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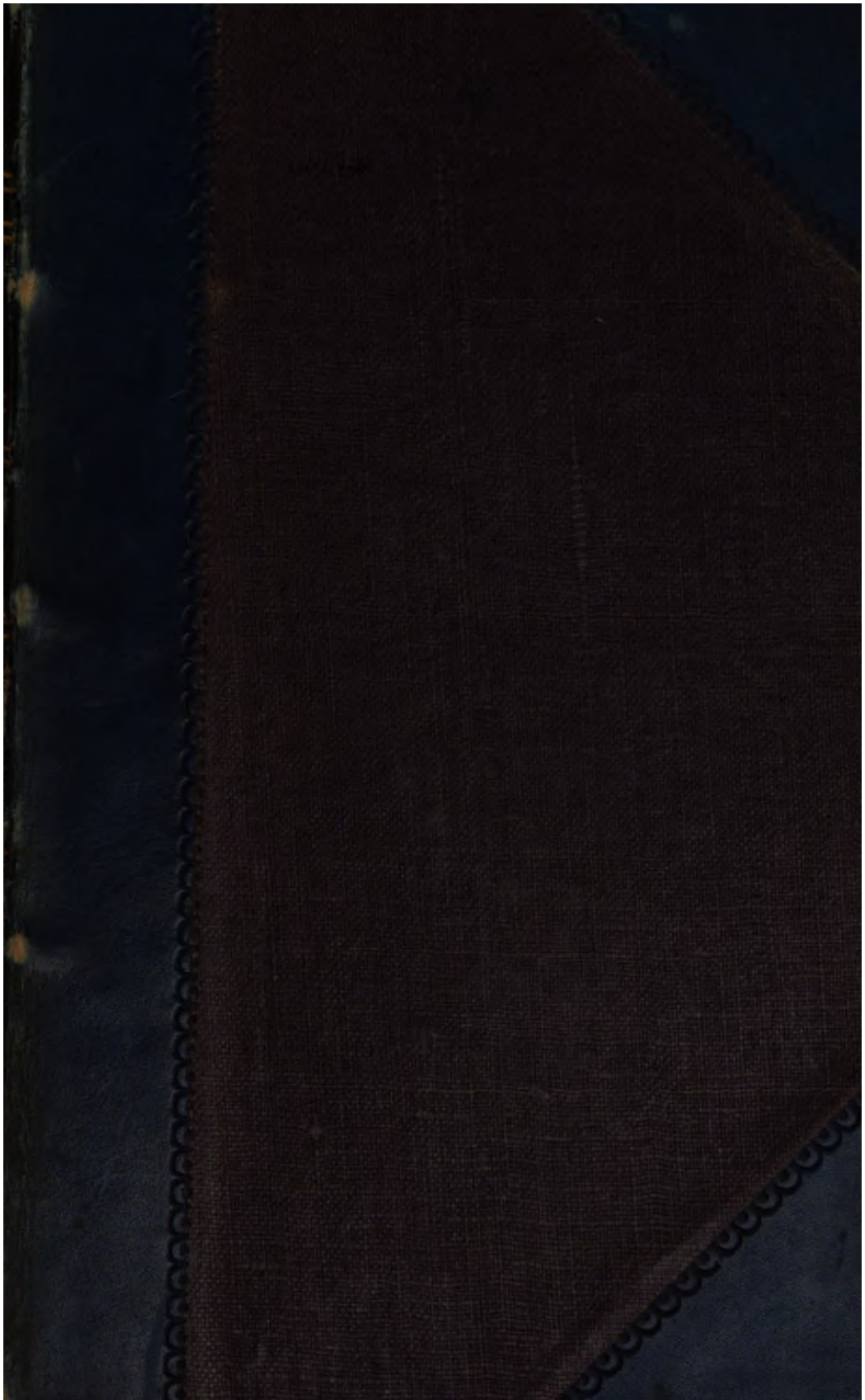
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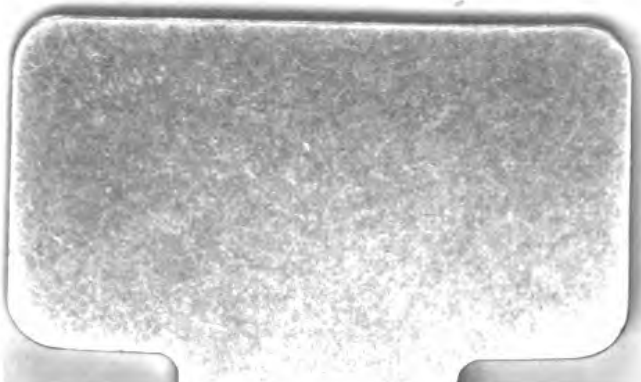


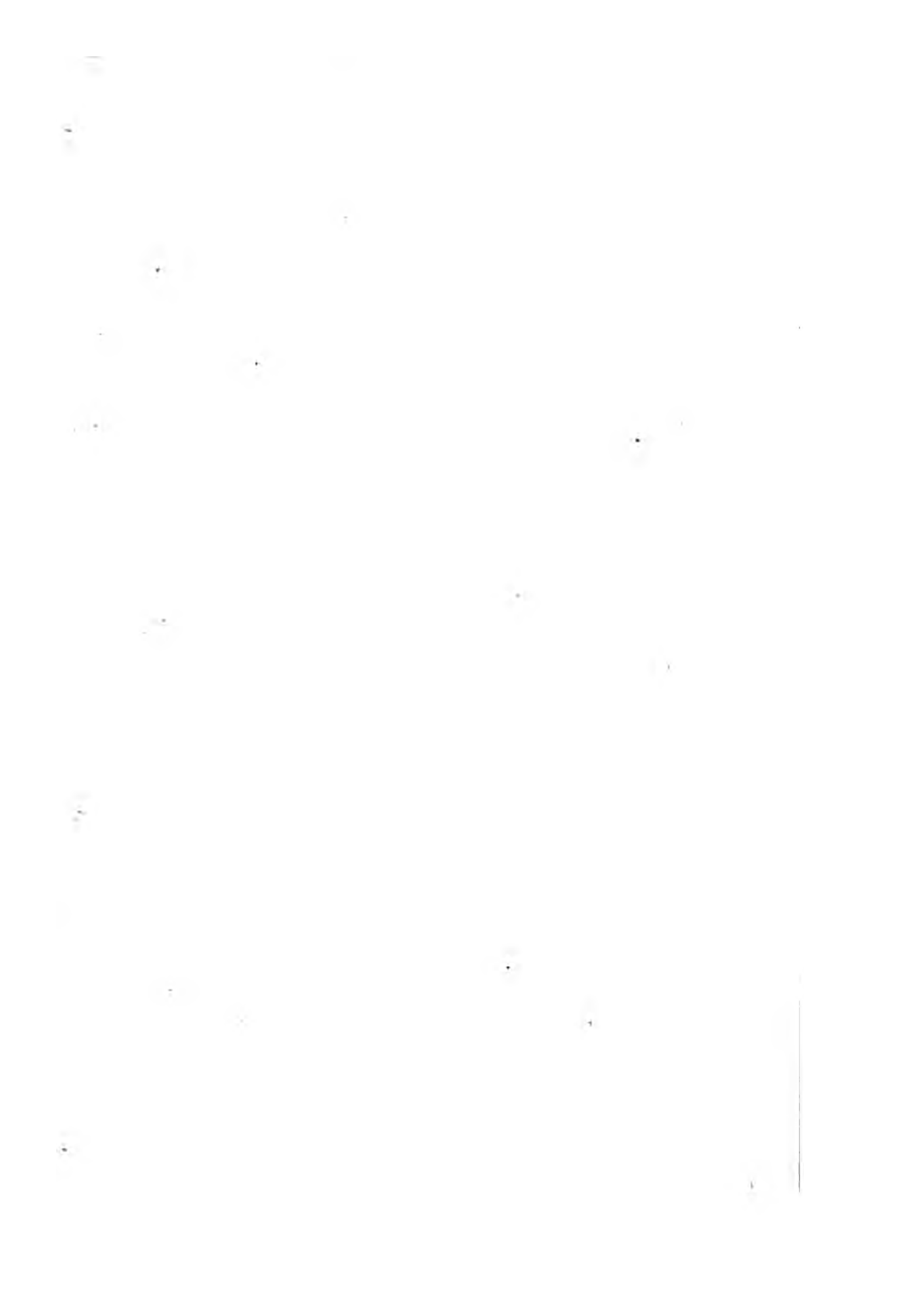
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**THE AMUSING SONGSTER.**



CA. BODY

THE  
AMUSING SONGSTER.

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EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER.

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LONDON:

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

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THE  
AMUSING SONGSTER.

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SILENT RIVER.

RIVER ! that in silence windest  
Thro' the meadows bright and free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea !  
Oft in sadness and in illness,  
I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflow'd me like a tide.

Ah ! thou hast taught me, silent river !  
Many a lesson, deep and long ;  
Thou hast been a gen'rous giver,  
I can give thee but a song.  
Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,  
And thy waters disappear,  
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,  
And have made thy margin dear.

Friends with joy my soul remembers !  
How like quiv'ring flames they start,  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearth-stone of my heart !  
Ah ! 'tis for this, thou silent river !  
That my spirit leans to thee ;  
Thou hast been a gen'rous giver,  
Take this idle song from me.



## I AM NOT WHAT I SEEM.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.]

You deem me cold and heartless,  
 You think I cannot feel,  
 Because with smiles I greet you,  
 And graver thoughts conceal ;  
 But though I seem so happy,  
 And bask in pleasure's beam,  
 Ask those who know me better ;—  
 I am not what I seem.  
 'Tis not the gayest features  
 That marks the brightest lot ;  
 The one you deem so happy  
 Has loved—and been forgot.

When no gay friends are near me  
 To praise my harp's sweet tone,  
 The eye you see so beaming  
 Oft weeps, and weeps alone ;  
 'Tis pride that strives to conquer  
 That futile, idle dream ;  
 'Tis scorn that makes me careless ;—  
 I am not what I seem.  
 I only strive to banish  
 The past—but I cannot ;  
 The one you deem so happy  
 Has loved—and been forgot.

---

## THE BUTTERFLY WAS A GENTLE- MAN.

T HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by ALEX. LEE.]

THE butterfly was a gentleman,  
 Of no very good repute ;  
 And he roved in the sunshine all day long  
 In his scarlet and purple suit ;

And he left his lady-wife at home  
In her own secluded bower,  
Whilst he, like a bachelor, flirted about  
With a kiss for every flower.

His lady-wife was a poor glow-worm,  
And seldom from home she'd stir ;  
She loved him better than all the world,  
Though little he cared for her.  
Unheeded she passed the day—she knew  
Her lord was a rover then ;  
But, when night came on, she lighted her lamp  
To guide him over the glen.

One night the wanderer homeward came,  
But he saw not the glow-worm's ray ;  
Some wild bird saw the neglected one,  
And flew with her far away ;  
Then beware, ye butterflies all, beware,  
If to you such a time should come ;  
Forsaken by wandering lights, you'll wish  
You had cherished the lamp at home.

---

## GIVE ME A FACE THAT MAKES SIMPLICITY A GRACE.

[BEN JONSON.]

STILL to be neat, still to be dressed  
As you were going to a feast ;  
Still to be powdered, still perfumed,  
Lady, it is to be presumed,  
Though art's hid causes are not found,  
All is not sweet—all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace ;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,  
Such sweet neglect more pleaseth me  
Than all the adulteries of art,—  
They strike my eye, but not my heart.

## THE FARMER'S SON.

[ANONYMOUS, 1800.]

GOOD people, give attention, while I do sing in praise  
Of the happy situation we were in in former days ;  
When my father kept a farm, and my mother milk'd  
her cow,

How happily we lived then to what we do now !

When my mother she was knitting, my sister she would  
spin,

And by their good industry they kept us neat and clean ;  
I rose up in the morning, with my father went to  
plough,—

How happily we lived then to what we do now !

My brother gave assistance in tending of the sheep ;  
When tired with our labour, how contented we could  
sleep !

Then early in the morning we again set out to plough,—  
How happily we lived then to what we do now !

Then to market with the fleece, when the little herd  
were shorn,

And our neighbours we supplied with a quantity of  
corn ;

For half-a-crown a bushel we would sell it then, I vow,—  
How happily we lived then to what we do now !

I never knew at that time, go search the country round,  
That butter ever sold for more than four-pence per  
pound,

And a quart of new milk for a penny from the cow,—  
How happily we lived then to what we do now !

How merry would the farmers then sing along the road,  
When wheat was sold at market for five pounds a load !  
They'd drop into an alehouse, and drink "God speed  
the plough,"—

How happily we lived then to what we do now !

A blessing to the squire, for he gave us great content,  
 And well he entertain'd us when my father paid his  
 rent ;  
 With flagons of good ale he'd drink, " Farmer, speed  
 the plough,"—  
 How happily we lived then to what we do now !  
 At length the squire died, sir—oh, bless his ancient  
 pate !—  
 Another fill'd with pride came as heir to the estate ;  
 He took my father's farm away, and others too, I vow,  
 Which brought us to the wretched state that we are  
 in now.  
 May Providence befriend us, and raise some honest  
 heart  
 The poor for to disburden, who long have felt the  
 smart ;  
 To take the larger farms and divide them into ten,  
 That we may live as happy now as we did then.

---

## THE GOLDEN LUCY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by JOHN BLOCKLEY.]

["I see the golden hair and the innocent face now, between  
 me and the driving clouds, like an angel going to fly away."—  
 CHARLES DICKENS'S "*Wreck of the Golden Mary.*"]

THE *Golden Mary* sailed from port,  
 A vessel stanch and true ;  
 No bark a braver captain owned,  
 None e'er a braver crew ;  
 Forth from their native land she bore,  
 Across the ocean wild,  
 An exile band, and 'mid them stood  
 A bright-eyed fairy child.  
 They deemed no harm could ever come  
 To one so pure and fair,  
 And they called her "Golden Lucy,"  
 With her waving, sunny hair.

The *Golden Mary* proudly stemmed  
 The trackless waves afar,  
 And all, the "Golden Lucy" deemed  
 To be their guiding star ;  
 But darkness came—the storm swept by,  
 And 'mid the tempest wild  
 The bark was wreck'd—but none more brave  
 Than that pure lovely child.  
     No land in sight, for days and days  
     They drifted o'er the tide ;  
     And they watch'd poor "Golden Lucy,"  
     They watch'd her till she died.

'Twas at the midwatch of the night  
 They laid her in the deep,  
 And even there her spirit seemed  
 Its watch o'er them to keep ;  
 For 'twixt them and the driving clouds,  
 An angel pure and fair  
 Seemed looking with a radiant smile,  
 And Lucy's shining hair.  
     To list'ning ears now oft they tell,  
     That crew so true and brave,  
     How the lovely "Golden Lucy"  
     Shared the *Golden Mary's* grave.

---

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

G. H. FRENCH.]

[*Music* by INGLIS BREVON.]

In battle's field, 'mid cannons' roar,  
 A brave young soldier's there,  
 Defending nobly with his sword,  
 His country's colours dear !  
 "Still, still fight on !" the warriors cry,  
 Till night o'ershades the day ;  
 Then, in redoubt, on knapsack rough,  
 The tired soldier lay.

Fatigued, careworn, sweet, welcome sleep  
 His fancy leads to roam,  
 Near to his loving wife and child,  
 And happy native home.  
 He hears the mother's angel-voice  
 Lull their first-born to rest ;  
 He feels affection's fond embrace,  
 And thinks again he's bless'd.

The morn dawns cold, the visions pass,  
 'Mid trumpets' warlike sound ;  
 For waking finds 'tis but a dream,  
 On frantic gazing round.  
 Soon fatal shot has pierced his breast,  
 He knows life's fleeting fast ;  
 So, blessing wife and child, he prays  
 To meet in heaven at last.

---

## OUR FLAG.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. L. HIME.]

OLD England's the home of the brave and the free,  
 No matter what nation or race,  
 And wherever her ships on the ocean may be,  
 They're the same as their own native place ;  
 Though to humble our flag the rash Yankee now tries,  
 We'll give him a pill for his pains,  
 "By heav'n we wont stand it," each true Briton cries,  
 "While a shot in the locker remains."

Then hurrah ! boys, hurrah !  
 If the cry must be "war,"  
 Whoever our foeman may be,  
 While there's left but a rag  
 Of the old British flag,  
 It still shall wave first on the sea.

Old England's the soil where no foeman can stand,  
 And a part of that land is each deck  
 Of her ships that with true-hearted sailors are manned,  
 Who will fight while there's left but a wreck ;  
 They must eat their foul words who thus bully and  
 boast,  
 Or we know how to wipe out the stains,  
 For we'll stand by our flag and our dear native coast,  
 While a shot in the locker remains.

Then hurrah ! boys, hurrah !  
 If the cry must be "war,"  
 Whoever our foeman may be,  
 While there's left but a rag  
 Of the old British flag,  
 There are none shall insult it at sea.

---

## MERRILY OVER THE OCEAN.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT

MERRILY, merrily over the ocean

Bound, gallant bark, like a bird o'er the sea ;  
 Oh ! for a breeze to give speed to thy motion,  
 To bear me to one who is watching for me :  
 Stately and slow when you, outward bound, glided,  
 Fair and majestic I deemed thee, proud ship,  
 As loathing to leave where my loved one abided,  
 Now—thou shouldst fly like a hound from the slip !  
 Merrily, &c.

Merrily, merrily—faster and faster,—

Oh ! hadst thou life, as thou seem'st to have wings,  
 How wouldst thou fly at the word of thy master,  
 But thou must wait till the western wind springs ;  
 Far tho' the isle where my loved one's reposing,  
 Soon we shall enter its beautiful bay :—  
 The breeze freshens now as the daylight is closing,—  
 It fills the white sails—we're away, boys, away !

Merrily, merrily over the ocean

Bound, gallant bark, like a bird o'er the sea ;  
The breeze freshens now and gives speed to thy motion,  
Oh ! bear me to her who is waiting for me !

---

## OVER THE BOUNDING WATERS.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music* by LINLEY.]

OVER the bounding waters,  
Speed, gallant bark, away !  
Fleet as the fleetest falcon,  
Dash through the foam and spray.  
The breeze is strong, ev'ry sail is set,  
The shore fades from our sight,  
And soon nor mark or sign we'll leave  
To track our vessel's flight.

Bark ! with thy pennant streaming,  
Mann'd by the brave and free,  
Well may'st thou bear thee proudly,  
Over the dark blue sea.  
The land's no place for the rover bold,  
His home is on the main ;  
No joy he knows till we pace the deck  
Of his gallant bark again.

---

## OH, STEER MY BARK TO ERIN'S ISLE.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by S. NELSON.]

OH, I have roamed o'er many lands,  
And many friends I've met !  
Not one fair scene or kindly smile  
Can this fond heart forget.  
But I'll confess that I'm content,  
No more I wish to roam,  
Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,  
For Erin is my home.



In Erin's isle there's manly hearts,  
 And bosoms pure as snow,  
 In Erin's isle there's right good cheer,  
 And hearts that ever flow.  
 In Erin's isle I'd pass my time,  
 No more I wish to roam,  
 Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,  
 For Erin is my home.

If England were my place of birth,  
 I'd love her tranquil shore ;  
 If bonny Scotland were my home,  
 Her mountains I'd adore.  
 But pleasant days in both I've past,  
 I'll dream of days to come ;  
 Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,  
 For Erin is my home.

---

## IT WAS A MAID OF MY COUNTRY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—Old English.

It was a maid of my country,  
 As she came by a hawthorn tree,  
 As full of flowers as might be seen,  
 She marvell'd to see the tree so green ;  
 At last she asked of the tree,  
 How came this freshness unto thee,  
 And ev'ry branch so fair and clean ?  
 I marvel that you grow so green.

The tree made answer by-and-by,  
 I have cause to grow triumphantly,  
 The sweetest dew that ever be seen,  
 Doth fall on me to keep me green.  
 Yea, quoth the maid, but where you grow  
 You stand at hand at ev'ry blow,  
 Of every man for to be seen,  
 I marvel that you grow so green.

Though many one take flowers from me  
 And many a branch out of my tree ;  
 I have such store they will not be seen,  
 For more and more my twigs grow green.  
 But how, an they chance to cut thee down,  
 And carry thy branches into the town ?  
 Then they will never more be seen  
 To grow again so fresh and green.

Though that you do it is no boot,  
 Although they cut me to the root,  
 Next year again I will be seen  
 To bud my branches fresh and green.  
 And you, fair maid, cannot do so ;  
 For "when your beauty once doth go,"  
 Then will it never more be seen,  
 As I with my branches can grow green.

The maid with that began to blush,  
 And turned her from the hawthorn bush ;  
 She thought herself so fair and clean,  
 Her beauty still would ever grow green.  
 But after this never I could hear  
 Of this fair maiden anywhere,  
 That ever she was in forest seen  
 To talk again with hawthorn green.

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## ON MUSIC.

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"The banks of Banna."]

WHEN through life unblest we rove,  
 Losing all that made life dear,  
 Should some notes we us'd to love,  
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear,  
 Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain,  
 Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept,  
 Kindling former smiles again,  
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along  
 Beds of oriental flowers,  
 In the grateful breath of song,  
 That once was heard in happier hours ;  
 Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,  
 Though the flowers have sunk in death ;  
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,  
 Its memory lives in music's breath !

Music!—oh ! how faint, how weak,  
 Language fades before thy spell !  
 Why should feeling ever speak,  
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?  
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
 Love's are ev'n more false than they ;  
 Oh! 'tis only music's strain  
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray !

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## HOW SWEET 'TIS TO RETURN.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

How sweet, how sweet 'tis to return  
 Where once we've happy been,  
 Tho' paler now life's lamp may burn,  
 And years have roll'd between ;  
 And if the eyes beam welcome yet  
 That wept our parting then,  
 Oh, in the smiles of friends thus met  
 We live whole years again !

They tell us of a fount that flow'd  
 In happier days of yore,  
 Whose waters bright fresh youth bestow'd ;  
 Alas! the fount's no more.  
 But smiling memory still appears,  
 Presents her cup, and when  
 We sip the sweets of vanish'd years,  
 We live those years again.

## THE ANGEL VOICE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. L. HIME.]

I HEAR it, I hear it,—the voice of the past,  
 It comes in my loneliest hours,  
 When the shadows of midnight are over me cast,  
 As I wander alone 'mid the flowers :  
 In the song of the bird—when the breeze stirs the tree,  
 And all that is human's at rest,  
 I hear the sweet voice that once whispered to me,  
 An angel-voice, now, with the blest.

I hear it, I hear it,—it comes in my dreams ;  
 Oh ! well I remember the tones,  
 The voice that once sung by the side of the streams,  
 That now but fond memory owns :  
 It seems like a message that comes from above,  
 As light as a zephyr its breath,  
 Rewarding my constancy—proving that love  
 Like ours can endure after death.

## I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

CLARIBEL.]

[*Music* by CLARIBEL.]

I CANNOT sing the old songs  
 I sang long years ago,  
 For heart and voice would fail me  
 And foolish tears would flow ;  
 For bygone hours come o'er my heart,  
 With each familiar strain—  
 I cannot sing the old songs,  
 Or dream those dreams again.

I cannot sing the old songs,  
 Their charm is sad and deep ;  
 Their melodies would waken  
 Old sorrows from their sleep.

And tho' all unforgotten still  
 And sadly sweet they be—  
 I cannot sing the old songs,  
 They are too dear to me.

I cannot sing the old songs,  
 For visions come again  
 Of golden dreams departed  
 And years of bitter pain ;  
 Perhaps when earthly fetters  
 Shall have set my spirit free—  
 My voice may know the old songs  
 For all eternity.

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## THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

[THOMAS DIBDIN.]

DADDY NEPTUNE one day to Freedom did say,  
 If ever I live upon dry land,  
 The spot I should hit on would be little Britain.  
 Says Freedom, why that's my own island ;  
 O what a snug little island !  
 A right little, tight little island !  
 Search the globe round,  
 None can be found,  
 So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,  
 Came by water—he couldn't come by land ;  
 And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their  
 backs on,  
 And all for the sake of our island !  
 O what a snug little island !  
 They'd have a touch at the island !  
 Some were shot dead,  
 Some of them fled,  
 And some stay'd to live on the island !

Then a very great war-man, call'd Billy the Norman,  
Cried, d—n it, I never liked my land ;  
It would be more handy, to leave this Normandy,  
And live on yon beautiful island !  
Says he, 'tis a snug little island !  
Shan't us go visit the island !  
Hop, skip, and jump,  
There he was plump,  
And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

But party deceit help'd the Normans to beat,  
Of traitors they managed to buy land ;  
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we ne'er should be lick'd,  
Had they stuck to the king of their island.  
Poor Harold, the king of the island !  
He lost both his life and his island :  
That's very true,  
What could he do ?  
Like a Briton he died for his island !

The Spanish Armada set out to invade her,  
Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,  
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,  
And take their full swing in the island !  
Oh, the poor Queen and the island !  
The Dons came to plunder the island !  
But snug in the hive,  
The Queen was alive,  
And buzz was the word at the island.

These proud puff'd up cakes thought to make ducks  
and drakes  
Of our wealth ; but they could hardly spy land,  
When our Drake had the luck to make their pride  
duck,  
And stoop to the lads of the island !  
Huzza for the lads of the island !  
The good wooden walls of the island !  
Devil or Don,  
Let 'em come on,  
But how would they come off at the island !

Then Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,  
 In each saying, this shall be my land ;  
 Should the army of England, or all they could bring,  
 land,  
 We'd show 'em some play for the island ;  
 We'll fight for our right to the island,  
 We'll give them enough of the island,  
 Invaders should just  
 Bite once at the dust,  
 But not a bit more of the island.

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### A SEAMAN'S DITTY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

COME, listen to a seaman's ditty,—  
 Tom Taffrail was the hero's name ;  
 His tale shall start that tear of pity  
 The brave and good from virtue claim.  
 Tom went to sea ; duty inclined him  
 His king and country to defend ;  
 But how in grief to leave behind him  
 A lovely wife and faithful friend !  
 Kind hearts may dwell in bosoms homely ;  
 Nothing can virtue's impulse check :  
 At sea, trick'd out a tar so comely,  
 Tom met his friend upon the deck ;  
 And see his wife, by love directed,  
 In man's attire Tom's steps attend :  
 Thus was he bless'd, when least expected,  
 With his dear wife and faithful friend.  
 True pleasures are for no one mortal :  
 A storm arose no skill could mock ;  
 Tore masts away, strain'd every portal,  
 And bilg'd the vessel 'gainst a rock.  
 Torn the dear objects he had cherish'd,  
 His own life ebbing near its end,  
 He smil'd, in death, that he had perished  
 With his dear wife and faithful friend.

## ANNA'S URN.

GENERAL BURGoyNE.]

[*Music* by JACKSON.]

ENCOMPASSED in an angel's frame  
 An angel's virtues lay ;  
 Too soon did heaven assert the claim,  
 And called its own away.  
 My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,  
 Must never more return ;  
 What now shall fill these widowed arms ?  
 Ah me ! my Anna's urn.

Can I forget that bliss refined  
 Which blest when her I knew,  
 Our hearts, in sacred bonds entwined,  
 Were bound by love too true ?  
 The rural train, which once were used  
 In festive dance to turn,  
 So pleased when Anna they amused,  
 Now, weeping, deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,  
 She clasped me to her breast ;  
 To part with thee is all my pain,  
 She cried—then sank to rest.  
 While memory shall her seat retain,  
 From beauteous Anna torn,  
 My heart shall breathe its ceaseless strain  
 Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There, with the earliest dawn, a dove  
 Laments her murdered mate ;  
 There, Philomela, lost to love,  
 Tells the pale moon her fate.  
 With yew and ivy round me spread,  
 My Anna there I'll mourn ;  
 For all my soul, now she is dead,  
 Concentres in her urn.



## THEY DEEM IT A SORROW GONE BY.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by CHARLES H. PURDAY.]

THEY deem it a sorrow gone by,  
 A passion effaced from my heart,  
 But rankling, the poison may lie  
 When time has extracted the dart:  
 Again, to the dance I have gone,  
 They think that my spirits are high ; —  
 They see not my tears when alone,  
 They deem it a sorrow gone by.

The smile is again on my cheek,  
 The jest is again on my tongue,  
 I see them exult when I seek  
 The haunts of the gay and the young ;  
 They think a new love will atone  
 For one that but blossomed to die ;—  
 They see not my tears when alone,  
 They deem it a sorrow gone by.

## TO LIVE WITH THEE, MY LOVE.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.]

[*Music* by J. L. HATTON.]

IF all the world and love were young,  
 And truth on every shepherd's tongue,  
 These pleasures might my passion move  
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But fading flowers in every field,  
 To winter floods their treasure yield ;  
 A honied tongue, a heart of gall,  
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
 Are all soon withered, broke, forgotten,  
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,  
 Can me with no enticements move  
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
 Had joys no date, had age no need,  
 Then those delights my mind might move  
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

---

## ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

ROBERT BURNS.]

[Air—"O'er the hills, &c."]

How can my poor heart be glad,  
 When absent from my sailor lad?  
 How can I the thought forego,  
 He's on the seas to meet the foe?  
 Let me wander, let me rove,  
 Still my heart is with my love;  
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day  
 Are with him that's far away.

On the seas and far away,  
 On stormy seas and far away;  
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day  
 Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,  
 As weary flocks around me pant,  
 Haply in this scorching sun  
 My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:  
 Bullets, spare my only joy!  
 Bullets, spare my darling boy!  
 Fate, do with me what you may,  
 Spare but him that's far away!

On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,  
 When winter rules with boundless power;  
 As the storms the forest tear,  
 And thunders rend the howling air,



## WRITTEN ON THE SAND.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by N. J. SPORLE.

IT was written on the sand,  
 "Love cannot know decay ;"  
 The waves rose o'er the strand,  
 And Love had passed away.  
 It was written on the sand,  
 "How firmly friends are tied ;"  
 Yet, traced by friendship's hand,  
 How soon the impress died !  
 Written on the sand !

It was written on the sand,  
 "The world is full of truth,"  
 By a happy sportive band,  
 Go search the spot, oh ! youth !  
 They are written on the sand,  
 Our hopes, our joys, our fears ;—  
 As the shores of life expand,  
 The waves are but our tears,  
 Falling on the sand !

## OH ! TELL ME HOW TO WOO ?

[MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1640.]

IF doughty deeds my layde please,  
 Right soone I'll mount my steed,  
 And strong his arm, and fast his seat,  
 That bears frae me the meed ;  
 I'll wear thy colours in my cap,  
 Thy picture next my heart ;  
 And he that bends not to thine eyes  
 Shall rue it to his smart :  
 Then tell me how to woo thee, love,  
 For thy dear sake no care I'll take,  
 Although another trow me.

If gay attire thy fancy please,  
 I'll deck thee in array,  
 I'll tend thy chamber-door all night,  
 And squire thee all the day !  
 If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,  
 These sounds I'll strive to catch ;  
 Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,  
 That voice which none can match.  
 Then tell me how to woo, &c.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,  
 I never broke a vow ;  
 No maiden lays her skaith on me,—  
 I never loved but you !  
 For you alone I ride the ring,  
 For you I wear the blue,  
 For you alone I strive to sing—  
 Oh ! tell me how to woo, &c.

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### VARIETY IN ONE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

“IN one thou couldst find variety,”  
 Cried Dick, “wouldst thou on wedlock fix ?”  
 “I rather should expect,” cried I,  
 “Variety in five or six ;”  
 “But never was thy counsel light,  
 I'll do't, my friend !—So said, so done,  
 I'm noosed for life, and Dick was right,  
 I find variety in one.

“Her tone has more variety  
 Than music's system can embrace ;  
 She modulates through every key,  
 Squeaks treble, and growls double-bass ;  
 Divisions runs, and trills, and shakes,  
 Enough the noisy spheres to stun :  
 Thus, as harsh discord music makes,  
 I find variety in one.

“ Her dress boasts such variety,  
 Such forms, materials, fashions, hues ;  
 Each animal must plunder'd be,  
 From Russian bears to cockatoos ;  
 Now 'tis a feather, now a zone,  
 Now she's a gipsy, now a nun ;  
 To change, like the cameleon, prone—  
 En't this variety in one ?

“ In wedlock's wide variety,  
 Thought, word, and deed, we both concur,  
 If she's a thunderstorm to me,  
 So I'm an April day to her :  
 Devil and angel, black and white,  
 Thus as we Hymen's gauntlet run,  
 And kiss and scold, and love and fight,  
 Each finds variety in one.

“ Then cherish love's variety,  
 In spite of every sneering elf ;  
 We're Nature's children, and en't she,  
 In change, variety itself ?  
 Her clouds and storms are willed by fate,  
 More bright, to show her radiant sun :  
 Hail then, blest wedlock, in whose state  
 Men find variety in one.”

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## THE BUD IS ON THE BOUGH.

PART SONG.

F. BENNOCH.]

[*Music* by F. MORI.]

THE bud is on the bough,  
 And the blossom on the tree,  
 But neither bud nor blossom  
 Bring a thrill of joy to me.  
 Walled up within the city's gloom,  
 No pleasure can I know,  
 But like a caged linnet sing  
 To chase away my woe.

The bud will grow a blossom,  
 The blossom will grow pale,  
 And as they die, the fruit will spring,  
 But fall when o'er the vale  
 Stern winter marches with his train  
 In every wind that blows :  
 And I unripe, with ripest fruit,  
 May in the dust repose.

And spring upon the seed will breathe  
 The seed become a tree ;  
 And on the tree so beautiful  
 Will bud and blossom be.  
 And shall I know a second spring ?  
 Yes, brighter far than they ;  
 Where age puts on the blush of youth,  
 And never more decay.

---

## ROSE, THOU ART THE SWEETEST FLOWER.

T. MOORE.]

[*Music by* MRS. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.]

ROSE, thou art the sweetest flower  
 That ever drank the amber shower ;  
 E'en the gods that walk the sky,  
 Are am'rous of thy scented sigh,  
 Cupid too in Paphian shades,  
 His hair with rosy fillets braids ;  
 Then bring me showers of roses, bring,  
 And shed them round me while I sing.

Rose, thou art the fondest child  
 Of dimpled spring, the wood nymph wild !  
 Buds of roses, virgin flowers,  
 Culled from Cupid's balmy bowers,  
 In the bowl of Bacchus steep,  
 Till with crimson drops they weep ;  
 Then bring me showers of roses, bring,  
 And shed them round me while I sing.

## FAIR HEBE.

[By LORD CANTALUPE, about 1720.]

[This song, adapted to the old English melody of "Pretty Polly Oliver," is an answer to Shenstone's, "When forced from dear Hebe to part," the music by Dr. Arne.]

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design  
To escape from her charms and to drown love in wine :  
I tried it, but found, when I came to depart,  
The wine in my head but still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, entreating her aid,  
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance weigh'd;  
Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my prayer,  
That Hebe was fairest of all that were fair !

"That's a truth," replied I, "I've no need to be  
taught ;

I came for your counsel to find out a fault."

"If that's all," says reason, "return as you came,  
For to find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name."

What hopes, then, alas ! of relief from my pain,  
When like lightning she darts through each throbbing  
vein ;

My senses surprised, in her favour took arms,  
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

## THE HARVEST-HOME SONG.

EDWIN RANSFORD.]

[Music by E. RANSFORD.]

THE harvest-home's come round again,

Then let each heart be gay ;

And let us all with one accord

Our grateful homage pay

To Him who sends the glorious sun

To fill the ears with grain,

And makes the golden waves to roll

O'er hill and fertile plain.



God bless the tillers of the soil,  
 The sowers of the seed,  
 The reapers of the harvest field,  
 And help them in their need ;  
 God bless the worthy master,  
 God bless the peasant band,  
 May agriculture flourish  
 Throughout our favour'd land !

Success to dear old England  
 For ages yet to come,  
 And long may we thus celebrate  
 Our English harvest-home ;  
 May rich and poor alike rejoice  
 To see the barns well stor'd,  
 And sing in joyous harmony  
 Around the festive board :  
 God bless the tillers of the soil, &c.

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## I SEE AGAIN MY HAPPY HOME.

EDWARD J. GILL.]

[*Music* by BLANCHI TAYLOR.]

I SEE again my happy home,  
 Sweet love of childhood's day,  
 And all the changing scenes I've met,  
 Ne'er chased that love away.  
 I heard the streamlet wander by,  
 Tho' 'midst the halls of mirth,  
 And thy sweet vale my heart would own,  
 The loveliest spot on earth.

I've gaz'd upon rich summer bloom,  
 In other lands afar,  
 But all thy beauty then came near,  
 My memory's cherish'd star.  
 I wandered, tho' in fancy dear,  
 And marked thy flow'rets wear  
 Their bright soft hues, and now I find  
 Them blooming still as fair.

## THE EVENING STAR.

[DR. JOHN LEYDEN, died 1811.]

How sweet thy modest light to view,  
 Fair star ! to love and lovers dear ;  
 While trembling on the falling dew,  
 Like beauty shining through the tear ;

Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream  
 To mark each image trembling there,  
 Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam  
 To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,  
 The moon thy timid beams outshine  
 As far as thine each starry light—  
 Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours  
 When twilight lingers on the plain,  
 And whispers to the closing flow'rs,  
 That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland  
 As music, wafts the lover's sigh ;  
 And bids the yielding heart expand  
 In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star ! though I be doom'd to prove  
 That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain ;  
 Ah ! still I feel 'tis sweet to love,—  
 But sweeter to be loved again.

## WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"O, Patrick, fly from me."]

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,  
 There shone such truth about thee,  
 And on thy lip such promise hung,  
 I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still relied,  
 Still clung with hope the fonder,  
 And thought, though false to all beside,  
 From me thou couldst not wander.  
     But go, deceiver ! go,—  
     The heart, whose hopes could make it  
     Trust one so false, so low,  
     Deserves that thou shouldst break it !

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,  
 I fled the unwelcome story ;  
 Or found, in even the faults they blam'd,  
 Some gleams of future glory.  
 I still was true, when nearer friends  
 Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee ;  
 The heart that now thy falsehood rends,  
 Would then have bled to right thee.  
     But go, deceiver ! go,—  
     Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken  
     From pleasure's dream to know  
     The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,  
 No lights of age adorn thee ;  
 The few who lov'd thee once have fled,  
 And they who flatter scorn thee.  
 Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,  
 No genial ties enwreath it,  
 The smiling there, like light on graves,  
 Has rank, cold hearts beneath it !  
     Go—go—though worlds were thine,  
     I would not now surrender  
     One taintless tear of mine  
     For all thy guilty splendour !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet,  
 When even those ties shall sever ;  
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,  
 On her thou'st lost for ever ;

On her who, in thy fortune's fall,  
 With smiles had still receiv'd thee,  
 And gladly died to prove thee all  
 Her fancy first believ'd thee.  
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,  
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;  
 Hate cannot wish thee worse  
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

---

### WHEN I DRAIN THE ROSY BOWL.

From Anacreon, Sappho, by the }  
 REV. FRANCIS FAWKES. 1761. }

[*Music* by BAILDON.]

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,  
 Joy exhilarates the soul ;  
 To the Nine I raise my song,  
 Ever fair and ever young.  
 When full cups my cares expel,  
 Sober counsel, then farewell !  
 Let the winds that murmur sweep  
 All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,  
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,  
 Leads me to delightful bowers,  
 Full of fragrance, full of flowers.  
 When I quaff the sparkling wine,  
 And my locks with roses twine ;  
 Then I praise life's rural scene—  
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound  
 (Richest fragrance flowing round)  
 And some lovely nymph detain,  
 Venus then inspires the strain.  
 When from goblets deep and wide  
 I exhaust the gen'rous tide,  
 All my soul unbends—I play  
 Gamesome with the young and gay.

## WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"The song of sorrow."]

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past ;  
 Your dreams of pride are o'er ;  
 The fatal chain is round you cast,  
 And you are men no more !  
 In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;  
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain ;  
 Oh, freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,  
 It never lights again !

Weep on—perhaps in after days  
 They'll learn to love your name ;  
 And many a deed may wake in praise,  
 That long hath slept in blame !  
 And when they tread the ruin'd aisle,  
 Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,  
 They'll wondering ask how hands so vile  
 Could conquer hearts so brave ?  
 "'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate  
 Your web of discord wove ;  
 And while your tyrants join'd in hate,  
 You never join'd in love ;  
 But hearts fell off that ought to twine,  
 And man profan'd what God had given,  
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine  
 Where others knelt to heaven !"

---

## FALSE TO ME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Music by J. P. KNIGHT.]

LAST night I passed you in the dance,  
 You knew not I was near,  
 I saw the brightness of your eye,  
 Your voice I could not hear ;  
 But in your eye such pleasure beamed,  
 They asked, "Did I not see ?"  
 What I till then would not believe,  
 That thou wert false to me.

You deemed that I was absent still,  
 When her bright looks you met,  
 Yet in your features I could trace  
 No sadness—no regret ;  
 Though many lovely forms were there,  
 But one you seemed to see,—  
 Too well those loving glances proved  
 That thou wert false to me.

---

### THE PATH ACROSS THE HILLS.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]                      [*Music* by HON. MRS. NORTON.

In life's delightful morn,  
 When love and hope were born,  
**To thy dwelling in the wooded hills I came ;**  
 Thy smile of welcome made  
 A sunbeam in the shade,  
**And spring and winter bloom'd for me the same.**  
 Tho' stormy winds blew loud,  
 And the snow hung in the cloud,  
**I reck'd not all my sunshine was to come,**  
 My heart was blithe and gay,  
 I went singing on my way  
**In the path across the hills to thy home !**

The spring, with gentle rain,  
 Hath woke the buds again,  
**And the summer clothes the leafy woods once more,**  
 But Love's sweet life is fled,  
 And Hope's bright flowers are dead,  
**And thy dear smile no sunshine can restore !**  
 To some less lov'd abode,  
 By some more dreary road,  
**Fate yet may lead my steps in days to come,**  
 But never blithe and gay  
 To sing along the way  
**As in the path that led me to thy home !**

## OH! FOR A HUSBAND.

[Tune—"Oh! for a husband." Early in the 17th century.]

THERE was a maiden, well-a-day!  
 Thus mourn'd her hapless lot:—  
 "A wife may be merry and gay,  
 But maids, alas! may not.  
 Full eighteen years have pass'd," she said,  
 "All lonely and forlorn,  
 Oh, if I chance to die unwed,  
 Would I had ne'er been born.  
 Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,  
 Oh, oh, oh, for a husband."  
 Still this was her song,  
 "I will have a husband,  
 I'll have a husband  
 Be he old or young!"

An ancient suitor to her came,  
 His head was very gray;  
 He talked to her of Cupid's flame,  
 And stole her heart away.  
 Her mother said, "Don't wed too fast,  
 Lest you should soon repent."  
 Quoth she, "Dear mother, I'm in haste."  
 And thus the ditty went,  
 "Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,  
 Oh, oh, oh, for a husband."  
 Still this was her song,  
 "I will have a husband,  
 I'll have a husband,  
 Be he old or young!"

When she had been a wedded wife  
 A twelvemonth and a day,  
 She found her dear, her lord, her life,  
 Was mean as well as gray.

He grudg'd the price of cap and gown,  
 Of velvet and of lace ;  
 On trinkets he would grimly frown,  
 'Twas such a piteous case.  
 "Oh, oh, oh, with a husband,  
 Oh, oh, oh, with a husband,  
 What a life lead I,  
 Plague take such a husband,  
 Take such a husband,  
 Husband, fie, fie, fie !"

Another twelvemonth slowly pass'd,  
 A widow she became ;  
 But soon the weeds aside she cast,  
 Pray don't the lady blame.  
 A second lover sought her hand,  
 Young, gen'rous, brave and free,  
 She did not shilly-shally stand,  
 But joyously said she,  
 "Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,  
 Oh, oh, oh, for a husband,  
 This is still my song,  
 I will have a husband,  
 I'll take a husband,  
 But he must be young !"

---

## SORROWFUL TREES.

GEORGE CAYLEY.]

[*Music* by HON. MRS. NORTON.]

CYPRESS and yew,  
 Sorrowful trees !  
 Tears are your dew,  
 Sighs are your breeze !  
 Sad is your shade,  
 Gloomy and cold,  
 Where she is laid,  
 Under the mould !



Nothing she needs,  
 Sadly I strew  
 Funeral weeds,  
 Myrtle and rue,  
 Over the tomb  
 Worn by my knees  
 Under your gloom,  
 Sorrowful trees.

Winters may freeze,  
 Summers may burn,  
 Sorrowful trees,  
 Sombre and stern ;  
 Seasons may range,  
 Ages may roll,  
 Nought can estrange  
 Grief from my soul :  
 Still my heart bleeds,  
 Therefore I strew  
 Funeral weeds,  
 Myrtle and rue,  
 Where she is laid,  
 Sleeping at ease  
 Under your shade,  
 Sorrowful trees.

---

## YE MARINERS OF SPAIN.

JOHN G. LOCKHART.] [*Music* by MRS. ROBERT ARKWRIGHT.]

YE mariners of Spain  
 Bend strongly on your oars,  
 And bring my love again,  
 For he lies among the Moors.  
 Ye galleys fairly built  
 Like castles on the sea,  
 Oh, great will be your guilt  
 If ye bring him not to me !

The wind is blowing strong,  
 The breeze will aid your oars,  
 O swiftly fly along,  
 For he lies among the Moors !  
 The fresh breeze of the sea  
 Cools every cheek but mine,  
 O hot is its breath to me  
 As I gaze upon the brine !

Lift up, lift up your sail  
 And bend upon your oars,  
 O lose not the fair gale,  
 For he lies among the Moors !  
 It is a narrow strait,  
 I see the blue hills over,  
 Your coming I'll await,  
 And thank you for my lover.  
 To Mary I will pray  
 While ye bend upon your oars,  
 'Twill be a blessed day  
 If ye fetch him from the Moors.

---

## ROW, GALLANT COMRADES, ROW.

[Tune—"Row well, ye mariners." 16th century.]

Row, gallant comrades, row,  
 The sun is near his western bed ;  
 Upon the waters glow  
 Unnumber'd gems of gorgeous red ;  
 The stars that peer to usher night,  
 Scarce reveal their trembling light ;  
 Before the silver moon we see,  
 Safe at home we all should be.  
 Then row well, row well,  
 No breath upon the water stirs,  
 Then row well, row well,  
 With all your might, ye mariners.

Row, gallant comrades, row,  
 The log is crackling on the hearth,  
 Kind voices, well we know,  
 Will greet us with the sound of mirth.  
 The cares that fill the anxious breast,  
 Soon we'll lull to happy rest,  
 And drooping spirits we shall cheer :  
 Row ! the welcome shore is near.  
 Then row, &c.

---

## BRIGHT THINGS CAN NEVER DIE.

C. H. HITCHINGS.]

[*Music* by E. F. RIMBAULT.]

BRIGHT things can never die,  
 E'en though they fade,  
 Beauty and minstrelsy  
 Deathless were made.  
 What though the summer day  
 Passes away,  
 Doth not the moon's soft ray  
 Silence the night ?  
 Kind words can never die,  
 Saith my philosophy ;  
 Deep in the soul they lie,  
 All know how dear.

Like childhood's simple rhymes  
 Said o'er a thousand times,  
 Ay, in all years and climes,  
 Distant and near.  
 Childhood can never die ;  
 Wrecks of the past,  
 Float on our memory,  
 E'en to the last.  
 Sweet fancies never die,  
 They leave behind  
 Some fairy legacy  
 Stored in the mind.

## AND HAVE I LOST THEE?

LADY DUFFERIN.]

[*Music* by LADY DUFFERIN.]

AND have I lost thee ?  
 Is thy love a dream of other days ?  
 Can act of mine no longer move  
 Thy censure or thy praise ?  
 I miss thee from the lonely hearth—  
 I miss thy quiet smile !  
 Thy voice with its melodious mirth,  
 Thy lips that knew not guile !  
 I gaze on thine accustom'd place,  
 But strangers fill it now ;  
 Alas ! and is there left no trace  
 Of one so lov'd as thou ?  
 And have—have I lost thee ?

And have I lost thee ?  
 Must I learn to live through lonely years ?  
 To seek for love in eyes that turn  
 All coldly from my tears ?  
 Thy silent home !—none greet me there,  
 None speak to me of thee !  
 Our ancient haunts no longer wear  
 Familiar looks to me !  
 Restore, thou silent tomb, restore  
 The young hopes thou hast slain !  
 Give back the lov'd and lost once more !  
 Give me mine own again !  
 And have I lost thee ?

## MAYST THOU BE HAPPY.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.]

MAYST thou be happy each coming day,  
 Some gleam of sunshine still round thee play,  
 True hearts to greet thee and meet thy caress,  
 Friends to adore and one loved one to bless ;

Though I have proffered my friendship in vain,  
 Striven, but vainly, thy young heart to gain ;  
 Why should I not wish thee well in my heart ?—  
 Mayst thou be happy although we must part.

Mayst thou be happy—it was not to be  
 Thy future lot should be centred in me,  
 Tho' I was true as the earth to the sun,  
 Love, to be perfect, is two hearts in one ;  
 All that I ask is, remember me still  
 As one who'd have bow'd to thy wish or thy will,—  
 Who sought not thy wealth, but thy hand and thy  
     heart ;—  
 Mayst thou be happy, although we must part.

---

### TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Dermot,"

TAKE back the virgin page,  
 White and unwritten still ;  
 Some hand more calm and sage  
 The leaf must fill.

Thoughts come as pure as light,  
 Pure as even you require ;  
 But, oh ! each word I write,  
 Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book ;  
 Oft shall my heart renew,  
 When on its leaves I look,  
 Dear thoughts of you.  
 Like you, 'tis fair and bright ;  
 Like you, too bright and fair .  
 To let wild passions write  
 One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes  
 Far, far away, I roam,  
 Should calmer thoughts arise  
 Towards you and home,

Fancy may trace some line  
 Worthy those eyes to meet ;  
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine,  
 Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as the records are,  
 Which wand'ring seamen keep,  
 Led by their hidden star  
 Through winter's deep ;  
 So may the words I write  
 Tell through what storms I stray,  
 You still the unseen light  
 Guiding my way !

---

### THE ANGEL'S WING.

S. LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

[There is a German superstition, that when a sudden silence takes place in a company, an angel at that moment makes a circuit among them, and the first person who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wing of the passing seraph. For the purposes of poetry, I thought two persons preferable to many, in illustrating this very beautiful superstition.]

WHEN by the evening's quiet light  
 There sit two silent lovers,  
 They say, while in such tranquil plight,  
 An angel round them hovers ;  
 And further still old legends tell,—  
 The first who breaks the silent spell,  
 To say a soft and pleasing thing,  
 Hath felt the passing angel's wing.

Thus, a musing minstrel stray'd  
 By the summer ocean,  
 Gazing on a lovely maid,  
 With a bard's devotion :—  
 Yet his love he never spoke,  
 Till now the silent spell he broke ;—  
 The hidden fire to flame did spring,  
 Fann'd by the passing angel's wing !

"I have loved thee well and long,  
 With love of heaven's own making!—  
 This is not a poet's song,  
 But a true heart's speaking.  
 I will love thee, still, untired!"  
 He felt—he spoke—as one inspired—  
 The words did from truth's fountain spring,  
 Upwaken'd by the angel's wing!

Silence o'er the maiden fell,  
 Her beauty lovelier making;—  
 And by her blush, he knew full well  
 The dawn of love was breaking.  
 It came like sunshine o'er his heart!  
 He felt that they should never part,  
 She spoke—and oh!—the lovely thing  
 Had felt the passing angel's wing.

---

## THE HAUNTED SPRING.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

[It is said, fays have the power to assume various shapes, for the purpose of luring mortals into fairyland. Hunters seem to have been particularly the objects of the lady-fairies' fancies.]

GAILY through the mountain glen  
 The hunter's horn did ring,  
 As the milk-white doe  
 Escaped his bow,  
 Down by the haunted spring;  
 In vain his silver horn he wound,—  
 'Twas echo answer'd back;  
 For neither groom nor baying hound  
 Were on the hunter's track;  
 In vain he sought the milk-white doe  
 That made him stray, and 'scaped his bow,  
 For, save himself, no living thing  
 Was by the silent haunted spring.

The purple heath-bells, blooming fair,  
 Their fragrance round did fling,  
 As the hunter lay,  
 At the close of day,  
 Down by the haunted spring.  
 A lady fair, in robe of white,  
 To greet the hunter came ;  
 She kiss'd a cup with jewels bright,  
 And pledged him by his name ;  
 "Oh, lady fair," the hunter cried,  
 "Be thou my love, my blooming bride,  
 A bride that well might grace a king !  
 Fair lady of the haunted spring."

In the fountain clear she stoop'd,  
 And forth she drew a ring ;  
 And that bold knight  
 His faith did plight,  
 Down by the haunted spring.  
 But since the day his chase did stray,  
 The hunter ne'er was seen ;  
 And legends tell, he now doth dwell  
 Within the hills so green.\*  
 But still the milk-white doe appears,  
 And wakes the peasant's evening fears,  
 While distant bugles faintly ring  
 Around the lonely haunted spring.

\* Fays and fairies are supposed to have their dwelling-places within old green hills.

## OH ! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

THOMAS MOORE.] [Air—"John O'Reilly, the active."]

OH ! think not my spirits are always as light,  
 And as free from a pang as they seem to you now ;  
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night  
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.



No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,  
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns ;  
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flow'rs  
 Is always the first to be touched by the thorns !  
 But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile ;  
 May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,  
 Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,  
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows !  
 If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd ;  
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose  
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my  
 mind ;  
 But they who have lov'd, the fondest, the purest,  
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed ;  
 And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,  
 Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceived.  
 But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth  
 Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine :  
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,  
 And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

---

## WHEN GENTLE MUSIC.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music by* LOVER.]

WHEN gentle music's sounding—  
 Such as this ;  
 'Tis sweet when friends surrounding  
 Share our bliss :  
 But love them as we may,  
 We love them less, when near,  
 Than when, through mem'ry's tear  
 We view them—far away.

When over deserts burning,  
 Far we roam,  
 'Tis sweet, at last, returning  
 To our home :

Be 't happy as it may,  
 That home no bliss bestows  
 So fairy-bright, as those  
 We fancied when away.

And when fond hearts are meeting,  
 Beating high ;  
 How sweet the brilliant greeting  
 Of the eye !  
 But tho' so bright its ray,  
 To lovers far more dear  
 Is the sad, the secret tear  
 Shed for one—who's far away.

---

## CHERRY CHEEK PATTY.

[C. DIBDIN.]

DOWN in yon village I live so snug,  
 They call me Giles, the ploughman's boy ;  
 Through woods and o'er stiles, as I trudge many miles,  
 I whistle, I whistle, and whoop gee woo, Jerry, I cry ;  
 My work being done, to the lawn then I fly,  
 Where the lads and the lasses all look very sly.  
 And I'ze deeply in love with a girl, it is true,  
 And I know what I know, but I munna tell you.  
 But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, for of all the girls I ever  
 did see,  
 O cherry cheek Patty for me.

Though the squire so great, so happy mayn't be,  
 As poor simple Giles, the ploughman's boy ;  
 No matters of State ever addle my pate,  
 But I whistle, I whistle, and whoop gee woo, Jerry, I  
 cry.

Now cherry cheek Patty, she lives in the vale,  
 Whom I help o'er the stile with her milking pail ;  
 And Patty has a like notion of me, it is true ;  
 And I know what I know, but I munna tell you ;  
 But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, &c.

I'ze able and strong and willing to work,  
And when the lark rises off trudges I ;  
The cows up I call, and harness old Ball,  
I whistle, I whistle, and whoop gee woo, Jerry, I cry.  
Then I'ze fifty good shillings, my luck has been such,  
And a lad's not to be grinned at that's gotten so much ;  
And when that I'm married to Patty so true,  
I know what I know, but I munna tell you.  
But I'll whistle, I'll whistle, &c.

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## THE CHAIN I GAVE WAS FAIR TO VIEW.

[LORD BYRON.]

THE chain I gave was fair to view,  
The lute I added sweet in sound,  
The heart that offered both was true,  
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charmed by secret spell,  
Thy truth in absence to divine ;  
And they have done their duty well ;  
Alas ! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,  
But not to bear a stranger's touch ;  
That lute was sweet,—till thou couldst think  
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound  
The chain, when shivered in his grasp ;  
Who saw that lute refuse its sound,  
Re-string the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they altered too ;  
The chain is broke, the music mute :  
'Tis past,—to them and thee adieu !—  
False heart,—frail chain,—and silent lute !

## FOLLOW, FOLLOW OVER MOUNTAIN.

FOLLOW, follow over mountain,  
 Follow, follow over sea,  
 And I'll guide thee to love's fountain,  
 If you'll follow, follow me.  
 Follow, follow me, &c.

With the waters of the fountain,  
 Will I ease thy aching heart,  
 And the roses of the mountain  
 Shall to thee a balm impart.  
 Follow, follow, &c.

For woman's love is dearly bought,  
 If bought with peace of mind ;  
 But taste the fount, and not a thought  
 Of love is left behind.  
 Follow, follow, &c.

## TRAVELLERS SEE STRANGE THINGS.

THOMAS DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by CORRI.]

IN England I've seen the brave sons of roast beef  
 Raised high on prosperity's wings,  
 Saw wealth and good-humour beyond all belief ;  
 But travellers see strange things.

Strange things, strange things,  
 Travellers see strange things.

That you'll doubt my narration I feel pretty sure,  
 Though I soar not on fabulous wings :  
 I've seen honest lawyers, and doctors that cure ;  
 But travellers see strange things.

Strange things, &c.

Believe me no falsehood I wish to advance,  
 From truth my authority springs ;  
 I've seen England can never be conquered by France ;  
 But travellers see strange things.

Strange things, &c.

## WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

FREDERICK ENOCH.]

[*Music* by HENRY SMART.]

ALL the fields were silent, sleeping,  
 All the woods were bleak and bare,  
 But I knew each bough was keeping  
 Bloom to meet the sunshine there ;  
 For the stream that seem'd to listen,  
 And the bird that long'd to sing,  
 And the flow'r to burst and glisten,  
 All were waiting for the spring !

Like the fields and woodlands sleeping  
 Oft the heart in sadness lies,  
 While the germ of hope is keeping  
 Promise-bloom for brighter skies :  
 And that hope foretels elating  
 There are joys that time may bring,  
 So the heart is ever waiting,  
 Ever waiting for the spring !

## 'TIS TIME TO FLY.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by LOVER.]

BEWARE the chain love's wreathing,  
 When some sweet voice you hear,  
 Whose gentlest, simplest breathing  
 Is music to thine ear ;  
 And when, in glances fleeting,  
 Some deep and speaking eye  
 With thine is often meeting,  
 Oh then—'tis time to fly !

If there be form of lightness  
 To which thine eyes oft stray,  
 Or neck of snowy brightness—  
 Remembered—when away ;

These symptoms love resemble,  
 And when some hand is nigh,  
 Whose touch doth make thee tremble,  
 Oh then—'tis time to fly !

But if that voice of sweetness,  
 Like echo, still return ;  
 And if that eye of brightness  
 With fascination burn ;  
 To 'scape thou art not able,  
 No effort vainly try,  
 For, like the bird in fable,  
 Alas ! thou canst not fly !

## HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN HUGO ?

ROBERT B. BROUGH.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

WHO has here, far or near, seen Hugo ?  
 Since the dawn he's been gone, sad Hugo,  
 Not to chase the buck or doe,  
 For he's left his spear and bow,  
 And his bugle, in a row, false Hugo.  
 Oh, false Hugo ! Oh, sad Hugo !  
 If you've gone to hunt, I fear  
 I can guess what kind of deer—  
 Still has anybody here seen Hugo ?

In the night, long ere light, rose Hugo,  
 Sprucely dress'd in his best, vain Hugo,  
 In a silver button'd hood,  
 In his hat a new plume stood,  
 For a baron's son too good, vain Hugo.  
 Oh, vain Hugo ! Oh, false Hugo !  
 Did you e'er so smart appear  
 For the maid you call your dear—  
 Still has anybody here seen Hugo ?

So at last, not so fast, friend Hugo !  
 Not a kiss—eh ? what's this ? oh, Hugo !  
 When I thought you on the wing,  
 You had been to buy the ring ;  
 You're a darling and a king, my Hugo.  
 Oh, dear Hugo ! oh, my Hugo !  
 I've been asking for you here,  
 I was certain you'd appear ;  
 Was there ever such a dear as Hugo ?

---

### I THINK OF THEE.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

I LOVE to roam at night  
 By the deep sea,  
 When the pale moon is bright,  
 And think of thee :  
 And as the beacon's light  
 Gleams o'er the sea,  
 Shedding its guardian light,  
 I think of thee.

When o'er some flow'ry ground  
 Night winds breathe free,  
 Wafting fresh fragrance round,  
 I think of thee !  
 Then if some trembling star  
 Beaming I see,  
 Brighter than others far !—  
 I think of thee.

Though love by fate forbid  
 Thou art to me,  
 Yet, like a treasure hid,  
 I think of thee :  
 And though thy plighted kiss  
 Mine ne'er can be,  
 Next is the secret bliss  
 To think of thee !

## WHEN THEY TOLD ME HE WAS MARRIED.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. P. KNIGHT.]

WHEN they told me he was married,  
How I wept to hear his name !  
For I lived but in his presence,  
And was happy when he came ;  
Had he spoken of another,  
Had he spared my aching brow,  
I had loved him as a brother,  
But I dare not love him now.

It is true no vows were spoken,  
But his words were soft and kind ;  
Ev'ry gift I deemed a token  
That he strove our love to bind ;  
There are hearts, where truth ne'er enter'd,  
That such falsehood ne'er could bow,  
But my hopes in him were centred,  
Yet I dare not love him now !

They deem not when they name him  
Of the pangs that wring my soul,  
And yet I ne'er shall blame him,  
For could I my heart control ?  
Had I known that to another  
He had breathed the fatal vow,—  
I had loved him as a brother,  
But I dare not love him now !

---

## CUPID'S GOLDEN ARROW.

ELIZA COOK.]

[*Music* by H. C. GRIFFITHS.]

YOUNG Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day  
And besought him to look at his arrow ;  
'Tis useless, he cried, you must mend it, I say,  
'Tis not fit to let fly at a sparrow.



There's something that's wrong in the shaft or the dart,  
 For it flutters quite false to my aim,  
 'Tis an age since it fairly went home to the heart,  
 And the world really laughs at my name.

I've straighten'd, I've bent, I've tried all I declare,  
 I've perfumed it with sweetest of sighs,  
 'Tis feather'd with ringlets that Venus might wear,  
 And the barb gleams with light from young eyes ;  
 But it falls without touching, I'll break it, I vow,  
 For there's Hymen beginning to pout,  
 He's complaining his torch burns so dull and so low,  
 That Zephyr might puff it right out.

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,  
 Till Vulcan the weapon restored,  
 There, take it, young Sir, try it now, if it fail  
 You shall grant me no fee or reward.  
 The urchin shot out and rare havoc he wrought,  
 The wounded and dead were untold ;  
 But no wonder the boy had such slaughtering sport,  
 For the arrow was laden with gold.

---

### THEY CHIDE ME FOR REPINING.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. L. HIME.]

THEY chide me for repining,  
 They mark my altered brow,  
 No wreath of flow'rs entwining  
 Amid its tresses now.  
 For me no earthly pleasure  
 This stern, cold world can give :  
 Remembrance is the treasure,  
 For which alone I live.

His home was with the stranger,  
 Upon some distant shore :  
 Oh, had I shar'd his danger,  
 He could not have lov'd me more.

His grave no stone revealing,  
 Our friendship can outlive;  
 His mem'ry is the feeling,  
 For which alone I live.

---

## AS I WALKED FORTH ONE SUMMER'S DAY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[*Music* by PLAYFORD, 1676.]

As I walk'd forth one summer's day  
 To view the meadows green and gay,  
 A cool retreating bower I spied,  
 That flourish'd near the river's side,  
     Where oft in tears a maid would cry,  
     "Did ever maiden love as I?"

Then o'er the grassy fields she'd walk,  
 And nipping flowers low by the stalk,  
 Such flowers as in the meadow grew,—  
 The deadman's thumb and harebell blue;  
     And as she pull'd them, still cried she,  
     "Alas, none ever lov'd like me!"

Such flowers as gave the sweetest scent  
 She bound about with knotty bent;  
 And as she bound them up in bands,  
 She sigh'd, and wept, and wrung her hands;  
     "Alas, alas!" still sobbed she,  
     "Alas, none ever lov'd like me!"

When she had fill'd her apron full  
 Of all the flowers that she could cull,  
 The tender leaves serv'd for a bed,  
 The scented flowers to rest her head;  
     Then down she laid, nor sigh'd, nor spake,—  
     With love her gentle heart did break.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Gang fane."]

'Tis believ'd that this harp which I now wake for thee,  
Was a syren of old who sung under the sea,  
And who often at eve through the bright billow rov'd,  
To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,  
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,  
Till heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,  
And chang'd to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form !

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the  
same—  
While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the  
frame ;  
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright  
rings,  
Fell over her white arms, to make the gold strings !

Hence it came that this soft harp so long hath been  
known  
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;  
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay  
To be love, when I'm near thee, and grief when away !

---

## BEGONE, DULL CARE.

[ANONYMOUS, 1687.]

BEGONE, dull Care,—I prithee begone from me ;  
Begone, dull Care,—thou and I shall never agree.  
Long time thou hast been tarrying here,  
And fain thou wouldst me kill ;  
But i'faith, dull Care,  
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care will make a young man grey ;  
 And too much care will turn an old man to clay.  
 My wife shall dance, and I will sing,  
 So merrily pass the day ;  
 For I hold it still the wisest thing  
 To drive dull Care away.

---

### IF 'TIS LOVE TO WISH YOU NEAR.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by CHARLES DIBDIN.]

IF 'tis love to wish you near,  
 To tremble when the wind I hear,  
 Because at sea you floating rove ;  
 If of you to dream at night,  
 To languish when you're out of sight,—  
 If this be loving, then I love.

If, when you're gone, to count each hour,  
 To ask of every tender power  
 That you may kind and faithful prove ;  
 If void of falsehood and deceit,  
 I feel a pleasure when we meet,—  
 If this be loving, then I love.

To wish your fortune to partake,  
 Determin'd never to forsake,  
 Though low in poverty we strove ;  
 If, so that me your wife you'd call,  
 I offer you my little all,—  
 If this be loving, then I love.

---

### ILL OMENS.

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"Paddy's resource."]

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,  
 And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,  
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,  
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone.

For the youth whom she treasur'd her heart and her  
soul in,  
Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon ;  
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,  
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass which a woman ne'er misses,  
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,  
A butterfly, fresh from the night flower's kisses,  
Flew over the mirror and shaded her view.  
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,  
She brush'd him—he fell, alas ! never to rise—  
“ Ah ! such,” said the girl, “ is the pride of our faces,  
For which the soul's innocence too often dies.”

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-ease  
was growing,  
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew ;  
And a rose further on looked so tempting and glowing,  
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too ;  
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning  
Her zone flew in two and the heart's-ease was lost :  
“ Ah ! this means,” said the girl (and she sigh'd at its  
meaning),  
“ That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost !”

---

## THE PULLET.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

YOUNG Guillot, a poor simple swain,  
Yet with some little cunning at least,  
When his conscience no more would contain,  
To relieve it would hie to his priest.  
“ Well, son, what d'ye care to confess ?  
These young sinners are always in harm !”  
“ Why, sir, I'm in mighty distress—  
I have pilfer'd some eggs from a farm.”

“ Oh ! shameful ! and where were they laid ! ”

“ In the hen-house, upon the high shelf.”

Cried the priest, “ I must stop this vile trade ; ”—

So the next time took the eggs for himself.

When again to confession he went—

“ Well, my son, what has happen'd afresh ? ”

“ Why, you know, sir, we all should repent,

When we're carnal, and giv'n to the flesh ;—

Now, my neighbour's sweet daughter ”—“ Oh ! oh !

This sweet daughter !—Well ? ”—“ when I would see,

Unknown to her father I go ;

For I love her—and, sir, she loves me.”

“ And pray, is she handsome ? ”—“ Oh, dear !

She's an angel !—has plenty of pelf ! ”

“ I charge you, no more interfere ; ”

For, thought he,—“ I'll have her to myself.”

“ These crimes from your heart you must wean,

You must penance perform, and let blood :—

What's her age ? ”—“ Sir, she's just seventeen.”

“ Seventeen, and an angel !—that's good !

Oh ! you wicked young dog ! for this fault

Absolution I never can give,

Till to proper repentance you're brought :—

And, pray, whereabouts does she live ? ”

“ A good joke,” cried out Guillot, “ If eggs !

Master Priest, I'm not quite such an elf ;—

You must e'en be content with the eggs,—

For the pullet I'll keep for myself.”

## HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

DUET.

[*Music* by HARRINGTON.]

How sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and  
horn,

To awaken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn ;

But hard is the chance my fond heart must pursue,

For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,  
 More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with disdain  
 In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies,  
 Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

---

## THE BELLS OF ST. MICHAEL'S TOWER.

[*Music by KNYVETT.*]

MERRILY, merrily, rang the bells,  
 The bells of St. Michael's tower,  
 When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife,  
 Arrived at the church door.  
 Merrily, merrily, &c.

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,  
 Cheerful, frank, and free,  
 But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife,  
 For a terrible shrew was she.  
 Merrily, merrily, &c.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take,  
 Till patience availed no longer,  
 Then Richard Penlake a crabstick would take,  
 And show her that he was the stronger.  
 Merrily, merrily, &c.

---

## I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"The rose tree."]

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,  
 If thy smiles had left me too ;  
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,  
 Hadst thou been like them untrue.  
 But while I've thee before me,  
 With heart so warm, and eyes so bright,  
 No clouds can linger o'er me,  
 That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,  
 While fate leaves thy love to me ;  
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,  
 Unless joy be shar'd with thee.  
 One minute's dream about thee  
 Were worth a long and endless year  
 Of waking bliss without thee,  
 My own love, my only dear !

And though the hope be gone, love,  
 That long sparkled o'er our way,  
 Oh ! we shall journey on, love,  
 More safely without its ray.  
 Far better lights shall win me,  
 Along the path I've yet to roam ;  
 The mind that burns within me,  
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus when the lamp that lighted  
 The traveller at first goes out,  
 He feels awhile benighted,  
 And looks around in fear and doubt.  
 But soon the prospect clearing,  
 By cloudless star-light on he treads,  
 And thinks no lamp so cheering  
 As that light which heaven sheds !

---

## FORETOP MORALITY.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by C. DIBDIN.]

Two real tars, whom duty called  
 To watch in the foretop,  
 Thus one another overhauled,  
 And took a cheering drop :  
 I say, Will Hatchway, cried Tom Tow,  
 Of conduct what's your sort,  
 As through the voyage of life you go,  
 To bring you safe to port ?



Cried Will, You lubber, don't you know ?  
 Our passions close to reef,  
 To steer where honour points the prow,  
 To hand a friend relief ;  
 These anchors get but in your power,  
 My life for that's your sort ;  
 The bower, the sheet, and the best bower,  
 Shall bring you up in port.

Why then you're out, and there's an end,  
 Tom cried out blunt and rough,  
 Be good, be honest, serve a friend,  
 Be maxims well enough ;  
 Who swabs his bows at other's woe,  
 That tar's for me your sort ;  
 His vessel right a-head shall go  
 To find a joyful port.

Let storms of life upon me press,  
 Misfortunes make me reel,  
 Why, damme, what's my own distress ?  
 For others let me feel.  
 Ay, ay, if bound with a fresh gale  
 To heaven, this is your sort,  
 A handkerchief is the best wet sail  
 To bring you safe to port.

---

## WE SHALL HAVE OUR MOONLIGHT YET.

[SAMUEL LOVER.]

Tho' days are gone when you and I  
 First wove the links of pleasure's chain,  
 Tho' youthful joys be all gone by  
 We never more shall see again ;  
 Yet in those eyes, oft dimm'd with tears,  
 For me both light and love remain,  
 To make unfelt the blight of years,  
 To bid my heart be young again !  
 Tho' days are gone when you and I, &c.

Our morn is gone, the day is past,  
 The ev'ning closes round us now,  
 Long shadows o'er the vale are cast,  
 But light still gilds the mountain's brow ;  
 And when at last the sun goes down,  
 And ev'ry ling'ring ray has set,  
 The night assumes her silver crown,  
 And we shall have our moonlight yet.  
 Tho' days are gone when you and I, &c.

---

## OH, LET ME ONLY BREATHE THE AIR.

[T. MOORE.]

OH ! let me only breathe the air,  
 The blessed air that's breathed by thee !  
 And whether on its wings it bear  
 Healing or death—'tis sweet to me.

There drink my tears while yet they fall,  
 Would that my bosom's blood were balm,  
 And well thou know'st I'd shed it all  
 To give thy brow one minute's calm.

Nay, turn not from me that dear face,  
 Am I not thine—thy own loved bride,  
 The one—the chosen one, whose place,  
 In life or death, is by thy side ?

Think'st thou that she whose only light  
 In this dim world from thee hath shone  
 Could bear the long and cheerless night,  
 That must be hers when thou art gone ?

That I can live and let thee go  
 Who art my life itself? No—no !  
 When the stem dies the leaf that grew  
 Out of its heart must perish too.

## IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.\*

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"The sixpence."]

It is not the tear at this moment shed,  
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,  
 That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's fled,  
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.  
 'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,  
 'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded ;  
 'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,  
 When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,  
 Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,  
 For worth shall look fairer and truth more bright,  
 When we think how he liv'd but to love them.  
 And as fresher flowers the sod perfume,  
 Where buried saints are lying,  
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom  
 From the image he left there in dying!

---

## A DOUBT RESOLVED.

DR. R. HUGHES.]

[Music by HENRY LAWES.†]

FAIN would I love, but that I fear  
 I quickly should the willow wear ;  
 Fain would I marry, but men say,  
 When love is tied, he will away :  
 Then tell me, love, what shall I do  
 To cure these fears whene'er I woo ?

\* This song was occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative of the author's, who died at Madeira.

† Henry Lawes, born in 1600, was the composer of the original music of Milton's "Comus," produced in 1634.

The fair one she's a mark to all,  
 The brown each one doth lovely call,  
 The black's a pearl in fair men's eyes,  
 The rest will stoop at any prize :  
 Then tell me, love, what shall I do  
 To cure these fears whene'er I woo ?

Young lover, know it is not I  
 That wound with fear or jealousy ;  
 Nor do men ever feel these smarts  
 Until they have confined their hearts ;  
 Then, if you'll cure your fears, you shall  
 Love neither fair, black, brown,—but all.

---

## SHE CAME TO US IN SUMMER-TIME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by JOHN FULCHER.]

SHE came to us in summer-time  
 When fragrance fill'd the bow'rs,  
 And, in her dazzling beauty, seem'd  
 A queen amid the flow'rs ;  
 Her cheeks—they wore the roses' hue,  
 Her brow was lily white ;  
 Her eyes they shamed the violets' blue,  
 They shone so softly bright.  
 She came to us in summer-time  
 When all was bright and fair,  
 But earth own'd not a beauteous flow'r,  
 That with her could compare.

She came to us in summer-time,  
 And as the years depart,  
 Oh ! never may she cease to feel  
 The sunshine of the heart ;  
 And when life's sunset hour arrives,  
 Still rosy may it beam,  
 O'er her whose life was like a bright  
 And joyous summer-dream !  
 She came, &c.

## MY NAME IS FOND DESIRE.

[EARL OF OXFORD, 1560.]

COME hither, shepherd-swain ;  
 Sir, what do you require ?  
 I prithee show to me thy name ?  
 My name is fond desire.

Tell me who was thy nurse ?  
 Fresh youth in sugar'd joy ;  
 What was thy meat and daily food ?  
 Sad sighs with great annoy.

What lulled thee asleep ?  
 Sweet speech, which likes me best :  
 Tell me where is thy dwelling-place ?  
 In gentle hearts I rest.

Doth either time or age  
 Bring thee unto decay ?  
 No, no ! desire both lives and dies  
 Ten thousand times a day.

Then fond desire farewell !  
 Thou art no mate for me ;  
 I should be loth, methinks, to dwell  
 With such a one as thee.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS  
SHADED ?

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Sly Patrick,"

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,  
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet ?  
 Too fast have those young days faded,  
 That even in sorrow were sweet ?  
 Does Time with his cold wings wither  
 Each feeling that once was dear ?  
 Come, child of misfortune ! come hither,  
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

Has love to that soul so tender  
 Been like our Lagenian mine,  
 Where sparkles of golden splendour  
 All over the surface shine?  
 But if in pursuit we go deeper,  
 Allur'd by the gleam that shone,  
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,  
 Like love, the bright ore is gone.

Has hope, like the bird in the story,  
 That flitted from tree to tree  
 With the talisman's glittering glory—  
 Has hope been that bird to thee?  
 On branch after branch alighting,  
 The gem did she still display,  
 And when nearest and most inviting,  
 Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fled,  
 When sorrow herself look'd bright;  
 If thus the fond hope has cheated,  
 That led thee along so light,  
 If thus the unkind world wither  
 Each feeling that once was dear;  
 Come, child of misfortune! come hither,  
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

---

## THE MAY-DEW.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

[To gather the dew from the flowers on May-morning, before the sun has risen, is reckoned a bond of peculiar power between lovers.]

COME with me, love, I'm seeking  
 A spell in the young year's flowers;  
 The magical May-dew is weeping  
 Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs;

Its pearls are more precious than those they find  
 In jewell'd India's sea ;  
 For the dew-drops, love, might serve to bind  
 Thy heart, for ever, to me !  
 Oh come with me, love, I'm seeking  
 A spell in the young year's flowers ;  
 The magical May-dew is weeping  
 Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs.

Haste, or the spell will be missing,  
 We seek in the May-dew now ;  
 For soon the warm sun will be kissing  
 The bright drops from blossom and bough :  
 And the charm is so tender the May-dew sheds  
 O'er the wild flowers' delicate dyes,  
 That e'en at the touch of the sunbeam, 'tis said,  
 The mystical influence flies.  
 Oh come with me, love, I'm seeking  
 A spell in the young year's flowers ;  
 The magical May-dew is weeping  
 Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs.

---

## ROME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by E. J. LODGE.]

I STOOD in Rome's deserted streets,  
 And from the depths of time  
 A voice came forth—that seemed to speak  
 Of Rome when in her prime ;  
 The spirits of the heroes were  
 Awakened by the strain ;  
 The living dead around me stood,  
 The Cæsar lived again !  
 Methought a thousand torches blazed  
 And lit th' imperial dome,  
 While myriad forms their voices raised  
 And hailed the Eternal Rome !

I stood in Rome's deserted walls !  
 The vision passed away :  
 The grandeur of her princely halls  
 Was changed to cold decay.  
 Upon the Tiber's silent wave  
 I marked no galley's prow,  
 The very tombs that shroud thy brave,  
 Oh ! Rome—are ruins now !  
 Yet mightiest in thy fall, thou still  
 Art grandeur's proudest home,  
 A thousand spells thy temples fill  
 Thou great—Eternal Rome.

---

### THEY TALK OF DALES.

THEY talk of dales and hills in Wales,  
 By nature sweetly dress'd,  
 But there's a cot within one spot  
 Surpassing all the rest ;  
 There Gwineth dwelt when Owen felt  
 The power of Cupid's dart,  
 For look ye now, 'tis he knows how  
 To pierce the hardest heart.  
 They talk of dales, &c.

The maid was proud, a splendid crowd  
 Of nobles sought her hand ;  
 While Owen's wealth was heart and health,  
 And skill to till the land ;  
 But Gwineth frown'd until she found  
 The power of Cupid's dart,  
 For look ye now, he best knows how  
 To touch the hardest heart.  
 They talk of dales, &c.

Report had told that Gwineth's gold  
 Through treachery had fail'd,  
 Her fickle train no more remain,  
 But Owen's truth prevail'd :



Thus Gwineth found tho' fortune frown'd  
 The power of Cupid's dart,  
 Who look ye now, alone knows how  
 To touch the hardest heart.  
 They talk of dales, &c.

---

## LOVELY NIGHT.

FOUR PART SONG.

LOVELY night, oh ! lovely night,  
 Spreading over hill and meadow,  
 Soft and slow thy hazy shadow,  
 Soon our wearied eyelids close,  
 And slumber in thy blest repose.  
 Soon our wearied eyelids close,  
 And slumber in thy blest repose.

Holy night, oh ! holy night,  
 Placing brighter worlds before us ;  
 Happiness thou shed'st o'er us ;  
 Oh ! that we might ne'er return,  
 To this dull earth to weep and mourn !  
 Oh that we might ne'er return,  
 To this dull earth to weep and mourn !

---

## EVELEEN'S BOWER.

[T. MOORE.]

OH ! weep for the hour,  
 When to Eveleen's bower,  
 The lord of the valley with false vows came ;  
 The moon hid her light  
 From the heavens that night,  
 And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.  
 The clouds past soon  
 From the chaste cold moon,

And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame ;  
 But none will see the day  
 When the clouds shall pass away,  
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay  
 On the narrow pathway,  
 Where the lord of the valley cross'd over the moor ;  
 And many a deep print  
 On the white snow's tint,  
 Showed the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.  
 The next sun's ray  
 Soon melted away  
 Ev'ry trace on the path where the false lord came ;  
 But there's a light above  
 Which alone can remove  
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

---

## LISTEN.

SAMUEL LOVER.]

[*Music* by S. LOVER.]

How sweet 'tis to listen when some one may tell  
 Of the friend that we love and remember so well,  
 While, 'midst the soft pleasure, we wonder if thus  
 The friend so beloved ever thinks upon us ;  
 While the eye with the dew of affection may glisten,  
 How sweet to the praise of the loved one to listen !  
 Sweet, sweet 'tis to listen !

How sweet 'tis to listen when soft music floats  
 O'er the calm lake below, in some favourite notes,  
 Whose intervals sweet waken slumbering thought,  
 And we listen—altho' not quite sure that we ought ;  
 While the soul-melting moonlight o'er calm waters  
 glisten,  
 How sweet, but how fatal it may be to listen !  
 Sweet, sweet 'tis to listen !

How sweet 'tis to listen, with too willing ear,  
 To words that we wish for, yet tremble to hear,  
 To which 'No' would be cruel, and 'Yes' would be  
 weak,

And an answer is not on the lip, but the cheek ;  
 While in eloquent pauses the eyes brightly glisten, —  
 Take care what you say, and take care how you listen.  
 Take care how you listen—take care !

---

## THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by F. N. CROUCH.

[“There is in the west of Ireland a lake called the ‘Enchanted Lake,’ whose depths are the supposed habitations of the ‘good people.’ In this lake many young men had at various times been drowned, and what made the circumstance more remarkable was that their bodies were never found.

“People at length wondered at this, and at last it was supposed that the young men were not drowned at all, but that they were taken by the fairies and kept there for sweethearts—at any rate it was believed they were endowed with perpetual youth, and the place still bears the name of the Enchanted Lake.”—*Irish Legends*.

OH ! linger not by that gloomy shore,  
 The treasures beneath it come back no more,  
 I know the beloved of thy heart is there,  
 That he sunk in the wave, but why despair ?  
 They do not die who have sunk below,  
 'Tis but to the fairy-realm they go,  
 Then, Norah dear, for thy lover's sake,  
 Mourn not, he dwells in the fairy-lake.

NORAH ! thy Dennis, young and brave,  
 When his boat went down in the closing wave,  
 But under that wave, as the old wives say,  
 Is the land of youth, where's no decay ;  
 Then, Norah, think that his young bright form  
 Shall never decay 'mid time and storm,  
 And mourn no more for his own dear sake,  
 He dwells below—in the fairy-lake.

## RIVALRY IN LOVE.

WILLIAM WALSH.]

[*Music* by Dr. BOYCE.]

OF all the torments, all the cares,  
 With which our lives are curst ;  
 Of all the plagues a lover bears,  
 Sure rivals are the worst !  
 By partners of each other kind,  
 Afflictions easier grow ;  
 In love alone we hate to find  
 Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see  
 Are labouring in my breast,  
 I beg not you would favour me,  
 Would you but slight the rest.  
 How great soe'er your rigours are,  
 With them alone I'll cope :  
 I can endure my own despair,  
 But not another's hope.

## BARBARA ALLEN.

[Old English ditty.]

IN Scarlet-town, where I was born,  
 There was a fair maid dwellin',  
 Made ev'ry youth cry "well-a-way,"  
 Her name was Barb'ra Allen.  
 All in the merry month of May,  
 When green buds they were swellin',  
 Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,  
 For love of Barb'ra Allen.  
 Then slowly, slowly she came up,  
 And slowly she came nigh him,  
 And all she said, when there she came,  
 "Young man, I think ye're dying."

When he was dead and laid in grave,  
 Her heart was struck with sorrow ;  
 " O mother, mother, pity me,  
 For I shall die to-morrow."  
 She on her death-bed as she lay,  
 Begg'd to be buried by him,  
 And sore repented of the day  
 That she did e'er deny him.  
 " Farewell," said she, " ye virgins all,  
 And shun the fault I fell in ;  
 Henceforth take warning by the fall  
 Of cruel Barb'ra Allen."

---

## LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

J. R. PLANCHE.]

[*Music* by T. COOKE.]

GENTLE Zitella, whither away ?  
 Love's ritornella, list while I play.  
 No, I have lingered too long on the road,  
 Night is advancing, the brigand's abroad.  
 Lovely Zitella hath too much to fear,  
 Love's ritornella she may not hear.

Charming Zitella, why shouldst thou care ?  
 Night is not darker than thy raven hair ;  
 And those starry eyes, if the brigand should see,  
 Thou art the robber, the captive is he.  
 Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,  
 Love's ritornella tarry and hear.

Simple Zitella, beware, oh, beware !  
 List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer ;  
 To thy light footsteps let terror add wings,  
 'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings.  
 Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear,  
 Love's ritornella tarry and hear.

## THE ALBION.

[CHARLES DIBDIN, the younger.]

THE Albion is a noble ship,  
 Her colours are true blue,  
 Her hull is royal heart of oak,  
 And heart of oak her crew;  
 Her rigging's tight for every tack,  
 Her plank without a starter,  
 The gallant union is her jack,  
 Her sheathing Magna Charta.

How gallantly she bears her port,  
 The ocean's pride and dread ;  
 The envied cap of liberty  
 Adorns her glorious head :  
 Her pride is commerce to increase,  
 In war she is no starter ;  
 But may she anchor long in peace,  
 Secured by Magna Charta !

## MY OLD MATE JACK.

J. P. ALFORD.]

[Air—"My old friend John."]

'TIS many years, my old mate Jack,  
 Since you and I set sail ;  
 On board the trim built seventy-four,  
 We've weathered the stormy gale.  
 We've served our country, king and queen,  
 With hearts light as a feather ;  
 And yet it seems not long ago,  
 Since we were tars together.

CHORUS.

Since we were tars, jolly Jack tars,  
 Since we were tars together :  
 And yet it seems not long ago,  
 Since we were tars together.

We did our duty, old mate Jack,  
 When we had both our legs ;  
 But now we are reduced to one,  
 Except our wooden pegs.  
 And yet we both can stump about,  
 In spite of wind or weather ;  
 As jovial as we did, mate Jack,  
 When we were tars together.  
 When we were tars, &c.

If called upon again, mate Jack,  
 True courage we will show ;  
 We'll do our best to cut them down,  
 The hostile daring foe.  
 For tho' we're growing aged, Jack,  
 We've stout hearts tough as leather ;  
 And ready as in days of yore,  
 When we were tars together.  
 When we were tars, &c.

---

### THE SEA-SAND GRAVE.

G. RANSOME.]

[*Music* by E. F. ALLEN.]

HE sleeps beneath the ocean shore,  
 But who can tell his grave ?  
 No marble monument is o'er ;  
 His dirge the foaming wave ;  
 Nought but the sea-bird's piercing cry,  
 The angry billows' roar,  
 Is heard around his destiny,  
 Or sounded on the shore.  
 Ye crested billows, gently roll ;  
 He lies entomb'd beneath ;  
 Ye made his lonely sepulchre,  
 And form'd his bed, sweet heath !  
 Should e'er a friend come nigh his tomb,  
 Tho' all around be drear,  
 Then pretty flower, in kindness bloom,  
 To tell he sleepeth here.

## THE FLAG OF OLD ENGLAND.

W. WEST.]

[*Music by W. WEST.*]

THE flag of old England is waving,  
 Once more o'er the wide rolling sea,  
 Stem by stem with brave France, our bold  
 neighbour,  
 Unite, we can thrash any three.  
 We spin no yarns nor palaver,  
 But go steady on to our work,  
 And can fight, though for peace we had rather,  
 And in friendship meet Russian and Turk.

But if neither will listen to reason,  
 And will argufy, wrangle, and brawl,  
 On the great Bear we'll soon put a muzzle,  
 And make him his colours down haul.  
 If our Lion should roar, how he'd tremble,  
 Or the Eagle of France flap her wing ;  
 Side by side we will stand till we conquer,  
 While the war-cry and tocsin will ring.

Long, long may our nations e'er flourish,  
 In concord, in peace ever be ;  
 May their power remain undiminished,  
 The rulers by land and by sea.  
 While the bright star of peace sheds her blessing,  
 On the ploughshare and clustering vine,  
 No discord or anarchy 'll sever,  
 The hands and the hearts that combine.

## THE BALTIC.

CHARLES JEFFERYS.]

[*Music by C. W. GLOVER.*]

To the Baltic's broad billows we go, boys,  
 To pull crafty Old Nicholas down ;  
 And the braver and stronger the foe, boys,  
 Why the greater will be our renown.



We have gallant old Charley to lead us,  
 To the hearts of true sailors he's dear ;  
 And whenever our country may need us,  
 May we fight 'neath the flag of Napier.

Do you think we shall ever forget, boys,  
 How the Queen came to bid us good-bye,  
 And she knew by the shouts that she met, boys,  
 Ev'ry man there would conquer or die.  
 Why there isn't a press'd man among us,  
 So Old England has nothing to fear ;  
 For our maxim is " don't go to wrong us,"  
 And we'll fight to the death with Napier.

Let 'em say not, You shall serve, but Will you ?  
 And whenever Old England's a foe,  
 There are jolly Jack-tars by the thousand  
 Ever ready and willing to go.  
 And the heart and the arm will be stronger,  
 When like us, boys, they both volunteer,  
 And the laurels will last all the longer,  
 As you'll hear from old Charley Napier.

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## CONSTANCY REWARDED.

[ CHARLES DIBDIN. ]

BLEAK was the morn when William left his Nancy,  
 The fleecy snow frown'd on the whiten'd shore,  
 Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,  
 When she her sailor from her bosom tore.  
 To his fill'd heart, a little Nancy pressing,  
 Whilst a young tar the ample trousers eyed,  
 In need of firmness, in this state distressing,  
 Will check'd the rising sigh, and fondly cried,  
 Ne'er fear the perils of the fickle ocean,  
 Sorrow's all a notion, grief all in vain ;  
 Sweet love, take heart, for we but part  
 In joy, in joy to meet again.

Loud blew the wind, when, leaning on that willow,  
 Where the dear name of William printed stood,  
 Nancy, she saw upon a faithless billow,  
 A ship dash'd 'gainst a rock that topp'd the flood.  
 Her tender heart, with frantic sorrow thrilling,  
 Wild as the storm that howl'd along the shore ;  
 No longer could resist a stroke so killing,  
 'Tis he, she cried, nor shall I see him more !  
 Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean ?  
 Sorrow's now my portion, and misery and pain ;  
 Break, break, poor heart, for now we part,  
 Never, no never to meet again !

Mild was the eve, all nature was smiling,  
 Four tedious years had Nancy passed in grief ;  
 Whilst with her children the sad hours beguiling,  
 She saw her William fly to her relief ;  
 Sunk in his arms ! with bliss she quickly found him,  
 Soon she return'd to life, to love, and joy ;  
 Whilst his grown young ones anxiously surround him,  
 And now Will clasps his girl, and now his boy.  
 Did not I say, tho' it was a fickle ocean,  
 Sorrow's all a notion, grief all in vain ?  
 My joy, how sweet ! for now we meet,  
 Never, no never, to part again.

---

## FOR ENGLAND AND THE QUEEN.

[*Music by T. WILLIAMS.*]

OUR gallant ship has righted, spread her canvas to the  
 gale,  
 For right astern fair breezes blow, and loose the  
 flowing sail ;  
 We've got a trusty helmsman, a pilot stanch and true,  
 And hearts of British oak, my boys, are old Britannia's  
 crew !  
 Huzza ! huzza ! for old Britannia's crew, my boys,  
 huzza ! huzza !

Long live our noble admiral, who taught the foreign  
 foe  
 The inborn might of heart and hand that strikes a  
 British blow ;  
 For now who'll dare in east or west to raise a hostile  
 hand  
 Against the Prince of Heroes, or against his patriot  
 band !

Huzza, huzza, &c.

Then hoist the royal standard, upraise the Union Jack,  
 Strike, strike the traitor's bunting, the pirate's rag of  
 black !  
 And let the true blue pennon on her mainmast head  
 be seen,  
 And give three hearty cheers, my boys, for England  
 and the Queen !

Huzza, huzza, &c.

Again we'll rule the waters as we ruled them once of  
 yore,  
 Again we'll bear the ancient flag, that old Britannia  
 bore ;  
 She's bravely mann'd at every point, with men that  
 know not fear,  
 Then give three hearty British cheers for Admiral  
 Napier.

Huzza, huzza, &c.

---

## HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER.

[JOHN GAY.]

How happy could I be with either  
 Were t'other dear charmer away  
 But while you thus tease me toget  
 To neither one word can I say.

## THE SAILOR'S LADY.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.]

[Air—Scotch.]

COME, busk you gallantlie,  
Busk and make you ready,  
Maiden, busk and come,  
And be a sailor's lady.  
The foamy ocean's ours,  
From Hebride to Havannah,  
And thou shalt be my queen,  
And reign upon it, Anna.

See my bonnie ship,  
So stately and so steady ;  
Thou shalt be my queen,  
And the main be my lady :  
The west wind in her wings,  
The deep sea all in motion,  
Away she glorious goes  
And crowns me king of ocean.

The merry lads are mine,  
From Thames, and Tweed, and Shannon ;  
The Bourbon flowers grow pale  
When I hang out my pennon ;  
I'll win thee gold and gems  
With pike and cutlass clashing,  
With all my broad sails set  
And all my cannon flashing.

Come with me and see  
The golden islands glowing,  
Come with me and hear  
The flocks of India lowing ;  
Thy fire shall be of spice,  
The dews of eve drop manna,  
Thy chamber floor of gold,  
And men adore thee, Anna.

## THE NIGHT STORM AT SEA.

EPES SARGEANT.]

[*Music* by DEMPSTER.]

'TIS a dreary thing to be  
Tossing on the wide, wide sea,  
When the sun has set in clouds,  
And the wind sighs through the shrouds,  
With a voice and with a tone  
Like a living creature's moan !

Look ! how wildly swells the surge  
Round the black horizon's verge !  
See the giant billows rise  
From the ocean to the skies !  
While the sea-bird wheels his flight  
O'er their streaming crests of white.

List ! the wind is wakening fast !  
All the sky is overcast !  
Lurid vapours, hurrying, trail  
In the pathway of the gale,  
As it strikes us with a shock  
That might rend the deep-set rock !

Falls the strain'd and shiver'd mast !  
Spars are scatter'd by the blast !  
And the sails are split asunder,  
As a cloud is rent by thunder ;  
And the struggling vessel shakes,  
As the wild sea o'er her breaks.

Ah ! what sudden light is this,  
Blazing o'er the dark abyss ?  
Lo ! the full moon rears her form  
'Mid the cloud-rifts of the storm,  
And athwart the troubled air  
Shines, like hope upon despair !

Every leaping billow gleams  
 With the lustre of her beams,  
 And lifts high its fiery plume  
 Through the midnight's parting gloom ;  
 While its scatter'd flakes of gold  
 O'er the sinking deck are roll'd.

Father ! low on bended knee,  
 Humbled, weak, we turn to thee !  
 Spare us, 'mid the fearful fight  
 Of the raging winds to-night !  
 Guide us o'er the threatening wave :  
 Save us ! Thou alone canst save !

---

## OH ! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"Sheela Na Guira."]

OH ! had we some bright little isle of our own,  
 In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone ;  
 Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bow'rs,  
 And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flow'rs ;  
     Where the sun loves to pause  
     With so fond a delay,  
 That the night only draws  
     A thin veil o'er the day ;  
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,  
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime  
 We should love as they lov'd in the first golden time ;  
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,  
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there !  
     With affection as free  
     From decline as the bowers ;  
 And with hope, like the bee,  
     Living always on flowers,  
 Our life should resemble a long day of light,  
 And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

## UP, QUIT THY BOWER.

Up ! quit thy bower, late wears the hour ;  
 Long have the rooks caw'd round thy tower ;  
 On flower and tree loud hums the bee,  
 The wilding kid sports merrily :  
 A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,  
 Shineth when good fortune's near.

Up ! lady fair, and braid thy hair,  
 And rouse thee in the breezy air ;  
 The lulling stream, that sooth'd thy dream,  
 Is dancing in the sunny beam ;  
 And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,  
 Will waft good fortune on its way.

---

## BOATMAN'S SONG.

[ANNA BLACKWELL.]

SOFTLY, oh, softly the shadows are falling  
 Over the stream as our bark glides along ;  
 Sweetly, oh, sweetly the echoes are calling,  
 Around us, above us, repeating our song.  
 " Daylight is ending, our labour is o'er ;  
 Our homes and our loved ones we seek on the shore ;  
 Even and strong be the sweep of our oar !  
 Our homes and our loved ones we'll find on the shore !"

Brightly, oh, brightly, the silver stars gleaming,  
 Lighten the wave as our bark shoots along ;  
 Nearer, oh, nearer, the watchfires are beaming ;  
 Raise we in chorus our glad even-song !  
 " Daylight is ended, our labour is o'er !  
 Swiftly, O, loved ones ! we row to the shore !  
 Even and strong was the sweep of our oar,  
 And light are our hearts as we leap on the shore !

## THE MATIN CALL.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music* by G. LINLEY.]

AH ! is it not the matin bell, dear mother, that I hear ?  
 Yes, hark, it sweetly sounds again, now louder and  
 more clear.

Ope wide the window, for I love each soft and soothing  
 tone,

It minds me of a joyous time, alas ! for ever gone.

Draw back the curtain, let me see the green and waving  
 trees,

My heart will be revived to share the sunshine and  
 the breeze.

I heard the sound of rustling leaves, and wild birds  
 gaily sing ;

I feel the breath of op'ning flow'rs a fragrance round  
 me fling :

But I must part from all I love, this pain will soon be  
 past.

Oh, kneel beside me, mother dear, and let me look my  
 last !

When next you hear the matin bell, this heart at peace  
 will be ;

Then listen to its solemn chime, and breathe a pray'r  
 for me.

## OH ! WHEN THE TIDE WAS OUT.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

OH ! when the tide was out last night

In yonder bay we roved,

We gather'd shells, and on the sand

We wrote the names we loved ;

And now we wander forth to find

No friendly records there ;

The morning tide effaced the words

We wrote with so much care.



'Tis thus with all whose glory rests  
 Upon the sands of earth ;  
 In vain is all the pomp of pride,  
 As vain the smiles of mirth ;  
 The ceaseless tide at intervals  
 Will rush o'er all the scene ;  
 'Twill pass—and not a record then  
 Will tell where they have been.

## OUR SAILORS AND OUR SHIPS.

[ELIZA COOK.]

How dashing in sun and light the frigate makes her  
 way ;  
 Her white sails spreading full and bright beneath the  
 gleaming ray !  
 The gale may wake, but she will take whatever wind  
 may come ;  
 Fit car to bear the ocean-god upon his crystal home.  
 She cleaves the tide with might and pride, like war-  
 horse freed from rein ;  
 She treats the wave like abject slave—the empress of  
 the main ;  
 All, all shall mark the gallant bark, their hearts upon  
 their lips ;  
 And cry “ Old England, who shall match thy sailors  
 and thy ships ? ”

Stout forms, strong arms, and dauntless spirits dwell  
 upon the deck ;  
 True to their cause in calm or storm, in battle or in  
 wreck.  
 No foe will meet a coward hand, faint heart or quailing  
 eye :  
 They only know to fall or stand, to live the brave or  
 die.

The flag that carries round the world a Nelson's victor  
name  
Must never shield a dastard knave or strike in craven  
shame.  
Let triumph scan her blazing page, no record shall  
eclipse  
The glory of old England's Cross, her sailors and her  
ships.

The tempest breath sweeps o'er the sea with howlings  
of despair,  
Death walks upon the waters, but the tar must face  
and bear :  
The bullets hiss, the broadside pours, 'mid sulphur,  
blood, and smoke,  
And prove a British crew and craft alike are hearts of  
oak.  
Oh ! ye who live 'mid fruit and flowers—the peaceful,  
safe, and free—  
Yield up a prayer for those who dare the perils of the  
sea.  
“God and our Right !” those are the words e'er first  
upon our lips ;  
But next shall be, “Old England's flag, our sailors  
and our ships !”

---

## TELL ME NO MORE.

T. HAYNES BAYLY.]

[*Music* by JOHN BRAHAM.]

TELL me no more that hearts less warm,  
Feel not the sorrows felt by me ;  
Passing unmoved by sun and storm  
Over a tranquil sea :  
Mine be the heart which feeling sways ;  
Tho' like the ocean's varied form—  
Tranquil and bright in sunny days,  
Ruffled in hours of storm.

Dark as a stream whose waters run  
 Under the earth in hidden caves,  
 Where the warm rays of summer's sun  
 Never illumed the waves ;  
 Such is the calm of those who rove,  
 Link'd to no being truly dear,  
 While not a cheering ray of love  
 Brightens their cold career.

---

## THE NAUTILUS.

PARK BENJAMIN.]

[*Music* by H. RUSSELL.]

THE *Nautilus* ever loves to glide  
 Upon the crest of the radiant tide.  
 When the sky is clear and the wave is bright,  
 Look over the sea for a lovely sight !  
 You may watch, and watch for many a mile,  
 And never see *Nautilus* all the while,  
 Till, just as your patience is nearly lost,  
 Lo ! there is a bark in the sunlight toss'd !

“Sail, ho ! and whither away so fast ?”  
 What a curious thing she has rigg'd for a mast !  
 “Ahoy ! ahoy ! don't you hear our hail ?”  
 How the breeze is swelling her gossamer sail !  
 The good ship *Nautilus*—yes, 'tis she !  
 Sailing over the gold of the placid sea ;—  
 And though she will never deign reply,  
 I could tell her hull with the glance of an eye.

Now, I wonder where *Nautilus* can be bound ;  
 Or does she always sail round and round,  
 With the fairy queen and her court on board,  
 And mariner-sprites, a glittering horde ?  
 Does she roam and roam till the evening light ?  
 And where does she go in the deep midnight ?  
 So crazy a vessel could hardly sail,  
 Or weather the blow of “a fine stiff gale.”

O, the self same hand that holds the chain,  
 Which the ocean binds to the rocky main—  
 Which guards from the wreck when the tempest raves,  
 And the stout ship reels on the surging waves—  
 Directs the course of thy little bark,  
 And in the light of the shadow dark,  
 And near the shore, or far at sea,  
 Makes safe a billowy path for thee!

---

### BOAT SONG.

[C. F. HOFFMAN.]

WE court no gale with wooing sail,  
 We fear no squall a-brewing ;  
 Seas smooth or rough, skies fair or bluff,  
 Alike our course pursuing.  
 For what to us are winds, when thus  
 Our merry boat is flying,  
 While bold and free, with jocund glee,  
 Stout hearts her oars are plying ?

At twilight dun, when red the sun  
 Far o'er the water flashes,  
 With buoyant song, our bark along  
 Her crimson pathway dashes.  
 And when the night devours the light,  
 And shadows thicken o'er us,  
 The stars steal out, the skies about  
 To dance to our bold chorus.

Sometimes near shore we ease our oar,  
 While beauty's sleep invading,  
 To watch the beam through her casement gleam,  
 As she wakes to our serenading ;  
 Then with the tide we floating glide  
 To music soft, receding,  
 Or drain one cup, to her fill'd up  
 For whom those notes are pleading.

Thus, on and on, till the night is gone,  
 And the garish dawn is breaking,  
 While landsmen sleep, we boatmen keep  
 The soul of frolic waking.  
 And though cheerless then our craft look, when  
 To her moorings day hath brought her,  
 By the moon amain she is launch'd again  
 To dance o'er the merry water.

---

### SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

E. FITZBALL.]

[*Music* by W. V. WALLACE.]

SCENES that are brightest  
 May charm awhile,  
 Hearts that are lightest,  
 And eyes that smile ;  
 Yet o'er them above us,  
 Though nature beam,  
 With none to love us,  
 How sad they seem !

Words cannot scatter  
 The thoughts we fear,  
 For though they flatter,  
 They mock the ear ;  
 Hopes still deceive us  
 With tearful cost,  
 And when they leave us,  
 The heart is lost.

---

### SLUMBER, DEAREST, SWEETLY SLUMBER.

W. H. GODFREY.]

[*Music* by INGLIS BERVON.]

SLUMBER, dearest, sweetly slumber,  
 Rest secure, no danger fear ;  
 Joys and blessings without number  
 Wait thy waking, lady dear.

Visions of a happy morrow,  
 Dreams without a cloud of sorrow,  
 Through the silent hours be thine.  
 Rest thee sweetly, lady mine.

Gently o'er thy pillow blending,  
 Stars their softest light disclose ;  
 Moonlit rills, melodious blending,  
 Woo thee, dearest, to repose.

Visions of a happy morrow,  
 Dreams without a cloud of sorrow,  
 Through the silent hours be thine.  
 Rest thee sweetly, lady mine.

Placid slumber's chain hath bound thee  
 With her rosy fetters light ;  
 Thoughts of love are all around thee,—  
 Guardian spirits of the night.

Visions of a happy morrow,  
 Dreams without a cloud of sorrow,  
 Through the lonely hours be thine.  
 Peace be with thee, lady mine.

---

### LIFE'S ROSY HOURS!

A. BUNN.]

[*Music* by M. W. BALFE.]

#### RECITATIVE.

THE rosy hours of this life are but few,  
 For they die in their birth e'en ; as showers  
 Which the morning's first dew  
 Weeps on the earth as the sun displays  
 His rising ray.

#### AIR.

Then silly is the heart that grieveth,  
 Over the pangs their absence leaveth,  
 Which there is no preventing ;  
 When after all 'tis doubtful whether  
 Their pleasures, blended altogether,  
 Are even worth lamenting.

Then silly is the heart that grieveth,  
 Over the pangs their absence leaveth,  
 Which there is no preventing,  
 Which there is no preventing.

---

## A L O F T.

JAMES COBB.]

[*Music* by STORACE.]

FROM aloft the sailor looks around,  
 And hears below the murmuring billows' sound :  
 Far off from home he counts another day,  
 Wide o'er the seas the vessel bears away !  
     His courage wants no whet,  
     But he springs the sails to set,  
 With heart as fresh as rising breeze of May ;  
     And caring nought  
     He turns his thought  
 To his lovely Sue or his charming Bet.

Now to heaven the lofty topmast soars,  
 The stormy blast like dreadful thunder roars ;  
 Now ocean's deepest gulfs appear below,  
 The curling surges foam, and down we go !  
     When skies and seas are met  
     They his courage serve to whet,  
 With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May ;  
     And dreading nought  
     He turns his thought  
 To his lovely Sue or his charming Bet.

---

## THE FISHER BOY JOLLILY LIVES.

[ELIZA COOK.]

MERRILY oh ! merrily oh !  
 The nets are spread out to the sun !  
 Merrily oh ! the fisher boy sings,  
 Right glad that his labour is done.

Happy and gay with his boat in the bay,  
 The storm and the danger forgot ;  
 The wealthy and great may repine at their state,  
 And envy the fisher boy's lot.

Merrily oh ! merrily oh !

This is the burden he gives :

“ Cheerily oh ! though the blast may blow,  
 The fisher boy jollily lives ! ”

Merrily oh ! merrily oh !

He sleeps till the morning breaks ;

Merrily oh ! at the seagull's scream

The fisher boy quickly awakes :

Down on the strand he is plying his hand,

His shouting is heard again ;

The clouds are dark but he springs to his bark,

With the same light-hearted strain.

Merrily oh, &c.

## SAFELY FOLLOW HIM.

D. TERRY.]

[Music by T. COOKE.]

FOLLOW him, nor fearful deem

Danger lurks in gipsy guile ;

Rude and lawless though we seem,

Simple hearts we bear the while.

Then, no robber fierce nor thief we fear,

Who's roused by night in savage den ;

Fearless, then, o'er mosses drear,

Barren wilds, and lonesome glen,

Safely follow him, safely follow him,

Safely, safely follow him.

From rustic swains the petty bribe,

Petty spoil from cot or farm,

Content the wandering gipsy tribe,

Who the traveller never harm.

Then, no robber fierce, &c.



## THE WOLF IS OUT.

D. TERRY.]

[Music by T. COOKE.]

ARM, brothers, arm ! the wolf is out,  
 The country's up and the bowmen shout !  
 The shepherd leaves his fleecy care,  
 The glorious sport of the day to share ;  
 Night is fled, and the morn is grey—  
     Arm, brothers, arm, to the chase away !  
     Arm, brothers, arm, to the chase away !

In yonder thicket, close and dark,  
 Softly tread, and careful mark :  
 'Tis there the wolf is wont to prowl—  
 And, hark, I hear the savage howl !  
 Often, in the dead of night,  
 When to sleep our toils invite,  
 His horrid yell fond mothers hear,  
 And closer press their infants dear.

Hence to the field, and the savage soon  
 Shall cease to bay the cloudless moon ;  
 No more to range our fields for food,  
 Or welter in the trav'ler's blood.

No more to range, &c.

## THE YEOMEN OF ENGLAND.

C. JEFFERYS.]

[Air—Old English.]

IN England, when the curfew bell  
 Proclaim'd the Norman sway,  
 Oh, then it rang the parting knell  
 Of freedom pass'd away.  
     For the yeoman then,  
     With his trusty men,  
 Oft ploughed the battle-plain ;  
     And his flocks were kept  
     Where the warrior slept—  
 May we ne'er see the like again !

Those iron days are past and gone ;  
 Then came the sunny days,  
 When all the royal favour shone  
 On good old English ways.  
 Then the days were blest,  
 For the land had rest,  
 Nor labour toil'd in vain :  
 Both in cot and hall,  
 They were merry all—  
 May we soon see the like again !

Then hope the farmer's cares beguiled,  
 His flocks were on the hill,  
 His crops around the valley smiled,  
 And merry went the mill.  
 Then the peasant sang,  
 Till the echoes rang,  
 As he reap'd the golden grain ;  
 For a feast to come  
 Was the harvest-home—  
 May we soon see the like again !

May peace be still the yeoman's lot,  
 His garners well be stored ;  
 May peace be in the peasant's cot,  
 And plenty crown his board.  
 May England flourish great and free,  
 Her commerce long maintain ;  
 And the good old ways  
 Of the bygone days,  
 May we soon see the like again !

---

## OUR BONNY ENGLISH ROSE.

C. JEFFREYS.]

[*Music* by S. NELSON

OLD England's emblem is the rose :  
 There is no other flower  
 Hath half the graces that adorn  
 This beauty of the bower ;

And England's daughters are as fair  
As any bud that blows :  
What son of hers who has not lov'd  
Some bonny English Rose ?

Who hath not heard of one sweet flower,  
The first among the fair,  
For whose welfare a British heart  
Hath breath'd a fervent prayer?  
Oh, may it never be her lot  
To lose that sweet repose,  
That peace of mind, which blesses now  
The bonny English Rose !

If any bold enough there be  
To war 'gainst England's isle,  
They soon shall find, for British hearts,  
What charms hath woman's smile !  
Thus nerv'd, the thunder of their arms  
Would teach aspiring foes  
How vain the power that defies  
The bonny English Rose !

Now heaven decrees her to the throne ;  
'Twill be the nation's prayer  
That in each joy she hath not known,  
Her heart may ever share ;  
That health may long light up her brow,  
And, as time onward flows,  
It still may be our pride to sing,  
"The bonny English Rose !"

Beneath her sway may every land,  
Where she dominion holds,  
Be happy as the glorious isle  
Where freedom's flag unfolds ;  
From sea to shore, from shore to sea,  
The song of gladness flows :  
And oh, may heaven for ever bless  
The bonny English Rose !

## WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Garryowen."]

WE may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,  
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;  
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,  
 We may order our wings, and be off to the west;  
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,  
 Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,  
 We need never leave our native isle,  
 For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.  
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you  
 roam,  
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of beauty is kept  
 By a dragon of prudery, placed within call;  
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,  
 That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.  
 Oh! they want the wild sweetbriary fence  
 Which round the flower of Erin dwells;  
 Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,  
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.  
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,  
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you  
 roam,  
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail  
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,  
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,  
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye,  
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,  
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,  
 Through billows of woe and beams of joy,  
 The same as he look'd when he left the shore.

Then, remember, wherever the goblet is crown'd,  
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you  
 roam,  
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,  
 Oh ! remember the smiles that adorn her at home.

---

### AFTER THE BATTLE.

T. MOORE.]

[*Air*—"Thy fair bosom."]

NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's way,  
 And lightnings show'd the distant hill,  
 Where those who lost that dreadful day  
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still !  
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,  
 For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—  
 Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,  
 When all but life and honour's lost ?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,  
 And valour's task, mov'd slowly by,  
 While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam  
 Should rise and give them light to die.  
 There's yet a world where souls are free,  
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss ;  
 If death that world's bright opening be,  
 Oh ! who would live a slave in this ?

---

### A SPELL IS HANGING O'ER ME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Air*—Italian.]

A SPELL is hanging o'er me,  
 A fate seems on me now ;  
 Joys fleet away before me,  
 Some curse hangs on my brow.  
 The path is dark and dreary  
 That my steps must wander o'er,  
 Like a pilgrim faint and weary,  
 To a bleak, unfriendly shore.

But thy form is ever near me,  
Though I wander far away ;  
Like a star of hope to cheer me  
With its soft and glad'ning ray,  
And when my spirit ponders  
On each passing scene of pain,  
That light around me wanders,  
And calms my soul again.

---

## HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEE, TOM MOORE.

[LORD BYRON.]

MY boat is on the shore,  
And my bark is on the sea ;  
But ere I go, Tom Moore,  
Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh for those I love,  
And a smile for those I hate ;  
And, whatever sky's above,  
Here's a heart for any fate.

Though the ocean roars around me,  
It still shall bear me on ;  
Though a desert should surround me,  
It hath springs that may be won.

Were it the last drop in the well,  
As I gasp'd upon the brink,  
Ere my fainting spirits fell,  
'Tis to thee that I would drink !

In that water, as this wine,  
The libation I would pour  
Should be "Peace to thee and thine,  
And a health to thee, Tom Moore."

## THE WAVING GREENWOOD TREE.

G. LINLEY.]

[*Music* by LINLEY.]

Now by the waving greenwood tree  
 We merry, merry warriors roam ;  
 Careless and jovial, ever free,  
 We hail our native home !  
 We roam beneath fair Cynthia's light,  
 Or, hiding in the shade,  
 Telling soft tales of true delight  
 To some lovely woodland maid.  
 Now by the waving, &c.

Now by the waving greenwood tree  
 We merry, merry warriors roam ;  
 Careless and jovial, ever free,  
 We hail our native home !  
 We quaff not, we quaff not the red, red wine,  
 But our nut-brown ale is good ;  
 For the song and the dance of the great we ne'er pine,  
 While the rough winds are our choristers rude.

---

## WHEN FORCED FROM DEAR HEBE TO GO.

SHENSTONE.]

[*Music* by DR. ARNE.]

WHEN forced from dear Hebe to go,  
 What anguish I felt at my heart !  
 And I thought, but it might not be so,  
 She was sorry to see me depart ;  
 She cast such a languishing view,  
 My path I could scarcely discern,  
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
 I thought that she bade me return.

I thought she might like to retire  
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear ;  
 For whatever I heard her admire,  
 I hasten'd and planted it there.

Her voice such a pleasure conveys,  
So much I her accents adore,  
Let her speak, and whatever she says,  
I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now ere I haste to the plain,  
Come, shepherds, and talk of her ways :  
I could lay down my life for the swain  
That would sing me a song in her praise ;  
While he sings may the maids of the town  
Come flocking and listen awhile ;  
Nor on him let Hebe once frown,—  
But I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my charmer goes by,  
Some hermit peep out of his cell :  
How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,  
How fondly he wishes her well !  
On him she may smile if she please,  
'Twill warm the cold bosom of age ;  
But cease, gentle Hebe, oh ! cease,—  
Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow  
To paint the dear charms I approve,  
For what can a blossom bestow,  
So sweet, so delightful, as love ?  
I sing in a rustical way,  
A shepherd and one of the throng ;  
Yet, Hebe approves of my lay ;  
Go poets, and envy my song.

---

## JOE OF THE BELL.

AROUND the face of blue-eyed Sue  
Did auburn ringlets curl ;  
Her coral lips seem'd dipped in dew ;  
Her teeth two rows of pearl.



Joe of the Bell, whose wine they said  
 Was new in cask as he in trade,  
 Espoused this nonpareil.  
 "You keep the bar," says Joe, "my dear,  
 But be obliging, Sue, d'ye hear,  
 And prove to all who love good cheer  
 They're welcome to the Bell."

A London rider chanced to slip  
 Behind the bar to dine,  
 And found sweet Susan's yielding lip  
 Much mellower than her wine.  
 As Joe stept in, he stamp't, and swore  
 He'd dust his jacket well ;  
 "Hey-day !" says Sue, "what's this, I trow !  
 You bade me be obliging, Joe !—  
 I'm only proving to the beau  
 He's welcome to the Bell."

---

### I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by HENRY FARMER.]

I'LL follow thee, I'll follow thee,  
 Wherever thou mayst go,  
 To the land of burning sunshine  
 Or the realm of winter snow ;  
 For the world is not as boundless  
 As a woman's heart can be,  
 So, wherever thou mayst wander,  
 I will follow, follow thee !

I'll follow thee, I'll follow thee,  
 Whatever thou may'st prize,  
 Of fame or grandeur to be won  
 Beneath the alien skies ;  
 For the world owns no such treasure  
 As a faithful heart can be,  
 Then, wherever thou may'st wander,  
 I will follow, follow thee !

I'll follow thee, I'll follow thee,  
    Whatever thou mayst bear,  
For there cannot be a danger  
    That a true heart would not share ;  
Then whate'er of joy or sorrow  
    In thy future lot may be—  
Love shall haunt you like your shadow,  
    For I'll follow, follow thee !

---

## THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

[ELIZA COOK.]

OUR bark was out—far, far from land,  
When the fairest of our gallant band  
Grew sadly pale, and waned away  
Like the twilight of an autumn day.  
We watched him through long hours of pain ;  
But our cares were lost, our hopes were vain,  
Death brought for him no coward alarm ;  
For he smiled as he died on a messmate's arm.

He had no costly winding-sheet,  
But we placed a round shot at his feet ;  
And he slept in his hammock as safe and sound  
As a king in his lawn shroud, marble-bound.  
We proudly deck'd his funeral vest  
With the English flag about his breast ;  
We gave him that as the badge of the brave,  
And then he was fit for his sailor's grave.

Our voices broke—our hearts turned weak—  
Hot tears were seen on the brownest cheek—  
And a quiver play'd on the lips of pride,  
As we lowered him down the ship's dark side.  
A plunge—a splash—and our task was o'er ;  
The billows roll'd as they roll'd before ;  
But many a rude prayer hallowed the wave  
That closed above the sailor's grave.

## O, RUDDIER THAN THE CHERRY.

[*Music* by G. F. HANDEL.]

## RECITATIVE.

I RAGE ! I melt ! I burn !  
 The feeble god has stabb'd me to the heart !  
 Thou trusty pine, prop of my godlike steps,  
 I lay thee by.  
 Bring me a hundred reeds, of decent growth  
 To make a pipe for my capacious mouth ;  
 In soft, enchanting accents let me breathe  
 Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

## AIR.

O, ruddier than the cherry !  
 O, sweeter than the berry !  
 O nymph, more bright than moonshine night,  
 Like kidlings blithe and merry.  
 Ripe as the melting cluster,  
 No lily has such lustre,  
 Yet hard to tame as raging flame,  
 And fierce as storms that bluster.

## VOICE OF MUSIC.

HON. MRS. NORTON.]

[*Music* by HON. MRS. NORTON.]

VOICE of music sweetly falling,  
 Oh, how deep and true thy spell !  
 Songs of welcome, songs of triumph,  
 Tender lays of fond farewell.  
 Manhood loves thy martial measure,  
 Age would fain thy notes prolong,  
 And the child's first sense of pleasure,  
 Is the mother's cradle song.  
 Soldiers worn and weak and weary,  
 Marching on a foreign foe,  
 Exiles faint and lone and dreary,  
 Bending 'neath a weight of woe :

Would ye rouse those hearts desponding ?  
 Touch the harp with friendly hand ;  
 Sound the airs they knew in boyhood,  
 Music of their native land.

At the rich man's dazzling banquet.  
 In the poor man's cottage dim,  
 In the church whose solemn stillness,  
 Echoes back the chanted hymn,  
 When the blind with sweet notes waken,  
 One joy in their life of pain,  
 And in heaven mid quires of angels,  
 Voice of music sound again.

---

## FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—“ Bob and Joan.

FILL the bumper fair !  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of care,  
 Smooths away a wrinkle.  
 Wit's electric flame  
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,  
 As when through the frame  
 It shoots from brimming glasses.  
 Fill the bumper fair !  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of care,  
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,  
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,  
 And bring down its ray  
 From the starr'd dominions ;  
 So we, sages, sit,  
 And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,  
 From the heav'n of wit  
 Drawn down all its lightning !  
 Fill the bumper fair ! &c.

Wouldst thou know what first  
 Made our souls inherit  
 This ennobling thirst  
 For wine's celestial spirit?  
 It chanced upon that day  
 When, as bards inform us,  
 Prometheus stole away  
 The living fires that warm us.  
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

The careless youth, when up  
 To glory's fount aspiring,  
 Took nor urn nor cup  
 To hide the pilfer'd fire in:—  
 But oh! his joy, when round  
 The halls of heaven spying,  
 Amongst the stars he found  
 A bowl of Bacchus lying.  
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

Some drops were in the bowl,  
 Remains of last night's pleasure,  
 With which the sparks of soul  
 Mix'd their burning treasure!  
 Hence the goblet's shower  
 Hath such spells to win us,  
 Hence its mighty power  
 O'er that flame within us.  
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

---

## HOW LITTLE DO THE LANDSMEN KNOW.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Air—Old English.

How little do the landsmen know  
 Of what we sailors feel,  
 When waves do mount, and winds do blow,  
 But we have hearts of steel:

No danger can affright us ;  
 No enemy shall flout ;  
 We'll make our foes to right us,  
 So toss the can about.

Stick to our orders, messmates ;  
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink !  
 Then let them bring their first-rates  
 For Britons never shrink :  
 We'll rummage all we fancy,  
 Will bring them in or sink,  
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,  
 Shall revel in the chink.

While here at Deal we're lying,  
 With our noble commodore,  
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys,  
 And then to sea for more.  
 In peace we'll drink and sing boys,  
 In war we'll never fly,  
 But, whatever fate may bring, boys,  
 We'll nobly do or die !

---

## AS FORTUNE'S BILLOWS HEAV'D.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

As fortune's billows heav'd me,  
 When shipwreck'd, on this shore  
 A little bark received me,  
 Without a mast or oar.

At random's mercy lying,  
 Hope, love, and life my freight ;  
 While ev'ry effort trying  
 To baffle with my fate.

This store so dearly cherish'd,  
 One single breaker cross'd :  
 I sunk ! my cargo perish'd,—  
 Hope, love, and life were lost.

## COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

T. MOORE.]

[Air—"Lough Sheeling."]

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!  
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still  
here ;

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,  
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same  
Through joy and through torments, through glory and  
shame ?

I knew not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art !

Thou hast call'd me thy angel, in moments of bliss,—  
Still thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—  
Through the furnace, unshrinking thy steps to pursue,  
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too !

---

## WHO CARES ?

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

IF lubberly landsmen, to gratitude strangers,  
Still curse their unfortunate stars,  
Why what would they say did they try but the dangers  
Encounter'd by true-hearted tars ?

If life's vessel they put 'fore the wind, or they tack  
her,

Or whether bound here or there,  
Give 'em sea-room, good fellowship, grog, and tobacker,  
Well then, d— me, if Jack cares where.

Then your stupid old quidnuncs, to hear 'em all clatter,  
The devil can't tell you what for,  
Though they don't know a gun from a marline-spike,  
chatter

About and consarning of war !

While for king, wife, and friend, he's through every-  
 thing rubbing,  
 With duty still proud to comply,  
 So he gives but the foes of old England a drubbing,  
 Why then, d— me, if Jack cares why.

And then, when good fortune has crown'd his en-  
 deavours,  
 And he comes home with shiners galore ;  
 Well, what if so be he should lavish his favours  
 On ev'ry poor object 'long shore ?  
 Since money's the needle that points to good-nature,  
 Friend, enemy, false or true,  
 So it goes to relieve a distressed fellow-creature,  
 Well then, d— me, if Jack cares who.

Don't you see how some diff'rent thing ev'ry one's  
 twigging,  
 To take the command of a rib ;  
 Some are all for the breast-work, and some for the  
 rigging,  
 And some for the cut of her jib ;  
 Though poor, some will take her in tow to defend her ;  
 And again, some are all for the rich ;  
 As for I, so she's young, her heart honest and tender,  
 Why then, d— me, if Jack cares which.

Why now, if they go for to talk about living,  
 My eyes, why a little will sarve :  
 Let each a small part of his pittance be giving,  
 And who in this nation can starve ?  
 Content's all the thing—rough or calm be the weather,  
 The wind on the beam or the bow,  
 So honestly he can splice both ends together,  
 Why then, d— me, if Jack cares how.

And then for a bring up, d'ye see about dying,  
 On which such a racket they keep,  
 What argufies if in a churchyard you're lying,  
 Or find out your grave in the deep ?



Of one thing we're certain, whatever our calling,  
 Death will bring us all up ; and what then !  
 So his conscience's tackle will bear overhauling,  
 Why then, d— me, if Jack cares when.

---

## CHRISTMAS TIME.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Air—" Smile again."

'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,  
 For a while let folly reign,  
 Pleasure, too, should have its season,  
 Or we all have lived in vain ;  
 Fill the window-pane with holly,  
 Deck the room with mistletoe,—  
 Cynics may call this a folly ;  
 Folly reigns ! then be it so !

'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,  
 For awhile let folly reign,  
 Pleasure, too, should have its season,  
 Or we all have lived in vain !

'Tis Christmas-time, and household places  
 Once again are all restored,  
 Re-uniting absent faces  
 Round the happy household board ;  
 Childhood's passed—and boys have started  
 Suddenly, it seems, to men ;  
 But they still are merry-hearted,  
 So—let's all be boys again !

'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,  
 For a while let folly reign,  
 Pleasure, too, should have its season,  
 Or we all have lived in vain !

'Tis Christmas-time,—I well remember  
 How, years back, some well-known song  
 Cheered the dreary, dark December,  
 When the winter nights were long :

Dearer than each new-formed measure,  
 Still that song of home shall be,  
 Bringing back each bygone pleasure,  
 When winter-time was spring to me !  
 'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,  
 For a while let folly reign,  
 Pleasure, too, should have its season,  
 Or we all have lived in vain !

'Tis Christmas-time—the snow is clinging  
 To the branches stripped and sere,  
 And the wintry winds are singing  
 Dirges for the dying year ;  
 But we'll pile the yule log higher,  
 'Till it sparkle clear and bright,—  
 And thus, around our cheerful fire,  
 With song and wassail crown the night !  
 'Tis Christmas-time ! Away with reason,  
 For awhile let folly reign,  
 Pleasure, too, should have its season,  
 Or we all have lived in vain !

---

## DUNCAN AND VICTORY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

AGAIN the willing trump of fame  
 Receives from bounteous heav'n a claim  
 Around glad nature's sons to call,  
 And wake with wonder the terrestrial ball :  
 Strike shudd'ring France, and harrow'd Spain,  
 With Duncan's thunder, and Britannia's reign,  
 Confirm'd anew her empire o'er the main.  
 Sing, Britons, sing, prizing what fate has giv'n,  
 Union, content, and gratitude to heav'n.

October the eleventh, at nine,  
 Neptune beheld the British line :  
 And lest his honours, so long worn,  
 Should from our ever-conquering flag be torn,

Dismay to France, horror to Spain,  
 Bade Duncan's thunder great Britannia's reign  
 Proclaim anew—the sov'reign of the main.  
 Sing, Britons, sing, &c.

Fate warred on that momentous day,—  
 Three hours nine ships saw captur'd lay :  
 Vain Holland's dream of pow'r's no more !  
 Her conquer'd fleet shall grace the British shore.  
 Droop, fearful France,—sink, trembling Spain,  
 Duncan in thunder great Britannia's reign  
 Proclaims anew—the sov'reign of the main.  
 Sing, Britons, sing, &c.

---

## HAPPINESS AND HOME.

[RICHARD HOWITT.]

TIME that's gone, none may restore it :  
 Love, all hearts must bow before it :  
 Goodness, we must still adore it,  
 Whencesoe'er it come ;  
 Whilst the heart in a heart  
 Only finds a home.

Fires may be shining bright,  
 Yet may be without delight :  
 Only cheered by woman's sight  
 There will gladness come :  
 Only woman's love and light  
 Make a hearth a home.

Then do thou, O youthful dame  
 So thy soul in meekness frame  
 That the whisper of thy name  
 Fraught with gladness come :  
 That both words may mean the same  
 Happiness and home.

## LOVE THEE, DEAREST, LOVE THEE!

[THOMAS MOORE.]

LOVE thee, dearest, love thee !  
Yes, by yonder star I swear,  
Which thro' tears, above thee  
Shines so sadly fair,  
Though too oft dim  
With tears like him,  
Like him my truth will shine ;  
And love thee, dearest, love thee !  
Yes—till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest, leave thee !  
No—that star is not more true ;  
When my vows deceive thee  
He will wander too.  
A cloud of night  
May veil his light,  
And death shall darken mine ;  
But leave thee, dearest, leave thee !  
No—till death I'm thine.

## BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

[CHARLES SWAIN.]

BE kind to each other !—  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone !—  
Then 'midst our dejection  
How sweet to have earned  
The blest recollection  
Of kindness—returned !—  
When day hath departed,  
And memory keeps  
Her watch, broken hearted,  
Where all she loved sleeps !—

Let falsehood assail not,  
 Nor envy disprove,—  
 Let trifles prevail not  
 Against those ye love !—  
 Nor change with to-morrow  
 Should fortune take wing ;  
 But the deeper the sorrow  
 The closer still cling !—  
 Oh, be kind to each other !—  
 The night's coming on,  
 When friend and when brother  
 Perchance may be gone !

---

## HOW PLEASANT IS THE FARMER'S LIFE.

W. C. BENNETT.]

[*Air*—"The British Grenadiers."]

How pleasant is the farmer's life ! away from smoky  
 towns

He breathes the pleasant country air of meadows, hills,  
 and downs,

And with a hale, old hearty age a healthy life he  
 crowns ;

And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

No prison'd life the farmer lives, bent over desk and  
 book,

Or cribb'd within a shop all day, till white and wan's  
 his look,

Till less like to a man he grows, and weaker than our  
 Suke ;

And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

As to your white-faced tradesman who fawns and  
 smirks and smiles,

Who cannot whirl a flail, boys, or walk a score of miles,  
 What is his life to ours, we who leap the gates and

stiles,

And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

Our arms are strong with labour, our cheeks are red  
with health,  
We never gain a penny'sworth by lying, trick or  
stealth,  
Yet cowhouse, sty and stackyard, show we have our  
share of wealth ;  
And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

How pleasant is the spring-time ! 'tis then we plough  
and sow,  
And through the shining mornings, beside our teams  
we go,  
While in the fields the lambkins leap and frisk their  
joy to show ;  
And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

How pleasant is the summer-time ! 'tis then we make  
our hay,  
And scythe and rake and fork and cart are busy all  
the day,  
'Tis then we shear our bleating sheep with laugh and  
joke and play ;  
And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

Then comes the pleasant autumn-time when sheaves  
are reap'd and bound.  
And, at our happy harvest-homes, the song and ale  
go round,  
And through the calm and quiet days our busy flails  
resound ;  
And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

And when our fields are stripp'd and bare, and white  
with sleet and snow,  
When work is done, beside the fire what merry nights  
we know,  
With Christmas cheer and New Year's games we set  
our hearts aglow ;  
And it's O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

Then luck to all good farmers ! God send them still,  
 I say,  
 Good seasons, plenteous harvests, and all they want  
 each day,  
 Full barns, and folds and stackyards, and thankful  
 hearts, I pray ;  
 And its O, I'd be a farmer—a farmer I would be.

---

### THE BROKEN VOW.

From the German.]

{ *Air*—"Has sorrow thy young  
 days shaded?"—MOORE.

BRIGHT hopes o'er his heart were stealing,  
 As she whispered a parting vow ;  
 With joy was his bosom swelling,  
 And a smile was upon his brow.  
 He cross'd o'er the waste of waters,  
 With a bosom light as the wave—  
 The fairest of Baden's daughters  
 Had smiled on the vows he gave.

In the lands of the foe and stranger,  
 Long away from his home he roved ;  
 He heeded no toil, no danger,  
 When he thought on the maid he loved.  
 With honour at length he sought her ;  
 He came but to find her changed—  
 For a miser's gold had bought her,  
 And her love was from him estranged.

She had broken the vow she plighted,  
 And his hopes all faded away,  
 As flowers by the cold wind blighted,  
 When the sun has withdrawn his ray.  
 He fled from his home for ever,  
 For the dreams of his youth were o'er ;  
 But the fame of his deeds will never  
 Be unsung on a distant shore !

## HOME AND FRIENDS AROUND US.

CHARLES SWAIN.]

[*Music* by BLEWITT.]

OH, there's a power to make each hour  
 As sweet as heaven designed it ;  
 Nor need we roam to bring it home,  
 Though few there be that find it !  
 We seek too high for things close by,  
 And lose what nature found us ;  
 For life hath here no charm so dear  
 As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy  
 For future hopes—and praise them ;  
 Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,  
 If we'd but stoop to raise them !  
 For things afar still sweetest are  
 When youth's bright spell hath bound us ;  
 But soon we're taught that earth had nought  
 Like home and friends around us !

The friends that speed in time of need,  
 When hope's last reed is shaken,  
 To show us still, that come what will,  
 We are not quite forsaken :—  
 Though all were night: if but the light  
 Of friendship's altar crown'd us,  
 'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—  
 Our home and friends around us !

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## MUSIC FOR MACBETH.

THOMAS MIDDLETON and }  
 W. SHAKSPEARE. }

[*Music* by MATTHEW LOCKE.]

*1st Witch.* SPEAK, sister, speak ! is the deed done ?

*2nd Witch.* Long ago, long ago ; above twelve glasses  
 since have run.

Ill deeds are seldom slow or single,  
 But following crimes on horrors wait :  
 The worst of creatures fastest propagate.



*1st Witch.* Many more, many more murders must  
                   this one ensue ;  
 Dread horrors still abound  
 In every place around,  
 As if in death were found propagation, too.  
 He must—he will—he shall  
 Spill much more blood,  
 And become worse, to make his title good.

*Chorus.* He must, he will, &c.

*1st Witch.* Now let's dance.

*2nd & 3rd Witch.* Agreed! Agreed!

*Chorus.* Agreed!  
 We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

*2nd Witch.* When cattle die, about, about we go ;  
 When lightning and dread thunder  
 Rend stubborn rocks asunder,  
 And fill the world with wonder,  
                   What should we do?

*Chorus.* Rejoice! rejoice! we should rejoice!

*1st Witch* Let's have a dance upon the heath,—  
 We gain more life by Duncan's death :  
 Sometimes like brindled cats we show,  
 Having no music but our mew,  
 To which we dance in some old mill,  
 Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel,  
 To some old saw or Bardish rhyme,  
 Where still the mill clock doth keep time.  
                   Where still the mill clock, &c.

*2nd Witch.* Sometimes about a hollow tree,  
 Around, around, around dance we :  
 Thither the chirping crickets come,  
 And beetles sing in drowsy hum.  
 Sometimes we dance o'er ferns or furze,  
 To howls of wolves, or barks of curs :  
 Or if none of these we meet,  
 We dance to the echoes of our feet.

- Chorus.* We dance, &c.  
 At the raven's dismal voice,  
 When others tremble, we rejoice ;  
 And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,  
 To the echo of some hollow hill.
- 1st Witch.* Hecate ! Hecate ! Hecate, come away !
- Hecate.* Hark ! hark ! I'm called,  
 My little airy spirit, see, see,  
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.
- 1st Witch.* Hecate ! Hecate !
- Hecate.* Thy chirping voice I hear, so pleasing to  
 mine ear,  
 At which I haste away, with all the speed  
 I may.  
 Where's Puckle ?
- 3rd Witch.* Here !
- Hecate.* Where's Stradling ?
- 2nd Witch.* Here !
- Hecate.* And Hopper, too ? and Hellway, too ?
- 1st Witch.* We want but you ! we want but you !
- Chorus.* Come away ! come away ! make up the  
 account !
- Hecate.* With new-fallen dew from churchyard yew,  
 I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.  
 Now I'm furnish'd, now I'm furnish'd for  
 my flight.  
 Now I go ; now, now I fly,—  
 Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.  
 Oh ! what a dainty pleasure is this,  
 To sail in the air,  
 When the moon shines fair,  
 To sing, to dance, to toy, and kiss !  
 Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,  
 Over hills and misty fountains,  
 Over steeples, towers, and turrets,  
 We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits!
- Chorus.* We fly by night, &c.

## THE SIGNAL TO ENGAGE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

THE signal to engage shall be  
 A whistle and a hollo !  
 Be one and all but firm like me,  
 And conquest soon will follow.

You, Gunnel, keep the helm in hand ;  
 Thus, thus, boys—steady, steady ;  
 Till right a-head you see the land,  
 Then, soon as we are ready,  
 The signal, &c.

Keep, boys, a good look-out—d'ye hear,  
 'Tis for Old England's honour :  
 Just as you've brought your lower tier  
 Broadside to bear upon her,  
 The signal, &c.

All hands then, boys, the ship to clear,  
 Load all your guns and mortars ;  
 Silent as death th' attack prepare,  
 And when you're all at quarters,  
 The signal, &c.

---

## THE SABLE KNIGHT.

J. BRUTON.]

[Music by BLEWITT.]

A WARRIOR came from the far off fight,  
 To his home on a summer's day !  
 His golden helmet glittering bright,  
 In the sun's retiring ray !  
 Why trembles the heart of that warrior bold,  
 Like the plume on his casque above ?  
 Does he not bring with him fame and love,  
 For the Lady Ella—his love ?  
 Why should his breast with doubts be torn ?  
 And why is that eye not bright ?  
 For has not the fair Lady Ella sworn  
 To wed none but the Sable Knight ?

The warrior's mettlesome steed draws near  
 To the home where his Ella dwells !  
 But sounds of revelry mar his ear  
 For they come from bridal bells !  
 O ! better it were had Sir Huon fell  
 In fight by the foeman's blade,  
 Than perish by one whom he loved so well,  
 And who his trust so betray'd !  
 Yet peace that frail one ne'er shall know,  
 But quail in the dark or light :  
 For her plighted vows made long ago,  
 To wed none but the Sable Knight !

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### THE CUCKOO SONG.

GEORGE LINLEY.]

[*Music* by FRANZ ABT.]

TELL me, O bird ! of the merry green wold !  
 Cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !  
 Shall I grow old ? tell me, shall I grow old ?  
 Cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !  
 " Ah ! years but two or three :"  
 Falsely, sayst thou to me ;  
 Falsely, to me.  
 Longer on earth I would pleasure to dwell,  
 Wait awhile, wait, I shall help thee to tell.  
 La, la, la,—cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !

Sing away, bird ! I shall not let thee rest,  
 Cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !  
 Thy tender note ever makes me feel blest :  
 Cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !  
 Ah ! if sad thoughts me fill,  
 Sweet bird ! thou then art still,  
 Thou then art still.  
 Longer on earth I would pleasure to dwell,  
 Wait awhile, wait, I shall help thee to tell.  
 La, la, la, cuckoo !—cuckoo !—cuckoo !

## GOOD MORNING.

From the German, by  
J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by FRANZ ABT.]

WAKING as from balmy sleep,  
 Flow'ret fair and blue,  
 Ope thy loving eyes that weep,  
 Fresh with morning dew.  
 Sleep as calm, as bright as thine,  
 Gentle flow'ret, has been mine,  
 Good morning, good morning, good morning.  
 Gentle flow'ret, has been mine,  
 Good morning, good morning.  
 Bird that from your secret nest  
 Carols blithe and gay,  
 Singing anthems pure and sweet,  
 Praises of the May.  
 Still each joyous note prolong,  
 I will join your matin song,  
 Good morning, good morning, good morning,  
 I will join your matin song,  
 Good morning, good morning.  
 Golden sun whose radiant light,  
 Banner-like unfurl'd,  
 Shineth out in splendour bright,  
 O'er the waken'd world :  
 Let me 'neath thy cheering rays  
 Offer up my songs of praise ;  
 Good morning, good morning, good morning.  
 Offer up my songs of praise.  
 Good morning, good morning.

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## THE LIQUID GEM.

J. STREAKS.]

[*Music* by W. T. WRIGHTON.]

LITTLE drop of beaming dew,  
 Fairy globe of azure hue,  
 Glist'ning in the morning's ray,  
 Fading at the dawn of day.

Dweller of the flowery sphere,  
 On each plant dost thou appear ;  
 Star-like in the mossy rose,  
 Bright on every bud that blows.  
 Little drop, &c.

Trembling orb of changing sheen,  
 Offspring of the humid e'en ;  
 Smiling o'er the dying flower,  
 Sparkling in the fragrant bower.  
 Priceless gem from nature's shrine,  
 Nature's ever wealthy mine !  
 Never gem was half so bright,  
 Or pure as thy sweet liquid light.  
 Little drop, &c.

## TOL DE ROL ; OR, WELL IT'S NO WORSE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

I WENT to sea all so fearlessly,  
 Broach'd my grog all so carelessly ;  
 By-and-by, in a brush, I lost my arm,  
 Tol de rol, de rol de ri !  
 So says I,—  
 "'Twas well 'twas no worse harm,—  
 Man's but man, and there's an end ;  
 And since 'tis so,  
 E'en let it go ;  
 I ne'er shall lift it 'gainst a friend."

Next a squall a tempest led off,  
 Enough to blow the devil's head off ;  
 I got spilt, and that way lost my leg :  
 Tol de rol, de rol de ri !  
 So says I,—  
 "I must now be forc'd to beg :

Well, man's but man,—that's all I say ;  
 So in this plight,  
 If I can't fight,  
 For certain I can't run away."

So, as if Old Nick was in it,  
 Something happen'd ev'ry minute ;  
 Till at last poor I! they dous'd my glims ;  
 Tol de rol, de rol de ri !  
 So says I,—  
 "Why, I've lost my eyes and limbs :  
 Well, the sails of life by time are furl'd.  
 'Twas fate's decree,  
 That I mayn't see  
 The treach'ry of this wicked world."

Things grew worser still, and worser ;  
 Fortune, I had cause to curse her ;  
 Coming home, I found I'd lost my wife :  
 Tol de rol, de rol de ri !  
 So says I,—  
 "I'd rather lost my life ;  
 But we're all mortal—she was old :  
 Then why take on ?  
 If so be she's gone.  
 I ne'er again shall hear her scold."

Now laid up in Greenwich quarter,  
 Chatham chest my right by charter,  
 Being old, I've lost all but my tongue ;  
 Tol de rol, de rol de ri !  
 So says I,—  
 "'Twas not so when I was young ;  
 But then," says I again, "you dunce!  
 Be fear afar  
 From ev'ry tar,—  
 Damme ! a man can die but once."

## DEAR NANCY, ADIEU.

UNFURLED were the sails, bearing William afar  
From the shore where his Nancy had lingered in  
view ;

While the tears for the fate of her generous tar  
From her bosom escaped, as she cried, "Love, adieu!"  
Endeared to the spot by sweet sympathy's tie,  
Where last her fond William had vowed to be true,  
O'er the ocean's expanse she would range with her eye,  
As the waves gently murmured,—“Dear Nancy,  
adieu!”

Three years have elapsed and the beach Nancy sought,  
As a vessel appeared with her streamers displayed ;  
“'Tis my love,” she exclaimed, but sad tidings were  
brought,

Which struck with despair the affectionate maid ! —  
For who can describe her keen pangs when she found  
That her tar, to his country and king ever true,  
Had fallen, alas ! but by victory crowned,  
While the crew, wrapped in grief, sighed, “Brave  
William, adieu !”

The portrait from Nancy which hung from his neck,  
To his messmate he gave with a heartrending sigh,  
Then, raising himself on the blood streaming deck,  
While softness ineffable beam'd from his eye,  
A wish he expressed that his true love might have  
The pledge he received of affection so true ;  
In death he embraced it, then sunk to his grave,  
And his last falt'ring accents breathed, “Nancy,  
adieu !”

## CRIPPLED JACK.

WITH shatter'd limbs Jack came from sea,  
'Cause how he stood the tether ;  
With heart as firm as oaken tree,  
That stands the wind and weather :



What though his timbers they are gone,  
 And he's a slave to tippie,  
 No better sailor e'er was born,  
 Than Jack the honour'd cripple.

A grape-shot lopt his starboard wing,  
 That chill'd not his endeavour ;  
 But while he fought for England's king,  
 His daylights clos'd for ever.  
 Though lame and blind, and but one arm,  
 To raise the magic tippie,  
 He's gain'd in war the noble palm,  
 For Jack's an honour'd cripple.

With rudder gone, and rigging torn,  
 A wreck in port he's towing ;  
 Yet while he bled at ev'ry pore,  
 His dauntless heart was glowing.  
 One joy on earth alone he craves,  
 Which is the magic tippie :  
 And when at last pale death he braves,  
 He'll die an honour'd cripple.

---

## HOW PLEASANT A SAILOR'S LIFE PASSES.

How pleasant a sailor's life passes,  
 Who roams o'er the wat'ry main !  
 No treasure he ever amasses,  
 But cheerfully spends all his gain.  
 We're strangers to party and faction,  
 To honour and honesty true ;  
 And would not commit a bad action,  
 For power or profit in view.

### CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
 Or any such glittering toy ?  
 A light heart and thin pair of breeches  
 Goes through the world, my brave boy.

The world is a beautiful garden,  
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life,  
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,  
 Where plenty too often breeds strife.  
 When terrible tempests assail us,  
 And mountainous billows affright ;  
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,  
 But skilful industry steers right.  
 Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers  
 Who rules at the helm of the state,  
 Than we who're to politics strangers,  
 Thus escape the snares laid for the great.  
 The various blessings of nature,  
 In different nations we try :  
 No mortal than us can be greater  
 Who merrily live till we die.  
 Then why should, &c.

---

## THOUGH FATE, MY GIRL, MAY BID US PART.

[THOMAS MOORE.]

THOUGH fate, my girl, may bid us part,  
 Our souls it cannot, shall not sever ;  
 The heart will seek its kindred heart,  
 And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed ?  
 Is all our dream of rapture over ?  
 And does not Julia's bosom bleed  
 To leave so dear, so fond a lover ?

Does she too mourn ?—Perhaps she may,  
 Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting.  
 But why is Julia's eye so gay,  
 If Julia's heart, like mine, is beating ?

I oft-have lov'd the brilliant glow  
 Of rapture in her blue eye streaming—  
 But can the bosom bleed with woe  
 While joy is in the glances beaming ?

No, no ! yet, love, I will not chide,  
 Although your heart were fond of roving,  
 Nor that, nor all the world beside,  
 Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,  
 And with you all that's worth possessing ;  
 Oh ! then it will be sweet to die,  
 When life has lost its only blessing.

---

### JACK'S GRATITUDE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

I'VE sail'd round the world without fear or dismay ;  
 I've seen the wind foul, and I've seen the wind fair ;  
 I've been wounded, and shipwreck'd, and trick'd of  
 my pay ;  
 But a brave British sailor should never despair.

When in a French prison I chanc'd for to lie,  
 With no light from the heavens, and scarce any air,  
 In a dungeon instead of in battle to die,  
 Was dismal I own, but I did not despair.

But, Lord ! this is nothing—my poor upper works  
 Got shatter'd, and I was oblig'd to repair ;  
 I've been shot by the French, and a slave 'mongst the  
 Turks ;  
 But a brave British sailor should never despair.

But for all these misfortunes, I'd yet cut a dash,  
 Laid snug up my timbers, and never known care,  
 If the agent had not run away with the cash,  
 And so many brave fellows plung'd into despair.

So coming long-side of our bold royal tar,  
 I told him the rights on't,—for why should I care?  
 Of my wrongs and my hardships, and wounds in the  
     wars,  
 And if how he would right me I should not despair.

Says his Highness, says he, "Such ill treatment as  
     thine  
 Is a shame, and henceforward thy fortune's my care:"  
 So now blessings on him sing out me and mine ;  
 And thus British seamen should never despair.

So straightway he got it made into a law,  
 That each tar of his rhino should have his full share ;  
 And so agents, d'ye see, may coil up their slack jaw,  
 For the Duke is our friend, and we need not despair.

Then push round the grog : though we face the whole  
     world,  
 Let our royal tar's pennant but fly in the air,  
 And the sails of our navy again be unfurl'd,  
 We'll strike wond'ring nations with awe and despair.

---

### THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL.

WHEN Jack parted from me to plough the salt deep,  
 Alas ! I mayn't see him again,  
 In spite of all talking I could not but weep,  
 To help it I'm sure was in vain ;  
 Then he broke from my arms, and bid me farewell,  
 Saying, Poll, come, my soul, it wont do :  
 So, d'ye hear, avast whining, and sobbing, my girl,  
 'Tis all foolish nonsense in you.  
 I could not help thinking that Jack was in right,  
 From a something that whisper'd, d'ye see,  
 There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,  
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

While he's at a distance each thought is employ'd,  
 And nought can delight me on shore ;  
 I fancy at times that the ship is destroy'd,  
 And Jack I shall never see more.  
 But then 'tis but fancy ; that angel above,  
 Who can do such wonders of things,  
 I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,  
 And so to myself I thus sings :—  
 What matters repining, my heart shall be light,  
 For a something that whispers, d'ye see,  
 There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,  
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

But should that sweet angel, wherever he be,  
 Forget to look out for poor Jack ;  
 Why then he may never return unto me,  
 O, never ! no, never ! come back ;  
 But oh ! it can't be, he's too good and too kind,  
 To make the salt water his grave ;  
 And why should I then each tale-teller mind,  
 Or dread ev'ry turbulent wave ?  
 Besides, I will never kind Providence slight ;  
 For something still whispers, d'ye see,  
 There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,  
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

---

## MOORINGS.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

“I've heard,” cried out one, “that you tars tack and tack,  
 And at sea what strange hardships befall you ;  
 But I don't know what's moorings.”—“What ! Don't you ?” said Jack ;  
 “Man your ear-tackle then, and I'll tell you :—  
 Suppose you'd a daughter quite beautiful grown,  
 And, in spite of her pray'rs and implorings,  
 Some scoundrel abus'd her, and you knock'd him down,  
 Why, d'ye see, he'd be safe at his moorings.

“ In life's voyage should you trust a false friend with  
 the helm,  
 The top-lifts of his heart all a-kimbo,  
 A tempest of treach'ry your bark will o'erwhelm,  
 And your moorings will soon be in limbo :  
 But if his heart's timbers rear up against pelf,  
 And he's just in his reck'nings and scorings,  
 He'll for you keep a look-out the same as himself,  
 And you'll find in his friendship safe moorings.

“ If wedlock 's your port, and your mate true and kind,  
 In all weathers will stick to her duty,  
 A calm of contentment shall beam in your mind,  
 Safe moor'd in the haven-of beauty :  
 But if some frisky skiff, crank at every joint,  
 That listens to vows and adorings,  
 Shape your course how you will, still you'll make  
 Cuckold's Point,  
 To lay up like a beacon at moorings.

“ A glutton's safe moor'd, head and stern, by the gout ;  
 A drunkard's safe moor'd under the table ;  
 In straws, drowning men will hope's anchor find out ;  
 While a hair's a philosopher's cable :  
 Thus mankind are a ship, life a boisterous main,  
 Of fate's billows where all hear the roarings,  
 Where for one calm of pleasure we've ten storms of pain,  
 Till death brings us all to our moorings.”

---

## FOR HER SAILOR BRAVES THE DEEP.

[REYNOLDS.]

SAYS Ella to her love, “ Remember,  
 Tho' doom'd to part, you constant view  
 That moon which rises in such splendour—  
 I, too, will look and think of you ;  
 Anxious Ella shall not sleep  
 Whilst her sailor braves the deep.”

But most tempestuous is the weather,  
 And lovely Ella's wish is cross'd ;  
 Vain her watching nights together—  
 Successive moons in clouds are lost,  
 Stormy winds the forests sweep  
 Whilst her sailor braves the deep.

Swift to the shore she flies complaining,  
 The tempest to her pray'r is deaf ;  
 When, lo ! that orb she's so arraigning,  
 Shines forth and shows her lover safe.  
 Now no more shall Ella weep  
 For her sailor braves the deep.

---

### ON BOARD OUR TRIM VESSEL.

WHEN on board our trim vessel we joyously sail'd,  
 And the glass circl'd round with full glee,  
 King and country to give my old shipmate ne'er fail'd,  
 And the toast was soon toss'd off by me.

Billows might dash,  
 Lightning might flash,  
 'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

If a too powerful foe in our track did but pass,  
 We resolv'd both to live and die free,  
 Quick we number'd our guns, and for each took a glass,  
 Then a broadside we gave her with three.

Cannons might roar,  
 Echo'd from shore,  
 'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

But a cannon ball one day in a fight,  
 From the deck knock'd him into the sea,  
 So he died as he lived for his country and right,  
 And may this be the end too of me.

Cannons let roar,  
 Echo'd from shore,  
 For the grave of a sailor's the sea.

## BOXING THE COMPASS.

[PEARCE.]

BLUE PETER at the mast-head flew,  
 And to the girls we bade adieu,  
     Weigh'd anchor, and made sail :  
 The boatswain blew his whistle shrill  
 The reefs shook out began to fill,  
     We caught a fav'ring gale,  
     And with a can of flip,  
     To cheer the honest tar,  
 Thus gaily may he trip,  
     Lara lar, lara lar.

We cruis'd along the coast of France,  
 But not a mounseer gave us chance ;  
     We tried on every tack,  
 We drank, and laugh'd, and sung together,  
 We kept the sea, nor cared for weather,  
     'Twas all the same to Jack.  
     And with a can, &c.

Sometimes while squalls have o'er us swept,  
 High at the mast-head watch I've kept ;  
     We did, my lads, the best ;  
 Still on the look-out for the rumpus,  
 At every corner of the compass,  
     The north, south, east, and west,  
     And with a can, &c.

---

 BEN BACKSTAY.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

BEN BACKSTAY loved the gentle Anna :  
 Constant as purity was she ;—  
 Her honey words, like succ'ring manna,  
 Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea.



One fatal morning saw them parting :  
 While each the other's sorrow dried,  
 They 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 frightful storm :  
 Alas ! in vain—the vessel batter'd,  
 On a rock splitting, open'd 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 turned to mourning—  
 She saw, grew pale, sunk down, and died.

---

## WE TARS HAVE A MAXIM!

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

WE tars have a maxim, your honours, d'ye see,  
 To live in the same way we fight ;  
 We never give in, and, when running lee,  
 We pipe hands the vessel to light.  
 It may do for the lubber to snivel and that,  
 If by chance on a shoal he be cast ;  
 But a tar among breakers, or thrown on a flat,  
 Pull away, tug, and tug to the last,  
 With a yeo, yeo, yeo, tol de rol, &c.

This life as we're told is a bit of a cruise,  
 In which storms and calms take their turn ;  
 If it's storm, why we bustle, if calm, then we booze,  
 All taut from the stem to the stern.

Our captain, who in our own lingo would speak,  
 Would say "To the cable stick fast ;  
 And whether the anchor be cast or apeak,  
 Pull away, tug, and tug to the last !"  
 With a yeo, &c.

---

## THE WATERY GRAVE.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,  
 That tears from a stone might provoke ;  
 'Tis concerning a tar, you must know,  
 As honest as e'er biscuit broke :  
 His name was Ben Block, of all men  
 The most true, the most kind, the most brave :  
 But harsh treated by fortune, for Ben  
 In his prime found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more ;  
 His heart was all kindness and love ;  
 Though on duty an eagle he'd soar,  
 His nature had most of the dove.  
 He lov'd a fair maiden named Kate ;  
 His father, to int'rest a slave,  
 Sent him far from his love, where hard fate  
 Plung'd him deep in a watery grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues !  
 A false friend his mild nature abus'd,  
 And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,  
 To poison Ben's pleasure, accus'd :  
 That she never had truly been kind ;  
 That false were the tokens she gave ;  
 That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find  
 In the ocean a watery grave.

Too sure from this cankerous elf  
 The venom accomplish'd its end :  
 Ben, all truth and honour himself,  
 Suspected no fraud in his friend.

On the yard while suspended in air,  
 A loose to his sorrows he gave ;  
 "Take thy wish," he cried, "false, cruel fair,"  
 And plung'd in a watery grave.

---

## WHILE UP THE SHROUDS.

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

WHILE up the shrouds the sailor goes,  
 Or ventures on the yard,  
 The landsman, who no better knows,  
 Believes his lot is hard.  
 But Jack with smiles each danger meets,  
 Casts anchor, heaves the log,  
 Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,  
 And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell,  
 The vessel rudely bear,  
 Now sinking in a hollow dell,  
 Now quiv'ring in the air—  
 Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,  
 You ne'er hear him repine ;  
 Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,  
 Or burning near the line—  
 Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word.  
 To quarters all repair,  
 While splinter'd masts go by the board,  
 And shot sing through the air—  
 Bold Jack, &c.

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THE END.

THE  
SOCIABLE SONGSTER.

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EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER.

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THE  
SOCIABLE SONGSTER.

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THE NILE BOAT.

ALBERT SMITH.]

[*Air*—"Hunting the Hare."]

TRAVELLING authors who poke their jokes odd at us,  
Giving full play to their Pegasus' wings,  
Going from Warburton back to Herodotus,  
Talking of Egypt tell wonderful things.  
Nought can be rarer, or grander or fairer,  
Or better whate'er a man's passion or style ;  
But if it don't bore ye, in plain honest story,  
I'll give you the joys of a boat on the Nile.

A dozen dark Arabs compose the wild crew of it,  
Scantily dressed—in fact scarcely at all ;  
No one would trust himself, not if he knew of it,  
With such a set in the dark or a squall.  
Kicking and fighting, and screaming and biting,  
Whilst terror exciting for mile after mile ;  
Your pleasure half bartered, you look to be martyred,  
And wish you'd ne'er chartered your boat on the  
Nile.

The kandjia itself is of wood and unpainted,  
And swarms with a legion of horrible things ;  
Especially rats—at which tourists have fainted,  
And little mosquitoes with very large stings.

Tired of keeping awake you try sleeping,  
 And time slowly creeping you think to beguile ;  
 When a horrible race of big spiders give chase,  
 And run over your face in your boat on the Nile.

All along you see nothing but villages,  
 Peopled with savages, pigeons, and sheep ;  
 Excepting the pacha some wretched place pillages,  
 Leaving it only a mighty dust heap.  
 If the wind's falling, your *kandjia* is crawling,  
 And Arabs are hauling an hour a mile ;  
 With heat all is hazy, *ennuyé* and lazy,  
 It drives you half crazy, your boat on the Nile.

Human life leaving, no letters receiving,  
 Having no notion of things that have passed ;  
 Perhaps some Nile ranger you meet as a stranger,  
 May lend you the *Times* of the month before last.  
 But what's our metropolis, near Heliopolis,  
 Who cares for London near Karnac's old pile ?  
 Midst old mummies rotten, your friends are forgotten,  
 And so will you be in your boat on the Nile.

Bored to death by want of variety,  
 Wishing some steamer would take you in tow ;  
 Feeding on chickens and eggs to satiety,  
 Eating of bread that appears more like dough.  
 By heat overpowered—by small flies devoured,  
 Your temper quite soured—you never can smile ;  
 And though it may cook up a very good book,  
 For pleasure don't look in a boat on the Nile.

---

## LITTLE BILLY.

[W. M. THACKERAY.]

THERE was three sailors in Bristol city :  
 There was three sailors in Bristol city !  
 They took a wessel and they went to sea ;  
 They took a wessel and they went to sea-e !

But first with pork and capp'ens biscuit,  
And good salt junk they wittled she !

There was gorgeing Jack and guzzling Jemmy,  
And the third 'un he was little Billy.

Now Jemmy grew so precious greedy,  
That soon they had eaten to the last split-pea.

Says gorgeing Jack to guzzling Jemmy,  
"As we've got no wittles why we must eat we."

Says guzzling Jem to gorgeing Jacky,  
"Why, Jack what a precious fool you be !

"There is little Billy, he is young and tender,  
As we've got no wittles why let's eat he."

Then Jemmy grew so fierce and frantic,  
That he drew out his big clasp snick-er-snee !

"Oh, Bill we're a going to kill and eat you,  
So undo the top button of your shirt," says he.

When Billy heard this information,  
He pulled out his pocket handkerchee !

"Oh, let me say my catechism,  
The vich my mother taught to me."

Then he run up to the maintop-gallant mast,  
Where he fell down on his bended knee.

But he'd hardly got to the twelfth commandment,  
When he cries out, "There's land I see !

"There's Jerusalem and Madagasca,  
And north and south Americee !

"There's the British fleet a lying at anchor,  
And Admiral Lord Nelson, K. C. B."

Now when they arrived at the admiral's wessel,  
They hung up Jack and they flogged Jemmee ;

But with regard to little Billy,  
They made him kimmander of a seventy-three !

## TOUT EST FRANCOIS.

J. BEULER.]

[Tune—"The Lawyer's Clerk."]

JOHN BULL once bragg'd of victories won,  
By England in the wars by-gone,  
To Monsieur Coq, who gave a shrug,  
And said, with most expressive mug,  
"I'll not dispute what you advance,  
But now in peace, beware of France."  
Beware of France, &c.

You have a heart, but France has head,  
Whose politics will take the lead ;  
In war you trod upon our corns,  
In peace we take your by the horns ;  
And though your bile you may elance,  
You're forced to kneel to mighty France.

About your cleverness you fuss,  
But borrow everything from us ;  
We int'rest get for what we lend,  
I own, for you your great folks send  
To spend that cash which you advance,  
'Mongst us in pleasures o'er in France.

John Bull, your are a lawyer's flat !  
And over nice 'bout this and that ;  
On Monday you will hang your cat,  
'Cause she on Sunday kill'd a rat ;  
You banish all who sing and dance,  
And so they come to merry France.

Your ladies lose their modesty—  
Go in Hyde Park, and there you'll see  
Subscrib'd by them, on Gallic plan,  
The statue of a naked man ;  
It's brass you took from us by chance ;  
It's form those ladies brought from France.

Our manners, fashions, thoughts you take—  
Your writers now no longer rake  
Their brains, to start new thoughts—their pow'rs  
They use now in translating ours ;  
And all your plays and opera dance,  
You now must own you take from France.

Your constitution's Frenchified—  
You've taken our police beside ;  
You'll take our passports next, I guess,  
And then our laws against the press :  
John Bull, awoken from your trance,  
And take no more from mighty France.

John Bull, half cow'd, held down his head,  
And own'd the truth the Frenchman said ;  
But tried to parry with a joke,  
The point of it, and thus he spoke—  
“ In peace or war, when there's a chance,  
“ Yes, everything we take from France.”

---

## PUSH ABOUT THE JORUM.

[K. O'HARA.]

WHEN bickerings hot,  
To high words got,  
Break out at Gamiorum ;  
The flame to cool,  
My golden rule  
Is—push about the jorum.

When fist on jug,  
Coifs who can lug,  
Or show me that glib speaker,  
Who her red rag,  
In gibe can wag,  
With her mouth full of liquor.



## THE CHAIR.

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune--"Jim Crow."]

'TIS known in all societies  
 Where folks assembled are,  
 The person at the table's top  
 Is always called—a Chair.  
                   Then I hope with me  
                   You'll all agree,  
                   And now support the Chair.

You've called upon the Chair to sing ;  
 The Chair will do its best,  
 With humble hope that you will set  
 Example to the rest.

Yet should the Chair not sing to please,  
 The blame can be but small,  
 For surely 'tis a wonder that  
 A Chair can sing at all.

Now, why a Chairman's call'd a Chair  
 The reason I will tell—  
 When he's such a one as I am,  
 A Chair would do as well.

Suppose it is a crowded room,  
 And there's not a seat to spare,  
 Where can a man so well apply  
 For a seat as to a Chair ?

Or should a man get tipsy,  
 And in argument will share,  
 Why, what can be so proper  
 To support him as a Chair ?

Perhaps, at times, the Chair a breach  
 Of order has to bear ;  
 But 'tis natural, you know, to put  
 A breach upon a Chair.

A Chair at times supports us all,  
 Then surely 'tis but fair,  
 That we should make a just return,  
 And now support the Chair.

---

## THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SAY "NO "

[J. E. CARPENTER.]

ALL you who liberal wish to be,  
 Listen awhile and then you'll see,  
 The result of the tragical history,  
 Of the man who couldn't say "No."  
 Ten thousand pounds his father made,  
 And got it all by honest trade,  
 Then died—and left it to this blade,  
 The man who couldn't say "No."  
 Cashery dashery, oh! oh! oh!  
 A beggar on horseback rides fast you know,  
 But nothing to that is the rate he'll go,  
 The man who cannot say "No."

Uncles and cousins and friends galore,  
 They dodged his steps and besieged his door,  
 He supplied their wants, but they wanted more,  
 From the man who couldn't say "No."  
 He was asked by a stranger to do a bill,  
 Just for a month, a gap to fill;  
 Of course he complied, and has got it still,  
 The man who couldn't say "No."  
 Diddle him, fiddle him, oh! oh! oh!  
 'Twas only two hundred odd, and so  
 It could no difference make, you know,  
 To the man who couldn't say "No."

A builder came, and the house he saw,  
 He said it wasn't half good enough for  
 A man with a fortune, and laid his paw  
 On the man who couldn't say "No."

It only wanted a few repairs,  
 The hall enlarged, and turned round the stairs,  
 So he run up a bill, quite unawares,  
     To the man who couldn't say "No."  
 Buildery, gildery, oh! oh! oh!  
 A thousand pounds was that "little go!"  
 And after all there was nothing to show  
     To the man who couldn't say "No."

A friend he'd not seen for many a year,  
 Called to congratulate him here,  
 And very soon contrived to "queer,"  
     The man who couldn't say "No."  
 A great ship-building company,  
 We're getting up, and want, says he,  
 A man like you at our head to be,  
     A man that couldn't say "No."  
 City man, pity man, oh! oh! oh!  
 The floating capital soon sank low,  
 The shares had a sale, and the ships none show,  
     To the man who couldn't say "No."

A compromise put all things straight,  
 Tho' it made a hole in his new estate,  
 But "benevolent persons" still would wait,  
     On the man who couldn't say "No."  
 He subscribed to the mission to Timbuctoo,  
 Gave a hundred pounds to convert a Jew,  
 But whether it did he never knew,  
     This man who couldn't say "No."  
 Cant away, rant away, oh! oh! oh!  
 They got him sometimes to a dinner to go,  
 And the highest subscriptions the papers did show,  
     Were the man's who couldn't say "No."

It happened at last that he fell in love  
 With a maiden, a beauty—a perfect dove,  
 Tho' she looked like a peacock, and far above  
     The man who couldn't say "No."

Presents he made, but he couldn't "propose,"  
 She was thirty-six, and at that age—who knows ;  
 So she asked him herself to bring things to a close,  
     And of course he couldn't say "No."  
 Sigh away, die away, oh! oh! oh!  
 Courting is charming we very well know,  
 But wedlock may bring us nothing but woe,  
     If a man can never say "No."

Honeymoon over (to Paris they went),  
 Fabulous sums it is certain they spent,  
 For she would have her fling, and regarding consent,  
     She knew he couldn't say "No."  
 When they came back a man of the law,  
 Told him "certain accounts" he was liable for,  
 And he had to provide for his mother-in-law,  
     This man who couldn't say "No."  
 Tippery, nippery, oh! oh! oh!  
 A wife may be fast, but the law isn't slow,  
 And there's no telling what thro' ladies you owe,  
     If you havn't the pluck to say "No."

Parties they gave, very stylish affairs,  
 They took a new house, too, in one of the squares,  
 And none, *for a season*, so gay was as theirs,  
     For this man could never say "No."  
 But somehow or other the tradesmen one day,  
 They thought it near time that their bills he should  
     pay,  
 And when they just called in a business way,  
     He at length was obliged to say "No."  
 Shut 'em out, put 'em out, no! no! no!  
 Much execution can creditors show ;  
 And ten thousand pounds as the sun melts the snow,  
     Melts away when you cannot say "No."

Bills in the windows appeared soon to say,  
 "To be sold by auction," on such and such day,  
 Were the furniture, horses, and carriages gay,  
     Of the man who couldn't say "No."

'Tis said that a *quack* run away with his duck,  
 And whether he now may be dragging a truck,  
 Or whether he hasn't got even this luck,  
     Is more than at present I know.  
 Think of it, think of it, oh! oh! oh!  
 It's good to come into a fortune you know;  
 But if you mean to keep, you mustn't do so,  
     And whenever its proper say "No."

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### THE CHILD OF THE ABBEY.

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune—"The Mistletoe Bough."]

'Twas a very cold November night,  
 The clouds were all heavy, the moon had no light;  
 The old abbey clock past twelve had toll'd;  
 A policeman around the cloisters strolled,  
 He surveyed all the tombs and dark corners with  
     care,  
 And he saw nothing very particular there;  
 But he saw in a passage he went to explore,  
 A rush basket outside a prebendry's door.  
     He thought 'twas a marvellous thing;  
     A very mysterious thing!

The policeman the better the basket to view,  
 Used his two eyes and his bull's eye too;  
 But to touch it at first he scarcely dare  
 As there might be spirits of some one there;  
 It might be game—or it might be a very  
 Nice fat tithe pig for the prebendary:  
 So he lifted the lid, and his looks grew wild,  
 For 'twas not a dead pig, but a living child.  
     He thought, &c.

When he found 'twas a child wrapped up, he tried  
 To rap up the prebend who lived inside;  
 The prebend was angry, but didn't swear,  
 To be woke up for such a childish affair;

He advised the policeman to take it away,  
 And to keep matters quiet until the next day ;  
 But the child then cried for its natural diet,  
 And of course the affair couldn't *be* kept quiet.

He thought, &c.

Next morning the cloisters were all in confusion,  
 'Cause they'd picked up a babby without any shoes on  
 They examined the maids, the footmen, and grooms,  
 And the men in the abbey who show the tombs ;  
 The vergers at all suspicion would scoff,  
 And from this, too, the canons were all let off ;  
 No blame could attach to the *wicar* a minute,  
 'Cause the basket had got no *wicker* work in it.

Oh, 'twas, &c.

The dean and the chapter soon heard there had been,  
 A small living dropped unexpectedly in ;  
 'Twas the first small living they ever had met,  
 And they knew not how to dispose of it.  
 For the cloisters belonged to no parish 'twas clear,  
 And the child had no claim on the overseer.  
 And as 'twas a girl, that would clearly destroy,  
 Their power to make it a singing boy.

Oh, 'twas, &c.

'Twas thought of providing this child with a nurse,  
 And among the whole chapter not one was *a verse* ;  
 But, by favour, at first the child, it appears,  
 Was suckled and nursed by the overseers ;  
 The basket's preserved as a warning most proper,  
 To every unnatural child-dropper ;  
 And a song has already been writ on the babby,  
 Which is to be called "The Child of the Abbey."

Oh, 'twas, &c.

But, alas ! the prebendary's care, they say,  
 Couldn't save the child, so it died one day ;  
 And the doctor grieved most when its death was  
 stated,

'Cause it died without being vaccinated ;

'Tis said that a stone o'er the grave will be put,  
 On which this epitaph is to be cut :—  
 "This babby, whom death did so early dispose of,  
 Had no father nor mother that any one knows of."  
 So 'twas, &c.

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## THE LADY ABBESS.

[MORTIMER COLLINS.]

NOT very far from Totnes Town,  
 Where beautiful Dart to the sea runs down,  
 'Midst woods with a pleasant glitter,  
 There was a convent long ago,  
 Where lots of virgin nuns you know,  
 Were kept shut up—(did they find it slow?)  
 From the cares that the world embitter.

They knitted, and netted, and knotted, and made  
 Pictures of wool-work in every shade ;  
 They sang, and ye powers ! they chattered.  
 They were silly innocent girlish things,  
 Like merry young birds who have never had wings ;  
 And if they pined for wedding rings,  
 I guess it little mattered.

The abbess was young, the abbess was fair,  
 With emerald eyes and lustrous hair,  
 And a cheek like a cluster of roses.  
 You may say that "emerald eyes" won't do ;  
 But a good dark emerald's vernal blue,  
 Is the sweetest colour that ever I knew—  
 She'd the straitest of Grecian noses.

Rode up one day to the abbey gate  
 A gay cavalier, young, and not sedate,  
 A lover of jest and laughter.  
 By his side a sword, on his wrist a hawk,  
 He looked a fellow whom nought could baulk,  
 Fit for manly battle or amorous talk—  
 A lusty troop rode after.

“In the name of King Harry,” the captain cried,  
 “The abbey gate must be opened wide—  
     Surrender, charming warders !  
 Do not be frightened, or take it amiss ;  
 But the duty I’ve to perform is this—  
 I’ve to give the Lady Abbess a kiss,  
     By stout King Harry’s orders.”

Oh, then what a clatter, and flutter, and flush !  
 Oh, then how these innocent creatures blush  
     At this notion irreligious.  
 When forth from the crowd young sister Fan,  
 Comes tripping demurely as fast as she can,  
 Crying, “Don’t kiss the abbess, you naughty young  
     man ;  
     Kiss me, ’twill be less sacrilegious.”

Said this stately abbess, “Miss Fanny, please,  
 Go and do penance, alone, on your knees,  
     Pert creature ! How dare you address him.”  
 Then she turned to the portal and said, “Sir Knight,  
 Although what you ask is unusual quite,  
 If you from your charger will please to alight,  
     I’ll obey my liege—*God bless him ! !*”

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## THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

A MEDLEY.

PROLOGUE.

[*Tune*—“O, the Roast Beef of Old England.”]

YOU’VE heard the Seven Ages of great Mister Man,  
 And now Mistress Woman’s I’ll chaunt, if I can ;  
 And surely the ladies will sanction my plan—  
     The plan of unfolding their *ages*,  
     Without making mention of *years*.



## FIRST AGE.

[Tune—"Young May Moon."]

A baby first appearing, O !  
 Her lungs how strong, how cheering, O !  
 She makes more noise  
 Than fifty boys,  
 And deaf nurse gains her hearing, O !  
 Hush ! hush-a-by, my pretty, O !  
 Lawk ! how you scratch nurse Kitty, O !  
 If you claw me, you brat,  
 You shall take tit for tat,  
 For I won't give you *no titty*, O !

## SECOND AGE.

[Tune—"All among the leaves so green, O !"]

Next miss lays her doll aside,  
 And to boarding-school is hied ;  
 Music learns to thrum and squeak,  
 Waltz, and foreign tongues to speak,  
 Twenty tongues at her tongue's end,  
 Dares her governess offend,  
 And rattles away in the school, O !  
 Stamps and tears,  
 Shows her airs,  
 Inks her books,  
 Shows black looks,  
 Hey down, ho down,  
 Derry, derry down,  
 And minds no rule but to *rule*, O !

## THIRD AGE.

[Tune—"Morgiana in Ireland."]

Soon sly Cupid gives her a leer,  
 Presents his bow and tickling arrow, too ;  
 Plump ! a lover she feels so queer,  
 Shot through her heart and into her marrow too.  
 Rum and fidgetty,  
 Night and day,

Bosom fluttering,  
 Soft words uttering,  
 Looking drearily,  
 Wishing cheerily,  
 All for her favourite Captain Somebody !  
 Quick eloping  
 (Pleasures hoping),  
 To Gretna she flies with Captain Somebody !  
 Glad she's pinning,  
 Winning,  
 Grinning,  
 Hoaxing,  
 Coaxing Captain Somebody !

## FOURTH AGE.

[Tune—"Tyrolese Song of Liberty."]

Then a happy bride just married,  
     Merrily, oh ! merrily, oh !  
 Glad she hasn't longer tarried,  
     Merrily, oh ! merrily, oh !  
 She fancies never-ending rapture  
 Is to attend her through life's chapter,  
 And ev'ry fun be onward carried,  
     Merrily, oh ! merrily, oh !  
 Duller ends the week than funny,  
     Terrible, oh ! terrible, oh !  
 Bride is sick of matrimony,  
     Terrible, oh ! terrible, oh !  
 She finds the honeymoon is changing.  
 She finds her husband fond of ranging,  
 And honeymoon's not all honey.  
     Terrible, oh ! terrible, oh !

## FIFTH AGE.

[Tune—"Malbrook."]

Then the tormented mother,  
 In everlasting pother,  
 About some ill or other,  
     Befalling her young brats :

A weary life she leads,  
 As ill to ill succeeds—  
 Two sickly children squalling,  
 One out of window falling,  
 And half-a-dozen bawling  
 Of gripes and scratching cats.

## SIXTH AGE.

[Tune—"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?"]

Oh, dear, what is the matter now?  
 Dear, dear, what is the matter now?  
 Oh, dear, what is the matter now?

In widow's weeds she *looks* so sad.

All day a strong onion promotes the tears pouring,  
 With dry eyes all night she is pleasantly snoring,  
 A husband who down his throat's drink ever pour-  
 ing,  
 Can't make any *sober* dame glad.

## SEVENTH AGE.

[Tune—"Oh, rest thee, babe."]

Last enters poor Granny,  
 But not to last long;  
 For her faculties leave her,  
 And leave her no tongue.  
 But yet her tongue's loss  
 Granny *quietly* brooks,  
 For when *that* departs,  
 She departs *off the hooks*.

Oh, grandmother, grandmother! rest your old clay,  
 So good by for ever! farewell! well-a-day!

## FINALE.

[Tune—"Here's a health to all good lasses."]

Thus ends my old woman's story,  
 Of sweet woman, man's best glory,  
 For 'tis she that blesses life.

Woman ev'ry grief assuages,  
 Soothes our cares in all her ages,  
 Whether widow, maid, or wife!

## MR. LOWE AND MISS CUNDY ;

OR,

## CUTTING TOE-NAILS ON A SUNDAY.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Michael Wiggins."]

A SPRUCE linen-draper, one Mr. John Lowe,  
 Walked out in Hyde Park one Sunday ;  
 His dress was the pink of the fashion and go,  
 When he met with the charming Miss Cundy ;  
 Her beautiful eyes took him quite by surprise,  
 And so queer was the state he felt in ;  
 He tried all in vain to tell her his pain,  
 For his heart was really a melting.  
 But, alas ! who can look into Fate's book of laws ?  
 Mr. Lowe would have married Miss Cundy ;  
 He lost her ! he lost her ! and only because  
 He cut his toe nails on a Sunday !

The next time he met her, his love he made known,  
 Her person he thought all perfection ;  
 He press'd her with speed to be bone of his bone,  
 She blush'd and—had no objection :  
 He gaily did sing, went and purchased the ring,  
 And the next Sunday was the bespeak day :  
 For that day would chime, and agree with his time,  
 Much better than having a week day.

But alas, &amp;c,

On the blest Sunday morning he got up with glee,  
 (Little thinking what mischief was hatching,)  
 Took out his pen-knife with his toes to make free,  
 At night to prevent them from scratching ;  
 But the knife slipt and gave his great toe such a  
 wound,

(Sweet wedlock there's surely a fate in,)  
 He could not put it at all to the ground,  
 Though he knew sweet Miss Cundy was waiting.

But alas, &amp;c.

Oh, words can't describe all his trouble and woe,  
 Only think of his sad situation !  
 A surgeon was sent for who dressed his great toe,  
 And talked about amputation :  
 Laid up for a month while Miss Cundy so smart,  
 Disappointed of having this short knight,  
 Without delay got her another sweetheart,  
 And married in less than a fortnight.  
 So, young men, if love has got into your head,  
 Recollect Mr. Lowe and Miss Cundy ;  
 And whatever you do before you get wed,  
 Never cut your toe nails on a Sunday !

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### OH! MY LOVE'S DEAD.

WEST.]

[*Music by W. WEST.*

As I vos a valking down by the sea-shore,  
 Vere the vinds, and the vaves, and the vaters did roar,  
 Vith the vinds, and the vaves, and the vaters all  
 round,

I heard a young maid, making sorrowful sound—

Singing, "O-o-o-o-h, my love's dead !

Him I adore, and I never,

No never, shall see my love more !"

(*Chorus repeated.*)

She'd a voice like a nightingale, and a skin like a dove,  
 And the song wot she sung'd was consarning of love ;  
 I ax'd her to marry myself, could she please ?  
 But her answer vos, "No ! for my love's in the  
 seas"—

Singing, O-o-o-o-h, &c.

I said I had silver, and gold, too, beside,

In a cutch and six horses and me she should ride—

"No, I never vill marry nor be any man's vife,

But I'll mourn for my true love, as long as I've  
 life"—

Singing, O-o-o-o-h, &c.

Then she stretched forth her arms, and she gave a  
 great leap,  
 From the rocks vot vos high, to the seas vot vos deep ;  
 Saying, "The shell of the hoyster shall make me my  
 bed,  
 And the shrimps of the sea shall swim over my head"—  
 Singing, O-o-o-o-h, &c.

Now ev'ry night since, just as eight bells is seen,  
 Ven the moon shines so vite on the seas vot's so  
 green,  
 The two constant lovyers, in all their young charms,  
 Rolling over the vaves, locked in each other's arms.  
 Singing, "O-o-o-o-h, my love's dead !  
 Whom I adore,  
 And ve never, no never,  
 Shall part any more."  
 (*Spoken.*) Yes, there they are, rolling over and over,  
 and singing—O-o-o-o-h, &c.

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### JUDY'S REPLY TO BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

W. WRIGHT.]

[*Tune*—"Barney Brallaghan's Courtship."]

OH, stay, my darling Barney,  
 I've listened to your wailings,  
 You've touch'd me wid your blarney,  
 So step this side o' the palings ;  
 I'll ope the cabin door,  
 To shelter you from the storm,  
 And turn the fire o'er  
 To keep your cockles warm.  
 You did say  
 You wanted Judy Callaghan,  
 So you may  
 Make me Mrs. Brallaghan.

## THE ENTERTAINER'S SONG BOOK.

I've ducks, as you may see,  
 Two hens and a game cock,  
 A bran span new dudee  
 For us to have a shock ;  
 A pig that's very fat,  
 A crimson pair of mittens,  
 And a female lady cat,  
 So we shall have some kittens.  
 You did say, &c.

See there's a frying-pan,  
 And a pan to warm the bed ;  
 A summer's Sunday fan,  
 And barley to make some bread ;  
 Two ould chairs and a table,  
 That you know's a pair,  
 Outside the door a stable,  
 To lodge the old grey mare.  
 You did say, &c.

I've got a large straw bed,  
 Eggs and bacon for frying ;  
 Some herrings that are red,  
 That's up the chimney drying ;  
 I've got a musical ear,  
 In fiddling I take a delight,  
 So, honey, don't ye fear,  
 But I'll fiddle from morn to night.  
 You did say, &c.

A neat brass lamp for hall,  
 A save-all, stick, and candle ;  
 A jug that's had a fall,  
 And a pump without a handle ;  
 A beautiful china teapot,  
 Likewise a fork for toasting ;  
 And a oven ready hot,  
 For paratees to be a roasting.  
 You did say, &c.

## THE ENTERTAINER'S SONG BOOK.

A Turkey carpet I'm making  
Of rushes from the bog ;  
A tub that's always leaking,  
And a terrier spaniel dog ;  
I've water, towel, and bason,  
For you to wash your head,  
A glass to see your face in,  
Before you go to bed.      You did say, &c.

Besides all these, I've got  
Some money little store,  
Buried in an iron pot  
Beneath the cabin floor ;  
Ah ! yonder comes the priest,  
Together he'll unite us,  
We'll give the pig a feast,  
And let the moon benight us.  
You did say, &c.

Be easy, Barney, pray,  
'Tis the money makes you caper ;  
We'll bribe the priest, I say,  
Then he'll marry us the cheaper ;  
Besides our sins forgive,  
And send us best of weather—  
So, long as we may live,  
We'll put our traps together.  
Then I'll be  
Mrs. Barney Brallaghan,  
Latterly  
The maiden Judy Callaghan.

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## THE WORLD IN THE MOON.

CHARLES DIBDIN }  
the Younger. }

{ Tune—"The Irish  
Newsman."

THIS world's very wide, strange its bulls and its  
blunders,  
Its freaks and its fashions, and comical jokes ;  
But if you would hear of a world full of wonders,  
Come list while I sing of some comical folks :



Munchausen he told of these wonderful people,  
 Who for a stage coach travell'd in a balloon,  
 Then hung up his horse on the top of a steeple,  
 And went to take tay wid de man in de moon.

## CHORUS.

Sing philliluh ! drimendo ! whiskey and taters ;  
 As sure as St. Paddy kiss'd Ellen-a-roon ;  
 Not Ireland itself, that swate broth of all craters,  
 Can show half the likes of the world in the moon.

Don't think I am given to bounce and to vapour,  
 There devil a soul like a Christian is born,  
 For fops they sow gingerbread nuts and gilt paper,  
 And grow folks in fields, as we turnips and corn.  
 From oaks they get patriots, and soldiers, and sailors ;  
 From spits and ragmops, cooks and housewives ensure ;  
 Their brambles grow bailiffs, and cabbages tailors,  
 Their nettle forestallers, and hemp brings their cure.  
 Philliluh, &c.

Then they've each a back door in their bosom so  
 funny,  
 Where they put in their victuals, and whiskey, and  
 wine ;  
 And you'd think that to live wouldn't cost them much  
 money,  
 Since it's but once a month they sup, breakfast, and  
 dine ;  
 Yet their meals would with wonder fill north, east,  
 west, south full,  
 They wine drink by hogsheads, and porter by butts,  
 And they'll whip up an elephant clean at a mouthful,  
 And crocodiles crack, as a squirrel cracks nuts.  
 And sing, &c.

Then a man can his head on and off screw at pleasure,  
 And that's quite convanient, because if he'd roam,  
 'Tis but laving his head to take care of his treasure,  
 And tell all the people he isn't at home ;

And then they can do, to astonish beholders,  
 What all our philosophers can't for their lives,  
 Can put an old head on a young pair of shoulders,  
 And good women make, when they please, of their  
     wives. Philliluh, &c.

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## THE PARTY OF A. B. C.

[THOMAS HUDSON.]

MESSRS. A, B, and C, being characters known  
 To children quite small, and to those larger grown,  
 Invited the alphabet once, great and small,  
 To supper and cards, and a bit of a ball:—  
 A undertook the amusements in store;  
 B bak'd the buns, the while C chalk'd the floor;  
 C sent round the circulars, all postage free,  
 To come to the party of great A, B, C.

The first note they wrote, and had sent, was to D;  
 But D was a dunce and forgot A, B, C;  
 Useless he tried to decipher the letter,  
 So took it to E, as E could read better;  
 E told him all E desired to know,  
 And F, coming in, felt inclined, too, to go;  
 So D, E, and F, in one coach got all three,  
 To join in the party of great A, B, C.

G drove a gig with H over a hill,  
 I soon did join them, and J with his Jill;  
 K said 'twas killing to drive cattle fast,  
 L much lamented for fear he'd be last;  
 M said of money his wife had a store,  
 N counted all the N's at the barn door;  
 In mirth and good humour they all joined with glee,  
 To join the grand party of great A, B, C.

O owed so much, he was fearful to go;  
 P had his head powdered like an old beau;  
 Q quick equipped, wore a little pig tail,  
 At which Mr. R did much rally and rail;

S in sad silence sat still as a don,  
 The while to keep up wit' them T trotted on ;  
 In mirth and good humour they chatted with glee,  
 To join the grand party of great A, B, C.

To vary the journey V went in a van ;  
 U, though unwillingly, by the same plan ;  
 And while of the weather they wisely did talk,  
 W wore out his shoes by the walk ;  
 X cross'd his path, and did look cross and grim,  
 And Y said pray Y did they not stay for him ;  
 But in mirth and good humour they chatted with glee.  
 To join the grand party of great A, B, C.

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## EMIGRATION.

J. C. DAVIDSON.]

[J. MONRO

[*Music at JOHN SHEPHERD'S.*]

ALL you whose minds are bent on straying,  
 Listen now to what I'm saying ;  
 Whilst I without exaggeration,  
 Relate the joys of emigration.  
 If England causes many a nettler,  
 You'll find Swan River quite a settler ;  
 And though they boast it has no equal,  
 Hear the facts, and judge the sequel.  
     Listen, folks of ev'ry station,  
     These are the joys of emigration.

Upon the island first appearing,  
 Your piece of land requires some clearing ;  
 And ere the place is fit to stop in,  
 You must for months the trees be chopping.  
 Around a fire, at night, you're hov'ring,  
 Your clothes, the chief part of your cov'ring ;  
 As dozing, then, you dream of riches,  
 A crocodile seizes you by the breeches.  
     Listen, folks, &c.

You hungry wake, and as you peck first,  
A kangaroo walks in to breakfast ;  
You feel aggrieved and take his love ill,  
So beat his brains out with a shovel.  
Upon the instant that you're a victor,  
In walks his friend, a boa constrictor ;  
Who, just to prove no manners has he got,  
Bolts your toast, then swallows your teapot.  
Listen, folks, &c.

The ground all clear that you'd to cut on,  
You choose a spot and build a hut on ;  
Your seed you sow, and ere 'tis barr'd in,  
Wild men come and spoil your garden.  
With gun you put them all to flight, then,  
For which they fire your hut at night, then ;  
And though your body gets no hurt on,  
You're glad to get out with your shirt on.  
Listen, folks, &c,

Deprived of house, of bed, and bedding,  
Without a home to put your head in ;  
You 'gin to grieve that you're a rover,  
And curse the ship that brought you over.  
As 'neath the trees that form your vistas,  
Sandflies cover you with blisters ;  
When to your wife, should you them show, you,  
You're such a guy, she would not know you.  
Listen, folks, &c.

You lose in drowsiness your horrors,  
And for awhile forget your sorrows ;  
You dream you've wed a higher class in,  
And that your honeymoon is passing.  
'Bout half asleep and very drowsy,  
You fancy you're embraced by spousy ;  
In love you wake, a perfect Hannibal,  
And find you're hugg'd tight by a cannibal.  
Listen, folks, &c.

Now having passed a year or two there,  
 With still the same dull dreary view there,  
 You find 'tis but a galling fetter,  
 Without a chance of getting better.  
 You then take stock, to judge quite willing,  
 And find you're minus every shilling ;  
 When quite enraged at being worsted,  
 You curse the place and leave disgusted.  
 Listen, folks, &c.

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## I'M A GENT! I'M A GENT!

J. STIRLING COYNE.]

[*Music* by HENRY RUSSELL.]

I'm a gent, I'm a gent, I'm a gent ready made,  
 I roam through the Quadrant and Lowther Arcade ;  
 I'm a registered swell—from the head to the toe,  
 I wear a moustache, and a light paletot.

I've a cane in my hand, and a glass in my eye,  
 And I wink at the gals—demme! as they go by,  
 Then lor! how they giggle to win my regards,  
 And I hear them all say, "He's a gent in the  
 Guards."

I'm a gent, &c.

I'm a gent, I'm a gent, in the Regent Street style,  
 Examine my wes'ket, and look at my tile ;  
 There are gents—I dare say—who are handsomer far,  
 But none who can puff with such ease a cigar.

I'm a gent, &c.

I can sing a flash song, I can blow on the horn,  
 I like sherry cobblers, I'm fond of Cremorne ;  
 I love the cellarius, the polka I dance,  
 And I'm rather attached to—a party—from France.

I'm a gent, &c.

This gal I adore—is a creature divine,  
 Though dev'lishly partial to lobsters and wine ;  
 She was struck with my figure—and caught—with a  
     hook,  
 For I took her to visit, "my uncle, the Duke."  
                                 I'm a gent, I'm a gent, &c.

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## LOVE-SICK WILLY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Washing day."]

ONE Willy Wright, who kept a store,  
     But nothing kept therein,  
 Save earthen jugs, and some few kegs  
     Of whisky, ale, and gin—  
 Grew sick, and often would exclaim,  
     " Oh, how my poor heart burns !"  
 And every week the poor man lived,  
     He had his weakly turns.

Now, when they saw him thus decline,  
     Some said that death must come ;  
 Some wonder'd what the ail could be,  
     Some said his ail was rum !  
 At last the very cause was known  
     Of every pang he felt ;  
 Remote, at one end of the town,  
     Miss Martha Townsend dwelt.

A portly, love-resisting dame,  
     Contemptuous, proud, and haughty ;  
 But yet, though " fat, and forty," too,  
     She was not two-and-forty.  
 And Willy long had sought and sigh'd,  
     To gain this pretty maid ;  
 " I have no trade," said he, " so, sure,  
     My love can't be betray'd."

To Martha, then, he trembling went,  
 And said, "My dear, 'tis true,  
 Though I have nothing in my store,  
 I've love in store for you.  
 And if thou wilt, thou may'st become—"  
 But here his tongue was tied;  
 And then she bridled up, and said,  
 She ne'er would be his bride.  
 Then, turning Willie out of doors,  
 She said, "Go, go along;  
 I hate the man who's always Wright,  
 Yet always doing wrong."  
 "I leave you then," said he; "farewell!  
 Of peace I'm now bereft;  
 If I am always wright and wrong,  
 You must be right—and left."

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### A NATIONAL BEER SONG.

From "Punchinello."]

{ *Tune* — "I likes a  
 drop of good beer."

BUILDING of schools,  
 To teach coves the rules  
 Of morality, seems very queer—  
 While you try all the time  
 To incite 'em to crime,  
 By depriving poor men of their beer.  
 From the tax you put upon beer;  
 By this new excise duty on beer,  
 What ills will arise  
 We don't dare to surmise,  
 If you rob a poor man of his beer.  
 Learning to spell  
 Is all very well,  
 And the fountain of knowledge flows clear;  
 But how do you think  
 That a fellow's to drink  
 Of that fountain, when longing for beer?

For scholarship's nothing to beer,  
 And the best of all teachers is beer ;  
     Men from A B C turn,  
     And their letters they learn  
 From the X's on barrels of beer.  
     The patriot's zeal  
     Is agreeable to feel,  
 And men, who their country hold dear,  
     Will submit to her laws,  
     And will fight in her cause,  
 But they love her for sake of her beer ;  
 And they'll fight in defence of their beer ;  
 And the foe they'll demolish for beer.  
     But they wont care the least  
     For affairs in the East,  
 If the (y)east makes a rise in their beer.  
     Our beer to forego,  
     Would certainly throw  
 The machine of the State out of gear ;  
     For all engines are spoiled,  
     Unless constantly oiled,  
 And we lubricate ours with beer ;  
 And all would go wrong without beer ;  
 Society would not cohere ;  
     Revolutions ensue,  
     As they constantly do,  
 In nations that haven't got beer.  
     Then, oh ! if you'd see  
     Our people still free  
 And happy, this warning pray hear ;  
     You may tax what you please—  
     Our sugars, our teas —  
 But beware how you tamper with beer ;  
 For the national safeguard is beer.  
 To the *butts* rusheth each Volunteer !  
     So look out, we'd advise,  
     For squalls, if you tries  
 To rob a poor man of his beer.



## THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Bow, wow, wow."]

I'M Father Time, and in my prime, though ancient as  
 the universe ;  
 And this my rhyme, if not sublime, at least shall be  
 no puny verse :  
 An ancient string of facts I bring, but such that Peter  
 Cunningham,  
 Whose blithe heart shrinks from Birch and Hinckes,  
 shall never dream of shunning 'em.

In days long gone, the Mastodon—a beast no man  
 could tackle well,  
 With hop, skip, jump, from Aldgate pump would hie  
 him down to Shacklewell ;  
 And Trilobites, on moonlight nights, might oft the  
 Ichthyosaurus see,  
 With Belemnites and other frights, on the ground we  
 now before us see.

At length I thought their death I'd wrought, and never  
 dream'd researches on  
 The funny ways of other days, by Cuvier and Mur-  
 chison,  
 Would show mankind I'd once a mind within my maw  
 to cram o' nights,  
 Iguanodons, broiled Mammoth's bones, and fricasees  
 of Ammonites.

But not to bore you any more with Prædiluvian Chro-  
 nicles,  
 We'll speak upon the days when On owned priests in  
 full canonicals ;  
 When mortals seem'd as though they deem'd, since  
 bow they must at any rate,  
 No God at all could be too small or mean for them to  
 venerate.

Newts, geese, and rats, hawks, owls, and bats, had  
each their Hieropolis,

And raining frogs, or cats and dogs, brought gods to  
some metropolis.

One pious crowd to onions bow'd ; strong garlic  
sway'd some coteries ;

And sacred leeks made tearful cheeks, if closely viewed  
by votaries.

The crocodile forsook his Nile to dwell in priests' re-  
fectories,

And crown their zeal at every meal, by eating up his  
sectaries :

The young spring lamb about his dam might gamble  
every minute—he

Need ne'er suspect they'd e'er connect mint sauce  
with his divinity.

And bulls none bought to eat, but thought, "At  
Memphis, in a cattle show,

When Apis dies, to take the prize, this beast all sleek  
and fat I'll show."

But Amun, Ra, Osiris, Phtha, Thoth, Isis, Kneph, and  
Anubis,

I swamp'd awhile, and made the Nile prosaic as the  
Danube is ;

Sand hid from risk each obelisk, each monolith, and  
pyramid,

And monarchs lay, conceal'd from day, with courtly  
mummies near 'em hid.

Thus, too, I said, "I must have laid enough of earth  
on Nineveh,

Semiramis shall be, I wis, as much a myth as  
Guinever ;

Whate'er their store of written lore, pictorial or cunei-  
form,

One general pall shall cover all with darkness thick  
and uniform ;"

So, o'er the heaps where Ninus sleeps, and o'er what  
 once was Babylon,  
 "Shoot rubbish here!" I wrote, to cheer the dirt-col-  
 lecting rabble on.

But when the feat appear'd complete, and Misraim's  
 quaint monstrosities,  
 And Assur's, too, were hid, a crew, agog for curiosi-  
 ties,  
 Rush'd in with pick and spade, and quick (success in  
 guilt confirming 'em),  
 From onches, rings, and torques of kings, got neat  
 designs for Birmingham.

Such bowls as those which Flamens chose to quaff,  
 when gravely muttering  
 Their sacred spells, your Copeland sells to cool plebeian  
 butter in.

As if my care from upper air had shut them all and  
 hidden 'em  
 In that snug berth, that mother Earth might keep 'em  
 safe for Sydenham.

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## LARRY M'HALE.

[CHARLES LEVER.]

OH! Larry M'Hale he had little to fear,  
 And never could want when the crops didn't fail;  
 He'd a house and demesne and eight hundred a year,  
 And the heart for to spend it, had Larry M'Hale!

The soul of a party—the life of a feast,  
 And an illigant song he could sing, I'll be bail;  
 He would ride with the rector, and drink with the  
 priest,

Oh! the broth of a boy was old Larry M'Hale.

It's little he cared for the judge or recorder,  
 His house was as big and as strong as a jail;  
 With a cruel four-pounder, he kept all in great order,  
 He'd murder the country, would Larry M'Hale.

He'd a blunderbuss too ; of horse-pistols a pair ;  
 But his favourite weapon was always a flail :  
 I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,  
 For he handled it nately, did Larry M'Hale.

His ancésters was kings before Moses was born,  
 His mother descended from great Grana Uaile ;  
 He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenches to scorn :  
 They were mushrooms compared to old Larry  
 M'Hale.

He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,  
 With cousins and uncles enough for a tail ;  
 And, though loaded with debt, oh ! the devil a thinner  
 Could law or the sheriff make Larry M'Hale.

With a larder supplied, and a cellar well stored,  
 None lived half so well from Fair-Head to Kinsale,  
 And he piously said, " I've a plentiful board,  
 And the Lord he is good to old Larry M'Hale.

So fill up your glass, and a high bumper give him,  
 It's little we'd care for the tithes or repale ;  
 For ould Erin would be a fine country to live in,  
 If we only had plenty like Larry M'Hale.

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## JOLTERING GILES.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music by DIBDIN.*

HARK ! with what glee yon merry clown  
 Reasons, remarks, and sows ;  
 To pain and care alike unknown,  
 He whistles as he goes.  
 From Nature's lore to reason taught,  
 He knows not subtle rules,  
 But ventures oft some pithy thought  
 That might instruct the schools.

"This ground's just like the world," cries he,  
 "And thezum zeeds its cares ;"

"How's that ?" cries one—"Why, can'te zee  
 As I be a zowing o' tares?"

Taw law rum low, de lo, de lo :  
 For drill, or broadcast, none do know  
 Better than jolt'ring Giles to zow :  
 Be 't beans, or wheat, or whuts, or rye,  
 Or barley, you mun come to I.  
 Taw lull drull, lull drull, li.

Thus jolt'ring Giles, the merry clown,  
 Reasons, remarks, and sows ;  
 To pain and care alike unknown,  
 He whistles as he goes.

One day some dashing sprigs came by,  
 Imported neat from town ;  
 As they pass'd on, Giles heard them cry—  
 "I say, let's quiz the clown !"

And just as they their fun began,  
 An ass was heard to bray—  
 "Ichaw !"—"Here, fellow, clown !"—"Anon !  
 One at a time, zur, pray."

"We reap the fruit of all that's sown  
 By fellows of your stamp ;"

"That's very likely, zur, I own,  
 Vor I be a zowing o' hamp !" Taw law, &c.

A vrend to all the country round,  
 My labours all regale :  
 'Twas I the barley put i' the ground,  
 That brew'd th' exciseman's ale ;

The wheat I zow with even hand  
 To thousands shall give bread :—  
 Why, there's no king or 'squire o' the land  
 Zo many mouths ha' ved.

I zaves zum zouls, vor aught I know—  
 If how thou'dst wish to larn—

The tithe of ev'ry grain I zow  
 Goes to the parson's barn. Taw law, &c.

But what at last be all my pains?  
 Just like to wheat or rye,  
 A man comes vorward, counts his gains,  
 And holds his head up high :  
 And scarcely vull and ripe he's grown,  
 However great he be,  
 Death with his zickle cuts un down,  
 And there be an end o' he !  
 Zo, while a body's here below,  
 Clean hands be sure to keep ;  
 Vor, zure as death, as we do zow  
 We zartainly shall reap !      Taw law, &c.

## THE TAPPINGTON WITCHES !

JOHN LABERN.]

[Tune—" Good St. Anthony."]

ROB GILPIN resided in Tappington town,  
 And though he a citizen was of renown,  
 The neighbours around respected him not,  
 He was too fond of dipping his *mug* in the pot.  
 Guzzling and romping was ever this blade,  
 With ladies that didn't stand nice to a shade ;  
 Although this deceiver a sweetheart had he,  
 Whom he solemnly promised to make Mrs. G.  
 Now Robin Gilpin one night had made  
 An assignation with Gertrude Slade,  
 'Neath the trysting tree by the abbey ruin,  
 Not dreaming of course that a storm was brewing.  
 But Gertrude to go was very unwilling,  
 For the rain fell in drops the size of a shilling ;  
 So she took off her hat and mantle again—  
 " He'll never expect me," says she, " in this rain."  
 Now Robin looks east, and Robin looks west,  
 For the smart little lassie he says he loves best ;  
 He stood till he trembled with cold and fright,  
 When he spies in the ruins a twinkling light.  
 With a hop, two skips, and a jump, and straight  
 Rob stands within the portal gate.

There were witches fearful sitting within—  
 Two were as old and as ugly as sin ;  
 But the third was young and passing fair,  
 With coal-black eyes and raven hair.  
 As each one sat in that haunted room,  
 In each one's hand was a long birch broom—  
 On each one's nob was a sugar-loaf hat—  
 On each one's knee was a large black cat—  
 " Now riddle me right," says old Goody Jones,  
 " What footsteps dare tread over these stones ?"

Then up spoke young Madge Gray so clear—  
 " Robin Gilpin is welcome here !  
 So tread we a measure aloud," quoth she,  
 " Roving Rob, will you dance with me ?"  
 " Ay, lassie !" quoth Rob, as her hand he gripes,  
 " Though the devil himself were blowing the pipes !"  
 Now around they go, around and around,  
 With a hop, skip, jump, and a frolicsome bound ;  
 You would actually swear that Mounseer Gilbert,  
 Or *Taggerlioni* was capering there.  
 Says Goody Price, " Now riddle me right,  
 Where shall we sup this frolicsome night ?  
 I have it ! The vicar keeps excellent wine,  
 And a capital larder of turkey and chine ;  
 So mount your broomsticks without delay,  
 Hey up the chimney ! away ! away !"

Now old Goody Price mounts hers in a trice—  
 At showing her legs she's not over nice—  
 And old Goody Jones—all skin and bones—  
 Follows like vinking. Away go the crones !  
 Knees and nose in a line with their toes,  
 Stuck on their brooms like so many Ducrows.  
 Latest and last the young witch pass'd,  
 The glare of her coal-black eye she cast,  
 And laughing loud, as she said with glee,  
 " Robin, dear, will you ride with me ?"

He seizes and mounts a broomstick too,  
Crying, "Blackeyes, I'll ride to the devil with  
you!"

It's a very fine thing, on a fine day in June,  
To ride through the air in a Nassau balloon;  
But a regular broomstick is best, I must say,  
When, like Robin Gilpin, you've nothing to pay.

Though the vicar's walls are lofty and thick,  
The copings are stone and the sides are brick;  
The chimney-pot is open to view,  
So down on their broomsticks the party flew.  
The great house-dog begins to quail,  
Between his hind legs droops his tail.  
Yet down in the pantry the kit of 'em go,  
And carry the grub to the cellar below.  
Oh, 'twas a *scrumptious* sight to view,  
In the snug little cellar the frolicsome crew;  
Old Goody Jones, she couldn't touch bones,  
She might as well mumble a parcel of stones:  
She'd no teeth—so a pudding of marrow and plums  
Was the dish that suited her blessed old gums;  
While Madge Gray squinted at Robin so sly,  
With his heart full of love, and his mouth full of pie.

And now the wine cup passes round,  
Toasts and sentiments rebound,  
So Rob gives a toast in a bumper of wine—  
"Success to Old Noah, who planted the vine!"  
Oh then what a sneezing, a coughing, and wheezing  
Took place in a way that seem'd not over pleasing.  
Goody Price, Goody Jones, and the pretty Madge  
Gray,  
Seem'd as though the liquor had gone the *wrong*  
*way*.

But the best of the joke, the moment Rob spoke,  
As by mentioning Noah some spell had been broke;  
Every soul in the house woke, and hearing the din,  
Made sure that a reg'ment of thieves was within;



So they made a rush on each chittle and chattel,  
 And straightway prepared for a general battle.  
 Up jump'd the cook and caught hold of the spit !  
 Up jump'd the groom and seized bridle and bit !

Up jump'd the gard'ner, and shoulder'd his spade !  
 Up jump'd the scullion, the footman, and maid !  
 The two last occasion'd some very rude mockings,  
 Because on their legs they had each other's stock-  
 ings.

With a yell and a shriek, and a hullabaloo,  
 Bang up the chimney the witches all flew,  
 Leaving Robin behind to pay their bill—  
 And they didn't forget to give him a pill.  
 From this hour Robin's an alter'd man,  
 Runs home to his lodgings as fast as he can ;  
 Sticks to his trade and marries Miss Slade,  
 And never runs after a witch or a maid.  
 So remember my tale, and its moral likewise :  
 Don't flirt with young ladies with coal-black eyes ;  
 Don't meddle with broomsticks ; egad, if you do,  
 Old Nick some fine morning will *nick* hold of you.

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### MECHANICAL ACADEMICS.

W. T. MONCRIEFF.]

[Air—"Mr. Simpkins."']

OH, Time ! how strange thy changes—  
 Learning's now become mechanical ;  
 Scientific men and scholars  
 Are seized with a sudden panic all.  
 The lower *classes* in the *classic* art  
 Are *penny*-trating low ;  
 And *operative learning* has  
 So *work'd* its way, it's all the *go* !  
 Tol lol lol, &c.

Now, thanks to "Penny Readings"  
 And *Mechanics' Institutions*,  
 The state of things are turning  
*Upside down, by resolutions.*

---

Plain speaking now is banished quite,  
 All patter metaphorical ;  
 Each dirty court is styled a *place*,  
 In manner *allegorical* !

Tol lol lol, &c.

Our *workmen*, now, all leave their *work*  
 For verse, without apology ;  
 Now, if you twice your 'prentice teach,  
 He'll tell you 'tis *taught-ology*.  
 Our journeymen, while *walking*,  
 Are all studying *toe-pography* ;  
 And all who *sell* last dying speeches,  
 Prate about *Buy-ography*.

Tol lol lol, &c.

The barber takes you by the *nose*,  
 And talks about *Conk-ology* ;  
 While warehousemen, in Thames-street,  
 Are adepts in *Crane-iology*.  
 While mendicants and paupers,  
 Quite consistent in their actions,  
 While *breaking stones* upon the road,  
 Still practise *Vulgar Fractions*.

Tol lol lol, &c.

Undertakers, o'er their coffins,  
 The *dead* languages are studying ;  
 While dustmen, with the *ground work*  
 Of the arts, their brains are muddying.  
 Clerks, with Pestalozzian systems  
*Pester* us in lectures prolix—  
 E'en waggoners, who *up hill* go,  
 Are thinking of *High-draw-lics*.

Tol lol lol, &c.

O'er the *sky blue*, milkmen, turning *pale*,  
 While studying astronomy,  
 Call pouring on the *milky way*,  
 Political Economy.

Our gardeners *cube roots extract*,  
 Tired of earth's dull monotony,  
 And leave to those who're bawling greens,  
 The genteel art of *Botany*.  
 Tol lol lol, &c.

Innkeepers practise *double entry*,  
 Just to keep things agoing ;  
 And carpenters and sawyers  
 Are in *Log*-arithms knowing.  
 Bricklayers' lab'ers, to make discoveries,  
 On their *Poles* are stopping ;  
 And butchers, o'er their *blocks*,  
 With *hic, hæc, hoc*, are logic *chopping*.  
 Tol lol, lol, &c.

Among our sweeps, the *climbing boys*  
 Are, in their garrets, *attic all*,  
 Whilst catsmeat-sellers, from their cellars,  
 Answer most *dog*-matical.  
 O'er their barrows feel the buyer's pulse,  
 And bawl quite oratorical—  
 Of their *barrow*-meters talking,  
 In manner quite *cat*-egorical.  
 Tol lol lol, &c.

Now tailors learn *subtraction*,  
 For no *silly*-gism standing ;  
 While cobblers labour to improve  
 The *human understanding*.  
 With compound interest in perspective,  
 Money lenders traffic all—  
 And ostlers, all their horses, for the road  
 Clean *geo*-gruffical.  
 Tol lol lol, &c.

Thus knowledge now so common is,  
 In vain our wits would shirk us—  
 The Arts are bound apprentices,  
 Science now's brought to the workhouse.

And learning is so cheap,  
 No barber's clerk complains of scarcity—  
 Saint Giles will have its College,  
 Tooley-street its University.

Tol lol lol, &c.

## QUEER, BOYS, QUEER!

PARODY ON "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER."

[W. HERBERT.]

QUEER, boys, queer, is this happy land we live in,  
 Dear, boys, dear, for everything you pay ;  
 Queer, boys, queer, are the salaries they're giving,  
 It's such a happy land, that I mean to cut away.  
 Pulling and tugging, one against the other ;  
 Living from hand to mouth, working might and  
 main :

A scramble for food, brother against brother,  
 Lots of hard labour, and very little gain.  
 Queer, boys, queer, is this happy land we live in,  
 Dear, boys, dear, for everything you pay ;  
 Queer, boys, queer, are the salaries they're giving,  
 It's such a happy land, that I mean to cut away.

Queer, boys, queer, is all the food we're buying,  
 A compound of filth you swallow every day ;  
 From here, boys, here, I think there's no denying,  
 Genuine good food hath for ever passed away.  
 Sausages delightful, doctored in "Sharp's Alley,"  
 Good beef, no doubt, as any beef can be ;  
 Real turpentine makes "cream of the valley,"  
 Birch-brooms and sloe-leaves make delicious tea.

Queer, boys, queer, &c.

Queer, boys, queer, the clothes you cheap buy, those is  
 Real rightdown rubbish made in a fashion gay ;  
 I fear, boys, fear, you all pay through your noses,  
 For all such trash you buy is but money thrown  
 away.

Grinding to death each half-starved, ill-paid tailor,  
 Toiling and stitching from early morn till night,  
 Scarce food to eat, however hard they labour,  
 Railing at the hour when first they saw the light.  
 Queer, boys, queer, &c.

Queer, boys, queer, is the poor old curate's living,  
 The hireling of fat vicars, who hold a despot sway ;  
 Twenty pounds a year, and some cast-off clothes  
 they're giving  
 To a man with splendid talents, for our blessed souls  
 to pray.

Then they want to stop our chance of information,  
 No Sunday papers—oh, what a glaring shame !  
 But if the people stand this cleric innovation,  
 Then I can but say, they'll have themselves to  
 blame. Queer, boys, queer, &c.

Then here, boys, here, I do not mean to tarry,  
 Tethered with taxation, bound in every way ;  
 It's such a happy land, that I'd pitch it to Old Harry,  
 I'm going to the land where the golden nuggets lay ;  
 Where every man's well paid, if he will only labour,  
 Reaping independence, which here he cannot gain ;  
 No cause there for envy to your neighbour,  
 For every hand that strives will gather golden  
 grain. Queer, boys, queer, &c.

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## A TRAVELLER STOPT AT A WIDOW'S GATE.

A TRAVELLER stopt at a widow's gate,  
 She kept an inn, and he wanted to bait,  
 But the widow she slighted her guest,  
 For when Nature was making an ugly race,  
 She certainly moulded the traveller's face  
 As a sample for all the rest.

The chambermaid's sides they were ready to crack,  
When she saw his queer nose and the hump on his  
back ;

A hump isn't handsome, no doubt ;  
And though 'tis confess'd that the prejudice goes  
Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,  
Yet a nose shouldn't look like a snout.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid ;  
'T had a wondrous effect on the widow and maid !  
And they quickly grew marvellous civil.  
The money immediately alter'd the case :  
They were charm'd with his hump, and his snout, and  
his face,  
Though he still might have frighten'd the devil.

He paid like a prince ; gave the widow a smack ;  
And flopped on his horse, at the door, like a sack ;  
While the landlady, touching the chink,  
Cried " Sir, should you travel this country again,  
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men  
Will stop at the widow's to drink."

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## THE COBBLER.

A COBBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall,  
Which served him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall ;  
No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,  
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.  
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy  
If at night he could purchase a cup of brown nappy ;  
He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most  
sweet,  
Saying, " Just to a hair I've made both ends meet."'  
Derry down, &c.

But Love, the disturber of high and of low,  
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau ;  
He shot the poor cobbler quite into the heart,  
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,  
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay ;  
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,  
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

Derry down, &c.

He sang her love songs as he sat at his work,  
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk :  
Whenever he spoke, she would flounce and would  
flare,

Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,  
And to make away with himself was resolved ;  
He pierced through his body, instead of the sole ;  
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

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## THE ITALIAN LAKES AT A GLANCE.

J. ASHBY STERRY.]

[Air—"Hunting the Hare."]

ON Lago Maggiore we lazily steaming are,  
'Midst monks, priests, and populace of every grade,  
'Neath unclouded weather blue languidly dreaming  
are,

And the town of Luino we quickly have made ;  
Then with much pleasantry, pounced on by pea-  
santry,

Who thrust us by force in a shandramadan.  
We start helter-skelter, to lay there and swelter :  
We're off to Lugano as fast as we can.

Across the Lake of Lugano we're rippling,  
 In boat like a bathing-machine under weigh ;  
 We lounge at our ease there, now lunching and tip-  
 pling,  
 Now smoking and chattering—no time to stay—  
 If it don't bore ye, note Mount Salvadore,  
 Towering o'er everything—noble and grand ;  
 Then sooner than said, see, the 'bus from Porlezza,  
 To Lake Como will whirl you as soon as you land.

Across the blue lake, then, you go to Menaggio.  
 And villas and villages note as you sail ;  
 In about half an hour you land at Bellaggio—  
 The Villa Serbelloni to see you wont fail—  
 Perhaps fish for *agoni*, chance if you bag any,  
 On fair Marcionni you'll call if you stay ;  
 Whilst these rides unravelling, think this is fast  
 travelling,  
 Three very good sized lakes you've done in a day !

---

## ALL THIS I KNOW BY MY READING.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Bartlemy Fair."]

I HAVE read all Shakespeare's plays,  
 For days, and days, and days ;  
 He was forced to come up here,  
 For stealing of a deer ;  
 He quite lost his *character*,  
 And so he turned an *actor*—  
 All this I know by my reading.  
 Ben Jonson in his prime,  
 Was living at the time ;  
 In complexion he was black,  
 He loved a cup of sack,  
 And Shakespeare and he  
 Would drink it with glee,  
 And all this I know by my reading.



Demosthenes,  
Socrates ;  
Cato,  
Plato ;  
Ovid too,  
Comes to view,  
With his tricks,  
Youth to fix.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry, down,  
All this I know by my reading.

The books that I have read,  
All stick fast in my head ;  
Lost Paradise by Milton,  
Who was very fond of Stilton ;  
And Milton oysters came  
Entirely from his name,  
All this I know by my reading.  
Then there's old Johnny Dryden,  
Each scholar takes a pride in ;  
Rabelais and Chaucer,  
And Prior wrote paw, paw, sir ;  
'Twas very wrong to do so,  
Then there's Robinson Crusoe,  
And all this I know by my reading,  
Saved his neck  
From the wreck,  
On an island,  
Got on dry land ;  
Very tidy.  
His man Friday ;  
Canoes and boats,  
Guns and goats.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry, down,  
All this I know by my reading.

Spenser, poems wrote,  
Though he didn't wear a coat ;  
Savage was a sad man,  
Nat Lee was a mad man ;

Pope's imaginations,  
 Hervey's Meditations,  
 And fish sauce are proofs of my reading.  
 Johnson's Dictionary,  
 Songs by rhyming Carey ;  
 Murphy's play and farce,  
 Butler's Hudibras,  
 To learning was a stopper,  
 For he died not worth a copper,  
 And all this I know by my reading.

Johnny Gay  
 Had his day ;  
 Tommy Brown,  
 On the town ;  
 Walter Raleigh,  
 Always gaily,  
 With his smoking,  
 And his joking.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry, down,  
 All this I know by my reading.

Then the French Voltaire,  
 For morals did not care ;  
 Sir Isaac Newton was a Jew,  
 As his name must prove to you ;  
 So we come by turns  
 To Ramsay and to Burns,  
 And all this I know by my reading.  
 Cervantes lived in Spain,  
 We sha'nt see his like again,  
 For he is dead, alas !  
 So is poor Gil Blas,  
 Join'd by Rod'rick Random,  
 Death did quite disband 'em,  
 And all this I know by my reading.

'Mong the moderns,  
 Many odd ones,  
 Charley Dickens,  
 Wrote Pickwick 'uns ;

Bulwer Lytton,  
 He's a fit 'un ;  
 Then Miss Braddon,  
 Not a bad 'un,  
 Hey down, oh down, derry, derry, down,  
 And all this I know by my reading.

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### THE PERFECT BORE.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

THEY say I am a perfect bore,  
 And all I do they blame ;  
 So I annoy them all the more,  
 For I glory in the name.  
 I growl—I grumble—'tis my right,  
 I've claimed it oft before ;  
 And so I'll tell you all to-night  
 Why I'm a perfect bore.  
A bore, a bore, &c.

I don't see any reason I  
 Should study other men ;  
 "Take care of No. 1," I cry,  
 Though all the world condemn.  
 I always think my own plan best,  
 And stick to it the more  
 It is opposed by all the rest,  
 Till I'm a perfect bore.

If to a City tavern I  
 Go with my friends to dine,  
 No matter if it's "full" or "dry,"  
 I never praise the wine.  
 I say "It's corked ;" "it's not," they say ;  
 "Come, bring a bottle more ;"  
 But I for *that* refuse to pay—  
 So I'm a perfect bore.

Of repartee and anecdote,  
 A perfect store I've got,  
 And these I do contrive to quote,  
 Be they well-timed or not.  
 What matter if I've told the tale  
 A hundred times before?  
 I say, "A good joke's never stale;"  
 Though they think me a bore.

If to a concert I should go,  
 And occupy a stall,  
 D'ye think I take my hat off? No!  
 Till "Turn him out" they call.  
 If out of tune sings any chap,  
 I always cry *encore*;  
 The more they hiss, the more I clap,  
 Till I'm a perfect bore.

At parish-meetings, I'm the one  
 At ev'rything that kicks,  
 Until at last there's nothing done,  
 Then I leave 'em in a fix.  
 The tradesmen's bills are all unpaid,  
 Though loud for cash they roar;  
 The vestry is of me afraid,  
 I'm such a perfect bore.

When in an omnibus I ride,  
 They think I am a bear:  
 I wont make way for more inside,  
 Of room I'll have my share.  
 If but *two* ladies now can sit  
 Where once there could sit *four*;  
 I say—they must put up with it;  
 They say, "You horrid bore!"

## ENCORE VERSES.

If to a coffee-room I go,  
 The *Times* I then engage;  
 D'ye think I'd give it up? Oh no!  
 Till I've read every page.

## THE ENTERTAINER'S SONG BOOK.

In vain the waiter says, "That gent,  
 Sir, asked for it before ;"  
 I hand him, then—the Supplement :  
 He thinks me quite a bore.

Perhaps some friend a party gives,  
 And I get no invite ;  
 I'm sure to find out where he lives,  
 And there I am that night.  
 "I said I'd take you unawares ;  
 I couldn't come before ;"  
 "You'll join the company upstairs ?"  
 "Of course." "Oh ! what a bore !"

I fix upon the fairest there,  
 Her beau 'll upon me frown ;  
 When *he* gets up I take *his* chair,  
 And to supper take *her* down.  
 I seat myself then by her side,  
 He stands outside the door ;  
 With champagne I get well supplied,  
 So he thinks me a bore.

To sing some fav'rite song, our host  
 A friend then does beseech,  
 That moment is not to be lost—  
 I rise to make a speech.  
 Of course the singer must give way ;  
 But long before it's o'er,  
 I hear them to each other say—  
 "Oh ! what a horrid bore ."

And now I've sung my ditty through,  
 If for it you don't care,  
 I've sung to please myself, not you,  
 And your applause can spare.  
 I think you'd better then refrain,  
 For if you cry *encore*,  
 I'll sing it all right through again,  
 And that would be a bore.

## THE WHISKERS.

EDWARD DRAPER.]

{ Air—"Cork Leg"—or  
"Nix my Dolly."

A YOUTH with cheeks devoid of hair  
The question popped to his lady fair ;  
She sighed, "I love ; but never can  
Consent to marry a whiskerless man."

But boldly he the matter braved ;  
"They'd grow," said he, "but I keep 'em  
shaved ;  
For my artist friends all declare the line  
Of my cheek and jaw is exceedingly fine."

He bade his fair awhile good-bye,  
He knew he'd told a *barefaced* lie ;  
But hoped to make some whiskers come  
On cheeks as bald as a parchment drum.

He bought each grease the barbers praised,  
Like calico his cheeks grew glaz'd ;  
And he even purchas'd dye, 'tis said,  
In case his whiskers should blossom red.

He sought the aid of a bearded friend,  
Who thus advis'd him to gain his end :  
"The way to grow your whiskers thick,  
Is to rub your cheeks with a Flanders' brick."

A shave oft strengthens hair, they y,  
He'd shave himself six times a day ;  
And then he'd wait awhile—but no !  
They'd made their minds up not to grow.

At length, by hope deferr'd, cast down,  
He bought a pair for half-a-crown ;  
They look'd as well as if they grew,  
Held on by sticky stuff like glue.

He sought his love, who, nothing loth,  
 Agreed the priest should join them both ;  
 And he look'd when he wedded his lovely wife,  
 As though he'd been whisker'd all his life.

Returning from the scene of bliss,  
 He gave his wife her bridal kiss ;  
 While she returning his fervid flame,  
 Fell twitching his whiskers and off they came.

But greater woe befell him yet,  
 When he saw his bride at her next toilet ;  
 She wore false curls and rouged her cheeks,  
 And her teeth were casts from fine antiques.

However he might swear and curse,  
 He had her then for better or worse ;  
 And when for deception his spouse he blames,  
 She cries, " Remember your whiskers, James !"

[Can be sung to either of the airs mentioned in the heading.  
 If to the latter, the last three syllables of the second line of  
 each quatrain, and the two last lines are repeated.]

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## DICKY GOSSIP IS THE MAN.

[PRINCE HOARE.]

WHEN I was a youngster, I first was apprenticed  
 Unto a gay barber, so dapper and airy ;  
 I next was a carpenter, then turned a dentist,  
 Then tailor, good Lord ! then an apothecary.  
     But for this trade or that,  
     They all come as pat  
     As they can ;  
 For shaving and tooth-drawing,  
 Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,  
 Dicky Gossip is the man.

Though tailor and dentist but awkwardly tether,  
 In both the vocations I still have my savings;  
 And two of my trades couple rarely together,  
 For barber and carpenter both deal in *shavings*.  
 So for this trade or that,  
 They all come as pat, &c.

But blunders will happen in callings so various;  
 I fancy they happen to some who are prouder;  
 I once gave a patient, whose health was precarious,  
 A terrible dose of my best *shaving powder*,  
 But no matter for that,  
 My trades come as pat, &c.

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### THE IRON TIMES.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[*Air*—"Age of Indian Rubber."]

To show the world, as in a glass,  
 O! for the pen of Byron!  
 Some say this is the age of brass,  
 But I think it is of iron;  
 Well, iron is a subject nice—  
 I'll blacksmith turn, nor shirk it;  
 And, as I've got a little *vice*,  
 Into a song I'll work it!

There still some Ramo Samees are,  
 Who iron-eating follow;  
 They find themselves much better far,  
 The more they iron swallow!  
 For ride or walk, or stand or stoop,  
 This metal is befriending,  
 And like unto a boy's round hoop,  
 There seems to be no ending.

In this same world of tears and smiles,  
 Of kinds, and sorts, and grades, now,  
 We often meet some queer old files,  
 And odd queer-temper'd blades, now;



Great screws are many in't and then,  
 Dead-nails, too, it appears now ;  
 Besides, we've lots of iron-men,  
 But they're mostly overseers now !

This ore's the universal trade,  
 For in it every soul stirs—  
 Sheet-iron, and iron-bedsteads made—  
 Iron pillows—iron bolsters !  
 Iron coaches are amongst the things  
 Of great improvement hinters ;  
 And thus the rich have iron *springs*—  
 The poor but iron winters !

We've iron boats that will not break—  
 Iron piers, and iron lords now ;  
 And that "iron tears down Pluto's cheek  
 Once roll'd !" some bard records now,  
 The quills we'd once from fowls and hens,  
 Afford us now few uses—  
 Our scribblers now all use steel pens,  
 And tailors iron *gooses* !

Oxide of iron's in request—  
 Which is hard as hide of oxes—  
 Then we've a play, *The Iron Chest*,  
 Iron safes, and iron boxes ;  
 The works of Steele, if you've not read,  
 They're good you may rely on,  
 We've many tragedies of lead—  
 And only one of *Ion* !

Sulphate of iron in our ink  
 If put 'twill make it good, now ;  
 And very learned doctors think  
 We've iron in our blood, now.  
 We've flat-irons, and we've iron flats,  
 In railway schemes they're great, now,  
 And then we've iron "footmen," that  
 Attend the iron-grate now !

We'd once a Buonaparte renown'd,  
 Who tricks with us did try on ;  
 We all know well that he was crown'd  
 With Milan's crown of iron.  
 Our Iron Duke his hide did tan,  
 And well he did his task, sir,—  
 That duke another "iron man"  
 In another "iron mask," sir!

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### THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Oh, Cruel."]

LET others sing of times to come—  
 Of joys that never will !  
 My song shall be of days gone by :  
 So, boys, a bumper fill  
 To the good old times ! oh, the good old times !  
 Their like we ne'er shall see :  
 The world was full of honest hearts,  
 And life went merrily.  
 To the good old times ! &c.

In the days of youth, when all was flowers,  
 And ev'ry month was May,  
 And my spirits were light as the thistle down,  
 And my heart was always gay,  
 I loved a fair and gentle maid  
 With all the constancy  
 That a mutual flame in youth can inspire ;  
 But, alas ! she jilted me.  
 Oh, the good old times ! &c.

Friends of to-day, how vain are they !  
 The partners of an hour,  
 That fortune gathers round a man,  
 As sunshine wakes the flow'r.

My friend and I, in infancy,  
 Play'd 'neath the same old tree :  
 One home was ours for long, long years,  
 Till my friend arrested me.  
 Oh, the good old times ! &c.

My country's cause was always mine—  
 Britannia, ocean's bride !  
 A patriot's name my dearest boast,  
 A patriot's heart my pride.  
 My leader was "the people's friend ;"  
 'Twas thus he gain'd my vote :  
 But they put him on the pension list,  
 And *the patriot* turned his coat.  
 Oh, the good old times ! &c.

'Twas then I felt that honour dwelt  
 In noble ancestry ;  
 That still in high and gentle blood  
 Some secret virtues lie.  
 My champion now I joy'd to hear  
 Rail at the *parvenu* :  
 But I soon found *him* on the Civil List—  
 With his wife and cousins too.  
 Oh, the good old times ! &c.

Disgusted with the city's vice,  
 I to the country sped—  
 A simple husbandman, my life  
 Mid flocks and herds I led.  
 The live-long day I'd pipe and play,  
 Or on some thyme bank sleep :  
 But at night they broke into my folds,  
 And stole my cows and sheep,  
 Oh, the good old times ! &c.

They told me 'twas my single state  
 That harass'd thus my life ;  
 And to the altar soon I led  
 A young and lovely wife.

Oh! then what joys, what hopes were mine!  
 Life seem'd a brighter heaven:  
 But my wife eloped with her cousin Tom,  
 And left me infants seven.

Oh, the good old times! &c.

## WHACK! FOR THE PADDIES, THEIR MAMMIES AND DADDIES.

J. BRUEER.]

} *Tune*—“This London, sgrah!  
 { it is the Devil's own Shop.”

FOR tightness, for brightness,  
 For wit and politeness,  
 Old Ireland is famed since the world first began;  
 For courage, humanity,  
 Who has the vanity  
 To set himself up by a neat Irishman?  
 In love or in liquor,  
 No man can get quicker;  
 He ever feels grateful for women and wine;  
 His foe to be roasting,  
 Or nymph to be toasting,  
 Pat's first to begin, and the last to resign.  
 Sing whack for the Paddies!  
 Their mammies and daddies!  
 Be their hearts free from sorrow, their hands free  
 from toil;  
 May they fight for the freedom  
 Of nations that need 'em,  
 And Pat never want a potatoe to boil.

When Pat is a soldier,  
 No one can be bolder;  
 With gun on his shoulder, he marches to fight;  
 Whack! filliloo! singing,  
 He's first in beginning  
 To fire on the foe, whether front, left, or right.

But when foeman, falling,  
 For mercy is bawling,  
 Though Pat's nose has been nearly cut off by his  
 blows ;  
 Pat's to him soon friendly,  
 And argues thus kindly—  
 "I wont cut off his head in revenge for my nose."  
 Sing whack ! &c.

When Pat is in love,  
 Och ! his arguments prove  
 So just and so true, soon they conquer the fair ;  
 With an Irish Paddy,  
 Says every lady,  
 For love and gentility none can compare.  
 To lend one assistance,  
 He ne'er minds the distance :  
 He'll drink and he'll fight, and a joke's his delight ;  
 Good humour attend him,  
 And the man that offends him,  
 He'll knock down with his *left* and pick up with  
 his *right* !  
 Sing whack, &c.

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### THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'.

MR. DUNLOP.]

{ *Air*—"It's good to be off wi'  
 the old love."

HERE'S to the year that's awa' !  
 We will drink it in strong and in sma' ;  
 And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,  
 While swift flew the year that's awa'.  
 And here's to ilk, &c.

Here's to the sodger who bled,  
 And the sailor who bravely did fa' ;  
 Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled  
 On the wings of the year that's awa'.  
 Their fame is alive, &c.

Here's to the friends we can trust,  
 When the storms of adversity blow ;  
 May they live in our song, and be nearest our  
 hearts,  
 Nor depart like the year that's awa'.  
 May they live, &c.

---

## FOR FIFTEEN SPRINGS I HAVE BEEN OUT.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by GEORGE LINLEY.]

FOR fifteen springs I have been out, and I am thirty-  
 three,  
 I never get proposals now, what can the reason be ?  
 All strangers guess me twenty-one and praise me to  
 the skies,  
 Because I have such pearly teeth and animated eyes.  
 Would none but strangers saw me now ! Alas, it is  
 my lot  
 To dwell where I have always dwelt, half rooted to  
 the spot !  
 Children who shared my childish sports have children  
 of their own,  
 And brats I once look'd down upon, are men and  
 women grown !  
 Last week a gallant son of Mars invited me to dance :  
 We laughed, we talked ! I really thought once more  
 I had a chance !  
 At length he said, " My dear Miss Smith, you don't  
 remember me !  
 I'm William Jones, twelve years ago, you danced me  
 on your knee ?"  
 When fashionably dress'd, some friend exclaims,  
 " Miss Smith I know  
 You must remember sleeves like these at least ten  
 years age."

The sweetest fruit is that which hangs the longest on  
the tree,  
For fifteen springs I have been out, and I am thirty-  
three !

---

## I'M JUST EIGHTEEN, AND QUITE A MAN.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by GEORGE LINLEY.]

I'm just eighteen, and quite a man, I'm no Etonian now;  
Don't call me boy ! such liberties I never will allow ;  
One's own relations bore one so ; when we go out to  
dine,  
I wish my mother would not say, " John, don't take  
too much wine."

My face is smooth, but bear's-grease brings musta-  
chios and a tuft ;  
I know my figure's rather slight, but then my coat is  
stuff'd ;  
My legs are long, and if they are as straight as  
father's staff,  
In black cloth trousers what's the use of having any  
calf ?

Said Lady Trippet, when she asked my mother to her  
ball,  
" If your young people are at home, I beg you'll bring  
them all ;"  
The odious term included me ! I'll stay at home, I vow,  
" Young people " means the boys and girls, I'm no  
young person now.

My sister Kate in confidence has told me that Miss  
King  
Has raved about me ever since she saw me in the  
spring ;  
Poor girl ! I must contrive to be less pleasant if I can,  
And Kate must tell her candidly I'm not a marrying  
man.

## MURPHY DELANEY.

CHARLES DIBDIN }  
the Younger. }

[Tune—"In Ireland so frisky."]

IT was Murphy Delaney, so funny and frisky,  
Popp'd in a sheebeen shop to get his skin full;  
And reel'd out again pretty well lined with whisky,  
So fresh as a shamrock, and blind as a bull;  
But a trifling accident happen'd our rover,  
Who took the quay-side for the floor of his shed,  
And the keel of a coal-barge he just tumbled over,  
And thought all the time he was going to bed;  
And sing fillaloo, hubbaboo, whack, botheration,  
Every man in his humour, as Kate kiss'd the pig!

Some folks passing by, drew him out of the river,  
And got a horse-doctor his sickness to mend;  
Who swore that poor Pat was no longer a liver,  
But dead as the divil, and there was an end.  
So they sent for the coroner's jury to try him,  
But Pat, not half liking the comical strife,  
Fell to twisting and turning the while they sat by  
him,  
And came (when he found it convenient) to life.  
Sing fillaloo, &c.

Says Pat to the jury, "Your worships, an't please  
you,  
I don't think I'm dead; so what is it you'd do?"  
"Not dead!" said the foreman, "you spalpeen, be  
easy,  
Do you think, don't the doctor know better than  
you?"  
So then they went on in the business further;  
Examin'd the doctor about his belief;  
Then brought poor Delaney in guilty of murder,  
And swore they would hang him in spite of his  
teeth.  
Sing fillaloo, &c.



But Paddy click'd hold of a clumsy shelaly,  
 And laid on the doctor, who, stiff as a post,  
 Still swore that it couldn't be Murphy Delaney,  
 But was something *alive*, and so must be his  
 ghost ;  
 The jury began then with fear to survey him,  
 While he like the divil about him did pay ;  
 So they sent out of hand for the *clergy* to lay him,  
 But Pat laid the *clergy*, and then ran away.  
 Sing fillaloo, &c.

---

## LEAVE OFF YOUR FOOLISH PRATING.

LEAVE off your foolish prating,  
 Talk no more of Whig and Tory,  
 But drink your glass, round let it pass,  
 The bottle stands before ye.  
 Fill it up to the top,  
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd ;  
 Drink about—see it out,  
 Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,  
 This night devote to pleasure ;  
 Let worldly cares, and State affairs,  
 Be thought on at most leisure.  
 Fill it up to the top,  
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd ;  
 Drink about—see it out,  
 Love and friendship still go round.

If man is so zealous  
 To be a party minion,  
 Let him drink like me, we'll soon agree,  
 And be of one opinion.  
 Fill your glass, name your lass,  
 See her health go swiftly round ;  
 Drink about—see it out,  
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd.

## MAMMA WONT LET ME MARRY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"I should like to marry."

MAMMA wont let me marry,  
 I'm sure I can't tell why,—  
 Now, isn't it provoking,  
 And enough to make one cry?  
 Jemima says its jealousy,  
 But she goes rather far;  
 My parent thinks herself too young,  
 'To be a grandmamma.  
 But she will not let me marry yet;  
 Oh dear, what shall I do?—  
 Now, isn't it a shameful thing  
 To treat a daughter so?  
 Jemima's cousin's sister's maid,  
 Who lives at number six,  
 Says she, "If I was you, Miss Brown,  
 The day I'd make her fix;  
 For captains now is very scarce,  
 And husbands hard to find;  
 And if you do not hook your man,  
 Perhaps he'll change his mind."  
 But mamma wont let me marry yet;  
 Oh dear, what shall I do?—  
 Now, isn't it a shameful thing  
 To treat a daughter so?  
 The captain says such pretty things,  
 And calls me his heart's queen—  
 I wonder he has not proposed  
 A trip to Gretna Green.  
 When I hint'd at it t'other day,  
 He smooth'd his glossy hair,  
 Said he loved me to distraction,  
 But he could not live on air.  
 Oh, mamma wont let me marry yet;  
 Oh dear, what shall I do?—  
 Now, isn't it a shameful thing  
 To treat a daughter so?

Miss Clark was married t'other day,  
 (A nasty pert young jade) ;  
 And now she's got an opera-box,  
 And keeps her lady's-maid.  
 The spiteful thing has dared to say—  
 Oh, dear, how very funny—  
 That the captain does not care for me,  
 But only wants my money.  
 Mamma wont let me marry yet ;  
 Oh dear, what shall I do ?—  
 Now, isn't it a shameful thing  
 To treat a daughter so ?

Those guardians and executors  
 Are all on mischief bent ;  
 They too forbid my marrying  
 Without mamma's consent.  
 My fortune's at their mercy,  
 So, like a lonesome nun,  
 I must pine in single wretchedness,  
 Until I'm twenty-one !  
 For mamma wont let me marry yet ;  
 Oh dear, what shall I do ?—  
 Now, isn't it a shameful thing  
 To treat a daughter so ?

---

## BE A GOOD BOY, AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

WHEN I was at home, with my father and mother,  
 I bate the old couple, and Teddy my brother—  
 At larning, I mane ; for I handled the spade,  
 And so nately I followed the turfcutting trade :  
 But old Father Murphey, our parish director,  
 He now and then gave me a bit of a lecture ;  
 " Arrah, Barney," says he, " you're a frolicsome elf,  
 But be a good boy, and take care of yourself !"  
 With your too ral lal loo, &c.

My Judy I loved, and oft gave her a kiss ;  
 "Fie, Barney," says she, but ne'er took it amiss :  
 One night I took leave ; says I, "Judy, I'm off,"  
 But heard, as I thought, in the closet a cough ;  
 So I opened the door, and, I stared like a pig,  
 There stood old Father Murphey, without hat or wig ;  
 "Arrah, Father," says I, "you're a frolicsome elf,  
 But be a good boy, and take care of yourself!"

With your too ral lal loo, &c,

I was a going, when old Father Murphey cried  
 "Stay ;

We'll settle this matter, I'll tell you the way,  
 I'll marry you both, and then, Barney, you know——"  
 "Thank'ee, Father," says I, "but I'd much rather go."  
 So to old Father Murphey I bade a good night,  
 And to Judy I said what you'll own was quite right ;  
 "Arrah, Judy," says I, "you're a frolicsome elf,  
 But I'll be a good boy, and take care of myself!"

With my too ral lal loo, &c.

## A CUTTING STORY.

JACOB BRULER.]

{ *Tune*—"Molly Papps."  
 "Rifum tifum."

I NOW will lay before ye,  
 A very cutting story ;  
 It's of a beau, one Thomas Toe,  
 Who loved Miss Tamer Tory.  
     Indeed he did ; oh yes, he did.  
     Rump!e, tump!e, toody iddy,  
     Toe and Tamer Tory.

A milliner was she, sir,  
 A linendraper he, sir,  
 Genteel, polite, good looking, light,  
 And very much like me, sir.  
     Indeed he was ; oh yes, he was.  
     Rumple, tump!e, toody iddy,  
     Toe and Tamer Tory.

Whene'er they had a meeting,  
 With fruit she wanted treating ;  
 She thought that loving was like a pudding,  
 The proof was in the eating.  
 Indeed she did ; oh yes, she did.  
 Rurple, turple, toody iddy,  
 Toe and Tamer Tory.

His time was at her leisure,  
 His shop was at her pleasure ;  
 He served her first, and gave her trust,  
 And very best of measure.  
 Indeed he did ; oh yes, he did.  
 Rurple, turple, toody iddy,  
 Toe and Tamer Tory.

One day he saw her pass, sir,  
 And bowing to the lass, sir,  
 He bow'd so low, his head somehow,  
 Popp'd through a pane of glass, sir.  
 Indeed it did ; oh yes, it did.  
 Rurple, turple, toody iddy,  
 Toe and Tamer Tory.

No face then e'er could match his ;  
 To heal his cuts and scratches  
 The doctor chose, his cheeks and nose  
 To cover with black patches.  
 Indeed he did ; oh yes, he did.  
 Rurple, turple, toody iddy,  
 Toe and Tamer Tory.

He, after this disaster,  
 Became Miss Tory's laughter ;  
 And in his shop, he looks cut up,  
 For she cut him ever after.  
 Indeed she did ; oh yes, she did.  
 Rurple, turple, toody iddy,  
 Toe and Tamer Tory.

## THE LAST MAN OF THE SEASON.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by GEORGE LINLEY.]

BEHOLD the last man of the season,  
Left pacing the park all alone,  
He'll blush if you ask him the reason,  
Why he with the rest is nor gone?  
He'll see you with shame and with sorrow,  
He'll smile with affected delight;  
He'll swear he leaves London to-morrow,  
And only came to it last night!

He'll tell you that nobles select him  
To cheer their romantic retreats,  
That friends from all quarters expect him  
To stay at their elegant seats.  
Invited by all, then, how can he know  
Which he should favour or shun;  
He's sure of offending so many,  
By paying a visit to one.

He'll say that the Yacht Club implore him  
To cruise in their exquisite ships:  
The ladies of fashion quite bore him  
To join in their wandering trips:  
That stewards of all races entreat him  
To go to them; what can he do?  
So odd you should happen to meet him,  
So strange as he's just passing through.

In town, in the month of September,  
We find neither riches nor rank;  
In vain we look out for a member  
To give us a nod or look frank.  
Each knocker in silence reposes,  
In every mansion you find  
One dirty old woman who dozes,  
Or peeps through the dining-room blind!

Then hence, thou last man of the season ;  
 Lest fashion the outrage should blab !  
 Shrink back as if guilty of treason  
 Within the dark depths of thy cab.  
 If money be wanting, go borrow,  
 Remain—and thy character's lost !  
 Go print thy departure to-morrow :  
 "Sir Linger from Longs to the coast !"

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### THE KNOWLENS AND O'NEILS.

THE sky was as clear as a whistle,  
 The sun like a forge-fire shone,  
 When the boys they came out for to wrestle,  
 Last June down the county Tyrone.  
 The prize was a pair leather breeches,  
 That swung from a pole in the gale ;  
 And the boy that expected to win them,  
 Was tattering Paddy O'Neil.

Tol lo do rol, &c.

Arrah, Tim you must know was a tripper ;  
 Twelve stone he stood just in his hose,  
 If you had given him your neck in his flipper,  
 He'd soon shake the nails off your toes ;  
 If a spalpeen dare stand up forenent him,  
 He'd better go whistle—chew oatmeal,  
 For he had no chance of standing forenent him,  
 'Cept he wished him to drive home the nail.

Tol lo do rol, &c.

Ned Knowlens' the carpenter's son,  
 Was the boy that first danced in the ring,  
 He was always a devil for fun,  
 Soul ! he'd fight just as soon as he'd sing.  
 Then collars and elbows were taken—  
 From their heels how they beat off the scales ;  
 And they swore by the holy St. Patrick,  
 They would skiver and thrash the O'Neils.

Tol lo do rol, &c.

The ducks and the geese began squeaking,  
 The chickens took wing and did fly,  
 And the little pigs, to save their own bacon,  
 Had a grand galley-pad through the sty ;  
 While the children were hid in their cages,  
 The Knowlens with pitchforks and flails,  
 Sallied out like as many midges,  
 To skiver and thrash the O'Neils.

Tol lo do rol, &c.

Affection was soon congregated,  
 Up hill and down hollow they came,  
 The cry was O'Neil will be at him,  
 He's a stout hard card in the game.  
 The clubs and the spades were well handled,  
 Like diamonds, some cut for the dale,  
 And they fought till they were roaring for candles,  
 To pick the Knowlens from the O'Neil.

Tol lo do rol, &c.

The priest was sent for to the riot,  
 And numbers he saved from being kill'd,  
 In a minute he had them all quiet,  
 But not till some blood had been spill'd.  
 Arrah, boys, if you keep up this fighting,  
 You never will gain the repeal,  
 But the cackling was soon out of sighting,  
 And each Knowlen shook hands with O'Neil.

Tol lo do rol, &c.

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## DENIS DELANEY.

IN sweet Tipperary, the pride of the throng,  
 I've danced a good jig and I've sung a good song ;  
 On the green where I caper'd I scarce bent the grass,  
 To my bottle a friend, and no foe to a lass ;  
 At hurling, my fellow could never be found,  
 For whoever I jostled soon came to the ground ;





As I came back again, quite sober and steady,  
 I saw three or four buckeens attacking a lady ;  
 With my slip of shillelah I made them forbear,  
 For an Irishman always will fight for the fair ;  
 But the police they call'd, who came great and small,  
 " Devil burn me," says I, " but I'll leather you all ;"  
 And though I was fighting them, this I will say,  
 They were active fellows at—running away.

With my whack about, &c.

Then to see a fine play, which I ne'er saw before,  
 To the playhouse I went with three or four more,  
 And upstairs I walked to see things the better,  
 The play-bill I bought, though I knew not a letter.  
 But the crowd was so great and the players so funny,  
 I laugh'd more, I'm sure, than the worth of my money ;  
 Although with their noise they sent me quite mad,  
 When the boys above stairs call'd for "Moll in the  
 Wad."

With my whack about, &c.

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## MR. HEAD, MR. FOOT, AND MISS BODY.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"The Washing Day."]

OH, listen to a *tale* most true,  
 Of which I've somewhere read ;  
 And straightway I will tell to you  
 The *tale* of *Mr. Head*.  
 This *Mr. Head*, tho' he was wise,  
 Sly Cupid made a noddy ;  
 He lost his *heart* all thro' the *eyes*  
 Of beautiful *Miss Body*.

*Miss Body* children did improve  
 In consonants and vowels ;  
 Fond of *learning*, but for *love*,  
*Miss Body* had no *bowels*.

Except for one *short* Suitor, who  
*Long* for her hand did beg,  
 A *Mr. Foot*, a charming man,  
 Who had a *handsome leg*.

When *Mr. Head* found *Mr. Foot*  
 Had got such *footing* there,  
 Too far *a-head* for him to move,  
 His *heart* was all despair.  
 To catch his rival on the *hip*  
 He watched with jealous *torters*,  
 But could not draw off *Mr. Foot*  
 From sweet *Miss Body's quarters*.

So *Mr. Head* a letter wrote  
 To *Mr. Foot* in spite,  
 That he should choose his weapons, and  
 For sweet *Miss Body fight*.  
*Miss Body* saw the challenge, and  
 Her *heart* beat with alarms,  
 For fear that *Mr. Foot* might lose  
 His *legs* by using *arms*.

But *Foot* he was a valiant *Man*,  
 And to the ground he started ;  
 Sweet *Miss Body* got *between*,  
 And *Head* and *Foot* she parted.  
 She would not let their pistols shoot,  
 And so with *fists* instead,  
*Blows* did go from *Head* to *Foot*,  
 And *kicks* from *Foot* to *Head*.

To part, then, *Head* and *Foot* inclined,  
 With bruises very sore—  
 Poor *Head's head* was crack'd *behind*,  
 His *heart* was broke *before*.  
*Mr. Foot* he footed off,  
 Love would not let him linger ;  
 Next morning saw the wedding ring  
 On sweet *Miss Body's finger*.

Now *Miss Body's Mrs. Foot*,  
 And, bless'd with all her *charms*,  
 In chaste embraces every night  
 Her *Foot* sleeps in her *arms*.  
 It will not bring out much surprise,  
 Nor be astonishing,  
 If from this *Mr. and Mrs. Foot*  
 Some *little Feet* should spring.

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### KING JAMES THE FIRST.

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Tune—"Washing Day."]

KING JAMES THE FIRST, Earl Darnley's son,  
 Into a song I'll twist :  
 Who changed our English *reign* into  
 A regular "Scotch mist !"  
 Chock full of self-esteem was he—  
 Though seeming but a plain Scot ;  
 He sent them all unto the wall  
 Which show'd he was a *wain* Scot !

Queen Mary and King James did not  
 Much in prefixes vary :  
 The last being dubb'd a "crimson" James !  
 The first, "Magenta" Mary !  
 For Bessy's crown James claimant was—  
 And strange there was no other—  
 Yet strangeness none, to pass from one  
 Old woman to another !

King James's reign, with incidents,  
 Than others was *more fraught-er* !  
 And truly may it be alleged,  
 He "went through fire and water !"  
 Sir "Hu-Mid"—Sir Hugh Myd-dleton—  
 That monarch's period marks ;  
 Whilst Faux's fireworks made the ground  
 He walk'd on "James's-parks."

This Guy with diabolic mind—  
 As one from history learns—  
 Had with some private friends resolved  
 To give "A Nicht wi' Burns!"  
 This would attract the King they thought—  
 The horrid wicked batch!  
 All wished to do him hurt, and see  
 A Scotchman go to "scratch!"

'Twas Messrs. Piercy, Catesby, Faux,  
 Who'd laid their plans with nouse!  
 The first said, "We've a 'Jemmy' got  
 To open us the House!  
 Old Guy shall be our engineer,  
 To work with might and main—  
 To put the steam on and send up  
 The 'Parliamentary train!'"

"I have a '*Waults*,' a lively '*Waltz*!"  
 Said Piercy; "and 'tis plain,  
 That if they up the *middle* go,  
 They'll ne'er come '*down again*!"  
 I'll be myself a member *Bright*—  
 Reform shall send its sweets,  
 And they shall see a thorough 'Re-  
 Distribution of their seats!"

And so these folks indulged their jokes,  
 Though not wise or discreet;  
 "'The Trial Stakes!' are on," said Guy;  
 "This will be a *dead* heat!"  
 But Sovereign James th' *early tip*  
 Did from Monteagle cull:  
 "I'm up to snuff!" said he; "this is  
 A regular Scotch mull!"

Rome seem'd here whispering to the King—  
 "Whichever way you *turn* your nose  
 It will get scorched!" "But why?" asked James:  
 When answered Rome, "*Hi-bern-ia knows*!"

King James saw now he'd met his match!—  
 Saw in the glass his sand turn!—  
 Saw in the very candle "thieves!"—  
 Behind the Papal *hand turn!*

Said James unto his noble lords—  
 "For this escape we're prouder!  
 That by mistake we did not take  
 This dose of James's powder!"  
 Ye highest men—ye "Upper Ten"—  
 Ye might have gone much higher;  
 Been burnt, and heard your foes cry, "See,  
 The *high 'uns in the fire!*"

So Faux and Co. were spared the *blow!*—  
 Fail'd their intentions base;  
 Their *matches* were not made in heav'n,  
 But in the other place!  
 And may all foes who would disclose  
 Such diabolic phases,  
 Instead of victims innocent—  
 Be sent themselves to *blazes!*

(From "Comic Idylls of the Kings and Heroes.")

## SIR ROBERT PEEL ON THE RIFLES.

EDWARD DRAPER.]

[Air—"Derry Down."]

SIR ROBERT arose in the Parliament Hall  
 To fire a few shots at the Riflemen all;  
 'Tis easy to see why his efforts were vain,  
 His charge was blank cartridge, his priming champagne.  
Down, &c.

Says he—"Mr. Speaker, I meet every day  
 Our riflemen clad in their jackets of grey;  
 I'll give 'em a jacketing, fitting and warm,  
 Though it may not improve much the 'Riflemen form.'  
Down, &c.

There's one corps the title of six foot has got,  
 From four-footed beasts to distinguish the lot ;  
 The Pimlico Fencibles, too, has again  
 A most indefensible—(twig ?)—cognomen.

Down, &c.

St. John the Evangelist, too, by a fluke,  
 Has muster'd a corps ; Mark ! how odd it must Luke  
 To see a man taking a gun in his fist,  
 To list in the corps of the *Evange-list*

Down, &c.

A crack shot at Hythe gained his practice, I find,  
 By shooting at cats in his garden—behind ;  
 But if ev'ryone shooting next-door cat we see,  
 He may stuff it, and there'll be a cat-as-trophy.

Down, &c.

To lament the poor molrows you cannot refuse,  
 To aid me, Melpomene—tragical *mews* ;  
 Else, what heaps of dead cats at elections there'll be  
 For pelting un-pop-ular members like me.

Down, &c.

The lawyers defend that fee simple, our shores,  
 Neglecting their causes to join in the corps ;  
*In medio tutissimus ibis*, says well—  
 They'll be safer at home in the Middle Tem-pel.

Down, &c.

There's Downing, Q.C., will lay foes in the dust,  
 While Parry's to balk every bayonet thrust ;  
 And a third's very name the remembrance recalls  
 Of bullets and shouting—I mean Dr. Balls.

Down, &c.

A rifleman bold, at a dangerous time,  
 Must crawl on his belly, and trees he must climb ;  
 But one of the sights I should most like to see  
 Is a corpulent rifleman climbing a tree.

Down, &c.

I hear they proposed, at the new Floral Hall,  
 To give what they term a grand Rifleman's Ball ;  
 That's the sort of ball suits 'em much better than shot,  
 Yah ! if I had my way I'd soon floor all the lot."  
 Down, &c.

Then his speech being ended, Sir Robert sat down,  
 'Mid cheers such as greet a theatrical clown ;  
 As for us, we don't heed his satirical stroke,  
 We shall never stand fire if we can't stand a joke.  
 Down, &c.

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## THE LAY OF THE LAST ARTIST,

KEPT IN TOWN ALL THE AUTUMN.

J. ASHBY STERRY.]

{ *Tune*—"The Miseries of  
 { a Lord Mayor."

OH ! how grimy the trees that one everywhere sees,  
 As one's rounds in the squares now one happens  
 to go ;  
 Oh ! how hot and how crabbed, and almost gone rabid,  
 Is the artist imprisoned in dingy Soho.  
 Law has quitted his Coke, and has sported his oak,  
 E'en police reports now are most wretchedly slow ;  
 There's nought in the papers to drive off the vapours,  
 And gladden the artist in dismal Soho.

I make calls on old friends, but in sorrow that ends ;  
 "Left town, sir !" Alas ! yes, I feared it was so ;  
 Maulsticke is from home, and M'Guilps gone to  
 Rome—  
 Ah ! a village deserted is gloomy Soho.  
 There's Smith and there's Brown, and there's young  
 Tonemdown,  
 And old Tomkins, whose pictures are sadly so so ;  
 Off this autumn again to Wales, Scotland, or Spain,  
 Whilst I am imprisoned in dreary Soho.



Models all are at rest, and not one's in request,  
 From piquant Miss Poser to pretty Miss Snow ;  
 And the pugilist brawny, and Hindoo so tawny,  
 Lounge at large now in publics in vacant Soho.  
 I avoid the display in the windows so gay  
 Of Winsor and Newton, and Rowney also ;  
 And I shun like the measles the portable easels,  
 And other art nicknacks to tempt poor Soho.

My picture's not sold—bad luck to those old  
 Curmudgeons who placed it so horribly low ;  
 To the hanging committee is due this sad ditty,  
 Of the artist imprisoned in stagnant Soho.  
 But for this the nice girls, whose far-flowing curls  
 In the breezes of Brighton so pleasantly blow,  
 Would (in spite of my wife) have been sketched to  
 the life,  
 By the wretched one pent up in dismal Soho.

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## THE IRISH CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

JACOB BEULER.]

[Tune—"Judy's Black Eyes."]

OCH ! sure, I've become quite a citizen,  
 Or a cosmopolite of the world ;  
 For all parts of the earth I've been visiting,  
 East, west, north, and south I've been hurl'd.  
 I've been ev'rywhere with the armies—  
 I was beaten in Spain black and blue ;  
 I was scorched by the fire of the Burmese,  
 And wet through at famed Waterloo.  
 I have travell'd from one end to t'other  
 Of this globe, which is round as a ball ;  
 Where one country's as good as another,  
 But old Ireland is better than all.

From big Howth to the high hill of Shooter  
 I've marched, and thought nought of the job, sir  
 In the Thames and the great Burrampooter,  
 I've many times swum like a lobster.

I've been drowned in the Atlantic Ocean,  
At th' Equator been burnt to a coal ;  
And though I went to bed with my clothes on,  
I've been frozen to death at the Pole.

I have fed upon boil'd rice in Injy,  
In France, fricassee and ragoo ;  
I have lived with white, black, brown, and dingy,  
In England I've eat Irish stew.  
In Greenland I've seen many big whales—  
English judges wear wigs to look wise ;  
The Chinese wear very long pigtails—  
They're a set of rare, rum looking guys.

In Injy they burn ev'ry widow  
Along with the corpse of her spouse ;  
In Yorkshire they think that a meadow's  
The best place for fattening cows.  
In Europe the ladies are taper,  
In Asia they're plump and they're fat ;  
In America brown as brown paper,  
In Africa black as my hat.

In the ocean the great river Shannon falls,  
Horse soldiers in London wear boots ;  
The African people are *cannonballs*,  
And eat one alive like the brutes.  
The Cossacks and Tartars drink lamp oil,  
So in England they burn only gas ;  
In Kent, Romney Marsh is a damp soil,  
Where they send sheep and horses to grass.

In Turkey the folks are called Mussulmen,  
With their beards they are queer-looking fish ;  
Injy planters e'er make a great bustle, when  
Their slaves don't obey as they wish.  
Och ! Lapland's more cold than the Prussias,  
Abyssinia's a very hot clime ;  
And as meat will not keep there, the butchers  
Only kill half a pig at a time.

Irish ladies have feet very pretty,  
 English ladies have their's very small ;  
 French ladies' are dressish and natty,  
 Chinese ladies have no feet at all.  
 They must not taste whiskey in Turkey,  
 And the Frenchmen make elegant bows ;  
 In London they drink Irish whiskey,  
 And have milk from the Alderney cows.

In China they folks call to prayers,  
 With the sound of a great Chinese gong ;  
 They don't seem to have any Lord Mayors,  
 So I'll put an end to my song.  
 I've been welcom'd by wise and by witty men,  
 In all countries to which I've been hurl'd ;  
 And now I've become quite a citizen,  
 Or a cosmopolite of the world.  
 I've travell'd from one end to t'other  
 Of this globe, which is round as a ball ;  
 Where one country's as good as another,  
 But old Ireland is better than all.

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### MADAM FIG'S GALA.

CHARLES DIBDIN the Younger.] [*Tune*—"Drops of Brandy."]

I'ZE a Yorkshireman just come to town,  
 And my coming to town were a gay day ;  
 Dame Fortune has here set me down,  
 Waiting-gentleman to a fine lady ;  
 And madam gives galas and routs,  
 While her treats of the town are the talk sheer,  
 But nought that I'ze seed hereabouts  
 Equals one that was given i' Yorkshire.  
Rumpti, &c.

Johnny Fig was a green and white grocer,  
 In business as brisk as an eel, sir,  
 None than John to the shop could stick closer,  
 But his wife thought it quite ungenteel, sir ;

Her neighbours resolv'd to cut out,  
 And astonish the rustic parishioners ;  
 So invited 'em all to a rout,  
 And ax'd all the village musicianers.

Rumpti, &c.

The company met gay as larks,  
 Drawn forth all as fine as blown roses ;  
 The concert commenc'd with the clerk,  
 Who chanted the " Vicar and Moses ;"  
 The barber sung " Gall'ry of Wigs," sir ;  
 The gemmen all said 'twas the dandy,  
 While the ladies encor'd Johnny Fig, sir,  
 Who volunteer'd " Drops of Brandy."

Rumpti, &c.

The baker he sang a good batch,  
 While the lawyer, for harmony willing,  
 With the bailiff he join'd in a *catch*,  
 And the notes of the butcher were killing ;  
 The wheelwright he put in his spoke,  
 The schoolmaster flogg'd on with furor,  
 The coalman he play'd the " Black Joke,"  
 And the fishwoman roar'd a *bravura*.

Rumpti, &c.

To strike the assembly with wonder,  
 The Miss Screams a quintette, loud as Boreas  
 Sung, and wak'd farmer Thrasher's dog, Thunder,  
 Who, jumping up, join'd in the chorus.  
 A donkey, the melody marking,  
 Popp'd in, too, which made a wag say, sir,  
 " Attend to the rector of Barking's  
 Duet with the vicar of Bray, sir."

Rumpti, &c.

A brine-tub, half full of beef salted,  
 Madam Fig had trick'd out as a seat, sir,  
 Where the tailor to sing was exalted,  
 But the covering crack'd under his feet, sir ;

Snip was sous'd in the brine, but soon rising,  
 He bawl'd, while they laugh'd at his grief, sir,  
 Is't a matter so monstrous surprising  
 To see pickled-cabbage with beef, sir ?  
Rumpti, &c.

To a ball, then, the concert gave way,  
 And for dancing no souls could be riper ;  
 So struck up the "Devil to Pay,"  
 But Johnny Fig paid the piper ;  
 The best thing came after the ball,  
 For to finish the whole with perfection,  
 Madam Fig ax'd the gentlefolks all  
 To sup off a cold *collection*.  
Rumpti, &c.

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## I'LL WRITE TO THE "TIMES."

G. BENNETT.]

[Tune—"Irish Washerwoman."]

"OH, I'll write to the *Times*, and at once for redress,  
 For it has such a vast circulation ;  
 In its elegant columns my case I'll express,  
 And appeal to the whole British nation."  
 Thus saith my litigious old friend, Dr. Rudge,  
 In a long-pending action nonsuited,  
 Through the stolid obtuseness of counsel and judge,  
 Who might the old thing have confuted.  
 "Oh, I'll write to the *Times*, and at once for  
 redress,  
 For it has such a vast circulation ;  
 In its elegant columns my case I'll express,  
 And appeal to the whole British nation."

Says Paterfamilias, "Ill write to the *Times* ;  
 These trains they all need supervision ;  
 We're a minute too late by the three-quarter chimes ;  
 Ah ! this is their railway precision !"

There's a traveller who's thundering the platform  
along,

With a porter, fermenting and working—

“Where's my box? 'tis a relic—it came from Hong  
Kong,

So produce it—no shuffling or shirking—

Or, I'll write to the *Times*,” &c.

Fitzguard, the right honourable, solemnly reels

From his club about two in the morning,

Where cabby an hour has stood cooling his heels

With the rain-pouring clouds for an awning.

“You'll drive—you know where.” They arrive there  
all right.

“What's the fare?” “Three and sixpence, your  
honour.

That's for time too.” “For time? Well, I'll pay  
you to-night:

What's your badge?” “99. Tom O'Connor!”

“Oh, I'll write to the *Times*,” &c.

There's a Frenchman comes over; he finds an hotel,

Where all is *recherché* and splendid,

He partakes of the best, with a gusto and zest,

At the *table d'hôte*, lordlike attended.

“*Je suis ravi, mes amis*. I am so delight,

*Ho garçon! une semaine* I am staying.”

But the bill, ah, the bill, he is madden'd outright,

And “*Mon Dieu!*” he exclaims, while he's paying,

“I will write to *de Times*,” &c.

Lawyer Deeds, who aspires to high place in his ward,

And has views most profound and extensive,

Caused a rupture last week at the Union Board,

Through some plans that were wildly expensive;

In his zeal for municipal progress, he cried,

“It is not for myself, but the City;

But you doubt, you oppose, you condemn, you deride,

While your chairman insults me with pity!

But, I'll write to the *Times*,” &c.

Mrs. White, the immaculate ; she, who could ne'er  
 Even think without tears of her neighbours,  
 Return'd from the Dorcas Committee to hear  
 Mrs. Brown had made light of her labours ;  
 Had questioned her motives, had doubted her heart,  
 And of self-aggrandisement had hinted ;  
 So her spirit was roused ; " I will take my own part ;  
 The report and the facts shall be printed,  
 And I'll write to the *Times*," &c.

Sairey Gamp, coming home from her " month " into  
 town,  
 For a 'bus half-an-hour is in waiting ;  
 So she ties down her bonnet and pins up her gown,  
 While she gives all around her a rating :  
 " Here's a plight, with Saint Vipers's dance in my  
 bones,  
 And the sleet and the wind coming eastways ;  
 What—' How's your poor feet ? ' why as cold as the  
 stones,  
 But I'll make you remember, or leastways  
 I'll write to the *Times*," &c.

I've a bachelor friend has a seat in St. Jude's,  
 He's not one of your crabs or refractories ;  
 But he's warp'd from his regular tenses and moods  
 By crinoline, hoops, and phylacteries.  
 A small pew he shares with the two sisters Binks,  
 He shares, too, a part of their dresses,  
 More than's pleasant, or graceful, or decent he thinks,  
 And each Sunday his ire thus expresses—  
 " I will write to the *Times*," &c.

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### BILER BROWN.

JOHN POTTER.]

[Tune—" Ben the Carpenter."

IN Camden Town dwelt Biler Brown,  
 A happy railway stoker ;  
 He got his bread by heating coke  
 And flourishing a poker.

He loved and was beloved again  
By little Peggy Gaff,  
And they agreed ere long to lead  
A life of half-and-half.

In Birmingham one day he got  
From blooming Peg a letter,  
To say her mother was in town,  
And she thought he'd have met her.  
Her mother wrote another note  
To tell this news again;  
For Peggy's hand was like her face,  
And anything but plain!

He took the coky *billets-doux*  
To "General Blazer's Head,"  
And from the throng he hired a tongue  
To have his letters read.  
"The morrow morn I shall return—"  
"To-night, at least," he said,  
"I'll have a quaff of half-and-half,  
And hurry off to bed."

His resolution firmly bound—  
Like ice in summer weather—  
Just smil'd upon the warmth around,  
Then vanish'd altogether!  
Pot after pot got drank, and then  
It was the same with him—  
The liquor he imbib'd rose up  
And taught his head to swim.

The daylight found him aspen-limb'd;  
And, careless of the warning,  
He takes—what set him wrong last night,  
To set him right this morning!  
Then with his legs a-kimbo stuck  
By porter on the brain,  
He reeling seeks his coke-scuttle—  
The 2 p.m. up-train.



The hour arrived, the train went off,  
The engine shrieked farewell ;  
He sprang as usual to his box,  
But stumbled, slipt, and fell !  
Amongst the slow-revolving wheels  
He thus became entangl'd ;  
The thought flashed through him—on the rails  
I'll soon be iron'd and mangled !

They stayed the train, but all in vain  
Their preterperfect actions ;  
His limbs were bruised, his head contused—  
In fact, he was in fractions !  
Those legs that oft had travelled miles,  
Intent his Peg to please,  
Were both cut off before their time,  
And just below their knees !

His mate Bill Jackson soon engaged  
(As touch'd at Biler's brandings)  
To learn if Peg would be one flesh  
With wooden understandings.  
Weeks passed—no Bill returned to say  
He might at doubtings laugh,  
For, though he'd lost two feet by three,  
She'd be a better-half.

At length quite cured—his life insured—  
He hastens up to town ;  
He sees, alas ! at Peggy's house  
The blinds are all drawn down !  
Amaz'd and shock'd, he, trembling, knock'd ;  
“ O, is she dead ? ” he cried :  
“ Dead ! no, indeed ! ” her mother said,  
“ She's Billy Jackson's bride ! ”

A wiser and a shorter man  
Is wretched Biler now ;  
He audits all his throat imbibes,  
And keeps a temperance vow.

And if he feels inclin'd to drink,  
 Or roam about the streets,  
 He locks his legs up in his drawers,  
 And folds himself in sheets.

If e'er he meets a friend who greets  
 With drinking invitation,  
 He tells his woes, and makes a close  
 With this one observation:  
 "Don't let old ale your wits prevail,  
 And stretch you on the flags,  
 Or you may lose, when off your head,  
 Your rib—and p'raps your legs!"

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## MR. AND MRS. VITE'S JOURNEY TO VINDSOR.

[J. RHODES.]

A VORTHY cit, von Vit-Sunday,  
 Vith vife rode out in one-horse chay,  
 And down the streets as they did trot  
 Says Mrs. Vite—"I'll tell you vot,  
 Dear Villiam Vite, 'tis my delight,  
 Ven our veek's bills ve stick 'em,  
 That, side by side, ve thus should ride,  
 To Vindsor or Vest Vickham."

"My loving vife, full vell you know  
 Ve used to ride to Valthamstow,  
 But now I thinks it much the best  
 That ve should ride towards the vest;  
 If you agree, dear vife, vith me,  
 And vish to change the scene,  
 Then, when the dust excites our thirst,  
 Ve'll stop at Valham Green."

"Vell, then," says Mrs. Vite, says she,  
 "Vat pleases you must sure please me,  
 But veekly vorkings all must go  
 If ve this day go cheerful through;

For vell I loves the woods and groves,  
 They raptures put me in,  
 For you know, Vite, von Vitsun night  
 You did my poor heart vin."

Then Mrs. Vite she took the vhip,  
 And vacked poor Dobbin on the hip,  
 Vich made him from a valk run fast,  
 And reach the long-vished sign at last.  
 So vhen they stopt, out vaiter popt,  
 "Vat would you vish to take?"  
 Says Vite, vith grin, "I'll take some gin,  
 My vife takes vine and cake."

Ven Mrs. Vite had took her vine,  
 To Vindsor they vent on to dine.  
 Ven dinner over, Vite did talk,  
 "My darling vife, ve'll take a valk ;  
 The path is vide by vater-side,  
 So ve will valk together ;  
 While they gets tea for you and me,  
 Ve vill enjoy the veather."

Some vanton Eton boys there vere,  
 Vich marked for roguery this pair ;  
 Mrs. Vite cried out—"Vat are they arter?"  
 Ven in they popped Vite in the vater.  
 The vicked vits then left the cits,  
 Ven Vite the vaves sunk under—  
 She vept, she squalled, she railed, she bawled,  
 "Vill not none help, I vonder?"

Her vimpering vords assistance brought,  
 And vith a boat-hook Vite they sought ;  
 Ven she vith expectation big,  
 Thought Vite vas found, but 'twas his vig.  
 Vite vas not found, for he vas drowned ;  
 To stop her grief each bid her,  
 "Ah, no!" she cried, "I vas a bride,  
 But now I is a vidder."

## THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.]

[Tune—"The Poacher."]

A WELL there is in the west country,  
 And a clearer one never was seen ;  
 There is not a wife in the west country  
 But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.  
 An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,  
 And behind doth an ash-tree grow,  
 And a willow from the bank above  
 Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,  
 Joyfully he drew nigh,  
 For from cock-crow he had been travelling,  
 And there was not a cloud in the sky.  
 He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
 For thirsty and hot was he,  
 And he sat down upon the bank  
 Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by  
 At the well to fill his pail ;  
 On the well-side he rested it,  
 And he bade the stranger hail.  
 "Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,  
 "For an if thou hast a wife,  
 The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day,  
 That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,  
 Ever here in Cornwall been ?  
 For an if she have, I'll venture my life  
 She has drunk of the well of St. Keyne."  
 "I have left a good woman who never was here,"  
 The stranger he made reply,  
 "But that my draught should be the better for  
 that,  
 I pray you answer me why?"

“St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornish-man, “many a  
time

Drank of this crystal well,  
And before the angels summon'd her,  
She laid on the water a spell.  
If the husband of this gifted well  
Shall drink before his wife,  
A happy man thenceforth is he,  
For he shall be master for life.”

“You drank of the well I warrant betimes?”  
He to the Cornish-man said:  
But the Cornish-man smil'd as the stranger spake,  
And sheepishly shook his head.  
“I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,  
And left my wife in the porch;  
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,  
For she took a bottle to church!”

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### THE OBSTINATE MAN.

I'VE run against many strange folks in my time,  
Some nervous, some absent, some queer, and some  
prime;  
Some foolish, some witty, and some fond of chaff,  
And others a great deal too clever by half;  
But the subject of my little song, if no fool,  
Was as obstinate as a Jerusalem mule.  
Of all stubborn buffers, beat him, if you can,  
Did you ever come near such an obstinate man?

Of obstinate fellows, he's surely the worst,  
When going to bed he will get in feet first,  
And come out head first, in the morning, 'tis said,  
And lie with his nob at the foot of the bed;  
Put his trousers on bottom end up, and what's more,  
Tries to force on his Wellington's hind part before,  
Of all, &c.

Like Paddy from Cork, when he feels in the mind,  
 He actually wears his coat buttoned behind ;  
 Whenever he reads a newspaper or book,  
 Upside down, ten to one, but he'll hold it, oddzook !  
 As a cure for the tooth-ache, he always gets bled,  
 And his spectacles wears at the back of his head.  
 Of all, &c.

When ill he was order'd a warm bath, 'tis said,  
 So the obstinate fool had a *cold* one instead ;  
 A lotion was sent him for bathing his skin,  
 And a mixture likewise to be taken within—  
 Though warn'd of the danger, yet all was no use,  
 He *would* drink the lotion, which nigh cook'd his goose.  
 Of all, &c.

He says it's all stuff 'bout the earth turning round,  
 Ev'ry house in its proper place *he* always found—  
 He's been up at all times in the night from his bed,  
 But ne'er found himself standing atop of his head ;  
 He vows if the world was to play such a prank,  
 The sea would run over as safe as the bank.  
 Of all, &c.

He won't eat when he's hungry, or drink when he's dry,  
 And takes mustard and pepper with raspberry pie ;  
 He says if pig's bacon it cannot be pork,  
 And he's spoony enough to drink broth with a fork ;  
 When he's dreadfully tired (it's no use to chide)  
 He hires a cab, and then runs by the side.  
 Of all, &c.

Old Methuselah (Stubborn Head offers to bet)  
 Would have been alive now had his feet not got wet ;  
 And Oliver Cromwell, he still will persist,  
 Was nearly related to Oliver Twist ;  
 And many years back, he declares above all,  
 Lord Brougham swept a crossing not far from *Vaux-*  
*hall.* Of all, &c.

Like pulling pigs backwards to go the right road,  
 To treat such a fellow as this is your mode :  
 For instance—you want him to go to the bank,  
 You must tell him to go towards Kensington, spank !  
 Or, if to Gravesend you would wish him to float,  
 Advise him to go by the Twickenham boat.

Of all, &c.

On a soaking wet day for a walk out he'll roam,  
 And leave his great coat and umbrella at home ;  
 But in July or August, the obstinate goat,  
 Wears a thick pilot buttoned close up to the throat ;  
 And, would you believe it? whenever it snows,  
 In a pair of nankeens, or white ducks, out he goes.

Of all, &c.

He laughs fit to burst at a serious play,  
 And will have his hair cut on a bitter cold day ;  
 'Cause his dad's and his birthday (the obstinate loon)  
 Both happen to fall on the twentieth of June,  
 No one can persuade him a jot, I'll engage,  
 But that him and his father were both the same age.

Of all, &c.

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## ROBSON'S JIM BAGGS.

JOHN LABERN.]

[Tune—"Drops of Brandy."]

I'M a musical genus in rags—  
 I beats the great music chaps hollow ;  
 My natural name is Jim Baggs,  
 But they calls me the modern Happollo.  
 I takes all the nobs by surprise,  
 With my clarynet hinstrumentation—  
 On the continent—lor' bless your eyes !—  
 I've created a stunning sensation.  
 I'm a musical genus in rags—  
 I plays in a out-and-out manner ;  
 No gammon in me, I'm Jim Baggs,  
 And I never stirs under a tanner.

I commands a respectable mob,  
 With hexstasy I makes 'em tremble—  
 You should hear me play "Solomon Lob,"  
 Vot's sung by Miss Addlegg Kemble.  
 I'm known from the East to the South—  
 They carn't get sich notes from another—  
 I can play *hairs* vun side of my mouth,  
 And *hovertures*, too, on the t'other.  
 I'm a musical, &c.

Sometimes when I'm out on my beat,  
 My strains overcomes their resistance—  
 I'm paid to go in the next street,  
 'Cos my music sounds best at a distance.  
 I vunce soften'd a *hoverseer's* heart—  
 And that vos a job far from silly—  
 He into the *vorkus* did dart  
 And sarv'd out double *jorums* of skilly.  
 I'm a musical, &c.

All London I daily *hexplore*,  
 And strike up a *hair* wery clever,  
 Where the roads are all *kiver'd* vith straw,  
 And the *knockers* are tied up in leather.  
 The *flunkies* all arter me stalk,  
 If they don't vish their masters a croaker,  
 And ax me *purlitely* to valk,  
 So I does—when they forks out the *oker*.  
 I'm a musical, &c.

In ten flats I vunce play'd a *hair*,  
 At the Hopperer House 'twas decided—  
 But they vos the greatest *fluts* there,  
 'Cos they thought lesser on it than I did.  
 I never plays common-place *hairs*,  
 But into the classical dashes—  
 Such as Balfe's famous "Gittin' up stairs,"  
 And the "Cats' march out of the ashes."  
 I'm a musical, &c.



Some folks wouldn't cut me so short,  
 Nor see me go through half sich trials,  
 If they had an idea I'd been taught  
 By Signor Bill Smith on the Dials.  
 I don't know vot ails 'em, by goles !  
 They're a parcel of shabby garushers—  
 No music they've got in their souls,  
 Excepting the soles of their *Bluchers*.  
 I'm a musical, &c.

T'other night, down in vun of the squares—  
 (And precious ungrateful I took it !)  
 Arter playin' 'em five or six *hairs*,  
 They chuck'd thrums out, and told me to *hook it !*  
 I began rather rusty to kick,  
 To be treated in that kind of manner,  
 So I stuck to the house like a brick,  
 'Till the family made up a *tanner !*  
 I'm a musical, &c.

Then patronize old Jimmy Baggs—  
 My toggery arn't werry splendid,  
 But talent's found often in rags—  
 (If they're coppers I sharn't be offended).  
 When I'm dead I knows how it'll be,  
 You'll be sorry you sarv'd me so shabby ;  
 You'll all go in mourning for me,  
 Yes, and lay me in Vestminster *Habbey !*  
 I'm a musical, &c.

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## THE ANATOMY OF THE OYSTER.

### A STUDENT'S SONG.

PROFESSOR E. FORBES.] [*Tune*—"One Bumper at Parting."

"OF all the conchiverous shell fish  
 The oyster is surely the king ;  
 Arrah, Mick ! call the people who sell fish,  
 And tell them a dozen to bring.

For it's I that intend to demonstrate  
 The cratur's phenomena strange ;  
 Its functions to set every one straight,  
 And exhibit their structure and range.

" Now, boys, I beseech, be attentive,  
 On this Carlingford fasten your eyes,  
 As I spread it before you so pensive,  
 Its gape opened wide with surprise ;  
 See that small purple spot in the centre,  
 That's the heart, which is all on the move ;  
 For though looking as deep as a Mentor,  
 It is tenderly beating with love.

" The fringes that circle its body,  
 Which epicures think should be clear'd,  
 Are the animal's lungs ; for 'tis odd, he,  
 Like a foreigner, breathes through his beard.  
 And among all its *memorabilia*,  
 Than this structure there's none half so queer,  
 Though Sharpley may say they are *cilia*,  
 A wiser contrivance to spear.

" Now these are the facts in the history  
 Of an oyster I'd on you impress ;  
 I've serv'd them up plain without mystery,  
 To cook them would just make a mess.  
 So now boys we'll fetch in the whiskey,  
 Since the water is hot on the hob,  
 Whilst we stir up our native so frisky,  
 By sticking a knife in his gob !

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## YAWNING.

CHARLES DIBDIN the Younger.] [Tune—"Bob and Joan."

How I love to laugh !  
 Never was a weeper,  
 Tho' like a lazy calf,  
 Have been a mighty sleeper.

Once I got a place,  
 But lost it the same morning,  
 'Cause, in my patron's face,  
 I somehow fell a yawning.  
 Yea, au, au, tol, lol, yea, au, au.

Then I fell in love,  
 Hoping to get married,  
 Tried my nymph to move,  
 And near my point had carried,  
 But lost her in a pet,  
 'Cause, going to kiss one morning,  
 Just as our lips had met,  
 Something set me yawning.  
 Yea, &c.

Now comes the worst mishap,  
 Once being shav'd so nice, sir,  
 I gap'd, and Mr. Strap,  
 He gave me such a slice, sir,  
 But all my griefs to tell  
 Would take a summer's morning,  
 So mum would be as well,  
 Lest I should set you yawning.  
 Yea, &c.

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## ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

CHARLES DIBDEN }  
 the Younger. }

[Tune—"The Rogue's March."]

THERE ne'er was a name so bandied by fame,  
 Thro' air, thro' ocean, and through land,  
 As the one that is wrote upon every bank note,  
 And you all must know Abraham Newland!  
 Oh, Abraham Newland!  
 Notified Abraham Newland!  
 I've heard people say, "sham Abraham" you may;  
 But you mustn't sham Abraham Newland.

For fashion or arts, should you seek foreign parts,  
 It matters not wherever you land,  
 Jew, Christian, or Greek, the same language they  
 speak,  
 That's the language of Abraham Newland :  
 Oh, Abraham Newland !  
 Wonderful Abraham Newland !  
 Tho' with compliments cramm'd, you may die and be  
 d—n'd,  
 If you haven't an Abraham Newland !

The world is inclin'd to think Justice is blind,  
 But lawyers know well she can view land ;  
 But, Lord, what of that ! she'll blink like a bat,  
 At the sight of an Abraham Newland !  
 Oh, Abraham Newland !  
 Magical Abraham Newland !  
 Tho' Justice, 'tis known, can see thro' a millstone,  
 She can't see thro' Abraham Newland !

Your patriots who bawl for the good of us all,  
 Kind souls ! here like mushrooms they strew land ;  
 Tho' loud as they drum, each proves Oratum Mum,  
 If attack'd by stout Abraham Newland :  
 Oh, Abraham Newland !  
 Invincible Abraham Newland !  
 No argument's found in the world half so sound,  
 As the logic of Abraham Newland

If a maid of threescore, or a dozen years more,  
 For a husband should chance to sigh thro' land,  
 I'm vastly afraid she'd not die an old maid,  
 If acquainted with Abraham Newland :  
 Oh, Abraham Newland !  
 Deluding Abraham Newland !  
 Tho' crooked and cross, she'd not be at a loss,  
 Thro' the friendship of Abraham Newland !

Thus for Abraham's smiles we're all practising wiles,  
 And cheating and chattering through land ;  
     Till Death he pops in,  
     With his comical grin,  
 And a night cap for Abraham Newland !  
     Oh, Abraham Newland !  
     The bell tolls for Abraham Newland !  
 For when Death he comes by, you know life's all my  
 eye,  
 And then GOOD-BY to Abraham Newland !

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### THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Bartlemy Fair."]

WHEN first the youth at school,  
 Obliged to live by rule,  
 Tasks are got with pain ;  
 He sighs for home in vain ;  
 But still the thought does cheer,  
 That Christmas time is near,  
 And then he may make himself an Actor.  
 For then to make them gay,  
 They all get up a play ;  
 And, perfect all by heart,  
 Each scholar takes a part ;  
 Looking with delight  
 To the long'd-for, wish'd-for night,  
 Beginning thus the life of an Actor.  
     Each relation  
     This occasion,  
     Every friend  
     Must attend ;  
     Good or bad,  
     Applaud the lad ;  
     Recitation,  
     Declamation.  
 Hey down, oh down, derry, derry down,  
 Beginning thus the life of an Actor.

He leaves school with regret,  
 And when he home does get,  
 All wild thoughts to bridle  
 (As youth should not be idle),  
 He hears his parent's voice  
 To trade direct his choice  
 On the stage of life to be an Actor,  
 And tho' compelled to go,  
 His heart is fill'd with woe ;  
 For his master, like a Turk,  
 Keeps him close to work ;  
 Yet he does contrive it  
 To act a bit in private,  
 To keep in the life of an Actor.

Buskin, sock,  
 Only mock,  
 Nightly playing  
 Gets quite gay in ;  
 Trade neglected,  
 Gets suspected,  
 Makes a rout,  
 And is lock'd out.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry down ;  
 And all for the life of an Actor.

Now open war declared  
 By master no more sacred ;  
 Heeds not parental grief,  
 But boldly takes relief ;  
 Cancels his indenture,  
 Goes to seek adventure,  
 Commencing thus the life of an Actor  
 From town to down does roam,  
 No money and no home ;  
 Finds each sharing scheme  
 Melting like a dream ;  
 The cup outside may glitter,  
 But the inside's filled with bitter ;

This is the life of an Actor.

Looks bespeak  
 One meal a week ;  
 Daily study,  
 Head quite muddy ;  
 Cash o' nights  
 Don't pay the lights ;  
 Still rehearsal  
 Universal.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry down,  
 This is the life of an Actor.

After years' probation,  
 He makes an alteration ;  
 Blest with genius true,  
 Old Time will bring him through :  
 By hope made to aspire,  
 He moves a little higher,  
 And gets in a circuit, an Actor ;  
 Then his fire he rouses,  
 Nightly crowded houses ;  
 He talent finds a store  
 He never had before ;  
 Goes from town to town,  
 Gains credit and renown,  
 Enjoying the life of an Actor.

Friends abound  
 All around ;  
 Audience smiling  
 Care beguiling ;  
 And his night  
 Yields delight ;  
 Profit, pleasure  
 Fills his measure.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry down,  
 This is the life of an Actor.

Discontent is taunting,  
 Still there's something wanting ;

He burns with private fury  
 For the "Garden" or for "Drury ;"  
 One of them makes proffer,  
 He takes the tempting offer,  
 And comes up to London as an Actor.  
 The night comes—heart is beating—  
 Alas! there's no retreating :  
 Goes through his part with spirit,  
 Gets the stamp of merit ;  
 Audience loud applauding,  
 Papers next day lauding,  
 To cheer up the life of an Actor.

Had last night  
 Much delight ;  
 Actor saw,  
 Sure to draw ;  
 Taste and ease,  
 Sure to please ;  
 Capability,  
 Versatility.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry down,  
 This is the life of an Actor.

Of fame on classic ground,  
 He gains the topmost round ;  
 And, tip-top of the tree,  
 Who so great as he ?  
 In varied parts he ranges,  
 Not dreaming of sad changes,  
 Likely to touch every Actor.  
 But by some rival elf  
 He's put upon the shelf ;  
 Manager looks blank,  
 Gives parts beneath his rank.  
 Of justice he's a craver,  
 But "kissing goes by favour,"  
 And that's felt by every Actor.

Vain turmoils,  
 Green-room broils :



Time mis-spent  
 Discontent ;  
 Still more reason,  
 Every season ;  
 Quite at large  
 By discharge.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry down,  
 'This is the life of an Actor.

\*To-night we all meet here,  
 The drooping hearts to cheer  
 Of those who heretofore  
 Have made the benches roar,  
 But now, alas ! gone by,  
 Whom age compels to sigh,  
 As they think on the life of an Actor.  
 Garrick, 'tis well known,  
 Laid th' foundation stone ;  
 He knew an Actor's life  
 Was lottery and strife,  
 Mutable and strange,  
 Liable to change,

And none more strange than an Actor.

Royalty  
 Here we see.  
 Aid our band  
 Heart and hand ;  
 Public voice  
 Makes rejoice ;  
 Cordiality,  
 Liberality.

Hey down, oh down, derry, derry down,  
 Cheer the last days of an Actor.

\* This song was written for the Anniversary of Drury-Lane "Theatrical Fund," and as the last verse is applicable only to that praise-worthy Institution, the singer will see the necessity of omitting it.

## THE COW EAT THE PIPER.

IN the year '98, when our troubles were great,  
And it was treason to be a Milesian,  
Those black-whisker'd set we will never forget,  
Tho' history tells us they were Hessians.  
In this troublesome time, oh, 'twas a great crime,  
And murder never was riper,  
At the side of Glenshee, not an acre from me,  
There lived one Denny Byrne, a piper.

Neither wedding or wake would be worth a shake,  
That Denny was not first invited,  
At squeezing the bags and emptying the kegs  
He astonished as well as delighted.  
In these times poor Denny could not earn one penny,  
Martial law had him stung like a viper ;  
They kept him within till the bones and his skin,  
Were grinning thro' the rags of the piper.

One evening in June, as he was going home,  
After the fair of Rathnagan,  
What should he see from the branch of a tree,  
But the corpse of a Hessian there hanging.  
Says Denny, " Those rogues have boots ; I've brogues."  
On the boots then he laid such a griper,  
He pulled with such might, and the boots were so  
tight,  
That the legs and the boots came away with the  
piper.

Then Denny did run, for fear of being hung,  
Till he came to Tim Kennedy's cabin,  
Says Tim from within, " I can't let you in :  
You'll be shot if you're caught there a rapping."  
He went to the shed, where the cow was in bed,  
With a wisp he began for to wipe her ;  
They lay down together, on a seven foot feather,  
And the cow fell a hugging the piper.

Then Denny did yawn, as the day it did dawn,  
 And he streeled off the boots of the Hessian ;  
 The legs by the law, he left them on the straw,  
 And he gave them leg-bail for his mission.  
 When the breakfast was done, Tim sent out his son  
 To make Denny jump up like a lamplighter,  
 When the legs there he saw, he roar'd like a jackdaw,  
 " Oh, daddy, the cow's eat the piper."

" Musha, bad luck an' the baste, she'd a musical  
 taste,  
 For to eat such a beautiful chanter.  
 Arrah, Patric avic, take a lump of a stick,  
 Drive her off to Glenhealy—we'll cant her."  
 Mrs. Kennedy bawl'd, and the neighbours were call'd,  
 They began for to humbug and jibe her ;  
 To the churchyard Tim walked, with the legs in a box,  
 And the cow will be hung for the piper.

The cow she was drove a mile or two off,  
 To the fair at the side of Glenhealy,  
 And there she was sold, for four guineas in gold,  
 To the clerk of the parish, Tim Daley.  
 They went to a tent, the lucky penny was spent,  
 The clerk being a jolly old swiper,  
 Who the blazes was there, playing the " Rakes of  
 Kildare,"  
 But poor Denny Byrne the piper.

Then Tim gave a bolt, like a half-drunken colt,  
 At the piper he gazed like a gommock.  
 He said, " By the powers! I thought these eight  
 hours,  
 You were playing in Drinan Dhu's stomach."  
 Then Denny observed how the Hessian was served,  
 And they all wished nicks secure to the griper.  
 For grandeur they met, their whistles they wet,  
 And like devils they danced round the piper.

## NO TRADESMEN ARE ALLOWED.

J. E. CARPENTER.]

[Tune—"No Irish need apply."]

I ONCE was voted in a club,  
 It cost me very dear,  
 But I thought I'd stand the racket,  
 And of black-balls have no fear ;  
 I did get in, and I suppose  
 I ought to feel quite proud,  
 For the "circle" was "exclusive"—and  
 "No tradesmen were allowed."  
 I had not been in trade myself,  
 But my grandfather avowed,  
 He smoked his pipe at the "Cat and Pig,"  
 Where tradesmen were allowed.

The members they were first-rate swells,  
 Or so themselves they thought,  
 If I didn't feel they'd honour'd me,  
 Why, I suppose, I ought ;  
 Their boots were varnished leather,  
 And their waistcoats they were "loud,"  
 But they never paid their tailors where  
 "No tradesmen were allowed."  
 One day a snip contrived to slip  
 His way into this crowd,  
 But 'twas "Lord Fitzsnooks is out of town"  
 And—"No tradesmen are allowed."

They played high whist—but when they lost,  
 Not few of them would say,  
 "Put *this* down to the *old* account,  
 I'll settle all—some day."  
 Then Hebrew-looking gentlemen  
 The waiters often rowed,  
 If they wouldn't take their cards in  
 Where—"No tradesmen are allowed."  
 I followed one once down the street  
 And heard him say aloud,  
 "I'll have that young swell locked up yet  
 Where—tradesmen are allowed."

They are mostly single gentlemen,  
 But still some married men,  
 If they're liberal, admitted are  
 As members now and then ;  
 It may be that their pedigree  
 Is hid behind a cloud,  
 But they can't be so particular  
 Where "no tradesmen are allowed."  
 I heard of one whose wife had been  
 A lady, not too proud,  
 But of course she'd made her money  
 Where "no tradesmen were allowed."

Of literary members too,  
 They do boast of two or three,  
 But what they ever did or wrote  
 A mystery is to me ;  
 I know that, added to their names,  
 Are letters quite a crowd,  
 P'raps F.S.A. may only mean  
 But "Fellows, Shabby, Allowed."  
 The shabbiness consists in this  
 That men should e'er have vowed,  
 It is the tailor makes the man,  
 Yet "no tradesmen are allowed."

A lord of many acres there  
 He oft would dine in state,  
 And they said that *many achers* were  
 "Oft driven from his gate ;"  
 In fact he *stood* on "no repairs"  
 With those who to him bowed,  
 When he went down to his mansion  
 Where no tradesmen were allowed.  
 I've heard that his great grandfather  
 The very same fields ploughed,  
 But that was long before the time  
 "No tradesmen were allowed."

They are all right down Protectionists,  
Have blue books on their shelves,  
To prove that what they mean by this  
Is to protect themselves ;  
Each rail-excursion they'd put down,  
And vulgar steam-boat crowd,  
But *they* "open on the Sunday," tho'  
No tradesmen are allowed.

A great sensation preacher is  
A member, but they're cow'd,  
When he tells them that p'raps they wont go  
Where tradesmen are allowed.

I've cut that club—or it cut me,  
It does not matter which,  
For saying once "A Man's a Man"  
(With Burns) or poor or rich ;  
Go, look at England's Commons' House,  
And say should we be proud  
As now we are of them, if *there*  
No tradesmen were allowed ?  
Oh ! long may English commerce stand  
To raise us o'er the crowd,  
Whose little pigmy voices squeak  
"No tradesmen are allowed."

## JOHN WHITE, THE NEW POLICEMAN.

[*Air*—"Such a nice young girl."]

JOHN WHITE he was the smartest man of all the New  
Police,  
Although he'd but a pound a week, *to keep him and  
the peace ;*  
The servant girls as John pass'd by, came to their  
doors to talk,  
And though he was long on the *step*, was not allow'd  
*to walk !*                                   Ti tol de, &c.

Soon to a cook, one Susan Brown, John talk'd of hopeful love,  
 And thought her, though a kitchen maid, all other  
*maids above* ;  
 This cook declared that none to her cool treatment  
 should impute,  
 So looking on his *uniform*, she smiled upon *his suit!*  
 Ti tol de, &c.

But soon, alas! she found him out, and his bright  
 prospects marr'd,  
 For John, like all the New Police, was sometimes off  
 his guard ;  
 One night she went to see Jane Sly, the cook to  
 Dr. Drake,  
 And there with Jane, and oyster sauce, she found her  
 love at *stake*.  
 Ti tol de, &c.

John kept his eyes fix'd on his plate, alarm'd at  
 Susan's fright,  
 Who cry'd "For shame!" and then declared, next  
 day *her wrongs she'd right* ;  
 She wrote this touching note to Jane, saying, "You'll  
 never see me more,  
 For you have split a happy *pair*, and cut me to the  
*core!*"  
 Ti tol de, &c.

Next day she wrote to faithless John, "You know,  
 sir, I'm your betters—  
 Indeed, the postman says I've made much progress  
 in my *letters* ;  
 I hoped for joy, John, when I chose my love from  
 humble state,  
 For being cook, of course I know what *broils attend*  
*the great!*  
 Ti tol de, &c.

As you've deceived me, so farewell, you false and  
 wicked youth,  
 I find though you're one of the force, it's not the *force*  
*of truth* ;

So I'm determined, O! John White, to plunge into  
the river,  
And scorn, as I have lost my *heart*, to be a forlorn  
*liver!*"

Ti tol de, &c.

To Waterloo-bridge then straight she went, poor  
melancholy soul,  
And as *she was a belle for death*, she gave the usual  
*toll* ;  
Then turning *pale* at thoughts of *White*, she climb'd  
the bridge's brink,  
And like a fearless kitchen-maid, *she perish'd in a*  
*sink!*

Ti tol de, &c.

John heard her fate, and sighing cried, "Alas! my  
hopes are o'er,  
For though I made *so much of her*, I find she is *no*  
*more* ;"  
John's still alive, but grown so thin by constant woes  
and pains,  
That literary servant-maids, now call him *White's*  
*Remains*.

Ti tol de, &c.

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## FOUR FEET HIGH.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Love-sick Looby."]

WHAT a misery it is to be just four feet high,  
I'm sure you'll all feel for my case ;  
For when but an infant, the gossips would cry,  
My growing they never could trace.  
To see me so little, 'tis truth, and that's poz,  
Gave father and mother much pain :  
But, in short, why short I all my life was,  
And in short, why short I remain.

Oh dear ! oh dear !

Oh, hapless misfortune—I feel it—that I,  
Should never grow taller than four feet high.



My school I went thro', and some years pass'd away,  
 And altho' I looked but a boy ;  
 With other lads taller I scorn'd to play,  
 For I thought myself hobbe-de-hoy.  
 Fate cut my prospects, and sternly decreed—  
 Stinted my growth so that I  
 Did reach four and twenty years old, and, indeed,  
 Before I was four feet high.

Oh dear! oh dear!

Oh, hapless misfortune—I sob and I sigh,  
 To think I'm not more than four feet high.

I then fell in love, and a courting I went—  
 A beautiful damsel so fair ;  
 Who was just six feet tall, but she would not consent,  
 And all my hope turn'd to despair.  
 To gaze on her charms put me all in a stir,  
 I felt my poor heart was not free :  
 Imploring her pity, I look'd up to her,  
 With scorn she look'd down upon me.

Oh dear! oh dear!

Too short to be married—I sob and I sigh,  
 Because I'm not more than four feet high.

The refusal from her fill'd my heart full of woe,  
 Oh, love gave my valour a twist ;  
 I made up my mind for a soldier to go,  
 And boldly I went to enlist.  
 But corporal, sergeant, and all—nine or ten—  
 At my resolution did laugh,  
 And told me they only took good-sized men,  
 And I was too little by half.

Oh dear! oh dear!

Too short to be shot at—I sob and I sigh ;  
 My greatest misfortune is—four feet high.

As I waik thro' the streets, I feel some alarm  
 To see every tall person come ;  
 Whose looks plainly say, "Come under my arm,  
 You wee little hop o' my thumb."

And each gawkey boy, my walk who comes near,  
 Seems but to act by one plan ;  
 For all of them cry, " Companions, look here—  
 Look at the queer little man."

Oh dear ! oh dear !

Scoff'd by young urchins, who jeering go by,  
 Because I'm not more than four feet high.

Day after day I my shortness deplore,  
 With grief my poor heart is quite full ;  
 I can't reach a knocker, to knock at a door,  
 Nor one single bell can I pull ;  
 Yet from this I get consolation a bit,  
 And sentiments speak of all small men ;  
 I know very well we only are fit  
 To be waited upon by the tall men.

Oh dear ! oh dear !

Hapless misfortune—I feel it—that I  
 Should never be taller than four feet high.

There's one very pleasing reflection to me  
 (To own it I cannot refuse)—

With my short person contented I'd be,  
 If the ladies I can but amuse.

And should any fair one, I vow on my life,  
 Take pity on me and my song,  
 I'll purchase the licence—make her my wife,  
 And marry, tho' short, before long.

Oh dear ! oh dear !

To make her quite happy I'm sure I would try,  
 Altho' I'm not taller than four feet high.

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## BILLY BARLOW.

OH, ladies and gent'l'men, how do you do ?  
 I've come here, you see, with one boot and one shoe ;  
 I don't know how 'tis, but somehow 'tis so,  
 Now isn't it hard upon Billy Barlow ?

Oh, dear ! oh, raggedy, oh !

Now isn't it hard upon Billy Barlow.

As I was going down town t'other day,  
 The people all stared, and some of 'em did say—  
 "Why that 'ere young chap, now he ain't so slow,"  
 "I guess not," says a lady, "that's William Barlow!"  
 Oh, dear! oh, raggedy, oh!  
 "I guess not," says a lady, "that's William Barlow."

I paid sixpence to-day, and how odd it did seem,  
 To see lots of Chickens a hatching by steam;  
 So I said to the man wat conducted the show—  
 "Can you hatch me a chicken like Billy Barlow?"  
 Oh, dear! oh, raggedy, oh!  
 The real "Cochin China" is Billy Barlow!

I went down to Woolwich by rail t'other day,  
 And seed lots of Sogers a going away;  
 And the young women there gave vent to such woe  
 You'd ha' thought they were parting from Billy Barlow.  
 Oh, dear! oh, raggedy, oh!  
 You'd ha' thought they were parting from Billy Barlow.

There's been lots of fun, so I've heard the folks say,  
 About "tables that move" in a queer kind of way;  
 My landlord declared that some rent I did owe,  
 And he soon "moved the tables" of Billy Barlow.  
 Oh, dear! oh, raggedy, oh!  
 'Cause the rents are enormous on Billy Barlow.

There's a chap in this town, of his name I can't think,  
 He's trying to persuade people not for to drink;  
 When he show'd me his medal, I says, "It's no go!  
 You can't make a teetotaller of Billy Barlow."  
 Oh, dear! oh, raggedy, oh!  
 The cold-water-cure don't suit Billy Barlow.

To the great Crystal Palace I went t'other day,  
 The man at the door he axed me for to pay;  
 "What," says I, "pay!" and I looked at him so,  
 Says he, "Pass in, I know you, you're Billy Barlow."  
 Oh, dear! oh, raggedy, oh!  
 A Free List subscriber was Billy Barlow.

About half-past one I was coming away,  
 When a servant in livery came up to say,  
 "His Royal Highness Prince Alfred was anxious to  
 know  
 If he could take luncheon with Billy Barlow."  
 Oh, dear! oh, raggedy, oh!  
 Champagne and a sausage for Billy Barlow.

Now ladies and gen'l'men I'll wish you good-by,  
 I'll get a new suit when clothes ain't so high,  
 My hat's shocking bad, that all of you know,  
 But it looks well on the head of young Billy Barlow.

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### THO' FIFTY I AM STILL A BEAU!

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

THO' fifty I am still a beau,  
 My face is smooth and fair;  
 No dandy in his teens can show  
 A finer head of hair.  
 My wig suspicion has defied,  
 I take observers in,  
 For when the curls are comb'd aside,  
 You'd swear you saw the skin!

My sight may fail, but you will ne'er  
 Behold a beau in specs;  
 We've double glasses, which we wear  
 Suspended round our necks;  
 Those spectacles proclaim decay,  
 And make one look fourscore,  
 But double glasses seem to say,  
 "Near sighted—nothing more."

To modern vocalists, alone,  
 I give my word of praise,  
 But never own to having known  
 The stars of other days.

Though Mara sang delightfully  
 When I was in my prime ;  
 When she is named I say " Dear me !  
 She was before my time."

My nephews say (I'm well aware)  
 That I shall never wed,  
 They hope his worldly goods to share,  
 When Uncle John is dead.  
 But ladies smile on Uncle John,  
 He knows what he's about,  
 And when he weds, his eldest son,  
 Will cut his cousins out.

For some sweet girl I daily seek,  
 Not more than twenty-one ;  
 A perfect figure, and a cheek  
 Like roses in the sun ;  
 Good fortune and good family,  
 Good temper too I want ;  
 When all these charms combined I see,  
 Then, nephews, hail your aunt !

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## JUDY M'CARTHY OF FISHAMBLE- LANE.

A Cork Lyric.]

[The late Mr. YOLKKEK, of Cork.

[Tune—"The Flower of Dunblane."]

THE sun had gone down, and the lofty dark moun-  
 tains

Were hid from the view by a smart shower of rain,  
 When I wander'd in search of a few of those round  
 things

Called sausages, made up in Fishamble Lane.  
 There as I walked on 'midst broiling and frying,  
 I spied out a fair one—my heart felt a pain ;  
 I sat myself down, for I thought I was dying  
 For Judy M'Carthy of Fishamble Lane.

I gazed on the fair one—one eye was a swivel,  
 Her nose it was smutty, her hands not too clean ;  
 She told me that then she was broiling a devil,  
 For which they are famous in Fishamble Lane.  
 “You’re broiling a devil,” says I, “Judy Carthy ;  
 The devil may broil you and boil you again ;  
 For broils I detest, and this moment I part ye,  
 Miss Judy M’Carthy of Fishamble Lane.”

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### THE USEFUL YOUNG MAN.

J. COLLYER.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

WHAT, make myself useful ? indeed, ma’am, I can’t,  
 ’Tis not my vocation, and really I shan’t ;  
 What, come when I’m call’d, and do just as desired ?  
 Then take myself off when no longer required ;  
 Run, jump, fetch, carry, live but to obey,  
 Then barely be thank’d, and kick’d out of the way,  
 That forms, I assure you, no part of my plan,  
 Indeed, ma’am, I’m not a useful young man.

I know how they’re used by the merciless fair,  
 As Tom, pray come here, or now, Tom, go there,  
 Or Tom, my good creature, just pop on your hat,  
 And borrow us this thing or purchase us that ;  
 Or make yourself useful, and change us this book,  
 Or write out a passage from Moore’s Lalla Rookh ;  
 Or I know you’ll oblige us, so fasten this fan—  
 Alas ! what a drudge is a useful young man.

But dire are his woes when he goes to a rout,  
 “La ! Mary, my dear, there’s Miss Cross sitting out,  
 Do find her a swain”—then they look the beaux o’er,  
 And the Useful Young Man’s trotted up to the bore ;  
 Or while snuffing the candles, the good-natured fool  
 Is dragg’d from the ball-room to make up a pool ;  
 Where horrid old ladies will cheat if they can,  
 While they snap, spit, and snarl at the Useful Young  
 Man.

When the party breaks up, and the dancing is done,  
 'Midst the last dying flashes of frolic and fun,  
 Should some bright-eyed girl have to go home alone,  
 By some rude, selfish fellow she's seiz'd, ten to one,  
 While the Useful Young Man's trotted off through the  
 snow

With some ill-natured thing that's a long way to go ;  
 For such are the ladies that always trepan  
 That poor helpless victim, the Useful Young Man.

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## THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by DIBDIN.]

OF familiars you've heard, and hobgoblins and sprites,  
 And of conj'rors, and spectres, and fairies ;  
 That possess us in dreams, draw our curtains at night,  
 And play five hundred other vagaries,  
 But all we've been told of these mischiefs and harms,  
 That to hearts give such pains and such twitches,  
 Are nothing compared to the spells and the charms  
 Recorded of Lancashire witches.

Nor, the manner excepted, to this very day  
 Have the spells undergone alteration :  
 For Lancashire females have charms that convey  
 At this moment the same fascination.  
 And of yore if their vot'ries through fear took a  
 prance  
 In the air, over hedges and ditches,  
 In chase of fond hope, they are now led a dance  
 By the charms of the Lancashire witches.

The familiars of both vary only in name :  
 Those sat scowling in plaits and in ripples ;  
 These are sports, loves and pleasures, that play the  
 same game,  
 But they revel in smiles and in dimples.

Thus, as hope and as fear the same torment imparts,  
 When wrought to extremity's pitches,  
 Let all who are plagued with susceptible hearts  
 Beware of these Lancashire witches.

The Lancashire witches, their power to keep,  
 Of the heart at one stroke make a capture :  
 The charms of old times struck you all of a heap,  
 Now they strike you with wonder and rapture.  
 And if old ugly hags made the candles burn blue,  
 And had nightmares, and heart-aches, and stitches,  
 So we still have the heart-aches, and e'en nightmares  
 too,  
 From these beautiful Lancashire witches.

Yet, would ye avert all these spells and these charms,  
 Sue to Hymen to be your auxiliar ;  
 Let the witchcraft be laid in that circle her arms,  
 And let love be your mutual familiar.  
 So delight and enchantment shall grace ev'ry hour,  
 While contentment each pleasure enriches,  
 And good humour and sweetness the magical pow'r  
 Still confirm of the Lancashire witches.

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## WE'RE AS HAPPY AS WE CAN DESIRE.

J. BEULER.]

{ *Tune*—"When the Heart of a  
 Man."—(First part twice.)

I LOVE a young woman with carroty hair,  
 I love an old woman whose pole is bare ;  
 I love every creatur, who has but good natur,  
 No matter to me if she's dark or fair.  
 My Sary at home has cheeks of a rose,  
 A bright blue eye and nice little nose ;  
 But what I like better's to see her good natur,  
 Whenever she's washing the family clothes.  
 She rubs and scrubbles the suds about,  
 Till every spot of dirt be out ;  
 And after that sits down by the fire  
 With me, as good natured as I can desire.



I love all the ladies to romp among,  
No matter to me if they're old or young ;  
I love every woman, tho'ts rather uncommon,  
Who knows the right time to hold her tongue.  
My Sary at home has got this gift,  
And when she sees that I am tift,  
She does not tease, nor flurry, nor worry,  
But silently tries to prove I'm wrong,  
By smiling and bringing me out some ale,  
And cheese and bread that isn't stale,  
Then coaxing and coaxing until I sit by her,  
As pleased and as happy as I can desire.

I love a young woman with but one eye,  
I love an old woman who's all awry,  
With a skin like a tanner's, if only her manners  
Know how to behave when a stranger's nigh.  
My Sary at home's the one for this,  
Whoever I bring, there's nought amiss ;  
She does as she's bidden, without being chidden,  
And every body admires our bliss.  
Out she brings the bread and cheese,  
Or fries some bacon, if we please,  
Along with eggs—she's a capital frier,  
And makes us as happy as we can desire.

I love a young woman who's deaf and dumb,  
I love an old woman who's lost her bloom ;  
If tough or if tender, I'll ever defend her  
Who knows the right time to stop at home.  
My Sary's at home whene'er I'm ill—  
Than mine, she has no other will ;  
Ne'er gads nor dawdles, but mixes up cordials  
To coax me to swallow each powder and pill.  
She cheers me up with her smiling face,  
She never will visit a neighbour's place ;  
Until I get better and I can be nigh her,  
So we're as happy as we can desire.

## THE TAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by DIBDIN

THE tailor's fair daughter of our gay town,  
 As a body may say, was a wag ;  
 She had not the heart on a lover to frown,  
 Though of lovers in plenty she'd brag.  
 With her father's whole shopboard she'd toy and  
 she'd laugh,  
 Of their torment and pain making fun :  
 "Fie, wench!" cried the aunt, "you're too for-  
 ward by half—  
 You should never encourage but one."

Cried Miss, "My dear Aunt, as they sit in a row,  
 Can weak females beware of their arts ?  
 Their legs graceful bending are Cupid's cross-bow,  
 And their needles are so many darts :  
 Did Venus this troop of Adonises see,  
 They'd all win her as sure as a gun ;  
 Then how, my dear Aunt, can a mortal like me  
 Resolve to encourage but one ?

"There's the polish'd Joe Thimble, the neat Tommy  
 Tit,  
 And Frank Finedraw, of love know the art ;  
 Of Tom Sheers and Ned Needle, might soon the  
 keen wit  
 Cut out work for a duchess's heart :  
 Then on Goose, Snip, and Cabbage, with rail'ry so  
 neat,  
 Does Will Whipstitch so quibble and pun,  
 That in happiness how could my hopes be complete,  
 From this set did I choose out but one ?"

Cried the Aunt, "Do you think, Miss, I've not had  
 my day ?  
 There was Hobnail the smith, and Tom Slough ;  
 And Slaughter the butcher, so tender and gay ;  
 And then Guzzle, that kept the Dun Cow .

Then the sexton and clerk would have led me to  
 church ;  
 Sudds the barber, and Bob at the Tun ?  
 But your uncle I saw, left them all in the lurch,  
 And e'er since have been constant to one."

Then cried Miss, " We're agreed, and I'll soon tell  
 you how,  
 For the maxim on't none can deny ;  
 At your feet in the dumps, sigh, and promise, and  
 vow,  
 Nine lovers you've had, so have I ;  
 But your case, my dear aunt, is quite different to  
 mine—  
 Yours were men, mine but ninths only run ;  
 So, d'ye see, even though I should wed the whole  
 nine,  
 I should still be but constant to one."

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## CHAPTER OF MADNESS!

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Tune—"Chapter of Kings."

IN this age of vexation, when all things are bad,  
 Oh, is there not plenty to make a man mad ?  
 Jack Ketch's profession degenerates fast,  
 And each man will be his own hangman at last.  
 But, barring all bother,  
 The one, or the other,  
 We're all of us mad in our turn.

The maddest of mankind will swear a man's crack'd,  
 If he through pure drollery do a strange act ;  
 He's seen better days, but now, though he's spurn'd,  
 He mustn't look back, or they'll say his head's  
 turn'd! But, &c.

From sublimity's tower there is but one jump,  
 Ere the soft ground of folly you come upon plump.

Your wit, he turns author to augment his pelf—  
 But when he's pleased others, he goes mad himself.  
 But, &c.

Your amorous swain, to his sensitive dove,  
 Swears by each power, "that to madness I love!"  
 But though ever so mad, let him once be tied to her,  
 To his senses she'll pretty soon bring him, I'm  
 sure!  
 But, &c.

A married man's home oft a madhouse we see,  
 A maniac the man, and a fury is she;  
 Though lucid intervals possess the mad pair,  
 For many *beside themselves* oft they make there.  
 But, &c.

Then our keepers, the ministers, are a bit crack'd,  
 Like madmen they talk, and like madmen they act;  
 "Each dog has his day;" would these *dog days* were  
 past!  
 What a state our poor country's come to at last!  
 But, &c.

John Bull is a mad bull, as ev'ry one knows,  
 He's growled at and goaded wherever he goes;  
 But when his horns grow, let his hunters beware,  
 Or like a toss'd shilling they'll go in the air.  
 But, &c.

Astronomers mad are, I'll prove pretty soon,  
 Don't they talk sometimes queer 'bout the change  
 of the moon?  
 The miser is mad, too, to hoard up his pelf—  
 For others to squander while he starves himself.  
 But, &c.

The drunkard's a madman, for oft it is said,  
 A man that drinks deep is not right in his head.  
 For that enemy, drink, he goes prowling about,  
 And if he gets in, he knocks Mr. Brains out!  
 But, &c.

The doctors are all mad, too—ay, mad as March  
 hares,  
 Though often you'll own there *is* method in theirs ;  
 They swear a man's mad, to nibble his pelf,  
 When he ought to have on the straight-jacket himself !  
 But, &c.

But to mention minutely, I shan't be exact,  
 I can prove pretty soon, now, that all the world's  
 crack'd.  
 If it is upside down, as is said by the learn'd,  
 Why every one's brains of course must be turn'd.  
 But, &c.

But if *any-mad-versions* I pass on each elf,  
 You'll say that I'm *non compos mentis* myself !  
 So I'll even give in, lest you before long,  
 Say I am but raving, and mine's a mad song !  
 But, &c.

---

## MY HUSBAND MEANS EXTREMELY WELL.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

MY husband means extremely well,  
 Good, honest, humdrum man ;  
 And really I can hardly tell  
 How first our feuds began.  
 It was a match of my mamma's,  
 No match at all I mean,  
 Unless declining fifty has  
 One feature like fifteen.

I long'd to leave the prosing set,  
 Papa and durance vile,  
 I long'd to have a landaulet,  
 And four neat greys in style :

Sir William's steeds were thoroughbred,  
 He wooed me fourteen days,  
 And I consented, though his head  
 Was greyer than his greys.

For, oh ! I pined for pineries,  
 Plate, pin-money, and pearls ;  
 For smiles from royal highnesses,  
 Dukes, marquises, and earls.  
 Sir William was in Parliament,  
 And noticed by the king,  
 So when he made his *settlement*,  
 It was a settled thing.

He grumbles now ! a woman's whim  
 Turns night to day, he says,  
 As if he thought I'd sit with him,  
 Benighting all my days !  
 At six he rises, as for me,  
 At twelve I ring my bell ;  
 Thus we're wound up alternately,  
 Like buckets in a well.

---

## THE INCAS OF PERU.

ROBERT B. BROUGH.]

{ *Air*—"When this old  
 hat was new."

THERE'S no excuse for ignorance, now baronets and  
 earls  
 Have taken, from the lecture-room, to pelting us with  
 pearls.  
 A grateful pig, I've humbly scraped to pick up one or  
 two,  
 And learnt a few statistics of the Incas of Peru.  
 No doubt a many in this room may glean a hint or  
 two,  
 From what I've just been reading of the Incas of  
 Peru.

Peru is in America—(you see how I've got on !)  
Producing gold in hundredweights, and silver by the  
ton ;

With burning plains, but grassy dells, where cooling  
breezes lurk ;

The place in fact to live—with some one else to do the  
work.

No doubt a many in this room, the self-same point  
of view

Would take of it, precisely, as the Incas of Peru.

The Incas were a royal race, descended from the sun,  
In person quite distinguish'd from the folks of com-  
mon run :

They'd smaller hands, and cleaner teeth, a finer type  
of nose ;

They had no chilblains on their heels, or corns upon  
their toes.

No doubt a many in this room, with marks of birth  
in view

Like those, would kiss the shoe-strings of the Incas  
of Peru.

In right of their divine descent, they own'd Peruvia's  
soil ;

Of course, such dainty finger-tips were never made to  
toil—

In fact, 'twas 'gainst the laws they should—except to  
bring in pails

Of water for the monarch's bath, or cut the royal nails.

No doubt a many in this room would swagger if they  
knew

Gold-Shaving-Pot-in-Waiting to the Incas of Peru.

Now, something like a ruling class were they : beneath  
their rule

No common person's children were allow'd to go to  
school ;

And none to hold an office or command could e'er  
expect—

Save those of Inca families, which kept the thing select.

No doubt a many in this room know younger sons  
who rue

Not having such connexions as the Incas of Peru.

Their priests the people taught, the greatest crime was  
shirking toil ;

And, next to that, begrudging to their lieges all its spoil.

The cottar as he delved the mine, or reap'd the golden  
maize,

Was made to sing war-songs in his indulgent master's  
praise.

No doubt a many in this room had earned a pound  
or two,

By writing flunkey ballads for the Incas of Peru.

The Incas had their game preserves—vast flocks of  
llama goats,

That fatten'd on the workman's corn, like pheasants  
on our cats.

An annual bunch (say one per cent.) of fleece each serf  
might pull

At shearing time, 'mid dance and song—much cry and  
little wool !

No doubt a many in this room will this concession  
view,

As rather feeble-minded in the Incas of Peru !

They'd poor laws, too, well organized—a man his  
work who'd done,

(That is, the Incas) might not to his own poor garden run,  
Until his neighbours, old and sick, he'd help'd with  
might and main ;

Which saved relieving officers—from vagrants clear'd  
the plain.

No doubt a many in this room, a scandal think  
it, to

Abuse paternal rulers, like the Incas of Peru.



The people were contented then, like hounds or rabbits  
tame ;

But, well-a-day ! one morning fine, Pizarro's cut-  
throats came.

"Peruvians arm !" the Incas cry ; "your plains and  
cities fair,

Invaders threaten !" but the people didn't seem to care.

No doubt a many in this room as dastard traitors  
view

The hinds who wouldn't rally round the Incas of  
Peru.

The Spaniards cut the Incas' throats ; the people calm  
look'd on :

Slaves like a change of masters—they submitted to the  
Don ;

He paid as well, allow'd them drink : four cent'ries  
have gone round,

The Indians of Peru are still the slaves the Spaniards  
found.

No doubt a many in this room, in this recital true,  
Can weep but for the downfall of the Incas of Peru.

---

## SIR TILBURY TOTT AND HIS LADY.

THEODORE HOOK.]

[*Air*—"Oh ! my deary."] ]

THE plump Lady Tott to her husband one day  
Said, "Let us go driving this evening, I pray."

(Lady Tott was an alderman's daughter.)

"Well, where shall we go ?" said Sir Tilbury Tott.

"Why, my love," said my lady, "the weather is hot,  
Suppose we drive round by the water,—

The water,—

Suppose we drive round by the water."

The dinner was ended, the claret was "done,"

The knight getting up,—getting down was the sun,—  
And my lady agog for heart-slaughter ;

When Sir Tilbury, lazy, like cows after grains,  
 Said, "The weather is low'ring, my love; see it rains,—  
     Only look at the drops in the water,—  
         The water,—  
 Only look at the drops in the water."

Lady Tott, who, when earnestly fixed on a drive,  
 Overcame all excuses Sir Til might contrive,  
     Had her bonnet and parasol brought her :  
 Says she, "Dear Sir Til, don't let *me* ask in vain ;  
 The dots in the pond which you take to be rain  
     Are nothing but flies in the water,—  
         The water,—  
 Are nothing but flies in the water."

Sir Tilbury saw that he could not escape ;  
 So he put on his coat, with a three-doubled cape,  
     And then by the hand gently caught her ;  
 And lifting her up to his high one-horse "shay,"  
 She settled her "things," and the pair drove away  
     And skirted the edge of the water,—  
         The water,—  
 And skirted the edge of the water.

Sir Til was quite right ; on the top of his crown,  
 Like small shot in volleys, the rain peppered down,—  
     Only small shot would do much more slaughter,—  
 Till the gay Lady Tott, who was getting quite wet,  
 Said, "My dear Sir T. T.," in a kind of half pet,  
     "Turn back, for I'm drenched with rain-water,—  
         Rain-water,  
 Turn back, for I'm drenched with rain-water."

"Oh, dear Lady T.," said Til, winking his eye,  
 "You everything know so much better than I ;"  
     (For when angry with kindness he fought her).  
 "You may fancy this rain, as I did before ;  
 But you show'd me my folly ;—'tis really no more  
     Than the skimming of flies in the water,—  
         The water,—  
 The skimming of flies in the water."

He drove her about for an hour or two,  
 'Till her ladyship's clothes were completely soak'd  
     through,  
 Then home to Tott Cottage he brought her,  
 And said, "Now, Lady T., by the joke of to-night,  
 I'll *reign* over you; for you'll own that I'm right,  
     And know rain, ma'am, from flies in the water,—  
             The water,—  
 Know rain, ma'am, from flies in the water."

---

### A FOGGY NIGHT.

JACOB COLE.]

{ *Tune*—"Oh what a row,  
 { what a rumpus."

OH! the sprees of the town—people talk with such  
 delight of 'em,  
 That all allow a row is now as pleasant as a ball;  
 So I t'other night wander'd out just to get a sight of  
 'em;  
 But, egad! it was so foggy that I couldn't see  
 at all.  
 So dark it got the folks knew not the places that sur-  
 rounded 'em;  
 When lights were had 'twas just as bad—they bother'd  
 and confounded 'em.  
 Horses falling, coachmen bawling, women, too, with  
 louder clacks;  
 And men with powder'd whiskers who had never paid  
 the powder tax.  
     Oh! what a fog—what a suffocating fog it is!  
     Enough to choke a dog it is,  
     I do declare.

Molly Mog cursed the fog, and lamented very serious,  
 That in the mist she'd *missed* the chance of meeting  
 her John;  
 Billy Bacon was mistaken, in a way the most myste-  
 rious,  
 He took another person's watch instead of his own.

The heads of some in contact came sufficient to be  
stunning you—

“ Oh! sir, I beg your pardon—where the devil are  
you running to ?”

Old Mother Hughes was so confused, the fog it did  
accost her so,

She found herself in Lombard-street, and thought  
'twas Paternoster-row.

Oh! what a fog, &c.

“ I say, Joe, when you go, don't forget your upper  
Benjamin,

You'll find it very comfortable going thro' the fog ;  
I've a coat which I bought when I went on board  
an Indiaman,

And I think it wouldn't hurt us if we took a drop  
of grog.

I'll tie a fogle round my scrag, and notwithstanding  
you may quiz 'em,

These things very often save one getting cold or  
rheumatism.

Achilles in the park has no notion of a fog, or he  
Would certainly petition for a bit of upper toggery.

Oh! what a fog, &c.

Tom declared that the losses in the fog were of the  
oddest he

Had ever found of giving cause for people to com-  
plain :

Two parsons lost their prudence, three women lost  
their modesty,

And a bailiff lost his conscience, which hene'er found  
again.

A footman was so mystified, a door he couldn't rap it  
right,

And so he lost his place, and for grief he lost his  
appetite ;

Tom vow'd he'd leave off drinking, and I do not think  
 he meant a lie,  
 But he lost his recollection, and so got drukk acci-  
 dentally. Oh ! what a fog, &c.

In the mist I had kissed an angel, as I thought of her,  
 And gladly I'd escort'd her, but I was too shy ;  
 To fall in love at first sight—for the first sight I  
 caught of her,  
 I found she was a Blackamoor, and had but one  
 eye.  
 Said I, " I think I'll buy a link, I shan't know men  
 from women else ;"  
 For folks were led about with links as if they had  
 been criminals.  
 But finding now, in case of row, I couldn't see to  
 thump any,  
 I left the fog, and here did jog, to join this happy  
 company. Oh ! what a fog, &c.

---

### MR. PUMPKIN AND HIS WIFE.

J. H.]

*Tune*—" Mr. Simpkins."

MR. PUMPKIN and his wife were a domesticated pair,  
 Residing in a " villa in the suburbs of the town ;"  
 Mr. Pumpkin every morning dress'd with cleanliness  
 and care,  
 Would on his regular box-seat to the City travel  
 down.

Mr. Pumpkin left his business every afternoon at  
 four—  
 Return'd to " Pumpkin Villa," there to rest and to  
 recruit ;  
 And being a somewhat bulky man—some fourteen  
 stone or more—  
 He always loved to throw aside his stiff-cut City  
 suit.

Mr. Pumpkin had some slippers, which were much  
worn down at heel,  
Likewise a coat and waistcoat—all as roomy as you  
please ;  
And attired in these old garments he would take his  
evening meal,  
For in their spacious folds he could luxuriate at  
ease.

Mrs. Pumpkin was a woman of a very useful kind—  
Could make a pudding—wash a shirt—was never  
known to waste ;  
But, unfortunately, one idea had seized upon her mind—  
She thought that she possessed a most undoubted  
classic taste.

“Pumpkin Villa” was a dwelling which, though  
snug, was rather plain ;  
It had an empty fanlight o’er the door which faced  
the street ;  
And this empty fanlight was to Mrs. P. a “perfect  
bane ;”  
She thought some plaster images would make it  
look “so neat.”

Now it happened, one fine morning, that an Israelite  
pass’d by,  
With crockery-basket on his arm, ejaculating “Clo’ !”  
Mrs. Pumpkin in an instant heard that old familiar  
cry—  
Said she, “To get those images a glorious scheme I  
know.”

So the man she beckoned to the door ; he came with  
ready will ;  
She told him how that fanlight was a trouble to her  
eye—  
How she’d set her heart on images to fill its vacant sill,  
And what old clothes she’d give him if he could the  
same supply.

"Vell," said he, "I'm always ready, marm, to barter  
or to shell—

I'll get the short of articlesh shall shoot you to a T."

"Let me have a Mr. Milton, for I think he wears so  
well—

The same as Mrs. Tomkins has, next door but one,"  
said she.

He left the place, and in an hour was at the door again,  
When piled upon his basket he three plaster casts  
had got ;

There was a Milton who appear'd as if he felt in pain,  
A pug-nosed Burns, and Byron as a substitute for  
Scott.

Mrs. Pumpkin in the interim had raked up heaps of  
clothes,

The slippers, coat, and waistcoat, too, of absent  
Mr. P. ;

"Now," said she, "I'll clear this rubbish off—what  
use it is Lord knows,

And get the man to give me in a set of things for  
tea."

To Mrs. Pumpkin's great delight the bargain was con-  
cluded,

The man departed with the clothes, and left the  
crockeryware ;

And Mrs. Pumpkin afterwards herself all day deluded  
By thinking how delightedly poor P. at night would  
stare.

Well, the old Dutch kitchen-clock had sometime  
struck the hour of five ;

"It's very odd," said she, "that Mr. P. should be  
so late ;

It is seldom more than half-past four before he does  
arrive."

She saw her husband, while she spoke, approach the  
outer gate.

Mrs. Pumpkin saw, with anxious glance, a cloud was  
on his brow,

His features wore an aspect which was anything  
but gay ;

“ Mr. P.,” said she, “ how late you are !” said he,  
“ Don't bother now—

The reason is, I missed that horrid omnibus to-day.

“ Will you get those easy clothes of mine, my slippers  
and my coat ?”

“ I changed away those nasty things this morning,  
dear,” said she,

“ For some statues for our doorway, love, on which  
you know I doat,

And that lovely set of tea-things which is now laid  
out for tea !”

Mr. Pumpkin was in general of a mild temperament,  
The loss of his apparel, though, was too much for  
his mind ;

He with one tremendous kick the “ lovely ” tea-  
things over sent,

An act which Mrs. Pumpkin said was “ brutally  
unkee—ind.”

But his work of deep destruction Mr. Pumpkin had  
not done,

He seized with fell design upon each unoffending bust ;  
Knock'd poor Burns and “ Mr. Milton ” into pieces,  
one by one,

And Byron threw into the hole which held the  
household dust !

Mrs. P. could not contain herself—in tears her grief  
found vent ;

She said such scenes of violence her feelings did not  
suit ;

And to have a separate maintenance it was her fixed  
intent—

She wonder'd how she'd wedded such a vulgar,  
tasteless brute !



## MORAL.

All you ladies who desire to lead a life of wedded  
 bliss,  
 Don't change your husband's clothes, but pay for  
 all you buy in cash ;  
 If you *must* transform old garments into ornaments,  
 do this—  
 Just take your own, which, strange to say, you  
 never think are trash !

---

 THE WIDOW WAGTAIL.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

 { *Tune* - " Mr. Simpkin  
 { lived at Leeds."

THE Widow Wagtail's charms and bloom by Father  
 Time had fled,  
 The colt's tooth was the only tooth which stuck fast  
 in her head ;  
 Though seventy-two, the fire of love seem'd in her to  
 be latent,  
 For husbands every now and then she got as if by  
 patent.

Four husbands she had had, 'tis true—the first an  
 undertaker ;  
 The second was a butcher stout—the third a tough  
 Scotch baker ;  
 The fourth a jolly Beefeater, so very tall and stout,  
 But she contrived to see all in their graves—while she  
 stood out.

She did not grieve so very much, as Providence so  
 will'd 'em,  
 But when they died, the neighbours plainly said,  
 " 'Twas she that kill'd 'em ;"  
 Whether so or not, 'tis plain, to outlive them she  
 made shift,  
 And having buried all the four, she long'd to have a  
 fift'.

She went to church to get one there bedeck'd with  
 silks and satins,  
 A little humpy cock-eyed maid behind her with her  
 pattens ;  
 She strutted like a turkey-cock so grand, to catch the  
 men,  
 While the little maid behind her was more like a  
 bantam hen.

The parson was a bachelor—but felt in love misgiving,  
 Like many other parsons, he could not live by his living ;  
 Her husbands he had known, and he was young  
 enough for *her* son,  
 He felt inclined to wed her purse—but was afraid of  
 her person.

The clerk, a small man, four feet two (his shoulders  
 angled square),  
 Look'd from his book to eye her flesh, tho' he had  
 none to spare ;  
 Said he, " She has a heavy purse, which much I desire,  
 But she'd send me to Davy soon, for she's as strong as  
 Goliath."

The organist was blind, poor soul! but a very clever  
 player,  
 Although of sight he was bereft—oh, no man could be  
 gayer ;  
 Said he, " Although of money I am very much in need,  
 To wed with such a vampire, oh I should be blind in-  
 deed.

The beadle was full six feet high, and bloated, big,  
 and burly,  
 E'en his great gold-laced cock'd-hat, at the little boys  
 look'd surly ;  
 He smiled upon the widow with a loving eye, and  
 steady,  
 And would have married her—but in truth, he'd got  
 two wives already.

When the congregation through she'd leer'd at all the  
fellows,  
She caught at last a gawkey boy who blew the organ  
bellows ;  
Breathless at the thought of her, he said, " Whoo,  
whoo, whoo, whoo,  
To meet through her a blow from death, no—blow me  
if I do."

The sexton was a feeble man, and eighty years of age,  
He eyed her every Sunday—but afraid was to engage ;  
Said he, " Each former spouse they say she buried in  
his prime,  
I'd wed her—but I do not wish to die before my  
time."

At last the sexton's journeyman, who labour'd like a  
Turk,  
For his master got the profit for which he did all the  
work ;  
" Of this grave life," said he, " I'm tired—I'll wed  
her, though she's strange,  
And whether she kills me or not, egad, 'twill make a  
change."

So boldly then he courted her, and did the folks amaze,  
She did not care for decency, but married him in two  
days ;  
And ere the honeymoon was o'er she died, and, lucky  
elf !  
He'd all the money, and with joy he dug her grave  
himself.

Though formerly a grave young man, there's no one  
now so merry,  
And in a young wife's arms he does the thoughts of  
the old one bury ;  
Of port or sherry drinks his glass, the luckiest of  
the five ones,  
And instead of burying bodies dead, he's employed in  
rearing live ones.



Oh, wouldn't it be out of place to see a parson frisky,  
 Or a Jack-tar with a *numbereller* in the Bay of Biscay !  
 Yet we trace, &c.

It would be rayther out of place, and truly insignific,  
 To wear *dress boots* upon a raft in the South Pacific.  
 Oh, wouldn't it be out of place (from such an act  
 I cringes)  
 To use a *fan* in Greenland, or a *top-coat* in the  
 Hingies !  
 Yet we trace, &c.

It would be rather out of place for the Earl Shaftes-  
 bury to stop  
 Miss Burdett Coutts in the street, and ask her if she'd  
*stand a drop !*  
 And so it would for any man, howe'er in want of  
 riches,  
 To go in search of the North Pole in a *blouse and nan-  
 keen breeches !*  
 Yet we trace, &c.

It would be out of place to see—supposing he could  
 sup any—  
 The Prince of Wales in a pie-shop tucking in his *tup-  
 penny !*  
 And so 'twould be to see him at a workman's exhi-  
 bition,  
 A shouting out, "Walk up, walk up; sixpence is the  
 admission !" Yet we trace, &c.

It would be out of place to see a cobbler work on  
 Monday,  
 Or to catch a Bishop pitching into hot meals on a  
 Sunday.  
 It would be out of place to see (peacemakers would be  
 sacking him)  
 Lord John a *fighting* in the street, and Quaker Bright  
 a *backing* him.

Yet we trace  
 Many things around us that are out of place.

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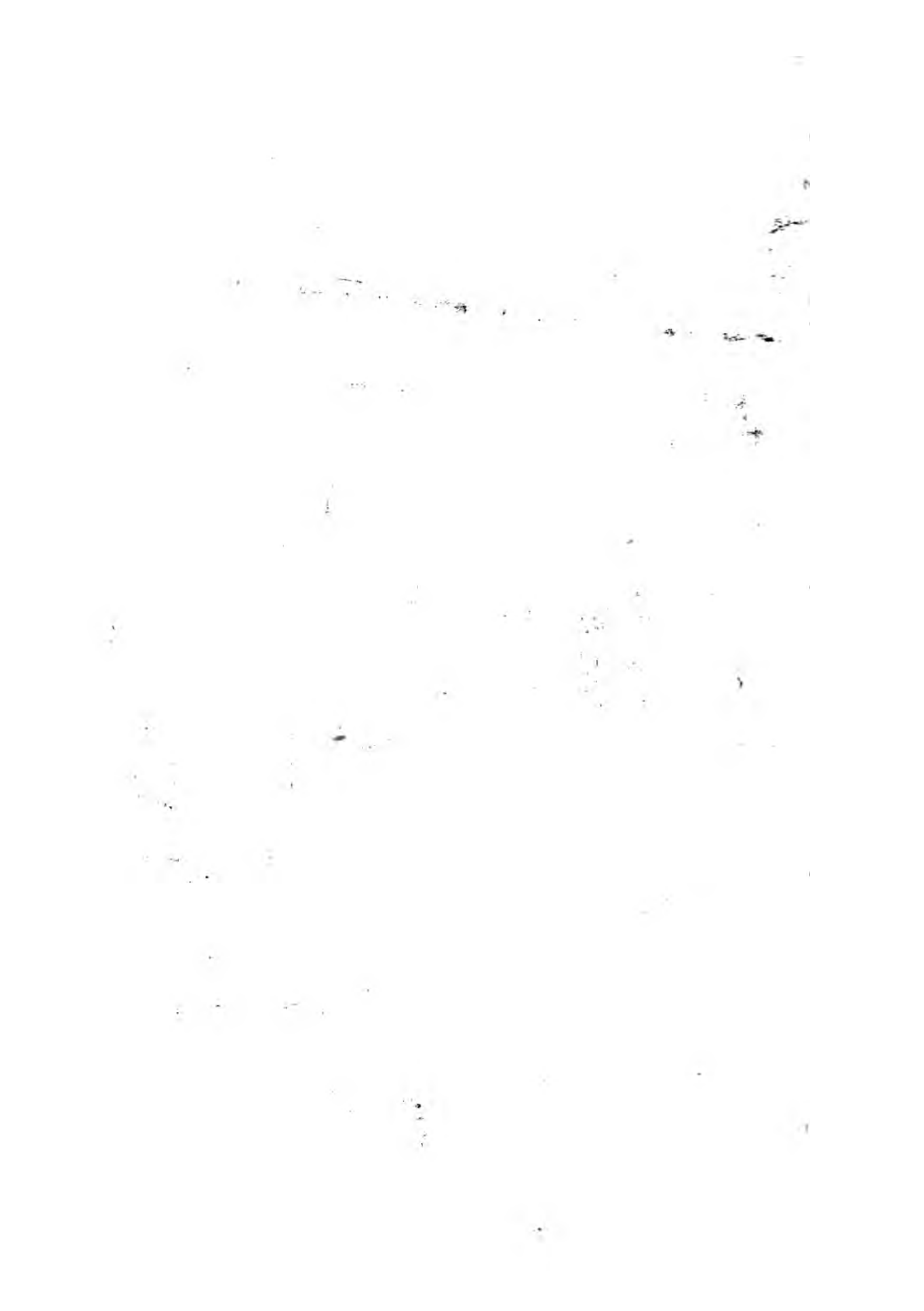
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**THE WHIMSICAL SONGSTER.**





THE  
WHIMSICAL SONGSTER.

EDITED BY

J. E. CARPENTER.

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THE  
WHIMSICAL SONGSTER.

---

COMICAL THINGS.

CHARLES DIBDIN }  
the Younger.

[Tune—"Drops of Brandy."]

YOUR laughter I'll try to provoke  
With the wonders I got in my travels ;  
And first is a pig in a poke,  
Next a law case without any cavils :  
A straw poker, a tiffany boat,  
Paper boots, to walk dry thro' the ditches,  
A new *lignum vitæ* great coat,  
Flint waistcoat, and pair of glass breeches.  
Tol lol, &c.

A dimity warming-pan new,  
Steel nightcap, and pair of lawn bellows,  
A yard-wide foot rule, and then two  
Odd shoes, that belong to odd fellows ;  
China wheelbarrow, earthenware gig,  
A book bound in wood, with no leaves to't,  
Besides a new velvet wig,  
Lin'd with tripe, and a long pair of sleeves to't.  
Tol lol, &c.

A coalskuttle trimm'd with Scotch gauze,  
 Pickled crumpets, and harrico'd muffins,  
 Tallow stewpan, nankeen chest of drawers ;  
 Dumb alarm-bell, to frighten humguffins :  
 Six knives and forks made of red tape,  
 A patent washleather polony :  
 A gilt coat with a gingerbread cape,  
 And lin'd with the best macaroni.

Tol lol, &c.

A plumpudding made of inch-deal,  
 A pot of mahogany capers ;  
 A gooseberry pie made of veal,  
 And stuff'd with two three-corner'd scrapers :  
 Sour krout sweeten'd well with small coal,  
 A fricasseed carpenter's mallet ;  
 A cast iron toad in a hole—  
 And a monstrous great hole in the ballad.

Tol lol, &c.

---

## NOTHING WORTH SEEING OVER LONDON.

THOMAS HUDSON, }  
 with additions. }

{ *Tune*—"I'd rather have a Guinea  
 than a One Pound Note."

I'VE spent time and money, and wandered up and  
 down,  
 All the sights to see of famed London town ;  
 I've rode to look at this, and walked to visit that—  
 Everything's unprofitable—dull and stale and flat.  
 Formerly the country folks who came to town were  
 told  
 The streets, and lanes, and alleys were laid and paved  
 with gold ;  
 Macadam has the gold picked up, and dust and mud  
 laid down,  
 There's not a thing worth seeing now in London  
 town.

Westminster Hall—we only hear the lawyers make a rout—

The Houses of Parliament are fast wearing out ;  
All the nick-knackery carving is crumbling fast away,  
And the only gilding left is in the gold we've got to pay;  
Trafalgar-square, that noble site, has fountains poor  
and small,

And the Gallery called National's not national at all ;  
Landseer hasn't done the lions, but he's done us very  
brown ;

And there's not a thing worth seeing all over London  
town,

You can't see St. Paul's, for the view is covered over,  
By the tunnel, called a bridge, of the Chatham and  
Dover ;

And go where you will these sad railway doings,  
They have made London town but a vast heap of  
ruins ;

The Bank is not worth looking at : I hope it may not  
break,

The Monument, as everybody knows, is on the shake ;  
I've spent my time and money, and wandered up and  
down,

There's not a thing worth seeing all over London town.

If you go to a theatre (once Shakespeare he had  
hisen),

You'll see the streets of London, or the inside of a  
prison ;

But as to seeing acting, the managers say flat,

You can't expect to get a sensation out of that !

And yet I do remember, in the days of Young and  
Kean,

There were plays that you could listen to, and actors  
to be seen ;

And *they* hadn't twelve-sheet posting bills to puff them  
to renown !

Oh, there's nothing now worth seeing all over London  
town.



If you go down the Thames—it's a sight in **any**  
 weather—  
 To see all the new bridges that they've stuck so close  
 together ;  
 When the steamboat drops the funnel, where 'twill  
 scarcely let you through,  
 Before you've got through number one you're under  
 number two ;  
 When will the famed Embankment be finished—who  
 can tell ?  
 You wouldn't know the river now, excepting for the  
 smell.  
 I've spent my time and money, and wandered up and  
 down,  
 There is nothing now worth seeing all over London  
 town.

Picture exhibitions—there are lots of them about—  
 Crammed full of portraits, but the talent all shut out ;  
 Concerts come off daily—songs sung by the score—  
 Music-sellers' "speculations," they, and nothing more ;  
 Dwarfs and giants, niggers, for the fashionable few,  
 But where our Siddons, Brahams, and our elder  
 Mathews, too ?  
 Success to Mr. Woodin, Colonel Stodare—Mrs.  
 Brown—  
 The only things worth seeing now all over London  
 town.

---

### THE TEE-TOTAL BARBER.

J. G. WAITS.]

[Tune—"Ben the Carpenter."]

WILL WINDSOR was a barber bold,  
 He lived in Camden Town ;  
 His shaving shop had made a stop  
 Right opposite the Crown.  
 But though so near a public-house,  
 He lived without its pale ;  
 For he had signed the temp'rance pledge  
 Against rum, beer, and ale.

He drove a very *steady* trade,  
As you may well suppose ;  
And, though a dwarf, he'd boldly take  
The biggest by the nose.  
So things went very smoothly on,  
Until one luckless day,  
It chanced a dashing barmaid came  
To live across the way.

Her eye was black, her lip was red,  
Her teeth were white as pearl ;  
Her weight was almost sixteen stone,  
She was a bouncing girl.  
I said her eye—she had but one  
Wherewith to gaze about ;  
For when a child a snuffer's point  
Had put the other out.

Will Windsor, standing at his door,  
Beheld the cab drawn down,  
Which bore this queenly maiden to  
Her fit abode—the Crown.  
His face with blushes was suffused,  
His heart did double work ;  
And fluttered like a butterfly  
Just pinned upon a cork.

And when she long had disappeared  
He still felt far from right ;  
And cut his best of customers  
Most cruelly that night.  
He planed the cab'netmaker's cheek,  
And trod upon his toes ;  
He gashed the butcher's double chin ;  
He snipped the tailor's nose.

“Alas ! alas ! what shall I do ?”  
When left alone, he cried.  
“To own myself a water man  
May bar me from a bride.

How can I get to speak to her  
 About love's magic thrill?"  
 Then came the thought, "Teetot'lers may  
 Take cordial drinks when ill."

This thought revolving in his mind,  
 With sickness he grew rife;  
 Until he felt that brandy hot  
 Alone would save his life.  
 He hurried over to the Crown;  
 He tarried very long;  
 Alas! his flesh was weak, or else  
 Their brandy precious strong.

For when again he sought his home,  
 And tried to cross the road;  
 Six sev'ral times into the mud  
 His legs discharged their load.  
 Next morn he was so very bad,  
 He scarce knew how to move;  
 Yet would he struggle over to  
 The object of his love.

Yes, there was danger in delays,  
 His feelings he'd impart;  
 Would seek the "jug department," and  
 Pour out his aching heart.  
 He acted on this bold resolve,  
 The maiden cyclops smiled;  
 And said that she "was used to chaff,"  
 So begged he'd "draw it mild."

"I do not mock—I do not chaff!"  
 He gasped. "To prove it's true;  
 Last night I broke my temp'rance pledge  
 To gain a look at you."  
 "Then, sir, than wed a man like that  
 I'd lead a single life;  
 For he who could not keep a pledge  
 I'm sure can't keep a wife."

Will bowed his head—in silence turned  
 Once more towards the street ;  
 And Sam, the pot-boy, from behind,  
 Assisted his retreat.  
 There's little more to tell : henceforth  
 The bottle was his spouse ;  
 He perished in the honeymoon,  
 From an undue carouse.

---

## HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

J. BEULER.]

{ *Tune*—"The good old days  
 of Adam and Eve."

OH dear ! it is beyond believing  
 How people now are given to thieving ;  
 How high and low each other's cheating,  
 Juggling, bilking, and brow-beating.  
 There are some men who boast much feeling,  
 Yet from the poor are always stealing ;  
 They cheat the nation worse than smugglers,  
 And when found out they cut their jugulars.  
     Sing high, sing low, it is no jest, sirs,  
     Honesty is far the best, sirs.

One Samuel Swipes, a good strong porter,  
 Stole Suke's heart when he went to court her ;  
 But when she was his for better or worse, sirs,  
 She stole the rhino from his purse, sirs.  
 When he came home quite drunk and funny,  
 She from his pocket stole his money ;  
 He oft suspected and harangued her,  
 She gave the lie, and then he bang'd her.

They had two babes who'd fight and sputter,  
 And steal each other's bread-and-butter ;  
 Upset fruit stalls, steal the apples,  
 In spite of laws in church and chapels.

Their dad now lived with Mr. Water,  
Who dealt in wine and bottled porter ;  
Swipes drank the wine, at last, in sport, did  
Steal some *port* and was *transported* !

When Swipes' two children did grow bigger,  
The boy became a noted *prigger* ;  
Of turning pockets was a quick learner,  
But soon got turn'd to a Brixton turner.  
His sister lived in service snugger,  
But stole the wine, and tea and sugar ;  
Till she got, through being unwary,  
In the Pen-i-ten-ti-ary.

Now, Mrs. Swipes went out a charing,  
For candles' ends and good cheese paring ;  
But lud ! she wasn't content with these, sirs,  
But took whole candles and lumps of cheese, sirs.  
She smugg'd some butter in her bonnet,  
One day, and going, she put on it ;  
Cook made her stop, to baste the meat, sirs,  
And Swipes' prize melted down t'her feet, sirs.

In butter thus was Swipes now roasting,  
When for some salt cook sent her posting ;  
'Twas Christmas time, the air did cut her,  
She look'd like a carrot cool'd in butter.  
Her pockets now had four eggs good in,  
With plums all stolen to make a pudding ;  
But ah ! she slipped ('twas frosty weather),  
And smash'd the eggs and all together.

Next Mrs. Swipes went out a nursing,  
But this place she did much worse in ;  
Her patient was ill with the phthisic,  
And Swipes served out his wine and physic.  
One day the mistress went to walk out,  
Swipes got a bottle—drew the cork out,  
She gulp'd that down with two bottles more, sirs,  
Then fell a sprawling on the floor, sirs.

Stolen goods, though sweet, says a wise one,  
 Often times will prove a poison ;  
 The mistress when come home set at her,  
 But Swipes couldn't tell what was the matter.  
 "Oh, ma'am ! some wine, I couldn't suppose it"—  
 Ma'am saw what when she look'd in the closet ;  
 She'd drank the wine, and some'at which caught  
 her—

She'd swallow'd a bottle of jallap and water.\*

Now, all who love things under the roses,  
 Pray go read o'er the laws of Moses ;  
 Especially that which all surpasses,  
 'Bout coveting other's oxen and asses.  
 'Tis best to mind laws written or oral,  
 They serve to make mankind keep moral ;  
 For justice, soon or late, makes folly see  
 That honesty's the soundest policy.

Sing high, sing low, it is no jest, sirs,  
 Honesty is far the best, sirs.

---

## AND WASN'T SHE A TIDY ONE?

[CHARLES DIBDIN.]

I MARRIED a wife, and who cares, said I ;  
 A pattern she was of good breeding, O ;  
 The pink of feeling and delicacy,  
 And she learned it from novel reading, O ;  
 A rose once bloomed on her lovely cheek,  
 And so stick to her book did this pride o' one,  
 She wash'd her face but once a week,  
 And wasn't she a tidy one ?

A tidy one !

And wasn't she a tidy one ?

While dressing the dinner one day, she'd got  
 A novel she was concluding, O,  
 Quite absent, with soap-suds she filled the pot,  
 And in it boiled the pudding, O ;

\* Founded on fact.

My shaving-brush mislaid had I,  
 When a novel all day she'd cried o'er one,  
 And I found the brush in the beefsteak-pie,  
 O, wasn't she a tidy one?      A tidy one, &c.

My tea she sweetened once with salt,  
 Put Cayenne in a custard, O ;  
 Mistaking ever meal for malt,  
 She brimstone mixed for mustard, O ;  
 I asked her a cravat to wash for me,  
 When a novel I had denied her one,  
 So she clear-starched the cravat in camomile-tea,  
 And wasn't she a tidy one?      A tidy one, &c.

O'er "the Victim of Feeling" she snivelling sat,  
 While the child in the fire chanced falling, O ;  
 And she *feelingly* bawled out, "O, curse the brat !  
 The devil can't read for his squalling, O."

## MORAL.

Ye fair, there's for all things time and place,  
 And a GOOD novel may be the pride o' one ;  
 But don't sit down to read till you've washed your  
 face,  
 Or lud help him that gets such a tidy one !  
 Such a tidy one, &c.

## THE ALMANACK MAKER.

[JAMES KENNEY.]

OH, father had a jolly knack  
 Of cooking up an almanack ;  
 He could tell,  
 Very well,  
 Of eclipses and wars,  
 Of Venus and Mars,  
 When plots were prevented,  
 Penny posts were invented,

Of Rome's dire reproaches,  
 And the first hackney coaches :  
 And he always foresaw  
 There'd be frost or be thaw ;  
 Much sun or much sleet,  
 Much rain or much heat,  
 On the fourth or the seventh,  
 The fifth or eleventh,  
 The tenth or the fifteenth,  
 The twentieth or sixteenth.  
 But to guard against laughter,  
     He wisely did guess  
     They'd be more or less  
 Day before, or day after.

Oh, father had a jolly knack,  
 Of cooking up an almanack :  
     He could tell,  
     Very well,  
 Of aches and of pains,  
 In the loins and the reins,  
 In the lips and the toes,  
 In the back and the nose ;  
 Of a red letter day,  
 When schoolboys might play ;  
 When tempests would clatter,  
 When earthquakes would shatter ;  
 When comets would run,  
 And the world be undone,  
 But yet still there was laughter ;  
     For people would cry,  
     Though he says we're to die,  
 It may be to-day, or day after.  
 Light and dark, high-water mark,  
 Signs the skies in, southing, rising,  
 Verse terrific, hieroglyphic,  
 Astronomical, all so comical.  
 Oh, father had a jolly knack  
 Of cooking up an almanack.



## THE FEMALE SMUGGLER.

From "Town Talk."] [Air—"Villikins and his Dinah."]

OH! all you young damsels take warning from me,  
And mind what you're at when you travel by sea;  
Don't wear crinolines, or it is my belief,  
They will tempt you to deeds that will bring you to  
grief.

'Tis of a young damsel so lovely and fair,  
In spite of her parents to France would repair,  
She said, "A short journey from home can't be  
wrong,  
Since to Calais I'm off—I'm not going to Be-long."

In a crinoline splendid she made this here trip,  
But she took so much room up she half filled the  
ship;  
Says the Captain, "With she, if there comes on a  
gale,  
We shall have to let steam off, and shorten all sail."

At Calais she landed, this maiden so fair,  
And she walked her abroad, and she breathed the  
fresh air,  
When some wicked designers did tempt her to wrong,  
Which you'll know all about when you've heard this  
here song.

Oh, she came back to London's great city so fine;  
And they stopped at the Docks of the famed Catherine;  
She was tripping ashore with a hinnocent smile,  
When a stern landing waiter her steps did beguile.

Oh! rudely he stopped this misguided young lass;  
Says he, "With them what's-a-names, miss, you can't  
pass."

Says she, "It's the fashion, from France lately come."  
Says he, "Werry like—but it *may* conceal rum."

He marched her away, (think of this, pretty dears !)  
 And handed her over—not minding her tears—  
 To the hard-hearted searchers ; who stripped in a  
     crack,  
 The pretty flounced petticoats off of her back.

Oh, sad to relate ! the inside one they found,  
 With the choicest Regalia cigars, stitched all round.  
 So they dragged her, in spite of pray'r, sobbing and  
     shriek,  
 To the Court of stern Yardley, the Thames Police  
     beak.

So this beak (who's the terror of all jovial tars)  
 Did find her so guilty of smuggling cigars,  
 That he felt it his duty, this maiden divine,  
 The sum of one hundred gold sov'reigns to fine.

And he says to the custom-house party, says he,  
 "When a lady again in such garments you see,  
 Suspect her intentions, and search her with skill."  
 Says the custom-house party, "Your worship, I  
     will."

So you see, you young damsels what crinolines wear,  
 Though your hearts may be pure as your faces are  
     fair,  
 All who see you encased in your iron-hoop sheath,  
 Will suspect something wrong may be smuggled be-  
     neath.

---

## MY DAUGHTER FAN.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by J. BLEWITT.]

MY daughter Fan, oh, look at her face,  
     You'll own she's quite uncommon ;  
 A girl in years, but in beauty and grace,  
     My daughter Fan's a woman.

And well indeed may her mother be proud  
When she makes such a great sensation,  
'Tis nature all—she was never allow'd  
To be bothered with education.

My daughter Fan has never been shown  
Her steps by a dancing-master,  
But she skips about in a way of her own,  
And nobody gallops faster.  
She never was taught to sing a bit!  
And that's what makes me prouder ;  
For when she sings, you'll all admit,  
That nobody can sing louder.

My daughter Fan had her miniature done,  
I looked upon that as a duty,  
Next year, no doubt, her face will be one  
Of the gems of the Book of Beauty.  
When Chantrey sees her, I think he'll faint,  
So very superb her bust is,  
But, after all, neither chisel nor paint  
Can do my daughter justice.

The eyes of my daughter seem to me  
Divine, as I've often told her,  
While one looks straight, the other, you see,  
Seems peeping over her shoulder !  
And that, with her nose (in the turn-up style),  
I give you my word and honour,  
Has such a charm, that it wins a smile  
From all who look upon her !

My daughter Fan will come out in the spring,  
She begs—and I can't refuse her !  
But, oh dear me, 'tis a terrible thing  
To think that I soon must lose her !  
For when she's out she'll marry 'tis clear,  
And that my bosom touches ;  
My daughter Fan, this time next year,  
Is sure to be a duchess !

## THE DEVIL AND THE WATERMAN-FIREMAN.

JACOB BEULER.]

[*Music* by J. BEULER.]

THERE was a Waterman, one Jack Street,  
Who used to ply along the Thames river ;  
He had served abroad of her Majesty's fleet,  
Pull away ! yo-e-yo !

He ply'd with sculls, a scull cap wore,  
And it was noticed how he swore.  
Right foddi, viddi, voddi, pull away !  
Right foddi, viddi, voddi, pull away !

But though he'd swear like Ananias,  
From Monday to Saturday all along the river ;  
On Sunday he was very much pious,  
Pull away ! yo-e-yo !

And on that day ne'er raised his paw,  
To get a fare against the law,  
Right foddi, viddi, voddi, pull away !

On Saturday night, 'twas rather late,  
He was up at Lambeth by the Thames river ;  
When by the church clock, I have to state,  
Pull away ! yo-e-yo !

It was near twelve, when with swagg'ring airs,  
A gent said, "Sculls to the Temple stairs."  
Right foddi, viddi, voddi, pull away !

The gent jump'd in, but tried to hide  
Under his cloak, as they floated down the river,  
A cloven foot, which Jack espied,  
Pull away ! yo-e-yo !

That 'twas Old Nick he hadn't a doubt,  
And therefore kept a sharp look out.  
Right foddi, viddi, voddi, pull away !

The clock struck twelve, and then said Jack,  
"It's Sunday, I musn't row upon the river."  
The devil answer'd in a crack—  
"Pull away ! yo-e-yo !"

Jack said, as down his scull he bang'd,  
 "If I row more may I be—hang'd!"  
 Right foddi, viddi, voddi, pull away!

Old Nick appeared then all in flames,  
 And said to Jack, as they floated down the river,—  
 "I'll burn you, Waterman, on the Thames,"

Pull away! yo-e-yo!

But the ignorant devil little knew,  
 This *Waterman* was a *Fireman*, too.  
 Right foddi, viddi, voddi, pull away!

With th' evil spirit Jack did grapple,  
 At last he soused him plump in the river,  
 Just opposite to the floating chapel—

Pull away! yo-e-yo!

Next day they for his corpse did poke,  
 But they only found a lump of *coke*.  
 Right foddi, viddi, voddi, pull away!

Now, since that day the fishes shrink,  
 And all the salmon's left the Thames river,  
 Whose water now's not fit to drink—

Pull away! yo-e-yo!

And every fisherman condemns  
 Poor Jack Street, for spoiling of the Thames.  
 Right foddi, viddi, voddi, pull away!

## THE RIGHT AND LEFT HANDS.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

{ Tune—"Over the Water  
 to Charlie."

THE right hand one day to the left hand did say,  
 "I don't wish to make any pother,  
 But really 'twas meant, and kind nature's intent,  
 That we should assist one another.  
 Half the day thro' you have nothing to do,  
 While I, just because I am stronger,  
 May work without end on't, but you may depend  
 on't  
 I don't mean to do it much longer."

Says the left hand, "Oh! dear, your conduct is  
queer,

Your actions you're always so vain in ;  
If the truth must come out, without any doubt  
'Tis I have most cause for complaining.  
I'm ready you'll find, and I take it unkind  
That thus with hard words you beset me ;  
I'd fill up my leisure by working with pleasure,  
But you know very well you wont let me."

Then says the right hand, "I write a bright hand,  
(This will our argument end it) ;  
You know this is true, sir, all that you do, sir,  
Is just hold the pen while I mend it.  
And while I am writing what *head* is inditing,  
You're fast asleep on the table ;  
Our age is the same, yet you can't write your name,  
And e'en the candle to snuff you're not able."

Says the left, "'Twas a rule, as you know, at our  
school,  
(I scorn to vile falsehood to truckle) ;  
If I took then but a moment the pen up,  
I was sure to get rapp'd on the knuckle.  
Although you were gaining, I ne'er was complaining,  
Nor made to your progress resistance ;  
My words I can't smother—'twas not like a brother—  
To keep me so much at a distance.

"And I think it unfair that I friendship can't share,  
For one to touch me is ill breeding ;  
You know it is true, all friends grasp at you,  
My presence entirely unheeding.  
Then the ladies, oh ! dear me, will seldom come near  
me,  
But you have the pleasure and zest on't ;  
'Tis surely pure spite, and between left and right,  
'Tis plain to see which has the best on't."

Then the right hand did puff and look'd out from his  
cuff,

Says he "Mister Left, you get brassy ;  
'Cause I spoke in season sure that is no reason  
That you should attempt to be saucy."

"Phoo, phoo," says the left, "of such stuff be be-  
reft,

As sure as we both are related,  
We should stick to the plan—do as much as we can,  
Tho' we're differently situated."

A moral is here decidedly clear,

Man's the right hand of creation ;  
And woman, so sweet, is the left hand complete,  
Tho' *right*, when she's *left in her station*.

The men who possessing kind Heaven's first bless-  
ing,

Good wives, and unkindly would flout 'em ;  
They'd wretched be quite, and no longer be *right*,  
When they found out they were *left* without 'em.

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## THE CLUB!

J. E. CARPENTEE.]

{ Tune—"The Girl I left  
behind me."

WHO would not bask in beauty's smile  
Sometimes, I hold is no man,  
But so is he who ne'er can see  
One joy apart from woman ;  
Some snug retreat where men may meet  
With latch-keys in their pocket,  
Where wine and wit flow round the board  
And fools ne'er meet to mock it.

CHORUS.

Let woman grace the time and place  
That nature did intend her,  
One spot we'll own to her unknown ;—  
The Club ! and no surrender !

Let woman in the ball-room shine,  
 The star, the sun, the centre,  
 But where we smoke, and drink, and joke,  
 Here she should never enter ;  
 O'er strong Bohea, still graceful, she  
 Preside shall o'er the teapot ;  
 But where we quaff our half and half  
 There ours, my boys, be *the* pot.  
 Let woman, &c.

The tender influence of HOME,  
 Pray heaven it may attend us,  
 But from strong-minded women, great  
 And small, ye gods defend us ;  
 The bow that is not always bent  
 Will prove, at need, the strongest,  
 The love that loves in absence still's  
 The love that lasts the longest !  
 Let woman, &c.

---

### WIDOW WADDLE.

MRS. WADDLE was a widow, and she got not little  
 gain ;  
 She kept a tripe and trotter shop in Chickabiddy-lane ;  
 Her next door neighbour, Tommy Tick, a tallyman  
 was he,  
 And he *ax'd* Mrs. Waddle just to take a cup of tea.  
 With a tick a tee, tick a tee, &c.

Mrs. Waddle put her chintz on, and sent for Sammy  
 Sprig,  
 The titivating barber, to frizify her wig ;  
 Tommy Tick he dress'd in Pompadour, with double-  
 channel pumps,  
 Andlook'd, when he'd his jazey on, just like the Jack  
 With a tick a tee, &c.



Mrs. Waddle came in time for tea, and down they sat  
together,  
They talk'd about the price of things, the fashion, and  
the weather ;  
She stayed to supper, too ; for Tommy Tick, without a  
doubt,  
Was none of them that *axes* you to "*tea and turn*  
*'em out.*" With a tick a tee, &c.

Thus Tommy Tick he won her heart, and they were  
married fast,  
But all so loving were at first, 'twas thought it could  
not last ;  
They'd words, and with a large cow-heel she gave him  
such a wipe,  
And he return'd the compliment with half a yard of  
tripe. With a tick a tee, &c.

She took him to the justice such cruelty to cease,  
Who bound the parties over to keep the public peace ;  
But Mrs. Tick, one day inflam'd with "*max*" and  
muggy weather,  
She with a joint stool broke the peace, and Tommy's  
head together.  
(*Spoken.*) There he lay, with about a dozen cow-  
heels around him— Singing tick a tee, &c.

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## HAD YOU EVER A COUSIN ?

W. M. PRAED.]

[*Music* by J. WASS.]

PRAY had you ever a cousin, Tom ?  
Did your cousin happen to sing ?  
Sisters we've all by the dozen, Tom,  
But a cousin's a different thing.  
And you'd know it if ever you kiss'd her, Tom—  
But let that be a secret between us—  
For our lips would soon be in a blister, Tom,  
An' they're not of the sister genus.

There's something, Tom, in a sister's lip,  
 When you give her a "good-night" kiss,  
 That savours so much of relationship  
 That nothing occurs amiss.  
 But a cousin's lip, if you once unite  
 With yours, in the quietest way,  
 Instead of your sleeping a wink that night  
 You'll be dreaming the following day.

And people think it no harm, Tom,  
 With a cousin to hear you talk ;  
 And no one feels any alarm, Tom,  
 At a quiet cousinly walk.  
 But ere long you'll find, as I happen to know,  
 That such walks often grow into straying ;  
 And the voices of cousins are sometimes so low,  
 Heaven only knows what you'll be saying.

And then there happens so often, Tom,  
 Soft pressures of hands and fingers ;  
 And looks that are moulded to soften, Tom,  
 And tones on which memory lingers.  
 That long ere your walk is half over, the strings  
 Of your heart are all put into play,  
 By the voice of these fair semi-sisterly things,  
 In not quite the most brotherly way.

And the voice of a sister may bring to you, Tom,  
 Such thoughts as the angels woo ;  
 But I fear if your cousin should sing to you, Tom,  
 You'd take her for an angel, too.  
 For so varied a note is that note of theirs,  
 You'd think the voice that gave it  
 Was all the while singing the national airs  
 Instead of the Psalms of David.

I once had a cousin who sang, Tom,  
 And her name shall be nameless now ;  
 But the sounds of those tones are still young,  
 Tom,  
 Though we are no longer so.

'Tis folly to dream of a bower of green  
 When there is not a leaf on the tree ;  
 But, 'twixt singing and walking, that cousin has  
 been—  
 God forgive her!—the ruin of me.

And now I care nought for society, Tom,  
 And lead a most anchorite life,  
 For I've lived myself into sobriety, Tom,  
 And out of the wish for a wife.  
 But, ah! if I only said half I might say,  
 So sad were the lesson 'twould give,  
 'Twould keep you from loving for many a day,  
 And from cousins as long as you live.

---

### KICKARABOO.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music by* DIBDIN.]

POOR negro say one ting, you no take offence,  
 Black and white be one colour a hundred years hence ;  
 For when Massa Death kick him into the grave,  
 He no spare negro, buckra, nor massa, nor slave.  
 Then dance, and then sing, and the banger thrum,  
 thrum,  
 He foolish to tink what to-morrow may come ;  
 Lilly laugh and be fat, de best ting you can do,  
 Time enough to be sad when you Kickaraboo.

One massa, onc slave, high and low, all degrees,  
 Can be happy, dance, sing, make all pleasure him  
 please ;  
 One slave be one massa, he good, honest, brave ;  
 One massa bad, wicked, be worse than one slave.  
 If your heart tell you good, you all happy, all well ;  
 If bad, he plague, vex you worse than a hell ;  
 Let your heart make you merry then, honest and  
 true,  
 And you no care a farthing for Kickaraboo.

One game me see massa him play him call chess,  
 King, queen, bishop, knight, castle, all in a mess,  
 King kill knight, queen bishop, men castle throw  
 down,

Like card-soldier him scatter, all lie on a ground ;  
 And when the game over, king, bishop, tag-rag,  
 Queen, knight, altogether him go in a bag ;  
 So in life's game at chess, when no more we can do,  
 Massa Death bring one bag, and we Kickaraboo.

Then be good, what you am, never mind de degree,  
 Lilly flower good for somewhat as well as great tree,  
 You one slave, be no use to be sulky and sly,  
 Worky, worky, perhaps you one massa by'm by.  
 Savee good and be poor make you act better part,  
 Than be rich in a pocket and poor in a heart ;  
 Though ever so low, do your duty for true,  
 All your friend drop one tear when you Kickaraboo.

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### THE BLACKSMITH'S MAN.

From the German of GRÜBEL.] [Tune—"The Poacher."

A BLACKSMITH had a workman once,  
 As lazy as could be,  
 But when he heard the dinner bell,  
 Then hurried none like he.  
 The first that to the table got,  
 The last to get his fill ;  
 There was not one of all his mates  
 Could work with such a will.

"Ho ! how is this ?" his master said ;  
 " Explain to me, I pray ;  
 For all the days that I have lived  
 I always heard men say :  
 ' As eats a man, so works a man ;'  
 With you it is not so ;  
 You're the fastest eater I e'er saw,  
 And yet you work so slow !"

“The reason is,” the workman said,  
 “As you may soon discern,  
 The dinner that I eat so fast  
 Takes fourteen hours to earn.  
 But should I eat the whole day long,  
 My jaws would tire so,  
 I reckon the work would be as hard—  
 And you’d find me just as slow.”

---

### MISS BUNKS.

JOHN GEORGE WATTS.]

{ *Tune*—“Villikins  
 and his Dinah.”

ONCE at Hygate lived a fam’ly,  
 But for this unknown to fame;  
 Most respecterbullest people,  
 Notwithstandin’ Bunks by name.  
 Mr. Wilyam Bunks, Ersquier,  
 Kep’ a footman, Tomas Brown,  
 Wich the ’ousemaids did admier,  
 All the way to London town.

Tomas Brown ’ad bushee viskers,  
 And a kurley ’ed o’ ’air,  
 And a kipple o’ karves hoose eakvals  
 Coodent be found any vare.  
 W’en he got behind the karridge,  
 And he riz upon their vews,  
 Five feet ten he stood afore ’em,  
 Five feet nine without his shoes.

Slender ’ousemaids’ eyes would glissen  
 As the karridge took its flight,  
 And fat kooks wot scarce cood voddle,  
 Arter it wood take a site.  
 But this footman node his manners,  
 Seem’d a gen’l’man born and bred,  
 And from kooks, and ’ouse, and nus-maids  
 Allvays turned away his ’ed.

Mister Bunks he 'ad a doorter,  
 Not pertick'lar 'ansum she,  
 Not pertick'lar hugly neether,  
 Wich most people did agree.  
 She wos werry short in stature,  
 But a plumpish kind o' lass ;  
 'Air as black as any black'moor's,  
 Eyes as bright as shinen brass.

One day Tomas Brown the footman,  
 W'en old Bunks vos out o' site,  
 As he 'elped her from the karridge,  
 Felt his arm squedged werry tite.  
 Vos it, vos it haxidental !  
 Vos it 'cos she feared a fall ?  
 No ! — the side vay look she guv him  
 Plainly told him—not at all.

How his buzzum flitter-fluttered,  
 How his 'art went pit-a-pat,  
 Yes, she luv'd him, and no gammon,  
 Squedge and look 'ad taught him that.  
 W'en he carried in the dinner,  
 She was oppersite the door ;  
 And another look she guv him,  
 Jest as she had dun afore.

That there look it made him tremble  
 Vith hexitement ; and he kood  
 Skarsely 'and for them the plates round,  
 As they served the preshus food.  
 W'en the seventh corse was horder'd,  
 Then agen he cawt her eye,  
 And he stumbled, and he tumbled  
 Sprawlin' vith a damsun pie.

Missus Bunks, she did upbraid him ;  
 Mister Bunks, him warnin' guv ;  
 But Miss Bunks, she did regard him  
 On'y vith a look o' lov.

The next afternoon, while guv'ner  
 Vos a nappin'—O, so svete—  
 Tomas Brown vos in the parlour,  
 'Neelin' at Miss Bunks's feet !

The next mornin' Miss vos missen,  
 Tomas Brown vos missen, too ;  
 And a letter left by she, sed,  
 That toogether they 'ad flew.  
 That T. Brown's most genteel manner  
 'Ad made her young buzzum smart ;  
 And his figger, karves, and viskers,  
 Kvite kumpletely vun her 'art.

At the noose her mother fainted,  
 And her father svore a noath,  
 That he'd search until he found 'em,  
 And then 'niherlate 'em both.  
 But vilst Missus vos in histrikes,  
 Bein' to her chamber karried,  
 Tomas Brown to her fair doorter  
 Vos by lysense bein' married.

'Ardly 'ad the moon commenced  
 Wot's so werry full o' hunney,  
 W'en one mornin' at the brekfust,  
 "Brown," ses she, "you look so funny.  
 Grashus 'evins! vears your viskers?"  
 Brown's hand felt upon his cheek—  
 "Vear, O tell me, vear's your karves run?"  
 Brown, he not a vurd kood speak.

Fatal horror ! He 'ad taken  
 His false viskers orf to die,  
 And his 'orsehare karves forgotten,  
 Wich in his bedroom did lie.  
 'Twas too much—she koodent bare it,  
 All vos false vitch she'd admired :  
 But his karves so kut her sole up,  
 Past all heelin'—she hexpir'd !

## MORAL.

Ladies, listen to my moral :—  
 If your footman you hadmires,  
 'Kos he's got a nobby figger,  
 And he to your hand haspires.  
 W'en the day you've fixt for runnin',  
 Recollect Miss Bunks's fate !  
 Pinch his karves and pull his viskers,  
 Lest you find 'em false too late.

---

 THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

JAMES B. TOMALIN.]

[Tune—"Fanny Grey."

*Gent.* "IF you're wakin', don't disturb me; call me  
 later, there's a dear;  
 For though I can't account for it, I feel a little  
 queer:  
 To-morrow, you know, is Sunday, so I think at  
 home I'll stay,  
 Instead of going to church, and have a nice long  
 quiet day."

*Lady.* "If I'm wakin'!—precious chance of sleeping  
 I shall get,  
 What with tossing and with snoring! Don't tell  
 me! I'm not your pet;  
 It's that good-for-nothing friend of yours who's  
 welcome to the term:  
 Ah, you may well look scared to find you've rcused  
 the trodden worm!"

*Gent.* "Well really, now, it's hard upon a fellow—just  
 for what?  
 I caught the last but one, and here's a wiggling I  
 have got!  
 It's the only day for comfort, and I'm sure we never  
 wish  
 For more than a plain joint, and, p'rhaps, a little  
 bit of fish."



*Lady.* "Plainer joints than *I* see daily I defy you,  
 sir, to find,  
 And a bit of fish in *matting* packed you never *used*  
 to mind,  
 When the 'five o'clock' you rarely missed on Satur-  
 day from town,  
 And at six, or so, we constantly sat comfortably  
 down."

*Gent.* "At six, my treasure! Obsolete, unscientific  
 hour,  
 Quite exploded since the glorious recent Move-  
 ment's moral power  
 (Early closing, shutters hoisting, locking desks) has  
 set us free  
 For a healthy promenade, love, and a sober meal at  
 three."

*Lady.* "*Promenade, love!* gallivanting, you had  
 better say at once ;  
 But be good enough to notice that I'm not quite  
 such a dunce  
 As not to know that four from ten are six, my lord ;  
 so pray  
 What *healthy* pastime filled up the remainder of the  
 day?"

*Gent.* "Six hours, my little dar—well, Jemima, if  
 preferred ;  
 But to reckon time in that way is so palpably  
 absurd !  
 Why, digestion and the topics of the current week  
 require  
 Two hours at least, and then a little chat before the  
 fire——"

*Lady.* "Before the fire ! domestic scene ! *Behind*  
 the fire, you mean,  
 Of your cigars, which cannot help revealing where  
 you've been.

A real blessing, I'll be bound, their ashes can't  
disclose  
The anecdotes so relished under what men call  
'the rose.' "

*Gent.* " Stuff and nonsense ! now, Jemi—well, I only  
touched your arm,  
And spasmodic jerks like that betoken simply false  
alarm.  
I certainly smoked one—there, you needn't look so  
stern—  
And I meant to catch 'the half-past six,' but Fred  
proposed a turn."

*Lady.* " Much obliged, I'm sure, to Fred'rick—as I'll  
mention when we meet—  
Fresh cigars, of course, were lighted when we got  
into the street.  
A sad, long walk you must have had, inseparable  
pair !  
Pray, was anybody kind enough to offer you a  
chair ?"

*Gent.* " Now, upon my soul, Jemima, you are getting  
quite too bad,  
And I do believe an angel's tongue may drive a  
mortal mad.  
Yes, I had a chair—in Wych-street—which I paid  
for, and, no doubt,  
Mr. Wigan's got the money, and so now the mur-  
der's out."

*Lady.* " Well, don't sit blinking there, you goose, for  
Sunday's all but here—  
'Early Closing's' late reposing for the wives, that's  
very clear ;  
And the only testimonial Mr. Lilwall gets from  
me,  
Is the gift to Mrs. L.—poor thing !—of a silver  
(chased) latch-key."

## WANTED A GOVERNESS.

GEORGE DUBOURG.]

[Music by JOHN PARBY.

I KNOW not a cure so good for the vapours,  
As reading the "wants" which appear in the papers;  
There's one wants a husband, then "wanted a  
sample:"

From all these strange wants we'll take one as ex-  
ample:—

"WANTED A GOVERNESS!"

A governess wanted, well fitted to fill  
The post of tuition with competent skill,  
In a gentleman's family highly genteel,  
Where 'tis hoped that the lady will try to conceal  
Any fanciful feelings or flights she may feel,  
For this gentleman's family's so very genteel.  
They're so very genteel.

Superior attainments are quite indispensable,  
With ev'rything too that's correct and ostensible;  
Morals of pure unexceptionability,  
Manners well formed, and of strictest gentility!  
The pupils are five, ages six to sixteen,  
All as promising girls as ever were seen;  
And besides—(though 'tis scarcely worth while to put  
that in)—

There are two little boys—but they only learn Latin!  
Wanted a governess, &c.

Where, in order that things may be "*toujours tran-  
quille,*"

They seldom express themselves quite as they feel.

The lady must teach all the several branches  
Whereinto polite education now launches;  
She's expected to speak the French tongue like a  
native,

And be to her pupils of all its points dative;  
Italian she must know (of course), nor needs banish  
Whatever acquaintance she may have with Spanish!

Nor would there be harm in a trifle of German,  
In the absence (that is) of the master, Herr Her-  
mann !

Wanted a governess fitted to fill, &c.  
Where the lady will find by attention and zeal,  
That she'll scarcely have time to partake of a meal.

The harp and the piano,—(*cela va sans dire*)—  
With thorough bass, too, on the plan of Logier ;  
In drawing in pencil and chalks, and the tinting  
That's called oriental, she must not be stinting ;  
She must paint upon paper, on satin, and velvet,  
And if she knows waxwork, she'll not need to shelve  
it.

Dancing, of course, with the newest gambades,  
The Polish Mazurka and best galopades ;  
Arithmetic, history, joined with chronology,  
Heraldry, botany, writing, conchology,  
Grammar, and satin-stitch, netting, geography ;  
Astronomy, use of the globes, and cosmography !  
These are the principal matters (*au reste*),  
Address, "J. Z. X. Q. V., Easy Place, West."  
As salary's moderate, none need apply,  
Who more on that point than on comfort rely ;  
But perhaps 'twere as well, to make matters shorter,  
To mention the terms, namely—five pounds a quarter !

Wanted a governess, &c.  
Where 'tis wished that the pupils should never be still,  
Nor the governess either, be she well or ill :  
For this gentleman's family's so very genteel.  
They're so very genteel.

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## THE PARSON'S CLERK.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"White Cockade."]

NEAR Moorfields is a House of Prayer,  
Which every chapel-goer knows ;  
Pious folk they do go there  
To—sport their Sunday clothes.

The parson, fill'd with Gospel grace,  
 Could show good living in his face,  
 And *fruits of the Spirit* you might trace  
in the dark !

Just beneath him did appear  
 A man who sang so sweet and clear,  
 The hymns for—twenty pounds a year—  
The parson's clerk !

Mister Joseph Joshua Twight,  
 Always dress'd as if in print ;  
 His eyes were beautifully bright,  
 Though they had a little squint.  
 He gave out a hymn—his head he shook,  
 One eye was fixed upon the book,  
 T'other would round the chapel look—  
only mark !

Like others, he could not resist,  
 Singing with a beautiful nasal twist,  
 The while he beat time with his fist—  
The parson's clerk.

By Fate's decree a rich man died,  
 Whose widow with much grief and pain,  
 On Sundays to the chapel hied,  
 In hopes—to—wed—again :  
 The flesh did the spirit sore assail,  
 She pray'd that her prayers might avail,  
 And sung as sweet as a nightingale,  
or a lark !

She look'd as harmless as a dove,  
 Thought love feasts were feasts of love,  
 Turn'd her eyes on heaven above,  
And the parson's clerk.

Mister Twight, tho' his eyes were bad,  
 A nose so keen and sharp had got,  
 In less than "no time at all," egad,  
 He smelt out "what was what ;"

And soon gave her to understand,  
 By piously talking of wedlock's band,  
 Sigh'd and groan'd, and squeez'd her hand,  
in the dark !

A month from the time her husband died,  
 At living alone so much she sigh'd,  
 She—went to church and was fairly—tied  
to the parson's clerk !

Ere the honeymoon had flown,  
 His manners somehow seemed so strange,  
 He dress'd quite spruce—left her alone,  
 Astonish'd at the change.  
 From righteous path he turn'd astray,  
 And even on the Sabbath day,  
 Druv'd himself in a one-horse *shay*  
in the park !

And all the week—I don't know how,  
 At singing glees he made a row—  
“Glorious Apollo,”  
 And got as drunk as Davy's sow,  
The parson's clerk.

Only a short time after that  
 These revels turned to grief and care,  
 He was took by a man with a helmet hat  
 Before the great Lord Mayor.  
 Charges against him not a few  
 Of doing a dozen tradesmen or two,  
 And pawning the goods that they sent on view,  
in the dark !

And when at the truth they did arrive,  
 To show what a rare game he did drive,  
 He'd three wives besides, and all alive !  
This parson's clerk.

Committed to Newgate's dreary cell,  
 Proof of guilt beyond all doubt,  
 He served three years in Clerkenwell,  
 And then—quite fresh—came out.



"I can't remember more, Dobbin,  
 Nor why I went to bed  
 Full length at my own door, Dobbin,  
 The scraper 'neath my head :  
 Nor how I rose and crawl'd about,  
 Array'd in tatter'd silk,  
 'Mid hooting boys, with idiot stare,  
 Till they took in the milk.  
 I would not pass that hour again,  
 No ! not to save my life ;  
 So—don't you tell my wife, Dobbin,  
 Don't you tell my wife."

---

## THE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

EDWARD DRAPER.]

[Tune—"Tight Little Island."]

A FEW years ago,  
 Some half dozen or so  
 Of gallant hotheaded French col'nels  
 Vow'd they'd all bivouac  
 Some fine night in Hyde-park,  
 In revenge for some skits in our journals.  
*Diable !* they'd march upon London,  
*Perfide Albion* should be undone ;  
 They'd do this and that,  
 For they laid it down flat  
 That they wouldn't stand being punn'd on.  
  
 Says Britannia, "Good lack !  
 To be taken aback  
 Wouldn't do—so my boys must be ready.  
 There's Sawney the Scot,  
 And Taffy the hot,  
 And Johnny so sturdy and steady ;  
 At once they'll be drilling and arming,  
 They'll soon find the exercise charming.  
 With such volunteers,  
 For many long years  
 Invaders will not be alarming !"



Young Johnny awoke  
 As Britannia spoke,  
 And heard her with full comprehension ;  
     Made never a boast,  
     But arose like a host,  
 And sprang up at once to " Attention !"

Bragging was never a science  
 On which he put any reliance ;  
     But he loaded his gun,  
     Said, " It's their way of fun,  
*My motto's, ' Defence, not defiance.' "*

    Then Sandy to match,  
     Came at once to the scratch—  
 " Invaders, tak' tent and tak' warnin',  
     Ye'll ha'e a' your wark  
     Ere ye lie i' yon park—  
 Gin ye do, ye'll no rise i' the mornin' ?"

So neatly he went and array'd him,  
 And proudly Britannia display'd him,  
     In his bonnet and plaid,  
     A braw figure he made,  
 And all who beheld him hurraed him.

    Taffy sat at his ease,  
     And was toasting his cheese ;  
 Says he, " I've had pattles before now :  
     Od splutter her nails,  
     For the clory of Wales,  
 Py St. Tafyd, I'd fight as of yore now !"

So, family jealousies ending,  
 Brothers each other defending,  
     They show'd such a front,  
     As of old was their wont,  
 On signal of danger impending.

    Says Pat, " What a shame  
     Not to mintion my name!  
 I'd like to know what ye are fearin'.  
     For me there's no rifle,  
     Mayhap I'm a thrifle  
 Too apt at that same volunteerin .

Ah ! will, for the time niver mind me,  
 Whin I'm wanted ye know where to find me.  
 Whin a 'ruction' comes off  
 Sure ye know well enough  
 The inimy won't be behind me.'"

---

## THE UNWILLING TEETOTALLER.

J. LABERN.]

[Tune—"Coal Black Rose."

GOOD folks, take pity on a poor married ghost,  
 Who's reduced to the size of a modern lamp post,  
 And the reason I give for looking so ill,  
 Is, I'm made a Teetotaler against my will.  
 Oh, oh ! what a plaguy ill,  
 To become a Teetotaler against my will.

Yes, my spouse (I grieve to allow it's true)  
 Not only wears the petticoats, but breeches, too.  
 I've taken the pledge through this stupid old frump,  
 And now she handles me just like a *pump*.

A pull at the *pewter* was once my delight,  
 But my wife wont allow such a thing in her sight.  
 She toasts a thick crust, and pops it in a pail  
 Full of water, and christens it "Adam's ale."

This Watermania so runs in her head,  
 She talks of buying an hydraulic bed.  
 She looks upon turncocks as so many saints,  
 But when she meets a Publican she always faints.

On Watercresses she loves to feed,  
 And she takes the "Water Witch" in to read—  
 With a *sight* of rich tarts she annoys our daughter,  
 Because she likes to see her mouth *water*.

She's grown Teetotalish mad, that's true,  
 And she dotes on flowers 'cause they *sip the dew*.  
 Water'd silk dresses she wears in style,  
 And she makes me come out with a *waterproof* tile.

She annoys me by making the children play  
Handel's "Water Music" about twelve times a day,  
And she's actually asked me, bang to my face,  
To look out for a *willa* in Waterloo Place.

Our consumption of the *element* has grown so great,  
They've threatened to double my *water* rate,  
Last week we drain'd the butt, and then  
She was 'blig'd to put off her wash again.

I once was jolly as Bacchus, and as merry,  
With a nose as red as a bigaroon cherry,  
But it's lost it's colour, and I've not the least doubt,  
My spouse with her *water* pledge has put the *fire* out.

She tried to persuade me last night, and that's flat,  
To sleep in *wet* blankets, but I wouldn't stand that—  
I don't wish her harm, but I would stand a drain,  
If she'd favour me by dying with *water on the brain*.

Oh, oh! what a plaguy ill,  
To be made a Teetotaller against one's will.

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### THE THREE-GIR'D COG.

ANONYMOUS.] [Air—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
And custooks in Stra'bogie,  
And ilka lad maun hae his lass,  
But I maun hae my cogie.  
For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,  
I canna want my cogie ;  
I wadna gi'e my three-gir'd cog  
For a' the wives in Bogie.

Johnny Smith has got a wife  
Wha scrimps him o' his cogie ;  
But were she mine, upon my life  
I'd dook her in a bogie ;  
For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,  
I canna want my cogie ;  
I wadna gi'e my three-gir'd cog  
For a' the wives in Bogie.

Twa three todlin' weans they hae,  
 The pride o' a' Stra'bogie ;  
 Whene'er the totums cry for meat,  
 She curses aye his cogie,  
 Crying, "Wae betide the three-gir'd cog!  
 Oh, wae betide the cogie !  
 It does mair skaith than a' the ills  
 That happen in Stra'bogie."

She fand him ance at Willie Sharpe's ;  
 And what the maist did laugh at,  
 She brak the bicker, spilt the drink,  
 And tightly gouff'd his haffet,  
 Crying, "Wae betide the three-gir'd cog!  
 Oh, wae betide the cogie !  
 It does mair skaith than a' the ills  
 That happen in Stra'bogie."

Yet here's to ilka honest soul  
 Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie ;  
 And for ilk silly whinging fool,  
 We'll dook him in the Bogie.  
 For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,  
 I canna want my cogie ;  
 I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog  
 For a' the wives in Bogie.

---

## DISCOUNTED PROPOSALS.

B. BERNAL.]

[Tune—"Mrs. Johnson."]

WHILE in her fairy bow'r alone,  
 Sophia like a Houri shone,  
 Supreme on beauty's dazzling throne,  
 My panting breath grew frantic.  
 Long had I doubted, blush'd and sigh'd,  
 But now I press'd her to decide,  
 When thus she spoke, and I replied,  
 In language unromantic.

“I would not, Charles, for worlds, encroach—  
But will you build a new town coach,  
And britzka too? that no reproach  
    May reach our happy marriage.”

“No, Sophy! those bewitching feet  
Were form'd to trip through Regent Street;  
That graceful swing! Say, who can beat  
    Your *own* smart, easy carriage?”

“In Belgrave-square I covet most  
A tasteful house.—The Morning Post  
Might then print many a tale and boast  
    Of our domestic glory.”

“The New Road, Sophy, I admire;  
To lodgings only, I aspire;  
A second floor!—I can't soar higher:  
    The hero of *one story*.”

“At least you'll not curtail my clothes,  
My blond, my flounces, my *gigots*,  
Or call Carson's or Ma'ame Triaud's  
    Accounts at Christmas teasing!”

“Dear girl! I like but little waste,  
*Gigots*, our own plain cook shall baste,  
The only *long bills*, to my taste,  
    Are woodcocks, when in season.”

“For Almack's, have you any doubt  
That we are fixed, the spring throughout?  
I long, dear Charles, to roam about  
    Those regions so enchanting.”

“Three maiden aunts, with pipes as shrill  
As Colinett's, will prove their skill  
On *basto*, *ponto*.—A *quadrille*  
    At home, shall ne'er be wanting.”

“Too cruel Charles, will you secure  
My jointure, or your life insure?  
Were I all foresight to abjure,  
    My friends would blame my blindness.”

“Why, Sophy ! you would ne'er forgive  
Your husband, if he did not strive  
That you should not his loss survive !  
I'll kill you first with kindness.”

“Time past, you offer'd to devote  
Your heart and *fortune*, Charles—you wrote  
What I believed a dear fond note ;  
Its words were sweet as honey.”

“True, Sophy, but you made me wait  
So long, the note is out of date ;  
I've mortgaged *since* my whole estate,  
And spent my ready money.”

“Oh, Charles ! 'tis useless to repine :  
House, carriage, jewels, I resign,  
And jointure too—the loss be mine,  
Poor victim of affection !”

“Agreed, kind girl ! we'll now remove  
All protocols. A husband's love  
Shall guarantee (your smiles approve)  
A treaty of protection.”

## MORAL.

Ye timid swains ! be not dismay'd,  
For maids, in hearts, as dealers, trade,  
They quickly sell, when they're afraid  
That Cupid's darts get rusty.  
To you, ye fair ! a poet's song  
Presents this hint—(he means no wrong)  
That love, like wine, if kept too long,  
Grows vapid, sour, and crusty.

---

 BEGINNINGS.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—“Nothing at all.”]

EACH action of life, whether losing or winning,  
You all will acknowledge must have a beginning ;—  
The Boy must have a beginning to walk—  
The Girl must have a beginning to talk.

The Boy, when he walks well, will soon learn to run,  
 And th' tongue of the Girl you think ne'er will have done.  
 Thus each action of life, whether losing or winning,  
 You all will acknowledge, must have a beginning.

The beginning of business makes hope very high,  
 The beginning of love is a glance from the eye ;  
 The beginning of courtship is some trifling thing,  
 The beginning of wedlock's a little gold ring.  
 The beginning a journey, whiche'er way you bend,  
 Like life's journey, you know not how it may end ;  
 Thus each action of life, whether losing or winning,  
 You all will acknowledge, must have a beginning.

The beginning of illness at first may be slight,  
 As evening is the beginning of night ;  
 From indisposition you get very ill,  
 Which sure is to end in a doctor's long bill.  
 Your wife, friends and children beginning to cry,  
 Make you beginning to think you may die ;  
 Each action of life, whether losing or winning,  
 You all will acknowledge, must have a beginning.

The beginning a law-suit you easily learn,  
 But the ending is always a doubtful concern ;  
 Before it does end you're beginning to curse,  
 And beginning to come to the end of your purse—  
 Like beginning a song with a voice very fine,  
 And sticking before you get through the third line ;  
 Thus each action of life, whether losing or winning,  
 You all will acknowledge, must have a beginning.

---

## AT HOME.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by Sir H. R. BISHOP.]

INVITATIONS I will write,  
 All the world I will invite.  
 I will deign to show civility,  
 To the tip tops of gentility ;  
 To the cream of the nobility,  
 I'm "at home" next Monday night.

See my footman, how he runs !  
 Ev'ry paltry street he shuns,  
 I'm "at home" to peers and peeresses,  
 Who reside in squares and terraces,  
 I'm "at home" to heirs and heiresses,  
 And, of course, to eldest sons.

I'm "at home" to all the set,  
 Of exclusives I have met.  
 If a rival open has her doors,  
 All the coronets shall pass her doors,  
 I'm "at home" to the Ambassadors,  
 Though their names I quite forget.

I'm "at home" to guardsmen all,  
 Be they short, or be they tall ;  
 I'm "at home" to men political,  
 Poetical and critical,  
 And the punning men of wit, I call  
 Acquisitions at a ball.

Oh ! the matchless Collinet,  
 On his flageolet shall play ;  
 How I love to hear the thrill of it !  
 Pasta's song think what she will of it,  
 He will make a quick quadrille of it,  
 " *Dove sono,*"—dance away.

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## THE LODGER'S LAMENT.

JOHN POTTER.]

{ *Tune*—"John White  
 { the Policeman."

A SINGLE man of twenty-two,  
 I'm sorely, sorely tried ;  
 In daily martyrdom I live,  
 In Hoxton I reside.  
 My board-and-lodging wrongs and woes  
 My spirits ever vex ;  
 My cup of life is fill'd with nought  
 But Fortune's trouble X !



The olive branches of the house  
 Are noisy little imps,  
 Diminishing my water-cress  
 And debiting my shrimps ;  
 The cat exerts, like Yankee States,  
 Her aggrandizing claws—  
 Makes monster sweeps of chops and steaks—  
 No period to her paws !

She's so confirm'd in abstract theft,  
 And constant to her "do,"  
 To gain a meal without a doubt  
 I order—chops for two !  
 I sometimes find they've been, in spite,  
 Too near the creature's muzzle,  
 And dine, for all the world, from off  
 A cook'd dissected puzzle !

The noisy dog, too, makes me ill,  
 And fills my head with fright ;  
 I doze and take his "whine and bark"  
 Alternate every night.  
 My milk diurnal walks its chalk,  
 My sugar cuts its cane,  
 My coals depart, but not in smoke ;  
 I lose by all I gain !

My eatables I'm forced to call  
 By strange outlandish names ;  
 And these, like lying epitaphs,  
 Protect their last remains.  
 For instance—jams, I've labell'd "gum,"  
 And marmalade, "split peas ;"  
 I "poison rats" with Hollands rum—  
 Black boots with—Stilton cheese !

For all my care, the way they eat  
 My "bear's-grease" makes me sigh ;  
 For bear's-grease is my potted meat—  
 A potted *alibi* !

My only joy left's to rehearse  
 The doings of the cheater—  
 To cast my miseries in verse,  
 My absent meat in metre!

To tell my tale, and thus bewail  
 The bachelor's daily battles,  
 Whose life's dissolving views are all  
 Dissolving goods and chattels!  
 One word to those who've heard my woes—  
 Believe me, 'tis the best  
 To take a wife to sweeten life,  
 And give such sorrows rest.

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### OH! I DID LOVE HER DEARLY.

O. W. HOLMES.]

{ *Tune*—"Oh I should  
 like to Marry."

OH! I did love her dearly  
 And gave her toys and rings,  
 And I thought she meant sincerely  
 When she took my pretty things;  
 But her heart is grown as icy  
 As a fountain in the fall,  
 And her love that was so spicy  
 It did not last at all.

Oh I did love her dearly  
 And gave her toys and rings,  
 And I thought she meant sincerely  
 When she took my pretty things.

I gave her once a locket,  
 It was fill'd with my own hair,  
 And she put it in her pocket  
 With very special care;  
 But a jeweller has got it,—  
 He offer'd it to me,  
 And another that is not it  
 Around her neck I see.

Oh! I did love her, &c.

For my cooings and my billings  
 I do not now complain,  
 But my half-crowns and shillings  
 Will never come again ;  
 They were earn'd with toil and sorrow,  
 But I never told her that,  
 And now I have to borrow,  
 And want another hat.

Oh ! I did love her, &c.

Think, think, thou cruel Emma,  
 When thou shalt hear my woe,  
 And know my sad dilemma,  
 That thou hast made it so :  
 See, see my castor rusty,  
 Look, look upon this hole,  
 This coat is dim and dusty ;—  
 O let it rend thy soul.

Oh ! I did love her, &c.

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## THE COQUETTE.

JOHN G. SAXE.]

[Tune—"The Charming Woman,"

"YOU'RE clever at drawing, I own,"  
 Said my beautiful cousin, Lisette,  
 As we sat by the window, alone,  
 "But, say, can you paint a coquette?"  
 "She's painted already," quoth I ;  
 "Nay, nay," said the laughing Lisette,  
 "Now, none of your joking—but try  
 And paint me a thorough coquette."  
 "Well, cousin," at once I began  
 In the ear of the eager Lisette,  
 "I'll paint you as well as I can  
 That wonderful thing, a coquette.  
 She wears a most beautiful face"  
 ("Of course !" said the pretty Lisette)  
 "And isn't deficient in grace,  
 Or else she were not a coquette.

"And then she is daintily made"  
 (A smile from the dainty Lisette),  
 "By people expert in the trade  
 Of forming a proper coquette.  
 She's the winningest ways with the beaux"  
 ("Keep on!" said the winning Lisette)  
 "But there isn't a man of them knows  
 The mind of the fickle coquette!  
 "She knows how to weep and to sigh"  
 (A sigh from the tender Lisette),  
 "But her weeping is all in my eye—  
 Not that of the cunning coquette.  
 In short, she's a creature of art"  
 ("O, hush!" said the frowning Lisette),  
 "With merely the ghost of a heart—  
 Enough for a thorough coquette.  
 "And yet I could easily prove"  
 ("Now, don't!" said the angry Lisette),  
 "The lady is always in love—  
 In love with herself—the coquette.  
 There—do not be angry—you know,  
 My dear little cousin Lisette,  
 You told me a moment ago,  
 To paint *you*—a thorough coquette."

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## K I N G C A N U T E.

[Air—"Miss Bailey."]

KING CANUTE was a monarch proud,  
 No king was ever haughtier,  
 Before him each one scraped and bow'd—  
 Knight, vassal, burgess, courtier.  
 He went to Ramsgate, to enjoy  
 The sands—for sweet was air to him;  
 From the marquee he called a boy,  
 To bring at once a chair to him.  
 Oh, King Canute, proud King Canute,  
 Did you ever hear of any one so stupid as King Canute

Some courtiers were by his side,  
 His royal virtues summing up,  
 Till it was pretty clear the tide  
 Was very quickly coming up.  
 The king, not wishing to withdraw  
 (His wish the court was sure to back),  
 Said, "Will my royal words be law,  
 If I command the water back?"  
 Oh, King Canute, &c.

"Your majesty," exclaimed the suite,  
 "Though now upon the brink of it,  
 The sea wont wet your royal feet—  
 It surely could not think of it."  
 The sea the sand began to lave—  
 The sand the sea was drinking in—  
 Which lurch'd the king, who shouted "Slave!  
 I'll take my oath I'm sinking in?"  
 Oh, King Canute, &c.

But still the courtiers did cry,  
 "Order it, sire, back again;"  
 He did—but got for a reply,  
 A wave upon him smack again.  
 "It will retire," still they said,  
 But still the surge was splashing him;  
 And now, almost from foot to head,  
 The mighty main was washing him.  
 Oh, King Canute, &c.

At length the courtiers cut and run,  
 For else the sea had swallowed 'em;  
 When Canute, liking not the fun,  
 Took up the chair and follow'd 'em.  
 He paid the boy who let the chairs  
 A penny—I'm assured of it—  
 And never gave himself such airs  
 Again—he was quite cured of it.  
 Oh, King Canute, &c.

## CAPTAIN MULLIGAN.

[Air—"Morgiana in Ireland."]

LOVE'S a plague by night and day,  
 When that post you run your skull again,  
 Love it was, or Katty O'Shea,  
 That bothered the heart of brave Captain Mulligan.  
     Brisk and merrily,  
     Light and gay,  
     Stout and steadily,  
     Smart and readily,  
     Soft and funnily,  
     Blythe and bouncily,  
 Quite an Adonis was Captain Mulligan,  
     He was willing,  
     She was killing,  
 Soft she cried to brave O'Mulligan,  
     "Och, you jewel?  
         Cruel,  
         Jewel,  
         Willing,  
         Killing,  
     Captain Mulligan."

Shoulders rising over his ears,  
 Face just like the moon in full again;  
 Legs in shape of a tailor's shears,  
 You ne'er saw the fellow of Captain Mulligan.  
     Limping, twaddling,  
     Miss O'Shea,  
     Glances pitching him,  
     Quite bewitching him,  
     Ogling funnily,  
     Squinting bouncily,  
 She was a *Vanus* to Captain Mulligan.  
     " Oh, sweet Kitty,  
     You're so pretty "  
 (Soft he cried, the brave O'Mulligan);

“ Oh, 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 pass'd the sweet honeymoon,  
 She blackened the eye of brave Captain Mulligan.  
 Whiskey tippling,  
 Night and day,  
 Scolding, fighting him,  
 Horns affrighting him,  
 “ Och, be aisy now,  
 Troth, you're crazy now,  
 The devil go with you now, Mrs. 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 !”

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## THE GREAT BLUE BOTTLE.

Words by FRANK W. GREEN.]

[*Music* by R. COOTE.

ABOUT a year or two, or three, or four, or five ago,  
 Therè was a wealthy family residing down at Bow,  
 They kept a footman and a cook, a page, and many  
 others,  
 They'd fourteen aunts, six uncles, seven sisters, and  
 twelve brothers.

They all were handsome children, but his mother's  
hope and joy  
Was Tommy Wattle, aged five, a darling little boy ;  
He'd learned to read and write, and sing his *do-ra-me-*  
*sol-fa*,  
And though he always cross'd his *t*'s he never cross'd  
his ma.

He took his powders *minus* jam, and went to bed at  
night,  
And never seem'd at all put out when nurse put out  
the light ;  
But children have their weaknesses, however much  
you chide 'em,  
And Tommy's was for killing flies—he never could  
abide 'em ;  
The dragon and the blue-tail fly were his especial  
horror,  
And though he kill'd one every day—another came to-  
morrow ;  
House-flies he'd scrunch by hundreds, too, did naughty  
Tommy Wattle,  
Until one day he chanced to kill a monstrous big blue-  
bottle.

The bluebottle's the king of flies, as all of you may  
guess,  
A crowning triumph, Tommy thought this was to his  
success ;  
For not a single fly appear'd again, I've heard it said,  
Until that dreadful night when little Tommy went to  
bed ;  
He'd gone to sleep rejoicing, too—that naughty little  
pickle,  
When something settled on his nose and woke him  
with a tickle.  
He heard a horrid buzzing sound—the flies had come  
in hosts,  
At least they couldn't come themselves, and so they  
sent their ghosts.



Some had no legs, no arms, no heads, no bodies, and  
 no wings,  
 And Tom repented very much he'd done such wicked  
 things ;  
 They set upon him headed by the monstrous big blue-  
 bottle,  
 And flew away with him, and there's an end to Tommy  
 Wattle.  
 Now, little children aged four, or five, or six, or  
 eight,  
 Don't kill the flies, or you may meet with Tommy  
 Wattle's fate ;  
 The world is big enough for all to live in and to thrive,  
 So buy a penny fly-paper, and catch 'em all alive.

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### THE DONNYBROOK JIG.

JOHN WILSON.]

[Air—"The Athlone Landlady."

OH, 'twas Dermot O'Nolan M'Figg,  
 That could properly handle the twig !  
     He went to the fair,  
     And kick'd up a dust there,  
 In dancing the Donnybrook jig, with his sprig,  
 Oh ! my blessing to Dermot M'Figg.

When he came to the midst of the fair,  
 He was all in a *paugh* for fresh air,  
     For the fair very soon  
     Was as full as the moon,  
 Such mobs upon mobs as were there, oh, rare !  
 So more luck to sweet Donnybrook fair.

The souls they came pouring in fast,  
 To dance while the leather would last,  
     For the Thomas-street brogue  
     Was there in much vogue,  
 And oft with a brogue a joke pass'd, quite fast,  
 While the cash and the whisky did last.

But Dermot, his mind on love bent,  
 In search of his sweetheart he went,  
     Peep'd in here and in there,  
     As he walk'd through the fair,  
 And took a small drop in each tent, as he went,  
 For on whisky and love he was bent.

When, who should he spy in a jig,  
 With a mealman, so tall and so big,  
     But his own darling Kate,  
     So gay and so nate—  
 Faith, her partner he hit him a dig, the pig,  
 That beat the meal out of his wig.

Then Dermot, with conquest elate,  
 Drew a stool near his beautiful Kate ;  
     “ Arrah, Katty,” says he,  
     “ My own Cushlamachree !  
 Sure the whole world for beauty you bate, compleate,  
 So we'll just take a dance while we wait.”

The piper, to keep him in tune,  
 Struck up a gay lilt very soon,  
     Until an arch wag  
     Cut a hole in his bag,  
 And at once put an end to the tune, too soon,  
 Och! the music flew up to the moon.

To the fiddler, says Dermot M'Figg,  
 “ If you'll please to play ‘ Shelah na Gig,’  
     We'll shake a loose toe,  
     While you humour the bow,  
 To be sure, you wont warm the wig of M'Figg  
 While he's dancing a tight Irish jig.”

But says Katty, the darlint, says she,  
 “ If you'll only just listen to me,  
     It's myself that will show  
     That he can't be your foe,  
 Though he fought for his cousin, that's me,”  
     says she,  
 “ For, sure, Billy's related to me.

For my own cousin-jarmin, Anne Wild,  
 Stood for Biddy Mulrooney's first child,  
 And Biddy's step-son,  
 Sure he married Bess Dunn,  
 Who was gossip to Jenny, as mild a child  
 As ever at mother's breast smiled.

“And maybe you don't know Jane Brown,  
 Who served goats' whey when in Dundrum's sweet  
 town,  
 'Twas her uncle's half-brother  
 That married my mother,  
 And bought me this new yellow gown, to go  
 down,  
 When the marriage was held in Miltown.”

“By the powers!” then says Dermot, “'tis plain,  
 Like the son of that rascalion Cain,  
 My best friend I have kilt,  
 Though no blood there is spilt,  
 And the devil a harm did I mane, that's plain,  
 But by me he'll be ne'er kilt again.”

Then the mealman forgave him the blow,  
 That laid him a sprawling so low,  
 And being quite gay,  
 Ask'd them both to the play,  
 But Katty, being bashful, said, “No, no, no,”  
 Yet he treated them all to the show.

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## THE NODDY DRIVER.

CHARLES DIBDIN }  
 the Younger. }

[Tune—“Paddy O'Carroll.”

I'M Larry O'Lash'em, was born in Killarney,  
 Myself drove a noddy in Dublin sweet town,  
 And I got fares enough, case I tipp'd the folks blarney,  
 But myself was knock'd up, case I knock'd a man  
 down;

So to London I drove to avoid the disaster,  
 There to drive hackney-coaches engag'd for the  
 pelf,  
 And honestly out of my fares paid my master  
 Two-thirds, and kept only one-half for myself.  
 And sing high gee, wo, here we go, merry and  
 frisky ;  
 O' Lash'em's the boy for to tip the long trot.

I took up a buck, and 'cause 'twas the fashion,  
 He got in the box, and made me mount inside,  
 So as I didn't much like to put him in a passion,  
 Thinks I, while I'm walking I may as well ride ;  
 But I couldn't help laughing, to think how the  
 hinder  
 Wheels after the fore ones most furiously paid,  
 When a wheel broke its leg, spilt the coach out of  
 window,  
 And my head and the pavement at nut-cracking  
 play'd.

And sing, hi gee, wo, &c.

I next drove a couple one morn to get married,  
 The bride was turn'd sixty, the bridegroom a score ;  
 For the sake of her money the courtship he carried,  
 But repented his bargain just at the church-door.  
 "Devil burn me," says I, "'tis a pity, I'm thinking,"  
 Allur'd by the rhino, myself intercedes,  
 And got married—soon after she died of hard drinking,  
 And left me a widow forlorn in my weeds.

And sing, hi gee, wo, &c.

After fingering the cash which I got by my marriage,  
 I drank success to all kind of misfortunes I'd made,  
 And brought me a fine bran new second-hand carriage,  
 Became my own Jarvis, and drove a good trade ;  
 And my coach and my horses, in case of invasion,  
 I'll lend to the troops, and I'll join in the strife ;  
 And if I am kilt in defence of the nation,  
 'Twill make me a hero the rest of my life.

And sing, hi gee, wo, &c.

## GILES SCROGGINS.

[CHARLES DIBDIN the Younger.]

GILES SCROGGINS courted Molly Brown,  
 Fol de riddle lol di, fol de riddle dee,  
 The fairest wench in all the town,  
 Fol de riddle, &c.

He bought her a ring with posey true,  
 "If you loves I as I loves you,  
 No knife can cut our loves in two."  
 Fol de riddle, &c.

But scissors cut as well as knives,  
 Fol de riddle, &c.

And quite unsartin's all our lives,  
 Fol de riddle, &c.

The day they were to have been wed,  
 Fate's scissors cut poor Giles's thread,  
 So they could not be mar-ri-ed,  
 Fol de riddle, &c.

Poor Molly laid her down to weep,  
 Fol de riddle, &c.

And cried herself quite fast asleep,  
 Fol de riddle, &c.

When standing all by the bed-post,  
 A figure tall her sight engross'd,  
 And it cried, "I bees Giles Scroggins' ghost."  
 Fol de riddle, &c.

The ghost it said all solemnly,  
 Fol de riddle, &c.

"Oh Molly, you must go with me,"  
 Fol de riddle, &c.

"All to the grave your love to cool!"  
 She says, "I am not dead, you fool!"  
 Says the ghost, says he, "Vy, that's no rule."  
 Fol de riddle, &c.



If a man has no money to mind,  
 He may save the expense of a purse ;  
 And if a man's perfectly blind,  
 Why, he's sure his sight cannot grow worse.  
'Tis a folly, &c., &c.

If a man has but one shirt at most,  
 He's no trouble to think which he'll use ;  
 And a man who's as deaf as a post,  
 Why, he'll never hear unwelcome news.  
 If light-headed, why, still you are right,  
 For there's comfort to think it's not madness ;  
 And the man that gets drunk day and night,  
 Why, it's clear he can't feel sober sadness.  
'Tis a folly, &c., &c.

If but little your own you can call,  
 It's quite certain that much you can't pay ;  
 And if you've got nothing at all,  
 Why you're sure they can take none away.  
 Strange stories may find new upholders,  
 But one thing you'll grant, which is that,  
 If a man's got no head on his shoulders,  
 He won't care a pin for a hat !  
'Tis a folly, &c., &c.

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## THE SEASON OF THE YEAR.

The extra verses by W. } [Air—"Old Country Melody."  
 T. MONCRIEFF. }

WHEN I was boon apprentice,  
 In vamous Zomerzetshire,  
 Lauks ! I zerved my meester truly,  
 For nearly zeven long year ;  
 Until I took to powching,  
 Az you zhall quickly heer ;  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, in a zhiny night,  
 In the zeazon o' the year.  
Oh, 'twas ma delight, &c.

My meester vork'd me zoorly ;  
 I didn't valee that,  
 Although he groombled all the day,  
 Whatever I woor at,  
 Sae long as I could go into  
 The woods, amang the deer ;  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, in a zhiny night,  
 In the zeazon o' the year.  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, &c.

But when ma meester wanted me  
 To voork by candel light ;  
 I look-ed up unto the moon,  
 And zhe zhone vera bright ;  
 Zo I zhow'd un a vine pair of heels,  
 Without a bit of fear—  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, in a zhiny night,  
 In the zeazon o' the year.  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, &c.

I zhow'd un a vair pair of heels,  
 And to the alehouse went,  
 And there a' met zome jolly boys,  
 On powching they were bent.  
 They zwoore me wan amongst them then,  
 All vor a pot of beer—  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, in a zhiny night,  
 In the zeazon o' the year.  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, &c.

Noo 'tis I can vire a long un,  
 And a zhort un I can zell,  
 And zometimes zend a haunch unto  
 A vriend in town az well ;  
 A' poozles all the joostices,  
 And makes the parzons zwear ;  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, in a zhiny night,  
 In the zeazon o' the year.  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, &c.



As me and ma coomrades  
 Were zetting on a snare,  
 Lauks! the geamkeepoors carm oop to us,  
 For them we did no care,  
 Case we could fight, and wrestle, lads,  
 Jump over ony where—  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, on a zhiny night,  
 In the zeazon of the year.  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, &c.

Az me and ma coomerads  
 Were zetting vour or vive,  
 And toaking on 'em oop agean,  
 We cotch'd a heere alive ;  
 We putten into the bag, ma boys,  
 And through the wood did steer,  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, in a zhiny night,  
 In the zeazon o' the year.  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, &c.

We popt un in the bag, ma boys,  
 An wandered off vor town :  
 We took un to a neighbour's hosse,  
 And we zold un vor a crown ;  
 We zold un vor a crown, ma boys,  
 But I did not tell ye *where* ;  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, in a zhiny night,  
 In the zeazon of the year.  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, &c.

Then here's success to powching,  
 For I does think it vair—  
 And here's look to ere a gentleman  
 Az wants to buy a heere ;  
 Bad look to ere a gamekeepoor  
 Az woona zell his deere.  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, in a zhiny night,  
 In the zeazon o' the year.  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, &c.

## MORAL.

What made me vond of powching vurst,  
 If you vould wish to hear,  
 It vos because a vound that beef  
 And mutton were zo deer.  
 While I gets geame and wenzon cheap—  
 Which iz a reazon clear.  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, in a zhiny night,  
 In the zeazon o' the year.  
 Oh, 'twas ma delight, &c.

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 THE PEOPLE WHO STAND ON THE STAIRS.

ALBERT SMITH.]

 { *Tune*—"Goldminer's Song,"  
 H. RUSSELL.

FUNNILY, freely, progress now the revelries ;  
 Cheerily, merrily, each one's engaged ;  
 Flirting's at par, and against all blue devilries  
 Rigorous warfare is constantly waged ;  
 While they are dancing, while bright eyes are glanc-  
 ing,  
 And light hearts forgetting the world and its cares ;  
 Let us for a minute quit the room and those in it,  
 And peep at the people who stand on the stairs !

Where is Kate Dalrymple ! flirting ? of course she  
 is !

Charley Fitzgerald is standing close by ;  
 Soft are her whispers and full of remorse she is  
 If we may judge her expression of eye !  
 Mr. Slowman, who says waltzing makes his head  
 giddy ;

Young Woffles, the poet, who gives himself airs ;  
 Dr. Box and Kate Dalrymple's brother, the middy,  
 Are found 'mongst the people who stand on the  
 stairs !

Jawkins is there with a circle around him,  
 To whom he is telling his usual lies ;  
 "Derby stop in through the session?—confound him!  
 He has not a chance—he wont take my advice!"  
 There is Tom Honeyman, known as "that funny  
 man,"  
 Who the loudest of shirt-studs and coral studs  
 wears,  
 Who is laughing and chaffing, and bitter beer quaff-  
 ing,  
 Being always at supper when not on the stairs !

Thus they go on with their fun and frivolity,  
 Cheerily, merrily passing the night ;  
 Music and liquor are each first in quality,  
 Hands are enlacing, and eyes flashing bright !  
 Wearily, drearily breaks forth the sun again,  
 Jaded and faded are daughters and *mères* ;  
 While the only regret at not having the fun again,  
 Is expressed by those people who stood on the  
 stairs !

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## THE ARCHERY MEETING.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by GEORGE LINLEY.]

THE archery meeting is fixed for the third ;  
 The fuss that it causes is truly absurd ;  
 I've bought summer bonnets for Rosa and Bess,  
 And now I must buy each an archery dress !  
 Without a green suit they would blush to be seen,  
 And poor little Rosa looks horrid in green !

Poor fat little Rosa ! she's shooting all day !  
 She sends forth an arrow expertly they say ;  
 But 'tis terrible when with exertion she warms,  
 And she seems to be getting such muscular arms ;  
 And if she should hit, 'twere as well if she miss'd,  
 Prize bracelets could never be clasp'd on her wrist !

Dear Bess with her elegant figure and face,  
 Looks quite a Diana, the queen of the place ;  
 But as for the shooting—she never takes aim ;  
 She talks so, and laughs so ! the beaux are to blame :  
 She dotes on flirtation—but oh ! by-the-by,  
 'Twas awkward her shooting out Mrs. Flint's eye !

They've made my poor husband an archer elect ;  
 He dresses the part with prodigious effect ;  
 A pair of nankeens, with a belt round his waist,  
 And a quiver of course in which arrows are placed ;  
 And a bow in his hand—oh ! he looks of all things  
 Like a corpulent Cupid bereft of his wings !

They dance on the lawn, and we mothers, alas !  
 Must sit on camp stools with our feet in the grass ;  
 My Flora and Bessy no partners attract !  
 The Archery men are all *cross Beaux* in fact !  
 Among the young ladies some *hits* there may be,  
 But still at my elbow two *misses* I see !

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## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

[PETER BUCHAN.]

Up in the morning, up in the morning,  
 Up in the morning early ;  
 Frae night till morn our squires they sat,  
 An' drank the juice o' the barley.  
 Some they spent but ae hauf-crown,  
 And some six crowns sae rarely ;  
 In the alewife's pouch the siller did clink,  
 She got in the morning early.  
 Up in the morning early, &c.

I hae got fou, Beldornie cried ;  
 Wardess replied, I am fou tee ;  
 Then said Darlicha, Beware o' a fa,  
 An' haud by the wa' as I dee.  
 Up in the morning early, &c.

Be wylie, my boys, be wise, my boys,  
 Lat sorrow gae through your thinking ;  
 Gin ye haud on as ye hae begun,  
 Your pouches will leave aff clinking.  
 Up in the morning early, &c.

We will gae hame, said Lord Aboyne ;  
 Na, sit awhile, quo' Towie ;  
 Oh, never a foot, said Lochnievar,  
 As lang's there's beer in the bowie.  
 Up in the morning early, &c.

There they sat the lee-lang night,  
 Nor stirr'd till the sun shone clearly ;  
 Then made an end as they began,  
 And gaed hame in the morning early.  
 Up in the morning early, &c.

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### ROONEY OF BALLINAFAD.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"Paddy O'Carroll."]

IN Ireland so frisky, with sweet girls and whisky  
 We manag'd to keep care and sorrow aloof,  
 Our whirligig revels made all the blue devils  
 Creep out with the smoke through a hole in the roof.  
 But well I remember, one foggy November,  
 My mother cried, "Go make your fortune, my  
 lad ;  
 Go bother the ninnies clean out of their guineas ;"  
 Away then I scamper'd for Ballinafad.  
 Then to seek for promotion, I walk'd the wide ocean,  
 Was shipwreck'd, and murder'd, and sold for a  
 slave,  
 Over mountains and rivers was pelted to shivers,  
 And met on this land with a wat'ry grave.  
 But now Mr. Jew-man has made me a new man,  
 And whisky and Mammora make my heart glad,  
 To sweet flowing Liffey, I'm off in a jiffey,  
 With a whack for old Ireland and Ballinafad.

From this cruel station, to that blessed nation,  
 Again Master Rooney shall visit your shore,  
 Where, O flourish so gaily, my sprig of shilelah—  
 Long life to old Nodib of Great Mogadore ;  
 O then all my cousins will run out by dozens,  
 And out too will hobble old mammy and dad ;  
 At dinner they'd treat us with mealy potatoes,  
 And whisky distill'd at sweet Ballinafad.

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### BUMPER, SQUIRE JONES.

ANDREW DAWSON.]

[Air—"Carolan."]

YE good fellows all,  
 Who love to be told where good claret's in store,  
 Attend to the call  
 Of one who's ne'er frightened,  
 But greatly delighted,  
 With six bottles more.  
 Be sure you don't pass  
 The good house Moneyglass,  
 Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns ;  
 'Twill well suit your humour,  
 For pray what would you more,  
 Than mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, Squire  
 Jones ?

Ye lovers, who pine  
 For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,  
 Who whimper and whine  
 For lilies and roses,  
 With eyes, lips, and noses,  
 Or tip of an ear :  
 Come hither, I'll show ye  
 How Phillis and Chloe  
 No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans ;  
 For what mortal so stupid  
 As not to quit Cupid,  
 When called by good claret, and bumpers, Squire  
 Jones ?

Ye poets, who write,  
 And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook—  
 Though all you get by 't,  
 Is a dinner, oft-times,  
 In reward of your rhymes—  
 With Humphrey the Duke :  
 Learn Bacchus to follow,  
 And quit your Apollo,  
 Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old crones.  
 Our jingling of glasses  
 Your rhyming surpasses,  
 When crowned with good claret, and bumpers, Squire  
 Jones.

Ye soldiers so stout,  
 With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,  
 Who make such a rout  
 Of all your commanders  
 Who served us in Flanders,  
 And eke at the Boyne :  
 Come leave off your rattling  
 Of sieging and battling,  
 And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones ;  
 Were you sent to Gibraltar,  
 Your notes you'd soon alter,  
 And wish for good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise—  
 Who myst'ries profound can demonstrate most clear,  
 How worthy to rise !  
 You preach once a week,  
 But your tithes never seek  
 Above once in a year :  
 Come here without failing,  
 And leave off your railing  
 'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones ;  
 Says the text so divine,  
 " What is life without wine ?"  
 Then away with the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,  
 Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,  
 How worthy of trust !  
 You know black from white,  
 You prefer wrong to right  
 As you chance to be fee'd :  
 Leave musty reports,  
 And forsake the king's courts,  
 Where dulness and discord have set up their thrones ;  
 Burn Salkeld and Ventris,  
 With all your damn'd entries,  
 And away with the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,  
 Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,  
 Whene'er you prescribe,  
 Have at your devotion  
 Pills, bolus, or potion,  
 Be what will the case :  
 Pray where is the need  
 To purge, blister, and bleed ?  
 When, ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns  
 That the forms of old Galen  
 Are not so prevailing  
 As mirth, with good claret—and bumpers, Squire  
 Jones.

Ye foxhunters eke,  
 That follow the call of the horn and the hound,  
 Who your ladies forsake  
 Before they're awake,  
 To beat up the brake  
 Where the vermin is found :  
 Leave Piper and Blueman,  
 Shrill Duchess and Trueman—  
 No music is found in such dissonant tones :  
 Would you ravish your ears  
 With the songs of the spheres,  
 Hark away to the claret—a bumper, Squire Jones !



TIME'S ALTERATION ; OR, WHEN THIS  
OLD CAP WAS NEW.

[ANONYMOUS. A.D. 1666.]

WHEN this old cap was new—  
'Tis since two hundred year—  
No malice then we knew,  
But all things plenty were :  
All friendship now decays,  
(Believe me, this is true,)  
Which was not in those days,  
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land  
Were much delighted then  
To have at their command  
A crew of lusty men ;  
Which by their coats were known  
Of tawny, red, or blue,  
With crests on their sleeves shown,  
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,  
Unto our land's reproach,  
When he whose means are small,  
Maintains both horse and coach ;  
Instead of an hundred men,  
The coach allows but two ;  
This was not thought on then,  
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality  
Was cherish'd then of many ;  
Now poor men starve and die,  
And are not help'd by any ;  
For charity waxeth cold,  
And love is found in few ;  
This was not in time of old,  
When this old cap was new.

Where'er you travell'd then,  
You might meet on the way  
Brave knights and gentlemen,  
Clad in their country grey,  
That courteous would appear,  
And kindly welcome you ;  
No Puritans then were,  
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies in those days  
In civil habit went ;  
Broad-cloth was then worth praise,  
And gave the best content :  
French fashions then were scorn'd,  
Fond fangles then none knew ;  
Then modesty women adorn'd,  
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold  
At Christmas in each hall,  
Good fires to curb the cold,  
And meat for great and small ;  
The neighbours friendly bidden,  
And all had welcome true ;  
The poor from the gates not chidden,  
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to every man  
Were filled with wine and beer ;  
No pewter pot, nor can,  
In those days did appear ;  
Good cheer in a nobleman's house  
Was counted a seemly show ;  
We wanted not brawn nor souse,  
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight  
In cups of silver fine ;  
None under the degree of knight  
In plate drank beer or wine ;

Now each mechanical man  
 Hath a cupboard of plate for a show,  
 Which was a rare thing then,  
 When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,  
 No simony men did use ;  
 Christians did usury scorn,  
 Devised among the Jews :  
 The lawyers to be fee'd  
 At that time hardly knew ;  
 For man with man agreed  
 When this old cap was new.

No captain then caroused,  
 Nor spent poor soldiers' pay ;  
 They were not so abused,  
 As they are at this day :  
 Of seven days they make eight,  
 To keep them from their due ;  
 Poor soldiers had their right  
 When this old cap was new—

Which made them forward still  
 To go, although not prest ;  
 And going with good will,  
 Their fortunes were the best ;  
 Our English then in fight  
 Did foreign foes subdue,  
 And forced them all to flight,  
 When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,  
 And send him long to live !  
 Lord, mischief on them bring  
 That will not their alms give,  
 But seek to rob the poor  
 Of that which is their due :  
 This was not in time of yore,  
 When this old cap was new.

## ALGIERS ON THE SEA.

EDWARD DRAPER.]

[Tune—"Oh, Cruel."]

I AM a poor ship's-carpenter ; my story you shall hear—  
 Far from my native country for many a dismal year :  
 We sail'd from Plymouth Harbour, my captain, mates,  
     and me,  
 To trade with Gib-e-raltar, and parts beyond the sea.  
 We pass'd the bay of Biscay, where the half of our  
     car-go,  
 To save our bark from foundering, we overboard did  
     throw ;  
 But had the waves proved masters, it might have  
     saved to we,  
 Worse dangers and disasters than shipwreck on the  
     sea.  
 For, three days after, cruising just off the Spanish  
     shore,  
 A stranger sail espied us, and down upon us bore.  
 They fired a shot to hail us : we vainly tried to flee,  
 But were caught by nigger pirates from Algiers on  
     the sea.  
 They boarded us, they strip-ped us, they bound us  
     foot and hand,  
 They turn-ed us below, and then sail'd far away from  
     land ;  
 And none can tell our anguish, and our grief and  
     mise-ree,  
 Till the pirates came to anchor on the coast of Barba-  
     ree.  
 At length in chains we landed, among a nigger guard ;  
 Were sold to our taskmasters, and were forced to  
     labour hard—  
 Some hoeing, and some raking, and others set with  
     me,  
 A mending ships, and paid with whips, at Algiers on  
     the sea.

Three dismal, dreary years, boys, this awful life we  
 led,  
 A thousand times and over, we wished that we were  
 dead,  
 Till one day came a bustle, and Bill Bowser cries,—  
 says he,  
 "I spy the British fleet, boys, and we are on its lee!"  
 With whips of hide they forced us to throw up a re-  
 doubt,  
 To keep ourselves inside, boys, and keep old England  
 out ;  
 In front of us the Union Jack meanwhile was floating  
 free,  
 To-wards us—wretched English slaves—at Algiers on  
 the sea.

The battle then began, boys, with iron, shot, and  
 shell ;  
 We bless each shot arriving, however near it fell ;  
 We never felt so joyful in all our lives, not we,  
 As under that bombardment, at Algiers on the sea.

Bill Bowser he was wound-ed by the splinter of a  
 shell—  
 A two-legg'd man he wrought with us, a one-legg'd  
 man he fell ;  
 But I'd rather lose, as Bill did, my left leg alow the  
 knee,  
 Than bear a whack on my back, from a black, at  
 Algiers on the sea.

At length the boats put off, boys—we spied the jackets  
 blue ;  
 One thought came over all at once—our guards, though  
 arm'd, were few :  
 We gave one hasty glance behind, and ev'ry man could  
 see  
 The one thing in his fellow's mind, at Algiers on the  
 sea.

We shoulder'd sharp our tools, boys, and though we  
 fought in chains,  
 We flew at 'em like chain-shot, and pickax-ed their  
 brains ;  
 We lifted up our voices and three rousing cheers gave  
 we,  
 Three rousing cheers which reached the ears of the  
 men upon the sea.  
 So here am I, you see, boys, infirm, and old, and poor,  
 But blessed be the day when I return'd unto old Eng-  
 land's shore.  
 I'd sooner beg my bread, boys, in England brave and  
 free,  
 Than roll in gold and wealth untold, at Algiers on  
 the sea.

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### I'VE GOT A PLACE UNDER GOVERNMENT.

J. BEULER.]

{ *Tune*—"Jeremy Diddler,  
the Fiddler."

I ONCE kept a pastrycook's shop,  
 And my pretty young wife, who'd the care of it,  
 Got flatter'd by every fop,  
 And corrupted, ere I was aware of it.  
 As politics fill'd up my mind,  
 I cared not how my home or my oven went ;  
 For all that I wish'd, was to find  
 Some means of reforming the Government.  
Tol de rol, &c.

As my cakes and my wife had a charm,  
 To my shop many dons late and early went ;  
 While about I went preaching reform,  
 In the parish and houses of parliament.  
 While mix'd in political strife,  
 To my shop an old lord very often went ;  
 And whisper'd soft words to my wife,  
 Whilst I went abusing the Government.

By minding the affairs of the state,  
 My own kept on going to ruin ;  
 But my wife was a notable mate,  
 And e'er for my interest brewing.  
 At our house the old lord came to dine,  
 Where he a kind ear to my lovely lent ;  
 And more through her merit than mine,  
 He got me a place under Government.

My old cronies were very sarcastic  
 At first, about my change of principle ;—  
 Pooh ! principle in all is elastic—  
 Human nature is not made invincible.  
 Why against changing principle cry ?  
 With a party I ne'er made a covenant ;  
 Besides, principle's all in my eye !  
 When you've got a place under Government.

My mind vastly changed, I must own,  
 When I got in my new situation ;  
 I was ready to knock a man down,  
 If he spouted about reformation.  
 To find out each Government foe,  
 I often to alehouse and tavern went ;  
 And I soon the seditious let know  
 That I had a place under Government.

I've been vex'd by my son, who will spout  
 Against taxes and Government cheating ;  
 And my house I have just turned him out,  
 For attending a Radical meeting.  
 No reformers I'll have near my house,  
 Not e'en for relation, for love, or rent ;  
 For what should I do if I lose  
 The place I have got under Government.

It raises my spleen, when I read  
 The debates, and Mr. Bright's railleries  
 On th' expenditure wasteful, and need  
 Of lowering Government salaries.

I really feel quite overpower'd,  
 To see him on this thing so often bent ;—  
 How would *he* like his salary lower'd,  
 If he had a place under Government ?

I am proud of my place, and expect  
 Submission from all who come near me ;  
 And make folks show me smiles and respect,  
 Although at the bottom they fear me.  
 I support in all matters the Queen,  
 The Ministers and their acts in parliament,—  
 And you'd do the same thing, I mean  
 If *you'd* got a place under Government.

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### JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

SIR A. BOSWELL, BART.]

[Scotch Air.

AT Willie's wedding an the green,  
 The lasses, bonnie witches,  
 Were a' dress'd out in aprons clean,  
 And braw white Sunday mutches :  
 Auld Maggie bad the lads tak' tent,  
 But Jock would not believe her ;  
 But soon the fool his folly kent,  
 And Jenny dang the weaver.  
     And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,  
     Jenny dang the weaver ;  
     But soon the fool his folly kent,  
     For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country-dance or reel  
 Wi' her he would be babbing ;  
 When she sat down, he sat down,  
 And to her would be gabbing :  
 Where'er she gaed, baith but and ben,  
 The coof would never leave her,  
 Aye kecklin' like a clacking hen ;  
 But Jenny dang the weaver.  
                                     Jenny dang, &c.



Quo' he, "My lass, to speak my mind  
 In troth I needna swither ;  
 You've bonnie een, and if you're kind,  
 I'll never seek anither."  
 He humm'd and haw'd ; the lass cried, "Peugh!"  
 And bade the coof no deave her ;  
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,  
 And dang the silly weaver.  
 And Jenny dang, &c.

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### THE THREE STARS.

TH. KÖRNER.]

[Tune—"One Bumper at Parting."

OF all the fair stars that so brightly  
 To lighten life's darkness still shine,  
 The three, if I reckon them rightly,  
 Are those we call SONG, LOVE, and WINE !  
 No stars in the heavens above us  
 So kindly and true we find there ;  
 With them, as with fond ones who love us,  
 Our sorrows all melt into air.  
 Yes of all, &c.

First, Song is renewing of pleasure,  
 When breathed by the lips of a friend ;  
 We cannot rob *him* of the treasure,  
 Though largely to *us* he may lend ;  
 Then Wine with our song should be blended  
 For 'tis such a marvellous thing,  
 Tho' long since our summer has ended  
 It brings us again to life's spring.  
 Yes of all, &c.

The third lovely star when its glances  
 With those I have sung of combine,  
 The nearer to us it advances,  
 The nearer we own it divine ;

Ah ! then, while our goblets are flowing,  
 A toast !—and it cannot be wrong—  
 The health of the man who set going  
 First kissing—and drinking—and song.  
 For of all, &c.

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## THE LAD WITH THE CARROTY POLL.

[EDWARD KNIGHT.]

OH dear, oh dear, good gentlefolks may it be said,  
 I'm come here to learn if any poor bairn  
 Has been troubled like me wi' his head ;  
 My feyther and mother they used no control ;  
 Fifteen of us bairns all red in the poll.  
 We all were pretty and merry as Punch,  
 But I were always the pride of the bunch.  
 Oh dear, oh dear, I'm a queer little comical soul,  
 And if you'll believe me, though I think you may see,  
 I'm the lad with the carroty poll.

Oh dear, oh dear, I fear I shall never get wed,  
 For indeed you must know, wherever I go,  
 They laugh at my carroty head ;  
 T'other day I went up to town wi' young squire,  
 They said that my head would set Lunnun a-fire.  
 I seed pretty women wi' cheeks like a rose,  
 I gave one a buss, but she painted my nose :  
 Oh dear, oh dear, I couldn't I'm sure, for my soul,  
 Like the touch of her cheek, if I rubb'd for a week,  
 Get the red from my carroty poll.

Oh dear, oh dear, a quack in our village one day,  
 He said that he could, and I said that he should,  
 Come and take all my carrots away ;  
 So he rubb'd and he scrubb'd, till my face went  
 awry,  
 Wi' some stuff that he call'd his "New Patent  
 Dye ;"

My hair he turn'd black, and my pockets he drain'd,  
 And I look'd like the devil first day that it rain'd.  
 Oh dear, oh dear, I were such a transmogrified soul,  
 For my head were as bald as a pig that is scald,  
 And I long'd for my carrotty poll.

Oh dear, oh dear, the joy of my heart you must know,  
 Was to see the first sprout of hair shooting out,  
 When the carrots began to grow.  
 And my happiness now is arrived at the top,  
 Because I have got such a glorious crop;  
 And the lesson I've learnt is never to fret,  
 But be always content with whatever I get.  
 Oh dear, oh dear, the queer little comical soul,  
 Ever will laud the hands who applaud  
 The lad with a carrotty poll.

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### POOR MILK BE-LOW.

J. G. WATTS.]

[Tune—"The Nice Young Man."]

HARD by the Old Kent Road there live d,  
 Some eighteen months ago,  
 A man who dress'd in corded breech,  
 And stockings white as snow;  
 In coat of velvet-green, and vest  
 Of yellow, blue, and red;  
 With hob-nail'd boots upon his feet,  
 A felt hat on his head.

He was not short, he was not tall,  
 Though fat beyond a doubt;  
 And though he earn'd his bread by milk,  
 Each day he got more stout.  
 He said he was a dairyman,  
 But still no cows had he  
 Save one of chalk, upon a shelf,  
 Of great antiquity.

He to a cow-yard hied each morn,  
 Before the break of day,  
 For fresh supplies—some said he passed  
 A pump upon his way,  
 And that he stopped as he returned ;  
 And vulgar men would chaff,  
 And shout, as he cried “ Milk be-low,”  
 “ Let’s ’ave some arf-an’-arf.”

But, heedless of their vile attacks,  
 He cheerly took his round ;  
 And with his “ Milk be-low-wo-woe,”  
 The welkin did resound.  
 But still he gave a civil word  
 Where’er he pitched his can ;  
 And all the women-servants said  
 He was “ a nice young man.”

One morning, as he went to serve  
 A house in Surrey-square,  
 Some naughty boys had made a slide  
 Upon the Terrace there.  
 He slipt upon the greasy spot,  
 And then, alas ! alack !  
 He lost his feet; let go his can,  
 And fell upon his back.

A sympathetic housemaid flew,  
 And helped him to arise,  
 With sorrow pictured in her face,  
 And pity in her eyes.  
 She led him to the kitchen fire,  
 Some comforts to bestow ;  
 And as she gave him toast and tea,  
 Sly Cupid struck a blow.

For ere he’d had the seventh round,  
 Poor Milk be-low began  
 To feel a something at his chest—  
 He was an *altered* man.

He twirled his thumbs, he rolled his eyes,  
 Upon his feet did start ;  
 And then in broken accents said,  
 "'Ave—you—got—a sweet—'art ?"

The maiden blushed, and cried, "Get out."  
 Said he, "I'm not in fun ;  
 If you'll 'ave me, why I'll 'ave you,  
 And then the matter's done."  
 Said she, "What do you earn per week ?"  
 Said he, "A pund—and more."  
 Said she, "It ain't enough !"—said he,  
 "What will yer bargain for ?"

Said she, "When you earns one-pun-ten  
 I may." Said he, "Agreed !  
 I'll do it in a month ; I'll break  
 My neck but I'll succeed."  
 Ah, love ! ah woe ! poor Milk be-low,  
 That was a fatal boast ;  
 Would that you ne'er had seen that girl,  
 Nor ate her buttered toast !

Each day he tarried at the pump  
 Much longer than of yore,  
 Forgetting that while he grew rich,  
 His milk was growing poor.  
 At last his customers began  
 To grumble and complain,  
 And one, a waggish doctor, said,  
 "He'd water on *his brain*."

And ere a fortnight had expired  
 His milk had grown so thin,  
 That five-and-twenty all at once  
 Refused to take it in.  
 But worse than all, his lady-love,  
 Who saw how things would go,  
 Informed him she had changed her mind,  
 And got another beau.

That night—it was a foggy one—  
 A man was seen to glide  
 Down the Kent-road, with a clothes-line  
 All dangling by his side.  
 At length he paused before a pump, <sup>1</sup>  
 Which rose full ten feet high,  
 He raised the handle and there fell—  
 Some water—from his eye.

He placed his foot upon the spout,  
 His rope slung round the top,  
 Then let his neck into the noose,  
 And took his final drop.  
 A jury on his body sat,  
 And when they had deplored  
 The suicidal deed, they found—  
 “Died of his own a(c)cord.”

One would have thought that of this world  
 He'd had enough ; but no,  
 Each midnight by the pump is seen  
 The Ghost of Milk be-low.  
 And when the “early village cock”  
 Declares 'tis break of day,  
 He mutters, “Yes—the breakfast milk,”  
 And vanishes away.

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## LIFE IS ONE THING OVER AGAIN.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—“Kinloch of Kinloch.”

THIS life is a journey—we're travellers all,  
 In haste or in leisure our footsteps we bend ;  
 By conduct it is that we rise or we fall,  
 Rich folks and poor folks go to the same end.  
 And whether we're sorrowful, lively, or gay,  
 Thankful for blessings, or grumbling complain,  
 There's nought but the same sameness day after day,  
 Life is all one thing over again.

The infant is teas'd with the vile A, B, C,  
 Nursery stories enliven the way ;  
 Led on by art to L, M, N, O, P,  
 A B, ab—E B, eb—B E, be—B A, ba.  
 The youth with his lessons can never be still,  
 For task upon task daily puzzles his brain ;  
 Goes round and round, like a horse in a mill,  
 Oh, school is one thing over again.

Then he grows up, and, of course, falls in love,  
 Declaration—accepted—and love in return ;  
 Her charms can compete with an angel above,  
 With hearts palpitating each bosom does burn.  
 Letters and presents, a “No” and a “Yes,”  
 Fall out—make it up—some teasing—some pain :  
 Some smiles, and some tears—and nightly, one kiss—  
 Oh, courtship is one thing over again.

Then they embark under soft Hymen's powers,  
 But anticipations and honeymoon o'er,  
 Time, with its changes, turns sweets into sour,  
 And children bring feelings they ne'er had before.  
 Quarrels and jars—troubles—turmoils,  
 Charmingly mix'd up with pleasure and pain ;  
 Domestic felicity—bubbles and broils,  
 Oh ! wedlock is one thing over again.

The farmer by seasons does reap or does sow,  
 Early to bed—early up in the morn ;  
 Th' changes he rings with the harrow or plough,  
 Or to market he rides with his cattle or corn.  
 Health in his cheek—but with every gale,  
 His temper is varied by sunshine or rain ;  
 He dines on his bacon—he drinks his own ale,  
 Oh ! a farmer's life's one thing over again.

The tradesman may open his shop every day,  
 His shopmen—apprentices clean as a pin ;  
 Of his choice goods he may make a display,  
 Try every bait to tempt customers in ;

Disappointment—vexation—the markets run cross,  
 The money that's owing, he thinks of in vain ;  
 With ledger, and day-book, and profit and loss,  
 Oh ! a tradesman's life's one thing over again.

The sailor upon a long voyage may steer,  
 The ship is his world—he heeds not the gale ;  
 The billows he views, and without any fear  
 Mounts the topyards to take a reef in the sail.  
 Nought all around but the sea and the sky,  
 He goes to the Indies, France, Holland, or Spain ;  
 He drinks off his grog—and tow'rds home sends  
 a sigh,  
 Oh ! a sailor's life's one thing over again.

Every station is sure just the same,  
 To every man, whether sadly or gay ;  
 Cards may be trumps—time must end the game,  
 Life is comprised in—four meals a day.  
 Breakfast and dinner, and supper and tea,  
 Some sleeping—some waking—some labour—  
 some pain ;  
 I think, after this, you all must agree,  
 Life is all one thing over again.

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### THADY O'BRADY.

YE lasses and bucks, leave off your sly looks,  
 While I sing of one Thady O'Brady,  
 Who courted Miss Reilly so snug and so slily,  
 Determined to make her his lady.  
 But before he'd begin to commit that great sin  
 Which the clargy they call matrimony,  
 His furniture all he would tell at one call  
 That he'd give to his own darling honey.

First, a nate feather bed, and a four-posted stead,  
 A bolster, quilt, blankets, and sheets, too,  
 A straw curtain, one side to the rafters well tied,  
 And a purty dale board at our feet, too ;



In one corner some meal, in another a pail  
 Of sweet milk, and roll'd butter hard by it,  
 Some salt in a barrel, and for fear we should quarrel,  
 Some whisky to keep us both quiet.

Four knives and four forks, four bottles and corks,  
 Six plates, spoons, and two pewter dishes,  
 Salt butter a store, and salt herrings *galore*,  
 With good praties as much as she wishes ;  
 Two pots and a griddle, a sieve and a riddle,  
 A slate for a tongs to bring fire on,  
 A pair of pot-hooks, and two little crooks  
 To hang up the salt-box and gridiron.

Three noggins, three mugs, a bowl, and two jugs,  
 A crock and a pan something lesser,  
 A nate looking-glass, to dress at for mass,  
 Nailed up to a clean little dresser ;  
 Some starch and some blue, in two papers for you,  
 An iron and holder to hold it,  
 A beetle to whack, and a stick horse's back  
 To dry your cap on 'fore you fold it.

Some onions and eggs in two little kegs,  
 A kish wherein plenty of turf is,  
 A spade and grifaun, to dig up the lawn,  
 And some manure to cover the murphies ;  
 A dog and two cats, to run after the rats,  
 A cock for a clock, to give warning,  
 A plough and a sow, and a nate Kerry cow,  
 To give milk for your tea in the morning.

A churn and a dash, to make the cream splash,  
 Some boiling hot water to fill it,  
 Two saucepans with handles, and to make the rush  
 candles  
 Some grease in a small metal skillet ;  
 For a lump of fat bacon you'll not be short taken,  
 With some cabbage to put where the meat is,  
 A pair of new brogues, and two osier skillogues  
 To draw water from off the boiled praties.

Some flax and a wheel, some wool and a reel,  
 And a besom to keep the house snug,  
 A few bundles of frieze to cover my thighs,  
 And for you, a neat piece of brown rug ;  
 But then for young Thady we must have clothes  
 ready,  
 With pineady to keep him a feeding,  
 A cradle see-saw and a red lobster's claw,  
 To give to the brat when he's teething.

Some soap to wash all, shirts, stockings, and caul,  
 A table, three stools, and a forum,  
 All this I will give, and I think we may live,  
 As well as the justice of quorum.  
 But Biddy, astore, should you want any more,  
 Roar out without any more bother,  
 For an Irishman's pride 'tis, whatever betide,  
 To keep his poor wife in good order.

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## LOVE AND WHISKY.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Air—"Bobbin Joan."]

Written in 1780. Newly arranged by W. Guernsey.

LOVE and whisky both,  
 Rejoice an honest fellow ;  
 Unripe joys of life,  
 Love and whisky mellow,  
 Both the head and heart  
 Set in palpitation ;  
 From both I've often found  
 A mighty sweet sensation.  
 Love and whisky's joys,  
 Let us gaily twist 'em,  
 In the thread of life,  
 Faith, we can't resist 'em.

But love's jealous pang  
 In heartache oft we find it ;  
 Whisky, in its turn,  
 A headache leaves behind it.

Thus of love or drink,  
 We curse th' enchanted cup, sir ;  
 All its charms forswear,  
 Then take another sup, sir.  
 Love and whisky's joys,  
 Let us gaily twist 'em,  
 In the thread of life,  
 Faith, we can't resist 'em.

Love and whisky can  
 To anything persuade us ;  
 No other power we fear,  
 That ever can invade us.  
 Should others dare intrude,  
 They'll find our lads so frisky  
 By none can be subdued,  
 Excepting love and whisky.  
 May the smiles of love  
 Cheer our lads so clever ;  
 And with whisky, boys,  
 We'll drink Queen Vic. for ever.

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### THE PUDDING BAG.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Derry Down.

To study the people, the climate and weather,  
 Dr. Johnson and Boswell a tour took together,  
 To Scotland, and some banyan days did endure,  
 For the living, they found, like the people, was poor.

At a little low pot house, one day, like a glutton,  
 Johnson had order'd a roast leg of mutton ;  
 And Boswell, with appetite clever and 'cute,  
 Spoke for a nice boil'd plum-pudding to boot.

The mutton was ready—they sat down to dine,  
 "I'm hungry," said Boswell, "this mutton is fine ;"  
 "Hem !" said the Doctor,—"the pudding's a treat,  
 I've alter'd my mind—I can't eat any meat."

In silence they dined, and the cloth clear'd away,  
 And Boswell said, "Why did you leave meat to-day?  
 'Tis something uncommon roast mutton be pass'd,  
 Strange that you starving should still longer fast!"

Said Johnson, "If really the truth must be said,  
 I saw the meat roasting—and saw the boy's head  
 Was frousy and scabby, and still as it ran,  
 He scratch'd it with both his hands over the pan.

"Unfriendly," said Boswell, "to play such a trick,  
 The thoughts of it even now makes my heart sick;  
 If half an hour back you your silence had broke—"  
 Said Johnson, "No, that would have spoil'd a good  
 joke."

Enraged, return'd Boswell, "I'll have the boy in,  
 And curse him, I'll break ev'ry bone in his skin;  
 Come here, you young rascal,—say, how does it hap,  
 You don't on that vile scabby head wear a cap?"

Said the boy—"Why, gude sir, indeed it is true,  
 Why I dinna wear cap? 'deed, sir, I do;  
 But mither she kenning my cap wur a gude 'un,  
 She used it this mornin' to boil your plum-puddin'."

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## LORD HARRY HAS WRITTEN A NOVEL.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

LORD HARRY has written a novel,  
 A story of elegant life;  
 No stuff about love in a hovel,  
 No sketch of a commoner's wife:  
 No trash such as pathos and passion,  
 Fine feelings, expression, and wit;  
 But all about people of fashion,  
 Come look at his caps, how they fit.

Oh ! Radcliffe ! thou once wert the charmer,  
 Of girls who sat reading all night ;  
 Thy heroes were stipplings in armour,  
 Thy heroines damsels in white.  
 But past are thy terrible touches,  
 Our lips in derision we curl,  
 Unless we are told how a Duchess  
 Convers'd with her cousin the Earl.

We now have each dialogue quite full  
 Of titles—" I give you my word,  
 My lady, you're looking delightful."  
 " Oh ! dear, do you think so, my Lord !"  
 " You've heard of the Marquis's marriage,  
 The bride with her jewels new set,  
 Four horses, new travelling carriage,  
 And *déjeûné à la fourchette*."

*Haut ton* finds her privacy broken,  
 We trace all her *ins* and her *outs*,  
 The *very small* talk that is spoken,  
 By *very great* people at routs.  
 At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of  
 The book from the innkeeper's wife,  
 And reads till she dreams she is one of  
 The leaders of elegant life.

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## THE BOG OF ALLEN.

THOS. H. PORTER.]

{ *Music arranged by*  
 { W. GUERNSEY.

JOLLY Phœbus his car to the coach-house had driven,  
 And unharnessed his high-mettled horses of light ;  
 He gave them a feed from the manger of heaven,  
 And rubbed them, and littered them up for the night.  
 Then down to the kitchen he leisurely strode,  
 Where Thetis, the housemaid, was sipping her tea ;  
 He swore he was tired with that high up-hill road,  
 He'd have none of her slops nor hot-water, not he.

So she took from the corner a little cruiskeen  
 Well filled with nectar Apollo loves best ;  
 (From the neat Bog of Allen, some pretty poteen)  
 And he tippled his quantum and staggered to rest.  
 His many-caped box-coat around him he threw,  
 For his bed, faith, 'twas dampish, and none of the best;  
 All above him the clouds their bright fring'd curtains  
 drew,  
 And the tuft of his night-cap lay red in the west.

---

### REASONS FOR ROAST BEEF.

CHARLES DIBDIN } { *Tune*—"When Arthur first  
 the Younger. } { at Court began."

QUEEN BESS once fed three men for a year,  
 On different kinds of food,  
 To see which might the best appear  
 To do a Briton good ;  
 The first was fed on veal, sir,  
 The second was fed upon mutton,  
 The third was fed upon good roast beef,  
 And gormandiz'd like a glutton.

When brought to answer the Queen's appeal,  
 On what they'd been licensed to guttle,  
 The first replied, "Mem, I've dined upon veal,"  
 (*affectedly*).  
 T'other, "Muttle, Sir! Muttle, Sir! Muttle!"  
 (*pertly*).  
 Cries the Queen, "These for soldiers of Briton wont  
 do ;  
 But I swear by my Majesty's word,  
 Your veal eaters will make good men milliners,  
 And your mutton men, tailors, good lord !"

The third he came to be questioned in kind,  
 And as loud as he could bawl,  
 When ask'd by the usher on what he had din'd,  
 Cried, "Beef, and be d—d to you all."

Queen Bess she gave him her fist with a smile,  
 And swore it was her belief,  
 The devil himself couldn't conquer this isle,  
 While Britons were fed upon beef.

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### PARODY ON "THE CAVALIER."

'Twas a beautiful night, as a tipsy wight,  
 Towards his home he stray'd ;  
 And he left his pals singing " Buffalo Gals,"  
 A favourite serenade.  
 With his main and his might, " Coming out to-  
 night,"  
 In many a tune sang he ;  
 He reached his door, then he fondly swore,  
 My wife she is waiting for me—  
 My wife, dear wife, I know she is waiting for me.

He raised the latch, then with lucifer match  
 His way to the kitchen he gropes ;  
 He heard a loud squall, saw his wife on a wall,  
 Getting down by a ladder of ropes.  
 Out, out he ran, but he was done,  
 What's this on the ground? quoth he ;  
 Oh, some gentleman's tile, he said with a smile,  
 But it never belonged to me—  
 This tile, old tile, you never were made for me.

Upstairs he goes, found she'd taken her clothes,  
 And supper was laid for two ;  
 The 'taters were mash'd, the mutton was hash'd,  
 Made into a jolly nice stew.  
 He saw a bottle of ale, and found it was pale—  
 What's this in the basin? quoth he ;  
 Oh, her mind is unfixed, and these pickles are mixed,  
 But they never were bought for me—  
 These pickles, mixed pickles, I fear it's all pickles  
 with me.

Now all would have thought he'd pitched into and  
fought

With the man that ran off with his spouse ;  
But, sensible man, he pitched into the scran,  
Then lock'd every door in the house.  
He put up the bar, then smok'd his cigar,  
And singing to bed went he,  
When a wife elopes, of her I've no hopes,  
She may go to Old Joey for me—  
She may go, she may go, she may go to Old Joey  
for me.

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### TRANSMOGRIFICATIONS.

JACOB BRULER.]

[Tune—"Jingling Johnny."]

OH, deary me, it makes me fretful,  
And life to me is getting hateful ;  
I see such changes in the nation,  
Alack ! there's nought but alteration.  
I've been e'er since last Tuesday morning  
Seeking the street where I was born in ;  
And all my haunts and playing stations,  
Have undergone transmogrifications.  
All these changes make me so vexed,  
I wonder what they'll try to do next !

Near London, if they find a field, sirs,  
Upon it they begin to build, sirs ;  
Beth'lem and Turnham Greens the same are,  
For only *green* they in their name are.  
Though London's well supplied with water,  
By companies in ev'ry quarter ;  
'Twill soon want companies, I declare, sirs,  
The people to supply with *air*, sirs.

When I was young, folks took their pleasure,  
When they to spare had cash and leisure,  
By going to Richmond and Epsom races,  
To Bath and to the watering-places.



Each watering-place complains most bitterly  
That now folks go to France and Italy ;  
But fashion farther leads than ever,  
For all the *go* is now Swan River.

Oh, once a man was thought a lost man,  
When he became a General Postman ;  
He had to walk, morn, noon, and night, sirs,  
Be the weather what it might, sirs.  
But now the postmen show that *letters*  
Will raise a man up to his betters ;  
And now no one their place disparages,  
For now they ride out in their carriages.

Once on a time our sea and land boys,  
Could always get as jolly as sand boys,  
By drinking ale and good strong beer,  
And get quite fat upon such cheer.  
But beer and ale have now no merit,  
Compared with ev'ry ardent spirit ;  
And now they all for gin quite raw thirst,  
Which makes 'em thin and pale as saw-dust.

Once Englishmen were strong and hearty,  
And did not care for *Bonaparty* ;  
But now the porters and all who sarve us,  
And everybody's getting narvous.  
Now drovers feel all sensibility,  
And, patronized by folks of quality,  
Are macadamized roads and spring-coach making,  
Because their coachmen can't bear shaking.

Oh, once all folks unnoticed might, sirs,  
Bundles carry all the night, sirs ;  
But now each new policeman watches,  
To search all bundles and cabs he catches ;  
Nay more, these new blue-coat policemen,  
Will take you up, they are such nice men,  
Whene'er they find you drunk and funny,  
For fear that you should lose your money.

Oh, once when you by knaves got cheated,  
With proper justice they were treated ;  
But when on trial now you have 'em,  
The cleverest lawyers try to save 'em.  
Oh, once it was the law's strict letter,  
The more knaves were exposed the better ;  
But now to save 'em from public reproaches,  
They are carried to gaol in vans and coaches.

Once great St. Paul's gave satisfaction,  
And was to London great attraction ;  
But now there are the Brompton boilers,  
Tho' folks to get there must be toilers.  
There you see each new invention,  
To make all learned the intention ;  
And pictures, as may be detected,  
Which by the gas are much affected.

Then there's the Zoological Garden,  
Wherein to get you give a card in ;  
And pay a shilling, which they state, is  
The way they admit the people *gratis*.  
There men and brutes stand cheek by jowl, sirs,  
And there a bear runs up a pole, sirs ;  
And there they suckle zebra-donkeys,  
And educate poll parrots and monkeys.

Oh, once we all could walk in clover,  
By cabs we were not then run over,  
And the only block that they allow did,  
Was on Lord Mayor's day, when the streets were  
crowded ;  
London now can't be detected  
For the railway bridges they've erected.  
But if I sing of all things clever,  
I think my song would last for ever.  
So I'll give over, for I'm so vexed—  
Oh, I wonder what they'll try to do next !

## THE BASHFUL MAN.

W. BALL.]

[Music by W. C. GLOVER.]

OF all the various ills by which poor fellows are oppressed,

Ah! those which spring from bashfulness out-balance all the rest;

A thousand joys which others snatch, I pass unheeded by,

Because—because I have the sad mishap to be so very shy.

I am, I am, I am so very shy.

I've oft predicted what would come of our *mis*-govern'd school,

Where boys are forced to dance with boys, each looking like a fool;

They might have led their sisters in, at least upon the sly,

And then—and then I should have seen the sex, and not been quite so shy.

Oh, me! oh dear! I am so very shy.

Whene'er I'm in society, at *soirée*, rout, or dance,  
I slink into a corner, and contrive to sit *mum-chance*;  
For if I'm asked to play or sing, while girls are standing by,

I've hardly—hardly *nous* to move or speak, I am so very shy.

I am, I am, I am so very shy.

I scarcely e'er can hope to reach the happy married state,

For when I get a little nerve, I fear 'twill be too late;  
And if it be for *me* to pop the question, kneel, and sigh,

I'm sure—oh! no, I never *can*, I am so very shy.

I am, I am, I am so very shy.

There's that Tom Smith, he's bandy-legged, and Jones  
 has sandy hair ;  
 There's Wilson stoops and Jackson squints, and dances  
 like a bear ;  
 Young Tibbs is like a half-split lath, and his nose is  
 all awry,  
 Yet they—yes, they get sweethearts—I get none, I  
 am so very shy.  
 I am, I am, I am so very shy.

I'll make a vow to be more bold, but should I do so  
 now,  
 Though doom'd to die a hermit, I could never keep  
 that vow ;  
 And if I should—this epitaph shall meet each passer's  
 eye—  
 "Here lies—here lies John Dobbs, who died an old  
 bachelor,  
 Because he couldn't help it, he was (oh dear !) he was  
 so very shy.  
 He was, he was, he was so very shy."

---

## THE WONDERFUL WHALE.

J. C. DAVIDSON.]

[*Music* by J. MONRO.]

ABOUT a great sea snake you've heard,  
 In a rare astounding tale ;  
 So now I'll tell you what occur'd,  
 With a monstrous South Sea whale.  
 'Twas in the autumn of the year  
 We left the river's mouth ;  
 And with a spread of sail did steer  
 Towards the chilly South.

We reach'd our port then by degrees,  
 And weather'd many a gale ;  
 When, all at once, our Captain sees  
 A thumping great big whale.

It crawl'd along like any snail,  
In a scorching sun at noon ;  
Until they sent into its tail,  
A jolly sharp harpoon.

Right mad with pain it quickly turned,  
And flew at Harpoon Jack ;  
But he its malice coolly spurned,  
By striking at its back.  
It rushed on—wounded fore and aft,  
Determined none to spare ;  
Then put its tail beneath their craft,  
And threw 'em all in the air.

By good luck Jack, with oar in hand,  
Soon got upon the boat ;  
And there he trembling did stand,  
This sad reverse to note.  
The whale enraged then flew at Jack,  
(While he for aid did bawl) ;  
With gaping mouth, and in a crack,  
It swallowed him boat and all.

Like Jonah in the whale's inside,  
Poor Jack was safely stow'd ;  
And when he came to himself, he cried,  
" I'm in it, now, I'm blow'd.  
But I'll not sink in sight of rocks,  
Sours add but to the gripe,"  
So out he lugg'd his backy-box,  
And lighted up his pipe.

As Jack his cloud blew in the dark,  
The smoke grew pretty thick ;  
The whale unused to such a lark,  
Soon turned uncommon sick.  
This brought a thought into its sconce,  
To force Jack from below ;  
But Jack who'd passed its teeth safe once,  
Held fast and cried "*No go.*"

The whale now grew so very ill,  
 With pain it fairly sigh'd ;  
 And though 'twas much against its will,  
 Soon gave it up and died.  
 Jack cut a hole then through its side,  
 And quick put out his oar ;  
 And having then a flowing tide,  
 Safe rowed himself ashore.

Now Jack when he the sands did reach,  
 Ashore jump'd with a smile ;  
 He drew the whale upon the beach,  
 And his carcass sold for oil.  
 The truth our ship's crew don't deny,  
 But tell it with a grin ;  
 I only say, if it's all a lie,  
 We're nicely taken in.

---

## THIS IS MY ELDEST DAUGHTER, SIR.

T. H. BAYLY.]

[*Music* by SIR H. R. BISHOP.]

THIS is my eldest daughter, sir,  
 Her mother's only care ;  
 You praise her face—Oh ! sir, she is  
 As good as she is fair.  
 My angel Jane is clever too,  
 Accomplishments I've taught her ;  
 I'll introduce you to her, sir,  
 This is my eldest daughter.

I've sought the aid of ornament,  
 Bejewelling her curls ;  
 I've tried her beauty unadorn'd,  
 Simplicity and pearls :  
 I've set her off, to get her off,  
 Till fallen off I've thought her ;  
 Yet I've softly breath'd to all the beaux,  
 "This is my eldest daughter."

I've tried all styles of hairdressing,  
 Madonnas, frizzes, crops,  
 Her waist I've lac'd, her back I've brac'd,  
 Till circulation stops :  
 I've padded her, until I have  
 Into a Venus brought her,  
 But puffing her has no effect,  
 This is my eldest daughter.

Her gowns are *à la* Ackermann,  
 Her corsets *à la* Bell ;  
 Yet when the season ends, each beau  
 Still leaves his T. T. L.  
 I patronize each *déjeûné*,  
 Each party on the water ;  
 Yet still she hangs upon my arm !  
 This is my eldest daughter.

She did refuse a gentleman—  
 (I own it was absurd),  
 She thought she *ought* to answer *No!*  
 He took her at her word !  
 But she'd say *Yes* if any one  
 That's eligible sought her ;  
 She really is a charming girl,  
 Though she's my eldest daughter.

---

## THE CARPENTER AND THE JUDGE.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by DIBDIN.]

A CARPENTER, who for two gibbets long us'd  
 Could never his money obtain,  
 When order'd to make a third gibbet, refus'd  
 To work at the job, flat and plain.  
 The hangman and gaoler, both equally blam'd  
 That this hanging was thus at a stand,  
 Laid the fault on the carpenter, who, they exclaim'd,  
 Had been order'd to do 't out of hand.

“Look you here,” cried the carpenter: “friends, ’tis  
no joke,—

Two gibbets already I’ve made ;  
And to make you another I’ll not strike a stroke,  
Till for the first two I’ve been paid.”  
He was brought ’fore the judge, while he shook in his  
shoes,

Who cried, “Fellow, ’tis by my command  
That this gibbet you make,—then no longer refuse,  
But do it at once out of hand.”

“My Lord,” cried the carpenter, “’tis very true,  
On the hangman and gaoler’s bare word,  
Since I had not been paid for the making of two,  
I swore that I’d not make a third ;  
But now ’tis a different thing, quite and clean ;—  
Had they made me at once understand  
That the gallows in point for your lordship had been,  
Lord love ye ! I’d done ’t out of hand.”

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## THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

J. BEULER.]

[Tune—“Ballinomorri.”

I’M Patrick O’Flam, a great genius from Cork,  
I most things can do well, excepting hard work ;  
I can sing, dance, and fight, and sweet blarney I  
speak,

Then my good-looking self a tight fortune will make.

For I will go courting rich Norah,  
I’ll throw myself down before her,  
And swear that I deeply adore her,  
She is such a beautiful girl.

I’ve plenty of rivals who afraid of my gen’us,  
Endeavour to set me against the sweet Venus ;  
They say that her teeth are all false they’re told,  
What matter, says I, if they are set *with gold*.

So I will away, &c.



They say that her face with red wine is mark'd disky,  
 Tho' not by herself, for she drinks nought but whisky;  
 And drinks it sometimes till the shamrock looks blue,  
 And why should she not?—she's as *rich as a Jew*.

Then I will away, &c.

Her chin's sure a long one, all garnish'd with bristles,  
 And whenever you kiss her they scratch you like  
 thistles ;

Her head a Dutch cheese is, her face a Dutch clock's,  
 Her ringlets are carrots—Och! no, they are *golden*  
*locks*.  
 So I'll away, &c.

They say that her skin is the tint of the mixtures  
 Of oak, and of deal, and mahogany fixtures ;  
 That her figure is squat, like an African grace's,  
 Och! that's nothing, when covered with *satins and*  
*laces*.  
 So I'll away, &c.

Then as for her eyes, sure they look both askew,  
 And the left one is brown, and the other is blue ;  
 Her nose is an onion, o'erspread with caruncles—  
 Och! no, arn't they *jewels* you know, call'd *carbuncles*.  
 So I will away, &c.

Her legs are in shape like a pothook and hanger,  
 And in pattens walking, they make a rare clangor ;  
 For one leg seems afraid that the other will knock it,  
 Och! but how sweetly that makes the *brass* chink in  
 her pocket.  
 So I will away, &c.

They say she's a talker, a drunkard, and scold,  
 Hump-back'd, wry-mouth'd, long-arm'd, wrinkled,  
 and old ;

That she hasn't one charm—but, och! now my honey,  
 They never can say that she hasn't got *money*.

Then I will away to sweet Norah,  
 And tell her how much I adore her ;  
 And so I will marry sweet Norah.

She is such a beautiful girl.

If her fortune were gone, she would fill one with  
spleen,

For sure without that she's not fit to be seen ;  
Not fit to be *seen*—fortune gone—then, och ! bother !  
I'd make a *show* of her and soon get another.

“Walk up here now and see Norah,  
You ne'er saw the like before her !”  
Och ! I'm determined to marry sweet Norah,  
She is such a beautiful girl.

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### THE LEARNED MAN.

JAMES BRUTON—Written } [Tune—“The Cuckoo's Nest.”  
when a boy. }

SINCE the distant day I prattled o'er  
The horn-book and the battledore,  
What musty tomes I've rattled o'er,  
Enough to fill a van !  
Then, if I've volubility,  
I'll tell with what facility  
And wondrous agility  
I've studied, if I can.  
If of your views I any fit,  
I'll tell you in a trice  
How you'll derive great benefit  
By taking my advice.  
First shake off all timidity,  
Apply with due solidity,  
Eschewing every quiddity,  
To be a learned inan.

Commence with etymology,  
Go next to genealogy,  
Your head fill with chronology  
(Although it be a ban) :  
Then go next to ontology,  
And physico-theology,  
Observing strict philology—  
If you would lead the van.

Mix up no lampoonery  
 In aught you say or do,  
 And let no vile buffoonery  
 E'er emanate from you.  
 If you touch on the majestic,  
 Celestial, or terrestrial,  
 Let it not be at a catachrestical,  
 To be a learned man.

If you'd display chirography,  
 In any one's biography,  
 Look well to geography,  
 And times and dates well scan.  
 Antediluvian history,  
 Of mythology the mystery,  
 Theogony consistory,  
 To study be your plan ;  
 And if past mediocrity  
 In wisdom you would soar,  
 Go on with all alacrity,  
 And search for further lore.  
 Then turn to botanology,  
 Give a glance at mineralogy,  
 And ditto ichthyology,  
 To be a learned man.

Learn alchemy by particle,  
 Therapeutics every article,  
 And pharmacy cathartical,  
 Or emetical you can ;  
 But there's yet a multiplicity  
 Of *et ceteras* : electricity,  
 Computation with felicity,  
 To come within your scan !  
 Architecture and ichnography,  
 And dioptries you will learn ;  
 From cosmography to topography  
 And mechanism turn ;

Forms of government, theocracy,  
 And that one termed democracy,  
 Not forgetting gynocracy,  
 To be a learned man.

If your turn is oratorical,  
 Don't be too metaphorical,  
 Nor deviously symbolical,  
 But take the middle plan ;  
 And then, as you progressive be,  
 Mind that you don't digressive be,  
 But let your looks expressive be—  
 Go wrong you never can.  
 Didactics, dialectics,  
 And orthoepy you'll learn,  
 Taking care that inconsistency  
 And discongruity you spurn.  
 Then let originality,  
 Ideality, causality,  
 Be blended with morality,  
 To be a learned man.

Then go next to astrography,  
 But skipping adenography,  
 Take lessons in stenography,  
 And practice when you can ;  
 Avoiding all tautology—  
 Of no use is amphibology,  
 But come bump on phrenology,  
 And all its points well scan.  
 And you must get anthology  
 Implanted on your mind ;  
 Astronomy, astrology,  
 By you must be defined.  
 And don't be egotistical,  
 Nor subtle, nor sophistical,  
 Nor yet too methodistical,  
 To be a learned man !

## COUNTRY COMMISSIONS.

DEAR cousin, I write this in haste,  
 To beg you will get for mamma  
 A pot of best jessamine paste,  
 And a pair of shoe-buckles for pa  
 At Lowther Arcade ; then just pop  
 Into Aldersgate-street for the prints ;  
 And while you are there you can stop  
 For a skein of white worsted at Flint's.

Papa wants a new razor strop,  
 And mamma wants a Chinchilli muff ;  
 Little Bobby's in want of a top,  
 And my aunt wants six-pen'orth of snuff.  
 Just call in St. Martin's-le-Grand  
 For some goggles for Mary (who squints) ;  
 Get a pound of bees'-wax in the Strand,  
 And the skein of white worsted at Flint's.

And while you are there you may stop  
 For some souchong in Monument-yard ;  
 And while you are there you can pop  
 Into Mary le bone for some lard.  
 And while you are there you can call  
 For some silk of the latest new tints  
 At the mercer's, not far from Whitehall,  
 And remember the worsted at Flint's.

And while you are there, 'twere as well  
 If you call in Whitechapel, to see  
 For the needles ; and then in Pall-mall,  
 For some lavender-water for me.  
 And while you are there you can go  
 To Wapping, to old Mr. Chint's ;  
 But all this you may easily do  
 When you get the white worsted at Flint's.

I send, in this parcel, from Bet,  
 An old spelling-book to be bound,  
 A cornelian brooch to be set,  
 And some razors of pa's to be ground.  
 O dear, what a memory have I!  
 Notwithstanding all Deborah's hints,  
 I've forgotten to tell you to buy  
 A skein of white worsted from Flint's.

### BOTHERED FROM HEAD TO TAIL.

ANONYMOUS.]

{ *Tune*—"Oh dear, what  
 { can the matter be?"

AT sixteen years old you could get little good of me;  
 Then I saw Norah—who soon understood of me  
 I was in love—but myself, for the blood of me,  
 Could not tell what I did ail.

'Twas dear! dear! what can the matter be?  
 Och! tare and 'ouns! what can the matter be!  
 Dear—dear! what can the matter be?  
 Bothered from head to tail.

I went to confess me to Father O'Flanagan,  
 Told him my case—made an end—then began again;  
 "Father," says I, "make me soon my own man  
 again,  
 If you can find out what I ail."

Dear! dear! what can, &c.

Soon I fell sick, I did bellow and curse again,  
 Norah took pity to see me at nurse again;  
 Gave me a kiss—och! zounds! that threw me worse  
 again,

Well she knew what I did ail.

But, dear! dear! what can, &c.

'Tis now long ago since I left Tipperary,  
 How strange, growing older, our natures should vary!  
 All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary,  
 I cannot tell now what I ail.

"Dear! dear!" says she, &c.

### THE BRAW FICKLE WOOER.

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,  
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;  
 I said there was naething I hated like men !  
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,  
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonny black een,  
 And vow'd for my love he was dyin' ;  
 I said he might die when he liked for Jean,  
 The Gude forgie me for lien ! for lien !  
 The Gude forgie me for lien !

A weel-stock'd mailin, himsel for the laird,  
 And marriage, aff-hand, were his proffers ;  
 I never loot on that I ken'd it, or car'd,  
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,  
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what do ye think ? in a fortnight or less,  
 The deil take his taste to gae near her !  
 He's up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,  
 Guess ye how, the jade, I could bear her, could  
 bear her,  
 Guess ye how, the jade, I could bear her.

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,  
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarlock,  
 And wha but my fine fickle wooer was there,  
 Wha glowr'd as he'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
 Wha glowr'd as he'd seen a warlock.

But ower my left shoulder I gae him a blink,  
 Lest neebors might say I was saucy ;  
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthy and sweet,  
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin,  
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shachl't feet,  
 Gude Lord ! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,  
 Gude Lord ! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake ! I wad be his wife,  
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;  
 So just to preserve the poor body in life,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

---

### THE QUEER LITTLE MAN.

A VERY little man, very "how came you so,"  
 Went home on a dingy night ;  
 It was past twelve o'clock, he'd a long way to go,  
 And he walk'd like a crab, left and right.  
 At the corner of a lane, quite a lonely retreat,  
 He saw something tall and as white as a sheet ;  
 He shook and he shivered,  
 His teeth chattered, and lips quivered,  
 And with fear, as well as fuddling, he stagger'd to  
 and fro,  
 This queer little man who'd a great way to go.

This queer little man then fell on his knees,  
 With fright you'll suppose half dead :  
 And as on it he looked it o'ertopped the trees,  
 And had two saucer eyes in its head.  
 When a very deathlike voice said in very drear  
 tone,  
 "With me you must go, for your grave's nearly  
 done,"  
 He shook and he shivered,  
 His teeth chattered, and lips quivered,  
 When he cried, "O, good hobgoblin, I pray you  
 mercy show  
 A queer little man who's a great way to go."



The queer little man, he fell flat as a flail,  
 A great explosion heard he ;  
 And jumped up in a crack, for a cracker at his tail  
 Set him capering just like a parched pea.  
 From around the goblin's head burst some long  
 streams of fire,  
 And the cracker once spent left him sprawling in  
 the mire.  
 Some wags ('twas a whacker),  
 Thus with turnip, squib, and cracker,  
 Cured through fear of all his fuddling, completely  
 you must know,  
 This queer little man who'd a long way to go.

---

### MY CONCERT'S A CHORUS OF DOGS AND A GUN.

EVERY mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,  
 Some with cash run for play and some for the news ;  
 At an actor's queer phiz others thunder applause,  
 And some triflers delight to hear musical noise ;  
 But such idle amusements I carefully shun,  
 And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finished his summer's career,  
 And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care,  
 When Roger and Sue have enjoyed harvest-home,  
 And, their labour being o'er, are at leisure to roam,  
 From the noise of the town and its follies I run,  
 And I range o'er the fields with my dog and my  
 gun.

When my pointers around me do cheerfully stand,  
 And none dares to stir but the dog I command,  
 When the covey he springs, and I bring down my  
 bird,  
 I've a pleasure no pastime besides can afford ;  
 No pastime or pleasure that's under the sun  
 Is equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinned to the woods I repair,  
 And I brush through thickets devoid of all fear;  
 There I exercise freely my levelling skill,  
 And with woodcocks and pheasants my bag often  
 fill,  
 For death, where I find them, they seldom can shun,  
 My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command,  
 Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand;  
 When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they  
 spring,  
 With heart-cheering notes how they make the woods  
 ring;  
 Then for music let fribbles to playhouses run—  
 My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the sports of the day,  
 And spread o'er the table my conquered spoils lay,  
 Then I think of my friends, and to each send a part,  
 For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart;  
 Thus, the vices of town and its follies I shun,  
 And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

---

### “HOW NOT TO DO IT!”

JAMES BRUTON.]

[Tune—“Streaky Bacon.”

BOB FINCH was a timid farmer!  
 And one day he wur gwain  
 From Bogmoor down to Pigsmarsh,  
 Right over Wildbriar-lane!

Against his sweetheart Nelly  
 He very near did rub;  
 She'd a live pig one arm under,  
 And under t'other a tub!

She'd just pass'd by Bob, when she  
 Squall'd out wi' might and main;  
 And said, “You shall not kiss me!”  
 Said Bob, “I warn't a gwain!

“Why, Nell, how *could* I kiss 'ee?  
 To do that it 'ud bother!  
 You've a tub in one arm, arn't 'ee,  
 And a porker under t'other?”

“The pig the tub 'ud stand under!”  
 Cried Nell; and she loud did yelp it,  
 “And if you should kiss me then, Bob,  
 You see I couldn't help it!”

---

### THE VINE.

WHILE others delight of those heroes to boast,  
 Whose blood-dripping laurels were purchas'd by  
 steel,  
 Be it ours, my gay comrades, that hero to toast,  
 Who gave us the transports this moment we feel.  
 To him let our voices in unison rise,  
 To him let our hearts in one sentiment join;  
 Let us drink till his blessing has seal'd up our eyes,  
 To the man, the dear man, who first planted the  
 vine.

Let us drink, &c.

When Bacchus first drank of the care-killing bowl,  
 Fair Venus with smiles bade him carefully sip,  
 When delirium unspeakable thrilling his soul,  
 He press'd her soft bosom, and fed on her lip.  
 Mars fresh courage gain'd as the nectar he tried,  
 Apollo, half-drunk, sang his lyrics divine;  
 While the graces and muses in ecstasy cried,  
 All hail to the god who has found out the vine.  
 While the graces, &c.

What mortal from Heaven the grape-stone convey'd,  
 No tongue that is mortal is destin'd to tell;  
 Enough for us drinkers the essay was made,  
 And happy are we it succeeded so well:

For with it, its primitive qualities came,  
 And mortality learn'd with new lustre to shine ;  
 Youth melted in love, warriors panted for fame,  
 And bards hymn'd the man who first planted the  
 vine.

Youth melted in love, &c.

Round this jovial board, while thus happy we sit,  
 What heart but expands with the love of mankind ?  
 How readily flow the effusions of wit,  
 What motives to energy rush on the mind !  
 Then why should we ever from drinking refrain ?  
 Let dotards and fools at our revels repine,  
 But deeper, still deeper, our goblets we'll drain,  
 Three cheers to the man who first planted the vine.  
 But deeper, &c.

## THE DOOMED DOG DEALER.

(A DOLEFUL DITTY OF THE DOG DAYS).

Written by FRANK W. GREEN.] [Music by J. E. ROE.

COME listen to this doleful tale, in doggerel rhyme I tell,  
 Of Molly, a laundress, who "did love not wisely but  
 too well ;"

Her lover's name was Joseph, and they ofttimes used  
 to meet

Where he was selling little dogs in Bond and Regent-  
 street.

Crying, "Wont you buy a little dog—  
 I've black, and white, and grey ?  
 Or a poodle by your side to jog,  
 Come buy a little dog to-day."

Now Molly had a drying-ground at Holloway close by,  
 And when the lawn was wet she'd hang the clothes in  
 her laundry ;

She'd strain her neck to look for Joe a coming up the  
 lane,

Until she'd recognise his voice a singing in this strain :  
 "Oh, wont you buy," &c.

He loved her so he'd never go till twelve o'clock at  
 night,  
 And though the evening might be dark his heart was  
 very light ;  
 One night he met a pressgang, and they took him off  
 to sea,  
 Without so much as saying, "Wont you gang awa'  
 wi' me?"

Whilst he sang, "Oh, wont you buy," &c.

Of course poor Molly thought him false, and gone to  
 foreign lands :  
 She left off wringing linen, and began to wring her  
 hands ;  
 "Oh, Joe! young Joe!" poor Molly cried, till she  
 was out of breath,  
 Then jumped into the copper, and she biled herself to  
 death.

And as she simmer'd she sang, "Oh, wont  
 you buy," &c.

A cannon-ball cut Joseph short of both his handsome  
 pegs,  
 Although a sober man somehow he couldn't keep his  
 legs ;  
 He hobbled up to Holloway, to find his Molly there,  
 And when he reached her door he sang the old familiar  
 air—

"Oh, wont you buy," &c.

But when he heard the fatal news of how his Molly  
 died,  
 He gave a dreadful guggle, and would not be molli-  
 fied ;  
 His wooden legs wore out with grief—he hanged him-  
 self, 'tis said,  
 And, being rather short of rope, he used these lines  
 instead!

"Oh, wont you buy a little dog," &c.

## MORAL.

Don't stay out late at Holloway, 'tis foolish you'll  
 confess,  
 Beware of gangs, and those who use the freedom of  
 the press ;  
 Just visit Joe and Molly's tomb at Barking, if you've  
 time,  
 Their epitaph's by Poet Close, he's put it into rhyme :  
 It's in seventy-two cantos, and the first one com-  
 mences—

“ Wont you buy a little dog—  
 I've black, and white, and grey ?  
 Or a poodle by your side to jog,  
 Come buy a little dog to-day.”

## O, LADY! SING THAT SONG AGAIN!

JAMES BRUTON.]

{ *Tune*—“ Oh no, we never  
 mention it.”

O, LADY! sing that song again,  
 Fond memory it recalls ;  
 And while you are upon the strain  
 I will look out for squalls.  
 I know you soon will quit the quay,  
 And from the cliffs depart ;  
 Soon reach, perhaps, the E, G, and C—  
 Too well I know you'll start.  
 O, lady! sing that song, &c.

Ah! lady, wheresoe'er you rove,  
 May you in safety dwell ;  
 A succour find in every cove,  
 And every dashing swell.  
 Britannia, she who rules the seas,  
 May you while on the main,  
 Her proud flag see float on the breeze,  
 And find her standard reign (*stand a drain*) !  
 O, lady! sing that song, &c.

## HOW TO TELL A STORY.

OVER port, pipe, or snuff-box, there's always some  
wight

To tell ye a story at club every night,  
Wanting wit, at a pinch the box helps a bad joke,  
Or deficient in fire, he supplies ye with smoke.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Since we're told to believe only half what we hear,  
Ev'ry tale we attempt should from fiction be clear,  
Probability carefully keeping in view ;  
Example, I'll tell a short story or two.

Derry down, &c.

Once a man advertised the metropolis round,  
He'd leap off the monument on to the ground ;  
But when just half-way down, felt some nervous at-  
tack,

Grew frighten'd, reflected, turn'd round, and jump'd  
back.

Derry down, &c.

A boatswain, who ne'er had seen Punch or his wife,  
To a puppet-show went, the first time in his life ;  
Laugh'd and wonder'd at ev'ry odd trick and grimace,  
When a barrel of gunpowder blew up the place.

Derry down, &c.

Spectators and puppets were here and there thrown ;  
When Jack on a tree who had safely been blown,  
Took a quid, blew his whistle, and, not at all vext,  
Cried, "Shiver me ! what will this fellow do next ?"

Derry down, &c.

A bluff grenadier, under great Marshal Saxe,  
Had his head cut clean off by a Lochaber axe ;  
But his comrade replac'd it so nice ere it fell,  
That a handkerchief tied round his neck made all well.

Derry down, &c.

Now his memory was short and his neck very long,  
Which he'd bow thus and thus, when he heard a  
good song ;

And one night beating time to the tale I tell you,  
He gave such a nod that away his head flew.

Derry down, &c.

I could tell other stories, but here mean to rest,  
Till what you have heard may have time to digest ;  
Besides, ere my narrative verse I pursue,  
I must find some more subjects all equally true.

Derry down, &c.

---

## A NEW CLUB SONG.

EDWARD DRAPER.]

[*Air*—"Betsy Baker."]

COME! all around the table stand,  
Your joyous bumpers fill, boys;  
And each one take his neighbour's hand  
With grasp of right goodwill, boys.  
And as the cheerful glass goes round  
Let mirth and jest come after,  
Until the very walls resound  
Our merry peals of laughter.

CHORUS.

Sing ha ! ha ! ha ! and ho ! ho ! ho !  
With hearts as light as feather,  
Away with thoughts of care and woe,  
When thus we meet together.

Though some the changeful hand of Fate  
May from us force to part, boys,  
May no exchange of place or state  
E'er chill the social heart, boys ;  
But may our friendship still be strong,  
Whatever else betide us,  
Nor cold neglect, nor slander's tongue,  
Nor envy's arts divide us.

Sing ha ! ha ! ha ! and ho ! ho ! ho ! &c.



When age comes on with heavy hand,  
 And fast life's span doth dwindle,  
 Some scene like this, of former bliss,  
 The memory may kindle.  
 To younger friends, who gaily throng  
 With happy smiles before us,  
 We'll pipe once more the ancient song  
 And swell the ancient chorus,  
 Of ha! ha! ha! and ho! ho! ho  
 With hearts as light as feather,  
 As in the old time long ago,  
 When first we met together.

---

“THAT'S TELLINGS!”

JAMES BRUTON.]

{ *Tune*—“Merrily danced  
 the Quaker's Wife.”

THERE is a county I know well,  
 Which I've been long away from ;  
 And in that county is a town  
 Which I not long will stay from ;  
 And in that town there is a lane,  
 Where vows I've breathed impassion'd ;  
 And in that lane there is a house  
 As fair as e'er was fashion'd !  
 I know you'd know all I know of  
 A place with such excellings ;  
 But then you'd be as wise as I—  
 And so—and—so—that's tellings.

Well, in that house there is a form  
 Of beauty past believing ;  
 And in that form there is a breast,  
 Like gentle billow heaving ;  
 And in that breast there is a heart,  
 Whose true faith nothing turneth ;  
 And in that heart there is a love,  
 Whose fire for ever burneth !  
 I know you'd know, &c.

Within that house there is a room—  
     A room so clean and sandy ;  
 And in that room there is a box—  
     A box all trim and handy !  
 And in that box there is a draw'r,  
     And in that draw'r a paper ;  
 And in that paper is a ring  
     For some one's finger taper !  
                     I know you'd know, &c.

---

## ALL FRIENDS ROUND THE WREKIN !

A song to follow the well known Shropshire toast given  
at every Salopian banquet.

ANONYMOUS.] } *Tune*—"The Meeting  
of the Waters."

FILL the goblet, and hand it in harmony round,  
 With a bumper this toast must be cheerfully crown'd ;  
 All friends that encompass the Wrekin I give,  
 And in peace, joy, and love may they happily live.

"All friends round the Wrekin"—from where the  
     first break

Of the morning appears to the last rosy streak  
 That tinges huge Berwyn's dark mountain with red,  
 As the sun sinks behind, and night's vapours are  
     spread.

"All friends round the Wrekin"—by Severn's swift  
     wave,

By Salopia's spires, and by Hawkstone's dark cave,  
 By Lilleshall's fair abbey, by Aqualate Mere,  
 To the crags of the Peak, lonely, distant, and drear.

"All friends round the Wrekin," up hill and down  
     dale

The old hospitality still shall prevail,  
 From Ketley and Coalbrook, immers'd in thick smoke,  
 To the wastes of the Longmynd, and Glendower's  
     oak.

“All friends”—from the Bladder Stone’s\* crevice so drear

To the valley where Buildwas’ fair ruins appear ;  
Or where Uriconium’s trenches and walls  
The legions and sway of the Roman recalls.

“All friends round the Wrekin”—from Cannock’s bleak chase

To the winding canals that Tong Castle embrace ;  
From Hampton’s tall tow’r, and Dudley’s black throne,  
To the Lickey, and Malvern’s conspicuous zone.

Ay, and still let the hand of warm friendship extend  
All round the horizon, and with the sky blend—  
O’er the Briedden, where Salop no longer prevails,  
But kind fellowship calls to the blue crags of Wales.

So “all friends” are recall’d, as the unwearied sight  
Roves from Bridgnorth to Wenlock’s Silurian height ;  
Or from Stretton’s sharp rocks on to Boscobel bends,  
Still “all round the Wrekin” proud Salop claims  
“friends.”

“All friends,” then, from Clee thron’d in majesty high,  
To the Sugar Loaf lost in the far distant sky ;  
Whether living in city, or hill, or in vale,  
If ye live “round the Wrekin”—friends, comrades  
all hail!

Success to your wishes, success to your love,  
And may happiness greet you wherever you rove ;  
Fill the goblet again, as our feast we prolong,  
“All friends round the Wrekin !” shall still be our song.

\* The Bladder Stone is a black mass of igneous rock near the summit of the Wrekin, in which is a singular narrow chasm through which visitors are directed to squeeze themselves, which is the remnant of an old superstition, for the rock was devoted in heathen times to the worship of the Scandinavian Balder, so well known in the stories of northern mythology. The great whale-like back of the Shropshire Wrekin forms a fine feature in the northern horizon from the Malvern hills—even at their north-western base.

## CALF'S LIVER.

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune—"A Bumper at Parting."

MRS. GRIGG had her breakfast just ended,  
 The tea-things were clearing away,  
 When her husband asked what she intended  
 To get for his dinner that day.  
 Says his wife, who at cooking was clever,  
 "You'll have something nice, never fear ;  
 What d'ye say to a piece of calf's liver  
 Fried up with some bacon, my dear?"

The maid soon returned with the liver,  
 At which Mrs. G., as she peeps,  
 Says, "The butcher has tried to deceive her,  
 'Tis not a calf's liver, but sheep's.  
 Calves' liver is always sold cheaper,  
 The butcher at me shall not laugh,  
 I've been twenty years a housekeeper,  
 And I do know a sheep from a calf."

Her feelings she scarcely could hold 'em,  
 In anger she quitted the fry,  
 She flew to the butcher's, and told him  
 He had treated her scandal-ous-ly.  
 "I sent my maid here to endeavour  
 To get some calves' liver for us,  
 D'ye mean to call *that* a calf's liver?"  
 "Why, yes," says the butcher, "I does."

They now had a loud altercation,  
 At a butcher's 'twas very unmeet,  
 She gave him a jolly jawbation,  
 Then summoned him up to Bow-street.  
 Her case to the justice she stated,  
 She said 'twould have angered a saint,  
 And bitter as gall she related  
 The whole of her liver complaint.

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“That your worship may judge of the fitness,”  
 Said she, “of this liver so red,  
 As I could not bring up any witness,  
 I’ve brought up my liver instead.”  
 So far from the truth she kept veering,  
 The butcher with wonder was struck,  
 And sick of the lies he was hearing,  
 He out with his heart and his pluck.

Says the butcher, “Your worship may laugh, sir,  
 But justice I’m sure you will grant,  
 That’s the heart and the pluck of the calf, sir,  
 I defy her to say that it ain’t.  
 That liver that she has brought hither,  
 Came off from that pluck, ev’ry bit ;  
 Put my pluck and her liver together,  
 You’ll find that they easily fit.”

Says his worship, “You’ve done all you can,  
 ma’am,  
 With the butcher we can’t interfere ;  
 He’s a highly respectable man, ma’am,  
 And his liver has no business here.”  
 Says the lady, “It quite a disgrace is,  
 I’ll try to get justice elsewhere,  
 For I’m told that all *livery* cases  
 Should be taken before the *Lord Mayor*.”

---

## O, LET HER SEEK MY GRAVE TO GRIEVE!

JAMES BRUTON.]

[A new style of metre for Music.]

O, LET her seek my grave to grieve,  
 When twilight earth shall cover,  
 For near me, at the hush of eve,  
 I’d *have her ever hover!*  
 But as I’m hale and hearty yet,  
 And stamina seems stronger,  
 O, dry that dear one’s eyes, nor let  
 Her *languor linger longer!*

But I, alas! to her am naught,  
 My fate than all is rougher!  
 How can she see, with careless thought,  
*A cipher so far suffer!*  
 Ah! when my clay the green grave wraps,  
 Perchance she'll grief discover;  
 Express a wish, too late, perhaps,  
*To leave a-live a lover!*

---

### MAIDS AND BACHELORS.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music by DIBDIN.*

YE maids and ye bachelors, come in a ring—  
 My ditty to you I'm addressing;  
 Arrah! join me in rapturous chorus, and sing  
 That life you have found such a blessing:  
 Of wedlock, my soul, to keep out of the snares,  
 Oh, ye devils, you're getting a treasure;  
 For since staying single gets rid of the cares,  
 Never seem to be minding the pleasure:  
 Then far from your bosoms may sorrow be hurl'd!  
 What though in your views you've miscarried?—  
 A single life's the best life in the world,  
 When the people wont let you get married.  
 How charming, in search of delight while you roam,  
 On others' delight to be pond'ring;  
 For you've pleasure enough, and are always at  
 home,  
 Except that you're wretched and wand'ring:  
 Then you know there's no envy nor malice that  
 lurks  
 To give your kind neighbours a handle;  
 Maids and bachelors always the devil and his  
 works  
 May defy to accuse them of scandal:  
 Then far from your pillows may sorrow be hurl'd;  
 For though in your views you've miscarried,  
 A single life's the best life in the world,  
 When the people wont let you get married.

There's a bachelor—ax him to whisper aloud  
 With the ladies sure what was the matter :  
 This was poor, that was ugly, conceited, and proud ;  
 And for t'other, he could not come at her.  
 And then he'll be talking of foxes and grapes,  
 And then of the devil and the water ;  
 Fait ! each offspring of Adam his grandsire apes,  
 And each woman's her grandmother's daughter :  
 Well, then, far from your pillows may sorrow be  
 hurl'd ;  
 What though in your views you've miscarried ?—  
 A single life's the best life in the world,  
 When it is not your fate to get married.

Ye maidens, with you, fait ! I'll never dispute—  
 I know that our sex are uncivil ;  
 That each man's an ape, and a bear, and a brute,  
 And into the bargain a devil :  
 And that being the case, my advice is to you,  
 With hopes and with fears while you tingle,  
 If you've tried to be married, and find it wont do,  
 Sure, had not ye better live single ?  
 Arrah ! far from your pillows may sorrow be hurl'd ;  
 Never mind that your views have miscarried ;—  
 A single life's the best life in the world,  
 If they'd only just let you get married.

Then don't be attempting your reasons to bring,  
 In this case to prove me a ninny ;  
 Fait and troth ! now, a shilling's a very good thing,  
 When a jontleman can't get a guinea.  
 And just on this principle I ground my song,  
 As a tribute to Venus's myrtle :  
 A hungry alderman, fait ! wont be wrong  
 To eat steaks when he cannot get turtle.  
 Then far from your pillows may sorrow be hurl'd,  
 Even though in your views you've miscarried ;—  
 A single life's the best life in the world,  
 If you'll only except being married.

## W E M E T.

## A PARODY.

JACOB BEULER.]

[Tune—"We Met."]

WE met, 'twas in a crowd,  
 And I knew he would dun me ;  
 He came, I scarcely breathed,  
 For his gaze was upon me.  
 He spoke, his words were bold ;  
 And his look was a halter ;  
 You will guess what I felt,  
 If you've been a defaulter.

I wore the very clothes  
 With which he supplied me :  
 Green *specs* were on his nose,  
 How I blush'd as they eyed me !  
 He call'd me many a name,  
 And went on like a railer ;  
 Till I said—what's the use  
 Of such language, my tailor ?

And once again we met,  
 And a dark man was near him ;  
 He wink'd and whisper'd low,  
 I began then to fear him.  
 He tapp'd me on the arm,  
 It was once and once only ;  
 I crept within myself, and felt  
 Mean and unmanly.

While he, by my side,  
 To a prison went gaily—  
 I moved, but too sure,  
 With a heartless bum-bailey ;--  
 Who left me in the claws  
 Of an unfeeling jailer ;  
 And thou wert the cause  
 Of it all, oh, my tailor !



We met once again  
 In the Court of Insolvents ;  
 And I tried to explain  
 My receipts and involvements.  
 He opposed my discharge,  
 And so fully expanded  
 My fame, that he got  
 Me for six weeks remanded.

I wept out of spite,  
 When no eye was upon me,  
 To think that the wight  
 Of a tailor had done me.  
 E'en now, how depress'd  
 All my feelings and pride are ;  
 And thou art the cause  
 Of my anguish, thou *schneider* !

---

## CHAPTER OF MISSES.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Nothing at all."

THE morning was *misty*, I made myself gay,  
 And wander'd abroad till I quite *miss'd* my way ;  
 I look'd at the *Misses*, and love was a heartner,  
 I wanted to *hit* on a *Miss* for a partner.  
 I said, lest I *miss* now—I feel my heart quake,  
 And can I take *Miss* now without a *misstake* ;  
 For wedlock, folks say, is a state full of bliss,  
 And I'd go a good *mile*, could I meet a good *Miss*.

But fate rules our *hits*, and whate'er must be—must,  
 I made up my mind I would not have *Miss Trust* ;  
 Through many streets then I had a long dance,  
 Trembling for fear I should meet with *Miss Chance*.  
 Along with *Miss Giving* I walk'd straight a-head,  
 And by one *Miss Guiding* did I get *Miss Led* ;  
 But wedlock, folks say, is a state full of bliss,  
 And I'd go a good *mile*, could I meet a good *Miss*.

Love I did *Miss Place*, and soon I could feel,  
 That with my soft heart I had made a *Miss Deal* ;  
 Then *Miss Calculation* my conscience kept nudging,  
 And said 'twas entirely the fault of *Miss Judging*.  
 Blinded by love, I could not see *Miss Chief*,  
 And foolishly would not turn to *Miss Belief* ;  
 For wedlock, folks say, is a state full of bliss,  
 And I'd go a good *mile*, could I meet a good *Miss*.

*Miss Understanding* declared 'twas a shame,  
*Miss Rule* spoke up too, and join'd by *Miss Claim*,  
 That I was *Miss Taken*—my fancy a roamer,  
 It only arose from *Miss Name* and *Miss Nomer*.  
 But *Miss Doubt* declared that my love I did hatch,  
 If I had lost my heart it was through a *Miss Match* ;  
 But wedlock, folks say, is a state full of bliss,  
 And I'd go a good *mile*, could I meet a good *Miss*.

Vex'd by these *Misses*—I left one and all,  
 Followed I was by *Miss Ive* and *Miss Call* ;  
 But fair *Miss Conception* so blinded my eyes,  
 I laugh'd at *Miss Like*, and *Miss Think*, and *Miss*  
*Prise*.

By any *Miss* I had no wish to be bit,  
 A man, unless careful, may get a *Miss Fit* ;  
 Yet wedlock, folks say, is a state full of bliss,  
 And I'd walk a good *mile*, could I meet a good *Miss*.

Without *Miss Report*, whate'er *Miss* sets her cap,  
 I hope I shall always steer clear of *Miss Hap* ;  
 One hour to *Miss Spend*, but leads to *Miss Apply*,  
 And *Miss Reck'ning* walks the road to *Miss Ery* ;  
 And *Miss Conduct* takes a man surely to ruin,  
 All thro' *Miss Deeds* and *Miss Do*, and *Miss Doing* ;  
 But wedlock, folks say, is a state full of bliss,  
 And I'd walk a good *mile*, to meet a good *Miss*.

In all I have sung there is no *Miss Relation*,  
 I even have steer'd clear of *Miss Calculation* ;  
 I must a *Miss Take*—not *Miss Join*, I confess,  
 She must be a *true wife*, and not a *Miss Tress*.

As single, I'm wretched, and so I must marry,  
 'Twill be thro' *Miss Fortune*, if I should *Miss Carry* ;  
 For wedlock, folks say, is a state full of bliss,  
 And I'd walk a good *mile*, could I meet a good *Miss*.

## THE READERS OF NEWSPAPERS.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Oh, what a Day!"

OH, what a thing it is that ev'ry man can read the  
 news !

And by the papers trace the progress, rise and fall ;  
 Old Father Time, so kind, does regularly breed the  
 news,

Suitable to old and young, and great and small ;  
 Each part intended is to women or to men tickle ;  
 Ev'ry one looks out for something identical,  
 Hopes after novelty, eye-sight certain ratifying,  
 Mental Hungry maw stuffing, gormandizing, gratify-  
 ing. Oh, what, &c.

Each other's taste folks don't care a button for :  
 The soldier looks for battles lost and won ;  
 Butcher the Smithfield price beef and mutton for,  
 (Sinking the offal), at so much per stone ;  
 Men of fashion, beau monde, elegance and graces ;  
 Advertisements are read by servants wanting places ;  
 Solid reading sought by thinking folks sedentary ;  
 Politicians pleased with reports parliamentary.  
 Oh, what, &c.

Black legs look to the betting at Tattersal  
 Hedging their bets by this 'gainst that—  
 Which horse wins?—the first or the latter shall ;  
 Tallow-chandlers look to the price of fat ;  
 Fundholders see to the price of the four per cents. ;  
 Consols reduced, very much lower per cent's ;  
 Lovers of poetry search for the metrical ;  
 Actors to criticism—praise or blame theatrical.  
 Oh, what, &c.

Members of Parliament read their own speeches ;  
 Lawyers the Queen's Bench Reports go thro' ;  
 Police Reports a good lesson teaches ;  
 Mansion-house, Guildhall, and Bow-street, too ;  
 Pickpockets look for a certain part, daily,  
 Who's to be tried next at the Old Bailey ;  
 Watch for the sentences of Judge on haranguing  
 day,  
 And who's to suffer on the next-coming hanging  
 day. Oh, what, &c.

Young maids look to the list of the marryings,  
 Breaches of promise, not one line miss'd ;  
 Undertakers to deaths and buryings,  
 Ill-natured tradesmen to the bankrupts' list ;  
 Doctors, effects of prescriptions and potions ;  
 Half-pay officers, the list of promotions ;  
 Pugilists, prize-fights and bull-baits, vandalizing ;  
 All old-maids to table-talk and scandalizing.  
 Oh, what, &c.

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## DOING VENICE.

(By a Tourist afflicted with Murraymania.)

J. A. STERRY.]

[Air—"The Tarantella."]

FLOATING in gondolas, laughing and joking there,  
 Lounging at ease in a snug little bark,  
 At Florian's café, 'midst chaffing and smoking there,  
 Then the Rialto and Square of Saint Mark.  
 Shylock and Portia—in short, the whole pack of 'em—  
 Readers of Shakespeare can never forget,  
 White-coated Austrian soldiers (no lack of 'em),  
 Pictured by Titian and old Tintoret.  
 Musicians in plenty play "*Ecco nidente*,"  
 Or "*Com' è gentil*" on their twanging guitars ;  
 While girls very lovely, and priests in their shovelly  
 Black hats promenade by the light of the stars.

Hundreds of thirsty mosquitoes are biting one  
 (Nought so refreshing as iced lemonade!)—  
 Music and mirth every moment inviting one—  
 Sure in this paradise pleasure's a trade.  
 All that the cockney can dream of or hear about  
 Crowds on the sight in this beautiful land—  
 Quaint water-streets that you carefully steer about,  
 Bridges and churches and palaces grand,  
 Singing and thrumming, and piping and drumming,  
 In "Bella Venezia" from morning till night.  
 So just buy a Murray, and start in a hurry,  
 You'll find my description is perfectly right.

---

### VALENTINE'S TRAIN.

CHARLES DIBDIN.]

[*Music* by DIBDIN.]

SAYS the parson of the parish, all rosy his gills,  
 "To increase and to multiply Scripture fulfils :  
 I shall take this young damsel to have and to hold—  
 She's the loveliest lambkin in all my whole fold ;  
 With her fortune and int'rest once added to mine,  
 I shall soon be a bishop—oh, rapture divine !  
 Of my lordly induction I long for the day,  
 While the organ an anthem so sweetly shall play."

Says the lord of the manor, "No poaching, d'ye  
 hear !  
 For my own proper sport I have turn'd out this  
 deer ;  
 I shall dodge her and watch her from woodland to  
 field,  
 Till, panting and tired, to my mercy she yield ;  
 When once she's run down, leave you all in the  
 lurch,  
 And in splendid procession appear at the church,  
 The hounds and the horses in order so gay,  
 While the mellow-toned horn the tantivy shall play."

Says Sir Morgan ap Evans, "Odds splutter hur nails!  
'Gainst hur pirths and extractions yours nothing  
    avails ;

Hur can poast a fine, large, and long pedicree,  
Where hur ancesters crew like the poughs on a tree :  
Hur to pleasant Glamorgan will carry hur pride,  
And hur'll skip like the coats, and the keffels peside ;  
And hur'll sing, and moreover hur'll tance through the  
    tay,  
While the harps and the dulcimers sweetly shall play."

Cries the rapturous lover, "Go, quickly resign  
Charms celestial like hers, to a passion like mine ;  
He for beauty and sweetness alone has desert,  
Who riches despises, and seeks heart for heart :  
Were my love stripp'd of fortune, deserted, unknown,  
In our cottage's threshold I'd fancy a throne ;  
With tenderness mutual beguiling the day,  
While the riv'let in murmurs so sweetly should play."

Says Alderman Stuffit, "I'm worth a whole plum ;  
What girl in her wits but would yield to that sum ?  
Her charms are all turtle, and ven'son, and wine ;  
Then say grace, my good Domine, that I may dine."  
Says a warrior, "I love the dear creature, oh far  
More than death, or the noble destruction of war ;  
O'er her charms what a vict'ry to carry the day,  
While the drums and the trumpets so loudly shall  
    play !"

"Sure as death," cried the doctor, "her pulse I shall  
    feel :"

"To me," cried the lawyer, "she'll sign and she'll  
    seal ;"

Cried the gamester, "I'll win her, or else I'm un-  
    done :"

"She'll be mine," cried the sportsman, "as sure as a  
    gun :"

“Hold your tongues,” cried the poet ; “you can’t have  
her all ;  
For me, to whosever kind lot it should fall,  
So you pay me, I’ll sing both the song and the day,  
While the Loves and the Graces so sweetly shall  
play.”

---

### CALIFORNIA.

JACOB COLE.]

[Tune—“Bow, wow, wow.”]

I ALWAYS do as I am told, so I’ll endeavour *to* sing,  
Altho’ I’ve got a horrid cold, as all folks say who *do*  
sing ;  
Among the subjects I could sing from out each past by-  
gone year,  
The richest thing that I can sing is Golden California.  
Gold—gold—gold !  
Nothing rules the world just now but gold—gold—  
gold !

Philosophers in times of old work’d night and day to  
grind out  
A stone that should turn things to gold—which then  
they couldn’t find out ;  
But now this philosophic stone no longer is a  
wonder,  
Just turn a Californian hoe, and gold will come out  
under.

Now as the “golden age” they share, of course they  
all are merry,  
Eat golden pippins everywhere, and drink real golden  
sherry ;  
Bird and fish whene’er they wish, while at the cost  
none finches,  
For all their fish are golden fish, and all their birds  
goldfinches.

The soil is all so wondrous rich, 'twould be a shame  
 to grumble,  
 For if you fall into a ditch you on a gold bed tumble ;  
 And all that bed is yours, I'm told, if you've an *axe*  
 to split it,  
 But here we often *ax* for gold, and very seldom get it.  
 They've gold all right for bills at sight in every pay  
 appointment,  
 For gold-dust flies in people's eyes, and turns to  
 golden ointment ;  
 Even great grandees, they say, the proudest and the  
 oldest,  
 Don't think it *infra dig.* if they get *in for a dig* of  
 gold-dust.  
 Needful comforts none can buy, tho' overstocked with  
 shiners,  
 They've no old tradesmen there—for why ! The *major*  
 part are *miners* ;  
 They're daily robbed, and bullied, too, while all their  
 friends look coolly on,  
 And tho' they get but little gold they're sure to draw  
 some *bully on* !  
 They've heaps of bullion, but no beef- -they're ill-sup-  
 plied with rations,  
 They turn up many a golden *wedge*, but not much  
*wedgetation* !  
 Food cannot be got, they say, by lower class or upper,  
 And tho' they grub up gold all day they can't get  
 grub for supper.

## MORAL.

I hope a moral this will bring each money-grubbing  
 sappy,  
 That gold is not the only thing for making people  
 happy ;  
 California's laws are bad, distrust is round it hovering,  
 With all their gold they never had, like us, a real  
 good Sovereign !



## ENOUGH AS GOOD AS A FEAST.

ANONYMOUS.]

[Tune—"The Vicar and Moses."]

IN the days of the reign,  
 Of King Philip of Spain,  
 When corpulent monks ruled the roast ;  
 The stoutest of all,  
 Brother Francis of Gaul,  
 In sherry the whole world would toast.

Now, this Franciscan friar  
 Had a wondrous desire  
 To tipple the best he could find ;  
 Reclined in his chair,  
 Before daintiest fare,  
 He cast all his cares to the wind.

In the cellars so cold,  
 Of the monastery old,  
 The bright wine of Xerez was stored ;  
 And the cellarer grey,  
 Who tiddled all day,  
 At vespers melodiously snored.

One cold winter's night,  
 Francis had a sad fright,  
 As he dozed in his old oaken chair ;  
 The lights they burned blue—  
 He'd had flagons twice two—  
 And a gent with a tail came the banquet to  
 share.

Jolly Francis the Friar,  
 In dismay the most dire,  
 Told his beads as fast as he might ;  
 But the gent with the horns,  
 He punish'd his corns,  
 While his hair stood on end with affright.

" Ha! ha! Francis, my boy,  
 I am loth to annoy,  
 But no more olla or sherry for thee ;

You've enjoy'd your last glass,  
 And your time must now pass  
 In the kingdom of sulphur with me."

Rosy Francis declares  
 He then seized his few hairs,  
 And batter'd his nose on the floor ;  
 The room full of smoke,  
 He felt fit to choke,  
 As he shuffled to grope for the door.

At the dawn of the morn,  
 The abbot, shaven and shorn,  
 Found Francis asleep on the floor ;  
 But Francis declares  
 He was saying his prayers  
 When his holiness open'd the door.

But the cellarer grey,  
 Who tipples all day,  
 Winks, and saith 'tis fustian outright ;  
 Francis fell on his nose,  
 When his sherry-warm'd toes  
 Refused to preserve him upright.

The moral we learn,  
 Into rhyme I will turn—  
*Quantum suff.* is as good as a feast ;  
 One flagon of wine  
 Is enough when you dine—  
 Twice two made poor Francis a beast.

## LO! THE FACTOTUM!

[*Music by ROSSINI.*]

Lo! the factotum of this gay place,  
 I come! La, la, la, la!  
 When in my shop I exhibit my face,  
 All come! La, la, la, la!  
 All say I'm the dandy, clever and handy,  
 Pleasant and gay, still in demand both night and day;  
 Ah, bravo Figaro—bravo, bravissimo!  
 La, la, &c.

Fortune on Figaro never can frown,  
All her care his deserts still to crown.

La, la, &c.

At work or at play, by night or by day,  
There's nothing amiss e'er can happen to me;  
In city or place, more fit for the race  
Of wit and dexterity, never can be!

La, la, &c.

My comb and my razor, my lancet they praise,  
And my scissors for trimming stray locks into  
grace;

My powder-puff blowing, perfumes about throwing,  
With lather or curls I bedizen each face!  
Then by my trade, sirs, I could give aid, sirs,  
And quick recover each sighing lover!

La, la, &c.

All say I'm the dandy, clever and handy,  
Pleasant and gay, always in demand both night and  
day—

Every one calling me,  
Pulling and hauling me;  
Young lads and lasses,  
Doting old asses—  
Some wanting shaving,  
Or in love raving!  
Quick come and dress me!  
A *billet doux*, bless me!  
Every one calling one,  
Pulling and hauling one!  
Wanted by every one,  
Here and there forced to run—  
Some wanting shaving,  
Or in love raving! Here, Figaro, &c.

Oh, zounds! what a bawling!  
Confusion and calling!  
Whilst squalling!

Ladies! dear ladies!—gentlemen, pray—  
To each in your turns I've something to say.

Figaro ! I'm here !  
 Figaro ! O, dear !  
 Figaro here ! Figaro there !  
 Figaro what ! Figaro where !  
 Figaro high ! Figaro low !  
 Figaro come ! Figaro go !  
 Thus, like a shuttlecock, struck to and fro,  
 Between lovers and customers, flying I go.  
 Struck to and fro, flying I go.  
 Ah, bravo Figaro, &c.

O, what a fortunate fellow am I !  
 Night and day thus passes,  
 In this busy place ;  
 Shaving gallants, pleasing lasses,  
 Smoothing a heart or a face.  
 Now my happy moments fly—  
 O, what a fortunate fellow am I !

---

### TO BE SURE.

THOMAS HUDSON.]

[Tune—"Derry Down."]

WHEN I wur at whoam I wur in a sad plight,  
 A doing o' summat fra' morning to night :  
 I hoped such a life could not always endure,  
 Ther wur nothin' but work, work, work, work, *to be sure.*  
 One morning it hap'd I wur making o' hay,  
 I spied Mary Rosebud a coming that way :  
 "Here, Ralph !" she cried out, I quickly ran to her,  
 "Help me over the stile ;" oh, says I, "*To be sure.*"  
 I lifted her over, and then felt all o'er,  
 A sort of a somehow, I ne'er felt before ;  
 So I said as I got myself closer up to her,  
 "Mary, you'll grant me one kiss, *to be sure ?*"  
 Says I, when I'd gin her one sweet melting smack,  
 "If you don't like it, why give it me back :"  
 Said she, "Mr. Ralph," and she look'd so demure,  
 "What makes you so *imp'runt ?*" "Why, love, *to be*  
*sure.*"

Says I, "Will you marry?" while down her head  
 hung,  
 She answer'd, "Why, Ralph, we're both of us too  
 young ;  
 And if we wur married, we'd always be poor,  
 And we might have some children ;" says I, "*To be  
 sure !*"

"I have saved up three pounds," says I, "safe in a  
 purse,  
 So let us get married for better, for worse ;  
 'Twill happiness bring to us both quite secure ;"  
 "But d'ye think we shall do?" "Lord," says I, "*To  
 be sure !*"

Her kisses so sweet did the minutes beguile,  
 When who but old master should come o'er the stile :  
 Says he, "Master Ralph, dost thee think I'll endure ?  
 Do you call this working ?" says I, "*To be sure !*"

Says he, "Now I'll just tell ye what, Master Ralph,  
 You're getting too lazy and saucy by half ;  
 You don't do no work—you're as thin as a skewer,  
 But ye feeds nation well!" "Yes," says I, "*To be  
 sure !*"

One word brought another—he got in a rage,  
 Discharged me at once, but first paid me my wage :  
 I've gotten a good place, no longer I'm poor,  
 So I'll marry sweet Mary—I will, "*To be sure !*"

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