

# PADDY

WILL YOU NOW.

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Once I was a roving blade,  
And often with girls went a cruising,  
My landlady was kind to me,  
But my landlord he was always a busing,  
Tow, row, row, Paddy will you now,  
Take me while I'm in the humour that's just now

My landlord he went out one day,  
And left me at his house a calling,  
The girls they all come tumbling in,  
Like bees that's in summer swarming.

Now there was one amongst the rest,  
Her name was Eliza Keswick,  
I put my arm around her waist,  
And plac'd my hand on her band of musie,

As I was going up the stairs,  
I saw this fair maid's door is open,  
Says I my love 'tis just my trade,  
To stop all doors that I find open.

Then quickly I laid her on the bed,  
And gently put my right leg over,  
The deuce of a word this fair maid said,  
But wriggled herself till the job was over.

To my surprise I heard a noise,  
Who should it be but her cross old mother,  
She caught me by her daughters side,  
And arrah blood an ound you've kilt my daughter.

Quick I leaped off the bed,  
And seized the old girl by the hind quarter  
Then rammed her up against the bed,  
And served her as I served the daughter.

As I was going down the stairs,  
The cross old fool come tumbling after,  
And at every step she took she cries,  
There goes the man that kiss'd my daughter.

As I was passing through the hall,  
I met the fair maid quite contented,  
Says she I've lost my maidenhead,  
And dearest Pat I don't repent it

As I was passing through the door,  
Who should I meet but the sly old father,  
With a brace of pistols in his hands,  
To shoot the man who'd kiss'd his daughter.

To put an end to this gay sport,  
I soured his head in a pail of water,  
And rammed his pistols down his throat,  
And left him to cure his wife and daughter.



## THE Wild and Wicked Youth.

Watts, Printer, 14, Snow Hill, Birmingham.

In Newery town I was bred and born,  
In Steven's green I died with scorn,  
I served my time at the saddling,  
And always was a roving blade.  
At seventeen I took a wife,  
I loved her dear as I loved my life  
And to maintain her fine and gay,  
A robbing went on the highway.  
But my money did grow low,  
On the highway I was forced to go,  
Where I robbed both lord's and ladie's high  
Brought home my gold to my heart's delight  
I robbed Lord Goldin I do declare,  
Lady Mansfield in Grosvenor square,  
Shut the shutters bid e'em good night,  
And went away to my heart's delight,  
To Covent Gardens I took my way  
With my blooming to see the play  
Till Fielding's gang did me pursue,  
Taken I was by the cursed crew.  
My father cries I am undone,  
My mother cries for her darling son,  
My wife she tears her golden hair,  
What shall I do I'm in despair  
But when I'm dead and in my grave,  
A decent funeral let me have,  
Six highwaymen to carry me,  
Give them broadswords and liberty.  
Six blooming girls to bear the pall,  
Give them gloves and ribbons all.  
When I am dead they'll tell the truth,  
He was wild and wicked youth.