laying out some means for to earn honest bread,
My actions to cover I could not well please,
Although in that country I had not been but few days
For fear I should beg alas! I did worse,
To get myself money I stole a good horse
It being apprehended that very same day,
But the guard I beguiled and once more put to sea.
So when that I landed on fair Irish ground
I fell to my old tricks about Newry town,
I stole a good hat from one Thomas Wright,
And I broke Newry Guard house that very same night,
There was one rich merchant Jack Favory by name
Some pieces of linen from him I had ta'en,
Being his prisoner I fled to the shore,
And that was the night Newry Lough I swam o'er
Early next morning by the dawn of the day,
To Jonesborough town I then took my way
Where there I resisted and much blood was shed,
And fourteen sore wounds I received in my head.
It is a prisoner I was taken in Jonesborough town,
And with a strong Guard they conveyed me to Down,
For the space of five months in cold irons did lay,
But still was contriving how to get away.
O long I looked for it did come at last,
The gaoler to Portoferry he is past,
To get a man whipt as I have heard them say,
I knocked down the turnkey and once more got away,
I then took my way for fair Dublin city,
Where there was Ladies and Gentlemen fresh
I picked their pockets and took all their cash,
And from one Lord Godstone I stole a gold watch,
But of all my bad actions I could not refrain
I quickly returned to worse steal me again,
It was out of a stable from one Mr. Grant,
O I stole this fine gelding for fear I should want,
I sold this fine gueldino in fair Gilford town,
I neither was enriched with silver nor gold,
I been apprehended, and I guilty found,
And sentenced to die now in fair Carvan town.
There was fifteen and I condemnd to the rope
But I plan'd it so that the prison we broke,
The prison we broke before the fatal day
And fifteen stout fellows and I got away.
I then took my way for Downshire I fled,
Laying out some means for to earn honest bread,
I bought a hand basket myself to disguise,
And I sold some shopgoods to my great surprise.
I travelled this country round and all round,
Till at length I arrived at fair Gilford town,
There was one Sir Richard Jonson, a knight that liv'd there
Found out that I was the bold Roger O Hare,
His prisoner I was taken in fair Gilford town,
And with a strong Guard they convey'd me to Down,
Where there I was tried and sentenced also:
And that was the day of my sad overthrow,
There is one thing I crave before my lifes end,
You will cast no reflections on my poor friends,
For all my whole age it is scarcely thirty two,
And all these bad actions I ever did do,
It is now I am going to give up my breath
I never was guilty of any man's death,
But now I am going to be cut down in my bloom,
And an unworthy member of the Church of Rome.

JAMES'S
BIRTH-DAY GIFT, for 1839.

Written, Sung, & Recited by J. James, late of the Pavilion, Chelsea.

Author of the New Year's Gift, Easter Offering, and Birth-Day Gift,

For 1833--34--35--36--37--38 and 1839.

ODE

To the Jolly 4th Light Dragoon on the eve of Battle.

I'ts written by his boyhood's friend,
And manhood's too, till life shall end.

YES, thou wert ever known for to be brave,
And when thou art not, 'twill be indeed untoward,
Untruth comes n t from thee, thy life to save,
None on earth shall ever safely call thee coward.

With thy carbine stout, and thy good steel bright,
Thou soon will meet with India's foes.
Heaven aid thy manly arm in the coming fight,
To conquer he wins, who with kind fortune goes.

Lines Written on reading the Ballad of "My Poor Dog Tray."

"I am a friend to dogs, they are faithful creatures."—T. Otway.

The Pimlico Poet to his Dog.

Upon her name I e'er lay a stress,
And call on heaven for to bless
With a long life my darling Jess,
My own dog Jessy.

Who comes to me with a bound and frisk,
And will many thousand antics twist,
To gain my smiles runs every risk,
My own dog Jessy.

Whose fanning tail, a-'la-parachute,
Now gaily barking, and then quite mute,
Fidelity we learn from the brute,
My own dog Jessy.

Then up and with me my faithful dog,
And many a journey with me jog,
While you have your meal, I'll drink my grog,
My own dog Jessy.

Then, "Oh love me, love my dog" they say,
At which thought my heart feels gay,
For I ever like with her to play,
My own dog Jessy.

On viewing the Portrait of the Friend of the Wrecked.

Oh! thou matchless woman, I love thy deeds to trace,
Heroine of the sea, long may you with time keep pace,
Grace Darling thou shalt ever be our darling Grace.

From a once Printer's Devil to the very Devil of a Printer once.

To the Clowsonians.

Long life to him, yes. by all my hopes,
Him who when a youth, was very kind to me,
Tho' once a volatile, but now grave George Scopes,
Long may you be from misfortune free.

A Monody

On the Death of Robert Fisher.

Dedicated to Mr. JOHN MOY, of the Standard Hotel, Pimlico.

He's gone, alas! fate does us bereave,
Of one who ever in his life could amuse,
He was the laugh exciting Standard's *Reeve*,
Pimlico's king for years— the comic muse.
The tear will flow from each well wisher,
For the concert humour which alone was thine,
Farewell my own play-mate, Robert Fisher,
Thy soul is heaven's now by right divine.

PARODIES.

On "My own Granny Dear."

Written expressly for my Friend, Mr. W. WILLIAMS, the celebrated Irish Vocalist.

Sighs Nat Filch just ashore from o'er the sea,
Am'd any one seed my fancy Bet?
Say, is she full of life, and gig, and glee,
And doats no more on gin and heavy wet?
It's more t'other, an old pal replied,
I'll turn priest when she leaves off lushing beer,
She's thick-lipp'd, and shockingly black-eyed,
And she pigs with a tall Grenadier!

Lanky Bet flew to welcome him back,
When his pipe calm to smoke he tried in vain,
Saucy jade, sung out he, I now give you the sack,
So you may snooze with your swaddy again;
Werry true it is all, and can't be denied,
Young Filch replied with a lear,
You are thick-lipp'd and shockingly black-eyed,
And yet you pig with your tall Grenadier!

You've come out spicy, but I'm fly to you,
Do you see any thing green here?
To be constant to one now-a-days won't do,
Yet I'll be true to my old Grenadier;
You've had a spree well with me can't be denied,
I hopes your next gal will be a dark Bayadeer,
Tho' I'm thick-lipp'd and shockingly black-eyed,
Yet still I'll pig with my old Grenadier!

On I've journey'd over many Lands.

I've snoozed with dirty hands,
I've felt the bite of bug and flea,
Near to where St. Giles's stands,
I have lushed my Nance with glee;
Tho' a cellar crib be her lowly lot,
Or a garret parlour next the sky,
Dear mot, I never yet forgot,
The lustre of thy ogling gravy eye!

My home is the Cold Bath keep,
Where *Plank* for me has found a bed,
The chaps and gals play at bo-peep,
Who cares to quiz the cracksman's head;
Tho' the iron grasp of Ketch may be my fate,
When their prayers I'm scorning,
If they turns me out a little a'ter eight,
Vy then it'll prove to me a varning.

Printed by T. BIRT, 39, Great St. Andrew Street, Bloomsbury.

MY UNCLE'S DREAM,

Or the Effects of Latakia Tobacco.

My uncle he sat in his easy chair,
With his flowing locks of snowy hair;
His Indian gown of richest hue,
And his dreams—Oh! I wish their spell I knew!
For his eye was mild, and his life was calm,
And he sent forth wreaths from his pure Meerschaum.
'Tis no wonder his dreams were so fine and free,
For his pipe was of amber and froth of the sea—
Of the foam of the sea, where the gale had swept
And the sea bird's tear as she wailed and wept.
Like the Angel of sleep, with its pinions spread,
The smoke wreaths waved o'er my uncle's head;
And I saw, as the light of his eyes grew dim,
That the Angel had fasten'd its spell on him.
He did not sleep, but 'twas plain to see
Was as nearly asleep as man could be.
Silent I watched, and I thought he dream'd,
And of pleasant things; for to me it seem'd
That I saw a smile o'er his features play,
Thro' the misty wreaths that around him lay.
I made no noise, but I moved about,
With cat-like tread, till his pipe went out;
When, looking around with much surprise,
He stretched himself and rubbed his eyes,
And said, "I've dreamed, and my dream, if told,
Would rival the fairy tales of old;
For strange are the places where I have been,
And marvellous sights I there have seen.
I thought as I sat in my easy chair,
That a fairy spirit, with beauty rare,
Appeared and spoke. "Would you like," said she
"To travel afar, over earth and sea?
I am a spirit and doom'd to dwell
In the Meerschaum's bowl, by a mystic spell!
And never for me may the spell be broke,
Except by the warmth of the fragrant smoke.
Then, whilst this lasts, may I wander free
To my native home, 'neath the dark blue sea;
Come with me there, and thou shalt behold
Stores of treasures as yet untold;
And the choicest of these I will give to thee
Whene'er from my prison thou makest me free."
"I will go," I cried, "let us not delay."
"It is well," said she, "but a moment stay."
She waved her hand as the word she spoke,
And a curling wreath of the rising smoke
Assumed the form of a winged steed.
"Now mount," said she, "and we'll try his speed."
'Twas said, 'twas done, and away we flew
With lightning speed, and the next I knew
I stood with her, where the rolling wave
Made its ceaseless moan o'er the ocean cave,
And the countless treasures of ocean spread
Before me there, on this rocky bed.
"Now choose," said she, "for thyself, but haste,
For the smoke of the Meerschaum will quickly waste,
And soon as its fire shall cease to burn,
Must I to my home in its bowl return."
I gladly obeyed and with covetous eyes
Began a survey of the glittering prize;
Yet fearing that aught but the best I should take,
I lingered in doubt what selection to make.
At length, toward a mass of the richest and rarest,
I stretched out my hand and was taking the fairest,
When, lo! in an instant from slumber I awoke,
And all my bright visions had ended in SMOKE.

JOHN FOSSEY,

1848. 156, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.



THE

Tarpauling Jacket.

[Sold at No. 42, Long Lane.]

Printed in May, 1794.

I AM a young jolly brisk fellow,
Delights in all manner of sport,
When I am in liquor I'm mellow,
The girls I then fondly court;
But love is surrounded with trouble,
And puts such strange thoughts in my head,
I'd not a terrible choy,
That love it should strike me stone dead.

Have not I been in stormy weather,
Have not I been in heat and cold,
Have not I been with many a brave fellow,
That has ventured his honour for gold;
But now the war is all over,
And I am safe landed on shore,
The devil shall have me for ever.
If ever I enter any more.

Come where is the girl that will love me,
And lay with me this very night?
Come jog it away with the fiddle,
A country dance or hornpipe;
Let the weakest not go with the strongest,
But let them be equally yok'd,
For the strongest will last out the longest,
The jacket ne'er values the stroke.

Here's a health to my friends and acquaintance,
When death for me it doth come,
And let them behave in their station,
And lend me a cask of good rum;
Let it be good royal stingo,
With three full barrels of beer,
To make my friends welcome,
When they meet me at derry down fair.

Let there be sailors to carry me,
Let them be damn'd drunk,
And as they're a going to bury me,
Let them fall down with my trunk;
Let there be no sighing nor sobbing,
But one single favour I crave,
Take me up in my tarpauling jacket,
And fiddle and dance to my grave.



The Light Blues.

[Sold at No. 42, Long-Lane.]

Printed in July, 1794.

IT was one Monday morning as I was
going to mass,
I had no thoughts of listing till the light
blues did me pass,
Bad company enticed me to drink good
beer that's brown,
The bounty that they gave to me two
guineas and a crown.

'Tis true my love is listed, and he wears
a black cockade,
He is a clever fellow, likewise a rolling
blade,
He is proper, tall and slender, fitting to
serve the King,
Poor Sally's heart's a breaking all for the
loss of him.

'Twas the fourteenth day of January, as
I have heard them say,
Our officers commanded us, and then we
march'd away,
We march'd away, both rank and file, all
from our native shore,
So fare ye well, sweet Limerick, we ne'er
shall see you more.

Then he pull'd out a handkerchief to
wipe her wishful eyes,
Saying, leave off your moaning, likewise
your dismal sighs,
For here's my hand, and here's my heart,
no other girl but you,
Still she cries, I am forsaken, for the scar-
let and the blue.



The Soldiers Complaint,

BRother Soldier do you hear of the news,
There's Peace both by Land and Sea,
No more the old Blades muſt be us'd,
Some of Us diſbanded muſt be.
Fal. da ral.

Says the Colonel i am ſorry for it,
Says the Major my heart it does ach,
Says the Captain I dont at all know,
What courſe in this World to take.

Says the Lieutenant i'll dreſs myſelf gallant
My Cloaths ſhall be lac'd down with gold
I'll go and court ſome rich Widow,
And creep in her Copy Hole.

Says the Enſign I'll have a long ſtaff,
A long ſtaff with a Pike at the end,
And every door I come at,
Cry kettles and pots to mend.

Says the Sargeant I'll home to my Wife,
My Wife and my Children do cry,
Says the Corporal I'll home to my Whore,
For the D——l a Wife have I.

Says the Soldier i'll to my Trade,
My Wife and my Children ſhun,
'Tis better to truſt to a Blade,
Than in Germany to carry a gun.

Says the Soldier I'll to the Highway
I had better do ſo than do worſe,
And theſe are the Words I will ſay,
Stand now and deliver your Purſe.

Says the Drummer long time I have been,
But now diſcharged muſt be,
And when they want Drummers again,
The Devil ſhall Drum them for me.

Says the Horſe courſer i'll to the fair,
And there I'll ſwap off my Nagg,
Says another i wiſh I was there,
To ſtand with my luck in a bag,

Says the Soldier long time have I b een
I marched thro' Rear, File, and Rank
But now I diſcharged muſt be,
I return them abundance of thanks.





PHILLIS.

A new SONG

Sung in the Public Gardens

WHAT beauties doth my Nymph diſcloſe,
Leſs fair the ſilver Lillies blows,
Such bluſhes blows not on the roſe,
As on the cheeks of Phillis.

The other day upon the green,
I ſaw a nymph of lovely mein,
I ran to meet my Cyphrian Queen,
But found it was my Phillis.

By moſſy grott with ivy bound,
Where fragrant woodbines curls around,
And daizies dabble o'er the ground,
I ſat and mourn'd for Phillis.

And when the lark with dewey wings,
To hail the morning purling ſprings,
I riſe and tun'd her trembling ſtrings
To praiſe my deareſt Phillis.

When firſt I ſaw this lovely maid,
I gaz'd with raptures and was diſmay'd,
My flattering tongue was quite afraid,
To tell my tale to Phillis.

Then Cupid aim'd his ſharpeſt dart,
At once I felt the pleaſing ſmart,
That very hour I loſt my heart,
But now it dwells with Phillis.





THE

Flowing Mug.

A New SONG.

I AM a rake that loves the grog,
Into a white lin'd chamber ſnug,
I love to ſee a flowing mug,
Unto my heart I would cloſely hug;
It eaſes me of all my care,
At once my ſ rrows diſappear,
It ſets up the rigging of my heart,
Likewiſe the backſtays of my heart.

My trowſers have holes all on the knee,
And ob'ig'd to mend them when at ſea,
No ſhirt can I afford to wear,
Of late the grog has got ſo dear;
My jacket's old, ſhoes no more,
All for the grog I have drank on ſhore,
Tis fitting I ſhould drink no more,
Of half pints mixt into a bowl.

How cheerful it is for to hear the noiſe
Of a company of jovial boys,
When once they drink, why then they ſing,
Tis then their mirth it does begin;
Ye miſers all who have gold in ſtore,
Who alwa s live upon the ſhore,
Come join in our club, we'll cheer your ſoul,
With a half pint mixt into a bowl.

You are the deſtroyer of my purſe,
Which makes my jacket look the worſe,
I will not ſwear, but I will urſe
The day that you firſt prov'd my nurſe;
You have brought me unto miſery,
Too late my enemy now I ſee,
When wind and rain fall from the ſky,
For the want of duds I'.l ſurely die.



Honeſty in Tatters.

A NEW SONG.

Written by Mr. DIBDIN.

THIS here's what *I* does, *I*, d'ye ſee, forms a notion
That our troubles, our ſorrow and ſtrife,
Are the winds and the billows that foment the ocean,
As we work through the paſſage of life;
And for fear on life's ſea leaſt the veſſel ſhould founder,
To lament and to weep and to wail,
Is a pop-gun that tries to out-roar a nine-pounder,
All the ſame as a whif in a gale.

CHORUS.

Why, now, *I*, though hard fortune has pretty nigh ſtov'd me,
And my togs are all ragged and queer
I ne'er yet gave the bag to the friend that had ſerv'd me,
Nor caus'd ruined beauty a tear.

Why there, t'other day when my meſſmate deceiv'd me,
Stole my rhino, my cheſt, and our Poll,
Do you think in revengé while their treachery griev'd me,
I a court matial call'd not at all;
This here on the matter, was my way of arguing,
'Tis true they ha'nt left me a croſs,
A vile wife and falſe friend though are gone by the bargain,
So the gain, d'ye ſee's more than the loſs.
For tho' fortune's a jilt &c.

The heart's all, when that's built ſound and clever,
We go fore the wind like a fly,
But if rotten and crank you may luff up for ever,
You'll always ſail in the wind's eye;
With palaver and nonſenſe *I*'m not to be paid off,
I'm adrift, let it blow then great guns,
A breeze or a gale, or the old gemman's head off,
I takes life ſmooth and ruff as it runs.
For tho' fortune's a jilt &c.

Publish'd April 21. 1801. { THE JACK DAWS } by LAURIE & WHITTLE, 53, Fleet Street, London.

(As Sung by Mr. Palmer and Mr. Dowton, of Drury Lane Theatre.)



1.

As an Old Jack Daw and a Young Jack Daw
Vere a valking out together,
As you very vell know vhat Birds vill do
That are of the same feather;
Says the Old Jack Daw to the Young Jack Daw,
I vont valk another stride,
For I sees a cow in yonder mead—ow,
So let us get up and ride.

2.

As the Old Jack Daw and the Young Jack Daw
Vere a riding up a top of the cow,
Says the Young Jack Daw to the Old Jack Daw,
I can ride as vell as thou;
Says the Old Jack Daw to the Young Jack Daw,
Vhy you can't ride half so vell;
Then, says the Young Jack Daw to the Old Jack Daw,
If I can't, vhy then I vill cut a great swell.

3.

As the Old Jack Daw and the Young Jack Daw
Vere a going on vith their dispute,
Says the Old Jack Daw to the Young Jack Daw,
I vishes as how you'd be mute:
Says the Young Jack Daw to the Old Jack Daw,
I won't, for I'll kick up a row;
Vhy then, says the Old Jack Daw to the Young Jack Daw,
I'll kick you off of the cow.

4.

As the Old Jack Daw and the Young Jack Daw
Felt their passions begin for to rise,
Says the Old Jack Daw to the Young Jack Daw,
I'll peck out both your eyes;
Says the Young Jack Daw to the Old Jack Daw,
Fy on you, you vicked Old Bird;
Vith that, the Old Jack Daw kickt the Young Jack Daw,
And tumbled him into a t—— fol de rel el.

5.

Vhen the Old Jack Daw saw the Young Jack Daw,
He vas sorry for vhat he had done;
Says the Old Jack Daw to the Young Jack Daw,
Oh! indeed, it vas only in fun:
Says the Young Jack Daw to the Old Jack Daw,
I'll go home, and I'll tell my Mammy;
Vhy then, says the Old Jack Daw to the Young Jack Daw,
If I care for the Old Witch, damme.

MORAL.

Attend all good people, both old and young,
To vhat I vould say to you now,
And vhenever you goes for to valk out together,
Don't get up a top of a cow;
And, like the poor dicky birds, quarrel and fight,
Lest you gets a bloody nose;
You may be sent home in the very same plight,
Vith a nastiness over your clothes.

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PAGE(S)

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 news my old begger man
What news hast thou brought unto me
There's weeping and wailing in fair Nottingham
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 disgrace
To dress in the beggar man's dress. (grace

Robin Hood went to fair Nottingham,
To fair Nottingham town went he, (rills
And there he did meet with the master sheriffs
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 high
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.

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BETSY BAKER.

FROM noise and bustle far away,
Hard wo-k my time employing,
How happily did I pass each day,
Content and health enjoying;
The birds did sing and so did I,
As I trudged o'er each acre,
I never knew what 'twas to sigh,
'Till I saw Betsy Baker.

At church I met her dressed so neat,
One Sunday in hot weather,
With love I found my heart did beat,
As we sung psalms together;
So p ously she hung her head,
The while her voice did shake, ah!
hought if ever I did wed,
Twould be with Betsy Baker.

Fr m her side I could not budge,
And sure I thought no harm on't,
My elbow then she gave a nudge,
And bade me mind the sarment;
When church was over out she walked,
But I did overtake her,
Determined I would not be baulked,
I spoke to Betsy Baker.

Her manners were genteel and cool
I found, on conversation,
She'd just come from boarding-school,
And finished her education;
But love made me speak out quite free,
Says I I've many an acre,
Will you give me your company,
I shan't, says Betsy Baker.

All my entreaties she did slight,
And I was forced to leave her,
got no sleep all that there night,
For love had brought a fever;
The doctor came, he smelt his cane,
With long face like a Quaker,
Said he, "Young man, pray, where' thy pain?'
Says I, "Sir, Betsy Baker."
Because I was not bad enough,
He bolused and he pilled me,
And, if I'd taken all his stuff,
I think he must ha' killed me;
I put an end to all the strife,
'Twixt him and the undertaker,
And what d'ye think 'twas saved my life
Why thoughts of Betsy Baker.

I then again to Betsy went,
Once more with love attacked her
But mean time she got acquainted,
Wi' a ramping mad play actor;
If she would have him, he did say,
A lady he would make her,
He gammoned her to run away.
And I lost Betsy Baker.

I fretted very much to find,
My hopes of love so undone,
And mother thought 'twould ease my mind,
If I came up to London.
But though I strive another way,
My thoughts will ne'er forsake her,
I dream all night, and think all day,
Of cruel Betsy Baker.

SOLDIER'S Gratitude.

WHate'er my fate where'er I roam,
By sorrow still opprest,
I'll ne'er forget the peaceful home,
That gave a Wanderer rest.

Then ever rove life's sunny banks
By sweetest flowers strew'd
Still may claim a Soldier's thanks,
A Soldier's gratitude.

The tender sigh, the balmy tear
That meek-ey'd Pity gave;
My last expiring hour shall cheer,
And bless the Wanderer's grave.

J Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-Court,
7 Dials. Cards, &c. Printed Cheap.
... Country Shop and Travellers supplied.

CABBAGES
And Turniptops
OR
The Blighted Gardener.

I once kept a garden where the vegetables did grow,
But my fate is an hard un, you'll say when you know,
How I loved a fair damsel, who's like I ne'er saw,
So graceful and so beautiful, that I loved her more then all—.

CHORUS

My Cabbages and my Turniptops,
My Celery and my Brokelo,
O I'll never love, no I'll never love
None but sweet Mary Jones.

Her parents kept a beer shop, Mary served at the bar,
And used to draw custom from ever so far,
With her eyes bright as diamonds and hair black as Jet,
She made me feel so funnified, and entirely forget all about—
My cabbages, &c.

When I stood at the bar, I would heave a deep sigh,
And when she look'd at me, I'd wink one eye;
I one day pluck'd up courage, look'd as wretched as could be,
Said "I love you, sweet Mary O! will you have me?" and all—
My cabbages, &c.

Out of the bar parlor rushed a sailor pell mell,
Turned me out of the house and shook me as well!
The naughty boys jeer'd me, with mud I got splashed,
Then they followed me home, yes, and smashed all—
My cabbages, &c.

Well she married that sailor, she now a gay wife,
She's left this poor gardener all wretched for life,
My sufferings and misery there's no one can tell,
I'm a melancholy Horticulturist, and here bids farewell to all—
My cabbages, &c.

I'M HER PA.

NEAPOLITIANE

Cars are on the Track

H. Disley, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Gile's.

I'm her Pa!

Have you seen my daughter, if you
ain't you oughter,
A pretty gal, her name is Sal, she's
often in this quarter,
Her mother was a stunner, but she's
a reg'lar wunner,
With Grecian nose and pigeon toes,
and just the same as me.
She's had an edification fit for any
station,
To parley woo can down a few, and
plays on the Piano.

Spoken.—If there's one thing more than another, I likes to see a girl a good domino thumper and my darter

Oh, she is a teezer, is my Sally Breezer
Majenta hair, and face so fair, the
image of her dear Ma,
Her waist it are so slender, her man-
ners is so tender,
And I always let them know that
I'm her Pa!

I'm known as "Daddy Breezer," was
always thought th' cheese, sir,
In penny dips I made my chips, as
chandler and tea dealer,
I sold the finest Mocha, and coals and
wood and cocoa,
Fine saveloys and ha'penny toys, the
best you ever see,
I made a heap of ready, my habits
they was steady,
I sold my shop, the coin did cop, and
kept it for my darter,

Spoken.—Yes, the fellow that gets that girl will have a rare lump.
Oh, she is a teazer, &c.

Lots have been to court her, from
ev'ry blessed quarter,
A tinker and a muffin man, a funny
tater sorter,
But she lands 'em in a minute, and
says there ain't none in it,
Such chaps as they, don', know their
way to win her virgin heart,
I'll just throw out a feeler, she's
spooney on a Peeler,
To be his wife, his mate for life, now
there's a saucy Donna!

Spoken.—What, be his staff of life, I'll have his new whiskers, what's growing to order, the Willin tho'—
Oh, she is a teaser, &c.

Neapolitaine.

Neapolitaine, I am dreaming of thee,
I'm hearing thy foootfall, so joyous
and free,
Thy dark flashing eyes are entwining
me yet,
Thy voice with its music, I ne'er can
forget.
I am far from the land, from my own
sunny home,
Alone in the wide world with sorrow
I roam,
In the halls of the gay and wherever
it be,
Still, Neapolitaine, I am dreaming of
thee. Neapolitaine, &c.

Neapolitaine, art thou thinking of me?
Hath absence not banished thy me-
mory from me?
Remember our meeting, their whisper
to keep.
When bright eyes were calling each
lov'd one to sleep;
And yet I would not have a cloud on
thy brow.
As bright as they were, let them
shine on me now;
For 'tis memory that brings all thy
beauty to me,
Still, Neapolitaine, I am dreaming of
thee. Neapo itaine, &c.

Cars are on the Track.

Oh when I was a little dark,
At home I would not stay,
I left my Alabama hut,
And travelled far away;
I left my lovely Sally dear,
And now I'm on the track,
I know she sits and thinks of me,
I never may come back.

Good bye, Sally dear,
I'll never see you more,
The railroad's finished,
And I'm off for Baltimore,
Good-bye, Sally dear,
I never may come back,
For the railroad's finished,
And the cars are on the track.

Sally was a charming girl,
She looked so neat and gay,
She used to sing and dance to me;
With her I used to play.
Oh! when I think of Sally dear,
It causes me to sigh;
She used to laugh right in my face,
And then burst out and cry.

I wish that I was back again
To my little hut,
I'd live a life of ecstacy,
Never to forget;
I'd sit along with Sally dear,
And never let her sigh,
I'd wipe away her little tear,
And never let her cry.

Holy Mother, Guide his Footsteps.

Holy mother, guide his footsteps,
Guide them at a moment pure,
When the wicked fail and perish,
When the good are all secure:
Sainted mother, oh, befriend him,
And thy gentlest pity lend him.

WHAT A SIGHT FOR A FATHER.

'SIG'IT FOR A FATHER,

E Hodges, Printer, from Pitt's) Wholesale Toy, and Marble Warehouse, 31 St. 7 Dials.

WhAt a pleasure it is to have a good wife
One that is steady, and willing
to help and to comfort a man through his life
One who nows how to lay out a shilling.
With my own little wife I cann't grumble at all
But my family's a rum lot, rather
Thirteen boys and girls, I can count great and small:
Now there's a fine sight for a father.

Theres' Anna, Maria, a young woman grown,
How often I wish she would marry
She goes out every night, I can't keep her at home
with a young chap who calls himself Harry
Out of doors I once bolted her tight,
And upon the door I put a bar there
But she said, "Let me in, or I'll stop out all night:"
Now here was a sight for a father:

Our tom was so proud, he vowed he would be either a squire or a knight, sir;
So, to better his fortune he bolted from me,
And for many years kept out of sight, sir,
I stept into a shop to get shaved 'tother day,
And my face was covered with lather,
when I found it was Tom who was scraping away,
Now there was a sight for a father

On going home once, there was the devil to pay,
My wife she was calling for water
From the neighbou I learnt some man run away,
With Amelia my goodlooking daughter,
My youngest girl, Nance on the very same day, (rather,
wrote a letter which made me mad
To say she was in a particular way,
Now there was a sight for a Father

I've three great hulking boys who in service won't stop, (victuals.
They're to lazy to earn their own
They only seem happy when in the gin shop: (skitles
And I'm told their all sharpers at
I get up every night to let in the dears
But as soon as they spy their mama there, (on the chairs,
They jump into my bed, and I sleep
Now theres a fine sight for a Father

Theres my last daughter Bet the worst of them yet,
Her heart must be hard as the pathstones,
For she run away with a queer looking chap,
who goes about selling of hearth stones,
With a bag at her back, I once met her plump
(An awkard predicament rather,)
Crying out, "Hearth stones a penny a lump"
Now here was a sight for a Father.

Now all married men pray take my advice,
And if you would keep your homes right sir,
Don't let your daughters dress up over nice,
Nor ramble out late of a night, sirs,
Keep your girls at their needles your boys at their pens,
I've bought my experince dear rather,
But be sure keep your girls far away from the men,
Or there'll be a fine sight for a father,

E. HODGE'S WHOLESALE SONG MART
31, DUDLEY ST. 7 DIALS.

ALL TO ASTONISH THE BROWNS.

HODGES, Printer. (from PITT'S,)
Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse,
31, Dudley Street, Seven Dials

THERE lived and may be living still,
In one of the streets of the town,
A respectable man, who was called.
By the neighbourhood, "Gentleman
Very grand parties he gave, Brown.
At which in campaign you might drown
Nay he cut such a dash—all the street,
Was jealous of Gentleman Brown,
Jokery, jeering quiz,
To the story I'm telling, oh list,
How happy we mortals might be,
If jealousy did not exist.

The Caggs who resided next door,
Were ever in sneers and in frowns,
And bursting with spleen when they saw,
Such fine goings on at the Browns
One night Mrs. C. said to Caggs,
'Some husbands are such stingy clowns,
Or they would give dinners and balls,
And show off as well as the Browns.
Jokery, jeering, quiz,
In the course of your life find you may
That a man has no power, when his wife
Is determined to have her own way.

"Consider my income!" said Caggs,
"Dont talk in that way, Mr. C.
I warrant I'd make it suffice,
If you would but leave it to me.
Last Monday I saw well enough,
When the tradesmen are going their rounds,
Although they had money from us,
I'm sure they had none from the Browns
Joking, jeering, quiz.
Its one of the greatest of ills,
When tradesmen will send in their bills
And nothing else but their bills.

Caggs submitted to his better half,
Or rather two thirds I should say,
And she soon sent her orders about,
Determined to make a display.
Her daughters were full of delight,
On Sunday they sported new gowns;
And exclaimed as they went to church,
"How we shall astonish the Browns!
Jokery, jeering, quiz,
What pleasures arise in the breast,
When we as we walk through the streets
Are conscious of being well dressed!

Preparations were made for a feast,
Tinted cards, highly glazed and embost
Invited the neighbours who came,
And many in wonder were lost.
Champagne, claret, ices, milk punch,
And cakes ornamented with crowns,
Soups, jellies, and scented pastiles,
And all to astonish the browns.
Jokery, jeering, quiz
Most people are fond of a feast,
And they love those who give 'em the most,
More than those folks who give 'em the least,

One party soon drew on another,
And then to continue the game,
As the Browns were a going to the races,
The Caggs must of course do the same.
"Lauk! how surprised they will be,
When they see us appear on the Downs
We will go in a carriage and four,
And we shall so astonish the Browns.
Jokery, jeering, quiz!
The neighbours said, 'Caggs was clever,
But as sure as eggs be but eggs,
Such things won't continue for ever.

Whatever was done by the B.'s,
The C's tried to do mote that equal,
But as they had not the same means,
They failed as you'll see by the sequel.
They were forced to run off from the street
For fortune looked on 'em with frowns,
And what was more galling than all,
It did not astonish the Browns.
Jokery, jeering, quiz.
Many folks in this world's up's and downs
Very often astonish themselves,
When they try to astonish the Browns.

My tale I'll conclude with a proverb,
In which there's a great deal of sense—
Your pounds may be left to themselves,
If you will take care of the pence,
In this you'll discover my moral,
A moral worth mitres and crowns,
If you would save silver and gold
You must always beware of the Browns,
Jokery, jeering, quiz
Be cautious in great London town,
Or in trying to do, you'll get done,
And not only done—but done brown.

A STEADY
ESPECTABLE FATHER

JOE MUGGINS

Printed by E. Hodges (late Pitt's), Wholesale Toy, & Marble Warehouse 31, Dudley-street, 7 Dials,

Oh! the boys of these days are an unruly race,
They tire my patience out, rather,
For their ways and their manners are quite a disgrace
To a steady respectable father;
If you've a boy, and you happen to speak
About him to a friend that you've brought in,
He wishes to know with all possible cheek,
If he'll go five or nine to a quartern?

Chorus.

There's really no bearing these boys of these days,
What with boozing, and smoaking, and mocking,
When I was a boy they'd been put in a cage—
It really is shocking! Oh, shocking!

A father—God bless me, there's no such a thing,
He's called the old man, and the Govnor,
And as for a mother not one can you bring,
That ain't some old woman or other.
If they strive to be saving and eke up their means,
Just to keep up appearances tidy,
The dainty big boys wont touch bacon and greens
And they wont eat ash mutton on Friday,
Oh the boys, &c

For breakfast they want a blow-out of cold meat,
And at ten-time they'll safe want a muffin,
If he can't see the wit of short pipes in the street,
He's very soon called an old Guffin!
If they live by themselves they're nobbing it home
For tin, with a pipe, and a thick stick
And if to the door the mother should come,
It's 'mother, old flick, how's old Pickwick?'
Oh the boys, &c.

If by chance they should meet the old man in the street,
If he don't stand a pint he's bent down sirs,
And while the old gentleman is standing treat,
They drain him of every brown, sirs;
And at home if he's got any boys about ten,
And he should by chance turn his back there,
They rush in and bawl out, here Jack, Tom, and Ben,
Let's be on the old bloke's tobacco,
Oh the boys, &c.

They tipple, they drink, they booze, & they smoke
And if he wants to know what such things are
They tip him the wink, and give him a poke,
And tell him he don't know what things are
They are quite big enough now to stop out all night,
And its hard if they can't have a pal home,
If he don't leave the door open, there'll soon be a fight,
And they'll know why they can't bring a girl home
Oh the boys, &c.

When I was a boy things were different quite,
I never saw rum, gin, or porter;
I was never allowed to stay out all night,
And I drank nothing stronger than water,
Till I grew about thirty I ne'er thought of a wife,
And I never wore clothes that wasn't paid for,
As for the girl's, why, at my time of life,
I don't know what they are made for.
Oh the boys, &c.

JOE MUGGINS

(A Parody on Dick Turpin.)

"JOE Muggins! bold Joe! cut away," was the cry;
The priggs were all startled you'll guess; (cry,
The rattles were springing—'stop thief' was the
As he sprang by the side of Bigg Bess.
Three Peelers well arm'd set off at full cry,
Resolved for to nail him this time;
But he chaff't at their efforts, and as he passed by,
The clock of St. Martin's struck nine!

So when I've a quartern, whatcan I do less,
Than drink to the health of my noble Big Bess.

'Hook it on,' cut away! we've done'em I guess,
Who'd have thought we'd have licked 'em so soon'
Then running along by the side of Big Bess,
Said, 'Lets make for Bill Stubb's back room.
Cut along now my gal! we soon shall be there,
In two or three minutes or less,
They are slackening their pace—'tis a fact I declare
Then cheer up my bonnie Big Bess!'

So when I have a quartern, &c.

The smoke from the Dials now burst on our view,
And St. Giles's was ringing a knell.
'Stop stop my old gal! they no longer pursue,
See stopped—she reel'd—and she fell,
Her breath was no more—she lay on the pave,
Alas poor Big Bess, once my only pride!
Her heart she had smash'd, her flash cove to save,
For Joe Muggins she lived—and she died

Then when I've a bumper what can I do less
Than the memory drink of my Bonnie Big Bess

OH! WHERE'S MY DOLLY GONE TO?

It's just ten days ago, yes,
Since I came up to Town,
And brought my Dolly to see the sights
Of wonder and renown;
And didn't Dolly stare, aye,
We enjoyed ourselves right well,
But where my Dolly's got to now,
I'm darn'd if I can tell!

Chorus.

O! where's my Dolly gone to,
Gone to, gone to,
I've search'd for her night and morn, too,
O! where has my Dolly gone to?

Now fust we climbed the Monyement,
(Them stairs bean't there a load,)
Then we went to the Cristial Palace,
What's down in the Whitechapel Road.
And then the British Museum, too,
What stands on Primrose Hill,
And then we seed some waxworks,
Of sights we had our fill.

Spoken.—Aye, didn't Dolly like them waxworks—all alive—opened their eyes quite natural; there was Mr. Richard the Third talking to Tropman, and Lord John Bright walking arm in arm with Guy Fawkes; and there was Jack Sheppard a taking tea with Queen Elizabeth, and Mabel Gray a playing dominoes with the Prince of Wales, didn't we larf? but now I'm mollancholly, for— O! where's my Dolly, &c.

Next we seed Buckingham Pallis,
And there we seed the Queen,
A sitting at the winger, yes,
And looking "all serene;"
And next we took a Blackwall boat
And went to see the "Zoo,"
The Animiles, the Crockeydiles,
And the roaring Cockatoo.

Spoken.—Yes, the roaring Cockatoo's a feroshus Animile, wears his tail under his left ear, and eats two men and a boy for breakfast every morning; then we seed the Giraffe, with a neck about three yards long, mus'n't he suffer when he has a sore throat? how we did larf! but now I'm wretched, for O! where's my Dolly, &c.

Next we went to see "Formosa,"
Up in the Gal-le-ry,
My Dolly said 'twas "touching."
And soon begins to cry;
When we come out the crowd it squeezed,
Forget I never shall,
And when I comes to look around,
I couldn't find my gal.

Spoken.—Couldn't see her nowheres, I called "Dolly!' then another chap called "Dolly!" One chap said she'd been taken up for stealing Pigeon's milk, another said she'd eloped with a Horse-Marine, and a Perliceman said he could swear he saw my Dolly hanging outside a Rag shop!
O! where's my Dolly, &c.

I know my Dolly's faithful,
I know my Dolly's true,
If I don't find my Dolly soon,
Whatever shall I do!
When I gets back to Devonshire,
I'll end my miseree,
I'll hang myself, for Dolly's loss,
Upon a gooseberry tree.
O! where's my Dolly, &c.

W. S. FORTEY, Printer & Publisher, 2 & 3, Monmouth Ct.

MUSIC OF THE MILL.

WOFUL MARRIAGE.

—o:o—

ON Monday night I married a wife,
And thought I would lead a happy life,
In bed we had not been an hour I'm sure,
Till she tumbled me right on my head on the floor.

Then, O the marriage, the woful marriage,
It's O the marriage I sorely do rue.

On Tuesday morning she did me desire,
To get out of bed and to kindle the fire,
I told her that I her work would not do,
So she blacken'd my eye with the heel of her shoe.

I boiled the kettle and made the tea,
And toasted the bread without delay,
I fried the beefsteaks for her in haste,
She eat them and would not allow me to taste.

She put my dinner upon a clean plate,
Five tators and a heap of skate ;
Then after supper she went to the play,
And did not return until the next day.

On Wednesday night as in bed she did lay,
Go wash the floor to me she did say,
Go wash it yourself you jade, says I,
With that the pot at me she let fly.

On Thursday morn too long I did sleep,
Thén out of bed she softly did creep,
She sewed me up in the blankets tight,
And there she laid on me with all her might.

On Friday morn she said she was sick,
Thinks I, my lady I'll play you a trick !
I mixed some jalap among her tea,
Which kept her a running about all day.

On Saturday morning she says to me,
Go kindle the fire and get me some tea ;
And while my head was stooping down,
She up with the poker and cracked my crown.

But on that night she got herself full,
And through the house she did roar like a bull,
After a while I heard a crack—
She fell down stairs and broke her back.

Then for a doctor I did go,
A wandering through the frost and snow,
When I came back my lady was dead,
But not one tear for her I shed.

On Monday she was laid in the clay,
For me it was a most unlucky day ;
Now I am single, and so will remain,
For marriage I never will try again.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

London :—H. SUCH, Printer & Publisher,
177, Union Street, Boro'.

WHEN Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah ! hurrah !
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah ! hurrah !
The men will cheer, the boys will shout, the ladies they will all turn out :
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bells will peal with joy, hurrah ! hurrah !
To welcome home our darling boy, hurrah ! hurrah !
The lads and lasses say, with roses they will strew the way, (home.
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching
And we'll all feel gay, &c.

Get ready for the jubilee, hurrah ! hurrah !
We'll give the hero three times three, hurrah ! hurrah !
The laurel wreath is ready now, to place upon his loyal brow, (home.
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching
And we'll all feel gay, &c.

Let love and friendship on that day, hurrah ! hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display, hurrah ! hurrah !
And let each one perform some part, to fill with joy the warrior's heart, (home.
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching
And we'll all feel gay, &c.

MUSIC OF THE MILL.

AS Jeannie came from market, the rain fell from the sky,
She sought the mill upon the hill, until the rain passed by,
And there sat Jeannie smiling, while the miller his sack did fill,
And Jeannie sang in chorus to the music of the mill.

The storm it soon passed over, the sun began to shine,
Says he "The way that you must stray, it happens to be mine,"
Her cheeks they glow'd like roses, her eyes with tears did fill,
When he vowed his love would changeless prove as the music of the mill.

She goes no more a gleaning, for he has acres fair,
And Jeannie is the brightest flower that ever blossom'd there ;
But she bids the village maidens their aprons full to fill,
As the year comes round, and they bless the sound, of the music of the mill.

THE SNOB & THE BOTTLE

GOOD people attend to my song,
And listen to something that's witty,
It is not too short or too long,
But concerning town, country, and city.
Advice to all tradesmen I give,
Snips, bakers, snobs, grocers, and tanners :
I'm a lady possessed of three cuts,
I've neither wit, money, nor manners,
So pray of the bottle beware.

My old man is a ranting old snob,
He looks in the face like a monkey,
All night like a goose he does sob,
And he's just as much sense as a donkey.
He sold all the old shoes in the shop,
And poured the contents down his throttle,
All day he sits hugging the pot,
And singing success to the bottle,
Of the bottle, the bottle beware.

At night on the bed he does fall,
And there lies just like a weasel,
He is fit for nothing at all,
And he grunts like a pig with the measles.
The chamber mug he took one night,
And poured the contents down his throttle,
Then hallo'd with joy and delight,
Success to the pot and the bottle,
Of the bottle, the bottle take care.

He has but one shirt to his back,
And that is rent all into stitches,
He has never a crown to his hat,
He has worn out the seat of his breeches :
An old sack for an apron he wears,
And his nose is as big as a bottle,
Last night he fell over the stairs,
Singing joy and success to the bottle.

Our bed-clothes are all up the spout,
And jigs to the lapstone may whistle,
He the chairs and the tables took out,
His leather, awl, lapstone, and bristles.
He sold all the lot for a bob,
And sent the proceeds down his throttle,
Bad luck to the drunken old snob,
May the devil take him and the bottle.

My gown the old rogue sold for rags,
Though with him I had a good tussel ;
My night cap he sold for a mag.
And three-halfpence my bonnet and bustle.
There's a hump growing out of his back,
Just nine times as big as a wattle,
Last night he woke up in a fright,
And killed the poor cat with the bottle.

There's the landlord calls three times a day,
And the butcher and baker by jingo,
And if the old rongue don't pay,
They'll shove him for twelve months in limbo.
But they may as well talk to a post,
For the money all goes down his throttle,
Bad luck to the ugly old ghost,
May the devil fetch him and the bottle.

HE'LL NEVER MARCH AGAIN

London:—H. Such, Printer & Publisher,
177, Union Street, Boro'. S. E.

THE tired soldier, bold and brave,
Now rests his weary feet,
And to the shelter of the grave,
He's made a safe retreat.
To him the trumpet's piercing breath,
"To arms," shall call in vain,
Ned's quartered in the arms of death,
He'll never, never march again.

A boy he left his father's home,
The chance of war to try,
O'er regions yet untrod to roam,
No friend or brother nigh.
Yet still he marched contented on,
Mid danger, death, and pain,
But now he halts, his toil is done,
He'll never, never march again.

The sweets of spring by beauty's hand,
Lie scattered o'er his bier,
His comrades, as they silent stand,
Give honest Ned a tear.
And lovely Kate, poor Ned's delight,
Chief mourner of the train,
Cried, as she view'd the dreadful sight,
"He'll never, never march again."

The Snob & the Bottle, (Continued).

He says unto me, I am poor,
And calls me his dear loving doxy,
And when he gets out of the door,
The boys hollos out after him, Waxey.
Enough for to drown a bull,
Every morning he pours down his throttle,
Don't you think I've got a good pull,
With the ranting old snob and the bottle.

The bottle has quite ruined me,
Though quiet and easy I take it !
The bottle has robbed me of tea,
And left me both hungry and naked.
The bottle has robbed the old snob,
And burnt all his tripes and his throttle,
And at length what an excellent job,
Old Nick fetched the snob and the bottle.

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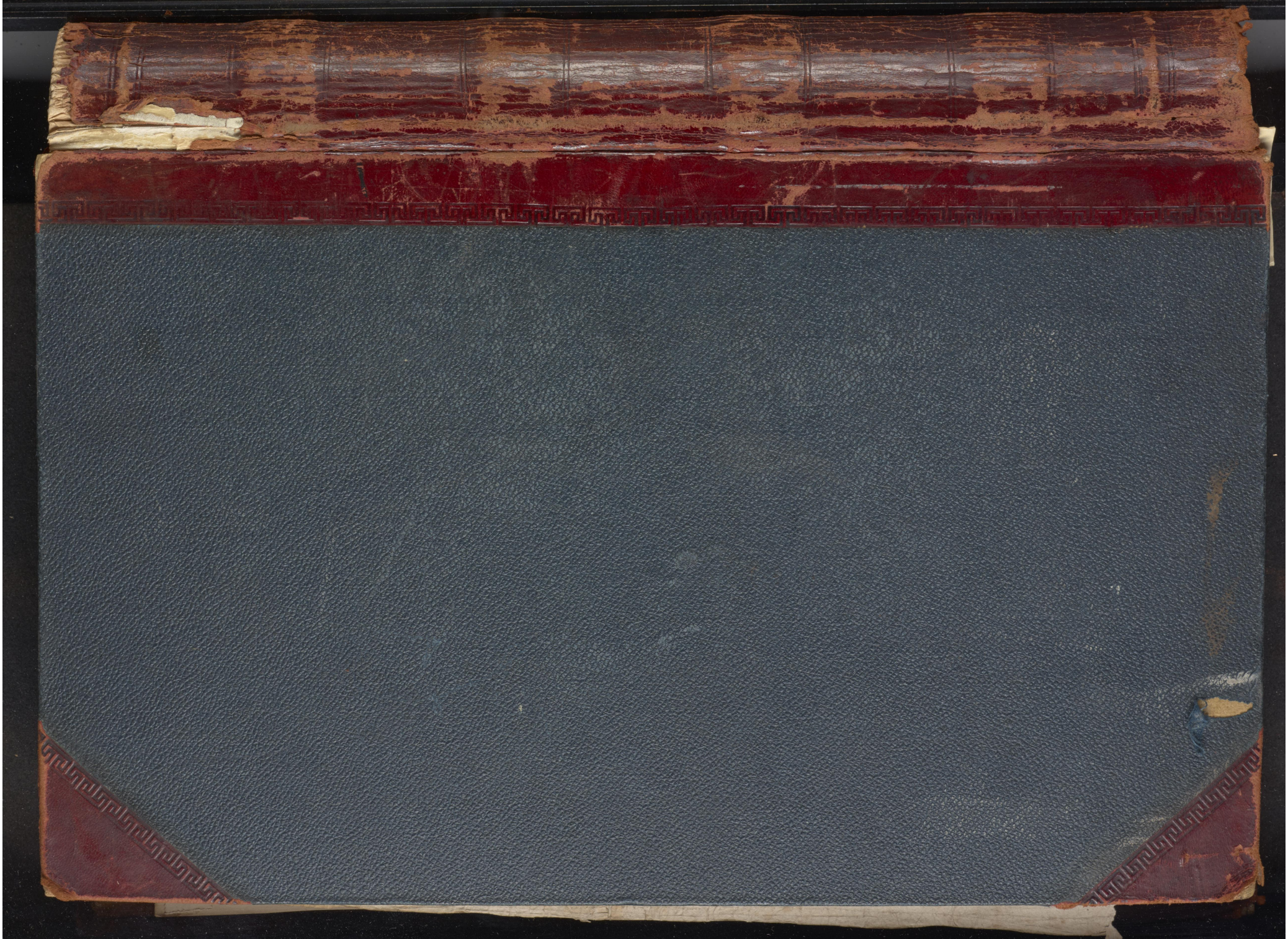
414 approx.
only 19 exact dups. with ours.



NORTHEN KNIGHT'S GARLAND:

Shewing, How a Northern Lord fold his beautiful Daughter to a Knight, for her Weight in Gold, which was borrowed of a Jew.—How the Knight fled from the Jew to the German Court, where he was kindly received.—How a Dutch Lord betray'd him to the Jew, from whom he was delivered by his Lady in Man's Apparel.—How the Northern Lord came to have the Knight executed for the fuppofed Murder of his Daughter, who, under the Name of the Green Knight, freed him from Death, and difcovered herfelf to them.



A Northern lord of high renown,
Two daughters had, the eldeft brown,
The youngeft beautiful and fair,
A noble knight by chance came there.
The father faid, kind fir I have
Two daughters dear, which do you crave?
She that is beautiful he cry'd.
The noble lord he then reply'd,
A charming, beautiful and gay,
And is not to be given away,
But as rich treasure bought and fold,
And fhall fetch her weight in gold.
The price I thank you need not grudge,
For I declare to give as much
With her own filler, if I can
Find out a loving nobleman.
With that reply'd the noble knight,
I'd rather have that beauty bright,
At your own price, renowned lord,
Than th' other with a large reward.
The bargain thus it foon was made,
But e'er the fum it could be paid,
he borrow'd of a weal thy Jew,
The fum fo large, and writings drew,
That if he fail'd, for miss'd his day,
Then equal ounces he fhould pay
Of his own flesh, inftead of gold:
All was agreed, the fum was told.
Then he return'd immediately
To the great lord, where he did buy
His daughter beautiful and fair,
And paid him down the money there.
He bought her, therefore 'tis well known
To all mankind fhe was his own,
With whom a fon he did enjoy,
A fweet and pleafant fprightly boy.
At length the time of pay drew near,
And therefore he began to fear
Theorments of the cruel Jew,
Becaufe the money it was due.
All fince the fame he could not pay,
He muft as many ounces pay
Of I dear flesh, pick'd from his bones.
This made him figh with bitter groans.
Bloody afk'd him why he griev'd:
He fi. dear jewel I receiv'd
The m of money from a Jew,
With which I bought and purchafed you.
Ne the time of payment's come;
And yet I cannot raife the fum,
He'll have my flesh, love, weight for weight,
Which makes my grief and forrow great.
To never fear him, fhe reply'd,
We'll hoft the raging ocean while.
So to lure him from that fate,
To bequeft he yielded ftrait.
Thhaving crofs'd the raging feas,
They well'd on, till by degrees
Unto t German court they came,
The knt, his fon, and beauteous dame,
And the emperor he told
The ftory of the Sum of gold
Which had borrow'd of the Jew,
And how fear of death he flew.
The eror he did erect
A court them, and fhew'd refpect
To his neeeffs, becaufe they came
From Brit, that bleft ifle of fame.

While here they liv'd in much delight,
A Dutch lord told this noble knight,
That he a ton of gold would lay,
That he laid with his lady gay.
From her the Dutch lord was to bring
A rich and coftly diamond ring,
Which was to prove and teftify,
That he did with his lady lie.
He try'd, but could not once obtain
Her favour, but with high difdain
She did repulfe his bafe attempt.
With that unto her maid he went,
And told her if fhe would but feal
Her lady's ring, and fo conceal
The fame, and bring him ftrait,
She fhould enjoy a large eftate.
In hopes of fuch a great reward,
She ftole the ring. Then the Dutch lord
Did bring it to the noble knight,
Who almoft fwooned at the fight.
Home he ran to his lady ftrait,
Whom meeting at the palace gate,
He threw her headlong down the moat,
And left her there to fink or float.
As down the ftream the floating pafs'd,
A miller catch'd her up at laft,
Saving her and her jewels too,
Which was more than her husband knew.
Soon after this, in cloaths of green,
Like to a warlike knight, fhe's feen,
Compleatly mounted on a fteed,
And to the court fhe rid with fpeed.
Now when the emperor beheld
Her brave deportment, he was ftill'd
With admiration at the fight,
She call'd herfelf an Englifh Knight.
The emperor did then reply,
An Englifh knight is now to die,
For drowning of his lady gay.
Quoth fhe, I'd fee him if I may.
It foon was granted, and fhe came,
And calling of him by his name,
She faid, kind fir, be of good cheer,
Your friend I'll be, you need not fear.
She to the emperor did ride,
And faid, pray let the caufe be tried
Once more, for I'm in hopes to fave
This Englifh gallant from the grave.
'Twas granted, and the court being fet
The Dutch lord came, & feem'd to fweat
About the ring, for he did fear
The truth would make his fhame appear.
Indeed it did, for foon they call
The maid, who on her knees did fall
Before the court, and did confefs,
The Dutch lord's bafe unworthinefs.
He hired me to fteal a ring,
Which he did to my maffer bring,
And faid he had it from his wife,
Which is the caufe of all this ftrife.
The court reply'd, and is it fo,
The lady too, for all we know,
May be alive, therefore we'll ftay
His fentence to another day.
The Dutch lord gave to him the ton
Of gold, which he had fairly won:
And to be did in fhame and grief,
And thus the knight obtain'd relief.
The Dutch lord to revenge the fpight
Upon the noble Englifh knight,
Did fend a letter out of hand,
That fo the Jew might underftand,
That he was in the German court.
Therefore upon this true report,
The Jew he crofs'd the ocean wide,
Refolving to be fatisfy'd.
So foon as e'er he fix'd his eyes
Upon the noble knight, he cries,
Now I your face once more behold,
Your flesh I'll have inftead of gold,
Then faid the noble knight in green,
May not the articles be feen?
Yes that they may, reply'd the Jew,
And I refolve to have my due.
The knight in green began to read,
At length he faid, I find indeed,
You nothing elfe but flesh muft have.
The Jew reply'd, 'tis what I crave.
Then faid the noble emperor,
Pray let me fee it, noble fir;
Who did this bloody bond contrive
To cut him into flakes alive.
The poor diftreffed knight was brought,
The bloody-minded Jew he thought
To be revenged then of him,
And part the flesh from every limb,
Then faid the noble knight in green,
Jew, is thy knife both fharp and keen.
Yes 'tis, he faid, you need not fear,
His arms and legs of flesh I'll clear.
The knight in green faid, Mr. Jew,
There's nothing elfe but flesh your due;
Then fee no drop of blood you fhed,
For if you do, off goes your head:
Your due now take with all our heart,
But with his blood we will not part
With that the Jew he fneak'd away,
And had not one more word to fay.

The knight in green got great applaufe,
In that he made him quit the caufe,
By telling him what would enfue,
If any drops of blood he drew.
No fooner were thefe troubles paft,
But his wife's father came at laft,
Refolving for to have his life,
For drowning his beloved wife.
Over the fea her father brought
Many fine horfes; one was bought
By the pretended knight in green,
The very beft that ever was feen.
Then to the German court he came,
Declaring fuch an one by name,
Had drowned his fair daughter dear,
And ought to die a death fevere.
They brought him from his prifon then
Guarded by many armed men,
Unto the place where he muft die,
The knight in green was ftanding by.
Then from her fide her fword fhe drew,
And run her gelding thro' and thro';
Her father faid, why do you fo?
I may; it is my own you know.
You fold this gelding; its well known
I bought it, making it my own,
And may do what I pleafe with it.
To what fhe faid he did fubmit.
Here is a man arraign'd and caft,
And brought to fuffer death at laft,
Becaufe your daughter dear he flew:
Perhaps he did, what's that to you?
You took his money, when you fold,
Your daughter for her weight in gold;
Therefore he might, it is well known,
Do what he pleafed with what's his own.
The noble lord her father there
When he thefe arguments did hear,
Forgave him then immediately,
Declaring that he fhould not die.
Then having changed her garments green,
And dreft herfelf like a fair queen,
Her father and her husband ftrait
Both knew her, and their joy was great.
Soon they did carry the report,
Thro' all the famous German court,
How the renowned Engliſh knight,
Had found his charming beauty bright.
The emperor and lords of fame,
With cheerful hearts they did proclaim
An univerfal joy, to fee
This lady's Life and liberty.

Sold by S. GAMIDGE, *in* Worceſter.

A Famous SEA-FIGHT,

BETWEEN

CAPTAIN WARD

AND THE

RAINBOW,



STRIKE up ye lusty gallants,
With mulicks sound of drum,
For there is such a rover,
Upon the seas is come;
His name is Captain Ward,
Full well it doth appear,
There has not been such a Rover,
Found out these thousand years.

For he hath sent unto the King,
The sixth of January,
Desiring that he might come in,
With all his company;
And if the King will let me come,
Till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransom,
Full thirty ton of Gold.

O nay, O nay then said the King,
O nay that must not be,
To yield to such a Rover,
My self will not agree.
He hath deceiv'd the Frenchman,
Likewise the King of Spain,
Then how can he be true to me,
Who has been false to twain
With that the King provided,
A ship of worthy fame,
The Rainbow she is call'd,
If you would know her name.

And now the gallant Rainbow,
She rolls upon the sea,
Five hundred gallant seaman,
To keep her company:
The Dutchmen and the Spaniards,
She made them for to flee,
Alla the bonny Frenchmen,
As she met on the seas.

When as the gallant Rainbow,
Did come where she did lie,
Where is the Captain of that ship,
The Rainbow she did cry:
O that I am, said Captain Ward,
There's no one bids me lie
And if thou art the King's fair ship,
Thou'rt welcome unto me.

I tell thee what said the Rainbow,
Our King is in great grief
That thou shouldst lie upon the seas,
And play the errant thief:
You will not let your merchantmen,
Pass as they did before,
Such tidings to our King is come,
Which grieves his heart full sore.

With that this gallant Rainbow,
She shot out of her pride,
Full fifty good brass pieces,
Charged on every side:
And yet these gallant shooters,
Prevailed not a pin,
Though they were brass on the outside,
Brave Ward was steel within.

Shoot on, shoot on, said Captain Ward
Your sport will pleaseth me,
And he that first gives over,
Shall yield unto the sea.

I never wronged an English ship,
But Turk and King of Spain,
Likewise the blackguard Dutchmen,
Which I met on the main:
If I had known your King
But two or three days before,
I would have sav'd Lord Essex's life,
Whose death doth grieve me sore.

Go tell the King of England,
Go tell him thus from me,
If he reigns King of all the land,
I will reign King at sea:
With that the gallant Rainbow,
She shot and shot in vain,
Then left the Rover company,
And home return'd again.

Our royal King of England
Your ship's return'd again,
For Captain Ward he is so strong,
He never will be ta'en:
O everlasting said the King,
I have lost jewels three,
Which would have gone unto the seas,
And brought proud Ward to me.

The first was Lord Clifford,
Great Earl of Cumberland,
The second was Lord Mountjoy,
As you shall understand:
The third was brave Lord Essex,
From field would never flee,
Who would have gone unto the sea,
And brought proud Ward to me.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, No. 14, Great St Andrew Street, Seven Dials.



The Meikle Black DEIL!

Song the Second.

Wha has not heard o' the meikle black Deil,
Whase wond'rous arts with men prevail?
Wha has not heard o' the thund'ring Chiel'
Wi' his twa lang horns and a swinging tail!

'Tis said that the Deil lang dwelt i' the North
Directing the storms of wind and hail,
But southward now he's sallying forth
Wi' his twa lang horns and a swinging tail!

Right weel I wat he'll create disorder;
L*******t, bang him weel wi' your *gospel flail!*
We may curse the day that he cross'd the border
Wi' his twa lang horns and a swinging tail!

About the Scotch muirs he lang did loup,
And there with his witches he did prevail;
A candle had he stuck in his black doup,
And had twa lang horns and a swinging tail!

When I think of his power, each limb o' me shakes!
May he soon return, as quick as the mail;
I wish he were back to the Land o' Cakes,
Wi' his twa lang horns and his swinging tail!

O L*******t talks Hebrew, Latin, and Greek,—
In plain braid Scotch he'll seldom fail;
But in English he's sairly baffled to speak
When he treats o' the Chield with the swinging tail!

The Deil is oft ca'd a monstrous loun,
(To slander their neighbours, some folks ne'er fail;)
But he makes the Scotch Parsons' "pot boil brown,"
Wha talk of his horns and his swinging tail!!!

Song the Third will soon be published.

FORDYCE, PRINTER, SANDHILL.

THE

TORIES' DIRGE.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

TUNE—"*Gee ho Dobbin.*"

COME, listen ye Southerns! I'll sing ye a song,
It shall have a good chorus, and sha'nnot be long;
And first, of Northumberland's sons you shall hear,
How they sent Liddell off, wi' a flea in his ear.
Silly Tom Liddell!—conservative Liddell,
Silly Tom Liddell!—gee up and gee ho!

The Duke had reserv'd him a snug little place,
And Percy would pay for this new Chevy Chace;
But Howick's bold countenance flay'd him awa',
And his flummery ended in nothing at a'.
So much for Liddell! place hunting Liddell!
Silly Tom Liddell, &c.

Sir Mattha' shewed symptoms of being a rat,
While he talk'd about "measures not men," and a' that;
But canny Newcassel no nonsense would stand,
So sent for a good one to bear 'em a hand.
And Ord came forward, Ord is our favorite,
He'll be our member, &c.

Johnny Hodgson pretended a liberal creed,
But a different tale he would tell Archie Reed;
But his vote was remembered for Portugal's Mic,
And the Rads would as soon have split votes on old Nic
As on Bell's friend Hodgson—double faced Hodgson,
Naughty boy Hodgson, &c.

So to save us from Tories or trimmers my lad,
We've got from auld Reekie a thorough bred Rad;
And "Aytoun for ever" resounds on the Tyne,
Give him one of your votes; I'm sure he'll have mine.
Let's have *two* Reformers! thorough Reformers
Aytoun for ever! &c.

Poor Matty the Pitman, he quakes in his shoes,
In spite of the Duke, and his squadron of blues,
For if Newport would give us our ain back again,
We'd soon put the pit Laddie quite out of his pain.
Poor little Matty,—Hotspur's own Matty!
Poor little Matty! gee up and gee ho.

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